Index

01- Thomas Mangold, Cold Warrior: James Jesus Angleton, the CIA’s Master Spy Hunter

02- J. C. Masterman, Double-Cross System: The Incredible Story of How Nazi Spies Were Turned into Double Agents

03- David C. Martin, Wilderness of Mirrors

04- Bill Gertz, Enemies: How America’s Foes Steal Our Vital Secrets—and How We Let It Happen

05- Oleg Kalugin, Spymaster: My 32 Years in Intelligence and Espionage against the West

06- Markus Wolf, Man without a Face: The Autobiography of Communism’s Greatest Spymaster

07- Christopher Andrew and Oleg Gordievsky, KGB: The Inside Story of Its Foreign Operations from Lenin to Gorbachev

08- Christopher Andrew and Vasily Mitrokhin, The Sword and the Shield: The Mitrokhin Archive and the Secret History of the KGB

09- Allen Weinstein and Alexander Vassiliev, The Haunted Wood: Soviet Espionage in America—The Stalin Era

10- David Wise, Molehunt: The Secret Search for Traitors That Shattered the CIA

11- Milt Bearden and James Risen, The Main Enemy: The Inside Story of the CIA’s Final Showdown with the KGB

12- Peter Wright, Spycatcher: The Candid Autobiography of a Senior Intelligence Officer

13- Stuart A. Herrington, Traitors among Us: Inside the Spy Catcher’s World

14- John Barron, Operation Solo: The FBI’s Man in the Kremlin

15- David Wise, Cassidy’s Run: The Secret Spy War over Nerve Gas

16- Ronald J. Olive, Capturing Jonathan Pollard: How One of the Most Notorious Spies in American History Was Brought to Justice

17- Howard Blum, I Pledge Allegiance: The True Story of the Walkers: An American Spy Family

18- Scott W. Carmichael, True Believer: Inside the Investigation and Capture of Ana Montes, Cuba’s Master Spy

19- Peter Earley, Confessions of a Spy: The Real Story of Aldrich Ames

20- David Wise, The Spy Who Got Away: The True Story of the Only CIA Agent to Defect to the Soviet Union

21- Bryan Denson, The Spy’s Son: The True Story of the Highest-Ranking CIA Officer Ever Convicted of Espionage and the Son He Trained to Spy for Russia

22- Robert Lindsey, The Falcon and the Snowman: A True Story of Friendship and Espionage

23- Ronald Kessler, The Spy in the Russian Club: How Glenn Souther Stole America’s Nuclear War Plans and Escaped to Moscow

24- David Wise, Spy: The Inside Story of How the FBI’s Robert Hanssen Betrayed America

25- David Wise, Tiger Trap: America’s Spy War with China

COLD WARRIOR

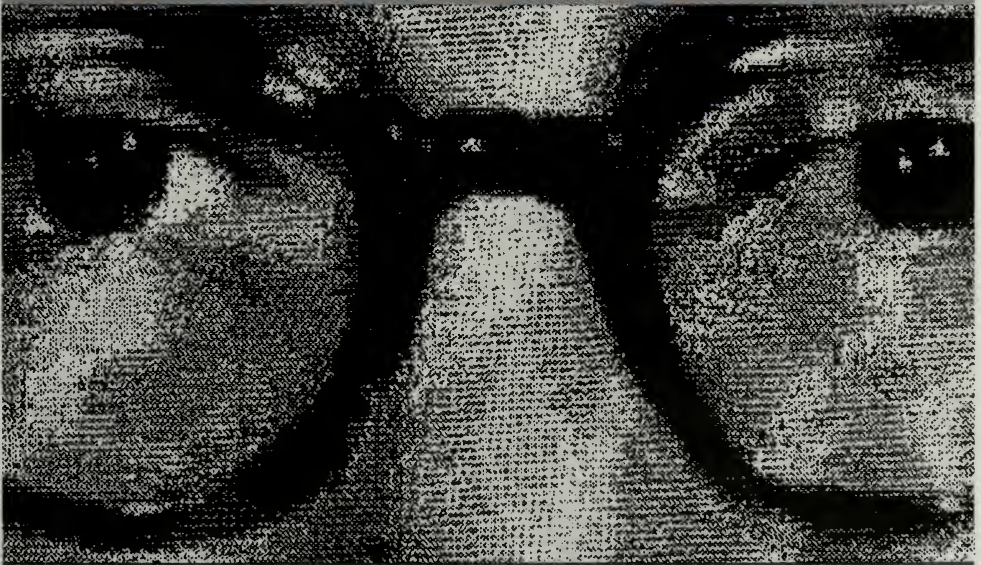

James Jesus Angleton: The CIA's Master Spy Hunter

Tom Mangold

$24.95

"A major book. Angleton's story is the last great secret of the Cold War and Mangold tells it like a psychological thriller. Much more than a spy story."

—Phillip Knightley, author of *KGB Master Spy, The Second Oldest Profession* and *The First Casualty*

James Jesus Angleton, America's legendary spy catcher, was the last great Cold Warrior. He was rarely photographed in public; his existence was not officially revealed until his enforced dismissal from the CIA in 1974. Only now is it clear why the agency endeavored to keep the facts about their ruthless head of counterintelligence a closely guarded secret.

Cold Warrior, based on over three years of research and 300 interviews, charts Angleton's involvement in some of the most notorious counterespionage events of the sixties and seventies. Driven by paranoid convictions that the CIA and Western intelligence had been penetrated by a KGB informer, Angleton launched project HONETOL, the highly confidential internal investigation that spread to secret intelligence agencies across the West. Mangold gives the first account of how HONETOL led to the virtual paralysis of the CIA's crucial operations against the USSR and the Communist bloc.

Mangold shows how HONETOL became a fierce witch-hunt that destroyed the careers of some of the CIA's top officers and led to the rejection of nearly every major Soviet intelligence defector. He also explains what happened when Angleton's own investigators finally turned on him, accusing him of being the traitor they had long been seeking.

This is a true story of obsession and suspicion. For the first time, Soviet defector Yuriy Nosenko tells of his extraordinary imprisonment (masterminded by Angleton). Other former CIA officials who have helped hide the truth of Angleton's career for over a decade also come forth to give their stories. We see Angleton's betrayal of Yuriy Loginov, the Soviet defector who worked as a double agent for the CIA. We see his strange professional relationship with Anatoliy Golitsyn,

(continued on back flap)

ALSO BY TOM MANGOLD

The Tunnels of Cu-Chi
The File on the Tsar

COLD WARRIOR

JAMES JESUS ANGLETON:
THE CIA'S
MASTER SPY HUNTER

Tom Mangold

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All photos courtesy of the estate of James Jesus Angleton with the exception of #16 (private source), #17 (courtesy of Paul Garbler), and #19 (courtesy of Richard Kovich).

FOR MY FRIEND PURDIE,
WHOSE ENTHUSIASM WAS
MY INSPIRATION

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CONTENTS

Preface 9
A Note on Sources 11
Acknowledgments 13
A Note on Spellings 17

Chapter 1 The End of a Spy 21
Chapter 2 Birth of a Legend 30
Chapter 3 Hot Warrior 39
Chapter 4 Spycatching, U.S.A. 47
Chapter 5 Philby's Ultimate Deception 63
Chapter 6 Major Anatoliy Golitsyn, KGB 71
Chapter 7 Mr. Stone Goes to London 91
Chapter 8 "Monster Plot" 103
Chapter 9 The "SAPPHIRE" Network 117
Chapter 10 The Norwegian Spinster 136
Chapter 11 Between Midnight and Dawn 153
Chapter 12 The CIA's Secret Prisoner 160
Chapter 13 "I Am Nosenko" 192
Chapter 14 The Loginov Scandal 208
Chapter 15 Deadly Betrayal 227
Chapter 16 The Sleepless Hunter 237
Chapter 17 "H" for Molehunt 244
Chapter 18 Silent Lies 266
Chapter 19 Operation GRIDIRON 278
Chapter 20 Incubus 297
Chapter 21 Fired 307
Chapter 22 Backwards in the Mirror 323

Chapter 23 Death of a Legend 348

Epilogue 355
Notes 357
Bibliography 437
Index 447

PREFACE

This book broke out of its chrysalis as a biography but quickly metamorphosed when it became clear that Angleton's secret deeds might be more significant than creating a dutiful record of his life's work. Even before the research took shape, the CIA, sensing danger, officially took the decision not to cooperate with me, and to fight all requests for the release of documents relating to Angleton's stewardship of the Counterintelligence Staff. In this endeavor the agency has been more than successful, allowing the release of only a handful of insignificant papers. Fortunately, I encountered a group of decent and conscientious former CIA officers who felt that with Angleton's death, the time was now opportune to reveal the truths of his controversial years in power. These men and women are not politically motivated, nor frustrated or bitter failures. To the contrary, each is ferociously pro-CIA, and most achieved high office, retiring with honor and dignity. Paradoxically, it is their love for the agency's mission that helped them conclude individually to give me first their trust and then their knowledge. Lonely traveler that I was in the jungles of their secret disciplines, each gently passed me on to another, making the journey that much less perilous and that much more rewarding. The only condition I was asked to observe was to avoid making the book hostile to the CIA as a concept.

In the end, I interviewed over two hundred of these people, some literally for days at a time. From the hundreds of thousands of shorthand outlines in my notebooks has emerged the pattern of Angleton's management of one of the CIA's more secret and little-known departments. It is not surprising that the CIA has not wished this book well. No institution wants to be reminded of its corporate failures or collective lack of courage. But if intelligence-gathering agencies are as necessary as I believe them to be, then they must repay our blind trust and acknowledge that there may always be moments in all secret organizations when tyranny manages to slip its leash.

This was one of those occasions.

A NOTE ON SOURCES

In nearly every instance, I have interviewed primary sources and have attempted to corroborate all information from them with other primary or secondary sources. There is no golden rule about these procedures, but I take my obligations for accuracy very seriously and have tried my best to double- or triple-check the facts. In those few instances where it has been possible to obtain only one source for an important or meaningful anecdote, I have sought the advice and opinions of those former CIA officers whose sound and reliable judgments I learned to respect. All on-the-record interviews are acknowledged in the Notes at the back of the book. Non-attributable interviews (which were carried out with both former and still serving CIA officers) are referred to as ‘‘confidential interviews.’’ In a few rare cases, I have interviewed retired officers who would be at personal risk if identified, and I have classified their interviews accordingly. In the case of British intelligence officers, it goes without saying that their identities have to be fully protected. The United States has its Freedom of Information Act, but the British authorities still regard it as a crime to refer to or name intelligence sources. One waits with grim expectancy for this repressive legislation to be overtaken by something a little more enlightened.

The opinions and any inaccuracies in the following pages are mine alone.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

JEFF GOLDBERG joined this project at its inception as its chief researcher, but very quickly became a partner, taking upon himself the many responsibilities and demands that are inevitably associated with such a research-intensive project. His lengthy journalistic experience, his investigative skills in locating the apparently untraceable, and his total commitment and dedication to the editorial processes have made him as much part of this book as am I. His painstaking work on the Yuriy Nosenko story alone has made it possible for the historical record on this outrageous affair to be put right once and for all. For everything else—for the many services above and beyond the call of duty, for the dry shoulder, the patience, the relentless determination, the domination of the minutiae in the endless flow of facts, the sound advice and the sensible cautions—I owe him more than these few words can express.

In addition, I wish to thank:

Leonard McCoy, former Deputy Chief of the Counterintelligence Staff, whose single-minded devotion to the truth, and whose selfless donation of time, have left an indelible imprint on every one of these pages.

Of the 208 retired CIA officers who were interviewed for this book, I must pick out several for special appreciation: Mark Wyatt, who so generously briefed me and set the ball rolling; Ray Cline; William Colby; Donald ''Jamie'' Jameson; David Whipple, executive director of AFIO; and Dr. John Gittinger, all of whom went out of their way to give the extra time and make the extra effort. The other retired (and active) CIA and FBI officers who asked to remain anonymous will recognize their contributions. They have my thanks for their assistance.

Yuriy Nosenko took a chance with me, and I pray I have managed to repay his frankness and generosity of spirit.

Under the present absurd ground rules in the United Kingdom, I cannot name former members of the British Security Service and Secret Intelligence Service who have helped me, but they know who they are, and they know how I feel. I can, however, express my gratitude to the former KGB officer Oleg Gordievskiy, who defected to the British, and who kindly read appropriate portions of this manuscript and offered unique insights. In Australia, Sir Charles Spry, former Director General of ASIO, gave considerable help.

Many writers and journalists who specialize in espionage non-fiction turned out to be good friends, sharing precious contacts, wishing me well, and displaying a rare aptitude for being non-competitive. In Britain, I owe my office companion and ''Panorama'' colleague John Ware more than I can repay; my thanks also go to Phil Knightley, Paul Greengrass, Barry Penrose, Simon Freeman, Rupert Allason, James Rusbridger, and my good friend and former writing partner Anthony Summers.

In the United States, I was inspired by David Martin and his seminal work *Wilderness of Mirrors.* David not only pioneered the research of Jim Angleton's career but also wrote a damned fine book. It was no surprise that he, too, was generous with his advice and his introductions. Burton Hersh, Tom Powers, and David Ignatius were sources of great encouragement. Also helpful with access to their files were William Scott Malone, Richard Billings, Mark Perry, Dan Moldea, Jeff McConnell, Bernard Fensterwald, and Jim Hougan. Robert Fink deserves a special mention for bringing Jeff Goldberg and me together. Reed Whittemore's erudition and Robin Winks's research and hospitality at Yale helped me en route.

In Canada, Peter Worthington and John Sawatsky went out of their

way to steer me in the right direction and gave me *carte blanche* to quote from their excellent books. In Germany, I am indebted to John England; in Holland, to Frank de Jong; in Israel, to Israel Goldvicht. In Norway, Alf Jacobsen dominated research on the Lygren affair, while in South Africa, Anli Serfontein was a good friend and a sturdy researcher. Barbara Carr, who became so deeply involved in the Loginov affair, looked after me and displayed a kindness I shall never forget.

Of the many researchers who worked with me, a special word of thanks to Sarah Hann in London, whose good humor and mastery of research became invaluable from the outset. Norman Parker took time out under trying conditions to work for me.

Lindsey Battye caught the paper mountain as it was about to fall on my head. Her brisk and cheerful organization of the files and pictures made the difference between meeting or missing the deadline. Catherine Morrisson in Washington, D.C., took care of problems that threatened to overwhelm us on many occasions—another selfless friend of this project and of mine. Karen Denker in New York and Sarah MacDonald in London were always there when I needed their help.

I owe much to Cicely Angleton, and her daughters Siri Hari and Guru Sangat, all of whom were as anxious as I to discover the truth. If this book does nothing else, I hope it explains some of the unsolved mysteries surrounding the most important man in their lives. Jim Angleton's cousin in Mexico, Anita Labra, his friend Lilian Solomon, and particularly Cicely and Siri Hari took the time and trouble to offer pictures from their personal collections.

Washington attorney James Lesar, the Freedom of Information Act specialist and authors' friend, did more than was required in managing my many requests for U.S. government documents. I hope America's writers will one day acknowledge the debt they owe this crusader in the battle to open secret government records.

The book's very existence results from the skills of my literary agents Jacqueline Korn of David Higham Associates and Claire Smith of Harold Ober Associates in New York. My editor in London, Nick Brealey, formerly of Simon and Schuster, turned the paper into a manuscript and saw how it would work. Brian Perman, managing director of Simon and Schuster, took charge later, and his cheerfulness, encouragement, and enthusiasm came not a moment too soon, as did that of his line editor Claudia Shaffer. In New York, my editor Alice Mayhew, Vice President (Trade), Simon & Schuster, was typically energetic and robust. Her assistant editor, George Hodgman, and copyeditor, Ann Adelman, also made important contributions.

The BBC was most understanding of my lengthy absences, and Vin

Harrop's sympathetic contract writing made it easier for me. BBC-TV producer Jenny Clayton, who took charge of the ''Panorama'' documentary on Angleton, came to live with the subject as closely as I. BBC managers and editors Tim Gardham, Mark Thompson, Samir Shah, and Tony Hall were generous with their encouragement and collectively midwifed the documentary. My former colleague Bill Cran was instrumental in transmitting his excitement to WGBH in Boston.

George and Teddy, David and Robbi Goldberg; Valerie, Sarah, Abigail, and Jessica Mangold; Gloria, David, and Lucian Randall were the family members who bore the brunt and whose presence made the labors that much lighter.

Tom Mangold
London, February 1991

A NOTE ON SPELLINGS

I have chosen to adopt the same system used by American intelligence officers in transliterating names from the Russian Cyrillic alphabet. Where these names conflict with popular or conventional spellings, I can only apologize for the confusion. However, the system is regarded by the CIA's Soviet Division analysts as academically correct; and, in this book anyway, it will have the small virtue of consistency.

"The sleep of reason brings forth monsters."

—GOYA

1 THE END OF A SPY

"For anyone who is tired of life
the thrilling life of a spy
should be the finest
recuperator."
—LORD BADEN-POWELL, 1915

AT 7:17 P.M. ON JULY 20, 1967, CIA AGENT YURIY LOGINOV answered a soft knock on the door of his flat on Smit Street, Johannesburg. The Russian-born Loginov, dressed in green silk pajamas and a red and gold dressing gown, stood framed in the doorway on the seventh floor of the luxury apartment building, sniffling and dabbing his nose with wet tissues as he greeted the two men standing outside. One, whom he did not recognize, was Colonel Mike Geldenhuys, the tall, red-faced chief of operations of the South African Intelligence Service. The second, familiar face belonged to General Hendrik van den Bergh, the head of the South African Intelligence Service. Behind van den Bergh stood two plainclothes officers.

"Are you Edmund Trinka?" asked van den Bergh, using Loginov's local *nom de guerre*. The young man nodded.

"I am arresting you on a charge of spying."[1]

The nightmare had just begun for the slim, fair-haired Russian. Loginov's own employers—the CIA, and James Jesus Angleton, its legendary head of counterintelligence—had deliberately betrayed their own agent to the South Africans. Loginov was now a doomed man.

Eight years earlier, Major Yuriy Loginov, a KGB staff officer, was successfully recruited as a double agent by the CIA. Since then, he had served the Americans loyally, laboring in the no-man's-land of espionage. The neat Muscovite with his slightly effeminate looks had originally been handpicked by the KGB to become an ''illegal''—a spy given a fictional identity or ''legend''—and had been slowly and painstakingly trained to move eventually into a Western country where he would live and spy under the deepest cover. The illegal, a child of the former Eastern bloc intelligence services, is the classic spy of fiction.[2]

But after he had botched his key KGB training mission, Loginov panicked unnecessarily and fled to the American Embassy in Helsinki, where he asked for political asylum and allowed himself to be recruited by the CIA.

His first CIA case officer was Richard Kovich, an experienced American agent handler who spoke fluent Russian. Kovich managed to persuade Loginov to ''defect in place,'' officially remaining loyal to the KGB while secretly working for the CIA. This is much to ask of any spy. Discovery of his double identity would almost certainly lead to court-martial and execution by firing squad.

But Loginov agreed, and became a paid, contracted employee of the U.S. government, paradoxically enjoying even more protection than an ordinary American citizen. (The CIA's charter legally requires the agency to take extraordinary security measures to protect its agents whatever their nationality.)[3]

For the next six years, Loginov was supervised or ''run'' by a succession of CIA case officers and generously paid by the U.S. government. (To this day the money remains in escrow in accounts in Geneva and Paris.) The CIA asked Loginov to go wherever the KGB posted him while secretly reporting back on details of his work. He also reported to Washington on everything he learned while at KGB headquarters in Moscow, from policy decisions to tradecraft to canteen gossip.

Totally unaware that one of their better spies had been doubled, the KGB were preparing Loginov for eventual assignment to North America, where he would be ''buried'' and eventually activated as their spy. At this stage, his value to the Americans would be inestimable: he would not only be in a position to reveal his entire KGB network in America, but he could be used by U.S. intelligence authorities to feed a mixture of truth and disinformation back to Moscow.

Espionage coups like this are rare.

Loginov's formal CIA codename was "AEGUSTO." The FBI, which would assume responsibility for him once he reached the United States, had also opened their file on him under the top secret cryptonym of "EYEBALL."

On duty for the KGB in Paris, he had drunk champagne and attended jazz concerts with one of his CIA case officers. During debriefings in a CIA safe house the two men had laughed and gossiped. But every so often Loginov would lapse into a pensive mood and articulate the fears of every double agent. "Look after me," he said again and again to his case officer, "you have my life in your hands."[4]

In 1967, as part of the final preparation of his legend, the KGB dispatched Loginov to South Africa.

But at this time, quite unbeknown to Loginov or his CIA case officers, turmoil had broken out inside an important department of the agency in Langley.

James Jesus Angleton, the powerful chief of the CIA's Counterintelligence Staff, the man responsible for protecting America's secrets overseas, had instituted a so-called molehunt aimed at flushing out suspected traitors within the CIA. The hunt was specifically directed at the very division responsible for running Loginov.

Fear, suspicion, and paranoia gripped the CIA in Washington as Angleton's staff searched ruthlessly for alleged Soviet "moles" or double agents hidden within the agency. Richard Kovich fell under suspicion of being a secret KGB agent and, because of this, Loginov's file was scrutinized by Angleton. The Counterintelligence chief reasoned that if the Kovich case were "dirty," then his agents' cases could be dirty as well.[5]

There was another factor, too: in 1964 a second KGB officer named Yuriy Nosenko had defected to the United States. Although he was in fact a genuine defector, Angleton became convinced that Nosenko was a fake, an intelligence officer deliberately planted by the KGB to confuse the CIA. Angleton was so obsessed with the idea Nosenko was a fraud that he came to believe that anyone who ever supported the defector as genuine must also be suspect. Unluckily for Loginov, he had honestly, and in all good faith, backed Nosenko in his many debriefings with CIA officers. Unwittingly, Loginov had provoked his own downfall.

Angleton was deeply concerned that the FBI, which might not share his suspicions, would continue to run Loginov as a U.S.-controlled double agent when they assumed responsibility for him.[6] To avoid this, and maintain CIA control of Loginov overseas, Angleton coldly and deliberately betrayed the CIA's own agent to the South Africans, branding him as a KGB officer spying on the republic. It was a masterful stroke: Loginov would be imprisoned, and the grateful South African Intelligence Service would allow Angleton's men to travel to South Africa and interrogate him.

This was the double cross that had brought the South Africans to Loginov's apartment on July 20, 1967.[7]

As the baffled agent was being driven to South African intelligence headquarters in Pretoria, Angleton's team took steps to make sure the prisoner would be instantly and publicly condemned as a KGB spy.

Angleton authorized the release to the world's press of all of Loginov's previous CIA debriefings—*as if they were confessions he had willingly made in custody.* The effect was to nail Loginov publicly as a self-confessed KGB officer.

Angleton's plan had brilliantly stitched up Loginov's fate. Unaware of what was happening or why, the young Soviet could only sit in solitary confinement wondering when the nightmare would end and the CIA would arrange for his release from South African custody.

Operations like this had already given the lean, unsmiling Angleton a fearsome reputation at CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia.

Loginov was kept in solitary confinement by the South Africans for two years after his arrest. But he stubbornly refused to confess to the false charge of being a Soviet spy under KGB control.

So, by 1969, the press and the government opposition was asking why the famous ''spy'' had neither been charged nor tried for spying. There was growing discomfort for the CIA, too. They had assured the South Africans that the Loginov case was dirty—but proof was not forthcoming. Without a proper signed confession that could be produced in open court, the South Africans remained in an embarrassing position.

General van den Bergh now decided to make a top secret visit to see his friend Jim Angleton at CIA headquarters in Washington. (He was flown to the United States illegally by the CIA when the American State Department refused to grant him a visa.)

Angleton, van den Bergh, and several senior CIA officers agreed on a plan to swap Loginov for eleven West German spies held by the Communist government of East Germany. This was another superb Angleton maneuver: Loginov would be ''deported'' from South Africa and would never have to be brought to trial in the West; the swap would appear to confirm the CIA's conviction that he was a loyal KGB officer; and the West Germans would get eleven of their spies from the Communists.

Contact between the newly named South African Bureau for State Security (BOSS) and the local office in Pretoria of the West German BND (the Bundesnachrichtendienst, the equivalent of the CIA) soon established that the West Germans would be delighted to take part in the whole deal. So much so that they chartered a Lufthansa 707 to fly from Frankfurt to Johannesburg to collect Loginov.

On Saturday, July 12, 1969, Loginov's two-year solitary confinement came to an abrupt end. His belongings were returned to him, he was ordered to dress, and was driven, handcuffed to Mike Geldenhuys, through a damp and cold South African night to the Jan Smuts Airport at Johannesburg. Just after 4:00 A.M., Loginov was led up the steps and into the cabin of the German-chartered plane. The only other passengers were Juergen Stange, the BND's German lawyer (who had flown in with the plane), and three South Africans: Mike Geldenhuys; Emil Boshoff, a South African lawyer; and an unnamed BOSS officer. This small group monopolized the first-class section of the jet while the Lufthansa reserve crew sat in the economy section in the rear. The rest of the plane was empty.

At precisely 5:10 A.M. the plane roared into an African sunrise, circled, and headed north for Europe.

"Is it a deportation or a swap?" Loginov asked Geldenhuys. "It's a swap," replied the South African in his thick Afrikaans accent. "Be happy, you're going home."[8]

Inside the plane, Loginov's handcuffs had been removed, but he was allowed no belt or tie in case he tried to commit suicide. When the Soviet wanted to use the toilet in privacy, Geldenhuys insisted the door be left open.

Loginov, in turn, unsure whether or not he was to be killed, refused to eat or drink anything during the twelve-hour flight unless it came from an unopened can.

At Frankfurt, two black Mercedes were waiting to escort Loginov to the East German border. Loginov, under restraint, was hustled into the first of the cars.

Waiting in the second was the man in charge of the West German end of the operation, a civil servant known only as "the Man from the Ministry." The senior BND officer present called himself "Colonel Halder," but was almost certainly a former BND chief of station in Pretoria named Hauswedel. Everyone was using false names. Hauswedel's deputy called himself "Benavenci" and Geldenhuys used "Mike Richards." The only man using his real name was Yuriy Loginov.

The West Germans were in a tricky constitutional position. They were conniving to take an innocent man by force across their territory, to be handed over to KGB escorts waiting at the East German border.

Shortly before 9:00 P.M. that fast-cooling July evening, the two-car convoy reached the Herleshausen border post (temporarily closed to the public by order). It was still light when the CIA agent was politely coaxed out of his car and taken under restraint toward the passport and immigration block on the East side of the road. Ahead of him stood the unsmiling *Volkspolizei,* together with two KGB officers and a clutch of East German officials.

Waiting inside the post was the famous East German lawyer Wolfgang Vogel, the man who had previously arranged several major spy swaps and whose career paralleled the history of Cold War espionage.[9]

Vogel, and Juergen Stange, his opposite number in West Germany, had pioneered and monopolized what came to be known as *Freikauf*—the commercialized and controversial business of exchanging prisoners of the East German regime for hard Western cash.[10]

Yuriy Loginov's position was now critical. He had very little time to make a move. It was clear that the CIA had betrayed and deserted him. It would only be a matter of time before the Soviets discovered he had been working for the CIA. Traitors are usually executed in the USSR.

Loginov's last desperate chance was to try to appeal to his West German Secret Service escorts, to persuade them to let him stay in the West. He would have to talk to them in code to make sure the KGB officers did not realize what he was doing, for if he failed, they would know he had been working for the West.

As Loginov was escorted into the customs post, the newly promoted General Geldenhuys, bored and tired, waited in the Mercedes, his jurisdiction and role over. General Mike C. W. Geldenhuys was a big man with a raw pinched-apple face, as Afrikaans as a knobkerrie. He had risen through the police force from constable to become the youngest and most decorated chief of security. Geldenhuys was a personal friend of van den Bergh, to whom he still remains completely loyal.

Geldenhuys describes what happened next. "Loginov and the two BND guys went into the border post. Juergen Stange had consumed a considerable amount of duty-free liquor on the flight, and was not very active.

"I saw Mr. Vogel and two men with crew cuts. I had no doubt they were KGB men who had walked up from the East German checkpoint and were waiting to escort Loginov back to Moscow.

"I was tired and jetlagged and walked around just to keep myself awake. Anyway, nothing seemed to be happening at the border post. Nothing. I waited and waited and nothing happened.

"Finally, when one of the BND guys came back to talk to me, I said to him, 'Why don't you just tell Loginov to bugger off back to Moscow?' The BND guy said to me, 'There's a bit of a drama going on there. Loginov doesn't want to go back to Moscow. He seems to want to work for us. It's all very strange.'

"Well, the talking in the hut went on until about eleven P.M. The whole thing was now running two hours late. The BND people came back to see me and said, 'Loginov refuses to talk to the Russians or the East Germans, and insists he will only talk to you.'

"So I wandered into the hut. There were only half a dozen people in there. As I came in, Yuriy shouted something in Russian and jumped up, as did the two KGB officers. It was just like one of our interrogation sessions. I said, 'Yuriy, what the hell is going on?' Yuriy answered, pointing at the two KGB guys, 'These men are not my friends, they are my subordinates.' He really snapped and shouted at the KGB guys. I couldn't understand what he was doing. They were supposed to be his pals."

Leonard McCoy, a former intelligence analyst with the CIA's Soviet Bloc Division, has studied Geldenhuys's account of Loginov's behavior during these last few hours at the Communist border crossing.

McCoy has no doubt that Loginov was now fighting for his life. "He knew the CIA had dumped him," McCoy says. "He knew what might be waiting in Moscow, he knew he couldn't escape, and he knew he couldn't bare his soul to the West Germans in front of the KGB escort.

"I think everything he says shows a desperate man now flying by wire. His remarks seem illogical, but actually he's talking in code to the West Germans and to Geldenhuys. Remember, he's in a terrible trap. There are now two KGB officers in the hut with him. If he indicates that he's been working for the CIA, and he's not believed, and still has to return to Moscow, that conversation will guarantee him the firing squad. On the other hand, he has to do something . . . anything to stop the spy swap from going ahead.

"The trouble with Loginov was he left his end run too late. Two years out of the business in a cell in Pretoria may have left him a little stale. I read his remarks now as the coded and occasionally not so coded words of a desperate man.

"Anyway, Angleton had stacked everything against him. He never really had a chance. No one was listening to the nuances of his desperate speech. The South Africans had been brainwashed by Angleton, and the West Germans wanted their own spies back."[11]

Geldenhuys himself had no doubt that Loginov was signaling to him that he wanted to stay in West Germany, but he still believed in the Angleton version of the Loginov story. "I just kept thinking to myself that Yuriy was trying to stay in West Germany as part of his strategy to continue tricking everyone by working for the KGB as a false double agent.

''The Germans kept telling me he did not want to go back to the USSR,'' Geldenhuys goes on. ''They said quite categorically he had told them that he wanted to stay in the West, and was even prepared to work for them. It was all very odd. The fact is that at that stage he did not want to go back. He kept on delaying the spy swap.''

Geldenhuys eventually lost patience altogether. ''I told Yuriy to sit down and said, 'What the hell is going on?' Yuriy said, 'I am not going to be shunted around by these people.' I answered, 'Yuriy, for God's sake, you are wasting my time and the time of these people [the Germans].' ''

After a delay of four hours caused by Loginov's last futile attempts to stay in the West, the planned swap finally went ahead. Faced with the total disbelief of the West Germans and Geldenhuys, Loginov now had to give in. He could not delay any longer. The fight had left him.

In one last bizarre gesture, just moments before he stepped back into the world he had been unable to escape, Loginov posed for a picture with his old adversary, jailer, and main human contact for the previous two years—Mike Geldenhuys. The last words Loginov spoke to his former captor were ''Give my regards to the General [Hendrik van den Bergh].'' He then shook hands with Geldenhuys, turned, and calmly walked through the iron border gates into obscurity. Geldenhuys saw him enter the KGB officers' car.

''One of the KGB guys grabbed my arm and thanked me profusely,'' says Geldenhuys with a smile, ''then climbed into the car with Yuriy. The last I saw of him he was sitting in the back flanked by the two Russians. Vogel sat in the front and they drove off.''

Geldenhuys turned and walked to the BND's Mercedes. The warm summer evening had long since shaded into night. He sank gratefully into the back as the West Germans drove him to his hotel. His wife was waiting for him there; in the morning, they would turn into tourists visiting Germany and France.

In Washington a few hours later, Angleton was handed a top secret dispatch sent via the CIA station in Frankfurt. The operation had been an unqualified success. Loginov was en route to Moscow. He would never be seen in the West again.

Gradually, as the weeks passed, Loginov's former CIA case officers began to suspect that something unpleasant had happened to their agent. There were hints and murmurs, nothing more. Together with Leonard McCoy, they asked their superiors whether Loginov was all right. Assurances were smoothly given. The flame of concern was extinguished as quickly as it had been ignited.

One of Angleton's most successful and, paradoxically, one of his most disastrous operations ended without further discussion. The terrible secret was to lie buried for another decade.

Geldenhuys, sitting in a South African hotel room twenty years after that summer's night at Herleshausen, two giant whiskeys down for a painful tooth, grimaces slightly and groans. ''This Loginov thing—there's going to be a big stink about it, isn't there?''

2 BIRTH OF A LEGEND

''There's no doubt you are easily the most interesting and fascinating figure the intelligence world has produced, and a living legend.''

—CLARE BOOTHE LUCE TO
JAMES ANGLETON, 1980[1]

IF ONE SINGLE MAN HAS LEFT HIS MARK ON THE FACE OF WESTERN intelligence it is James Jesus Angleton. For twenty years, he was in charge of the CIA's Counterintelligence (CI) Staff, effectively serving as spycatcher for the entire Western world.

His role was not publicly revealed until 1968, fifteen years after he had assumed his post. Since then, his character and exploits have become legend, within and far beyond the Central Intelligence Agency.

He was not a spy. His task was to prevent other countries from learning the secrets of the United States and its allies. He was responsible for identifying and neutralizing efforts made by the Russian intelligence services (the KGB and its military equivalent, the GRU) to penetrate the West with their own spies or traitors recruited from inside the West's own intelligence services.

It was not until Angleton was forced out of his job that the legends began to take root. He became the model for ''Mother'' in a famous *roman à clef, Orchids for Mother.*[2] As some clues about his background emerged during his retirement, speculation about the man and his methods fueled numerous magazine articles. His lonely hobbies became a trademark. He was an accomplished grower of rare orchids, a world-class fly fisherman, a published photographer, and a skillful worker in gemstones and leather. His academic and literary background helped create the image of the poet-spy. But his CIA career has remained mysterious. Not until 1980 did the CIA disclose his controversial and destructive ''molehunt'' operations.[3]

Angleton was a gaunt six-footer, permanently stooped, usually dressed in dark formal clothes. He wore an old-fashioned black homburg, and his thick glasses provided a natural disguise. His unusually wide mouth could smile and scowl at the same time.

He was rarely photographed in public. The most famous picture of him, taken as he gave evidence at a congressional hearing, shows an alert face and slim fingers cocked around an ear that seems to trap every signal. It is the classic Jim Angleton, always receiving, rarely transmitting.

James Jesus Angleton was born in Boise, Idaho, on December 9, 1917, the first son of a dashing self-made father and a vivacious Mexican mother.[4]

His father, James Hugh Angleton of Illinois, was known as Hugh, and had ridden into Mexico as a cavalry officer with General John J. Pershing.[5] He took as his bride a classic Mexican beauty, Carmen Mercedes Moreno, after they met in the border town of Nogales.

The family moved to Boise, where they lived until Jim was ten, when they went to Dayton, Ohio, the headquarters of the National Cash Register (NCR) Company, Hugh's company.[6]

Cicely Angleton, Jim's future wife, describes her father-in-law as ''a very forceful, proud and aggressive man; a rugged American and a self-made man from the word go.''[7] Thomas McCoy, a former CIA officer who knew Angleton's father during the 1950s, remembers Hugh as ''a six-foot-four, raw-boned, red-faced farm boy; a broad super-friendly guy, who was the outgoing salesman type and a born trader. He and his son were as different as one can imagine.''[8]

Hugh Angleton's earliest days with NCR were a model of individual enterprise. ''Jim's father started working for NCR by carrying cash registers on the backs of mules into the mining towns in the foothills of the mountains of Idaho,'' says William Wick, Jim Angleton's roommate at Harvard Law School. ''He did so well selling out West that he attracted the attention of the executives at corporate headquarters in Dayton, Ohio.''[9]

In 1933, Hugh Angleton was sent to Europe to complete a survey of NCR installations, which were suffering from the Depression. He found that the Italian branch was the heaviest loser. On his return to Dayton, he met the chief executive officer of the company, who congratulated him on his report and offered him a raise if he would come back to his former job.

Angleton, however, wanted promotion. But he was told bluntly that he was not the right material. He then offered a grand deal: he would buy the Italian franchise, paying for it over a designated period of years. He guaranteed to put the branch into the black; if he didn't, the head office could repossess the branch and he would leave. It was an unrefusable offer. Angleton went to Italy and turned the lackluster branch around. He had paid off NCR before the war broke out.

Carmen Moreno, Jim Angleton's mother, was a lively and attractive teenage girl when she married Hugh. According to Angleton's cousin, Anita Labra, who still lives in Mexico, Carmen inherited and practiced her mother's devout Catholic beliefs. As a demonstration of faith, she gave James the middle name Jesus, pronounced Spanish style. Mrs. Labra heard stories about ''Aunt Carmen'' growing up in Nogales and working with some of her family in the town drugstores, and remembers her as ''a truly elegant lady; the fine bone structure of her face and her lovely hands made her a beautiful woman until the time of her death.''[10]

Angleton's maternal grandmother, Mercedes (affectionately known as ''Mamache''), is remembered fondly by Cicely Angleton, who met her in Arizona several times during World War II. According to Mrs. Angleton, ''She was a woman of great dignity, an individualist with a strong personality, who would not let anyone boss her around. She was a saintly woman, all her family loved her. She lived in poverty, but she never cared. She was very bright, but had no formal education. Her intellect was along intuitive and emotional lines.

''Jim was like her. He learned his patience from her, together with a strong fatalism, a Mexican Indian trait, which held that you cannot change destiny, and that you accept hardship. Jim's mother was very smart, too. She had no schooling, but she had this incredible family trait of good intuition. Jim got this from her, too. This came from the Latin side.

''Jim was a Chicano, and I loved him for it. I never saw anyone as Mexican as he was. He was a Latino, an Apache; he was a gut fighter.''[11]

Cicely says that Angleton was teased about his Mexican heritage when he was a child. ''At age seven, that is a difficult thing to deal with. As he grew older, he became proud of his background—but, at the beginning, no. He never liked to use his middle name. He even dropped the 'J' during the war. Who likes to go around with a middle name of Jesus?

"He once told me, 'I was brought up in an alley.' The Mexican-Anglo conflict within him was very difficult for him to resolve."[12]

There is evidence that Angleton remained uneasy about his Mexican blood. Edgar "Ed" Applewhite, a friend and Yale classmate who later served as deputy Inspector General of the CIA, recalls that Angleton was bothered by his middle name: "Jim was forty years old before anyone at the CIA knew what the second 'J' stood for. Jim was embarrassed about it.

"He grew up in Idaho and a WASP upper-class Ohio city as a half-Mexican, and spent the rest of his life trying to resolve these influences, but never quite did."[13]

The noted American poet and author Reed Whittemore, another close friend and roommate of Angleton's at Yale, also remembers Angleton's reticence about his mother's Mexican background. "Jim was kind of embarrassed by both his Mexican heritage and his middle name," Whittemore explains. "I can only remember one occasion when one of his professors, Arthur Mizener, got mad at him in class and said, 'Hey, James Jesus!' Jim took this as an insult. It suggested he was not an upper-class Englishman, which was then the image he was trying to project."[14]

When Jim Angleton was fourteen, his father moved the family to Milan, where NCR manufactured its cash registers. Hugh Angleton was to run his Italian company as a private business for thirty years—interrupted only by the war—before selling it back to NCR in 1964 when he retired. Once in Italy, Hugh's politics veered toward right-wing capitalism; the free-market economy dominated his views.

Opinions differ about the virulence of Hugh's anti-communism, but most agree it was a driving force. Some say he knew Mussolini, although there's no suggestion he admired the Italian dictator. During the war, Hugh Angleton served as a colonel in the Office of Strategic Services (OSS). Max Corvo, a top OSS operations officer in Italy, worked closely with both Hugh and Jim Angleton at different times during that period. He says of the older man's politics, "He was ultra-conservative, a sympathizer with Fascist officials. He was certainly not unfriendly with the Fascists."[15]

As an expatriate, the teenage Jim Angleton spent summers camping in the Haute-Savoie, and was sent to England for a year at Chartridge Hill House in Buckinghamshire. In 1933, he went to Malvern College in Worcestershire, where he was initiated into some of the traditional British public school customs and class distinctions. He learned all about snobbery, prejudice, and school beatings. Before he left three years later he had served as a prefect, a corporal in the Officers' Training Corps, and joined the Old Malvern Society. He seems to have become more English than the English, a useful ruse perhaps for Malvern's lone half-Mexican Yank.[16]

In 1937 Angleton was back in Britain, this time at Birdsong, a camp in Scotland where he participated in the World Boy Scout Jamboree. He also attended two other international Boy Scout Jamborees—in Hungary in 1933 and in Holland in 1937. According to one account, after Hitler took over the Scout organization in Germany, Angleton met secretly with anti-Nazi Scout leaders and carried their letters to England for delivery to Lord Baden-Powell, the founder of the international Boy Scout movement.[17]

In an interview many years later, Angleton spoke warmly of that period in his life. ''I was brought up in England in one of my formative years,'' he recalled, ''and I must confess that I learned, at least I was disciplined to learn, certain features of life, and what I regarded as duty. I recall the British had a Chancellor of the Exchequer [Treasury Secretary] and there was a leakage on the budget . . . and the Chancellor stood up in Parliament, even though he was not tried . . . he submitted his resignation and he walked out. And that left a deep impression on me.''[18]

Angleton's British period gave him moral focus, and also influenced his appearance and style. He absorbed Old World courtesy and the quiet good manners that never deserted him. Indeed, those years gave him a European persona that obscured Nogales, Arizona. He certainly adopted conservative clothing like a uniform. In hottest Israel or deepest Australian outback, Angleton remained in collar, tie, and dark business suit. He normally bought two or three English-cut suits from his tailor every year, demanding only the best material, one hundred percent wool, worsted cashmere, or mohair. And he remained loyal to British ''City'' fashion long after the vogue had ended.

By the time he enrolled at Yale in 1937, Angleton had already developed a distinctive personal style. He spoke with a slight English accent (probably not an affectation after three years in the country), and was tall, athletic, bright, and handsome. Curtis Dahl, a former Yale classmate, remembers that Angleton was ''not among the 'white shoe' boys [students from rich and socially distinguished families], and he wasn't dull, like me. I found him to be a mysterious person, with dark mysterious looks and mysterious contacts.''[19]

By conventional standards he was a poor student, frequently missing class, excelling only in those subjects that interested him, and occasionally failing those that didn't. After two years, he had earned an undistinguished 73 average; and during his junior and senior years, he received two F's, four D's, and a withdrawal in courses related to his major (English).[20]

Reed Whittemore says of Angleton the scholar, ''All through Yale, Jim was backward at completing school papers. He was terrible and dilatory about this. It may be that he was just lazy—or maybe he had a psychological problem. He had the class record for incompletes, but he could invariably whitewash over these missing grades because he had a favorable presence with the teachers, who for the most part liked him a lot. Jim impressed most teachers with his adult presence, his maturity, and his assurance.''[21]

William Wick's memory of his college friend, with whom he would later room at Harvard, is of a young man who ''could talk knowledgeably on any subject, and the ladies adored him. . . . Rooming with Angleton was a fascinating experience. He knew no schedule, ate when hungry at whatever hour of the day or night, attended classes when he felt so inclined. . . . Come nightfall, Jim kept me up til the wee hours, discussing girls, the War, international politics, famous poets . . . philosophy, *Time* magazine's unique writing style, bowling (which Jim had newly mastered), raising orchids and the law. Collapsing into bed late at night, I would often arise next morning to find Jim still reading or furiously writing, ashtrays stuffed with cigarette butts, and the room littered with library books.''[22]

Angleton's chronic insomnia first manifested itself at Yale. Throughout the rest of his life, he had to devise schemes for making use of the night. At Yale, he fought his worsening condition by frequently playing poker or dice until 7:00 A.M.

Other indicators of future behavior and personality also emerged at Yale. Angleton's secretiveness, stubbornness, tenacity, and dogmatism were noted by Whittemore, who recalls that his roommate became ''very upset'' if anyone made fun of him. In a literary argument, Angleton took it hard if his position was ridiculed. He would never concede any weakness in his views. ''He never thought he was wrong,'' Whittemore says. ''He wouldn't give an inch. He wouldn't back off.''[23]

Whittemore and Angleton shared a love of jazz (Artie Shaw, not Benny Goodman) and the editorship of a literary magazine—*Furioso,* a publication that was to have some significance in the history of modern American literature. It was launched as a magazine of verse in 1939, and survived until 1953. Contributors included some of the greater names in contemporary American poetry, among them e e cummings and Ezra Pound. Much of Angleton's literary reputation springs from this period.

In 1938, after his freshman year, Angleton summered with his family in Italy. He met Pound in Rapallo and the two became friends. Angleton's great triumph for his new magazine was to persuade Pound, a fellow Idahoan, to travel the following year to New Haven, where he stayed with Whittemore's family for the night. But while this coup showed real management flair, it says little about Angleton's actual writing talents.

Reed Whittemore is leery of his friend's literary reputation, saying that his merits and achievements have been adorned by legend. "Jim knew some Eliot, Pound, and Dante," Whittemore explains, "but he was not much of a reader—even in modern poetry." Angleton did want to write himself, but Whittemore found him "constipated" about it. "He worked hard on it," Whittemore adds, "but came up with narrow things. He even had trouble writing a two-page introduction to *Furioso*."[24]

Surviving examples of Angleton's literary style are rare. However, in November 1940, during his senior year, he managed to write and publish one edition of his own secret campus pamphlet (hand-distributed under dormitory doors at night). Called "The Waif," it was a heavily ironic commentary on campus issues and politics:

> We intended to make this first paper a prefatory one: to urge upon the reader suitable and established invocations to law and veritas, virtue and lux: to list the many instances which metamorphosed our life into that of a gadfly. It is impossible to say who or what we are.[25]

Ezra Pound was bowled over by the handsome young student's work and subsequently wrote a letter describing Angleton as "one of the most important hopes of literary magazines in the United States."[26]

Not everyone agreed, but most would have granted the fact that Angleton did possess personality and style, especially when it came to wooing the literati into delivering for *Furioso*. The poets were suitably impressed by his initiative. As Whittemore recalls, "I saw him as a great salesman and publishing entrepreneur. He got the salesmanship from his father. He was good at playing up to people to win favor. He took pictures of Pound and cummings. This was a form of flattery."[27]

Any assessment of Angleton's campus politics depends on the political slant of the observer. William Wick, a self-styled conservative, saw Angleton as a liberal. But Reed Whittemore, politically left of the British Fabians, saw Angleton's views as very far to the right. Angleton *was* becoming strongly anti-Communist, and he openly expressed his dislike for one British graduate student at Yale solely because he was an overt Marxist.[28]

In the autumn of 1941, after graduating from Yale with a BA (with grades in the lowest quarter of his class), Angleton moved on to Harvard Law School. It was now obvious that the United States would soon be involved in the war in Europe, and Angleton's move to Harvard was not the consequence of any strong ambition to study law. Rather, like many young men at the time, he was putting his future on hold.

On December 7, Angleton was emerging from a Boston cinema when he saw newsboys hawking special editions announcing the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Angleton turned to William Wick and said, "Come on, Willy, let's go to The Oyster House and get drunk."[29] The war was just around the corner and Angleton's short sojourn at Harvard Law School would be dominated less by study than romance.

"There he was," says Cicely Angleton, describing how she first set eyes on her husband-to-be in 1941 in a student's attic in Cambridge. "There was nothing in the room except a large reproduction of El Greco's *View of Toledo*. It showed a huge unearthly green sky. Jim was standing underneath the picture. If anything went together, it was him and the picture. I fell madly in love at first sight. I'd never met anyone like him in my life. He was so charismatic. It was as if the lightning in the picture had suddenly struck me. He had an El Greco face. It was extraordinary."[30]

Cicely d'Autremont, a nineteen-year-old coed from Vassar, came from a wealthy, well-placed family from Duluth, Minnesota. Her grandfather, Chester Congdon, had created the family's fortune mainly from mining and lumber, and by the turn of the century the Congdons were one of the richest families in Duluth. Cicely majored in English at Vassar, but in keeping with the times, made no plans to study for a professional career, a decision she later bitterly regretted. (She did, however, earn a master's degree in medieval history in 1970, and a Ph.D. in the same subject in 1984.)

In that tense autumn of 1941, as the two stared starry-eyed at each other for the first time, the future seemed to promise years of hope and fulfillment. Cicely's passion was not instantly requited, however, and the two did not become engaged until April 1943, a few weeks after Angleton had been drafted into the Army. When the obligatory meeting with his parents took place, Hugh Angleton was coldly disapproving, arguing that his son was without a job and didn't know the girl very well. Jim, in turn, was respectful but unyielding throughout the painful meeting, which had little impact. The wedding took place quietly three months later on July 17, in Battle Creek, Michigan, where the groom was already undergoing Army training.[31]

Angleton had been inducted into the Army in New Haven, Connecticut, on March 19, 1943. He was twenty-five years old. By August, he had been offered work with the Office of Strategic Services, America's first genuine foreign intelligence agency. A newly released OSS memorandum explains how he managed to enter the service and stay away from the unattractive prospect of a career as a military policeman. The combined efforts of Angleton's father (who had joined the OSS earlier) and Norman Pearson, his old English professor from Yale (then heading OSS Counterintelligence in London), cleared the way. A note written by James Murphy, who was head of X-2 (the Counterintelligence component of the OSS) at the time, reveals: ''I would greatly appreciate it if you could get provisional security for Corporal James Angleton, in order that he may commence OSS school on Monday. His father is with this branch, and was with OSS previously. . . . In addition young Angleton is very well known to Norman Pearson, who recommended him to me before I left London.''[32]

After training, Corporal Angleton was shipped to London to handle Italian matters for X-2. Three days after Christmas, he sailed from New York, leaving behind Cicely, who was expecting their first child.

3

HOT WARRIOR

''Nobody else in OSS was quite so single-minded in his work. I don't know what he would have done if there was no war. He might have been a poet or a teacher.''

—PERDITA DOOLITTLE, 1988[1]

ANGLETON'S COUNTERINTELLIGENCE CAREER BEGAN IN A BLACKED-out London. The city was blitzed, nervous, fearful of enemy spies and quislings. It had reached the low point of its struggle against the Nazis. There was food rationing and shortages, and Angleton slept to the sound of moaning sirens.

The keen young corporal moved into the West End Ryder Street headquarters for the combined counterintelligence operations of the OSS and Britain's MI6. He had a desk, a secretary, and boundless enthusiasm and curiosity for the methodology and science of this newfangled business of counterintelligence.

By age twenty-six, Angleton was already streetwise and professionally well connected. He had the natural ability to impress older men with his maturity and endless curiosity. He also had a high intelligence, was naturally enigmatic and subtle, and possessed infinite patience. A CIA colleague, Raymond Baine, remembers that Angleton's maturity and authority invariably left an impression. ''His voice and manner were always on the quiet side,'' observes Baine. ''He never laughed loudly or acted in a boisterous way. Both his talk and his laughter were always soft. He was captivating, and had the ability to dominate a conversation without ever lifting his voice.''[2]

Angleton learned on the job, quickly mastering the basic tools of counterintelligence, including the use of ''black'' propaganda, and the vital ingredient known as ''playback''—understanding how effectively your own disinformation is actually working on the enemy.[3]

Above all, Angleton mastered the central axiom of a new counterintelligence philosophy. He learned that penetration of the enemy's intelligence services was crucial in order to nudge the enemy into an unreal world—the famous ''wilderness of mirrors,'' that mythical hell to which spycatchers are consigned by default, doomed to spend their working lives trapped inside the shimmering bars of glancing reflections. It is the place where truth and reality are blinded by deception.

Counterintelligence has been described as ''a Dantean hell with ninety-nine circles.''[4] Its practitioners are often characterized as tortured souls weltering in an inferno of doubt, half-truth, suspicion, and professional paranoia. The work demands an inordinate degree of skill and patience. Its rewards are few. Successful cases rarely lead to criminal prosecutions, and devotees often labor for years on one lead without ever learning whether their dedication has paid off. The very qualities that make a good counterintelligence officer—a suspicious mind, a love of complexity and detail, and an ability to detect conspiracies—are also the qualities most likely to corrode natural intelligence and objective judgment. Alec MacDonald, a former MI5 counterespionage veteran, described the paradox this way:

''The danger area is that if you become obsessed with somebody, something, there it is crawling inside your head all the time and you shut everything else out, and you just listen to what's going on inside your own head. Anybody that puts up the contrary side, you see, is guilty of sinning against your own special Holy Ghost.''[5]

Yet initially, in wartime, Angleton did learn how to negotiate the glass maze. He was taught the dangers of falling victim to his own strategy of deception. He realized that only constant testing and analysis would show whether the enemy had succeeded in deceiving him by infiltrating its own spies, or feeding in its own false information.

The successful British coup of detecting but not executing virtually every Nazi spy during the war, so that they could be ''encouraged'' to send false reports back to Berlin, profoundly impressed him. Even more significant had been the breaking of the German wartime code —the famous ''Ultra'' affair, which was to enable the British, and later the Americans, to obtain a constant flow of up-to-date information on the organization of German intelligence, while keeping track of agent activities in western Europe.

X-2, the counterintelligence segment of the OSS, had been established in March 1943 under the direction of James Murphy and Norman Pearson, with an initial staff of three. By February 1944, a month after Angleton arrived, the unit had expanded to seventy-five people occupying twenty-two rooms, an entire floor of the Ryder Street complex.[6] Angleton turned up late one winter afternoon and immediately became a ''centrifugal force'' in the office. His British-born secretary, Perdita Doolittle, remembers only a cursory hello from him as he entered, then ''doors and drawers and files were flung open, and he was into everything; pulling, leafing, thumbing.''[7] They shared a tiny office on the first floor, which had to contain them, two desks, chairs, and two green filing cabinets. The off-white walls were dirty and bare. (Angleton lived in an equally bleak and tiny bachelor flat at 8 Craven Hill, near Paddington Station.)

Nevertheless, he thrived in these austere conditions, mastering the files and the techniques, meeting some of the rising young stars from the British side of the office—including a young MI6 officer named Kim Philby.

London was to become Angleton's professional matrix. It was in London, his colleagues now say, that he matured beyond his years; it was in London that he acquired the wisdom and the anguished face of one who had witnessed dreadful truths. America's spycatcher was made in Britain—a nation as lean, fearful, and resolute as Angleton himself.

After only six months, the young OSS officer had earned himself a commission to the rank of second lieutenant, and he became chief of the Italian Desk for the European Theater of Operations.[8]

By October 1944, the Nazis were facing defeat in Europe as the Allies pushed toward victory. Angleton was transferred to Rome as the commanding officer of Special Counterintelligence Unit Z, a detachment made up of U.S. and British personnel, activated toward the end of the war to arrest ''stay-behind'' enemy agents. In March 1945, he was promoted to first lieutenant and was made chief of X-2 for the whole of Italy. At age twenty-seven, he was the youngest X-2 Branch chief in all of OSS. He was also the only non-Briton in Italy cleared to share the intelligence secrets of the top secret Ultra, the British breakthrough in cracking wartime German military ciphers.

Angleton's office was at 22 Via Sicilia, in the fashionable hotel district off the Via Veneto, and some three blocks from the U.S. Embassy. Among his staff officers was Ray Rocca, who would remain Angleton's top research assistant for the next thirty years.

Angleton was by now an accomplished counterintelligence expert, developing reliable intelligence sources, conducting and analyzing interrogations of important prisoners of war, and reviewing cable traffic. If London had taught him the theories of counterintelligence, Rome had given him the practice. As Italian fascism collapsed and the German retreat quickened, Angleton found himself targeting subtle new enemies, including lingering Fascists and, more importantly for him, nascent Communist networks.

The young Counterintelligence chief was now in his element: recently declassified documents show Angleton at the zenith of his wartime career. He sent memoranda to OSS head offices in London and Washington containing information from his unit's top secret intelligence sources in Rome, who were elegantly code-named ''ROSE,'' ''BRIAR,'' ''PANSY,'' and ''BLOOM.'' These sources with floral designations actually cheated and burgled their way across the open city with seeming impunity. BLOOM broke into the house of a well-connected Italian professor in Rome and stole sensitive documents, codes, and cipher books used by the Ministry of the Interior and the Communists. BRIAR claimed that the Finnish delegation to Rome had hidden gold and documents in a specially constructed vault under a garden in the city.

Angleton's sources also briefed him on potential recruits, including Italian journalists and military officers. They targeted the mistresses of various top European ambassadors and representatives to the Vatican, and, in their spare time, provided him with the locations of Nazi-Fascist resistance centers, command posts, and war factories in (still occupied) Milan. Angleton also helped organize Army Intelligence to track down German agents using false identity cards.

In one major operation code-named ''DAGGER'' (for an unidentified Fascist official), Angleton secretly recovered a large quantity of Fascist government and military papers which had been hidden by the fleeing Italians. These documents included a record of the conference between Hitler and Mussolini at the Brenner Pass in 1940 to discuss the terms of the Italian-French armistice. The X-2 chief also helped run the romantic ''SEGUN'' operation, in which the OSS successfully located and recaptured valuable treasures (including ornate silver objects and beautiful religious vestments) plundered by the Fascists from the possessions of King Menelik of Ethiopia.[9]

At the end of the war, Angleton received a well-earned Legion of Merit from the U.S. Army for his ''exceptionally meritorious'' wartime service. The citation credited him for directing operations that enabled his special X-2 units to apprehend over a thousand enemy intelligence agents.[10] His service in Italy marked him as a counterintelligence original.

The Italian period also saw the growth of the Angleton legend into a small cottage industry. He spent his nights of insomnia reading endless reports by a single light bulb, relaxing over poetry, chain-smoking, being utterly mysterious. He routinely scanned his Rome office for "bugs" every day, crawling around on his hands and knees to check whether Italian Communists had made an electronic penetration. In the street, he wore a heavy woolen black cape with a big collar that made him look like a British actor emulating a thirties spy.

When the wartime necessity for secrecy began to wane, only the enemy changed for Jim Angleton. Now the hammer and sickle replaced the crooked cross. In Angleton's eyes, his wartime colleagues did not seem to appreciate how deadly a game postwar espionage and counterespionage would become. For him, there could be no resting on laurels, no cheering return of the conquering heroes. The new battle lines were already being drawn, and like so many future Cold Warriors, Angleton responded promptly to the call.

He disappointed his father by firmly rejecting the prospect of a partnership in the revival of National Cash Register in Italy.[11] He certainly jeopardized his marriage to Cicely (who had remained in the United States) by volunteering to stay in Europe after the Allied victory in May 1945. Instead, promoted to captain in September, he stayed on for another two full years, consumed by work, apparently disinterested in the world outside counterintelligence.[12] He remained stubbornly impervious to any emotional pull from his wife and seemed unaware that he faced the very real risk of losing Cicely. On top of that, he was now a father—Cicely had given birth to their first child, a son, James Charles, in August 1944.

The first time Jim and Cicely Angleton were reunited was fifteen months later, in November 1945, when he was recalled to OSS headquarters in Washington for a two-week consultation. It had now been nearly two years since he left for Europe. The long-awaited reunion, during a two-day stopover in New York, was a total disaster. The couple had become casualties of the protracted separation.

"We just didn't know each other anymore," says Cicely. "Jim was wishing we were not married, but he was too nice to say it. He thought the situation was hopeless. He was all caught up in his career. We had both changed. It was typical of a war marriage. It was exactly what his father had warned us about in 1943."[13]

Angleton had no rapport with his baby son and spent much of the reunion talking to his father, swapping war stories. As Cicely sees it, "Jim no longer cared about our relationship, he just wanted to get back to Italy—back to the life he knew and loved. He didn't want a family. The marriage seemed to be annihilated then and there."[14]

Cicely was not unhappy to see her husband return to Europe. After this visit, all communication between the couple ended. He gave no sign of coming home, nor did he ask her to join him in Rome with their son. So she returned to Tucson, and a few months later initiated divorce proceedings against her husband on grounds of desertion. A lawyer was hired and papers were filed. But they failed to carry it through, because he refused to sign the necessary documents. He didn't want a divorce; she was really still in love with him; and there was the baby.

In 1947, Angleton suddenly resumed communication with his wife. A full two years after the armistice, peace finally caught up with him. Operations in Italy were closing down, and he was on his way home. In January 1948, he was stateside again for a reconciliation with Cicely in Tucson. ''He had calmed down a little,'' she recalls; ''we got back together, we rediscovered each other. But he was a nervous wreck, nervous about family responsibilities, and his health had suffered badly. He was eager to make a go of it and I needed to be with him.''[15]

From January through June 1948, the Angletons lived with her parents in Tucson as he recuperated and got to know his wife and son again. In July, they packed and moved to Washington to begin his career in the new Central Intelligence Agency.

They rented a three-bedroom house just outside the city in Alexandria, Virginia, and began life on their own for the first time as a family. Cicely was soon expecting their second child. Helen Congdon Angleton, nicknamed ''Truffy,'' was born the following July.

Late in 1948, strongly committed to a career in intelligence, Angleton received his first CIA job—a senior position as the top aide to the director of the Office of Special Operations (OSO).[16] In the alphabet soup of the CIA's early bureaucracy, the OSO had been established as a special component with responsibility for espionage and counterespionage. Angleton's job was to oversee special studies involving all countries where the CIA was operating; across his desk passed all OSO cables and communications back and forth to the field.

The pattern of working hard—and driving his staff equally hard—established at his previous posts in London and Rome soon repeated itself. Until the autumn of 1949, he shared a small (12 feet square) office with a secretary in the CIA's temporary complex of interconnected two-story buildings on the Washington Mall, along the Reflecting Pool between the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument. These ugly and uncomfortable wooden structures had been there since the war, and had become the CIA's first premises primarily for the clandestine services in Washington. Angleton typically was the last person to leave work, keeping his secretary, Gloria Loomis, until seven or eight each evening. She remembers that ''he had the reputation of a terrible taskmaster. He stayed that way the whole time I worked for him. He was totally consumed by his work. There was no room for anything else.''[17]

On January 22, 1949, before leaving for a European trip on CIA business, Angleton wrote out by hand a three-page ''Last Will and Testament.'' By his own reserved standards it was a tender document, notable for its clarity and love. It gives a rare insight into the private man.[18]

He begins by leaving all of his ''real and personal property,'' with a few minor exceptions, to his wife. He bequeaths his precious fishing tackle to his young son, James Charles, ''in order that he might have some small inclination to follow this sport—whether it will in fact be a satisfaction to him is immaterial since no two humans need to seek the same retreat. . . .''

He asks that small mementos be purchased for twenty-five of his OSS and CIA colleagues, some of whom would later become a significant part of his life. They included Allen Dulles—''the operator, the patriot'' (a future CIA chief); Richard Helms (another future CIA chief); Raymond Rocca—''The Beard,'' his past and future research assistant; Norman Pearson, his London mentor; and Miles Copeland, a future CIA officer in the Middle East. ''Life has been good to me and I have not been so good to my friends,'' he confessed. He further requested that ''a bottle of good spirits'' be given to Ezra Pound, e e cummings, and other poet friends from *Furioso* days.

''To my family,'' he wrote,

> my ever loving and most tolerant mother who has achieved the state of grace; to my father who has some of my faults, but to whom I owe more than I can say . . . there is nothing left to give except my love and whatever spirit may still remain to repay in those ways which are in no way helped by material things. To my wife, whom I have loved beyond my own life, it is not possible to express the intense joy of living with you during times when matters were difficult to resolve—not because there wasn't a will to do so, but that hubris and vanity destroy the outgiving of love. You have brought me those things which make Death's other kingdom more lonely, and the tragedy of dying will always be that there was never enough time or enough life to overcome the shortcomings of myself, and love as I know I've always loved you—without the pride and the vanity. . . .

In conclusion came Angleton's credo: ''You who believe or half believe, I can say this now, that I do believe in the spirit of Christ and the life everlasting, and in this turbulent social system which struggles sometimes blindly to preserve the right to freedom and expression of the spirit. In the name of Jesus Christ I leave you.''

That was James Angleton, his soul bared, in early 1949.

By October of that year, he had been promoted and now held a senior grade employment rank of GS-15, an ''excellent'' efficiency rating, and a salary of just over $10,000 a year. He also had more authority, a larger office, and an expanded staff.

When completing the formality of filling in his federal employment form that year, he described himself as thirty-one, 6 feet 1 inch tall, 150 pounds, with brown eyes, black hair, and a fair complexion. However, on one apparently insignificant question, he was to be just a little less honest with himself and his new employers. Where the form specifically asked him to enter his middle name, Angleton left a blank.

4 SPYCATCHING, U.S.A.

"If you control counterintelligence, you control the intelligence service."

—JAMES ANGLETON[1]

THE CIA THAT ANGLETON JOINED IN 1948 WAS A UNIQUE AMERICAN institution, an agency motivated primarily by the growing mutual suspicions between the United States and the USSR, the former Allies of World War II. It became clear in the first months after World War II that the world had evolved into two hostile, armed camps.

In a speech at Fulton, Missouri, in March 1946, Winston Churchill had defined the new relationship with his customary precision: "From Stettin in the Baltic to Trieste in the Adriatic, an iron curtain has descended across the continent." Speaking of Stalin's regime, the former British prime minister said, "I am convinced there is nothing they [the Soviets] admire so much as strength, and there is nothing for which they have less respect than military weakness."

A month before Churchill's Fulton speech, Stalin too had stressed the incompatibility of capitalism and communism, implying that wars between the capitalist democracies and the Communist countries were inevitable. He seemed to say that the main purpose of Soviet foreign policy was the export of Communist ideology to other parts of the world. To many, this sounded like the declaration of World War III.

The reality of the Soviet blockade of Berlin in June 1948, and the heroics of the West's energetic Berlin airlift, looked like a preview of future conflict—probably armed.

James Angleton, a child of the new Cold War, joined a CIA that was already engaging in quiet conflict with America's former ally. The agency had been created under the National Security Act of 1947, in a move to centralize America's postwar intelligence-collecting capabilities. The United States had emerged from isolation as a new world power and it needed an international intelligence agency to consolidate its strength. President Harry Truman gave the new agency the responsibilities of coordinating, evaluating, and disseminating intelligence affecting the national security.[2]

The CIA began life in the shadow of its OSS past, motivated to launch active operations rather than passive intelligence gathering. The CIA initiated its first operations by actively helping anti-Communists in Greece, Turkey, and France, and continuing the work of the OSS in Italy.

At the same time, the CIA's Soviet Russia Division (as it was then known) became deeply involved in attempts to roll back the new Soviet empire by sending specially recruited agents into the USSR and eastern Europe. This wasn't the only troubling front.

To the consternation of many within the young agency, it quickly became clear that the West's precarious lead in atomic weaponry had rapidly dissipated. Within a year after Angleton took office, a B-29 bomber on patrol over the North Pacific ''sniffed'' evidence of the Russians' detonation of their first atomic device. To make matters even worse, the surprise event was not the product of brilliant and innovative Soviet engineering. The Soviets had been able to gain access to atomic technology through the existence of a highly successful Communist spy ring operating within the United States. There was a message in this: a single successful espionage operation had altered the strategic balance; old-fashioned spying had made Stalin's USSR a superpower years before Western experts had considered such a leap possible.

A few months later, in June 1950, the necessity of effective intelligence and counterintelligence was reinforced when the Communist state of North Korea invaded the non-Communist South. In the war-weary West, the hopes of the United Nations soured in the face of Soviet obstructionism.

These dramatic events reinforced the drive and motivation of the CIA. The Soviets were perceived as hard, bitter, and opportunistic adversaries in a developing power conflict in which the West would need not only to maintain control over its own destiny, but also to impress its values on the undecided.

In 1950 President Harry Truman appointed Army Lieutenant General Walter Bedell Smith, a tough and respected military officer-diplomat with impressive credentials, as the new Director of Central Intelligence (DCI), effectively the CIA chief.[3]

During Bedell Smith's years, Angleton continued as chief of Staff A (foreign intelligence operations), one of four advisory staffs inside the CIA's clandestine arm.[4] Angleton's growing power and prestige were reflected by his six secretaries and assistants, and by a more expansive, elegantly furnished corner office at the other side of "L" Building, with windows facing the Lincoln Memorial.

By early 1950, his home also reflected his upward mobility. He and Cicely had purchased a large four-bedroom house and an adjoining lot on a quiet, hilly street in Arlington, Virginia—only a few miles across the Potomac River from Washington. That year, his government salary had risen to $10,750 a year.[5]

In early 1951, Angleton received a new important assignment: the so-called Israeli Account. He was the first head of the CIA's newly created Israeli Desk, or Special Operations Group, as it was then officially known. Angleton served as the CIA's exclusive liaison with Israeli intelligence. One might have expected his unit to be part of the agency's Middle East Division. But it stayed under Angleton's tight, zealous command for the next twenty years—to the utter fury of the division's separate Arab desks.

Angleton's ties with the Israelis gave him considerable prestige within the CIA and later added significantly to his expanding counterintelligence empire.[6]

In February 1953, when President Eisenhower took over from Truman, Walter Bedell Smith, keen to retain his powerful post, was reluctantly coaxed into resigning to become Undersecretary of State. John Foster Dulles, one of President Eisenhower's key election backers and the new Secretary of State, wanted his younger brother, Allen Welsh Dulles, the Deputy DCI since 1951, to head the CIA, and he convinced Eisenhower to authorize the change.

Allen Dulles, a Princeton graduate from a wealthy establishment family, was an urbane, pipe-smoking patriot, with the charm and ease of his class. He became the first ever civilian head of the agency, after two military officers had held the job. Dulles, who was fifty-nine at the time of his appointment, had been a Wall Street lawyer for twenty years, a top OSS officer in Switzerland, and the head of the CIA branch overseeing political operations. He would serve as DCI for eight years, still the longest tenure ever in that post.[7]

In late 1954, Dulles decided to revise and expand counterintelligence after commissioning a detailed outside report from Lieutenant

General James Doolittle. The subject was the status of the CIA's covert intelligence-collecting capabilities. Doolittle had concluded that the CIA was losing the spy wars to the KGB, and gave tough recommendations on how the agency could strengthen its weak links and become "more ruthless."

One urgent priority, Doolittle advised, was "the intensification of the CIA's counterintelligence efforts to prevent or detect and eliminate penetrations of CIA."[8]

After Dulles had absorbed the Doolittle Report, he reacted by ordering the creation of a new, larger, and more powerful unit called the Counterintelligence Staff. He personally chose Angleton to run it.

Angleton had always enjoyed Dulles's full confidence. He had also been quietly but persistently campaigning for the job.[9] So, in December 1954, James Angleton became the first chief of the CIA's newly created Counterintelligence Staff, and slipped effortlessly into the cockpit of Western counterintelligence.

For Angleton, Allen Dulles's continued patronage would prove crucial in setting the stage for the rest of his CIA career. Dulles remained as DCI from 1953 until 1961, and his sponsorship of Angleton and his staff was the key factor in the untrammeled growth of Angleton's internal authority.

The Dulles dynasty—Allen at CIA, John Foster at the State Department, sister Eleanor running State's vital Berlin Desk—were the Cold War's first family. Allen Dulles and Angleton had met during their OSS days, forging a close, lasting personal and professional relationship; when Angleton's father demanded, in the early 1950s, that his son join him in the cash register business, Dulles threatened to pass a law forcing Jim to stay in the intelligence business. He was serious. Dulles was a firm believer in containment and covert action, and did not abide by the rules of combat set out by the Marquis of Queensberry. His protégé Jim Angleton shared his outlook.[10]

Lawrence Houston, the CIA's former general counsel, remembers that Dulles was fascinated by Angleton. "At social occasions," Houston says, "the two would get into intricate arguments which were very involved. Me, I lost track, but Dulles just loved those conversations."[11]

This intimate relationship gave the new Counterintelligence chief unrivaled personal access to the director throughout the 1950s. "No-knock Angleton" (as he was dubbed by jealous colleagues) could slip into the DCI's office any time—unannounced.

Tom Braden, a staff aide to Dulles in 1950 (when Dulles was still assistant director), recalls that Angleton often reported privately to Dulles. "Jim came in and out of Dulles's office a lot," Braden says.

"He always came alone and had this aura of secrecy about him, something that made him stand out—even among other secretive CIA officers. In those days, there was a general CIA camaraderie, but Jim made himself exempt from this. He was a loner who worked alone."[12]

Often after Angleton left Dulles's office, Braden would find Dulles chuckling to himself about some useful gossip he had heard. The two men didn't always discuss the Red menace. "Jim would tell Dulles what had happened at important Washington dinner parties," Braden goes on, "giving him the impression the parties had been bugged. One time, Jim secretly bugged the house of the wife of a very senior Treasury Department official, who entertained important foreign guests and diplomatic corps people. Dulles got a big kick from reading Jim's report. Dulles was told about the bugging, but had no objection."[13]

Angleton instinctively understood how to intrigue his superiors with the heady vapors of his inside knowledge, carefully feeding intoxicating gossip into the system. Rumors were always valuable for trading, especially when sourced by the chief of Counterintelligence himself.

Angleton's relationship with Dulles set the pattern for his dealings with future CIA directors for the next twenty years, and he was to remain grateful for the patronage, which allowed him to circumvent the structured CIA hierarchy.

The man who should have stood between Angleton and the DCI on day-to-day business was called the DDO, the Deputy Director for Operations. The head of the Clandestine Services, he was Angleton's official boss.[14] But Angleton was unhindered by the normal chain of command and, if he chose, could easily bypass the DDO. This unrestricted access not only placed him in a unique bureaucratic position; it also effectively made DCIs more dependent on him than he on them. Angleton knew about the minutiae of every counterintelligence case while his bosses normally had time only to grasp the bare outlines. This mixture of administrative savvy and grasp of operational detail began to give Angleton an unshakable power base within the CIA.

One of Angleton's contemporaries, who served in senior positions on the administrative and managerial side of the agency, recalls how Angleton used his special access to each DCI after Dulles: "He would put each new director through the embarrassment of having to beg him to indoctrinate them in important CI matters. Jim was enormously clever, he relished his bureaucratic power and was expert at using it. He was utterly contemptuous of the chain of command. He had a keen sense of what the traffic would bear in relation to his own interests. It worked like this: when a new director came in, Jim would stay in his own office out of sight. If a top staff meeting were requested, he simply wouldn't attend and would offer endless delays. He was a master at waiting to see the new director alone—on his own terms and with his own agenda. He developed his own equation with each new director.''[15]

Next to Allen Dulles, Angleton's most important and longest-serving patron was Richard Helms, the legendary and consummate intelligence professional who served as DDO in 1962–65 and DCI in 1966–73. Helms is a tall, slim man, with an unreadable face and the manners of a European prince. In dress, he is never less than elegant; he would rather be seen dead than tieless. By the time he met Angleton, Helms had been a journalist and a clandestine intelligence officer in the OSS and in the interim postwar American intelligence organizations. After joining the CIA, he rose quickly, ending up near the top of the agency's clandestine directorate by the early 1950s. From then until his departure from the agency in 1973, there was no period when he was not a dominating executive presence, especially gifted at guiding and controlling covert actions. He was an institutional man, ferociously hardworking and loyal almost to a fault to the agency and his colleagues.

Angleton's longstanding friendships with Dulles and Helms were to become the most important factor in giving him freedom of movement within the CIA. He was extended such trust by his superiors that there was often a significant failure of executive control over his activities. The result was that his subsequent actions were performed without bureaucratic interference. The simple fact was that if Angleton wanted something done, it was done. He had the experience, the patronage, and the clout.[16]

In the sixties the Counterintelligence Staff, for example, had its very own secret slush fund, which Angleton tightly controlled. This fund gave him easy access to a large amount of money that was never audited (as other such funds were). Angleton argued that he would have to be trusted, without outside accountability, because it would have been difficult to allow mere clerks to go through his accounts—if only because sources would have to be revealed. The DCIs (including Helms) agreed to this unusual arrangement, which gave Angleton a unique authority to run his own little operations without undue supervision.[17]

Ed Knowles, a twenty-five-year CIA veteran, viewed the Angleton-Helms relationship from the inside. Knowles headed the Soviet Division's separate Counterintelligence Branch from 1958 until 1963, and later served on Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff. ''Angleton's main problem was that his superiors, mainly Dulles and Helms, weren't able to control him,'' Knowles observes. ''No one controlled Jim. There were no superiors who insisted that he do things properly.

He built an empire out of CI, and they allowed him to do it. And CI became very unbalanced area of the whole intelligence effort. In a way, that empire is a tribute to Jim's genius—or, as some might say, his misguided genius. Jim was a brilliant man with a number of flaws, including a marked tendency toward the Machiavellian. Yet no one dared to say no to him.''[18]

After Angleton's appointment as head of Counterintelligence, his reputation for awkwardness with his colleagues flourished. Colonel Thomas Fox, Angleton's counterpart at the Defense Intelligence Agency in the Pentagon, remembers Angleton as ''arrogant beyond belief in his dealings with people.'' ''He tended to treat people with disdain,'' Fox notes. ''If you didn't deal with him at his level, he had no use for you.''[19]

Colonel Fox recalls an Angleton power play often used after he had called together a group of senior officials from other agencies for an important meeting. Once everyone had assembled, Angleton would briefly kick off the session and then get up and leave, handing over the agenda to a subordinate. This would infuriate not only the visiting team but his own side as well.[20]

David Atlee Phillips, a former senior CIA operations officer, later recalled that Angleton was so shrouded in secrecy within CIA headquarters that Phillips actually mistook another man for him for over fifteen years. ''Angleton was the CIA's answer to the Delphic Oracle,'' Phillips wrote, ''seldom seen, but with an awesome reputation nurtured . . . by word of mouth.''[21]

Indeed, the Counterintelligence chief was considered a bit of a Howard Hughes by many officers on his own staff, who say they rarely if ever saw him, even though they worked just down the hall for five years or more. For instance, one of Angleton's budget-finance officers from 1958–64 says he never dealt directly with Angleton on a single matter in the six years he was there.

Another officer remembers a now legendary senior staff meeting at CIA headquarters. When the DDO arrived to chair the meeting, he noticed one empty seat, and nodding toward it dryly remarked: ''Ah, I see Mr. Angleton is here; now we can begin.''[22]

As the new Counterintelligence chief, Angleton faced a formidable series of tasks at the start of 1955. He had to organize a staff, prepare its brief, and write the rules. His department was expected to collect information and to monitor clandestine operations aimed at disrupting and neutralizing the Soviet intelligence services. The CIA's mission was to penetrate the Soviet government, military, and intelligence services—KGB and GRU—and Angleton was required to pass careful judgment on the efficiency of all operations and the authenticity of whatever information was obtained.* He was also expected to disrupt and neutralize Soviet bloc attempts to penetrate the CIA overseas.

There was one inherent problem built into the way Angleton was authorized to operate the Counterintelligence Staff. Its internal security objectives largely ran counter to the rest of the Directorate of Operations, which was interested in acquiring intelligence. The Counterintelligence Staff, which normally did not run agents, gradually came to represent the eternally despised ''they'' function of the institution to the other sectors. Angleton's staff were considered the deskmen, the know-nothings, the armchair tyrants with the power to vet, obstruct, criticize, or even terminate operations. They were, not surprisingly, less than universally admired.

The Counterintelligence Staff's primary function was blocking opposition ''home runs''—preventing penetrations at home and abroad, and protecting the security of CIA operations through research and careful analysis of incoming information.[23] The task meant that considerable amounts of paper must be acquired, read, digested, filed, and refiled. Ironically, although Angleton had helped develop the CIA's central registry (where names, reports, and cases were indexed), his staff had one of the worst records of any CIA component for contributing data into the main system after 1955. This was because of Angleton's obsession with secrecy and his inability to trust the security of the CIA's main filing system. He believed there was nothing to prevent someone from stealing from the CIA's storehouse of secrets. Keeping the best files to himself also helped consolidate his bureaucratic power.[24]

As Angleton extended his turf, his popularity, which had never been high with the operating divisions at home or the overseas stations, declined further.[25] Officially, he was allowed access to everyone's personnel, operational, and communications files throughout the CIA. He needed and used this power to review all proposed and continuing operations and to approve the recruitment of agent candidates. It was a task he conducted with zeal, and with little regard for his own or his staff's popularity.

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* The KGB—the Committee for State Security—is the non-military arm of the Russian Intelligence Service. The military arm is called the GRU. The KGB incorporates the major intelligence-gathering and counterintelligence functions of its Western counterparts, the CIA and FBI in the United States, and MI6 and MI5 in the United Kingdom. The KGB received its present title in 1954. Before that, it had a series of different names and acronyms. In this book, where reference is made to the Russian Intelligence Service (RIS), the author is writing of both the KGB and the GRU. The latter has a greater involvement in non-military spying than its Western counterparts.

Newton "Scotty" Miler, Angleton's loyal former Chief of Operations, says succinctly, "The majority of CIA people didn't understand the role of the CI Staff and they didn't like it being a watchdog. The divisions didn't like us looking down their throats to see if they were being deceived or manipulated."[26]

But none of this had the slightest effect on Angleton's early efforts. He was driven by a single-minded determination to do his job, to protect the agency and the United States from harm, and to organize and centralize a new counterintelligence empire that would withstand all future assaults.

In early 1962, the CIA moved into its present headquarters in Langley, Virginia. The offices of Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff, which had now increased to nearly two hundred people, were located on the southwest corner of the second floor and took up most of two corridors of the building's center and side wings.

In the staff's offices (painted institutional gray) there were no personal items or mementos, save one. Inside one of the stalls in the men's washroom was a single piece of graffiti which read: "$E = MC^2$."

At the entrance to Angleton's outer office there was a large reception room with a sofa, chairs, magazines, and three secretaries. One was Bertha Dasenburg, his personal assistant. Mrs. Dasenburg, of German extraction, had served in the Red Cross in Italy during World War II and joined Angleton's staff in 1952. She had a deserved reputation as a self-sacrificing and hardworking secretary who seemed to enjoy being on the inside, sharing the knowledge, and exercising power as Jim Angleton's gatekeeper. She had the authority to grant or deny access to her boss.[27]

Angleton's inner office was large (20 by 25 feet). The windows on the far wall were covered with venetian blinds that were permanently closed when he was in residence (but always opened by Dasenburg as soon as he left). He sat in a high-backed leather chair behind a large, executive-style wooden desk that dominated the room. (One CIA psychologist, Dr. Jerrold Post, who visited Angleton's office later, noted that the place felt like a fortress and was laid out in such a way that no one could stand behind its tenant.)[28]

The dark and imposing feel of Angleton's office was accentuated by the large, black safes that dotted the walls of his outer office. Angleton also maintained his own special vault room just across the hall. Access to this secure chamber was granted only in the presence of Angleton or the indomitable Bertha. The vault had specially strengthened walls, an electronic pushbutton entry system for access during working hours, and a combination door lock for night security. This was the secret heart of Angleton's secret world.

The Counterintelligence chief developed an insatiable appetite for paperwork. Documents were devoured omnivorously by his staff and every scrap eventually found its way into the secure vault rooms scattered throughout the offices. Nothing ever escaped the vaults, not even to death by shredding.

When the computer age later dawned over Langley, Angleton rejected the idea of computerizing his files. He was fearful that information technology would allow his staff's precious secrets to be distributed to terminals throughout the CIA building.

Every morning after Angleton arrived, usually late (around 10–10:30 A.M.), Dasenburg performed the elaborate ritual of removing the ''active'' files from his safes. This procedure involved the erection of small man-made mountains of papers which then had to be reassembled into about a dozen in-boxes with multiple stacking trays that were always piled on or around his desk.

As this mountain of paper evolved, it frequently threatened to overwhelm even Angleton's king-sized desk, and two small, adjoining end tables. Dasenburg was under strict instructions never to touch or rearrange any of these documents without Angleton's permission. Consequently, there were many days when he simply sank from sight behind the foothills of the files.

Some of Angleton's critics allege that the same paper mountain was always assembled and disassembled each day, year after year, without any change in the documents. Others swear Angleton invariably found what he was looking for inside those hills within seconds. When a visitor entered Angleton's office, it was almost impossible to see the head of the head of CI. His long, thin frame would be stoop-hunched behind a Berlin Wall of files. Since the blinds were firmly closed, the room was always dark, like a poolroom at midday. The only lights came from the tip of Angleton's inevitable cigarette, glowing like a tiny star in the dark firmament of his private planet, and the dirty brown sun of his desk lamp, permanently wreathed by nicotine clouds.

Most outsiders who were privileged to be admitted to the inner sanctum usually emerged with at least one bar-room anecdote. For instance, a former senior aide to a DCI remembers once working on an operation in Africa. When he returned to Washington for consultations, Angleton called him in, closed the door to his office, and began giving him a long briefing about the case in a low, secretive whisper. Angleton then carefully took out a file marked ''Top Secret,'' and showed the officer some cable traffic on the case, warning him in hushed tones that this was super-secret information that must not be disclosed to anyone. However, the aide quickly recognized the cables—they were his own dispatches, sent from Africa back to the CIA! To avoid embarrassing his chief, the aide left the office having said nothing.[29]

Angleton's empire evolved steadily as he convinced his superiors of the scale of the threat both within and without. He demanded and was granted special functions.

The most secret component of Angleton's empire was a short distance down the hallway to the left of his office. Little is known of it to this day. Formally designated as the Special Investigation Group—or SIG—it was a small, elite unit consisting of eight of Angleton's most trusted and close-mouthed people. The unit included a chief, deputy, two officers, and a small support staff of assistants and secretaries.

Angleton had set up the Special Investigation Group shortly after he became Counterintelligence chief in order to investigate the possibilities that the CIA itself might have been penetrated by the KGB.[30] There was no firm evidence that moles existed, but there were archival and postwar materials to comb for KGB seeds planted during or after the war.

The SIG was so secret that many members of the Counterintelligence Staff didn't even know it existed, and nearly everyone was denied access to it.[31] Over the years, as the unit grew in importance, its true function became increasingly obscured, until only a handful of insiders actually understood its work.[32] It was effectively removed from virtually all peer or executive supervision.

The unit's deputy chief (but working boss) from 1964 to 1969 was Scotty Miler, who later became the staff's Chief of Operations through 1974. He was the man Angleton would secretly choose to be his successor. Miler, like his chief, was a sturdy Cold Warrior—deeply concerned with the enemy's tactics and long-range strategy.

Secret units within a secret unit were a hallmark of Angleton, the SIG, and the Counterintelligence Staff. Unsurprisingly, internal conflict grew, and by the late 1950s resentment of the CI Staff's supervisory role—as secret policeman over its own agency colleagues—was mounting. The hostility was particularly marked among the infantry of the Soviet Bloc Division (the SBD) up on the fourth and fifth floors.*

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* The CIA's Soviet Bloc Division (SBD) has had several name changes since the post–World War II period, when it was known as the Soviet Russia Division (SRD). In 1966, it took its present title after merging with the former Eastern European Division. For the sake of clarity, I have used the simplified title ''Soviet Division'' in many places in the book, irrespective of the precise time frame.

These were the elite—action men actually running operations—and few took kindly to Angleton's methods or personal style. Several were first- or second-generation eastern Europeans, with a passionate dislike of Stalinism and the postwar Communist empire in eastern Europe. Their assignments, often carried out at some personal risk, included recruiting agents, leading defectors in from the cold, and bringing back precious scraps of human-sourced intelligence. The latter was vital to building some kind of picture of Soviet intentions.

At a time when the U.S. State Department literally did not know the price of potatoes in the markets of Minsk, Soviet Division officers were crucial to maintain the thin pipeline of information from the USSR.

These officers resented the armchair advice (as they saw it) of a chain-smoking amateur who'd never run his own operations in eastern Europe. Angleton didn't speak Russian and had never been to the USSR. He was unduly critical and suspicious of the officers' initiatives and judgments. They didn't like the way he ran to the boss behind their backs, nor the way he tried to impose harsh ground rules on their activities. (Angleton forbade direct contact between Soviet Division field officers and their opposite numbers in the KGB and GRU for several years, an unpopular instruction that prevented recruitment of the opposition. Eventually the order died of neglect.)[33]

Donald "Jamie" Jameson, one of the Soviet Division's more case-hardened operators, says, "The trouble was that Jim never broke in an agent. I doubt if he ever caught a spy. And neither he, nor anyone on his staff, spoke Russian well enough to handle defectors."[34]

Another critic, Leonard McCoy, a young Soviet Division reports officer who later rose to become deputy chief of the Counterintelligence Staff after Angleton, maintains that "in some respects, Jim's CI work was based on a carefully thought-through act. The point was that only he could have the answers, because only he was the keeper of the files. No one could argue with that. No one ever can."[35]

Because of the continuing chill between the West and the East (including potential new Soviet empires in Europe, Africa, and Asia), Angleton's staff grew steadily in strength and influence. His own rigid Cold War philosophy found ready support among a small band of ideological soul brothers inside and beyond the staff who agreed uncritically with his uncompromising views—on Cold War politics and how to run counterintelligence to defeat what they perceived as an imminent international Communist storm. They believed that the West's immediate security and the survival of democracy itself were threatened.

This group of like-minded officers, known as "Intelligence Fundamentalists,'' were men to whom counterintelligence was not a job but a calling. They didn't play with CI, or use it as a career stepping stone toward higher rank. They were zealots to the cause, true believers. Fundamentalists were drawn not only from the CIA but from friendly intelligence services across the world; men and women who recognized each other without introduction, and who, like Angleton, *knew and understood the real nature of the threat.* As their charismatic leader, Angleton moved gracefully among this brotherhood of loyal men, bound by their shared politics, their passion for counterintelligence work, and their uncritical devotion to his philosophy.

Many of Angleton's staff officers were Fundamentalists, dedicated to a lifetime's servitude in the paper caverns on the second floor, committed to seeking coherent patterns from the contradictions and confusion that is counterintelligence. Others worked over at FBI headquarters in Washington, handling domestic cases and liaison with the CIA.

In every case, their loyalty to Angleton held together a new intelligence masonry with the chief at the head. The Fundamentalists' devotion to Angleton the man, and the leader in the years to come, was instrumental in spreading his influence and reputation internationally. One did not know many counterintelligence officers in the sixties, but one knew Angleton, or about him.

The Fundamentalist disciples, in turn, received his patronage and professional support—a considerable reward. Then as now, the CIA had the money, and the equipment, to run the richest and most powerful intelligence service in the West. The ''take'' could be shared with friends. One fell out with the Americans at one's peril.

Despite the agency's resources, from the mid-1950s on there was a surprising dearth of basic information about the Soviets' political, social, and economic infrastructure. And because of tensions between the operators and activists of the Soviet Division and Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff, the chief's own records were not as up to date as they should have been. He did not have ''assets'' reporting to him daily. There was also little in Angleton's copious paperwork about modern KGB and GRU operations. Instead, from the moment of his appointment, Angleton encouraged his staff to reinvestigate and plunder the Communist and Bolshevik past for any revealing scraps of information that had not been fully analyzed. This academic study continued for the next twenty years.

To understand Angleton and his research methodology, one must know a little about the man closest to him throughout his working life. That man was Raymond Rocca, Angleton's former Rome OSS colleague, who led the effort to reconstruct the past as head of the staff's new Research and Analysis Department.

Rocca's friends say he was well suited for the job. He had an excellent memory, and was considered a plodding, thorough scholar who usually provided Angleton with more detail than was needed. Like Miler, Rocca was an uncritical Fundamentalist whose loyalty to Angleton was beyond question.

Rocca reviewed the past with the devotion of an archeologist rediscovering an ancient tomb. Nearly every old Soviet intelligence case, dating back to the Cheka (the first Bolshevik secret police), was dutifully stored in the historical archives, and analyzed repeatedly.

According to former CIA general counsel Lawrence Houston, ''Jim's staff spent too much time reviewing old historical cases which had little relevance to current affairs. They would go over and over old cases like 'The Trust' and *Rote Kapelle.* They spent weeks and months on it. And Angleton actively encouraged this work. To me it seemed a waste of time.''[36]*

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* *Rote Kapelle,* or ''Red Orchestra,'' was the German codename for a large, highly effective Soviet military espionage operation during World War II. In 1936–42, this illegal spy ring of some 118 agents, centrally controlled from Moscow, operated throughout German-occupied Europe before they were finally closed down by the Nazis. Until then, the Soviet agents secretly informed Moscow by radio about detailed intelligence of Nazi troop movements, military intentions, and capabilities. Intelligence experts consider this ring one of the finest espionage operations in history.

''The Trust'' was the codename for a notorious and highly successful operation in 1921–27 mounted by the Cheka, led by Lenin's spy chief Feliks Dzerzhinskiy. The operation's intent was to neutralize the threat to the USSR of the more than one million anti-Soviet émigrés who had fled the Russian Civil War and settled throughout Europe. These White Russians, who were being supported by Britain and France, posed a potential military threat to regain their country from the Communists. The Trust was promoted to them as an anti-Soviet, underground organization operating within the USSR to overthrow the government. In reality, it was a diabolical Cheka-controlled plot, a fake group aimed at enticing support from activist émigrés in Europe so that they could be identified, their organizations could be penetrated, and they (and the West) could be fed disinformation. A number of leading anti-Bolsheviks were also lured back to the USSR under the pretense of leading revolts, only to be captured and killed. Another important political aim of this operation was to convince Western governments that the new Soviet state was collapsing and that armed intervention was not necessary to bring it down. The West did not comprehend the enormity of this shrewd Soviet deception until 1927.

Critics of Angleton's methodology say that both he and Rocca wasted enormous quantities of time studying the gospels of prewar Soviet intelligence operations at the very moment that the KGB had shifted the style and emphasis of its operations against the West. Leonard McCoy points out that ''The Trust'' was largely irrelevant to the counterintelligence work of the 1960s because it had existed in a ''totally different KGB and a totally different world.'' He explains: ''This was a world in the 1920s and early 1930s in which there were one and a half million refugees from the Soviet Union, and it was easy enough for Soviet officials to penetrate and manipulate a large group like that. No such group existed by the 1950s. . . . Once the White Russian émigré communities were being absorbed, the Soviet operations overseas changed to intelligence gathering. Today, it would be the equivalent of running Counterintelligence in eastern Europe as if the Eastern bloc had not thrown off the Soviet yoke.''[37]

Angleton ignored all such criticism. He was preoccupied with formulating the rules that were to dominate the counterintelligence business for the next twenty years. He distinguished two main components of the counterintelligence craft. The first—passive—involved the building of a static defense, namely, taking extra security precautions inside the CIA against hostile operations. This was a sensible and logical plan for protecting one's secrets from the enemy. The second major component was counterespionage, or CE, the more traditional and glamorous business of identifying a specific adversary, understanding, and then undermining and destroying his operation.

Angleton firmly believed that one of the keys to success in this complex craft, beyond merely knowing what his adversary was up to, meant finding out how his own particular tactics were working on the enemy. (The trade calls this ''playback.'')

Angleton had a shrewd understanding of the importance of playback. Indeed, penetrations remain the gold sovereigns in the currency of counterintelligence. For years, the KGB learned at first hand how successfully their own operations against the British were working thanks to the traitors Kim Philby and George Blake.

There can be no denying Angleton's impact on the counterintelligence world during his early years. He was the father of many of the guidelines that remain in force to this day. He cared deeply about the mechanics of the discipline, pondered its infinite subtleties, and developed basic tactics and strategies which have not only endured in the Western alliance services, but have been emulated by the KGB and the GRU. Colonel Oleg Gordievskiy, the most senior KGB defector to come to the United Kingdom, says that Angleton's reputation alone was one of the main reasons the Soviet bloc had such little success in penetrating the Western intelligence services *after* its postwar triumphs. His name became a legend at No. 1 Dzerzhinsky Square even before his fame spread around his own institution's offices.

That alone makes the most poignant irony of Angleton's career—the fact that so early in his stewardship of Counterintelligence, he fell victim to the very threat he had identified. Trust no one, there are no friendly intelligence services, the KGB and GRU are all around us, we have been deeply penetrated—these were some of the most deeply held mottos and aphorisms of his life. Yet within a few years of joining the CIA, this cunning, clever, and suspicious man would himself be humiliated and betrayed by one who was even craftier than he.

5

PHILBY'S ULTIMATE DECEPTION

"For my part, I was more than content to string him along."

—KIM PHILBY ON
JAMES ANGLETON, 1968[1]

ON WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1963, HAROLD "KIM" PHILBY suddenly canceled an invitation to dine at the home of the First Secretary of the British Embassy in Beirut. Philby, a former senior officer in Britain's MI6, the Secret Intelligence Service, had left the government in 1951 under suspicion of being a double agent. He had recently been living in Lebanon as a foreign correspondent. It had been a day of howling winds and heavy rain in the Lebanese capital and the embassy's intelligence staff waited anxiously for news of Philby's whereabouts. By midnight it was clear that Philby, so long under suspicion of being a senior KGB agent and the key figure in the infamous five-man "Cambridge Spy Ring," had defected.

A short, coded telex was flashed to MI6 headquarters: "Philby's vanished." Within hours, the CIA's chief of station in London had alerted Washington.

During the 1930s the KGB had successfully recruited several young Cambridge students, including Kim Philby, Guy Burgess, Donald Maclean, and Anthony Blunt. For fifteen years, the Soviets had waited as the young men rose through the ranks of British intelligence. Kim

Philby was their greatest success. The charming, stuttering, slightly alcoholic Philby moved through the service to become MI6 liaison officer in Washington. Between 1949 and 1951, he also happened to become one of Jim Angleton's closest British friends.

Angleton and Philby first met briefly in London during the war. But, according to Philby, their relationship initially amounted to little more than an occasional social meeting. The acquaintanceship was renewed, and grew much closer, when Philby was sent to Washington as MI6 liaison in 1949. Philby, the son of a famous British explorer, was a product of the privileged old-boy system, one of the foundations of the self-protecting world of the British upper class. It was a world that Angleton had learned to appreciate during his time at Malvern. Angleton fell for Philby's upper-class plausibility—as did nearly everyone else in the Washington and London intelligence communities.

Close ties between British and American intelligence had existed since the outbreak of World War II. After the war, impoverished, exhausted postwar Britain (which had once boasted the most efficient worldwide intelligence-gathering service) had much to gain from collaborating with the wealthy new American agency, which in turn sought help from experienced hands.

MI6 and the CIA agreed to divide their postwar responsibilities by apportioning coverage of those parts of the world where one nation's previous expertise, or the other's willingness to take over, could prove mutually beneficial. Later, in the mid-1950s, the British Security Service (MI5) helped Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff organize an efficient central registry.[2]

Nothing was more natural than for Philby and Angleton to work closely together in Washington. During Philby's stay, Angleton served as executive assistant to the ADSO (Assistant Director of Special Operations) and then as chief of Staff A. His duties included formal liaison responsibilities with a number of foreign intelligence services, such as MI6 and France's SDECE. It was his job to meet with these foreign representatives. In Philby's case, this was a pleasurable task, and the two men saw each other often, both inside and outside the office. They soon became genuine friends.

"In 1949, Angleton and I were fairly close," Philby told an interviewer shortly before he died. "We used to lunch about three times a fortnight, and we spoke on the telephone about three to four times a week."[3]

Cicely Angleton still remembers Philby as a "charming man." "We all liked him," she says. "Jim and Kim were very fond of each other. I remember Kim coming to our house with his family for Thanksgiving dinner in November 1950."[4]

In his memoirs, Philby elaborated on the friendship: ''We [Jim and I] formed the habit of lunching once a week at Harvey's [restaurant]. . . . He was one of the thinnest men I have ever met, and one of the biggest eaters. . . . Our close association was, I am sure, inspired by genuine friendliness on both sides. But we both had ulterior motives. . . . For my part, I was more than content to string him along. The greater the trust between us overtly, the less he would suspect covert action. Who gained most from this complex game I cannot say. But I had one big advantage. I knew what he was doing for CIA, and he knew what I was doing for SIS. But the real nature of my interest he did not know.''[5]

In those seemingly good old days, the strength of the Angleton-Philby working relationship was observed firsthand by Angleton's former secretary, Gloria Loomis. ''Philby had a regular circle of CIA contacts in the 'L' Building,'' she recalls. ''After his regular meeting with Jim, I would usually escort Philby to his next stop—normally to see Frank Wisner [then head of the CIA's Office of Policy Coordination].''[6]

After every meeting or lunch with Philby, Angleton, following normal procedure, would dictate a memorandum to Gloria Loomis. The reports surveyed the matters discussed, and Loomis dutifully typed and filed them. ''Everything was written up,'' she says. ''There were tons of memos. Any time he had a meeting with anyone it was written up.''[7]

Following the defection of Burgess and Maclean to Moscow in May 1951, MI6 recalled Philby to London for questioning. Suspicion had quickly grown in Washington that he might have been the ''Third Man'' who had tipped off his countrymen that they were about to be exposed as KGB agents. But no one had concrete proof against Philby.

General Walter Bedell Smith, still CIA director at that time, ordered both William Harvey, the chief of Staff C (the old CI Staff), and Angleton to write up separate reports detailing what they knew about Burgess and his ties to Philby. By implication, these memos were to be assessments of the likelihood that Philby might be a KGB agent.

The two memos that were produced were recognizably different. Harvey's five-page document, dated June 13, was a highly professional, perceptive, and accusatory review, based on sound interpretation of counterintelligence evidence. It was, says former Angleton staffer Clare ''Ed'' Petty, ''lucid and full of hard facts indicating that Philby was a Soviet spy.''[8]

By contrast, Angleton's four-page treatment, submitted five days later, was, according to Petty, ''fuzzy, strange and irrelevant from an intelligence point of view.''[9]

Another senior CIA officer, who has carefully studied the full (uncensored) versions of both memoranda, describes the Angleton half as "a rambling, inchoate and incredibly sloppy note." He goes on to explain that it contained "nothing of substance beyond allegations against Burgess, who had already fled. Angleton's memo dealt almost entirely with embarrassing *social* matters that Burgess had been involved in—such as his excessive drinking. But that had nothing to do with the price of eggs. Overall the memo was indecisive and failed to focus on Philby, except to say he was a longtime close friend of Burgess—which everyone already knew."[10]

Angleton wrote that he believed Philby had been "honestly duped" by Burgess—based on all of the available facts. He added that he felt Burgess had acted on his own, without Philby's knowledge. Angleton stated unequivocally that he was "under the conviction . . . based on present facts . . . that Burgess' aberrations were exploited without reference to Philby."

He ended his memo by urging General Smith to be cautious when he contacted British authorities. Angleton advised the DCI *not* to accuse Philby of being a Soviet spy. Philby, Angleton reasoned, was still held in high esteem by other top SIS officers, and charges against him would likely damage the U.S.-British intelligence relationship.[11]

However, his warning went unheeded. Harvey's suspicions were immediately passed on to MI6, which eventually used some of his material against the traitor.

Evidence now suggests that Angleton continued to refuse to acknowledge Philby's treachery. He remained convinced that his British friend would be cleared of suspicion. It seems to have been inconceivable to him that Philby could have been a traitor; this would mean that he himself had been taken in.

James McCargar, a U.S. foreign service officer who knew both Angleton and Philby, remembers meeting Angleton in the Hôtel Crillon in Paris in 1952. Philby had already been recalled from Washington. McCargar told Angleton that he was planning to fly to London shortly and would be having dinner with Philby. Angleton thought this a fine idea. He said that Philby was a talented intelligence officer destined one day to become the head of the Secret Intelligence Service (MI6).[12]

It was not until later that the Counterintelligence chief was forced to face the awful truth and acknowledge that his British friend, hero, and mentor had been a senior KGB agent. Certain former American and British intelligence officers believe that one of Philby's greatest triumphs (albeit inadvertent) was driving Angleton half mad. There is some evidence to support the suspicion that the trauma of Philby's betrayal helped fuel Angleton's increasingly obsessive suspicion.

In July 1963, Moscow triumphantly confirmed Philby's defection. As the significance of the betrayal swept through the CIA, Angleton's staff launched a damage assessment. But surviving records indicate that they merely distributed a pro forma letter around the CIA building, inviting anyone who had met Philby to record the experience and notate what had been discussed.

Angleton was in charge of the small task force which produced a slender, thirty-odd-page report. A CIA officer who has read it says, "That report is conspicuous for its incompleteness and sheer ineptness. It told us nothing. It read like something written by a six-year-old, especially when compared to the quality of the report on Philby sent us by the Brits. Frankly, it read like an attempt by someone to turn the spotlight away from Philby."[13]

There remains to this day one urgent question about the Angleton-Philby relationship: what happened to the written record of all their 1949–51 meetings? These papers would provide an embarrassing but necessary account of exactly what Angleton told Philby. Angleton, however, never volunteered copies of the memoranda, either during the CIA's internal investigation or in the years that followed.

After Angleton retired, a thorough search for these records was conducted, but not a single document was found. Despite weeks of hunting, CIA officers were unable to trace these reports. For a while, it was impossible even to determine how many official meetings Philby and Angleton had conducted. Fortunately, when the gatehouse logs from the old CIA building were unearthed, the records were complete. They showed that Philby had signed in no less than thirty-six times for formal meetings with Angleton. So where are the thirty-six memoranda that Gloria Loomis says she typed? To this day, not one relevant page has been located.[14]

There is no trail or indexing of the missing memoranda in the CIA's central registry. The agency's master file of records on Philby runs to *fifteen* large volumes, containing reports from everyone else Philby had contacted within the agency, including Assistant DCI Allen Dulles and his deputy Frank Wisner.[15]

After Angleton became chief of the Counterintelligence Staff, he controlled the Philby file, which was kept in a vault next to his office. No one could have stopped him from destroying it.

Peter Wright, Britain's notorious MI5 "Spycatcher," says he knows what became of the records: "Jim burned the memos, dear boy. I asked him myself for the record of those meetings. We needed them in

London. 'They're gone, Peter,' he told me. 'I had them burned. It was all very embarrassing.' "[16]

If Angleton did burn the memos, the move could have been part of a master cover-up operation of his own. Leonard McCoy, who became the deputy chief of Counterintelligence after Angleton's departure, says: "Frankly, we'll never know for sure what it is Angleton had to hide, because we never conducted a proper damage assessment. My guess is that he must have inadvertently leaked a lot to Philby. During those long boozy lunches and dinners, Philby must have picked him clean on CIA gossip, internal power struggles, and more importantly, personality assessments. In those days, Jim attended operational staff meetings and he was also close to Sherman Kent, then chairman of the Board of National Estimates. He really did have remarkable access.

"You have to understand that those formal office meetings between Angleton and Philby were just one part of it. The real liaison work is not done at these stiff encounters at which secretaries make notes, but, rather, in the evenings, in the bars and the restaurants. That's where the nitty-gritty is discussed. Neither Philby nor Angleton was exactly shy of the occasional drink. . . .

"At that time, the CIA had active operations going in Albania, the Baltic, the Ukraine, and from Turkey into southern Russia. We had agents parachuting in, floating in, walking in, boating in. Virtually all of these operations were complete failures. After the war, we had also planted a whole stay-behind network of agents in eastern Europe. They were all rolled up. It's difficult to draw conclusions why they all failed, but Philby must have played his part.

"At the personal level, it's not too difficult to assess Angleton's dilemma. If he had been forced to admit that Philby had been a Soviet agent all along, then he would also have to admit he'd been taken in by Philby, and that everything Philby had learned about the CIA had come from the man whose job it was to prevent the agency being penetrated by the KGB. Now that would have been a pretty hard thing to admit."[17]

Angleton spoke to very few people about the pain he suffered from Philby's duplicity. Most of his friends and professional colleagues say it was not a subject they casually raised with him, and he never openly volunteered to speak about it. However, he did discuss it privately with a tiny circle of intimates.

Peter Wright shared many long relaxed evenings with Angleton. "Take it from me," he says, "Jim was obsessed by Kim's betrayal. He used to pride himself that he could drink Kim under the table and still walk away with useful information. Can you imagine how much information he had to trade in those booze-ups? After Kim's defection, Jim said to me that if he were a chap who murdered people he would kill Philby.

''Jim developed an awful trauma about British spies. Kim did a lot of damage to Jim . . . a lot of damage.''[18]

Dr. Jerrold Post, a top Washington psychologist who has consulted for the CIA and knew Angleton personally, says that the experience of betrayal would have been shattering to Angleton. ''There's little doubt it would have contributed to his paranoia,'' Dr. Post explains. ''He must have wondered if he could ever trust anyone again. Psychologically, it would have been a major event. If you give or invest your friendship to a person and he betrays that investment as cynically as Philby betrayed Angleton's, then future trust has gone.''[19]

Cicely Angleton agrees that Philby's betrayal affected her husband ''terribly, deeply—it was a bitter blow he never forgot.''[20]

The Philby betrayal seems to have grown malignantly in Angleton's mind over the years. Scotty Miler admits that ''Jim talked to me quite a lot about Philby's post-1963 activities. He believed that Kim was maintaining the campaign against Western intelligence from Moscow.''[21]

Walter ''Walt'' Elder, special assistant to DCI John McCone in 1961–65, dealt regularly with Angleton during those years. Elder recalls that ''the uncovering of Philby as a mole was, without doubt, one of *the* most important events in Jim's professional life. The Philby affair had a deep and profound effect on Jim. He just couldn't let the Philby thing go. Philby was eventually to fit neatly into Jim's perception of a Soviet 'master plan' to deceive the entire West.

''Long after Philby's defection in 1963, Jim just continued to think that Philby was a key actor in the KGB grand plan. Philby remained very prominent in Jim's philosophy about how the KGB orchestrated the 'master plan' scenario. To Jim, Philby was never just a drunken, burned-out ex-spy. He was a leader of the orchestra.''[22]

Dr. John Gittinger, formerly a top CIA psychologist, is convinced that Philby's betrayal of Angleton was the turning point. ''It absolutely shattered Angleton's life in terms of his ability to be objective about other people,'' Dr. Gittinger explains. ''It's like being devoted to your wife and finding her in bed with another man. There's nothing worse than a disillusioned idealist.''[23]

* * *

In the years before the official confirmation of Philby's betrayal, the United States entered a new and critical period in its relationship with the Soviet Union. The Cuban crisis was yet to come, and the agency had settled down to a hard and bitter peace with the Soviets. The lines had been drawn. Western Europe was stable, the East now firmly under Communist control. The Hungarian uprising had demonstrated that the West had no appetite for war where its own immediate interests were not threatened. A tacit bad-tempered standoff had evolved between the superpowers, a standoff based on the acceptance of a territorial status quo.

Although Stalin's death in 1953 led to a small but vital harvest of defectors from the Soviet intelligence services, the West still lacked information about the real inside workings and military, political, and foreign policy intentions of the USSR.[24] On January 31, 1961, the Americans successfully placed the first SAMOS satellite in orbit. The era of the spy satellite had been born, and the intelligence game would never be the same again.

But electronically acquired intelligence could never obviate the need for ''HUMINT''—basic intelligence acquired from human beings on the ground. CIA analysts continued to demand prima facie evidence of Soviet motives and intentions no matter how many photographs were beamed down.

No satellite could ever sense the darker side of the intelligence world—the espionage operations being conducted by the Russian intelligence services. Only mortals could deliver this precious load. Ideally, they would be defectors.

For two years, there had been a severe drought of KGB defectors. All that changed dramatically at the end of 1961.

On December 15, a squat Ukrainian KGB major packed a few personal effects and papers, and hurriedly ushered his wife and small daughter out of their Helsinki apartment. The family took a short taxi ride to the residence of the CIA station chief, a modest two-story house on a gravel-lined street in the suburbs.

Anatoliy Mikhailovich Golitsyn, the man who was to become one of the most controversial defectors in the history of the CIA, made his first contact with the Americans by humbly pleading for political asylum.

The station chief knew what he had to do.

For James Jesus Angleton, four thousand miles away in Washington, this merest rustle of the Iron Curtain as the defector slipped through heralded the opening act of an extraordinary thirteen-year drama.

6

MAJOR ANATOLIY GOLITSYN, KGB

"I can't help it if the CIA did not properly utilize my information. They did not follow my advice."

—ANATOLIY GOLITSYN, 1977[1]

ON FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 15, 1961, FRANK FRIBERG, CIA chief of station in Finland, was shaving carefully in the upstairs bathroom of his home on Haapatie Street in Helsinki. Friberg was grooming himself for a cocktail party at a fellow American's home. Shortly after six o'clock, the doorbell rang. Friberg raced downstairs, lather still on his face, and opened the door. On the porch, standing in the snow, was a stocky man dressed in a heavy coat and a Russian-style fur hat. With him were a woman and a young girl.

"Mr. Friberg," said the man, in a strong Russian accent. "Do you know who I am?"[2] Friberg could not clearly make out the man's face in the dim porch light. He shook his head.

"I am Anatole Klimov," said the Soviet. Friberg immediately recognized the man as a KGB staff officer serving undercover as a vice consul in the Soviet Embassy in Helsinki. He also knew that Klimov's real name was Anatoliy Golitsyn. During the previous year, a small CIA "talent-spotting" team had rejected the Soviet vice consul as a possible recruitment because of his apparent hard-line support for Moscow.

As Friberg cautiously ushered the three visitors into his living room, he asked, "What can I do for you?"

Golitsyn replied, "I want *aswl.*" Friberg didn't understand. Golitsyn repeated the word (Swedish for "asylum"), but the CIA officer remained blank. He asked Golitsyn to write the word down on a piece of paper, then realized he meant asylum.

"Fine," said Friberg briskly. "What are your terms?"

Golitsyn motioned to his wife Irena, and Katarina, his seven-year-old daughter. "We have to be out of the country on the eight P.M. plane," he said. "That is my only request." Friberg nodded, hurriedly wiping the remaining lather from his face and settling down to work.

Major Anatoliy Mikhailovich Golitsyn was a short, powerfully built man, with a round face, close-cropped black hair, and Slavic features. He had been born in a Ukrainian peasant village near Poltava, where his father was a farm laborer. At the age of eight, he had moved to Moscow to begin his long career as a student. By fifteen, he was a cadet in military school and had joined the Communist youth movement (Komsomol). In 1945, he began studies at an artillery school for officers in Odessa, and then transferred to a course on military counterintelligence.

After graduating at twenty, Golitsyn officially joined the Soviet Intelligence Service. From 1948 to 1952, he first studied counterintelligence at the High Intelligence School and then took a correspondence course with the High Diplomatic School. In 1953, he and a friend devised a plan for reorganizing Soviet intelligence—which Golitsyn later claimed he had submitted to Stalin's Central Committee. After a brief three-month stay in the KGB's anti-U.S. counterespionage branch, he was posted to Vienna for two years. On his return to Moscow, he went back into studies at the KGB Institute for a total of four full years, emerging with a law degree. From 1959 to 1960, he worked as an analyst in the NATO section of the KGB's Information Department before his transfer to Finland.[3]

Golitsyn, now thirty-five, was not a KGB high-flyer. His fifteen years represented a solid, dreary career history involving little practical experience. Neither of his foreign postings was regarded as key. Finland, for example, was the USSR's friendly next-door neighbor. It was considered an easy-duty training assignment for KGB officers who needed supervision by headquarters.

Despite his restless intellect and obsession with the organization and structure of the Russian intelligence services, Golitsyn was a rather ordinary KGB officer. Nevertheless, his impact on Western society was to be momentous. It would literally transform the face of American counterintelligence. The deferential man who sat twiddling his hands nervously on Friberg's settee would be the catalyst for an unprecedented storm of witch-hunts, ruined careers, and broken reputations within the CIA.

Friberg moved briskly. He reserved four seats under false names on the next commercial flight heading West, the 8:00 P.M. plane from Helsinki to Stockholm. He called the duty officer at the American Embassy and arranged money, visas, and transport to the airport. He finished shaving, dressed, and packed within minutes.

Golitsyn stayed calm, though he expressed considerable fear that the KGB would assassinate him if they caught up with him. He also said that he had been planning his defection for a year and had warned his wife of his intentions six months earlier. In order to avoid suspicion, the family had taken no personal possessions apart from Katarina's favorite doll.

When it became clear to Golitsyn that Friberg was taking his plea seriously, he walked out of the house to a snowbank in the front garden, extracting a small package of papers hidden there.

Legend holds that Golitsyn brought several intelligence files with him, but this is not Friberg's recollection. "He had one single manila envelope filled with papers to authenticate his identity for the CIA," says Friberg. "None of these documents had any intelligence value. He did not have great access to documents in the Soviet Embassy."[4]

There was just time for Friberg to tell CIA headquarters in Washington that he was on his way with Golitsyn. He also warned the chief of station in Stockholm of his imminent arrival. They caught their flight with only minutes to spare.

Friberg noticed Golitsyn's extreme nervousness when they were finally safely on the plane. "He thought the plane was going to be bombed," recalls Friberg. "He said that the Soviets would stop at nothing to get him if they knew where he was."[5]

After a night spent in a CIA safe house in downtown Stockholm, the party flew by U.S. military plane to Frankfurt. An old wartime Liberator, converted to haul CIA cargo, was scheduled to take them from Germany to the United States. But after only fifteen minutes in the air, Katarina began to suffer from oxygen deprivation (the plane was unpressurized) and the party had to return to Frankfurt. The family spent the night in a CIA safe house as their escorts prepared new documentation which would ensure a trouble-free trip by regular commercial airline to the United States. There would be a short stopover in London.

Golitsyn's humble demeanor began to evaporate once he reached Germany. He voiced his anger at not having a special CIA jet placed at his disposal to fly him to the United States. "I can't believe it," said the KGB officer. "I can't believe you don't have a plane to fly me directly to Washington. Why did you put me on such a *slow* plane?"[6] Friberg noted his testy arrogance.

Golitsyn's humor did not improve the next day, Sunday, when the London to New York leg of his family's flight was diverted because of fog along the U.S. East Coast. The Golitsyns and Friberg ended up spending the night at an Air Force hotel in Bermuda, and they didn't reach Idlewild Airport in New York until Monday morning. From there, CIA security officers drove the group to Penn Station in Manhattan, where they took a train to Washington. The CIA had thoughtfully flown in the U.S. vice consul from Helsinki—a familiar face to Golitsyn—to greet him at Union Station in Washington. A short drive to a safe house in the suburbs completed the operation.[7]

Golitsyn, or "AELADLE," as he was now code-named, did not overwhelm his new hosts with gratitude. Instead, he complained bitterly to the CIA's Soviet Division and the DCI's office that the government had failed to send the President's personal plane to collect him, either in Finland or Germany.[8] Initially he was so suspicious that he refused to be fingerprinted or have his photograph taken. Nor would he speak Russian, believing that any Americans who spoke his native language might be KGB moles.[9]

During the four-day trip to the United States and in subsequent early debriefings, Golitsyn talked fully about the KGB order of battle in Helsinki. The defector identified all of the local KGB staff officers and "blew" the one minor but successful counterintelligence operation he had run. He told of recruiting a Finn, a disgruntled former U.S. Embassy employee.[10]

Golitsyn has since maintained that he left the East because he was deeply disillusioned with the Soviet system. This may well be true. But Golitsyn had another reason for leaving Finland in a hurry. He had allowed himself to take sides in a bureaucratic row between his ambassador and the KGB resident in Helsinki. He supported the losing side (the ambassador). According to Peter Wright, "Golitsyn got out to stop having his throat cut. I don't think for one moment he was an ideological defector."[11]

Frank Friberg noticed during debriefings that Golitsyn was "error-prone." "When it came to his knowledge of Helsinki, he had a tendency to err. It didn't bother me, I was able to sort out the good leads from the bad. There were some instances where he mixed up names. I'm sure they were genuine mistakes."[12]

But the Helsinki material was small beer for the CIA. Golitsyn's arrival in Washington had broken the long two-year drought of KGB defectors. What the agency needed to know urgently was whether the KGB had managed to penetrate the CIA; did the Russians have a mole in the agency? When Friberg asked Golitsyn that key question (as early as Stockholm), the defector replied that there must be one; he had seen some sensitive coded information in Moscow and felt it could only have come from a highly classified CIA section. According to Friberg, this lead was so vague that the CIA could do nothing with it. ''That's all he had,'' says Friberg, ''there was no meat on the lead. Golitsyn didn't know anything more himself.''[13]

It was not surprising that Golitsyn had so little information about Soviet agents working in the West. He was not an operations officer but an intelligence analyst, whose work was translating, editing, and preparing reports forwarded to Moscow by operations officers running agents overseas. He hadn't learned the names of the agents because he had had no operational need to know.

On the NATO front, the leads Golitsyn was able to provide were limited to the kinds of information that went through his hands. Before he was sent to Helsinki, his job had been taking intelligence reports on NATO from sources abroad and writing them up in digest form for his superiors. Although he had never been senior enough to know the true identity of KGB agents, he was able to point the Americans toward one major Soviet spy in NATO headquarters: Georges Pâques, deputy chief of the French Section of NATO's Press and Information Department.[14]

Golitsyn's information also helped eventually to uncover three other Soviet moles in the Western alliance. But the tenuousness of his descriptions meant that the spies were caught only after subsequent Soviet defectors provided more precise leads. These three cases involved a British Admiralty clerk, William John Vassall; a former Canadian diplomat, John Watkins; and a Canadian professor, Hugh Hambleton. (In the Hambleton case, seventeen years were to elapse before the spy was finally identified.)[15]

Nothing else that Golitsyn gave his debriefers in those early days indicated any important KGB penetrations in the United States.

Just four days after his arrival in Washington, Golitsyn was interviewed by Bruce Solie, a senior officer with the CIA's Office of Security. Golitsyn told Solie categorically that he knew of no Soviet penetrations of CIA headquarters in Langley. He did, however, give a vague lead on a suspected KGB mole working for the CIA *in Europe*.

This man, said Golitsyn, was code-named ''SASHA'' and had worked with the CIA detachment in Berlin, helping to prepare documentation for CIA agents trying to enter eastern Europe under cover. SASHA, however, had apparently been deliberately giving out bad documents so that the agents would quickly be spotted. Golitsyn had gleaned only a few other fragments of information about SASHA, principally that his name probably began with the letter ''K'' and ended in ''-ski.''

A few months after Golitsyn's arrival in Washington, his case officers began to notice some unusual facets of his personality. Most defectors display emotional problems as they adjust to a capitalist society for which they are rarely prepared. In Golitsyn's case, his handlers saw some added problems that began to trouble them. He seemed disposed toward paranoia and had some difficulties with the truth. He also had an exaggerated regard for his own importance, a misperception linked to his obsessive concern for his personal security. Golitsyn demanded to see President Kennedy, and he wanted an immediate $15 million to fund an organization, which he would direct, to plan the overthrow of the Soviet government.

What saved Golitsyn's reputation was Angleton's marked interest in him. Angleton did not then have administrative control of Golitsyn—that was a function held by the Soviet Division. But Angleton and his aides did spend considerable time with the Soviet defector, taking him very seriously.

After a little while, the two men began to form a professional rapport. Golitsyn's uncompromisingly hard-line views about the dark intentions and ruthless efficiency of the Russian intelligence services squared with Angleton's beliefs. The Soviet seemed tailormade to further the message that Angleton had long been preaching inside the CIA: the West's defenses were too flabby against the precise and dedicated operations of the Communist monolith. The diplomatic Cold War was negligible compared to the intelligence war which the Soviets were winning, battle after battle.

Something in Golitsyn's character seemed to appeal to Angleton. Cicely Angleton believes her husband's affinity with the defector may have stemmed from Golitsyn's utter single-mindedness. ''He's a heavy Ukrainian,'' she says. ''He's not light entertainment. Golitsyn packs a wallop. He makes a Westerner look trivial. He has this incredible resolve, patience, and sense of power about him. He's like the Battle for Stalingrad. You could wear him down and wear him down, but he would never give in.''[16]

Leonard McCoy maintains that there were several reasons for the mutual attraction between Golitsyn and Angleton. By 1961, Angleton was becoming isolated from the Soviet Division and was frustrated at not having his own sources. How could he ''supervise'' division operations and produce original input if he had no original information? ''Golitsyn was the answer to all of Angleton's dreams,'' says McCoy. ''He spoke English, he had depth and discipline, he extrapolated and displayed considerable intellectual agility and versatility. Like Angleton, he could develop vast hypotheses from small amounts of disparate material. And he thought strategically. But even more powerful was the unanswerable fact that his head had seen inside some KGB safes. Men who could make such a claim, in the early sixties, were true rarities in the West. And Angleton knew it.''[17]

Under the Counterintelligence chief's important patronage, the humble Golitsyn of Helsinki vanished altogether a few weeks after his arrival in Washington. One particular incident, arranged by Angleton, flattered Golitsyn's well-developed sense of self-importance and gave him a perhaps undeserved standing within the CIA. It certainly reduced and eventually destroyed the authority of his case officers.

Angleton had advised John McCone, the CIA's newly appointed director, who succeeded Allen Dulles in November 1961, to allow Golitsyn generous access to the DCI's office. That unprecedented decision was to make life almost impossible for Golitsyn's Soviet Division case officers, who were already frustrated by their dealings with him. Golitsyn abused this privilege and wiser Soviet Division officers shook their heads in amazement.

McCone's former special assistant, Walt Elder, explains that the access seemed reasonable to McCone at the time. ''You have to think of the alternatives,'' Elder explains. ''Golitsyn was threatening to go out in the world on his own. We felt he was the best defector we ever had. His *potential* was at least the best. Angleton represented him to McCone as being quite special, and McCone was intensely curious. Besides, no one put the case to McCone that he should *not* see Golitsyn.''[18]

Elder recalls that Golitsyn told McCone in early 1962 that he was ''tired of dealing with low-level case officers like Dick Helms,'' and that he wanted to see President Kennedy or his brother, Attorney General Robert Kennedy. Elder maintains that there were a whole series of private meetings between McCone and Golitsyn—at least six. ''Nothing startling came out of these sessions,'' says Elder. ''Golitsyn mainly wanted us to bankroll him—to set up an organization to overthrow the Soviet regime and the KGB, which he saw as the same target. He wanted fifteen million dollars to do this. . . .

''We constantly asked him to be more precise and write his ideas down on paper, but he never did. The truth is that Golitsyn was basically a technician. He had no knowledge of Soviet policy or decision-making processes at the high levels.''[19]

Golitsyn took full advantage of his unique relationship with the DCI. Sometimes, using his pseudonym ''John Stone,'' he would phone Walt Elder in McCone's office and simply demand a meeting. ''Mr.

Stone'' would then suddenly turn up on his own in the CIA's front hall and have the security guard call McCone to announce him. McCone agreed to this unusual procedure to ''soothe Golitsyn's ego.''[20]

Administratively, Golitsyn remained in the hands of the Soviet Division, but Angleton's interest in him grew by the week. At a meeting called in the Soviet Division offices shortly after Golitsyn arrived in Washington, it was Angleton who took it upon himself to bring the assembled group of ten senior officers up to date on the new defector. He told them that Golitsyn demanded $15 million to run covert actions against the USSR and was pressing for an interview with the President.

A senior Soviet Division officer present in the room recalls: ''No one was laughing as they should have been when Jim told us this. I was appalled. I had previously run my own Russian defector for several months and I knew perfectly well this was not the way to do it. You never, ever, under any circumstances allow the defector to become dominant. It was quite obvious, even then, that Golitsyn had the upper hand with Jim. I assumed the division chief [John ''Jack'' Maury] would warn Jim of the danger, but I have to tell you, Jim's speech was greeted with silence. I got up and strongly warned everyone about the way Golitsyn's handling was going. I told Angleton that he was making a huge mistake. But I was outranked by him and no one else spoke up, so I sat down.''[21]

As security officer Bruce Solie began work on Golitsyn's 'SASHA' lead, the CIA remained anxious about other possible KGB moles in their infrastructure. But briefing after briefing with Golitsyn failed to produce any evidence.

Proof that Golitsyn was wholly unaware of any Soviet intelligence penetration of the CIA came in the middle of 1962. By then, Donald ''Jamie'' Jameson of the Soviet Division had become Golitsyn's case officer. The Ukrainian was still demanding a meeting with President Kennedy. Instead, to placate the defector with an impressive substitute, the CIA arranged for him to have a quiet dinner with the recently retired, and legendary, Allen Dulles.

Golitsyn and Jameson were driven in to Dulles's home in Georgetown. Dulles and Golitsyn shook hands, walked around the garden, and had drinks on the terrace. Allen Dulles knew his vintage cognacs and was a generous host. During the course of the meal, he asked Golitsyn the obvious question: Was his beloved CIA penetrated by the Russian intelligence services? ''No,'' Golitsyn replied categorically. ''I know of no penetration.''[22] A relieved Dulles knocked on the wooden dining table for luck, and a smiling Golitsyn followed suit. A formal report of this conversation was filed away in the Soviet Division's archives.

This document wholly contradicts Golitsyn's subsequent assertions that there was a mole (other than SASHA) within the CIA.

By mid-1962, Golitsyn had been given unprecedented access to the active, top secret intelligence files of the CIA's Soviet Division. It was reasoned that they might help jog his memory about the KGB's operations.

Soviet Division officer Peter Kapusta recalls that this decision caused alarm among his colleagues. ''There was an uproar within the division,'' Kapusta explains, ''but, when we complained, we were told it was necessary. They said Golitsyn would cooperate only if he had the information from us. It was a quid pro quo. The threat was that if we didn't play ball, he would give us nothing.

''So, in my case, I was instructed to hand Golitsyn a report on our operations in Byelorussia. I was then in the Baltic Branch of the division. I had to give him everything from A to Z. I was very much against it, but my objections were overruled. I produced a ten-page report, including descriptions of Byelorussian nationalists who were working with the CIA—and their financing, and how the CIA was assisting them in Germany. I didn't name the agents, but their operations were listed—the number, the type and the details. . . . Slowly everyone in the division was being mobilized to provide Golitsyn with reports *he* needed to know.''[23]

The more Golitsyn learned, and the smoother his connections became through his powerful new friend Jim Angleton, the smarter he grew about who he agreed to talk to, how he parceled out his knowledge, and even the style, manner, and ground rules of these debriefings.

Colonel Tom Fox was the Pentagon's choice to debrief Golitsyn for the U.S. military.[24] When the assignment came, Fox, a tall, elegant officer of the old school, was forty-five years old and had just temporarily retired (for medical reasons) as counterintelligence chief of the U.S. Army. (Within the year, Fox would join the newly formed Defense Intelligence Agency as its first Counterintelligence chief, a position he held until 1972.)

Before Colonel Fox met Golitsyn, the CIA had kept their defector under tight wraps. Angleton (as CI chief) had only reluctantly agreed to the Fox debriefing (even though the Soviet Division was still technically Golitsyn's controller). This permission was granted only *after* the CIA had been forced to reveal Golitsyn's existence to the rest of the U.S. government's intelligence agencies. Angleton had played the defector so close to his chest that it was not until April—four months after Golitsyn's defection—that the Pentagon even got to hear about him.

Colonel Fox was allowed a briefing a short time later, but only after Angleton personally set down the most extraordinary conditions:

1. The time and place of the meeting would have to be specified by the CIA (i.e., Jim Angleton).
2. A mandatory two-hour time limit was imposed for each session, no matter what the circumstances.
3. Golitsyn *would not volunteer information,* nor would he talk about specific functions of the KGB.
4. Golitsyn would only comment on specified cases that Fox first had to describe. In other words, as Fox saw it, he would have to open up his hand, show all the cards, and then Golitsyn would play . . . maybe.
5. All information shown by Fox to Golitsyn was to be in writing. The Russian wanted paper—copies of original files—so he could read the information.
6. Because Golitsyn mistrusted Americans who spoke Russian, all conversations would be in English and no Russian speakers could attend. Even though Golitsyn's command of the language was steadily improving, Fox believed that semantic precision was bound to suffer from this restriction.
7. All meetings would be tape-recorded, but Fox would not be permitted to keep a copy of the tape. (Fox later learned that Golitsyn himself was allowed to retain copies of these tapes; indeed, he had his own safe in the Counterintelligence Staff's offices for storage.)

It was an apprehensive Colonel Fox who met the man he knew only as John Stone for the first of a series of meetings in June 1962.

First, he tried politely to make small talk with the monosyllabic defector; but Golitsyn remained silent. When Fox turned to more formal debriefing, there was still little response. ''Golitsyn was not helpful,'' says Fox. ''I got no depth or analysis from him. The meetings were non-productive, and from my point of view, an exercise in futility. His personal attitude toward us was one of utter disdain.

''The meetings became more and more strained because he kept demanding details of specific military cases. When I failed to provide these details—after all, I was debriefing *him,* not the reverse—he became more and more antagonistic.''[25]

Golitsyn also refused to talk about himself: so much so that it was impossible for Fox to work out who Golitsyn actually was, where he came from, or what his particular area of expertise was supposed to be. When Fox's allotted two hours elapsed, no matter where they were in the discussion, Golitsyn invariably got up and left with his CIA escort. When Fox complained about these ground rules to his immediate superior, he was told that everyone had these problems with Angleton.

''Do your best, get what you can, be persistent,'' was the advice given.

In July, midway through these summer interviews, Golitsyn suddenly failed to turn up at a scheduled meeting. Fox, who was halfway through a complex debriefing with him, was told that the Golitsyn family were being driven across the United States in a CIA car for a two-week visit to Disneyland. ''You just don't do that,'' says a baffled Fox. ''You don't break up the flow of debriefings by going on vacation.''[26]

After Golitsyn's leisurely return from California, the debriefings with Fox continued. At one of the August sessions, Golitsyn suddenly started boasting about the effectiveness of the KGB. To make his point, he began to talk with an uncharacteristic openness of a KGB operation which he said had successfully penetrated the U.S. Embassy in Moscow.

Golitsyn claimed that the KGB had recruited a U.S. Marine guard—he gave no name—who was willing to cooperate by giving them guard shift schedules and personnel names. According to Golitsyn, this guard was intercepted and seduced one Sunday morning by a female KGB officer (known as a ''swallow'') Another guard on duty, who should have been relieved by the now absent Marine, simply left his post unattended at the end of his shift and walked off without telling anyone. The KGB had supposedly been advised in advance that this was how the second Marine would react. His departure left the highly sensitive Attaché area inside the embassy temporarily unguarded.

Fox began to feel sick as Golitsyn recounted how the KGB had immediately sent a team into the secure embassy compartment, gaining access to secret files and copying the information. They then sealed up the area, left everything as it had been, and were gone before the relief guard returned from his detour.

For once, it was Fox who hurriedly terminated the meeting with Golitsyn. Messages burned up the cable traffic between the Pentagon and the U.S. Embassy in Moscow. Fox meanwhile arranged to be briefed in full detail about the embassy security arrangements. To his immense relief, it became clear almost immediately that Golitsyn's story could not have been the truth.

There was more than just one Marine guarding the embassy area Golitsyn had described. To gain entrance at all, the KGB ''black-bag'' team would have had to pass a guard at the embassy entrance; to reach the Attaché area, they would have had to go up in the elevator; on emerging, they would have met yet another guard. The actual doors to the Attaché area were always locked on Sunday because that section was under very tight security as a specially assigned ''Denied Area.''

In other words, to break into that part of the embassy the KGB did not need to corrupt only one guard, they had to deal with three of them, ride an elevator inside the embassy, and pass through locked doors.

Two weeks later, at their next meeting, Colonel Fox politely asked Golitsyn to repeat the whole story. Golitsyn became extremely irritated and shouted back, ''You should have understood me the first time I told you.'' Nonplussed, Fox challenged Golitsyn with the new facts he had obtained. The defector did not respond. Instead, he abruptly left. The session was over long before the two-hour limit.[27]

Fox never met Golitsyn again. After the August confrontation, Golitsyn refused to talk to the Defense Department. When Fox asked what the hell was going on, he was told that Golitsyn considered the Defense team, and Fox specifically, to be ''amateurish,'' that their questions were ''trivial,'' and that he had more important things to do than meet anyone else from U.S. military intelligence.[28]

A subsequent full-scale investigation by the Defense and State departments into the alleged Moscow Embassy break-in found not one shred of evidence to support Golitsyn's claim.[29]

In October 1962, just two months after Golitsyn's flare-up with Colonel Fox, he had a terminal row with Donald Jameson, his Soviet Division case officer. Jameson, one of the most experienced defector recruiters and handlers within the agency, found it impossible to deal with a defector who had constant access to Angleton and John McCone.

Jameson recalls: ''Golitsyn kept demanding this fifteen million dollars and the authority to run NATO security operations against the Soviets. He told me that if he did not get his way, he would no longer talk to me. I wanted to be tough and firm with him. Frankly, he needed to be stepped on—hard. We had important matters to deal with and we needed to get going. But Angleton and his staff prevented me from trying my tough measures. Others in the CIA were afraid to confront Golitsyn because they thought he might go to the press.''[30]

As the two men's relationship floundered, the defector unilaterally decided that he would ''dismiss'' Jameson. But Golitsyn had begun to overplay his hand.

By now, relationships between Golitsyn and most other senior officers in the Soviet Division were also beginning to break down. Officers were growing wary about giving the Soviet too many files. The squat little defector, with what one officer called ''the Prussian warrant officer manner,'' was running out of friends.

Golitsyn's credit with other components of the U.S. intelligence services was in the red, too. When J. Edgar Hoover's FBI finally gained access to Golitsyn, the defector's first demand (apart from insisting that he meet President Kennedy) was for the FBI to turn over all of their files on Soviet operations to him. Unlike their more generous CIA colleagues, the bureau men turned Golitsyn down flat. He was not given a single sheet of paper from the FBI's files.[31]

William Branigan, then chief of the FBI's Soviet Counterintelligence Section, recalls that he and the rest of the FBI hierarchy were "shocked" by Golitsyn's "unique" request for operational files. No other defector had ever before asked to see such records. "Everyone, including Hoover, said 'No!' to Golitsyn. It was against FBI regulations to share files with a private person. And even if we gave him files, we felt we wouldn't get anything out of him. We didn't have much faith in Golitsyn."[32]

Branigan adds: "Angleton *did* have confidence in Golitsyn—more than anyone else I know of. And Angleton wanted the FBI to show Golitsyn files, even though Angleton knew the FBI was not happy with Golitsyn and did not respect him."[33]

Branigan explains that the FBI's initial contacts with Golitsyn produced only minor clarifications about KGB structure and hierarchy. After that, the FBI didn't have much interest in Golitsyn. He held no useful details about Soviet operations inside the United States where the FBI held jurisdiction to combat espionage. "He couldn't tell us with any accuracy what the Soviet situation was in Washington, for instance," says Branigan. "He just didn't know."[34]

Nevertheless, the FBI, like the Pentagon, still needed to extract every possible detail that Golitsyn might possess. Donald Moore, a close friend of Jim Angleton's, was then Branigan's boss—the FBI's inspector in charge of all of the bureau's intelligence and counterintelligence efforts against foreign services in the United States. He helped arrange a secret meeting in mid-1962 between the FBI's team and Golitsyn at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington. Moore remembers that he didn't like Golitsyn, and "unlike Jim [Angleton], I did not think Golitsyn was God's answer to all our prayers. Frankly, that Golitsyn was a pain in the ass from the word go. But KGB officers don't come along very often, so you can't burn your bridges."[35]

According to Moore, the Mayflower Hotel debriefing was dominated by a Golitsyn gaffe—this one about the loyalty of KGB master spy Rudolf Abel.*

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* Rudolf Abel was a colonel in the KGB who had lived in Canada and the United States as an "illegal," i.e., with false papers and a false identity, for ten years before being arrested by the FBI in New York in 1957. He was imprisoned for four years before being exchanged for Francis Gary Powers, the U-2 pilot who was shot down by the Russians in 1960.

Golitsyn maintained that before the United States had exchanged Abel for the U-2 spy plane pilot Gary Powers, the FBI had first secretly ''doubled'' Abel to work for the Americans. ''There was no question in Golitsyn's mind that Colonel Abel was working for the FBI when he was sent back to the USSR,'' Moore says firmly. ''Golitsyn believed that we had made arrangements for Abel to secretly get his reports back from the USSR.''[36] Moore and his FBI colleagues listened in silence as Golitsyn's assertions continued—all of them knowing full well that his story was completely untrue. There simply was no secret arrangement of any kind with Abel.

Golitsyn's next ''revelation'' was even more astonishing. He said he was certain that the KGB had ''tripled'' Abel. In other words, Abel was still working for the Russians even though he was pretending to work for the Americans while pretending to be loyal to the KGB! The polite silence inside the room continued. This was followed by the now familiar Golitsyn pitch. ''You give me Abel's secret messages,'' Golitsyn demanded. ''You need me to analyze them. You give me reports, I give you true facts.''

''It was all utter nonsense,'' says Moore.[37]

Golitsyn's capacity for dubious accusations was now reaching outlandish proportions. Alekso Poptanich, one of the FBI's most proficient Russian-speaking case officers in the Washington Field Office, remembers another Golitsyn hot tip. Golitsyn claimed that a senior KGB officer in Moscow had been secretly spying for the CIA and was now in jeopardy of being discovered. This same Russian officer, it happens, was responsible for overseeing the Katyn Massacre of some four thousand Polish officers in 1941. Golitsyn boasted that he had ''reviewed'' the officer's file in Moscow and was certain he was a CIA agent. He warned Poptanich that the KGB were aware of the man's treason and that his life was in danger. Poptanich made immediate inquiries—and discovered that the Soviet had never been and was not then working for the CIA. ''These mistakes were just filed away and forgotten by the FBI,'' says Poptanich. ''No one thought too much of it.''[38]

Petr Deryabin, an earlier KGB defector to the United States, had coincidentally served with Golitsyn in Vienna in 1953–54. ''What struck me above all about Golitsyn,'' he has said, ''was that he seemed to be the perpetual student rather than the practical operator he was supposed to be. He had a big mouth and tended to invent stories which would make him look important.''[39] Deryabin has told CIA officers that Golitsyn was considered an unattractive and unpopular loner, without close friends. He had spent so much time in training that he was held to be ''professionally incompetent.''

But the personal opinions of KGB colleagues were not scientifically acceptable evidence of Golitsyn's mental health.

However, real clinical evidence does exist concerning Golitsyn's state of mind, information commissioned by the CIA itself. After Golitsyn arrived in the United States, he was examined by the chief psychologist of the CIA's Clandestine Services, Dr. John Gittinger.

His official report, sent to the Soviet Division, revealed that Golitsyn was suffering from a form of paranoia. Gittinger's assessment warned the division to take great care with what the defector said, as he had a tendency to exaggerate.

Dr. John Gittinger is a tall, slow-talking Oklahoman, retired now after a distinguished CIA career which began in the old Soviet Russia Division (where he was responsible for conducting psychological assessments on important defectors, agents, and case officers). After serving as chief psychologist for the Clandestine Services for thirteen years, he retired in 1973 with the coveted Distinguished Intelligence Medal, the highest honor the CIA can offer a living employee.

Dr. Gittinger's report on Golitsyn's mental health was based on a routine examination which all defectors undergo.

''There was no question in my mind that Golitsyn was paranoid,'' he recalls now, ''no question that he was mentally ill. He showed a marked degree of paranoia. Mind you, here was a man who was able to exploit his paranoia very effectively in terms of demanding all kinds of access to files . . . and, unbelievably, he was given that access.

''You know, with this kind of condition, one has to take a great deal of what Golitsyn was saying with a grain of salt. Any time we detected paranoid ideation, we would raise the banner and warn, 'You've got to be very careful that this guy is going to exaggerate and amplify the truth.' In other words, don't trust him.

''Our tests showed Golitsyn was clinically paranoid. I know I wouldn't trust him any further than I could throw a bomber. I find it amazing how much of what he said was accepted. It remains incomprehensible to me.

''He suffered from a form of megalomania,'' Gittinger explains. ''That is, he harbored delusions of grandeur, and considered himself far more important than he really was by background and experience.''[40]

And there was something else that disturbed Gittinger. ''While on a flight,'' he remembers, ''Golitsyn told one of his case officers that the Soviets were so intent on getting him that they would be prepared to bomb the airplane if they knew he was traveling on it.'' (This coincides with Frank Friberg's report about how Golitsyn had worried there was a Soviet bomb also on the flight they took from Frankfurt to London.) Gittinger adds: ''Golitsyn then 'verified' his allegation with a clipping he got from a London paper. But the clipping actually had nothing to do with such an unlikely event. This is typical of paranoids; they will find proof of their fantasies in completely innocuous things.

''Here you have a fellow who was a relatively small cog in the KGB, and who felt very strongly that his work was not being recognized by them. He claimed this was one of his primary reasons for defecting. We felt *the* primary reason for his defection was to gain status. Don't forget, here was a peasant's son, essentially a *muzhik.*

''A strange thing with paranoia is the contempt such a person can hold for an organization (in this case the KGB) on the one hand, while on the other hand he simultaneously holds the belief that the KGB could do such unusual and extraordinary things. That's one of the reasons for the airplane story—you see, this was important to his ego that *he* be a prime target.''[41]

In mid-1962, Gittinger's report was sent to the Soviet Division, which was still administratively responsible for the defector. What happened to it after that remains a riddle. The assessment was certainly ignored by Angleton, although it was found in the files a decade later when a series of CIA investigations involving Golitsyn were authorized. Leonard McCoy was briefed on Gittinger's report when he became deputy Counterintelligence chief in 1975, and he cannot understand why the psychologist's diagnosis was not considered. As McCoy points out, ''Golitsyn was diagnosed in 1962 as having a paranoid personality with a pathological condition. This finding should have been earth-shattering in terms of the CIA's interest in him. Once this analysis was circulated, it should have had a marked influence on the way Golitsyn's information was being handled—and on the decision to give our secret files to him to play with.''[42]

Angleton, however, refused to acknowledge the validity of any criticisms of Golitsyn. In 1978, congressional investigators asked him during a secret hearing if he cared to respond to the CIA's ''characterization of Golitsyn as paranoid.''

''I find that kind of accusation one which must have set off great peals of glee in the KGB,'' Angleton replied. ''. . . I don't regard such a man who comes from that system as being paranoid because he wishes to impart to the President of the United States strategic secrets of a national security interest which he derived from documents of the Soviet Government.'' Angleton also charged that certain unnamed CIA ''psychiatrists'' (meaning Dr. Gittinger) had exhibited ''imprecision and unprofessionalism'' in forming their profile of Golitsyn.[43]

During the summer of 1962, Golitsyn, now increasingly under Angleton's protective wing, was ''lent'' to the FBI once more for a formal debriefing. Despite his earlier false stories, the FBI still needed to drain the defector of every drop of information that might point to a KGB or GRU spy ring operating inside the United States.

Another meeting was arranged, this time at a secret CIA office in Washington— the former Naval Hospital on 23rd Street NW, a group of yellow buildings in Foggy Bottom across from the State Department. The CIA used this site for secret research on technical and electronic matters. Golitsyn was brought there because it was considered to be a secure location.

The visiting FBI contingent consisted of six senior counterintelligence officials, including William Sullivan, Donald Moore, and Alekso Poptanich. Jim Angleton and Ray Rocca arrived with a big entourage from the Counterintelligence Staff. All carried books and files. Golitsyn, as ever, was the star, but most of the FBI agents were still leery of him. Angleton, however, made it crystal clear that the full weight of the CIA was behind the defector.[44]

Golitsyn rose to address the cream of U.S. counterintelligence assembled around a large mahogany conference table. He now repeated in company what he had been telling his debriefers in private.

"First he told us that he was the most important man ever to defect," recalls Poptanich, who was sitting next to Golitsyn. "Next, he assured us that no one else who would defect after him would be any good. They would all be phonies."[45]

Most of the streetwise FBI agents were used to Golitsyn's hyperbole, but the stocky Ukrainian raised a few eyebrows with a new claim: he was aware, he said, of a Soviet master plan, a massive conspiracy to deceive the West.

Golitsyn produced a diagram of the conspiracy which he had drawn on a piece of standard yellow American legal paper. The KGB was in the center of the diagram, like a spider, with satellite lines spread out from it like a web. The FBI men remained impassive. There was some shuffling of papers but no questions.

Golitsyn next produced a stack of old Soviet bloc newspaper clippings and held a few aloft. He confided to the audience that these newspaper articles showed how the KGB was sending secret messages to their agents around the world. He said there were messages hidden inside the articles. The audience remained silent; there were still no questions.

Poptanich looked over at Angleton, who had his head down and was doodling on a paper in front of him, drawing a series of small ducks struggling to get their heads above water. Each duck was filled in with black ink. Poptanich grew even more uneasy.

As the meeting drew to an end, the question of Golitsyn's access to Attorney General Robert Kennedy was raised once more. Angleton strongly supported the idea. Poptanich was appalled at the thought and rose to say so. He stressed that both the CIA and the FBI would lose control of Golitsyn if they connived at such a high-level encounter. It was, Poptanich now admits, a prescient point. But at that moment Angleton, who had dominated the meeting, bluntly told Poptanich to keep his remarks to himself since he did not have the rank to voice an objection.[46]

Angleton's view prevailed. A meeting between the defector and the Attorney General of the United States was arranged by DCI John McCone's office. Walt Elder felt that ''McCone agreed to the meeting because Golitsyn was acting like a prima donna and his ego needed soothing.''[47]

Robert Kennedy met the defector at the Marine Corps Barracks in southeast Washington. The audiotape of the meeting was subsequently heard by George Kisevalter, a veteran Soviet Division case officer. ''The two men felt each other out,'' he says. ''Bobby promised to tell his brother about Golitsyn.''[48] Walt Elder recalls that Golitsyn also raised the subject of the multi-million-dollar project he envisaged to overthrow the Soviet government. ''RFK had been briefed in advance about what to expect,'' says Elder dryly. ''He knew to show interest, but to remain noncommittal.''[49]

Golitsyn came out of the meeting still dissatisfied, still demanding a meeting with President Kennedy himself.

But by now, the defector's behavior was causing apprehension at new levels within the agency. Howard Osborn, recently appointed chief of the Soviet Division, was beginning to lose patience. Golitsyn had written a two-page personal letter to John Kennedy and was now demanding it be delivered—insisting that Robert Kennedy had promised him it would be. He was also pestering the Soviet Division for a great deal of money.

Poptanich's warning that the CIA would lose control over Golitsyn was proving only too real. Howard Osborn sensed the danger. He asked George Kisevalter to deal with the problem of the letter to JFK. ''Go and talk to Golitsyn,'' instructed Osborn. ''Try and get him to back down. Be tough and nasty.''[50]

The two men met in the presence of CIA security officers. When Golitsyn insisted, as usual, that only English be spoken, Kisevalter put his face very close to the defector's and told him in exquisite Russian that both men would speak their native language to avoid mistakes. Golitsyn backed down.

Kisevalter then demanded the letter Golitsyn had written to President Kennedy, promising he would have it delivered. Golitsyn, however, insisted that he wanted a guarantee in writing that it would definitely reach the President. ''I'll be happy to deliver the letter,'' Kisevalter yelled at Golitsyn. ''It will be the first real evidence of your blackmail, and it will show the President of the United States what a son of a bitch you really are!''[51]

Kisevalter then lunged across the desk at the astonished Golitsyn and an undignified wrestling match took place. Kisevalter feigned an attempt to grab the letter. He reckoned to shame Golitsyn out of the whole idea. The CIA officer deliberately let Golitsyn win the struggle, but the point had been graphically demonstrated. Humiliated, Golitsyn hung on to his letter and proceeded to complain bitterly about Kisevalter, adding him to the lengthy list of case officers he ''never wanted to see again.''

Kisevalter's final grunted verdict on Golitsyn is that ''he was an exaggerator and a money grubber.''[52]

By early 1963, Golitsyn's relationship with the Soviet Division was about to be severed by mutual consent. The CIA files were full of complaints by Golitsyn about his case officers. The only person he was really talking to anymore was his new case officer, Ray Rocca from Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff.

People were beginning to believe that Golitsyn had been squeezed dry. The SASHA lead and one or two other genuine foreign ''serials'' (as his tips were to be called) would require further investigations, which might take a long time to complete. But that was it. Golitsyn had no information about any penetrations of the CIA in the United States.

The Soviet Division, the FBI, and the Pentagon had lost interest in him. Only Angleton remained a true believer, and even he had weakened a little. Leonard McCoy says that tension had developed between Angleton and Golitsyn. ''They had a big argument,'' McCoy recalls. ''It was over access to files. Golitsyn wanted all of the files on all the CIA's Soviet operations. At that stage, Jim couldn't get them for himself, let alone Golitsyn.''[53]

Walt Elder says that ''Golitsyn realized he had run out of credit here. He was one of the best defectors at keeping you on the hook by mentioning just one more little thing. Finally, he ran out of trading material. Furthermore, he realized we were not going to bankroll his fifteen-million-dollar project to bring down the Communist Party of the USSR.''[54]

As Golitsyn's future hung in the balance, he began to reconsider a standing offer he had received from British intelligence. Arthur Martin, a senior officer from MI5 in London, had visited Golitsyn twice in Washington during 1962, once in the spring and most recently in September. Martin was a close friend of Angleton's and one of Britain's foremost aggressive spycatchers, and he had indicated that the defector would be more than welcome if he cared to visit London. Golitsyn had been promised he could stay as long as he liked and that he would not find Her Majesty's Government ungenerous toward him.

The British intelligence services, unlike the Americans, were in a state of disarray. Not only had the Burgess-Maclean-Philby debacle shattered their confidence, but two years earlier, George Blake, a senior MI6 officer, had also been unmasked as a KGB agent. He ranked with Philby in terms of the damage done to Western intelligence: numerous allied officers and operations were betrayed by him.*

The British, unaware of Golitsyn's controversial track record in the United States, were sufficiently horrified by the extent of Soviet penetration of their intelligence services to hire a St. Hilarion to sniff out KGB witches in their country. London was as keen to welcome the defector as Washington was to have him leave.

Faced with an American audience that seemed to have grown bored and restless, Golitsyn agreed to move to England, where he felt he would meet new and more receptive admirers. So the Golitsyns sailed in style from New York aboard the *Queen Elizabeth* to Southampton, where they were eagerly met by MI5's Arthur Martin.

The Soviet defector did not stay long, but it was time enough to leave the reputations of a future prime minister and the Deputy Director of MI5 in total disarray. Morale within Britain's MI5 may have been low before Golitsyn arrived, but it hit rock bottom by the time he left.

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* After serving in Naval Intelligence during the war and reading modern languages at Cambridge, George Blake joined the Foreign Office. He was appointed consul general in Seoul, Korea, just before the Korean War. During the fighting he fell into the hands of the North Koreans and was held for three years, part of that time by Chinese Communists. On his return to England, he went into the field as an MI6 (Secret Intelligence Service) officer. From 1953 until 1961, he was working faithfully for the KGB, identifying numerous English spies in eastern Europe. He also betrayed the joint Anglo-American Berlin Tunnel operation and the "order of battle" of MI6. He was himself eventually betrayed by a double agent and was sentenced to forty-two years' imprisonment at the Old Bailey in London. He escaped after six years and is now living in the USSR.

7

MR. STONE GOES TO LONDON

''The impression he made on me was that of a little man from whom an even smaller man was trying to emerge. You see, in our business, those who can, do, and those who can't, go on training courses.''

—BRITISH INTELLIGENCE OFFICER, 1988[1]

ENGLAND WAS JUST EMERGING FROM ITS LONG POSTWAR AUSTERITY when Anatoliy Golitsyn and his family arrived. The thirteen-year spell of Conservative Party rule was coming to an end, spurred by the now infamous Christine Keeler–John Profumo affair.*

London in March 1963 was in new bloom. It had Carnaby Street, a fresh energy, new color, and fashionable clothes for a generation of teenagers. There was music everywhere; the Beatles were coming. After two gray decades, the city had started to swing, and Harold

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* In 1961, the British Secretary of State for War, John Profumo, began an affair with a nineteen-year-old girl, Christine Keeler. On the very weekend of their meeting, Miss Keeler also began an affair with Captain Yevgenyy Ivanov, an officer in Soviet Military Intelligence (GRU), working undercover in the Soviet Embassy in London as an assistant naval attaché. The scandal led to Profumo's resignation, rocked the British establishment, and gave Britain's media (including this young reporter, then on the *Daily Express*) a year of pure journalistic excitement, as it teased the truth out of the increasingly confused and tired Conservative government of Harold Macmillan.

Wilson's opposition Labour Party, with its promise to harness the technological revolution, seemed set to topple Harold Macmillan's scandal-wracked Tories.

Soon after his arrival, many formally suited men began to converge on Golitsyn's hotel. The defector who promised information seemed yet unprepared to deliver too much too soon. One unimpressed British intelligence officer who was involved in an early debriefing describes Golitsyn as "a pompous and diminutive man, who looked like an opera singer with his legs apart as if ready to burst into song."[2]

Leading the debriefing team was Arthur Martin, head of DI (Soviet Counterespionage) of Britain's MI5, known more formally as the Security Service. His position was the approximate British equivalent of Jim Angleton's job.[3] A former Army signals officer, Martin had led the MI5 team which had so successfully cracked the fragmentary codebreaks in two major British postwar spy cases involving the atomic secrets spy Klaus Fuchs and Donald Maclean (of Philby fame). Like many of his MI5 peers, he had become a counterespionage specialist and a committed admirer of Angleton and his work in the United States. Martin was an original Fundamentalist, deeply engrossed in the philosophy of counterintelligence work.

Accompanying Martin on the Golitsyn debriefing was another charter Fundamentalist, Peter Wright. His "Spycatcher" notoriety still a quarter of a century in the future, Wright was then MI5's rather humble resident scientist, "a hardworking, ambitious bugger—a technician," as one colleague rather sniffily described him.[4]

Both men, and several of their subordinates, shared Angleton's view of the KGB's efficiency and ruthlessness. They sincerely believed that World War III had started on VE-Day, May 5, 1945.[5]

As Golitsyn became more comfortable in his now familiar role as counterintelligence guru, he expanded on the Soviet "master plan" theory he had introduced in Washington. For the benefit of his eager and attentive new British audience, he added further detail on what he called a "Strategic Deception Plot." As part of this plot, he said, the Russian intelligence services had already embarked on an audacious master plan to manipulate the West into believing that some form of accommodation, even détente, might be acceptable. In reality, Golitsyn claimed, this was only theater, contrived to lull the allies into a false sense of security. Trust nothing and nobody, warned the Soviet.

For a group of conservative British Cold Warriors brought up on the moral certainties of World War II and a passionate hatred of revolutionary socialism, Golitsyn's message was the vindication of long-held fears and suspicions. And the British, more so than the Americans, had good cause to suspect the worst: Philby, Burgess, Maclean, and Blake all had cast a grotesque shadow.

British officers feared that yet another high-level Soviet spy, the so-called Fifth Man, remained embedded in the infrastructure. They reasoned that if the prewar KGB spymasters had been so successful at recruiting Cambridge graduates, why not Oxford ones? Angleton's philosophies were taking root in richer soil in London than in Washington.

There *were* clear signs of hostile intelligence activity in London in 1963. The government's own Secretary of State for War was sharing the sexual favors of a good-time girl with a known Soviet GRU officer. Eastern bloc intelligence services were operating with impunity throughout the city. After thirteen years, there was every indication of a Socialist revival in Britain; within its broad constituency, the Labour Party even housed Marxist groups.

At the debriefings, Golitsyn spoke enigmatically about a ''Fifth Man,'' and he quickly introduced a now familiar element into the discussions with his receptive British hosts. ''Give me your files,'' he demanded. ''Give me files and I will show you.''

Peter Wright was originally a fervent Golitsyn disciple; but his uncritical admiration would sour over the years into distaste and disbelief, until finally Wright regarded Golitsyn as ''a complete waste of time.''[6]

Twenty-six years later, in comfortable retirement in Cygnet, Tasmania, Peter Wright is fiddling with an ancient radio set on a warm February afternoon, trying to coax the BBC News from London out of the speaker. His wife Lois sits comfortably by his side reading Margery Allingham. There are ham sandwiches made of delicious crusty brown bread on the table. It could be Somerset, save for a huge spider, the size of a fist, that crawls out from behind a dingy, but valuable French watercolor hanging on the wall.

''We gave Anatoliy access to about a thousand of our files altogether,'' says Wright, smiling bitterly. ''He saw PFs [personal files], which included uncleared allegations against people, and secret, and some top secret, operational files. We did try to disguise some of them.

''We paid him a hell of a lot, for a while about ten thousand pounds [$28,000] a month. He was always trying to build up a pile of information he could trade. We would have been better if he had given us everything he knew for one lump sum. But when we suggested that to him, he said, 'I am losing my ability to earn money if I do that.' Golitsyn really spun himself out.''

Wright now acknowledges that Golitsyn was ineptly handled by the

British, and was allowed to think himself far too important. ''All defectors should be treated at arm's length,'' he says, ''and made to earn their keep, and as little feedback as possible should ever be given them.''[7]

Ironically, it appears to have been the late Sir Roger Hollis, the Director General of MI5, who ultimately authorized handing over the files to Golitsyn. Since Hollis himself became the target of Golitsyn's ensuing allegations, he had unwittingly handed the sword to those who would eventually plunge it into his own reputation and accuse him of being ''the Big Mole,'' or ''the Fifth Man.''

Intelligence officers opposed to the original handover argued that the decision to allow Golitsyn access to Britain's most sensitive cases defied all known tradecraft. They contended that it reinforced Golitsyn's exaggerated sense of self-importance. Although Peter Wright argues that attempts were made to ''disguise'' the files, Golitsyn privately admitted that the British material was far more sensitive than the documents given to him by the Americans.[8]

According to one experienced British intelligence officer, Golitsyn ''was never senior enough to understand what he had been reading in Moscow. He was so naive, for example, that he used to believe that important material which came from the West and which he had seen in Moscow simply had to come from a high-level source. Well, that's completely wrong. Take Golitsyn's lead to John Vassall, who turned out to be a KGB penetration of the British Admiralty.[9] Vassall was the prime example of a really low-powered clerk across whose desk passed the most sensitive papers. Golitsyn's mistake meant that when he saw some of Vassall's take, he assumed the Brits could only be penetrated at the highest level. But of course we weren't.''[10]

Despite these problems, Golitsyn was invited to lead a British molehunt. Arthur Martin and his colleagues had already started reviewing the files of their superiors. And they already had their eye on a leading suspect, no less than Graham Mitchell, deputy head of MI5 under the Director General, Sir Roger Hollis. When the investigation of Mitchell formally began, Golitsyn's leading role was acknowledged by bestowing on him the honor of choosing the codename for the Mitchell case. He selected ''PETERS,'' after a famous old Chekist intelligence officer.

''[Golitsyn] knew from the start that we were hunting a high-level spy, and inevitably that must have colored the intelligence he gave us,'' Peter Wright has admitted. ''In the tense and almost hysterical months of 1963, as the scent of treachery lingered in every corridor, it is easy to see how our fears fed on his theories.''[11]

For months, Graham Mitchell's own colleagues gave their boss the full suspect treatment. They recorded his every waking moment in his office with closed-circuit television cameras shooting through one-way mirrors; they treated his ink blotter with secret writing material and had it developed every night; they followed him home from work every evening; and they scoured the contents of his wastepaper basket and burn bag. Eventually, MI5 came up with the stunning revelation that Mitchell picked his teeth regularly every day, and often groaned out loud.[12]

Despite the inconsequential initial results of the Mitchell investigation, Golitsyn was now DI's most valuable asset. The next lead he gave his debriefers concerned the KGB's once-feared Department 13 (in charge of assassinations, or ''wet jobs'').

Golitsyn said that he had heard in Moscow that Department 13 was organizing some ''special actions'' which would include untraceable assassinations. He added that a KGB colleague had confided to him that there were specific plans to assassinate ''a Western opposition leader.'' By coincidence, Labour's Hugh Gaitskell, a right-winger and possible future prime minister, had died of a rare blood disease on January 18, 1963, just two months before Golitsyn arrived in London. The cause of death was registered as lupus erythematosus, a little-known viral complaint which wastes the system, and, in Gaitskell's case, led to kidney and heart failure.

As soon as Golitsyn learned the cause of Gaitskell's death, he openly wondered if Gaitskell had been Moscow's target. The motive? That was easy enough, Golitsyn reasoned: Gaitskell was removed to clear the path for Harold Wilson to become prime minister. Wilson was then regarded as a party left-winger with possible sympathies to Moscow. Some of MI5's wilder conspiracists, who accepted Golitsyn's speculations, thought Wilson or a member of his close entourage might even be a KGB asset.[13]

Colonel Oleg Gordievskiy, one of the most senior and influential KGB defectors to reach the West, has dismissed Golitsyn's reasoning. Firstly, Gordievskiy pointed out that KGB ''wet squads'' were already in decline in 1963 and Department 13 was subsequently abolished altogether.* Secondly, the Department's plans to assassinate Western leaders applied only in circumstances of incipient military conflict or in the early days of a war. Thirdly, there was no KGB policy to murder democratically elected Western politicians outside of these ''ground rules,'' nor indeed was this done.[15]

There were other holes in Golitsyn's scenario: the next in line for

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* Another defector, Oleg Lyalin, a ''wet affairs'' expert who came to Britain in 1972, has stated that the KGB halted its assassination program as early as 1959.[14]

British leadership at that time was not Harold Wilson. Even if Gaitskell's murder had been planned by Moscow, the likely successor was Labour's deputy leader, George Brown, an ebullient and raucous anti-Communist who would have been no asset to the USSR.

Finally, there was no evidence then, or now, that Gaitskell's death was caused by anything other than what was recorded on his death certificate. Years of subsequent investigation have failed to show otherwise.

Despite all this, MI5 dutifully opened files on both the Gaitskell allegation and Wilson, and they kept them open. In Washington, Jim Angleton was told the news, and he opened similar files, code-naming the Wilson case ''OATSHEAF.''

Clare Petty, the analyst from Angleton's elite Special Investigation Group, has read the OATSHEAF file and reveals that Golitsyn's analysis was the only ''evidence'' against Harold Wilson held by the Americans. The CIA were unable to obtain independent corroboration and had suspected nothing before Golitsyn's allegations.[16]

The Gaitskell-Wilson allegations continued to plague Wilson (who became prime minister in 1964) and complicated Anglo-American intelligence relationships for twelve more years. They also, not surprisingly, jeopardized Wilson's relationships inside the British intelligence community. One former CIA officer recalls how bluntly some of his MI5 counterparts expressed their feelings. ''When I was posted to the London station,'' the officer says, ''I simply could not believe my ears when I heard the openly scurrilous and disloyal remarks by MI5 officers made about their prime minister. You would never hear CIA officers talking like that in front of foreigners about the President of the United States.''[17]

Angleton, for his part, resolutely refused to bury the allegation that the British prime minister was a KGB spy. In 1964, shortly after Wilson was appointed, Angleton made a special trip to London to see his friends in MI5. Actually, he had flown three thousand miles to tell them in person that he had some new and very secret information which at last proved that Harold Wilson was indeed a Soviet agent. There was only one catch: Angleton insisted he could not name his source and would only pass the information on if MI5 guaranteed to keep it to itself (a somewhat pointless demand, given that convincing evidence would require dramatic action).

The pledge was not given. Some MI5 officials who had not caught the ''Gaitskell-was-murdered'' infection resisted making a deal with Angleton. Serious questions of loyalty to the Crown were also involved in the affair, and Angleton left England without revealing his information or his source.[18]

Peter Wright has since given two somewhat vague and contradictory accounts of Angleton's information. He told one journalist merely that, according to Angleton, Wilson had been in contact with a Soviet friend. He told another that the information about Gaitskell came from a Soviet source in Mexico.[19]

Wright's third and newest version is that Angleton had been told by friends in the Mossad (Israel's equivalent of the CIA) that experimental work had been going on in Israel to test the lupus virus as a possible weapon for assassination. Angleton reasoned that if the virus could be used by the Israelis against their enemies, it had probably been used by the KGB against Gaitskell.[20]

Even if this latest story is Wright's final account, the evidence remains as circumstantial and unconvincing as the rest of the whispering campaign against Wilson. The CIA's OATSHEAF file contains no reference to this alleged testing by the Israelis. Peter Wright himself has recently admitted that ''when [Angleton] was pushed for details, there were none, and I knew from bitter experience that Angleton was more than capable of manufacturing evidence where none existed.''[21]

Angleton remained convinced that Wilson was a KGB spy right up until the time he left the CIA. In early 1975, he repeated the charge to a group of stunned counterintelligence officers in one of the last debriefings he gave before clearing his desk.[22]

Richard Helms, Angleton's former boss, insists he had never been aware of Angleton's accusations against the prime minister. ''The leads that Angleton was passing to foreign services, like the British, were no concern of mine,'' he maintains. ''I didn't pay too much attention. And I did not ask for an appraisal.''[23]

Peter Wright and Scotty Miler believe to this day that Gaitskell was murdered by the KGB, and that Wilson, in Wright's memorable British upper-class euphemism, ''is a wrong 'un.''

''Jim was utterly convinced, and so am I,'' says Wright. ''Jim continued to badger us [MI5] about Wilson. He really wanted us to prove that Gaitskell had been murdered.''[24]

All told, Golitsyn was to unload on the grateful British an assortment of 153 ''serials'' (investigative leads). But Sir Dick White, then head of MI6 (the British CIA), believes it was ''a rotten harvest'' with little fruit. He maintains that Golitsyn possessed extremely few facts but was big on ideas and theories. White has told friends that nothing of any value from Golitsyn ever crossed his desk apart from the clues that helped trace the low-level Admiralty spy, John Vassall. (And even so, it was another defector who later provided the final proof about Vassall.)

Sir Dick also feels passionately that showing the files to the Soviet defector was a major error of judgment. When told recently that Golitsyn had seen about a thousand of them, Britain's most respected and experienced former intelligence chief sat still, shook his head with disbelief, and looked utterly miserable.

The accusations made against Graham Mitchell (and later against Sir Roger Hollis), White has said, were made by people ''out of their minds.''[25] The lengths to which some of these people were prepared to go to try and prove their case lends some support to Sir Dick White's judgment.

For example, there was always one fundamental contradiction in their reasoning about the supposed guilt of Mitchell and Hollis. During the period that the two men led MI5, the British and American intelligence services were jointly running a man who was then the West's most important GRU spy, and one of the more prolific spies ever. Such was his value that if Mitchell or Hollis had actually been a KGB agent, it would have been inconceivable for them *not* to have warned Moscow. In other words, the GRU officer could not have worked for the West if either Mitchell or Hollis were working for the CIA. It was as simple as that.

It is now clear that the Fundamentalists, led by Angleton and Golitsyn and supported by the head of their British chapter, Peter Wright, carefully revised the history of this GRU affair in order to support their thesis that Mitchell and Hollis were KGB agents.

The Soviet spy in question was Oleg Penkovskiy, a senior GRU officer in the Intelligence Directorate of the General Staff in Moscow. In 1961, after he defected in place, he passed on a treasure trove of the highest grade Soviet military intelligence ever received in London and Washington.

In a few short months, Penkovskiy delivered microfilm of over ten thousand pages of Soviet military documents—personal histories of leading Soviet generals, high-level training manuals, and specifications of the largest Soviet missiles. He even supplied some minutes of secret Central Committee meetings of the Soviet Communist Party. During the Cuban missile crisis, his information was sent immediately to President Kennedy, allowing the White House to monitor the progress of Soviet missile emplacements hour by hour, even to establish with total confidence which cities inside the United States were threatened (every major city was targeted save Seattle).

Penkovskiy was so hostile to his Soviet masters that he even asked for help to stage a tactical nuclear attack on the headquarters of the KGB (the suggestion was politely turned down). When the CIA gave him a Minox camera to take photographs, he demanded (and was given) two of them so he could double his output.[26]

In the summer of 1961, Angleton had committed himself without reservation to Penkovskiy's bona fides.[27]

In October 1962, after only eighteen precious months of spying for the West, the GRU colonel was arrested by the KGB and subsequently tried and executed.[28]

As Angleton and Golitsyn must have realized, Penkovskiy would never had been able to continue operating for as long as he did *if Mitchell or Hollis were KGB agents.* But the Soviet colonel had not been betrayed, nor was any of his information shown to be planted or misleading (which would have indicated he had come under Soviet control).

So, history needed a little prompting.

In due course, the word was disseminated within the intelligence community that Penkovskiy had actually been a plant all the time, that his was a *bad* case. A slight variation of this story was also hinted at, implying that while Penkovskiy may originally have been genuine, he soon came under Soviet control (because a British or American mole had betrayed him).

So how was the record manipulated on the subject of Colonel Penkovskiy to vindicate Angleton, Wright, and their supporters? It was done through Golitsyn. He had already told Angleton in Washington and Wright and Arthur Martin in London of the KGB's supposed ''master plan,'' the strategic plot he had learned about in Moscow. Penkovskiy very conveniently now became a part of that overall deception. ''There is serious, unresolved evidence,'' Golitsyn was to write later, ''that Colonel Penkovskiy was planted on Western Intelligence by the KGB.''[29]

When Peter Wright reviewed MI5's files, in his attempt to reinterpret the truth, he discovered new ''evidence'' that put flesh on the bones of Golitsyn's theory. ''A number of reasons,'' Wright noted enigmatically, ''made me believe that Penkovskiy had to be the deception operation of which Golitsyn had learned in 1959.''[30]

Armed with Wright's support, Golitsyn now began to fertilize the theory that Penkovskiy had to be a fake defector. He revealed that the U.S. Embassy in Moscow had been bugged by the KGB for some time, therefore he reasoned the KGB could have overheard Penkovskiy being briefed by his CIA controllers. Golitsyn then expounded (in a dazzling display of methodology) that Penkovskiy must therefore have been under KGB control all the time. Thus had the West been deceived.[31]

But according to Leonard McCoy, Penkovskiy was never debriefed inside the U.S. Embassy in Moscow and indeed he never entered the embassy at all. ''That's not quite the way the CIA runs spies in the

USSR,'' McCoy explains dryly. ''We don't actually invite them into the Ambassador's office for a cup of tea and a chat.''[32]

By 1963, Jim Angleton had predictably reversed his earlier support for Penkovskiy's bona fides and had executed a neat *volte-face* to join Golitsyn and Wright in their revised stance.[33]

Not one single head of British or American intelligence since Penkovskiy's execution has ever supported this revisionist theory. Nor has a single subsequent Soviet defector supported the contention. Colonel Gordievskiy, the senior KGB defector who has been used as a consultant on Soviet affairs by Margaret Thatcher and Presidents Reagan and Bush, has told his debriefers quite categorically that Penkovskiy was a genuine defector-in-place.[34]

In 1975, after Angleton had been forced into retirement, the new Counterintelligence team discovered that he and his staff had doggedly continued working on the Penkovskiy case for another twelve whole years, endlessly trying to find a shred of evidence to support their views. They failed.[35]

Graham Mitchell's reputation fared little better in Angleton's hands. In the autumn of 1963, after Mitchell had been under infertile surveillance for six months, Arthur Martin visited Washington to present MI5's preliminary case against the Deputy Director General to the FBI and CIA.

The bureau's unsentimental and case-hardened agents heard the evidence first. Their verdict was unequivocal: there was no case; the accusation was insupportable.

When Martin made the same presentation to Angleton, even the chief agreed there was an embarrassing absence of proof. After a crestfallen Martin returned to London, the Mitchell matter was reluctantly dropped.[36]

Now, without a suspect but still convinced there was a mole, Martin and Wright immediately began an even more misguided investigation into Mitchell's boss, Sir Roger Hollis. That secret inquiry, code-named ''DRAT,'' also failed to produce any evidence that he was ''a wrong 'un.''[37] Colonel Gordievskiy has confirmed to the full satisfaction of the British and American intelligence services that neither Sir Roger Hollis nor Graham Mitchell was ever an agent of or suborned by the Russian espionage establishment.[38]

In the last twenty-nine years, since 1962, not one defector from the Russian intelligence services has given British or American officials any information supporting the theories that Mitchell or Hollis was a KGB agent, that Gaitskell was murdered, that Wilson was a KGB asset, or that Penkovskiy was a plant.

There was one distasteful footnote to the Mitchell affair. Early in 1971, the serving Director General of MI5, Sir Martin Furnival Jones, paid a surprise visit to CIA headquarters at Langley. Jack Fieldhouse, the chief of the CIA's British Desk, was hastily called to a meeting with the top British official at the seventh-floor office of DCI Richard Helms. Furnival Jones explained that he had come specifically to make a formal statement, in person, to Helms concerning Graham Mitchell. The MI5 chief mentioned that he had just seen FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover to present him with the same face-to-face briefing. Furnival Jones wished it to be known that he had personally interrogated Mitchell (by then retired), and that both he and MI5 were now wholly convinced that there was not a shred of evidence against him. The message was that Mitchell had now been officially and finally cleared by the British. The MI5 chief formally asked Helms to place this matter in the CIA's official records, so that no confusion would exist between the allied services.[39]

One copy of the typed memorandum to this effect prepared by Fieldhouse was sent to Angleton. The purpose of the document was to alert Angleton to inform all others who needed to know—such as the CIA chief of station in London—that this serious allegation had now been thoroughly investigated and put to rest.

Four years later, after Angleton had left the CIA, when his safe was opened, the original memorandum was found. It had never been distributed.[40]

Golitsyn's departure from London came very suddenly and was less dignified than his arrival only four months earlier. In mid-July of 1963, MI5 learned to its consternation that Golitsyn's existence was about to be publicly revealed in the *Daily Telegraph*.[41] Speculation remains that Jim Angleton may have been behind the leak, as the tip first came through the paper's Washington bureau. The motive might have been the Counterintelligence chief's desire to have Golitsyn back in Washington to finish what he had started—namely, finding the mole SASHA.

Despite frantic attempts by MI5 to kill the story on national security grounds using a voluntary code of newspaper self-censorship, publication went ahead, although the paper published the mistaken name of ''Dolnytsin'' instead of Golitsyn. Even before the first editions were on the street, Arthur Martin rushed off to find and warn Golitsyn, who was then in a hotel in Wiltshire.

The fearful defector, convinced the whole thing was a KGB plot, packed his bags on the spot, gathered up his wife and daughter, and fled immediately back to the United States.[42]

However, in that summer of 1963, Golitsyn's ''witch-hunting'' career was only beginning. He had now added further to his storehouse of knowledge by having been given generous access to British intelligence files. He still had one reliable and all-powerful friend in Washington.

It was time to return.

8

''MONSTER PLOT''

''Détente is a sham, a tactic; it is Soviet Communism's Potemkin Village for waging Cold War.''

—JAMES ANGLETON, JUNE 1976[1]

''There are no liberals, moderates or conservatives in the Soviet leadership; there are only communists whose actions are determined by the requirements of the long-range policy.''

—ANATOLIY GOLITSYN, 1984[2]

GOLITSYN'S RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES IN THE SUMMER OF 1963 was warmly welcomed by a grateful Jim Angleton, who immediately rewarded the defector by giving him his own lawyer-accountant and a welcome-home gift of $200,000 (over $1.5 million by today's values).[3]

This time, Angleton secured full administrative control over Golitsyn, taking all responsibility away from the Soviet Division and assuming personal charge of the defector's future career within the CIA. Angleton accomplished this by convincing DDO Richard Helms and DCI John McCone that the defector would be an important CIA adviser if only he was properly handled (as, Angleton claimed, the British had done). Angleton ignored the fact that only six months earlier, before Golitsyn left for London, he had been eviscerated of his intelligence take by the CIA.

What had accounted for this swift rejuvenation? Golitsyn had studied the British intelligence files. Angleton and the Soviet Division had been generous with their secrets, too. Golitsyn was thus no longer bringing new information from Moscow; those leads had run out. He was now an intelligence guru, poring over Western intelligence documents, spotting patterns and connections the others had missed, making judgments and specific accusations based on his "special" knowledge. Together with Angleton's patronage, it was an unassailable position for the ex-KGB major, who began to feel more and more at home.

Angleton made arrangements to give him a comfortable and secure personal life. He organized the most elegant accommodations for Golitsyn and his family in New York. With the generous CIA payment he had been given on his return from London, Golitsyn was easily able to purchase a large townhouse on the fashionable Upper East Side of Manhattan.

Next, Angleton gave him a good lawyer and a Wall Street stockbroker. Golitsyn paid for neither.

The lawyer-adviser was Mario Brod, a former U.S. Army Intelligence captain who had assisted Angleton's OSS unit in Rome during the war.[4] In 1956, Brod opened his own New York law office on Broadway (later moving to Park Avenue) from where he helped the CIA, on a regular, salaried, contract basis, with all of those awkward jobs in the intelligence business that need an untraceable intermediary.

Brod was smart, dependable, close-mouthed—and very loyal. "Angleton used Brod any time he needed to go around normal channels," explains Leonard McCoy. "Brod was involved with organized labor officials, and certain unsavory characters. Whenever Angleton needed to keep the world from knowing the CIA was involved in an operation, he used Brod."[5]

So it was logical that Brod became Golitsyn's New York minder, taking care of all sorts of personal details, including his taxes and the purchases of his house and later a nice rustic farm in upstate New York. Brod also busied himself creating a social environment for Golitsyn and his family, who at first had few friends in New York. Brod even brought them presents on their birthdays. Much later, in 1976, when Golitsyn's daughter died of a drug overdose in Italy, it was Brod who helped take care of that, too. (He had been chosen as the girl's godfather.)[6]

No other Soviet defector to the United States had received such generous nannying.

Brod (who died in 1980) was a short, stocky man, with a wide face, dark complexion, and thick black hair. Roger Hollingshead, another CIA staffer who had worked with Angleton in Rome, regarded the lawyer as ''a real rough diamond, a vulgar guy, looking a lot like a Mafia chap trying to go straight.''[7]

''Brod? Where the hell did you get that name?'' responds former FBI agent Sam Papich, when the subject of Golitsyn's adviser is raised with him. Papich, Angleton's principal FBI point of contact for many years, concedes that ''Mario was very helpful with Anatoliy and with operations in New York generally. He helped the FBI, too. He did exciting things and was very resourceful and knew his way around the city, especially with his Italian friends. There are certain people who can develop contacts of quality, and Mario was one of them.

''Sure, Mario had contacts with the Mafia. There were people like that who associated with him. If I told you who they were, some people could still get hurt. These things are not on the public record.''[8]

Does Papich know exactly what Mario Brod did for Angleton, apart from looking after Golitsyn? ''Well,'' replies the former FBI agent, choosing his words very carefully, ''you could write a book about Mario; he was very colorful. He had a lot of guts. He needed them to survive his associates.

''Sometimes,'' Papich goes on, ''Jim Angleton was given special assignments by the DCI and he needed Mario on his team. These assignments came in spurts. If you have a President like Eisenhower, for instance, who needs to know very fast what a certain diplomat is doing, or what his policy might be—that's when Jim needed Mario. Most of the assignments came from the Secretary of State or the White House. They were all, as you British put it, plausibly deniable.''[9]

But surely Angleton knew that the CIA was forbidden by its charter to operate domestically within the United States? Papich responds: ''Well, most of the assignments were overseas, but some were domestic. Sometimes we [the FBI] did joint operations [with the CIA]. There were some beautiful jobs, like intercepting communications that saved hundreds of lives. . . . The Cuban missile crisis, for instance. . . . Also, the CIA could help us socially in Georgetown.''[10]

While Golitsyn's CIA lawyer was New World and streetwise, the stockbroker Angleton carefully chose for him was all establishment charm, Ivy League manners, and old money.

In 1963, James Dudley was a partner in Cyrus J. Lawrence Stockbrokers at 11 Broadway. In a century of trading the firm had never had a month without making a profit. For Angleton, however, Dudley was an attractive candidate for another reason. He was family. Dudley was one of Cicely Angleton's favorite cousins—the eldest son of one of her mother's sisters. Dudley also served as Angleton's personal financial adviser.[11]

''Jim phoned me up and asked me if I'd like to do something patriotic for my country,'' recalls Dudley. ''He said he had a defector who had just been given a large sum of money by the CIA—$200,000. I think the money was an inducement. All I knew about the man was that he was called 'John Stone.' ''

The American stock trader and the former Soviet intelligence officer struck up a personal and professional relationship which revolved around the latter's investment strategies and his love of expensive restaurants. But there were tensions. Dudley spent many frustrating hours trying to advise Golitsyn, who began to pride himself on his own developing sense of the market economy. Soon Golitsyn became his own investment analyst and started ignoring Dudley's advice. At times, he even instructed Dudley on how to invest. Golitsyn would read about some kind of stock in the newspaper and he would order Dudley to buy it. These investments were rarely successful; Golitsyn was unable to live on the interest from his CIA nest egg, and soon began eating into the principal. Dudley, who prided himself on turning profits for his clients, became ever more exasperated.

One day, over a long lunch, Golitsyn suddenly asked Dudley if he owned a second home away from the city. He did. ''Jim,'' Golitsyn warned, ''you must make plans to go there right away, because very soon the streets of New York will run with blood.'' Golitsyn never fully explained what apocalyptic vision had momentarily crossed his mind.

Says Dudley, ''He was a most improbable guy. He believed everything that had been drummed into him in the USSR.''[12]

The return of the prodigal marked a renewal of the mutual admiration between the defector and his Counterintelligence chief. Their professional relationship dominated each man's life—so much so that Angleton later admitted in secret congressional testimony that he spent ''thousands and thousands of hours talking to Golitsyn'' in the ten years after his return from London.[13]

During this testimony in 1978, Angleton revealed for the first and only time what it was that had bound him to the Soviet defector.

''Golitsyn possesses an unusual gift for the analytical,'' Angleton explained. ''His mind without question is one of the finest of an analytical bent . . . and he is a trained historian by background.

''It is most difficult to dispute with him an historical date or event, whether it pertains to the Mamelukes or Byzantine or whatever it may be. He is a true scholar. Therefore, he is very precise in terms of what he states to be fact, and he separates the fact from speculation although he indulges in many avenues and so on.''[14]

Once Golitsyn had settled down after his return from London, he began to unravel further details of the secret Soviet ''master plan.''

In May 1959, he said, he had been one of two thousand junior Soviet intelligence officers at a Moscow conference convened by the new chairman of the KGB, General Aleksandr Shelepin. The ''master plan'' was first presented at this conference. Golitsyn claimed that after the conference, he was one of a small group of young analysts assigned to a new KGB think tank. He claimed their job was to prepare a massive reorganization of Soviet intelligence as part of Shelepin's overall ''master plan.''

One extraordinary feature of this reorganization, said Golitsyn, had been to divide the KGB into two separate entities—an outer KGB and an inner KGB.

The outer KGB would continue the service's normal functions, but it would only be a facade. Its agents would be considered ''doomed spies,'' and their knowledge would be deliberately restricted to matters which the KGB could afford to have compromised. In essence, the outer KGB would be disposable.

The inner KGB, however, would be the true secret service. Within its impenetrable walls special strategies would be planned and executed by an elite unit of trusted officers. Their operations would be fully supervised by the Politburo itself. Inner group members would be so important and their knowledge so precious that they would even be forbidden to leave the USSR.

Between the outer and inner groups, there would be what Golitsyn called ''a China Wall.'' No personnel from the outer service would ever be transferred to the inner service, and vice versa. Hence, Western counterintelligence would never know the names or the composition of the inner group officers.

It was fortunate, implied Golitsyn modestly, that he knew about all of this and was able to reveal it to the CIA.

Where was his evidence? If the KGB had gone to these lengths to create a strategic web of deception, there had to be some tangible proof.

In response to these queries, Golitsyn said he had established to his own satisfaction that the political and military split between China and the USSR in the period 1959 to 1963 was a fake, a substantial component of Shelepin's master plan. The goal was to deceive the West into believing there had been an irreparable crack in the face of the Communist monolith.

By September 1963, after just a month back in the United States, Golitsyn had fully spelled out this scenario to Angleton. Without hesitation, the Counterintelligence chief promptly ushered the defector into John McCone's office for a ''crucial'' meeting. No one seemed to wonder why the details of this truly shattering revelation had not been spoken of during Golitsyn's first stay in Washington.

The defector's additional information now began to tumble out. The Sino-Soviet split was a fake. There was a KGB mole inside the CIA's Soviet Division after all (despite the earlier firm denial at Allen Dulles's Georgetown dinner). Hugh Gaitskell had probably been murdered in London. Harold Wilson was probably a KGB asset. Graham Mitchell of MI5 was probably a KGB agent. . . .

On the strength of the London accusations alone, a startled McCone immediately sent an urgent, eyes-only cable to Archie Roosevelt, his chief of station in the British capital, listing Golitsyn's five most important allegations.[15] If this were true, demanded McCone, why had MI5 not informed Washington earlier? Throughout Roosevelt's long and distinguished CIA career he never had the slightest idea what Angleton was actually doing (especially on Roosevelt's own turf). He and the rest of the U.S. Embassy staff had been surprised to learn in the newspapers several weeks earlier that Golitsyn had been in London in the first place. He went to see Sir Roger Hollis, who as Director General of MI5 was the only man who could answer McCone's white-hot cable. An equally bewildered Hollis told Roosevelt that Golitsyn's five allegations were all nonsense. Roosevelt sent a cable back to McCone in reply to each of the DCI's five queries which read: ''No. No. No. No. And No.''[16]

On the even more pressing subject of the compromise of American intelligence operations, Golitsyn said he was certain that the Soviets had inserted agents in Washington to perform specific tasks. First, they would alert Moscow to the existence of *American* spies operating behind the Iron Curtain. Once identified, these American spies would not necessarily be apprehended, but could be fed disinformation which would confuse the West. Second, the KGB agents hidden in Washington would be in a position to ''play back'' to Moscow details of how *their* whole strategy was working. Furthermore, these KGB moles in Washington could also ''mutilate'' any good information coming to the United States from Western agents spying in the Soviet Union. Devastating—if true.

In the long run, Golitsyn argued, the KGB sought a virtual takeover of Western intelligence services, leaving the allies confused, disoriented, and at the mercy of the Soviets. The only way to frustrate this strategy and prevent it from reaching fulfillment would be to seek and destroy the moles, wherever they might be—in London, Paris, or Washington.

Golitsyn also believed that Euro-Communist dissidence, independence movements in Romania and Yugoslavia, and the Albanian-Soviet split were all part of the Soviet master plan to deceive the West.[17]

With these revelations, a minor and undistinguished KGB officer, working in tandem with the CIA's chief of Counterintelligence (and with the tacit approval of the DCI), was now able to throw the CIA and much of Western intelligence into a decade of deep confusion and doubt. The acceptance of Golitsyn's logic led to the betrayal and dismissal of some of the CIA's finest officers and agents, and to the false imprisonment and severe mistreatment of genuine defectors from the USSR. It also led the CIA to ignore top secret information from the USSR and the Eastern bloc countries, information that would have eased the West's diplomatic journeys through the minefields of international relations in the sixties.

In hindsight, it seems surprising that Angleton accepted Golitsyn with such enthusiasm and so little criticism. On the face of it, Golitsyn's professional experience was, at best, rather ordinary during the important period when Shelepin's disinformation plan was supposedly formulated. Golitsyn's own account of his career shows that he worked from 1959 to 1960 as an analyst in the NATO section of the KGB's Information Department. He was next assigned to Helsinki in late 1960.[18] Before he arrived there, he had to be trained and prepared for this new post by a completely different component of the KGB's First Chief Directorate. This training allowed him neither the time nor the opportunity to learn more about Shelepin's master plan, beyond what he might have picked up in canteen gossip or the general human interactions at KGB headquarters.

Colonel Oleg Gordievskiy, the KGB defector in London, has studied the careers of both Angleton and his former countryman Golitsyn.

''Angleton made real mistakes in assessing Golitsyn and his information,'' Gordievskiy explains. ''In fact, Angleton displayed disgraceful ignorance of the KGB and the Soviet system as a whole.

''There was a change in the use of political disinformation by the KGB in 1959, but it was certainly not a significant one. That is evident from the size of the First Chief Directorate's 'A' Service [Active Measures/Disinformation Department]; in 1960 it had only a staff of about fifty. This was also the very time when there was a decline in the KGB's possibilities abroad. Whereas from 1920 to 1950 the KGB had obtained original secret documents from Western governments for Stalin and the Politburo, after the Cold War and especially the Hungarian uprising of 1956, the number of sources was sharply cut back.

"Instead of original documents, the analytical service of the KGB was processing rumors, hearsay, speculations, the conjectures of not particularly reliable contacts of KGB *rezidenturas,* and also the Western press.

"Similarly, there was also a reduction in the number of what are termed 'channels for active measures,' i.e., agents through whom influence operations are carried out.

"So, Shelepin's grandiose plans could not in practice be implemented. Furthermore, Shelepin himself soon departed, and in his place came [Vladimir] Semichastnyy, who did not have such ambitious designs or reformist intentions."[19]

Gordievskiy says bluntly, "It is abundantly clear that Golitsyn greatly exaggerates the events which took place while he was still in the USSR, and this applies to the 'reorganization of the KGB in 1959.' . . . Consequently, the sense of historical perspective and proportion is disturbed."[20]

Gordievskiy points out that in nearly every major strategic prediction, Golitsyn has been incorrect. His overall conclusions about Golitsyn's character are not flattering: "I see him as an exceptionally vain, arrogant and egocentric man. . . . His vanity and subjectivism were fostered by his unique role in the American intelligence community. We now have to deal with the consequences of that."[21]

Gordievskiy has also commented on Golitsyn's published boast that he drew up a proposal in 1953 on the reorganization of Soviet intelligence—while he was still in KGB training school—and that he presented his report to the Communist Party's Central Committee and to Premier Joseph Stalin.[22] Angleton personally regarded this plan as pivotal in establishing Golitsyn's authority. Indeed, Angleton told Congress in a secret session in 1978 that "it took several months before the Central Committee completed its review [of Golitsyn's memorandum] and sent it to Stalin, personally. While Golitsyn . . . was still in the South of Russia, he was suddenly ordered to be flown to Moscow, to meet with Stalin. In attendance were Stalin, [Laurentyy] Beriya and the chiefs of intelligence. Detailed discussion was made of [Golitsyn's] analysis and important decisions were made. . . . So it happened twice that Golitsyn . . . conferred with these personalities. . . . After all, Golitsyn knew Stalin, and he had unusual access. . . ."[23]

According to Gordievskiy, parts of this account are complete nonsense. "I categorically rule out Golitsyn's meeting with Stalin," he says. ''This was a physical impossibility. Even when he was young, Stalin did not meet junior officers or minor employees, and this was still less of a possibility in the later years of his life when he was a sick old man devoid of driving force. . . . I know all this not only from my own personal experience in the KGB, but from my father, who was a colonel in the KGB in Moscow from 1940 to 1960.

''Officers like Golitsyn who wrote memoranda to the Central Committee were regarded as ridiculous eccentrics in the KGB. The Central Committee would have returned such memoranda to the KGB secretariat without even reading them. . . . At the time when he says he wrote this memorandum and revealed his vast analytical capabilities, he was a junior officer with the rank of lieutenant. The views of officers at that level were never taken seriously. When Angleton says these proposals were listened to, that is complete nonsense. You must understand that the question of Golitsyn's analytical skill is, in principle, academic. He spent too short a time in the KGB and worked in sections where he could not have developed or used analytical skill.''

During Gordievskiy's entire twenty-five-year service in the KGB, including several very senior assignments, he says he never once heard of the existence of an inner and outer KGB. ''The trouble with Golitsyn,'' he stresses, ''is that he had a tendency to take every word uttered by leaders quite literally, but most of their speeches, especially to gullible young KGB officers, consisted of rhetoric.''[24]

No other Soviet defector who has come West since 1961 has reported the inner-outer KGB story, either.

Golitsyn's ''revelation'' that the Sino-Soviet split was a fake was also investigated in great detail by CIA officials from outside of Angleton's small closed shop. After DCI McCone heard about it in 1963, he immediately ordered a special CIA committee to study Golitsyn's astounding claim that the Sino-Soviet split was really a colossal international strategic deception. This panel comprised half a dozen specialists on the USSR and China, and would be nicknamed ''The Flat Earth Committee'' by Angleton's critics.[25]

Golitsyn set off on the wrong foot with this skeptical panel. His hostility and arrogance tended to surface when he was challenged to produce proof of the alleged Communist deception. He tried to turn the tables on the committee by inviting *them* to prove that the split was genuine. And he resorted to a familiar tactic: he demanded to see every secret file the CIA had on Sino-Soviet relations, including the identities of confidential sources and all communications and signals intercepts.

''Give me all your intelligence,'' he demanded bluntly.

When the panel politely replied that they had no intention of turning over such records, Golitsyn became angry and abusive.

The panelists nevertheless tried to press him to answer some basic questions: How had the KGB's campaign of strategic deception actually been reorganized? Who were the KGB officials running it? How was the Politburo involved? Who acted on behalf of foreign governments like China, Yugoslavia, and Albania? Golitsyn had nothing of substance to offer, just theories. The committee was unimpressed.

Harry Rositzke, a member of the panel, later recalled that "to make the deception work would have involved the participation of hundreds of people, Soviet and non-Soviet, KGB and non-KGB. How is it that nobody has ever come out of the Soviet Union and described any of this? Golitsyn could not satisfactorily answer these questions, and the panel agreed unanimously that his thesis had no basis in fact; that if one started from a common-sense point of view, then the whole thing was ridiculous."[26]

Angleton and Golitsyn stubbornly refused to concede to the panel's finding. By late 1963, they found themselves still searching for allies in the CIA who would support their controversial theory that the Sino-Soviet split was a fake. The issue had not left the CIA but had crept into the woodwork and now began to reemerge.

If Golitsyn was to be taken seriously outside Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff, he would need at least one demonstrably spectacular success. Such a triumph had eluded him in Washington for some time.

However, the CIA's top analysts had effectively decided long before Golitsyn arrived in the West that there was a genuine split between the Chinese and Soviet Communist dictatorships. In the late 1950s, Ray Cline, then chief of the analytical staff responsible for the Sino-Soviet region in the CIA's Office of Current Intelligence, had already done pioneering work on the subject and concluded that there *was* a real split. According to Cline, "This staff compiled the data that permitted the CIA to lead the way—against furious opposition elsewhere—in charting the strategic conflict between the Soviet and Chinese styles of dictatorship and doctrine that was basic to the definitive split in 1960."[27]

By 1962, Cline was chief of station in Taiwan and was running U-2 spy planes with Chinese pilots over the Chinese mainland. The photos he got back showed an abrupt departure of Soviet advisers and technicians from Chinese missile ranges, nuclear reactor facilities, and nuclear bomb test sites. The pictures also showed that the Chinese were failing to make progress at these locations without the Soviet presence. The CIA analysts regarded this evidence as "absolutely solid." Cline dismisses Golitsyn's views on the Sino-Soviet split as "purely derivative of his overall deception theory."[28]

Donald Zagoria, a former Soviet analyst for the CIA and a former member of the Council on Foreign Relations, was part of a special committee formed by the CIA's Deputy Director of Intelligence (DDI) in 1959 to study the Sino-Soviet relationship. Zagoria has read Golitsyn's views on the subject and dismisses them as ''simply absurd.'' He recalls that the DDI's committee lasted for about two years, and included two members, Dana Durand and Kurt London, who held firm to the minority viewpoint. Both men believed, like Angleton, that there had been no split. These few opponents to the idea, Zagoria explains, were all old-style Cold Warriors who refused to acknowledge the mounting evidence.

''You have to understand the psychology of these people,'' Zagoria says. ''It is the psychology of true believers. They *wanted* to believe. If you've ever known people like that, facts don't interfere with their mental processes. To believe there was a split in the Communist camp would require some changes in the way the U.S. approached this so-called Communist monolith opponent. They were hard-line anti-Communists who needed to believe in the Communist monolith. To them, nationalism didn't matter and wasn't important. All they wanted to know about was that there was an international Communist conspiracy led from Moscow—*that's all they wanted to believe in.* And they only looked for evidence that supported their view.''[29]

But Angleton would not accept the truth. He sincerely believed the split was a fake, and was prepared to stake his professional reputation on Golitsyn's theory. The Counterintelligence chief tried to mount a counterattack on the CIA analysts who had reached a verdict which did not square with what he and Golitsyn were certain was the truth.

In mid-1962, shortly after Golitsyn defected, Angleton went to the executive offices at the White House to brief the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board on what Golitsyn had started to tell him about the Sino-Soviet split.[30] As a senior CIA representative on official duty, Angleton flatly informed the distinguished panel of civilian advisers that what appeared to be the current state of USSR-China relations was actually a hoax. As this judgment flew in the face of conventional wisdom, the Board members found themselves a little confused and perturbed. Within minutes, the phone in CIA Director McCone's office was ringing off the hook. McCone's aide, Walt Elder, had to handle the vivid telephonic responses from presidential advisers demanding to know why they hadn't been told before that one of the most important events in the history of the Communist world was not as they had believed it was.

''The Board members were appalled by what they heard,'' recalls Elder. ''It was a real man-bites-dog story. They wanted to know where this information came from. Why had everything changed?''[31]

Behind the scenes, CIA executives quietly assured the civilians that Angleton's view was a somewhat eccentric and very personal one. A year later, when ''The Flat Earth Committee'' finally reached its conclusions, the results were identical. There was no evidence to support the theory.

Richard Helms, by then Angleton's most important patron, has never viewed the Sino-Soviet split controversy as hurting the agency. ''You have to have disagreements like that,'' he now says, ''otherwise you have too much conventional wisdom. One of the hazards of intelligence is to have everyone saying the same thing. You just have to have someone around giving another view, constantly prodding you in another way. That's the way I viewed the whole Angleton thing. . . . Jim had a tendency to get lost in minutiae; therefore on occasions he seemed to weave patterns which may or may not have been accurate. Generally, I think, he fell prey to Golitsyn's views of the geopolitical situation—which was not an accurate view of the world. And this affected Jim's work. But this is not so much a criticism of Jim's work as a CI officer as it is an analysis of the political circumstances.''[32]

Former DCI Admiral Stansfield Turner takes a harsher view, noting simply, ''If Angleton's judgment was so wrong on something as big as the Sino-Soviet split, then what was he right about? How could anyone trust his judgment after that?''[33]

Walt Elder now believes that Angleton's subsequent ''slide into paranoia,'' as he puts it, began around the time of the Sino-Soviet split argument. ''Jim was just swallowed up with that subject,'' he recalls. ''Together with Golitsyn, he began to see deception everywhere. He began to believe all our sources were double agents and our reports unreliable. It was unreal.''[34]

Certainly both Angleton and Golitsyn were prepared to resort to the most ungentlemanly devices in order to prove their point. The most graphic example of their tactics involved a Soviet scientist who defected to Canada in August 1961. Mikhail A. Klochko was an internationally renowned specialist in water chemistry and a Stalin Prize winner. A full professor and head of a laboratory at the Kurnakov Institute of General and Inorganic Chemistry in Moscow, he slipped away from his KGB minders while attending a conference in Ottawa and received political asylum from the Canadian government. A short time later, the defector wrote a book entitled *Soviet Scientist in China* which dealt with, in part, his experiences as a technical adviser in China, including the abrupt withdrawal of all Soviet scientists in 1960 when the Sino-Soviet split occurred. Klochko documented this account as a participant in the events.

Angleton and Golitsyn regarded the book as heresy and the author as a ''provocation,'' a fake sent to confuse the West. Since in their minds there had been no split, Klochko had to be deliberately lying. To them, this was an active part of the ''master plan'' (by now irreverently referred to within the CIA as the ''Monster Plot'').

Angleton demanded (and received) all the Klochko files from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) and had Golitsyn pore over them. Not surprisingly, the former KGB major soon found ''proof'' that Klochko was a fake sent to disorient and confuse the West. Two of the top Canadian counterintelligence officers were immediately summoned to a conference in New York.[35]

The Canadians met Angleton and Golitsyn at a lavish suite in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Angleton told the astonished Canadians that the CIA had concluded that Klochko was a fake on the basis of his writings. The RCMP, Angleton advised, should reinterview him aggressively with a view to having him confess.

The bemused Canadians returned to Ottawa and did indeed invite the Soviet scientist for a polite reinterview. However, he was so scathing about Angleton and Golitsyn's theory that the interview ended earlier than expected and he was driven home and never disturbed again. The Canadian counterintelligence experts sent a personal message to Angleton that the Klochko investigations had led nowhere; for what it was worth, the official view in Canada remained that the Sino-Soviet split had been and still was genuine.[36]

Angleton's trust in Golitsyn as the only messenger from behind the Iron Curtain whose revelations contained the ultimate truth remained fixed and unchallengeable no matter how hard the contradictory evidence. Whenever Golitsyn was criticized, Angleton simply regarded the attack as another ploy in the KGB's master plan of deception and disinformation, and therefore proof of its existence. No amount of real-world intelligence collection and analysis, satellite photography, communications intercepts, or impartial political examination would ever nudge him back to reality.

But bizarre theories about the Sino-Soviet split and strategic deceptions were only one fragment of the intelligence ''take'' Golitsyn said he had acquired while in service with the KGB.

On his return to the United States and Angleton's powerful patronage, he also tipped a sackful of allegations onto the table concerning KGB moles in France. According to Golitsyn, not only was the French intelligence service severely compromised, but there were even moles within President Charles de Gaulle's most intimate circle of political advisers.

This material from Golitsyn was held to be so urgent that Angleton, through McCone, prevailed upon President Kennedy to write a personal letter to de Gaulle warning him of the dangers.

If Golitsyn was right this time, the KGB had not only penetrated the defenses of the British and American intelligence services. The Soviet moles were burrowing under the Fifth Republic, too.

The ''SAPPHIRE'' investigation had been born.

9

THE "SAPPHIRE" NETWORK

"The Americans have thrown the apple of discord in our service. Because of them, everybody is suspicious of everybody else."

—COLONEL GEORGES DE LANNURIEN,
FRENCH SECRET SERVICE, 1963[1]

ONE OF GOLITSYN'S EARLIEST MAJOR DEBRIEFINGS AFTER HIS RETURN to Washington in 1963 concerned a story he had first hinted at just after his defection. The subject was the KGB's alleged penetrations of the French intelligence services. After his return from London, Golitsyn disclosed that

- An important KGB mole was placed inside the NATO bureaucracy in Paris.
- SDECE,* the CIA's French counterpart, had been penetrated by a KGB spy ring of some twelve agents, informally code-named "SAPPHIRE."[2]
- KGB agents were hidden within the highest echelons of the French Ministries of Defense, Foreign Affairs, and Interior (which held responsibility for internal security).
- The KGB had recruited a very senior official inside General de Gaulle's government (either a top security officer or a cabinet minister).[3]

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* The full name of SDECE is Service de Documentation Extérieure et de Contre-Espionage. In April 1982, the Mitterrand government changed the name of the agency to DGSE, Direction Générale de la Sécurité Extérieure.

If Golitsyn's stories were true, the Soviet intelligence services had, in effect, taken control of an entire component of the French security system. The most intimate NATO secrets were moving from Paris to Moscow in what constituted an unprecedented allied intelligence hemorrhage. Furthermore, if Golitsyn's allegations were accurate, the CIA was in trouble: it maintained close liaison with the SDECE.

In the spring of 1962, when Angleton had first heard Golitsyn's allegations, he recommended that his boss John McCone ask President Kennedy to warn General de Gaulle of the mole infestation. McCone had made a fortune building ships during World War II and had later competently run the Atomic Energy Commission. Yet he was a relative newcomer to intelligence, particularly counterintelligence, and he was content to lean heavily on Angleton's guidance. Longer experience might have made him more skeptical. He might have paused before he advised the President to send such a dramatic message to a foreign head of state without first establishing its truth.

Kennedy, also relatively inexperienced in these matters, accepted McCone's advice. The President dispatched a top secret letter by diplomatic pouch to the Elysée Palace, via Al Ulmer, then the CIA station chief in Paris. The note contained a dire warning to President de Gaulle about KGB penetrations in France, specifically referring to Golitsyn's allegations. The U.S. President personally acted as guarantor of Golitsyn's credibility; he wrote that the defector was a source in whom he had full confidence.[4]

The political climate between Washington and Paris was already noticeably cool. The fiercely nationalistic de Gaulle had worked for several years to destroy the new postwar Anglo-American hegemony in western Europe. He wanted to reshape France's strategic relationships, gain dominance over his neighbor Germany, build an independent nuclear strike capability (*force de frappe*), and take his place as leader of a new world superpower. These ambitions placed him on a collision course with Kennedy, who had predicted earlier that his foreign policy efforts in the Atlantic theater would depend on his relations with de Gaulle. Kennedy soon realized that de Gaulle's unbending hostility to propositions bearing Anglo-Saxon fingerprints was jeopardizing the Franco-American relationship. It quickly became clear that Kennedy and de Gaulle were fundamentally opposed in their vision of the future. De Gaulle had also always been contemptuous of the espionage business (''*Des petits histoires d'intelligence,*'' he would sneer).

After Al Ulmer received Kennedy's letter, he made an appointment to see President de Gaulle at the Elysée Palace, a short walk from the American Embassy.[5] The chief of station was received by de Gaulle in a private audience in his second-floor office. De Gaulle read Kennedy's letter in silence. When he had finished, he told Ulmer that he could not believe what he had read; it was not possible that his government was riddled with Soviet spies. He was ruffled, but too proud to show anger. In his best French, Ulmer asked the president to give the matter his urgent attention. De Gaulle reiterated his disdain for the whole spying business and his general distrust of defectors like Golitsyn. Under the circumstances, however, he agreed to assign a senior intelligence officer to investigate.[6]

The Angleton-inspired letter did little to help the relationship between Washington and Paris. As Philippe de Vosjoli, SDECE's Washington liaison officer, later observed, ''Kennedy's letter unnecessarily and unfairly impugned everyone in both [French] services and created almost impossible tensions and suspicions everywhere.''[7]

Nevertheless, de Gaulle kept his word and dispatched his senior military intelligence officer to Washington to meet Golitsyn. The officer was told to investigate the main allegations and prepare a preliminary assessment. His name was General Jean-Louis du Temple de Rougemont, and he was attached to the prime minister's office as director of the Intelligence Division of the Ministry of National Defense.

De Rougemont tiptoed into Washington, deliberately avoiding all other French officials, even de Vosjoli. With Angleton's help, de Rougemont spent several days questioning Golitsyn, or ''MARTEL,'' as the French had code-named him.

From these meetings it emerged that Golitsyn possessed only one firm French lead, but it was not in the French government per se, it was in NATO. In 1959, while he was still compiling data in the NATO section of the KGB's Information Department in Moscow, some of the ''take'' from the KGB *rezident* in Paris had crossed Golitsyn's desk. These reports had included photocopies of top secret papers which were being passed by an unidentified KGB agent who appeared to have unrestricted access to NATO files. Golitsyn had mentioned these papers to the CIA when he first arrived in Washington, but nothing had come of the lead. Now, working closely with de Rougemont, he was able to make more specific identifications which enabled the French to narrow down the possible suspects. An investigation then ensued, which finally led to the arrest of Georges Pâques, the deputy press officer working for NATO. He was caught in the act of passing NATO documents to a Soviet Embassy official in Paris, tried, and imprisoned.

Although Golitsyn deserves credit for this catch, the Pâques case contains one odd and unresolved twist. Pâques cannot have been the KGB agent that Golitsyn had tried to identify: the Frenchman did not enter NATO until 1962, *after* Golitsyn fled to the West. No one seemed to notice this at the time, nor did anyone seem to be bothered that Golitsyn's allegation had the effect of bringing the circulation of NATO intelligence to a complete halt for a year.

The Pâques case took a year to reach its conclusion. In the meantime, other French investigations were pressed forward.

De Rougemont had, in fact, been quite impressed by Golitsyn from that initial meeting in 1962.[8] His faith in Golitsyn's efficacy, shored by the strength of the Pâques lead, had prompted him to return to Paris with positive reports for the two heads of the French intelligence services, the SDECE (the CIA equivalent) and the DST (Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire, the French FBI). In the reports, de Rougemont advised that the CIA's defector needed to be given a much fuller debriefing if the original allegations of KGB infiltration into the SDECE and the cabinet were all to be teased out.

The SDECE and DST promptly gathered a joint six-man team of top interrogators (three counterintelligence experts from each service), and sent them in the greatest secrecy aboard a military flight to Washington. They arrived somewhat unceremoniously at 5:00 A.M. at Andrews Air Force Base, several miles outside Washington, with instructions only to phone their liaison man, Philippe de Vosjoli. He was less than overjoyed at being awakened at that time in the morning by unannounced Frenchmen on a secret mission they could not yet reveal to him. Nevertheless, de Vosjoli was an experienced officer who sensed that an important operation was beginning.

Philippe Thyraud de Vosjoli, SDECE's liaison officer with the CIA and FBI in Washington from 1951 to 1963, is today a small, dapper sixty-nine-year-old, young-looking and fit for his age, particularly since the thin ring of hair around his balding pate is dyed brown. He wears Rayban dark glasses, smart, fashionable suits, and is as French as Gauloises. When he speaks, his expressive face gleams with excitement and his hands chop the air as he emphasizes one forceful point after another. He has an attractive mixture of Gallic charm, a sharp sense of humor, and a subcutaneous will of iron.

Like Angleton, de Vosjoli was an instinctive Cold Warrior, and was one of the founding members of the Angleton group of intelligence Fundamentalists. He and Angleton had first met in Rome shortly after the war, at a time when both the French intelligence services and Angleton thought the USSR might invade the West. Angleton formed such a close working relationship with the French service in Rome at that time that he was eventually awarded the Légion d'honneur. De Vosjoli says he was "instrumental" in securing that award for Angleton.[9]

De Vosjoli, who comes from Romorantin, a small town in central France, had been a brave and active combatant during the war. At the age of nineteen, he helped the pro–de Gaulle underground smuggle Jews into Vichy France from German-occupied France. Later, as an intelligence officer, he handled assignments in Indochina, in Algeria at the height of left- and right-wing terrorist campaigns, and in Cuba. In 1951, he was appointed SDECE's first-ever liaison in Washington. In that assignment, he was General de Gaulle's chief of intelligence in the United States.

Although de Vosjoli's official CIA contacts were technically supposed to be routed through the agency's French Desk, his long friendship with the Counterintelligence chief gave him a special relationship, which both he and Angleton exploited professionally.

After 1951, de Vosjoli had been quite keen to capitalize on British embarrassment over the Philby debacle. In place of the old Anglo-American relationship, he had sought to develop a most-favored-nation status with the Americans for the French intelligence services. During the 1950s and early 1960s, he and Angleton often discussed such matters over lunch at the Rive Gauche restaurant in Georgetown.[10]

De Vosjoli found Angleton to be "very cultivated, very bright, and a French speaker. He knew good food and always found me white truffles from Italy," the Frenchman recalls. "Not only that, but he had the class to buy his hats from Motsch."[11] The two men's wives were also friendly, and both families threw dinner parties for each other.

De Vosjoli never met Anatoliy Golitsyn, but the Soviet defector was to have a profoundly disturbing impact on his life. At first, de Vosjoli's participation in the French dealings with Golitsyn was limited only to the logistics of the French intelligence teams who went to Washington several times to debrief the defector.

As usual, Golitsyn's leads were maddeningly imprecise. But, despite this, he and Angleton demanded and received secret files from the French intelligence services in order to attempt to corroborate his charges.

But an unforeseen problem arose as the French interrogators personally delivered each new batch of documents to Golitsyn and Angleton in Washington. In their enthusiasm, the French showed Golitsyn files on many of their senior intelligence officers, in order to see if he could detect any possible pattern of treachery. One by one, Golitsyn rifled his way through the personal dossiers of SDECE's top men. To the naturally suspicious Angleton, the fact that the French had actually produced the files suggested that the French themselves regarded these men as potential or actual KGB agents.

Golitsyn, with his apparent firsthand knowledge gained in Moscow, flourished in the atmosphere of revelations, truths, half-truths, smears, settling of old scores, gossip, and rumor. The defector had now read KGB files in Moscow, MI5 and MI6 files in London, CIA files in Washington, and SDECE and DST files sent from Paris. It was difficult to argue with the only man in the world who had been granted this kind of unprecedented access. All the time Golitsyn was reading, Angleton was busy scribbling down an expanding list of possible or probable French suspects. Not surprisingly, the French, Golitsyn, and Angleton began to feed off one another.

The SDECE interrogators produced some forty dossiers on alleged suspects, including nine of the most senior civil servants in France, a number of military men, a clutch of SDECE officers, and at least three politicians of ministerial or near-ministerial rank.[12] These senior political "suspects" included one of de Gaulle's most trusted aides, Jacques Foccart, then serving as the president's personal counselor on security and intelligence matters. Another target was Louis Joxe, the former French ambassador to Moscow, who had become Ministre Délégué, a position similar to vice premier.[13]

Golitsyn's "SAPPHIRE" suspects included SDECE's deputy head, Colonel Leonard Houneau, its number-three officer, Colonel Georges de Lannurien, and its chief of counterintelligence, Colonel René Delseny. In CIA terms, the equivalent accusations would have labeled deputy DCI Lieutenant General Marshall Carter, DDO Richard Helms, and Counterintelligence chief Jim Angleton as suspected KGB moles. Such a situation would be enough to cause complete internal paralysis of the agency (and possibly a takeover by the FBI).

The longer Golitsyn was debriefed by the French, the more the crisis deepened. Each new French name presented by the interrogators was eagerly logged by Angleton as yet another possible suspect.[14] According to de Vosjoli, Golitsyn's vagueness of detail and "necessarily meager network of facts" meant that he could "never answer with absolute assurance either yes or no about any of [the suspects]."[15]

Meanwhile, the sparks from these remarkable debriefings in Washington began to burn de Vosjoli's reputation back at SDECE headquarters in Paris (known as "La Piscine" because the offices overlooked the public swimming pool in the Parc des Tourelles). As the names of new suspects sent by the French Embassy in Washington rolled off the coded telexes at La Piscine, top SDECE officers began to wonder if their liaison man had taken leave of his senses. Although de Vosjoli was simply acting as a messenger, his colleagues in Paris believed that he was both endorsing the Golitsyn accusations and actually instigating what was becoming a very high level witch-hunt, reaching into General de Gaulle's innermost cabinet. De Vosjoli began running out of friends, in Paris and Washington.

As de Vosjoli then saw it, ''French interrogation teams were flying to and from the Golitsyn interviews, their briefcases bulging with yet more and more names of important suspects. The French officers, in turn, showed Golitsyn more and more files. Suspects' names were being raised which made the hairs stand up on the heads of the Americans. Angleton would then formally tell me to inform my government that the CIA regarded certain Frenchmen as being officially under suspicion.

''By duty, I had to transmit these suspicions to my boss in Paris. After a time, Paris assumed the allegations were coming from me, not Golitsyn. They thought it was me, de Vosjoli, who was rocking the boat. The whole thing had become '*un pannier de crabbes.*' ''[16]

As he later complained, ''Small wonder, but as the list of clouded reputations lengthened, my professional contacts with the Americans (and with other Western nations) began to dry up, even on routine matters. The word seemed to be out not to take any chances with the French. I could understand this, and would probably have done the same thing in their position.''[17]

In October 1962, six months after President Kennedy's letter was sent to de Gaulle, as Golitsyn's debriefings continued and as the Franco-American intelligence relationship grew ever more bitter, General Paul Jacquier, the recently appointed director of SDECE, flew to Washington for his first protocol visit with U.S. officials. Jacquier, a career Air Force officer loyal to de Gaulle, had only received his assignment a few months earlier. A key objective of his American visit was to try to establish what was going on with Golitsyn, Angleton, and de Vosjoli.

Jacquier was treated by his CIA hosts, including Angleton, to an expensive night out at the elegant 1925 F Street Club in Washington. After everyone had studied the menu carefully, the Frenchman discovered he was the main course.

During the roasting, the senior CIA officers told him rather bluntly: ''Your service is infiltrated. We know that you are not at fault because you are new in your job. . . . But you must take the right measures.'' The explicit threat was that the Americans might have to place the Franco-American intelligence relationship into the deep freeze.[18]

The implications of such a severing of relations were potentially grave. Even during the diplomatic frost between Paris and Washington, the CIA had continued to generously outfit the small French intelligence service with millions of dollars' worth of special technology, including invaluable communications and decoding equipment that was used by French forces in Vietnam and later in Algeria. In return, the French traded precious intelligence with the Americans from all over the world, including the latest international source of tension: the small Communist-controlled island of Cuba.[19]

Somewhat bruised and perplexed, General Jacquier returned to Paris none the wiser about where to find evidence to prove the existence of KGB moles in the French government. Without hard leads, there was little either he or DST officials could do to verify Golitsyn's accusations.

Back in Washington, the inaction of the French was a constant irritant to Jim Angleton, who could not understand why Golitsyn's ''serials'' were not being investigated and prosecuted with all vigor. The Counterintelligence chief began summoning the hapless de Vosjoli to his office and upbraiding him for the lack of progress his colleagues were making in Paris. He also flashed even more ''suspects'' at de Vosjoli, while demanding to know ''What are your people going to do about this man?''

De Vosjoli had the unenviable task of formally notifying Paris of the new names and of Angleton's displeasure at the apparent investigative stalemate. In Paris, the Frenchman's stock dropped from low to zero.

Angleton's accusation against Colonel Léonard Houneau, the newly appointed deputy head of SDECE and a close personal friend of General Jacquier, was particularly embarrassing. Houneau, a respected leader in the French Resistance and a veteran intelligence officer since World War II, had come to Washington to brief Angleton. He had just been made director of all intelligence, counterintelligence, and research for SDECE. De Vosjoli recalls that ''the three of us went out and had a long lunch at the Rive Gauche, after which the plan was for all of us to go to Jim's office for a meeting. During that lunch, I remember Jim was drinking Bourbon and playing endlessly with his bread. He then got up, made a phone call, came back and said he had urgent business to attend to. So the office visit was canceled.

''A few days later, Angleton phoned me again and we met once more at the same restaurant. During the meal, he suddenly told me the most terrible things about Houneau being a KGB agent. But he never revealed who the source was. The accusation came as a complete shock to me. Naturally, I immediately reported this to General Jacquier. He was not exactly overjoyed to hear the news that the man he had personally selected as his deputy was now considered by the CIA to be a KGB mole.''[20]

De Vosjoli's account understates Jacquier's reaction. A former CIA official close to the case in Washington takes up the story: ''Houneau and Jacquier were great old friends. Jacquier was deeply offended by the persistence and determination of Angleton and Golitsyn in pursuing this allegation. . . . The French are very proud. They don't like to be told they are wrong. Jacquier was furious. He asked his colleagues, 'Why isn't the CIA honest and open enough to say this directly to me?' Jacquier probably also assumed that Angleton suspected him of helping the Soviets—since Jacquier had named Houneau as his deputy and now was defending him."[21]

And simply because de Vosjoli, as an administrator, had relayed such divisive allegations from Washington to Paris, the question most frequently asked about him at La Piscine was whether he represented the French with the Americans or the Americans with the French. In other words, doubts about his loyalty, and murmurs about his closeness to Angleton, were openly expressed.[22]

And Angleton and Golitsyn continued to raise yet more doubts about the French commitment to finding moles. Angleton began to suspect that the moles themselves were preventing a full investigation of the allegations. He now explained to the harassed de Vosjoli that these well-hidden Soviet spies might even be orchestrating La Piscine's hostility toward the liaison man in Washington, who was merely doing his duty.

At the same time, French confusion about de Vosjoli's loyalties grew. De Vosjoli had built up some useful spy networks in Cuba and the Caribbean, and like all intelligence officers, the diminutive Frenchman found himself occasionally trading information with other allied nations. For example, the Americans had called upon de Vosjoli's Cuban network to help them out during the missile crisis with the USSR. De Vosjoli says he agreed to help the CIA in that matter, but only with the explicit clearance of his own bosses in SDECE.[23]

But the gossip in the corridors of La Piscine persisted that de Vosjoli was too close to Angleton, and to the CIA itself. Just who did he belong to, Paris or Washington?[24]

As suspicions about de Vosjoli's loyalties grew within the SDECE, he was summoned back to Paris in December 1962 for urgent consultations with his boss, General Jacquier.

Not surprisingly, de Vosjoli received a "disconcertingly cold" greeting. Trust had broken down; suspicion ruled; and de Vosjoli's loyalty was now directly questioned.

SDECE chiefs devised a crafty loyalty test for de Vosjoli, which also amounted to a most useful operation for France. But the plan only reinserted the hapless agent into the Paris/Washington vise.

De Vosjoli was formally ordered to spy on the Americans by his immediate supervisor, Colonel Marcel Mercier, the chief of SDECE's liaison with foreign intelligence services. ''Under the cover of scientific research,'' de Vosjoli explains, ''I was to recruit a clandestine intelligence network in the United States which would penetrate the American nuclear field. The team's specific purpose was to collect information from U.S. military installations and scientists about nuclear weapons and power.''[25]

According to de Vosjoli, Colonel Mercier told him that the Americans had ''refused to help us with our *force de frappe*. We must find how to proceed on our own. General de Gaulle is adamant.''[26]

De Vosjoli says he left Mercier's office ''shaken and mad,'' and convinced he would not carry out these orders to spy on his friends in the United States.[27]

At a meeting the next morning with senior members of the SDECE staff, General Jacquier began to pay de Vosjoli back for his earlier humiliation at the hands of the CIA. De Vosjoli was formally accused of having supplied French-gathered intelligence on Cuba to the Americans without proper authorization.

This was followed by ''an unspeakable lunch'' between Jacquier and de Vosjoli, during which the SDECE chief raised the subject of the Nassau nuclear-sharing agreement between President Kennedy and British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan. Jacquier explained that de Gaulle was so outraged by this reaffirmation of the Anglo-Saxon relationship that he was ''finished'' with the Americans. ''. . . We no longer consider America our ally, our friend,'' said Jacquier. ''. . . You will get fresh orders and, remember, you will follow them, please. . . .''[28]

De Vosjoli says he implored his bosses not to press him to carry out these orders. When his pleas were rejected, he asked for, and was granted, an appointment to make one final appeal to Colonel Georges de Lannurien, Jacquier's chief of staff. De Vosjoli argued vehemently with the colonel, stressing that it was unwise to ignore Golitsyn's accusations. ''This business gets crazier and crazier,'' de Vosjoli said. ''You know about the Martel [Golitsyn] affair. Somebody is out of his mind.''[29]

De Lannurien strongly disagreed. He replied that Golitsyn was the one who was out of his mind. ''The Americans have thrown the apple of discord in our service,'' the colonel said. ''Because of them, everybody is suspicious of everybody else. We can no longer worry about the niceties. The orders [to spy on the Americans], for your information, came from General de Gaulle.''[30]

De Vosjoli returned to Washington in despair. ''This spying operation against the Americans was very serious indeed,'' he says now. ''The atmosphere was horrible, horrible. I could not do this. I was the liaison man in Washington, and deserved more respect.'' His voice lowers confidentially. ''I'll tell you something else. I am now convinced that if I had agreed, my own people would have shopped me to the Americans. That's how bad things had become.''[31]

By now, the score sheet on the Golitsyn-Angleton French molehunt remained disconcertingly bare. No new KGB spies had been uncovered in France, but Angleton and Golitsyn had created serious tensions between the two countries and their intelligence services. They had also managed to make de Vosjoli's life a misery.

Angleton and Golitsyn believed that the KGB was in such a powerful position within SDECE that it was capable of frustrating all attempts to identify and root out its assets. Angleton thought that American secrets shared with the French were leaking from Paris to Moscow. De Vosjoli, who accepted Angleton's analysis, had been ordered by the French to spy on the Americans for secrets which he feared would also end up in the KGB's in-tray. On top of that, de Vosjoli's bosses doubted his own loyalty. Meanwhile, Golitsyn was still going through new SDECE files and *still* naming new names.

With his options closing off, de Vosjoli made a serious miscalculation. He allowed his close relationship with Angleton and the CIA to become just a little too cozy.

Walt Elder, who was then special assistant to DCI John McCone, states baldly that de Vosjoli was paid by the CIA. He goes on to say, ''De Vosjoli was recruited and worked for us. ''It was a CI Staff operation run by Angleton. De Vosjoli was waiting to be asked, and perfectly willing. In effect, he asked us, 'What kept you?' ''

Elder explains that the CIA's intention was to use de Vosjoli as an agent-in-place, to spy for the Americans against the French. ''This was a recruitment-in-place,'' says Elder. ''He agreed to stay in the French Embassy and give us classified information, to do what we wanted from him—which he did.''[32]

Elder says the CIA wanted to know two main things from de Vosjoli: the extent of French espionage against the United States, and the extent of KGB penetration of the French government.

Elder reveals that the operation to recruit de Vosjoli was cleared at the highest levels of the U.S. government. ''On the basis of Jim Angleton's advice,'' he recalls, ''DCI John McCone went personally to President Kennedy, the Secretary of State [Dean Rusk], and the Attorney General [Robert Kennedy] to explain that the CIA had a special operation going against the French. JFK, RFK, and Rusk were told that we had an agent inside the French Embassy providing us with information.

''They were further told that the justification for this operation was that the French were conducting espionage against the United States [the SDECE plan to spy on U.S. nuclear secrets]. The source of this information, of course, was de Vosjoli. JFK and his brother accepted all of this as proper CIA business, but Dean Rusk was quite upset. He argued that we couldn't be a party to stealing from the French Embassy. He felt it violated the diplomatic code. . . . But Rusk's views didn't suit McCone or Angleton, so the operation continued.''

McCone and Rusk normally met alone each week on Sunday mornings to discuss pending business. At these private sessions, Rusk regularly complained about the de Vosjoli affair. According to Elder, McCone never budged. ''You run State and I'll run the CIA,'' the director invariably replied.[33]

Newton ''Scotty'' Miler confirms Elder's account that Angleton oversaw de Vosjoli's handling. ''De Vosjoli was Jim's own operation,'' Miler recalls, ''but it was carried out with the knowledge of the DCI. I don't think Philippe was recruited as such. My interpretation is not that he was an agent, but there was a great deal of cooperation between Jim and Philippe.

''We had a combination of files on Philippe inside the Counterintelligence Staff. One was his regular liaison file, and another, set up separately, that was available only to the hierarchy.''[34]

Other former senior CIA officers contend that the word ''recruitment'' may be too precise a description for the CIA's relationship with de Vosjoli. Says one former official, ''I have a mild objection to that word. A 'recruit' is an asset who is coaxed into cooperating and then comes under total control of his handler. But Philippe was a willing 'walk-in.' Angleton did not have to make a pitch to enlist de Vosjoli's cooperation. Philippe was totally alienated from SDECE and wanted to cooperate for reasons of his own.''[35]

De Vosjoli vehemently denies being either fully or partially recruited by the CIA, or ever being their paid agent. He insists he was never anything other than a wholly loyal officer of the French intelligence service.[36]

But the suspicion gains support from new evidence:

One evening in mid-1963, while Angleton was tending to his orchids in the greenhouse of his Arlington home, he told his wife Cicely about a covert operation he had just conducted against the French Embassy in Washington. (Mrs. Angleton cannot recall the precise date of the affair.) ''Jim was very proud of this mission,'' she remembers. ''He told me he had climbed a wall to get into the embassy to photograph documents and that he had little concern about being caught.''[37]

''That was a very sensitive operation,'' Scotty Miler says, ''and it should have been kept that way.

James Angleton in 1920, aged three. He was born in Boise, Idaho, and moved to Dayton, Ohio, with his family at age ten.

1

Angleton (standing center) with fellow prefects at Malvern College, England, in 1936.The half-Mexican Yank became an Anglophile, absorbing British manners and clothes.

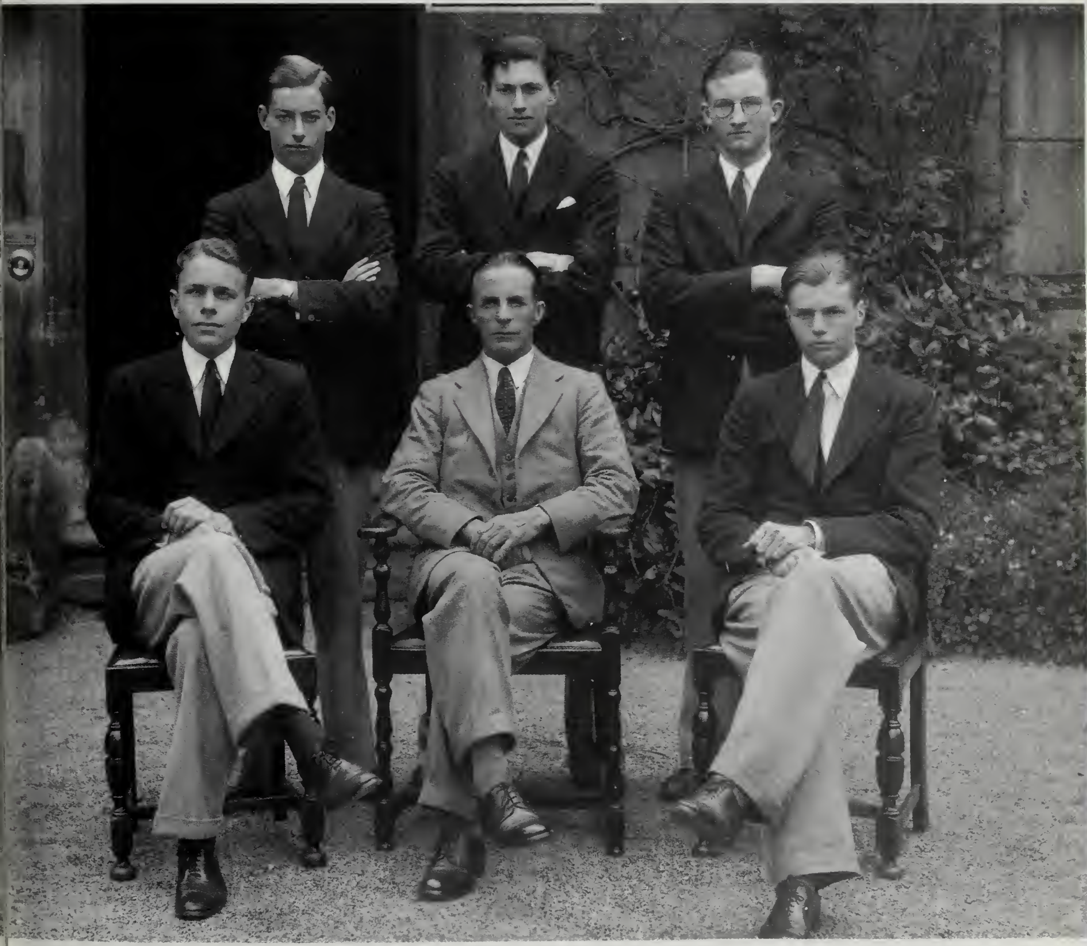
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3

Angleton at Birdsong Boy Scout camp in Scotland in 1934. After Hitler became chancellor, Angleton met secretly with anti-Nazi Boy Scout leaders from Germany and carried correspondence from them to Lord Baden-Powell, the Boy Scout movement's British founder.

A tall and elegant young man, Angleton inherited his dark good looks from his Mexican mother.

4

James Hugh Angleton in World War II uniform—"a very forceful, proud, aggressive man; a rugged American and a self-made man . . ." During the First World War he rode with General Pershing into Mexico. In Italy he ran National Cash Register's operations.

6

5

Carmen Mercedes Moreno, Angleton's beautiful and gentle Mexican mother. She met his father in Nogales, on the Arizona-Mexico border. Although she lacked formal education, she was a bright and intuitive lady. Her father once met the outlaw Jesse James. It was Carmen who bestowed the middle name "Jesus" on her son.

7

At Yale, Angleton coedited a fine literary magazine and persuaded e e cummings and Ezra Pound to write for it. His nights were often plagued with insomnia, and he stayed up until dawn playing pinball.

SOUTH
KENSINGTON
HOTEL

OSS Corporal Jim Angleton, at twenty-six in wartime London. He became a specialist in military counterintelligence, working from MI6 offices on Ryder Street, where he met Kim Philby.

8

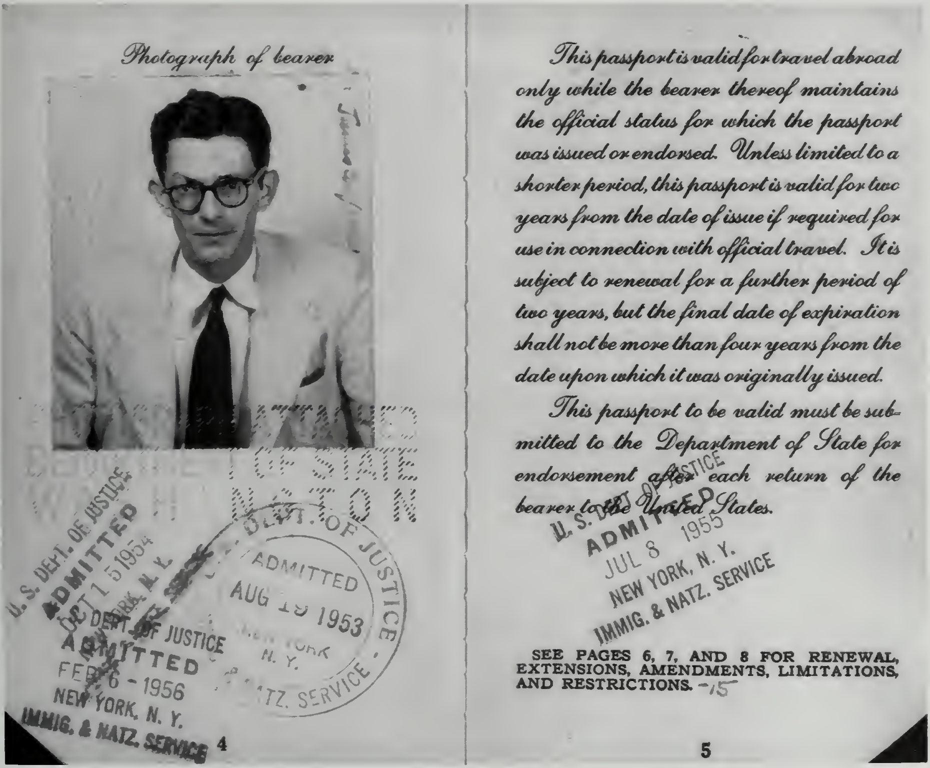

Photograph of bearer

U. S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE
ADMITTED
OCT 15 1954
NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEPT. OF JUSTICE
ADMITTED
AUG 19 1953
NEW YORK
N. Y.
IMMIG. & NATZ. SERVICE

U. S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE
ADMITTED
FEB 6 - 1956
NEW YORK, N. Y.
IMMIG. & NATZ. SERVICE

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON

4

This passport is valid for travel abroad only while the bearer thereof maintains the official status for which the passport was issued or endorsed. Unless limited to a shorter period, this passport is valid for two years from the date of issue if required for use in connection with official travel. It is subject to renewal for a further period of two years, but the final date of expiration shall not be more than four years from the date upon which it was originally issued.

This passport to be valid must be submitted to the Department of State for endorsement after each return of the bearer to the United States.

U. S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE
ADMITTED
JUL 8 1955
NEW YORK, N. Y.
IMMIG. & NATZ. SERVICE

SEE PAGES 6, 7, AND 8 FOR RENEWAL, EXTENSIONS, AMENDMENTS, LIMITATIONS, AND RESTRICTIONS. -15

5

Angleton joined the CIA after the war and became its Counterintelligence Chief after only six years. This passport picture was taken in 1953.

John Mertz was CIA chief of station in South Africa during the operation that betrayed Yuriy Loginov. After paying Loginov his CIA ''salary,'' Mertz passed his name to the South African security forces.

10

*Vasia Gmirkin, a valuable CIA officer, smuggled a KGB officer's wife out of Iraq and ''acquired'' priceless Soviet military manuals for the agency. He became one of the ''*HONETOL *14'' and was denied promotion by Angleton for twelve years before resigning in disgust.*

11

12

Newton "Scotty" Miler, Angleton's loyal chief of operations. Angleton privately wanted him as his successor. Miler remains a staunch ally but now concedes unease about some of the HONETOL *cases.*

13

Peter Wright, MI5's notorious "spycatcher," at his home in Tasmania in 1989. Wright, a passionate disciple of Angleton's, caught no more spies than did his hero.

14

James Bennett, the British-born deputy chief of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police's Soviet counterintelligence unit. He was hounded out of his job and abandoned by his family after Angleton's suspicions settled upon him. Today he lives in Australia.

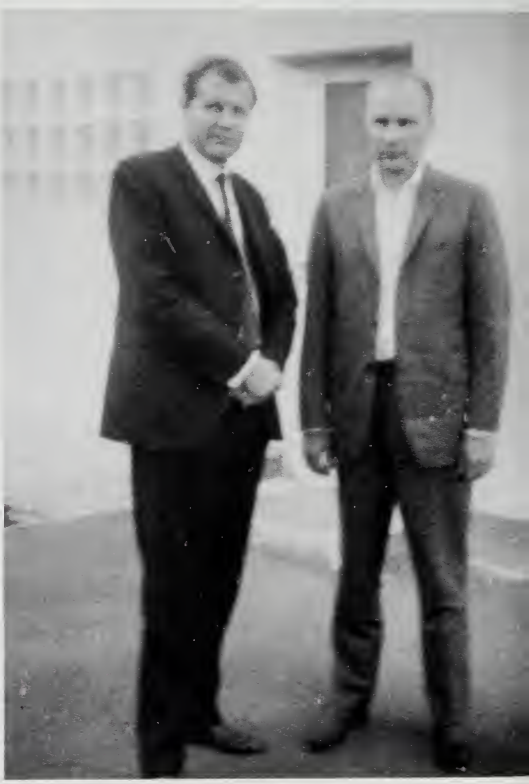

Yuriy Loginov (right) with his South African security interrogator, Mike Geldenhuys, at the East German border at Herleshausen in 1969. This is the last known picture taken of the Russian who worked secretly as a CIA agent.

15

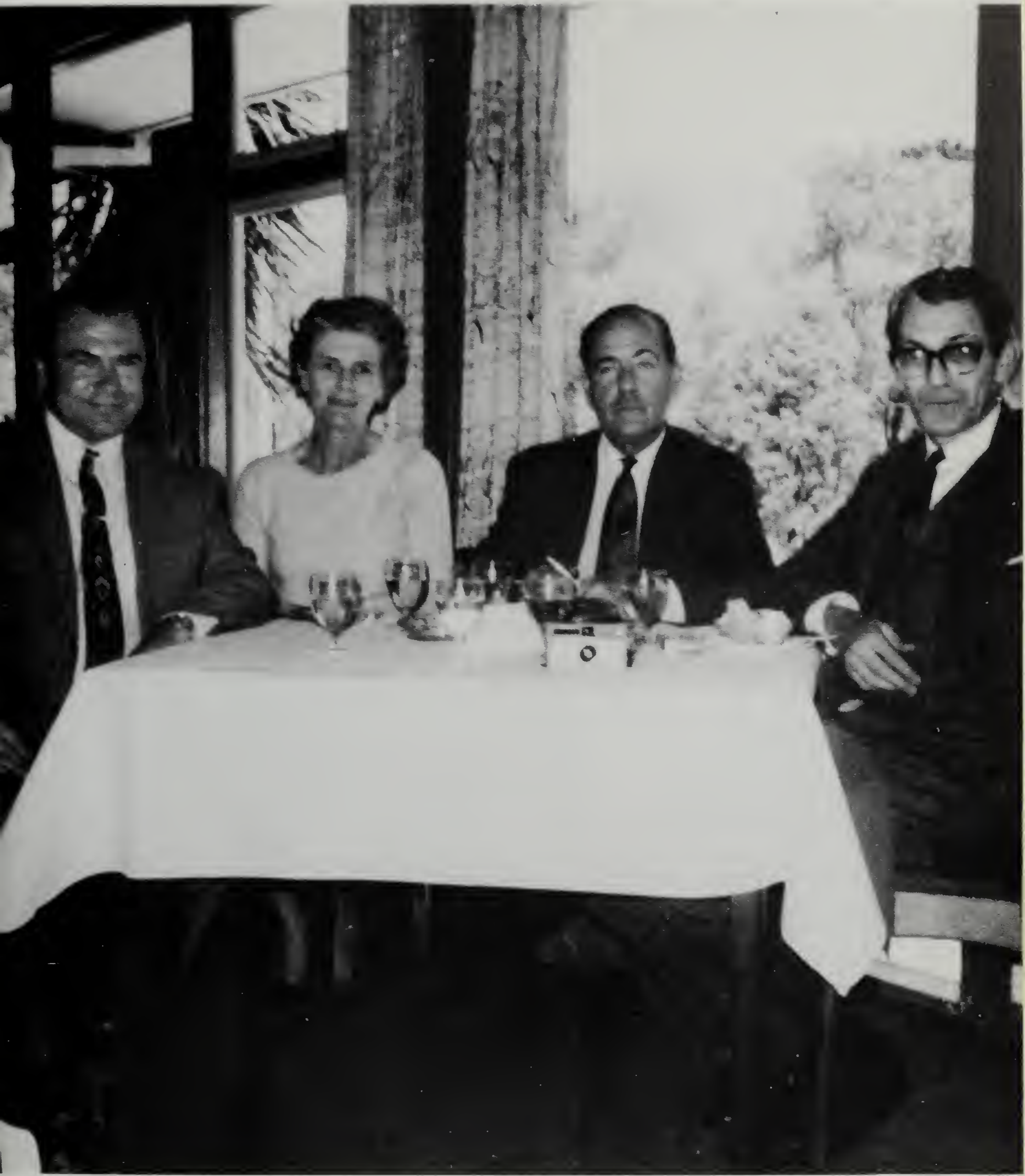

This is one of the first photographs ever published of Anatoliy Golitsyn (left). He is seen here with (from right) Angleton, Sir Charles Spry (head of the Australian Secret Intelligence Organization), and Lady Spry during the top secret CAZAB *allied counterintelligence conference in Melbourne in 1967.*

17

Paul Garbler, World War II Navy pilot and subsequent CIA chief of station in Moscow. He became one of the "HONETOL 14."

18

Anatoliy Golitsyn at the controls of the small plane that flew him and Angleton to an opal mine in Australia in 1967.

Richard Kovich as a CIA case officer in Athens circa 1962. Because he was Loginov's and Ingeborg Lygren's case officer, he became one of the "HONETOL 14" victims.

PRESBY
IN GE

James Angleton carrying the ashes of his hero and first CIA patron, the legendary Allen Dulles, who died in 1969. Dulles encouraged Angleton's career and allowed Angleton direct access to his office. 20

21

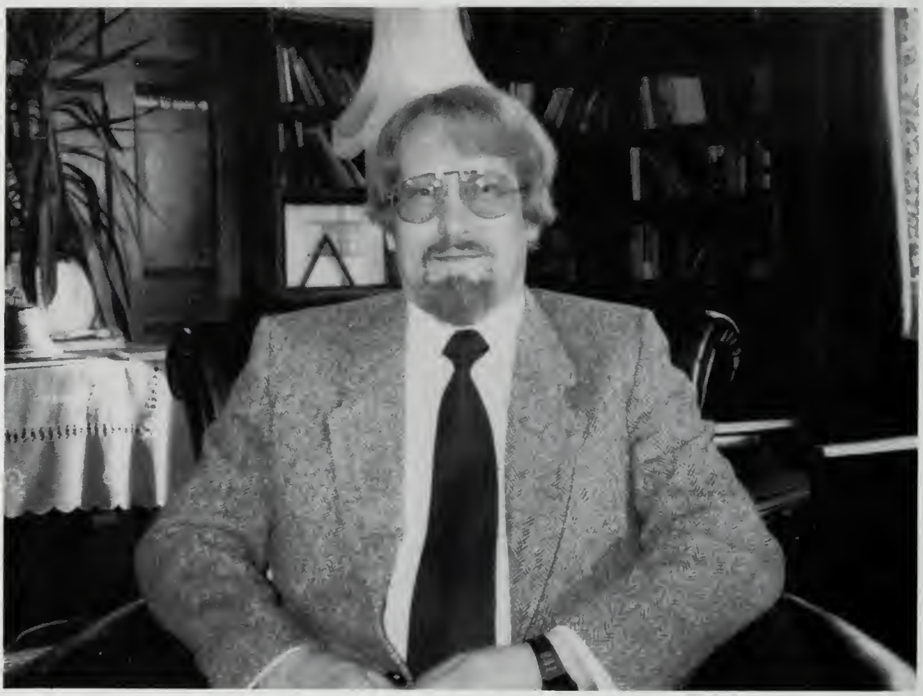

Colonel Oleg Gordievskiy (disguised for a 1990 BBC TV interview), one of the most senior KGB defectors ever.

George Kalaris, Angleton's replacement at the CIA, in retirement in 1990. Under his direction CIA safecrackers drilled open some of the old CI Staff's safes and found a gold mine of KGB-GRU intelligence leads that Angleton had deliberately ignored. 22

Clare "Ed" Petty was Angleton's protégé inside The Special Investigation Group. When he couldn't find Angleton and Golitsyn's mole, he turned on Angleton and Golitsyn, concluding that Golitsyn was probably a "dispatched" defector and arguing that Angleton himself could have been a KGB mole. 23

Angleton was rarely photographed in public during his two decades at the CIA. When his friend Ben Bradlee identified him in The Washington Post, *Angleton called him from a pay phone to berate him. "You've blown my cover," he complained.*

24

25 *Shortly before his death in 1987, Angleton's face began to show the scars of a lifetime's chain-smoking, drinking, and lack of sleep. In his last hours he told his wife, "I have made so many mistakes."*

"Yes, Philippe de Vosjoli opened the door of the embassy from the inside. De Vosjoli had already taken a decision to work with us, but he would only work with Jim. That was the only reason Jim went along on this operation. Jim actually went into the embassy to get the French code books. They never knew they had been stolen. That was a one-of-a-kind operation."

Miler adds: "This operation took place after de Vosjoli was already in trouble with the French. He had objected to orders to spy on the United States."[38]

The probable reason why Angleton and de Vosjoli took the risk of burgling the Washington embassy of a major ally was that Angleton urgently wanted to know what the French were (or were not) doing about Golitsyn's "SAPPHIRE" allegations. Stealing the French cipher books and intercepting the embassy's communications to Paris was one useful method.

The complete file on this CIA "black-bag job" was read years later by Clare Petty, another former senior member of Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff.

"De Vosjoli remained inside the embassy after business hours and let Jim and the team in," Petty confirms. "There was no need for a forcible entry from the outside. An FBI 'black-bag' team went along in case it was necessary to break into the embassy safes. Minox cameras were used to photograph the targeted papers. The burglars came away with a take that included a stack of magnetic tapes and other cipher information. My understanding is that all of these materials were eventually handed over to the NSA."[39]

Twenty-six years later, de Vosjoli sits in the tea room of an expensive Geneva hotel and chops the air with murderous vehemence as he denies all involvement in the French Embassy caper. "It is not true, I had no part," he responds. "I would never have dreamed of doing such a thing against my own embassy." Evidence to the contrary that implicates him—based on the recollection of others—is furiously waved away and dismissed. "It is not true, not true," he emphasizes.[40]

But even taking this colossal diplomatic risk paid no equivalent intelligence dividend. Angleton still could not find out what the French were up to. By early autumn of 1963, despite months of research, investigation, and surveillance in France, the French intelligence services had failed to uncover a single alleged KGB penetration beyond Georges Pâques.

As the tensions between Paris and Washington grew, La Piscine took the decision to recall de Vosjoli. He would be replaced. His refusal to spy on the Americans had confirmed the SDECE suspicion that he had changed allegiance. On September 16, 1963, a cable was placed on his desk in Washington informing him that his twelve-year U.S. assignment would end in one month, on October 18. He was to brief his successor over the next few weeks and then return to Paris for a new posting.

De Vosjoli did not read this document as a simple professional recall. Under the circumstances, he viewed it, literally, as a death warrant. ''There is not the slightest doubt in my mind,'' he says, ''that my life would have been in real danger had I returned to France. I received two telephone calls—one from my brother in Paris and one from a friend in the United States—warning me not to go back to Paris. It was clear I had become the meat in the sandwich between the CIA and SDECE.''[41]

De Vosjoli says he feared harm would come to him, or, indeed, that he would be murdered in France, either by the KGB or its assets—who he believed were seeking to protect their secret penetrations in Paris. He also feared the SDECE officers who thought he was no longer loyal to *la patrie*.

So de Vosjoli quit. He wrote a tough but elegant letter of resignation, which itemized ten reasons for leaving the service. One charged that his own people were not investigating Golitsyn's allegations with sufficient diligence. Another that he was leaving out of protest against corruption in SDECE.[42]

On the evening of de Vosjoli's resignation, the CIA threw a little party for him at an Italian restaurant near the Capitol Building. The Frenchman recalls that Richard Helms presented him with an antique clock on behalf of the DDO and Angleton gave him an antique coffeepot as a gift from the Counterintelligence Staff. (''Don't get me wrong about these presents,'' says de Vosjoli, with great gravity, ''they were very nice, but they were not worth much. No one was buying me off. . . .'') Afterwards, a Fundamentalist group broke away and drove round to the Georgetown home of Angleton's deputy, where they all drank the dawn in. Neither Angleton nor de Vosjoli could know it was the last time they would ever see each other.[43]

De Vosjoli was now supposed to return to Paris by sea and report for a debriefing, but the day after the farewell party President de Gaulle's longtime intelligence chief in the United States simply vanished into thin air.

To their acute embarrassment, the French lost their spy.

De Vosjoli says there should never have been a mystery about what happened to him on the morning after the party. He says he drove to New York and moved into his girlfriend's flat (she is now his second wife) on 44th Street between Fifth and Lexington avenues. He claims that he still fully intended to return to France, but only after a brief respite in New York. He swears he maintained regular contact with Colonel Jacques Hervé, the chief SDECE representative working out of the French Consulate in New York City. (Coincidentally, Colonel Hervé was then running the nuclear spying operation against the United States—code-named "BIG BEN"—which de Vosjoli had refused to lead.)

According to de Vosjoli, he met Hervé one month later at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, where the now ex-SDECE liaison formally handed over his Corps Diplomatique license plates and some of the pages from his diplomatic passport.[44]

The story now begins to read like a film script—written by Feydeau.

Later that same day, de Vosjoli went to empty his mail from a post-office box at 555 Fifth Avenue. By sheer coincidence he saw Hervé again, this time in the company of no less than Colonel Georges de Lannurien, the number-three man in SDECE.

De Lannurien was the same SDECE chief of staff who had flatly rejected de Vosjoli's plea for help a year earlier. He was also one of the primary suspects Golitsyn and Angleton had incorrectly fingered as a probable KGB agent inside SDECE. By November 1963, the enmity between de Vosjoli and de Lannurien would have made the Chief Rabbi and Hitler look like friends. The dislike was so great that de Vosjoli now fully endorsed Golitsyn's allegations about de Lannurien being a possible KGB mole.[45] (De Vosjoli never stopped making this unproven accusation. Years later, in his memoirs, de Vosjoli smeared de Lannurien by claiming, "One thing is sure, de Lannurien is most welcome in a Communist country, and I would not be."[46] De Lannurien managed to exact his revenge by winning a legal fight to have the book banned from sale in France.)

De Vosjoli watched from a distance as the two SDECE officers walked together along Fifth Avenue. He became convinced that de Lannurien might have come secretly to the United States to assassinate him. He discreetly followed the two men as they entered the Harvard Club on West 44th Street to have lunch.

It was at this moment that de Vosjoli's nerve finally cracked. Instead of taking the ocean liner home to France as arranged, he bought a Volkswagen camper, packed a few belongings into it, and fled south with his girlfriend, Monique, to Acapulco, where a friend managed a smart resort hotel. "I hid in Mexico because my life was in danger," de Vosjoli now says.[47]

But de Vosjoli's assumption was completely wrong—and seems to have been just another fallout from the Angleton-Golitsyn molehunt. Colonel de Lannurien had not come to the United States to murder anyone. The colonel was in New York because the French had lost their spy. They suspected that de Vosjoli had been whisked away by Angleton.[48]

De Vosjoli cannot explain why Colonel Hervé did not tell de Lannurien that he was alive and well, given that the two men had had a meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria earlier the same day. That part of the story remains unexplained.

As de Vosjoli fled south to Mexico, de Lannurien officially requested aid from the CIA and the FBI to help him find his missing officer.

De Lannurien also carried with him a formal letter of complaint from SDECE to John McCone about a second matter of great significance. The letter concerned allegations made by Angleton and Golitsyn against Colonel Léonard Houneau, the deputy head of SDECE. This French grenade was detonated at Langley on the same day that the news flashed of the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

An account of what happened next comes from the sworn secret testimony of Jim Angleton, given to the House Select Committee on Assassinations fifteen years later.

". . . I can recall it very distinctly," Angleton said, "there was a high representative of a foreign government [de Lannurien] who had just arrived the day before [the assassination] and presented a letter of complaint personally to Mr. McCone regarding our allegations as to . . . his intelligence service's number two man being a Soviet intelligence suspect. So he had come at this particular time with this letter from the chief of that service to register this complaint.

"If I recall correctly, he had a private lunch with the Director and then he met directly with me and my deputy. Now this was one of those ball-ups caused by our field representative. . . . Without any authorization, he disclosed to the chief of that service the name of this suspect individual who was none other in fact but this chief's deputy.

"So you can imagine the magnitude of the crisis that devolved upon myself and my deputy from this unauthorized leakage. . . ."[49]

Angleton's version of this story neatly deflects any blame from Golitsyn or himself for implicating the deputy head of SDECE as a KGB agent. He simply blames a mythical "field agent" for causing the unauthorized leak, and then, with characteristic chutzpah, complains about how this whole "crisis" was suddenly dumped into his lap.

Even Angleton had to admit: "So on the very day of the assassination, this was an unavoidable primary concern of counterintelligence and entailed running from one office to another to satisfy the Director's visitor, and finally getting rid of the fellow and staying on into the night to catch up on what was happening regarding the assassination."[50]

Angleton went on to describe for the committee his version of how the SDECE crisis continued for a year, with several more visits from the French. Eventually, he said, the ''head of the government concerned'' (de Gaulle) appointed a special commission which ''ruled against the suspect who was dismissed.''[51]

But Houneau was not fired, nor was the accusation against him ever sustained.[52] He never responded in public to the allegations until 1985, when he bitterly told two French journalists, ''The whole story was invented. Angleton was a madman and an alcoholic. He was trying to set us against one another.''[53]

Meanwhile, Colonel de Lannurien had left Washington without solving the growing riddle of de Vosjoli's whereabouts. He was smart enough to realize that the Americans had to be involved. During a meeting with DDO Richard Helms, the American had stated quite honestly that he did not know where de Vosjoli was. But the skeptical Frenchman replied darkly, ''Il est à vous.''

Since de Lannurien and other top SDECE officials were now convinced their missing officer had defected to the Americans, all the old suspicions about CIA perfidy blew to the surface, enveloping CIA-SDECE relations in an even colder fog. Actually, neither the SDECE nor the CIA knew what had happened to de Vosjoli.

The chipper Frenchman and his companion had meanwhile driven to Acapulco, where they stayed for several months with Frank Brandstetter, a Hungarian-American friend who ran the Las Brisas holiday resort. While de Vosjoli lazily relaxed in the sun and began the slow process of negotiating for his ''green card'' (for legal permission to reenter the United States and work as a civilian), senior CIA and SDECE officials noisily accused each other of cross and double-cross over the affair.

Golitsyn's allegations and the whereabouts of de Vosjoli were at the top of the agenda in the spring of 1964, when McCone visited Paris for consultations with General Jacquier. Over the filet of sole at lunch in the chic Lasserre restaurant, Jacquier politely asked McCone if the French could have their spy back. ''You have recruited him,'' he said, ''you must know where he is. How can you not know?''

Walt Elder, who attended the lunch at McCone's side, recalls that McCone deflected the question with a crafty, misleading reply. ''You should examine the possibility that de Vosjoli was recruited by the Soviets,'' the DCI answered. ''He gave us bad information from his Cuban network.''[54]

Elder notes: ''That was just McCone's way of putting off Jacquier. Of course, it wasn't true. But that was the end of it because Jacquier didn't know how to respond. There was nothing he could say to it.''[55]

It was a standoff. McCone had admitted nothing about the CIA's past relationship with de Vosjòli, and the controversy of his whereabouts remained unresolved.

Within the year, de Gaulle finally lost his patience with the CIA. The French president quietly, without any publicity, issued an order terminating all joint operations between SDECE and the CIA. For the next three years the two services remained estranged, a break without precedent between the two friendly countries.[56]

The consequences of this split were serious and benefited only the KGB. According to a former CIA chief of station in Paris, the CIA lost access to important communications traffic intercepted by French listening posts around the world.[57]

Another former senior CIA officer who monitored the debacle says that "SDECE ties to the CIA just stopped in 1964. There was no official notification of this break-off. The chief of station in Paris was not officially called in. No one was declared persona non grata. Normal relations just came to a halt because of the de Vosjoli affair and the way Angleton harassed the French about the Golitsyn leads. The SDECE also conveyed the message verbally that they didn't want anything more to do with Angleton."[58]

Neither were they anxious to see Golitsyn, whose French leads remained obstinately infertile.

Except for Georges Pâques, not a single Golitsyn lead ever matured into a spy prosecution in France from 1962 until the present. No cases were prepared against the named suspects, and no evidence accrued. Jacques Foccart, de Gaulle's aide, and Colonel de Lannurien, of SDECE, later took to the courts to clear their names. The "SAPPHIRE" allegations gathered dust, as not one member of SDECE was ever officially found to have been working as a KGB agent.[59]

De Vosjoli's luck finally turned in Mexico. By chance, around 1965, he bumped into the well-known American novelist Leon Uris, who was vacationing in Acapulco. After de Vosjoli had regaled the author with stories about his exciting life as a spy, the two men decided to become business partners and turn out a novel loosely based on the "SAPPHIRE" affair. The book, called *Topaz,* was published in 1967 and became a major international best-seller.[60] The novel's appearance was the SDECE's first confirmation that de Vosjoli was alive and well and out of the espionage game. Angleton had earlier found out where de Vosjoli was in hiding, but had maintained only sporadic contact, phoning his old friend a couple of times. According to the Frenchman, their relationship petered out once he left Washington in 1963.

De Vosjoli's luck and finances prospered further when Hollywood eventually bought the movie rights to the Uris book; and in 1969, Alfred Hitchcock directed the movie of the same name. But, for once, even the master storyteller was not quite up to the real material, and the product was a pale imitation of the truth. (Angleton, Golitsyn, and de Vosjoli are all loosely portrayed in the movie.)

Today, de Vosjoli has homes in Miami and Switzerland and works as a prosperous investment consultant. The indomitable ex-spy has an American passport and says he has been back to France several times in recent years. Before his first return to his homeland, a parliamentary secretary to the Minister of the Interior said publicly that there were not enough policemen in France to guarantee de Vosjoli's safety. But there were no incidents and no one interrogated him. He claims he has been sufficiently rehabilitated to be invited as a guest at the lunch table of the current head of French intelligence.[61] There is no reason to disbelieve him.

De Vosjoli remains utterly convinced that ''jealous enemies'' ruined his intelligence career.

It is late, and the little Frenchman climbs into his Renault Five in the old quarter of Geneva. ''Listen, I'll tell you something. In the world of intelligence you have a lot of sick people. They cannot tell the truth.

''Now I'm talking to you, but what do I know about you? You may be a spy yourself, you may be working for the KGB or MI6. In this business you trust no one.

''You know, I stayed in that job too long. Twelve years is too long.''[62]

The car rattles off on the cobbled streets, turns a corner, and is gone.

10 THE NORWEGIAN SPINSTER

"Frankly, our private reaction to the Lygren affair was that we had goofed. . . . Jim said it was unfortunate, but we felt that sometimes these things were beyond our control."

—NEWTON MILER, 1989[1]

SHE HAS REACHED THE WINTER OF HER LIFE IN A SILENT, GRAY HOSPITAL three miles south of Sandnes in southern Norway. Here the rich soil at the tip of Gands Fiord combines with the mild climate to create one of the most fertile farming areas in the land.

But Aaseheimen Hospital stands withdrawn from the road, a drab square structure trying hard not to resemble a bunker. From her upper-floor window, Ingeborg Lygren can look across the rolling green hills broken by groves of pine, birch, and apple orchards. In mid-distance, when the mist lifts, she can just glimpse the steel blue waters of Stokkalandsvannet Lake, and five kilometers beyond that, the sea.

There are very few excitements today for the seventy-five-year-old former CIA agent inside an old people's home, with its dark corridors, green and blue floors and off-white walls, their monotony broken only by cheap prints and paintings. It is a clean, safe, and modern home with proper facilities, but its aging occupants live under submission to the driving force of routine. At half past six in the evening there is supper, and then there is television, and then there is not much more to do except go to bed and blunt the boredom of the day.

The woman who devoted so much of her life to the selfless service of her country and its allies lives in dignified and withdrawn exclusion from the outside world, an Eleanor Rigby alone with her hurt and her thoughts.

Ingeborg Lygren was born in 1915, the daughter of a Norwegian carpenter. She was never a pretty girl, but she developed into an intelligent and hardworking young woman, leaving her secondary school with top marks.

In the first months of the Nazi occupation at the beginning of World War II, Lygren worked in a small hotel in a coastal town near her home, channeling useful fragments of gossip from Wehrmacht officers to the Norwegian Resistance. Eventually, for her own safety, she had to flee to neighboring Sweden, joining the large community of Norwegian exiles there. After the war, she was recruited into Norwegian intelligence by her sister, Torill, who had joined the service in London in 1942. Ingeborg, who had always displayed excellent linguistic skills, completed courses in Russian and Polish at the University of Oslo and soon became one of the trusted translators on the staff of Colonel Vilhelm Evang, the head of Norway's Military Intelligence Services, known as the Intelligence and Security Staff (the equivalent of the CIA).

With her plain looks and devotion to duty, Ingeborg Lygren seemed destined to remain unmarried and to become one of those dedicated upper-echelon staff administrators without whom no large institution can function. She was entrusted with considerable responsibility by the intelligence service, conducting special missions in Germany (with the Norwegian troops of the Army of Occupation) and along the northern border with the USSR.

It was on this border that the CIA had some of its most sensitive installations. The CIA shared listening posts with the National Security Agency and the British Government Communications Headquarters (GCHQ). One was located at Vadsö, near the area where the Soviet Northern Fleet operated.

In the late 1950s, the Oslo-Washington intelligence relationship was vitally important to NATO. Because of it, the allies were allowed access to signals traffic from the huge Kola Peninsula naval base. Soviet submarines from their Northern Fleet would be dispatched from there in the event of conflict. Norway and the United States jointly maintained fueling and landing facilities in northern Norway for the notorious U-2 spy plane. The two countries also cooperated in other ways.

When the CIA's Soviet Division needed help with low-level espionage administration in Moscow, Lygren was an obvious choice. She had the intelligence, the languages, and the loyalty to serve in the key role as ''go-between'' for the CIA's secret agents submerged in the USSR.

Richard Kovich, who was then a young multi-lingual Soviet Division case officer, arrived in Oslo from Washington on January 8, 1956, to train her. The two got on well, and the quiet CIA officer had no doubt that she would be a successful CIA ''mailman,'' which was to be her primary duty. Her CIA cryptonym was ''SATINWOOD 37.'' Lygren was soon posted to the Norwegian Embassy in Moscow, where she was to secretly serve the CIA as a ''third-country national.'' The ambassador's secretary whom Lygren replaced when she arrived in Moscow was, coincidentally, another long-serving Norwegian spinster, Gunvor Haavik, who had been based in the same embassy for a full nine years.

In the mid-1950s, Moscow was deep in the Cold War freeze. The KGB's Second Chief Directorate spent a disproportionate amount of time and energy trying to break the spying operations of Western embassies and to suborn, trap, or recruit employees like Lygren. The directorate went so far as to target every foreign national with his or her own KGB case officer. In the tiny Norwegian Embassy alone, the Soviets managed to sow twenty-four microphones. The KGB also slipped in Nikolay Trofimovich Pavluk, a Soviet civilian embassy driver, as their man inside the Norwegian compound. He became the ''fixer'' and bureaucracy-breaker, a humble chauffeur miraculously endowed with the power to obtain visas in hours or to locate black market goods unavailable even in the special hard currency shops used by Western diplomats.[2]

A short time after her arrival, Lygren came into contact with Helga Grechko, an attractive twenty-two-year-old student at Moscow University. Norwegian security at the embassy correctly identified this young woman as a ''probable provocation'' (the Norwegians called her a ''negative KGB agent''), whose purpose was to establish Lygren's true sexual orientation in preparation for her planned Soviet recruitment. The two women became casual social friends and went to museums together. They spent enough time in each other's company for the ''student'' to write a detailed personality report on Lygren—indicating that she was single, heterosexual, and lonely. The KGB had no idea she was already a CIA agent.

In the spring of 1957, Lygren purchased a car in Moscow, but failed her first driving test. She then applied for a driving instructor, but was informed by Soviet authorities that none was available. At this stage, Pavluk, the ever helpful embassy driver, offered to see what he could do outside the official system. A short time later Aleksey Filipov, a handsome and courteous man of forty-nine, suddenly appeared at the embassy and announced that he was Lygren's driving instructor.

Actually this humble servant had been a Soviet tank commander during World War II, leaving the Army in 1946 with the rank of lieutenant colonel and a good service pension. He was married to a woman who worked as an architect. Shortly after the driving lessons began, Filipov offered to sell the Norwegian secretary black market Western goods. He also suggested that they start an affair.

Lygren reported this approach to the security officers at her embassy and was advised to take great care. No one doubted that the handsome driving instructor was anything other than a KGB "swan," an officer specially trained to seduce and compromise foreign employees.

During one of Lygren's many trips to Oslo to meet Richard Kovich, she reported the Filipov relationship to her CIA case officer. Kovich's authority to interfere was limited. He could only warn her of the dangers of meeting with any KGB swans. She noted everything he said. However, for a lonely lady in a lonely city, the attentions of a handsome man, albeit a paid professional, were not without attraction. She pointed out to Kovich that he had no right to ask her to stop seeing Filipov, and Kovich acknowledged her point. It was left at that.

Lygren carried out her CIA duties beyond Kovich's expectations. She posted letters to CIA agents in the USSR from different mailboxes, after always successfully "dry cleaning" herself from KGB surveillance; she changed Norwegian kroner and U.S. dollars into rubles and left them in designated dead-letter drops. She sent reports in "SW" (secret writing) to Colonel Evang, keeping him and Kovich informed. She took great risks and received no reward other than the satisfaction of working for a political system in which she believed.

Meanwhile, the KGB continued to target her, using Pavluk as the case officer in their attempted recruitment. Pavluk next employed the services of a third "negative agent," Yevgeniy Zhirmut, an artist friend of Helga Grechko's. This new agent-provocateur was introduced to Lygren at a party at Pavluk's home. Again, each contact was properly reported by Lygren to her embassy's security staff.

In August 1959, Lygren returned to Oslo having completed her three-year assignment in Moscow. She was transferred to other duties. That might have been the end of her relationship with the CIA.

But five years later, Angleton and Golitsyn began rummaging through Kovich's files in Washington in the belief that Kovich was a KGB mole. In doing so, they also became convinced that Lygren was a KGB spy, because she had been Kovich's agent in Norway. Golitsyn based this conclusion on one piece of circumstantial evidence: years earlier, while he was serving in Moscow, he had seen information originating from a secret KGB source in Oslo. Now, as he scanned through the Kovich-Lygren operational files, he became convinced that Lygren was this Oslo source. Angleton concurred.

Investigations of Kovich had already begun, and Angleton opened a new file on Ingeborg Lygren. He was certain that she had worked for and with Kovich as a KGB agent. Lygren herself was unaware of the gathering drama. By November 1964 she was back in Oslo working for the Norwegian Intelligence Service as administrative assistant to Colonel Evang.

Angleton treated the Kovich-Lygren investigations as one case. He believed that if he could get one of them to confess, the other would quickly follow. However, Angleton needed to carefully devise a strategy for pursuing Lygren, since he held no jurisdiction over her.

First, he took advantage of the professional rivalry between the longtime heads of the two Norwegian intelligence services—Colonel Evang of the Intelligence Staff (their CIA) and Asbjørn Bryhn of the police counterintelligence/internal security (their FBI). Beyond the normal interservice demarcation disputes, the two chiefs maintained an intense personal dislike for each other. Their jealousy and lack of cooperation were infamous in Norway.

Evang had been a far-left student activist in the early 1930s, and had spent thirty days in a military camp for spreading anti-militarist propaganda. He remained a quiet and thoughtful man of the left.

Bryhn's background was that of a conventional policeman. He had started out as a law student, then served briefly as a local judge. Next he became a regular street policeman in Oslo during the 1930s, before moving into internal security work. He was an open, popular leader; a man who called a spade a spade. Politically, he was comfortably to the right, a traditional European conservative.

Angleton took advantage of the competition between the two men by offering Bryhn the chance to arrest his archenemy's chief administrative assistant as a KGB agent. The Norwegian police chief was invited to Washington for routine consultations in the late autumn of 1964. He arrived (as was protocol) with the CIA's chief of station in Norway, Robert Porter.

With Porter deliberately excluded, Angleton quietly called Bryhn to a private meeting and laid out the entire Lygren accusation. Bryhn was astonished. Since World War II, his service had never caught a spy of such importance. If the allegation was true, especially considering the relatively small size of his country, this matter could be Norway's equivalent of the Philby case.

Angleton revealed to Bryhn the existence of AELADLE (Golitsyn). He said that the defector had brought evidence of a serious Soviet penetration in Norway. Angleton explained that, according to Golitsyn, the KGB had received a report in 1960 from an important agent in Oslo. The information concerned NATO's reaction to the German question and to the place of France in the alliance. The document had been about eight to twelve pages long; Golitsyn had read only a summary, prepared for him by a colleague. The full document, which had been translated at the KGB *rezidentura* in Oslo, had included a written comment from Golitsyn's superior which stated: ''Finally, we're getting NATO documents from Oslo too!'' Golitsyn, Angleton said, had specifically alleged that the secretary to the Norwegian ambassador to Moscow had been recruited by the KGB. This Norwegian woman had been given complete access to the ambassador's safe and his secret codes.

From these leads, Angleton told Bryhn, Golitsyn had put together a compelling case against Ingeborg Lygren. (Angleton added ominously that Dick Kovich, her CIA case officer, was now under deep suspicion too.)[3] He alleged that Lygren had betrayed eleven CIA agents in the USSR (presumably her CIA ''mailing list''), had given the Soviets the special cipher prepared for her by Kovich (which was hidden in her specially tailored handbag), and had visited areas in the USSR that were normally out of bounds to foreigners (supposedly as a reward for her services).[4]

Bryhn returned to Oslo with the news. Deliberately, he neglected to tell his opposite number, Colonel Evang. Angleton, in turn, neglected to inform either the CIA's Western European Division or the hapless chief of station in Norway of the Counterintelligence Staff's interference in a Norwegian case. Normal CIA procedure required such notification, so that the ''line'' officers had some idea what was happening on their turf. But this was to be Angleton's own private operation, conducted through Bryhn. It would be handled in his own way, and in his own time.

From the moment Bryhn returned to Norway, some of his certainty began to wear off. A close study of the American ''evidence'' by his analysts revealed no hard confirmation. Close surveillance of Lygren produced nothing, either.

Indeed, evidence against Lygren was so slow to emerge that Bryhn was forced to return to Washington eight weeks later for more information from Angleton. This time, Angleton treated the Norwegian spy chief to a personal meeting with Anatoliy Golitsyn. Bryhn heard the Soviet defector out and was dutifully impressed. But once again he returned to Oslo empty-handed, save for more suppositions, theories, and assumptions.

Unknown to Bryhn, on a related front in Washington, by May of

1965 (the following year), Kovich had been cleared of being a mole by the CIA's Office of Security. He had been reassigned to the Soviet Division to make a highly sensitive ''pitch'' to a recruit in Latin America.

By the time of his reassignment, there was still no prima facie evidence against Lygren. Yet Bryhn was committed to pursuing the matter. There was, however, a political complication in Norway. Bryhn knew full well that the ruling Labor Party government would not endorse a thin prosecution against an alleged spy. But a general election was due in Norway in September at which the Labor Party was tipped to lose to a new Conservative coalition (for the first time since 1935). The anticipated swing to the right might create a more favorable climate for the prosecution of the administrative secretary of the left-wing Colonel Evang.

The election was held on September 12–13. The Conservatives won by a single seat. The next day, Bryhn had Ingeborg Lygren arrested at 8:20 A.M. as she was on her way to work.

He held her incommunicado for three days before informing Colonel Evang that his employee had been detained (Evang's office had been told that she was at home sick). On Saturday, September 18, Lygren was formally charged with spying for a foreign power and sent without bail to Bredtvedt Women's Prison.

An infuriated Evang immediately demanded to see the evidence against his senior assistant. Bryhn denied him access to the files; he simply repeated the nature of the charges against her. After raising hell, Colonel Evang was finally granted permission to see Lygren, who was being held in solitary confinement. Accompanied by the Judge Advocate General and a bevy of Secret Servicemen, he visited her in prison and found a depressed and confused woman who simply said to him, ''I don't know what this is. I don't know where I stand.''[5]

Lygren began to get scared. So did her supporters. The wife of Evang's deputy, Colonel Lars Heyerdahl, was a doctor at the prison hospital. She tried to contact Lygren but was refused.

Colonel Heyerdahl was instructed by Evang to investigate the circumstances surrounding Lygren's arrest and detention. When the deputy finally obtained Bryhn's papers and statements made by Lygren inside prison, he was ''absolutely dumbfounded'' by the lack of evidence.[6] From her written statements, three points were clear: she denied any kind of involvement with the KGB; she did not fully understand the accusations against her; and she had tumbled into a state of shock.

Evang next ordered Heyerdahl to visit Angleton in Washington immediately. He wanted an explanation for Angleton's original accusations against Lygren.

At Heyerdahl's invitation, the two men had lunch at Angleton's favorite Chinese restaurant in Arlington, Virginia. Later they went on to the expensive Rive Gauche for dinner. Between meals, the Norwegian colonel, who was also a lawyer, was allowed to read Golitsyn's suppositions, which he studied with increasing concern. He spent hour after hour trying to convince Angleton that these theories could never stand up in a court of law. Heyerdahl argued that the Counterintelligence chief had made a terrible mistake. He was hopeful at the end that he had moved Angleton to his view, but Angleton gave no commitment.[7]

Heyerdahl returned to Oslo convinced that the accusations against Lygren were wholly without substance. He had no doubt that Golitsyn had seen something in Moscow and that there was almost certainly a KGB mole within the Norwegian Intelligence Service. But he was confident that the spy could not be Evang's loyal aide. He was also perturbed to discover that Bryhn had done so little of his own investigation and that even the perfunctory surveillance on Lygren had led nowhere.

By now, Lygren's condition inside the prison had worsened. Admiral Folke Hauger Johannesen, Colonel Evang's boss as intelligence supremo, went to see her in her cell. ''She was in tears all the time,'' he says. ''It was a total breakdown.''[8]

Meanwhile, in Washington, Jim Angleton simply ignored the clearing of Kovich by the CIA's Office of Security (he had contempt for them as investigators anyway) and maintained his own staff's investigative pressure on the Soviet Division case officer.

Angleton now became convinced that once Lygren was actually charged with spying for the Soviets, Kovich's nerve would break. Kovich would assume, Angleton believed, that Lygren had blown his cover to her interrogators, and he would make a run for it—probably to the nearest Soviet Embassy.

On December 2, at Angleton's request, DDO Richard Helms sent a memorandum to the FBI asking for physical surveillance and wiretaps on Kovich. Helms's memo noted that the coverage was being initiated because this was a ''particularly critical period of time prior to the expected public surfacing of admissions by [name blanked out, but certainly Ingeborg Lygren] concerning involvement in Soviet espionage activities.''[9]

Another memorandum sent from Helms to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover the same day anticipated that Kovich would seek asylum in the

Soviet Embassy in Washington the moment Lygren was charged. Helms wrote: "This agency [CIA] is very interested in discreetly developing information concerning actions or reactions of Kovich . . . in the event that Kovich has been involved in Soviet espionage activities [words blacked out] . . . evidences that he will contact a Soviet installation in this country.

"If this should occur this agency desires to know whether your Bureau would take the necessary steps to prevent Kovich from entering any Soviet installation."[10]

In response to the first memo, the FBI informed the CIA that it was not prepared to carry out surveillance on the basis of the evidence Angleton had produced. (Hoover was reaffirming that he had no faith in Golitsyn's accusations on their own.) In reply to the second memo, the FBI pointed out that it had no authority to prevent a U.S. citizen from entering the premises of a foreign embassy. Both CIA requests were flatly turned down.

The following day, Helms, again prodded by Angleton, sent a memorandum to Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach, asking for "telephone coverage" on Kovich. Helms's memo noted for the record that "such action is in the best interests of national security . . . verbal authorization for the institution was given by you at the time."[11] (The CIA also obtained permission from the chief U.S. Postal Inspector to intercept all of Kovich's mail.)

In a carefully synchronized move in Norway, Asbjørn Bryhn, who was still working in close liaison with Angleton, proceeded on schedule to prepare the Lygren papers for the state prosecutor so that the imprisoned secretary could be formally charged by mid-December.

Angleton next arranged for Kovich to be recalled to Washington from his Latin American assignment. He wanted to make sure that he would be under close surveillance locally at the moment the prosecution of Lygren was made public.

Although the FBI refused to take part in any surveillance, Angleton and Helms (who shared his Counterintelligence chief's views about the case) did have the power to revive the CIA's Office of Security investigation. The Office of Security was instructed to provide the men and equipment that were needed to maintain a day-and-night watch on the Soviet Division officer. Timing was now crucial.

On December 10, 1965, Bryhn formally recommended that Ingeborg Lygren be charged as a Soviet spy. Apart from the unsubstantiated material from Angleton and Golitsyn, all Bryhn possessed in the way of evidence was a statement from Lygren, made in prison, saying that her relationship with the KGB "swan" Filipov had been physically consummated.[12] On the basis of this single admitted indiscretion, together with intense pressure from Angleton, the security chief was prepared to see her publicly tried for the most serious crime in the national calendar.

The news of Bryhn's accusation against Lygren appeared in papers around the world—and immediately came to Kovich's attention. But instead of running for cover to the Soviet Embassy in Washington as Angleton had predicted, Kovich reacted as if he were an innocent man. He merely picked up the phone and tried to make an appointment to see his boss in the Soviet Division to discuss the case. This was not how a spy fearing detection was expected to behave.

The following day, Kovich still hadn't put on dark glasses and a trench coat and headed for the border. Rather, he breezed into the front office of Pete Bagley, the head of the division's Counterintelligence Branch, and chatted pleasantly with him about the news. "Pete," he said, "I've just read about my SATINWOOD 37. I'm stunned, shocked, I just can't believe it."[13]

Kovich added in all innocence: "I guess she really conned the hell out of me. I can't understand how the KGB could have gotten to her so quickly after she arrived in Moscow. Is there anything I can do to help?"[14]

Angleton's operation to force Kovich into guilty flight simply flopped. His last hope was that Lygren would confess and incriminate Kovich as her KGB case officer.

But four days later, on December 14, when Norway's state prosecutor finally managed to review Golitsyn and Angleton's evidence, he promptly threw the entire case out of his office and ordered Lygren to be freed at once.

Her ordeal was over.

* * *

Later that day, Lygren walked slowly from the gates of Bredtvedt Women's Prison. It was three months to the day since her arrest. She had been held in solitary confinement and endlessly questioned by tough professionals who had exposed each strand of her sad life. Her most intimate secrets, the loneliness of a woman who sought love with such longing that she was prepared to give her body to a professional seducer, everything had been laid out for the cruel and not always dispassionate inspection of her own service colleagues.

And in finding her innocent, they made her dirty.

To her waiting friends, who embraced her now, it was clear that something in the woman had snapped forever.

She was met by three old and loyal colleagues from her service, led by Colonel Andreas Lerheim. They put her in a car and drove in silence to a flat owned by her best friend, Stub Orve. They made her warm coffee and gave her a danish pastry, which she enjoyed. They tried to cheer her up with silly small talk: old friends, signaling she still had their support and trust. But she remained in shock and said virtually nothing. ''She was glad we came, I know that,'' Lerheim said later, ''but she really was in a bad condition. She seemed unable to communicate.''[15]

Another colleague from the intelligence service, Colonel Arne Ekeland, later told friends that Lygren had been broken in prison by the trauma of the accusations and her treatment as a maximum-security prisoner under twenty-four watch. The lights had burned in her cell all day and night. ''When she came out,'' he explained, ''there was a wall between her and others. Years later, I tried to talk to her about it, but she refused to open up. She was completely closed in. It was a tragedy.''[16]

When her union shop stewards came to see her, to ask what kind of help she required and to discuss rehabilitation, she politely declined to take part and asked only to be left alone. Tor Berg, the leader of this union group, later explained, ''She was very silent, as if in shock. It was as if Ingeborg Lygren had ceased to exist.''[17]

One month after her release, on January 14, 1966, Lygren issued her first and last public statement about the whole affair: ''The charges against me have been put away, and even though the time since my arrest has been a great strain, I am glad this is all over now . . . the arrest came as a total surprise. It has all affected me strongly, and I am still under supervision by a doctor. I have nothing to complain about regarding conditions in prison, even though I was kept isolated and was not allowed any visitors, nor was I allowed to communicate with the outside world . . . I hope nobody will ever get into my situation.''[18]

Lygren was then quietly transferred from her job at intelligence headquarters to the Nordstrand Signals Intelligence station in the capital's suburbs. She became a translator, and temporarily vanished from public gaze and memory.

But some Norwegians were not going to let the Lygren affair go at that. The cost of the vindictive investigation seemed out of all proportion to the possible gains. The crucial intelligence relationship between the United States and Norway was in tatters. Colonel Evang, a close American ally, had been publicly humiliated by the CIA, even though he had previously helped defeat Norwegian neutralism and place the most sensitive NATO listening stations on the border with the USSR. Evang's rival, Bryhn, had also undergone similar public pillorying for his failure to bring charges against Lygren.

The aftermath left both Norwegian intelligence services in complete disarray. An innocent woman had been wrongfully imprisoned, and her personal and professional life would never recover. The real target of the whole exercise, Richard Kovich ("Golitsyn's mole"), had been shown to be innocent. The whole operation had been a disaster—and *still* there was no evidence of a KGB mole.

On January 28, 1966, after embarrassing questions in Parliament in Oslo, a formal three-man Commission of Inquiry was established under Judge Jens Mellbye to investigate the Norwegian end of the debacle and to report back to the government with recommendations.

The moment Angleton heard this news, he quickly anticipated the grim consequences. The whole investigation was likely to be publicly exposed. This would damage the NATO relationship, the prestige of the CIA, his own reputation and Golitsyn's.

So Angleton, with the approval of Richard Helms (who was by now Deputy DCI), promptly invited the Norwegian judge to Washington to hear the CIA's side of the story. He wanted him to meet Golitsyn and read his transcripts, before reaching any conclusions.

Mellbye arrived in Washington soon afterwards under conditions of total secrecy and was given the full Angleton treatment (as had been extended to Bryhn and Colonel Heyerdahl earlier). He was wined and dined, entertained at the luxurious Georgetown home of Jim Hunt, Angleton's deputy, and fully briefed on "the evidence." Despite everything that had passed, Angleton and Golitsyn remained adamant that Lygren was a Soviet asset.

Mellbye found Angleton's unchallenged logic, nose-tapping air of mystery, and high-pressure Washington salesmanship difficult to resist. He returned to Norway more impressed with the apparent strength of Angleton's case than when he had left. But once back in Oslo, he found it impossible to infect anyone else with his enthusiasm. The other commission members found the American material superficial, convoluted, and unconvincing. In desperation, Mellbye contacted the CIA again. He asked Angleton to come to Norway with Golitsyn in a last-ditch attempt to work his magic on the panel.

Angleton promptly accepted the invitation, indicating the gravity which he attached to the situation, since he and Golitsyn only traveled together overseas under special circumstances.

This time, it was Angleton and Golitsyn's turn to fly in complete secrecy from Washington to Oslo. This unorthodox and unauthorized attempt by a senior CIA officer to interfere in the judicial processes of another country would have led to a howl of protest in the Norwegian Parliament and the U.S. Congress had it been revealed. The three-day visit was so secret that even Angleton's own bosses were not informed of his itinerary or the purpose of the trip. After arriving in Oslo, the

Counterintelligence chief asked the CIA's latest chief of station in Norway, Fred Hubbard, to cover up for his absence from Washington. Under no circumstances, Hubbard was warned, was he to send any cables or communications relating to the visit back to headquarters. Angleton also promised to reward the station chief if he cooperated. (When Hubbard completed his assignment in Oslo a year later, Angleton found him an important position on the Counterintelligence Staff and gave him an office next to his own.)

Hubbard escorted Angleton and Golitsyn around Norway. The high point of the trip came at a mountain hideaway, where Golitsyn secretly briefed a select group of Norwegian officials brought there by Judge Mellbye. Once again, the defector paraded all of the alleged evidence. But despite the personal touch, this new audience remained unconvinced.[19]

Angleton, however, seems to have woefully misinterpreted the Norwegian reaction to his morale-boosting tour. Indeed, he even derived some inner satisfaction from the confusion he left behind in Norway. On his return to Washington, he assembled a group of about eight senior loyalists from the Counterintelligence Staff and secretly briefed them about the progress on the Lygren case. Brimming with confidence, he told his aides that his trip had been a success and he encouraged them to keep pursuing the investigation. He also added, with some pride, ''Let me tell you, this [Lygren] case has simply torn the Norwegian government to pieces.''[20]

When Judge Mellbye's final report was later published, it became obvious that his panel had decided to come down against Golitsyn and Angleton. The commission heavily criticized both Evang and Bryhn for their mutual mistrust, and recommended several changes in their services, which were quickly adopted.

Evang and Bryhn were both relieved of their posts. Colonel Evang, one of the best friends the CIA ever had in Norway, was dispatched to Brussels to become Norway's military representative to NATO. From there, he sank without a trace. Privately, he remained bitter at how he had been ''rewarded'' for his loyalty by the CIA. Bryhn was sent to become chief of police of the small town of Bergen—Norway's equivalent of Butte, Montana. The commission also established a new permanent watchdog committee to make sure a similar debacle would not recur.

Despite all of Angleton's lobbying efforts with Judge Mellbye, the commission chairman remained deeply unconvinced by Golitsyn's ''evidence.'' In a sharp attack on the defector in the final report, the judge noted: ''. . . after he [Golitsyn] was given such trust by the CIA that they opened their Eastern Bloc intelligence files to him, considerable doubt must arise. Is his information based on facts from Moscow, or is it based on guesses from the materials to which he had access?''[21]

That rhetorical question was left hanging.

Ingeborg Lygren continued working quietly for her government after the Mellbye Report was released. In 1968, an ungracious Parliament awarded her only 30,000 Norwegian kroner ($4,500) as compensation for wrongful arrest. This inconsequential sum, voted by a narrow 73–63 margin, reflected the unforgiving views of a conservative faction within Parliament that had never believed in her innocence. One of the public prosecutors connected with the case later remarked, ''We could not recommend larger compensation. Remember, the reason she was not prosecuted was only because there was no *evidence* that she was guilty.''[22]

The dirt stuck to Lygren as it was to stick to Kovich for years to come.

And Angleton hung in and hung on. He placed the Kovich files into his pending tray, then set about urging the Norwegians to reopen the Lygren case a year after the Mellbye Report was issued. During a meeting in March 1968 in Washington with Gunnar Haarstad (replacement to the disgraced Bryhn), Angleton informed the new security chief that he remained certain Lygren was a KGB agent and that the Norwegians had made a mistake in closing the case. Angleton made this pitch at a Georgetown restaurant where he had invited Haarstad for lunch. After the meal, Angleton took the Norwegian officer to one side and cautiously slipped him a piece of paper to read. The short note contained a summary of Golitsyn's old accusations against Lygren. After Haarstad scanned the sheet, Angleton demanded the paper back. Haarstad did not even consider the veiled proposition. He later wrote: ''. . . I could see that [the paper] contained nothing more than what I already knew from before.''[23]

In 1976, two years after Angleton had left the CIA, and a lifetime after Lygren's public humiliation had begun, the case suddenly exploded again.

Oleg Gordievskiy, then a very senior KGB officer in nearby Copenhagen, who had earlier been recruited as a defector-in-place by Britain's MI6, warned London that year of the existence of a KGB agent in the Norwegian Foreign Ministry.

Unlike Golitsyn's sloppy information about Lygren twelve years earlier, Gordievksiy's tip was precise: the Norwegian Intelligence Service was able to pinpoint the KGB agent.

It was none other than Gunvor Haavik, the woman who had served as secretary to the Norwegian ambassador to Moscow before Ingeborg Lygren took over the job in 1956.

Haavik turned out to be something of a Lygren doppelgänger. She was just two years older than Lygren, and came from a similar respectable, middle-class Norwegian family. Like Lygren, she was a plain and intelligent spinster; and also like Lygren, she had learned to speak fluent Russian. In 1943, while Haavik was working with Soviet prisoners of war in Nazi-occupied Norway, she met and fell in love with a young Soviet soldier and helped him escape from the prison hospital into neutral Sweden.

After the war, she joined the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and was posted to Moscow as the ambassador's secretary. She still had the address of her Soviet lover in Leningrad and badly wanted to renew their relationship. With the generous help of the ambassador's chauffeur, the ubiquitous Pavluk, she located the former soldier in Leningrad. Although by then he had married and was a father, she began a secret affair with him anyway. By 1950, Pavluk had so manipulated this affair that she was trapped into becoming his KGB agent. Even after she had been replaced at the embassy by Lygren, the KGB continued to run her as their agent in Oslo.

It was *her* material that Golitsyn had read in Moscow, not Lygren's. The false accusations leveled against Lygren protected Haavik and allowed the KGB to run her as a major spy for another twelve years.

After Gordievskiy's accurate tip, the Norwegians caught Haavik red-handed passing classified documents to her KGB case officer. She was arrested in January 1977, confessed fully, and was sent to the same prison that had once held Lygren. She died there of a heart attack eight months later, a lonely, bitter, and empty woman.

Angleton never conceded that Lygren was innocent or that he might have erred. He persisted in arguing that the Norwegians had botched the whole case.

His only public comment on the Lygren affair was when he told a Norwegian journalist in 1985, "We had full confidence in Golitsyn. No fact he ever gave us was disproved. We passed the information over to your Mr. Bryhn, but the problem was we had no control over the use of that information.

"The arrest of Lygren came as a great surprise to us. Over here in Washington, there would never have been an arrest, but an approach, with the subject offered immunity for cooperation.

"I think the matter should have been handled in another way."[24]

Scotty Miler also lays the blame mainly on the Norwegians, but his complicated rationalization is more revealing than Angleton's comments. He admits that Angleton and Golitsyn had been mistaken. "Frankly," Miler says, "our private reaction to the Lygren affair was that we had goofed. Golitsyn was responsible. He was wrong about her but at least he was right about the penetration in Norway. The research on that case, some of it done by the Norwegians, just had not been thorough enough. There was some regret that the Norwegians had acted too quickly. Jim said it was unfortunate, but we felt that sometimes these things were beyond our control.

"It was the Norwegians who made the final decision [to arrest her]. Lygren seemed to be the only candidate. I don't know where you ultimately fix blame."[25]

However, years later the team that took control of the Counterintelligence Staff after Angleton's enforced resignation knew precisely where to fix the blame. They were deeply troubled when they fully reviewed the Lygren files and discovered that the CIA's Norwegian agent had been falsely accused and made to suffer.

The new staff quickly reached the obvious conclusion: Angleton and Golitsyn had been wrong.

A special study prepared by the new Counterintelligence Staff ran to more than forty pages. Not only did that report reconfirm Lygren's complete innocence, it verified that the relationship between Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff and the Norwegian intelligence services had almost ground to a halt after Lygren's release in early 1966. (This meant that Angleton had single-handedly ruptured CIA liaison with *two* NATO allies, the "SAPPHIRE" affair having done for French intelligence what the Lygren affair did for Norway.)

For the next ten years, the files showed, the relationship remained a mess. Norwegian officials had remained quietly furious with the CIA. The CIA's station chiefs in Norway had been forced to walk on glass in Oslo just to maintain the most basic and formal intelligence liaison. As of early 1975, no one on Angleton's staff had tried to apologize to the Norwegians or repair the damage.

At the completion of the Lygren review, Angleton's successor as head of the Counterintelligence Staff, George Kalaris, was authorized to make a generous financial offer to the former secretary. Without clearance from the DCI, he was empowered to give Lygren up to a quarter of a million dollars (the equivalent of her salary for the years since her arrest). Had she asked for more, she would have received it, subject to approval from the CIA's seventh floor.

Kalaris sent the case officer who had prepared the special Lygren review to Oslo to set the record straight with the Norwegian government, to resuscitate the damaged relationship, and to attempt to negotiate compensation for Ingeborg Lygren.

In Oslo, this counterintelligence officer worked closely with the CIA's chief of station, Quentin Johnson, who typed an unsigned note from his office to Lygren confirming that the ''appropriate authorities'' had reviewed her case and had reached the conclusion that she was completely innocent. Both men then went to see the permanent undersecretary in charge of the Norwegian intelligence services. After the letter was formally handed over to the Norwegian official, Johnson verbally issued an apology on behalf of the CIA.

He then gingerly raised the subject of compensation for the victim. ''We are prepared to be most generous,'' he explained tactfully.

''That will not be necessary,'' replied the civil servant. ''I have taken the precaution of asking Miss Lygren about this before you came today. She would no doubt thank you for your offer, but she has indicated she does not wish to meet you or to receive any money from your organization.''

Johnson raised an eyebrow.

''That is the kind of person that she is,'' added the official, shrugging his shoulders.[26]

''The Lygren case?'' Richard Helms looks blank when asked about the affair. ''I think I may have heard about it after I left.'' He listens carefully to the story, and then responds: ''There was no flap about this case while I was there. I have no reason to quarrel with your facts . . . but I have no recollection of the case, no recollection at all.''[27]

11

BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND DAWN

"Listening to Jim was like looking at an Impressionist painting."

—JAMES SCHLESINGER,
FORMER DCI, 1989[1]

TWO MAJOR FACTORS ALLOWED ANGLETON TO REACH A POSITION OF almost unassailable authority within the CIA during the sixties. One was a function of his professional environment; the other stemmed from his own character and the character of those who encouraged and supported him. By the mid-sixties, the Counterintelligence chief had attained a position of impregnability within his own staff. There was no contender for his job and not a single critic of his methods within his own office.

He had also earned the unqualified trust of the new CIA director, Richard Helms. The uncritical and powerful patronage of Helms allowed the Counterintelligence chief unfettered freedom of action.

Helms admired Angleton's competence and devotion to counterintelligence; he also liked the man with whom he shared membership in the influential club of wartime OSS operators—an enduring masonry among colleagues during that period.

Beyond this important sponsorship was Angleton's now well-established "no-knock" tradition. This meant that the CIA's Deputy Director of Operations and Angleton's nominal boss—the one man who should have been supervising Angleton's work, checking his mental health, and intervening when necessary—bowed to Angleton's greater experience.

But it was Helms, Angleton's DCI for seven years, who was to become his true patron. Helms was a confident intelligence chief and a natural delegator. Once he had appointed a man and endowed him with trust, he left him alone. Helms did not have the time or inclination to devote himself to the complex minutiae of counterintelligence work. As far as he was concerned, his chief was doing what he was paid to do, and seeming to do it rather well. ''These alleged moles were crucial cases, and it was Jim's job to investigate them,'' says Helms today. ''After all, the nightmare of every DCI is that his organization is penetrated. One lives with this every day.''[2]

Within Langley there was a general understanding among Angleton's peers and superiors that counterintelligence was a very special discipline. It called for unique expertise, Jesuitical dedication, and the ability to confront and survive ugly clashes with the twin outriders of counterintelligence—mistrust and paranoia. Allowances were always made for secretive and eccentric behavior by the Counterintelligence chief.

It also did Angleton no harm that he had become an institutional legend so early in his working lifetime. After more than a decade in the same job, one in which he found complete fulfillment, there were few who could match his experience or challenge his judgment. Furthermore, a man without ambition to rise within the corporation was no threat to his peers or superiors.

These factors were both the charm and the irritation of Jim Angleton's act. Former Soviet Division officer George Kisevalter says, ''He was a combination of Machiavelli, Svengali, and Iago. But he was not evil. That's what makes him so complicated.''[3]

The men whom Angleton chose as knights in his KGB crusades supported their leader with rare selflessness and total devotion. It was Angleton's special gift to understand the isolation and loneliness of counterintelligence and to convert it, by example, into pride and enthusiasm.

He was an instinctive leader of the solitary souls who dedicated their long hours of work and too much of their private lives to the uncertainties and frequent agonies of spycatching. Angleton understood the craft; he had adopted many of its rules, and he was a living and dynamic part of it, not some temporary incumbent on his way up and through the bureaucracy of Langley.

Peter Wright, the former assistant director of Britain's MI5 and a counterintelligence man to his fingertips, speaks for the brotherhood of

Fundamentalists that joined under Angleton's confident leadership.

''We all loved Jim,'' Wright says without a trace of sentiment. ''Scotty Miler, Ray Rocca, Arthur Martin, Ed Petty, Sam Papich, Stephen de Mowbray, Pete Bagley. . . . The thing is, he was our one-eyed man in a world of darkness. We groped, but he saw and touched. We were all his confidants. He became the one man who could interpret the rumors, the innuendoes, the fragments of this and the bits of that. We might labor for years on some dreadful and pointless line of investigation, and along comes Jim Angleton, he looks at the material, and says: 'Aha! You've got something here, Peter. This makes sense to me, even if it doesn't to you. Thanks very much.'' And off he would go to fit that sliver of information into some horrendously complex pattern. At least that's what he *said* he did, and you felt proud and honored and rewarded for those numbing hours you'd spent on the case. You understand what I'm saying? He gave our work *meaning*.

''And the other great thing about Jim was that he was truly classless. He was neither a Georgetown WASP nor a Pall Mall Hollis. He wasn't the officer who patronized his infantry men. He mixed with the boys. There was no rank in his life, and no ambition. He drank all of us under the table and played sharper poker and still sat up and argued politics hours after younger men had lost control and fallen asleep.''[4]

It's doubtful if there was ever a time when Angleton was long separated from his beloved counterintelligence. Even his so-called private passions were often devices to free his mind for greater heights of self-discipline and the intense concentration necessary to think through some tangled case or arcane intelligence theory.

He enjoyed a well-deserved reputation as an orchid breeder and grower and threw considerable time and money into his hobby. In the early 1950s, he built a large greenhouse in his backyard (at today's prices, it would cost about $10,000, and an additional $1,000 a year for heat and maintenance).[5]

In 1961, Angleton attempted the equivalent of the triple somersault of orchid growing by creating a hybrid known generally as a ''*Cattleya* cross.'' *Cattleya* is the family name of the most popular type of orchid in the world, a big corsage orchid that grows in a multitude of colors. In attempting to ''cross'' or mate an all-new *Cattleya,* Angleton affectionately named his planned hybrid ''Cicely Angleton.''[6]

Hybridizing orchids requires only slightly less patience than watching paint dry. After the ''crossing'' (taking pollen from one flower to another) occurs, it still requires some six to fifteen months for the seedpod to develop. During all this time, the grower doesn't even know if he will actually produce a viable seed or not. If he does manage to accomplish that step, the good seed must be planted in tiny jars. Another twelve months then follow before it grows into a plant of a mere inch or two high. The actual flowers—the *raison d'être* of the whole exercise—will not show on the plant for another five to eight years, minimum. Even then, formal registry of the plant is delayed until it has grown to maturity and flowered at least once more. The entire process is one that in terms of patience and dedication alone makes chess look like rivet punching.

The ''Cicely Angleton'' took a full twelve years to produce, finally emerging as a round, firm, fully packed white orchid. Angleton eventually registered it with the Royal Horticultural Society in London. But publicly the orchid died; Angleton was too private a person to allow the flower or his name to be publicized anywhere in the literature besides the official international registry.[7]

Orchid growing became the perfect metaphor to illustrate Angleton's phenomenal dedication and concentration; yet he was also a convivial and strangely undisciplined man during much of his working day.

Extremely long martini lunches at his favorite restaurant, La Niçoise on Wisconsin Avenue in upper Georgetown, were another Angleton trademark. These occasions soon entered the mythology of James Jesus Angleton—and with reason.

A significant amount of business *was* handled during these liquid lunches, but Angleton's guests often came away astounded more by his capacity for alcohol than his counterintelligence reputation. The late Archie Roosevelt, a senior CIA executive and an occasional lunchtime partner, could not understand how Angleton stayed on his feet afterwards. Roosevelt never saw Angleton drunk at the office, but he often told colleagues that it must have been physically impossible for the Counterintelligence chief to work in the afternoon. He called Angleton a social alcoholic who showed his weakness once the evening's drinking began.[8]

The lunchtime sessions at La Niçoise were to become an institution. Angleton's secretary would always launch the ceremony by solemnly calling the small French restaurant in the morning to make a 12:30 P.M. reservation for his regular table. The manager would not have given it out to anyone else anyway, on pain of death by a thousand cuts. Table 41 was always Angleton's table. Situated in front of the mirror on the rear wall, it gave Angleton a special position: no one could sit behind him and he could see everyone in the room. He normally ate there every day of the business week—when he was not traveling. He was usually joined by other CIA officers, or by intelligence officials from the British, French, and Israeli embassies in Washington, or by visiting dignitaries. (Angleton took the precaution of not using the restaurant's telephone for sensitive conversations. Instead, he would visit his tailor's shop next door and use his telephone in the privacy of the back room.)

While the Counterintelligence chief lunched, everyone on the restaurant's staff played along and pretended not to know his secret profession. The manager, Michel Bigotti, recalls: "Of course, we all knew that Mr. Angleton worked for the CIA. I thought he was an important spy."[9]

Angleton would usually start lunch with a Harper Bourbon (always with two ice cubes), then move to either kirs or martinis and back to Bourbons. It was a noisy restaurant, with only a modest reputation among gourmets and a rowdy floor show in the evening (with waiters on roller skates), but Angleton loved it.

The waiters soon noticed that Angleton and his guests always spoke in low voices out of the corners of their mouths, or with their hands cupped in front of their lips. These masked conversations became such an inside joke among the staff that they decided one day, as a prank, to hide a live microphone in the flower arrangement on his table. The connecting wire trailed under the table and across the room to the bandstand, then through an amplifier to a bank of speakers. When Angleton arrived with his guests and the low whispers began at Table 41, the mike was secretly turned on and the Counterintelligence chief was astonished to hear his voice coming back through the restaurant's sound system. The waiters roared with laughter at having bugged a counterintelligence boss in public. According to Bigotti, Angleton took the joke in good spirit.[10]

But this playful incident was one of the rare lighter moments at a time of growing stress.

By the early to mid-1960s, the combination of alcohol, social and professional isolation, insomnia, stress, and obsessive suspicion was making Jim Angleton less stable. He may not have been a paranoid, but the evidence suggests he was dangerously disposed toward the illness.

Dr. Jerrold Post, the former senior CIA psychologist who worked with Angleton on several operational matters starting in the mid-1960s, made a diagnosis on the basis of their business meetings. Post concluded that Angleton was not clinically paranoid; rather, he judged that Angleton had a strong paranoid orientation and propensity.

"People with that kind of psychological bent will function well in the CI world," explains Dr. Post. "The paranoid can be rewarded by that particular environment since it's their job to be suspicious. I was also particularly interested in Jim's alcohol abuse, which enhances anxiety and fuzzes critical judgment.

"But one of the more significant influences on Jim's paranoia was the Cold War. This period was something that confirmed his personal thinking—an historical actualization of the way he wanted to see the war. It was a merger of his own view and the world, a nice fit. It was the world caught up with his psychic needs."[11]

Post defines paranoia as "a fixed conclusion searching for confirmatory evidence and rejecting disconfirming evidence. Paranoia is an adoptive mechanism," he explains. "It is socially induced and learned in a family environment from early childhood. It develops as a defense against insignificance and being ignored. Paranoids feel it is better to have people against them than to be ignored. They also feel it is better to have an organized view of the world than to have chaos. A clear, organized, conspiratorial view of the world is easier for them to have since it gives them a sense of psychological security.

"Paranoia is not fixed in time, it is dynamic and changes over a lifetime. A paranoid's mind-set is that he is maintaining a lonely vigil and pursuing a lonely task. The weight is on the paranoid's shoulders.

"Paranoids are always the last persons to know that they are troubled. And if they have problems, they believe it's always someone else's fault. Perhaps the most important audience for a paranoid's thinking is in his own head. Their desire is not to be able to say, 'If you knew what I know,' but, rather, to be able to say, 'I know.' "[12]

For Jim Angleton, isolated in his warm, dark offices on the second floor of CIA headquarters, the dangers of delusional cross-breeding and infection were severe.

Dr. Post believes that Angleton and Anatoliy Golitsyn shared the same delusional system and fed off each other, in a psychological *folie à deux*. Dr. Post formed his judgment knowing that Golitsyn was indeed diagnosed as clinically paranoid by Dr. John Gittinger, the CIA's chief psychologist. "That's one reason why both of them held on to that absurd view of the Sino-Soviet split for so long," explains Post. "They were both on the same wavelength about how to get past the deception and the false screens that they believed were erected to hide the truth. Theirs was a congenial view of the world, an 'Aha!' reaction, where all the pieces fitted together. They believed that only they saw the elements of the careful Soviet master plan to take over the world."[13]

In Post's view, Angleton's absolute and unwavering certainties created an almost fanatical following within the discipline.

"I observed at first hand the intense loyalty of Jim's underlings," he continues. "They were good men, like Rocca and Miler, but that loyalty was like a Messianic zeal.

"When I met Jim the first time, I must admit, he put a hypnotic spell on me during our lengthy conversation. Jim spoke in brilliant woven threads. It was a web being spun out of logic by a remarkable individual. Jim talked about disparate events which had occurred all over the world, and then he tied them all together. There was a Messianic quality in his presentation of the facts and in the clarity of his truth. For a moment, I was caught by the sheer spell of Jim's logic. Only afterwards did it all fall apart and I realized it was craziness. He had turned possibility into certainty. And to him there was no such thing as coincidence—everything had meaning.''[14]

Ray Cline, the former CIA Deputy Director of Intelligence, agrees that the nature of Angleton's job ''was bound to drive nearly anyone paranoid.'' But Cline also believes that the CIA needs a ''semi-paranoid'' Counterintelligence chief who is under control, that is, someone who is always looking for evidence that the CIA is in trouble. He feels that Angleton began like this, but then overdid it. ''It's true Jim showed signs of paranoia in the way he worked,'' Cline observes. ''In the end, he was so obsessive that he became less effective, and ultimately did damage to the agency.''[15]

This was Jim Angleton in the first half of the sixties, a man who on the face of it seemed singularly well equipped to face one of the greatest challenges the CIA would encounter in its whole existence. Any warning signs were willfully ignored.

One did not question legends—especially in the CIA.

12

THE CIA'S SECRET PRISONER

"The final conclusion of the CIA was that Nosenko is a bona fide defector."

—STANSFIELD TURNER,
FORMER DCI, 1978[1]

"I still haven't the faintest idea if Nosenko is bona fide."

—RICHARD HELMS, FORMER DCI, 1989[2]

HE SITS LESS ANONYMOUSLY THAN HE SHOULD, IN A BOISTEROUS Turkish restaurant in Arlington, Virginia, dominating the conversation at a large table where the ambience reflects the spirit of a hot night on the Bosphorus rather than the middle-aged, middle-class decorum of suburban Washington.

Yuriy Nosenko is soberly suited, comfortably overweight, and talkative. He likes attention, enjoys argument, and moves forward with friendly aggression to make particular points, jabbing the flat of his hand onto the table, making the saltcellar dance, reminding his listeners of a powerful presence. This is a big man, in stature and personality. The eyes belong to a man much older than his sixty-three years, and they betray more emotion than even he realizes. Nosenko, talking openly for the first time about his extraordinary life as a CIA prisoner, knows how to captivate an audience. To the growing annoyance of the waiters, Nosenko's guests neither eat nor drink, but just listen as the stories tumble out, chasing each other across the noisy, smoke-filled room.

For twelve years, from 1962 until 1974, the CIA conducted a civil war within its own corridors over Nosenko's bona fides. An issue that would normally have been settled within weeks by mature men became a decade of destructive battles which left Nosenko, a defector from the USSR, officially abused to the point of torture, the operations of the CIA's most important division effectively paralyzed, and the reputations of some of the agency's most senior officers destroyed.

This war was fought in essence over the new Fundamentalist intelligence ideology of Angleton and his adviser, Anatoliy Golitsyn. The war resembled a religious conflict in which the stakes were faith, commitment, and conviction. Non-believers were regarded as heretics, opposing the national interest, and were treated accordingly. It was a time of great turmoil for the CIA, and the scars remain unhealed to this day. Nosenko's own vow of silence has now ended.

One of Golitsyn's most somber warnings to the West had been that the KGB would dispatch false defectors after him—to discredit him and muddy the West's intelligence waters. He cautioned that these false prophets with their deceitful messages would be only one part of an overall disinformation campaign designed by KGB chief Shelepin to lure the allies onto ideological rocks—and eventual destruction.

Golitsyn stressed that Yuriy Nosenko, who came over in 1964, was the most important of these fake defectors.[3] He further predicted that any Soviet sources who came later and supported Nosenko's bona fides would also be fakes. He said that CIA officers who sided with Nosenko could possibly be moles themselves.

The Nosenko issue was central to the Fundamentalist beliefs of Angleton and Golitsyn and to future strategies prepared by the CIA for facing the Soviet bloc countries. Nosenko became a cause worth standing and fighting over. The CIA's entire top management was sucked into the battle. Neutrality was regarded with contempt.

KGB Lieutenant Colonel Yuriy Nosenko first secretly contacted the CIA in Geneva in June 1962. He defected to the United States two years later. Incomplete and largely inaccurate parts of the Nosenko story have been told in magazines, books, and once on film. But since history is often the propaganda of the victors, the truth about Nosenko has remained suspended in controversy.

It would be impossible to overestimate the significance of Nosenko within the CIA throughout the sixties. His case was the single most difficult counterintelligence event in the agency's development during that time. The issue was more than just the man's true identity, or whether he was the center of a KGB plot to mortally wound the CIA, for Nosenko also claimed to know the answer to a crucial question of international significance: Did Moscow order the murder of a U.S.

President? If the Soviets *had* plotted to kill President Kennedy, the consequences would have been incalculable.

Jim Angleton understood full well the awesome implications of the Nosenko affair, and in his heart must have agonized over the terrible responsibility of the case. This is the best defense for his part in the extraordinary events that followed.

Yuriy Ivanovich Nosenko was born in 1927 in the town of Nikolayev, Ukraine, near the port city of Odessa on the Black Sea. His father, Ivan Isidorovich Nosenko, a huge, imposing man, had raised himself through hard work and study from a poor worker's family in Nikolayev. He had distinguished himself as a Bolshevik and as the country's most respected naval engineer and ship designer. At the peak of his career, he served as the Minister for Shipbuilding under Khrushchev, and became a leading member of the Communist Party's *nomenklatura*. His mother, Tamara Georgiyevna Markovskaya, was the privileged daughter of an architect from Nikolayev who had been a nobleman and officer in the Czar's Army before the Revolution. Tamara's relatively cultured background had a great influence on both Ivan and her eldest son Yuriy. She arranged for her son to have a private tutor and pushed him to study the classics; Voltaire, Dante, Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Virgil became mandatory reading for the boy.[4]

The plan had been for Nosenko to follow in his father's footsteps with a career in the shipbuilding industry, so he attended Navy prep school from 1942 to 1945. But he preferred the diplomatic service. Like so many educated and spoiled young men of that generation, he was attracted to Western lifestyles and, like his parents, had never felt the pull of Marxism.

Nosenko had his first brush with American culture in 1945, as an eighteen-year-old student. Through his father's connections, he attended the State Institute of International Relations in Moscow and began studying English and taking specialized courses on the United States.[5]

After graduating from the Institute in 1950, Nosenko was drafted into Naval Intelligence and served for three years. In 1953, again through useful connections, he was transferred to the MVD—the old KGB—and was stationed for the next eleven years in Moscow, as a top officer in the Second Chief Directorate (SCD), the division responsible for Soviet internal security (and roughly the equivalent of the FBI and MI5).[6]

For the first two years, he served in the SCD's First Department, which monitored the activities of American officials and intelligence agents inside the USSR. Nosenko specialized in supervising surveillance and recruitment of U.S. Embassy employees and American journalists. In that key post, he met numerous Americans and felt an instinctive liking for their ways. He also learned the KGB's operational secrets about their attempts to penetrate the U.S. Embassy in Moscow (knowledge that would later prove of great value to the CIA).

In 1955, he was transferred to the SCD's Seventh Department, from which he ran blackmail operations and successfully recruited tourists, academics, and businessmen visiting the USSR—particularly U.S. and British citizens.[7] (He also finally became a member of the Communist Party during this period.)

By 1962, he had risen to become deputy chief of a section of the SCD's First Department with a rank of captain. He had also become a personal favorite and drinking friend of the powerful SCD chief, General Oleg Gribanov.[8] As a trusted confidant of Gribanov's, Nosenko was privy to most of the important secrets held by the KGB's internal security apparatus.

In mid-March 1962, Nosenko took a three-month temporary assignment as the senior KGB security officer to watch Soviet delegates to the seventeen-nation disarmament conference in Geneva, Switzerland. (The KGB had ordered heightened security for all groups of traveling Soviet dignitaries, following the defection of Golitsyn several months earlier.)[9]

On June 5, Nosenko initiated a secret contact with a U.S. State Department official at the Geneva conference. During a break in the proceedings, Nosenko quietly asked the American diplomat to meet him at a small public square that evening to discuss an important private matter. After they met and withdrew to a secluded restaurant, Nosenko asked the American for a small loan of 800 Swiss francs (about $200) to repay official Soviet funds which he claimed he had squandered while entertaining friends on a drinking spree. He said he needed to pay the money back urgently or he would be caught out at the end of the month when the regular KGB audit was completed. Nosenko told the diplomat, "This personal problem forces me to propose a deal. I would like to sell a few pieces of intelligence. Can you please help me contact the CIA?"[10] (Nosenko later admitted he made up the story about the missing funds to give the CIA a valid reason to meet him; the deception was to cost him dearly.)[11]

This was not Nosenko's first attempt to strike up a relationship with a Western intelligence service.

In 1960, returning from a temporary assignment in Cuba, Nosenko saw a three-day layover in Amsterdam as an ideal opportunity to arrange his defection. So he tried to attract the attention of the Dutch security service by ostentatiously visiting the KGB *rezident.* He assumed that Dutch counterintelligence would photograph him and mark him down as an important new KGB face in town.

At the time, Nosenko was carrying a package of top secret papers which the KGB had collected from Fidel Castro. Nosenko was delivering these papers to Che Guevara, who was touring Europe.

Assuming that he was under surveillance, Nosenko deliberately left the documents unattended in his hotel room for a full day. He attached human hairs to the package so he would know if it had been disturbed. Upon his return, he was disconcerted to discover that his room had not been searched. Nosenko had hoped that these papers would be his ticket to the United States, since they contained counterintelligence ''gold''—copies of personal correspondence between Khrushchev and Castro about future Soviet military plans for Cuba.[12]

Nosenko's next visit to the West was the trip to Geneva. This time, to prevent confusion, he tried a more direct approach and contacted a known American official from the State Department. After Nosenko made his pitch to the American diplomat—offering to trade intelligence secrets for a loan—they mutually agreed on a time and place for a second meeting two days later.

The logical person to handle Nosenko's offer was Tennant ''Pete'' Bagley, the CIA's senior Soviet Division officer in nearby Berne. At thirty-seven, the fair-haired, square-jawed Bagley was already a division high-flyer; some senior CIA executives, including Richard Helms, saw him as potential DCI material. Indeed, within four years, he would rise to become deputy chief of the entire division.

Bagley came from a prominent Navy family from North Carolina. His father had been killed while serving as a senior naval officer; his uncle was a five-star admiral; and his two older brothers were also Navy admirals with important commands.[13] Bagley had served three years in the Marines during World War II, then studied political science at Princeton University and the University of Geneva, Switzerland. He joined the CIA in 1950 as a recruiter in the original Soviet Russia Division. After serving as a case officer in Austria, he was assigned to Switzerland in 1960.[14] With his fresh-faced Hollywood looks, sharp intellect, and keen ambition, his career seemed destined for great things when the Nosenko case dropped in his lap two years later.

Bagley and Jim Angleton had known each other since 1951. The younger man's dark suspicions of Soviet intelligence strategy made him a natural Fundamentalist. Angleton had even tried to recruit him to work on the Counterintelligence Staff.

Bagley's critics, however, found him a little cynical. Former Soviet Division branch chief Donald Jameson recalls that "Bagley was ambitious. He was one of those people who really believes that the opportunistic approach is highly moral and full of intellectual integrity. He was capable of changing his intellectual outlook depending on his needs. He knew a good wicket when he saw it. He was also capable of great self-deception."[15]

Bagley was designated to be the first CIA officer to meet Nosenko. But as his Russian was poor and he had not previously recruited any top Soviet agents, an experienced back-up man, George Kisevalter, was quickly dispatched from Washington to assist him. The burly, Russian-born Kisevalter (who had crossed swords with Golitsyn over his demands to meet President Kennedy) was a highly respected agent handler, one of the best Russian speakers in the Soviet Division, and a walking encyclopedia on KGB operations and Soviet history. From the moment he first sized up Nosenko, Kisevalter never had the slightest reservations about Nosenko's authenticity.

Nosenko met the two CIA officers four times at a small apartment in a large, old-fashioned building the agency used as a safe house near the center of Geneva. The normally demonstrative Soviet was nervous and apprehensive; his usually irrepressible sense of humor was down. To calm himself, he consumed at least four stiff drinks before arriving at the first meeting—and throughout the sessions he often asked for more Scotch.

Nosenko explained that he wanted to help the United States for ideological reasons. He had become dissatisfied with the hypocrisies of the Soviet system but had no immediate plans to defect physically; he was reluctant to leave his wife and family in the USSR.

This suited the CIA; they wanted an agent-in-place in Moscow. But Nosenko would not agree to this kind of active role—because he adamantly refused to meet with the CIA in Moscow. He told Bagley and Kisevalter never to contact him in the USSR after he returned.[16]

Nosenko knew from experience that KGB surveillance was very adroit in detecting meetings between Soviets and Americans in Moscow. He feared for his own safety. He told the CIA officers that he would try to meet them again in about a year, during the next round of disarmament talks in Geneva. Instead of becoming an agent-in-place, Nosenko became what CIA officers call a defector-in-place.[17]

On June 11, 1962, Bagley telexed Langley from Geneva: "Subject has conclusively proved his bona fides. He has provided info of importance and sensitivity. . . ."[18]

At Langley, there was an air of quiet excitement. Nosenko was the first senior KGB officer to come over from the crucial but virtually unknown Second Chief Directorate. Furthermore, he was evidence (after Golitsyn's arrival) that the long defector drought had ended. During the previous years, the Soviet Division's lack of success in penetrating the Russian intelligence services had become an embarrassment. The division's management were delighted that they now had a man from the inside who could explain the order of battle, the history, the tactics, the long-term strategy, the personnel, and the gossip of a key KGB directorate about which the CIA had little accurate knowledge.

Of added importance was the fact that he was also the politically well-connected son of a former top Soviet minister. Not many defectors could deliver the inside story of a family evening spent with such political stars as Aleksei Kosygin.

The Soviet Division (which the CIA identified internally with the digraph ''AE'') assigned Nosenko the random code name ''AEFOXTROT.'' (That designation would later be changed twice for routine security reasons, first to ''AEBARMAN'' and then to ''AEDONOR'' after 1965.)[19]

The circumstances of the four Geneva meetings—and what was said at them—would later achieve a special significance when the case was reanalyzed and debated in Washington. Bagley had met Nosenko alone at the very first session. Kisevalter joined them for the second meeting. During their initial conversation, Bagley and Nosenko spoke in both Russian and English, without a translator; their language deficiencies created some serious miscommunications. Bagley later admitted that he had not understood some of Nosenko's comments during this first meeting, saying, ''I was most definitely never fluent or competent in the [Russian] language.''[20]

There was one further problem with this first visit. It was clear that Nosenko had been drunk during this debriefing. Nosenko was a big drinker at the best of times and Bagley, anxious to loosen him up, had been only too willing to ply him with whiskey. Nosenko's intoxication, his CIA supporters later concluded, had understandably caused him to exaggerate some of his past activities slightly. Subsequent detractors, on the other hand, accused him of deliberately and maliciously lying.[21]

Angleton learned of Nosenko's initial approach ''immediately'' after the first telegram arrived at Langley from Bagley in Geneva. As Counterintelligence chief, he was automatically notified, even though the case was being handled by the Soviet Division.

Though he later recalled that the initial reaction at CIA headquarters was to view Nosenko's walk-in ''as a great coup,'' Angleton said he was more reserved and skeptical. ''I regarded it as a very interesting development,'' he later explained.[22]

He initiated two actions: first, the Counterintelligence Staff searched their files for previous traces of Nosenko to verify his identity. Nothing was found, except references to his father. (Angleton later said that it heightened his suspicions to learn that Nosenko was the son of a minister and a ''hero'' in the USSR. He found it ''unreal'' and ''illogical'' that such a person would ''betray his country'' for just $200.)

Next the staff began to evaluate Nosenko's information. In his first contacts with the Americans, Captain Nosenko had uncorked intelligence revelation after revelation—both to help the United States and to prove his bona fides. He gave detailed descriptions of Soviet surveillance on the U.S. Embassy in Geneva, the patterns of Soviet security at their own embassy in that city, and the Soviet personnel in Geneva who were the best candidates for recruitment. He also supplied the name of a top Swiss police officer who had been recruited by the KGB.[23]

He then described the major spying operations the KGB had launched against the U.S. Embassy in Moscow during the previous decade. He astonished his CIA listeners by disclosing that the KGB had secretly recruited what he called a *machina,* or American code clerk, inside the Moscow embassy in 1952. This man, code-named ''ANDREY,'' had supplied the Soviets with top secret U.S. military codes. With this data, the KGB was able to supply the Politburo with transcripts of the most sensitive U.S. communications. Nosenko warned that ANDREY had since been transferred to the NSA in Washington and might still be delivering codes to the KGB.[24]

And still the secrets poured out.

Nosenko revealed that the KGB was employing subtle new techniques to detect U.S. officials who were mailing letters to their secret Soviet contacts. He explained that Russian maids in the U.S. Embassy were putting a special dust on the suits of the Americans. It would rub off on their papers and could be detected on letters. The shoes of American diplomats were also being coated with a special scent that could be picked up by trained dogs, so that the diplomats could be tracked when they serviced their ''dead drops.''

Nosenko said that KGB surveillance of a CIA officer mailing a letter in Moscow had already led to the arrest of Lieutenant Colonel Petr Popov, an important GRU officer spying for the CIA. (The controversial Popov case was to play a pivotal role in the molehunt-to-come in the CIA after 1964.)[25]

Of even greater value, Nosenko revealed that the U.S. Embassy in

Moscow was riddled with Soviet microphones, planted when the building was erected in 1952.[26] The Americans had, of course, heard several vague accounts of this before—particularly from Golitsyn. But American security officers had as yet been unable to locate the tiny listening devices.

Nosenko gave precise locations for fifty-two microphones, which were planted deep inside the walls of the building behind the metal pipes leading from the radiators. He also explained how the KGB acquired inside knowledge about American specialists' electronic security sweeps inside the embassy. (The Soviets would temporarily turn off their mikes to evade detection.)[27]

One of the jewels in Nosenko's crown was his confirmation that the Soviets had recruited a spy in the British Admiralty, a homosexual clerk who had been compromised in the mid-1950s. Golitsyn had earlier alerted the British to the existence of this mole. But his information was not precise, and counterintelligence officers in London had been unable to unearth a name. With Nosenko's more specific clues, the British arrested William John Vassall three months later.[28]

But Nosenko's most generous present to the Americans was his disclosure of one of the most successful Soviet spying operations in Europe: a deep KGB penetration of the U.S. Army run by a Sergeant Robert Lee Johnson.[29] He also threw in the name of a KGB double agent, Boris Belitskiy, previously unsuspected by the CIA.[30]

At their last Geneva meeting, Kisevalter provided detailed instructions on how Nosenko should recontact the CIA. He was given a New York address where he could send a letter or commercial cable when he returned to the West. He was also given special coded phrases to use to indicate what he wanted to do.[31]

The key signal involved the date, time, and place for the next meeting. Three days after the cable was sent, from whatever city, Nosenko was supposed to check the cinema page of that same city's newspaper and then show up that evening under the marquee of the cinema whose name began with the highest letter in the alphabet. The fixed time for the rendezvous was 7:00 P.M.—when a crowd would likely form to attend the evening performance. The alternate (fallback) time was an hour later.[32]

On June 15, 1962, Nosenko returned to Moscow as scheduled to resume his duties as an officer in the KGB's Second Chief Directorate.[33]

On the same day, Bagley returned to Washington convinced that Nosenko was the most important defector ever recruited by the CIA. The next day, a Saturday, Angleton called Bagley into his office for a briefing on the case. Bagley excitedly told Angleton, "Jim, I'm involved in the greatest defector case ever.'' Angleton calmly replied, ''Pete, there's some material I'd like you to read. When you finish this, you will see what I'm saying.''[34]

Angleton invited the young CIA officer to sit alone in the conference room across the hall from his office and browse through about two inches of classified documents.

These files contained what Angleton considered to be evidence of the KGB's master plan to deceive the CIA. The pages amounted to his bible of Soviet-inspired disinformation. At its heart were the secret debriefings from Golitsyn. But the documents included two further files on suspicious events. The first was Angleton's theory that an earlier Polish intelligence officer who defected to the United States had actually been a fake, acting under KGB control. The second was an Angleton-Golitsyn analysis of how Lieutenant Colonel Petr Popov, the former CIA agent-in-place in Moscow, might have been betrayed to the Soviets by a mole in the CIA. (This was the case that Nosenko claimed had gone bad because of sound Soviet surveillance work, and *not* through betrayal.)[35]

By now, Angleton had already shown Golitsyn the Nosenko debriefings, an improper move since the agency had yet to complete its own impartial assessment of the new KGB defector. In addition, in view of Golitsyn's theories about defectors who would follow him, he seemed least likely to be impartial on the subject of Yuriy Nosenko. Predictably, Golitsyn reached an instant conclusion on Nosenko's bona fides. Without hesitation he told Angleton, ''This is disinformation. The KGB wants me to appear bad to you. This man is going to damage my leads.''[36]

Golitsyn stressed that his prediction that the KGB would send a fake defector to discredit him had come true. Nosenko was that man. Angleton agreed. In subsequent conversations with other CIA officers, Angleton would use the verb ''mutilate'' to describe the damage Nosenko intended to inflict upon Golitsyn's theories. Angleton would frequently warn: ''Nosenko will mutilate the Golitsyn leads.''

That weekend, Bagley spent both evenings until about midnight in Angleton's conference room briefing himself on Golitsyn's false-defector scenario. According to Angleton, Bagley read and took notes on ''several hundred pages'' of files. Angleton later described Bagley as ''thunderstruck.''[37]Afterwards Angleton would laugh about it. ''Here was this kid,'' Angleton said, ''and he thought he had the biggest fish that the CIA had ever caught. Then, suddenly, he realized it wasn't true. He had been taken in.''[38]

Angleton did not directly try to persuade Bagley to change his mind about Nosenko. He had wanted the Golitsyn material to speak for itself and for Bagley to reach his own conclusions. Angleton recalled, ''I was deliberate in not trying to influence him one way or the other. I just simply pointed out to him various interviews to read.''[39]

Bagley agrees. He admits that he went home the first night very dejected. By the end of the weekend, Bagley had reached the conclusion that Angleton and Golitsyn were right—Nosenko had to be a fake, a dispatched agent, a false defector. Bagley later explained, ''Alone, Nosenko looked good to me . . . seen alongside [Golitsyn], whose reporting I had not seen before coming to headquarters . . . he looked very odd indeed.''[40]

Bagley adds: ''Frankly, it got my wind up. Nosenko was self-contradictory. In a sense, his material was like carbon-copy chaff of Golitsyn's, but he made everything sound less sinister than Golitsyn. To me, Golitsyn's version was simply superior.''[41]

When Bagley had finished, he told Angleton, ''Jim, I'm involved with a major KGB deception operation.''[42]

The challenge had been thrown down. The war had begun.

Throughout the rest of 1962 and 1963, Nosenko remained busy in Moscow, completely out of touch with the CIA, wholly unaware that his credentials were under question. Meanwhile, Bagley had been reassigned in 1963 from Berne to Langley. He was rapidly promoted to chief of the Counterintelligence Branch of the Soviet Division. He now held a job within the division comparable to Angleton's (and which maintained very close liaison with Angleton's staff).

Several months later, on December 19, Bagley circulated a twelve-page memorandum about Nosenko to prepare for his possible reappearance at the next round of disarmament talks a month later in Geneva. Bagley recommended that Nosenko should be assumed to be under Soviet control. He warned the rest of the division to be prepared to handle the KGB officer as a Soviet provocation.[43]

On January 20, 1964, Nosenko returned to Switzerland for his second tour with the Soviet disarmament delegation. He had now been elevated to deputy chief of the SCD's Seventh (Tourist) Department and technically held the rank of lieutenant colonel.[44] During the intervening eighteen months he had been very active, quietly and efficiently rummaging through KGB files in Moscow—collecting notes and committing to memory more than three hundred new leads for the CIA.

''I had decided I would never return to Moscow and I wanted to come back to the Americans with bigger luggage,'' Nosenko explains. ''In Moscow, I had tried to gather whatever information I could that would be valuable to the West—especially successful KGB recruitments of foreigners.''[45]

Among the best new cases he planned to disclose were:

- an alternate Politburo member who would be susceptible to sexual blackmail, and therefore might be persuaded to spy for the Americans;
- a U.S. Army major who had spied for the Soviets in Berlin and Washington for several years, and was then the KGB's most senior American penetration;
- an official at NATO headquarters in Brussels who had given the KGB top secret code material—including the codes NATO would use in case of World War III;
- several wealthy Western businessmen—including a Frenchman, a West German, and an Israeli—who maintained close ties to top government officials in their respective countries while they regularly visited Moscow and were secretly spying for the KGB.[46]

Upon his arrival in Geneva, Nosenko immediately signaled the CIA by prearranged telegram that he wanted a meeting. Bagley and Kisevalter flew out from Washington to Switzerland that same day.[47]

Three days later, Nosenko and Bagley were reunited in a Chaplinesque scene at the designated Geneva cinema.

Nosenko arrived on time at seven o'clock, but it turned out that the cinema they had chosen was closed that night because of a heavy snowstorm, so there was no crowd mingling outside in which he could hide. To make matters worse, it was a bitterly cold winter evening, so there was no one else in sight on the narrow side street where the theater was located. The KGB defector stood alone in the street, as discreet as a bishop in a bordello.[48]

Unknown to Nosenko, Bagley had been sitting in a parked car down the block surveying the location. After a few minutes, he emerged and started walking toward Nosenko. The KGB man recognized the CIA officer immediately—despite the fact that he was wearing a false mustache, dark glasses (at night), a trench coat, and a hat with the brim theatrically pulled down over his face. As Bagley brushed by, he pushed a small piece of paper into Nosenko's pocket which contained the address of the CIA safe house where Kisevalter was waiting.

Nosenko and Bagley then each left to make their own way to the address. Nosenko took the proper precautions to "dry clean" himself of possible surveillance before proceeding to the site. Kisevalter greeted him warmly, and they sat down over a few drinks as they awaited Bagley, who did not appear for another hour, having followed his training lessons to the letter and backtracked several times to make sure he wasn't being followed.

Nosenko told Bagley of his most pressing concern. He said he did not want to return to Moscow—reversing his earlier position. Bagley, who now strongly believed that Nosenko was a KGB provocation, tried to persuade him to maintain the status quo. The CIA man stalled for time, hoping to convince Nosenko to remain in place; he didn't want to be case officer to a fake. However, to keep Nosenko happy and off guard, Bagley somewhat perversely assured him of a ''solid career'' with the CIA.[49]

Nosenko slipped away from his delegation for a second meeting with Bagley and Kisevalter one week later, on January 30. The dispute with Bagley about his intended defection continued. Nosenko expressed increasing concern that his disloyalty was about to be discovered by the KGB.[50]

Five days later, on February 4, at about 10:00 A.M., Nosenko walked out of the Rex Hotel where the Soviet delegation was headquartered and again returned to the CIA's safe house. This time, he left the CIA no choice. He told Bagley that he must defect at once because Moscow Center had sent an ominous telegram ordering him home. He stressed that he would quickly lose his opportunity to defect if he didn't act. He also said he feared that KGB surveillance in Geneva would discover his contacts with the CIA. There were now no further options.[51]

Bagley received clearance from DDO Richard Helms in Washington to proceed with the defection. With a team of CIA officers, he drove Nosenko across the Swiss-German border and up to the CIA's defector reception center near Frankfurt.[52]

The next day, February 5, DCI John McCone, who, somewhat embarrassingly, was unaware of the controversy surrounding Nosenko's bona fides, alerted the White House, the State Department, and the FBI with some excitement that the CIA had landed a major Soviet defector.[53]

Angleton, however, set the DCI straight in no uncertain terms as soon as he learned what McCone had done. At a private meeting, Angleton strongly warned McCone to ''be careful,'' since he believed that Nosenko was a Soviet plant. Walt Elder, who sat in on this ten-minute meeting, recalls that ''Angleton did not give any details about his doubts on Nosenko because there weren't any at that point. There were just vague hints that the circumstances of the defection were suspicious. Angleton was concerned that other government officials briefed by McCone did not swallow this story whole. He wanted McCone to give them a caveat.''[54]

McCone accepted the advice of his Counterintelligence chief and immediately warned the appropriate officials at the White House, FBI, and cabinet that he was reversing his earlier position on Nosenko. He now recommended that they withhold judgment on the new defector.[55]

Anatoliy Golitsyn also used his access to McCone to add his influence to spoil Nosenko's reputation. According to Angleton's secret testimony to Congress, Golitsyn urgently asked him to arrange a meeting with the DCI immediately after Nosenko defected. That week, in McCone's secret office in downtown Washington, Angleton listened as "Golitsyn proceeded to make a definite statement to the effect that Nosenko . . . was obviously a KGB provocation."[56]

So, even before Nosenko reached Washington, the Fundamentalists had recruited the DCI to their cause, and he, in turn, had warned the President, the FBI director, and all of the other top federal officials that the defector was almost certainly a fake.

Another recruit also joined the CIA's Fundamentalists, a man who made this team bureaucratically impregnable. David Murphy, chief of the Soviet Division, had already concluded that Nosenko was a fake on a "KGB-directed mission." Despite this, Murphy had flown to Frankfurt and untruthfully reassured the defector of the friendly welcome and generous cash bonuses waiting for him in the United States.

After reexamining these events years later, a senior CIA official concluded: "Nosenko was treated with the maximum of duplicity."[57]

* * *

When Bagley returned to the United States with Nosenko, he called in the chiefs of the division's geographic branches to brief them about his "defector." Bagley told the assembled group, "Nosenko is a liar! He is bad. He is under Soviet control." The senior officers listened in silence. No one spoke out, because no one yet had the facts to challenge Bagley.[58]

The reluctance to criticize Bagley also stemmed from highly controversial new information which Nosenko had brought from Moscow. Without warning (while still in Geneva), the Soviet KGB officer had unexpectedly detonated an explosion that rocked the whole of the Washington intelligence community.

Nosenko's defection came two months after President Kennedy had been murdered in Dallas. The United States was still in trauma, and the FBI and the CIA were urgently investigating the assassination for the Warren Commission, which had been empowered by the new President, Lyndon Johnson, to determine the facts. Given the Cold War climate, there was one overriding question: Had the Soviets played any part in the murder? The question was doubly important since the accused assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald, had spent three mysterious years in the USSR before 1963.

Nosenko claimed during his debriefings that he could answer the question. He said he had accurate, detailed information about Oswald's stay in the USSR. By an amazing stroke of good fortune, Nosenko also said he had seen the KGB's files on Oswald. To the Americans, the odds of such a coincidence seemed extremely high.

Richard Helms says he knows of "no comparable case" in history where a defector brought secret information of such magnitude. This aspect of Nosenko's revelations made him a far higher priority than any other intelligence defector in history. Helms stresses, "That made the Nosenko case so extraordinary and so different from all the others. Otherwise, we wouldn't have done all the things we ended up doing."[59]

The details of Nosenko's information about Oswald were complex; but summarized, he was saying, first, that Oswald was not acting as a KGB-directed assassin when the President was shot in Dallas. Next, that the KGB had shown no interest in Oswald in the USSR and had no direct contact with him. The local KGB in Minsk, where Oswald had lived, had only watched him in a routine way. And third, that his (Nosenko's) information was authoritative, as he had personally read Oswald's KGB file from Byelorussia.

The defector said he had originally seen this file in 1959, when Oswald arrived in Moscow. He saw it again four years later, on the day of President Kennedy's assassination, when senior KGB officers reviewed it to make sure there was no KGB connection with Oswald. Nosenko stressed that it was routine for him to have seen such files: he had been deputy chief of the SCD department responsible for watching American visitors in the USSR.[60]

Nosenko's news was dynamite. He claimed that if Oswald had indeed killed the President, the Soviets were not to blame. However, if Nosenko were a fake, then the CIA would have little choice but to interpret his message the opposite way—that the Soviets were trying to cover up their role in President Kennedy's murder.

Richard Helms testified in 1978 that the affair became "one of the most difficult issues . . . that the Agency had ever faced." He felt that Nosenko's story "strained credulity."[61] "It is difficult to overstate," he said, "the significance that Yuriy Nosenko's defection assumed in the investigation of President Kennedy's assassination. If Nosenko turned out to be a bona fide defector, if his information were to be believed, then we could conclude the KGB and the Soviet Union had nothing to do with Lee Harvey Oswald in 1963 and therefore had nothing to do with President Kennedy's murder.

"If, on the other hand, Mr. Nosenko had been programmed in advance by the KGB to minimize KGB connections with Oswald, if Mr. Nosenko was giving us false information about Oswald's contacts with the KGB in 1959 to 1962, it was fair for us to surmise that there may have been an Oswald-KGB connection in November, 1963, more specifically that Oswald was acting as a Soviet agent when he shot President Kennedy.''[62]

Helms added that the consequences to the United States and the world would have been ''staggering'' if Oswald were proven to be a Soviet agent.[63] He was not exaggerating. Proven complicity by the USSR in President Kennedy's assassination would have been a *casus belli* for the United States.

Interestingly, Helms did not mention that Nosenko had been branded a fake by the CIA in 1962—two years *before* his ''Oswald'' revelations—or that the Fundamentalists had so fixed his reception at Langley that he would be friendless on arrival and discredited whatever he said.

Another somewhat less earth-shattering problem facing Nosenko in Washington was that he unwittingly held the power to support or destroy the basic Angleton-Golitsyn gospel about the power and efficiency of the Soviet intelligence apparatus. His credibility was directly linked to the alleged KGB ''master plan'' to deceive the West.

This Fundamentalist theory would be conveniently endorsed if Nosenko was lying about the KGB's involvement in Kennedy's assassination. But Angleton's whole argument would be mortally discredited if Nosenko was telling the truth, namely, that the Soviets had never recruited Oswald and had played no part in the murder of the President.

This was an issue worth donning suits of armor and sharpening claymores for. This was an issue worth a war.

The Fundamentalists ran a brilliant campaign to discredit Nosenko's reputation so that he would be ignored by the Warren Commission. Even the legendary J. Edgar Hoover was defeated when he tried to have Nosenko heard. Although the FBI believed Nosenko's story and did its best to have him testify in person in front of the Warren Commission, it was outmaneuvered by the CIA. When the decision was taken in October 1964 not to allow Nosenko to testify, any hope for an objective and restrained internal debate about his credibility faded. From that moment until August 1968, the CIA would bring down the curtain and deny all access to Nosenko—including even the FBI.[64]

The KGB defector was rapidly becoming a non-person.

Even before the Warren Commission's final decision to exclude Nosenko, Richard Helms and David Murphy had already concluded that the task of evaluating his credibility would not be quite as simple as they had once hoped.

By the end of March 1964, they decided to begin preparations to imprison the Soviet defector and start hostile interrogations.

Until then, the CIA had arranged for Nosenko to be classified by the multi-agency U.S. Defectors Committee as a ''cooperating source'' rather than as a ''defector,'' ''refugee,'' or ''resident alien.'' This neat and unique bureaucratic device allowed the agency to handle Nosenko in ''special ways'' which bypassed normal immigration procedures and regulations. The step was taken because the CIA was not legally empowered to arrest or detain anyone. By denying Nosenko resident status, the CIA prevented him from requesting a lawyer or complaining that he was being held illegally. Instead, he was never technically admitted to the United States. In this legal limbo, he was considered only a ''visitor'' who had come for the limited purpose of giving debriefings to the CIA.[65]

On April 2, Helms and Murphy went a step further when they met the Deputy U.S. Attorney General and obtained legal approval from the Justice Department to lock up the Soviet defector. (Lawrence Houston, the CIA's general counsel, was also present to lend advice.)[66] Nosenko had no legal representation.

A subsequent CIA reinvestigation found that this decision to arrest and detain Nosenko had as its supposed motivation the fact that his handlers wanted to keep him ''sufficiently isolated so that he could not communicate with his supposed KGB controllers, who were still masterminding his activities. . . .''[67]

On April 4, 1964, Nosenko's ambivalent welcome to the United States turned irretrievably sour.

First, in an attempt to acquire a ''scientific'' confession, the defector was instructed to take a polygraph (lie detector) test. Bagley had earlier assured Nosenko that there was nothing to be concerned about. All CIA officers, he said, took such ''routine'' tests. Nosenko readily agreed to Bagley's request; he wasn't afraid of any questions and had nothing to hide.[68]

On the morning of April 4, Nosenko was driven by Soviet Division officer Tom Ryan (Bagley's assistant) and several CIA guards to a large, three-story safe house in a Washington suburb. He was joined there by an unnamed CIA doctor he had never seen before. This tall, pale, and balding doctor instructed him to remove his clothes for a physical check-up. Nosenko took off his coat, shirt, pants, tie, shoes, and socks, and also reluctantly turned over his favorite watch, which held special sentimental value for him. (Four years earlier, after he had recruited a Finnish businessman to spy against the Americans in Moscow, the agent had given him this distinctive Swiss watch as a gift. The design on the face commemorated the first Soviet Sputnik launch in the late 1950s.)[69]

After a thorough, half-hour medical examination, Nosenko was taken into another room for the polygraph test. His clothes and watch were left behind.[70] The only people now present were Nosenko, Tom Ryan, and the polygraph operator, Nick Stoiaken (whose identity was then unknown to Nosenko).

Stoiaken, a large, thickset man then in his early forties, had been born in the United States, although his parents had emigrated from the USSR. He had previously been a polygraph specialist in the Office of Security but had transferred to the Soviet Division to become a regular case officer. In the division, he was still assigned as a polygraph examiner on important cases because he spoke fluent Russian.[71]

Under certain circumstances, Stoiaken was known to conduct his polygraph exams using unorthodox methods which were not employed by impartial, detached technicians. In Nosenko's case, Stoiaken came to the sessions fully aware of the division's predetermined view about his subject.

Stoiaken began by attaching Nosenko to the equipment with straps around his arms, hands, fingers, and chest—to read his blood pressure, heart rate, and perspiration. For added effect, Stoiaken placed around Nosenko's head what he called an ''electroencephalograph.'' Nosenko recalled that the operator warned him that this device could read his ''brain waves'' (nonsense of Buck Rogers proportions).[72]

Nosenko was nervous—since this was all new to him—but he remained calm, because he was still under the impression that this was all routine, and he knew that he intended to tell the truth.

For more than an hour, Stoiaken asked him questions, with only ''yes'' or ''no'' answers allowed, while the machine took the readings. During the test, Stoiaken gave no indication of how Nosenko was doing.

At the end, Stoiaken made a big show of taking Ryan aside and showing him the test results. Ryan feigned great anger. Bagley suddenly appeared and announced that Nosenko had failed the test.

What followed, according to Nosenko, was ''hysterical behavior and intense shouting and banging on the table.'' The CIA officers started calling him a ''liar'' and a ''fanatic.'' They told him that his cover story was unsupported by any facts, and said that he had no future in the United States.[73]

Before Nosenko really understood what was happening, several big guards rushed into the room and he was roughly arrested.[74] These guards became very antagonistic as the psychological softening-up process intensified.[75]

First, Nosenko was stripped naked and searched. The guards checked inside his mouth and ears and even forced him to bend over as they inspected his rectum.

They next ordered Nosenko to dress in new clothes: a T-shirt, underpants, overalls, and slippers. Then they marched him up the stairs and locked him in the attic of the safe house—10 by 10 feet, with a partially sloping ceiling.

This was to be his cell, in solitary confinement, for the next twelve months. He would be held without charge or trial.

''The conditions were inhuman,'' Nosenko recalls. ''Not only had they illegally arrested me, without due process of law—in violation of the Constitution—they were also determined to destroy my human dignity.''[76]

Inside this small and stuffy attic room, the windows were closed off with wooden boards on the outside, and the only furniture was a hard mattress on a metal bed that was nailed down to the middle of the floor. Across the top half of the special door was a wire mesh, so that the guards (always seated in the narrow hallway outside) could keep him under constant observation.

In order to cause him maximum embarrassment, the door had been removed from the bathroom, leaving the lavatory open to public view. Nosenko found bowel movements difficult under the deliberate gaze of his guards.

The attic room lacked heat, air conditioning, or open windows. It was very difficult for him to breathe. He was hungry all the time and fed only ''very small amounts of very poor food.''

He was given no toothpaste or toothbrush and could shower and shave only once a week. On the first day, his hair was crudely shaved off by the guards with an electric razor. The guards later gave him a battery-powered shaver to cut his beard (not an electric one, for fear that he might kill himself with it).

Nosenko was forbidden human contact, allowed no television, radio, newspapers, or other reading materials. The only exercise he was permitted was pacing backwards and forwards in the small room. In order to lower his morale even further, he was told that he would be held like this for ''twenty-five years'' or more if he did not ''cooperate.''[77]

Nosenko was also denied cigarettes, although he was a lifetime smoker and a confirmed nicotine addict. He soon became so desperate that he begged the guards for cigarettes. At first, they responded with a small handful, but when he tried to smoke them, he found they all had been soaked in perfume or cologne and tasted horrible. The guards seemed to find his dejected reaction amusing.

After the softening up, Bagley and Ryan finally began intense questioning of their prisoner. The technique was unashamedly hostile, with strong verbal violence used by both interrogators. Whenever Nosenko attempted a serious answer to a question, one or the other repeatedly shouted ''Bullshit'' or ''Nonsense'' as he tried to speak. Bagley would repeatedly shout, ''You're a liar! You're not who you say you are! You didn't work for the KGB! You're a plant! You were prepared and trained for this mission! Confess!''

Bagley recalls that this first round of hostile questioning lasted about a week. The expectation was that Nosenko would quickly break down and confess. ''We decided he should face a hostile interrogation from me,'' Bagley explains. ''I was the lead interrogator, and was supposed to confront him with some of the contradictions from his previous statements.

''There was some shouting and table banging—yes, we generated some heat.''[78]

Somewhat unsportingly, Nosenko refused to confess and a stalemate ensued. Bagley says that ''there was no intention then to hold him for a long time. But the results were nil. The truth is, we were stuck. He was in the United States, and nothing was resolved. We had a problem, a moral, operational, human problem, call it what you like. The situation was dynamic—we never planned it that way.''[79]

After Bagley finished, Tom Ryan and another division officer continued interrogations on and off for another several months, playing ''good cop/bad cop,'' with Ryan as the heavy and the other officer offering sympathy. At times, according to Nosenko, Ryan became hysterical, on one occasion screaming ''Homosexual!'' at him. Another time they kept Nosenko in the same chair for twenty-four hours without a break while they interrogated him.[80]

It was during one of Bagley's visits that Nosenko was shown a photograph of Anatoliy Golitsyn. The prisoner was not told that Golitsyn was one of his chief persecutors. Golitsyn, who had every reason to want to see Nosenko's bona fides destroyed, had secretly been given access to all the transcripts and tapes of Nosenko's debriefings, interrogations, and the polygraph test. Golitsyn was even allowed to invent and submit his own questions for Nosenko.[81]

Nosenko had never met or seen Golitsyn, so he could not identify his photo. He simply relayed some general facts which he knew about the other Soviet defector, but ironically said nothing that was derogatory about him.

Bagley shot back at him: ''How come Golitsyn never saw *you?* Golitsyn says you didn't work at the KGB!''[82]

Nosenko replied calmly: ''Then how come I know details about Golitsyn's career and where he went on some of his assignments?''

Bagley responded: ''That was all fed to you by the KGB.''

As the interrogations of Nosenko continued, Bagley and his staff compiled all of their research into a central file. Their detailed analysis of the case eventually reached a mountainous nine hundred pages of memos and documents.

As Bagley puts it, ''We found that Nosenko was a plant because all his stuff was old and useless. There were two hundred or so inconsistencies in his testimony.''[83]

Among Bagley's central conclusions was that every single claim Nosenko made about his career in the KGB was false. Bagley determined that Nosenko had never served in any of the posts in the Second Chief Directorate in which he had claimed to serve, and that he was not the deputy chief of the SCD's Seventh Department when he made contact with the CIA in 1964.[84]

Bagley analyzed all of this evidence and then reached the startling conclusion that Nosenko had never even been a real KGB officer at all. The CIA officer argued that Nosenko was an ordinary Russian who had assumed a false identity in Soviet intelligence—a sort of KGB poseur.[85]

Bagley now adds: ''He just didn't know things he should have known. He spoke about KGB procedures in such a stupid way that it was literally incredible. He didn't even know how the KGB did a simple name check. And the guy didn't even know when a statue of Dzerzhinskiy had been erected in front of the KGB office. Can you believe that? I concluded there was reason to doubt some of his KGB background. He knew he had been trapped in a lie, it was nothing less than that.''[86]

Bagley consulted regularly with Angleton, and both officers were also particularly troubled by two other apparent discrepancies in Nosenko's story. In the first instance, no supporting evidence could be found for Nosenko's claim that Moscow had sent him a recall telegram in Geneva. In the second, Nosenko could never prove to Bagley's satisfaction that he had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel in the KGB. Bagley's evidence indicated that he had actually held a lesser rank.

Bagley also believed he had found other, smaller ways in which Nosenko had boosted his credentials without supportive evidence. But no prima facie evidence emerged to prove the Fundamentalists' belief that Nosenko was a deliberate KGB provocation. To the contrary, despite the unpleasant treatment, Nosenko had stuck rigidly to his story.

As the interrogations dragged on, Angleton continued to lobby against Nosenko at power centers outside the CIA. He attended many sessions with top FBI officials at which the case was intensely argued—with the FBI continuing to support Nosenko, but remaining powerless to help him. And he made a special appearance before the President's

Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board to brief them on Nosenko and other related counterintelligence matters. At this previously undisclosed secret session with President Johnson' advisers, Angleton stressed that Nosenko was ''sent'' by the KGB as part of a ''Soviet disinformation effort.'' The source for this crucial analysis, Angleton revealed, was another ''trusted'' Soviet defector, whom Angleton referred to only by the codename ''AELADLE''—Anatoliy Golitsyn. Angleton told the Board that AELADLE had predicted that the Soviets would send disinformation agents like Nosenko to neutralize his contribution to the CIA. This account was accepted without question by the White House advisers.[87]

With Bagley now alleging that Nosenko might not even be Nosenko, an increasingly nervous Richard Helms decided on another tack.

Helms invited CIA psychologist John Gittinger to use all of his professional skills to conduct a thorough evaluation of Nosenko—to determine if the Soviet really was who he said he was.[88]

Dr. Gittinger's qualifications for this sensitive assignment were formidable. He had been a lieutenant commander in the Navy during World War II and the director of the psychological staff at a state hospital in Norman, Oklahoma, before he joined the CIA in 1950.

By the time he saw Nosenko, he had become the chief psychologist for the clandestine service, working closely with the Soviet Division. In 1964, at the height of his career, he was considered the most qualified staff psychologist at the CIA. His specialty was interviewing and assessing case officers, agents, and defectors.[89]

Gittinger began an extensive series of interviews with Nosenko at the CIA safe house. For five weeks, they met every night between 9:00 P.M. and midnight. They spoke for about one hundred hours in all. Gittinger did not feel this was the optimum time of day for such interviews. ''That's when I was told to see him,'' he explains. ''I made it clear I didn't think they were treating him fairly, but that was not my prerogative. I'm sure it was done to keep the pressure on him.''[90]

Nosenko recalls that he enjoyed the calm atmosphere of talking to the soft-spoken Dr. Gittinger. ''He was very intelligent,'' Nosenko says, ''and a patient, sympathetic listener, who didn't interrupt me when I spoke.''[91]

After thirty-five sessions, the doctor had firmly concluded that Nosenko was telling the truth about his identity. Gittinger explains that ''I found the stories Nosenko told me to be essentially consistent. The bottom line was that his personality was in line with the story of his life.''[92]

Gittinger also uncovered a significant pattern of youthful rebellion and disenchantment in Nosenko's personal history.

He explored Nosenko's privileged background, as well as his hedonistic and unruly behavior. ''Nosenko had been a kind of Soviet 'hooligan.' For instance, he had tattooed his arm with ink—a very painful kind of tattoo—and, as he grew older, he had spent a lot of time putting acid on this tattoo to get it off. There was a scar on his arm. As a naval cadet, he had also shot himself in the foot. He said this was an accident, but he had been accused at the time of doing it on purpose to get out of some military activities.''[93]

After the war, Nosenko had run into some trouble when he wore a military uniform while traveling with his father into occupied Germany. He was accused of impersonating an officer. Later, he had married against his mother's wishes and ended up divorcing the woman.

Gittinger concluded that Nosenko was not the type of person to be chosen for a KGB mission that could have changed the course of history. ''I just didn't see any evidence of him being a plant,'' Gittinger notes. ''He did not fit the profile of the highly skilled penetration agent that he was reported to be. It just didn't fit. He could not be nearly as cunning and clever as Bagley and company were building him up to be. Nor, frankly, was he the kind of man who could be trusted to run the kind of cover-up operation on Kennedy's assassination where failure might mean the outbreak of World War III.''[94]

Gittinger also found that some of the inconsistencies in Nosenko's stories were typical of defector behavior. He concluded that Nosenko lied about or exaggerated some answers on the subject of his career to make himself appear to be a more attractive defector, and that this was also par for the course. And he found that Nosenko tried to inflate his personal prestige to make himself seem more like his important father. According to Gittinger, Nosenko did this for his own psychological reasons, and not at the behest of the KGB. Gittinger warned that inaccuracies in Nosenko's debriefings should not necessarily be seen as professional deceptions.

''Based on my experience with defectors,'' Gittinger now recalls, ''in the initial stages they are going to make themselves sound as important as they can. Nosenko did exaggerate and talk about some things that he didn't have a lot of knowledge about. But this was completely consistent with the kind of person he was.''[95]

Bagley and Murphy firmly and predictably rejected Gittinger's opinions. They said that he could not form an accurate opinion because there was crucial, secret information he wasn't privy to. Gittinger was warned that there were ''all kinds of things'' he couldn't be told. When the psychologist asked about this information, Bagley and Murphy refused to elaborate. When Gittinger complained to Richard Helms, and Helms then instructed Murphy to open up and tell Gittinger everything about the case, nothing changed.

It later turned out that the "big secret" that had to be withheld from Gittinger was the fact that Jim Angleton's secret weapon—Anatoliy Golitsyn—was the primary source of the accusations against Nosenko.

In spite of Dr. Gittinger's firm judgments, Helms chose to give the Soviet Division still more time to prove their case. The weeks and months of Nosenko's ordeal had now progressed into mid-1965.

In all, Nosenko would be held in isolation for a total of 1,277 days—a period that was broken up into two stages. For the first sixteen months—from April 4, 1964, until August 13, 1965—he remained in the attic at the CIA safe house in the Washington area.

But, as his imprisonment dragged on with no end in sight, the CIA decided to construct a special, top secret "facility" to house him—ostensibly to cut down on expenses, increase security, and rack up the pressure on him.[96]

On what for Nosenko was yet another oppressively hot and interminably long August evening, a group of about six stern-faced guards burst into his attic room without warning and ordered him to strip naked—without explanation. They frisked his body from head to toe, as they had done a year earlier. When they again closely checked his rectum, Nosenko, taken by the absurdity of it all, managed a feeble little quip: "Be careful, I have a machine gun hidden up there."[97]

After completing this search, they ordered him to dress, and then blindfolded and handcuffed him.

"I got very nervous from this," Nosenko recalls. "I didn't know what would happen and I thought to myself, 'Uh-oh, they are going to shoot me.' "[98]

The guards then shackled Nosenko and guided their blindfolded prisoner from the attic room over to a narrow, enclosed shaft like a laundry chute. They sent him sliding down three floors to the outside of the house, where he was caught by several other waiting guards. This human parcel—still a guest of the U.S. government—was then carried to the back of a station wagon, thrown onto a mattress, and transported to the new site.

So, for the next two years and two months—from August 14, 1965, until October 27, 1967—Nosenko was held in solitary confinement at a newly built, tiny cement house at the CIA's well-guarded training compound at Camp Peary, Virginia.[99] Known euphemistically as "The Farm" to CIA insiders, Camp Peary is a 10,000-acre complex nestled in the wooded countryside near Williamsburg, Virginia, a two-hour drive south of Washington. On a remote, heavily wooded site inside this secure compound, the CIA erected Nosenko's unique "prison," which was given the tightly held and inane codename "LOBLOLLY."[100]

If the attic in the old safe house had been bad, it was the Ritz compared to this expensively created and custom-made prison cell. Nosenko was now locked inside a windowless, 10- by 10-foot concrete cell with a single bed attached to the floor and one bare light bulb overhead. The cell door shut behind him was made of heavy, cross-hatched steel bars—like a regular prison—and was hung inside a second, solid door, which could be closed to seal him in completely.

When the blindfold was removed, Nosenko immediately saw that he had been moved to even more spartan conditions than the previous location. Even sleeping now became an ordeal. Before, his bed had had a pillow, pillow case, sheet, and blanket. Now, he had none of those "luxuries." There was only a hard metal bed and a bare mattress, the top end of which he was forced to bend over with his arm so he could rest his head, since he had no pillow. The bed was so small that his feet hung over the metal edge. For the next year and a half, there would be no heat or air conditioning. The cell was often either swelteringly hot or freezing cold.[101]

As the days dragged on, Nosenko had nothing to look at but the bare cement walls. At first, there was no distinction between day and night as the bright light was kept on twenty-four hours a day. When he complained, they eventually started to dim the light late at night. This one light bulb was hung under a glass that was cut into the ceiling, and Nosenko later determined that there was a closed-circuit television camera hidden behind it. With this camera, he was kept under twenty-four-hour surveillance, designed to monitor his every movement and record his infrequent interview sessions.[102]

The meals Nosenko received at Camp Peary were "miserable," specifically designed to leave him in a constant state of hunger. He was later told that his handlers had spent a total of less than a dollar a day for three meals. Everything was served on paper plates with a plastic knife and fork and spoon. (Plastic utensils were used so he could not attack the guards or harm himself.)

For breakfast, he was typically given a cup of coffee and a little cereal. Lunch consisted of a piece of bread with a "slimy, smelly, cold piece of old meat." For dinner, he was given only a small portion of soup served in a Styrofoam cup, a piece of bread with a small piece of meat on it, and coffee.[103]

His jailers made sure he could smell the delicious meals being prepared for the guards just down the hall. Nosenko remembers how "these smells, including steaks, would drive me crazy." He became depressed and disappointed with himself because this form of sensory torture worked so well. No matter how much discipline he exerted, he could not expel the constant and overwhelming desire for food from his mind.

Nosenko also continued to obsess about smoking nearly every waking moment in his cell. At times, he became so desperate for a cigarette that he would stand against the bars of the cell door and try to casually breathe in some of the smoke-filled air from the hallway, where the guards were sitting.[104]

After many months inside this cell, Nosenko complained that he was being denied fresh air and sunshine. So, just outside his prison, the CIA constructed a small, enclosed yard, which he was allowed to enter once a day for thirty minutes. This special walking area was surrounded by two fences—the inner one a chain-link fence about 12 feet high; the outer one, spaced several feet away, a fence about 18 feet high built of some solid material—so no one could see in or out. From inside this dirt yard, the prisoner could see only the sky. Each time he stepped into the enclosure, one of the guards, serving as a sentry with a rifle on his shoulder, paraded back and forth inside the space between the two fences.

The first day that Nosenko was allowed to walk in this small yard was the first time he had seen daylight in two years.

The prisoner tried an escape ploy several months later when he decided to go on a hunger strike, with the underlying expectation that he would become sick and need hospital treatment. He was hopeful that he might escape or attract a rescue while he was being transferred to a medical facility.

''If given the chance,'' Nosenko recalls, ''I figured I would try to run to the police or any American person I met and would say, 'Help me. I'm kidnapped.' What else could I do? I had no money. No clothes. No passport. I couldn't leave the country.''[105]

For more than a month, Nosenko refused to eat any of the ''meals'' that were sent into his cell, and drank only water. The guards clearly knew that he was fasting because they saw that all of his food was being returned untouched. But no one said anything to him.

After he had lost forty pounds and had become so weak that he could barely walk, he finally toppled over one day and collapsed when he tried to stand. When the guards saw this, they finally called in a doctor.

This physician firmly told Nosenko that they would begin force-feeding him if he did not start eating solid food right away. ''We will tie you down and give you anal feedings,'' the doctor warned. ''We won't ask for your permission.'' Nosenko finally gave in, to his own annoyance.

In other important respects, Nosenko's long imprisonment took a lasting toll on his health. Because he had not been allowed any dental care for the first two years, he later suffered severe gum disease which caused the loss of most of his teeth and required painful dental surgery leading to a mouthful of dentures and bridges. He also developed debilitating ulcers, which require medication and continue to bother him to this day.[106]

During the whole time he was at Camp Peary, Nosenko met no outsiders except for his guards, Soviet Division officers, and two doctors. The guards were instructed not to fraternize with him.[107] He kept close track of the passing days and nights from the meals he was served and by the way the guards dimmed and brightened the light in his cell. He also stuck a nail in the wall near a mark as each week, month, and year passed.[108]

As part of the mental torture, Nosenko was given nothing at all to read for the first three years. On one occasion after about two years, when he was finally allowed to brush his teeth, the guards forgot to remove a piece of printed paper from inside the toothpaste package. Nosenko hid this precious paper in his pocket, because it contained a description of the toothpaste ingredients. Since this was the only printed material he had seen for so long, at night he would secretly read the paper over and over under his blanket. However, the moment the guards spotted what he was doing, they came in and seized the paper from him.[109]

Another time, Nosenko tried to create a makeshift deck of playing cards by saving some of the paper napkins from his meals. When he went outside to the yard, he tried to pick up spent matches from the ground which had been discarded by the guards. He used the blackened part of the matches to mark torn pieces of the napkins like the faces in a deck of cards. The guards were closely watching him on the surveillance camera as he progressed with this project over the course of several weeks.

On the very day when he finally had completed the deck and started playing a card game for the first time, they rushed into his cell and snatched the cards from him.[110]

Undeterred, Nosenko tried to fashion a tiny chess set out of pieces of threads and lint he had collected from his clothes. But again, once he had painstakingly finished all of the pieces, the guards simply confiscated them.[111]

''I had no choice,'' he says. ''I had to survive. What else could I do? I had come to a strange country. I had never been here before and knew no one—not a soul. I had no one to contact, no friends or relatives, and no one that I could trust or rely on. I knew that I had no future or prospects in the U.S. without the CIA's help. I knew I had to do whatever it took to win over the CIA's confidence. I believed I would be out eventually because I had nothing to hide.''[112]

But some senior division officers took a different view, and now began considering alternative methods to forcing a confession from the Soviet. In fact, for more than a year, some of them had actually been contemplating the use of drugs against Nosenko. However, when they submitted a request to Helms to interrogate Nosenko with drugs (such as sodium amytal), he promptly quashed this scheme.[113]

Back in 1965, even before Nosenko was locked away at Camp Peary, Murphy (presumably on behalf of the team supervising the detention) had invited Dr. Gittinger to administer drugs in secret to Nosenko in an effort to make him open up.[114]

Gittinger and another doctor, a staff psychiatrist from the CIA's medical office, were asked to slip Nosenko these drugs when the hostile interrogations began to drag on unsuccessfully. One of the drugs suggested by the Soviet Division was pipradol hydrochloride, manufactured under the brand name Meratran.[115] This odorless white crystal powder induces effects similar to amphetamines. But it produces less insomnia and smaller effects on the heart rate and respiration; it wouldn't be noticeable to the subject. Doses of the drug could have been administered to Nosenko unwittingly, either in his food or in one of several other ways. Both doctors flatly refused the division's prompting.

Gittinger was then asked to slip Nosenko a hallucinogenic drug.

''I was approached to give Nosenko LSD as a means of getting him to talk,'' Gittinger explains. ''I didn't think this was indicated or useful in any way, and was totally unwilling to do it. I was shocked. It would have been immoral. I could see no reason whatsoever to do something like that to this man. The CIA had no more right to introduce drugs for questioning without the subject's cooperation than a doctor in private practice.''[116]

Even if Nosenko had been drugged, Gittinger adds, the results would have been ''unfortunate,'' and not necessarily accurate. ''Nosenko would simply have reacted in an extremely manic way with lots of emotion.''[117]

Nosenko, however, states categorically that he was illegally drugged by the CIA in defiance of orders. He insists that other CIA officials—not Dr. Gittinger—did feed him various drugs ''on several occasions'' at Camp Peary.

''The first time,'' he recalls, ''I don't know what the drug was. But my body didn't like it and I had the hiccups for twenty-four hours, without stop.

''Another time, I started falling asleep right after dinner. Suddenly, I couldn't hold myself up. During the sleep, I was talking out loud and they were taping everything. I knew they had taped me because I woke up early the next morning and overheard the guards talking about how they had gotten three terrific tapes the previous night. And later they asked me some questions about things I had been dreaming about in my sleep—and must have been saying out loud.''[118]

Nosenko's most vivid and convincing memory of a possible drug incident occurred in 1966, when a CIA doctor he had never seen before showed up ostensibly to take blood samples. Nosenko is quite certain that this doctor, far from extracting blood, actually injected him with some kind of hallucinogenic drug.[119]

This doctor, whom Nosenko has described in detail, visited the cell several times at first for routine exams. He then came back to take what he claimed were blood samples—one each for *ten* straight days. When Nosenko questioned this procedure, the doctor would not explain clearly or convincingly why he needed to take blood more than once.[120]

After the last sample was taken and the doctor had left the cell, Nosenko started experiencing highly unusual sensations. ``The drug, whatever it was, affected me very strongly,'' he remembers. ``I felt like I was simply floating off the ground, almost half conscious. I didn't know who I was. I can't even describe the feeling. I had never experienced anything like it in my life. Then, suddenly, I couldn't breathe or take air in. I was in a panic. I was having chest spasms and couldn't exhale. I felt like I was almost dead.''[121]

The guards, who had apparently been observing his difficulties on the surveillance camera, suddenly burst into his cell and dragged him down the hall to the shower, where they ran alternating hot and cold water over his head to revive him.

Nosenko now admits that this one incident very nearly drove him to his breaking point. ``I am certain I was drugged,'' he says, ``based on the strong and unique physical reactions I felt that day. I also found it odd that the strange doctor never returned to see me and no more blood was ever taken.

``Now, looking back,'' he adds, ``I'm sure this was LSD. Since then, I have had aftereffects—like a constant sound in my ears, day and night for twenty-four hours. A private doctor has recently told me this was a symptom of a long-term reaction to LSD.''[122]

In October 1966, shortly after these incidents, Murphy and Bagley decided to give Nosenko a second polygraph test. Nosenko recalls that this second exam ``was even uglier and more demeaning than the first one.''[123]

There was no advance warning that he was to be tested again. One morning, the same tall doctor who had examined him in April 1964 simply came into his cell and said he needed another medical checkup. After a routine, cursory examination during which his pulse was taken, the doctor told him to pull his trousers down and bend over. Nosenko balanced himself by placing his hands on a nearby table. The doctor put on a plastic glove and inserted his finger inside Nosenko's rectum—wriggling it around for *some ten minutes.* ''He kept watching my face,'' Nosenko recalls. ''His expression seemed to be asking me whether I was enjoying this or not.

''He held his finger there despite my protests. I could not understand what he was doing. Later, I realized, it was done for the purpose to simply get me mad.''[124]

Nosenko is certain the doctor acted this way under the guise of an examination in order to arouse him sexually and to stimulate his blood pressure, thereby distorting the polygraph readings.[125]

Finally, when this gross violation ended, the doctor left, and Nosenko was taken directly into an adjoining room where he was put in a chair and hooked up to polygraph equipment. Nosenko and Nick Stoiaken, the same examiner as before, were now in the room alone.

From the start of the test, Stoiaken once again used controversial techniques. He started calling Nosenko a ''liar'' and a ''homosexual,'' and other names which Nosenko declines to specify but says were ''ugly.'' Nosenko believes all of this was done to further raise his blood pressure—and thus to distort and contaminate the test results.[126] He adds that there was no other possible explanation, since ''they knew I had been married and had children.''[127]

Stoiaken proceeded to ask Nosenko numerous questions about his alleged homosexuality. After more than an hour of similar questions, Stoiaken abruptly left the room to take a leisurely lunch break. He left Nosenko behind still strapped into the chair. The guards were brought in to make sure he didn't move.

An hour and a half later, Stoiaken returned and resumed the test. As the questioning continued for another two hours, no matter how Nosenko responded, Stoiaken would tell him that he had lied—whatever the test results showed. And the more tenaciously Nosenko resisted, the harsher the treatment he received.[128]

Nosenko was forced to sit in the chair that day, wired to the machine, for more than five hours. Stoiaken's final report predictably concluded that the defector was still lying.[129]

Bagley's private handwritten notes from that month reveal the existence of a hidden agenda behind the second polygraph test. He wrote that this exam was held to obtain details ''which we could use in fabricating an ostensible Nosenko confession'' that would be ''believable even to the Soviets.'' This fake confession, he noted, ''would be useful in any eventual disposal of Nosenko.''[130]

Bagley actually went so far as to bring such a phony confession to Camp Peary for Nosenko to sign.

As part of this confession, Nosenko charges, Bagley deliberately manufactured ''evidence'' which falsely suggested that the KGB had recruited moles within the CIA. Bagley personally brought the document to Nosenko's cell and suggested Nosenko sign all ten pages, each one of which contained fabricated stories.[131] Had Nosenko complied, he would have given the Fundamentalists the one piece of evidence they had failed time and again to acquire: that the CIA (and other U.S. intelligence agencies) were severely penetrated by KGB moles.

''Not a single case described in that document had ever existed,'' Nosenko now insists. ''It was all fiction. I was simply astounded when I was told to sign this.''[132]

Tempted by the knowledge that with one stroke of the pen he would at last secure his freedom, Nosenko summoned his last reserves of discipline, stubbornness, and plain cussedness. On the back of the last page, he wrote in pencil that all of these cases were ''not true'' and that he could never sign such a document.

The more Nosenko toughed it out, the greater the pressure on Bagley. The two men were now involved in a grotesque marathon. Nosenko was the prisoner of Bagley and Bagley of an anxious DCI. And they, in turn, were victims of Angleton's unyielding and obsessive view of Nosenko's bona fides. In growing desperation, the CIA officer jotted down some notes listing the agency's remaining options—assuming that Nosenko was a deception agent whose cover could not be broken. Bagley wrote that the CIA's objective would, frankly, be an extensive cover-up: ''to clean up traces of a situation in which CIA could be accused of illegally holding Nosenko.'' Among the options he offered were ''liquidate the man''—that is, to kill Nosenko—or ''render him incapable of giving [a] coherent story [by using] (special dose of drug, etc.),'' or committing him to a ''loony bin *without* making him nuts.''[133] Taken at face value, these scribbled notes by a now desperate man suggest that Nosenko may have been on the verge of a truly dreadful fate. But Bagley has since denied that these notes were what they appear to be—serious options.

He now says that ''they were only pencil notes to myself. It was crap. It was a piece of paper. They were never sent to anyone. They were drafted in the kind of loose language when one talks to oneself. It was a mark of utter frustration that I was even writing it down.''[134]

He adds: ''You can only read those notes in the full context of all the options. I was asking, 'What can we do theoretically?' And what the public record doesn't show is that options number one and two were to release him and release him with some kind of publicity.''[135]

And what about the item to ''liquidate'' Nosenko? ''That item, yes, it was like wanting to kill the umpire,'' Bagley replies. ''It was a thought that flashed through my mind. I could have cheerfully strangled Nosenko—that was the mood I was in. It was frivolous.''[136]

Whatever the full truth, it was clear that the Nosenko affair was now beginning to traumatize the CIA. Its effect was out of all proportion to its true significance. Nosenko's knowledge about Oswald *was* important. But whether Nosenko was good, bad, or indifferent was never worth the shattering impact these events would eventually have on the entire CIA.

As 1966 approached, Nosenko's fortunes at last began to reach a turning point. By then, a small group of Soviet Division officers had become increasingly uneasy at the little they had gleaned about the treatment being meted out to Nosenko, particularly after he was moved to Camp Peary.

The group comprised George Kisevalter, Leonard McCoy, and Donald Jameson, all well-respected, experienced officers who had no motive other than a gnawing concern for the civil rights of a man who might just be who he said he was. Acting separately, they now began to plan their move against the Fundamentalists.

Somewhat late in the day, the cavalry saddled up, mounted, and with sabers glistening, rode out from the fort to find and rescue the beleaguered Nosenko.

13

''I AM NOSENKO''

''The handling of Nosenko was a frolic of others.''

—JAMES ANGLETON, 1978[1]

THE BEGINNING OF THE END OF NOSENKO'S EXISTENCE AS A SECRET prisoner of the CIA came with the decision to force a review of his case in October 1965. Leonard McCoy, acting on his own, wrote a memorandum for Soviet Division chief David Murphy which carefully evaluated a 900-page study on Nosenko prepared by Bagley.

As a reports officer whose ongoing job involved assessing new developments related to Nosenko's initial leads, McCoy argued passionately that no *fake* defector in the history of postwar intelligence had ever given away such vital information as Nosenko. By locking horns with Bagley on this crucial matter, McCoy was taking an immense career risk. But his convictions were too strong for him to remain silent.

After seven months of inaction by Bagley and Murphy, McCoy took the further risk of sending his memorandum directly to Richard Helms, then the Deputy DCI.[2] Helms told McCoy that he wanted to share this study with Dr. Gittinger, whose judgment he fully trusted.

The CIA psychologist read McCoy's memorandum with alarm. Once Gittinger saw for the first time the reasons for McCoy's enthusiastic response to Nosenko's leads, the doctor's suspicions about the whole affair hardened into real concern for Nosenko's well-being. Gittinger promptly advised Helms to take the Nosenko case away from Bagley and Angleton, and he urged the Deputy DCI to appoint a neutral panel to reassess the whole affair. Helms thanked Gittinger and McCoy, promising to reconsider the whole matter.[3]

The years 1965–66 brought changes to the CIA's top management which turned out to be fortunate for Nosenko, though he continued to remain imprisoned and largely ignored in his tiny CIA prison cell. In April 1965, John McCone had resigned as DCI and was replaced by Navy Vice Admiral William Raborn, a newcomer to the CIA. Helms, the hardened CIA professional, became Raborn's deputy, the second most powerful man in the agency.

In June 1966, after only fourteen months in office, Raborn resigned as DCI and was replaced by Helms.[4] This occurred several weeks after McCoy and Gittinger briefed Helms on the Nosenko case.

Just two months after assuming office, with Nosenko's imprisonment his most explosive inheritance, Helms issued instructions to the Soviet Division that the whole affair must be resolved within sixty days. He explained to McCoy that he intended to instruct the CIA's Office of Security to take the case over as soon as arrangements could be worked out. ''I want this case brought to a conclusion,'' Helms meanwhile told the Soviet Division's senior officers.[5]

Helms realized that the Nosenko affair had split the Soviet Division into warring camps of Fundamentalists and non-believers. It had begun to paralyze anti-Soviet operations; it had alienated FBI agents from the judgments of the Soviet Division and Counterintelligence Staff; it had become enmeshed with the Warren Commission's investigation of President Kennedy's assassination; and it had fostered grave civil rights abuses bordering on torture. Operationally, the affair continued to distort the way in which the Counterintelligence Staff analyzed cases and the division made decisions. Yet, after all this time and the ever present threat of negative publicity, the entire case still remained hopelessly unresolved.

Proving Nosenko to be a fake had become the Fundamentalists' quest for the Holy Grail. But time was no longer an ally.

By April 1967, Richard Helms had been DCI for nearly a year. His sixty-day deadline had long since expired, but the Nosenko case remained embarrassingly unresolved. The Fundamentalists, led by Jim Angleton and Pete Bagley, had refused to loosen their grip, even though they still had not delivered a confession by Nosenko. Nor had they produced any evidence indicating he was Golitsyn's famous fake defector.

Helms had become so impatient and exasperated that he finally decided to take Dr. John Gittinger's earlier advice to exclude both the Soviet Division and the Counterintelligence Staff from the Nosenko investigation. This marked the first really decisive shift in Nosenko's fortunes.

Helms had by now received a second confidential memorandum from the increasingly anxious Leonard McCoy. His report described the Nosenko case as an operational disaster, and made recommendations about what to do next.[6] Helms handed over the seemingly intractable problem to his dependable and widely respected deputy, Navy Vice Admiral Rufus Taylor, and told him to make it his "personal responsibility." Taylor, fully aware of the internecine war over Nosenko, was instructed to make sure that this review was conducted with complete independence from both the Soviet Division (Bagley and Murphy) and the Counterintelligence Staff (Angleton and Golitsyn).[7]

Taylor first assigned Inspector General Gordon Stewart to produce a preliminary review. Stewart, another straightforward and respected CIA professional, provisionally concluded that Nosenko was not a fake and had been badly handled. Before reaching any final determinations, he strongly recommended that every detail of the case, starting with Nosenko's first contact in Geneva, should be thoroughly and independently reexamined to establish just what had gone wrong.

Stewart felt (as Helms had earlier) that the Office of Security should take charge of this more complex assignment, since Nosenko's fate was now technically a security problem. The Office of Security had technical responsibility for investigating all CIA personnel (conducting background checks and running polygraphs) to ensure their loyalty. Security officers were regarded as the internal policemen of the agency. After conferring with the Director of Security, Taylor and Stewart selected Bruce Solie to begin a full review of the case.

Solie was considered a cautious, dependable, "ironclad guy" who would give straight answers. He was also independent of either Nosenko's critics or defenders, and was agreeable to accepting this difficult assignment.[8]

Solie, then age fifty, was a sixteen-year CIA veteran and the most experienced spycatcher in the agency. He came from a small town in Wisconsin where his family ran a dairy farm. During World War II, he was an Air Force officer flying dangerous missions over Europe as a pilot. He returned home to earn university degrees in law and economics before joining the CIA. In part because of his legal background, he was immediately assigned to the Office of Security, and he remained there for his entire career, until 1979.

Solie was a thin, unassuming man of average height. His most characteristic habit was to smoke cigars with a total disregard for the depredation of the hot ash on his shirt. At work, he had a reputation as a rather inscrutable man of few words, a slow, thoughtful speaker, not given to sharing insights with colleagues. As the CIA's best molehunter, Solie fitted the classic archetype of the pensive, shrewd detective. A copper's cop, a true neutral in the endless agency turf wars, he was his own man, as independent and unbuyable as a high court judge.

Solie was also uniformly well liked and respected by his FBI counterparts, with whom he worked closely on many cases. The FBI's former Soviet Counterintelligence Section chief, Bill Branigan, recalls that ''Solie was a security type, not an analyst, so we felt comfortable with him. He was a rock.''[9]

Paradoxically, Angleton too found Solie to be an acceptable candidate to investigate the Nosenko case. The two men had worked closely together on many cases dating back to the late 1950s. Solie was an admirer of the Counterintelligence chief (although Solie's first allegiance was always to the Office of Security). He respected Angleton's position and power, and Angleton in turn trusted Solie's abilities.

In 1967, Solie had never met Nosenko, but he had followed the Soviet Division's actions from a distance. He had been briefed on some of the leads that Nosenko had supplied and he had spent time checking them. Solie also knew of Nosenko's incarceration at Camp Peary and, although he had never visited the site, he was appalled by what he had heard about his treatment. Indeed, he had already strongly protested to his boss, Howard Osborn. But, like others who had complained to their superiors—men like Kisevalter, McCoy, and Gittinger—Solie had been ignored by the DCI's office. The answer always came back that the decision was controlled by the Soviet Division and was out of everyone else's hands.

Solie needed about two months to empty his existing in-tray. Then he sat down to read through the Soviet Division's reports on Nosenko, including Pete Bagley's voluminous 900-page file.

On June 19, 1967, Solie submitted a vigorous eighteen-page critique of the division's handling of the case. He found Bagley's research inexact and open to question. He provisionally concluded that Nosenko's authenticity remained unresolved and could only be verified through patient, objective questioning in a non-hostile environment.[10]

After reading Solie's study, Admiral Taylor agreed with his conclusions, and authorized him to proceed. Solie then demanded and won two conditions: that he be left alone, with no outside interference; and that he eventually be given sole custody of Nosenko—away from the defector's solitary cell at Camp Peary.[11]

Over the next four months, Solie began a meticulous study of all the processes used in handling Nosenko. He went over all of the division's original tapes, transcripts, translations, and polygraphs—to see if this work had been executed professionally and honestly.[12]

He concluded that there were massive and continual errors in the translations of Nosenko's interviews. The CIA interviewers, he discovered, often didn't understand Nosenko's responses in his broken English. Solie also established that Bagley and Angleton had frequently added to the confusion by overlaying their own interpretations on the mistranslations.

And Solie uncovered something that could not be explained away as a misunderstanding. He established that Nick Stoiaken's robust polygraph tests had been conducted under improper conditions, were embroidered with fabrications, and had been rigged in order to break the defector. He also found that the Bagley-directed interrogations were conducted in an environment equivalent to wartime conditions.

On October 28, 1967, primary responsibility for Nosenko was officially transferred from the Soviet Division to Solie's Office of Security.

On that day, Yuriy Nosenko took his first halting steps down the long road back to the real world.

Vindictive to the bitter end, Nosenko's guards gave him no hint that the nightmare was ending. He only realized that something was up when a team of security officers under Solie's direction arrived to take him away. As he was handcuffed and blindfolded, he anticipated the worst: another ruthless interrogation, a drugging, a new location. But he soon learned differently. His destination was a small, pleasant CIA safe house in a Washington suburb.

The handcuffs were removed along with the blindfold. Nosenko saw men whose faces were not scarred with hostility. He was led into a normal bedroom with a comfortable bed, a table and chair, and a bathroom and shower that afforded some privacy. He even had a door to his lavatory.

Other conditions also improved rapidly. He was now handled by hospitable guards, who fed him a regular diet and gave him cigarettes and an increasing number of books and magazines to read.[13]

Even in this comparative Nirvana, Nosenko remained obstinately and not unjustifiably ungrateful, remarking to Solie, ''It's a golden cage, but it's still a cage.''[14]

Several weeks later, after the Solie team decided that a larger, more isolated safe house would be more suitable for their needs, they moved Nosenko again—to a farmhouse in the countryside outside of Washington. With no other houses in sight, Nosenko was permitted to walk in the fields and woods nearby, accompanied by security officers.

The defector was kept at this farm for the following year, 1968, as Solie set about the time-consuming process of thoroughly questioning him and methodically verifying his answers. At the outset, these one-on-one interviews occurred six days a week—normally for more than five hours a day. They covered Nosenko's entire biography and knowledge of KGB cases. The sessions, which tapered off to three or four days a week after a few months, were all openly recorded, and transcripts were sent to Angleton's staff for review.

Within a very short time, Solie had established what the hierarchies of the Soviet Division and Counterintelligence Staff had failed to substantiate for four whole years, namely, that Yuriy Nosenko was who he had always said he was, a former KGB officer.[15] The rest of that winter and spring was spent resolving the major open questions about his background, questions which had been originally brought forward by Bagley and Angleton.

The apparent discrepancies in Nosenko's stories were all found to have logical explanations—particularly the two most controversial ones, involving the recall telegram and his KGB rank. Nosenko cheerfully admitted to lying about the KGB telegram he had claimed was sent from Moscow to Geneva to order him back home. It had simply been a "come-on" to a hesitant Bagley, who had been delaying the physical defection.[16] Nosenko's alleged lies concerning his true KGB rank when he defected to the West were also put to rest. Removed from the hostile atmosphere of his old persecutors, his explanations made sense and were fully accepted.[17]

As Solie's work progressed, and he continued to find logical answers to questions that had gridlocked the Fundamentalists for four years, two of the Fundamentalist leaders left Washington for important promotions overseas. David Murphy was transferred early in 1968 to become chief of station in Paris. Pete Bagley had been reassigned a few months earlier to chief of station in Brussels.[18] These reassignments were helpful to Nosenko; both men were replaced by officers who were neutral in the continuing dispute.

Murphy's replacement as Soviet Division chief was Rolfe Kingsley. As the new broom, Kingsley was anxious to resolve the whole Nosenko controversy. He instructed his new deputy, Stacey Hulse, to initiate a complete review of the division's files on the defector. He wanted to determine, first of all, whether any of Nosenko's intelligence leads had been overlooked in the course of the continuing war.[19]

Hulse's findings were astonishing. Nosenko had provided the CIA with at least six solid new leads to Soviet penetrations of U.S. allies in

Europe. Murphy, Bagley, and Angleton had deliberately suppressed these facts for more than four years from the rest of the CIA and the allies in question. None of the cases had been pursued.

Hulse discovered the leads in debriefing documents, tucked away in safes. They had been there since 1962 (some since 1964). Any intelligence lead provided by Nosenko had automatically been labeled fake by Angleton.

Kingsley ordered his men to track down every single lead. In each case, the new division chief found ''a pot of gold at the end.'' One of these Nosenko tips led counterintelligence officers straight to Alois Kahr, a senior Austrian cipher expert who had been spying for the KGB since 1960. In 1969, Kahr was arrested. He later confessed and was sent to prison.[20]

Even after these leads were turned over to the respective foreign governments, and arrests of Soviet spies were made, Angleton still maintained that the cases were all Soviet ''throwaways'' designed to help promote Nosenko's deception of the West.

By now, not surprisingly, Angleton had begun to wonder whether Solie was the right man for the Nosenko investigation. He had become increasingly disenchanted with the way the security officer was handling the case. Angleton could see from the interim reports that Solie was leaning toward the opinion that Nosenko was a genuine defector. Angleton sent a discreet memorandum directly to Helms asking that Solie be removed from the case, but Helms refused to intercede.[21]

On August 8, 1968, after Solie had interviewed Nosenko for eight months, the Soviet was given a third polygraph test. This test was administered under Solie's close supervision and was conducted by a reliable Office of Security specialist. The CIA considered the results of the session to be ''completely valid,'' the only accurate examination that Nosenko had been given.[22]

Nosenko was asked during this examination whether he had previously told the truth about Oswald and the John F. Kennedy assassination. The new polygraph operator found that the subject showed only a positive response to this crucial question.[23]

About a month later, Solie submitted his final 283-page report. This carefully worded, well-organized study, which reads like a legal document, presented several major conclusions:

- Nosenko was exactly who he claimed to be, and his entire KGB career was exactly as he had described it;
- Nosenko was not a KGB dispatch; he had told some minor lies in 1962

> and 1964 in order to increase his importance to the CIA, but they were not significant. His information had been largely twisted by the Soviet Division.

The bottom line was that Solie proclaimed Nosenko to be a genuine defector whom the CIA could now accept as bona fide.[24] Copies of Solie's report were sent for comment to the CIA's top management, the Soviet Division, and the Counterintelligence Staff.

Angleton alone refused to accept its conclusions. He turned the document over to Scotty Miler for further study and the preparation of a detailed response. But by now the Fundamentalists smelled the first whiff of defeat. Neither Miler nor anyone else on the Counterintelligence Staff was in a mood to launch a counterattack. As Miler explains: "I disagreed with the Solie Report. It was an unfair report and a big disappointment. We felt Solie did not do a thorough job. Jim's reaction was the same as mine. Yes, it's true that we never returned an answer to Solie's case. We thought it was a waste of time. The decision had been made. We felt we had reached the point of no return with Nosenko. It was all very divisive."[25]

With the Fundamentalists in disarray, Nosenko's status underwent a metamorphosis. The former prisoner began to find himself being treated with new respect. Within days of receiving Solie's report, Admiral Taylor wrote a one-page memorandum to Helms solidly endorsing it, and noting: "I conclude that Nosenko should be accepted as a bona fide defector . . . I recommend that we now proceed with resettlement and rehabilitation of Nosenko with sufficient dispatch to permit his full freedom by 1 January 1969."[26]

After receiving Taylor's memorandum, Helms convened a high-level meeting in early October to review the Solie Report and resolve the Nosenko case once and for all. "My intention was to make sure everyone was given a chance to have his say and everyone heard the decision," Helms remembers. "There was to be no more nonsense on this."[27]

Joining Helms were the other key CIA officials involved in the matter. Only one person failed to appear: Jim Angleton. He sent his deputy, Jim Hunt, to sit in for him.[28]

Solie opened the meeting on behalf of the Office of Security by making a brief presentation. Helms then polled the group. All fully supported Solie's move to clear Nosenko and begin his rehabilitation. The only dissent came from Jim Hunt. On Angleton's behalf, Hunt presented all the old arguments against Nosenko, calling him "as phony as a $3 bill."[29]

Helms listened silently for about half an hour, until everyone had his say, and then finally told the group, ''This clears the matter up. Let's go forward.''[30]

Helms did not make his decision because he believed in Nosenko's story. Personally, Helms was never comfortable about clearing the defector completely. Forced to take executive action, he ruled that the accusations against Nosenko were not proven. This Scottish verdict was somewhat unsatisfactory, for it meant that Nosenko wasn't fully exonerated by the DCI. However, Nosenko's harassment was finally at an end.[31]

In October 1968 Helms agreed to begin the process of releasing Nosenko. But the DCI adamantly refused to sign off formally on the Taylor-Solie conclusion that Nosenko was legitimate. Helms later stressed to Congress that no piece of paper in the CIA's files would ever be found which indicated that he had personally stated a ''firm, final position'' on Nosenko's innocence. He emphasized that his only firm decision was that Nosenko should be resettled. The attitude was vintage Helms.[32]

To Angleton, Helms's distinction between approving the resettlement and refusing to commit himself on Nosenko's integrity was to prove a major saving grace. It allowed him to snatch an important political victory from the ashes of defeat. Angleton continued to use all of his authority to promote the argument that Nosenko was *still* a fake defector. As far as the Counterintelligence chief was concerned, the CIA had not taken an official position on Nosenko: therefore, the Fundamentalist view could still prevail.

But now, in attempting to hold his battle lines, Angleton faced a serious challenge from outside the agency.

The CIA's decision to rehabilitate Nosenko had reactivated the long-running CIA-FBI debate about the case. A copy of Solie's report was sent to J. Edgar Hoover, to inform him of the CIA's new conclusion. Hoover, who had never doubted Nosenko, replied with a bland memorandum to Helms stating that the FBI fully accepted Solie's conclusions that Nosenko was bona fide.

FBI agents were permitted to interview Nosenko for the first time in four years. Despite Angleton's renewed attempt to denigrate Nosenko, the FBI's access to him (and their follow-up analysis) quickly elicited no less than nine new counterintelligence cases and important information on a number of old ones. (These nine new cases involved leads to Americans who were spying for the Soviets, and were above and beyond the foreign leads that the CIA's Soviet Division had discovered.)[33]

After the Solie Report was accepted in October 1968, Nosenko's conditions improved, but he remained at the farmhouse and was still not released from CIA custody. The first thing he specifically asked for were copies of the *World Almanac* for the years 1964–67, so that he could learn about the historical events for the period when he had been held incommunicado. ''I badly wanted to know what had happened in the world,'' he explains.[34]

He was also given a variety of paperback books to read and a small black and white television, which he could watch as much as he liked. He considered the TV set a godsend, since he had been starved for news and for programs that would help him speak English better. ''I watched everything since I was so hungry for outside contact. My favorite entertainment programs were 'Mr. Ed' and 'I Love Lucy.' ''[35]

In December, nearly five years after he had arrived in the United States, Nosenko was finally permitted to breathe its air as a partially free man. He could now go out in public to various locations, although always accompanied by his CIA handlers. (Even on the verge of release, a further investigation into his bona fides was ordered by Rolfe Kingsley. This, too, confirmed the Solie findings that Nosenko was a bona fide defector.)[36]

Angleton watched in frustration as the process to release Nosenko from custody was completed, and steps were taken to offer some kind of financial compensation for the five years of illegal imprisonment.

On March 1, 1969, based on the tacit acceptance of Nosenko's bona fides by Richard Helms, the CIA officially employed him as an independent consultant on the KGB at a starting salary of $16,500 per year. A month later, he was formally released from all security restrictions. His name was also legally changed.[37]

Earlier that spring, CIA security officers had taken Nosenko to look at rental apartments in the Washington suburbs. He selected a small flat (with one bedroom and a den) in Maryland, just a few miles across the city line.[38] When he moved in, however, he was still not totally on his own. The CIA rented a nearby apartment which was continually staffed for the next year by security officers, who discreetly kept him under surveillance (in part to watch his activities, and in part to protect him from possible KGB retribution).

Nosenko also needed transportation, and he took great pleasure in purchasing his first American car soon after he was released. He chose a new, two-door Buick Special, for which he paid $3,300. The CIA granted him a loan for this purchase, which he was required to repay at $100 a month for the next three years out of his paycheck.[39]

One remarkable incident did mar his release from CIA custody. As some of his belongings were returned to him, he was told that his prized Swiss watch, given him by one of his agents, could no longer be found. Nosenko pointed out in no uncertain terms that this timepiece was of the greatest sentimental value to him. Still, the embarrassed CIA administrators could not find it, and he was given $500 as compensation.

Ten years later, while walking through the corridors of Langley, he bumped into the same doctor who had made him remove his clothes prior to his first polygraph examination, and who had been responsible for the anal assault upon him before the second test. The doctor spotted Nosenko and asked in some surprise what he was doing now. Nosenko reminded him that he had predicted that someday he would be freed and cleared.[40]

As the two men ended a short and desultory conversation, Nosenko noticed that the doctor was wearing a watch commemorating the Sputnik launch. ''I find the coincidence unacceptable,'' he now says simply. Nosenko did not raise the matter with the doctor, although he did mention it to his CIA case officer later. Nothing ever came of the inquiry, and he never got his watch back.

In his new personal life as a free man in the United States, Nosenko quietly obtained a divorce from his former Soviet wife. (The CIA's general counsel arranged for a local judge to hold a closed-court hearing to formally approve this separation.)[41] Shortly thereafter, still during his first year of freedom, he completed a whirlwind courtship and married an American woman he had met socially in the Washington area. Since Nosenko had no friends or family in the United States to invite to the wedding, several members of the Office of Security attended to give him support. The best man was Nosenko's liberator, Bruce Solie.[42]

The marriage was a marked success. After three years, the couple decided to leave the Washington area and buy a home in the Sunbelt, where they lived quietly and uneventfully.[43]

Nosenko's next vital personal objective was to become a naturalized American citizen. According to U.S. law, a former member of the Communist Party is required to wait ten years after arriving in the United States before he may apply for citizenship. But immediately after Nosenko was released in 1969, the CIA offered him special help to expedite this process, by arranging a special act of Congress to approve his papers.[44]

Nosenko, however, decided that he wanted no special treatment, and gallantly determined to wait the full term, five more years—starting from 1964, when he first arrived in the United States. He also elected to take the citizenship examination just like any other immigrant. ''I love this country very dearly and deeply,'' he remarked, on passing the tests. ''I am proud to be an American. This is my country.

The country where I want to live and the country where I want to die.''[45]

* * *

While Nosenko's life proceeded smoothly through the early 1970s, muffled echoes of the lingering controversy still reverberated through the corridors of Langley. Long after the defeat, the Fundamentalists began a rearguard action. In early 1973, after Dick Helms was replaced, Angleton was disappointed when the new DCI, James Schlesinger, accepted the verdict that Nosenko was bona fide. ''It was still alive and a divisive issue on my watch, in 1973,'' Schlesinger recalls, ''even though it had been settled so many years earlier.''[46]

William Colby, who followed Schlesinger's very brief term as director, also firmly backed Nosenko. And since Colby was the last DCI under whom Angleton would serve, no opportunity ever surfaced for the Counterintelligence chief to overthrow the case before he retired at the end of 1974. Yet, Colby agrees with Schlesinger that the Nosenko case was the ''most serious'' lingering counterintelligence problem he came across.[47]

The information that Colby acquired about the way Nosenko had been handled had astounded him—''The idea that the CIA could put a guy in jail without habeas corpus just scared the living daylights out of me. That kind of intelligence service is a threat to its own people.''

Colby adds: ''To me, the most poignant thing was that Nosenko held no grudges against the agency. He was enormously appreciative. He could have sued us blind. And he would have won, damn right!''[48]

One thing continued to nag at Nosenko. All through the nightmare years and after, he had never met either Angleton or Golitsyn, the two men responsible for his persecution. By early 1975, Nosenko could no longer contain his curiosity about his chief tormentor. He had by then recently become a U.S. citizen and now felt he had the right to confront Angleton, who had just retired and returned to private life.[49]

One evening, Nosenko looked up Angleton's home telephone number in the Virginia directory, and decided on impulse to call him from a pay phone. To the defector's surprise, Angleton answered the phone. After Nosenko had introduced himself, he opened the short conversation by saying that he had wanted to speak to Angleton for many years because he couldn't understand why Angleton had never believed his story. He then politely inquired why neither Angleton nor any of his deputies had ever had the decency to meet with him face to face.[50]

''I cannot understand how a man of your caliber, position, and experience could decide the question of a person's life without ever having met that person,'' Nosenko said, his passion rising. ''No piece of paper can tell you what a man is like or give you a real picture. You have to see and talk to him for yourself, with your own eyes and ears.''[51]

According to Nosenko, Angleton raised his voice in reply, saying in effect, ''I'm standing strong on my position. This is how I advised the Director and I'm not changing my mind. I have nothing more to say to you.''

Nosenko responded with ''And Mr. Angleton, I have nothing further to say to you.''[52]

Angleton's conviction that Nosenko was a false defector was to accompany him to the grave, even though proof positive to the contrary turned up from inside the USSR in the shape of Colonel Oleg Gordievskiy, a top KGB defector of the postwar years.

After his arrival in the West in 1985, during debriefings with MI6 and the CIA, Gordievskiy formally confirmed Nosenko's status (as has every other significant defector from the Soviet intelligence services since 1964).[53] Gordievskiy told his debriefers, ''For me, as a senior former Soviet official, it is strange to hear that Yuriy Nosenko was ever regarded as not a bona fide defector.

''It is ridiculous to think that a deputy head of one of the most important KGB departments in the Second Chief Directorate—which is the nucleus of the whole KGB . . . could have defected as a false defector. This shows a total lack of understanding of the Soviet system. For this uncertainty to remain in the minds of intelligent Western people is beyond my understanding.''[54]

Gordievskiy also corroborated Nosenko's story that Lee Harvey Oswald, Kennedy's accused assassin, was *not* recruited by the KGB during his stay in the USSR. ''Nosenko's statements agree with the facts,'' he explains. ''Oswald was of course known to the KGB, but he was never recruited as an agent. It appears that our people deemed him to be useless.''[55]

As late as September 1990, further proof emerged from Moscow from no less a figure than Vladimir Semichastnyy, the chairman of the KGB during the period 1961–67, the permafrost years of the Cold War. In an interview that reflects how far *glasnost* has come, the sixty-six-year-old former KGB chief revealed the utter consternation with which Nosenko's defection had been greeted in the USSR:

''Think of it, the son of a Minister, who could we trust then? [Nosenko] knew a lot of our people and we had to act very quickly to replace those people, to get them out from where they were. I rang Khrushchev and asked him to send [the White House in Washington] a telegram pleading for cooperation [in the Nosenko defection].

Khrushchev, you know . . . could use such rude words. [He called me an] 'idiot' and said [the idea was] 'fucking stupid.' ''[56]

By 1975, Angleton's successors, shocked at the way the agency had treated Nosenko, made plans to welcome him finally to the CIA without any conditions. They wanted Nosenko rehabilitated properly, not by secret internal reports circulated furtively on the seventh floor. They wanted a grand gesture that the victim himself would recognize, one they hoped he would appreciate.

Angleton's successor as Counterintelligence chief was a lean, chain-smoking career officer, George Kalaris. He had been uninvolved in the Nosenko civil wars but happened to regard Nosenko as a valuable counterintelligence resource on KGB history, strategy, and tactics. With the approval of the new DCI, William Colby, Kalaris invited the former KGB lieutenant colonel to give a lecture to CIA trainees inside the agency's Langley headquarters.

It was a gesture with unmistakable implications: Daniel was being asked to take tea with the lions. Until then, as long as Angleton had run the Counterintelligence Staff, Nosenko had persistently been barred from the CIA building, even after his rehabilitation.

At precisely 12:50 P.M. on a dull autumn afternoon in 1975, Yuriy Nosenko, defector, dressed in a regular business suit and wearing a conservative blue-striped tie, stepped into the CIA headquarters building.[57]

George Kalaris met him at the great entrance foyer, warmly shook hands, and introduced himself as Angleton's replacement. Nosenko, uncharacteristically nervous, murmured his thanks and the two men walked over to the large lecture hall on the first floor.

The lecture room, #1A07, contains a raised podium at the front and ten long tables, which normally accommodate a maximum of sixty seated trainees. But today the Langley bush telegraph had been unusually busy. When Nosenko and Kalaris entered the room, there were at least 150 CIA officers packed inside, the majority patently not trainees. It seemed that everyone who had ever heard of the case wanted to be there in person. This was what Kalaris had planned.

An electric silence greeted the defector.

His lecture, on Soviet counterintelligence techniques, had been scheduled to run two hours. He began promptly at one o'clock.

''I am Nosenko,'' he opened, haltingly yet challengingly, ''I am honest man, I am good citizen. The bad things you have heard about me are not true.''[58]

Then he began to speak off the cuff. He told of his defection, of his three years in solitary confinement, of how he had felt, and why he had never been able to understand the reason for his treatment. He explained his love for the United States and added, simply, that his feeling had not changed because of what had happened. He spoke in accented English, his deep voice occasionally breaking with passion. Like most Russian speakers he murdered the English definite article.

He then talked for a further two hours without interruption about his detailed knowledge of KGB counterespionage priorities against Americans in Moscow. Nearly one hundred men and women who had no chairs or benches remained standing in silence throughout the emotional and informative presentation. At the end, Nosenko again recited the personal theme that he has frequently repeated. He still loved America, he said, he was proud and honored to be an American, and, for the record, he added defiantly that he was just as American as the next man. He wanted nothing more than to remain in his new homeland.

There was a moment's silence as he sat down. Then a roar of applause broke through. The prolonged standing ovation lasted several minutes. CIA officers crowded around the podium to shake Nosenko's hand.

Once the CIA had started official inquiries into the Nosenko scandal, like all unwieldy bureaucracies it seemed incapable and unwilling to call a halt to them.

Long, long after Nosenko's rehabilitation and employment as a full-time CIA consultant, the agency continued to address questions from the Fundamentalists about whether he might still be a KGB officer on assignment. Each new inquiry reached exactly the same conclusion: Nosenko was bona fide.[59] But now for the first time both Angleton and Golitsyn were heavily criticized for their roles.[60]

Jim Angleton was not generous in defeat. His instinctive reaction was to cover up. He did his best to ensure that his role as the chief strategist for the Nosenko imprisonment was effaced. Even after his retirement, he vehemently denied having had anything to do with the decision to lock up Nosenko. He even denied visiting the site at Camp Peary (contrary to evidence in one of the Nosenko investigations)[61] and said that he had never approved the harsh treatment of Nosenko.

''Nonsense!'' explodes former CIA Director Stansfield Turner. ''I hold Jim Angleton fully accountable for what happened to Nosenko. Angleton was the man in charge of counterintelligence throughout the scandal; there was absolutely no way, given his powers, that any of this could have happened without his agreement. I have not seen a single piece of paper with his name on it, and I've read *everything* up to and including the eyes-only stuff the CIA has on this case. Nor have I seen a single document in which Angleton objects to what was being done to Nosenko. The agency trusted Angleton's judgment, and he betrayed that trust.''[62]

Even Pete Bagley agrees that Angleton held ultimate responsibility for Nosenko's treatment, and that his fingerprints if not his signature were all over the case. ''Jim knew about the incarceration of Nosenko,'' asserts Bagley. ''If he had so much as sniffed his opposition, I would have been aware of it. But that question never arose. If he had objected, we would have discussed it. Indeed, if Jim had made a different suggestion about Nosenko's treatment, I would have responded.''[63]

Asked point-blank, under oath, whether he was personally briefed about the initial meeting which approved the imprisonment and hostile treatment of Yuriy Nosenko, Angleton gave a Helmsian response: ''I may have known of the meeting but I cannot remember it.''[64]

After Angleton's departure from his office in 1975, the new staff went through his personal safes and discovered a document. It was dated 1965, from Office of Security chief Howard Osborn. The memorandum informed Angleton about the completion in the woods of the construction of a brand-new ''facility'' called LOBLOLLY. The memorandum included a chronological and photographic résumé of Nosenko's prison, from groundbreaking to completion.[65]

14 THE LOGINOV SCANDAL*

"Tell anyone who asks that I can't remember about Loginov and I don't want to remember. Tell them I do not suffer from verbal diarrhea. We should stay out of this. We have given the facts . . . and we must stick to them. Whatever anyone else has been told, they've been told nothing by Angleton. He never talked."

—GENERAL HENDRIK VAN DEN BERGH,
FORMER DIRECTOR, BUREAU FOR STATE
SECURITY, SOUTH AFRICA, MARCH 1989[1]

MANY INNOCENT VICTIMS WERE CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE OF THE Nosenko wars within the CIA. But no story was more tragic than that of another young KGB defector who risked his life to work for the Americans, and who met with a fate even less fortunate than Nosenko.

Yuriy Nikolayevich Loginov was born in 1933, the son of Colonel Nikolay Loginov, a Red Army Cavalry squadron commander who left the military in the year of his son's birth and quickly ascended the rungs of Soviet government hierarchy. The father was appointed secretary of the Communist Party at Kursk. Later, at Tambov, he occupied various senior positions in state administrations and ministries.

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* This is the story outlined in Chapter 1 and now revealed in detail.

Nikolay Loginov became a firmly entrenched member of the Kremlin's inner circle and a wholehearted supporter of the Soviet system.[2]

From boyhood, his son Yuriy seemed destined to serve the state—specifically its intelligence services. In 1946, he was sent to the Shablonskaya School in Moscow, which was reserved almost exclusively for the children of high officials. The lad had powerful connections into the secret world of spying even beyond his father's ties. His maternal uncle, Aleksandr Kulagin, was a deputy director of Air Force Intelligence.

In 1949, the Loginov family moved to 19 Gorky Street, apartment 57, in Moscow. Yuriy began English lessons. At the age of twenty-one, he was transferred to the Institute of Foreign Languages for a three-year course. The young language specialist was typical of the kind of bright, polished man then being sought by the KGB (rather than the old image of the thuggish, ill-dressed, Stalin-era KGB officer). A few days before sitting for his graduation finals at the Institute, Loginov was asked to go for an interview with someone called "a prospective employer." Not surprisingly, given his upbringing, Loginov discovered that the visitor was a KGB recruiter.

Loginov was immediately assigned to Lieutenant Colonel Boris Anisimovich Skoridov, who was to become his "conducting officer" and espionage teacher. Skoridov, an experienced KGB officer, had operated from 1952 to 1957 under Third Secretary cover at the Soviet Embassy in London. He selected Loginov for training as an "illegal"—perhaps the purest form of spying, and probably the most dangerous.

Illegals are carefully trained in the traditional black arts of espionage, codes, cipher breaking, radio transmissions, brush contacts, special signaling locations, "dead-drop" operations, microphotography, "SW" (secret writing using chemically treated inks), and the rest of the glamorized technology of the trade. Once this important training segment has been satisfactorily completed, trainee illegals are then given a "legend"—a completely new identity. Carrying the highest quality fake papers, they are sent to various Western countries to rehearse their new identities, become language-proficient (usually in English), and metamorphose into Westerners. That achieved, they are finally dispatched to the target country, where they become old-fashioned spies.

Ostensibly, they have become the legend. They have a cover job, live at a permanent address, join the community. If married with children, they may be in the vanguard of the PTA, exemplary citizens leading a good, honest, hardworking life, the first to pay their taxes without whimper. In between, they will be spying for their country.

An illegal will be run by his own field officer, with whom he will communicate regularly through dead drops, or brush contacts, or, most frequently, burst transmissions to Moscow Center from a carefully hidden radio set. He may spend the greater part of his life living this duplicitous and dangerous existence. The penalties of discovery are high, but the intelligence rewards for the KGB can be considerable.

Loginov's KGB tutor was pleased with his pupil's progress. The novice spy excelled in radio codes so complex they would have baffled a regular KGB officer. Loginov's physical appearance was also suitable for him to blend into any Western location. Tall and slim, with refined features, Loginov had gray-blue eyes and blond hair that was prematurely thinning. He was the very opposite of KGB macho—if anything, a little soft and slightly effeminate, certainly scared of being physically hurt. Mentally versatile, a fast thinker, Loginov was a sensitive man compared to the typical Russian intelligence officer of the day. He openly admired Western culture (particularly music), which was something Skoridov and the KGB teachers did nothing to discourage.

On April 28, 1961, after five years of training in Communist countries, Lieutenant Yuriy Loginov KGB was given his first Western *stazhirovka*, or training assignment. This constituted his graduation into the major league of spying, where the risks were high. If he was caught, he could go to prison for life. But if he succeeded, he would leave training behind for the real thing.

He was sent to Rome via Prague, carrying two fake American passports, one in the name of Roger Hyland and the second in the name of Ronald William Dean. The purpose of the trip was to test his ability to operate smoothly in the West: to learn how to contact the KGB, to use dead-letter drops and cut-out contacts, and to live in cover addresses.

Using the Dean passport, Loginov stayed at the Universe Hotel in Rome, carefully scrutinizing reception desk clerks and waiters to see whether his American legend was credible to them. He had been instructed to spend two days each posing as a tourist in Rome, Florence, Bologna, and Milan, and then fly on to Stockholm for nine days. On May 1, he took the train to Florence.

The next morning, after having checked into a small hotel, he followed his instructions and set out to purchase an Admiral or Zenith radio. He wanted to listen to secret broadcasts from Moscow.

Suddenly, as he stepped from the elevator into the lobby, his entire world began to disintegrate.

As was customary, a few hours earlier when he arrived at the hotel he had left his passport at the reception desk. As he came down from his room and entered the lobby from the elevator, he saw two Italian policemen leaning over the desk and studying a passport. He assumed it was his. Five years of careful KGB training fled in a rush of blind panic. Loginov went numb with fear, convinced that he was on the verge of exposure. He contemplated getting back into the elevator, but a couple was coming out behind him and he dared not wait. Instead, he walked as casually as he could out of the lobby.

For hours he wandered around, trying to summon enough courage to return to the hotel to pack and flee. When he finally calmed down, he completed his premature departure from the hotel without difficulty. But the whole incident had thrown him. The old cool wouldn't return. Maybe he didn't have the qualities to be a spy after all.

He quickly caught the next train to Milan, took a taxi to the airport, and flew to Helsinki. Why he chose Helsinki, and precisely what happened to him there, remains unclear. He did regain enough of his composure to contact the Soviet Embassy, where, by remarkable coincidence, he met the local KGB officer, Major Anatoliy Klimov—Golitsyn himself! Golitsyn personally gave Loginov a forged Finnish visa which allowed him to stay in Helsinki for another seventeen days.

The official account shows Loginov then returning to Moscow to resume his duties after pacifying his bosses. But that is not the full truth.

Just before flying to Moscow, KGB Lieutenant Yuriy Nikolayevich Loginov walked unnoticed into the American Embassy in Helsinki and asked for political asylum.

* * *

Quentin Johnson, then Chief of Operations for the CIA's Soviet Division, was the first in Washington to receive the terse message that a KGB illegal had asked for political asylum in Helsinki.

Whenever a KGB officer offers his services or requests asylum, the initial reaction by Western intelligence is to try to persuade him to "defect in place," that is, to stay in his job and pretend to remain loyal to the KGB, while working secretly for the CIA.

Johnson moved quickly to recruit Loginov this way. To help, he called upon Richard Kovich, one of the division's more case-hardened Russian-speaking officers (the handler of Ingeborg Lygren), with whom he had worked since 1950. Johnson hurriedly briefed Kovich, who was aboard the next flight to Helsinki.[3]

Kovich took over the case from Robert Fulton, the local CIA officer. On his arrival, he sat down with the young KGB lieutenant in Fulton's home and found himself speaking to an engaging, well-dressed young man with sophisticated manners. Paradoxically, Loginov seemed more

Western than Kovich, whose Russian accent was so perfect that Loginov at first thought he was speaking to a fellow Soviet. Kovich even dressed like a central European.

Loginov began by recounting the bare facts for Kovich. He had been in Italy training as an illegal on his first foreign *stazhirovka*; he had botched it; and he was scared to go home. Kovich immediately liked the young man, finding him bright, lively, and interesting.[4]

The two men met in secret several times more that week. Kovich found it easy to recruit Loginov to serve as a CIA agent behind enemy lines. Loginov didn't ask for money, although he was later paid a CIA retainer. He agreed to return to Moscow after Kovich convinced him that the episode in Florence had not been serious. Kovich explained that the KGB might reprimand him, but they would do nothing more.[5]

Before Loginov left Helsinki for Moscow, it was agreed that he would renew contact with Kovich when his next KGB assignment was due. Kovich returned to Washington.

An important new Soviet Division operation began; the CIA's master cryptonym register logged in the codeword "AEGUSTO" for the Loginov case. Because Loginov would eventually wind up working for the KGB inside the United States, the FBI were also informed. Their file was code-named "EYEBALL."

As Kovich had predicted, Loginov survived his masters' wrath over the failure of his training mission.

In November 1962, Kovich received an innocuous postcard from Paris through a CIA cover address in New York. The coded message told him that Loginov was back on the road at last. Kovich flew to Paris and met Loginov outside the American Express office. They took a taxi to a CIA safe house on the Left Bank and celebrated the KGB defector's return to duty. Kovich then spent several days thoroughly debriefing his agent. At the close of these meetings, Kovich informed Loginov that he was taking up a new assignment and would no longer be able to remain as his case officer. Loginov's new CIA contact would be another young Soviet Division case officer, Ed Juchniewicz, a Polish American who spoke fluent Russian.[6] He would serve as Loginov's handler for the next three years, until 1965.

After 1962, the KGB gave Loginov a large number of West European assignments, which involved considerable travel. None were of any great consequence. Juchniewicz would meet him everywhere, picking up written reports or taking personal debriefings. Whenever possible, they met for a day or two in capital cities—they enjoyed each other's company both socially and professionally.

"He loved all of Ella [Fitzgerald]'s records," Juchniewicz explains, "and he adored Western jazz. He was a real neat dresser who preferred suits. He told me he was slated to finish up in the United States and said the KGB were just building up his legend in the meantime. He loved the freedom to travel, and it was obvious he had picked up a great deal of Western polish. Frankly, he was like an average American guy.

"He was pretty calm about being a double agent. His main fear was being caught by the KGB and polygraphed. He was convinced he'd never survive that. 'Handle me properly,' he used to say again and again. 'You have my life in your hands.'

"As is usual, the money we paid him was put into escrow in the West so that he would not show undue wealth in the USSR. His only ambition was to melt away in Manhattan. That was his dream."[7]

Whatever his dreams, Loginov unwittingly sowed the seeds of his own destruction in these friendly debriefings with Juchniewicz. He told the truth about what he knew of specific counterintelligence matters, matters that were controversial at that moment in Washington. Loginov's fatal mistake was that he specifically referred to three cases that had become litmus tests for Angleton and the Fundamentalists.

First, the Nosenko defection. After Nosenko's arrival in Washington in 1964, Loginov told Juchniewicz that Nosenko was a genuine defector whose departure had raised all hell inside Moscow Center.

Second, the so-called Cherepanov case. Loginov recounted a story he had heard in Moscow from another KGB officer who had taught him how to receive coded radio messages. It concerned a former KGB officer, Aleksandr Cherepanov, who had slipped some secret documents to an American in Moscow. These papers, from the KGB's files, contained confirmation of the way Colonel Petr Popov had been lost to the CIA—not through betrayal by the mythical CIA mole (as the Fundamentalists always insisted), but through a sloppy CIA operation in Moscow which had tipped off the KGB.[8]

And third, the Sino-Soviet split. Loginov also revealed details about KGB spying activities against Chinese students matriculating in Moscow—operations mounted in the wake of (and confirming) the Sino-Soviet split.

None of this was what Angleton, Golitsyn, or their followers wanted to hear. It flew in the face of their Fundamentalist convictions. As far as they were concerned, Loginov simply had to be part of the KGB's grand strategic deception. Therefore, he could not be a genuine defector-in-place. Instead, the Angleton group decided that he was a "dispatched defector," or "dangle," or "provocation." In plain English, this meant he was a fake, not a CIA agent at all.

From that moment on, the young KGB officer was a doomed man. The Fundamentalists were firmly in control of the Soviet Division, which would rule his life for the next three years.

By late 1966, the KGB was ready to send Loginov to South Africa to prepare him for his final assignment, a posting to the United States as a sleeper agent.

At this point, four Fundamentalists were well placed within the Soviet Division: David Murphy was the division chief and Pete Bagley the deputy chief; Joe Evans was a section chief in the division's Counterintelligence Branch; and Peter Kapusta was chief of the Illegals Section in that branch. Kapusta, a short, stocky Ukrainian American, was now Loginov's temporary case officer (filling in for the reassigned Juchniewicz). It was a formidable line-up of believers.

As with the Nosenko case, Angleton was the backseat driver and Pete Bagley the prime mover within the Soviet Division. Lion Gardiner, Bagley's former deputy, comments that ''Bagley's total belief in 'the Screen' [his name for the KGB master plan] convinced him that Loginov was bad.''[9]

It was decided to crack Loginov by sending Peter Kapusta to interrogate him.

Peter Kapusta has never prided himself on the subtlety of his interrogation techniques. He had a reputation as a man who got results—a hard, fair man. With his broad build, thick glasses, piercing brown eyes, and mid-1930s-style mustache, he looked and sounded every inch the interrogator. When he talked, his voice had a wide range from quiet menace to high-decibel intimidation. Even at his most relaxed, Kapusta could slap the desk violently with his thick, stubby fingers. To be interrogated by Kapusta was to be interrogated.[10]

Ed Juchniewicz was one of several Kapusta critics. He believed that Kapusta's judgments were valueless, that he had a questionable reputation, and that everyone thought he was a bit weird.[11]

Donald Jameson, another senior division officer, adds that ''Kapusta was successful at interrogations only as long as he was definitely talking to a Soviet agent. He had an absolutely closed mind about all potential defectors. His suspicions of Soviet activities exceeded even those of Jim Angleton. I felt Bagley chose Kapusta to interrogate Loginov because Bagley wanted an indictment of Loginov, and with Kapusta, that was a foregone conclusion.''[12]

On New Year's Eve, 1966, Loginov, now promoted to KGB major, left the USSR on the S.S. *Kamensk*, bound for Antwerp. He had a new legend as Edmund Trinka, a Canadian advertising representative of Lithuanian parentage, born at Fort William, Ontario, on January 16, 1931. (Trinka was a real person who had mysteriously disappeared years earlier. His papers wound up in the hands of the KGB.) After taking a complex trans-European route, Loginov left Zurich on January 27, 1967, by South Africa Airways for Johannesburg. In his pocket, he carried a hollowed-out Indian rupee coin containing a microfilm positive transparency with his personal code, a list of radio frequencies, call signs, a listening schedule, a summary of his instructions for meetings with other KGB agents, and a brief compendium of his legend. In Johannesburg, he rented a neat but unostentatious apartment on the seventh floor of a building on Smit Street.

As the KGB double agent was moving in, John Mertz, the CIA chief of station in Pretoria, received a coded message from headquarters announcing that a Soviet illegal under CIA control as a defector-in-place had arrived in South Africa on temporary assignment in preparation for an onward journey to the United States.[13]

An early message to Loginov from the Soviet Division asked him to make himself available for a prolonged CIA debriefing with his new case officer—Kapusta. As it happened, Loginov (wearing his KGB hat) had been assigned some tasks in Kenya by the Soviets. When he was asked for a convenient place for the CIA debriefing, he suggested Nairobi.

''By the time I was ready to go to Nairobi,'' Kapusta now recalls, ''Angleton certainly had become suspicious of Loginov and had made his doubts known to my division. His doubts were based almost entirely on Loginov's support for Nosenko's bona fides.''[14]

After long briefings with his immediate boss, Joe Evans, and one or two meetings with Pete Bagley, Kapusta was also convinced that Loginov really was a full-time KGB officer. Evans's final advice to Kapusta was: ''Try to plumb the depths of Loginov's soul and find out who he is.''[15]

Kapusta could hardly wait. He now admits, ''I had read the positive evaluations by Kovich and Juchniewicz and didn't trust them. After analyzing all the documents I had seen and listening to everything I was told, even before I flew to Nairobi that May, my belief was that Loginov could not be on our side.''[16]

The burly CIA officer reached Nairobi via London on a British Overseas Airways flight and immediately checked into the Norfolk, a pleasant tourist hotel with individual cottages dotted around the landscaped tropical grounds. Loginov was staying there, too.

Kapusta had already worked out a broad tactic for how he would proceed. ''Before I interrogate anyone,'' he explains, ''I never know what I'm going to say. I never took psychology in college, but I knew I had to find out what made Loginov tick, what motivated him. I knew if I could get him to talk, and stay talking, I could manipulate him.''[17]

The two men met nearly every day for a month (the length of Loginov's Kenyan visa), usually in Kapusta's cottage, from nine o'clock in the morning until about eight o'clock at night.

Kapusta claims that Loginov tried to control the meetings from the outset by insisting they speak only English (as he had done with his two previous case officers). Kapusta adamantly refused, saying he wanted there to be no misunderstandings. Loginov agreed to speak Russian for the first session, but then complained the next day. He said their conversation was causing him to revert to Russian in public. He told Kapusta that he had made the mistake of asking for his cottage key in Russian at the reception desk. Kapusta, applying his special street psychology, sneered, ''Only girls would make mistakes like that, speaking Russian in public—real men would never do that.''[18] After that, the two spoke in Russian.

Kapusta took Loginov through his entire background, private life, and chronology with the KGB, demanding names, dates, and places. ''The meetings were not intense and there was no pressure,'' says Kapusta. ''I just wanted to gain his confidence. Once I can get a man talking, I can get him to say everything I want to know.

''I never told him I distrusted him. I never wanted to broach that key subject. I didn't want him to know he was a suspect.''[19]

Kapusta claims that something very odd happened at the last meeting between the two. It frightens him to this day. ''Loginov took a little notebook or a billfold from his pocket, leaned over to me and told me to have a look at it,'' he recalls. ''There was some kind of powder on it. As I raised it to get a closer look, he blew some of the powder into my face and my head immediately began to spin. I felt very dizzy and thought I would pass out. I quickly reached into the drawers of my desk and took out all the files and documents relating to the case, packed them into a briefcase, and rushed out. I'm sure Loginov was trying to drug or poison me. I went out on the veranda for about five minutes, taking deep breaths. When I recovered, I went back into the room. I said nothing about what had happened to Loginov. At first, I was going to report the incident to headquarters, but then I changed my mind and decided not to. I had never before heard of a Soviet attempting to drug a division officer. It was all a little weird.''[20]

Before Kapusta left the Norfolk Hotel, he had reaffirmed his original assessment of Loginov. As he puts it, ''I was convinced he was not honest, truthful, or candid. I thought he was not on our side, and that he had always remained loyal to the KGB. There was not a thing about his story that rang true. On top of that, he had tried to poison me.''[21]

In Washington, Kapusta presented his conclusions to Joe Evans. According to Kapusta, the initiative on the Loginov case ''then slipped out of the hands of the division. The new impetus—based on the hard suspicions about Loginov—now came from Angleton's CI Staff. Any communications relating to Loginov had to be coordinated with the staff.''[22]

A crucial ''action meeting'' on the entire Loginov case took place in May 1967 in the office of Angleton's boss, Desmond FitzGerald, then the head of the CIA's clandestine service.[23]

FitzGerald, whose basic knowledge of the case came from Angleton, mulled over an extraordinary plan. It called for betraying Loginov to the South Africans as a KGB illegal. The senior officer elicited John Mertz's assessment as to how Pretoria would react. Mertz encouraged FitzGerald, assuring him that he could control the situation. ''I told him we could get the South Africans to do anything we wanted,'' Mertz recalls. ''I told FitzGerald that if they did not get what he wanted from Loginov, there wouldn't be much left of him.

''Des [FitzGerald] then ordered Loginov to be shopped to the South Africans.''[24]

The decision to allow a working CIA agent to be arrested as a spy by a third nation was without precedent. The situation was even more unusual because the South Africans were not told that Loginov had been working for the United States.

After the meeting, Mertz went directly to see Angleton. ''I spilled my guts to him about the meeting with FitzGerald. It was obvious that Angleton was fully informed regarding Loginov. Weeks later, I became aware that Angleton was in command of the case, using Soviet Division officers at headquarters as necessary. From then on, I noticed his fingerprints were all over the operation.''[25]

The betrayal of Loginov was to be accompanied by a covert CIA operation that would arrange worldwide publicity for the South Africans' ''discovery.'' They would receive full credit for the arrest of Loginov, who would be portrayed as the mere tip of the KGB iceberg submerged in the West.

The South Africans, in return, would interrogate Loginov for the CIA, secure his ''confession,'' and place him on trial.

John Mertz was to play a key part in this piece of spy theater. Mertz's background and personality were those of a lawyer-policeman rather than an intelligence officer. After earning his law degree from the University of Nebraska, he became a Hoover FBI agent in 1934. During World War II, he practiced as a criminal fraud attorney with the Securities and Exchange Commission. In the postwar years, he managed the Veterans Administration Hospital in Denver and then joined the CIA in 1952.

After meeting with FitzGerald and then Angleton, Mertz returned to his station in South Africa. Events now began to close in on Loginov. In Pretoria, the CIA and the South African Intelligence Service (which changed its name a year later to BOSS, the Bureau for State Security) were situated in adjoining buildings. The CIA's offices, in the U.S. Embassy, were literally across the central courtyard from the headquarters of General Hendrik van den Bergh, director of the South African Intelligence Service. This proximity helped establish an extremely close relationship.

Within a couple of weeks, five large cartons of files, weighing over 200 pounds, reached Mertz through the diplomatic bag from Washington. These were copies of the CIA's entire record of the Loginov case from the moment he defected in Helsinki.

Mertz next received instructions to pay Loginov his regular retainer. He personally went round to Dolphin Square, Loginov's apartment building on Smit Street, Johannesburg, and left 4,000 rand (about $5,600) in an envelope in Loginov's mailbox.

''I didn't mind running the errand,'' the former station chief cheerfully recalls. ''As far as I was concerned, Loginov was just a pimple on the arse of progress.''[26]

As one arm of the CIA paid the agent, another was completing preparations for his betrayal. For that step, Peter Kapusta flew to Pretoria to brief South African officials.

In Pretoria, Mertz reminded Kapusta that CIA headquarters had issued firm instructions not to inform the South Africans of Loginov's role as a double agent.[27] The next evening, they drove out together to General van den Bergh's spacious villa. From 9:00 P.M. until almost the break of dawn, the two CIA officers laid out the details and betrayed Loginov to the overjoyed South African security chief.

Mertz instructed van den Bergh to say nothing to Loginov about the CIA's involvement in his arrest. The general readily agreed. He immediately appointed Colonel Mike Geldenhuys, his top security intelligence officer, to take charge of the operation and become Loginov's new case officer.

Geldenhuys, the son of an Afrikaans farm worker, was an honest, textbook copper, who had methodically climbed his way through the ranks of the South African police and into the upper echelons of the intelligence service. It was a singular honor for him to be placed in charge of the first Soviet ''spy'' ever to be caught in South Africa. He flushed with pride as he set out with his boss, the feared security chief, and two backup officers for Loginov's Smit Street apartment.

The general made the arrest personally.

Almost immediately afterwards, the joint CIA/BOSS covert-action operation was launched. First, the press were told that Loginov had been arrested after being spotted taking photographs of police buildings in Johannesburg. (''This was complete fiction,'' says Mertz with a grin. ''The General got this inspiration while shaving one morning.'')[28]

In the weeks after the arrest, Geldenhuys decided to use a British-born authoress, Barbara Carr, a resident of Johannesburg, as an unwitting medium in the disinformation operation. She was given special access to classified files and information on Loginov. The alleged Loginov confessions that Geldenhuys gave her were actually doctored photocopies of *official CIA* debriefings with Loginov.[29] Ms. Carr innocently published this fiction as fact, relying on the fake confessions and other nonsense planted on her by Geldenhuys.[30]

Peter Kapusta was responsible for creating these false confessions. After checking the fictions with John Mertz, Kapusta simply crossed the courtyard and handed them over to Mike Geldenhuys in the BOSS headquarters.

''The purpose of the covert operation was to plant news stories around the world about Loginov's past activities,'' Kapusta explains. ''But these stories would be a mixture of what he had told the CIA together with what I knew about various other KGB operations in Europe. I tailored his 'confessions' to suit the target country for the news release.

''It was fun writing the stories, and getting them into about twenty newspapers around Europe. I was cleared to write what I wanted without Washington leaning over my shoulder because BOSS was handling the press releases.

''I met with van den Bergh on most days that I ran this covert operation—for about six weeks. The general was so happy with me that he let me use a special back-door entrance to the part of the building where his office was located. It was an entrance no U.S. official had been allowed to use before. We became quite friendly and compared interrogation techniques. He said he had a method of making prisoners stand on bricks while they were questioned. If they fell off, they were ordered back on. He told me he obtained all his confessions that way. He didn't say if he was using this technique on Loginov.''[31]

* * *

Loginov refused to confess to anything, even after a year in solitary confinement. KGB defectors like Nosenko and Loginov seem to be hardened men under interrogation.

But, by now, non-servile newspapers like the *Rand Daily Mail* began to notice that something was going wrong. A somber two-inch story ran on September 27, 1968, headlined LOGINOV TO BE CHARGED

"IF ENOUGH EVIDENCE." The text that followed was remarkable for its use of the conditional verb. "Offenses which might have been committed by the Russian spy Yuri Loginov," the story read, "were being investigated and, if there was enough evidence, he would be charged."

Van den Bergh's name was conspicuously absent from the report. A mere police spokesman was asked if Loginov might be freed if he had committed no offenses. "This is something for the future," he replied ominously.[32]

The Fundamentalists' operation was beginning to fall apart.

Shortly after Kapusta's return to Washington, General van den Bergh had gone to see Mertz to tell him that the South African interrogation of Loginov was over. The general explained that he and his men remained convinced that Loginov was a KGB illegal, but they had absolutely no proof other than the CIA's documents, which, alas, clearly could not be produced in a court of law. Van den Bergh also revealed that there had been some language difficulties while interrogating Loginov. The basic language of the South African security men was Afrikaans; Loginov's natural language was Russian. The interrogations, however, were held in English. The South Africans had no Russian speakers in their service.

Mertz offered to ask Langley if they could oblige by sending a few Russian-fluent Soviet Division officers to help out their South African friends. CIA headquarters promptly agreed, since the request was viewed as an opportunity to breathe new life into a fast-expiring operation. At last, the Fundamentalists would be able to lay their own hands on the prisoner. Loginov would not be told that the new team of Russian speakers were CIA men. It was agreed that the American interrogators on this mission would be disguised as Russian-speaking South African intelligence officers.

Several months passed as the CIA team was selected and fully briefed. Finally, on April 27, 1968, Oleg Selsky, Nick Stoiaken (Nosenko's controversial polygrapher), Serge Karpovich, and a female administrative assistant arrived at Jan Smuts Airport in Johannesburg.

Van den Bergh's policemen were there to greet them, carrying South African clothes for the Americans to wear when they met Loginov. The three men took a flat in Pretoria; the woman stayed in a hotel. It was agreed that Loginov would be questioned by these Russian-speaking "South Africans" on the top floor of regional police headquarters. One man would ask the questions in Russian, two would watch, and the woman would take notes.

To add to his problems, Mertz found himself facing yet another unexpected crisis: Angleton and Golitsyn had come up with several new mole candidates. Indeed, some of the very CIA officers who Angleton had sent to South Africa had fallen under suspicion as possible moles themselves.

Angleton reasoned that if he was right, then one of the new interrogators would try to communicate with Loginov secretly while interviewing him. If that happened, then Angleton had to know. He now ordered the bemused Mertz to video-bug the interrogations in secret.

Mertz waited for Angleton to send crateloads of (then) new-fangled video camera equipment to Johannesburg. Next, he bought sixty car batteries as a power source. Behind the backs of his own men, he bugged the Loginov interrogations.

''It was a huge operation,'' he recalls. ''I had to tell the South Africans about it, but our guys obviously could never know. The whole thing ran for two weeks. We ran out of tapes, batteries, and sanity in the end. Nothing whatever came of it.''[33]

Scotty Miler confirms that Angleton was responsible for this bizarre piece of internal spying. ''Jim wanted to observe the reactions of the interrogators, to see if anyone really was working for the Soviets,'' Miler explains. ''Yes, it had to do with the molehunt.''[34]

By July 1968, Washington had recalled the Soviet Division team. Loginov had still not confessed to spying in South Africa. Worse yet, to Angleton's dismay, the imprisoned KGB major had been no help in fingering Nosenko or any other Soviet defectors as fakes. The entire operation remained sterile.

In the spring of 1969, Joe Evans of the division's Counterintelligence Branch was selected to go to Pretoria to make one last attempt. Evans firmly believed that both Loginov and Nosenko were fakes. According to Mertz, Evans interviewed Loginov without posing as a South African.[35] Once again, the results of Evans's twelve-day trip were of no value to Angleton.

Loginov's obstinate refusal to confess was now creating substantial dilemmas for General van den Bergh. The BOSS chief had personally arrested an alleged KGB spy amid a huge fanfare of publicity. But he still could not produce the man in open court because he had no proof that Loginov had committed espionage against South Africa.

Angleton and the Fundamentalists faced another problem: they had betrayed one of their own CIA agents to a third country, but they had no proof that he was a fake defector. If there were to be a habeas corpus plea (admittedly an unlikely event in South Africa), or if Loginov were to be freed, serious problems could result. He might talk . . . he might give the game away . . . he might be able to prove (as Nosenko would) that he was a bona fide defector. The implications for the CIA's future recruitment of KGB officers were ominous.

As a solution to all the problems, Angleton now came up with an idea of brilliant simplicity. Loginov would be quietly traded back to the Soviets. They would take care of him. The defector would be silenced; there would be no embarrassing open court appearances or press interviews in South Africa. There would be no awkward revelations in the future. With Loginov's faked confessions now a matter of historical record, Angleton would be able to effectively prove that Loginov had always been a loyal KGB officer—and, even more importantly, proving Loginov fake meant he must have lied about Nosenko, therefore Nosenko was fake, too.

John Mertz, who had joined Angleton's staff in Washington by late 1968, recalls that Joe Evans stopped by his office in May 1969. Evans had just returned from his trip to Pretoria. ''Evans told me that he had concluded 'Loginov could not be broken,' '' Mertz remembers. ''He also informed me that DCI Dick Helms had authorized the release of Loginov to the South Africans for disposal.''[36]

Coincidentally, the West German service, the BND, had previously asked the South Africans if Loginov might be available as one part of a spy swap in return for eleven of their agents held by the East Germans. Before agreeing, General van den Bergh asked the CIA if he could fly to the United States to finalize arrangements. They answered that they would be delighted to host such a visit.

However, as the State Department viewed the general as the controversial head of one of the world's more ruthless secret services, officials there denied van den Bergh an entry visa to the United States.

The CIA were undaunted. In early 1969 they simply smuggled the BOSS chief and his wife into Travis Air Force Base near San Francisco aboard a military flight. (The jargon for such an illegal infiltration is a ''black'' entry; the method is routinely used for moving spies and defectors around the world.)

Using cover names, the South African officer and his wife were flown from California to Washington, then driven to stay at the home of their good friend John Mertz. He lived at 3733 North 30th Road, Arlington, Virginia, just a few blocks from Angleton's home.[37]

''Jim's CI Staff arranged the whole trip,'' Mertz explains. ''On the first day, while our wives went out shopping, van den Bergh and I had lunch in the DCI's dining room with Helms and Angleton.''[38]

A CIA car, driver, and minder were always at the general's disposal. One evening, the van den Berghs were taken as CIA guests to the Washington Golf and Country Club on Glebe Road for dinner. Another night, Angleton went to the Mertz home to attend a big party in honor of the general.

Shortly after van den Bergh returned to Pretoria, the general asked

Mike Geldenhuys to remove Loginov from the cell where he had spent the last two years in solitary confinement. Geldenhuys was instructed to escort the prisoner from Pretoria police headquarters to Jan Smuts Airport—then fly with him to Frankfurt, and on to the border with East Germany at Herleshausen. There he was to hand him over to the West German BND, so that they could return him to the Soviets.

Loginov's consent for this arrangement was to be neither canvassed nor, if volunteered, taken into account.

The Loginov secret lay undisturbed in the vaults of the CIA for another decade. The unconfirmed word from Moscow was that Loginov had been court-martialed and shot as a traitor.

In 1977, three years after Angleton had been forced out of the CIA, a new Counterintelligence chief discovered the Loginov files and immediately ordered a full investigation of the affair. The assignment was handed to Jack Fieldhouse, a respected, retired CIA officer (who would also later review the Nosenko case).

Angleton adamantly refused to talk to Fieldhouse, despite repeated requests for an interview.[39] At the conclusion of his meticulous, two-year investigation, Fieldhouse delivered a document of some six hundred double-spaced, typed pages, with every single fact precisely sourced and footnoted. The supporting paperwork was placed in an appendix of several volumes. All of the memoranda, the documents, and the cables—everything was there.[40]

Fieldhouse's central conclusions were unequivocal:

- Major Yuriy Loginov had been a genuine, bona fide defector from the KGB to the CIA.
- The CIA had deliberately suppressed evidence which proved that Loginov was innocent of the charge that he had remained loyal to the KGB.
- James Angleton and his staff had forced Loginov back into Soviet hands.
- Loginov's return had been ordered over the objections of South African intelligence officials.
- Loginov had been forced to cross the West German border.

It was not Fieldhouse's personal style to blame or reprimand. He just laid out the facts.

Fieldhouse did, however, take the step of ''posthumously'' rehabilitating Loginov in a formal memorandum sent to the FBI which stated that earlier information supplied by Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff about the young KGB major was no longer considered valid.[41]

The Fieldhouse findings were immediately placed by the CIA under triple lock and key in a safe within a vault, where they remain to this day. Until now, only about ten or fifteen CIA officials knew of the existence of the report. A fewer number have ever read it.

From 1966 to 1973, Richard Helms held ultimate authority and responsibility at the agency. Today, Helms's memory plays tricks on him. ''Loginov?'' he replies. ''I vaguely recall it. The name is familiar. I can't remember the details. I don't remember being involved. To the best of my knowledge, Loginov did not work for the CIA. I made a practice of not knowing the identifications of any of these agents. I knew the people only by their cryptonyms. The allegation that Loginov was working for the CIA was just plain wrong. And I don't recall being involved with the South African government or intelligence service on that. I don't think this subject is a useful wicket.''

Could Loginov's work for the CIA have been kept secret from the DCI? Helms sits unblinking, ponders, then answers, ''If Loginov was working for the CIA, I would have been told. There is no doubt about that. No secret things were done, especially if it involved an international incident like this one was.''[42]

The West German intelligence service had responsibility for Loginov once he landed at Frankfurt. The BND has declined to speak about the constitutional position of the Federal Republic in taking Loginov under duress from the airport to Herleshausen and forcing him over the border to East Germany. A British expert on West German law believes that the Bonn government acted illegally from the beginning to the end of the affair.[43] Jack Fieldhouse also referred to the dubiousness of the official West German action in his CIA report.

For their part, the Germans are anxious to deflect blame for their actions. ''It was not our case,'' says a BND spokesman who has asked to remain anonymous. ''The whole thing belonged to the Americans. At the time Loginov was exchanged, we were completely unaware that he might have been working for the CIA.

''We asked the Americans for an assurance about Loginov and we got it from the CIA both at the local [West German] and national [Washington] levels.

''It's true we approached the South Africans in the first instance. This was absolutely normal, because we saw in Loginov the opportunity for barter, and we wanted to profit from the barter.''

When pressed, the BND spokesman concedes that this last statement conflicts with his first statement that Loginov was not a German case. ''That's true,'' he replies, ''there are contradictions in what I have just said about that. I can, however, confirm that Loginov did volunteer to work for us when he was being handed back to the KGB at the border post. It's true he wanted to stay and the exchange was delayed. I really don't want to discuss this case anymore . . . it's not in our interest to make this public.''[44]

Juergen Stange is the West German lawyer who represented the BND during the Loginov exchange. He flew to South Africa in the chartered 707, then returned with the defector and escorted him to the border at Herleshausen on July 13, 1969. Almost twenty years later to the day, he agreed to discuss the matter for the first time. Then, just a few hours before the scheduled appointment, he abruptly canceled. ''The decision to do this is not mine,'' he explained. ''And it is not meant against you personally, but I can tell you nothing. I have been forbidden.''

Was he aware of what had happened to Loginov? ''Yes, I know the Loginov business was dirty,'' he volunteers. ''Everybody in this case was tricked at every time. I just did a job. It's true, I have all the answers, but I cannot talk to you—either on or off the record. I am sorry, you sound like a serious man.''[45]

General Hendrik van den Bergh is now long retired to his farm in South Africa. Speaking through Mike Geldenhuys, the general says of the Loginov case, ''Tell anyone who asks that I can't remember about Loginov, and I don't want to remember. Tell them I do not suffer from verbal diarrhea. We should stay out of this. We have given the facts to Barbara [Barbara Carr, author of the ''official'' Loginov story, *Spy in the Sun*], and we must stick to them. Whatever anyone else has been told, they've been told nothing by Angleton. He never talked.''[46]

Shortly after the enforced return of Loginov to the USSR, the Soviet Division received an unconfirmed report that their agent was court-martialed, found guilty of statutory offenses against military law, and executed.

But a new post-*glasnost* account of Loginov's fate has now reached the West from Colonel Oleg Gordievskiy. If he is right, then the Loginov drama turned several more corners after his return.

According to Gordievskiy, when Loginov reached Moscow in 1969 as a prisoner of the KGB, the Soviets were not aware that he had been serving as a CIA agent. ''Yuriy Loginov was not tried and executed,'' says Gordievskiy. ''I know this quite well, because I was a member of the special agency in the KGB which deals with illegals.

''When Loginov returned to Moscow, the prevailing opinion in the KGB Directorate was to let him be tried, because he had violated his military oath and other promises he gave the KGB to keep secrets. They were furious about his extensive 'confessions,' and completely unaware that all this had been CIA theater to discredit him.

''But that mood to try him was not very strong, because he was regarded as a victim of the system. It was the KGB itself which sent him to operate dangerously without diplomatic [security] or the Soviet Union's legal protection.

''The Military Procurator, having studied the case, was even less inclined to take responsibility for bringing legal proceedings against Loginov for the alleged confessions. It was during the liberal times which had been instigated by Khrushchev.

''The procurator then found that there was no statement by Loginov about the oath, nor had he signed anything. This was a foolish bureaucratic mistake on the part of the KGB Personnel Department officers. Because of this, the procurator refused to try him, and, to the relief of all, probably, Loginov was sacked from the KGB and sent to the city of Gorky to be an English teacher in one of the schools there.''[47]

The CIA were so convinced he had been shot that they allowed confirmation of Loginov's defection and recruitment by the agency to be openly printed (in all good faith) in 1988 in an unclassified article in *CIRA*, the newsletter of the Central Intelligence Retirees Association.[48]

Until now, this disclosure was the only accurate, semi-public confirmation of Loginov's role as a double agent.[49] If he was still alive, it is difficult to imagine that he would not have been rearrested and confronted with this new evidence of his disloyalty to his country.

Final confirmation that the KGB now knows the full truth about Loginov came in 1989, when a KGB spokesman was approached and asked for assistance in locating Loginov for a possible BBC-TV interview. ''If you want to know about Loginov, ask the CIA,'' was the curt response.[50]

15 DEADLY BETRAYAL

"The more solid the information from a defector, the more you should not trust him, and the more you should suspect he has something to hide."

—JAMES ANGLETON[1]

"THE MAIN FUNCTION OF THE SOVIET DIVISION—ITS MISSION—IS TO recruit Soviets." This was the dictum of former DCI William Colby and every other head of the CIA during the sixties and seventies.[2] But Jim Angleton's and Anatoliy Golitsyn's obsessions with the bona fides of every single Soviet defector led to the complete destruction of the CIA's primary mission for the Soviet Division.

Of all the KGB and GRU defectors who were recruited by the FBI and the CIA to risk their lives in the dangerous world of double-agent operations, none was to be more shamefully treated than the one the FBI called "TOP HAT" and the CIA called "BOURBON."

Just as with the case of Yuriy Loginov, Jim Angleton carefully kept his fingerprints off the files; but his authority and influence dominate the story, and as with the Loginov affair, just one word from Angleton would have prevented the scandal that took place.

TOP HAT's real name was Major General Dmitriy Fedorovich Polyakov. He was the highest-ranking and most prolific spy the United States has ever run inside the GRU (Soviet Military Intelligence).

Polyakov was born in Starobelsk on July 6, 1921. After joining the

GRU, he was first spotted by the Americans when he served on the United Nations Special Forces Staff in New York between 1951 and 1956. Former CIA case officers Dick Kovich and George Kisevalter noted him next as a young and fast-rising major in Berlin during the late 1950s.[3] Polyakov had moved from Moscow to Berlin to run illegals from East to West, and it was there that the two Soviet Division officers became aware of him.

By October 1959, Polyakov was back in New York as a GRU colonel under cover as a secretary on the Soviet delegation to the UN. The FBI learned of his presence and assigned one of their top New York special agents to try to recruit him.[4] Some months later, in 1960, the bureau cautiously dropped a handkerchief in his path, but he failed to pick it up. However, by the fall of 1961 Polyakov had become so disillusioned with both the GRU and the Soviet system that he now became the suitor. Working through an intermediary—a U.S. official in New York whom he trusted—Polyakov made contact with the FBI, which needed no encouragement to take up his offer. Very quickly, the GRU colonel was working for American intelligence.[5]

Bill Branigan, the longtime head of the FBI's Soviet Counterintelligence Section, recalls that Polyakov was unhappy about his poor UN salary ($10,000 a year, of which he was required to remit $9,000 back to the USSR), and that he had finally offered to work for the Americans for pecuniary reasons. ''He was also a tremendous shotgun enthusiast,'' recalls Branigan, ''and he wanted the FBI to give him two expensive shotguns to take back home. We told him he couldn't do that because it would look too suspicious and he would never be able to account for them. But he prevailed, and, in the end, we gave him the guns.''[6]

Dmitriy Polyakov was to spy for the Americans for at least the next twenty years, taking enormous risks while becoming a remarkably fertile source of information to Western intelligence.

After leaving New York in 1962, his career alternated between important postings in Moscow and sensitive foreign assignments in Burma and India. He first returned to Moscow for some three years between 1962 and 1965, then served as a military attaché (colonel) in Rangoon, Burma, from late 1965 to 1969; then Moscow again until 1973; then New Delhi as a military attaché through 1976; then Moscow again for three years; and finally a second tour in New Delhi, from late 1979 until November 1980.

By that time he had been promoted to the rank of general lieutenant, making him the top GRU officer ever to spy for the United States. Considering his longevity, he was certainly in the same league as the other two famous, though short-lived, GRU double agents—Penkovskiy and Popov—who, together with Polyakov, formed a triumvirate known informally at the CIA as ''the three P's.''

In just his first year of helping the Americans, Polyakov identified and/or confirmed for the FBI existing suspicions about four of the most important Soviet moles in the U.S. armed forces during the early 1960s.[7]

The first of these four American servicemen, all of whom were motivated to spy for the GRU in return for cash payments, was Jack E. Dunlap, a U.S. Army sergeant assigned in 1958 as a chauffeur-courier for the chief of staff at the National Security Agency, America's supersecret signals intelligence agency. Dunlap volunteered to spy for the Soviets in 1960, and turned over highly classified NSA documents for the next three years.[8]

The second was William H. Whalen, a U.S. Army lieutenant colonel who spied for the Soviets from late 1959 to March 1961, while he held a sensitive intelligence advisory position on the Joint Chiefs of Staff. From that lofty Pentagon post, he provided his GRU case officers with an incredible array of top secret data on U.S. atomic weapons, troop movements, military and strategic plans and estimates, and satellite and communications capabilities. His information was considered so valuable that it was sent to Premier Khrushchev, and had a direct input on Soviet foreign policy toward the United States—including Khrushchev's decision in 1961 to step back after he had tried to seal off West Berlin. (Whalen had warned the GRU that President Kennedy was resolved to send in troops and tanks if the Soviets and East Germans continued to prevent access to West Berlin.) After Whalen was finally caught in 1966, he became the highest-ranking U.S. military officer ever to be convicted of spying for the Soviets.

The third was Nelson C. ''Bulldog'' Drummond, a U.S. Navy yeoman recruited by the Soviets in 1957 while he was stationed in London. After Drummond was transferred to the naval base at Newport, Rhode Island, he supplied the GRU with classified Navy secrets for the next five years. His leaks were considered so damaging that the United States reportedly spent several hundred million dollars to revise the plans, procedures, and manuals he compromised.

The fourth mole, Herbert W. Boeckenhaupt, was a U.S. Air Force staff sergeant and communications technician, who volunteered to spy by contacting the Soviet Embassy in Morocco in 1965. For a year, he passed the GRU top secret information about U.S. defense plans, including code and signal books, maps, and data on communication and cryptographic systems of the Strategic Air Command.

Jack Dunlap committed suicide just before he was to be formally questioned about his espionage activities.* The other three Soviet spies were arrested and sentenced to long prison terms.[9]

After Polyakov had been reassigned to Moscow for the first time in 1962, the FBI and the CIA waited eagerly for the GRU officer to finish his shift, then reappear on a new assignment outside the USSR so that the previous association could be renewed. Assuming Polyakov's next assignment would not be in the United States, the FBI was required to turn over the case to the CIA.[10]

Sure enough, at the end of 1965, David Murphy, then the chief of the Soviet Division, picked up the spoor while on a routine trip to the Far East that involved a short stopover in Burma. As a guest at the U.S. Embassy in Rangoon, Murphy was told by the CIA's chief of station that a new senior Soviet officer had recently arrived in the city and was making unusually friendly noises to the local CIA contingent. This kind of cocktail-party warmth is always noted with alacrity. The chief of station had only the barest immigration details on the new Soviet officer, but the moment the diplomatic papers and a photo were shown to Murphy, he realized that he had found Polyakov/TOP HAT/BOURBON. (Coincidentally, Murphy had been one of the few Soviet Division officers who had been briefed about Polyakov's identity while the Soviet was working with the FBI in New York.)[11]

Murphy sent a cable to Langley (via the CIA's most sensitive closed-channel system) which alerted headquarters to TOP HAT's presence in Burma. Next, Murphy immediately dispatched two of his best operations officers, Jim Flint and Paul Dillon, to take over the case in Rangoon. As of early 1966, Polyakov was placed on the CIA payroll. And just like Yuriy Loginov, he had every right to the extra protection a spy is afforded from the U.S. government.[12]

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* Dunlap had helped the GRU for nearly three years as their mole in the NSA, then tried to join the NSA full time as a civilian employee in early 1963—because he wanted to continue his lucrative spying for the Soviets and he was afraid that the Army might transfer him to another post. But he did poorly on a polygraph test, started to arouse suspicions with his lavish spending, and was placed under preliminary investigation. In July 1963, after Dunlap had realized it was only a matter of time before he was formally arrested, he committed suicide (by asphyxiation) in one of the luxury cars he had bought for himself with the Soviet money. Dunlap was found dead before he admitted guilt or could be questioned; so the full extent of his espionage activities was never resolved.

Soon it became clear that Murphy's gambit had worked, as Polyakov proved to be one of the most valued agents in CIA history.

After he left Rangoon in 1969, Polyakov served three times in Moscow during the next twelve years—alternating with his two tours in New Delhi as military attaché. In Moscow, he headed the GRU classified library and then directed a faculty of the GRU "university" (the military diplomatic academy). Pentagon records indicate that he last served in Moscow at a top position in the Soviet Defense Command, the force responsible for defending the USSR from nuclear attack.[13]

Polyakov would have survived as one of the great American spies, and would still be alive today, but for one little inadvertent error. Back in 1964, after he returned to Moscow from New York, he learned of the KGB's appalled reaction to Nosenko's defection and later dutifully informed his American debriefers of this news. As far as he was concerned, it was not possible for Nosenko to have been a fake defector. Polyakov also supported other key evidence which discredited the Fundamentalists' "master plan" theory—including the assertion that the Sino-Soviet split was real.[14]

But this "heresy" was all that was needed to turn the powerful Fundamentalists against him.

Angleton, of course, had always been certain that every Soviet defector since Golitsyn was a fake. He took the view that they were all warriors in Golitsyn's predicted KGB disinformation and deception campaign. Indeed, on one memorable occasion while drinking with his friend Sir Charles Spry, the Director General of the Australian Secret Intelligence Organization, Angleton boasted that during the previous decade he had personally "knocked back" at least twenty-two Soviet intelligence defectors he had considered to be provocations. Angleton said he was sure all of them had been sent by some KGB mastermind to try to fool the CIA and the FBI.[15] The truth is that the CIA and FBI have now established that *every single one* of these people was genuine.[16]

But because of his obsession, Angleton was responsible for the loss of priceless intelligence from the very heart of the KGB and the GRU (which also means intelligence from the Communist Party and the Soviet defense establishment).

Leonard McCoy, a major protagonist in the official CIA reviews that were conducted after Angleton's departure, says bluntly that the effect of Angleton's attack on the bona fides of all the post-Golitsyn defectors was a *tsunami*—the Japanese word for the tidal wave that follows an earthquake.

"Angleton's destruction of the credibility of this squadron of defectors occurred during the years of the most crucial and potentially explosive relationship between great powers since World War II,'' McCoy stresses. ''The West contained and confronted the USSR with great difficulty. There was the U-2 crisis, the Berlin crisis of 1961, the Cuban crisis a year later, the Middle East wars, the development of horrendously powerful new weaponry, missile gaps, missile superiority . . . My Lord, did we need information during the sixties! It was a time when the USSR and the U.S. were at each other's throats, with the future of the world at stake.

''Because of Jim Angleton, we lost information that would have helped guide our diplomats through some of these international traumas. We lost information that would have given us the potential to collect and develop more information, which in turn would have given us the ability to deal far more confidently with each crisis.

''After Golitsyn's arrival in 1961 and then the Nosenko debacle, the 'take' from virtually every defector was derided by Angleton. Without the imprimatur of his approval, none of this information could be taken seriously. Nearly everything the Soviet Division acquired from agents was poisoned by Angleton.

''Even where a KGB defector-in-place in the United States was being handled by the FBI and not Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff, it did not help. The bureau's agents were interested in the police and detective aspects of a case, the counterintelligence aspect, but not the long-term intelligence analysis. That was our job in the division, but unless Angleton's shop cleared a defector, chances were the 'take' never reached us in the first place.

''There were also long-term insidious effects. Angleton's attitude emasculated a generation of CI officers. His ruthless cynicism meant that they learned nothing on the job except to read everything from a defector backwards in the mirror. As a consequence, the institutional memory was stillborn.''[17]

In human terms, as far as Polyakov/TOP HAT was concerned, Angleton's mistake proved to be fatal. The defector would still be alive today but for Angleton's misjudgment of his case, both during and, more seriously, after Angleton left the CIA.

By 1978, Angleton had been out of office for over three years and had become a deeply embittered man, drinking more heavily than ever. He was even more persuaded of the imminent triumph of the KGB's master plan to deceive the West, and of the CIA's ignorance of the extent that U.S. defenses had been penetrated by KGB and GRU moles. Neither age nor experience had withered his certainties. In his bitterness, he had committed what for him in the past would have been almost an unnatural act—he was communicating with writers and reporters, indeed, anyone who would listen to his arguments and publish or transmit them.[18]

In Angleton's view, the Nosenko affair had ended disastrously, with the CIA foolishly clasping this Soviet asp to its bosom. He still firmly believed that all defectors who had supported Nosenko were ipso facto committed Soviet agents, whatever else they pretended to be. To talk to reporters about them was not, in Angleton's mind, a dishonorable or a risky thing to do. No single intelligence officer in the CIA could have been more loyal or tight-lipped than Jim Angleton. But these defectors were not American agents to him—they were the enemy.

It was under these circumstances that the existence of Polyakov was publicized while he was still a top, working CIA agent, an event without precedent in the professional business of espionage and counterespionage. It is important to the memory of Polyakov that an attempt is now made to unravel the responsibility for the leaks that led to his discovery and execution.

The first hint appeared in the February 27, 1978, issue of *New York* magazine, in an article by Edward Jay Epstein, who was then publicizing his newly released book, *Legend*.

In the book, Epstein did not mention TOP HAT, but he was the first writer to reveal the existence of another Soviet intelligence defector-in-place called FEDORA. (He had been run by the FBI as a key Soviet asset at the UN.) The stories of TOP HAT and FEDORA now occasionally intertwine.

Epstein raised the strong possibility that FEDORA was a deliberate KGB plant. Like his friend Jim Angleton, Epstein doubted FEDORA principally because FEDORA had supported the bona fides of Nosenko, whom Epstein also believed was a fake.

In the *New York* magazine article, Epstein wrote that the FBI became ''increasingly dependent'' on FEDORA's information, even though it was argued that he was acting under Soviet control. Epstein added: ''Indeed, it was estimated by one CIA official that 90 percent of all FBI anti-communist cases in New York came from FEDORA (and two other Soviets who joined FEDORA in supplying the FBI with information).''[19]

That throwaway parenthetical reference to ''two other Soviets'' was the first indication that a ''CIA official'' had revealed to Epstein that the FBI was running FEDORA *and* other Soviet agents in New York in the early 1960s. While Epstein did not name these two other Soviet sources, he left the clear implication he believed they were fakes, just like FEDORA.

The very fact that a journalist was told of the existence of other agents who were still working for the FBI and CIA was extremely unusual and highly unprofessional.

Two months later, on April 24, the ''New York Intelligencer'' gossip column in the same *New York* magazine carried an anonymous item about the defection a week earlier of top Soviet UN official Arkadiy Shevchenko. This brief item, given to the magazine by Edward Epstein, posed the question of whether Shevchenko might be able finally to end the debate among U.S. authorities about the credibility of several earlier Soviet defectors. The article went on to speculate that Shevchenko's defection might specifically resolve the controversy surrounding the bona fides of FEDORA, Nosenko, and a third Soviet who had never been identified before.[20]

That unsigned *New York* article ended with the following revelation about this third Soviet source:

> There is yet another figure involved—''TOP HAT,'' another undercover agent within the Russian Mission [of the UN]. His credibility has been doubted in some intelligence circles. . . . Shevchenko may be able to provide information to confirm those suspicions. If he does, he will knock most of the CIA's and FBI's official theories about Soviet affairs into a cocked hat.[21]

This brief but prominently displayed magazine item exposed Polyakov's existence, putting his life in instant and grave danger.

The sole reason for this betrayal of a working CIA agent lay in the Fundamentalists' obsession to further their already discredited argument that all Soviet intelligence defectors were fakes. But to take this dispute and make it public, on the basis of no hard evidence, was to play Russian roulette with the life of Polyakov.

If the Fundamentalists were right, and Polyakov and all the others were fakes, then it was no exaggeration to claim that the CIA and FBI had indeed been led by the collective nose for years by the Soviets. Epstein, as a journalist, cannot be faulted for using the information he was given to define this most important issue of public interest. However, Epstein, the patriot, was taking a chance; for if the April 1978 article had got it wrong, then his sources had sentenced to death an American spy. It was as simple as that.

In Moscow, the KGB read the news item with interest.

We now know that they immediately began their own investigation to identify TOP HAT as soon as the article was published. And we now know the result of their work.

It took all of twelve years for the Soviets to reveal the consequences of their probe. On Sunday, January 14, 1990, an article in *Pravda* announced:

> FORMER DIPLOMAT SPIES FOR U.S.
> SENTENCED TO DEATH.
> ONE OF U.S. MAIN AGENTS TRIED, SENTENCED.
> KGB ORGANS HAVE NEUTRALIZED A DANGEROUS SPY.
>
> DONALD F. [i.e., TOP HAT] began working for the FBI in 1961 . . . he was one of the West's most important spies.
>
> During his second assignment in Delhi, *"Donald" was warned that a report had been published in the open press in the United States* on the treachery of a USSR staffer at the United Nations in the early sixties who had offered his services to the FBI [Author's italics].[22]

The evidence from the leak in *New York* magazine, the earliest known public reference to TOP HAT, appears to corroborate this distressing truth.[23] As a direct result of the deliberate and unconscionable betrayal of Polyakov's existence by a Fundamentalist source, the KGB finally arrested him in July 1985. He was tried and executed three years later.[24]

Who betrayed Polyakov's existence to Edward Jay Epstein (and *New York* magazine) in 1978 and why? Who gave Epstein such good primary source information about Polyakov that the KGB, as they have since admitted, were able to identify the American agent? Suspicion surrounds all of the Fundamentalists who were convinced Polyakov was a false defector taking the FBI and the CIA for a ride. Epstein says that Angleton was not his primary source for the publicity that led to Polyakov's execution; but, one must ask, is it possible that such an astonishing leak could have originated from other dedicated Fundamentalists *without* their former chief's tacit approval?

Among all of the loquacious Fundamentalists who confided in Epstein, the main suspect for the leak must be the FBI's William Sullivan, a friend of Angleton's. He was a man who came to hate his boss J. Edgar Hoover because Hoover would not appoint him to be his successor. Sullivan's legendary disputes with Hoover ended with his abrupt dismissal from the FBI in 1971. After this premature retirement, Sullivan's rage at Hoover and the bureau made him inclined to talk to reporters about sensitive matters which he felt the FBI were mishandling. At the tail end of his career, Sullivan had also become a strong believer in the so-called sick-think philosophy that spread from Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff to coat several of the FBI officers who were handling Soviet intelligence defectors-in-place.

Epstein, who believes in naming his sources in his books, confirmed in 1978 that Sullivan was one of his key sources on FEDORA. Epstein recently disclosed that Sullivan also spoke to him about TOP HAT.[25] Unfortunately, Sullivan died in a freak hunting accident in November 1977, four months before *Legend* appeared, or before he could be asked the crucial question—did Angleton approve or sanction the leak? We know only that Sullivan was utterly convinced TOP HAT was a fake defector.

Scotty Miler agrees that Sullivan might have been personally responsible for the press leak. ''It wasn't Jim, I doubt that very much,'' argues Miler. ''Angleton certainly believed Polyakov was bad, but I don't think the original information would have come from him. I think Bill Sullivan knew more about the case. He would not have needed to check this with Jim first, although both knew each other well and were friends.''[26]

Epstein readily admits that he is still not sure to this day if the information was deliberately leaked to him or if he was manipulated by his sources. ''I just don't know if Sullivan spoke to Angleton about FEDORA and TOP HAT before Sullivan spoke to me,'' Epstein says. ''There is a good possibility of that, but no one ever said that to me.''[27]

Pravda's lengthy announcement in early 1990 of the detection, arrest, and trial of Major General Dmitriy Polyakov was a self-congratulatory journalistic enterprise, marked by long, moralistic paragraphs. But the CIA noted that it carried no official confirmation that the execution had actually taken place. The final official word was not received by the West for another nine months. During the interim, Lord Bethell, a Tory member of the European Parliament, had persistently raised the issue of TOP HAT with the European Parliament human rights committee, with little success. Then, on September 13, 1990, he received an unexpected letter from Vladimir Shemlatenkov, the Soviet ambassador to the European Community, which read in part:

> I would like to inform you that, according to an official reply from the USSR Supreme Court, [Polyakov] was sentenced to capital punishment by the military board of the USSR Supreme Court on charges of espionage and smuggling. On March 4, 1988, his appeal was declined by the USSR Supreme Soviet Presidium. The sentence was carried out on March 15, 1988.[28]

16 THE SLEEPLESS HUNTER

> *"You can give the* illusion *of a real fly with the coloring of your hackle and wings and all the feathers you put on it. And it will float down the river with its hackles cupped up, and you give it a little twitch, and the trout really believes that it is a fly. . . . And that's when you get a strike."*
>
> —JAMES ANGLETON, 1977[1]

THE NOSENKO, LOGINOV, AND POLYAKOV CASES WERE STILL RUNNING and unresolved in the mid-sixties as Angleton began to lock himself ever more securely into his lonely hunter's world. Friends, colleagues, and relatives started to see a man increasingly haunted by the nightmare of Soviet intelligence penetration of his beloved CIA.

The isolation corroded his home life too, for, unable by oath to share his covert life with his wife and children, forced to work long hours, and the prisoner of his own secret thoughts, he was condemned to become ever more distant and lonely.

By the mid-1960s, there were three children at home: James Charles had been born in 1945; his first daughter, Helen, came four years later; and a second daughter, Lucy, was born in 1958.

Cicely Angleton admits that it was "a Eugene O'Neill family—a family with a great many burdens. There was an unusual tension in the house because of Jim's job. We were all nervous and often upset by his moodiness and the tension. We were walking on eggs all the time. He had no energy left for his family when he came home. It was a battle of survival; he led a very demanding life, and he worked very strange hours. Nor could you ever ask him any questions about his work. He hated questions.''[2]

Like so many CIA children, the young Angletons saw little of their father and knew even less about his occupation. At twelve years old, Jimmy thought his father worked for the post office. When some CIA officers once came round to the house for a conference, Cicely and Jimmy were asked to leave the living room. ''Mom, are you sure Dad works as a postman?'' the boy asked as they retreated to the kitchen.[3]

Later, as the children grew older and pressed their father for a more honest account of his life, he was forced to respond with an uncharacteristic banality: ''Ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies.''[4]

''There was a clandestine atmosphere in the house when Jim was there with his guests from work,'' Cicely Angleton remembers. ''The phone was pulled; the curtains were drawn; the family was pushed out of rooms. That element of secrecy was hard for the children to grow up with. There was no order in our household. We never went out as a family on Sunday. We didn't eat meals together. It was utterly abnormal. How we survived it I will never know.''[5]

Jim Nolan, a former head of the FBI's Soviet Counterintelligence Section, was a close personal friend of Angleton's who spoke to him in later years about his family. ''Jim had to be a *terrible* parent, one of the world's worst,'' Nolan stresses. ''I wouldn't have wanted him as a father. He would do anything for his children in terms of money and support, but in their early years he had no time for them and later he was mystified by some of their behavior.''[6]

Angleton's personal relationship with Cicely was characterized by tremendous mood swings and reconciliations. ''We always cared for each other, but we couldn't express it,'' she explains. There were three separations in their marriage; the reason, Cicely says, was pure ''frustration'' on her part. ''He was very lonely when I left him,'' she adds. ''He was a person who wanted to be alone, yet he would get terribly lonesome when the family wasn't around. He was a loner, but he wanted us there. We were a form of strength and relief to him—just to have us around. He liked to know what was going on in the family but he couldn't bring himself to participate, he just couldn't. He was not a joiner.

''On top of everything else,'' she continues, ''we CIA wives were all exhausted women, worn to the bone. We were loyal women who got the short end of the stick. The husbands had careers, travel and outside interests, and we had none of that. The men were decent enough, but their nerves were shot. People's lives depended on them. It was so much more than a career.

''Life with Jim had its peaks and troughs—passion, rages, reason, creative intelligence—but when you get down to it, there was really not much in common between us except a raw devotion to each other. I was a WASP and he was Latin.''[7]

Furthermore, their private relationship and his professional life suffered from Angleton's excessive intake of alcohol. Former colleagues complain that his incredible capacity for double martinis at lunch tended to slow him down considerably in the afternoons. As Pete Bagley recalls, ''When we went out on those legendary martini lunches—often until three or four P.M.— sometimes Jim could not work afterwards. I doubt he read all the files he was supposed to read.''[8]

Angleton's former drinking partners all marvel at the vast amounts of liquor he could consume while still appearing to be sober. They say he regularly downed two to four double martinis at lunch and sometimes polished off as much as two bottles of wine or whiskey in a night. Some colleagues noticed that the more he drank, the more obscure his conversation got. Others say he took naps in his office in the late afternoon.[9]

Cicely Angleton concedes that her husband was ''an alcoholic'' by the time he retired. ''In the mid-sixties, when the pressures became unbearable, he started drinking more,'' she says. ''He drank anything he could get ahold of. He had no particular favorite—though he drank a lot of Bourbon. He finally stopped after 1974 because he had to, he got sick. His nervous system was out of whack and his motor system had broken down. He couldn't walk or tie his tie. At that point, I took him to a doctor and he got dried out. Once he stopped, he never went back to it.''[10]

The insomnia that had afflicted his youth also continued to maintain its remorseless pressure. Night after night, Angleton would find a reason for staying up, either to work late in the office, to visit friends' homes, or to have long, boozy sessions with his foreign intelligence service contacts—anything to avoid the waking nightmare of going to bed.

In the complex relationship he had with Cicely, there were some things that *were* shared and did give pleasure. She loved Angleton's eccentric sense of humor. Late one night, she was awakened when he returned home after a fishing trip to Maryland and began dialing a phone call to a roadside drive-in. She heard him ask someone at the other end, ''What are you playing on the jukebox?'' Then he broke into helpless laughter and hung up. He explained to her that he had stopped at the restaurant on the way home and had heard the jukebox playing an old song he particularly disliked, ''Listen to the Mocking Bird.'' Before he drove away, he had exchanged a ten-dollar bill for quarters and stuffed all the coins into the jukebox, pressing the same request over and over again. The hated song was still playing when he phoned up over an hour later![11]

Angleton's personal pop music preferences in the early sixties ranged from Chubby Checker to Carole King. But he was most influenced by the revolutionary ''white rock'' of a young gyrator called Elvis Presley, whom he considered the founder of rock-'n'-roll.

Toni Bradlee, who was then married to Ben Bradlee of *The Washington Post*, hosted social evenings in Georgetown at which Angleton enthusiastically danced and weaved to Presley numbers—often by himself. ''He used to dance free form,'' Toni Bradlee remembers. ''There was a lot of mock bullfighting about it, but he was a lonely dancer.

''Even then, he was very mysterious and naturally secretive, and we never really knew what he did. I always thought of him as having charisma because of his intellectual interests.''[12]

According to Ben Bradlee, Angleton never felt at home in the slightly Bohemian atmosphere of Georgetown during those days. Bradlee stresses that he and Angleton were just social friends, not intimates, but says that he found Angleton ''enormously intriguing. He looked so dramatic, and he had this romantic background. When we all met socially, we would eat spaghetti and salads, play Presley, dance and talk endlessly. He used to refer to his Italian background and his British education, but he never mentioned the Mexican side.''[13]

Helen Angleton agrees that there were two sides to her father's nature about where he lived. ''One side was very socially conscious and was dying to be accepted—for instance, he really wanted me to take tennis lessons at the country club and to become a debutante to show that *he* had arrived. The other side was socially uncomfortable with the Georgetown group and scorned all of it. He would always joke about it to us when we were teenagers and we told him we wanted to move to Georgetown. He would say he didn't want to move because there were no parking spaces in Georgetown.''[14]

Cicely Angleton adds that her husband also liked the anonymity of suburban Arlington and its proximity to the CIA complex.[15]

Although consumed by his work, Angleton still managed to snatch fragments of a private life during the sixties. He loved Italian opera and played it at full volume on his car radio and at home at night. But he didn't enjoy the theater. ''We had to drag him there,'' recalls Cicely Angleton. ''Typically, he would closely study the program and all of the program notes. But then he always fell asleep during the show.''[16]

He did, however, have a passion for films, particularly westerns, Italian films of all kinds, and double features. His favorite actor was Paul Newman. In more recent years, he raved about Robert Redford (*The Natural*), Marlon Brando (*The Godfather*), Peter Sellers (*Being There*), and Shirley MacLaine. His only active sports were hunting and fishing, but his Anglophilia stretched to the enjoyment of cricket matches and European soccer.[17]

Not surprisingly, Angleton's hobbies were uniformly isolated disciplines, which absorbed his concentration and excluded his family. He was a skilled designer of leather items, polished gemstones, and gold jewelry, and took pleasure in giving small gifts to many of his friends and colleagues. He never failed to surprise them with the generosity of spirit and craft that went into these mementoes. Prized Angleton keepsakes include a small golden tiepin of a leaping trout with a worm in its mouth; a beautiful Suñi Indian–design belt buckle made of gold; handcrafted gold cuff links; delicate diamond teardrops; rare opals from Australia; and fine leather belts. He worked quietly, with an intense dedication, in the large basement of his home, sitting at a small driller/milling machine that remains on his workbench to this day.[18]

Angleton's passion for breeding and growing orchids may well have been inspired by the hero of a popular detective series from the 1930s. William Wick, Angleton's Yale and Harvard friend, remembers that his former roommate's interest in orchids began while they were undergraduates: ''Jim was a big fan of the author Rex Stout, and Stout's best-known detective was a big three-hundred-pound operator called Nero Wolfe, whose gimmick was that he solved all his cases without leaving home. Wolfe spent most of his productive time in his arboretum with his orchids. Jim loved those stories.''[19]

Angleton's fictional hero, the Falstaffian Nero Wolfe, was an agoraphobe who solved crimes by sheer brainpower, usually while he tended the rare orchids in the plant rooms at the top of his house.[20] These delicate flowers were to Wolfe what the violin was to Sherlock Holmes. Out of the sweet concentration came the intellectual focus he needed to unravel the most challenging crime.

But Jim Angleton's chief passion was dry-fly trout fishing. And in this he was world-class. The analogy between his hobby and his profession would be a cliché for fiction writers, but in Angleton's case the similarity is no less relevant for being shopworn through use. To study the fisherman is to study the hunter of Soviet intelligence agents; the sport and the craft require equal parts of patient dedication, intellect, pure obsessiveness, and the cunning that comes with experience.

Angleton fished the Brule River in the upper watershed of northern Wisconsin, among virgin pine forests, cedar swamps, alder thickets, and lowland hardwoods. He often fished alone, his only spectators Cape May warblers and rare ruby-crowned kinglets. He hunted rainbow and brook trout, but above all that symbolic river monster—the brown trout—that swims the river's 44-mile run north to Lake Superior.

Caroline Marshall, a poet who grew up vacationing each summer on the Brule, was a friend of the Angleton family.[21] She recalls an afternoon spent with Jim and Cicely at their summer home on the river when the Counterintelligence chief spoke expansively of his passion for fishing and the demonology of the big Brown. This is how she has described the scene:

> ''Browns are vicious atavistic creatures,'' he [Angleton] says; . . . ''They eat mice and frogs, baby chipmunks, their own kind.'' He stretches forefingers away from thumbs to demonstrate, matching them in a flame-shaped arc. It must be five or six inches wide. ''This is the mouth of one,'' he says. His eyes gleam. ''Look what it could snap on to.'' He describes the life-sized mouse lure he uses when the moon is down and mist a lid on the river.
>
> . . . He hints at why he likes the dank secrecy of darkness to play the game in when he describes how the great browns come out then. ''They're shy,'' he says. ''Be one feeding during the day, and the mere suggestion of a shadow passes—gone.''
>
> . . . Awe lusters his eyes as Jim speaks of these creatures. But in the edge of his low voice one hears, too, the cunning he feels for his part in their struggle to survive.
>
> . . . The patient game of waiting, silent, for the trusting quarry to expose itself, that is the game of fishing Jim Angleton played in the summer. . . . How it might be said to resemble his other life with the CIA. . . .
>
> . . . I saw him one night when I was a child—coming suddenly wet, slippery, and silent as a huge brown in from the dark, trailing rain, his fedora pinched and dripping, pulled low over his eyes, a fisherman wholly unlike others.[22]

But Angleton did not always hunt trout alone. Cord Meyer, his great friend and CIA colleague, was a regular fishing partner. ''Jim stalked the stream with a total array of weapons,'' he remembers. ''This was symptomatic of how he tackled anything. Fishing was not a superficial effort to be in the sunlight and the water. It was a total effort to understand the ecology and win.

''He came to understand the entire ecology of the stream in the end, right down to the life phases the bugs went through. Jim could fish on the surface, or he could cast upstream with a nymph fly, allowing the line to drift back so he could just feel its tip.

"At the more rugged end, he would go night fishing for the big cannibal trout. We'd go out in a canoe in the open water of the river. Jim would guide the boat, then cast a short line with a fake mouse on it. There would be a huge smash when the trout took the mouse, and the battle would last up to twenty minutes before the fish was in the boat."[23]

Angleton spoke more prosaically about his hobby during a conversation with his younger daughter Lucy in 1987. "The classic way to fish is that you enter the life of the trout, and you try to see the world that he lives in, in terms of his world," he told her.

"The art of fly fishing is not just to go out and throw a fly on the water hoping that it's going to catch a trout. It is to observe what the fish are feeding on. One way you can discover that is that you catch a small trout—say six inches—and you open it up and look in the stomach. And you empty the stomach into a celluloid cup. And you see what it's been feeding on. And you make a fly like what it has been feeding on. . . .

"That's the whole science of fly fishing. That's the ultimate in it, because you're entering into the world of the trout, and you're fooling it with an imitation. . . . You don't just go down there with a worm. A fly fisherman is a purist. . . .

"You can give the *illusion* of a real fly with the coloring of your hackle and wings and all the feathers you put on it. And it will float down the river with its hackles cupped up, and you give it a little twitch, and the trout really believes that it is a fly. . . . And that's when you get a strike."[24]

* * *

This then was Jim Angleton in the mid-1960s—mentally agile and adroit if a little bruised, physically debilitated, often drunk—but never incapable. An increasingly lonely and private man, a Sleepless Hunter, as his beloved T. S. Eliot had once described a man tormented by an obsession that would not let him sleep.[25]

17

''H'' FOR MOLEHUNT

''An organization must be feared to be effective. It doesn't mean you do fearful things, but it does mean you must be respected . . . even agents on the CIA payroll must fear you, and feel that you're omnipresent, and that therefore they better not betray you, or you'll know. . . .''

—JAMES ANGLETON, JULY 1977[1]

IT WAS THE SINGLE LETTER ''H,'' FOUND IN A PERSONAL NOTE SENT to Jim Angleton by one of his former staffers in October 1978, that finally revealed the project name for the top secret internal CIA molehunt run by Angleton from 1964 until the end of the decade.

The note referred cryptically to '' 'H' matters files,'' and was the first lead in the search to prove that the CIA had authorized a molehunt, and given it a name. This name has never been acknowledged by the CIA before or since.

Angleton's hunt was to lead to the virtual paralysis of the CIA's own Soviet Division operations. This is one reason why even the existence of a project name for the molehunt has been denied.

The absence of a formal CIA codename was the neatest way for Angleton's superiors to detach themselves from the whole messy business. Without a formal name, there could be no formal operation, and if there was no formal operation, there need be no accountability.

For the sake of security, convenience, and to protect his own staff, however, Angleton did want the operation to have a cryptonym, so he simply created his own—outside of the official registry. He devised a name that was to be stamped on all the files, yet one so secret that even the molehunt victims never learned of its existence.

Although the molehunt was organized by Angleton's staff, the administrative work had to be coordinated with two other investigative departments. The Counterintelligence Staff was not a detective unit, although it liked to behave like one. So Angleton was required to work with the Office of Security, which held official responsibility for the investigation of CIA employees. More importantly, Angleton had to cooperate with the FBI, which held federal authority to investigate and arrest putative KGB agents.

The molehunt required the highest executive clearance—the tacit support, at least, of the DCI, the Deputy DCI, and the Deputy Director of Operations, whose directorate housed both the Counterintelligence Staff and the Soviet Division. Angleton's close relationships with John McCone (DCI from November 1961 to April 1965) and Richard Helms (first the DDO, then DCI from June 1966 to February 1973) ensured that he was able to run his investigations without hindrance or even close supervision.

The project was christened in November 1964, following the creation of a joint CIA/FBI panel to supervise the inquiries. Angleton's choice for the project's title was ''HONETOL''—a slightly corrupted acronym of J. Edgar *Ho*over and A*natol*iy Golitsyn.[2] The name was subtle, since it shrewdly implied that Hoover, the legendary FBI director himself, was solidly behind the investigation. But this was never the case. Hoover disliked and distrusted Golitsyn so much that he would not allow him inside FBI headquarters.[3] He also had a cool relationship with Angleton. In reality, Hoover's association with Project HONETOL was to be brief.

Scotty Miler, who was in day-to-day control of HONETOL, confirms that ''the codename was only used inside our shop and was very strictly compartmented. Anyway, how the heck did *you* get it?'' He adds, ''HONETOL was definitely cleared through the DCI, the DDO, and the Office of Security. There's no doubt about that. About half a dozen people in SIG [the Special Investigation Group] actually worked on HONETOL, and the bigot list [the circulation list of people cleared to know] was only ten strong. HONETOL began with Golitsyn's allegations and by and large stayed that way.''[4]

During secret congressional testimony in 1978, Angleton confirmed that HONETOL emanated from Golitsyn's allegations. ''The heaviest burden on [the SIG] was Golitsyn,'' he stated, ''because there were bodies of sensitive intelligence that, as far as I know, have never been disclosed, running into *thousands of pages of hard documents* relating to Soviet intelligence.''[5]

HONETOL led to the investigation of no less than forty senior CIA officers. At least fourteen of these officers were closely investigated as official suspects; the rest were more loosely scrutinized.[6] ''Yeah,'' says Scotty Miler dryly, ''those are figures I'd go along with.''[7]

Every single officer on the list was wholly innocent—without exception or lingering doubt.

The HONETOL committee itself had a short and inauspicious life. It was in existence only from November 1964 until April 1965, although the molehunt continued long after. The men who sat on the panel were Angleton; Scott Miler; Bruce Solie, from the CIA's Office of Security; William Sullivan, the FBI's assistant director with special responsibilities for domestic intelligence; Sam Papich, the FBI's liaison officer to Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff; and Donald Moore, the supervisor of the FBI's Counterintelligence Division. The FBI's Larry McWilliams also sat in on some of the sessions. Officially, only three or four meetings were ever held.[8]

During its six months of activity, this group closely investigated the fourteen main CIA suspects, a procedure involving considerable secrecy and the outlay of hundreds of thousands of dollars in surveillance manpower and technology. ''At the height of HONETOL,'' says Leonard McCoy, ''the FBI seemed to be following more suspect CIA officers in the United States than they were following KGB agents.''[9]

These ''HONETOL 14'' suspects were not all investigated to the same degree. Some had both their office and home phones bugged by the FBI; some were also followed by full-scale FBI mobile and foot surveillance teams; most had their colleagues and friends questioned. All of them had their personal files pulled by the Special Investigation Group and stamped in black ink with a large, two-inch ''H'' to denote they were under suspicion. These ''H'' files were housed in the SIG unit, inside a special vault room which had a broad, hand-painted yellow line running down the middle of the floor. That yellow line served as a sort of mystic barrier which cordoned off the HONETOL safes. No officer or secretary, unless on the bigot list, was allowed to cross the line.

HONETOL operated without the knowledge of the suspects. Officers with an ''H'' on their files could be denied promotion to higher grades without ever knowing the reason why. Even when suspects were formally cleared, Angleton still had the power to retard or ruin their careers—and he used it.

There is no evidence of any peer review or active executive supervision of HONETOL's purpose, execution, or outcome. Careers were destroyed, reputations smeared, and lasting enmities sown. By the time Angleton resigned, between one and two hundred files stamped with black ''H's'' were stored in the secure area beyond the yellow line.

Yet, from the day Project HONETOL was born until today, not one single KGB penetration was uncovered, not one prosecution was undertaken, not one single lead matured.

Of the six principal members of the HONETOL panel (with Angleton and Bill Sullivan deceased), three of the four survivors have now reluctantly confirmed its existence: Don Moore, Sam Papich, and Scotty Miler.

When asked to comment on these investigations, Don Moore declined to discuss any specific cases or results. ''All I will say,'' he replied cautiously, ''is that there were some suspects that the CIA should not have been accusing.''[10]

Sam Papich also declined to discuss specific cases, but he remains a steady HONETOL enthusiast. ''I sympathize with the victims,'' he says, ''but that's part of the intelligence business. If you are never doing anything and just pass the buck, then you will never face a problem. You do not have rights in the intelligence field. The average officer accepts that.

''I agree that Golitsyn's mole was never found. But I am still convinced that all of the U.S. agencies are penetrated.''[11]

Scotty Miler also defends HONETOL. Miler was the man Angleton secretly hoped would become his successor. He had been deputy head of the top secret SIG molehunting unit from 1964 to 1969, and was Angleton's Chief of Operations until 1974.

Miler is a large, powerfully built man of German/Scottish, British and Irish blood, with a square, handsome face and small, very blue eyes. During his career, he was an intense counterintelligence buff, more policeman than intelligence officer. A classic Cold Warrior, he was by Angleton's standards *plus royaliste que le Roi.*

Under Angleton's tutelage, Miler worked overtime, meticulously weaving the infinite strands of investigation. He was a thorough, organized, and no-nonsense investigator who amply compensated for Angleton's lack of practical application. Miler kept the wheels turning. In the world of HONETOL he was the pragmatist who mastered the paperwork. The consummate counterintelligence man.

''HONETOL was a project of its particular time,'' Miler says now. ''We would take original personnel files, copy them, then return them to the registry. The idea was to keep the whole thing very tight. The trouble was that people within the agency didn't really understand what we were doing, and the rumors grew.

''When there was an allegation, you might look at a large number of personnel files, and then classify them as 'H' files, but then eliminate most of them. The point about stamping the files with an 'H' was that in doing so, you put a protection on the files. That 'H' meant that only three or four people had access. HONETOL was used only inside our shop and was very strictly compartmented.

''Some 'H' files related to CIA stations. A station might have eighteen officers and six secretaries. We would have to start screening all of these people and then eliminate them one by one. Each officer had to be related to each one of his operations. So, one case could generate hundreds of related files. Some of the leads may be rather vague, but nothing could be ignored. You can't make a decision right away, sometimes it takes years.

''It's true, we did spend a lot of time and money on these cases. And it's also true there came a time when the FBI asked us not to give them any more cases unless we actually had something a little more solid. But what was the alternative? CI's a great time waster.''[12]

Miler still maintains that these investigations were justified. ''If we didn't investigate, we were not doing our job. I agree it's difficult when intelligence officers investigate intelligence officers, and that there was some disruption and lack of confidence in the Soviet Division.

''But it's a bad rap to say that Jim did these alone. Jim and I would make recommendations. Yes, his word carried a lot of weight. But he never went forward with anything unless it was well documented. If there was a reasonable suspicion, something had to be done. Even if it might take years.

''There were about fourteen cases running over a period of years, that's not a bad total. Today, I don't think each of these fourteen people was guilty, though I must admit I still have suspicions about one or two of them. If the CIA handled any of these people unfairly, then I believe they're entitled to redress.''[13]

Richard Helms, who was in senior positions for the entire period of Project HONETOL, also believes that the molehunt was fully justified and handled properly. ''It's every DCI's nightmare that his organization is penetrated,'' he explains. ''One lives with this every day. Granted, it's a difficult thing to decide how to deal with these security cases. But look, you have to investigate these allegations—you don't seem to understand . . . there's no option.

''I agree that in the end we concluded that the CIA was not penetrated. I'm quite persuaded it was not.''[14]

But the more Angleton, Golitsyn, Miler, and the SIG unit studied the files, the more they became convinced of a serious penetration. By late 1964 they began to convert plans into action.

Angleton was now certain that the KGB's master plan was already operating and that Moscow Center must be receiving ''playback'' from inside the CIA. It had happened already in London and Paris, Golitsyn reminded him; it was bound to be happening in Washington, too. The mole had to be within the Soviet Division, the heart and soul of the CIA.

The Soviet Division was the CIA's Marine Corps, up front and ''belly to belly,'' as the jargon had it, with Soviet intelligence. In 1964, the Soviet Division was the largest CIA division, some nine hundred strong, with two hundred and fifty officers based in Washington and the rest stationed overseas. About half of its employees were native U.S. citizens; the other half had European or Soviet backgrounds, with the concomitant linguistic skills and geographical savvy to operate under hostile conditions. Soviet Division officers were as close as it gets to the traditional spies of fiction.[15]

The division's primary job, according to William Colby, is to recruit Soviet agents and deliver the red meat of military, political, and economic information for the agency's analysts.[16]

There was a natural tension between the Soviet Division and Jim Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff. The division was operational, had extensive experience dealing directly with Soviets, and direct communications with worldwide assets. It employed a large number of talented officers and contract agents who spoke Russian; they had firsthand knowledge of Soviet history and culture. Their jobs had action and glamour.

By contrast, Angleton's counterintelligence shop dealt in suspicion. It was a think tank of research and historical analysis. Angleton's staff numbered few if any native Russian speakers and reflected little Soviet operational background. As a service unit, they did not share in the tensions and excitements of life at the edge. Their detached oversight of Soviet Division operations, conducted from the safety of Washington offices, did not always sit well with men whose work demanded expeditions behind the enemy lines.

Fortunately for Angleton, his most important divisional point of contact in the mid-1960s, the man in charge of the Counterintelligence Branch of the division, was Pete Bagley, who had run the Nosenko case since Geneva. He was a loyalist and believed what Angleton believed.

In 1964, Angleton believed that there was one major reason why the CIA had been penetrated. He and the Fundamentalists were convinced that one of the CIA's first and most important Soviet defectors-in-place—Lieutenant Colonel Petr Popov of the GRU—had been betrayed by a mole inside the CIA. Popov had been arrested in 1959 and was later shot by the Soviets. The Soviet discovery of Popov, the CIA's most productive Soviet spy for six years, was a traumatic loss for the agency which led to a long series of internal postmortems.

The case had begun in 1952 when Petr Popov was assigned to the Soviet intelligence *rezidentura* in Vienna. One November evening, he dropped a note volunteering his services to the CIA into an American diplomat's car. The offer was quickly accepted. Popov was recruited as a defector-in-place, initially code-named "ATTIC." He was assigned a Soviet Division case officer, the ubiquitous George Kisevalter.

Popov proved to be a valuable asset, revealing everything about the KGB and GRU personnel and operations in Austria—from the Vienna *rezidentura*'s order of battle to the small print of the station's payroll sheets. He also delivered a copy of the Soviet Army's 1947 field regulations, a document which had been one of the Pentagon's highest-priority requirements. (Popov later photographed the entire 1951 replacement manual as well.) When he was posted to East Berlin, he continued to send off twenty-four-carat information, including sensitive details about Soviet weapons, missiles, and guidance systems. He even confirmed the Soviets' new T-10 tank, which no one in the Pentagon had previously believed existed.[17] His most dramatic contributions were the Soviet Field Army Table of Organization, and the Soviet battlefield tactics developed in the first nuclear test with troops at Totskoye in central Asia in 1954.

He was posted back to Moscow from Berlin in November 1958, and, on October 16, 1959, he was arrested there while riding on a bus and attempting to receive a note from a CIA contact.[18]

The alleged betrayal of Popov would be the subject of intense debate within the CIA for years to come. The Fundamentalists, led by Angleton, Golitsyn, and Bagley, reached the conclusion that Popov could only have been betrayed by a mole buried deep within the Soviet Division.[19]

According to Pete Bagley, "The betrayal of Popov was the key—*the key* to our belief that we had been penetrated."[20]

This view of the Popov case has always been the official version, leaked to countless journalists and researchers over the years. But fresh evidence now shows that the explanation was wholly untrue. It was developed as a self-serving shield by the Fundamentalists to protect their theories of penetration and betrayal.

Popov was actually lost to the Soviets because of a slipshod CIA operation; there was no treachery.

Kisevalter remained Popov's overall case officer while Popov was in Moscow. But Kisevalter stayed in Berlin and was assisted by Russell Langelle, a local CIA officer in Moscow, who worked under diplomatic cover at the U.S. Embassy. Making contact with Popov in Moscow was tricky. On one occasion, Kisevalter needed to send him a large envelope which included money and operational instructions. The prearranged system called for Langelle to try to deliver instructions through a so-called brush contact (a quick, apparently innocent encounter, during which an imperceptible exchange takes place). If the brush contact failed, Kisevalter would arrange for the letter to be mailed to Popov by a secure method via the U.S. Embassy in Moscow.

Langelle was under KGB surveillance in Moscow, but he managed to slip the envelope to Popov without being noticed. He had driven to the Russian's apartment, left his car parked nearby, and then walked to a corner bakery to buy a loaf of bread—he wanted to have a package in his hands. The bakery was near a bus stop. By prearrangement, Popov was waiting there, standing in line for the next bus. Langelle passed the letter to his agent without trouble.

But after that, everything went wrong. Langelle immediately sent a coded message to another CIA officer at the U.S. Embassy, George Winters, that the brush contact had succeeded. Winters was therefore instructed *not* to mail the ''back-up'' letter. ''Winters was a support officer serving under low-level diplomatic cover,'' explains Kisevalter. ''He was inefficient and too fond of drink. He should never have been given such a sensitive assignment. He was told not to mail the letter, but for one reason or another he mistook or misread the message, and he decided to go ahead and mail the letter anyway.''[21]

Even that inept decision should not have led to Popov's subsequent arrest. Unfortunately, Winters's action was taken at a time when the KGB was using a complicated surveillance system against the American Embassy in Moscow. The Soviets' techniques were tight, obvious, and intimidating surveillance interspersed with erratic periods of (apparent) slack and distant observation. The purpose of this loose surveillance was to lull unsuspecting CIA operations officers into a false sense of security.

Winters fell for it. Instead of complying with the most basic training instructions in the CIA's manual—which requires an officer to ''dry clean'' himself before conducting an operation—he left the embassy that evening with the envelope for Popov and headed straight for what he thought would be an unwatched mailbox. Winters (who has since died) first intended a mere reconnaissance of several mailboxes that were well away from the embassy. But, believing himself to be secure, he decided to post the envelope anyway. In fact, he *had* been followed at a distance by KGB watchers with binoculars from the moment he left the embassy. Once Winters left the scene, the mailbox was emptied by the Soviets and the letter addressed to Popov was extracted.[22]

The CIA did not discover that Popov had been blown and arrested until a short time later, when he managed to conduct an extraordinarily daring operation under the very noses of his KGB guards.

After the Soviets had seized Popov as a traitor, they tried to use him to ''play back'' false information to deceive the CIA. This was a standard intelligence tactic used by both sides. The Soviets ordered Popov to request a regular ''brush contact'' meeting with his CIA case officer, Russell Langelle, as if nothing had happened.

At this point, neither Langelle nor the CIA had any idea that Popov had been compromised. The brief meeting was arranged to take place in the men's washroom of a Moscow restaurant. With hidden KGB watchers recording everything, Popov met Langelle as scheduled and slipped the American a bandage from his finger, on which Popov had written a note under KGB instructions. This bandage/note contained the false information the KGB wanted to plant. Unknown to the KGB, Popov had also managed to include a genuine message to alert the CIA of the truth.

Leonard McCoy takes up the story: ''The fake or 'ordered' message ran normally from left to right on the small piece of paper which had been wrapped inside the bandage. But what has not been revealed before is that Popov managed to write an extra four lines of information that ran almost vertically on the paper. This was brilliant tradecraft on his part. And his message had almost certainly gone undetected, because his KGB guards had been sloppy in checking the note they had dictated to him. I assume that when they saw him writing as per dictation, they did not dream that he could sneak an extra four lines in.

''In any event, he warned us that the strength of the Soviet armed forces was then 3,423,000; that the USSR already had twelve nuclear-powered submarines; and, finally, that the posting of the Winters letter had led to his discovery. And that is how the CIA learned the truth about how he was blown—straight from him. It was the last message from a very brave man who knew he would be executed. The true intelligence value of that message to us—and not everything can be revealed—was stunning.''[23]

Two subsequent Soviet sources confirmed the story.[24] The first corroboration came from Yuriy Nosenko, the man who had actually been in charge of the KGB watchers in Moscow at the time of the Winters letter incident. The second came from a potential defector, the former KGB officer Aleksandr Cherepanov.[25]* Nevertheless, Angleton and the Fundamentalists simply rejected the bona fides of Nosenko and Cherepanov, and in smearing them in this way, made their information valueless.

Neither did Angleton ever accept that Popov had passed Langelle an authentic warning message in the Moscow washroom. The Angleton ''logic'' argued that Popov was under KGB control during that contact and deliberately claimed to have been blown by the Winters letter—so as to make the CIA reject the notion that there was a mole.[26]

Thus, for the purposes of Angleton's molehunt in the Soviet Division, the Popov case remained prime evidence that a Soviet mole in the United States had blown the CIA's most valuable spy in Moscow.

This ''evidence'' was now linked to the first and only *firm* allegation that Golitsyn ever made about a CIA mole. He said that the KGB had penetrated the CIA's German operations, and that he had seen evidence at Moscow Center that a CIA employee was leaking information to the KGB, probably from Berlin. As usual he did not have the precise name of this KGB spy; instead, he resorted to his unique form of crossword methodology. He remembered only that the suspect's name began with a ''K'' and ended with ''-ski,'' and that his KGB codename was ''SASHA,'' which is the diminutive of Aleksandr. Golitsyn had given this lead to Bruce Solie of the CIA's Office of Security (which was technically in charge of such molehunts) as early as Christmas 1961, just after the defector first arrived from Helsinki.

Golitsyn offered one other clue to SASHA. He told Solie that SASHA had once been involved in supplying the KGB with false identity papers that were used in smuggling Soviet agents into West Berlin. But his information turned out to be wholly inaccurate and led Solie in the wrong direction for the best part of two years, as he chased after the wrong suspect.

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* Cherepanov was a genuine but disgruntled KGB officer who had been denied promotion and was forced into retirement in 1962. Had he been cultivated as a CIA asset, the twenty-year veteran officer would have been a priceless source. As it was, he had filched fifty pages of ''Cherepanov Papers'' from KGB headquarters and had delivered them to the CIA at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow without even having made personal contact. His foolish bravery, and the gamble he took in approaching the embassy through unknown American intermediaries, cost him his life (as he was later apprehended by the KGB). In Washington, Angleton and the Fundamentalists condemned Cherepanov as a fake because his papers supported the truth about Popov's arrest *and* because they supported Nosenko's subsequent account of the KGB's hunt for Cherepanov. (The search for Cherepanov was significant to Nosenko's bona fides because it was the occasion when Nosenko was given travel documents by the KGB on which was indicated that he had been promoted in rank.)

Golitsyn's error was that SASHA was not involved in creating fake paperwork for Soviet agents being smuggled from the East into the West. Solie eventually learned that the reverse was true: SASHA had actually been manufacturing fake documents for Western agents traveling East. SASHA had marked these papers with a telltale signal so that they would be spotted by the Communist guards at the frontier and the agents would be arrested. The distinction between West to East and East to West was crucial to finding the right mole. But since Solie didn't know about this error, he began his investigation following Golitsyn's mistaken lead. This false start marked the first, preliminary phase of the molehunt, and it lasted from December 1961 until September 1963.

Solie's work led to the first of the fourteen innocent victims of Project HONETOL.

* * *

He was a small, dapper CIA officer who had served at the CIA's documentation center in West Berlin and who, it emerged, had anglicized his original German family name of Klibanski. When Peter Karlow's file was shown to Golitsyn, the fact that he had once held a ''-ski'' surname, and that he had worked in Berlin, made the burly Ukrainian select it as one deserving further investigation.[27]

Pete Karlow had been born in New York City in 1921, of German parents. Before the Klibanskis emigrated to the United States in 1912, his father had been the youngest director ever of the Berlin Conservatory. In the years during and after World War I, it was unfashionable and a little impractical to be a German in the United States, and friends began to refer to Klibanski senior as a Russian baritone. Anglicizing the name resolved that identity problem once and for all.[28]

In June 1942, Karlow went to war. He joined the Navy as a lieutenant on general assignment to the OSS and was shipped off to Algiers. He was later aboard a PT boat which hit a mine off the west coast of Italy; he lost a leg in the explosion and was awarded the Bronze Star for valor.

After the war, the wounded officer joined the CIA, serving in Germany in 1950–55, the period during which SASHA had been active. By the summer of 1962 Karlow was back in Washington, assigned to the staff of DDO Richard Helms as a special projects officer. By then, Golitsyn had made his accusation about the mole; Solie had informed the FBI that Karlow was a suspect; and the bureau had launched a full investigation.

The FBI probe was supervised by Special Agent Alexander Neale for the bureau's Washington Field Office. He recalls that the FBI inquiry of Karlow lasted about one year and included both electronic and human surveillance. When no incriminating evidence emerged, the FBI finally decided to call off the costly and time-consuming coverage. ''There comes a time in this kind of investigation when you have to fish or cut bait,'' says Neale. ''You can't let the man dangle. It's not fair to him. We knew we had to make a decision one way or the other.''[29]

By the time the FBI surveillance was winding down, it had become obvious even to Karlow that he was under some kind of suspicion and was being investigated. ''My phone was being tapped,'' he recalls, ''and it wasn't even being done very well.''[30]

Karlow was sufficiently friendly with fellow OSS veteran Helms to be able to visit him at his home to ask what was happening to him. Helms gave little away except to indicate that everything would be resolved in a week. Meanwhile, Helms asked, would Karlow mind helping out the FBI with a rather sensitive investigation? Karlow agreed.

It turned out he was being asked to help investigate himself. With the FBI's surveillance having drawn a blank, the bureau decided it was time to confront Karlow directly.

Karlow reported to an FBI office in Washington's old Post Office Building on Pennsylvania Avenue, where two special agents were waiting to interview him.

''I was questioned for about four days for five or six hours each day,'' says Karlow. ''It was very FBI and not very funny. There were lots of questions, but it was obvious they had no evidence. They didn't have a thing against me. The two interrogators were classic Mr. Nice and Mr. Nasty. It was all perfectly proper and perfectly aimless. They even polygraphed me—to no avail.''[31]

Alex Neale listened to the tapes of these interrogations and came away impressed by Karlow. He says that ''Karlow held up to the questioning very well. He was very professional, quick-witted, and forthcoming.'' After the interrogations ended, Neale was convinced that Karlow was innocent. ''There was no doubt in my mind about Karlow.''[32]

When the Karlow interrogations were over, the FBI officially informed the CIA that it did not believe any further investigation was required. As far as the bureau was concerned, the case against Karlow had collapsed.

This FBI clearance coincided with the same decision by the CIA's Office of Security. Bruce Solie also determined that there was no case against Karlow.

Yet the suspicions against Karlow failed to die down. Nothing, it seemed, was more damning to his reputation than a verdict of not guilty. This was because nothing could clear him in the eyes of the CIA's Counterintelligence Staff. Karlow even went to see Angleton in person, to find out why the case refused to die. Angleton, wreathed in cigarette smoke, clasped his hands together, peered grimly over his glasses, and told him, ''Pete, there are things here you do not understand. Don't talk about this to anyone. Don't even talk to your friends about it.''[33]

But all Karlow wanted to do was rent a loudspeaker and shout out in public about the injustice. He remained baffled and wounded by the CIA's refusal to clear him for return to duty. The odium that always surrounds an officer under investigation simply would not dissipate.

Finally, despite having been formally cleared by both the FBI and the CIA, Karlow was forced to resign from the agency. On September 26, 1963, after twenty-two years of unblemished service, he left the CIA, without pension and without the CIA's Career Intelligence Medal, an award given to virtually all retirees to signify honorable service.*

We now know from secret testimony given fifteen years later that the CIA admitted privately to making an error over Karlow. In October 1978, during questioning by a congressional committee, Jim Angleton agreed that ''a terrible blunder'' had been made during the SASHA investigation, which had led ''Golitsyn, [the Office of] Security and the Counterintelligence [Staff, to become] sidetracked on to the wrong person for a period of time.'' How was that possible, Angleton was asked. He deftly laid the blame elsewhere. ''You would have to ask the Office of Security,'' he answered. ''I do not recall a rational explanation, but the blunder did great harm to an employee, although it may have been faulty research.''[34]

At this point in the testimony another worm crawled out of the can. Angleton revealed that Golitsyn had told him the KGB had learned that the CIA had developed a piece of high-tech wizardry with enormous bugging potential. It was a special electronic resonator no bigger than a teardrop. Because Karlow had once been privy to the existence of this device, Angleton immediately assumed he had betrayed it to the KGB. In Angleton's mind, this was a second strike against the man. And this much he mentioned in his secret testimony.[35]

But Angleton failed to tell the whole story. He had always known that Karlow was innocent of passing this information to the KGB. The real traitor had been the British double agent George Blake, who had seen paperwork on the device while stationed in Germany. The information about Blake's betrayal came originally from MI5's Peter Wright; Angleton learned of it from one of his own officers in a memorandum that fully exonerated Karlow. When Angleton read this, he called the officer in and demanded all the copies of the memo. Then he tore them up and ordered the officer never to talk about it to anyone. The information was never circulated within the CIA.

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* Karlow joined the Monsanto Chemical Company as an international affairs director and worked there until he retired in 1976. He later became a successful West Coast real estate executive.

In this way, Karlow's enforced departure from the CIA continued to look as if he had taken the guilty man's way out. Yet Angleton, knowing the full truth, calmly watched as the man fell on his sword.[36]

The evidence of Karlow's innocence was not discovered until more than a decade later, after Angleton had been forced out of his job in 1974. Memoranda relating to the affair were then found hidden inside one of his safes.[37]

On May 26, 1989, a quarter of a century after Peter Karlow had been politely dismissed, he was summoned to the briefing room of the office of the Deputy Director for Operations, Richard Stolz, at Langley. DCI William Webster was also there, together with seventy-two past and serving CIA officers. At a brief and dignified ceremony, Karlow's reputation and honor were solemnly returned to him.

He received his long-overdue pension; but for the diminutive ex-CIA officer the generous cash payment was not the most important thing on the agenda that extraordinary day.

What mattered was that he finally got his Career Intelligence Medal. ''I needed to put an end to two decades of rumor and suspicion,'' he said later; ''you'll never know how much I needed that medal. . . .''[38]

* * *

If Pete Karlow was not SASHA, then who was? No one doubted Golitsyn's basic tip that there had been a KGB mole somewhere in the CIA's West German infrastructure, but who? It was the indefatigable Bruce Solie who finally cracked the case. Once he had reinterviewed Golitsyn and established some precision about SASHA's work for the KGB, he soon discovered a man to fit the profile: a small, handsome, quietly spoken CIA contract agent named Igor Orlov. The son of a Red Army officer, Orlov had fought for the Soviets and stayed in the ''Third Man'' atmosphere of black marketeering and trilby espionage that was Berlin at the end of the war. He was recruited by the CIA and worked with several case officers, among them Paul Garbler, a tall, slow-speaking American. Orlov worked Berlin for six years before being transferred, still as a CIA contract agent, to Frankfurt in 1956.

Solie's meticulous investigation of Orlov's background and operations convinced him that this was Golitsyn's SASHA. He also discovered that Orlov had emigrated to the United States in January 1961 and had left the CIA's employ. Since then, he had worked successively as a truck driver for *The Washington Post* and as a picture framer in Alexandria, Virginia.*

If Orlov was SASHA, then the good news was that he had never been a CIA staff officer, so his access to sensitive information had been limited. Golitsyn's much-feared penetration had been a shallow one indeed.[39] (A subsequent damage assessment by the CIA acknowledged that SASHA had hurt cross-border operations, revealed the identity of some lower-grade subcontracted agents, and had been in a position to compromise much of the Berlin base infrastructure. But he never had access to high-level intelligence, he never knew CIA officers' real names, and he had never served at headquarters in Washington. The CIA's compartmentalization would have kept him away from any detailed awareness of operations outside his own glamorous but not strategically vital work.)

With Solie's work on Orlov completed, logically the molehunt should have ended at that point. A likely suspect had been found; his case had been carefully handled by a top-ranking, impartial investigator from the Office of Security; and the initial conclusion was reached that he was probably guilty of espionage against the United States. No further inquiries were necessary.

But when Solie reported back to Angleton that a minor, former contract employee might well have been the soviet spy, Golitsyn found it hard to accept this judgment as the last word on *his* mole.

He now began rehearsing a new allegation—one which Solie had never heard before—namely, that Orlov could never have worked on his own. Golitsyn maintained that the penetration was so extensive that at least one American CIA *staff officer* must have been involved. Golitsyn now argued that the KGB must have recruited one of Orlov's case officers.

More files were pulled . . . more midnight oil burned on the second floor at Langley . . . the pens could be heard quietly scratching the outlines of new suspects as Project HONETOL entered its most active phase.

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* The FBI eventually conducted a long and intense investigation of Orlov in Washington, which did not lead to a prosecution. Orlov died of cancer in May 1982. In August 1985, a senior KGB officer, Vitaliy Yurchenko, defected briefly to the United States. He stated that Orlov had been a KGB officer while working for the CIA in West Germany.

Germany remained the locus, and suspicion now devolved on any CIA officer who had handled Orlov in Berlin or Frankfurt. On top of the pile lay the file and the photograph of a handsome former Navy flyer with a creased face and narrow eyes.

* * *

Paul Garbler had been Orlov's case officer in Berlin from 1952 to 1953. Like so many of the Soviet Division's top operators, Garbler's family came from an eastern European background and had been shocked by the authoritarian socialism that had followed the peace over half of Europe after the war.

Garbler was born in Newark in 1918, the son of a middle-class Russian father and a Polish mother.[40] He grew into an ambitious young man, volunteering for the U.S. Navy in World War II and serving in the same task force as another young aviator and hopeful politician by the name of George Bush.

As a Navy pilot, Garbler had what one calls a ''good war,'' winning three DFCs and eight Air Medals as a so-called hell-diver flying thirty-five combat missions in the Pacific theater.

Garbler's parents had impressed upon him the duty he owed to their country of adoption, and how they expected him to spend a life in public service. After the war, he stayed in uniform and joined U.S. Naval Intelligence. During a Korean tour of duty, he served as the personal pilot to President Syngman Rhee of South Korea. While in Korea, he also played tennis with a young British MI6 officer, George Blake—something else that looked darkly disturbing when the mole-hunters later raked through his file.

By 1952, Garbler was working for the CIA in West Germany. After running Igor Orlov in Berlin, he was assigned as deputy chief of station in Stockholm in 1956, and then for two years, 1959–60, he served back at Langley, in the Soviet Division as chief of Foreign Intelligence.

In 1961, he was given the coveted post of first-ever chief of station in Moscow (under cover as the assistant naval attaché at the U.S. Embassy).

After Moscow, Garbler's career should have gone turbo. Instead, it stalled . . . and stalled. His grade remained stuck on GS-16, a rank he was to hold without promotion for the next fourteen years.

He didn't know it, but Project HONETOL had fingered him. The association with Orlov looked damning in the eyes of Angleton and Golitsyn.

In May 1966, after he had been a molehunt target for about a year, Garbler was suddenly pulled out of work within the operating divisions and reassigned as an instructor to the CIA's training school at Camp Peary. Any CIA insider knew what the implications of that kind of move were.

But Garbler's fall from grace had only started. The high-riser who had run the USSR for the CIA at the height of the Cold War was next offered a job as chief of station on the slightly less strategically important island of Trinidad. ("Jesus Christ," wailed Garbler to his boss, "there are no Russians in the Caribbean!") He was coldly informed that his choice was Trinidad or resign, take it or leave it. At age fifty, with a daughter about to enter college, Garbler took it.

One evening in early 1970, Garbler was contemplating his less than arduous shift while watching the sunset from his porch with a close friend from the Western Hemisphere Division, who was visiting the Caribbean. Somewhere around the third rum and Coke, the friend suddenly blurted out the truth. "Paul," the officer confided, "they think you might be working for the KGB."[41]

For the next eighteen months Garbler stayed put, partly frozen in shock, partly in disgust, partly, for once, totally unsure what to do next. In the end, he did nothing. A curious and cunning self-defense mechanism had taken over. After all, he reasoned, no one had told him anything officially, he had not been questioned, there was no substantive allegation. If he sat tight, it might all go away. It was a time of intense personal humiliation.

On his return to Washington for reassignment in 1973, he was posted as chief of station in Stockholm, where he served for three years before returning to Washington again, ready for retirement.

It was now 1977 and he still had not been promoted above the grade of GS-16. The interruption of his career and the indignity of the long Caribbean posting still rankled.

By now, Angleton and the Fundamentalists were gone, and a new DCI, Admiral Stansfield Turner—Jimmy Carter's man—was in place. Garbler raised the whole issue with him. What had happened to his promising career? Why had he been sent to the boonies? What was all this about being a suspected traitor?

Turner gave Garbler an answer three days before he was due to retire. The DCI confirmed that Garbler had been the victim of a "spurious security charge." On behalf of those who had been responsible, Turner expressed his sincere "personal regret" and unhappiness with the way Garbler had been treated, and promised to do all he could to help him gain financial compensation (through Congress) for the fourteen years he had been frozen on one grade.[42]

Garbler later spent three days, with CIA approval, testifying in secret to staff aides of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence.

The committee carefully considered his claim. Eventually, by way of a private bill, he was awarded a substantial settlement. By then, he had retired to Tucson, Arizona, and started investing in real estate, a business in which he remains active to this day.

* * *

Another HONETOL suspect was, Vasia Gmirkin, who, in his time, was the closest thing the CIA had to James Bond. A handsome six-footer, he was born of White Russian parents in China in 1926. Before the Bolshevik Revolution, his father was a czarist consul in Sinkiang Province, China. After the Revolution began, he returned to Russia with the White forces. When that army collapsed, he returned to China and became a government minister, and a wealthy international trader of commodities like oil, gold, and furs. At the age of six, during a chaotic religious war in Sinkiang Province, Gmirkin, his mother, sister, and brother attempted to flee the country by way of the Gobi Desert. But they were captured by Moslem bandits and held prisoner for two years, until his father managed to ransom them out. A short time later, in 1934, his father was captured and executed by Soviet military forces.[43]

Gmirkin eventually made his way to the United States, became a naturalized U.S. citizen, and served in the U.S. Navy during World War II as an interpreter in the Pacific. He joined the CIA in 1951, and his fluency in Russian (and Mandarin Chinese) soon brought him to the attention of the Soviet Russia Division, which was then staffed by a substantial number of talented and dedicated White Russian exiles. In 1956, he was posted to Tokyo under cover as an embassy political attaché and became one of the first CIA operations officers allowed to meet Soviet diplomats and go ''belly to belly'' with the KGB. Previously, such direct contacts had been considered to be too risky and therefore prohibited, particularly by Angleton.

Gmirkin seized the opportunity to create a ''love trap'' for the KGB *rezident* in Tokyo. He hired an apartment and a prostitute, and arranged for the top KGB officer to visit there once a week. The unwitting Soviet actually fell in love with the girl and started visiting her daily. He was completely unaware that Gmirkin was monitoring the entire operation, which continued for more than three years and produced some very high-grade, pillow-talk intelligence.

In 1962, Gmirkin was assigned to Baghdad as deputy chief of station. In 1966, he personally recruited a female KGB officer who was the wife of another KGB official (who was serving under cover as head of the Soviet Cultural Center in Baghdad). At some personal risk, Gmirkin arranged for the woman and her two children to be smuggled out of Iraq, ending up eventually in the United States.

In Iraq, he also obtained hundreds of secret Soviet military technical manuals. One described an ejection seat on the latest Soviet fighter plane, which the CIA had long wanted to examine. Another revealed details of Soviet de-icing equipment which was to save the Pentagon hundreds of thousands of dollars in research costs since this was a technology in which the Soviets were far ahead of the Americans.

On one occasion, the KGB made a strong and menacing attempt to recruit Gmirkin. He spent an uncomfortable evening as ''guest'' of the local *rezident*, with a man from Moscow present, while they made their pitch (''Vasia, Vasia, you are a Russian like us, you understand what runs through our veins. . . .''). Gmirkin understood only too well, and despite the intimation that force might be used, he left with his honor intact.

During that Iraqi period, much of Gmirkin's work ended up in Washington on the desk of Leonard McCoy, then a top reports officer with the Soviet Division. McCoy remembers the numerous ''herograms'' that CIA headquarters sent to Gmirkin for his achievements.[44]

He returned to Washington a hero. The chief of the Soviet Division, David Murphy (who would himself become a HONETOL suspect), shook his hand and personally congratulated him on running ''beautiful operations'' during his tour in Baghdad.[45]

Gmirkin should have been promoted and awarded a medal. The urge to possess an intelligence medal is something people outside the CIA cannot comprehend. The medal is the only overt sign, a clear signal to one's peers, of a job well done. The absence of a medal speaks volumes, and one can draw the worst conclusions.

Promotion is equally prized as an internal indicator of an officer's continuing success, not necessarily in the traditional corporate sense, but again as a message to one's own colleagues that secret though it may be, one's career is moving ahead nicely.[46]

Vasia Gmirkin, a true CIA hero, was denied promotion by Angleton for unspecified ''security reasons'' for *twelve years*. He became a HONETOL suspect solely because Golitsyn was bothered that Gmirkin was a Russian, and thus earmarked his personnel file. Once the black-colored ''H'' stamp had left its mark, Gmirkin's career was ruined.

He finally resigned from the full-time staff of the CIA in disgust. Paradoxically, he was able to rejoin the CIA as a freelance contract agent the very next day, as those terms of employment did not require Angleton's clearance.

* * *

Following the failure of the HONETOL committee to convert a single one of the Angleton-Golitsyn leads into a case supported by evidence, FBI

Director Hoover ordered his men to withdraw from the project. As a result, the joint CIA/FBI panel was disbanded in April 1965.[47] But even after the FBI pulled out, the Counterintelligence Staff continued running the HONETOL operation on their own for at least another four years, its scope widening to include more and more Soviet Division suspects. Leonard McCoy (who also became a HONETOL suspect purely because of his unremitting support for Nosenko's bona fides) estimates that about one hundred Soviet Division officers in total were victimized by the Angleton-Golitsyn molehunt. These officers were either dismissed or, like Pete Karlow, forced to resign prematurely, or transferred to inferior posts outside the division, or quit on their own after realizing their promotions were being denied. Some, like Paul Garbler, hung around, but were broken by the implicit allegation of treachery, and now worked aimlessly as they waited for retirement and their pension.[48]

''Basically, it was the Slavs and especially the Russians,'' explains McCoy, ''although there was a handful of Serbians and even WASPs. And the men who were hit were not just based in Washington, but were stationed all over the world. Most of the officers in this category who were above the age of about thirty-three were affected. The outcome was that it removed about seventy-five percent of the most qualified and experienced officers from the Soviet Division. So, at a stroke, we lost our most capable and linguistically qualified staff.''[49]

Unhappily for molehunt suspects, Angleton's functions included sitting on key internal CIA promotion boards where he ruthlessly exercised the power to blackball promotions.

The ongoing purge reduced the Soviet Division, the CIA's engine of knowledge about the USSR, to a low idle.

In 1964, David Murphy actually sent a cable to all overseas stations to ''back away, take it easy and be careful'' of all their Soviet contacts. This instruction was the precise opposite of the Soviet Division's role, which was to go out and aggressively recruit Soviet informants. Angleton's suspected penetrations now permeated the minds of once confident officers, making them do bizarre things. Ed Juchniewicz (one of Loginov's case officers and a HONETOL suspect because of it) recalls being summoned to David Murphy's office for a discussion. Such was the paranoia within the division at the time that Murphy actually turned up the volume of the radio in his own office to drown out any possible bugs.[50]

In 1968, four years after HONETOL was launched, Murphy was posted to Paris as chief of station (where his career was almost destroyed later by Angleton's continuing conviction that *he* was the mole). Murphy's replacement as division chief, Rolfe Kingsley, was brought in by Richard Helms.

''When I took over, the place had simply quit working,'' Kingsley explains. ''The division, the heart and soul of the CIA, simply wasn't functioning, it was only going through the motions. There was no drive to it. People were afraid that if they went aggressively after a Soviet target, it would be misinterpreted. The atmosphere was one of defeat. The morale had been beaten down by the Golitsyn thing. Angleton and Golitsyn were alleging that everything we did in the division was wrong and was known in the Kremlin within fifteen minutes. The feeling was that you simply couldn't run an operation without it being compromised. There was real paranoia in the air. This was Golitsyn's doing.

''The molehunt was *still* continuing after *four* years and we were getting the blame for everything. Every time a new Soviet defector came along and said he had seen such and such in Moscow, it was invariably assumed that the information had leaked from the division. But this simply was not the case.

''Everything was considered polluted because it was assumed the division had been penetrated—if you'll forgive the expression—up to its crotch.''[51]

During that period, the Soviet Division should have been running at least thirty human sources (HUMINT) inside the USSR. But HONETOL's effect had been so catastrophic that the division was running a grand total of five.[52]

An extraordinary example of how this lack of reliable information from behind the Iron Curtain affected CIA performance and U.S. foreign policy occurred in 1968, during the mounting tension of the Prague Spring in Czechoslovakia. The National Security Council asked the CIA to produce an urgent analysis of Soviet intentions toward Czechoslovakia. The White House wanted to know whether or not the Soviet tanks massing on the borders might invade. But the Soviet Division's assets had been so gravely weakened that the CIA had virtually no reliable human sources to turn to. In a desperate search for any insights at all, Richard Helms instructed Rolfe Kingsley to personally consult Anatoliy Golitsyn for his opinion about this potentially explosive situation.

Kingsley had previously met Golitsyn several times in the company of Angleton, and had been unimpressed, finding the Soviet defector to be a ''small, tubby, graceless man.''

In August 1968, with the Czech crisis clearly reaching boiling point and the superpowers on full alert for a potential catastrophe, the top officer from the CIA's most important division caught the plane to New York and drove alone to Golitsyn's apartment. He was shown into the defector's living room and waited patiently for Golitsyn to appear. The mountain had come to Mohammed.

The former KGB major proceeded to lecture Kingsley without interruption for nearly two and a half hours. The main thrust of his monologue came as a surprise to the patient CIA officer as he sat listening. Golitsyn pronounced that the crisis was a grand deception by the Soviets, another put-up job by the KGB to lure the West into believing there was unrest and weakness in the bloc. In fact, he said, there was no tension between Moscow and Prague. Golitsyn compared the Czech situation to his Sino-Soviet split theory—it was all bunkum, he claimed, and furthermore, party leader Alexander Dubček was no closet democrat, he remained what he had always been, a true and loyal Moscow Communist. There would be no Soviet invasion, Golitsyn declared; the agency could bank on that.

Kingsley, an American grandee with the manners to match, murmured his thanks and flew back to Washington National Airport. As he stepped off the plane, his deputy, Stacey Hulse, was waiting for him with urgent news.

The Soviet tanks had rolled into Czechoslovakia. There was already blood on the streets.

Kingsley was driven back at some speed to Langley, where he took the elevator to the seventh floor. Despite the growing turmoil in the DCI's office as the invasion telexes came in one after another, Helms was waiting. ''I got the same old fuzzy-wuzzy from Golitsyn,'' Kingsley angrily told him. ''Once again, he was exactly 180 degrees wrong.'' Helms said nothing.[53]

Seven years later, the House Select Committee on Intelligence chaired by Representative Otis Pike (D-N.Y.) singled out America's inability to detect the Warsaw Pact's intentions for the Czech invasion as one of the six major intelligence failures of the 1960s.[54]

But even the failure of Golitsyn to analyze basic Soviet policy, Angleton's inability to find a mole, and the dismembering of the HONETOL committee by an angry and disillusioned J. Edgar Hoover failed to bring the molehunt to an end. It now had a life and momentum of its own. Inside the warm security of Angleton's SIG office, there were many more files to peruse, and still more CIA officers who might qualify as that elusive KGB penetration.

18

SILENT LIES

''A CI officer is someone who looks in the shaving mirror every morning and asks: 'I wonder who that man is working for?' ''

—OLD COUNTERINTELLIGENCE
STAFF JOKE

IT WAS SHEER ROTTEN LUCK THAT NAILED DICK KOVICH, ONE OF THE best case officers the Soviet Division ever had.

If only his real name had not been Kovacevich, if only he hadn't served in Berlin, if only he hadn't run Federov the illegal, or Ingeborg Lygren in Norway, or Yuriy Loginov, he would never have come under suspicion as a KGB mole.

In July 1964, as Angleton's molehunt gathered momentum, Anatoliy Golitsyn, still sniffing for suspects who could be the SASHA case officer, was once again given all the files of officers within the Soviet Division whose surnames began with ''K.'' He believed the KGB mole within the CIA had a surname that began with ''K.'' The first investigation of a ''K'' suspect, Peter Karlow, had ended in debacle the previous September with the innocent Karlow's enforced resignation from the CIA. Now, Richard Kovich's name was moved to the top of the HONETOL list.

Golitsyn's careful reading of Kovich's personnel file gave him an illuminating insight into the background and career of a case officer of rare talent, experience, and popularity.

Kovich was born Dushan Kovacevich in Hibbing, Minnesota, on December 1, 1926.[1] Hibbing (whose most famous son is the singer-songwriter Bob Dylan) was then a small iron-ore mining town of some seventeen thousand inhabitants. Thirty-seven European dialects were spoken there.

Kovich's father was an illiterate Serb miner who had fled the Austro-Hungarian Empire in 1911. His mother, also a Serb, had received a first-class education. She passed on her knowledge of history and languages to her son through her own tutoring.

Young Kovich grew into a tall, well-built young man, with pronounced Slavic features, light green eyes, and high cheekbones. In 1944, at the height of the war, he graduated high school at seventeen and went directly into the Navy. He was sent to the University of Wisconsin to study radio operating and radio theory. But he chafed at spending the war in school and volunteered to parachute into Yugoslavia, an assignment for which he was deemed too young. He ended up in Okinawa instead, serving on a Liberty ship tanker as a radioman third class.

After his demobilization, Kovich attended the University of Minnesota, studying Russian and international relations. He was talent-spotted there by his professor of international economics after he mentioned that he had wanted to join the State Department. (''Join the CIA,'' advised the head-hunter. ''You'll find it more stimulating.'')

When a CIA recruiting officer later tested Kovich on his Russian-language skills, he was pleased to discover that the young man knew even more than he did. Within a few weeks, on October 16, 1950, Kovich joined the Soviet Russia Division. He was part of a substantial group of Slavs, White Russians, and eastern Europeans who formed the backbone of the agency's largest operations division.

Kovich was rushed through basic courses on surveillance, countersurveillance, dead drops, signals for meetings, and cable writing. By 1953, he was in Europe trying to recruit, train, and infiltrate agents into eastern Europe and the USSR using a variety of means, including submarines, rubber boats, ships, balloons, and parachutes. His efforts were part of CIA operation ''REDSOX,'' conspicuous mainly for its lack of success.

The CIA's emphasis on infiltration was suddenly shifted in 1954 as the first important postwar Soviet defectors began to appear in the West. One of them, Petr Deryabin, was brought to the United States for extensive debriefings which were partly overseen by

Kovich.* He had by now been promoted to deputy chief (and later chief) of the Soviet Russia Division's "D" Branch (for defectors). The handling of Deryabin was a full-time assignment, involving lengthy formal interviews, classic "baby-minding," and familiarization with the West. The first time Deryabin saw oranges for sale, he shouted like a child to Kovich: "Richard, Richard, come and look at these oranges! Where are the guards to protect them?"[2]

Kovich took his charge to Minnesota to meet the family, and also to Detroit, Las Vegas, and Hollywood, where the wide-eyed Soviet even caught a glimpse of Leslie Caron in the studio cafeteria. Unfortunately for Kovich, *Life* magazine later ran a feature story about Deryabin.[3] It broke Kovich's cover, even with his own family—he had introduced Deryabin to them as a displaced Ukrainian worker who did occasional translating jobs!

For the next three years, 1955–58, Kovich was assigned to the Soviet Russia Division's SR-9 Branch, and the CIA's "Third National" program, which recruited citizens from friendly foreign countries to work for the CIA. Kovich did some of the recruiting and training of these agents, averaging eight trips a year to Europe.

On one such trip, in January 1956, he was dispatched to Norway to help train Ingeborg Lygren.[4] A year after Kovich had launched Lygren in Moscow, the records showed that he had begun a new operation. In January 1958, he was sent to Paris, where the chief of station asked him to interrogate an important new GRU defector, Colonel Mikhail Federov.

Kovich's first task was to make sure this Soviet was bona fide. If so, Kovich's second task was to keep him "in place," providing intelligence in the future.

Federov (whose real name turned out to be Aleksey Chistov) was a professor who had served as a tutor to no less than Marshal Malinovskiy, the former chief of the Soviet armed forces and USSR Minister of Defense.

Federov told Kovich a story: He was being trained by the Soviets in Europe as an illegal—his main target area was France. While in Paris, he had purchased a car, neglecting to obtain clearance from his superiors. He then had an accident in the vehicle, and had to use operational funds to pay for the extensive damage. The expense left him about $2,500 short. Kovich double-checked the story, satisfied himself as to its veracity, and gave Federov the money he needed to cover his debt. He also recruited him to work for the CIA.

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* Petr Deryabin was the KGB major who defected to the United States in 1954 from Vienna, where he had been in charge of Soviet counterintelligence in the city, then still under four-power control. (Coincidentally, Deryabin had gotten to know Anatoliy Golitsyn very well in Austria.) Deryabin was one of the first high-ranking Soviet defectors to come out of postwar Europe. After his defection, his existence was kept a secret for five years. He later became a U.S. citizen, a consultant to the CIA, and the author of several books on Soviet intelligence history.

At first, Federov was reluctant to pass basic GRU spycraft over to Kovich. But, with time, the CIA officer prised important details about Soviet codes from him. The GRU colonel used a complex system of one-time pads and had a one-way voice link from GRU headquarters in Moscow through Radio Moscow transmissions. In best World War II tradition, Moscow made contact with him by reading out a sequence of numbers at a predetermined time after a selection of music was broadcast. Kovich passed back all of these details about Soviet codes to the CIA's and National Security Agency's cryptography specialists, who used the information to break Soviet messages.

In April 1958, after a routine trip back to Moscow, Federov returned to Paris, where Kovich was now resident in the Hôtel Crillon.

Federov had some extremely important news for the Americans about Soviet space and nuclear weapons programs: it had been six months since the Soviets had launched Sputnik 1, and the Americans were desperate to learn more about this dramatic new Soviet space program.

Federov passed secret information to Kovich about an important new Soviet rocket, giving the projected launch date (May 15, 1958), weight, payload, and other statistics of extraordinary intelligence value. Federov also disclosed details of the first Soviet MRV launch, scheduled for August 27–29 that year. The fact that the Soviets now had the ability to make and fire multiple reentry vehicles, atop ballistic missiles, was ominous news for the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and was to have a significant impact on the equivalent American program.

Leonard McCoy, the Soviet Division reports officer who first received this information from Kovich, later told him that Federov's intelligence was considered so important that a special meeting had been arranged to brief Richard Helms, who was then Acting Deputy Director of Plans. Helms found it difficult to believe that such top-grade intelligence from a new source would be taken seriously by U.S. policymakers in advance. He shrewdly advised that Federov's first prediction only, the May shot, should be circulated. If that took place, then the August prediction could be safely released.[5]

When the launches took place as predicted, Federov's credibility rose. His information was given even wider dissemination inside the U.S. government.[6]

Later that year, Kovich took a short break from the Federov operation to return to the United States to marry his sweetheart, Sara. On the morning of July 25, 1958, Jim Angleton's secretary called him, asking for the address of the Russian Orthodox church. ''Mr. Angleton,'' she explained, ''wishes to send over some of his orchids for your wedding.''[7] These were the days (before Golitsyn's defection) when the relationship between Kovich and the Counterintelligence chief was friendly. Angleton even generously offered Kovich his cottage near Cloquet, Minnesota, for the honeymoon.

Angleton had gone out of his way to praise Kovich for the success of his Federov operation, particularly for the acquisition of some very important information about GRU methods and signals intelligence, which had been passed to the NSA. At the end of an important progress meeting on the Federov case that year, a session which Angleton had chaired, he turned to Kovich and said, ''Dick, you have an excellent operation going there. Good luck with it.''[8]

After Kovich returned to France, he continued to run Federov for the CIA. The Soviet maintained the pretense that he was still serving as a loyal GRU illegal (under cover as co-owner of a photographic shop). Federov's latest ''take'' included information about the Soviets' ABM (antiballistic missile) defenses—material with significant value that was guaranteed a speedy distribution throughout Washington's top defense and espionage networks.

Earlier, Colonel Federov had been told that he was to be reassigned to Sweden.[9] But it was at this point that the double agent began suffering from the growing anxieties of his double life. The truth is that by now Federov's nerves were shot. He became obsessed with the real reason for his transfer. Was it, he asked himself and Kovich a million times, because Moscow had discovered his treachery?

Kovich found it impossible to reassure Federov. He recognized the classic symptoms of a double agent losing control of himself under the stress of the reassignment. Kovich warned CIA headquarters by telex that there was a real danger of losing this irreplaceable informant. He felt it had become necessary, effectively, to re-recruit the Soviet.

Washington agreed. Federov was so important to the Americans that they decided to award him the ''treatment'' reserved exclusively for top defectors. He would be flown ''black'' (without papers) aboard a U.S. military plane from Berlin to Washington for a private, one-on-one meeting with the legendary Allen Dulles.

Federov and Kovich took off from Tempelhof Airport in West Berlin, allegedly destined for Frankfurt. During the flight, the point of arrival was inconspicuously changed to Paris, where the plane refueled and left for the Azores. There it was refueled again and ended its secret journey at Andrews Air Force Base outside Washington, D.C.

The GRU colonel and his escort were met by a black limousine and were driven straight to the CIA's old complex of offices at 2430 E Street NW in Washington. Dulles had been called to Europe unexpectedly, so Richard Helms arranged for the Deputy DCI, Air Force General Charles Cabell, to step in as a substitute. Because Federov was an avid military man, Kovich had advised Cabell to wear his full-dress uniform at the meeting. As the Soviet colonel was ushered into the Deputy DCI's office, he clicked his heels and smartly saluted. Off to one side a senior CIA officer carried a briefcase, wired to record every word of greeting that was exchanged.[10]

Federov spent the next seven days in Washington, touring the Capitol, the memorials, and the art galleries. In the evenings, he was taken to the best theaters and nightclubs. For his return to Europe, he was given a very special treat. General Cabell personally ordered that Federov be flown back in the DC-4 aircraft that had been used by both Presidents Roosevelt and Truman as their official transports. That plane had since been refitted as a flying hotel for special government guests, and Kovich actually slept in Roosevelt's bed during the return flight.

Federov was overwhelmed by the CIA's special treatment. His fears about the Swedish reassignment were successfully assuaged, and he and Kovich agreed on how they would contact one another again after he arrived in Stockholm.

Only a few weeks later, Federov crossed over to East Berlin bound for Moscow—on the first stage of his transfer to Sweden—and was never heard from again. On the face of it, the double agent simply vanished.

* * *

Anatoliy Golitsyn read this case history along with every document in the Kovich file. In Golitsyn's mind, a clear link appeared between the disappearance of the key defector and Kovich's handling of him. Based on what he had read, Golitsyn assumed that Kovich was a KGB mole who had deliberately betrayed Federov and helped engineer his arrest by the Soviets.[11]

Golitsyn was completely wrong. The reason Federov vanished was (as in the previous case of Popov) a foul-up, not a conspiracy. What had happened was this.

Federov had told the CIA to make no attempt to contact him in the Soviet capital. This was a wise precaution, given the strength of the local KGB surveillance.

However, when six months of complete silence elapsed after he had left Berlin, the agency became increasingly perturbed at not hearing from their recruit. According to George Kisevalter, Kovich's back-up on the Federov case, the Soviet Division finally decided to take a risk and send the GRU colonel a secret message. Kisevalter reveals that the CIA selected a trusted tourist, who was asked to mail Federov a letter from a Moscow mailbox.[12]

The tourist was entrusted with an innocuous-looking standard ''re-contact'' letter, which appeared to have been sent by an old friend of the addressee. It was written in coded language wrapped in routine pleasantries. The CIA's actual message to Federov was concealed on the paper in secret writing (''SW'').

But the mailbox used by the tourist to post the letter was under unusually tight KGB surveillance. When the Soviets saw a Westerner using the box, they had standing instructions to retrieve the object. Naturally, the KGB possessed the necessary tradecraft to identify the secret writing. Federov was blown. From that moment on, he was a condemned man.

The CIA did not learn of this tragedy until nearly two years later, in 1961, when their newest GRU source, Oleg Penkovskiy, revealed all of the details. On May Day, 1959, after Penkovskiy graduated from the Soviet Military Artillery Engineering Academy, he had shared a celebratory drink with one of the Academy's five commanding officers. The general told Penkovskiy that he had recently served as the chairman of a court-martial of a GRU colonel (whom he did not name) and that the accused man had been convicted of treason and shot.

The general had unwittingly identified him by remarking that he had been ''flown to the United States to meet the head [sic] of the CIA.''[13]

* * *

When Golitsyn reviewed the Kovich files in 1964, he either did not know or chose to ignore the real circumstances surrounding Federov's disappearance. Kovich's name began with a ''K,'' he had once been stationed in Berlin, he had been the case officer for Ingeborg Lygren. As far as Golitsyn was concerned, Kovich had definitely been a KGB agent.

Golitsyn collected his ragbag of rumor, supposition, and assumption, and laid it out carefully in front of Jim Angleton.

In 1964, as far as the Soviet Division was concerned, Kovich was a hardworking, popular case officer whose career was in upper orbit. By then, he had amassed a decade of sound operational experience and was considered relaxed and cool under pressure. But Angleton made his move.

In August 1964, Kovich was reassigned to Washington to assist the FBI with another very important Soviet agent, code-named "FEDORA," who had been recruited in New York. But two months later, the Soviet Division chief, David Murphy, suddenly informed Kovich that this assignment was off. Instead, Kovich was to report to the Office of Security for a special project. He duly presented himself to Bruce Solie, only to discover that this new assignment required him to write a report on—Dick Kovich.

At first, he suspected nothing. He had no reason to be concerned, even though he was aware that a molehunt had begun. Kovich was politely asked to write about his career, where he had been, whom he had met, particularly on brief operational assignments. Quickly, however, it became clear to him that he was the target of the molehunt. Safe in his innocence, he dutifully wrote up the copious reports about his career during the next seven months—until May 1965.

Solie's job was to investigate the evidence against suspected moles as speedily as possible and then reach a firm conclusion one way or the other. He felt strongly that it was immoral to run an open case and leave a man's whole career and fate hanging in the balance. The Karlow-SASHA fiasco had reinforced his views.[14]

Solie conducted an impeccable investigation of Kovich, based almost entirely on answering Golitsyn's suspicions. In the absence of any evidence, Solie concluded that the case against Kovich was nonexistent and that he should return to duty at once. He was formally cleared.

But this did not sit well with Angleton. Just as Pete Karlow's innocence had failed to protect him from eventual enforced resignation, so now did Kovich begin to discover that clearance was no reprieve.

Early in 1966, with Kovich still an Angleton suspect, his superiors within the Soviet Division remained supportive and praised him in his official fitness report: "Mr. Kovich is a superior operations officer, energetic, aggressive . . . brings to the job a strong degree of professionalism and sound judgment . . . responsible . . . diligent . . . highly motivated."[15]

Despite this fine reputation, Dick Kovich found himself inexplicably stuck on the same work grade year after year. Promotion simply did not come his way after the Golitsyn accusation. An indelible "H" stood out on the Counterintelligence Staff's secret copy of his personnel file.

Since Angleton had been unable to interest the FBI in Kovich, he now organized the surveillance of his suspect through the CIA's own "policemen" at the Office of Security.

Angleton also ordered Kovich's home and office telephones tapped.

As Kovich discovered much later, the listeners once became excited when they heard him talking at home to a man with a Soviet accent. Later they heard his wife Sara conversing with a woman with a pronounced central European accent. In the first instance, Kovich was speaking to his friend Peter Deryabin, the well-regarded Soviet defector whose case Kovich had handled. In the second, Sara was making an appointment with her German-born hairdresser on Connecticut Avenue.

On one occasion when Kovich and his wife went to North Carolina to see relatives, the CIA surveillance car trailing behind managed to lose sight of them. The CIA watchers went to the wrong house, then couldn't find them at all, then got lost in town. Finally they ended up at the local police station asking the officers to point out where Mr. and Mrs. Kovich's relatives might live.

Kovich realized after this incident that an unofficial investigation had replaced the official inquiry into his loyalty. He began to look around for a new posting. Meanwhile, his promotion to a rank above GS-14 remained blocked because Angleton sat on the promotion board. The environment began to wreak its toll on his once cheerful disposition.

In May 1966, he suffered a heart attack. While recovering in the hospital, he received a sympathetic get-well letter from Richard Helms. Unaware that Helms had supported Angleton and Golitsyn, he framed the letter and hung it with pride in his home.

Later that year, Kovich asked to leave the division temporarily for a staff instructor's post at the CIA's training school at Camp Peary. He was to spend three happy years there, away from the paranoia of the Soviet Division molehunt, instructing young CIA officers in the finer skills of recruiting and handling Soviet agents, illegals, and defectors.

By 1969, Kovich's past association as case officer to the ill-fated Major Yuriy Loginov had been added to the list of black marks attached like dead flies to his file. Angleton by then had treated Kovich as a suspected KGB mole for five full years and had obstinately continued to block all his scheduled promotions.

Many of the other division chiefs in the operations directorate wanted Kovich to work for them. Their applications were never granted. In 1970, Kovich returned to Washington to become the Soviet Division's representative to the FBI, working on so-called access agents—businessmen in regular contact with targeted Soviets working in the United States. It was an honorable job, but well below his potential. From Angleton's point of view, the assignment kept Kovich in town, under the eye of his staff.

By 1972 it was obvious, even to Kovich, that his CIA career was reaching an inauspicious end. There was one last reprise of the old excitements when he organized the successful recruitment of a Soviet official (who is still serving in place today). But when the new promotion lists came out in 1973, and his name was still not on them, one of the CIA's best operators finally threw in the towel. Enough, he reasoned, was enough.

Kovich left his Soviet Division position on a Friday in February 1974. On the following Monday, now outside Angleton's baleful control, a different section of the CIA asked him to rejoin as a full-time consultant, two grades up, at GS-16/4. For the next two years Kovich continued to work in that new capacity. He became known as ''the Head-hunter,'' so named for the expert skills with which he recruited agents to work for the CIA. It was a good assignment; but Kovich could not shake the memory of the shattered operations career he had been forced to leave behind. Curiosity and anger gnawed inside him.

On November 26, 1975, eleven months after Angleton resigned from the CIA, Kovich wrote to the Director, William Colby, asking permission to see his own personnel files. Kovich wanted an answer to the one question that had plagued him: What was it that had started the nightmare? What did the CIA have on him?

Several months later, the CIA's creaking bureaucracy produced a sanitized version of Kovich's career for him to read. Slowly, he waded through the files of the ''K'' investigation against him.

Most of the awful details were there: the suspicions, the accusations, the assumptions, the Lygren case, the Federov case, the Loginov case, the blocked promotions, the asides, the whispers and the innuendoes. His head swirled as he read about physical and electronic surveillance, baited traps, and the remorseless attempts to prove the unprovable. A friendly colleague still on the staff of the CIA's Inspector General told him that even his private letters had been opened. Kovich felt physically sick.

He wrote to the new DCI, George Bush, asking him for some kind of official clearance. In response, the future President of the United States wrote: ''I hope that you take some satisfaction in the knowledge that you were cleared, as is evidenced by your continued [contracted] employment.''[16] But that passive reply—without any vindication, restitution, or apology—was insufficient to ameliorate Kovich's pain.

Dazed and angry, he resolved to prove his innocence beyond all doubt, and to receive compensation for the hurt, the broken career, and the loss of income he had suffered. He wrote letters to the chairman of the new Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, and, when Bush left the CIA, he wrote to yet another DCI, Admiral Stansfield Turner, who took office in March 1977.

Turner had become DCI after the Rockefeller Commission and the Church Committee completed their investigations into past CIA abuses. The fresh air of vigorous house cleaning could be smelled throughout the corridors of Langley. President Jimmy Carter had personally told Turner that he wanted to know if there was anything else of a dank and unpleasant nature within the CIA's closets that needed taking out and examining.

On August 29, 1977, Turner made a full presentation to the President in the Oval Office about past CIA abuses, explaining also the steps being taken to prevent future recurrences. Victims of the molehunt were briefly discussed at that meeting.[17] At last, from the White House down to the administrators at Langley, the bureaucracy began to stir.

Three months later, Kovich ran into Dick Helms. (Coincidentally, this chance meeting occurred on the very day that the former DCI was sentenced in court for failing to testify truthfully to the Church Committee, during its CIA hearings.) Helms courteously inquired whether Kovich's "problem" had been resolved. Kovich, who now knew of Helms's behind-the-scenes role in pursuing his case, answered tactfully, "Oh, it was all that old Angleton-Golitsyn stuff." Helms took Kovich's right hand in both his and, looking the former case officer straight in the eyes, said with the utmost sincerity, "I want to assure you, Dick, that I never harbored any ill feelings toward you—never."[18]

On August 10, 1978, Kovich presented his case to a special closed-door session of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence. On the front page of his evidence notebook, he wrote a quotation from Robert Louis Stevenson's *Truth of Intercourse*: "The cruellest lies are often told in silence."

After listening to Kovich's story, the committee found itself having to rule on a case without precedent. A former CIA officer was asking for compensation for being subjected to false accusations of disloyalty. Another two-year delay followed.

On October 14, 1980, Congress finally adopted Public Law 96-450, Section 405(a). This legislation cleared the Director of Central Intelligence to take certain remedial steps if he was satisfied that a current or former employee of the CIA had "unfairly had his career with the Agency adversely affected as a result of allegations concerning his loyalty to the United States." The DCI could now make a financial award and/or reinstate or promote the falsely accused as the agency considered "appropriate in the interests of fairness."

That was the good news. It meant that anyone who could prove he was a victim of the Angleton-Golitsyn molehunt could receive damages. The bad news (for other officers) was that the law was effective only through the year 1981. Also, it did not cover any foreign agents, such as Ingeborg Lygren.

In the spring of 1981, Richard Kovich, one of the most experienced and loyal of all the CIA officers to become sucked into the HONETOL project, quietly accepted a six-figure check from the U.S. Treasury.

Today, only brute force will drag Kovich away from the beloved golf course he seems to have adopted near his retirement home in North Carolina. His wife says he has rarely looked fitter. He has received the CIA's Intelligence Medal of Merit, and a Certificate of Distinction.

It is a happier ending than that of one of the molehunt's last victims, a tall and nervous Welshman whose life remains shattered by the events that unfurled inside Angleton's Special Investigation Group.

19

OPERATION GRIDIRON

''My sexual life with my wife and sexual perversion are items of questioning. Also, the themes of the interrogation were heavily predominant in the area of lying, cheating, harming, stealing. . . . When does all this end? My life has been destroyed. What more do they want of me? May God forgive them.''

—JIM BENNETT, DIARY ENTRY, MARCH 1972[1]

ON AN EVENING IN THE SPRING OF 1964, MAURICE OLDFIELD, THE MI6 station chief in Washington, hosted a small all-male *soirée*. Among those present were Jim Angleton; Ray Rocca, his chief researcher and analyst; Arthur Martin, MI5's top counterintelligence interrogator; Anatoliy Golitsyn; and a small, round-faced Welshman, Leslie James Bennett, a top inspector in RCMP (Canadian) counterintelligence, the man in charge of monitoring the Soviet intelligence services' efforts in Canada.

After a relaxed meal, and wine, everyone retired upstairs to the lounge to savor Oldfield's VSOPs and liqueurs.

During the post-brandy and cigar euphoria, the conversation turned to past security matters and the subject of Joseph McCarthy and McCarthyism. Angleton and Rocca spoke out in defense of the reputation of the controversial former senator. They justified his actions by pointing out how much the Communist witch-hunts had increased security and counterintelligence consciousness inside the United States.

Bennett felt somewhat isolated politically in this circle. He asked Angleton and Rocca if they had any feelings for the innocent victims of McCarthy's smears—and also questioned the morality of McCarthy's methods. Angleton's and Rocca's extreme right-wing replies made him thoroughly uncomfortable. In Bennett's view, both Angleton and Rocca sounded like ultraconservative John Birch Society members.

As Oldfield refilled the Waterford crystal, the arguments grew fiercer. Bennett noticed that neither Angleton nor Rocca seemed to understand the differences between communism, socialism, Eurocommunism, and social democracy. The once staunch Labour Party supporter from the Welsh valleys found it hard to believe that two top American counterintelligence men were so ill-informed about European politics.

As the voices became more shrill, Rocca suddenly took a swing at the Welshman. Angleton, who had been sitting between the two men, intervened. Oldfield quickly ordered Rocca to sit back and cool off.

None of the three participants soon forgot this incident. The lines were drawn that night, and Angleton had made his judgment.[2]

Leslie James Bennett was born into the depression and poverty of a South Wales mining valley in 1920. His working-class parents lived in the unpronounceable village of Penrhiwceiber, in the middle of the Aberdare Valley.

As a child, Jim Bennett lived with his father, Ted, a union miner, his mother, Rose, and an older brother, Telford, in a modest house on a World War I council estate overlooking a quarry and a rail line leading to the mine at the bottom of the valley.

After the 1926 General Strike, Penrhiwceiber remained a socialist stronghold, with fewer than 20 percent of its residents supporting the new communism. But there were villages nearby, dubbed ''Little Moscows,'' where for a short while local Communists were in the majority. Bennett's socialism, however, remained firmly in the center of the left-wing spectrum.

He was called up for war service on May 30, 1940, and learned signals interception (SIGINT) working in Malta, Italy, and Egypt during the war.

After demobilization, Bennett finally escaped the valleys, joining the top secret British GCHQ (Government Communications Headquarters). He was posted to Istanbul, where he met the MI6 station chief, Harold ''Kim'' Philby, a bright young officer heading for intelligence stardom. By 1950, Bennett was stationed in Melbourne, and had collected an Australian wife, Heather (Shev).

In July 1954, Bennett ended up in Canada by way of Hong Kong and Britain. He was thirty-four now, working in the counterespionage section of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in Ottawa. By the late sixties he had risen to the rank of superintendent, becoming deputy chief of RCMP Counterintelligence, or ''B'' Branch. A man from the Welsh valleys was now responsible for discovering what the KGB and GRU were up to in Canada. He was also in charge of laying down the plans and operations to counter and defeat them.

Bennett was a slightly arrogant and self-made Brit, who was never to court or find popularity. During his years in Canada, a time of developing French-Canadian nationalism, there was real local antipathy toward migrants from across the Atlantic. Furthermore, the RCMP had a strong military boot camp tradition. Veteran Mounties looked down on civilian employees as mere support staff. These rugged Canadian policemen particularly resented Brits who came in as civilian members at senior levels without having undergone the rigors of basic military training. (Bennett's active service in World War II did not seem to excuse him.)

In August 1962, Bennett joined the line of anxious counterintelligence officers from around the world who had been invited by Angleton to debrief his new acquisition, KGB defector Anatoliy Golitsyn.

Bennett met the Ukrainian for the first time at the Old Naval Building in Washington, and found him to be dour and uncommunicative. Golitsyn had absolutely no information for Bennett about any possible Soviet moles within the RCMP. Golitsyn did, however, offer clues which eventually led to the exposure of two Canadians who were spying for the Soviets: a minor security guard working at the Canadian Embassy in Moscow, and John Watkins, a former ambassador to Moscow, who was unmasked as a likely KGB agent-of-influence. (Watkins was not positively identified until much later, with more precise information from Nosenko.)[3]

During the 1950s and early 1960s, it was an indisputable fact that a number of major counterintelligence cases in Bennett's branch went sour. When stacked together, without explanation, the list of unsuccessful investigations appeared to be embarrassingly long.[4]

Bennett now believes there were several reasons for this, including the usual element of bad luck. Then there was the ''prairie boy'' factor; his ''Watchers'' were generally poor or inexperienced operators, unable to deal with sophisticated Soviet countersurveillance techniques, which often involved the use of fifteen trained men for just one operation. But Bennett thinks the main reason was a KGB mole hidden inside the RCMP.[5]

Suspicion began to mount against Bennett himself because of this preponderance of failed cases, despite the fact that even the most cursory examination of the successful cases he ran (including some highly sensitive operations with the CIA in Canada) might have indicated why Bennett could never have been a mole.[6]

By 1964, Bennett had been introduced to the rest of the Western counterintelligence establishment, but he had never quite become a full-fledged partner in this Angleton-dominated international clique. He was no Fundamentalist, even though he knew most of Angleton's friends and maintained a close working relationship with Peter Wright of Britain's MI5.

Bennett actually admired Angleton and was impressed by his personal magnetism. ''He had real impact,'' says Bennett. ''He looked every inch the wise old owl. It wasn't so much what he said, but the way he looked. He was always the leader and the center of attention, and he displayed utter certainty. Jim never boasted about things, he just made absolute statements and gave the impression he knew everything. There were no ifs, buts, or maybes in his life. He was a master of control and rotated on his own axis. It was a great tactic and a smashing act.''[7]

Bennett might never have fallen foul of Angleton had it not been for that Maurice Oldfield party and the Olga Farmakovskaya affair.

In January 1965, Olga Farmakovskaya, a subcontracted KGB agent who had been pressured into spying for the Soviets, began working as an official Intourist translator in Moscow for a top Canadian reporter, Peter Worthington, then the bureau chief for the Toronto *Telegram*. From the outset of their very friendly relationship, Worthington was well aware that all such translator-assistants assigned to Western journalists were undoubtedly informing on them to the KGB.

Farmakovskaya, however, was a most unlikely spy. Worthington recalls her as eccentric; her idiosyncrasies kept her from attempting all but the most trivial work. She wore rings on her thumbs, and believed that one could escape the harsh realities of the Soviet system only by taking refuge in the past. She revered Greek mythology, thought that gods and goddesses actually existed, and felt that Western civilization had reached its zenith by the sixteenth century and had been going downhill ever since. She was convinced that wearing red clothes warded off diseases, that crushed strawberries made a healthy cosmetic, that Cream of Wheat was good for cleaning rugs, and that cat fur cured arthritis. She wore wooden shoes, disfigured the true red of her hair with henna dye, and plastered her face with talcum powder to the point of corpselike pallor. She was not the Mata Hari of the sixties.

''Olga was an eccentric,'' agrees Worthington, ''but an intriguing one, with an original and individualistic mind, a mixture perhaps of Miss Jean Brodie and Charley's Aunt, with a passionate belief in freedom, endless cynicism about man's innate indecency, and relentless affection for all animals, especially tigers.''[8]

But, in the eyes of James Angleton, Olga's real ''madness'' did not spring from the vagaries of character. Olga was mad and bad for one very simple reason: she believed that Yuriy Nosenko was a bona fide defector.

Olga was married to Vadim, a naval officer who had been assigned years earlier to the GRU espionage staff of Colonel Oleg Penkovskiy. After Penkovskiy was caught as a spy for the Americans and British, Vadim was recalled, together with anyone else who had been associated with the GRU colonel. All of Penkovskiy's former colleagues were questioned and then removed from the GRU in the long and brutal process of cauterization that typically followed such a Soviet arrest.[9]

As the wife of a spy, Olga was automatically a KGB co-optee. At one stage, the Soviets had planned to run the Farmakovskayas as a husband-and-wife team to spy as ''illegals'' in the United States, but Olga's homeopathic indulgences and kooky lifestyle soon put an end to that idea.

As it happened, the Farmakovskiys' professional and social circle had also included Nosenko. That relationship was bound more closely because Nosenko's close friend Yuriy Guk, another KGB officer from the Second Chief Directorate, was Olga's case officer.[10]

Because of this, Olga was only too well aware of the tidal wave of shock and recrimination that had swept through KGB headquarters after Nosenko's 1964 defection. There was not the slightest doubt in her mind that Nosenko had been a genuine defector when he made his dash to the West.

Vadim was out of work after his enforced departure from the GRU, and his marriage to Olga came under strain as a result. During this time, Olga grew closer to Peter Worthington and told him she wished to defect to the West. At first, the newspaperman feared that she might be laying some sort of trap for him. But he knew her too well to take these suspicions seriously.

On a visit to Canada during the Christmas season in 1965, Worthington appeared at the RCMP's traditional New Year's celebration in Ottawa and asked Jim Bennett if he could help Olga defect to the West.

Bennett, in turn, decided to consult the CIA, which had more experience and resources to deal with such matters. Bennett also felt that sharing the case with the CIA would bring goodwill and prestige to the RCMP and himself. After he sought the advice of the Counterintelligence Staff in Washington, the ''ARCHITECT'' file, as it was codenamed by the RCMP, ended up on Jim Angleton's desk.[11]

From the very outset, Angleton harbored his suspicions about Olga, especially after he talked over the matter with Golitsyn. But the case was technically in Bennett's hands until she defected, so the Counterintelligence chief patiently bided his time. Meanwhile, the RCMP and CIA agreed that she would be steered to a U.S. embassy when she came out, and that both agencies would share her intelligence ''take.''

Olga's opportunity to flee the USSR came in the autumn of 1966, during her second year of working for Worthington, when she qualified for a KGB-approved holiday cruise in the Mediterranean. She went alone on this vacation from Odessa aboard the Soviet liner *Litva*, which was loaded with loyal Russian workers. When they reached Beirut, Olga boldly jumped ship and asked for asylum at the U.S. Embassy. She was immediately debriefed by the local CIA chief of station, Lou Severe. At first she found the Americans to be friendly and helpful. They gave her a false Mexican passport and a new ''legend,'' had her hair dyed black, and made provisional arrangements to fly her to Munich for further questioning.[12]

Then, within a day or so after information from her first debriefing reached Angleton, the Americans, without warning, suddenly turned hostile. Lion Gardiner, then chief of the Soviet Division's Counterintelligence Branch, knows why.

''I saw a memorandum written and signed by Jim Angleton which stated unequivocally that Olga Farmakovskaya was a Soviet provocation,'' states Gardiner. ''As chief of CI within the Soviet Division, I was asked to sign off on this memo, which was then sent to the RCMP and the FBI. In the document, Angleton stated that Olga was a so-called dispatched agent. There was no suggestion that this was an allegation, or that the charge had any qualifications. It was hard fact. And the reason for the accusation was quite simple. Nosenko had told us that his KGB friend Yuriy Guk had been Olga's case officer. Since Angleton thought Nosenko was dirty, Guk had to be dirty, too, and, since he was running Olga, it followed that she had to be bad as well. It was as simple as that.''[13]

Angleton strongly warned Bennett not to allow ARCHITECT into Canada. To block her, Bennett was told, all he had to do was submit a negative report to the Immigration Department. Next, Angleton instructed the CIA station in Beirut to abandon her.

So, only a few days after receiving asylum, Olga was calmly informed that she would be turned over to the UN center where Arab refugees were held. ''If you do that, it means the end of me,'' the terrified Olga warned. ''The Soviets will find me immediately.'' In fact, the local KGB squad was already scouring the city for her.

''That is not our concern,'' replied Severe, her CIA debriefer.[14]

A bleak period of several weeks then followed as Olga passed through the hands of a number of authorities, including the UN High Commission for Refugees, the Pontifical Mission for Palestine, a Franciscan convent, and the Lebanese police. When the last finally released her, she was flown out of Lebanon in secret to a UN facility in Brussels, and was later placed in the custody of the Belgium security service.

But Angleton continued to hound her in Belgium. Working through Pete Bagley, the deputy chief of the Soviet Division, he let it be known to the Belgian security authorities that a ''secret source'' in Moscow had warned the CIA that Olga Farmakovskaya was a KGB agent.

Leonard McCoy, who subsequently investigated the case for the CIA, says that ''this so-called source was a complete lie. There never was a secret source. It was only Angleton and Golitsyn all the time.''[15]

Angleton also prodded the local CIA chief of station to ask the Belgian security authorities to question Olga in a hostile manner.[16]

Two Belgian security officers did indeed proceed to subject Olga to harsh interrogation. ''We shall be very happy if you are a spy,'' said one of them at the beginning of the investigation.

''Why?'' asked Olga.

''Because you could tell us things.''

''Well, I'm not a spy.''

(Heavily) ''We shall see.''[17]

The entire apparatus of hostile interrogation followed: sudden strange moves to new ''safe houses,'' long day-and-night questioning sessions, theatrical calls to an alleged informant in Moscow in her presence, virtual imprisonment. After several days of this treatment, Olga began to suspect she was in the hands of a new Gestapo. Fortunately for her, at this point Peter Worthington finally managed to obtain a leave of absence from his assignment in Moscow and caught up with her in Brussels. He now began to pull strings.

The reporter phoned Jim Bennett in Ottawa and asked for help. Bennett was sympathetic but noncommittal.

The Belgians had predictably reached the conclusion that Olga was ''dirty.'' Angleton now tried to stack the cards further. He sent Sid Stein, the CIA's chief of station in Ottawa, to harangue Bennett even further about the deadly dangers of allowing this kooky secretary to set foot in North America. "Stein described her as a most dangerous threat," recalls Bennett. "He really banged the table about her. He went on about some secret source, but he neither named the source nor produced a shred of evidence against Farmakovskaya. It was too much."[18]

Bennett finally decided to draw the line and confront Angleton and Bagley directly on this case. He did so by asking the British security services to intervene, and mount their own independent interrogation of Olga in Brussels. In effect, the British would act as a referee. Bennett promised to abide by their final judgment. In February 1967, two very senior officers from London known technically as a JIT—a Joint Interrogation Team, one from MI5 Counterintelligence and one from MI6—flew to Brussels and interviewed the Russian woman at some length. Their unequivocal conclusion was that ARCHITECT was completely bona fide and should be allowed into Canada as a genuine defector. The British so informed the Belgium service, the RCMP, and the CIA.

Bennett immediately arranged a special "minister's visa" for her. She was then flown to Toronto, where she lives to this day.

But Bennett's decision to defy Angleton quickly confirmed old opinions about him in Washington. The Welsh liberal who had doubts about McCarthyism, whose counterintelligence cases kept falling apart, and who now dared defy Angleton, was signing his own warrant.

* * *

In 1967, Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff in Washington finally opened their own file on Jim Bennett as a possible KGB mole. It happened because of a series of innocent and coincidental events of too great a complexity to record here, save that for purely circumstantial reasons Bennett inadvertently brought suspicion upon himself. There was not a shred of evidence against him, but that did not deter the molehunters of Angleton's Special Investigation Group.

Angleton's own protégé, Clare Petty, who worked in SIG, personally handled the Bennett investigation. It was primarily his logic which determined that the Bennett case might be "dirty."

In May 1970, Petty, acting on his own, privately mentioned his suspicions about Bennett to two Canadian intelligence officers, who promptly took the virus of suspicion back to Ottawa.

Unfortunately for Bennett, the Canadians by then had become increasingly uneasy about the high failure rate of their counterintelligence cases under the stewardship of the unpopular civilian Briton. A top secret investigation had already been started in late 1969 to review all the past cases which Bennett had overseen. This sensitive inquiry, code-named Operation "GRIDIRON," had quickly turned into an investigation of Bennett himself.

The small, elite GRIDIRON team were actively pondering a shocking question: Could the deputy chief of B Branch have deliberately sabotaged his own operations because he was a KGB mole?

Such was the atmosphere that Bennett's superiors decided to move him out of B Branch and into the post of chief of the newly created "E" Branch (surveillance/technical operations), to ensure that the GRIDIRON review was kept secret from him. This apparent promotion was conducted so skillfully that Bennett didn't even have any suspicions about the real reasons for the transfer.[19]

To add to Bennett's difficulties, less than a year earlier, in October 1969, he had clashed with Anatoliy Golitsyn.

He had invited Golitsyn to Ottawa to read Canadian security files, but the trip had been a dismal failure. On his first-ever visit to Canada, Golitsyn arrived alone by train and was met by Bennett, who took him to the Château Laurier, a magnificent hotel near the railway station. That evening, Bennett invited the Ukrainian to his home, but the dinner went badly. Golitsyn found it impossible to make small talk. The family and their guest sat in virtual silence over roast lamb and fruit salad, and Bennett almost wept with relief when it was time for Golitsyn to return to his hotel.

The following morning, Bennett ordered the heads of his KGB, GRU, and eastern Europe satellite desks to bring their most secret files to the hotel. Golitsyn was given some thirty red-jacketed "review" files (containing original documents), together with "personality" files of local KGB officers. As the Soviet defector slowly and laboriously thumbed his way through each folder—making notes and committing the precious intelligence to memory—he began to grunt monosyllabic verdicts on each RCMP operation, indicating that nearly everyone was a "deception" or "provocation," as he called them. Bennett could feel his blood heating. If Golitsyn was right, then the Canadian Security Services comprised a battalion of buffoons. None of Bennett's men dared challenge their guest from New York. As Golitsyn barked, "Yes . . . another one," years of careful investigative research were treated as so much garbage. Bennett knew that Golitsyn had never run an operation himself, and now deeply regretted having brought him north to Canada.

The sum of Golitsyn's message was that the Canadians had been wasting their time for sixteen years and had been hopelessly outclassed by the KGB. "The effect was very depressing and hugely counterproductive," Bennett now says bitterly.[20]

In a moment of brutal but tactless honesty, Bennett told the former KGB officer that he had let the Canadians down and had given them no help, especially considering that he had been given such generous access to their files. Bennett then deliberately ordered a junior officer to escort Golitsyn back to the railway station. They never met again, but Bennett had made another implacable enemy.

By now, the forces working against Bennett were impressive. Many of his cases had mysteriously failed. Angleton suspected him because of the Farmakovskaya affair, the Oldfield party incident, and the suspicions developed by his own investigator, Ed Petty. Golitsyn suspected and disliked him, and the RCMP had the GRIDIRON operation against him up and running.

But seven long months after the inception of GRIDIRON, the team still had nothing to show for their work. They had completed a thorough review of the RCMP's old counterintelligence cases, but there was no evidence to implicate Bennett. So the focus of GRIDIRON was now expanded to include an investigation into Bennett's private life.

The RCMP asked Britain's MI5 to run a security check on Bennett's childhood and adolescence. They wanted to rake through the ashes of Bennett's Keir Hardie socialism to see if anything red still glowed in the dust. Nothing was found beyond an invitation to join a Left Wing Book Club which passed as one of the valley's most revolutionary institutions. (Bennett had declined.) Nevertheless, these slim pickings now went into the Canadian file.

The next allegation against Bennett, which was far more serious, was that he had somehow withheld knowledge of his meetings with the traitor Kim Philby in Istanbul in 1947. Actually, Bennett recalls otherwise. He had personally told Maurice Oldfield about Philby, so this also proved to be a dry hole.

Like dozens of other British intelligence officers, Bennett had known Philby for a short while. But their acquaintance proved nothing except that he had known Philby for a short while.

As the GRIDIRON inquiry flickered on month after month, some of the RCMP officers began to lose heart. In February 1971, Jim Angleton took pains to revive their spirits. He invited a delegation to meet with Golitsyn. The RCMP officers carried all of their Bennett files down to New York and showed them to Golitsyn. The Soviet defector read everything with great care, then gravely concurred with the Canadian Fundamentalists: Yes, he could see it all . . . Leslie James Bennett was indeed a KGB mole.[21]

Angleton now came forward with a helpful suggestion to entrap Bennett. His scheme called for Bennett to be told of a fake meeting to be held in Montreal between an important new Soviet defector and the

Canadian Security Service. If KGB or GRU surveillance were spotted at this meeting, then Bennett would be the only man who could have informed the Soviets.

The operation took place and became known as "the Snowstorm Meeting" because shortly before the event, a huge snowstorm struck the area, making visibility, surveillance, and countersurveillance a nightmare. A member of the local Soviet Consulate who had previously been identified as a KGB officer *was* spotted in the area. This was jubilantly taken as prima facie evidence of Bennett's guilt. But the Soviet could have been in the area for other reasons.

A little more thought might have prompted Angleton's people to wonder whether, under these circumstances, the KGB would be so foolish as to use a known officer for such an important assignment. And finally, they might even have asked why the KGB would bother to monitor the meeting. If Bennett were a KGB mole, why should they take the risk of sacrificing a man as valuable and well placed as he when it would only take a phone call to him to obtain full details of the Snowstorm Meeting anyway?

There was one further possibility: that there really *was* a mole who told the KGB, but not Bennett.

Angleton once more chipped in helpfully by suggesting that Bennett be video-bugged in his office. This, however, produced no damning evidence, so the investigators also installed microphones in Bennett's home, including his bedrooms.

GRIDIRON got dirtier. The RCMP investigators next employed a scrap of information about Bennett's wartime British Army service to create a new and dangerous allegation against him.

They seized on a letter Bennett had written in May 1940, in which he had described an Army pal as "a gay dog." Seemingly unaware of the traditional use of this adjective, the Canadian investigators became convinced they had a homosexual KGB mole on their hands.

The bugging of Bennett's home revealed that he and his wife, Shev, were sleeping in separate bedrooms. This added up to further evidence against Bennett in the minds of the listeners.

The truth was that Bennett's marriage was failing. It had been troubled since 1968. Shev and he stayed together only because of the children; they had long since lost the capacity to enjoy each other emotionally, intellectually, or physically. What the Canadian "buggers" heard were the silent sounds of a dying marriage. But Bennett was not homosexual.

As the surveillance on Bennett was tightened, the "Watchers" (from his own branch) built a hidden post near his home from which they could observe and photograph their boss. Twenty-four hours a day, they peered through their telescopes and adjusted their "long-tom" cameras.

What they saw was a man of boringly regular habits. The only excitement came on those nights when they discovered that the light switches in his home inexplicably went on and off. The Watchers assumed he was sending crude signals to his KGB associates. It turned out that Bennett was actually being kept awake by a recurring knee injury; he would wander around the split-level house long after midnight, either reading or eating, which explained why the lights went on and off at odd times.

Another tremor of excitement rippled through the bored Watchers when they discovered that Bennett would occasionally go into the backyard of his bungalow and emerge with a bird cage, which he put in the trunk of his car. He would then drive off to nearby open ground and fiddle with the cage. Partial visual obstructions prevented the Watchers from figuring out what Bennett was doing, but they assumed he was releasing trained carrier pigeons to his Moscow controllers.

In fact, Bennett had been catching squirrels in his backyard. Too soft-hearted to kill them, he released them on open ground.

As the inquiry dragged on, Bennett still remained unaware of what was going on. Then, at exactly 8:20 A.M. on Monday, March 13, 1972, they finally came for him.

He was summoned to the Director General's office and told his security cover was being lifted instantly. He was informed that he would shortly be interviewed. Meanwhile, he was to be relieved of his building pass, RCMP identity card, and office keys. He would be escorted out of the building and he would stay out.

The interviews took place at the Embassy Hotel nearby. Despite Bennett's clear statement of innocence, and despite the fact that not one piece of substantive evidence had come to light after the full two-year investigation, the five days of questioning ended on a dangerously ambivalent note. No, Bennett was told, they didn't really think he was a spy. However, the Director General would have to recommend future action. Reinstatement was an option, of course. But that might be difficult given the circumstances, including, as they put it delicately, "the extensive inquiries that had already been made, coupled with the fact that there had been a noticeable 'isolationist' attitude displayed to you by many security service members during the course of the last twelve months."[22]

If Bennett wondered whether he had heard right, he had. What they were saying to him nicely was that they thought he was innocent. But they had made such a mess of the investigation, and had let it leak all over the RCMP and friendly services everywhere (particularly Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff), that it would be impossible for him to go back to his old job since his reputation was now so tarnished.

The punishment had begun.

Like a convicted criminal, Bennett was barred from returning to his office and was not even allowed to clean out his desk or retrieve his personal possessions.

At 10:00 A.M. on Friday, March 24, Bennett was granted an interview with the Director General, who found him guilty of "lack of judgment." It was the best they could think of.

Bennett was all through.

As his diary noted at the time: "The DG stated he could not see his way towards reinstating me in the service because of these lack of judgments, for the sake of (a) the security service, and (b) our relations with other services and (c) my own welfare."[23]

Innocent but guilty, clean yet dirty, Bennett was still denied permission to reenter the RCMP offices. Like some shabby informant, he was ordered to meet officers on street corners, where his paychecks were discreetly slipped to him.

In a last desperate attempt to clear his name, Bennett asked for a polygraph examination. The request was granted, and he was instructed to appear at the Embassy Hotel on March 29 for what turned out to be an extremely lengthy two-day session. Bennett was astonished when the polygraph examiner, a young sergeant, began asking him questions which implied a suspicion that he was a homosexual. There was some inelegant stress on his wartime friendships and on the "gay dog" reference in Bennett's old letter. From these jabs, the examiner built up to less subtle haymakers about alleged sexual perversions and sexual relations with his wife.

Bennett suddenly realized the examiner knew too much about his most intimate private life with Shev, and that this knowledge could only have come from the bugging of his bedrooms. He felt sickened and dirty.

That evening, Bennett wrote in his diary:

> The anxiety of the past few weeks, concerning the future of myself and family having been placed in jeopardy by totally false accusations, has been of considerable bother to me. In addition, the investigation into these alleged disloyalties has turned friends of sixteen years standing against me, and, what is more, not one officer has offered help or counsel. . . . In addition, my sexual life with my wife and sexual perversion are items of questioning. Also, the themes . . . were heavily predominant in the area of lying, cheating, harming, stealing. . . . When does all this end? My life had been destroyed. What more do they want of me? May God forgive them. . . .[24]

When the polygraph sessions ended, the examiner remarked nonchalantly, ''You haven't done too badly.''[25]

(That brief aside was to be Bennett's only indication of how he had performed on the test. The RCMP never officially told him the results. Privately, however, the RCMP later confided to the CIA that Bennett had clearly passed on all questions about his loyalty. A CIA polygraph expert examined the RCMP results and fully concurred. Another CIA officer involved in a subsequent reexamination of the case recalls that ''Bennett came out *clean*. This result dismayed the Canadians who were investigating him.'')[26]

Bennett, his head still spinning, went straight home after the polygraph test. Shev was waiting for him. It was mid-afternoon as the couple sat in the living room of their bungalow, drank tea, and talked.

''I think under the circumstances we should separate,'' Shev told her husband.

''Are you certain this is what you want?'' he asked.

''We have become incompatible,'' she replied. ''I think it's best for me and the children if we go back to Australia.''[27]

Bennett felt the tears crawling down his cheeks even before the emotion reached his brain. He put his head in his hands and sobbed: ''Oh God, not this too, not now, not at this time.''[28] Shev left the room.

On July 5, Bennett's wife and his two young daughters left him forever and returned to Australia.

Eventually, after much demeaning haggling over the size of his pension, Jim Bennett quietly resigned from the RCMP on July 28, 1972, for reasons of ''medical disability.'' The man who had once been Canada's most powerful counterintelligence officer, at a salary of $C19,000 a year, was hustled out of the service and his honor, for a tiny pension ($C4,500) plus a sick leave payment ($C4,000).

Bennett's world started to fall further apart. Unable to find equivalent work in Canada or Britain, in 1973 he dropped out of sight to South Africa, where he worked for a while with a cash security company in Johannesburg. By October he had ended up in Perth, Australia, where all he could find was a humble job as an administrative manager for $4,500 a year—over half of which he sent as maintenance to Shev and the children.[29]

Even during Bennett's free-fall into obscurity, the Canadians, uncomfortably aware that they still had no evidence against him, continued their investigation of the case. The victim may have been sentenced and long since left the dock, but a trial now needed to take place. The RCMP again called in help from the CIA and MI5. In August 1972, a month after Bennett formally retired, the top RCMP officers also shared the full details of their investigation with other close allies.

That month, Ottawa had played host to a super-secret club of counterintelligence officers from Britain and the old white dominions, codenamed CAZAB (after the member countries: Canada, Australia, New Zealand, America, and Britain). CAZAB had been created as a supranational group of counterintelligence chiefs who would meet for a week-long conference every eighteen months to discuss important matters of mutual interest.[30] Each country sent about five delegates. The agenda included the most sensitive counterintelligence secrets held by the West: joint operations, research of old cases, investigations of penetrations, assessments of defectors, and technical/communications advancements.[31]

In 1972, when CAZAB met for the fourth time, in Canada, the agenda was topped by the Jim Bennett affair.[32] Everyone present had an interest in hearing the RCMP explain the status of their case. Angleton and his CIA team had instigated the matter. Peter Wright and the British had played their part in trying to assist the RCMP investigation. The Australians and New Zealanders had good reason to be concerned that their counterintelligence secrets had fallen into the hands of the man in charge of the RCMP's Soviet Desk.

The subject occupied one of CAZAB's entire working days. To those listening, there was no doubt whatsoever that the RCMP and Angleton's staff fully believed that Bennett was a traitor, and the knowledge of that ''guilt'' was now being carefully spread from Canada throughout the major intelligence services of the Western world. James Bennett, to quote the British jargon, had been well and truly ''stitched up.''

On December 31, 1974, as Angleton was being eased out of the CIA, the new chief of the Counterintelligence Staff, George Kalaris, showed up for work on the first day of his stewardship.

Angleton and his staff were still present, as it had been agreed that they would remain for a short period to facilitate a smooth transition. That first morning, Angleton gave Kalaris a long, general briefing about the status of the staff, during which he made a passing reference to the Bennett case in Canada. Angleton cited it as an example of one of Golitsyn's most valuable leads. He proudly stressed that it was his staff that had been responsible for giving the RCMP their original impetus.

Kalaris had never heard of this case before, and he was astonished to learn that Angleton had found a North American officer of Bennett's rank to be a KGB mole. Even for someone of Kalaris's long experience, it was a shock to discover that the Canadians had been penetrated at such a high level—that there was evidence of a Canadian ''Philby.''[33]

The next day, Kalaris asked Ray Rocca, Angleton's chief researcher, to go through the full Bennett case for him. Rocca did so, and explained that there was to be an important meeting in Washington in several weeks at which the RCMP, CIA, FBI, MI5, and MI6 were scheduled to review the whole matter yet again. Rocca urged Kalaris to do his homework on the case, since he would be attending this February meeting as the new chief of the Counterintelligence Staff. Since Angleton, Rocca, and Scotty Miler had handled the case for five years, they were also planning to attend the meeting as Kalaris's back-up, and to introduce him to the representatives from the other services.

Rocca also explained that he himself was later scheduled to travel to Ottawa as the formal representative of the Counterintelligence Staff. There he would confer further with the RCMP about the evidence against Bennett. The February meeting and Rocca's planned trip showed that even as late as 1975, the RCMP and Angleton's staff were still actively searching for the elusive evidence to prove the Welshman's guilt.

The February meeting was held at the Canadian Embassy in Washington. The RCMP representatives gave a full presentation reconfirming their belief, still unproven, that Bennett was a mole. The results of ''the Snowstorm Meeting'' were rehashed. Angleton, Rocca, and Miler sat through the entire briefing nodding vigorously and voicing full agreement with the general conclusions against Bennett.

But Kalaris was not so sure. He left the session unpersuaded by any of the so-called evidence. He retained a strong suspicion that the whole GRIDIRON investigation had actually railroaded Bennett. Kalaris was puzzled and anxious about the CIA's own role in the affair. Unable to resolve his nagging doubts, he instructed his new deputy, Leonard McCoy, to conduct a full review of the Counterintelligence Staff's files on Bennett.

As McCoy began to sift through the materials the new staff had inherited from Angleton, he came across the Bennett records stored in the SIG unit, including a summary report prepared by Ray Rocca.

McCoy read carefully through the Rocca report, which mainly recounted the Canadian counterintelligence cases that had failed during Bennett's tenure.

Leonard McCoy is a mature and meticulous intelligence officer, with an obsession about factual accuracy in all matters. He had bothered to learn and study the Russian language for his work within the CIA, convinced that few reports or counterintelligence officers could succeed in analyzing Soviet affairs without detailed knowledge of the country, its people, and its history.

For two weeks, the new deputy chief undertook a thorough reexamination of the previous staff's allegations and judgments on the Bennett case. He assigned another former Soviet Division officer, Walter Lomac, to work with him.

At the end of their inquiry, both men concluded there was no case for Bennett to answer.

''Angleton's analysis of the Bennett case, as presented in the Rocca paper, was sloppy,'' says McCoy. ''It tied things together that should never have been tied together. It reached conclusions that were based on other false conclusions which simply compounded the mistakes. . . . It lacked any killing thrust. There were far too many inaccuracies in the report.

''For example, Jim's staff had always lacked Soviet experience and expertise in the Russian language. Rocca's report contained misspelled Russian names, and demonstrated a certain lack of knowledge of matters which the CI Staff should have known inside out. Rocca himself was knowledgeable on Soviet intelligence cases—he'd devoted considerable time to the *Rote Kapelle* case from World War II until he knew it frontwards and backwards—but I was not happy with his Bennett analysis.''[34]

Rocca's proposed trip to Ottawa was canceled.

In March, McCoy delivered his judgment on the Bennett material to George Kalaris: Bennett was innocent of all the allegations. There was no evidence to prove otherwise.

Kalaris unhesitatingly accepted his deputy's decision and now instructed him to fly immediately to Canada in place of Rocca. On behalf of the CIA, McCoy was empowered to announce formally to the RCMP that the Counterintelligence Staff had changed its mind about Bennett and now considered him to be clean.

McCoy and Lomac met together with both the senior RCMP counterintelligence officers and the original Security Services investigators who had found Bennett ''guilty.'' It was not a comfortable session. The official persecution of the Welshman had generated intense controversy within the Canadian force.

Several of the Canadians stiffly thanked McCoy for his message. After the meeting ended, a small, restrained cocktail party was held in honor of the American visitors. McCoy and Lomac left this muted celebration as quickly as protocol would allow and returned to Washington, their thankless task completed.

Not a word of this meeting was conveyed to Bennett.

With Angleton and his support gone, by 1977 the heart seems to have gone out of the Canadian investigation. Without warning, at the CAZAB conference held in Australia that year, the RCMP representatives suddenly announced that they had officially dropped their case against Bennett. The other CAZAB members, who recalled the ferocity of the Canadian presentation against Bennett four years earlier, could hardly believe their ears.

One delegate at that conference, Gene Petersen, the chief of the FBI's Soviet Counterintelligence Section, remembers that the RCMP representatives simply stated that the evidence against Bennett was now ''inconclusive'' and the case had been terminated.

''We were stunned,'' recalls Petersen. ''After everything that happened, they had now exonerated Bennett.''[35]

And still nobody told Bennett.

Toward the end of 1977, Canadian Solicitor General Francis Fox told a parliamentary committee: '' . . . there is no evidence whatsoever that Mr. Bennett was anything but a loyal Canadian citizen.''[36] But even this post-hoc official statement failed to vindicate the Welshman. To the Canadian public, there could be no smoke without fire . . . surely the legendary RCMP would not force the resignation of a top officer unless he was a spy?[37]

Throughout the 1980s, in retirement in a dull suburb of Adelaide, Bennett has made the best of his humble life. He lives alone in a small two-bedroom house that he can only afford to rent. The rooms are pin-neat, clean, and dead. There are no souvenirs from work on the mantelpiece—none of the myriad collector's items that grace almost every intelligence officer's home. There are no family photographs. He cooks and cleans for himself, and frequently drives his old 1980 Mitsubishi station wagon to the beach to look out at the waves.

* * *

On August 1, 1985, KGB General-designate Vitaliy Sergeyevich Yurchenko, a staff officer of twenty-five years' experience, requested political asylum at the U.S. Embassy in Rome. Yurchenko was the most senior KGB officer ever to defect to the United States, and he brought with him vital, well-placed intelligence. His last KGB job had been as deputy chief of the First Department of the First Chief Directorate, which spied against the United States and Canada and supervised all of the KGB residencies in North America, including both Ottawa and Montreal. What Yurchenko did not know about the KGB's operations in Canada was not worth knowing.

Although Yurchenko later changed his mind and returned to the USSR, his ''take'' before his redefection was prolific.* During his CIA debriefing, Yurchenko revealed that there had indeed been a KGB agent working within the Canadian Security Service during the Bennett years.[38]

Yurchenko identified the man responsible, and he has been christened ''TANGO.'' Both the RCMP and the CIA know who ''TANGO'' is.[39]

It is not Leslie James Bennett.[40]

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* Vitaliy Yurchenko walked into the Soviet Embassy in Washington on November 4, 1985, to redefect to the USSR. The CIA has since tacitly acknowledged that his defection was badly handled and that insufficient thought was given to his psychological care. Yurchenko had been allowed to travel to Canada in the company of a CIA escort, for the purpose of contacting his former girlfriend who worked within the Soviet diplomatic community. She rejected his pleas to join him in the United States. A short time later, Yurchenko changed his mind about his defection and he was eventually flown back to Moscow. He claimed he had been kidnapped and drugged into the whole affair by the CIA. His explanation is contradicted by his CIA debriefing ''take,'' which a senior member on the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence describes as ''twenty-five-carat gold.''

20 INCUBUS

''[The Nosenko case] hung over the CIA like an incubus . . . the case was a nightmare . . . a nightmare that wouldn't go away.''

—FORMER DCI RICHARD HELMS, 1976[1]

BY 1973, AS THE BENNETT DEBACLE UNFOLDED, IT WAS BECOMING clear that Angleton's molehunting machine was beginning to run amok, threatening parts of the CIA's most sensitive infrastructure.

The search for the mole had continued for eleven years within the Soviet Division. But Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff had succeeded only in tearing up their own backyard. The overall damage was awe-inspiring.

In time, the Soviet Division, so crucial to the CIA's role in the Cold War against the USSR, was almost immobilized. Precious secrets provided by the lengthening line of Soviet KGB and GRU defectors had been consigned to the oblivion of the Counterintelligence Staff's vaults, devalued and forgotten.

Friendly allies such as France, Norway, Canada, and Britain (or at least their intelligence services) were either furious or perplexed at the Americans.

There was internal dissension as well: several top internal CIA suspects had been investigated as part of the HONETOL project. There had been resignations, suspicions, and dismissals. Promising careers had been obliterated.

The Nosenko affair had been resolved with the judgment going against Angleton and the CIA itself. Helms had left in 1973, admitting that the Nosenko case was a nightmare that wouldn't go away. "It hung over the CIA like an incubus," he recalled later. And by 1973, there was something else new in the air: the hunters had turned on themselves.

Angleton and Golitsyn's search through the CIA (but outside the Counterintelligence Staff) had failed to produce a mole. Unable to find the intruder outside the tent, the searchers now began to turn their attention inside and shine their flashlights on each other. Nosenko, despite all that had passed, remained the guilty KGB "provocation" he had always been. To the molehunters, all other Soviet intelligence defectors since 1962 were fakes, from Penkovskiy, through Cherepanov, Loginov, Polyakov, to the eccentric Olga Farmakovskaya (and about fifteen other minor cases). Also "dirty" were the Jim Bennett case in Canada, the Sir Roger Hollis and Graham Mitchell cases in Britain, the Ingeborg Lygren case in Norway, and the many outstanding cases within the French intelligence service. They believed the Soviets had penetrated NATO as well.

But where was that elusive *CIA* mole?

Angleton selected his protégé, Clare Edward Petty, from within the chief's ultra-secret Special Investigation Group, to be in charge of the search.

Like his boss, "Ed" Petty, then fifty-three, had become fascinated with counterintelligence during World War II. He joined the CIA in 1947 and after a long and successful shift in West Germany, he was talent-spotted by Angleton. The chief brought him onto the Counterintelligence Staff in late 1966 after a posting in Berne, Switzerland. His mission was to find the CIA mole.[2]

Petty began slowly looking for patterns and shapes in the wealth of centralized counterintelligence files to which he had never had access before. Then, he began to raise his sights.

Still acting under Angleton's authority, Petty started to investigate major Fundamentalists David Murphy and Pete Bagley—two of the most senior officers the Soviet Division had produced. Murphy, a former chief of division, had incurred the suspicion of Golitsyn because he had worked in Berlin at the same time as Igor Orlov (SASHA). Some of the mess had rubbed off on Murphy, as it did on many other officers. Murphy had also brought Golitsyn's suspicions upon himself simply by speaking fluent Russian and marrying a Russian woman.[3]

With this brew of circumstantial evidence, Petty produced a twenty-five-page report that concluded there was a "probability" that Murphy was innocent. Petty felt that Murphy may have been targeted by the

KGB, but was never recruited. But even this verdict was not enough to satisfy Angleton. He remained unshakably convinced of Murphy's guilt, and even after Murphy became chief of station in Paris in 1968, Angleton continued hounding him. He brazenly warned top French intelligence officials that he thought Murphy was a KGB recruit. As a result, the French excluded the hapless officer from their sensitive intelligence loop for several years.[4]

Petty's case against Pete Bagley was even more bizarre. He felt Bagley had mishandled the Nosenko case, he disagreed with Bagley's most ardent Fundamentalist views, and he was (incorrectly) suspicious that Bagley may have deliberately mishandled the attempted recruitment of a minor Polish intelligence officer in Switzerland.[5] Petty spent a year investigating Bagley, who had remained one of Angleton's strongest supporters. His initial draft report on the case (code-named ''GIRAFFE'') ran to about 250 pages and reached the provisional conclusion that Bagley was a good candidate for the mole. When Angleton finally read the study, he thoroughly discounted the conclusion. ''Pete's not a KGB agent, he's not a Soviet spy,'' Angleton adamantly told the crestfallen Petty.[6] He allowed for no rebuttal.

A lesser man than Petty might have given up at this stage. He had investigated, on his master's behalf, a former chief and deputy chief of the Soviet Division—incredible targets in themselves—and had failed to prove either case. But Petty remained convinced that a mole existed. Once more he raised his sights, and, this time, he focused carefully on a charter Fundamentalist: Anatoliy Golitsyn.

After more months of painstaking study, Petty reached a sensational conclusion. The former KGB major, the man who had been given unparalleled access to the secrets of Western intelligence, was, Petty decided, probably a ''dispatched agent,'' who had always worked for the Soviets. Petty also believed that Golitsyn undoubtedly had his own KGB handler within the CIA.[7]

This was powerful stuff. If true, it would follow that the man closest to Golitsyn, the man who had sponsored him from the very beginning within the CIA, the man who had nurtured and protected him, who had inflicted him on friendly services from London to Melbourne, from Ottawa to Oslo, was actually the mole.

Quietly, without fuss, Ed Petty calmly launched the ultimate SIG investigation.

The name on the new file read: ''James Jesus Angleton.''

Scotty Miler, who was Petty's immediate boss in the Counterintelligence Staff, recalls that ''Petty . . . would decide on a bottom line before he started and then fit everything to his conclusions. He wanted recognition, he wanted to be seen as a spycatcher. In the end, he turned against everyone, and even had disputes with Ray Rocca and myself. I always thought Ed a bit odd.''[8]

Petty says he began his investigation into Angleton not as a private initiative but ''as something springing from duty.'' Following the Angleton methodology, Petty took it for granted that there *was* a mole within the CIA and that it only required solid investigation to unearth him.

As the months rolled on, Petty began to accumulate what he regarded as positive evidence. ''I felt it was of an unusual nature and was not confined to one area, but evidence there was,'' he says now. Later there would be criticism. But Petty denies that he set out from the premise that Angleton was the mole. ''I looked at CI cases that had failed—like Penkovskiy and Popov—examining why they went wrong, looking for overlaps and commonalities,'' he explains. ''I also reviewed Angleton's entire career, going back through his relationships with Philby, his adherence to all of Golitsyn's wild theories, his false accusations against foreign services and the resulting damage to the liaison relationships, and finally his accusations against innocent Soviet Division officers.''[9]

A key part of Petty's study was the focus on some unexplained and obscure coincidences from Angleton's past. For example, Petty recounted how Angleton had attended the first international conference of counterintelligence chiefs, CAZAB, in Melbourne in 1967, and then had returned to North America flying alone on a Qantas plane using a false passport. But the Counterintelligence chief had unexpectedly stopped off in Mexico for a day while en route back to Washington. On the same date, Petty discovered, a very senior KGB officer had also flown to Mexico City, before leaving to return to Moscow.

The implication was that Angleton was briefing his KGB contact on the results of the important CAZAB conference. But Petty could produce no evidence that Angleton and this KGB officer ever actually met. Ironically, this coincidental crossing of paths was the kind of circumstantial evidence that Angleton and Golitsyn would have seized upon to add weight to one of their mole investigations. The sorcerer would have been proud of his apprentice. ''Angleton would have investigated Angleton if he thought it necessary,'' an ebullient Petty years later.[10]

By the time he had completed his review, Petty was able to cite more than twenty-five suspicious or inexplicable examples of failed cases or serious questions directed against Angleton.[11]

Toward the conclusion of this huge and self-imposed task, Petty decided to seek the advice and reactions of trusted colleagues.

One was Bill Branigan, the head of the FBI's Soviet Counterintelligence Section, who had been a social acquaintance of Petty's. In

1973, while Branigan was on a routine visit to the Counterintelligence Staff offices at Langley, Petty quietly took him to one side and showed him some of the material on Angleton.

''He told me Angleton was now his principal suspect for being the mole within the CIA,'' recalls Branigan. ''I just had to laugh. I couldn't take it seriously. It was like the old Sir Roger Hollis deal all over again. I didn't say too much, I was so surprised and dumbfounded. Petty really believed it, but there was no proof. I did not approve of Petty's technique of first arriving at a conclusion and then trying to find the facts to prove it.''[12]

Ed Knowles, the veteran Soviet Division officer who had been transferred to the Counterintelligence Staff, was also allowed a sneak preview of some of the material. After reading what Petty showed him, Knowles promptly called the conclusions ''ridiculous.'' Knowles decided that Petty was ''warping his own mind'' out of shape with the Angleton investigation. As far as Knowles could make out, Petty had uncovered no hard evidence whatsoever.[13]

Scotty Miler, miffed to discover that his own investigator was working secretly to establish the guilt of the chief of Counterintelligence, now admits gloomily, ''The trouble was that Petty was given a great deal of freedom. Sure, I discovered he was working on Angleton, and I told him he was wasting his time and to get off it. I thought he had stopped.

''I felt Petty was doing less harm in the SIG than anywhere else, but I never realized how serious his work on Jim was. He had started out by telling me he wanted to go through Golitsyn's records again, and he used this pretense as his cover. I was happy for him to look at Golitsyn's leads. Then, when I discovered the truth, that he was looking at Jim, I got upset.

''I called Petty in and told him he was way off base. 'This is crap,' I told him. And I ordered him off the investigation. He countered by saying it was just a line of speculation he was pursuing. But I said to him, 'You're off it!'

''I then told Jim about it, but he was totally unconcerned.

''I didn't know Petty kept after it—and I never saw his findings.''[14]

Leonard McCoy, the deputy chief of the Counterintelligence Staff after Angleton and Miler left, explains: ''Petty was a remarkable researcher with an excellent memory and a unique ability to assimilate various pieces of information. I disagree with most of his judgments and conclusions, but he was the best research analyst on the CI Staff, better by far than Angleton himself.''[15]

When Petty finished, he had accumulated a safe-load of documentation. The bulk of his case filled two drawers of a filing cabinet—

about four linear feet of paperwork in total. There was further critical material, a foot of it, in a 3-by-5 card file. Not only was the volume of this information impressive, the contents were striking, too.

By every account, Petty had produced an intellectually sound, well-argued, and brilliantly catalogued study. His conclusion was that there was an 80–85 percent probability that Jim Angleton, the man who had led the CIA molehunt for the last eleven years, was himself the mole.[16]

But Petty did not write a formal report. All he had was his two drawers of documents, his card files, his notes, and the analysis in his head.

Since he was obviously unable to submit these voluminous materials to his own boss, he took his conclusions, in June 1974, first to Assistant DDO David Blee, who was the deputy to William Nelson, the new DDO.[17] Blee discussed the inquiry soberly with Petty at a private meeting, then decided to assign a trusted neutral CIA officer, James Burke, to listen to Petty's full case. Blee and Burke had previously worked together in the Near East Division, which Blee had headed. Both men had originally been lawyers, so they knew how to assess whether evidence was sufficient for a prosecution.[18]

Burke invited Petty to sit down with him and tape-record all of his evidence and allegations against Angleton, including Petty's rationale, his suppositions, and the whole methodology of his investigation. In one week, Petty spoke to Burke for twenty-seven hours on tape. The major allegations in this debriefing were subsequently boiled down to a two-page summary for distribution to a tiny group at the CIA's senior management level, including Blee, Nelson, and William Colby, who was now DCI.[19]

The CIA management took Petty's work very seriously. The handful of officials who read the summary regarded his research as a professional piece of work. The fact that it was also nonsense did not nullify its investigative strengths. It showed, with brilliant irony, why Project HONETOL was such a success in smearing and destroying the careers of so many good officers. Just to be targeted by the hungry machine was to be consumed. Petty's work in preparing ''evidence'' which showed the head of the CIA's Counterintelligence Staff to be 80–85 percent guilty of working for the KGB proved that a good officer could make a case against a garden gnome if necessary.

William Nelson, one of the most senior CIA officers to read the summary report, found that Petty's findings were based on extensive research, with sufficient circumstantial evidence for thoughtful men to give pause.[20]

Nelson gave an oral briefing to his boss, Bill Colby. ''Nelson told me he had a series of accusations that Angleton had been so involved in bad Soviet operations that he must somehow be a conscious Soviet agent,'' recalls Colby. ''I said, 'Baloney.' It sounded like nonsense. I told Nelson to handle it in a proper manner and to give it a sensible look, and then I forgot about it. I dismissed it out of hand.''[21] Colby was the first CIA officer not to be bemused or hypnotized by the Petty findings. Even so, he couldn't let it drop, either.

Under Colby's instructions, Nelson eventually invited Bronson Tweedy, one of the agency's more distinguished officers, to review the summary of Petty's findings and determine whether or not further action was required.

After several months of study, Tweedy returned a final verdict that there was no justification whatsoever for assuming Angleton to be the mole (or that Golitsyn was a ''dispatched'' agent).[22] This remains the official CIA verdict.

Petty did not object to this conclusion. Indeed, he was delighted that his work had been taken so seriously. As it happened, however, he had already quietly retired from the CIA.

The paranoia from inside Angleton's offices also spread to target innocent men outside the field of intelligence, men of high international standing. Angleton had become convinced that a powerful array of statesmen, politicians, and industrialists were either KGB agents or assets-of-influence. From the late 1960s on, the following ''suspects'' had been actively scrutinized by Angleton's Special Investigation Group:

Harold Wilson. Angleton had ''no doubt whatsoever'' that the British prime minister (1964–76) was a Soviet agent: he even opened a special file on Wilson code-named ''OATSHEAF.'' Angleton based his conviction on two main factors: Golitsyn's theory that the KGB had murdered Labour Party leader Hugh Gaitskell to pave the way for their asset; and the many smear campaigns against Wilson conducted by a small right-wing element within the British Security Service. (MI5, in turn, fed off Angleton's certainties.)[23]

Olof Palme. Angleton told William Colby that he suspected the Swedish prime minister (and leader of Sweden's Social Democratic Party) of being a Soviet intelligence asset. To back this charge, Angleton cited a vague story about Palme's alleged visit to Latvia several years earlier. He had an unexplained relationship with a Russian who later supposedly became a Soviet agent.[24]

Willy Brandt. Angleton told Peter Wright that he was fully convinced that the longtime chairman of the West German Social Democratic Party, the man who served as West Germany's chancellor in

1969–74, was a KGB agent. He alleged that there were three damning pieces of evidence, including information acquired from the shreds of decrypted VENONA material (the World War II Soviet ciphers that were still being laboriously interpreted thirty years later by American and British communications experts). But the quality of the case did not leave a lasting impression even on Wright, a strong Angleton loyalist. Recently pressed to describe the Brandt case, Wright could no longer recall the exact nature of the evidence.[25]

Armand Hammer. Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff maintained volumes of files on Hammer, the longtime chief executive of the Los Angeles–based Occidental Petroleum Corporation, whose family had done business in the USSR since Lenin's time.[26] Golitsyn had always taken the view that top American industrialists like Hammer who worked large trade deals with Moscow had to have been recruited by Soviet intelligence. Because of this, and because Hammer was the son of a prominent American socialist, Golitsyn had urged Angleton to investigate the tycoon.

At a high-level meeting in 1973 with British intelligence officials, Angleton, Ray Rocca, and Scotty Miler gave a long presentation to top MI5 and MI6 officers accusing Hammer of being a Russian spy. (No hard evidence was offered—just the idea that Hammer's East-West trade ties must be Soviet-backed.) After Rocca had finished addressing the group, Angleton rose and urged the dumbfounded British officers to help him check out Hammer's Soviet ties. The British services never responded.[27]

Averell Harriman. Golitsyn also inspired Angleton's uncorroborated assertion that the former U.S. ambassador to the USSR and former Democratic governor of New York had been a Soviet agent since the 1930s. Once again, the suspicions were fueled by Golitsyn's theories and vague scraps culled from the VENONA traffic.

In 1968, Golitsyn warned Angleton that he had heard rumors at Moscow Center that an unnamed former U.S. ambassador had been recruited by the KGB. Angleton accepted Golitsyn's word that Harriman was the most likely suspect, and he opened a file on the wealthy liberal politician under the codename "Project DINOSAUR."

He next ordered his staff to put together a legal presentation against Harriman that could be forwarded to the Justice Department for prosecution. Angleton also wanted DCI Richard Helms to warn the President and the Attorney General of Golitsyn's accusation. Helms wisely resisted before seeing further proof. After the staff's report was completed, it demonstrated that there was no evidence to support Golitsyn's conclusions. Golitsyn had simply been wrong. Angleton was quickly talked out of sending any further paperwork to the DCI.[28]

Lester Pearson. Angleton fully supported an investigation into the loyalty of the liberal Canadian prime minister. It was instigated around 1972, based on research compiled by Ed Petty. Once again, there appeared to be some unexplained evidence in the VENONA fragments pointing to a possible leak to the Soviets from Pearson's wartime foreign service office. Petty had quickly written up a short ten-page overview report on Pearson, intended only as "a think piece, not for distribution," and had put it on Angleton's desk for comment. Angleton did not respond at first.[29]

Then, one month later, at a high-level meeting with top RCMP officials in the staff's conference room, Angleton suddenly produced Petty's draft study and proceeded to read the unverified allegations aloud. He explained why he thought the current Canadian leader was an active Soviet agent. Angleton urged his astonished RCMP guests to launch a full investigation. The RCMP officers thanked him politely for the briefing and never mentioned the matter again.[30]

Scotty Miler, Petty's immediate supervisor, recalls: "That Pearson report contained a lot of information and was worth looking at. But, in the end, I concluded there was nothing there."[31]

Despite this, Angleton later passed along the same information to Peter Wright of Britain's MI5. Wright remarks that "Jim believed Pearson was a wrong 'un, though the Pearson allegation was very vague—much vaguer even than the Willy Brandt file."[32]

Henry Kissinger. Angleton and Golitsyn viewed the German-born National Security Adviser and Secretary of State under President Nixon as a possible KGB mole, particularly because of their disagreements with the Nixon-Kissinger policies of détente with the USSR, rapprochment with China, and negotiations in the Middle East.[33] (Angleton later said he was also very suspicious because Kissinger had the habit of meeting alone with top Soviet officials, which he feared might lead to the deliberate or inadvertent leak of sensitive security information.)

Golitsyn had advised Angleton that there were enough doubts to indicate that Kissinger might be aiding the Soviets. Angleton told his SIG unit to prepare a research paper on Kissinger, though no active investigative case was opened and no codename was assigned.[34]

Based on Golitsyn's opinion and the usual ragbag of unconfirmed "evidence," Angleton's staff produced a long summary memorandum on Kissinger in 1972.[35] Angleton planned to give this paper to Richard Helms, so that the DCI could present it to the State Department. But once again, wiser counsel prevailed and no such action was ever taken. (Angleton made these charges even though he knew that Kissinger had undergone and passed several intensive FBI background checks required for his high-level federal posts.)

In subsequent years, after Angleton left the CIA, he held private conversations with reporters during which he described Kissinger as "objectively a Soviet agent."[36] Angleton also leaked word to the press that Kissinger had been behind his own ouster from the CIA, and that he was out to destroy the agency. It was a wanton and needless campaign of vilification.

Kissinger's response is one of bemused incomprehension. "I had nothing to do with the dismissal of Angleton," he says. "I was against anything that shook up the intelligence community while it was under investigation. Then once I left government, I discovered that Angleton was smearing me. I mentioned this to [Richard] Helms. I thought he would straighten it out."[37]

Kissinger explains that whenever he contacted the CIA during the early 1970s he dealt only with the DCIs, including Helms, and that Angleton was never involved. (Kissinger and Angleton did not meet until years later, after both had left government.) "We never crossed paths while he was in office, and none of his memos crossed my desk," Kissinger recalls. "My policies were so interfered with by the right that Angleton in retrospect must have done some selective leaking. This had only a marginal effect as an irritant. I'm not ill-disposed toward Angleton—he had some good ideas and some wacky ones."

Kissinger adds: "I thought Angleton had an interesting mind, but the truth is that if you spend your whole life in counterintelligence, your thought processes resemble those of the other side."[38]

All in all, the chief of the CIA's Counterintelligence Staff, one of the most powerful men within the agency and the most powerful counterintelligence chief in the whole Western world, was convinced that the KGB had recruited (among many, many others) no less than three western European government leaders, the Canadian prime minister, the former governor of what was then America's most populous state, and the U.S. President's National Security Adviser–Secretary of State.

It was slowly becoming obvious that the great molehunt had to be stopped. Some twelve years after Golitsyn's arrival in the United States—twelve years of mistrust and investigative failure—it was time to stand back and take objective account. It was a time to expel the incubus once and for all.

And by 1973, a new management was waiting in the wings.

21

FIRED

"Mr. A. is an institution."

—DCI WILLIAM COLBY, 1973[1]

ANGLETON'S CHIEF PATRON LEFT THE CIA IN FEBRUARY 1973.

The departure (under somewhat dramatic circumstances) of Richard Helms, Angleton's powerful friend, wartime colleague, and supporter through twenty-five years of CIA service, was the beginning of the end for the Counterintelligence chief.[2] The trusting and *laissez-faire* attitude that Helms took toward Angleton, his Counterintelligence Staff in general, and the molehunt in particular, had allowed Project HONETOL to continue without executive check for ten years.

James Schlesinger, the new Director of Central Intelligence appointed by President Nixon, was a CIA outsider, a former economics professor who had held several senior posts in the Nixon administration, including assistant director of the budget and chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. Schlesinger's amiable, shaggy-bear looks belied a stormy temperament and a pragmatic nature. Although he had a mandate to shake up the agency—he took office at the height of the Watergate scandal—he was cautious enough not to interfere with the one and only man to serve as chief of Counterintelligence, even if he had become controversial. Angleton was a legend, and Schlesinger was a newcomer who realized that a rookie DCI could not fire a legend.

In fact, Schlesinger quite liked Angleton. He believed that the CIA needed a Department of Unorthodoxy, and felt that the job of Counterintelligence chief was to look for hidden plots. Schlesinger was also amused and more than a little entertained by the way Angleton talked about his business.

From the very outset of Schlesinger's brief tenure, Angleton took advantage of his ''golden key''—his traditional custom of appearing in the DCI's office for lengthy, very private discussions. This suited Schlesinger, who disliked short and snappy briefings, preferring long, challenging sessions in which the men and the issues were fully elaborated.

Angleton wasted no time in sharing his list of mole suspects with Schlesinger. The new DCI sat in wide-eyed disbelief as a catalogue of more than thirty world leaders, top politicians, foreign intelligence officials, and senior CIA officers was laid out for him. He waited patiently for hard evidence, but it never came. During the course of three lengthy conversations, Schlesinger spent a total of seven hours listening to Angleton's very serious allegations and conspiracies. Schlesinger never doubted Angleton's sincerity; he just never interpreted the evidence the way Angleton did.

He assessed his Counterintelligence chief as a driven, possibly paranoid man, and quietly resisted Angleton's attempts to expand his influence in the new regime.

''Listening to him was like looking at an Impressionist painting,'' Schlesinger explains. ''Jim's mind was devious and allusive, and his conclusions were woven in a quite flimsy manner. His long briefings would wander on, and although he was attempting to convey a great deal, it was always smoke, hints, and bizarre allegations. He might have been a little cracked but he was always sincere.

''But,'' Schlesinger continues, ''if it had gone on much longer, and I had stayed, I would have seen there was nothing behind the curtain and I would have moved him.''[3] (Ironically, Angleton was to regard Schlesinger as one of the best DCIs he had served under.)

Schlesinger was told remarkably little about the Counterintelligence Staff's previous controversies. Vague hints of the Nosenko row were everywhere, but no one explained that this was an issue which had virtually split the agency. However, Schlesinger quickly discovered that the Soviet Bloc Division was still in an inexplicable state of lethargy. He also learned to his alarm that the division had virtually ceased recruiting hard Soviet targets. No one was prepared to brief him on the reasons why.

When Schlesinger looked at Angleton's handling of the Israeli Account (Desk), he was unhappy at the intimacy that had developed over two decades between the Counterintelligence chief and the Israelis. He believed it was a mistake to allow Angleton to continue to control this power center so tightly.[4]

The year 1973—with the Watergate scandal at the center of the national agenda—was also a time for house cleaning, in the course of which Schlesinger stumbled across the existence of ''Operation CHAOS'' (technically ''MH-CHAOS'') within Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff. This top secret project had been started in 1967 in response to a directive from President Johnson ordering the CIA to determine whether the anti-Vietnam War movement was being financed or manipulated by foreign (Communist) governments. Although the FBI was also actively involved in collecting information on and infiltrating protest groups (to give this domestic operation a veneer of legitimacy), the CIA's participation pushed the agency into the gray area of its charter, which forbids it to operate within the United States. Still, thousands of files on the peace movement, New Left activists, campus radicals, and black nationalists were carefully collated in a central registry within Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff.[5]

Schlesinger demanded to know what this large and expensive project had yielded. When he was given the answer, ''Not very much,'' he summoned Angleton to the seventh floor and ordered him to stop the entire operation. ''Jim,'' Schlesinger explained, with unaccustomed patience, ''this thing is not only breaking the law, but we're getting nothing out of it.''[6] Schlesinger might have been tempted to let Operation CHAOS run had it been more productive, but he sensed that it was only continuing because it was fun to do and had taken on a life of its own. In the face of Angleton's strongest objections, Schlesinger abruptly ended the program.[7]

After a tenure of only five months, Schlesinger was reassigned to be Secretary of Defense in July 1973 and a new DCI was appointed. Now, for the first time, the man in charge of the CIA harbored ambivalent attitudes toward the legendary Counterintelligence chief. The days of ''no-knock access'' were finally over.

William Egan Colby was originally, like Angleton, a Helms protégé. Helms had given him nearly all the important assignments that had led him to the seventh floor, including chief of station in Saigon, chief of the Far East Division at the height of the Vietnam War, and then Executive Director–Comptroller (nominally the CIA's third most powerful appointment).

Colby, like Helms and Angleton, was an OSS veteran (he had led Jedburgh units which paratrooped into Nazi-occupied France on dangerous missions behind enemy lines). And, like Angleton, he had served in postwar Italy. He was a Princeton man, but with fewer social connections and less of the genteel snobbery of the patrician Ivy Leaguers who dominated the CIA in its early years. Colby has described himself as a ''middle class type, the son of an Army officer from a public school, who, to help with tuition, had to wait tables in the college dining halls. . . .''[8] He had initially become a lawyer after the war, graduating from Columbia University Law School and practicing in New York City before joining the CIA in 1950.

Bill Colby has been described as a solid but colorless spy. He favored conservative clothes (buttoned-down shirt and a tie) and always spoke in a cool, controlled, polite manner. Despite the mild appearance of his trademark translucent-framed eyeglasses, however, Colby had the reputation of being a tough, intense operator.

His long experience in clandestine operations (which Angleton lacked) had given Colby firm views on the business of intelligence collection, and even stronger opinions about the role of counterintelligence. He had heard too many times of the endless skepticism flowing from Angleton's shop every time the Soviet Division recruited an agent or whenever a Soviet defector gave himself up. His instincts were opposed to the slow, methodical, and incessantly negative aspects of counterintelligence review; he believed that the restraints imposed on the rest of the agency were not justified by the number of spies caught.

At a more personal level, he and Angleton had clashed in Italy during the mid-1950s, particularly over Colby's support for the Christian Democratic Party's ''opening to the left.'' Angleton's own experience in Italy determined his firm view that the Socialists could not be allowed a political foothold. The Communists, he believed, would not be far behind.

Later, there were other disagreements. In the summer of 1965, Colby was chief of the CIA's Far East Division, with special responsibility for developing and running the covert war in Vietnam. Angleton believed, with a passion, that Communist agents had permeated the entire infrastructure of South Vietnam. To combat these penetrations, he was determined to introduce his concepts of counterintelligence operations into the conflict. But Vietnam field operations were an area dominated by the U.S. military, and neither Colby nor Army Intelligence saw any reason for allowing Angleton's small unit to set up shop in Saigon.

Frustrated but unbowed, Angleton decided to run his own covert action to implant counterintelligence officers from Washington into Vietnam. He summoned John Mertz (the future chief of station in South Africa) and instructed him to organize this secret project, which was reminiscent of Angleton's old wartime X-2 operations in Italy.

The plan, which Richard Helms was to criticize as "an old 1944 Cadillac which needed new plugs," called for Mertz quietly to set up Angleton's operatives in Saigon. They would wear uniforms but would not work for the military. Mertz flew to Saigon to try out this idea on the CIA's chief of station, Gordon Jorgenson, who wisely took the idea to the chief of staff of military intelligence in South Vietnam, Major General Joseph McChristian. The head of J-2 responded that he would be delighted to welcome as many men as the CIA could put into the field, but, naturally, they would all have to come under his direct command. (Jorgenson was also very cool to the idea, since Angleton's plan called for the counterintelligence team to set up their own direct channel back to Washington, bypassing Jorgenson and the rest of the CIA station in Saigon.)[9]

The issue then bounced back to CIA headquarters for a solution. A showdown took place involving Angleton, Jorgenson, Colby, and DDO Desmond FitzGerald, who sat as the last court of appeal on the matter. Colby recalls: "My position was that the last thing we needed was another intelligence service in Saigon."[10] When no one else spoke in support of Angleton's plan, FitzGerald confirmed the veto, much to Angleton's disgust.[11]

Angleton held Colby personally responsible for the failure, and criticized him bitterly for his alleged refusal to take counterintelligence seriously in Vietnam. How many Americans had died, Angleton later asked, because the Communists were warned of impending operations by their legions of spies in Saigon? Angleton charged that because of this there was blood on Colby's hands.[12]

During the Vietnam era, Angleton even went so far as to harbor doubts about Colby's loyalty, suspicions that were raised after Colby had become the subject of an Angleton-directed security investigation.

While serving in Saigon, Colby had casually met a French medical doctor on three or four social occasions. According to the CIA's book of rules, a station chief like Colby should have reported all substantive meetings with potentially useful foreigners, but he appears not to have done so in this case. He had been unaware at the time that the Frenchman was suspected of being a Soviet GRU agent. Later, the CIA picked up some of the doctor's incriminating radio transmissions from Vietnam. Years afterwards, the doctor was caught in Paris by French security officials passing intelligence documents to his GRU case officer.

Scotty Miler traveled to Saigon in 1971 to work on this French-GRU case. While there, he first picked up the Colby angle. This connection was taken very seriously by Angleton, who ordered a full investigation to establish whether Colby's failure to report the meetings with the Frenchman were more than oversight.

Miler was formally sent to interview Colby, who had by then become Executive Director–Comptroller of the CIA. The taking of formal statements from the CIA's third most powerful official in connection with the possibility of his involvement in a Soviet spy case was awkward. Colby readily confessed that he remembered the Frenchman, but only very vaguely. He said there had been no significance to these social meetings and dismissed the whole incident.[13] Miler concluded that nothing suspicious had happened between Colby and the Frenchman. Even so, the paperwork went into a new Counterintelligence Staff file marked ''William Colby,'' and Angleton never forgot the inquiry (which was later anonymously leaked to the press after Angleton had retired).[14]

In early 1973, after Helms resigned, James Schlesinger named Colby to be DDO—head of all clandestine operations, a job he had coveted for many years. Colby thus became Angleton's direct superior, and for the first time he began to pay close attention to the Counterintelligence chief and what his staff was doing. Colby soon started to use his new authority to trim Angleton's activities.

In the face of heavy protest from Angleton, Colby quietly suspended ''HT-LINGUAL,'' which like Operation CHAOS was another constitutionally questionable operation being run by the Counterintelligence chief. Basically, it was a huge secret mail-opening scheme, started in 1955, and aimed at finding out whether illegal Soviet agents hidden in the United States were communicating to and from the USSR through the U.S. mails. (Another objective was to find key Soviet citizens—such as nuclear scientists and military officers—whose letters to friends and relatives in the United States might reveal useful intelligence or indicate that they were vulnerable to American recruitment.)[15]

Colby served as DDO for only five months before he replaced Schlesinger as DCI. During that brief period, he had strongly indicated to Schlesinger that Angleton's time may have come, but Schlesinger took no action. However, once Colby had been sworn in as DCI in September 1973, it was obvious that Angleton's day of reckoning was at hand.

Colby was alarmed to learn the details of the Angleton-Golitsyn theories. His alarm turned to concern when he learned that Angleton had handed over classified files to the Soviet defector. And that concern mounted when he discovered the paralysis that had settled over the Soviet Division's operations; the molehunt and the list of HONETOL victims; the names of Western political leaders who were considered to be KGB agents; the "SAPPHIRE," Bennett, Hollis, and Lygren disasters; and, finally, Ed Petty's suspicions against Angleton. Colby realized he could no longer employ the man who even he acknowledged was a CIA institution.

Colby had a fundamental disagreement with Angleton about the very nature and philosophy of counterintelligence work. "For seven years before I became DCI," says Colby, "Helms had stressed the recruitment of 'hard targets'—indeed, the toughest targets worldwide. After all, the main function of the Soviet Division—its mission—is to recruit Soviets. But here was Jim Angleton, whose staff spent their time *blocking* these recruitments. The staff spent all of their time checking out the backgrounds of potential recruits and not the information they carried."[16]

Colby had long believed that the true function of the agency was to collect and analyze information for the President and his policymakers. He maintained that it was not the CIA's function to fight the KGB; the KGB was merely an obstacle en route to scaling the walls surrounding the Politburo and the Central Committee. In Colby's mind, his concept of the CIA's mission was an article of faith. But in Angleton he saw only a KGB fighter and a failed spycatcher.

And even if the damage caused by the molehunts were ignored, Colby concluded that Angleton had simply not been very good at his job. "I couldn't find that we ever caught a spy under Jim," explains Colby. "That really bothered me. Every time I asked the second floor about this question, I got 'Well, maybe' and 'Perhaps,' but nothing hard. Now I don't care what Jim's political views were as long as he did his job properly, and I'm afraid, in that respect, he was not a good CI chief.

"As far as I was concerned, the role of the Counterintelligence Staff was basically to secure penetrations into the Russian intelligence services and to debrief defectors. Now I'm not saying that's easy, but then CI was never easy. As far as this business of *finding* Soviet penetrations within the CIA, well, we have the whole Office of Security to protect us. That is their job.

"So, how many operations was Jim running against the Soviets when I took over? I never heard of a single one along the required lines. This was one of his problems. It's especially a problem if you sit in an office like he had and read papers all the time.

"The isolation of the Counterintelligence Staff from the Soviet Division was a huge problem. Everyone knew it. The CI Staff was so far out on its own, so independent, that it had nothing to do with the rest of the agency. The staff was so secretive and self-contained that its work was not integrated into the rest of the agency's operations. There was a total lack of cooperation. I found that situation quite impossible. I am a pragmatist.

"To make matters worse, in 1973, the Soviet Division *still* wasn't producing agents to operate against the Soviets, and I had to give them speeches to stress the importance of their mission. 'Let's go, let's go!' I told them. 'Let's recruit all over the world!'

"It must have had some effect because one of the guys went off and promptly recruited a Russian in a steambath!"[17]

In the spring of 1974, six months after Colby became the DCI, he took the first step toward removing the Israeli Account from Angleton's control by rerouting all communications from Israel through the DDO and Near East Division, instead of through Angleton's office. This change had been Schlesinger's wish, but he had not had the time to follow through.

On Colby's first introductory trip to Israel, he discovered to his astonishment that Angleton had imposed a tight restriction that prohibited the CIA station in Tel Aviv from communicating directly with the CIA station in Cairo (or any other Middle East capital). All information or messages had to be sent first through Angleton's office in Washington.[18]

Colby felt that Angleton's obsessively secret and uniquely cumbersome restriction unnecessarily slowed down vital communications, especially during the Yom Kippur War of 1973. He believed the DDO and Near East Division needed to see the cable traffic much faster to be able to make timely decisions, and that Israel had become far too important a component of U.S. foreign policy to continue to handle intelligence distribution this way.

"That situation was absolute nonsense," Colby says now. "It was a silly way for an intelligence service to operate. I started the process of change of the Israeli Account right then."[19] Angleton's only defense of his old system was to argue that "our Israeli relations are too sensitive to change."

Colby had really wanted to take the Israeli Account away from Angleton entirely, but he decided to postpone the moment.

Colby also called for the files to be brought to him on an odd little operation that Angleton had been quietly running all on his own since 1955. This involved an exclusive Counterintelligence Staff source who had provided Angleton and previous DCIs with a mixture of information and titillation. Like Operations CHAOS and HT-LINGUAL, this operation now appeared to be supplying little hard intelligence of any value.

The secret CIA asset was Jay Lovestone, a Communist before he underwent a complete political conversion.[20] After World War II, Lovestone was placed in charge of the powerful AFL-CIO's international affairs department. He secretly identified Communists in the American labor movement and acted as a conduit between the AFL-CIO and the CIA. Angleton ran him, from 1955 on, through an aide, Stephen Millett, the counterintelligence officer who headed the Israeli Desk at Langley.[21] Lovestone's payments and logistics were handled in New York by Mario Brod, Angleton's lawyer friend, who also took care of Golitsyn's problems.[22]

For years, Lovestone was paid to send the CIA information on trade union matters in the United States, Europe, Africa, and Latin America. Lovestone mischievously included great gobs of political rumors and personal gossip of a sexual nature in his voluminous reports. Angleton often showed selected tidbits to DCIs like Dulles, McCone, and Helms. He also allowed his most loyal friends in British intelligence to read items that Lovestone had culled from the United Kingdom, where he had good contacts with the Trades Union Congress and the Labour Party.[23] Angleton formally recorded Lovestone's intelligence in a series of memos he code-named the ''JX Reports.'' Each was carefully marked ''JX,'' followed by a four-digit reference number.

Over the years, the JX Reports began to fill the drawers and safes of Angleton's second-floor empire. Ed Petty, who read many of the reports during his probe of Angleton, was deeply unimpressed by the quality of the intelligence. He regarded it as political gossip of no significance, mainly low-grade tittle-tattle emanating from an odd assortment of rightists and leftists throughout Europe and the United States. According to Petty, Lovestone's sources were people who were not authorities on anything that mattered to the CIA.[24]

Colby thought the Lovestone operation might be unconstitutional. If such a source was producing useful *overseas* intelligence, he concluded, it would pass agency guidelines. But if it involved spying or intelligence collection on American citizens inside the United States, it was clearly illegal. Colby, an unusual mixture of clandestine operator and honest manager, would not tolerate operations that stepped over the line—especially during the Watergate years.

With minimum fuss, Colby quietly authorized a CIA officer to secretly investigate and assess Angleton's operations with Lovestone. Covert funds were allocated to finance this special project.

The officer concluded that the Lovestone operation provided no useful information and was inherently risky to the CIA, should it be publicized. In addition, Lovestone was then too old (at seventy-four) and inactive to be of further value. He firmly recommended that the operation should be terminated without more ado.[25]

Colby then called Angleton to his office and read him extracts from the report and its recommendations. He told Angleton that he was closing Lovestone down, effective immediately, and would listen to no arguments. All CIA funds to Lovestone were to be stopped and all official contact with him was to cease. Angleton left the meeting in a fury.[26]

By now, Colby had concluded that enough was enough. He began calling Angleton into his office for more pointed conversations, gently hinting that it might finally be time, after twenty years on the job, for Angleton to yield. Colby even mentioned the possibility of other interesting assignments.[27]

But Angleton did not wish to be winkled out.

On December 17, 1974, Colby called Angleton into his office once again to tell him that he was taking the entire Israeli Account away from him.[28] The DCI stressed that he wanted Angleton to give up the Counterintelligence Staff as soon as possible, and offered him instead a post as a special consultant, in which he would compile his experiences for the CIA's historical record.

''I told him to leave the staff to write up what he had done during his career,'' Colby recalls. ''This reflected my desire to get rid of him, but in a dignified way—so he could get down his experience on paper. No one knew what he had done! I didn't! I told him to take either the consultancy or honorable retirement. We also discussed that he would get a higher pension if he accepted early retirement.''

Colby remembers that Angleton again refused all of his offers. ''He dug in his heels. I couldn't get him to leave the job on his own. I just couldn't edge him out. I told him, 'You think about it for two or three days.' ''[29]

By then, Colby was beginning to have concerns about Angleton's mental health. He found his Counterintelligence chief's sheer intensity overwhelming. He even began to worry that Angleton might shoot himself if his job was taken from him. Since Angleton wore his legend like a shield, Colby did not have the courage to fire him.

The next day, December 18, Seymour Hersh, then the top investigative reporter for the *New York Times,* phoned Colby and told him, ''I have a story bigger than My Lai.'' (Hersh had earlier won a Pulitzer Prize for uncovering that massacre of unarmed Vietnamese civilians by American GIs.) Colby owed Hersh a favor because the reporter had withheld publication of a sensitive story at his request earlier that year, so the DCI agreed to meet him in his office to discuss this lastest scoop.[30]

At that session two days later, Hersh revealed that he had discovered both of the domestic operations run by Angleton: Operations CHAOS and HT-LINGUAL. He intended to publish the news that the CIA had engaged in a massive spying campaign against thousands of American citizens (which violated the CIA charter). Colby tried to contain the damage, and he attempted to correct some of the exaggerations Hersh had picked up. But, in so doing, he effectively confirmed Hersh's information.

Angleton and his loyal colleagues and friends later charged that Colby had deliberately fed the story to Hersh in the first place, especially given the coincidental timing. But both Colby and Hersh vehemently deny this allegation.[31] Colby was never a popular DCI, and he later suffered from taunts that he had willfully given away the CIA's "crown jewels." But there is no evidence that Colby deliberately damaged the CIA's reputation at all, let alone just to oust Angleton.

The meeting between Colby and Hersh took place on Friday, December 20. Before the reporter left, he warned the DCI that he would probably publish in two days' time.

Colby now summoned Angleton to his office. He explained the background of the *Times*'s imminent disclosure—and that it would specifically allege that Angleton had broken the law by running an illegal operation. "This story is going to be tough to handle," he told Angleton. "We've talked about your leaving before.

"You will now leave, period."[32]

After twenty years as head of the Counterintelligence Staff, James Jesus Angleton was officially ordered to give up the job.[33]

Angleton's old FBI friend Donald Moore was in the corridor as the Counterintelligence chief left Colby's office. "Jim's face was a thundercloud," Moore remembers. "He looked really worried, depressed, and downcast. He just looked beat. I knew something was wrong and said to him, 'Jesus, Jim, it can't be that bad. What's the matter?' Jim wouldn't say what it was. He simply replied, 'It's horrible, Don. It's awful. You'll soon read all about it.' "[34]

As Angleton got back to his own office, he found Peter Wright, the British MI5 officer, waiting for him to return for a scheduled appointment. "He looked awful," recalls Wright. "His face was a sort of gray-blue color. 'Peter, I've just been fired,' he said. But he wouldn't say more. I didn't want to stay."[35]

But Angleton had one last card to play. In desperation, he went to a public pay phone and called Seymour Hersh. He begged him not to run the pending story. As an inducement, he promised to give the journalist other classified information to publish instead. Hersh regarded the offer as a plain bribe.

''He told me he had other stories which were much better,'' says Hersh. ''He really wanted to buy me off with these leads. One of the things he offered sounded very real—he said it was about something the United States was doing inside the Soviet Union. It could have been totally poppycock, who knows. I didn't write it. I thought it was bizarre that Angleton thought he could distract me by telling me about *operational* stuff that was going on.

''After talking to Angleton, I then called Colby up to tell him that I thought his man was totally off the reservation—that, in essence, he was totally crazy.''[36]

The story ran on the front page of the *New York Times* on Sunday morning, December 22. Angleton was prominently identified and quoted in the long article as an ''unrelenting cold warrior'' who had ''directed'' these illegal domestic operations. For the next week, his career became the focus of intense public scrutiny as this story was reported and repeated many times on radio and television and in newspapers around the world. Reporters camped at his doorstep, clamoring for pictures and answers. Congress indicated there would have to be a public accounting.

Overnight, Angleton's twenty-five years of secret work were suddenly ended. He blinked and shrank from the vulgar and noisy publicity. The generous front lawn of his Arlington home became a press and TV reserve where the hunter was the hunted, stalked by the deadly pencils, flashbulbs, and microphones of a media pack. The worse for wear from alcohol and insomnia, Angleton unwisely met with the reporters for a few moments. But he spoke in some private code—no one seemed to understand what point he was making. The untransmitted film of that sad moment shows him walking uncertainly to his battered old Mercedes and driving off. Reporters were as baffled as he was by the encounter.[37]

Angleton's most poignant farewell was seen by David Phillips, the former head of the CIA's Western Hemisphere Division. He remembered the pathos of the moment when Angleton's ''retirement'' was announced internally at a high-level DDO staff meeting. A shocked silence greeted the news. Angleton had recovered sufficiently to address the meeting with what some in the CIA irreverently called his ''Nature of the Threat'' speech. His presentation contained ''dire predictions, grim warnings, and suspicion of détente,'' Phillips recalled. ''It was a gloomy forecast. We were uncomfortable. . . .

''Leaving the building that night I caught up with Angleton, who was walking very slowly through the darkness to his black Mercedes. We talked for a few minutes, standing in the diffused glow of a distant light. Angleton's head was lowered, but occasionally he glanced up from under the brim of his black homburg at the looming CIA building. . . .

''We then rambled on about nothing particular. I thought to myself that I had never seen a man who looked so infinitely tired and sad. We shook hands. And I got into my car, backed out of the parking space, and drove toward the exit. In the rear-view mirror I could see Angleton's tall, gaunt figure growing smaller and smaller. He was still standing beside his car looking up at the building when I turned a corner.''[38]

Angleton watched his empire disintegrate with dismay. ''Two hundred years of counterintelligence thrown away,'' he muttered despairingly (and somewhat hyperbolically) to Peter Wright.[39] In a subsequent letter to his friend Marcel Chalet, head of the French DST, Angleton wrote: ''The past weeks have been a nightmare, not unlike walking down a dark alley and being dealt a near-fatal blow on the head in an allegedly friendly neighborhood.''[40]

For the first time, Angleton seemed uncertain of himself, trapped inside his own wilderness of mirrors.

Cicely, now separated from him, was at their second home in Tucson on the day of his forced resignation. He asked her to fly back East, and when she arrived two days later she found him ''very mad'' and ''royally drunk.'' ''Jim was in a terrible state,'' she recalls. ''I called the doctor to give him tranquilizers, and he came and knocked Jim out.''[41]

The tremors of Angleton's dismissal rumbled throughout Western intelligence as the shock waves vibrated to the liaison staffs in Washington and out to Ottawa, London, the continent of Europe, and on to Israel. The father of Western counterintelligence had been displaced—and gone with him were his closest aides and his philosophy. Counterintelligence would be different from then on, and the Fundamentalists were the first to acknowledge the new reality. Peter Wright, then an assistant director of MI5 in London, sensed that it was all over for him and for the rest of Angleton's followers.

''Jim was the one man who held us all together,'' Wright emphasizes. ''He *was* counterintelligence. When he went, it was only a question of time before we would all go, too. Our generation, our style, our philosophies . . . so much had sprung from him. He was the inspiration, and when his light went out, so did ours.''[42]

After Angleton's enforced resignation, the former Counterintelligence chief seemed unable to give up the freehold of his office. But soon after Colby asked him to leave, Angleton was deprived of all new information. Still, he continued coming in to work for another nine months to clear out his files and help with the transition. His actual retirement date was fixed for the end of September 1975.[43]

He stayed long enough, however, to witness the careful dismembering of nearly everything he had constructed on the second floor.

On the Monday after Angleton had been politely asked to quit the CIA, Bill Colby's DDO, William Nelson, called Angleton's three top deputies into his office to discuss their futures.

Nelson was a CIA manager in the Colby image—shrewd, pragmatic, and a veteran of clandestine work in the Far East.

Nelson understood counterintelligence well, but he had little time for the theater or mystique of the Counterintelligence Staff. Nor did he have sentimental pangs about breaking up the gang on the second floor if it became necessary. He liked and admired Angleton personally, but was convinced that Angleton had completely fallen under Golitsyn's sway, becoming victim to what Nelson called a Svengali operation. Above all, Nelson, like Colby, wanted an end to the open warfare between the Counterintelligence Staff and the Soviet Bloc Division so that the directorate could pursue unimpeded and aggressive operations against the Soviets.

As Nelson faced Angleton's lieutenants—the triumvirate of Ray Rocca, Scotty Miler, and the newly arrived William Hood—he pointed out quietly but firmly that he would welcome their continued presence, but they would have to accept that henceforth the staff would be undergoing some basic changes. He offered to appoint Rocca as the replacement Counterintelligence chief.

But neither Rocca nor Miler was prepared to stay on. The meeting, which crackled with tension, lasted forty-five minutes, and in that time Angleton's two longtime colleagues made it plain that a CIA without Angleton was not a CIA for them, either. Nelson shrugged, saying he would have been happy to keep them, but he did not press or renew his offer.[44]

Scotty Miler has a different recollection of that meeting. ''Nelson called me in,'' Miler says, ''and told me bluntly that Jim had decided to retire. Nelson then asked me what I was going to do. I said, 'Well, I guess I'll retire too.' And he just said, 'Good.' Rocca said he would retire, too.

''I then went to see Colby and he said he wanted me to stay. He said I was too young to retire. But then he also said I'd never work in CI again. He offered me a foreign assignment as a chief of station. We had a rather inconclusive chat. Within twenty minutes after I left his office, Colby called me back and informed me that he had decided to abolish my [CI Staff] job as Chief of Operations so that I could retire and qualify for a full pension.''[45]

At the end of 1974, the Counterintelligence Staff had comprised 165 people. Initially, the main staff cuts were applied to the specialized units or support groups. With the termination of the molehunt, and the end of HONETOL and Golitsyn's preeminence, the SIG unit was promptly abolished.

But this early surgery on Angleton's staff was readily acknowledged to be preliminary and cosmetic, because none of the new senior replacements was yet in a position to comprehend just what the Counterintelligence Staff had actually been up to for the last decade. The newcomers were still trying to determine who had done what, why, to whom, what were the results, and *where* were the results. The picture that greeted the new team was opaque.

Leonard McCoy, who had positioned himself very firmly on Nosenko's side during the trauma, had been appointed the new deputy chief of the Counterintelligence Staff. He had received a direct indoctrination briefing from Angleton as soon as he joined the staff. ''Can you come in for a minute?'' Angleton asked. McCoy entered Angleton's office with his clipboard and pen poised.

Angleton began by acknowledging responsibility for the Nosenko case—which he knew had preoccupied McCoy for many years. In a surprisingly frank discourse, he gave McCoy previously unknown details about the intricacies of the affair, while continuing to stress that Nosenko was a fraud.

''Next, he launched into his bread-and-butter speech on the Soviet master plot,'' recalls McCoy. ''This was his standard version about disinformation, strategic deception, and KGB moles everywhere. It was the briefing Bill Colby always said he could never understand.

''Jim spoke with his head down. And, when he made a point, he would look up at me for emphasis; otherwise, he rarely faced me or made eye contact.

''When he moved on to the Sino-Soviet split, he gave as his example the defection of Soviet scientist Mikhail Klochko in Canada. That was his 'proof' for stating without equivocation that one of the greatest schisms in the Communist world was a fake!

''He then began to warm up and explain that the apparent Soviet difficulties with a number of eastern European Socialist countries was also part of a massive strategic deception as mounted by former KGB Chief Shelepin and 'revealed' by Golitsyn. He told me the tensions between [Nicolae] Ceauşescu's Romania and Moscow were a part of this deception, as was the Soviet-Yugoslav split, and as was the Soviet-Albanian split.

''Then he really got going. He stressed that the whole Prague Spring episode [Premier Alexander Dubček's abortive reform movement in

Czechoslovakia, which ended in the 1968 invasion by Soviet tanks] was part of the grand deception, and that the Soviets and Czechs had really worked together on the invasion. Their purpose had been to flush out what Jim called 'the pinks,' namely, 'weak' Communists, who would be eliminated in due course. Jim claimed that Dubček was a part of the conspiracy. I must say, this was an unusual theory, and one of which the Soviet Bloc Division had been remarkably ignorant.''[46]

The more Angleton warmed to his thesis, the more he quoted Golitsyn as his source. McCoy, for his part, said nothing beyond polite expressions of surprise and low murmurs of comprehension of each new point. He wrote nothing down.

As the briefing rolled on, Angleton explained that he had discovered that all the alleged differences between Moscow and western Europe's fast-developing Communist structures (the new Euro-Communists) were also part of the global theater. The Euro-Communists were only acting this disgruntled role to deceive their own home governments into believing that they were more moderate than they actually were.

In conclusion, Angleton solemnly presented his list of prominent KGB agents known to the CIA: Western statesmen, politicians, and industrialists, stressing the name of the British prime minister, Harold Wilson.

''Jim drew no particular moral attitudes from this apocalyptic view,'' McCoy adds. ''He just seemed to be telling me that this was the way of the wicked old world. I thanked him for the chat and left his office. I never did write a word of it down. We never spoke again in the months that he stayed on.''[47]

But McCoy's indoctrination was nothing compared to what Angleton had in mind for his own successor.

22

BACKWARDS IN THE MIRROR

"I think the time comes to all men when they no longer serve their country."

—JAMES ANGLETON, DECEMBER 1974[1]

THE MAN COLBY CHOSE TO REPLACE ANGLETON WAS DELIBERATELY plucked from the jungle.

George Kalaris could not have been more neutral to the Angleton controversies had he come from halfway up the Amazon—which, in effect, he did. Kalaris was chief of station in Brasília when he received a cable from CIA headquarters on Christmas Eve, 1974, ordering him to return to Washington at once and take over the Counterintelligence Staff.

The new chief was a slimly built, second-generation Greek American in the mold of Solon. He had a long, prominent nose, a shy, friendly smile, and a generously self-deprecating manner. Originally from Montana, Kalaris had started his Washington career as a civil servant–lawyer in the Labor Department (and spoke fluent French and Greek) before he joined the CIA in 1952. In the course of a notable career in the clandestine side of the house, he became one of Colby's trusted Far East specialists. He worked his way through operational assignments in Indonesia and Laos, and later served as a branch chief in Colby's Far East Division. His acquisition of the manuals and actual warhead of the Soviet SA-2 missile was credited by the Defense Intelligence Agency with saving literally hundreds of pilots and countless aircraft over Vietnam.

He had been chief of station in the key Manila posting before moving on to South America.

Kalaris had a natural and practical affinity for clandestine work. Colleagues describe him as a dependable and very fair administrator, who grasped complex problems quickly and made shrewd, insightful judgments. He also maintained a good sense of humor, a prerequisite for the responsibilities of counterintelligence. Furthermore, he understood the craft well, having practiced it regularly at CIA stations in the field. Counterintelligence was not an intellectual challenge to him, nor a major philosophy. He had not been part of the Counterintelligence Staff during the Angleton years; nor had he been involved in any of its internal politicking. Indeed, Kalaris shared nothing with Angleton beyond loyalty to the service and an incurable addiction to nicotine.[2]

''I put George in there because he's a very good, straightforward fellow,'' says Colby. ''He wasn't flashy. He knew how to run stations, and I had trust and faith in him. The situation needed a sensible person like him to put the place together again after all the chaos. I also needed someone who had not taken a side on any of the major issues.

''I wrote George a very basic memorandum of instruction. I ordered him to go to it—to go get agents, to go penetrate the enemy.

''I also made it crystal clear to him that he reported not to me, but directly to my DDO, Bill Nelson. CI was Nelson's problem. The days of the golden key, the traditional Angleton 'no-knock' right of direct access to the Head Man, were over once and for all.''[3]

Kalaris was introduced to Angleton for the first time in Bill Nelson's office on December 31, 1974—Kalaris's first day back at Langley from Brazil. In Nelson's presence, Angleton bowed lightly in submission to the new chief and invited him back to his second-floor office. Once inside, the humility disappeared and he began to give Kalaris a stern warning about why he was unsuited for his new job and why it would prove to be a bad career move. Angleton then politely informed Kalaris that he intended to ''crush'' him.

''It's nothing really personal,'' said Angleton. ''It's just that you are caught in the middle of a big battle between Colby and me. I feel sorry for you. I've studied your personnel records, and I repeat, you are going to be crushed.''[4]

Kalaris shrugged. He was annoyed by Angleton's threat, but he knew he had nothing to fear as long as he had the patronage of Colby and Nelson.

Angleton continued talking to the twenty-two-year CIA veteran as if he were a mere trainee. "To qualify for working on *my* staff," Angleton instructed, "you would need eleven years of continuous study of old cases, starting with The Trust and the *Rote Kapelle* and so on. Not ten years, not twelve, but precisely eleven. My staff has made a detailed study of these requirements. And even that much experience would make you only a journeyman counterintelligence analyst."

As Kalaris listened politely, Angleton turned to the subjects of Golitsyn, strategic deception, disinformation, penetration, the Sino-Soviet split—all of the touchstones of his philosophy.

Kalaris sat down, removed his jacket, crossed his legs, and lit up.

Western political parties had been penetrated by the Soviets, Angleton explained; so had Western businesses, Western military units, and, worse still, Western counterintelligence. The Counterintelligence Staff had been a primary target, because it was the shield. If the Soviets had senior Western counterintelligence officers in their pocket, then they controlled the entire intelligence service.

Angleton noted that every counterintelligence service in western Europe had been penetrated by the KGB. The Soviets had *not* been successful in compromising the CIA's Counterintelligence Staff, he said, because he had been there to protect it for twenty years. "But this is not true of the Soviet Division," Angleton explained. "It *has* been penetrated."

Kalaris's jaw fell lower.

Angleton stressed that Golitsyn was the most important defector in history. It was he who had expounded the KGB's master plot to infiltrate the West and destroy it from within.

None of Kalaris's closer colleagues had warned him of Angleton's celebrated briefings. The two-hour monologue finally ended when Angleton explained that he was still trying to get the President of the United States to meet with Golitsyn.

Angleton next ushered in his grim-faced deputies, Rocca and Miler. Kalaris coughed and hacked his way through the rest of his pack of cigarettes as they delivered their set pieces. He left the office stunned.

The next day, Kalaris reported in at his usual eight-thirty in the morning, only to discover that Angleton traditionally turned up some two hours later. So the new chief wandered over to Ray Rocca's office and asked him for an operational briefing. Rocca claimed to know very little about current cases. Why was that, Kalaris asked, still burning with the fever of Angleton's briefing.

"We operate on a strict need-to-know basis," said the bearded Rocca—the deputy chief of Counterintelligence since 1972. "If Jim thinks I need to know, fine; if not, then not."

Kalaris then asked another simple question: "Tell me all about

Golitsyn.'' Rocca replied that he knew very little about the defector or his handling.

Perplexed, Kalaris countered, ''Ray, you're the deputy in here. Jim stressed Golitsyn's importance to me yesterday.''

Still no briefing. Kalaris concluded this was turning into a waste of valuable coffee-drinking time.

''What *can* you tell me about, Ray?'' he asked patiently.

''I can tell you all about The Trust,'' Rocca replied brightly.

''But that all happened a half century ago,'' wailed Kalaris in despair. ''I want to know what's happening *now!*''

Rocca continually referred Kalaris to Angleton after each successive question. Finally, Kalaris acknowledged defeat and went for his coffee.

When Angleton eventually arrived for work, Kalaris asked him for an up-to-date situation report: current cases, operations, personnel problems, budgets, and so on. To his alarm, Angleton instead began to talk again at length about Golitsyn and his brilliant analysis of the international Communist threat. A great sense of *déjà vu* descended on Kalaris. Angleton next launched a ferocious attack on Colby, bitterly complaining how Colby had destroyed the CIA's counterintelligence capability, and how he had taken the Israeli Account away.

Angleton also specifically complained that the Counterintelligence Staff had lost the right to vet DDO assets—the new sources being developed by the case officers in the field. As a former senior official in the clandestine service, Kalaris knew the answer to that one. The vetting process had become so inefficient under Angleton that it was taking up to six months to clear an operation. CIA officers trying to develop assets were seeing them slip from their grasp during the interminable wait for head office approval. Colby had turned over the vetting process to the CIA's Foreign Intelligence Staff, which had quickly revived it.

At midday, Angleton took Kalaris to one of his celebrated liaison lunches at La Niçoise in Georgetown. The waiters bowed and scraped on cue as Angleton entered the restaurant. The two men were ushered to Angleton's usual table, where a senior British liaison officer was already waiting. Angleton tossed down four huge martinis as he and his foreign guest, to the deliberate and humiliating exclusion of Kalaris, proceeded to talk in code about several active cases of which the new chief as yet knew nothing.

On their return to Langley, a stack of cables awaited Angleton in his office (now officially Kalaris's office, though he had temporarily taken a smaller adjacent room as he waited politely for Angleton to leave). Had Jim read any of these cables, Kalaris asked. ''No,'' answered

Angleton bluntly. ''Well, I guess I better start reading them,'' said Kalaris heavily. He turned to Angleton's (now his) secretary (the loyal Bertha Dasenburg had retired several years earlier) and instructed her to ensure that *all* future cable traffic come to him first. The secretary looked at Angleton and winced. Kalaris made a mental note to dispense with her services as soon as possible.

As Kalaris went on to assemble his own deputies and they began to consolidate their arrival, the time for game playing with the *ancien régime* finally came to an end. Kalaris was becoming increasingly anxious to find out what had actually been going on inside the staff.

First, his new team attacked the Fort Knox array of safes and vaults. Expeditionary forces led by intrepid junior officers found entire sets of vaults and sealed rooms scattered all around the second and third floors of CIA headquarters.

Even before these safes were opened, one team (literally searching on its hands and knees) had discovered a packet of some forty-five letters which had slipped behind a safe and lain there unopened for five years. This political time bomb was placed unceremoniously on Kalaris's desk. Gingerly, he poked the pile and established that this mail was an infinitesimal part from the take of HT-LINGUAL, which had simply gotten lost inside Angleton's domain. These letters had been sent by Soviet citizens and Americans visiting the USSR to people in the United States. All of the addressees were friends or relatives, rather than spies and traitors.

Kalaris contemplated the pile with anguish. He knew full well that it was a federal offense for him even to have the letters in his possession, let alone open them or, God forbid, destroy them. The pile ticked menacingly in his in-tray for several days as he devised a plan for what to do. This was the post-Watergate reform era. He and the CIA needed another scandal like rowboats need hurricanes.[5]

Kalaris eventually untied the Gordian knot by using a series of untraceable cut-outs to have the letters dumped on an earnest young Capitol Hill staffer who was preparing evidence for congressional hearings on Operations CHAOS and HT-LINGUAL. The CIA's involvement was suitably obscured. (The letters were eventually forwarded to the addressees with an apology, although there was no clue provided for the puzzled recipients as to why the U.S. mail had taken five full years to deliver them.)

As the Kalaris commandos pressed forward, they came across safes which had not been opened for ten years. No one on Angleton's remaining staff knew what was in them. Worse, no one had the combinations anymore. In one case, Kalaris was forced to call in the CIA's Office of Security, which sent over a crack team of safebusters to drill open the door. The entire safe-checking operation took several weeks to complete, since there were more than forty safes involved, each weighing about 1,000 pounds. The final stages of each opening were accompanied by a breathless hush, as a trained counterintelligence officer withdrew the contents.

The audience cheered when, inside one stubborn safe, they extracted a primitive African bow and arrow (it had come from South Africa). In others they found tapes, photographs, and ''bizarre things of which I shall never ever speak''—as Kalaris later muttered mysteriously to his team.

There was one enormous safe—everyone called it the ''Grandpa'' safe—which was located in a storage room down the hall from the main Counterintelligence Staff offices. The troops reckoned that this huge contraption with five file drawers inside had come from Angleton's own office. When an Office of Security safecracker finally opened it, they found it crammed with Angleton's own most super-sensitive files, memoranda, notes, and letters. Among these papers were files from the Sir Roger Hollis and Graham Mitchell investigations. There were also files on journalists, including a number of reporters who had worked in Moscow.

To the surprise of the new team, they discovered that Angleton had not entered any of the official documents from these safes into the CIA's central filing system. Nothing had been filed, recorded, or sent to the secretariat. It would take a team of highly trained specialists another three full years just to sort, classify, file, and log the material into the CIA system.[6]

Angleton left behind three main vaults on which the Kalaris team focused their attention. Firstly, there was his own front office vault, which contained executive office materials; files produced by Angleton, his secretary, or Rocca; and anything Angleton needed for further reference. Secondly, there was a vault holding the HT-LINGUAL files, containing boxes filled with copies of letters intercepted from the mail-opening program. Thirdly, and most importantly, there was the substantive vault of counterintelligence records, which contained some forty thousand files stored in endless racks of brown envelopes. In all, there were ten racks with double rows, each rack standing 8 feet high and some 40 feet long. As far as the new team could determine, a large number of these files were not at all relevant to proper counterintelligence functions and had no real value. They contained data on foreigners, dead individuals (for historical purposes), former KGB and GRU officers, and U.S. politicians and legislative aides who had been in contact with Soviet bloc assets or the KGB.[7]

The files had been deliberately segregated for the private use of the

Counterintelligence Staff, thus placing one of the most sensitive and delicate functions of the CIA beyond executive control. As these records were restricted to the second floor only, they were kept organized and guarded by a staff officer posted at the vault every day. Access to the files was recorded in a logbook. Although the rest of the Directorate of Operations had been undertaking a crash program since 1972 to computerize its archives, none of this counterintelligence data had been entered because Angleton did not believe in the technology, nor was he going to share information through terminals blinking his secrets throughout the building.

In other words, Angleton had been quietly building an alternative CIA, subscribing only to his rules, beyond peer review or executive supervision.

Leonard McCoy waded through some four hundred of these name files before he concluded that the procedure was too time-consuming and exhausting for him to complete. He ordered his staff to finish the chore and to report to him on the merits of maintaining specific records. When they had finished the tedious work, they advised McCoy to retain less than one half of 1 percent of the total, or no more than 150–200 out of the 40,000.

McCoy ordered these few sanctioned records to be placed into the central registry, and the remainder to be rechecked again page by page for relevant material. The discards were then to be burned. (It was to take years just to destroy all of these files. The process was still continuing when McCoy left the staff a full four years later, in 1978.) He also advised that neither Angleton nor Rocca should be told of the destruction of their files.

Kalaris and McCoy then instituted a strict new policy for the creation of a Counterintelligence Staff file. The primary criterion was that there had to be a ''reasonable national security suspicion'' before a file could be opened on any person. On Kalaris's watch, very few new files were opened.[8]

When the Kalaris commandos reached Jay Lovestone's ''JX Reports,'' the reviewers paused for breath and sat down to read them in loving detail. They contained a remarkable amount of high-class dinner-table gossip, including, by volume, approximately one foot of pages full of Washington chatter alone. The files confirmed that Angleton had indeed routed much of this salacious tittle-tattle to the DCI's office on the seventh floor. When the readers had finished their review, Kalaris phoned the chief of the DDO's Labor Division (the CIA section which should have been running the Lovestone operation all along) to reveal the existence of the Lovestone connection and invite him to take over the whole ''JX'' filing system. (When this officer heard the news, he loudly feigned a nervous breakdown. He had never been told that Lovestone was a regular CIA informant-cum-agent!)

A flanking platoon of Kalaris aides was delayed for several weeks when they came across Rocca's famous Research and Analysis files on The Trust and the old wartime *Rote Kapelle.* (They discovered no less than forty separate studies on The Trust alone.) Beyond those half-century-old insights, they found files researching yet another decades-old caper: a World War II operation involving Soviet deception of the Nazis in the Caucasus. Kalaris was unable to comprehend their relevance to the real world of 1975.

Kalaris and McCoy personally led the elite force that stormed the inner sanctum: the super-secret Special Investigation Group's office and vault. Despite all of Angleton's gloomy briefings, they found not one single shred of hard evidence in the hundreds of SIG files that proved any of the accusations against any of the HONETOL or other molehunt suspects. The SIG had been the engine behind Angleton, Golitsyn, and the Fundamentalists, a perpetual generator grinding out the wattage for a bleak scenario in which Soviet agents were taking over key men in key positions throughout the globe. Yet the entire *raison d'être* of the SIG turned out to be so much documentary fantasy. Time and again, in file after file, the two men found only newspaper clippings, elevated gossip, chatty memoranda with waspish handwritten notes added, and unsubstantiated allegations.

Kalaris read through the two key British files, on Harold Wilson (OATSHEAF) and Sir Roger Hollis; there was nothing substantive in either of them. He perused the large file on Averell Harriman and smaller ones on Armand Hammer and Henry Kissinger (contrary to Ed Petty's belief that the latter didn't exist).[9] The new Counterintelligence chief was so ashamed at the unacceptable quality of the intelligence he uncovered that he had several dozen of the most egregious examples destroyed as soon as possible.[10]

A simultaneous priority for the hard-pressed Kalaris was dealing with what came to be known as "the Golitsyn factor." Angleton was insistent from the outset that Kalaris should inherit his prized Soviet defector and should treat Golitsyn with proper reverence and deference. Kalaris was less than enthusiastic. He already knew more than he wanted to know about the former KGB officer and his bizarre theories, and did not subscribe to the view that Golitsyn came with the Counterintelligence Staff's furniture.

Angleton, however, pressed his successor to attend a get-acquainted dinner with Golitsyn at an Italian restaurant in nearby Alexandria in late January 1975. Scotty Miler, who was still officially Golitsyn's case officer, came along too. As usual, the occasion began with a great deal of drinking. In between toasts, Golitsyn offered to enlighten the new Counterintelligence chief with all of his views about the Russian intelligence services. Angleton nodded enthusiastically, while Kalaris gritted his teeth and reached for his cigarettes.

After being bombarded by dozens of unfamiliar names and ideas that didn't seem to make any sense, the pragmatic Counterintelligence chief began to wonder whether he and Golitsyn were inhabitants of the same planet. There seemed to be some sort of galactic gap between the gruff Ukrainian's allegations and the reality of the intelligence world that Kalaris had moved in for more than twenty years.

To add to Kalaris's discomfort, Angleton and Miler kept nodding their heads in vigorous agreement with every new point Golitsyn was making. "See, George," they would repeat, as the defector hung yet one more unsupported conclusion on a trembling line of unchecked evidence. Throughout the spaghetti, scampi, wine, and Scotch, Kalaris simply couldn't understand what Golitsyn was talking about. In a respectful way, he tried to explain this to Angleton, but he sensed that his message was not getting through.

Kalaris left the dinner with relief, only to be ambushed by the Fundamentalists again a month later, when they insisted that he meet Golitsyn once more—this time in one of the CIA's favorite hotels, the Key Bridge Marriott at nearby Rosslyn Circle. It was an afternoon session, with Angleton and Miler again attending. Golitsyn talked and talked, and Kalaris again found it quite impossible to comprehend the briefing. As the three CIA men were leaving the hotel, Kalaris turned to Miler and told him, "This is the last time I intend to meet Golitsyn. I don't understand him or anything about him. I cannot and will not waste my time like this. In the future, if Golitsyn has something for the staff, I will send someone else to deal with him."[11]

"You can't do that!" a horrified Miler replied. "Golitsyn is very important and he has always dealt only with the top men."

Angleton supported Miler. "You've got to try hard with Anatoliy," he advised Kalaris. "These things can take years."

Kalaris relented and reluctantly agreed to a third meeting a few days later. Another lunch, more wine, more of Golitsyn's ponderous lecturing. Kalaris, eyes glazing, tried his best to show interest and remain calm. But when Golitsyn started talking about the "alleged" Sino-Soviet split, Kalaris exploded. "Are you telling me that what we have been seeing over there for fifteen years is not real?" he thundered.

"You don't understand, you don't understand," grumbled the Soviet defector.[12]

When Kalaris returned to his office, he summoned one of his trusted officers, Ernest Tsikerdanos. "I've decided to give you an assignment,'' he told his surprised aide. ''It's Anatoliy Golitsyn, and he's all yours. You handle him, and see him whenever he likes and for as long as he wants. But then you see me *only* when you think there's something important from him that I should know. And I want that information from you in three minutes flat. Otherwise, you go and see McCoy about it.''

Tsikerdanos, who had known nothing about Golitsyn or his dealings with Kalaris, left the office baffled. On two subsequent occasions when he went back to see his chief with a digest from Golitsyn—after conducting copious debriefings with his new charge—Kalaris politely and firmly showed him the door.

But Kalaris remained troubled by the dominant role Golitsyn had played within the Counterintelligence Staff, and he began to make discreet inquiries about the Ukrainian. When he first contacted the British, they were classically cagey. No opinion was forthcoming until Kalaris first indicated that he thought Golitsyn was without any counterintelligence value.

''Jim thinks Anatoliy is very good,'' remarked the British liaison man, stalling cautiously. Kalaris indicated otherwise. Noting the change, the Brit quickly owned up. ''We've considered him worthless for some time,'' he admitted with relief.

Kalaris next went to see his boss, DDO William Nelson, and urged, as forcefully as he could, that the CIA conduct an official investigation into the intelligence value and worthiness of Angleton's most prized defector, Anatoliy Golitsyn. Kalaris also wanted to resolve once and for all the doubts about whether Golitsyn was a Soviet-controlled agent sent intentionally by the KGB to disrupt the CIA—the question first raised by Ed Petty. Nelson agreed and called up Bronson Tweedy, former chief of the Africa Division, station chief in London, and executive assistant to DCI Dick Helms, whom the CIA refused to leave alone in retirement.

''Just one last favor,'' pleaded Nelson.

Tweedy's work was conducted with maximum efficiency and secrecy. He was given two retired senior officers to assist him: Richard Snowden, a former Soviet Division analyst, and Cordelia Hood (then the wife of former Counterintelligence Staff officer William Hood and herself a former Soviet Division and Counterintelligence Staff analyst, held in great respect within the agency). Tweedy traveled first to London, where he researched Golitsyn's 1963 visit in considerable detail. He commissioned a study from MI5, which, when it was delivered, ran to twenty-seven pages of sharply drawn criticisms of Golitsyn. In the words of one officer who has read it, the British report lambasted Golitsyn with ''pure gold'' evidence of his errors and discredited theories.[13] Tweedy also visited Paris to explore the "SAPPHIRE" debacle, and then went on to Ottawa to retrace Golitsyn's dealings with the RCMP.

At Langley, the Tweedy investigators were given uncensored access to all files related to Golitsyn. They carefully read through the mountain of paperwork from Golitsyn's debriefings that had been allowed to accumulate inside the Counterintelligence Staff, including his contributions to HONETOL, the Sino-Soviet split, the molehunt . . . everything. The CIA's highly negative psychological assessments of him were not forgotten. They noted—and later cited in their final report—that Golitsyn had been asked by Allen Dulles in 1962, after the defector had first arrived in Washington, whether or not there was a KGB penetration of the CIA, and that he had answered that there was none.

The investigation into Golitsyn ran from March until July 1975. The eighty-page report produced by Tweedy was unequivocally hostile to the Soviet defector's long record as Angleton's counterintelligence guru.

Broadly, Tweedy confirmed that Golitsyn was definitely a "bona fide" defector, who had *not* been deliberately sent by the KGB—but that his actual value to the CIA had been mediocre and his information had been limited.

Tweedy also found that Golitsyn had what he tactfully described as an active imagination and a personality that was "paranoid" with "megalomaniac tendencies." In particular, Golitsyn viewed all other Soviet defectors as threats to himself, his credibility, and his theories.

The Tweedy Report determined that Golitsyn's value had dropped off as early as his first year in the United States. Initially, some of Golitsyn's information had been of considerable assistance to the CIA. However, after 1962, he began to run dry. In an effort to avoid being discarded as a source, reported Tweedy, he tried to enhance his status by becoming a unique counterintelligence analyst. He did this by developing theories based on his knowledge of the CIA and foreign files he was shown (although he would maintain that he had seen this material at Moscow Center).

Out of the total of 173 so-called serials (leads) that Golitsyn had provided relating to Europe and Canada, the report judged that only two very early ones had been of real value (that is, leading to the arrest and prosecution of a spy). These two viable clues had eventually led investigators to Georges Pâques, the French NATO spy; and to John Vassall, the homosexual British Admiralty clerk (although Nosenko had actually provided the final identification in this case).

In two other cases in Canada, Golitsyn had offered imprecise information which was correct but did not immediately lead to arrests.

One suspect was John Watkins, the Canadian diplomat who had served in Moscow in the 1950s; but he had died of a heart attack before he could be prosecuted. The other was the Canadian university professor Hugh Hambleton, a KGB agent who was not arrested until twenty years later, after another defector had fingered him.

The report determined that Golitsyn also deserved partial credit for the discovery of microphones in the U.S. Embassy in Moscow, even though this lead had been imprecise and was confirmed only with Nosenko's help.

With respect to the molehunt which had so divided and hurt the agency, Golitsyn was judged to have provided *no clear leads* to the penetration of U.S. intelligence by active agents. (The original SASHA, Igor Orlov, was judged to have been inactive by 1960.)

The Ingeborg Lygren case in Norway had been a huge mistake for which Golitsyn was held to be originally responsible.

Finally, Tweedy found that Anatoliy Golitsyn and James Angleton had caused ''great damage'' to the CIA by breaking down relations between the Counterintelligence Staff and the rest of the Directorate of Operations—particularly the Soviet Division.[14]

Tweedy's report burned its way into William Nelson's in-tray. Orders were then given that the bigot (distribution) list for the document was to be severely limited. Besides Tweedy and his staff, less than a dozen people were allowed access to its contents, including Nelson himself (as DDO), David Blee (then Assistant DDO), Bill Colby, George Kalaris, Leonard McCoy, and Larry Sternfield (Kalaris's other top deputy, and Miler's replacement as Chief of Operations).[15]

One member of the bigot list, who requested anonymity in discussing the Tweedy Report, says that ''it was pure dynamite. I'm not surprised the distribution was limited. Tweedy really tore into Anatoliy. He concluded that the Counterintelligence Staff had grossly exaggerated Golitsyn's contributions over the years. By convincing everyone that the Soviet Division had been penetrated, the balance between Staff and Division had become badly distorted. Tweedy established that anything which contradicted Golitsyn's theories was treated by Angleton as bad information. This, in turn, had led to the division cutting off the CI Staff, which led to *their* isolation.

''Tweedy expressed amazement that Golitsyn had been given the CIA files and at the whole 'Monster Plot' nonsense. He concluded there was no evidence to support any of Golitsyn's deception theories—and he specifically discredited the Sino-Soviet split theory. Basically, it was as much a report on Angleton's stewardship of the Counterintelligence Staff as it was on Golitsyn. Tweedy also noted that Golitsyn had been paid hundreds of thousands of dollars.

''After I read it, I phoned Bronson. He said to me, 'My God, if we had only known this was going on, we could have stopped it years ago. We just didn't know; the seventh floor didn't pay close attention to what Angleton was doing.' ''[16]

Scotty Miler remains unsympathetic toward Tweedy's conclusions and his methodology. ''That report was symptomatic of the times,'' Miler argues. ''Remember, it was 1975, and many of the people Tweedy talked to didn't understand enough about Golitsyn to give an objective view. Many of the mid-level CIA officers felt it was time to sink Jim and get rid of Golitsyn. I was interviewed by Tweedy. The whole thing had a kind of evening-up-of-the-score approach to it.''[17]

While Golitsyn's true intelligence value was now being formally assessed and placed on the CIA record, there was still one outstanding problem that Kalaris had to resolve. He urgently needed to assemble a small task force to retrieve the secret files that Angleton had so generously lavished upon his defector.

Embarrassment already hung over the Counterintelligence Staff about this extremely sensitive issue. Golitsyn had neither the right nor the official permission to be in physical possession of classified CIA records. Angleton did not have the authority to take these files out of the building. The Kalaris team had learned that Golitsyn had files with him, but how many, where, how they were kept, and how they could be retrieved was another matter. Angleton's staff had left behind no record of which files Golitsyn had been given over the years. The new staff was also well aware that if this story were leaked to the press, there certainly would be a public firestorm, especially since congressional investigations into the alleged improprieties of Operations CHAOS and HT-LINGUAL were slated to take place. Furthermore, the reaction of Soviet Division officers who learned that their personnel and operational files were in Golitsyn's hands would be mutinous.

Leonard McCoy had begun the retrieval operation by having some discreet inquiries made of Golitsyn, who rather nonchalantly admitted to possessing twelve large boxes of files and records. Golitsyn claimed that was ''everything'' he had. McCoy arranged for these papers to be returned immediately.[18] He quickly discovered, to his astonishment, that the documents included case files and personnel records—*the* most super-secret documents an intelligence organization possesses. Among these case records were original Penkovskiy files (Angleton and Golitsyn had not given up trying to rewrite the history of that case); and among the personnel records McCoy was intrigued to discover his own personnel file. Golitsyn was in possession of it because he had been investigating the loyalty of every officer within the Soviet Division who had a Russian background, or, as in McCoy's case, simply spoke the language!

At one time or another, Golitsyn had trawled through the files of over 350 Russian-speaking division officers while looking for HONETOL suspects.[19] None of these files should ever have left Langley. The new staff guessed that Angleton had secretly smuggled them out in his car.[20]

Scotty Miler confirms that Angleton fully authorized him and several other aides to give Golitsyn these records as a matter of routine. "Both Jim and I believed that Golitsyn should have reasonable access to CIA papers," Miler explains. "After 1969, I made the judgment myself on which documents he could see. But before I got a grip on things in 1969, I admit there were some bits of paper he should not have seen—like security and personnel files. I was unhappy about that.

"Sometimes I personally drove some of the documents up to Golitsyn in New York. I admit it was a technical breach of security for the documents to be carried out to him, but, in my opinion, the papers we gave him after 1969 were not sensitive. They had been sterilized and we would remove sources, origins, and classifications. Sterilizing those files took us a long time to do. But I must admit, one of the men under me who was feeding these files to Golitsyn was a bit sloppy. And I did hear that a number of our important documents were later found at his house—I was surprised and unhappy to hear that."[21]

Golitsyn had two homes at this time. One was his townhouse in Manhattan; the other was his isolated, rural farm north of Albany, New York. When Kalaris established that there were still missing CIA files believed to be in Golitsyn's hands (and an untold amount of papers that might have been photocopied), he opted to retrieve them by using a subtle infiltration technique, rather than a head-on clash with the moody and volatile Soviet defector. With Golitsyn's "mole-sniffing" days numbered, Kalaris reasoned that he might become difficult, perhaps even a little obstructive.

To plan and execute the operation, Kalaris and McCoy called in Vasia Gmirkin, the veteran Soviet Division operations officer and HONETOL victim whom they had recently brought aboard their new team as head of the section handling defectors. Gmirkin, a White Russian, was ambivalent about his countryman. On the one hand, he had discovered that he himself had been fingered as a mole suspect by Golitsyn, and that his promotions and career had been gravely set back by the baseless charge. But he bore no personal animosity toward Golitsyn. (Indeed, Gmirkin was later to help Golitsyn edit a book he wrote on Soviet disinformation.)

Gmirkin, a smooth and stylish operator with an attractive, nonabrasive personality, was a smart choice to infiltrate the Golitsyn homes and retrieve the precious documents without fuss, and especially without publicity.

There was one further problem. Some of the top secret documents that Golitsyn had with him came originally from the files of the FBI (after copies had been loaned to the CIA). The FBI had never been asked if Golitsyn could see these papers—and would certainly never have approved. Angleton had apparently shown Golitsyn these records after the defector had insisted that he could determine whether the FBI was penetrated by studying their files.[22]

With a heavy heart, Gmirkin now advised the FBI of the dilemma.

When the bureau learned that some of its most secret documents were somewhere in New York in the unlawful possession of a former KGB major, there was a figurative tightening of jaw muscles.

Gmirkin was politely informed (in words of one syllable) that if the papers were not retrieved instantly by him, using his methods, then the FBI would retrieve them using *their* methods. They pledged that their tactics would certainly not be characterized by an excessive use of finesse or subtlety, but would most certainly involve the storming of Major Golitsyn's homes by handpicked and heavily armed SWAT teams carrying a federal warrant for the collection of all government property. Just in case Gmirkin had not quite understood the message (he had), he was left under no misimpression about the implications of this promise. The FBI added that it was unlikely that the press and television cameras would be absent from such an unusual exercise when it took place.[23]

Although Golitsyn had relinquished the first batch of documents to McCoy, he obstinately retained others in his seemingly open-ended (and by now unsanctioned) quest for the elusive mole within the Soviet Division. Angleton, Rocca, Miler, and the Fundamentalists may have lost their power, but Golitsyn just carried on as if nothing had happened. He required neither orders nor consultation as he sifted contentedly through the CIA's secret files, making notes and offering judgments on possible traitors for a counterintelligence team and a mission that had long since been disbanded.

Gmirkin's first step was to phone Golitsyn's attorney in New York, Mario Brod, to ask him to use his influence on Golitsyn to hand over the files without fuss. Brod agreed to do what he could.

Gmirkin next rented a station wagon and drove up from Washington to the defector's farm. Golitsyn had previously studied Gmirkin's personnel file, but the two men had never met. Using a false name, Gmirkin approached Golitsyn at the farm door. He flashed his CIA identification card and informed the defector that he was authorized to collect all of the remaining files.

''My work is not finished,'' Golitsyn protested. ''I'm not through with them.''

Gmirkin gently told his former countryman, ''My friend, if FBI agents come here and find you with all these secret files, you will be in big trouble—and so, incidentally, will we.''[24]

Golitsyn invited the Counterintelligence Staff officer into his five-bedroom farmhouse, which was in a state of some disorder. Books and files were stacked from floor to ceiling, with the paperwork even spilling out into the hall. Gmirkin saw CIA papers lying all over the floor. Nothing was locked or secured. The records included thick personnel files containing official appraisals and fitness reports—the kind of material not normally seen by other CIA employees, let alone outsiders. Golitsyn's own security clearance from the CIA was rated ''secret,'' a classification which was insufficient for him to have access to these documents.

Gmirkin hurriedly collected the files and papers lying around the farm and tiptoed with them to his station wagon. (There was so much paperwork he had to make two trips in all.) Golitsyn muttered objections, but did not stand in his way. The one and only file he adamantly and mysteriously refused to hand over was the personnel file of David Chavchavadze, a White Russian and a Soviet Division officer who had earlier been on the HONETOL ''40'' list. (Chavchavadze was a direct descendant of Catherine the Great. His parents had been frequent guests at Buckingham Palace in the 1920s. Like the other victims he had been entirely innocent.) Gmirkin reckoned he hadn't done too badly and left it at that.

The file retrieval from Golitsyn's New York townhouse was organized with somewhat less ceremony or tact. The CIA simply burgled his house and took their documents back while he was away on the farm.[25]

When ''Operation WHITE-KNUCKLE,'' as it was irreverently called, was completed, Gmirkin confided to a colleague, ''With Golitsyn's knowledge of those papers, and with his phenomenal memory, he would be a time bomb if he ever fell into the hands of the KGB again.''[26]

* * *

The Fundamentalists—led by Scotty Miler, but inspired by Jim Angleton—launched their major counterattack against the Colby team a few months after the arrival of Kalaris and his new staff. With

Angleton's support, Miler drew up a report for Congress containing fourteen serious criticisms of the new team. He claimed that Kalaris and his men were poor managers, that they had mistakenly fired or transferred key members of Angleton's old staff, and that the whole counterintelligence infrastructure which Angleton had so carefully constructed over twenty years was being torn apart. Basically, charged Miler, the new firm simply did not believe in counterintelligence.[27]

This report was not a frivolous assault, but the result of a sincerely held belief that the old team's lifelong work was being discarded. Quite properly, Miler took his complaints to the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence.

When Bill Colby learned of the charges, he concluded that they would be more properly investigated by the CIA's Inspector General—the in-house authority established to handle such problems—and that the agency would abide by his conclusions.[28]

The Inspector General, known at Langley as the ''IG,'' appointed a three-man team led by a former CIA officer, Chris Freer. Their work required a searching review of Angleton's stewardship in order to compare it with Kalaris's methods and approach. Both men could not be right. In that sense, the IG's probe would become the official CIA verdict on the Angleton years (supplementing the Counterintelligence Staff's Tweedy Report).

The IG's investigation took five weeks to complete. It included a review of pertinent records and frank interviews with more than fifty of the CIA's most senior executives. The IG's forty-page report concluded that not one of Miler's allegations bore substance. The panel judged that the divisions between Angleton and Kalaris centered on basic philosophical differences about the management and *raison d'être* of counterintelligence. Kalaris, his new team, and their new approach were completely exonerated. On the other hand, the report concluded that Angleton was *personally* to blame for the poor administration of the Counterintelligence Staff over the previous decade.[29]

In reaching this conclusion, the Freer panel had elicited opinions from nearly all of the Directorate of Operation's top officials—including division chiefs and important station chiefs. This group, the veteran management corps of the agency, were the best source to offer an assessment because they had dealt closely with Angleton through the years. They were asked to speak freely, since they were contributing in strict confidence and would never be identified.

Under those conditions, the critiques were very tough. Virtually everyone volunteered damaging appraisals of Angleton's work. There was near unanimity that Colby had made the correct decision to fire him. Many officers said that Angleton's retirement was the best thing that could have happened to the agency's counterintelligence program.

In the end, Colby never released any part of the Inspector General's report—and Congress never took any further action to investigate Miler's charges. The tightly held report has remained in the DCI's vaults ever since.

This verdict on Angleton's reign ended any hope of a serious challenge or return to the old days, but it did not end the problems caused by Fundamentalism.

Within the year, Kalaris, McCoy, and their new team had managed to bring some kind of order to the chaos that Angleton had left behind in the files. As safes were emptied, records examined, and huge quantities of unnecessary materials sent into the shredders and burn bags, the pattern of Angleton's stewardship slowly began to emerge.

Basically, there was little there beyond ancient history, suspicion, and theory. Where the new team sought evidence of the recruitment of agents, of active counterintelligence operations, of the penetration of hostile intelligence services, or of anything leading to the acquisition of secrets, they found a blank.

''We were all astonished,'' recalls one of Colby's top lieutenants bitterly. ''It was like the Wizard of Oz. At the end of the yellow brick road, that big voice turned out to be a little man behind a curtain speaking to a machine.''[30]

But among all the detritus of the molehunt papers, the Kalaris searchers did find a single old and long-ignored file inside one of Jim Angleton's safes that was far from vacuous.

It was one of Leonard McCoy's drafted Soviet Division officers who first spotted this slim index file, tucked away inside a safe in the Research and Analysis Section. The document bore summaries of some twenty GRU cases being run by the Soviets throughout the world (except for the United States).

The Americans' source for these leads was a Soviet officer secretly spying for the FBI, who code-named him ''NICK NACK.'' McCoy settled down to read the file very carefully, then hurriedly carried his find to Kalaris's office.

What he had come across was an unmined seam of pure intelligence.

NICK NACK was the FBI's cryptonym; ''MORINE'' the CIA's. He was a senior Soviet GRU officer who had been temporarily posted to New York on several occasions and had made brief and sporadic contact with the FBI. The bureau, in turn, had informed Angleton. There had been two active phases of his help to the United States—the first in the early 1960s, and the second circa 1972. At no time did NICK NACK seem to be offering or even asking to defect. He was that once-in-a-lifetime dream agent who sought no reward for spying for the Americans, yet happily brought them a *Who's Who* of GRU operations around the world.

When the FBI had first opened their files on NICK NACK, they passed his foreign leads over to the Counterintelligence Staff.[31]

Predictably, Angleton immediately determined the FBI's source to be a ''provocation,'' yet another actual or potential defector in the TOP HAT mold, who had been sent to ''mutilate'' or discredit Golitsyn's leads and information. The Counterintelligence chief could scarcely have made a more careless and unprofessional judgment in his life.

Kalaris quickly discovered that Angleton had not bothered to distribute any of NICK NACK's unsolicited information to anyone else in the CIA or to any foreign services. (The FBI, however, did forward some of it to the British.) Nor did it take Kalaris long to assess the true value of what Angleton had junked. He could scarcely believe that this seam had been left unquarried and neglected by the Counterintelligence Staff for at least three years (since NICK NACK's last contact) and probably for as much as ten years (since his first). One of the GRU spy's initial encounters had involved a vintage brush contact with an FBI agent on board a New York–Washington Metroliner.[32] By arrangement, NICK NACK and the FBI agent established direct eye contact for a few seconds, then the GRU officer glanced down and indicated the rear pocket of his trousers. As the two men passed, the FBI man deftly lifted the precious envelope. Seventy percent of the ''take'' was on microfilm.[33]

This first batch of material contained compelling evidence pointing to a GRU spy in Britain. NICK NACK, who had access to original GRU agent reports from all over the world, knew about this Soviet mole because he had recently been briefed about Soviet intelligence activity in Britain.

This spy turned out to be Frank Bossard, a former Royal Air Force officer working as an engineer in guided missile research in the Air Ministry of the War Department. He had been passing the GRU copies of classified documents on British weapons systems since 1961.

NICK NACK also provided a tip to Dr. Giuseppe Martelli, who had joined the Atomic Energy Authority's Culham Laboratories in 1962 (and whom another Soviet double agent, FEDORA, had previously mentioned but not fully identified).

The FBI had not actually sat down to talk to NICK NACK, or fully analyzed him as well as they would have liked to, but his information seemed so important that they decided they had to pass it along to Britain's MI5 without delay. Since the FBI maintained direct contact with MI5 (without CIA intermediaries), the bureau quickly passed these leads to MI5 in London through Charles Bates, the FBI liaison officer in the British capital. Even Bates was not told the true source for the leads. Because NICK NACK was such a precious new asset and needed total protection, FBI headquarters chose to pretend to the British that these leads had come from older, established sources, crediting TOP HAT falsely with the Bossard lead, and FEDORA with the Martelli lead.[34]

The Bossard lead jelled into a conviction for spying. The Martelli tip also led to an arrest, although an Old Bailey jury returned a verdict of not guilty. Despite this, there was no doubt that NICK NACK's overall British information had been very fertile. Angleton simply dismissed these leads as ''chaff'' and ''typical GRU throwaways.''

Kalaris and McCoy next explored the second, post-1970 phase of NICK NACK's leads. They soon realized that Angleton had simply dumped an extraordinary amount of primary source material that was still uninvestigated. This material included at least twelve brand-new leads to a huge GRU spy ring in France. There were also two other clear leads to very senior Soviet spies in Switzerland.

NICK NACK eventually turned out to be one of the best GRU counterintelligence sources the Americans ever had. Spy for spy, in the course of only three glancing contacts, he gave away a phenomenal amount of material. Had Angleton bothered to take him seriously, he could have rivaled Penkovskiy as a source for the Americans from inside the USSR, where he spent many of his best years after his first tentative approach to the FBI. His identity remains a closely guarded secret to this day.

While the FBI concluded that NICK NACK was a bona fide source, it was the CIA's and *Angleton's* role to pass along his leads to the relevant foreign services. If Angleton refused to do so, it simply wasn't done.

On the theory of better late than never, Kalaris now began to treat the NICK NACK treasures in a serious and professional way. He had wanted to fly straight to Paris with NICK NACK's French material, but his researchers turned up so many files relevant to these leads that he didn't want to risk traveling with them. So, instead, he invited the French intelligence liaison officer in Washington into his office.

The French were overwhelmed both by the NICK NACK material and by an American Counterintelligence chief who actually volunteered to give them new information from a Soviet source, without any of the usual mumbo jumbo that had accompanied previous liaisons. After the de Vosjoli and ''SAPPHIRE'' debacles, the French may have been forgiven for believing that the CIA owed them something.

The new American Counterintelligence chief finally repaid the debt. NICK NACK's material led to the destruction of the notorious Fabiew spy ring that had been operating in the suburbs of Paris since 1963. If Angleton had bothered to pass on the material to the French when he received it, the GRU ring would have been rolled up three years earlier, causing that much less damage to French national security.

In 1978, after a long and careful investigation by the French DST (their internal security service), the leader of the ring, Serge Fabiew, was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, and his four accomplices received sentences varying from two to fifteen years. After the convictions, Desiré Parent, the DST's assistant director, announced: "This is the first time since the Second World War that we have uncovered a GRU network—its aim was to systematically infiltrate all our technical knowledge. We have never seen a network like it in France."[35]

Ironically, after Kalaris had passed these crown jewels to the French, the CIA learned that the last gleam had been extinguished from that tarnished stone, "SAPPHIRE." The DST's Marcel Chalet had been France's principal investigating officer of Golitsyn's original thirty-eight leads during the great "SAPPHIRE" spy scandal that never was. Chalet, who had remained a loyal friend of Angleton's, was not, however, a Fundamentalist. After Kalaris was appointed, the Frenchman came to Washington for routine introductions, but he initially kept his distance and remained skeptical of the new chief. By the end of the first year, after Chalet was shown the NICK NACK leads, his attitude changed and the relationship warmed up considerably.

One evening, Chalet confided to Kalaris that the French had received very little useful information from Angleton during the past few years. And he emphasized that the DST had still not discovered one single KGB penetration a full thirteen years after Golitsyn had started the "Sapphire" allegations. He confirmed that Paris had officially closed the case. Chalet also told Kalaris that the CIA's new counterintelligence team was a welcome change from the difficult days under Angleton.[36]

Kalaris next caught a plane to Berne, where he gave grateful Swiss officials details from NICK NACK's leads in their country. One of the two GRU suspects had already died. But the second tip led directly to a huge bust in 1976: the arrest, conviction, and lengthy imprisonment of Brigadier Jean-Louis Jeanmaire, a top General Staff officer and the former head of the Swiss National Air Defense forces, who had been recruited by the GRU in 1961. He was found guilty of passing some of the nation's most important defense secrets to a GRU contact at the

Soviet Embassy while on his journeys to and from work along the road from Berne to Lausanne. His prosecution was Switzerland's most serious espionage case since World War II.[37]

As in France, Jeanmaire's spying could have been terminated years earlier if Golitsyn's paranoia and Angleton's obsessions had not driven the CIA's counterintelligence activities into a cul-de-sac of morbid fears and investigative paralysis.

NICK NACK's neglected treasure trove eventually led Kalaris to visit senior intelligence officials in Germany, Greece, Indonesia, and Japan. In each country, his unbelieving hosts almost cried with gratitude as they examined the gifts borne by the new head of CIA Counterintelligence.

In the final tally, out of twenty international leads, NICK NACK had scored a full twenty.

A small but telling discovery in early 1977 warned Kalaris that not only had basic investigative work been botched but the staff's institutional record was also seriously distorted. Two full years after taking over the Counterintelligence Staff, the chief was acutely aware that he still had no comprehensive and objective overview of the old, important Soviet cases under Angleton, nor of the current status of each case. So he assigned a CIA consultant to conduct a preliminary review to see if the former staff had ever prepared research for a full counterintelligence history. During the search, the consultant discovered a regular-size black leather binder, which contained one- to five-page summaries of each of the major cases that Angleton had run or monitored. This instant briefing book, prepared by Ray Rocca and his research staff and labeled "Top Secret," was just what Kalaris had been looking for. It had been locked away in one of the myriad safes, together with a couple of spare copies. It was effectively Angleton's twenty-year counterintelligence log.[38]

The "Black Book" contained a total of twenty-four case reviews, including such old favorites as Nosenko, Cherepanov, Popov, Penkovskiy, Federov, Bennett, Klochko, Lygren, Loginov, Farmakovskaya, and Orlov. (Only CIA-controlled cases were written up; no FBI cases were included.) As Kalaris waded through, he discovered that the authors had implemented some significant economies with the truth in order to bend each case to conform with the Angleton-Golitsyn view of matters.

The descriptions of whole cases were distorted and key information had been omitted, which simply skewed the truth even further. For instance, the Nosenko summary, which ran to five pages, concluded that he was definitely ‘‘a sent agent.’’ Yet this synopsis had been written long after the CIA had officially cleared Nosenko and approved his bona fides.

In effect, the Black Book—even if considered merely as a subjective analysis—was the enshrinement of Angleton’s old ‘‘Monster Plot’’ perceptions as a counterintelligence truth. As such, Kalaris realized that it could not be allowed to enter the CIA record. But now he faced a further problem.

An honest desire to search for the truth, and a commitment to accurate record keeping, demanded that Kalaris find out what had happened on those twenty-four cases (and others which had been FBI-sponsored).

Another consideration Kalaris faced was that the Counterintelligence Staff was the only component of the Directorate of Operations which had never produced an official history. A prior effort in 1968 to complete such a study had ended in failure, due to Angleton’s adamant refusal to cooperate with the CIA’s official in-house historian.[39]

In early 1977, Kalaris decided to recommission a CIA historian to conduct the counterintelligence study that Angleton had frustrated nine years earlier. He made arrangements to have Angleton’s entire twenty-year stewardship of the Counterintelligence Staff ‘‘written up’’ in meticulous detail—literally case by case and day by day. He wanted his successors and history to have an honest, accurate, cohesive account of what had happened since the staff was first created.

For this important assignment he chose Cleveland Cram, a popular and well-respected career officer who had recently retired, having served as deputy chief of station in London and later chief of station in Holland and Canada. Like Kalaris, Cram had never been connected to Angleton’s staff.

The Years of Inquiry began.[40]

Cleveland Cram’s mammoth ‘‘History of the Counterintelligence Staff’’ took five years to complete and eventually filled twelve large volumes.[41]

His conclusions were that the Angleton years (1954–74) had ‘‘a very detrimental’’ effect on the CIA. For the first eight years, Angleton had generally run the Counterintelligence Staff effectively. But, from 1962 on (after the arrival of Golitsyn), Cram found that there was no real counterintelligence. He judged that the Moby-Dick search for evidence of the KGB’s ‘‘Monster Plot’’ had brought the CIA’s collection of counterintelligence to a halt. He also stressed that Soviet Division operations had effectively ended after 1963, when Pete Bagley added his weight and authority to that of the Fundamentalists. The recruitment of Soviet agents and defectors had ceased because of the neurosis of the hunters and the belief that no Soviet defector or agent could be a bona fide defector.

Cram further judged that Angleton's leadership had severely hurt CIA morale and had seriously damaged U.S. intelligence liaison in Britain, France, Norway, and Canada. He found that even more damage had been caused by the willful turning away of Soviet intelligence defectors and the ditching of their material.

Inside its copious twelve volumes, the Cram Report contained the full and shocking indictment of a twenty-year period, with tragic case-by-case revelations scrupulously documented. In careful and formal language, the report outlined what happens inside a secret institution when peer review and managerial supervision fail to exert authority, and tyranny dressed in the garb of national interest roams without hindrance.

The Cram Report, which was not completed until long after Kalaris had left the Counterintelligence Staff, proved too embarrassing for a CIA management, albeit one removed from the responsibility for the events. The seventh floor worked out a perfect corporate compromise for dealing with the contents: once the truth of the Angleton years had been properly established, the CIA quietly buried it. The Cram Report was classified not as the report it was but as an ''unofficial working document.'' In this way it did not need to be entered into the CIA's official archive. Angleton would have applauded such a neat trick.

It was placed under lock and key, under the tightest control on the second floor; only those with very special permission were allowed to read it.

In time, however, newer and less fearful managements gradually loosened control and allowed more people access to the report. Eventually it was placed in the official archives of the Counterintelligence Staff as a reference work for officers researching old counterintelligence cases. Today, the staff's senior officers regard these volumes as the bible—a true and valuable record of the entire span of the Angleton period.[42]

George Kalaris, who had done so much to restore the honor, equilibrium, and professional reputation of the CIA's Counterintelligence Staff, completed two years on the assignment before he realized that the job was beginning to exact its toll on his nerves, too. He never believed that Angleton was evil; rather, that he had become possessed by the extreme intensity and pressure of the job, and by the power of Golitsyn's convictions. It came as little surprise to Kalaris when the same sickness began to strike him, too. He felt the onset of paranoia as he constantly contemplated unfathomable riddles of the nature of men's loyalties and unanswerable questions raised by fragments of unsubstantiated evidence that could mean all or nothing at all. He was prepared to think the unthinkable—but not for too long.

He soon discovered how easily the evidence of eyes and ears could be seduced by the greater strength of deep obsession. Worst of all, Kalaris felt his judgment deserting him as it listened to the drumbeats of suspicion and conspiracy. As the ghosts crowded in, he began to sympathize with Angleton.

Kalaris went to see his boss and begged to be relieved as chief of the Counterintelligence Staff; he was asked to delay his transfer while a suitable replacement was found. In desperation, he sat down and wrote an emotional memorandum to the Inspector General, explaining why a time limit of two years, maximum, should be imposed on anyone holding the top counterintelligence post.[43]

The Inspector General did not accept Kalaris's view that two years before the mast was the maximum a man should serve. The three successors to Kalaris served, successively, terms of one, four, and seven years. In the future it is intended that no chief will serve for more than five years in the job.

Kalaris won his parole after two years and four months, when he was rewarded with a prestigious new assignment, chief of the Soviet Division.

But before Kalaris left the Counterintelligence Staff, there was one last burst of activity from Angleton, occurring shortly after George Bush had replaced Bill Colby as the DCI in early 1976.

Angleton, whose reputation endured, managed to arrange an appointment at Bush's Washington home in order to lobby the new DCI and explain his theories of counterintelligence. Angleton spent several hours giving Bush the famous doomsday briefing, initiating him into the arcane mysteries of Golitsyn's strategic deception, disinformation, the Sino-Soviet split, and molehunting. With Angleton's permission, Bush openly recorded the session on tape.

The following day, the future President of the United States telephoned George Kalaris to tell him about the meeting. ''George, I listened very carefully to Jim Angleton yesterday,'' Bush said frankly. ''But I'm afraid I couldn't really understand what he was talking about. It all sounded very complicated.

''Do you mind if I send you the tapes? I would like you to transcribe them and then sort of interpret and explain to me what Jim was talking about.''[44]

23

DEATH OF A LEGEND

"You can have an organization that is so secure it does nothing . . . if you're afraid of wolves, you have to stay out of the forest."

—WILLIAM J. DONOVAN,
FORMER DIRECTOR, OSS, 1948[1]

THEY DECIDED TO AWARD ANGLETON HIS MEDAL ON A DAY WHEN Bill Colby would be conveniently out of town.[2] The corporate view was that it might be more tactful if the CIA's deputy director, Lieutenant General Vernon Walters, made the presentation, which took place in a brief low-key ceremony in April 1975.

The citation, written by the DDO's office, noted Angleton's "outstanding contribution to the security of the United States" and his personal involvement in "the most critical and significant counterintelligence activities of the past 25 years." The statement praised him for a performance that "upholds the finest tradition of the Agency."[3]

Angleton presented a vulnerable and bitter profile to the world that day. Retirement at age fifty-eight had left him in a difficult position. He was far too important even to contemplate another job. There were no revolving-door directorships for Jim Angleton. Not that overtures weren't made. "I've been offered many jobs since I left government, many offers in six figures," he confided to a reporter two years later. "Hollywood requests for scripts . . . but if you've worked for 31 years for one company it's hard to work for another."[4]

In the summer of 1975, the Church Committee (the special U.S. Senate committee established to study the past activities of American intelligence agencies, headed by Senator Frank Church, the Democrat from Idaho) began investigating evidence of illegal or improper CIA activities. Angleton's old Operation CHAOS and HT-LINGUAL programs were among the matters placed under intense public scrutiny after his departure and the Seymour Hersh exposé.

James Jesus Angleton was now obliged to discard his cloak, step into the spotlight, and give an account of himself.

The Church Committee wanted two things from Angleton: an explanation of the dubious domestic operations he had run, and an elucidation of his esoteric craft.

The prospect of going public horrified Angleton. As he wrote to a former French colleague: ". . . Washington is the seat of inquiries, breast beating and accusations. It appears that this will go on for some time and the atmosphere is getting to be more electrified but enshrouded in murky suspicion and politics. In short, it is the biggest circus we've seen in a long time and I suspect that I am regarded to be one of the animals in the zoo."[5]

Loch Johnson was the Church Committee staffer assigned to scrutinize counterintelligence matters. He also handled the secret executive session interview of Angleton in August. (The public sessions took place a month later.) Johnson described lunching with Angleton during the hearings and listening to him rail against the Washington "jungle" he faced. "The former CIA chief of counterintelligence became highly agitated as he discussed the Congressional inquiries," Johnson recalled, "comparing them to the pillaging of the intelligence services in countries that had been overrun and occupied by a foreign power. 'Only we have been occupied by the Congress,' he said, 'with our files rifled, our officials humiliated and our agents exposed.' This happened because of an 'impotent executive' that failed 'to carry out its constitutional responsibility to protect the nation's secrets.' "[6]

Loch Johnson met Angleton privately eight times during the Church Committee hearings, usually for lunch at Washington's Army and Navy Club, which had become Angleton's daytime retreat. The Senate staffer recalls Angleton talking endlessly about the Nosenko case, repeating his conviction that the Soviet defector had been a plant. From that topic, his agenda always moved on to the high-level mole in the CIA whom he claimed had yet to be unearthed. "He never really gave me any specifics about the mole," says Johnson. "He just insisted that the search *had* to continue because he knew there were people inside the CIA who were trying to protect Nosenko. He also went on about complex Soviet disinformation plots, and about the fakery of the Sino-Soviet split.

"My main reaction was that Jim was now extremely paranoid."[7]

Scotty Miler remembers how "Jim tried to tell the Church Committee that the decentralization of counterintelligence was a disaster, but he had little political support. Only Senators Malcolm Wallop [R-Wyo.] and Barry Goldwater [R-Ariz.] backed us. We thought we got a raw deal. Jim looked for other political allies, but none came forward."[8]

Angleton now began to show signs of distress.

Just after eleven o'clock on one of those unbearably humid August evenings in 1975, the telephone in Walter Elder's small office at Langley began to dance on the cradle. Elder, formerly the executive assistant to DCI John McCone, was then the CIA's chief liaison officer to Congress (including the Church Committee). With the committee's investigation in progress, it was not unusual for him to be still working this late at night. He had only six aides to help him deal with the numerous questions from the committee and with the administration of the CIA's case.

It was Jim Angleton on the line. "I've got to see you," he said, "I'm on my way over. I've just finished with the Church Committee and I must talk to you."[9] (Angleton had just completed one of his executive session interviews.)

The former Counterintelligence chief turned up at Langley sweaty, tired, and deeply distraught. As he calmed down, Angleton began to explain to Elder in quiet and measured tones that he had uncovered a "diabolical plot."

"The Church Committee has opened up the CIA to a frontal assault by the KGB," he said. "This is the KGB's chance to go for the jugular. The whole plan is being masterminded by Kim Philby in Moscow. The KGB's only object in the world is to destroy me and the agency. The committee is serving as the unwitting instrument of the KGB."

"Jim was in a bad state," recalls Elder. "He'd just been fired; he was being grilled by the Senate; he loved the agency and didn't want to see it damaged. He was personally under great stress, and he was drinking heavily. Jim had an inability to shrug things off and walk away from them. He took the whole burden on himself. What he saw fitted in with his predisposition to believe—and he saw a Philby-inspired KGB plot to destroy the CIA."[10]

Angleton concluded the meeting with an urgent personal request for Elder to promise to tell the DCI about the plot immediately.

The next morning, Elder sent a memorandum to Bill Colby, who, as a matter of courtesy, agreed to see Angleton that same day. Elder remembers that "Colby called Jim up to his office. I was there, too.

We sat down and listened as Jim repeated exactly what he had told me the night before about the KGB and Philby. Bill listened very carefully, and then, when Jim had finished, he simply responded, 'Is that all? Okay, thanks very much for coming.' The meeting had lasted fifteen minutes.

''When Jim left, Bill and I looked at each other and shook our heads in sympathetic disbelief and went about our business.''[11]

The bathos of that period in Angleton's life was also evident in the reporter David Wise's account of his testimony before the Church Committee:

> The feared former chief of the CIA's Counterintelligence Staff looked for all the world like someone who had emerged from a damp underground cave where he had spent three decades of Cold War creeping among the stalagmites. . . .
>
> On television before the Church Committee, the sinister aura that had enveloped Angleton evaporated. In the reality of the brightly lit, chandeliered Senate caucus room, he came on like a thinner Lionel Barrymore, a slightly cantankerous old man who might, at any moment, clamor for his Ovaltine. . . . Suddenly Angleton, the man, was no longer frightening. What was absolutely chilling, however, was the realization that such a man could have held a high position for so long in so powerful an agency of government.[12]

There were several revelatory moments of testimony, but none more so than when Angleton's guard momentarily slipped during an exchange with Senator Richard Schweiker (R-Penn.). The senator had referred back to Angleton's executive session testimony to the committee, when Angleton had been asked about the CIA's failure to destroy its stocks of dangerous shellfish toxin (created to assassinate Fidel Castro). Schweiker pointed out that Angleton had made this extraordinary reply: ''It is inconceivable that a secret intelligence arm of the government has to comply with all the overt orders of the government.''

Had Angleton actually used those precise words, asked the senator, disbelief in his voice.

''Well, if it is accurate,'' Angleton answered heavily, ''it should not have been said.''[13]

Angleton remained incorrigible to the end. In April 1987, in the last recorded press interview he gave, the *New York Times* reported that he had recently told close friends that as many as ''five leads of [Soviet] penetration'' of the CIA were left unresolved in the turmoil of the mid-1970s, when he was forced out of his job. Moles, he said, were ''a way of life.'' ''[Penetrations] should never be thought of as an aberration,'' he stressed. ''Anyone who gets flustered by it is in the wrong business.''[14]

Angleton finally accepted full retirement with a good grace and returned to his hobbies with enthusiasm. His orchid growing, trout fishing, and the leather and jewelry work consumed most of his time.

There were occasional bizarre interludes, such as the time when Henry Kissinger sought his help in dealing with verbal attacks and physical harassment from the dangerously eccentric politician Lyndon LaRouche and members of his organization, the U.S. Labor Party. It was ironic that Kissinger turned to Angleton, whose suspicions of Kissinger had not diminished, to obtain background information on LaRouche and his finances. Kissinger also wondered whether LaRouche might have some Soviet connection. Angleton never did find out.

After the initial approach by Kissinger, a smiling Angleton mentioned to a friend, ''Fancy that, now I've become Kissinger's Rebbe.'' (Not a rabbi, but a trusted counselor and family friend.) When this good-natured joke was repeated to Dr. Kissinger years later, his face did not move.[15]

Two years before his death, Angleton witnessed the beginning of the collapse of the old ''evil empire,'' as Mikhail Gorbachev's radical policies worked their way into the rotten political fabric of eastern Europe. The Communist monolith, with its insatiable appetites became a hyena that ran snarling from the advance of new democracy. In the course of a historical eyeblink, eastern Europe's millions would dismiss their Marxist regimes with barely a few shots fired in city squares. The Soviet Union would begin to break into its component republics, creating dangerous new stresses and strains for the central government.

Angleton never recorded his thoughts about these momentous events, nor did he ever acknowledge that history revealed there really never had been a master plan, no great plot involving the strategic deception of the West. He simply would not have believed that in the end there would be only the scurrying of feet as the Eastern bloc's secret policemen hurriedly packed their bags, discarded their uniforms, and merged with the people they had oppressed. However, he would have applauded the cynicism with which Moscow and Washington traded non-interference deals over the repression of secessionist republics for the freedom to conduct a Gulf War.

* * *

Shortly before his death, Jim Angleton came to terms with the family he had so often neglected and from which he had been estranged. As his dependence on nicotine extracted its predictable toll, he was finally ordered in 1986 to give up smoking; doctors diagnosed cancer of the lung. He had already stopped drinking in the late 1970s, but his addiction made withdrawal from cigarettes unpleasant.

Eventually, he began treatment at Sibley Hospital in Washington, D.C., for the terminal phase of his illness. During that brief period, the family drew together and strengthened the bonds of their love. Angleton was to acknowledge this warmth when he told his wife, ''I could never have gone through this without you.''[16]

Two months before his death, Lucy (now Siri Hari), his youngest daughter, tape-recorded several long monologues containing her father's personal recollections of a happy boyhood. During one of these lengthy bedside sessions, Angleton talked with nostalgia about coon hunting with his father and grandfather. The story revealed the man at his most articulate and appealing, as he recalled in vivid detail the sights, sounds, and even the smells of events from the young days of innocence.[17] This was another Angleton talking—the man who might have been.

By the time of his final admission to the hospital a few days before his death, the sixty-nine-year-old Angleton was in pain. Somewhere deep inside an alter-ego stirred and rose to join him on his last journey. He had already told Cicely that he wanted ''to go into the woods on my own like an Indian and deal with the end of my life, like an Apache.''[18] In some fashion, he was granted this wish. Very near the end, Angleton suddenly sat up in bed, bolt upright, with his eyes closed, and began intoning an American Indian death chant, uttering incomprehensible words with an Apache inflection. When he had finished, he lay back on his bed without a word of explanation.

''He was an Apache to the end,'' Cicely Angleton observes. ''He never complained. He took his punishments without a murmur.''[19]

He had already stressed to Cicely that he wanted no priest or minister to give him the last rites and hear his confession. Nor did he want his family to pray for him. ''I have my own religion,'' he told her.

In those last peaceful hours, there may have been one final reckoning. Angleton suddenly said to Cicely in a soft voice, ''I've made so many mistakes.'' She never fathomed the reference. It was not the right moment to press him for an explanation, and a better moment never came.

A few days later, on the morning of May 11, 1987, he began to drift into the final trance. When Cicely came into the room, she said, ''Hi, honey.'' Her husband replied, ''Goodbye.''[20]

He died forty minutes later.

In a eulogy inserted into the *Congressional Record* that week, Senator James McClure, from Angleton's home state of Idaho, observed:

''The business of intelligence is not simple. It presents ambiguities to the examination of naive inquisitors. James Angleton was the epitome of ambiguity and complexity. . . . He was a citizen of the world, and the very symbol of the mysterious world of counterintelligence. His death marks the end of a living legend.''[21]

The memorial service was held four days later, on a warm Friday afternoon, at the Rock Spring Congregational church a few blocks from his home in Arlington. The small, modest church bulged with hundreds of mourners, including family; friends; senior serving CIA officials; two former DCIs (Richard Helms and James Schlesinger); numerous retired CIA, FBI, and military officers; several congressmen; and a large group of journalists.[22]

The brief ceremony was highlighted by a reading by Angleton's college roommate, the poet Reed Whittemore. He recited an aptly chosen passage from ''East Coker,'' the second of the *Four Quartets* by Angleton's favorite poet, T. S. Eliot:

> Home is where one starts from. As we grow older
> The world becomes stranger, the pattern more complicated
> Of dead and living. Not the intense moment
> Isolated with no before or after,
> But a lifetime burning in every moment
> And not the lifetime of one man only
> But of old stones that cannot be deciphered.[23]

The service lasted less than an hour. He was buried in his hometown of Boise, Idaho.

EPILOGUE

HISTORY HAS DEALT HARSHLY WITH ANATOLIY GOLITSYN THE prophet. Jim Angleton once described Golitsyn as ''a true scholar . . . [and] a man with one of the finest analytical minds.'' But as a crystal-ball gazer, Golitsyn has been unimpressive.

In 1984, he published a list of global predictions for the Communist bloc during the coming decade:

- There would be ''political stabilization and strengthening of the individual communist regimes . . . [and] of the bloc as a whole.''
- There would be ''the correction of the economic deficiencies of the bloc. . . .''
- There would be the creation of the substructure for an eventual world federation of Communist states.
- There would be the ''isolation of the United States from its allies,'' an attempt to ''secure the dissolution of NATO,'' and ''an alignment between the Soviet Union and a neutral, preferably socialist, Western Europe and Japan against the United States.''
- There would be ''a decisive shift in the balance of political and military power in favor of the communist world.''

- There would be the ''ideological disarmament of the West in order to create favorable conditions for . . . the ultimate convergence of East and West *on communist terms*'' (author's italics).

Golitsyn's book *New Lies for Old*, which contained these predictions, was described by Jim Angleton as ''indispensable reading- . . . for all individuals concerned with the nature of the world struggle. . . .''[1]

Today, Golitsyn is busy trying to market his second book about the KGB and its alleged strategic deception of the West. He lives alone, in hiding still, moving between homes in the Sunbelt. He has become an accomplished cook and a dedicated swimmer. He still reads voraciously, and remains in contact with a handful of Fundamentalist friends and Cicely Angleton. Senior officers from the CIA Counterintelligence Staff still pay him occasional visits, more they say to ''hold his hand'' than seek his advice. He has not changed his views.

Ray Rocca remains a part-time consultant in intelligence matters. He was recently lecturing on The Trust and the *Rote Kapelle* to students at a course run for the Defense Intelligence Agency.

Pete Bagley resides in Brussels. He recently wrote a book about KGB activities with a friend, the former KGB defector Petr Deryabin.[2]

Scotty Miler, alone among the former group of Fundamentalists, has become uneasy about the effects of Project HONETOL. While not sacrificing a syllable of his original beliefs, Miler does now feel that if Yuriy Nosenko, Yuriy Loginov, Jim Bennett, and Dmitriy Polyakov were truly innocent, then these are matters for a Commission of Investigation, with which he would be prepared to cooperate. Miler seeks restrictive terms of reference for such an inquiry and is anxious to keep it apolitical.[3]

A handful of HONETOL victims have asked for legal representation and are considering pursuing actions (as did Karlow, Kovich, and Garbler) against the CIA for damages inflicted upon their careers through unjustified suspicions.

The KGB, while confirming the execution of Dmitriy Polyakov (TOP HAT), refuses to place the fate of Yuriy Loginov on the record. Unofficially, he appears to be alive, but it has not been possible to obtain confirmation of his status or whereabouts.[4]

NOTES

CHAPTER 1

1. Mike Geldenhuys, interview with Tom Mangold (hereafter abbreviated as TM), March 6, 1989. Geldenhuys's quotations throughout this chapter are taken from several interviews conducted by TM in South Africa in March 1989 and again in London and Frankfurt in July 1990.

2. According to an official FBI definition, ''The illegal is a highly trained specialist in espionage tradecraft. He may be a (foreign) national and/or a professional intelligence officer dispatched to the United States under a false identity. Some illegals are trained in the scientific and technical field to permit easy access to sensitive areas of employment. Once they enter the United States with either fraudulent or true documentation, their presence is obscured among the thousands of legitimate émigrés entering the United States annually. Relatively undetected, they are able to maintain contact with their foreign control by means of communications which are not susceptible to discovery through conventional investigative measures.'' FBI Memorandum, ''Intelligence Activities Within the United States by Foreign Governments,'' March 20, 1975, cited in Church Committee, Final Report, Vol. I, p. 164.

3. It is important to understand the difference between a full-time employee of an intelligence service and a contracted employee. The former is known as an intelligence service *officer;* the latter as an *agent.*

4. Confidential interview.

5. In the jargon of CIA officers, ''dirty'' is the adjective applied to an operation which is found to be controlled or exploited by the opposition.

6. The CIA is specifically not authorized to operate within the United States. The function of defeating hostile intelligence services within the United States is held by the FBI.

7. All the sources and research details about the Loginov affair are laid out in detail in the notes to chapter 14, ''The Loginov Scandal,'' which gives the full version of this story.

8. Mike Geldenhuys, interview with TM, March 6, 1989.

9. Wolfgang Vogel was briefly arrested in December 1989 as the East German administration began to crumble. Investigations into his luxurious lifestyle, which included houses in East and West Germany and, according to his own boast, the biggest Mercedes in East Germany, led to nothing and he was subsequently released.

10. I am grateful to Peter Wyden's informative book *Wall: The Inside Story of Divided Berlin* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1989), for background material on Stange and Vogel.

11. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 4, 1990.

CHAPTER 2

1. Clare Boothe Luce, private correspondence with James Angleton, July 21, 1980.

2. Aaron Latham, *Orchids for Mother* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1977).

3. David C. Martin, *Wilderness of Mirrors* (New York: Harper & Row, 1980). No writer attempting an account of Angleton's life and works can ignore this seminal publication. It has been for reporters, myself included, a basic text. The author's generosity to me with his time and contacts is warmly appreciated.

4. Angleton was born at 3:30 A.M. at St. Alphonsus Hospital in Boise. He was baptized in the Catholic faith four days later at St. John's Cathedral in Boise.

5. This military outing was in pursuit of the legendary Pancho Villa, after Villa's raid on Columbus, New Mexico, in 1916.

6. There were to be three more Angleton children: Jim's brother, Hugh Rolla, born three years later in 1920, and two sisters, Carmen and Dolores.

7. Cicely Angleton, interview with Jeff Goldberg (hereafter abbreviated as JG), March 3, 1989. TM and JG wish to thank Mrs. Angleton for the interviews she granted for the book. Every direct quotation from her in this book has come from these conversations.

8. Thomas McCoy, interview with JG, April 28, 1988.

9. William Wick, interview with JG, August 8, 1989.

10. Anita Labra, letter to JG, June 5, 1989.

11. Cicely Angleton, interviews with TM, May 30, 1988, and June 9, 1988.

12. Ibid.

13. Edgar Applewhite, interview with JG, April 15, 1988.

14. E. Reed Whittemore, interview with TM, June 6, 1988.

15. Max Corvo, interview with JG, February 17, 1988. Cicely Angleton never heard of any association between Hugh Angleton and Mussolini, and she denies that such stories are true.

16. Robin Winks, *Cloak and Gown* (New York: William Morrow, 1987). I am indebted to Robin Winks for his assistance in compiling some evidence of Angleton's early years. *Cloak and Gown* contains a detailed chapter on that period and repays close study.

17. Boise *Statesman,* May 16, 1976.

18. Thames Television, ''This Week,'' November 1976. From the full (transmitted and untransmitted) text of an interview with James Angleton.

19. Curtis Dahl, interview with JG, July 30, 1988.

20. Winks, *Cloak and Gown,* p. 331.

21. E. Reed Whittemore, interview with TM, June 6, 1988.

22. William Wick, letter to Cicely Angleton, May 23, 1989.

23. Ibid.

24. Ibid.

25. ''The Waif,'' November 5, 1940, no. 1.

26. According to Cicely Angleton, e e cummings agreed with Pound's favorable assessment of Angleton's work. Cicely Angleton, interview with JG, December 20, 1990.

27. E. Reed Whittemore, interview with TM, June 6, 1988.

28. Reed Whittemore had a friend at Yale, Arnold Kettle, a British graduate student who was an openly avowed Communist. Angleton disliked Kettle and was suspicious of his intentions. Years later, when Angleton was running the Counterintelligence Staff at the CIA, he tried to find out if Whittemore had retained contact with Kettle, who had become a university professor of literature in London, an author, and a noted Marxist literary critic. Angleton told Whittemore he suspected Kettle of being a Soviet agent since Kettle had been a prominent member of the British Communist Party in the 1970s. The author is not aware of any evidence to support Angleton's suspicions. E. Reed Whittemore, interview with TM, June 6, 1988. For background on Kettle, see also Eric Bentley, ''The Eric Bentley Memoir,'' *Delos,* Vol. 1, no. 4 (Winter 1988–89), pp. 33 ff.

29. William Wick, letter to Cicely Angleton, May 23, 1989.

30. Cicely Angleton, interview with TM, May 30, 1988.

31. Cicely Angleton, interview with TM, June 9, 1988.

32. OSS memo, September 25, 1943, from James Murphy, ''Subject: Corp. James Angleton,'' released to the author under the Freedom of Information Act, September 1989.

CHAPTER 3

1. Perdita Schaffner (née Doolittle), interview with JG, April 1, 1988.

2. Raymond Baine, interview with JG, April 14, 1988.

3. Angleton was assigned his own personal secret OSS code identifier: ''BB008.''

4. Thomas Powers, *The Man Who Kept the Secrets* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1979), p. 67.

5. Quoted in David Leigh, *The Wilson Plot* (London: Heinemann, 1988), p. 101.

6. Memo, James Murphy to General William Donovan, ''X-2 Situation Report,'' February 5, 1944, from the National Archives, Washington, D.C.

7. Perdita Schaffner (née Doolittle), interview with JG, April 1, 1988. See also Perdita Schaffner, ''Glass in My Typewriter,'' East Hampton *Star*, May 15, 1975.

8. The X-2 mission was to participate in military operations, and recruit and train agents for specialized assignments in deception, double agent work, and radio communications in Germany to counteract the Nazi subversive or underground movement.

9. OSS documents, from James Angleton to OSS headquarters in Washington, D.C., and London, November 1944–February 1945, released to the author under the Freedom of Information Act, September 1989.

10. Angleton's service in Rome also earned him several honors from the Italians, including the Order of the Crown of Italy (September 1945); the Order of Malta—Cross of Malta (January 1947); and the Italian War Cross for Merit (April 1947).

11. After the war, Angleton faced considerable pressure from his father to remain in Italy permanently and take over the family-owned NCR operation. Hugh Angleton was said to have ''considerable disdain'' for anyone who stayed in the intelligence field once the war was over. He believed serious men went back to business after the fighting stopped. Cicely Angleton recalls that her husband steadfastly refused his father's offers to lure him away from

his government work. (She didn't want to live in Italy, either.) Cicely Angleton, interview with JG, March 3, 1989.

12. Six months after the German surrender, on October 1, 1945, President Truman dissolved OSS and assigned its research and analysis units to the State Department, and its operational units to the War Department, where they were renamed Strategic Services Unit (SSU). Angleton stayed in the SSU in Rome as a captain in charge of the 2677 Regiment. As such, he was the senior U.S. intelligence officer in Italy, and became a favorite of the SSU chief in Washington, Lieutenant Colonel William Quinn. Angleton remained in Italy even after the SSU was folded into another acronym, the CIG, the Central Intelligence Group, forerunner of the CIA. U.S. Senate Select Committee to Study Government Operations with Respect to Intelligence Activities (hereafter cited as Church Committee), Final Report, Book VI, April 23, 1976, pp. 154–55; Martin, *Wilderness of Mirrors,* pp. 17–18; Winks, *Cloak and Gown,* pp. 371–72; Ray Cline, *The CIA Under Reagan, Bush and Casey* (Washington, D.C.: Acropolis Books, 1981), p. 114; memo, James R. Murphy to Col. William Quinn, April 23, 1946, ''Recommendations for Situation of X-2 Branch, SSU,'' from SSU Records, National Archives, Washington, D.C.

13. Cicely Angleton, interview with JG, March 3, 1989.

14. Ibid.

15. Ibid.

16. Angleton's personnel records indicate that he officially joined the CIA on December 30, 1947, but he took a seven-month leave of absence to live in Tucson before actually beginning his first assignment.

17. Gloria Loomis Smith, interview with JG, January 30, 1989.

18. This very personal document was generously given to the author by Cicely Angleton. She had never read it until a search through her late husband's papers brought it to light. In his will, Angleton noted that he was then the holder of a special U.S. passport issued on September 3, 1948. He signed the will—this is typically Angleton—''at 2242 hours on January 22nd, in Washington DC.''

CHAPTER 4

1. James Angleton, private comment to Rolfe Kingsley, undated (ca. 1949). Rolfe Kingsley, interview with TM, March 1, 1989.

2. These functions have since been broadly expanded to include a wide range of activities: collection of information overseas through secret operations, covert political assistance to foreign governments and friendly political groups, support and training for paramilitary operations, preparing political propaganda, research and analysis of strategic intelligence, and the develop-

ment of scientific and technological methods to support all of the above. The CIA was specifically barred from having any police, subpoena, law enforcement, or internal security functions.

The CIA director, who is a presidential appointee subject to confirmation by the U.S. Senate, manages this sprawling intelligence empire and acts as the President's chief officer-adviser on foreign intelligence matters. By law, the Director of the CIA is also designated as Director of Central Intelligence, or DCI, with a charter to coordinate the activities of the entire U.S. intelligence establishment. The DCI is, in effect, the chairman of the board of the combined apparatus of the CIA, the FBI, the National Security Agency, the Defense Intelligence Agency, the Atomic Energy Commission, and State Department intelligence.

3. Church Committee, Final Report, Book VI, p. 254; John Ranelagh, *The Agency: The Rise and Decline of the CIA* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1986), pp. 34, 112–13, 186–92, 728–29.

4. During the early 1950s, there were four advisory staffs under the ADSO: Staff A (foreign intelligence operations), Staff B (long-range planning for operations), Staff C (counterintelligence), and Staff D (communications intelligence).

5. Gloria Loomis Smith, interview with JG, January 30, 1989; memo from Robert Gaynor to State Department, February 3, 1950; James Angleton's Payroll Change Notice, April 2, 1950.

6. The distinction of being placed in charge of the CIA's Israeli Desk, and his handling of this new and important Counterintelligence Staff function, added considerably to Angleton's prestige, but nothing in this aspect of his work had a direct bearing on the subject matter of this narrative. The legends alone surrounding his twenty years as head of the Israeli Desk would fill another book, as indeed would the truth. I have spent considerable time and energy researching this component of his work in an effort to find any connections leading to the CIA ''molehunt,'' and the destruction of intelligence officers' careers and reputations—both within the CIA and in friendly services throughout the West. In the absence of any such evidence, I have chosen somewhat reluctantly not to devote valuable space to the colorful but irrelevant aspects of this Counterintelligence Staff function.

I would like to place on the record, however, that Angleton's closest professional friends overseas, then and subsequently, came from the Mossad (the Israeli intelligence-gathering service) and that he was held in immense esteem by his Israeli colleagues and by the state of Israel, which was to award him profound honors after his death. Angleton was one of the earliest intelligence officers with the vision to realize that Soviet-Jewish émigrés would emerge from behind the Iron Curtain carrying considerable amounts of valuable information. He also feared the KGB would try to use émigrés as a cover for infiltrating agents into the West.

The ''Israeli Account'' was finally wrested from Angleton by DCI William

Colby in 1974 and was given to the Near East Division. The event heralded Angleton's enforced retirement a few months later.

7. Church Committee, Final Report, Book VI, p. 255; Ranelagh, *The Agency,* pp. 73–74, 235–36, 729–30.

8. Martin, *Wilderness of Mirrors,* pp. 61–62.

9. Newton Holbrook, interview with JG, August 1, 1988; confidential interview.

10. Leonard Mosley, *Dulles* (New York: Dial Press, 1978), p. 6. The story about the byplay between Hugh Angleton and Allen Dulles comes from Emma Swann Hall, a longtime friend of Jim Angleton and his family. Emma Swann Hall, interview with JG, April 20, 1989.

11. Lawrence Houston, interview with JG, August 23, 1989.

12. Tom Braden, interview with JG, April 29, 1989.

13. Ibid. No evidence has emerged to corroborate the charge that Angleton actually received electronic intelligence from social occasions in Washington. It may have suited him to give that impression to Dulles, who would have been unlikely to debate the moral rectitude of such an operation.

14. During the course of 1951–52 a painful bureaucratic restructuring was undertaken to streamline the agency's clandestine divisions and eliminate debilitating internal rivalries that had built up on the secret side of the organization—the one that ran spies. The CIA's two existing clandestine units were merged into one unified division with the non-threatening and somewhat euphemistic title ''Directorate of Plans,'' or DDP. In 1973, the DDP was renamed more precisely the ''Directorate of Operations,'' or DDO, the designation that is still used today. For the sake of clarity, I have used the title DDO in many instances in the book, irrespective of the relevant time period. See Powers, *The Man Who Kept the Secrets,* pp. 49–50.

15. Confidential interview.

16. Helms, of course, deflects such notions. ''I had a perfectly satisfactory relationship with Jim,'' he explains. ''Jim brought his papers to me and took his orders from me. We saw each other socially—from time to time, but not that often.'' Helms confirms that Angleton did have special access to him and his office, but he disagrees that this was a unique arrangement. ''This was also true for others in the CIA,'' he quickly adds. ''There was a group of those fellows who I had known from the OSS days who had such access. All of them could call me up for an appointment.'' Richard Helms, interview with TM, May 23, 1989.

17. Confidential interview.

18. Edward Knowles, interview with JG, December 13, 1988. Knowles died in October 1990.

19. Col. Thomas Fox, interview with TM, May 16, 1989.

20. Ibid.

21. David Atlee Phillips, *The Night Watch* (New York: Atheneum, 1977), p. 189.

22. Confidential interview.

23. Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff expanded as he acquired and incorporated certain special functions. At its apex, directly under him, the staff consisted of an administrative group of about six people who handled finance, logistics, and personnel—and included the deputy chief, several budget officers, and two or three secretaries. Under this management team, Angleton established seven branches: Research and Analysis; Operations; International Communism and Front Organizations; Special Investigation Group; International Police; Liaison to Other U.S. Departments and Agencies; and Special Operations Group (Israel).

Each of these branches was headed by a senior officer and deputy who reported to Angleton. These sections were staffed with various combinations of nearly two hundred officers, analysts, research assistants, translators, and secretary/clerks (about one for every five officers).

By far the largest of the seven branches were Research and Analysis (which oversaw the file archives) and Operations (which handled cases and confronted suspected agents in foreign services). Together, they comprised about two thirds of the Counterintelligence Staff's total personnel. The other branches had about a dozen people or fewer in them; in the International Communism Branch, for instance, a staff of about ten officers provided liaison with foreign intelligence services from countries where strong Communist parties operated. (In the late 1960s, there was also a four-person unit working in the basement on an operation code-named ''MH-CHAOS,'' which collected information on domestic political organizations protesting the Vietnam War. (See chapter 21, ''Fired.'')

24. The one separate component with which Angleton's staff was obliged to work closely was the agency's Office of Security, which had official jurisdiction over two counterintelligence-related functions: guarding the CIA's buildings and facilities worldwide; and investigating all CIA personnel (conducting background checks and polygraphs) to ensure their loyalty, and to root out any potential risks or traitors.

Office of Security representatives were regarded as internal security policemen, handling anything from non-operational investigations of employees cheating on their expenses to major security probes of putative traitors. They were also engaged in the vetting procedures of defectors. They were required to turn over any criminal investigations to the FBI for action. Often, on specific security cases involving suspected espionage, there was a considerable overlap in the responsibilities of the Counterintelligence Staff and Office of Security because of the gray line between their respective areas of jurisdiction and authority. During Angleton's long stewardship of counterintelligence, however, his power, authority, and superior access within the agency meant he was more often than not the *primus inter pares* in any operational discussion or dispute between the two departments.

25. One of the key battles Angleton fought after 1954 was whether he would have authority over counterintelligence operations out in the CIA's foreign stations. Before then, each station chief controlled his own operations in his own country. Angleton argued that he had to run these operations in order to vet what was going on. He wanted to approve the recruitment of all agent candidates and review all proposed and ongoing operations. But his bid for total control was turned down. Instead, he was given "veto power": he received access to these operations and coordination authority, and he could object to the DDO and DCI if he disagreed with how things were being run. The DDO became the final judge.

This compromise system did not always work smoothly, because there were sometimes strong conflicts between Angleton and the officers in the field, when he thought some operations were too sensitive to be entrusted to certain people or stations. Angleton sometimes lost these battles. If he prevailed, there were usually bruised egos among the chief of station and the respective division. And, by and large, these arguments fostered resentment of him within the DDO. After a while, many division chiefs simply stopped telling Angleton what they were doing—so as to avoid such arguments.

Richard Helms, who had to adjudicate such matters for twenty years (as Assistant DDO, then DDO, then Assistant DCI, then DCI) says that "resolving these questions—like the CI squabbles with the Soviet Division over an agent's bona fides—is very hard to deal with. The CI chief has to be suspicious, but it's a pain in the ass to have these people constantly arguing and quibbling over these matters." Helms, interview with TM, May 23, 1989.

26. Newton Miler, interview with TM, May 12, 1989.

27. Confidential interview.

28. Dr. Jerrold Post, interview with TM, May 30, 1988.

29. Confidential interview.

30. U.S. House Select Committee on Assassinations (hereafter cited as HSCA), October 5, 1978, Deposition of James Angleton, pp. 145–47. This deposition was previously unpublished.

31. As part of its brief after 1965, the SIG handled the acquisition, analysis, and dissemination of the material stolen by the National Security Agency from the planet's ether. This signals intelligence (called SIGINT) and communications intelligence (or COMINT) would be analyzed for political intelligence, and also painstakingly studied for counterintelligence leads to penetration agents or Soviet illegals transmitting messages back to Moscow.

32. HSCA, October 5, 1978, Deposition of James Angleton, pp. 145–47. In October 1978, when Angleton gave sworn, secret testimony to a congres-

sional committee—testimony that has never before been disclosed—he was asked to explain the SIG's general purpose. "I set it up in 1954," he answered, "so that no one in the Counterintelligence [Staff] . . . would ever have access to anybody's [CIA] security file. I chose an individual [Birch O'Neal] who had been ex-FBI . . . as the man to run that component. . . . In the event there was an allegation about an employee, he could review . . . the entire file [with the Office of Security, which] . . . has sole possession of security files and is responsible for the security clearance of personnel."

Angleton added that the SIG's various functions included keeping lists of defectors to the United States and managing "sensitive cases involving Americans" that were not being handled by any other department of the U.S. government. He said these functions were deliberately referred to only "in fairly camouflaged terms" and were "very much fuzzed over"—even within the CIA—in order to preserve the unit's secrecy.

33. Confidential interview.

34. Donald Jameson, interview with TM, June 6, 1988.

35. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 7, 1988.

36. Lawrence Houston, interview with JG, August 23, 1989.

37. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, November 11, 1988.

CHAPTER 5

1. Kim Philby, *My Silent War* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1983), p. 157. The book first appeared in 1968.

2. Confidential interview.

3. Phillip Knightley, *Philby: KGB Masterspy* (London: André Deutsch, 1988). Mr. Knightley has kindly provided me with notes from his conversations with Philby in Moscow in 1988.

4. Cicely Angleton, interview with TM, June 9, 1988.

5. Philby, *My Silent War,* pp. 156–57.

6. Gloria Loomis Smith, interview with JG, January 30, 1989.

7. Ibid.

8. Clare Petty, interview with TM, May 31, 1988.

9. Ibid.; CIA memo, June 18, 1951, "Subject: Guy Francis De Money Burgess," by James Angleton. In response to a Freedom of Information Act request, the CIA released a version of Angleton's four-page memo in January 1979, with certain large deletions. Portions of this memo were first published in David Martin's *Wilderness of Mirrors,* pp. 53–54.

10. Confidential interview.

11. Ibid.

12. James McCargar, interview with TM, October 29, 1989.

13. Confidential interview.

14. The total of thirty-six formal Angleton-Philby meetings at CIA headquarters does not include an undetermined number of other professional discussions they had outside of the CIA building—at the British Embassy, at lunches and dinners in Washington, and at various social occasions.

15. Confidential interview.

16. Peter Wright, interview with TM, February 22, 1989.

17. Leonard McCoy, interviews with TM, October 5, 1989, and November 10, 1988.

18. Peter Wright, interview with TM, February 22, 1989.

19. Dr. Jerrold Post, interview with TM, May 30, 1988.

20. Cicely Angleton, interview with TM, May 30, 1988.

21. Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989.

22. Walter Elder, interview with JG, August 16, 1988.

23. Dr. John Gittinger, interview with TM, November 23, 1988.

24. Within a four-month span after Stalin's death, four KGB officers defected: Yuriy Rastvorov in Japan, Petr Deryabin in Austria, Nikolay Khokhlov in West Germany, and Vladimir Petrov in Australia. Meanwhile, Petr Popov, a GRU officer, had become a key ''defector-in-place'' for the CIA. All these men gave the CIA its first really significant look inside the USSR. In 1959, a Polish intelligence officer, Michel Goleniewski, defected in place and later came to Washington with extremely valuable information, but not about the workings of the USSR. The one invaluable asset the CIA possessed in 1961 (and shared with the British SIS) was the GRU colonel Oleg Penkovskiy, still rated to this day as one of the most fertile Soviet military intelligence sources ever.

CHAPTER 6

1. Confidential interview.

2. Frank Friberg, interview with JG, June 13, 1989.

3. Anatoliy Golitsyn, *New Lies for Old* (London: The Bodley Head, 1984), Editor's Foreword; Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989.

4. Frank Friberg, interview with JG, June 13, 1989.

5. Ibid.

6. Ibid.

7. The Golitsyns resided in two safe houses during their stay in Washington. For the first month after their defection, the CIA kept them hidden away in a small home that was available in McLean, Virginia. When a larger, more secure location was found, they were moved to a big old stone house in the middle of the woods at the outskirts of McLean—several miles outside of Washington's Beltway. This second, secluded house, which the CIA rented specially for Golitsyn, was to be their residence until they moved to London in March 1963.

8. Walter Elder, interview with TM, June 26, 1989.

9. Edward Knowles, interview with JG, August 22, 1989.

10. Frank Friberg, interview with JG, June 13, 1989.

11. Peter Wright, interview with TM, February 22, 1989.

12. Frank Friberg, interview with JG, June 13, 1989.

13. Ibid.

14. At the time of Georges Pâques's spying, France was still a full military member of the NATO alliance.

15. Hugh Hambleton had been recruited by the Soviets in the early 1950s. He became an economic analyst for NATO in 1956, and subsequently passed over hundreds of NATO documents to his KGB controller to photograph. Although he did not have access to the highest-grade information, the papers he supplied did contain secrets about, among other things, NATO nuclear strategy, prospective weapons systems, and the long-term impact of the new technologies of microchips and lasers. Hambleton was finally uncovered in 1979 by the Canadians, who decided not to prosecute him in return for his cooperation in exhaustive debriefings. The British were less forgiving. (Hambleton had an English father and held dual nationality.) When he unwisely flew to the United Kingdom in 1982, he was arrested, charged, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

16. Cicely Angleton, interview with TM, May 30, 1988.

17. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, January 15, 1990.

18. Walter Elder, interview with TM, June 26, 1989.

19. Ibid.

20. Ibid.

21. Confidential interview.

22. Donald Jameson, interview with TM, June 6, 1988, and interview with JG, December 8, 1988.

23. Peter Kapusta, interview with JG, August 16, 1989.

24. Col. Thomas Fox, interview with TM, May 16, 1989.

25. Ibid.

26. Ibid.

27. Ibid.

28. Ibid.

29. Ibid.

30. Donald Jameson, interview with TM, June 6, 1988, and interview with JG, December 8, 1988.

31. William Branigan, interview with JG, November 29, 1988.

32. Ibid.

33. Ibid.

34. Ibid.

35. Donald Moore, interview with JG, December 6, 1988.

36. Ibid.

37. Ibid.

38. Alekso Poptanich, interview with JG, February 14, 1989. Poptanich died in February 1991.

39. Gordon Brook-Shepherd, *The Storm Birds* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1988), pp. 164–65 (interview with Petr Deryabin, April 3, 1987).

40. Dr. John Gittinger, interview with TM, November 23, 1988.

41. Ibid.

42. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 1, 1988.

43. HSCA, October 5, 1978, Deposition of James Angleton, pp. 50–51.

44. Alekso Poptanich, interview with JG, February 14, 1989; Courtland Jones, interview with JG, February 3, 1989.

45. Alekso Poptanich, interview with JG, February 14, 1989.

46. Ibid.

47. Walter Elder, interview with JG, August 11, 1988.

48. George Kisevalter, interview with TM, May 12, 1989.

49. Walter Elder, interview with JG, August 11, 1988.

50. George Kisevalter, interviews with TM, May 12, 1989, and May 25, 1988.

51. George Kisevalter, interview with TM, May 25, 1988.

52. Ibid.

53. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 1, 1988.

54. Walter Elder, interview with TM, June 26, 1989.

CHAPTER 7

1. Confidential interview.

2. Confidential interview.

3. MI5 is roughly equivalent to the counterintelligence side of the FBI. The main difference in terms of spycatcher functions is that MI5 officers are not policemen and have no powers of arrest. That function must be undertaken by Scotland Yard's Special Branch detectives.

4. Confidential interview.

5. This was the view expressed to the author in 1978 by one of Golitsyn's closest London supporters, Stephen de Mowbray of MI6.

6. Peter Wright, interview with TM, February 22, 1989.

7. Ibid.

8. Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 13, 1989. Sir Dick White, who was then head of MI6 (the British CIA), was never consulted and was unaware that Golitsyn was given British files.

9. John Vassall, a homosexual, worked as a clerk in the British naval attaché's office in Moscow during the mid-1950s. He was sexually compromised by the KGB and spied for them for several years. Golitsyn saw some of Vassall's ''take'' while in Moscow, and, although he couldn't precisely identify Vassall, his information helped the British to narrow down the list of suspects. The final confirmation that Vassall was helping the Soviets was later provided by another KGB defector, Yuriy Nosenko. Vassall was arrested in 1962 and was sentenced to eighteen years' imprisonment.

10. Confidential interview. New legislation in the United Kingdom has made it a serious offense for serving or former intelligence officers to talk about their work, or even to offer personal opinions and judgments on the record to authors or journalists. Even where some of my British informants have agreed to go on the record, I have taken the decision to remove their names from the text.

Where possible, I have checked information with more than one source. This arrangement is not ideal, but it is the best compromise under the unusually fierce legislation that has been introduced. Those of us opposed to the legislation would do better to lobby our Members of Parliament than risk the civil service pensions of our informants, or the possibility of a vindictive prosecution directed against them.

11. Peter Wright, with Paul Greengrass, *Spycatcher* (New York: Viking Press, 1987), pp. 315–16.

12. Peter Wright, interview with TM, February 22, 1989. See also Wright, *Spycatcher,* pp. 190–212, and Leigh, *The Wilson Plot,* p. 75.

13. There are several accounts of who first dreamed up the theory about the Gaitskell assassination plot. Peter Wright claims both he and Arthur Martin had doubts about the manner of Gaitskell's death before Golitsyn arrived in London, one reason being that Wright claimed to know Gaitskell personally and had taken a special interest in the affair. However, Edward Jay Epstein has written that Golitsyn had told his CIA debriefer as early as 1962 that the KGB was ''in the process of organizing special actions, including untraceable assassinations.'' Epstein reports that Angleton then opened a special file on the case. What seems beyond doubt is that Golitsyn was wholly responsible for the precise Gaitskell assassination theory, even if its birthplace and incubation occurred in different locations. Peter Wright, interview with TM, February 22, 1989; Edward Jay Epstein, *Deception* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1989), pp. 80–81.

14. David Binder, ''KGB Praised by Some and Feared by Many,'' *New York Times,* November 13, 1982.

15. Col. Oleg Gordievskiy, interviews with TM, February 1990, during filming for a documentary on Gordievskiy for BBC-TV ''Panorama.''

16. Clare Petty, interview with TM, May 31, 1988.

17. Confidential interview.

18. Wright, *Spycatcher,* p. 364.

19. Leigh, *The Wilson Plot,* p. 210.

20. Peter Wright, interview with TM, February 22, 1989.

21. Wright, *Spycatcher,* p. 364.

22. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, January 15, 1990.

23. Richard Helms, interview with TM, May 23, 1989.

24. Peter Wright, interview with TM, February 22, 1989.

25. Confidential interview.

26. Confidential interview.

27. Angleton sent a note to Richard Helms, who was then Assistant DDO, assuring him that Penkovskiy was a genuine defector whose information could

be trusted. "Penkovskiy," wrote Angleton in 1961, "is undoubtedly the most important informant the CIA has had for many years. . . . It is truly important that President Kennedy should have the full story." (Richard Helms had no doubts about Penkovskiy either, then or now.) Confidential interviews.

28. Yuriy Nosenko, who was involved in KGB counterintelligence operations in Moscow before his defection to the United States in 1964, has broken his silence on the subject of Penkovskiy's arrest.

"I was personally briefed by General Oleg Gribanov on this case," Nosenko explains. "It resulted from the earlier arrest of Petr Popov, who had been spying for the Americans in Moscow. After the Popov arrest, the KGB decided to follow *all* British and American Embassy personnel, including their spouses. While watching Janet Chisholm [the wife of an MI6 officer in Moscow] walking on the Arbat, they noticed her having a brush contact with an unknown Soviet man. The four-man surveillance team then split up, with two following her and two the unidentified contact. After about twenty minutes, the unidentified man lost his KGB tail in such an obviously professional way that his followers realized they were dealing with an intelligence officer. After that, it was easy to identify the man as Penkovskiy, since he was already under some suspicion from previous contacts with Greville Wynne." Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, July 2, 1990.

According to Nosenko, Penkovskiy had also begun to draw attention to himself in the way he handled his personal life. KGB counterintelligence officers had noted that the GRU officer was partaking in a lavish amount of eating, drinking, and entertaining—an indication that he was receiving money from a suspicious source.

29. Golitsyn, *New Lies for Old,* p. 54.

30. Wright, *Spycatcher,* p. 207.

31. Epstein, *Deception,* pp. 79–80.

32. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, January 15, 1990. See also Leonard McCoy, "Yuriy Nosenko, CIA," *CIRA* (Central Intelligence Retirement Association) *Newsletter* (Fall 1987), pp. 17 ff.

33. The only public reference to Angleton's conversion against Penkovskiy comes from his conversations with Edward Jay Epstein, as reported in *Deception,* p. 79. In fact, the CIA's records show that Angleton continued trying to establish Penkovskiy's "guilt" until 1974, when he was dismissed.

34. Col. Oleg Gordievskiy, interviews with TM, February 1990.

35. Confidential interviews.

36. Confidential interview.

37. In October 1981, after publicity about the Hollis probe first surfaced, Sir Martin Furnival Jones, Hollis's successor as MI5's Director General, came to the defense of his deceased colleague in a rare open letter to *The*

Times, which stated: ''We are wholly convinced of his innocence.'' *The Times* (London), October 1981, cited in Christopher Dobson and Ronald Payne, *The Dictionary of Espionage* (London: Harrap, 1984), p. 80.

38. Col. Oleg Gordievskiy, interviews with TM, February 1990. See also ''The Debriefing of Colonel G, Tom Mangold Reports,'' BBC-TV, ''Panorama,'' February 26, 1990.

39. Confidential interview.

40. Ibid.

41. *Daily Telegraph* (London), July 12, 1963, p. 1.

42. The British Foreign Office subsequently recommended Golitsyn for the honor of a CBE—Commander of the British Empire. Buckingham Palace graciously agreed to the award; one earned through ''conspicuous'' service to the Crown.

CHAPTER 8

1. James Angleton and Charles J. V. Murphy, ''On the Separation of Church and State,'' *American Cause,* Special Report (June 1976).

2. Golitsyn, *New Lies for Old,* p. 133.

3. James Dudley, interview with TM, May 23, 1989.

4. Max Corvo, interview with JG, February 17, 1988; Cleo Russo, interview with JG, April 7, 1988; Col. Phillip Corso, interview with JG, July 19, 1988; Gino Landerghini, interview with JG, May 10, 1988; Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989.

5. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 1, 1988.

6. Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989.

7. Roger Hollingshead, interview with TM, undated, 1987.

8. Sam Papich, interview with TM, November 19, 1988.

9. Ibid.

10. Ibid.

11. James Dudley, interview with TM, May 23, 1989.

12. Ibid.

13. HSCA, October 5, 1978, Deposition of James Angleton, pp. 48–54.

14. Ibid.

15. Archie Roosevelt, interview with TM, May 15, 1989.

16. Confidential interview.

17. Golitsyn, *New Lies for Old,* pp. 77–78.

18. Ibid., Editor's Foreword, p. xiv.

19. Col. Oleg Gordievskiy, correspondence with TM throughout 1989; and in subsequent discussions in February 1990, including a formal television interview on February 26, 1990, for BBC-TV ''Panorama'' (''The Debriefing of Colonel G'').

20. Ibid.

21. Ibid.

22. Col. Oleg Gordievskiy, correspondence with TM, November 1989.

23. HSCA, October 5, 1978, Deposition of James Angleton, p. 51.

24. Col. Oleg Gordievskiy, memorandum to TM, October 4, 1989.

25. Walter Elder, interview with JG, December 2, 1989; confidential interviews.

26. Quoted in Phillip Knightley, *The Second Oldest Profession* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1986), pp. 304–05.

27. Ranelagh, *The Agency,* p. 504.

28. Ray Cline, interview with TM, May 15, 1989.

29. Donald Zagoria, interview with JG, August 16, 1989. Professor Zagoria has written numerous books and articles on the subject of Soviet and Chinese relations, including *The Sino-Soviet Conflict, 1956–61* (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1962). Also, Ray Cline, interview with TM, May 15, 1989; Walter Elder, interview with JG, August 11, 1988.

30. The President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board was comprised of eight presidential appointees who met quarterly and were given top secret briefings on the world situation. These distinguished private citizens were supposed to analyze the operations and objectives of the U.S. intelligence community and offer advice and assessments to the President. One underlying purpose of PFIAB was to interface with the Congress and relieve tensions between the executive, the legislature, and the CIA.

31. Walter Elder, interviews with JG, August 11, 1988, and December 2, 1989.

32. Richard Helms, interview with TM, May 23, 1989.

33. Adm. Stansfield Turner, interview with TM, May 12, 1989.

34. Walter Elder, interview with JG, August 11, 1988.

35. The Canadian officials were British-born Jim Bennett and the RCMP's

Director of Security and Intelligence, William H. Kelly. Jim Bennett, interview with TM, February 24, 1989; confidential interviews.

36. Ibid.

CHAPTER 9

1. Quoted in P. L. Thyraud de Vosjoli, *Lamia* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1970), pp. 312–13.

2. Golitsyn told the CIA that ''Sapphire'' was a descriptive term used by senior KGB officers in Moscow to refer to the large group of moles they had recruited in France. These precious sources, or jewels, were informally called ''SAPPHIRE'' by the Soviets. Confidential interview.

3. Some of Golitsyn's allegations about KGB penetrations in France were first reported in a *Life* magazine cover story about Philippe de Vosjoli, ''The French Spy Scandal,'' April 26, 1968. Parts of the story were later elaborated in several other publications, most notably de Vosjoli, *Lamia,* pp. 306–08, and Roger Faligot and Pascal Krop, *La Piscine* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1989), p. 218.

4. Confidential interviews.

5. The U.S. ambassador in Paris, Amory Houghton, had told Ulmer that he did not wish to be involved in the matter.

6. Confidential interview.

7. De Vosjoli, *Lamia,* p. 304.

8. Ibid., p. 302.

9. Philippe de Vosjoli, interviews with TM, August 5 and 6, 1989. In the late 1940s, Angleton also worked closely with two other top SDECE officials: Henri Ribière, the postwar Director General of SDECE, and his deputy, Colonel Gustave Bertrand (who was known by his alias ''Godefroy''). Bertrand and Angleton remained lifelong friends. Bertrand's claim to fame was that he had helped retrieve the German Enigma machine from Poland during World War II. After the war, he was recognized as one of Europe's top experts on codes and ciphers. In 1948, Ribière appointed Bertrand to oversee SDECE's transmitting and interception center at Mont-Valrien. In 1955, Angleton personally arranged for Bertrand, now retired, to receive an important American medal for his wartime service. A formal ceremony was held aboard a U.S. aircraft carrier docked offshore near Bertrand's hometown in the south of France. Angleton did not attend, but he had persuaded the CIA to organize the whole event. Bertrand remained suitably grateful.

10. Confidential interview.

11. Philippe de Vosjoli, interviews with TM, August 5 and 6, 1989.

12. John Barry, ''The Soviet Spy Close to de Gaulle,'' *Sunday Times* (London), ''Insight,'' April 21 and 28, 1968, two parts. See also John Barry, ''Broad Impact of 'Martel' Everywhere but France,'' *Life,* April 16, 1968.

13. De Vosjoli, *Lamia,* p. 308.

14. Ibid., p. 307.

15. Ibid.

16. Philippe de Vosjoli, interviews with TM, August 5 and 6, 1989.

17. De Vosjoli, *Lamia,* p. 307.

18. Ibid., pp. 309–10.

19. Philippe de Vosjoli, interviews with TM, August 5 and 6, 1989. De Vosjoli confirms there were other aspects to the swapping between the United States and France. He says he personally used ''special brokers'' to purchase a whole fleet of civilian planes (most of them from the U.S.), which were converted to spy planes by the French Air Force and SDECE. He adds: ''Some of the equipment the Americans gave us was used by our Secret Service to monitor Frenchmen living in France. And I'm sorry to say this, the results of our intercepts were passed to the CIA through their chief of station in Paris. I think this was quite wrong.''

20. Philippe de Vosjoli, interviews with TM, August 5 and 6, 1989.

21. Confidential interview. In 1963, Angleton also spread the accusation against Colonel Houneau to Daniel Doustin, the head of DST, while Doustin was on a visit to Washington. In a private meeting, Angleton told Doustin that the CIA did not like Houneau's appointment as SDECE's number two, because he was a suspected Soviet agent. Doustin passed this message to General Jacquier as soon as he returned to Paris.

22. Faligot and Krop, *La Piscine,* p. 220.

23. De Vosjoli, *Lamia,* p. 311.

24. In the unwritten, time-honored codes of behavior between friendly intelligence services, the idea of a ''host'' service recruiting or subverting a foreign liaison officer is as taboo as cannibalism. Such liaison officers are their intelligence services' equivalent of diplomatic ambassadors. They not only represent the flag, but steer the course of all intelligence relationships between the host and guest countries. In recent years the only comparable situation of one ally spying on another was the 1985 Jonathan Pollard affair between Israel and the United States, which created a huge scandal.

25. Philippe de Vosjoli, interviews with TM, August 5 and 6, 1989. See also de Vosjoli, *Lamia,* p. 310.

26. De Vosjoli, *Lamia,* p. 310.

27. Philippe de Vosjoli, interviews with TM, August 5 and 6, 1989.

28. De Vosjoli, *Lamia,* p. 311.

29. Ibid., p. 312.

30. Ibid., pp. 312–13.

31. Philippe de Vosjoli, interviews with TM, August 5 and 6, 1989.

32. Walter Elder, interview with TM, June 26, 1989.

33. Ibid. Elder recalls that CIA officials were angered when they learned of the SDECE plan to spy on U.S. nuclear secrets. While McCone was DCI, he never met de Gaulle. But they had talked about nuclear matters earlier, when McCone was chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. At these meetings, McCone had been ''hard'' on de Gaulle, urging him not to proceed with an independent nuclear deterrent. McCone stressed that the French should leave the Americans in charge of the NATO nuclear deterrent. ''France cannot have a major say in a nuclear war,'' McCone had argued. ''I know,'' de Gaulle replied. ''I cannot kill the enemy if there is a nuclear war, but the enemy will know I am there because I can take off an arm or a leg.''

34. Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989.

35. Confidential interview. Scotty Miler agrees with this interpretation. He notes that ''Angleton did not exploit de Vosjoli or attempt to recruit him in the classic way. They had a mutual interest.'' Newton Miler, interview with TM, June 25, 1989.

36. Philippe de Vosjoli, interviews with TM, August 5 and 6, 1989.

37. Cicely Angleton, interview with TM, May 30, 1988.

38. Newton Miler, interview with TM, June 25, 1989.

39. Clare Petty, interview with TM, May 17, 1989. Angleton confirmed in public, under oath, before the Church Committee in 1975, that the CIA had asked the FBI to conduct secret break-ins. The following exchange took place between Angleton and committee member Senator Walter Huddleston (D-Ky.):

> *Senator Huddleston:* Well, did the CIA on occasion, ask Mr. Hoover and his agency to enter into ''black bag'' jobs?
> *Angleton:* That is correct.

The senator did not pursue the matter or ask Angleton to name the targets of the break-ins. Church Committee, Hearings, Vol. II, September 1975, testimony of James Angleton, p. 69.

By 1966, FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover had ordered an end to the bureau's participation in domestic ''black-bag jobs'' against suspected subversives or foreign intelligence targets in the United States because he feared public disclosure of these illegal operations would greatly embarrass the FBI.

On July 19, 1966, Assistant FBI Director William C. Sullivan, who headed the Domestic Intelligence Division, wrote a memo describing the FBI's role in domestic burglaries: "We do not obtain authorization for 'black bag' jobs from outside the Bureau. Such a technique involves trespass and is clearly illegal; therefore it would be impossible to obtain any legal sanction for it. Despite this, 'black bag' jobs have been used because they represent an invaluable technique in combating subversive activities of a clandestine nature aimed directly at undermining and destroying our nation." FBI memo, William Sullivan to Cartha De Loach, July 19, 1966, p. 3, Church Committee files. See also David Wise, "Breaking and Entering for Uncle Sam," *Inquiry,* July 10, 1978, pp. 14 ff.

On the bottom of Sullivan's memo, Hoover scrawled: "No more such techniques must be used. H." From then on, Hoover refused to conduct such break-ins, even for NSA, without the prior written approval of the Attorney General or the President. Loch Johnson, *America's Secret Power* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1989), pp. 138–39.

40. Philippe de Vosjoli, interviews with TM, August 5 and 6, 1989.

41. Ibid.

42. Ibid.

43. De Vosjoli, *Lamia,* p. 317.

44. Philippe de Vosjoli, interviews with TM, August 5 and 6, 1989.

45. HSCA, May 9, 1978, unpublished staff interview with Philippe de Vosjoli; Philippe de Vosjoli, interviews with TM, August 5 and 6, 1989.

46. De Vosjoli, *Lamia,* p. 322. The book had poor sales in France, in part because Colonel de Lannurien sued for libel damages in connection with the unjustified smear.

47. Philippe de Vosjoli, interviews with TM, August 5 and 6, 1989.

48. Confidential interview.

49. HSCA, October 5, 1978, Deposition of James Angleton, pp. 78–80.

50. Ibid.

51. Ibid.

52. Colonel Houneau resigned under pressure in 1964 at the request of General Jacquier, who was following an order from Prime Minister Georges Pompidou. Houneau was forced to leave because of the charges leveled by Golitsyn and the CIA. Although no evidence was ever produced to prove Houneau was a Soviet spy, Pompidou and Jacquier decided that the continuing cloud hanging over him would be disruptive for SDECE. Faligot and Krop, *La Piscine,* pp. 217–18; de Vosjoli, *Lamia,* pp. 321–24.

There had been two primary accusations from Houneau's past career which had made him a likely suspect in the first place. First, he had been posted in 1952 as a military attaché in Prague, where an unsupported rumor spread that he had been compromised by the Czech service; and second, he was an associate of François Saar Demichel, a former SDECE officer who left government in 1949 and became a French businessman selling technology to Soviet bloc countries. But these charges proved nothing.

A former CIA officer familiar with the Houneau case explains that ''Angleton wanted to knock off a senior guy in the French service, to prove the validity of Golitsyn's accusations. They focused on Houneau because he seemed the most likely guy. But they were never able to prove a case against him. The French finally decided to exert executive pressure to get him to retire. He was not fired on the basis of any evidence of spying, but he had to go because of the divisiveness going on inside SDECE.'' Confidential interview.

53. Faligot and Krop, *La Piscine,* p. 217.

54. Walter Elder, interview with TM, June 26, 1989.

55. Ibid.

56. Confidential interview.

57. These French listening stations were located in the Middle East, Southeast Asia, Berlin, Djibouti, the islands of Mayotte and Réunion in the Indian Ocean (monitoring Soviet military movements around the Horn of Africa), and the islands of Guadeloupe and Maurice in the Caribbean.

58. Confidential interview.

59. One Frenchman, a suspected KGB agent named by de Vosjoli in *Lamia,* was indeed spying for the Soviets, according to Yuriy Nosenko. It is not clear whether the man (who was not a SDECE officer) was already under suspicion by French authorities prior to 1961, or whether Golitsyn deserves the credit for identifying him. Either way, it was Nosenko who later gave the West strong confirmation of the man's espionage activities. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 30, 1990.

60. Leon Uris, *Topaz* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1967).

61. Philippe de Vosjoli, interviews with TM, August 5 and 6, 1989.

62. Ibid.

CHAPTER 10

1. Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989.

2. Alf Martens Meyer, *Our Secret Readiness* (Oslo, 1988), pp. 113–26. Commander Meyer was head of the Secret Operations Office in Norway's Intelligence Staff, 1947–67.

3. Ørnulf Tofte, *The Shadower* (Oslo, 1987), pp. 109–13. Tofte was Bryhn's counterintelligence officer, 1948–86.

4. Martens Meyer, *Our Secret Readiness,* pp. 113–26.

5. Ibid.

6. Confidential interview.

7. Confidential interview.

8. Adm. Folke Hauger Johannesen, interview with the Norwegian journalist Alf Jacobsen, April 16, 1989.

9. CIA memo to the FBI, November 19, 1965; CIA memo to the FBI Director, December 2, 1965; CIA memo to the Attorney General, December 3, 1965, Subject: Richard Kovich.

10. CIA memo to the FBI Director, December 2, 1965.

11. CIA memo to the Attorney General, December 3, 1965.

12. Gunnar Haarstad, interview with Alf Jacobsen, January 11, 1989. Haarstad was the chief constable in Kirkenesin, northern Norway, at the time of the Lygren arrest. He was subsequently chosen in 1966 to replace Bryhn as head of the service.

13. Confidential interview.

14. Confidential interview.

15. Confidential interview.

16. Confidential interview.

17. Confidential interview.

18. Ingeborg Lygren, press release to Norwegian National News Agency (NTB), January 14, 1966.

19. Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989; confidential interviews.

20. Confidential interview.

21. Report of the Mellbye Commission, May 12, 1967.

22. Lauritz Dorenfeldt, interview with Alf Jacobsen, February 13, 1985.

23. Gunnar Haarstad, *In the Secret Services* (Oslo: Auschehoug Co., 1988).

24. James Angleton, interview with Alf Jacobsen, January 1985. Anatoliy Golitsyn has never spoken publicly about the Lygren case. In 1985, Alf Jacobsen, the recognized authority on the case in his country, wrote to Golitsyn requesting an interview. Golitsyn replied by letter (through his attorney) on November 13, 1985: "Dear Mr. Jacobsen, I share your concern

over the problem caused by KGB penetrations in Norway. However, at the present time I am deeply engaged in writing a new book about KGB activities against the West and am so grossly immersed in the research and writing that I cannot extricate myself from this task and thus am not in a position to grant your request. I do feel that it would be inappropriate for me to comment on any particular cases until after this book is published, and unfortunately this will take some time.'' Golitsyn declined to be interviewed for this book.

25. Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989.

26. Confidential interview.

27. Richard Helms, interview with TM, May 23, 1989.

CHAPTER 11

1. James Schlesinger, interview with TM, May 15, 1989.

2. Richard Helms, interview with TM, May 23, 1989.

3. George Kisevalter, interview with TM, May 12, 1989.

4. Peter Wright, interview with TM, February 22, 1989.

5. Angleton did not start growing orchids until the early 1950s. The man he credited with actually teaching him how to grow them was a Mr. Morris (first name unknown), a neighbor in Arlington who owned several greenhouses and whom Angleton described as an ''amazing naturalist.'' Angleton said that he ''would stop off from the office and see my friend Mr. Morris practically every night and look at his flowers.'' James Angleton, taped interview with Siri Hari (formerly Lucy) Angleton, March 21, 1987.

6. Merritt Huntington, interview with JG, November 18, 1988; Cicely Angleton, interviews with TM, May 30, 1988, and July 1, 1988. Huntington, a past president of the American Orchid Society, is the longtime manager of Kensington Orchids, a professional orchid greenhouse in suburban Washington with which Angleton maintained a close relationship for three decades.

7. Merritt Huntington, interview with JG, November 18, 1988. The hybrid orchid ''Cicely Angleton'' was a cross of two parents: the ''Bow Bells'' (one of the finest white orchids) and the ''Cattleya Barbara Dine.''

8. Archie Roosevelt, interview with TM, May 15, 1989.

9. Michel Bigotti, interview with JG, November 3, 1988.

10. Ibid.

11. Dr. Jerrold Post, interview with TM, May 30, 1988.

12. Ibid.

13. Ibid.

14. Ibid.

15. Ray Cline, interview with TM, May 15, 1989.

CHAPTER 12

1. Letter from CIA's Office of Legislative Counsel, Scott Breckenridge, Principal Coordinator, on behalf of the DCI, September 1, 1978, HSCA, Vol. XII, p. 553.

2. Richard Helms, interview with TM, May 23, 1989.

3. Tennant H. Bagley (hereafter Pete Bagley) has admitted in an article that Golitsyn's warnings about Nosenko were the reason Nosenko fell under suspicion so quickly. ''Steve Daley'' (Bagley's pseudonym), ''Comments on Leonard McCoy's 'Yuriy Nosenko, CIA,' '' *CIRA Newsletter* (Winter 1988), p. 17.

4. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 24, 1990.

5. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with TM, June 24, 1990 (BBC-TV ''Panorama'' taping session).

6. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 24, 1990.

7. Yuriy Nosenko, interviews with JG, June 24, 1990, and June 30, 1990. Nosenko achieved his first big operational success the following year, when he recruited in Moscow a visiting American professor from a prestigious East Coast university who was a specialist on the USSR. This professor later helped the KGB identify bright, promising college students who would be of interest to the Soviets as they pursued careers in the U.S. government, military, or industry. For running this operation, Nosenko received a commendation from the chairman of the KGB, Ivan Serov, and also a cash reward equal to one month's salary. After this recruitment, Nosenko's career began to rise fast.

8. Ibid.

9. George Kisevelter, interview with TM, May 12, 1989.

10. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 24, 1990. See also CIA memo, March 1976, Sidney Stembridge, Acting Director of Security, to DCI; HSCA, Vol. I, pp. 441–81, ''Staff Report on Yuri Nosenko,'' and pp. 482–83; HSCA, Vol. XII, November 16, 1978, testimony of Pete Bagley, p. 627; HSCA, October 5, 1978, Deposition of James Angleton, p. 5; and Brook-Shepherd, *The Storm Birds*, p. 179.

11. Angleton and Pete Bagley—and other Nosenko detractors—questioned Nosenko's explanation about the missing Swiss francs. They wondered why a KGB officer would have to contact the Americans to replace such a small amount of money. These doubts became a significant part of the case

against Nosenko. Later, Nosenko himself readily admitted to the CIA that he made the whole story up. ''The story that I needed the eight hundred francs was a deliberate falsehood,'' he explains. ''I figured that if I told the CIA that I wanted to work for them for purely ideological reasons, nobody would believe me. So I invented the story of the debt.'' Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 24, 1990.

12. Ibid. By chance, Nosenko had been handed these top secret Castro-Khrushchev papers on the eve of his departure from Cuba in November 1960. Castro, who had taken over the country less than a year earlier, had personally asked the KGB *rezident* in Havana to arrange the delivery of copies of these papers to Che Guevara (who was then traveling throughout eastern Europe) so that Castro could elicit Che's advice on the Soviet military proposals. The KGB *rezident,* in turn, gave the papers to Nosenko with instructions to courier them to Che on his way back to Moscow. Nosenko realized immediately that these papers which had just fallen into his lap were solid gold intelligence that the United States desperately was seeking.

The plan was for Nosenko to fly to Holland and stay over for several days before taking a train on to East Berlin to deliver the package. Nosenko knew that his contact in Amsterdam, a well-known KGB *rezident,* Nikolai Kosov, was under Dutch surveillance and had been recently expelled from the United States. So Nosenko figured he would ''attach'' himself to Kosov's side and carry his secret package with him wherever they went in Amsterdam. He felt sure that Dutch surveillance (and hopefully the Americans) would spot him. Everywhere Nosenko went during the first two days—to meetings, sightseeing, meals, even the bathroom—he always conspicuously carried the package. On the final day, he left it unattended on the table in his hotel room while he went out for about six hours to shop and enjoy a leisurely lunch. On his return, he was dismayed to find that it had not been touched. Nosenko then forlornly took the train to East Berlin that night and delivered the package to the KGB headquarters at Potsdam, for transfer to Che Guevara. He promptly returned to Moscow by train as scheduled.

''I had failed to attract the West's attention,'' Nosenko recalls. ''At that point, I decided that Mohammed must go to the mountain.'' Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 24, 1990.

13. Pete Bagley, interview with TM, August 19, 1989. See also the Philadelphia *Bulletin,* September 23, 1979; Martin, *Wilderness of Mirrors,* pp. 163–65, 170–72; ''The War of the Moles: An Interview with Edward Jay Epstein by Susana Duncan,'' *New York* magazine, February 27, 1978, pp. 28–38.

14. Pete Bagley, interview with TM, August 19, 1989; HSCA, Vol. XII, testimony of Pete Bagley, p. 585.

15. Donald Jameson, interview with TM, June 6, 1988.

16. Yuriy Nosenko, interviews with JG, June 24, 1990, and July 1, 1990; George Kisevalter, interview with TM, May 25, 1988. See also Leonard

McCoy, "Yuriy Nosenko, CIA," *CIRA Newsletter* (Fall 1987); HSCA, Vol. XII, testimony of Pete Bagley, pp. 624–25.

17. Nosenko later clarified the instructions he gave the CIA in 1962 about whether he would defect and why he could not be contacted in Moscow. His version differs significantly from Bagley's version. Bagley's account was that Nosenko had adamantly said he would never defect under any circumstances. When Nosenko did defect in 1964, Bagley and the doubters suspiciously wondered why he had changed his mind.

According to Nosenko, "What Bagley said later was nonsense! It was totally wrong. At these first meetings with Bagley in 1962, I neither said that I would defect in the future or that I would not. I deliberately left it open because I did not want the CIA to push me to work for them in Moscow. All I said was that I hoped to meet them again in Geneva when the disarmament talks resumed there in the next year. In the meantime, I strictly forbade all contacts in Moscow because I knew too much about improved KGB surveillance techniques as a result of the Popov case." (KGB officer Petr Popov had previously been arrested and executed for spying for the Americans in Moscow.) Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, July 1, 1990.

Nosenko also disputes other significant aspects of Bagley's account of their first meeting. Nosenko says that Bagley never promised him $25,000 for every Soviet penetration he identified. Nosenko further denies that Bagley made any offer of help to get Nosenko's family out of the USSR. Yuriy Nosenko, letter to TM, June 8, 1989.

18. HSCA, Vol. II, September 15, 1978, testimony of John Hart, p. 493.

19. In Britain, MI5 assigned Nosenko the codename "WEARY" for their internal use. At the FBI, Nosenko was given the codename "SAMMY."

20. HSCA, Vol. XII, testimony of Pete Bagley, p. 625. Bagley told Congress that there had been no problems translating Nosenko during their 1962 interviews since there was always a Russian-speaking agent present (except for the very first session). Bagley called the accusation that there were misunderstandings a "red herring," introduced by CIA spokesman John Hart. He added that there were no discrepancies in the transcripts or "lasting misunderstandings" that "importantly affected our judgment of Nosenko's bona fides." Indeed, he charged that Hart had misled the HSCA by falsely raising such questions. Ibid., p. 580.

When pressed, however, Bagley conceded that there were a "few misunderstandings" in his notes from the first conversation about Nosenko's "background" (relating to Nosenko's "military school" and "the manner of his father's death"). But Bagley insisted that these were "minor things." "I made a mistake, I heard it wrong," he explained. "So, in my initial report to headquarters there were mistakes. But at least for most of that first meeting I had no doubt there was a good understanding and for all subsequent meetings, there was a total understanding." Bagley accused Hart of blowing these initial misunderstandings out of all proportion as they related to Nosenko's subsequent debriefings. Ibid., p. 625.

21. HSCA, Vol. II, testimony of John Hart, p. 491.

22. HSCA, October 5, 1978, Deposition of James Angleton, pp. 5–7.

23. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, July 2, 1990.

24. Donald Jameson, interview with TM, June 6, 1988; Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 7, 1988. The ANDREY case has been the subject of some confusion in previous published accounts, based on information supplied by Angleton and Bagley. There has been a great deal of argument over what Golitsyn said about this case and then what Nosenko said, and whether the whole matter was part of Nosenko's deception. Here is the true account:

During Golitsyn's original debriefings, he had identified a top Soviet officer, named V. M. Kovshuk, who was deputy chief of the American Department of the Second Chief Directorate. Golitsyn said that Kovshuk had visited Washington in 1957 to meet with an American who was serving as a high-level Soviet penetration agent in the U.S. government. Golitsyn called this mole ''SASHA.'' But Golitsyn had no further clues to this mole's identity, and with nothing more to go on, the CIA/FBI investigation stalled. (Typically, Golitsyn told his handlers, ''I need more information.'' He wanted to see their files.)

When Nosenko was debriefed in Geneva six months later, he told another version of this same story, with more precise information. Although Bagley and Angleton didn't believe him, Nosenko actually knew more about this case than Golitsyn did because Kovshuk had formerly been Nosenko's supervisor in the KGB for a time.

Nosenko began by reconfirming Golitsyn's account about Kovshuk's visit to the United States to meet an American agent. But Nosenko added that this mole was an American code clerk by the name of Smith who had worked at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow and had been recruited by the KGB during the early 1950s. Nosenko called this mole by the codename ''ANDREY,'' not ''SASHA.'' Because of this different codename and because no proof could be found against Nosenko's suspect initially, Bagley and Angleton assumed that Nosenko was trying to steer them away from Golitsyn's mole. By netting ANDREY, Angleton concluded, the KGB hoped that the CIA would call off the hunt for the real mole.

Actually, both Golitsyn and Nosenko were correct about the codenames. When Smith was stationed in Moscow, he was called ANDREY by the KGB's Second Chief Directorate (Nosenko's unit, handling domestic cases). But when Smith was reassigned to Washington, KGB responsibility for his case was transferred to the First Chief Directorate (Golitsyn's division, handling foreign cases), and they renamed him SASHA. Golitsyn only knew about the FCD part of the case, and Nosenko primarily knew about the SCD aspects.

To further complicate matters, when Smith was finally confronted, he denied he had spied for the Soviets—so Bagley and Angleton concluded that Nosenko had sent them off on a wild goose chase. They concluded that ANDREY was a deliberate KGB deception designed to throw the CIA off the trail of the real mole targeted by Golitsyn. So, even though Nosenko had gotten the ANDREY story right, it was held against him.

Years later, after 1967, when objective FBI agents reexamined Nosenko's debriefings, they correctly interpreted his clues and approached Smith again. This time, the FBI obtained a full confession from the suspect. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 7, 1988; Yuriy Nosenko, letter to TM, June 8, 1989. See also Epstein, *Legend,* pp. 28, 46, 264–65; and Epstein interview, ''The War of the Moles,'' *New York* magazine, February 27, 1978.

Finally, it is important to note that the SASHA referred to in this account is *not* the same SASHA that Golitsyn referred to in the great CIA molehunt—see chapter 17. Golitsyn had sent Angleton off looking for two separate SASHAS.

Furthermore, previously published accounts have incorrectly identified ANDREY as Sergeant Roy Rhodes, another American who spied for the Soviets in Moscow in the early 1950s and had been also handled by KGB officer V. M. Kovshuk. Rhodes, a military auto mechanic in charge of the U.S. Embassy motor pool, had been identified by the FBI by 1957 in connection with the arrest of Colonel Rudolf Abel.

25. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, July 1, 1990; Ed Snow, interview with TM, November 15, 1988.

26. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, July 2, 1990; Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, November 1, 1989; McCoy, ''Yuriy Nosenko, CIA,'' *CIRA Newsletter* (Fall 1987); HSCA, Vol. II, testimony of John Hart, pp. 492–93.

27. The issue of the microphones discovered in the U.S. Embassy in Moscow is somewhat complicated. The Nosenko doubters, led by Angleton and Bagley, argued that the KGB had thrown away this lead to support Nosenko's ''legend.'' They said that the KGB must have believed that the United States knew about the microphones anyway, from Golitsyn, so the Soviets were not giving up much.

In congressional testimony, Angleton later claimed that he sent a memo to the State Department in June 1962, based on Golitsyn's information, which had alerted them to the Soviet ''bugs'' in the Moscow embassy. ''This microphone business was all from Golitsyn,'' Angleton told Congress. He also insisted that Nosenko told the CIA to look for the mikes in the wrong place in the embassy. Angleton added that the mikes were found in the area where Nosenko had said *not* to look. HSCA, October 5, 1978, Deposition of James Angleton, p. 39.

Leonard McCoy has written that Angleton's explanation totally misconstrues what Nosenko actually told the CIA. McCoy explained that both Golitsyn and another defector, Michel Goleniewski, had first informed the CIA that the embassy was penetrated; but several offices were stripped and searched and no devices were uncovered because their information was too general. McCoy noted, ''Then Nosenko came and told us just where to look; the inspection was made and the mikes were discovered, all connected by wire leading to a main cable on the embassy roof.'' Next to this cable, the Americans found another identical cable leading into the newer embassy annex, where it was attached to more microphones hidden in the walls. Nosenko had not told the CIA about these annex microphones because he had not known about them. But his initial tip had led to this second find. Yet instead of being given credit for both discoveries, McCoy stresses that ''Nosenko was accused of lying about the existence of microphones in the annex!'' McCoy, ''Yuriy Nosenko, CIA,'' *CIRA Newsletter* (Fall 1987), p. 19.

John Hart testified to Congress that the CIA had officially concluded there was no reason to believe the Soviets would have given away this information about the microphones to establish a defector and mislead the Americans. He said there were no precedents for such a disclosure. HSCA, Vol. II, testimony of John Hart, p. 493.

28. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 24, 1990. See also McCoy, ''Yuriy Nosenko, CIA,'' *CIRA Newsletter* (Fall 1987); Nigel West, *The Circus* (New York: Stein & Day, 1983), p. 101.

29. Sergeant Robert Lee Johnson was a disgruntled alcoholic who had been spying for the Soviets since 1953. He was stationed in 1962 outside Paris at the highly secret Armed Forces Courier Station, which transmitted classified NATO intelligence to and from the Pentagon and to U.S. command posts throughout Europe. He had been photographing top secret NATO codes, communications, and documents from the station's tightly secured vaults and slipping the film to his Soviet case officer. Nosenko said that Johnson's information was considered so important by the KGB that it was brought directly to Premier Khrushchev. Based on Nosenko's lead, Johnson was arrested by the FBI and DIA in 1965, and he was later convicted of espionage and sentenced to twenty-five years' imprisonment. At the time, his treason was considered to have caused the most serious losses of U.S. military secrets in history.

30. Boris Belitskiy was the chief of the English-language radio branch of Radio Moscow. In his job, Belitskiy traveled extensively outside the USSR, particularly in Europe; it was the kind of work that led naturally to his being co-opted as an agent by the KGB. In 1958, he ''walked in'' at the Brussels Fair and two CIA case officers invited him to work for the United States. They were convinced the recruitment had been successful, and afterwards they continued to meet with him covertly in various European capitals. On the face of it, Belitskiy (code-named ''AE-WIRELESS'') seemed to be feeding the agency with important Soviet intelligence. But the Soviet Division was being conned.

Nosenko revealed that Belitskiy was actually a Soviet double agent feeding disinformation to the CIA. Nosenko knew the details of the case, because he was the supervisor of Belitskiy's KGB case officer in Geneva. To make his point, Nosenko startled Bagley and Kisevalter by revealing the names of Belitskiy's CIA case officers. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 24, 1990; George Kisevalter, interview with TM, May 25, 1988; HSCA, October 5, 1978, Deposition of James Angleton, pp. 7–9; confidential interviews.

31. George Kisevalter, interview with TM, May 12, 1989; Yuriy No-

senko, letter to TM, June 8, 1989; Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 24, 1990.

32. George Kisevalter, interview with TM, May 12, 1989; Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 24, 1990.

33. CIA memo, March 1976, Stembridge to DCI.

34. Pete Bagley, interview with TM, August 19, 1989; Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 1, 1988; HSCA, Vol. II, testimony of John Hart, pp. 493–94. See also Philadelphia *Bulletin,* September 23, 1979; *The Washington Post,* September 16, 1978.

35. Pete Bagley, interview with TM, August 19, 1989; Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 1, 1988. The Polish defector was Michel Goleniewski.

36. Confidential interview. There were questions raised later about why Angleton had shown Nosenko's information to Golitsyn. Angleton's critics considered this an unwise and irregular strategy. Angleton later explained that ''Golitsyn was the first defector who had ever given CIA in any depth the order of battle of the Second Chief Directorate [so Golitsyn was the] logical man to turn to for evaluation.'' HSCA, October 5, 1978, Deposition of James Angleton, pp. 16–17.

According to Angleton, Dick Helms, then DDP, had approved the arrangement that Golitsyn would be shown Nosenko's information—*without* Golitsyn being told the source or anything about Nosenko. Golitsyn was told only that the CIA had received an ''anonymous letter,'' and he was asked for his evaluation. Golitsyn responded that the ''letter'' he read was clearly ''disinformation'' that was ''a provocation stimulated by Golitsyn's defection.'' Ibid.

Angleton's critics, like Leonard McCoy, say that Golitsyn actually knew next to nothing about the Second Chief Directorate, since he had served only in the First Chief Directorate. The difference between them is not unlike the difference between the CIA and FBI, or MI5 and MI6.

37. HSCA, October 5, 1978, Deposition of James Angleton, pp. 14, 49.

38. Confidential interview.

39. HSCA, October 5, 1978, Deposition of James Angleton, p. 49.

40. HSCA, Vol. XII, p. 594; Martin, *Wilderness of Mirrors*, p. 113; confidential interview.

41. Pete Bagley, interview with TM, August 19, 1989.

42. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 1, 1988.

43. Confidential interview. See also Martin, *Wilderness of Mirrors,* p. 153.

44. There has always been great confusion about Nosenko's official KGB

rank—whether he was a captain, major, or lieutenant colonel. This discrepancy led Angleton and Bagley to argue that it was further proof of his deception.

Based on information supplied by Angleton and Bagley, author Edward Epstein has written: "CIA document experts determined that Nosenko could not have held the rank or position he claimed in the KGB and that travel papers he had in his possession had been concocted to give his defection credibility." Angleton claimed that Nosenko had lied about being promoted from major to lieutenant colonel from 1962 to 1964 and that he was really only a captain. Bagley went further, and would come to believe that Nosenko was not really a KGB officer at all. Epstein, *Deception,* p. 60. (See also Edward Jay Epstein, *Legend* [New York: Reader's Digest Press, 1978], p. 32.)

In response to these accusations, Nosenko has provided the author with the following explanation about his rank and travel papers:

When Nosenko first contacted the CIA in 1962, he held the rank of captain. In the spring of 1963, after he had been back in Moscow for a year, General Oleg Gribanov, the head of the Second Chief Directorate, gave his written order to approve Nosenko's promotion over the rank of major and directly to the rank of lieutenant colonel. A normal bureaucratic delay then ensued as other KGB departments signed off on the promotion. By June, the official papers to complete this promotion were ready—having been approved by the SCD's Party Committee and Personnel Directorate. But the directorate still had to submit such promotion papers to the chairman of the KGB, who normally approved them only once a year. So, Nosenko still had to wait for the new rank to be made official. Nevertheless, Nosenko says it was "widely known in the SCD" that his promotion was going through. (Yuriy Nosenko, letter to TM, June 8, 1989; Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 24, 1990.)

In late fall 1963, Nosenko was being sent to the Gorky district by General Gribanov to investigate a possible lead on an important espionage case. When an SCD officer like Nosenko was dispatched on such a mission, he was routinely given transport documents signed by the chief or deputy chief of the SCD. These sealed papers contained the officer's name, rank, and destination. On Nosenko's document, the SCD duty officer had written in his new rank of "Lieutenant Colonel." When Nosenko mentioned that the KBG chairman had not yet signed his promotion, the duty officer replied that he thought it had been approved—so it was left as is.

Nosenko met with the CIA in Geneva about a month later and was still carrying his travel document in his wallet. When Bagley examined it, he noticed the higher rank, which did not square with what Nosenko had told him in 1962. In addition, the CIA could not obtain any independent verification that Nosenko had been promoted. So Bagley and Angleton incorrectly assumed that the KGB had prepared a false legend for Nosenko.

45. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, July 1, 1990, and interview with TM, June 24, 1990 ("Panorama").

46. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 30, 1990.

47. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 24, 1990. See also HSCA, October 5, 1978, Deposition of James Angleton, p. 39; CIA memo, March 1976, Stembridge to DCI; Martin, *Wilderness of Mirrors,* p. 154; and Warren Commission Document 651, FBI memo, February 28, 1964.

48. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, July 2, 1990.

49. Yuriy Nosenko, interviews with JG, June 24, 1990, and July 2, 1990; HSCA, Vol. II, p. 443. See also *The Washington Post,* September 16, 1978; Martin, *Wilderness of Mirrors,* pp. 156–57.

50. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with TM, June 24, 1990 (''Panorama''). See also HSCA, Vol. II, p. 449; Martin, *Wilderness of Mirrors,* p. 155.

51. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 24, 1990; CIA memo, March 1976, Stembridge to DCI. See also Philadelphia *Bulletin,* September 23, 1979; Martin, *Wilderness of Mirrors,* p. 157; Epstein, *Legend,* pp. 4–5; and Los Angeles *Times,* March 18, 1976, p. 1.

52. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 24, 1990; confidential interviews. See also Martin, *Wilderness of Mirrors,* p. 157; Philadelphia *Bulletin,* September 23, 1979.

53. Walter Elder, interview with JG, August 11, 1988.

54. Ibid.

55. Ibid.

56. HSCA, October 5, 1978, Deposition of James Angleton, p. 50.

57. HSCA, Vol. II, testimony of John Hart, p. 496. See also Martin, *Wilderness of Mirrors,* p. 158.

58. Lion Gardiner, interview with TM, June 6, 1989. Gardiner, then Bagley's deputy, attended this February 1964 briefing on Nosenko.

59. Richard Helms, interview with TM, May 23, 1989.

60. Warren Commission Document 651, FBI memo, February 28, 1964; Warren Commission Document 451, FBI memo, March 4, 1964; HSCA, Vol. II, pp. 460–81.

Nosenko told this basic story about the Oswald affair. Lee Harvey Oswald, a former U.S. Marine radar operator, traveled on a visa to the USSR in October 1959 with the intention of defecting. When he arrived in Moscow and contacted the official Intourist travel agency, they told him he could not remain permanently. They urged him to finish his visit as a tourist and then return to the United States.

Soon afterwards, Oswald locked himself into his hotel room and tried to commit suicide by slashing his wrists. He was discovered in time and hospitalized. When he recovered, the KGB decided he was unstable and they wanted to get rid of him. But he threatened again to kill himself if he was not allowed to stay; the Soviets wanted to avoid the public embarrassment of an American visitor found dead from suicide. So, a political decision was made that Oswald could remain in the USSR, but without citizenship. Soviet officials chose to send him out into the country, to Minsk, where he was given a job in a radio factory. The KGB kept their file on him at headquarters in Moscow, but responsibility for watching him was transferred to the local KGB in Byelorussia.

Nosenko said that the KGB had no interest in Oswald; they did not try to debrief him about sensitive information he may have learned while stationed at the American U-2 base in Astugi, Japan, because they did not know he had any connection to the super-secret spy plane. And because Oswald was so unstable, Nosenko said, the KGB essentially discounted the possibility that he might be a U.S. sleeper agent.

Oswald returned to the United States in June 1962, with Marina Prusakova, the Russian woman he had married. Within hours after the JFK murder, the KGB hurriedly flew the Minsk files on Oswald by military aircraft to Moscow. This was a normal step for the KGB to take, since the President's death was an international incident of tremendous importance and a man who had recently lived in the USSR for three years was accused of the crime. As deputy chief of the branch of the Second Chief Directorate which watched American visitors, Nosenko saw the Minsk file on Oswald briefly after it was retrieved. But he handled the file for only an hour and a half, before it was passed up the line to the next highest echelon in the Second Chief Directorate. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, July 1, 1990.

61. HSCA, Vol. IV, September 22, 1978, testimony of Richard Helms, p. 12.

62. HSCA, Vol. IV, pp. 20–21.

63. Ibid., p. 21.

64. HSCA, Vol. II, testimony of John Hart, p. 513.

65. Col. Thomas Fox, interview with TM, May 16, 1989; Donald Jameson, interview with JG, November 26, 1989. Meanwhile, Lieutenant General Joseph Carroll, Director of the Defense Intelligence Agency, had been pressing for access to Nosenko after he arrived in the United States. To relieve this pressure, Helms and Murphy personally went to see Carroll and told him categorically that Nosenko was *not* bona fide. Leonard McCoy, correspondence with TM, November 24, 1989.

66. HSCA, Vol. III, pp. 654–55, 663, 749–51; HSCA, Vol. II, testimony of John Hart, p. 617; Philadelphia *Bulletin,* September 24, 1979.

67. HSCA, Vol. II, testimony of John Hart, p. 497.

68. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, July 1, 1990.

69. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 24, 1990; Yuriy Nosenko, signed statement to HSCA, August 7, 1978, JFK Exhibit F-446.

70. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, July 1, 1990.

71. Donald Jameson, interview with JG, December 19, 1988; Peter Kapusta, interview with JG, July 8, 1989.

72. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with TM, June 24, 1990 (''Panorama'').

73. Ibid.; Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, July 1, 1990; Donald Jameson, interview with JG, December 19, 1988; Dr. John Gittinger, letter to TM, September 1989; Richards Heuer, interview with TM, November 17, 1989; HSCA, Vol. II, testimony of John Hart, pp. 500–02.

74. CIA officials later offered several ''unique'' explanations for why Nosenko was imprisoned. Richard Helms claimed that it was done, in part, because the Soviet defector was ''a very heavy drinker.'' One reason to confine Nosenko, Helms said, was ''to get him away from booze. . . .'' HSCA, Vol. IV, testimony of Richard Helms, p. 29; see also Martin, *Wilderness of Mirrors*, p. 158.

Howard Osborn, the head of the CIA's Office of Security, later wrote: ''These tight security arrangements were dictated, during the initial phases at least, by the additional need to provide Mr. Nosenko with continuing personal protection, since there was the distinct possibility that he would be targeted for execution if the Soviets should discover his whereabouts.'' HSCA Exhibit F-531, CIA memo, October 5, 1972, Howard Osborn to DCI Helms.

75. Yuriy Nosenko, statement to HSCA, August 7, 1978, JFK Exhibit F-446; HSCA, Vol. II, pp. 447–48; HSCA, Vol. II, testimony of John Hart, p. 499; Philadelphia *Bulletin*, September 23, 1979.

David Murphy later objected to the categorization that Nosenko was subjected to ''hostile interrogation.'' However, Murphy conceded that the purpose of these sessions was not to gain intelligence from Nosenko but rather to try to catch him in a mistake or to break him. By then, Murphy added, Nosenko's CIA interrogators did not consider what he was saying to be true. HSCA, Vol. XII, August 9, 1978, Deposition of David Murphy, p. 532.

76. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 24, 1990. See also HSCA, Vol. XII, pp. 524–25.

77. Yuriy Nosenko, interviews with JG, June 24, 1990, and July 1, 1990; HSCA, Vol. XII, pp. 524–25; Yuriy Nosenko, statement to HSCA, August 7, 1978, JFK Exhibit F-446; HSCA, Vol. II, pp. 482–83.

78. Pete Bagley, interview with TM, August 19, 1989.

79. Ibid.

80. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, July 1, 1990; Yuriy Nosenko, statement to HSCA, August 7, 1978, JFK Exhibit F-446.

81. HSCA, Vol. II, testimony of John Hart, pp. 494–95, 501.

82. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, July 1, 1990.

83. Pete Bagley, interview with TM, August 19, 1989; HSCA, Vol. II, pp. 450–51.

84. HSCA, Vol. II, pp. 450–51; Pete Bagley, interview with TM, August 19, 1989.

85. Pete Bagley, interview with TM, August 19, 1989; HSCA, Vol. XII, testimony of Pete Bagley, p. 599. In 1978 congressional testimony, Bagley stated his final personal conclusion on Nosenko this way: ''I conclude that he may never have served properly within the KGB. That he was sent by the KGB to pose as a KGB agent there is no doubt. He is not a fabricator; he is not somebody who pretends to be just on his own. He had detailed knowledge of KGB operations, which he claimed to have been part of his knowledge as an officer.'' HSCA, Vol. XII, testimony of Pete Bagley, p. 639.

86. Pete Bagley, interview with TM, August 19, 1989.

87. Confidential interview. Angleton's appearance before PFIAB occurred in July 1965.

88. Dr. John Gittinger, interview with TM, November 23, 1988.

89. Ibid.; Leonard McCoy, interviews with TM, June 8, 1988, and June 29, 1988. See also John Marks, *The Search for the Manchurian Candidate* (New York: Times Books, 1979), pp. 164–65.

90. Dr. John Gittinger, interview with TM, November 23, 1988.

91. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, July 1, 1990.

92. Dr. John Gittinger, interview with TM, November 23, 1988.

93. Ibid.

94. Ibid.

95. Ibid.

96. Yuriy Nosenko, statement to HSCA, August 7, 1978, JFK Exhibit F-446; HSCA, Vol. II, testimony of John Hart, p. 517; letter from CIA to HSCA, September 1, 1978, HSCA, Vol. XII, pp. 542 ff.

Pete Bagley later passed off blame to the Office of Security for the design of Nosenko's special installation. This arrangement was chosen, Bagley explained, because suitable isolated homes in the Washington area were hard to find, expensive to rent, difficult to secure, and required large guard forces. Bagley said that the special installation solved all of these problems of cost and security. HSCA, Vol. XII, testimony of Pete Bagley, p. 600.

The Soviet Division officer who ran the Camp Peary operation for Bagley was Tom Ryan, who was known as Nosenko's ''jailer.'' After Nosenko was freed, he told other sympathetic CIA officials that he hated Ryan. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 24, 1990; confidential interviews.

97. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, July 1, 1990.

98. Ibid.

99. Yuriy Nosenko, statement to HSCA, August 7, 1978, JFK Exhibit F-446; HSCA, Vol. II, testimony of John Hart, p. 517; letter from CIA to HSCA, September 1, 1978, HSCA, Vol. XII, pp. 542 ff.

100. Confidential interview. A ''loblolly'' is a type of pine tree found in the southeast United States. Nosenko had been told that the CIA's total cost for the Camp Peary facility was $1.5 million, including construction of the cell house, the electronic security, video cameras, surrounding fences, and the salaries of the guards for three years (by far the heaviest item). Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 30, 1990.

101. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, July 1, 1990.

102. Ibid.

103. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 30, 1990.

104. Ibid.

105. Yuriy Nosenko, interviews with JG, July 1, 1990, and June 24, 1990.

106. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 30, 1990.

107. A few of the guards over the years tried to be nice to Nosenko. Some lemonade and cigarettes were quietly smuggled to him on occasion, and one Thanksgiving Day he was served a turkey dinner. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, July 1, 1990.

108. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 30, 1990.

109. Ibid.; Yuriy Nosenko, interview with TM, June 24, 1990 (''Panorama''); Yuriy Nosenko, statement to HSCA, August 7, 1978, JFK Exhibit F-446.

110. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 30, 1990.

111. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, July 1, 1990; Yuriy Nosenko, statement to HSCA, August 7, 1978, JFK Exhibit F-446.

112. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 30, 1990.

113. HSCA, Vol. II, testimony of John Hart, pp. 502, 534; G. Robert Blakey and Richard W. Billings, *The Plot to Kill the President* (New York: Times Books, 1981), p. 127.

114. Nosenko later complained to Congress that he was ''drugged'' during his imprisonment by a number of different substances, including ''hallucinations'' (sic) and ''sodium,'' which he said made him ''absolutely incoherent.'' CIA and FBI officials who visited Nosenko in 1964–67 denied that such druggings occurred. David Murphy, the official in charge of Nosenko's custody, has denied that Nosenko was ever given mind-altering drugs of any kind during this period to get him to tell the ''truth.''

The CIA admitted only that Nosenko was administered several kinds of normal medication (''zactrin, tetracycline, donnatil, antihistamine, and cough syrup''), and at least one dose of Thorazine, a major tranquilizer. Letter from CIA to HSCA, September 1, 1978, HSCA, Vol. XII, p. 543; HSCA, Vol. XII, p. 521; HSCA, Vol. XII, Deposition of David Murphy, p. 535.

115. This drug, pipradol hydrochloride, was later taken off the market by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration.

116. Dr. John Gittinger, interview with TM, November 23, 1988, and interview with TM, June 12, 1990 (''Panorama'').

117. Ibid.

118. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 30, 1990.

119. Ibid.

120. Ibid.

121. Ibid.

122. Ibid. Nosenko was too scared to complain about being drugged while he was at Camp Peary. He was afraid the CIA would not release him if he raised the subject. Since his release, CIA officials have denied that he was slipped any unauthorized drugs—however, he remains unpersuaded.

123. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with TM, June 24, 1990 (''Panorama'').

124. Ibid.; Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, July 1, 1990.

125. Ibid.

126. A polygraph exam is an imprecise science at best; the lie detector could more accurately be called an excitement detector. Professionally handled, a polygraph should be conducted when the subject is completely relaxed. Only then can significant blood pressure changes be detected which may indicate emotional disturbance because the subject is lying (or finds the questioning disconcerting). By bullying, shouting, and intimidating Nosenko, Stoiaken appeared to have artificially raised Nosenko's blood pressure, so breaking the rules.

127. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with TM, June 24, 1990 (''Panorama''), and interviews with JG, June 24, 1990, and July 1, 1990.

128. Ibid.

129. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with TM, June 24, 1990 (''Panorama''), and interview with JG, July 1, 1990; Donald Jameson, interview with JG, December 19, 1988; Dr. John Gittinger, letter to TM, September 1989; Richards Heuer, interview with TM, November 17, 1989; HSCA, Vol. II, testimony of John Hart, pp. 500–02.

130. HSCA, Vol. II, testimony of John Hart, p. 504.

131. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with TM, June 24, 1990 (''Panorama''), and interview with JG, July 1, 1990.

132. Ibid.

133. HSCA, Vol. II, pp. 534–36, JFK Exhibit F-427.

134. Pete Bagley, interview with TM, August 19, 1989.

135. Ibid.

136. Ibid. Richard Helms later denied under oath to Congress that he ever heard about any plan to ''liquidate'' Nosenko. Helms testified, ''These options [from Bagley] were never presented to me, were never entertained by me, and were never considered. . . . Any other assertions are false as far as I personally am aware. . . . I don't know how the thing [Bagley's memo] happened to get written. I don't know how it happened to be held in the files.'' HSCA, Vol. IV, testimony of Richard Helms, p. 28.

CHAPTER 13

1. HSCA, October 5, 1978, Deposition of James Angleton, pp. 141–42, 160–61.

2. Leonard McCoy, correspondence with TM, November 24, 1989; confidential interview.

3. Leonard McCoy, correspondence with TM, November 24, 1989.

4. Ranelagh, *The Agency,* pp. 730–31.

5. HSCA, Vol. II, September 15, 1978, testimony of John Hart, p. 534; Leonard McCoy, correspondence with TM, November 24, 1989.

6. Leonard McCoy, correspondence with TM, November 24, 1989.

7. HSCA, Vol. II, testimony of John Hart, p. 504; HSCA, Vol. IV, September 22, 1978, testimony of Richard Helms, p. 29; Philadelphia *Bulletin,* September 24, 1979; Ranelagh, *The Agency,* p. 736; *The Washington Post,* September 20, 1978, obituary of Rufus Taylor. Admiral Taylor, a native of St. Louis, was a 1933 Naval Academy graduate and World War II veteran. He served as DDCI from October 1966 until February 1969.

8. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, November 10, 1988; HSCA, Vol. II, pp. 450, 459, 504; confidential interview.

9. William Branigan, interview with JG, August 17, 1989; Alexander Neale, interview with JG, May 26, 1989.

10. HSCA, Vol. II, pp. 450, 452, 459, 504; confidential interviews.

11. Confidential interviews; CIA memo, March 1976, Stembridge to DCI; HSCA, Vol. II, p. 450; Philadelphia *Bulletin,* September 24, 1979.

12. Confidential interviews.

13. Yuriy Nosenko, interviews with JG, June 30, 1990, and July 1, 1990.

14. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, July 1, 1990.

15. Letter from CIA to HSCA, September 1, 1978, HSCA, Vol. XII, pp. 542 ff.; HSCA, Vol. II, testimony of John Hart, p. 501.

16. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with TM, June 24, 1990 (BBC-TV ''Panorama'' taping session); Yuriy Nosenko, letter to TM, June 8, 1989. See also Brook-Shepherd, *The Storm Birds,* pp. 184–85. Nosenko readily admits that he lied about his recall telegram in order to pressure the CIA to accept his defection, and he points out that his story worked. ''I saw that Bagley was not in any hurry to arrange my defection, so on February 4 I stated that I had defected from that minute. When Bagley started to tell me that the defection was still in a process of arranging, I made a *false statement* that the KGB *rezidentura* received a cable about my recall to Moscow.'' Yuriy Nosenko, letter to TM, June 8, 1988.

Nosenko adds, ''No cable had arrived. It was a lie. I wanted to push the CIA. I wanted them to take me that same day.'' Yuriy Nosenko, interview with TM, June 24, 1990 (''Panorama'').

That same day, Nosenko was indeed taken to Frankfurt.

Nosenko's supporters feel the whole debate about the recall telegram was a red herring from the start. They argue: If this telegram was really part of Nosenko's phony story from the KGB, then he would never have admitted that he lied about it. This story would have been one of the top five points that the KGB would have trained him to stick to throughout his interrogation. And if he was such a good liar, it would have been relatively easy for him to stay with the story—compared with all of the other complicated lies he supposedly told. Nosenko's defenders also argue that if he *had* been a KGB plant, and was using such a story about a recall cable, the KGB would have supplied him with the telegram to protect his cover story.

Neither Leonard McCoy nor other experienced CIA officers are troubled by Nosenko's false account about the recall cable. They explain that such a lie by an anxious defector is not uncommon, since they are trying to pressure the CIA to take them to the United States.

Based on information from Bagley, Edward Epstein has reported that the National Security Agency conducted research for the CIA to determine whether the KGB really did send a recall telegram. Epstein wrote that NSA intercepted Soviet cable traffic and proved that no such telegram was sent from Moscow to Geneva on the date Nosenko claimed. Nosenko's detractors argued that this missing NSA data was a big mark against him. Epstein, *Deception,* p. 60; Philadelphia *Bulletin,* September 23, 1979.

Leonard McCoy disputes the Epstein-Bagley account, saying ''NSA did not have the capability back in the 1960s to determine whether a *particular* message was or was not sent. All they could tell is whether the Soviets were transmitting during a particular period of time.'' Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, November 10, 1988.

The NSA capabilities do not matter anyway, since Nosenko has admitted there never was such a telegram.

17. Nosenko's boss and friend, General Oleg Gribanov, the head of the KGB's Second Chief Directorate, was immediately fired because of Nosenko's defection. Years later, other KGB defectors confirmed that the once powerful Gribanov had ended his life a humiliated drunk roaming the bars of Moscow with a KGB minder-bodyguard at his side.

18. Neither David Murphy nor Pete Bagley was demoted or removed because of the Nosenko case, as has been reported by Edward Epstein in *Legend.* Bagley testified to Congress in 1978 that Epstein's book did not accurately explain why he and Murphy left the Soviet Division. Bagley insisted there was no ''purge'' of the division. He said they left routinely for worthy new assignments. HSCA, Vol. XII, November 16, 1978, testimony of Pete Bagley, pp. 637–38; Pete Bagley, interview with TM, August 19, 1989.

19. Rolfe Kingsley, interview with TM, May 10, 1989.

20. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 30, 1990; confidential interviews.

21. Confidential interviews.

22. HSCA, Vol. II, p. 453; HSCA, Vol. XII, June 1, 1978, Deposition of Bruce Solie, p. 530; HSCA, Vol. VIII, p. 189; Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 30, 1990. The House Select Committee on Assassinations commissioned an independent polygraph expert to study all three of Nosenko's polygraphs to determine the validity of each. The results of this expert's examination were directly opposite the CIA's official position. The expert concluded that the second test was the most valid—the one that concluded Nosenko was lying. The expert also found that the results of the third test were poor and unreliable. However, this expert's conclusions have been called into question because he did not conduct any interviews with the participants. He did not talk to Bagley, Solie, Stoiaken, or Nosenko, and thus was unaware of the extremely hostile circumstances of the first two tests. Nor was he given access to any of the tape recordings or handwritten notes of the operators. Even the HSCA expert conceded that it was highly unusual to judge a polygraph exam without such tapes or notes. He based his entire analysis on the surviving ''official'' typed reports of the tests. HSCA, Vol. VIII, pp. 189–96, ''The Analysis of Yuri Nosenko's Polygraph Examination,'' March 1979; HSCA, Vol. II, p. 453.

Both Bruce Solie and John Hart (who reinvestigated the whole Nosenko case again after Solie) told the committee that the third polygraph was the only valid one of the three. Hart testified that the CIA took ''serious exceptions'' to the HSCA expert's conclusions. Hart added that the CIA had ''doubts'' that the expert ''examined all the relevant data in connection with making this judgment.'' HSCA, Vol. II, p. 502.

23. The CIA has officially stated that it stands behind Nosenko's statements on Oswald. In September 1978, the CIA's legislative counsel, acting on behalf of DCI Stansfield Turner, told Congress: ''With the acceptance of Mr. Nosenko's bona fides, we believe that the statements he made about Oswald were made in good faith.'' HSCA, letter from DCI Turner, Office of Legislative Counsel, Scott Breckinridge, Principal Coordinator to HSCA, September 1, 1978, Vol. XII, p. 553.

The FBI has concurred that Nosenko did not lie about Oswald. In a letter to Congress in January 1979, the bureau wrote: ''. . . the FBI [does not] perceive any credible evidence that Nosenko's defection was a Soviet ploy to mask Soviet governmental involvement in the assassination. Therefore, the FBI is satisfied that Nosenko truthfully reported the facts about Oswald as he knew them.'' HSCA, FBI letter to HSCA, January 8, 1979, Vol. XII, pp. 568–69.

24. HSCA, Vol. II, pp. 453–54; confidential interviews.

25. Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989.

26. CIA memo, October 4, 1968, from DDCI Admiral Rufus Taylor to DCI Helms, ''Yuri I. Nosenko,'' HSCA, Vol. IV, p. 46.

27. Richard Helms, interview with TM, May 23, 1989.

28. Ibid.; Rolfe Kingsley, interview with TM, May 10, 1989; confidential interview.

29. Rolfe Kingsley, interview with TM, May 10, 1989.

30. Ibid.

31. Helms later told Congress that he had faced a Hobson's choice in this matter. ''May I say,'' Helms testified, ''that this was the only viable option left to us at that time. There was no way of deporting him to the Soviet Union; he would have been shot and killed when he got back. He would never have been able to explain to them what he was doing during that period that he was away. So we had only one option and that was to try to resettle him. That was what I had in mind to do. . . .'' HSCA, Vol. IV, testimony of Richard Helms, p. 63.

32. Ibid., pp. 33–34, 179–80; Philadelphia *Bulletin,* September 24, 1979. Richard Helms has not changed his mind about Nosenko. ''I still have no view on Nosenko,'' he says. ''I still haven't the faintest idea if Nosenko is bona fide. To this day, I've never made up my mind about Nosenko. I still accept my congressional testimony.'' Richard Helms, interview with TM, May 23, 1989.

33. CIA memo, October 4, 1968, from DDCI Admiral Rufus Taylor to DCI Helms, ''Yuri I. Nosenko.''

Among Nosenko's ''old cases,'' he gave his FBI interviewers more than seventy-five low-level leads to a variety of operations he knew about in Moscow, where the KGB had recruited, or tried to pitch, visiting American tourists and businessmen. When these American travelers returned to the United States, they became the investigative responsibility of the FBI. As deputy chief of the KGB section responsible for recruiting American agents in Moscow, Nosenko was able to supply the FBI with ten years' worth of significant leads. The FBI looked into all of these tips and developed a number of excellent and substantial cases from them—of Americans who had definitely been recruited to spy for the Soviets. Since Angleton doubted Nosenko, he told the FBI that all of these cases were ''throwaways.'' As usual, the FBI strongly disagreed. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 30, 1990; confidential interview.

34. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 30, 1990.

35. Ibid.

36. Richards Heuer, interview with TM, November 17, 1989; Leonard McCoy, interview with JG, December 5, 1988. The three Soviet Division officers who conducted this reanalysis were Ben Pepper, Serge Karpovich, and Graham Renner. These officers, who were dubbed ''The Three Wise Men,'' were specifically selected for their balance. Originally, Pepper believed Nosenko was bona fide; Karpovich felt he was a deception; and Renner was neutral, having had no previous involvement in the case. In the end, all three concluded he was legitimate.

37. HSCA, statement of Yuri Nosenko, August 7, 1988; HSCA, Exhibit F-537, CIA letter, September 1, 1978, from Scott Breckinridge, CIA's Principal Coordinator, HSCA, to G. Robert Blakey, Chief Counsel, HSCA; HSCA, Exhibit F-531, CIA memo, October 5, 1972, Howard Osborn to DCI Helms, ''Retroactive Reimbursement of Yuriy I. Nosenko''; HSCA, Vol. II, p. 458.

Since late 1967, Nosenko had only received a ''modest amount of spending money''—but no regular salary. After 1969, he received yearly raises of about $1,000–$2,000, and by 1978 his salary had risen to $35,327. In addition, for the five years 1964–69, he was retroactively paid a salary of $25,000/year, minus income tax, or a total of $87,052. In 1969–73, he also received $50,000 in various increments to help his resettlement. (Of this money, $20,000 was a down payment on a house and $13,000 for an auto and furniture.) The $50,000 payment equaled the unpaid amount that Nosenko had been promised prior to his defection for his initial cooperation as an informant. HSCA Exhibit F-537; HSCA Exhibit F-531; HSCA, Vol. II, p. 458.

Nosenko did not receive his back pay for 1964–69 until October 1972. When this payment was finally approved, the following top CIA officials signed off on the decision before it was sent to DCI Helms for his final approval: Thomas Karamessines, DDP; William Colby, Executive Director-

Comptroller; Howard Osborn, Director of Security; and John W. Coffey, DD for Support. HSCA Exhibit F-531.

38. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 30, 1990.

39. Ibid.

40. Ibid.

41. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, July 1, 1990; HSCA Exhibit F-531. The CIA has stated that every precaution must be taken to protect Nosenko's new identity and whereabouts since disclosure would place him in "mortal jeopardy." Affidavit of Charles A. Briggs, Chief, Information Services Staff of the CIA's Directorate of Operations, December 30, 1976, from *Weisberg* v. *GSA,* Civil Action 75-1448, U.S. District Court, Exhibit 2.

As a ground rule for face-to-face interviews with Nosenko, the author has agreed with his request to withhold certain details about his personal life since 1969.

42. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 30, 1990; George Kisevalter, interviews with TM, May 25, 1988, and May 12, 1989.

43. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 30, 1990.

44. Ibid.

45. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with TM, June 24, 1990 ("Panorama").

46. James Schlesinger, interview with TM, May 16, 1989.

47. William Colby, interview with TM, June 12, 1989.

48. Ibid. With the exception of Richard Helms, who was directly involved in the Nosenko case and remains neutral, all six of the CIA directors since 1968 have stood behind the CIA's position that Nosenko was legitimate. In addition, all five chiefs of the Counterintelligence Staff who have followed Angleton and reviewed the case closely also believe that Nosenko was legitimate. So do all of the post-1968 chiefs of the Soviet Bloc Division. The consensus of all of these respected CIA officials from the post-Angleton era is that Nosenko was the most valuable KGB defector ever to come to the West as of 1964.

Meanwhile, the FBI, which has interviewed Nosenko extensively and studied the case closely under several different directors, has never wavered, always supporting Nosenko. In May 1977, the FBI informed a congressional committee that the FBI and CIA had reviewed the Nosenko case again and had officially agreed—for purposes of the congressional investigation—that Nosenko was a bona fide defector. This judgment was "based upon an assessment of the totality of information furnished by him." FBI letter to HSCA, January 8, 1979, HSCA, Vol. XII, pp. 563 ff.

49. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with JG, June 30, 1990.

50. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with TM, June 24, 1990 ("Panorama"),

and interview with JG, June 30, 1990. Second-hand accounts of this telephone conversation were also provided by Donald Jameson, interview with JG, December 8, 1988; Leonard McCoy, interview with JG, December 15, 1988; and Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989.

51. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with TM, June 24, 1990 (''Panorama''), and interview with JG, June 30, 1990.

52. Ibid.

53. The CIA has received authoritative information from within the USSR about Nosenko which it has never publicly disclosed. All of the KGB defectors since 1964—who were in a position to know about the Nosenko case and whose bona fides have been absolutely verified by the CIA—have strongly supported Nosenko. The CIA has made it a point to question such defectors thoroughly. These Soviets, more than fifteen in all, are uniformly incredulous to learn from the Americans that Nosenko was ever doubted. They have told the CIA that Nosenko's defection caused a huge uproar in Moscow Center. The KGB took the matter so seriously that a number of Nosenko's supervisors and colleagues in Moscow were abruptly fired (based on guilt by association) in a massive shake-up after he turned up in the United States.

The defectors have also said that Nosenko was tried in absentia by Soviet officials after 1964 and was condemned to death as a result. Affidavit of Charles A. Briggs, Chief, Information Services Staff of the CIA's Directorate of Operations, December 30, 1976, from *Weisberg* v. *GSA*, Civil Action 75-1448, U.S. District Court, Exhibit 2. See also John Barron, *KGB* (New York: Reader's Digest Press, 1974), p. 412.

The following Soviet intelligence officials have defected in the past ten years and have strongly, and independently, supported Nosenko's bona fides (the dates of their defection are indicated in parentheses): Rudolf Herrmann, KGB colonel and illegal in the United States (1980); Ilya Dzhirkvelov, one of only three KGB defectors from the Second Chief Directorate (besides Nosenko and Yuriy Krotkov), who defected in London (1980); Vladimir I. Vetrev (''FAREWELL''), a KGB colonel who secretly worked for the French before he was discovered and executed by the Soviets in 1983; Vladimir Kuzichkin, a KGB major who defected in Teheran (1984); Viktor Gundarev, a KGB colonel who defected in Athens (1985); Vitaliy Yurchenko, who defected in Washington, D.C., and later returned to the USSR (1985); Ivan Bogattyy, KGB *rezident* in Rabat (1985); and Oleg Gordievskiy, KGB deputy *rezident* in London (1985).

Earlier Nosenko supporters were: Aleksandr N. Cherepanov (1963); ''FEDORA'' (1964); Igor Kochnov (''KITTYHAWK'') (1966); Yuriy Loginov (1961); and Oleg Lyalin (1971). Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 1, 1988; William Branigan, interview with JG, November 29, 1988; Oleg Gordievskiy, interview with TM, January 1990 (BBC-TV ''Panorama''). Supported by confidential interviews with other CIA officials and Soviet defectors.

Of course, Angleton and Golitsyn discounted these accounts. They claimed that all of the defectors who supported Nosenko had been deliberately dispatched by the KGB to mislead the CIA. Every one. Even those who appeared a quarter of a century later.

54. Oleg Gordievskiy, letter to TM, August 8, 1988.

55. Ibid.

56. *The Independent* (London), September 2, 1990, interview of Vladimir Semichastnyy by Jeanne Vronskaya.

57. Yuriy Nosenko, interview with TM, June 24, 1990 (''Panorama''), and interview with JG, June 30, 1990.

58. Ibid.

59. From June until December 1976, John Hart, a semi-retired twenty-four-year CIA veteran, conducted a huge investigation into the Nosenko affair. Hart collected ten safes full of heavily classified documents, many of which had never been exposed within the CIA before. Hart firmly concluded that Nosenko was bona fide. He added one important rider for the first time: strong and vehement criticism of the roles of Angleton, Golitsyn, and Bagley. Parts of the Hart Report were presented to Congress in public testimony in 1978. HSCA, Vol. II, September 15, 1978, testimony of John Hart, pp. 487 ff.

As late as December 1980, as William Casey was preparing to take over the CIA from Admiral Stansfield Turner, he was given a summary of the Nosenko case by Turner. In February 1981, Bagley, then retired from the CIA, submitted a detailed 200-page report marshaling all the old ''Nosenko-is-dirty'' arguments and asked Casey to reinvestigate the whole case. Casey agreed and called in his assistant, John Bross, a thirty-year OSS and CIA veteran. Bross asked the ubiquitous Jack Fieldhouse to do the ground work; Fieldhouse invited Richard ''Dick'' Snowden to join him. The Fieldhouse team spent six months going back through what everyone else had done on Nosenko. Their final report concluded that Nosenko was bona fide, and refuted all of Bagley's arguments as ''a false hypothesis based on inadequate evidence.'' The Casey investigation was never publicized. John Bross, interview with JG, April 11, 1989; Pete Bagley, interview with TM, August 19, 1989; confidential interview.

60. One of the former CIA officials whom John Hart consulted in preparing his study was Dr. John Gittinger. For the first time, this CIA psychologist (now retired) was finally given access to the papers on the Nosenko case that he had been denied twelve years earlier. He immediately discovered that Pete Bagley and David Murphy had failed to inform him about Golitsyn's deep involvement in the Nosenko affair, particularly that Golitsyn had been making the allegations.

''What came out of the files loud and clear,'' says Gittinger, ''is that Golitsyn was absolutely terrified when this relatively high-level person, Nosenko, came over. Golitsyn feared he was going to lose his status. Nosenko had all the tickets, if you will, which Golitsyn would have liked to have. There's no question in my mind that Golitsyn deliberately, and in a paranoid way, shot Nosenko down because he felt threatened. And that Nosenko would never have had any particular trouble if it hadn't been for Golitsyn.'' Dr. John Gittinger, interview with TM, November 23, 1988.

61. HSCA, Vol. II, testimony of John Hart, p. 532.

62. Admiral Stansfield Turner, interview with TM, June 25, 1990.

63. Pete Bagley, interview with TM, August 19, 1989.

64. HSCA, October 5, 1978, Deposition of James Angleton, p. 74.

65. Confidential interview.

CHAPTER 14

1. General Hendrik van den Bergh, March 6, 1989. From a telephone conversation between Mike Geldenjuys and General van den Bergh held in the presence of TM (and reported by Geldenhuys to TM).

2. Details of Loginov's personal life and USSR training were given by him to his CIA case officers, and were subsequently published as ''confessions'' in a carefully orchestrated CIA covert-action operation. The journalist selected to publicize this cynical manipulation was Barbara Carr. Her book *Spy in the Sun* (Cape Town: Howard Timmins, 1969) was a deliberate attempt by the CIA, working with the South African Security Service, to fool the world into believing Loginov had always been a loyal KGB officer.

Despite this manipulation of a serious author, Ms. Carr's book contains incontrovertible factual evidence of Loginov's background and career. Much of this personal history comes from original CIA debriefing records that were handed to Ms. Carr by the South African Security Service, which did not even bother to change the American idiom in which these statements were originally written. Ms. Carr felt that it was safe to use facts from these documents given their obvious provenance. I agree and have quoted from them at length. Barbara Carr has been more than generous with her time and assistance in helping me set the record straight on the Loginov affair. Not surprisingly, she is keener than most to learn what really happened. Barbara Carr, interview with TM, March 5, 1989.

3. Confidential interviews.

4. Confidential interview.

5. Confidential interview.

6. Confidential interview.

7. Ed Juchniewicz, interview with TM, November 17, 1988.

8. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 4, 1990.

9. Lion Gardiner, interview with TM, June 6, 1989.

10. Peter Kapusta, interviews with TM, May 17, 1988, and July 1, 1988, and interviews with JG, July 8, 1988, July 14, 1988, and August 19, 1989.

11. Ed Juchniewicz, interview with TM, November 17, 1988.

12. Donald Jameson, interview with JG, December 19, 1988.

13. John Mertz, letter to TM, December 1989.

14. Peter Kapusta, interview with TM, May 17, 1988.

15. Ibid.

16. Ibid.; Peter Kapusta, interview with JG, July 8, 1988.

17. Ibid.

18. Peter Kapusta, interview with JG, July 8, 1988.

19. Ibid.

20. Peter Kapusta, interview with TM, May 17, 1988, and interview with JG, July 8, 1988. In a subsequent television interview with TM in June 1990, Kapusta changed the story, and claimed he *had* reported this incident to his superiors but nothing more had come of it.

21. Peter Kapusta, interview with TM, May 17, 1988, and interview with JG, July 8, 1988.

22. Peter Kapusta, interview with JG, July 14, 1988.

23. Archie Roosevelt, chief of the Africa Division, and John Mertz, the CIA's chief of station in Pretoria, were present at this session. FitzGerald, who had succeeded Richard Helms in 1965 as the CIA's most powerful operational executive (Deputy Director of Plans, later called Operations), convened this meeting because he was unhappy about Loginov's alleged disloyalty to the agency—as charted for him earlier by Angleton. John Mertz interview with TM, June 4, 1989; John Mertz, letter to TM, December 1989; Archie Roosevelt, interview with TM, May 15, 1989.

FitzGerald did not see the Loginov case through to the end, because he died of a heart attack (while playing tennis) four months later, on July 23, coincidentally, three days after Loginov was arrested in Pretoria. *The Washington Post,* July 24, 1967, p. B:2 (obituary of Desmond FitzGerald).

24. John Mertz, letter to TM, December 1989.

25. Ibid.

26. Ibid.

27. Ibid.

28. Ibid.

29. Barbara Carr, interview with TM, March 5, 1989. Some of these documents are in the possession of Ms. Carr. They are unsourced, but are

clearly copies of original American documents. All of the spellings and syntax bear the pure American patterns.

30. Carr, *Spy in the Sun,* pp. 5–6. Ms. Carr is an honest reporter and a fine writer, and does not need me to say that. She was shamefully deceived by the South African Security Service and only learned of the manipulation after my arrival in South Africa in 1989. It is even more to her credit that she has taken time and gone out of her way to help me establish the truth of the whole affair.

31. Peter Kapusta, interview with TM, May 17, 1989.

32. *Rand Daily Mail,* September 27, 1968.

33. John Mertz, interview with TM, June 4, 1989; John Mertz, letter to TM, December 1989.

34. Newton Miler, interview with TM, June 25, 1989.

35. John Mertz, interview with TM, June 4, 1989.

36. John Mertz, letter to TM, December 1989.

37. Ibid. Years later, Angleton referred to this visit in a letter he wrote to a friend in South Africa. He recalled the time his ''old friend the general . . . had difficulties to obtain a visa to visit [the United Sates], the occasion when he was not to be seen in public. . . . Without hesitation, we forcibly removed these obstructions and he will always remain a staunch friend. . . .'' James Angleton, private correspondence to an unnamed South African, February 25, 1980.

38. John Mertz, interview with TM, June 4, 1989.

39. Confidential interview. Since Angleton was retired and the Loginov study was not a security investigation, Jack Fieldhouse had no means to compel the former Counterintelligence chief to testify.

40. Confidential interviews. The author wishes to make it quite clear that he has not read the Fieldhouse report, nor is the CIA prepared to make it available under the Freedom of Information Act. However, he has spoken to three people who have read the report.

41. Confidential interview. In 1969, after Loginov was returned against his will to the USSR, Angleton had sent FBI Director Hoover a special memorandum reviewing the CIA's official position on the Loginov case. An official who has read this memo described it as a ''whitewash'' of the case, because it contained no explanation that Loginov had ever worked for the CIA and no indication that some CIA officers considered Loginov to be bona fide.

Angleton, typically, placed all responsibility for Loginov's arrest and return squarely on the South Africans—without CIA involvement. In 1979, the Fieldhouse memo to the bureau explained that the CIA's new official position on Loginov was that he had always been a bona fide defector.

42. Richard Helms, interview with TM, May 23, 1989.

43. Dr. Hans Lohnweis, head of European Studies Section, Ealing College of Higher Education, West London, interview with TM, April 1989.

44. BND spokesman, interview with TM, April 25, 1989.

45. Juergen Stange, interview with TM, July 21, 1989.

46. General Hendrik van den Bergh to Mike Geldenhuys, telephone conversation, March 6, 1989. Several years after Angleton had been forced into resignation from the CIA, van den Bergh wanted to offer the former Counterintelligence chief work as a consultant to the South African Security Service. However, he abandoned the plan when he learned of the circumstances of Angleton's departure from the agency. John Mertz, interview with TM, June 4, 1989.

47. Col. Oleg Gordievskiy, interview with TM, August 8, 1988.

48. Leonard McCoy, "Yuriy Nosenko, CIA," *CIRA Newsletter* (Fall 1987).

49. Confidential interview.

50. Jenny Clayton (producer, BBC-TV "Panorama"), interview with TM, January 19, 1990.

CHAPTER 15

1. Ray Cline, interview with TM, May 15, 1989. According to Cline, Angleton made this comment to him sometime prior to 1974 (the precise date is unknown).

2. William Colby, interview with TM, June 12, 1989.

3. Confidential interview.

4. Confidential interview.

5. Confidential interviews. As *Pravda* later reported, "On a damp late November evening in 1961, he [Polyakov] . . . met . . . an FBI staffer to whom he had been introduced the previous evening at a reception given by the Americans on a New York street and passed to him information regarding the nature of our diplomats' activity, information on cipher clerks and ciphers themselves." U.S. analysts confirm that this Soviet account was indeed very close to how the first contacts were made with Polyakov in New York. *Pravda,* January 14, 1990.

6. William Branigan, interview with JG, August 17, 1989.

7. Confidential interview.

8. Jack Dunlap was a high school dropout earning about $100 a week and trying to support a wife and five children. Around June 1960, he was having such severe financial problems that he walked into the Soviet Embassy in Washington and volunteered to supply the GRU with sensitive NSA documents for cash. By then, Dunlap was serving as the driver for the NSA's chief of staff and had been given responsibility for carrying secret data back and forth from various departments at Fort Meade, the NSA's headquarters in Maryland, to other government agencies, including, ironically, Jim Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff at agency headquarters. Although Dunlap was only a high-class chauffeur/messenger, he was one of the only men allowed off base without a full search. He was in a position to give his GRU case officers the most sensitive details of the product from U.S. electronic interceptions around the world. The Soviets thought so much of his information that in the first year they paid him between $30,000 and $40,000—a huge sum for a spy in those days.

9. William Whalen was arrested in July 1966 and pleaded guilty later that year to helping the interests of a foreign government and removing classified documents. In 1967, he was sentenced to fifteen years in prison. Nelson Drummond was arrested in September 1962, was convicted of committing espionage in 1963, and was sentenced to life imprisonment. Herbert Boeckenhaupt was arrested in October 1966; in 1967 he was convicted of conspiring to transmit defense secrets and was sentenced to thirty years in prison.

10. The CIA officially assigned Polyakov several codenames after 1965. These cryptonyms were changed often for security reasons, but they were always preceded by the Soviet Division's digraph ''AE.''

11. Peter Kapusta, interview with JG, February 16, 1990; confidential interviews.

12. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, March 1, 1990; confidential interview. David Murphy's plan to activate TOP HAT in Burma was opposed by Angleton, as well as by Murphy's top deputy, Pete Bagley, based on their objections to the Soviet's bona fides. Murphy proceeded with the operation anyway, even though he initially harbored some doubts of his own.

13. Confidential interview; *New York Times,* January 23, 1990, p. 10.

14. Confidential interviews.

15. Sir Charles Spry, interview with TM, February 21, 1989.

16. I have personally investigated several of these other defector cases at length. Two, FEDORA and KITTYHAWK, are worth a note here.

FEDORA was a KGB colonel who worked in New York under cover as a scientific and technical officer on the permanent staff of the United Nations. In March 1962, while suffering a midlife crisis, he walked into the FBI's field office in New York and volunteered to defect in place. FEDORA's material to the Americans unmasked several Soviet agents in the United States and furnished details of Soviet operations in New York. The FBI paid him small amounts of money at various times; somewhat eccentrically, he kept the cash in a brown paper bag under his bed. His information was so important that J. Edgar Hoover sent it straight to the White House.

As with so many other defectors, FEDORA soon incurred Angleton's wrath by confirming Nosenko's bona fides. The ensuing war between Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff and FEDORA's supporters within the FBI was conducted with maximum ferocity. By 1967, the FBI had become so uncertain of FEDORA (and other Soviet defectors and defectors-in-place) that they commissioned a year-long investigation of their own (code-named VUPOINT), which subsequently confirmed FEDORA's bona fides, as well as those of all the other defectors, *including* Nosenko.

To the bitter end, Angleton defied VUPOINT and labeled FEDORA's take as unreliable and untrustworthy; each FEDORA file was stamped: ''Information from a source whose bona fides remain unproven.'' In 1976, after Angleton's departure from the CIA, further internal investigations of FEDORA were conducted both at the FBI and the CIA. By one of those freaks of history, the two intelligence agencies reversed their positions at the same moment, the CIA suddenly accepting FEDORA and the FBI rejecting him. The bureau then subjected FEDORA to an unpleasant series of hostile interviews.

At this point, FEDORA returned to Moscow in disgust. He had never planned to remain in the United States and had told his handlers earlier that he would be going home in any case when his New York tour of duty ended. The Fundamentalists, however, saw his return to the USSR as final proof that he had been a fake defector all along. To make their point, they leaked his existence to the American press, and came dangerously close to identifying him for the KGB. Fortunately, the new team running the CIA's Counterintelligence Staff received advance warning of the imminent press leak. At great personal risk, a CIA officer was dispatched to Moscow to warn FEDORA face to face that he might be identified by the forthcoming publication. The meeting was a success, and FEDORA was given a few days' head start to cover his tracks. His loyalty to the CIA was proven beyond doubt because the visiting CIA officer was never apprehended while on his mission in Moscow.

After the article appeared, the FBI deliberately, and somewhat mischievously, pretended that FEDORA was Viktor Lesiovskiy, a Soviet intelligence officer on the personal staff of UN Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim. Finally, in 1983, after a change of management personnel at the FBI, the bureau went through a further *volte-face*, concluding that FEDORA had been bona fide all along.

In 1966, another top Soviet defector, KITTYHAWK, phoned DCI Richard Helms at home, informed him he was a KGB major on temporary duty in Washington, and offered his services to the CIA. KITTYHAWK, whose Russian name was Igor Kochnov, was the chief of counterintelligence for the KGB in the United States and Britain. Helms turned the case over to Angleton. However, the moment KITTYHAWK revealed that the KGB had no current penetrations of the CIA (or the FBI), Angleton declared him to be a fake defector.

Angleton's whole molehunt and strategic deception theories depended on there being a penetration. (Worse still, KITTYHAWK supported Nosenko.)

Despite Angleton's official denigration of KITTYHAWK's value, the Soviet gave the FBI several startling leads, including the existence of a senior U.S. military officer working for the Soviets. Angleton never allowed the CIA's Soviet Division to know of the existence of KITTYHAWK, so when the agent returned to duty in Moscow after three months, he was not run as a CIA asset. To the CIA's eternal shame, the Soviet Division was not told for more than six years that the agency had such an agent deep within the Soviet *nomenklatura* (Kochnov married the daughter of Madame Yekaterina Furtseva, the powerful Minister of Culture and Khrushchev's former mistress).

In 1978, this top agent was also suddenly threatened by press revelations from the United States. This time, the post-Angleton CIA moved with lightning speed and managed to get KITTYHAWK invited to a U.S. Embassy party in Moscow, where he was quietly warned of the forthcoming article. He went white as he was told the news. He left the embassy at once and has never been seen or heard of again by the Americans. In a subsequent CIA reinvestigation of the KITTYHAWK case, he was formally found to have been a bona fide defector.

17. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, January 8, 1990.

18. The author was included in Angleton's net of journalistic contacts and had several inconclusive discussions on the subject of TOP HAT with him.

19. Edward Jay Epstein, ''Fedora: The Spy Who Duped J. Edgar Hoover,'' *New York* magazine, February 27, 1978, p. 36.

20. *New York* magazine, April 24, 1978, p. 9, ''New York Intelligencer'' column, ''An End to the War of the Moles.'' Edward Epstein confirms that he was the source for the April 24, 1978, ''New York Intelligencer'' item. Edward Epstein, interview with JG, February 5, 1991.

21. *New York* magazine, April 24, 1978, p. 9.

22. *Pravda,* January 14, 1990, extract from the officially translated edition as sent to the Foreign and Commonwealth Office, London.

23. Even if this *New York* article was not the press report to which *Pravda* gloatingly refers, there was a second account, published a year later, that identified Polyakov with added precision. This second report was contained in a paper first presented at a Washington conference by the same Edward Jay Epstein, who remained fundamentally unconvinced of the bona fides of Nosenko, FEDORA, and TOP HAT. In a section headed ''Strategic Deception,'' Epstein stated: ''. . . for example, the FBI received information from two Soviet agents at the United Nations . . . code named Fedora and Top Hat. . . .''

Epstein's paper was delivered at a well-attended public two-day Washington seminar, November 30–December 1, 1979. (Several months later, it was published as part of a widely distributed book on intelligence ''analysis and estimates.'') *Intelligence Requirements for the 1980s: Analysis and Estimates,* Vol. 2, edited by Roy Godson (Washington, D.C.: National Strategy Information Center, 1980), chapter 5, ''Incorporating Analysis of Foreign Governments' Deception into the U.S. Analytical System,'' a paper by Edward J. Epstein, p. 124. Epstein has confirmed that he presented this paper at the conference in November 1979. (See Epstein, *Deception,* p. 296, note 1.)

The following year, Polyakov's existence was so well known among journalists that David Martin, in his *Wilderness of Mirrors,* was able to refer to two defectors-in-place, both from the Soviet delegation to the United Nations. Martin noted that one was a KGB officer and one was a GRU officer. Significantly, Martin referred to the GRU officer (Polyakov) by his CIA cryptonym, ''BOURBON,'' because Martin's information came directly from a former member of Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff.

An article in *Commentary* magazine entitled ''Disinformation: Or, Why the CIA Cannot Verify an Arms-Control Agreement'' (July 1982), again by Edward Jay Epstein, filled in the final outlines of TOP HAT's identity. Epstein wrote: ''Later [in 1961], the FBI had another Soviet 'walk-in,' as a volunteer is called, from the UN. He identified himself as an officer in Soviet military intelligence, the GRU, and explained that he was in New York, under UN cover, attempting to ferret out American military secrets in overt literature. He also offered to work for the FBI as a double agent, and he was given the code name 'TOP HAT.' ''

Epstein made it clear that he firmly subscribed to Angleton's theory that Polyakov was a fake: ''The CIA had been suspicious of . . . TOP HAT from the outset. . . . [Eventually] the FBI admitted that both agents [FEDORA and TOP HAT], who had by then returned to the Soviet Union, had actually been working under the control of the KGB and feeding the FBI misleading information'' (ibid.).

24. Confidential interview. In January 1990, the *Pravda* article stated that Polyakov's ''trial'' concluded ''with the death penalty.'' Four days later, ABC News asked Soviet Prime Minister Nikolay Ryzhkov if Polyakov had been executed. ''I can't say,'' Ryzhkov replied. ''. . . We have our own laws and we act in accordance with those laws. For spying, the penalty is death.'' One month later, DCI William Webster confirmed publicly that Polyakov had been executed by the Soviets ''at least two years ago.'' *Pravda,* January 14, 1990; ABC-TV ''Prime Time Live,'' January 18, 1990, ''A Tour of the Kremlin''; Washington *Times,* February 14, 1990, p. 1.

The date of the arrest, July 1985, implies that the KGB's investigation into TOP HAT's identity was finally concluded when confirmation was supplied by the CIA defector Edward Howard, who fled the United States that year. Howard had definitely compromised another important American spy in Moscow, the Soviet aeronautical engineer Adolf G. Tolkachev, whose arrest occurred a month before Polyakov was caught. Tolkachev was executed a year later. Confidential interview. See also, *New York Times,* January 15, 1990, p. 1.

25. *New York* magazine, February 27, 1978, p. 31. Epstein stated, ''He

[Sullivan] was undoubtedly one of the most valuable witnesses that I found. He told me all about Fedora. . . .''.

Epstein now says that Pete Bagley confirmed Sullivan's information to him about FEDORA and TOP HAT, and that Bagley supplied him with the codename TOP HAT. Epstein explains that he later corroborated this information with Angleton and his former aides (Scotty Miler and Ray Rocca), although Epstein cannot reconstruct the precise timing or details of these conversations. Edward Epstein, interview with JG, February 5, 1991.

26. Newton Miler, interview with TM, March 4, 1990.

27. Edward Epstein, interview with JG, February 5, 1991.

28. *The Times* (London), September 14, 1990.

CHAPTER 16

1. James Angleton, taped interview with Siri Hari (formerly Lucy) Angleton, March 21, 1987.

2. Cicely Angleton, interview with TM, June 9, 1988.

3. Cicely Angleton, interview with TM, July 1, 1988.

4. Ibid.

5. Cicely Angleton, interview with TM, May 30, 1988.

6. James Nolan, interview with JG, January 26, 1989.

7. Cicely Angleton, interview with TM, July 1, 1988, and June 9, 1988.

8. Pete Bagley, interview with TM, August 19, 1989.

9. None of Angleton's former colleagues, in the CIA or friendly foreign services, disagree about the excessiveness of his drinking. While all agree he was rarely seen drunk, there's no doubt he had a phenomenal ability to consume liquor matched by an equally phenomenal ability not to show it. Witnesses who have discussed this subject with me include Scotty Miler; Peter Wright; Sir Charles Spry, former head of the Australian Security Intelligence Organization; and Sam Papich, his friend and contact with the FBI.

10. Cicely Angleton, interviews with TM, June 9, 1988, and May 30, 1988.

11. Ibid.

12. Toni Bradlee, interview with TM, June 21, 1989.

13. Ben Bradlee, interview with TM, June 21, 1989.

14. Guru Sangat Kaur Khalsa (formerly Helen Angleton), interview with TM, July 1, 1988.

Both daughters, Helen and Lucy, converted to the Sikh faith in the 1970s, following difficult encounters with the social freedoms of the sixties. Helen (now known as Guru Sangat) says that American society was not enough to fulfill her. ''I was searching for the truth,'' she explains. ''I believe in Grace.'' Both daughters found their parents helpful and comforting during this difficult period of religious conversion. Angleton, with typical thoroughness, advised them: ''If you're going to do it, do it all the way.'' Cicely Angleton believes that Helen and Lucy's spiritual leader, Yogi Bhajan, became their substitute father figure.

Helen, who is now married with a son and a daughter, lives in the Washington area; Lucy (now known as Siri Hari) is single and lives in Los Angeles. The Angletons' son, James, earned a B.A. in Middle Eastern studies at the University of Arizona, then was drafted into the Army in 1968. He volunteered for Vietnam and served as a regular rifle-carrying infantryman, with the rank of private. He is currently unmarried and works as a paralegal in Los Angeles.

15. Cicely Angleton, interview with TM, July 1, 1988.

16. Cicely Angleton and Guru Sangat Kaur Khålsa, interview with TM, June 9, 1988.

17. Ibid.

18. Ibid.

19. William Wick, interview with JG, August 8, 1989.

20. *The Washington Post,* October 30, 1975, ''Rex Stout, Creator of Nero Wolfe, Dies.''

21. Caroline Marshall, interview with JG, March 29, 1988. I am indebted to David Ignatius of *The Washington Post* for lending me Ms. Marshall's vivid book of poetry, *Fugitive Grace,* published by the Minnesota Writers Publishing House.

22. Caroline Marshall, ''Remembering James Angleton: One Afternoon,'' unpublished manuscript, 1987.

23. Cord Meyer, interview with TM, June 1, 1988.

24. James Angleton, taped interview with Siri Hari Angleton, March 21, 1987.

25. ''They are roused again, the sleepless hunters/That will not let me sleep''—Harry, Lord Monchensey, in *The Family Reunion,* by T. S. Eliot, Part 1, scene II.

CHAPTER 17

1. Jeff Stein, ''A Spy Stays Out in the Cold,'' Boston *Phoenix,* July 26, 1977.

2. It remains unclear why the correct name, HONETOL, is spelled with an "e" and not, as it should be, with an "a."

3. Confidential interview.

4. Newton Miler, interview with TM, June 25, 1989.

5. HSCA, October 5, 1978, Deposition of James Angleton, p. 147 (author's italics).

6. The following ten CIA officers, all from the Soviet Division, were at varying times among the official "HONETOL 14" suspects: Paul Garbler, George Goldberg, Lev Goldfarb (a.k.a. "Leo Lyons"), Peter Hanfman, Peter Karlow, Lee Karpoff, George Kisevalter, Richard Kovich, David Murphy, Alexander Sogolow. And one or more of the following officers may have been included in the group of fourteen (all were definitely part of the forty): Peter Baranowski, Vasia Gmirkin, Peter Kapusta, Serge Karpovich. The following names were definitely *not* part of the fourteen group, but were among the forty: Peter Bagley, David Chavchavadze, Clement Cisar, Boris Ilyin, Donald Jameson, Edward Juchniewicz, Edward Knowles, Russell Langelle, Leonard McCoy. Two men who may have been among the forty: Robert Sawicki, Walter Sedoff. (All of the allegations against every man listed above are totally without foundation.)

7. Newton Miler, interview with TM, June 15, 1989.

8. Confidential interview.

9. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 7, 1988.

10. Donald Moore, interview with JG, December 6, 1988.

11. Sam Papich, interview with TM, November 19, 1988.

12. Newton Miler, interview with TM, June 25, 1989.

13. Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989.

14. Richard Helms, interview with TM, May 23, 1989.

15. In the early 1960s, when the Soviet Bloc Division was still called the Soviet Russia Division, it had eight main branches. SR-1 (code named "QKACTIVE") ran the attempted penetration of the Iron Curtain by various émigré groups, and also managed Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty. SR-2 through SR-5 represented the four main geographic areas where the Soviets operated, in order, the Baltic, Europe (primarily Germany and Austria), Near East, and Far East; SR-6 managed research and support, including the handling of defector resettlements; SR-7 and SR-8 were left open, the numbers unused; SR-9, "Internal Operations," oversaw the CIA's Moscow station and ran the CIA's agents in the USSR; and SR-10, "Legal Travelers Operations" (code-named "REDSKIN"), interviewed Western businessmen, academics, and tourists legitimately traveling behind the Iron Curtain. The division also had several separate staff units, including its own SR-CI Branch and an

SR-Reports and Requirements section, which distributed intelligence. Confidential interviews.

16. William Colby, interview with TM, June 12, 1989.

17. George Kisevalter, interview with TM, May 12, 1989. See also William Hood, *Mole* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1982), and Jeffrey Richelson, *American Espionage and the Soviet Target* (New York: William Morrow, 1987), pp. 262–64.

18. George Kisevalter, interview with TM, May 12, 1989.

19. In 1980, Angleton's former deputy, Raymond Rocca, was still arguing that Popov had been betrayed by a mole: "If one reads the Popov case in strict chronology, it contradicts the theory that the CIA wasn't penetrated during that period." See *Analysis and Estimates,* Vol. 2, *Intelligence Requirements for the 1980s,* p. 156.

20. Pete Bagley, interview with TM, August 19, 1989.

21. George Kisevalter, interview with TM, May 12, 1989.

22. Ibid.; Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 29, 1988.

23. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, August 20, 1989.

24. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 29, 1988.

25. In November 1963, a professor from an Indiana university and his wife were on a visit to Moscow, shopping in Mezhkniga, the state-run distribution center for international books, when they were suddenly handed a package of papers by a Russian man who appeared to be an employee in the building. The man persuaded the professor to take the papers to the U.S. Embassy. There they were scrutinized and found to be some fifty pages of typed notes, apparently taken from top secret KGB records.

The papers revealed that two former CIA officers at the embassy had been compromised by the KGB. Crucially, the papers also appeared to confirm the manner of Popov's "betrayal," namely, that he had been "blown" through poor CIA tradecraft at the embassy. However, such was the prevailing atmosphere of mistrust and suspicion that senior American diplomats concluded that the documents were probably fake, and a deliberate KGB provocation. Incredibly, it was decided to hand them over to the Soviet Foreign Ministry.

Paul Garbler, then the CIA station chief, objected vehemently to this plan, but he was overruled. (He did manage to make a copy of the papers before they were returned.) This ill-conceived American move led to the KGB's discovery of former KGB officer Aleksandr Cherepanov (then working at Mezhkniga), his frantic flight from Moscow, a dramatic chase (involving Yuriy Nosenko, then still with the KGB's Second Chief Directorate), Cherepanov's capture at the Soviet border, and his later execution after a closed trial. Yuriy Nosenko, interviews with JG, July 1, 1990, and November 19, 1990; Paul Garbler, interview with TM, November 21, 1988; George Kisevalter, interview with TM, May 12, 1989.

26. George Kisevalter, interview with TM, June 18, 1989.

27. Alexander Neale, interview with JG, May 26, 1989; confidential interviews.

28. Peter Karlow, interview with TM, November 18, 1988.

29. Alexander Neale, interview with JG, May 26, 1989.

30. Peter Karlow, interview with TM, November 18, 1988.

31. Ibid.

32. Alexander Neale, interview with JG, May 26, 1989.

33. Peter Karlow, interview with TM, November 18, 1988.

34. HSCA, October 5, 1978, Deposition of James Angleton, p. 25.

35. Ibid.

36. Confidential interviews. The Counterintelligence officer who informed Angleton was the staff's technical expert, Joe Burke, now deceased. He in turn had learned of the story during a casual drinking session with Peter Wright, his opposite number in London. Wright told Burke that George Blake had ''blown'' the tadpole bug to his KGB case officer.

37. Ibid.

38. Peter Karlow, interview with TM, May 28, 1989. Former CIA general counsel Lawrence Houston also attended the Karlow award ceremony. Lawrence Houston, interview with JG, August 23, 1989.

39. Alexander Neale, interview with JG, May 26, 1989; Courtland Jones, interview with JG, February 3, 1989; William Branigan, interview with JG, November 29, 1988; Leonard McCoy, interviews with JG, August 10, 1988, and November 29, 1988.

After Angleton retired, he spread the inflated story that Igor Orlov had been a top Soviet penetration of the CIA and a prized catch for his Counterintelligence unit. In a 1987 interview with the *New York Times,* for instance, Angleton described Orlov as a ''full-fledged intelligence officer'' who had cleverly avoided prosecution. ''The man was a genius,'' Angleton said. David Binder, ''Assessing Intelligence Breaches,'' *New York Times,* April 10, 1987.

40. Paul Garbler, interview with TM, November 21, 1988; Paul Garbler, ''A Mole in the CIA,'' unpublished manuscript, 1988.

41. Paul Garbler, interview with TM, November 21, 1988.

42. CIA memo, December 28, 1977, from DCI Stansfield Turner to Paul Garbler.

43. Vasia Gmirkin, interviews with TM, June 6, 1988, and June 10, 1989. Gmirkin died in March 1991.

44. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 7, 1988.

45. Ibid.

46. In the 1950s and 1960s, the CIA had "GS" (General Service) rankings similar to other American (or British) civil service grades. The key indicator in one's CIA career of the transition to senior management was the important promotion from GS-14 to GS-15. In the DDO, the step up to GS-15 required the unanimous approval of a special promotions board, which always contained a senior representative from the Counterintelligence Staff, most often Angleton himself. Angleton had the power to deny promotion to any applicant based on so-called security reasons.

47. Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989; William Branigan, interview with JG, August 17, 1989; confidential interview.

48. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 7, 1988.

49. Ibid.

50. Ed Juchniewicz, interview with TM, November 17, 1988.

51. Rolfe Kingsley, interview with TM, May 10, 1989, and interview with JG, March 1, 1989.

52. Confidential interview.

53. Rolfe Kingsley, interview with TM, May 10, 1989.

54. Ranelagh, *The Agency,* p. 617, citing *CIA: The Pike Report* (Nottingham, England: Spokesman Books, 1977), pp. 130–67.

CHAPTER 18

1. Confidential interview.

2. Confidential interview.

3. *Life* magazine, March 23 and 30, 1959 (two-part series). See also Peter Deriabin and Frank Gibney, *The Secret World* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday & Co., 1959).

4. Lygren's full story has already been told in chapter 10, "The Norwegian Spinster."

5. Confidential interview.

6. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 29, 1988.

7. Confidential interview.

8. Confidential interview.

9. It is almost certain that Federov was supposed to have become the case officer for Stig Wennerstrom, a colonel in the Swedish service who was secretly spying for the Soviets (and had been made an honorary major general in the GRU). Wennerstrom was detected, caught, tried, and sentenced to life imprisonment in Sweden in 1964.

10. The officer was Ed Snow, who was then Chief of Operations of the Soviet Division.

11. Just as Golitsyn and Angleton maintained that every single post-1962 Russian Intelligence Service defector was a fake, their analysis of the Federov case also concluded that he might have been ''a provocation.'' Golitsyn and Angleton argued that it followed logically that Kovich must have participated in this deception. Confidential interview.

Angleton argued that Federov could have been sent to deceive the CIA about important matters. The accurate information which Federov had fed to the CIA had been sent through Kovich so as to make him look like a hero and hopefully boost his own career all the way up to the top of the agency. Federov had disappeared abruptly, this theory went, because Kovich or some other Soviet mole in the CIA had learned that the CIA was suspicious of Federov's deception. Leonard McCoy, interview with JG, August 10, 1988.

12. George Kisevalter, interview with TM, May 12, 1989; confidential interview.

13. Ibid.

14. Confidential interview.

15. CIA Fitness Report on Richard Kovich, 1965–66.

16. DCI George Bush, letter to Richard Kovich, August 13, 1976.

17. Adm. Stansfield Turner, interview with TM, May 12, 1989; confidential interviews.

18. Confidential interview.

CHAPTER 19

1. Jim Bennett, personal diary, 1972.

2. Jim Bennett, interview with TM, February 24, 1989. Coincidentally, Oleg Gordievskiy fully corroborates the Angleton argument about McCarthyism, though from a pragmatic, not a moral, point of view. Gordievskiy insists that the atmosphere created by McCarthyism marked the beginning of a slow decline in the range and efficiency of KGB/GRU activities inside the United States. Oleg Gordievskiy, interview with TM, October 4, 1989.

3. John Sawatsky, *For Services Rendered: Leslie James Bennett and the RCMP Security Service* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday & Co., 1982), pp.

174–86. Sawatsky's narrative about the Bennett case stands out for its clarity and accuracy. Not only Bennett himself, but many of those named in the book find no factual or judgmental error in it—an extraordinary achievement for a work of this genre.

According to Sawatsky's undisputed account, John Watkins was a homosexual who was entrapped by the KGB while in Moscow during the 1950s. Golitsyn did not have the name of the suspect, merely knowledge that there had been sexual entrapment against the Canadians. After Yuriy Nosenko confirmed Watkins's identity, Bennett interviewed the former ambassador in Paris (as Watkins was beginning his retirement). Watkins admitted his homosexuality and that he had been sought out as an agent-of-influence by the KGB. Watkins, who had a history of coronary problems, died of a heart attack toward the end of the RCMP questioning session, in October 1964.

4. The following are the "suspicious" cases for which Bennett received blame: Operation "KEYSTONE" (1952–55), in which a valuable KGB agent was recruited to spy as a double agent for the RCMP (under the codename "GIDEON"). After three successful years, the GIDEON operation was suddenly blown when the spy's identity was revealed to the Soviets and he was recalled to Moscow—never to be heard from again.

Operation "DEW WORM" (1956) was a joint Canadian/British project which attempted to bug the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa as it was being rebuilt after a fire. This super-secret plan failed when the Soviets were apparently tipped off and seemed to discover where the microphones were hidden. They promptly moved their communications and cipher rooms away from the bugged area.

The "RANOV" case (1956) mimicked KEYSTONE in that the doubling of a GRU agent was inexplicably revealed to the Soviets.

Operation "APPLE CIDER" (1959) involved the case of a Soviet immigrant who had set up a small business in Vancouver in preparation for working as a KGB agent. As soon as the RCMP learned his identity, he mysteriously fled Canada.

Operation "MOBY DICK" (1963) involved a Canadian Communist who was discovered photographing Canadian installations for the KGB. He stopped his activities at the very moment the RCMP placed him under heavy surveillance. Jim Bennett, interview with TM, February 24, 1989. See also Sawatsky, *For Services Rendered,* for details of these cases.

5. Jim Bennett, interview with TM, February 25, 1989.

6. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 7, 1988.

7. Jim Bennett, interview with TM, February 24, 1989.

8. Peter Worthington, interview with TM, June 14, 1989. See also Worthington's excellent memoir, *Looking for Trouble: A Journalist's Life . . . and Then Some* (Toronto: Key Porter Books, 1984), pp. 259–97, 384–89.

9. Confidential interview; Lion Gardiner, interview with TM, June 6,

1989. Olga's husband, Vadim Vadimovich Farmakovskiy, had been a lieutenant commander in the Soviet Navy before taking GRU assignments in Italy and Sweden. In Stockholm, he was the resident GRU officer. Both he and Olga became impressed with Western lifestyles during his Swedish assignment, and the couple secretly began planning to defect together. But the arrest of Oleg Penkovskiy disrupted their plans. After Penkovskiy was caught, Vadim Farmakovskiy was abruptly recalled from Sweden, questioned, and expelled from the GRU—solely because of his past association with Penkovskiy. He had previously been trained as a civil engineer and was fortunate to find a job in Moscow in Soviet industry. Confidential interviews. See also Oleg Penkovskiy, *The Penkovskiy Papers* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday & Co., 1965), p. 198; Worthington, *Looking for Trouble,* p. 280.

10. Confidential interview; Lion Gardiner, interview with TM, June 6, 1989.

11. Jim Bennett, interview with TM, February 24, 1989.

12. Peter Worthington, interview with TM, June 14, 1989.

13. Lion Gardiner, interview with TM, June 6, 1989; Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 29, 1988.

14. Peter Worthington, interview with TM, June 14, 1989.

15. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 29, 1988.

16. Confidential interview.

17. Peter Worthington, interview with TM, June 14, 1989.

18. Jim Bennett, interview with TM, February 24, 1989; Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 29, 1988.

19. The intense ''GRIDIRON'' molehunt was similar in many ways to Angleton's earlier Project HONETOL. It was initially set up because a number of Canadian counterintelligence officers serving under Bennett were convinced that more than bad luck was responsible for the rash of failed Soviet cases over the previous fifteen years. These officers wanted to review KEYSTONE, DEW WORM, APPLE CIDER, MOBY DICK, and several other more recent cases to see if there were any common threads. Although a number of possibilities were considered, several of the instigators behind the probe felt strongly that if there was a mole who had blown all of these cases, then Jim Bennett was the best suspect.

To facilitate their probe, these GRIDIRON officers convinced Bennett's boss that it was necessary to move Bennett out of B Branch. But a way had to be found to do this so he wouldn't suspect the real reason why he was being moved. If he was the mole and learned of the investigation, they reasoned, he would obviously stop his espionage activities immediately. They wanted to catch him in the act. So, on February 1, 1970, Bennett was ''promoted'' and made chief of E Branch, a newly created post responsible for coordinating all technical-surveillance operations for all RCMP components—not just Soviet counterintelligence. Bennett dutifully accepted the new assignment (which included increased rank and salary) and set about to carry out his new responsibilities.

20. Jim Bennett, interview with TM, February 24, 1989.

21. Confidential interviews.

22. Jim Bennett, personal diary, 1972.

23. Ibid.

24. Ibid.

25. Ibid.

26. Confidential interviews. The CIA's polygraph expert found that Bennett was what is commonly known in the polygraph field as a ''reactor''—that is, a person who causes the test indicators to jump sharply when replying to even the most ordinary questions. This is not an uncommon trait, since many people are very nervous when attached to polygraph equipment. If a person exhibits strong reactions to routine questions and that person is trying to hide something else from the polygraph, the needles will jump even more wildly when the examiner asks the key questions intended to detect guilt—such as ''Have you ever been a KGB agent?''

In Bennett's case, although the mundane, establishing questions showed he was a reactor, the needles remained calm when he was asked the key questions about espionage. This indicated he was being truthful.

27. Jim Bennett, interview with TM, February 24, 1989.

28. Ibid.

29. Ibid.

30. Peter Wright, interview with TM, February 22, 1989; Sir Charles Spry, interview with TM, February 21, 1989; Peter Barbour (former Deputy Director General of ASIO), interview with TM, February 28, 1989; Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989.

31. The father of the CAZAB idea was Jim Angleton. Scotty Miler, who attended the CAZAB meetings at Angleton's side, says that Angleton pushed for the other countries to join as part of his long-held ''concept of expanding and centralizing counterintelligence with our allies. There was more at stake than just CI,'' Miler explains. ''There were joint operations and exchange of information with our allies. This meant if the Brits were penetrated, so were we. During Jim's years, CAZAB conferences were held in Australia, New Zealand, New York, London, and Canada—usually in an isolated resort. The host government was responsible for security. That 'cover' was usually some sort of a worldwide manufacturers' convention. The conference room where we met was electronically swept every day.'' Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989.

CAZAB's first meeting was held in Melbourne in November 1967 under conditions of extraordinary secrecy. The host, Sir Charles Spry, Director General of ASIO, rented a large, secluded house in the suburbs and virtually ringed it with security men. Then, to the amazement of all the counterintelligence chiefs who attended, Angleton arrived touting Golitsyn. The Canadians were so angry that the defector's presence had not been previously announced that they threatened to boycott the conference before it began. The Mounties wanted to know what a former KGB officer was doing at a conference attended by the most secret intelligence officials in the West, men whose true disciplines were not known even to their wives. Golitsyn, they pointed out, was not a sworn and vetted officer, as was everyone else there. What would happen, they asked, if he listened to the West's most important secrets—and then decided to go back to the USSR? Despite the protests, Angleton kept Golitsyn at a nearby hotel for consultations with the CAZAB delegates. Jim Bennett, interview with TM, February 24, 1989; Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989; confidential interviews.

32. Confidential interview.

33. Confidential interviews.

34. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 29, 1988.

35. Eugene Petersen, interview with JG, February 17, 1989.

36. Standing Committee on Justice and Legal Affairs, House of Commons of Canada, November 24, 1977, cited in Sawatsky, *For Services Rendered,* pp. 327–28.

37. In 1978 Bennett sued a Canadian novelist for libel, seeking $C2.2 million in damages. The book portrayed a thinly disguised Bennett-like character as a traitorous KGB mole within the RCMP. Bennett eventually won the case two years later in an out-of-court settlement, in which he received $C30,000 for damages (essentially his legal costs) and a formal denial that he was the fictional character in the book. But since there was no public hearing and since the author subsequently chose to interpret the result as a victory, the cloud over Bennett's reputation was not properly dispelled.

38. Yurchenko warned the CIA that the British-run KGB colonel, Oleg Gordievskiy, was under suspicion; that sacked CIA officer Edward Lee Howard was dirty (he later defected to the USSR); and that a complicated CIA operation in Vienna in 1975 had ended with the manslaughter of an American agent (Nicholas Shadrin) by the KGB. He also wrote the bottom line to a score of other old Western intelligence cases. Neither the CIA nor British intelligence has ever had the slightest doubt that he was a bona fide defector or that the information he passed over was wholly accurate. That conclusion remains the official position to this day.

39. The Yurchenko information was passed by the CIA to their RCMP counterparts in Ottawa, where a new team, from the post-Bennett era, was in

place. (TANGO's identity is known to the author. However, in the absence of supporting evidence, and until the RCMP decides to investigate Yurchenko's allegation, that identity must be deliberately obscured.)

TANGO may have been an RCMP counterintelligence officer. RCMP analysts who studied his career and access to information came away convinced that he was the spy who had caused a number of the past problems that were wrongly attributed to Bennett. (CIA experts agree.)

The RCMP had first scrutinized TANGO only because they believed he was involved in certain irregularities. Later, after he retired, the RCMP observed him meeting with a Soviet official. But the RCMP could not confirm that his contact involved espionage, so nothing was done.

Then, in 1985, Yurchenko confirmed the existence of a mole and gave the identity of TANGO's Soviet case officer. The name Yurchenko cited was the same Soviet who had earlier met with TANGO. The Canadians had their proof. Confidential interviews.

40. Since Leonard McCoy's quiet visit to Ottawa fifteen years ago, the CIA, which originally fueled the Bennett molehunt, has maintained silence about the Bennett affair in deference to the RCMP. Privately, however, a further two separate reviews of the case by Angleton's successors at the Counterintelligence Staff have reconfirmed McCoy's findings. And, each time, the Canadians have been officially notified in writing that the CIA has solidified the evidence which exonerates Bennett. Confidential interviews.

CHAPTER 20

1. Quoted in Epstein, *Deception,* p. 45.

2. Clare Petty, interview with TM, May 31, 1988.

3. Confidential interviews.

4. Confidential interviews; Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989; William Colby, interview with TM, June 12, 1989. William Colby was astonished in 1973 when he was first informed of the Angleton allegation against Murphy by the chief of the SDECE, Alexandre de Marenches. The new DCI checked Murphy's security records at Langley and found that he was absolutely innocent, without any doubt. Colby then sent the French service an official letter reconfirming the CIA's strong faith in Murphy's loyalty. William Colby, interview with TM, June 12, 1989.

5. Bagley's unsuccessful recruitment in Berne in 1959 involved Polish intelligence officer Jan Switala. Confidential interviews.

6. Clare Petty, interviews with TM, May 31, 1988, and May 17, 1989.

7. Clare Petty, interview with TM, May 17, 1989.

8. Newton Miler, interview with TM, June 25, 1989.

9. Clare Petty, interview with TM, taping for BBC-TV ''Panorama,'' June 1990.

10. Ibid.

11. Ibid.

12. William Branigan, interview with JG, November 30, 1988. Branigan confirms that the FBI never conducted any similar probe of Angleton's loyalty before or after Petty's study. Neither did the FBI contribute any information to help Petty with his research on Angleton.

13. Edward Knowles, interview with JG, December 13, 1988.

14. Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989.

15. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 1, 1988.

16. Clare Petty, interview with TM, May 31, 1988.

17. Clare Petty, interview with TM, May 17, 1989. Petty had first alerted David Blee that he was conducting the Angleton probe in June 1973, when he asked Blee for more time to finish his work and further organize his research. Blee remained noncommittal about Petty's conclusion and told him to come back when he was finished. Petty did so, one year later.

18. Confidential interview.

19. Angleton was very upset when word of Petty's investigation first surfaced in the press five years after he retired. Angleton felt, with justification, that this disclosure had unfairly ''cast a shadow on his loyalty to his country.''

The story was broken in February 1979 by David Martin, then a reporter with *Newsweek,* while he was in the process of researching *Wilderness of Mirrors.* Martin reported in the magazine that ''a special molehunting unit'' in the CIA had conducted a long study of Angleton's career and had drawn up an ''extensive case'' that he might be a Soviet asset. (Petty was not identified.) Martin added that senior CIA officials had ''dismissed the case against [Angleton] as too circumstantial and speculative.'' Michael Sniffen, interview with JG, April 27, 1988; confidential interview; David Martin, ''Is the CIA Hobbled?'', *Newsweek,* March 5, 1979, pp. 41 ff.; Michael Sniffen, untitled article, Associated Press, February 25, 1979; *The Washington Post,* ''Angleton Reportedly Probed as 'Mole,' '' February 26, 1979 (Associated Press); James Angleton, undated formal statement, 1980, in response to the publication of *Wilderness of Mirrors.*

Angleton had received advance word about this story and had hoped that *Newsweek* would not report it at all. He had instructed the Washington attorney James Murphy, his old OSS friend and mentor, to contact *Newsweek* and threaten a multi-million-dollar libel suit if the article was published. After Murphy delivered this message, *Newsweek* withheld publication for a short time (as it rechecked the facts) and then printed the story anyway.

After the *Newsweek* account appeared, the Associated Press called Angleton for a comment, and he tried his best to soft-pedal the story, saying, ''I don't believe it [the *Newsweek* story]. It's a lot of garbage. There may have been individuals or an individual who did something, but to my certain knowledge no organized group did such a study or had such suspicions.'' Michael Sniffen, Associated Press, February 25, 1979.

Although Angleton remained very upset with David Martin and the magazine, he never went ahead with the lawsuit. Scotty Miler recalls: ''I know Jim was planning to sue *Newsweek* over that article, but some of the steam went out after [former DCI] Bill Colby was quoted in the article as saying that he had rejected the conclusions in the Petty report.'' Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989.

20. Confidential interview.

21. William Colby, interview with TM, June 12, 1989.

22. Confidential interview. Among the many reasons to discount Petty's theory, Tweedy's most compelling argument was that Angleton had known about all of the CIA's most top secret and successful penetration operations against the Soviets—several of which continued for many years and were never blown while he was in office (like TOP HAT). The value of these U.S. moles in Moscow was so great—in terms of the positive intelligence acquired by the United States—that the Soviets would never have allowed them to continue spying just to protect a mole, even one as well situated as Angleton would have been. To Tweedy, the intelligence gained from these American moles in Moscow far outweighed all of Petty's conjecture and criticisms about Angleton. (The same argument was given to explain why Sir Roger Hollis and Graham Mitchell were not moles in Britain.) Confidential interview.

23. Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989; Peter Wright, interview with TM, February 22, 1989; confidential interview.

24. William Colby, interview with TM, June 12, 1989.

25. Peter Wright, interview with TM, February 22, 1989.

26. Confidential interviews. An example of the tenuous ''evidence'' which Angleton compiled against Armand Hammer appeared in print in 1981, in a critical magazine article about the industrialist by Edward Epstein. The article described how Hammer's oil company had been involved in important negotiations about oil concessions with Libya after Colonel Muammar Qaddafi seized power in 1969. Epstein explained that Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff was closely watching these developments and was suspicious that Hammer was somehow representing the interests of the Soviet government in these negotiations. In describing Angleton's ''evidence,'' Epstein conceded that the analysis ''remained conjectural'' and that Hammer had denied the allegation. Epstein, ''The Riddle of Armand Hammer,'' *New York Times Magazine*, November 29, 1981, pp. 68 ff.

27. Confidential interviews. J. Edgar Hoover had actively maintained FBI

files on both Armand Hammer and his father since the 1920s, largely because of the father's left-wing political activities. Those files indicate that the FBI never uncovered any evidence that either man was involved in espionage for the Soviets. Steve Weinberg, *Armand Hammer: The Untold Story* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1989).

28. Confidential interviews. Angleton did not give up on the Harriman case. He repeated all of his suspicions to Helms's successor, James Schlesinger, who demanded but never received proof either.

29. Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989; confidential interviews.

30. Except for Angleton's staff, neither the CIA nor the RCMP conducted any further inquiries into Pearson's loyalties or uncovered any evidence that he had any improper ties to Soviet intelligence. Confidential interview.

31. Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989.

32. Peter Wright, interview with TM, February 22, 1989.

33. Daniel Schorr, *Clearing the Air* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1977), pp. 134–36; *CBS Evening News,* January 8, 1975, report by Daniel Schorr.

34. Confidential interviews. Several exotic and uncorroborated rumors, presumably stemming from Kissinger's right-wing critics in the intelligence community, were published during the 1970s about Kissinger's alleged ties to the Soviets. The main one alleged that he was a Soviet intelligence operative code-named ''BOR'' or ''COL. BOAR,'' who had been recruited after World War II by the Polish service on behalf of the Soviets. This story originated from the Polish intelligence defector Michel Goleniewski, who told British officials in 1972 that he had seen documents in Poland (before he defected in 1959) which indicated that Kissinger was a Russian spy. The British passed this allegation on to Angleton. However, Goleniewski was by then generally considered a discredited source who was spreading highly unreliable stories. He also made life difficult for himself and his supporters by claiming to be the czarevitch, the only son of the massacred Czar Nicholas II, and inheritor of the Romanov dynasty. Neither did Goleniewski explain why he had never before said anything about Kissinger in the thirteen years since he defected.

Kissinger dismisses the Goleniewski allegation as totally untrue. ''Goleniewski was insane,'' he responds. ''I have seen my FBI file and there's no such allegation in it.'' Henry Kissinger, interview with TM, June 15, 1989.

35. Confidential interview.

36. Daniel Schorr, ''Conspiracy to Create Traitors,'' *The Washington Post,* October 12, 1980. See also Schorr, *Clearing the Air,* pp. 134–36; *CBS Evening News,* January 8, 1975, report by Daniel Schorr.

37. Henry Kissinger, interview with TM, June 15, 1989.

38. Ibid.

CHAPTER 21

1. CIA document, ''Memorandum in Lieu of a Fitness Report on James Angleton,'' for the reporting period April 1, 1972–May 8, 1973, handwritten note attached, dated May 8, 1973.

2. There are a number of published accounts of Richard Helms's stormy departure from the CIA. One of the most informative is *The Man Who Kept the Secrets* by Thomas Powers.

3. James Schlesinger, interview with TM, May 16, 1989.

4. Ibid.

5. See the following citations for general information about Operation CHAOS: U.S. Senate Select Committee to Study Government Operations with Respect to Intelligence Activities (Church Committee), Final Report, Book III, pp. 681–732; U.S. Commission on CIA Activities Within the United States (Rockefeller Commission), *Report to the President* (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, June 1975), pp. 23–25, 130–50; William Colby and Peter Forbath, *Honorable Men* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1978), pp. 313–17; and Harry Rositzke, *The CIA's Secret Operations* (New York: Reader's Digest Press, 1977), pp. 217–19.

6. James Schlesinger, interview with TM, May 16, 1989.

7. William Colby has always received public credit for shutting Operation CHAOS down after he had become DCI. In fact, it was James Schlesinger who deserves the credit for terminating the activities internally in 1973.

8. Colby and Forbath, *Honorable Men,* p. 29.

9. John Mertz, interview with TM, June 4, 1989; William Colby, interview with TM, June 12, 1989; confidential interview.

10. William Colby, interview with TM, June 12, 1989.

11. Confidential interview.

12. Powers, *The Man Who Kept the Secrets,* p. 281.

13. William Colby, interview with TM, June 12, 1989.

14. Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989. The accusation about Colby meeting the suspicious Frenchman in Vietnam first appeared in print in a brief footnote in Edward Epstein's book *Legend.* Epstein did not disclose his source, but in a subsequent newspaper interview he said that he had heard the story from one of Angleton's former top assistants. In March 1978, the same month the book was released, Epstein told a reporter: ''. . . one of [Angleton's] ex-staff members told me with a wry smile . . . a long story about Colby's having dined with a Frenchman who turned out to be a Soviet agent. Colby should have reported the contact but didn't. . . .'' Epstein, *Legend,* p. 329; *Sunday Times* (London), March 19, 1978, p. 34.

Several months later, in an article in *Commentary,* Epstein reversed himself and denied that he had ever believed Colby was a Soviet asset, saying, ''There is no basis whatever for the notion that Colby is a 'mole.' '' Edward Jay Epstein, ''The War Within the CIA,'' *Commentary* (August 1978).

Scotty Miler denies that he gave this story to Epstein. ''I don't know who leaked that Colby-mole story,'' Miler says. ''I wondered about that myself. There were many people who didn't like Colby, but there were only three of us [Miler, Angleton, and Rocca] who knew about the Vietnam case.'' Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989.

15. For general information on HT-LINGUAL, see: Church Committee, Hearings, Vol. IV, ''Mail Opening,'' pp. 567–611; Rockefeller Commission, June 1975, pp. 101–15; *New York Times,* September 25, 1975, p. 1; Martin, *Wilderness of Mirrors,* pp. 68–72; Colby and Forbath, *Honorable Men,* pp. 334–35.

16. William Colby, interview with TM, June 12, 1989.

17. Ibid.

18. Ibid.

19. Ibid.

20. Tom Braden, interview with JG, April 29, 1988; Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989; confidential interviews. For background information on Jay Lovestone, see also: Dan Kurzman, ''Labor's Cold Warrior,'' *The Washington Post,* December 30, 1965, p. 1; Thomas Braden, ''I'm Glad the CIA Is Immoral,'' *Saturday Evening Post,* May 20, 1967; Lester Velie, *Labor USA* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1958), p. 238; *The Washington Post,* March 9, 1990, p. B:4; *New York Times,* March 9, 1990, p. 20.

From 1947 on, the CIA had been involved in the support of democratic trade unionism worldwide, particularly through the American Federation of Labor (which merged with the Congress of Industrial Organizations in 1955 to become the AFL/CIO, the largest workers' federation in the world). Under General Walter Bedell Smith and then Allen Dulles, the CIA directed particular attention to labor unions in France and Italy, where large unions were under Communist control. The agency launched a major clandestine operation to counteract this pro-Soviet movement and to implant pro-Western people in key union positions.

One of the more important people in developing this CIA-labor connection, and later assisting Angleton, was Jay Lovestone, the American ex-Communist who served as the director of the AFL-CIO's Department of International Affairs. His voice and methods became crucial in shaping the private foreign policy of the powerful AFL-CIO, which, in turn, powerfully influenced official U.S. policy. AFL-CIO President George Meany, himself a fierce Communist hater, called Lovestone ''the most effective anti-Communist in America.''

Lovestone worked closely with the late Irving Brown, the AFL-CIO's

Paris-based representative, who administered the union's foreign policy in Europe and helped to secretly disperse CIA funds to anti-Communist labor groups. Lovestone's association with the CIA was first publicly revealed in the press in 1965—though, afterwards, he always denied it. The relationship was first confirmed by a former CIA official, Tom Braden, who had run the CIA's labor unit (the International Organizations Division) in 1950–54, and was responsible for covertly funding the AFL. What was not so well known was that Angleton became Lovestone's case officer after Braden left the agency in mid-1954 to become a journalist. Braden, a liberal, and Lovestone, a reformed Communist turned ardent conservative, had not gotten along at all well. They clashed strongly, both politically and personally, and they disagreed about how the CIA's labor program should be run. Braden now explains that Lovestone's "rabid right-wing views" became a great bond between him and Angleton.

For the next two decades, as Angleton continued to acquire Lovestone's strange brew of political intelligence, the two men became close personal friends as well as allies against the Soviet threat. They were guests at each other's homes. Angleton would visit Lovestone regularly in New York. When Lovestone came to Washington to AFL-CIO headquarters to attend meetings with top union officials like George Meany, he would visit Angleton. Throughout those years, Lovestone was an official salaried agent of the CIA. In turn, he distributed covert funds for the CIA around the world. His expenses for his office in New York were secretly subsidized with CIA funds—under Angleton's guidance. Lovestone was even given unique access to Angleton's personal office telephone, using a secret code. Through all the years, Angleton's confidence in Lovestone, and commitment to him, never wavered.

Jay Lovestone died in March 1990 at age ninety-one. He was in failing health during the last two years of his life and his family declined several requests by TM for an interview.

21. Confidential interview.

22. Confidential interview.

23. Confidential interview.

24. Clare Petty, interview with TM, May 17, 1989.

25. Confidential interview.

26. Confidential interview.

27. Confidential interview.

28. Colby transferred the Israeli Desk to the Near East Division, where, according to the CIA's organizational chart, it should have been all along.

29. William Colby, interview with TM, June 12, 1989.

30. Seymour Hersh, interview with TM, June 20, 1989; William Colby,

interview with TM, June 12, 1989. In February 1974, Hersh had learned about the CIA's top secret, $500 million Glomar Explorer project to retrieve a sunken Soviet submarine off the bottom of the Pacific Ocean—and he had withheld publication on national security grounds.

31. William Colby strongly denies that he leaked any information to Seymour Hersh or that he had planned in advance to use the *Times* story to get rid of Angleton. ''That's a lot of bull,'' Colby says. ''I suspect Hersh got the information from several sources. If you look at his story, you can see he put it together. I would have handled Hersh the same way if Angleton were not around.'' William Colby, interview with TM, June 12, 1989.

Hersh states simply, ''Colby was not the source for my story.'' Seymore Hersh, interview with TM, June 20, 1989.

32. William Colby, interview with TM, June 12, 1989.

33. As DCI, Colby was fully authorized to fire Angleton at his own discretion without appeal or outside review. For security reasons, the CIA was the only U.S. federal agency that permitted its director to take such unilateral action and bypass normal civil service regulations. The CIA's 1947 charter stated that the DCI may in his discretion, terminate the employment of any officer or employee of the agency whenever he shall deem such termination necessary or advisable in the interests of the United States. Confidential interview.

34. Donald Moore, interview with JG, December 6, 1988.

35. Peter Wright, interview with TM, February 22, 1989.

36. Seymour Hersh, interview with TM, June 20, 1989.

37. ABC-TV News, untransmitted footage, held in a commercial film library in New York City and viewed in June 1990.

38. David Atlee Phillips, *The Night Watch* (New York: Atheneum, 1977), pp. 264–66; David Phillips, interview with TM, May 1, 1988. Phillips confirmed this anecdote from his book before he died in July 1988.

39. Wright, *Spycatcher*, p. 377.

40. James Angleton, letter to Marcel Chalet, February 28, 1975.

41. Cicely Angleton, interview with TM, May 30, 1988.

42. Peter Wright, interview with TM, February 22, 1989.

43. William Hood, on the other hand, offered to continue temporarily, since he felt he could make a contribution to the reformed Counterintelligence Staff.

44. Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 13, 1989.

45. Ibid.

46. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 8, 1988.

47. Ibid.

CHAPTER 22

1. Quoted in the *New York Times,* December 25, 1974, p. 1.

2. Confidential interview.

3. William Colby, interview with TM, June 12, 1989.

4. The non-attributable quotations in this chapter have been collected from friends and colleagues of the primary sources—and have been carefully cross-checked.

5. Confidential interview.

6. Confidential interview.

7. Confidential interview.

8. Confidential interview.

9. Henry Kissinger, interview with TM, June 15, 1989. Henry Kissinger has told TM that he is unaware of the existence of any file on him from the Counterintelligence Staff.

10. As each of these files was destroyed, a complete record was carefully maintained about what had been done. Kalaris signed off on every file and the DCI's office was notified. Confidential interview.

11. Confidential interview.

12. Confidential interview.

13. Confidential interview.

14. Cordelia Hood, interview with TM, August 26, 1989; confidential interviews.

15. The CIA announced the results of Tweedy's investigation and distributed a condensed version of his final report to the delegates at the next CAZAB meeting at Camp Peary, Virginia. Confidential interview.

16. Confidential interview.

17. Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 14, 1989.

18. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 1, 1988, and interview with JG, June 15, 1988.

19. Confidential interview.

20. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 1, 1988.

21. Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989.

22. Eugene Petersen, interview with JG, February 17, 1989.

23. Vasia Gmirkin, interviews with TM, June 6, 1988, and June 10, 1989; confidential interview.

24. Ibid.

25. Ibid.

26. Ibid.

27. Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989; confidential interview.

28. William Colby, interview with TM, June 12, 1989; confidential interviews.

29. Leonard McCoy, interview with TM, June 8, 1988; confidential interviews.

30. Confidential interview.

31. Except for Britain, where the FBI maintained direct liaison, the bureau was supposed to send all foreign counterintelligence leads to the CIA, which maintained official contacts with the rest of the friendly foreign services in the world and was supposed to distribute such information.

32. Leonard McCoy, letter to TM, May 8, 1990.

33. William Branigan, interview with TM, June 18, 1990.

34. The FBI's necessary deception corrupted the historical truth and led to the embarrassment of MI5 officer Peter Wright, who later publicly supported Angleton in the assertion that TOP HAT and FEDORA had been phonies because of these leads. Specifically, Wright disclosed in *Spycatcher* that TOP HAT gave the FBI the lead to Frank Bossard. Wright always believed (incorrectly) that this was true, because that was the version MI5 had heard from the FBI. (The bureau was attempting to disguise NICK NACK.)

To make matters more complicated, Wright also always mistakenly believed that TOP HAT was a fake defector, because Jim Angleton had convinced him of this view. Therefore, Wright also believed that Bossard was a bad case deliberately thrown away by the Soviets to boost TOP HAT's credibility. None of this was accurate; it was all a classic Fundamentalist misinterpretation. Wright, *Spycatcher,* pp. 271–73; confidential interview.

35. Thierry Wolton, *Le K.G.B. en France* (Paris: Editions Grasset & Fasquelle, 1986, in French). For a full account of the Fabiew spy ring, see the Wolton book.

36. Confidential interview.

37. Sources for all the NICK NACK material: William Branigan, interview with JG, August 17, 1989; confidential interviews.

38. Confidential interview.

39. Confidential interview. In 1968, DCI Richard Helms and DDO Thomas Karamessines decided that all operating sections of the DDO would write their official histories—a compendium of all important operations, events, decisions, personnel, problems, governing rules, and liaison contacts. Nothing like this had ever been done before. Though it was a massive undertaking, it was a sensible idea that was long overdue, so that future CIA personnel would have an accurate reference to consult about what had gone on before.

Karamessines selected Richard Klise, a highly competent senior officer near the end of a twenty-year career, to handle the Counterintelligence Staff part of this project. But from the outset Angleton strongly opposed Klise's work and offered no cooperation. Even before Klise started, Angleton had privately argued with Helms and Karamessines that there was ''no way'' he would allow such an outsider to have the run of his files. Before Klise showed up for work, Helms and Karamessines tried to smooth things over by urging Angleton to accommodate him as best he could. They conceded that Angleton could shield certain really sensitive cases that he didn't want Klise to see. Angleton replied, in all seriousness, that the sensitive cases involved just about ''everything'' the Counterintelligence Staff did. When the DCI and DDO insisted, Angleton had no choice but to agree grudgingly to proceed.

But Angleton made certain that Klise remained totally isolated and had no access to any of the staff's case files. When Klise asked to see records from the SIG and the Israeli Desk, for instance, Angleton replied that they were all ''off limits.'' In the end, Klise was left with virtually nothing of significance to write about, except for the most mundane and pedestrian aspects of the staff's administrative history, governing by-laws, and general procedures.

Klise struggled hard to complete his assignment. Eventually, by 1972, he had five hundred typed pages in draft form. But he never formally submitted a single word. Overwhelmed by his glaring lack of success even to approach the truth about the real activities of the staff, Klise resigned in disgust. In the entire five hundred pages, there was not a single mention of Anatoliy Golitsyn, Yuriy Nosenko, the Soviet Division molehunt, Kim Philby, Jay Lovestone, or the substance of any of the other major Soviet defector cases. Angleton had simply refused him access to any of those records.

40. In addition to Cleveland Cram's long-term project, George Kalaris commissioned several smaller side studies and assigned them to experienced Soviet analysts. Renée Peyton, a retired Soviet Division reports officer, was brought back as a consultant to review the Popov and Penkovskiy cases—the first two really important penetrations the CIA had run in Moscow. She produced two seminal studies, the results of which would influence the whole direction of future analysis. If neither Popov nor Penkovskiy had been blown by a mole, then much of Angleton and Golitsyn's later obsessions would prove to be groundless. Ms. Peyton would spend about three years researching and writing up two very long and detailed reports (about 300 pages on Popov and 500 on Penkovskiy). In them, she firmly established that both

Popov and Penkovskiy were bona fide American agents and that neither had been betrayed by a mole.

Jack Fieldhouse, another retired European specialist, was assigned to review the Yuriy Loginov case. Vasia Gmirkin was handed the KITTYHAWK case. (Reports on Golitsyn, Nosenko, Bennett, and Lygren were already in hand.)

41. Confidential interview.

42. Confidential interview.

43. George Kalaris also introduced many administrative changes to the post of chief of Counterintelligence. The job has assumed a broader supervisory role, with the chief devoting more time to staff and budgetary management from the objective overview of the seventh floor, rather than the fortresslike atmosphere of the second.

44. Confidential interview.

CHAPTER 23

1. R. Harris Smith, *OSS: The Secret History of America's First Central Intelligence Agency* (New York: Dell, 1973), p. 11, citing the *New York Times,* August 31, 1948, p. 3.

2. Colby gave a speech that day in New Orleans at the annual convention of the American Newspaper Publishers Association. *New York Times,* April 8, 1975.

3. CIA memo, ''Report of Honor and Merit Awards Board,'' March 13, 1973. Angleton's medal was approved by the DDO and the review board two years before his retirement.

4. Jeff Stein, ''A Spy Stays Out in the Cold,'' Boston *Phoenix,* July 26, 1977.

5. James Angleton, letter to Marcel Chalet, September 11, 1975.

6. Loch K. Johnson, *A Season of Inquiry* (Lexington, Ky.: University Press of Kentucky, 1986), p. 193. (Angleton made similar comments in an interview with the *Daily Telegraph* [London], February 16, 1976.)

7. Loch Johnson, interview with JG, November 22, 1988.

8. Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 12, 1989.

9. Walter Elder, interview with JG, August 11, 1988.

10. Ibid.

11. Ibid.

12. David Wise, *The American Police State* (New York: Random House, 1976), pp. 206–07.

13. Church Committee, Hearings, Vol. II, ''Huston Plan,'' pp. 72–73.

14. *New York Times,* April 10, 1987.

15. Henry Kissinger, interview with TM, June 15, 1989.

16. Cicely Angleton, interview with TM, June 9, 1988.

17. James Angleton, interview with Siri Hari Angleton, March 21, 1987.

18. Cicely Angleton, interview with TM, June 9, 1988.

19. Cicely Angleton, interview with TM, May 30, 1988.

20. Cicely Angleton, interview with TM, June 9, 1988.

21. *Periscope* (AFIO newsletter, Summer 1987), p. 10, quoting from the *Congressional Record.*

22. Cicely Angleton, interview with JG, April 25, 1990; E. Reed Whittemore, interview with JG, April 24, 1990; *City Paper* (Washington, D.C.), May 29, 1987.

EPILOGUE

1. Anatoliy Golitsyn, *New Lies for Old* (London: The Bodley Head, 1984), pp. 89–90; James Angleton, typed promotional statement about *New Lies for Old*, undated (ca. 1984).

2. Petr Deriabin and T. H. Bagley, *The KGB: Masters of the Soviet Union* (New York: Hippocrene Books, 1990).

3. Newton Miler, interview with TM, February 14, 1989.

4. Several inquiries in 1990 to the new KGB press office in Moscow by BBC-TV's ''Panorama'' have produced no positive answer to the mystery of what happened to Yuriy Loginov after his return to the USSR in 1969. On balance, there is more evidence to suggest he is alive than dead.

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INDEX

Abel, Rudolf, 83–84
AFL-CIO, 315
Air Force, U.S., 229
Albania, 109
Angleton, Carmen Mercedes Moreno, 31, 32, 45
Angleton, Cicely d'Autremont, 38, 105, 128, 356
  on Angleton's character, 32–33, 353
  in Angleton's will, 45
  family background of, 37
  on family life, 237–39, 240–41
  first meeting between Angleton and, 37
  on Golitsyn, 76
  on Hugh Angleton, 31
  on Philby, 64, 69
  separations between Angleton and, 43–44, 319
  wedding of Angleton and, 37
Angleton, Helen Congdon "Truffy," 44, 237, 240
Angleton, James Charles, 43, 45, 237
Angleton, James Hugh, 31–32, 37, 43, 45, 50
Angleton, James Jesus:
  alcoholism of, 68, 133, 155, 156–57, 232, 239, 318, 350
  anti-Communism of, 36, 43, 58–59, 278–79
  award ceremony for, 348
  birth and childhood of, 31, 32–33
  Black Book of, 344–45
  at Boy Scout Jamborees, 34
  British mole rumors and, 97–101
  character of, 32, 35, 36, 39–40, 44, 53, 121, 239–40, 281
  Church Committee testimony of, 349–51
  CIA's international liaisons ruptured by, 151, 342–43, 346
  on CIA promotion board, 263, 274
  computerization rejected by, 56, 329
  conservative clothing favored by, 34
  on counterintelligence, 47, 61–62
  Counterintelligence Staff chief appointment of, 50
  covert Vietnam operation proposed by, 310–11
  DCI relationships with, 51–52, 245, 307–20, 324
  death of, 352–54
  on defectors, 227, 231, 233
  on détente, 103, 305
  direct contact with Soviet agents forbidden by, 58, 261
  early CIA career of, 44–46
  empire of, 49, 50–52, 54, 57, 153, 319–20, 329
  English schooling of, 33–34
  family life of, 237–40
  father's relationship with, 31, 37, 43, 45, 50
  on fear as weapon, 244
  forced retirement of, 30, 100, 203, 223, 257, 292, 306, 307, 317–322
  in French Embassy break-in, 128–29
  on governmental control of intelligence agencies, 351
  at Harvard Law School, 37
  hobbies of, 30–31, 35, 155–56, 237, 241–43, 352
  influence of, 61–62
  insomnia of, 35, 42–43, 239, 318

Angleton, James Jesus (*cont.*)
  Inspector General's report on, 339–340
  as Israeli Desk chief, 49, 309, 314, 316
  journalists contacted by, 233
  JO Reports of, 315, 329
  Légion d'honneur awarded to, 120
  Legion of Merit awarded to, 42
  literary reputation of, 35–36
  lunch routine of, 156–57
  marriage of, *see* Angleton, Cicely d'Autremont
  Mexican heritage of, 32–33, 239, 240
  middle name not used by, 32–33, 46
  mole hunt operations of, 23, 31, 57, 139–52, 221–22, 244–65
  on moles, 351–52
  "Mother" based on, 30
  normal procedures neglected by, 141
  Office of Security as viewed by, 143
  offices of, 44, 46, 55–56
  Old World manners of, 34
  OSS career of, 38–48
  paranoia of, 114, 157–59, 350–51
  Petty's investigation of, 299–303, 313
  physical appearance of, 31, 46, 351
  "plausibly deniable" assignments of, 105
  post-CIA life of, 232–33, 348–52
  prominent mole suspects of, 303–6, 308, 312–13, 322
  public revelation of role, 30
  reputation of, 24, 30, 42, 59, 61–62
  research methodology of, 59–61
  responsibilities of, 30
  safes and vaults of, 327–30
  salary of, 46, 49
  SDECE complaint deflected by, 132–133
  secrecy of, 31, 56–57, 238
  on Sino-Soviet split, 111, 112, 113–115, 213, 231, 349
  slush fund controlled by, 52
  social and cultural activities of, 240–241
  Soviet Division criticism of, 58
  as Staff A chief, 49, 64
  staff loyalty to, 158–59
  will of, 45–46
  work habits of, 44–45, 56, 65
  as X-2 chief, 41, 311
  at Yale, 34–37
Angleton, Lucy, 237, 243, 353
Applewhite, Edgar, 33

Baden-Powell, Robert Stephenson Smyth, First Baron, 21, 34
Bagley, Tennant "Pete," 145, 214, 215, 250, 284–85, 345
  Angleton and, 164, 169–70, 249
  on Angleton's responsibility in Nosenko case, 207
  background of, 164
  Brussels reassignment of, 197
  character of, 165
  early CIA career of, 164
  Golitsyn material shown to, 169–70
  HONETOL investigation of, 298–99
  as Intelligence Fundamentalist, 155, 164, 193, 249
  in meetings with Nosenko and Kisevalter, 165, 166, 168, 170–72
  Nosenko interrogated by, 178–80
  in Nosenko's arrest and imprisonment, 176–77, 182–83
  Nosenko's confession sought by, 189–90
  in Nosenko's defection, 172–73
  Nosenko's intelligence leads suppressed by, 198
  on options for Nosenko, 190–91
  post-CIA life of, 356
  removed from Nosenko case, 193, 194, 196
  Russian language ability of, 165, 166
  Soviet Division promotion of, 170
Baine, Raymond, 39
Bates, Charles, 342
Beirut, U.S. Embassy in, 283
Belitskiy, Boris, 168
Bennett, Heather "Shev," 280, 288, 290, 291
Bennett, Leslie James "Jim," 278–96, 298, 313, 356
  Angleton's suspicions of, 278–79, 281, 287–88
  background of, 279–80
  CAZAB and, 292
  Farmakovskaya and, 281–85
  Golitsyn and, 278, 280, 286–87, 292
  GRIDIRON investigation of, 285–86, 287–91, 293
  McCoy's review of, 293–94
  marriage of, 280, 288, 290, 291
  polygraph test taken by, 290–91
  post-resignation life of, 291, 295
  RCMP career of, 280–81, 286, 289, 291
  resignation of, 291

Rocca's report on, 293, 294
  Yurchenko on, 296
Bennett, Rose, 279
Bennett, Ted, 279
Bennett, Telford, 279
Berg, Tor, 146
Beriya, Laurentyy, 110
Berlin crises:
  of 1948, 48
  of 1961, 229
Bethell, Nicholas William, Lord, 236
Bigotti, Michel, 157
"black bag jobs," 129
"black" entries, 222, 270
"black" propaganda, 40
Blake, George, 61, 90, 93, 257, 259
Blee, David, 302, 334
Blunt, Anthony, 63
BND (Bundesnachrichtendienst), in Loginov trade, 24–28, 222, 224
Boeckenhaupt, Herbert W., 229–30
Boshoff, Emil, 25
BOSS (South African Bureau for State Security), in Loginov case, 24, 25, 218–19
Bossard, Frank, 341, 342
Braden, Tom, 50–51
Bradlee, Ben, 240
Bradlee, Toni, 240
Brandstetter, Frank, 133
Brandt, Willy, 303–4, 305
Branigan, William, 83, 195, 228, 300–301
Brod, Mario, 104–5, 315, 337
Brown, George, 96
brush contacts, 251, 252, 341
Bryhn, Asbjørn, in Lygren affair, 140–145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150
Bundesnachrichtendienst (BND), in Loginov trade, 24–28, 222, 224
Burgess, Guy, 63, 65, 66, 90, 93
Burke, James, 302
Bush, George H. W., 100, 259, 275, 347

Cabell, Charles, 271
"Cambridge Spy Ring," 63
  see also Blunt, Anthony; Burgess, Guy; "Fifth Man"; Maclean, Donald; Philby, Harold "Kim"
Camp Peary, Va. ("The Farm"), 183–184, 274
Canadian Embassy, in Moscow, 280
Career Intelligence Medal, 256, 257
Carr, Barbara, 219, 225
Carter, Jimmy, 260, 276
Castro, Fidel, 164, 351
CAZAB, 292, 295, 300
Central Intelligence Agency (CIA):
  agents protected by, 22
  Angleton's molehunts in, 23, 31, 57, 139–52, 221–22, 244–65
  Career Intelligence Medal of, 256, 257
  central registry of, 54, 329
  Certificate of Distinction of, 277
  Clandestine Services division of, 51
  Colby on, 203, 313
  creation of, 47, 48
  de Vosjoli used by, 127–29
  Directorate of Operations of, 54
  Distinguished Intelligence Medal of, 85
  domestic operations of, 105, 309, 312, 314–15, 316–17, 318, 327, 349
  in Doolittle Report, 50
  first anti-Communist operations of, 48
  Foreign Intelligence Staff of, 326
  freelance contract agents for, 262
  Golitsyn's impact on, 73, 109, 264, 334
  government investigations of, 276, 335, 349
  headquarters of, 55
  "hero-grams" of, 262
  Inspector General of, 339, 347
  intelligence community status of, 59
  Intelligence Medal of Merit of, 277
  internal conflicts of, 54, 55, 57–58, 59
  Israeli Desk of, 49, 309, 314, 316, 326
  joint operations between FBI and, 105, 129
  Labor Division of, 329–30
  labor movement penetrated by, 315
  "line" officers of, 141
  "mailmen" of, 138
  medals and promotions in, 262
  MI5 and, 64
  MI6 and, 64
  no direct contact between KGB and, 58, 261
  and Norwegian intelligence, 137, 151–52
  Nosenko's effect on, 161, 191, 193, 308
  Nosenko's first contact with, 163–65
  Office of Security of, 142, 143, 144, 193, 194, 196, 245, 246, 253, 255, 258, 273, 313, 327–28

Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) (*cont.*)
  Office of Special Operations of, 44
  Public Law 96–450 and, 276–77
  responsibilities of, 48
  SDECE and, 118, 123–24, 125, 133, 134
  secret Washington office of, 87
  Sino-Soviet split studied by, 112–14
  Soviet Russia Division (SRD) of, 48, 57*n*
  Staff A of, 49
  "third-country nationals" of, 138, 268
  Washington Mall offices of, 44
  see also Counterintelligence Staff; Director of Central Intelligence; Soviet Division
Central Intelligence Retirees Association (IRA), 226
Certificate of Distinction, 277
Chalet, Marcel, 319, 343
CHAOS, Operation, 309, 312, 314, 316–17, 327, 335, 349
Chavchavadze, David, 338
Cheka, 60
Cherepanov, Aleksandr, 213, 253, 298
China, People's Republic of:
  Soviet relations with, 107, 108, 111, 112, 113–15, 213, 231, 321
  U–2 reconnaissance photos of, 112
Chistov, Aleksey, *see* Federov, Mikhail
Christian Democratic Party (Italy), 310
Church, Frank, 349
Church Committee, 349–51
Churchill, Winston, "iron curtain" speech of, 47
CIA, *see* Central Intelligence Agency
"Cicely Angleton" (orchid), 155–56
CIRA, 226
Cline, Ray, 112, 159
Colby, William, 205, 227, 275, 334, 347, 348, 350–51
  on Angleton, 307, 313
  Angleton's disagreements with, 310–311, 312–16
  Angleton forced to resign by, 316–317, 319
  Angleton's investigation of, 311–12
  background of, 309–10
  character of, 310
  on CIA, 203, 313
  on counterintelligence, 313
  DCI appointment of, 312
  DDO appointment of, 312
  Hersh and, 316–17
  Inspector General report ordered by, 339
  Kalaris appointed by, 323
  on Nosenko, 203
  on Petty's investigation of Angleton, 302–3
Cold War, 58
  Angleton's paranoia and, 158
  Churchill on, 47
  CIA as creation of, 47–48
  Sino-Soviet split and, 113
  Stalin on, 47
  standoff period of, 69–70
communism:
  collapse of, 352
  as monolith, 113, 321–22
Congdon, Chester, 37
Congressional Record, 353–54
Conservative coalition (Norway), 142
"cooperating sources," 176
Copeland, Miles, 45
Corvo, Max, 33
counterespionage (CE), 61
counterintelligence:
  Angleton on, 47, 61–62
  brush contacts in, 251, 252, 341
  Colby on, 313
  components of, 61
  "dry cleaning" in, 139, 171, 251
  Golitsyn's impact on, 72–73
  "Intelligence Fundamentalists" and, 59
  "love traps" in, 261
  Miler on, 248
  "playback" in, 40, 61, 249, 252
  qualities required for, 40, 154, 159
  "re-contact" letters in, 272
  secret writing in, 139, 272
  "Watchers" in, 280
  as "wilderness of mirrors," 40
  in World War II, 40
Counterintelligence Staff (CIA), 193
  Black Book of, 344–45
  Cram's report on, 345–46
  creation of, 49–50
  HONETOL and, 245, 246, 263, 265, 273
  internal CIA dislike of, 54, 55
  Loginov and, 217
  MI5 and, 64
  mirror joke of, 266
  new file policy for, 329
  offices of, 55
  removed from Nosenko case, 193, 194, 196

  Research and Analysis Department of, 60
  responsibilities of, 53, 54
  size of, 55, 320
  slush fund of, 52
  Soviet Division's tensions with, 57–58, 59, 249, 313–14, 320, 334
  Special Investigation Group of, 57, 245, 246, 248, 265, 285, 320, 330
Cuban missile crisis (1962), 69, 98, 105, 125
Czechoslovakia, Prague Spring in, 264–265, 321–22

DAGGER, Operation, 42
Dahl, Curtis, 34
Daily Express (London), 91*n*
Daily Telegraph (London), 101
"dangles," 213
Dasenburg, Bertha, 55–56, 327
DCI, *see* Director of Central Intelligence
DDO (Deputy Director for Operations), 51, 312
"dead drops," 167
defecting, defectors:
  Angleton on, 227, 231, 233
  "cooperating sources" compared with, 176
  at embassies, 22, 229, 230, 295
  emotional problems of, 76
  faking of, 213
  handling of, 78, 94
  need for, 70
  in place, 22, 165, 211, 250, 275
Defense Department, U.S., Golitsyn and, 79–82, 89
Defense Intelligence Agency, 79, 324, 356
de Gaulle, Charles, 115, 133
  anti-U.S. espionage proposed by, 126
  CIA-SDECE relations severed by, 134
  on espionage, 118, 119
  Kennedy's SAPPHIRE letter to, 116, 118–19
de Lannurien, Georges, 117, 126, 131–132, 133, 134
Delseny, René, 122
de Mowbray, Stephen, 155
Deputy Director for Operations (DDO), 51, 312
de Rougement, Jean-Louis du Temple, 119
Deryabin, Petr, 84, 267–68, 356
détente, 103, 305
de Vosjoli, Philippe, 342
  Angleton's friendship with, 120–21, 127, 128, 130, 134
  anti-U.S. espionage orders refused by, 125–27, 129, 131
  assassination feared by, 130, 131
  background of, 121
  character of, 120
  CIA's use of, 127–29
  on Golitsyn's vagueness, 122
  on intelligence community, 135
  as Intelligence Fundamentalist, 120
  on Kennedy's SAPPHIRE letter, 119
  memoirs banned in France, 131
  physical appearance of, 120
  post-SAPPHIRE life of, 135
  resignation and hiding of, 129–32, 133–34
  in SAPPHIRE investigation, 121, 122–35
  as SDECE's CIA and FBI liaison, 119, 120, 121
DGSE, *see* Direction Générale de la Sécurité Extérieure
Dillon, Paul, 230
Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire (DST), 120, 343
Direction Générale de la Sécurité Extérieure (DGSE), 117*n*
Director of Central Intelligence (DCI):
  Angleton's access to, 51–52, 245, 308, 315
  civilian vs. military, 49
dirty cases, 23
"dispatched defectors," 213
Distinguished Intelligence Medal, 85
Doolittle, James, 50
Doolittle, Perdita, 39, 41
Doolittle Report, 50
drugs, in interrogations, 187–88, 216
Drummond, Nelson C. "Bulldog," 229–30
"dry cleaning," 139, 171, 251
DST (Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire), 120, 343
Dubček, Alexander, 265, 321–22
Dudley, James, 105–6
Dulles, Allan W., 67, 77, 270–71
  Angleton's relationship with, 50–51, 315
  in Angleton's will, 45
  background of, 49
  Counterintelligence Staff created by, 49–50

Dulles, Allan W. (*cont.*)
  DCI appointment of, 49
  Golitsyn's meeting with, 78, 108, 333
Dulles, Eleanor, 50
Dulles, John Foster, 49, 50
Dunlap, Jack E., 229–30
Durand, Dana, 113
Dylan, Bob, 267
Dzerzhinskiy, Feliks, 60*n*, 180

East Germany, *see* German Democratic Republic
Eisenhower, Dwight D., 49, 105
Ekeland, Arne, 146
Elder, Walter, 113, 128, 133, 172
  on Angleton-Philby relationship, 69
  on Angleton's paranoia, 114, 350–51
  on de Vosjoli, 127
  on Golitsyn, 77, 88, 89
Eliot, T. S., 243, 354
embassies:
  defections at, 22, 229, 230, 295
  espionage at, 81–82, 138, 163, 167–168, 251, 280, 334, 344
  see also specific embassy locations
England, *see* Great Britain
Epstein, Edward Jay, 233, 234, 235–36
Euro-Communist dissidence, 109
Evang, Vilhelm, in Lygren affair, 137, 139, 140, 141–43, 146, 148
Evans, Joe:
  as Intelligence Fundamentalist, 214
  in Loginov case, 214, 215, 216, 221, 222

Fabiew, Serge, 343
"Farm, The" (Camp Peary, Va.), 183–184, 274
Farmakovskaya, Olga, 281–85, 298
  Angleton's suspicions of, 282, 283–285
  character of, 281–82
  code name for, 283
  defection of, 282–85
  KGB career of, 281–82
Farmakovskiy, Vadim Vaimovich, 282
Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI), 23, 54*n*, 59, 100, 193, 293, 306
  FEDORA and, 233
  Golitsyn and, 82–84, 86–88, 89, 337, 338
  HONETOL and, 245, 246, 248, 262–263, 265
  joint operations between CIA and, 105, 129
  Loginov and, 212
  MI5's direct link with, 341–42
  NICK NACK and, 340–42
  Nosenko interviewed by, 200
  Nosenko kept from, 175, 180
  Orlov and, 258*n*
  Polyakov and, 227, 228, 230, 235
  and surveillance of Kovich, 143–44
Federov, Mikhail, 266
  CIA's recruitment of, 269
  disappearance of, 271
  execution of, 271
  GRU career of, 268–69, 270–71
  intelligence leads from, 269, 270
  KGB's uncovering of, 271–72
  real name of, 268
  Washington visit of, 270–71
FEDORA, 233, 234, 235, 273, 341, 342
Fieldhouse, Jack, 101, 223
"Fifth Man," 93, 94
Filipov, Aleksey, 138–39, 144
Finland, 72
FitzGerald, Desmond, 217
"Flat Earth Committee, The," 111–12, 114
Flint, Jim, 230
Foccart, Jacques, 122, 134
force de frappe, 118, 126
Four Quartets (Eliot), 354
Fox, Francis, 295
Fox, Thomas, 53, 79, 80–82
France, 48
  GRU spy ring in, 342–43
  U.S. relations with, 118, 123, 126
  see also SAPPHIRE investigation
Freer, Chris, 339
Freikauf exchanges, 26
French Embassy, in Washington, 128–129
Friberg, Frank, 71–74, 75, 85
Fuchs, Klaus, 92
Fulton, Robert, 211
Fundamentalists, *see* Intelligence Fundamentalists
Furioso, 35–36, 45
Furnival Jones, Sir Martin, 101

Gaitskell, Hugh, 95–97, 100, 108, 303
Garbler, Paul, 259–61, 356
  background of, 259
  HONETOL investigation of, 259–60, 263
  official clearance of, 260–61
  Orlov and, 257, 259
  post-CIA career of, 261

Gardiner, Lion, 283
GCHQ (Government Communications Headquarters), 137
Geldenhuys, Mike, in Loginov case, 21, 25, 26–29, 218, 219, 225
Geneva:
  Soviet Embassy in, 167
  U.S. Embassy in, 167
German Democratic Republic (East Germany):
  Freikauf exchanges and, 26
  Loginov trade and, 24
Gittinger, John, 195
  on Angleton-Philby relationship, 69
  on Golitsyn's paranoia, 85–86, 158
  Nosenko case review urged by, 192–193
  Nosenko examined by, 181–83
  order to drug Nosenko refused by, 187
glasnost, 204
Gmirkin, Vasia, 261–62
  background of, 261
  CIA career of, 261–62
  Golitsyn and, 336–38
  HONETOL investigation of, 261, 262
Goldwater, Barry, 350
Golitsyn, Anatoliy Mikhailovich, 71-117, 168, 213, 227, 250, 268*n*, 304, 305, 325–26
  Angleton's administrative control of, 103–4
  Angleton's belief in, 76–77, 83, 89, 106–7, 108, 111, 112, 113, 114–16
  Angleton's relationship with, 76- 77, 78, 79–80, 82, 86, 87–88, 89, 106–7, 320, 355, 356
  background of, 72
  Bennett and, 278, 280, 286–87, 292
  in British molehunt, 94–102, 108
  Brod as lawyer-caretaker of, 104–5, 337
  character of, 73–74, 76, 110, 111
  CIA affected by, 73, 109, 264, 334
  CIA files retrieved from, 335–38
  CIA files shown to, 79, 83, 86, 89, 104, 122, 266–67, 312, 334–35
  code names and pseudonym of, 74, 77, 106, 119, 140, 181
  counterintelligence affected by, 72–73
  defection of, 70, 71–72, 73–74, 163
  Defense Department debriefing of, 79–82
  Dudley as stockbroker for, 105–6
  Farmakovskaya and, 283, 284
  FBI debriefing of, 82–84, 86–88, 89
  French debriefing of, 119–20, 121–23
  French intelligence files shown to, 121–22
  global predictions of, 355–56
  Gordievsky on unreliability of, 109–111
  HONETOL and, 245, 248, 249, 258, 271, 336
  Kalaris's stopping of, 330–38
  KGB career of, 71, 72, 84, 107, 111, 122
  on KGB "master plan," 87, 92, 99, 103, 107–15, 169, 175, 249
  Loginov and, 211, 220
  in Lygren affair, 139–41, 143, 144, 147–49, 151, 334
  McCone and, 77–78, 82, 88, 103, 108, 111, 116, 172–73
  meeting with John F. Kennedy demanded by, 76, 77, 78, 83, 88–89, 165
  MI5 and, 89–102, 104, 122, 332
  MI5 files shown to, 93, 94, 97–98, 102, 104, 122
  mole information of, 75, 78–79, 89, 94, 101, 103, 108–9, 253, 333–334
  money demanded by, 76, 77, 78, 82, 88
  money paid to, 93, 103, 104, 106, 334
  motivation of, 74
  in Nosenko case, 161, 169, 172–73, 179, 181, 183, 193, 194, 206
  Pâque's arrest and, 119–20, 333
  paranoia of, 76, 85–86, 158, 333, 344
  Petty's suspicions about, 299, 301, 303, 332
  on Prague Spring, 264–65
  RCMP files shown to, 115, 286–87, 333
  Robert F. Kennedy's meeting with, 87–88
  SAPPHIRE investigation and, 116–135
  on SASHA, 75–76, 78, 89, 101, 253–54, 258, 266
  security clearance rating of, 338
  on Sino-Soviet split, 111, 112, 113–115
  Soviet Division's frustration with, 76–77, 78, 82, 86, 103

Golitsyn, Irena, 72
Golitsyn, Katarina, 72, 73, 104
Gorbachev, Mikhail, 352
Gordievskiy, Oleg:
  on Angleton, 61–62, 109
  Golitsyn's information refuted by, 95, 109–11
  intelligence leads from, 149–50
  on Loginov, 225–26
  on Nosenko, 204
  on Penkovskiy, 100
Government Communications Headquarters (GCHQ), 137
Great Britain:
  "Cambridge Spy Ring" of, 63; *see also* Blunt, Anthony; Burgess, Guy; "Fifth Man"; Maclean, Donald; Philby, Harold "Kim"
  molehunts in, 91–102; *see also* Hollis, Sir Roger; Mitchell, Graham
  see also MI5; MI6
Grechko, Helga, 138, 139
Greece, 48
Gribanov, Oleg, 163
GRIDIRON, 286, 287–91, 293
GRU (Soviet Military Intelligence), 30, 53, 58, 227, 311
  NICK NACK and, 340–44
  responsibilities of, 54*n*
  "three P's" of, 229
  U.S. moles for, 229–30
Guevara, Ernesto "Che," 164
Guk, Yuriy, 282, 283

Haarstad, Gunnar, 149
Haavik, Gunvor, 138, 150
Hambleton, Hugh, 75, 334
Hammer, Armand, 305, 330
Harriman, Averell, 304, 330
Helms, Richard, 45, 77, 97, 101, 103, 130, 133, 164, 172, 203, 304, 305, 306, 309, 354
  as Angleton's patron, 52, 114, 153–154, 307, 315
  in Angleton's will, 45
  background of, 52
  character of, 52
  DCI appointment of, 193, 245
  Deputy DCI appointment of, 147, 193
  Federov and, 269, 271
  HONETOL and, 245, 248, 255, 274, 276
  Kingsley and, 263, 264, 265
  in Loginov case, 222, 224
  in Lygren affair, 152
  on Nosenko's authenticity, 160, 174–175, 200
  in Nosenko case, 176, 181, 182–83, 187, 192–94, 198, 199–200, 201, 297, 298
  resignation of, 298, 307, 312
  and surveillance of Kovich, 143, 144
Helsinki, U.S. Embassy in, 22, 211
"hero-grams," 262
Hersh, Seymour, 316–18, 349
Hervé, Jacques, 131–32
Heyerdahl, Lars, 142–43, 147
"History of the Counterintelligence Staff" (Cram), 345–46
Hitchcock, Alfred, 135
Hollingshead, Roger, 105
Hollis, Sir Roger, 94, 98, 99, 100, 108, 298, 313, 328, 330
HONETOL, 244–65, 302, 307, 312, 330, 338
  Angleton and, 244–45, 246, 247, 248, 256–57, 258, 263, 272–73, 274
  Angleton's testimony on, 245–46
  Bagley investigated in, 298–99
  bigot list of, 245, 246
  CIA's denial of, 244
  committee members of, 246
  confirmation of, 247
  executive clearance for, 245
  extent of surveillance in, 246, 255, 273–74, 275, 278
  FBI and, 245, 246, 248, 262–63, 265
  Garbler investigated in, 259–60, 263
  Gmirkin investigated in, 261, 262
  Golitsyn's allegations as source for, 245, 249, 258, 271, 336
  "H" stamp of, 246, 247, 248, 262, 273
  as interdepartmental project, 245
  investigation process in, 247–48
  justifications for, 248
  Karlow investigated in, 254–57, 263, 266
  Kovich investigated in, 23, 139–40, 141, 143–45, 147, 266, 271–77
  legacy of, 246–47
  McCoy investigated in, 263
  Miler and, 246, 247–48, 356
  Murphy investigated in, 262, 263, 298–99
  naming of, 245
  number of officers investigated in, 246
  Public Law 96-450 and, 276–77

  Soviet Division affected by, 244, 248, 249, 263–64, 297
Hood, Cordelia, 332
Hood, William, 320, 332
Hoover, J. Edgar, 101, 143
  Golitsyn distrusted by, 83, 144, 245
  HONETOL and, 245, 263, 265
  Nosenko and, 175, 200
  Sullivan and, 235
Houneau, Leonard, 122, 124, 132, 133
House Select Committee on Assassinations, 132
House Select Committee on Intelligence, 265
Houston, Lawrence, 50, 60
HT-LINGUAL, Operation, 312, 314, 316–17, 327, 335, 349
Hubbard, Fred, 148
Hulse, Stacey, 197, 198, 265
HUMINT, 70, 264
Hungarian uprising (1956), 70
Hunt, Jim, 147, 199

illegals, 22, 83*n*, 209–10, 282
Intelligence Fundamentalists, 130, 281, 337
  Angleton as leader of, 58–59, 60, 98, 155, 164, 193, 235, 319
  beliefs of, 58–59, 164, 231
  in British molehunt, 98
  decline of, 319–21
  Inspector General's report and, 339–340
  Loginov and, 213, 220–21
  members of, 58–59, 60, 92, 120, 155, 164, 214
  Nosenko and, 173, 175, 180, 190–191, 193, 197, 198, 199, 200, 203, 206
  Polyakov and, 231, 234–36
  on Popov, 249–50, 253
  Soviet Division controlled by, 214
Intelligence Medal of Merit, 277
Intourist translators, 281
Italy, 48, 310
Ivanov, Yevgenyy, 91*n*

Jacquier, Paul, 123, 124–25, 126, 133
Jameson, Donald "Jamie," 58, 78, 82, 165, 191, 214
Jeanmaire, Jean-Louis, 343–44
Johannesen, Folke Hauger, 143
Johnson, Loch, 349
Johnson, Lyndon B., 173, 181, 309
Johnson, Quentin, 152, 211
Johnson, Robert Lee, 168
Joint Chiefs of Staff, 229
Jorgenson, Gordon, 311
Joxe, Louis, 122
Juchniewicz, Ed, 212–13, 215, 263
Justice Department, U.S., 176
JX Reports, 315, 329

Kahr, Alois, 198
Kalaris, George:
  Angleton replaced by, 151, 205, 292, 323
  Angleton's Black Book discovered by, 344–45
  Angleton's safes and vaults opened by, 327–30
  Angleton's speech to, 324–25
  background of, 323–24
  Bennett and, 292, 293, 294
  character of, 323, 324
  Golitsyn stopped by, 330–38
  illegally intercepted letters found by, 327
  NICK NACK and, 341, 342–44
  Nosenko and, 205
  paranoia of, 346–47
  Soviet Division appointment of, 347
Kapusta, Peter, 218
  Golitsyn and, 79
  as Intelligence Fundamentalist, 214
  in Loginov case, 214, 215–16, 218, 219
  reputation of, 214
Karlow, Peter, 254–57, 356
  Angleton and, 256
  background of, 254
  HONETOL investigation of, 254–57, 263, 266
  official clearance of, 255, 257, 273
  post-CIA career of, 256*n*
  resignation of, 256, 266, 273
Karpovich, Serge, 220
Katzenbach, Nicholas deB., 144
Keeler, Christine, 91
Kennedy, John F., 126
  assassination of, 132, 161–62, 173–175, 182, 191, 193, 198, 204
  in Berlin blockade, 229
  in Cuban missile crisis, 98
  de Gaulle's SAPPHIRE letter from, 116, 118
  de Vosjoli's recruitment approved by, 127–28
  Golitsyn's demands for meeting with, 76, 77, 78, 83, 88–89, 165
Kennedy, Robert F., 77, 87–88, 127–128

Kent, Sherman, 68
KGB:
  Angleton's influence on, 61–62
  as beneficiary of CIA-SDECE split, 134
  British molehunt and, 94–102
  "Cambridge Spy Ring" and, 63
  change in style of, 61
  in CIA's mission, 53, 313
  Colby on, 313
  Department 13 of, 95
  in Doolittle Report, 50
  Gordievskiy on changes in, 109–10
  illegals of, 22, 83*n*, 209–10, 282
  and Kennedy's assassination, 161–62, 173–75, 182, 191, 198, 204
  in Loginov case, 22, 25, 26, 27, 28
  and Loginov's post-swap fate, 28–29, 223, 225–26
  "master plan" of, 87, 92, 99, 103, 107–15, 169, 175, 231, 249, 345
  "negative" agents of, 138, 139
  no direct contact between CIA and, 58, 261
  Norwegian mole of, 140, 141, 143, 149–50
  Polyakov investigated by, 234–35
  Popov uncovered by, 167, 169, 213, 250–52, 253
  "provocations" of, 138, 213, 231, 283, 341
  RCMP and, 281, 296
  reaction to Nosenko's defection by, 204–5, 231
  responsibilities of, 54*n*
  Second Chief Directorate of, 138, 162–63, 166
  stazhirovka of, 210, 212
  "swallows" of, 81
  "swans" of, 139
  U.S. Moscow Embassy and, 81–82, 163, 167–68, 251
  see also GRU
Khrushchev, Nikita S., 164, 204–5, 226, 229
Kingsley, Rolfe, 197, 198, 201, 263–264
Kisevalter, George, 191, 195, 272
  on Angleton, 154
  Golitsyn and, 88–89, 165
  in meetings with Nosenko and Bagley, 165, 166, 168, 171–72
  Polyakov and, 228
  Popov and, 250, 251
Kissinger, Henry, 305–6, 330, 352
Klochko, Mikhail A., 114–15, 320
Knowles, Ed, 52–53, 301
Korean War, 48
Kovich, Richard, 266–77, 358
  background of, 267
  Bush's letter to, 275
  at Camp Peary, 274
  clearance and reassignment of, 142, 143, 273, 275–77
  early CIA career of, 267
  Federov and, 268–71
  HONETOL investigation of, 23, 139–40, 141, 143–45, 147, 266, 271–77
  as Loginov's case officer, 22, 211–212, 215, 266, 276
  Lygren trained by, 138, 139, 211, 266, 268
  marriage of, 270
  Polyakov and, 228
  post-CIA life of, 277
  as "the Head-hunter," 275
Kovich, Sara, 270, 273, 277
Kulagin, Aleksandr, 209

labor movement, CIA penetration of, 315
Labor Party (Norway), 142
Labra, Anita, 32
Langelle, Russell, 251, 252, 253
LaRouche, Lyndon, 352
Legend (Epstein), 233, 236
legends, definition of, 22, 209
Legion of Merit, 42
Lerheim, Andreas, 145–46
Life, 268
"line" officers, 141
LOBLOLLY, 184, 207
Loginov, Nikolay, 208–9
Loginov, Yuriy, 21–29, 208–26, 266, 274, 298, 356
  Angleton's betrayal of, 21, 23–24, 27, 28–29, 217
  Angleton's suspicions about, 213, 215, 223
  arrest and imprisonment of, 21, 24, 218–19
  background of, 208–9
  CIA salary of, 22, 212, 213, 218
  CIA's recruitment of, 22, 211–13
  code names and pseudonym of, 21, 23, 212, 214–15
  covert-action operation on, 218–219
  Fieldhouse's report on, 223–24
  Golitsyn and, 211

- interrogations of, 214, 215–16, 220–221
- as KGB illegal, 209–11
- KGB rank of, 214
- musical taste of, 210, 212–13
- physical appearance of, 210, 213
- political asylum sought by, 211
- post-swap fate of, 28–29, 223, 225–226, 356
- West German spies traded for, 24–29, 222–23, 224–25

Lomac, Walter, 294
London, Kurt, 113
Loomis, Gloria, 44–45, 65, 67
Lovestone, Jay, 314–15, 329–30
"love traps," 261
LSD, 187, 188
Luce, Clare Booth, 30
Lyalin, Oleg, 95*n*
Lygren, Ingeborg, 136–52, 211, 266, 268, 298, 313, 334
- Angleton's molehunt and, 139–52
- arrest and imprisonment of, 142–145
- background of, 137
- charges against, 144–45
- CIA's recruitment of, 137–38
- code name of, 138, 145
- compensation awarded to, 149, 151–152
- Counterintelligence Staff clearance of, 151–52
- Filipov and, 138–39, 144
- Haavik and, 138, 150
- KGB's targeting of, 138–39
- Mellbye Report on, 147, 148, 149
- mental breakdown of, 142, 143, 145–46
- Moscow CIA duties of, 138–39
- in old age homes, 136–37
- on prison treatment, 146
- transfer of, 146

Lygren, Torill, 137

McCargar, James, 66
McCarthy, Joseph, 278–79
McChristian, Joseph, 311
McClure, James, 353–54
McCone, John, 315
- background of, 118
- de Vosjoli and, 127–28
- on de Vosjoli's disappearance, 133–134
- Golitsyn and, 77–78, 82, 88, 103, 108, 111, 172–73
- HONETOL and, 245
- Kennedy's SAPPHIRE letter and, 116, 118
- resignation of, 193
- SDECE's complaint to, 132

McCoy, Leonard, 262, 269, 334
- on Angleton-Golitsyn relationship, 76–77, 89
- on Angleton-Philby relationship, 68
- Angleton's files reviewed by, 329
- Angleton's speech to, 320–21
- on Angleton's use of Brod, 104
- on Angleton's work, 58
- Bennett case reviewed by, 293–94
- on Farmakovskaya, 284
- on genuine defectors lost by Angleton, 231–32
- Golitsyn and, 86, 335–36
- HONETOL investigation of, 263
- on Loginov, 27, 28
- NICK NACK and, 340, 342
- Nosenko and, 191, 192, 194
- on Petty, 301
- on The Trust, 61

McCoy, Thomas, 31
MacDonald, Alec, 40
machina, 167
Maclean, Donald, 63, 65. 90, 92, 93
Macmillan. Harold, 91*n*, 92, 126
McWilliams, Larry, 246
Mafia, 105
"mailmen," 138
Marine Corps, U.S., KGB and, 81
Marshall, Caroline, 242
Martelli, Giuseppe, 341, 342
Martin, Arthur, 89–90, 92, 94, 99, 100, 101, 155, 278
Maury, John "Jack," 78
Mellbye, Jens, 147–49
Menelik, King of Ethiopia, 42
Meratran, 187
Mercier, Marcel, 125–26
Mertz, John, 310–11
- background of, 217
- in Loginov case, 215, 217, 219, 220–21, 222

Meyer, Cord, 242–43
MI5 (Security Service):
- Angleton's influence on, 303
- in Bennett case, 287, 291, 293
- CIA and, 64
- Farmakovskaya and, 285
- as FBI counterpart, 54*n*
- FBI's direct link with, 341–42
- Golitsyn and, 89–102, 104, 122, 332
- NICK NACK and, 341–42

MI6 (Secret Intelligence Service):
  in Bennett case, 285, 293
  CIA and, 64
  as CIA counterpart, 54*n*
  Gordievsky recruited by, 149, 204
  Philby and, 65, 66
Miler, Newton "Scotty," 55, 60, 97, 155, 158, 293, 304, 325, 330, 331
  on Angleton-de Vosjoli relationship, 128–29
  as Angleton's chosen successor, 57, 247
  in Angleton's investigation of Colby, 311–12
  career of, 247
  on Golitsyn, 335, 336
  HONETOL and, 246, 247–48, 356
  Kalaris report by, 338–39
  on Loginov case, 221
  on Lygren affair, 136, 150–51
  on Nosenko, 199
  on Petty, 299–300, 301
  on Philby, 69
  on Polyakov leak, 236
  retirement of, 320
  as SIG deputy chief, 57
Millet, Stephen, 315
Mitchell, Graham, 94–95, 98, 99, 100, 101, 108, 298, 328
Mizener, Arthur, 33
moles:
  Angleton on, 351–52
  Angleton's operations against, 23, 31, 57, 139–52, 221–22, 244–265
  Angleton's suspect list of, 303–6, 308, 312–13, 322
  Golitsyn's information on, 75, 78–79, 89, 94, 101, 103, 108–9, 253, 333–34
  in Great Britain, 94–102, 108
  in RCMP, 281, 296
  in U.S. armed forces, 229–30
Moore, Donald, 317
  Golitsyn and, 83, 84, 87
  HONETOL and, 246, 247
Moreno, Mercedes, 32
Morocco, Soviet Embassy in, 229
Moscow:
  Canadian Embassy in, 280
  Norwegian Embassy in, 138
  U.S. Embassy in, 81–82, 99, 163, 167–68, 251, 253*n*, 334
MORINE, *see* NICK NACK
Mossad, 97
Murphy, David, 273
  HONETOL investigation of, 262, 263, 298–99
  as Intelligence Fundamentalist, 173, 214
  in Nosenko case, 173, 175, 176, 182, 187, 188, 192, 194
  Paris transfer of, 197, 263, 299
  Polyakov and, 230, 231
  as Soviet Division chief, 173, 192, 214, 230, 262, 263
Murphy, James, 38, 41

Nassau nuclear-sharing agreement, 126
National Cash Register (NCR), 31–32, 43
National Security Act (1947), 48
National Security Agency (NSA), 129, 137, 167, 229, 230*n*, 269, 270
NATO, *see* North Atlantic Treaty Organization
Navy, U.S., 229
Neale, Alexander, 255
"negative" agents, 138, 139
Nelson, William, 302–3, 320, 324, 332, 334
New Lies for Old (Golitsyn), 356
New York, 233, 234, 235
"New York Intelligencer," 234
New York Times, 316–17, 318, 351
NICK NACK, 340–44
  Angleton's suspicions about, 340–41, 342
  discovery of file of, 340
  FBI and, 340–42
  intelligence leads from, 340–44
Nixon, Richard M., 307
Nolan, Jim, 238
North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO), 75, 82, 109, 117, 118, 119–20, 137, 141, 298
Norway:
  CIA facilities in, 137
  intelligence services of, 137, 140, 143, 146–47, 148
  KGB mole in, 140, 141, 143, 149–150
Norwegian Embassy, in Moscow, 138
Nosenko, Ivan Isidorovich, 162
Nosenko, Tamara Georgiyevna Markovskaya, 162, 299
Nosenko, Yuriy Ivanovich, 160, 207, 297, 298, 356
  Angleton on handling of, 192, 206–7
  Angleton's phone call from, 203–4

- Angleton's suspicions about, 23, 162, 166–67, 169, 172, 180–81, 190, 198, 199, 200, 349
- authenticity of, 160–61, 165, 169–170, 173, 174–75, 181–82, 190, 192, 194, 197–200, 203–4, 206, 213, 221, 234
- background of, 162, 182
- Bagley on options for, 190–91
- at Camp Peary, 183–91, 193, 195, 196
- case reviews of, 192–96, 201, 206, 223
- character of, 160, 181–82, 219
- CIA affected by, 161, 191, 193, 308
- CIA lecture by, 205–6
- CIA salary of, 201
- CIA's first contacts with, 163–65
- code names for, 166
- confession sought from, 189–90, 193
- defection of, 23, 161, 171–73
- drugs used against, 187–88
- early KGB career of, 162–63
- FBI and, 175, 180, 200
- Gittinger's interviews with, 181–83
- Golitsyn on, 161, 169, 172–73, 179, 181, 183, 193
- health problems of, 186
- hunger strike of, 185
- imprisonment of, 175–91, 193, 195, 196
- inconsistencies in testimony of, 180, 182, 197
- intelligence leads from, 167–68, 170–71, 197–98, 200, 280, 334
- interrogations of, 178–80, 187, 196
- on Kennedy's assassination, 161–62, 173–75, 182, 191, 198, 204
- KGB rank of, 170, 180, 197
- marriage of, 202
- in meetings with Bagley and Kisevalter, 165, 166, 168, 170–72
- Murphy's false promises to, 173
- other defectors on, 204–5, 213, 215, 231, 233, 282
- polygraph tests taken by, 176–77, 188–90, 196, 198
- Popov and, 252–53
- post-release life of, 201–3
- prison activities of, 186
- recall-telegram story of, 172, 180, 197
- release of, 201
- Solie Report on, 198–99, 200
- Solie's interviews with, 197
- Swiss franc story of, 163
- U.S. citizenship of, 202, 203
- vow of silence of, 161

NSA (National Security Agency), 129, 137, 167, 229, 230*n*, 269, 270

Office of Strategic Services (OSS), 48, 254, 255, 309
  - Angleton in, 38–48
  - Hugh Angleton in, 33, 38
  - X-2 division of, 38, 41, 311

Oldfield, Maurice, 278–79, 281, 287
Operation CHAOS, 309, 312, 314, 316–17, 327, 335, 349
Operation DAGGER, 42
Operation HT-LINGUAL, 312, 314, 316–17, 327, 335, 349
Operation REDSOX, 267
Operation SEGUN, 42
Operation WHITE-KNUCKLE, 338
Orchids for Mother (Latham), 30
Orlov, Igor, 257–58
Orve, Stub, 146
Osborn, Howard, 88, 195, 207
OSS (Office of Strategic Services), 48, 254, 255, 309
Oswald, Lee Harvey, 173–75, 191, 198, 204

Palme, Olof, 303
Papich, Sam, 105, 155
  - HONETOL and, 246, 247

Pâques, Georges, 75, 119–20, 129, 134, 333
Parent, Desiré, 343
Pavluk, Nikolay Trofimovich, 138, 139, 150
Pearson, Lester, 305
Pearson, Norman, 38, 41, 45
Penkovskiy, Oleg, 98–100, 229, 272, 282, 298, 335, 342
Pershing, John J., 31
Petersen, Gene, 295
Petty, Clare "Ed," 65, 129, 298–303, 305, 315, 330, 332
  - Angleton investigated by, 299–303, 313
  - in Bennett case, 285, 287
  - as Intelligence Fundamentalist, 155
  - retirement of, 303

Philby, Harold "Kim," 41, 61, 63–70, 90, 93, 121, 280, 287, 350
  - Angleton affected by betrayal of, 66–67, 68–69
  - Angleton's and Harvey's memos on, 65–66
  - Angleton's friendship with, 41, 64, 66

Philby, Harold "Kim," (*cont.*)
  Angleton's leaks to, 68
  Angleton's personal memos on, 65, 67–68
  defection of, 63, 67
  KGB's recruitment of, 63
  task force report on, 67
Phillips, David Atlee, 53, 318–19
Pike, Otis, 265
pipradol hydrochloride, 187
"plausibly deniable" assignments, 105
"playback," 40, 61, 249, 252
political disinformation, 109
Polyakov, Dmitriy Fedorovich, 227–36, 298
  Angleton's responsibility for death of, 232, 233, 235–36
  background of, 227–28
  code names for, 227
  death of, 232, 233, 235–36, 356
  FBI's recruitment of, 228
  financial motivation of, 228
  GRU career of, 228, 231
  intelligence leads from, 229
  media exposing of, 234–35
  Soviet Division and, 230
Popov, Petr, 229, 250–53
  as defector-in-place, 250
  execution of, 250
  intelligence leads from, 250, 252
  KGB's uncovering of, 167, 169, 213, 250–52, 253, 271
  secret message from, 252, 253
  Soviet sources on, 252–53
Poptanich, Alekso, 84, 87–88
Porter, Robert, 140
Post, Jerrold, 55, 69, 157–59
Pound, Ezra, 35–36, 45
Powers, Francis Gary, 83*n*, 84
Prague Spring (1968), 264–65, 321–22
Pravda, 235
President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, 180–81
Presley, Elvis, 240
Pretoria, U.S. Embassy in, 218
Profumo, John, 91
"provocations," 138, 213, 231, 283, 341
Public Law 96-450, 276–77

Raborn, William, 193
Rand Daily Mail, 219–20
Rangoon, U.S. Embassy in, 230
RCMP (Royal Canadian Mounted Police), 115, 280–81, 286, 296, 305, 333
Reagan, Ronald W., 100
"re-contact" letters, 272
REDSOX, Operation, 267
RIS (Russian Intelligence Service), 54*n*
Rocca, Ray, 87, 89, 155, 158, 300, 304, 328, 329
  as Angleton's research assistant, 41, 59–60, 61, 293, 325–26, 330
  in Angleton's will, 45
  in Bennett case, 278–79, 293, 294
  Black Book prepared by, 344
  post-CIA life of, 356
  retirement of, 320
Romania, 109
Rome, U.S. Embassy in, 295
Roosevelt, Archie, 108, 156
Rositzke, Harry, 112
Rote Kapelle, 60, 325, 330, 356
Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP), 115, 280–81, 286, 296, 305, 333
Rusk, Dean, 127–28
Russian Intelligence Service (RIS), 54*n*
Ryan, Tom, 176–77, 178–79

SA-2 missile, 324
SAMOS spy satellite, 70
SAPPHIRE investigation, 116–35, 313, 333, 342, 343
  allegations in, 115–18, 122–25, 131, 132–33, 134
  Angleton in, 116, 118, 119, 121–35, 151
  anti-U.S. espionage proposed in, 125–27, 129, 131
  de Vosjoli in, 121, 122–35
  Golitsyn in, 116, 117–35
  and Kennedy's letter to de Gaulle, 116, 118–19
  KGB moles undiscovered in, 127, 129, 134
  Pâques case and, 119–20, 129, 134
  Topaz book and film based on, 134–135
SASHA, 298, 334
  Golitsyn on, 75–76, 78, 89, 101, 253–54, 258, 266
  Orlov as, 257–58
Schlesinger, James, 153, 203, 307–9, 312, 314, 354
Schweiker, Richard, 351
SDECE, *see* Service de Documentation Extérieure et de Contre-Espionage
secret writing ("SW"), 139, 272
SEGUN, Operation, 42

Selsky, Oleg, 220
Semichastnyy, Vladimir, 110, 204–5
Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, 260–61, 275, 276, 339
"serials," 89, 97, 124
Service de Documentation Extérieure et de Contre-Espionage (SDECE), 64
  CIA and, 118, 123–24, 125, 133, 134
  McCone's letter of complaint from, 132
  see also Direction Générale de la Sécurité Extérieure; SAPPHIRE investigation
Severe, Lou, 283–84
Shelepin, Aleksandr, 107, 109, 110, 161
shellfish toxin, 351
Shemlatenkov, Vladimir, 236
SIG (Special Investigation Group), 57, 245, 246, 248, 265, 285, 320, 330
Skoridov, Boris Anisimovich, 209
Smith, Walter Bedell, 49, 65, 66
Snowden, Richard, 332
sodium amytal, 187
Solie, Bruce, 75, 78
  background of, 194
  character of, 194–95
  HONETOL and, 246, 254, 255, 273
  in Nosenko case, 194–200, 202
  SASHA and, 78, 253–54, 257–58
South African Bureau for State Security (BOSS), in Loginov case, 24, 25, 218–19
South African Intelligence Service, 21, 24, 218
Soviet Defense Command, 231
Soviet Division (CIA):
  Counterintelligence Staff's tensions with, 57–58, 59, 249, 313–14, 320, 334
  destruction of primary mission of, 227, 263, 313, 314
  direct contact between Soviet agents and, 58
  failures embarrassing to, 166
  Golitsyn and, 76–77, 78, 82, 86, 103
  HONETOL's effect on, 244, 248, 249, 263–64, 297
  Intelligence Fundamentalist control of, 214
  Loginov and, 214–17, 221
  Lygren and, 137
  name changes of, 57*n*
  Nosenko's effect on, 191, 193
  number of Soviet sources of, 264
  Polyakov and, 230
  size of, 249
Soviet embassies:
  in Morocco, 229
  in Switzerland, 167, 344
  in Washington, 296*n*
Soviet Military Intelligence (GRU), 30, 53, 58, 227, 311
Soviet Scientist in China (Klochko), 114
Soviet Union:
  China and, 107, 108, 111, 112, 113–115, 213, 231, 321
  first atomic weapon of, 48
  Intourist translators of, 281
  space program of, 269
Special Counterintelligence Unit Z, 41
Special Investigation Group (SIG), 57, 245, 246, 248, 265, 285, 320, 330
Spry, Sir Charles, 231
Sputnik 1, 269
spy satellites, 70
Stalin, Joseph, 47, 110–11
Stange, Juergen, 25, 26, 225
State Department, U.S., 24, 50, 82, 164, 222
stazhirovka, 210, 212
Stein, Sid, 284–85
Sternfield, Larry, 334
Stevenson, Robert Louis, 276
Stewart, Gordon, 194
Stoiaken, Nick:
  in Loginov case, 220
  and Nosenko's polygraph tests, 177, 189, 196, 220
Stolz, Richard, 257
Strategic Air Command, 229
Sullivan, William, 87, 235–36, 247
"SW" (secret writing), 139, 272
"swallows," 81
"swans," 139
Switzerland, 342, 343–44
  Soviet embassies in, 167, 344

"TANGO," 296
Taylor, Rufus, 194, 195, 199
Thatcher, Margaret, 100
"third-country nationals," 138, 268
Topaz (film), 134–35
Topaz (Uris), 134
Truman, Harry S.:
  in CIA creation, 48
  Smith appointed DCI by, 49

Trust, The, 60, 61, 325, 326, 330, 356
Truth of Intercourse (Stevenson), 276
Tsikerdanos, Ernest, 331–32
Turkey, 48
Turner, Stansfield, 114, 160, 206–7, 260, 275–76
Tweedy, Bronson, 303, 332, 334–35

U–2 spy planes, 112, 137
Ulmer, Al, 118–19
"Ultra" affair, 40, 41
United Nations, 48
United States embassies:
  in Beirut, 283
  in Geneva, 167
  in Helsinki, 22, 211
  in Moscow, 81–82, 99, 163, 167–68, 251, 253*n*, 334
  in Pretoria, 218
  in Rangoon, 230
  in Rome, 295
Uris, Leon, 134

van den Bergh, Hendrik, in Loginov case, 21, 24, 28, 208, 218–22, 225
Vassall, William John, 75, 94, 168, 333
VENONA ciphers, 304, 305
Vietnam War, 310–11, 324
Vogel, Wolfgang, 26, 28

"Waif, The," 36
Wallop, Malcolm, 350
Walters, Vernon, 348
Warren Commission, 173, 175, 193
Washington, D.C.:
  French Embassy in, 128–29
  Soviet Embassy in, 269*n*
"Watchers," 280
Watkins, John, 75, 280, 334
Webster, William, 257
"wet jobs," 95
Whalen, William H., 229–30
White, Sir Dick, 97–98
WHITE-KNUCKLE, Operation, 338
Whittemore, Reed, 33, 35, 36, 354
Wick, William, 31, 35, 36, 37, 241
Wilson, Harold, 91–92, 95–97, 100, 108, 303, 322, 330
Winters, George, 251–52, 253
Wise, David, 351
Wisner, Frank, 65, 67
World War II:
  counterintelligence in, 40
  Soviet espionage in, 60
Worthington, Peter, 281–82, 284
Wright, Lois, 93
Wright, Peter, 257, 281, 292, 303, 305, 317
  on Angleton, 155, 319
  on Angleton-Philby relationship, 67–69
  on Gaitskell, 97
  on Golitsyn, 74, 92–94
  as Intelligence Fundamentalist, 92, 98, 155
  in Mitchell and Hollis molehunts, 97, 98, 99, 100

X-2, 38, 41, 311

Yom Kippur War, 314
Yugoslavia, 109
Yurchenko, Vitaliy, 258*n*, 295–96

Zagoria, Donald, 112–13
Zhirmut, Yevgeniy, 139

(continued from front flap)

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Tom Mangold is the senior correspondent for the BBC's *Panorama* show. He has also worked on London's *Sunday Mirror* and the *Daily Express*. For the BBC, he has covered conflicts in Vietnam, the Middle East, Aden, Nigeria, Northern Ireland and Afghanistan. His first book, *The File on the Tsar,* written with Anthony Summers, was an investigation into the fate of the last Russian imperial family and an international bestseller. His second book, *The Tunnels of Cu Chi* (written with John Penycate), was an account of the secret underground war in Saigon between the GIs and the Vietcong. He lives in London.

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Tom Mangold (right) with Jeff Goldberg

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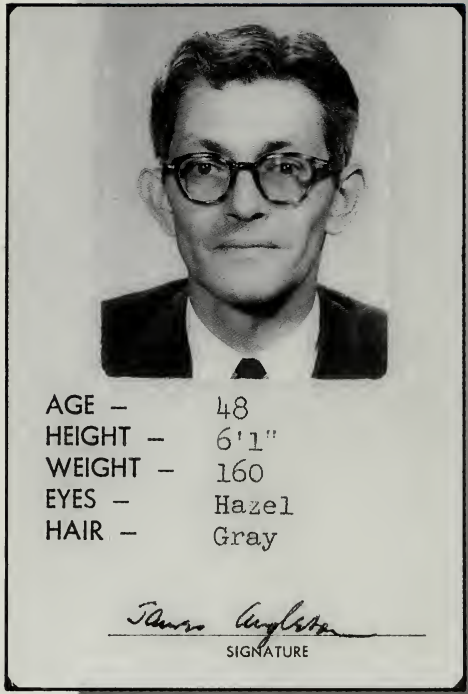

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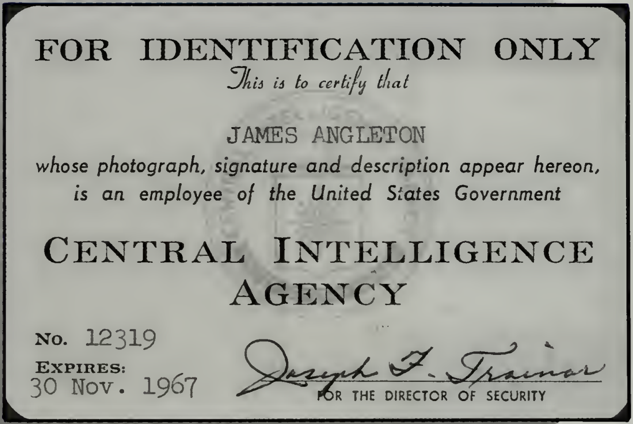

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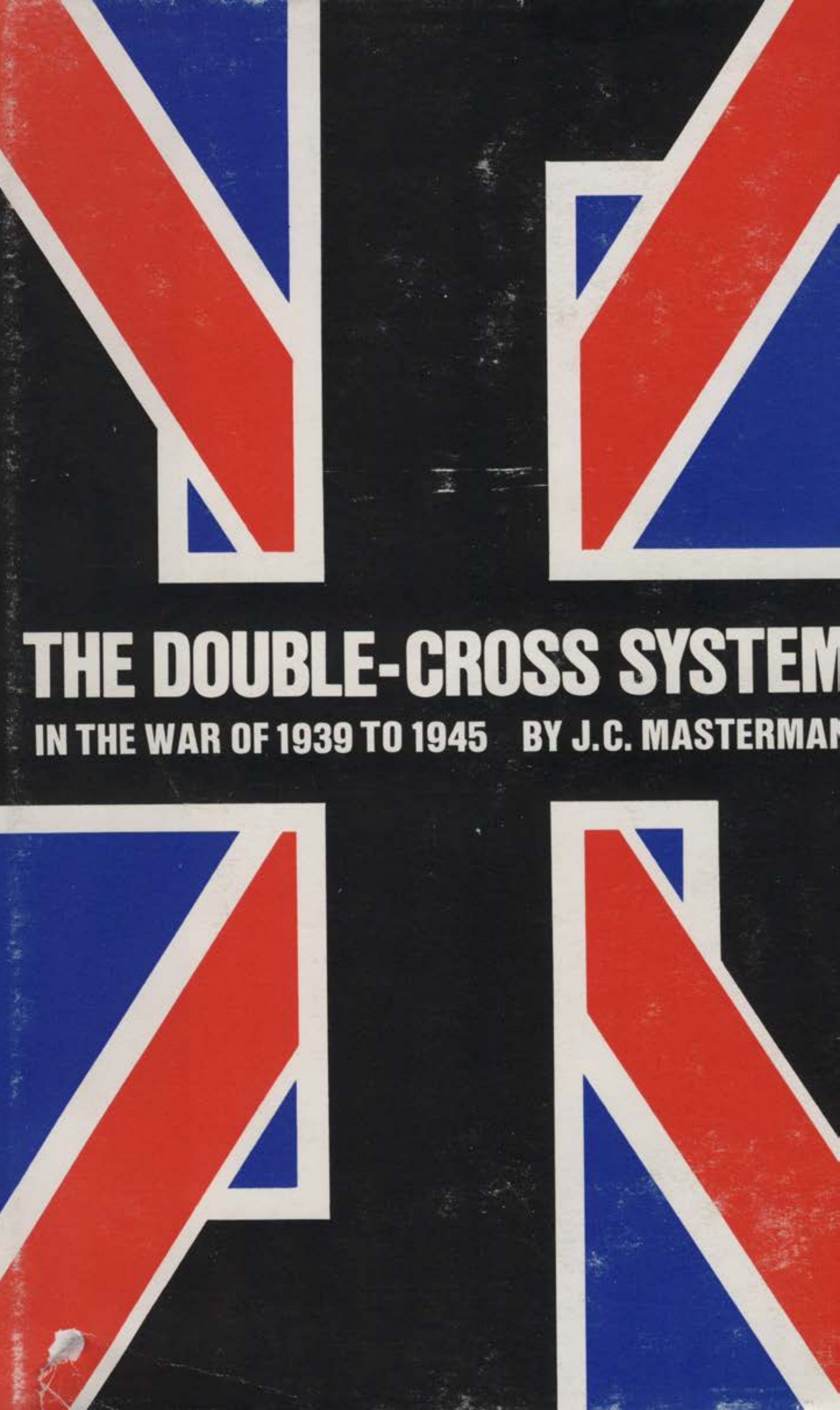

THE DOUBLE-CROSS SYSTEM

IN THE WAR OF 1939 TO 1945

BY J.C. MASTERMAN

THE DOUBLE-CROSS SYSTEM
IN THE WAR OF 1939 TO 1945
by J. C. Masterman

with a Foreword by Norman Holmes Pearson

"By means of the double-cross system we actively ran and controlled the German espionage system in this country."

This extraordinary claim is made in this British top secret intelligence report written by an Oxford don at the end of World War II. The Masterman Report, now made available for the first time, with the permission of Her Majesty's Government, describes the double-cross system and offers an account of its workings which clearly substantiates the claim.

The double-cross system was a remarkable apparatus of deception whereby German agents captured in Great Britain were induced to serve the Allied cause by supplying the German officers with information devised and manipulated by British intelligence. In the Masterman Report the theory and practice of this device, which in the end contributed substantially to the Allied military success, is laid out in fascinating detail. The author discloses the careful process by which the captured spy was brought into effective British service and the necessity for total psychological empathy between the British spymaster and the Nazi agent. He describes the problem of providing credible messages for return to the enemy and, ultimately, the use of this "traffic" in the actual conduct of strategic deception. Here at last is the explanation of how Hitler and the German army were fooled into believing that the Allied D Day landings would be made in the Pas de Calais rather than in Normandy.

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THE DOUBLE-CROSS SYSTEM

in the War of 1939 to 1945

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IN THE WAR OF 1939 TO 1945

BY J. C. MASTERMAN

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY PRESS · CANBERRA 1972

To the Earl of Swinton, P.C., G.B.E., C.H., M.C., D.L.,
amongst whose many services to Great Britain
the Chairmanship of Security Executive 1940-42
was not the least.

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CONTENTS

Foreword by Norman Holmes Pearson ix
Preface xvii
List of Abbreviations xxi
1 The Theory and Practice of Double Cross 1
2 Origins of the Double-Cross System 36
3 Autumn 1940 46
4 Organisation for Controlling the Double-Cross System 60
5 The Agents' Traffic in 1941 71
6 Experimental Plans in 1941 82
7 The Agents in 1941 90
8 Developments in 1942 101
9 Work and History of the Agents in 1942 112
10 Activities in 1943 127
11 Deception to Cover the Normandy Landings and the Invasion of France 145
12 Use of the System in the Last Year of the War 164
13 Conclusion 186
Appendix 1: Double-Cross Agents in the United Kingdom 190
Appendix 2: TRICYCLE's American Questionnaire 196
Index 199

FOREWORD

Sir John Masterman's account of the double-cross system in British intelligence is an important historical document. Masterman is a trained historian and is well aware that he is describing a chapter of World War II which deserves being known and remembered. Masterman is also a skilled narrator. *The Double-Cross System in the War of 1939 to 1945* is an engrossing book as well as a highly serious one.

There is no need to vouch for the authenticity of the episodes and cases he describes of spies who worked ostensibly for the Germans but, in fact, and unknown to the Germans, were working for Great Britain. The official origin of *The Double-Cross System* is sufficient affidavit. Nevertheless I can endorse their authenticity, having been aware of many of the cases in connection with my own war work. My particular counterespionage affiliation was with M.I.6. This was the British agency responsible for intelligence operations outside the United Kingdom; the "Military Intelligence" of its name was an anachronism. B.1.A, which handled the counterespionage operations Masterman describes, was a section of M.I.5, the British internal security agency roughly equivalent to the American F.B.I. What went on within the United Kingdom was, properly enough, Great Britain's affair. But those enemy spies who were uncovered there and persuaded to work for the British from then on, thus double-crossing their original masters, of course had ultimate contacts outside of the country. Thus the cooperation of M.I.6 and its opposite numbers in Allied intelligence services was inevitably involved.

Viewed in retrospect, certain British contributions to the art of intelligence operations seem outstanding. In the field of interception the results were splendid and increasingly dominant, as the many published accounts certify. The techniques of intercepting messages sent by wireless were highly developed. So was the science of direction-finding by which the location of the transmitting instrument could be determined. By the constant monitoring of all wireless traffic of any sort it was possible to check not only what the double agent sent out, if he was his own wireless operator as he usually was, but also messages sent to him. It was possible too, by careful study, to evaluate the critical reception by the enemy of what they received and exchanged amongst themselves. This was the test of any plan of deception. Not the least of course among the benefits was the simple fact that the existence of new spies became known. In this way both the skeleton and the nervous system of German espionage within England could be outlined and controlled.

Another contribution was that of so-called overt intelligence, by which scholarly sources, when studied by scholars, revealed information which had long since been gathered but already been covered by dust. Timetables for tides involved in invasion landings, the location of bombing targets within metropolitan areas, amounts of precipitation to provide against and rainy seasons to avoid: these not-at-all trivial data emerged from the otherwise ignored pages of books rather than from the impossibly delayed reports of agents. American intelligence services learned much from the British example of research and analysis carried on at the universities. But the double-cross system was of course not itself involved.

Certainly the most imaginatively appealing success of British intelligence work was the operation of double agents, and through them the practice of deception. The center of this activity was in the B Division of M.I.5. At least it was the center of what Masterman describes. For as he states, this was an activity which involved many branches: M.I.5, M.I.6, the Admiralty, the Air Force, the Home Office, and the Foreign Office, among others.

As in World War I, the British government partly by necessity, partly by design, drew on the universities and the professions for additional brains. Amateurs joined hands with professionals in the intelligence establishment. Work with double agents was a game made for one amateur—J. C. Masterman—who was a university don and an enthusiastic cricketer. His mind was tuned to the pitch of the ball in this sport whose hazards were so real and whose rewards were so immense. This was the greatest test match of the century. It is by no mere rhetorical flourish that Masterman can refer to two masters of cricket when he remarks of two masterly double agents, "If in the double-cross world SNOW was the W. G. Grace of the early period, then GARBO was certainly the Bradman of the later years." Skills were involved in the double-cross game, and absolute coordination. The British were masters and whatever Americans did similarly in the European and Mediterranean theaters stemmed from British direction and example.

The sense of example which *The Double-Cross System* provides gives the book a particular merit. It is a manual of operation. There has never been one like it. When Americans midway in World War II were preparing for their own external counterespionage system, its novices were given, half desperately, Compton Mackenzie's *Water on the Brain* (1933). Manuals on either espionage or counterespionage are after all rare. Graham Greene's satiric *Our Man in Havana* (1958) is perhaps as good as most. Edward Weismiller's novel *The Serpent Sleeping* (1962) is one of the few accounts of the handling and psychology of a turned agent, in this case after the invasion of France, when German agents attempted to operate behind the American lines.

Lieutenant Commander Ewen Montagu's *The Man Who Never Was* (1953) is the most famous account of strategic deception and the most detailed. Duff Cooper in his novel *Operation Heartbreak* (1950) had told the story earlier, but Montagu, as a member of Naval Intelligence, was a chief begetter and the case officer of this completest of deceptions. By means of false messages found on a body, itself a concocted corpse, washed up on the Spanish coast, the Germans were persuaded that the next Allied invasion in the Mediterranean was to be in Sardinia rather than in Sicily, where it actually took place. The German high command was successfully deceived.

Lord Ismay, chief of staff to Winston Churchill as minister of defense, gave Montagu's book a semi-official blessing by writing an introduction to it. "It is not often," he said, "that the whole story of a secret operation can be made public, told by someone who knows every detail. The military student can be grateful that chance has made it possible for him to have a textbook example of a very specialized branch of the art of war: others will enjoy a 'real-life thriller' —which once more illustrates that truth is stranger than fiction." Lord Ismay was indicating, in advance, the values similarly to be found in *The Double-Cross System.*

Masterman is no stranger either to truth or fiction, as his deservedly popular mystery stories witness. The shrewdness of *An Oxford Tragedy* (1933) may even have played a part in drafting him for the "XX" (translated as "Twenty") Committee whose task was to pass on and manage the complex manipulation of double agents. This involved the supervision of whatever the double agents sent in the way of volunteered information or as answers to questionnaires, and involved equally the attempt to build the agents up for the moment when each could play a more decisive role. These moments did come, as when the Normandy invasion was shielded by diverting the enemy's attention to the likelihood of a Norwegian landing. They came, too, when it was important to confuse the Germans on the success of their missile bombing of London by the V-1s and the V-2s. The British double-cross system was responsible for the saving of hundreds and thousands of lives. Both truth and fiction played parts.

The element of "game" was, as I have said, fortunately not absent. A sense of freshness was kept. "For the plain truth is," Masterman writes in his introduction to *Fate Cannot Harm Me* (1935), "that breaking rules is fun, and the middle-aged and respectable have in this regard a capacity for innocent enjoyment at least as great as that of the youthful and rebellious." Some of the amateurs in B.1.A were no doubt "middle-aged and respectable," but their enjoyment was by no means "innocent." Masterman's post-war novel, *The Case of the Four Friends* (1957), he calls in its subtitle "a diversion in predetection." The tale is a conversation about guilt. "Let me try to explain," a guest in the Senior Common Room of an Oxford college says about the shadiest of the four friends:

> Portugal was neutral, and so to Portugal came the agents official and unofficial of many countries and countries on both sides. It was not possible to learn in Berlin what was happening in London, but it might well be possible to hear, or guess, or deduce in neutral Portugal what was happening in both. And further, it might be possible to spread information (and make it appear credible) of what was *not* happening in London or Berlin and yet have it believed in the other place. And so Lisbon became a kind of international clearing-ground, a busy ant-heap of spies and agents, where political and military secrets and information—true and false, but mainly false—were bought and sold and where men's brains were pitted against each other. There was, of course, more in it than this. The life of the secret agent is dangerous enough, but the life of the double agent is infinitely more precarious. If anyone balances on a swinging tight-rope it is he, and a single slip must send him crashing to destruction. Bannister went to Lisbon ostensibly in a commercial capacity, and he was well-known and respected in British and allied diplomatic and business circles—but he was much more than that.

Bannister was indeed "much more than that." So were all agents. The conversations about Bannister and his friends in the novel sound very much like those in which members of the Twenty Committee and their colleagues might have bandied the probabilities and possibilities of a SNOW or a CELERY.

The creed of the Twenty Committee is given explicitly in Masterman's text. It is worth repeated reading:

1. To control the enemy system, or as much of it as we could get our hands on
2. To catch fresh spies when they appeared
3. To gain knowledge of the personalities and methods of the German Secret Service
4. To obtain information about the code and cypher work of the German Service
5. To get evidence of enemy plans and intentions from the questions asked by them
6. To influence enemy plans by the answers sent to the enemy
7. To deceive the enemy about our plans and intentions

Carefully Masterman traces the achievement of these objectives. The question was not simply one of locating a spy and then arresting him. Masterman's committee had no executive power, and if it had had such power, would have used it only sparingly. Any counterespionage agency respects the enemy and recognizes that the elimination of one operation only spurs the enemy to replace it by another. For that reason it is often better to watch a known agent than to seize him, and to controvert his utility by denying him access to important intelligence and by supplying him with what was known as "chicken feed." Best of all, of course, is to persuade the spy, by one means or another, to work instead for you. One is not frightened of an "enemy's" or a "friend's" intelligence service so long as it is gelded. Not the least accomplishment of the double-cross system was such surgery.

Happily and with justice Masterman could claim for the British double-cross system that "for the greater part of the war we did much more than practise a large-scale deception through double agents: by means of the double-agent system we *actively ran and controlled the German espionage system in this country*." The italics are understandably his. Once the war was concluded one of the first Allied objectives was to check the German intelligence records to see what if anything had been missed or misplayed. There was no reason for British confidence to be shaken so far as the Germans were concerned. It is the English story which Masterman tells and uses as precept and primer. Accounts drawn from German sources seem to tell another version of their espionage within England. They are proof of the deception.

Masterman's report is a fascinating one. It is authoritative and it satisfies one's curiosity. He outlines the development from the early period when the British were on the defensive and were protecting themselves against the probable invasion of England. This was the age of SNOW. Later came the phase when the initiative was beginning to pass to the Allies, and there was in the foreseeable future a probable invasion of the Continent. Then GARBO led off. The enemy were watching the change too. The double-agent system which had been built up for the first phase was recycled for the second. The shift was delicate and dangerous. Like a good tutor, Masterman never loses control of history in his report, "in order," as he puts it, "that the main course of the story may not be delayed or interrupted." Yet his contemporary concern was far more than narrative; to those on the Twenty Committee the story was always continuing, always changing, and must always be controlled.

Masterman gives us a world of stratagems, inhabited by characters like SNOW, like MUTT and JEFF, like TATE and ZIGZAG and TRICYCLE. They were known only by these cover names and in them they lived and operated. But each life was shared. "It cannot be too strongly insisted," Masterman out of experience asserts, "that the most profitable cases were those in which the case officer had introduced himself most completely into the skin of the agent." Nuance became all. Even the methods of communication between the agent and the enemy, whether by wireless, by secret writing, or by personal contact in neutral countries, required empathy on the part of the case officer and the planners. The details of a man's wireless style, for example, the warning signals, the very rhythm of the key in sending messages must be mastered so that if the agent should die or for one reason or another be removed, a substitution could be made but not recognized. The dermal and subdermal took on new and nerve-wracking significance.

The Double-Cross System is not the only document to describe double agents and deception. It is simply the best. In some cases Masterman's story can be interestingly amplified, as in Montagu's description of Operation MINCEMEAT and "the man who never was." The same sort of amplification can be done, though less confidently, with Eddie Chapman's own account of himself as ZIGZAG, the saboteur (he was known as FRITZCHEN to his German employers), in *The Eddie Chapman Story* (1954).

What is significant in *The Double-Cross System* is the system itself. In a philosophical sense it is the "game" which counts. Certainly it was what counted for the soldier who splashed ashore on Sicily or in Normandy. Behind the "man who never was" were dozens of conscientious and clever men who were. Masterman describes their work. These were the ecologists of double agency: everything was interrelated, everything must be kept in balance. Yet in the end there was an enemy to be induced down the wrong path, wrong for them but right for us. Fortunately they went.

New Haven
September 1971

Norman Holmes Pearson

PREFACE

This book was written during the months of July–September 1945. At that time I had been participating in double-cross work for four and a half years. On 7 July I went on fifty-six days release leave and my final release came on 1 September, a couple of weeks before the book was completed. These dates have some importance; my service was in fact over but I was asked by the Director General of the Security Service and by his deputy to write a report of double-cross work during the war. Accordingly I stayed in the office and had access to all the relevant documents; but the report differs somewhat from what it would have been had I been still a serving officer when I completed it. In particular I allowed myself to state with clarity what I thought of primary importance with regard to the future of secret intelligence organizations. I do not know what effect, if any, my last chapter had on those in authority. Possibly it had none, for few of them can have read it. But I am conscious that I felt entirely uninhibited when I wrote the report. Any value which it may have stems in my view from the fact that it was written in 1945. A history of double cross commissioned a few years later would have become to a great extent a *livre de circonstance* or a piece of propaganda; written in 1945 it was a report, coupled with my own observations and comments on secret intelligence work. For this reason the story is now published in the form in which it was printed (though for a very restricted circulation) in September 1945, with only a few excisions and verbal amendments.

The book, then, was written as a report and there was in 1945 no thought of publication at all. As time passed, however, it occurred to me and to others who knew of the book that there might well be a case for publication. As the secrets of the war years were revealed the objections to publication steadily diminished, for it can now be argued that nothing which could be of value to a potential enemy is revealed which is not already known.

As objections to publication diminished, the case for publication gained in strength. I felt that if security objections were removed, there was no decisive argument against allowing people to read reliable accounts of events which had taken place. It was also right to give credit for a successful operation to those who deserved it—in this case M.I.5 and, to a lesser extent, M.I.6. This I took to be important because the general opinion of the Secret Service was low. Any good work done by the Secret Service is usually unknown except to those in high places and those personally concerned. On the other hand any error or partial failure receives a great deal of publicity and a spate of criticism. Failures are exaggerated, successes are never mentioned. Some of the spy cases of the fifties and sixties, for example, have seriously damaged, usually unfairly, the image of the Secret Service. Although this is inevitable, it carries with it unhappy consequences, for when reputations suffer, confidence in the services is lost. As Hugh Gaitskell put it in 1961, "Secrecy may be essential but confidence must be restored."

Even before 1961 it had seemed to me that publication of the double-cross story might help in some small way to restore confidence, for it is after all a success story, and one which could be told without impinging on other counter-espionage work. Here a point must be made. It has been said that the success of the Service during the war was due to the recruitment of "amateurs" from outside and that after the war the Service relapsed into a state of inefficiency—to use no harsher term. On this point I must confine myself strictly to what I know, or rather what I knew in 1945, for I was myself one of the "amateurs" and I can speak with the experience of more than four years of observation. I do not know what may be the truth with regard to other departments and sections in the Secret Service, but I do know what was the case in that section which controlled the double-cross agents. We, the amateurs, contributed (I like to think) some useful ideas, and we formed a loyal and efficient support for the professionals. But it was the professional officers of M.I.5 who were responsible for the policy, for the plans, and for their execution, and who provided the initiative and the leadership which the rest of us needed. To the professionals, therefore, the credit for the success of double-cross work should go. I believe too that, to use the favorite phrase of all military appreciations, "lessons to be learned" showed beyond doubt that cooperation between different departments and different services was the one essential condition for success. This cooperation was more evident in the double-cross business than in many other spheres.

Arguments of this kind led me to propose some years ago that the double-cross story should be published, but it became evident after consultations that my proposals were premature. Now, a quarter of a century after the end of the war, it has been decided that the story may be published. The permission of Her Majesty's Government has been given, and I am grateful.

To avoid misunderstanding another point must be made. Though the facts are for the most part not in dispute, the views and theories propounded are my own, and I alone accept the responsibility for them. Certainly some of them, and perhaps many, would not receive the complete or unanimous support of others concerned in double-cross activities. Nevertheless it has, for obvious reasons of convenience, been necessary to use the word "we" freely throughout the text. Roughly speaking, where the personal affairs of the agents are concerned, "we" stands for the B.1.A section of M.I.5 (Military Intelligence 5 is the Security Service, B.1.A that section of it which dealt with the double agents); where matters of policy are at issue, "we" connotes B.1.A supported by the Twenty Committee—so called from the moment of its first meeting because the number twenty written in Roman numerals represents double cross—as well as, in important matters, by higher authority in M.I.5 and by the W. Board. Where speculative theories and views are advanced, "we" is only the cover name for myself.

Oxford J. C. M.
September 1971

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

A.A.	Antiaircraft
A.D.C.	Aide-de-Camp
A.T.S.	(Women's) Auxiliary Territorial Service
B.U.F.	British Union of Fascists
C.	Head of M.I.6
D.B.	Director of B Branch of M.I.5
D.D.N.I.	Deputy Director of Naval Intelligence
D.G.S.S.	Director General Secret Service
D.M.I.	Director of Military Intelligence
D.N.I.	Director of Naval Intelligence
D. of I.	Director of Intelligence (Royal Air Force)
F.S.P.	Field Security Police
G.H.Q.	General Headquarters
H.E.	High Explosives
J.I.C.	Joint Intelligence Committee
M.A.	Military Attaché
M.O.I.	Ministry of Information
N.A.A.F.I.	Navy, Army, and Air Force Institutes
N.I.D.	Naval Intelligence Department
O.K.W.	Ober Kommando Wehrmacht
P.W.E.	Political Warfare Executive
S.O.E.	Special Operations Executive
W. Branch	Wireless Branch

1: THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF DOUBLE CROSS

The use of double agents in time of war is a time-honoured method both of deception and of counterespionage. They have been used frequently and extensively in most wars and in many places; they will quite certainly be used again. Every spy who is sent into enemy territory or across the lines must be alive to the possibility of capture and, in the event of capture, of saving his life not merely by full confession but by returning with messages couched in a form approved and perhaps dictated by his captors.

The high-souled fanatic may repudiate even the suggestion that he would be capable of giving way to pressure and of acting as a double agent, but the majority of spies are not of this Spartan breed, and many, perhaps a majority, of them are ready and even willing to commit treachery either under pressure or for simple reasons of self-preservation. There are, too, certain persons who are genuinely anxious to serve the side against which circumstances have induced them to operate temporarily; there are others who have a natural predilection to live in that curious world of espionage and deceit, and who attach themselves with equal facility to one side or the other, so long as their craving for adventure of a rather macabre type is satisfied. Again there are some who are ready to play with both sides at the same time and who—whilst they feel no moral objection to deceiving both sides—yet appear to maintain a kind of professional pride which compels them to render reasonably good service to each; and finally there are cases in which the spy is caught, interrogated, and executed or imprisoned but in which messages purporting to come from him are still transmitted by his captors to their enemies. The spy "being dead, yet speaketh." There is even the entirely fictitious double agent, the "notional" double agent who never exists at all save in the minds or imagination of those who have invented him and those who believe him. In short there are many different types of double agent, and they in their turn can be and have been used for many different purposes.

Granted the antiquity of the practice and the ubiquity of its application, it is still true that the manner in which it has been used in this war has presented some novel features. In the older military books the use of double agents would be mentioned as a *ruse de guerre*, for previously, so far as we know, a double agent has been used for some specific and usually only temporary purpose, e.g., for the carrying out of a single piece of tactical deception or for the transmission of a false piece of political information. But during the present war the use of double agents has been notably extended and developed; agents have been run on a long-term basis, that is to say, the advantages which may be expected from them have been postponed in order that they may be substantial, and the reputation of agents with the enemy has been carefully built up over a long period in order that when the time comes they can be used with confidence and boldness. Here particularly a great deal of judgment has been necessary. A man who invests money at bottom prices in a gold mine with a shady past history and a very dubious future may well be tempted to take a small and quick profit by selling out if the shares rise—but he will only make a fortune if he risks total loss by hanging on to his shares. With double agents we have, as it were, held shares in a great many mines, and some of them, on which we have in the early stages expended labour and money lavishly, have indeed turned out to be El Dorados. Others of course have yielded nothing and cost much; but you cannot expect in any case to draw a fortune unless you pay in, and pay in freely, first.

Not only have double agents been run on a long time basis but they have been run so extensively that we can think not in terms of a number of isolated cases but in terms of a double agent system. In fact by virtue of this system for the greater part of the war we did much more than practise a large-scale deception through double agents; by means of the double agent system *we actively ran and controlled the German espionage system in this country*. This is at first blush a staggering claim and one which in the nature of things could not be advanced until late in the history of the war. Even after we felt sure that it was in fact justified we took the greatest care not to assert it, lest the bubble of premature confidence should be pricked by unexpected events. Nevertheless it is true, and was true for the greater part of the war. Everything that follows is designed to show how this state of affairs came into being, how it was used, what successes were achieved through it, and what opportunities were missed of using it more thoroughly and more effectively. In addition we shall try to explain the principles of controlling and running double agents which have been evolved empirically, in order that advantage may be taken of this experience in the future.

Here, however, three warnings are necessary. In the first place most of these principles and rules of conduct were worked out at a time when we could not bring ourselves to believe that we did in fact control the German system. Innumerable precautions had to be taken with every agent and indeed with every message on the assumption (which later turned out to be false) that the Germans had several and perhaps many independent agents of whom we had no knowledge, and that these agents' reports could be used to check the reports of our own controlled agents.* Only long experience taught us the extent to which the Germans depended upon our controlled agents and taught us too the gullibility and the inefficiency of some branches of the Abwehr. Beyond question opportunities were wasted and chances missed by a pardonable excess of caution. Had we realised from the start that the Germans did *not* draw from other sources in this country we could have acted more boldly and offered a better service than we did, particularly in the sphere of deception.

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*We had some reason for our fears. HITTITE, who was recruited by the German consul in New Orleans, was told that he would be approached by a German contact in the Regent Palace Hotel if he ordered late breakfasts there before the end of November 1940. If after three days no approach had been made he was to go to the Cumberland instead. Whoever approached him would give him full instructions and facilities.

Nevertheless the precautions taken were not without their use, and the principles of running double agents which were dictated by that caution may well have a validity in the future. For the second warning is this: It cannot be expected that in a future war we shall have the same or even comparable advantages. This time we had a combination of circumstances of quite extraordinary good fortune. Circumstances, aided by German miscalculation or absence of foresight, so fell out that the bulk of the German intelligence system in this country fell into our lap and secret sources permitted us to observe that the reports of our double-cross agents were transmitted to Berlin; that they were believed; and that competing reports were not (except those of OSTRO and some others which are alluded to in chapter 10) equally efficacious. Such a combination of auspicious circumstances will surely not occur again. History never repeats itself, and it can safely be assumed that the running of double agents in the next war will be more difficult and more hazardous than it has been in this.

The third warning which should be kept in mind is a natural corollary of the first two. The methods evolved for controlling double agents must be regarded as illustrations and guides to conduct and not as fixed principles or invariable rules. The circumstances on the next occasion, whatever they may be, will certainly be quite different. Once more it must be repeated that history does not, and indeed cannot repeat itself, but we can learn from experience if we are ready to adapt that experience to changed conditions. A single illustration will suffice. The problem of communications with agents, whether straight agents or double-cross agents, has been radically altered in this war by the use of wireless; and, whereas in the last war censorship and the British intelligence service abroad were the chief source of information for counterespionage, in this war wireless intercepts have taken the first place. A superficial observer might well spring to the conclusion that all other methods of communication—e.g. personal contact or secret writing—were out of date and of no importance for future operations. A reasonable faith in the progress of technical scientific invention might suggest that a transmitter could be made small enough to defy detection, and that codes could be constructed which it would be impossible to break. The speed and reliability of wireless communication would then cause all other methods of communication to be abandoned. Such a view, however, would in all probability turn out to be fallacious. The history of wireless transmissions in the realm of espionage is likely to be another chapter in the age-long story of the struggle between attack and defence. The old battleship is rendered helpless by the new shell; the new battleship is protected by impenetrable armour; a new explosive smashes the impenetrable armour, and so forth.* So in the case of illicit wireless transmissions. It may well be that direction finding may be developed to such a degree of efficiency that the spy or agent in the next war may be unable to transmit in safety even with the most perfect transmitter, and may therefore fall back on some other method of communication—possibly a method of which, up to now, we have no knowledge.

All this is surmise, but it is patent that we cannot expect conditions in the next war to be at a par with those in this. During the present war double agents have made their communications by personal contact in neutral countries, by secret writing (aided by microphotography), and by wireless; and of these wireless has been the most important. We cannot tell what methods of communication will be most effective in the future, but it is tolerably certain that, whatever they are, they will not be the same as those used today. In consequence much of the detailed description of double agent cases in this war can only have an academic or historical interest and much of it can be omitted without loss. There remains a residuum, interesting perhaps in itself and useful for the future by way of illustration or as a guide to future method.

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*What, it may be asked, is the answer to the atomic bomb?

We return to the main argument, that is to the claim that during the war we did actively control the German intelligence system in this country—a claim which should be confined to the period after the fall of France in 1940, when Great Britain was effectively cut off from easy communication with the Continent, up to the return of the British armies to France in 1944. The possibility of controlling the German intelligence system in fact depended upon the virtual cutting off of this country from the Continent in May to June, 1940. Prior to that date there was so much coming and going that it would have been presumptuous to suggest that we controlled even a large part of the German system. An agent who worked for us in later years told us—and the facts were easily substantiated—that he, a German, had visited England from the Low Countries in the early part of 1940 in order to negotiate with regard to the sale of a patent bandage. The fact that such a visit was accomplished without undue difficulty indicates that spies could be, and perhaps were, introduced into the country at that time. After June 1940 entry was only possible, except by illegitimate routes, through Sweden or Portugal, and the narrowness of the bottlenecks made it comparatively easy to exclude unwanted visitors or to find a concealed goat among the sheep. That was an ordinary security task of no great difficulty.

After the reconquest of France and Belgium a considerable traffic was soon restarted between Great Britain and the Continent, and he would be a bold man who would swear that no spies slipped through among the rest. It is true that our own security measures had by that time reached a very high degree of efficiency, but the complications raised by the numbers and nationalities involved made it next door to impossible to be sure that all the holes were stopped.

What exactly does the claim to have controlled the German system in England entail? German information about England must have come mainly from six sources: aerial reconnaissance, wireless intercepts, examination of prisoners of war, previous knowledge acquired before 1940 and checked from the contemporary press, neutral embassies and legations, and finally the reports of agents. It is this last source which we, through the double agent system, claim to have controlled, and it is a part, and not an unimportant part, of the whole. Now clearly if the Germans were to have information at all through agents it was preferable that those agents should be controlled rather than uncontrolled. Even if we were unable to send over any false information for fear of detection by other methods (e.g. by aerial reconnaissance), we should at least know what the Germans were receiving—and that in itself is a great gain. The haunting fear that the enemy might have accurate and detailed knowledge of some intended operation was replaced by the certainty that they had or had not such knowledge. Of course there is much to be said for aiming at the ideal of denying *all* information to the enemy. This is after all the primary object of a security service. But experience seems to show, and certainly theory would suggest, that you cannot thus deny all information and keep all activities, preparations, and undertakings secret. On the other hand you can control one of the enemy's main sources of information, and thus know what his information is, and, to go a step further, you can select his information for him, you can pervert his information, you can misinform him, and, eventually, actively deceive him as to your intentions.

Let us for a moment imagine that we stand in the middle period of the war with the double agent system in full working order, and that we have to make a case to show the advantage of the system and the benefits accruing from it. Such a case might well be summarised as follows:

1. Our prime object is to control the German espionage system in this country. The placing, establishment, and running of agents is a difficult and laborious task, and it can be assumed that if the Germans are receiving an adequate service of news from our controlled agents they will not expend a great deal of time and effort to establish another system as well. This is the chief counterespionage advantage, and it seems to be more effective than the policy of attempting to suppress all enemy agents.
2. Our controlled agents will help us to contact and to apprehend new agents and spies. Though all espionage theory is against letting one agent know about others it remains true that new spies are often given a contact to be used in case of necessity. Spies caught in the early days of the war had often been given a lifeline of this kind, and the lifeline almost always turned out to be one of our already controlled men.
3. We obtain information about the personalities and working methods of the German service, and this knowledge is of the highest importance for counterespionage purposes. Since we know how our controlled agents have been trained, what sort of story they have been told to put up, and how they have been equipped, we are in a position to trip up and expose other enemy agents when they appear.
4. We get information about the code and cypher procedure of the enemy.
5. We gain evidence of the enemy's intentions. The questions asked must give a great deal of accurate and important information about enemy intentions; they will not ask a number of questions about the defence of southeast England if they intend to invade in the southwest. Equally the cessation of all questions about ground and beach defences is a clear indication that invasion projects have been abandoned.
6. With proper support and adequate preparation we can in some instances not only learn about but also influence

and perhaps change the operational intentions of the enemy. Thus information to the effect that our aerodromes are imperfectly defended may induce the enemy to attack them rather than factories or installations. In the same way an insidious method of propaganda can be used. Thus in 1943 BRONX, answering questions about preparations for gas warfare in England, gave a glowing account of the excellence of British preparations, and implied that gas warfare would be of greater advantage to the British than to the Germans.

7. Finally we are in a position to deceive the enemy. Clearly the necessity of sending information carries with it the power of sending misinformation, though it must be remembered that the force of this depends upon the reputation of the sender and that a long period of truthful reporting is usually a necessary preliminary for the passing over of the lie.

These advantages are palpably great, but it is obvious that a price must be paid for them, and, as the last paragraph suggests, the greater the advantage the greater the price. A double agent cannot be summoned from the vasty deep and set upon the stage ready at once to play a leading part. On the contrary, he must be steadily and cautiously "built up" in reputation, and that is a process which lasts always for months and often for years. In other words, for the period of his novitiate he is not an asset but a liability. An examination of subsequent chapters will show how this process has been carried out in a variety of cases; for the present it suffices to stress the obvious truth that the larger the prize the higher must also be the preliminary stake.

In point of fact, however, the price paid has usually not been so very great after all, for many cases have been firmly established without giving away anything especially secret or important. Still the price does depend upon the status of the agent, upon the degree of confidence which he inspires, and upon the importance of the assignment which is given to him. In any case he must be built up gradually and with discrimination and always with careful regard to what the Germans expect or believe he would be capable of obtaining. This process implies that he must communicate a great deal of true information: but who is to decide what he may be allowed to divulge? Quite clearly M.I.5 is unfitted to decide such questions. An agent, for example, is asked for information about a certain aircraft; he has had preliminary training in aeronautical matters; he is so placed that the information or part of it would, on the German view, be readily available to him; he cannot ignore the question without destroying his whole case—in other words an answer of some sort is unavoidable. On the other hand he must not give to the enemy information so valuable that it would be likely to outweigh any subsequent benefits which might accrue through him. A nice assessment of profit and loss has to be made in every case, and such an assessment can only be made by the cooperation of those who have intimate knowledge of the agent's potentialities with those who have technical knowledge of the subject of the question.

The solution of the difficulty was found in the creation, in January 1941, of the Twenty Committee (technically a subcommittee of the W. Board) which held weekly meetings from then until May 1945. The essential purpose of the Committee was to decide what information could safely be allowed to pass to the Germans, and what could not—in other words to assess the probable gain of a proposed release against the loss involved in supplying a particular piece of information to the enemy. Secondly, the Committee acted as a clearing-house where the work of the various agents could be compared and kept within a reasonable measure of consistency. Obviously contradictions in traffic of too glaring a nature had to be avoided. If we assume that the enemy studies and uses the traffic of a variety of agents we must also assume that he will distrust A or B or both if they contradict each other on easily ascertainable or important facts; *a fortiori* he will distrust and probably abandon an agent whose information is contradicted by information obtained from some other more credible source, whether it be air reconnaissance, newspaper articles, or prisoners' reports. On the other hand the reports of the agents must not bear too close a resemblance to one another. Thirdly, the Committee could compare the needs of different departments and if necessary reconcile those of one with another.

It followed as a direct result of this that a truly formidable work of coordination, preparation, and critical analysis had to be undertaken by B.1.A if the traffic of agents was to be maintained over a long period without giving away the agent to the enemy. As was pointed out above, our "lifeline," on which we kept a firm grip throughout, was the principle that no message should ever go to the enemy which had not been approved by the competent authority through the medium of the Twenty Committee. It was also pointed out that M.I.5 could, in the nature of things, not perform this function itself. How could it give the exact location of an aircraft factory which might be bombed in the following week, and then expect to be allowed to continue to run its agents? It will readily be believed that the ultimate responsibility for allowing any message to pass to the enemy is a dangerous power. In communicating with the enemy almost from day to day in time of war we were playing with dynamite, and the game would have been impossible unless "approving authorities" had been willing to assume this ultimate responsibility. Our experience was that this responsibility ought to be taken on as high a level as possible. In the period under review it was taken by the W. Board, i.e., by the Directors of Intelligence reinforced by other members, and exercised through their representatives on the Twenty Committee. On any lower level action would have been impossible, and it is arguable that, at least when the deception period began, some still higher single authority, acting directly for the Chiefs of Staff, should have had an overriding power to approve or veto all traffic and even, perhaps, to insist upon, the sending of messages regarded as essential by him.

Palpably all this could not have been done by M.I.5

either alone or even at the request of other departments, and yet it seems clear that M.I.5 is the best department to run double agents in this country, and indeed, in our view at least, the only authority which could run them effectively and successfully. This assertion needs some explanation and substantiation. In the first place, it cannot be too strongly stressed that the running of double agents in wartime demands the close cooperation of many departments, and complete confidence between them, or rather between their representatives on what may be described as a working level. There is in fact a great deal of coordination to be done, and this can best be done by a department such as M.I.5, which is to a great extent impartial in its views of the demands of other, and particularly service, departments. Next it becomes clear, the more individual cases are studied, that double agents can only be run by a department which has made some study of the German Secret Service, since any other department will inevitably commit errors of a practical kind in the working of the agents due to a lack of knowledge of the personalities, methods, and peculiarities of the other side. Furthermore, M.I.5 is primarily responsible for security and for counterespionage in this country, and the counterespionage aspects of double agent work are best kept in the foreground by a department whose interests lie in that sphere of activity. Any other department is too easily led astray by the dazzling prizes offered by deception.

In fact deception through double agents, as experience shows, is best carried out by agents who have been carefully built up and used also for counterespionage purposes. If they were developed entirely for purposes of deception, it is almost certain that they would be used too soon and "blown" in order to gain some temporary or short time advantage. Any naval officer, for example, would press hotly for the immediate use of an agent at whatever risk, if such use promised additional safety for a British ship or the possible destruction of an enemy submarine. Equally any officer of M.I.5, who had built up and controlled an agent over a long period of time, would resist the sacrifice of that agent unless the maximum benefit was extracted from the case.

On balance it appears that the best agents for deception on a high level are long-distance agents, who have been carefully built up, and who have served a long apprenticeship before any major deception is attempted through them. One has only to consider the possible alternatives to come to the conclusion that, in this country at least, M.I.5 is the body best qualified to run a double agent system. The service departments are really ruled out by their own special and closely defined interests. An agent may, for example, come to this country with an assignment of work covering matters of naval, military, and air interest. If any one of these departments was in control, it is hardly to be supposed that it would not concentrate on that part of the assignment which dealt with its own special commitments. Almost all agents are given a field of work wider than they can cover. Almost all tend, as times goes on, to show themselves more and more adept in one particular line. In other words a judicious management can lead or coax an agent into that particular sphere of activity where his services are most needed.

Nor again could M.I.6 easily take the place of M.I.5 in this particular work. The function of M.I.6 is primarily espionage, or the obtaining of accurate information from the enemy by means of spies or agents. Now undoubtedly double agents afford admirable opportunities for obtaining intelligence information, but they perform many other tasks as well. It is highly probable that M.I.6, like the service departments, would wish to take a quick and positive bonus from a case which, if used with maximum efficiency, should be developed over a long period of time and used for purposes ultimately more rewarding than the mere acquisition of information about the enemy. It has happened on various occasions, and notably in one instance of transcendent importance, that the situation has so developed that a double agent case has appeared to offer so much immediate advantage by the penetration of the enemy's organisation and by the acquisition of intelligence from it, that the double agent side of the case has been dropped in order to obtain the proffered benefits. Alas! the reflection of the bone in the water is only a reflection after all. In the instance referred to, some considerable intelligence harvest was reaped for a very short period, but a double agent case was lost, and lost at a time when it had immense possibilities particularly for the implementation of D Day deception.

So much for the theoretical aspect. More strongly still practical considerations have determined that M.I.5 alone is the appropriate department for running the system. For the running and control of double agents is a very long, laborious, and infinitely complicated task. It could not be done as a parergon by any intelligence department elsewhere; it could only be done by M.I.5 because M.I.5 was both willing and in a position to allot a whole section of officers with the necessary secretaries and assistants to this task, and to this task alone. A fuller analysis of the practical working of B.1.A, the section involved, will be found in chapter 4; for the time being it is sufficient to indicate the nature of this working.

What must here be stressed is the overriding importance of having a section wholly and exclusively devoted to this special work, and not dependent upon any one specialised department. The first advantage which B.1.A enjoyed derived directly from its position as a part of M.I.5. A double agent in many cases arrives in this country in an irregular manner, and nothing can be done with him until his position is regularised. But this process presents many and often considerable difficulties. He must be landed or refused leave to land; he must be provided with an identity card for use here, and with documents, ration cards, and clothes coupons; he must be housed, and he must be guarded or at least watched. In short a complete life must be arranged for him, and a story which will prevent the curious from poking their noses too closely into his affairs, or from spreading about him rumours and insinuations which, once started, can seldom be suppressed. All this entails work, and in the early days of a case both speed and efficiency. It can only be done effectively by a department such as M.I.5, which is accustomed to close collaboration with, among others, the police, Scotland Yard, the Home Office, and the Registrar General.

Moreover, since much of the work is secret, and since publicity spoils all, the methods used in establishing a double agent must of necessity be often clandestine and always discreet. Nor is the establishing of an agent the end of the matter. Take the simple case of a parachutist who is willing to desert his German masters and work for us. Such a man may well need the whole time service of a case officer to control and organise him, a wireless operator to monitor and perhaps to transmit his messages, at least two guards since no one can be on duty for twenty-four hours in a day, possibly an officer with a car to collect his information, and probably a housekeeper to look after and feed the whole party. Any ordinary government department would boggle at such a commitment; inevitable questions of establishment would arise, and indeed a secret department alone could undertake such responsibilities.

The administrative problems connected with double agents are formidable enough in all conscience. They become almost overwhelming when it is remembered that at any moment two or three cases may collapse, leaving personnel unemployed, or, worse still, two or three new cases may suddenly appear demanding trained staff to cope with them. Financial problems alone would make it impossible for a straightforward (if the word may be used without offence to anyone!) department to undertake the control of a double agent system. It is true that in the long run the enemy have usually paid for the services provided, but it is also true that at times money has to be spent freely and quickly and in an imaginative manner. The actual cash supplied by the Germans to maintain their and our system between 1940 and 1945 was something in the region of £85,000. Economists may wrangle about the benefit or loss accruing to us from this return of currency to the country, but at least the sum indicates the value set by the Germans on their agents' reports, and offers a reasonable excuse for B.1.A expenditure.

The further the analysis is carried, the more self-evident does it become that a double-agent system in wartime can only be run by a large section of a secret, or partly secret, department, highly trained and exclusively devoted to this specialised work. It was mentioned in an earlier paragraph that heavy responsibilities must be shouldered by high-ranking officers in other departments; it must now be added that these officers must also be educated up to their responsibilities. We must teach our masters, and this can only be done by a section fully apprised of all double agent information, and deeply impressed by the many-sided advantages of the work. Furthermore much has to be done in deciding the policy to be followed, both in selecting and running cases. Many apparently promising cases have had to be rejected because of circumstances outside our control. An agent, at the description of whom the collective mouth of B.1.A would water, may have to be rejected at once, simply because too many talkative persons were present at his capture or acquainted with him in an earlier existence. Others again have to be run for a time because it is impossible at the start, to know whether they will be useful or not. Such experiments, though they often fail, must be tried because the reward for success is great. But all cases, successful or unsuccessful, demand work and time and application from many people, and the reserves in manpower are far from being unlimited.

It will become obvious in the subsequent chapters how nearly some of the most fruitful cases were to being discarded as hopeless in their early stages. Fortunately for B.1.A it will never be known how many cases potentially of great value were either never started or abandoned because of unexpected hitches or because of the competing claims of other cases. Studying the luxuriant prose of GARBO or the terse and virile telegraphese of TATE, one may speculate a little sadly on the "mute inglorious Miltons," who may have languished at Ham or even at Lisbon because they could not find a publisher for their work or even a literary agent to put them in touch with a publisher.

In the course of these operations B.1.A worked out certain principles in dealing with double agents—or perhaps it would be truer to say that, in the course of the work, certain principles became apparent. For the purpose of convenience some of these principles are enumerated here; a study of the cases would show them in clearer relief:

1. First and before all it is a cardinal principle that no traffic of any kind should ever be sent over without the written approval of some competent authority. This point has been sufficiently explained already.
2. Double agents, provided the preliminary investigations show good hopes of success, should usually be accepted and used when occasion offers, but they should *not* be created. If a person offered himself and could satisfy us that he had in fact been approached and recruited by the Germans, he could probably be used with advantage. On the other hand when we tried to throw an agent in the way of the Germans with a view to persuading them to recruit him, we almost always failed. This rather curious fact was in some ways the most important practical lesson which we learned in the theory of double-cross work. Cases occurred in which an individual appeared to have been specially designed by providence to become a double agent. Imagine an Englishman who has spent much of his early life in Germany, and who has business interests and relatives in that country; suppose too that he has real reason to dislike the British government—he may, for example, have been cashiered from the army or sentenced in the courts for some illegal transaction, or he may have become attached to some fascist organisation in time of peace; in spite of all this he has ostensibly remained a loyal British subject. Such a man, it might be sup-

posed, has only to be encouraged to appear in a neutral country for the Germans to attempt to recruit him. In point of fact, such a bait was rarely taken. "Coat-trailing" was usually a failure.

That was irritating no doubt, but the picture had its bright side. Though they would not take a first-rate article from us, the Germans showed themselves more than willing to push a second-rate article of their own. Indeed their childlike belief in the value and importance of some of their own agents was sometimes so thorough and persistent as to strain credibility. It appeared that the only quality which the German spy-master demanded was that he should himself have discovered the agent and launched him on his career. There is a reason, of course. The system in the Abwehr was that any member could start and control an agent. Not unnaturally the prestige, and presumably the income, of many Abwehr personalities depended upon the reputation of their own particular agents. If then the reliability of a double agent was questioned by the enemy, his chief defender always turned out to be his own spy-master, who would go to almost any lengths to protect him against the doubt and criticisms of rival persons or of Berlin.

Incidentally this flaw in the German system which we observed fairly early in the history of the war suggests a weakness in our own system. With us, it is true, all agents were controlled centrally; but nonetheless, a zealous case officer was apt to become obsessed with the importance and impeccability of his own cases and to be, for the best of motives, unwilling to subordinate them to the general interest. It may well be that in the next war the Germans will work on a better system. Be this as it may, the principle still holds good that cases should be accepted when they occur, but they should not be artificially created. The principle does not of course apply to notional agents, who are in a different category.

3. The next principle is that a double agent should, as far as possible, actually live the life and go through all the motions of a genuine agent. If, for example, our agent was told by his German masters to inspect and report on factories at Wolverhampton, we arranged, if it was possible, that he should visit the place himself before he replied. If he could not go a substitute was sent in his place. The agent on such a journey sought information exactly as a spy would, that is to say, with the most intense regard for his own safety, and in consequence he secured the sort of account which a genuine spy would have got. As a result his messages appeared to be true, and he did not trip over details of topographical or local observation.

The principle of verisimilitude was kept up in other matters also. For example, if an agent had notionally a subagent or cut-out in the country, he ought actually to have had and to have met such a man. If this was not done, he would almost inevitably break down under examination if, at a later stage, he met his German masters in a neutral country—since no one can hope to memorise and be infallible with regard to a lengthy and wholly fictitious tale. If an agent were asked for a personal description of his subagent, he would answer more readily and be able to avoid mistakes, if he had an actual living person in his mind's eye.

No one can study the interrogations of agents sent by the Germans through the escape routes without realising the imperative necessity of making the agent actually experience all that he professes to have done. A spy who alleges that he escaped through France and Spain to England may start his concocted story with spirit and confidence, but if he has not actually trudged along the escape route, he will very quickly flounder into difficulties and discrepancies which no ingenuity can long disguise. "And then you come to the little river," say the interrogator, "tell me about the ferry there, and what sort of man rowed you across?" The victim describes the ferry to the best of his inventive power, and so, all unconscious that he should have said "There was no ferry. I walked across the bridge," plunges to his inevitable doom. To embark on an early lie is fatal, for an early lie can never be caught up.

Broadly speaking, then, this particular principle amounts to little more than an insistence on the prime necessity for truth whenever truth is possible. A lie when it is needed will only be believed if it rests on a firm foundation of previous truth. As a corollary to this it is also desirable that the agent, if he is to be highly esteemed, should obey the instructions of his German masters as nearly as may be. He will not carry weight if he transfers his interest from, say, a study of convoys to the manufacture of aeroplane engines. But within the limits of his instructions he should take the initiative, since thus and thus only could he cause those questions to be asked which we were prepared to answer, rather than those which we would fain have avoided. An agent who found himself hard pressed by detailed questions about troop concentrations in his own district of East Anglia could sometimes escape by informing the Germans that he had heard rumours of important troop movements in Scotland and suggesting that he should visit that locality to find out. The Germans could seldom resist such a fly if it was accurately and skillfully cast. In other words the initiative had to be retained because a passive and defensive policy was certain in time to lead either to trouble or to the collapse of the case.

Further, the retention of the initiative implied both a far-sighted and a foreseeing control. It is impossible at a moment's notice to move an agent plausibly to an area whence a cover plan has to be implemented; it is comparatively easy to arrange the agent's notional life so that his business should demand his tranference from Southampton to Aberdeen in April with a view to passing over important information in August. But here again difficulties arose. In the nature of things plans and cover plans were not and could not be agreed and fixed far in advance; circumstances might change them and events might hasten or retard them. It was therefore necessary, if the agent were to be rightly placed and firmly established at the crucial moment, to guess the course of events and to guess them correctly. For deception purposes the whole issue might be put in one sentence: "Can you when D Day comes (and we cannot tell you when that will be) be sure to have your trusted agents (guaranteed trusted by the Germans as much as by you) firmly established in those parts of the country where they can be most effective (and we cannot tell you when that will be) be sure to have your trusted the agents, therefore, we had always to keep several moves in advance of the game, planning always for an uncertain future, and hoping at least to guess rightly more often than we guessed wrongly.

4. The fourth cardinal principle in the system which was developed was that a case officer should be assigned to each double-cross case. It is essential that every agent should be run and controlled from day to day by an officer who knows every detail of his case. It is impossible, especially in the case of agents working by wireless who must needs give some answers quickly, to deal adequately with many questions unless there is someone who knows exactly what has happened throughout the case and who, therefore, knows at once the relevance of certain questions and their relation to what has gone before. The case officer must, as it were, live the case with the agent. He must be in a position to say "X ought to scream for money this week; three weeks ago he said he had only £20 left," or "I am sure that X would make a great point of his information about these tanks at Guildford. Remember that he had special training in identification of tanks, and what a good mark he got last January for a similar piece of information." The organisation dealt with

many agents; only by having case officers could we be reasonably sure that any one case was not temporarily neglected because others were boiling over—and if neglected even for a short time a case might well be irretrievably ruined.

The case officer then had to identify himself with his case; he had to see with the eyes and hear with the ears of his agent; he had to suffer himself the nervous prostration which might follow an unusually dangerous piece of espionage; he had to rejoice with his whole heart at the praise bestowed by the Germans for a successful stroke. It cannot be too strongly insisted that the most profitable cases were those in which the case officer had introduced himself most completely into the skin of the agent. The best and most ingenious suggestions for the development of a case came usually from a case officer.

Nonetheless, as was indicated above, a real danger is implicit in this method. What is best for the case is not necessarily best for the double-cross system as a whole, and sacrifices had sometimes to be made in the general interest which ran counter to the hopes and the views of the particular case officer concerned. It would seem right, if a future war calls for the reestablishment of a double-cross system, that the policy in every case should be determined by those in charge of the section, who would of course obtain detailed knowledge of the case from the case officer. It is also important that no case officer should be overburdened with too many cases. Probably in more than one instance cases have gone awry, or have failed to start at all, simply because the case officer was fully occupied at the moment by a crisis in one of his other cases. Experience seems to show that no officer should ever handle more than two cases of major importance at the same time, and ideally he should never have more than one. If he has, in consequence, lengthy periods of comparative leisure, he can usefully make himself acquainted with other cases, both for purposes of comparison and in order that he may—at need—take over a case from some other officer.

5. Closely linked with this principle is the next, i.e., that a most careful psychological study must be made of each agent. This was done partly by the case officer, partly by the head of the section, and its importance is best seen by remembering once more that double agents work for very varied reasons. Thus an agent who has decided to turn round in order to save his neck may well, after some months, feel that his conduct has been despicable, and that he would rather suffer death than continue to collaborate. He must be carefully studied and watched so that he does not go bad on us unexpectedly. The agent's collaboration may at times be absolutely essential. One agent, for example, had questions asked of him about the distribution of an estate left by his deceased grandmother. Had he not been by that time giving us his genuine assistance, the case must have been blown sky-high by our inability to deal with this personal matter and our want of knowledge about the deserts and reliability of various lawyers and relatives. On the other hand the messages sent mentioning the different characters in this domestic affair must have increased German confidence in the *bona fides* of the agent.

On the whole it was found well worth while to attempt the gradual conversion of such characters from the principles of the totalitarian state to a better way of thinking, for their active assistance could be of great value. An agent taking interest in his traffic was capable of making the most useful suggestions and criticisms and was worth far more than one working under compulsion and against the grain. Still more was this principle of importance in the case of agents who were genuinely on our side but conscious of the dangers run by their families and dependents, and still more acutely conscious of their own merits and of the risks they were running for the common cause. In their cases every idiosyncrasy had to be studied and their demands, even if extravagant, satisfied as far as possible —otherwise they would never give the fullest and most useful service of which they were capable. Every double-cross agent is prone to be vain, moody, and introspective, and therefore idleness, which begets brooding, should be of all things the most carefully avoided. Give any agent plenty of work "that an empty stomach do not feed upon humour." Generally speaking an actual job, altogether apart from espionage, should be found for every agent.

In considering the psychological approach to agents the propaganda value of converting them to a better way of thinking should not be entirely neglected. It is commonly said that double-cross work has nothing to do, and should have nothing to do, with propaganda, but this generalisation cannot be accepted without reservation. On a long-term view nothing helps a country more than generous and humane treatment of prisoners of war. Almost every prisoner who is well treated becomes to a greater or less degree an advocate of the country of his captivity. In the same way the conversion even of a handful of Nazi agents will not be without its beneficial effects. But even more their reports on morale in this country and reports on the effects of bombing or of secret weapons *must* have a certain, and probably a considerable, effect upon those who receive the reports. A considered and planned attempt to persuade their people of the determination of Great Britain to pursue the war to a complete and final victory might well in certain circumstances have hastened their realisation that they had lost the war.

Unfortunately in this war the prestige of the Abwehr was clearly low, and the advice of the Abwehr had probably very little weight. But an Abwehr of the future might be more highly regarded and its influence on policy much greater, and in that case the propaganda use of agents and their reports would have to be taken into account. For that purpose our relations with Political Warfare Executive (P.W.E.), or its equivalent would need to be closer and more intimate than they were in this war. Wherever the fault may have lain—and it was probably ours—it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that we did not do all that we might have done serving as a weapon of political warfare.

6. The next principle is that a fixed and generous financial agreement should be made whenever possible with each agent and that this agreement should be made as early as possible. When agents were working voluntarily, it was found advisable to let them share on a percentage basis in the money received from the Germans, especially when large sums were involved. The incentive provided by such prizes was often sufficient to stimulate the agent to increased effort and to increase the value of his suggestions and proposals. The agent who is not treated generously is apt to become disgruntled, especially when he observes large sums coming to us through his instrumentality. But it should not be forgotten that the agent could receive no money at all unless we were running the case, and he should therefore be taught from the beginning that all incomings belong in right and in fact to us, but that to reward him for his collaboration we are prepared to give him his percentage. Fortunately in this war the Germans paid highly enough to make a double-cross system practically self-supporting, besides providing us, according to the sum offered, with a rough and ready but generally reliable criterion of the trust which they reposed in any particular agent.
7. The next principle is that of decisive and rapid action at the start of a case, even at some considerable risk. The need for such rapidity of action is self-evident, for it is not to be supposed that the Germans will lend credence to an agent who delays for some weeks to

make contact with them and provides no reasonable explanation of the delay. But unfortunately in this matter the principles of right conduct are difficult to reconcile with one another. Almost all unwilling or doubtful agents tend to keep back part of their story and much of their information, presumably in order to have cards up their sleeves to play if the game takes an unexpected turn. It is therefore often fatal to start a case until a thorough and systematic account has been obtained of the agent's history, background, antecedents, and connections with the Germans—otherwise he will probably (perhaps even according to his own plan) be betrayed by his early messages. He may for example have a warning signal which he will not disclose until he has convinced himself that we are really better friends to him than the Germans are ever likely to be. We had also to find out, in the case of a wireless agent, whether during his training the Germans became familiar with, and took records of, his style, for if they had, he had to operate the key himself. Even if his style was not recorded it was usually best to allow the agent to construct his own messages, since idiosyncrasies of style and wording are easily recognised though not easily reproduced.

It was also necessary to obtain at the earliest possible opportunity an accurate and detailed account of the agent's life from his earliest years, since this account almost certainly contained traces of other personalities with whom we were acquainted, and because any deviations from the truth would almost certainly be detected sooner or later. The greater the detail into which an agent goes, the more certainly will he trip himself up if he strays into falsehood. And again, the greater our knowledge of the agent's past the easier it is to avoid errors and personal inconsistencies in his messages.

From this point of view, then, no agent should be allowed, in theory, to start until his whole story has been sifted and corrected and his whole past examined. In practice such thorough preliminary work is of course impossible, and a balance must be struck between the rival principles of safety and speed. Generally speaking a risk had to be taken and the agent started on his career as soon as it was fairly certain that we had the main lines of his story. But to avoid error it is wise to change his messages in nonessentials, e.g., in the manner of dating and order and choice of words, so that an unexpected warning signal may be avoided. Fortunately enough the Germans did not as a rule provide really sound equipment; probably no German agent in the early days would have made contact without the technical assistance of our wireless experts. It was consequently often easy to get one message across and then simulate a breakdown, thus gaining the necessary interval for further researches into the agent's history.

It may be noted that the difficulties mentioned above do not have the same importance in the case of letter-writers, since letters can be antedated in order to provide a longer period of investigation before the letter is actually written and despatched. Incidentally this very real difficulty of reconciling a quick start with the need of obtaining a complete story before the start is made militated against the success of double agents recruited in the field or in liberated countries.

8. It is a commonplace of counterespionage work that success comes and spies are caught not through the exercise of genius or even through the detective's flair for obscure clues, but by means of the patient and laborious study of records. In the case of double agents it is equally true that only a most careful and minute record of each case can save the case officer or the directing officers of the section from committing—sooner or later—some blunder with regard to the agent. No one can remember with exactitude what was said or inferred six months previously, and only a well-kept record can save the agent from blunders which may

"blow" him or inconsistencies which will create suspicion. The actual traffic which passes between the agent and the enemy must be kept as a matter of course, and must be constantly studied, but in addition a record must be kept of conversations, journeys, and actions, so that the notional story may acquire substance and wear the appearance of truth.

It is probable, in a review of the cases concerned, that in this war we erred on the side of overelaboration and excess in our files. Too often the essential features of a case were buried under a mass of irrelevant and redundant detail. Possibly the file or files of each case should be reviewed at intervals, and the unnecessary documents destroyed or replaced by a short note. It is only necessary to point to the thirty-five volumes in the SNOW file or the fifty-odd volumes connected with GARBO and his affairs to make clear the enormous difficulty of mastering the essentials of such cases in a reasonable space of time and with some degree of certainty that no essential feature has been overlooked.

9. The next principle is one which is almost universally respected in espionage work. It is that every agent should as far as possible be kept clear and independent of other agents. In putting this principle into effect we usually had the collaboration of the Germans themselves, and also of the agents. A spy is naturally nervous of any contact which he does not make himself, and the Germans had a proper dislike of crossing lines unnecessarily. From our point of view it was important that if one double agent was "blown" for some reason which we could not forsee, he should not bring down others with him in his fall. Moreover, it was sometimes necessary to risk an agent for some specific purpose, but this became difficult if failure entailed not only the loss of that agent but also of others whom we had allowed to be tied up with him. Nevertheless it was not always possible wholly to avoid connection between individual agents. Much though he distrusts connections, the spy

often has his morale improved by being given some one address to which he can appeal if a real crisis occurs in his affairs. In particular he is often given someone to whom he is to go if his money fails. Not uncommonly one double agent was given the address of another who would supply him with funds if he urgently needed them. This sort of tie-up cannot be altogether avoided without creating suspicion, but it is a firm rule that it should be agreed to only when it must.

10. The degree of risk which should be taken in double agent cases is a controversial question. To what extent can untruth and misinformation be passed over without endangering an agent? Obviously no precise answer can be given to a question of this kind, but experience has clearly and incontrovertibly shown that we erred in the direction of overcaution. Naturally at a time when we were compelled to consider the possibility of real and undiscovered agents in this country acting as a check on reports sent by us it was impossible to risk very much falsehood, but as confidence grew in the inability of the Germans to secure other evidence, we could and should have taken greater risks. The fact that we have so many facts and details under review makes it obvious to *us* that a certain message if sent *ought* to blow an agent. But in truth it probably or almost certainly will not; and for this there are many reasons.

In the first place the agent reports to his spy-master in the first instance, and the latter in his turn sends on the information to higher authority, often without examining it in close detail. If the error or risk is one of a discrepancy or contradiction, it is highly unlikely that the higher authority will have the detailed knowledge of the case necessary to observe it. It may well be that the actual source of the report will not even be reported, since the spy-master may be anxious to gain prestige for himself and may be running "notional" as well as real agents. If, however, the higher authority does grow suspicious, it is the spy-master who will go to the last extremes, for reasons both of prestige and personal profit, in the defence of his agent.

Nor again does a message necessarily bear the same damning interpretation to the Germans as it does to us. The single instance of Norwegian deception will suffice to illustrate this. We assisted on many occasions in creating the threat of an invasion of Norway from this country; we started always with the belief that the agent might succeed but must "blow" himself in the process. Such was not the case. An agent has to report facts if he can. He reports the concentration of troops, the collection of landing craft and the like in the appropriate areas; the Germans believe that the invasion is imminent and make their dispositions accordingly. But when the deception succeeded the agent was *not*, in our experience, usually "blown," for the Germans had far more credible explanations of what had occurred than the true explanation that the agent was a double cross. They thought that he had been misled and had exaggerated what he had seen; they thought that the plan had been adopted but had been later abandoned; most likely of all they thought that the honest agent had been himself deceived by the British cover plan. The landing craft which he sedulously observed and most properly reported were indeed *in situ*, but he could not be expected to discover that they were in fact dummy craft. His reputation for truthful reporting was well established, and it was far more reasonable to suppose that he had been misled by the British than that he had over a period of years tricked and deceived his German paymasters.

In short it was extremely, almost fantastically, difficult to "blow" a well-established agent. On one occasion an agent was deliberately run in order to show the Germans that he was under control, the object being to give them a false idea of our methods of running such an agent and thus to convince them that the other agents were genuine. The theory was sound and the gaffes committed were crass and blatant, but the object was not achieved, for the simple reason that the Germans continued to think of the agent as being genuine and reliable!

The difficulty of blowing an agent suggests another rule of conduct: Never in running a double agent commit an irrevocable act if this can possibly be avoided, because you cannot predict what the future will be. In almost every case there came a moment or moments when we were tempted to commit an irrevocable act, that is to say an act which, in return for some temporary advantage or merely to get rid of an apparently unsatisfactory case, would shatter the case beyond hope of recovery. In such circumstances it almost invariably turned out to be right to refrain from decisive action; sooner or later, if no irrevocable act had been committed, the case revived, probably in a manner not expected by us.

It must not be forgotten that the Germans were working with uncertain data and acting on information imperfectly understood by us. We might be tempted to think that an Abwehr officer "Y," studying his records, must realise that agent "X" was suspect. We were apt to forget all the minor factors which might alter the situation, as, for example, the posting of "Y" to Russia, or the destruction of his records by bombing, or even the mere inefficiency of himself or his subordinates. The wisdom of refraining from the irrevocable act is one of the most important principles evolved in working agents, but to pursue this course demands patience, confidence, and willingness to face the criticism of lack of initiative. "If I hear people saying that something must be done," said Lord Melbourne on one occasion, "I know that they contemplate doing something damn silly." To refrain from action with regard to these cases at a doubtful moment was not always easy, but it turned out to be almost invariably right.

11. Another principle which was worked out was that, at a time when suitable double agents were numerous, due regard should be paid to quality as against quantity. In a sense this principle is self-evident, for it is plainly impossible, when the number of case officers is limited, to take on an excessive number of cases. Nor, though many cases cause confusion and doubt in the enemy's mind, can it be denied that too many cases tend to reduce the practical effects produced by any one of them. But on insisting on quality—that is on high-grade agents—we have to be clear what we mean by "high-grade." It is a mistake to suppose that the well-placed person friendly, let us say, with a Cabinet Minister or an official in the Foreign Office or a highly-placed staff officer is necessarily in the highest grade of agents. The indiscreet remarks of ministers or generals do not carry much conviction, and it is a truism of historical research that when dealing with diplomatic conversations and the rumours of embassies we are in the very realm of lies. The German staff officer needed facts, for with facts before him he could make his own appreciations. So it is certainly true that it was of far more value to him to learn, for example, that a certain division had moved to the area of one of the northern ports, or that it had had instruction in mountain warfare, or that it had been issued with arctic equipment, than it was for him to hear that "Lord So-and-So in the Cabinet told me in the utmost confidence that an invasion of northern Norway was being discussed by the Chiefs of Staff."

It follows from this that the highest-grade agent is often a low-grade man. A seaman or a wireless operator can give much more useful information with regard to convoys than the most expert or well-informed spy of the traditional pattern. In grading a double agent, therefore, we have to consider two things; is he really trusted by the Germans, and is he in a position plausibly to provide them with facts even if those facts are confined to a very limited field? An agent may be in the highest class for reliability and may be wholly trusted, yet he may be also wholly unable to secure useful information without straining credibility to breaking point. *Per contra* he may be so placed that he can plausibly obtain high-grade information and even very high-grade technical information, but he may not be trusted by the enemy and is therefore useless. An agent of high quality we must attempt to establish firmly in both ways.

12. Finally, and only in the later stages of the war, a new principle acquired some measure of credence amongst us. It was this: that, whilst for most purposes the most genuine agent—i.e. the one who kept nearest to truth—was generally the best, for deception "notional" or imaginary agents were on the whole preferable. This theory received its greatest support from the case of GARBO which is described in chapter 9 and following.

So much for the general principles of double-cross work, and for the lessons which have been learned in running a double-cross system. It remains to outline the arrangement of the chapters which follow:

Chapter 2 describes the origins of the double-cross system immediately before the war, and the working of the system during the "phoney" war. Chapter 3 contains an account of the arrangements made by the Germans to reinforce their agents here in the autumn of 1940. Chapter 4 is concerned with the organisation devised here to cope with and control the double-cross system. Chapter 5 gives an account of the traffic of the agents during 1941. Chapter 6 describes the experimental plans and deceptions carried out during that year. Chapter 7 covers the personal history of the agents in the same period. Chapter 8 deals with the development of the system during 1942, especially in the sphere of deception.

Chapter 9 deals with the work and history of the agents in 1942. Chapter 10 is a summary account of the activities of 1943. Chapter 11 describes the use of double-cross agents for deception covering the Normandy landings and the invasion of France. Chapter 12 covers the work of the agents in the last year of the war. Chapter 13 offers some concluding remarks.

This introduction should end with a confession of faith. If war, in Clausewitz's phrase, is "a mere continuation of policy by other means," it is equally true that peace is unfortunately often only a condition of latent war. Counterespionage must be a continuous process, an activity which persists in time of peace as well as in time of war. But it is not, and never can be, certain against whom counterespionage may have to be directed in a few years' time. As Lord Rosebery once wrote, "foreign policy necessarily varies with the varying importance of states. There is, indeed, no such thing as a traditional foreign policy in the sense of its being necessary and inevitable, any more than in all conditions of the atmosphere a ship carries the same traditional sails, or a man wears the same traditional clothes." The only safe rule of conduct would seem to be that we are fully entitled to adopt counterespionage measures against any power which indulges in espionage, whether that power be for the time friend or foe.

No counterespionage service, however well organised and however efficient, can hope to prevent all espionage, but it can keep its controlling finger on all espionage and be ready to strike at it at any moment. It is a commonplace that the most effective policeman is the man who has the most reliable informants, and American experience is said to show that in crushing illegal organisations those forces of law and order have had most success which have themselves had links with the underworld. To tackle enemy espionage (whoever the enemy may turn out to be) it is therefore of paramount importance to keep a firm hold on the enemy's own system of agents and informers. Knowledge of his methods, knowledge of his intentions, and knowledge of the personnel of his organisation are all vitally necessary. Surely all these objects are best attained by the maintenance of double agents! The confession of faith is consequently a simple one. It amounts to this: that in peace as well as in war a carefully cultivated double agent system is the safest and surest weapon of counterespionage, and the one most easily adaptable to changing conditions, changing problems, and even changing enemies.

2: ORIGINS OF THE DOUBLE-CROSS SYSTEM

On 5 May 1939, a member of the Deuxième Bureau gave a lecture to certain officers of M.I.6 on the value of "double-crossing agents" from the counterespionage point of view. He stressed specially the importance of penetrating the enemy Secret Service, and of discovering enemy intentions, and incidentally painted a gloomy picture of the preparations already made by German agents in France armed with "absolutely indetectable" wireless sets, in the use of which they had previously been trained. He gave also—if the brief note of the lecture can be trusted—some rather rudimentary advice with regard to the practical handling of double agents.

In fact the warnings and the advice were both superfluous, for M.I.5 and M.I.6 were already alive to the value of such agents and were actually working them before the war began. Moreover, in July 1939 the Directors of Intelligence recognised the importance of double agents. Of these the earliest and the most important was SNOW, and it is proper, therefore, that any history of double agents during the war should start with him. From him much was learned of importance about the Abwehr and its methods, and in addition we gained contact with German espionage, put our fingers on several German agents of less importance, and built round him the foundation of a double-cross system. He was in fact the *fons et origo* of all our activities for the next five years.

The history of SNOW is interesting and at times melodramatic. He was an electrical engineer who had emigrated at an early age to Canada. He returned to England a few years before the war and took up employment with a firm which was the holder of a number of Admiralty contracts. During this period of his life SNOW travelled frequently to Germany on business, and was in the habit of bringing back a certain amount of technical information which he passed to the Admiralty.

At the beginning of 1936 SNOW told his contact there that he would like to work regularly for the government, and was therefore passed on, through D.D.N.I., to M.I.6, who employed him for a short while as an agent, apparently with good results. Towards the end of the year, however, a letter from SNOW to postbox 629, Hamburg, a known German cover address, was intercepted in transit. This letter made it clear that SNOW had been previously in contact with the Germans and was about to have a meeting with them at Cologne. This appointment he kept, and further letters were observed to pass between him and the Germans. No action was taken against SNOW himself, as it was anticipated that he might presently confess. In December he did in fact do so and told the following story.

SNOW said that his business had brought him into contact with a German engineer named Pieper, from whom he had attempted to obtain information. The information which Pieper had supplied had not been wholly satisfactory, and after a while SNOW had found himself unable to continue to pay Pieper's expenses. At this point Pieper had proposed to him that he, SNOW, should work as an agent for the Germans rather than the British. SNOW had fallen in with this suggestion in order, so he said, to penetrate the German Secret Service in the British interest. Pieper had accordingly arranged meetings for him with the Germans at Cologne and elsewhere, and SNOW had been accepted by them as an agent.

It is still not clear to what extent SNOW's confession was tendentious. It can, however, be stated that he must have been recruited by the Germans in much the way that he described, and at some date after he had become an agent of M.I.6. There can be little doubt that the Germans were aware of his connection with M.I.6, though according to

SNOW himself they believed him to have broken off this connection before he took service with them. At all events they did not subsequently make any attempt to employ him in the capacity of a double agent, but rather to use him as a straightforward reporting agent. As there were some difficulties in the way of proceeding against SNOW on account of his previous connection with M.I.6, no action was taken against him, and he continued his association with the Germans. A great part, however, though not all, of his correspondence continued to be intercepted, and from time to time SNOW himself gave information either to M.I.6 or to Special Branch about the contacts which he had made with the Germans and the information which he was being asked to supply.

Substantially from the end of 1936 until the outbreak of war, SNOW worked as a straightforward German agent, whose activities, although known to the authorities, were not interfered with in any important respect. SNOW's principal contact in Germany was Major Ritter, alias Dr. Rantzau, who has since become familiar in a great number of cases, both here and in America. During the time that SNOW knew him he appeared to occupy the position of the Leiter of I. Luft, Hamburg,* and SNOW's work, therefore, consisted largely of collecting air force information. From time to time, however, as is clear from his correspondence, he supplied information both for the naval and the military sections in Hamburg. At one moment also he seems to have made an approach on the Germans' behalf to the B.U.F., to whom he put forward a scheme for the establishment of four secret transmitters in England for the purpose of disseminating propaganda in time of war. This must presumably have been a function of Abteilung II, and it can therefore be said that during the three years between 1936 and 1939 SNOW was in reality acting in England as a kind of one-man Stelle. Although we cannot be certain on this point, it seems from his own account that SNOW successfully represented to the Germans that he possessed a number of subagents in England, amounting perhaps to a dozen or fifteen men. It is probable, though not certain, that all these persons existed only in SNOW's imagination.

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*The Abwehr, the German Secret Service, was divided into four principal departments or Abteilungen: Abt Z, a general administrative department; Abt I, espionage; Abt II, sabotage; Abt III, counterespionage and security. Abt I was further divided into sections responsible for obtaining a particular type of information. There were I Heer, I Marine, I Luft, I Technik Luftwaffe, and I Wirtschaft. The organisation of subordinate stations, or Abwehrstellen, throughout Europe reflected the organisation of the Abwehr as a whole.

In January 1939 SNOW informed Special Branch that he expected to receive a wireless transmitter from Germany. Later in the same month he did receive a letter which contained instructions for the working of such a set and a ticket from the cloakroom at Victoria Station, where the wireless set had been deposited for him in a suitcase. This set was handed over by SNOW to Special Branch and examined by M.I.6, and then returned to him. He installed it in his own house and attempted to establish wireless communication with Hamburg. It appears from his correspondence, however, that he did not succeed, as the result apparently of some defect in the set itself.

In August 1939 SNOW left England for Hamburg together with an Englishwoman of German extraction with whom he subsequently lived. He also took with him an individual whom he clearly intended to recruit for the German service. They returned at the end of August and for a short time disappeared completely. On 4 September, however, SNOW telephoned to an inspector of Special Branch and made an appointment to see him at Waterloo Station. As war had now broken out, the inspector took with him to this meeting a detention order under D.R.18B, which he served upon SNOW, who was taken into custody.

His incarceration was of short duration; after he had revealed the place of concealment of his transmitter it was brought to Wandsworth Prison, and the proposal was made that the set should be used from there to reestablish contact with Germany under our direction. The proposal was accepted and the wireless set was installed in SNOW's cell.

After some difficulty in making contact, the following message was sent: "Must meet you in Holland at once. Bring weather code. Radio town and hotel Wales ready." SNOW's explanation of this rather cryptic message was that Ritter had instructed him that one of his principal duties in time of war would be the transmission of daily weather reports, and that he was to discover the name and address of a reliable member of the Welsh Nationalist party, an organisation which the Germans proposed to use for purposes of sabotage in South Wales. There are dramatic moments in the history of most institutions, and this, in the record of double-cross activities, is one of them, for with SNOW's first message from Wandsworth Prison the double-cross system was well and truly launched. Very soon he was receiving a variety of orders and requests for information.

Later in September SNOW paid a visit to Rotterdam and there succeeded in making contact satisfactorily with Ritter. He returned from this visit with some fresh instructions and a quantity of miscellaneous information. Some weeks later he returned to the Continent, accompanied this time by G.W., a retired police inspector who had been nominated by us as SNOW's contact in the Welsh Nationalist party. Together G.W. and SNOW saw Ritter, who was this time accompanied by a man known to them as the Commander, who discussed at length with G.W. a project for shipping arms and explosives to South Wales by submarine, where they were to be used for a major insurrection by the Welsh Nationalist party. This meeting also passed off successfully, and SNOW returned with money and some fresh instructions in the shape of microphotographs reduced to about the size of a postage stamp.

One of these photographs was in the form of a letter addressed to the agent CHARLIE, with whom SNOW was instructed to put himself in contact. CHARLIE is of German origin and one of a family of three brothers. He himself acquired British nationality at birth, and has turned out to be entirely loyal. CHARLIE himself and one of his brothers were both recruited by the Germans in Cologne in 1938 and had worked for Germany, but CHARLIE had done so with great reluctance under threat of reprisals against the third brother in Germany. The object of putting SNOW in touch with him was that, being an expert photographer, he might be used by SNOW to develop the microphotographs and to reduce SNOW's own reports to the same form for easy transmission to Germany. On this same visit SNOW was informed by the Germans that he would for the future be paid by a woman resident near Bournemouth, and in fact during his absence abroad two letters arrived for him, each containing £20, which were traced to a Mrs. Mathilde Krafft, who was subsequently lodged in Holloway Prison.

So far, then, SNOW's activities had been from our point of view uniformly successful, since they had resulted in the discovery of not less than three German agents. Moreover, they had clearly indicated some of the uses to which the double agent system could be put. Some knowledge of the Abwehr personalities and methods had been gained, it was obvious that the questionnaires would give guidance with regard to enemy intentions, and in particular the embryonic sabotage plans of the Germans had been exposed sufficiently to make preparations to defeat them if they materialised.

One more gain, less obvious but perhaps even more important, dates also from these early days. This was the knowledge obtained of German wireless codes and cypher procedure. SNOW was given a code by the Germans, and the wireless operator who was in charge of his case and who was also a V.I.* undertook to monitor the transmissions from the Hamburg station, as he was able to recognise the note of the station and the style of transmitting of the various operators. As a result of this monitoring he discovered that Hamburg was working to a vessel moving up and down the Norwegian coast. The preamble and the form of the code, namely a five-letter code, which was used by our agent, turned out ultimately to be the basis of a number of codes used by the Abwehr, and the knowledge gained through the SNOW case assisted materially both in exposing the German

*Voluntary interceptor.

organisation and enabling us to break other messages transmitted by the Germans. It cannot be doubted that the SNOW case helped greatly in obtaining the early and complete mastery of the system.

In October SNOW and G.W. paid a visit together to Antwerp, where they again interviewed Ritter and the Commander. G.W. was given a little elementary instruction in methods of fire-raising and SNOW was provided with some detonators concealed in a slab of wood. G.W. was also provided with a cover address in Brussels, and it was anticipated that for the future he would communicate with the Germans to some degree independently of SNOW. Throughout the greater part of the phoney war affairs proceeded on these lines; it would be fair to say that the system continued to exist, but it did not noticeably advance or develop. SNOW continued to send wireless messages almost daily and made several visits to the Continent, but it appeared that the major sabotage plans of the Germans were postponed until the projected invasion of England should take place. On the double agent front the situation was indeed similar to that on other fronts during the phoney war—there was all the bunderbust connected with war, but very little effective action.

A lurid incident in May 1940, however, indicated that the period of waiting was nearly over and that more violent events might soon be expected. During a meeting which SNOW had with Ritter in Antwerp in April 1940, it was suggested by Ritter that a further meeting should take place between them on a trawler in the North Sea. Ritter said that he had been much impressed by the ease with which smuggling was carried on from the east coast of England, and he thought SNOW would have no difficulty in obtaining the use of a trawler for this purpose. He would himself arrive either by submarine or aircraft, and the real purpose of the meeting was to be to smuggle a new subagent, whom SNOW was to produce, into Germany, where he would undergo a thorough training in sabotage and espionage. During May this extraordinary project came to a head, and it became necessary for us to produce upon SNOW's behalf both the trawler and the agent. The former was produced by arrangement with the Fisheries Board and the latter was discovered in the person of BISCUIT, an informant previously employed by M.I.5. This man, after a prolonged career of petty larceny, dope smuggling, and the confidence trick, had reformed and since acted as a capable and honest informer in criminal matters. He was accordingly introduced to SNOW, who can have been in no doubt but that BISCUIT was acting as an agent of this office. It is important to emphasize this point in view of what happened later, and also because the case of SNOW and CHARLIE had previously been run upon the basis that neither knew that the other was controlled, though it is clear that after a while both of them must have guessed this fact.

On 19 May, SNOW and BISCUIT left together for Grimsby in order to board the trawler. On the way there, unfortunately, BISCUIT formed the opinion from SNOW's behaviour and his conversation that he was acting genuinely in the interests of the Germans and would undoubtedly reveal his position as a controlled agent as soon as he met Major Ritter. SNOW on the other hand appears to have been, for reasons which we cannot analyse, under the impression that BISCUIT was a genuine German agent who would undoubtedly reveal his, SNOW's, ambiguous position when their meeting with Ritter took place. As a result of this he did everything in his power to convince BISCUIT that he was acting genuinely in the German interest, and thereby redoubled BISCUIT's suspicions. In this nightmare state of mind the two boarded the trawler and proceeded towards the rendezvous. On the evening of 21 May, which was two days before the date fixed for the rendezvous, a plane circled over the trawler and gave the agreed recognition signal. This only served to convince BISCUIT of SNOW's treachery, since both the time and their position were not what had been previously arranged. He therefore caused the trawler lights to be extinguished and the trawler to return home immediately, SNOW being the while kept under guard in the cabin.

On his return SNOW was searched and various documents relating to this office which he ought not to have possessed were found upon him. Further investigation revealed that these had been given him by a business associate who was short of money and had seen an opportunity of doing a profitable deal through SNOW with the Germans on the side. When he was taxed with this, the man's behaviour left no doubt of his guilt. An effort was made to retrieve the situation by despatching a trawler with a naval crew to the correct position of the rendezvous on 23 May which was the actual night fixed for the meeting. As might have been expected, however, there was no sign of any enemy aircraft or submarine. Fortunately there was a fog, and SNOW was subsequently able to represent to Ritter, apparently with success, that he had been at the rendezvous at the right time and had missed Ritter as a result of the fog.

After the North Sea episode there was, not unreasonably, some doubt as to SNOW's *bona fides*. These doubts were finally resolved in SNOW's favour, for it was clear that a great part of the trouble had had its origin in a genuine misunderstanding between SNOW and BISCUIT of each other's motives and methods of work. SNOW's case was continued as before and, since he had already told Ritter in his wireless traffic that he had recruited a new subagent in the person of BISCUIT, it became necessary, since the meeting at sea had miscarried, to arrange some other means of contact. It was therefore agreed that BISCUIT should travel to Lisbon under the cover of a dealer in Portuguese wine. He arrived in Lisbon on 27 April 1940, and there met Ritter and other German agents. To them he explained away the North Sea incident by declaring that SNOW was indeed at the rendezvous on the appointed night, but that he had seen nothing on account of the fog. Ritter confided in him that in his opinion SNOW's form was deteriorating, but that he had done excellent work in the past. He also told him that a South African was waiting in Belgium to go to England, where he would be dropped by parachute in order that he might act as an assistant or subagent to

SNOW. He asked also that arrangements should be made for the reception of sabotage material by SNOW and BISCUIT, dropped to them by parachute. The interviews and the reports handed in by BISCUIT were presumably satisfactory, for the latter returned in August bringing a further wireless set, a fresh questionnaire, and some $3,000.

The SNOW case may, therefore, be said to have been functioning normally again by the summer of 1940; at the beginning of autumn the whole state of the double agent system altered radically and developed in quite new ways.

3: AUTUMN 1940

Cautious surmise at the time, reinforced by subsequent checks at a later date, led to the conclusion that SNOW was, in the early days of the war, the linchpin of the Abwehr organisation in England. It will, however, be readily appreciated that he and his assistants were not the only agents in England. Equally they were not the only double agents, and this was natural, since several different persons and organisations were playing with double agents (perhaps toying would be the better word) and attempting to secure some small, and usually temporary, advantage from them.

Most of these cases were unimportant, and the records of them are scanty, but one deserves mention because he became a permanent member of our organisation here. This was RAINBOW, who had been educated and had worked in Germany until 1938, when he returned to England. RAINBOW's espionage activities were due to his friendship with a certain "Gunther," who was sent to England under cover of representing a Hamburg chemical firm, but who actually came here for purposes of espionage. He lived in the same lodging-house as RAINBOW, and the pair were accustomed to make weekend trips into the country, when Gunther would not infrequently take photographs of factories and the like, and when he admitted to RAINBOW that he was in fact engaged in "commercial intelligence."

About a week before the outbreak of war Gunther left suddenly for Germany, but RAINBOW refrained from reporting his activities to the authorities for reasons, no doubt, of friendship as well as because of some qualms of conscience. In January 1940 RAINBOW received a letter from Gunther in Antwerp suggesting that he should take over the latter's agency in England. RAINBOW, interpreting this as a proposal that he should in fact become a spy, became with good reason nervous about his personal position and informed the police of his association with Gunther. It was then arranged that he should travel to Antwerp to meet Gunther and discuss plans. The journey was duly undertaken, RAINBOW was recruited by the Germans and given orders to report on developments in aviation and air defence, the effect of air raids, and details of transport in the U.K. As business cover he was given the English agency of a Belgian firm, and instructions were to be sent to him in the shape of microphotographs on full stops (i.e. periods) after the date in the firm's letters to him. He was also given a good invisible ink for his replies, a sum of money, and an address in Antwerp through which he was to write to Gunther. In April 1940 he paid another visit to Antwerp, when he received three more cover addresses, two in Switzerland and one in Yugoslavia, for use in emergency. RAINBOW was therefore well and truly started as a double agent, and later became useful in conveying commercial and industrial information (and misinformation) to the Germans. (The address where he and Gunther had lived also turned out to be of some importance as a place where the Germans believed that assistance could be obtained for other spies in case of need.) Gunther was later captured in Ireland and interned in Mountjoy Prison.

Allowing for the comparative success of the SNOW network and for the potential advantages to be expected from RAINBOW, it is still remarkable that the German efforts to gain information from England in the first year of the war were not more extensive. German activities in peacetime were considerable in all countries, and it seems to be true that the Germans trusted that enough of their peacetime network would survive in war to supply them with the information they needed. Incidentally, we always supposed that the network was much larger and more effective than it was, and many of the earlier precautions with regard to double agents were conditioned by the belief, which turned out to be erroneous, that other and undiscovered spies were checking up on our own controlled agents. Now the Abwehr was an organisation with a particularly decentralised structure. It is true that all Stellen were controlled from Berlin, but it did not follow that different out-stations were at all informed about each other's activities. Furthermore, an individual agent was usually concerned only with one Abteilung of his Stelle,* and, if an agent of Abteilung I, was often instructed only in the work of one section of this Abteilung.

The German prewar organisation here and the organisation run during the early months of the war were almost wholly under the control of the Hamburg Stelle, and were predominantly concerned with air force matters. But in the autumn of 1940 the position abruptly and fundamentally changed. Hamburg found itself deprived of its advanced bases in neutral territories—e.g., the Low Countries and Denmark—which had been used as a starting point for new agents and as a rendezvous where established agents could report. In addition, the surviving functions of the prewar network were clearly inadequate; and, with the invasion of England looming in the future, it was necessary to seek new and better sources of information. In consequence a considerable effort was made to establish a number of agents in Great Britain in the last part of 1940. This effort, had it been made *before* the German conquest of the Low Countries, Norway, and France, might well have taxed the resources of the Security Service to the utmost; attempted when it was it led only to the establishment of a German intelligence service in Great Britain controlled by the British—in fact, to the permanent and extensive building up of the double-cross system. The reinforcements who reached this country were of different kinds—those who came through either as refugees or under business cover from neutral countries, and those dropped by parachute or landed from the sea.

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*See note on p. 38.

The latter class concerns us first. In the summer of 1940 some six agents were sent to Eire, in September, October, and November over twenty-five landed in the U.K., mostly by parachute or small boat. These parachute agents played an integral part in our system, and some mention must therefore be made of the more important among them. As a rule they fell an easy prey to the Security Service, for they were imperfectly trained and equipped for their missions. Usually they had wireless sets, but in almost all cases they would have been unable to make contact without our assistance, either because of lack of technical knowledge or because of defects in the instruments themselves. An agent was generally given about £200, clearly on the assumption that he would only have to maintain himself for a month or two until the invasion took place; and his clothing, identity documents, and the like showed insufficient attention to detail and all the indications of haste and improvisation. Incidentally, the identity documents themselves were constructed on information given by the SNOW organisation, and therefore gave us clear evidence for the apprehension of newcomers.

The policy adopted was to use any of these parachute agents who could be used, since we could not tell which would be of advantage and which would not. Clearly, however, a parachutist could not be used as a double agent unless certain conditions were complied with. In the first place, his capture had to follow almost immediately on the landing—otherwise he might already have communicated with Germany; secondly, the capture had to be unobserved except by a very few, and those trustworthy, people—otherwise a statement in the press or injudicious talk would sooner or later enable the Germans to deduce that the particular spy had in fact been caught; thirdly, the spy had to be "turned round" and convinced that he could save his life by working for us; and finally, we had to satisfy ourselves that his code was understood and that messages could in fact be sent which would satisfy the Germans that the agent was actually working. These conditions were not often satisfied, and many apparently promising cases had therefore to be rejected. Some, however, satisfied our requirements and were used.

SUMMER was landed by parachute on 6 September 1940, with instructions to report on the area Oxford-Northampton-Birmingham, with particular reference to air raid damage in Birmingham itself. He was arrested within a few hours of his landing, and thereafter his story falls into two parts: what actually happened to him, and what the Germans believed to have occurred. From the German point of view SUMMER, who had injured himself slightly on landing, spent the ten days after his arrival hiding in the open between Oxford and Buckingham. Then, as the weather was bad, he proposed to find shelter for himself by posing as a refugee. The Germans vetoed this idea and instead instructed SNOW by wireless to make contact with SUMMER and arrange for his accommodation.

In 17 September 1940, SNOW despatched BISCUIT, who met SUMMER by arrangement at High Wycombe railway station. He then notionally took SUMMER with him to London, put him up in his flat and took steps to see that the seaman's papers which he had brought with him were put into order. The Germans were told via SNOW's transmitter that SUMMER had fallen ill as a result of his time in the open and was being nursed by BISCUIT. By 27 September 1940, the Germans were told that SUMMER had recovered, and that as his papers were now in order he was ready to set out once more on his own. They gave instructions that he should be told to work the area London-Colchester-Southend. By 23 October 1940 he was able to announce on his own transmitter that he had succeeded in establishing himself in lodgings to the south of Cambridge. There, as far as the Germans knew, he remained until the following January.

There was no further contact between him and SNOW's organisation except that he had BISCUIT's address for use if necessary and once received a payment of £200 from him. At the end of January 1941, SUMMER's transmitter went suddenly off the air, and the Germans were told through SNOW that BISCUIT had received a letter from him to the effect that he was under suspicion by the police and had taken advantage of his seaman's papers to cut and run. He had left his wireless set in the cloakroom at Cambridge station, whence on the Germans' instructions it was later retrieved by BISCUIT.

The true story was very different. After his capture SUMMER was accommodated at Camp 020, but later released under our control so that he might operate his transmitter. Later it was necessary to return him for a short while to Camp 020, as it had become clear from his conversation that he had not told the truth about his previous career in England. Subsequently (after a vain attempt at suicide) he was released again and installed with a guard at a house near Hinxton. Here he remained until the end of January 1941, when he made an ill-advised attempt to escape. Perhaps we had been lulled into a premature state of confidence, for he was left one day with only one guard in the house. SUMMER, though protesting that "it hurts me more than it hurts you," attacked this guard, practically strangled him, bound him, and then mounted a motor-bicycle left by one of the other guards and, with a canoe lashed to the cycle, set out for the Broads, apparently intending to attempt the sea passage to Europe. Fortunately the motorcycle, being government property, was not very efficiently maintained; it broke down, and SUMMER was apprehended at Ely after some anxious hours in which we had been compelled to warn the appropriate authorities over half England to set a watch for the fugitive.

His escape, had it succeeded, would indeed have wrecked all our schemes, but as things were no harm was done—not even to the strangled guard, who was the richer for a stimulating experience (and a good story) at the expense of some small temporary inconvenience. We, for our part, learned one lesson of primary importance which we took greatly to heart. It was this: A double agent is a tricky customer, and needs the most careful supervision, not only on the material but also on the psychological side. His every mood has to be watched, and his every reaction to succeeding events studied. For this reason we always afterwards insisted that a case officer should be personally responsible for each agent, with his hand as it were on the pulse of his patient from morning until night, and with an eye on every turn and twist of his patient's mind. In retrospect it is clear that no agent of the "converted" type could possibly survive for long unless he was studied and dealt with in this way. Without such attention he would infallibly destroy his own case in a black mood of despair or in a belated effort to restore his own self-esteem. For double agents are not as ordinary men are. As Aristotle remarked, by implication, the qualities of the good man and the good double agent are not identical in the imperfect state. Only unremitting care and some psychological finesse could coax a converted parachutist along safe lines and into a better way of thinking.

TATE, who landed by parachute in September 1940, is a shining example of the success of these principles. His arrival was not unexpected, as SUMMER had been induced to give information partly by means of a promise that the life of the friend who was to follow him should be spared. The two had been trained together and had arranged to meet in England. TATE himself eventually broke down under interrogation, was turned into a double agent, and established contact with the Germans in the middle of October. His subsequent career compared with that of SUMMER is a modern variant of the tale of the industrious compared with that of the idle apprentice. He became one of our most trusted wireless agents, and held the long-distance record as such, for he transmitted and received messages to and from Hamburg from October 1940 until within twenty-four hours of the fall of that city in May 1945.

His work was of great value, first for counterespionage purposes and later in deception,* and he was instrumental in securing large sums of money from the Germans. He was specially naturalised by wireless in order to receive the Iron Cross, First and Second Class, and was to end regarded by the Germans as a "pearl" among agents. Here his career was even more remarkable. So carefully was his life controlled and his secrets kept that he became to all seeming a very ordinary member of the great British public. He worked later in comparative freedom as a photographer, and was invited by one enterprising newspaper in 1944 to visit the western front and take photographs. Finally, in July 1945 it was discovered that his name had crept on to the electoral register, and that he was entitled to vote for or against the continuance of Mr. Churchill in office. Regretfully we had to dissuade him from exercising this privilege. His name will appear many times in the pages which follow; here it is only necessary to insist that his career as a double agent depended upon the successful (and difficult) handling of the case in its early days.

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*As late as the spring of 1945, TATE's messages with regard to minefields at sea were instrumental in closing an area of 3,600 square miles to German U-boats.

In the case of the parachute agents fate took a hand and often played a decisive part. GANDER, who landed on 3 October, had only a transmitting set; he was therefore only used for a few weeks until he had carried out his immediate task. JACOBS, who landed 31 January, had the misfortune to break his ankle on landing, an accident which frustrated his mission.* His arrival was widely advertised, his character was truculent, he could not be used, and he was eventually executed in August. The same fate befell Richter, who landed, in order to pay TATE, in May of 1941. He was executed in December. More interesting is the case of Ter Braak. The date of this man's arrival is unknown, but he took lodgings in Cambridge at the beginning of November 1940. His body was discovered on 1 April 1941, in a half-built air raid shelter in Cambridge, where he had committed suicide.† The rest is largely surmise, but it is more

*JACOBS carried an identity card in the name of James Rymer. Information for this name and card were sent by w/t by SNOW.

†The identity card found on Ter Braak contained five gross technical errors—a good instance of the importance of such documents for counter-espionage purposes.

than probable that he was a parachute agent (perhaps the only agent) who succeeded in eluding capture, but who was unable to make contact with the Germans. He perished when his stock of money was exhausted. It is not altogether fanciful to speculate how much more happy and more useful his career might have been if he could have fallen into the hands of the Security Service and become a double agent.

The fate of the remaining parachute agents is not germane to this history, but it is worth noting that the Security Service always opposed execution except when no other course was possible. A live spy, even if he cannot transmit messages, is always of some use as a book of reference; a dead spy is of no sort of use. But some had to perish, both to satisfy the public that the security of the country was being maintained and also to convince the Germans that the others were working properly and were not under control. It would have taxed even German credulity if *all* their agents had apparently overcome the hazards of their landing.

Descent by parachute was not the only method of entry into this country adopted by the Germans. Impressed no doubt by the prime necessity of increasing their team of active agents, they also set about introducing agents by less spectacular means. Already in September two Czechs, GIRAFFE and SPANEHL, had arrived in England. They had served in the French army and had been recruited by SWEETIE, who was working as a double-cross agent for M.I.6 in Lisbon, and who was specially employed by the Germans, and encouraged by the British, to recruit Czech agents for work in the U.K. GIRAFFE wrote a few letters and received some money, but the Germans soon complained of the paucity of the information which was sent by him, and both he and SPANEHL were allowed to serve in the French forces in the Middle East. The case was in itself of little value or importance, but it showed quite clearly that the Germans were attempting to find new ways of reinforcing their agents, and also that M.I.6 were in a position to assist materially in building up the team of double agents in this country by suitable selection in neutral countries. Further, it is now obvious that GIRAFFE's case died chiefly through lack of nourishment. Had we been in a position to furnish him with good information, or had we even had a clear policy with regard to the information which we wished to send, we might have developed him into a very useful channel. But in fact he came to us too early for us to use him properly.

Far more important was another figure who also reached us as a result of the activities of M.I.6. This was TRICYCLE, who became one of the chief figures in the double-cross world, and who became also the centre of a considerable network of other agents. TRICYCLE was a Yugoslav of good family who had been educated in France and at a university in Germany. Whilst in Germany he made the acquaintance of a certain Johann Jebsen, the son of a rich family with shipping interests in Hamburg, who afterwards became a figure of some importance in the Abwehr. In the early part of 1940 TRICYCLE's business interests brought him into relations with the German embassy at Belgrade. There one of the Secretaries insinuated that TRICYCLE, being acquainted with the wealthy Yugoslav family of Banac, had an easy *entrée* into British social circles and was therefore in a position to do useful work for Germany. Similar suggestions, perhaps only of a vague nature, were made to him by Jebsen, and TRICYCLE therefore put himself in touch with the British representative in Belgrade and asked him for advice. It was agreed that TRICYCLE should continue his conversations with the German Secretary, and eventually an arrangement was made between them by which TRICYCLE was to obtain information from England from a member (whom he did not name) of the Yugoslav legation staff in London. Questionnaires were constructed for this person, but when no answers arrived the Germans became restive and, on TRICYCLE explaining to them that his friend was afraid to use the diplomatic bag, it was finally agreed that TRICYCLE should leave for London to collect his friend's reports. Just before he left TRICYCLE had another meeting with Jebsen, who informed him that they were now both members of the same service.

On 20 December TRICYCLE, who had been acting throughout on British instructions, arrived in England. He was interrogated and created a most favorable impression. Much will have to be said hereafter about TRICYCLE and his network; for the moment it is only necessary to note that we had in him a new agent of high quality who could plausibly meet persons in any social stratum, who was well established with the Germans at the instance of an Abwehr official, and who had an excellent business cover for frequent journeys to Lisbon or to other neutral countries.

Another acquisition in the permanent working staff was DRAGONFLY, whose recruitment was of a different nature. DRAGONFLY was born in London of German parents and married a German wife. He lived in Germany from 1923 onwards and there participated in various business ventures, most of which did not prosper. On 23 August 1939 he left his flat in Cologne abruptly, abandoning his furniture, and made his home in Holland. On 29 April 1940, he returned to England. Meantime both he and his sister, a divorcee in Germany, had had certain dealings with the German Secret Service, and attempts to recover DRAGONFLY's furniture from Cologne had been instrumental in bringing him into close relations with them. He had been invited to send reports to the Germans from Holland, but had contrived not to pledge himself very far. He told the substance of his story on arrival in England, and eventually persuaded us that he could successfully make contact with the Germans again if he were sent to Lisbon. In November 1940, therefore, he departed for the ostensible purpose of conducting a deal in wine, although we had little confidence in his chances of success.

In Lisbon, however, all went well. DRAGONFLY met Kliemann, a leading figure in I Luft, Paris, received some elementary training, and returned to England in January 1941 with a wireless set disguised as a gramophone, a new cover address in Lisbon, some £800 and instructions to report on various matters, especially those connected with aircraft production and the R.A.F. He too, therefore, was well launched in his career under our control. The case differs from others in that the initiative came rather from us and from DRAGONFLY himself than from the Germans; he is almost, but not quite (having regard to his earlier and obscure dealings with the German Secret Service), a case of successful coat-trailing. The wireless communication then started continued with some intermissions and varying success until November 1943, but difficulties of securing adequate payment and the consequent rather sordid wrangles over money made his case less profitable than it would otherwise have been. To its credit, apart from the intelligence and deception importance of the transmissions, must be placed the capture of the agent JOB in November 1943.

Another method exploited by the Germans at the end of 1940 in order to obtain information was the use of well-placed neutrals in England. At a later stage some of them were able to avail themselves of the diplomatic bags of their countries. The diplomatic bag obviously represents a channel for information leaving the country which it is difficult to control and almost impossible to close down completely. But even here the double agent system was able to be of assistance, since, granted that the documents will go in any case, it is better that they should be documents dictated or suggested by us than that they should be the straightforward reports of neutral observers.

Our first contact with neutrals of the type indicated was made through G.W. (SNOW's Welsh agent) with Del Pozo, a Spanish journalist who arrived in England in September 1940. On arrival he addressed a postcard to G.W., and SNOW ascertained by wireless that he was a member of the Commander's propaganda and sabotage organisation and was in fact carrying money intended for SNOW. In October Del Pozo handed over some £4,000 in a tin of talcum powder to G.W., and the latter submitted reports on his activities in Wales. Del Pozo's actual chief was not the Commander but Alcazar de Velasco—probably he worked to both and made a double profit. G.W.'s reports were despatched in secret writing on Del Pozo's ordinary reports, and these were transmitted, after suitable censorship, by the M.O.I. to Spain. At a later stage G.W.'s material was sent by Spanish diplomatic bag.

Sufficient has now been said to make it clear that the Germans at the end of 1940 abandoned their policy of laissez faire and made very considerable efforts to establish an effective organisation in this country. We for our part adopted the policy, not of suppressing and destroying this organisation, but rather of taking it over under our own control—in other words, we attempted (and as the event showed with success) to turn the German intelligence system here into a double-cross system. At this stage it is necessary to define the objects for which the system was run. This has been done already in the Introduction, but it is important and can hardly be repeated too often. It is in fact the *creed of double-cross*, and was, as it should have been, constantly in our minds throughout the whole period of the war. The double-cross system, then, was run for seven specific reasons:

1. To control the enemy system, or as much of it as we could get our hands on
2. To catch fresh spies when they appeared
3. To gain knowledge of the personalities and methods of the German Secret Service
4. To obtain information about the code and cypher work of the German service
5. To get evidence of enemy plans and intentions from the questions asked by them
6. To influence enemy plans by the answers sent to the enemy
7. To deceive the enemy about our own plans and intentions

Dimly, very dimly, we began to guess at the beginning of 1941 that we did, in fact, control the enemy system, though we were still obsessed by the idea that there might be a large body of German spies over and above those whom we controlled.* This idea made us somewhat timid in the early days, but did not affect the general policy. All the other objects of double cross are immensely assisted and become far more effective if and when object one is really attained. Something had already been achieved by 1941 under the headings of two, three, and four, and a little under heading five. Six and seven were still in the future, and would obviously become of major importance when British policy was able to pass from the defensive to the offensive.

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*Small pieces of evidence came in early: SNOW's organisation was used to pay SUMMER, thus suggesting that it was in German eyes the safest, if not the only, source for such payments. RAINBOW's address was given as a lifeline to TATE. TRICYCLE, in order to prove his *bona fides*, told us that he had been given the name of the best and most secret of German agents here. He then produced the name and address of GIRAFFE! But of course the final confirmation of the belief that we controlled the whole came gradually from a study of secret sources.

4: ORGANISATION FOR CONTROLLING THE DOUBLE-CROSS SYSTEM

The great increase in the German organisation in this country which has been explained in the previous chapter made it essential to establish on our side an organisation capable of dealing with it. M.I.5 and M.I.6 could cope with a few cases in a hand-to-mouth manner, but clearly they could not, unaided, expect to control and run the German intelligence system in this country. Above everything else it would be necessary, if agents were to be run over a long period, to supply them with a continuous flow of traffic, and this traffic would have to be approved by responsible and highly placed persons if it was to maintain its proper level.

Not unnaturally there were institutional difficulties from the start. Even when M.I.5 and M.I.6 alone were concerned, it was not easy to secure the complete harmony and cooperation which are necessary in any jointly controlled enterprise. A newcomer, for example, might turn out to be a straight agent or a double-cross agent. It was absurd that a man outside the three-mile limit should automatically pass under the control of M.I.6, whilst within that limit he fell under the control of M.I.5. It was equally absurd that a man controlled at Lisbon by M.I.6 should pass under the control of M.I.5 at the end of his journey to this country. Again, if a campaign of misinformation was being waged, it was difficult to make sure that the efforts of straight agents and double-cross agents should be properly coordinated. In theory M.I.5 and M.I.6, for this purpose at least, ought either to have been one and the same body, or else each responsible to a common chief. Nevertheless, whilst the agents were few and whilst they were being used only for purposes of minor importance, it was possible to carry on with the improvised and rather haphazard methods of the period of the phoney war. By the end of 1940 this was no longer possible, and a proper organisation for the control and working of the double agent system had to be created.

Certain rudimentary attempts at coordination had been made already, particularly with regard to wireless agents. In July 1940 a W. Branch had been started in M.I.5, which was the origin of B.1.A.* At a higher level the W. Board was established in September 1940, and it appears from the minutes of the first meeting (30 September 1940) that the Board was set up at the instigation of D.M.I. to coordinate the dissemination of false information. In the autumn of 1940 M.I.5 and M.I.6 took steps to put the whole organisation on a proper footing, and a memorandum was sent to the Directors of Intelligence explaining to them the importance of the double agent system, telling them also that it was becoming increasingly difficult, if not impossible, to maintain the agents unless sufficient information could be released to the enemy to retain the enemy's confidence, and adding that it ought not to be impossible to strike a balance between the risks involved in releasing the minimum of true information required and the strategic losses which might result from closing the double agents down.

Fortunately D.N.I. had a keen interest in double agents and the then D. of I., Air Commodore Boyle, had himself "chanced his arm" freely in approving information for the SNOW network. D. of I. took the line that knowledge of the double-cross system should be confined to M.I.5, M.I.6, and the three Directors of Intelligence,† and that risks should be taken to maintain what he felt to be potentially a weapon of great value and that the system should not be allowed to become a plaything of higher authorities who would not use it adequately, and would also, perhaps, boggle at the responsibilities involved. This view was generally agreed, and the W. Board, which consisted at that time of the three Directors of Intelligence, C.S.S., and the head of B. Division in M.I.5, of which B.1.A formed a part, shouldered the responsibility for maintaining the double-cross agents.*

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*Until Sir David Petrie's reorganisation in 1941 the section dealing with double-cross agents was otherwise named, but for purposes of convenience it will be mentioned as B.I.A. throughout.

†D.M.I. changed just at this period, Major-General Davidson taking over on 16.12.40.

The W. Board was on too high a level to undertake the day-to-day supervision of double agent work, and for this reason the Twenty Committee was constituted as a subcommittee of the W. Board and met first on 2 January 1941. At its first meeting the Twenty Committee included representatives from the War Office, G.H.Q. Home Forces, Home Defence Executive, Air Ministry Intelligence, N.I.D., M.I.6, Colonel Turner's Department of the Air Ministry (which was engaged in establishing dummy airfields and similar targets) and M.I.5, which provided the chairman and secretary for the Committee.†

The service interests in double agent work were sufficiently safeguarded by the three Service Directors of Intelligence. On the civil side, which turned out to be of great importance, it was necessary to obtain the same measure of support. This support was gained through the efforts of Sir Findlater Stewart, who in February 1941 arranged a meeting of the W. Board with the Lord President of the Council, Sir John Anderson, and through him the authority to provide an approving authority for all civil matters acting in the same way as the Directors of Intelligence. As a result of this meeting Sir Findlater Stewart himself joined the W. Board and became an approving authority for all traffic with which civilian departments were concerned. At the same time Lord Swinton, who was then at the head of the Home Security Defence Executive, was informed of what was going on and gave the project his strong support, and later his practical assistance in the affairs of some of the agents.

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*At a later stage Sir Findlater Stewart (H.D.E.) and Colonel Bevan (L.C.S.) were co-opted to the W. Board.

†Later Colonel Turner's representative resigned and representatives of London Controlling Station (L.C.S.) and Chief Combined Operations (C.C.O.) were added. Later still representatives from SHAEF were added.

For some time the W. Board exercised its responsibility fairly often in questions of policy which were referred to it. Thus it gave specific leave for SNOW to go to Lisbon in February of 1941 and for CELERY to pay a second visit to Lisbon in May of that year. In September 1941 it approved in principle of acts of sabotage being carried out without reference to it provided Sir Findlater Stewart was in agreement. In October 1941 it decided that Colonel Stanley, who then took on the control of deception, should not be informed of the work of double agents, but only that the W. Board had channels for misinforming the enemy. In December it decided that traffic was not to be approved for an agent of the Deuxième Bureau. In March 1942 it agreed that all information transmitted to the enemy should go into the pool of the Twenty Committee, which was to be regarded as the focal point for such information. These instances are given to show the function performed by the W. Board; but as time went on, being apparently satisfied that the work was being effectively done, the Board left more and more freedom to the Twenty Committee, which was in fact a meeting of those primarily interested either in the running of the agents and their traffic or in the approval of traffic, on a working level.

The Twenty Committee itself held its first meeting on 2 January 1941, and its last on 10 May 1945. It met every week and held in all 226 meetings. It thus exercised a steady and consistent supervision of all double agent work throughout the last four and a half years of the war. To it were taken all questions connected with the agents for discussion and, if necessary, decision; and its members acted as the effective approving authorities on behalf of the members of the W. Board for the traffic of agents. It discussed and carried through various plans for deceiving the enemy. It made appreciations of the questionnaires and in particular acted as a clearing-house for double agent information and as a liaison centre for the various departments concerned. At every meeting an account of the activities of the agents was given by the M.I.5 and M.I.6 representatives, so that all members of the Committee were apprised of what was going on in connection with the cases. In this way approval of information was possible without the various departments crossing each other's lines.

It cannot be denied that in many ways the organisations set up for the control of the double agent system was institutionally unsound, and questions of responsibility were never properly decided. The chairman of the Twenty Committee was instructed to summon the first meeting, but it was never made clear what his actual position was. He was appointed by the D.G.S.S. and responsible to him, but at the same time the Committee was a subcommittee of the W. Board, and the chairman of the Committee, therefore, was presumably responsible to them. Nothing in the nature of a charter or even a directive was given to the Committee. In consequence it might be held that the Committee was an offshoot of M.I.5 and M.I.6, established to obtain approval for the messages of their agents, and that the control and running of double agents remained entirely in the hands of these two departments. In the words of a note by the Security Service for the W. Board in October 1941: "The Security Service and M.I.6 remain normally the best judges as to how the machine *under their control* can be put into motion to the best advantage."

But equally it might be said (and members of the W. Board probably took this view) that the Committee was the body which controlled and ran double agents. Thus at the W. Board meeting of 11 February 1941, D.M.I. stated that "the Directors of Intelligence had taken the responsibility on their own shoulders of running the XX agents"; and in March 1942, Sir Findlater Stewart, writing to invite Sir Frank Nelson to attend a meeting connected with these problems, says: "You will no doubt be aware that a certain number of enemy agents in this country are being worked back to the enemy as *agents doubles* under control.

General direction of their activities is exercised by the W. Board. . . . Day-to-day management and control of these agents is in the hands of a joint service and civil committee (the Twenty Committee) appointed by members of the W. Board." The same view of the nature of the Committee is implicit in a circular letter of D.N.I. of 22 August 1941. In practice, however, this rather anomalous position proved no handicap. Broadly speaking, bad men make good institutions bad and good men make bad institutions good. It cannot be denied that there was some friction between M.I.5 and M.I.6 in the early days, but this disappeared when the M.I.6 representative on the Committee was changed. For the rest, the organisation had the supreme merit of working. Questions of responsibility were not raised and no one was concerned to press the interests of his own department at the expense of the general interest. In fact the control of the double agent system was an example of harmonious working between a large number of different services and different departments. In particular the services, whatever their views may have been as to the share in control which belonged to the W. Board or to the Security Service, never questioned or adversely criticised the practical control and the running of the agents by M.I.5 or M.I.6.

As the bulk of the agents concerned were those in the British Isles, it followed that the greatly preponderant share of the work fell to the lot of M.I.5 rather than to M.I.6. But here again, after the early disagreements had been overcome, complete harmony and collaboration were established between the two services. In the course of its history a vote was only once taken at the Committee, and this was due to the fact that the M.I.5 representatives were at variance with one another. All other decisions over four and a half years were arrived at after discussion without a vote. In practice, therefore, it is immaterial to discuss whether certain decisions with regard to the agents were those of M.I.5 or of the Twenty Committee, since the Committee always accepted the M.I.5 proposals, though it often offered suggestions and proposed amendments. For example, when the time came to discuss getting rid of some of the agents, an "Execution Subcommittee" was appointed by the Twenty Committee which dealt with this particular subject. What the Execution Committee in fact did was to discuss carefully with the head of B.1.A the cases of half a dozen agents suggested by him as possible victims. An agreed list was then produced, and the agents were "executed" or reprieved, as the case might be. The important point seems to be that, since everyone was working for the same ends, no one troubled to decide the academic point whether M.I.5 or M.I.6 could get rid of one or more agents without the approval of the Committee or of the W. Board.

The reorganisation was not confined to the higher levels. Within M.I.5, B.1.A. gradually developed itself into a larger section and rearranged its personnel. As has been explained above, the head of B. Division was a member of the W. Board and always maintained the keenest interest in the details and management of all double-cross cases. In consequence major decisions were always referred to him. The adoption of new agents and changes of policy were also always reported to D.G.S.S. for his approval. The section itself was controlled by a career officer of M.I.5 who was, on a working level, entirely responsible for the control of all double-cross agents in this country. As a matter of convenience he and two other officers formed an internal directorate which exercised general supervision, considered the advisability of accepting or rejecting new cases, administered the agents and their affairs, and decided questions dealing with their traffic.

Next came the case officers, who were usually about five in number. These officers dealt directly with the agents in all matters concerning their payment, housing, maintenance, guarding, and so forth. They also dealt with the preparation of the traffic and made suggestions with regard to it. In an important case the case officer practically lived the life of the agent and gave the directorate information and suggestions how the agent would in his opinion react to the questions asked of him. Next came a wireless officer, who exercised technical supervision over w/t agents and the operators employed by us for wireless purposes.* In addition, two officers were concerned with the filing and analysis of all the reports and messages sent by agents and of all questions and instructions received by them. The same officers, assisted by the case officers, were responsible for the machinery by which the information was submitted to the outside departments for approval as traffic. Another officer was responsible for the collection of all intelligence information arising out of the agents' cases. This part of the work was most important at a time when the office was collecting information about the Abwehr for purposes of comparison with the information obtained from other sources.

A bald recital of these duties gives an imperfect picture of the work done by the section, in particular with regard to the purely office side of the work. As the number of agents grew, the volume of information contained in the messages grew also to a truly formidable size, and it was highly important that all this information should be carefully indexed and readily available for reference, since the messages of any one agent at any time had to be consistent with the messages sent by him at an earlier date and (if they were to be effective) not wholly inconsistent with the messages of other agents. A single spy working on his own would be unlikely to forget what he had reported at an earlier date, but an organisation, unless great care were taken, was extremely likely to make a blunder sufficient to destroy an agent's credit. For this reason among others the work of the case officers and of the officers concerned with filing and records was of vital importance, and it was necessary for them to know the cases as intimately as though they had in fact lived the life of the agent themselves. Again, it must not be forgotten that a double agent does indeed live a double life. A captured agent, for example, has to live his life in this country, but at the same time has to live the life which the Germans suppose him to be living; and this second life, as reflected in his messages or letters, must be as substantial and well documented as the actual life which he is in fact leading.

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*This is not a technical treatise, and consequently no effort has been made to describe the work done by the wireless officer and his assistants. Any layman, however, can appreciate the fact that, though we were in wireless communication with the German S.S. for more than five years and using German procedure, our wireless experts never, so far as we can tell, made a serious mistake which could "give away" a case to the enemy.

In addition, the provision of suitable traffic was a day-to-day problem of pressing importance, entailing difficulties which are not perhaps apparent on a cursory survey. A newspaper reporter sent to report on a murder may well find the police anxious to allow him as little information as possible, but he will pick up something from talkative folk and he can embroider to his heart's content. A racing tout concealed under a gorse bush may get some sort of information of the favourite's form as he watches him at a practice gallop. In his case, too, he can report something to his masters. But the double agent is in a much more difficult position. First of all he has to get as best he can the answers to the questions sent to him. This meant in our cases that we would try to discover for ourselves the answers to the questions under the conditions in which a real spy would work—that is to say that our agent, or someone sent to represent him, would have to procure the information without being spotted at his task. But that is only half the story. Our agents were not a simple news agency. Once the information had been obtained, we had to put it in the form of messages and then submit it to the appropriate approving authorities.

Supposing, for example, that the agent had been asked for a report on the aerodrome at Northolt. He might collect a certain amount of information about it, but this information would then have to be approved by the Air Ministry before it could be sent over to the Germans, and it might well be that three-quarters of it would be held to be unsuitable for transmission. In other words, it would not be approved, but would be crossed out by the appropriate approving authority. Time after time, when a careful and compendious report had been got together, it was found that the greater part of it could not be approved. What was left would be sent, and the rest of the report had to be concocted to the best of our ability; and this part, too, would have to receive approval.

Only the most strenuous efforts, together with a great deal of goodwill and desire to assist on all sides, enabled us to keep up a sufficient flow of traffic to maintain and build up the cases which we desired to keep alive. Furthermore, the messages had themselves to be plausible—that is to say, they had to be of such a form and content that the Germans would readily believe them to have emanated from an honest agent. On occasion items of information which we would gladly have passed over had to be omitted or used elsewhere because they were not in harmony with the usual run of an agent's traffic. It also has to be remembered that a deception is often safer and more likely to be effective if it reaches the enemy in parts through a number of agents than if the whole of it rests upon the authority of a single agent. This meant that a good deal of careful comparison and dovetailing between the different agents had to be undertaken.

It is unnecessary to do more than indicate the sort of work and the sort of problems which B.1.A had to face. In addition, of course, the actual lives of the agents had to be regulated. That was an administrative matter which does not lend itself to description. It is probably sufficient to note that a captured and converted agent might well require a house, a housekeeper, a wireless operator, and two guards, and that his identity card, ration book, and clothing coupons would have to be procured under an elaborate cover story, since for obvious reasons we were not permitted to disclose our machinations to persons outside the organisation. Furthermore, we had to maintain special offices, disguised as business premises, where dubious characters and newcomers could be interviewed and where their conversations could, if necessary, be recorded, since we were always anxious to avoid any knowledge of our activities percolating gradually to the enemy. This same point often made the collection of traffic difficult as well, since it was not desirable or permissible to acquire information in our capacity as members of the Security Service and then transmit it to the Germans without at least hinting to the sources of that information what was being done with it.

Of necessity the running of double-cross agents entailed not only the deception of the Germans but often and in many cases the deception of people on our own side. All authorities, in particular D.M.I., were insistent from the start that the circle of those "in the know" should be as small as was humanly possible. It is quite certain that for practical purposes we informed a great many more people about some part of our work than our superiors dreamed of; but on the whole the policy of extreme secrecy was undoubtedly right and did much to keep the organisation alive and healthy up to the conclusion of the war.

5: THE AGENTS' TRAFFIC IN 1941

The year 1941 and the early part of 1942 turned out to be a period of experiment and also a period during which the organisation was stabilised. It was a period of experiment because without very much guidance we attempted a great number of plans and pieces of minor deception, conducted partly for the purpose of deceiving and damaging the enemy, partly in order to test the agents, to try out the confidence of the Germans in them, and to examine the possibilities of using the weapon which we had to the best advantage. These experimental plans will be briefly described later. More important was the stabilisation of the organisation and the "building up" of the agents. It was always in the back of our minds that at some time in the distant future a great day would come when our agents would be used for a grand and final deception of the enemy. This glittering possibility was always the bait used when other authorities had to be persuaded to help us. It served to maintain belief in the system and was a more attractive selling point than the day-to-day counterespionage advantages which we could secure. But if the agents were ever to have their big day in the future, they had to be built up and maintained, or alternatively new agents had to be acquired to act in their place, so that at the right moment we could be sure that we had a team of trusted agents who would be ready when called upon. This building up of agents was a long and laborious process, and the basis of it was of necessity the messages which passed between them and the Germans—in other words, the traffic.

The traffic was throughout the background of all our activities. We had so to arrange matters that it maintained its standard and its volume, that it satisfied the Germans without giving them more than was necessary and without betraying anything of real importance which could be concealed. In the traffic, in fact, what was denied to the enemy and what was suppressed was at least as important as what was conveyed to them. It is, of course, impossible to give any summary of all the questions which were asked, either in questionnaires, in supplementary questions or in personal questions to those agents who visited neutral countries, since the Germans' appetite for information was capacious, and since their questions ranged over all departments of service and civilian life.

In the period 1941 and the first part of 1942, almost all departments received attention. On the military side, questions were asked with regard to commands, corps, divisions, and brigades, including the names of commanding officers and the location of units. In order to build up their British order of battle, the Germans naturally required all the information they could get about such matters, and particularly about divisional signs and the locations of troops. At a later stage, when deception on the grand scale was practised, this particular point became of vital importance, but even as early as September of 1941 G.W. passed a document through the Spaniards to the enemy entitled: "G.H.Q., Corps and Divisional Signs," which was an early example of deception in this particular field.

The sort of question which was asked constantly can be illustrated by, for example, a question asked of DRAGONFLY in September 1942: "Have the soldiers from Weymouth themselves said they had the regimental number 153 or do they wear signs? Was Royal Tank Regiment equipped with tanks and what signs had these? What sign did the Churchill tanks have that you saw? In message 19 to 20, was the tiger's head on the red shield also worn on uniform? Where? Were they English or Canadians? Infantry or supply troops? Try to find out wherever possible the divisional numbers. Very important." Other questions which were asked concerned camps, depots and barracks, armament and equipment, and A.A. defences—e.g., to MUTT and JEFF, March 1942: "Questions regarding 4.5 A.A. guns, which interests very much. First, life of barrel in number of rounds. Second, length of barrel in calibres. Third, is the gun also manufactured in mobile form? Fourth, also details concerning use of predictor Kerason in connection with 4 cm. Bofors gun are required."

Troop movements were also of great interest, e.g., January 1941, to TATE: All information about movement of miltary units in connection with Greece and the Near East are of interest," and November 1941, TATE: "Are any parachute troops sent overseas, especially to the Middle East?" In the very early days the Germans showed great interest in defence against landings. Thus in December 1940, to SNOW: "Territory Aldington, Stowting, Lyminge, Hawkinge, Folkestone, are there any constructions or mechanisms to prevent from air landings? Said to exist on field piles connected by wire. Of which material and height are piles, which are the distances, strength of the wire?" Further questions were asked about the guage of the wire and the material of the poles, and also if connection wires were electrically charged.

Inland and coastal defences also exercised the Germans' minds. Thus TRICYCLE was asked for details of coastal defences from the Wash to Southhampton, and CELERY, in March 1941, was asked about electrically controlled land mines on the Essex, Suffolk, Yorkshire, Kent, and Sussex coasts, and also about the guns used to repel invasion. Further military questions included many on new arms, particularly antitank guns, equipment, gas, and the armament industry generally. Naval questions were on the whole less numerous than might have been expected. They concerned mainly His Majesty's ships, particularly aircraft carriers, movements of ships, later on convoys and ports, docks, and shipbuilding. Thus TRICYCLE in February 1941, was asked: "When are five battleships of King George V class ready?" and DRAGONFLY in March 1942: "Particularly interesting at all times what you can find out about departure of convoys. Number of ships (groups) possible time of leaving, where assembled, where going to and protection."

R.A.F. questions on the whole predominated. They were specially concerned with commands and locations of squadrons, aerodromes, R.A.F. stations, and the like. The index of questions asked over this period shows that questions were asked of our agents by the Germans about 288 individual aerodromes, R.A.F. stations, and bombing ranges. A great number of questions also were asked about types of aircraft (questions asked about some 85 individual types), engines, armaments, parts and technical equipment, and aircraft production also occupied a very large space. About many of the technical R.A.F. questions FATHER, who appears a little later in this history and who was an expert Belgian pilot, became of especial importance, and received embarrassingly searching questions which were difficult to evade.

With questions such as those connected with the location of aerodromes and factories we always had to be cautious, lest one agent should give away another. Thus in February 1941, TRICYCLE was asked: "Do Vickers Armstrong possess factories at Brighton and Hawarden to the west of the aerodrome? Have the buildings which were near the aerodromes and which were used for army purposes now been taken over by Vickers for manufacturing? How many Wellingtons do Armstrong make each month? Where else are Wellingtons or parts for Wellingtons made? We want sketches showing sites for Vickers at Weybridge and Vickers near Crayford." In June 1941, TATE was asked: "Adjoining the aerodrome at Hawarden, west of Chester, there is at the south-west corner 1km. north of village of Broughton, the Vickers factory on the surface. Where is the underground factory? Are the works in operation?"

Questions which we roughly classed under Home Defence because the answers were approved by H.D.E. included questions on agriculture, food and exports and imports, rationing, identity documents, air raid damage, details of the evacuation of towns, and morale, together with a great number concerning factories and industry generally. In the period up to the autumn of 1942 questions were asked about 354 individual factories and firms.*

It will be appreciated that in 1941 we were operating agents who communicated by all three methods—i.e., by wireless, by secret writing, and by personal contact in neutral countries—and that the questionnaires and supplementary questions had begun to give a fairly comprehensive picture of the German objectives. By the end of the year we had, or had had, under our control agents operated from Oslo, the Iberian Peninsula, Hamburg, Brussels, Brest, Paris, and Berlin, and it was found that a kind of pattern was developing, since each Stelle had its special characteristics and tasks. Different agents from the same Stelle always bore a certain family resemblance to each other. Oslo (or the Bergenstelle which was under Oslo's control) was interested in weather conditions, but only in the north. Its agents in England were not as a rule concerned with weather reports, and it showed also a lack of interest in service matters. The things which chiefly concerned it were general conditions in this country, counterespionage, and sabotage.

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*Some idea is given of the range of these questions by an extract from the index under B: Babcock & Wilcox, Ltd., Borehamwood; Bailey, Sir W. H., & Co. Ltd., Manchester; Belfast Power Station; Belling & Lee, Ltd., Borehamwood; Bender, F., & Co. Ltd., Borehamwood; D. G. Bennington & Co. Ltd., Hull; Bird (Sidney) S. & Sons, Borehamwood; Birmingham Battery Metal Corporation; Blackburn Aircraft Ltd., Brough; Bodey, Jerrim & Denning, Bristol; Boulton Paul Aircraft Ltd., Bilbrook, Norwich, and Wolverhampton; Bovis Ltd., Cricklewood; Bowden (Engineers) Ltd., Hayes; Bradford (Thos.) & Co. Ltd., Manchester; Bradshaw Brothers Ltd., Leicester; Brick Works, Llandudno; Bristol Aeroplane Co. Ltd., Filton, Glasgow, and Weston-super-Mare; Britannia Iron and Steel Works Ltd., Bedford; British Bellanca Aircraft Ltd., Speke and Liverpool; British Manufacture and Research Co. Ltd., Grantham; British Oxygen Co. Ltd., Bristol, Manchester, and Cardiff; British Power Boat Co. Ltd., Hythe; British Ropes Ltd., London; British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd., Coventry; Brockworth Aircraft Works, Gloucester; Broughton Copper Co. Ltd., Brooklands Works, Weybridge; Brown (John) & Co. Ltd.; B.S.A. Co. Ltd., Coventry and Small Heath, Birmingham; Burroughs & Welcome Ltd., Dartford.

The agents from the two peninsular Stellen, Lisbon and Madrid, required information on service matters, the flow of armaments and raw materials from America, food supplies and public morale, and shipping intelligence. Hamburg, which was originally charged almost exclusively with the affairs of this country, naturally asked many questions of a domestic nature and questions concerned with the daily life and interests of the agents themselves. It also insisted whenever possible on daily weather reports, and for the rest its questions were predominantly those of the air force. Another distinguishing mark of Hamburg agents was that they were nearly always given specific geographical areas in which to work. Brussels turned its attention in the early days largely to the Dungeness peninsula, with the subsidiary objectives of the Military Canal and the Dover–Canterbury railway, and it also showed interest in the east coast. Brest was especially concerned with sabotage, and Paris asked for general information and weather reports. Agents controlled directly from Berlin received those sorts of questions which would be expected to come from headquarters rather than from an outlying Stelle—i.e., questions on political and organisational matters.

The most interesting point with regard to the traffic up to the beginning of 1942 is the evidence which it gives of enemy intentions (point five of the "creed" mentioned on page 58, to which once more reference should be made). In retrospect it is perfectly clear, even if it was not quite clear at the time, that enemy intentions could be gauged from the traffic of our agents with very fair accuracy. In R.A.F. matters, for example, the majority of questions with regard to aerodromes was concerned all through the Battle of Britain with the position and defences of *fighter* aerodromes. Conversely, in 1941, when the British air offensive on the Continent started, interest swung over to *bomber* aerodromes and the landing grounds from which bombers operated. The extent of the danger to this country of invasion from Germany is naturally clearly mirrored in the messages. In the autumn of 1940 questions are sent about defences in this country, especially in the southeast and east of England—in other words, invasion was contemplated, and our answers were naturally framed to avert this by exaggerating the strength of the defences wherever possible.

The change in enemy intentions is made especially obvious by a study of the questions with regard to foodstuffs. There were a number of these in the autumn of 1940, which were apparently in connection with invasion plans, since apart from the questions about the location of depots, G.W. was asked to try to arrange sabotage for factories and warehouses where commodities were manufactured and stored. In the spring of 1941, when it became evident that the war might be long, questions with regard to food began to take a different form. They dealt less with the location of stores and more with the food situation in the country; and details were demanded of the rations of meat, butter, fat, eggs, etc., for the civilian population. Further enquiries were made whether amounts shown on the ration cards were actually obtainable. In the summer the same tendency was observable; demands were made that details should be sent of the actual amounts of food arriving in this country from Canada, the United States, and South America. Prices of foodstuffs were also demanded.

By and large, the obvious deduction from the spring and summer food questions was that the Germans had turned away from the theory of the quick decision and were placing more reliance upon the long-distance effects of the blockade. The influence on morale of food shortage and rising prices would be extremely important among the lower classes of society, and this fact probably explains the use made by the enemy of THE SNARK, who, as a domestic servant, could not be expected to be of any value except as a reporter on such topics as retail prices and complaints of minor practical inconveniences. In August 1941 a memorandum was written and sent to Home Forces, pointing out these facts and adding that the insistence of the Germans on the personal security of their agents (some of whom had been instructed to lie low and take no risks) led us to the conclusion that the Germans had abandoned, at any rate for 1941, the idea of any large-scale offensive operations against this country, and were concerned to preserve their agents for the following year. This view confirmed appreciations of the situation built on other evidence which had already been made by Home Forces.

In the autumn of 1941 and the early winter of 1941-42 both types of food question were asked. TATE received elaborate questions about retail prices and stocks of commodities in August, and in September was asked to investigate the "many underground food stores" in England. RAINBOW was asked about the location of food dumps, especially about the "large stocks" in Oxford. THE SNARK, on the other hand, was asked for further details of prices and of the difficulties of the purchaser. SWEET WILLIAM was charged to report comprehensively on the food situation and on anything which had a bearing on the effects of food shortage on the army, the government, and the general public. Finally, BALLOON in December received several communications concerned with food supplies, food storage, and deliveries from the United States.

In attempting to appreciate this information we were able to discard the old explanation that locations of food dumps were required for purposes either of bombing or of sabotage. That policy had never been successful, and it is obvious that food dumps are singularly ill-fitted as objects of attack by either of these two methods. The invasion angle, however, could not be left wholly out of consideration, since an invading force would certainly consider knowledge of the localities in which food in large quantities could be procured as a piece of vital information; or alternatively, it might wish to deny us the benefits of these localities by the use of persistent gas. Conceivably, then, the questions might have indicated a renewed invasion project for the spring of 1942. On the whole, however, we came to the clear conclusion that the questions heralded not invasion but an intensification of the blockade, and this was the deduction made by BALLOON, who, of course, could judge only from his own traffic and without the assistance of the information coming from other agents. Furthermore, Lord Woolton's statement of 11 January 1942 to the effect that ships would have to be taken off convoy work in order to take reinforcements and supplies to distant theatres of war would no doubt tend to encourage German efforts to intensify the blockade and to reduce British morale by bringing about a shortage of commodities. To this there was a highly satisfactory side: the anxiety of the Germans to discover details about the destination of British troops going overseas, together with their keen interest in the training and strength of parachute troops, seemed to show us a shifting from an offensive to a defensive attitude of mind on the part of our enemies.

This perhaps overelaborate examination of questions on foodstuffs is only an example of the sort of information which the traffic could give with regard to enemy intentions. Another startling example is to be found in TRICYCLE's questionnaire for America, which contained a sombre but unregarded warning of the subsequent attack upon Pearl Harbour. TRICYCLE had established himself as a leading and highly placed agent in England and had made two more visits to Lisbon, the first in January and the second in March and April, 1941. So much was he trusted that it was arranged that he should go to America (at the behest of the Germans) in order to start a large-scale espionage network for them there. He accordingly left England on 26 June, stayed for some time *en route* in Lisbon, and finally departed for America on 10 August, carrying with him his questionnaire concealed under a series of full stops. On 19 August we received copies of the questionnaire from M.I.6, and this questionnaire was read to the Twenty Committee and translations were sent to service members. It will be remembered that the full stops were photographed and enlarged by the F.B.I. in America, who were therefore in possession of all the information contained in the questionnaire. The questionnaire itself formed the instructions for TRICYCLE, who was being sent over by the Germans to America with a view to establishing an important information organisation there—important particularly because the greater part of their previous organisation had been discovered and broken up.

The whole questionnaire covers approximately three quarto sheets typed, and of this one-third deals with Hawaii and in particular with Pearl Harbour. It is noticeable that, whereas all the other questions are more or less general or statistical (e.g., "Reports regarding U.S.A. strong points of all descriptions, especially in Florida"; "How much is the monthly production of bombers, fighting planes, training planes, civilian aeroplanes?"), those connected with Hawaii are specialised and detailed (e.g., details of named aerodromes, if possible with sketches, and the situations of the hangars, workshops, bomb depots, and petrol depots are demanded). Another characteristic question is: "Pearl Harbour—exact details and sketch of the situation of the State Wharf and the power installations, workshops, petrol installations, situation of Dry Dock No. 1 and the new dry dock which is being built."

Tricycle was to operate in the United States generally and would presumably be for some length of time in the eastern states. It is therefore surely a fair deduction that the questionnaire indicated very clearly that in the event of the United States being at war, Pearl Harbour would be the first point to be attacked, and that plans for this attack had reached an advanced state by August 1941. Obviously it was for the Americans to make their appreciation and to draw their deductions from the questionnaire rather than for us to do so. Nonetheless, with our fuller knowledge of the case and of the man, we ought to have stressed its importance more than we did. With the greater experience of a few more years' work, we should certainly have risked a snub and pointed out to our friends in the United States what the significance of the document might be; but in 1941 we were still a little chary of expressing opinions and a little mistrustful of our own judgment. The lesson is, no doubt, that once an agent is firmly established, any questionnaire given to him has a much greater and more immediate intelligence value than that usually attributed to it. TRICYCLE's questionnaire for America is given in full in Appendix 2.

6: EXPERIMENTAL PLANS IN 1941

Apart from the traffic, the chief interest of 1941 lay in the experimental plans and deceptions carried out or attempted at that time. These exercised the ingenuity of the members of B.1.A and of the Twenty Committee, and some of them showed a dividend, but a very great number failed or turned out to be impracticable. No exaggerated regrets need be wasted on those that failed, for the reason for failure was almost always the same. It was this: there was no coordinated or energetic direction of large-scale deception, and consequently only those plans could succeed which we were in a position to carry out among ourselves and without detailed directives. Had we been told, for example, that it was desirable to convince the Germans that we were about to invade Denmark or to attack Dakar, we could probably have contrived to carry out the task, provided that adequate support was given by troop movements, service wireless messages and the like. But we seldom knew authoritatively what was desirable and what was not.

On the other hand, any project which we could effectively control ourselves and carry through with the assistance of the Service members of the Twenty Committee usually flourished. Some of the 1941 plans must receive a brief mention here in order to illustrate the type of work which was being done.

PLAN I. This was inaugurated at the second meeting of the Twenty Committee, and consisted in the construction of a dummy ammunition dump, which was made in order that the Germans might be enticed to bomb it. The dump was ready in March and the requisite messages were sent by

TATE, but there was no result and the dump had to be dismantled.

PLAN STIFF. This plan was to drop by parachute in Germany a wireless set, instructions and codes, and to persuade the Germans that an agent had been dropped but had abandoned his task. It was hoped both that the Germans would have to undertake a search for the missing agent and also that they would "play back" the set to us, which would enable us to learn a great deal about their technique of deception. Practical difficulties prevented this plan, though it was revived on many occasions, from being executed.

PLAN MACHIAVELLI. This plan required the transmission through TRICYCLE of certain fictitious charts of east coast minefields. Some of the documents reached the Germans, but did not arouse their interest or establish their confidence to the extent which we had hoped.

PLAN IV. This was the first of a number of successful attempts to pass false documents to the enemy. We had received a directive from the Air Ministry that we were to attempt to draw away aerial attack from towns and factories and to attract it to aerodromes. It was realised that the enemy would drop their bombs somewhere, and it was regarded as greatly preferable that they should bomb aerodromes where they could be properly received, rather than towns which were very imperfectly defended. In consequence a number of documents were constructed and placed in a folder which was supposed to have been stolen by a messenger in one of the ministries. The documents included papers for a meeting of the Air Raid Review Committee and reports on damage caused by German air attacks at the end of February and the beginning of March. The various papers indicated alarm amongst those concerned at the effect of any attacks which had been made on aerodromes, and stressed the imperfections of the defence there and the weakness of the training. They also suggested that a great number of British aeroplanes had been destroyed on the ground.

The folder, after other attempts had failed, was successfully conveyed by G.W. through the Spanish embassy. The exact effect of the plan was impossible to gauge, but in 1945, when German Air Ministry files fell into British hands, it was discovered that the plan had apparently had very considerable success. The Germans accepted the documents at their face value* and drew the conclusion which was desired, that attacks on aerodromes would be the most effective use of the Luftwaffe. The first conclusion which the German commentator makes reads in translation as follows: "The British ground organisation concentrated in the southeast of England is the Achilles heel of the R.A.F. A planned attack on the ground organisation will hit the British air force at its most tender spot."

PLAN PEPPER. This was a plan to discredit the German Consul-General in Barcelona on the basis of information given by CELERY. The necessary messages were sent by DRAGONFLY but their effect remained doubtful. At a later date a much more elaborate plan, PLAN PAPRIKA, was evolved in order to cause friction in the German hierarchy in Belgium. A long series of wireless messages was constructed containing sufficient indications in code names and the like to allow the Germans to guess which of these high officials were engaged in a plot to make contact with certain British persons with a view to peace negotiations. This plan had to be abandoned because P.W.E. were unable to decide what they wished to have done. As on other occasions, our system was not exploited as fully as it might have been on the political side.

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*German Air Ministry File I/C.III.V.D.

Ic/III A II.Qu., den 20.8.1941.

VORTRAGSNOTIZ

Betr.: Angriffe auf die brit. Bodenorganisation.

Durch die Abwehr wurde 1 Hefter brit. Originalakten beschafft, weicher die Sitzungsunterlagen des Mr. J. A. Drew (Home Defense Executive=Kommandeur [m.s note "Beauftragter" or "Zivil Bevollmächtigter"] der Heimat-Verteidigung) [Ziv. Luftschutz.] für die wöchentliche Sitzung des Air Raid Review Committee=Berichtsausschuss, für Luftangriffe auf England (vom 5.3.41) enthalt. Die Unterlagen umfassen neben einigen Briefen das Protokoll der letzten Wochensitzung (28.2.41) sowie die halbtäglichen und den wöchentlichen Bericht über die durch deutsche Luftangriffe augerichteten Schäden in der Zeit vom 26.2.-5.3.41 (Home Security Intelligence Summary=Ubersichtsbericht Lage England bzw. Home Security Weekly Appreciation=Wöchentliche Gesamtbeurteilung Lage England). Das Sitzungsprotokoll ist abgesehen von seinem sachlichen Inhalt interessant wegen der typisch englischen "vereinsmässigen" Behandlung militarischer Fragen. Eine Auswertung der genannten Unterlagen (26.2.-5.3.) durch Gegenüberstellung der brit. Berichte und der dentschen Angriffsmeldungen (Lagebericht) ist in Arbeit.

PLAN MIDAS. This was a successful financial plan—successful no doubt because we were able to carry it through without reference to other departments. In Lisbon TRICYCLE represented to the Germans that he knew a rich Jewish theatrical agent who was anxious to build up a reserve of dollars in America as he was afraid England might lose the war. The arrangement made, therefore, was that TRICYCLE should receive dollars in Lisbon or America from the Germans and that the Jew should pay over £20,000 in sterling to TRICYCLE's nominee in England. The nominee was, of course, to be a person chosen by the Germans. The Germans clutched with avidity at this offer and sent a financial expert to Lisbon to consider the project and to work out details. As a result the dollars were paid by the Germans to TRICYCLE, less a not inconsiderable rake-off which apparently went into the pockets of Abwehr officials, and the Germans instructed TATE to collect the sterling from the Jew in London. All this was carried out and the money was notionally handed over to TATE, who reported its safe receipt to the Germans.

The value of the operation to us was considerable. Our agents were built up in the confidence of the Germans; TATE was, in German eyes, put in control of a very large sum of money which would enable him to pay other agents or undertake more costly commitments; we secured a considerable sum of money and were confirmed in our belief that we controlled the effective part of the German organisation in this country. In addition, those members of Kriegsorganisation (K.O.) Portugal who had to deal with TRICYCLE saw that they had in him an agent through whom they could secure advantages, both material and in prestige, for themselves, and they were always concerned to bolster up the TRICYCLE case if and when any suspicion of it arose in Berlin.*

PLAN OMNIBUS. This plan was an attempt made at the request of the War Office to create the threat of an invasion of Norway. The agents used were DRAGONFLY, BALLOON, GELATINE, and MUTT and JEFF—the last-named pair doing the bulk of the work. A threat was created by a number of unrelated reports all suggesting that a force was being created and trained to invade Norway. These messages were sent concerning refugees from Norway, special training of troops in Scotland, advertisements for fishermen with knowledge of the coast of Norway, inspections by the King of Norway in Scotland, and personal suggestive remarks by officers who were supposed to be about to embark on some new enterprise.

The details are unimportant, but it seems that the Germans took the threat seriously, for they promised a special bonus of £500 to MUTT and JEFF for more exact information concerning British landing intentions. The plan was allowed to drop in September and could not have been fully effective since it was not sufficiently supported by corroborative evidence or movements of troops. It indicated, however, once more, how much might be done if an energetic and powerful deception executive could come into being.

PLAN MICAWBER. This plan was designed to introduce to the Germans a new agent working in Censorship. In other words, it was a coat-trailing attempt which failed since the

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*Information secured after the end of hostilities supports our surmise that some Abwehr officials wilfully shut their eyes to suspicions about these agents. They thought it better for selfish reasons to have corrupt or disloyal agents than to have no agents at all. This point is well brought out in the report on Major Friedrich Busch.

Germans did not pursue the matter. On the other hand, it should not be forgotten that the essence of counterespionage is prevention, and the failure of this plan helped to satisfy us that the Germans were not in fact making any real attempt to use censorship leakages for their own purpose. Very often we have to remind ourselves that the most real successes of M.I.5 are represented by the fact that certain things never happened at all. Censorship, which in the last war was a favourite field for attempted espionage work, seems in this war to have been extremely effective, and was not seriously assailed by the Germans at all.

PLAN GUY FAWKES. A similar judgment is broadly true with regard to sabotage. At the beginning of the war we were, with reason, afraid that a great campaign of sabotage would be carried out by the enemy in this country. In truth and in fact very little sabotage was done or even attempted, but in the early days it was thought, and rightly thought, that the most important work of our double-cross agents might well be on the sabotage side, that is to say, they might help us to arrest other saboteurs resident in or sent to this island. G.W. was primarily a sabotage agent. His earliest tasks were to raise recruits among the Welsh Nationalist party for sabotage in Wales, and he also discussed the possibility of the poisoning of water supplies. G.W. himself in his dealings with the Germans always sniffed at the task of collecting intelligence reports which was demanded of him, and proudly pointed out that he was by profession an expert in sabotage and that he felt it something of a slur on his reputation that he should be employed in what he considered a less honourable sphere of activity.

MUTT and JEFF were also primarily sabotage agents and it was not easy to coax the Germans into the belief that the more important part of their work was that of sending information. It therefore seemed necessary to allow them to carry out a piece of sabotage in order to reestablish their reputation with their German masters, to secure payment for them, to get information about other sabotage projects of the enemy and, most important of all, to secure specimens of the most up to date German sabotage equipment. The W. Board gave approval in principle to the use of double agents for acts of sabotage and in consequence PLAN GUY FAWKES was carried out in November 1941. It consisted in arranging a minor explosion in a food dump at Wealdstone. Put in this bald fashion the operation sounds simple and uninteresting. In fact double-cross sabotage, of which this was the first example in this war, is highly complicated and excessively difficult to conduct successfully. It must be remembered that to get full value on the German side lurid accounts of the explosion have to appear in the press, but the press very properly will only put in accounts which their reporters can send to them. In other words the press has to be deceived by us as well as the Germans, and if the explosion or wreckage has not been considerable, the reports in the press will, if they appear at all, be correspondingly meagre.

In this particular case a high official at the Ministry of Food had to be taken into our confidence, as well as the Commissioner of Police at Scotland Yard, but even so there were many ticklish moments before the operation was successfully completed. The two aged fire guards at the food store could only with difficulty be roused from slumber and lured away from that part of the premises where the incendiary bomb had been placed. A too zealous local policeman almost succeeded in arresting our officers, and it was a matter of great difficulty to ensure that the fire resulting from the explosion should be sufficiently fierce to cause excitement in the district and yet not great enough to cause serious damage before the fire brigades could overcome it. The subsequent history of double-cross sabotage will occur later in this record. Here it is only necessary to say that this first essay did in fact secure some at least of its objects.

Minor pieces of deception which could not attain the dignity of being classed as "plans" were carried out throughout the period to assist the various services. These consisted for the most part in passing across misinformation to the enemy, for example in technical matters or production and on our own defences. At a later stage, as will be seen in chapters 11 and 12, these matters took on a vastly greater importance and had highly satisfactory results; in 1941 we were only trying out and testing our weapons.

7: THE AGENTS IN 1941

The discussion of the traffic and of the plans of 1941 has gone ahead of the history of the system itself and of the agents, to which we must now return. Running a team of double agents is very like running a club cricket side. Older players lose their form and are gradually replaced by newcomers. Well-established veterans unaccountably fail to make runs, whereas youngsters whose style at first appears crude and untutored for some unexplained reason make large scores. It is not always easy to pick the best side to put into the field for any particular match. With our double agents the object was always to have a thoroughly well-trained and trustworthy team, changing the personnel to the best advantage and ready always to take the field for what might be a decisive match. In addition some of the players required a good deal of net practice before they were really fit to play in a match. The prime difficulty was that we never knew the date when this decisive match would take place, and our best batsmen and the ones we had most carefully trained might be past their best or even deceased before the date of the final game.

The first big change in the team came early in 1941 with the collapse of SNOW (who had always till then batted at number one) and his assistants. In January it was arranged that SNOW should go to Lisbon to meet Dr. Rantzau and that he should take CELERY with him. CELERY himself was a new acquisition. He had served in a branch of Air Intelligence in the last war, but in the second war he had failed to regain a commission in the R.A.F., in circumstances which enabled him to represent himself to the Germans as having a grudge against this country. An enterprising and observant man, he had marked down SNOW and had indeed trailed both him and the head of B.1.A. on his own initiative, believing that he was on the track of real German spies in this country.

The obvious policy was to turn the poacher into a gamekeeper: he became a nominee of this office and SNOW arranged to take him with him to Lisbon, picturesquely describing him to Rantzau as one of his new "side-kicks." They were to receive some training from the Germans and to return here to continue their work. Our own objects in sending CELERY to Lisbon were that he should (*a*) clarify and report on SNOW's position abroad; (*b*) observe and report on the German espionage system in Portugal; and (*c*) enter Germany, if the Germans would take him, and there penetrate the German Service and bring back what information he could.

What exactly happened on the visit of SNOW and CELERY is still to some extent a matter for speculation. SNOW travelled by air and arrived first; CELERY followed by sea. According to SNOW's account he was bluntly accused by Rantzau of having double-crossed him and on his own admission gave away all the secrets of his wireless transmissions and his dealings with us. According to CELERY's account, when he arrived no mention was made by SNOW to him of this disaster, and he was, after various preliminaries, conveyed to Germany, where he spent some three weeks, mainly at Hamburg. There he was subjected to a devastatingly thorough interrogation, which he survived, and he was taken for a personally conducted tour over the city. SNOW, overcome by illness, alcohol, and jealousy, remained in Lisbon. Both returned together to this country, carrying with them some new sabotage material, including fountain pens fitted with detonators, and £10,000.

An exhaustive enquiry was made into this extraordinary story, since the facts appeared to contradict one another to an astonishing extent. If indeed SNOW had revealed all, why was CELERY not painfully executed by the Germans in Germany, unless perchance he had gone over to the enemy?

If, again, all had been revealed, why did the Germans present SNOW with £10,000? If SNOW was really, to use his own phrase, "rumbled," why did he not warn CELERY of the immense danger of entering Germany? He said that he did, but CELERY maintained that he knew nothing of all this till we informed him in London. The riddle of the Sphinx and the doctrine of the Trinity are simple and straightforward affairs compared with this double enquiry. On the whole the most likely hypothesis, among the many that we formed to account for these strange happenings, was that SNOW had not in fact been "rumbled" at all, but had invented this part of the story because the complications of his position were getting too much for him. A long incarceration, however, never brought him to change his story.

Whatever the truth might be, it seemed right to give the Germans the minimum of exact information and a series of messages was therefore sent by SNOW's transmitter saying that the chief was extremely ill; that his nerve and health had collapsed, and finally, that it was impossible to carry on and that the gear would be packed up and hidden. The SNOW case thus came to an end, and with it also the cases of CELERY, BISCUIT, and CHARLIE, though CELERY was sent on another but abortive visit to Lisbon. He subsequently entered the business world, and disappeared from our ken.

The consequences of this breakdown were not quite so serious as had at first been anticipated. G.W., who had originally been a SNOW agent, had established himself on his own. He had got into touch with the Spaniard, Del Pozo, and had discussed with him the working of sabotage in Wales. In January Del Pozo had actually suggested that when sufficient money arrived the two should buy a car and go a-sabotaging together. G.W. himself, as was mentioned above, always complained to the Germans that his abilities as a saboteur were underrated. The partnership, however, was broken up when Del Pozo left England in February. It was not until June that G.W. got into touch with the Spaniards again through a porter at the Spanish embassy. He then worked himself into the confidence of Calvo, who was press attaché there. This partnership for a time proved brilliantly successful, for G.W. was able to pass over documents of the highest importance for us through the Spanish diplomatic bag. These included the divisional signs document, the air raid damage report, and information about the Malta convoy. In fact, G.W. became our best channel for the transmission of documents and information too bulky or detailed for transmission by wireless.

The rest of the old gang continued to operate. TATE, whose situation, from the German point of view, was that of a free agent with no regular employment, was chiefly concerned with a series of attempts to secure adequate payment. He had not been amply provided for when he arrived because the Germans optimistically supposed that they would soon follow him to England. As his money dwindled he was compelled to plead for assistance, and a series of attempts was made to help him. He secured £100 by registered post through SNOW and entered into negotiations to receive money through RAINBOW, or in an emergency from an aeroplane which was to drop £500 for him. The Germans abandoned this last idea when they were able to tell him that a friend from Hamburg would personally bring over the money and a new crystal for him.

A complicated series of meetings was arranged at the Regent Palace Hotel, the Tate Gallery, and the British Museum, but the rendezvous was never kept although the imminent arrival of a second friend was announced to him. In fact Richter, who had been one of the friends, was arrested and subsequently executed. He could hardly be blamed, therefore, for failing to attend the meeting. Finally the Germans instructed TATE to wait at 16.00 hours at the terminus of the Number 11 bus route at Victoria. He was there to enter a bus with a Japanese who would be carrying *The Times* and a book in his left hand. TATE was to wear a red tie and also to carry a newspaper and a book. After the fifth stop they would both alight and continue their journey by the next bus on the same route where, after an exchange of agreed remarks, the Japanese would hand the paper over to him. In it money would be found. TATE replied to this message by pointing out that the Number 11 bus no longer had its terminus at Victoria, and proposing Number 16 instead, and eventually after further delays and difficulties the operation was actually and successfully performed. Special Branch watched the whole affair, photographs were taken, and the Japanese, who rather naively returned directly to his embassy, was identified as one of the assistant naval attachés, Lieut. Commander Mitinory Yosii. TATE, by this method, received £200.

In actual fact the incident was unimportant, but it does not need much imagination to realise that had circumstances fallen out otherwise this evidence of the espionage activities of a then neutral power might have been of considerable value. In July TATE received (as the Germans thought) £20,000 as the result of the operation of Plan MIDAS, which has been described above. The difficulties of securing the early payments for TATE were not without their value for the case. A real agent would, in fact, have had grave difficulties to overcome, and the tiresome hitches and obstacles can only have served to confirm the Germans in their belief in the case.

Once the MIDAS money had been paid we realised that TATE's position was really too good. With so much money he would be able to move about too freely and to see too much and would therefore be unable to declare his inability to secure the answers to awkward or embarrassing questions. Consequently in September he informed the Germans that he had been questioned by the police about his failure to register for military service, but that he got out of his difficulties by explaining that a friend of his, whose daughter he had at one time been able to help, had certified that TATE had been doing indispensable work in his firm and had now been offered a position as right-hand man on his farm—a position which would secure him exemption from military service. The benefit derived from this state of affairs was that TATE could not leave the farm except occasionally at weekends, and was therefore unable to take long journeys, unless we specially wished him to do so. This met the difficulty raised by the Germans' suggestion that as a rich man he should move in a better social circle and get into touch with more important people. We did arrange, with an eye to the future, that he should meet a friend of his employer's daughter (who visited the farm at weekends) and who turned out to be a girl engaged in the cypher department of one of the ministries. She was later lent by her ministry to the Americans and turned out to be a very useful source of information. It should perhaps be added that during a period when he was ill, TATE's transmissions had been operated by one of our own men who had learned to imitate his style, and thenceforward though TATE assisted in the drafting of his messages he was not permitted actually to operate himself.

DRAGONFLY's case proceeded normally. He was supposed by the Germans to have secured a position in his local food office, but his traffic, apart from a long-drawn-out battle over payments, was chiefly important for the daily weather reports which he sent. RAINBOW developed into a more important agent than we had a right to expect. His real and supposed position was that he was employed in Weston-super-Mare as pianist in a dance band, but the Germans agreed at the end of the year to pay him a salary of £1,000 a year so that he could transfer his activities to London. In February 1942 he obtained work in a factory, and his traffic became more and more concerned with industrial and economic topics.

TRICYCLE meantime had prospered. Suitable answers were provided to his questionnaires, and in January he returned to Lisbon, where he had a series of successful interviews with Von Karsthoff. They discussed plans for the future, and it was agreed that if suitable cover could be arranged TRICYCLE should go to America, if he could appoint some reliable person to carry on his work in England. He returned in February to this country and recruited two subagents—

BALLOON, an ex-army officer, at that time secretary to a firm dealing in small arms, who had previously had to resign his commission after finding himself in financial difficulties; and GELATINE, a woman of Austrian origin, who had previously worked as an agent for M.I.5 and who had good contacts in political circles. The idea was that these two subagents should be unknown to each other, and that BALLOON should answer the technical and military questions proposed by the Germans, whilst GELATINE dealt exclusively with the political side.

TRICYCLE visited Lisbon again in March, taking with him answers to his questionnaire and a chart of east coast minefields which he was supposed to have obtained from a naval officer. The arrangements made with regard to BALLOON and GELATINE were approved, but the chart was considered to be out of date and was not appreciated as highly as we had hoped. TRICYCLE returned to England for the purpose of making final arrangements with BALLOON and GELATINE; but he left again in June, arranged Plan MIDAS on his passage through Lisbon, and departed for America. Of his subagents, BALLOON prospered at once and was able to fill TRICYCLE'*s* place in this country; but GELATINE's letters, probably because they were concerned with political matters, excited very little interest.

Meantime new agents had joined us. MUTT and JEFF arrived in this country on 7 April 1941, having been put into a boat near the south shore of the Moray Firth from a German seaplane which had flown from Norway. They immediately gave themselves up to the authorities. They had a two-way w/t set, a sum of money, forged and out-of-date travellers' ration books, detonators, and bicycles. MUTT was the son of a Norwegian father and a British mother and had British nationality through having been born in London. He spoke English, German, and Norwegian fluently. JEFF was also a Norwegian and a fluent linguist.

The primary mission for the two was to sabotage food dumps and other objectives in Scotland, for which purpose they were equipped with recipes for incendiary bombs and rough particulars of objectives. Their secondary mission was to report by wireless upon air raid damage, troop movements, and civilian morale. MUTT, whose *bona fides* was established, was after a time allowed to live at liberty in London operating his transmitter under our control, whilst JEFF, whose temperament was felt to be unreliable, was interned in the Isle of Man, whence he later transferred to Stafford Gaol and Dartmoor. The Germans were led to suppose that MUTT was able to join the army and could therefore only transmit at intervals; JEFF, owing to his peculiar qualifications, was supposed to have obtained a position as interpreter at interrogations of refugees from Norway. He fell into trouble and was supposed to have been handed over to the Norwegian military authorities and sent in the autumn to Iceland. Relations with the Germans remained reasonably good until October, when wireless communication ceased for more than a month, probably because the Germans had lost confidence in their agents; but at the end of November the sabotage at Wealdstone restored the Germans' confidence, and MUTT was able to continue his transmissions and appeared to stand well with his masters.

CARELESS was a Polish airman who was shot down by the Germans in 1939, subsequently lived in France, found his way to Spain, and there got into touch with the Germans. His case was complicated by the fact that he was denounced by three Polish companions after his voyage to this country in July 1941, but he succeeded in establishing himself and communicated with the Germans by secret writing. CARELESS was considered to be difficult and temperamental; but he promised well as a double agent. His questionnaire was concerned mainly with the supply of aeroplanes to England from the United States, including the methods and routes by which they were brought here. He was also asked for general information about the R.A.F. in Britain, and in November he received a letter urging him to get into an armament factory and obtain production figures and so forth there. His traffic, however, was particularly concerned with A.A. defences, since he was notionally placed by us in the balloon barrage. He had considerable success in building up the A.A. defences in general and the balloon barrage in particular, and was thus able to instil into the Germans a wholesome fear of the strength of our passive defences.

FATHER, who arrived in England in June of 1941, was a distinguished Belgian pilot, who got into touch with the Germans in Belgium with the hope that he would be able to escape from the country by subterfuge. It was first proposed that he should go on behalf of the Germans to the United States; but he failed to obtain a visa and eventually travelled from Portugal to this country. His primary task was to work his way into the R.A.F., steal a plane, and fly it back to Occupied France. When it was intended that he should go to America, he was given times and frequencies suitable for communication from there, and he was told that he would have no difficulty in securing a transmitter himself in America. He also had secret ink for writing letters. In this country, as he could not develop secret writing, he wrote to the Germans and said that he would listen at the times and on the frequencies given him for America, but in fact these would have been unsuitable for transmissions to this country. The Germans therefore had no effective means of communication with him; but they solved this problem by communicating with DRAGONFLY, who was instructed to communicate with FATHER. This was done by telephone, and in spite of the difficulties which arose owing to the fact that neither could well understand the other's language, DRAGONFLY succeeded in conveying to FATHER a new set of frequencies and times of transmission so that he could receive direct wireless messages from the Germans. His replies were sent by secret writing, though he was instructed in case of urgency to send replies through DRAGONFLY.

The case presented points of very great interest. In the first place, the method of communication (incoming messages by wireless and outgoing by secret writing) was extremely secure. Secondly, FATHER, as a highly skilful pilot, was in a position to discuss and report on technical developments in aircraft. His knowledge and skill, though they made him valuable, caused extreme difficulty to the approving authorities, who were naturally anxious lest he should give away too much. As he was keenly anxious to pursue his career as a pilot, it was also necessary to post him very carefully, since no one could be sure at the outset that he would not in fact go bad on us and even perhaps steal his aeroplane and return to France. In fact he was entirely loyal, but this fact could not be established beyond qusetion at the time, and he was therefore a cause of great anxiety. It was also impossible to allow him to send over any obvious misinformation, since his wife and children were in German hands and were being paid by them.

In the lower ranks SCRUFFY, a Belgian seaman, who arrived in September with a good quality secret ink and a cover address in Lisbon, was placed notionally in a coasting vessel in British waters and impersonated by a nominee of ours. His traffic was run in an obviously bogus fashion in order, as we hoped, to convince the Germans that we ran a double cross very badly. In this way we hoped to cover up some of the other agents. Unfortunately the Germans seemed unable to realise that SCRUFFY was obviously controlled and the case had therefore to be dropped.

SWEET WILLIAM, a British subject employed at the Spanish embassy, had the job of preparing summaries of the news for transmission to Spain. He was recruited by the colourful Spanish adventurer Alcazar, and was used by us to send espionage reports through the Spanish diplomatic bag. THE SNARK, a Yugoslav domestic servant, arrived in July after an unsuccessful attempt to return to Yugoslavia. Her training and capabilities confined her to the reporting of the prices of foodstuffs and similar information. Curiously, the ink which she was given was of high grade. BASKET, an Irishman, was landed near Dublin by parachute, also in July. He had two radio sets, over £400, and a good secret ink, and was highly qualified to act as a double agent, for he travelled to North Ireland and surrendered himself to the authorities there. Unfortunately his primary mission was to transmit weather reports from Sligo, and this, for obvious reasons, could not be permitted. He was therefore abandoned as a wireless agent, though attempts were made to run him as a letter-writing agent only.

Many other newcomers were tried and found wanting, but it would be fair to say that by the end of 1941 the team of double agents was strong and well balanced and that new recruits had more than compensated for the losses among the older members.

8: DEVELOPMENTS IN 1942

The early part of 1942 was to some extent a period of frustration. Those who knew most about the working of double agents felt most strongly that the weapon in our hands was not being sufficiently used. If reference is made once more to the objects of the double-cross system on page 58, it can readily be understood that the counterespionage objects had been to a large extent achieved but that very little had been done, compared to what seemed possible, on the side of intelligence and deception. We felt increasingly convinced that insufficient attention was paid to the intelligence information which could be deduced from questionnaires, and still more that inadequate use was made of the system to pass over misinformation to the enemy and to practise deception upon him. Moreover, however efficiently M.I.5 and M.I.6 might control their agents, it was impossible for them to improve the work in these particular spheres of activity without more guidance from higher authority.

Efforts were made to secure directives from the service members of the Twenty Committee which would enable us to pursue a more aggressive policy. It was pointed out that, if indeed we controlled the German intelligence system in this country and were in almost daily communication by wireless with the Germans, it was inconceivable that we could not, if we used our imagination and ingenuity, affect German policy to our own advantage. A second criticism, made by the head of B.1.A, was that, as things had worked out, we were not really in touch with the proper higher authorities. In his view, if the system was to be actively used, we ought to have been attached to Operations rather than (or as well as) to Intelligence in order that we might effectively further operational plans by deceptive methods.

The attempt to secure better directives was not very successful. On the civil side, the policy of Home Defence Executive was necessarily defensive, and their directive therefore amounted to little more than an instruction to us to avoid giving accurate information about damage to industrial objectives whenever possible and to avoid pinpointing industrial objectives. Civilian morale was to be written up as far as possible, although in fact evidences of high morale would be the last things that a real spy would report. Though, therefore, H.D.E. was a firm supporter of the system and anxious to build up the agents for the future, it could help us very little at the beginning of 1942.

The War Office also wished morale, training, equipment, and so forth to be written up as far as possible and considered it the wrong moment to embark on more exciting plans. Home Forces pointed out clearly that it was useless to control the enemy's espionage system if the danegeld of good information was too high; that since operational plans were still fluid, it was difficult to use the agents adequately for misinformation; and that, in consequence, we ought to consider whether better results would not be achieved by abandoning the agents and giving the enemy the difficult or impossible task of building up a new system of agents altogether.

The R.A.F. had produced one clear and workable directive in November of 1941, to which allusion has already been made in the preceding chapter. This directive instructed us to stress the great number of training crashes and the poor standard of training; to attempt to draw aerial attack away from towns and onto aerodromes; to give no information on aerodromes under construction; and to belittle the performance of new types of aircraft and engines. An additional directive instructed us to remark on the increasing tendency to mix types of aircraft; to spread the area used by our bomber forces; to remark on the mining of aerodromes; and to state that the satellites were receiving heavy ground defences; to state that ground defences on aerodromes and satellites were being improved and that the aircraft were being dispersed wherever possible away from perimeters. This was all to give the impression that there was a very large number of aircraft but that they were highly vulnerable when on the perimeters. These directives were extremely useful, but unfortunately they were not followed up by other and similar instructions.

The Admiralty policy was clearly stated. We were required to pass as much accurate information as possible for as many agents as possible, with a view to building them up for later deception or cover. In the meantime we were to put over *ad hoc* deceptions* and to give the enemy advance information of defensive measures which we were adopting before such measures were actually put into practice, in order to deter the enemy from attacks. In addition we were to magnify the strength of escorts, the armaments of our ships, and the effectiveness of our weapons.

None of these policy statements were in themselves sufficient to remove the strong impression that we had prepared a weapon of war and that it was not being fully used. It was felt that the approving authorities on the Twenty Committee were deteriorating into a body of censors whose chief function seemed to be to cut out or veto a large part of the information which we prepared for the agents. Naturally we were prepared to see much cut out, but it did not appear that sufficient advantage was being reaped from the work that was being put in. Stated otherwise, it seemed that we were sinking into a condition of playing for safety and building up an organisation which, so far as we could see, might never be used. How was it possible to transmit effective misinformation when we did not know what had to be concealed and when there was not even a consistent deception plan which we could support?

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*In the event the Admiralty used double agents for a number of "*ad hoc* deceptions." Some of them are mentioned in chapter 12.

Nevertheless, on a long view, the cautious policy of the approving authorities on the Twenty Committee was clearly correct. A vivid and correct imagination, though it sees clearly the course of future events, almost invariably antedates results. Premature activity might well have wrecked our undertakings. The War Office and the Home Forces representatives pointed out that we were still on the defensive and that the great gains of deception could only be garnered when we passed to the offensive. In a defensive phase the chief merit was concealment, in an offensive phase the misinformation which we could pass to the enemy—but for this it was highly necessary to build up the agents so that the enemy had complete confidence in them. They would then be really valuable when the time for deception came. In other words we must keep our eye firmly fixed on time in the future when we should be able to put over large schemes of strategic deception, and we must remember that the gains from smaller pieces of tactical deception or from minor pieces of misinformation passed to the enemy were of small account when compared with the much more important though still distant objects.

Everything, therefore, pointed to one conclusion. There must be a powerful centralised control of strategic deception with a carefully planned policy, and the Controlling Officer of Deception must be someone fully apprised of all operational plans and fully informed also of all the weapons at his command for passing over his cover plan or deception. Our discontents, which were natural and probably inevitable, could be dissolved if deception were controlled and practised in the manner suggested above. Without such control of deception our efforts must be spasmodic and ineffective; but with a highly placed officer at the head of deception our organisation might become of the highest importance and the greatest value. Such a solution was, both in theory and in practice, far better than the proposal that we should be transferred bodily to Operations. The counterespionage and intelligence side of our work had to continue, and it would have been a complicated and difficult task to indoctrinate Operations with the whole history and theory of double agents, and in particular to convince them of the long build-up which was necessary. Operations would probably tend to sacrifice agents for short-term objectives, whereas the major value of the double agent system is the long-term use of the well-established agent.*

Meantime certain minor improvements were made in our system. We discovered that, though the volume of such questions was not large, there were a certain number of political questions with which none of our approving authorities were in fact competent to deal. In our efforts to expand the usefulness of the organisation we suggested that we could be of great service to P.W.E. For example, if messages were sent over containing reports from Italian prisoners, dissension might be sown between Italy and Germany. There was no theoretical reason why the double agent weapon should not be as effective in political as in military warfare. This proposal did not work out in the manner which we had hoped, but we did secure that Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck at the Foreign Office (who was also chairman of the Joint Intelligence Committee) should be empowered to approve political traffic for us, and this proposal was approved by the W. Board. Political traffic in fact never played a large part in our activities; but it was useful when padding was needed and when the status of certain agents had to be raised. Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck continued to assist us in this manner until the conclusion of the war.

Attempts to develop technical and scientific deception, which we made on several occasions, usually broke down owing to the difficulties inherent in this particular subject. A much more important point was that the Committee was put by the action of the Chief of the Secret Service (C.S.S.) in a position to act more effectively. Up to June of 1942 only service members of the Committee, and of course the representatives of M.I.5 and M.I.6, were allowed to have official cognisance of certain secret sources. H.D.E. and Home Forces were kept in official ignorance of them, and this made some of the discussions unreal, since it was impossible to discuss the reliability and use of agents when some of those participating in the discussion were not in possession of the most relevant evidence. Consequently a letter was written on behalf of the Committee to C.S.S., who replied giving his approval to the proposal that all members of the Committee should have these secret sources (in so far as they concerned double agents or their work) made available to them.

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*An examination of the problem revealed a number of overwhelming objections to the suggestion that a double agent system should be run by Operations rather than by Intelligence. The argument is too long to be developed here.

Further improvements were made in July. With a view to increasing the efficiency of the work on another side, the W. Board arranged that each of the services should free an officer for full-time or almost full-time double-cross activities, and that General Eisenhower and Admiral Stark respectively should be approached in order that an individual American officer in the army and the navy should be appointed by them for approving information connected with the American forces. Earlier in the year a proposal from M.I.6 that "blown" sets of their agents should be handed over to the Twenty Committee had opened up a new field of work. On the whole, though much time was devoted to these cases, little advantage was obtained from them, perhaps because we failed to use them imaginatively enough to obtain German intelligence information from them.

Let us return to the main argument. The double agent system had been built up and was in full running order. It had achieved some successes, particularly on the side of security and counterespionage. It was being wasted, as we thought, on the side of deception. This could only be corrected by the establishment of a proper deception control and by convincing the chiefs of Deception of the value of our organisation. Fortunately the possibilities of organising deception were clear to more important persons also.

The real home of successful deception was the Middle

East. There it really developed early in 1942, and, more fortunately still, double agents were used to assist it. CHEESE, a famous double agent of the Middle East, had been apparently blown in 1941, but was built up again and became once more effective in the summer of 1942. In this country Colonel Stanley had been appointed Controlling Officer of Deception by the Chiefs of Staff with a view to coordinating all strategic deception under them in October of 1941. It was, however, decided by the W. Board that he should not be informed of the double agents, but that he should only be told that we had certain opportunities of passing information to the Germans. One of his hands, therefore, was tied behind his back from the start. From the Middle East in 1942 Lord Wavell pressed for an energetic use of long-distance deception and for the active use of deception plans. This pressure from such a quarter was probably the real turning point.

In May of 1942 Colonel Bevan succeeded Colonel Lumley as staff officer to the Controlling Officer of Deception, and in June he became himself Controlling Officer. It is fair, therefore, to say that by the early summer of 1942 strategic deception was fairly launched in this country as well as in the Middle East. Our position was that we had ready an instrument which had been tried and tested and which we could offer to the Controlling Officer for use in his deception plans. It became our business not, as it had been in the past, to promote and press through small plans of our own, but to provide channels for deception according to the plans of the Controlling Officer. In addition, of course, it was necessary for us to arrange the lives of our agents in such a way that they would be most useful for deception and to give a clear judgment in every case as to whether any individual agent could or could not carry out the particular task which the Controlling Officer wished to see done.

Like almost every other wartime institution, the control of deception grew up gradually in accordance with the needs. Theoretically some such organisation could have been created, if sufficient prior thought had been given to the matter, at the beginning of the war; but it must be doubtful if the event in that case would have been as successful as it was. A great deal of experience had been gained by our own small efforts and plans, and we had a tolerably exact knowledge of what a double agent could or could not do in such matters. As things were, the double agent system played probably a greater part than it would have done if a cut-and-dried deception plan and deception staff had existed from the beginning of the war. An incident in the spring had brought out very clearly the difficulties of the situation prior to Colonel Bevan's appointment.

In May Lord Swinton had proposed that there should be discussions with Lord Louis Mountbatten about the possibility of using our agents in connection with the Isle of Wight. It was suggested that DRAGONFLY, if moved down to the neighbourhood, could give the Germans sufficient information to prevent them from creating new sources of information there, and that the operations of C.C.O. from the island could thus be effectively covered. This plan did not mature, for the reasons with which we were by then only too familiar; but it is certain that had deception been developed and organised by then, a cover plan for operations in the south could have been worked out and passed to the Germans. It is sad, but interesting, to speculate whether the Dieppe raid might not have been more successful, or at least less costly, if it had been effectively covered.

When finally the control of deception was firmly established and our main handicap thus removed, we were in some danger of rushing to the opposite extreme and sacrificing everything to deception. In August 1942, D.N.I. circularised the members of the W. Board, suggesting that the activities of the Twenty Committee would be more profitable if the Committee were placed directly under the Controlling Officer of Deception, who would be in touch with the requirements of the Chiefs of Staff and the Joint Planners. He suggested that Colonel Bevan should be appointed chairman of the Committee, and in fact that the whole double agent system should be run as an offshoot of deception.

Colonel Bevan himself had no wish for this change. He very reasonably regarded double agents as a channel through which his deception could be passed, and he did not desire to control agents himself or to busy himself with the details of the agents' lives. The W. Board also kept its head and reaffirmed its belief that the double-cross system was useful for counterespionage and intelligence as well as for deception. It also agreed that the Security Service and M.I.6 were normally the best judges as to how the machine under their control could be put into motion to the best advantage. Consequently, and happily, the organisation remained unchanged: but the Twenty Committee was fortified by the addition of Colonel Bevan and of a representative from C.C.O.

The benefits accruing to the general interest were not slow in coming, for already by November 1942 the first organised piece of strategic deception from this country had been carried out. The deception referred to was the cover plan for the landings in North Africa—in other words, the plan to cover Operation TORCH. It is not our business here or elsewhere in this narrative to write the history of deception; but it is necessary to allude briefly to the objects of some of the deception plans in order to explain how and why double agents were used.

To cover TORCH there were two main plans, SOLO 1 and OVERTHROW, which were initiated at the end of July and the objects of which were to threaten landings in Norway and on the north coast of France respectively. At the end of August, when the plans had been agreed and passed, it was settled that FATHER, MUTT and JEFF, TATE, GARBO, DRAGONFLY, CARELESS, BALLOON, and GELATINE should be the agents used, and a variety of items of information were allotted to them from which the Germans might deduce the time and place of our attacks.* TORCH was a highly successful operation, and, judging solely by results, the fullest credit must be given to strategic deception for this success, for the landings on 8 November were an entire surprise to the Germans. Nevertheless it must be admitted that the success was not primarily a triumph for deception, and still less for the double agent system.

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*There was also a plan, or series of plans, to cover the build-up at Gibraltar by implying that this was for the reinforcement of Malta, which was pictured as being in desperate straits.

The threatened attacks on Norway and the north of France, though they may have had some effect, were not the chief factors in deceiving the Germans. It seems rather to be true that the Germans deceived themselves. Their basic error was the belief that we had not the shipping available for an operation of the magnitude of that undertaken. As the situation developed, they expected an attack somewhere, but not on the scale of the actual operation; and on the whole they expected this attack to take place at Dakar. On 16 November the Turkish ambassador in Rome said that the Germans there had been definitely of the opinion that the concentration of forces in Gibraltar immediately prior to the recent attack had been intended for an attack on Dakar, and that they never thought that the blow would fall inside the Mediterranean. The suggestion of Dakar seems to have come from German inspired sources and not from England. The real triumph of TORCH from our angle was *not* that the cover plans were successfully planted on the Germans but what the real plan was not disclosed or guessed. In other words, it was a triumph of security.

From the point of view of the double agent system there was, however, both much to be learnt from this operation and considerable cause of satisfaction. We learned that in many cases we should assist deception most by securing that dangerous information did *not* pass to the enemy, rather than by passing misinformation. With regard to the misinformation, the fact that the Gibraltar stories went well and the Norwegian and French stories less well underlined the obvious fact that cover schemes ought to be as near the "real thing" as was safely possible.

Fortunately, and certainly, the position of the agents themselves was not jeopardised. The first reaction on the German side may have been that they had been badly informed; but on second thoughts they must have come to the conclusion that the agents had not really done badly. If cover plans (and the Germans must have been beginning to guess that cover plans were used by us) such as attacks on Norway and on northern France were mounted in this country, the agents from their observations would be deceived as much as everybody else. The troops participating did not themselves know the scene of the actual operation, and it was therefore entirely natural and right that the agents also should be deceived about the actual objectives. Except when certain specific questions were asked, the agents had confined themselves to facts, and when they had stated opinions they had not really let themselves down. Thus DRAGONFLY, who was asked on 18 October: "Have you the impression that new operation is being prepared? Atlantic or Africa?" had replied: "Several soldiers believe soon attack like Dieppe, but bigger, against north coast France. On south coast no signs of operation in Atlantic or against Africa, but a lot of newspaper talk and rumours about Dakar." It would have been unreasonable if a man in his position had not been deceived by the cover plan on the south coast, and the Germans could hardly give him a bad mark for that.

Certainly the Germans must have realised after TORCH that extensive cover plans were used, and consequently they might be expected to require more detailed and more factual information in the future, so that they could judge for themselves whether troop movements and the like were concerned with cover or real operations.

9: WORK AND HISTORY OF THE AGENTS IN 1942

Once more one part of this narrative has run ahead of the rest; the development of strategic deception has been carried down to the autumn of 1942, the history of the agents and their work must now be brought from the end of 1941, which it had reached in chapter 7, up to the end of 1942. Nor must one warning be forgotten. As strategic deception increased in importance the other parts of our work did not diminish but increased proportionately.

If it is accepted that the most important task of the agents was to pass over (or, to use the horrid language of officialdom, "implement") the plans of deception, it must also be admitted that this was best done against the background of a general reporting agency. You cannot baldly *announce* to the enemy that such and such an operation is in preparation or that such and such a division is being trained to invade North Africa or Norway. What you have to do—granted that you control the major part of the German intelligence service—is to send over a great deal of factual information, introducing into it those facts from which the German intelligence staff will deduce your (deception) intentions. Moreover, you cannot just volunteer information. The agent's first duty is to answer questions passed by the Germans, and therefore you must by your answers guide subsequent questions in the direction you desire. Consequently the main tasks before us were (1) to maintain an efficient though changing team of agents, which constituted the German intelligence service here; (2) to keep up a steady stream of information, mainly true, which would satisfy the Germans; (3) so to manœuvre our agents that they should be both rightly placed geographically and concerned with matters which could be turned to account in order that we should be able (4) to introduce the deception information plausibly when deception required us to do so.

First, then, the position of the team in 1942. The year began with a major disaster, for G.W. was lost in February. The reasons for his demise were neither our fault nor of our seeking. He had succeeded in "implementing" his own second resurrection in June 1941, when he had got into touch with Calvo at the Spanish embassy, and through him had passed a number of documents of high importance. Unfortunately the Spaniards were working a considerable espionage organisation in this country; in this Calvo was involved, and it was decided to arrest him as part of a plan to clear up this espionage ring. We dissented, of course, from the proposed action, but our protests did not prevail. Calvo was arrested and G.W.'s career as a double agent was ended. The loss to us was great, for he was by far the best channel we ever had for the transmission of documents, and his value in this respect might have been a growing asset. Moreover, his "elimination" placed others of our agents in danger and imposed a policy of extreme caution upon us. It is permissible to suggest that at a later stage, when the reputation of the double agent system was more firmly established and its uses better understood, our view would have prevailed. As things were we were compelled to make the best of a bad job and continue with a depleted team.

Fortunately there were a number of new cases which more than filled the gaps in the team. Some of them were only of passing interest, whilst others presented new and interesting features. PEPPERMINT, a Catalan, who was employed at the Spanish embassy for press purposes and as a courier, had fallen under the influence of Alcazar, and was instructed by him to send reports in secret ink from this country through the Spanish diplomatic bag. These reports, which were partially controlled, were used both for the Germans and for the Japanese in the Peninsula.

In April a new development occurred in Iceland. The capture of an Icelandic steamer sending reports by wireless to the Germans and the landing of COBWEB from a submarine enabled us to create an effective channel to the Germans from that island. COBWEB's set was operated from the Admiral's house, and two somewhat elaborate plans were attempted under Admiralty control; the first, to bring out the German fleet at a time when it could be dealt with adequately by our Home Fleet, and the second, to divert the enemy from the Russian convoys. The deception side of the second plan was tolerably successful, and M.I.6 continued to operate COBWEB until the end of the war. He was joined in September 1943 by BEETLE, who was also landed from a U-boat. Both were useful in a number of ways, e.g., as good security and counterespionage checks, and for sending out a number of messages about naval movements which it was desired to pass to the Germans. They also had their share in later strategic deception plans. Distance from headquarters and complications with the Americans, who of course at a later stage had to be put into the picture, together with difficulties over weather reports (on which the Germans were insistent), made it difficult to extract the full value from these Icelandic agents; nevertheless they played their part in the general scheme.

In April also GARBO was brought to this country. He had already been working for some nine months as a kind of free-lance double agent in Lisbon, but he was now smuggled to England and started his activities here under our control. Connoisseurs of double cross have always regarded the GARBO case as the most highly developed example of their art, interesting alike for the illustrations which it gives of all the many sides of the work, for the skill and ingenuity with which it was controlled by its case officer, and for the efficiency with which all possible advantages were squeezed from it. GARBO, therefore, plays a leading part in all the later part of this narrative. If in the double-cross world SNOW was the W.G. Grace of the early period, then GARBO was certainly the Bradman of the later years.

The case was unique in that GARBO himself, rejected by our officials abroad and playing a lone hand, imposed himself upon the Germans and himself performed the difficult operation of creating and establishing his own trusty and trusted espionage agency. He came to us therefore a fully fledged double agent with all his growing pains over—we had only to operate and develop the system which he had already built up.

GARBO was a Spaniard, equally hostile to communism and fascism. During the civil war he was compelled to hide, remaining immured in one house for a period of two years. When the world war started it occurred to his inventive mind that he might obtain employment as a British agent in either Germany or Italy. His offer was rejected in January 1941, and he therefore conceived the bolder project of offering himself to the Germans with a view to double-crossing them. Once recruited by them his value to the British, so he argued, would be sensibly increased. The event was ultimately to justify his expectations. He was well received by the Germans in the embassy in Madrid and, after characteristically lengthy and involved negotiations, he persuaded them that he could contrive to be sent by the Spaniards on a mission to England. To this end he forged a Spanish diplomatic document and departed from Madrid in July 1941 with a questionnaire, secret ink, money, cover addresses, and the German blessing, notionally *en route* for England.

But for nine months he did not go to England at all. Instead he remained in Lisbon, whence he indited long and colourful letters to his German friends, supposedly written in England and conveyed by courier to Portugal for posting. These contained his espionage reports on the British Isles. He worked with indifferent tools: a Blue Guide, a map of England, an out-of-date railway timetable formed his stock in trade, supplemented by meagre gleanings from Portuguese bookstalls. But fiction suitably presented is often more easily credible than truth, and it was not long before the Germans came to trust his reports and to appreciate them highly. Moreover, GARBO played his game with masterly skill. When his railway timetable told him that some line was important owing to the amount of traffic passing along it, he defended that line with newly erected wire and pillboxes cunningly camouflaged. When the Germans asked him to find out if armoured units had been observed moving south in Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire, he did not forget a little later to report just such units passing southward through Guildford. To assist him he created three subagents, who reported to him from the west country, from Glasgow, and from Liverpool.

Since he always reported what the Germans expected to hear, and since many of his guesses were startlingly near to the truth, he was more and more readily believed. None the less GARBO's existence was precarious in the extreme. He had so little knowledge of English ways and English habits that he remained permanently poised on the edge of a precipice over which some blunder or other must, as it seemed, soon impel him. He could, for example, not convert pence into shillings or shillings into pounds, and so the early expense accounts of his subagents present a problem to students of the curious; again, he knew almost no English names, and so his postbox in Lisbon carried the all-British legend "Mr. Smith-Jones."

But such trifling difficulties as these did not unduly alarm him. Once his correspondence was in full swing he made further attempts to offer his services to the British authorities, only to experience again the cold rebuffs of officialdom. But he succeeded in December 1941 in getting into touch with a neutral diplomat, and in February 1942 some account of GARBO's activities percolated to this country. At about the same time secret sources revealed that the Germans were making elaborate preparations to intercept a large convoy which was supposed to have left Liverpool for Malta. Only later did we establish the fact that GARBO was the sole inventor and begetter of this convoy, and thus responsible for a great expenditure of useless labour on the part of the enemy. It became clear to us at this stage that

GARBO was more fitted to be a worthy collaborator than an unconscious competitor. In April 1942, therefore, he was smuggled across to England, and continued from this country the work which he had notionally already performed from here since July of the preceding year.

The case developed enormously in this country, and GARBO soon controlled an active and well-distributed team of imaginary assistants, some of whom wrote directly to the Germans, though all received their answers, orders, and questionnaires through the head of the organisation. Among the original subagents there was one early casualty. When Operation TORCH was pending it seemed that agent No. 2, who lived in Liverpool and from whom GARBO had received notice of his Malta convoy, was in a position to see more than was desirable. Accordingly he became afflicted with a lingering malady and ceased to send in his reports. Much perturbed, GARBO hurried north and from there informed the Germans that the poor man had died. An obituary notice inserted by us in the *Liverpool Daily Post* was duly conveyed to the Germans, who expressed their profound sympathy with the widow. The other two subagents of the original creation remained, and to these four more were added—a Gibraltarian waiter; a brother of agent No. 3 who was eventually to go to Canada; a F.S.P. who was sent to North Africa; and a seaman whose main use was to arrange notionally for such documents and espionage material to be conveyed to Lisbon as in fact travelled in the M.I.6 bag.

In May the WEASEL, a Belgian doctor, fell into our hands, and it appeared likely that he would be a valuable addition, for he had been trained in secret writing and w/t and was a man of experience and intelligence. Unfortunately his secret letters received no reply, and it was thought likely that the WEASEL contrived to insert some secret warning to the Germans that he was under control. In June another promising case, that of CARROT, a Luxembourger, also failed to develop, owing partly to complications over his dealings with the Deuxième Bureau, and WASHOUT, son of a night watchman in the British embassy at Lisbon, who was also sent here, turned out to be by temperament and ability unsuited to play any satisfactory part.

Much more interesting and important was the case of HAMLET and the other agents connected with him. Our connection with HAMLET was made through MULLET, a British subject born in Belgium of a British father and a Belgian mother, who had lived for most of his life in Belgium. MULLET spent two months in Lisbon at the end of 1941 on his way back to this country and was introduced there to HAMLET, an Austrian ex-cavalry officer, a Jew, a businessman, and an exploiter of various commercial patents.

As HAMLET entertained MULLET, who was a new acquaintance of his, some twenty or twenty-five times to dinner, it was a fair assumption that he was anxious to make use of him in some way or other. In fact, HAMLET wished MULLET to do three things: to take jewelery over to his two children, whom he had sent to England before the war; to act as HAMLET's business representative in this country; and, most important of all, to discover what opportunities there were for transmitting peace feelers to England and for assisting those persons in Germany who were anxious to break away from Nazi domination and to secure a peace. HAMLET, in fact, declared as early as 1941 that there was strong military opposition to Hitler, and that he himself believed that this opposition could be assisted and made effective for the benefit of the Allies as well as of Germany. At a later stage it became evident that HAMLET was actually himself employed by the Abwehr, though his position with it did not become at all important until later. He became the centre of the so-called Kolberg Organisation, an enterprise controlled by Ast Brussels, which operated in Lisbon under commercial cover and which was a source of great jealousy to K.O. Lisbon.

MULLET reported all HAMLET's ideas and proposals to us, and in August 1942 he was sent out to Lisbon again for further conversations with HAMLET. The latter asked that we should supply him with information for his work, but made the rather startling suggestion that all the information which we should give him should be information which would indicate the strength of Great Britain, particularly with regard to the bombing of Germany, in order that the hands of those opposing Hitler should be strengthened. Clearly the case offered great opportunity for political warfare, for it provided a channel whereby we could be reasonably sure that information about our power and resources would reach the right quarters in Germany. It was not, however, considered wise at that time to use this particular opportunity with energy; on the other hand, it was decided to maintain the case for future use. At a later date PUPPET, an associate of HAMLET's and a friend of Von Falkenhausen's, the then governor of Occupied Belgium, was sent over to represent HAMLET's commercial interests in this country.

As a double-cross case HAMLET, MULLET, and PUPPET represented a highly attractive proposition and in some ways a unique opportunity. For purposes of information MULLET and PUPPET could be supplied by us and could pass their information to HAMLET under an elaborate business cover. This business cover was the branch of HAMLET's Portuguese company which was established in this country (and which compelled B.1.A to embark on considerable business activities connected with soaps, impregnated paper, and degreasing patents, as well as lemonade powder). The unique opportunity was that HAMLET, who was really himself a double-cross agent, was actually a member of the Abwehr, and we could therefore be sure that our information reached its goal and that it would in all probability be believed.

There were, however, certain drawbacks, which prevented us from drawing a proper dividend from the case. In the first place, the opportunities which it offered to other departments made us chary of using the case fully for our own ends; secondly, HAMLET's own motives were for a long time suspect, and he was not built up as he should have been by an adequate supply of information in the early days; and thirdly, we were unable to get as much information about him from other sources as we did in the case of other agents. As a result, full advantage was not taken of the opportunities presented, though some advantage was reaped from it at a later stage.

In the autumn more recruits were added. JOSEF, a Russian, who had been detained for some time at the Oratory Schools, had become friendly with Matsumoto, formerly honorary press attaché to the Japanese embassy. JOSEF, as a seaman, visited Lisbon and made his way to the Japanese legation there. He thus made a link with the Japanese. He and other seamen agents of the same kind were never an entirely satisfactory part of the double-cross system. It is true that they established a useful link by personal contact with the Germans and Japanese at Lisbon, but in the nature of things they could not be properly controlled. However reliable we might consider such an agent, and however carefully he might be coached, it still remained true that a seafaring man might well, when questioned, give away a great deal, particularly about convoys, which we desired to suppress. Nor, again, could we be at all certain that he would accurately convey to the enemy the misinformation which we had given him. In fact, as much harm as good might well be done by a seaman agent of this kind.

In October BRONX, the daughter of a South American diplomat, established herself with us as a very competent letter-writing agent. She had accomplished a mission to France for the British in July to October 1942, and on her return reported that she had been in touch with enemy intelligence service, who had recruited her to report on industrial affairs. She was promised a salary of £100 a month, which was afterwards paid with satisfactory regularity, though for a time it appeared that the Germans had no great interest in her. In the same month TRICYCLE returned to this country from America and started a new phase in his activities, and BRUTUS, a Polish agent who turned out to be extremely important, also reached England. His case will be explained in the next chapter.

Another valuable addition was LIPSTICK, a Catalan much concerned with the Catalan Separatist movement. He discussed with Cornudella, the leader in Barcelona of the Catalan movement, the possibility of travelling to England in order to get in touch with the Catalan movement here, and with this object he approached some German friends who might, he thought, assist him to obtain the necessary papers. The Germans, who were deceived about LIPSTICK's history and views, agreed to assist him on condition that he should act as a German agent in England. He reported to the British embassy in Madrid what had happened, and it was agreed to facilitate his journey here. He had lessons in secret writing from the Germans, and received from them materials for writing, a microscope and developer for secret writing, and six cover addresses to which he could write. LIPSTICK was therefore a singularly well-equipped letter-writing agent, and his training and experience made him fully competent to report on matters connected with production, industry, and science. The weak point in the case was that his own first interest was to further the Catalan movement rather than to assist us.

In November WATCHDOG was landed from a U-boat in Canada together with a wireless set and an extensive questionnaire. This move on the part of the Germans threatened an extension of our activities to other parts of the world, but in fact the case did not develop very satisfactorily. A little later in December a South African scientist who had been suborned by the Germans in a concentration camp in France reached this country and was arrested. He confessed, and it was arranged that he should return to South Africa, and act as a double agent operating a wireless set from there—a task for which his scientific knowledge and his desire to rehabilitate himself made him peculiarly well-fitted. In this case, however, the South African government for security reasons finally refused to allow the experiment to be made in South Africa.

Finally, in December ZIGZAG landed in this country. He was a criminal who had been imprisoned in Jersey for safe-blowing and similar activities, had been taken over by the Germans when they occupied the island, had offered his services to them in order, as he alleged, to escape to this country, and who had been carefully trained by the Germans in sabotage and in radio transmission at Nantes. He was dropped by parachute near Ely, bringing with him an intelligence questionnaire and a wireless set. He immediately handed himself over and told his story with apparent candour and completeness.

In fact we knew a great deal about ZIGZAG before his arrival, and elaborate preparations had been made with regional and police authorities to secure him quickly and without advertisement as soon as he arrived. Details of his training had been discovered from secret sources. We even knew that he could be identified by certain false teeth, because his departure from France had been postponed as the result of an accident during his parachute training, and the dental repairs had found their place in secret sources. We knew indeed a great deal about him; we knew that he would be in possession of two identity cards; we knew the details of his equipment, and we knew that an act of sabotage would be his primary assignment. What we did not know was whether he was really on our side or on that of the Germans. His behaviour and demeanour on arrival convinced us that he was on ours.

ZIGZAG's case was of absorbing interest for a variety of reasons. He had been most carefully trained even to the extent of having practice in being dropped by parachute. He had worked for a long period in the Nantes Stelle and had, therefore, a fund of information about enemy radio transmissions. The tasks set him were first and foremost to sabotage the de Havilland works at Hatfield where Mosquito light bombers were made. On this the Germans placed the greatest importance. In addition he was to send daily weather reports, particulars of the movement of American troops, and information about American divisional signs and shipbuilding. He was also to report on internal transport in this country. For all these purposes he had been supplied with £1,000 and explosive materials. What made his case particularly interesting was that his work was to be completed in a few weeks, and he was then to return either by shipping as a seaman to Portugal, or by way of Ireland, or by means of a submarine which was to be sent for him. He was promised £15,000 for the de Havilland sabotage, and was told if he brought it off and returned, the Germans would probably send him to control a special sabotage undertaking in the United States.

The case therefore presented new features and new problems. If full advantage was to be taken of it, ZIGZAG would have (apparently at least) to carry out his act of sabotage, and also return to the Germans. If he did this he might be able to communicate with us from Nantes, and we might also control and prevent extensive sabotage by German agents in America; but it was essential, if he were to return, that he should not know or guess at the knowledge which we had through secret sources. The possibility had at all times to be considered that he might, on return to enemy territory, be persuaded or forced to reveal his association with British intelligence. Speed was also a necessity. Dr. Graumann, who was ZIGZAG's spy-master, had shrewdly but perhaps unwisely told him that if he fell into British hands, and the British tried to use him, it would take a long time, for the Germans could rely on "red tape to stop the ball rolling." Consequently, a quick decision had to be made, and ZIGZAG was put on the air at once. His achievement and subsequent career belong to a later chapter.

By the end of 1942 therefore, in spite of some casualties, the team of agents was distinctly stronger in all departments than it had been a year previously. The work which they had done during the year requires a brief mention. The questions sent by the Germans had increased in volume, and had as before clearly reflected the German interests from month to month. Once again it is impossible to give a satisfactory summary of the questions or answers; it must suffice to indicate a few of the main interests. First and foremost the Germans had made any indications of British offensives the first claim on the agents. Quite obviously they had begun to think defensively, and they demanded not only general information about projected invasions, but also all sorts of details connected with concentrations and movement of troops, stoppage of leave, concentrations of small craft and equipment, and so forth, which might help them to prognosticate the time and place of any such invasion.

The next subject in order of importance, judged by German standards, was connected also with possible offensives. It was the subject of gliders, and airborne and parachute troops. Questions were asked about the details of the convoys and tactical use of an airborne division, details of transport gliders, their capacity, production figures, and so forth, and details also of new methods of landing and towing gliders. Our order of battle continued to be a matter of great interest. A captured German document, *Das Britische Kriegsheer*, dated April 1942, showed us up to a point what the Germans already knew, and their questions seemed to show that they were trying to fill up blanks and clear up dubious cases in this document. Consequently we knew where they could be deceived.

Other questions which had a high priority included the aircraft industry and new types of aircraft; and here again the questions indicated to us where the Germans' information was imperfect. Thus in July they asked questions about an underground aircraft factory said to be employing nearly eight thousand workers, but of which they did not know even the approximate location. Many technical aircraft details were also asked for. In August one agent was asked about aircraft guiding waves, Cockerel apparatus, the use of infrared equipment, and of radio location equipment called D.F.G.10. In the next month he was asked again for details of guiding waves, and for stations and squadron signs, Fleet Air Arm wireless equipment and frequencies, ASV., and the technical details of dive bombers such as automatic diving brakes and flattening-out control. In October the questions became more technical still.

Other questions which were obviously important included information about the American forces in the British Isles, the Canadian forces, and combined operations. In the last case the organisation, strength, and equipment of Commandos was asked for, and the location of Commandos Nos. 5, 6, 7, 11, and 12. With regard to tanks, they seemed to be more interested in production than in specifications, but an exception was the interest shown in the "crusher" tank. It was not known whence the Germans first heard of this tank, which in fact did not exist, but between March and July 1942 they made at least five attempts to obtain information about it.

Questions about other matters: production, food, convoys, gas, air raid damage, and so forth, continued as before, but there were remarkably few questions on naval matters. Probably, bearing in mind the clarity with which German interests and also German deficiencies in knowledge were exposed, we did not take the fullest advantage of our powers to deceive them. Nevertheless a useful stream of misinformation was passed to them together with true but innocuous information. With regard to production our policy of dispersal was well written up, and with regard to airborne troops our strength was carefully exaggerated. In October the Controlling Officer of Deception obtained from the Chiefs of Staff a directive according to which it was regarded as safe to exaggerate military strength by about 10 percent.

Various plans were put through as before, but their importance and interest was usually only ephemeral. The most ingenious of them, Plan PAPRIKA, designed to indicate a serious spirit of rebellion in the German Higher Command in the Low Countries, was never put into operation owing to doubts abouts its political wisdom. GARBO's finances were put in order by means of Plan DREAM, whereby certain Spanish fruit merchants paid money to us in England in return for pesetas paid by the Germans in Spain. Finally, MUTT and JEFF kept the home fires burning by means of an act of sabotage, Plan BROCK, in Hampshire. It had been arranged that some Nissen huts should be blown up with the connivance of Southern Command, for the same reasons which had previously induced us to undertake acts of sabotage. The usual difficulties occurred. The explosion was so effective that the tangible evidences of sabotage were destroyed, and the Norwegian compass which had been carefully left on the spot was stolen and disappeared. Some local sheep strayed too near the danger zone, and a soldier from a nearby camp was arrested and seemed unable to find any convincing story to exonerate himself. However, judicious planting of further clues and the intervention of a Special Branch officer sent by us brought local opinion round to the theory of sabotage, and appropriate accounts appeared in the local press.

10: ACTIVITIES IN 1943

It is difficult to recapture the changing thoughts, impressions, and moods of past years. Chiefly one remembers only that the road was long and that victory seemed to be always round the next corner. Certainly the great day when Western Europe would be invaded seemed throughout the middle years of the war much nearer than it was, and when the Germans' surrender at Stalingrad in January 1943 took place every optimist—and almost all were optimists, else how should we have worried through?—imagined that the stretch ahead would only be a short one.

Let us keep this in mind with reference to the double-cross system. If a fresh picture is permissible, we might think of a man who starts on a quarter-mile race; when he has run a couple of hundred yards those on the edge of the track shout to him that it is a half-mile race on which he has entered, and a little later it is borne in on him that the distance to be covered is a mile or perhaps three miles. Can he adapt himself, and will he last to the finish at all, let alone be in the lead when the last lap is run? So it was with the double-cross system.

It must be remembered that we had always looked forward to the day when we should take part in the great final deception which would pay ten times over for everything we had given out earlier. But no one can maintain a bluff indefinitely; sooner or later a blunder or sheer mischance will inevitably give it away. How should we feel if the whole of the double-cross system collapsed before it had been put to the test in a grand deception? The fear that this would happen was constantly in our mind, and was increased by the belief, which was probably at the worst only partially justified, that the collapse of one important case would destroy all the rest with it. If the Germans, so we thought, once gained full knowledge of our procedure in one important double-cross case, they would inevitably become suspicious of the rest, examine them in every detail, and end by guessing at the truth about them all. So our mood in 1943 was one of gnawing anxiety lest our opportunity should not come soon enough for us to use it. The double-cross runner might be lying exhausted at the side of the track and out of the race altogether when the bell actually rang for the last lap.

Fortunately, things turned out otherwise; the great day came; the grand deception succeeded; the double-cross agents played a not undistinguished part; but all that was in 1944 and not in 1943. Nor, though ultimate success excuses everything and banishes also doubts and hesitations to a decent oblivion, were our fears groundless. As will be shown in chapter 11, it was a near run thing. Probably, though this is surmise, our double-cross system only just lasted the course, and could hardly have done so had D Day been postponed, let us say, to the end of 1944. Luckily we can afford to forget how small the margin was.

Meantime we have to consider 1943, and this must be done shortly in order that the main course of the story may not be delayed or interrupted; but because it is treated shortly, it must not be thought that the period was uneventful or unimportant for us. On a sober appraisement it can well be argued that the most worthy though least showy achievement of B.1.A and the Twenty Committee was to keep the whole system running and functioning throughout the years 1942 and 1943, so that in fact it *was* still in place and ready to play its part in 1944.

The events of the year 1943 and the work done then may therefore be reduced to a brief summary under the headings of strategic deception, plans and minor pieces of tactical deception, and the affairs of the agents themselves. In deception we, as well as the Controlling Officer, encountered all the difficulties inherent in the task before us. A major operation has to be carefully planned and suffers as a rule many changes and amendments before it is finally passed by those in supreme authority—and this difficulty is enhanced when supreme authority is vested in an Allied rather than in a purely British command. Other difficulties occurred before the deception machine was running smoothly. Thus at one time the strength of British and American forces was being "written down" and at the same time "notional divisions" were being created, which had the effect of "writing up" our strength. The cover or deception plan cannot be devised until the real plan is communicated at least in outline to those in control of deception, and then in its turn the cover plan has to be accepted and approved. After that again the cover plan has constantly to be altered in detail to conform to the needs of the real plan, and sometimes it has to be scrapped altogether to meet the exigencies of a new situation. Consequently time was nearly always terribly short both for the Controlling Officer to work out and obtain approval for his plans, and for us on a lower level when we had to implement some of the details.

We suffered too in another way. Whereas in the early days we had lacked any detailed direction, we now often had too much. It was the business of double-cross agents to pass over facts and details to support their deception plans; these plans were worked out with the greatest care and elaboration, and all the moves were arranged in advance. Thus, for example, we would be told that on D minus 25 we should report that H.Q. of X Division had moved from the Eastern Counties to Scotland; or that on D minus 20 a convoy was to assemble at Liverpool. Our business was not to question the why or wherefor of such moves, but only to arrange that some agent or agents should be in a position to pass the report plausibly and convincingly, always remembering that the time for prior manœuvring of the agents was short and that the details of the plan might be switched round at a moment's notice.

In fact we succeeded in satisfying the demands of deception without "blowing" our agents, and without refusing any really urgent demand made on us. We always insisted that we could not implement anything which in our judgment would not be believed by the Germans, or would certainly "blow" the agent. This was a necessary precaution, for without it we might have been left without any agents when the time for invasion came.

The basic idea of the deception policy during 1943 up to the beginning of the winter was to "contain the maximum enemy forces in Western Europe and the Mediterranean area and thus discourage their transfer to the Russian front." For this purpose numerous threats of landings and invasions had to be made, and the double-cross agents assisted in all these matters. The most important of these was Operation STARKEY, the original object of which was "to mount a major amphibious feint against the Pas de Calais area in such a manner as to convince the enemy that a large-scale landing is imminent and so designed, without actually committing our land forces to an assault, as to compel the German fighter force to engage in air battles of attrition at times and places most advantageous to us." At a later stage the real part of the operation was abandoned, but the preparations were continued in the form of an exercise. Norway, too, was a favourite playground for deception, and even the most retentive memory would have difficulty in recalling just when and how often our agents helped to put into effect a threat against that country. The bulk of this work fell on MUTT and JEFF, who originated a threat in April, in August, and again in October of 1943. The details of these matters belong to the history of deception and cannot be recounted here.

Broadly speaking, deception was successful during the year, at least in its main objective of causing the Germans anxiety and doubt about the next blow. From our point of view the chief cause of satisfaction was that the agents survived with undiminshed prestige ready for the more important operations of the future. The organisation of deception underwent some change during the period, and these changes had repercussions on the double-cross system. In

June COSSAC was formed by General Morgan, and in the autumn General Eisenhower formed SHAEF. The Controlling Officer of Deception, in order to facilitate rapid and efficient working whilst retaining the general control of deception over the world (global deception as it came to be called!) and the general control of policy, was able to leave the more detailed planning to COSSAC, and later to Ops. B. SHAEF. He thus in fact confined himself to the exact task which had been originally allotted to him by the Chiefs of Staff. Consequently our traffic, whenever it touched on deception matters, was always submitted first to L.C.S., later to COSSAC, and still later to SHAEF for approval, as well as to the old established approving authorities. Consequently, too, the main deception plan for the invasion was worked out in detail by Ops. B. SHAEF with whom, as time went on, we dealt more and more closely.

We must turn to the actual work of the year, to the traffic, the plans and pieces of minor deception. Of the traffic—the questions asked and the answers given—no account need be given, partly because the Germans were thinking more and more defensively and were therefore more and more concerned with our measures of attack, still more because this side of the work was a permanent commitment, and has been sufficiently described and illustrated in the earlier years. But some mention must be made of some of the plans carried through by the agents.

Sabotage continued merrily. ZIGZAG started the year with his operation at the de Havilland works. Here on the night of 29 January camouflage experts made suitable arrangements for us, and aerial photographs gave a convincing picture of a considerable explosion. Reports from ZIGZAG and notices in the press seemed to convince the Germans of the success of the operation, the more so when news was sent to them that one of ZIGZAG's criminal assistants had been arrested for being in possession of gelignite and for suspicious behaviour in the neighbourhood of Hatfield. As the Germans were unwilling or unable to send a submarine for him, ZIGZAG was compelled to make his own arrangements for his getaway, and we contrived to have him shipped as a steward on board the *City of Lancaster*, which vessel he was to desert at Lisbon. He was carefully coached in his story and made to memorise a lengthy questionnaire dealing mainly with wireless stations at Nantes, Bordeaux, and Paris, and with German sabotage undertakings and methods.

Whilst the ship was at Lisbon ZIGZAG made contact with the Germans and eventually deserted as arranged; but there were moments of very great anxiety. We learned from secret sources that he was leaving on board pieces of coal given to him by the Germans and containing high explosive as a parting gift to the ship, and it was naturally impossible to be absolutely certain that ZIGZAG had not actually placed this coal in the bunkers, in order to set himself up with the Germans, without warning any of his former shipmates. An officer was hurried out to Lisbon, and it was discovered that ZIGZAG had given the coal into the charge of the captain and that the proposal had come in the first place from ZIGZAG himself.* He then returned into the charge of his German masters, and for the time disappeared from our ken.

The prospects opened up by his return to the enemy were impressive. He maintained himself that as a reward for his work he would be allowed to tour Germany and then take up a position in the Dienststelle at Paris, Nantes, or Angers; also, that he would certainly get another sabotage mission either to the United States, or perhaps, in charge of a large band of saboteurs to this country. He also believed that he could set up an organisation in France on fifth column lines, which would stay behind if the Germans evacuated France and which, of course, he would be able to hand over lock, stock, and barrel to the Allies. His own plan included the suggestion that he should undertake the assassination of Hitler as a one-man effort, but this proposal, with more than our customary caution, we declined to encourage. Perhaps we missed an opportunity, for ZIGZAG was an enterprising and practical criminal.

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*ZIGZAG later received RM.10.000 for this bright idea.

Other sabotage was carried out in August by MUTT and JEFF. This was Plan BUNBURY, which consisted in arranging an explosion at a generating station at Bury St. Edmunds. After the target had been chosen, the Germans were communicated with and agreed to send sabotage equipment for the use of the agents. It must be remembered that the reputation of MUTT and JEFF, owing to the fluctuating demands of Norwegian deception, was always a little doubtful. Nonetheless the Germans believed in them sufficiently to supply the apparatus. In February of 1943 they had dropped a new transmitter and £200 by parachute for MUTT and JEFF in Aberdeenshire. At the end of May £400 and sabotage equipment were sent, but as the Germans dropped them in the wrong place MUTT and JEFF did not acknowledge receipt. Consequently, the Germans had to repeat the operation, when they dropped another £400, another radio set, and more sabotage equipment. The interesting fact about the equipment dropped was that the bulk of it was captured British material manufactured by SOE.

Plan BUNBURY, which was well written up and which produced a piece of flaming propaganda on a German broadcast claiming that over a hundred and fifty workmen had been killed, was a clear vindication of the principles for which sabotage was run. It maintained and confirmed the reputation of two agents who were important on the information as well as the sabotage side; it obtained for us samples of German sabotage equipment available to the Germans; it gave us knowledge of their sabotage technique; and, by the publicity resulting from the operation, it provided a security stimulus in factories and public utilities in this country.

Another successful plan which was completed in May was Plan MINCEMEAT. Shortly before the invasion of North Africa an aeroplane had crashed, a body had been washed ashore in Spain, and some fortunately unimportant papers had been shown to the Germans. It therefore appeared that a similar incident might be faked and turned to good account before some suitable major operation.

After consultation with Sir Bernard Spilsbury as to the medical possibilities, Mr. Bentley Purchase, the coroner, was consulted and asked to collect and retain an unclaimed body; the causes of death had to be not inconsistent with an aeroplane crash if a postmortem should be held. By the end of January 1943 Mr. Bentley Purchase had found a suitable body, which he retained on ice. It was decided to give the notional officer, who was given the name of Major Martin, the status of an officer in the Royal Marines, so that communications could be kept in naval hands and yet the officer wear a battle dress, as no normal uniform could be made to fit exactly.* Major Martin was then provided with a personality which was built up by a series of letters and other personal documents which he carried in his pocket. These were all written by appropriate persons and conveyed the picture of a youngish staff officer.

He was also given the official documentation of a major on the staff of the Chief of Combined Operations. The material document was a personal letter from Admiral Mountbatten to Admiral Cunningham, the naval C.-in-C. Mediterranean, to explain why Major Martin was travelling and carrying the main deception letter. This was a personal off-the-record letter from "Archie Nye" (V.C.I.G.S.) to "My dear Alex" (General Alexander). The intention of the letter was to cause the Germans to believe that Sicily was *not* the next target and that there were two operations being mounted in the Mediterranean. This was done by V.C.I.G.S. telling Alexander that he was taking the opportunity to send a personal letter by hand to give him an idea of the way the minds of members of the Chiefs of Staff Committee were running about the Mediterranean plans. A landing in Greece was indicated by mentioning that further troops and shipping had been allotted for the assaults on two main beaches. Attention was drawn away from Sicily by saying that General Wilson had wanted Sicily as his cover for the Greek operation, but for stated reasons the

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*The difficulty of obtaining underclothes, owing to the system of coupon rationing, was overcome by the acceptance of a gift of thick underwear from the wardrobe of the late warden of New College, Oxford.

Chiefs of Staff felt that Alexander might be allowed to keep that as his cover target, as it was thought that the Germans would be more likely to deduce that Alexander's preparations were aimed at Sicily than were Wilson's; the Chiefs of Staff were suggesting that Wilson should choose something nearer the spot, such as the Dodecanese. That letter was dated 23 April.

In addition, to ensure that the papers were found even if the people who received the body did not go through Major Martin's pockets, he also carried a letter from Mountbatten to General Eisenhower, enclosing the proof of the pamphlet on joint operations to which Eisenhower was going to write a preface. This was sufficiently bulky to give an excuse for the three letters to be carried in a black government briefcase, which would give the Germans the greatest opportunity of laying hands on them.

It was decided to try and plant the body in Spain, where there would be close cooperation with the Germans and yet as much difficulty as possible for a thorough postmortem or careful investigations. Huelva was chosen as suitably near the route of aircraft flying to North Africa, and as being a place where the German consul was a highly efficient spy. Tides and local conditions were not unfavourable, and permission was obtained from the Admiralty to use a submarine *en route* to the Mediterranean. The Chiefs of Staff approved the material letter, and the Prime Minister's approval was also obtained. The letters were all typed, signed, and sealed as if they had been genuine, and Major Martin was dressed and placed, with the black briefcase, in a specially made container with some dry ice to delay decomposition. He was then driven up to the Clyde, where he was put on board H.M. Submarine *Seraph*. The container was labelled "Handle with Care, Optical Instruments for Special F.O.S. Shipment" (a fairly normal procedure), and the submarine's captain was given a suitable series of cover stories to provide for any eventualities in the launching of the body. The submarine sailed on 19 April. The final touch was the placing in Major Martin's pocket before he left of the dated counterfoil ticket stubs of two theatre tickets for the night of 22 April, so as to indicate that he had been in London too late to have left England and drifted ashore at Huelva unless he had travelled by air.

On 30 April the *Seraph* launched Major Martin from a position under a mile from the beach at Huelva, and also launched a capsized rubber dinghy from nearby. The body was found and taken over by the Spaniards. The British naval attaché in Madrid was instructed to make demarches to the Spanish Ministry of Marine to recover the papers. These started low and gradually increased in degree, as would be natural if we had discovered that a fairly uninteresting personality was in fact carrying important documents; at the same time they were kept on such a plane as (theoretically) not to arouse Spanish suspicions that we were really frightened that someone might get these documents, but in fact making it plain to them that we were so frightened.

The Spaniards succeeded in extracting the documents from the envelopes without breaking the seals, and the Spanish staff in Madrid, as we know from captured documents, supplied photographed copies of the papers to the Germans. These captured documents show that the Germans studied each phrase of the material letters with great care, and also were fully informed about the documentary build-up of Major Martin's personality; they also appreciated the point conveyed by the ticket counterfoils. They accepted the documents as absolutely genuine and promulgated the information, and their deductions, as being a hundred percent accurate, although they raised (but did not pursue) the question whether it was a plot.

Up till then O.K.W. appreciations had given Sicily as the next Mediterranean target, followed possibly by Sardinia and then Crete. From then on, not only were troops sent to the precise spot indicated in Greece, but all communications dealt with the impending Allied invasion of Greece, and in the western Mediterranean henceforward Sardinia was coupled at least level with Sicily. The Germans seem to have first of all taken Sardinia as the definite target, but worried whether there would be a diversionary assault on Sicily as well as an intelligence deception towards that area. Later they seem to have felt that Sicily would probably be assaulted as well. In any event, the German forces were well dispersed into the Greek area, and their reinforcements of Sardinia, from the time of MINCEMEAT on, more than kept pace (as they had not done before) with the reinforcements of Sicily. In addition, the minefields and other defences of Sicily, in as far as they were proceeded with, were much stronger at the northwestern or Sardinian end of the island than they were at the southeastern side, where the assault was in fact launched.

"Major Martin" received a fitting funeral with official representation. Probably that gallant but modest officer would have resented the appearance of his name in the official list of casualities almost as much as the tombstone which the curious can now visit at Huelva. Operation MINCEMEAT had nothing directly to do with the work of double agents, but it is properly described here because the plan originated in the minds of two members of the Twenty Committee and, as the Committee was the focal point of all information and misinformation which was allowed to go to the Germans, it was natural for it to discuss and further plans of this kind, especially at a time when deception control had hardly got fully into its stride. It was also essential to the scheme that it should be worked out by members of different services, and this made Twenty Committee machinery useful for the purpose.* At a larger stage the Controlling Officer of Deception sponsored the scheme, and in May took responsibility for the developments after the body had been washed ashore in Spain.

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*This point is illustrated by an extract from the Twenty Committee minutes of 4 February 1943: "Plan MINCEMEAT. This plan is the same as Plan TROJAN HORSE. The details of the plan were put forward by Commander Montagu and F/Lt. Cholmondeley. It was reported that a body had been procured and it was explained that this would have to be used within three months, and that various points of detail would have to be decided before the Plan could be put into operation. The Plan was adopted by the Committee and it was agreed that copies of the Plan should be shown to the Directors of Intelligence; that the Air Ministry representatives on the Twenty Committee should make the necessary arrangements for the flight during which the body will be dropped; that Major Wingate (L.C.S.) should put the Plan before Colonel Bevan in order to obtain approval from the D.'s of P.; that the Admiralty representative should find out a suitable position off the Spanish coast where the body can be dropped; that the War Office representative should go into the question of providing the body with a name, necessary papers, etc. It was agreed that the N.A. Madrid should be informed of the Plan so that he will be able to cope with any unforeseen repercussions which may come his way." The plan of using a submarine came later.

Other plans of the year can best be mentioned in connection with the development of the cases of individual agents. One of the main gains of the year was the return of TRICYCLE and the development of his body of associated agents. In America for various reasons TRICYCLE had not been wholly successful, but the strength of the case was always TRICYCLE's ability to impose himself and his views on the Germans when personal contact could be made. He was entirely confident that he could pacify the Germans if he visited Lisbon again, and his confidence proved to be well founded. He was at Lisbon for a week in October 1942, and apparently persuaded the Germans that his unsatisfactory work in America and his poor information were due to their failure to supply him with adequate funds. He succeeded in securing a considerable sum of money from them and new instructions, and returned to this country whence he communicated an increasing quantity of controlled information to them by secret ink. His linked agents BALLOON and GELATINE were still working, and in April METEOR arrived.

METEOR was a Yugoslav of good family, high character, and patriotic principles who had failed to escape from Yugoslavia when it was invaded. When trying to escape to Turkey he had got into touch with the Germans and had agreed to work for them as an anti-Bolshevist, but in no case against his own fellow countrymen. He was finally able to get out through the instrumentality of DREADNOUGHT. DREADNOUGHT was a daring and enterprising patriot who worked for a long time in the German service but, in fact, secured the escape of Yugoslavs and furthered other Allied ends. METEOR was to operate a new plan—in fact a plan of triple cross. He was to come to England, where he was to tell the British that he had been sent by the Germans. He was to hand over one cover address and explain his training in secret writing. Having told this story, he was expected by the Germans to continue working for them using in addition a different set of addresses and different inks. In fact, of course, he told us all, but he was very unwilling to undertake double-cross work since he wished to continue his career as a combatant officer. TRICYCLE helped us to persuade him of the importance of the double-cross work, and we therefore started through him a double correspondence with the Germans, METEOR's so-called controlled and uncontrolled letters.

TRICYCLE meantime was not content to remain in England passing other information, and plans were therefore made for him to visit Lisbon again in July. His cover for this visit was an ingenious one. He proposed to the Germans that he should open up an escape route for Yugoslav officers who had been interned in Switzerland. He contrived to get himself accepted by his own government for this purpose, and proposed to the Germans that they should use this method of introducing agents of their own into the party. He surmised, and rightly, that DREADNOUGHT would be used to help in the project. This "slipping-out" plan, as it was called, promised other advantages. It was hoped that some patriotic Yugoslavs whom the Germans would include in their "escapes" as cover would get to this country, that real German agents could be apprehended, and, furthermore, that TRICYCLE would be able to secure a wireless operator which would immensely increase his utility to us when he returned. In addition, TRICYCLE was most anxious to meet Johnny Jebson, or ARTIST as he came to be called, as he always believed that Jebson was ready and willing to sell out to this country.

Accordingly TRICYCLE spent a period from mid-July until mid-September at Lisbon, and successfully carried out the greater part of his scheme. He met ARTIST, who had indeed been collaborating with DREADNOUGHT, and he secured FREAK, another Yugoslav, who was passed out by the escape route after training in wireless and secret ink, and who arrived in England in December 1943. Thereafter FREAK acted as the wireless part of TRICYCLE's organisation. Another Yugoslav, THE WORM, had previously arrived after long delays in September, and was able to confirm the reports which he had had about DREADNOUGHT and ARTIST. TRICYCLE himself strengthened his own position by another visit to Lisbon in November which lasted until January. On this occasion he took better information to the Germans, and received instructions to pay FREAK and to give new instructions to GELATINE. Projects for improving the BALLOON channel were discussed but rejected. The Yugoslav ring, therefore, had become by the end of the year a highly important part of our organisation.

The second great acquisition of the year was BRUTUS, who had actually reached England in October 1942, but whose case was not accepted by the W. Board to whom the Twenty Committee presented it till January 1943. It was in all respects a complicated case, which, after an unpromising start, ultimately returned great dividends. BRUTUS was a Pole who had worked with great distinction as the head of a secret organisation in France in 1940 and 1941. He had been arrested by the Germans in November 1941 and kept in prison for eight and a half months, where he was treated at first with severity, but without brutality. He was "converted" by the Germans, as they thought, to the policy of collaboration with Germany and was allowed to "escape" in July 1942.

When he reached this country he told us the truth in all essentials, and himself strenuously urged that he should be used in what he called "the great game," i.e., to double-cross the enemy. He was expected to report military information of all kinds, but his primary task was to bring about collaboration between Polish military circles and the German army, and to create a Polish fifth column in England with possibilities of subversive propaganda and sabotage. Now BRUTUS was not only a man who had performed daring and distinguished work underground in France, but he was also a serving Polish officer. Three great difficulties therefore faced us.

The first was that his primary loyalty was to Poland, and that it would be necessary to inform the Poles here of what we were doing if he were used. Polish security was not such that we could indoctrinate the Poles completely in our proceedings, and difficulties of language made it a tricky business to watch the case for possible leakage. The second difficulty was even more ominous. We could after a time be sure of BRUTUS and his motives, but could we also be sure that the Germans really trusted him? They had indeed allowed him to reach this country, and had entrusted him with an important mission, but they knew how he had worked for the Allies in the early days, and it seemed to us possible or even probable that they might expect him, after he had been some time in this country and had seen the difficulties of collaboration between Poles and Germans, to revert to his former ideas and attach himself to the Allied cause once more. They had studied him from the psychological standpoint, and they must realise the cumulative effects of observing the war in England from a British standpoint, and might well feel that his loyalty to German interests might not be proof against British propaganda. If they convinced themselves that he had thrown them over, his traffic from this country would be a source of great danger to us.

The third difficulty which faced us was a political one. Russo-Polish tension was so great that the Foreign Office could not allow us to develop the political side of BRUTUS's work at all for fear of awkward repercussions. This fact was a sort of millstone round the neck of the case, and prevented us from building up the network of subagents which the Germans wanted and which would have made the case of even greater importance and value than it was. Nevertheless it was decided to run the case "for a time at any rate," and to inform the Poles, who agreed that they should not see copies of the traffic; but it was also determined by the W. Board that so far as possible the case should not be used for operational deception. In the event the position of BRUTUS was such that he was the best placed of all our agents for sending over military information; and, consequently, as confidence grew both in him and in the Germans' belief in him, he was used more and more and took a large part in the deception for OVERLORD. In June BRUTUS was in trouble with his own countrymen as he took part in political activities against the head of the Polish air force and was involved in court-martial proceedings. This threatened the extinction of the case; but the difficulty was overcome, and BRUTUS continued to serve in a variety of military appointments. He was thus admirably placed for the transmission of military information.

The GARBO case went on from strength to strength during the year. The one-man band of Lisbon developed into an orchestra, and an orchestra which played a more and more ambitious programme. GARBO himself turned out to be something of a genius. He was the master of a facile and lurid style in writing; he showed great industry and ingenuity coupled with a passionate and quixotic zeal for his task. Throughout the year he worked on an average six to eight hours a day drafting secret letters, encyphering, composing cover texts, and planning for the future. Moreover, in March he began to operate a wireless set, the purchase of which was arranged through his agent No. 4, who also recruited an amateur operator (featured as a Communist and supposed to be working for people whom he believed to be Spanish Reds). In fact, of course, he was one of our own operators. The Germans showed their trust by sending over for him the identical cypher then in use between certain German Secret Service stations. When later they changed, they entrusted GARBO with a new cypher based on the one newly introduced.

The number of subagents was increased and the flood of correspondence continued in addition to the wireless messages. By August 1944 (if for a moment we might anticipate events) the Germans had received some four hundred secret letters and about two thousand long wireless messages from the organisation, and had supplied GARBO with some £20,000. During 1943 GARBO was used to pass over the greater part of Plan STARKEY, and had also described to the Germans the extensions of a great underground depot for small arms and a complete system of underground communications centring in the Chislehurst caves. It was thought that this depot might well serve in a cover plan for an invasion from the southeast coast.

By the spring of 1944 GARBO was the chief of an organisation comprising fourteen active agents and eleven well-placed contacts, especially one at the Ministry of Information, all, with the exception of GARBO himself, being in fact notional, though fully trusted by the Germans. He had also furnished himself with a deputy and a substitute wireless operator, and had established his principal assistants at Glasgow, Methil, Harwich, Dover, Brighton, Exeter, and Swansea.

Other recruits of 1943 included FIDO, who arrived in July, a French air force pilot whose primary mission was to steal an aeroplane in this country and fly back to the Germans. In addition he was to send information on aviation, concentration of troops and aircraft, and technical matters. He could write secret letters but had no method of receiving messages or instructions. In August TREASURE arrived, a French citizen of Russian origin. TREASURE was an intelligent but temperamental woman who was controlled by Kliemann of I. Luft, Paris, who also controlled DRAGONFLY. She communicated by secret writing, but could receive instructions by wireless, and at a later date she succeeded in obtaining a wireless transmitter herself.

BEETLE landed in Iceland with a wireless set and a barometer as previously mentioned in chapter 9, and in November SNIPER a pilot in the Belgian air force, was introduced to this country through Spain. SNIPER was an agent of I.T/LW Brussels and had important questions to answer in connection with scientific apparatus and aircraft matters, and, most important of all, methods used in antisubmarine warfare. He received by w/t and was to be sent a transmitting set later. Meantime he could communicate by secret writing. At a later date, when he was to return to Belgium, a transmitting set was buried for him at Turnhout.

There were losses as well as gains. CARELESS, whose personal conduct had compelled us to imprison him, turned truculent and had to be crossed off in January, and FATHER, whose position was embarassing owing to the high grade of the questions asked him and the impossibility of providing safe but plausible answers, had to be given an overseas posting in June. WATCHDOG was closed down in Canada in the summer and DRAGONFLY petered out owing to the inability of the Germans to pay him at the end of the year.

At the end of 1943, then, the double agent system was in appearance far more powerful and better equipped than it had ever been before. There was a far more than adequate supply of agents communicating by wireless, by secret ink, and at need by personal contact; and there was ample evidence that the Germans had confidence in their agents. But appearances are often deceptive; it was pointed out at the beginning of the chapter that the double-cross system was always in danger, and as will be shown in the next chapter, we were not very far from failure just before the period of our greatest success.

11: DECEPTION TO COVER THE NORMANDY LANDINGS AND THE INVASION OF FRANCE

From the beginning of 1944 all our activities were swallowed up in the one absorbing interest of the grand strategic deception for the Normandy invasion. The climax which we had hoped for from the beginning was approaching and all other aspects of the work sank into insignificance—at least for the time. It will be remembered that we had always expected that at some one moment all the agents would be recklessly and gladly blown sky high in carrying out the grand deception, and that this one great coup would both repay us many times over for all the efforts of the previous years and bring our work to an end. When exactly the day would be we could not of course tell, but at the end of 1943 it was obviously drawing near. Counterespionage activities, appreciations of the enemy's intentions as mirrored in the traffic, small *ad hoc* deceptions, domestic details connected with the agents, the "vetting" of new cases and the proving and testing of old ones—all these things went on, but they seemed of little account compared with the preparation of the deception which was to cover the landings and the invasion.

It was considered by the planners of Operation NEPTUNE (the naval portion of OVERLORD) that its hazards depended largely upon the success or failure of a cover plan; but in the nature of things this plan could only work within narrow limits. This had not been the case in earlier enterprises. There had been a time when the Germans had been uncertain whether an attack would come in northwest Africa or in the Mediterranean, and again when they had had to envisage the possibilities of being invaded in the "soft underbelly," or in the Bay of Biscay, or in Norway and Denmark.

Possibly vulnerable areas had been numerous and widely divided from one another. But by the early spring of 1944 it was utterly impossible to disguise the fact that the major attack would come somewhere between the Cherbourg peninsula and Dunkirk; the true preparations which could not be wholly disguised indicated this beyond all doubt, and the distance from the base at which fighter cover could be supplied helped to define the limits. The deception policy was dictated by these circumstances, and therefore of necessity it boiled down to a simple policy of three points: first to postpone the date of attack, secondly to indicate that the attack would come in the east rather than in the west of the threatened area, and thirdly, after the real attack had taken place, to suggest that it was only a first blow and that a second and even weightier assault would follow in the Pas de Calais area, i.e., at the eastern end of the target.

Manifestly then the chief task of the agents would be to build up the forces which threatened this area, and this would be a long-distance task. Speculations, guesses, or leakages, would have little or no effect on the German military mind, for the German staff officer would make his own appreciations and his own guesses from the facts put before him. What he would require would be facts, and the facts which the agents could supply would include the location and identification of formations, units, headquarters, assembly areas and the like. This was precisely the task which the agents had been trained and built up to perform, and if results are any criterion they did it very well.

Since this is a history of the work of double agents, the deception plan is here viewed and discussed only from the side of the double-cross agents, but it is necessary at this stage to state the obvious fact, which, though obvious, might otherwise be overlooked, that double-cross agents were only a part of the machinery of deception which was used. The cover plan was fixed in the Germans' mind by wireless deception (the Y Service), by visual deception (e.g., dummy assault craft) by the actual movement of troops in this country, by regulations and bans on various parts of the coast, and so forth. It is otiose to consider which part of the plan contributed most to the ultimate success—and indeed such an assessment, if worth while, could only be made by those in charge of the whole deception. For our purpose it is sufficient to state that the special agents were one of the channels by which the deception plan was passed over to the enemy, and that so far as can be ascertained, our particular part of the plan was well and truly carried out. Whether the agents served best to support the bogus wireless signals (the Y Service) which were put on the air to confirm the existence of notional divisions, or whether the Y Service served rather to support the reports of the agents, is an idle and unprofitable speculation. What we can be sure of is that the agents did justify the trust reposed in them and in the double-cross system.

It was not proposed to use all the agents in this great affair, for in it all risk of error had to be avoided where avoidance was possible. In our everyday business it was not fatal if any one agent blundered or became suspect, but in this matter any real mistake might be fatal. An agent who, in spite of all precautions on our part, turned out not to be believed by the enemy, might wreck the whole enterprise, or, even worse, his messages might be "read in reverse" and the true target of attack be exposed instead of concealed by him. So much did those in charge of deception feel the force of this argument that they were for a time in favour of cutting down the agents to the barest minimum in order to use only the safest channels—indeed at one time they suggested the elimination of all except the GARBO network. This suggestion we successfully resisted. We pointed out that even the apparently most trusted agent might suddenly collapse for reasons outside our control (as indeed happened shortly afterwards in the case of TRICYCLE); that agents' reports were often not graded before being passed on by the Germans; and that even quite humble members of the team might contribute—either by giving the Germans confirmation of details or even only by confusing them with a mass of material. By mutual agreement, however, it was settled that only the best agents should transmit definite deception material, but that the rest should be kept going for subsidiary purposes.

Little has been said previously in this narrative about the degree of trust reposed in the individual agents, but here it must be emphasised that we were continuously assessing and reassessing their reputation with the enemy. This was done in a variety of ways: by a most careful scrutiny of all the questions asked, by watching the payments made (a very good, if rough, test of an agent's value), by remarks made at interviews in cases where our agents had personal contact, and by intelligence information of various kinds. All this revealed with fair accuracy how the agents were regarded on the other side, and it was clear that in many cases their reputation varied greatly with the course of events. Thus MUTT and JEFF appeared to us and to their case officer to be sometimes on the crest of the wave and considered as valuable sources of information as well as lucky though not very highly skilled saboteurs, at other times to be looked upon with the gravest suspicion. In the early months of 1944 secret sources indicated clearly that GARBO and TRICYCLE were the most highly thought of, but their relative value oscillated, probably according not only to the information they gave, but also according to the claims made for them by their own spy-masters. This study of form and day-to-day appraisement of all members of the team was an absorbingly interesting as well as a vitally necessary task.

At the turn of the year the W. Board reviewed the cases in the light of the information furnished by us. We were able to show that in most cases there was just cause for confidence, and accordingly in December the TRICYCLE group was passed fit for use in strategic deception. In January, after considerable hesitation, it was decided that BRUTUS should be used for the same purpose, since secret sources revealed that our fears of German mistrust in him were not justified. The main agents, therefore, to be used were GARBO, TRICYCLE (fortified by the FREAK transmissions), and BRUTUS. Others who would be used to assist included TREASURE, TATE, MULLET, GELATINE, BRONX, possibly MUTT and JEFF, and others of less importance. It seemed, therefore, that though it had been long in coming, the climax found us well prepared and more than adequately staffed.

But here we must revert to the concluding paragraph of the last chapter, where it was stated that though success came, failure was dangerously close. In fact, for six reasons the whole existence of the double-cross system hung in the balance just before D Day. Let us summarise these reasons.

1. In the first place knowledge of double-cross work had been, owing to the length of the war and its almost infinite complications and developments, disseminated to a dangerous extent. Two agents were operating in Iceland, a GARBO subagent was active in Canada, and another had gone to Ceylon. Moreover, a considerable and highly successful double-cross system, which unfortunately cannot be described here, had been run in the Middle East. All these commitments meant that a great number of persons had to be informed of the theory and practice of double-cross activities. Furthermore, it had been realised that when the Germans were driven out of occupied territory they would leave everywhere a "stay-behind"organisation of agents trained to carry on espionage and to make reports to Germany, and it was expected that with reasonably good fortune we should be able to apprehend many of them and use some of them as double-cross agents. If they were to be thus used it was imperative that they should be taken over at once by officers, whether British or American, prepared to operate them, and consequently a large number of officers had to be trained in this special work. In fact in the later stages of the war B.1.A had to set up something in the nature of a school for education in double-cross.

In the early days knowledge of double-cross work had been confined to a small esoteric ring of persons; by 1944 it was widely spread in ever-expanding circles.* However careful individuals may be (and admitting also the argument to which many would subscribe that junior officers are usually more "secure" than their seniors!), it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that there must sooner or later be leakage when a secret is shared by a great number of people. If leakage occurred, then in time knowledge would seep through to the enemy. Some of the officers who had been taught would, for example, fall into enemy hands. And, to carry the argument one step further, if the Germans ever became alive to the fact that we were working a double-cross system on a large scale, they would certainly suspect all the agents, and our period of usefulness would then be at an end.

2. The second danger came through just such an instance of leakage. Late in 1943 certain Germans, including one Erich Carl, a member of the German War Graves Commission in the Low Countries and probably an Abwehr agent, was repatriated to Germany. From an informer we learned that thirty-three persons, including Carl, had been for some time interned in the Isle of Man, and that whilst there a secret system of signalling between their camp and Camp WX, which contained persons who had been at Ham, had been developed. An investigation by M.I.5 officers was undertaken at Dartmoor in December 1943, since the more important prisoners of Camp WX had been moved there, and a report on the investigation established beyond doubt the seriousness of the situation. It appeared almost certain that an account of the case of JEFF (who was an inmate of Camp WX) had reached Germany and highly likely that TATE's case was also compromised. About subsequent developments in Germany there is no certainty. Probably the reports of those repatriated, if they ever reached those in authority, were only partially believed, and in fact no serious

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*In February 1941 D.M.I. had insisted that knowledge of the work should be confined to the smallest possible number of persons. For security reasons he had even objected to the use of the words "XX agent" in an aide-memoire prepared by B.1.A for his own personal persual!

repercussions were observed by us. None the less the incident was alarming, and clearly we had only escaped a disaster by a narrow margin.

3. Another danger came from a different angle. We had satisfied ourselves that we did in fact control the German system in England and that there were no competitors in this country. In the autumn of 1943, however, we became aware that certain Germans in the Peninsula, notably OSTRO, were in fact giving information to the Germans which, as they declared, came from their agents in England. In fact these agents were notional, and their reports were constructed from rumour aided by invention and surmise. To us, however, they seemed in the highest degree dangerous. Not only was it possible that OSTRO reports would gain more credence in Berlin than the reports of our own agents, but also it was not impossible that OSTRO might by a fluke give the exact area of attack on the Continent, and thus destroy the deception plan. Against this it was argued by some that false reports of this kind might well do us more good than harm, since their inaccuracy would confuse the enemy and cause him to dissipate his efforts. On balance, however, the Twenty Committee were strongly of the opinion that the danger predominated, and a variety of schemes was put forward for the elimination of OSTRO. They did not succeed. Consequently OSTRO continued to operate and cause us anxiety till the end of the war.

4. A fourth danger came from internal changes in the German service. The inefficiency of the Abwehr and complaints about its political unreliability led to the dismissal of its head, Admiral Canaris, in February 1944. The future of the organisation was then discussed at a series of conferences, and a negotiated settlement was reached in May. This was announced by Himmler at a general Abwehr conference at Salzburg. By this settlement, though the Abwehr was abolished, the O.K.W. retained some powers in the newly formed Mil. Amt, and the former Abwehr directors remained at the head of the Mil. Amt. After the attempt

on Hitler's life of 20 July in which many former Abwehr officers were implicated, the Mil. Amt became part of Amt VI of the Reichssicherheitshauptamt (R.S.H.A.). The details of the changes do not matter, but the collapse of the Abwehr, with which as well as against which we had learned to work, was a blow to us. If the changes had been made earlier it is probable that the new brooms would have swept away much which we were concerned to preserve. Once again, the margin of safety for our double-cross system was very small.

5. A more subtle danger, and one which threatened to destroy all our plans, lay in the tendency of Abwehr officials to desert the sinking ship. Shrewd observers among the Germans decided early on which side victory would ultimately lie and made their plans accordingly. Some, such as JUNIOR, who was brought over to us in November 1943 after earlier attempts to join us, had always been anti-Nazi; others tried to come for purely selfish motives. At the beginning of 1944 this was excessively dangerous for us. If such an Abwehr agent changed sides and joined the British, he would quite certainly tell us of all the German agents he knew operating in England, and these would in fact be our own controlled agents. Unfortunately the Germans would know that the traitor could and would give away all this information, and consequently they would expect the arrest of GARBO, TRICYCLE, BRUTUS, TATE, and the rest. If the agents continued to work as if nothing had happened the Germans would assume that they were under our control. In short, the German turncoat, trying to assist us, would in fact destroy our entire system. In this case again we just and only just survived long enough, but it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that a few more months of delay in invasion would have ended our activities.

6. Finally there came a major disaster just before D Day, a disaster not unconnected with the danger explained in the paragraph above. It will be remembered that TRICYCLE had visited Lisbon in the summer and autumn of 1943 in

order to arrange his "slipping-out" plan, and that there he obtained a great deal of information from ARTIST. TRICYCLE reported on his return that he was "absolutely sure" that ARTIST knew that he was working for the British. He also reported that ARTIST was in fear of the Gestapo, against whom the Abwehr protected him with difficulty, and that ARTIST had discussed the possibility of himself contriving to get to England. In later months the position of ARTIST clarified itself, and by the end of September he had agreed to participate actively with us in order to further his professed anti-Nazi views.

ARTIST gave us much useful information, but some of it was highly embarrassing, in particular details which would have made it possible for us to capture GARBO, had we not already controlled him. The same reason—i.e. the desire to maintain our system intact and avoid unfortunate revelations—caused us to evacuate JUNIOR clandestinely in November. TRICYCLE returned to Lisbon in that same month, and stayed till January, and on this occasion British representatives also went over and had discussions with ARTIST. They formed the opinion that ARTIST was governed by a genuine dislike of Naziism, by a conviction that Germany had lost the war, by fear of communism, by a contempt for the inefficiency and corruption of the Abwehr, and by the realisation that it was high time to insure his own business future for the postwar world.

In February TRICYCLE went once more to Lisbon carrying information so good that it was expected to confirm the high position which he held in Abwehr regard. He returned in April. The case therefore seemed to stand well as D Day approached, but the position was in reality a perilous one, for we had placed far too much reliance on ARTIST, and still more on ARTIST's own judgment of his position vis-a-vis the various German services. The obtaining of evidence of enemy intentions and methods is a legitimate and important function of double-cross work, and ARTIST could be exceptionally valuable not only in telling us about the Abwehr but also, as we hoped, in obtaining information about rocket guns and similar weapons. But the plain truth is that in the spring of 1944 deception was of overriding importance, and that its security was jeopardised by ARTIST's peculiar position. He was in fact a double-cross agent living on the Continent, and whatever his motives and however strong his attachment to us, he was in a position to betray us if he wished.

We had stopped all seamen agents from going to the Peninsula, lest they should unwittingly give away information, but we left ARTIST (however unlikely treachery on his part might be) in a position where he might betray or be forced into disclosures. Yet what else could we have done? If we evacuated ARTIST and continued to use our agents, then we ran the risk explained above—i.e., that the Germans would realise that all the agents were controlled. So strongly did GARBO's case officer feel the force of these arguments that he recommended at the end of February that GARBO should not be used for deception in case, halfway through the plan, ARTIST should cause it to collapse.

The blow fell early in May, when we learned that ARTIST had been tricked into leaving Portugal and had been conveyed to Germany. It was hoped, and there was some evidence to support the theory, that he had become suspect only because of his financial dealings, but that belief was small consolation. Under interrogation it was to be presumed that much, if not all, of the history of his activities would come to light, and in that case many of our best cases were doomed. The TRICYCLE case, including the use of the FREAK transmitter, had to be brought to an end.

On the most optimistic estimate, therefore, we had lost one of the most important cases, or sets of cases, just as D Day approached; on the most pessimistic, the whole deception through double-cross agents was in danger. Once more, however, we were saved by time and fortune. D Day arrived before the Germans had succeeded in unravelling all the tangled skein of the ARTIST case, and presumably there was little opportunity after D Day for patient research into such matters in German offices.

The summary above should suffice to show the narrowness of the margin by which our system won through, but in spite of all these dangers it did hold long enough not only to perform its task in the grand deception plan, but even to be of great service in the period after the plan had succeeded. To the grand deception plan we must now revert.

The agents who remained proved amply sufficient to carry out our assignment after the assistance of the TRICYCLE group was lost, but a heavier burden had to be carried by BRUTUS than had at first been contemplated. It will be remembered that the essence of the plan was the threat to the Pas de Calais area, and that this threat was based upon the creation of certain notional forces, mainly in southeast England—or, to be more exact, the creation of the belief in the existence and location of these forces in the German mind. The method used, so far as double-cross agents were concerned, was the building up of a false British order of battle for the Germans, a method which had previously been used with the greatest success in the Middle East.

Previous attempts of the same nature in England had met with difficulties. Already in February 1943, acting on a general directive from L.C.S., Home Forces had begun to construct a false order of battle; in March, after a correct order had been obtained, it was agreed that it might be possible to create seven to ten bogus divisions in this country. But the Twenty Committee, and particularly the representatives of Home Forces there, were of opinion that the agents could only "create" these divisions if they were backed up by necessary w/t traffic. Here considerations of manpower were the decisive factor, and after consultations between L.C.S., the chief signals officer and Sigs. 2 of the War Office, it became more and more evident that shortage of manpower made adequate w/t support impracticable. In June, after discussion with COSSAC and the War Office, L.C.S. reported that w/t deception was for the time being impossible. It was not, therefore, until the winter of 1943 to 1944 that the creation of the false order of battle really got into its stride, for by that time w/t cover was available and able to play a decisive part.

The plan, in broad outline, was to create two army groups, one real (Twenty-first Army Group) and one notional (First United States Army Group or FUSAG). When the Twenty-first Army Group went overseas, FUSAG would be left consisting of the U.S. Third Army (real) and the British Fourth Army (notional). In the final stage, when the U.S. Third Army had gone overseas, on about D + 30, FUSAG would be left with only notional formations, these being eventually the Fourteenth U.S. Army and the Fourth British Army. In the early stages before D Day the map for the real order of battle showed the main weight of our forces in the Midlands, the west and the southwest; the false order of battle showed the main weight in Scotland, the east and the southeast.

Once the false order of battle was firmly fixed in the German mind and the German files, the deduction on their part that the assault must come in the Pas de Calais area was inevitable, and there is abundant evidence that the Germans did in fact swallow the deception plan hook, line, and sinker. A German map of the British order of battle as on 15 May 1944 which was later captured in Italy showed how completely our imaginary order of battle had been accepted and was largely based on the information supplied by the double-cross agents, especially GARBO and BRUTUS. A recognition booklet captured in France, which had been issued to field commanders, included coloured drawings of our notional divisional signs. The deduction mentioned above, which was the kernel of the whole plan, was stated with precision by the Japanese M.A. Berlin on 9 June to Tokyo and to the Japanese M.A.s in Istanbul, Sofia, Madrid, and Lisbon. A part of his message ran thus " . . . but because one separate Army Group is stationed on the southeast coast of Britain, it is expected that plans will be made for this to land in the Calais and Dunkirk areas."

D Day was 6 June, but the message above shows that the deception plan was not completed with the successful and unexpected landing. On D + 3 GARBO, after a conference with all his agents, sent over a full report which he requested might be submitted urgently to the German High Command. In this he set out in concentrated form the order of battle in this country, claimed that seventy-five divisions (instead of about fifty) existed at D Day, pointed out that no FUSAG formation was taking part in the attack, and deduced that the real operation was only a diversionary attack shortly to be followed by an assault in the Pas de Calais area.

Reactions to this information were soon observed. Paris reported to Madrid that Rundstedt regarded an item of information about the Guards Armoured Division as especially important and that, like Oliver Twist, he had "asked for more." The head of the German Secret Service in Berlin told Madrid that Himmler had expressed appreciation of the work carried out by the GARBO organisation and that further efforts must be made to ascertain in good time the destination of the troops in the southeast of England.* Finally, on 11 June (D + 5) an appreciation was sent by Berlin to Madrid stating that "all reports received in the last week from Arabel (GARBO) undertaking have been confirmed without exception and are to be described as especially valuable."

It appears indeed that the Germans believed to the end of the chapter that the Pas de Calais attack was intended and would have been delivered if the Normandy attack had not been more successful than had been expected. Evidence of the movements of German troops entirely supports this view. Thus immediately after the receipt of the message of 9 June the 116th Panzer Division, which had been stationed northwest of Paris, was ordered to move to the Somme, and the First S.S. Panzer Division was moved from Turnhout to

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*On 18 October the *Times* published an account by its military correspondent of a record of telephone conversations of senior German commanders and staff officers, covering the months of June and July, which had fallen into our hands. From this it appears that on 9 June the Seventh German Army asked for reinforcements. The account continues: "Rommel's reply revealed how completely the Germans had been bluffed. He could not (he said) share the anxiety of the Seventh Army about Cherbourg because O.H.L. (German Supreme Command) expected a big landing higher up the coast in the course of the next few days."

Ghent—i.e., both converged on the Pas de Calais. Similarly, the Eighty-fifth Infantry Division stationed north of the Somme, and which had received orders to move (presumably towards the beachhead) had its orders cancelled and was recalled. In all some seven offensive German divisions which were expected to be sent to the Cherbourg area were retained in the Pas de Calais area for a fortnight after D Day. It was the opinion of Jodl, if any credence is to be given to newspaper reports, that fifteen divisions had been held in the Pas de Calais area to counter any landing there and to protect V weapon sites, and that this had been a fatal strategic error on the part of the German command.

The elegance of the deception plan should now be apparent. It not only deceived the Germans as to the main assault, but maintained the threat after the real assault had taken place. And more than this. Each successive step served to confirm the truth of the whole cover plan. Thus when the troops of the real formations reached France, they were always troops who had been identified and reported upon by the agents. In consequence the Germans, finding these reports which they could check from prisoners accurate, were disposed to believe with equal confidence in the rest of the reports which concerned the troops, real and notional, still in England. Thus, in German eyes, the threat to the Pas de Calais was as great and dangerous in July as it had been in May. In fact, and beyond the wildest hopes of those responsible, the threat held until the autumn, and it was not until 25 October that the Japanese M.A. in Stockholm reported to Tokyo that FUSAG had been broken up.

Here it must be repeated that it is not the purpose of this narrative to tell the history of deception except in the broadest outline and only in so far as is necessary to explain the work of double-cross agents. The double-cross system was only a channel by which those controlling deception passed their plans to the enemy. The credit for the success as well as for the plans themselves belongs entirely to "deception": the merit of the double-cross system lies in the fact that the agents proved themselves to be a safe and highly efficient channel, or, in other words, an instrument which deception was able to use effectively. It must not be forgotten, also, that the messages sent by the chief agents with regard to the order of battle is not the whole of the double-cross story, for the double-cross system contributed in other ways as well to the success of the deception. The point needs illustration.

In the first place, when participating in the deception for OVERLORD we reaped the full advantage of having the German intelligence service here under our control, because we felt confident by that time that our agents had no competitors in this country. In consequence of this we were able to state with confidence what the Germans did *not* know about our preparations as well as what they did know. The absence of detailed questions about the pipelines and about "Mulberries" indicated that German knowledge of such things as these was small or nonexistent. In other words, once more as in the days of TORCH, the actual denial of information to the enemy (which we could guarantee) was as important as the handing to the enemy of misinformation. OVERLORD, viewed in this light, owed a great debt not only to deception but also to security.

Secondly, mention must be made of an ingenious and somewhat elaborate plan designed to draw the attention of the Germans to the Pas de Calais area at an early date and by a method unconnected with the ordinary troop identifications and movements. This plan was known as Plan PREMIUM, and was worked through MULLET, who, in collusion with PUPPET, sent in reports to HAMLET for transmission to Brussels. MULLET in his earlier life had filled a not inconspicuous position in the insurance world in Belgium; he was now notionally moved into one of the largest insurance companies here. Thence he sent a series of interesting reports on his work to the Germans. In essence, the burden of these was that his company had in peacetime (as was true) carried out a great deal of insurance work for companies and factories in the Low Countries and in northern France, and was in consequence in possession of a mass of industrial and economic information with regard to these districts. The government had requested the company to provide this material, insofar as it dealt with the Pas de Calais area, in a suitable form for unspecified government purposes; and MULLET had been put in charge of the collection and arrangement of the data. Later evidence indicates that HAMLET himself ceased to work for the Brussels Stelle in April 1944, though he parted on good terms from his employers, and it is not known whether or not the pointer towards the Pas de Calais given by MULLET was in fact effective. In any case the attempt to add evidence of the point threatened was well worth making.

Thirdly, a part of the cover plan was implemented by TATE. It will be remembered that in 1941 TATE had been notionally established on his friend's farm at Radlett and had thus escaped military service. Agricultural work had kept him tied, except for occasional weekends which he spent in London, and consequently he had been enabled to get sufficient, but not too much, information for the Germans. With an eye on the future we had invented for him a friend of his employer's who lived near Wye in Kent and who was also a farmer. To this friend TATE used sometimes to go to assist in agricultural operations, usually at times when it seemed desirable to us that reliable military information should be passed to the Germans from that part of the country.

Accordingly, towards the end of May TATE paid one of his visits to Wye, and, since the Germans had urged him in April to exert every effort to find out about invasion preparations, he even took the risk of moving his transmitter there. TATE, as we had built him up in the Germans' minds, had something of a genius for making friends; it was not, therefore, surprising that he became acquainted with a railway clerk from Ashford. From this man he procured and sent on to Germany all the railway arrangements for moving the FUSAG forces from their concentration areas to the embarkation ports, thus reinforcing from a new angle the imminence of the threat to the Pas de Calais. TATE's reports from Wye were so much appreciated that one Abwehr official, as we learned subsequently, was of opinion that they could "even decide the outcome of the war."

Finally, in considering the work of the agents in the deception plan, it should be remembered that some contributed indirectly not only by what they reported, but by what they did not. Thus TREASURE, who was accustomed to pass the weekends at Bristol, was able to say that she observed hardly any troop movements in southwest England, and thus assisted to confirm the Germans' belief that the weight of the blow would come from the southeast.

The letter-writing agents also played a part, especially BRONX. The Germans believed in the ability of BRONX to pick up any indication of the immediate objective of the invasion which was to be had in London; but they realised, of course, that a warning from her by letter would reach them too late. Consequently at the beginning of March they sent her a code, of which the substance was that she should telegraph to Lisbon for sums of varying amounts which she needed for her dentist. The sums would show whether invasion was likely to come in northern France, in the Bay of Biscay, in the Mediterranean, in Denmark, in Norway, or in the Balkans. BRONX in a secret letter improved this code by introducing a doctor and a physician as well as the dentist in order to show how far she could guarantee the credibility of her message, and also arranged to indicate the estimated date of the invasion.

It was part of the deception plan to retain German forces, especially a Panzer division, in the Bordeaux area and prevent them from being hurried to the real area of the invasion. This part of the plan could not hold for long, but it might be of great advantage if the Germans could be persuaded even for a short time that there was danger of landings in the Bordeaux district. Consequently on 15 May BRONX wired to her Lisbon bank "Envoyez vite cinquante livres. J'ai besoin pour mon dentiste." The interpretation of this code telegram was: "I have definite news that a landing will be made in the Bay of Biscay in about one month—i.e., about 15 June." BRONX then explained by letter that she had got her information from a slightly intoxicated officer friend, who had been told that an airborne attack on Bordeaux was to take place that day. Next day he had implored her to keep quiet, as the attack had been postponed for a month, i.e., until about 15 June.

It may well seem that this action of BRONX's was too fantastic to be likely to have any effect; but two pieces of evidence suggest that it may have been not wholly wasted. In the first place, when invasion took place, the Panzer division *was* kept in the Bordeaux area and not pushed north at once towards Cherbourg. The second piece of evidence is more interesting. Many months later in March 1945, when the Germans were expecting new attacks, they wrote a letter to BRONX and asked her to telegraph again to tell them where to expect the next blow. Their message runs as follows: "When we should expect a new invasion, either by landing or by parachute, let us know in the following code. Send. I need for my dentist . . . . Landing south of Sweden £30, landing in Norway £40, Landing in Denmark £50, landing in the German Bay £60, landing and parachuting in the German Bay £70. Parachuting to the west of Berlin £80. Parachuting to the west of Berlin and landing in the German Bay £100." It is difficult to believe that the Germans would have used this same code again, nearly a year later, if they had been dissatisfied with its use by BRONX in May of 1944.

In concluding this chapter on the use of double-cross agents in the great strategic deception of 1944, it should be mentioned once more that the agents were only one of the channels through which the deception was carried out. How effective they were in comparison with other channels and other instruments matters very little and could only be decided after the evidence from the German side has been received and sorted out and after the history of deception has been written. But even at this stage we should not be guilty of hubris if we claimed that the double-cross system did what was demanded of it with efficiency and success. Writing on 25 October 1944 to the Director General Security Service, the Controlling Officer of Deception said:

Some days ago the Chiefs of Staff made some very complimentary remarks regarding the success which had attended deception plans in the last few years. Though it is very pleasant to receive such praise, I am fully alive to the fact that nothing could have been accomplished without the help and cooperation of various ministries and departments. In this connection the contribution towards the success of deception plans which has been made by M.I.5 has been outstanding. B.1.A and the Twenty Committee have from the earliest days gone out of their way to help, and when the history of this war is written, I believe it will be found that the German High Command was, largely through the medium of B.1.A channels, induced to make faulty dispositions, in particular during the vital post-OVERLORD D Day period. The future can alone confirm or disprove this contention.

12: USE OF THE SYSTEM IN THE LAST YEAR OF THE WAR

A considerable body of opinion in the summer of 1944 supported the view that the double-cross system had fulfilled its function and exhausted its usefulness, and that it might in consequence be dissolved. There was much to be said for this view. It had always been thought that the grand deception would blow all the agents and that, once the Germans had realised the manner in which they had been tricked, it was better to abolish the whole system and deny them all information whatever. It was further pointed out that there were practical difficulties in continuing the cases; SHAEF could provide a stream of traffic so long as there was a deception to be put over, but it was not easy to keep the stream running after the invasion had taken place and it would probably be a waste of time to continue to bolster up the stories of the notional divisions. Still more, considerations of manpower obtruded themselves. B.1.A had trained a great many officers for service overseas; but since some B.1.A officers, and especially wireless experts, must themselves go across to run double-cross cases in Europe, it was apparent that there would be a shortage of those competent to deal with old and new cases in this country.

Furthermore, it was urged that the centre of gravity had shifted, that agents in this country were a back number, and that the general interest was better served by concentrating upon those "stay-behind" agents left by the Germans as they retreated rather than upon the rump of agents left in Great Britain. Many of their "stay-behind" agents would undoubtedly fall into our hands. It is hard enough to conceal a wireless transmitting set in an ordered community and in conditions where a great part of the rule of law still prevails; in districts which had just passed from the control of one power to that of another it would be next-door to impossible. Spy-fever would be rife; everyone would suspect his neighbour; most people would be anxious to ingratiate themselves with the conquerors; hardly any excuse would be needed to search rooms or houses of anyone or where the slightest suspicion rested; there would be no privacy and no respect of persons; there would be a spate of delations and denunciations. It was to be expected then that a high proportion of the stay-behind agents would hand themselves over and form a body of new double-cross agents operating in the theatre of war.

All these reasons carried weight, but the most potent reason for abolishing the double-cross system was a more general one. It was in fact that a wave of rather uninformed optimism carried away the judgment of many people; there was a widespread belief that the war must be over before the end of the year, and that it was high time to disembarrass ourselves of all these war commitments and complications.

The arguments against abolishing the system were, however, more powerful than those in favour of doing so. In the first place the fact that the deception "held" for so long after the invasion made it necessary to carry on the work at least until all possible advantage had been sucked from that particular plan. But furthermore, the end of OVERLORD deception did not in the least imply the end of all deception. It should in candour be admitted that the success of June 1944 had gone a little to our heads, and that we were therefore inclined to despise less spectacular but still not unimportant undertakings. Deceiving the enemy did not consist solely in putting over a carefully prepared detailed scheme; a simple directive to exaggerate or to minimise the forces available in this country would alone be sufficient to open up a line of useful work for us. And more than this. Was it really certain that we had seen the end of the period of strategic deception? The fortress of Europe had been successfully stormed, but might not the storming of the fortress of Germany require another operation, equally difficult and equally needing a cover plan to support it?

Other arguments reinforced the same view. On closer inspection the argument that we should concentrate on the stay-behind agents appeared very thin. In fact, operations, especially air operations, were still based to a large extent on this country; in fact also the further back in the theatre of war you go for your information, the more reliable and valuable it is likely to be. The Germans were unlikely to give the same confidence to newly established and untried agents as they gave to the veterans of the old organisation. Also the new agents in Europe could at best be expected to be used mainly for short-time tactical work and could hardly be built up for long-time service.

Nor was it certain that the use of the agents would necessarily disappear with the conclusion of hostilities in Europe. We could not tell in 1944 exactly how the end of the war would come, and it seemed at least possible that the Germans might continue to keep some sort of underground organisation alive for espionage even after miltary defeat. After the 1914-1918 war the peace treaty had stipulated that they might not maintain an information service, though they were allowed to keep a counterespionage service; in fact they did maintain some sort of espionage service under various guises, chiefly of a commercial nature. The same thing might occur once more, and in that case our agents could be invaluable in disclosing the enemy's actions. Indeed as the deception advantages of the double-cross system receded, the counterespionage and intelligence advantages revived. Evidence of enemy intentions, code and cypher knowledge, and even political propaganda began to come to the front. They will be mentioned later in this narrative.

The main and overwhelming argument for the retention of the agents still remains to be stated. It was that we had in the double-cross system a weapon of war which had proved itself useful, and that the war was not yet over. Most people were fond of asserting that they would never repeat the follies of 1918, when safeguards had been prematurely removed; but many seemed ready enough to make precisely the old mistake with regard to double-cross agents. In fact it was utterly impossible in 1944, just as at any other time, to fortell the future; and no one could tell if, or exactly how, the agents would be of use in the concluding period of the war. Yet all previous experience went to show that they would be useful, probably in a manner and for a purpose not accurately forecast by us. As the event proved, this expectation was entirely fulfilled.

Fortunately the arguments for maintaining our system prevailed; it was agreed to carry on and to adapt the system as required to the changing needs of the situation. It was also agreed that the new agents procured in Europe from the stay-behind organisation should be worked by officers in the field and controlled by Twenty-first and Twelfth Army Groups. Since the bulk of their work would probably be short-time and tactical in nature, and since it would be a practical impossibility to pass their traffic through the machine in this country, it came about that a new committee, the 212 Committee, was formed in August 1944 by Twenty-first and Twelfth Army Groups on the model of the Twenty Committee. The objects of the Committee, which was afterwards taken over by SHAEF, were to approve traffic for controlled agents, to direct the deception policy governing the traffic, and to authorise the use of controlled agents for particular operations. The Committee ran all double-cross agents on the Continent and continued to operate successfully until the conclusion of hostilities. Meantime the old system continued in this country.

It was remarked above that it was fortunate that the double-cross system was not prematurely dissolved; the fortune lay in the fact that two highly important and quite unexpected pieces of deception had to be undertaken in this last period. Both were successful and either alone would have amply justified the maintenance of a much larger system than was ours. One was connected with V-bombs and rockets and the other with the German U-boat campaign, and both will be described at the end of this chapter. Curiously, perhaps, the deception connected with general military plans was small, and most of it was carried out by agents in Europe, though GARBO did a considerable amount to clean up the notional formations, to convince the Germans that, when the offensive of Twenty-first Army Group was imminent, the contemplated airborne operation would take place between Cologne and Dusseldorf, and, after the crossing of the Rhine, to retain German reinforcements in the northwest under threat of an operation there. We shall return to deception work later, after the general history of the agents between the summer of 1944 and the end of hostilities has been considered.

As was only natural, the number of agents sank very considerably during this period. At the beginning of 1944 we had some twenty channels to the Germans of which nine were w/t; a year later there were only six active of which four were w/t. Lack of suitability for deception, failure to secure payment, a loss of interest on the part of the Germans, compromised reputation (as in the case of MUTT and JEFF, who had at long last come to the end of their many "invasions" of Norway) and, in the later stages, capture of German spy-masters were among the reasons which caused this decline in numbers.

What is remarkable is that no single case was compromised by the grand deception for OVERLORD, but that, on the contrary, those agents who took a leading part in it were more highly regarded by the Germans after it than before. Some of the cases, both those which survived and those which disappeared, deserve some mention. To SNIPER the Germans wished to send a transmitting set, and they made several tentative efforts to accomplish this purpose. He was in fact a Belgian airman, and when the Germans were informed that he was likely to be posted back to his own country, they changed their plan and proposed to leave a set for him in his own country. The set was successfully located, SNIPER returned to Belgium, and in January 1945 he reported to the Germans that he had gained possession of the set. He thus passed out of our hands to Twenty-first Army Group and became a useful wireless double agent under their control.

TREASURE turned out not to belie her name. She had arrived with only secret ink as a method of communication; but in March of 1944 she was sent to Lisbon in the hope that she might be given a wireless transmitter. The hope was fulfilled, and on her return wireless communication was established. Later it became necessary to operate the transmitter in her name using our own operator, partly because she was in poor health and partly because she proved exceptionally temperamental and troublesome.

When Paris was liberated we allowed TREASURE, whose set was being worked by an operator, to return to France in the French ATS. In August the German Abwehr officer who ran the case was captured and was brought to England as a prisoner of war. TREASURE was therefore in France and her spy-master in England; but wireless communications continued as though TREASURE was still here and her spy-master in Europe! The traffic of TREASURE as well as that of BRUTUS was of the greatest assistance to those watching the activities of the French network.*

A new case was that of SHEPHERD, a Frenchman, who arrived in March 1944. In itself the case was not important, for SHEPHERD could only report by secret writing and had no means of receiving messages from the Germans. But the method of recruitment and our reasons for accepting the case were peculiar. There was in Spain a German talent spotter and recruiter for Ast Hamburg named NETTLE, who was also in fact an agent working on behalf of M.I.6. NETTLE proposed to introduce into the German service, especially for work in America, agents who would in fact be friendly to the Allies. He had not been altogether successful in his efforts, and it was therefore thought that the recruitment and operation of SHEPHERD would increase his prestige and restore German confidence in him. For this purpose alone, therefore, we took on the case and arranged for SHEPHERD to write a small number of letters.

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*A message from the department concerned dated 26 May 1944 shows the importance of the traffic of the agents in this respect: "I should like you . . . to know how much we appreciate the assistance you are giving us in respect of TREASURE and BRUTUS traffic. I have discussed the matter again this morning with the people actually on the job, and I find that about 30 percent of our success with the whole French network has been due solely to TREASURE and BRUTUS; experience in using the material will certainly raise this proportion even higher. It is seldom that we get such a stroke of luck in this job, especially with traffic so valuable as our French network: so I thought it right that you should know what a high degree of importance we at this end attribute to BRUTUS and TREASURE."

Much more important among new cases was that of ROVER. He was a Pole who had earned his living as a subordinate railway official, a professional boxer, and a baker. After joining the Polish navy in the spring of 1939 and serving on land in the war he had been taken prisoner. Since then he had worked as a forced labourer and had been invited in June 1942 to join the German Secret Service. He had accepted in order to escape and had since then suffered many vicissitudes of fortune including visits to prison in almost every country in Europe. He eventually reached England via Spain in May 1944. His equipment consisted of microphotographs containing detailed instructions for constructing, and thereafter operating, a wireless transmitter, together with a complicated code, cover address, and secret ink. His instructions were to obtain employment in an aircraft factory and report upon the technical details of new aircraft.

What made him attractive to us was the fact that he had had a year's training in morse, the construction of wireless sets, and secret writing; we could not believe that the Germans would lavish so much care on someone in whom they did not believe. Consequently we housed him with one of our wireless operators, allowed him to begin the construction of a set, and meantime let him write to the Germans according to his instructions. To our surprise and disappointment the Germans did not respond after the letters had been written; in September, therefore, we decided to discontinue the case and to send ROVER back to the Polish navy, to which he technically belonged.

We were no doubt too impatient, for hardly had this been done when the Germans started to call ROVER. It was decided that a risk must be taken, and our own operator was put on to transmit as ROVER since he was conversant with all the latter's wireless habits. The impersonation was entirely successful, and two-way communication was established on 9 October. Unfortunately the operator was compelled to go to hospital in November and a plan had to be worked out to explain the consequent silence of ROVER's set. Worse was to follow, for the operator died, leaving us with the alternative of closing down the case or attempting a second impersonation. In the meantime the case had become important because of the necessities of our V-bomb and rocket deception, and consequently the second alternative was adopted. A second operator undertook to copy the style of the first operator, who had in his turn been copying ROVER, and contact was reestablished in January. In the first message from the new operator ROVER stated that he had been knocked down by a lorry in the blackout on 14 November and removed to hospital, where he had been found to be suffering from broken ribs, a dislocated collarbone, and internal injuries. Our medical adviser assured us that these injuries would suitably explain the length of ROVER's sojourn in hospital and we felt confident that any alteration in style in transmitting would be attributed by the Germans to the damage done to his shoulder. So far as we could tell no suspicion was aroused and the case continued satisfactorily till the conclusion of hostilities.

Another addition to the team in 1944 was an old friend. News had trickled through to us of a mysterious figure at Oslo—a man speaking bad German in a rather loud high-pitched voice, clad in a pepper-and-salt suit, displaying two gold teeth and enjoying the amenities of a private yacht. This we thought must be ZIGZAG, and so it was. He was dropped for the second time by parachute in Cambridgeshire at the end of June, together with two wireless sets, cameras, £6,000, and instructions for an espionage mission. Since he had left us he had been royally treated by his German masters, and most of his time had been spent as a kind of honorary consultant in sabotage methods in the Stelle at Oslo.* He had been lavishly paid and had, in his

*The Germans usually handled their agents with real psychological skill and insight. Thus ZIGZAG's vanity had been cleverly fed by his being accepted as a member of the officers' mess at the Nantes Stelle, and by Graumann's personal care for and attraction to him.

own opinion at least entirely hoodwinked the enemy; he had among other tests completely satisfied a psychologist with a pronounced American accent who had questioned him at length before his second journey.

The chief objects of his mission were:

1. to procure photographs or plans of our Asdic gear for spotting submarines;
2. to ascertain details of the radio location system employed for the detection of planes, particularly as fitted to night fighters;
3. to report on damage caused by flying bombs;
4. to ascertain the location of American air force stations, since the Germans believed that certain American aerodromes dealt with the bombing of specific towns in Germany;
5. to get information about a new wireless frequency, since the Germans believed that we had a new frequency in which a new type of valve played an important part and that this might upset their V-2 weapon.

On completion of his tasks ZIGZAG was to return to Germany. He brought with him also a good deal of information, notably about the new German weapons. The Germans were relying on the flying bombs; but should these fail them they would use "radio-operated rockets, bigger than the P-plane, very costly in fuel and not economical in construction." He told us that Berlin "resembled the ruins of Pompeii"; that Goebbels's propaganda had persuaded the Germans that London was a shambles, but that this propaganda was now stretched to the utmost; that the morale of I. Marine was particularly low owing to the British anti-U-boat devices; and that petrol, he thought, was specially short in Germany. In the event of success in his mission ZIGZAG was promised about RM.800,000.

It would be pleasant to be able to record that ZIGZAG's second innings was as profitable as his first, but such was not the case. He was useful in transmitting information about bomb damage and seems to have held his place in German confidence; but he developed a dangerous tendency to talk about his work and his achievements, and it therefore became necessary to terminate the case.

The BRUTUS case came to an end for different reasons. Arrests and trials in France threatened enquiry into the breakup of BRUTUS's early organisation in France and into the conduct of the persons concerned, and it was considered impossible to maintain the case longer. The GARBO network, however, maintained itself to the end—indeed its ramifications increased in the last year of the war. A Wren, Agent No. 7/3, was sent to Ceylon, where she worked on the staff at Lord Louis Mountbatten's headquarters. Thence she sent secret letters to GARBO which were forwarded to the Germans by the courier. There is evidence to show that the information contained in these letters was passed by the Germans to the Japanese military attaché in Berlin, and that he in turn sent it on to Tokyo.

Agent No. 4, who up to the time of OVERLORD had been one of GARBO's main sources of information and who had been compelled through his excess of zeal in the search for news to desert from the N.A.A.F.I., ultimately "escaped" to Canada. Here he made contact with Agent No. 5 and set himself up as a wireless operator for Agent No. 5's network. With wireless facilities, the Canadian organisation greatly appreciated in German eyes. They provided a highly complicated security plan for transmissions and a very high grade cypher. Wireless communications of the organisation worked not only to London, but also directly between Canada and Madrid. Thus a weapon was prepared which could be used if required for deception against the Japanese or for counterespionage purposes against Germany in the New World, if a postwar Germany attempted to continue or inaugurate espionage activities there.

GARBO's personal credit remained high with both his real and his pseudo friends. On the British side he was awarded the M.B.E. in December 1944; on the German side, an award of the Iron Cross was agreed to in June, in spite of the fact that he was a Spanish national. A hitch, however, subsequently occurred in making the actual award, and the following message from Madrid to Berlin of 29 December

1944, which has subsequently come into our hands, well illustrates not only the reputation enjoyed by GARBO, but also the trials and difficulties which all case officers—British or German—had to undergo. It also provides some proof, if proof were needed, of the complete acceptance by the Germans of the picture of GARBO and his organisation which was prepared for them:

> 29.12.44.
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> In re award of Iron Cross II to GARBO and the discussions in Berlin. In our message of the 17.6. we applied for award of Iron Cross II to GARBO emphasising that he was a Spanish national, but giving as justification the fact that activity of GARBO in England constantly at the price of his life was just as important as the service at the front of the Spanish members of the Blue Division. We were informed in your message of the 24.6 that award was agreed to and that the submission of the prescribed proposal had been put forward. On the basis of this information we at this end were under the impression that no difficulties were to be expected in [obtaining] the eventual award, and this was reported to GARBO, who was at that time, as a result of very great difficulties, in a state of mental depression for psychological reasons. The communication of this news about the award had the expected result and evoked from GARBO a written expression of his special pride at the distinction. Difficulties in maintaining and extending the GARBO network have been constantly increasing recently, but were mastered by GARBO with an utter disregard for all personal interests and by giving all he was capable of. GARBO has himself been in hiding for weeks, separated from wife and children. The extraordinary successes of GARBO have been made possible by his constant, complete, and express confidence in the Fuehrer and our cause. He regards the award of the Iron Cross II, as reported to him, as final and as coming from the Fuehrer. It seems psychologically impossible now to inform him that the award will not be made without exercising the

> most adverse effect on him and his organisation. For the reasons stated please support the award from your end with all possible means. Would it not be possible to classify GARBO retrospectively as a member of the Blue Division? Please report to us by w/t results of your efforts, as GARBO has already asked for the decoration in question to be sent to his next of kin to be kept for him.

One more new activity in 1945 should be mentioned in this place—the development of double-cross agents in Gibraltar. The conditions of work there made it necessary that a large number of workmen should enter the fortress and dockyard each day, and this gave a magnificent opportunity to the enemy for espionage. To provide complete security against this danger was impossible, but it was found practicable to penetrate the enemy organisation by the use of double agents. For these traffic became more and more difficult, and in consequence the Twenty Committee was asked, and agreed, to approve sufficient information in London to maintain the agents on a good level.

Throughout the period of the invasion of Europe and the military victories the stream of traffic of our agents continued to give a picture of German interests and German intentions. Probably no good purpose would be served here by an analysis of the questions which were asked such as that attempted in chapter 5, but it may be worthwhile to indicate in general terms the sort of questions which were being asked during the last six months of 1944. First and foremost it must be remembered that the Germans were entirely on the defensive, and therefore their prime need was information about the force and direction of the blows which were to be launched against them. Thus details of armies and order of battle comprise a very high proportion of the questions, together with requests for information about the direction of the offensives; in September, for example, uneasiness about Norway came again to the fore. Personal questions were asked about high-ranking officers, particularly those connected with the air force and airborne troops, and political questions indicated a keen desire to learn of any possible differences of opinion between Russia and the other Allies. In matters of production chief weight was laid on aircraft production and chemical factories, but a cessation of questions about gas warfare indicated clearly both that the Germans had abandoned any intention they might have had of adopting this method of warfare and were satisfied that we should not adopt it either.

Airborne forces were a constantly recurring subject, and one question in December—"American Airborne Divisions 82 and 101, probably in the district Châlons-sur-Marne, to what extent are they ready for combat?"—seems to point to Rundstedt's Ardennes offensive which occurred very shortly afterwards. With regard to aircraft there were a number of questions on jet propulsion, and specific questions were asked about the Halifax, Corsair, Sunderland, Super Fortress, Seafire, and Midnight Mauler. There was naturally a lessening of interest in our antiaircraft defences, apart from messages relating to V-1 and V-2. Antisubmarine devices excited considerable interest, as did German fear of "reprisals" on the British side in the shape of "flying bombs" and "rocket planes." Ports and concentrations of shipping had their place, chiefly in connection with new or projected invasion. A great number of questions concerned the fall and results of flying bombs and rockets, but these will be mentioned later; they were sent to all the agents who were actively at work.

A most interesting question of detail having regard to later developments was sent to GELATINE on 2 November: "In which part of London is the Uranium Research Institute, in charge of Professor Lise Meitner, a Jewish emigrant, in conjunction with Professor O. R. Frisch?" It is relevant to note in this connection that already in April 1942 TRICYCLE, then in America, had had an enquiry with regard to research on the atomic bomb. His question of that date, obviously badly translated for him from the German, ran as follows:

> *Decay of Uran.* According to some information obtained, there is reason to believe that the scientific works for the

> utilization of the atomic-kernel energy are being driven forward into a certain direction in the U.S. partly by use of helium. Continuous informations about the tests made on this subject are required and particularly: (1) What process is practised in the U.S. for the sending of heavy uran? (2) Where are being made tests with more important quantities of uran? (Universities, industrial laboratories, etc.) (3) Which other raw materials are being used at these tests? It is to be recommended to entrust only best experts with this test, and if not available, to abstain from it.

Before leaving this topic we should restate a conviction which established itself more and more firmly in our minds —viz., that a careful and intelligent study of all the traffic could and would have given an accurate picture of all the more important German interests and intentions throughout the war. In retrospect it is clear that more use could have been made of this product of double-cross agents' work.

Finally we come to the last two pieces of important deception carried out by the help of our agents, those deceptions in fact mentioned earlier in this chapter. The first was connected with V-bombs and rockets, and was an issue which in the earlier days we had not considered in connection with deception. It turned out, however, since our team was ready to tackle any such job, to be a task for which the agents were particularly well fitted, and one which lent itself readily to deception uses.

Quite early we had become alive to the possible use of so-called secret weapons by the Germans, and we learned in fact a great deal about their probable nature and the extent of the menace through the traffic of the agents. In July 1943 Home Forces reported to the Twenty Committee that they were laying on certain security measures to deal with the possible use of rockets by the Germans, and asked to be informed of any developments which might come to our notice; in August D.N.I. considered the question of long-range rockets of such importance that he proposed that the Twenty Committee should go into the whole question in detail with a view to using the agents to gain further information about this matter. In particular he thought that it might be possible to discuss what part of the German plans was deception and what part was real. It was, however, agreed that this was really a matter for M.I.6 and for the Sandys Committee, and C.S.S. told D.N.I. that assistance at this stage was not needed.

In September ARTIST warned TRICYCLE not to live in London because of the rockets which were to be fired at it from positions on the French coast, and this information was transmitted to C. for retransmission to the Sandys Committee. At the end of the month it was decided that TRICYCLE should not be sent to Lisbon since M.I.6 could by then communicate directly with ARTIST, and it was subsequently agreed that we should use ARTIST to the full for this purpose and not attempt to use HAMLET, who had also been suggested as a possible source of information. GARBO was also turned on to ask cautious questions, since it was felt that, if the Germans really had a devastating weapon for use against London, they would not risk the loss of the GARBO network by allowing GARBO to continue to live in a highly dangerous area. The answers received were on the whole reassuring, and allowed us to assume that the threat was not imminent and that, if the attack came, it would not be greatly more severe than previous bombing attacks of the old variety.*

At the beginning of 1944, when German air raids were intensified and when many questions were asked of the agents about their effects, a policy for reply was agreed upon. Reports were to be substantially accurate, but damage was to be minimised; the effect on morale was to be represented as finding expression in a demand for more raids on Germany; the location of damage was to be substantially accurate, but not so detailed as to disclose the pattern of damage in a particular area; as little reference as possible was to be made to unexploded bombs; and attempts were to be made to discover if these raids were or were not the special danger of which some agents had been warned. In March it was considered by H.D.E. that incendiary bombs were less damaging than H.E., and the agents were consequently for the time being to attempt to give the contrary impression.

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*The answer did, however, warn GARBO that the attack would take place, and the Germans actually reminded him in June 1944 of their warning in the previous December.

Early in June the first flying bombs (V-1) arrived and the agents were soon asked to report upon them in detail. Here at once an opportunity for deception presented itself. However the flying bombs were worked, it was clear that the Germans could only correct their aim and secure results by adjustments based on experiment, and that their data must rest in the main upon reports from this country. The agents could not fail to report on incidents which occurred under their noses, and which were common knowledge in England. If, for example, St. Paul's was hit, it was useless and harmful to report that the bomb had descended upon a cinema in Islington, since news of the truth would inevitably get through to Germany in a short space of time.* In other words, it was necessary to decide what measure of useful deception was possible without blowing the agents.

It was soon realised that widely scattered though they were, the majority of the bombs were falling two or three miles short of Trafalgar Square, and the general plan of deception soon took shape. It was, in brief, to attempt to induce the Germans still further to shorten their range by exaggerating the number of those bombs which fell to the north and west of London and keeping silent, when possible, about those in the south and east. The general effect would be that the Germans would suppose that they tended to overshoot and would therefore shorten their range, whereas in fact they already tended to undershoot. The danger was that we could not be sure that the Germans had not a method of themselves accurately locating the fall of bombs, and this compelled caution on our side.

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*At a later stage great danger was caused to our deception by the publication in the evening papers of maps showing the fall of bombs in various London boroughs.

The Chiefs of Staff approved the proposed deception policy but some civilian departments raised objections and a considerable controversy arose which hampered our plans. Briefly, the Chiefs of Staff took the hard-headed view that, since the bombs must fall somewhere if not shot down *en route*, it was best to divert them as much as possible from the most thickly populated area; unfortunately the Cabinet took the view that "it would be a serious matter to assume any direct degree of responsibility for action which would affect the areas against which flying bombs were aimed," and consequently rejected the plan. The Chiefs of Staff, however, resubmitted the proposal and eventually in mid-August we secured, though in somewhat grudging terms, the directive which we required. We were to "continue to convey to the enemy information which will confirm his belief that he has no need to lengthen his range . . . and within limits to take such steps as [we might] judge to intensify this belief."

Another factor arrested our operations. We received a steady stream of information passed to the enemy by uncontrolled sources, mainly OSTRO. Although the information was almost entirely false, it was believed by the Germans, and we therefore plotted all this material graphically in order to arrive at a mean point of impact (M.P.I.). We then passed across such information as was necessary to correct the inferences from OSTRO's material and bring the overall M.P.I. to the desired point.

Early in September the rocket attacks (V-2) started, and presented us with similar problems and similar opportunities to those connected with V-1. Consequently our deception was also on similar lines. There was, however, a technical difference. In the flying bomb attacks location had been the important factor because it was doubtful whether the enemy could tie the times we gave them to particular shots; in the rocket attacks timings were vital because the enemy could calculate accurately the time of arrival of any shot, and link this up with any information which we gave him. It was therefore decided to give real incidents which would show an M.P.I. in Central London, but to give as the times for these incidents the times of shots falling some five to eight miles short. In this way over a period of some months we contrived to encourage the enemy steadily to diminish his range; thus in the four weeks from 20 January to 17 February 1945 the real M.P.I. moved eastward about two miles a week and ended well outside the boundary of London region.*

The deception practised with regard to flying bombs and rockets was entirely the work of H.D.E.; we had nothing to do with its policy or details, but, as in the case of strategic deception, we provided the channels through which the desired misinformation could be sent to the enemy. The deception was ample justification for keeping the agents alive after the invasion of France, more particularly as the less important agents were the most useful for this purpose. ROVER, for example, could be used freely because he had no connection with the rest and because his collapse, if blatant untruth had to be risked, would not necessarily affect the others. Letter-writing agents were also used to confirm the accounts given by the w/t agents.

It would be only fair to claim that the deception was a very real triumph for H.D.E. In spite of a good deal of opposition they succeeded in pushing through their policy, and succeeded also, if we may judge by results, in causing the Germans to shorten their range considerably. When a report was made to the W. Board on the year's work of double-cross agents after the conclusion of hostilities, D.M.I. gave a brief summary of a document which he had recently received. This was an appreciation by a scientific expert who had calculated the approximate extra number of lives which would have been lost had the Germans'

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*A captured German map shows a schedule of results for a fortnight based on agents' reports and gives the M.P.I. in the Charing Cross area. This was, of course, exactly what we wished the enemy to believe.

M.P.I. been five miles further west each week than it was. The expert had no knowledge of our work and supposed that the location of the M.P.I. was simply due to German miscalculation. We, however, were surely entitled to feel that the double-cross system had done its full share in the saving of those many thousands of lives.

The last important work carried out by double-cross agents was on behalf of the Admiralty. It should here be remarked that since the earliest days the Admiralty had made use of a double-cross system for purposes of deception and that, in the nature of the case, they had been able to do so without reference to other departments. A military deception of use for a continued operation needed a great deal of coordination, but a deception with regard to submarine warfare or convoys could be, and was, carried through by the Admiralty alone. For convenience such work was often referred to as *ad hoc* deception, and in some instances it was carried out very successfully and often over a long period. Thus, for example, a shipbuilding programme was put through so that the fleet could be enlarged, and this enabled the Admiralty to give two notional aircraft carriers to C.-in-C. East Indies in 1943 when in fact he had none.

There were also a number of deceptions in connection with North Russian convoys and fleet movements to carry out operations off Norway, and a number of others connected with weapons and methods used in antisubmarine warfare. An example of these was one connected with the use of antitorpedo nets by merchant vessels, which lasted from June 1941 to the end of the war. The details are unimportant; in broad outline the deception was based upon giving misinformation about the nets; upon disguising the basic principle that the torpedo was caught by the tail and not stopped by the head; and by considerably minimising the efficiency of the nets. What is important is that for some four years N.I.D. was able, through our agents, to pass muddling and untrue information on this topic to the Germans, to withhold from them up to the end of the war the actual principle of our antitorpedo nets,* thus preventing them from adopting the fairly simple countermeasures which they might have used, and to gain by direct evidence and inference some indication of what they were themselves doing in this special department.

The culmination of specifically naval deceptions through double-cross agents came in 1945, and was implemented through TATE. Towards the end of the previous year the U-boat war became rapidly more menacing. For some time radar and intensive air patrols had made it almost impossible for U-boats to operate close inshore round the British Isles where otherwise they would have hunted to the best advantage. But now a new factor altered the situation: the U-boat no longer had to came to the surface to recharge batteries, etc., as the Schnorkel enabled it to do this under water. This assisted the U-boat because it could lie in wait for a long period in a suitable area, and the only really effective counterstroke was the laying of deep minefields which would catch the U-boat but over which the surface craft could safely pass. Unfortunately shortage both of mines and mine-layers in home waters made it difficult to exploit this countermeasure fully.

In the circumstances D.N.I. was asked to attempt to convince the Germans that there were far more minefields than in fact there were, and for this purpose TATE was brought into play. At an earlier stage in his career he had procured information from a "friend" who was known as his "mine-laying friend." This acquaintanceship was now revived and the friend was freely entertained in TATE's London flat. He was notionally serving in H.M.S. *Plover*, which, together with H.M.S. *Apollo*, was in fact doing most of the real mine-laying, and he was thus able, when not at sea, to allow a stream of information with regard to the new minefields to reach the Germans by way of TATE and his transmitter. The credibility of the information was confirmed by allowing TATE to give advance information of real U-boats which had been sunk by causes other than mining when it was known that the Germans were unaware of the details of the actual sinking. When such losses were corroborated by reports from the Red Cross of prisoner of war survivors and by other means, the stock of TATE's informant naturally rose in the estimation of the Germans.

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*In spite of the fact that our merchant ships fitted with these nets visited neutral ports where German agents were numerous and active.

It is unnecessary to enter into the details of this deception. What was done, in broad outline, was this. TATE reported piece by piece to the Germans the existence of a large number of new minefields which did not in fact exist. After various warnings given by the Germans to their U-boat commanders, a stroke of good fortune for us clinched the matter in the Germans' mind. A U-boat reported that it had been so damaged by a mine that it had had to scuttle itself, and this mine was in the general area of TATE's notional minefields. As the U-boat did not specify its position *precisely*, the Germans not unnaturally assumed the truth of all TATE's stories, and in consequence closed 3,600 square miles of the western approaches to U-boats. The exact credit balance of the deception cannot be assessed; but on a modest estimate TATE must have ensured the safety of many of our vessels which would otherwise have run considerable risks in that area, and it is not impossible that his misinformation moved U-boats from areas where they were safe to areas where they emphatically were not.

It is curious that the last two major deceptions carried out by double-cross agents—i.e., that connected with rockets and that connected with minefields—were deceptions the possibility of which could not by any means have been foreseen. They could be carried out, and were, simply because the agents had been kept in being, almost on the Micawber principle. Yet either of these deceptions alone by its beneficial results would have amply justified the system and the labour expended on it throughout the whole of the war.

The agents died hard. Among those communicating directly with Germany, TATE received a message from Hamburg sent at 17.50 hours on 2 May—a matter of hours before the fall of that city. The Germans ran true to form to the last, and taught us a lesson with this last message. In it they encouraged TATE, who had just sent them information about mine-laying in the Kola inlet, to maintain contact, presumably both with the mine-laying friend and with them. But further they replied to another question sent by TATE with regard to a suitcase containing private papers and valuables which he had left at Hamburg in 1939. This they said they had safely delivered to his sister in September 1944 after destroying all dangerous documents. If you wish agents to serve you well you must satisfy their personal wishes and personal interests; in their last message to TATE the Germans gave a shining example of how the good case officer should behave, and gave it too in circumstances which even the most phlegmatic must have admitted to have been a little trying!

13: CONCLUSION

If the preceding narrative has been reasonably clear there should be no need to summarise its contents. At any rate no attempt to do so will be made. A reader, however, who wishes to collect and resume his general impressions should at this point turn back to page 58 and reread what was there described as the creed of double cross; he should then reread also the last paragraph of chapter 1 (pp. 34 and 35). With these two short passages fresh in mind he has in fact the whole theory of double-cross.

A consideration of the theory and practice of double-cross though it may give legitimate cause for satisfaction, also gives rise to one somewhat disturbing thought—indeed this thought must have obtruded itself into the mind of any judicious reader very early in his perusal of this book. The disturbing, perhaps even alarming, thought is this. We are sure that we deceived the Germans and turned their weapon against themselves; can we be quite sure that they were not equally successful in turning our weapon against us? Now our double-cross agents were the straight agents of the Germans—their whole espionage system in the U.K. What did the Germans gain from this system? The answer cannot be doubtful. They gained no good whatever from their agents, and they did take from them a very great deal of harm. It would be agreeable to be able to accept the simple explanation, to sit back in the armchair of complacency, to say that we were very clever and the Germans very stupid, and that consequently we gained both on the swings and the roundabouts as well. But that argument just won't hold water at all.

What evidence there is goes to show that the Germans were at least our equals in all the arts connected with espionage and counterespionage. They had studied the subject over a long period; after some early clumsy improvisations they settled down to train their agents carefully; they certainly handled many of them with admirable psychological understanding; they supported them loyally and rewarded them adequately; in short there is no reason whatever to attribute our success and German failure to our superior wisdom or our greater ability or our better practical handling of the agents. In one respect, however, and in one which is not immediately obvious, we can and should claim a great advantage.

This, curiously enough, (curiously, because we were not dealing with straightforward matters), was the personal integrity of all officers and other persons concerned in the U.K. from the top to the bottom. Almost always when a real blunder was made by the Germans it was traceable to the fact that the Abwehr official implicated was governed by *personal* considerations; he was making money out of the agent or gaining prestige from him or even only making his post in some comfortable neutral haven secure, and in consequence he could not and would not judge the agent and the agent's work, dispassionately or even honestly. Many an organisation during the war has been described as "a racket," sometimes rightly and sometimes wrongly. What is clear is that no racket is going to prosper over a long period, and that in all secret intelligence work absolute personal integrity of all concerned and the exclusion of all personal considerations is the first and fundamental condition of success.

We are a little but only little nearer to resolving the difficulty suggested in the last paragraph. A more substantial reason to explain why the double-cross system succeeded and the German espionage system in the U.K. failed might be found in the simple proposition that in time of war espionage in an enemy country is doomed to failure because the dice are hopelessly loaded against the spy. This surely is difficult to deny—unpalatable though the admission may be. It is not of course denied that in countries *occupied* by the enemy the straight agent may perform great services; assisted by resistance movements or even only by the passive goodwill of a large part of the population he may be able to carry out acts of sabotage, to collect and transmit information, or even to assist revolutionary movements. But in enemy country his case must be almost hopeless. Suspicion is rife, and is aroused at once by the least interest shown in military or semimilitary undertakings; security checks abound and identity documents must be proof against examination; the transmission of any information presents almost insuperable difficulties.

We do not know what was in fact gained by straight agents in Germany during the war, and it is always dangerous to generalise without the facts. But we do know that German straight agents in England gained less than nothing for their masters, and it is safe to say that in theory at any rate we could hope for only very meagre advantages from our agents in Germany. In fact the general conclusion is inescapable. Espionage in wartime is difficult and usually unprofitable; counterespionage is comparatively easy and may yield satisfactory results. In peacetime the boot is on the other foot. A spy who is prepared to take his time and observe all reasonable precautions is extraordinarily hard to catch and may obtain information of the highest value. On the other hand counterespionage in peacetime is a matter of the utmost difficulty; it is immensely hard to secure proof: it is impossible to act on suspicion however strong; the whole tenour of life in this country is antagonistic to overregimentation and to rigid classification; it is better to let many spies "run" rather than to risk one mistake. So we come to this provisional—and admittedly theoretical—conclusion: in peacetime espionage is easy and profitable, counterespionage is difficult and unrewarding; in wartime espionage is difficult and usually unprofitable; counterespionage is comparatively easy and yields the richest returns.

There is a practical conclusion as well, which concerns the relations of M.I.6 and the Security Service. Espionage and counterespionage deal with different sides of the same problems and often with the same persons. How is it possible to avoid the conclusion that the two services must, if they are to be fully effective, be united as closely as organisational arrangements permit? At the very least they should base their activities on records completely accessible to each. That is an argument which could be developed at length—but not here. It leads on to the problems of the whole organisation of intelligence in the future.

APPENDIX 1:
DOUBLE-CROSS AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

There are personal files dealing with about 120 double-cross agents in M.I.5 records. Many of the cases never developed, others were of no great importance, and some, such as COBWEB and BEETLE in Iceland and MOONBEAM in Canada, did not operate from the U.K. It would therefore serve no useful purpose to make mention of all the cases. The list which follows gives brief details of some of the more interesting of these cases which were operated from this country. In this list w/t stands for wireless telegraphy; s/w for communication in secret ink or by microphotography; p/c for personal contact in neutral or enemy countries.

Agent	*Method of Communication*	*Main Tasks*	*Date of Starting Work*	*Date of Finishing Work*	*Reason for Conclusion of Case*	*Remarks*
1. BALLOON	s/w	General, especially arms and armament	May 41	Nov. 43	Germans considered that other TRICYCLE connections made it unnecessary to continue with BALLOON	BALLOON might have done more if personal contact could have been arranged for him.
2. BRONX	s/w	Industrial and political information	Oct. 42	—	Still working at conclusion of hostilities	
3. BRUTUS	w/t	To create Polish fifth column in England and to report on military matters	Oct. 42	Jan. 45	Fear of disclosures in trials of French acquaintances of BRUTUS	An unpaid agent working for ideological reasons.
4. CARELESS	s/w	R.A.F. information, especially delivery of American aircraft. Also production of A.A. defences.	July 41	Jan. 43	Refused to continue to work	His personal conduct and the consequent impossibility of controlling him except in prison spoiled a promising case.
5. CARROT	—	Reports to Vichy Government	June 42	Dec. 42	Lack of interest on part of enemy	Purpose was really to discover if Vichy was trying to penetrate organisations here.
6. CELERY	p/c	Air Force matters	Jan. 41	Aug. 41	Misfortune	—
7. DRAGONFLY	w/t	Observation of aerodromes and troop movements. Daily weather reports; military and general information	Mar. 41	Jan. 44	German failure to pay agent	His messages were responsible for capture of the spy JOB.

Agent	Method of Communication	Main Tasks	Date of Starting Work	Date of Finishing Work	Reason for Conclusion of Case	Remarks
8. FATHER	s/w and reception by w/t	To steal a plane and return to Germany. All Air Force information, including technical matters	June 41	June 43	Questions became embarrassing to answer, and agent was posted overseas	
9. FIDO	s/w (no method of reception)	To steal a plane and return. To send information on aviation, concentrations of troops, and technical matters	July 43	Feb. 44	Suspicions and bad communications	—
10. FREAK	w/t	General information and wireless messages on behalf of TRICYCLE	Dec. 43	May 44	Breakdown of TRICYCLE network	—
11. GANDER	w/t transmission only	Road obstacles and defences in northwest England and morale	Oct. 40	Nov. 40	Imperfect means of communication	—
12. GARBO	s/w w/t and courier	General information, especially military	Apr. 42	—	End of hostilities	See account of GARBO and his network in text.
13. GELATINE	s/w	Political information	May 41	May 45	Conclusion of hostilities	Started as a recruit found by TRICYCLE.
14. GIRAFFE	s/w	Mainly Air Force matters	Sep. 40	—	Insufficient traffic	—
15. G.W.	p/c and Spanish diplomatic	Sabotage. General information	Oct. 39	Feb. 42	Arrest of his Spanish contact	—

16. Jeff	w/t	Sabotage. General information	Apr. 41	Feb. 44	Doubts about German belief in the case	See Mutt. Jeff was imprisoned from Aug. 41 onwards.
17. Josef	p/c and courier	Shipping and convoys	Aug. 42	Dec. 44	Failure to extract sufficient advantage from it	One of several seamen agents writing to the Japanese at Lisbon.
18. Lipstick	s/w	Troop disposition and technical information	Nov. 42	Mar. 44	Complications due to his Catalan activities	—
19. Meteor	s/w	General information, especially naval	Apr. 43	May 44	Breakdown of Tricycle network	Started with two types of letters, controlled and uncontrolled, owing to German attempt at triple cross.
20. Mullet	s/w and p/c	General information, especially production and industrial	Dec. 41	May 44	Doubts about communications	Worked to Hamlet in Lisbon.
21. Mutt	w/t	Sabotage and general, especially military information	Apr. 41	Feb. 44	Doubts about German belief in the case	See Jeff.
22. Peppermint	s/w sent in diplomatic bag	General information, especially morale, military, factories, and aircraft production	Dec. 41	April 43	Breakdown of communications	Worked to Alcazar. Revival attempted in March 1944.
23. Puppet	s/w	General, especially economic	Apr. 43	May 44	Doubts about communications	Hamlet's representative in England.
24. Rainbow	s/w	Reports on aviation, air defence, industrial, and economic matters	Feb. 40	June 43	Weakening of German interest	Connected with prewar agents.

Agent	Method of Communication	Main Tasks	Date of Starting Work	Date of Finishing Work	Reason for Conclusion of Case	Remarks
25. ROVER	s/w and w/t	Details of aircraft factory. Air raid damage	May 44	May 45	Conclusion of hostilities	—
26. SHEPHERD	s/w (no method of reception)	Suppliers and manufacturers, attitude of miners and railway employees, and coastal information	Dec. 43	—	—	Run in order to support NETTLE in Spain.
27. SNARK, THE	s/w	Food prices and living conditions	July 41	Mar. 43	Lack of German interest	—
28. SNIPER	s/w and w/t	Aircraft and scientific apparatus, and methods used in antisubmarine warfare	Nov. 43	May 45	End of hostilities	Handed over to Twenty-first Army Group in Dec. 1944.
29. SNOW	w/t and p/c	General, especially Air Force matters	Sep. 39	Mar. 41	See text	—
30. SUMMER	w/t	General on area round Birmingham	Sep. 40	Jan. 41	Agent's attempt to escape	—
31. SWEET WILLIAM	Spanish diplomatic bag	Morale, food situation, etc.	Aug. 41	Aug. 42	Method of communication unsatisfactory owing to lack of control	—
32. TATE	w/t	General information (see text)	Sep. 40	May 45	End of hostilities	Operated for more than four and half years.
33. TEAPOT	w/t and p/c	General	Jan. 43	1945	No further use	A triple cross who provided useful information for the Admiralty.

34. Treasure	s/w and w/t	Military information and news about projected invasion	Aug. 43	Dec. 44	No further use	See text.
35. Tricycle	p/c, s/w, and w/t	General, military, and economic information	Dec. 40	May 44	Arrest of Artist made all Tricycle group suspect	Worked in U.S.A. as well as in U.K. See text.
36. Washout	s/w	Troop dispositions and aircraft production	June 42	Dec. 42	German lack of interest and unsatisfactory character of the agent	—
37. Weasel	s/w	General and naval	May 42	Dec. 42	German failure to reply	We suspected that he contrived to warn the Germans.
38. Worm, The	s/w	Military, naval, and Air Force information	July 43	Jan. 44	German lack of interest probably due to length of time spent in reaching England	—
39. Zigzag	w/t	Sabotage. Movements of U.S. troops. Anti-U-boat devices and night fighter radio location devices	Dec. 42	Nov. 44	Lack of security on part of the agent	Dropped twice by parachute in England in Dec. 1942 and June 1944.

APPENDIX 2:
TRICYCLE'S AMERICAN QUESTIONNAIRE

(Translation)

Naval Information.—Reports on enemy shipments (material foodstuffs—combination of convoys, if possible with names of ships and speeds).

Assembly of troops for oversea transport in U.S.A. and Canada. Strength—number of ships—ports of assembly—reports on ship building (naval and merchant ships)—wharves (dockyards)—state and private owned wharves— new works—list of ships being built or resp. having been ordered—times of building.

Reports regarding U.S.A. strong points of all descriptions especially in Florida—organisation of strong points for fast boats (E-boats) and their depot ships—coastal defence—organisation districts.

Hawaii.—Ammunition dumps and mine depots.

1. Details about naval ammunition and mine depot on the Isle of Kushua (Pearl Harbour). If possible sketch.
2. Naval ammunition depot Lualuelei. Exact position? Is there a railway line (junction)?
3. The total ammunition reserve of the army is supposed to be in the rock of the Crater Aliamanu. Position?
4. Is the Crater Punchbowl (Honolulu) being used as ammunition dump? If not, are there other military works?

Aerodromes.

1. *Aerodrome Lukefield.*— Details (sketch if possible) regarding the situation of the hangars (number?), workshops, bomb depots, and petrol depots. Are there underground petrol installations?—Exact position of the seaplane station? Occupation?
2. *Naval air arm strong point Kaneche.*—Exact report regarding position, number of hangars, depots, and workshops (sketch). Occupation?
3. *Army aerodromes Wicham Field and Wheeler Field.*—Exact position? Reports regarding number of hangars, depots and workshops. Underground installations? (Sketch.)

4. *Rodger's Airport.*—In case of war, will this place be taken over by the army or the navy? What preparations have been made? Number of hangars? Are there landing possibilities for seaplanes?

5. *Airport of the Panamerican Airways.*—Exact position? (If possible sketch.) Is this airport possibly identical with Rodger's Airport or a part thereof? (A wireless station of the Panamerican Airways is on the Peninsula Mohapuu.)

Naval Strong Point Pearl Harbour.

1. Exact details and sketch about the situation of the state wharf, of the pier installations, workshops, petrol installations, situations of dry dock No. 1 and of the new dry dock which is being built.

2. Details about the submarine station (plan of situation). What land installations are in existence?

3. Where is the station for mine search formations [Minensuchverbaende]? How far has the dredger work progressed at the entrance and in the east and and southeast lock? Depths of water?

4. Number of anchorages [Liegeplaetze]?

5. Is there a floating dock in Pearl Harbour or is the transfer of such a dock to this place intended?

Special tasks.—Reports about torpedo protection nets newly introduced in the British and U.S.A. navy. How far are they already in existence in the merchant and naval fleet? Use during voyage? Average speed reduction when in use. Details of construction and others.

1. Urgently required are exact details about the armoured strengths of American armoured cars, especially of the types which have lately been delivered from the U.S.A. to the Middle East. Also all other reports on armoured cars and the composition of armoured (tank) formations are of greatest interest.

2. Required are the Tables of Organisation (TO) of the American infantry divisions and their individual units (infantry regiments, artillery "Abteilung," and so forth) as well as of the American armoured divisions and their individual units (armoured tank regiments, reconnaissance section, and so forth). These TO are lists showing strength, which are published by the American War Department and are of a confidential nature.

3. How is the new light armoured car (tank)? Which type is going to be finally introduced? Weight? Armament? Armour?

1. Position of British participations and credits in U.S.A. in June 1940. What are England's payment obligations from orders since the coming into force of the Lend Lease Bill? What payments has England made to U.S.A. since the outbreak of war for goods supplied, for establishment of works, for the production of war material, and for the building of new or for the enlargement of existing wharves?

2. Amount of state expenditure in the budget years 1939/40,

1940/41, 1941/42, 1942/43 altogether and in particular for the army and the rearmament.

3. Financing of the armament programme of the U.S.A. through taxes, loans and tax credit coupons. Participation of the Refico and the companies founded by it (Metal Reserve Corp., Rubber Reserve Corp., Defence Plant Corp., Defence Supplies Corp., Defence Housing Corp.) in the financing of the rearmament.

4. Increase of state debt and possibilities to cover this debt.

All reports on American air rearmament are of greatest importance. The answers to the following questions are of special urgency:

I. How large is—
  (*a*) the total monthly production of aeroplanes?
  (*b*) the monthly production of bombers [Kampfflugzeuge]?
  (*c*) " " " " fighter planes?
  (*d*) " " " " training planes [Schulflugzeuge]?
  (*e*) " " " " civil aeroplanes [Zivilflugzeuge]?

II. How many and which of these aeroplanes were supplied to the British Empire, that is to say—
  (*a*) to Great Britain?
  (*b*) to Canada?
  (*c*) to Africa?
  (*d*) to the Near East?
  (*e*) to the Far East and Australia?

III. How many U.S.A. pilots finish their training monthly?

IV. How many U.S.A. pilots are entering the R.A.F.?

Reports on Canadian Air Force are of great value.

All information about number and type (pattern) of front aeroplanes [Frontflugzeuge]. Quantity, numbers and position of the echelons [Staffeln] are of great interest. Of special importance is to get details about the current air training plan in Canada, that is to say: place and capacity of individual schools and if possible also their numbers. According to reports received every type of school (beginners'—advanced—and observer school) is numbered, beginning with **1**.

INDEX

Abbreviations, list, xix
Abwehr, 38*n*, 151–52. *See also* German espionage system
Admiralty, 103, 135, 182
Africa, North, landings in, 109–11
Agents: case officers and, 21–23, 52; double life of, 68–69; establishing identity of, 14–15; in European countries, 75–76; Execution Committee, 66; financial arrangements, 25; German. *See* German espionage system; list and summary of, 190-95; preparation and building up, 9–10, 71–72; principles in dealing with, 17–33; psychological study of, 23–25; quality of, 32–33; questions asked of, 72–76, 124–25, 175–77; records of, 27–28; risks of, 28–30; traffic (messages passed through), 71–81; trustworthiness, 148; truthfulness and verisimilitude, 19–20
Aircraft and aerodromes: false information on, 83–84, 102–03; questions on, 74, 76–77, 124–25, 176
Alcazar de Velasco, Spanish agent, 57, 99, 113
Alexander, Lord, General, 134–35
Anderson, Sir John, 62
Antitorpedo nets, 182–83
Apollo, H.M.S., 183
ARTIST, 139–40, 153–54, 178

B.1.A., vii, xvii, 11, 14, 16, 17, 69, 101, 128, 149, 150*n*, 163, 164; organisation of, 62, 66; origin of, 61; plans, 82–89
BALLOON, 78, 79, 86, 96, 109, 138, 140
BASKET, 99–100
BEETLE, 114, 143
Berlin, agents in, 75, 76
Bevan, Colonel, 62*n*, 107–09, 137*n*
BISCUIT, 43–45, 50–51, 92
Blockade of Britain, 77–78
Boyle, Air Commodore, 61
Brest, agents in, 75, 76
Britische Kriegsheer, Das, 124
BRONX, 9, 120; in D Day preparations, 149, 161–62
Brussels, agents in, 75, 76
BRUTUS, 120–21, 140–42, 152, 169; background of, 140–42; in D Day preparations, 148–49, 155, 156; end of service, 173
B.U.F. (British Union of Fascists), 38
Busch, Major Friedrich, 86*n*

Calvo, Spanish attaché, 93, 113
Camp WX, 150
Canada, agents in, 173
Canaris, Admiral, 151
CARELESS, 97–98, 109, 143–44
Carl, Erich, 150
CARROT, 117
Case officers, 21–23, 52
Catalan Separatist movement, 131
Cavendish-Bentinck, of Foreign Office, 105
C.C.O., 108, 109
CELERY, 63, 73, 84; with SNOW in Lisbon, 90–92
Censorship, 87

Chapman, Eddie, xiv. *See also* ZIGZAG
CHARLIE, 40–41, 43, 92
CHEESE, 107
Chiefs of Staff, 131, 135, 163, 180
Cholmondeley, Flight Lieutenant, 137*n*
City of Lancaster (ship), 132
Clausewitz, Carl von, 34
COBWEB, 114
Codes, 41–42, 161–62
COSSAC, 131, 135
Crete, 136
Cunningham, Admiral, 134
Czech agents, 54

Dakar, 110, 111
Dartmoor, 150
Davidson, Major-General, 61*n*
D Day, 156–57; preparations for, 145–63
Deception, 101–13, 128–31; *ad hoc*, 103, 145, 182; Controlling Officer of, 104, 107, 125, 128, 129, 131, 162–63; improvements in, 105–06, 130–31; in invasion of France, 145–48, 155–63; in Middle East, 106–07; in Operation TORCH, 109–11; planning, 128–30; policy on, 101–05, 130–31
de Havilland works, sabotage, 122–23, 131–32
Del Pozo, Spanish agent, 57–58, 92
Denmark, 48
Deuxième Bureau, 36, 63, 117
Dieppe raid, 108
Directors of Intelligence, 61–62, 64; D.D.N.I., 37; D.M.I., 61, 64, 70, 150*n*, 181; D.N.I., 61, 65, 108, 177, 178
Double-cross system: abolition or retention of, discussed, 164–67; advantages of, 7–9; agents. *See* Agents; creed of, 58, 76, 101; criticism of, 101–02; dangers to, before D Day, 149–54; German espionage controlled by, 3–4, 6–9; historical precedents for, 1–2; objectives, summary of, 58, 76, 101; organisation for control of, 60–70; origins of, 10–15, 36–45, 60–62; policy revision and improvement, 101–11; theory and practice, 1–35, 186–89
DRAGONFLY, 95, 98, 108, 109, 111, 143, 144; work of, 56–57, 72–74, 84, 86
DREADNOUGHT, 138–40

Eisenhower, General Dwight D., 106, 131, 135
Espionage in peacetime, 34–35, 166

Factories, questions on, 74–75
FATHER, 74, 98–99, 109, 144
FIDO, 143
Food supply, questions on, 74, 77–79
France: invasion of, 145–63; landing in, threatened, 109–11
FREAK, 139–40, 149, 154
Frisch, O. R., 176
FUSAG, 156–58, 160

Gaitskell, Hugh, xvi
GANDER, 53
GARBO, ix, xiii, 16, 28, 109, 125, 147, 148, 152, 153; agents, 173; assistants, imaginary, 117, 143; and bombing of London, 178; character and methods of, 114–17; in D Day preparations, 149, 154, 156–57; Iron Cross awarded to, 173–75; work of, 142–43, 168
GELATINE, 86, 109, 149; questioned on uranium research, 176; with TRICYCLE, 96, 138, 140
German espionage system: agents, British principles in dealing with, 17–33; British control of, 3–4, 6–9; changes in, 151–52; conclusions on, 186–89; cost of, 15–16; in England, 47–50; parachute landings of agents, 48–50, 52–54; SNOW and, 36–45; sources of information, 7; stay-behind agents, 164–66
German plans for invasion of Britain, 76–78

Gibraltar, 109*n*, 110; agents in, 175
GIRAFFE, 54–55, 59*n*
Goebbels, Joseph Paul, 172
Graumann, Dr., ZIGZAG's spymaster, 123, 171*n*
Greece, deception on landing in, 134, 136–37
Greene, Graham, *Our Man in Havana*, ix
Gunther, RAINBOW's contact, 46–47
G. W., 77, 84, 87; loss of, 113; and SNOW, 40, 42, 57–58; and Spanish agents, 92–93

Hamburg, espionage controlled from, 48, 75, 76
HAMLET, 118–20, 159–60, 178
H.D.E. (Home Defence Executive), 74, 102, 106, 179, 181
Himmler, Heinrich, 151, 157
Hitler, Adolf: assassination possible, 132, 152; opposition to, 118, 119
HITTITE, 3*n*
Home Forces, 77–78, 104, 106, 155, 177
Huelva, Spain, 135–37

Iceland, agents in, 114
Invasion of Britain, German plans for, 76–78
Invasion of France, deception for, 145–63
Isle of Man, 150
Isle of Wight, 108
Ismay, Lord, x

JACOBS, 53
JEFF, 73, 96, 109, 148, 149, 168; as prisoner in England, 150; work of, 86, 87, 96–97, 126, 130, 133
JOB, 57
Jodl, General Alfred, 158
JOSEF, 120
JUNIOR, 152, 153

Karsthoff, von, agent, 95
Kliemann, DRAGONFLY's contact, 56, 143
Kolberg Organisation, 118
Krafft, Mathilde, 41
Kriegsorganisation (K.O.) Portugal, 86, 118

L.C.S., 155
Leakage of information, 150
LIPSTICK, 121
Lisbon: agents in, 76, 118, 120, 132; SNOW and CELERY in, 90–92; TRICYCLE in, 138–40, 152–53
London, bombing of, 177–82
Lumley, Colonel, 107

Mackenzie, Compton, *Water on the Brain*, ix
Madrid, agents in, 76
"Martin, Major," body of, 133–38
Masterman, Sir John C., mystery stories, x–xi
Matsumoto, Japanese attaché, 120
Meitner, Lise, 176
Melbourne, Lord, 31
METEOR, 138–39
M.I.5, vii, viii, xvi–xviii, 87, 101, 106, 150, 163; management of double-cross system, 10–15, 60–62, 64–66; W. Branch, 61
M.I.6, vii, viii, xvi, 13, 36, 54, 55, 101, 106, 169; in organisation, 60–61, 64–66; SNOW and, 37–39
Middle East, deception in, 106–07
Mine-laying, 183–85
Montagu, Ewen, 137*n*; *The Man Who Never Was*, ix–x, xiv
Morgan, General, 131
Mountbatten, Lord Louis, Admiral, 108, 134, 135, 173
MULLET, 118–19; in D Day preparations, 149, 159–60
MUTT, 73, 96, 109, 148, 149, 168; work of, 86, 87, 96–97, 126, 130, 133

Navy, questions on, 73–74
Nelson, Sir Frank, 64
Netherlands, 48
NETTLE, 169–70
N.I.D. (Naval Intelligence Department), 182–83
Normandy landing, 145–63

Norway, 48, 182; deception in, 130; invasion of, threatened, 86, 109–11

Operation (Plan) MINCEMEAT, 133–38
Operation NEPTUNE, 145
Operation OVERLORD, 145, 159, 165, 168. *See also* D Day, preparations for
Operation (Plan) STARKEY, 130, 142
Operation TORCH, 109–11, 117, 159
Ops. B. SHAEF, 131
Oslo, agents in, 75, 76
OSTRO, 4, 151, 180

Parachute landings of German agents, 48–50, 52–54
Paris, agents in, 75, 76
Pas de Calais area, deception on, 146, 155–58, 160
Pearl Harbor, TRICYCLE's questionnaire on, 79–80, 196–97
PEPPERMINT, 113
Petrie, Sir David, 61*n*
Pieper, SNOW's contact, 37
Plan I, 82–83
Plan IV, 83–84
Plan BROCK, 126
Plan BUNBURY, 133
Plan DREAM, 125–26
Plan GUY FAWKES, 87–88
Plan MACHIAVELLI, 83
Plan MICAWBER, 86–87
Plan MIDAS, 85–86, 94
Plan MINCEMEAT, 133–38
Plan OMNIBUS, 86
Plan OVERTHROW, 109
Plan PAPRIKA, 84–85, 125
Plan PREMIUM, 159–60
Plan SOLO I, 109
Plan STIFF, 83
Plan TROJAN HORSE, 137*n*
Plover, H.M.S., 183
Poland, British relations with, 140–41
PUPPET, 119, 159
Purchase, Bentley, 134
P.W.E. (Political Warfare Executive), 25, 85, 105

Questions asked of agents, 72–76, 124–25, 175–77

RAINBOW, 59*n*, 93, 95; work of, 46–47, 78
Rantzau, Dr. (Major Ritter), SNOW's contact, 38, 40, 42–44, 90–91
Rosebery, Lord, 34
ROVER, 170–71, 181
Rundstedt, General Karl von, 157

Sabotage, 87–88, 126, 131–33; ZIGZAG in, 122–23, 131–32
Sandys Committee, 178
Sardinia, 136–37
SCRUFFY, 99
Secret Service: Chief of (C.S.S.), 105–06, 178; Director General of (D.G.S.S.), 64, 66
Security Service, 64, 65, 109
Seraph, submarine, 135, 136
SHAEF, 131, 164, 167
SHEPHERD, 169–70
Sicily, deception on, 134–37
SNARK, THE, 77, 78, 99
SNIPER, 143, 168
SNOW, ix, xiii, 28, 46, 57, 63, 93, 114; collapse of, 90–92; in Lisbon, 90–91; organisation, 47, 49, 59*n*, 61; work of, 36–45, 50
Spain: agents in, 76, 92–93, 113; "Major Martin" incident, 135–37
SPANEHL, 54
Spilsbury, Sir Bernard, 134
Stalingrad, 127
Stanley, Colonel, 63, 107
Stark, Admiral Harold R., 106
Stewart, Sir Findlater, 62, 63; letter on Twenty Committee, 64–65
Submarines, German, 167, 182–85
SUMMER, 50–52
SWEETIE, 54
SWEET WILLIAM, 78, 99
Swinton, Lord, 62–63, 108

TATE, 17, 59*n*, 83, 109, 150, 152; in D Day preparations, 149, 160–61; last message from Germany to, 184–85; in mine-laying deception, 183–85; payments to, 93–94; work of, 52–53, 73, 74, 78, 85, 93–95

Ter Braak, agent, 53–54
Traffic (messages passed through agents), 71–81
TREASURE, 143, 169; in D Day preparations, 149, 161
TRICYCLE, 59*n*, 83, 120, 147, 148, 178; American project, 95–96, 138; American questionnaire, 79–81, 196–98; in D Day preparations, 148–49, 152–54; loss of, 154, 155; questioned on uranium research, 176–77; work of, 55–56, 73–74, 85–86, 95–96, 138–39
Turner, Colonel, 62
Twenty (XX) Committee, x–xii, xvii, 10–11, 101, 128, 140, 151, 177; additions to, 108–09; creation of, 10, 62; Execution Subcommittee, 66; on Plan MINCEMEAT, 137*n*; plans, 82–89; policy, 103–06; work of, 63–66
Twenty-first Army Group, 156, 168
212 Committee, 167

U-boats, 167, 182–85
United States: forces for invasion of France, 156; TRICYCLE in, 95–96, 138; TRICYCLE's questionnaire on, 79–81, 196–98
Uranium, research on, 176–77

V-bombs and rockets, 167, 171, 172, 176–82
V.C.I.G.S., 134

War Office, 102, 104, 155
WASHOUT, 117–18
WATCHDOG, 121, 144
Wavell, Lord, General, 107
W. Board, xviii, 10, 11, 61–65, 88, 105–09, 140, 148, 181
WEASEL, 117
Weismiller, Edward, *The Serpent Sleeping*, ix
Welsh Nationalist party, 40, 87
Wilson, General Henry Maitland, 134–35
Wingate, Major, 137*n*
Wireless communications, viii, xiii–xiv, 5, 26, 61; codes, 41–42, 161–62; by SNOW, first, 39–42; success of, 67*n*; supervision, official, 67; Y service, 146, 147
Woolton, Lord, 79
WORM, THE, 139–40

Yosii, Lieutenant Commander Mitinory, 94
Y service, 146, 147
Yugoslavian agents, 138–39

ZIGZAG (FRITZCHEN, Eddie Chapman), xiv, 122–23; background of, 122–23; sabotage at de Havilland works, 122–23; 131–32; work of, 131–32, 171–73

Double agentry was an engrossing game and the stakes were high. This important document in the history of World War II uncovers the complex story of the double-cross system from its origins in 1939 through the early defensive achievements of 1941 and on to the aggressive coups of 1942-43 and of the last years of the war in Europe. Included in the myriad of detail are the activities of the superspies to whom the British gave such astonishing and apt cover names as TRICYCLE, GARBO, ZIGZAG, SNOW, LIPSTICK, and TREASURE.

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—from the Foreword by Norman Holmes Pearson

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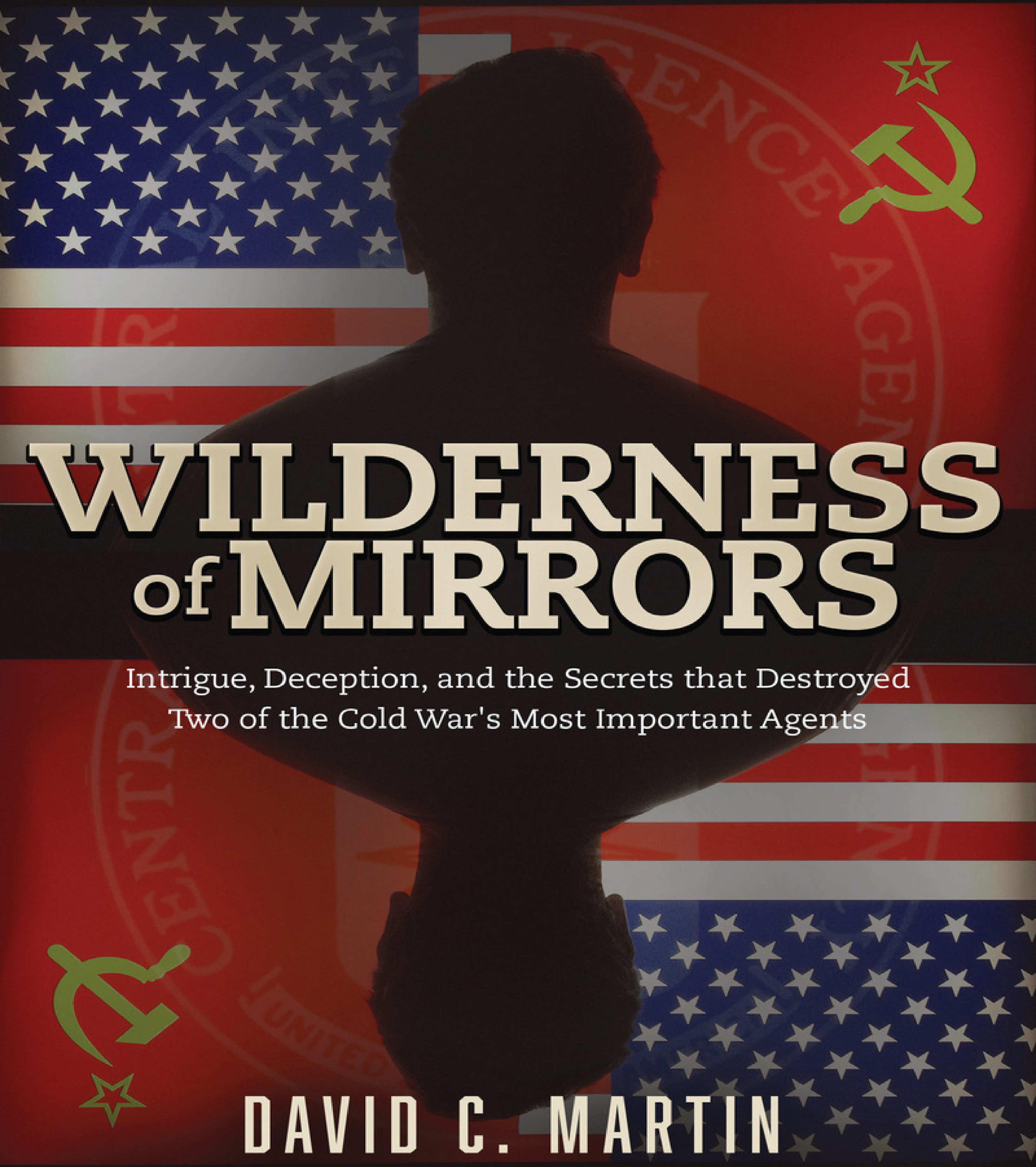

WILDERNESS of MIRRORS

Intrigue, Deception, and the Secrets that Destroyed Two of the Cold War's Most Important Agents

DAVID C. MARTIN

National Security Correspondent, CBS News

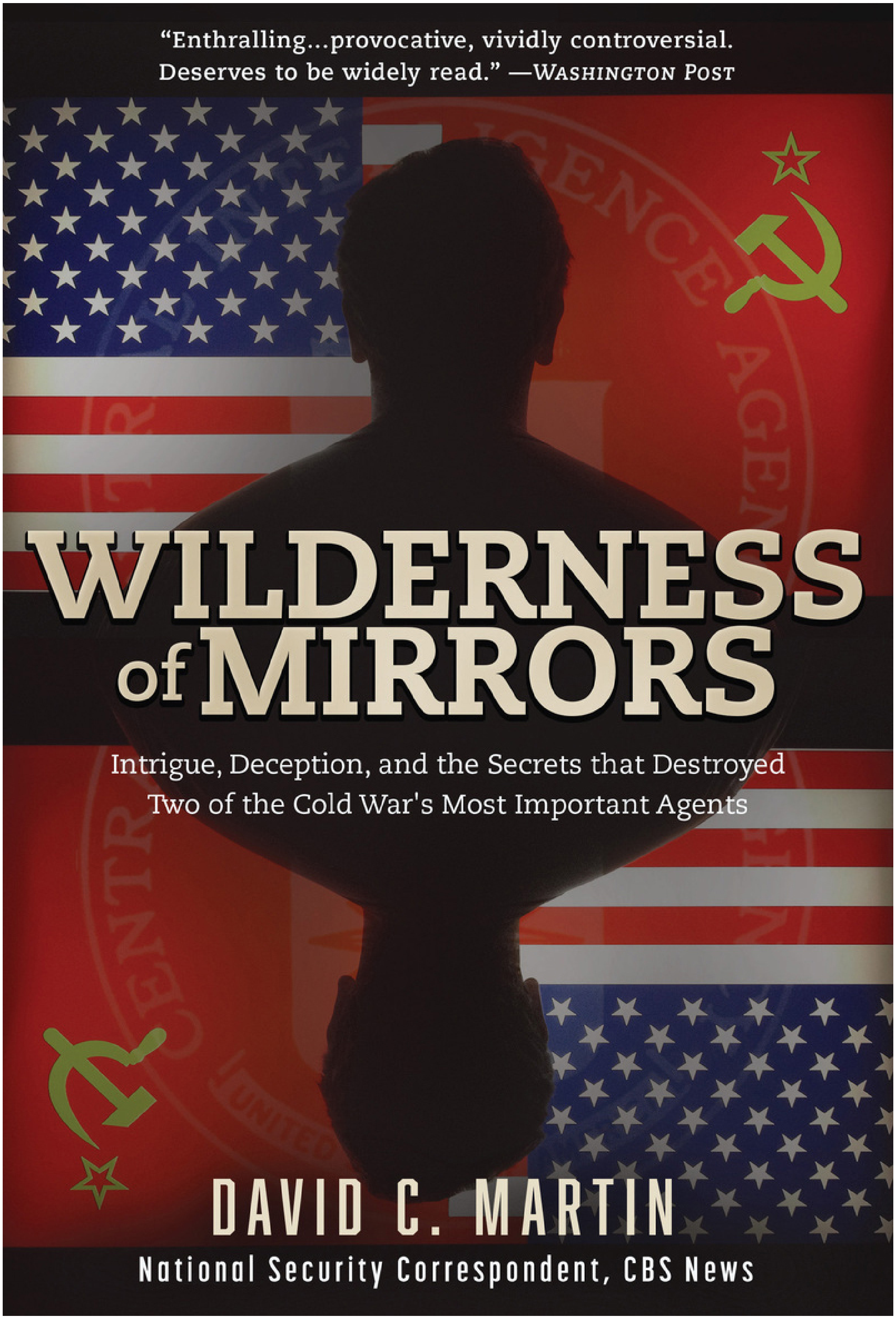

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David C. Martin

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For E. D., Cate, and Zach

Contents

Preface

Foreword

1 Loss of Innocence

2 The Poet and the Cop

3 Philby Undone

4 Fair Play Reconsidered

5 A Surfeit of Spies

6 Murder Corrupts

7 No Innocent Explanation

8 Ides of March

9 The Great Mole Hunt

10 Burnt-out Case

Afterword

Author's Note

Index

In tragic life, God wot,
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot:
We are betrayed by what is false within.

—GEORGE MEREDITH

Preface to the 2018 Edition

More than thirty-five years have passed since I wrote *Wilderness of Mirrors*. The two main protagonists, James Angleton and William Harvey, are dead, and so is my most important source, Clare Edward Petty.

By the time I met Ed, I had been working on *Wilderness* for about a year, collecting pieces of the puzzle without being able to see the big picture. I went to his home in Annapolis more out of thoroughness than with any expectation of a revelation. If he had lived farther away from Washington, I probably would have decided that my budget couldn't handle the expense. About halfway through our second session, Ed's hints finally registered. "Wait a minute, are you saying …?" Indeed he was, but to understand it we had to go back to the beginning. Over the succeeding months, we would meet about once a week as he recounted, with almost total recall, the saga of the hunt for a KGB mole inside the CIA. I never saw him refer to any documents or notes, but I don't know of a single fact he told me that turned out to be wrong.

The last time I spoke to Ed, he was weeping. His grandson, Army Captain Christopher Paul Petty, had just been killed in Iraq. Ed, who had landed in one of the follow-on waves at Normandy and fought across France into Germany, passed away not long after. They are both buried at Arlington National Cemetery.

In the foreword to the original edition, I wrote that the secret war between the CIA and KGB was devious and the outcome ambiguous. Since then, of course, the outcome of the Cold War has been decided, and it is only fair to point out that Angleton, Harvey, and all the other CIA officers who come in for criticism in this book were on the winning side. Whether that justifies what they did is for the reader to decide.

—David C. Martin

Foreword

This book begins and ends in mystery, with precious few solutions in between. Such is the history of the secret war between the American and Soviet espionage services—the only arena in which the two superpowers actively and continuously confront each other regardless of chills and thaws in the Cold War. The battle is devious and the outcome ambiguous. Complexity and perplexity abound. The record is abstruse and, above all, obscure. Although the exposés and investigations of the 1970s have made it possible to examine the CIA's files with a fair degree of thoroughness and precision, the vaults of the KGB remain as tightly sealed as ever. Until they are opened we shall never know with certainty how the war is going. We can, however, study the dispatches sent from behind the American lines, and from there the message is that the war has been going badly. The CIA's defeats have been resounding and its victories Pyrrhic. What the KGB has not done, the CIA has managed to do to itself.

That distressing report is personified in James Jesus Angleton and William King Harvey, the two men whose careers are chronicled here. To many they were heroes, two of the fiercest warriors in the CIA's war against the KGB. To others they were villains guilty of illegal and immoral actions. For the moment it is safe to say only that their secret deeds do not always become them when spread upon the public record. They fought in the trenches of concealment and deception, across the lines of falsehood and betrayal, and what passed for virtue there sometimes appears grotesque in the clear light of day. It is the same in any war. What is heroic in combat is criminal in peace. Just as combat sanctions physical violence, so espionage grants license to moral violence.

For decades Angleton and Harvey maneuvered about this darkling plain without any expectation that they would ever be held publicly accountable for their actions. If they did not fear public censure, neither did they receive public counsel. Now, like monsters of the deep, they are suddenly hauled to the surface and thrown flopping on the deck for inspection. Before we decide whether they are aberrations or prototypes, we must first know the pressures of the depths where they swam.

I first encountered the remarkable person of James Angleton on the night of December 22, 1974. *The New York Times* had just published a major exposé identifying Angleton—somewhat unfairly, it turned out—as the mastermind of a massive and illegal spy campaign against antiwar and civil rights activists. I was working the night desk at The Associated Press in Washington, and in true wire-service fashion I called Angleton for what I was sure would be the obligatory "No comment." We talked for more than an hour, and since that night I have had scores of conversations with him, perhaps more than a hundred, both on the phone and in person. I was not the only reporter who talked regularly with Angleton, but I think I stuck with it longer than most, even though he rarely "leaked" any information that could serve as the peg upon which to hang a news story. Despite the paucity of news, talking to Angleton was a marvelous education in the ways of the CIA. Over time, he explained to me its organization, its personnel, its modus operandi, and its internal rivalries. It was from Angleton, for instance, that I first heard some of the more colorful stories about Bill Harvey.

Harvey always hung up on me when I called, although I did manage a brief conversation with his wife some months after he died. Angleton encouraged my first thoughts of writing a book about Harvey and advised me that the best hope for persuading Mrs. Harvey to cooperate was to point out that it was because her late husband had been such a forceful figure that he was now the subject of controversy. Had he been a file clerk all his life, his actions would not be of interest to me, I argued at Angleton's suggestion. Mrs. Harvey still refused her cooperation. The argument is worth mentioning here only to recite to Angleton as an equally good reason for writing a book about him. He, too, has refused to cooperate in any way.

Angleton and I have not spoken since the spring of 1978, when he first learned that I had come across information that was intensely critical of his professional performance. Since then he has refused to respond to my inquiries. The result is that although Angleton has served as a source of information about Harvey in particular and the CIA in general, he has not provided any information about the events in this book that most directly concern him. That was his choice, not mine.

A word about my other sources. In order of importance they were: retired intelligence officers; documents released under the Freedom of Information Act; and the public record. In almost every instance the information provided by these sources was fragmentary and had to be pieced together. Intelligence officers usually know only a portion of the story, since operations are so tightly held within the CIA. The problem is further complicated by the fact that men bound by a secrecy oath tend to display a very selective memory when talking to a reporter. Classified documents released by the government invariably have key words or entire passages deleted for security reasons. Nevertheless, the Freedom of Information Act remains a useful discovery tool if for no other reason than the effect that even the partial release of official documents has on otherwise recalcitrant witnesses. The public record is, naturally, the most fragmentary of all, and in many cases is just plain wrong. The amount of misinformation that has appeared in print and then been elevated to history through constant repetition is appalling.

Since most of the people I interviewed insisted upon anonymity, it is hard to say much about them without giving their identities away. One thing can be said in general, and that is that these men (and one woman) were not critics of the CIA. They were staunch supporters. Almost without exception they spent their entire adult lives working for the CIA. They had some very specific complaints about the way certain operations were run, but they remained loyal to the institution and were saddened by the hard times upon which it has fallen. They raged against former officers who revealed secrets in violation of their oath, yet in the next breath they disclosed facts that until that moment were known only to a handful of men. Not wishing to discourage them, I never bothered to point out the inconsistency in that, although they must have realized it. Sometimes, I think, they did not appreciate that what they were saying would merge with what others had told me into an account that was much more revealing than any single person had intended. Other times, they simply fell victim to the need to justify their actions. It is trite but true to say that they did what they did for the good of their country. Unfortunately, it is also true that it frequently didn’t work out that way.

WILDERNESS OF MIRRORS

Loss of Innocence

1

A maid found his body at approximately nine-thirty Monday morning, February 10, 1941. He was lying on the bed, face up, dressed in dark-blue trousers, a green sweater, and socks but no shoes. Next to him was a .38-caliber automatic revolver caked with the gore from a massive head wound inflicted by a single soft-nosed bullet that had entered at the right temple and blown a hole the size of a man's fist behind the left ear.

He had checked into the Hotel Bellevue near Washington's Union Station the night before, registering under the name of Walter Poref and paying $2.50 for the room in advance. His wallet, which contained $50.09, carried papers identifying him as Samuel Ginsberg, a forty-one-year-old native of Russia.

There were no signs of a struggle. The door had been locked from the inside. After knocking several times, the maid had used her passkey to open it. There was no fire escape, not even a ledge, by which anyone could have entered or left the room through the fifth-floor window. Police found three notes. To his wife, Tonia, he wrote in Russian: "This is very difficult, and I want very badly to live, but it is impossible. I love you, my only one. It is difficult for me to write, but think about me and then you will understand that I must go." To a friend, Suzanne LaFollette, he wrote in German: "I am dying with the hope that you will help Tonia and my poor boy." And to his attorney, Louis Waldman, he wrote in English: "My wife and boy will need your help. Please do for them what you can."

By noon the coroner had drawn up the suicide certificate, but when police notified Louis Waldman of his client’s death, the attorney screamed murder. Samuel Ginsberg, Waldman said, was in reality General Walter Krivitsky, the former chief of Soviet military intelligence in Western Europe, who had defected to the United States in 1938. More than once, Waldman insisted, Krivitsky had told him, “If ever I am found dead and it looks like an accident or a suicide, don’t believe it. They are after me. They have tried before.”

Two years before his death, Krivitsky had informed the State Department that he had been accosted near Times Square in New York by an alleged Soviet operative named Sergei Bassoff. “The General then asked Mr. Bassoff if he intended to shoot him, and Bassoff replied in the negative,” a department memo recounted. Bassoff contented himself with the ambiguous statement that “we have read all that you have written and we suppose you are writing more.” Krivitsky did write more, including a series of articles in *The Saturday Evening Post,* that among other things, accurately predicted the 1939 alliance between Hitler’s Germany and Stalin’s Russia. He also wrote his memoirs, and shortly after their publication, Krivitsky again contacted the State Department, saying “he was afraid an attempt would be made on his life inasmuch as he … thought he had observed a couple of Soviet agents watching his residence.”

It was hard to tell how many of these threats were real and how many were Krivitsky’s imagination. As a former friend, Paul Wohl, said, “Krivitsky was afraid and accused most everyone of being an [Soviet] agent or spy.” Yet Krivitsky had good reason to be afraid. A friend and fellow defector named Ignatz Reiss had been found by the side of a road near Lausanne, Switzerland, with twelve bullets in his body. Even the skeptical Wohl, who had had a falling out with Krivitsky over money, did not discount the peril. One month before Krivitsky’s death, Wohl had written to their mutual acquaintance, Suzanne LaFollette: “Will you please inform your honorable friend K. that an ominous person is in New York: Hans…. His [Krivitsky's] devious practices hardly justify this warning. I hesitated to send it. It may be better to let the rats devour each other." Wohl later told the FBI that he had seen the ominous Hans standing at a bus stop on Fifth Avenue. He had first encountered Hans about five years before at The Hague, where Krivitsky ran his intelligence operations in the guise of an Austrian rare-book dealer. According to Wohl, Hans seemed to serve as chauffeur and handyman for Krivitsky. He also told the FBI that "Hans was the most expert locksmith he had ever come across."

In his memoirs Krivitsky described Hans as "my most trusted aide in many unusual assignments." He had even told Hans of his intention to defect and had urged him to come along. But Hans had remained loyal to Stalin, and after failing to dissuade Krivitsky, had set out to kill him. The last time Krivitsky had seen Hans was on a railroad station platform in Marseilles shortly after he had asked the French authorities for asylum. "I judge that the plan was to abduct me from the train and take me to a safe place in Marseilles … where I could either be kept until the arrival of a Soviet boat or disposed of more simply," Krivitsky wrote. But Hans had fled when Krivitsky's French bodyguard pulled a gun. Krivitsky was certain that Hans had been sent to the United States to try again.

Washington's chief of detectives insisted that all of the physical evidence found at the death scene and all subsequent developments "clearly and conclusively show the man took his own life." Krivitsky had spent the weekend before his death on a farm near Charlottesville, Virginia, owned by a former German Army officer named Eitel Wolf Dobert. Dobert led police to a local store where both the manager and the clerk positively identified a photograph of Krivitsky as the same "Walter Poref" who had purchased the .38 automatic and the soft-nosed ammunition found at the Hotel Bellevue. "I am more positive than ever that this was a case of suicide," said another police official. "There is no doubt in my mind that

Krivitsky planned to end his life while he was in the Dobert home.” The most that police were willing to acknowledge was the possibility that Krivitsky had been hounded to his death by threats from Soviet intelligence.

But Krivitsky had not bought a silencer for his .38, and it was difficult to understand how, in a hotel where guests regularly complained about the paper-thin walls, a shot could be fired in the still of the night and not be heard, especially when the rooms on either side were occupied. The police had not bothered to dust the gun for fingerprints or to check the door latch for signs of tampering by an “expert locksmith” such as Hans.

The FBI refused, officially at least, to investigate the case. “We are not in this case and are not going to be baited into it by newspaper promotion tactics,” FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover scribbled at the bottom of a memo. Nevertheless, the chief of the Washington Field Office was informed that “the Bureau wants a very discreet check into the matter of Krivitsky’s death…. This matter must be handled very discreetly so as to preclude the possibility of the Bureau’s getting publicity in connection therewith…. The Bureau is denying to the press that an investigation is being conducted.” The FBI turned up nothing, discreetly or otherwise.

Not until six years later would an alert State Department researcher poring over the captured files of the German Foreign Ministry come across a coded telegram dated September 21, 1939, from Berlin to the German ambassador in Washington. It referred to a man called Stein, who “is to be appointed and paid 500 dollars on the Washington account.” The telegram went on to explain that “the Editor-in-Chief of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* has taken over Stein for his stay in the United States and is paying him a salary…. Stein is to be rendered assistance if necessary.” That seemingly innocuous message was given sinister import by a note attached to a second telegram, sent on the following day. “According to a communication from the Abwehr Division of the Wehrmacht High Command, Stein has only been commissioned to follow Krivitsky’s traces.”

The State Department dispatched a secret cable to the United States political adviser in Berlin: “It is possible Stein was implicated or may have information concerning the death of Walter Krivitsky.” The Germans had had ample motive and opportunity to kill Krivitsky, the cable pointed out. Krivitsky “had predicted the Soviet-German pact” and had spent the last days of his life “on the farm of an acquaintance, Eitel Wolf Dobert, an ex-German Army officer.” (The cable did not mention it, but the dates of the Foreign Office telegrams indicated that Stein had been dispatched to the United States at the same time that Krivitsky’s revelations were appearing in *The Saturday Evening Post.)* Washington directed that “records of the Foreign Office and the Abwehr should be checked for more data. Secure if possible the present location of Stein, data concerning his travel in United States and his possible relations with Soviet police or military from *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* and other sources. Furnish full name and photograph.”

Six months went by without an answer from Berlin. “Encountering difficulty identify Stein as FONOFF [Foreign Office] employed at least five that name, none with recorded service in U.S. *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* now being checked. Full report follows.”

For ten days “in the heavily bombed, extremely cold and poorly lighted” remains of a library in the Russian sector of Berlin, two researchers scanned back copies of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* for a mention of the mysterious Stein. “The name Stein appeared but once,” they reported, “as one Fritz Stein, author of an article originating in Paris in 1941.” Apparently the Stein sent to the United States had not produced a single article for the newspaper that paid his salary.

A further search of the Foreign Office files turned up “references to a certain Stein in Rio de Janeiro, 1941 [which] might possibly give a promising clue.” An entry in the Foreign Office log for February 20, 1941, referred to “Telegram No. 222 of the Naval Attaché, Rio de Janeiro:

‘Abflug Stein.’ ” Although “the documents to which the entries refer have … been destroyed,” Berlin reported, “records in Rio, especially those of the airlines, may shed light on the Stein whose flight (‘Abflug’) is mentioned as having occurred 10 days after Krivitsky’s murder.”

From there the trail went cold. No records of Stein’s flight to Rio could be found. Krivitsky’s death remained on the books as a suicide, although his friends and a number of officers in the fledgling American intelligence community had no doubt that he had been murdered. “My personal view is that he was executed,” said one intelligence officer who reviewed the case.

No one had better reason to suspect foul play than Whittaker Chambers, who had defected from the Soviet cause at approximately the same time as Krivitsky. Terrified that he was about to become a victim of Stalin’s purges, KARL, as Chambers was known to his Soviet controllers, had abandoned his duties as a courier for a Washington spy ring and fled to a bungalow in Daytona Beach, where he and his wife took turns sitting up through the night with a loaded revolver. Chambers felt that he could not be too careful, considering the murder of Ignatz Reiss in Switzerland and, closer to home, the disappearance of Juliette Poyntz, an underground associate who had walked out of her New York apartment one day, leaving all her belongings behind, and was never seen again. When he learned of Krivitsky’s death, Chambers immediately arranged for the Russian’s widow and son to go into hiding with his own family.

Chambers and Krivitsky had first met through a free-lance journalist named Isaac Don Levine, a Ukrainian exile who had assisted Krivitsky in the preparation of his memoirs. After each had overcome his suspicion that the other had been sent to kill him, the two defectors had become close friends. Krivitsky urged Chambers to follow his example and tell the world everything he knew about the machinations of Stalin’s spies. “Informing is a duty,” he told Chambers. “One does not come away from Stalin easy.” Chambers resisted, fearing not only a vengeful Russian intelligence service but the FBI as well. “I wonder if you really know how deep the water is,” Chambers said to a friend who was pressing him to speak out. Finally, prodded by Krivitsky and incensed by the duplicity of the Nazi-Soviet pact, Chambers consented to tell his story to the government, insisting that he speak personally with President Roosevelt but settling for Assistant Secretary of State Adolf Berle. Chambers spent a long evening at Berle’s home, rattling off the names of Soviet spies, underground contacts, and mere sympathizers he had known. One of the names he mentioned was that of an up-and-coming State Department officer, Alger Hiss. Months later, Levine told Chambers that Berle had relayed his information to Roosevelt but “the President had laughed.” When the FBI learned of Chambers’s allegations, J. Edgar Hoover dismissed them as “either history, hypothesis or deduction.” On December 1, 1942, the FBI recorded that “the instant case regarding Whittaker Chambers is being closed at this time.”

Krivitsky had also known of Hiss—at least a Soviet defector named Alexander Barmine would later claim that Krivitsky had once included Hiss’s name in a list of Soviet agents. Unlike Chambers, who would be recalled for further questioning and ultimately would produce documentary evidence against Hiss in the form of the famous “pumpkin papers,” Krivitsky was beyond recall—a tragic circumstance, for not only could he have helped clarify the evidence against Hiss, but he could also have testified about other, more important clues he had left. As the journalist Levine later testified under oath, Krivitsky “told me … that he had knowledge of two Soviet agents who had been introduced into the British service, one into the code room of the Imperial Council, the other into that of the Foreign Office…. He knew the name of one of these men. His name was King…. He knew something about the second man, his characteristics, but he did not know his name nor his alias. The characteristics were that of a young Scotsman who had been imbued with Communism in the early thirties, and who subsequently was induced to enter the service of the British diplomacy."

Krivitsky had imparted this information to Levine in strictest confidence, but Levine had betrayed that confidence in the fall of 1939 when the alliance between Hitler and Stalin suddenly raised the prospect that a Soviet spy in London would be serving the Nazis as well. Levine contacted the State Department, which made arrangements for him to meet with the British ambassador in Washington. "Lord Lothian listened to my story, and there was a very obvious smile on his face, a smile of incredulity. However, since I did give the name, he thought, in view of the introduction from the State Department, that the matter should be looked into. Two or three weeks later, sometime in October, 1939, I received a telephone call from the British Embassy…. It appeared there was no longer any smile on Lord Lothian's face. They found that King was in the code room in the Foreign Office, and apparently they had put him under surveillance. The information was confirmed. The man was arrested and now they wanted to know about the second man, the Scotsman whom I described even to the point of his clothes … according to Krivitsky's description of the man to me."

In January of 1940 Krivitsky had secretly boarded a British vessel in Nova Scotia and was escorted by convoy to Liverpool. Living under the name Walter Thomas, he spent more than a month in England answering questions put to him by representatives of British intelligence, but he was unable to provide any further information about the identity of the second man. He was, however, able to tell the British in equally vague terms about a third man, a young British journalist sent to Spain to spy for the Russians during the Spanish Civil War.

Krivitsky and Chambers were the right defectors at the wrong time. Had they been listened to more carefully, the careers of several well-placed Soviet agents might have been aborted at an early stage. The two defectors had offered detailed information about Soviet intelligence operations, yet no one in Western intelligence exhibited any interest until the journalist Levine practically force-fed them to the authorities. Even so, Krivitsky's pleas for protection from the assassins he feared were stalking him had been fobbed off by the State Department with evasive suggestions that he contact the local police. Chambers would not be interviewed by the FBI until four years after his defection, and it was not until 1945 that anyone began to take him seriously.

The prewar complacency about Soviet espionage was almost touching—a clinging to the belief that great nations did not resort to such seamy stratagems, that men of good family and proper education did not betray their countries. The onset of war marked the loss of innocence, but the expediency of the alliance with Russia against the Axis powers precluded any meaningful retaliation against Stalin's spies. "I was told not to take any action. I was to watch them, to take note, but do nothing," said Peer de Silva, a security officer with the Manhattan Engineering Project who worked with the FBI in the surveillance of Soviet agents. "We were convinced they had deep penetrations of the government," said Robert Collier, one of only three agents assigned to the FBI's Soviet espionage division, but "nobody was paying any attention to what was happening."

Finally, in 1945, as the world crawled out from beneath the rubble of war, events conspired to shake the West from its indifference toward Soviet espionage. With the end of the wartime alliance against Fascism came the beginning of the competition between capitalism and Communism that would dominate the second half of the century, and the gray dawn of the Cold War cast a new light upon the shadow world of espionage. Suddenly, Soviet agents were seen not as the petty malefactors of a backward colossus but as the secret army of a malevolent power bent on world domination. To counter this threat, the United States raised a secret army of its own: the Central Intelligence Agency.

In a memo to Harry Truman, presidential adviser Clark Clifford defined the new Agency's primary mission: "Our suspicion of the Soviet Union … must be replaced by an accurate knowledge of the motives and methods of the Soviet government." But knowledge could not keep pace with events: a Soviet-backed civil war in Greece; the installation of a Kremlin puppet in Czechoslovakia; Communist agitation and subversion in France and Italy; the detonation of Russia's first atomic weapon. The CIA was thrown into the breach not to gather intelligence as originally intended but to stem the tide whenever and wherever Communist expansion threatened American interests. Espionage—the business of stealing the enemy's secrets—was soon dwarfed by covert action—the business of manipulating foreign governments through a host of paramilitary, propaganda, and political schemes.

But always deep within the Agency there remained a hardened inner core that never took its eyes off the main target: the Soviet Union and its intelligence service, the KGB, which one way or the other had driven Krivitsky to his death. The CIA would storm about the globe, fighting behind the lines in Korea, overthrowing leftist regimes in Iran and Guatemala, suppressing a Communist insurgency in the Philippines, but always the flame burned brightest at the core. This was espionage, pure and elemental. This was combat as ruthless and unforgiving as any of the brushfire wars that peppered the landscape of the Cold War.

No one waged this secret war with greater intensity, with colder rage, than James Jesus Angleton and William King Harvey, two very different men—different from each other and from the rest of humanity—who were better known to their adversaries in the Kremlin than to their own countrymen. For the better part of three decades they confronted the KGB in a daily battle of deception, a battle fought in a maze of agents and double agents, spies and counterspies, intelligence and counterintelligence. Though neither Angleton nor Harvey knew it at the time, their battle had begun with the death of Walter Krivitsky. The death itself was a mystery that would never be satisfactorily solved, but the warnings that Krivitsky had left about the young Scotsman in the Foreign Office and the British journalist in Spain would prove all too accurate. Angleton and Harvey would play key roles in the case that Krivitsky had outlined in such vague and indistinct strokes. But that was only one of many cases in the labyrinth of espionage. Searching for solutions, Angleton and Harvey would be lured deeper and deeper into the labyrinth, pursuing the traces of Soviet plots, both real and imagined, each step taking them farther into a bewildering world of intrigue that Angleton called the "wilderness of mirrors."

The Poet and the Cop

2

In many ways James Jesus Angleton was as singular a man as ever worked for the United States government. He would become more singular with the passage of time, but even in 1945, at the age of twenty-eight, he was a breed apart. He was the firstborn son of Hugh Angleton, a man who had moved west to Idaho not long after the turn of the century and then set off for Mexico with “Black Jack” Pershing in pursuit of Pancho Villa. There he had taken a wife, a seventeen-year-old Mexican beauty, and brought her home to Boise, where James Jesus was born in 1917. He was a sickly child who suffered from tuberculosis and had to spend much of his youth in the hot, dry climate of Arizona, which he hated. When the boy was sixteen, Hugh Angleton moved his family to Italy to seek his fortune, which he found in Milan as the head of National Cash Register. His eldest son went off to Malvern College in England and then on to Yale University.

James Jesus was the sum of all those varied parts—and more. He was possessed of (some would say possessed by) a mind of the first rank—a mind not content to dwell on the surface but always probing deeper in search of a hidden meaning; a mind fully confident of its powers and unafraid to draw the most unorthodox conclusions; a mind that attracted others by its brilliance and held them with its complexity. Two of his loves were fly-casting and poetry—coaxing forth the secret life that lurked beneath the water’s surface; unraveling the enigmas of Ezra Pound’s *Cantos* or E. E. Cummings’s elliptic verse.

At Yale, Angleton and his roommate, Reed Whittemore, who would later become a poet of some note, founded a literary journal, *Furioso,* which during its short and irregular life published the best American poets of the day: Pound, Cummings, Archibald MacLeish, William Carlos Williams, Wallace Stevens. “Dear Angleton—in certainly printing a certain poem you and your confrère have paid me one deep compliment, and I heartily thank you for both,” Cummings wrote. The idiosyncratic poet took an interest in the young undergraduate, and as Angleton approached graduation, Cummings wrote to Pound that “Jim Angleton has been seemingly got hold of by an intelligent prof & apparently begins to begin to realize that comp mil ser [compulsory military service] might give the former a respite from poisonal responsibility … maybe he’s developing?” Instead, Angleton went on to Harvard Law. It was not until 1943 that an intelligent prof, Norman Holmes Pearson of Yale, recruited his former student into the X-2, or counterintelligence, branch of the Office of Strategic Services, an ad hoc aggregation of scholars, aristocrats, and eccentrics who made up America’s wartime intelligence service. “He took to it like a dog to water,” Pearson said later, and a phrase composed by Cummings in a letter to Angleton’s young wife, Cicely, captured the reason why. “What a miracle of momentous complexity is The Poet,” Cummings wrote.

Angleton began his OSS career with two weeks of basic training in Maryland’s Catoctin Mountains. Another recruit, Dr. Bruno Uberti, a refugee from Fascist Italy, recalled that at the end of training each student was required to evaluate his classmates. Angleton guessed that Uberti must have been a very good basketball player, judging by the way he jumped. “It was true that I had been a good basketball player,” Uberti said. “I had played on the Italian national team.” Afterward, Angleton confided to Uberti that he had once seen him play in Milan.

“I considered him extremely brilliant but a little strange,” Uberti said of Angleton. “I met a lot of important Americans from [General William]

Donovan [head of the OSS] on down, but Angleton was the personality which impressed me the most. He made a terrific great impression. A very exceptional man. He had something more. He had a strange genius I would say—full of impossible ideas, colossal ideas. I would have liked to have been one of his friends, but he never gave me a chance because he was so secretive."

In 1943 Angleton checked into the ramshackle and shell-scarred Rose Garden Hotel on London's Ryder Street, headquarters for the combined counterintelligence operations of the OSS and MI6, Britain's secret service. It was midway through the war, and the Americans knew nothing of counterintelligence. Angleton and the rest of the Americans had come to London to learn the business from the British, and one of their tutors was a young man named Harold "Kim" Philby. Philby "gave a one- to one-and-a-half-hour talk on the subject of turning agents—double agents," one of the Americans recalled. "I do remember being very impressed. He really knew what he was doing."

Philby, former correspondent for *The Times* of London, had joined MI6 in the summer of 1940, less than six months after Krivitsky had warned the British authorities about a young British journalist sent to spy for the Russians during the Spanish Civil War. A routine trace had been run on Philby's name, and the answer came back: "Nothing recorded against." Those who knew him personally must have recalled the left-wing activism of Philby's youth, but that seemed nothing more than an adolescent peccadillo, now long past.

Philby had come to Marx as a student at Trinity College, Cambridge. He had begun his journey in 1931 by joining the Cambridge University Socialist Society, and like many other students disenchanted with capitalism and alarmed at the rise of Fascism, he had moved steadily left toward the Soviet alternative. He had been to Berlin, had heard Hitler's venomous denunciations of the Jews and witnessed Nazi intimidation of the

Communist Party, and by the time he came down from Cambridge in 1933, he was a fellow traveler. At the age of twenty-one he had rushed to riot-torn Vienna, where the shelling of workers' tenements by government artillery marked the downfall of social democracy in Central Europe. There his conversion had become complete with his marriage to Litzi Friedman, a young Jewish girl who was an avowed Communist.

Back in London with his new bride, Philby underwent a radical, and at the time inexplicable, change. He suddenly avoided his fellow Cambridge Marxists and began frequenting the German Embassy. By 1936 he had joined the Anglo-German Fellowship, which was a Nazi front organization. The next year, he left Litzi, his only remaining overt link to Communism, and headed for the Spanish Civil War—a young British journalist sent to spy for the Russians.

As *The Times's* correspondent with Franco's army, Philby was decorated by the Generalissimo himself and reviled by his former comrades of the left, many of whom were dying on the other side of the lines. A narrow escape from death when a Russian artillery shell killed three occupants of the car in which Philby was riding was not close enough as far as his former comrades were concerned. They could not know that he was serving the cause with as much valor and daring as they. Their contempt must have vexed Philby deeply, but he let his guard slip only once—when Eric Gedye, a journalist Philby had known and respected in Vienna, lamented to Litzi about the bad company into which her wayward husband had fallen. "Months later, when I'd forgotten the incident, she telephoned me out of the blue with a message from Kim," Gedye recalled. "It was simply this: 'Tell Eric not to be misled by appearances. I'm exactly what I've always been.' " The cryptic message was revealing only in retrospect. For some time to come, everyone would continue to be misled by appearances.

So well had Philby changed his colors that had there been any concern over his ideological tendencies when he applied for work with British intelligence, it would have been over his Fascist, not his Communist, leanings. But there was no concern at all. Philby had gone to the right school, worked for the right newspaper, joined the right club. His father, the noted Arabist St. John Philby, was a personal acquaintance of two of the highest-ranking officers in MI6. As Colonel Valentine Vivian, deputy chief of MI6, put it, "I was asked about him, and I said I knew his people."

After a brief fling in propaganda operations, Philby joined Section Five of MI6, the counterespionage division of Britain's secret service. From the start he was regarded as a comer. Graham Greene, the novelist, worked for him during the war and said that "no one could have been a better chief than Kim Philby…. He worked harder than anyone and never gave the impression of labor. He was always relaxed, completely unflappable." Philby was considered so valuable that when *The Times* tried to hire him back, the Foreign Office, speaking for the officially nonexistent MI6, replied that "we should be bound to recommend most strongly against his removal from his present job…. His present work is so important, and he performs it with such ability that I am afraid his departure would be a real loss to us."

If "Philby was the most gifted of the British," as one intelligence officer said, "Angleton was the most gifted of the Americans." A fellow X-2 officer said that "Jim was a very respected American among our British counterparts. He was probably more on a basis of equality with his British counterparts than anybody." Specifically, Angleton was permitted access to the jealously guarded ICE traffic, the intercepted messages in the German Abwehr code, which the British had succeeded in breaking. It was entirely natural that Angleton and Philby should gravitate toward one another. Although Angleton was five years Philby's junior, they had much in common. Both had expatriate fathers—Angleton's in Italy and Philby's in Arabia—and both had been drawn toward establishment institutions—Angleton to Yale, Harvard Law, and the OSS; Philby to Cambridge, *The*

Times, and MI6. In addition, they shared a fascination with counterintelligence—a fascination that in Philby arose from the necessities of his double life, and in Angleton stemmed from an intellectual predilection for the complex. According to one officer, “Philby was Angleton’s prime tutor in counterintelligence,” although the same might have been said about any number of Americans assigned to X-2 in London. In later years more than a little irony would attach to the fact that the Americans, and Angleton in particular, had studied the art of counterintelligence under the Soviet Union’s master penetration agent.

The British enjoyed considerable success with their “double-cross” operations during World War II, capturing Nazi spies in England and turning them into double agents who both revealed the workings of German intelligence and sent back deliberately misleading information to Berlin. The intricacies of the double-cross system were described in an official report by John Masterman, who wrote that “the best agents for deception on a high-level are long-distance agents who have been carefully built up and who have served a long apprenticeship before any major deception is attempted through them.” During the apprenticeship, however, a double agent “is not an asset but a liability,” Masterman noted, for the buildup “process implies that he must communicate a great deal of true information.” The greater the desired deception, the higher the value of accurate intelligence that had to be given away in order to establish the agent’s “bona fides.” The challenge was to draw the balance so that the agent did “not give to the enemy information so valuable that it would be likely to outweigh any subsequent benefits which might accrue through him.”

Masterman’s double-cross principles were as instructive for the detection of double agents as for their running. Although in the first instance an agent’s bona fides would be judged by the accuracy of the intelligence he provided, he could not be accepted as genuine on that basis alone. The value of his intelligence had to be weighed against whatever deception the enemy might be able to achieve if the agent were really a double agent. It was a most difficult calculation, since the nature of the deception could only be guessed at by assuming that it had to be worth more than the accurate intelligence the enemy was willing to give up. The more valuable the intelligence, the greater the potential deception would have to be. Carried to its logical extreme, the calculation became an absurdity, since it was always possible to conjure up a deception that was greater than the intelligence. Everything read backward, as in a mirror. The more valuable an agent's service, the more reason to fear a deception. The greater the truth, in short, the bigger the lie. That paradoxical principle would serve as the bedrock of Angleton's own counterintelligence theories for the next thirty years.

Late in 1944 Angleton was dispatched to Italy to assume control of OSS counterintelligence operations as the Allied forces drove northward up the peninsula against the retreating German army. The Germans surrendered in May of 1945, and shortly afterward the OSS in Italy and elsewhere was disbanded. While officials in Washington bickered over the form that America's peacetime espionage establishment would take, Angleton stayed on in Rome as commanding officer of a small caretaker organization called the 2677th Regiment of the Strategic Services Unit (SSU). At the age of twenty-eight, he was the senior American intelligence officer in Italy. "He was a little bit too young for the job," an SSU officer in Trieste thought. "I felt that perhaps he didn't have the wherewithal to do the job."

The veterans of the OSS in Italy, mostly young toughs of Italian-American extraction who had spent the war in the trenches and in some cases behind enemy lines, did not know what to make of this Ivy League aesthete who had sat out the war in London. "He struck us right off the bat as weird," one of them said. "The guy was just in another world." At the SSU offices on the Via Archimede, Angleton's would always be the lone light burning in the middle of the night. "I caught him one night," an SSU officer recalled. “He had all these goddamn poetry books out.” When his light was not burning, Angleton might be found in Genoa, paying a visit to the expatriate Ezra Pound, who was being held on charges of treason for his wartime broadcasts of Fascist propaganda. Angleton quickly became known behind his back as “the Poet,” or, more derisively, as “the Cadaver” because of his emaciated appearance. The women in the office found this enigmatic wraith somewhat attractive. “Fatten him up and he’d look like Gregory Peck,” they said. If Angleton resembled Gregory Peck physically, spiritually he was a ringer for the Romantic poet John Keats. Like Keats, Angleton had come to Rome to die of tuberculosis. “Every day he was complaining he was dying of TB,” one of the SSU men said. “He had a premonition that within three years he’d be dead.”

Whether that premonition was based on sound medical advice or on mere Romantic angst, there was nothing resigned or fatalistic about Angleton, who despite his failing health and poetic reveries easily dominated and intimidated those beneath him. “Whenever you went to Rome to meet with Angleton, you found him propped up behind his desk facing you through two big stacks of papers,” an SSU officer from Milan recalled. “You would sit on a sofa across from the desk and he would peer at you through this valley of papers. The sofa had broken springs and as a result you were about two feet below his face. He always made you feel like this…. One of the qualities required to work for Angleton is detachable testicles…. He wants complete and absolute mastery over the minds of the people that work for him.” Angleton brooked no rivals, real or imagined. Max Corvo, a veteran of the OSS in Italy, related what happened when he returned to Rome as a civilian after the war. “Jim thoroughly suspected that I had been sent there either to undermine him or take over for him. He never hesitated to show his animosity. One of my wife’s friends who was stationed in Rome with SSU was fired on the spot because she associated with us…. He suspected everybody…. He would spend an hour and a half every morning going through his office to see if it had been bugged."

No matter what they thought of Angleton's quirks, both superiors and subordinates agreed that he was a first-rate spy. Colonel William Quinn, head of the SSU, recalled his impression of Angleton during a trip through Austria, Switzerland, and Italy in the spring of 1946. "I was amazed at the breadth of his understanding and knowledge," Quinn said. "I felt we really had a jewel." In May of 1946 Angleton's skills were recognized with a decoration personally bestowed by the king of Italy. "He really came up with some amazing things," one officer said. Angleton later confided to a friend that he had ferreted out the secret correspondence between Hitler and Mussolini that was used at the Nuremberg war crimes trials, as well as the exchange of letters between Stalin and Tito that foreshadowed their 1948 split. Through his close ties with the renascent Italian carabinieri—"He bribed all the police as they were being put back together," one colleague said—Angleton, by his own account, acquired the Soviet instructions to the Italian Communists for supporting the civil war in Greece. Even a war-grizzled veteran who personally disliked the young upstart with his "brand-new trench coat and bright shiny second lieutenant bars" had to concede that "the guy was really damned good."

Angleton's men fanned out through postwar Italy, recruiting agents at every level, a relatively simple task given the hold the conquering Americans had on the country's political and economic future. Men who had lost everything in the war or who faced the prospect of languishing in a prison camp could easily be persuaded to cooperate. A major on the Italian General Staff told one of Angleton's men that all he wanted from life was an assignment to Bulgaria, Rumania, or Turkey. His desires were relayed to Angleton, and "within six months this particular major became the military attaché in Istanbul," an SSU officer said. "I imagine that a guy like that worked for the rest of his life for us." A prominent banker from Milan was suddenly released from an internment camp and thereafter served as a conduit for secret payments to American agents in northern Italy. Another Italian was so indebted to the SSU that he allowed himself to be smuggled into Switzerland in the trunk of a car so that a plastic surgeon from Bern could give a more Oriental slant to his eyes before he was dispatched to the Far East as a long-range undercover agent.

The Americans were not the only ones recruiting agents, and frequently the greatest challenge Angleton faced was keeping his newfound assets away from British and French intelligence operatives. When the head of German counterintelligence for northern Italy, Georg Sessler, surrendered his entire network, including his mistress, Angleton ordered the windfall kept from the British, who he feared would simply execute the Nazi spy. When the British found out about Sessler on their own, Angleton was forced to relinquish him to a prisoner-of-war camp, but before he could be brought to trial, the SSU arranged his escape by bribing his Italian jailers. The SSU gave Sessler a new identity, reunited him with his mistress, and established the couple as proprietors of a pension in the south of France. “He’s long-term,” an SSU officer said of the eternally grateful Sessler.

With so many intelligence agencies shopping for agents, it was inevitable that some would sell their services to more than one bidder. The SSU had tapped a particularly rich vein by paying $100 a week to a code clerk in the Vatican for a daily synopsis of the intelligence reports sent in by the papal nuncios around the world. Each day an Italian newspaperman who served as the go-between would deliver an envelope containing the synopsis to a kiosk in the Piazza Bologna, where a second runner would pick it up and deliver it to the SSU offices. Suspicious about who else might be receiving copies of the synopsis, Angleton ordered an observation post set up in an apartment overlooking the piazza. “We watched the guy bring the envelope to the kiosk,” an SSU man recalled, “only some days it would be as many as three envelopes.” One of the extra envelopes was being picked up by a runner for the Russian Embassy. The SSU agents filmed the entire sequence from their observation post and delivered a tightly edited version to Myron Taylor, the American envoy to the Vatican, who arranged a private screening for Pope Pius XII. The next day “that clerk disappeared from the face of the earth,” an SSU officer said. “No trace.”

Of all the sources Angleton tapped in Italy, perhaps the most valuable was the Jewish underground, which was organizing the exodus of survivors of the Holocaust through Italy to Palestine. Fighting for their very existence, the Jews had of necessity developed the most tenacious and most effective underground network in Eastern Europe. Angleton won their trust, establishing a bond that would give him special standing in the new state of Israel. One of Angleton’s Israeli confidants, Teddy Kollek, who many years later would become mayor of Jerusalem, explained the bond in an almost mystical way. “I believe Jim saw in Israel a true ally at a time when belief in a mission had become a rare concept,” Kollek wrote. “He found comparatively more faith in Israel, and more determination to act on that faith, than anywhere else in the world.” An American who worked closely with Angleton on Israeli affairs gave a more pragmatic explanation, saying that Angleton saw Jewish emigration from the Soviet Union to Israel as a pipeline through which the KGB could send its spies into the Middle East and even to the United States. The KGB was in a perfect position to blackmail Soviet Jews, agreeing to let them out but threatening reprisals against the family members left behind if the émigrés did not carry out their espionage missions. United in the common purpose of weeding out Soviet espionage agents, “the Israelis gave him their sources behind the Iron Curtain,” another officer said. “He got some sensational documents from these sources.”

Angleton’s sources were of no use to him, however, when it came to spotting one Russian spy who in September of 1945 stood, quite literally, before his eyes. In later years Angleton would disclose to only a very few people that Kim Philby had stopped off to see him in Rome on his way back to London from Istanbul, where, it turned out, he had just completed one of the more ticklish missions of his double life.

The mission had begun about a month before, when Sir Stewart Menzies, head of MI6, called Philby into his office to evaluate a report that Konstantin Volkov, nominally a minor consular official but in reality the senior Soviet intelligence officer in Istanbul, wanted to defect. In return for money and asylum, Volkov was prepared to reveal the true names of two British spies inside the Foreign Office and a third who was a counterintelligence officer. Philby probably had some idea of who the two spies in the Foreign Office might be, and he certainly had no doubt about the identity of the counterintelligence officer. If Volkov were permitted to tell his story, Philby would surely be undone. “I stared at the papers rather longer than necessary to compose my thoughts,” he related years later in his memoirs. “I told the chief that I thought we were on to something of the greatest importance.” Philby said he needed “a little time to dig into the background” and would report to the chief with recommendations for action first thing the following morning.

Ten days had already elapsed since Volkov first made contact with the British Embassy in Istanbul, insisting that all communications be by diplomatic pouch because the Russians were able to decipher some of the British cable traffic. Playing for time, Philby alerted his Soviet handler to the impending disaster, then advised Menzies that Volkov’s warning against use of telegraphic communications required “that somebody fully briefed should be sent out from London to take charge on the spot.” Three days after word of Volkov’s approach had reached London, Philby was on a plane for Istanbul via Cairo. His arrival was delayed two days by an electrical storm that forced his plane to set down in Tunis, and another two days were wasted in Istanbul while he awaited the British ambassador’s personal approval to proceed.

The plan for recontacting Volkov was a simple one. A British diplomat was to invite him to his office for a piece of routine consular business. Philby watched as the diplomat, whom he called Page, dialed the Soviet consulate. “Page’s face was a study in puzzlement, telling me that a hitch had developed. When he put the receiver down he shook his head at me…. ‘I asked for Volkov, and a man came on, saying he was Volkov. But it wasn’t Volkov. I know Volkov’s voice perfectly well. I’ve spoken to him dozens of times.’ Page tried again, but this time got no further than the telephone operator. ‘She said he was out,’ said Page indignantly. ‘A minute ago she put me on to him.’ ” The next day Philby and Page tried again. “I heard the faint echo of a woman’s voice, then a sharp click,” Philby related. “Page looked foolishly at the silent receiver in his hand. ‘What do you make of that? I asked for Volkov, and the girl said “Volkov’s in Moscow.” Then there was a sort of scuffle and slam, and the line went dead.’ ” Page made one more try, this time in person at the Soviet consulate. “Nobody’s ever heard of Volkov,” he fumed to Philby upon his return. The case was dead—and probably Volkov as well.

An official inquiry was launched into the loss of so potentially lucrative a source. Philby maintained that Volkov’s own insistence on using the diplomatic pouch had caused the fatal delay. “Nearly three weeks had elapsed since his first approach to Page before we first tried to contact him,” he pointed out. “During that time, the Russians had ample chances of getting on to him. Doubtless both his office and his living quarters were bugged…. Perhaps his manner had given him away; perhaps he had got drunk and talked too much; perhaps even he had changed his mind and confessed.” Or perhaps someone had tipped off the Russians to Volkov’s intention to defect. Philby found that theory “not worth mentioning in my report.” In any case, the inquiry located the most likely cause of Volkov’s undoing. A British official in Istanbul admitted that he had indiscreetly mentioned Volkov's name in a telephone conversation with the embassy in Ankara. The telephone line was assumed to be monitored by the Russians.

Philby was safe, at least for the moment. "The Volkov business proved to be a very narrow squeak indeed," he said, looking back on the affair. If Angleton suspected anything untoward when he saw Philby in Rome shortly afterward, he did not report it. Philby might have gotten away with it entirely had it not been for William King Harvey.

At about the same time that Angleton was exchanging thoughts with Philby in Rome, Bill Harvey was sitting in a small room in New York City, listening intently as a plump, dowdy, brown-haired woman named Elizabeth Bentley confessed that she had been a courier for a Soviet spy ring. Harvey had left his desk at FBI headquarters in Washington to come to New York for a firsthand look at this woman who, if she was telling the truth, represented the Bureau's first big break in combating Soviet espionage. Harvey left the interrogation of Bentley to other FBI agents while he sat quietly and simply tried to get a feel for this woman who would consume the next two years of his life. During fourteen days of questioning, Bentley reeled off the names of more than a hundred people linked to the Soviet underground in the United States and Canada. "Fifty-one of these persons were deemed of sufficient importance to warrant investigative attention by the Bureau," an FBI memo stated. "Of those 51 individuals, 27 were employed in agencies of the U.S. government." One of those twenty-seven was named Hiss.

Bentley was the third defector to have warned the FBI about Hiss, or a man fitting his description. Whittaker Chambers had been the first, but his unsubstantiated allegation carried little weight in the face of Hiss's powerful friends and brilliant career at the State Department. Graduate of Harvard Law, clerk to Oliver Wendell Holmes, protégé and confidant of Secretary of State Edward Stettinius, personal friend of Under Secretary Dean Acheson, Hiss was beyond the reach of so unsavory a character as

Chambers. In the fall of 1945, however, independent though hardly ironclad confirmation of Chambers's charge suddenly came from an unexpected quarter. A Soviet code clerk named Igor Gouzenko defected in Ottawa, bringing with him hundreds of documents detailing the workings of an extensive Russian spy ring. According to an FBI account of Gouzenko's interrogation, "the Soviets had an agent in the United States in May, 1945, who was an assistant to the then Secretary of State, Edward R. Stettinius." A short time later Bentley defected and identified Hiss by name, although she incorrectly gave his first name as Eugene.

In a few years the name Hiss would be on every tongue, but to Bill Harvey in 1945 Hiss was only one of several senior government officials suspected of treason. Bentley had mentioned Hiss almost as an afterthought at the end of her 107-page statement. Such other names as those of Harry Dexter White, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and Lauchlin Currie, administrative assistant to the President, played a more prominent role in her tale of espionage. Harvey, just turned thirty and with barely five years' experience in the FBI, suddenly found himself in the middle of what loomed as the greatest spy scandal in the nation's history. For the first but not the last time, he was the keeper of secrets that when finally revealed would cause a public sensation. His special knowledge set him apart. The everyday world in which most people lived, in which Hiss, White, and Currie were trusted government servants, was unreal to him. His reality was a world in which the most commonplace events, such as a cab ride shared by White and Hiss, took on special and sinister meaning. He was as far removed from the normal commerce of human lives as if he were locked in a prison. To Harvey, it was not a prison but an inner sanctum.

Harvey had begun his career with an unsuccessful campaign for public office and thereafter withdrew behind walls of silence, as if he found sanctuary in secrecy. His father was the most prominent attorney in Danville, Indiana, a small town twenty miles west of Indianapolis, and his grandfather was the founder of the local newspaper. In 1936, on the strength of his father's name and the endorsement of his grandfather's newspaper, Harvey had run for prosecuting attorney in Hendricks County while still a student at Indiana University Law School. Despite the Danville *Gazette*'s promise that "Billy is a keen student and his election would be a great benefit to the people of Hendricks County," Harvey was a Democrat in a staunchly Republican county, and he lost by 880 votes out of 12,000 cast.

Staying in Indiana only long enough to collect his law degree, Harvey and his young wife, the former Elizabeth McIntire, moved to the small Ohio River town of Maysville, Kentucky, where he opened a one-man practice. Libby, as everyone called her, had grown up in nearby Flemingsburg, across the street from a cousin of Harvey's. Her father was the leading attorney in Flemingsburg and only too pleased to help his son-in-law set up practice down the road in Maysville. Harvey went through the motions, joining the Rotary Club and working with the Boy Scouts, but he never really made a go of it in Maysville. "He didn't have the personality to succeed in a small town," said a local insurance broker who counted himself Harvey's best friend in Maysville. "In a small town you have to be nice to people and smile. He didn't meet people well…. He didn't indulge in small talk. He could walk down the street and not speak to anybody." Harvey did little more than "sit around in the office and fiddle with his collection of guns and knives," a local attorney said.

No one was very surprised in December of 1940 when Harvey left Maysville and joined the FBI, starting in the Pittsburgh Field Office at an annual salary of $3,200. By 1945 he had made his way to FBI headquarters in Washington as part of a small vanguard of three agents—himself, Robert Collier, and Lish Whitsun—targeted against America's ostensible ally, the Soviet Union. "We were the first ones to be fighting the Soviet side of it," Collier recalled. And now the defection of Elizabeth Bentley finally gave them something to fight with. “Bentley made a lot of things we suspected into reality,” Collier said.

Like so many of her generation, Bentley had turned to Communism in the 1930s out of disillusionment with the inability of democracy to combat the evils of Fascism and the Depression. As Bentley told it, she had begun her career as a spy by collecting blueprints of commercial vat designs from an engineer named Abraham Broth-man. Her Soviet handler, Jacob Golos, had more grandiose schemes in mind, however. He taught Bentley the rudiments of espionage— to throw off automobile surveillance by walking the wrong way on a one-way street, to remove all identification marks from her clothing—and in the summer of 1941 dispatched her to Washington to make contact with Nathan Silvermaster, a Russian-born employee of the Department of Agriculture. As Bentley told it, Silvermaster collected documents from an underground network of Communists throughout the government, and she hauled them back to Golos in New York in her knitting bag.

She would later claim that she had been driven to confess by her “good old New England conscience.” However, an FBI memo suggested that she feared the Bureau was already onto her and was simply trying to save her skin. Whatever her motive, Bentley had chosen her moment well, arriving at the FBI’s doorstep on the heels of Gouzenko’s defection in Canada and amid the increasing postwar distrust between the United States and Russia. The vigor of the FBI’s reaction to her stood in sharp contrast to the indifference with which Krivitsky and Chambers had been greeted seven years before.

Within twenty-four hours of Bentley’s appearance and before he had verified any of her information, J. Edgar Hoover sent a top-secret message to the White House. “As a result of the Bureau’s investigative operations,” he puffed, “information has been recently developed from a highly confidential source indicating that a number of persons employed by the

Government of the United States have been furnishing data and information to persons outside the Federal Government, who are in turn transmitting this information to espionage agents of the Soviet Union." Hoover named twelve officials as being either witting or unwitting "participants in this operation," no doubt taking private satisfaction in the fact that five of them had served with his arch-rival, the Office of Strategic Services. Within a matter of days, Hoover had assigned a total of 227 agents to conduct "technical surveillances, mail covers and physical surveillances" of the government officials suspected of espionage. The surveillance confirmed that Bentley, or GREGORY as she was code-named within the Bureau, was telling the truth. "In no instance has GREGORY reported information which could not either directly or circumstantially be verified," an FBI memo stated. Bentley said that a laboratory for reproducing government documents had been set up in the basement of the Silvermaster home. A break-in by FBI agents "determined that such a photographic laboratory does now exist sufficiently well equipped for the copying of documents." Bentley identified a photograph of Anatoli Gromov, first secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Washington, as that of the man she knew as "Al," one of her Soviet contacts. At four o'clock on the afternoon of November 21, 1945, a team of FBI agents watched Gromov arrive for a scheduled meeting with Bentley on the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-third Street in Manhattan.

By themselves, neither a basement darkroom nor a street-corner rendezvous constituted proof of espionage, but other information provided by Bentley left no doubt in Hoover's mind that espionage had been committed. "GREGORY has reported with a high degree of accuracy situations … which were only known within the government itself as examples of material which was passed through GREGORY … for use by the Soviet Government," a Bureau report said. Bentley claimed that Major Duncan Lee of the OSS had passed information about "peace maneuverings going on between the satellite Axis nations through the medium of OSS representatives in Sweden and Switzerland," a vague but accurate description of Operation SUNRISE, the secret surrender of one million Axis troops in northern Italy brokered by Allen Dulles. Bentley also alleged that Lee had told her of an OSS plan to open an official liaison channel with Soviet intelligence, a plan that Hoover had derided in government councils as typical of the harebrained schemes emanating from General William "Wild Bill" Donovan and his "Oh-So-Social" set of Ivy League bluebloods. Hoover was so impressed with Bentley's inside knowledge that he was willing to stake his reputation on her credibility. He assured the Secretary of State that GREGORY's "statements and reliability have been established beyond any doubt."

There was one problem, however. Despite intensive surveillance of the suspects identified by Bentley, the FBI could uncover no evidence of an ongoing espionage operation. One year after the surveillance had begun, Hoover was forced to report that his agents had turned up nothing but "repeated inconsequential contacts" among suspected members of the spy ring. The Bureau intercepted a letter from one suspect, Michael Greenberg, to Hiss, asking for help in getting a job with the United Nations Organization. The Bureau monitored a phone call from another suspect, Henry Collins, inviting Hiss to dinner. The Bureau monitored a three-hour meeting in Hiss's office with still another suspect, Robert Miller. The Bureau followed Harry Dexter White to Hiss's home in Georgetown. Was this a sinister pattern or the random socializing of fellow bureaucrats? "It was like a bowl of Jell-O," the FBI's Robert Collier said. "You couldn't grab hold of anything."

Harvey drafted a memo to the Attorney General reporting that "a highly confidential and reliable source"—an FBI euphemism for a wiretap—had discovered that one suspect, Charles Kramer, had helped Senator Claude Pepper write a speech advocating the dismantling of all American facilities capable of producing atomic weapons. In another memo, Harvey reported that one of Bentley's suspects had suggested that Czech nationals be used to assist the Army's censorship operations in Europe. "In view of the extent of Soviet penetration and domination in Czechoslovakia, the utilization of large numbers of Czechs in connection with military censorship in the European theater would necessarily place a number of undoubted Soviet agents in positions where they would have access to considerable information of value," Harvey warned. "Most significant," Hoover jotted at the bottom. Perhaps, but it would never stand up in a court of law. As Harvey noted in a memo drafted for Hoover's signature, "It does not appear that sufficient probative evidence exists at the present time in connection with this case upon which to base a successful substantive prosecution."

Without more substantial evidence the case was dead, but the Bureau's best source was no longer in a position to provide that evidence. "A substantial portion of GREGORY's activities as a courier … ceased in December, 1944, and she has not been actively used since that time," Harvey wrote. According to Bentley, Anatoli Gromov had ordered her "to turn over all of my Washington contacts. I was told by Al to tell these people that I was anticipating going to the hospital for an appendectomy and that … they would be contacted by another individual." Bentley made her last courier run a few days later. Thereafter she maintained desultory contact with her Soviet controllers, but only to straighten out her tangled finances and occasionally to advise on the care and feeding of her former Washington stable.

It was as if the Soviets had anticipated Bentley's defection and deliberately set out to minimize the damage she could do. Bentley said that one of her Soviet contacts, "Jack," had explained to her "that the present policy of the Russians was to split up the larger groups that were obtaining information into smaller groups and implied that I personally was taking care of too many groups." As "Jack" told it, the idea "was that in the event anything happened to any one member of this whole group, the identities and activities of the other members would not be known to this individual and therefore they could operate with extreme security."

The FBI's task was clear—in Harvey's words, "reactivating the Informant GREGORY as an operating Soviet agent and utilizing her … as a double agent." With Bentley once again shuttling secrets between her government contacts in Washington and her Soviet handlers in New York, the Bureau would be able to catch the suspected spies in the act of espionage. Harvey pondered the best "procedure of having Informant GREGORY attempt to discreetly renew her contacts." It was "a very difficult problem."

Although she had taken her first Soviet contact, Jacob Golos, as a lover, Bentley had not gotten along so famously with his successors. At one of her final meetings with "Al," she had arrived in an ornery mood fortified by several dry martinis. "I told him in plain words what I thought of him and the rest of the Russians and, further, told him that I was an American and could not be kicked around," Bentley related. Harvey suggested that Bentley could finesse that bit of ugliness by explaining that because of her "nerve wracking, long and faithful service to the Soviet cause, she was then overwrought and inclined to say things she of course did not fundamentally believe."

The real problem was not Bentley's lack of rapport with "Al" but the fact that the defection of the code clerk Gouzenko in Ottawa had forced the Russians to pull in their horns not only in Canada but also in the United States. "Al" suddenly left the country aboard a Soviet ship bound for Argentina, and Harvey noted "considerable alarm on the part of known and suspected Soviet agents." There were, according to Harvey, "numerous indications of connections" between the CORBY, as Gouzenko was code-named, and GREGORY cases. Both had referred to a Soviet agent who fit the description of Hiss, and both had identified a number of Canadians who ran messages back and forth between Soviet intelligence officers in New York and Ottawa. Just how interlinked the two spy rings were would not become apparent until a few years later, when the FBI discovered the trail that led from Gouzenko to the British physicist Klaus Fuchs and from there in the direction pointed by Bentley to Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

Prospects for reactivating Bentley all but vanished when “Al” failed to appear for his next scheduled meeting. The one remaining hope was to recruit another, still active member of the alleged spy ring as a double agent. At Harvey’s direction, Bentley telephoned Helen Tenney, an OSS employee who, Bentley said, had once turned over to her “a considerable quantity of written data reflecting the activities of OSS personnel in virtually all sections and all countries of the world.” While two FBI agents eavesdropped from a nearby table, Bentley and Tenney renewed acquaintance over cocktails at a Washington restaurant and made plans to meet again a few weeks later in New York.

On the basis of the first meeting, Harvey assessed the prospects for turning Tenney into a double agent. “Tenney was extremely cooperative and apparently very happy to see the informant,” Harvey wrote, but there was no indication that her “fundamental ideological orientation with regard to the Soviet Union and the Communist Party, USA, had changed one iota.” He cabled New York that it was “not desired Informant GREGORY make any effort to double Tenney at this time.”

Having abandoned its last hope of penetrating the Bentley network, the FBI seemed no closer to piercing the veil of Soviet espionage than when Krivitsky and Chambers had defected in 1938. The distance traveled could be measured only indirectly. Krivitsky and Chambers had been ignored; Bentley had been fawned over, even though none of her allegations could be proved. She “has been extremely cooperative and the information furnished by her has been of the greatest possible value,” Harvey gushed as he recommended that the FBI take the unprecedented step of helping

Bentley get hotel reservations for a three-week vacation in Puerto Rico—provided "that Bentley will not appear connected with Bureau in any way."

At one point Harvey slipped and revealed his bias by referring in writing to Bentley's suspects as "Soviet espionage agents." Clyde Tolson, Hoover's alter ego, quickly called him to account for his "loose phraseology," since "the only proof that we have that they are Soviet espionage agents is the statement of the GREGORY woman." Hoover was more adept at straddling the gap between his convictions and the evidence. "It is not, of course, the province of the FBI to make prosecutive recommendations," he waffled in a memo to Justice Department officials who were pressing him for a resolution of the matter.

Without further proof, the harshest action the government could take against the suspected spies in its midst was to ease them out. Hoover balked at outright dismissal, since that would require a Civil Service hearing in which the Bureau might be forced to reveal its sources. Hiss lingered on at the State Department until the end of 1946, when, aware that he was under suspicion and that his prospects for further promotion were nil, he voluntarily resigned for a better-paying job with the Carnegie Endowment. Other Bentley suspects also left government as their wartime agencies were gradually disbanded. Harvey found particularly galling the fact that two suspects had taken all of their accrued sick leave before resigning. "Careful consideration will be given to the possibility of developing Fraud Against the Government cases against them in regard to their apparently fraudulent use of their sick leave," he vowed, but no such charges were ever brought.

An unbroken string of eighteen- and twenty-hour days spent tracking down Bentley's leads had not produced a single prosecutable case of espionage. The FBI—and Harvey—could proceed no further. Eventually a very crude and uneven sort of retribution would be exacted. Harry Dexter White would die of a heart attack in 1948 after Bentley publicly named him as a member of her network, and Hiss would be convicted of perjury in

1950. But Harvey could foresee none of that, and in the summer of 1947 his exhaustion and frustration boiled over in an incident that resulted in his being dealt with more harshly than any of Bentley's suspects.

Thundershowers, heavy at times, had fallen throughout the evening of July 11. It was past midnight, and another downpour washed over the city as Harvey headed his car across the Potomac River into Washington. A second car splashed along in Harvey's wake, following him home from a stag party in the Virginia suburbs. Once across the Potomac, the two cars went their separate ways. Harvey drove west, passing the Washington Monument, the Jefferson Memorial, and the World War II temporary buildings that lay scattered across the Mall like so much litter. At the Lincoln Memorial he turned north and headed into Rock Creek Park, his taillights disappearing into the dark and rain.

When he had not reached home by nine o'clock the next morning, Libby Harvey could wait no longer. She phoned FBI headquarters to report her husband missing. Bill "had recently been despondent and discouraged about his work at the Bureau and had been moody," she told Mickey Ladd, head of the Bureau's Security Division. Ladd, who had been at the party the night before, recalled that "Harvey had been very quiet while some of the other men had been quite exuberant."

Pat Coyne, the agent who had followed Harvey back to town, was dispatched to cover the route from the Potomac to Harvey's home in Georgetown. Other agents began a discreet check of accident and amnesia reports with the local police. The search ended after less than an hour when Harvey called in to report that he was home.

According to a summary of the incident prepared for Hoover, "Mr. Harvey indicated that after he left Mr. Coyne, he … was proceeding towards his residence in a heavy downpour of rain. He drove his car through a large puddle of water just as another car going in the opposite direction hit the puddle, and the engine in his car stopped. He coasted to the curb, but was unable to get his car started and accordingly he went to sleep in his car and slept until approximately 10 A.M. when he awakened and proceeded to his home." Harvey insisted that his drowsiness was not alcohol-induced, and his colleagues backed him up. "Mr. Harvey stated that he had about two cans of beer, and from the recollection of others at the party there was no indication that Harvey was drinking any more or less than anyone else," the summary said.

Nevertheless, FBI regulations required an agent to be on two-hour call at all times, either leaving a number where he could be reached or phoning in every two hours. Harvey had violated regulations. He was described as "very much upset about the matter," but Hoover was not so easily appeased.

"Pursuant to your instructions," an aide reported, "I talked to Mr. Harvey this morning about this situation, pointing out to him that we were particularly concerned about the potential embarrassment to the Bureau in a situation of this kind since a squad car might very logically have stopped and questioned Harvey, asleep in his car, and that if he had been taken to a police station and publicity ensued, it would have caused embarrassment to the Bureau. I pointed out that while we had no question as to his sobriety on this occasion, we were concerned about the possibility of his being completely exhausted from overwork or worry … and that I was particularly anxious to talk to him about the situation to determine whether it would be better for him if he were transferred to another assignment, particularly in the light of his wife's statement that he had been despondent and discouraged about his work."

Harvey acknowledged "that he did periodically become discouraged about the ineffectiveness of the overall Government program in dealing with Communists and Communist espionage," but he insisted that "there was no question of his morale or attitude towards his work in this situation…. His worry was the natural worry that would come to anyone who dealt as intimately with the Communist problem as he had been doing for several years.” Harvey rejected the idea of a transfer to a less taxing job and “stated that he preferred his present desk to any assignment that could be given to him in the Bureau.”

A review of Harvey’s file showed that his “record during his assignment at the Seat of Government had been a very good one. … He has been consistently rated Excellent on the basis of his work in the Security Division.” Hoover’s aide vouched that “I personally have seen Harvey at his desk late at night on many occasions” and concluded, “I do not believe in the light of all the circumstances in this case that there is any administrative action which should be taken.”

The Draconian Hoover thought otherwise and directed that a second memo be written. “It is recommended that Special Agent William K. Harvey of the Security Division be transferred to Indianapolis on general assignment.” Hoover scribbled “O.K.” at the bottom. Rather than accept the transfer, Harvey submitted his resignation “with the deepest regret,” citing “personal and family consideration” and speaking of the “pride and personal satisfaction” of having been an FBI agent—remarkably restrained considering the circumstances, but wisely circumspect given Hoover’s appetite for revenge.

Cast out from the inner sanctum of espionage, Harvey found himself in a world that had not yet heard of Whittaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley, that did not yet doubt the loyalty of Alger Hiss, that did not yet realize that, while the shooting war against Germany had ended, the secret war against Russia was just beginning. As if blinded by the bright light of this naive and unsuspecting world, Harvey quickly ducked into the shadows of the Office of Special Operations, a small and highly secret cadre within the newly formed Central Intelligence Agency.

There, in the command bunker for the secret war, Harvey first met Angleton, the boy wonder of the SSU, who had transferred to the CIA with the disbanding of his unit in Rome. Inevitably they clashed. “Angleton and

Harvey were direct competitors—I mean direct competitors—from the word go," one CIA officer said. "We had a real fight going between Angleton and Harvey." The two were a study in contrasts—physically, culturally, intellectually, and professionally. Harvey was a stocky man whose spreading girth would earn him the nickname of "the Pear." Angleton, "the Cadaver," remained consumptively thin. Harvey walked with a stiff-backed military gait. Angleton shambled along in a slumped and contemplative fashion. Harvey had grown up in the same small Midwestern town as his father and his father's father. Angleton was an expatriate's son. Harvey was Big Ten. Angleton was Ivy League. Harvey read Rudyard Kipling, the storyteller who glorified the "Great Game" of espionage and beat the drum of duty, honor, and empire. Angleton read Ezra Pound, the mad poet who stood accused of betraying his country. Harvey had learned the game of espionage in the regimented FBI; Angleton in the free-wheeling OSS. Harvey collected firearms. Angleton crafted fishing lures. Harvey was a cop; Angleton a spy. Each was a prototype of the two strains —FBI refugees and OSS veterans—coming together to form the postwar espionage establishment at the CIA. The OSS veterans— Allen Dulles, Richard Helms, Angleton, and others—would dominate the CIA for the next quarter century, but it took Harvey, the FBI reject, to spot the Soviet spy in their midst.

Philby Undone

3

An element of farce had attended the CIA's birth. Admiral William Leahy, chief of staff to President Harry S. Truman, recorded the occasion in his diary. "At lunch today in the White House … Rear Admiral Souers and I were presented with black cloaks, black hats and wooden daggers."

"To My Brethren and Fellow Dog House Denizens," the President proclaimed. "By virtue of the authority vested in me as Top Dog, I require and charge that Front Admiral William D. Leahy and Rear Admiral Sidney W. Souers receive and accept the vestments and appurtenances of their respective positions, namely as Personal Snooper and as Director of Centralized Snooping."

Hoover did not think the creation of a rival intelligence operation so amusing. He had grudgingly suffered the OSS in time of war but was inclined to be less accommodating in time of peace. His plan for a postwar intelligence organization was simple enough: expand the Bureau's South American operations to cover the globe. When Truman opted instead for "Wild Bill" Donovan's proposal to create a "central intelligence service" that would report directly to the President, Hoover resorted to sabotage, ordering his agents in South America to burn their files rather than turn them over to the CIA.

Hoover was not motivated solely by spite, as Angleton pointed out. "There was a very grave problem of the security standards of the Agency coming from World War II," he said. Bentley had identified no fewer than five employees of the OSS as members of her spy ring. What other Soviet agents had escaped detection and made the transition from the OSS to the CIA?

If Hoover needed any further reason to distrust the CIA, there was the fact that it harbored Bureau fugitives such as Bill Harvey. Unemployed and with a paycheck for ninety-seven days of unused leave as his sole means of support, Harvey had leaped at the chance to join the CIA. Utterly ignorant of Soviet espionage operations, the CIA had needed Harvey as badly as he needed it. Harvey, who possessed near-photographic recall, was the next best thing to Bureau files. Hoover could order the files burned, but he could not erase Harvey's memory banks. Yet memory, or even experience, was not all that mattered at the CIA. The Agency was a tonier set than Harvey had known at the FBI. He was stepping from the world of ex-cops and small-town lawyers into an organization of academics and Wall Street attorneys. Many of the men he met were heirs to considerable family fortunes. Harvey was crossing the tracks, joining the establishment. It was not an altogether harmonious union.

"I felt Harvey had a love-hate relationship to the establishment," said Carlton Swift, a relative of the meat-packing tycoon and one of Harvey's new colleagues. "He had an emotional distrust of the establishment, yet he had a desire to be part of it." When Swift met Harvey's wife, Libby, a small-town girl and college dropout, "she reinforced my idea that he was envious of the establishment, socially self-conscious at not being a part of the elite that ran the Agency…. She was proof that he wasn't part of it…. He solved his ego problem by saying, 'They're no good.' … I became a fair friend of his and used to listen to him recount his cases—Bentley, Hiss and the rest. He would give me a long lecture on the prevalence of treason in the upper classes…. Those brought up in the 30s and given a good education with money and a social conscience felt the burden of producing more for their society. [They] liked to see in Communism [their] great contribution to society…. [They] weren’t consciously committing treason. They rationalized … that they were being far-sighted patriots by supporting international Communism…. I remember [Harvey’s words] perhaps because I was young and impressionable…. Harvey really had deep emotional feelings about it.”

Feelings aside, Harvey had a fund of knowledge about Soviet espionage that was unmatched anywhere in the United States government, and he was soon placed in charge of a tiny counterintelligence unit known as Staff C. “We’d all just gotten into the business,” a member of Staff C said. “Harvey had experience in the Bureau and had seen more than we had.” Harvey “exuded missionary zeal,” said a CIA officer named Peter Sichel. The impression was heightened by a lifelong thyroid condition that made his eyes bulge from his head—“stand out on stems, practically,” one member of Staff C said—as if he were a man possessed. Harvey’s briefings, punctuated by the ritualistic clicking of his cigarette lighter, would last for hours as he disgorged almost verbatim the files of cases he had worked on. “He had an incredible memory for things in which he was involved,” a senior officer in the Agency said. “He had everybody sitting on the edge of their chairs,” a female staff member recalled, not because he was a spellbinding speaker but because “he spoke in a froglike voice that was at times so low that it was very difficult to hear.”

As the CIA’s leading expert on Soviet espionage, Harvey should have been in close contact with the Bureau, but FBI agents dealt with him at their own peril. “We liked Bill and he was one of us,” said Robert Lamphere, a member of the Bureau’s Security Division, “but as far as Hoover was concerned, he was the enemy.” Harvey responded in kind. “I would be in Harvey’s office,” one agent recounted, “and he would get a phone call and say, ‘I can’t talk much now because there’s an FBI man here.’ ”

Such bureaucratic jealousies seemed particularly petty in the context of the rapid and alarming succession of world events. In July of 1949 the State

Department issued a White Paper conceding that China had fallen to the Communists, and in August Russia exploded her first atomic device, ending the American monopoly. Meanwhile, the United States had come upon new and startling evidence of Soviet espionage. Through a combination of good luck, hard work, and Russian carelessness, the Armed Forces Security Agency had succeeded in breaking the theoretically unbreakable Soviet cipher. Among other things, the break disclosed the existence of a Soviet spy who was so well placed that he could obtain the verbatim text of a private telegram from Winston Churchill to Harry Truman.

Midway through World War II a gifted team of American cryptanalysts had mounted an attack against the Russian cipher system, using as their basic weapon the charred remnants of a Soviet code book that had been salvaged from a battlefield in Finland. The book contained a list of 999 five-digit code groups, each one representing a different letter, word, or phrase. A large portion of the list had been destroyed by fire, and what remained seemed of little value, since the Soviets employed a system of super-encipherment in which random numerical values were added to the original five-digit code groups. The code book might reveal, for instance, that the five-digit group for the word *agent* was 17056, but it would not reveal that the "additive," as it was called, was 05555. With the additive the word *agent* would appear in the enciphered message as 22611 (17056 plus 05555), which the code book would list as the five-digit group for a word or phrase with an entirely different meaning. Only someone in possession of both the code book and the additive would know to subtract 05555 from 22611 and arrive at 17056 and the word *agent.* Since each code group used a different additive, the effect was an infinity of codes.

To the American cryptanalysts, who had already mastered the intricacies of Japan's top diplomatic code, mere super-encipherment did not pose an insurmountable obstacle. Through collateral intelligence—the exact date and time of the message, the particular unit to which it was sent, the movement of the unit upon receipt— they could sometimes hazard an educated guess about the subject matter. Testing five-letter code groups representing words that the Russians might logically have used to refer to that subject would occasionally yield a solution. But without a key to the constantly changing additive, the overall system was still unbreakable—and would have remained so had not the Russians committed a colossal blunder.

Amid the confusion of war, Moscow had sent out duplicate sets of additives to various Soviet installations around the world. When the cryptanalysts discovered that the same series of additives had been used more than once, they had all the leverage they needed to break the Soviet cipher system. Having used guesswork to deduce the additives for a Soviet message intercepted in one part of the world, they could test those same additives against the massive backlog of messages intercepted in other parts of the world. Sooner or later the same additives would appear and another message could be deciphered. It was an excruciatingly tedious task with less than perfect results. Since only a portion of the code book had been salvaged, many of the 999 five-digit groups used by the Soviets were missing. Knowing the additive might yield the proper five-digit group, but if that group could not be found in the code book, the word remained indecipherable. Whole passages were blanks, and the meaning of other phrases could be only vaguely grasped.

Because of the laborious nature of the task, years would elapse between the actual transmission of a Soviet message and its decoding by the Armed Forces Security Agency. The first big break did not come until 1949, when the cryptanalysts found a duplicate additive in the New York–to–Moscow channel and were able to decipher enough of a Soviet message to identify it as the text of a 1945 telegram from Churchill to Truman. Checking the message against a complete copy of the telegram provided by the British Embassy, the cryptanalysts confirmed beyond doubt that a Soviet spy had somehow been able to obtain the verbatim text—cable number and all—of a private communication between two heads of state.

The implications were appalling, but the security officer's nightmare was the cryptanalyst's dream. The Armed Forces Security Agency requested copies of all transmissions handled by the British Embassy and began matching them against the encoded messages in the New York–to–Moscow channel, working backward through the code book and arriving at the additive. Besides determining which messages had fallen into Soviet hands, the cryptanalysts were coming up with solutions to new additives that could be checked against messages intercepted in other parts of the world. The results remained fragmentary, but by the fall of 1949 enough shards had been pieced together to demonstrate with disconcerting clarity that during the war years there had been a massive hemorrhaging of secrets from both the British Embassy in Washington and the atomic bomb project at Los Alamos, New Mexico.

One of the first Soviet spies to be undone by the code break was the German-born physicist Klaus Fuchs. A reference in one of the deciphered messages indicated that a Soviet agent had a sister at an American university. When matched against the backgrounds of the scientists working on the atomic bomb, that otherwise unremarkable detail aroused the first vague suspicions against Fuchs, whose sister, Kristel, had briefly attended Swarthmore College. According to an FBI memo, Fuchs became the "prime suspect … when we were able to obtain a document at the Atomic Energy Commission which had been written by him." That same document had shown up in the New York–to–Moscow link. On February 1, 1950, Hoover informed the White House that "we [have] just gotten word from England that we have gotten a full confession from one of the top scientists, who worked over here, that he gave the complete know-how of the atom bomb to the Russians." In a subsequent letter, Hoover reported that "Fuchs said he would estimate that the information furnished by him speeded up by several years the production of an atom bomb by Russia."

Once the code break had identified Fuchs as the prime suspect, a number of other incriminating traces leaped from the files. Among those arrested as a result of the Gouzenko defection in Ottawa in 1945 had been a suspected Communist agent named Israel Halperin, who, according to an FBI memo, "had in his possession an address book in which appeared, among others, the name Klaus Fuchs." Another memo stated that the Bureau had received a translation of a captured German document written in 1941 that listed Fuchs as "apparently a Communist worthy of consideration for apprehension by the German army." Why had that captured document taken so long to surface? Hoover demanded to know. An inquiry revealed that the document had been in the possession of "Supervisor W. K. Harvey up to the time of his resignation in the late summer of 1947. This material became delinquent in that it was not being handled on a current basis due to the shortage of personnel. After the resignation of Mr. Harvey, this material was reassigned, the delinquent handling of the material was corrected, and in early 1948, it was handled on a current basis."

Harvey was fortunate to be beyond Hoover's reach in 1950, for he had been the unwitting custodian of one other piece of the Fuchs puzzle. In his confession Fuchs said his American contact had been a chemist named "Raymond." Asked to pick out "Raymond" from a series of mug shots, Fuchs pointed to a picture of Harry Gold, a naturalized American citizen of Russian parentage. As an FBI memo noted, "Gold first came to the attention of this Bureau in connection with the activities of Abraham Brothman, concerning whom Elizabeth T. Bentley furnished information."

Gold at first proclaimed his innocence, insisting that he had never been west of the Mississippi, much less to Los Alamos, where Fuchs had worked on the atomic bomb. But when FBI agents searched his home in Philadelphia and found a Chamber of Commerce brochure for Santa Fe, Gold cracked and gave a complete confession that led ultimately to the arrest, conviction, and execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

The trial of the Rosenbergs would become one of the most disputed court cases of the century, in part because the government, hoping to protect its most secret source, never introduced one of the most damaging pieces of evidence against them: the decoded traffic from the New York–to–Moscow channel. The Rosenbergs were identified in the traffic only by cryptonyms, but the picture that emerged of a husband-and-wife team of agents matched them precisely, even down to the fact that the woman's brother was a part of the plot. At the trial Ethel's brother, David Greenglass, who had worked on the bomb at Los Alamos, was the chief prosecution witness, having admitted his role in return for leniency.

If made public, the evidence contained in the intercepts would have stilled much of the controversy surrounding not only the Rosenberg trial but several other espionage cases as well. Sometimes the evidence fell short of convincing. In the case of Hiss, a message intercepted in the Washington-to-Moscow channel revealed that a Soviet agent had actually been aboard Ambassador Averell Harriman's plane as it returned to Moscow following the 1945 conference at Yalta. Hiss had been aboard that plane, but so had others, including, of course, Harriman. Other times, however, the evidence was convincing beyond doubt, as when Moscow changed its agents' cryptonyms by transmitting a message listing both their true identities and their new cryptonyms.

"Crypt ops," as they were called, were the most reliable sensory organs in the espionage body. A code break eliminated the problem of relying on agents of questionable reliability and uncertain loyalty. An agent might deliberately be passing on false and misleading information, but a message transmitted in a supposedly unbreakable cipher was unquestionably the real thing. A code break shattered all the mirrors and permitted a straight line of sight across the wilderness. The breaking of the Soviet cipher could have tipped the scales of the secret war in favor of the West as surely as had the cracking of the German Enigma code in World War II. In 1948, however, the Soviets suddenly modified their cipher system in a way that made it once again unbreakable. Two years later, investigators discovered that the Soviets had been alerted to the code break by William Weisband, a disloyal employee of the Armed Forces Security Agency. The man who betrayed America's ultrasecret was never prosecuted for his crime, since a public trial would have required revelation of the code break. Instead, Weisband spent one year in jail for failing to answer a summons to appear before a grand jury. Despite Weisband's leak to the Soviets, the code break would remain a closely guarded secret for more than thirty years while cryptanalysts continued to cross-check the backlog of intercepted messages, eventually reconstructing most of the old Russian code book. Whatever marginal value the continued secrecy of the project might have had seemed more than outweighed by the public suspicion and distrust of the government's actions in the Hiss and Rosenberg cases.

Astoundingly, the British officer assigned to work with the FBI in tracking down the Soviet spies whose cryptonyms appeared in the traffic was Kim Philby. In 1949 Philby was sent to Washington as the MI6 representative "for the specific purpose of liaising with the Bureau on the cases arising from these intercepts," a CIA officer said. Philby's assignment was a logical one, since he had once been in charge of British counterintelligence operations against the Soviet Union. In retrospect it seemed possible that Philby's Soviet handlers had instructed him to engineer his assignment to Washington after they learned about the code break from Weisband. Whether by accident or by design, Russian intelligence was able to monitor the FBI's efforts to unravel the Soviet spy nets.

Philby was in "as perfect a spot for the Soviets as they could possibly get a man," said Robert Lamphere of the Bureau's Security Division. The damage Philby could do was limited only by the risks he and his Soviet controllers were willing to run. With Philby in Washington at the plexus of free-world intelligence, the Soviets frequently suffered the exquisite agony of knowing too much, of not being able to act on his information for fear they would compromise their best source. An FBI memo pointed out that "Philby … was aware of the results of the Anglo–United States investigation leading to the identification of Klaus Fuchs," yet the Soviets had not warned Fuchs of his peril. Philby "also knew of the interrogation of Fuchs as well as the full cooperation given by him … yet no action was taken by the Soviets to save any American members of the espionage ring which ultimately was uncovered as a result of the Fuchs revelations." According to another memo, "Philby and his Russian spy chiefs in Moscow even knew that the FBI planned to arrest the Rosenbergs and Morton Sobell, yet they chose to sacrifice them, most probably to keep Philby's identity a secret." The Soviet source inside the British Embassy who had obtained the text of the Churchill-to-Truman telegram was a different case. For reasons known only to Moscow, he was worth saving, even at the risk of exposing Philby.

The FBI's search for the source had dragged on for the better part of two years with no break in sight. "We had received some dozen reports referring to the source, who appeared in the documents as HOMER, but little progress had been made in identifying him," Philby later wrote in his memoirs. "The FBI was still sending us reams about the Embassy charladies and the inquiry into our menial personnel was spinning itself out endlessly." Philby knew who HOMER was and could gauge exactly how close the investigators were coming. As long as they concentrated on workers who might have filched a copy of the Churchill telegram from the burn bag, HOMER was safe. Sooner or later, however, the focus would shift to the diplomats who had actually handled the telegram, and the real HOMER would inevitably fall under suspicion. All the while, cryptanalysts continued to pore over the intercepts, searching for some clue that might give HOMER's identity away. Philby received drop copies of the messages as they were decoded by the Armed Forces Security Agency, and it must have been chilling to know that it was only a matter of time before his own Soviet cryptonym would also appear in the decoded material. Once that happened, how long would it be until some reference in the traffic gave his own identity away?

Philby's ability to monitor the investigation for the Russians was due to end in the autumn of 1951, when his two-year tour in Washington would be over. Having decided that the situation must be resolved before then, he put the investigation on the right track by reminding London of Krivitsky's warning about "the young Scotsman who had been imbued with Communism in the early 30s and who subsequently was induced to enter the service of the British diplomacy." As Philby told it, "I suggested that these data, such as they were, should be matched against the records of diplomats stationed in Washington between the relevant dates in 1944–45 of the known leakages." That was a very close calculation on Philby's part, since there was, in his words, "the nasty little sentence in Krivitsky's evidence that the Soviet secret service had sent a young English journalist to Spain during the Civil War." Philby figured that the lead was too vague to pose a threat to him. "There were no further identifying particulars, and many young men from Fleet Street had gone to Spain." Besides, the fact that he had pointed the investigation in the right direction with his reminder about the "young Scotsman" would discourage any suspicions occasioned by the flimsy coincidence between Krivitsky's "nasty little sentence" and Philby's past. Philby was right. Krivitsky's evidence never weighed very heavily against him. As it turned out, he did far greater damage to himself with a dinner party he gave in the spring of 1951.

Libby Harvey, as was increasingly her habit, had had too much to drink. "This is god-awful," she proclaimed in a loud voice, jabbing at the roast beef on her plate. Her dinner partner, Robert Lamphere of the FBI, tried without success to shush her. She was right about the roast beef, though. It was cold. Philby had let the cocktail hour go too long, and that had done neither the roast beef nor Libby any good.

Libby was poised at the top of a long slide into alcoholism. Her sister back in Kentucky blamed it on the "highfalutin' society in Washington." One of Harvey's CIA colleagues said the same thing from a different perspective. "Libby was an awfully nice girl who came from humble origins. He started to move up in the world. He moved too fast for Libby. She couldn't keep up." That statement had an unintended double entendre, for Harvey had acquired a considerable reputation as a skirt-chaser. As far as Libby was concerned, it was a deserved reputation. He was "out about three nights a week and sometimes it would be five o'clock in the morning when he'd get in and sometimes it would be seven o'clock," she said later during the divorce proceedings. "He was always supposed to be at work," she added with unmistakable sarcasm. Libby probably had her own ideas about where her husband was that night in the summer of 1947 when he did not return home from the FBI stag party. Perhaps her call to the Bureau to report him missing was made more out of anger than concern for his well-being. If she wanted to pay him back for his infidelity, she certainly succeeded.

One of Libby's friends in Kentucky claimed that Harvey plied his wife with liquor in order to keep her submissive while he went about his extramarital activities. "He fed it to her," Libby's friend said with undisguised venom. Another friend said that Libby drank only to keep pace with her husband, who had his own drinking problem. According to Philby, "The first time [Harvey] dined at my house … he fell asleep over the coffee and sat snoring gently until midnight when his wife took him away, saying, 'Come now, Daddy, it's time you were in bed.' " The second time the Harveys dined at Philby's it would have been a merciful blessing had Libby fallen asleep over her roast beef.

It was the largest party Philby had given since coming to Washington as MI6 liaison officer. All of the CIA and FBI officers he knew and dealt with on a regular basis—Harvey, Angleton, Lamphere, and others—were there with their wives. Philby was a good man to get to know. Any British officer awarded the plum of the Washington liaison job was clearly on the way up. Some people were already beginning to think of him as one day becoming the head of MI6.

Dinner over, Philby and his guests adjourned to the living room for more drinking. Sensing that the evening was getting out of hand, Lamphere said his good-byes as soon as decency permitted, departing before the arrival of Philby's houseguest, the outrageous Guy Burgess.

According to a memo later written by Angleton, Burgess was "a close and old friend of Philby. He was his classmate at Cambridge and they continued to maintain a close relationship up to the present. For example, during the period that Philby was the chief [MI6] representative in Istanbul, he was visited by [Burgess] who stayed at his home." To hear Philby tell it, Burgess had helped him get his start with MI6. Burgess, a flagrant drunkard and an unabashed homosexual, was the epitome of indiscretion and had not lasted long at MI6. He had drifted off to a job with the BBC before catching on in the Foreign Office as the confidential secretary to the minister of state. In 1950 Burgess had been assigned to the British Embassy in Washington as a second secretary, and Philby had taken him into his house. Now after barely a year in Washington, Burgess was on the verge of being recalled to London for abusing his diplomatic privileges. He had been stopped for speeding three times in one afternoon, each time berating the police for interfering with his diplomatic immunity. He had been so offensive that the governor of Virginia had reported the incident to the Department of State.

Outrageous though he was, Burgess was too irrepressible and too witty to be ignored. He had a reputation as a caricaturist and was fond of telling how he had drawn a sketch of a wartime meeting of the British Admiralty that had to be classified top secret. The besotted Libby fulfilled Lamphere's premonition of disaster by begging Burgess to sketch her. He obliged with an obscene cartoon of Libby, legs spread, dress hiked above her waist, and crotch bared. Harvey swung at Burgess and missed. The party was about to degenerate into a drunken brawl. Angleton quickly steered Harvey to the door and walked him around the block to cool off while Libby regained her composure. Burgess continued on as though nothing had happened. The evening ended without further violence, and the guests staggered off into the night. The entire incident might have been blessedly forgotten had it not crossed paths with the search for source HOMER.

The review of the Krivitsky file that had been prompted by Philby's reminder turned up a small circle of a half-dozen diplomats who vaguely conformed to the description of a young Scotsman imbued with Communism in the early 1930s. One of them was Donald Maclean, another graduate of Cambridge, who had served in Washington from 1944 to 1948. Maclean was the son of a prominent British family from the island of Tiree off the Scottish coast. At Cambridge he had been an avowed Communist who told his mother that he was going to Russia to join the Revolution and who published articles predicting that the "whole crack-brained criminal mess" of capitalism was "doomed to disappear." After graduation he had not gone to Russia, although his good friend Guy Burgess had. Maclean had abruptly abandoned his revolutionary fervor and joined the Foreign Office, where he became at once the model bureaucrat. By 1944 he had risen to the post of second secretary in Washington, where, among other things, he was in charge of the embassy code room, and in particular of the ambassador's private cipher in which Churchill's cables to Truman had been sent.

Maclean fit all the known facts about the identity of source HOMER, but not enough facts were known to support a case against him. Finally the cryptanalysts succeeded in breaking out an additional piece of information from the intercepts: HOMER had met with his Soviet contact twice a week in

New York on the pretext of visiting his pregnant wife, a pattern of activity that corresponded precisely with Maclean's twice-a-week trips to see his pregnant wife, Melinda, who was staying in New York City with her American mother.

It would take years to sort out the damage Maclean had done, but it was clear at once that his access to state secrets went far beyond the private communications between Churchill and Truman. According to a State Department document, Maclean had sat on a committee that "was an adjunct of the wartime British-American Combined Chiefs of Staff" and that dealt with "political and economic problems growing out of the joint conduct of the war." Another document revealed that "Maclean had a thorough knowledge of one aspect of secret Anglo-American exchanges on the North Atlantic Pact." Specifically, in the spring of 1948 Maclean had participated in a series of secret British-Canadian-American meetings to discuss "joining with France, the Benelux and perhaps other governments in negotiating mutual security arrangements to meet the danger of Soviet expansion." The talks led ultimately to the creation of NATO. "If Maclean was then a Soviet agent," the document continued, "the information he possessed concerning these talks would have been of considerable interest and some importance to the Soviet Government at that time."

There was more. Maclean had sat on another trilateral panel, which dealt with such fundamental atomic energy concerns as projected uranium needs and the availability of ore supplies. "Some of the information available to Maclean in 1947–48 was classified Top Secret and would then have been of interest to the Soviet Union," a damage report conceded. He had also been issued a "nonescort" pass to the headquarters of the Atomic Energy Commission, a privilege not accorded even to the highest-ranking officers of the United States armed forces. When Hoover found out about that, he noted indignantly: "I was always required to have an escort."

As for purely British secrets Maclean had betrayed, that was a matter best left to his own government. However, one American document noted that Maclean's supervision of the embassy code room had given him "access to all U.K. diplomatic codes and ciphers as well as the opportunity to scan all incoming and outgoing communications." No wonder the luckless Volkov had warned the British Embassy in Istanbul that the Soviets were able to decipher cables sent to London.

When he first fell under suspicion in the spring of 1951, Maclean was head of the Foreign Office's American Department in London. He was placed under surveillance and denied further access to sensitive documents. Meanwhile, Burgess had arrived in London to face a disciplinary board for his indiscretions in the United States. The two were seen lunching together on several occasions.

On Friday morning, May 25, 1951, the Foreign Office authorized MI5, the British equivalent of the FBI, to interrogate Maclean the following Monday. At almost precisely the same moment, Burgess was telling a young companion he had picked up during his transatlantic crossing that they might have to scrap their plans for a weekend in France. "A young friend of mine in the Foreign Office is in serious trouble," he said. "I am the only one who can help him." That afternoon, Burgess rented an Austin and drove to Maclean's home in the outlying suburb of Tatsfield. MI5 sleuths tailed Maclean as he left his offices in Whitehall and walked to the Charing Cross station to catch the five-nineteen train, but they dropped their surveillance there for fear he would spot them. At eleven-forty-five that night, Burgess and Maclean pulled up to the slip at Southampton and boarded the cross-Channel night boat for Saint-Malo. A sailor shouted after them, asking what they planned to do about the Austin left on the pier. "Back on Monday," they called. Later, a taxicab driver testified that he had driven two men resembling Burgess and Maclean from Saint-Malo to

Rennes, where he thought they had caught a train for Paris. They were not seen again until 1956, when they appeared at a press conference in Moscow.

Philby and Geoffrey Paterson, the MI5 representative in Washington, broke the news to the FBI's Bob Lamphere, who had directed the American end of the search for HOMER. "They were both in a very embarrassing situation," Lamphere recalled. "Paterson had been lying to me about where they were on the Maclean investigation," giving no indication that it had progressed so far. As for Philby, Lamphere said, "he was wondering—as I later learned—whether we would put two and two together." Philby apparently had not expected Burgess to accompany Maclean in his flight to Moscow. The dual disappearance had linked Philby to the case as one of only a handful of people who both knew Burgess and was aware of the suspicions against Maclean.

Within hours of learning of Burgess's disappearance, Philby buried his camera and the rest of his spy paraphernalia in the woods along the Potomac. Should he follow Burgess and Maclean into exile or remain in place and hope that no one would put the pieces together? "The problem resolved itself into assessment of my chances of survival, and I judged them to be considerably better than even," Philby wrote later. "I enjoyed an enormous advantage over people like Fuchs who had little or no knowledge of intelligence work. For my part, I had worked for 11 years in the secret service…. For nearly two years I had been intimately linked to the American services…. I felt that I knew the enemy well enough to foresee in general terms the moves he was likely to make. I knew his files— his basic armament—and, above all, the limitations imposed on his procedures by law and convention."

The CIA's dilemma was only slightly less perplexing than Philby's. The Agency could not comfortably share its secrets with someone so indiscreet as to open his house to the egregious Burgess. Yet the mere fact that Philby had befriended Burgess hardly seemed sufficient grounds upon which to repudiate the official representative of MI6, embittering relations with the British and, in the bargain, damaging a man's career—a brilliant one, at that. The situation was ready-made for equivocation and procrastination. Philby's tour in Washington was due to end in a few months in any event. But the new Director of the CIA confronted the problem head-on.

General Walter Bedell Smith, Dwight D. Eisenhower's former chief of staff, whom Churchill had nicknamed "the American Bulldog," had not asked to be CIA Director. In fact, he had twice turned down the job. Truman, disturbed by the onslaught of McCar-thyism at home and angered by the CIA's failure to provide a warning of the Communist attack in Korea, had persisted. "As you know, I wanted to avoid the Intelligence job if possible," Smith wrote to Eisenhower, "but in view of the general situation, and particularly the Korean affair, I did not feel I could refuse for a third time." Smith's reluctance was based not on a yearning for retirement after five years of war and three years as the American ambassador to Moscow but on prior acquaintance with the organization he was inheriting. Writing his friend George Allen, the American ambassador to Yugoslavia, Smith had but one favor to ask. "I assume you have in Belgrade, as we did in Moscow, some of the personnel in whom I will shortly have a direct interest. I would be grateful for your personal and secret estimate of their capabilities and qualifications. My experience in Moscow was not particularly reassuring." To another friend he wrote simply, "I expect the worst and know I won't be disappointed.

As apprehensive as he was, Smith could not have anticipated the ferocity of the CIA's running feud with the FBI. Shortly after Smith took over, Hoover learned that CIA officers had called on Bureau representatives in Mexico, Spain, and Italy to protest FBI usurpation of CIA jurisdiction abroad. Sensing a plot, the ever-suspicious Hoover immediately dispatched one of his agents to inform Smith that the FBI would not stand for such a brazen bureaucratic power play. "Smith became angry because the lowly

FBI was telling him to go fuck himself,” the agent recalled. “He was so mad that when he tried to lift his coffee cup it was shaking so badly he had to put it down. He said, ‘I’ve got a good mind to throw you out of my office.’ I said, ‘General, neither you nor any man in your Agency is man enough to throw me out.’ Twenty minutes after I got back to the Bureau a handwritten message arrived from Smith inviting Hoover to lunch. Hoover told me to accept.” Lyman Kirkpatrick, then Smith’s executive assistant, was present for the lunch and recalled Smith saying, “Edgar, suppose you tell us what’s wrong. Why can’t we seem to get along?” “Well, General,” Hoover replied, “the first thing wrong is all these ex-Bureau people over here sniping and proselytizing, and in particular Bill Harvey.”

Harvey was sternly counseled not to do or say anything in the future that might offend the prickly FBI Director, but the incident seemed only to enhance his stature within the CIA, for Smith would rely upon him heavily in dealing with the Philby dilemma. He began by directing Harvey, Angleton, and everyone else who had known Burgess to write down everything they knew about the missing diplomat.

On June 18 Angleton handed in a four-page top-secret memo describing a number of Burgess’s more eccentric moments, including the night at Philby’s when he “drew an insulting caricature of one of the female guests and precipitated a social disaster.” Angleton also related an encounter with Burgess in a Georgetown restaurant. “Subject appeared unexpectedly and asked the undersigned for the loan of a few dollars,” he reported in his best bureaucratese. “He wore a peculiar garb, namely a white British naval jacket which was dirty and stained. He was intoxicated, unshaven and had, from the appearance of his eyes, not washed since he last slept. He stated that he had taken two or three days’ leave and had ‘an interesting binge’ the night before at Joe Alsop’s house…. [Burgess] ordered a drink of the cheapest Bourbon available” and babbled on about a scheme to import several thousand British naval jackets of the kind he was wearing and “sell them for fantastic profits to exclusive shops in New York.” Burgess was an automotive buff, Angleton continued, and “he pressed [me] for a date when [we] might meet in order that he might test the overdrive on the Oldsmobile.”

As for Burgess’s relationship with Philby, Angleton noted that “Philby had consistently ‘sold’ subject as a most gifted individual. In this respect, he has served as subject’s apologist on several occasions when subject’s behavior has been a source of extreme embarrassment in the Philby household. Philby has explained away these idiosyncrasies on grounds that subject suffered a severe brain concussion in an accident which had continued to affect him periodically.”

Angleton went on to point out that Philby’s secretary “had enjoyed a special relationship” with Burgess, but the memo stopped well short of drawing any sinister conclusions from the facts which it reported. Angleton’s memo did “not suggest any suspicion of Philby,” said a CIA officer who studied it closely. “It related two or three incidents, the bottom line of which was that you couldn’t blame Philby for what this nut Burgess had done.”

By that point, however, Angleton’s memo was irrelevant. Five days earlier, Harvey had submitted a top-secret memo of his own, pointing out that not only was Philby close to Burgess and aware of Maclean’s peril, but he was also the officer who had presided over the abortive defection of Volkov in Istanbul. Kim Philby was a Soviet agent, the very counterintelligence officer Volkov had tried to tell the British about, Harvey concluded. Philby had sent Burgess to warn Maclean that he had been found out.

Harvey would later tell friends that it had come to him as he sat stalled in traffic one morning on his way to work. That moment in which the anomalies in Philby’s career resolved into a pattern of betrayal where others could see only untoward coincidence had been hard earned. It had come from years of working with the files so that an isolated incident like the Volkov affair could lodge somewhere in the back of his mind to be recalled when new developments suddenly gave it meaning. It had come from the Bentley and Hiss cases, which had convinced him that good breeding was not a bar to treason—and in fact was a positive incentive. It had come from the social snubs, real or imagined, that fed his distrust of the establishment. And finally it had come from the obscene insult to his wife, which had fixed the relationship of Philby and Burgess with outraged clarity in his mind.

Smith forwarded Harvey's and Angleton's memos to MI6 in London with a cover letter stating that Philby was no longer welcome as the British liaison officer in Washington. Working from Harvey's premise, MI5 compiled a dossier against Philby, listing his left-wing youth, his marriage to Litzi Friedman, his sudden conversion to Fascism, Krivitsky's warning about the British journalist in Spain, Volkov's abortive defection, and the flight of Burgess and Maclean. "I have toted up the ledger and the debits outnumber the assets," the head of MI5 informed the CIA.

Philby played his part with customary élan, readily conceding that his association with Burgess had forever destroyed his usefulness to Her Majesty's secret service, but steadfastly denying that he was guilty of anything more than bad judgment. He understood that no matter how persuasive the circumstantial evidence, the case against him could not be proved so long as he did not break down and confess. Even the knowledge that by now the United States had succeeded in decoding Russian cables containing his Soviet cryptonym did not shake Philby, for he correctly judged that neither the CIA nor MI6 would ever reveal such sensitive intelligence information.

Without a confession the official verdict against Philby could go no further than "guilt unproven but suspicion remaining." Nevertheless, the career of the man Allen Dulles called "the best spy the Russians ever had" was effectively ended, and pop-eyed Bill Harvey, the "odd man out" in the world of CIA sophisticates, deserved a major share of the credit. Cut loose from the service, Philby would drift for several years in a limbo of failed business ventures and hack writing jobs, consuming greater amounts of alcohol and earning lesser sums of money. Finally he would catch on as a low-level British agent operating under journalistic cover in the Middle East, but never again would he be in a position to betray the West's most closely held secrets.

He had done enough as it was, although the CIA's operations against the Soviet Union had been so uniformly unsuccessful that it was difficult to determine precisely which failures to blame on Philby. He had been privy to the details of a disastrous Anglo-American attempt to foment an uprising against the puppet Soviet regime in Albania, but Mike Burke, the CIA officer who had directed the operation from Italy, flatly asserted that "the operation would not have succeeded regardless of Philby." Harry Rositzke, the CIA officer in charge of dropping agents behind the Iron Curtain, said that Philby "learned a great deal about our air operations," but he quickly added that the obstacles to inserting an agent successfully into the police-state confines of the Soviet Union were overwhelming, with or without Philby. The operations Philby had been briefed on were a matter of record, but there was no telling what his many friends in the CIA and the FBI had let slip in the course of conversation. "Philby turned out to be very embarrassing to [a number of] senior officers who had told him a lot of stuff they never should have told him," a CIA man said.

No one had known Philby better or spent more time with him than Angleton. By the time Philby arrived in Washington in 1949 as the MI6 liaison officer, Angleton had become what Philby called "the driving force of OSO"—the CIA's Office of Special Operations. Angleton seemed to be everywhere at once—orchestrating covert action against the Communists in Italy, cementing CIA ties with the Jewish leaders in Palestine, tracking down counterintelligence leads left over from the Bentley case—and such a broad mandate inevitably entailed frequent contacts with MI6. In addition, Philby said, “a genuine friendliness” existed between himself and Angleton. Philby claimed that he manipulated this rapport to “string him along … provoke Angleton into defending, with chapter and verse, the past record and current activities” of CIA assets. Even as he was being recalled to London for interrogation, Philby said, he was able to pass “a pleasant hour in a bar” with Angleton, who “did not seem to appreciate the gravity of my personal situation.” If that was true, it was the second time that Angleton had met with Philby in the midst of a major crisis in the spy’s career. The first time had been in Rome in 1945, following the abortive Volkov defection. Neither time had he given the slightest indication that he suspected anything untoward.

After Philby had been unmasked, Angleton would claim to have had his doubts about him all along. Two of Angleton’s closest friends would support that contention, but three CIA officers who reviewed the Philby file in depth insisted that Harvey was the first to point the accusing finger. Angleton explained the absence of documentary evidence to support his claim by saying that one did not put in writing something so sensitive as suspicions about the loyalty of a trusted member of a friendly intelligence service. An officer who had examined the record insisted that “Philby was the greatest blow Angleton ever suffered.”

Angleton was not the only intelligence officer to have been duped by Philby. Until the disappearance of Burgess and Maclean, everybody had been taken in. Even then, Harvey was the only American to put the pieces together, and he had been assisted by a special source of intelligence: the decoded Soviet messages. Harvey had learned about the intercepts while still at the FBI and had somehow contrived through his Bureau friends to continue reading the traffic even though the CIA had not yet been told about the code break. The decoded passages were too fragmentary to provide any hard evidence against Philby, but there was enough there to reinforce the suspicions aroused by the Volkov affair and the disappearance of Burgess and Maclean. Since he was not supposed to have access to the intercepts, Harvey could make no mention of them in his memo.

Angleton, too, had a special source of intelligence on Philby. Like so many other things in Angleton's career, this special source stemmed from his Israeli connection. Teddy Kollek had first met Philby in Vienna during the traumatic months in which he switched his allegiance to the Soviet camp. Kollek had a keen awareness of Philby's left-wing ties. According to one account, he had actually been present at Philby's marriage to the Communist Litzi Friedman. When Kollek arrived in the United States in 1949 as a member of a purchasing mission for the new State of Israel, he renewed his acquaintance with Philby and struck up a friendship with Angleton, the CIA man handling the Israeli account. Like everyone else meeting Angleton for the first time, Kollek was fascinated. "Jim is by no means an ordinary person," he recalled. "He is an original thinker…. He liked to sit up talking until four or five in the morning and often spoke in riddles that you had to interpret or feel, rather than analyze with cold logic." It was from Kollek, Angleton later said, that he first learned of Philby's left-wing youth and his short-lived marriage to Litzi Friedman.

Special sources aside, the fact remained that Harvey, not Angleton, had made the case against Philby, a fact that only increased the rivalry between the two men. When Harvey saw Angleton's four-page memo describing the relationship between Philby and Burgess, he wrote at the bottom: "What is the rest of this story?" According to one senior officer, the feud between them became so intense that Harvey at one point accused Angleton himself of being a Soviet agent. A lie-detector test supported Angleton's innocence, but his ego remained in shock. "He could not take credit for suggesting Philby was a penetration no matter how much he wanted to believe it," one officer said. "Harvey could take credit, and I think Angleton held a grudge against Harvey because of it."

Whatever his personal feelings, Angleton would spend the rest of his professional life in counterintelligence as if he were trying to atone for his failure to detect Philby. In many respects, that would be the single most lasting effect of the Philby affair on American intelligence.

Fair Play Reconsidered

4

Like all counterintelligence cases, the Philby affair was a maze of contradictions that invited alternative solutions. An FBI memo raised some of the more troubling questions about the case: "If Philby did use Burgess as a courier, it was the most unprofessional way to alert Maclean that he was under investigation. In a normal Soviet espionage operation, Soviet agents have both means of regular access to their Soviet handlers as well as emergency methods of contact. In normal operations, it would have been sufficient for Philby to alert his Soviet handler who could have taken over and relayed the information to appropriate officials. By using Burgess, Philby unnecessarily compromised all three of these valuable agents. In addition, he knew that Burgess was a drunkard and a homosexual and would not be considered a reliable courier since he could well have revealed his operation while in a drunken stupor on his way back to England."

This otherwise inexplicable lapse in Soviet spycraft suggested that the Russians had deliberately blown Philby in order to protect an even more valuable penetration agent. The Soviets had once protected Philby by doing nothing to prevent the FBI from rolling up the Fuchs and Rosenberg networks. It was not inconceivable that they could have given Philby up in favor of some other source, particularly since they knew that the Armed Forces Security Agency had succeeded in breaking his cryptonym out of the cable traffic. It was even possible that Philby, despite his later claims and despite Harvey's analysis, had not sent Burgess to warn Maclean. There were other British intelligence officers—some senior members of MI5 in particular—who were close to Burgess and knew that Maclean was under suspicion. Perhaps one of them was the third man. No one could say with any certainty what the real situation was— except that it was probably worse than anyone realized.

In 1951 Soviet spies were so thick in Washington that in the case of Philby and Burgess they actually lived in the same house. Even though that network had been neutralized, there remained the possibility of other, as yet unknown, penetrations. For its part, the CIA had failed utterly in its own attempts to penetrate the Soviet Union. Peer de Silva, the former security officer for the Manhattan Engineering Project, who in 1951 became the chief of operations for the CIA's Soviet Bloc Division, said that "a close review of our operational files led me to [conclude] that practically every one of our parachuted agents was under Soviet control and was reporting back to us under duress. The KGB was writing their messages and feeding back information they wanted us to have, which was either false, misleading or confusing. We therefore had almost no assets, in terms of agents, within the borders of the USSR or the Baltic states."

There was nothing for it but to press ahead, to hope that the worst was over and that time would heal the wounds left by Soviet penetration agents. But events soon reopened those wounds and spread the infection of panic throughout the government. Publicly, Senator Joseph McCarthy was in full cry. Secretly, new developments in the Burgess and Maclean affair demanded attention.

In 1951 only a handful of men appreciated the full significance of the disappearance of Burgess and Maclean. Harvey's allegation against Philby remained a tightly held secret, and although the disappearance of the two diplomats was a public sensation, only those officers privy to the code break and the search for source HOMER realized how long and how well

Maclean had served the Soviet cause. The facts available to everyone else, both in and out of government, suggested only that Burgess and Maclean were a pair of dissolutes who had destroyed their careers by their indiscretions and hoped to make a new start in life on the other side. The few who knew the full story did nothing to discourage that naive perception, but in 1954 the facade was finally stripped away by the defection in Sydney, Australia, of a Russian intelligence officer named Vladimir Petrov. During his debriefing, Petrov said that his assistant, Filipp Kislitsyn, had formerly been in charge of a special section in Moscow that served as the depository for all of the material turned over by Burgess and Maclean. They were "long-term agents who had each been independently recruited to work for Soviet intelligence in their student days at Cambridge University," Petrov quoted Kislitsyn as saying. "Their flight was planned and directed from Moscow, and Kislitsyn was present during the planning of the escape operation," Petrov continued. "The reason for their flight was that they had discovered that they were under investigation by the British Security Service."

Petrov's information added nothing to Harvey's understanding of the Burgess and Maclean affair, but it came as a revelation to those intelligence officers and government officials who had not been told about the communications intercepts or the suspicions about Philby. The senior intelligence officer for the Joint Chiefs of Staff sounded thunderstruck. "It would appear that very nearly all U.S./U.K. high-level planning information prior to 25 May 1951 [the date Burgess and Maclean fled] must be considered compromised," he wrote. "Rather than attempt an estimate of how much damage has been done, it might be more profitable to quietly inquire into just who may be taking the place of these two men in the apparatus at this time. It is inconceivable that the pipeline dried up and operations stopped on 25 May 1951."

In July of 1954, just three months after Petrov’s defection, President Eisenhower directed Lieutenant General James Doolittle to “undertake a comprehensive study of the covert activities of the Central Intelligence Agency” and to “make any recommendations calculated to improve the conduct of these operations.” Two months later, Doolittle handed Eisenhower a sixty-nine-page top-secret report that confirmed what everybody now realized: the CIA was losing the secret war against the KGB. “Because the United States is relatively new at this game, and because we are opposed by a police-state enemy whose social discipline and whose security measures have been built up and maintained at a high level for many years, the usable information we are obtaining is still far short of our needs.” Doolittle recommended a number of specific remedies, including the exploration of “every possible scientific and technical avenue of approach to the intelligence problem,” and the “intensification of CIA’s counterintelligence efforts to prevent or detect and eliminate penetrations of CIA.” More fundamentally, he urged the CIA to become “more ruthless” than the KGB. “If the United States is to survive, long-standing American concepts of ‘fair play’ must be reconsidered,” Doolittle said. “We must develop effective espionage and counterespionage services and must learn to subvert, sabotage and destroy our enemies by more clever, more sophisticated and more effective methods than those used against us.”

The Doolittle report foreshadowed much of what the CIA, and Angleton and Harvey in particular, would undertake in the ensuing years. Within weeks of the report’s submission, the new CIA Director, Allen Dulles, placed Angleton in charge of an expanded Counterintelligence Division that would intensify to the point of fanaticism “efforts to prevent or detect and eliminate penetrations of CIA.” Harvey had already been named chief of the CIA’s base in Berlin and was hard at work on a “technical avenue of approach to the intelligence problem” that would mark the CIA’s most daring foray in the secret war.

For Harvey to go abroad while Angleton remained behind in counterintelligence seemed a curious reversal of roles. Harvey had spent virtually his entire career in Washington, both at the FBI and the CIA, working exclusively, and in the case of Philby, brilliantly, on counterintelligence. Angleton had performed with equal brilliance overseas in postwar Italy, but he had fallen down on the Philby case. The assignment of Harvey to Berlin and Angleton to counterintelligence, however, was neither reward nor punishment for the Philby affair. A bottom line had not yet been drawn on that case. There was enough suspicion to warrant Philby's severance from the British service but not enough evidence to bring charges against him. CIA officers were instructed to avoid him, but in 1955, when he was publicly accused for the first time of being the "third man" in the Burgess and Maclean affair, the British Foreign Minister had no choice but to assure the House of Commons that there was "no reason to conclude that Mr. Philby has at any time betrayed the interests of his country."

Harvey went tc Berlin and Angleton stayed in Washington out of personal preference. Harvey was heeding the call to glory. Angleton was following the path to power. Harvey was heading for the front, leaving the tedious and thankless tasks of headquarters behind. Germany was where the line between East and West had been drawn, and Berlin, located a hundred miles behind the Iron Curtain, was the symbol of Allied determination to stand fast in the face of Soviet encroachment. "Germany was the biggest show we had, and Berlin was probably the most important base the Agency had," one CIA officer said. After the Director of Central Intelligence, the base chief in Berlin was probably the most visible CIA officer in the world. In the secret corridors of espionage, however, visibility did not bring power. That ineffable commodity was the reward of those who labored from within. It was no accident that of the young men present at the CIA's creation, the two who would in the long run exert the most influence over the Agency's operations were Angleton and Richard Helms, both of whom held headquarters assignments throughout their careers. Helms would rise to the Director's office, while Angleton remained in counterintelligence, never climbing a step higher than where he stood in 1954 but ever broadening his base until his was the most powerful and impregnable fiefdom in the secret realm.

Harvey's first overseas assignment marked a merciful end to his increasingly unhappy life with Libby. Their marriage was breaking under the strain of his infidelity and her drinking, and on more than one occasion had degenerated into physical violence. He would fly into a rage, "throw glasses, card table, anything he could pick up," Libby testified during the divorce proceedings. "He hit me several times … on the nose and kicked me a couple of times…. I had to go to the doctor and have an X-ray and had to have applications of heat put on it." Libby went home to Kentucky, and Harvey escaped with their five-year-old adopted son to Berlin.

Soon after the divorce became final, Harvey married a WAC major named Clara Grace Follich, whom he had met at the CIA station in Frankfurt. C.G., as everyone called her, left her job as administrative assistant to General Lucien Truscott, the CIA commander for all of Germany, and after a honeymoon in Majorca, the couple moved into a fortresslike white-stucco villa in Berlin. C.G. continued to work for the CIA in Berlin, managing the Agency's safe houses. (To guard against the possibility the houses might be used as secret trysting places, C.G. decreed that the cleaning ladies hired to look after them must be past the age of desire.) The newlyweds adopted a daughter, an infant who had been left on the doorstep of another CIA officer's home by an East German woman who wanted her child to grow up free. Harvey's friends kidded him that his daughter was the ultimate Soviet penetration agent. "Is this kid wired?" they cracked. "Knock it off," he grumbled.

Harvey had first seen Germany in 1950 when the CIA base at Pullach on the outskirts of Munich picked up an aging and down-at-the-heels Austrian count claiming to be in contact with a Soviet cipher officer in Vienna who was prepared to tell all in return for $25,000 in cash and resettlement in the West. The Pullach base was skeptical, even though the CIA station in Vienna observed the count entering Soviet headquarters at the Imperial Hotel and was able to confirm that the Russian officer he claimed to be in contact with actually existed. Pullach cabled headquarters recommending that they break contact with the count, but Harvey wanted to see for himself. The Soviets had changed their entire cipher system in 1948 after learning of the code break, and any chance, however slim, to crack the new system could not be overlooked. Harvey arrived at Pullach along with a "Pelican Team" of interrogators equipped with sodium pentothal. The "truth serum" only succeeded in making the count violently ill, but a simple polygraph convinced Harvey that he was a fraud who had worked for the Russians as a low-level informant but had no knowledge of Soviet ciphers or contact with anyone who did. Pullach sent out a "burn notice," notifying all CIA stations and Allied intelligence services that the count should be ignored if he ever tried to peddle his shoddy goods again. Harvey's mission to Pullach had proved fruitless, but it was a memorable one nonetheless. On his way to a dinner party one evening, he stopped off for cocktails at the base chief's house, where he lingered on and on, downing one martini after another and ignoring repeated hints about the late hour until his expectant host finally tracked him down by phone with news that the food was growing cold. When at last Harvey sat down to dinner, he promptly fell asleep—in his salad, according to Peer de Silva's account.

If Harvey's reputation preceded him to Berlin, he did not disappoint. At a cocktail party given to introduce him to the State Department types, he again fell asleep, this time in an easy chair with a drink in his hand, cocked at a precarious angle. The assembled diplomats hovered nearby, absorbed in the fate of the tipping drink.

Harvey's drinking would become legend during his years in Berlin. His capacity, like his growing bulk, was enormous. On a trip to Copenhagen, Harvey checked in at the Hotel d'Angleterre in midafternoon and waited at the bar to meet the local station chief for dinner. The station chief arrived to find the bartender staring in wonder as Harvey downed his seventh double martini. They adjourned to the dining room, where Harvey ordered another round and wine with dinner. At home, Harvey served his guests martinis in water goblets. Relations with his MI6 counterpart were never better than the night he put an olive in his colleague's glass and filled it with water while two senior officers from London grew glassy-eyed over the real thing.

Harvey did not speak a word of German on the day he arrived in Berlin and scarcely more on the day he left, a fact that he was loath to admit. "I can remember sitting next to Harvey on a plane, and he was pretending to read a German newspaper," said an officer in the CIA station at Frankfurt. "He didn't read a word of German. I knew it, and he knew I knew it." Harvey's lack of German may have been a source of embarrassment to him, but it did not hamper his effectiveness. Berlin was an occupied city, and the Germans quickly learned to speak the language of the occupying powers.

In theory, Harvey was subordinate to the American military commanders in Berlin. In practice, he answered to no one—as Brigadier General Kermit Davis, chief of staff for the American Military Command, found out. During the winter, Davis walked home for lunch each day along a path plowed through the snow just wide enough for two men to pass. For two days in a row, Davis had encountered a pair of men dressed in trench coats and berets, conversing together in German. Each time, they bore down on him two abreast, forcing him off the plowed path into the snow. On the third day, Davis stepped aside with resignation as the two men strode toward him, but as they passed, he threw a body block, knocking them both into the snow. Calling them “Kraut sons of bitches,” Davis was surprised to hear their muttered oaths coming back at him in English. He realized they were Americans and followed them far enough to see them enter the CIA compound. Storming into Harvey’s office, Davis demanded that some action be taken against the two men, who had been so disrespectful to the second-highest-ranking American officer in Berlin. Harvey laughed and said the two men should be commended for the effectiveness of their cover as “Kraut sons of bitches.”

The action in Berlin was wide open and rough. The walls of Harvey’s office were lined with racks of firearms, and a thermite bomb perched atop each safe, ready for the emergency destruction of files in the event of a Russian invasion. Shortly before Harvey arrived in the city, Dr. Walter Linse, director of a CIA-financed organization that collected intelligence from an underground network of laborers in East Germany, was wrestled into a taxicab one morning as he emerged from his apartment. Police gave chase as the taxi sped toward the Soviet sector, guns blazing. Linse was never seen again—the victim of one of the two-score kidnappings that occurred in Berlin over a two-year period.

When Harvey arrived in this Wild West of espionage, he ordered all CIA officers to carry sidearms when conducting operations. Harvey himself “kept three or four in his desk and never less than two on him.” At a square-dancing party one warm summer evening in Berlin, Harvey was perspiring profusely under a heavy tweed sports jacket but rejected all suggestions that he take it off. “Can’t,” he growled, flipping open the jacket to reveal a pearl-handled revolver strapped under each sweaty armpit. Why not check the guns at the door? one of the gaping onlookers asked. “Can’t,” Harvey growled again. “When you need ’em, you need ’em in a hurry.”

He was the only CIA officer in Berlin or anywhere else who carried a gun at all times. “If you ever know as many secrets as I do,” he liked to say, “then you’ll know why I carry a gun.” He would thoroughly unnerve a visitor by taking a loaded revolver from his desk and toying with it as they spoke, spinning the chamber and sighting down the barrel. If he was a houseguest, he would warn his host to make sure that no small children wandered into his room in the middle of the night, because he slept with a gun under his pillow and was likely to wake up shooting.

Harvey’s fixation on guns was not wholly irrational. By unwritten code, the CIA and the KGB did not kill each other’s officers, but if ever the KGB were to make an exception, the man who had ended the career of Kim Philby would be a good place to begin. To most of his colleagues, however, Harvey’s guns seemed like so much “braggadocio” or “window dressing,” a melodramatic exaggeration of the dangers he faced. “It was a very boring thing,” one officer said, “especially to people who had jumped out of airplanes and who had been involved in combat.” Others saw it as a hangover from his FBI days, like the key chain he wore on his left hip, which did not belong in the subtler and more sophisticated world of espionage—as opposed to drinking, which somehow came with the territory. “He had FBI written all over him,” said Mike Burke, chief of covert action in Frankfurt. “That fellow Harvey is a conspiratorial cop,” Allen Dulles remarked. “The only trouble is I can’t tell if he’s more conspiratorial or cop.”

Shortly after he arrived in Berlin, Harvey was visited by Frank Wisner, head of the CIA’s Operations Directorate, who asked to be taken to meet the mayor of Berlin. Wisner, Burke, and Tracy Barnes of the Frankfurt station squeezed into the back seat of Harvey’s car. Harvey got behind the wheel with a gun jammed in his belt, turned to an aide sitting next to him in the front seat, and barked, “Finger the turns”—FBI lingo meaning point the way. “It was like a Grade C movie,” Burke related. Later, when Wisner was preparing to return to Washington aboard an ocean liner, he received a bon voyage telegram from Barnes saying: “Don’t forget to finger the terns”—meaning gulls.

The same men who enjoyed their *bons mots* at Harvey's expense had also put him where he was, and Berlin during the 1950s was the front line of the secret war between the CIA and the KGB. It was an assignment for which he was as perfectly suited as General George S. Patton was for combat. Bill Harvey was the secret war made flesh.

If Harvey was the point man for the secret war, Angleton was the paper man, building his counterintelligence staff and its filekeeping capabilities into a more menacing force than Harvey's entire armory of guns. Although the Doolittle report had recommended a 10 percent cut in CIA personnel in order to eliminate the "large number of people some of whom were of doubtful competence" who had joined the Agency during the Korean War, Angleton's counterintelligence cadre was vastly expanded in size. What had begun as a tiny staff of two or three researchers under Harvey in 1947 had grown to 125 under Angleton. "Prior to Angleton the counterintelligence staff was nothing," a CIA officer who had worked for both Angleton and Harvey said. Flexing his added muscle, Angleton set out to fulfill the mandate of the Doolittle report by developing a new source of intelligence known as HT/LINGUAL, a project that violated not only "long-standing American concepts of 'fair play' " but the law as well.

On November 21, 1955, Angleton recommended to Richard Helms, the number two man in the Operations Directorate, that "we gain access to all mail traffic to and from the USSR which enters, departs or transits the United States through the Port of New York." The CIA, with the approval of the Post Office, had been photographing the outsides of envelopes for three years, but the number of letters actually opened was very small. "Presently letters are opened without the knowledge of the Post Office Department on a completely surreptitious basis, namely, swiping a letter, processing it at night and returning it the next day," Angleton explained to Helms, adding the complaint that the "material is not being exploited nearly to the extent it could be." With HT/LINGUAL, "more letters will be opened," he promised. “It is estimated that it will be possible to make discreet interior examination and photograph the contents of approximately two per cent of all incoming communications from the USSR, or approximately 400 per month.”

Opening the mail on such a scale would provide “an entirely new avenue of information in the field of counter-espionage,” Angleton argued. Precisely because opening letters was patently illegal, he reasoned, the Soviets would regard mail as a secure means of communication. “It must be assumed that foreign espionage agents have relied on this policy of the United States Government and this has resulted in the extensive use of the mails for intelligence purposes to our detriment,” he counseled. Philby had boasted that he knew the limitations imposed on his adversary’s procedures “by law and convention.” But if he had assured the Soviets that the CIA would never tamper with the United States mail, he had badly misled them.

Each morning three CIA officers reported to a special room at New York’s LaGuardia Airport, where a postal clerk delivered from two to six sacks of mail. For his trouble—and his continued silence—the postal clerk received an annual bonus of $500 from the CIA. Working with a Diebold camera, the three officers photographed the exteriors of about 1,800 letters each day. Each evening they stashed about 60 of the letters in an attaché case or simply stuffed them in their pockets and took them to the CIA’s Manhattan Field Office for opening. Some of the letters were selected on the basis of a “watch list” of names compiled by Angleton’s staff, but most were picked at random. In Manhattan, the CIA officers, all graduates of a one-week “flaps-and-seals” course, used a steam kettle to soften the glue on an envelope and a narrow stick to pry open the flap. A proficient flaps-and-seals man could do the job in five seconds. In an effort to increase the take, the CIA developed a steam oven that could handle a hundred letters at a time, but the flaps-and-seals men found it unreliable and went back to the steam kettle. Once photographed, the letter was put back in its envelope and returned to the mail stream the next day. The film was sent by registered mail or courier to CIA headquarters in Washington. There, a small "Projects Branch" within the Counterintelligence Division processed the film, analyzed the content of the letters, and indexed the names.

HT/LINGUAL began slowly but rapidly picked up speed. Only 832 letters were opened during the first year of operation, but two years later 8,000 letters were being opened annually. Angleton recommended the establishment of a laboratory in the Manhattan Field Office that could "increase our production about 20 per cent" and at the same time inspect the letters for "secret writing and/or microdots." With the laboratory in operation, more than 14,000 letters were being opened each year. Gradually the watch list grew from a small core of 10 to 20 names to some 600, including such organizations as the American Friends Service Committee and the Federation of American Scientists, as well as authors like Edward Albee and John Steinbeck, and even a member of the Rockefeller family. Correspondents whose letters were opened at random included congressmen, senators, and a presidential candidate, Richard M. Nixon. A total of 215,820 letters would actually be opened, producing a computerized index of 2 million names. "From the counterintelligence point of view, we believed that it was extremely important to know everything possible regarding contacts of American citizens with Communist countries," Angleton explained.

From the beginning, he recognized that the operation was illegal and that exposure would cause "serious public reaction in the United States," perhaps leading to a congressional inquiry. But an aide to Angleton was confident that if the operation were blown, "it should be relatively easy to 'hush up' the entire affair." At worst, "it might become necessary … to find a scapegoat to blame for unauthorized tampering with the mail." In any case, "the effort was worth the risk."

Virtually every other CIA officer who reviewed HT/LINGUAL came to exactly the opposite conclusion. The Agency's Inspector General found very little counterintelligence potential in the operation, since it must "be assumed that Russian tradecraft is as good as our own and that Russian agents communicating with their headquarters would have more secure channels than open mail." Passing references in the letters to crop conditions, prices, or the weather might be of some incidental intelligence value but hardly enough to justify either the risk or the cost of opening the mail. After a preliminary sampling of letters, the most that Angleton could claim for HT/LINGUAL was the "interesting" fact that eight letters from the heartland of Godless Communism had contained "some religious reference." Beyond that, the first batch of mail was no help at all. "An examination of the contents of 35 communications from the Georgian Republic prior to the 9 March 1956 uprising showed no indication of discontent in any manner," he acknowledged. The mail was later to prove useful in helping the FBI and Angleton's counterintelligence staff keep track of members of the Rosenberg network who had fled to Russia yet still corresponded with friends and relatives in the United States, but almost by definition the operation was not likely to yield anything more valuable than that. Since Soviet citizens assumed that their letters were routinely opened and read by the local authorities, the Inspector General pointed out, "it is improbable that anyone inside Russia would wittingly send or receive mail containing anything of obvious intelligence or political significance." Summing up his evaluation of HT/LINGUAL, the Inspector General said that "most of the offices we spoke to find it occasionally helpful, but there is no recent evidence of it having provided significant leads or information which have had positive operational results. The Office of Security has found the material to be of little value. The positive intelligence derived from this source is meager."

HT/LINGUAL played to the enemy's strength. The CIA could not hope to match the KGB in police-state tactics. The law forbade it. Of course, the law could be broken, as with HT/LINGUAL, but it had to be done in such restrictive secrecy, hidden not only from the public but from the rest of the government, that the operation was a pale shadow of what the Soviets could mount. To succeed somehow in duplicating Soviet tactics despite the law would be a *de facto* admission of defeat, since the CIA would be corrupting the very political system it was fighting to preserve from Russian subversion. Angleton was not the only CIA officer whose attempts at becoming "more ruthless" than the KGB would lead him into a self-defeating imitation of Soviet tactics, although the danger was naturally greatest in the field of counterintelligence, which concentrated exclusively on thwarting those tactics. In later years, Harvey would resort to practices far more ruthless than opening mail.

It was easy enough to say of such excesses, as Angleton did of HT/LINGUAL, that "I reconciled it in terms of the knowledge I had, and my colleagues had, regarding the nature of the threat." But the simple fact was that they didn't work. Almost without exception, the CIA's real achievements relied not on police-state tactics but on the weapon of which the KGB had a critically short supply—technology. The Doolittle report, despite its call to "subvert, sabotage and destroy our enemies," recognized the potential of the "technical avenue of approach." It was a potential that would be realized in striking fashion during Harvey's stay in Berlin.

Carl Nelson of the CIA's Office of Communications stood at his hotel-room window and looked out on Vienna's Ringstrasse, a circumferential boulevard laid down where ramparts once guarded the seat of the Hapsburg empire. Across the street stood the Imperial Hotel, headquarters for the Soviet occupation forces, which shared uneasy dominion over the city with British, French, and American troops. The object of Nelson's interest—a pair of cables connecting the Imperial Hotel with the Soviet command in

Moscow—was so close he felt he could reach out his hand and touch it. Later, he strolled through the streets, following the path of the cables overhead to the outskirts of the city, where they snaked underground to connect with the long-distance lines leading to Moscow. Nelson traced their subterranean route on a blueprint as they ran parallel to the main highway that connected the airport with the city center.

It was the fall of 1951 and Nelson was searching for the best location to install a wiretap. But before he could find it he was taken aside by British officials and informed that MI6 was already monitoring the Soviet lines. A full two years before, MI6 had purchased a private house set back a short distance from the highway in the suburb of Schwechat. Engineers had resurfaced the driveway with a sturdy expanse of reinforced concrete and beneath it had dug a seventy-foot tunnel from the basement out to the cables. Nelson's scratching about was only one of several, slightly comical complications that had bedeviled the British operation since its inception.

Casting about for a cover, MI6 had first set up a Harris tweed import shop in one of the buildings next to the highway, confident that such quintessentially British goods would not attract enough customers in Vienna to interfere with the real business of installing the tap. To its dismay, MI6 found Harris tweed to be immensely popular with the local population. The first shipment from England was an instant sellout, and British operatives were soon buried beneath an avalanche of import license applications as they struggled to keep pace with the demand. Withdrawing from its unwanted bonanza, MI6 moved into the private home and finally managed to install the tap. According to the plan, a British officer was to pick up the first set of tapes recorded by the monitoring station from a schoolgirl who would be carrying them in her bookbag while strolling in Schoenbrun Park. When the MI6 man approached his pubescent contact, however, a Viennese policeman collared him on suspicion of child molestation. British officials hurriedly explained the situation to the Viennese authorities, and Operation

SILVER, as it was called, proceeded without further incident until Nelson stumbled upon it, forcing the British to share their hard-earned communications intelligence with the Americans.

Nelson could not have struck SILVER—the first successful attack on a major Soviet landline—at a more opportune time. The advent of ultra-high-frequency line-of-sight radio communications had sharply reduced the amount of intelligence that could be gleaned from the airwaves. Lower frequencies, with their longer waves, would bend around the curve of the earth and could be monitored at great remove from the source. The higher frequencies, with their shorter waves, did not follow the curve of the earth. Traveling in straight lines, they could be intercepted only at points directly in line with the transmitter and receiver. “You could no longer sit back in your own territory and listen to Russian radio communications,” a CIA officer explained. The result, a CIA document noted, was the creation of “gaps in our intelligence coverage which were particularly unfortunate during the period of Cold War escalation.”

At the same time that technology was working against the interception of Soviet radio signals, however, Carl Nelson had scored a major breakthrough in the interception of messages carried over landlines. Twenty years later, Nelson’s breakthrough would remain such a closely held secret that it would be referred to only in the most guarded terms, even within the CIA. “[T]he Office of Communications, in the course of its continuing efforts to provide secure communications for the Agency, became aware of a principle which, when applied to target communications, offered certain possibilities,” one document noted cryptically.

Nelson had discovered that SIGTOT, a cipher machine manufactured by the Bell System for use by the United States in its worldwide communications, was vulnerable to intercept. He had invented a way to tap into any cable carrying SIGTOT’s enciphered message and monitor that message, not in its encoded form but in plain text. No code-breaking was required. Once he had hooked up the proper combination of capacitors, amplifiers, and assorted gadgets, Nelson could sit back and watch the clear text clatter forth at sixty words per minute onto an ordinary teletype machine. The only limitation was that the tap had to be installed within twenty miles of the point from which the signal originated. Very simply, Nelson had discovered that as SIGTOT electrically encrypted a message from the clear text to a meaningless jumble of letters, it gave off faint echoes of the clear text, which traveled along the wire with the enciphered message.

Immediately and at great expense, the United States abandoned SIGTOT for a more secure cipher system, while Nelson set out to determine whether the other side's communications system was equally vulnerable. Operation SILVER proved that it was. Just as with SIGTOT, echoes—Nelson called them "transients" or "artifacts"—of the clear-text messages being enciphered by the Russians at the Imperial Hotel on Vienna's Ringstrasse could be sorted out from the encoded signals monitored at the listening post in the suburb of Schwechat. American intelligence had scored its biggest coup since the wartime code break that had uncovered source HOMER. This time, however, the British were not let in on the secret, even though MI6 had dug the tunnel and installed the tap. Once Nelson's technique was proved in operation, five more taps were installed on Soviet landlines in and around Vienna, but the original tap at Schwechat proved the most valuable, for it revealed that the Soviet Union would not commit itself to a military advance through the Balkans, a piece of intelligence holding enormous significance for the disposition of American troops during the fighting in Korea.

The CIA moved rapidly to exploit Nelson's invention before the Russians found out about the "artifacts." "Exploratory discussions were held in Washington to plan the mounting of an attack on Soviet landlines in East Germany with special emphasis to be placed on the Berlin area," an Agency document recorded. Second only to Moscow, Berlin was the hub of the Soviet communications system. “As a result of the 19th century imperial control of the great European nations, all cables ran from the provinces into the capitals and back out again,” a CIA officer explained. “In French colonial Africa, for instance, you couldn’t call directly between two provinces. The call would go back to Paris and out again.” In Eastern Europe, “everything came to Berlin. When the Soviet commandant in Bucharest or Warsaw called Moscow the call went through Berlin.”

In Berlin, Nelson found that the blueprint of the city’s telephone and telegraph system resembled nothing so much as a giant pin-wheel. The lines were laid out in two concentric loops, encompassing the entire city, both East and West. At various points along the circumference of each loop, there were switching stations from which lines shot out to bring service to each district of the city. Nelson traced the cables as they arced across East Berlin from Altglienecke in the south, through Karlshorst, headquarters of the Soviet command, and on to Lichtenberg farther north. The cables continued into West Berlin, but the system had been severed with the division of the city into Soviet and Western sectors. Although the lines linking the two halves of the city remained in place, they were no longer connected to their terminals. Looking at the blueprint, Nelson could see that all that was required to tap into the East Berlin system was to reconnect the lines.

Harvey, as CIA base chief in Berlin, arranged for an agent inside the Lichtenberg switching station to be given precise instructions for connecting the cables to a line that had its other end in West Berlin’s central post office. The reconnected lines were there for all to see, and it would only be a matter of time before East German phone men came across them. But the hookup would have to do until enough samples of the traffic could be collected to determine whether a permanent tap would be worth the effort.

With West German assistance, a CIA technician set up banks of monitoring equipment inside the post office. For three weeks, the technician stayed locked in a stifling, closetlike room, maintaining watch over the equipment while it recorded reel upon reel of tape. The test was a success. As in Vienna, the equipment was able to pick up the clear-text echoes of enciphered messages. “At this point we knew it could be done,” a CIA paper said, “The next step was the problem of installing a permanent tap on the target lines.”

Building a tunnel would not be as easy as it had been in Vienna. This would be no short dig from house to street. A tunnel in Berlin would have to originate in the Western sector and burrow hundreds of yards across a heavily patrolled border into the eastern half of the city. No one had ever attempted anything like it. The closest thing the CIA had to a tunnel expert was a young engineer in the Office of Communications with a degree in soil mechanics. British intelligence, at least, had some experience in the highly specialized art of vertical tunneling, and had developed a method for digging upward through soft soil without having the roof collapse. The Americans and British would have to pool their resources.

A CIA document set forth the division of labor. The CIA would “(1) procure a site … and drive a tunnel to a point beneath the target cables … (2) be responsible for the recording of all signals produced … (3) process in Washington all of the telegraphic material received from the project.” MI6 would “(1) drive a vertical shaft from the tunnel’s end to the targets; (2) effect the cable taps and deliver a usable signal to the head of the tunnel for recording; and (3) provide for a … center … to process the voice recordings from the site.” The project was code-named GOLD, and Harvey was placed in overall command.

Selection of the tunnel site was crucial. It had first of all to be within striking distance of the cables. Every foot in length meant another load of dirt that had to be excavated and disposed of under the noses of the Vopos, the East German border guards. Every foot in length increased the problem of ventilating the tunnel. Without proper ventilation, the electronic equipment needed for the tap would overheat. Under normal conditions, ventilation shafts could be sunk at regular intervals along the tunnel’s length to provide a source of cooling air. In a clandestine operation, fresh air had to be pumped from a hidden source at the mouth of the tunnel, and there were limits to how far the air could be pumped.

The cables made their closest approach to Western territory at the city’s extreme southern edge, a sparsely settled expanse of farmland and refugee shacks known as Altglienecke. Still a thousand feet away from the border, they lay just eighteen inches beneath a drainage ditch on the far side of Schoenefelder Chaussee, a heavily traveled highway linking the main Soviet air base in Germany with East Berlin. Geological maps showed the terrain to be uniformly flat and composed of a soft, almost sandy soil that would yield easily to pick and shovel, but aerial reconnaissance revealed disparities in the drainage of the soil. Wet, poorly drained areas showed up as dark, while dry, well-drained areas appeared light. Water had to be avoided. It would complicate the digging and damage the electronic equipment. One area, its most prominent landmark a graveyard on the eastern side of the border, showed up white in the aerial photos. There, said the CIA’s soil mechanic, would be the best place to dig a tunnel. Digging directly under the graveyard was “ruled out for aesthetic reasons,” he recalled. “We didn’t want the Russians accusing us of desecrating German graves.” So the line of attack was laid slightly to the north of the graveyard.

Harvey flew back to Washington to brief Allen Dulles, Frank Wisner, Richard Helms, and other senior Agency officials on the plan. “There were those who manifested reservations,” a CIA document noted dryly, but those reservations paled in the face of Harvey’s fervor. “Without Harvey there would have been no tunnel,” the soil mechanic said. “The easy thing was to say ‘No’ and be on the safe side and not take a chance, but Harvey would keep badgering the chiefs, stripping away their objections.” A senior officer who listened to Harvey’s briefing agreed. “I don’t think the Director or Frank Wisner or Dick Helms would have gone ahead with it if they hadn’t had a guy like Harvey in West Berlin.” Dulles approved the operation, directing that “in the interest of security, as little as possible concerning the project would be reduced to writing.” A CIA officer reviewing the project years later commented that “it is probable that few orders have been so conscientiously obeyed.”

Early in 1954 two teams of Army engineers began work on the tunnel at sites six thousand miles apart. In Berlin a Corps of Engineers unit started construction of a warehouse directly over the spot chosen for the mouth of the tunnel. In New Mexico, at the White Sands Missile Proving Ground, sixteen handpicked Army sergeants working under the direction of Lieutenant Colonel Leslie Gross, a combat engineer recently returned from Korea, sank a test tunnel beneath the desert.

The commander of the engineers in Berlin could not understand why a warehouse had to have a basement with a 12-foot ceiling. That was not the way the Army built warehouses. For one thing, it meant that an enormous amount of earth had to excavated and hauled away in dump trucks. The commander refused to proceed until a direct order from Washington changed his mind. In the strictest of confidence, Washington explained that he was not really building a warehouse but a radar intercept station designed to look like a warehouse. Washington did not explain that no sooner would the basement be finished than another crew of engineers would start to fill it in again with the 3,100 tons of dirt that would be produced by a tunnel 1,476 feet long and 6½ feet in diameter.

In New Mexico, the crew of sixteen sergeants successfully completed a 450-foot test tunnel through soil of approximately the same composition as in Berlin. The major concern had been that the tunneling would cause the soft earth to settle, leaving a telltale furrow aboveground. The deeper the tunnel, the less chance that settling, or “slump,” would occur. But the deeper the tunnel, the more dirt would have to be excavated from the vertical shafts at either end, and the more weight would press down from above. The engineers chose 20 feet as the optimum depth of the tunnel floor, leaving 13½ feet of undisturbed earth between its roof and the surface.

The crew of sixteen abandoned the New Mexico tunnel and flew to Richmond, Virginia, where the material needed for Operation GOLD was being assembled in a real Army warehouse. One hundred and twenty-five tons of steel liner plates that would be bolted together to form the tunnel walls were sprayed with a rubberized coating to prevent them from clanging during construction. All the equipment was packed in crates labeled “spare parts” and “office supplies,” shipped by sea to the German port of Bremerhaven, placed aboard the regularly scheduled supply train for Berlin, and finally trucked to the new warehouse near Altglienecke.

The Vopos, watching through their binoculars less than a hundred yards away, were not easily fooled. They could see that the Americans had come to spy. Warehouses were not surrounded by double rings of barbed wire, powered by expensive diesel generators, and manned by troops wearing the insignia of the Army Signal Corps. What really gave the game away was the parabolic antenna, an AN/APR9, the most sophisticated electronic receiver in the United States inventory, which was perched atop the warehouse roof. Clearly, the warehouse was to be used as a radar intercept station that would scour the airwaves for pulses emitted by the nearby Soviet air base at Schoenefeld. The Vopos would have been dumbstruck to learn that the AN/APR9 had been selected not by an electronics wizard but by the CIA’s soil mechanic because “I thought the antenna cluster looked real sexy.”

By August of 1954 the warehouse was ready. The ground floor was stocked to capacity with crates of “spare parts” and “office supplies.”

Below, the cavernous basement stood empty, waiting to be filled again with dirt. All that remained before the sixteen sergeants could start digging was —a softball game.

The closest calculation of the entire operation would be to determine the precise point at which to stop burrowing eastward and start digging upward toward the cables. The engineers needed an object of known size in the Soviet sector upon which to base their measurements. None existed, so they tried to infiltrate one in the form of a softball. But each time a long fly ball sailed across the border, the Vopos picked it up and good-naturedly heaved it back before a technician stationed at a peephole in the warehouse could take his readings.

Abandoning their bat and ball, the engineers dispatched two CIA agents to have a flat tire on Schoenefelder Chaussee. While changing the tire, one of the agents placed a tiny reflector next to the road. An electronic surveyor's transit hidden behind the peephole sent out a beam that struck the reflector and bounced back, giving the precise distance between the two points. The engineers were confident they could hit the target within 6 inches either way.

Starting from a point in the easternmost corner of the warehouse basement, they sank a vertical shaft 18 feet in diameter to a depth of 20 feet, then drove pilings halfway into the floor of the shaft. Next, a steel ring 6½ feet in diameter and fitted with hydraulic jacks around its circumference was lowered into place. Braced against the exposed section of the pilings, the ring, or "shield," was fitted flush against the tunnel's face. Everything was now ready for the long subterranean journey eastward toward Schoenefelder Chaussee.

Three men attacked the tunnel face with pick and shovel. After excavating the face to a depth of 2 inches, they shoved the shield forward by jacking it against the pilings. Over and over again, the process was repeated: excavate, jack forward, excavate, jack forward. After advancing a foot, the diggers were able to bolt the first ring of steel liner plate into place. After another foot of progress, a second ring of liner plate. Plugs in the face of each plate were uncapped and mortar pumped under pressure to fill any voids between the tunnel walls and the surrounding earth, leaving no room for “slump.” One thousand cubic yards of mortar would be consumed before the tunnel was completed. When the tunnel reached 6 feet in length, the shield’s hydraulic jacks no longer needed to be braced against the pilings. The crush of the “overburden” held the completed portion of the tunnel so firmly in place that it could now serve as the brace against which the shield was jacked forward.

Divided into eight-hour shifts, the sergeants worked round the clock—three men at the face with pick and shovel, two loading the “spoil” into a box that was picked up by a forklift and hauled back to the mouth of the tunnel, where a winch raised it to the basement for dumping. Not all the spoil had to be brought up to the basement. Some was packed in sandbags and stacked along the sides of the tunnel. Ventilation ducts were placed on top of the sandbags, bringing a stream of chilled air to the sweating men at the tunnel face. As steel liner plates were needed, they were brought by forklift from the ground floor of the warehouse, down a ramp to the basement, and over to the shaft to be lowered to the waiting forklift below. The engineers took constant sightings from a peephole directly above the shaft to make sure that the tunnel did not wander off course. Minute changes in direction were made by jacking one side of the shield farther forward than the other.

About 50 feet out, the diggers struck water. At first the soil mechanic thought he had encountered a perched water table—a pocket of water prevented from percolating downward by an impervious stratum of soil. The smell suggested a different answer. In steering clear of the graveyard, the engineers had struck a course straight through the drainage field of the warehouse's own septic tank. The aesthetic drawbacks of the graveyard were nothing by comparison. There was no choice but to forge ahead.

The demands of security forced delays at every step. Ordinarily, a sharp blow with a sledgehammer could be counted on to free the hydraulic jacks, which frequently jammed, but that made too much noise, so each time the jacks had to be disassembled and reassembled. Aboveground, a twenty-four-hour watch was kept with a Questar astronomic telescope from an observation post in the warehouse attic. The lookout was linked to the tunnel face by field telephone, and he ordered digging stopped each time the East German guards passed over the tunnel on patrol. The boredom of lookout duty "was relieved once in a while when the Vopos would entice one of the farm girls behind a haystack," a CIA officer said.

As the most visible CIA officer in Berlin, Harvey could safely visit the site only at night, taking a circuitous route that involved at least one change of cars. Major General Ben Harrell, chief of staff for the Army command in Berlin, recalled a nighttime tour of the tunnel with Harvey. "Harvey and I drove way across Berlin and went into a parking area and changed cars. It was real cloak and dagger as far as I was concerned…. Coming back, Bill asked me to come up and have a drink. He poured me a full glass of scotch without anything else in it. When I finally got home, my wife asked me where I'd been." Covered with mud and reeking of alcohol, Harrell could only offer the lame response, "I've been out with Bill Harvey on business."

On another nocturnal visit to the tunnel, Harvey sat quietly in the backseat of his car and listened to the driver and another G.I. carry on the soldier's eternal dialogue. "I'm getting horny as hell," one said. "Me, too," the other replied. "George is the only one who's had a piece of ass lately." When Harvey arrived at the tunnel, he ordered the duty officer to find out who George was and "get him the hell out of here." George's pillow talk could blow the entire operation. Investigation revealed that George was a dog, the warehouse mascot.

The tunnel was completed on February 25, 1955, a long, thin catheter ready to draw off the secrets of the Soviet military command in Berlin. Harvey walked along its length until he stood directly beneath the Schoenefelder Chaussee. The final 50 feet were separated from the rest of the tunnel by a heavy door of steel and concrete designed against the inevitable day the operation would be blown and the Vopos would come storming through. At Harvey's instruction, the door bore a neatly lettered inscription that warned in both German and Russian: "Entry is forbidden by order of the Commanding General."

Now it was up to the British to install the taps. A second shield was brought in to dig the vertical shaft up to the cables. The technique was the same as before except that the face of the shield was fitted with slats to keep the ceiling of the shaft from crashing down on the workmen. A single slat was removed to expose a small portion of the earth above, the earth was scraped out, the slat replaced, another slat removed, and another section of ceiling scraped out. When the earth behind each slat had been excavated, the entire shield was jacked upward and the process repeated, inching slowly, slowly toward the cables. Finally, three black rubbersheathed cables, each one as thick as a man's arm, emerged from the ceiling. With the help of a hydraulic jack, they were pulled downward into the tap chamber so that the technicians could have some headroom in which to work. A reinforced-concrete roof was erected to support the weight of the traffic overhead, but the rumble of each approaching lorry was an unnerving experience. Even though the chamber was insulated so as not to reverberate like a huge drum, "it was a weird sensation to be in the chamber when an iron-shod horse trotted across it," one CIA officer reported.

Even the air pressed heavier in this claustrophobic chamber. A double steel door at the entrance kept the space pressurized in order to prevent nitrogen gas sealed within the cables from escaping when the wires were laid bare. The nitrogen was a standard technique used to ward off moisture and to monitor the integrity of the cables. A leak anywhere along the line would cause the pressure of the nitrogen to drop and set off an alarm. The back pressure in the chamber prevented any leaks, but the breathing and perspiration of the technicians working in the dense atmosphere created such a moisture problem that they were frequently forced to evacuate the chamber so that the air-conditioning equipment could dehumidify it.

The tap was the riskiest moment of the entire venture. The East Germans regularly monitored the integrity of the circuits with a “fault finder,” a device that transmitted a pulse along the line that would come bouncing back the moment it discovered a break. The trick was to draw off such an infinitesimal portion of the signal that the loss would go undetected. With the rubber sheath removed and the back pressure keeping the nitrogen from escaping, the British technicians painstakingly clipped wires to the rainbow of color-coded circuits at their fingertips. The wires carried the signal down to banks of amplifiers in the tunnel and back up to rejoin the circuit. The amplifiers boosted the captured mites of sound and shot them through the tunnel along lead-sheathed cables that rested atop the sandbags to rows of sound-activated Ampex tape recorders in the warehouse. Visitors to the warehouse were struck by the eerie sound of 150 recorders hissing and whirring as they started and stopped in response to the stolen signals.

Processing the take was a task of staggering proportions. The three cables contained a total of 172 circuits carrying a minimum of 18 channels each. The CIA was in danger of becoming a victim of its own success. Having plugged into the Soviet command network, the Agency had to devise a method of sifting through the miles and miles of tape before the intelligence died of old age. What if the tapes recorded Soviet preparations for an attack on West Berlin but were not processed in time to sound the alarm?

A few circuits could be monitored at the site and items of particular interest immediately cabled to Washington or London. The most closely monitored circuits were not those of the Soviet high command but the East German engineering and police circuits. By listening to these, the CIA could tell where East German repair crews were at work and what plans the Vopos had for patrolling the area. The first hint that the tunnel had been discovered was likely to come over these circuits. Everything else was shipped home under armed guard aboard military aircraft. Recordings of the telegraph circuits were flown to Washington, where Carl Nelson's invention could sort out the plain-text artifacts from the encoded signals. Tapes of phone conversations went to London, where a team of White Russian émigrés waited to translate them. In Washington the tapes were delivered to building T-32, one of the World War II "Tempos" that disfigured the Mall between the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial. The floors of T-32, known as "the Hosiery Mill" because of the many strands of communications intelligence that came together there, sagged under the weight of the machinery assembled to process the tapes. The entire building was sheathed in steel in order to prevent the electronic pulses that ricocheted about the premises from escaping into the atmosphere, possibly to alert the other side.

The heart of the system was "the bumblebee," so called because, like the real bumblebee, all the laws of physics decreed that it would never get off the ground. "The bumblebee" played the tapes at 60 inches per second, four times the speed at which the captured signals had originally been transmitted, breaking down the 18 channels of each circuit into separate recordings—"demuxing," in the communicators' jargon. The 18 separate recordings were then placed on slow-speed recorders linked to teletype machines that printed out the message in clear text at 100 words per minute. The printed messages, still in their original Russian or German, were ripped from the teletypes and hand-carried to teams of translators and analysts on the floors above. To keep pace with "the bumblebee," the translators and analysts worked a schedule of two weeks on and one day off.

Inevitably, some of the circuits produced unintelligible signals, and a special five-man team of communications experts stationed at Nuremberg was called on to tackle the problem. On one occasion, the Russians were found to be using a two-channel teletype in which letters were transmitted alternately, to be divided into separate messages at the receiving end. If, for instance, one channel transmitted the word *m-i-s-s-i-l-e* and the other the word *r-o-c-k-e-t*, the tape would record *m-r-i-o-s-c-s-k-i-e-l-t-e*. No sooner had the two-channel mystery been solved than the Soviets switched to a three-channel teletype.

Sometimes circuits disappeared from the landlines for no apparent reason. The call signs of the missing circuits were cabled to Nuremberg, where the CIA team searched the airwaves for them, more often than not finding that the Russians had simply switched from landline to radio. When a circuit disappeared from the air, a check with T-32 in Washington frequently determined that the circuit had been moved underground.

Processing the tapes increased the chances of a leak by geometric proportions. Trying to remain as inconspicuous as possible, the fifty Russian- and German-speaking officers assigned to the Hosiery Mill were crammed into a windowless room with only 45 square feet of working space per person. The deputy chief of the processing section briefed them on the need for security. “It is greatly in your interest not to know where any of the material you are processing is coming from,” he began. Even so, “for the opposition to stop the flow, all they would have to know is that we have this many Russian and German speakers together.”

“From the beginning, it was realized that the duration of this operation was finite,” a CIA report on GOLD said. Sooner or later a mistake would give the operation away, or the East Germans would come across it in the course of routine maintenance. The British had made one mistake early on, but it had been caught in time. They had miscalculated the amount of heat given off by the amplifiers that lined the final fifty feet of the tunnel between the antipersonnel door and the tap chamber. Despite the best efforts of the air conditioning, the space was growing noticeably warmer. In the summer of 1955 a CIA officer flew to Berlin to study the problem. Uncapping the plugs in the steel liner plates through which the mortar had earlier been pumped, he drilled ten holes of varying depth into the surrounding earth. Into the holes he inserted thermometers connected by wire to a chart in the recording room. The thermometers confirmed that the earth was becoming warmer. On the first cold day of fall, the heat radiating from the equipment room, which was located directly under the Schoenefelder Chaussee, would melt the glaze of frost on the highway, leaving a dark, wet rectangle that would surely arouse suspicion. A chilled water-circulating system was hastily installed in the tunnel, using up Sears, Roebuck's entire East Coast inventory of plastic pipe, and the temperature of the earth began to fall.

There were other, more transitory scares. One morning a microphone positioned in the tap chamber picked up a series of alarming thuds. The lookout in the peak of the warehouse couldn't see what was happening. A dense fog obscured his view. "After the sun burned away the fog, visual observation showed that the East German police had set up a temporary automobile checkpoint directly over the chamber," a CIA report said. "The 'thuds' the microphone picked up were caused by the police officer in charge stomping his feet on the road surface to keep warm."

On April 21, 1956, eleven months and eleven days after the first Ampex tape recorder had whirred to the sound of the Soviet military command, the microphone in the tap chamber picked up a sound even more alarming than the thuds—voices exclaiming at what they had found. There had been no patch of melted frost on the highway nor, as far as anyone could tell, any other clue to alert the Soviets to the tunnel. "Analysis of all available evidence— traffic passing on the target cables, conversations recorded from a microphone installed in the tap chamber, and visual observations from the site—indicates that the Soviet discovery … was purely fortuitous," a CIA postmortem concluded. Another document attributed the discovery to "unfortunate circumstances beyond our control—a combination of the fact that one of the cables was in very poor physical condition … and a long period of unusually heavy rainfall. It appeared that water entered the cable in sufficient quantity to make it inoperative, thus necessitating digging up sections of the cable and causing discovery of the tap."

If discovery was inevitable, the Soviet reaction was not. "Among those most actively concerned with the project's management, a consensus developed that the Soviets would probably suppress knowledge of the tunnel's existence," a CIA analysis said. "It was felt that for the Soviets to admit that the U.S. had been reading their high-level communications circuits would cause the Soviets to lose face." But "fate intervened," the analysis continued. "The Commandant of the Soviet Berlin Garrison, who would normally have controlled the handling of the situation when the tunnel was discovered, was absent from Berlin, and the acting Commandant, Colonel Ivan A. Kotsyuba, was in charge…. His reaction was unexpected in that he invited the entire Berlin press corps to a briefing and tour of the tunnel and its facilities. As a result, the tunnel was undoubtedly the most highly publicized peacetime espionage enterprise in modern times prior to the U-2 incident." The Soviet end of the tunnel quickly became the major tourist attraction in Berlin, complete with snack bar. Although the United States remained silent, there was no doubt who was behind the tunnel. As a Western correspondent who took the tour reported, "It is clear that if the visitor could continue westward … he would emerge soon at a low but prominent American building with radar equipment on the roof."

Kotsyuba's aim was to expose, for all the world to see, the treachery of American imperialists, but he misjudged his audience. His exhibition of American perfidy was soon proclaimed a monument to Yankee ingenuity. "A venture of extraordinary audacity— the stuff of which thriller films are made," the New York *Herald Tribune* said. "If it was dug by American intelligence forces—and that is the general assumption—it is a striking example of their capacity for daring undertakings. Seldom has an intelligence organization executed a more skillful and difficult operation than that accomplished by the tunnel's diggers." *Time* magazine called it the "Wonderful Tunnel," and a Washington Post editorial was headlined THE TUNNEL OF LOVE. "People would come up to you just because you were American and say, 'Great op,' " an officer in the Berlin base recalled. "You'd have to say you didn't know anything about it, but they'd wink and say, 'Aw, come on.' "

The tunnel produced much more than rave reviews. It produced mountains upon mountains of intelligence, so much in fact that the processing of backlogged material was not completed until September of 1958, more than two years after the flow had stopped. What was the intelligence worth? "The tunnel was a terribly good hard source of OB [Order of Battle]," the deputy chief of the processing section said, "and OB —which Russian troops were where— was important in those days. It also made it possible to confirm the performance of all other agent assets and to identify those that were diddling you…. It enhanced the confidence of every position we had." Among other things, the tunnel revealed that East German railroad tracks and rolling stock were in a chaotic state of disrepair. Since the Russians would have to rely on the trains for any large-scale troop movements, the United States and Britain could take a considerably more relaxed view of the prospect of a sudden blitzkrieg against West Berlin.

Some officers were less enthusiastic about the tunnel. "It made the OB boys happy, but other than that the take was extremely marginal. The psychological impact when it was blown was far, far greater than the take." Much of the intelligence did indeed seem of marginal utility. The monitors learned, for instance, that the Russians planned to detain Major General Charles Dasher, the American commander in Berlin, during a scheduled visit to a trade fair in Leipzig. Should Dasher walk into the trap or should he stay away and risk alerting the Russians to a communications leak? The dilemma solved itself when Dasher came down with pneumonia. The tunnel also revealed that the wife of the commander in chief of the Soviet land forces in East Germany was dealing in rugs on the black market. She could be heard on the tapes complaining to her husband about the laggard Berlin taxi driver who would not tote the rugs up to her apartment. When the Russians set up a roadblock on the autobahn leading to Berlin, the tunnel confounded all the laborious exegeses of the Kremlinologists in Washington and London who attempted to analyze precisely which Western action had triggered the Soviet provocation. It turned out that a Russian sergeant had just learned that his commanding officer was cuckolding him, and he was venting his rage by harassing the Americans. The tunnel's $25- to $30-million price tag seemed a bit steep for intelligence like that.

Nevertheless, for eleven months and eleven days, the tunnel had kept a finger on the Soviet pulse. The Russian Army could not have made a military move anywhere in Europe without tipping its hand via the tunnel. When the CIA was set up in 1947, Secretary of State George Marshall was reported to have said, "I don't care what the CIA does. All I want from them is twenty-four hours' notice of a Soviet attack." "Harvey's Hole," as the tunnel became known, had put the CIA in a position to do just that, and had done it at a time when the Agency had virtually no other assets behind the Iron Curtain.

The CIA was eager to try again, this time with a tunnel—code name BRONZE—beneath an East Berlin telephone exchange, but the proposal was rejected by the White House. Although he had approved GOLD in general terms, President Eisenhower seemed taken aback by the realization that it had entailed a physical invasion of East German soil. Until the tunnel's discovery, he understood that the CIA had succeeded in intercepting Soviet military communications, but he remained deliberately ignorant of the means employed. “The essence of the information was made available to the President,” Dillon Anderson, Eisenhower’s National Security adviser, said, “but I don’t think he wanted particularly to know that an elaborate tunneling device had been constructed.”

In the future the CIA would have to content itself with less spectacular, though no less imaginative, means of monitoring communications in East Berlin. Agents were outfitted with hidden recorders to stand beneath overhead telephone lines and pick up the signals radiated by the wires. A section of plastic telephone pole was developed that an agent disguised as a lineman could place atop a real telephone pole. Inside the plastic section was a recorder to pick up the radiated signals and a transmitter to flash them back to a listening post in West Berlin.

None of these gadgets could ever match the magnitude of the communications break provided by the tunnel which Allen Dulles called “one of the most valuable and daring projects ever undertaken.” At a secret ceremony, Dulles singled out Harvey for special praise and awarded him the Distinguished Intelligence Medal. It was a moment to savor as Dulles heartily slapped him on the back for a job well done. In the ten years since Harvey had been cashiered from the FBI, he had earned a reputation as America’s top spy, the man who had both uncovered Kim Philby, the KGB’s most valued penetration of the West, and overseen Operation GOLD, the CIA’s most valued penetration of the Iron Curtain.

If Harvey had any rival for clandestine supremacy, it was Angleton, who had pulled off a considerable coup of his own by obtaining through his Israeli sources a copy of Nikita Khrushchev’s secret 1956 denunciation of Stalin at the Soviet Twentieth Party Congress. By Angleton’s own account, however, his coup resulted in a major human tragedy when over his objections Dulles released a copy of the precious document to *The New York Times.* Angleton contended that the uproar touched off by publication of the speech led directly to the Hungarian revolt that was so ruthlessly crushed by Soviet tanks. According to Angleton, the CIA had been training Hungarian exiles at a secret base in Germany for just such an uprising, but the appearance of the Khrushchev speech in the *Times* prematurely ignited the revolution before the Agency-trained forces were ready to enter the fray.

Angleton's analysis made a number of questionable assumptions about cause and effect, but it aptly captured the tendency of even the most clear-cut intelligence successes to backfire—as Harvey was soon to find out about Operation GOLD.

A Surfeit of Spies

5

“Oh shit, oh damn,” Harvey exclaimed to George Kisvalter, a man who looked more like his nickname “Teddy Bear” than the handler of the CIA’s prize agents. What he had just told Harvey could mean the end for Colonel Popov of the GRU, the Agency’s lone penetration agent inside the Soviet military intelligence apparatus. Kisvalter had been meeting secretly with Popov for the past six years, ever since 1953, when the Russian had first volunteered his services to the CIA in Vienna by dropping a note on the front seat of an American diplomat’s car.

Popov had been a stroke of incredible good fortune. By one measure, that of return on investment, he was an intelligence source of even greater worth than the tunnel. “Harvey’s Hole” had cost between $25 and $30 million, while Popov was being paid $100 a month. Even that paltry sum remained in CIA hands in an escrow account to be signed over to Popov or his heirs should they ever escape to the West. Despite years of planning and labor, the tunnel had been in operation for less than one year. Popov had recruited himself and was still in service six years later. During those six years, his most unreasonable demand had been for a collapsible rowboat that he could take on outings with his mistress. The CIA had denied the request on the grounds that he would never be able to explain where he had got it.

For his $100 fee, Popov delivered such items as a list of cryptonyms for 370 Soviet “illegals” who had been infiltrated into the West. The CIA thought for a moment that it would be able to crack the true identities of all 370 when an officer recognized one of the cryptonyms from an earlier case. The cryptonym was composed of the agent's real name spelled backward. Unfortunately, the formula did not hold true for the other 369. Popov was, however, able to reveal the true identities of the agents he was handling, and it was one of these who now threatened his safety and prompted Harvey's exclamation.

Popov had arrived for his regular meeting with Kisvalter carrying a suitcase. Inside was a standard assortment of women's clothing and cosmetics, all of American make. There was a vanity mirror and behind the mirror was $20,000 in assorted Western currencies, operating funds for Popov's newest agent, a "hairdresser" named Tairova, who was to take up residence in New York City as the "wife" of another Soviet illegal. Kisvalter noted that the denominations were too large for a woman who bought her underwear at Macy's. From his pocket, Popov took an American passport, which he said had once belonged to a young woman living in Chicago. She had "lost" it while visiting her native Poland and would not be returning to the United States, he explained ominously. Her picture had been replaced with that of Tairova.

This was the first agent Popov had ever dispatched to the United States, and Kisvalter wished he had never been told about it. The FBI would have to be brought in on this one, and Hoover would probably want to arrest her. The GRU would want to know what had gone wrong, and Popov would inevitably fall under suspicion. Together, Kisvalter and Harvey composed a cable to Washington, tearing up three drafts before arriving at a version that sufficiently conveyed the delicacy of the situation without being insulting. In Washington, John Maury, head of the Soviet Bloc Division, took the cable to Dulles with a plea that the Bureau be kept at arm's length. Dulles was sympathetic but said the FBI had to be informed. "We later got bootlegged copies of the surveillance reports which showed that a dozen

FBI agents had followed her from the moment she got off the plane," a CIA officer said.

Special teams of agents brought in from Chicago watched as Tairova stepped off her Air France flight at New York's Idlewild Airport, exchanged her francs for dollars, took a bus to the East Side of Manhattan, hailed a cab to Grand Central Station, and rode a subway to a hotel in the Bronx. The next day, while she was out, agents broke into her room and searched her suitcase, finding, just as Popov had said, the $20,000. The break-in was conducted with great care, but, said Kisvalter, "a trained intelligence agent is going to know when somebody goes through her suitcase no matter how carefully it is done." Tairova knew it, and the FBI agents knew she knew it. Why else would she take the escalator to the third floor of a midtown department store, walk down to the second, and ride the elevator up to the fourth floor? But the surveillance continued. FBI agents sat in a movie theater in Yonkers as she waited for her "husband," and followed the couple to his Manhattan apartment. The apartment was bugged, the phone was tapped, and an observation post was set up across the street. Tairova and her mate abruptly vanished. On the same day, a barber aboard the S.S. *United States* who was to serve as their courier between dead drops in New York and Paris jumped ship in Le Havre.

As predicted, a GRU inspector called on Popov in Berlin. The Tairova woman was claiming she had been blown from the start, the inspector said, and Popov was one of only three persons in a position to have done that. Popov was furious. The least the FBI could have done was arrest Tairova, he fumed to Kisvalter, but the Bureau had let her get away and now there was a witness against him in Moscow. Popov's only recourse was to blame Tairova. She had probably gotten cold feet and was trying to cover her cowardice, he told the inspector. The man from the GRU appeared placated, but not so the KGB. Popov was informed that the KGB had conducted countersurveillance of the entire episode and was able to confirm Tairova's story. Popov prayed that the KGB was bluffing.

He was recalled to Moscow for further questioning. Should he go back and try to brazen it through, or defect to the West? Popov remained confident that he could pull it off. The KGB seemed more upset over the discovery that he kept a mistress than over the Tairova case. "He considered that to be the prime reason for his recall to Moscow," a CIA officer said, "and we, of course, hoped that the girl friend was the real reason he was being recalled."

In Moscow the CIA maintained contact with Popov through Russell Langelle, an intelligence officer serving under diplomatic cover in the American Embassy. Meetings in Moscow were not the convivial affairs they had been in Berlin, where Kisvalter and Popov could sit securely in a safe house and talk for hours over food and drink. In Moscow there were no safe houses, no sanctuaries from KGB surveillance. Between twenty and thirty KGB observations posts ringed the American Embassy. A CIA officer could be certain that KGB footpads would pick him up each time he ventured forth. To remain unobserved, meetings could last only a few seconds, long enough to exchange a message, a roll of film, or a word of encouragement.

Langelle continued to exchange messages with Popov throughout the summer of 1959, but the quality of his intelligence had fallen off—an almost certain sign that he had come under KGB control. The CIA could only hope that Popov's access to vital information was more limited in Moscow than it had been in Berlin, or that Langelle had not been able to develop the same rapport with him as Kisvalter had. That faint hope vanished on the morning of October 16, 1959, when Popov and Langelle were caught in the act of passing notes on a crowded Moscow bus. Langelle was seized by five men, wrestled into a waiting car, and driven to a nearby building, where he was accused of spying against the Soviet Union and threatened with imprisonment or worse if he did not cooperate. After nearly two hours of KGB threats and blandishments, all of which he greeted with stony silence, Langelle was released.

The United States immediately protested the treatment of one of its "diplomats" and denied the Soviet allegation that Langelle was a spy. One week later at a news conference in Washington, Langelle was asked, "Why do you think they seized you?" "There is no one single answer to that question," he replied artfully. Reporters pressed. "Was it part of your job to collect any kind of intelligence on the Soviet Union?" "None whatsoever," Langelle said.

As for Popov, an article in *Izvestia* described the treachery of a "Lieut. Col. P." and quoted a repentant "P." as saying, "I am ready for any punishment … for the supreme penalty. I deserve it." Indeed, said *Izvestia*, "there are crimes after which it is impossible to live. A bullet at the end of a contemptible life is not only a punishment but also an act of mercy."

The CIA was naturally disappointed by the loss of its penetration agent and more than a little upset with the FBI for blowing the case by its heavy-handed surveillance of Tairova in New York. If there was any consolation, it was that a new, bizarre, and even more lucrative source had recently made contact with the CIA.

The first letter, postmarked Zurich, arrived in Bern in March of 1959, addressed to Henry J. Taylor, the United States ambassador in Switzerland, who immediately turned it over to the CIA station chief. Inside, a second envelope addressed to J. Edgar Hoover contained a single-spaced typewritten letter offering to provide valuable information about Communist espionage operations in the West. The letter was in German and signed "Sniper."

"I was asked to examine the letter to see if we could determine what nationality the author was," said Howard Roman, a German-speaking CIA officer. "I could tell by the syntax that this was not a native German. Since the writing was entirely about Poland, we concluded that we were talking to a Pole.” For his part, Sniper assumed that he was talking to Hoover, since that was whom he had addressed the letter to. “Hoover was mad as hell when he found out we had been opening his mail,” Roman said, “but Hoover agreed to let us handle it as long as we showed the Bureau everything we got from Sniper.”

No one knew what to make of Sniper. Was he a mental case, a Communist trick, or the real thing? “We analyzed the typewriter in order to determine whether it was of East European make,” Roman said. “We also analyzed the watermarks on the paper. None of this yielded anything that made anybody suspicious.” Angleton was certain that Sniper was some sort of Communist provocation agent, but whatever he was, he could not be ignored. Even if Sniper was a provocation, he would surely give up something of value in order to establish his credibility. “It was the old question,” Roman said. “How much truth is the enemy willing to tell you in order to set you up for the big deception?”

Following Sniper’s instructions, the CIA placed a small notice in the “personals” column of a Frankfurt newspaper, acknowledging receipt of his letter and commencing a correspondence that was to last for nearly two years. “At the beginning, it was rather a long time between drinks,” Roman said, but as Sniper grew bolder the frequency of his letters increased. In all, there were fourteen. Through notices in the Frankfurt newspaper, the CIA gave Sniper the number of a post office box in West Berlin where he could send his letters and pick up return mail containing requests for additional information hidden in secret writing beneath the text of otherwise innocuous correspondence. A second letter drop was set up in a public bathroom in Berlin’s Tiergarten. Sniper was also given a phone number to call in case of emergency.

Sniper’s letters were opened by Harvey’s men at the Berlin base, photographed, and forwarded to Washington for analysis and reply. “The letters were very confusing," Roman said. "Everybody analyzed them differently." When an advertisement for a hoola hoop showed up by accident one day in Sniper's post office box, some of the CIA's best minds spent weeks trying to catch his drift. According to Roman, "about four percent of the information in Sniper's letters turned out to be useful." The rest was indecipherable or of marginal interest. He wrote at great length about a notorious black marketeer who smuggled watches to Soviet military officers in Warsaw and undertook occasional spy missions for both the Russians and the Poles. "I remember one letter which Sniper said he had sent us at great personal risk, warning us that this black marketeer was making a trip to Vienna wearing a wig," Roman said. Sniper urged the CIA to take an adjoining room at his hotel, drill a hole through the wall, pump an anesthetizing gas into his room, and spirit the scoundrel away. "That was the kind of stuff that took up a lot of room in his letters," Roman said. "Then suddenly you would get two lines…."

Two lines reporting that the KGB had muscled in on a Polish operation and taken over a spy inside the British Admiralty. "He never got anybody's name straight," Roman related, and this one "came out sounding like a seven-syllable Dutch name." Sniper's phonetic rendering of the spy's name resembled nothing on the Admiralty lists, but he knew that the last name began with the letter *H* and that "H" had originally been recruited while assigned to the office of the British naval attaché in Warsaw. There was only one "H" assigned to the Admiralty who had also served in Warsaw, and that was Harry Houghton, a clerk at the Portland Naval Base. In June of 1960, agents from Scotland Yard watched as Houghton and his girl friend, Ethel Gee, handed a package to a jukebox salesman named Gordon Lonsdale in front of the Old Vic theater on London's Waterloo Road. Scotland Yard staked out four more meetings over the next six months, all of them taking place on the first Saturday of the month. After each meeting, agents trailed Lonsdale to the London suburb of Ruislip, where he called at the home of Peter and Helen Kroger.

Most of Sniper's leads were not so easy to follow. His tip that the Russians had obtained an MI6 document listing British operational assets in Poland proved particularly difficult. The document could be traced to a finite number of offices in London and Europe, but there were no clues to suggest who in those offices might have given it to the KGB. Unwilling to contemplate the possibility of another Philby, MI6 concluded that the KGB had simply broken into one of the offices and pilfered the document.

Then, as the year 1960 came to an end, Sniper suddenly dialed the emergency phone number given him by the CIA. "Are you ready to give me and my wife protection?" he asked. Sniper was coming out—if there was a Sniper. No one had as yet laid eyes on this mysterious source. "He spilled so much and we never met the guy," one officer marveled. Howard Roman and one other officer were dispatched from Washington to greet Sniper when he emerged, but "when Helms sent us off … he made it plain he thought this was a bunch of crap." Angleton thought so, too. He sent a cable to Berlin telling the base not to waste too much time waiting for Sniper.

Sniper crossed into West Berlin as advertised—bringing his mistress instead of his wife—and identified himself for the first time as Michal Goleniewski, a high-ranking officer in Polish intelligence who had done double duty as a Soviet agent reporting to the KGB on anything his fellow Poles might try to hide from their Russian mentors. That explained why Sniper had been able to reveal so much about Soviet operations.

Goleniewski had planned his defection well. In the months before his flight from Warsaw, he had stashed hundreds of pages of photographed documents in a hollow tree trunk that he passed each evening on his way home from work. By defecting at the start of the long Christmas holiday, he had given himself and the CIA a few extra days before his absence would be noticed and the alarm sounded—time enough to signal the lone CIA man in Warsaw to empty the hollow tree. “He must have stashed three hundred pages of Minox film in the hollow tree—lists of names, tables of organization,” Roman said. “There were several hundred names of Polish agents in the documents.”

With Goleniewski safely in hand, Scotland Yard could move in on the Admiralty spy ring without fear of blowing a source. On the first Saturday in January, a detective fell in behind Lonsdale, Houghton, and Gee as they took their monthly walk up Waterloo Road. When Lonsdale politely offered to carry the lady’s straw shopping basket, Scotland Yard placed the three under arrest. In the suburb of Ruislip, security agents began a search of the Kroger home, finding a hollow-based cigarette lighter containing a onetime code pad with transmission times and frequencies, a 74-foot radio antenna laced through the rafters, and, beneath a trapdoor in the kitchen floor, a 150-watt high-frequency transmitter. The Krogers were arrested, booked, and fingerprinted. A search of the Yard’s Criminal Record Office turned up matching prints belonging to Morris and Lona Cohen of New York City. The FBI had circulated their prints in 1957 after their snapshots had been found among the belongings of Colonel Rudolf Abel, head of a Soviet espionage network in the United States. In fact, the FBI had been looking for the Cohens ever since 1951 as suspected accomplices of the Rosenbergs.

According to his passport, Gordon Lonsdale had been born at Kirkland Lake, Ontario, Canada, on August 17, 1924—a ruse that held up only as long as it took the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to locate the medical records of the real Gordon Lonsdale. The child born in Canada had been circumcised; the man in custody had not. Lonsdale was a native Russian, Conon Molody, who had spent years training to pass himself off as an amiable Canadian.

While the British rolled up the Lonsdale network, Goleniewski and his CIA guardians left Germany for Washington. Twenty hours later, after a refueling stop in the Azores, where Goleniewski tasted the pleasures of capitalism by playing the slot machines at the local officers' club, the plane landed at Andrews Air Force Base on the outskirts of Washington. Goleniewski was driven to a safe house in the Virginia countryside, and his debriefing was begun in earnest.

A team of British interrogators arrived to find out more about how the Russians had obtained that list of MI6 assets in Poland. Goleniewski insisted that the list had not been stolen as MI6 believed but had been given to the Russians by an agent in Berlin. That described a much smaller universe. The number of MI6 men in Berlin at any one time was no more than ten. Their names could be traced through central registry and every reference followed through the paper maze until somewhere amid the trivia and errata of the files a suspicious pattern emerged—like the career of George Blake.

Born in Holland, the son of an Egyptian Jew, Blake was the "odd man out" in the cliquish world of British intelligence. He had earned his entrance into the club not through ancestry and education, like Philby, but by dint of heroic deeds. As a member of the Dutch underground in World War II, Blake had made his way through Occupied France to neutral Portugal and finally to England with a warning that the Germans, in a classic double-cross operation, were controlling almost every team of British agents dropped into Holland. Several years later, as MI6 station chief in Seoul, Blake had been captured by advancing North Korean troops and had suffered stoically for three years in a Communist prison before returning, once more a hero, to London. A closer look revealed some disquieting anomalies. For one thing, Blake's cousin, Henri Curiel, was a founder of the Egyptian Communist Party. For another, Blake had spent time in Moscow on his way back to London at the end of the Korean War. When interviewed by security agents, Blake's secretary recalled that he had occasionally asked her to type an extra copy—for the files, he said.

Over Easter of 1961, Blake was recalled to London for questioning by Ferguson Smith of MI5. Possessing something less than an ironclad case, Smith piled files high on his desk in an effort to intimidate Blake with the weight of the evidence against him. It worked, but just barely. “Blake broke at a time when there was hardly another question left to ask him,” one CIA officer said. “If Blake had held out, they would not have had a case.”

Once he had broken, Blake bragged freely about his treachery. “The amount of damage he was able to do was almost on a monumental scale,” said a CIA officer with intimate knowledge of the case. “This was a guy who had an incredible dedication to getting his hands on whatever he possibly could. Blake was lashing back at British society and British life for injuries, real or imagined. He was determined to wreak maximum vengeance. The Soviets gave him a camera, and he worked to beat hell with the bloody thing,” although “he couldn’t always make it work,” which was probably why he asked his secretary to type an extra copy.

After a brief trial, conducted almost entirely in secret, Blake was sentenced to forty-two years in prison, the longest sentence ever handed down by a British court. The information that Blake had passed on to the Russians “has rendered much of this country’s efforts completely useless,” the judge said in pronouncing sentence.

Bill Harvey didn’t need a British judge to tell him that. In December of 1953 he had sat at a conference table in London and discussed plans for the Berlin tunnel with his British counterparts while Blake kept the official minutes of the meeting. “He knew every detail of what we were doing,” said Carl Nelson, the technical mastermind of the tunnel. Nelson could remember arguing with Blake over whether British or American tape recorders should be purchased. “I couldn’t understand why he was giving me such a hard time on the choice of recorders,” Nelson recalled. Now he understood. “He didn’t want to use the good-quality stuff.” Fortunately, at Harvey’s insistence, Nelson had never disclosed to Blake or any British officer his technique for picking out the plain-text artifacts from the coded messages.

It was clear that Blake had blown Operation SILVER in Vienna as well as GOLD in Berlin. Despite its problems with Harris tweed and child molestation, the Schwechat tunnel had gone undetected for more than three years until Blake returned from captivity in Korea and was assigned to the unit in charge of the listening operation. Shortly after that assignment, the Russians complained to the Austrian authorities about a fault in the line, and the British quietly removed the tap. In retrospect, the promptness of the Russian complaint following Blake's return to duty was seen as the first sign that something had happened to him in Korea. When Blake reported the existence of a second tunnel in Berlin, the KGB apparently decided to tread a little more lightly and observe a decent interval in order to protect him.

It seemed a reasonable trade-off. The KGB would keep its penetration of MI6 and let the CIA and MI6 sink their money and manpower into processing the reams of trivia that came over the wires. After all, one high-ranking CIA officer observed, "the Soviets knew that the tunnel's chief value was early warning, and they also knew they weren't going to attack." In October of 1956, when the Soviet Army moved in to crush the Hungarian revolution, the tunnel might have provided some advance warning, but by then it had been discovered.

The realization that the Soviets had known about the tunnel carried implications that were distressing in the extreme. What if they had used the tunnel to mount a massive disinformation campaign that gorged the files of the CIA and MI6 with bogus intelligence? That would have strained the capacity of even the KGB, but it certainly seemed possible that on one or two crucial points— the deployment of nuclear weapons, for instance—the Russians could have inserted disinformation into the intelligence stream.

Such counterintelligence analysis was purely academic—art for art’s sake. As one expert put it, “In practice, any significant leak such as the compromise of the tunnel became almost impossible to handle for simple reasons of manpower.” It was simply not possible to track back over the miles and miles of tape from the tunnel, searching for some piece of Soviet deception. “In the end, you could only speculate anyway,” the expert said. “The people who had handled the tunnel never thought twice about the implications of the tunnel’s being blown from the start. To think seriously about it is not to invest the effort, since it is totally beyond your capabilities. The only thing to do is to take immediate corrective measures and shove the rest of it under the rug.”

The tunnel was not the only conundrum that the unmasking of George Blake posed for Western intelligence. During his confession Blake boasted that he had told his Soviet handlers all about “Dave Murphy’s big operation in Berlin.” Dave Murphy was head of Soviet operations under Harvey in Berlin, and his big operation had been George Kisvalter’s running of Colonel Popov. That cast a decidedly different light on the Popov affair. The FBI’s surveillance of Popov’s agent Tairova in New York City “was not the cause of Popov’s discovery,” a CIA officer said. “That was just the end play.” The question then became: “At what point was he compromised?” Had Popov, like the tunnel, been blown from the start?

Further analysis of the case revealed that Blake could have betrayed Popov as early as 1955, when the CIA’s prize agent was transferred by the GRU from Vienna to East Germany. Popov had left Vienna with instructions to recontact Kisvalter as soon as he got to Berlin. However, after six weeks of home leave in Moscow, Popov was assigned not to Berlin but to a GRU unit stationed elsewhere in East Germany. Stranded in the boondocks, he had devised his own plan for recontacting Kisvalter by passing a letter to a member of a British military mission touring East

Germany. The British officer dutifully forwarded the letter to MI6 in Berlin, where it landed in a safe used by George Blake.

Kisvalter refused to believe that Popov had been blown at such an early stage. “Judging from the quality of information we got from Popov long after Blake left Berlin, it couldn’t have been Blake who blew Popov,” he insisted. But the argument over whether the FBI or Blake had been responsible for Popov’s demise obscured a much more fundamental question. Angleton still maintained that Goleniewski was a Soviet provocation agent. If that was the case, then the Soviets had deliberately blown Blake as part of some larger operation. At first blush, Angleton’s scenario was almost too callous and byzantine to contemplate. It meant that the Soviets had given up not only Blake but also Lonsdale and his entire network as well. And that was not all. A third Soviet spy, Heinz Felfe of West Germany’s Federal Intelligence Agency (BND), had also been captured through leads supplied by Goleniewski.

The CIA had long suspected the existence of a leak somewhere in the BND. As early as 1954 a Soviet defector named Peter Deriabin had warned of two KGB agents, code-named PETER and PAUL, inside the BND, and in 1957 the CIA had performed a security analysis of the BND that identified Felfe, chief of counterintelligence operations against the Soviet Union, as a possible penetration agent. The case against Felfe had been too circumstantial to permit any action, and the suspicion had simply festered for two years until Goleniewski started writing his letters. In one of his earliest letters, Goleniewski warned that the Soviets were passing summaries of West German intelligence reports to the Poles, a tip that heightened the CIA’s suspicions about Felfe but again was far too vague to support an outright accusation. One of Goleniewski’s final letters, however, provided some very specific information. He reported that he had heard the KGB’s chief of counterintelligence boast that of six BND officers who had visited the United States in 1956 at CIA expense, two were Soviet agents. A check of the files quickly produced a list of the six BND officers who had been the CIA's guests in 1956. One of them was Heinz Felfe. That was the break the CIA had been waiting for. Operation DROWZY, as the investigation of Felfe was known, sprang fully awake.

A tap installed on Felfe's phone picked up an unusual number of conversations with Hans Clemens, chief of a BND surveillance team in Bonn. Physical surveillance of Clemens suggested that he might be the communicator for a Soviet spy ring. When his movemerits were plotted against the schedule of clandestine Soviet broadcasts, the coincidences were striking. Then, one Friday in November of 1961, Clemens called Felfe to complain that he had been unable to decipher a message. Felfe told him to send the message to him in a registered letter. German security agents intercepted the letter and found a single sheet of paper bearing coded instructions from Felfe's Soviet case officer. The envelope was resealed and delivered to Felfe on Monday morning. He had the paper in his pocket later that day when he was arrested. Felfe thrust the paper into his mouth, but police wrestled him to the floor and pried it from his jaws before he could swallow.

Blake, Lonsdale, and Felfe—all had been blown by Goleniewski. "The best defector the U.S. ever had," one CIA officer called him. Yet Angleton maintained that Goleniewski was a Soviet provocation, a KGB trick designed to lead the CIA into some devilish trap. What could possibly be worth the loss of three such well-placed spies? "It's hard for me to answer that without knowing the value of what they were trying to protect," a counterintelligence officer responded.

The temptation was to dismiss Angleton's thesis, but a subsequent analysis concluded that Goleniewski had unwittingly allowed himself to be used by the Russians as a conduit for passing selected intelligence to the West. "The key to the Goleniewski case," a counterintelligence officer explained, "is that the Soviets became aware that somebody was writing these letters. There was a feedback in Goleniewski's later letters of things he'd learned from the Soviets which reflected things he'd already told us…. The Soviets began inserting corrections into his previous information." The early letter warning that the Soviets were receiving copies of West German intelligence reports was a lead that heightened the CIA's existing suspicions of Felfe but was too vague to be of any investigative use. The later letter providing the tip that two Soviet agents had been among a group of six BND officers visiting the United States was a lead that "was so specific and such a sock that it was suspect." An analysis done by Howard Roman of Goleniewski's fourteen letters pointed out that their general content had at first concerned Polish cases but that the focus had gradually shifted to intelligence picked up from the Soviets. "He had been dropped as an agent by the Soviets and this was one thing that was eating at him when he turned to us," a counterintelligence officer said of Goleniewski. "He was out of favor, but in fairly short order after he began writing to us, they picked him up again, and the content turned around to things the Soviets were telling him, particularly about the British."

Viewed from that perspective, Angleton's conviction that, witting or unwitting, Goleniewski was a Soviet provocation agent appeared much more plausible than it had at first. Not all the information Goleniewski included in his letters was necessarily fed to him by the KGB for CIA consumption. Some of his most important leads might well have reflected information he learned before he came under Soviet control. Only the Felfe lead looked like a deliberate plant, and the loss of Felfe had by no means been an unmitigated disaster for the KGB. The Felfe case touched off such a scandal in Germany that serious consideration was given to dissolution of the BND, and all that the KGB gave up was a spy who had already fallen under deep suspicion through the defector Deriabin's warning about PETER and PAUL and the CIA's security analysis of the BND. There were elements of the case that suggested that once Goleniewski had delivered the Felfe lead, the KGB decided the game was no longer worth all the damage he was doing on his own. In what looked like a deliberate attempt to get him out of its hair, the KGB ordered his travel restricted and enlisted his aid in searching for a penetration agent who he knew could only be himself. Terrified that the KGB was on to him, Goleniewski fled.

This analysis of the case could not be proved, but one thing was certain. Goleniewski, with or without the knowledge of the KGB, had planted a germ within the body of the CIA that would become a debilitating disease, all but paralyzing the Agency’s clandestine operations against the Soviet Union. The germ was the suspicion that the CIA itself had been penetrated by the KGB, that a Soviet mole had burrowed to the Agency’s core. “Goleniewski was the first and primary source on a mole,” a CIA officer said. According to Roman, “Goleniewski claimed that the Russians talked as though they had penetrated the CIA.” Goleniewski was also convinced that the Russians had found out about him through a leak from the CIA and that he had barely escaped with his life.

It was possible that his fears were exaggerated. It was also possible that the Russians had found out about him through some other source, perhaps through a penetration of British intelligence, which had worked closely with the CIA on the Goleniewski case. But there was one fact that made the conclusion that the KGB had penetrated the CIA all but inescapable. “A letter Goleniewski wrote us when he was still in Warsaw provided specific evidence that the Soviets knew of our intention to take a specific operational step,” a CIA officer said. “For it to get into Goleniewski’s letter, the Russians had to have told him about it within two weeks of its formulation in Washington.” The operation, a CIA plan to recruit a Polish intelligence officer in Switzerland, “could scarcely have been more tightly held.” How else could the Russians have known of it—unless they had penetrated the CIA?

The Agency had barely begun to digest the Goleniewski case when in December of 1961 a KGB officer named Klimov appeared without warning at the home of the CIA station chief in Helsinki, handed over a batch of documents, and announced that he wanted to defect.

Klimov's name had been Anatoli Golitsin when he had first come to the CIA's attention in 1954 as a young counterintelligence officer assigned to Vienna. One of his colleagues, Peter Deriabin, had defected and during his interrogation had listed the KGB officers most susceptible to recruitment by the CIA. Golitsin was second on Deriabin's list. Golitsin's wife had a loose reputation, Deriabin said, and that could be used to get under his skin. Golitsin was also vulnerable because he had an overblown notion of his expertise and was unpopular with his fellow officers, Deriabin told his interrogators.

Before the CIA could prepare a recruitment pitch for Golitsin, he was recalled to Moscow for a headquarters assignment in the Anglo-American department of the First Chief Directorate, the branch that conducted espionage operations against targets in the United States and Britain. Later he spent some months in a headquarters unit that processed reports from the KGB's spies inside NATO. It was during this period, Golitsin later said, that he became fed up with the Soviet system and decided to offer his services to the other side. With that aim in mind, he began searching the intelligence reports for clues to the identities of the KGB's sources and memorizing the contents of documents pilfered from NATO files.

Golitsin's chance came in 1961, when he was given his new identity as Klimov and dispatched with his wife and child to the KGB station in Helsinki. The CIA did not draw the connection between the Golitsin of Vienna and the Klimov of Helsinki and again made no attempt to recruit him. Golitsin finally took matters into his own hands and defected. "It was quite a shock," a CIA officer said.

The CIA appeared to have been handed a major triumph in the espionage wars. Almost in spite of itself the Agency had latched onto a source who claimed to be capable of exposing Soviet spies throughout the Western world. There was the usual danger that Golitsin might be a KGB disinformation agent and not a bona fide defector, but his handlers quickly satisfied themselves on that score. “The amount of information we got from Golitsin in the first forty-eight hours of his interrogation established in most people’s minds that he was for real,” a CIA officer said. “We knew quite a bit about the Soviet Embassy in Helsinki, and we were able to check his information against what we already knew.”

The biggest problem with Golitsin was not his bona fides but his behavior. Defectors are a notoriously difficult lot to handle, and Golitsin was no exception. “There is no such thing as a normal defector,” a chief of the CIA’s Soviet Bloc Division said. “He defects for a series of reasons usually having to do with serious psychological problems. There is something wrong with him in the first instance. The fact is that the guy is sick and temperamental. The Canadian government has spent something like seven million dollars trying to settle Gouzenko down. He’s a drunk who would go out and spend hundreds of thousands of dollars. But he is also a showcase character who fled from terror, and the Canadians don’t want the negative side to get out. He’s been one of the biggest thorns in the side of the Canadian government they’ve ever had, but on the other hand, his information was great.” The United States experienced similar though less costly problems with Goleniewski. According to Howard Roman, “Goleniewski got into quite a psychological tizzy during his interrogations. He used to play Victrola records of old European songs at top volume and drink booze.” Goleniewski would later insist that he was the last of the Romanovs and that Henry Kissinger was a Soviet agent.

As for Golitsin, he was “diagnosed by a psychiatrist and separately by a clinical psychologist as a paranoid,” said John Hart, a CIA officer who conducted an extensive review of the Agency’s handling of defectors. Peer de Silva, the onetime chief of operations for the Soviet Bloc Division, called Golitsin “a total son of a bitch.” An aide to Angleton put it more delicately: “Golitsin was a very difficult individual to accommodate.” Another counterintelligence officer said that “at first SB [Soviet Bloc Division] handled him, but he just refused to cooperate with a whole series of SB case officers who he insisted were idiots. He demanded access to the highest levels of the U.S. government.” John Hart said that Golitsin “basically insisted that he wanted to deal only with the President of the United States.”

Finally, Golitsin was handed over to Angleton, commencing one of the most extraordinary relationships in the history of the secret war between the CIA and the KGB. In Golitsin, Angleton found a defector whose dire warnings of Soviet machinations conformed to his own vision of fiendishly subtle KGB plots. According to Hart, Golitsin’s warnings “centered around the idea that the KGB had vast resources which it was using to deceive not only the U.S. government but other Western governments. This plot was masterminded by something called the KGB Disinformation Directorate, and this KGB Disinformation Directorate was able to deceive the West… because of the fact that it had penetrations at high levels, both within the intelligence services of these countries, including our own, but also in high places in the governments of the various countries.” Coming so soon after the Goleniewski case and the arrests of Blake, Lonsdale, and Felfe, Golitsin’s message was a compelling one, particularly for Angleton.

“Golitsin became the swami as far as Jim was concerned,” de Silva said. “Angleton made a career out of Golitsin,” a chief of the Soviet Bloc Division added. “He built his whole position on Golitsin.” Assigned the cryptonym AE/LADLE, Golitsin became what one officer called “the prime interpreter of counterintelligence.” Angleton arranged for Golitsin to meet with the President’s brother, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy. “An

Attorney General who does not know the minutiae of the threat is a very poor Attorney General," Angleton said. Although Kennedy turned down Golitsin's audacious request for $30 million with which to conduct operations against the Soviet Union, the defector had finally gained the access he craved. When Golitsin warned that a KGB network with the code name SAPPHIRE was operating inside French intelligence and that even the French cabinet had been penetrated, the information was relayed to Paris in the form of a personal letter from President Kennedy to Charles de Gaulle.

Golitsin told of penetrations everywhere—in the United States, England, France, Germany, Austria, Canada, Australia, and on and on. Alerted to this new source, security officers from friendly intelligence services all over the world flocked to Washington to question Golitsin. He told the Canadians about a homosexual ambassador to the Soviet Union who had been blackmailed into working for the KGB, and he also warned the British about a "ring of five" Soviet agents.

Burgess and Maclean undoubtedly were two members of the "ring of five," and Philby was the leading candidate for the third. With all the circumstantial evidence against him, Philby must have been laboring under a tremendous psychological burden, particularly after George Blake was sentenced to forty-two years for spying. When Nicholas Elliott, the MI6 station chief in Beirut, confronted him anew with the evidence against him, Philby finally broke and gave what one officer described as "a very limited confession." Elliott flew to London for consultation about the next move, leaving Philby a free man in Beirut. On January 23, 1963, nearly twelve years after Harvey had first pointed an accusing finger, Philby fled to the Soviet Union. A year later, Sir Anthony Blunt, curator of the royal art collection, confessed to having spied for the Soviets during the war and to having helped Burgess and Maclean escape in 1951. Blunt did not have to follow Philby into exile. He was granted immunity in return for his confession. Meanwhile, security officers intensified their search for a fifth man, concentrating on several members of MI5 who had known Burgess. The deeper they dug, said one British investigator, the more Golitsin's "ring of five" looked like a "ring of twenty-five."

Angleton's search for Soviet spies in the CIA's ranks was not meeting with such spectacular results. According to Golitsin, the KGB had a source named SASHA who had penetrated the Agency's German-based operations. "Right in the middle of the SB [Soviet bloc] Division there was a staff officer named Sasha," a onetime head of the division recalled. Not only did the name match, but the description fit as well. In the early 1950s, the CIA's Sasha had been stationed in Germany running operations against the Soviet Union with Russian émigrés. "At first everyone became frantic," the division chief said, "but then cooler heads prevailed and said, 'Forget it, no one's going to name an agent by his true name.' " Besides, Golitsin had a better lead to source SASHA's true identity. He could not recall his name precisely, but he was certain that it began with the letter "K." An investigation of CIA officers whose names began with "K" and who had served in Germany failed to uncover any Soviet agents, although it did result in the resignation of one officer for mishandling of Agency funds.

Even as Angleton pressed the hunt for SASHA, Golitsin raised the specter of another, more deadly penetration of the Agency. He told of a trip made to the United States in 1957 by V. M. Kovshuk, head of the American Embassy section in the KGB's Second Chief Directorate. Kovshuk was too senior an officer to be dispatched to the United States unless it was a mission of the greatest import, Golitsin said. He suggested that Kovshuk had come to meet with a high-level mole, someone who had been recruited while serving in Moscow and who was now assigned to CIA headquarters in a sensitive position.

Golitsin warned Angleton that the Soviets would attempt to prevent the CIA from discovering the true purpose of Kovshuk's mission by sending disinformation agents to deflect the investigation. Golitsin's warning was quite specific. He predicted that the Soviets would send false defectors from both the KGB and the GRU. Within a few months of Golitsin's defection, as if he had known of their plans, one KGB officer and one GRU officer, both ostensibly members of the Soviet delegation to the United Nations, contacted the FBI and volunteered their services as spies against their country. The two agents were christened SCOTCH and BOURBON. The FBI was ecstatic over its sudden success. Angleton waited for the plot to unfold.

In June of 1962 a third Soviet agent, Yuri Nosenko, a KGB officer with the Soviet delegation to disarmament talks in Geneva, contacted the CIA and offered to sell information for 900 Swiss francs. Nosenko said he needed the money to replace KGB funds he had squandered on a drinking spree. Pete Bagley, a CIA case officer stationed in Bern, rushed to Geneva to handle the Agency's latest "walk-in," and a second officer, George Kisvalter, flew in from Washington to serve as interpreter.

Nosenko "took about an hour and a half before each meeting in order to be sure that he was not being tailed," according to John Hart, who later examined the case in detail. "This countersurveillance measure consisted of visiting a number of bars, in each of which he had a drink. He had one scotch and soda in each of four or five bars." When Nosenko arrived at the CIA safe house for his meeting with Bagley and Kisvalter, "he was then offered further liquor, and he continued to drink throughout the interrogation," Hart said. "I must tell you honestly that at all these meetings I was snookered," Nosenko later confided to Hart.

Kisvalter, who had been born in the former tsarist capital, St. Petersburg, conducted the interrogation. Nosenko said that he had joined the KGB in 1953 as a member of the Second Chief Directorate, which was responsible for the surveillance and recruitment of foreigners in Moscow. He had risen steadily within the directorate until in 1962 he was named deputy chief of the Seventh Department, in charge of operations against American tourists. Among other things, Nosenko revealed that the walls of the American

Embassy in Moscow were honeycombed with electronic listening devices and that the KGB had recruited a homosexual employee of the British Admiralty.

On June 11 Bagley cabled headquarters: "Subject has conclusively proved his bona fides. He has provided info of importance and sensitivity. Willing to meet when abroad and will meet as often and as long as possible [until] his departure [from] Geneva on 15 June." At his final meeting with Bagley and Kisvalter, Nosenko warned them not to make any effort to recontact him in Moscow. Given his firsthand knowledge of KGB surveillance operations there, that seemed like a reasonable precaution. After providing Nosenko with a phone number and a password he could use whenever he wanted to get in touch, Bagley rushed to Washington, still flushed with the prospect of a major penetration of the KGB. "We had a big meeting here on Saturday, and Bagley thought he had the biggest fish of his life," Angleton said. "I mean he really did. And everything I heard from him, however, was in direct contrast from what we had heard from Golitsin."

Golitsin had suggested that V. M. Kovshuk, head of the KGB's American Embassy section, had come to the United States in 1957 to meet with a high-level Soviet penetration agent. Nosenko said the purpose of Kovshuk's trip was to contact an agent named ANDREY, an American serviceman who had been recruited by the KGB while serving in Moscow. ANDREY hardly sounded like a high-level penetration of the CIA. Remembering Golitsin's prediction that the KGB would send false agents to undermine his information, Angleton assumed that ANDREY was a straw man set up by Nosenko to lead the CIA away from the true purpose of Kovshuk's mission.

Nosenko, code-named AE/FOXTROT, had an all-too-reassuring answer to one other mystery: the blowing of Popov. At first the CIA had assumed that the FBI's heavy-handed surveillance of Popov's agent Tairova had been the cause of his undoing. But George Blake, the KGB's man inside MI6, claimed he had known about Popov long before the Tairova incident. Then Golitsin had raised the specter of a well-placed KGB source inside the CIA capable of blowing Popov or any other agent. Now Nosenko was maintaining that the KGB had found out about Popov through its routine surveillance of American personnel in Moscow. As Nosenko told it, the KGB had followed an American diplomat to a dead drop and then staked it out until the unfortunate Popov came along to empty it. Nosenko's story fit nicely with a message Popov had passed to his CIA contact, Russell Langelle, at their final meeting. Popov had thrust upon Langelle six pages of notes scribbled on toilet paper, warning that his work for the CIA had been detected by KGB surveillance and that he was at that very moment under KGB control. Given the circumstances, the CIA had discounted Popov's note as a piece of disinformation fabricated by the KGB to disguise its real source. Besides, the diplomat was certain he had not been followed. Nosenko, however, provided new credibility for Popov's message. He even had an explanation for why the diplomat was so certain he had not been trailed. The KGB had applied a chemical substance to the diplomat's shoes that left an invisible trail that was easily followed at a distance, Nosenko explained. The chemical, which gave off a scent that could be detected only by a dog, had been applied to the diplomat's shoes by the Russian maid who cleaned his apartment.

If what Nosenko said was true, neither Kovshuk's mission nor Popov's capture had anything to do with Soviet penetration agents. Angleton didn't believe it—and neither did Bagley, once he was, as one officer said, "taken in hand by Angleton, who made all of the Golitsin material available to him." Exposed to Golitsin's information for the first time, Bagley began to see Nosenko in a different light. "Alone, Nosenko looked good," he recalled. "Seen alongside [Golitsin] … Nosenko looked very odd indeed…. Nosenko's information tended to negate or deflect leads by [Golitsin]."

After a weekend spent poring over the files in Angleton's office, Bagley flew to New York for a meeting with Golitsin himself. In the name of security Bagley disguised Nosenko's identity by telling Golitsin that new information had come to the CIA through the mails. Golitsin laughed at Bagley's ruse and said the CIA was obviously in touch with a live source sent by the Russians to counteract him. By the time he returned to Switzerland, Bagley was convinced that Nosenko was a provocation, part of a desperate Soviet attempt to sidetrack the hunt for the mole.

Undeniably, something was wrong. The Popov and Goleniewski operations, the CIA's two best penetrations of Soviet intelligence, had been terminated within a year of each other. The Goleniewski case, in particular the leak to the KGB of the CIA's planned recruitment of the Polish intelligence officer in Switzerland, argued convincingly for the existence of a mole, a fear that Golitsin confirmed. Within six months of Golitsin's defection three Soviet intelligence officers—SCOTCH and BOURBON in New York and Nosenko in Geneva—had volunteered to serve as agents in place. Another "walk-in," Colonel Oleg Penkovsky of the GRU, was busy handing over 10,000 pages of highly classified documents on Soviet missiles. Suddenly, in the spring of 1962, the CIA was awash with penetrations of Soviet intelligence—more at one time than during its entire history. It strained credulity to think that all of these volunteers were genuine, particularly if the CIA was as deeply penetrated as the Goleniewski case indicated and as Golitsin said. The mole inside the CIA would have warned Moscow Center about these traitors and they would have been silenced as swiftly as possible—that is, if they were genuine. If they had been dispatched by the KGB in the first place, there would be no need to silence them.

Of the four—SCOTCH, BOURBON, Nosenko, and Penkovsky—only Penkovsky was silenced. He had had his first meeting with Western intelligence on the night of April 20, 1961, at the Mount Royal Hotel in

London. He had been trying desperately to make contact for some time, stopping American and Canadian tourists on the streets of Moscow and asking them to relay a message, but his bold overtures had only aroused suspicions of a Soviet provocation. Finally, in the course of his official duties, Penkovsky met a British businessman named Greville Wynne, who specialized in arranging the exchange of trade delegations between East and West. As a GRU officer, Penkovsky had no interest in trade. His job was to insert as many intelligence operatives as possible into the Soviet delegations and supervise their work during their visits to the West. Penkovsky confided in Wynne, saying he must talk to people in the West "to tell them what conditions in the Soviet Union are really like." Wynne agreed to carry a letter to British intelligence, and when Penkovsky arrived in London at the head of a Soviet trade delegation, representatives of MI6 and the CIA, including the ubiquitous George Kisvalter, were waiting to greet him.

Outfitted with a Minox miniature camera and a transistor radio receiver, Penkovsky returned to Moscow to begin his work for the West. In May, Wynne flew to Moscow to resume his trade talks with the Soviet government. As his official host, Penkovsky met Wynne at Sheremetyevo Airport and during the drive into the city handed him twenty rolls of exposed film. That evening Penkovsky visited Wynne in his room at the Metropol Hotel and was given a packet of thirty fresh rolls of film. During the summer, Penkovsky paid another official visit to London and for nearly a month met regularly with Kisvalter and his MI6 counterparts. During this second stay in London, he was introduced to Janet Chisholm, the wife of an attaché at the British Embassy in Moscow and mother of three children, who would serve as his secret contact with the West in the coming months. Back in Moscow, Penkovsky happened upon the Chisholm children one day as they played in a sandbox along one of the city's broad, tree-lined boulevards. While Mrs. Chisholm watched from a nearby bench, a smiling

Penkovsky gave the children a box of candy drops and walked on. Inside the box were four rolls of exposed film.

Penkovsky worked at a feverish pace, meeting openly with American and British officials at diplomatic functions in Moscow and secretly with Kisvalter during a Soviet trade visit to Paris. He would pass on photographs of top-secret documents in his brush encounters with Mrs. Chisholm or simply deposit them in a variety of dead drops scattered about Moscow. The West would acknowledge receipt of the film with a short radio transmission that Penkovsky could pick up on the receiver he had been given earlier in London.

On January 5, 1962, the first shadow crossed his path. During another hurried rendezvous with Mrs. Chisholm, Penkovsky spotted a car following him the wrong way down a one-way street. In April his Soviet superiors told him that a scheduled trip to the United States would have to be postponed. The surveillance became heavier and heavier until on July 5 at a meeting with Wynne in Moscow's Peking Restaurant the two men were literally surrounded by KGB agents. The end came on November 2. The phone rang in the Moscow apartment of Alexis Davison, an Air Force doctor assigned to the American Embassy. When Davison answered, the caller hung up. A short time later, the phone rang in the apartment of Hugh Montgomery, a CIA officer under diplomatic cover in the embassy. When Montgomery answered, the caller hung up. That was Penkovsky's signal that the dead drop on Pushkin Street, a matchbox taped behind a radiator in the entrance to an apartment building, was ready to be emptied. Davison confirmed the signal by checking a certain lamppost on Kutuzov Prospect. The black mark was there. Richard Jacobs, another CIA officer serving under diplomatic cover, headed for the radiator on Pushkin Street—and straight into a KGB trap. Eight British diplomats and five American officials were expelled from the Soviet Union. Wynne was apprehended by

Soviet authorities in Budapest, flown to Moscow, and locked in Lubyanka prison. Penkovsky was shot.

Murder Corrupts

6

The counterintelligence maelstrom stirred by the fear of a Soviet mole had barely begun to swirl within the CIA when a crisis of major proportions struck from without. On April 17, 1961, just three days before George Kisvalter was to meet for the first time with Oleg Penkovsky, the Agency suffered the greatest debacle in its history with the abortive landing at Cuba's Bay of Pigs. Even as Kisvalter was sitting down with Penkovsky in a London hotel room, an enraged John F. Kennedy was ordering both a full-scale shake-up of the CIA and a renewed effort to overthrow Fidel Castro.

"There can be no long-term living with Castro as a neighbor," a secret eyes-only memo signed by the President's brother Robert warned. "If you can't stand up to Castro," Kennedy had said during his presidential campaign, "how can you be expected to stand up to Khrushchev?" His rhetoric took on a grim reality during two days of face-to-face meetings with Khrushchev in Vienna. "He just beat the hell out of me," a dazed Kennedy was quoted as saying afterward. "I think he did it because of the Bay of Pigs. I think he thought that anyone who was so young and inexperienced as to get into that mess could be taken, and anyone who got into it and didn't see it through had no guts…. Until we remove those ideas, we won't get anywhere with him. So we have to act."

Kennedy began by getting rid of Allen Dulles. "Dulles is a legendary figure, and it's hard to operate with legendary figures," the President said. "I must have someone there with whom I can be in complete and intimate contact—someone from whom I will be getting the exact pitch. I made a mistake in putting Bobby in the Justice Department…. Bobby should be in CIA.”

It was too early in his administration to be shuffling his cabinet, so the President brought in the hard-driving John McCone, a straitlaced, right-wing California businessman, to head the CIA. McCone moved at once to replace the collegial “old boy” atmosphere of the Dulles era with a strict, managerial regime. One of his first acts was to rip out an intercom system that had allowed senior officers to interrupt the Director at his desk with urgent matters. “Jolly John,” as the crusty McCone was quickly dubbed, also had the door that connected his office directly with the Deputy Director’s sealed off, ordering that the job be done overnight so that Marshall Carter would find a blank wall when he reported for duty the next morning. Realizing what had happened, Carter placed a fake hand on his newly paneled wall, as if it had been lopped off when the door slammed shut for the last time.

With similar decisiveness, McCone moved to wall off the lingering effects of the Bay of Pigs. Dulles’s Deputy Director, Charles Cabell, had already been removed, the Deputy Director for Operations, Richard Bissell, seemed certain to follow, and the survivors were jockeying for position in the new order of things. Lyman Kirkpatrick, the Agency’s Inspector General, saw a chance to rehabilitate a career that had been cruelly stunted. In 1952, at the age of thirty-five, Kirkpatrick had been slated for the number-two job in the Operations Directorate. Helms, Angleton, Harvey—they all would be working for him. But Kirkpatrick had been stricken by polio. For eight months he had lain in a hospital bed and watched helplessly as his job went to Helms. When finally able to return to work, Kirkpatrick was confined to a wheelchair, with only partial use of his right arm. To add to his torment, he was shunted aside to the Inspector General’s office, a post divorced from operations and forever off the upward path. “The IG staff wasn’t the way to go to fame and glory,” one officer said. “It was where you put somebody who had blotted his copybook somewhere along the way.”

Having suffered this fate through no fault of his own, Kirkpatrick was left with what one colleague called “a streak of bitterness, an attitude of vindictiveness toward the whole Clandestine Service operation as it evolved.” By 1961 the Clandestine Service operation had evolved to the Bay of Pigs, and it fell to Kirkpatrick as Inspector General to determine what had gone wrong. By his own account, he produced “a very severe report,” concluding that “the operation had been very badly handled in almost every respect.” The report was immediately perceived by his detractors, who were legion, as “a hatchet job … reflecting his continuing ambition.” It “was designed to be damaging to Richard Bissell and to be damaging to Allen Dulles,” one officer directly affected said. The report’s unstated premise seemed to be that things would not have gone so badly had Kirkpatrick been in charge. McGeorge Bundy, the President’s national security adviser, who was so dispirited by the Bay of Pigs that he had offered to resign, took one look at the report and said, “Well, that casts quite a different light on things.” But when Kirkpatrick tried to use the report to curry favor with McCone, it blew up in his face.

Angleton, who monitored the entire affair closely, described what happened. Kirkpatrick “either went to National [Airport] or he sent somebody” to give the report to McCone before he boarded a plane for Los Angeles, where he was still winding up his business affairs prior to assuming the directorship. McCone “read it on the way back to California, and when he got off the plane he obviously began to see that something was up.” The Inspector General was attempting, in Angleton’s words, to “double-cross his Director, carrying on a feud with the clandestine side.” From California, Angleton continued, McCone “called Kirkpatrick and asked whether he had given a copy to Dulles. When the answer came ‘No,’ he became quite rude and ordered him to give a copy to Dulles since he was still the Director." A chastened Kirkpatrick admitted that "I probably handled it the wrong way." When McCone officially succeeded Dulles, he ordered all copies of Kirkpatrick's report destroyed and kept the original locked in his private files.

Even so decisive an executive as McCone could not easily rid himself of the enduring legacy of the Bay of Pigs. A secret postmortem said that the invasion had been approved because "it offered what appeared to be a last chance to overthrow Castro by Cubans before the weapons and technicians acquired from the Communists and the repressive internal measures would make the task too hard without overt U.S. intervention." That "last chance" had been missed, but failure only intensified the President's determination to rid himself of Castro, despite the fact that the Bay of Pigs had crippled what small capability the CIA had for conducting covert operations inside Cuba.

The Agency had never been very successful at establishing a network of agents on the island. It was the inability to establish a working underground that had prompted the decision to attempt the Bay of Pigs invasion. "We never got to first base in Cuba in building an underground organization," Richard Bissell said. Supplies were parachuted in, but out of a half-dozen drops "we only had one where we were reasonably sure that the people the supplies were intended for actually got them." Agents were slipped in by boat under cover of darkness, but their survival rate was "appallingly small." Any agents who did survive were wiped out in the mass arrests and executions—Castro's "war on traitors"—that followed the Bay of Pigs.

The President was not interested in the CIA's problems. He wanted results. "The White House is always under enormous political priorities which completely obscure the long-range purposes of an intelligence service," one CIA officer grumbled. "They don't want to hear about how difficult spying is or how long it takes. They all want it done yesterday. As a result, you expend decades of assets for short-term gains." Bill Harvey, recently returned from the front lines in Berlin, was to become one of those expended assets.

Smarting from a tongue-lashing by the two Kennedy brothers for “sitting on his ass and not doing anything about getting rid of Castro,” Bissell turned in November of 1961 to Harvey and the “application of ZR/RIFLE program to Cuba.” Harvey had been working on the concept for ZR/RIFLE for several months in deepest secrecy under cover of his official title as head of Staff D, a small Agency component responsible for communications intercepts. D was the perfect cranny in which to tuck a particularly nasty piece of business like ZR/RIFLE, and Harvey was just the man to make sure that no one came poking around. At one time, all of the CIA’s covert staffs had been designated simply by letters. Staff A was Foreign Intelligence, B was Operations, and C was Counterintelligence. The other staffs, even Angleton’s Counterintelligence, gradually acquired more descriptive titles, but D retained its anonymity behind a door barred twenty-four hours a day by a Marine guard. There were three combination safes along the wall in Harvey’s office, but that was not secure enough for him, so he brought in a one-ton safe of his own. At the outset of the Kennedy administration, Bissell assigned Harvey the task of creating a new capability for the Agency. “The White House had twice urged me to create such a capability,” Harvey’s notes quoted Bissell as saying. Bissell called it “executive action.” Harvey called it “the magic button” and the “last resort beyond last resort and a confession of weakness.” He made a note to himself never to call “executive action” by its true name. “Never mention word ‘assassination,’ ” Harvey scribbled.

The CIA had tried once before to kill Castro—at the time of the Bay of Pigs invasion—but the attempt had disintegrated into what one of the plotters called “a Keystone Comedy Act.” Colonel Sheffield Edwards, head of the Agency’s Office of Security, had enlisted Robert Maheu, a former FBI agent turned private detective, to recruit members of the underworld for the job. Maheu turned to Johnny Rosselli, a former member of the Capone gang who had done time for a Hollywood shakedown scheme, and Rosselli contacted Sam Giancana and Santos Trafficante, two Mafia “dons” who had been singled out by the Attorney General as targets in his war on organized crime. Maheu soon suspected, however, that Giancana had bragged about the plot to his girl friend, singer Phyllis McGuire, who in turn might have gossiped to another boyfriend, comedian Dan Rowan. At that rate of exposure, the assassination plot would soon become a major motion picture. Maheu dispatched a private investigator to Las Vegas to install a wiretap on the phone in Rowan’s hotel room, but he was discovered by a maid and had to be bailed out of jail by Rosselli. Meanwhile, the CIA’s Technical Services Division was experiencing some difficulties in concocting the right weapon to be used against Castro. The first batch of poison capsules refused to dissolve in water.

The farce would have been laughable had not the plotters left a trail leading directly into the Oval Office and even the President’s bedroom. Kennedy had actually met personally and publicly with one of the plotters, a Cuban exile leader named Tony Varona. The President’s only purpose had been to assure Varona and several other leaders of the exile community that every effort would be made to rescue their comrades left stranded at the Bay of Pigs. But the mere fact that he had met with Varona would forever rob the administration of any moral authority should the plot become known. At the same time, Kennedy was carrying on an affair with a woman named Judith Campbell, who counted among her other beaus both John Rosselli and Sam Giancana. Not only was the liaison less than presidential in image, but it would also create the appearance that Judith Campbell was being used as a courier to shuttle information between the White House and the Mafia on the progress of the assassination plot.

The much more stringent requirements laid down for Harvey’s “executive action” program were designed to avoid all such complications.

"Maximum security" and "nonattributability" were the primary guidelines specified in the executive-action file. "KUBARK only," the file commanded, employing the cryptonym used internally to identify the CIA. There could be "no approach to other Govt. agencies" for assistance. Inside KUBARK, everything must be done by "word of mouth," "strictly person-to-person, singleton ops," "no projects on paper." Executive action would "require most professional, proven operationally competent, ruthless, stable, CE [counterespionage]-experienced ops officers." There were "few available," but Harvey was one of them. His first step would be the "search"—find and recruit the assassin—"Pretext: KUTUBE/D search." KUTUBE/D, the Agency's cryptonym for Staff D, was already conducting a search for agents who could be recruited to steal the code books of other nations. That would be used as the cover for the search for a killer. The KUTUBE/D search had been given the code name RIFLE, which, now that it served the ends of "executive action," was an entirely appropriate description of what was involved.

It would not be easy to find the right man. "No chain of connections permitting blackmail," the executive-action file directed. Extreme caution would be exercised so that no assassin could be traced back to the United States government. "No American citizen or residents or people who ever obtained U.S. visas" could serve as assassins. "Corsicans recommended," but not Sicilians. "Sicilians could lead to Mafia." It was imperative to "exclude organization criminals, those with records of arrests." As an added precaution, "planning should include provisions for blaming Sovs or Czechs in case of blow. Should have phony 201 in RG to backstop this, all documents therein forged and backdated." The 201—the basic personnel folder kept in Central Registry ("RG") on anyone, friend or foe, of interest to the Agency—would be "forged and backdated" so that the file of an agent recruited for murder would look like that of an enemy assassin in the hire of the "Sovs or Czechs." To further support the fiction that the CIA's assassin was an enemy agent, the 201 "should look like a CE [counterespionage] file.” Harvey made a note to himself to talk with “Jim A.”

To conduct the search, Harvey already had the perfect asset. “QJ/WIN is under written contract as a principal agent, with the primary task of spotting agent candidates.” WIN, a European of a more than checkered past, had begun his government career in the late 1950s as an informant for the Bureau of Narcotics. “Files of this Bureau reflect an excellent performance by QJ/WIN,” the CIA noted. He was, one of his CIA handlers said, a man capable of anything. “If you needed somebody to carry out murder,” Richard Helms said, “I guess you had a man who might be prepared to carry it out.” All for an annual salary of $7,200. According to a CIA memo, “QJ/WIN was recruited in Frankfurt 1 November 1960 to undertake a one-shot mission to the Belgian Congo,” a mission that “potentially involved great risk.” The memo was characteristically vague about what exactly the mission had been, although the author must have chuckled over his reference to “one-shot,” since other documents left no doubt that WIN had been dispatched to arrange “the assassination of Patrice Lumumba.”

The initial plan had been to inject a deadly virus into Lumumba’s food or toothpaste. A syringe, a surgical mask, and rubber gloves were sent to the Congo through the diplomatic pouch, and an Agency scientist flew in with the virus in a vial. But the scheme foundered for lack of access to Lumumba’s entourage. By the time WIN arrived on the scene, Lumumba had been ousted from his post in the Congolese government and was in the protective custody of United Nations guards. WIN was instructed to lure Lumumba out of UN custody so that he could be turned over to his Congolese rivals, who would surely do him in. WIN’s control officer had serious moral qualms about poisoning Lumumba but had no objections to arranging his execution. “Murder corrupts,” he said, but “I am not opposed to capital punishment.” Lumumba died exactly as the CIA had planned, but the Agency for all its scheming, was not responsible. Lumumba evaded the

UN guards by his own devices and was captured by his Congolese enemies, who, according to one version, ran him through with a bayonet.

The Agency had not had such good luck with Castro, and Bissell hoped Harvey could change that with ZR/RIFLE. On the day after he and Bissell discussed "the application of ZR/RIFLE program to Cuba," Harvey would have been somewhat bemused to hear President Kennedy tell an audience in Seattle, Washington, that "we cannot, as a free nation, compete with our adversaries in tactics of terror, assassination, false promises, counterfeit mobs and crises."

ZR/RIFLE was only a small portion of what the Kennedy administration proposed to throw against Castro. Two weeks earlier, a twenty-nine-year-old White House aide named Richard Goodwin had written a memo to the President urging a major new covert action program against Cuba. The objective, said Goodwin, would be to build a revolution inside Cuba. Agents would be infiltrated to make contact with what few pockets of political resistance remained after the Bay of Pigs and to build an insurgent movement gradually that would gather support from a population increasingly disgruntled with Castro's mismanagement of the economy, a mismanagement aided and abetted by economic warfare waged overtly with a trade embargo and covertly with sabotage. The program would require a government-wide effort, for which the President's brother "would be the most effective commander," Goodwin wrote.

Instead, Kennedy chose Brigadier General Edward Lansdale as his Cuba commander. Lansdale was a romantic figure of considerable proportions—the stuff of which two novels, Graham Greene's *The Quiet American* and William Lederer's *The Ugly American*, were made. Nominally an Air Force officer, Lansdale had been a CIA operaive waging unconventional war against Communist insurgents in the Philippines and Vietnam. He had returned to Washington the week before Kennedy's inauguration to write a gloomy twelve-page memo on "the downhill and dangerous trend in

Vietnam." New departures were needed, Lansdale wrote, and they were needed at once. "The U.S. should recognize that Vietnam is in critical condition and should treat it as a combat area of the Cold War, as an area requiring emergency treatment." The memo so struck the President's fancy that he wanted to name Lansdale as his ambassador to Saigon, an appointment that Secretary of State Dean Rusk managed to block by threatening to resign. Now Kennedy needed to administer "emergency treatment" to another "combat area of the Cold War," and Lansdale was his man.

On November 30, 1961, the President secretly directed his cabinet to "use our available assets … to help Cuba overthrow the Communist regime." Lansdale was placed in command, and a special panel chaired by the President's military representative, General Maxwell Taylor, was created to oversee the operation. The roster of the Special Group—national security adviser McGeorge Bundy, CIA Director John McCone, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Lyman Lemnitzer, Deputy Defense Secretary Roswell Gilpatric, and Under Secretary of State U. Alexis Johnson—clearly signaled that this was not just another box on the organization chart. The panel was augmented by the addition of one other member, the President's brother. Bobby Kennedy would give the panel both its official title—Special Group (Augmented)—and its sense of urgency.

In an effort to give the new Cuba operation an extra measure of protection from public disclosure, it was assigned a deliberately misleading CIA cryptonym. All Agency cryptonyms began with a two-letter "diagraph" that served as a geographic designator for the operation. "AM" was the diagraph for Cuba, but the CIA's cryptic reference officer was asked for a list of names beginning with "MO," the geographic designator for a part of the world far removed from Cuba. MONGOOSE was chosen. Apart from its descriptive merits, MONGOOSE would assure the curious that this was not another ill-fated Cuba operation.

No sooner had MONGOOSE been christened, one CIA officer recalled, than "out of the clear blue sky McCone suddenly names Helms as his new man on Cuba with Bissell sitting right there in the room." The time had come to cut Bissell loose. He was too closely associated with the previous Cuba fiasco. Helms, who had managed to stay clear of the Bay of Pigs, and had made no secret of his distaste for Bissell's methods, was not tainted by failure. Moving with sure bureaucratic instinct, Helms plucked Cuba from the doldrums of the Caribbean Division, where it had been languishing ever since the Bay of Pigs, and established a new Cuba task force. "Helms always managed to set up ad hoc task forces so when they blew up they didn't blow up in his face," an admiring colleague said. "He could see there was no profit whatever for the Agency in this thing."

MONGOOSE was doomed to fail from the start. The CIA's Board of National Estimates had already concluded that "it is highly improbable that an extensive popular uprising could be fomented" against Castro. Even Castro's death "would almost certainly not prove fatal to the regime." But the administration's obsession with overthrowing Castro was beyond the reach of reason. "We were hysterical about Castro," Defense Secretary Robert McNamara acknowledged. The CIA's pessimism was viewed as foot-dragging, one more indication that the Agency had not regained its nerve since the Bay of Pigs. The estimate "seems to be the major evidence to be used to oppose your program," Lansdale warned Bobby Kennedy.

Lansdale apparently envisioned Cuba as another Vietnam, a country where the insurgent forces could establish sanctuaries from which they would roam the countryside, offering a political alternative to the disaffected peasants. But Cuba was not Vietnam. As Lansdale himself pointed out, the Communists had spent decades preparing the battlefield in Vietnam, infiltrating their first agents into the stream of laborers imported by French plantation owners from Singapore in the 1920s. No such groundwork had been laid in Cuba. To think that it could quickly be laid down now was folly, for the island was rapidly becoming a satellite state of the Soviet Union. “Cuba had essentially the same type of controls, perhaps in some ways even tighter controls, over the people than does the Soviet Union,” McNamara said. “The thing Lansdale couldn’t realize was that he wasn’t operating anymore in friendly territory,” a member of the CIA’s new Cuba task force said. “He was operating in enemy territory without a goddamn asset in the place.”

The lament fell on deaf ears. “Overthrow of Castro is possible,” Bobby Kennedy told Helms amid the controlled chaos of his fifth-floor office at the Justice Department. An aide to Helms wrote rapidly to keep up with the Attorney General’s staccato cadence. “A solution to the Cuban problem today carried top priority in U.S. Govt. No time, money, effort—or manpower is to be spared…. Yesterday … the President had indicated to him that the final chapter had not been written—it’s got to be done and will be done.”

Helms’s response was to place Harvey in charge of the Cuba task force. Two-gun Bill Harvey, foreman of the Berlin tunnel, that covert masterpiece of daring and imagination, was the CIA’s heaviest hitter. Never mind, as Helms now realized, that the tunnel had been blown from the start. That little detail was best left in the files. Harvey’s appointment, more than anything else Helms could do, would convince the Kennedy administration that the CIA meant business. Harvey would also serve as a buffer between Helms and the impatient demands of the White House. “Harvey didn’t recognize until it was too late that he was being had by Helms,” a CIA officer said.

Harvey welcomed the challenge. He was not happy in Staff D, which did little more than provide technical assistance for eavesdropping operations requested by the National Security Agency and run by the CIA’s various geographical divisions. Although Staff D was a perfectly logical assignment for the man who had supervised the biggest wiretap operation in the CIA’s history, Harvey thought he deserved better. He longed to become head of the Soviet Bloc Division and made no secret about it. Perhaps if he performed well on the Cuba task force, his wish would not be denied a second time.

Helms sent out a “book message”—an all-points bulletin to every CIA installation in the world—announcing Harvey’s appointment to what would be known within the Agency as Task Force W. Harvey, who had walked point for so many years against the Russians in Berlin, was once again at the CIA’s cutting edge. Lansdale, for one, was suitably impressed. He introduced Harvey to the President as the American James Bond.

The President’s enthusiasm for Ian Fleming and the improbable escapades of his British superagent, 007, was well publicized. After *Life* magazine listed *Dr. No*—an adventure in which Bond disposes of the diabolical dictator of a tiny Caribbean island—as one of Kennedy’s ten favorite books, 007 was on his way to becoming the most popular fictional character of the decade. Bobby Kennedy was also a fan. After Fleming autographed his copy of *From Russia with Love*, he wrote a short thank-you note saying, “We can all hardly wait for your next contribution to our leisure hours.” Lansdale must have been more than a little flattered when John Kennedy remarked to him one day that he was America’s answer to Bond. Lansdale, with all due modesty, demurred, suggesting that the real American 007 was this fellow Harvey whom Helms had just put on the Cuba case. Naturally, the President wanted to meet the man, and before long Harvey and Lansdale were sitting outside the Oval Office, waiting to be ushered in.

As Lansdale told the story, he turned to Harvey and said, “You’re not carrying your gun, are you?” Of course he was, Harvey replied, starting to pull a revolver from his pants pocket. Aghast at what the Secret Service might do if this strange-looking man were suddenly to draw a gun, Lansdale quickly told Harvey to keep the damn thing in his pants until he could explain to the agents that the gentleman would like to check his firearm. Harvey turned over the gun and was about to enter the Oval Office when suddenly he remembered something. Reaching behind him, he whipped out a .38 Detective Special from a holster snapped to his belt in the small of his back and handed it to the startled Secret Service agents.

The President left no record of his reaction to the sight of his American Bond—this red-faced, pop-eyed, bullet-headed, pear-shaped man advancing on him with a ducklike strut that was part waddle and part swagger. Harvey's deep, gruff voice must have restored the President's faith in 007 somewhat, but Ian Fleming would never read the same again. It was a light moment, Harvey later recounted. Kennedy said, "So you're our James Bond," and Harvey, acknowledging the disparity between fact and fiction, chuckled that as the President could see, he was not equipped for some of Bond's more daring sexual escapades. The President welcomed him aboard the Cuba operation, and the encounter ended.

Operation MONGOOSE had just begun. Harvey moved Task Force W into the basement of the CIA's new headquarters in Langley, Virginia, and set up the command bunker for operations against Cuba. Lansdale had already drawn up a list of thirty-two planning tasks that contemplated a spectrum of activities ranging from intelligence collection to developing a "schedule for sabotage operations inside Cuba" and the "use of U.S. military force to support the Cuban popular movement." To all that he added Task 33, a plan to "incapacitate" Cuban sugar workers with biological warfare agents during the upcoming harvest.

"He was an idea man," Maxwell Taylor said of Lansdale, "but to find an idea that was feasible was a different proposition." The CIA had been through this once before with Lansdale in Vietnam, where, among other things, he had conceived a plan to neutralize the Vietcong's communications network. The idea was to use direction-finding equipment to pinpoint an enemy transmitter and then send in a helicopter to wipe it out. The CIA dispatched a man from Japan to assist in the project, but his first briefing by electronics experts convinced him it wouldn't work. The direction-finding equipment could locate the Vietcong transmitters but only to within a two-mile radius. That meant the helicopter would have to search more than twelve square miles of jungle for a transmitter the size of a suitcase.

"He used to drive everybody crazy with his ideas," an aide to Helms said. "He'd bombard Harvey with a million goddamn papers all the time." Task 33 was typical Lansdale, a member of Task Force W recalled. The CIA didn't have a single agent in place who could perform the task by covert means, and any overt effort, such as spraying the sugar workers from the air like so many insects, would be traced immediately to the United States. "Reaction to such an attack would probably result in demonstrations and riots … throughout the world," a memo from the Joint Chiefs of Staff predicted. Another invasion of Cuba "could conceivably cause less furor in the international forum and perhaps be less detrimental to the long-term interests of the United States" than Lansdale's Task 33.

Lansdale's brainstorms spawned ever more fanciful schemes as CIA planners racked their brains for ways to implement his grandiose ideas. Operation BOUNTY called for a "system of financial rewards, commensurate with position and stature, for killing or delivering alive known Communists." Leaflets would be dropped over Cuba listing rewards ranging from $5,000 for an "informant" to $10,000 for "government officials." Castro would be worth only "2¢." Another plan, dubbed "Elimination by Illumination," called for nothing less than a reenactment of the Second Coming. According to Thomas Parrott, a CIA officer who served as secretary to the Special Group (Augmented), "This plan consisted of spreading the word that the Second Coming of Christ was imminent and that Christ was against Castro [who] was anti-Christ. And you would spread this word around Cuba and then … just over the horizon there would be an

American submarine which would surface off of Cuba and send up some starshells. And this would be the manifestation of the Second Coming and Castro would be overthrown."

Undaunted, Lansdale turned out a "Basic Action Plan" for MONGOOSE designed to culminate in the "open revolt and overthrow of the Communist regime"—"the touchdown play," as he liked to call it—by the end of October of 1962. The timetable was preposterous, especially coming from a man who lectured others on how long it had taken the Communists to build an insurgency in Vietnam. Members of Harvey's Task Force W decided that Lansdale's October deadline had more to do with the November elections than with the realities of insurgency. Even the Special Group (Augmented) found Lansdale's "Basic Action Plan" excessive and issued guidelines stating that simple intelligence collection would be the "immediate priority objective of U.S. efforts in the coming months." Covert actions should be kept on a scale "short of those reasonably calculated to inspire a revolt." Since there was virtually no chance that any covert action could inspire a revolt against Castro, the guidelines countenanced almost any havoc the CIA could wreak.

A total of four hundred CIA officers were assigned to Task Force W. Foreign diplomats and businessmen traveling to Cuba were recruited as spies; Cuban officials traveling abroad were pressured to defect; and political-action programs were mounted to provoke other nations into severing diplomatic ties with Cuba. One member of Task Force W went around the world attempting to persuade firms whose products reached Cuba despite the trade embargo to sabotage their wares. Two other officers, outfitted with phony Italian names, roamed the United States in search of members of the Mafia who had had gambling interests in Cuba in the days before Castro. "Task Force W was all out of proportion," one member said. "We had a force working on Cuba that was the equivalent for an entire area of the world. I specifically was told that I could have as many people as I wanted when I got my job."

JM/WAVE, the CIA's forward operations base in Florida, was revitalized under the command of Ted Shackley, a thirty-four-year-old protégé of Harvey's from Berlin. Unlike CIA stations overseas, JM/WAVE did not have the benefit of an American embassy to provide diplomatic cover for its operations, so it had to be run under commercial cover. The sign over the entrance to the weatherbeaten clapboard building located in an abandoned corner of the University of Miami's campus read "Zenith Technical Enterprises Inc." Inside, the walls were cluttered with sales charts, business licenses, even an award certificate from the United Givers' Fund citing Zenith for its contributions to the annual fund-raising drive.

JM/WAVE soon became the largest CIA station in the world. "You can't imagine how many people were involved," an aide to Helms said. Operations included the overt interrogation of the three thousand refugees who arrived each week from Havana; the thinly veiled activities of the Gibraltar Steamship Corporation, which broadcast propaganda and coded messages over Radio Swan; and the secret training of commandos for missions into Cuba. Bases were scattered throughout the Everglades and Florida Keys; high-speed boats disguised as pleasure craft were moored at marinas up and down the peninsula; and safe houses were located in some of the poshest neighborhoods of Key Biscayne and Coral Gables. Scores of proprietary firms with such names as Paragon Air Service provided logistical support for the vast complex, while literally thousands of Cuban exiles worked for JM/WAVE as drivers, cooks, informants, boat captains, commandos, and case officers. It was impossible to tell where JM/WAVE left off and the myriad anti-Castro groups operating out of Miami began. If JM/WAVE did not actually direct their activities, its money made them possible. "As you look back upon the goddamn thing, so much of the goddamn stuff was really juvenile," an aide to Helms said. "And what it cost."

"We were running a ferry service back and forth to the island with agents," a member of Task Force W recalled. Teams of Cuban exiles were dispatched in the dark of the moon, setting out in 150-foot-long "mother ships" for the 90-mile run to Cuba. While still in international waters, the teams transferred to 20-foot fiberglass boats powered by twin 100-horsepower engines for the high-speed run to the beach, covering the last stretch of water in a rubber dinghy outfitted with a heavily muffled 25-horsepower motor. Once ashore, the teams sank the dinghies among the mangroves or deflated and buried them in the sand. Some of the teams simply left weapons caches for agents already on the island. Others headed inland toward their native provinces, where they could seek out relatives who might give them food and shelter while they went about the tedious task of building an underground network. The exiles sent out radio reports on the condition of the transportation and food-distribution systems, the status of power and water supplies, the schedules of police patrols, and all the other measures of Castro's grip on the island. They distributed leaflets informing the populace that the worm—or *gusano,* as Castro called the exile community—had turned. They urged their compatriots to commit minor sabotage such as leaving the lights on and the water running. They carried condoms filled with graphite to dump into an engine's oil system.

But minor sabotage "didn't appeal to the Cubans," Maxwell Taylor said. "They wanted to go in there and throw a bomb at somebody." The official records of Operation MONGOOSE contained only the slightest hint of the ferocity with which this secret war was waged. The code names the CIA assigned to some of its agents inside Cuba—names like BLOOD, WHIP, and LASH—were more expressive of the mayhem involved. "This demands a change from business-as-usual and a hard facing of the fact that we are in a combat situation,” Lansdale said. “Cut off their heads and leave them in the trails,” an aide to Lansdale chanted.

Sabotage missions were launched against bridges, power transformers, microwave towers, tank farms, and railroad lines within reach of the beach. The commandos set their mortars in the sand, lobbed a few shells inland, and retreated to sea. “Sometimes mortar rounds go long and they land in a village,” the chief of Task Force W’s paramilitary operations said philosophically. “People died,” Harvey’s executive assistant said, “no question of that.” All to no avail. “To the best of my knowledge, there wasn’t one damn thing that was accomplished of any note at all,” the paramilitary chief said. “Absolute failure.”

The rationale behind the sabotage was that it would result in economic dislocations that would sow discontent among the people and provide fertile ground for nurturing a resistance network. But the Special Group (Augmented) repeatedly balked at approving the kind of assault that would work any real economic hardship. As Tom Parrott, the secretary to the Special Group, explained, “Nobody knew exactly what they wanted to do. It had only been a year since the Bay of Pigs and nobody wanted to get into another one of those. What was our policy toward Cuba? Well, our policy toward Cuba was to keep the pot simmering.” Over and over the phrase was used. “Keep the pot simmering.” After a while, Harvey’s paramilitary aide said, “it began to dawn on us that we were involved in a random event.”

“What’s the matter with these bastards?” Harvey groused to Parrott. “Why don’t they get off their duffs and do something?” The matter was that the Special Group didn’t trust Harvey. “Your friend Harvey doesn’t inspire much confidence,” Bundy snapped at Parrott. Harvey was terribly long-winded. He would drone on and on in his low-pitched monotone, oblivious to the fact that the Attorney General, whose own clipped phrases were the epitome of terseness, was drumming his fingers on the table. “Tell him not to mumble so much,” one member of the Special Group said to Parrott. For all his mumbling, Harvey was not telling the Special Group what it wanted to know. “Bill had trouble getting down to the specifics some of the military people were demanding,” Parrott said. “They would want to know exactly ‘What are these guys going to do—what night are they going, what time, what are they going to hit, what’s their disaster plan?’ ” Harvey preferred to talk concepts. “Look, Mr. Harvey,” Maxwell Taylor interrupted, “we’ve got to have more specifics.”

Everything had to be laid before the Special Group in “excruciating detail,” Harvey griped. “It went down to such things as the gradients on the beach and the composition of the sand,” Harvey’s executive assistant said. The Special Group even wanted to know what rations the raiders would carry. “It was almost as if Bill and the rest of us were accused of trying to sucker them into another Bay of Pigs,” Harvey’s paramilitary aide said. “It was an insult to our professionalism,” the executive assistant added, “and it was a useless exercise. What difference did it make if they were carrying a .38 or a .45?” Exasperated, Harvey complained to McCone. “To permit requisite flexibility and professionalism for a maximum operational effort against Cuba, the tight controls exercised by the Special Group and the present time-consuming coordination and briefing procedures should, if at all possible, be made less restrictive and less stultifying,” he wrote in his typically long-winded fashion. “You could see trouble coming,” Helms’s assistant said.

Bobby Kennedy browbeat Harvey and his aides so relentlessly that after one session Taylor turned to him and said, “You could sack a town and enjoy it.” The Attorney General would call a junior officer in the Task Force W bunker at Langley, bark out an order, and hang up, leaving the CIA man wondering whether he had just talked to the President’s brother or a prankster. He gave one officer the name of “a man who was in contact with a small group of Cubans who had a plan for creating an insurrection.” When the officer reported back that the Cubans did not seem to have a concrete plan, Kennedy ordered him to fly to Guantánamo and “start working and developing this particular group.” The officer protested, saying that the CIA had promised the Defense Department not to work out of Guantánamo. “We will see about that,” Kennedy snapped. Sometimes the Attorney General would take things into his own hands, and the CIA would not find out about it until after the fact. He sent Lansdale down to Miami in a futile effort to form a cohesive government-in-exile and kept the trip a secret from the CIA. “I felt you preferred informing the President privately,” Lansdale said in a handwritten note to Kennedy. The Attorney General frequently dealt directly with some of the Cuban exiles who were supposed to be Harvey’s agents. They would troop in and out of the Justice Department bearing firsthand reports of CIA ineptitudes. “One of these Cubans told him we were asking the refugees questions about what they thought of President Kennedy,” Helms’s aide said. “RFK raised a stink that this was getting JFK too closely involved.”

It was vintage Bobby Kennedy, turning the bureaucracy upside down and shaking it by the heels. Such tactics served him well in most endeavors, but not when it came to the business of spying, with all its reverence for “tradecraft.” Even the unorthodox Lansdale was taken aback by Kennedy’s antibureaucratic instincts. Lansdale had taken some top-secret documents to Hickory Hill, where Kennedy lay sick in bed with the flu. Kennedy spread the papers over the covers, and the two men discussed the latest plans for Castro’s overthrow while children played with a train set under the bed. “We were discussing these very sensitive matters,” Lansdale recalled, shaking his head, “and this kid was going ‘Choo-choo’ around my feet.”

To Harvey, it was all so much amateurish meddling. Soon he started referring to Kennedy in private as “that fucker” and began suggesting that some of the Attorney General’s actions bordered on the traitorous. It usually happened after he had been drinking, and it made his friends wince. “He had some things that he said of Bobby Kennedy that were unwise, which he couldn’t support, but which were part of his dislike for the man,” a friend said. “Bobby was wielding so much power, and Bill distorted this into intent to do harm.” In short, the friend said,“he hated Bobby Kennedy’s guts with a purple passion.” For his part, Kennedy thought that Harvey was “not very good.” The Berlin tunnel “was a helluva project,” Kennedy conceded, “but he did that better than he did this…. [Harvey had] this great achievement and then he ended in disaster by working out this program.” Stories began to circulate. One had it that Harvey had flatly refused a direct order from Kennedy, then slapped his gun down on the conference table and spun it around so the barrel pointed at the Attorney General. The story was almost certainly apocryphal, but its very existence signaled that something was drastically wrong.

Relations with Lansdale were no better. A clash between Lansdale, the guerrilla fighter, and Harvey, the espionage agent, was inevitable. Their instincts were as far apart as the jungles of Vietnam and the back alleys of Berlin. “People who’d been up against the Soviet types were always very strange to me,” Lansdale said. “I’m sure they thought I was strange.” Despite his long and storied background in Asian intrigue, Lansdale had an irrepressible naiveté about him. He could give such trailwise advice as “In a campfire, dry bamboo gives light, dry coconut shells (not husks) give cooking heat but little light,” and in the next breath pronounce, “One of the precepts I wanted American officials to follow was the Golden Rule.” James Symington, who in 1962 served as Bobby Kennedy’s administrative assistant, came back from his first meeting with Lansdale and wrote a memo saying, “I have now met the All-American Boy Guerrilla Fighter.” He meant it as a joke, but Kennedy didn’t think it was funny. “Bob gave me a rather dour look and said, ‘You don’t seem to understand. This man is a very great warrior.’ ” After that, Symington kept his opinion of Lansdale to himself. “It just seemed to me he was a little wacky,” he said.

To Harvey, Lansdale was worse than wacky. He was a security risk. “Harvey seldom really talked to me,” Lansdale said. “He would never initiate conversations. It was very hard to get information from him…. I’d ask him for a full explanation, and I’d get one sentence back, and I’d say, ‘You mean that’s full?’ He’d say, ‘I’m trying to answer your question…. Everything’s under control.’ When I’d ask a question, he’d say, ‘I just told you. Everything’s under control.’ Or, ‘Well, I’m very busy here, and I can’t go into details on every last thing.’ … It used to burn me up…. If I was talking to Harvey and he got a phone call, he’d start talking code. After a while I caught on and realized he was talking about me. The son of a bitch. Why couldn’t he have just told me he had something he wanted to discuss in private and ask me to step out for a moment? I would have understood that.” Harvey displayed his contempt in other ways as well. At meetings he would “lift his ass and fart and pare his nails with a sheath knife,” Helms’s aide said. One day at the Pentagon, Harvey took his gun from his pocket, emptied all the ammunition on the table, and began playing with the bullets in an elaborate show of boredom. The incident caused such a ruckus that the CIA issued new regulations regarding the carrying of firearms by employees.

The final break with Lansdale came on August 13, 1962. Lansdale sent a memo to State, Defense, the CIA, and the USIA, laying out plans for the next phase of operations against Cuba. There, in black and white, Lansdale wrote, “Mr. Harvey: Intelligence, Political (including liquidation of leaders), Economic (sabotage, limited deception), and Paramilitary.” Three days before, Harvey had sat silent in Dean Rusk’s office while fifteen or so of the administration’s leading lights—McNamara, Taylor, Bundy, McCone, Gilpatric, Lansdale, Goodwin, and others—briefly discussed the “liquidation of leaders,” Castro in particular. “It was the obvious consensus of that meeting … that this was not a subject which has been a matter of public record,” Harvey reported afterward to Helms. All mention of the liquidation of leaders had been expunged from the official minutes of the meeting, but three days later, Lansdale put it in writing and sent the memo all over town. As soon as McCone saw it, he called Harvey in and told him, "If I got myself involved in something like this, I might end up getting myself excommunicated." Harvey listened with a straight face, then stormed back to his basement office, scratched out the offending words from the memo, and called Lansdale to rage against "the inadmissability and stupidity of putting this type of comment in such a document." The CIA "would write no document pertaining to this and would participate in no open meeting discussing it," Harvey told Lansdale. Lansdale didn't know it, but he had stuck his big foot right in the middle of ZR/RIFLE.

Lansdale was the least of ZR/RIFLE's problems. At Helms's urging, Harvey had abandoned the intricate stratagem of using QJ/WIN in the KUTUBE/D search for a suitable assassin as the original executive-action file had specified. Instead, he had reverted to a more tightly controlled version of the "Keystone Comedy Act" that had been concocted for the Bay of Pigs. "This is an ongoing matter which I was injected into" on "explicit orders" from Helms, Harvey insisted. Helms acknowledged that "I had very grave doubts about the wisdom of this," but "we had so few assets inside Cuba at that time I was willing to try almost anything." Harvey summed up the liabilities of this "damned dicey operation" by saying that it carried the "very real possibility of this government being blackmailed either by Cubans for political purposes or by figures in organized crime for their own self-protection or aggrandizement."

To limit the potential damage as much as possible, Harvey dropped the ex-FBI agent Maheu and the two Mafia "dons," Trafficante and Giancana, as "surplus" and "untrustworthy" and began working exclusively with Johnny Rosselli. On April 21, 1962, Harvey and Rosselli met in the cocktail lounge at the Miami airport. The bulbous Harvey gulped his double martini while the sleek Rosselli, wearing a custom-tailored suit, alligator shoes, and a $2,000 watch, sipped Smirnoff on the rocks. Suddenly Harvey slapped his revolver down on the table between them. From now on, he commanded, Rosselli would be working for him and him only. He was to maintain contact with the Cuban Tony Varona but have no further dealings with Maheu, Giancana, or Trafficante. Harvey handed Rosselli four poison capsules and assured him that they would "work anywhere and at any time with anything." Rosselli said that Varona planned that the new pills would be used not only on Fidel Castro but also on his brother Raul and on Ché Guevara. "Everything is all right," Harvey responded. As a backup, Harvey and Ted Shackley, the JM/WAVE station chief, rented a U-Haul truck, filled it with $5,000 worth of explosives, detonators, rifles, handguns, radios, and boat radar, dropped it off in a parking lot, walked across the street, and handed the keys to Rosselli.

When Harvey returned to Washington, he reported to the Special Group that three more teams of agents had been infiltrated, bringing to seventy-two the number of CIA assets in place in Cuba, but he made no mention of Rosselli, Varona, the pills, or the U-Haul truck. Harvey kept the assassination plot "pretty much in his back pocket," Helms said. "There was a fairly detailed discussion between myself and Helms as to whether or not McCone should at that time be briefed concerning this," Harvey related. "For a variety of reasons which were tossed back and forth, we agreed that it was not necessary or advisable to brief him at that time." Helms explained that "Mr. McCone was relatively new to the Agency, and I guess I must have thought to myself, well this is going to look peculiar to him. It was a Mafia connection … and this was, you know, not a very savory operation."

Something more than mere silence was required to keep the Attorney General ignorant of the plan. Kennedy had only just learned about the original "Keystone Comedy Act" after the CIA explained to him the very compelling reasons why it would be unwise for the Justice Department to proceed with a prosecution of Giancana, Rosselli, and Maheu in connection with the abortive attempt to place a wiretap on Dan Rowan's telephone. That unenviable chore had fallen to Sheffield Edwards, the orchestrator of the plot, and Lawrence Houston, general counsel for the CIA. "I trust that if you ever do business with organized crime again—with gangsters—you will let the Attorney General know," Kennedy glowered. "If you have seen Mr. Kennedy's eyes get steely and his jaw set and his voice get low and precise, you get a definite feeling of unhappiness," Houston recalled. Houston and Edwards assured Kennedy that the plot to kill Castro had been terminated, a statement that Edwards knew to be a lie. To back up his lie, Edwards returned to the CIA and wrote a memo for the record stating that "Mr. Harvey called me and indicated that he was dropping any plans for the use of Subject [Rosselli] for the future." The memo "was not true," Harvey conceded, "and Colonel Edwards knew it was not true." But then, as General Carter, the Agency's Deputy Director, once said, "Memorandums [*sic*] for the record have very little validity in fact."

Rosselli soon reported to Harvey that the pills and guns had arrived in Cuba. They waited, but nothing happened. In June, Rosselli told Harvey that a three-man team was on its way to Cuba to do the job. Still Castro flourished. It had been a full eight months since Bissell had first mentioned to Harvey the "application of ZR/RIFLE program to Cuba" and since the President had recorded his decision to "use our available assets … to help Cuba overthrow the Communist regime." During that time, the only result that could be discerned was that the Russians had begun shipping vast quantities of military supplies to Cuba.

On August 8 the Special Group met to consider "stepped-up Course B plus," which was nothing more than a reversion to Lansdale's original "Basic Action Plan" for inspiring an internal revolt within Cuba by October. This time the Special Group reached the same conclusion that the CIA's Board of National Estimates had reached nearly a year before. It was no longer possible to overthrow Castro by clandestine means. On August 20 Maxwell Taylor told the President that the Special Group saw no likelihood that Castro could be overturned without direct United States military intervention. But MONGOOSE was not abandoned. On August 22, when the S.S. *Streatham Hill,* bound for the Soviet Union with 800,000 bags of Cuban sugar aboard, put into San Juan harbor in Puerto Rico for repairs, CIA agents contaminated the cargo with a harmless but unpalatable substance known as Bitrex. The next day, August 23, Bundy issued an action memorandum stating that at the President's direction "the line of activity projected for Operation MONGOOSE Plan B plus should be developed with all possible speed." Harvey was ordered to submit a list of all possible sabotage targets. Lansdale urged hitting "the Matahambre mine and various refineries, nickel plants." The CIA's agents should encourage "destruction of crops by fire, chemicals and weeds, hampering of harvest by work slowdown, destruction of bags, cartons and other shipping containers." The Pentagon began laying plans for "Contingency II"—a paratroop assault on Cuba. On Sepember 7 Harvey met again with Rosselli in Miami to find out what was holding up Castro's death.

A day later, on September 8, a naval reconnaissance aircraft on routine patrol over the Atlantic approaches to Cuba snapped a photograph of the Soviet freighter *Omsk* steaming toward Havana harbor. The pictures revealed two-and-a-half- and five-ton cargo trucks lashed to her decks, but tarpaulins stretched over her hatches concealed the cargo below. Built with extra-large hatches, the *Omsk* was designed to carry lumber, but lumber was not among the supplies that Russia was shipping to Cuba. Analysts decided the *Omsk* had been pressed into duty as a bulk carrier because of a shortage of ship bottoms. But there was something else about the ship. She was riding high in the water. Either her holds were partly empty beneath those tarpaulins—extremely unlikely, given the shortage of bottoms—or she was carrying a space-consuming cargo of large volume and low density.

On September 12, three days after the *Omsk* unloaded her mysterious cargo under cover of darkness, a forty-four-year-old Cuban accountant in a small town southwest of Havana looked up from his desk to see a large missile being towed through the streets. By coincidence, the accountant was wrestling with a problem that hinged on the dimensions of the property across the street. As the missile passed by, he was able to gauge its precise length. The accountant packed his bags and headed for Florida.

On September 18 the CIA's Board of National Estimates issued a secret report concluding that the Soviets would not install offensive missiles in Cuba. "The establishment on Cuban soil of a significant strike capability … would represent a sharp departure from Soviet practice, since such weapons have so far not been installed even in Satellite territory," the report said. "Serious problems of command and control would arise. There would have to be a conspicuously larger number of Soviet personnel in Cuba."

McCone disagreed. Ever since he had seen surveillance photographs of surface-to-air missiles (SAM) sites being erected in western Cuba, he was convinced that they were there for one reason only: to protect Soviet nuclear missiles from an American air strike. An ocean away, on the French Riviera where he was honeymooning with his second wife, McCone bombarded headquarters with messages—"the honeymoon cables"—urging that more weight be given to the possibility of Soviet missiles in Cuba.

On September 20, eight days after he had spotted the oversized missile outside his office window, the Cuban accountant reached the CIA's refugee-debriefing center at Opa-Locka, Florida. The dimensions he gave his interrogators matched exactly those of a Soviet medium-range ballistic missile (MRBM). The interrogators, who had been listening to exiles tell of Soviet missiles in Cuba for more than a year, were doubtful. The accountant was shown photographs and drawings of all types of missiles from around the world. The pictures had all been reduced to the same size so that he would have to rely on characteristics other than length in attempting to identify the missile he had seen. Without hesitation, he pointed to a picture of a Soviet MRBM.

The report was forwarded to Washington, where it was greeted with the same weary skepticism born of a thousand false missile sightings. “Doubt that this should be in meters, probably ought to be in feet,” one analyst noted in the margin of the report, downgrading the missile from an offensive weapon capable of striking targets in the United States as far west as the Mississippi to a defensive SAM. But soon another agent’s report reached CIA headquarters, this time in the form of a message in secret writing sent through the international mails, warning that all civilians had been evacuated from the area of San Cristóbal, fifty miles southwest of Havana. The timing and location were consistent with the accountant’s sighting.

Early on the morning of October 14, a U-2 reconnaissance aircraft left the airspace over Florida, proceeded to the Isle of Pines, fifty miles off Cuba’s southern coast, turned, and headed north across Cuba. Within five minutes it had traversed the island. The U-2’s cameras had picked out a total of fourteen, 73-foot MRBMs lying in various stages of readiness in a heavily wooded area near San Cristóbal. When the photos came back from the National Photographic Interpretation Center, Walter Elder, McCone’s executive assistant, immediately dialed a number in Seattle, Washington, where McCone was attending the funeral of his stepson, who had been killed in an automobile accident. Speaking guardedly over the long-distance connection, Elder told McCone, “That which you and you alone said would happen, did.”

On October 16 the photos were shown to the President and his advisers. “I for one had to take their word for it,” Bobby Kennedy said. “I examined the pictures carefully, and what I saw appeared to be no more than the clearing of a field for a farm or the basement of a house.” The photo analysts could both pick out the missiles and judge with considerable precision their readiness. Working with Russian maintenance and operations manuals that had been provided to the CIA by Colonel Oleg Penkovsky, the analysts estimated that the first MRBM could be ready for launch within eighteen hours. It was Penkovsky's last and greatest service.

The presence of nuclear missiles in Cuba signaled the final futility of MONGOOSE. Yet on the same day he saw the photographs, Bobby Kennedy told Helms that he was going to give MONGOOSE "more personal attention in view of the lack of progress." According to Helms's notes, Kennedy expressed the "general dissatisfaction of the President" with MONGOOSE and "pointed out that [MONGOOSE] had been underway for a year … that there had been no acts of sabotage and that even the one which had been attempted had failed twice."

There had been acts of sabotage, but nothing that amounted to much. The Agency had tried twice to knock out the Matahambre copper mines, developing elaborate plans that included the erection of a full-scale model in the Florida Everglades. Both times the operation had been aborted—once because the boat had conked out on the way to Cuba, and the second time because the raiders had encountered a Castro patrol. On October 16, even as Kennedy complained about these past failures, a team of eight commandos left their base at Summer Land Key for Cuba and another raid on the Matahambre. They hit the beach on the nineteenth but again were spotted by a Cuban patrol. Six of the commandos made it back to the boat. For three nights they hovered close to shore, looking for the two who were missing. On the third night their vigil was broken by the voice of President Kennedy coming loud and clear over the boat's radio as he informed the nation of the presence of Soviet missiles in Cuba and of the blockade that he had ordered against the island. The team returned to Florida minus two of their comrades but jubilant that Kennedy, at long last, was really going to do something about Castro.

In the heat of the moment, Harvey ordered ten more teams dispatched to Cuba, not for sabotage but to be in place with beacons and flares that could light the way if the President ordered a military invasion. The Attorney General learned of the order by accident when “one of the fellows who was going to go … got in touch with me and said … we don’t mind going, but we want to make sure we’re going because you think it’s worthwhile.” Kennedy ordered the missions scrubbed, but Harvey said that three of the teams were beyond recall. “I was furious,” Kennedy later related. “I said, ‘You were dealing with people’s lives … and then you’re going to go off with a half-assed operation such as this.’ ” On whose authority had Harvey dispatched no less than sixty of these brave men into Cuba at a time when the slightest provocation might unleash a nuclear holocaust? Kennedy demanded to know. “[Harvey] said we planned it because the military wanted it done, and I asked the military and they never heard of it.” Kennedy demanded a better explanation and said, “I’ve got two minutes to hear your answer.” Two minutes later Harvey was still talking. Kennedy got up and walked out of the room. That evening when McCone returned to CIA headquarters in Langley, he told Ray Cline, his Deputy Director for Intelligence, “Harvey has destroyed himself today. His usefulness has ended.”

McCone was furious, not only with Harvey but also with Sherman Kent, head of the Board of National Estimates, which had failed to predict the presence of the missiles in Cuba despite the urgings of “the honeymoon cables.” One at a time, McCone called Harvey and Kent into his office. “I’ve just been made a charter member of the bleeding asshole society,” Kent said afterward, “but Bill Harvey’s the president.” McCone replaced Harvey as head of Task Force W with Desmond FitzGerald, chief of the Agency’s Far East Division. FitzGerald was a man of considerable wealth, sophistication, and charm who sprang from the same Boston Irish roots as the Kennedys. He would be able to deal with the White House as a colleague, not an adversary. To fill the hole left by FitzGerald in the Far East Division, McCone picked an intense, unflappable fellow Catholic named William Colby. FitzGerald descended to the Task Force W vault, and Harvey moved into a nearby cubicle, where he tidied up his papers and waited for the officials on the seventh floor to decide what to do with him.

There was one loose end still dangling from the Cuba operation that required Harvey's personal attention. He flew to Los Angeles to advise Rosselli that the plot to kill Castro had been terminated. By now it was nothing more than a formality, since Harvey had long ago given up any hope that the deed would be done. During the months they had shared their little secret, Harvey, the former FBI agent, and Rosselli, the ex-con, had developed a genuine fondness for one another. Harvey saw in Rosselli a man much like himself, a dedicated anti-Communist whose motive in wanting to kill Castro was nothing more complicated than patriotism. Rosselli had never requested a cent for his services, not even money to cover his expenses, although Harvey must have realized that the gangster had maneuvered himself into an excellent position from which to stave off with threats of blackmail any future criminal prosecution by the Justice Department. The two men also shared a hatred for Bobby Kennedy—Rosselli because of the Attorney General's war on organized crime, Harvey for Kennedy's meddling with his precious tradecraft.

Rosselli flew to Washington for a farewell dinner at Harvey's home. Harvey picked him up at National Airport, where they were placed under surveillance by FBI agents assigned to keep tabs on Rosselli. Not recognizing Harvey but sensing that he was something more than an underworld crony, the agents contacted Sam Papich, the FBI's liaison with the CIA, reaching him at Angleton's dinner table. Angleton and Papich immediately identified Harvey from the physical description given by the agents. Papich later told Harvey that his consorting with organized crime would have to be brought to Hoover's attention, which immediately raised the prospect that it would get back to McCone. That would require some rather complicated explanations to a man who had said he might be excommunicated if he became involved in assassination. Harvey and Helms discussed the wisdom of briefing McCone and again decided against it.

Figuring out what to do with Harvey had become something of a problem for Helms. Harvey suggested Laos, but Helms gently deflected that idea, citing Harvey's weight and thyroid problems. The truth was that Harvey would never again be allowed near an operation in which the White House was likely to take an active interest. Helms decided to send him to Rome as station chief. The assignment was stunning in its incongruity. The tough-talking, hard-drinking, gun-toting Harvey would be serving in a post whose chief duties were liaison with the Italian intelligence services. Having offended almost every high-ranking national security official in the Kennedy administration, he would now have a chance to offend almost every high-ranking national security official in the Italian government. "They couldn't have picked a bigger bull for a better china shop," one CIA officer snorted. But Harvey had to be got out of the country fast, and Rome was the first available slot for an officer of his rank. The irony cannot have escaped Harvey that it was he, the loyal government servant, and not Rosselli, the Mafioso, who was being deported to Italy.

"He lost his self-confidence for the first time in his life," Angleton said of Harvey. Angleton tried to cheer him up by handcrafting a small leather holster for Harvey's .38 Detective Special. The task force threw a party for him. "It was a tearful kind of thing," one participant said. Everybody there felt Harvey had been "shafted." Instead of being relieved of his command, they felt, he should have been decorated for having put together the worldwide intelligence network that had discovered the missiles in time. "We went to great pains to try to buoy him up because he was bitter, very bitter— and hurt," a member of the task force said. There were mock presentations: a stuffed mongoose (in fact a ferret, since Washington taxidermists did not carry so exotic an item) and a roll of toilet paper with every sheet stamped “PSM” for “Please See Me,” Harvey’s standard way of summoning subordinates. And there were speeches—a satire on Shakespeare’s *Julius Caesar* in which Harvey was Caesar, stabbed in the back. When Harvey’s turn came, he picked up the cue. “Brutus was Bobby,” he said.

No Innocent Explanation

7

With the notable exception of Harvey, the CIA emerged from the Cuban missile crisis with its honor restored. MONGOOSE had been a disaster, but the Agency's intelligence-collection apparatus had spotted the missiles in time, blending human and technical intelligence into an accurate picture of Soviet capabilities that enabled the President to call the Soviet hand. It would be a long time, if ever, before the system worked so well again, for deep within the Agency, in his heavily curtained second-floor office, James Angleton had fallen under the spell of the defector Golitsin, who warned that a KGB mole had penetrated the secret corridors of the CIA. Angleton had as yet been unable to track down Golitsin's leads, but the strange appearance of three Soviet "walk-ins"—SCOTCH, BOURBON, and Yuri Nosenko—in what seemed like a deliberate KGB scheme to discredit Golitsin, had convinced him that he was on the right path. As the world let out its breath at the news that the Soviet Union had begun to dismantle its nuclear missiles in Cuba, Angleton set off down that path, heading deeper and deeper into the wilderness of mirrors.

After his initial debriefings, the difficult Golitsin had grown increasingly aloof, refusing to deal with anyone but Angleton or his assistant, Raymond Rocca, and demanding that he be allowed to live in England. The CIA had already gone to the trouble and expense of providing him with a new identity, John Stone, and a $40,000 home in suburban Washington, complete with color television, but Golitsin insisted that he be in England by January of 1963. The Agency procrastinated, but it could hardly hold him against his will, so in March of 1963, after persuading Rocca and a fellow defector named Nicholas Shadrin to watch over his two German shepherds, Golitsin boarded an ocean liner bound for Britain.

It had been fifteen months since Golitsin knocked on the door of the CIA station chief in Helsinki. During that time he had caused consternation in the ranks of Western intelligence with his warnings about Soviet spies in virtually every capital of the free world. To test his claim that whole volumes of NATO's most sensitive documents were available in Moscow, interrogators had shown Golitsin classified NATO files interspersed with a number of bogus papers. All of the papers he claimed to have read in Moscow were authentic NATO documents.

So far, however, Golitsin's tantalizing information had produced only limited results. He had directly named only one Soviet penetration agent, Georges Pacques, a deputy press officer at NATO headquarters in Paris. He had aroused suspicions about the possibility of a Soviet penetration of the British Admiralty, but it was not until Nosenko provided additional details to his CIA handlers in Geneva that investigators were able to identify William John Vassall as the culprit. His warnings about Soviet penetration of British intelligence had provided the occasion for the final denouement of the Philby case, but Golitsin had not added one iota of evidence against Philby. Besides, the final unmasking of Philby had little effect on the secret balance of power between Soviet and Western intelligence, since his career as a high-level penetration agent had been brought to an end twelve years before by Harvey's memo. Compared to Goleniewski's information, which had led swiftly to the arrests of George Blake, Heinz Felfe, Gordon Lonsdale, and a multitude of accomplices, Golitsin's contribution had been a modest one. But his contribution had only just begun. In July of 1963 his English idyll was broken by a news report that a high-ranking Soviet defector named "Dolnytsin" was hiding somewhere in Great Britain. The garbled account struck too close for comfort. Stirred from his lair, Golitsin returned to the United States, bearing new and timely warnings of KGB machinations.

The recent ideological rupture between the two Communist giants, China and the Soviet Union, was a fraud, Golitsin cried, a massive disinformation campaign designed to lull the West into a false sense of security. Beyond his infinite faith in the devious capabilities of the KGB's Disinformation Directorate, the only evidence Golitsin could produce to support his claim was the identities of certain KGB officers and Soviet scientists who remained in China despite the split. Operatives and experts of that caliber would not stay on in Peking unless the Russians were still in league with the Chinese, Golitsin said. Angleton was persuaded and urged Helms to arrange for Golitsin to meet with a panel of CIA experts on Sino-Soviet affairs. The panel was singularly unimpressed. "He did not adduce anything of a factual nature to support his theory," one member of the panel said. "He had no evidence that it was a fabricated affair. He simply posited that the split was a fake. He couldn't conceive of it being anything else…. It was strictly a hypothesis, very forcefully presented…. He got angry and overbearing because we didn't agree with him…. He shifted the burden of proof to us. We had to prove that it was true. He demanded to see every classified report with true source identification that reported on the split. He proposed to show that all these reports were deceptive…. He wanted to know who the sources were by name so he could discredit them…. We, of course, couldn't do that." Angleton was as upset with the panel's incredulity as Golitsin and harshly reprimanded one member who circulated a report debunking the defector's claim.

Golitsin's message about the Sino-Soviet split was only one of several urgent warnings he brought with him from England. He recalled that the chief of KGB operations in Northern Europe had once told him of a plan to kill the leader of an opposition party in the West. The only opposition leader in Northern Europe to die in the interim had been Hugh Gaitskell, head of Britain's Labour Party, who had unexpectedly succumbed to a massive infection of the heart, kidney, and lungs. Golitsin was convinced that the KGB had poisoned Gaitskell in order to promote the new leader of the Labour Party, Harold Wilson, who Golitsin said was a Soviet asset.

Then came the assassination of John F. Kennedy in Dallas on November 22, 1963. For Angleton and the small coterie of American and British intelligence officers privy to Golitsin's suspicions about Gaitskell's death, the President's murder could only have brought visions of a KGB plot of unspeakable malevolence. For Harvey and the even smaller number of officers aware of the CIA's own plot to kill Fidel Castro, the President's murder must have appeared as dreadful retribution. There was a wealth of circumstantial evidence linking Lee Harvey Oswald to both the Cuban and Soviet governments. Oswald had defected to the Soviet Union in 1959 and had taken up the cause of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee when he returned to the United States in 1962 with his Russian wife, Marina. In late September of 1963, less than two months before Kennedy's murder, Oswald had visited both the Cuban and Soviet embassies in Mexico City, ostensibly seeking a visa to return to Moscow by way of Havana. The CIA station in Mexico, through its routine surveillance of Communist embassies, had intercepted a phone call that Oswald made from the Cuban to the Soviet Embassy, demanding in his broken Russian to speak to "Comrade Kostikov" about his visa application, a curious request since his visa application was on file with the Soviet consulate in Washington. Valery Kostikov and his boss, Pavel Yotskov, chief of the embassy's consular section, who was later overheard to say that he had actually met with Oswald, were both "known officers" of the KGB, a CIA memo reported.

Immediately after the assassination, headquarters at Langley cabled Mexico City for the names of all contacts of Yotskov and Kostikov. Early on the morning of November 24 the Mexico City station cabled its response. One of the names on the list was Rolando Cubella, a high-ranking Cuban official and confidant of Fidel Castro. Cubella was already known to the CIA as AM/LASH, the prime asset in yet another Agency plot to overthrow Castro, this time under the direction of Desmond FitzGerald, head of the Special Affairs Staff (SAS), successor to Harvey's Task Force W. The chief of SAS counterintelligence had warned FitzGerald that Cubella's "bona fides were subject to question," meaning that AM/LASH might be a double agent sent by Castro.

At a meeting with his CIA case officer in São Paulo, Brazil, AM/LASH had stated that he wanted American support in attempting an "inside job" against Castro, a reference the case officer took to mean the "execution" of Castro as the first step in a coup. AM/LASH's bold proposal was cabled to CIA headquarters on September 7, 1963. That evening, Castro walked into a reception at the Brazilian Embassy in Havana and warned a startled reporter that "United States leaders should think that if they are aiding terrorist plans to eliminate Cuban leaders, they themselves will not be safe." Even to those unaware of the eerie coincidence involved in Castro's choice of the Brazilian Embassy so soon after the meeting in São Paulo, the threat represented what Angleton's aide Rocca called "a more-than-ordinary attempt to get a message on the record in the United States."

FitzGerald, one of the few who knew enough to appreciate the Brazilian coincidence, did not get the message. On October 29 he flew to Paris to assure AM/LASH personally that his efforts had the backing of the President's brother, Bobby Kennedy. When FitzGerald returned to Washington he authorized the case officer to tell AM/LASH that the rifles, telescopic sights, and explosives he had requested would be provided. Another meeting was set with AM/LASH for November 22. At that meeting, the case officer gave AM/LASH a ball-point pen fitted with a hypodermic needle and suggested it be used with Blackleaf-40, a deadly poison commercially available. A CIA report later noted that "it is likely that at the very moment President

Kennedy was shot, a CIA officer was meeting with a Cuban agent … and giving him an assassination device for use against Castro.”

The implication was inescapable—the AM/LASH operation was known to Castro and had provoked him to order Kennedy’s death. FitzGerald sized up the problem at once and ordered AM/LASH’s case officer not to include any mention of the poison-pen device in his contact report for the November 22 meeting. The operational file on Cubella, which contained the details of the plot, was withheld from the investigators who had turned up his name in running down the contacts of the two KGB officers, Yotskov and Kostikov, in Mexico City. None of the information about AM/LASH, or any of the other CIA plots to kill Castro, was turned over to the Warren Commission.

One month after the assassination, the Agency’s Western Hemisphere Division prepared a report for President Lyndon B. Johnson summarizing the findings to date. Other than his contacts with the Cuban and Soviet embassies, Oswald’s activities during the five days he had spent in Mexico remained largely unknown. Even less was known about his two and a half years in the Soviet Union. Much more work needed to be done before the United States could satisfy itself on the question of foreign involvement in the President’s murder. Late in December, Angleton suggested and Helms agreed that the Counterintelligence Division should take over the investigation for the duration of the Warren Commission’s inquiry.

Angleton’s timing was exquisite, for a potential solution to the riddle of Oswald’s years in Russia loomed just over the horizon in the person of Yuri Nosenko, who was expected to reemerge from the Soviet Union in January as the KGB security officer with the Soviet delegation to the disarmament talks in Geneva. As a former member of the American Department of the KGB’s Second Chief Directorate, Nosenko was in a perfect position to provide information on Oswald’s stay in the USSR. Angleton was convinced that Nosenko was a disinformation agent dispatched by the KGB in 1962 to sidetrack the CIA’s hunt for the mole. but that did not diminish his value as a potential source of information about Oswald. The lies he told could be as revealing as the truths. On December 19 Nosenko's case officer, Pete Bagley, who had recently been promoted to chief of counterintelligence for the Soviet Bloc Division, circulated a twelve-page memo on the subject, recommending that if Nosenko recontacted the CIA upon his return to Geneva, he should be regarded as under Soviet control.

That was a harsh judgment to render against someone who had helped the CIA uncover two major KGB penetrations. Nosenko had warned that the KGB had blackmailed a homosexual in the British naval attaché's office, a tip that led directly to the arrest and conviction of William John Vassall, and he had revealed that small, pencillike listening devices were imbedded in the wall behind each radiator at the American Embassy in Moscow. They had been placed behind the radiators, he explained, so that the tiny pinholes that channeled the sound to the bugs would not be painted over. In the world of counterintelligence, however, it was easy enough to pass these two leads off as "giveaways," penetrations that the Soviets assumed to be blown already and that could be given up to establish an agent's bona fides without damage to ongoing operations. According to Bagley, both Vassall and the bugging operation had been compromised prior to the appearance of Nosenko. In fact, they had been compromised by Golitsin—two more instances of the uncanny overlap of information provided by Russian intelligence officers who had ostensibly served in entirely different branches of the KGB. Although Golitsin had not known Vassall's name, he had revealed enough to make his uncovering "inevitable," Bagley maintained, a fact that the KGB recognized by severing its contacts with Vassall immediately after Golitsin's defection. Nosenko's information merely "permitted [Vassall] to be caught sooner, and that is all," Bagley said. As for the bugs in the embassy, Golitsin "had given approximate locations of some of the microphones six months earlier….

The actual tearing out of the walls … would have been done, and the microphone system found, without Nosenko's information."

Nosenko arrived in Geneva as expected on January 20, 1964, along with the rest of the Soviet delegation. After checking into his hotel, he went to a pay phone, dialed the telegraph office, and dictated a brief, innocuous message. Within hours Bagley and Kisvalter were on a plane to Switzerland. Three days later they were sitting in a CIA safe house in the suburbs of Geneva listening to Nosenko's assurances that the KGB had never had anything to do with Lee Harvey Oswald and most especially had not recruited him to kill Kennedy. Nosenko said he had personally examined the case when Oswald defected to Moscow in October of 1959, and had determined that he was too unstable to be taken on as an agent. The KGB had not even wanted to accept Oswald as a defector, Nosenko said, but had relented when he attempted suicide. As for Oswald's wife, Marina, Nosenko said that she was stupid, uneducated, and possessed "anti-Soviet characteristics." When she and Oswald asked to leave the Soviet Union for the United States, the KGB was perfectly content to see them go. Summarizing Nosenko's first session with Bagley and Kisvalter, Angleton wrote that "the thrust of Source's account was that neither Oswald nor his wife had at any time been of any interest whatsoever to Soviet authorities, that there had not ever been thought given to recruiting either of them as agents and that, in fact, the Soviets were glad to get rid of them both."

One week later Nosenko slipped away for another session with Bagley and Kisvalter. "No matter how I may hate anyone," he said, "I cannot speak against my convictions and since I know this case I could unhesitatingly sign off to the fact that the Soviet Union cannot be tied into this in any way." Nosenko said that within hours of Kennedy's assassination he had been called in to examine Oswald's file and assess the KGB's liability in the President's death. Nosenko insisted that the only KGB involvement had been to ask Marina's uncle, a colonel in the Ministry of Internal Affairs

(MVD), to persuade Oswald not to spread anti-Soviet propaganda upon his return to the United States. Nosenko also claimed to know all about the visit Oswald paid to the Russian Embassy in Mexico City in quest of a visa to return to the Soviet Union. The embassy cabled Moscow for instructions, Nosenko related, “and we said absolutely not because he is completely undesirable—there was no interest in him whatsoever.”

Quite apart from the preexisting suspicion that he was under KGB control, Nosenko’s story defied belief. Such categorical assurances of Russian innocence, coming so soon after the assassination, seemed too convenient for comfort. As Bagley put it, the CIA was “unbelievably lucky” to have found such a source. “Of the many thousands of KGB people throughout the world, CIA had secret relations with only one, and this one turned out to have participated directly in the Oswald case. Not only once, but on two separate occasions: when Oswald came to Russia in 1959 and again after the assassination when the Kremlin leadership caused a definitive review of the whole KGB file on Oswald.”

Nosenko’s contention that the KGB had not even bothered to debrief Oswald, an ex-Marine who had been stationed at a U-2 base in Japan, flew in the face of everything that was known about the KGB’s handling of defectors. “Here was a young American,” Bagley said, “just out of the Marine Corps, already inside the USSR and going to great lengths to stay there and become a citizen. The KGB never bothered to talk to him, not even once…. Can this be true? Could we all be wrong in what we’ve heard about rigid Soviet security precautions and about their strict procedures and disciplines…? Of course not.” Helms stated flatly that “no person familiar with the facts … finds Nosenko’s statements about Lee Harvey Oswald and the KGB to be credible.”

Nosenko told Bagley and Kisvalter that he wanted to defect, a sharp reversal from eighteen months before when he had said he could never abandon his family in Moscow. Bagley, by his own account, was "stupefied." "Why?" he asked Nosenko. "Didn't you tell us you never would?"

"Well, I think they may suspect me," Nosenko replied vaguely. "I have decided to make a new life."

"How about your family?" Bagley asked. Nosenko said they would be all right.

Ordinarily, a suspected disinformation agent would not be accepted as a defector, but this was an extraordinary case. True or false, Nosenko was crucial to the Warren Commission's investigation. As Richard Helms later explained it, "If his information were to be believed, then we could conclude that the KGB and the Soviet Union had nothing to do with Lee Harvey Oswald in 1963 and therefore had nothing to do with President Kennedy's murder…. If Mr. Nosenko was giving us false information about Oswald's contacts with the KGB in 1959 to 1962, it was fair for us to surmise that there may have been an Oswald-KGB connection in November, 1963, more specifically that Oswald was acting as a Soviet agent when he shot President Kennedy."

Either way, Nosenko was the best witness the CIA was likely to find. "You couldn't possibly turn this one down," a CIA officer said. "It was decided that although the Agency was intensely suspicious of him—perhaps more than suspicious, they had concluded that he was being dispatched to mislead the U.S. government— nevertheless we must not tip our hand," John Hart, an expert on the Nosenko case, explained. "We must not let Nosenko know that we suspected him, because Nosenko would then report back to his superiors that we knew what they were up to. Thus Nosenko was treated with a maximum of duplicity."

"The only thing I want to know, and I ask this question, what should I expect in the future?" Nosenko inquired of Bagley in his broken English.

"The following awaits," Bagley replied. "As I presented it, you wanted to come to the United States to have some job, some chance for future life which gives you security, and if possible, the opportunity to work in this field which you know. Is that correct?"

"Absolutely," Nosenko responded.

"The Director has said yes, flatly, absolutely yes. In fact, I would say enthusiastic. That is the only way to describe it," Bagley assured him. "We talked about the means by which you can have a solid career with a certain personal independence. Because of the very great assistance you have been to us already and because of this desire to give you a backing, they will give you a little additional personal security. We want to give you an account of your own, a sum at the beginning of just plain $50,000, and from there on, as a working contract, $25,000 a year. But, in addition, because of [the Vassall] case, which would have been impossible without your information, we are going to add at least $10,000 to this initial sum."

Nosenko warned Bagley that they would have to move quickly. He feared that his superiors were on to him. He had just received a telegram recalling him to Moscow on the next day, February 4. On that day Nosenko once again slipped away from the rest of the Soviet delegation and, dressed as an American Army officer, was driven across the German border to a CIA safe house near Frankfurt. Three days later David Murphy, chief of the Soviet Bloc Division, arrived in Frankfurt and repeated to Nosenko the promises Bagley had made in Geneva. "First, I assured Subject that I was satisfied that he was genuine," Murphy recorded. "Based on this and assuming his continued 'cooperation,' I said we would proceed to make arrangements to bring him to the States. Second, I confirmed our agreement to pay him $25,000 for each year in place [$50,000 to cover the period since Nosenko's initial contact in June of 1962] plus $10,000 for [the Vassall case] and our readiness to contract for his services at $25,000 per year. Third, I explained the polygraph he would be expected to take as final proof of his bona fides."

In fact, Murphy was certain Nosenko was lying, at least about Oswald. “I did not believe that it would be possible for the Soviet intelligence services to have remained indifferent to the arrival in 1959 in Moscow of a former Marine radar operator who had served at what was an active U-2 operational base.” It was possible that the Soviets had not made the connection between Oswald’s assignment and the U-2, but that would not deter them from debriefing him. If nothing else, “they will talk to a Marine about close order drill,” Murphy said. Upon his return to Washington, Murphy drafted a memo that revealed his true opinion of Nosenko, namely, “that Subject is here on a KGB-directed mission,” and urged that “Subject must be broken at some point if we are to learn something of the full scope of the KGB plan.”

Nosenko arrived in the United States on February 11. Afraid— with good reason—that the CIA’s promises would evaporate, he drowned his anxieties in drink. “He got to the point where he was starting out the day with a drink and was continuing to drink more or less continually throughout the twenty-four hours,” Hart said. “He didn’t want to do anything except drink and carouse,” Helms recalled, adding that one binge ended with “an incident in Baltimore where he started punching up a bar.”

Had he known what Golitsin was saying about him, Nosenko might have taken to drink with an even greater vengeance. Consulted about Nosenko’s bona fides, Golitsin “felt in general that there are indeed serious signs of disinformation in this affair,” a CIA memo reported. “The purpose of Nosenko’s coming out, he thought, would be to contradict what [Golitsin] had said, and also possibly to set [Golitsin] up for kidnapping, also to divert our attention from investigations of [Golitsin’s] leads by throwing up false scents, and to protect remaining Soviet sources.”

A case in point was the still unsolved mystery of V. M. Kovshuk’s mission to the United States. At his first meetings with Bagley and Kisvalter in 1962, Nosenko said that Kovshuk had come to meet with an

American serviceman whose Soviet code name was ANDREY. After his defection Nosenko provided additional clues to ANDREY's identity. He had been recruited during the early 1950s while serving as a mechanic in the motor pool at the American Embassy in Moscow, Nosenko said. That quickly led the FBI to an Army sergeant who admitted meeting with the Soviets in Moscow and even with Kovshuk in the United States. But an Army mechanic would have no information of any conceivable intelligence value to the Russians. An official as important as Golitsin said Kovshuk was would not have come all the way to the United States just to meet with ANDREY. Golitsin insisted that Kovshuk had come to meet with a much more important source, perhaps the KGB's mole inside the CIA, and that Nosenko's story about the meeting with ANDREY was merely a cover for Kovshuk's real mission.

A similar pattern existed in the case of SASHA, the KGB spy who Golitsin said had penetrated the CIA's operations in Germany. Although a number of suspects had been investigated, the CIA had made no progress in identifying SASHA until Golitsin dredged up from his memory some additional leads to specific operations SASHA had blown in Berlin. Combing the files of the Berlin Operations Base, investigators came upon "a whole series of operational disasters." The common denominator in all of the failed operations was a CIA contract agent named Igor Orlov, "barely over five feet tall, a little china doll of a man," who had served valiantly as a Russian agent behind the German lines in World War II and had defected to the West after the fighting stopped. Throughout most of the 1950s Orlov had been a "principal agent" of Bill Harvey in Berlin. As a native Russian, he had been the perfect vehicle for maintaining contact between the American CIA officers and their agents in the Soviet sector of Berlin. If he were working for the Russians, however, Orlov would have been the perfect vehicle for blowing the cover of each and every CIA agent he dealt with.

One of his handlers estimated that Orlov could have blown as many as twenty CIA agents.

Nosenko's already suspect credibility was badly damaged by the SASHA case. Although Orlov denied the charge, Golitsin had been proved right, and Nosenko wrong. Nosenko had intimated to his interrogators that SASHA was an Army officer, an inaccurate lead that momentarily sidetracked the CIA's investigation just as it was closing in on Orlov. Here was one more instance to support their thesis that Nosenko had been sent to undermine Golitsin's information. There was still another case in which Nosenko's version of events seemed designed to assure the CIA that, regardless of what Golitsin said, it had not been penetrated by the KGB.

Nosenko said that in November of 1963 he had traveled to Gorki, a major industrial city on the Volga River, as part of a nationwide manhunt for a traitor, one Cherapanov, a former KGB officer who had passed a packet of classified documents to the American Embassy in Moscow. Cherapanov was well known to the CIA, since several years before he had made an unsuccessful attempt to defect to the Americans in Yugoslavia. According to Nosenko, Cherapanov had lost his job with the KGB as a result of his abortive defection and had been exiled to a functionary's position in a state-run publishing enterprise. Cherapanov was serving as a guide for an Indiana bookseller and his wife, who were touring the Soviet Union, when he handed them a package wrapped in old copies of *Pravda* and *Izvestia* and asked them to deliver it to the American Embassy. The Indiana couple did as Cherapanov asked, handing the bundle to the political counselor, Malcolm Toon, who immediately concluded that this was a setup. Two weeks earlier in Warsaw, an American Army attaché had been declared *persona non grata* for accepting a map of rocket sites thrust upon him by a Polish intelligence officer in a deliberate provocation. Members of the CIA station in Moscow argued with Toon that the Cherapanov case was different, that the documents, which among other things contained detailed

KGB surveillance reports, were too damaging to be an intentional plant. Toon refused to reconsider, and the documents were returned to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. According to Nosenko's version, Soviet security agents immediately identified Cherapanov as the source of the documents, and after a brief chase he was apprehended and shot.

By Nosenko's account, Toon had made a rash decision that cost Cherapanov his life, but a counterintelligence analysis suggested that perhaps Toon had done the right thing for the wrong reason. Once Cherapanov had tried to defect in Yugoslavia, the KGB would never have allowed him to come in contact with United States citizens again except for some deliberate purpose. Furthermore, the documents Cherapanov had handed to the Indiana bookseller fairly reeked of disinformation. Before returning them to the Soviets as Toon had ordered, the CIA took the precaution of photographing the documents for further study, and one of them, a detailed KGB analysis of the movements of FBI surveillance teams in New York City, provided new evidence in the Popov case. The KGB analysis showed that the FBI was concentrating on a special surveillance at precisely the time that Popov's agent Tairova had arrived in New York. If it was genuine, the document lent considerable weight to the thesis that the FBI's indiscreet handling of the case had led to Popov's downfall. By relating the details of the KGB's pursuit of Cherapanov, Nosenko seemed to be vouching for the authenticity of a document that said in effect that Popov had not been blown by George Blake in 1955 but had remained a trustworthy CIA agent until the Tairova case in 1959. From the Soviet point of view, the Cherapanov document served the dual purpose of further confusing the question of Popov's bona fides and of sowing a few seeds of discord between the CIA and FBI.

Suspicions of Nosenko's story were heightened by the fact that it contained a deliberate and demonstrable falsehood. At the time of his defection in 1964, Nosenko claimed that he was a lieutenant colonel in the

KGB and offered as proof of his rank a travel document that he said had been issued to him for his trip to Gorki during the hunt for Cherapanov. The document listed his rank as lieutenant colonel, but under questioning Nosenko admitted that he was merely a captain in the KGB. It was not surprising that Nosenko would inflate his rank in order to convince the CIA of his importance, but the fact that the inflated rank was confirmed by the KGB travel document suggested that Nosenko had had help in concocting his ruse.

More suspicious still, Nosenko's bogus rank was backed up by a second Soviet source—SCOTCH, the KGB officer at the United Nations who had volunteered his services to the Americans around the time of Golitsin's defection. SCOTCH also confirmed the story Nosenko had told Bagley and Kisvalter just before his defection in Geneva about receiving a telegram recalling him to Moscow at once. But an analysis by the National Security Agency of the radio traffic between Moscow and Geneva found no indication that such a message had been sent. Like the inflated rank, the recall telegram was an understandable lie told by a would-be defector eager to convince his handlers of the importance and urgency of his case. But the fact that SCOTCH should vouch for the lie was not understandable unless the KGB was purposely channeling disinformation to the CIA in an effort to build up Nosenko's story. Again, Golitsin's warnings seemed the only believable explanation. He had said that the KGB would send false agents to discredit him, and now both SCOTCH and Nosenko appeared to be playing that very game.

On April 2,1964, Helms, accompanied by Murphy and Lawrence Houston, the Agency's general counsel, met with Deputy Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach to determine Nosenko's legal status. According to a memo written by Houston, Katzenbach said that Nosenko was technically on parole to the CIA until the question of his bona fides could be settled and that the Agency was free "to take any action necessary to carry out the terms of the parole.” Until now, Nosenko had been treated like any other defector. His interrogators had behaved cordially toward him and had not confronted him with any of the contradictions in his story. Under these laissez-faire conditions, it was impossible to pin him down. He was drunk much of the time, and when sober, “he deflected questions, changed the subject, and invented excuses not to talk, even about isolated points of detail,” Bagley said. “It became clear that if he were to be questioned at all, some discipline had to be applied.” Given the implications Nosenko’s bona fides held for Soviet involvement in Kennedy’s death and for KGB penetration of the CIA, “it was our duty to clarify this matter,” Bagley said. “Anything less would have been … dereliction of duty.”

On April 4, two months to the day after his defection, Nosenko was given his first lie-detector test—“fluttered,” in Agency parlance. In an effort to trick him into abandoning his charade, Nosenko was to be told that he had failed the test regardless of the outcome. The polygraph did in fact detect “significant reactions” indicating that Nosenko was lying, although the validity of the test was undermined by the intimidation tactics that preceded it. “An artifact which was described to him as an electroencephalograph was attached to him and he was told that in addition to all the other sensors, we were going to read his brain waves,” Hart recounted. “Now there was no purpose for this except—as the documentary evidence shows—except to raise his tension. He was made to fear this polygraph in every way he could.” It was impossible to tell whether the “significant reactions” were measures of Nosenko’s fear or his prevarication.

In a deposition given to a congressional committee years later, Nosenko described what happened after he was fluttered. “An officer of CIA … started to shout that I was a phony and immediately several guards entered the room. The guards ordered me to stand by the wall, to undress, and checked me. After that I was taken upstairs in an attic room. The room had a metal bed attached to the floor in the center of this room. Nobody told me anything— how long I would be there or what would happen to me. After several days, two officers of CIA … started interrogations. I tried to cooperate and even in evening hours was writing for them whatever I could recollect about the KGB. These officers were interrogating me about a month or two months. The tone of interrogations was hostile. Then they stopped to come to see me until the end of 1964. I was kept in this room till the end of 1964 and beginning of 1965.” Nosenko was forced to rise every morning at six A.M. and was not permitted to lie down again until ten P.M. “The conditions were very poor and difficult. I could have a shower once in a week and once in a week I could shave. I was not given a toothbrush and toothpaste and food given to me was very poor. I did not have enough to eat and was hungry all the time. I had no contact with anybody to talk. I could not read. I could not smoke, and I even could not have fresh air to see anything from this room. The only window was screened and boarded. The only door of the room had a metal screen and outside in a corridor two guards were watching me day and night. The only furniture in the room was a single bed and a light bulb. The room was very, very hot in summertime.”

According to Hart, “the guards at the house were given instructions that there must be no physical mistreatment of him but that they were not to talk to him, they were not to smile at him.” The guards passed the time by watching television, but they wore earphones so that Nosenko could not hear the sound. A CIA memo explained the purpose of Nosenko’s solitary confinement. “The interval in isolation will be extremely valuable in terms of allowing subject to ponder on the complete failure of his recent gambits.” Besides, now that Nosenko realized that the CIA did not believe him, he had to be kept confined for fear that he would redefect to the Soviet Union before the true dimensions of the KGB’s disinformation plot could be uncovered.

Hostile interrogation had only deepened the CIA’s suspicions of Nosenko. “Before, we suspected Nosenko might be a plant,” Bagley said. “Afterwards we had come to think moreover that he might never have been a true KGB officer and that he surely had not held certain of the positions in the KGB which he claimed.” Under questioning, “Nosenko was unable to clarify any single point of doubt. Brought up against his own contradictions and other independent information, he admitted that there could be no innocent explanation … or he would remain silent, or he would come up with a new story, only to change that, too.” The contradictions could not be explained away by mere loss of memory. As Bagley pointed out, Nosenko “was supposedly talking of things he’d lived through—the KGB files he’d seen, the officers he’d worked with. If these were real experiences, he need only recall them and his reports would, all of themselves, come out the same way each time.” Nosenko admitted that he “looked bad,” even to himself.

Helms met privately with Chief Justice Earl Warren to inform him of the CIA’s doubts about Nosenko’s bona fides. Other members of the Warren Commission and its staff were told flatly that “Nosenko is a KGB plant.” The problem was that no one in the CIA was willing to take the next step and declare that Nosenko had been sent to cover up KGB complicity in Kennedy’s murder. That step could be taken only if the CIA could “break Nosenko and get the full story of how and why he was told to tell the story he did about Oswald.” There was, the CIA conceded, “no certainty that we can ever do this.” Moreover, even if Nosenko could be definitively exposed as a liar, it did not necessarily follow that Oswald had been ordered by the KGB to kill Kennedy. Bagley speculated that Oswald might have been carried on the KGB’s rolls as a sleeper agent to be activated for sabotage in time of war. After all, Bagley pointed out, the KGB could not have expected too much from an agent whose cover was so thin as to permit a Soviet wife. Under such circumstances, Bagley said, “they would be absolutely shocked to hear their man had taken it upon himself to kill the American President.”

For the moment, therefore, Nosenko’s testimony would have to be discounted entirely and all references to him excised from the commission’s final report so that his interrogation could proceed in secret. The commission was left with little more to go on than Oswald’s diary of his stay in Russia and the few official documents provided by the Kremlin. Neither, of course, gave any hint of Soviet complicity in the President’s death. When the commission issued its final report on September 28, 1964, it was no closer to resolving the doubts about Soviet involvement than it had been ten months before, and the CIA was no closer to solving the Nosenko riddle than on the day in June of 1962 when he had first made contact.

The conviction of Helms, Murphy, Bagley, and, of course, Angleton that Nosenko had been sent by the KGB to dissemble was, almost by definition, beyond challenge. When it came to espionage operations against the Soviet Union, they were the four most powerful men in the CIA. A serious disagreement with them might well damage an officer’s career. Besides, very few officers outside their circle knew enough about the case to form an independent judgment. The facts were held very tightly, Bagley explained, because “if Nosenko was a KGB plant, there was a KGB spy within CIA. This is not the sort of thing one wants to spread widely.” The logic was flawless, but the extreme secrecy that resulted effectively quenched any dissenting opinions.

As the years passed, however, and the circle of knowledge inevitably expanded, a small school of Nosenko believers began to develop. Invariably, they were men who scorned the double-cross school of counterintelligence and were satisfied that the KGB would never deliberately give away as many secrets as Nosenko had. Nosenko had given up the Soviet spy Vassall, the bugging of the American Embassy in

Moscow, and a host of leads to such Americans as ANDREY. He had also confirmed Golitsin's warning about the homosexual Canadian ambassador to the Soviet Union.

After listening to Golitsin, Canada's RCMP was convinced that he could only be describing John Watkins, a close friend of Prime Minister Lester Pearson and a noted academician, who had served in Moscow during the 1950s. With only Golitsin's information to go on, however, the RCMP was reluctant to accuse such a distinguished and well-connected man of treason. But Nosenko seconded the story, adding so much convincing detail that it could no longer be ignored. According to Nosenko, Watkins's KGB case officer had arranged in 1955 for then Foreign Minister Pearson to meet with Khrushchev at his dacha in the Crimea. Nosenko told of a drunken dinner party at which Khrushchev raised toast after toast of vodka to his Canadian guests. As his tongue loosened, Khrushchev began to mock Watkins with thinly veiled remarks about his homosexuality. During a toast to women, he leered at Watkins and said that not everybody present loved women. Nosenko's account of the dinner party was later partially confirmed by no less a source than Pearson, who wrote in his memoirs that "Khrushchev was determined … to put us all 'under the table' " and that while "the atmosphere became mellower and mellower John Watkins … looked less and less happy." Acting on Nosenko's testimony, the RCMP rousted Watkins from retirement in Paris and placed him under intense interrogation. He confessed his homosexuality but steadfastly denied that he had ever been recruited by the KGB. Just as the RCMP was about to abandon the interrogation, Watkins suffered a heart attack and died. Though he never confessed, there was little doubt within the RCMP or the CIA that he had been blackmailed into doing the KGB's bidding.

Would the KGB really direct a defector to reveal so much in order to establish his bona fides? "There is no precedent that we know of for the Soviets giving information of this sensitivity away," John Hart insisted.

George Kisvalter, the Agency’s premier case officer, who had handled Popov and Penkovsky, the best agents the CIA ever had, argued that the Russians “would be crazy to give [Vassall] up … the precedent of giving up such an agent would be almost anathema to the future recruitment of agents.”

Such homilies made little impression on the double-cross disciples for whom the quality of the intelligence given up was merely a measure of the magnitude of the deception to come. “It is a straightforward counterespionage technique,” Bagley insisted, citing a captured KGB document as his source. “It stated that just catching American spies isn’t enough, for the enemy can always start again with new ones,” he recalled. “Therefore, said this KGB document, disinformation operations are essential. And among the purposes of such operations … is ‘to negate and discredit authentic information the enemy has obtained.’ I believe that Nosenko’s mission in 1962 involved just that—covering and protecting KGB sources threatened by [Golitsin’s] defection.” Yet there had to be some point at which the double-cross equation went off the graph, some truth the KGB would not give up in the name of deception. The case of Sergeant Robert Lee Johnson seemed to be that point.

Nosenko told the CIA that prior to his defection there had been rumors circulating in Moscow Center of a tremendous new penetration in France. A friend of his in the KGB’s technical services division had actually gone to Paris to help process the take, Nosenko said. He assumed that the penetration was in some way related to the KGB’s recent development of an X-ray device capable of reading combination locks, the brainchild of a grotesque squad of safecrackers who had lost all their teeth to the radiation it emitted. Nosenko’s rumors became fact on November 25, 1964, when Sergeant Johnson confessed to the greatest wholesale compromise of military secrets in the nation’s history.

As the case was later reconstructed in an authoritative exposé of the KGB by John Barron, Johnson left his guard post at the Armed Forces Courier Center near Paris a few minutes past midnight on Sunday, December 15, 1962, carrying a blue Air France flight bag crammed with secret documents. He drove his crotchety Citroën to a service road near Orly Airport where a gray Mercedes waited. Johnson handed the flight bag to Feliks Ivanov of the KGB and received in return an identical blue bag filled with wine and food. Within five minutes he was back at his post while Ivanov sped toward the Soviet Embassy in the center of Paris, where a team of KGB technicians flown in from Moscow via Algeria waited in a third-floor room. For one hour the technicians worked with hushed intensity, photographing the contents of the flight bag. At fifteen minutes past three, Ivanov parked his Mercedes on a dirt road next to a small cemetery five miles from Orly. Johnson drove up, exchanged flight bags with Ivanov once again, and returned to the Courier Center to await his relief at six A.M. On the way home that morning, Johnson stopped at a telephone booth to leave a pack of Lucky Strike cigarettes with an *X* penciled on the inside, the sign that the documents had been safely returned.

That clockwork maneuver was the product of nine years' perseverance by the KGB which had begun in 1953 when a disgruntled Johnson left his Army post in West Berlin, took the tram to the Karlshorst stop in East Berlin, and offered to defect. The KGB gently deflected Johnson's offer and instead maintained a desultory, mostly unproductive contact with him until March of 1961, when he was transferred to the Courier Center, the funnel point for all classified documents passing between Washington and NATO command posts in Europe. The center was one of the most enticing and impregnable espionage targets in the free world. An armed guard was on duty around the clock, and two steel doors barred the entrance to the vault that housed the documents. The first door was secured by a metal bar with combination locks at each end. The second had a key lock. No one could open the vault without the key and both combinations. No one was allowed inside the vault alone. On weekends a single guard was left to watch the vault, but both doors were locked and the guard had neither the key nor the two combinations needed to open it.

Coached by the KGB, Johnson managed to make a clay impression of the key and to retrieve the combination to one of the other locks from a piece of scratch paper carelessly thrown into a wastebasket. The final combination eluded him until the fall of 1962, when he volunteered for weekend guard duty. Alone in the center from six P.M. Saturday until six A.M. Sunday, Johnson worked with a portable X-ray machine that when fitted over the lock revealed the combination. The final barrier overcome, Johnson and his KGB accomplices managed to loot the vault on seven separate occasions before he was finally transferred to another post in the fall of 1963.

Nosenko knew none of these details. His information had not been specific enough to pinpoint Johnson as even a suspect in the case. Johnson had done himself in. At the end of his mental tether, he had gone AWOL, then surrendered to police in Reno, Nevada, and confessed. Still, Nosenko had told the CIA of a major penetration in Paris, a penetration that until his defection had gone totally undetected. Surely the KGB would not deliberately have alerted an unsuspecting United States to such a hemorrhaging of secrets. There were other ways to establish Nosenko's bona fides.

No sooner was this argument made in favor of Nosenko than a counterintelligence analysis of the Johnson case suggested that the KGB had long since given up the operation as blown. After his seventh entry into the vault, Johnson had fallen asleep and failed to return to the cemetery at the scheduled time to retrieve the documents from his KGB controller, Ivanov. If the documents were not returned to the vault before Johnson was relieved at six A.M., the game would be over. Shortly after five A.M., Johnson woke up, looked at his watch, realized what had happened, and dashed frantically out the door to his car. The flight bag full of documents was sitting on the front seat, left by Ivanov in a lastditch effort to save the operation. Johnson returned the documents to the vault, completing the job only seconds before his relief arrived. Unwilling to admit to Ivanov that he had nearly ruined so valuable an operation by falling asleep, Johnson concocted a story that an officer had arrived without warning to pick up some documents, making it impossible for him to break away for the rendezvous— a story that conflicted with the fact that withdrawals from the vault were never made on weekends and that two commissioned officers were required to sign for all documents. Sensing a trap, the KGB terminated the operation.

According to this analysis, the KGB had every reason to believe that the operation had been blown and that Johnson had switched his allegiance back to the United States. As far as the KGB was concerned, Nosenko had told the CIA nothing it didn't already know. The fact that the KGB was mistaken did not detract from the force of the argument.

Angleton and his staff, so quick to discount Nosenko's giveaways, ignored the fact that the same calculus could be used against much of Golitsin's information. It was true that Golitsin had provided leads that narrowed the search for the KGB's source SASHA to the diminutive Igor Orlov, but by then the CIA had already terminated Orlov's services. He had become a handling problem and had been brought back from Germany and resettled in Washington. Orlov acknowledged having had a couple of run-ins with West German police, but insisted that the reason his CIA career ended was that he had accused an officer of stealing from one of his agents. In either case, Orlov was out of the spy business. Anyone who suspected him of being a KGB agent would logically have to entertain the possibility that he was just another giveaway.

All such conjecture aside, the simple truth was that for all Golitsin's alarms about moles and disinformation campaigns, Nosenko had provided the CIA with at least as many confirmed leads to Soviet penetrations as Golitsin—if not more. Hart asserted flatly that "quantitatively and qualitatively, the information given by [Golitsin] was much smaller than that given by Nosenko." Yet Nosenko languished in solitary confinement while Golitsin served as what one officer called "a trusted contract agent being paid a very respectable sum." Golitsin "was given access to all the debriefings of Nosenko … to the tapes themselves … [and] allowed to think up questions which were to be asked Nosenko," Hart said. "Angleton will apply certain standards to other people that he was never willing to apply to his pet," a chief of the Soviet Bloc Division grumbled.

The interrogation of Nosenko was resumed at the end of 1964. "The first day they kept me under 24 hours interrogation," he later testified. "All interrogations were done in a hostile manner…. I … asked how long it would continue. I was told that I would be there 3,860 days and even more…. I was taken by guards blindfolded and handcuffed in a car and delivered to an airport and put in a plane. I was taken to another location where I was put into a concrete room with bars on a door." According to Hart, Nosenko's new prison had been "built especially to house him" and resembled nothing so much as "a bank vault." It "was a very expensive construction because it consisted of heavy steel reinforced concrete." As Nosenko described it, his cell was furnished with "a single steel bed and a mattress—no pillow, no sheet and no blanket. During winter it was very cold and I asked to give me a blanket which I received after some time. I was watched day and night through TV camera. Trying to pass the time a couple of times I was making from threads chess set. And everytime when I finished those sets immediately guards were entering in my cell and taking them from me." According to Hart, "He also made himself a calendar out of lint from his clothing…. He was desperately trying to keep track of the time…. But in the course of his having been compelled to sweep up his room or clean up his room, why these calendars were of course ruined, so he had to start all over again.” Nosenko said, “I was desperately wanting to read, and once when I was given a toothpaste I found in a toothpaste box a piece of paper with description of components of this toothpaste. I was trying to read it under blanket but guard noticed it and again it was taken from me.” After nearly two years in the vault, Nosenko was granted thirty minutes a day for exercise in a small yard next to his cell. “The area was surrounded by a chain-link fence and by a second fence that I could not see through,” Nosenko said. “The only thing I could see was the sky.”

Officially, this inhuman treatment was referred to as “highly secure conditions” that were required “to permit extensive and prolonged debriefing.” But of the 1,277 days Nosenko was held captive, he was questioned on only 292. Memos danced around that fact by referring to “the additional need to provide Mr. Nosenko with continuing personal protection since there was the distinct possibility that he would be targeted for execution if the Soviets should discover his whereabouts.” That last was an especially disingenuous piece of rationalization, since those who had directed Nosenko’s confinement were convinced that he was still working for the KGB.

Through it all, Nosenko stuck to his story no matter how many holes his captors were able to poke in it. He said, for example, that during the early 1950s he had spent a great deal of time trying to recruit a military attaché assigned to the American Embassy in Moscow. But Nosenko could not identify the officer’s photograph and did not know that he had subsequently been expelled from the Soviet Union after he was caught receiving documents from a Russian citizen. Nosenko also said that in early 1961 he had received daily reports on the KGB’s surveillance of a CIA dead drop in Moscow. But CIA records showed that the dead drop, which had been used for communications with Penkovsky, had not been set up until late 1961.

Nosenko, who maintained that his primary intelligence target had been the American Embassy, did not know which floors were set aside for classified work. And the man who claimed he had been assigned to Moscow Center from 1953 until his defection in 1964 could not describe the KGB cafeteria.

At one point, Bagley thought Nosenko was about to break. When he was unable to provide any details about a case he had supposedly run for the KGB, Bagley asked why he wouldn't admit he hadn't handled the case. Nosenko sat silent for a moment and then said that if he admitted he hadn't handled the case he would also have to admit that he was not the man he said he was. There was another pause, and then Nosenko pulled himself together and went on.

Finally, in August of 1966, Helms lost patience and gave the Counterintelligence and Soviet Bloc Divisions sixty days in which to conclude their case against Nosenko. He rejected a request to interrogate Nosenko under the influence of sodium amytal, forcing the interrogators to resort once again to polygraph. Nosenko had already failed the polygraph once, but the results were worthless because of the intimidation to which he had been subjected. The second test was no better. According to Hart, Nosenko's examiner began by telling him "that he was a fanatic and that there was no evidence to support his legend and your future is now zero." During the examination, Nosenko was left strapped to the chair for hours on end while his interrogators took "lunch breaks." One "lunch break" lasted three hours and fifteen minutes; another, four hours. "There was no intention that this 1966 series of polygraphs would be valid," Hart said. Bagley's handwritten notes revealed the true intent: "To gain more insight into points of detail which we could use in fabricating an ostensible Nosenko confession … [which] would be useful in any eventual disposal of Nosenko." Bagley was willing to contemplate almost anything to avoid what he called the "devastating consequences" of awarding Nosenko his bona fides. He jotted down, "for my fleeting use only," a list of "alternative actions” that could be taken “to liquidate and insofar as possible to clean up traces of a situation in which CIA could be accused of illegally holding Nosenko.” Fifth on the list was “liquidate the man.” Number six was “render him incapable of giving coherent story (special dose of drug et cetera). Possible aim, commitment to loony bin.” Number seven was “commitment to loony bin without making him nuts.”

Bagley compiled a report more than 900 pages in length, which detail by eye-glazing detail dissected the discrepancies in Nosenko’s story. “Nosenko claimed that his operational success during 1959 earned him a commendation from the KGB chairman,” Bagley wrote on page 127. “He has since retracted all claims to any awards during his KGB service.” Nosenko claimed to have “thoroughly reviewed Oswald’s file within hours of Kennedy’s assassination,” Bagley noted on page 307. But “Nosenko later told CIA on one occasion that he ‘only skimmed the file’ and on another that he had it in his possession about 20 minutes.” Nosenko was not aware that Oswald and his wife had sent visa requests to the Soviet Embassy in Washington, Bagley continued. “Nosenko’s apparent ignorance of Oswald’s communications with the Soviet Embassy in Washington discredits his claim to complete knowledge of all aspects of the KGB relationship with Oswald.” On and on for 900 pages. All told, said Bagley, there were “hundreds of specific points of doubt such as had never arisen in any of the scores of defections of Soviet Bloc intelligence officers before Nosenko.” A decade after compiling the report, Bagley would still remember “at least 20 clear cases of Nosenko’s lying about KGB activity and about the career which gave him authority to tell of it, and a dozen examples of his ignorance of matters within his claimed area of responsibility, for which there is no innocent explanation.” Bagley’s conclusion was that Nosenko had held none of the jobs he said he had held, and that he was not the man he claimed to be.

Bagley forwarded his report to Angleton's Counterintelligence Division, and now Angleton found himself in something of a dilemma. Although he had never deigned to meet with Nosenko, Angleton had from the start been the guiding light behind Bagley's suspicions. It was he who first initiated Bagley into the dark world of Golitsin and planted the notion that Nosenko had been sent to protect the KGB's mole. But despite his conviction that Nosenko was a dispatched disinformation agent, Angleton could not accept Bagley's report because it implied that "his pet," Golitsin, was not totally reliable. For all his warnings about "serious signs of disinformation in this affair," Golitsin had at least confirmed that Nosenko was a bona fide KGB officer. "He did give evidence confirming that Nosenko had had certain jobs, which was in agreement with what Nosenko told us he had done," Hart said. Bagley's report would not concede even that small point, and Angleton balked. "Chief CI said that he did not see how we could submit a final report … if it contained suggestions that Golitsin had lied to us about certain aspects of Nosenko's past," a staff memo recorded. The Counterintelligence and Soviet Bloc divisions bargained Bagley's "thousand-pager," as it came to be known, down to 447 pages.

No matter how long the report, no matter how strongly Angleton and Bagley felt, the CIA could not bring itself to declare Nosenko a dispatched agent of the KGB. The consequences were too grave. A man's life was at stake. If Nosenko were wrongly sent back to the Soviet Union as a false defector, the CIA would be sending an innocent man—a man who had provided valuable intelligence to the United States—to his death. Beyond that, the repudiation of Nosenko, the bearer of assurances that Oswald was not a Soviet operative, would logically require a reopening of the investigation into Kennedy's death. Angleton's staff had assigned an 85 percent probability to the likelihood that Nosenko was a false agent. Given the consequences, 85 percent wasn't enough.

Curiously, Angleton and his assistants seemed to have overlooked the single most basic and telling point about Nosenko's bona fides. If the CIA was as deeply penetrated as Goleniewski and Golitsin said it was, as Angleton and his aides believed it was, word of Nosenko's first meetings with Bagley and Kisvalter in Geneva in June of 1962 would have gotten back to Moscow Center. From that moment on, Nosenko would either be under KGB control or dead. The mere fact that he should reappear in Geneva was persuasive evidence that he had been sent to deceive. "If you accept the fact that there was high-level penetration of the CIA," an Agency officer said, "it's out of the question that Nosenko could have returned from Moscow a genuine article." Even had the point been raised, however, it would not have clinched the case against Nosenko, since proof of a high-level penetration of the CIA was as elusive as Nosenko's bona fides.

Casting about for some way out of the quandary, Helms called for a review of the entire affair. Bruce Solie, a senior member of the CIA's Office of Security who had expended considerable time and energy over the past five years tracking down Nosenko's leads, was assigned to write a critique of Bagley's report. Solie took the straightforward view that a defector's bona fides should be judged by the quality of his information, and in the case of Nosenko he felt that too much attention had been paid to breaking his story down and not enough to finding out everything he could tell the CIA about KGB operations. Despite the 1,277 days of confinement and the 292 days of interrogation, Solie concluded that Nosenko had not been thoroughly debriefed. Until he was, and until all his leads could be run down, Nosenko's bona fides remained an open question.

In November of 1967 Nosenko was taken from his cell and "transferred blindfolded and handcuffed" to a safe house near Washington, D.C., where at last, Nosenko said, "I had a room with much better conditions." For the first time since his defection, Nosenko was in an atmosphere unclouded by the dark murmurings of Golitsin and the double-cross theories of counterintelligence. Now Solie commenced an interrogation that was to last without letup for nine months.

“I was interrogated on this case … several times,” Nosenko lamented. “It was very, very strictly put, everything, everything.”

“Yes,” Solie responded, “but what I want from you is—not strictly put—I want you to put it in your own words.”

Solie’s aim, unlike Bagley’s, was not to break Nosenko but to elicit information from him. The results of his interrogations were forwarded to the FBI, which later reported “that a minimum of nine new cases have been developed as a result of this reexamination and that new information of considerable importance on old cases not previously available resulted from this effort.” Commenting on all these neglected leads, CIA Deputy Director Rufus Taylor told Helms, “Before we are through with this the FBI just might level official criticism at this Agency for its previous handling of this case.”

In August of 1968 Nosenko was given a third lie-detector test, minus all the intimidation of the first two. This time he passed. In October Solie submitted a 283-page report that disputed Bagley’s “thousand-pager” and concluded that “Nosenko is identical to the person he claims to be.” Solie went further and specifically ruled out the possibility that Nosenko had been dispatched by the Soviet government to give false information about Oswald.

Solie’s report was immediately branded a “whitewash” and “despicable” by members of Angleton’s staff, but the Agency’s Deputy Director bought it. “I am now convinced that there is no reason to conclude that Nosenko is other than what he has claimed to be, that he has not knowingly and willfully withheld information from us, that there is no conflict between what we have learned from him and what we have learned from other defectors or informants that would cast any doubts on his bona fides,” Rufus Taylor assured Helms in writing. “Most particularly, I perceive no significant conflict between the information Nosenko has provided and the information and opinions Golitsin has provided. Thus, I conclude that Nosenko should be accepted as a bona fide defector.”

Taylor convened a meeting that one participant described as “a final effort to get all of these warring factions to sit down and see if we could get a consensus,” but “nobody gave an inch.” The Counterintelligence Division still refused to accept Nosenko as genuine. Giving Nosenko the benefit of every doubt, there still seemed no innocent explanation for why SCOTCH, the KGB agent at the United Nations, had corroborated for the CIA the false elements in Nosenko’s story about his inflated rank and the nonexistent recall telegram. “There still remains a disagreement as to his bona fides,” Howard Osborn, the CIA’s Director of Security, reported to Helms. “But at least it has been agreed by all concerned that the problem of Nosenko’s bona fides and his rehabilitation and resettlement can be considered separately…. Nosenko is becoming increasingly restive and desirous of obtaining freedom on his own. After nearly five years of varying degrees of confinement, this desire, including that for feminine companionship, is understandable,” Osborn continued. “Something had to be done with Nosenko physically,” the head of the Soviet Bloc Division said. “You just couldn’t leave him in a cage.” As a first step, Nosenko was permitted a two-week “vacation” in Florida under the watchful eyes of two CIA guards. Meanwhile, Angleton was preparing a new set of questions to be put to Nosenko upon his return.

Helms, still deeply suspicious, signaled an end to the dispute by awarding Solie a medal for his work in rehabilitating Nosenko. Resettling Nosenko “was the only viable option left to us,” Helms said later. Freedom for Nosenko would remain a relative thing, however. “We will occupy contiguous quarters and … he will be required for an undetermined period to let us know where he is going and when he leaves these quarters,” a CIA memo on “the Rehabilitation and Resettlement of Nosenko” said. “We will, initially at least, provide for technical coverage of his telephone and living quarters and will, within the extent of our capability, cover him through surveillance when he leaves these quarters." Nosenko was provided with a new identity, and in March of 1969 he was hired by the CIA as a consultant and eventually paid all of the money Bagley had originally promised him in 1964.

Looking back on the affair, Helms later said, "I don't think there has ever been anything more frustrating in my life." That was a considerable admission for a man who had spent his entire adult life wrestling with the inevitable uncertainties of intrigue. So much depended on Nosenko's bona fides. There was, of course, the question of Soviet involvement in Kennedy's murder, but beyond that there was the mystery of the mole. The passage of time might ease the controversy surrounding the President's death. But time only made more pressing the need to know whether Nosenko had been sent to sidetrack Angleton from Golitsin's leads to the KGB's man inside the CIA. Kennedy was gone, beyond avenging, but the mole—if he existed—would still be burrowing deeper and deeper toward the heart of the CIA. So the question burned even brighter than before, but the answer was receding farther and farther into the maze of transcripts, analyses, and memos, of inaccuracies, contradictions, and lies, that surrounded the investigation of Nosenko. The CIA had erected its own wilderness of mirrors. Whatever Nosenko had been to begin with, the fear that he might be a disinformation agent had become a self-fulfilling prophecy. The same could be said about the hunt for the mole.

Ides of March

8

Bill Harvey, the man who had fingered Kim Philby, played no part in the hunt for the mole, MONGOOSE and his confrontation with the President's brother had destroyed his career. Events seemed to mock Harvey. His career had reached its peak in 1961 when he was placed in charge of the Cuba task force and introduced to President Kennedy as the American 007, yet that same year he discovered that his greatest triumph—the Berlin tunnel—had been blown from the start by George Blake. His career had plummeted in 1963 with his sacking from the task force and his exile to Rome, yet that same year Philby had fled to Moscow, providing the ultimate proof of the case Harvey had made twelve years before. Nor could it have escaped Harvey that while he had been assigned to assassinate a foreign leader for the good of his country, it was his own President who had been murdered. Now, once again, on the evening of October 22, 1966, events trumped Harvey.

Sean Bourke stood in the pouring rain, clutching a pot of pink chrysanthemums. A passerby would have thought he was waiting for the start of visiting hours at London's Hammersmith Hospital just across the street. Behind Bourke was a twenty-foot brick wall, which encircled Wormwood Scrubs Prison. Inside, the men in cell block D were in the midst of their evening's entertainment, gathered about a television set, jeering a professional wrestling match. Remarking to a guard that the match was obviously fixed, George Blake, the most heavily sentenced prisoner in the British Isles, left the raucous crowd, ascended to the second tier of cells, and stood gazing out a large window that overlooked the main entrance to the cell block. The noise he made as he shattered the glass and kicked out a cast-iron bar was drowned in the hubbub from below. He wriggled through the opening, dropped to a canopy that covered the entrance, and from there to the ground. He sprinted twenty yards to the wall, climbed up a waiting rope ladder, and jumped to the ground next to Bourke. The two men sped away in a waiting car, leaving the rope ladder behind. An hour later the entertainment period ended, and the prisoners filed back to their cells. When Blake failed to answer the roll call, the grounds were searched and the ladder, its rungs reinforced with knitting needles, was discovered. By the time prison authorities notified police, Blake had an hour-and-a-half head start.

According to the official inquiry that was later conducted, Blake had given “every appearance of being a cooperative prisoner who was showing remarkable resilience in accepting his unprecedentedly long sentence.” That resilience had no doubt been based on his confidence that the Soviets would quickly trade him for a captured British spy—a traditional practice between East and West. Within a year of Blake’s sentencing, for instance, the Americans had given up the notorious Soviet spy master Rudolf Abel for Francis Gary Powers, the downed U-2 pilot. But Blake’s confidence in an early exchange must have been badly shaken in April of 1964, when the Russians traded businessman Greville Wynne for Gordon Lonsdale, the bogus Canadian sentenced to twenty-five years for his theft of British naval secrets. Wynne, who had acted as the West’s chief courier to Penkovsky, was Moscow’s prize catch. The Russians had played their best card on Lonsdale instead of Blake. Their decision had nothing to do with the relative worth of the two spies. The simple fact was that Lonsdale was a native Russian and Blake was not.

His best chance for an early exchange gone, Blake moved into action on his own, enlisting Bourke, a thirty-two-year-old Irishman who had spent nearly a third of his life in prison, as his chief accomplice. When Bourke met Blake at Wormwood Scrubs, he was nearing the end of a seven-year sentence for mailing a bomb to a policeman. Once released, Bourke laid the groundwork for Blake's escape, maintaining communications first by letter and then by a two-way radio that he managed to smuggle in to Blake.

The escape went off as planned, the only mishap being a broken wrist suffered by Blake in his leap to freedom. While Scotland Yard scrambled to cover all exits from Britain, Blake and Bourke watched television in a rented flat less than four minutes' drive from Wormwood Scrubs. Seven weeks later, while police still had nothing more to go on than "the clue of the pink chrysanthemums," Blake hid in the back of a van and was driven aboard the Dover-to-Ostende ferry by two of Bourke's friends. Twenty-four hours later the van stopped on the autobahn leading through East Germany, and Blake alighted in friendly territory.

In Moscow, Blake was awarded the Order of Lenin, Russia's second highest decoration, an honor not even Philby had been accorded. The only other foreigner to have been so honored was the German Richard Sorge, the Soviet spy in Tokyo during World War II whose assurances that Japan would not attack Russia had enabled Stalin to transfer badly needed troops to the Western Front. Blake's canonization was presented to the Russian people in the form of two lengthy interviews published in *Izvestia*. Having so thoroughly duped the British both before and after his capture, Blake could scarcely refrain from gloating. The sharpest taunts seemed aimed at Harvey and his tunnel. "Many people made a career for themselves in connection with this notorious tunnel," Blake said with a bitter irony detectable only by those who knew the hard times on which Harvey had fallen.

"He was an utter disaster in Rome," a high-ranking CIA officer said of Harvey. "He was a fish out of water in Rome," the head of the CIA's Western Europe Division said. Harvey was as out of place in Rome as his Bavarian gun rack was in the elegant fawn-colored villa he inherited atop one of the Eternal City's seven hills. There was no more implausible sight than Harvey being attended by his white-gloved manservant. "Italians are highly sophisticated, smooth, and slow-going," a member of the Rome station said, describing attributes guaranteed to clash with the blunt, hard-charging Harvey. "I had the impression that he would be at a disadvantage in dealing with the Italians," sniffed the officer Harvey relieved. "He could be very brusque with Italians," another officer said. "He hated 'the goddamn wops,' as he called them," still another reported. His command of the language was nil. "Harvey would not have taken the trouble to learn the language of people he despised," said an officer who spoke the language fluently. Besides, "his sound in English could not possibly be converted into Italian." Another officer said that "Harvey and his wife were very fond of Germany, and they didn't like anything about Rome." A sympathetic friend said that "this was just not the kind of milieu Bill Harvey prospered in. He preferred the dark alleys of Berlin." Still, said an aide to McCone, "he would have been able to carry out his assignment had he not impaired his effectiveness with drink."

"When he first came to Rome, he tried to be very careful about his drinking," a member of the station staff said. "At cocktail parties he would drink iced tea." But soon "he was hitting the bottle very hard early in the morning," another colleague reported. "By noon, Bill was no longer Bill." One officer said, "I never tried to do business with him in the afternoon when he was back on the sauce. You could not call him drunk. He was sleepy and not alert." When a colonel in the local carabinieri took him on a tour of checkpoints along the border with Yugoslavia, Harvey slumbered drunkenly through the entire trip. When Harvey had an altercation with

Italian police after one of several traffic accidents, the American ambassador, Frederick Reinhardt, cabled Washington that he hoped the station chief would be "less visible" in the future. When Reinhardt called an emergency meeting one Saturday, Harvey arrived "blotto" and fell asleep slumped over the arm of his chair. His gun fell out of his shoulder holster and onto the floor. "For Christ's sake," snapped Reinhardt, "who sent him to this town?"

Helms and Angleton had sent Harvey to Rome for a number of reasons. After his run-in with Bobby Kennedy, Harvey had to be got out of the country fast. But he was not to be demoted. The failure of MONGOOSE had not been his fault, and there was a feeling that Harvey had been "unfairly treated" by the White House. Rome was "the assignment Helms could find at the time that was high-level enough to accommodate him," one participant in the decision said. "I got him the job," Angleton stated flatly.

Although it had been more than fifteen years since he had been stationed in Rome, Angleton still exercised considerable control over Italian operations. He remained as well connected in Italy as the most seasoned Italian hand. Tom McCoy, a CIA officer who served in Rome during the 1950s, said that "Jim had a couple of people in Italy who did work for him and did not work for the station, including a source in the Vatican, although I could never prove it." Another CIA officer said that Angleton dealt directly with three CIA agents inside the Italian government whom he and his assistant, Ray Rocca, had recruited in the postwar years. "They were all three in very high-level and very sensitive positions," a CIA officer who knew their identities said. One was an official in the Ministry of Interior; another, code-named DELANDA, worked in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The third agent, code-named DETECTOR, was a major in the carabinieri who during the war had been chief of Italian counterintelligence in Switzerland. "He was very helpful in specific counterintelligence cases," an American said of DETECTOR. "He knew where all the skeletons were buried." Over the years, Angleton's "three big kills" had furnished valuable intelligence on the inner workings of the Italian government, among other things "pinpointing the areas where money could best be funneled," an Italian hand said. "Since Angleton and Rocca had recruited them, Angleton and Rocca were running the show. If anybody back there [in Washington] could speak about what was going on [in Italy] with any degree of confidence, it was Angleton and Rocca."

In Angleton's eyes, the land of his youth was about to disappear down the Communist maw. During the 1950s William Colby, the CIA station chief in Rome, had annoyed him by his persistence in keeping lines open to the left. "We were supporting and engaged in operations with some left-wing elements that Angleton held highly suspect because his police [carabinieri] friends held them suspect," said Tom McCoy, Colby's deputy in Rome. Now the Kennedy administration was actively supporting an "opening to the left" that would bring the Socialist Party into the ruling coalition government. To Angleton, who viewed the Socialist Party as nothing more than a Communist front, the policy was tantamount to surrender. Most disturbing of all, he suspected that the chief administration proponent of this suicidal alliance with the left, White House aide Arthur Schlesinger, was a Soviet agent. A member of the Soviet Embassy in Caracas had been overheard saying that he had learned the date of the Bay of Pigs invasion from someone in the White House, and Angleton had settled on Schlesinger, a former member of the OSS and the only administration official to oppose the Cuban operation, as the likely culprit.

Everywhere he turned, Angleton saw the hand of the KGB at work in Italy. Golitsin had described to him a KGB penetration of NATO offices in Paris in terms that fit a very senior official in the Italian Foreign Ministry. As far as Angleton was concerned, the CIA station in Rome wasn't doing its job. It wasn't able to ferret out low-level Communist agents within the Socialist Party, much less a well-placed mole within the government. The station relied on the Italian services for its intelligence on Soviet agents, but "there was no help from the liaison services, who were afraid of antagonizing the Soviets," an Italian hand said. "This was a serious mistake from the very beginning. We put all our eggs in the liaison basket." As a result the CIA was "getting nothing but what the Italian government wanted to give it," the head of the CIA's Western Europe Division said. The situation cried out for a hard-nosed operative like Harvey who would install some "plumbing" of his own—surveillance teams, wiretaps, bugs, and all the other paraphernalia of espionage. Whatever else had happened to him, Harvey certainly had not gone soft. When a longtime friend in the Rome station wrote him a warm letter of congratulations on his appointment, Harvey reported the man to the Office of Security for discussing classified material in the open mails.

Harvey was a cold slap in the face. "There were members of the Rome station who had been in the area for a long time, enjoying life and not being heckled too much and this new man comes in and tries to rekindle fires," one member of the station recalled. This new man was a queer bird indeed. When a veteran of twenty years in Italy went out to dinner with the new station chief, Harvey insisted on sitting in a corner with his back to the wall and his eye on the door. As Harvey seated himself, he cleared his coattails away from the revolver at his waist for a quicker draw. Thinking this was some kind of joke, the old hand asked if he could count on Harvey to cover him, but he suddenly realized that Harvey was dead serious.

"Harvey tried to turn the station around from a largely overt mission to an increased clandestine effort against the Soviets," one officer said. "Bill Harvey knew nothing about the Italian situation," said a CIA man who had been there since the war. "He was after the Russians and the KGB." Over drinks, Harvey told one old-timer, "I know you know a lot about Italy, but I know a lot about the Soviets. We'll get along fine." They didn't. "It was a period of extreme confusion and bewilderment," one officer said. "The station was turned upside down to recruit a Russian.” No longer relying on the timid efforts of the Italian services, Harvey formed his own surveillance teams to track the Russian operatives. Officers who had made their living over dinner with Italian politicians found themselves pounding the pavement at all hours of the night. “People had to work a hell of a lot harder,” one officer said, but “I don’t think we succeeded in recruiting any Russians.”

Relations with the Italian services grew steadily worse under Harvey’s heavy hand. “He pushed too hard,” a veteran officer said. “If only he’d had a little more tact…. Harvey forgot that we were dealing with the owners of the country.” When the head of one of the Italian services—CIFAR—died, Harvey defied tradition by lobbying for the promotion of the chief of the counterintelligence division to the top job, which had long been considered the province of the military. The maneuver was successful, but it was not worth the wrenching of Italian sensibilities. Once in office the new chief of CIFAR turned out to be his own man. “We were trying to manipulate and run him,” a veteran of sixteen years in Italy said, “but it’s a myth, this idea that you recruit the chief of service.” By the time Harvey’s tour in Italy was over, the chief of CIFAR would inform the CIA that all eavesdropping operations against Eastern European embassies in Rome had been terminated.

Harvey’s relations with his own Director were scarcely better. “McCone was never happy with that appointment,” an aide to the Director said. To begin with, McCone had not been pleased with Harvey’s previous performance on the Cuba task force. “When you take a plant supervisor and make him president of the company, it doesn’t always work out,” McCone said of Harvey’s tour as chief of Task Force W. Harvey’s assignment to Rome “had been approved in his absence and he didn’t like it,” McCone’s aide said. “McCone is something of a snob and a puritan, and Harvey just wasn’t his cup of tea.” Once a year McCone, a devout Catholic, would visit

Rome for an audience with the Pope, and Harvey would have to entertain him. “When McCone would come to Rome, Harvey would go to pieces with his drinking,” a sympathetic officer remarked. “McCone was a difficult guest…. He demanded the best room in the best hotel…. He would insist on playing golf at a certain time…. His wife would want handworked leather bags picked up for her and shipped home.” When McCone came to dinner, Harvey, pistol jammed into his belt, kept nodding off at the table while McCone’s aide kicked desperately at his shins. When the aide called on Harvey at his office at ten-thirty in the morning, “Bill said, ‘I’m thirsty,’ and sent out for Campari and soda.” At lunch that day he had five martinis. “I’ve never seen anybody drink as much in my life,” the aide said. When he asked other members of the station how things were going, they cautiously responded, “I would not ask for another tour at this station under this man.”

Soon the “horror stories” began to filter back to Washington, stories of his walking into a glass door or running over a roadside kiosk. “You heard about the time the gun went off in his office, didn’t you? The girls in the outer office were afraid to open the door. They were afraid he’d blown his damn brains out. When they finally opened the door, there was Harvey sitting there as if nothing had happened.” At first the reports were discounted as the petty spite of a small clique of officers who had grown too accustomed to the good life. “The gentlemen who were trying to pull him down in Italy were gnats buzzing about a bull,” Harvey’s immediate superior in Washington said. The KGB seemed to add its own menacing buzz to the swarm. Harvey would find the air let out of his tires or be awakened in the middle of the night by anonymous phone calls. One morning two sewer rats were found hanging from his front door with their heads chopped off.

Harvey suffered a heart attack. Two Agency doctors were sent from Germany to minister to him. After the crisis had passed, they warned him that he would have to stop drinking and smoking and keep regular hours.

“Things looked up for a while,” the chief of the Western Europe Division said. “He developed a couple of not spectacular but useful operations. He began to gain a little confidence.” But the drinking resumed. “Then came a cable saying he wanted a number of officers recalled.” Headquarters temporized by asking for more information. “Harvey responded with stiff messages” alleging that “these guys were not on the team, not sympathetic to changes he was trying to make.” Harvey’s wrath focused on one officer in particular, Mark Wyatt, who was in charge of liaison with the Italian services. Urbane, sophisticated, bilingual, independently wealthy, Wyatt was everything Harvey was not. “Harvey submitted a special fitness report which really tore this guy limb from limb.”

Desmond FitzGerald, who had become head of the Operations Directorate, arrived in Rome for a firsthand look. “I got an ultimatum from Wyatt that either Harvey went or he went,” a senior officer who accompanied FitzGerald said. “So I said, ‘In that case, I’m relieving you as of now.’ ” Wyatt asked to be allowed to stay through the spring so that his children could finish the school year, but “we shipped him right out of there.” After seeing Wyatt off on a ship to America, a member of the station recalled, “I said to a friend that Harvey wouldn’t last long after Wyatt got back to Washington…. I made a bet that ‘Before the Ides of March, Caesar will fall.’ ”

FitzGerald had supported Harvey against Wyatt, but at the same time he had concluded, in the words of the officer who accompanied him, that “Harvey was not in a condition to continue as chief of the station…. He was sick and coming apart at the seams.” FitzGerald cabled a lengthy report to Helms, and Helms ordered Harvey relieved of command. “I got the job of going back to Rome and relieving Bill Harvey,” FitzGerald’s companion said. “FitzGerald was very happy he didn’t have to do it…. It was a night I shall not soon forget.” For seven hours he sat across from Harvey, explaining that he was through. “Harvey was drinking brandy with a loaded gun in his lap … paring his nails with a sheath knife.” Harvey never threatened him, but the barrel of the gun was always pointing directly at him.

The cable from the chief of station announcing that he would be returning to Washington went out to all CIA installations in Italy on the Ides of March. There was not the slightest hint that Harvey was going home in disgrace. He threw a farewell party for himself in the ballroom of the Rome Hilton complete with a flowing fountain of champagne, an excessive display by any standard and particularly for a supposedly anonymous CIA man. “By God, he was going to make a success out of this thing even if it wasn’t,” one disapproving officer said.

At CIA headquarters in Washington, Helms convened a meeting of FitzGerald, Angleton, and Lawrence “Red” White, the Agency’s executive director, to decide what to do with Harvey upon his return. The idea was to find “something he could work at on his own time where he wouldn’t have anybody to supervise or any operations to run,” one participant in the meeting said. He was placed in charge of something called the Special Services Unit, where his job was to study countermeasures against electronic surveillance. FitzGerald told Harvey he hoped this would be only a brief interlude until he could regain his health and return to the front lines. “Red” White was assigned to watch over him.

“You and I have never had any problems,” White said to Harvey. “As far as I’m concerned, the slate is clean.”

“I’m sorry if I’ve embarrassed the Agency in any way,” Harvey responded. “If I ever embarrass you or the Agency again, I will resign.”

Before long, “we began finding gin bottles in his desk drawer,” one of the CIA’s most senior officers said. White called in Harvey, who reminded him of what he had said about resigning the next time he embarrassed the Agency.

“That would probably be the best thing to do,” White said.

“At your pleasure,” Harvey replied.

He was finished.

The Great Mole Hunt

9

The downfall of Harvey, the CIA's most aggressive clandestine operator, was symbolic of the fate that had befallen the Agency's espionage operations against the Soviet Union. Both were totally incapacitated. Operations were "dead in the water," a member of the Soviet Bloc Division said, brought to a standstill by Golitsin's warning that a KGB mole had penetrated to the highest levels of the CIA. David Murphy, head of the Soviet Bloc Division, sent a message to all CIA stations, directing them to pull back from their clandestine Soviet sources. Since they had all been blown by the mole, any sources still cooperating with the CIA must be under KGB control, Murphy warned.

The CIA would continue to observe the Soviet Union as closely as possible, but it would no longer attempt to penetrate the Kremlin. The Agency continued to collect and analyze the great masses of data that even a closed society spews forth—wheat crops and missile silos were still photographed by reconnaissance satellites; Western businessmen returning from Russia were still debriefed; official delegations to and from Moscow were still logged in and out; *Pravda*, *Izvestia*, and all the other Soviet publications were still translated into English. But the effort to recruit an agent who could give meaning and form to all the other data, who could reveal the designs and intentions, the motives and methods of the Soviet government, had all but ceased. The KGB had emasculated the CIA. Or had the CIA emasculated itself? Was the mole or the fear of the mole to blame?

“Golitsin comes out and says there’s a penetration,” a disbelieving officer recalled, his voice dripping with sarcasm. “The next step is that nothing can happen in the United States government that the KGB doesn’t know within twenty-four hours.” Murphy was overreacting, his critics said, swallowing the double think propounded by Angleton and Bagley and playing right into the KGB’s hands. One member of the Soviet Bloc Division became so incensed that he accused Murphy of being a Soviet agent.

To the counterintelligence officer there was, quite apart from what Golitsin was saying, “extensive evidence that a mole had penetrated to a sensitive point.” Hadn’t the KGB known about one CIA operation—the planned recruitment of the Polish intelligence officer in Switzerland—within two weeks of its inception? “Popov, Goleniewski, Penkovsky—the best the CIA ever had—all were compromised, and the KGB went to great lengths to mislead us as to the nature and timing of the compromise. In each instance, they gave us several choices.” That was the most disconcerting thing of all. It was as if the KGB knew at any given moment exactly what the CIA was thinking.

In the spring of 1966, while the CIA and the FBI were still trying to extract from Igor Orlov a confession that he had been the KGB’s source SASHA in Berlin, a second Igor suddenly arrived in Washington with additional evidence against Orlov. The new Igor jumped into the CIA’s lap with an early morning phone call to the residence of Richard Helms, and by one o’clock that afternoon he was closeted with a CIA case officer at an Agency safe house. Igor was not unknown to the CIA. He had briefly flirted with the Agency once overseas. Now, Igor said, he was angling for an assignment to the KGB station in Washington, where he and the CIA could do business on a regular basis. But, he continued, his assignment depended on the success of his present mission, which was to recruit Nicholas Shadrin, a Soviet destroyer captain who had defected to the United States in

1959 and was now living in the Washington suburbs and serving as a consultant for the Office of Naval Intelligence. If the CIA would persuade Shadrin to accept recruitment, Igor explained, it could be the start of a beautiful relationship.

As proof that he could return a favor, Igor revealed that the suspect Orlov had just paid a visit to the Soviet Embassy, a tidbit confirmed by a review of the Bureau's photographic surveillance of the embassy. Orlov's visit did not prove anything. He insisted that he was merely trying to obtain the address of a relative in Russia. But coming on top of all the botched cases with which he had been associated in Berlin, it served to confirm existing suspicions—as if the KGB knew at any given moment exactly what the CIA was thinking.

The FBI was impressed by Igor's tidbit. The CIA, Angleton in particular, was convinced that Igor was a KGB trick. Although Igor's information confirmed Golitsin's leads to the identity of SASHA, that seemed to be nothing more than the further discrediting of an already suspect source—a "giveaway" designed to establish Igor's credentials as a prelude to deception. However, both the CIA and the FBI agreed for different reasons to play along with Igor, now code-named KITTY HAWK, and put him in touch with Shadrin. If the FBI was right about Igor, American intelligence could use Shadrin to funnel phony data to the KGB and at the same time promote the career of its new agent KITTY HAWK. As far as the CIA was concerned, feeding an unwitting Shadrin to Igor would at least keep the game alive by allowing the Russians to think that the Agency had fallen for their ploy.

In order to protect the gambit, Angleton ordered that the KITTY HAWK file be kept from the CIA's Soviet Bloc Division, which he believed to be penetrated by the KGB. The result was that the division of the CIA most directly responsible for the collection of clandestine intelligence reports on the Soviet Union remained ignorant of what the FBI considered to be potentially the most valuable penetration since Penkovsky. Espionage operations against the Soviet Union had indeed gone “dead in the water.” The road map of intelligence had disintegrated into the maze of counterintelligence.

At the center of the maze stood Angleton and Golitsin, the chief of counterintelligence and his prize defector—“the Black Knight,” as Angleton was sometimes called, and his charger. Without Golitsin, without Angleton’s championing of Golitsin, the fear of KGB provocation, disinformation and penetration would never have taken control. Angleton was the only officer who possessed the command of fact, the strength of personality, the force of conviction needed to overcome the disbelief that traditionally greeted warnings about Soviet plots. Even so forceful a personality as Harvey had continually been frustrated by what he so long ago had called “the ineffectiveness of the overall Government program in dealing with Communists and Communist espionage.” Angleton would not and could not be ignored. Where Harvey had raged against the Soviet threat with *basso profundo* and six-shooter, Angleton seduced with a hypnotic blend of brilliance and mystique. Angleton was the Italian stiletto to Harvey’s German Luger. Yet it had been Harvey, the blunt, blustering cop, and not Angleton, the devious, enigmatic counterspy, who had stitched together the case against Kim Philby, the KGB’s prize penetration agent. There, said Angleton’s friends, lay the root cause of his fervor. Never again would he permit himself to be so badly duped. He would trust no one.

Sherman Kent, head of the CIA’s Board of National Estimates, told colleagues of the time he dropped by Angleton’s office to pick him up for a lunch date. Kent stood in front of Angleton’s desk, waiting for him to lock his papers in his safe. Angleton gathered up the papers from his desk, but before placing them in the safe, he asked Kent to leave the room. Kent realized that Angleton was afraid he might be peering over his shoulder. Another CIA officer recalled the time that Angleton had briefed him on a particularly sensitive case. After swearing the officer to eternal secrecy, Angleton began to describe the case in hushed tones. It sounded very familiar to the officer, and when he peered across the desk, he realized that Angleton was reading from the officer's own handwritten notes. Friends of Angleton could always pass off such displays by saying that "anybody who works in counterintelligence should be given a few extra points for paranoia." Besides, a government official told a friend at the CIA, "I don't agree with a thing Jim says, but sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night thinking, 'What if he's right?' " What if Angleton were right about Golitsin and about the mole?

Golitsin had already provided the leads that pointed toward Igor Orlov as the prime suspect in the search for SASHA, and he was eager to provide more. According to a CIA officer, "Golitsin's line became: 'I gave you this penetration who ruined everything you ever did in Berlin but what the KGB really wants is to get at your own people. Give me a list of your people who ran this agent, and I will find among them the Soviet agents in the CIA.' " SASHA'S handlers either had been in league with him from the start or had been recruited by the KGB through SASHA at some point in their relationship, Golitsin contended.

Angleton gave Golitsin access to the CIA's files on the case officers who had handled SASHA, about a dozen men in all, and the hunt was on. "This is what I distrust," one CIA division head said. "How the hell could anybody in his right mind give a KGB officer enough information [from CIA files] to allow him to make a valid analysis?" Said another officer, whose file was among those turned over to Golitsin, "To give Golitsin your personnel files, including going all the way back to your first Personal History Statement which you give when you join the Agency, it seems to me that that's outrageous, way beyond where Angleton should have gone." In fact, Angleton went even further in his hunt for the mole. If a man spoke Russian or had served in Moscow or was involved in any of the other cases that had gone sour, his file, too, was given to Golitsin. If Golitsin's eye picked out a suspicious pattern, the name would be entered in Angleton's list of "serials," or leads to possible Soviet agents, and a full investigation would begin.

Number one on Angleton's list was Richard Kovich, a case officer of Yugoslav descent assigned to the Soviet Bloc Division. "Golitsin named Kovich on the basis of his analysis of material we supplied him with," a CIA officer said. To Golitsin, everything about Kovich looked suspicious. He had handled SASHA, he spoke Russian, and he came from Eastern Europe. Kovich also associated openly with known KGB officers, joining them on picnics and family outings in what he maintained was a calculated effort to know the enemy. Angleton and Golitsin put the probability that Kovich was a Soviet agent at 100 percent. From his reading of the file, Golitsin even professed to know the precise moment at which Kovich had been recruited.

Kovich had been sent to Paris to handle a GRU officer named Federov, who had volunteered his services to the CIA. From the start, Federov had the smell of a Soviet provocation. He said that he was a GRU "illegal" who was being staged through Paris to his ultimate destination in Mexico. The name he gave for his GRU control turned out to be an office partner of Popov's in East Berlin, but his description of the office did not match that given by the trusted Popov. No sooner had he made contact with Kovich than Federov began to lead him a merry chase. Abandoning his mission to Mexico, he returned to Moscow and reappeared in Paris with the news that he had to go to the south of France to meet with another GRU illegal who was to take his place in Mexico. Kovich trailed Federov south. It was there, Golitsin said, while he was on his own with no one watching his back, that Kovich had been recruited by Soviet intelligence. Once again Federov was recalled to Moscow, this time, he claimed, by way of Frankfurt and Berlin, but the CIA followed him to Bern, down through the Simplon Tunnel to northern Italy, and back to the French Riviera. At his next meeting with

Kovich, the now thoroughly suspect Federov announced that he was to be assigned to the Soviet Embassy in Stockholm. Then he returned to Moscow once more, reemerging a short time later in Berlin, but instead of going on to Stockholm, he went back to Moscow and was never heard from again. The most intriguing aspect of the entire affair was that Federov had returned to Moscow for the final time at almost precisely the same moment that Popov had been recalled for the interrogation that led to his final demise. In some way, Federov seemed linked to the end play in the Popov case.

Pawing through the files, Golitsin spotted another case that he felt reflected badly upon Kovich. Ingeborg Lygren, who was secretary to the Norwegian ambassador in Moscow and whom Kovich had handled as a CIA agent, had been working for the Russians all along, Golitsin said, suggesting that Kovich could have used her as a go-between with his KGB controllers. The Lygren case became a scandal of major proportions in Norway, although ultimately it would tell more about Angleton than Kovich.

By the time Golitsin identified Lygren as a Soviet agent, she had returned from Moscow to Oslo and was serving as secretary to the head of military intelligence, Colonel Wilhelm Evang, Norway's chief liaison with the CIA. Angleton flew to Oslo and told the head of Norway's internal security service about Lygren without bothering to inform Evang. The resulting flap "buggered up the CIA's dealing with both services for many years," the head of the CIA's Western Europe Division said. Evang and his aides "considered the fact that Angleton had gone to the police and not to Evang a stab in the back. The results were bad as far as liaison was concerned." Another CIA officer explained that "when you are in such close contact with the head of one service, and you have a security case that goes to the heart of his business, you don't go to the head of a rival service and then keep the resulting investigation secret from your principal liaison. The way it was handled blackened the name of CIA from then on." The damage was for naught. Lygren was found innocent, given her job back, and voted an indemnity by the Norwegian parliament. Twelve years later, the real spy, Gunvor Haavik, was caught passing documents to the Russians.

Golitsin's identification of Kovich as a Soviet agent proved no more accurate than his naming of Lygren. "Kovich was cleared of any evidence that he was a controlled agent of anybody else," one of his superiors said. "Nevertheless, he was injured because prior to the time that that determination was made he had to be removed from an active role in ongoing sensitive operations." Kovich was transferred out of the Soviet Bloc Division to a deadend job in Central America. "What happened to Kovich was what any professional officer would expect," his superior said. His career was ruined. Although officially cleared, he remained in limbo, never rising above the rank he held when Golitsin first named him. According to Kovich's friend, George Kisvalter, "Angleton wiretapped him and blocked any promotions for him for ten years." Finally, Kovich quit the CIA in disgust.

Neither Kovich nor any of the other suspects identified by Golitsin were ever told that their loyalty was being questioned. By the time they realized what had happened and demanded a chance to rebut the charge, their careers had been damaged beyond repair. "When do you find out?" one suspect asked rhetorically. "You find out when you're the oldest living GS-16 in the building. You find out when old colleagues start turning the papers face down on their desk while they're talking to you, not taking any phone calls when you're in the office, pretending not to see you in the corridor, and shying away from you in the men's room."

The suspicions sowed by Golitsin spread far beyond individual officers at the CIA to infect all of Allied intelligence. Philippe de Vosjoli, the Washington representative of French intelligence, described Golitsin's debilitating effect. "Our team would do some preliminary work at home and return to Washington with a number of names, any one of which might fit the necessarily meager network of facts MARTEL [Golitsin's French cryptonym] had offered. But MARTEL could never answer with absolute assurance either yes or no about any of them. The problem in this for me—and, in fact, for the whole French intelligence system—lay in the fact that each session with MARTEL was also attended by American representatives, and each time our people dropped a name in front of MARTEL, that person automatically became suspect to the Americans. Small wonder, but as the list of clouded reputations lengthened, my professional contacts with the Americans … began to dry up, even on routine matters."

Golitsin's leads produced hundreds of suspects but virtually no spies. He "took everyone back to the days in the early twenties when the Soviets first allowed Western enterprise into the country and began recruiting agents," a senior officer said. "Battalions of people researched back. They came up with identities that fit the facts but never proved anything." By another officer's count, Golitsin's information produced more than a hundred cases of suspected espionage against Americans, nearly as many against the British, tens of cases involving the French, and a dozen or so in Germany, plus assorted leads to Soviet agents in Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Austria, Greece, and Norway. "This not only tied up all of your proper counterespionage functions, it tied up much of the security services of Allied nations," the senior officer continued. "It was also very stultifying to the positive, offensive operations of ourselves, the British, etc., because if you got a good case, got some good information, it was immediately written off as 'It's got to be a phony.' People didn't trust one another. You couldn't deal with another service because they were 'penetrated.' " The fears aroused by Golitsin and spread by Angleton seemed more devastating than real Soviet agents could ever have been.

No one was safe from Golitsin. David Murphy, head of the Soviet Bloc Division and a fervent believer in Golitsin, was listed in Angleton's “serials” as a “probable” Soviet agent. Murphy suffered from the same guilt by association as Kovich. He was of Polish descent, spoke fluent Russian, and was married to a White Russian. He had been with military intelligence at the outbreak of the Korean War and had crossed paths in Seoul with George Blake, who had had an affair with the wife of one of Murphy’s agents. As the CIA chief in Munich, Murphy had directed the handling of SASHA and had even arranged for SASHA’s transfer to Berlin. Later, as chief of the Soviet branch in Berlin, Murphy had met secretly with Popov. Afterward, George Blake claimed to have known all along about “Dave Murphy’s big operation” with Popov.

Murphy was “accident-prone,” one officer said. In Vienna he had had a beer thrown in his face by a Russian he was trying to recruit, and in Tokyo he had been beaten up by a KGB goon squad. “There was not one single Soviet case which this guy touched which didn’t turn to shit,” a fellow officer said. To some, Murphy’s past performance smacked of deliberately destructive behavior. To others, it seemed unlikely that the KGB would purposely stain the record of its own man.

Murphy was removed from his job as head of the Soviet Bloc Division and assigned to Paris as station chief. He suspected nothing untoward. The Paris job was a plum. It also conveniently required an interim period of several months while Murphy attended the Foreign Service Institute and studied French. During those months he was cut out of operations entirely and was under intensive investigation. “He wouldn’t have gone [to Paris] if he hadn’t been cleared,” a senior officer said. Investigators “went over Murphy from stem to stern and concluded that he was clean.” Angleton, however, was not convinced. After Murphy arrived in Paris, Angleton took the head of French intelligence aside and warned him that the CIA’s new station chief was a Soviet agent. Such calumny was devastating to Murphy’s effectiveness in Paris, but in the end Angleton would become the principal victim of his own warning.

Murphy was replaced as chief of the Soviet Bloc Division by Rolf Kingsley, formerly head of the Agency's Western Europe Division. Kingsley was an outsider with no better solution to the mystery of the mole than anyone else. But something had to be done to remove the paralysis of doubt that had brought operations against the Soviet Union to a standstill. "In order to get on with the darn job, we finally resorted to extreme measures," a senior member of the Soviet Bloc Division said. Kingsley purged the division of anybody who could conceivably be the mole. "He brought people in who couldn't have possibly been the penetration because they'd been a thousand miles away at the time," an officer explained. "In effect, Kingsley said, 'If a penetration is there, prove it. In the meantime, you can be damn sure he's not there right now.' He wanted it clear that the penetration was somewhere else." With Kovich in Central America and Murphy headed for Paris, Pete Bagley, now the deputy chief of the division, was sent to Brussels, an assignment that he had conveniently requested. Leonard McCoy, a reports officer who had become so upset by the handling of Nosenko that he bypassed the chain of command and barged into Helms's office to protest, was transferred out of the division. Another officer who had fallen under suspicion for his handling of SASHA was assigned to the CIA training base at Camp Peary, Virginia. And so it went: "If you couldn't find the guy, you could at least emasculate him."

But nothing could dispel the miasma of suspicion pervading the Agency's corridors. "Bill Harvey used to be a good man," Angleton mused to a colleague. "There must be something seriously wrong with him." It seemed that Angleton was suggesting that Harvey might have been recruited by the KGB, but "none of the many counterintelligence leads ever applied to Harvey," a CIA officer said. When Lyman Kirkpatrick, the embittered Inspector General, quit the Agency after his arch-rival Helms had been selected for the Director's job, a rumor that he was about to defect sent a ripple of panic through the seventh floor. Kirkpatrick had left

Washington without telling anyone where he was going. When the CIA finally tracked him down by phone at a motel in El Paso and discreetly asked his intentions, Kirkpatrick explained huffily that he was on his way to Mexico to divorce his wife and marry his secretary. Meanwhile, the FBI directed its field offices "to obtain information concerning American students in attendance at Cambridge University from 1931 to 1937 who might have known Philby, Burgess, or Maclean or might have been engaged in subversive activities in college."

If the cases against Murphy and Kovich and all the other suspects did not stand up, then perhaps Golitsin's leads applied to someone else. The next to fall under suspicion was Bagley. Golitsin had not named Bagley, but he had given his interrogators one piece of information that aroused suspicion. Golitsin said that in Moscow he had seen copies of the CIA's debriefings of Peter Deriabin, the KGB officer who had defected in Vienna in 1954. Bagley had personally conducted that debriefing in Salzburg, Austria, and was an obvious candidate to be the source who had provided the KGB with a copy of the Deriabin transcript. Bagley was also at the center of the case that in 1959 had given the CIA hard evidence of a penetration in its ranks. He was the case officer who had been slated to make the recruitment pitch to the Polish officer in Switzerland, a gambit that Goleniewski's letters revealed had leaked to the Russians almost as soon as it had been conceived. Clearly, Bagley merited a closer look. But a case against Bagley, the chief accuser of Nosenko, did not make sense. If he was the Soviet mole, why would he work so hard to discredit the one source who said there was nothing to Golitsin's warnings about a penetration?

The mirrors of counterintelligence suggested an answer. Perhaps Nosenko was something more than just a disinformation agent, as Angleton, Bagley, and Golitsin maintained. Perhaps he had been dispatched to be discovered as a disinformation agent and thereby advance the career of his principal accuser, Bagley. During the course of the Nosenko affair, Bagley had risen from a case officer in Bern to deputy chief of the Soviet Bloc Division and heir apparent to the top job in the division until Kingsley was brought in to clean house. Bagley's zealousness in attempting to expose a KGB plot had earned for him the suspicion that he was part of the plot. Such was the quality of justice in the wilderness of mirrors. A man's successes could be used against him by suggesting that he must have had help from the other side, while his failures could be brought forward as evidence of deliberately destructive behavior. A man's entire past, as reflected in the counterintelligence files, became a potential weapon against him.

Bagley's past—the Nosenko case, along with the leak of the Deriabin transcript and of the planned Polish recruitment—was set down in painstaking detail, but the case was thrown out. The cloud passed over Bagley as quickly as it had formed, but the notion that Nosenko had been sent to be discovered had taken root. If not to advance Bagley's career, then whose? The only other person whose status had been noticeably enhanced by the discrediting of Nosenko was Golitsin, who had predicted that the KGB would attempt just such a ploy to undermine his information. Nosenko's attempt to discredit Golitsin had served to convince the Counterintelligence and Soviet Bloc Divisions of his importance. But a KGB plot to build up Golitsin, who threatened to expose the Soviet mole, made no sense—unless he, too, had been sent. Perhaps the KGB had dispatched Golitsin in a deliberate effort to sow the fatal seed of suspicion that the CIA had been penetrated by a Russian mole. "If you take the thesis of the KGB dispatching a defector to carry out a disinformation program and tie the CIA into knots," said a chief of the Soviet Bloc Division, "the absolute classic operation would be Golitsin."

The CIA and much of Western intelligence had been turned upside down and still the mole had not been found. Everybody from the lowliest case officer who had ever handled SASHA up to the chief of the Soviet Bloc

Division had been investigated and cleared. While Golitsin's leads had been pursued to their mainly fruitless conclusions, no less than fifty leads provided by Nosenko had never been followed up on the grounds that they were false scents laid down to throw investigators off the track. "But the leads turned out to be very real," said a member of the Soviet Bloc Division. Angleton's counterintelligence staff could respond only that the leads were "giveaways," worthless spies willingly betrayed by Nosenko in order to protect the mole. "If Nosenko is giving all these throwaways in order to protect something much bigger," a senior officer in the Soviet Bloc Division commented, "this mythical character had to be pretty damn big."

Angleton and Golitsin rose to the occasion with the astonishing Project DINOSAUR, the code name for the investigation of W. Averell Harriman, who had been ambassador to the Soviet Union and the United Kingdom, governor of New York, and Secretary of Commerce, and who had just been named by President Johnson to negotiate an end to the Vietnam War. Golitsin described an agent who had been recruited by the KGB in the 1930s while he was in the Soviet Union on business. The KGB had supplied the agent with women, and an illegitimate son had resulted, Golitsin said. He even claimed to know the boy's name. The agent had had a falling out with his Soviet controllers, Golitsin continued, but during the 1950s he had returned to the fold. In honor of the agent's return to covert duty, Golitsin related, the Soviets had commissioned a play about the son of a capitalist prince by one of Moscow's leading playwrights, but when the agent attended the premiere he was so flabbergasted by the similarity between himself and the chief protagonist that he angrily warned the KGB that his cover might be blown. Angleton concluded that Golitsin's description matched no one but Harriman. The former ambassador had visited the Soviet Union as recently as 1959 and had written a book about his journey in which he thanked his guide, Vasili Vakrushev, who was none other than the illegitimate son named by Golitsin. A check of Harriman's itinerary showed that he had not been in Moscow on any of the nights that the play about the son of a capitalist prince was performed, but such details did not deter Angleton, who vigorously pressed the new Director, Richard Helms, to warn the President about Harriman. Helms declined.

People were growing weary of the world according to Golitsin. His leads to the mole had produced nothing but paralyzing suspicion, and his warnings about Soviet disinformation operations appeared more and more fanciful with the passage of time. His claim that the Sino-Soviet split was a ruse looked ridiculous in the face of U-2 photographs of the massive military buildup along Russia's border with China. "Events began to catch up," one senior official said. "People began saying, 'If he's so far wrong on this, what about all the other stuff?' " When Angleton proposed to convene a gathering of academics to hear Golitsin propound his theory about the Sino-Soviet split, it was immediately dubbed "the Flat Earth Conference." Never did Golitsin look more ridiculous than in 1968 at the time of Alexander Dubček's rebellion in Czechoslovakia. "Golitsin said Dubcek and the Czech rebellion were completely staged for Western benefit to create an impression of great unrest behind the Iron Curtain and to suck us into trying to exploit the unrest," a senior officer in the Soviet Bloc Division said. "Up until the morning they invaded Czechoslovakia, Golitsin maintained that this was a deception and that the Soviets had no intention of invading Czechoslovakia."

Harriman, Czechoslovakia, and the Sino-Soviet split—no wonder, as one officer said, "the audience was getting smaller all the time." But it was one thing to say that Golitsin was creating his warnings out of whole cloth and quite another to conclude that he was a dispatched agent. Defectors were known to resort to "spinning" after their hard core of intelligence had been exhausted, concocting ever more astounding stories in an effort to remain the center of attention. The difference in Golitsin's case was that Angleton continued to believe him.

There were a few shreds of circumstantial evidence capable of supporting the idea that Golitsin had been sent. The defector Deriabin had placed Golitsin's name second on a list of KGB officers in Vienna who were vulnerable to recruitment by the CIA. By Golitsin's own account, that transcript had somehow fallen into KGB hands. Knowing that the CIA had had its interest in Golitsin piqued by Deriabin, the KGB might have "dangled" him in Helsinki, hoping to foist a double agent on the unsuspecting Americans. When the CIA failed to rise to the bait, the KGB could then have taken matters into its own hands and ordered Golitsin to defect. To add to that wisp of speculation, there was the trip Golitsin had made to England in 1963. He had supposedly gone to live there permanently, but he had returned to the United States within five months. That brief interlude divided his career as a defector into two clearly distinct phases. The first had lasted from December of 1961, when he defected in Helsinki, until March of 1963, when he left the United States for England. During that period, it was accurate to say, as Angleton frequently did, that the information that Golitsin supplied had never been faulted. It was only after he returned from England in August of 1963 that Golitsin began leading Angleton on the mad hunt for the mole and telling his stories about Harriman, Czechoslovakia, and the Sino-Soviet split. It was as if Golitsin, having established his bona fides during his first stay in the United States, had returned to carry out his disinformation mission.

How could the KGB even dream of pulling off so convoluted a scheme? "Helms and I have talked about this many times," a high-ranking officer said. "I do not believe that any son of a bitch sitting in Moscow could have any conception that he could dispatch Golitsin here and disrupt the Allied intelligence services to the extent he did. Nobody could have expected Angleton to buy it, lock, stock, and barrel." And no one sitting in Moscow could have predicted with any certainty that Nosenko would be fingered as a plant and thereby build up Golitsin. Furthermore, it seemed incredible that the KGB would entrust to an agent whose mission was to be discovered as a fraud the message that the Soviet Union had not had a hand in Kennedy's death. Such a plot could only fuel suspicions of Soviet complicity. It was true that Angleton's counterintelligence staff, although convinced that Nosenko was lying, had concluded that there was no evidence to support the contention that Oswald was working for the Russians when he killed Kennedy. But surely the KGB could not control the workings of the counterintelligence staff with so fine a hand.

Could not—unless they already had a man inside the counterintelligence staff who could influence the handling of the case. Who controlled the counterintelligence staff? Who had directed the handling of both Golitsin and Nosenko, championing Golitsin, denigrating Nosenko, yet stopping short of the conclusion that the KGB had ordered Kennedy shot? Who but James Jesus Angleton?

Such a case had indeed been outlined. It had the attraction that all conspiracy theories possess. It provided a cause commensurate with the effect. "The effect of Golitsin was horrendous," a chief of the Soviet Bloc Division said, "the greatest disaster to Western security that happened in twenty years." Now, for the first time, the possibility arose that the entire fiasco was not a self-inflicted wound but the work of an infernal Soviet machination. Who better to cast as the villain than Angleton himself? Two men who had headed the Soviet Bloc Division at different times, neither aware that an effort had been made to develop a case against Angleton, would make the same point in almost identical terms. "If I were to pick a Soviet agent at the Agency, it would be Angleton for all the harm he's done," said one. "There is just as much reason to say Angleton could be the guy because he has done so much to be destructive," said the other. Popov, Goleniewski, Penkovsky, Golitsin, Nosenko. Everything that had gone wrong could plausibly be traced to Angleton. Complexity became simplicity. With Angleton as the mole, the KGB could dispatch any number of false defectors confident that they would be handled according to plan. “He is the guy who is perfectly placed,” one of the Soviet Bloc chiefs said. “He’s even better to have than the Director.” The Soviets had penetrated the counterintelligence operations of the British with Kim Philby and of the Germans with Heinz Felfe. Why not the CIA with Angleton?

To others, the suggestion was outrageous on its face. “I’ve known him for thirty-five years and worked with him for thirty, and I find any suggestion of treason or intentional destruction absolutely ridiculous,” said Thomas Karamessines, who directed the CIA’s Operations Directorate in the late 1960s and early 1970s. “Jim did make enemies. There’s no question about it. It was in the nature of his work. But he performed his work with distinction, and this country ought to be very proud of him.” Richard Helms, looking back on his many years with Angleton, praised him for making “a really very significant contribution in showing what Soviet spies were doing. If he overdid it, maybe he did, but that’s a difficulty inherent in the job.”

Angleton had never aspired to anything higher than chief of counterintelligence. With the exception of J. Edgar Hoover, probably no other senior official in the United States government had held the same job for so long. In the two decades Angleton had headed the Counterintelligence Division, there had been no fewer than six directors and seven heads of the Operations Directorate. Angleton had chosen his station and remained at it. Promotion would only have taken him from the depths of espionage to the shallows of administration. There was no one to whom Helms delegated more authority. He knew that Angleton would always be a collaborator, never a rival. He knew that the leadership of the Counterintelligence Division would not change and that operations entrusted to Angleton would not be passed along from successor to successor until the circle of knowledge became so wide that the secret was no longer safe. Privately, Helms would call Angleton a “strange, strange man,” but counterintelligence was a strange, strange business, and there was no one better suited to its practice.

Angleton. Even the name suggested labyrinthine conspiracies. His body seemed stooped and cocked to one side in a way that hinted of both deformity—as if his very frame had been twisted out of shape by machinations—and conspiracy—as if he were perpetually bending toward someone’s ear to whisper a secret. He spoke in a voice so low of tone, so slow of pace, so absent of modulation that it seemed he had been fitted with a speech alteration device. In a secret agency, he was the most secretive of men. All CIA officers adopted an alias for communications between headquarters and the field—Angleton’s was Hugh Ashmead—but when he traveled abroad he carried a private set of code pads in his belt to give his cables to headquarters even greater security. His aura of clandestine genius drew people into his web of intrigue, prompting them to entrust him with their most intimate confidences, as if the secret would somehow be safer in his care than in theirs. Even the diary and letters of a woman who had had a brief liaison with President Kennedy were entrusted to Angleton for safekeeping. He had so worked his spell on the Washington liaison officer of the French intelligence service that his superiors in Paris concluded he had been recruited by Angleton as an agent.

Angleton had dedicated his life to the CIA and the craft of counterintelligence. In his leisure hours he would use his considerable talents as a goldsmith to make personalized cuff links for the heads of foreign intelligence services. He cultivated rare orchids and sent them to his allies in the secret war against Russia. Like his passion for fly-casting with handcrafted lures, his fascination with orchids seemed an allegory of his chosen profession—cultivating plants for years until they burst into brief but glorious bloom. Angleton had even attempted to dedicate his property to the CIA, offering to donate a tract of land he owned along the Potomac River to the Agency as a site for the Director’s house.

There was a certain poetic justice to be found in suspecting Angleton of being the KGB's mole. It was nothing more than he had done to others. But whether the suspicion was outrageous or deserved, the only question that mattered was whether it was true. Certainly such a grave allegation had to be based on something firmer than speculation about the bona fides of Golitsin and Nosenko. In the wilderness of mirrors, the ground was soft and treacherous. Footprints were everywhere. Which way did they lead?

Upon his defection, Golitsin had beat a path straight for Angleton, refusing to cooperate with any of the case officers assigned to him until he was handed over in frustration to the counterintelligence staff. Had the KGB "targeted" Golitsin for Angleton, or was it merely a coupling of kindred souls? If it had been by design, it had worked to perfection. Careers had been ruined, espionage operations against the Soviet Union paralyzed, and relations with several friendly intelligence services crippled. Through it all, Angleton's faith in Golitsin never wavered. When Golitsin said David Murphy was a Soviet agent, Angleton passed the warning on to the French, even though CIA investigators had satisfied themselves about Murphy's loyalty. When Golitsin suggested that Averell Harriman was a Soviet agent, Angleton badgered Helms to warn the President, even though the case fell of its own weight.

When other defectors made equally startling and unlikely claims, Angleton chose to ignore them. He did not take it upon himself to advise the FBI, for instance, when Michal Goleniewski claimed that Henry Kissinger, then at the height of his Middle East shuttle diplomacy, was a Soviet agent. No one was going to build a case of treason on the basis of Angleton's lassitude in the face of a warning about Kissinger, particularly since Goleniewski was by then claiming to be the last of the Romanovs. The case of Leslie "Jim" Bennett of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police seemed more to the point.

Bennett was the guiding force within Canadian counterintelligence, much like Angleton in the United States. Like Angleton, he had spent almost his entire career in counterintelligence and had no hesitancy about suspecting even the most respected government official of disloyalty. Where Angleton suspected Averell Harriman, the onetime American ambassador to the Soviet Union, Bennett suspected John Watkins, the onetime Canadian ambassador to the Soviet Union. He had personally confronted Watkins with the evidence provided by Golitsin's and Nosenko's lurid tales of homosexual blackmail, but his attempt to extract a confession ended with Watkins's fatal heart attack. Now, in the spring of 1972, doubts were raised about Bennett's loyalty. If they were well founded and if Watkins had indeed been working for the KGB, Bennett's interrogation of the ambassador had been an extraordinary event—one KGB agent promoting his career over the body of another.

Angleton was outraged to learn that the RCMP had begun an investigation of Bennett without his knowledge. The two men had worked closely together in pursuing Golitsin's leads to KGB penetrations in Canada. Once he learned of the case, Angleton took an intense interest in it, making Golitsin available to review and analyze the RCMP's findings. Golitsin concluded that the case was well founded, but that was of little help to the RCMP in developing the kind of evidence that could support a legal prosecution. Finally, Bennett was confronted with the evidence against him and interrogated for four days. At the end of his interrogation, he was given a "medical discharge" from the RCMP.

The Bennett case resembled the Philby affair of twenty years before. Much as Angleton would have liked to take credit for developing the case, he could not. Had Angleton been duped again? Had he been so busy raising suspicions against members of his own service that he had allowed himself to be taken in by a senior member of an allied service? Or was something more sinister afoot? The Bennett case was considerably more ambiguous than the Philby affair. At least Philby could be said with certainty to have been a Soviet agent. Bennett had admitted nothing. The Solicitor General of Canada assured Parliament that “there is no evidence whatsoever that Mr. Bennett was anything but a loyal Canadian citizen,” and Bennett himself filed a libel suit when a transparently fictionalized account of his case appeared in print. Nevertheless, the FBI was sufficiently concerned about Bennett’s loyalty to conduct a review of the American cases that he might conceivably have blown to the Soviets.

One such case was that of Nicholas Shadrin, the Soviet defector whom the CIA and the FBI had been running as a double agent since 1966, when he had been fed to Igor, the bold KGB officer who had approached Helms with an offer to spy for the United States. In 1971, Shadrin had traveled to Montreal for a meeting with his Soviet control, and the CIA had asked the RCMP to provide surveillance of the meeting. If Bennett was working for the KGB, he might have warned Moscow that the CIA knew all about Shadrin’s secret meeting. In a way, speculation about whether Bennett had exposed Shadrin’s game was irrelevant since Angleton’s conviction that Igor was a Soviet provocation agent assumed that Shadrin had been compromised from the start. Whether blown in 1966 or 1971, Shadrin would later be sent to Vienna to continue his clandestine meetings with the KGB, an act which displayed a cavalier attitude toward Shadrin’s safety but which was explained by the fact that his Soviet contacts had given him a “burst” transmitter. For the Soviets to entrust Shadrin with a sophisticated communications gadget which American intelligence had badly wanted to get a look at was seen as an encouraging sign that they suspected nothing, although the double-cross school contended that the transmitter was just one more indication of how far the KGB was willing to go to deceive the CIA. In the event, the CIA got its hands on the transmitter, and Shadrin disappeared without a trace in Vienna. Igor, despite his success in recruiting Shadrin, never received the Washington assignment he claimed to covet. He continued to meet sporadically with the CIA overseas in what Angleton characterized as the most sophisticated provocation the KGB had ever mounted. Provocation or not, Igor was scheduled to meet with the CIA in Vienna on the very weekend that Shadrin disappeared.

All of this was what one CIA officer called “more grist for the counterintelligence mill,” but it hardly provided convincing evidence against Angleton. Even an ironclad case against Bennett was something less than an ironclad case against Angleton. It was merely one more in a string of anomalies in his career. Similar irregularities could probably be found in any career subjected to the same microscopic examination as Angleton’s. Even the simplest life became complex under scrutiny, and Angleton’s had been complex to begin with. How many anomalies added up to a sinister pattern? How many anomalies could Angleton explain away if he were confronted with them? In his private vault there were files that no one else was permitted to see. Perhaps they contained the answers to the troubling questions about his career. But it was impossible to see the files without Angleton’s permission, which would surely alert him to the fact that he had fallen under suspicion. Like all those before him, Angleton was never told that his loyalty was in doubt.

By the spring of 1974, after nearly three years of searching through the files, all leads were exhausted. The paper case against Angleton would never be any more or less convincing than at that moment. Barring an unexpected windfall, such as a high-level defector or a communications break, any further progress would require a full-scale investigation of Angleton, subjecting him to electronic and physical surveillance. That kind of investigation of so senior an officer would have to be authorized by the Director, and he would first have to be convinced that the paper case established probable cause to suspect Angleton of treason.

Angleton’s fate was now in the hands of William Colby, who had been unexpectedly propelled into the directorship by resignations and firings from the troubled Nixon administration. A colorless but decent man, Colby seemed the model of the faceless but faithful government servant. He had never aspired to the Director's office. By his own account, he was "stunned" to learn that he had been picked for the top spot. In his sudden assumption of power, Colby seemed the clandestine replica of Harry Truman, even down to the clear-rimmed spectacles. Just as Truman had been faced with the insubordination of the legendary General Douglas MacArthur, so Colby was confronted with the covert legend of James Jesus Angleton.

"I spent several long sessions doing my best to follow his tortuous conspiracy theories about the long arm of a powerful and wily KGB at work, over decades, placing its agents in the heart of Allied and neutral nations and sending its false defectors to influence and undermine American policy," Colby related. "I confess that I couldn't absorb it, possibly because I did not have the requisite grasp of this labyrinthine subject, possibly because Angleton's explanation was impossible to follow, or possibly because the evidence just didn't add up to his conclusions; and I finally concluded that the last was the real answer." Colby had first tried to get rid of Angleton early in 1973, when as head of the Operations Directorate he had urged Director James Schlesinger to fire the counterintelligence chief on the ground that "his ultraconspiratorial turn of mind had, at least in recent years, become more of a liability than an asset to the Agency." Schlesinger—"clearly fascinated by Angleton's undoubted brilliance"—balked, but Colby did force a suspension of HT/LINGUAL, Angleton's cherished but unproductive mail-opening project.

When Colby succeeded Schlesinger, the decision on Angleton's fate at last "was mine to make." But Colby procrastinated despite Angleton's refusal to bend to the will of his new chief. Privately, Angleton called Colby a "fool," and to his face told him he was liable to a taxpayers' suit for the damage his naïveté was doing to CIA assets. If Colby needed any further prompting, it came during a trip to Paris when the head of French intelligence confronted him with the fact that Angleton had told him that David Murphy was a Soviet agent. “After I recovered from the shock and looked into the case,” Colby said, “I discovered that … the matter had been exhaustively investigated several years before and the officer, a brilliant and effective one at that, was given a totally clean bill of health.” Colby wrote a memo for the record, expressing “total confidence” in Murphy and “resolved that I just had to get rid of Angleton.”

Colby began by proposing to take the Israeli account away from Angleton, hoping that he “might take the hint and retire.” Angleton fought back, arguing that the Israeli account was too valuable to be entrusted to the bureaucracy. “I yielded,” Colby confessed, “in truth because I feared that Angleton’s professional integrity and personal intensity might have led him to take dire measures.”

Nothing Colby feared could have been as dire as the news that William Nelson, the new Deputy Director for Operations, had received a mammoth report prepared by Clare Edward Petty, a member of the counterintelligence staff, detailing the evidence that suggested that Angleton was a Soviet agent. Starting from the assumption that the Agency had been penetrated, Petty’s report outlined the proposition that both Golitsin and Nosenko had been sent, all under the guidance of the real penetration agent, Angleton. It recounted in endless detail the anomalies in Angleton’s career— the Philby and Bennett cases; his irrational pressing of theories about Harriman and the Sino-Soviet split; the damage done to liaison with friendly intelligence services by his unilateral and inaccurate accusations against such innocent people as David Murphy and Ingeborg Lygren. Almost as an afterthought, Petty noted that Angleton’s three top aides—Ray Rocca, Newton Miler, and William Hood—although completely unwitting and totally beyond suspicion of any treachery, were so under his influence that they should be removed from the Counterintelligence Division.

“The case against Angleton was a great compilation of circumstantial material,” Petty said. “It was not a clear-cut case.” Calling his investigation “a long and unpleasant solitary effort,” Petty retired from the CIA immediately after submitting his report.

To Colby, the report was an epitome of the “ultraconspiratorial turn of mind” that he disliked so much in Angleton. “There was a lot of supposition, factual situations which were subject to varying interpretations,” one of Colby’s assistants said. “You could draw conclusions one way or the other, and we felt the conclusions by the fellow who was making the case were overdrawn.” Petty “was a very intense person,” this officer continued. “He was seized with this theory, and like all people in this field, once they get seized with this thing, you wonder whether they’re responsible or not.”

Petty had been “seized” by other theories in the past, and in at least one striking instance his theory had proved correct. He had been the author of the original analysis pinpointing Heinz Felfe as the Soviet penetration agent inside the West German BND long before Goleniewski’s letters provided enough hard evidence to warrant a criminal investigation. “He made quite a reputation on it,” one officer said of Petty’s case against Felfe. This officer had conducted a postmortem of the Felfe case and had interviewed Petty at great length. “I got to know the guy quite well,” he said. “I would say he was levelheaded. I didn’t like him terribly much, but I always found Petty to be reliable.”

Petty was the second man to suspect Angleton of being a Soviet agent. Bill Harvey had harbored a similar though much more spontaneous and not nearly so detailed suspicion many years before. Harvey, too, was a very intense person who had once been seized by a theory about Kim Philby. Angleton stood twice accused by the two men in the CIA who had a proven record for spotting Soviet agents, but Colby saw no need to authorize an investigation. “I have absolutely no belief or suspicion that Angleton was a Soviet agent,” he said.

Yet Colby had made up his mind to fire Angleton for essentially the same reasons that lay behind Petty’s more sinister interpretation of events, namely that Angleton’s pursuit of Golitsin’s leads was doing more harm than good. In December of 1974, as the scandal over the CIA’s spying on antiwar protestors broke in *The New York Times*, Colby demanded Angleton’s resignation. At the same time, he informed Angleton’s three top aides, Rocca, Miler, and Hood, that they would have to take jobs elsewhere in the Agency. All three chose to follow Angleton into retirement. The coincidental timing of the departure of Angleton and his aides would be inextricably linked in the public mind with the *Times* exposé. “No one in the world would believe [Angleton’s] leaving was not the result of the article,” Colby said. No one who knew about Petty’s report would believe that the departure of Angleton and his three aides was not related to the suspicion that he was a Soviet agent. It was as if Colby had used one scandal as a cover for disposing of an even greater one. That was not the case, Colby insisted. “I can absolutely say for certain that I did not fire Angleton because he was a Soviet agent.”

Angleton’s resignation was announced by Nelson at the morning staff meeting. “There was a shocked silence,” recalled David Phillips, chief of the Agency’s Western Hemisphere Division. “Angleton impassively lighted another one of his filter tip cigarettes.” After Nelson had explained that there was no connection between the resignation and the *Times* article, Angleton spoke. “It was what some in CIA called his ‘nature of the threat’ speech—dire predictions, grim warnings and suspicion of détente,” Phillips said. “It was a gloomy forecast. We were uncomfortable…. When the meeting was over we all left hurriedly, almost as if escaping.” That evening as he was leaving for home, Phillips encountered Angleton in the parking lot. “I thought to myself that I had never seen a man who looked so infinitely tired and sad," he recounted. "We shook hands. And I got into my car, backed out of the parking space and drove toward the exit. In the rearview mirror, I could see Angleton's tall, gaunt figure growing smaller and smaller."

Burnt-out Case

10

“Do you know what you’ve done?” Angleton hissed at Seymour Hersh, the reporter who had unearthed the facts about the CIA’s illegal surveillance of domestic dissidents. “You’ve blown my cover. My wife, in thirty-one years of marriage, was never aware of my activity until your story.” Talking to other reporters, Angleton said he had always told his wife he worked for the Post office—which was not entirely untrue given his role in the CIA’s mail-opening program. But the story was preposterous. Cicely d’Autremont Angleton knew precisely what her husband did for a living. Post Office employees did not have autographed photographs of Richard Helms displayed on their mantels. The truth was that Angleton’s vocation was known to anyone who had taken the time to read Kim Philby’s book *My Silent War,* which was published in 1968 and which identified Angleton as his chief CIA contact and mocked him for having been so easily duped. For those who missed the book, an account of it in the Washington *Post* highlighted Philby’s description. Angleton was so incensed by the story that he terminated his friendship with Ben Bradlee, the *Post’s* executive editor, although he remained close to a number of other journalists: Joseph Alsop, James Truitt of *Newsweek,* Charles Murphy of *Time,* Benjamin Welles of *The New York Times*—none of whom was under any illusion that Angleton worked for the Post Office.

Even if Angleton was not the well-kept secret he claimed to be, he was the personification of everybody’s fantasy of a “spook.” “If John Le Carré and Graham Greene had collaborated on a superspy, the result might have been James Jesus Angleton," a profile in *Newsweek* began. Overnight, he became a media cult figure— accessible enough to feed the public curiosity, remote enough to remain intriguing. He served as the model for the protagonist of a novel called *Orchids for Mother* and was the subject of a full-page portrait by the chic photographer Richard Avedon in *Rolling Stone*. He subscribed to a press-clipping service to stay abreast of all the stories about himself, and he installed an answering service on his telephone to keep track of all the calls he received from reporters. Each reporter thought Angleton was his own special source, when in fact he talked regularly with at least a dozen journalists, playing them off against each other. With no more spies to run, reporters may have seemed the next best thing.

A few months after his retirement, Angleton returned to the CIA to receive the Agency's highest decoration, a ceremony conveniently scheduled on a day when Colby would be out of town. The award was recognition that however badly his career had ended, there had been better days. But Angleton was not satisfied with mere recognition. He sought vindication, proof that his conspiratorial vision was the true one and that Colby was a fool or worse.

Although the *Times* had been alerted to the domestic spying scandal by a source in the Justice Department, Colby, by his own acknowledgment, had confirmed the essential elements of the story for Hersh. Without that confirmation from the Director of the CIA, the *Times* probably never would have printed the story. It did not require a particularly conspiratorial mind to suspect that Colby had given Hersh his scoop as a means of ousting Angleton. Beyond that, the story had set off an orgy of White House, congressional, and media investigations that threatened an unprecedented revelation of CIA secrets. Had Colby intended that as well? Angleton and his aides had had their suspicions about Colby ever since the 1960s when he had failed to report to headquarters his contacts in Saigon with a Frenchman of uncertain loyalties. To suspect that Colby was a Soviet agent bent on destroying the Agency by getting rid of Angleton and spewing its secrets into the public domain required a breathtaking—but not unprecedented—leap of logic.

In his conversations with reporters, Angleton never intimated anything sinister about Colby. His complaint remained simply that Colby's naiveté was playing into KGB hands. A case in point was that of Sanya Lipavsky, a Russian neurosurgeon and Jewish dissident who had volunteered his services to the CIA in 1975. With Angleton gone, there was no one to expose Lipavsky's approach as a KGB provocation, so the CIA readily recruited him as an agent. Two years later, when he publicly revealed his CIA activities and denounced his roommate, Anatoly Shcharansky, and other dissidents, it became embarrassingly clear that Lipavsky was a KGB plant who had cleverly discredited, at least in Russian eyes, the human rights movement.

Angleton may have felt vindication on a grander scale in 1979 when Russia and China agreed to hold preliminary talks aimed at easing the bitter rivalry between them. Was the trap that Golitsin had warned about some sixteen years before finally swinging shut? To anyone not steeped in the Golitsin doctrine, these first tentative signs of reconciliation looked like nothing more than an oscillation on the fever chart of history, most likely brought about by the normalization of relations between the United States and China, an event that had radically altered the superpower equation. But for Angleton, history was conspiracy. In 1978, when Israel's army occupied southern Lebanon in retaliation for a barbarous PLO attack on a busload of Israeli citizens, Angleton told a friend that the operation was being used as a cover to build an underground channel that would divert the waters of the Litani River into the parched Jewish state.

Very little of what Angleton told reporters ever found its way into print. Most of the plots and machinations he spied were simply too bizarre and too unsubstantiated to be presented as news. When it suited him, however, he could leak a tiny nugget of hard and valuable fact almost as if it was a reward for listening to his byzantine scenarios.

On a Saturday afternoon in 1978, a senior member of President Jimmy Carter's National Security Council staff looked up from his lunch in a popular Washington restaurant to see the instantly recognizable form of Angleton walk in. The senior official and Angleton were not on speaking terms, so he simply watched as the deposed counterspy proceeded straight to the back of the restaurant and into the men's room. "I wish he'd stay in there," the senior official remarked to his luncheon partner. "He's still blowing our sources."

The biggest news story in the seemingly endless stream of revelations following Hersh's original exposé was leaked not by Angleton but by President Gerald Ford, who during an off-the-record session with editors of the *Times* let slip the fact that investigation of the CIA could expose its involvement in assassination plots. With that lead to go on, it was not long before Bill Harvey was rousted from the obscurity into which he had slipped.

After a brief try at practicing law in Washington, Harvey had gone home to Indiana as the Midwest representative of a small investigative outfit known as Bishop Service, which counted several CIA alumni among its employees. "The reason I gave him a job was he needed one, and I'm the kind of guy who's willing to go an extra mile for a guy who's worked for his country," the head of Bishop Service, himself a veteran of the OSS, explained. "I had not been told that the guy had a massive drinking problem…. The fact was that he was sort of incapacitated most of the time."

People who had not seen Harvey for many years were shocked at how obese he had become. In 1973 he returned to Maysville, Kentucky, for the first time in nearly twenty years for the funeral of his first wife, Libby. “I was really horrified when he came here,” Libby’s sister said. “The change in him was unbelievable. He was a very thin young man when he married Libby.” Like Harvey, Libby had never been able to free herself from alcohol. She had died by her own hand.

Such private tragedies attracted no public interest, and Harvey remained a man of indeterminate past and no future. When he applied to Bobbs-Merrill for a $9,000-a-year job as a law editor, “Bill said nothing at all about his CIA employment,” said Dave Cox, head of the firm’s law division. “He used phrases like ‘having worked for the government’ as if I was supposed to know something independently.” Cox got the message when a friend of Harvey’s called. “The friend said that Bill had really put in his time … that he had served his country well,” Cox related. He did not know any more until the spring of 1975, when Harvey was publicly identified as the man who had directed Johnny Rosselli in a plot to poison Castro.

Harvey had known that reporters were onto the story ever since 1967, when syndicated muckraker Jack Anderson wrote that “President Johnson is sitting on a political H-bomb—an unconfirmed report that Senator Robert Kennedy (D-N.Y.) may have approved an assassination plot which then possibly backfired against his late brother.” Anderson’s column glossed over an enormous amount of complex and ambiguous detail, but there was no doubt that he had been given the essential ingredients. “Top officials queried by this column agreed that a plot to assassinate Cuban dictator Fidel Castro was ‘considered’ at the highest levels of the Central Intelligence Agency at the time Bobby was riding herd on the Agency…. One version claims that underworld figures actually were recruited to carry out the plot.” The story had been brought to Anderson by Washington attorney Edward Morgan, apparently as a signal to the government of what the consequences might be of prosecuting his client Rosselli for an alleged card-cheating scheme. Harvey urged the Agency to block prosecution, but the Justice Department went ahead with the case, and Rosselli was convicted of violating interstate gambling laws. In 1971 Rosselli himself started talking, first to Anderson and then to a California court in an effort to win a reduction in his sentence. When Anderson's associate, Les Whitten, called Indianapolis to confirm Rosselli's story, Harvey acknowledged knowing the gangster, but little more. "This is a long story," he told Whitten. "I don't think it ought to be printed."

Harvey did not tell his long story until 1975, when he was called to testify before the newly created Senate Select Committee on Intelligence. Harvey surprised the committee with his willingness to talk. "We'd heard so much about what a tough customer he was that we were afraid we wouldn't be able to get anything out of him," one staff member recalled. "As it turned out, we could hardly shut him up." Some of the staff members thought they detected a subtle whispering campaign by the CIA designed to discredit their star witness. They heard so many stories about Harvey's three-and four-martini lunches that they briefly considered discounting his testimony about events that took place in the afternoon. But Harvey's ability to recall thirteen-year-old events in precise detail stood out in sharp contrast to some of the other witnesses, whose loss of memory sometimes strained credulity. "All these big shots from the Kennedy administration came slinking in, worried about their reputations," one committee investigator said. "And then came Harvey—the assassin himself—saying, 'Yeah, I did it, and I'd do it again if ordered.' "

Harvey's only worry was about having his picture taken. His testimony was heard in closed session, but hordes of reporters, photographers, and television cameramen waited outside. Matching the name with the face would stir up too many operations still alive, Harvey warned the committee. That was probably an exaggeration, but it was certainly true that anybody who saw Bill Harvey once would recognize him a second time. "Harvey made the greatest impression on me of any man I ever met in my life," one committee staff member said. Harvey was the only major witness to testify before the committee who managed to get in and out of Washington without having his picture taken. Rosselli went to great lengths to avoid photographers but saw his picture on page one the next morning. Fourteen months later his body was found with its legs sawed off, stuffed inside an oil drum floating in Miami's Dumbfound-ling Bay.

Harvey and Rosselli, the CIA's odd couple, were the only two witnesses to command the attendance of all eleven senators on the committee—a rarity for a secret session that offered no chance for public exposure. After all the stories they had heard, the senators could not resist asking Harvey whether he still carried a gun. No, Harvey said, he was not carrying a gun, but he did have a tiny device that would erase the tape recording that was to be the official transcript of his testimony. He withdrew a small object from his pocket and slapped it down on the table in front of him. The stunned silence in the room was broken by Harvey's chuckle as he removed his hand to reveal a cigarette case.

Nowhere did Harvey cause a greater sensation than at the Bobbs-Merrill offices in Indianapolis where he worked. Everyone suddenly noticed the bulge under his jacket and decided that he had started carrying a gun for self-protection. Wisecracks such as "Don't take any candy from that man" began to circulate. When Sam Giancana, the Chicago mobster who had participated in the early attempts to kill Castro, was found murdered in his home, one law editor quipped, "Where was Bill Harvey on the night Sam Giancana was killed?" Executives at International Telephone and Telegraph, the parent company of Bobbs-Merrill, were aghast at the prospect of being linked to yet another CIA scandal. ITT collaboration with the CIA in attempting to block the 1970 election of Chilean Marxist Salvador Allende was already the subject of one congressional investigation, and the story of how ex-CIA officer E. Howard Hunt had donned a red wig and used a speech-alteration device to interrogate ITT lobbyist Dita Beard about her firm’s involvement in the funding of the 1972 Republican National Convention had provided one of the more ludicrous moments of the Watergate affair.

Harvey was about to be fired. “The fact that Bobbs-Merrill is a subsidiary of ITT had some bearing on it,” Dave Cox acknowledged, but the main reason was that “his drinking started to get out of control.” The termination form landed on Cox’s desk with a box labeled “Intemperance” checked off. Cox asked Harvey’s supervisor what it was all about and was told that Harvey “had been gone for days at a time and that his work was not at all satisfactory.” Cox called Harvey in for a talk. “I’ve drunk heavily all my life,” Harvey told Cox. “I just can’t handle it anymore. It’s out of control. I just have to realize I’m an alcoholic.” Convinced that Harvey intended to reform, Cox refused to sign the termination form, citing ITT’s policy about the rehabilitation of alcoholic employees. Harvey began seeing a doctor regularly, and according to Cox, “got squared away on the booze problem.” Cox said that “after Harvey got back … he came over to thank me for giving him a second chance. He said he couldn’t guarantee the treatment would work. If it didn’t, he said, he could forget about leading a meaningful life.”

Harvey awoke with chest pains at five-forty-five, Tuesday morning, June 7, 1976. By seven o’clock he was in the intensive care unit at Methodist Hospital. On Wednesday he underwent open-heart surgery. For four hours surgeons worked to implant an artificial valve that might somehow overcome the toll taken by obesity, cigarettes, and alcohol. When he regained consciousness the doctors told him the operation had failed. “I’ve never lost a battle in my life,” Harvey said with more bravado than accuracy, “but I’m prepared to lose this one.” He died, holding his wife’s hand, at ten minutes past two in the afternoon of June 8.

“Bill was 60, too young to go,” his wife wrote in a letter to his colleagues at Bobbs-Merrill. “He had many plans ahead. He had lived a very full and satisfying life by his own estimation. He said few men were blessed with the opportunity he had to serve his country.” She had received more than three hundred letters of condolence from people all over the world, she said. She had also received some unexpected callers—two attempted break-ins at the Harvey home. “They’re after his papers,” she said, “but I burned everything.” At the funeral home she took people over to view the body and told them how he had “stemmed the tide in Berlin.” She said he had been station chief in Berlin at the time of the airlift, which was not true. She could not talk about the things he had really done. She proudly announced that he would be buried wearing his favorite boots and silver belt buckle. Then the bitterness broke through. Standing beside the casket, she launched into a tearful tirade against “that awful Frank Church,” chairman of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence. She was entitled to her rancor. It was unfair to leave Harvey stranded in the public record as the CIA’s hit man. He had been that, but so much more—the nemesis of Philby; the foreman of the Berlin tunnel. He had been the CIA’s point man in the secret war, and although he had never heard a shot fired in anger, he was a combat casualty, a burnt-out case who, as one officer put it, “was asked to do things that nobody should have been asked to do.”

What had happened to Harvey was in part what had happened to the CIA. It, too, had been asked to do things nobody should have been asked to do, been given secret powers no one should have been given. The CIA had risen above its station in life. It belonged in the back alleys of espionage, not in the corridors of power, just as Harvey belonged in a tunnel beneath East Berlin, spying on the enemy, not across the table from the President’s brother, planning a coup. Nothing, of course, was clear cut. Even when the CIA stuck to its primary mission of espionage, the record remained ambiguous, as with Harvey’s Berlin tunnel, which had been blown to the

Russians from the start. However badly abused and misused from without, the CIA always seemed to carry the seeds of destruction within.

For Angleton, the seed had been sown early and spread its roots wide. Whether or not the KGB ever succeeded in penetrating the CIA, it had at the very least infiltrated Angleton's mind. Hadn't two of his chief mentors been Kim Philby and Anatoli Golitsin? Angleton had created a world of deception and disinformation that for him became the only world. Even his severest critics acknowledged that he had not created this world from thin air. "It wasn't just insanity," a longtime Angleton observer said. "There were precedents one had to take into account," precedents such as Philby, who had secretly served his Soviet masters for fifteen years before he was uncovered, and Golitsin, who for all his ravings had displayed an uncanny knowledge of secret NATO documents. With such precedents, it was certainly not madness for Angleton to suspect the existence of a mole. But he had taken suspicion and turned it into reality. For Angleton, every CIA misadventure was by KGB design; for that matter, so was every CIA success, since it was merely setting the stage for the disaster to come. Under Golitsin's spell, he had even come to doubt the bona fides of the invaluable Oleg Penkovsky. Locked in this world, Angleton had become his own worst enemy. With every new KGB conspiracy that Angleton spied, Colby became more determined to get rid of him. Colby didn't believe Petty's analysis of Angleton's career any more than he believed Angleton's analysis of the KGB. Colby would have had to believe in Angleton to believe that he was the mole. Angleton would have appreciated the irony of that, but Colby never told him. The mirrors had played their final trick.

Afterword

From the death of General Walter Krivitsky to the firing of Angleton, riddle had piled upon riddle. Could the KGB really manipulate events with so callous yet hidden a hand, or were the fates that had befallen Krivitsky and Angleton merely the breaks of the game? Either way, the game was a vicious one, but it was important to know whether or not the wounds were self-inflicted.

Was there a mole? If there was, he must surely be gone by now, forced into retirement by advancing years and recurring personnel cuts. But the question still demands an answer. The KGB penetrated the intelligence services of other Western countries. Why not the CIA? Surely, sometime, somewhere, whether through ideological empathy or simple blackmail, the KGB succeeded in recruiting a CIA officer. But did the mole ever attain a position from which he could do real harm? The answer to that lies buried somewhere in the maze of counterintelligence cases surrounding the defections of Nosenko and Golitsin.

After both Angleton and Petty had withdrawn from the field, the CIA tried again to find the answer, this time with separate panels under the direction of two retired officers who had spent their working lives outside the double-cross world of counterintelligence. The panels—the one on Nosenko headed by John Hart and the one on Golitsin by Bronson Tweedy—concluded that both defectors were genuine. The CIA has adopted the findings as the final word, but they carry no more weight than all the other analyses that went before and do nothing to allay the fear of penetration, since to believe in Golitsin is to believe in the mole. It is possible, of course, that even a genuine Golitsin could simply have been mistaken. But what about Goleniewski, "the best defector the U.S. ever had," who was so certain that the KGB had found out about him through a leak in the CIA? Was he wrong too? And how did the Russians discover the CIA's plan to recruit the Polish intelligence officer in Switzerland, and where did they get a transcript of the CIA's debriefing of the defector Deriabin?

The mists of suspicion can never be burned away, no matter how intense the light. The resulting uncertainty is profoundly dissatisfying. It frustrates the longing for clear-cut solutions and leaves hanging questions about the existence of a high-level penetration agent. But if no amount of scrutiny can pierce the veil, it can at least reveal the mole hunt for what it was—the single most corrosive episode in the CIA's history, more so by far than the blatant yet easily eliminated excesses for which the Agency has been publicly pilloried. Assassination was contemplated by such a handful of men and kept so isolated from the rest of the CIA that it did not corrupt the mainstream of intelligence collection and analysis. The mole hunt, with its attendant fear that all the Agency's clandestine sources on the Soviet Union were compromised and transmitting nothing but bogus data, went to the heart of the CIA's business—the production of reliable intelligence about the motives and methods of the Kremlin. At the beginning, in 1947, Clark Clifford had warned Harry Truman that without reliable intelligence on the Soviet Union the United States would be "at the mercy of rumors and half-truths," and that is precisely what happened during the hunt for the mole. Whether by KGB design or CIA misadventure, that was the ultimate corruption.

While such tactics as assassination and mail opening can be summarily banned, the dilemmas inherent in counterintelligence are not so easily resolved. The CIA has made a fresh start, but the secret war remains as devious and deceptive as ever, and no amount of well-intentioned “reform,” whether dictated by Congress or generated from within the executive branch, is going to change that. The KGB would have it no other way. And if the CIA had such trouble holding its own against the KGB when there were virtually no constraints on the tactics it could employ, how will it fare in this new era?

The CIA’s war against the KGB is undeniably just, but the reality is absurd. The careers of Angleton and Harvey were mired in absurdities, not the least of which was that they habitually violated the democratic freedoms they were sworn to defend. The futility of the first thirty years, the expense of spirit and the burden of shame, was staggering. The wonder was that Angleton and Harvey stuck with it for so long, stuck with it for too long, stuck with it until absurdity became the only logic they knew. Immersed in duplicity and insulated by secrecy, they developed survival mechanisms and behavior patterns that by any rational standard were bizarre. The forced inbreeding of secrecy spawned mutant deeds and thoughts. Loyalty demanded dishonesty, and duty was a thieves’ game. The game attracted strange men and slowly twisted them until something snapped. There were no winners or losers in this game, only victims.

Author's Note

Although I accept full responsibility for the accuracy of the facts and the validity of the opinions contained in this book, there are several people who were absolutely indispensable to me in transferring the complexities of espionage from my reporter's notebooks to the printed page.

My father, Joseph W. Martin, was a tremendous source of encouragement and a very tough copy editor who could somehow display as much enthusiasm for the latest rewrite as for the first rough draft. Since my father worked for the CIA for twenty-three years, I need to make one specific disclaimer about his role in my work. For his entire career he was an intelligence analyst far removed from clandestine operations and had no involvement in or knowledge of the events portrayed in this book. He was not a source of information, and with one minor exception, neither were his friends. Mike Sniffen of the Associated Press spent days of his time reading my various drafts, going over them with me line by line, sharpening the language, warning against pitfalls, and suggesting avenues of inquiry that had never occurred to me. His reward invariably was another draft to read. Irving Wechsler, a man I respect and admire above all others, and his wife, Marion, read the final drafts of the manuscript and besides making numerous improvements in the text were able to articulate themes I had been wrestling with for the better part of two years but could never express.

Then there was Mel Elfin, my boss at *Newsweek* and one of the class acts in Washington. To paraphrase another prominent Washingtonian, Mel gave me unlimited time off to work on this book, and I exceeded it. Mark Lynch of the American Civil Liberties Union and Jack Landau of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press were both extremely helpful in pursuing requests under the Freedom of Information Act. Elizabeth Jones at Carrolton Press assisted me in using that firm's unique catalogue of declassified government documents. At Harper & Row, Buz Wyeth bought the book on the basis of a five-minute conversation and from then on treated it as though it were his life's work. Burton Beals put this manuscript in its final form, which given my penchant for last-minute changes, must have felt like a life's work. My agent, Theron Raines, friend to English bulldogs and unpublished authors, led me by the hand through the publishing jungles without a false step.

Finally there is my family, beginning with my wife and children, to whom this book is dedicated, and extending to a network of relatives, my parents and hers especially, who have given so much of themselves to my obsession. I visited all the torments of authorship on them without sharing any of the satisfactions. My wife, E.D., was pursuing her own studies in medicine at the time, yet she always pretended that my work was more important and pressing. Truth is, the most important thing is the life we have together with Cate and Zach.

Index

Abel, Colonel Rudolf, 98, 180
Abwehr code, 15
Acheson, Dean, 23
Albee, Edward, 70
Allen, George, 52
Allende, Salvador, 221
Alsop, Joseph, 53, 216
AM/LASH, 151–153
American Embassy, Moscow, 111
    Soviet bugging of, 154, 166
American Friends Service Committee, 70
AN/APR9, antenna, 79
Anderson, Dillon, 89
Anderson, Jack, 219
ANDREY (Soviet agent), 112, 159, 166
Angleton, Cicely d’Autremont, 12, 215
Angleton, Hugh, 11
Angleton, James Jesus, 10–12, 47, 48, 118, 119, 210, 211, 213–216, 224, 226
    counterintelligence assignment, 62–63
    and Goleniewski case, 95, 98, 103, 104
    and Golitsin case, 108–114, 148–178, 191–209
    and HT/LINGUAL, 68–72, 211
    and OSS, 12–13
    and Philby case, 55–58
    and SSU (Italy), 17–21, 34
    transfer to CIA, 34–35
Anglo-German Fellowship, 14

Armed Forces Courier Center, Paris, 168
Armed Forces Security Agency, 39, 40, 43, 45, 60
Army Signal Corps, 79
Ashmead, Hugh, 206
Atomic bomb, 41
Atomic bomb project, Los Alamos, 41, 42
Atomic energy, 39, 49
Atomic Energy Commission, 41, 49
Atomic weapons, 9, 101
Australia, 61, 198
  intelligence, 109
Austria, intelligence, 109, 198
Avedon, Richard, 216

Bagley, Pete, 191, 199, 200, 201
  and Nosenko case, 111–113, 153–177
Balkans, 75
Baltic states, 60
Barmine, Alexander, 7
Barnes, Tracy, 67, 68
Barron, John, 168
Bassof, Sergei, 2
Bay of Pigs invasion, 117–122, 126, 133, 184
Beard, Dita, 221
Belgian Congo, 123, 124
Bell System, 74
Bennett, Leslie “Jim,” 208–210
Bentley, Elizabeth, 23–31, 42
Berle, Adolf, 6–7
Berlin, 62–67, 75
Bishop Service, 218
Bissell, Richard, 118, 119, 120, 121, 124, 126, 140
Blake, George, 99–104, 108, 109, 149, 161, 198
  escape from prison, 180–181
Blunt, Sir Anthony, 109–110
BND (West German Federal Intelligence Agency), 103, 104, 105, 213
Bobbs-Merrill, 219, 221, 222
Bond, James (Agent 007), 128
BOUNTY (operation), 130
BOURBON (Soviet agent), 111, 114, 148
Bourke, Sean, 179–181

Bradlee, Ben, 215
British Admiralty, 97, 98, 111
  Soviet penetration of, 149
British-American Combined Chiefs of Staff, 49
British Embassy (Wash., D.C.), 8, 41, 44, 47
British Foreign Office, 5, 7, 15, 21, 47, 50
British Labour Party, 151
British Security Service, 61
BRONZE (operation), 89
Brothman, Abraham, 25, 42
Bugging operations, 154, 166, 188
Bundy, McGeorge, 119, 125, 134, 137, 140
Burgess, Guy, 47–48, 50–51, 53, 54, 57, 59, 60, 61, 109, 110
Burke, Mike, 55, 67
Burst transmitter, 209–210

Cabell, Charles, 118
Cambridge University, 47, 48, 61, 200
  Socialist Society, 13
Campbell, Judith, 122
Canada, 107
  Soviet penetration of, 23, 29, 109, 166–167, 198, 208
Capitalism, 9, 13, 48
Carter, Jimmy (James Earl), 218
Carter, Marshall, 118, 140
Castro, Fidel, 117, 120, 133, 137, 138
  assassination plots against, 121–124, 138–141, 145, 146, 151–153, 219–221, 225
Castro, Raul, 139
Central Intelligence Agency (CIA):
  Bay of Pigs invasion, 117–122
  Berlin Operations Base, 159
  Board of National Estimates, 140, 141, 144, 193
  Castro assassination plots, 121–124, 138–141, 145, 146, 151–153, 219–221, 225
  Central Registry (RG), 123
  Counterintelligence Division, 62, 70, 153, 172, 174, 177, 201, 206, 212
  domestic spying, 213, 214, 216, 218
  Doolittle report, 61–62, 68
  Far East Division, 145
  FBI rivalry with, 36–37, 52
  founded, 9–10, 36
  French operations, 167–170, 199

  Goleniewski case, 98–99, 103–106
  HT/LINGUAL, 68–72, 211
  Italian operations, 182–187
  JM/WAVE (Florida base), 131, 132, 139
  KGB penetration of (suspected), 105–117, 148–179, 190–211, 223, 225
  Manhattan Field Office, 69
  Office of Communications, 72
  Office of Security, 175
  Office of Special Operations, 34
  Operation GOLD, 76–90
  Operation MONGOOSE, 126–129, 133, 140, 143
  Operations Directorate, 67, 68, 118, 187, 205, 206, 211
  Philby case, 44–56
  Sniper case, 95–99
  Soviet Bloc Division, 60, 92, 107–110, 128, 153, 157, 172, 177
  Special Affairs Staff, 152
  Special Services Unit, 188
  Staff A, 121
  Staff B, 121
  Staff C, 121, 138
  Staff D, 121, 127–128
  Tairova/Popov case, 92–95
  Task Force W, 128–135, 145, 152, 186
  Technical Services Division, 122
  Western Europe Division, 182, 184, 196, 199
  Western Hemisphere Division, 153, 214
  ZR/RIFLE program, 120–124, 138, 140
Chambers, Whittaker, 6–7, 8, 23
Cherapanov case, 160–161
Chief Military Intelligence of the Ministry of Armed Forces. *See* GRU
Chile, 221
China, 39
  relations with Soviet Union, 150, 203, 217
  relations with United States, 217
Chisholm, Janet, 115
Church, Frank, 222
Churchill, Sir Winston, 39, 40, 41, 48, 49
CIFAR, 185–186
Cipher machine (SIGTOT), 74
Ciphers. *See* Codes
Clandestine Service, 119

Clemens, Hans, 103–104
Clifford, Clark, 9, 225
Cline, Ray, 144
Codes, 39–13, 45, 48, 55, 74
Cohen, Morris and Lona, 98–99
Colby, William, 145, 183, 184, 211–217, 223
Cold War, 10, 125
Collier, Robert, 9, 25, 28
Collins, Henry, 28
Commissariat of State Security. *See* KGB
Communism, 9
Communist Party, 14
Corvo, Max, 18
Counterintelligence, 13, 15–16
Cox, Dave, 219
Coyne, Pat, 32
Crimea Conference, 43
Cryptanalysis, 39–43, 45, 55
Cryptonyms, 42, 43, 45, 55, 60, 92, 109, 126
"Crypt ops," 43
Cuba, 117–144
    Bay of Pigs invasion, 117–122, 126, 133, 184
Cuban missile crisis, 141–144
Cubella, Rolando, 151–153
Curiel, Henri, 100
Currie, Lauchlin, 24
Czechoslovakia, 9, 28, 203, 204

Dasher, Major General Charles, 88
Davis, Brigadier General Kermit, 66
Davison, Alexis, 115, 116
Defectors, 203
De Gaulle, Charles, 109
DELANDA (CIA agent), 183
Depression of 1929, 25
Deriabin, Peter, 103, 105, 106, 200, 201, 203, 225
DETECTOR (CIA agent), 183
Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, 4, 5
DINOSAUR (Project), 202
Disarmament talks, Geneva, 153, 154
Disinformation agents, 153, 156, 158, 161, 164, 167, 170, 178, 200, 201, 203

Distinguished Intelligence Medal, 90
Dobert, Eitel Wolf, 3, 5
Donovan, General William “Wild Bill,” 13, 36
Doolittle, Lieutenant General James, 61, 62, 68, 72
Double agents, 16
DROWZY (operation), 103, 104
Dubček, Alexander, 203
Dulles, Allen, 27, 35, 62, 67, 77, 90, 92–93, 118, 119, 120

East Germany, 66, 159–160
Edwards, Colonel Sheffield, 121, 139, 140
Egyptian Communist Party, 100
Eisenhower, Dwight D., 51, 52, 61, 62, 89
Elder, Walter, 143
Electronic surveillance, 154, 166, 188
Elliott, Nicholas, 109–110
Evang, Colonel Wilhelm, 196

Facism, 9, 13, 17
Fair Play for Cuba Committee, 151
Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI), 200, 208, 209
    Bentley case, 23–31
    Chambers case, 6–8
    CIA rivalry and, 36–37, 52
    Krivitsky case, 3–4
    Philby case, 36–56, 59, 60
    Popov/Tairova case, 92–95, 102, 103, 112, 161
    Security Division, 38, 44
    South American operations, 36–37
    Soviet espionage division, 9
Federation of American Scientists, 70
Federov (Soviet agent), 195
Felfe, Heinz, 103–105, 108, 149, 205, 213
FitzGerald, Desmond, 145, 152, 187, 188
Fleming, Ian, 128
Follich, Carol Grace, 64, 222
Ford, Gerald, 218
Foreign Office (British), 5, 7, 15, 21, 47, 50
Foreign Service Institute, 199
France, intelligence, 19, 109, 197, 199, 207, 211
Franco, Francisco, 14
Friedman, Litzi, 14, 54, 57

From Russia with Love (Fleming), 128
Fuchs, Klaus, 30, 41, 42, 43, 51, 60
Fuchs, Kristel, 41
Furioso, 12

Gaitskell, Hugh, 151
Gedye, Eric, 14
Gee, Ethel, 97, 98
German Foreign Ministry, 4
Germany:
  counterintelligence, 19
  Enigma Code, 43
  nonaggression pact with Russia, 2, 6, 7
Giancana, Sam, 121, 122, 138
  death of, 221
Gibraltar Steamship Corporation, 132
Gilpatric, Roswell, 125, 137
Ginsberg, Samuel, 1
Gold, Harry, 42
GOLD (operation), 76–90, 100, 179, 223
Goleniewski, Michal (Sniper), 95–99, 103–106, 108, 113, 114, 149, 175, 191, 200, 205, 208, 213, 225
Golitsin, Anatoli, 106–114, 148–178, 184, 190–208, 213, 225
Golos, Jacob, 25, 29
Goodwin, Richard, 124, 125, 137
Gouzenko, Igor, 24, 29, 41
Great Britain:
  Admiralty, 97, 98, 111, 149
  codes and ciphers, 49–50
  Labour Party, 151
Greece, 9
Greenberg, Michael, 28
Greene, Graham, 15, 125, 216
Greenglass, David, 42
GREGORY (Soviet defector), 26, 27
Gromov, Anatoli “Al,” 27–30
Gross, Lieutenant Colonel Leslie, 78
GRU, 91, 93, 102, 110, 111, 114, 195
Guatemala, 10
Guevara, Ché, 139

Haavik, Gunvor, 196

Hague, The, 3

Halperin, Israel, 41

Hans (Soviet agent), 3, 4

Harrell, Major General Ben, 81

Harriman, W. Averell, 43, 202, 203, 204, 208, 212

Hart, John, 108, 111, 157, 158, 167, 170–174, 225

Harvard Law, 12, 15, 23

Harvey, Clara Follich, 64, 222

Harvey, Elizabeth Mclntire “Libby,” 25, 32, 37, 46–48, 63–64

  death of, 218

Harvey, William King, 10, 46–48, 199–200, 213, 218, 226

  CIA base chief in Berlin, 62–90

  CIA Special Services Unit, 188–189

  CIA Staff C, 37–57

  CIA station chief in Rome, 146–147, 179, 181–188

  death of, 222

  detection of Philby as Soviet spy, 54–58, 60, 110

  Distinguished Intelligence Medal, 90

  Operation GOLD, 75–90, 100, 101, 179, 223

  Operation MONGOOSE, 127–129, 134–138, 140, 143

  testimony to Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, 219, 220, 222

  ZR/RIFLE program, 120–124

“Harvey’s Hole.” *See* Operation GOLD

Helms, Richard, 35, 63, 97, 150, 191

  and Angleton, 203, 206, 208

  and Harvey, 78, 183, 188

  and Nosenko case, 153–177

  and Operation MONGOOSE, 126–146

Hersh, Seymour, 215, 216, 218

Hiss, Alger, 7, 23, 28, 30, 31, 43

  conviction of, 32

Hitler, Adolf, 13, 18

Holland, 99

Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 23

Holocaust, 20

HOMER (Soviet agent), 44, 45, 48, 50, 61

Hood, William, 213, 214

Hoover, J. Edgar, 4, 7, 26–28, 31, 36–38, 41, 52, 95, 146, 206

Houghton, Harry, 97

Houston, Lawrence, 139, 162

HT/LINGUAL (CIA mail examination), 68–72, 211

Hungarian Revolution, 90, 101
Hunt, E. Howard, 221

ICE traffic, 15
Igor (Soviet agent), 191, 192, 209, 210
Imperial Council, 7
Imperial Hotel, Vienna, 72, 74
International Telephone and Telegraph (ITT), 221, 222
Iran, 10
Israel, 57
  immigration of Soviet Jews to, 20
  occupation of southern Lebanon, 217
Italy:
  CIA operations in, 182–187
  intelligence, 146
  Ministry of Foreign Affairs, 183, 184
  Ministry of Interior, 183
Ivanov, Feliks, 168, 169
Izvestia, 95, 160, 181, 191

Jacobs, Richard, 116
Japan, 39
Jewish underground, 20
JM/WAVE (CIA operations base), 131, 132, 139
Johnson, Alexis, 125
Johnson, Lyndon B., 153, 202, 219
Johnson, Sergeant Robert Lee, 167–170
Joint Chiefs of Staff, 61, 130
Justice Department (U.S.), 31, 139, 219

Karamessines, Thomas, 205
Katzenbach, Nicholas, 162
Keats, John, 17
Kennedy, John F., 109, 128, 207, 220
  assassination of, and suspected KGB link to, 151–165, 173, 174, 178, 204, 205, 219
  and Bay of Pigs invasion, 117–122
  and Cuban missile crisis, 143–144
  and Operation MONGOOSE, 125–127, 135, 140
Kennedy, Robert F., 109, 117, 118, 120, 128, 152
  and Operation MONGOOSE, 125–147, 219
Kent, Sherman, 144, 193
KGB, 9, 10, 71, 101
  Disinformation Directorate, 108, 150

  First Chief Directorate, 106
  and Goleniewski defection, 97–98, 103, 105
  and Oswald; Kennedy assassination, 151–158, 165, 173, 174, 176, 204, 205
  penetration of CIA, 60, 105–117, 148–179, 190–211, 223, 225
  Second Chief Directorate, 110, 111, 153
  Seventh Department, 111
Khrushchev, Nikita, 90, 117, 166
King (Soviet agent), 7
Kingsley, Rolf, 199, 201
Kirkpatrick, Lyman, 52, 118, 119, 120, 200
Kislitsyn, Filipp, 61
Kissinger, Henry, 108, 208
Kisvalter, George, 91–95, 102, 111, 112, 114, 115, 117, 196
  and Nosenkocase, 154–156, 159, 162, 167, 175
KITTY HAWK (agent Igor), 192
Klimov. *See* Golitsin, Anatoli
Kollek, Teddy, 20, 57
Korean War, 10, 51, 68, 75, 99, 100, 101, 198
Kostikov, Valery, 151, 153
Kotsyuba, Colonel Ivan A., 87
Kovich, Richard, 194–200
Kovshuk, V. M., 110, 112, 113, 159
Kramer, Charles, 28
Kremlin, 225
Krivitsky, Tonia, 1, 2
Krivitsky, General Walter, 1–8, 10, 45, 54, 224
Kroger, Helen, 97, 98
Kroger, Peter, 97, 98
KUBARK (CIA cryptonym), 122
KUTUBE/D (CIA Staff D), 122, 123, 138

Ladd, Mickey, 32
LaFollette, Suzanne, 2, 3
Lamphere, Robert, 38, 44, 46, 47, 48, 50
Langelle, Russell, 94, 95, 113
Lansdale, Brigadier General Edward, 125–140
Leahy, Admiral William D., 36
Lebanon, 217
Le Carré, John, 216
Lederer, William, 125
Lee, Major Duncan, 27

Lemnitzer, Lyman, 125
Levine, Isaac Don, 6, 7, 8
Lie-detector test, 158, 163, 172, 173, 176
Linse, Walter, 66
Lipavsky, Sanya, 217
Lonsdale, Gordon, 97, 98, 99, 103, 104, 108, 149, 180, 181
Lothian, Lord Philip Henry, 7–8
Lumumba, Patrice, 124
Lygren, Ingeborg, 195–196, 212

MacArthur, General Douglas, 211
McCarthy, Joseph, 51, 60
Maclean, Donald, 48, 49, 50, 54, 57, 59, 60, 61, 109
Maclean, Melinda, 49
McCone, John, 118, 119, 120, 125, 126, 134, 137, 139, 145, 146, 186
    and Cuban missile crisis, 141–144
    Special Group (Augmented), 125, 134
McCoy, Leonard, 199
McCoy, Tom, 183, 184
McGuire, Phyllis, 121
McNamara, Robert, 126, 127, 137
Mafia, 121, 122, 123, 131, 138, 139
Maheu, Robert, 121, 138, 139
Mail (U.S.), examined by CIA, 68–72, 211
Malvern College, 11
Manhattan Engineering Project, 9, 60
Marshall, George, 89
MARTEL, 197
Marxism, 13, 14
Masterman, John, 16
Maury, John, 92
Medium-range ballistic missile (MRBM), 142, 143
Menzies, Sir Stewart, 21
MI5 (British intelligence), 50, 54, 60, 100
    Soviet penetration of, 109
MI6 (British secret service), 13, 15, 47, 54, 101, 109, 114, 115
    Polish operations, 97, 99
    Section Five, 15, 21
    monitoring of Soviet communications, 72–73
Microdots, 70
Miler, Newton, 213, 214

Miller, Robert, 28
Ministry of Foreign Affairs (Soviet), 160
Ministry of Internal Affairs (MVD), 155
Missiles, 141–144
Molody, Conan, 99
MONGOOSE (operation), 126–144
Montgomery, Hugh, 116
Morgan, Edward, 219
Murphy, Charles, 216
Murphy, David, 102, 157–158, 162, 165, 190, 191, 198–199, 200, 207, 208
Mussolini, Benito, 18
MVD, 155
My Silent War (Philby), 215

National Cash Register, 11
National Photographic Interpretation Center, 143
National Security Agency, 127, 162
National Security Council, 218
Nazi-Soviet nonaggression pact, 2, 6, 7
Nelson, Carl, 72, 73, 100–101
Nelson, William, 212, 214
Newsweek, 216
New York *Herald Tribune*, 87
New York Times, *The*, 90, 213, 214, 216, 218
New York-to-Moscow channel, 40, 41, 42
New Zealand, 198
Nixon, Richard M., 70, 211
North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO), 49
    KGB penetration of, 106–107, 149, 184, 223
Norway, 195, 196, 198
Nosenko, Yuri, 111–114, 148, 153, 154, 200–208, 225
    CIA interrogation of, 156–178
Nuclear. *See* Atomic Nuremburg war crime trials, 18

Office of Naval Intelligence (U.S.), 192
Office of Strategic Services (OSS), X-2, 12, 15, 26, 56, 184
    Soviet penetration of, 37
Omsk (Soviet freighter), 141
Operations (CIA):
    BOUNTY, 130
    BRONZE, 89
    GOLD, 76–90, 100, 179, 223

  MONGOOSE, 126–144
  SILVER, 73, 74, 101
  SUNRISE, 27
Orchids for Mother, 216
Order of Battle (OB), 88
Order of Lenin, 181
Organized crime, 121–123, 131, 138–139, 145
Orlov, Igor, 159–160, 170, 191, 194. *See also* SASHA
Osborn, Howard, 177
Oswald, Lee Harvey, 151–158, 165, 173, 174, 176, 204
Oswald, Marina, 151, 155

Pacques, George, 149
Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO), 217
Papich, Sam, 145
Parrott, Thomas, 130, 133, 134
Paterson, Geoffrey, 50
PAúL (KGB agent), 103, 105
Pearson, Lester, 166
Pearson, Norman Holmes, 12
Penetration agents, 16, 193, 199
Penkovsky, Colonel Oleg, 114–117, 143, 167, 172, 180, 191, 192, 205, 223
Pentagon, 141
Pepper, Claude, 28
PETER (KGB agent), 103, 105
Petrov, Vladimir, 61
Petty, Clare Edward, 212, 213, 214, 223, 224
Philby, Harold “Kim,” 13–16, 21–23, 149, 179, 193, 205
  detected as Soviet agent, 54–58
  marriage, 14, 54, 57
  My Silent War, 215
  in Washington as MI6 liaison, 44–47, 51, 53–54, 55
Philby, St. John, 14–15
Philippine Islands, 10, 125
Phillips, David, 214
Pius XII (Pope), 20
Poland, 98
Polygraph, 158, 163, 172, 173, 176
Popov, Colonel, 91–94, 102, 103, 112, 113, 161, 167, 191, 195, 198
Poref, Walter, 1, 3
Pound, Ezra, 17

Powers, Francis Gary, 180
Poyntz, Juliette, 6
Pravda, 160, 190
Project DINOSAUR, 202
Provocation agents, 104, 105, 210, 217
Pullach, Germany, CIA base at, 64–65
“Pumpkin papers,” 7

QJ/WIN, 123, 124, 138
Quiet American, The (Greene), 125
Quinn, Colonel William, 18

Radio communications, 72–73
Radio Swan, 132
Red scare, 60
Reinhardt, Frederick, 182–183
Reiss, Ignatz, 2
Republican National Convention 1972, 221
Rocca, Raymond, 149, 152, 183, 213, 214
Rolling Stone, 216
Roman, Howard, 95, 96, 97, 104, 108
Rome, Italy, 17–21
Roosevelt, Franklin, 6, 7
Rose Garden Hotel, London, 13
Rosenberg, Julius and Ethel, 30, 42, 60, 99
Rosenberg network, 71
Rosenberg trial, 42, 43
Rositzke, 55
Rosselli, Johnny, 121, 122, 138, 139, 140, 141, 145, 146, 219
    death of, 220
Rowan, Dan, 121, 122, 139
Royal Canadian Mounted Police, 166, 167, 208–209
Rusk, Dean, 125, 137
Russia. *See* Soviet Union

SAPPHIRE (KGB network), 109
SASHA (KGB agent), 110, 159–160, 170, 191, 192, 194, 198, 199, 201
Saturday Evening Post, The, 2, 5
Schlesinger, Arthur, 184
Schlesinger, James, 211
Schoenefeld, 79
Schoenefelder Chaussee, 77, 79, 80, 82, 86
SCOTCH (Soviet agent), 111, 114, 148, 162, 177

Scotland Yard, 97, 98
  Criminal Record Office, 98
Second Coming of Christ, 130
Secret writing, 70, 142
Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, 219, 220, 222
Sessler, Georg, 19
Shackley, Ted, 131, 139
Shadrin, Nicholas, 149, 192, 209, 210
Shcharansky, Anatoly, 217
Sichel, Peter, 38
SIGTOT, cipher machine, 74
Silva, Peer de, 9, 60, 65, 108
SILVER (operation), 73, 74, 101
Silvermaster, Nathan, 26
Sino-Soviet split, 150, 203, 204, 212
Smith, Ferguson, 100
Smith, General Walter Bedell, 51, 52, 54
Sniper. *See* Goleniewski, Michal
Sobell, Morton, 44
Socialist Party (Italy), 184
Sodium pentothal, 64
Solie, Bruce, 175, 176, 177
Sorge, Richard, 181
Souers, Rear Admiral Sidney W., 36
Soviet Union:
  cipher system, 39–43, 45, 48, 55, 56, 64
  communications system, 72–90
  missiles in Cuba, 140–144, 148
  nonaggression pact with Germany, 2, 6, 7
  relations with China, 150, 203, 217
  Twentieth Party Congress, 90
Spanish Civil War, 8, 14, 45
Special Group (Augmented), 125, 130, 131, 133, 139, 140
Spies, capture and trading of, 180
Stalin, Joseph, 3, 6, 9, 18, 90, 181
State, U.S. Department of, 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 23, 31, 38
Stein (Soviet agent), 4–6
Steinbeck, John, 70
Stettinius, Edward, 23, 24
Stone, John, 149
Strategic Services Unit (SSU), 17–20

Streatham Hill, S.S., 140
SUNRISE (operation), 27
Surface-to-air missiles (SAM), 142
Swift, Carlton, 37
Symington, James, 136

T-32, building, 84, 85
Tairova (Soviet agent), 92–95, 102, 112, 161
Task Force W, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 135, 145, 152, 186
Taylor, Henry J., 95
Taylor, General Maxwell, 125, 129, 133, 134, 137, 140
Taylor, Myron, 20
Taylor, Rufus, 176
Technology, 72
Tenney, Helen, 30
Thomas, Walter, 8
Time magazine, 88, 216
Times, The (London), 13, 14, 15
Tito, Josip Broz, 18
Toison, Clyde, 31
Toon, Malcolm, 160–161
Trafficante, Santos, 121, 138
Trinity College, Cambridge, 13
Truitt, James, 216
Truman, Harry S., 9, 36, 37, 39, 211, 225
    correspondence with Churchill, 39, 40, 41, 48, 49
Truscott, General Lucien, 64
Truth serum, 64
Tweedy, Bronson, 225

Uberti, Bruno, 12–13
Ugly American, The (Lederer), 125
United Kingdom, codes and ciphers of, 49–50
United States:
    cipher system, 74
    occupation of Berlin, 62–67
    relations with China, 217
    trade embargo of Cuba, 131
United States, S.S., 93
U.S. Congress, 226
U.S. Department of Justice, 31, 139, 219
U.S. Department of State, 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 23, 31, 38

U.S. Office of Naval Intelligence, 192
U.S. Post Office, CIA examination of mail, 68–72, 211
U.S. Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, 219, 220, 222
USSR. *See* Soviet Union

Vakrushev, Vasili, 202
Varona, Tony, 122, 138, 139
Vassall, William John, 149, 154, 157, 166, 167
Vatican, The, 20, 183
Vietnam, 125, 127, 129
Vietnam War, 202
Villa, Pancho (Francisco), 11
Vivian, Colonel Valentine, 15
Volkov, Konstantin, 21–23, 50, 54, 56
Vopos, 77, 79, 80, 81, 84
Vos joli, Philippe de, 197

Waldman, Louis, 2
Warren, Earl, 164
Warren Commission, 153, 156, 164
Washington Field Office, 4
Washington *Post*, 88, 215
Washington-to-Moscow channel, 43, 44
Watergate affair, 221
Watkins, John, 166, 208
Wehrmacht High Command, Abwehr Division, 4
Weisband, William, 43, 44
Welles, Benjamin, 216
West German Federal Intelligence. *See* BND
White, Harry Dexter, 24, 28, 32
White, Lawrence “Red,” 188, 189
White Sands Missile Proving Ground, New Mexico, 78
Whitsun, Lish, 25
Whittemore, Reed, 12
Whitten, Les, 219
Wilson, Harold, 151
Wiretapping, 28, 72–90
Wisner, Frank, 67, 68, 77, 78
Wohl, Paul, 2, 3
World War II, 8, 9, 17, 39
Wormwood Scrubs Prison, 180, 181
Wyatt, Mark, 187

Wynne, Greville, 114, 115, 116, 180

X-ray, combination lock reading device, 167, 169

Yale University, 11, 15
Yalta Conference, 43
Yotskov, Pavel, 151, 153

ZR/RIFLE program, 120–124, 138, 140

ENEMIES

Bill Gertz

ENEMIES

How America's Foes Steal Our Vital Secrets—and How We Let it Happen

Bill Gertz

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Contents

Title Page

Dedication

Epigraph

Introduction The Gaping Holes in America's Defenses

Chapter 1 Parlor Maid

Chapter 2 Red Flower

Chapter 3 The Spies Who Got Away

Chapter 4 The FBI's Wild-Goose Chase

Chapter 5 KGB Redux: Russia's Aggressive Espionage

Chapter 6 North Korea: Criminal State

Chapter 7 Countering the Terrorist Threat

Chapter 8 Cuba's Mole in the Pentagon

Chapter 9 Stakeknife

Defenseless

Appendix: Enemy Spies Unmasked

Acknowledgments

About the Author

Also by Bill Gertz

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To the unsung heroes of American counterintelligence

There is one evil I dread, and that is their spies.

—George Washington, on British intelligence,
in a letter to Josiah Quincy, March 24, 1776

THE GAPING HOLES IN AMERICA’S DEFENSES

I think that if I were asked to single out one specific group of men, one type, one category, as being the most suspicious, unbelieving, unreasonable, petty, inhuman, sadistic, double-crossing set of bastards in any language, I would say without hesitation: the people who run counter-espionage departments.

—*Sign on the office wall of an FBI counterintelligence official, circa 1988 (from the 1962 Eric Ambler novel* The Light of Day)

On March 7, 2005, agents of the U.S. Immigration and Customs Enforcement service, known as ICE, arrested a Philippines national for overstaying his visa in New York City. That immigration violation would soon reveal a much deeper problem.

The day after the arrest, FBI intelligence analyst Leandro Aragoncillo walked into the ICE offices at Twenty-six Federal Plaza in downtown New York City. He told the agents that the man they had arrested, former Philippines police intelligence specialist Michael Aquino, was his friend, and he asked whether he could do anything to help straighten out the visa problem. The ICE agents were deferential but cautious, making no commitments to Aragoncillo. The next day, Aragoncillo called back and asked how the investigation was going.

The phone call did it. The ICE agent in charge of the case smelled a rat. “Anytime somebody tries to push their weight around like that, that sets off alarm bells,” one federal agent later told me of Aragoncillo’s interference. The ICE agent contacted the FBI’s New York field office, which in turn alerted FBI headquarters. That set off an ethics inquiry into the matter.

Within days, FBI investigators recognized that Aragoncillo's intervention was more than a matter of ethics. He was a foreign spy—a mole operating right under their noses.

Investigators discovered that Aragoncillo, who had worked in the White House for almost three years before joining the FBI, had used his top-secret security clearance at both the White House and the Bureau to pass highly classified intelligence documents to political officials in the Philippines, his native land. The Filipino officials used the documents as part of a plot to overthrow the government of the Philippines.

On September 10, 2005, the FBI arrested Aragoncillo for betraying the United States and spying for foreign officials.

Just four months after Aragoncillo's arrest, in January 2006, Michelle Van Cleave resigned from her position as head of the Office of the National Counterintelligence Executive, known by the initials NCIX. Van Cleave had been the most senior counterintelligence official in the entire U.S. government. Her resignation came quickly on the heels of the retirement of the deputy NCIX director Kenneth deGraffenreid.

Neither the arrest of Aragoncillo nor the departures of the nation's two top counterintelligence officials had much impact. True, Aragoncillo's arrest and indictment prompted a flurry of news stories in the fall of 2005; after all, it involved a mole operating in the White House itself. But the story soon faded away, to the point that when Aragoncillo pleaded guilty to espionage and other charges, in May 2006, it drew little attention. And the departures of Van Cleave and deGraffenreid barely registered at all. They seemed to be just two more small changes in the massive Washington bureaucracy.

But in fact these incidents, taken together, point to a much greater problem—one that poses a grave threat to the national security of the United States.

The Aragoncillo case highlighted the fact that foreign governments and terrorist organizations are actively spying within the United States and stealing our most vital secrets—on our nuclear weapons, missile defenses, efforts to defeat global terrorism, intelligence sources and methods, cryptographic codes, sensitive foreign policy dealings, and much more.

Today, nearly 140 nations and some 35 known and suspected terrorist groups target the United States through espionage, according to intelligence officials. And since 1985, nearly 80 Americans have been caught spying for other countries. Over the past several decades, foreign agents have penetrated every U.S. national security agency except the

Coast Guard. That includes the CIA, the FBI, the National Security Agency, the Defense Intelligence Agency, the Defense Department, the State Department, and the Energy Department.

Far from getting better since the Cold War ended, the enemy spying picture seems to be getting worse.

More than anything else, the Aragoncillo case revealed that the FBI remains highly vulnerable to foreign espionage. After the 2001 arrest of FBI turncoat Robert Hanssen—a spy for Moscow, and one of the most damaging moles in U.S. history—the Bureau instituted some internal security reforms. But the Aragoncillo case highlighted how little the reforms have actually accomplished. Computer controls designed to trigger alarms when someone like Aragoncillo stole classified documents did not tip off the FBI. If it hadn't been for an ICE agent questioning whether it was proper for an FBI analyst to help out someone involved in a visa violation, the FBI would not have looked into Aragoncillo's case at all.

The intensity of foreign spying and the intelligence community's failure to prevent espionage make the disarray at the nation's top counterintelligence office—and the larger counterintelligence problems it underscored—particularly disturbing. Counterintelligence is, quite simply, the process of identifying and catching foreign spies, either to neutralize them or to exploit knowledge of their activities for one's own purposes. ("Turning" foreign agents—that is, convincing captured spies to work as double agents for the United States rather than go to jail—is one of the highest objectives of U.S. counterintelligence.)

The 1947 National Security Act defines counterintelligence as "information gathered, and activities conducted, to protect against espionage, other intelligence activities, sabotage, or assassinations conducted by or on behalf of foreign governments or elements thereof, foreign organizations, or foreign persons, or international terrorist activities." An updated definition drafted by the Bush administration, but not yet formally adopted by the U.S. government, states that counterintelligence is "information gathered and activities conducted to identify, assess, neutralize, and exploit the intelligence activities and capabilities of foreign powers, terrorist groups, and other foreign entities that harm U.S. national security at home and abroad." As the draft wording documents, foreign intelligence activities include everything from traditional espionage—human spying—to "technical collection, sabotage, influence operations, and manipulation of, or interference with, U.S. defense and intelligence activities."

In short, counterintelligence represents an absolutely essential line of defense against our enemies, including terrorist organizations. As former Senate Intelligence Committee staff member Angelo Codevilla has noted, counterintelligence is “the queen of the intelligence chessboard.” Unfortunately, the U.S. government has disregarded our counterintelligence capabilities and done little to repair the long-neglected and deeply fragmented counterintelligence apparatus.

The result, as we will see, has been repeated, staggering failures to prevent our enemies from infiltrating our government and intelligence community. Counterintelligence failings receive little attention, but they leave gaping holes in America’s defenses. Simply put, our enemies have been so successful at getting inside the U.S. government because the United States lets it happen.

These dangers are the great untold story of the War on Terror and the post–Cold War era.

Enemies Within

This book will provide an inside look at the intelligence-gathering, spying, and influence operations of America’s most dangerous enemies, from Communist regimes like China, North Korea, and Cuba to the terrorist organizations that now represent an immediate threat to Americans and U.S. allies around the world. These enemies recognize the importance of ancient Chinese military strategist Sun Tzu’s dictum: The acme of skill is defeating your enemy without firing a shot.

A close look at the shadowy world of intelligence and counterintelligence also reveals that distinctions between our enemies and our friends are sometimes not so clear. The fact is that many countries generally considered friendly to the United States have targeted our government and military with aggressive spying operations. “Friendly spies” come from France, India, Pakistan, Japan, South Korea, Taiwan, and, as the Leandro Aragoncillo case indicated, the Philippines, among other countries.

And those threats pale in comparison to the one posed by Russia. In recent years the United States has received many warnings that Russia might not be the ally to the West many observers hoped it would be after the end of the Cold War. The authoritarian tactics of Russian president Vladimir Putin (a former Soviet KGB official), Moscow’s opposition to the United States within the United Nations, and especially the substantial evidence that Russia aided Saddam Hussein’s Iraqi military right up to the beginning of the Iraq War—these and other developments have made U.S.-Russia relations frosty.

But Russia's espionage operations against the United States should be even greater cause for alarm about Moscow. After a decade-long hiatus, Russian intelligence services are sending spies to this country in record numbers. In fact, there are as many Russian spies in the country today as there were during the Cold War.

As this book will demonstrate, it is not an accident that Russia has been responsible for the two most devastating spy cases of the past few decades—those of FBI mole Robert Hanssen and CIA turncoat Aldrich Ames. Significantly, both spy operations continued well after the collapse of the Soviet Union.

Communist China's intelligence services pose by far the greatest danger to the United States. Chinese spying operations have not simply penetrated U.S. government and intelligence agencies and stolen secrets. They have also enabled Beijing to execute extensive "disinformation" and perception-management operations, which are critical to a Communist regime intent on hiding its extensive military buildup, its repressive nature, its territorial ambitions (including, most notably, Taiwan), and its targeting of the United States. As we will see, Chinese disinformation campaigns have prevented the U.S. government from understanding, and responding to, the true threat posed by Communist China. They have also kept the United States from adequately protecting itself against future Chinese spying operations and other dangers from Beijing. Some intelligence officials say that Chinese influence operations have set back U.S. defensive and security measures against China by a decade or more.

The Chinese, along with other enemies, have fueled their significant military buildup and eaten into the U.S. military advantage by stealing sensitive dual-use and military technologies right out of America's most sensitive laboratories. The threat has become especially acute because illicit weapons proliferation makes the technology available to dangerous U.S. adversaries, including terrorists.

While the Aldrich Ames and Robert Hanssen cases have garnered the most headlines of any spy cases in recent years, Communist Chinese spies have done nearly as much damage to the United States. The most disturbing Chinese spy case is that of "Parlor Maid," a Chinese-born businesswoman named Katrina Leung. In December 2005, Leung reached a plea deal with U.S. prosecutors that spared her from the most serious espionage charges. The truth is that the failure to convict Leung as a Chinese spy reflects gross negligence and terrible bungling on the part of the FBI and federal prosecutors. The failure in that case and many others raises serious questions about whether China's intelligence penetration and influence operations have reached the highest levels of the U.S. government.

As will become apparent, the Parlor Maid affair was in many ways just as devastating as the Ames and Hanssen cases, or perhaps even more damaging. But the real story of the Katrina Leung case has never been told. It will be revealed for the first time in this book—as will numerous other instances of enemy penetration of the United States and harrowing U.S. counterintelligence failures.

The danger posed by enemy spies is not theoretical. It is very real, and if our leaders do not address the threat, Americans will be left to deal with the deadly consequences. Anyone who doubts our enemies' lethal intentions should remember their blunt threats against the United States. For example, in July 2005 Chinese Major General Zhu Chenghu declared that if the United States interfered militarily with Taiwan, "I think we will have to respond with nuclear weapons." He added, "The Americans will have to be prepared that hundreds. . .of cities will be destroyed by the Chinese."

Let there be no doubt, there are real consequences when our enemies steal the most important secrets of our military and intelligence services.

If the United States does not answer the intelligence threat, the success of foreign intelligence operations could, as Michelle Van Cleave put it, "come at dear cost, putting in jeopardy U.S. operations, military and intelligence personnel, and Americans at home."

America's Failure to Respond

Shockingly, U.S. officials still have done almost nothing to correct the ineptness and poor leadership that have brought us two decades of spy scandals. President George W. Bush has recognized the need for better and more active counterintelligence. The problem is that the government—and especially the entrenched intelligence bureaucracy—has not executed much-needed reforms.

In March 2005, President Bush approved a new National Counterintelligence Strategy, drafted primarily by Van Cleave and deGraffenreid, who had served as national security officials in the Reagan administration. The strategy followed closely the recommendations of several bipartisan congressional reviews from the past decade that recognized the urgent need for reform.

The adoption of the strategy seemed to represent a step forward, as it marked the first time the U.S. government formulated a comprehensive counterspy program that was aggressive rather than merely reactive. Van Cleave said in an interview, "In the past, our default posture was to sustain loss and then take swift action once that loss was detected—sometimes after nine, seventeen, or twenty-two years of successful espionage against us. Banking on acceptable loss was always a questionable approach to countering hostile intelligence activities. It is now intolerable given the changing foreign intelligence threat."

Van Cleave noted that major espionage cases in recent years—such as those of Ames, Hanssen, and Ana Montes, a Cuban mole in the DIA—have been utter disasters. "If you look at the devastating consequences of these successes against us, of the secrets stolen, of the lives lost, of the investments in major [intelligence and weapons] programs lost, of the compromises to U.S. national security, it is clear that we're being harmed terribly," she said.

So under the new counterintelligence strategy, the goal with foreign intelligence services, just as with terrorists, was to go on the offensive and engage them before they could do us harm. The Leandro Aragoncillo case provided a graphic reminder that simply installing more internal security measures won't prevent enemies from stealing our secrets. Van Cleave told me, "You can pile on so much security that you can't move and still there will be a purposeful adversary looking for ways to get at what it wants."

Therefore the new counterintelligence strategy called for "specific counterintelligence policies for attacking foreign intelligence services systematically via strategic counterintelligence operations." It required the FBI, the CIA, and other intelligence agencies to "identify, assess, neutralize, and exploit foreign intelligence activities before they can do harm to the United States." The strategy introduced for the first time "the concept of counterintelligence as a tool of national security policy," according to Van Cleave. She and deGraffenreid, and many others across the executive and legislative branches of government, had great hopes that with the president's imprimatur and a newly empowered counterintelligence office, they could finally push for tougher counterspying.

Both counterintelligence officials were gone within months. And with them went the immediate hope for an offensive counterintelligence program run by the NCIX.

The NCIX grew out of the damaging intelligence losses of the Cold War and, in particular, the devastating Ames and Hanssen cases. The office was created by President Bill Clinton's last presidential order in January 2001, known as Presidential Decision Directive 75. But it grew into a strategic or national-level office after the Republican Congress passed legislation in 2002. One of its major promoters was Porter Goss, then chairman of the House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence, who later became CIA director. “The purpose was to provide strategic direction to U.S. counterintelligence,” Van Cleave said. “An essential responsibility of the NCIX is to marshal the collective insights, talent, and resources of the several U.S. counterintelligence agencies to develop a strategy for the president to drive all U.S. counterintelligence.”

Van Cleave recognized the urgent need to better understand foreign intelligence threats. “Foreign intelligence organizations aren’t targeting an FBI field office, or a CIA station, or a military unit,” she said. “They’re going after America’s national security secrets, plans, intentions, and capabilities to gain an advantage. It means looking at the problem across the board. In fact, the extensive foreign intelligence activities against us present opportunities we can exploit, provided we are organized for integrated, strategically directed CI [counterintelligence] operations, and seize the initiative.”

As part of a planned upgrading of counterintelligence, Van Cleave reviewed the U.S. government’s many damage assessments of Cold War spy cases. “I thought coming into the position that I had a fairly good understanding of how serious those losses had been,” said Van Cleave, who worked in the Reagan White House’s Office of Science and Technology Policy. “But when you look at it in the aggregate, it was truly staggering to see how much the United States lost and to know that if we had ever been in a shooting war with the former Soviet Union that some of the secrets that were compromised through espionage could have threatened our nation’s survival.”

Effective counterintelligence is needed more urgently than ever in the current war against terrorism. Every terrorist attack is preceded by an intelligence operation. “So you can’t just stand back and hope for the best; you have to get at the threats,” Van Cleave said. “That requires prioritized collection and analysis of these very difficult targets, to understand their ‘order of battle.’ It also requires creative operational planning to be able to degrade foreign intelligence capabilities as the president and his national security leadership may direct.”

While Islamic extremists pose the most immediate danger, there are broader foreign intelligence and national security threats. “The sheer numbers of foreign collectors, the diversity and clandestine nature of the foreign ‘presence’ in the United States, and new attack modes enabled by technology exceed the reach of our CI resources as presently configured,” Van Cleave said. In fact, she said, “we have every reason to think that creative adversaries are taking advantage of the fact that we are so properly consumed with the war on terrorism that we may have less time and attention to devote to what they’re doing. So there is a window of opportunity right now that our adversaries are exploiting.”

That is why the National Counterintelligence Strategy called for a new approach. “If we’re not coherent in dealing with these very long-term, very grave threats to our security and our interests worldwide,” Van Cleave said, “then we’re going to suffer the consequences in the years to come.”

Despite the pressing need for aggressive counterintelligence and the president’s pledge to beef up counterspying operations, the functions and powers of the NCIX were limited once it was subsumed into the newly created Office of the Director of National Intelligence (ODNI). The intelligence and national security bureaucracy fought the kinds of changes that Van Cleave, deGraffenreid, and other reformers advocated, and bureaucratic turf battles stalled the new offensive counterintelligence strategy the president had just approved. “The CI community found itself answering to all of these new offices, and the coherence that was supposed to be behind the NCIX was lost in the effort to build a robust DNI structure,” Van Cleave said.

The problem is not with the rank-and-file counterintelligence officials, who, as Van Cleave put it, are “dedicated and talented professionals” who support needed reforms. The problem is one of leadership. The intelligence and national security bureaucracy has long viewed counterintelligence not as a strategic offensive function but merely as a support or “gatekeeper” function. The CIA, for instance, has viewed counterintelligence as a means to support its intelligence-gathering operations, while the military has regarded it as a means of protecting its forces. Sure enough, under the new intelligence bureaucracy, “counterintelligence was seen by some of the leadership within the [ODNI] as being principally a support activity to collection, or a subordinate topic for analysis, or one of the many program areas the intelligence budget director would have control over,” according to Van Cleave.

Van Cleave noted that “key CI insights and operations” need to be “integrated and directed to a common purpose” under a strategically directed counterintelligence program. But one of the first reorganizations under Director of National Intelligence John Negroponte, a career diplomat, involved setting up a new National Clandestine Service in which counterintelligence would be relegated to a support function for the intelligence gatherers. Van Cleave saw her position as the nation’s top counterintelligence official undermined, as she was not even included in setting up the counterintelligence component of the new clandestine service.

Then the Office of the DNI concluded a budget deal with other intelligence agencies that took 75 percent of all centrally directed counterintelligence funds and gave it back to the Justice Department and the Pentagon. The budget deal effectively gutted the ability of the DNI or the NCIX to build a national program for counterintelligence.

Notably, the DNI’s October 2005 National Intelligence Strategy omitted all references to the strategic counterintelligence mission or to the counterintelligence strategy the president had approved just seven months earlier. John Negroponte and his subordinates, many of whom have little intelligence experience, have essentially ignored the call for an aggressive and comprehensive counterintelligence strategy.

The leadership problem is not confined to the ODNI. Many different government agencies charged with dealing with foreign intelligence are resisting changes and insist that what they are doing now meets the new objectives outlined in the national strategy. “Strategic vision is not readily translated into effective action without leadership and insistence on accountability that must go behind its implementation,” Van Cleave said.

Why does the intelligence establishment so strongly resist tougher and more aggressive counterintelligence? The issue is largely cultural. Middle and senior managers throughout the intelligence community are reluctant to have their work checked by someone outside their immediate agency. The head of FBI counterintelligence will take orders from the FBI director but no one else. Officials listen to strategic directives but then go about their business as they choose.

Another factor is the stigma attached to offensive counterintelligence. The 1970s witnessed a backlash against the aggressive operations devised by master counterspy James Jesus Angleton. Angleton headed the CIA’s independent counterintelligence staff from 1954 to 1973. His main job was to find enemy penetration agents within the CIA, especially Soviet agents.

According to the conventional view within the intelligence bureaucracy, counterintelligence distracted the CIA from its true mission, to gather information on foreign entities. The National Commission on Terrorist Attacks Upon the United States, better known as the 9/11 Commission, promoted this view when it wrote that in the 1970s the CIA “developed a concern, bordering on paranoia, about penetration by the Soviet KGB.” According to the report, Angleton was “obsessed” with the idea that Moscow had planted “one or more” penetration agents inside the CIA.

But the conventional view misses how inextricably linked counterintelligence is to effective intelligence operations. Good counterintelligence does not simply involve investigating suspected spies within the United States; it requires actively targeting and ultimately infiltrating foreign intelligence services and international terrorist groups.

As Angleton once told me, penetrating a foreign target’s communications and using them—without the enemy knowing about it—is the essence of all intelligence work.

And the best way to stop the enemy is to get inside the enemy's intelligence system and discover its plans before they are carried out. In essence, as veteran intelligence official Richard Haver put it, the goal is "to attack the adversary intelligence service before they attack you."

Intelligence operations depend on good counterintelligence. If a nation can't detect enemy spies, it can't fully trust the intelligence it collects, it can't protect its clandestine sources or recruit new sources, and it can't exploit the valuable weapon of turning foreign agents. As Angelo Codevilla told me, "It is almost better to have no intelligence service at all than to have one that is penetrated."

James Angleton, despite his faults, understood the value of targeting and defeating the intelligence services of America's enemies—what he called "strategic counterintelligence." He was forced out of the CIA in 1974 after a dispute with CIA Director William Colby involving an unprecedented leak of CIA programs that was designed to discredit Angleton. Angleton told me several months before his death that had he survived the confrontation with Colby, he would have reoriented the entire CIA toward strategic counterintelligence. Instead, the CIA turned its back on aggressive counterintelligence. After he left, any agency official who tried to probe into possible foreign spy penetration, a task that invariably required questioning the loyalty of employees, was ridiculed as "paranoid" and engaging in Angletonian "sickthink."

The demise of Angleton and his counterintelligence staff damaged the CIA beyond easy repair. It left the United States extremely vulnerable to foreign spying and opened the way to the numerous spy cases made public in recent years.

There was no more graphic demonstration of the damage done than the case of CIA turncoat Aldrich Ames, who was arrested in 1994 for spying for Russia. Ames devastated U.S. intelligence operations by secretly selling the names of almost every American source within Russia. The 9/11 Commission blamed the failure to discover Ames's betrayal on the CIA's obsessive concern for security, which the report characterized as a legacy of Angleton's. The commission said that security restrictions designed to prevent massive compromises from penetration agents had prevented the CIA from sharing intelligence information adequately. But in fact, had the CIA adopted the aggressive stance Angleton advocated, it would have been in a much better position to detect and halt foreign spy operations like the one Russia ran through Ames. The very risk aversion that the 9/11 Commission cited as a key failing of the U.S. intelligence community resulted not because of Angleton but in reaction to the proactive counterintelligence he championed.

The 9/11 Commission called for "transforming the clandestine service by building its human intelligence capabilities"—that is, reemphasizing the need to plant spies in foreign countries and within terrorist organizations. The reasons for such reform have become obvious in recent years—first with the failure to detect the 9/11 attacks and later with the pre–Iraq War intelligence failures. One top-secret intelligence report I obtained captured the CIA's inability to penetrate al Qaeda. The July 1996 report, regarding the Khobar Towers bombing in Saudi Arabia, admitted that the CIA "can neither confirm nor deny" most reports from a Middle East intelligence service, because "we have no unilateral sources close to bin Laden, nor any reliable way of intercepting his communications." U.S. intelligence was, in essence, helpless. As for Iraq, the presidential panel that investigated the weapons of mass destruction issue concluded that the intelligence community blew its assessment because it "had precious little human intelligence, and virtually no useful signals intelligence" on Saddam Hussein's Iraq. And the problem persists.

The failure to place spies in al Qaeda and Iraq reflected the CIA's cultural aversion to both human spying and aggressive counterintelligence. James Pavitt, the CIA's deputy direction of operations from 1999 to 2004, told the 9/11 Commission that when the White House had pushed the agency to conduct covert action against terrorist groups, it had "gotten the Clandestine Service into trouble." Pavitt said that he "had no desire to see this happen again." According to the report, he acted on the assumption that "a truly serious counterterrorism campaign against an enemy of this magnitude would be business primarily for the military, not the Clandestine Service."

Pavitt wasn't alone. Intelligence officials took it as a given that the CIA couldn't place an agent inside a terrorist organization. Duane R. "Dewey" Clarridge, a flamboyant CIA operations officer who headed the agency's Counterterrorism Center before retiring in 1987, made this case explicitly. Clarridge said that it was impossible to place spies inside the Islamist terrorist groups operating in the Middle East because the groups were close-knit, tied by family, and, basically, impenetrable using spycraft. "We tried everything and it didn't work," he said.

Since the risk-averse CIA considered it too hard to spy on terrorists, intelligence officials approached terrorism as a law-enforcement issue. Clarridge formed "counterterrorism action teams"—commandos trained to capture suspected terrorists and bring them to the United States for prosecution. That move set the tone for U.S. counterterrorism intelligence activities for years. Thus in the years leading up to 9/11, the U.S. government subverted the real goal of intelligence: to steal secrets. Passively analyzing reports and connecting the dots will never produce a penetration agent inside a terrorist organization, which is the ultimate objective of good intelligence and counterintelligence—and good counterterrorism.

Unfortunately, the problems haven't gone away, even five years after the 9/11 attacks.

The New Fight

In late 2004, President Bush instructed the new CIA director, Porter Goss, to clean house and reform the agency's stilted bureaucratic culture. A year later, in September 2005, Goss gave a progress report to agency employees in the classified auditorium known as "the Bubble."

"Improving our global capabilities is our main job," Goss told the several hundred assembled CIA employees. "After all, how can you disrupt terrorist actions without first knowing their plans and intentions?" The director claimed that the CIA was already having "great success recruiting agents on all the target sets" in the War on Terror.

But other senior intelligence officials have told me that Goss's progress report was misleading. Even today the CIA remains blind and deaf when it comes to finding out about al Qaeda's next major attacks, or about the North Korean and Iranian nuclear arms programs, or about China's massive arms buildup. As one agency official put it, "The CIA's problem can be summed up in two words: No spies." Indeed, by 2005, the CIA's Directorate of Operations had fewer than a thousand case officers, as its spy handlers and recruiters are called, deployed overseas, where they could do their jobs. Of those, several hundred were deployed to Baghdad to build the new Iraqi intelligence service.

Goss had acknowledged the problem during his Senate nomination hearing in September 2004. When asked whether it would take five years to develop a good system of spies around the world, Goss replied, "In terms of years, I don't believe five is enough. . .. The great bulk of what we need is more than five years out there, in terms of global eyes and ears coverage on the core mission, which is close-in access to the plans and intentions of the enemy, the mischief-makers, and other things we need to know in this country for our national security."

Even then, Goss underestimated the difficulty of reforming the CIA—and especially of overcoming the agency's cultural resistance to expanded human intelligence and active counterintelligence.

Sure enough, Goss lasted only eighteen months as head of the CIA; he was forced out in May 2006. The intelligence bureaucracy will not change without a fight.

But if a fight is necessary, America’s leaders must take it on. Rogue states and terrorist groups keep sending spies into our intelligence agencies, our weapons laboratories, and the most sensitive parts of the U.S. government, from the Pentagon to the White House. The United States has no choice but to act immediately to fix its counterintelligence failings. As Michelle Van Cleave put it, “Today we are far from where we need to be.”

Refusing to plug the gaping holes in America’s defenses will lead to still more devastating losses and even greater dangers in the future. If our leaders fail to take action now, it will be nothing less than dereliction of duty.

Chapter 1

PARLOR MAID

> She’s been a Communist since the day she was born. Her bona fides are impeccable. I gradually converted her—she’s now a rock-ribbed Republican.
>
> —*FBI agent James J. Smith, introducing Chinese triple agent Katrina Leung to FBI China hands in 1993*

On July 5, 2000, a brand-new, $120 million Boeing 767 jetliner flew from the Boeing corporation’s airfield in Everett, Washington, to San Antonio International Airport. The Chinese military had purchased the jetliner for the leader of Communist China, Jiang Zemin. China Aviation Supplies Import and Export Corporation, which is run by the Chinese Communist state, purchased the aircraft for China United Airlines, which has been identified in declassified U.S. intelligence reports as a commercial entity operated by the People’s Liberation Army. Once in San Antonio, the aircraft underwent a $15 million customization to outfit the plane with all the luxuries of a Middle Eastern sheik, including a special vibrating bed to help Jiang sleep.

On August 10, 2000, the modification work complete, the Boeing took off for Beijing’s military airfield. Within weeks, Chinese security officials had found some twenty-seven sophisticated electronic eavesdropping devices in the aircraft.

How had the bugs gotten there, when the entire customization had been under the strictest, twenty-four-hour supervision by some twenty-five Chinese military intelligence officials? It turned out that clandestine operatives from the CIA and the National Security Agency (NSA) had covertly placed the devices in the plane in hopes of gathering intelligence from Jiang prior to a future summit meeting. (To this day, the details of the bugging remain secret.)

For the United States, there was a more pressing question: How had the Chinese uncovered the bugs so quickly? U.S. counterintelligence launched an investigation to find out. That probe led ultimately to the Los Angeles–based FBI counterspy James J. "J. J." Smith and his prized agent, Los Angeles businesswoman Katrina Leung—code name "Parlor Maid." A former FBI official, William Cleveland, would come under scrutiny as well.

The investigation turned up a revelation that would prove highly embarrassing to the FBI: Both of these officials, two of the Bureau's most senior counterintelligence officers, had had illicit, long-term sexual relationships with Leung. Contrary to the bed-hopping image of spies popularized in James Bond films, having intimate relations with a paid FBI informant violates one of the cardinal principles of the spy business, not to mention Bureau rules.

But to focus only on the soap opera element of the Katrina Leung story is to characterize the episode as something only vaguely resembling a spy case. And a spy case it is, without a doubt—a terribly damaging one at that.

The real story of Parlor Maid has never been told. The main reason the full account has not emerged is that the FBI and federal prosecutors mishandled the investigation from the beginning.

A small group of FBI officials did their best to keep the inside story from coming out. Rather than rage against the flagrant counterintelligence failures demonstrated in the Leung case, these officials focused on protecting the FBI's already-battered reputation from further damage. Later, prosecutors made poor tactical decisions that undermined the court case against Leung almost before it could begin.

Ultimately, prosecutors had to settle for a plea deal with Leung. The deal, reached on December 16, 2005, spared Leung from serving jail time or having to admit anything about passing illegally copied classified information to Communist China.

After the plea deal was finalized, Leung's lawyers—having safely escaped a trial that would have aired the overwhelming evidence of Leung's espionage—issued a statement professing that their client wasn't a spy and suggesting that she would have been glad to tell her story in court. A spokesman for the U.S. Attorney's Office in Los Angeles, Thom

Mrozek, responded, “It’s fair to say the government, by virtue of how this case moved along, was never able to tell its side of the story either.”

Mrozek’s statement was accurate, but it only obliquely hinted at the reasons the case “moved along” as it did and at the powerful evidence that Katrina Leung was indeed a spy for Communist China.

The real story of Parlor Maid will be told here for the first time. The Leung affair, like many cases from the dark world of intelligence and counterintelligence, is rife with lies and betrayals, half-truths and truths, myth and reality converging and diverging. But this account, based on court papers and on interviews with numerous intelligence and law-enforcement officials who knew the case firsthand, reveals the inside story of what really happened with Katrina Leung, Communist China, and the FBI.

Parlor Maid is the story of a Chinese spy who got away. And not just any spy. U.S intelligence officials close to the case insist that regardless of the outcome of the prosecution, the Katrina Leung case represents one of the worst spy cases in American history—and one of the worst U.S intelligence failures, as well. The evidence buried as a result of the FBI’s mismanagement and the prosecution’s failures bears this conclusion out.

Further confirmation came in May 2006, when Department of Justice Inspector General Glenn A. Fine issued his report on the Leung case. Fine’s highly critical report identified scores of FBI failures. The first among them was the fact that the FBI ignored intelligence from an informant who said a senior FBI agent was being “run” by Chinese intelligence in Los Angeles. The spy running the agent was Katrina Leung, and the agent was J. J. Smith. “The FBI’s failure to fully investigate Leung early on,” the report stated, “was a lost opportunity to obtain information concerning the PRC’s attempts to acquire technology and her contacts with persons of investigative interest to the FBI.” The inspector general also made it clear that Leung was in fact a spy for China, not the FBI. The report stated clearly that Leung “provided classified U.S. government information to the PRC without FBI authorization.” It revealed that at every step of the way in Leung’s career as an FBI informant, for which she was paid $1.7 million, there were glaring signs that she was not who she claimed to be.

The extensive record makes it clear that the People’s Republic of China—an emerging world power that poses a direct threat to the United States—penetrated the FBI. For more than two decades Communist China ran a spy, Katrina Leung, who stole valuable secrets from the U.S. government and intelligence community. More than that, this penetration agent, who had more than 2,100 contacts with Chinese officials over the course of twenty years, helped the Beijing regime exert enormous influence in the United States.

As revealed by the inspector general's report, by many declassified intelligence reports, by FBI documents, and by other documents submitted in court, Leung compromised all the FBI's foreign counterintelligence investigations on China. The FBI already struggled at aggressive counterintelligence, the vital technique that represents the best way to discover our adversaries' true intentions and, if necessary, to thwart dangerous plans before they are executed. The Chinese agent did incalculable harm by ruining the few successful counterintelligence operations that the United States had in place.

Adding to the damage, Leung's frequent reports on China apparently contained strategic disinformation about Beijing's plans and intentions. For many years these reports, intelligence officials told me, reached the highest levels of the U.S. government—including the Oval Office. The Chinese government could tailor its deceptive information to conform with U.S. beliefs and expectations because it had access to the deepest secrets from within the U.S. government and intelligence community. One legal document in the court case quotes U.S. government officials as stating that given the magnitude of the compromises, the FBI "must now re-assess all of its actions and intelligence analyses based on [Leung's] reporting."

Parlor Maid is a textbook case of how Communist China uses its intelligence services and agents not simply to gather intelligence but also to run aggressive counterintelligence operations, to manage its adversaries' perceptions of the emerging Chinese superpower, and to conduct disinformation operations against the United States. The Katrina Leung case provides a harrowing reminder that Communist China has made the United States its number-one target. But largely because of the effectiveness of China's penetration and disinformation campaigns, we have reached the point where top U.S. government officials dismiss a nuclear-armed Communist dictatorship in Beijing as "not a threat" to the United States.

And at the end of the day, Parlor Maid is a story of criminal negligence and cover-up on the part of the FBI. The truth must be revealed.

The Intercept

On November 26, 1990, a decade before China discovered the electronic bugs on Jiang Zemin's Boeing 767, the telephone rang at the Chinese Ministry of State Security (MSS) in Beijing. MSS is the Chinese Communist equivalent of the FBI and CIA combined, with the political police aspects of Moscow's KGB added. The caller, a woman, spoke Mandarin and identified herself as Luo Zhongshan. She asked to speak to Mao Guohua, the head of the MSS Foreign Affairs Bureau, one of the units that runs China's intelligence-gathering operations in the United States. The conversation was intercepted and recorded by the NSA, the supersecret electronic spying and code-breaking agency.

MAO: Who's this?

LUO: Uh, greetings. Hey.

MAO: I recognize you now.

LUO: There are two situations right now. I don't want to disclose it over the telephone.

MAO: Uh.

LUO: The matter which I told you I was going to do.

MAO: Uh.

LUO: [It's] too late.

MAO: Oh.

LUO: He/she has arrived already.

Luo asked whether Wang Jingqiang, one of the MSS's couriers, had returned to China from the United States and given Mao something on his return. Mao replied that Wang had not returned yet. Luo told the intelligence official to call Wang, since one person had already arrived and was staying at the Traders Hotel in Beijing for a week. The person referred to was a visiting FBI official.

Within days, the intercept was translated and a copy provided to the FBI's San Francisco field office. It landed on the desk of Bill Cleveland, a supervisory special agent who ran counterintelligence for the FBI on the West Coast. Cleveland had spent more than two decades chasing Chinese spies and was widely considered the Bureau’s premier Chinese counterspy.

When Cleveland saw the transcript, he recognized what the MSS was being told: that Cleveland himself and another FBI agent, I. C. Smith, were going to be in China and staying at the Traders Hotel. Cleveland immediately went to a secure room to listen to a recording of the intercepted phone call. He quickly identified the voice as that of Parlor Maid, the code name for Katrina Leung.

“That’s her,” he said.

The intercept was a shock. Leung was the Bureau’s prize agent, one of the few people who, the FBI believed, had access to the inner circle of the Chinese Communist leadership and could get inside the secretive world of the Chinese intelligence bureaucracy. Her reports on China went to the CIA and the National Security Council in Washington, and even on to the president. But the Luo-Mao intercept revealed why counterintelligence has been called a wilderness of mirrors, where agents can trade loyalties as easily as they change clothes. The fact that Leung had a clandestine name for contacts with Chinese intelligence meant only one thing: She was working for the Chinese while pretending to be a paid FBI informant.

The intercept was an intelligence officer’s worst nightmare, because it revealed that Leung was using a code name that was unknown to the FBI for what she believed was a clandestine conversation with her MSS handler.

Cleveland would have known immediately that the intercept meant trouble. The reason was simple: Since the late 1980s he had been conducting a secret extramarital affair with Leung. He would meet Leung, a Chinese-born naturalized American, in hotels in Los Angeles and San Francisco, debrief her about his visits to China, and then have sex with her. As Cleveland well knew, such illicit relations with a paid informant were taboo in the FBI.

There was another wrinkle: Cleveland wasn’t the only FBI agent sleeping with Leung. According to counterintelligence officials, Cleveland suspected—accurately, as it turned out—that Leung was also carrying on an illicit affair with her immediate handler, James J. Smith, the agent who had recruited her in the early 1980s. As soon as FBI headquarters launched an investigation into the intercept, Cleveland’s and Smith’s secrets would be revealed.

The Confrontation

The intercept of one of the Luo-Mao phone calls prompted a meeting at FBI headquarters in Washington. On May 14, 1991, FBI officials gathered to discuss Leung's evident lying and betrayal. The fact that she had met with Mao in Beijing a month after the initial intercept raised further questions. But indicative of the hands-off approach FBI headquarters took to field operations, the officials agreed to let James J. Smith, her handler, deal with the situation. The FBI thus missed a key chance: either to end its relationship with Leung altogether, or to use the information to try to "turn" her back as a spy for the United States against China—the ultimate counterintelligence challenge. As the inspector general's report put it, had the Bureau followed up properly at the time, it might have discovered the "fundamental flaws" in Smith's handling of Leung "10 years before the FBI actually began such an investigation." But, "incredibly," the FBI didn't think to ask "how it was that Leung had obtained the information she supplied to the PRC" in the first place. As Smith later admitted, the information all came from him.

Whatever doubts officials may have had about Leung, neither Cleveland nor Smith—known as J. J.—shut down Leung's penetration operation. Instead, J. J., Leung's handler and secret lover, confronted Katrina about the intercept.

The confrontation took place on May 31, 1991, which Leung later called the "worst day of my life." J. J. showed up alone at Leung's home in San Marino, California. Angry about the intercepts, he began questioning her about her conversations with Mao. Sitting at the kitchen table, Smith told her that the conversation they were having was the most important one they would ever have. The FBI knew she had a cover name, he told her, and that she was passing information to Chinese intelligence without FBI approval. He said specifically that the Bureau was aware she had notified the MSS of Cleveland's travel to China and his plans to stay at the Traders Hotel. In an earlier conversation she had told J. J. she did not know how Mao knew Cleveland had gone to China. Now J. J. called her on it. "I know what you have been doing and you have not been truthful," he told her.

"J. J., whatever you do, don't yell at me," she said. "We can have this conversation, just don't yell at me."

She then admitted to giving information to Chinese intelligence. Katrina Leung, it turned out, was what counterspies call a "triple agent"—she pretended to be a double agent controlled by and loyal to the FBI, but she had been trained by Chinese intelligence and secretly she remained loyal to Beijing.

The date the switch occurred is not clear, but court papers later indicated that the Chinese had turned her from an FBI asset to an MSS asset during the late 1980s, and certainly before the Luo-Mao intercepts were first identified.

Leung told J. J. that Chinese intelligence had turned her during one of her trips to China, when she met people from every branch of the Chinese secret services. On that particular trip, the MSS searched her luggage in her hotel room while she was out and discovered her FBI tasking list, outlining FBI objectives for her visit. The list revealed that she was supposed to find out what the Chinese knew about a Chinese intelligence officer who had defected. When she returned, an angry Mao, the Chinese intelligence official, was waiting with the FBI tasking list in his hand. Caught working for the United States, she made a full confession about her intelligence-gathering on China for the FBI, she told J. J.

In China, spying brings a sentence of between seven years and life. But instead of arresting her, Mao had offered Leung a deal. He directed her to open a post office box in Fullerton, California, for secret communications. And one of the worst spy cases in American history was off and running.

Mole Hunt

So as of 1991, the FBI had a confession from Katrina Leung that she had spied for Communist China. She had never revealed her work for China until her FBI handler, J. J. Smith, confronted her. Stunningly, the FBI still kept Leung active as an agent.

Why?

According to the 23-page unclassified summary of the inspector general's report, J. J. Smith told investigators after his arrest that he had "believed Leung was too important to be discontinued as an FBI asset." Her information would be of great value not only to the U.S. government but also to advancing his career, he felt. He believed, he said, that he could "obtain or reobtain" Leung's loyalty to the U.S. government. J. J. also admitted that he feared that exposing her treachery would have revealed his sexual relationship, ending both the case and his career. In other words, Smith had been caught up in a classic case of sexual entrapment. Cleveland's role in keeping Leung on the payroll is not known, and he could not be reached for an interview. But it is most likely that FBI headquarters could not allow J. J. to continue handling Parlor Maid without the support of Cleveland, who was a senior FBI counterspy involved with China operations.

Smith would simply be more careful about how Leung traveled and how her reporting was evaluated. But he did not exercise sufficient caution. Not only did he keep her working as an FBI agent, he also continued his sexual relationship with her. (After his arrest he would tell investigators that he was confident that Leung would keep the affair secret and not try to blackmail him, because "she had just as much to lose as he did.") At a 1993 gathering at the Bureau's training center in Quantico, Virginia, Smith introduced Leung to a group of FBI agents who specialized in chasing Chinese intelligence officers. He identified Leung by the cover name "Michelle" and boasted that she was "doing some great things for the Bureau." He also explained that Leung had "been a Communist since the day she was born" and that "she literally grew up in the student movement, the anti-Taiwan, the pro-PRC student movement." But, he bragged, "I gradually converted her—she's now a rock-ribbed Republican. . .and a terrific lady"—one whose credentials as an informant were "impeccable."

Years later it became clear to some U.S. intelligence and counterintelligence officials that Leung did not have impeccable bona fides. U.S. technical spying operations against China began drying up at an alarming rate. At least nine electronic spying operations went silent. The losses could not be explained by the expertise of Chinese counterintelligence. Some senior U.S. intelligence officials believed there was a mole selling the United States out.

The NSA was the most vocal in arguing within the secret councils of government that something was rotten inside the intelligence system. The NSA's extensive communications-intercept operations had begun going bad, and the agency couldn't explain why. The NSA spied on Communist China from U.S. diplomatic facilities in China by using military reconnaissance flights to intercept communications, and from listening posts in Australia, Japan, Pakistan, and Thailand. The sophisticated electronic ears used in the reconnaissance flights reached hundreds of miles inland from China's coast.

The biggest blow to U.S. intelligence efforts in China came in the late summer of 2000, when the electronic eavesdropping of Jiang Zemin's aircraft was compromised. The United States first suspected that the compromise had occurred in mid-October 2000, after several Chinese officials failed to show for business meetings. U.S. intelligence then learned that a team of counterspies from Chinese signals intelligence had discovered the American listening devices. Soon after the discovery, the Chinese regime had arrested about twenty Chinese air force officers and two officials from China Aviation Supplies Import and Export Corporation for negligence and corruption. Additionally, Beijing placed a senior air force officer under house arrest and investigated a senior officer of the Bodyguards Bureau of the General Staff Department of the People's Liberation Army suspected of tolerating the lax security.

Clearly the discovery of the bugs had prompted a swift response at the highest levels of the Communist Chinese regime. In fact, in an interesting twist, a classified State Department report said that Jiang himself became focused on the bugging. Jiang, according to the report, believed that fellow Politburo member Li Peng had ordered it to learn what the paramount Communist leader was saying about charges of financial corruption against Li's wife and children. But U.S. officials later concluded that the intelligence report might have been a smoke screen by the Chinese—one meant to protect the agent who had provided them with information about the aircraft bugging. In China, reports circulated privately that Li had planted the bugs in order to listen in on the pillow talk between Jiang and his mistress, Song Zuying, a famous singer in a People's Liberation Army band.

Within a matter of several months, it became apparent that the compromise of the Boeing eavesdropping was not an isolated setback for U.S. intelligence. Indeed, the NSA lost the ability to conduct electronic eavesdropping from nine major intelligence programs in China. These losses were alarming enough to finally trigger what counterspies call a mole hunt—the search for a traitor who was revealing secrets to the enemy.

A team of counterintelligence officials began reviewing the security of the Boeing operation and who had access to information about it. That review led investigators to J. J. Smith and Parlor Maid, who was the key U.S. agent for intelligence on Jiang Zemin.

Officials now believe that J. J. learned of the bugging operation and relayed the information, knowingly or unknowingly, to Katrina Leung, and that Leung compromised the operation. Court papers show that the United States placed Leung under electronic surveillance in December 2001, and officials confirmed that she was the suspect in the aircraft bugging leak. According to senior intelligence officials familiar with the case, Parlor Maid was so highly regarded as a source of intelligence that she was briefed or informed about all U.S. intelligence operations against China, not just those being run by the FBI.

U.S. officials now believe that Parlor Maid compromised numerous CIA operations and agents, as well as scores of NSA technical operations. Smith would have violated intelligence compartmentation rules by disclosing details of the operations to Leung. Leung also could have learned details of the operations by lifting classified intelligence reports from J. J.'s briefcase during breaks in her long debriefing sessions with him. According to U.S intelligence officials close to the case, J. J.'s hard-sided Atlas briefcase became a gold mine for Chinese intelligence thanks to Leung's work. FBI investigators would eventually discover in Leung's home classified documents taken from Smith.

"Everything the United States did was given to J. J., who gave it to Leung," one senior intelligence official told me. This official called the Katrina Leung case "the worst espionage case the United States has ever had," because of the growing strategic threat posed by China and the urgent need to find out the innermost secrets of the Communist government.

Smith, because of his seniority in the FBI counterspy program, was part of the inner circle of U.S. intelligence officials on China. He was frequently asked to join an interagency group of intelligence officials from the CIA, the Defense Intelligence Agency, the State Department, and the NSA. In these meetings J. J. learned the most secret details of U.S. spying operations against China. He also would have known about CIA domestic operations to debrief visitors to or from China and to acquire information from them.

Leung, for her part, was positioned perfectly to advance China's influence operations in the United States. Communist China has achieved extraordinary success in deceiving and manipulating U.S. government policies, all thanks to having well-placed agents like Leung.

Infiltrating the FBI

Just who is Katrina Leung, and how did she position herself to do so much damage to U.S. national security?

Leung was born Chan Manying on May 1, 1954, in the southern coastal province of China now known as Guangdong. One of four children, Katrina was adopted as an infant and raised by the wife of her mother's brother. Katrina's birth parents allowed the adoption as a family gesture to the woman, whose only child had died shortly after birth. When Katrina was three, her adoptive family moved to Hong Kong, and by 1970 they had arrived in New York City.

Two years later Katrina earned an academic scholarship to Cornell University, where she majored in architecture and engineering. Leung excelled in college, just as she had in high school. She graduated with honors and became an accomplished pianist, singer, dancer, calligrapher, and linguist. According to a 1984 FBI report that formed part of Leung's "asset file" outlining her career as an informant, a driving force behind her success was "the fact that she was given away by her parents." The report stated that "she became very much of an overachiever to dispel doubts of her self worth precipitated by her parents' willingness to give her to someone else."

Leung also became a political activist while at Cornell, according to the FBI report. She joined the pro-China student movement known as the Defend the Diao Yu Tai Islands; those islands were the subject of dispute involving China, Taiwan, and Japan. The 1984 FBI report stated that Leung supported Communist China because "her real parents, especially her father, opted to remain in China where he was a highly regarded hydrologist. The letters he sent spoke in glowing terms of China's progress and the socialist paradise that was China."

The Communist Chinese government was quick to exploit this student movement. FBI Chinese counterintelligence specialist I. C. Smith, now retired, said that the movement proved particularly important to the Communist government in the early 1970s, before the United States established formal relations with Beijing. "When the Chinese first came to the U.S., the Diao Yu Tai folks were their main points of contact," Smith said. "After all, they had demonstrated their allegiance to China by agitating for control of the islands to pass to China, holding demonstrations before the UN, et cetera." By the time U.S.-China relations were normalized in 1972, the Diao Yu Tai group stood too far from the mainstream of American politics to hold any real sway in the U.S. political and social system, but it did have some influence over Chinese diplomats in the United States. (At least initially: By the early 1980s Chinese diplomats had realized that Diao Yu Tai was giving them bad political advice, such as by reporting that Jimmy Carter would be reelected president in 1980.)

It was through the Diao Yu Tai movement that Leung first came into contact with Chinese government officials. From the FBI report it is clear that she began cooperating—informally, at least—with the Chinese government and its intelligence services as early as 1972. For example, while at Cornell she organized showings of Chinese movies, and to get the films she contacted officials of Beijing's Liaison Office. Leung also told the FBI that while in college she "may have met" the Liaison Office's Lu Ping, whom the FBI had identified as one of Communist China's top MSS intelligence officials.

Such contacts—and the vagueness of her recollection about meeting a key Chinese intelligence official—should have been a red flag to the FBI from the very beginning. I.

C. Smith told me that he was astounded to learn in 2005, through court papers made public in the case, of Leung's links to the Diao Yu Tai group and to Lu Ping. Had he known of those connections, he said, he never would have permitted Leung to act as an informant. The information in the court papers was "simply devastating," he said. "If Katrina was part of Diao Yu Tai, one cannot dismiss the possibility that when she was first contacted by the FBI, she would have been told to target the FBI itself, a very likely situation." Indeed, after Leung's 1990 phone calls to the MSS, it became clear that she probably had been working for the Chinese all along.

After graduating from Cornell in 1976, she moved to Chicago, where she worked toward a master's degree in business administration from the University of Chicago and took a job as a bank teller. Leung told the FBI that in 1976 she attended a meeting of pro-Chinese activists in Chicago to commemorate the death of Communist China's founder, Mao Zedong. At the meeting, Leung introduced herself, described her activities at Cornell, and offered "whatever help she could provide," the FBI report said. The group of activists soon put her in charge of parties and entertainment. The pro-China organization regarded her as an asset because she wrote and spoke English well and was not a foreign student, meaning that she could "tout unpopular causes" without fear of reprisal. She even helped set up the Chicago chapter of the National Association of Chinese-Americans (NACA), which the FBI regarded as one of the more influential NACA chapters in the United States.

Leung later told the FBI that Lu Ping came to Chicago along with other Liaison Office officials. The FBI report noted that Leung and Lu "became friendly" and Lu asked her to organize a Chinese student meeting at which he would speak. According to the report, Leung also honored Lu's requests by meeting with him at least twice at the Liaison Office in New York and by organizing a delegation to China under the auspices of the government-run All-China Sports Federation.

Leung told the FBI that she "could not recall any recruitment pitch by Lu Ping or his associates," the report said. The reason, she said, was that she and others had already "made themselves available to the PRC government." "I asked for nothing and did my best to please them," she told the FBI. Still, she claimed that her contacts with Lu showed her how Beijing officials "secure the cooperation of overseas Chinese."

In January 1980, Leung moved to Los Angeles to work for Sida International, a business, started by pro-China students, that wanted to conduct trade with Beijing. In California, Leung again sought out and met other pro-PRC students and professionals. The Department of Justice inspector general's report revealed that in 1982 the FBI investigated Sida for espionage related to illegal technology transfers to China. The report also noted that at the time the FBI dubbed Leung's apartment building a "nest of spies," because of several suspects who had links to Chinese intelligence.

It was in California that Leung met up with FBI counterspy J. J. Smith. According to the inspector general's report, J. J. contacted her in 1982 as part of an FBI investigation into Gwo-Bao Min, a nuclear weapons engineer at Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory accused of passing W-70 nuclear warhead technology to China. The agent overseeing the Min investigation was Bill Cleveland. The report disclosed that in 1981 Leung herself had become the target of an FBI counterintelligence investigation based on her contacts with Chinese agents. Yet the Bureau took "no immediate action" to investigate Leung's "relationship" to Min. The inspector general deemed it "incomprehensible" that the FBI did not investigate.

Leung quickly went from being a spy suspect to an FBI informant with little or no investigation of her background. She soon became J. J.'s prize agent. The inspector general reported that Smith had her flaunt her contacts with the FBI in the Chinese community in the United States to draw the attention of Beijing intelligence officials. In the FBI counterintelligence culture, as in the CIA, officers had strong incentive to recruit agents as a way to advance their careers. But that incentive also represented a vulnerability for the United States, since it opened up U.S. intelligence to penetration by enemy agents. And China's MSS specialized in turning spies against those who sent them.

Less than a year after J. J. recruited Leung, in August 1983, he began his sexual relationship with the informant. The inspector general's report disclosed that an FBI supervisor asked Smith about the affair as early as 1984. J. J. denied it—as he would on several occasions over the next nineteen years. At one point Smith's FBI supervisor would surprise Smith by picking him up at the airport after a vacation to London, only to discover that J. J. had traveled with Leung. Still, the supervisor told no one about the incident, according to the inspector general's report. It was a major management failure.

The FBI report from 1984 states that Leung changed her pro-China views in a variety of ways in the late 1970s and early 1980s. Her biological parents left China in 1975 and came to the United States in 1979. That is when Leung learned that her father's glowing tales about life in China had been fabrications; Chinese intelligence, which monitored all mail sent abroad, had added the messages to her father's letters. Now Leung heard her father recount the horrors of China's Cultural Revolution (1966–1976), when Mao Zedong unleashed the radical zealots known as the Red Guards on the entire country. Hearing the stories, and visiting China herself in the 1980s, changed Leung's perspective on China "a great deal," according to the report. After leaving academia, she reportedly distanced herself from pro-China activists, and then she quit Sida to work for General Medical Centers selling HMOs to businesses.

Investigators now believe that the Chinese groomed Leung as a triple agent and sent her to work for the FBI. In retrospect, it seems obvious that when she appeared to be trying to attract the attention of Chinese intelligence, she had already been recruited by Beijing and was really fooling the FBI.

The FBI interviewed Leung in June 1982 and described her as “tentatively cooperative.” Earlier that year one of her fellow cofounders of NACA’s Chicago chapter, a Hong Kong–born lawyer named Hanson Huang, had disappeared in Beijing, having been secretly arrested by the Communist Chinese regime; the Chinese government would later admit that it had convicted him of espionage. According to the 1984 FBI report on Leung, she convinced the Bureau of her worthiness as a source by revealing two good contacts in Chinese intelligence. One was Jin Xiao Qi, a China Travel Service employee who handled visits to China by Sida employees, and whom U.S. officials had identified as a Chinese intelligence officer working under cover in the United States. The other was “the madam of a [Chinese intelligence]-sanctioned prostitution operation in Beijing.” Leung also began traveling to China once she became an activist in the Committee for Hanson Huang.

Katrina Leung was now working for the FBI—or so the United States thought.

The Art of Counterintelligence

The key to understanding China’s modern spying system can be found in the ancient writings of the Chinese strategist Sun Tzu. His book *The Art of War* is well known among military and intelligence officers worldwide for the maxim that the acme of skill is defeating your enemy without firing a shot. Since battle exacts such huge costs in terms of both people and money, spies are essential, Sun Tzu argued. “What enables the wise sovereign and the good general to strike and conquer, and achieve things beyond the reach of ordinary men, is foreknowledge,” he declared. “Now this foreknowledge cannot be elicited from spirits; it cannot be obtained inductively from experience, nor by any deductive calculation. Knowledge of the enemy’s dispositions can only be obtained from other men.”

Today, this foreknowledge is the essence of counterintelligence—the art and science of identifying and thwarting enemy spies. Sun Tzu identified—and China’s current intelligence system is built around—five different types of spies. Three of them involve counterintelligence. “Inward spies” are recruited officials of the enemy who can provide inside information; “converted spies” are enemy spies who are bribed or otherwise tempted to work for China’s purposes; and “doomed spies” do things for purposes of deception (“carry false tidings to the enemy”).

Katrina Leung fit all three types of Chinese counterintelligence spy. She was someone on the inside with access to FBI secrets, who was converted to spy for China, and who furthered Chinese strategic-deception and foreign-influence activities. She was most essential to the Chinese as a converted spy, for as Sun Tzu noted, “knowledge of the enemy. . .can only be derived, in the first instance, from the converted spy.”

The Leung spy case thus provides clear examples of the MSS’s priorities. The intelligence documents she stole from J. J. Smith, which FBI agents found in her safe when they questioned her in 2002, demonstrate that China’s primary spying objective is to penetrate U.S. intelligence agencies, and specifically America’s extensive electronic intelligence-gathering networks. The classified documents investigators discovered in Leung’s safe included a list of FBI counterspies involved in another failed FBI case code-named Royal Tourist, a transcript and summary of Leung’s secret intercepted conversations with MSS official Mao Guohua, and, perhaps most important, a secret communication from the FBI office in Hong Kong.

Beyond the stolen secrets and compromised operations, the Leung case shows how China’s Communist government emphasizes the use of disinformation, political influence, and policy manipulation as part of China’s grand strategy of defeating its main enemy, the United States. In John Le Carré’s acclaimed Cold War spy novel *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy,* the master spy Karla explains to his apprentice why purchased information—though false or misleading—gains easy acceptance at top levels of government, while accurate information gathered openly through diligent research is often dismissed. “Ever bought a fake picture, Toby?” Karla says. “The more you pay for it, the less inclined you are to doubt its authenticity.”

U.S. intelligence officials invested a lot in Katrina Leung’s authenticity. Officials close to the case emphasize that U.S. intelligence agencies never doubted her because she told them what they wanted to hear. The information she supplied was tightly controlled by the MSS to fit fundamental themes being promoted by Chinese Communist leaders. For a regime that since 1949 has murdered up to 70 million people through political purges, organized famines, and repression in prison camps, disinformation campaigns are essential.

China's strategy for influencing the United States goes back to the late dictator Deng Xiaoping, whose ruthless pragmatism was captured in the slogan "It doesn't matter whether the cat is black or white, as long as it catches mice." In a top-secret party directive in the early 1990s, Deng offered a "24-character strategy" to enable China to build up comprehensive power. Deng advised, "Observe calmly; secure our position; cope with affairs calmly; hide our capacities and bide our time; be good at maintaining a low profile; and never claim leadership." As the Pentagon observed in the report "The Military Power of the People's Republic of China 2005," "Taken as a whole, the strategy suggests both a short-term desire to downplay China's ambitions and a long-term strategy to build up China's power to maximize options for the future."

The strategy of deploying disinformation and influence operations seems to have worked well in the United States. Consider that in 2005 a top U.S. military officer downplayed an explicit Chinese nuclear threat against America. On July 15, 2005, Chinese General Zhu Chenghu, head of China's National Defense University, told reporters in Beijing that China was "determined to respond" with nuclear weapons against "hundreds" of American cities if U.S. forces defended Taiwan from an armed mainland attack. Several days later, Marine Corps General Peter Pace, then vice chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff (he would later become chairman), said that "there's absolutely no reason for us to believe there's any intent on their part" to use nuclear weapons. Pace repeated the soft line in September, stating, "I do not believe China is the next most likely peer competitor. I do not believe it is inevitable that we will be enemies." These statements reflected the ongoing efforts of pro-China members of the Bush administration and the American academic community to downplay the threat from Beijing.

Also in 2005, pro-China officials toned down the Pentagon's annual report on China's military strength, fearing that highlighting China's growing military power would create a new Cold War enemy. The report noted that the United States was developing "cooperative and constructive" ties to China. This despite the fact that the Chinese military had imprisoned twenty-three U.S. troops in 2001 after their EP-3 surveillance aircraft made an emergency landing in China, and despite the fact that Beijing supports North Korea, sells arms and technology to state sponsors of terrorism, and undermines U.S. alliances around the world.

The 2005 report also stated, "The U.S. Intelligence Community estimates that China will require until the end of this decade or later for its military modernization program to produce a modern force, capable of defeating a moderate-size adversary." American policy and intelligence officials familiar with the China estimates told me that this conclusion is fundamentally wrong. It does not express the Pentagon's true outlook, a more cold-eyed assessment that is reflected in the description of Deng's 24-character strategy, which was included in the same report. According to these officials, left-leaning analysts within the new Office of the Director of National Intelligence forced it into the Pentagon report. The CIA included the same naïve conclusion in the secret National Intelligence Estimate, intelligence sources told me.

The CIA is not alone in preaching the pro-China view. The U.S. stance toward China has been held hostage to the legacy of Henry Kissinger's gambit in the 1970s to use Communist China as a strategic counterweight to the Soviet Union. While the policy may have worked, the United States did not reevaluate its pro-China perspective after the Soviet Union collapsed. Kissinger himself, who has lucrative business deals with the Communist government and its state-run conglomerates, continues to champion China. In 2005, the former secretary of state told the official Xinhua News Agency, "Fundamentally, China is making a contribution to international peace and prosperity. China poses no challenges to the United States militarily."

The pro-China view suits many U.S. business leaders—including General Motors, Boeing, Microsoft, and other corporations—who prefer dealing with the dictators in Beijing as a way to reach the world's largest market, a supposedly modernizing nation that by 2005 had some 1.3 billion people. This business-oriented strategy is failing, however, at least insofar as a means to foster democratic change in China. President Bush has made global democracy a priority for his administration—most notably in his second inaugural address, in which he declared, "All who live in tyranny and hopelessness can know: The United States will not ignore your oppression, or excuse your oppressors"—but he has said little about the repressive system in China or about the Chinese military buildup.

The contradictory U.S. policies continue. After the summit meeting between President Bush and Chinese President Hu Jintao in Washington in April 2006, the United States offered to cooperate with China's space program. Human rights advocates opposed the cooperation, as did national security officials, who worried about how China had used U.S. space technology to improve its missiles—which are aimed at U.S. cities. A month later, the Pentagon issued its 2006 annual report, which showed for the first time that China is developing antisatellite weapons that could be used to knock out U.S. communications and intelligence systems in a crisis.

Behind the image perpetuated by Beijing leaders' discussion of their peaceful intentions and economic modernization, Communist China maintains its system of mass repression. Anyone who speaks or writes even the most innocuous criticism of the Communist Party or its rulers is severely punished, by being sent to one of the massive prison labor camps or by summary execution. The expanding economy that some Americans see as the key to democratization only fuels Beijing's repressive, military-dominated political system. China remains a nuclear-armed Communist dictatorship that continues a massive military buildup. And it is aggressively targeting the United States.

This message was brought home by a Chinese defector in 2005. Chen Yonglin, a diplomat posted to the Chinese consulate in Sydney, revealed that Beijing unrelentingly pursues its goal of targeting the United States. "The United States is always considered by the Chinese Communist Party as the largest enemy, the major strategic rival," Chen said in an interview several months after defecting. "I was often told that every matter regarding the United States is important no matter how trivial it is. China's [strategy] is actually focusing on the United States." Chen noted that the Chinese regime stepped up efforts against the United States after the 1996 standoff in the Taiwan Strait, when Chinese missiles were test-fired into waters north and south of Taiwan and the Pentagon responded by dispatching two aircraft carrier battle groups to the region as a show of support for the island.

Obscuring these darker realities and acquiring influence in the United States remain essential to the Chinese regime.

Buying Influence

Often the Chinese rely on a direct way to gain influence in the United States—by buying it. Here again, Katrina Leung played an important role. In the mid-1990s a fundraising scandal erupted after U.S. intelligence intercepted communications between Beijing and the Chinese embassy in Washington. The intercepts indicated that the Communist government was using go-betweens such as Indonesian entrepreneur Ted Sioeng to funnel millions of dollars into the campaign coffers of American politicians. The main beneficiaries were the Democratic National Committee and Bill Clinton's 1996 reelection campaign. Leung publicly defended Sioeng, telling the *Los Angeles Times* in 1997 that it was "nonsense" to suggest he was working as a Chinese agent. His worst offense, she said, was "that he got himself in the limelight for so long that he attracted. . .rumors and speculation." The "rumors and speculation" wording is typical of Chinese government reaction to news it does not like.

Leung did more than speak out in behalf of Sioeng. Intelligence officials now believe that she played an instrumental role in thwarting federal and congressional investigations into China's influence peddling in the 1996 elections. According to officials involved in the campaign-finance probe, China may have been able to tip off key targets of the investigation based on details Leung learned from J. J. Smith. Many of the suspects disappeared before they could be subpoenaed.

Leung's secret loyalty to Beijing would have allowed her, through J. J., to compromise the entire campaign-finance investigation, which J. J. was directly involved in supporting. China's intelligence service knew that the information it supplied to Leung was reaching the highest levels of the U.S. government. Leung boasted close relations with Chinese leaders, including Jiang Zemin and other top officials like Premier Zhu Rongji (she was photographed with both leaders). Therefore her reports were accepted easily at the CIA. The agency included her information in its annual estimates about China and its reports on China's leadership. Officials told me that her reports were sent to the White House National Security Council staff, and a review of intelligence reports that included Leung's information showed that she was able to influence every president from Ronald Reagan to George W. Bush.

Beyond thwarting the campaign investigation, Leung also fed money directly from Communist China's government into American political campaigns, according to FBI records. Except this time, the money didn't go to Democrats. It went to Republicans.

China's leaders used Leung's connections to target the Republican Party in the 1992 campaign, according to a once-secret FBI report from Leung's asset file dated March 15, 1991. At the time, President George H. W. Bush was setting up his reelection committee. The report—which is based on information Leung relayed to J. J. Smith—notes that Leung's MSS handler, Mao Guohua, approached her about how to "actively participate in this election." Leung told Mao that she was not active in party politics but that a person could join the Republican Party "inner circle" by making a $10,000 donation. She was apparently referring to the Republican Eagle program, the elite group of top donors who meet frequently with senior officials, including the president. To be an Eagle one had to contribute $15,000 or more to the party.

Leung told J. J. Smith that she met with Chinese President Jiang Zemin and MSS Minister Jia Chunwang at the sprawling leadership compound in Beijing known as Zhongnanhai. "We do not expect you to go into politics," Jiang said to Leung, "but we take every opportunity to support people we like because we do not have an organized lobbying effort. It would be nice to have friends like you [pro-China] to be involved in U.S. politics. Every little thing adds up. You could be involved at various levels. If your involvement makes you a friend of the Republican Party at the local, state or congressional level, then we have one less enemy. I am sure we will give you the support you need."

Later, Mao told Leung he had won approval from his superiors to “make contributions to the Republican Party.” He worried that $10,000 would not be enough to make her a “major member” of the GOP, to which she replied, “[Ten thousand dollars] will get me in, but I will need a lot of money to sustain the effort over a long period of time.”

Mao said that $10,000 was “nothing to the Republican Party or to us,” and that “we do not expect you to manipulate anyone with $10,000.” He said he recognized that the first $10,000 would trigger a “never-ending series of donations” but that China would be willing to support the effort. “Give me a budget and I will work with it,” he said.

MSS Minister Jia subsequently told Leung that “we will give you the money” to donate to the Republicans. “Don’t worry, there is no special tasking from us,” Jia said. “I think it would do a great deal of good to have a higher profile which gives you more protection. If anything good comes your way for China, so much the better.” Leung told Smith in recounting the meeting that she believed Jia was talking about political influence and not “information”—the intelligence she was secretly supplying Beijing.

In 2003, after Leung was arrested and identified as a Chinese agent, Senator Joe Lieberman, Connecticut Democrat, wrote to the Justice Department and FBI asking for an investigation into whether Chinese funds were channeled to Republicans. Referring to the earlier congressional investigation into the Chinese fundraising scandal, Lieberman stated, “The committee majority chose to focus its investigation almost exclusively on individuals who had raised or contributed money to the Democratic presidential campaign of 1996. . .. The FBI apparently believes that Ms. Leung acted as a spy for the Chinese government, including during the period PRC officials apparently were trying to influence American political campaigns.”

Ruining the Investigation

Ultimately, the case against Katrina Leung was doomed from the start. As soon as she knew she had come under suspicion, Leung could take steps to undermine any prosecution.

James Lilley, a former CIA Asian operations officer and ambassador to China and South Korea, told me he believes the same thing happened in the case of Los Alamos National Laboratory scientist Wen Ho Lee, who was convicted of illegally removing top-secret computer simulations of nuclear tests. Lee probably learned of the probe from Leung, and traveled to Taiwan as a way to thwart the investigation. Making telephone calls from Taiwan to Los Alamos would make it appear that he may have been spying not for Beijing but for Taipei.

The bigger problem was that the FBI badly mishandled the case. Most notably, of course, two of the Bureau's senior counterspies, J. J. Smith and Bill Cleveland, were compromised because of their long-term sexual relationships with Leung. They kept her working as an active agent even though as of 1991 she had privately confessed to spying for Communist China. Cleveland left the FBI in 1993 to become head of security for the top-secret Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, one of the Energy Department's key nuclear research facilities, but he continued to have contacts and sexual liaisons with Leung at least until 1997, according to an FBI report of a debriefing with Cleveland. J. J. Smith continued his sexual relationship with Leung until their arrests in 2003.

The FBI's failure to monitor and manage Smith also allowed the Leung case to spiral out of control. One FBI agent, Rita Chiang, told investigators into the Leung case that Smith's supervisor in Los Angeles, Agent Dorothy Kelly, was a "relatively weak leader" who thought Smith "could do no wrong." Chiang reported that "Kelly relied very heavily upon Smith and promoted his asset Katrina Leung, code name Parlor Maid, to the detriment of other assets." She noted that Kelly and Smith would "minimize or suppress valuable information from other assets if the information would somehow take the limelight from Parlor Maid." Counterintelligence officials said that this was another damaging aspect to the case, namely that Leung's primacy as an FBI informant led to the denigration of other valuable intelligence sources. Leung's shiny reputation within the FBI made her the ideal disinformation agent for Beijing.

I. C. Smith, the veteran FBI counterspy, believes that the FBI should have noticed problems with Leung much earlier. As noted, Smith considers Leung's early connections to the pro-China group Defend the Diao Yu Tai and to Chinese intelligence officer Lu Ping to be astounding, believing that they should have disqualified her from serving as an FBI source. "Of course," Smith told me, "J. J. Smith and Cleveland were suckered, hook, line, and sinker."

I. C. Smith remembered that he had doubts about Leung's reliability as a source as early as 1991. The real problem was the quality of the reporting she did on Beijing. "I said, 'Where's the beef?'" Smith recalled. Leung's reports have contained some details of Chinese leadership meetings and what particular Chinese leaders were saying in private, but they did not provide intelligence truly valuable to the FBI, such as the identity of agents or methods of operation. "I saw a lot of gossip but no hard intelligence," he said.

Other officials share Smith's concerns. One intelligence official told me, "I think that the intelligence she was providing us on the Chinese will turn out to be a much bigger issue than the counterintelligence damage that she did to the FBI. Most people so far have looked at this case as a spy-versus-spy matter, but that is missing the point. She was considered one of the FBI's top sources on China, and her information was going to the president." Bill Cleveland and J. J. Smith were invested in the idea that Leung was providing a trove of information about the internal workings of the Chinese leadership and about its intelligence efforts. That became the standard view within the intelligence community. As if to validate the intelligence, CIA Director George Tenet gave J. J. Smith the National Intelligence Medal of Achievement in 2000.

The FBI's mishandling of the case became more shocking after the mole operation was finally detected. Bureau counterintelligence officials did their best to cover up the sordid saga, especially the sexual affairs, which would be an embarrassment to the FBI. The working-level FBI official put in charge of the investigation into the Leung case was thirty-year counterintelligence veteran David Szady.

Never mind that Szady was friends with Bill Cleveland, one of the subjects of the investigation. In the mid-1980s Szady had been posted to the FBI's San Francisco office, where he first met Cleveland. He became the special agent in charge in San Francisco in 1995, when Cleveland was still secretly sleeping with triple agent Leung. FBI agents also told me that they saw Szady staying at Cleveland's house in Monterey, California, when Szady worked in the area. When I interviewed Szady, he admitted knowing Cleveland "very well."

As revealed by court papers and the testimony of current and former intelligence officials like I. C. Smith, Katrina Leung enabled Beijing to obtain the crown jewels of U.S. intelligence operations against Communist China. Put bluntly, J. J. Smith and Bill Cleveland were taken to the cleaners by the MSS. But the Szady-led damage assessment did not reach those conclusions. In fact, Smith and Cleveland were allowed to escape with a slap on the wrist or less.

The small group of FBI agents who had come to control counterintelligence issues at the Bureau demonstrated no concern for addressing the severe counterintelligence failures in the Leung case. Their main interest, it seemed, was in keeping the FBI from having to air its dirty laundry—the fact that two of its most senior counterintelligence officials had illicit sexual relations with Leung.

Cleveland escaped any penalty whatsoever. Internally, the FBI's damage assessment concluded that the case was mainly about sex. Szady himself said that the problem with

Cleveland had to do with his relationship with Leung. In an interview, he mainly defended his friend. Szady said, “To give Cleveland his due, there was no issue with him about giving away classified information.” He did not impugn Cleveland for keeping Leung active as an FBI operative for years after she had been caught working for Chinese intelligence. Though Szady acknowledged “a lapse in management and discipline” at the FBI that allowed Leung to operate so long, he said that the negligence was spread evenly among headquarters managers, special agents in charge, assistant special agents in charge, and agents in the field. Szady admitted that Cleveland had failed to tell Lawrence Livermore security officials about his sexual relationship with a spy, but the FBI official dismissed the idea that Cleveland should have been prosecuted for the security breach. “I hope not or we’d all be in jail,” he said.

Prosecutors initially planned to turn Cleveland against J. J. Smith and use him as a key prosecution witness. But eventually they abandoned the plan to make J. J. the fall guy, and allowed him to cut a deal by which he avoided jail time. An e-mail Smith sent to friends on May 21, 2004, suggested one reason prosecutors agreed to the deal: J. J. wrote that his lawyers had used the technique known as gray-mail, in which defendants request classified information that would be difficult for the government to release without compromising intelligence methods. The idea was to discourage the government from continuing prosecution. “We wanted more classified information declassified to demonstrate that I had ample reason to trust Katrina,” he wrote. The ploy worked. To avoid losing wiretap rulings before a liberal judge, the Justice Department offered Smith a plea bargain. The resulting sentence: probation and no jail time.

I. C. Smith told me he was astonished that the government chose not to prosecute J. J. Among other points on which J. J. could have been prosecuted, he had been caught lying about Leung’s refusal to take a polygraph test. According to J. J.’s indictment, in 1991 he asked Leung to take a polygraph test to help answer questions about the contacts with China. Leung refused. But J. J. refused to tell headquarters about the refusal and instead said she had passed the test. The omission was one of the key issues that led to the arrests.

Another reason prosecutors cut the deal with J. J. was that they hoped he would help in the case against Leung. But intelligence officials told me that Smith did not cooperate. On key dates and events, officials revealed, he suffered repeated memory lapses and could not recall what happened in his handling of Parlor Maid. Smith himself, in his May 21 e-mail, suggested that he had been uncooperative. He arrogantly complained about the prosecutors and spoke about how much he had supposedly suffered. “Since I was arrested a year ago,” he wrote, “I was in a major sweat about losing my government benefits, including retirement and medical [valued at over $80,000 per year].” The good news, he said, was that he had gotten off, but he remarked, “I cannot own a gun, vote, hold public office or serve on a jury.” He then gave what he called the bad news: “I am near broke, my relationships are shattered, I have to ‘cooperate’ with the same people who not so gently arrested me on April 9.” It is telling that he used quotation marks to describe his legal obligation to cooperate with the U.S. government as part of the plea agreement.

Asked if Smith and Cleveland got off easy, Szady told me, “Well, it’s a complex case. It depends on what you mean by ‘got off easy.’” He said that if they did, it was the fault of the prosecutors in the U.S. Attorney’s Office in Los Angeles or at the Department of Justice in Washington.

In any case, the prosecution’s decision to reach a deal with J. J. Smith ultimately ruined the case against Leung. A provision in J. J.’s plea deal prohibited him from talking to Leung. This led District Judge Florence-Marie Cooper to dismiss the case on the grounds of prosecutorial misconduct. The judge ruled that the government had purposely denied Leung access to J. J., one of the case’s most important witnesses, for information regarding her case.

Prosecutors did appeal, trying not to let a legal technicality submarine the government’s entire case against one of the most damaging spies in American history. But the appeals court hearing the case, the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco, was one of the most liberal courts in the United States. Consequently, prosecutors agreed to a plea deal with Leung on December 16, 2005.

Black Mark

The plea deal was Katrina Leung’s get-out-of-jail-free card. Under the agreement, Leung admitted to lying to the FBI about traveling to Hong Kong and London with J. J. Smith, and to filing a false 2001 income tax return that omitted $35,000 she had been paid by the FBI. These were much less serious charges than the ones the government had initially pursued: illegally copying classified information and also tax fraud, evidence for which was uncovered during electronic surveillance of Leung and her husband. She did not have to go to prison, as she was sentenced to three years’ probation and fined $10,000. Leung agreed to undergo debriefing sessions with the FBI and to take polygraph tests to determine the veracity of her testimony. But even if the debriefings revealed that Leung had spied for the Chinese, the government would not have been able to prosecute her. The plea deal stated that prosecutors had agreed “not to use in any way against Leung in any criminal proceeding any statements made by her during the debriefing sessions." Details of the debriefings remain secret, and officials familiar with them declined to discuss the details. Leung, through her lawyer, declined to be interviewed.

The U.S. Attorney in Los Angeles, Debra Wong Yang, hailed this agreement as a victory for the U.S. government. Yang trumpeted the specific debriefing arrangement, which, she said, "we hope will assist in ensuring that any damage caused by her activities can be remedied." But what this behind-closed-doors arrangement ensured was that the FBI's incompetence and corruption would remain covered up—exactly what officials had wanted from the beginning.

Meanwhile, Leung and her lawyers publicly proclaimed her innocence, now that the sweetheart deal ensured that most of the evidence against her would be locked away. Her attorneys, Janet I. Levine and John D. Vandevelde, said in a statement that Leung had been cleared of the spying charges: "More than two and one-half years ago, when some people assumed Katrina Leung was a Chinese Mata Hari who must have compromised U.S. intelligence efforts, we confidently told anyone who asked that Katrina Leung is and has always been a loyal American citizen, that this case was much ado about nothing, and that when the whole story was told she would be vindicated. Today the case against her is over and she has been vindicated." The lawyers said that Leung's only "mistake" was that "she tried to protect her handler," J. J. Smith, and prevent their secret relationship from being discovered.

Leung herself had a simple statement on the day of the plea deal: "I love America and I love American values." She argued in and out of court that the charges against her were ridiculous and trumped-up, claiming that she had been authorized to make contact with the MSS. She declined my request to interview her.

Again, though, the inside story is quite different from what Leung and her attorneys have led the public to believe. Leung's lawyers claimed that the only reason she aroused suspicion was that she had tried to protect J. J. But records in the case reveal that she made other incriminating statements to U.S. investigators. Most notably, she told investigators during one interrogation session prior to her arrest, "My approach is. . .it's like I felt badly [about] what I did, but for whatever reason I chose also to work with them [the MSS]. Because it's like you give a little, give a little."

During another interview, with FBI agent Peter Duerst on December 12, 2002, Leung offered to flee. "You know," she told Duerst, "I think the perfect way to end all this, if I just. . .disappear, not disappear, oh well, wouldn't that be nice, I mean if I don't exist. If I do not exist anymore?"

A startled Duerst replied, laughing, "Uh, I don't know how we can do that."

"So nobody could, would be bothered by it, you know, you don't have to work so hard," Leung said.

"Well that's my job. I have to work hard at this," Duerst said.

Investigators dug up other evidence of her spying. Some evidence related to money. Chasing the money she received has proved difficult, but court papers show that she received at least $100,000 from the Chinese government. The figure could well have been much higher. Investigators discovered that Leung and her husband had sixteen different bank accounts in Hong Kong and China. The FBI believes the accounts were set up as the MSS's way of paying her covertly. The plea agreement also indicated that authorities in Australia had seized property belonging to the Leungs, probably more bank accounts. Any money she received from Communist China would have been in addition to what the U.S. government paid her: $1,197,449 for "expense reimbursement" and about $521,440 for "services" as an FBI agent.

All told, the Parlor Maid case is a frightening story of a relentless, two-decades-long Chinese espionage operation against the United States and of unforgivable U.S. counterintelligence failures. Of course, top FBI officials won't publicly admit the extent of the harm done. David Szady said "we're not sure at this point" of how much damage had been inflicted. "I don't think it's at the extreme as some people think, and [it's] probably not as minimal as others may think."

In contrast to Szady's low-key assessment, many other officials I spoke with told me they consider the Katrina Leung case in many ways more damaging than the more famous cases involving CIA turncoat Aldrich Ames and FBI mole Robert Hanssen, both of whom spied for Russia. While many U.S. government officials have gone to great lengths to ignore or minimize the danger posed by Communist China, the fact remains that China views the United States as its main enemy. Beijing represents a greater danger today because of its success in penetrating the FBI with Katrina Leung.

That penetration never needed to happen. Department of Justice Inspector General Glenn Fine, in his report on the Leung case, identified numerous counterintelligence failures that enabled Parlor Maid to keep operating as an agent for Beijing. Among the many missed opportunities the inspector general revealed:

- In late 1987, in a conversation with a Chinese consulate official in San Francisco, Leung requested that the official call her at a pay phone, an obvious sign that she had a clandestine relationship with China outside of FBI control. The FBI investigated the incident but closed the case when the investigator learned that Leung was an FBI informant.

- The first of two “red flag” warnings that Leung was a Chinese spy surfaced in June 1990, when the FBI learned that Leung had disclosed to Chinese officials the existence and location of an active sensitive technical intelligence-gathering operation and “aspects of a highly-classified FBI counterintelligence program.” The FBI failed to respond. The failure was a “significant mistake.” If it had been pursued, the compromise would have exposed the lack of control over the information Smith was giving Leung.

- The second red flag appeared in April 1991, when the FBI learned that Leung was using an alias unknown to the FBI in communicating with a Chinese intelligence official. In the discussions, Leung improperly disclosed “ongoing FBI operations and investigations.”

- Several incidents in the 1990s showed that Leung was providing classified information to China without FBI authorization, and these should have raised serious questions about her loyalty to the United States. But “the FBI failed to document the incidents in Leung’s file and relied on Smith to resolve the concerns about Leung, and then failed to follow up further to ensure that he had done so.”

- In 1992 a “credible” report from an informant revealed that China had an agent “working in the FBI” named “Katrina” who was a double agent working for Beijing. An FBI agent, however, omitted Leung’s name from a report on the matter to FBI headquarters. Headquarters ordered Smith to debrief the source, “unaware that the source had implicated Leung” in spying. J. J. reported that the source had identified Leung as a spy but dismissed the information because, he said, the source was a liar who disliked women. Though Smith frequently attended Chinese consulate functions with Leung, the FBI did not probe deeply into the nature of their relationship.

- In the late 1990s, after a series of compromises to U.S. intelligence operations, including detentions and arrests of agents in China, a U.S. government task force was formed to investigate and address the counterintelligence issues. Leung’s file was slated for review, but the task force never pursued whether Leung was a spy.

- In the spring of 2000, FBI headquarters learned from a source that Leung "was an agent of the PRC intelligence service and had an internal source in the FBI." "Incredibly," the inspector general said, the FBI supervisor in Los Angeles informed Smith about the report, thus compromising any investigation of him and her. In mid-2000 another report from the same source stated that Leung was "in bed with" the Los Angeles division of the FBI. The fact that Smith was also informed about that report tainted any plan for an internal FBI investigation.

- In August 2000 the FBI's assistant director for counterintelligence dismissed the allegations against Leung and Smith as "sources pointing fingers at each other," a remarkable failure that contributed to the cover-up of negligence and incompetence.

- In November 2000, Smith retired from the FBI. He was not required to take a polygraph, even though FBI headquarters knew that Smith had been told about the allegations that Leung was a spy running an FBI agent in Los Angeles. Smith told investigators that he had assumed he would be investigated after retiring, but it would be fourteen months before the probe was launched.

After documenting the FBI's gross mishandling of Katrina Leung and J. J. Smith, the inspector general recommended that the FBI improve handling procedures for agents, create a system for placing red flags about informants in their files, conduct more background checks of informants and alternate case agents for informants, improve controls on documents provided to informants, limit the time an agent can handle an asset, and prohibit blanket exemptions to rules in handling informants. Even David Szady, when I interviewed him, admitted that the Leung case highlighted the FBI's need to better control its informants, to check the information they provide, and to make sure there are not handling compromises like the affairs Leung carried out with Smith and Cleveland. He also admitted that the FBI missed signals that should have alerted them to Leung's spying.

For the FBI, the Leung counterintelligence failures are another black mark on the reputation of a once-great law-enforcement and intelligence service. The FBI in its heyday ran one of the most successful spy operations of the Cold War: the penetration of the Kremlin through the number-two official in the Communist Party USA, Morris Childs. Childs worked as a clandestine agent for the FBI from 1954 until 1981, providing extremely valuable intelligence on America's main adversary. Those days are long gone.

Since the 1970s, the FBI has been hamstrung by lawsuits and self-imposed political correctness. During the Clinton administration, the FBI systematically eliminated its domestic intelligence capabilities, which were considered contrary to the Bureau's law-enforcement mission. The shortsighted decision to destroy the FBI's intelligence capabilities contributed directly to the Bureau's major intelligence failures leading up to the September 11 attacks. At one point prior to 9/11, FBI agents in Arizona and Minnesota reported a potential threat from men receiving pilot training at flight schools. An FBI field agent recommended conducting investigations of Middle Easterners who were undergoing such training, but FBI headquarters cabled back that to do so might amount to ethnic profiling—a practice forbidden by the politically correct leaders at the FBI.

The 9/11 attacks, and the intelligence failures they exposed, prompted loud calls for reform within the U.S. intelligence community. Cases like Parlor Maid reveal that those calls have largely gone unheeded. The critical area of counterintelligence has been the most neglected. As a result, the United States remains vulnerable to foreign spies like Katrina Leung.

In fact, there have been many other counterintelligence failures like the ones seen in the Parlor Maid case.

Chapter 2

RED FLOWER

> Observe calmly; secure our position; cope with affairs calmly; hide our capacities and bide our time.
>
> —*Communist Chinese leader Deng Xiaoping on China's military strategy*

Tai Wang Mak dialed the phone number in Guangzhou, China. The man who answered the phone, Pu Pei-liang, worked as a researcher at the Chinese Center for Asia Pacific Studies at Zhongshan University, known to U.S. intelligence officials as CAPS.

"I'm with Red Flower of North America," said Tai, who was working as an engineer in Los Angeles for the Hong Kong–based Phoenix Television. He said he would be coming to China in nine days. Pu told him to call from the airport in Guangzhou using a calling card so he could be picked up.

The telephone call, made October 19, 2005, was intercepted by the long electronic ears of the U.S. National Security Agency. The reference to Red Flower of North America brought a breakthrough in a yearlong investigation. Chinese spies used that code word to authenticate who they were when making contact with Communist China's intelligence bureaus. Other often-used Chinese code words included "Winter Chrysanthemum" and "Autumn Orchid."

U.S. intelligence knew that CAPS received funding from the People's Liberation Army and conducted operational research for the powerful Chinese military. This phone call revealed that CAPS was working one of its most valuable spies inside the U.S. defense industrial system. In fact, Tai and Pu were military intelligence officers working undercover for the Second Department of the People’s Liberation Army, the spy service well known to U.S. counterspies as 2 PLA.

It was Tai’s brother Chi Mak who headed the Chinese spy ring. Chi was an electrical engineer with a major American defense contractor who had been supplying extremely sensitive U.S. Navy weapons secrets for more than twenty years.

From this NSA intercept, U.S. intelligence would roll up one of the most damaging losses of defense technology in American history. The fact that the spy ring went undetected for some two decades was a major counterintelligence failure in itself. Worse, the U.S. government would bungle the case once investigators discovered the espionage.

Botched Job

Chinese mole Katrina Leung compromised every single U.S. intelligence and counterintelligence operation aimed at China. The emerging Communist global power learned about all the operations and turned them to its purposes, either to protect its secrets or to deceive the United States about its intentions and policies.

So after the Leung case had been wrapped up, U.S. intelligence needed to find all new sources who would not be immediately revealed to China’s Ministry of State Security intelligence service. It was this vigorous recruiting that produced a break in the Red Flower case.

Former CIA director R. James Woolsey has said that the U.S. Constitution is one of the best intelligence recruiting tools. His point is that those living under oppressive, dictatorial regimes—of which Communist China is surely one—will sometimes take incredible risks to step forward and secretly help in the battle for freedom and democracy. In the fall of 2004, the CIA recruited just such a source from China, a person who worked within the Chinese military and security establishment.

One of the first questions the CIA poses to these sources is “Who is ‘picking our pockets’?” in the jargon of the intelligence business. The Chinese source identified a Chinese military intelligence spy ring in Los Angeles headed by Chi Mak. Through this network, the source reported, China’s PLA was gaining sensitive technology and information on U.S. Navy warships. The source also revealed that China was buying ostensibly commercial goods but diverting them to the military.

The Los Angeles case offered a chance for the U.S. government, and the FBI in particular, to reverse the damage caused by the Leung counterintelligence failure. The Leung case had exposed corruption in the FBI's management of special agents and informants, as well as poor management within the counterintelligence section. Under pressure to adopt a counterintelligence culture instead of a "cop" mentality, the Bureau hoped to play the Los Angeles spy ring and see where it led. Counterintelligence is part art, part science, and an intelligence discipline aimed at identifying and exploiting or stopping foreign spies. Law enforcement is easier: You identify the bad guys and arrest them.

But the U.S. government mishandled the case. One problem was that the FBI and the CIA had conflicting goals. The CIA was afraid to lose its prized source, the Chinese recruit, so it did not want the FBI to immediately arrest those involved in the L.A. spy ring, since that swift action would alert the Chinese to a mole within its ranks. The investigation continued for about a year, until the NSA intercepted Tai Mak's "Red Flower" phone call in October 2005.

Days after the intercept, the FBI arrested Tai and his wife, Fuk Heung Li, at Los Angeles International Airport as they prepared to travel to China. When he was arrested, Tai was carrying disks on which were hidden encrypted files that contained sensitive data on U.S. Navy technology plans. Many of the documents were labeled "proprietary" and "restricted"—meaning they could not be exported. As we will see, even this arrest was mishandled.

The FBI also arrested Tai's brother Chi Mak and Chi's wife, Rebecca Laiwah Chiu. According to investigators, Tai served as handler and courier for a Chinese spy ring that Chi ran. The FBI affidavit accompanying the arrests laid out an extensive case against the four people. And the charges leveled in the affidavit represented the maximum that could be applied, including conspiracy to steal U.S. military information on restricted U.S. Navy warship technology, smuggling information to China in violation of export laws, and theft of government property.

The FBI produced the affidavit to secure arrest warrants for Chi, Tai, Rebecca, and Fuk, as well as search warrants for the individuals' homes, workplaces, and vehicles. Having spent a year conducting extensive electronic surveillance of Chi, Tai, and their wives, investigators believed that the searches would uncover classified data and other information that would lead to more serious espionage charges. After the arrests, judges underscored the seriousness of the charges by denying bail for Chi and Tai, with one judge telling Chi's lawyer, "You're talking about billions of dollars of technology that puts our country at serious risk."

But by the time a formal indictment was issued a couple of weeks later, on November 15, the most serious charges had been dropped, and one person, Fuk Heung Li, was excluded altogether. (She was charged separately with running an illegal marriage-fraud network that helped immigrants gain entry into the United States.) The three remaining people were indicted for the relatively minor offense of failing to register as foreign agents. While the initial charges could have resulted in prison terms of up to twenty-five years for each person, the failing-to-register charges carried maximum sentences of ten years. Chi, his wife, and Tai all pleaded not guilty to the reduced charges.

So what changed? According to sources within the U.S. government, petty squabbling between the prosecutors and the investigators jeopardized the case from the start. The most serious charges were dropped at that point because the FBI counterintelligence team that had conducted the investigation got into a dispute with the U.S attorneys in Los Angeles in charge of the prosecution. The FBI had fully expected that search warrants would unearth classified data, so prosecutors balked when it was revealed that much of the data found was not officially classified as secret. In fact, one of the first things that Chi Mak told investigators after his arrest was “Nothing I passed [to China] was classified.” He was right. According to U.S. investigators, the lack of classified documents revealed that the spies had done their homework.

The Chinese intelligence-gathering services thought they had learned how to get what they needed without violating U.S. laws on classified information. Their agents exploited the fact that Navy weapons officials underclassified some of the most sensitive information about their systems in order to make it easier for private defense contractors to use the information. In short, even though the information compromised was not officially secret, revealing it to Communist China proved quite damaging.

David Szady, the head of FBI counterintelligence until 2006, explained how the loss of sensitive yet unclassified information can do real harm to U.S. national security. He said that the technology data in the Mak case was proprietary corporate trade secrets or export-controlled but did not carry the “secret” or “top-secret” label. This case “probably murdered the Navy” because of the loss of military technology, Szady said. The loss of contract documents to Beijing will allow the Chinese to build their own version of the Navy’s developmental DD(X) destroyer warship and then possibly “sell it in competition to us,” he noted. Chi Mak was a specialist in electrical power, and he had access to the Groton, Connecticut–based submarine manufacturer Electric Boat “as if he was one of their own,” according to Szady. The Chinese, he said, are very good at positioning people who can obtain advanced technology in the developmental stage, before it is classified as a military technology. “The [spy] business is getting more complex, more subtle," Szady remarked. "It's smarter business than the old cloak-and-dagger."

Still, a federal judge in the case seized on the lack of classified data to criticize prosecutors for overselling the case. "From what I'm getting now," U.S. Magistrate Judge Marc Goldman said to Assistant U.S. Attorney Gregory Staples, "while the documents [seized from Chi Mak and Tai Mak] have security implications, they're not the classified documents you said. I'm more concerned about the representations you made to me about the seriousness of these charges."

Behind the scenes, investigators were frustrated by the difficulties of proving the damage in the Mak case. "There is no question that this case has caused serious damage to U.S. national security," one official told me. The problem was that U.S. espionage laws are so difficult to apply that prosecutors almost need a confession to be able to make their case. The current U.S. espionage statute, passed in 1917, says that for espionage charges to stick, prosecutors need to prove that the information involved in the spying was used "with intent or reason to believe that the information is to be used to the injury of the United States, or to the advantage of any foreign nation." This standard is extremely difficult to meet in court, and it often requires the release of intelligence or defense information to prove that U.S. national security was harmed.

"It's kind of sad you have to wait until you have a landslide of information on a guy in order to be confident your charges can't be denied no matter how many liberals you go up against," one intelligence official said. "The Leung and [Wen Ho] Lee case failures, even though they were both guilty as sin, on top of worries over press perception of profiling, make it a hostile atmosphere to prosecute these cases. An average American knowing all the details would lock up this whole family and throw away the key."

Claims of anti-Asian racism also appear to have influenced the decisions of judges and prosecutors. The aftermath of the Wen Ho Lee and Katrina Leung cases still lingered in legal circles, especially in areas like Los Angeles, where there are large populations of Asian-Americans. Both Lee and Leung claimed they were investigated and charged because they were Asian and were ultimately victims of racism.

David Szady said that when he visited academic institutions and U.S. Energy Department research laboratories, he usually got asked have-you-stopped-beating-your-wife questions about why the FBI targets Asian-Americans. Szady emphasized that it's the Chinese who do the racial profiling, not the FBI. Chinese Communist officials "use ethnicity," he said. "They don't consider there's anything such as American-Chinese," he said, noting that Beijing considers ethnic Chinese in America simply "overseas

Chinese." Szady added, "It's a dilemma for us, because I talk at the nuclear labs and the Chinese-American scientists will always ask why we're profiling them. Our answer is: We're not profiling you. The Chinese are. And they're very good at doing that."

The Mak case offers a good example of how China uses ethnic scientists and engineers. Tai and Chi were born in Guangzhou, China.

Although the U.S. government mishandled the Mak case in many ways, federal officials, and the FBI in particular, did not want to let another espionage case go down the drain. Investigators' frustration over the Mak case led to a debate within the Justice Department, the FBI, and the Naval Criminal Investigative Service about what to do.

A decision was made in May 2006 to upgrade the charges in a new indictment that would go beyond the one issued in November 2005. The new charges were to include conspiracy to export defense articles and unlawful export of defense articles. But the big difference would be to indict Chi Mak on the new counts of unlawful export of defense articles and gathering defense information, an espionage charge, according to officials close to the case. Also, Tai was said to face the added charges of aiding and abetting and possession of property to aid a foreign government. The case was still pending as of the summer of 2006.

The plan for the new charges was disclosed to me but was not announced publicly, and at the time of this writing had not been added. In June 2006, however, federal prosecutors indicted two members of the spy ring—Tai's wife and son, Fuk Heung Li and Billy Yui Mak—for failing to register as foreign agents and lying to the FBI. Fuk had discussions with prosecutors shortly after her indictment that led some to believe she was ready to cooperate, a move that would have sealed the entire case for the government. But no deal took place. FBI officials were hoping the Mak case would be successful and restore the FBI's tarnished reputation after the disastrous cases of Katrina Leung and Wen Ho Lee.

Picking Our Pockets

The revamped and upgraded indictment offered a clear signal of just how much damage the Los Angeles spy ring did to U.S. defenses. U.S intelligence conducted an in-depth investigation that revealed the extent of the damage.

Chi Mak exploited his position as an electrical engineer at the defense contractor Power Paragon—a subsidiary of the Fortune 500 company L-3/SPD

Technologies/Power Systems Group, known as L-3. Ranked ninth among aerospace companies in 2005, with revenues of $6.9 billion, L-3 “serves the Department of Defense, select U.S. government intelligence agencies, aerospace and defense prime contractors and commercial telecommunication and cellular customers,” according to the company website. The site adds, “Power technology systems from L-3 Power Systems Group”—the division where Chi worked—“are virtually the ‘service standard’ for the United States Navy and many international navies.” Chi received a secret-level security clearance in 1996.

It appears Chi began operating the Chinese spy ring in the early 1980s, well before he received his security clearance. The earliest dated document that investigators discovered in Chi’s residence comes from 1980. Meanwhile, the FBI affidavit revealed that Chi told investigators two days after he was arrested that he had been sending sensitive but unclassified documents on Navy weapons research to China since 1983. Investigators later discovered a private notebook Chi used in Hong Kong during the 1960s that indicated he was working for Chinese intelligence back then. Entries in the notebook, which appear to date from around 1968, indicated that Chi gathered intelligence on U.S. Navy warships that stopped in Hong Kong on the way to Vietnam. “He was doing HUMINT [human intelligence gathering] for the Chinese,” one investigator told me.

Under questioning, Chi told investigators that when he began passing data to the Chinese in the 1980s, he would travel to Hong Kong and give it to his brother Tai Mak, who then supplied it to the Chinese government. In 1985, Tai and his wife moved to Los Angeles and became permanent residents, at which point Tai became a courier for the ring. “Chi Mak admitted that much of the information he provided to his brother was designated NOFORN, meaning that it could not be given to foreign nationals, and that other portions were export-controlled, protected by the International Trade in Arms Regulations, and should not be passed to a foreign nation,” the FBI affidavit stated. “Chi Mak said that he knew that Mr. Pu [Pei-liang] was providing the information to members of the Chinese government’s science and technology community.”

Chi said he was motivated to provide information to China because he knew it would help Beijing’s science and technology community develop similar technology, officials familiar with his interrogation told me.

According to the affidavit, Chi admitted sending to the Chinese data on the following:

- Direct-current-to-direct-current converters for U.S. Navy submarines.
- A 5,000-amp direct-current hybrid circuit breaker for Navy submarines.
- Electronics known as an autobus transfer system for Navy submarines.
- The Electromagnetic Aircraft Launch System (EMALS), the Navy's latest technology for launching aircraft off carriers, using electromagnetic technology in place of the steam catapults that are currently standard.
- The power distribution system for the Aegis battle management system, the most modern combat system in use by the Navy.
- A study called the "Survivability of Battleships Paper," which reveals the methods used by U.S. warship personnel to continue operating after being attacked.
- Modifications and Additions to Reactor Facility (MARF), a nuclear reactor located at the Navy's Knolls Atomic Power Laboratory that is used for testing prototype nuclear reactors; investigators found a detailed, hand-drawn map of that facility in Chi Mak's house.

The thousands of documents investigators found at Chi's home support what he admitted to interrogators. The document trail led investigators to conclude, for example, that Chi passed information to the Chinese that will allow Beijing to track the Pentagon's new Virginia-class attack submarine, which uses L-3 technology. The compromise also will allow the Chinese to develop countermeasures against the submarine and to copy the submarine's unique electronic systems.

In addition, investigators believe Chi gave China schematics and design information on the latest generation of the Aegis weapons systems, which L-3 helped develop. The Aegis—meaning shield—is currently being upgraded to become America's most advanced and mobile antimissile system, used on guided-missile cruisers, guided-missile destroyers, Sea Wolf–class submarines, and aircraft carriers. Aegis-equipped ships will use the radar and tracking system to provide data to ground-based missile defenses and to ship-based Standard Block-3 missiles.

During the period Chi was supplying data to the Chinese, he worked on four classified Navy contracts related to Aegis. Investigators believe that the Los Angeles spy ring was the main supplier of Aegis technology to China, which is the most visible compromise. A U.S. defense official told me that the Chinese quickly incorporated the Aegis technology into their Luyang II guided-missile destroyer. The official said that the Luyang II is clearly based on U.S. technology and weapons and thus is “distinctly different” from the Luyang I, which is based on Russian radar and weapons. “This is one of the technologies handed over by this ring and we’ve been scratching our heads on it for years.”

Moreover, Chi provided the Chinese with the frequency of the electrical systems on all these warships and submarines, according to investigators. By knowing that frequency, China will now be able to set up sensors near key points in the ocean that will allow them to track U.S. submarines near Chinese shores and around the world. The compromise makes ships and submarines floating noisemakers; the vessels will be sitting ducks for China’s antisubmarine weapons, including torpedoes and missiles.

The information about EMALS that Chi gave the Chinese will teach China’s military not only how to build its own high-technology aircraft launch system for an aircraft carrier. It will also show the Chinese military how to produce a “rail gun”—a high-tech weapon that uses EMALS technology to fire projectiles at seven times the speed of sound and at a range of up to 300 miles. The United States is considering this high-tech gun for the next-generation destroyer known as the DD(X). Chi had access to information on the DD(X) and is believed to have passed it on to China’s military.

One of the most important military projects Chi is believed to have compromised was a U.S. Navy silent propulsion system for warships known as Quiet Electric Drive (QED). The Office of Naval Research contracted out the project to Power Paragon. The QED is part of the Advanced Capability Electric Systems (ACES), which the Navy calls “the backbone” of future warships. The FBI affidavit stated that QED is “an extremely sensitive project.” If China obtained QED, it would be a major setback for future Navy warfighting.

It is probably not a coincidence that many of the compromises relate to systems that directly threaten China in any conflict with the United States over Taiwan: destroyers, submarines, aircraft carriers, and related weapons and systems. “If you want to know the damage, think destroyers,” an investigator involved in the case told me. The technology compromises occur at a time when there is the looming danger of a military confrontation with China over Taiwan.

“Certainly Against the Law”

It was the “extremely sensitive” QED that provided the immediate trigger for the breaking up of the Los Angeles spy ring.

In October 2005, FBI surveillance at Power Paragon’s Anaheim office detected Chi Mak as he e-mailed documents to his home; intercepts of the e-mails revealed that he had sent reports on the QED program and photographs of the system. The surveillance also showed Chi placing computer disks and other items at his desk into his briefcase. Video and audio surveillance of his home showed that Chi transferred the data to CDs and then delivered the disks to Tai Mak’s house. There, Tai and his son used encryption software to convert the data into codes that could be read only using special software.

Electronic intercepts of conversations between Tai Mak and his wife, Fuk, on October 18 revealed that she had booked two tickets to Hong Kong on Cathay Pacific Airlines flight 883, scheduled to depart on October 28 at 10:22 P.M. The FBI soon discovered that Tai and Fuk were also heading to mainland China. During a telephone conversation on October 21, Tai told Chi that during his planned trip to Hong Kong he would “swing by” mainland China. “Good,” Chi replied, adding that it would “be beneficial” for the two of them to meet before Tai’s trip. Four days later, on October 25, the FBI searched Tai’s trash and discovered a travel document confirming that Tai and Fuk’s ultimate destination was Guangzhou, in southern China.

On Thursday, October 20, U.S. intelligence intercepted a conversation at Tai’s home that indicated a handover of data was about to take place. Tai confided to his wife that he would need to carry the disks because Chi was nervous about the plan to carry them. Fuk asked, “Doesn’t he [Chi] know how to do it?”

“He has to give it to me to do it,” Tai replied. “It’s on my notebook [computer]; he definitely has to give it to me; he can’t do it.” Later in the conversation, Tai again noted that his brother and Chi’s wife, Rebecca, were “very nervous” about passing the QED encrypted disks to the Chinese government.

Two days later, on Saturday, the FBI recorded a conversation at Chi and Rebecca’s home that indicated why the couple felt so anxious about the QED documents. Chi was working with the most recent QED research information that he had obtained from Power Paragon. When Chi said that he would take the disks to his brother, Rebecca reminded Chi that the “things” he had asked Tai to take to China were “certainly against the law.”

On Sunday, October 23, Chi was videotaped downloading information from several compact disks onto the hard drive of his laptop computer at home. As he copied the downloaded data onto new disks, Rebecca asked him what would be on the disks. “These CDs are all about programs,” Chi told her, referring to the Defense Department programs he was working on for Power Paragon.

It was at this point that Chi appears to have handed off the material to his brother. Late that morning, Chi and Rebecca drove to Tai’s house. After twenty-six minutes inside, the two families left Tai’s house together. The next day, the FBI overheard Tai telling someone in his house to buy three or four rewritable computer disks. “I need to do something when I get home tonight,” he said. During a phone conversation that day, Chi asked Tai if everything was ready to go and Tai replied, “Not quite.”

On Tuesday, October 25, FBI surveillance detected Tai’s son Billy helping his father to encrypt the information on Chi’s disks. Billy asked his father where he could find the “small disk”—a reference to a so-called smart card, which is used to unlock or to encrypt data. Later in the day, Tai called his son, who was out of the house, and said, “I saw that your computer up there kept on spinning.” Tai was referring to the IBM notebook computer on the second floor of the house, which was the only computer that could be used to encrypt disks. Billy explained to his father that the computer was spinning because he was burning a disk for Tai.

With Tai Mak and his wife scheduled to leave the country in just a few days, investigators from the FBI, the CIA, and the Naval Criminal Investigative Service (NCIS) met in Washington to discuss whether the couple should be allowed to depart with the valuable QED technology. CIA officials argued that Tai Mak should be permitted to go; the agency wanted to protect its source. But the Navy admiral overseeing the investigation concluded that the QED technology could not fall into the hands of the Chinese military, so he said the disks should not be allowed to leave the United States under any circumstance.

At around 10 P.M. on October 28, FBI agents swooped down on Tai Mak and his wife as they waited on the security line at Los Angeles International Airport. As they moved in, agents noticed that an Asian man had begun to videotape the arrest. The FBI arrested this man, too. Later, intelligence officials determined that the man videotaping the incident was an intelligence officer for the Chinese Ministry of State Security. It showed that China’s intelligence service was protecting its prized agent as he was preparing to deliver U.S. Navy high technology.

Where the United States Went Wrong

Though U.S. authorities now had Tai Mak and Chi Mak in custody, they had mishandled the case, as indicated by the subsequent difficulties with the initial indictment.

Counterintelligence specialists told me that the FBI botched the case, first of all, by arresting Tai at the airport. The public arrest gave Chinese intelligence important information that its prized agent had been arrested and that its spy ring had been discovered.

The public arrest of Tai (who was charged in June 2006) also meant that the United States had wasted an opportunity. U.S. counterspies could have exploited the knowledge of the Maks' spy ring in order to run operations against the Chinese and feed Beijing false information on U.S. weapons systems.

To that end, counterintelligence experts say, the government should have arrested Tai's son Billy as part of the spy ring. By implicating the son as an accessory or as a conspirator, counterintelligence officials would have had great leverage over Tai and possibly Chi. The FBI would have been in a position to tell Tai that he had a choice: either become a double agent for the United States or see his wife, his son, and himself go to jail for a very long time.

Instead, the FBI's hope for making a high-profile arrest and the Navy's fears of losing the QED technology won out. Certainly the Navy's concerns about losing the QED technology were legitimate, but a properly run counterintelligence operation could have addressed this issue. Specifically, counterintelligence could have designed special technology or material that would have led the Chinese to build weapons that contained trapdoors or vulnerabilities. U.S. weapons designers and military planners could exploit those vulnerabilities in any future confrontations.

Investigators gathered plenty of incriminating evidence before and after the arrests. Tai Mak refused to cooperate in any way when he was questioned by agents on October 28. He denied he even had a brother and said that the disks he was carrying contained only music files. Still, officials had evidence to demolish those claims. On the statement about the music files, for instance, Tai failed to realize that the FBI had obtained from his home the electronic smart card used to read the coded files.

Chi Mak told interrogators more than his brother did. For starters, he acknowledged that he and Tai were brothers. He also said his brother voluntarily joined the PLA, the Chinese military. Chi said that Tai was in charge of organizing propaganda gatherings and running audiovisual equipment for the PLA, and was involved in military television projects through his experience at Phoenix Television.

More significantly, Chi admitted supplying weapons information to China. After initially saying that he had given the disks to Tai only to help his brother decide which electrical engineering books to buy in Hong Kong, Chi eventually admitted to investigators that the disks were for Pu, the PLA intelligence handler.

Other evidence that investigators discovered indicated Chi's links to Beijing. Found in Chi's residence were business cards from such Chinese officials as a senior engineer with the government-run Shanghai Mechanical and Electrical Industries Administration; a senior engineer working for the Ministry of Aviation, Civil Aircraft Bureau; and a deputy director of the Department of Facilities and Financial Support of the Commission of Science, Technology, and Industry for National Defense (COSTIND), a major collector of weapons technology abroad.

Chi told interrogators—truthfully—that he had "never crossed the threshold" of passing classified information to China. The information he supplied on the Aegis and on submarine and aircraft carrier technology was unclassified. The case highlights the U.S. Navy's failure to recognize that its sensitive weapons technology should have been classified.

Chi admitted that his wife traveled with him when they delivered documents, proposals, and technical manuals to Tai Mak. He also admitted that she helped him send the information to the Chinese government and that she "knew it was illegal," the FBI affidavit reported.

Furthermore, Chi said that he and his wife kept their original Hong Kong government residency cards for the purpose of traveling to China without having their U.S. passports stamped by the government. The residency cards allow holders to travel to mainland China without a passport. Chi would not say during the interrogations why he wanted to travel to China without passports, but the FBI affidavit said that "a person spying for a foreign government would avoid evidence associating them with travel to that country."

Hong Kong residency, the FBI knew, also helped Chi and his wife protect their money. On September 18, 2005, electronic surveillance had recorded a conversation between Chi and Rebecca in which they talked about using their status as U.S. citizens to open a bank account in Hong Kong, at the Hong Kong & Shanghai Banking Corp. (HSBC). In discussing the return to China, Chi told his wife, "We have to get to Hong Kong. Even if we reside in Guangzhou and Shanghai, we still need to keep a household registration in Hong Kong." Most of Chi's money is in the form of cash deposits, and cash in checking and saving accounts.

It all was strong evidence that the Maks had indeed operated the spy ring and done serious harm to the United States.

Assassin’s Mace

The military technology the Los Angeles spy ring targeted indicates that Communist China’s intelligence penetration operations have very specific objectives. “What we’re finding,” the FBI’s David Szady told me, “is that [the Chinese spying is] much more focused in certain areas than we ever thought, such as command and control and things of that sort. In the military area, the rapid development of their ‘blue-water’ navy—like the Aegis weapons systems—in no small part is probably due to some of the research and development they were able to get from the United States.”

Similarly, a second FBI affidavit in the Red Flower case, dated November 19, 2005, noted that “the government of the PRC is vitally interested in acquiring technology regarding U.S. Navy research projects as part of its efforts to build a deep water navy” and that Beijing “does not allow research or development of military programs to occur without the instigation and control of the government.” It certainly appeared that Beijing was calling the shots with the L.A. spy ring. According to the first FBI affidavit, Chi Mak admitted receiving, through his brother Tai, tasking lists from the Chinese government—in this case, lists of specific U.S. military technologies to pursue.

U.S. investigators actually discovered copies of such tasking lists, which provided the first solid proof of the direction of China’s massive military buildup.

On February 7, 2005, FBI agents searching the trash outside Chi’s house found documents that had been torn into small pieces. The FBI put the documents together and translated them from Chinese to English. One document instructed Chi to join more specialized associations like the American Society of Naval Engineers. A second, hand-printed in Chinese characters, listed specific military technologies the Chinese government sought, including:

1. Water-jet propulsion, which is used to increase warship maneuverability.
2. Propulsion technology that allows nonnuclear submarines to stay submerged longer.

3. Power-system configuration technology, weapons standardization, modularization.
4. Early-warning technologies, command-and-control systems technology, defense-against-nuclear-attack technology.
5. A permanent electromagnetic motor as a solution for shipboard power systems.
6. Shipboard internal and external communications systems.
7. High-frequency, self-linking satellite communications.
8. High-frequency transient launch technology, which uses extremely strong magnets to create kinetic energy used to launch aircraft or projectiles. This is believed to be related to electromagnetic-pulse (EMP) weapons technology.
9. DD(X) advanced destroyer technology.

That list of targeted technologies fit in perfectly with Communist China's strategy of seeking "Assassin's Mace" weapons—select weaponry and technology to enable a smaller, weaker military power to defeat a larger, stronger one. Michael Pillsbury, a Pentagon consultant who served as a Defense Department policy official during the Reagan administration, was the first to identify China's Assassin's Mace plan. Writing in a report on Chinese technology development, Pillsbury stated that this strategy relies on "correct and detailed assessments of the opponent's weakest points and the best means to surprise and to shock into paralysis the powerful opponent." He noted that the assessments are like "acupuncture points" for military planners to target.

The Los Angeles spy ring provided the Chinese with exactly the kind of detailed knowledge of American vulnerabilities that Beijing needs to execute the Assassin's Mace strategy. According to intelligence officials, one of the most damaging documents discovered in Chi Mak's house was a listing of the electronic vulnerabilities of U.S. warships. Also, Chi supplied China with the details on the extent of electronic "hardening" of U.S. weapons systems against attack. Knowing the level of hardening, China will be able to develop its electromagnetic-pulse weapons so that they are effective against U.S. systems. From a military standpoint, that kind of intelligence is absolutely devastating for an adversary like China to obtain.

Chinese military officials have themselves written about the value of the kinds of technologies the L.A. spy ring targeted. In a 1995 report on twenty-first-century naval warfare, PLA Captain Shen Zhongchang wrote that “certain cutting-edge technologies are likely to first be applied to naval warfare.” Shen noted, for example, that in a military conflict, “the side with electromagnetic combat superiority will make full use of that Assassin’s Mace weapon to win naval victory.” Similarly, in March 2000 the *Chinese Military Digest* stated that in future wars, electromagnetic-pulse warheads will be essential to targeting enemy command centers and knocking out enemy electronics.

Of course, electromagnetic weapons are just part of a long list of technologies that China’s military theorists have written about as Assassin’s Mace weapons that can be used to defeat the United States. The Los Angeles spy ring allowed the Chinese to make extraordinary strides in their massive military buildup, which is aimed at making Communist China a global power that can challenge the United States. But the damage to U.S. national security would not be nearly so bad were it not for America’s counterintelligence failures—first the failure to detect the spy ring for more than twenty years, then the repeated mishandlings of the case. Investigators only hope that prosecutors will be able to salvage the case after so much government bungling.

In the case of Communist China—a regime that follows Deng Xiaoping’s dictate to “hide our capacities and bide our time”—the true extent of the damage done may not be apparent for some time, and perhaps only after it is too late.

Chapter 3

THE SPIES WHO GOT AWAY

> If the Americans draw their missiles and position-guided ammunition onto the target zone on China's territory, I think we will have to respond with nuclear weapons.
>
> —*Chinese Major General Zhu Chenghu, July 2005*

In 1999, a small group of U.S. counterintelligence officials asked for a meeting with CIA Director George Tenet. The officials were part of a special task force that was set up in utmost secrecy to look into how China had compromised just about all the useful U.S. electronic eavesdropping operations and other technical spying in the Communist nation. They told Tenet they needed more than two hours of his time because of the explosive nature of the information they had uncovered.

The officials met in Tenet's seventh-floor office at the CIA's Langley headquarters, with a view of the woods in the northern Virginia suburbs. What they told him was shocking: At least three CIA officers from the storied Directorate of Operations, the agency's espionage branch, had betrayed the United States and had worked as spies for Beijing. One of the officers was paid $600,000 for U.S. secrets.

The CIA traitors had been tracked and identified with the help of a Chinese intelligence defector who had revealed for the first time that there was a special section within China's military intelligence organization, the Second Department of the People's Liberation Army, known by the name 2 PLA. The special section was known as the First Department, and its sole mission was to recruit spies from within the U.S. government, and from within the fifteen-agency U.S. intelligence community in particular.

Tenet, stunned that China had been able to penetrate his agency, ordered the group to pursue the officers, who had already retired from the CIA. But the investigation went nowhere and ended without any action against the Chinese spies. It was typical of the U.S. intelligence community's "see-no-evil" approach to Communist China and Chinese intelligence operations.

The spies could still be operating, officials said. The First Department remains mostly a mystery to U.S. counterintelligence officials. The one thing known for sure is that it has had many great successes in penetrating the U.S. government. Along with the Parlor Maid and Red Flower cases, the First Department reveals that Communist China's intelligence operations aggressively target a wide range of U.S. government agencies for a vast array of sensitive information. Katrina Leung worked with the FBI and stole mainly intelligence secrets; the Chi Mak spy ring targeted some of America's most important and sensitive military secrets; the First Department spies discovered in 1999 were embedded within the CIA itself.

As indicated by the CIA's dead-end investigation of the First Department penetration, the Parlor Maid and Red Flower cases mark merely two of a number of intelligence and counterintelligence failures related to Communist China. Beijing's massive intelligence-and-influence operation in the United States has been active for some thirty years, and the FBI, the CIA, and other U.S. agencies have been negligent in addressing the China threat.

U.S. counterintelligence officials who have begun reviewing the intelligence community's assessments of China since 1982 said that the review has turned up a number of current and old cases of Chinese government penetration of the U.S. government. Some of the spies were identified and allowed to retire quietly. Other cases were botched by public disclosures or ineptitude on the part of the FBI.

The list of mishandled Chinese spying cases does more than call into question the competence of U.S. counterintelligence. It also raises the prospect that China has penetrated the U.S. government to such a degree that it can run its intelligence operations against the United States with impunity. Having a free hand to run espionage operations means that Beijing can not only steal America's most important intelligence and defense secrets but also influence U.S. policy toward China in ways that threaten the future security of the United States.

Despite these significant dangers, many U.S. officials and so-called China experts still insist that Communist China does not represent a serious threat to the United States. Former FBI official I. C. Smith, who understands the full scope of Chinese spying and influence operations as well as anyone in the U.S. government, said that for decades it has been fashionable in U.S. academic and government circles to dismiss the threat from China because of China's ostensibly "agrarian character." Smith remarked, "In essence, the inference by many of the China-is-no-threat group is that an agrarian country could not pose an intelligence threat to such a technological marvel as the United States. In fact, an FBI internal study that was controversial in itself made that argument, an argument that was made throughout the intelligence and diplomatic communities."

Larry Wortzel, a former U.S. military intelligence officer who tracked Chinese intelligence activity for thirty-five years, agrees that the Chinese spy threat is pervasive. "I know of no more pervasive and active threat to America's national security than that posed by the People's Republic of China," Wortzel said in congressional testimony. "The manpower available to the Chinese government and its corporations to devote to gathering information in the United States is nearly limitless."

Given the growing threat from Communist China, the U.S. government must conduct a major review of all counterintelligence activities directed at China. If the United States does not reform its counterintelligence system quickly, we will fall victim to many more spy operations like Katrina Leung's, Chi Mak's, or any of the numerous cases that follow.

Stealing America's Nuclear Secrets

Notra Trulock, the former security official at Los Alamos National Laboratory who first investigated the loss of U.S. nuclear secrets to China, believes that the Katrina Leung case answers many questions about the inability of U.S. counterspies to succeed against China. Regarding the earlier case of Los Alamos nuclear weapons specialist Wen Ho Lee, Trulock told me years after the debacle that "the Chinese seemed always to be one step ahead of us."

Lee, like Katrina Leung, appears to have immunized himself from FBI scrutiny in the 1980s by becoming an informant to the FBI and supplying supposedly good information on Chinese nuclear scientists. Volunteering information reduced suspicions and provided better cover for spying.

When, in early 1999, the FBI informed Lee that he was a suspect in the loss of the most sensitive U.S. nuclear weapons secrets to China, the Bureau undermined its investigation of Lee, much as it would that of Katrina Leung. Lee was charged with removing magnetic computer tapes from Los Alamos's X Division, where nuclear weapons are designed. According to court papers in the case, the missing tapes, which were never recovered from Lee, contained blueprints of the entire U.S. nuclear warhead arsenal, including the exact shapes and dimensions and the materials used in design and construction. They included the crown jewels of America's nuclear arsenal, such as computer codes and databases from forty years of research and more than a thousand nuclear tests. With the tapes, China could simulate the performance of the warheads without having to conduct actual nuclear tests.

The FBI and the Clinton administration abandoned the Lee case, settling for a deal in which he pleaded guilty to the lesser charge of mishandling classified information. Inexperienced FBI agents were to blame for torpedoing the Lee probe. David Szady, the FBI's former chief of counterintelligence, said that FBI agents working in New Mexico at the time of the Lee case did not even know about the presence of the Los Alamos National Laboratory and other nuclear facilities, or the military base there, or private-sector defense contractors or universities involved in sensitive research. More important, they were unaware of the espionage and intelligence-collection targets the facilities presented to foreign intelligence. "We sent agents out to help and we put them on the Indian reservation," Szady said—FBI agents focused on crimes on a reservation while secrets related to the W-88 nuclear warhead were compromised at Los Alamos. "It was our mistake, our errors."

Lee sued the Energy Department, the Justice Department, and the FBI over his case, claiming that his privacy rights were violated by disclosures to the press that he was a spy for China. He also claimed that he was a "scapegoat" in the loss of nuclear secrets and a victim of anti-Asian racism. Several news reporters were held in contempt of court for refusing to identify sources who provided information about the case. Lee settled the civil suit in June 2006, winning $1.6 million from the government and five news organizations. The Associated Press, the *New York Times,* the *Los Angeles Times,* the *Washington Post,* and ABC Television made the unprecedented payment to avoid court fines and to keep their reporters from going to jail for refusing to disclose their sources. The government did not admit it had violated Lee's privacy rights and stipulated that the money could be used by Lee only to pay legal fees and taxes. The news organizations said in a statement that the accuracy of their reporting on Lee was not challenged.

The accusation of racism has made it extremely difficult for U.S. counterintelligence to aggressively pursue Chinese spying at a time when Beijing's activities are increasing. Federal prosecutor Randy Bellows concluded in a report in 2001 that Lee was not a target of investigation because of his ethnicity.

The FBI still claims that it is investigating the loss of U.S. nuclear secrets, but not a single person has ever been identified as a source of the most damaging leak of nuclear secrets since the time of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Los Alamos has conducted a detailed classified study on the Wen Ho Lee case that, according to officials familiar with the study, concludes that Lee was the source of the loss of nuclear warhead secrets to China. The study has never been made public. Officials fear that even talking about it will lead to lawsuits.

The FBI doesn't have even a single person who comes to work each day to pursue the supposedly ongoing nuclear-secrets investigation. The Bureau didn't learn about the loss of nuclear secrets until Notra Trulock drew attention to the matter, and even then the FBI never did a serious counterintelligence operation to find out what had happened. Worse, the FBI then persecuted Trulock, who had made the FBI look bad. Intelligence officials say it is clear that espionage allowed China to steal nuclear warhead design secrets from Los Alamos's X Division. The information was known only to a handful of scientists and in fact went beyond what even Wen Ho Lee knew. Therefore there may still be other spies who were never discovered.

Tiger Trap

Before the Wen Ho Lee case there was another nuclear spy case, that of Gwo-Bao Min, code-named Tiger Trap. Min was the scientist working at the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory in California who provided China with secret warhead information that allowed the Chinese military to build and actually test a neutron bomb, noted for its capability to kill people while leaving buildings and other structures relatively undamaged. Under a secret U.S. government project that began in the 1980s and lasted ten years, U.S. nuclear weapons scientists were allowed to conduct exchanges with their Chinese counterparts. The result was a massive illicit transfer of nuclear information to China. The damage allowed a Communist dictatorship to arm itself with nuclear missiles that currently are aimed at U.S. cities.

According to U.S. officials close to the program, security officials at the Energy labs opposed the exchanges for just such reasons. But they were overruled by the Defense Intelligence Agency and U.S. Air Force intelligence, which were desperate to find out any details they could about China's nuclear arms programs. The program was the brainchild of Los Alamos scientist Daniel Stillman and his deputy Terry Hawkins. Stillman was head of Los Alamos's intelligence unit, which investigated foreign nuclear arms programs. He was pro-China and had a naïve belief that formal exchanges would produce intelligence. They did—but not for the United States. Unfortunately, they helped Chinese intelligence to identify and recruit the top scientists in the U.S. nuclear weapons program and ultimately to access a trove of secrets.

Stillman's visits to China as part of the program and his connections to Chinese scientists led the FBI to investigate him on suspicion of leaking nuclear secrets, according to U.S. officials. One security official told me that the FBI suspected that Stillman and others at Lawrence Livermore "had been a little too accommodating in their 'information exchanges' with Chinese counterparts," especially since U.S. intelligence had no way to monitor exactly what took place during the trips to China. "I have long believed that these guys passed stuff they shouldn't have," the official said. But nothing came of the investigation. I asked Stillman about the China exchange program, but he said in an e-mail that he did not want to discuss the program. He dismissed claims that the exchanges helped China's nuclear weapons efforts as "ridiculous accusations." Stillman said he was "certainly unaware of any FBI investigation of me" regarding leaks of nuclear information to China.

Gwo-Bao Min traveled to China in 1979 on one of the program's exchanges. U.S. intelligence officials believe that Min disclosed to Chinese nuclear officials extremely sensitive information on how to manufacture a small warhead. He was forced to resign from Livermore in 1981, but not before a clumsy FBI attempt to turn him into a double agent. The effort failed, and the prospect of prosecuting a Chinese nuclear spy was lost. The lead investigator on the case was FBI Special Agent Bill Cleveland, who would later become a key player in the Katrina Leung case. Cleveland had interviewed Min in the early 1980s, years before he became a squad supervisor, and claimed to associates that he almost succeeded in getting Min to confess to spying. But at the last moment, Min backed off.

Tiger Trap was an outgrowth of the case of Larry Wu-Tai Chin, a Chinese mole who had burrowed deep within the CIA for more than three decades. Chin was a translator for the CIA's Foreign Broadcast Information Service, which conducts language translations of foreign press reports and broadcasts. Chin escaped justice by committing suicide in his cell. I. C. Smith told me the Chin case was the last case, and perhaps the only case, of consequence that the FBI worked successfully against Chinese intelligence.

Significantly, Min's case would set in motion both the Katrina Leung and Wen Ho Lee cases. The investigation of Min first brought Leung to the attention of the FBI. The Bureau questioned her about Min and tasked her to find out what she could on the case from the MSS. Min became more directly linked to Leung's spy case years later, when he appeared at the same hotel in Shenyang, China, where FBI agents Bill Cleveland and I. C. Smith were staying. This encounter occurred in 1990, just after Leung had been overheard telling her MSS handler that Cleveland and Smith would be traveling to China. So it appears that Leung's tip-off had prompted the MSS to send Min to Shenyang. Was the meeting an attempt to recruit Cleveland? Cleveland told the FBI that it was strange meeting someone who had been the target of an investigation he had led years earlier.

The Min case also first brought Wen Ho Lee to the attention of the FBI. After Min resigned from Los Alamos, the Bureau recorded a telephone call Lee placed to Min at his California home. Lee offered to help Min. The conversation showed that both men were sympathetic toward China.

The connections among these various China spy cases indicate that Beijing was carefully coordinating and directing the intelligence operations.

Royal Tourist

The Chinese nuclear spy case that ended in near failure was the case of Peter Lee, code-named Royal Tourist. Like Tiger Trap, Royal Tourist involved a nuclear scientist working at the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory. The Chinese government saw weak security at the weapons laboratories and even weaker FBI counterintelligence. U.S. intelligence learned that China had targeted the U.S. Stockpile Stewardship Program, which sought to test the reliability of nuclear arms without underground tests.

According to a classified U.S. intelligence report, Lee traveled to China in 1985 with a group of scientists at the invitation of a Chinese visitor to Los Alamos. On the trip, he was visited late one night in his hotel room by two Chinese officials from the State Science and Technology Commission. The officials "pitched" him to work for China, and they secured his cooperation by appealing to his Chinese ancestry and cultural ties, according to the report.

Eventually Lee would become the focus of an FBI investigation, and he was arrested in 1997. He admitted to passing information on nuclear weapons and antisubmarine warfare technology.

Despite the admission, the Clinton administration soft-pedaled the case. Lee could have received a life term for leaking sensitive nuclear weapons secrets, but Justice Department officials limited the prosecutor and kept him from seeking tough charges.

Lee was allowed to plea-bargain, and he received minimal punishment—a five-year suspended sentence, twelve months in a halfway house, and a $20,000 fine.

Why? The soft line on Lee reflected the pro-China policies of the Clinton administration, which had been caught taking cash donations during the 1996 elections from a number of people linked to the Beijing government. Also, congressional investigators learned that the Chinese government had threatened the administration by saying that a tough handling of the Peter Lee case would upset U.S.-China relations. The threat worked. And so another nuclear spy escaped serious punishment.

Intelligence Break or Chinese Disinformation?

A major intelligence break appeared to help the CIA learn about China's nuclear weapons program. In 1995, a Chinese scientist involved with the ultrasecret nuclear program walked into a U.S. embassy overseas with a packet of Chinese-language documents that included secrets on China's military program—missiles, nuclear warheads, and even advanced weapons research on electromagnetic-pulse (EMP) weapons. The documents showed that China could now produce the most advanced warhead in the U.S. arsenal, the W-88, which is used on submarine-launched missiles and multiple warheads. The Chinese version had almost the identical dimensions as the W-88. The Chinese warhead was believed to be in mass production.

But then China put out word that the "defector-in-place" was actually a Beijing-controlled double agent. This information discredited the documents the scientist had passed to the United States. Were the Chinese telling the truth about a double agent, or were they practicing classic tradecraft and trying to make the CIA doubt its intelligence breakthrough? CIA Deputy Director of Operations Jack Downing, who was involved with the walk-in documents, said through a spokesman that while the matter was still subject to debate, the defector was probably controlled by Beijing, "at least at the later stages of events." Downing is a former CIA station chief in Beijing who back in the late 1970s promoted a program of U.S.-Chinese intelligence cooperation (a program that ended after the Tiananmen Square massacre). He recognizes that China spies on the United States, but he reflects the typical CIA mindset, which views China as a nonthreatening power.

U.S. counterintelligence officials recognized that the Chinese could easily have fed the United States still more disinformation. They began looking into whether Katrina Leung had alerted the MSS to the defector-in-place and whether the tip-off led to the passing of disinformation. Interrogators probably asked Leung about this possibility in her post–plea bargain debriefing sessions; those debriefings remain secret.

“Mother”

The full details of one Chinese case have never been made public. This case involved a 1987 sting operation against a Chinese intelligence officer.

Hou Desheng was a junior officer in the PLA’s military intelligence unit who was posted to the Chinese embassy in Washington, D.C. The talkative officer complained to a reporter that he had a difficult time surviving on the $75 a month he was paid by the Chinese military. The information found its way to the FBI’s Washington field office and the foreign counterintelligence section. The complaint about money was a tantalizing indicator that perhaps Hou could be lured to work secretly for the FBI.

To “pitch” him for recruitment, the U.S. government would need to set up a sting operation. If the government could catch Hou trying to take American secrets, U.S. officials could offer him a deal: either come work for the FBI in secret or be publicly exposed as a Chinese intelligence agent and have your diplomatic cover blown.

The sting operation lasted a year. It came to a head on December 21, 1987, when two U.S. government officials posing as employees of the NSA approached Hou and told him they had classified communications codes that would allow China to read secret U.S. communications around the world. They offered Hou the codes for $500. The group arranged to meet that night at the Mongolian Restaurant in the heart of Washington’s Chinatown. There they exchanged the fake codes for the money. FBI agents moved in and arrested Hou and another Chinese intelligence officer, Zang Weichu, who was working undercover as a Chinese consular official posted in Chicago.

The government offered both the recruiting pitch. Hou and Zang turned it down. Both Hou and Zang had diplomatic immunity, so the United States could not arrest them. The Chinese intelligence officers were expelled from the United States and forced to return to China.

Months later U.S. intelligence officials learned why the two Chinese officers might not have accepted the U.S. recruiting pitch: because the MSS in Beijing already knew about the possibility of their getting caught and was worried about protecting the identity of an agent inside the U.S. government far more important than either Hou or Zang.

Sensitive intelligence revealed that shortly before Hou's meeting at the Mongolian Restaurant, the MSS dispatched a courier to the Chinese embassy in Washington. The courier carried a message on edible paper—so that it could be eaten if he was caught—that said the Hou meeting should not go through.

"The message said that if the meeting takes place, 'Mother' may have a heart attack," one intelligence official said. U.S. officials interpreted the message as an indication that the meeting might disclose the identity of a senior Chinese agent working clandestinely inside the U.S. intelligence community or government.

Chinese ambassador Han Xu and the Chinese defense attaché in Washington argued over whether the meeting should go ahead as planned. The defense attaché objected strongly to the meeting, but in the end Han overruled him. Beijing would recall the attaché a short time later.

U.S. intelligence officials now believe that "Mother" may have been Katrina Leung, who in 1987 was a key asset in Los Angeles providing extremely valuable secrets to the MSS through her relationship with J. J. Smith. The other possibility is that "Mother" was another high-ranking Chinese agent in the government who was never found, and who may still be operating.

Agent of Influence

Another failed Chinese spying case involved an analyst for the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA) named Ronald Montaperto, who would eventually be convicted for illegally having classified documents but who avoided harsher espionage charges.

Montaperto began work in 1981 in DIA's China military estimates branch. That year he was among six DIA analysts directed to have contacts with Chinese embassy military attachés, who were intelligence officers. But his contacts went far beyond his professional work and ended with him providing Top Secret and Secret classified information to Chinese intelligence. He had a particularly close relationship with Yu Zenghe of the People's Liberation Army, a military attaché at the Chinese embassy in Washington. Montaperto was so close with Yu—who would later become head of the PLA's ultrasecret spy section known as the First Department—that the Chinese military intelligence officer attended his wedding in 1990. Such close associations should have signaled the U.S. intelligence community that there was a serious problem. But beginning in the late 1980s the FBI's and the DIA's internal counterintelligence security service failed to notice Montaperto's unprofessional Chinese contacts. It would take a Chinese government defector to provide the first clues to his activities.

Montaperto had defenders in high places within the DIA, people who liked his conciliatory views of China. According to counterintelligence officials, that allowed Montaperto to operate both as an information source and as an agent of influence for Communist China. "He was valuable to Chinese intelligence for the secrets he passed and for his role in facilitating Chinese deception of U.S. intelligence by providing Beijing with a feedback mechanism," said a Pentagon official.

In the early 1990s, DIA officials began to suspect that China had penetrated the agency. For much of the 1980s the United States had cooperated with China on electronic intelligence operations aimed at the Soviet Union, but that was severely limited after the Tiananmen Square massacre in 1989. The few operations that continued were supposed to be closely monitored by the Defense Intelligence Officer (DIO), but it became apparent that the DIA was not properly supervising Chinese contacts. For example, the DIO's own Focal Group, also known as the "Small Group," was not required to file foreign contact reports. Those reports are normally standard procedure for all U.S. intelligence personnel, as they allow the United States to monitor contacts for counterintelligence purposes. Montaperto was part of the Small Group, so he did not report his contacts with Chinese military officials in Washington. As in the Aldrich Ames case, formal contacts with a target embassy would spiral out of control and lead to a damaging loss of secrets.

Montaperto aroused suspicion within the DIA, but according to one intelligence official who worked with Montaperto, the DIA resisted making a full investigation. "DIA, as an institution, did not want one of its senior people busted on spying charges," the official said. "I got that firsthand from one of the DIA security investigators after he resigned in disgust and joined a counterintelligence contractor."

When multiple intelligence sources, both electronic and human, showed that China was operating a spy in the United States code-named "Ma"—Chinese for "horse"—the FBI launched a search for a Chinese mole. On January 29, February 6, February 12, and February 20, 1991, the Bureau confronted Montaperto about his contacts with Yu Zenghe. Montaperto told investigators that he had "close relationships" with Yu Zenghe and another Chinese military intelligence officer working at the Washington embassy, Senior Colonel Yang Qiming. "Montaperto admitted to verbally providing these attachés a considerable amount of information that was useful to them, including classified information," a court statement said. But he denied being a spy. After he refused to take a polygraph test, he left the DIA.

Officially, that initial investigation of Montaperto faltered for lack of evidence, but court papers in the case indicate that the U.S. government at the time was uninterested in pursuing Chinese spies. The papers reveal that as early as 1989, Montaperto had informed security officials that he had maintained unusual contacts with Yu and others at the Chinese embassy.

Worse, after leaving DIA, Montaperto was allowed to keep his top-secret security clearance and moved to a new China analysis center at the National Defense University in Washington. "He had protectors in high places, at DIA, CIA, and in the academic community," the intelligence official told me. It would take more than a year after Montaperto moved from the DIA before the FBI began to reinterview witnesses from his previous investigations in the early 1990s. Around the same time, conservatives in Congress began pressing the National Defense University to remove Montaperto, since they did not believe he was the right person to conduct threat assessments on China. So Montaperto moved on to Hawaii, where he went to work as the academic dean at the U.S. Pacific Command's Asia-Pacific Center for Security Studies.

It didn't take long for him to come under suspicion there. In August 2001, the FBI and the Naval Criminal Investigative Service opened an investigation of Montaperto in Hawaii. As part of the probe, they arranged a sting operation, pretending to offer Montaperto a job as leader of a new DIA intelligence-sharing program with the People's Liberation Army. They told him that intelligence officials in Washington needed to know whether Chinese intelligence had enough confidence in him to head the new program. The sting worked: During questioning by agents in October and November 2003, Montaperto made the following admissions:

- He met with Chinese military attachés Yu Zenghe and Yang Qiming numerous times over a period of many years.
- He knew when he met the men that they were both trained intelligence officers.
- He often discussed classified issues with the attachés by talking "around" the information.
- He had verbally disclosed to Yu Zenghe information classified by the U.S. government at the Secret and Top Secret levels; he said he could not recall the specifics, except for two discussions in the late 1980s involving Top Secret information about Chinese military sales and missile transfers to the Middle East.

At one point during the questioning, one official told me, Montaperto realized he had been had and pretended to play the victim of Chinese intelligence recruitment.

A search of Montaperto's residence in Springfield, Virginia, on February 4, 2004, provided the final details of Montaperto's treachery. Numerous classified documents on U.S.-China military and intelligence relations were found, including one called "The Maturing US/PRC Military Relationship."

In early 2004, the Asia-Pacific Center ousted Montaperto for mishandling classified information. It would take another two years before the case would finally come to a close—and even then he would be let off on the most serious espionage charges.

On June 21, 2006, Montaperto pleaded guilty to one count of unlawful retention of classified documents. The plea agreement meant that he would undergo debriefings and that he was barred from meeting any foreign agents. He would serve jail time, but the sentence was relatively light considering his betrayal of secrets and his help in facilitating Chinese deception efforts.

I reached Montaperto's wife by telephone at their home in More-head City, North Carolina, days before the plea deal, but she declined to comment. Montaperto's lawyer, Steve Anthony, also declined to comment.

Montaperto's friends swung into action, though. Lonnie Henley, a Montaperto protégé who had recently been appointed deputy national intelligence officer for East Asia, e-mailed several groups of U.S. and international China specialists to criticize the FBI for persecuting Montaperto. His e-mail triggered an internal investigation within the Office of the Director of National Intelligence (ODNI), since it could be viewed as an ODNI-sanctioned criticism of the FBI. Intelligence officials told me that Henley should not be investigated by the ODNI ombudsman, Nancy Tucker, since she at one time was romantically involved with Montaperto.

U.S. officials also said that Montaperto's friends spiked stories about the case by telling reporters that if they wrote about it, they would end up in court like the reporters in the Wen Ho Lee case. Perhaps that helps explain the remarkable fact that almost no major news organization besides the *Washington Times* saw fit to report that a former high-ranking DIA analyst had pleaded guilty to an espionage-related charge and had, according to court papers, passed both secret and top-secret information to Chinese intelligence.

Regardless of what Montaperto's friends said, U.S. counterintelligence officials told me that Montaperto was a spy for China—one of the many who got away. A senior counterintelligence official disclosed that Montaperto admitted passing secrets to the Chinese. "He told us, 'If I saw it, it was gone'" to the Chinese, the counterintelligence official said. FBI officials defended the less-than-stringent prosecution, saying that their information was based mostly on Montaperto's own admissions and that using classified information in court is always difficult.

Montaperto represents one of the more difficult challenges in the counterintelligence field. Catching a spy red-handed passing classified documents to foreign officials is a relatively cut-and-dry investigative and legal affair. The real counterintelligence challenge lies in identifying agents of influence. These are the people who subtly advance the interests of foreign entities or governments. When such agents work within the intelligence community, they distort the intelligence picture and can skew policy decisions and judgments. They can downplay emerging threats by ignoring important intelligence reports and by raising the standard of evidence so high that it is hard to reach the level of confirmation. Or they can simply issue a "nonconcur" with an analytic position that runs counter to what the agents' foreign tasking officers want to portray. By failing to agree, they effectively quash the opposing assessment. Assessments that differed from Montaperto's could not get published, or at least they were delayed until the publication was outside the decision-making time frame. This is where Montaperto did damage.

In July 2006, Congressman Dana Rohrabacher, chairman of the House International Relations oversight and investigations subcommittee, asked the Government Accountability Office to investigate policy documents Montaperto had "prepared and influenced" and, more broadly, whether Montaperto had influenced U.S. policy toward China. "I am deeply concerned about the damage that has been done by Ronald N. Montaperto to our country's formulation and implementation of foreign policy related to the People's Republic of China," Rohrabacher wrote.

Economic Espionage

The U.S. intelligence community is not the only place that China planted agents. Still another botched Chinese intelligence case involved a Chinese national who penetrated the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC).

Mylene Chan was a Chinese national who worked as a computer and online-service analyst with the SEC. Ten months in to her time at the SEC, coworkers discovered that she had sent sensitive economic data on American computer companies to Shanghai. U.S. intelligence officials said that Shanghai is the headquarters of the MSS division that is responsible for targeting the United States. Chan was forced to resign. On July 1, 2002, security guards escorted her from the SEC building and sealed her office.

“She was clearly expropriating things from the commission that weren’t hers—things that were not public information and that would cause competitive harm to the companies involved,” one official close to the case said. The case showed how the Chinese conduct economic espionage in the United States.

The SEC never reported the matter to the FBI. Apparently to avoid the embarrassment of having hired a Chinese agent, the commission covered up the data leakage. The U.S. companies were never informed about the compromise of their corporate data until I broke the story in the *Washington Times* on November 11, 2002.

Chan denied being fired and told coworkers in an e-mail that she had resigned for personal reasons and would be returning to Hong Kong. In an e-mail to SEC coworkers, she said it was her responsibility to work with officials of the China and Hong Kong securities commissions to educate them on SEC functions. In the course of those contacts, Chan stated, “I provided a small number of SEC materials mistakenly, all of which were retrieved as soon as I learned of the mistake.”

But SEC officials believe Chan supplied China with confidential-treatment requests, or CTRs, which are secret reports U.S. companies provide to the SEC. The CTRs contain proprietary and other sensitive information that companies do not want disclosed to the public or to competitors. Intelligence officials told me that the SEC leak to China constituted either economic espionage or state-sponsored espionage.

Documents from the SEC showed that Chan had access to sensitive information from more than fifteen high-tech companies, including several involved in cutting-edge software development. She had also processed numerous CTRs. Several of the companies who suffered information compromises in the case are involved in security-related work for U.S. defense and intelligence agencies. All the sensitive information Chan sent would be useful for China in assisting its state-run industries to compete with their U.S. counterparts.

Rare Breakthrough

In dealing with Communist China, U.S. counterintelligence has made very few breakthroughs. One counterintelligence break that came the government's way occurred in 1985. That year, a Chinese intelligence officer named Yu Qiangsheng defected to the United States.

Yu had realized that the Communist system he worked for was wrong and he agreed to work against it. From 1983 until he was safely resettled outside China, the former MSS official provided valuable leads to U.S. intelligence. Yu helped identify some fifty MSS agents working for China against the United States. Most notable among these agents was Larry Wu-Tai Chin, the CIA translator who was a Chinese mole for decades.

Unlike the operational security of the Soviet Union (later Russia) and its Cold War satellites, which produced scores of intelligence defectors and recruitments of agents "in place," China operational security is extremely good. In fact, since the 1980s there have been only six major intelligence defections from China; the defectors are known within the U.S. intelligence community as "The Big Six."

Yu remains under federal government protection and still fears for his life from Beijing agents.

The B.G.s

The Chinese have also managed to influence U.S. analysts, prompting them to issue favorable reports that ultimately soften U.S. policies toward China. Two members of the clique of pro-China analysts in the United States were sucked in as part of an intelligence coup for Beijing.

Bonnie Glaser and Banning Garrett—"the B.G.s"—were a husband-and-wife team of contractors paid by the CIA to travel to China and meet with Chinese officials. There was only one problem: The couple, ostensibly part of the CIA's cadre of unclassified, open-source intelligence collectors, was influenced by a Communist Chinese campaign of deception. China's Ministry of State Security (MSS) created and funded a think tank, the China Institute of Contemporary International Relations—known as CICIR, or "kicker"—that supplied information to the B.G.s for years.

Glaser initially was employed by the System Planning Corporation in Arlington, Virginia, and Garrett worked for Palomar Consulting. They began operating as CIA consultants in 1980 and were backed by officials at the highest levels of the U.S. government. Those officials were the same people who read and were obviously influenced by the top-secret reports provided by Chinese intelligence agent Katrina Leung. Among the pro-China officials who supported Glaser and Garrett were several Asia directors for the White House National Security Council, including Douglas Paal, who served under President George H. W. Bush; Robert Suettinger and Kenneth Lieberthal, each of whom held the post during the Clinton administration; and Dennis Wilder, the Asia specialist under George W. Bush.

On a regular basis, Garrett and Glaser traveled to Beijing and stayed at the exclusive Shangri-La Hotel. The hotel was well known to U.S. intelligence as having a special MSS intelligence unit based there. The unit was in charge of recording all hotel-room conversations of visiting foreign guests. The Shangri-La was located conveniently close to the CICIR offices. They would meet Chinese officials and write up memoranda of their conversations, known as "memcons"—all unwittingly and carefully controlled by the strategic disinformation specialists at CICIR.

At the heart of the deception fed to Garrett and Glaser is a fundamental precept of Chinese strategic deception—namely, that China does not practice deception. What you see is what you get. If this is the case, then unlike all Communist governments in the past, Beijing must be accepted at its word, and any suspicions about its motives and objectives should be dismissed. If China did practice deception, it would be improper for the CIA to have conducted the long-running collection effort using Garrett and Glaser. The CIA paid the couple as much as $100,000 per year, plus expenses, to make two trips annually to China.

Around 2000, Garrett and Glaser got a divorce, at which point Glaser took over the unclassified CIA contract work. She had her own conflict of interest in that her father owned a factory in Guangdong, in southern China. She eventually was given a job as senior associate at the Center for Strategic and International Studies, a think tank in Washington, D.C. In October 2005, she hosted two CICIR "researchers," whom she described in an e-mail to me as "experts on Sino-U.S. relations and U.S. foreign policy."

Glaser and Garrett's work with the CIA, while unclassified, was deliberately "secretive." They were not clandestine CIA officers and they did not hold security clearances, but often they made it seem that way, according to U.S. intelligence officials. They signed their published articles "Consultants to the U.S. Government" and invoked the CIA in seeking background interviews with U.S. officials before going overseas. In that way, Glaser and Garrett got dozens of U.S. officials they talked to over some twenty years to reveal sensitive information that they would then use in discussions with their Chinese hosts during annual visits.

Glaser declined to discuss her contract work other than to say she did not have access to U.S. intelligence analyses. Garrett could not be reached for comment.

Bush administration officials said there is evidence that Garrett and Glaser have informed the Chinese of U.S. political policies that threatened the pro-China approach that still prevails. For example, one senior U.S. official told me that several years ago Garrett and Glaser alerted Chinese officials to the fact that Senator Jon Kyl, Arizona Republican, tried to include language in a bill to increase military contacts between the Pentagon and Taiwan's military. One of the key elements of China's disinformation campaign in the United States is that Beijing wants to peacefully resolve its dispute with Taiwan, which broke from the mainland in 1949 and has been home to Chinese Nationalists since. In fact, China's military buildup is aimed directly at eventually using force against the island. A bill strengthening U.S. ties to Taiwan's military would complicate those plans. China was able to lobby against the language Kyl wanted to include; it was cut out in a House-Senate conference.

Panda Huggers

Garrett and Glaser are part of a small group of pro-China CIA private specialists and government analysts that has played a key role in shaping U.S. policy relating to China. These analysts are not the only government officials to take a soft line on China, by any means, but their reporting has given them inordinate influence within government. In conservative political circles the analysts have become known as "panda huggers"—a derisive term used to describe U.S. officials who aggressively promote pro-Beijing policies. They gained substantial influence during the Clinton administration, and their work exerts a hold on U.S. policy to this day.

In recent years one of the most influential of these CIA intelligence analysts has been Dennis Wilder. Wilder joined the CIA in the 1980s as a military analyst. Both he and his wife, Ursula, are left-leaning liberals, according to officials who know the couple. He got his start in the corridors of Washington power after he helped arrange the secret July 1989 visit to China by National Security Adviser Brent Scowcroft and Deputy Secretary of State Lawrence Eagleburger. The two officials visited Beijing as part of a shameless and immoral effort to assure Chinese leaders that their brutal military crackdown on unarmed protesters in Tiananmen Square a month earlier would not harm ties with the United States.

As the CIA's top China military analyst in the late 1990s, Wilder came under investigation by the agency's ombudsman, with his management of China analysis triggering more than a half-dozen formal complaints of politicization. Analysts accused him of skewing or suppressing their reports on China's worsening human rights situation, China's rapid military buildup, and its swift development of its scientific and technical base with help from American corporations. Wilder modified or killed the reports because he claimed that they exaggerated the threat posed by China. To deal with the analysts, he saw to it that they were moved out of the China analytical division to other posts. Wilder skillfully deflected the criticism of himself by arranging the transfer of those who made the accusations or by outright denials.

Wilder was also instrumental in blocking Chinese dissidents from meeting President George W. Bush in a period from 2003 to 2006, despite the president's declaration in his second inaugural address and the 2005 State of the Union message that his administration had launched a major effort to promote democracy and freedom. Instead of bringing Chinese dissidents to meet the president, Wilder arranged White House meetings for several Chinese Communist officials. For example, he set up a meeting between National Security Adviser Stephen J. Hadley and Chinese Communist Party official Zheng Bijian, who is often touted by pro-China officials in the Bush administration as a reformer.

Wilder provoked more controversy in 2005 when he had a hand in producing a highly classified report for the new director of national intelligence on U.S. spy agencies' failure to recognize key military developments in China over the previous decade. The June 2005 report used the term "intelligence surprise" more than a dozen times to describe the failures to anticipate or discover significant Chinese arms developments, including Beijing's development of a new long-range cruise missile, precision-guided munitions, surface-to-surface missiles for targeting U.S. aircraft carrier battle groups, and a new attack submarine. Thus the report placed the blame squarely on intelligence collectors. According to officials familiar with the report, this perspective reflected Wilder's work behind the scenes to try to exonerate himself and his fellow pro-China analysts, who had downplayed or dismissed intelligence on the military buildup.

"This report conceals the efforts of dissenting analysts [in the intelligence community] who argued that China was a threat," one official told me. The official added that covering up the failure of intelligence analysts on China would prevent a major reorganization of the system. Meanwhile, a former U.S. official told me that the report should help expose a "self-selected group" of specialists who fooled the U.S. government on China for ten years. "This group's desire to have good relations with China has prevented them from highlighting how little they know and suppressing occasional evidence that China views the United States as its main enemy," the former official remarked.

Similarly, an analyst told me that key officials like Wilder had contributed to the intelligence failures on China by "carrying out their own private foreign policy" aimed at minimizing China's military buildup.

The 95-page report received a limited distribution, but when intelligence analysts who had been excluded from taking part in the review challenged some of the report's findings, the distributed copies were recalled and destroyed, apparently to prevent congressional oversight panels from seeing them.

Wilder's handling of the secret China review angered conservatives in Congress and the executive branch who say that this kind of downplaying of threats had softened U.S. policy toward China. In many cases the skewed reporting involved cooperation between intelligence analysts like Wilder and political appointees. During the Clinton administration, as head of the China analytical division, Wilder spoke privately and regularly with the Asia specialist on the National Security Council staff, Kenneth Lieberthal. Most major media ignored such interaction, and the politicization questions it raised. Yet any similar interaction with CIA analysts by Vice President Dick Cheney and other Republican officials raised cries of politicization by liberal pundits. Politicization exists only, it seems, when a Republican administration is in power.

Disinformation

The persistence of naïve views on, and policies toward, Communist China reflects the astounding success of the Chinese government's "perception management" operation in the United States.

One of the key disinformation themes the Chinese emphasize is that China wants to adopt a democratic system like that of the United States. Chinese leaders and apologists outside China frequently point to the village-level democratic elections held in China as a sign that the nation is becoming democratic. But Chinese government reports make clear that China has no intention of abandoning its Communist system. Its idea of democracy is to have the ruling Communist Party vote among its million members for a collective dictatorship of about seven top rulers. This small collection of rulers holds the real power in the country. Any movement toward democratic reform ended suddenly with the Tiananmen Square massacre in 1989, when the regime cracked down on democracy advocates, killing hundreds of protesters and imprisoning and deporting many others.

One revealing Communist government white paper emerged in October 2005. The paper showed that Beijing had no plans for Western-style democracy. “China’s democracy is a democracy guaranteed by the people’s democratic dictatorship,” the report said. Under that dictatorship, “democratic centralism” is used to rule collectively by party leaders. The report stated that the Communist Party regarded itself as a “vanguard of the working class” and that therefore the party had rejected copying the “Western bourgeois political system,” which “would lead them nowhere.”

China’s deception operations also put out stories about alleged splits between “hawks” and “doves” inside the ruling Communist leadership. Portraying such a split allows China’s perception managers to explain away hard-line policies as those of a faction. The message usually sent is that if political pressure is applied on the Chinese government—whether over human rights abuses, arms proliferation to terrorist states, or trade disputes—it will only strengthen the hand of the hard-liners and delay China’s move toward democratic reform. In fact, China has no significant split within its leadership. Note that many China analysts hailed Jiang Zemin as a leader who would institute Western-style political reforms, when in fact he came to power after the bloody Tiananmen crackdown, and he proved not to be a reformer during his years in power. Today, so-called China experts make similar claims about the current Chinese president, Hu Jintao, another supposed reformer.

A third Chinese Communist disinformation theme is the deliberately spread notion about China’s “collapse.” The collapse theme has been used by Chinese propagandists and others outside China to argue for conciliatory policies toward Beijing. The program has been very successful in fooling U.S. and other Western leaders into not pressuring China toward developing democracy and has led to downplaying or ignoring China’s widespread human rights abuses, lest pressure force a collapse.

In 2003, China demonstrated its influence on U.S. policy yet again when the State Department scuttled the Library of Congress’s plan to buy from a Chinese national a treasure trove of classified Chinese Communist Party documents on the Cultural Revolution, the decade-long reign of terror carried out by Mao Zedong’s Red Guards that ended in 1976. The State Department intervened just as the deal was about to be settled, prohibiting the documents from being transferred. It turns out that State had been tipped off to the sale by the pro-China official who had run the China collection at the Library of Congress for forty-eight years. After the document incident, Wang Chi, the Library of Congress China collection director, was quietly allowed to retire in 2004.

Underestimated

Why do so many U.S. officials deny that China poses a threat when so many intelligence operations have been detected in the United States?

A major reason, as former FBI counterspy I. C. Smith pointed out, is that analysts have simply underestimated China's intelligence and military capabilities. Another reason is that U.S. counterintelligence concluded that Chinese spies typically don't emphasize traditional espionage practice. For example, FBI China analyst Paul Moore, who was among those fooled for decades by Katrina Leung, is fond of telling audiences that "China does not spy as God intended." Instead of dead drops and secret communications, they use a much more benign form of intelligence collection, Moore and others maintain.

Smith summarized this view when he said the Chinese "aren't out there making dead drops, communicating via shortwave radio, paying cash concealed in hollow rocks, et cetera, as is the expected norm for the spy business." From this, Smith said, U.S. officials have mistakenly concluded that "China doesn't pose a threat." He added, "This view became dominant in the FBI and even, to a large extent, the intelligence community, and this resulted in the FBI essentially deemphasizing counterintelligence in general and in the China CI [counterintelligence] program in particular."

Even if the Chinese were indeed ignoring traditional espionage techniques, their targeting of nuclear secrets and other vital information should have been cause enough for concern. As it happens, though, U.S. intelligence might have underestimated China's traditional spying skills. It is known, for instance, that the Chinese use the tried-and-true technique of running "illegals"—deep-cover agents dispatched to the United States to help other spy networks—and operate schools and training centers for spies and intelligence officers. Also, the United States gained a wealth of knowledge about the inner workings of Chinese intelligence from a key defector. Senior Colonel Xu Junping, a close aide to the head of PLA intelligence, General Xiong Guangkai, defected in late December 2000. Xu's information contradicts Paul Moore's theory that China spies differently.

Other information challenging the Moore thesis comes from Ambassador James Lilley, the former CIA officer and envoy to Beijing. Lilley has revealed to friends how Chinese intelligence in Laos and Cambodia carried on traditional spying operations, including the use of dead drops and theft of classified documents.

The fact is that there are substantial gaps in our knowledge of China's intelligence services. Michelle Van Cleave, the former top U.S. counterintelligence official, expressed great concern over these gaps. "What's really unacceptable is how little we know about Chinese intelligence capabilities and how they operate," she said in an interview. "We should be able to say, with high confidence, how big the MSS is, how many people make up that service. But we can't. Why not? Because there hasn't been a focused collection and analysis effort on the foreign intelligence threat as it is engaged against U.S. national interests." The CIA might be interested in knowing what the MSS is doing in China to try to stop CIA activities there.

It is high time that the United States revise its misguided assessments of Communist China. The assessments are not just those of the intelligence community. I. C. Smith noted that Republican and Democratic presidents alike, including George H. W. Bush and Bill Clinton, have taken conciliatory views toward China. And in return, all they have encountered is a tougher posture from Beijing. When presidents are viewed as strong, Beijing backs off, he said.

"One must recall that the PRC's Communist government needs an adversary," he told me. "Having an adversary is key to Communism remaining in power, hence a justification for a violation of their very constitution that exalts freedom, et cetera, and the police apparatus that keeps them in power."

But one doesn't typically hear such frank assessments within the intelligence community or in other corridors of power. "To state such views is to be cast by the pro-PRC intellectuals in this country as a warmonger, of limited intellect, a gumshoe, and viewed with contempt," Smith said. "In effect, a hard-liner toward China was simply ostracized and banished to the fringes of policymaking in government and certainly within some individual agencies."

The soft line on Beijing has prevailed for years. The more information emerges on China—the *real* China—the more misguided that position appears.

Chapter 4

THE FBI'S WILD-GOOSE CHASE

> The worst thing, the absolute worst thing, is that some of your colleagues would call you a traitor to your country.
>
> —*CIA counterintelligence officer Brian Kelley*

The FBI's mishandling of the Katrina Leung case and numerous other Chinese intelligence cases reflects a much wider problem: gross ineptness at counterintelligence work.

The Bureau demonstrated its inability to conduct real counterintelligence in the case of veteran CIA counterspy Brian Kelley, whom the FBI hounded for years in an effort to prove that he was a Russian mole selling secrets to Moscow. The Bureau turned Kelley's life into a living nightmare. For more than three years, investigators put him under blanket surveillance—twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. They also resorted to tactics that seemed more appropriate for a political police force like the Soviet KGB than for an American law-enforcement agency. Kelley's family members, including his octogenarian mother, received not-so-veiled threats. The investigation ruined Kelley's career at the CIA, as the FBI continually told CIA bureaucrats that the case against Kelley was "100 percent" solid. Agency officials, including CIA Director George Tenet, refused to go to bat for their counterspy. Tenet, just as he had falsely promised President George W. Bush that Iraq's hidden weapons of mass destruction were a "slam dunk" from the intelligence viewpoint, also believed that the FBI's case against Kelley was 100 percent proven. Thus no one challenged the FBI's assumptions and investigative findings.

There was only one problem with this relentless investigation: Kelley wasn't a Russian spy. In fact, the real mole was operating right under the FBI's noses the entire time. The Bureau was betrayed by one of its own—FBI Special Agent Robert Hanssen. The FBI never detected it, until an audiotape recording provided irrefutable evidence of Hanssen's guilt.

The Bureau, which is among the most secret agencies of government, was quick to claim credit for catching Hanssen. It released surveillance video of Hanssen's arrest in northern Virginia on a cold Sunday morning in February 2001. FBI Director Louis Freeh boasted, "The successful investigation is a direct result of a CI [counterintelligence] coup by the FBI. Their [the FBI's] actions represent CI at its very best. . .. Their success represents unparalleled expertise and dedication to principle and mission. . .. This investigation and arrest represent for me a brilliant CI and investigative success."

While trumpeting its achievement in ferreting out a Russian spy, the FBI had nothing to say about Brian Kelley and the more than thirty-six months spent on what turned out to be the single most expensive counterintelligence wild-goose chase in American history. "This was not an investigation to be proud of," said Kelley's lawyer, John Moustakas, in an interview. "It was an investigation to be ashamed of."

Worse, once the furor over the Hanssen case died down, the FBI essentially went back to business as usual. The counterspies involved in the Kelley affair and the failed Hanssen investigation were not held accountable for their failures. In fact, two of the agents were given awards and cash bonuses for their counterintelligence work. One of them, FBI Agent Rudy Guerin, stayed on as the FBI's top counterspy for China until he retired in 2006. Kelley's other main persecutor, Michael T. Rochford, retired from the FBI but ended up with a lucrative position as the director of security for the U.S. Energy Department's Oak Ridge National Laboratory. When I contacted him about the Kelley affair, Rochford was surprised that I had located him. He noted that he had put himself "on the equivalent of the retired agent's witness protection program," although he did not say why.

Brian Kelley shared with me some of his serious concerns about the fact that the same people who were in place for a series of FBI intelligence disasters are still there. "Not one person was held accountable," he said, "and I just want to make sure that what happened to me never happens again to anyone else." Kelley, a career counterintelligence officer, reluctantly agreed to discuss how the wrongful investigation destroyed his career and hurt his family. He had spoken earlier to CBS's *60 Minutes* and to the Discovery Channel. But he said he felt it was important to expose the FBI's "extraordinary incompetence" in conducting the three-year investigation of him. Some of the key details of his case are reported here for the first time.

How could the FBI have bungled the case so badly, and unceasingly pursued an innocent man? The story begins in the late 1980s.

Seeds of Trouble

On April 27, 1989, CIA counterspy Brian Kelley experienced a Eureka moment in his investigation of so-called illegal spies from the Soviet Union's KGB. Investigating illegals—those intelligence officers who operate under deepest cover by posing as anything but foreign government officials—is without doubt the most challenging job in counterintelligence work. Retired KGB general and master spy Yuri Drozdov—who directed KGB illegals for years in Germany, the United States, and China—told me in a 1992 interview that illegals spend years preparing to look, speak, and act like a national of the country they spy on. Drozdov also revealed that illegal spies are not run by the "residencies" that control official spies but rather they receive their taskings from special clandestine "centers," making the job of finding illegals almost impossible. But Kelley, who had spent twenty years as a U.S. Air Force counterintelligence case officer before moving to the CIA full-time in 1984, had developed a unique methodology for finding these elusive spies. And now, as he investigated a KGB illegal who had been using the identity of a dead Finn named Reino Gikman, he hit pay dirt.

Sitting at CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia, Kelley learned of a telephone call Gikman had placed to longtime U.S. diplomat Felix Bloch at his home in Washington, D.C. Bloch two years earlier had been the deputy chief of mission at the U.S. embassy in Vienna, and had served previously as the chargé d'affaires in Vienna, the senior American diplomat in Austria. He was recalled to the United States in 1987 by Ronald Lauder, the U.S. ambassador to Austria and son of cosmetic magnate Estée Lauder. The CIA had already determined that Gikman was a spy through its surveillance of Russians working in Paris for UNESCO. But it still wasn't clear how the Soviet intelligence services documented, communicated with, and directed their illegals. Once Gikman called Bloch and asked for a meeting in Paris, Kelley knew: Gikman was running a penetration agent within the U.S. State Department. None other than Felix Bloch.

Kelley knew that it was essential to protect the new information about Bloch, since any leak could undermine the investigation and squander the opportunity to "turn" Bloch into a double agent working for the United States, one of the goals of counterintelligence operations. To protect the information about the Russian spy, Kelley briefed only five people within the CIA—Richard Stolz, the deputy director of operations; Gardner "Gus" Hathaway, the assistant deputy director of operations for counterintelligence;

James Pavitt, who was Stolz's executive officer; Ted Price, the chief of the counterintelligence center; and a psychologist who was working as Price's executive assistant. Even the CIA director at the time, William Webster, was not notified at first.

Under government rules regarding information about Americans linked to spying, the CIA was required to notify the FBI immediately upon learning of the contact between Gikman and Bloch. Kelley did brief the case to the FBI, and this briefing would prove to be incredibly costly. Unlike the CIA, the FBI had almost no internal security (as is the case even today). Within a short period of time, Kelley would learn later, the FBI had notified more than a hundred people that Bloch had been identified as a spy. One of those who learned about the CIA's discovery was Robert Hanssen, who worked in FBI headquarters as a supervisory special agent in the intelligence division's Soviet affairs unit—the unit that would be directly involved in the case.

The FBI immediately opened its investigation of Bloch, and on May 14 it tracked him as he traveled to Paris for his meeting with Gikman. Bloch met Gikman for dinner at Paris's Meurice Hotel. French intelligence covertly filmed the entire meeting. At the beginning of the meal, Bloch placed his large duffel-type bag under the table, but he did not take it with him when he left. Gikman departed a few minutes after Bloch, with the bag in hand. The next day he left Paris with the bag. Bloch and Gikman would meet again in Brussels on May 28.

If the CIA was correct in its assessment, Bloch was a valued spy for the KGB and was handled by what officials characterized as one of Moscow's most important illegals. For those reasons many counterintelligence officials regard the Bloch case as the most damaging penetration of the State Department—even more damaging than the espionage done decades earlier by Soviet spy Alger Hiss.

The success of the Paris surveillance was reported within the FBI, and Hanssen found out about it, according to the FBI affidavit in the case. "Hanssen passed the reporting on to the KGB," Kelley said. Indeed, on May 22, 1989, Hanssen put a package for the KGB underneath a footbridge in Idylwood Park, a wooded area west of Falls Church, Virginia, near the intersection of Interstates 66 and 495. One of the items in Hanssen's package—which included some eighty pages of classified intelligence documents, as well as requests for cash and a Swiss bank account—was a note explaining that the CIA and FBI were tracking Bloch.

In early June, several weeks after the package reached KGB headquarters in Moscow, Gikman suddenly left Vienna for Moscow.

Then, on June 22, the FBI intercepted a telephone call to Felix Bloch's Washington apartment. A man who identified himself as "Ferdinand Paul" told Bloch he was calling on behalf of "Pierre." Pierre Bart was the name Gikman had used in meeting Bloch. The caller said Pierre "cannot see you in the near future" because "he is sick" and "a contagious disease is suspected." Paul then told Bloch, "I am worried about you. You have to take care of yourself."

The FBI knew that its investigation of Bloch, opened only weeks earlier, was in trouble. The Bureau called him in for questioning on June 22 and 23. Bloch denied that he was a spy and declined to answer further questions. The FBI investigation came to a screeching halt.

On July 21, ABC News reporter John McWethy disclosed the Bloch investigation in a report on *ABC World News Tonight*. The publicity totally undermined the investigation and even garnered sympathy for Bloch from within the ranks of the State Department. The diplomat continued to maintain his innocence, and eventually the FBI abandoned its round-the-clock surveillance of Bloch. He left Washington and ended up driving a bus in North Carolina.

In 1990, Brian Kelley was given the CIA's Intelligence Collector of the Year award for developing a unique counterintelligence tool and using it to find Felix Bloch. CIA Director William Webster presided over that secret ceremony and another one the following year at which Kelley received a second prestigious CIA medal for his work in catching other spies. But the case that Kelley broke would come back to haunt him years later.

Target

Trouble for Brian Kelley emerged in the wake of the Aldrich Ames spy case. Ames, a CIA officer who was a KGB penetration agent, was arrested in February 1994. He was eventually convicted of espionage and is serving life in prison. Ames had compromised an extraordinary number of U.S. intelligence sources, causing American agents in Russia to be imprisoned and even executed. CIA and FBI counterintelligence officials launched a damage assessment and soon concluded that Ames could not have been responsible for all the intelligence losses. There were some agents and operations that Ames did not know about. That realization eventually triggered a search for a second mole.

The mole hunt ultimately focused on the Felix Bloch case, to which Ames had had no access. In fact, the Bloch case had raised concerns about a mole well before Ames was arrested. Back on July 28, 1989, I reported in the pages of the *Washington Times* that the public disclosure of the Bloch investigation "has raised questions among counterintelligence officials involved in the case about how the KGB learned of the investigation, which was a tightly held secret known only to a small group of officials." One official told me at the time that "the leak may have come from within the government—raising the possibility of a Soviet agent in the government—or possibly as a result of a mistake by FBI or CIA counterspies that somehow alerted the KGB to the secret probe of Mr. Bloch."

It would be almost a decade before the search for a second mole became a full-blown probe. As the mole hunt intensified, the FBI learned from CIA sources within Russian intelligence services—correctly, it would turn out—that the person who had compromised the Bloch case in June 1989 was also the person who compromised the entire U.S. counterintelligence program in the Soviet Union and later Russia. FBI officials reasoned that if they could identify the mole who had compromised Bloch, the rest of the pieces would fall into place.

The agents in charge of the investigation—Mike Rochford, Rudy Guerin, and Jim Milburn, the FBI's senior Russia analyst—reasoned that no one within the FBI would sell out the Bureau. As one FBI agent involved in the failed probe noted, "No one with a badge would ever do this [spy for Moscow]." So the investigators never even considered the more than one hundred FBI agents and administrative employees who had been notified about Bloch in 1989. They falsely concluded that the mole had to be in the CIA. From the beginning, then, the investigation was based on a bizarre assumption: that this one CIA officer would have intimate knowledge of scores of the FBI's most protected and highly classified operations, and would have sold this information to the KGB, compromising the FBI's entire counterintelligence program against the KGB at the height of the Cold War.

Suspicion soon centered on Kelley, since the FBI quickly dismissed the other CIA employees who had known about Bloch—Stolz, Hathaway, Price, and Pavitt. Rochford convinced himself that Kelley was the guilty party and set up the Washington field office investigatory unit to catch him.

In July 1998 Rochford and David Szady, the FBI counterintelligence official who oversaw the investigation, told Kelley they wanted him to join a compartmented program to work with a Soviet defector who had information on the person who had compromised the Bloch investigation. To be "read in" to the program, Kelley would need to take and pass a polygraph test, a routine step for the most sensitive intelligence investigations and programs. Kelley recalled that he eagerly accepted, because “I had spent so many years and no one, no one, wanted that name more than I did, because that person took away all the years of work I had done on [the Bloch case].”

The FBI intended it as a sting operation. During the polygraph exam, the FBI asked Kelley specific questions related to espionage, such as had he ever supplied classified information to a foreign power. The sting failed. Kelley took and passed the examination, administered by the FBI’s most senior polygraph examiner. “There wasn’t even a wiggle out of place,” Kelley said, referring to how the tests measure heart rate, breathing, and skin response to questions. Still, the Bureau refused to believe that Kelley was innocent. He was in a no-win situation: If Kelley had failed the test, investigators would have taken it as proof that he was the mole. When he passed, they concluded that he was too clever and had outsmarted the counterspies again. Only the FBI could have produced such tortured thinking.

After two months of working on the special project, Kelley noticed that his telephones did not work and he heard strange sounds, all signs of electronic surveillance. The counterspy began to suspect that he was the one who was being hunted as a mole. At another point, Kelley found a screw on the floor of his house, a sign that someone had conducted a surreptitious entry. “Although I didn’t want to believe someone was in my house,” he said, “that was clear evidence that somebody was there and dropped a screw in the middle of the floor. Now if I was a spy, that would have worried me a great deal.”

When neither the polygraph nor the surveillance worked, Rochford and Szady decided to employ the same technique that the KGB had used to warn Felix Bloch that he had been discovered. The FBI sent an agent who posed as a Russian to Kelley’s house in Vienna, Virginia. “As I was getting ready to leave the house, the doorbell rang,” Kelley said. “And [the person at the door] said, ‘Someone who knows your situation may have told the authorities who you are. We have an escape plan for you. We want you to go tomorrow night to the Vienna Metro and you will meet someone who will provide you with a passport and an escape plan. Take this piece of paper, it will give you the instructions.’ And he turned around and walked into the darkness.”

Kelley was stunned by the crude approach. He made sure to protect the note, placing it in a plastic bag to preserve the fingerprints. Then he reported the incident to the FBI agents assigned to security at CIA headquarters. Szady immediately took the note out of the bag and handled it, ruining the fingerprints and tainting the note’s evidentiary value. Kelley concluded later that the FBI was interested in his reaction to the approach, not in any fingerprints. Kelley subsequently learned that the FBI investigators became convinced that he was simply outsmarting them, that he always stayed “one step ahead.” The mole squad apparently refused to believe anything other than that Kelley was a spy. The FBI concluded that Kelley was an “evil genius.” This mindset caused Rochford to redouble his efforts to catch and prosecute the alleged spy.

John Moustakas, Kelley’s attorney, told me, “Every test they used to try to snare Brian, to prove he was a spy, he passed with flying colors. And what is the government’s explanation? He’s the ice man. He’s the perfect spy. He’s one step ahead of us. It never dawned on these nincompoops that the guy isn’t a spy—the reason he ‘passed’ every test was because he was absolutely innocent. And that most simple explanation eluded the government’s crack investigators because they had become so biased and their investigation’s trajectory had become so skewed that by the end they could hardly tell fact from fantasy.”

Convinced that Kelley had fooled everyone but them, FBI investigators apparently dismissed information that could have cleared the CIA counterspy of wrongdoing. According to people close to the probe, several senior CIA officers who were intimately familiar with the investigation said that the FBI’s Washington field office developed information indicating that Kelley could not have been a mole, but the Bureau never shared such evidence with the CIA. Kelly confirmed that he heard this and was told by several FBI sources that if the information developed did not fit Rochford’s thesis that Kelley was the mole, it was not briefed to CIA, nor apparently to FBI headquarters.

Ineptitude

When the Kelley probe intensified, FBI bungling allowed the real mole, Robert Hanssen, to keep tabs on the mole hunt. According to a report produced in 2003 by Justice Department Inspector General Glenn A. Fine, FBI employees mistakenly uploaded numerous highly restricted reports on the investigation to the Automated Case System computer network (ACS). Here the FBI had embarked on what it considered one of the most important investigations in the Bureau’s history, and yet it was making the tightly controlled information in this critical investigation available to a wide array of FBI employees, any of whom could have been Moscow agents. That is how Hanssen found out that the FBI’s mole squad was focused on Brian Kelley.

“While searching the ACS system in the spring of 1999,” Fine stated in his report, “Hanssen stumbled upon the FBI’s most significant ongoing Russian espionage investigation. This case was a search for the KGB mole who turned out to be Hanssen. At the time, however, the FBI's investigation was focused on a CIA officer [Kelley]. Although the FBI did not intend for documents related to this highly sensitive investigation to be uploaded into the ACS system—because of widespread concerns about the system's security—many such documents were uploaded due to failures in training, simple human error, and insufficient concern about maintaining operational security."

Hanssen had broken off contact with the KGB in 1991 after learning that the U.S. intelligence community was on the lookout for a mole (who turned out to be Ames). At this point he went to the SVR, the KGB successor agency, and offered to spy again. It was his third period of espionage since he had first started passing secrets to Moscow in 1985. The Fine report stated, "Over the next two years [1999 to 2001], Hanssen provided the Russians with information concerning some of the FBI's most significant KGB sources and most sensitive espionage investigations. Hanssen had obtained most of this information from improper searches of the FBI's ACS computer system."

Why did Hanssen swing into action at this point, after being inactive for years? According to the inspector general's report, Hanssen craved the "excitement" and "stimulation" of espionage, and he also badly needed money. But there was another reason. If the FBI was focusing its entire investigation on another spy, Hanssen felt he would be safe reentering the espionage game, at least for the time being. "Hanssen was watching my case," Kelley said. "He was watching it very carefully. So that he could continue to do what he did, because the whole focus of the FBI investigation was on me and not against anybody else."

According to counterintelligence officials, Hanssen believed Kelley was a real spy, because, like other FBI investigators, he accepted the FBI reporting about the case. He never thought through the consequences of his restarting his work for the Russians. He could have sat back and watched as the FBI followed the wrong man. Hanssen's decision to jump back into spying for the Russians baffled investigators. "It makes no sense to anybody," one official said. "Hanssen just was not thinking."

The old KGB hands running the new SVR were delighted at the FBI's ineptitude. They knew, from Aldrich Ames, that Kelley was the counterintelligence officer who for decades was responsible for tracking down and neutralizing some of Moscow's most secret and important deep-cover agents. Now that the FBI had targeted Kelley, one of the U.S. government's premier counterspies would be unable to take part in the search for Mole 2.

Intimidation and Harassment

On August 18, 1999, the FBI decided to confront Kelley. He recalled that FBI Agents Doug Gregory and Rudy Guerin met him at CIA headquarters and told him bluntly, “We know who you are. You’re a spy.” The agents accused Kelley of having alerted the KGB that the FBI was investigating Felix Bloch. This idea was absurd, given that it was Kelley who had discovered the link between Gikman and Bloch. But the FBI concluded that Kelley must have been partnering with the Soviets, who would have deliberately sacrificed a soon-to-be-terminated agent in order to catapult Kelley to the top of the CIA’s counterintelligence bureaucracy. This utter nonsense was the key to the “evil genius” theory that FBI investigators spun to superiors.

Gregory and Guerin conducted a grueling four-hour interrogation, trying to force Kelley to admit he was a spy. Kelley told the agents, “Your facts are wrong. Your conclusions are wrong. Your underlying hypothesis is wrong.” Clearly the agents were not in any mood to listen, Kelley said; they wanted to prosecute him. Almost as shocking to Kelley as being falsely labeled a traitor to his country was how incredibly inept the two agents showed themselves to be during the interrogation.

Faced with an accused traitor in its midst, the CIA put Kelley on administrative leave that day. The agency confiscated his “blue badge” pass for CIA headquarters—the equivalent of a white collar for the priesthood of CIA officers—and escorted him out of the building.

The FBI shifted its investigation of Kelley into high gear, convinced that he was set to flee to Russia. The Bureau intensified the already-tight electronic and physical surveillance, which required the services of more than fifty FBI agents and “technicians,” as its surveillance personnel are called. From this point on, watchers stood outside his house twenty-four hours a day, mobile trackers followed his every move, and pervasive electronic surveillance captured all his telephone conversations and other communications. This relentless surveillance would last for another fifteen months, until officials identified Hanssen as the mole. U.S. intelligence officials told me it was the most expensive surveillance operation aimed at one person in American history, costing U.S. taxpayers millions of dollars. And it was all a waste of time.

From 1999 to 2000, while the FBI focused its entire investigation on trying to prove a case that had no basis in reality, Hanssen passed several packages of extremely sensitive documents to the SVR.

Blanket surveillance on Kelley may have been understandable, but according to Kelley, the FBI resorted to disturbing tactics to try to force him to admit he was a spy. Especially troubling was the harassment of Kelley's family. Kelley's daughter, who was especially close with him, had followed her father into the CIA. Kelley said that FBI agents confronted her at CIA headquarters the same day that Gregory and Guerin interrogated Kelley: "They said to her, Your father is a spy. Not only is he a spy, but he's the worst spy in American history. People died because of him." Kelley's daughter did not believe the FBI agents, but the experience was agonizing, and she eventually left the CIA after fifteen years of loyal service to the agency.

Later that evening, two FBI teams descended on the homes of Kelley's two sisters in Connecticut. The FBI teams told them that their brother had a secret life and was a traitor to his country. The agents explained that the issue at that point in their investigation was not whether Kelley had committed espionage—they were 100 percent certain he had, they said—but why he had. One sister, Marylou Raider, said that the agents said the FBI considered her brother's espionage "as big a case as the Julius and Ethel Rosenberg case."

The FBI agents even threatened to interrogate Kelley's eighty-four-year-old mother, who was in a nursing home. According to the sisters, the two sets of agents interviewing them simultaneously said, "If you don't tell us what we want, then we will go to the assisted-living facility where your mother is and get that information from her." When the sisters hysterically begged the FBI teams not to interview their mother, one agent replied, "Well, if we find out the information we're looking for, we don't need to."

The next day, the FBI detained one of Kelley's sons, Barry, while he was on a business trip to New York City. The agents told him that his father's arrest was "imminent"; they warned him, "Brace yourself for the publicity." The next morning, the FBI interrogated Kelley's other son, Brian T. Kelley, who was living in the Cincinnati area. Kelley had told the FBI not to question the son because he and his wife had just had their first child. The Bureau ignored him. Brian T. Kelley, the son, said, "They came in the office and the first thing that hit my mind was that this was one of those Candygram things and they're going to say Surprise, congratulations for your daughter. They started saying We're with the FBI. Quickly I knew they weren't joking. Talk about being on top of the world to the bottom in a short time! It was pretty tough."

It was a terrible burden for all three children to be told that their father, with whom they were very close, was about to be the target of national front-page stories identifying him as a spy. They had to deal with this possibility every day for more than a year and a half, until the arrest of Hanssen cleared away the doubts about their father's innocence.

Kelley remains bitter about the threat against his late mother and the treatment of his family by bumbling FBI counterspies. "It's one thing to beat me up, to come down hostile on me," he said. "My family was another matter. What the FBI did to my family—the threats, the outright lies, and the intimidation—was inexcusable." As for his mother, the FBI threat to question her was serious. "It would have killed her," he said.

The intimidation was not limited to family. The FBI went after a CIA case officer who had worked for Kelley. Kathleen Hunt had carried out a deception operation initiated by Kelley and designed to keep Soviet intelligence from discovering how the United States had caught Felix Bloch. Hunt had actually worked for two CIA officers who were truly guilty of espionage, Aldrich Ames and James Nicholson, and she understood the personalities that drove them to betray their country. With Kelley, she saw no possibility that he was a spy. "That's what made the accusations against Brian all the more upsetting, disconcerting to me," she said in a Discovery Channel documentary. "But I also know that the FBI does not accuse people of espionage, which carries the death penalty, without solid evidence. And I certainly didn't think they'd accuse a CIA officer without having incontrovertible evidence of his guilt."

Hunt felt that she had also come under suspicion. "Even though Brian was the focus of the investigation," she said in the documentary, "I felt that I too could be caught up in it. And that perhaps one day there could be a knock at my door." The pressure against Hunt finally took its toll, and she resigned from the CIA after nineteen years of service, just a year short of getting her pension. The FBI, to its lasting discredit, never apologized to her.

Kelley endured the months of the investigation with the stoicism of a professional intelligence officer. He was required to call in to the CIA security office every day to say he was still at home. He said that the months under suspicion were "a psychological Chinese drip water torture." Once when he was told to come in to the office, he thought his arrest was imminent. He brought a bag of toilet articles and a Bible, since "those are the things I would take to jail with me." Another time, he saw a man in a windbreaker run by his window as he worked on his home computer. He thought this was it, that he was to be arrested by the FBI. It turned out the man was a lawnkeeper.

The FBI was so far off that it also believed that Kelley had created a "family" spy ring, like that of U.S. Navy radioman John A. Walker Jr., who recruited his son, his brother, and a Navy coworker into his Soviet spy ring in the 1980s. Kelley's sister

Pamela Baim recalled that the FBI told her Kelley was using her husband as a cutout or surrogate in dropping off packages for Russian intelligence. As a result, she and her family were under investigation and surveillance. “I assumed we were always being watched,” she said.

The Breakthrough

The campaign against Kelley did not let up, regardless of the fact that the FBI’s case against him was flimsy. Incompetent FBI counterspies adopted a theory and stuck to the theory despite large amounts of evidence to the contrary.

For example, the FBI’s most senior and experienced financial analyst examined Kelley’s financial records in detail and concluded that Kelley was not a spy. The analyst, who will not allow his name to be used, told both Szady and Rochford repeatedly that they were on the wrong track, but they ignored him, according to the agent and others at the CIA. Though this analyst was considered the best in the business, Szady and Rochford pressed on with the bogus investigation. Kelley recalled that when he was interrogated by the FBI, “I was told that I was so clever that I knew that if I were to come under suspicion that they would be looking at my finances so I took the payment in diamonds.” The agents even insisted that his KGB code name was “Karat,” as in diamonds.

The FBI relied on a couple of tiny clues to make their weak case against Kelley. The main one was that a Russian intelligence officer had once been spotted in Nottoway Park, which was very close to Kelley’s home. The FBI believed the spy had been there to “service,” or communicate with, Kelley, Kelley said. When the Bureau interrogated Kelley about this issue, he reminded the agents that if he really were a spy, he would never be so careless as to conduct operational activities so close to his house. Nottoway Park would be “the last place” he would go, he told the FBI. “Every foreign intelligence operations officer, whether he works for the KGB or the CIA, is trained never, ever to do operational activities in an area close to your home,” Kelley said. “The clueless counterspies never knew this fact.”

At that point in the interrogation, an FBI agent pulled out a piece of paper that the Bureau had taken from Kelley’s house during one of many covert searches. The paper was a small hand-drawn map of Nottoway Park that Kelley used for jogging. Kelley asked the agents why they classified the note as “secret.” He was told that it was “an operational site map” and that he couldn’t deny it.

"And I corrected him and said, no, it was a photocopy of a small Post-it that I had made up approximately ten years before," Kelley recalled. He had used the paper to record his lap times on an eight-mile jogging route. "They were stunned at that revelation. That was the only piece of evidence that they put forward to me." A senior FBI official later confirmed to Kelley's lawyer, John Moustakas, that the FBI never had any real evidence against Kelley. It was all based on an assumption, and a false one at that.

Curiously, while Kelley's proximity to Nottoway Park fueled the FBI's zeal to nail him, the Bureau didn't even consider that the mole might be the other intelligence official who lived near the park: Robert Hanssen. The bridge at Nottoway Park was fifteen yards away and in a direct line of sight from Hanssen's home, which was less than one-tenth of a mile from Kelley's. As it turned out, the Russian spy who had been spotted in the park was there to pick up a package left by Hanssen. According to an FBI affidavit, Hanssen and the Russians used the same site on seventeen occasions—showing a stunningly careless disregard for conventional tradecraft. It was equally dangerous for Hanssen to defy intelligence training and conduct operational matters so near his home.

Nor did the FBI ever notice the red flags in Hanssen's financial situation. He had large amounts of cash in his house and was living way beyond his means, with six children in expensive private schools. He had also paid $100,000 in cash for an addition to his house—proceeds from his illicit activities for Russian intelligence.

It took a KGB defector to finally open the Bureau's eyes to the stupidity of the Kelley investigation. After the demise of the Soviet Union in 1991, scores of KGB officers turned against the collapsed Communist empire. In early 2000, one of them offered to sell the CIA and FBI, as part of a joint operation, a tape recording and other evidence that he said would allow U.S. intelligence to identify the mole once and for all. But it would cost them. The defector wanted $7 million for the KGB material. The United States agreed. It was the largest sum ever paid to a defector. The FBI expected the material to provide the firm evidence needed to arrest Brian Kelley after years of fruitless investigation.

In late 2000, the transaction complete, the FBI held a meeting at its headquarters to go over the defector's materials. The assembled officials expected to hear Brian Kelley's voice on the audiotape. But as soon as the tape started playing, one FBI counterspy realized the stunning truth. "That's Bob Hanssen," the agent said.

The FBI was listening to a recorded phone conversation in which Robert Hanssen spoke with his Russian handler. They discussed how there had been a botched package drop in Nottoway Park, in which Hanssen's Russian contact had left the package under the wrong end of the Nottoway Park bridge.

Hanssen was a good spy, but even the best spies make mistakes. In Hanssen's case, he had attempted to keep his identity secret from his KGB/SVR masters in order to prevent any defectors from identifying him down the road. But when he was unable to communicate with his Russian handlers through dead drops, he made a fatal mistake. Taking a chance, he set up a telephone exchange with the Russian embassy; he would call from a pay telephone and leave a telephone number for a Russian intelligence officer to call him back. The particular phone call the FBI was now listening to had been recorded by Russian intelligence. It had found its way into the Russian archives, where the defector accessed it and eventually sold it to the United States.

For Mike Rochford, Rudy Guerin, and Jim Milburn, the revelation was devastating. According to a source present when Kelley's innocence was confirmed, Rochford said to Milburn, "Our careers are ruined." It is telling that the FBI agents first thought of their careers rather than what they had done to an innocent American intelligence officer over more than three years, and to all the U.S. agents whose lives had been lost because of Hanssen's treachery. Of course, they needn't have worried: They would eventually be rewarded with promotions and cash bonuses. (Milburn was given a manager's position but was later demoted.)

After Hanssen was identified on the tape, the FBI obtained two of his partial fingerprints from a plastic bag he had used to wrap classified documents he sent to the KGB. This time, the FBI made sure that it kept secret its probe, to prevent tipping off Hanssen.

On February 18, 2001, Hanssen was arrested after dropping off a package of documents in Nottoway Park. The second mole had been captured.

Apology Denied

Even after Hanssen was in custody, the troubles did not end for Brian Kelley. The day before Hanssen's arrest was made public, an FBI agent called in Kelley and asked him to review a transcript of an interview the FBI had conducted with him on August 18, 1999. According to Kelley, the agents who conducted the interview had misstated or altered the transcript as a way to cover the FBI's tracks from the failed thirty-six-month investigation. “They had misstated significant parts of the interview log,” Kelley said. “They claimed I said things that I never said.”

At six o’clock on the morning the Hanssen arrest was announced, Kelley received a call from his son Barry. Barry told him that he had heard on the radio that the FBI had arrested a spy for Moscow. The son was thus relieved that his father was home to answer the phone, and not under arrest.

The FBI refused to clear Kelley and still harbored suspicions that he was a spy weeks and even months after Hanssen was arrested. It would take a liberal Democratic senator to finally force the FBI to clear Kelley’s name. When Robert Mueller came before the Senate Judiciary Committee on July 30, 2001, for his confirmation hearing to become FBI director, Senator Patrick Leahy, Vermont Democrat, asked him about reports of a CIA officer who had been initially suspected of espionage before Hanssen was uncovered. “This officer was forced to go on leave from his job at the CIA, caused great stress for himself and his family,” Leahy said. “Among other things, members of the family kept constantly being told, ‘This is a capital offense.’ Now he’s been cleared of all wrongdoing. He’s been allowed to return to his work in the CIA. He has back pay, full security clearance restored. The FBI totally regrets this happened, but they did not notify him or his family that he’s no longer suspected of any wrongdoing. Can you take a look into some of these matters?” Leahy, it turned out, had been a classmate of Kelley’s at St. Michael’s College in Vermont.

Mueller told Leahy, the committee’s ranking Democrat, “I certainly would, Mr. Chairman. It’s critically important to do investigations quickly, and if the allegations prove not to be true, to make certain that those who were under scrutiny are told of that immediately, and to the extent possible, any appropriate response given to that individual who has been exculpated from the allegations.”

On August 16, 2001, the FBI dispatched Jim Lyle, the FBI agent who headed the CIA’s Counterintelligence Center, with a message for Kelley. Lyle drove to the CIA’s training center near Williamsburg, Virginia, known as The Farm, to give Kelley a letter of apology from FBI Acting Director Thomas Pickard. The letter cleared Kelley of wrongdoing and stated, “It was not the intent of the FBI to either discredit you or to cause you or your family any embarrassment. If this has occurred, I’m sorry.” The letter was disgraceful, telling Kelley, in effect, that if he had been harmed during the course of the Bureau’s mole investigation, the FBI didn’t mean it.

Kelley said that he would have appreciated the letter more if it had been sent in February or even March, weeks after Hanssen’s arrest, instead of five months later.

There was no question in Kelley's mind that he received the apology only as a result of Senator Leahy's intervention. Kelley's lawyer, Moustakas, had sent a letter to FBI Director Louis Freeh a hundred days after Hanssen's arrest, asking the director to send Kelley an official letter of exoneration. Freeh had promised CIA Director George Tenet that this would be done in the weeks after Hanssen's arrest. But Freeh never answered the letter before he retired. It appeared that the letter was expedited so Mueller could tell Senator Leahy that he had exonerated Kelley.

The CIA did the right thing and welcomed Kelley back into his old job, but the experience weighed heavily on him. "I wanted to go back just to make sure there was never any cloud hanging over my head," Kelley said. "If I got back in the building with my security clearances fully reinstated, that meant that I was fully and completely cleared by the system. I had to clear my name and my reputation." Family and colleagues threw him a surprise exoneration party in January 2002. It was an emotional affair, as fellow officers from the CIA, the Department of Defense, and the FBI apologized for doubting Kelley and said they were ashamed of the way the FBI and the CIA had treated him.

Kelley continued to work for the CIA until 2006. His last assignment was with the Office of the National Counterintelligence Executive, a counterintelligence unit that is part of the newly formed Office of the Director of National Intelligence. He did his part to shore up a counterintelligence system badly in need of repair.

The Need for Wholesale Change

The FBI clearly mishandled the mole investigation to a staggering degree. Still, the Bureau denied that it had done anything wrong in hounding Kelley for years. David Szady, who had overseen the investigation—and had repeatedly assured CIA Director Tenet and others at the CIA that the case against Kelley was rock-solid—told *60 Minutes* that the focus on Kelley was valid and necessary. "We haven't pinpointed Brian Kelley for any other reason except he fits into the facts as we know them, the information as we have it," Szady said.

Szady also defended the mistake of not investigating any FBI employees. "What you have to understand is when the investigation was moving forward, the type of information that we're receiving clearly focused on the CIA and led us in that direction." Never mind what Inspector General Glenn Fine had pointed out in his 2003 report, that "the FBI had access to information suggesting that the mole might be an FBI employee, and believed that the mole had compromised certain FBI assets and operations." In the *60 Minutes* interview, Szady said it was "an insult to the FBI," and a "personal insult" to him, to suggest that the Bureau refused to investigate its own people. But in fact, as the inspector general's report revealed, the FBI "never opened even a preliminary inquiry on any FBI employee in connection with the search for the mole ultimately identified as Hanssen."

Responding to the suggestion that a simple financial analysis of Robert Hanssen would have pointed the finger at the FBI agent, Szady insisted, "We can't go and do a total financial analysis on every employee of the FBI because we think there may be a mole within the FBI."

What about the fact that Hanssen had been caught improperly accessing FBI computer data? "You have to put this in perspective," Szady said. "Let's say we knew nothing about a mole, and all we have is the fact that Robert Hanssen hacked into a computer or Robert Hanssen paid $75,000 for a home improvement. Do we have a spy on our hands?"

Many within the FBI were horrified by Szady's *60 Minutes* performance, believing that he had made a fool of himself and by extension the Bureau. The only exceptions were officials like Mike Rochford, Rudy Guerin, Jim Milburn, and Bill Cleveland—close associates of Szady's who were known collectively as "the posse." All these men owed their careers to Szady. They remained loyal, telling him they were proud of him for falling on his sword and not owning up to FBI incompetence. Many of these Szady associates were involved in the FBI's counterintelligence debacles going back to Wen Ho Lee and would later emerge in the Katrina Leung case.

Rudy Guerin himself offered another example of how FBI agents who were marginal at best were not held accountable for numerous failures. Guerin would reappear throughout several FBI counterintelligence failures, and yet he would continue to be supported by senior FBI managers and rewarded. It was Guerin who misled a House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence subcommittee about the damage in the Katrina Leung case. At one point in a closed session, Guerin told a member of Congress that the U.S. intelligence community got very little good intelligence from the electronic spying operations that Leung had compromised. In fact, the loss of technical spying operations in China did serious damage to U.S. national security. Guerin's testimony was part of an effort to downplay one of the FBI's worst failures. Said one senior U.S. intelligence official who is critical of the FBI, "People who protect the Bureau get promoted, and in the Bureau, self-promotion is often above what is good for the national security of the country."

The inspector general's report, which came out in August 2003, provided the most damning indictment of the FBI. The IG revealed that despite the weakness of the case against Kelley, the FBI produced a 70-page investigative report for the Justice Department to try to get Kelley prosecuted for espionage. The Bureau's report "was written as if the FBI had no doubt that the CIA suspect was a KGB mole who was the most damaging spy since Ames," despite the fact that some "several senior FBI managers had serious doubts that the CIA suspect was the correct target." Fine chastised the Bureau for presenting a misleading case. One FBI insider told me that the investigative report was the work of an inexperienced "first office agent" with no counterintelligence background. The report was anything but honest, the insider told me, and reflected Mike Rochford's desperate effort to get the arrest. After all, capturing this mole would be bigger than the Ames arrest. It would have allowed Rochford to finish his career and retire in a blaze of personal glory.

The inspector general said that the FBI's failure to find Hanssen reflected "long-standing systemic problems" in its counterintelligence program. Aside from the FBI's demonstrated reluctance to look within the Bureau itself, there was the problem of "ineffective oversight" of the Hanssen investigation. According to the IG report, FBI supervisors too often deferred to Rochford and his team of investigators, "even when the managers harbored serious doubts about the progress of the investigation—resulting in a tacit endorsement of erroneous analysis and conclusions." Also, congressional oversight has been almost nonexistent as far as the FBI is concerned, although Congress has at least four committees that are required to keep tabs on FBI activities.

The IG report said that the FBI had failed to detect Hanssen's spying even though he was reckless in his espionage tradecraft. In August 1990, FBI Agent Mark Wauck, who was Hanssen's brother-in-law, learned that Hanssen's wife had discovered $5,000 in cash in a dresser drawer in their home. Wauck reported the cash and significant related suspicious incidents to his FBI supervisor at the Chicago field office, Jim Lyle. But according to the IG report, Lyle ignored the information, never asking for a written report and never communicating the information to FBI headquarters. It is simply astonishing that an FBI supervisor would never follow up on a report from an FBI counterintelligence agent (one with a law degree on top of it) suggesting that the agent's own brother-in-law could be a spy. Lyle thus missed the chance to catch one of the worst spies in American history. In typical FBI fashion, he was later promoted to head the Counterintelligence Center at the CIA.

The failure to investigate the discovery of Hanssen's unexplained cash reflected the weakness of the FBI's internal security. Clearly the Bureau needed to set up a system in which derogatory information on agents could be pooled and investigated. And there were many other problems, all of which made the FBI an easy target for spies like Hanssen. The Fine report stated that “the absence of adequate security controls at the FBI made espionage too easy for Hanssen to commit. Because of inadequate document security, he felt comfortable removing thousands of pages of classified documents from FBI offices. Because of lax controls over even the most sensitive information and violations of the ‘need to know’ principle, he knew that he could compromise the FBI’s most important Soviet/Russian assets and operations with little risk that the loss of these cases would be traced to him.” Fine noted that the security problems represented years of neglect. The FBI had failed to comply with Executive Orders, Justice Department regulations, and intelligence-community procedures for internal security.

After the Hanssen arrest, the FBI took some steps to shore up internal security. For example, because Hanssen was never made to take a polygraph test, it required agents to take polygraphs more often. The Bureau also developed financial-disclosure requirements and created a Security Division. But the inspector general noted that serious problems remained. The lingering weaknesses “expose the FBI to the risk of future serious compromises by another mole,” the IG report said, months before Katrina Leung and J. J. Smith were uncovered.

Even today, the FBI’s security problems are pervasive, from personnel security, to computer security, to document security, to security training and compliance. For example, the core computer system, the Automated Case System, is vulnerable, as was shown by the case of FBI analyst Leandro Aragoncillo, who pleaded guilty to espionage in May 2006 for passing secrets to officials in the Philippines. This case shows that the FBI never learned the horrible lessons from its many mistakes in the Hanssen case and still had no computer audit capabilities in place to detect other spies.

The larger problem is cultural: The FBI has continually resisted efforts to change, even in the aftermath of the Hanssen case and the September 11 attacks. The need for change applies at all levels, from high-level officials to agents in the field. Since the government hasn’t held FBI officials accountable for significant intelligence failures, directors and senior managers on whose watch these failures occurred remain in key security-related positions in government. Almost as problematic, according to the inspector general’s report, is the fact that FBI agents in the field have failed to “reconsider initial conclusions and judgments in the face of investigative failures,” as most vividly demonstrated in the Kelley investigation. The IG report concluded that “what is needed at the FBI is a wholesale change in mindset and approach to internal security. The FBI must recognize and take steps to account for the fact that FBI employees have committed espionage in the past and will likely do so in the future.”

These problems are not going away, and they certainly won't be fixed by the relatively minor reforms that have been instituted. The FBI has failed to protect its people, its secrets, and U.S. national security. Until the government takes the bold steps needed to shore up our intelligence apparatus—especially the neglected field of counterintelligence—we will be extending an open invitation to our enemies to come through the gaping holes in our defenses.

Chapter 5

KGB REDUX: RUSSIA'S AGGRESSIVE ESPIONAGE

> The only thing worse than having a spy in the DO is having a spy uncovered in the DO.
>
> —*Unidentified CIA Directorate of Operations (DO) officer at an internal meeting following the 1994 arrest of Aldrich Ames*

In March 2006, the U.S. Joint Forces Command in Norfolk, Virginia, released a report on how Saddam Hussein's regime prepared for and responded to Operation Iraqi Freedom in 2003. The 210-page study, based on captured Iraqi documents, contained two startling revelations about Russia. Back in 2003, Americans knew that Moscow tried at every turn to block military action in Iraq. But the extent of Russia's betrayal became clear only with the release of the "Iraqi Perspectives Project" report in 2006.

The report, citing a "secret and urgent" Iraqi document dated March 25, 2003, revealed that just days into the war, the Russian ambassador in Baghdad provided Saddam's regime with details of the U.S. military's top-secret warfighting plans. And how did the Russians obtain this vital information? They had planted a spy in the heart of the U.S. Central Command's warfighting headquarters in Doha, Qatar.

The Russian government publicly denied the treachery. Despite the fact that the United States had documents in hand indicating the leak, the U.S. Central Command said it did not even plan to investigate the matter. The loss of secret warfighting information did not seem to concern military commanders. And as usual, counterintelligence was not a priority.

It should become a priority, and quickly. The United States cannot make the mistake of thinking that the end of the Cold War marked the end of Russian spying against the United States. It is no coincidence that the two most devastating spy cases in recent American history—those of Robert Hanssen and Aldrich Ames—involved Russia, and were exposed after the collapse of the Soviet Union.

The problem of Russian spying has reached a critical point. Amazingly, there are as many Russian spies in the United States today as there were during the Cold War.

FBI counterintelligence chief David Szady told me, "The Russians are up to Cold War levels in both intelligence presence and activity." According to FBI officials, Moscow is running more than one hundred spies who operate under official cover out of the Russian embassy in Washington and consulates in other major U.S. cities. These "legal" spies are supplemented by an unknown number of "illegals"—deep-cover agents dispatched to spy here while posing as businessmen, academics, journalists, students, and other visitors. The growth in spying reflects the fact that KGB veterans now run the Russian government. President Vladimir Putin is himself a former KGB officer once posted to East Germany.

The head of Russia's GRU military intelligence service, General Valentin Korabelnikov, told an interviewer in 2003 that his agency spies throughout the world to support Moscow's military and defense industry needs. That statement highlights why Russia represents a particularly dangerous intelligence threat to the United States: because Moscow has targeted our defense secrets. A major intelligence target for Moscow is the network of sensors, radar, communications, and interceptors that make up U.S. missile defense. Russia views missile defense as a threat, even though the Pentagon insists its limited long-range missile defense system, which includes just ten antimissile interceptors deployed in Alaska and California, cannot stop Russian strategic missiles. U.S. plans for a third missile defense interceptor site in Britain, Poland, or Romania have rattled Moscow, which responded by building a new nuclear warhead that can change altitudes to defeat the defenses. Beyond stealing U.S. defense secrets, the Russians also want to learn inside details of U.S. policymaking plans for former Soviet republics and Eastern bloc states, as well as for China and the Middle East.

The United States remains highly vulnerable to this aggressive espionage, because the government has done little to fix our severe counterintelligence problems. Those problems were glaringly exposed in the Hanssen and Ames cases. The Hanssen spy ring revealed the FBI's utter incompetence in countering Russian intelligence activities. Even today, the FBI seems to be failing at one of its core missions: to stop our enemies from spying on us. Meanwhile, the Ames case showed how the CIA's lack of counterintelligence against Russia destroyed the agency as an intelligence service.

The CIA is still crippled by the damage done in the early 1990s. The damage is acute. From Cold War levels of nearly 10,000 case officers—spies in the field—the CIA's once-proud Directorate of Operations has been decimated by retirements and low morale. By 2005, the agency had fewer than 1,000 case officers in the field. Many CIA stations had been reduced to single CIA officers who acted as little more than liaison officers with local services.

Such weaknesses have a direct effect on the U.S. ability to cope with the Russian intelligence threat. The failure to handle the Russian menace became so obvious that in late 2004 the White House National Security Council ordered the FBI, the CIA, the State Department, and other agencies to address the problem. Despite the command, the U.S. intelligence community did little to fix the situation.

But let there be no doubt, the Russian threat remains, and in fact is growing more severe by the day. In the spring of 2006 the U.S. government finally admitted what it had long denied: that Russia was not moving in a positive direction under ex–KGB officer Putin. Vice President Dick Cheney stated the obvious during a speech in May 2006. He warned that "opponents of reform" in Russia were seeking to reverse the country's post-Soviet democratic changes of the previous decade. Antidemocratic restrictions by Russia's government had "unfairly restricted the rights of her people," while other actions affected Moscow's relations with neighbors, Cheney said. The vice president even acknowledged that Russia might once again become "an enemy."

Putin responded a few days later in a speech of his own. The Russian president described the United States as "comrade wolf" that "knows whom to eat, he eats without listening, and he's clearly not going to listen to anyone." Putin raised the prospect of a new arms race as Moscow seeks to build up its strategic nuclear forces to compensate for its deteriorating conventional military forces. "We must always be ready to counter any attempts to pressure Russia in order to strengthen positions at our expense," he continued. "The stronger our military is, the less temptation there will be to exert such pressure on us."

Putin's frank admission of aggressive intentions should galvanize the United States to action. Of particular interest to U.S. counterintelligence officials was the Russian leader's statement that he intended to strengthen Russia militarily without repeating "the mistakes of the Soviet Union and of the Cold War"—that is, without draining the country's resources. As the Chinese have learned, the most efficient way to build up your weaponry and military strength quickly is to steal secrets from your adversaries.

That's where spying comes in.

The Great Betrayal

To understand the Russian intelligence threat, one need only look at how Moscow handled CIA turncoat Aldrich Ames for nearly ten years. It is a case study in how a foreign government handled a prized agent operating deep within the U.S. intelligence community. Moscow had almost the ideal mole in Ames, since he worked in counterintelligence. More than working in counterintelligence, he actually *ran* counterintelligence operations against the Soviet Union for most of the 1980s and early 1990s. His job at the CIA called for him to study recruited agents and defectors and determine whether they were legitimate—or had been "doubled," meaning they were working secretly for Moscow while pretending to be working for the United States.

Ames began spying for the Soviet Union in 1985. Some details surrounding his initial contacts with the KGB are in dispute. Former KGB counterintelligence official Victor Cherkashin was the case officer for both Ames and Hanssen, and he documented his dealings with the double agents in his 2005 memoir, *Spy Handler*. Cherkashin wrote that Ames first contacted the KGB on April 16, 1985, when he walked into the Soviet embassy in Washington, D.C., and handed the KGB resident a letter. The letter offered to reveal CIA secrets in exchange for $50,000. According to Cherkashin's account, this walk-in identified himself as "Rick Wells" and claimed to be connected to the State Department. But the KGB suspected "Wells" was with the CIA or FBI and was working to recruit Soviet diplomat Sergei Chuvakhin.

The U.S. government's extensive investigation into the Ames case calls into question Cherkashin's account. For several months after Ames's 1994 arrest, officials from the CIA, the FBI, the National Security Agency, and the Defense Intelligence Agency interviewed Ames at length, for some two hundred hours altogether. In 1995, the CIA Counterintelligence Center produced a classified report based on those debriefing sessions. The report, labeled "Secret," is entitled "Counterintelligence Trends: How the KGB Handled Ames." In contrast to Cherkashin's story, the CIA study stated that Ames revealed his true identity to the Russians immediately. The report noted that among the items Ames included in the letter he handed to the KGB was "a telephone list for the CIA Directorate of Operations' Soviet–East Europe (SE) Division." Ames had “highlighted his own name” on the list, so the KGB would have known his identity and his CIA counterintelligence role right away.

The accounts also conflict on the question of what information Ames first gave to the Soviets. Cherkashin said that Ames provided classified documents on U.S. Navy ship movements in the Middle East, for which the KGB agreed to pay him the requested $50,000 as a “one-time shot” to pay off a divorce and other debts and help him marry his Colombian girlfriend, Rosario. Ames told CIA debriefers a different story. He explained that he intended to pull a “con job” on the KGB by selling worthless information on the Soviets’ own double-agent operations. The CIA report quoted Ames telling debriefers that the KGB probably thought “the $50,000 is peanuts in terms of laying [*sic*] back and waiting, trying to turn it into something bigger and real.” As the report noted, “Moscow did not have to wait long” for big information.

The KGB used Chuvakhin, the diplomat, to communicate with Ames. On June 13, 1985, Ames met with Chuvakhin for lunch at Chadwicks, a restaurant in the Georgetown section of Washington, D.C. Before the meeting, the CIA report said, Ames “gathered up a bundle of cables and memorandums on the U.S. government’s most sensitive Soviet cases, which had accumulated on his desk. He also hand-printed in his office a note on other Soviet assets of the CIA. It gave such information as their parent organizations, job descriptions, location, and place and time of contacts—enough to identify the assets without having their true names, most of which Ames lacked.”

The material filled a shopping bag that weighed nearly five pounds. Ames handed it all over to Chuvakhin. Ames thus gave up the identities of virtually every recruited agent working for the United States in the Soviet Union—the most valuable commodities in intelligence.

The June 13 meeting became known as “the big dump.” Ames claimed after his arrest that he needed to give up the penetration agents to prevent them from learning that he had become a spy for the KGB. Whatever his motivation, Ames’s “big dump” will go down as one of the worst betrayals in the history of espionage. Ames did much more than devastate American intelligence operations in the Soviet Union; by giving up the spies’ identities, he put their lives at risk. In fact, Ames’s decision “caused the deaths of at least 10 of the U.S. government’s most important Soviet assets,” the CIA report said. The KGB, reportedly shocked that the United States had penetrated Soviet intelligence, rolled up the spies quickly. The KGB simply executed these American agents, typically shooting them in the back of the head.

The names of the betrayed agents deserve mention, if only to honor their memory: Leonid Polishchuk, Gennady Smetanin, Gennady Verennik, Sergei Vorontsov, Valery Martynov, Sergei Motorin, Vladimir Potashov, Vladimir Piguzov, Dmitri Polyakov, and Vladimir Vasiliev. These men are heroes who silently fought against the evil system that was the Soviet Union.

Missed Warning Signs

As much as Ames was guilty for his betrayal, the CIA must be held responsible for failing to stop Ames before he could give up the lives of the CIA's elite agents. Ames was a habitual drunk—he consumed at least a bottle of vodka a day—and yet was allowed to continue working within the CIA's Directorate of Operations with impunity. He was a time bomb waiting to go off. Even the KGB apparently felt that Ames's alcoholism would eventually become too much for the CIA to tolerate. During his postarrest debriefing sessions, Ames said he believed the KGB felt his "days were numbered" at the CIA because his drinking caused him to miss many meetings. (Ames also missed three meetings with the KGB because he was so drunk.)

Yet the CIA kept Ames on. And this, remember, was not just any old spy; Ames was the senior agent in charge of all counterintelligence operations against the Soviet Union—at a time when the Cold War was still raging.

How could the CIA keep someone so untrustworthy, who spent most of his life in an alcoholic stupor, in such an important position? It was a sign of the agency's extremely low regard for counterintelligence. The CIA culture was not merely averse to tough counterintelligence; the agency actually hated counterintelligence, viewing it as something that got in the way of intelligence-gathering operations.

There were other red flags besides Ames's drinking. One former CIA operations officer remembered that Ames had been driving an old used car but showed up at CIA headquarters in a brand-new Jaguar in 1989, after he came back from a visit to South America. Ames claimed that the new car was a gift from his mother-in-law. Ames's mother-in-law at the time lived in Medellin, Colombia. But when the officer questioned the source of Ames's new wealth, counterintelligence officials at CIA dismissed the concerns. "So the Medellin drug cartel had just bought a CIA operations officer and apparently no one cared," the officer said. The CIA did begin a review of Ames's finances, and it showed unusual cash deposits. But even that review got sidetracked because the investigator in charge of the case was sent for a two-month training course.

Much as with the Robert Hanssen FBI case, the failure to thoroughly investigate the agent's finances would prove costly. As it turned out, between 1985 and his arrest in 1994, the KGB paid Ames nearly $5 million for thousands of pages of secret CIA documents. Another $2 million was held in Russian banks for Ames as a way to keep him spying and to keep him loyal to the KGB. Ames told debriefers that Russia's intelligence service sometimes paid him using International Monetary Fund cash and other Western aid money provided to Russia. The United States contributes about a third of all IMF funds.

The very fact that Soviet intelligence swiftly executed or imprisoned so many American recruited agents might also have tipped off U.S. officials that an American agent had betrayed them. Ames himself was scared when the Soviets rounded up the Americans so quickly, fearing that the CIA would then identify him. He later told his CIA debriefers that a KGB handler had even apologized for moving on the American spies right away and had said that the Soviets "fully understood the consequences. . .of having created a very dangerous security situation for their source, i.e., me."

So worried was Ames that he provided the KGB with the names of two CIA officers who had access to the identities of the CIA's compromised agents, so the KGB could use disinformation to try to falsely blame them for the losses. The KGB did try to fool the CIA, planting disinformation to create the impression that the compromises resulted from insecure agency communications.

Ames needn't have worried about being discovered as a result of the Russian spy purge. The CIA did not launch a mole hunt. In 1986, the agency did begin to investigate the compromised cases, but the review went nowhere, even after the FBI joined the probe in 1988. The task force formed to look for a spy was also sidetracked by a CIA reorganization in 1988 that downgraded the counterintelligence function. Amazingly, investigators concluded that the arrests of U.S. agents were coincidental, not the result of a betrayal. When officials finally began to realize the losses could not be coincidental, they first suspected that the KGB had broken into U.S. intelligence communications. Anything was better than believing that there was a spy in their midst. It would take the CIA a full nine years to figure out that one of its own officers was selling secrets to the KGB.

Capture

Richard Haver, a senior counterintelligence official who was involved in the top-secret damage assessment of the Ames case, said that Ames showed no concern about the

CIA's internal security system. Believing that the CIA system for catching spies was broken, Ames thought he could spy as long as he wanted and then retire to the south of France. In this regard he was like Robert Hanssen, who had contempt for FBI internal security. "I will tell you for sure," Haver said, "Rick Ames felt the same way about that CIA security system: It would never catch him. Some breach from the other side might turn him in, but it would never catch him because he was inside the system."

Thus Ames "overwhelmed the KGB with CIA documents," thousands of them, according to the CIA's secret postarrest report. These documents contained the most important secrets of the U.S. intelligence community. He communicated with the KGB using old-fashioned tradecraft involving impersonal communications—namely, "dead drops" at remote locations in Washington, D.C. In a dead drop, an agent leaves a package at a prearranged spot; only later does his contact come to the spot to pick up the material. This is how Ames and the KGB exchanged documents and money. Interestingly, the KGB altered its dead-drop methods after seeing an FBI report Ames had supplied. The report showed that the FBI had information on Moscow's dead drops, so for the first time the KGB began using public parks in the Washington metropolitan area as drop-off points. FBI mole Robert Hanssen adopted this technique, too.

Ames also met periodically with his KGB handlers. The meetings took place every six months in South America and Europe. In all, he contacted his handlers eleven times between 1985 and 1993. He spent about forty hours talking to the KGB, which recorded the sessions with a microcassette recorder.

Because of Ames's drinking problem, the KGB resorted to putting meeting schedules in writing, on flimsy yellow paper. Ames's second wife, Rosario, discovered one of the papers years later in an old wallet. That is how she discovered that Ames was a spy. Rosario Ames was no innocent, however. She was arrested at the same time as her husband and was convicted of lesser spy charges.

Ames was finally arrested in 1994, though of course the CIA had had opportunities to detect him many years earlier. The agency had begun to look into Ames's finances after the tip-off about his new Jaguar. One reason the investigation didn't go far was that in August 1990 a KGB defector diverted the hunt. The defector claimed that the KGB had recruited a CIA officer who had served in Moscow, where Ames never served. After more than a year, the agency realized that the information was bogus.

Though the financial review turned up irregularities, CIA investigators decided not to polygraph Ames until 1991, when he was scheduled to receive the test as part of his five-year review. They feared that a polygraph before then would alert him to the probe.

When he finally took the polygraph in 1991, he passed, despite his spying activities. By August 1991, a review of cases that were unexpectedly compromised had listed 198 CIA officials who had had access to the failed cases and could have been the mole. Ames was among those 198, but the probe was diverted again in October when a KGB defector said a mole in the CIA was Russian-born.

It was a stunning series of failures that allowed America's worst spy to operate unimpeded.

Finally, in October 1992, Ames's bank transfers were traced to a Swiss account. Only then did the investigation begin in earnest. In 1993, the FBI took over the probe. In February 1994, the Bureau discovered that Ames was planning to travel to Moscow. Fearing that he would learn of the investigation and flee to the Soviet Union, agents swept in and arrested him on February 21. Ames pleaded guilty to spying in a plea deal on April 29, 1994, and for his crimes was sentenced to life in prison without possibility of parole. The plea deal included leniency for Ames's wife, Rosario, who received a five-year prison sentence.

After pleading guilty, Ames issued a statement that said, "In breaking the law, I have betrayed a serious trust. I do regret and feel shame for this betrayal of trust, done for the basest of motives." The motives were indeed base: U.S. Attorney Helen F. Fahey put it bluntly when she said, "He traded people's lives for $2½ million." But money seems not to have been the only motivation. In his statement, Ames said he had betrayed his country because he objected to what he called a "decades-long shift to the extreme right" in U.S. politics and security and foreign policies. Of the CIA intelligence-gathering, Ames said it was a "self-serving sham carried out by careerist bureaucrats" who sponsor "huge and ultimately useless espionage campaigns" against friends and foes.

Some U.S. government officials considered Ames's life imprisonment insufficient punishment for a man who had caused the deaths of so many Russians helping the United States defeat the Soviet empire. Richard Stolz, a former CIA operations chief, expressed the view of many former CIA officers when he said, "As far as I'm concerned, [Ames] got less than he deserves." Another former CIA officer told me, "In our day, we would have sat him down, learned everything he knew, then quietly arranged his death." Congress later passed a law that allows the federal government to seek the death penalty in especially egregious cases of espionage like that of Ames.

Two years after Ames's arrest, I obtained a copy of a private letter Prisoner No. 40087-083 wrote from his isolation cell at the Allenwood maximum-security prison in

White Deer, Pennsylvania. In the "dear family and friends" letter (which included a postscript noting that the document was not for publication), Ames revealed his struggle at maintaining his sanity. "Life in prison," he wrote, "with its double meaning for me, has to be coped with, accommodated, resisted and used if I am to stay sane and healthy." The convicted spy said that he didn't expect ever to be released from prison but that he still hoped one day to be free, perhaps through some prisoner exchange—which, if U.S. government officials have their way, will never happen. The letter also provided interesting insights on life in prison. He did not feel in danger, he wrote, and in fact he received "frequent congratulations for how badly I screwed the government." This person who had complained about the "shift to the extreme right" in the United States also noted that his fellow prisoners and the prison staff were "big fans" of conservative talk radio and "especially dote on Rush [Limbaugh] and G. Gordon Liddy."

Moscow's Aggressive Spying

Aldrich Ames is locked away for life, but the problems his case highlighted have not similarly been contained. Counterintelligence official Richard Haver revealed that the CIA has made no fundamental reforms to ensure that a betrayal like Ames's will not occur again. The Ames damage assessment identified numerous problems that led to Ames's betrayal, and still the agency has not acted to address the vulnerabilities. Here again, we see that the failure to reform reflects cultural resistance. "That is part of a culture that has to be attacked," Haver told me. "Change that culture; that's what good counterintelligence is all about."

Attacking the culture is needed more urgently than ever, because the problem of Russian spying against the United States has not disappeared with the arrests of Aldrich Ames and Robert Hanssen. Several classified intelligence reports indicate the scope of Moscow's intelligence operations. One especially eye-opening report came from the U.S. Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI) in June 2000. This 21-page top-secret report noted that there is a "false perception" in the West that Russian intelligence services no longer pose a threat. The continued and regular expulsions of Russian intelligence personnel from around the world showed that this is not the case. Moreover, the report revealed, both the GRU (military intelligence) and the KGB successor agency, SVR, "have a demonstrated interest in acquiring technologies that are in the research and development stage of production. This interest is continuously reaffirmed through defector information and double-agent operations."

The ONI report stated that Russian intelligence agencies were reformed after the collapse of the Soviet Union in 1991 and were given a boost following the failed coup attempt in August of that year. While some elements of the KGB were changed, the SVR emerged "intact" from that period. "The SVR has weathered this period and is back in the business of conducting worldwide intelligence collection operations," the report said. Military intelligence was spared similar upheavals. "In the immediate post-Soviet period, the GRU ascended to the top of the intelligence hierarchy," the report stated. "The GRU maintains its overseas residencies and agent networks as it had during the Cold War. Thus, the GRU has become the dominant foreign intelligence collection threat from Russia."

Russian intelligence services also use "front companies" as a pretext for operating in foreign nations. "Even if the company is not directly involved in intelligence collection, it can provide operational support for intelligence officers," ONI reported. "The current proliferation of businesses and Russian organized-crime cells in North America by Russian émigrés is of interest in light of this." The legitimate business fronts provide facilities, communications, and vehicles for supporting Russian human intelligence operations and networks, the report noted. The companies also launder money and develop operational funds.

Moscow's aggressive spying is not limited to land-based human operations. For example, the ONI report documented an extensive GRU electronic surveillance operation against the United States and allied military forces that kicked off in early January 1999. The GRU Main Intelligence Directorate produced a daily intelligence summary that identified U.S. strategic aircraft at various locations in the Pacific and Indian Ocean regions. The Russians reported the number of B-52 strategic bombers deployed at the U.S. military facility on the island of Diego Garcia, for instance, as well as the precise locations of four U.S. aircraft carrier battle groups. When the United States and NATO launched airstrikes in Kosovo in March of that year, the Russian GRU signals intelligence (SIGINT) center began electronic surveillance. On March 26, the Fifth Radiotechnical Brigade in Severomorsk sent to subordinate military units a summary of foreign aircraft and ships that were capable of conducting spying operations.

It also appears that Russian intelligence got access to U.S. military communications channels, which are generally classified at the highest top-secret level. In late March 1999, the U.S. Air Force global command-and-control system in Europe planned to switch to a new communications frequency; the day before the change went into effect, a GRU SIGINT center in the North Caucusus shifted its surveillance to the new frequency, an indication that Russia had inside knowledge of U.S. SIGINT.

There were other Russian intelligence successes in this period. On March 24, three GRU SIGINT centers and one SIGINT brigade in the Russian Far East stepped up operations in response to the U.S. Pacific Command exercise known as Tandem Thrust ’99, a multinational exercise involving forces from South Korea, Canada, Australia, Singapore, and the United States. In May, the Russians spied on a U.S. nuclear command-and-control exercise known as Polo Hat. In July, Russian eavesdroppers conducted electronic surveillance of the U.S. aircraft carrier *Constellation* as it traveled from Pusan, South Korea, to Yokuska, Japan; simultaneously, a Russian intelligence-gathering ship shadowed the carrier. Then, in 2000, nine different GRU electronic eavesdropping stations listened in to a U.S. Strategic Command exercise known as Global Guardian 2000, an annual exercise to test nuclear commands and communication.

All the various electronic spying by the GRU around the world is sent to the GRU’s Fifth Directorate, which fuses the information and disseminates it to military units. ONI’s review of the GRU’s activities showed that Russian military intelligence is “capable of conducting short notice intelligence operations on a global basis—essentially a capability undiminished from the Soviet era.” The Pacific activity by Moscow’s spies is especially significant in light of recent Russian-Chinese military cooperation. China’s first major joint military exercise took place in the summer of 2005 and included a scenario that U.S. officials said was obviously a rehearsal for a joint invasion of Taiwan. The United States was excluded from observing the exercise, despite the fact that several Southeast Asian and Central Asian military representatives were allowed to attend. The cooperation shows that Russia is becoming a supporter of Chinese military plans for conflict with the United States.

The ONI report disclosed that the Russians employ an important but little-noticed espionage method—using merchant ships to collect intelligence in the United States. The report stated that electronic intelligence “conclusively indicates that Russian commercial maritime vessels are reporting on U.S., allied and other naval units in the European theater.” The Navy study, based on communications intercepts between February 1999 and May 2000, revealed forty-four different coded communications from Russian merchant ships that spotted foreign naval vessels and reported the locations within ten minutes to thirty minutes of the closest point of approach. The communications were sent to three former Soviet Western Fleet headquarters areas: Northern Fleet, Baltic Fleet, and Black Sea Fleet. “Analysis of these contact reports suggests Russian merchant and fishing vessels continue to provide Russian military intelligence with the location and movement on naval entities and their activities,” the report said. “This activity is nearly identical to that which was practiced by the Soviet merchant and fisheries fleets throughout the Cold War.”

During the time ONI tracked Russian communications, Russian merchant ships reported scores of reported sightings of U.S., British, Danish, and Italian warships, and even an Algerian Kilo submarine. The report noted that the Russian freighters use a personal computer to encrypt the information and transmit it over high-frequency radio waves. The messages are labeled “urgent” for high-interest targets, such as warships close to Russian coasts. The ship captain is the only one allowed to handle the codebooks used for enciphering the messages.

The ONI report said that the intercepts in Europe were conclusive, but difficulties in collecting and hearing similar communications in the Far East and near North America had made it harder to tell if the Russian ships were doing the same level of espionage there. The report stated, however, that Russian freighters and fishing vessels continue the Cold War practice of taking part in Russian command-and-control military exercises directed by the General Staff, Moscow’s centralized military leadership unit, and by the navy main staff. Thus it is very likely that the ships are involved in spying operations against U.S. Navy warships in both the Atlantic and the Pacific. In the past the ships were equipped with special electronic equipment that allowed them to spy on U.S. military exercises.

One Russian merchant ship mentioned specifically in the ONI report was the *Kapitan Man,* which was searched in April 1993 by officials from U.S. Customs and the Immigration and Naturalization Service. The search revealed that the ship carried expendable bathythermographs (XBTs), which are used to collect acoustical environmental data for sonar predictions. A later search uncovered sonobuoys in a booby-trapped compartment; the compartment had been treated with a dog repellent in order to put off law-enforcement canine teams. The sonobuoys are used to track submarines. The ONI noted that the devices were ideal for spying on submarines and other naval vessels.

The report’s revelations about the *Kapitan Man* are of particular interest because the ship became notorious for an April 1997 incident in which the freighter’s crew fired a laser at a Canadian helicopter that was conducting surveillance of the ship. Only minutes before the laser was fired, the surveillance team had watched the *Kapitan Man* pass a surfaced U.S. nuclear missile submarine as it entered the Strait of Juan de Fuca, near Washington State’s Puget Sound. The laser damaged the eyes of the pilots, U.S. Navy Lieutenant Jack Daly and Canadian Captain Pat Barnes, but the incident was covered up to avoid upsetting U.S.-Russia relations. (For a full account, see my book

Betrayal: How the Clinton Administration Undermined American Security.) Now the ONI report of 2000 had offered still more evidence that the *Kapitan Man* was spying for Moscow.

The Ministry of Maritime Fleets continues to have contacts with both the GRU and the SVR, the ONI report said, noting that "these organizational ties are virtually identical to that established during the Cold War." The difference is in the size of the merchant fleet. Once boasting more than 5,000 merchant ships, by 2000 the Russian fleet had been cut to 362 ships. The ships are an average of twenty years old. The report noted that the decline shows that "Russia is losing its status as a global maritime power." Most of the ships were sold off on the open market. But Putin has sought to reverse the decline in merchant shipping, with support from the military. The report concluded that Russia's commercial fleet is being reorganized to better meet Russian naval intelligence-gathering requirements.

Why would Russia continue to spy on the United States using its commercial ships when Russia desperately relies on Western democracies for economic aid? "In an era where the West is required to provide increasing assistance to Moscow to assist the fledgling democracy from returning to an autocratic (and more volatile) government, the issue of commercial maritime intelligence or any intelligence collection by the Russians makes little sense," the report said. "But the reality of the situation is that Russia's current military and political leadership probably still sees the U.S. and NATO as a threat." Indeed, the ONI observed that "Russian military intelligence (GRU/Naval) maintains a peacetime plot of U.S. and allied global maritime disposition to facilitate military action in the event of hostilities."

Another classified intelligence report confirmed the ONI's conclusions about Russia's use of commercial ships for spying. The CIA Worldwide National Intelligence Daily released on July 14, 2000, stated, "Special intelligence provides the first solid evidence of long-suspected Russian merchant ship intelligence collection efforts against U.S. nuclear submarine bases." U.S. intelligence intercepted two messages from the Russian ship *Kapitan Konev,* a sister ship to the freighter *Kapitan Man,* to Russian intelligence in Vladivostok, where Russia's Far East fleet has its headquarters. The *Kapitan Konev* had sighted a U.S. submarine in the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The first message was sent within minutes of the sighting and a more detailed message was sent seven hours later.

The CIA report noted that the *Kapitan Konev* was not alone, as many other Russian ships "have been involved in numerous incidents in the vicinity of U.S. submarines since 1992, when Seattle and Tacoma ports were opened to Russian merchant ships."

The Clinton administration had opened the ports as an effort to improve ties with Russia.

By 2001, the U.S. government had finally recognized Russian spying as a security threat to the Navy. The State Department delivered a diplomatic protest note to the Russian embassy. The United States would now require Russian ships to provide a three-day advance notice of their arrival at all ports where U.S. submarines are based, the letter said. "We remain concerned about continued patterns of unacceptable activity by Russian vessels bound to or from U.S. ports," the note stated. The letter added, "The government of the United States of America would note that if Russian vessels continue to engage in activities that are incompatible with innocent passage, as well as such activities while bound to or from U.S. ports, the United States may find it necessary to take appropriate national security measures to prevent such activities. Such activities might include stricter control over the movement of individual vessels bound for the U.S."

The United States did not demand that the Russians stop spying on U.S. submarines. Diplomats also continued to seek a commercial maritime agreement with Russia.

The warning did not have much effect. The Coast Guard launched a secret program with the U.S. Navy's Submarine Group 9, based in Puget Sound, to check whether the Russian merchant ships were providing advance notice of their arrivals in sensitive ports. A test survey found that the vast majority—thirty of forty-four—failed to give the State Department the proper seventy-two hours' notice.

The United States cannot continue to let diplomatic interests overwhelm efforts to resolve the problem of Russian spying. Doing so only undermines U.S. national security.

A Worldwide Spy Force

As the ONI report indicated, the United States is Russia's most important intelligence target, but it is not the only target. Other intelligence shows that Moscow aggressively spies on America's European allies.

In Britain, for example, Russian spying has reached Cold War levels, just as it has in the United States. Moscow's agents target military and defense industry secrets, and also spy on Chechens who have sought asylum in Britain. A 2005 memorandum from Britain's MI-5 security service alerted government officials that Russian intelligence poses "a SUBSTANTIAL espionage threat to the UK." The Security Service Espionage

Alert urged British government officials to report “any chance sighting of Russian diplomatic cars,” since Moscow’s agents in Britain—roughly eighteen SVR officers and fourteen GRU officers—operate under cover as Russian diplomats. “We are aware that Russian intelligence officers travel widely throughout the UK and that some of the activity undertaken by these officers is intelligence related,” the memo said.

Unlike the United States, Britain has aggressive and accomplished counterintelligence units. Thus the MI-5 memo told local authorities to do nothing to stop or question suspected Russian agents. The only directive was to report the Russians to Scotland Yard’s Special Branch, which would then pass the information on to MI-5.

German government officials are also coping with the upsurge in Russian spying. While German-Russian relations on the surface appear close, Germany’s intelligence and security services see Moscow’s spy activities increasing sharply. The Federal Office of Criminal Investigation, known by its German initials, BKA, and the Federal Office for the Protection of the Constitution, which conducts counterintelligence, have stepped up efforts to deal with Russian spying. Moscow dispatched the spies and spy handlers to gather intelligence on German political parties and their leaders, and to obtain sensitive documents and information from German businesses, including research and development and military secrets.

“Russian secret service residents have substantially increased their personnel in Germany,” one German counterspy said. “Staffing levels are now nearly as high as they used to be during the Cold War.” By early 2005, Russia had 130 spies at its embassy in Berlin and at consulates in Bonn, Hamburg, Leipzig, and Munich. “Sixty-five or so officers are on operational assignments,” the official revealed. “They recruit and supervise traditional sources. We are hardly able to keep them under control. Before agents meet, they drive and run across town for up to three hours, cleverly shaking off pursuers.”

Germany remains vulnerable to Russian spying because the German government has focused on monitoring terrorists in Germany. “The government in Berlin is not interested in any tough investigations against Putin’s spies,” a German federal investigator told *Focus* magazine. “This would only mean foreign policy trouble, so that it is better to turn a blind eye.” In February 2005, German military intelligence officers identified a Russian operation to entrap a German military official and have him supply Moscow with documents related to the armed forces. The soldier played along and worked with the German Military Counter-Intelligence Service to counter the Russians.

The GRU was not taken in, and its officers were forced to leave Germany in the aftermath of the spy incident.

Countering the Russian Threat

As many intelligence reports reveal, the United States and its allies cannot underestimate the threat represented by Russian intelligence. The fact that the Cold War is over has not brought an end to Russian spying. The Aldrich Ames and Robert Hanssen cases are stark reminders of that truth. And Russia's troubled economic conditions clearly will not prevent Moscow from investing heavily in an aggressive, worldwide spying apparatus.

The United States must make a priority of countering Russia's espionage operations. Continued counterintelligence failures will cause problems for years into the future, if not decades. The Aldrich Ames case shows why this is so.

The stacks of classified information Ames provided to the KGB and the SVR hurt the United States in several ways. First, they allowed Moscow to manipulate U.S. government policies. Russia provided the CIA with disinformation that eventually found its way to the highest levels of the U.S. government, including the White House, the State Department, and the Defense Department. Angelo Codevilla, a former congressional intelligence specialist and a professor at Boston University, told me that Ames thoroughly undermined the reliability of CIA reporting, the fundamental mission of the agency. "In the 1980s," Codevilla said, "when the Soviet Union was collapsing, we had no hints of that from official intelligence channels." He added, "The CIA should look upon all the information we received from human intelligence in Russia as tainted."

Ames's spying had other immediate consequences—most notably, of course, it caused the deaths of those American agents recruited in Russia. In all, Ames revealed more than one hundred covert American operations and betrayed more than thirty sources. Michelle Van Cleave, who served as President George W. Bush's top counterintelligence official until January 2006, said, "He was responsible for the loss of virtually all of CIA's intelligence assets targeted at the Soviet Union at the height of the Cold War." That is why Van Cleave calls Ames "the most damaging spy in U.S. history."

But other damage is less obvious and is being felt only now. The classified report the CIA produced in the aftermath of the Ames case reveals the long-term impact.

According to the report, Ames's Russian handlers did not seem particularly focused on processing the reams of extremely sensitive intelligence he provided. Ames concluded that most of the CIA documents he stole "just sort of had to sit in the bottom of the file drawer." The reason was simple: Russian intelligence knew it could exploit the material effectively in the future. The most important priority for the short term was to protect the security of the Russians' prized agent.

Now that Ames and Robert Hanssen no longer work as spies, the Russians have begun the real work of exploiting the U.S. secrets supplied by the traitors. Thanks to the mole operations, Moscow knows the weaknesses of CIA and FBI security, a valuable tool for penetrating the services. It also knows how U.S. intelligence communicates, gathers intelligence, runs double-agent operations, and uses technical operations such as electronic eavesdropping in support of human operations. Ames's spying was particularly damaging because he worked in counterintelligence, so he could provide information on all U.S. intelligence operations and plans, offensive and defensive.

The Ames and Hanssen cases are stunning for the damage they inflicted and the repeated counterintelligence failures they revealed. But we may well see other cases like them. As Richard Haver warns, the intelligence community has put in almost no safeguards to prevent a recurrence of such mole operations.

When one considers that just one counterintelligence failure can damage U.S. national security for years into the future, Haver's warning becomes particularly chilling.

Chapter 6

NORTH KOREA: CRIMINAL STATE

North Korea has become a "*Soprano* state," a government guided by a Workers' Party leadership whose actions, attitudes, and affiliations increasingly resemble those of an organized crime family more than a normal nation.

—Former State Department official David L. Asher

Future historians will have the luxury of documenting in exquisite detail how the Communist regime in North Korea was among the most inhuman and repressive states to exist in the modern era. But we must understand the true nature of the totalitarian dictatorship now, not at some far-off point. The following will show why Supreme Leader Kim Jong-il's regime in the so-called Democratic People's Republic of Korea (DPRK) must be ended. The only answer is a policy of regime change—not accommodation and appeasement, as so many in Asia and the West advocate. The best method to bring down Kim's brutal dictatorship is a concerted program of counterintelligence operations directed at the North Korea ruling party's intelligence and security services, which serve as pillars upon which the rogue regime has rested for more than fifty years.

Rogue State

It was 6:30 P.M. on November 15, 1977, and thirteen-year-old Megumi Yokota was returning home from badminton practice in the dark. She made the mile-long walk every day down a slope from her junior high school in the suburbs of Niigata, on the northwest coast of Japan's main island, Honshu. But today, as she was about to turn down her family's street, she encountered a team of six men. They were North Korean intelligence operatives from the Operations Department of the ruling Korean Workers' Party of North Korea. One of the North Koreans snatched Megumi and carried her off to the beach on the Sea of Japan, some three hundred feet away. There a small boat was waiting to take the team and Megumi off to North Korea. To her parents, she had disappeared without a trace, leaving them grief-stricken.

Japanese authorities believe the North Koreans mistakenly thought Megumi was an older Japanese woman. Thus a young girl was thrust into the middle of a nightmare. But she has not been the only victim. Since the early 1970s, the North Korean government has abducted as many as forty Japanese to be used in secret training courses for North Korean intelligence officers. Held incommunicado, the kidnapped Japanese have been forced to work as language and culture trainers for North Korean intelligence operatives who need to learn the nuances and customs of Japan. These agents have then been dispatched to Japan as "illegals"—that is, spies who operate outside any formal or informal diplomatic outpost. North Korea also used the Japanese to give the agents what intelligence officials call "legends," or cover stories and identities that would allow them to obtain false identity and travel documents.

The kidnapping of Japanese nationals is the most flagrant use of North Korean government agents for criminal activity. But it is simply part of what North Korea regards as its unique policy of diplomatic and economic self-reliance that it calls *juche,* a derivative of Marxism-Leninism with Korean characteristics under a totalitarian, Stalinist-style system.

North Korea today epitomizes the term "rogue state." Under absolute leader Kim Jong-il, who has ruled as a demigod since his father's death in 1994, North Korea has demonstrated that it can fire a long-range ballistic missile thousands of miles away, as it threatened in June 2006. Kim has fulfilled the goal of his late father, Kim Il-sung, by covertly developing a nuclear weapons arsenal as a way to ensure that the regime stays in power. Intelligence officials told me they have "high confidence" that a series of underground nuclear tests carried out in Pakistan in 1998 included two North Korean devices set off in deep underground shafts.

The North Koreans have admitted to secretly developing uranium-based nuclear arms —in flagrant violation of a 1994 agreement with the United States. During an October 2002 meeting in Pyongyang, the North Korean capital, then–Assistant Secretary of State James Kelly showed North Korea senior official Kang Suk Ju intelligence indicating the covert uranium enrichment. Confronted, the North Korean official told Kelly, "Your president called us a member of the axis of evil. . .. Your troops are deployed on the Korean peninsula. . .. Of course we have a nuclear program." The admission set in motion a crisis that continues. The North Korean nuclear arsenal is believed to include several large bombs that would be delivered not on North Korea's arsenal of missiles but on one of twenty Soviet-era IL-28 bombers.

The North Koreans have built numerous large underground facilities in the north-central part of the country, according to U.S. intelligence sources. Many of the facilities have been built in the past several years and house sensitive research projects. A CIA official who spent years analyzing North Korea told me that these secret efforts will lead to "a North Korea with a nuclear delivery capability to threaten Japan and South Korea at least, and to threaten Russia, China, and the United States as a worst case, within the next four to six years."

Kim Jong-il's regime is unlike that of any other state in modern history. Known to enjoy Chuck Norris action films, Kim was considered a minor figure compared with his father. But he has ruled North Korea with an iron fist. His Communist system is the most regimented society on earth today. North Korea's 21 million people are indoctrinated from the very earliest age with an ideology built on hatred for "enemies"—mainly the United States, the non-Communist government in South Korea, and Japan. A North Korean math book, for example, uses the lesson of throwing a grenade at a group of American soldiers, asking students to determine how many are killed if the grenade lands within *X* number of feet of the soldiers.

The Communist state is also predicated on indoctrinating the people in "love" for the ruler. Kim is always referred to as the "Dear Leader," and every speech or writing that mentions him must use terms like "great," "benevolent," and "all-knowing." Intelligence officials say Kim's rule has gone beyond personality cult and reached the level of a leader-centered pseudo-religion. Government lies are standard fare in describing Kim's supposed benevolence, wisdom, and concern for the people of North Korea. Official video from North Korea is strictly controlled by authorities and includes images of mass demonstrations in stadiums where tens of thousands of North Koreans use carefully orchestrated cards that create huge images of Kim and his late father.

"Dear Leader" lives in some forty special mansions and houses spread out around Pyongyang and other parts of the country. Like Saddam Hussein in Iraq, Kim rarely spends more than one night at a single residence, fearing he will be assassinated or bombed by the United States. He leads by issuing faxes to his subordinates, who must carry out his directives without question or face execution.

Kim is known to be vindictive. He frequently watched CNN news broadcasts until the cable network aired a report exposing dissidents in North Korea; he quickly prohibited senior officials of the party from watching any CNN broadcasts and made sure none of the network's reporters were allowed to visit. More disturbing, in 1987 he ordered party agents to plant a bomb on a South Korean passenger jet. The blast destroyed a Korean Air Boeing 707 over the Andaman Sea off the coast of Burma, killing ninety-five passengers and twenty crew members. Kim ordered the bombing after finding out that North Korea would not have any role in the 1988 Olympic Games held in Seoul, even though North Korea had built a large stadium and sports complex in Pyongyang. Intelligence sources told me that Kim was especially outraged by the 2004 puppet comedy film *Team America: World Police,* which portrayed him as a mad dictator. Kim reportedly ordered Workers' Party of Korea agents to "take care" of the film's writers, Trey Parker and Matt Stone, creators of the controversial cartoon television series *South Park.*

In many ways North Korea is an intelligence-run state—indeed, a police state. To keep the regime in power, Kim exploits the organs of the Workers' Party of Korea as a combination of intelligence and security services. North Korea's intelligence and security network is a vast political police system modeled on the Soviet Union's KGB, conducting operations abroad as well as squelching even the slightest internal dissent. According to a classified Defense Intelligence Agency report, the State Security Department carries out North Korea's defensive and offensive counterintelligence programs, and functions much like a secret police. It keeps a close watch on political attitudes in the country, tracks defectors and dissidents overseas, monitors foreigners and returnees, and targets "antistate criminals"—a broadly defined term in Kim's North Korea.

Another government organ, the powerful Ministry of Public Security, is in charge of internal security, social control, police functions, and border security. It has up to 144,000 public security personnel.

Kim complements the intelligence agencies with military special operations commandos. One intelligence official told me, "North Korea's 122,000 special operations troops are the world's largest, and a high funding priority for the regime." According to the classified DIA report, their mission is different from that of most other special operations forces: North Korean commandos handle special reconnaissance missions for the armed forces, light infantry operations, and sniper operations. "Snipers conduct assassinations, kidnappings, and interrogations of key civilian and military personnel and members of their immediate family," the report said. North Korea's commandos were also involved in several assassination attempts against South Korean leaders.

Life in Hell

The ultimate purpose of all these intelligence and counterintelligence operations is to keep the Communist regime in power, at all costs. Key to that control function is the regime's attempt to keep the population from knowing what is going on in the outside world.

But that effort is failing. Smugglers from another Communist state, China, as well as from Japan and South Korea, are risking their lives to bring in communications technology ranging from cell phones to compact digital video cameras to VHS-format videotape recordings. "We have smuggled phones inside the country," one defector told CNN in 2005. "Of course, the regime intercepts the calls, they have to, to preserve the dictatorship." Under this police state, a key to regime survival is preventing the population from knowing what is going on in the outside world.

Likewise, the true picture of life in North Korea is beginning to emerge through video smuggled out of the country. And the true picture is a hellish one. Footage shows starving homeless children forced to steal food in markets, crowds combing trainyards for small amounts of fertilizer that they can sell to get food, and diseased people—and dead bodies—lying in the streets. The CNN program that so outraged Kim was broadcast in November 2005. It featured smuggled hidden-camera footage that showed an impoverished nation struggling to cope with a brutal dictatorship. In one scene from March 2005, a crowd of North Koreans is ordered to gather at an open field in an unidentified city in northern North Korea. At another point, a voice is heard on the video: "Carry out the death sentence immediately!" A man, blindfolded and tied to a stake, is shot to death. His heads slumps forward. The scene is repeated in another village square. What crime did these people commit? They had made contact with foreigners in nearby China. They were helping people escape the horror that is North Korea.

Scores of defectors who have managed to escape North Korea are exposing the lies and deception of the Kim regime, as well as the brutality. Some who fled were forced to watch public executions carried out as a lesson to North Koreans not to revolt or flee. Smuggled video has shown the ultimate in dissent within the North Korean police state: dissidents defacing portraits of Kim Jong-il and posting anti-Kim banners on the side of an overpass. Such acts of defiance are punishable by imprisonment or death. The defaced poster carried the words "Kim Jong-il, who are you? You are a tyrant. People will not forgive you and we will bring you down from power. We want freedom and democracy. Open policy is the only way for us to survive."

Dissidents who work against the regime say that Kim is convinced he must kill all his political opponents, at home and abroad, or they will kill him and drive him from power. He has dispatched assassins to hunt down and kill the defectors working against the regime.

Repression in North Korea is widespread. Satellite photographs show that the regime has built vast prison labor camps. The State Security Department controls these political-prisoner detention facilities, which hold up to 200,000, according to the nongovernment organization Human Rights Watch. The North Korean regime reviews families' loyalty to the government, using three categories to classify people: the "core" people, those considered to be "wavering" in their support of the system, and those classified as "hostile" to the regime. The government punishes transgressors by sending entire families—parents, children, and grandchildren—to the prison labor camps. Those "criminals" considered beyond Communist reeducation are sent to the most deadly camps, where forced labor and starvation will kill them in a relatively short period of time. Others are considered capable of being "reformed" and are sent to less severe but still horrific camps.

There has also been widespread famine because the food production and distribution system collapsed in the late 1990s. According to intelligence estimates, the devastating famine that resulted claimed the lives of as many as 2 million people. The Communist regime employs a ration system as a control mechanism, denying food and essentials to anyone who is viewed as not acting in accordance with the government's wishes.

The combination of repression and famine has ensured that North Korea is one of the few countries whose population is dropping precipitously. Estimated to be 28 million in 1992, the population was believed to be about 21 million in 2005—a loss of 7 million people in less than fifteen years.

Kang Chol-Hwan, who survived ten years in a prison labor camp, is one of the most high-profile defectors to tell his story outside the closed society of North Korea. His 2001 book *The Aquariums of Pyongyang*—copies of which President George W. Bush is known to have given out—disclosed in detail the systematic torture, beatings, public executions, and starvation in his camp. "The people who are at the camps, the [North Korean] government wants to kill them all," Kang told me in an interview. "Instead of executing them, they kill them slowly, making them work in forced labor. That was the hardest part." Kang revealed how prisoners are fed minute portions of corn and salt that make it "impossible to survive" without additional food. Kang and his family managed to survive by eating cooked rats and snakes, and live lizards.

Kang was released from the camp in 1987, but the repression was so overwhelming that in 1992 he risked his life to cross the border into China. Working as a trader, he bribed a border guard to let him go. He told me that his trip across the border was relatively easy compared with what North Koreans face now, since the government has recently set up triple fences and more guards to block the defections. Kang has maintained contact with a network of other defectors and smugglers who continue to provide information on the situation inside North Korea.

North Korea, according to Kang, grows more unstable as food and energy shortages increase. Foreign aid—primarily from China, South Korea, and Japan—keeps the regime from collapsing completely, he told me. Kang said he urged President George W. Bush in an Oval Office meeting on June 13, 2005, to do more to help provide assistance to North Korea without going through channels controlled by the government. "Elites" use the foreign assistance sent by international relief agencies and foreign states to keep the regime in power while most of the population starves. Kang also said he told the president that the United States should provide direct support to North Korean defectors to help counter the fact that North Koreans are "brainwashed with anti-Americanism" from very early ages.

In addition, Kang noted that in recent years the armed forces have assumed an even more prominent position in Kim's regime, ranking in importance only after the absolute ruler himself and the Workers' Party of Korea. "Without the military, the government would collapse immediately," he told me. Thus, a nation of just 21 million people has a military of around 1.5 million troops. The regime must devote vast resources to sustaining that large an army. Without foreign assistance, it would be an unsustainable model, since North Korea's failed economic system could not support Kim's "military first" policies.

Kim also invests heavily in keeping his spy agencies active, diverting foreign assistance for that purpose. "The secret services of North Korea are quite powerful and stable," Kang told me. The intelligence services target South Korea and, especially, the estimated 300,000 defectors hiding in China. According to Kang, North Korea's intelligence service recently purchased high-technology equipment from China and Japan to detect and locate cell phone users in the country, and even to monitor North Koreans who change the channels on their television sets, a crime in the police state. "The government is doing poorly on the economic side but doesn't hesitate to invest in this," Kang said.

All these factors combine to form a system that is near collapse, Kang believes. North Korea's economy, the most centrally planned and isolated in the world, is in a dire state. Industrial equipment and factories are nearly beyond repair because of lack of investment and spare-parts shortages. Only large infusions of foreign aid since 1995 have kept the disaster of food shortages and starvation from growing worse. In this economic crisis, maintaining totalitarian political control has remained the regime’s overriding concern. But Kang told me that the ruling elites in the Workers’ Party of Korea, the military, and the intelligence services have become desperate and rely heavily on outside assistance to survive and prosper. South Korea’s government has adopted a pro–North Korean stance known as the “sunshine” policy, which many critics say has kept the foundering North Korean regime in power. If South Korea and other governments were to cut their foreign aid, the regime would ultimately collapse, Kang believes. He told me the military could overthrow Kim if it failed to get adequate assistance from outside.

Infiltration

Although South Korea has softened its stance on Pyongyang, North Korea continues to target the South Koreans and their allies—including the United States.

Most of North Korea’s 1.5-million-man army is deployed within a few miles of the demilitarized zone (DMZ). Moreover, according to an internal U.S. government counterintelligence report produced in 2004, North Korean intelligence conducts electronic eavesdropping on many South Korean and U.S. communications in Northeast Asia. The report noted that “the primary threat posed by North Korean intelligence operations is directed against U.S. forces stationed in South Korea.” The North Koreans also rely heavily on human intelligence-gathering. North Korean military intelligence has dispatched commandos to South Korea. “The primary methods of infiltration have been through tunnels under the Demilitarized Zone and seaborne operations involving submarine and high-speed patrol boats as insertion vehicles,” the report said. Four of these tunnels under the DMZ were discovered by the South Korean military. They raise particularly disturbing questions about North Korea’s ability to devastate the South Koreans using asymmetric warfare. U.S. officials say that the North Koreans may have dug as many as twenty-five tunnels wide enough to drive military vehicles through.

The same counterintelligence report, entitled “Intelligence Threat Handbook,” highlighted North Korea’s efforts to infiltrate the United States. The report noted that North Korea’s operations in the United States remain limited, but some of the operations that do exist are the most threatening of all—efforts focused on “acquiring nuclear weapons technology.”

An earlier classified report confirmed that North Korea sought nuclear secrets from the United States. This report, produced in 1999, stated that prospective nuclear weapons states like North Korea and Iran seek details of first-generation nuclear explosives. An intelligence source told me that a North Korean government agent successfully penetrated the Los Alamos National Laboratory in the late 1990s, posing as a South Korean who had moved to Canada. The agent obtained technology and information that would have been useful to North Korea's nuclear arms program.

The classified report stated that North Korea has "aggressive intelligence programs that place a priority on science and technology collection." While the North Koreans have marginal access to Energy Department facilities in the United States, government agents recruit spies based on cultural ties. "Oftentimes this cultivation process is very subtle and may take many months or years to fully develop," the classified report said. "All U.S. visitors to North Korea are under constant escort and believe all their faxes are copied. In addition, a Department of Energy scientist reports that his escort asked him to discuss 'in private' U.S. and North Korean nuclear weapons complexes." North Korea agents also go through other countries to obtain America's nuclear secrets. "They operate abroad to obtain U.S. nuclear technologies and information related to their needs," the report said. "North Korea has tried to obtain U.S. nuclear-related information or technology from third-country sources."

Echoing the 2004 "Intelligence Threat Handbook," American counterintelligence officials have told me that few North Korean intelligence operations have been detected in the United States. But few does not mean none. Two cases highlight the danger North Korea poses to the United States because of its aggressive intelligence work. The cases also underscore the need to develop an offensive strategic counterintelligence program against North Korea.

Aiding the "Revolutionary Cause"

FBI documents in the case of Korean-American businessman John Joungwoong Yai provide a rare glimpse into the secret world of North Korean intelligence activities in this country. Yai was arrested on February 4, 2003, for failing to register as a foreign agent. Later that year he pleaded guilty to lesser felony charges related to not reporting more than $18,000 to U.S. Customs officials, and was sentenced to two years in prison. But there is overwhelming evidence that he was in fact an agent for the North Korean government, conducting what U.S. officials called "low-level intelligence services" over a seven-year period. Indeed, according to a mass of evidence compiled by the FBI, he had received the $18,000 from North Korean officials as payment for his intelligence reports.

Yai was born in South Korea in 1943 and became a naturalized U.S. citizen in 1980. He also was a spy for North Korea who traveled to China to meet North Korean officials. His main goal, according to an FBI affidavit, was to recruit a subagent who could join the U.S. government in order to obtain top-secret information for North Korea. Between December 1996 and February 2003, the FBI kept Yai under surveillance, intercepting telephone and fax communications; installing clandestine microphones in his Los Angeles office, house, and car to monitor conversations; and secretly searching his residence (but with authorization from a special court in Washington, D.C., under the terms of the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act).

"During the period of the. . .surveillance, the FBI found no evidence that Yai was employed by any entity other than the North Korean government," said FBI counterintelligence agent James G. Chang in the affidavit. The FBI detected Yai sending reports to North Korea through China based on information he had obtained from publicly available sources in the United States. In the reports, Yai embellished his reports to make them sound more valuable to his North Korean handlers.

One Yai fax intercepted by the FBI went to a North Korean agent identified as "Mr. Ahn" and discussed the disappearance of a North Korean agent who had defected. Yai claimed to have been in touch with South Korean intelligence agents in the United States about the defection, although the FBI doubts that Yai had any ties to South Korea's government. The FBI traced several of Yai's telephone calls to the North Korean embassy in Beijing and to Shenyang, China, which is located close to the North Korean border and, according to Chang, has considerable ties to North Korea, including a $30 million North Korean–built hotel.

In May 2000, Yai began using e-mail to communicate with the North Koreans in Beijing, sending messages to the e-mail address GreenEarth2000@yahoo.com. After misaddressing one of his e-mails, Yai faxed them to China with a note stating, "For now, I am sending you copies of what I saved in my computer. I could not store 2 or 3 reports after I sent them. Try to look for them in GreenEarth2000@yahoo.com." On May 29, Yai received a fax, addressed to "Mr. Y," that stated, "I am receiving your proposals that you worked so diligently on. It is busy season right now, so please continue to use the airmail for a while. And about the e-mail, it seems things will be normal when both sides make some more adjustments. But first I must inform you that the e-mail address for Mr. Shin has been changed to Green_Earth_2000@yahoo.com." The fax identifier revealed that it had been sent from a telephone number in Beijing. The FBI learned from cooperation with Yahoo!, the e-mail provider, that the Green Earth e-mail address was created by a subscriber in Shanghai. Yai's son, Dennis, set up the e-mail account Yai used. Dennis used a pseudonym: Denniskim22@yahoo.com.

Over the next year the FBI intercepted a number of e-mails to Yai's North Korean contacts in China. Agent Chang said the North Koreans used China for communicating with its agents because of the extremely limited availability of e-mail access in North Korea at the time. Only a few high-ranking government officials in North Korea, including Kim Jong-il, were permitted to use the Internet.

A clandestine search of Yai's house on April 8, 1998, revealed "code charts" that Yai used to communicate in secret. The charts contained two columns, one for "base" words and one for code words, or, in Korean, "substitution words." The base words and phrases included "the White House," "the State Department," "the Pentagon," "secret operation," "military," "human target," "secret code," "covert surveillance," "top secret," "secret contact," "recruitment," "CIA," "FBI," "nuclear facility," "military exercise," "Korea-US annual security meeting," and "invasion." All indicated targets of North Korean intelligence-gathering in the United States. The code words listed included Yai's cover names—"Won," "Doe," "Adams," and "Paul"—as well as multiple substitutions for the word "headquarters," such as "Chang," "Kang," "Peter," and "James." Two names ("Steve" and "Joseph") meaning "headquarters" were crossed out, indicating that they had been used as code words at an earlier time. Faxes sent from Yai's home in 1999 and 2000 were addressed to names other than those found on the charts, including "Mr. Chi," "Mr. Jefferson," "Mr. Robertson," "Mr. Bill," "Mr. John," "Mr. Oh," "Mr. Ahn," "Mr. Shin," and "Mr. Kim."

Intercepted communications and physical searches revealed that Yai was meeting with North Korean contacts overseas, and receiving money as well. On March 15, 1998, the FBI intercepted a fax to Yai from "Peter Kang," which was code for North Korean headquarters. The fax stated, "I received your itinerary fine. It would be preferable that Mr. Kang [code for 'headquarters'] greet you, but in due concern for the health [code for 'safety'], we have decided not to. Thus, when you arrive and settle in, call these local numbers, 894-2311 or 894-2313, and ask for Kim Chol-yong, and inform him of your location." The telephone numbers provided were for the North Korean embassy in Vienna. A search of Yai's office a few weeks later, on April 8, produced an envelope on which was printed the address "Hotel Erzherzog Rainer Wien, A-1041 Osterreich," which is in Vienna ("Wien" in German). The envelope was filled with $8,500 in cash. According to the FBI affidavit, a stamp in Yai's passport shows that he was in Austria on April 4, 1998.

It seems clear that North Korean agents passed Yai the money during his April 1998 visit to Vienna. This was not the only instance in which the FBI discovered money. On December 16, 1997, FBI agents searching Yai's office had found $3,300 in cash in an envelope on which was handwritten, in Korean, "Embassy in Beijing (Reception) 011-86-10-532-1186 Mr. Koo's telephone number 011-8610-6532-5792 (used also as a fax number)." ("Mr. Koo's" number was, in fact, the main number to which Yai sent faxes to North Korean headquarters.)

Later, in April 2000, Customs agents at Los Angeles International Airport discovered that Yai and his wife were carrying $18,179 in cash. Before the Yais were searched, they had repeatedly affirmed to Customs agents that they were not declaring more than $10,000 in currency. Yai later sent a letter to the Customs Service explaining that he and his wife had saved most of the money and had received some of it as gifts for their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary and had been saving for the special occasion for three to four years and that it was from gifts from children. According to the FBI, that claim was false. The Yais were returning from a trip to Austria and the Czech Republic. Before the trip Mr. Yai had received a coded fax that included the telephone and fax numbers for the North Korean embassy in Prague. The FBI reported that Yai met with North Korean representatives while in Prague and received payment for his reports.

The FBI also concluded that Yai traveled to North Korea on several occasions. He apparently made side trips during visits to China.

According to the Bureau, Yai did more than provide information to North Korean intelligence; he also recruited another American as an agent for Pyongyang. On December 1997, the FBI found a typewritten letter in Yai's office from a North Korean handler. The note stated, "It would be preferable that you find a student inside the church"; the word "church" was code for "Washington, D.C." The following March, the Bureau intercepted a fax from Yai in which he gave his progress report on the recruiting effort. In the fax, Yai stated that he had worked on recruiting someone "for a long time and anguished over it. There are two or three persons whom I have been working on for a while. In Mr. Won's [code for Yai's] opinion, the person has to possess a high quality presence; at least or higher than a U.S. university education, absolutely fluent in English and Korean, young with clear ideology, and has potential to work in the church." He concluded with good news: "I have successfully found an excellent, young high quality person who lacks nothing for becoming a student who has potential for a long range plan."

Over the next several days Yai sent two more faxes to provide more details on his recruit, who is identified only as "Person C" in the FBI affidavit. Yai wanted the recruit to visit headquarters, which he referred to as "pastor Peter" in one fax. "It is better to have the pastor give him the blessing himself, and then give him directions," Yai wrote. In another fax, he told the North Koreans that his "new student" was born in Seoul in 1969, spoke English well, was skilled in the use of computers, and had an ideology that "is beneficial and reliable to our causes."

In May of that year, hidden FBI microphones picked up a conversation between Yai and an associate, whom the affidavit identifies as Person L. Yai explained that "the long term plan is to hook him [Person C] up with his friends in Washington, D.C. who are going to school there." Person L asked if the recruit could get a job as a reporter in Washington, to which Yai replied, "Historically, for spies, if the head leaders fall, everyone falls also." He did not explain this cryptic remark, but it indicates that Yai saw himself as a spymaster for the North Koreans.

The recruit eventually did visit North Korea. On July 20, 1998, Yai sent another fax to North Korean headquarters, reporting on the recruit's reactions to the visit. "He indicated it was a valuable experience, although a nervous one," Yai wrote. "Disciple believes he had a precious experience at Mr. Kim's [code for headquarters]. It was obvious that he had a new outlook in life. . .. Disciple will do well. . .. I think you can trust disciple C. . .. He expressed in several versions how he is so eager to give every bit of effort for the revolutionary cause."

The recruit would best serve the "revolutionary cause" by someday infiltrating the U.S. government, of course.

Yai apparently tried to get at least one other person into the U.S. government in order to feed secret information to the North Koreans. That individual was his coworker, Person L, whom Yai helped get a job with the Los Angeles district attorney's office. Yai hoped the job would be a stepping-stone to employment at the FBI, according to the Bureau. "They need Chinese speakers and people like me who can speak Korean," the unidentified coworker told Yai, in a conversation overheard by the FBI. "I heard people wait up to five years to be hired by the federal government. So I think I should apply to places in Washington, D.C. as soon as possible." She said that she was seeking employment at the Library of Congress as a researcher in Korean-American crime. "The office I am working for right now is a law enforcement office," she stated. "So I heard it is very easy for me to get hired by another law enforcement agency later on."

Interestingly, for all of Yai's apparent efforts to plant a North Korean spy in the U.S. government, it could turn out that he was the one being manipulated. The FBI spotted Person L getting into a car with South Korean diplomatic tags, meaning it was a car belonging to diplomats at the South Korean embassy and probably the National Intelligence Service. It is possible, then, that Person L was secretly working for South Korean intelligence.

Whether or not Person L was working for Seoul, North Korea clearly indicated in its communications with Yai that it was focused on obtaining top-secret information from inside the U.S. government. This is the most revealing part of the Yai case. On May 5, 1997, the North Korean agency sent a fax to Yai saying that the "company president" thought Yai "has made too many proposals about medicine that is already well known, and the types of goods are not varied enough." ("Medicine" is code for "source," in the sense of "basis of information.") North Korean officials wanted newer and better "medicines," specifically ones that were "a little more interesting and inexpensive"—codes for "undisclosed [not sold to public]" and "top secret," respectively. Another 1997 fax to Yai from North Korean headquarters stated that "it is important to work on medical proposals that are not known," while still another said, "It was suggested that the items might not be accepted unless the items were inexpensive, interesting, and have a lot of variety."

Yai took the message to heart. In Yai's office, the FBI found notes handwritten in Korean saying, "Do not send anything that has been revealed in the newspaper or radio. (Engage in a lot of conversation with people above [connoting people of a higher rank], and things that we do not see in homeland.)" He also was overheard telling Person L that the North Koreans "are looking for things that are not public. They want about 100 or 150 reports a year. I finished about 160 last year."

Why was there such a premium on fresh information? Apparently the reports were being reviewed by more and more North Korean government officials, going up to the hierarchy of the Workers' Party of Korea. The FBI heard Yai telling Person L that North Korea had "increased the number of people in the analytical section. They are the ones who review the stuff and determine if they are new information or not." Under this system, Yai said, "even if they do not see them [the reports] in Beijing, they might see them in North Korea."

All this evidence pointed to one conclusion, according to the FBI: Yai was a North Korean agent. FBI agent Chang concluded the affidavit by stating, "Yai was working for the North Korean intelligence service, and not any other component of the North Korean government. The coded means of communication, the repeated travel to the homeland (or a closely allied country), the meetings abroad, the payments in cash, and Yai's description of the handling of the information in China and North Korea, are characteristic of an agent of an intelligence service."

Of course, Yai was able to plead guilty to the lesser charges of not reporting $18,179 to Customs. It seems Yai got off easy. Yai's lawyer, William Genego, argued in court that Yai was simply sending newspaper clippings to North Korea to compensate for the lack of free media and Internet access, but the FBI's extensive surveillance calls that defense into serious question.

The Yai case highlights the difficulty of dealing with foreign spies. U.S. espionage laws require showing proof that a person who spied for a foreign power damaged the national security of the United States. That charge is difficult to prove in court, partly because, as mentioned, the evidence contains classified information. As often happens in spy cases, prosecutors were forced to seek lesser charges. Nonetheless, the case opens a window onto North Korea's aggressive intelligence activities, and reminds the United States why it must learn to counter the threat from Pyongyang.

David Szady, until 2006 the FBI's most senior counterintelligence official, said in an interview that if spies get off easy it is usually because of the complexities of prosecuting the cases in court. "It usually goes to issues of prosecution, DOJ [Department of Justice], everything from jury appeal. . .what are we trying to prove, can we prove it," he told me. Spies are getting "smarter and smarter," Szady remarked, and as a result prosecutors many times are forced to rely on easier-to-prove lesser charges such as failing to register as a foreign agent or conspiracy. "All of them, they're tricky cases," he said.

Nuclear Spying

Another North Korean spy case involved Jong-Hun Lee, an aerospace scientist who worked at the Johnson Space Center in Houston for a NASA contractor from 1990 to 1992. Lee, a Canadian citizen born in Japan, had previously worked for the NASA Ames Research Center in Mountain View, California.

Lee was a specialist in aerothermodynamics, the study of the physical effects of air flowing over vehicles, which is useful for missile research. The FBI had classified information indicating that he supplied missile-related data to the North Koreans. Several years later, in 1998, North Korea flight-tested its first long-range Taepodong-2 missile, which Pyongyang later claimed was a civilian space launcher. The CIA said it was a long-range missile capable of carrying a warhead to the United States.

The North Koreans triggered another crisis in July 2006 when they test-fired seven missiles, including the Taepodong-2, which is capable of reaching the United States.

The test preparations had triggered the Pentagon's new Ground Base Interceptor missile defense system, which included nine interceptor missiles in Alaska and two in California. A senior government official told me at the time that shooting down the North Korean missile would be an option if it headed for U.S. or allied territory. As it happened, the Taepodong-2 launch failed forty-two seconds into flight, but the other missiles were fired off successfully in what Pentagon officials said was an impressive display of launch operations for the third-world Communist state. The United Nations Security Council passed a resolution condemning the launches, though China and Russia blocked efforts to impose sanctions against Pyongyang.

Suspicion surrounded Lee well before the 1998 missile launch. His brother lived in North Korea, and Lee had visited there around 1979 to attend his brother's wedding. He had also been in contact with scientists belonging to the General Association of Korean Residents in Japan, known as the Chosen Soren community. Japanese intelligence sources have described the Chosen Soren community, which is made up of ethnic North Koreans in Japan, as an overt North Korean intelligence-related organization that provides logistical assistance to Pyongyang. An underground element is directly linked to the Workers' Party of Korea; according to intelligence sources, an estimated 5,000 members engage in intelligence activities and political influence operations, and help obtain high technology for North Korean weapons programs. By investing in networks of Japanese pachinko parlors (pachinko is a Japanese form of pinball), the association has supplied the North Korean regime with between $600 million and $1.9 billion in hard currency.

Lee claimed that his last contact with the Chosen Soren scientists occurred in 1980 and that all the information he shared with them was in the public domain. But investigators believed otherwise. In 1992 NASA forced him out of his job because of his connections to the Chosen Soren.

In 1994, a federal immigration judge, after reviewing the FBI's evidence, declared Lee a national security threat and ordered him to be deported. Few details of the case have been made public, but in making his decision, the judge cited the fact that North Korea was developing nuclear weapons and noted that Lee had the technological expertise to help Pyongyang develop missiles that carry nuclear warheads. The judge stated that Lee's ties to the Chosen Soren were the issue, acknowledging that there was no direct evidence Lee was spying on behalf of North Korea.

But there was enough evidence to raise serious concerns. U.S. officials said that the judge was shown a report of a polygraph test the FBI gave Lee in 1985, when he was working at the NASA Ames Center. The report stated that "testing revealed deception" to several questions, including, “Are you connected in any way with any non-U.S. Intelligence Service?”

Canadian authorities gave Lee a security clearance and citizenship, Lee told authorities. He began working in the United States on a temporary work visa in 1990. FBI counterintelligence officials said that Lee had obtained a visa by mistake and, because of his North Korean connections, should never have been granted entry into the country.

U.S. officials believed that North Korea could pressure Lee to obtain further missile-related information by threatening his brother in North Korea. Lee denied the spying allegation. “Even under pressure from North Korea, how could I possibly get the information they need?” he said. “I never had any access to that kind of information.” Lee claimed that the FBI had pressured him to become a double agent for the United States, and that he came under suspicion only because he refused the request. After his deportation, Lee eventually settled in Tokyo, telling the Associated Press that U.S. officials had “destroyed my career and my life without proper reason.”

“Portfolio of Illicit Activities”

The North Korean regime represents a significant threat to the United States and its allies around the world not just because of its aggressive intelligence work and its nuclear weapons program. It also is one of the world’s worst weapons proliferators, and it is tied up in illegal drug trafficking, counterfeiting foreign currency, money laundering, and illicit trade in sanctioned items.

The primary goal behind all these activities is the same: to provide an infusion of cash that the regime can invest in its military buildup, its intelligence structure, and its nuclear weapons program. And of course, those investments are linked by the same ultimate objective: to keep the Communist regime in power.

One U.S. official told me, “There’s this whole portfolio of illicit activities which they [the North Koreans] engage in to support the regime.” Another official said that the evidence of North Korea’s dirty dealings is overwhelming, even though it must be pieced together from information from defectors and other intelligence. “You have this catalogue of information that starts to build up and you start to see a pattern develop,” the official told me.

David L. Asher, who monitored North Korean criminal activity when working at the State Department, said that all this illicit activity makes North Korea a "*Soprano* state"—a reference to the cable television show about a New Jersey organized crime group. "North Korea is the only government in the world today that can be identified as being actively involved in directing crime as a central part of its national economic strategy and foreign policy," Asher said. The criminal activity provides hard currency for the Pyongyang regime, he reported.

The most threatening of these illegal activities is North Korea's covert arm sales. The transfer of dangerous weapons and related technology represents the most serious danger to U.S. national security today. John Bolton, the U.S. ambassador to the United Nations, has revealed in congressional testimony Pyongyang's indiscriminate arms selling. In 2003, Bolton, then the undersecretary of state for arms control and international security, told Congress that "the North Koreans are the largest sellers of ballistic missile technology to proliferant countries in the world." Bolton was absolutely right about North Korea's extensive arms proliferation, which I documented in detail in the book *Treachery.* According to Bolton, the North Koreans use the money generated from arms sales to "buttress their weapons of mass destruction programs, and, really, to help buttress the elite in North Korea." The earnings, he stressed, did nothing to relieve the "wretched and really horrible lives lived by the 22 million North Koreans who live in poverty."

The CIA official I spoke with told me that North Korea's arms sales are part of a long-range transfer of weapons and technology to Iran, Syria, Libya, Pakistan, and India. These transfers raise serious concerns about North Korea's own covert nuclear weapons program. "There is a fair amount of information, albeit fragmentary, to show that North Korea is and has been using other countries as subcontractors for essential research, especially on their nuclear program," the official said. Most analysts focus on known facilities in North Korea, like the Yongbyon nuclear facility, but "the North Koreans have intensified their use of surrogates and subcontractors to prevent being 'caught' with a smoking gun should the IAEA [International Atomic Energy Agency] and our national collection means discover continued nuclear testing and research going on inside North Korea."

The *Soprano* state also trades in sanctioned items such as conflict diamonds (gems that are traded from areas like Africa and are used to fund rebels), rhinoceros horn, and ivory. According to intelligence officials, the illicit trade in rhino horn produces hundreds of thousands of dollars for North Korea. The North Koreans pay poachers between $100 and $200 in states like Botswana to shoot a rhino and cut off its horn. They resell much of the horn to Yemeni traders who create elaborately jeweled handles for daggers called *jambiyas,* and grind up the rest into a powder to sell in Singapore, Hong Kong, and Macao. Officials told me that with an investment of a few hundred dollars to a poacher, the North Koreans can make as much as $400,000 from a single horn.

North Korean diplomats and intelligence personnel have been engaged in trafficking of heroin and methamphetamine to Russia, China, Japan, and other nations, according to North Korean government defectors. John Bolton also identified Pyongyang's role in the drug trade in his congressional testimony in 2003. Aside from North Korea's arms sales, Bolton said, the two most important "sources of hard currency earnings" for Pyongyang are illegal narcotics exports and dealings with Japanese organized criminal networks.

The North Koreans also make money by selling the right to fly their national flag to merchant shippers and commercial fishermen at three times the normal rate, often bringing in several hundred thousand dollars a year from each of the scores of ships that use the North Korean registry. The shippers prefer North Korean flagging because it often means not having to follow international regulations. They also avoid inspections from many nations' inspectors whose governments fear angering Pyongyang. In March 2006, the North Korean–flagged merchant vessel *Crystal* was stopped at a port in Europe and was found to be engaged in illegal immigrant smuggling. The owner was a U.S.-based company that is incorporated in Delaware. In May 2006, the Treasury Department's Office of Foreign Assets Control banned U.S. and U.S.-based companies from flagging their ships with the North Korean registry.

Another criminal activity North Korea has been responsible for is counterfeiting foreign currency, as the U.S. government confirmed with the arrest of Irish Communist leader Seán Garland. Garland, the head of the Irish Workers' Party—the Marxist-Leninist wing of the Irish Republican Army—was arrested in Belfast, Northern Ireland, on October 7, 2005. Garland and six others had been indicted the previous May for conspiring to buy more than $1 million in high-quality fake $100 bills, or "supernotes," from North Koreans. The indictment stated, "Quantities of the supernote were manufactured in, and under auspices of the government of, the Democratic People's Republic of Korea [North Korea]. Individuals, including North Korean nationals acting as ostensible government officials, engaged in the worldwide transportation, delivery, and sale of quantities of supernotes."

This marked the first time the federal government provided details of North Korea's counterfeiting of U.S. currency. The indictment was not made public until after Garland's arrest; U.S. officials told me that the government did not expose North

Korea's counterfeiting until then because it did not want to undermine the six-party talks intended to convince the Communist regime to give up its covert nuclear weapons program.

But U.S. authorities had been investigating the counterfeiting for some sixteen years. The Communist regime is the world's only state producer of the supernote. One U.S. intelligence official told me that North Korea's counterfeit money, including counterfeit Japanese yen and European euros as well as American dollars, is produced at the Pyongsong Science and Research Institute, located about fifteen miles north of Pyongyang. According to U.S. law-enforcement officials, the North Korean government has produced at least $45 million in supernotes since 1989.

To thwart investigators, U.S. officials told me, Garland hid North Korea as the source of the counterfeit notes by limiting those with knowledge to a close circle of associates and telling others that the counterfeits were produced in Russia. As the Workers' Party leader, Garland made official party visits around the world to make arrangements for the supernote purchases.

Garland denied the charges in the indictment. After being set free on bail, however, he fled to the Republic of Ireland to avoid extradition to the United States. And U.S. investigators assembled a pile of evidence linking him to the North Koreans. Informants and electronic wiretaps showed that North Korea used its diplomatic outposts in Russia, Belarus, and Poland to provide the supernotes to Garland and his accomplices. For example, Garland reportedly met with North Korean intelligence officials in Warsaw in 1997 to buy a quantity of supernotes. And one official told me that in Moscow, surveillance revealed that Garland was "picked up by North Korean diplomats, by a North Korean limousine, and taken to the North Korean embassy."

Counterfeiting does not pose as obvious a threat as does arms sales, but it does hurt the United States. The use of fake notes, even a small amount, undermines the integrity of all U.S. money. "If people who use U.S. currency don't believe they can tell the difference between the counterfeit and genuine, all the currency becomes suspect," one law-enforcement official told me. "That's why it's very troubling." David L. Asher cautions, "Under international law, counterfeiting another nation's currency is an act of casus belli, an act of economic war. No other government has engaged in this act against another government since the Nazis under Hitler."

Like Garland, North Korea's government immediately denied involvement in counterfeiting. The government-run Korean Central News Agency released a statement on October 21, 2005, in which it declared the Garland indictment to be part of a U.S. "smear campaign" against North Korea.

Of course, for decades the North Koreans had denied any involvement in the abduction of thirteen-year-old Megumi Yokota and other Japanese nationals as well. But that denial turned out to be false.

A Belated Admission

In 2002, only a month before U.S. official James Kelly's confrontation with North Korea over nuclear weapons, Pyongyang began holding a series of talks with Japan's government aimed at normalizing relations, which had been on ice since 1948. In one meeting, on September 17, Kim Jong-il dropped a diplomatic bombshell. He admitted to Japanese prime minister Junichiro Koizumi that North Korean government agents had abducted the missing Japanese nationals. At last the North Koreans had admitted what the Japanese suspected. A North Korean "organization with a special mission" had abducted thirteen Japanese from Japan and Europe, Kim told Koizumi, according to Japanese officials who briefed reporters after the meeting. The Japanese government hadn't even been aware that two of the people on the list had been abducted.

Kim Jong-il badly miscalculated in disclosing the kidnappings. He had hoped that by coming clean he would normalize ties with Japan and open the way for hundreds of millions of dollars in foreign aid. But the admission turned public opinion against North Korea like no other issue. Even North Korea's August 1998 firing of a long-range missile over Japanese territory did not create as much widespread anger toward the Communist state. Normalization was now out of the question. Despite Kim's apology and his claim that after he came to know about the abductions, "the persons responsible have been punished," North Korea failed to give Tokyo a full accounting of the matter and dealt deceptively in repatriating the abducted Japanese.

Particularly disturbing was North Korea's handling of Megumi Yokota. It remains unclear what happened to her since her 1977 abduction. After he defected in 1993, North Korean An Myong Jin told authorities in Japan and South Korea that he had seen Yokota in a suburb of Pyongyang on October 10, 1988. The North Koreans told the Japanese that Yokota had married and given birth to a daughter who lives in Pyongyang. Then in November 2004, North Korea returned what it said were her remains. But DNA analysis conducted by Japanese authorities revealed that the bones were not those of the abducted student.

Addressing the Threat

The intelligence unit of U.S. Forces Korea aptly summed up the threat from North Korea. In a statement, the intelligence unit told me, “North Korea poses a dangerous and complex threat to peace and security in the region and throughout the world. The Kim regime maintains a delicate balance of threats to ensure regime survival. They maintain a massive, offensively postured, conventional force that far exceeds the requirements to defend their country. Their continuing weapons of mass destruction programs constitute a substantial threat to Northeast Asia and the world. The Korean People’s Army continues to invest heavily in military programs designed to offset our operational superiority. We see no indications the Kim regime will change its ‘Military First’ policy, brinkmanship, nuclear challenges, missile proliferation, and illegal activities that ensure regime survival. The North Korean people will continue to suffer under an oppressive regime. For the foreseeable future, North Korea remains a major challenge to security in Northeast Asia.”

The pressing question for the United States and its allies is just how to deal with North Korea’s rogue regime. The U.S. government has tried to resolve the problem diplomatically. Specifically, it focused on solving the nuclear weapons crisis through the six-party talks, refusing to engage the North Koreans in one-on-one negotiations. North Korea walked away from the talks in 2005 and demanded economic and political concessions from the United States before it would return.

The North Korean defector Kang Chol-Hwan warns that the United States cannot focus solely on the nuclear weapons issue, urgent as that problem is. “If the United States pressures North Korea only on the nuclear issue,” he told me, “the North Korean government can utilize that to increase the level of anti-Americanism in the country.” Kang explained that “Kim Jong-il does not intend to give up all the power he has, so there is no way this country will change by itself.” In other words, North Korea will not make democratic reforms on its own. The problem is the system: “The whole country is focused on this one person [Kim], and unless the system changes, nothing will change.”

The CIA official I interviewed agrees that U.S. efforts to resolve the problem of North Korea diplomatically will fail. “Take it to heart that Kim Jong-il is not at all gifted in foreign affairs, is totally psychocentric, and will stop at nothing to ensure that North Korea maintains its rightful place in the sun, according to his vision of the world,” the official said. “This is [more] dangerous the longer it continues.”

One way to deal with Kim and his Communist regime would be to buy him out. Such an arrangement occurred in 1986 with the ouster of Haitian dictator Jean-Claude “Baby

Doc" Duvalier, who was forced into exile in France but was allowed to take more than $750 million in stolen funds. A similar ouster might work if Kim were offered exile and cash. Another option would be to engage him through South Korea and Japan in commercial contracts to place more emphasis on economic growth and the development of an entrepreneur class. This is the so-called McDonald's solution.

The U.S. government has taken some small steps to address the North Korean problem beyond engaging in the six-party nuclear talks. In October 2005, Congress supported efforts to rid North Korea of the Kim regime, passing the North Korea Human Rights Act. This act called for more Korean-language radio broadcasts into North Korea and funding for nongovernmental organizations to promote human rights, democracy, the rule of law, and the development of a market economy. The act was mostly symbolic, though. More needs to be done.

A full-scale war with North Korea remains a remote possibility. But the closeness of Pyongyang's million-man army to South Korea, and its missiles that can hit targets thousands of miles away, make this the least attractive option. The fact that U.S. forces are engaged in Iraq and Afghanistan would also make a war with North Korea difficult to fight. Still, the Pentagon is building up its forces throughout Asia; the effectiveness of U.S. troops there will increase several-fold by 2010. And the U.S. military has drafted a North Korean war plan, known as Operation Plan 5027. The plan calls for preemptive attacks on North Korean leaders in any conflict. U.S. intelligence agencies have identified the top one hundred North Korean leaders who would be key targets in any military operation against North Korea. The main targets are Kim Jong-il and his immediate group of Workers' Party advisers.

Though military action is an unlikely and undesirable option, the United States cannot sit by as North Korea flouts international law and endangers America and its allies. What is needed to bring down the regime is a concerted international counterintelligence program targeting North Korea's intelligence services, which play such a vital role in maintaining Kim's hold on power.

The problem, of course, is that North Korea is a difficult intelligence target. Few American intelligence specialists know enough about the North Korean mindset to bring about incremental failures that will lead first to throwing the Kim regime out of alignment and ultimately to its downfall from within, without a large-scale war. As one intelligence official put it, "The North Koreans are still *the* hard target out there. We can recruit a member of the inner circle in Tehran with relative ease. We can get into Putin's office with some difficulty. Getting inside the inner workings of Kim Jong-il is daunting to the extreme."

Part of the problem has been the bureaucratic mindset that has limited the U.S. intelligence ability to penetrate terrorist groups. If you go to the Olympics telling yourself that you will never win a medal, you are not likely to win one. But the United States must overcome this self-defeating mindset to deal with the pressing North Korean threat. As the CIA official said in our interview, North Korea is run as Kim's "personal fiefdom," which means that "we have to get in there and work on the levels of personal avarice and greed, mistrust, and cunning that enable Kim Jong-il to exercise total control."

The Essential Weapon

The North Korean problem can best be solved through a covert action and counterintelligence program that disrupts Kim's regime and ultimately leads to his ouster—and a new, democratic North Korea.

This program must, first of all, vastly increase the intelligence database on North Korea, since no program aiming at regime change can succeed if it is not based on thorough knowledge of the system.

Because access to North Korea is so difficult, the initial phases of the program must target North Korean officials overseas. While only a small number of North Koreans are authorized to operate outside the country, these represent the best opportunity for reaching the extremely hierarchical leadership in Pyongyang, which is centered on Kim and his family. U.S. intelligence must find out who travels abroad and why; who is posted abroad for any length of time; who has specific missions abroad and what they are; what happens if they fail; what will happen to their families if they fail. Some officials of the Workers' Party of Korea and North Korean diplomats have defected, but not without great personal sacrifice. The CIA has not recruited any of these officials as agents in place, the ultimate objective.

North Korea has a diplomatic and intelligence presence in Europe, Africa, South Asia, and Latin America. Each mission has a small unit of security professionals who are not technically intelligence officers. The security officials are usually tasked with preventing defections of mission personnel, or with rounding up recalcitrant North Koreans who have made mistakes or otherwise have failed in the regime's eyes. Overseas officials must also produce "loyalty payments"—payments they are required to make to Kim in order to continue living and working abroad. These officials are often caught selling drugs, passing counterfeit currency, or engaging in other black market trafficking.

U.S. intelligence generally considers recruiting overseas officials to be too difficult. That mindset has to change. These officials should be the focus of major recruitment efforts using all means, including financial incentives and appeals to nationalism. For example, if an overseas official falls behind in his loyalty payments to the North Korean regime, U.S. agents could offer to make up the payments in exchange for his cooperation. In one past case, a North Korean official posted overseas had become distraught after his son was killed in a car accident and North Korean officials refused to allow him to return the body to North Korea for burial (the ruling Workers' Party for some reason regarded the accident as an embarrassment). U.S. intelligence secretly arranged for the burial through a third country and then later "pitched" the North Korean to work for the United States in exchange for the family favor.

In some situations U.S. intelligence could carefully orchestrate matters so it appears that North Korean overseas officials have made mistakes against the regime, and then swoop in to offer to "help out." Since those who offend the Kim regime pay a steep price—often with their lives—North Korean officials would have strong incentive to cooperate. And most important, overseas officials can be convinced, despite a level of near-brainwashing by North Korean ideology, to abandon the brutal regime of Kim Jong-il.

The Workers' Party of Korea has a security apparatus of its own, responsible for enforcing party loyalty. The members of this security force often have direct access to Kim and are handpicked, thoroughly trained, and frequently tested to ensure their loyalty to the regime. They are often sent abroad; for example, their personnel carried out the 1987 KAL bombing over the Indian Ocean, and the bombing of the Rangoon leadership in 1983.

Party security officials are required to make a loyalty promise to Kim, in person, and failure is not an option for them. When they do make mistakes, they seek help from the CIA or the South Koreans. Some evidence indicates that a number of former North Korean party security officials, albeit low-level ones, simply dropped out of sight after making mistakes; they felt they could not return to North Korea. Such officials are potential sources and should be located. It is likely that some of these officials are providing help to human rights groups and defectors in South Korea.

Another special recruitment program should be aimed at North Korea's military intelligence (MI) unit. The MI is made up of special operations forces trained for war against South Korea, Japan, and to a lesser extent U.S. forces in East Asia. The unit also helps protect key military sites in North Korea and some of the primary villas used for leadership residences. MI personnel are involved in obtaining, covertly, Western military hardware and are found in organizations such as the Changgwang Credit Corporation, a military front company. These personnel, when posted abroad—usually to carry out a specific arms acquisition or sale—are excellent potential targets for U.S. counterintelligence. Money is very important to them. Their exposure to things “Western” also makes them vulnerable.

Diplomatically, North Korea has no real foreign service within its Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Those posted abroad are not appointed systematically or promoted through a traditional foreign service structure; most are picked by Kim himself. The CIA has recruited some overseas diplomats in the past, usually by identifying, through both traditional and technical operations, mistakes the diplomats made or ways they might be lured. But the recruiting has never been part of a focused operation of the sort the United States needs to put in place now.

Some recruitment targets are not posted abroad. A case in point is North Korea’s Ministry of State Security, the agency most responsible for protecting North Korea against criminal activity. Officials of this ministry run the camps and gulags and are posted at every point of entry into the country. They protect the major government buildings and provide security to most government officials. As an intelligence and security organization, they are regarded more as cops—brutal, harsh, powerful—than intelligence officers. These officials should be targeted for recruitment as part of this regime-change program, precisely because of their role in maintaining and securing the Kim system.

As with any strategic or offensive counterintelligence program, this aggressive targeting of North Korea must involve stringent security procedures to ensure that the United States is not fed false information that will influence policy in the wrong direction. The risk of getting bad information is high in North Korea, simply because the United States does not know enough about how the Communist regime works, despite the fact that North Korea has been an enemy for more than fifty years, since the Korean War. A North Korean who is recruited and discovers that the people he is working for know almost nothing about North Korea will probably respond by feeding garbage to his handlers.

North Korea has not been a key intelligence target because budget and personnel have been sparse. U.S. Forces Korea and the Eighth Army have more dedicated intelligence and counterintelligence assets poised against North Korea than does the entire CIA. Thus the CIA’s National Clandestine Service must create a core of officers specifically for this covert action and counterintelligence program. The officers must be steeped in North Korea. Technical intelligence operations can help fill the gaps in our knowledge.

The more U.S. intelligence knows about North Korea, the better it will be able to gauge the information provided by recruited sources.

The United States cannot take a scattershot approach in trying to set up a covert-action and counterintelligence program. Covert-action rules require that programs be aligned with general public policy. Therefore it is important to connect this program to a long-term objective rather than simply looking for bits of intelligence, as has been done in the past. So the United States must connect the program to an end goal that can be publicly identified—changing the regime in Pyongyang.

Connecting the counterintelligence program to the goal of ousting the Kim regime will provide focus for recruitment and action. The world is beginning to understand the horror of the Kim regime, through defectors and escapees like Kang Chol-Hwan. The ruthless nature of North Korea's Communist state can no longer be ignored. And the U.S. intelligence community must step up to the challenge of burrowing deep within the North Korean system in order to undermine it.

Penetrating the enemy's services to cause disruptions and then cause a downfall—it's the same approach CIA master counterspy James Jesus Angleton once told me was the key to defeating Communist regimes in the Soviet Union, Eastern Europe, and elsewhere. Counterintelligence—the tool the United States largely abandoned years ago—is the essential weapon in the fight against this key member of the axis of evil.

Chapter 7

COUNTERING THE TERRORIST THREAT

Al Qaeda, its affiliates and other terrorist groups have used official identification, uniforms, or vehicles to gain access to secure areas in order to carry out attacks overseas.

—*Department of Homeland Security and FBI intelligence report on preparations for the January 2005 presidential inauguration*

The fact that foreign agents have stolen America's most sensitive secrets is frightening enough in itself, but it highlights an even more serious danger—that terrorists will plant agents within the U.S. government, too. As one senior American intelligence official told me, "If the Cubans and Chinese can penetrate the heart of our government, so can terrorists."

Ever since September 11, 2001, the U.S. government's national security priority has, of course, been tracking down terrorists. Shortly after the 9/11 attacks, Congress issued a joint resolution authorizing the president "to use all necessary and appropriate force against those nations, organizations, or persons he determines planned, authorized, committed, or aided the terrorist attacks that occurred on September 11, 2001, or harbored such organizations or persons, in order to prevent any future acts of international terrorism against the United States by such nations, organizations or persons."

Immediately it became clear that U.S. intelligence would play an essential role in the effort to protect the United States from further attack. There was only one problem: The U.S. intelligence community was woefully unprepared to penetrate the dark world of al Qaeda and other Islamist extremist organizations.

In particular, the United States had extremely limited capabilities when it came to human intelligence-gathering—the real stuff of spying. Sadly, these shortcomings remain five years after the attacks of September 11, 2001. U.S. intelligence agencies still have been unable to plant agents in or recruit them from inside the Islamist extremist organizations.

Congressman Peter Hoekstra, Michigan Republican and chairman of the House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence, told me that many of the problems facing U.S. intelligence are a legacy of President Bill Clinton's administration. "It's ineffective in 2006 because it was gutted in 1996," Hoekstra said. In a period of five to seven years in the 1990s, the Clinton administration severely depleted U.S. human spying capabilities. A global network of CIA case officer training, which involved sending officers abroad to train in underdeveloped countries before sending them to major targets, was lost. Restrictive rules put in place by Clinton administration CIA Director John Deutch that prevented CIA officers from recruiting unsavory spies also hampered the agency, Hoekstra said. The rule led to wholesale layoffs of key sources around the world. "The message that sends is 'Who wants to do business with the United States?'" Hoekstra told me. "Some of these folks put their lives on the line to spy for the United States and then suddenly they get the message, 'Sorry, you're laid off. We don't do business with people like you.'"

Hoekstra said President Clinton damaged U.S. spying efforts further by telling U.S. intelligence that there should be "no risk" in certain nations. "Well, in humint [human intelligence] it's all about risk," Hoekstra told me. The congressman said he was briefed in 2000 on U.S. spying in key targets around the world and "it was pathetic" that there were so few human spying operations under way. "Clinton's stance was 'We don't want any incidents,' and the thing is if you don't want any incidents, you don't do anything, because in humint it's always high-risk and there's always the chance that something is going to go wrong."

President George W. Bush never publicly recognized the problems of U.S. intelligence caused by Clinton's policies. As a result, the president has paid a political price for serious intelligence shortcomings, Hoekstra said.

Indeed, the inability to conduct real intelligence operations against terrorists and terrorist organizations—which should be a major priority in the War on Terror—led to one of President Bush's most controversial decisions: to authorize the NSA, the top-secret electronic intelligence-gathering service, to take special measures to find al Qaeda cells in the United States and get into al Qaeda's decision-making chain of communications.

The controversy would explode years after 9/11.

Tracking al Qaeda

Why did the Bush administration turn to the NSA after the September 11 attacks? For starters, the FBI couldn't deliver the kind of human spying needed in the War on Terror. The Bureau increased its activities, but it had no way to actively investigate Islamist extremist networks linked to al Qaeda or other foreign terrorist groups.

Moreover, NSA had a proven track record within the U.S. intelligence community of providing the best and most important intelligence to policymakers. The agency was there in 1983 when a Soviet MiG fighter shot down a Korean Air jetliner that had strayed into Soviet airspace, killing all 269 passengers and crew. NSA listening posts in Japan recorded the pilot's report that "the target is destroyed," and it was played before the United Nations to prove that the attack was deliberate, albeit mistaken.

Soon after the attacks on the World Trade Center and Pentagon, President Bush and National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice called on the NSA director, Air Force Lieutenant General Michael V. Hayden, who would later become CIA director. The administration was to begin a highly secret special access program (SAP) aimed at intercepting al Qaeda communications. Only about eight people were authorized to know about the operation, which used special satellites and ground stations to siphon off massive volumes of electronic communications from communications satellites and telecommunications switches located around the United States. The data were sifted for key words and especially for telephone numbers coming from the Middle East, where al Qaeda was active. The operation intercepted calls from cell phones, satellite phones, and land-line telephones that had been identified by foreign intelligence services as linked to al Qaeda or its shadowy support network. It also intercepted e-mail messages and culled them for intelligence on al Qaeda communications.

An NSA employee working within this small group decided the program violated the key rule that governs all NSA electronic eavesdroppers: U.S. Signals Intelligence Directive 18 (USSID 18). The directive—first issued in 1978 by NSA Director Vice Admiral Bobby Ray Inman and revised most recently in 1993—outlines NSA procedures governing electronic spying involving Americans or U.S. institutions. It is designed to protect Americans' Fourth Amendment right to be free from unreasonable government searches and seizures while still allowing the intelligence apparatus to collect foreign intelligence on spies and terrorists. According to the directive, which is partially classified, “intelligence operations and the protection of constitutional rights are not incompatible.”

To protect the privacy of Americans, NSA is generally prohibited from collecting communications between Americans unless a court order is obtained from the court created under the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act of 1978 (FISA). The USSID 18 states that the FISA court must authorize “the intentional collection of the communications of a particular, known U.S. person who is in the United States, all wiretaps in the United States, the acquisition of certain radio communications where all parties to that communication are located in the United States, and the monitoring of information in which there is a reasonable expectation of privacy.” In “certain limited circumstances,” the directive states, the U.S. attorney general may provide authorization.

The NSA employee took the concerns about the SAP to a reporter for the *New York Times* in late 2004. After a year of discussion within the newspaper, including appeals from President Bush not to disclose the existence of the NSA intercept activity, the *Times* revealed the program on December 16, 2005. The sensational front-page report, quoting more than a dozen intelligence officials who apparently opposed the program, suggested that the warrantless intercept program was illegal because it had bypassed the FISA court.

Partisan opponents of the Bush administration seized on the disclosure. Democrats and several Republicans voiced concerns about the legality of the intercept program. Senator Jay Rockefeller, the highest-ranking Democrat on the Senate Intelligence Committee, released a July 2003 letter he had sent to Vice President Dick Cheney questioning the secret NSA program. He had stated in the letter that because of the secrecy surrounding the program, he was “unable to fully evaluate, much less endorse these activities.” Rockefeller said he had received no reply from the White House on the letter.

Such complaints were exposed as raw politics by the fact that none of the critics called for the program to be ended.

The Bush administration’s justification for the program was outlined in a letter to the House and Senate intelligence oversight committees from William E. Moschella, an assistant attorney general. Moschella stated that “the NSA intercepts certain international communications into and out of the United States of people linked to al Qaeda or an affiliated terrorist organization. The purpose of these intercepts is to establish an early warning system to detect and prevent another catastrophic terrorist attack on the United States."

Moschella argued that the president had constitutional authority to institute the intercept program, given that Article II of the Constitution makes the commander in chief responsible for protecting the nation from attack. He emphasized that Congress had recognized this constitutional authority in its joint resolution of September 18, 2001, which stated that the president "has authority under the Constitution to take action to deter and prevent acts of international terrorism against the United States." Moschella declared, "This constitutional authority includes the authority to order warrantless foreign intelligence surveillance within the United States, as all federal appellate courts, including at least four circuits, to have addressed the issue have concluded."

The letter also explained that the intercept program was consistent with FISA. Moschella argued that FISA contains an exemption for certain electronic surveillance authorized in other statutes. Congress's post-9/11 authorization to use force trumped the FISA court requirement, the administration argued. Moschella added that the intercept program played an essential role in protecting the nation from further attacks, and that it was necessary to work outside of the FISA court system to create an early-warning detection system. "FISA could not have provided the speed and agility required for the early warning detection system," he wrote. Moreover, the president could not seek legislation specifically authorizing the intercept program, because that "would have tipped off our enemies concerning our intelligence limitations and capabilities."

Though many members of Congress were now speaking out against the Bush administration for the intercept program, Moschella revealed that congressional leaders had been briefed on the program more than a dozen times since its launch. He also noted that the administration had reviewed and reauthorized the NSA program every forty-five days to make sure it was legal.

President Bush publicly defended the program. "The NSA program is an important program in protecting America," he said on January 1, 2006. "We're at war, and as commander-in-chief, I've got to use the resources at my disposal, within the law, to protect the American people. And that's what we're doing." The NSA spying "is one that listens to a few numbers, called from the outside of the United States and of known al Qaeda or affiliate people," he said. "In other words, the enemy is calling somebody and we want to know who they're calling and why."

Left unsaid in all the debate about the NSA intercepts was this key element: The Bush administration might not have needed to rely on the program so heavily, and risk infringing on civil liberties, if American counterintelligence were not so weak. The administration needed to take extraordinary measures to track down al Qaeda cells. And even those haven't done enough. Despite the communications intercepts program and increased FBI activity, U.S. intelligence has been unable to find any al Qaeda cells in the United States, although the group is believed to be planning future attacks.

The key to addressing the terrorist threat is to develop better counterintelligence techniques. The case of U.S. Army sergeant Asan Akbar, a Muslim terrorist, offers an important lesson in why that is, and why the United States must move swiftly to improve.

Under Attack

Asan Akbar was a thirty-two-year-old African-American soldier from Los Angeles who had graduated from the University of California–Davis with an engineering degree. He was also a Muslim who studied at the Masjid Bilal Islamic Center, a predominantly African-American mosque in South Central Los Angeles. Before he converted, he was known as Mark Fidel Kools.

He joined the U.S. Army in April 1998, surprising his friends. In March 2003, he was deployed with the 326th Engineering Battalion, part of the storied 101st Airborne Division based at Fort Campbell, Kentucky. He had been sent to Kuwait against the recommendations of some of his fellow enlisted men who recognized that as a Muslim, he posed a security risk to U.S. forces then preparing to go into Iraq to oust the regime of Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein.

Sergeant 1st Class Daniel Kumm later testified during a hearing that Akbar was unable to lead soldiers. "I did not want him to deploy," Kumm said. "And if there was a job for him back in Fort Campbell, that is where I would prefer him to be." Kumm was overruled by senior officers. "I was told, 'You will take him. We need the numbers, and we need to take full strength into Kuwait and Iraq.'"

Soldiers who worked with Akbar said he was stressed in the weeks before the attack and had been seen walking aimlessly, talking to himself, and laughing for no apparent reason. He had had trouble sleeping and often walked in his sleep. He had been caught sleeping in training rooms and inside military vehicles.

Sergeant Billy George Rogers testified that Akbar had called him once at Fort Campbell asking if U.S. soldiers planned to "rape and plunder" Muslims in the Middle

East. Rogers tried to disabuse Akbar of the notion. But it obviously had little effect.

At around 1 A.M. on March 23, 2003, days after the launch of military operations in Iraq, Akbar turned off the generator that ran security floodlights in Camp Pennsylvania, an American base camp twenty-five miles from the Iraqi border in Kuwait. Nine minutes later he took four grenades that he had stolen from a supply tent and rolled them into two tents where officers and senior enlisted soldiers slept. When the explosions and fire forced soldiers out of the tents, Akbar opened fired with his M-4 assault rifle. He shot Captain Christopher Scott Seifert in the back, killing him within minutes. Later, Air Force Major Gregg L. Stone would die from burns and shrapnel wounds. Fourteen other soldiers were wounded.

Soldiers initially believed they were under enemy attack. Only after the brigade initiated emergency accountability procedures did the Army realize Akbar was missing. A major found him hiding in a concrete bunker, overpowered him, and took him into custody. As he was being taken away, Akbar said, "You guys are coming into our countries and you're going to rape our women and kill our children."

Akbar's terrorist attack forced the Army to change the way it treated Muslims ordered into combat. In early April 2003, shortly after Akbar's attack, the DIA warned in a classified report that Akbar's action may not be an isolated incident and that American Muslims in the military should be considered a security risk regarding U.S. military operations in the Middle East. Military counterintelligence agencies launched an investigation into Muslim soldiers both in the Persian Gulf region and around the United States to determine whether there were other Asan Akbars who were preparing attacks. There were no other major attacks by Muslims in the armed forces in the next three years, but the incident forced the military to tighten its counterintelligence procedures against terrorist attack.

The real problem was that the military had put security aside in favor of political correctness. The armed forces view their soldiers, sailors, airmen, and Marines as Americans first, and they made no effort to single out any religious group. The problem was accentuated during the Clinton administration, which made so-called diversity a major component of all government agencies, including the military. Under this mandate, it was politically incorrect even to suspect that Muslims in the armed forces might be considered security risks. The military at the time of Akbar's attack had more than 4,100 Muslims.

Investigators said Akbar's fellow soldiers should have reported his predeployment behavior. The military's failure to detect any problem was yet another counterintelligence breakdown. And it cost two officers their lives.

The So-Called Moderate

Asan Akbar was not the Army's only counterintelligence failure. A Muslim radical linked to al Qaeda was another.

Abdurahman Alamoudi, an Eritrean-born naturalized American citizen, helped found the American Muslim Armed Forces and Veterans Affairs Council, one of two organizations the Defense Department designated to certify Muslim military chaplains. U.S. intelligence linked him to the other organization as well, the Islamic Society of North America. That group receives funding from Saudi Arabia and has set up a network of Wahhabi Islamic centers. Wahhabism is the militant strain of Islam that condones the use of violence to propagate the faith; numerous al Qaeda terrorists subscribe to it.

In July 2004, Alamoudi pleaded guilty to three criminal offenses, including concealing hundreds of thousands of dollars he had received from Libya. That money was intended to support al Qaeda and other terrorist activities, investigators concluded. Court papers in the case reveal that Alamoudi conspired with Libyan government officials in a plot to assassinate Saudi Arabian leader Crown Prince Abdullah, who had argued with Libyan leader Muammar Qaddafi at an Arab summit meeting in Sharm el Sheik, Egypt. Alamoudi received nearly $1 million from the Libyans; the assassination was to be carried out by Saudi dissidents based in London, according to court records.

New intelligence information surfaced after Alamoudi's plea bargain that identified him as a major al Qaeda financer. In a statement issued on July 14, 2005—just days after the London subway bombings—the U.S. Treasury Department revealed that Alamoudi had given approximately $1 million to a British-based Saudi opposition group that had close ties to al Qaeda. According to Treasury, the Movement for Islamic Reform in Arabia (MIRA) provided ideological and operational support to al Qaeda–affiliated networks, and the MIRA website had posted messages from al Qaeda leaders Osama bin Laden and Abu Musab al-Zarqawi. According to the Treasury statement, "the September 2003 arrest of Alamoudi was a severe blow to al Qaeda, as Alamoudi had a close relationship with al Qaeda and had raised money for al Qaeda in the United States."

How had the U.S. government failed to recognize Alamoudi's al Qaeda connections, which dated back to the mid-1990s? Not only had the U.S. armed forces trusted him with the Muslim chaplain program, but as director of the American Muslim Council he had met with top FBI and U.S. government officials, and had even sat in on White House meetings. Alamoudi was viewed as a moderate because for years he had encouraged Muslims to be more involved in U.S. politics and society. He had also denounced the September 11 terrorist attacks.

It was good cover—a cover the FBI and CIA didn't pierce because they did not have a strong counterintelligence program to investigate extremist Muslims. Even today, the intelligence approach remains passive.

Radicals in the Ranks

A senior Army official told me that the mindset allowing Alamoudi such access to the U.S. government and military is pervasive. The Muslim chaplain program was a major security failure, the official said. The problem began a decade before the 9/11 attacks, when the U.S. military invited Saudi clerics to preach Wahhabi Islam to large numbers of American soldiers based in Saudi Arabia after the 1991 Persian Gulf War. As a result, as many as 3,000 U.S. soldiers converted to Islam in a short period of time.

Such programs in all likelihood have enabled radicals to infiltrate the armed forces, the Army official told me. One military officer who converted to Islam in the early 1990s, Army Captain James Yee, came under suspicion for terrorist links. Yee was charged with espionage, accused of passing secrets to al Qaeda from inmates held at the military prison in Guantánamo Bay, Cuba. He was himself a chaplain who worked with inmates. Yee was later found to be innocent. He had aroused suspicion because he allegedly showed feelings in support of the captives.

Court documents showed that another soldier, Air Force Senior Airman Ahmad I. Halabi, an Arabic translator, opposed the holding of prisoners at Guantánamo and U.S. policy in the Middle East. Halabi, a Syrian-American who worked as an Arabic translator at Guantánamo, was accused of trying to deliver written messages from Guantánamo prisoners to an unidentified Syrian. He eventually agreed to a plea deal in which the spying charges were dropped. The senior airman admitted to taking two photographs in Guantánamo, wrongfully transporting a classified document to his living quarters, lying about taking photographs, and conduct prejudicial to military discipline.

Another translator, Ahmad F. Mehalba, was arrested in 2003 after he returned from a trip to Egypt carrying classified information on a computer disk. In 2005, Mehalba, an

Egyptian-born U.S. citizen, pleaded guilty to unauthorized possession of classified material and lying to federal investigators.

These and other cases have raised concerns that Muslims may place loyalty to their coreligionists above loyalty to their country. The Akbar case, in particular, has led officials to worry that some Muslims will not take up arms against other Muslims, or in fact may feel compelled to assist Muslim extremists. More troubling is the belief that al Qaeda is recruiting American Muslims to its cause.

Such concerns raise the question of how the U.S. military should approach Muslims. Officially, the armed forces treat Muslims equally. But after the Akbar and Alamoudi cases, military officials suspect that there is an enemy within. "Who knows when a moderate Muslim decides to become radicalized or is a plant?" the senior Army official told me.

The concern is not misplaced. At least one known al Qaeda member has served in the U.S. Army. Ali Mohamed reached the rank of sergeant in the Special Forces. In 2000, he pleaded guilty to conspiracy charges related to the 1998 embassy bombings in Kenya and Tanzania; he admitted to helping Osama bin Laden plan the attacks.

The potential problems resulting from having Muslims in the ranks are not confined to the armed forces. Counterintelligence experts worry especially about U.S. national security officials who receive security clearances. For example, the U.S. government has hired a large number of Arabic translators in recent years. After the September 11 terrorist attacks and through the military operations in Afghanistan and Iraq, both the FBI and the Defense Department set up translation centers to work through the hundreds of thousands of pages of Arabic-language documents obtained from the Middle East and South Asia. The need for translators was so desperate that, according to one U.S. military enlisted soldier, the government had no vetting process to speak of. In many cases, Arab immigrants were given quick, interim security clearances without benefit of background checks. In at least one case, a translator had ties to Muslim extremists in Pakistan. "They were hiring cab drivers in Washington, D.C., who spoke Arabic with almost no vetting procedures," the soldier told me.

The senior Army official I interviewed argued that Alamoudi was able to penetrate the U.S. military because the Army, as an institution, "was not culturally aware." The lack of awareness when it comes to Muslim teaching and culture is a point that U.S. intelligence officials have made repeatedly. For example, one military intelligence report, produced by the United States National Intelligence Cell in Sarajevo, Bosnia-Herzegovina, stated, "Intelligence operations and law enforcement investigations requiring the cooperation of Muslims will encounter theological, legal, and cultural obstacles. The source of this conflict is the difference between two cultures. The Western culture recognizes the separation between church and state; Islam does not. When a Muslim is called upon by a non-Islamic government to participate in an investigation against other Muslims, he is being called upon to betray his values."

Islamic scholars also say that Muslims "should lie to people of the book [Christians and Jews] to protect their lives and religion," the intelligence report noted. This authority has implications for Islamic press reporting and a wide range of other activities. In addition, Muslims are permitted to deny Islam to escape punishment from nonbelievers who are their captors. That has implications for trusting double agents, a key tool used by counterintelligence agencies. According to the intelligence report, too, Muslims are permitted to lie and deceive "as a subterfuge to gain acceptance by nonbelievers for the purposes of cover for assassination and covert operations."

The report concluded that the use of two moral standards, one for Muslims and one for non-Muslims, poses unique challenges for intelligence specialists. "The analyst seeking accuracy and truth from Muslim sources on sensitive Islamic issues may be confronted with an Islamic mandate to conceal, lie, and mislead," the report said. "The analyst should be aware that Islam jealously protects its flaws and, that when pursuing subjects potentially embarrassing or uncomfortable to Islam or Muslims, the analyst must take the additional analytical step of double-vetting or double-checking his sources. Failure to do so surrenders the strategic initiative to the target of analytical inquiry and the analyst risks incorporating flawed information from deliberately deceptive sources."

The FBI's Failure to Reform

The United States has experienced numerous counterintelligence failures in recent years, but no failure would be greater than one that allowed Islamic terrorists to penetrate the upper reaches of the U.S. government, military, or intelligence community. The government has finally taken some steps to counter the threat of penetration. The case of Ana Belen Montes, a Cuban spy in the Defense Intelligence Agency (who is discussed in the next chapter), awakened the Pentagon to the fact that the United States remains basically defenseless against foreign spies.

In February 2002, responding to the Montes case, the Defense Department set up the Counterintelligence Field Activity (CIFA). Just days before leaving office, President Clinton had signed an executive order to reorganize counterintelligence with the aim of identifying, understanding, prioritizing, and counteracting the intelligence threats. The emphasis, according to a White House fact sheet, was to be "predictive, proactive" and to "provide integrated oversight of counterintelligence issues across the national security agencies." The Bush administration created CIFA in order to coordinate all this counterintelligence activity across numerous agencies and departments. The idea was to detect and neutralize espionage in order to protect critical personnel, resources, critical information, research-and-development programs, technology, and so forth.

Unfortunately, CIFA was doomed from the start. It had no direct operational authority and could not conduct the operations needed to stop spies and terrorists. The organization was limited to being a "principal adviser" on operations and policy—shorthand for being another bureaucratic layer over a number of counterintelligence agencies that had direct authority to go after spies and terrorists. Without operational power, CIFA became another cog in the bureaucratic wheel of intelligence and counterintelligence agencies.

By 2005, the Bush administration had recognized CIFA's limits and had given the agency a greater role to investigate crimes such as treason, foreign or terrorist sabotage, and economic espionage. The Pentagon sought changes in intelligence law to allow the FBI and others to share information on U.S. citizens with the Pentagon, the CIA, and other intelligence agencies. The goal was to better arm the services to deal with terrorism and the spread of weapons of mass destruction. Much like the NSA intercept program, however, this initiative raised the ire of civil liberties advocates. The Pentagon defended the changes, with a spokesman saying, "In the age of terrorism, the U.S. military and its facilities are targets, and we have to be prepared within our authorities to defend them before something happens." But ultimately the effort was blocked by government officials who opposed strong counterintelligence measures.

The Defense Department has made other moves to shore up U.S. defenses against spying. The Pentagon set up two intelligence centers under the newly created U.S. Northern Command, or Northcom. These centers, which house some 290 analysts in Colorado and Texas, pull together reports from CIFA, the FBI, and other intelligence agencies.

Beyond that, the military intelligence and security services have begun gathering data on possible terrorist attacks on military facilities. For example, the Air Force Office of Special Investigations set up Eagle Eyes, which calls on service members to report information.

The Pentagon has sought all these changes primarily because the FBI has shown itself to be totally incapable of conducting counterintelligence and counterterrorism operations successfully.

The FBI guidelines for national security investigations, those related to both terrorism and foreign spying, are contained in a secret order signed by Attorney General John Ashcroft in October 2003. The order authorized the FBI to "conduct investigations to obtain information" related to international terrorism, foreign espionage and intelligence, foreign computer intrusions, and other activities not spelled out. Additionally, the FBI was authorized to collect foreign intelligence and assist U.S. intelligence agencies in conducting strategic analysis. Reversing earlier restrictions that prohibited the FBI from even gathering newspaper clippings on suspected domestic terrorist groups, the guidelines also allowed the FBI to "retain and disseminate" information it gathers.

Noticeably, the guidelines contained no reference to domestic intelligence collection. The Bureau's law-enforcement culture vehemently opposed any domestic intelligence role for the FBI. Bureaucrats in the FBI viewed intelligence work as too difficult and only wanted to conduct activities, like arresting criminals, that could provide them with measurable results.

The guidelines also contained a loophole for terrorists or spies. It barred the FBI from spying on U.S. "persons" solely for the purpose of monitoring activities protected by the First Amendment or other rights in the Constitution or other U.S. laws. So all a terrorist or foreign intelligence operative needs to do to avoid investigation is to use some type of cover related to protected legal actions, such as that of a news reporter.

The new guidelines were intended to remedy FBI weaknesses in countering terrorists, which had been exacerbated during the Clinton administration. Under FBI Director Louis Freeh, experienced counterintelligence specialists were forced into retirement and some of the best-trained officials were relegated to menial tasks such as conducting background checks. Freeh and his key aides considered intelligence something that the CIA did. He believed it was the job of the G-men to catch bank robbers and other criminals. Terrorism was looked at as simply another type of crime. The FBI emphasized catching terrorists after they attacked rather than stopping them before they could strike.

That all changed after the September 11 attacks. The new guidelines were meant to "change from a reactive orientation to an orientation emphasizing early intervention and prevention of terrorist acts before they occur," a fact sheet released by the Justice

Department stated. “The guidelines,” the statement said, “are intended to allow the FBI to use all lawful investigative techniques to protect the American people from international terrorism and espionage.” For instance, the reoriented FBI would provide threat assessments, meaning that the Bureau would now focus on trying “to identify terrorist threats and activities” instead of “waiting for leads to come in through the actions of others.”

The new guidelines did not have their intended effect, however. One problem was that bureaucrats within the FBI opposed the move toward more aggressive counterterrorism and counterintelligence investigations.

David Szady, the FBI’s senior counterintelligence official, lamented the Bureau’s problems with counterterrorism and counterspying in a candid speech he gave to a group of private and government security officials in May 2002. Szady noted that counterterrorism and counterintelligence go hand in hand—“you can’t separate the two anymore.” He explained: “Prior to every terrorist act there’s an intelligence operation. The expertise that we have in intelligence operations can be used in working terrorism threats also. We need to put our resources together to do that.” Unfortunately, he revealed, the FBI had no joint counterintelligence task forces. Meanwhile, the Bureau had established special Joint Counterterrorism Task Forces in all of its fifty-six field offices. There wasn’t enough work to go around for the counterterrorism task forces, simply because the FBI wasn’t set up to do the kind of investigative work necessary to find terrorists. The Bureau was relegated to sending paid informants into mosques to conduct “walk-arounds,” looking for Muslims who might be terrorists.

Another problem is that the FBI never bothered to change its training to teach agents how to be intelligence collectors. Szady disclosed that agents receive only sixteen hours of training in counterintelligence during sixteen weeks’ training at the FBI Academy in Quantico, Virginia. Szady proposed beefing up counterintelligence training to last four weeks and to include instruction in such techniques as recruiting informants, running double-agent operations, and working with the FISA court.

Szady opposed suggestions to strip the FBI of its counterintelligence role and create a separate agency, but he said he understood the motivation behind that proposal. “The issue is that people are thinking that way because they feel at times the FBI is not taking counterintelligence seriously,” he said. He vowed that the FBI was going to reform, that training would change, and that the focus would shift.

Szady also proclaimed that the Bureau would do away with the incompetence that had characterized the Wen Ho Lee spy case. “We’re never again going to have a case happen like the Lee case," Szady said. "What we did there and what we didn't do. You can't have incompetent agents working a case with incompetent or inexperienced supervisors with unengaged executive management and with inexperience and incompetence at headquarters. Those are formulas for disasters." He even said that he had told FBI Director Robert Mueller, "If I'm going to get fired and that's okay, you can fire me, but I want to have my hands in the reason I got fired. I want to fire myself. I don't want somebody I never heard of working the case do something that causes me to get fired."

Of course, as we saw in Chapter 1, Szady himself was involved in the problems that plagued the Katrina Leung case. When it came to Katrina Leung and J. J. Smith and his old friend Bill Cleveland, Szady, who took part in assessing the damage for the FBI, appeared to look the other way. His hands were in it from the beginning to the end. And he was never held accountable for the obvious conflict of interest.

That is emblematic of the FBI's overall failures in recent years. Despite Szady's claim in 2002 that the FBI had gotten "serious" about counterintelligence and counterterrorism, nothing changed. The FBI resisted. The law-enforcement mindset was too strong among the top FBI officials, including FBI Director Mueller.

It would take a presidential commission to begin to change the way the Bureau did business—and even then, the FBI bureaucrats continued to resist reform.

"The FBI Is Out of Control"

The Commission on the Intelligence Capabilities of the United States Regarding Weapons of Mass Destruction (commonly referred to as the WMD Commission) was organized in 2004, in the aftermath of Operation Iraqi Freedom. The presidential commission, headed by federal appeals court judge Laurence Silberman and former senator Charles Robb, Virginia Democrat, examined how and why the U.S. intelligence community failed to properly assess Iraq's nuclear, chemical, biological, and missile weapons programs. The panel also looked beyond the Iraq case to explore the overall capabilities of U.S. spy agencies. And it revealed just how inept the FBI had been in conducting counterintelligence and counterterrorism programs.

The WMD Commission's report, issued in March 2005, included a section on "intelligence at home." It said that the FBI had made some strides in becoming true collectors and analysts of intelligence but still had "a long way to go." Though FBI officials had trumpeted the creation of fifty-six Field Intelligence Groups, the commission's report said that the FBI had acknowledged that its intelligence-gathering capabilities "will be a work in progress until at least 2010." In other words, the United States will have no adequate domestic intelligence capability until nearly a decade after the September 11 attacks.

Unlike the 9/11 Commission, which had issued its report in the summer of 2004, the WMD Commission was not influenced by the FBI. Bureau officials had lobbied the 9/11 Commission not to recommend changes, preferring to continue operating how they pleased. Thus, despite the fact that FBI intelligence failures were the main contributing factors to the September 11 attacks, the 9/11 Commission made very few recommendations for improving FBI intelligence capabilities against terrorism. The WMD Commission, in contrast, offered hard-hitting criticisms of FBI intelligence capabilities and serious recommendations for reform.

But it was not as if the FBI didn't try to influence the WMD Commission as it had the 9/11 panel. In fact, the Bureau was caught attempting to plant an agent inside the commission to steal information and influence the panel's work. Apparently the FBI has no problem with domestic spying as long as it involves spying on its intragovernment enemies, not foreign terrorists and spies.

The female FBI agent, whom commission officials did not identify by name, was fired from the panel in late 2004. She had improperly removed from a secure vault a highly classified CIA report produced for the panel that criticized the FBI for its failures on weapons-related intelligence gathering. When Szady, the senior FBI counterintelligence officer, called the commission to complain about the CIA report, the panel investigated to learn how he had gotten hold of the document. The investigation led to the female agent. The woman admitted removing the report and was dismissed with a recommendation from the commission that she also be fired from the FBI. But the FBI took no disciplinary action and simply reassigned her to another post within the Bureau. This decision indicated that senior FBI officials approved of her actions. Responding to the incident, one government intelligence official told me, "The FBI is out of control."

The WMD Commission's report made no mention of the covert action by the FBI agent. Still, it proved highly critical of the FBI's intelligence deficiencies. The report noted that the "biggest challenge" was making the FBI part of the intelligence community. "This is not just a matter of giving the Bureau new resources and new authority," the report said. "It must also mean integrating the FBI into a community that is subject to the [Director of National Intelligence's] coordination and leadership."

In response to the 9/11 Commission, the FBI had created an intelligence-analysis division within its headquarters, but it made sure that the division had no authority to tell special agents what to do. The WMD Commission exposed the emptiness of this reform. “Currently the directorate has no authority to initiate, terminate, or re-direct any collection or investigative operation in any of the FBI’s 56 regional field offices that are scattered throughout the nation or within any of the four operational divisions (Counterintelligence, Counterterrorism, Cyber, and Criminal) at FBI Headquarters,” the report said. Without direct authority, tasking agents were doing nothing more than “asking,” the report pointed out. The commission thus called for the creation of a National Security Service that could fully manage, direct, and control all FBI resources used in countering terrorists, spies, and other threats to U.S. national security.

The report highlighted other FBI failures. For example, it called for breaking down the bureaucratic wall between foreign intelligence and domestic law enforcement, which had helped the September 11 terrorists avoid detection and capture. And it declared that the FBI needed to move past its decades-old, bitter rivalry with the CIA, which was preventing the agencies from complementing each other’s efforts in the War on Terror.

A bigger-picture problem remained, the WMD Commission noted: an FBI culture that resisted reform. “Past efforts to build a strong intelligence capability within the FBI have foundered on this resistance,” the report said. “In 1998 and 1999, similar reforms failed in quick succession as a result of strong resistance from the FBI’s operational divisions and an intelligence architecture that could not defend itself inside the bureaucracy.” The law-enforcement investigators did not want to become spies. They argued that “bin Laden is never going to Des Moines.”

Sure enough, the FBI fought the WMD Commission’s reform recommendations. Most notably, FBI Director Mueller argued, at meetings of the National Security Council, against the proposal of a National Security Service. He said the FBI did not need a new service and he was opposed to anything remotely resembling Britain’s MI-5 security service. Mueller even persuaded Attorney General Alberto Gonzalez to oppose the new service, a move that upset some national security officials at the White House. They had expected Gonzalez to support the president, since he had been the White House counsel before moving to the Justice Department.

President Bush overruled Mueller and Gonzalez, and on July 11, 2005, during a speech at the FBI Academy in Quantico, he announced the creation of the National Security Service within the FBI. He said it would “more completely integrate the

Bureau's work with the intelligence community" and would make the FBI "more capable to stop the terrorist acts before they happen."

Even after the president's announcement, the FBI continued to resist. It finally relented in September 2005, creating what it now calls the National Security Branch (NSB), combining the counterterrorism, counterintelligence, and intelligence-analysis divisions in one section. Gary Bald, the FBI's executive assistant director for counterterrorism and counterintelligence, was appointed the new director. Bald was a career law-enforcement investigator with little intelligence experience. His selection was a clear sign that the FBI would oppose building a tough, aggressive counterterrorism and counterspy capability.

Bald told me in an interview that the FBI had embraced the new service and was working to make it successful. He said a substantial number of the 12,000 FBI special agents were working for the service, although the actual number remains classified. All of the 1,720 intelligence analysts are part of the NSB. Bald bristled at the suggestion that the FBI opposed reform and had a cultural aversion to improving its intelligence-gathering capability. "When you talk about the culture of the FBI when you're talking to an FBI agent, it's a culture of complete dedication to our mission, working around the clock, being called in on weekends and nights and not getting paid extra, and really doing everything you can to protect our nation. That is internally what we refer to as our culture." He also highlighted new initiatives the FBI had undertaken, such as the Investigative Data Warehouse (IDW). The IDW, which he called the "backbone" for FBI investigations, replaced the Bureau's failed case-management computer system, known as the Virtual Case File, which had been scrapped after costing the taxpayers $170 million.

Still, Bald acknowledged the FBI's opposition to the NSB, telling me that the new service "was not something that was an original thought within the Bureau." That was a remarkable admission. Bald also admitted that not everybody in the FBI supported the reforms. "The focus of what we're doing has changed over our history a number of times," he said. The NSB, he indicated, was simply the latest in a series of priority changes imposed on an unwilling FBI. "This is the most significant, no doubt. But it's just the latest." Bald said that as in any large organization "you aren't going to have every single person in the organization happy about it."

He voiced other concerns about the NSB. Specifically, he said the problem came in getting the FBI to change its institutional viewpoint that the Bureau is its own "primary customer of information." He said he feared what would happen if sensitive FBI investigative information leaked out and damaged the reputations of people under investigation who may be found to have done nothing wrong. “Now what we’re in is a realization that not only are there other services that benefit from our intelligence, but other services can provide value to our investigations as well, intelligence and law-enforcement investigations,” Bald said. “We understand that. The challenge is developing the processes that make that efficient, and the technology challenges that we’ve had, and in the training aspect of it and in hiring reports officers; that is new to us. . .. It’s not the embracing or the understanding of the need to do it, it’s getting us efficient at something that we’ve not had a long experience at doing.”

The fact that the person in charge of the NSB had doubts about its mission was a clear sign that it would not be successful.

Vulnerabilities

As the Iraq War began in March 2003, FBI Director Robert Mueller said in a press release that the FBI had put in place “extraordinary measures” to stop terrorism during the war. “We are bringing to bear the full weight of our resources, expertise, and partnerships. We are running down every lead, responding to every threat, coordinating with every partner, and doing our utmost to keep terrorists from striking back. . .. The FBI is working around-the-clock to protect this nation—gathering intelligence, quickly investigating tips and leads, and taking actions against those who may do us harm. Every agent and every resource necessary has been put into service.”

The reality, however, was different.

By the spring of 2006, the FBI did not have under way a single active investigation of al Qaeda or another Islamist extremist terrorist group anywhere in the United States. Al Qaeda is not the only threat in the United States. The FBI believes that the Lebanese-based Hezbollah has terrorist cells in at least ten U.S. cities. The Iranian government has backed Hezbollah to the tune of $100 million. John Miller, the FBI’s assistant director for public affairs, told me that the Bureau is concerned that Iran could activate a network of Hezbollah terrorists in the United States if the international community takes action to stop the Iranian nuclear program.

As described in the Introduction, counterintelligence reform also foundered within the new Office of the Director of National Intelligence (ODNI), which was set up in the aftermath of the September 11 and Iraq weapons-of-mass-destruction failures. The National Counterintelligence Office was subsumed into the ODNI in 2005, but its functions and powers remained limited. Two top officials of the National

Counterintelligence Office, Director Michelle Van Cleave and Deputy Director Kenneth deGraffenreid, left in quick succession. Van Cleave and deGraffenreid had great hopes for the National Counterintelligence Office and the new national strategy for counterintelligence they'd drawn up. But even with the newly empowered office and a presidential strategy document, they could not implement tougher counterintelligence. Opposition within the national security bureaucracy won out.

The new ODNI quickly became dominated by State Department officials with little intelligence experience. Congressman Peter Hoekstra, the House intelligence committee chairman, has noted that when they answer the phone at the office of the Director of National Intelligence, former ambassador John Negroponte, it is "Ambassador Negroponte's office"—not "Director Negroponte," as the top intelligence official should be called.

The intelligence officials who were detailed to the ODNI were many of the same people who had botched the Aldrich Ames case. One of them, Mary Margaret Graham, was head of the CIA Counterintelligence Center before being appointed as a senior intelligence collection official under Negroponte. Graham opposed Van Cleave's aggressive, independent counterintelligence program, favoring instead a program that would be limited to checking the reliability of recruited agents.

Counterintelligence, or a lack of it, has made the jobs of our armed forces more difficult in the War on Terror. The problem is that in many cases the military services themselves have woefully inadequate counterintelligence. For example, U.S. Army Special Forces, which have been called upon to lead the effort in Afghanistan, have experienced major intelligence failures. According to U.S. officials, Afghans working as cleaners, construction workers, and interpreters on U.S. military bases stole classified information on small computer flash drives and walked right out the front gates with it. The stolen material included secret intelligence reports disclosing how the U.S. military searches for members of the Taliban, al Qaeda, and other terrorist organizations operating on the Afghan-Pakistani border, as well as documents revealing the identities of U.S. military personnel working in Afghanistan, assessments of targets, descriptions of American bases and their defenses, and U.S. efforts to limit the activities of certain Afghan government officials. A *Los Angeles Times* reporter discovered the flash drives for sale and alerted U.S. authorities in spring 2006.

These compromises had a devastating effect. Less than a week after the data showed up in Afghanistan, authorities in Pakistan came across a gruesome discovery: the beheaded body of a man in the village of Manzarkhel. Next to the corpse was a note that said the man had been a spy for the U.S. military in Afghanistan and warned that anyone working with the United States would meet the same end. According to U.S. officials, more than one hundred people in the same area, including tribal elders, had been killed after they were accused of spying for the United States or supporting the Pakistani government. Without good counterintelligence, recruiting agents and supporters in local populations who can provide information on terrorists will be nearly impossible.

The lack of counterintelligence has also exacerbated the problem of bringing stability to post-Saddam Iraq.

Defense Secretary Donald H. Rumsfeld has noted the difficulty of ferreting out terrorists and insurgents in the Iraqi government and armed forces. "You start an intake that enables you to go from zero to 131,000 Iraqi security people in a matter of four or five or six months, you've got to know that some of those folks you're ultimately not going to want in there," he said during a visit to South Korea in November 2003. Rumsfeld said the Iraqis were being checked through a database and by public vetting—for example, announcing that an Iraqi has been appointed to a certain position and seeing whether any derogatory information surfaces about past connections to the Ba'ath Party in Iraq or terrorists.

A senior military officer who took part in setting up the Iraqi security forces told me that preventing enemy agents from infiltrating the forces proved challenging. In some cases Islamist extremists or former members of Saddam Hussein's regime got jobs within the military and government system simply by paying bribes to Iraqi officials. Many times the cover was that an Iraqi was simply trying to get a relative a job. The Iraqi police proved to be a big challenge because the hiring of police in late 2004 was done so rapidly. The senior officer told me that, using documents recovered from the Saddam regime, the United States had uncovered more than one hundred enemy agents trying to get positions in the Iraqi police. The question remains: How many enemy agents—from the former regime, from Iranian intelligence, and from the terrorist network led by Abu Musab al-Zarqawi—got inside the organization? U.S. and Iraqi military and intelligence forces scored a major success in June 2006 when they tracked and bombed Zarqawi. In the process, they uncovered what one U.S. general called a "treasure trove" of documents on Zarqawi's deadly group. The document coup led to other successes against al Qaeda in Iraq. But such successes have come too infrequently.

Once more, the United States is left in a reactive mode because of its severe counterintelligence deficiencies. Whether it's enemy agents penetrating the Iraqi security structure or terrorists infiltrating the U.S. government and military, the threat is grave. And we will remain this vulnerable until we dramatically reform our intelligence and methods. Double-agent operations, planting spies inside organizations, and using human-intensive spying—all these and other classic counterintelligence strategies will be essential to protecting our fighting forces overseas and citizens at home.

Chapter 8

CUBA'S MOLE IN THE PENTAGON

> I believe our government's policy towards Cuba is cruel and unfair, profoundly unneighborly, and I felt morally obligated to help the island defend itself from our efforts to impose our values and our political system on it.
>
> *—Ana Belen Montes, a Cuban mole inside the Defense Intelligence Agency, at her sentencing for espionage*

FBI agents arrived at the Defense Intelligence Agency headquarters at Bolling Air Force Base on September 21, 2001, and arrested one of the agency's most senior analysts. The arrest was overshadowed by the terrorist attacks of September 11, but it highlighted the extent to which America's enemies have infiltrated the U.S. government and stolen valuable secrets.

The high-level DIA analyst, you see, had been spying for Cuba's Communist government for sixteen years. As the U.S. government's most important and trusted intelligence official on Cuba, Ana Belen Montes had a line to White House national security officials and had influenced U.S. policy in favor of Fidel Castro's ruthless regime. Worse still, since the 1980s she had provided the Cubans with a passkey to America's vital intelligence secrets—secrets that Cuba fed to America's enemies, including the Chinese and the Russians.

And once again U.S. counterintelligence completely missed the spying for years. It was yet another counterintelligence failure that will haunt the United States for years into the future.

In 2005, long after Montes had been convicted of espionage, the Office of the National Counterintelligence Executive produced a classified damage assessment of the case. The report revealed that Cuban intelligence officers had been so contemptuous of FBI spy-catching capabilities that they met openly with Montes at Washington-area restaurants more than a hundred times. Montes admitted meeting with her handlers "as often as twice a week," the report added, a rate "much more frequent" than that of the typical spy. The Cubans understood that FBI counterintelligence had targeted their "official" intelligence officers, who posed as diplomats working at the Cuban mission to the United Nations and at the Cuban Interests Section of the Embassy of Switzerland. So instead they reached out to Montes using their extensive network of spies who used nonofficial cover, posing as businesspeople, academics, or students, for example.

U.S. intelligence officials determined that Montes had been spotted by the Cubans while she was a graduate student in the early 1980s. The Cuban Directorate of Intelligence, known as DGI, had carefully prepared her to burrow deep within the U.S. intelligence community, directing her to seek a job at the DIA. "Ana Montes was Castro's deep mole and intelligence resource inside DIA," a DIA official familiar with the case told me. "She was recruited by him before she became a civil servant." One of the many indications that the FBI mishandled the Montes investigation is that it failed to capture the spymaster who recruited her or any of her other Cuban intelligence handlers.

The damage Montes did has largely been hidden from public view until now. The Montes case is, in fact, one of the most damaging spy cases for the U.S. government, because Montes had almost unlimited access to U.S. secrets, including data on the identities of American intelligence personnel and information that defectors provided to U.S. intelligence.

A senior U.S. counterintelligence official familiar with the damage assessment told me, "As a career analyst with high-level security clearances, [Montes] had access to virtually unlimited amounts of sensitive data from a number of intelligence community organizations." She actually turned down several promotion opportunities to remain as a DIA analyst and keep her access to secrets. The counterintelligence official said that Montes commented during one debriefing session that she had access to "just about all the information there was about Cuba." And not just about Cuba. Montes networked extensively with other civilian and military intelligence officials and agencies, allowing her "to obtain information that was not readily available to the typical analyst," the official said. She sat on a special interagency intelligence group known as the Hard Target Committee, which would meet to discuss all the intelligence operations under way in the most difficult places, including Iran, China, and North Korea. Over the years she had access to hundreds of thousands of intelligence reports, many of which she could re-create because “she had an extraordinary, almost photographic memory,” according to the counterintelligence official.

The NCIX damage assessment concluded, “Montes was the first national-level analyst from the intelligence community known to have turned traitor and the most damaging Cuban spy arrested to date.” The report added that Montes “was able to effectively inform the Cubans of the United States information gaps and served as a feedback loop for the Cubans that potentially would facilitate the formulation and execution of a robust denial and deception program at U.S. intelligence.”

The counterintelligence official said, “Her damage was especially grave and affected every major intelligence community organization. She compromised numerous sensitive intelligence collection activities and provided Havana with a unique window into Washington that undoubtedly helped the Cubans chart their tactics and strategy in dealing with Washington.” U.S. officials also believe that information she provided to the Cubans led to the deaths of Nicaraguan antiCommunist Contra rebels and possibly of American agents as well.

Michelle Van Cleave, who was the national counterintelligence executive until January 2006, said that although Montes was “lesser known” than notorious double agents Robert Hanssen and Aldrich Ames, she was “no less damaging.” Other counterintelligence officials told me that Montes actually did more harm than Ames and Hanssen did. Whatever the case, the damage inflicted was severe.

It is fitting that Ana Montes was arrested after 9/11, for she warns of a dire threat the United States faces in the War on Terror: the ideological enemy. Whereas Ames was a traitor for cash and Hanssen was motivated by the money as well as the intrigue that came with betraying his country, Montes was driven by her opposition to the United States and her sympathy for Cuba’s Marxist-Leninist system. “She did not fit the profile of a typical spy,” a counterintelligence official said. “She was not motivated by greed, revenge, or romantic entanglement with a foreign national.” In fact, she received little money for the volumes of sensitive secrets she gave Havana; she was merely reimbursed for her expenses. She later said that she had felt “morally obligated” to spy for Cuba’s Communist regime. Montes, a U.S. citizen of Puerto Rican descent, claimed to debriefers that she was not a Communist herself, only a sympathizer with Cuba’s “socio-economic” values as well as those of the Communist Sandinistas in Nicaragua. The counterintelligence official said, “Montes established a relationship with the Cubans as a way to aid the Sandinistas. Following the electoral defeat of the Sandinistas in 1990, helping Cuba became her priority.” She was the ultimate example of the anti-American leftists who former United Nations ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick once described as the "blame America first" crowd.

In the clash with foreign governments and terrorist organizations that despise America, the threat from such ideological opponents keeps growing.

The Cuban Threat

Although Cuba's Communist regime does not receive much attention as a national security threat, the Ana Montes case and other recent spying cases remind us that Cuba poses a significant danger to the United States and the free nations of Latin America. Cuba has significant intelligence capabilities that it inherited from the former Soviet Union, which helped Castro seize power.

Soviet intelligence files, made public in a 2005 book, show that Fidel Castro and his brother, Raul, worked with the KGB for several years before taking power in Cuba. The book, entitled *The World Was Going Our Way,* is based on documents that former KGB archivist Vasili Mitrokhin took with him when he defected to Britain in 1992. According to the book, KGB officer Nikolai Leonov became "firm friends" with Raul Castro in Prague in 1953 and then worked with Fidel from 1956 until after he took power in 1959. *The World Was Going Our Way* also revealed how Moscow sought to defeat the United States during the Cold War through large-scale disinformation and influence operations in the developing world. Mitrokhin died in 2004, but his coauthor, Cambridge history professor Christopher Andrew, told me, "The KGB really believed they could win the Cold War in the Third World." That is why the Soviets invested so heavily in Cuba. As Mitrokhin's documents demonstrate, the KGB even helped set up Cuba's intelligence service, the DGI.

Cuban intelligence remains quite advanced. Cuban affairs specialist Manuel Cereijo, a specialist on Cuba and analyst for the group NetforCuba International, describes Havana as skilled at all the various intelligence disciplines, including imagery, signals intelligence, human intelligence, signals-and-measurement intelligence (which measures foreign weapons and related systems signatures), and open-source intelligence. "Cuban intelligence operations against the United States have increased in sophistication, scope, and number, and are likely to remain at a high level for the foreseeable future," Cereijo said in a report.

Cuba's government has also maintained close contacts with Russia's intelligence services. Until recently Moscow operated a major electronic eavesdropping post at

Lourdes, Cuba. And Havana is developing closer ties to Communist China's military, having hosted visits by several high-level Chinese generals. A DIA official told me that U.S. intelligence harbors deep concerns that the information Montes supplied to Cuba was passed on to Moscow or Beijing. "If [the Cubans] thought it was worth anything to Russia, China, or anybody else, [they] would have no doubt passed it on," the official said. Other intelligence officials confirmed to me that intelligence obtained by Russia and China originated in Cuba.

U.S. officials believe Cuba used the thousands of pages of DIA intelligence reports gathered from Montes to barter for other goods and means of support from Russia and China. The DIA official told me that Fidel Castro could have "leverage[d] U.S. intelligence information for his own purposes." Castro's regime could have taken the intelligence from Montes "to go to the Chinese, for example, and say, 'Give me three million bucks and I'll tell you what U.S. intelligence knows about your nuclear weapons.'" Other U.S. intelligence officials tell me they believe that is exactly what happened.

"The Go-To Person on Cuba"

Ana Belen Montes was born on February 28, 1957, at an American military base in what was then West Germany. After leaving the Army, her father, who was born in Puerto Rico, became a Freudian psychoanalyst, settling in the Baltimore suburbs in 1967. According to U.S. counterintelligence officials who investigated Ana's background, her father was a harsh disciplinarian who sought to instill conservative values in his four children. Her mother worked as an investigator for a federal employment antidiscrimination office and was active in local Hispanic groups.

Ana graduated from the University of Virginia in 1979. In 1982, she moved to Washington, D.C., where she attended Johns Hopkins University's School of Advanced International Studies. She focused on Latin American affairs, earning a master's degree. While in Washington she went to work as a clerical assistant at the Justice Department, where she received her first security clearance. She moved to the DIA in 1985.

Why would Cuban intelligence dispatch Montes to work within the U.S. intelligence community? Aside from the obvious benefits of having a mole in the Pentagon, the Cubans could learn details about the CIA's support for the Contra rebels in Nicaragua who opposed the pro-Castro government there. Even after Daniel Ortega's Sandinista government was swept out in 1990, Montes fed the Cubans valuable information about Nicaragua. In 1990, Montes was one of several U.S. military intelligence officials who briefed the new Nicaraguan president, Violeta Chamorro, on Cuban intelligence operations in Nicaragua—and she secretly passed along details of her meeting to the Cubans.

Montes's influence extended far beyond the Nicaraguan situation. Once installed at DIA, she became widely known in Washington foreign policy circles. She achieved such influence that in 1998 she traveled to Latin America with two senior staff members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The committee was headed by the staunch anticommunist Senator Jesse Helms, who was a vocal critic of Castro's regime in Cuba. "For the U.S. government, she was the go-to person on Cuba," one official told me.

Montes was a good, disciplined spy. Cuban intelligence trained her to steal secrets without being caught. She even traveled to Cuba twice—once as an employee of the Justice Department, once unofficially for the DIA—without arousing suspicion. Coworkers described her as an efficient, no-nonsense intelligence analyst who guarded her political views. "She was not a warm, gregarious person," one official who knew her told me. "She would do her work and that was it."

The usual indicators that tip off counterintelligence officials—unexplained affluence, money problems, or criminal behavior—were absent in Montes's case, said a DIA official who provided a briefing to me on the condition of anonymity. Not only did she live modestly, but she also performed her DIA job well enough to earn praise and numerous awards for her intelligence analyses. According to U.S. counterintelligence agents, officials who are performing poorly in their duties—think Aldrich Ames—are much more likely to turn to espionage. "Somebody that was as good as she was at what she did is always a concern," the official told me. Her ability to fly under the radar for so long highlights a vulnerability in American counterintelligence. According to the DIA official, "The mechanisms that are available to us as counterintelligence and security professionals are relatively limited, unless something pops up which allows us to focus on an individual." Of course, Montes met openly in Washington restaurants with her Cuban handlers and still wasn't detected.

These are weaknesses America's enemies have learned to exploit.

Incalculable Harm

Ana Montes may have done even more damage to U.S. national security than the more infamous Aldrich Ames and Robert Hanssen did. The reason is simple: She had access to more vital intelligence secrets than either of those double agents had.

Montes had access to a treasure trove of classified information from her office in the Defense Intelligence Analysis Center at Bolling Air Force Base. Not only had she penetrated DIA, but she could tap in to virtually any classified U.S. intelligence database outside the agency. Notably, she could retrieve information from the U.S. intelligence community's top-secret desktop computer system known first as SAFE and later as the Corporate Information Retrieval and Storage system (CIRAS). The database was an "all-source" network that included information from almost every available intelligence producer, including the CIA, the State Department Bureau of Intelligence and Research, embassies, the National Security Agency (NSA), and the FBI.

"She did great damage and a lot of our enemies were getting a great deal of information," an intelligence official told me.

Court papers in the case show that Montes gave the Cubans classified information on the identity of numerous U.S. intelligence officers. For example, she notified Cuba's DGI when undercover American intelligence agents visited Cuba, compromising the agents' contacts on the island. Thanks to Montes, the Cubans determined who was spying on them and thus prevented the United States from knowing exactly what the Communist regime was doing, how it was trying to spread Marxist-Leninist revolution in the hemisphere, and the true nature of the threat it posed to the United States and our Latin American allies. Intelligence officials told me that Montes compromised at least four agents in Cuba who had agreed to work with the U.S. government against the Castro regime. Those four were not executed, but it is not known whether they were imprisoned.

Montes also passed along details of U.S. military exercises and what U.S. intelligence had picked up about Cuba's armed forces. A DIA official told me, "It would appear that because of her position, she could tell the Cuban government what we know about their military, what we knew about their positions, and perhaps even more important, what we didn't know, whatever the gaps might be."

Montes's clearance gave her access to information classified at the most secret levels —sensitive compartmented information (SCI) and special access programs (SAPs). In a message investigators later obtained from Montes's home computer, she told a DIA coworker that one particular SAP, which involved electronic intelligence-gathering operations, was so secret that she and one other agency employee were the only ones in her office who knew about it.

As in the Katrina Leung case, it was the compromise of these secret U.S. electronic eavesdropping systems that did the most damage. In 1999, Montes visited the NSA's

Medina Regional SIGINT Operations Center at Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio. During two days of briefings, she learned about every single NSA eavesdropping program targeted against Cuba and Latin America. She almost immediately passed the information on to her DGI handlers, who met her during the visit. It is even possible, officials told me, that she clandestinely carried a video camera and recorded everything she saw and heard at Lackland.

In another instance, as a senior analyst on Cuba and Latin America intelligence operations, Montes took part in long-range strategy sessions for the Future Imagery Architecture intelligence planning program. With that access, she would have been able to provide the Cubans with the most intimate details of current and future U.S. electronic spying systems, the targets, and the methods used. The information would be an intelligence windfall not just for Cuba but also for China and Russia, two nations that are major targets of U.S. electronic spying operations.

Such disclosures did incalculable harm to U.S. national security. "I think she probably did more damage than Hanssen did at the FBI," one official familiar with the case told me. "I don't think Hanssen had the same analytical and intelligence tools at his desk that Montes did at hers."

Disinformation

The Cuban regime, like all Marxist-Leninist regimes, has an overriding goal: to preserve the system. Montes's access to U.S. intelligence secrets furthered that goal, as it allowed Havana to know secret information that the U.S. government used to set policies toward Cuba. Most important, by granting Cuba full knowledge of electronic spying operations against the island, Montes enabled the Communist regime to strategically provide disinformation to the United States.

The Cuban Communists worked very hard to change U.S. policy and perceptions toward Havana. The goal, according to U.S. officials, was to portray Cuba in a nonthreatening way, with the ultimate objective being to convince the United States to lift economic sanctions. It appears that Montes herself contributed to this effort.

In debriefings after her arrest, Montes denied that she had deliberately presented false and slanted reporting on Cuba. But the counterintelligence damage assessment looked at the hundreds of reports Montes wrote during her years at the agency and concluded that she had supplied disinformation.

One report to which Montes contributed contained disinformation that led the Clinton administration to take a softer line on Cuba. The report was identified in 2002 by John Bolton, the undersecretary of state for arms control, who later became U.S. ambassador to the United Nations. In a speech to the conservative think tank the Heritage Foundation in Washington, D.C., Bolton revealed that the U.S. intelligence community had ignored or “underplayed” the threat from Cuba’s Communist regime, including its biological weapons program. He cited an official U.S. government report from 1998 that reached the astonishing conclusion that Cuba did not represent any significant military threat to the United States or the region. According to the report, “Cuba has a limited capacity to engage in some military and intelligence activities which could pose a danger to U.S. citizens under some circumstances.”

That conclusion was apparently too much for President Clinton’s defense secretary, the former Republican senator William Cohen. The secretary added a note of realism in his preface to the report by stating, “I remain concerned about Cuba’s potential to develop and produce biological agents, given its biotechnology infrastructure.” Cohen also cited Havana’s intelligence activities against the United States and its human rights abuses.

Bolton revealed in his speech that Montes, who by that point had pleaded guilty to spying for Cuba, “had a hand in drafting the 1998 Cuba report.” Thus, he said, the report was so unbalanced largely because of Montes’s spying and, more broadly speaking, Cuba’s aggressive intelligence activity against the United States.

Army Lieutenant Colonel Joseph C. Myers, who was a senior DIA military analyst for Colombia at the time the controversial report was published, agreed with Bolton’s analysis. Myers said that Montes “took the lead in crafting” the report. And he challenged the soft line Montes took in the 1998 report: “There is no doubt that Cuba poses a significant, dangerous, and hostile intelligence threat to the United States—and Ana Montes herself embodied it.”

Myers said that when he later learned a DIA analyst had been arrested as a spy for Cuba, he immediately knew it was Montes. “I remember telling this guy, ‘She’s an ideological recruit,’” Myers recalled.

Despite Defense Secretary Cohen’s addition to the 1998 report, the Clinton administration favored Montes’s benign view of Cuba. President Clinton suspended enforcement of the provision of the Helms-Burton Act, which blocked foreigners from doing business in Cuba. The soft-line approach sought to advance democracy but only bolstered the Communist regime.

John Bolton's speech noted the cold realities the Clinton team downplayed or simply skipped over: that Cuba is a "totalitarian state"; that it has been a major violator of human rights; that based on intelligence analyses and reports from Cuban defectors, "Cuba has at least a limited offensive biological warfare research and development effort"; that Havana has for decades provided safe haven for terrorists and remains on the State Department's list of state sponsors of terrorism; and that Castro views terrorism as a legitimate tactic to advance revolutionary objectives, and has visited other terrorist-sponsoring states, including Iran, Syria, and Libya. Indeed, Bolton noted that during a 2001 visit to Tehran University, Castro declared, "Iran and Cuba, in cooperation with each other, can bring America to its knees. The U.S. regime is weak and we are witnessing this weakness from close up." Castro subsequently stepped up his anti-U.S. rhetoric, claiming in 2006 that the United States was preparing to invade Cuba.

An earlier classified DIA report also contained disinformation from Montes. She is identified as the author of the Central American section of the 1991 report entitled "Special Operations Forces of the USSR, Eastern Europe, and Selected Third World Countries." She wrote that Cuban special forces were linked to the DGI (her own clandestine master), not to the Soviets. "Although their influence on Cuban special purpose forces has been noted, the Cubans should not be characterized as Soviet surrogate SPF [Special Purpose Force] forces," Montes wrote. This was false. The Cuban special forces were in fact surrogates for Moscow and continued operating as such until the collapse of the Soviet Union. She also said Soviet commandos trained with their Cuban counterparts on a "very limited scale"—another false statement.

The U.S. intelligence community did not challenge these statements. Instead it presented Cuba's Communist regime as a nonthreatening entity.

Montes also peddled the soft line on Cuba in a 1993 paper, as former CIA analyst Brian Latell documented in his 2005 book *After Fidel.* According to Latell, Montes spent a year investigating the Cuban military for the CIA, and she even traveled to Cuba as part of the study. She had been chosen by CIA Director George Tenet to participate in what the agency called the Director of Central Intelligence Exceptional Analyst Program. But the only thing exceptional about Montes was that she was working for the Cuban DGI and against the United States.

"If Montes did in fact visit Cuba that year," Latell wrote, "her handlers no doubt took advantage of the opportunity to provide her specialized training in espionage and countersurveillance tradecraft with no fear of being detected."

Whatever happened on her trip to Cuba, her final report put forward the position of Cuban intelligence. “The [Cuban] armed forces believe that improved relations with the U.S. are a necessary component of Cuba’s future economic stability and will continue to jump at the chance to improve communications with the U.S.,” she wrote. “The Cubans will be anxious to improve cooperation on operational issues, almost certainly would like to exchange military visits, and likely would accept U.S. military lectures at [their National Defense College].” The Cubans were no doubt taking their cue from the Clinton administration’s zealous desire to court Communist militaries, especially exchanges with the Chinese People’s Liberation Army (PLA). The PLA gained valuable military intelligence on U.S. warfighting doctrines and methods from these exchanges, even as Beijing blocked Pentagon visitors from seeing Chinese military facilities.

Latell noted that Montes’s soft-line views on the Cuban military were “iconoclastic, to say the least.” He concluded—only in his book, not while working alongside Montes as a top Cuba analyst—that no intelligence analyst could have reached the conclusion she had reached based on the available evidence. “Some of her language in that passage, and throughout the paper, so faithfully, even adoringly reflected Cuban policy that it is surprising in retrospect that she did not come under suspicion earlier than she did,” Latell wrote. “The study is replete with pandering to the official Cuban line that ought to have at least raised eyebrows in the American security and counterintelligence circles.”

Suspicion and Arrest

But Ana Montes’s 1993 report did not raise many eyebrows in the U.S. intelligence community. As Latell noted, Montes operated unmolested until years later and caused “terrible damage to American interests.” The DIA was thoroughly fooled.

How could this happen?

U.S. counterintelligence actually had an opportunity to catch Montes as early as 1994. A DIA official told me that she originally came under suspicion because electronic intelligence secrets had been leaked and the surveillance systems had been compromised. Montes, of course, had access to top-secret intelligence reports based on electronic intercepts. U.S. counterintelligence conducted an inquiry. Ultimately, after two years of investigation, security officials gave her a polygraph. On the test, she was asked directly whether she was a Cuban spy. She replied “no”—and passed the test. U.S. counterintelligence officials believe the Cubans had trained her in techniques to fool polygraph machines and investigators. Montes’s fooling of the polygraph demonstrates why U.S. counterintelligence agencies should not be relying on the test to the great extent that they do.

Since U.S. counterspies could not prove that Ana Montes was engaged in espionage, she continued passing secrets to Havana.

Typically she exchanged secrets with Cuba's DGI using coded computer contacts, telephone calls, and meetings. These techniques became particularly important once U.S. officials arrested a group of Cuban agents working in South Florida in 1998. Her meetings with her DGI handlers became less frequent after that point. In her apartment on Macomb Street in northwest Washington, D.C., she would monitor high-frequency, encrypted transmissions from Cuba on a Sony shortwave radio. The Cubans used a so-called numbers radio station, which would broadcast a series of 150 five-figure groups. Court papers reveal, for example, that at 7 A.M. on Saturday, February 6, 1999, Montes tuned to frequency 7887 kHz and took down a list of numbers. The transmission began, "*Atención!, Atención! tres cero uno cero siete, dos cuatro seis dos cuatro* [30107 24624]. . .," and lasted about forty-five minutes. She then keyed the numbers into her laptop computer and decoded them using a special decryption software program. Finally, Montes went to a pay telephone, called a long-distance pager number that the Cubans had provided her, and keyed in a series of prearranged signal numbers that let her Cuban intelligence handlers know she had received the message. It was spy tradecraft 101.

She did not come under suspicion again until 2000. Counterspies detected "anomalies" in intelligence reports from overseas, indicating that U.S. intelligence information had leaked out. Specifically, Cuban counterintelligence discovered a U.S. agent working in Cuba as part of a top-secret special intelligence program. American counterspies investigated, focusing on the small circle of U.S. intelligence officials, including Montes, who had been "read in" to the special program. Montes drew further attention to herself when she showed up uninvited at an interagency intelligence meeting. "Her presence there seemed unusual," the DIA official told me. A DIA analyst talked to FBI counterspies about the incident. The agency also blocked her appointment to CIA Director George J. Tenet's National Intelligence Council before her arrest.

The FBI began clandestine surveillance of Montes. One day in 2000, agents followed her to the National Zoo in Washington. There they observed her going to a pay phone and making a call to her Cuban intelligence handlers. It was the first breakthrough in exposing how Montes communicated secrets to the Cubans.

The investigation continued for more than a year. It might have lasted longer had it not been for the terrorist attacks of September 11,2001. The FBI had intended to keep monitoring Montes in hopes of catching her in the act of meeting with Cuban agents and passing classified documents to them. Now, as the United States prepared to take military action in Afghanistan, officials realized they didn't have the luxury of waiting to arrest her. The DIA official I interviewed explained that the Pentagon could not risk having a Cuban spy helping to pick bombing targets in Afghanistan and possibly providing the information to U.S. enemies. "After September 11, somebody in her position would have been involved in a task force on Afghanistan targeting issues," the official told me. "To attempt to exclude her from that would have been unusual. . .and probably [would have] tipped her off."

Ana Montes had fooled U.S. officials for years, and most of her colleagues as well. Many of her coworkers were shocked when she was arrested, in fact. A Navy officer who worked in a booth next to Montes at DIA cried for two days. "It really devastated people," one official told me.

In March 2002, as part of a plea agreement, Montes pleaded guilty to passing defense secrets to Cuba. In October 2002, she was sentenced to twenty-five years in prison.

The Failures Continue

Though Ana Montes did the most damage, she was but one of a string of spies who betrayed the United States by supplying secrets to Cuba. Montes herself tried to recruit others inside the intelligence community. U.S. officials told me that one she attempted to recruit was her boyfriend at the time of her arrest, Roger Corneretto. Corneretto was a civilian employee with the Joint Intelligence Center in Miami of the U.S. Southern Command (Southcom), the military command that would be in charge of a conflict with Cuba. The FBI interrogated Corneretto but eventually cleared him. Investigators also questioned Montes's siblings—a brother who was an FBI agent and a sister who worked for the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, which later became part of the Department of Homeland Security. They determined that these family members were not involved in the spying.

Other U.S. officials were spying for the Cubans, however. One apparent spy had been a high-level Pentagon official, serving as a deputy assistant secretary of defense under President George H. W. Bush. Alberto Coll was chairman of the Strategic Research Department at the U.S. Naval War College in Newport, Rhode Island, when his spying was uncovered in 2005. In that position he held a top-secret security clearance.

Officials told me that Cuba's intelligence service had recruited Coll, who was born in Havana, in part by using a female agent to seduce him.

A conservative Republican, Coll shifted away from his anticommunist position in the late 1990s and began advocating that the United States lift the embargo against Cuba. After his eighteen-year-old daughter was killed in a car crash in the summer of 2003, Coll was devastated emotionally. His father also became terminally ill, adding to his problems. He was distraught. At this point he traveled to Cuba, noting on his visa application that he planned to visit his aunt. He also had an affair with a Cuban woman.

According to U.S. officials, a government electronic screening system used on travelers discovered that Coll had taken the unauthorized trip to Cuba. That trip, along with the secret liaison with the Cuban woman, raised suspicions about Coll. And when counterintelligence investigators questioned him about the trip, he denied that it had taken place.

Coll was never arrested but was allowed to retire quietly after his unauthorized travel to Cuba was discovered. He eventually pleaded guilty to making a false statement on a federal form and left the War College. He received the minimum penalties: a $5,000 fine and a one-year probation. His law license was suspended for one year. A senior FBI official declined to provide details but said "there is more to that case."

Another notorious Cuba spy ring was headed by Gerardo Hernández, a captain in Cuban military intelligence. The group he oversaw, known as La Red Avispa, or the Wasp Network, included Cuban nationals and Cuban-Americans who fed information to Cuba on anti-Castro Cuban exile groups in south Florida and U.S. military installations. On September 12, 1998, the FBI arrested ten people linked to the ring—eight men and two women. It was these arrests that led Ana Montes to cut back on her contacts with her Cuban handlers.

The case provided valuable insights into Havana's intelligence operations. First, it revealed the identities of several senior Cuban intelligence officers, including Hernández. It also showed how the Cubans targeted the U.S. military, since La Red Avispa sought to infiltrate the U.S. Southern Command headquarters in Miami, MacDill Air Force Base near Tampa, and the Boca Chica Naval Air Station in Key West. Havana tasked the spies with documenting the activities, exercises, and trends at the bases. The main objective was to get advance warning of a U.S. attack on Cuba so Castro could take preemptive action.

Five people arrested in the case—Alejandro Alonso, a boat pilot at Boca Chica; the married couple Nilo and Linda Hernández; and another couple, Joseph and Amarylis Santos—accepted a plea bargain and cooperated with the prosecutors, providing information about the others. The remaining five defendants eventually went to trial, and were convicted on all counts on June 8, 2001. Gerardo Hernández and Ramón Labañino, both Cuban nationals, and Antonio Guerrero, an American citizen who monitored and reported aircraft landings and takeoffs at Boca Chica, were convicted of conspiracy to commit espionage and were sentenced to life in prison, although they did not collect or compromise any classified information. Two other Cuban nationals, Fernando González and René González, received sentences of nineteen years and ten years, respectively, for conspiracy and for acting as unregistered agents of a foreign power. The five American citizens who reached a deal with prosecutors pleaded guilty to one count of acting as unregistered agents of a foreign power, and received lesser sentences.

The South Florida case showed that Cuba poses a major intelligence threat to the United States. The fact that the Cuban agents operated for six years indicates that the United States needs to direct more efforts at thwarting Castro's spies.

An even more damaging intelligence failure occurred in the CIA. Counterintelligence officials were shocked to discover that all of the CIA's recruited agents in Cuba were double agents loyal to the DGI. A Cuban intelligence officer, Florentino Aspillaga, blew the whistle on the spying when he defected in June 1987. His revelations prompted the Cuban government to go public with the embarrassing story of how thoroughly it had penetrated the CIA's network of agents in Cuba, with the government-run newspaper *Granma* publishing photographs of eighty-three CIA officers working undercover as diplomats on the island.

The CIA had been fooled into thinking that its agents were working for the United States, but in the end they all had been doubled by the Cubans. The situation calls to mind Angelo Codevilla's comment that it is better to have no intelligence agency at all than to have one that is penetrated. But the agency merely shrugged off this debacle, and actually promoted the woman case officer responsible for the failure. It was typical of the CIA's lack of accountability and oversight.

Indeed, in that same period every single CIA officer recruited in East Germany was in fact a double agent working for the Communists, as was later revealed by intelligence files from the Stasi, the East German Secret Police, released after the fall of the Berlin Wall. The spies in East Germany "were either double agents from the beginning or were turned [into double agents] after a short time," a U.S. intelligence official told me at the time. Codevilla, the former Senate Intelligence Committee staff member, called the disclosure “a bombshell, but not a surprise” because of the earlier failure in Cuba.

Such intelligence failures were bad enough, but even more disturbing was the fact that U.S. intelligence did nothing to shore up its problems. With Cuba specifically, the Clinton administration in 1994 decided to give up on human spying altogether, rather than regroup and launch new operations against the Cuban Communist regime. The administration, led by pro-Cuba national security adviser Anthony Lake, banned all U.S. intelligence agencies from conducting human spying operations in Cuba. Instead the United States relied on electronic eavesdropping—which, as we later learned, Cuba knew all about, thanks to Ana Montes’s betrayal.

The Clinton administration failed to recognize one of the keys to effective counterintelligence: penetrating the enemy with spies before the enemy can penetrate you. This was a lesson the British learned well in fighting their clandestine war against the Provisional Irish Republican Army, a Marxist terrorist group.

Chapter 9

STAKEKNIFE

Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.

—*Jesus, Matthew 4:19*

Recruiting agents to operate as spies inside foreign organizations or terrorist groups is the acme of intelligence work. It is difficult and often involves betrayal, certainly deception, and always risk. And it will be essential in the battle against international extremism.

Unfortunately, U.S. intelligence agencies have had great difficulty penetrating terrorist organizations and other foreign threats. The failure reflects the CIA's risk aversion, its poor structure, and the many restrictions that have hamstrung the agency. Despite the rosy progress reports Porter Goss delivered during his nineteen months as CIA director, the fact remains that the CIA has not penetrated our most dangerous enemies, meaning that we don't know al Qaeda's plans, or about Iran's nuclear weapons program, or about the North Korean threat, or about China's massive military buildup. As one agency official put it, "The CIA's problem can be summed up in two words: no spies."

In fact, by 2005 the CIA's number of case officers had dropped below one thousand. And several hundred of those were deployed to Baghdad to build the new Iraqi intelligence service. Most were restricted to operating inside the Green Zone, the secure area in central Baghdad, limiting their effectiveness in recruiting agents and collecting intelligence on the insurgency. How could the agency have so few spy handlers and recruiters even today, five years after 9/11? Because, regardless of recent reform efforts, the CIA remains wedded to the view that it cannot achieve the goal of planting agents inside al Qaeda and other extremist groups.

The defeatist CIA bureaucracy would do well to look at the success Britain's intelligence and security services have had at getting inside terrorist groups. Case in point: For decades a British military intelligence agent—code-named Stakeknife—worked inside the Marxist-Leninist terror group the Provisional Irish Republican Army. The IRA was considered as lethal a terrorist organization as any that has appeared in modern times. The British penetration will go down in intelligence lore as one of the great counterintelligence coups of the modern era, and is a model for the kind of spying operations that need to be conducted in the global war on terrorism. But the operation also reveals that running an agent in a terrorist organization is a dirty business, full of moral dilemmas and profound difficulties. And getting a spy inside an Islamist extremist organization will be even dirtier than having an agent in the IRA.

Penetrating the IRA

The Stakeknife story began during the violent conflict in Northern Ireland known as "The Troubles," which started in the late 1960s and continued (with some interruptions) through the summer of 2005, when the IRA formally ordered a halt to its campaign of bloodshed and terror. Britain's government remains officially silent on the Stakeknife case as part of its policy of not discussing operational intelligence matters. But my interviews with former officials, along with news reports and books on the subject, have revealed the details of this fascinating and important case.

The IRA's campaign of violence, intended to force unification of the Republic of Ireland with the counties of Northern Ireland that are part of Great Britain, claimed the lives of between 1,800 and 2,300 people over the course of some thirty-six years. More than 17,000 civilians were injured between 1971 and 1982 alone. The Marxist-Leninist group targeted loyalist Protestants using traditional terrorist techniques such as bombings and the shootings known as "knee-cappings." It also went after leadership targets; most notably, in 1979, an IRA-planted bomb killed Lord Admiral Louis Mountbatten, uncle of Queen Elizabeth II, as a warning to British leaders. The organization funded paramilitary and terrorist campaigns through bank robberies, racketeering, and other criminal activities. The IRA had received weapons from Libya's Muammar Qaddafi.

It has now become clear that British intelligence did an extraordinary job of penetrating the IRA, and not just with Stakeknife. The British planted as many as forty agents inside the organization between 1969 and 2005. British military counterintelligence also landed agents inside the Protestant paramilitary groups that sprang up in response to IRA terrorism. But none of these spies was as significant as Stakeknife.

This incredibly important agent's real name, according to former British military intelligence officials and published reports, was Freddie Scappaticci. Scappaticci was the son of Italian immigrants who settled in Belfast in the 1920s. He was republican (opposed to a divided Ireland) and an expert soccer player. Known as short-tempered and a fighter, he was imprisoned in 1970 during a riot. While in prison he met up with other IRA members, including Gerry Adams, the head of Sinn Fein, which is considered the IRA's "political" arm. Released in 1974, Scap, as he was called, became a trusted member of the Provisional IRA. He volunteered his services to British military intelligence in 1978.

What prompted Scappaticci to become a British military intelligence informant? The answer is not clear. One theory is that he went to the British military after suffering a beating at the hands of some IRA members. One British agent who knew Scappaticci, Martin Ingram—a pseudonym the former intelligence officer uses because he is now on the run from British authorities—wrote in his 2004 book *Stakeknife* that his British handler had revealed this to be Scap's motivation.

Or possibly Stakeknife sought revenge against IRA leader Martin McGuinness. Scappaticci referenced McGuinness in an unusual television interview he gave in August 1993, when he was still an active spy. Using an assumed name, "Jack," Scappaticci told reporters for the ITV program *The Cook Report* that McGuinness was more than simply a Sinn Fein political leader, as he was identified in British news reports, but was the operational commander of the IRA Northern Command. In essence, Scappaticci was revealing that McGuinness was the terrorist commander of the IRA. (A video of this interview became available on the Cryptome website in April 2005.) To give a public interview was an extraordinary and risky move for an active spy. Scappaticci clearly felt an urgent need to take such a drastic step. Years later, after Stakeknife's identity was revealed, ITV reporter Sylvia Jones revealed that Scappaticci had contacted them directly, upset that a *Cook Report* story on McGuinness had been too soft on the Sinn Fein leader.

Stakeknife was handled by Britain's ultrasecret military intelligence group in Northern Ireland, the Mobile Reconnaissance Force, which in 1980 was renamed the Force Research Unit (FRU). The military unit included mostly enlisted men from the Royal Army, Navy, and Air Force, as well as special forces troops, including those from the elite Special Air Services. Counterspy recruiters and handlers like Ingram made it through an intensive ten-week training program from which only about three of every ten students emerged. According to Ingram, the FRU was dedicated to recruiting, developing, and controlling spies who could assist the covert war against the IRA. Its motto said it all: “Fishers of men.”

In the early 1970s, the unit had run an extremely successful operation known as the Four Square Laundry. The group sent young women into Catholic areas of Belfast, Northern Ireland, to offer special discounts on laundry services. Using special equipment in the back of the shop, the women scanned clothes for traces of explosives or precursor chemicals and gunpowder. The explosives residue allowed British intelligence to identify many IRA terrorists. According to an official familiar with the operation, the IRA later discovered that the laundry was a cover for the British. In response, it attacked one of Four Square’s delivery vans, killing an undercover British Army soldier.

Still, the intelligence unit had gotten a peek at how the IRA worked. And Stakeknife would give the British a much longer look. Scappaticci’s position as deputy director of the IRA’s internal security unit provided the ideal cover for a spy. The internal security unit was responsible for finding spies inside the organization—and killing them. (The brutal unit became known as the “nutting squad,” because the IRA put bullets into informants’ heads, or “nuts.”) Scappaticci had wide latitude to ask questions that for anyone not involved in spy hunting would raise immediate suspicions. He conducted investigations of suspected informants, focused IRA internal investigations on false threats (ensuring that the IRA executed other members of the group rather than actual British agents), and debriefed IRA members who had been released from custody. Stakeknife’s position allowed him to feed the British extremely valuable information about the IRA’s leadership personalities, its weapons acquisitions and storage, and its plans for attacks. He also acted as a talent spotter for the FRU. In the counterintelligence business, there is no better place to have an active agent than the position Stakeknife held.

Beyond taking advantage of Stakeknife’s position as internal security investigator, the British made sure their agents weren’t caught as a result of too obvious tactics. They subtly used the intelligence they were being fed. For example, the British military thwarted bombings and blocked weapons pickups by setting up checkpoints; they arranged the checkpoints based on intelligence their agents secretly provided, of course, but it appeared that the British benefited from nothing more than good luck in catching the terrorists at their checkpoints.

By the early 1990s, British military intelligence had penetrated not just the IRA but the Protestant terrorist groups as well. The most notable agent on the Protestant side was Brian Nelson, a senior officer in the paramilitary group the Ulster Defence Association. Nigel West, a British historian and intelligence specialist who is well connected to U.K. intelligence and counterintelligence agencies, told me that the FRU's recruiting of both Stakeknife and Nelson was like secretly recruiting the captains of two opposing soccer teams. "And then for good measure they recruited the referees as well," he said, referring to the fact that the British even put agents inside the Northern Ireland police force, the Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC).

Using information provided by Stakeknife and the other penetration agents—many of whom Scappaticci recruited—the British government thwarted an astonishing 80 percent of the IRA's attacks and identified or jailed 40 percent of the group's leaders. Stakeknife also fed intelligence to the British that allowed police to rescue two businessmen whom IRA terrorists had kidnapped. Another notable success occurred in 1987, when the British, given advance warning, captured a shipment of Libyan arms intended for the IRA. Also in the late 1980s, Special Air Services commandos ambushed and killed a series of IRA members, setting back the organization's terrorist campaign.

There were other important but less visible achievements. The FRU used inside intelligence to identify arms caches located in remote farmhouses, where surveillance was difficult. It then tagged the IRA weapons and placed sensors in the caches to identify IRA members and prevent the arms and explosives from being used. Operatives inside the loyalist paramilitary groups tipped the FRU off to a planned hit against Sinn Fein's Gerry Adams and several IRA members, allowing the British to replace the ammunition with less powerful rounds. It saved the lives of Adams and the others who were needed for talks.

Of course, along with that success came moral dilemmas that are still being played out in special inquiries in Britain. Families of victims of IRA terrorism now claim that the British government was complicit in the IRA's murders because its penetration agents were aware of the operations in advance and did not stop them. Although published accounts of FRU personnel reveal that recruited FRU agents working inside the IRA did divert some attacks and killings, it's clear that important British agents like Stakeknife had a good deal of blood on their hands. Such dilemmas are an ugly reality of the dark world of spies and counterspies.

The Dark Side of Intelligence

Ethical dilemmas are not unusual in intelligence. Consider one of the great intelligence triumphs of World War II, Britain's decoding of German military communications. This intelligence coup allowed Allied forces to stay one step ahead of Hitler's Wehrmacht throughout the war. Early in the war, in 1940, British codebreakers informed Prime Minister Winston Churchill that German bombers would conduct raids on Coventry. Though Churchill knew that casualties would result, he deliberately did not order the evacuation of the city or the beefing up of air defenses. Doing so would have alerted the Germans that their secret military communications were being intercepted and decoded in real time. In wartime, he needed to protect the strategic pipeline into the enemy's military command structure.

Nor are problematic sources unusual in the spy game. And Freddie Scappaticci, valuable as he proved to be, posed problems for the British. Martin Ingram said that he first learned of Stakeknife in 1982, after Scappaticci was arrested for drunk driving. The FRU told the police to do nothing to the prized informant, and Scap was released. It was only later that Ingram learned that Stakeknife was the most important agent within the IRA—the "jewel in the crown" of British intelligence, as Ingram put it, who produced "high grade intelligence" that went to the top levels of the British government, including prime ministers Margaret Thatcher, John Major, and Tony Blair. Ingram said that Scappaticci's handler was willing to take risks to protect him because Stakeknife was so valuable a source.

Drunk driving was the least of the problems that came with Scappaticci. The agent was intimately involved in IRA kidnappings, tortures, assassinations, bombings, and other illegal acts. Also, through his work with the IRA's internal security unit—the infamous nutting squad—Stakeknife was responsible for the murder of IRA informants. Ingram believes that Scappaticci was involved, directly or indirectly, in the torture and execution of some thirty-five IRA members.

Some of Scappaticci's statements about Martin McGuinness in the 1993 television interview might have been cover for his own viciousness. In the interview, he claimed that McGuinness had killed another FRU informant in the IRA, Frank Hegarty. But according to Ingram, Scappaticci had told his FRU handlers that he, not McGuinness, was the trigger man. Stakeknife reportedly killed Hegarty to maintain his cover.

Scappaticci's FRU counterpart in the Protestant Ulster Defense Association, Brian Nelson, also had blood on his hands. On January 22, 1992, Nelson pleaded guilty to five counts of conspiracy to commit murder. Investigators suspected that during his two years as an FRU agent he was involved in at least fifteen murders, fifteen attempted murders, and sixty-two conspiracies to kill.

Clearly, the British could not control everything in their penetration operation. British military intelligence in Northern Ireland was taking on a terrorist enemy and did not fight by the Marquis of Queensbury rules. They were engaged in a dirty war and were playing to win.

The FRU's war against the IRA should not be taken out of context. The counterintelligence techniques used against the IRA were classic tradecraft. Nigel West, the historian and intelligence specialist, told me that the FRU created suspicion about certain IRA members and thus disrupted the group's activities. For example, the FRU would identify a target IRA member and work with the Northern Ireland police to have him arrested and interrogated. Then after a short period, say forty-eight hours, the target would be released. The authorities would then round up the target's friends, neighbors, and relatives for questioning. To the IRA, it would appear as though the target had provided the names of other IRA terrorists. The target might have been an IRA loyalist, but as a result of the suspicion aroused, he would be excommunicated or even killed as a suspected turncoat. Freddie Scappaticci played a key part in these British deception operations. In fact, many of the supposed turncoats Ingram believes Scappaticci helped murder were probably not informing on the IRA.

These were difficult trade-offs the British chose to make in order to maintain a real-time sense of how a terrorist group was operating—and to thwart the vast majority of the group's attacks. Such trade-offs are an inevitable part of intelligence and counterintelligence.

Exposed

The secrets of British counterintelligence operations in Northern Ireland began to seep out in 2003, as part of an official British government investigation that began in 1989. Sir John Stevens, the head of the Metropolitan Police in London, led the investigation. Stevens had been chosen to investigate claims from victims' families that British security forces were somehow linked to IRA killings. Stevens uncovered information that implicated British agents in the 1989 murder of Belfast lawyer Pat Finucane, who was killed by members of the Ulster Defence Association for defending IRA members in court. The FRU claimed it had been unaware of any plans for the killing. But reports revealed that Protestant loyalist paramilitaries had asked Brian Nelson to compile a dossier on Finucane and that the information for the dossier had come from British military intelligence databases. Nelson died in 2003, and Stevens eventually charged an agent with the RUC Special Branch, William Strobie, in connection with the murder.

Strobie was killed by loyalist terrorists before he could stand trial. In 2004, loyalist terrorist Ken Barrett pleaded guilty to killing Finucane.

The Stevens inquiry and information from Nelson showed that the Ulster Defence Association had planned to kill Stakeknife, who they believed was merely a senior IRA member. When Nelson told his FRU handlers, they suggested that the loyalists target another IRA member besides Scappaticci. They did: On October 9, 1987, operatives from the Ulster Defence Association shot and killed Francisco Notarantonio of the IRA.

In the course of the Stevens inquiry, Stakeknife was unmasked. British newspapers identified Scappaticci as Stakeknife on May 11, 2003. British intelligence sources told me they believe that former FRU agents, including Martin Ingram, leaked the information to the press to protest the handling of the Stevens inquiry. They felt they were being unfairly treated after working for years against the IRA and were being taken to task simply for doing their jobs. Stevens said in a brief statement capping fourteen years of investigation that British authorities had colluded with loyalist terrorists.

Scappaticci at first denied that he was anything more than a republican Irishman and a humble construction worker. He told the online publication Irelandclick.com that he had nothing to do with British intelligence: “To suggest that I was at the heart of the peace process, doing this Machiavellian stuff, that I had the ear of Gerry Adams—the Mr. Big, in there for British intelligence, pushing the peace process one way, pushing it another to suit a British agenda. It’s so ridiculous that it’s just unbelievable.” Sinn Fein, for its part, claimed that the British had invented the allegations that Scappaticci was an FRU agent to discredit the unification movement and to divert attention from British intelligence collusion with the loyalist terror groups.

In 2004, however, Scappaticci’s 1993 interview was made public, and both the IRA and the RUC, renamed the Police Service of Northern Ireland, changed their tune, fearing what Stakeknife might reveal. The IRA, facing pressure from the families of murdered operatives falsely accused of being turncoats, eventually admitted that Scappaticci was the real traitor to the organization. One Sinn Fein leader, Martin O’Muilleoir, told a republican newspaper, the *Anderstown News,* that “there’s no getting away from the fact that the majority of our readers, who have been given the full story, are starting to reach their own sad conclusion” that Scappaticci worked for British military intelligence. As news of the British cooperation with the IRA went public, members of the FRU and other intelligence organizations fled the country, fearing they would be persecuted for doing their jobs.

Ingram believes that those British intelligence agents who were involved in the terrorist activities will eventually receive amnesty, as will the intelligence officials who ran agents inside the IRA. “At that point guys like Freddie Scappaticci will be able to avail themselves and tell their stories,” Ingram told me. What Ingram fears most, however, is that the amnesty will allow the authorities to cover up the government’s role.

Destroying Lives, or Fostering Peace?

After Stakeknife was exposed in 2003, Sinn Fein leader Gerry Adams said that the case showed the British government and its intelligence agencies to be “up to their elbows in killing and in destroying people’s lives.”

In reality, Britain’s extensive penetration of the IRA contributed to the terrorist group’s decision to seek a peaceful settlement. That settlement came on July 28, 2005, when the IRA formally announced that it was ending armed struggle and instructed all IRA units to give up their weapons. The group said it would henceforth work to unite Ireland and end British rule exclusively by peaceful, political means. But the statement also made clear that the IRA would not disband and that it viewed armed struggle as “entirely legitimate.” It made no apologies for past terrorist actions and atrocities.

The White House accepted the appeal cautiously. “This IRA statement must now be followed by actions,” a spokesman for President Bush said. The White House statement noted that the IRA “must show its unequivocal commitment to the rule of law and to the renunciation of all paramilitary and criminal activities.”

British intelligence remains vigilant. In December 2005, Denis Donaldson, Sinn Fein’s head of administration and a member of Northern Ireland’s main Catholic party for more than thirty years, admitted that he had been a spy for the British authorities. Donaldson was expelled from Sinn Fein.

There is good reason to keep an eye on the IRA, given its connections to international terrorists. In 2005, pipe bombs found in a Palestinian outpost in Jenin were identified as identical to pipe bombs produced by the IRA in Northern Ireland. In 2001, an investigation by the House International Relations Committee revealed IRA links to terrorists in Colombia, specifically a long-standing connection with the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC). The committee found that at least fifteen IRA terrorists had been traveling in and out of Colombia since 1998 and that the IRA was paid some $2 million to train FARC members in bomb-making. Two IRA explosives experts and a member of Sinn Fein were arrested in Bogotá in August 2001; they were traveling with false identity papers and were found with traces of explosives on their clothes and luggage. And former IRA member and admitted double agent Sean O'Callaghan revealed in his book *The Informer* that the IRA worked with Russian military intelligence, Syria, Libya, the PLO, and North Korea.

The Need for Human Intelligence

What can the United States learn from the Stakeknife case and, more broadly, Britain's experience in penetrating terrorist groups with intelligence agents? The Stakeknife case may not seem directly applicable to planting spies in tight-knit Islamist extremist organizations, but the United States must apply the same principles to achieve similar successes against al Qaeda and its offshoots.

Most important, the U.S. intelligence community must discard its risk aversion and emphasize human spying. This was certainly the mandate Porter Goss was given when he became CIA director in late 2004, but he had made little progress by the time he resigned in May 2006. The new emphasis on human spying will be a struggle to achieve. Martin Ingram, who has worked with both the CIA and the FBI, told me that U.S. intelligence agencies are ill suited to conduct human penetrations of terrorist organizations. The British, he noted, are "excellent" at the practice. According to Ingram, British counterintelligence successes arose out of sheer necessity. "We didn't have the money to throw at big electronic spying operations," he said, "so we had to do humint"—human intelligence gathering.

The United States has not faced that need. "Americans rely extensively on technical spying," he told me. "They have very little experience in dealing with humint. They also have inherent difficulties with different cultures that make it hard to actually deal with agents or empathize with target groups." For U.S. intelligence, the electronic spying operations that can snatch valuable secrets out of almost any type of electronic communication are impressive but limited, Ingram said. Also, he noted, U.S. spies have for too long relied on "things coming in over the transom"—that is, through defectors or volunteers. Ingram described that approach as working from an "analyst's point of view as opposed to getting your hands dirty and getting inside an organization."

Ingram said that human spying is "something you have to learn. The skills to do it don't come overnight." Adding to the difficulty of penetrating terrorist organizations is the lack of diversity within the spy services. "We can all run agents in the comfort of

London or New York," he said. "But try running them in Lebanon or Iran and it's very, very different."

Beyond broad principles, the United States could pick up specific pointers from Britain's Northern Ireland experience. Nigel West explained that a key lesson for the United States in Iraq is for U.S. troops to limit the time a vehicle checkpoint is set up to no longer than twenty minutes. The Brits learned that IRA terrorists could locate a military checkpoint in ten minutes and then would take ten to fifteen minutes to get their weapons and explosives and launch an attack. Moving to another site quickly makes checkpoints much less vulnerable to terrorist attack. This is a critical lesson for U.S. forces grappling with a dangerous insurgency in Iraq.

The success of British counterterrorist and counterintelligence activities cannot be underestimated. The penetrations forced the surrender of the Provisional IRA, as Nigel West reminded me. But what about the moral dilemma of running counterintelligence operations? Ingram, for one, now has doubts about the lengths to which Stakeknife's handlers went to stop the IRA. He acknowledged that British intelligence operated in a very difficult environment in Northern Ireland, but he said the FRU handlers took "fantastic risks" by continuing to run agents inside the IRA. In retrospect, he said, the moral compromises were so substantial that it was "not an acceptable means of operating."

How do you monitor such operations? When do you decide that getting information is not worth the cost of allowing deadly activities to continue? "There aren't any rules," Ingram told me. He then corrected himself: "There are a set of rules. It's do anything you like but don't get caught. And if you do get caught, we'll distance ourselves."

The CIA and other U.S. intelligence agencies have long resisted entering the murky world of spies and counterspies, for fear of resurrecting charges of being renegades that plagued them in the 1970s. But given the extraordinary threats to America and its allies around the world, U.S. intelligence cannot remain paralyzed, and must embrace aggressive counterintelligence operations and make them a priority.

Certainly our enemies—dangerous states like North Korea, China, or Russia, or deadly terrorist groups like al Qaeda—will not pull back from stealing our vital secrets and, if need be, attacking us. In the fight to protect Americans, the U.S. government must use all the weapons at its disposal. Counterintelligence could be an invaluable weapon for the United States.

If only we chose to use it aggressively.

DEFENSELESS

Since the 1970s, the fifteen U.S. government agencies responsible for intelligence activities have been severely restricted in trying to stop the danger posed by foreign spies and terrorists. The problems have been identified in tens of special commissions and reports, most following damaging spy cases or intelligence failures.

Richard Haver, a former special assistant for intelligence to Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, has taken part in numerous damage assessments of major spy cases since the 1980s. Haver believes there is widespread resistance within government, and especially within intelligence agencies, to making the kinds of important reforms that are needed to protect the country from foreign spies and terrorists.

"We've studied every one of these cases to death," Haver said. "Study the recommendations and then look at what we actually did. Take a look at what reforms actually went into effect. I'm afraid you'll see that we have a very low batting average. We do the things that are easy, we do the things that are cosmetically appealing, that make the system feel better, and that perhaps satiate the critics in Congress and placate the media and make it look as though we're really changing."

Real changes—fundamental changes—have not taken place. Changes in procedures or from within agencies are easy. And politicians are very willing to spend money on simple rewiring of existing agencies to make it appear that they have been restructured to perform their missions better.

Haver believes that the most necessary reforms have nothing to do with money or agency-wiring diagrams. "They have to do with culture," he said. "They have to do with the way these bureaucracies view themselves, the way they work with each other."

In the case of Moscow spy Robert Hanssen, the FBI was unwilling even to look for a spy in its midst, and thus Hanssen operated for years without being caught. The CIA, Navy intelligence, and other intelligence agencies gave free rein to spies because there was, and is, a cultural aversion to protecting the organization against foreign penetration, Haver said. “That is part of a culture that has to be attacked,” he said. “Change that culture, that’s what good counterintelligence is all about.”

Haver maintains that the most important element for developing good counterintelligence is shifting from a reactive approach to an aggressive one. “The best defense is a good offense,” he said. “If you are sitting back, waiting for the enemy to attack you, it will happen. If you want effective counterintelligence, the principal element of that is the capability of your system to attack the adversary intelligence service before they attack you.”

Good counterintelligence gets you inside the foreign intelligence system and reveals what your enemy’s plans are even before they are executed. The key to success against foreign agents lies in developing the human spying capabilities needed to reveal the identities of spies and terrorists, their intelligence targets, their methods of operation, their support networks, and how much they are willing to invest in their operations against the United States. That last point is essential, for all foreign spies and terrorists have finite resources to use against the huge target that is the U.S. government. Raise the cost of those operations to prohibitive levels and the problem will diminish significantly.

That’s why aggressively deploying counterintelligence operations is the only way the United States can mount effective defenses against spies and terrorists. Taking this step will, as Haver suggests, require a major cultural change within the intelligence community and the government national security system. The current culture is predicated on rules compliance. In effect, as long as government officials comply with the letter and spirit of the directives that guide their work—the rule book—the employees are not responsible even if other people in the organization, even large numbers of people, turn out to be agents of foreign powers. The officials followed the rules—that’s all that matters.

U.S. intelligence needs a culture of accountability. Government agencies that collect and disseminate intelligence must be accountable for what happens in the operations they conduct and for the information they disseminate. If the information is bogus, they should be held accountable for getting it wrong.

There's another aspect to the cultural problem: In America there exist certain taboos against people becoming informants, like the schoolyard notion of tattletales. This too has hurt the U.S. intelligence community's ability and even willingness to proactively seek information from inside the enemy's networks.

U.S. Counterintelligence: "Fractured, Myopic, and Marginally Effective"

Fixing these problems will not be easy. The first step the government must take is to reexamine U.S. counterintelligence the way the WMD Commission looked at "positive" intelligence capabilities and the need for reform. This will require a joint congressional–executive branch commission to focus exclusively on U.S. counterintelligence. The commission would examine counterintelligence failures and shortcomings and recommend much-needed solutions.

The WMD Commission, while acknowledging that many facets of the counterintelligence problem were beyond the panel's charter, did include a section that provided a good overview of America's counterintelligence shortcomings. The commission's final report noted that even though both adversaries and so-called friends of the United States were ramping up intelligence activities against the country, "our counterintelligence efforts remain fractured, myopic, and marginally effective." The report stated bluntly, "Our counterintelligence philosophy and practices need dramatic change, starting with centralizing counterintelligence leadership, bringing order to bureaucratic disarray, and taking our counterintelligence fight overseas to adversaries currently safe from scrutiny."

In particular, the commission called for the CIA to conduct counterintelligence activities outside the United States. The report stated that the agency "does not systematically or programmatically undertake the counterintelligence mission of protecting the equities of other U.S. government entities, nor does it mount significant, strategic offensive counterintelligence operations against rival intelligence services." The bureaucrats who dominate the CIA's operations directorate have long refused to take on these important tasks, not wanting to force spies to perform difficult missions that run counter to the culture. To focus on aggressive overseas counterintelligence would also conflict with the defensive approach that took hold after James Jesus Angleton was forced out of the CIA in the 1970s. The backlash against aggressive counterintelligence has taken a heavy toll, as the WMD Commission report observed. "CIA's current approach to counterintelligence is in contrast to its approach during the

Cold War, when CIA case officers routinely targeted Warsaw Pact officials, an effort that led to a considerable number of successful counterespionage investigations," the report said.

The WMD Commission also recommended that the Pentagon's Counterintelligence Field Activity (CIFA) take a more operational and investigative role in coordinating and conducting counterintelligence on behalf of the Defense Department and the military services. Pentagon counterintelligence has been limited to protecting military services. The Defense Department remains vulnerable to foreign spies because there is no counterintelligence organization that protects the department as a whole. This is yet another reform that has encountered opposition from government agencies that refuse to cede authority.

The WMD Commission's recommended reforms will not be sufficient to address America's counterintelligence flaws. Indeed, the commission's key recommendation was more of the same: more bureaucracy for an already overbureaucratized intelligence system. The commission called for making the national counterintelligence director the "mission manager" within the Office of the Director of National Intelligence. The mission manager would "provide strategic direction" for counterintelligence throughout government.

The problem is not that counterintelligence lacks strategic direction. It is that counterintelligence agencies are hamstrung from doing their jobs by decades of restrictions that were imposed to limit domestic intelligence-gathering. For too long intelligence bureaucrats focused on law enforcement over intelligence collection.

The U.S. government must institute sweeping change, and quickly, for as the WMD Commission noted, the threat from America's enemies grows. "Enthusiasm for spying on the United States has not waned since the Cold War," the report said. "Quite the reverse. The United States is almost certainly one of the top intelligence priorities for practically every government on the planet." The report added, "While our enemies are executing what amounts to a global intelligence war against the United States, we have failed to meet the challenge. . .. Today, we mostly wait for foreign intelligence officers to appear on our doorstep before we even take notice." Highlighting the need to go on the offensive with counterintelligence, the commission remarked that "the lion's share of our counterintelligence resources are expended inside the United States despite the fact that our adversaries target U.S. interests globally."

Given how fiercely the CIA, the FBI, and other intelligence agencies resist reform, the only way to truly fix America's glaring counterintelligence problems may be to create a new strategic counterintelligence service. The foundation for such a service was established by the new National Counterintelligence Strategy that President George W. Bush approved in March 2005. The strategy calls on the U.S. government to change its approach from a reactive, defensive model to an offensive, aggressive effort. As a nation at war facing a growing and dangerous threat, the United States desperately needs “a proactive response utilizing all of our counterintelligence resources,” as the strategy put it. Yet many bureaucrats within the intelligence community have sought to downplay and even ignore the new strategy, making it urgent that the president take action personally.

Taking Action Against Our Enemies

America’s enemies have caused untold damage by penetrating U.S. intelligence and government agencies. Taking advantage of America’s severe counterintelligence deficiencies, spies like John A. Walker, Aldrich Ames, Robert Hanssen, Ana Montes, and Katrina Leung have significantly weakened U.S. intelligence and defense capabilities. China and Russia have stolen our most sensitive technology on a massive scale. Stunningly, enemies have penetrated every single U.S. national security agency except the Coast Guard. Our opponents have purloined nuclear weapons data, U.S. cryptographic codes and procedures, the identification of U.S. intelligence sources and methods, war plans, and much more. The United States also remains vulnerable to political influence operations, such as the one Communist China conducted in the 1996 presidential campaign, when it covertly channeled Chinese money into Democratic campaign coffers.

Americans must understand that our nation faces threats not just from one or two main adversaries but from any number of dangerous enemies, all of whom aggressively spy on the United States. Our enemies include the traditional intelligence powers, China and Russia, which use both official and nonofficial cover officers to target American interests. And then, of course, there are the nonstate actors who could pose an even greater danger to the United States—terrorist organizations like al Qaeda and Hezbollah. These Islamist extremist groups carry out intelligence operations in the United States and abroad to support their goal of bringing about a worldwide caliphate under the precepts of their brand of Islamist extremism. The terrorists who executed the September 11 attacks conducted detailed intelligence operations before they struck, including reconnaissance of targets. Unfortunately, the CIA and other U.S. agencies have almost no knowledge of the terrorists’ intelligence practices.

For all the counterintelligence failures documented in this book, the greatest has been the lost opportunity to take action against the enemy. Counterintelligence must be reoriented toward manipulating foreign intelligence activities to our strategic advantage.

The September 11 attacks are rightly regarded as a reflection of staggering U.S. intelligence failures in the years leading up to the terrorist strikes. What's most frightening about America's counterintelligence failures is that they have become even more pronounced in the years *after* 9/11. In the five years since September 11, government agencies have actually made counterintelligence less of a priority, when it should be at the core of our efforts to protect U.S. national security.

Without good counterintelligence, there is a greater likelihood that the United States will need to resort to the use of military force to deal with such problems as North Korean and Iranian nuclear proliferation and the spread of deadly weapons to terrorist groups. If U.S. intelligence agencies had any inside knowledge of how Islamist terrorist organizations operate, they would be able to mount counterintelligence operations, penetrating the groups and neutralizing their plans—before they can strike at our homeland and at Americans overseas.

The WMD Commission made a striking observation about American counterintelligence in its final report. The commission noted that counterintelligence remains a "second-class citizen in the intelligence profession."

Until the United States makes aggressive changes to elevate the status of counterintelligence, America's national security defenses will be only second-rate.

Appendix

ENEMY SPIES UNMASKED

The following pages present clear evidence that enemy spies are burrowing deep within the U.S. government, stealing vital secrets, and conducting highly effective deception and influence operations. And frighteningly, the documents shown here—which include classified U.S. intelligence reports—also reveal how America's repeated counterintelligence failures have opened the doors for enemy spies. The cases discussed in these pages include some of the most damaging spy cases in recent American history. Until we fix the gaping holes in our defenses, America will remain highly vulnerable to our enemies.

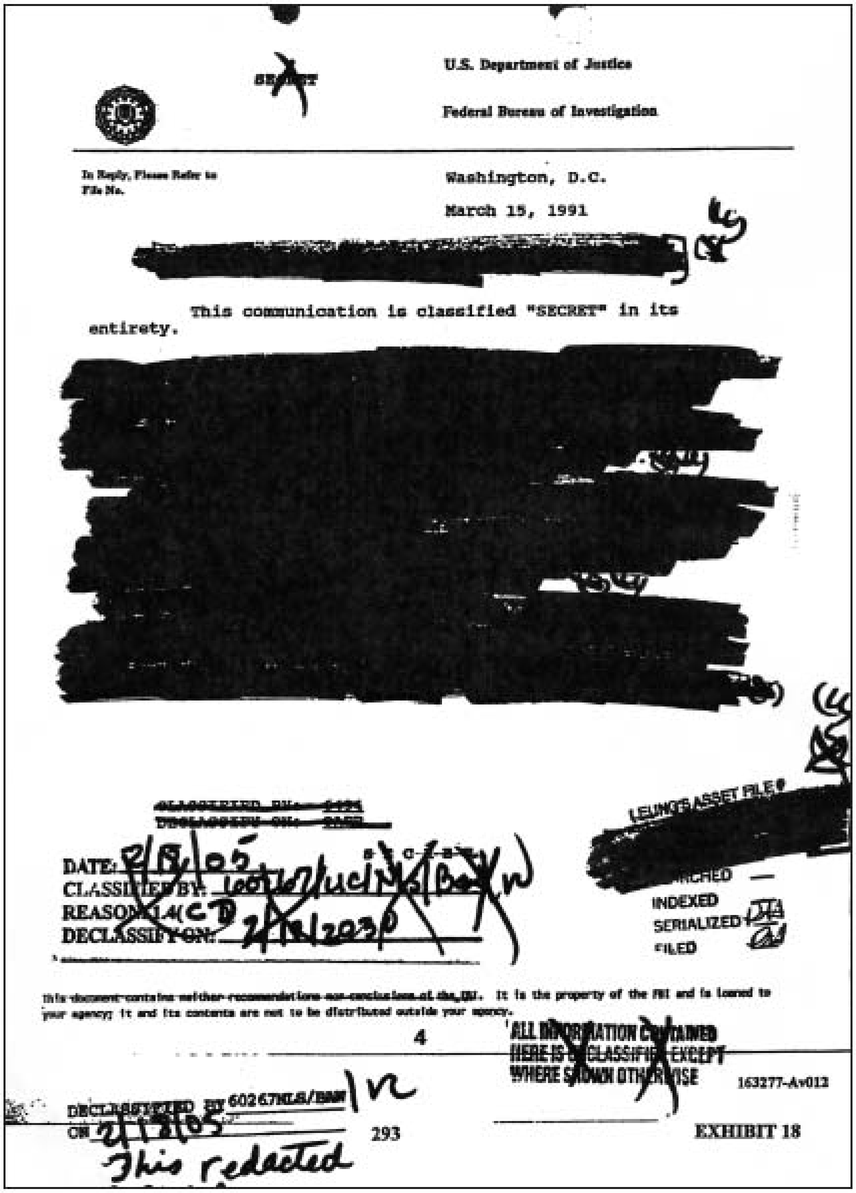

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U.S. Department of Justice

Federal Bureau of Investigation

In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.

Washington, D.C.

March 15, 1991

[redacted] (S)

This communication is classified "SECRET" in its entirety.

[redacted]

~~CLASSIFIED BY: [illegible]~~
~~DECLASSIFY ON: [illegible]~~

DATE: 2/18/05
CLASSIFIED BY: 60267/UC/NLS/BAW
REASON: 1.4(C,D)
DECLASSIFY ON: 2/18/2030

LEUNG'S ASSET FILE # [redacted]
~~RCHED~~ —
INDEXED
SERIALIZED
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~~This document contains neither recommendations nor conclusions of the FBI.~~ It is the property of the FBI and is loaned to your agency; it and its contents are not to be distributed outside your agency.

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ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HERE IS UNCLASSIFIED EXCEPT
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163277-Av012

DECLASSIFIED BY 60267NLS/BAW
ON 2/18/05

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EXHIBIT 18

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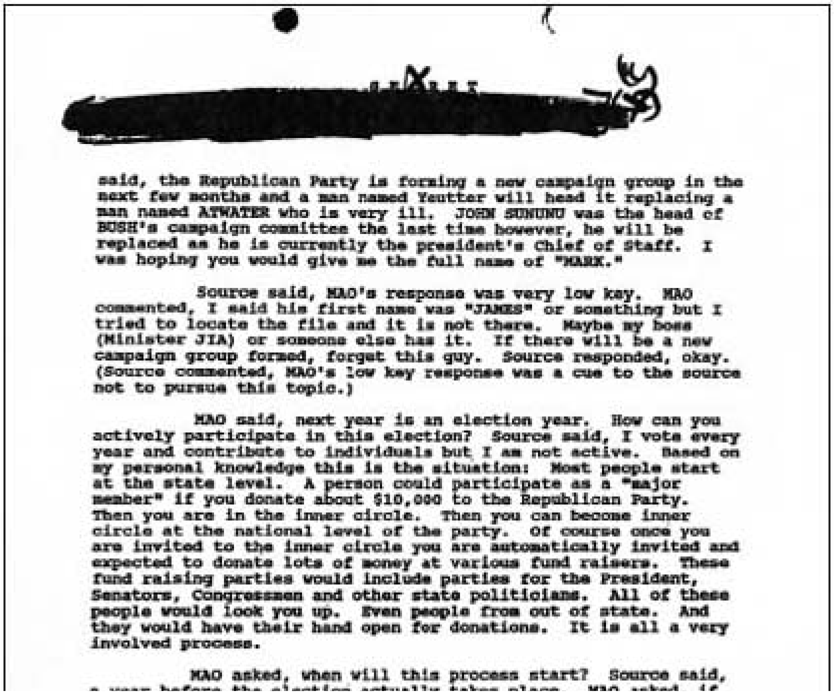

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[redacted] (S)

said, the Republican Party is forming a new campaign group in the next few months and a man named Yeutter will head it replacing a man named ATWATER who is very ill. JOHN SUNUNU was the head of BUSH's campaign committee the last time however, he will be replaced as he is currently the president's Chief of Staff. I was hoping you would give me the full name of "MARK."

Source said, MAO's response was very low key. MAO commented, I said his first name was "JAMES" or something but I tried to locate the file and it is not there. Maybe my boss (Minister JIA) or someone else has it. If there will be a new campaign group formed, forget this guy. Source responded, okay. (Source commented, MAO's low key response was a cue to the source not to pursue this topic.)

MAO said, next year is an election year. How can you actively participate in this election? Source said, I vote every year and contribute to individuals but I am not active. Based on my personal knowledge this is the situation: Most people start at the state level. A person could participate as a "major member" if you donate about $10,000 to the Republican Party. Then you are in the inner circle. Then you can become inner circle at the national level of the party. Of course once you are invited to the inner circle you are automatically invited and expected to donate lots of money at various fund raisers. These fund raising parties would include parties for the President, Senators, Congressmen and other state politicians. All of these people would look you up. Even people from out of state. And they would have their hand open for donations. It is all a very involved process.

MAO asked, when will this process start? Source said, a year before the election actually takes place. MAO asked, if a year before the election actually takes place. MAO asked, if we want you to be involved you should start early, right? Source said, yes. MAO said, we will have an answer on how involved we want you to be before you leave.

On March 4, 1991 between 7:00 and 8:00 AM the source met with General Secretary of the Chinese Communist Party JIANG Zemin, Minister of the Ministry of State Security JIA Chunwang and MAO (supra) in secretary JIANG's usual meeting room at Zhongnanhai. A number of topics were discussed in the meeting. One of which is as follows:

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EXHIBIT 18

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[redacted] ~~(S)~~

Secretary JIANG asked, what are President BUSH's chances of being reelected. Source responded, the Democrats cannot compete with the Republicans. His chances for reelection are excellent. Source commented, it seems as though everyone I talked to in China are so very concerned about his reelection. JIANG said, of course we care because we don't know if a new president would be as friendly as BUSH. He asked, will you actively support the Republican Party? Source said, what do you mean? I vote during every election. I do not have the time or the money to be involved in politics. I am into Chinese community work.

JIANG said, we do not expect you to go into politics but we take every opportunity to support people we like because we do not have an organized lobbying effort. It would be nice to have friends like you (pro-China) to be involved in U.S. politics. Every little thing adds up. You could be involved at various levels. If your involvement makes you a friend of the Republican Party at the local, state or congressional level then we have one less enemy. I am sure we will give you the support you need.

MAO said, source is not sure but believes $10,000 will make the source a "major member" of the Republican Party. The source and I will talk further on this.

Source noted that during this conversation MAO did not mention "MARK" who was the topic of discussion in the prior conversation. MAO briefed secretary JIANG on the source's comments regarding the new head of the Republican Party Mr. YUETTER who was replacing Mr. ATWATER.

After leaving Zhongnanhai, MAO accompanied the source to the source's hotel where they talked during the period 10:00 AM until 2:00 PM in order to "tie up loose ends." MAO said I have the approval for you to make contributions to the Republican Party. If you are correct about $10,000 making you a major member of the Republican Party, we want you to join as a major member. I want you to find out if the amount is $10,000. Source said, $10,000 will get me in but I will need a lot of money to sustain the effort over a long period of time. MAO

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EXHIBIT 18

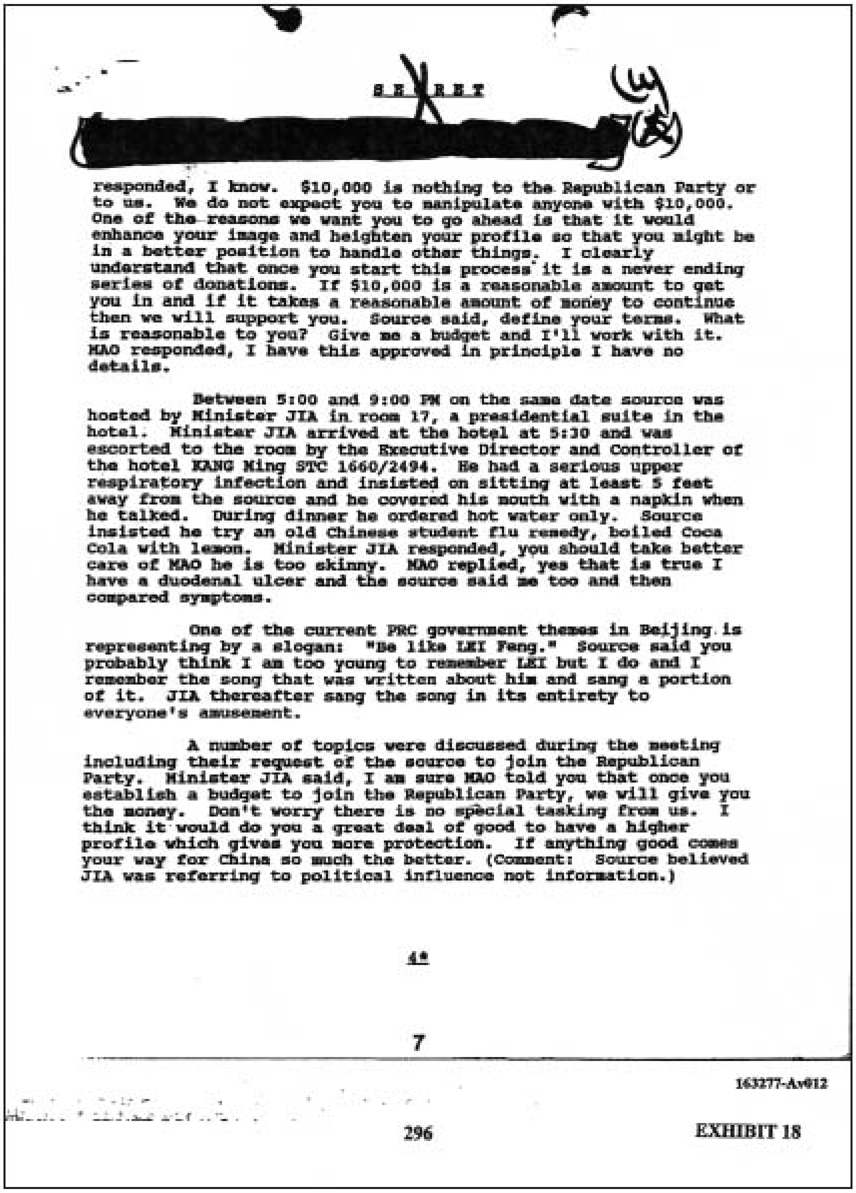

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(U)

[redacted] (S)

responded, I know. $10,000 is nothing to the Republican Party or to us. We do not expect you to manipulate anyone with $10,000. One of the reasons we want you to go ahead is that it would enhance your image and heighten your profile so that you might be in a better position to handle other things. I clearly understand that once you start this process it is a never ending series of donations. If $10,000 is a reasonable amount to get you in and if it takes a reasonable amount of money to continue then we will support you. Source said, define your terms. What is reasonable to you? Give me a budget and I'll work with it. MAO responded, I have this approved in principle I have no details.

Between 5:00 and 9:00 PM on the same date source was hosted by Minister JIA in room 17, a presidential suite in the hotel. Minister JIA arrived at the hotel at 5:30 and was escorted to the room by the Executive Director and Controller of the hotel KANG Ming STC 1660/2494. He had a serious upper respiratory infection and insisted on sitting at least 5 feet away from the source and he covered his mouth with a napkin when he talked. During dinner he ordered hot water only. Source insisted he try an old Chinese student flu remedy, boiled Coca Cola with lemon. Minister JIA responded, you should take better care of MAO he is too skinny. MAO replied, yes that is true I have a duodenal ulcer and the source said me too and then compared symptoms.

One of the current PRC government themes in Beijing is representing by a slogan: "Be like LEI Feng." Source said you probably think I am too young to remember LEI but I do and I remember the song that was written about him and sang a portion of it. JIA thereafter sang the song in its entirety to everyone's amusement.

A number of topics were discussed during the meeting including their request of the source to join the Republican Party. Minister JIA said, I am sure MAO told you that once you establish a budget to join the Republican Party, we will give you the money. Don't worry there is no special tasking from us. I think it would do you a great deal of good to have a higher profile which gives you more protection. If anything good comes your way for China so much the better. (Comment: Source believed JIA was referring to political influence not information.)

EXHIBIT 18

This declassified 1991 FBI intelligence report reveals details of a visit to Beijing by Katrina Leung, a Chinese agent in the FBI. The document shows that senior Chinese leaders discussed plans to conduct a covert influence operation in the Republican Party by making cash donations through Leung.

Subject: JJ Smith
Date: Fri, 21 May 2004 17:19:29 EDT
From:
To:

This was forwarded to me by a high school classmate of J.J.'s. FYI. Charlie

---

Subject: Jim Smith (JJ) tells his story
Date: Fri, 21 May 2004 06:53:17 -0700
From:
To:

OK, here's the story with gory details:

Since I was arrested a year ago I was in a major sweat about losing my government benefits including retirement and medical [valued at over 80K per year].

I am worred about other things too so this was one of many. My lawyers kept telling me, don't worry about it........I did anyway. All along the government kept suggesting I enter a plea and get this over without mentioning a plea to the Gross Negligence charge results in a loss of benefits.

Several months ago the government superceded the indictment and added Section

1001 [Lying to a federal offical about the affair]. The lawyers told me that was a clear indication the government wanted me to plea to this charge and oh, by the way, you wont lose benefits if you do plea.

We went forward with motions to attack the Wire taps [Patriot Act] and we wanted more classified information declassified to demonstrate that I had ample reason to trust Katrina. Knowing they would lose in a motions hearing before a liberal judge and not wanting set any precedents regarding the Patriot Act, the government called a week ago this Friday and said they had a John Ashcroft approved deal: If I would enter a guilty plea to section 1001, and "cooperate"

with their prosecution of Katrina they would drop the Gross Negligence, Wire Fraud, Mail Fraud and Dishonest Services charges-take it or leave it. After some minor changes, all three lawyers said it wouldn't get any better than this --take it. So I signed off on it and the judge had room for a plea the following morning at 9:30 AM.

Let me add that the sentencing guidelines came into play here. If I take responsibility for my actions which I will, it drops me into Category A - level 4.

EXHIBIT 2

My lawyers are saying this almost guarrantees a minimal sentence probably [hopefully] probation. I, being skeptical and cynical will wait and see. With my luck the judges' husband just ran off with his thirty year old secretary and I'll get five years breaking rocks--- in stripes.

So it was Kafka-esque the next day. Gail and Kelly went with me and watched while I had to state for the court the factual basis for my plea- "I entered into an un-authorized intimate relationship with Katrina and then lied about it to my employer". Argh!

So the upshot is that I can not own a gun, vote, hold public office or serve on a jury. I started the "cooperation phase" with my former employer and antagonists last Monday and will do that for awhile--- meaning several months. They will then decide if I could be a valuable witness against Katrina and will keep me on a leash till her trial is over. They set an actual sentencing day for January 10th '05. I can't leave the Central Judicial District till then and of course Judge Cooper can do what ever she damn well pleases in January.

So, the good is that I retain my government benefits and I am no longer preparing for trial where I could lose and go away for a long while. And the meter is not running for three exceptional and expensive lawyers. I can also start working on my tattered relationship with Gail, Kelly, family and high school classmates.

The bad, is that, I am near broke, my relationships are shattered [see above], I have to "cooperate" with the same people who not so gently arrested me on April ninth, I remain tethered to the Central District of California and will perhaps have to testify against someone I believed in for eighteen years and she will go away for a long time.

Personally I have learned alot about myself and others: things I wish I had learned at

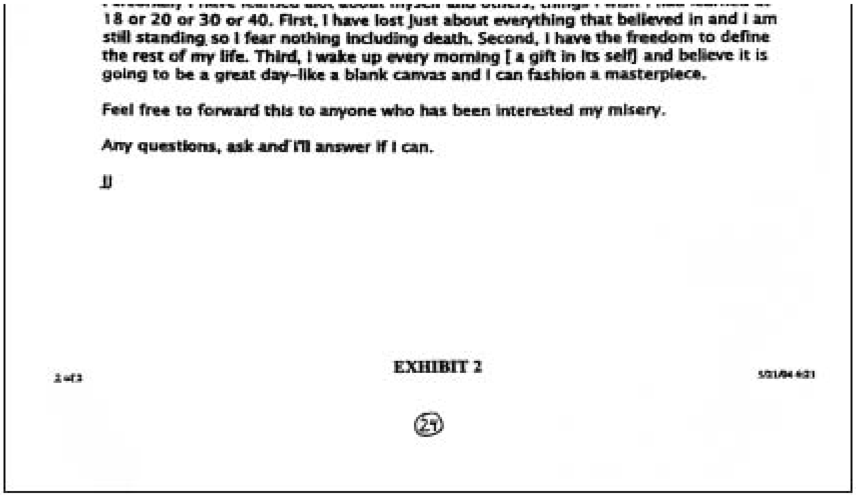

18 or 20 or 30 or 40. First, I have lost just about everything that believed in and I am still standing so I fear nothing including death. Second, I have the freedom to define the rest of my life. Third, I wake up every morning [a gift in its self] and believe it is going to be a great day–like a blank canvas and I can fashion a masterpiece.

Feel free to forward this to anyone who has been interested my misery.

Any questions, ask and I'll answer if I can.

JJ

2 of 2 **EXHIBIT 2** 5/21/04 6:21

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Former FBI special agent James J. Smith sent friends this e-mail after his arrest in the Katrina Leung case. (He carried on an affair with Leung for years.) Smith ridicules the idea of cooperating with the FBI in unraveling the spy case—one of the most damaging in U.S. history, according to many officials.

How the KGB Handled Ames (U)

Henry Bradsher, Foreign Intelligence Organizations Branch

Summary

According to what KGB spy Aldrich H. Ames told US Intelligence Community debriefers, Russian intelligence used old-fashioned tradecraft to handle him. Moscow directed the operation, usually using cutouts, deaddrops, and simple meeting arrangements for talks with Russian counterintelligence (CI) experts. No modern, high-technology methods were employed. Ames said he understand that KGB residencies transmitted material, unopened, from him to KGB headquarters; his handlers were unfamiliar with documents that he passed, underscoring efforts by Moscow to compartment the operation. (S)

Money was the driving factor. After Ames made "the big dump" identifying the US Government's most sensitive Soviet assets, the KGB promised to pay him $2 million. Later, the KGB and its successor SVR also paid Ames $10,000 a month, despite worsening economic problems in Moscow. (S)

Meetings were infrequent. During the nine years Ames worked for the KGB, its CI officers met Ames 11 times: in Bogota, Rome, Vienna, and Caracas. Other meetings were scheduled, but Ames missed three of them, because he confused arrangements as a result of his heavy drinking. (S)

While his KGB handlers came to meetings with some topics to discuss, most of the time was spent letting Ames talk about whatever he chose. Ames described meetings as unstructured and informal, with surprisingly little specific tasking or followup requirements from the handlers. Nonetheless, the KGB did give Ames some generalized tasking, with the emphasis always on CI matters. According to Ames, Moscow was primarily interested in Russians spying for the CIA and in US-directed double-agent operations against them. (S)

Ames was given emergency meeting arrangements, including a fallback "iron meeting," at which a KGB officer would appear once a year at a site in Bogota. But, while inquiring repeatedly about his security, the Russians voiced relatively little concern—other than some words of caution—about Ames's drinking and money handling. They never tried to direct him into particular CIA jobs. When he missed meetings—usually by forgetting the locations—he was never chastised or given a pep talk on his security habits and tradecraft, Ames said. At the next meeting his handlers just acted glad to see that he was still safe. (S)

While getting a lot of information, the KGB gave little. Ames said that, "by kind of implicit, unspoken, mutual agreement, they didn't tell me anything . . . that wasn't absolutely directly related to what I was doing, and I'm sure they perceived very early on that I observed that [same restraint] myself in terms of never straying in terms of questions that I would ask . . . [so] they would never interpret me as fishing for anything." (S)

Selling Secrets for the Drawer

Ames overwhelmed the KGB with CIA documents. While Mechulayev and Karetkin were familiar with material in Ames's notes and oral reports, neither seemed to have read all the CIA documents that Ames had delivered through cutouts or deaddrops since the last meeting. The sealed bundles of new CIA documents that Ames turned over at meetings were not opened by the handlers. Neither handler later asked followup questions about the documents or gave any feedback on them. Perhaps the reason was the KGB's tight compartmentation of the Ames case. (S)

Both Mechulayev and Karetkin mentioned that "the massive quantity of documents that I had given them . . . was so highly compartmented [by the KGB that] they didn't have a huge bunch of people sitting working on the case," Ames said. "The clear implication was . . . [that] most of it just sort of had to sit in the bottom of the file drawer." Breaking it out, analyzing it, and using it "either as intelligence information or as operational leads would have required so much work in terms of sanitizing it and sourcing it all somehow so that it wouldn't represent any danger to the compartmentation of the operation, but basically they couldn't handle it," Ames concluded. (S)

Moscow's Tasking

Ames depicted Mechulayev and Karetkin as being "strikingly passive" about what he chose to tell them. He said meetings were "not terribly structured." Sometimes the handler would raise a topic for discussion, but then the meeting would be turned over to Ames. "It was mostly my initiative," Ames said. "I always felt that they had confidence in my judgment" of what to tell them. Mechulayev or Karetkin just asked clarifying or related questions. (S)

Moscow did do some tasking, however. The KGB's message to Ames in Rome in June 1989 said, "We do believe that you are well aware of our operation and information priorities/interests." Nonetheless, the message listed eight subjects on "which we would be always waiting" for information:

1. "The Soviet agents of the Agency" or other US intelligence services, with names, "how, where, when, and by whom they were recruited, how are paid, commo plans, how often and where are they met, what info do they provide, etc."

2. US double-agent operations.

3. "Planned important and dangerous political and economic actions against the USSR, including desinformation [*sic*] and CA [covert action] ops . . . ."

4. CIA personnel "who are under suspicion . . . ."

5. "Leads on the officers of the Agency, whom we could contact."

6. "The most important info on military-strategic problems."

7. "Changes in structure, strategy, and MO [modus operandi] of the Agency, first of all in the CIC [Counterintelligence Center] and SE [Division] and on the chiefs of departments and the key stations."

8. "Any info, ideas, suggestions and comments, which could be used first of all to your benefit, for instance, to divert possible attention of CI from you." (S)

Ames commented that he found these points so generalized that they were of little value as guidance. (S)

After the dissolution of the USSR in 1991, Ames said, Moscow also stressed its interest in learning what the CIA was doing in former Soviet republics. A few times it asked specific questions. For example, at the first personal meeting in Bogota in 1985, Mechulayev asked if the CIA had direct communications with agents inside the USSR. Two years after "the big dump", he asked Ames followup questions about some of the cases—although by then people whom Ames had betrayed had been executed or imprisoned. Ames was also queried in Rome about some of the pre-1985 cases that he had recollected and passed in notes via Chuvakhin before leaving Washington. Ames was later given the name of a KGB officer and asked "to find out if this particular person were the object of any particular scrutiny by Vienna Station, by the CI unit there, . . [but] I never made any inquiries." (S)

In Rome, Khrenkov passed him written questions from Moscow. In addition to followups on old cases, at least one query dealt with a current CIA case in an Asian country. It is unclear whether Ames had earlier called this case to the KGB's attention or if Moscow had other sources. Ames wrote answers on his home computer and passed the printouts back through Khrenkov. (S)

As CI specialists, Mechulayev and Karetkin "were very interested in double-agent cases," Ames said. Anything he knew on the subject was "over the threshold" that Ames himself set on what to pass. Ames made a special effort to collect material on the US Intelligence Community's double-agent operations and pass it. He also tried to educate the KGB on how to run its own double agents. "Look," he recalled telling a handler, "if you can smooth your processes of clearing classified information for passage, you're going to be able to make double-agent operations work a lot better." But the handler conceded that it was a problem getting clearance through Moscow's tight system. (S)

"Never Holding Back"

In most subject areas, what Ames chose to pass to the KGB depended primarily on what turned out to be available in his various jobs. His handlers "never referred to a particular category of stuff and said, 'Don't waste your time on that'," Ames reported. "I had given them all kinds of stuff," he added, "and I was never holding back . . . ." (S)

Yet, without holding back, Ames insisted to skeptical Intelligence Community debriefers that he had not told the KGB a number of things that it would logically have been expected to want to know—and there is no way to test the accuracy of his debriefing statements. (S)

Ames commented that he was surprised at the failure of his handlers to debrief him in detail, to bring other specialists into meetings to question him on particular subjects, or to read specific, detailed questions that seemed to have been prepared by specialists. As an example of things he could have told them, but said he did not because he was never asked, Ames mentioned identifications of CIA officers in particular places other than his place of assignment. (S)

"There's a lot . . . that I had access to and didn't give them . . . ," Ames said, "They didn't see me as a vacuum cleaner. They weren't interested in seeing that I, you know, picked up everything possible to give them." Besides, his impression that the KGB failed to utilize much of what he was passing left him with little incentive to deliver even more. When he came up with some of the KGB's own book cables that had been provided to the Agency by defectors, his handlers "were actually resentful that I had gotten and passed those." (S)

Ames left unanswered questions in US debriefers' minds by his professed forgetfulness about some details of what he told the KGB or what documents he delivered. Moscow has more aggressively sought to direct some assets' collection of material and to debrief them than Ames admitted to having been tasked or answered questions. (S)

Security Concerns

The KGB CI officers who ran Ames acted as if his security was their first concern. After beginning meetings by reviewing communications and future meeting arrangements, they always discussed Ames's security. They asked if he had detected any security problems, and they repeatedly warned him to be careful spending the KGB's cash. They were worried that his Headquarters conversations might make people think he was prying into compartmented information, thus drawing dangerous attention. They repeatedly expressed apprehension that material he called up on his office computer could be traced, and they warned him to be selective. (S)

Ames felt the KGB was "always superconservative in terms of what they wanted me to do." Although Ames had fully committed himself to helping Moscow in any way possible, his handlers were cautious. "Every time I talked about what I could get" for them

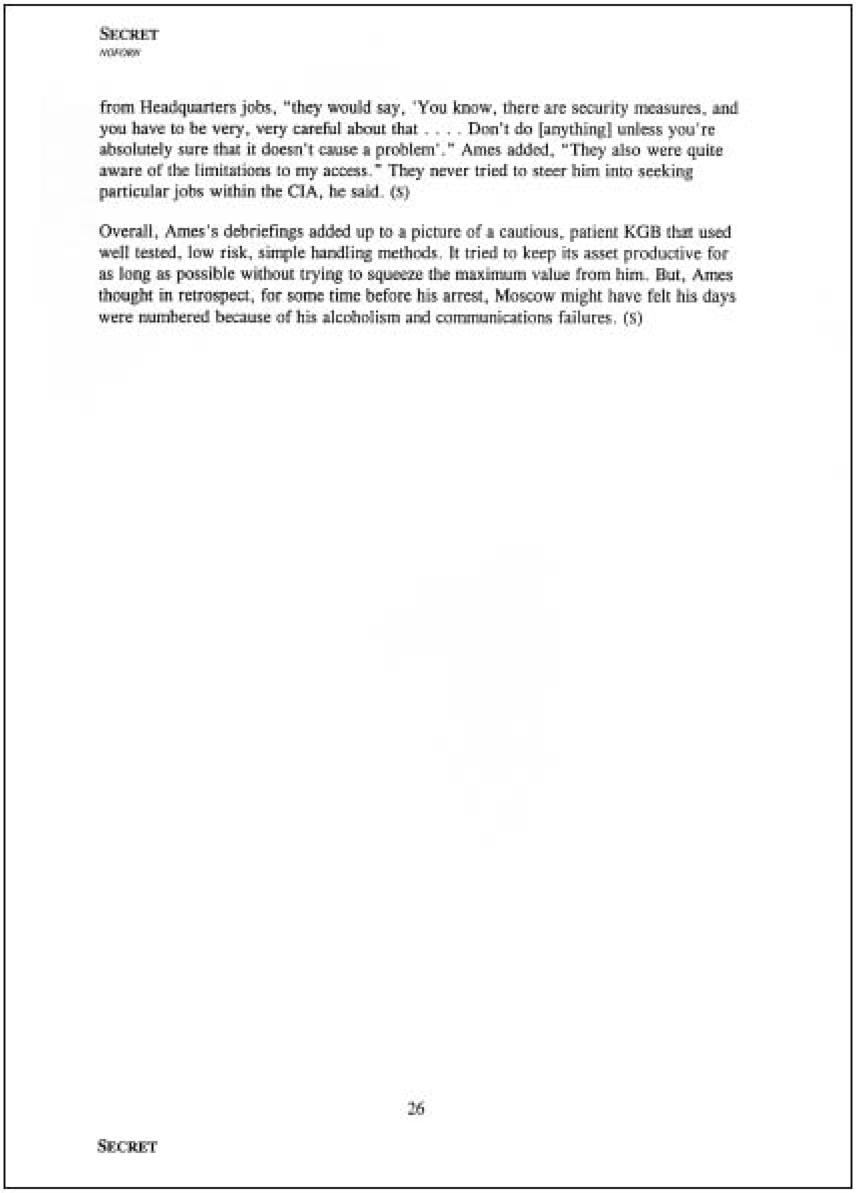

SECRET
NOFORN

from Headquarters jobs, "they would say, 'You know, there are security measures, and you have to be very, very careful about that . . . . Don't do [anything] unless you're absolutely sure that it doesn't cause a problem'." Ames added, "They also were quite aware of the limitations to my access." They never tried to steer him into seeking particular jobs within the CIA, he said. (S)

Overall, Ames's debriefings added up to a picture of a cautious, patient KGB that used well tested, low risk, simple handling methods. It tried to keep its asset productive for as long as possible without trying to squeeze the maximum value from him. But, Ames thought in retrospect, for some time before his arrest, Moscow might have felt his days were numbered because of his alcoholism and communications failures. (S)

26

SECRET

The portions of the classified CIA Counterintelligence Center report shown here reveal some of the damage done by CIA turncoat Aldrich Ames. Moscow's KGB, the report shows, stored many of the U.S. secrets for future use. The Russians have only begun the real work of exploiting those secrets.

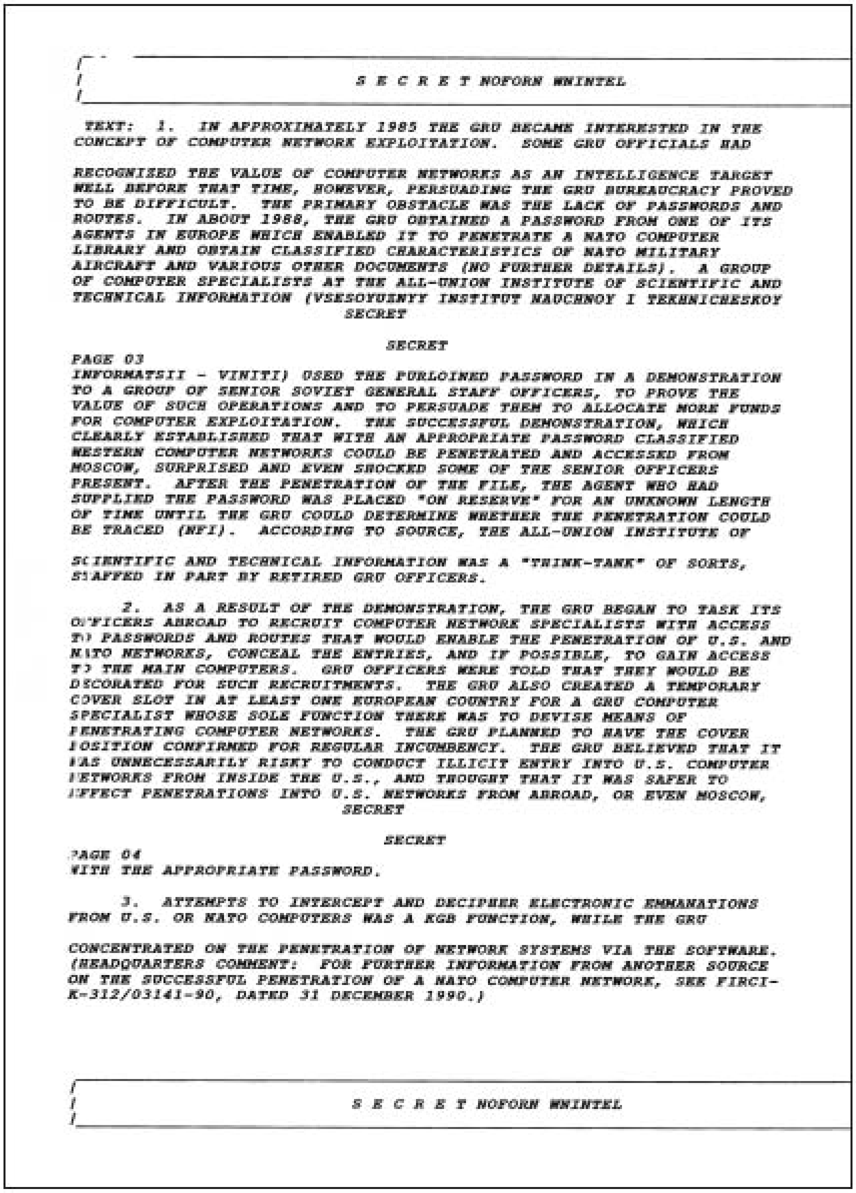

S E C R E T NOFORN WNINTEL

TEXT: 1. IN APPROXIMATELY 1985 THE GRU BECAME INTERESTED IN THE CONCEPT OF COMPUTER NETWORK EXPLOITATION. SOME GRU OFFICIALS HAD

RECOGNIZED THE VALUE OF COMPUTER NETWORKS AS AN INTELLIGENCE TARGET WELL BEFORE THAT TIME, HOWEVER, PERSUADING THE GRU BUREAUCRACY PROVED TO BE DIFFICULT. THE PRIMARY OBSTACLE WAS THE LACK OF PASSWORDS AND ROUTES. IN ABOUT 1988, THE GRU OBTAINED A PASSWORD FROM ONE OF ITS AGENTS IN EUROPE WHICH ENABLED IT TO PENETRATE A NATO COMPUTER LIBRARY AND OBTAIN CLASSIFIED CHARACTERISTICS OF NATO MILITARY AIRCRAFT AND VARIOUS OTHER DOCUMENTS (NO FURTHER DETAILS). A GROUP OF COMPUTER SPECIALISTS AT THE ALL-UNION INSTITUTE OF SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL INFORMATION (VSESOYUZNYY INSTITUT NAUCHNOY I TEKHNICHESKOY

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PAGE 03

INFORMATSII - VINITI) USED THE PURLOINED PASSWORD IN A DEMONSTRATION TO A GROUP OF SENIOR SOVIET GENERAL STAFF OFFICERS, TO PROVE THE VALUE OF SUCH OPERATIONS AND TO PERSUADE THEM TO ALLOCATE MORE FUNDS FOR COMPUTER EXPLOITATION. THE SUCCESSFUL DEMONSTRATION, WHICH CLEARLY ESTABLISHED THAT WITH AN APPROPRIATE PASSWORD CLASSIFIED WESTERN COMPUTER NETWORKS COULD BE PENETRATED AND ACCESSED FROM MOSCOW, SURPRISED AND EVEN SHOCKED SOME OF THE SENIOR OFFICERS PRESENT. AFTER THE PENETRATION OF THE FILE, THE AGENT WHO HAD SUPPLIED THE PASSWORD WAS PLACED "ON RESERVE" FOR AN UNKNOWN LENGTH OF TIME UNTIL THE GRU COULD DETERMINE WHETHER THE PENETRATION COULD BE TRACED (NFI). ACCORDING TO SOURCE, THE ALL-UNION INSTITUTE OF

SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL INFORMATION WAS A "THINK-TANK" OF SORTS, STAFFED IN PART BY RETIRED GRU OFFICERS.

2. AS A RESULT OF THE DEMONSTRATION, THE GRU BEGAN TO TASK ITS OFFICERS ABROAD TO RECRUIT COMPUTER NETWORK SPECIALISTS WITH ACCESS TO PASSWORDS AND ROUTES THAT WOULD ENABLE THE PENETRATION OF U.S. AND NATO NETWORKS, CONCEAL THE ENTRIES, AND IF POSSIBLE, TO GAIN ACCESS TO THE MAIN COMPUTERS. GRU OFFICERS WERE TOLD THAT THEY WOULD BE DECORATED FOR SUCH RECRUITMENTS. THE GRU ALSO CREATED A TEMPORARY COVER SLOT IN AT LEAST ONE EUROPEAN COUNTRY FOR A GRU COMPUTER SPECIALIST WHOSE SOLE FUNCTION THERE WAS TO DEVISE MEANS OF PENETRATING COMPUTER NETWORKS. THE GRU PLANNED TO HAVE THE COVER POSITION CONFIRMED FOR REGULAR INCUMBENCY. THE GRU BELIEVED THAT IT WAS UNNECESSARILY RISKY TO CONDUCT ILLICIT ENTRY INTO U.S. COMPUTER NETWORKS FROM INSIDE THE U.S., AND THOUGHT THAT IT WAS SAFER TO EFFECT PENETRATIONS INTO U.S. NETWORKS FROM ABROAD, OR EVEN MOSCOW,

SECRET

SECRET

PAGE 04

WITH THE APPROPRIATE PASSWORD.

3. ATTEMPTS TO INTERCEPT AND DECIPHER ELECTRONIC EMMANATIONS FROM U.S. OR NATO COMPUTERS WAS A KGB FUNCTION, WHILE THE GRU

CONCENTRATED ON THE PENETRATION OF NETWORK SYSTEMS VIA THE SOFTWARE. (HEADQUARTERS COMMENT: FOR FURTHER INFORMATION FROM ANOTHER SOURCE ON THE SUCCESSFUL PENETRATION OF A NATO COMPUTER NETWORK, SEE FIRCI-K-312/03141-90, DATED 31 DECEMBER 1990.)

S E C R E T NOFORN WNINTEL

This 1991 CIA report, stamped "Secret," provides revelations from a defector who worked in Moscow's GRU military intelligence service. It shows that the GRU recruited computer specialists who would help the spy agency break into U.S. and NATO computers.

[illegible]
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DE RUEHC #8478 0321616
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TO AMEMBASSY MOSCOW IMMEDIATE 3951
BT

S E C R E T STATE 018478
E.O. 12958: DECL: 1/31/11
TAGS: EWWT, RS

SUBJECT: DEMARCHE ON RUSSIAN MARITIME ACTIVITY

1. (S) CLASSIFIED BY SETH WINNICK, DIRECTOR, EUR/RUS, FOR

REASONS 1.5 (A), (C), AND (D).

2. (S) DEPARTMENT (EUR/RUS, EB/TRA/MA) DELIVERED THE POINTS IN PARAGRAPH 3 TO RUSSIAN EMBASSY OFFICIALS (MARITIME ATTACHE CHECHEKHIN AND BILATERAL AFFAIRS COUNSELOR SAKULKIN) ON JANUARY 31, 2001. THIS DEMARCHE IS ONE COMPONENT OF A RECENTLY APPROVED INTERAGENCY MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT THAT PROVIDES FOR INCREASED SCRUTINY OF ALL RUSSIAN FLAGGED VESSELS ENTERING PUGET SOUND PORTS IN WASHINGTON, COMMENCING FEBRUARY 1, 2001.

ANOTHER COMPONENT OF THE MOU PROVIDES FOR THE IMPOSITION OF A UNIFORM THREE-DAY ADVANCE NOTICE REGIME AT ALL 12 U.S. PORTS WHERE RESTRICTIONS ON RUSSIAN FLAGGED VESSELS CURRENTLY EXIST (A POSITION REFLECTED IN THE AD REF

COMMERCIAL MARITIME AGREEMENT TEXT RECENTLY NEGOTIATED IN MOSCOW).

3. (S)

-- THE UNITED STATES SHARES RUSSIA'S INTEREST IN SIGNING A NEW BILATERAL AGREEMENT ON MARITIME TRANSPORTATION AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

-- WE ARE WELL AWARE OF YOUR GOVERNMENT'S CONCERNS ABOUT SHIP NOTIFICATION PROCEDURES THAT EXIST AT CERTAIN U.S. PORTS.

-- HOWEVER, IN THIS REGARD, WE REMAIN CONCERNED ABOUT CONTINUED PATTERNS OF UNACCEPTABLE ACTIVITY BY RUSSIAN VESSELS BOUND TO OR FROM U.S. PORTS.

-- CUSTOMARY INTERNATIONAL LAW, AS REFLECTED IN THE UN CONVENTION ON THE LAW OF THE SEA, STATES THAT INNOCENT PASSAGE THROUGH THE TERRITORIAL SEA "SHALL BE CONTINUOUS AND EXPEDITIOUS. PASSAGE IS INNOCENT SO LONG AS IT IS NOT PREJUDICIAL TO THE PEACE, GOOD ORDER OR SECURITY OF THE COASTAL STATE."

-- AS YOUR GOVERNMENT IS FURTHER AWARE, CUSTOMARY INTERNATIONAL LAW RECOGNIZES THAT WITH REGARD TO SHIPS PROCEEDING TO INTERNAL WATERS OR A CALL AT A PORT FACILITY OUTSIDE INTERNAL WATERS, THE COASTAL STATE HAS THE RIGHT TO TAKE THE NECESSARY STEPS TO PREVENT ANY BREACH OF THE CONDITIONS TO WHICH ADMISSION OF THOSE SHIPS TO INTERNAL WATERS OR SUCH CALL IS SUBJECT.

-- IN THIS REGARD, THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES WOULD NOTE THAT IF RUSSIAN VESSELS CONTINUE TO ENGAGE IN ACTIVITIES THAT ARE INCOMPATIBLE WITH INNOCENT PASSAGE, AS WELL AS SUCH ACTIVITIES WHILE BOUND TO OR FROM U.S. PORTS, THE UNITED STATES MAY FIND IT NECESSARY TO TAKE APPROPRIATE NATIONAL SECURITY MEASURES TO PREVENT SUCH ACTIVITIES. SUCH MEASURES MIGHT INCLUDE STRICTER CONTROL OVER THE MOVEMENT OF INDIVIDUAL VESSELS BOUND FOR U.S

PORTS ON A CASE BY CASE BASIS, OR IN THE LIGHT OF FURTHER EXPERIENCE, A REVIEW OF THE GENERAL CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH RUSSIAN SHIPS MAY ENTER U.S. INTERNAL WATERS OR CALL AT A PORT FACILITY.

4. (S) IN DELIVERING THESE POINTS, WE EMPHASIZED OUR CONTINUED INTENTION TO SIGN THE RECENTLY-NEGOTIATED COMMERCIAL MARITIME AGREEMENT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE; WE NOTED THAT WE AWAITED A RESPONSE FROM THE GOR TO OUR MOST

RECENT PROPOSED LANGUAGE TO ARTICLE 16. IN RESPONSE, SAKULKIN PROMISED TO CONVEY OUR MESSAGE TO APPROPRIATE GOR

OFFICIALS. CHECHEKHIN WENT ON TO NOTE THAT OUR MESSAGE WOULD BE DELIVERED IN THE POSITIVE CONTEXT IN WHICH IT WAS DELIVERED -- AS ONE COMPONENT IN A PROCESS THAT WOULD LEAD TO A NEW COMMERCIAL MARITIME AGREEMENT, WHICH BOTH SIDES LOOKED FORWARD TO CONCLUDING SOON. CHECHEKHIN ADDED THAT

THE GOR CONTINUED TO CONSIDER OUR LATEST PROPOSAL REGARDING THE TERMINATION CLAUSE OF THE PROPOSED AGREEMENT, AND THAT HE WOULD CONTINUE TO PRESS FOR AN ANSWER.

POWELL

BT

JOINT STAFF V1 2

ACTION (U)

INFO CMAS(*) CMAS(*) SHAPE LNO(1) JSAMS(1)

JSAMS UNCLAS DMS(*)

+USDP:ESC

SECDEF V2 1

ACTION (U)

INFO USSOCOMWO(1) CHAIRS(*) SECDEF-C(*)

SECDEF-C(*) USDAT:ICP(*) USDAT:STS(*) ASD:PA-SMTP(*)

USDAT-NCB-SMTP(*) DIR:PAE-RAM(*) DIR:PAE-PF(*)

USDAT-STS(*) USDP:TL(*)

DIA V3 0

ACTION (U,6)

INFO DOTE(*)

+SAFE

CINC/SVC CHF V5 0

ACTION (U)

INFO NMCC:CWO(*)

+OCSA WASHINGTON DC

+CNO WASHINGTON DC

TOTAL COPIES REQUIRED 3

#8478

NNNN

Russia remains a major intelligence threat, as the U.S. State Department secretly acknowledged in this diplomatic protest note sent in 2001. The note objects to intelligence-gathering by Russian merchant vessels in Washington State's Puget Sound, where U.S. nuclear submarines are based.

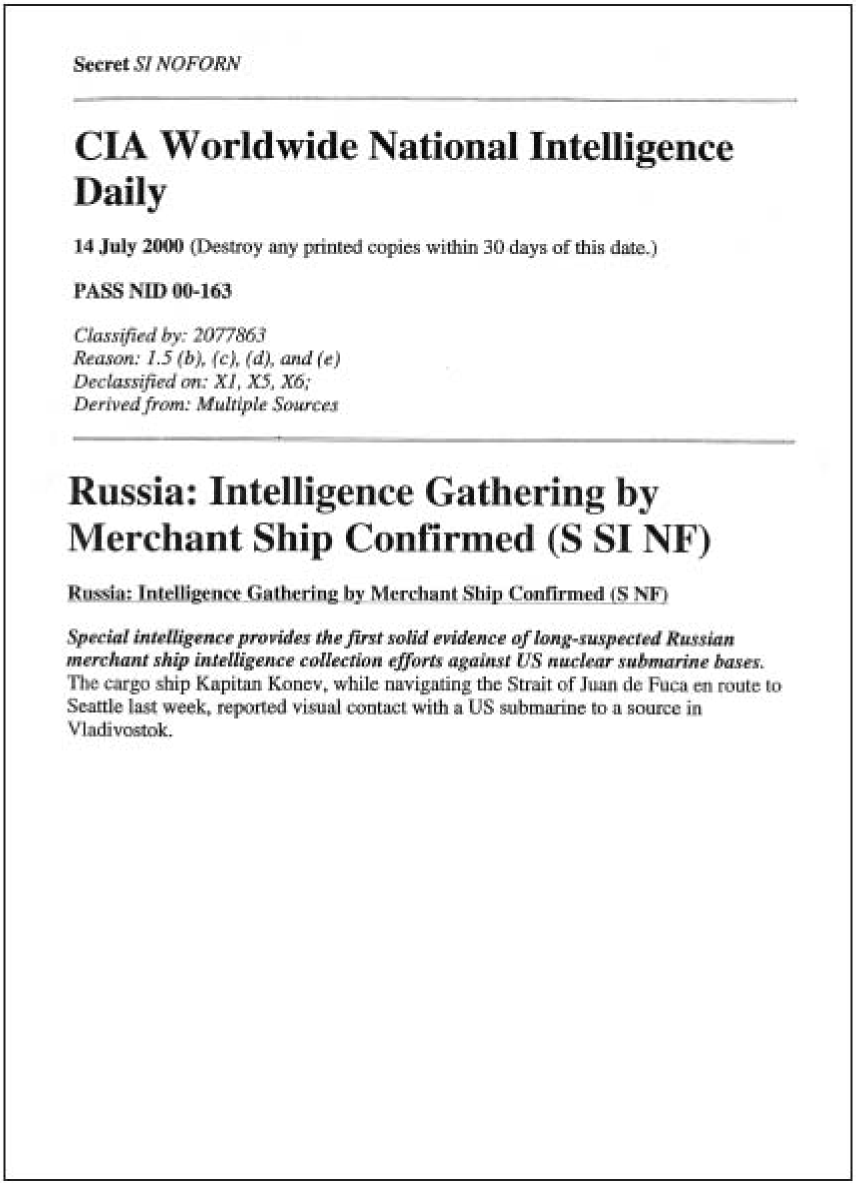

Secret *SI NOFORN*

CIA Worldwide National Intelligence Daily

14 July 2000 (Destroy any printed copies within 30 days of this date.)

PASS NID 00-163

Classified by: 2077863
Reason: 1.5 (b), (c), (d), and (e)
Declassified on: X1, X5, X6;
Derived from: Multiple Sources

Russia: Intelligence Gathering by Merchant Ship Confirmed (S SI NF)

Russia: Intelligence Gathering by Merchant Ship Confirmed (S NF)

Special intelligence provides the first solid evidence of long-suspected Russian merchant ship intelligence collection efforts against US nuclear submarine bases. The cargo ship Kapitan Konev, while navigating the Strait of Juan de Fuca en route to Seattle last week, reported visual contact with a US submarine to a source in Vladivostok.

In this Worldwide National Intelligence Daily report, labeled "Secret," the CIA confirms that Russian merchant ships are spying on U.S. nuclear submarine bases.

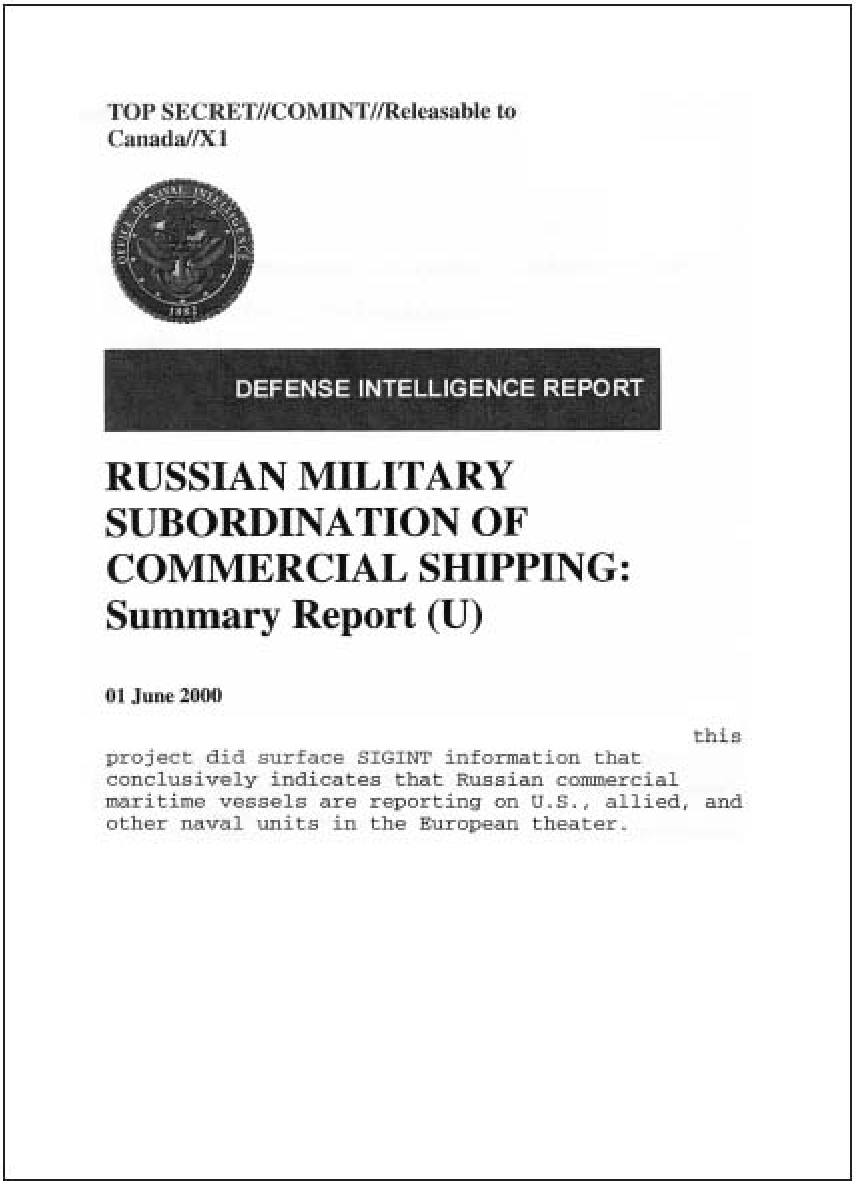

TOP SECRET//COMINT//Releasable to
Canada//X1

DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE REPORT

RUSSIAN MILITARY SUBORDINATION OF COMMERCIAL SHIPPING:
Summary Report (U)

01 June 2000

this project did surface SIGINT information that conclusively indicates that Russian commercial maritime vessels are reporting on U.S., allied, and other naval units in the European theater.

The Office of Naval Intelligence produced this top-secret report, which provides important new information that “conclusively indicates” Russia’s merchant ships are spying on U.S. vessels.

REL UK,CA,AS
WNINTEL
FGI

Special Operations Forces of the USSR, Eastern Europe, and Selected Third World Countries (U)

Defense Intelligence Reference Series

This is a Department of Defense Intelligence Document
Prepared by the Soviet/East Europe Division,
Directorate for Research, Defense Intelligence Agency

Product Manager:
Political-Military Affairs Branch,
Internal Affairs Section

Information Cutoff Date: 9 April 1991

This information is furnished with the understanding that it will not be disclosed or knowledge of its possession accepted to any other nation or party without specific authority from the Defense Intelligence Agency. That it will not be used for other than military purposes. That the rights of the individual or concern, originating in the development of the information, whether it is patented or not, will be respected and protected in accordance with the patent laws of the country of the originator. That it will be provided substantially the same degree of security protection afforded to it by the U.S. Department of Defense, and that recipient will report promptly and fully any known or suspected compromises of U.S. classified information.

Classified by multiple sources
Declassify on OADR

(S/WN) Though unparalleled political and military changes have transpired in Poland, no comparable effects have been discerned regarding Polish special purpose forces. This is in part attributable to Polish concerns of a resurgent Germany, and potential changes in Poland's view of operations in the eastern sector of the country. Currently there is one special purpose regiment (actually battalion sized) subordinate to the Intelligence Directorate of the General Staff and a battalion in each of the three military districts. The total peacetime assessment of the General Staff-subordinate regiment is 800 with a wartime strength of nearly 2,000. The SPF regiment is at Lubliniec, 160 miles southeast of Warsaw, where approximately 30 6- to 8-man teams are available for deployment from the current 800-man force. There is also a modest-sized navel SPF force targeted for operations in the Baltic Sea.

(S/WN) Romania's armed forces, primarily configured for defensive operations, have a limited SPF capability. Each of Romania's four armies contains one airborne regiment, with one long-range reconnaissance company. Though they can deploy seven teams of six to seven men each, these companies are oriented primarily toward operations against invaders within Romanian borders; as demonstrated in the recent civil strife, they can be employed as an internal security force.

UNCLASSIFIED

Figure 11. (U) Members of the DGOE During Parachute Training.

conventional and unconventional warfare (fig-

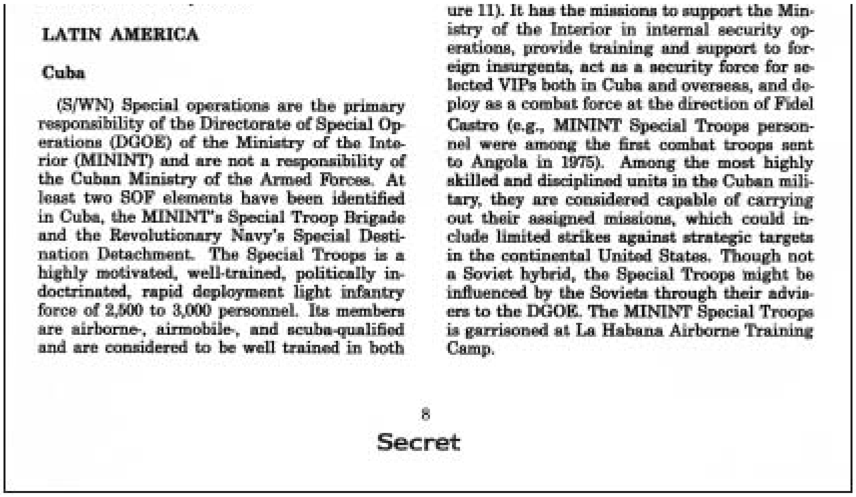

LATIN AMERICA

Cuba

(S/WN) Special operations are the primary responsibility of the Directorate of Special Operations (DGOE) of the Ministry of the Interior (MININT) and are not a responsibility of the Cuban Ministry of the Armed Forces. At least two SOF elements have been identified in Cuba, the MININT's Special Troop Brigade and the Revolutionary Navy's Special Destination Detachment. The Special Troops is a highly motivated, well-trained, politically indoctrinated, rapid deployment light infantry force of 2,500 to 3,000 personnel. Its members are airborne-, airmobile-, and scuba-qualified and are considered to be well trained in both

ure 11). It has the missions to support the Ministry of the Interior in internal security operations, provide training and support to foreign insurgents, act as a security force for selected VIPs both in Cuba and overseas, and deploy as a combat force at the direction of Fidel Castro (e.g., MININT Special Troops personnel were among the first combat troops sent to Angola in 1975). Among the most highly skilled and disciplined units in the Cuban military, they are considered capable of carrying out their assigned missions, which could include limited strikes against strategic targets in the continental United States. Though not a Soviet hybrid, the Special Troops might be influenced by the Soviets through their advisers to the DGOE. The MININT Special Troops is garrisoned at La Habana Airborne Training Camp.

Defense Intelligence Agency analyst Ana Montes, a longtime spy for Communist Cuba, was able to downplay the Cuban threat in U.S. intelligence reports, including this secret DIA report on Special Operations Forces.

(S) The Special Destination Detachment, known as the DDE *(Destacamento de Destino Especial)*, is a unit similar to US Navy SEAL forces. Basic missions of the DDE are port security, naval mine clearing, underwater demolition, reconnaissance, and sabotage operations. In the past, the DDE was considered to be a small group of approximately 200 personnel; however, there are new indications that this organization might have between 500 and 1,000 personnel. Members of the DDE are assigned to naval bases and selected ports throughout Cuba. DDE headquarters is Punta Ballenatos Naval Facility. DDE personnel are well trained and equipped and are capable of conducting assigned missions.

(S/WN) Another organization linked to Cuban special purpose operations is the General Directorate of Intelligence. This organization, which is under the supervision of the Ministry of Interior, directs a variety of intelligence operations. Since there is a Soviet advisory body to the directorate, it most likely provides some guidance on development of special purpose-associated operations. Further, a sizable contingent of Soviet military advisers from the 10th Main Directorate (Foreign Military Assistance) of the General Staff serves as instructors to the Cuban Army and the Intelligence Directorate. Although their influence on Cuban special purpose forces has been noted, the Cubans should not be characterized as Soviet surrogate SPF forces. Cuban special purpose forces are organized in a manner that reflects the local military area of operations. The Soviet GRU maintains a presence in Cuba, both in an advisory and intelligence collection role. Additionally, evidence suggests that Soviet SPF may train with Cuban special forces personnel on a very limited scale. Finally, evidence also suggests that Cuban special troops may have been trained in the Soviet Union.

Nicaragua

(S/WN) Ms. Chamorro's assumption of the Nicaraguan presidency has had a profound effect on the Sandinista-designed military structure. This may have included SPF forces as well, but there has been very little reporting on this issue. The following is the status of Nicaraguan SPF as of May 1990. In the past, Nicaraguan special operations forces totaled approximately 750 personnel, in the Army, Navy, and Ministry of Interior. The primary mission of the Army's Small Unit Special Forces (PUFE) and Special Destination Companies was to provide intelligence on enemy insurgent locations to counterinsurgency battalions. These special forces units were also assigned combat missions, such as ambushes and raids, and were authorized to operate in Honduras and Costa Rica. The PUFE consists of 5 66-man units and is subordinate to the Military Intelligence Directorate of the armed forces General Staff. The Special Destination Companies consist of 2 77-man units, 1 each subordinate to the intelligence staffs of the headquarters of military regions II and IV. Many SOF personnel were trained in Cuba and all are parachute qualified. PUFE personnel are also scuba qualified and are trained to use surface-to-air missiles and sniper rifles. The Nicaraguan Navy possessed a 64-man amphibious special operations unit called the Special Destination Detachment. It is responsible for underwater demolition, reconnaissance, and operations, as well as removing underwater mines from vessels and ports. The unit was originally organized and trained by Cubans. The Ministry of Interior reportedly has a Special Troops Battalion of some 1,200 men. The battalion falls under the Ministry of Interior Special Operations Directorate, and its mission is to collect intelligence on and attack specific enemy insurgents. The troops were trained by Cubans and Vietnamese instructors. Personnel are parachute qualified and have operated inside Honduras.

ASIA

Afghanistan

(S/WN) Afghanistan's Ministry of State Security (WAD), the successor to the ubiquitous KHAD, is a Soviet-inspired intelligence and security unit that conducts a variety of operations, including national-level SPF-type sabotage and agent operations against targets in

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DATE: 2 February 1993
FROM: DIRNSA
TO: NSA/SPECIAL-HCO
EXCLUSIVE FOR:

INFO:

TOP SECRET UMBRA ORCON US ONLY

SERIAL:

TAGS: IQR MAGG PFOR IQ US

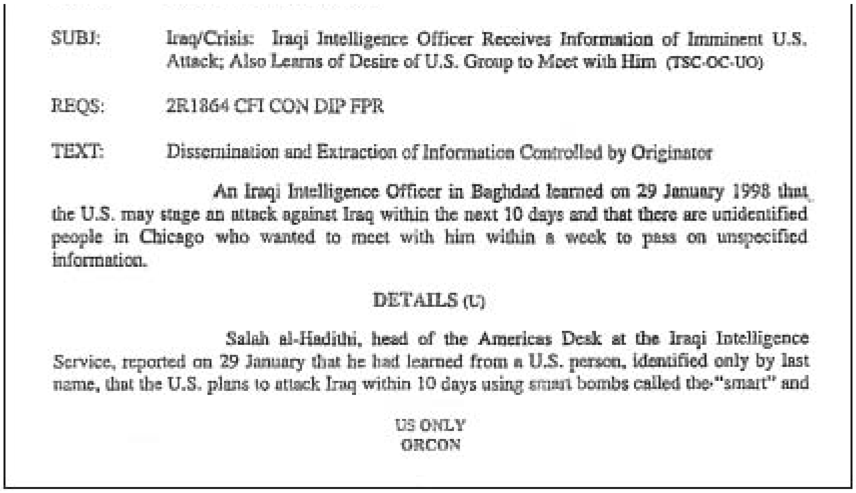

SUBJ: Iraq/Crisis: Iraqi Intelligence Officer Receives Information of Imminent U.S. Attack; Also Learns of Desire of U.S. Group to Meet with Him (TSC-OC-UO)

REQS: 2R1864 CFI CON DIP FPR

TEXT: Dissemination and Extraction of Information Controlled by Originator

An Iraqi Intelligence Officer in Baghdad learned on 29 January 1998 that the U.S. may stage an attack against Iraq within the next 10 days and that there are unidentified people in Chicago who wanted to meet with him within a week to pass on unspecified information.

DETAILS (U)

Salah al-Hadithi, head of the Americas Desk at the Iraqi Intelligence Service, reported on 29 January that he had learned from a U.S. person, identified only by last name, that the U.S. plans to attack Iraq within 10 days using smart bombs called the "smart" and

US ONLY
ORCON

This top-secret 1998 report shows that Saddam Hussein had agents in Chicago providing information to Iraq's intelligence services. It would take the FBI six years to identify one agent. Khaled Abdel-Latif Dumeisi, publisher of an Arabic-language newspaper in Illinois, was convicted of illegally working as an agent for Saddam.

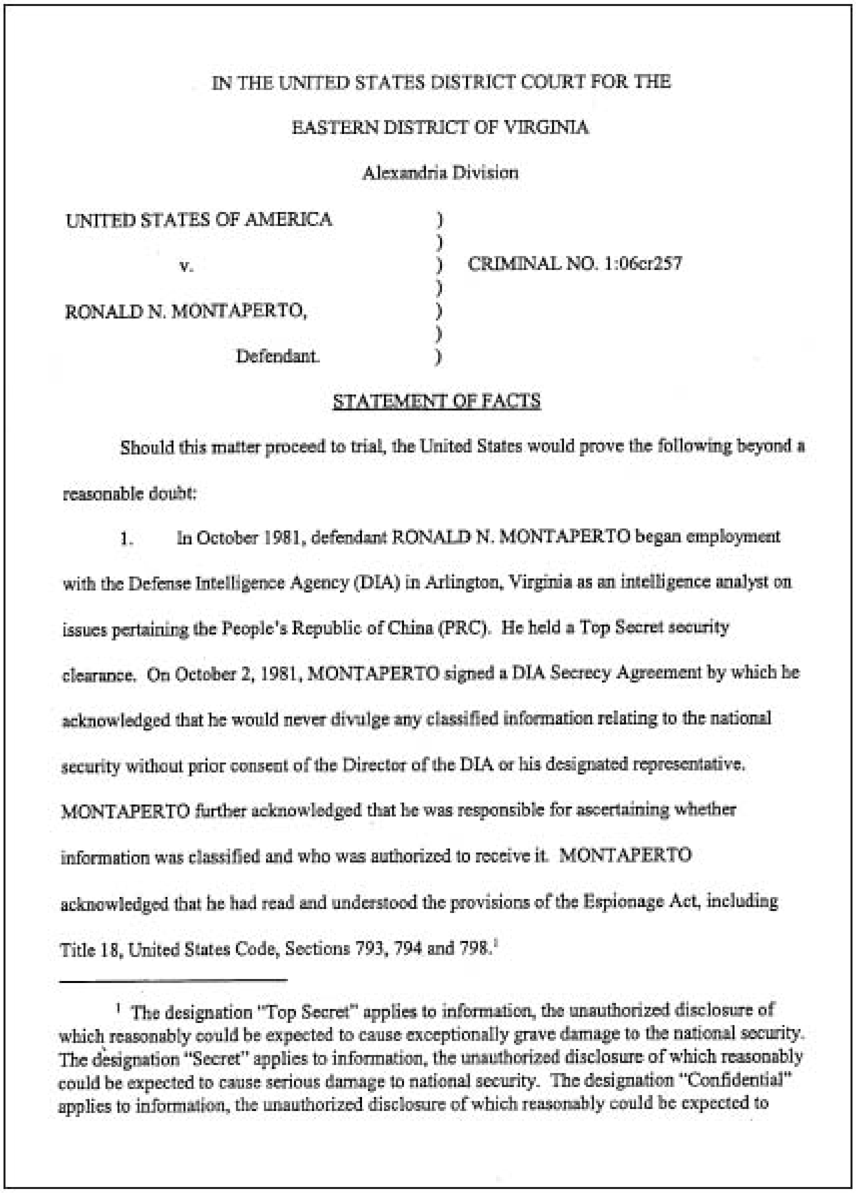

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT FOR THE

EASTERN DISTRICT OF VIRGINIA

Alexandria Division

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA)
)
v.) CRIMINAL NO. 1:06cr257
)
RONALD N. MONTAPERTO,)
)
Defendant.)

STATEMENT OF FACTS

Should this matter proceed to trial, the United States would prove the following beyond a reasonable doubt:

1. In October 1981, defendant RONALD N. MONTAPERTO began employment with the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA) in Arlington, Virginia as an intelligence analyst on issues pertaining the People's Republic of China (PRC). He held a Top Secret security clearance. On October 2, 1981, MONTAPERTO signed a DIA Secrecy Agreement by which he acknowledged that he would never divulge any classified information relating to the national security without prior consent of the Director of the DIA or his designated representative. MONTAPERTO further acknowledged that he was responsible for ascertaining whether information was classified and who was authorized to receive it. MONTAPERTO acknowledged that he had read and understood the provisions of the Espionage Act, including Title 18, United States Code, Sections 793, 794 and 798.[1]

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[1] The designation "Top Secret" applies to information, the unauthorized disclosure of which reasonably could be expected to cause exceptionally grave damage to the national security. The designation "Secret" applies to information, the unauthorized disclosure of which reasonably could be expected to cause serious damage to national security. The designation "Confidential" applies to information, the unauthorized disclosure of which reasonably could be expected to

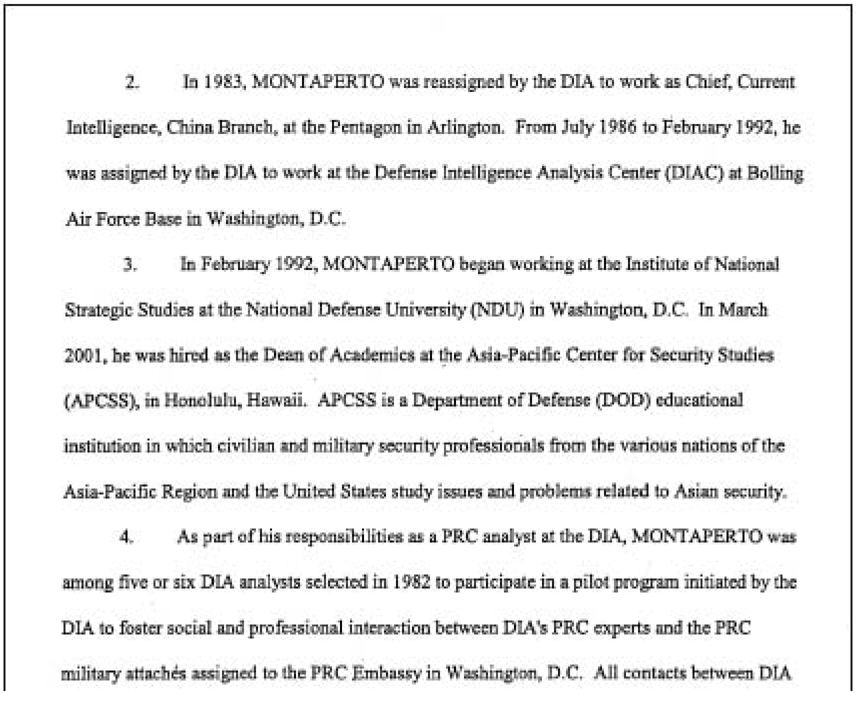

2. In 1983, MONTAPERTO was reassigned by the DIA to work as Chief, Current Intelligence, China Branch, at the Pentagon in Arlington. From July 1986 to February 1992, he was assigned by the DIA to work at the Defense Intelligence Analysis Center (DIAC) at Bolling Air Force Base in Washington, D.C.

3. In February 1992, MONTAPERTO began working at the Institute of National Strategic Studies at the National Defense University (NDU) in Washington, D.C. In March 2001, he was hired as the Dean of Academics at the Asia-Pacific Center for Security Studies (APCSS), in Honolulu, Hawaii. APCSS is a Department of Defense (DOD) educational institution in which civilian and military security professionals from the various nations of the Asia-Pacific Region and the United States study issues and problems related to Asian security.

4. As part of his responsibilities as a PRC analyst at the DIA, MONTAPERTO was among five or six DIA analysts selected in 1982 to participate in a pilot program initiated by the DIA to foster social and professional interaction between DIA's PRC experts and the PRC military attachés assigned to the PRC Embassy in Washington, D.C. All contacts between DIA

participants and the PRC military attachés were to be documented. None of the DIA participants was authorized to disseminate classified information to the PRC military attachés. By 1984, when MONTAPERTO was working at the Pentagon, all the other participants in the pilot program had either retired or transferred. MONTAPERTO continued to maintain contact with the PRC military attachés as part of his official responsibilities, yet failed to execute contact reports after each meeting as required by DIA regulations. He did file an official "assessment" of

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could be expected to cause serious damage to national security. The designation "Confidential" applies to information, the unauthorized disclosure of which reasonably could be expected to cause damage to national security.

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each of the two PRC military attachés with whom he was primarily meeting – one was filed in October 1983, the other in May 1987. He only filed these two assessments after being directed to do so by DIA security. He then submitted additional assessments in 1988. On occasion, MONTAPERTO discussed with his superiors his meetings with the military attachés, and, by early 1989, he was directed by his immediate supervisor to discontinue his meetings with the military attachés altogether.

5. In 1988, MONTAPERTO applied for a position as a DIA analyst detailed to the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA). During security processing in January 1989, MONTAPERTO made the following admissions: a) in 1982, he separately showed both his father and his wife (neither of whom held a security clearance) a classified document (level unknown); b) in 1982, he removed a Confidential U.S. government document from its proper place of storage and brought it home; c) in 1987, he invited into the DIAC, without authorization, a private researcher (who, further investigation revealed, was uncleared and had been given access to classified information by Montaperto); and d) in 1988, he removed and brought home a Secret document. He also admitted to maintaining contact with PRC military attaché Yu Zenghe and his predecessor. MONTAPERTO was not able to successfully complete security processing at the CIA and was not offered the position he was seeking at that agency. However, his DIA clearances remained in place and no effort was made to restrict his access to classified information.

6. On January 29, February 6, February 13, and February 20, 1991, FBI agents interviewed MONTAPERTO about his relationship with the PRC attachés. MONTAPERTO stated that he had developed close relationships with at least two of the attachés – Senior

Colonels Yang Qiming and Yu Zenghe. Investigation by the FBI has determined that both men were intelligence officers for the PRC during the time of MONTAPERTO's association with them. MONTAPERTO admitted to verbally providing these attachés a considerable amount of information that was useful to them, including classified information. However, MONTAPERTO stated he could not recall specifically what classified information he had disclosed to the attachés, and the investigation was closed by the FBI without referral for a prosecutive opinion.

7. In August 2001, a joint Naval Criminal Investigative Service (NCIS) and FBI investigation was initiated on MONTAPERTO in Honolulu, Hawaii. As part of the investigation, a ruse was established in which a U.S. military representative approached MONTAPERTO in July 2003 and asked him whether he would be interested in working on a sensitive project on China. In accordance with the ruse, MONTAPERTO was told that he would have to submit to a counterintelligence polygraph examination administered by the NCIS as a prerequisite to working on this special project. MONTAPERTO volunteered to do so.

8. In two pre-polygraph interviews conducted by NCIS agents in October 2003, MONTAPERTO admitted the following: a) he met with PRC military attachés Yang Qiming and Yu Zenghe, individually, from 1983 to 1990; b) he knew when he met with the two attachés that both were trained intelligence officers; c) he would often discuss classified issues with the attachés by talking "around" the information; and d) he had verbally disclosed to Yu Zenghe information classified by the U.S. government at the Secret and Top Secret levels (although he stated he could not recall specifically what classified information he had disclosed to Yu Zenghe). Additionally, MONTAPERTO stated that he might have a document either at his

residence or his office in Honolulu, Hawaii, or at his townhouse in Springfield, Virginia, which MONTAPERTO had written based on a conversation he had had with Yang Qiming. MONTAPERTO stated that this document pertained to relations between the United States government and the PRC and that he believed he had placed the document in question in a book. He provided the NCIS with consent to search his residence, vehicle, and office in Hawaii, as well as his residence in Springfield. Consequently, after the October interviews were completed, NCIS agents conducted searches of the locations in Honolulu. No document of the sort described by MONTAPERTO was found.

9. When NCIS agents arrived at MONTAPERTO's Springfield, Virginia townhouse on November 12, 2003 to conduct a search, MONTAPERTO's wife directed the agents to a large bookshelf containing numerous books in a second floor office. The agents did not find any document of the sort described by MONTAPERTO or any other related evidence during the search of those books.

10. On November 19, 2003, NCIS agents conducted a third pre-polygraph examination interview of MONTAPERTO in Honolulu. MONTAPERTO stated that during the late 1980's, he had two discussions with Yu Zenghe involving Top Secret information. One disclosure dealt with the sale of military equipment by the PRC to a Middle Eastern country. MONTAPERTO identified the specific type of equipment and the country that purchased the equipment. The second Top Secret discussion dealt with the sale of missiles from the PRC to another Middle Eastern country. MONTAPERTO stated he could not recall specifically what he had disclosed to Yu Zenghe with respect to these sales. Although some information about these sales was officially available to the public, MONTAPERTO's knowledge on this topic was

derived from highly classified sources and sensitive compartmented information. Pursuant to his secrecy agreement with the government, MONTAPERTO had a legal duty to confirm that any such derived information was releasable, yet he failed to do so.

11. On December 3, 2003, the FBI conducted a final interview of MONTAPERTO in Honolulu. During this interview, MONTAPERTO elaborated on admissions he had made in previous interviews about having disclosed classified information to PRC military attachés in the 1980's. He also stated that from 1989 to 2001 he continued to meet with PRC military attachés from the PRC Embassy. MONTAPERTO named several attachés, all of whom were determined by the FBI to be PRC intelligence officers who worked within the United States. MONTAPERTO admitted he may have orally disclosed classified information that he recollected from his previous position to PRC military attachés as late as 2001. However, during this interview, MONTAPERTO stated he could not recall specifically what classified information he had disclosed to the attachés.

12. On February 4, 2004, FBI agents executed a search warrant issued by the U.S. District Court for the Eastern District of Virginia at MONTAPERTO's residence at 7936 Birchtree Court, Springfield, Virginia. At this time, MONTAPERTO had stored within a file cabinet drawer in his basement a number of classified documents, six of which contained national defense information classified at the Secret level and clearly marked as such. These documents consisted of: three February 1984 DIA memoranda regarding "Future PRC Relationship," "Future DIA-PRC Relationship,"and "A Plan for DIA-PRC Relationship;" a February 1984 DOD cable regarding "The Maturing US/PRC Military Relationship;" and two July 1988 DIA memoranda regarding "Policy Regarding Contact with Chinese Nationals."

within the DOD. As MONTAPERTO well knew, he was not authorized to store or retain classified materials at his residence.

13. A July 2005 paragraph-by-paragraph analysis by the DIA of the previously-described Secret documents seized from MONTAPERTO's townhouse determined that all of these documents were properly classified at the time they were created and that all retained their Secret classification at the time of this analysis.

14. At all times during the above-described incidents, defendant MONTAPERTO acted unlawfully and knowingly and not by mistake or other innocent reason.

Respectfully submitted,

Chuck Rosenberg
United States Attorney

By: W. Neil Hammerstrom
W. Neil Hammerstrom, Jr.
Assistant United States Attorney

Stephen M. Campbell
Assistant United States Attorney

Renate D. Staley / by NH
Renate D. Staley
Trial Attorney
U. S. Department of Justice

After consulting with my attorney and pursuant to the plea agreement entered into this day between the defendant, RONALD N. MONTAPERTO, and the United States, I hereby

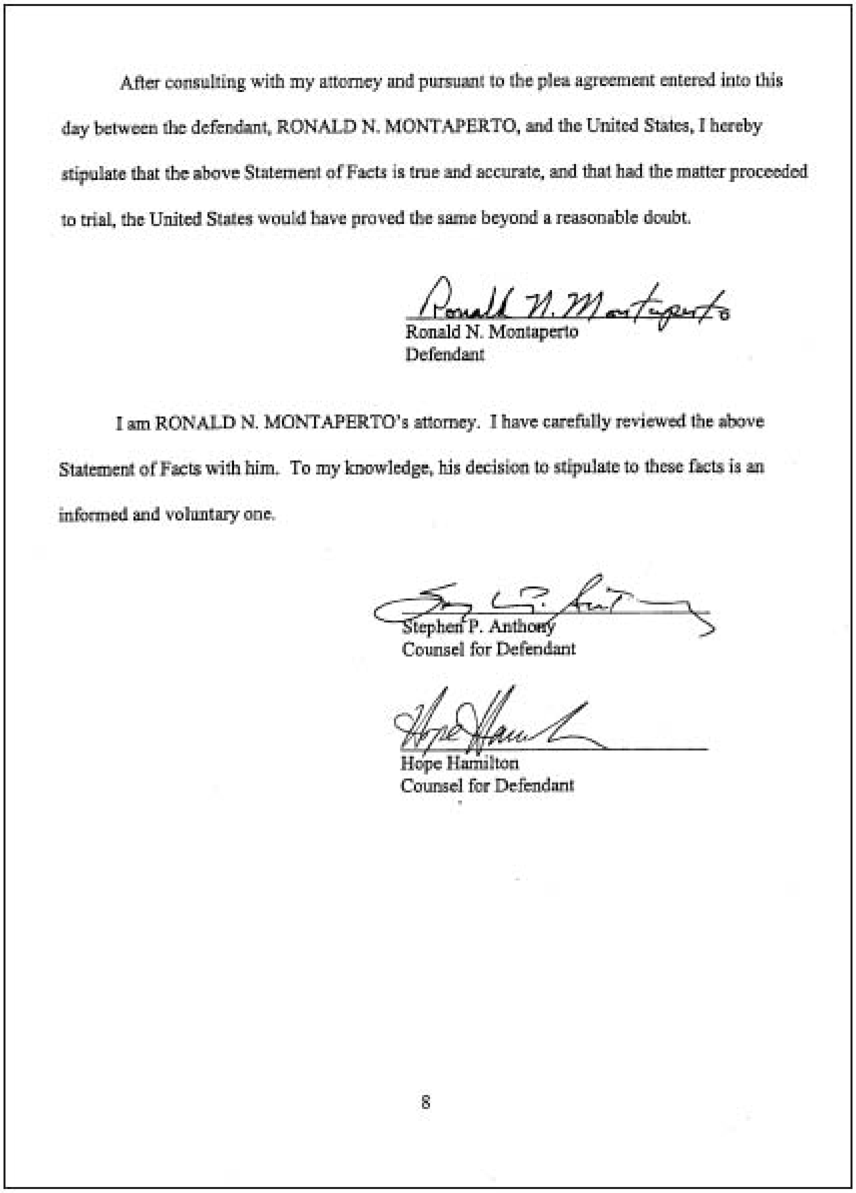

After consulting with my attorney and pursuant to the plea agreement entered into this day between the defendant, RONALD N. MONTAPERTO, and the United States, I hereby stipulate that the above Statement of Facts is true and accurate, and that had the matter proceeded to trial, the United States would have proved the same beyond a reasonable doubt.

Ronald N. Montaperto

Ronald N. Montaperto
Defendant

I am RONALD N. MONTAPERTO's attorney. I have carefully reviewed the above Statement of Facts with him. To my knowledge, his decision to stipulate to these facts is an informed and voluntary one.

Stephen P. Anthony
Counsel for Defendant

Hope Hamilton
Counsel for Defendant

In June 2006, former Defense Intelligence Agency analyst Ronald Montaperto pleaded guilty to unlawfully retaining classified documents. But as this statement of facts signed by Montaperto reveals, his betrayal went deeper: Montaperto disclosed top secret information to Chinese military intelligence officers. U.S. officials ignored numerous warning signs of Montaperto's spying.

Acknowledgments

This book is based on research and interviews with scores of intelligence, counterintelligence, and national security specialists in and out of government. Counterintelligence, the practice of identifying and exploiting the activities of foreign spies, is a very difficult but extremely important function within the often arcane world of intelligence. The material in this book draws on my experience as a newspaper reporter in Washington, D.C., for more than twenty years, and includes coverage of scores of spy cases and interviews with many U.S. intelligence and national security officials, as well as foreign intelligence officers who defected to the United States. I have been very fortunate to work with some tremendous people inside the U.S. government who were instrumental in helping with this project. To those officials, I offer my sincere thanks for their anonymous assistance.

I have presented information here that I believe to be accurate and true. Much of it is based on information that comes from inside the intelligence system, and I have tried to the best of my abilities to confirm the information with multiple sources. In light of the U.S. intelligence community's intelligence failures of September 11, 2001, and the 2002 Iraq weapons-of-mass-destruction errors, I have tried to be especially careful in using some of the important intelligence information that has come into my possession. As in the past, the classified information contained in this book has been checked and I have been careful in disclosing it.

Despite some criticism of me in the past for releasing such information, I have no apologies. I believe strongly that in an information age it is vital for the preservation of our democratic system for people to be empowered with knowledge. It is my hope that the information contained in this book, however flattering or unflattering it may be to the U.S. government, will spur public debate on the need for reforming our

counterintelligence institutions in government, a reform that is urgently needed to protect the nation from a variety of threats and dangers.

Among the many people I want to thank are those at my employer, the *Washington Times*. The *Times* was founded in 1982 by the Reverend and Mrs. Sun Myung Moon and has been widely acknowledged as an authoritative source of political and national security news both in the nation's capital and worldwide. I also want to thank the three senior editors at the *Times* for their support: Editor in Chief Wesley Pruden, Managing Editor Francis B. Coombs Jr., and National Editor Ken Hanner. My colleagues Rowan Scarborough and Jerry Seper were helpful as well, as were many others. The editor of the *Times*'s National Weekly Edition, Robert Morton, was helpful in providing advice, too.

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I also want to thank my editor at Crown Forum, Jed Donahue, who provided great help and assistance.

Finally, my wife, Debra, provided wonderful support for this project.

About the Author

BILL GERTZ is the defense and national security reporter for the *Washington Times* and the author of the *New York Times* bestsellers *Treachery, Breakdown,* and *Betrayal.* An analyst for Fox News Channel, he has been interviewed on many television and radio programs, including *This Week with George Stephanopoulos,* John McLaughlin's *One on One, Hannity & Colmes, The O'Reilly Factor,* and *The Rush Limbaugh Show.* He has lectured at the FBI Academy and the National Defense University. Gertz lives with his family near Washington, D.C.

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"One of the most revealing accounts yet published of both KGB foreign operations in the Brezhnev era and the internal decay of the Soviet system."
—**CHRISTOPHER ANDREW**, *Sunday Telegraph*

SPYMASTER

MY THIRTY-TWO YEARS IN INTELLIGENCE AND ESPIONAGE AGAINST THE WEST

OLEG KALUGIN

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My Thirty-two Years in Intelligence and Espionage Against the West

OLEG KALUGIN

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CONTENTS

PROLOGUE vii

1 A Stalinist Boyhood 1
2 Initiation 9
3 America 27
4 Washington Station 65
5 Philby 135
6 The Spy Game 167
7 Collision 271
8 Exile 335
9 Rebirth 385
10 KGB on the Run 417

EPILOGUE 435
INDEX 449

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PROLOGUE

> The ones whose souls and hearts are filled
> with high purpose, these are living ones.
> **VICTOR HUGO**

The sun was going down as I finished my meal in a posh eatery on the edge of Montego Bay in eastern Maryland. Mesmerized by the changing glow of the sunset, I fell into a pensive mood, sad and yet inwardly content. My thoughts wandered to my youthful years and then returned to the chores of my new life. Matthew Arnold's lines of poetry, recalled from yesteryear, cheered me: "Is it so small a thing to have enjoyed the sun, to have lived light in the spring, to have loved, to have thought, to have done?"

My journey through time is not over, and yet . . . My God! Did I ever think or imagine that I, a devout Communist and KGB general, would turn against the Soviet system, confront and challenge it openly, and then come to live in America and stay here for the rest of my life? How did it happen? Why?

In the summer of 1959, I found myself in New York City, having just completed a year of study at Columbia Journalism School. For a twenty-four-year-old Soviet kid, it had been a dream year, capped by a three-week trip across America. My presence in the United States at the height of the cold war had generated a lot of interest. The *New York Times* even wrote a profile of me entitled "A Popular Russian." The piece described me as "a real personality kid" and went on to say that I was the son of a Leningrad city clerk and was chosen for the Fulbright student exchange by my professors at Leningrad University and "Soviet educational authorities." I had to chuckle, of course. It was all a lie.

The Soviet educational establishment had not sent me to America for a year. The KGB had. I was not, as the article described, a bright young Soviet journalist. I was a green KGB officer, the son of a man who also had worked for the Soviet secret police. And in August 1959, I was on the verge of plunging into my first espionage case, a tangled affair that would launch my career in the spy game but would later return to haunt me, eventually leading to a falling out with the KGB.

That August, just a few weeks before my return to the USSR, Soviet officials asked me to host an exhibit of Soviet achievements in technology and culture. I was happy to do it, in part for the money, but also because I was a true believer in Communism and the Soviet cause. It was the peak of Premier Nikita Khrushchev's liberalization of Soviet society. Our military might was growing, and our sciences were roaring ahead. Just two years before, we had launched the world's first satellite, Sputnik. This achievement convinced us and the world that we were closing fast on Khrushchev's oft stated goal of catching and overtaking America.

The exhibit at the Columbus Circle Coliseum on 59th Street featured luxurious Soviet limousines, the latest furs, fashionable footwear, and row upon row of radios, tape recorders, and cameras. I knew the show was something of a Potemkin village, but I overlooked that and figured it would demonstrate to America what the Soviet Union, just fourteen years after the war that had devastated our country, was capable of doing. I was assigned to the cultural section where, surrounded by books and paintings, I was to expound on the glories of socialist realism. One of my first visitors was Vice President Richard Nixon. He came on opening day and wandered into my section, a jowly, glum-looking man who was not particularly friendly.

Once I overcame my confusion at seeing this celebrity, I buttonholed him and began my spiel. Soon, however, I was elbowed aside by a phalanx of aides, bodyguards, and Soviet officials.

I spent several weeks preaching the Soviet gospel to an occasionally hostile American public, and by the end I was worn out and hoarse. One hot, muggy evening in late August, I shuffled out of the exhibition hall and began making my way up Broadway, heading for my dwelling. It was about seven o'clock, and I was barely two blocks from the coliseum when a bespectacled, gray-haired man accompanied by an attractive Chinese woman approached me.

"We saw you at the exhibition," said the man. "May we talk to you?"

With those words began my fateful relationship with the spy the KGB soon came to call "Cook."

Cook spoke to me in English, but I immediately recognized his Russian accent. Though I was exhausted and hardly wanted to become embroiled in another debate, I answered in Russian that I could talk with them. And when this tall stranger, who introduced himself as Anatoly, began to speak, my interest was piqued. After complimenting me on my English, he criticized me for not being staunch enough in my defense of Communism.

"Don't you feel the Soviet Union is going astray, trying to emulate America?" Anatoly asked, as the three of us stood on the Manhattan sidewalk in the summer twilight. "Your country is a great one. It has its own path. Socialism should be free from all this bourgeois stuff."

It was a rarity, of course, to hear someone in America criticizing Soviet Communism for being insufficiently orthodox. Nevertheless, I was not interested in listening to his political philosophy, so I decided to steer the conversation in a different direction, more in line with my professional training.

"What do you do?" I asked.

"I work for Thiokol," Anatoly responded, referring to the giant chemical company.

"Really?" I said. "And what's your line of work?"

"I am a rocket engineer," he replied.

My fatigue disappeared immediately.

"Why should we stand here talking on the street?" I said. "Let's go to a cafeteria."

We drank coffee and ate pastry at a cafeteria on 63rd Street, and I tried to appear nonchalant as I questioned Anatoly and his wife. He told me he was from a peasant family in the Kuban region of southern Russia. After working as a translator for the German army, he had retreated with Nazi forces and eventually emigrated to America. He studied to be a chemical engineer and landed a job at Thiokol.

His wife, the daughter of the vice president of the Chinese Academy of Sciences, was a Maoist who had convinced her husband of the righteousness of the Communist cause. She had persuaded him that it was repulsive to work for a company so closely tied to the military-industrial complex. My hopes were rising steadily, and then Anatoly dropped this piece of news: Thiokol was involved in the production of solid rocket fuel, and he was working on the project.

I could barely contain myself as I got their phone number and suggested that we meet again. But before we parted, I returned to Anatoly's critical remarks about Khrushchev's reforms. "You denounce the Soviet leader for deviating from the true path of socialism," I said. "But look, the Soviet Union is way behind the United States in economic might, scientific and technological prowess. We have to adjust to the realities of life. If you are a true believer in socialism, why don't you help us catch up with the U.S.? That'll be your contribution to the eventual triumph of the socialist system." Anatoly looked up at me, puzzled: "How can I help?"

"Why don't you share what you have access to, with our scientific community?" I asked with my heart beating wildly.

To my relief and delight Anatoly did not hesitate. "Okay," he said. "I'm ready." The next morning I skipped work at the exhibition and went to see Fyodor Kudashkin, our KGB contact at the Soviet mission in New York. He was interested but skeptical. "This may be an FBI setup," he said. "You have no diplomatic immunity. They will arrest you on the spot. It will not only end your career, but will lead to embarrassing complications for our country." It was difficult for me to argue with an experienced intelligence officer like Kudashkin. Who was I, after all? Just a trainee, a rookie. But one argument seemed to impress my supervisor. "You may be right," I said. "But Anatoly was so knowledgeable about Marxism, so eloquent and passionate in his advocacy of socialist ideas; that, I'm sure, no FBI agent can do."

My report set off a furor at the KGB headquarters, which Kudashkin notified urgently, seeking clearance to hold the meeting with Anatoly and take the documents. My higher-ups in the intelligence branch thought I was naive and reckless, and yet they authorized the meeting. In an urgent ciphered cable they emphasized the importance of my mission to obtain secrets that could be a tremendous boost in our competition with the United States to build better military and space rockets. The only caveat from KGB headquarters was that I be accompanied by a more senior KGB officer with diplomatic immunity; if Anatoly was an FBI plant, the senior agent would take the fall and face nothing worse than expulsion. When Moscow cabled its okay for our meeting with the Thiokol scientist, headquarters also gave him the code name "Cook."

We met Cook several days later near Columbia University. With my KGB colleague at the wheel, we drove to Cook's home in the suburbs of northern New Jersey. My stomach was churning. My young career in the KGB was about to take a remarkable turn for the better, or else we were driving into an FBI trap that could create an international incident and doom my chances of working effectively overseas in the future.

When we arrived at the tiny, nondescript house, Selena was busy preparing a Chinese dinner. We sat in the living room with Cook, sipping cocktails. The scientist stood up and walked into another room, and the senior agent and I exchanged an anxious, hopeful glance. Cook returned with a triumphant look, clutching a handful of packages. He opened one envelope and passed the contents to me: a detailed description of the technology of the fuel and its components, as well as a CIA document analyzing the state of the USSR's chemical industry.

Then he pulled out his pièce de résistance—a test tube containing a black jelly—a sample of top secret U.S. solid rocket fuel.

I fingered the test tube. My fellow officer and I sat there in silence, holding our breath as we half expected a squad of FBI agents to burst through the door. But no one came. We moved to Selena's table and ate her delicious Chinese food. We made small talk. But I wanted nothing so much as to flee that house with our booty. I was an ambitious young officer, and I knew the test tube and documents I held in my hands were an extraordinary coup for someone just starting out in the KGB.

The next day, word came down from the KGB's technical staff in New York that the papers and the fuel were a great find. Moscow showed immense interest in the Thiokol scientist and, after one more meeting, I handed over my catch to higher KGB officials in New York. I received a commendation, and as I returned to Moscow that August 1959, I felt happy and yet nervous. I heard some rumblings from Moscow. Headquarters was still checking the stuff received from Cook, and some believed the whole case was an FBI attempt to plant a double agent to disinform and mislead the Soviet scientists, to stall Soviet progress in its space program.

Yet in a month or so, I was told everything was all right. Cook's information was priceless. I received my first promotion and was portrayed among my colleagues as a model of a brave and enterprising officer. I never expected to see Cook again.

Twenty years later, however, I did see him again, this time in Moscow. And when we crossed paths again, Cook, the man who so auspiciously launched my career in the KGB, would set in motion its undoing. But I am getting ahead of myself.

Within months of leaving New York that summer, I returned to the United States and began my career in earnest. Over the next twenty years, I found myself at the very heart of the cold war spy game. I ran agents out of New York. I oversaw the work of the American spy John Walker in Washington. My officers even tried to bug the U.S. Congress. At age forty, I became the youngest general in the postwar history of the KGB, and for ten years matched wits with the CIA around the world.

As deputy chief and then chief of the KGB's foreign counterintelligence directorate, I was immersed in the world of espionage, a job that was at times exhilarating, at times depressing, and often messy. My unit ran moles deep inside French and Italian intelligence and tried to recruit CIA agents from Beirut to Helsinki. We played a key role in rehabilitating the famed British spy, Kim Philby, who had been tossed aside by my predecessors and was living a dejected, drunken life in Moscow. We also had a hand, unfortunately, in the assassination of the Bulgarian dissident Georgi Markov. Foreign counterintelligence had to step in when we learned that an Asian country was preparing to blackmail a top Soviet military intelligence man. The material to be used against him? Proof that his wife was having sex with the family dog.

I served for ten years at the KGB's headquarters buildings in Moscow, and worked closely with the men who ran the world's largest secret police organization. I came to respect Yuri Andropov, the hard-nosed chairman who briefly led the Soviet Union. And I worked intimately with—and grew to loathe—Vladimir Kryuchkov, who took over the KGB when I left Moscow and played a decisive role in the failed coup of August 1991. I saw firsthand how the buffoons from the Communist Party politicized the KGB and blindly did the bidding of Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev.

Some of my colleagues predicted I would one day become chief of Soviet intelligence, perhaps even head of the KGB. Indeed, until 1979 my career seemed unstoppable. But then, as I attempted to come to the aid of the man who had been my first intelligence asset—Cook—I had a collision with the system I had served so faithfully. In 1980, I was sent into high-level bureaucratic exile in Leningrad, where for seven years I saw at close range the rot of the Brezhnev era. In 1990, thoroughly disenchanted with the agency and the system to which I had devoted my life, I went public and became the highest-ranking KGB officer ever to expose the inner workings of the organization and still remain in the Soviet Union.

I was charged with treason and would have landed in jail, had it not been for the people of Russia, who elected me to be their representative in the Supreme Soviet of the USSR (Soviet parliament).

Totally rehabilitated by Mikhail Gorbachev in 1991, I continued to work for reform in New Russia.

In 1995 I came to the United States as a senior official of a Russian telecommunications company to work with my American counterpart. I never went back because Russia under President Putin reversed its course, and in 2002 I was again charged with treason and convicted at a secret trial in Moscow.

Eventually I settled in America and became a U.S. citizen.

This book, then, is the story of the journey of a warrior in the cold war. On one level it is a story of espionage, as seen through the eyes of a man who battled the United States and the West even as his nation's empire was, with 20/20 hindsight, in its death throes. But this is more than a spy story. It is the story of one man who, like so many of his compatriots, started off with a deep, even fanatical belief in his country and its Communist cause. When I headed to New York as a young man of twenty-four, I was confident we were not far from the "shining future" that our leaders from Lenin to Khrushchev had promised us. That blind faith carried me forward for years, helping me to overlook the 1956 Soviet invasion of Hungary, the 1968 occupation of Czechoslovakia, the growing isolation and senility of our leaders. I myself spread a string of lies and disinformation to further our cause in the cold war.

Like most of my countrymen, I thought our system could be fixed. And then I collided with the KGB itself, and realized that what we had built was rotten beyond salvation. The road to my conversion was unique. Yet tens of millions of other Soviets reached the same point by a different route. Like countless other Soviets, I became a radical critic of the system which had nurtured me and brought me success. That may be difficult for many readers to understand.

But then they have not lived my life . . .

CHAPTER 1

A Stalinist Boyhood

I NEVER SAW MYSELF AS A RENEGADE, AND EVEN NOW, AS I MULL over the reasons for my split with the KGB, I ask myself half seriously: Was my grandmother to blame? It was she who, unknown to my parents, spirited me away to a Russian Orthodox church shortly after my birth and had me secretly baptized. In 1934, just as Stalin's repressions were gaining steam, that was a heretical and dangerous act. And though I am not a religious man, I sometimes like to think it was my mother's mother who sowed the seeds of the rebel who would emerge a half century later.

At the time of my birth, September 6, 1934, my father was a guard at Leningrad's secret police headquarters. When he found out that my *babushka* had me baptized, he was angry and scared. My mother would later laugh when she told that story, but at the time my father thought it a careless and stupid move. After all, his job was to stand in front of the secret police's imposing, concrete Big House on Liteiny Prospect, guarding the headquarters and the adjacent jail. The Big House, completed in 1933, occupied a square block, and its basement and courtyard saw the execution of countless victims of Stalin's purges. Later my father would tell me how he used to stand guard outside and listen to the screams of those being tortured and murdered by Stalin's goons in the Big House.

My father, Daniil, was born in 1905, the son of peasants from the Oryol region of central Russia. He survived the chaos and famine of the Russian Revolution and the ensuing civil war and was drafted into the Red Army in the early 1920s. After his discharge, he had no desire to return to the countryside and moved instead to Leningrad. There, in the cradle of the Bolshevik Revolution, this poorly educated man—dark-haired, handsome, and with a trace of Tatar blood—found work as a guard for the secret police, then known as the NKVD.

My mother, a quiet, blue-eyed Russian named Klavdia, came from a line of skilled factory workers who had been in St. Petersburg for more than a century. She was working at a weaving factory when she met my father in 1932, and fell in love with the sharply dressed policeman with the slick black hair. I was born two years later and—in Soviet terms—definitely under a bad sign. Just three months after my birth, the renowned Leningrad Communist boss Sergei Kirov was gunned down at the city Party headquarters at Smolny. It was rumored that Stalin ordered Kirov's assassination, but at the time the Soviet leader blamed the killing on a far-reaching plot and used it to usher in a wave of purges in which millions would die. My father took me, a three-month-old infant, to Kirov's funeral at the Tavrichesky Palace. Though I know it must be impossible to remember, I feel I can vividly recall—no doubt from my parents' later accounts—the scene that cold, overcast December day. A huge crowd of mourners dressed in black stood outside the palace, listening to a funeral march. Because of his NKVD connections, my father managed to get close to Kirov's coffin, which rested on a bier strewn with flowers. These scenes took place, but I cannot explain how it is they seem vivid to me. Under such grim circumstances did my life begin, in the midst of a wave of terror that would ultimately claim the lives of 20 to 40 million of my countrymen.

I was seven when the Nazis invaded the Soviet Union on June 22, 1941, and to this day I recall my first glimpse of the war. On a sultry afternoon in late June, I was at a Young Pioneer camp on a lake near Leningrad, hunting maybugs with a pretty girl. The far side of the lake was rocked by explosions from Nazi bombers, and the flustered nurses caring for us shooed us back to our dormitories. A week later, my mother and I boarded a train for Yaroslavl, where we transferred to a ship that ferried us down the Volga River to Gorky. There, anchored in port, we came under heavy bombardment. Snuggling close to my mother, I looked through the porthole and followed the floodlights sliding across the dark sky as explosions rang in my ears. Our ship made a safe dash out of the harbor; later we were told that another vessel with hundreds of evacuees, most of them children, was sunk by a direct hit.

We traveled by train to the Siberian city of Omsk, where my mother and I—an only child—waited out the war. Because we were the family of an NKVD policeman, we lived in relative comfort and had enough to eat. In the winter, I would don skates and grab the bumpers of passing trucks, howling with delight as they pulled me through the icy streets of the village. In the spring, we floated down the Ishim River on ice floes. When summer came, we fished and picked berries and mushrooms in the forested taiga. And all the while, I followed the progress of the war with maniacal zeal, listening every night to the news crackling out of our black radio set and devouring the newspapers that would occasionally make it to our remote village. I marked on a map the cities that had been taken by the Red Army, and one of the first books I ever owned was entitled *Behind Enemy Lines.* With a picture of Stalin on the first page, the book told of the glorious exploits of Soviet guerrillas. I still have it in my library.

In the spring of 1944, with the nine-hundred-day Siege of Leningrad ended and Nazi troops in retreat, my mother and I began a two-week rail trip from Siberia back to our native city. We returned to find Leningrad in ruins and most of my mother's family dead after the siege, which had killed an estimated 1 million people. The city seemed deserted, the streets littered with tank traps and populated by emaciated figures who moved slowly to and fro. Many buildings were in ruins—the golden spires of the Admiralty and the Mikhailovsky Castle were almost the sole reminders of the city's past glory. Not far from our old apartment, a German bomb had taken off the facade of a six-story building, and on the top floor a grand piano stood in full view. My father survived the siege only because he had been guarding the Party elite at Smolny and had access to food. But virtually all of my mother's family perished. Her mother, father, and youngest brother all died of starvation in 1942, and her three older brothers were killed at the front. Only her sister survived. Such devastating losses were common in a country in which 27 million people perished in the war.

After the war, Leningraders worked furiously to rebuild, but the reminders of the conflict were everywhere. One hot summer day outside the Leningrad Writers House, I saw a man on his hands and knees drinking from a puddle. Stunned, I approached the stranger—his face gaunt and covered in stubble, his clothes in tatters—and asked him if I could help. He raised his head and, tears streaming down his face, explained in broken Russian that he was a German prisoner of war trying to make his way home. I handed him an apple and rushed home in a state of confusion.

Mostly, however, I saw our victory in the Great Patriotic War—as Soviets called it—as the ultimate proof that our Communist system was the best in the world. Again and again, Stalin's propagandists told us that only the Soviet Union was able to stop the Nazi menace, and such knowledge convinced me and my compatriots that our nation could never be vanquished. I would realize in later years that one of the pillars on which the Soviet Union rested was the myth that our country only prevailed in the war because of its Communist ardor and discipline. Party leaders wrapped themselves in the mantle of the war, and for decades—in a vain attempt to shore up the crumbling Communist edifice—they played on the enormous sacrifices the people made from 1941 to 1945.

Our old apartment had been destroyed, so we moved into a communal apartment in the palace that once belonged to the aristocratic Obolensky family. The cramped, cozy squalor of Soviet communal apartments barely diminished the grandeur of this historic building. A wide marble staircase, flanked by powerful statues of Atlas and a massive gilded mirror, led to our apartment on the third floor. Six families of the proletariat had moved into what used to be three large halls for receiving guests, sharing a kitchen and a bathroom. Our room had stucco oak leaves on its impossibly high ceilings, wood paneling, walls covered in scarlet silk, and a fireplace of hand-painted tiles. Each of the six families had its own table in the enormous communal kitchen; squabbles were inevitable, of course, and my mother tired of such close quarters. But this communal life had its pleasures. I fondly recall the father of the family who lived on the other side of a flimsy partition from us. He served in the Northern Fleet, and during his rare visits home he would grab his guitar and we would hear his deep, baritone voice late into the night. Another neighbor, a wounded war veteran, bought me books and fed my voracious appetite for literature. Yet another member of the communal apartment, who worked in a fish store, would occasionally bring us black caviar.

As I moved into my teenage years during the peak of the Stalin personality cult in the late 1940s, I became more and more indoctrinated into Communism. At fourteen, I joined the Young Communist League, the Komsomol, and eventually went on to become head of the organization at my school. Like most of my peers, I devoured the works of Arkady Gaidar, who produced a series of what might best be described as Communist Hardy Boys books. They were superpatriotic tales filled with young characters constantly doing courageous and noble deeds for the good of the Motherland. It was Gaidar's books that first planted the seed in my mind of becoming a KGB officer. One work, *The Military Secret,* featured a boy who died protecting secret information from the enemies of Communism. Another, *The Fate of the Drummer,* recounted how a boy discovered a gang of spies and was shot by them. In a bizarre twist of history, it was Arkady Gaidar's grandson—Yegor Gaidar—who a half century later would deliver the coup de grâce to Communism by masterminding Boris Yeltsin's radical market reforms.

The following summer, I attended a camp for children of secret police. There, I met with university students attending the Security Ministry's Higher School. They were confident and fun loving, and sang songs in English and Russian to the younger campers. I wanted to be like these dashing officer trainees, and a career in the Intelligence Service beckoned.

One incident, which took place during a summer visit to southern Ukraine, showed the zealousness of my belief in Communism. We were staying with friends in a village, enjoying the abundance of southern fruits and vegetables. Some of the village kids mentioned that the local doctor was taking money on the side from patients. I was outraged and considered it my duty to protect the people of the village against corruption, bribe taking, and this doctor's instinct for private ownership.

"You hicks!" I told the village teenagers. "Don't you know what the doctor is doing is against the law? It's anti-Soviet!"

I marched to the doctor's cottage and began shaking a pear tree in the front yard. A fat woman flew out the front door, cursing and trying to cuff me. I fled, thinking I had roused the doctor's wife or sister. But the village kids told me the fat woman *was* the doctor, and I returned the next morning for a showdown. I began shaking the pear tree again, and when she emerged in a rage, I lectured her with all the righteous indignation of a true Komsomol leader. At first she refuted my allegations, but after a few minutes she relented and began to apologize for what she had done, blaming it on poverty and village tradition. I felt as if I had scored a victory for the Communist cause.

In my seventeenth year, two events occurred that were to shape my life: I fell in love with my future wife, Ludmilla, and I decided to join the secret police and become an intelligence agent. The KGB—then known as the Ministry of State Security—seemed like the logical place for a person with my academic abilities, language skills, and fervent desire to fight class enemies, capitalist parasites, and social injustice. My English, already proficient after years of reading English-language classics and listening to the BBC, was good enough to get me into the diplomatic service. But that seemed too tame, too civilian, and I chose instead to join the security forces.

My father strongly objected. By 1950, he knew only too well—from the screams he heard as a jail guard to the countless Communist Party bosses he saw disappear during his days at Smolny—what was really going on in our country. He told me furtively about what he had seen and heard in the security forces, but his stories made the life of a secret policeman seem even more intriguing. After all, wasn't the KGB on the front line of the battle against capitalism and world imperialism? The thought of dying for one's country and the socialist ideal stirred my blood. His talk of the screaming prisoners didn't sound nice, but I asked myself, What else can you expect in a bitter struggle with our enemies?

After passing four entrance exams with high marks, I enrolled in the Security Ministry's Institute of Foreign Languages in Leningrad—one of two schools in the country designed to train KGB officers. The other, the Higher KGB School, was in Moscow. In the spring of 1952, shortly before I entered the Institute of Foreign Languages, I spoke at my high school graduation, proudly proclaiming that I intended to undergo training for service in the Security Ministry—an admission that my father, sitting in the audience, thought foolish and dangerous.

"I am convinced that there will be enough work in my lifetime cleaning out the scum that poisons the existence of the world's first socialist state," I told the audience.

We had all been taught that true Communism was at hand, and that when the shining future was attained there would be no need for armies or security services or secret police.

"I may wind up 'the Last of the Mohicans' when the suppression apparatus becomes redundant along with other governmental structures," I continued, "but I have resolved to embark upon this path and—once I do so—to follow it to the end."

The audience applauded enthusiastically. And with the cheers of my classmates ringing in my ears, I marched—confidently and blindly—into the arms of the KGB.

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CHAPTER 2

Initiation

WALKING FOR THE FIRST TIME INTO THE HIGH-WALLED COMPOUND OF the Institute of Foreign Languages, I was entering a mysterious world, off-limits to all but a few of my countrymen. For the next four years in Leningrad and for two more at the KGB's Advanced School of intelligence in Moscow, I would undergo a course of study that was part boot camp, part university education, part spy school—all with the aim of turning myself into a first-rate intelligence agent. I would polish my English and German and tackle Arabic as well. I would be given my first code name. I would learn how to detect and evade surveillance, how to conceal a microdot of photographed documents, how to cultivate intelligence assets, how to use a gun. I would get a glimpse of the inner workings of the Communist state to which I had sworn allegiance. And for the first time, I would experience twinges of doubt about the system I worshiped.

It was a good thing I entered the institute brimming with Communist fervor and youthful vigor, for the first few months there were trying. The institute building, which before the Revolution had housed czarist military cadets, was located in the center of Leningrad. The inner courtyard was sealed off from the outside world by a high wall on one side and by buildings on the others. The spartan barracks afforded a view of streetcar tracks and little else. During my first year, the place was not so much a language institute as it was a military academy. We slept in large, open barracks, twenty to a room, and woke up at 7:00 A.M. to run and do calisthenics. Before breakfast, KGB officers inspected us and our uniforms for the slightest defect, and an unpolished buckle or unshaven chin could cost us our cherished Sunday leave. I was not yet engaged to Ludmilla, the trim, round-faced Russian beauty I had fallen in love with. I would sit in the barracks and torture myself by wondering if she would meet another boy or by remembering that time we sat in a park along the Neva River, when I discovered a small hole in her tight-fitting dress and stared, spellbound, at her stocking-covered thigh.

There were almost one hundred students in our class, and the largest group was studying German. Most of those graduates would work in East Germany, which at the time was swarming with KGB officers. Twenty of my classmates and I were in the English Department, and others were studying French, Japanese, Chinese, and Persian. Other disciplines included basics of Marxist-Leninist philosophy and political economy, area studies related to the chosen language, the history of the Soviet security organization, and its tradecraft of espionage and counterintelligence. I was apparently the only member of my class who had come to the institute straight from high school, the others having served in the army or worked at factories, in mines, or on collective farms. Many of my fellow students were none too bright; nearly three-fourths of the class would not make the grade into foreign intelligence and would wind up in the Soviet Union instead, vainly searching for spies. The institute even had a quota for representatives of the working class. One of them, a former Siberian miner named Nikolai Chaplygin, was a dim-witted man with a huge head, a flattened nose, and boorish manners. He would later inform on me when I went AWOL for a day to visit Ludmilla.

In March 1953, six months into my studies at the institute, Stalin died. The Soviet leader was paralyzed by a stroke on March 2, and over the next several days much of the country sat by the radio awaiting word on his condition. It is difficult for most people to imagine how a nation worshiped such a monster, but the truth is that most of us—those who had not felt the lash of his repression—did. We saw him as a man who led the country through the war, turned a backward nation into a superpower, built up our economy so that there was employment and housing and enough food for all. His propaganda machine was all-powerful. I still remember reading two books—*Conspiracy Against Russia* and *Conspiracy Against Peace*—which portrayed the brutal show trials of the 1930s as valiant efforts to root out anti-Soviet agents. I revered Stalin. And so for four days in March we waited anxiously for news of our leader. I slept next to the radio the night of March 5–6, and just before dawn an announcer reported that Stalin had died. I choked back tears, buried my head in the pillow, and lay awake until reveille.

The country came to a standstill. Classes were suspended at the institute, and when I called my mother, she said, "Our father is dead." On the day before Stalin's funeral she told me, "It's not only our father who's died, but also God, who kept us all under His wing."

I kept a diary of those days, and it gives a sense of the blind devotion we had for the Soviet dictator. "Our loss is huge, of course, but sometimes it seems that it's all nonsense," I wrote on the day of Stalin's funeral.

> Stalin isn't dead. He cannot die. His physical death is just a formality, but one that needn't deprive people of their faith in the future. The fact that Stalin is still alive will be proven by our country's every new success, both domestically and internationally. Any good initiative in our country should now be called a Stalinist one. The entire generation which was born in his era will live with his name. . . . Days like these make each person critically reassess the things he or she has been doing in life. I, for one, must work harder in all directions without wasting time on idle chatter.

A week after Stalin's death, one of the institute's administrators, a Lieutenant Sozinov, summoned me to his office. He was a kind, almost fatherly figure, and as I went to meet him I wracked my brain to figure out what I might have done wrong. As we made small talk at the beginning of our conversation, it hit me: somebody must have told the administration I was listening to the BBC and other shortwave radio broadcasts in English. Before he brought it up, I blurted out that I had been tuning into the stations to improve my vocabulary and accent.

"What else do you listen to besides the British broadcasts?" Sozinov asked, looking me straight in the eye.

"Well, I listen to music too," I replied.

"What kind of music?"

"Western music," I said.

"What kind?"

"Jazz," I said. "Sometimes classical."

"What do you read?"

"Textbooks," I replied, growing increasingly uneasy. "Western fiction and books on intelligence."

"Why are you only interested in the West?" Sozinov asked.

"Because I expect to be an intelligence agent in the West," I answered, "and an intelligence agent has to know everything about his future theater of war."

Sozinov finally let me go, apparently satisfied with my openness. I didn't walk away from our talk lamenting that I lived in a totalitarian system. I merely told myself that the next time I listened to shortwave radio broadcasts, I would have to be more discreet.

Not long after Stalin's death the iron grip the security services had on the country began to loosen, ever so slightly. And for those of us training to go into the Ministry of State Security, the revelations that began to trickle out about our future employer were disconcerting. A month after Stalin's demise, the Ministry of State Security announced that the vaunted secret police had tortured a group of Jewish doctors and falsely accused them of plotting to murder senior government officials. Some high-ranking secret police officers were arrested for their role in the so-called Doctors' Plot, which had touched off a wave of anti-Semitism in the country. Shortly afterward, Stalin's secret police chief—Lavrenti P. Beria—was arrested and executed as an alleged agent of Western intelligence services. Much later, details would emerge about Beria's abominable cruelty, including his fondness for picking up young boys and girls off the street and raping, torturing, and killing them. The Doctors' Plot revelations and Beria's arrest sent me into a paroxysm of doubt about my beloved Ministry of State Security. But the disclosures soon stopped, and our leaders in Moscow and the institute's administrators assured us that the bad apples had been removed from our service.

My fellow students and I, in a taste of what was to come under the Khrushchev "thaw," began to discuss the problems and inequities in Soviet society—something we would never have done under Stalin. A classmate who had served in the navy in the Soviet Far East had earlier described the haunting beauty of the remote Kamchatka Peninsula and the native tribes that lived there. After Stalin's death, he described in detail the abject poverty of the peninsula—the leaky, tar paper shacks, the meager diet of fish and bread, the rampant corruption of the local Communist Party bosses. Even under Stalin, I thought to myself, people lived like cattle. It was the beginning of a long process of awakening that would drag on for decades because I and many fellow Soviets blamed our misfortunes on the aberrations of leaders such as Stalin or Brezhnev, all the while failing to see that the system itself was the problem.

In the fall of my second year at the institute, our instructors began the long-awaited special courses. We learned about the Bolsheviks' first secret police organization—the Cheka—and were still spoon-fed the pronouncements of Stalin. "The Cheka is the punitive organ of Soviet power," Stalin said in one of our readings. "It punishes mostly spies, conspirators, terrorists, bandits, speculators, counterfeiters. It is something like a political court-martial, set up to safeguard the revolution from the assaults of the counterrevolutionary bourgeoisie and their agents."

Our instructors were uniformed officers of the Leningrad Security Ministry, and I realize now that some of them must have had a hand in sending thousands of people to their deaths during the 1930s and

1940s. They stood before us and praised the kangaroo courts and mass repressions as a manifestation of revolutionary vigilance, and we hung on their every word. They also spent hours hammering into us the notion that the most important intelligence tool was the use of informers and moles; we even read a detailed nineteenth-century account by Czar Nicholas II's counterintelligence chief on how to cultivate such intelligence assets. With all the talk of agents and double agents, my young eyes started to open up to reality as I realized that people often were not what they seemed to be.

By the end of my second year, my love for Ludmilla came to rule my life—and nearly got me thrown out of the institute. One Saturday in May, my parents went out of town and I wrangled a leave of several hours. Ludmilla and I walked through the shady Summer Garden and along the embankment of the Neva River. As night fell, we snuck into my parents' apartment. Passions flared, and Ludmilla burst into tears when I told her I had to be back at midnight. She refused to let me go. Finally I persuaded her to wait in the apartment and promised I would be back in a few hours.

There was one problem: I had no Sunday pass. I slept fitfully until 5:00 A.M., when my best friend at the institute and I hatched an escape plan. We crept to a classroom that faced the street and tied one end of a rope to my waist and another to a desk. I eased out the fourth-floor window and began to rappel down as my friend, Yuri, guided the rope. I was almost on the ground when the rope became caught on something. I was suspended one floor from the street, my legs flailing about, when a duty officer from a neighboring military academy appeared. He watched me in silence.

"Doing some mountain climbing," I said. "It's part of the curriculum."

Just then I remembered I had tucked a knife in my belt. I cut the rope and dropped to the pavement with a thud, then moved nonchalantly toward the institute's gate. When I was out of sight of the officer, I dashed for the streetcar. Shortly after sunrise I was back in Ludmilla's arms.

The next day I tried to sneak into the institute with a group that was returning to barracks after morning calisthenics. I had just about made it when one of the officers pulled me aside and asked for my pass. The Siberian miner, Chaplygin, was standing a few yards away, smirking. He let it be known that he was the one who had snitched on me after he noticed I was absent Sunday night. I was hauled on the carpet and threatened with dismissal. I am sure that only my father's connections with the Security Ministry and my good performance at the institute kept me from being expelled.

That September, Ludmilla and I were married in my family's communal apartment, where forty-five guests drank forty bottles of vodka. I got drunk for the first time in my life as I downed tumbler after tumbler of vodka during the toasts. It was a glorious day, and the world seemed full of possibilities. Our first daughter, Svetlana, was born nine months later.

In 1955, my third year at the institute, we began to receive on-the-job training. I was taken to the International Sailors Club at the Leningrad port, where foreign and Soviet seamen congregated. Like everything in the country that involved foreigners, it was crawling with KGB agents. The first time my instructor, Captain Borisenko, and I walked into the club, he pointed to a pretty blond hostess and said, "She's one of ours." We walked to the bar, and the bartender bowed obsequiously. "This one is ours too," Borisenko said under his breath.

My superiors gave me a chance to get involved in recruiting an informer at the port, an engineer. His file was surprisingly thick, testimony to the efficiency of our totalitarian state and the long arm of the KGB. Leafing through it, I found a background check on the port engineer, an employment questionnaire, official references, and reports on him from fellow colleagues and KGB stoolies. Clearly he would make an excellent informer. He was a loyal Communist Party member, had invented several devices, and even played on the port's basketball team.

One night we drove down to speak with the engineer when he was on duty. My instructor did the talking, asking the man about the atmosphere in the port, the mood of the workers, examples of shoddy performance or poor management, and any suspicions he had about foreign sailors with whom he had come in contact. We ended the conversation by telling the engineer it was his patriotic duty to secretly inform the KGB about any wrongdoing or suspicious activity at the port. The engineer said he would do it gladly, with one caveat: his wife was jealous of his time and he had to be careful about coming home late. My instructor and the engineer discussed possible meeting places, and the KGB officer gave the new recruit his first assignment—to submit profiles of his close coworkers and contacts.

Shortly afterward, I accompanied another senior officer to a meeting with a longtime KGB agent and informer, who was the chief of records at the port. We met her at a Leningrad apartment that served as a KGB safe house. The apartment was occupied by a former KGB surveillance agent who had set the table with a half liter of vodka, a bottle of red wine, salmon, red caviar, and a host of other delicacies that were exceedingly hard to come by. After a glass of vodka, the informer—an attractive middle-aged woman—began talking nonstop about management problems at the port, wrongdoing by senior Communist Party members, and the shady relationship of an acquaintance of hers, a store worker, with the port management. It soon became clear that the KGB was digging up dirt on a high-ranking port boss so he could be brought before regional Party officials and fired. It also became clear to me that our society was packed, top to bottom, with people informing on one another. As a future KGB officer, I thought this would make our work easier. Yet at the same time I became increasingly wary of the people around me: it was difficult to know who to trust.

I spent another week at the Investigations Department of the KGB, witnessing interrogations, confrontations of suspected criminals, and routine investigations. Then I was given an assignment that brought me face-to-face with the reality of Stalin's terror and has stuck with me until this day. My superiors handed me a few dozen case files of people convicted and shot by the Stalin regime in the 1930s. Khrushchev's famous speech denouncing Stalin and his crimes was only a few months away, and it's clear now that the KGB was preparing itself—and its young workers—for the flood of revelations to come.

Passing me the files, an officer said that my job was to inspect the case records and see if any procedural mistakes had been made during the investigation and trial of these several dozen people. My conclusions would serve as the basis for possibly reinvestigating and posthumously exonerating the convicted. As I took the thin folders, I feared I would not be able to judge whether the people had been properly convicted. However, the record was clear that virtually all the cases were a sham. There was no testimony from witnesses, no cross-examination, no physical evidence—indeed, there was no proof at all. The yellowing files contained only the prosecution's summations, the verdicts handed down by the notorious *troika* kangaroo courts (made up of a regional Communist Party secretary, a prosecutor, and a KGB boss), interrogation transcripts, confessions, and the sentences—in most instances death.

I remember two cases in particular. In one, the secret police picked up a man by mistake. When the officers realized their error, they shot the man anyway. At the peak of Stalin's terror in the mid-1930s, secret police bosses throughout the Soviet Union were working furiously to meet—and usually exceed—quotas on the number of "enemies of the people" who had to be rounded up and shot. Nearly all those arrested were innocent, of course, but this man seemed to me particularly unfortunate. On the back of his death sentence, the following words were scribbled: "The convicted man was improperly identified. After he was apprehended on the street and brought into jail, where he was subjected to physical methods of interrogation, it turned out that the detainee had been brought in mistakenly. Put on the planned execution list on orders from the leadership."

Another case involved alleged sabotage by collective farm workers and local officials. Before the war, Soviet trade representatives purchased a large herd of purebred swine overseas. Some of these pigs made their way to the Leningrad region, where authorities at a collective farm failed to unload them and feed them on time. Several hundred pigs died, and a dozen officials from the rural region and the collective farm were accused of sabotage and shot. Later, it became clear that such crimes were commonplace. But for a twenty-one-year-old aspiring secret agent, who only months earlier had viewed Stalin as a god, reading these records had a profoundly disturbing effect. Nevertheless, I would soon rationalize these terrible cases as the excesses of one despot—excesses that I was convinced the new Soviet leadership under Khrushchev was correcting.

Any doubts I had about the brutality of Stalin's regime were erased in February 1956, when Khrushchev gave his famous speech at the twentieth Communist Party Congress denouncing the Soviet dictator. The speech, which laid bare the cruelty of the Stalin era, was not officially published in the Soviet Union until Gorbachev arrived on the scene decades later. But word of the scathing attack on Stalin quickly leaked out, and within a few days a Party official at the institute read us excerpts of Khrushchev's address. The speech set off heated debates among students and instructors at the school, but it did not kill our faith in the system. We figured that, had Lenin lived and a maniac like Stalin not seized power, things would have been far different, and we were determined to make our Communist system human again. Khrushchev's speech and his ensuing efforts to reform Soviet society indelibly marked my generation, which included men like Gorbachev and Yeltsin. Known as the "Generation of the Sixties," because of the era when we began to move into positions of power, my contemporaries and I balanced a strong belief in Communism with the painful realization of the enormous blunders and cruelty that had characterized our state. Our faith in Communism was so strong that Gorbachev, even after being ousted in the failed coup of August 1991, would return to Moscow still proclaiming his belief in the "socialist choice."

In June 1956, I graduated with honors from the Institute of Foreign Languages and was chosen—along with just five other classmates—to head to Moscow for advanced training in intelligence. It was a wrenching experience leaving my hometown, my wife, my baby daughter. My father was proud of me, but otherwise had become embittered over his shoddy treatment by the KGB. Khrushchev, attempting to rein in the secret police, had cut salaries, pensions, and benefits, and my father was living on a measly seventy-eight rubles a month. He took to referring to Stalin as “that mustachioed gypsy” and called Khrushchev a “village smarty.” Were it not for his old KGB buddies, who hired him to do part-time surveillance work of foreigners at Leningrad’s Astoria Hotel and at a campground near the city, he would have lived out his years in poverty.

I arrived in Moscow on a sunny August morning after the overnight train ride from Leningrad. In the courtyard of the KGB Advanced School, I noisily greeted friends I had graduated with six weeks before. Soon, several dozen young KGB officers boarded buses that drove us through the grime and chaos of Moscow. The capital was in the midst of a postwar construction boom; we passed dozens of factories belching smoke and innumerable half-finished housing projects. Before long we were bumping through the Russian countryside, where peasant women—kerchiefs wrapped around their heads—tended tiny gardens behind their aging wooden cottages. About fifteen miles out of the city, the bus turned off the main road and a formidable-looking green gate swung open. We found ourselves in a bucolic, blessedly quiet spot. Fir and pine trees swayed softly in the summer breeze and the air was redolent with resin. Neatly painted two-story houses were connected by tarmac paths. There was a large cafeteria with a wide choice of dishes and a library with dozens of foreign newspapers. It was the country campus of the KGB’s advanced spy school, and it looked like heaven.

Things moved quickly from the start. Our class supervisor, a grizzled captain named Vizgin, called us in one by one. I was given the code name “Oleg Kedrov” and was told that from now on no one was to use my real name. Even though I was proficient in English and German, Vizgin suggested I specialize in Arabic. I was disappointed but nevertheless dove into my studies and began to try to master this alien language. By the end of my two-year stint at the Advanced School I could communicate fairly well in Arabic, though I never was called on to use it. The one time it came in remotely handy was years later in Beirut, where I saw a pretty young Egyptian woman in a bar and recited—word for word—a proclamation of love I had seen in an Egyptian film. The woman smiled and told me her price was $10. I declined. The other time, when I served in the Soviet Foreign Ministry in 1965, I attended a banquet honoring Algerian defense minister Houari Boumediene (he would later become president of the country). I was asked to help translate official speeches and did it pretty well.

Other students were studying Hindu, Farsi, Japanese, Urdu, Turkish, and a host of other languages, all in preparation for being dispatched around the globe to do battle with America and its capitalist allies. We studied diplomatic protocol, etiquette, economics, the international workers' movement, and Marxism, reading such alluring works as *A Critique of Modern Bourgeois Philosophical and Sociological Theories.* What eventually came in handy, however, were the intensive courses on intelligence and surveillance work. We spent hours discussing how to cultivate spies and moles, coming up with scores of reasons why someone might want to—or be forced to—cooperate with the KGB: blackmail after an illicit sexual encounter, greed, displeasure with a country or its army or intelligence services, ideological issues. Instructors spelled out case histories and solicited our views on how best to recruit potential intelligence assets.

We also underwent intensive technical training. KGB specialists showed us how to set up radio transmitters, how to use and detect bugging devices, how to make microfilm and conceal it in household items. We learned the basics of coding and cryptology. We received special instruction on how to find our bearings when dropped into unknown territory. We were taught how to conceal film and other objects. We spent days in central Moscow tailing experienced KGB officers and being tailed by them. I got to the point where I could spot a tail with relative ease and pass a package to a fellow agent without my tail noticing it.

In October 1956, Soviet troops invaded Hungary to crush the uprising there, but the propaganda within the Soviet Union was so convincing that neither I nor my colleagues ever doubted that what we were doing there was right. Our lecturers had a field day with the Hungarian rebellion, portraying it as a struggle between the old and the new, as the death throes of the bourgeois order. It was a counterrevolution, pure and simple, our instructors said. And they wasted no time pointing out that the Hungarians were strong supporters of the Nazis. Senior officers showed us photographs and footage of partisans brutally executing Hungarian secret police officers who had defended the Communist Party headquarters in Budapest. I listened to the BBC's account of the uprising but dismissed it as Western propaganda. I was twenty-two and a shining example of *Homo sovieticus*—Soviet man. No one could persuade me that my government had done anything monstrous.

In 1957, I proudly became a member of the Communist Party. Early the following year, with our two-year course at the Advanced Intelligence School drawing to a close, our administrators and people from the KGB personnel office began placing future graduates in new jobs. Rumors abounded that several of us would be chosen to spend our lives as "illegals," which would entail changing our identity and moving to a Western country with a new passport to take up a new life. At first I was intrigued by this prospect, but when the reality set in—a life apart from Ludmilla and our daughter, Svetlana—I wanted nothing to do with it. Luckily, my supervisors informed me I would be joining the KGB's Oriental Department and moving soon to Cairo.

Then my life took an unexpected turn. One of the Advanced School's top administrators called me into his office and said, "We suggest you take a trip in a different direction. You've been noticed by the American Department. They're picking out young people to take a graduate course in the United States. What do you think?"

I couldn't believe my luck. "Of course I agree!" I blurted out.

Over the next several days, I daydreamed constantly about America—the skyscrapers of New York and Chicago, the cowboys of the West, the endless stream of shiny cars. And then in August 1958, I was summoned to the KGB's imposing yellow stone headquarters in central Moscow. Known as Lubyanka, for the name of the prerevolutionary street on which it was located, the massive nine-story building was the symbol of the might of the KGB. Outside stood the statue of the KGB's founder, Felix Dzerzhinsky, for whom the square in front of the headquarters was named. Inside the building, which housed an insurance company under Czar Nicholas II, were the offices of the KGB chairman and his top deputies. In the basement was a labyrinth of cells and torture chambers in which scores of prisoners perished during the Stalin years. I was unaware of what lay underground as I walked into Lubyanka, and was immediately overcome with a sense of awe and elation at my first glimpse of the KGB's inner sanctum. It was one of the great moments of my life as I stepped into the headquarters, all marble and granite. The wooden parquet floors were buffed to a rich, golden brown; the long red runners were spotless; the elevators ran smoothly, the canteen was stocked with the best foods. Entering Lubyanka, I felt as if I had arrived at the seat of power in the country.

The KGB chairman at the time, Ivan Alexandrovich Serov, was a holdover from the Stalin era. He was a brutal man who had forcibly deported tens of thousands of people from their native Caucasus region and had participated in the suppression of independence movements in the Baltic States and Eastern Europe. Most recently, he had cruelly put down the 1956 revolt in Hungary. He was on his way out, and the KGB was looking for a new generation of bright young officers, untainted by the crimes of the Stalin era. I was to be one of the new guard.

Revelations of what had taken place during the Stalin years tarnished the KGB's reputation. Khrushchev was trying to bring the agency to heel—cutting pay, perks, and pensions. By the time I officially joined the KGB that summer, the organization did not inspire the terror or respect it had under Stalin. I recall riding in a taxi that summer with several fellow officers. The driver was insufferably rude, and one of my colleagues flashed his KGB identification card to frighten the brazen cabby. "Who cares?" the cab driver said as he looked at the ID. "You are no longer our masters."

He was wrong, of course. We would remain one of the pillars of Soviet rule for another three decades.

I spoke to the people in the Personnel Department and then went to see the head of the KGB's North America Department, Alexander Feklisov. He would later become KGB station chief in Washington and play a key role as a go-between in the 1962 Cuban missile crisis. When I met him, he laid out the purpose of my one-year visit to New York, which would be made under the auspices of a Fulbright Foundation student exchange.

"Just lay the foundation for future work," Feklisov told me. "But don't overstep the line. Now that you've been picked to go to America, make it your business to learn more about the country. Buy yourself good maps. Improve your English. Find out about their way of life. Communicate with people and make as many friends as possible."

I needed a cover story for my student exchange, and Feklisov and others suggested I pose as a graduate of the Philology Department of Leningrad University. This ruse was eventually swallowed by the *New York Times* and others in the United States. I traveled to Leningrad to cook up a past and spent a month at the university, talking to students and professors, familiarizing myself with the campus and picking a topic for my nonexistent senior thesis. After several weeks, I "graduated" from Leningrad University and became the proud holder of degree number 981064, dutifully signed by one Professor Alexandrov, member of the USSR Academy of Sciences.

Back in Moscow, as I prepared for my trip to America, I was given the rank of senior lieutenant and awarded a salary of three hundred rubles—a decent sum in those days. I lived in the Peking Hotel, a model of Stalinist Gothic architecture, and was assigned a desk in Lubyanka in a dark, high-ceilinged room. Sharing the office with me was a jaunty, easygoing KGB officer, Vadim Kosolapov, who just returned from a two-year tour at the U.N. Secretariat in New York. Kosolapov had the self-assured air of someone who had just tasted the forbidden fruit of capitalist life and gotten away with it, and he tutored me in the ways of bourgeois America. It sounded great, though I knew we were in the process of building a more just and noble society. I even had time to look through KGB files for fallow agents we could reactivate in the United States. I found one, an American journalist who had worked for the KGB and then been expelled from the USSR in June 1941 for reporting (correctly) about Hitler's imminent attack on the Soviet Union. His file showed he was still living in the United States, working for a newsmagazine, and I suggested to our office in New York that we try to persuade him to work for us again. Our agents approached him but were rebuffed.

By early September, our group of Fulbright exchange "students" was ready to go to America. Our visit was the first by young Soviets since the end of World War II—a sign that, though the cold war was raging, the United States and the Soviet Union were taking small steps toward rapprochement. Of the eighteen Soviets in our group, half were officers of the KGB or Soviet military intelligence, known as GRU; the other half could be counted on to cooperate with us. Four students were assigned to Columbia University. One was from GRU, two of us were from the KGB, and the fourth was from the Central Committee of the Communist Party. His name was Alexander Yakovlev, and he would go on to forge a close relationship with Mikhail Gorbachev and become one of the architects of perestroika. When our group first met that September at the headquarters of the Communist Youth League (Komsomol), Yakovlev struck me and my KGB colleagues as provincial and not terribly bright. He had fought in World War II, receiving a serious wound that left him with a limp for the rest of his life. After the war, Yakovlev taught high school history in the northern Russian city of Yaroslavl, then became regional secretary of the Communist Party. He moved to Moscow to train as a bureaucrat and ideologue at the Central Committee—the nerve center of the Communist Party. In time, my respect for Yakovlev would grow. But in 1958, no one would have predicted that he would later team up with Gorbachev and Eduard Shevardnadze to begin the revolution that would ultimately topple Soviet Communism.

Komsomol leader Sergei Romanovsky—a sleek, self-confident bureaucrat—received us in his spacious office and proceeded to bore us with a platitude-filled pep talk about holding high the banner of Communism and the value of developing international contacts. When he finished his little speech, this leader of Soviet youth flashed a self-satisfied smile and waited for applause or a rousing endorsement of his talk. Instead, there was silence.

"Is that all clear?" he asked, a note of irritation creeping into his voice.

A few people quietly muttered in the affirmative.

"And how is your knowledge of English?" he asked, now clearly annoyed.

Again he was met with silence, as no one wanted to brag about his language skills.

Finally, one of us responded, "Well, I suppose we can manage to string a few words together."

That did it. Sick of our insubordination, Romanovsky exploded, "What do you mean, 'a few words'! Didn't you study the language in depth, complete special courses in ministry institutions? As far as I can see, your group is not up to coping with a complex political undertaking. I will send a recommendation to the Central Committee that you all be kept here!"

We sat there in stunned silence before being ushered out. For a week, our trip to America seemed to hang in the balance. Then one day we were told it was back on, and we began making last-minute preparations. Later, we found out it was Yakovlev who had saved our skins by calling the Central Committee and reassuring the Party that Romanovsky had overreacted and that our group was more than prepared for America.

Ludmilla came to Moscow from Leningrad on the eve of my departure and we said farewell. Then, on an overcast day in late September, we boarded a Tu-104—a bomber refitted as a passenger plane—for the flight to Copenhagen. There is nothing quite like the sensation of that first flight abroad, as the ancient plane gathers speed and, groaning and shuddering, lifts off the ground and pokes through the clouds to the bright blue sky above. I was ecstatic—until I felt the plane banking sharply and heard the stewardess announcing that we were returning to Moscow because of bad weather over Copenhagen. We spent an anxious night in the Soviet capital, then took off again the next day, landing in Denmark at dusk. As we walked through the airport, I experienced a feeling I would have countless times on future trips abroad: the shock of leaving the gray, monochrome world of the Soviet Union and landing in a place virtually exploding with colors and sights. We spent a few hours in the Danish capital, overwhelmed by the almost clinical cleanliness, the beautiful shop windows, the sea of lights.

That night we took off on our fourteen-hour SAS flight to America. For much of the trip our eyes were glued to the windows, and we wondered aloud whether the lights below were those of Ireland or Iceland. We were too excited to do more than doze, and the following morning, as the sun began to burn off a light fog, we realized we were over America. I could see below me the landscape of our arch enemy—thousands of tiny suburban houses, endless freeways, and brightly colored automobiles. We touched down smoothly at Idlewild Airport, stepped off the plane, and soon were greeted by a smiling immigration officer.

“Welcome to the United States,” he said, as our group of spies, intelligence officers, and Communist Party bureaucrats happily arrived in the land of the free.

CHAPTER 3

America

MY INSTRUCTIONS FROM FYODOR KUDASHKIN, THE HEAD OF KGB counterintelligence in New York, were clear: stay out of trouble, act like an ordinary student, and don't try to recruit anyone. It was not a tough assignment, and I dove into it with enthusiasm.

After all, I was twenty-four and had been turned loose in New York City with the princely sum of $250 a month in Fulbright spending money. I was living for free in Columbia's John Jay Hall, taking journalism courses, and being encouraged by the school newspaper—and the KGB—to sniff around New York and get acquainted with American life.

For the first few weeks, I walked ceaselessly around Manhattan, overwhelmed by its power and beauty and bustle. The Soviet capital—which then looked more like an enormous village than a world-class city—had no building taller than the thirty-story spire of Moscow State University. To such unsophisticated eyes as mine, the Empire State Building and Manhattan's other skyscrapers seemed like magnificent, otherworldly creations. I had, of course, read up on New York and knew vaguely what to expect. (I had read so much and seen so many films that on our ride in from Idlewild Airport I kept pointing out landmarks, prompting our American host to remark suspiciously, "Mr. Kalugin, you seem to be quite familiar with America.") But no amount of reading could prepare me for the reality of New York City, with its stark contrasts of wealth and poverty. We in the Soviet Union had been deluged with propaganda about America's ghettos, its unemployed, its enormous racial problems. As I walked through Harlem, the Bowery, the Bronx, and other poor areas of the city, however, I was stunned that such a wealthy society would do so little to eradicate this pervasive poverty. My first year in New York actually strengthened my faith in Communism. I believed that although we were far poorer than the United States, we at least tried to offer all our citizens a decent level of education, housing, and health care. Odd as it looks now, it seemed clear to me then that the United States didn't have the Soviet Union's vitality. Our achievements in science and the triumphs of our space program convinced me we would overcome our relative poverty and our Stalinist past and—by the end of the century—become a far better place to live than America.

At Columbia, I was constantly surrounded by students who peppered me with questions about the Soviet Union and delivered lectures as to why America was superior to the USSR. It was autumn 1958, and Boris Pasternak was being condemned by Soviet authorities for his allegedly antisocialist novel *Doctor Zhivago,* which had just been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. I lamely defended the regime, though privately I believed the persecution of Pasternak was wrong. I also was bombarded with other questions: Why was my country enslaving the nations of Eastern Europe? Why wouldn't our government let artists paint what they wanted and let people say what they pleased? I defended our system as best I could, arguing that the process of building a Communist state was an arduous one, fraught with dangers and inevitably accompanied by mistakes. I had to walk a fine line between not sounding like a brainwashed propagandist while broadly defending the actions of my government.

Several young American students frequently hung out in our rooms or spoke with us after classes. They asked us questions about our backgrounds and about life in the USSR, and soon it became clear that their interest was more than just passing curiosity. I and my Soviet colleagues became convinced that the young Americans were FBI agents assigned to keep an eye on us and determine whether we were from the KGB or might be interested in defecting. Other students would jokingly call us KGB agents, and I would deflect these comments with a lighthearted remark. Otherwise, we felt free to go about our business, and I rarely, if ever, noticed I was being followed as I roamed New York City.

I visited scores of neighborhoods and all the major museums. I saw ball games and went to the Metropolitan Opera. I rode buses and subways for hours, and saw more than one hundred films. I went to a strip club in Greenwich Village, shelling out $40 for a drink with one of the dancers. I even won election to the Columbia University Student Council, undoubtedly becoming the first KGB officer (and likely the last) to serve on that body.

All the while, I bounced around the city writing articles for the Columbia University newspaper. Once, when the Bolshoi Ballet came to town, I set off with a photographer to interview the dancers. The guards at the main entrance to the Metropolitan Opera House denied us access to the rehearsal, so we decided to sneak in the back door. After making our way down a darkened passageway, we suddenly came to the stage area, where we photographed the famed dancers—including Galina Ulanova—as they practiced. I introduced myself as a Soviet student and tried to talk to the dancers, but they reacted with hostility and suspicion. Soon two policemen showed up and tossed us out. The next day, fearing I had created an incident, I went to see my KGB supervisor, Kudashkin, at the U.N. mission and told him what had happened. He smiled and showed me a detailed report on the incident that already had been submitted by one of the Bolshoi prima ballerinas, a KGB informer. The soloist had accused me of being an American provocateur who had tried to pass himself off as a Soviet citizen. I too was amused by the incident. Was there any organization we didn't control?

As the school year drew to a close in the spring of 1959, Fidel Castro—who had just overthrown the Batista regime but had not yet become an implacable Communist enemy of the United States—came to Columbia and spoke on the campus's main square. His fiery speech describing the overthrow of Cuba's tyrannical regime was received enthusiastically by the students, and as I stood in the crowd I was moved almost to tears by his revolutionary fervor. Around the time of the speech, the *New York Times* published its profile of me. It ran with a picture, and after it appeared I felt like a celebrity as strangers stopped me in the street and wished me well. Several publishers called, asking me to write my life story, and a university in Philadelphia even offered me a position as a graduate assistant.

When school ended, my three Soviet colleagues from Columbia and I set off on a three-week trip—sponsored by a university consortium—around the United States, visiting Philadelphia and Chicago, parts of Wisconsin and Iowa, New Orleans and Washington, D.C. We were treated to an intimate view of the American heartland, which was then riding the boom years of the late 1950s. It was a land of Cadillacs and Chevrolets, of Zenith and Motorola TV consoles, of the latest refrigerators and dishwashers and toasters, of drive-ins and jukeboxes and countless miles of gorgeous roads. The supermarkets were packed with a dizzying array of goods, and everywhere the people seemed friendly and guileless. I was a guest for several days on a farm in Iowa, where the hospitable but laconic owners woke me at 6:00 A.M., fed me a hearty breakfast, and spent the next twelve hours instructing me in the intricacies of driving a tractor and planting corn.

That trip—and all my time in America—gave me a brief twinge of doubt about our Communist system. The freedom I experienced to poke around America, to engage people in discussions on any topic—all of it contrasted sharply with the mood in my country, where a friendly, open attitude often was met with a stiff rebuke or a door slammed in one's face. As the years went by and I would return to the USSR from operations abroad, I increasingly experienced the sense that I was slipping behind some gloomy Communist curtain. In 1958, I knew our life was grimmer but just figured we had a longer way to go than the more fortunate people of America.

When I returned to New York, I went to work as a host at the Soviet exhibit and plunged into the Cook affair, my first intelligence asset who provided me with classified information related to research and manufacture of solid fuel for missiles. Soon, however, it was time to return to the Soviet Union. Alexander Yakovlev, who had become our unofficial leader, had occasion to sum up our year abroad to the American press. He held a doctrinaire, deeply skeptical view of capitalism, and his war wounds made it impossible for him to bound around the city as I did, but clearly he too had been impressed by what he had seen. When a reporter asked him about our student exchange, Yakovlev responded like a diplomat: "This was a brilliant example of international cooperation. . . . I did not have sufficient time to appreciate the beauty of the local girls, because I spent all my time over my books, but one thing I can now say with certainty: the American and Soviet people can live in peace. Before coming here, I had my doubts about this."

By September 1959, I was back in Russia, working for the KGB's First Chief Directorate (Foreign Intelligence). My New York trip had been an undoubted success, particularly my work with Cook, and senior officers assured me my KGB career was off to a fine start. I was happy to be reunited with Ludmilla and my four-year-old daughter, and moved back into Lubyanka awaiting my next assignment. Almost immediately my superiors asked me to take a trip in connection with the Cook case. His sister, Louisa, lived in the southern Russian region of Krasnodar, and now that Cook was working with us, the KGB wanted to make sure she didn't write him and arouse the suspicion of the FBI. I was dispatched to inform Cook's sister that he was doing well in America and that any communication with him must go through us.

Early one morning I arrived in the sister's village and quickly found her cottage. Introducing myself as a Soviet student just returned from America, I told her I had met Anatoly Cook in New York.

"You can be proud of him," I said, referring to a brother she hadn't seen in fifteen years. "He is a real Soviet patriot, but, as you can imagine, this makes life difficult for him in America. He has to conceal his political views in order to keep his job. So it would be better if you didn't send any letters directly to him through the mail. I'll give you an address you can use in Moscow, and your letters will be personally delivered to him."

The middle-aged woman burst into tears.

"I thought at first you must be from the KGB," she sobbed. "For the past fifteen years they have hounded us to death. They even phone at night, saying, 'Why don't you contact your brother and get information for us? Have you forgotten what you promised?' They send anonymous, threatening letters. At work our family is branded as traitors—they claim Anatoly is a spy. It's absolute hell!"

Anger welled up in me, and I felt ashamed to be a part of the agency that had harassed these people for years just because a family member had emigrated.

"These agents are from the Stalinist past," I assured her. "Forget about them. I've got friends at the KGB. They're completely different people and they'll make sure this sort of thing stops."

Louisa composed herself and promised to send all future correspondence to her brother through Moscow. I said good-bye and heard nothing from her for another twenty-four years, when Cook fell afoul of the KGB.

Not long after I returned to Moscow I was summoned by the Personnel Department with some great news: I was being sent back to New York as a correspondent for Radio Moscow and had to meet urgently with the chairman of the State Radio Broadcasting Committee. I was delighted to be heading back to America, and with an excellent cover. For the time being, I would be Radio Moscow's sole representative in the United States, at the ripe age of twenty-five.

The following morning I met with Sergei Kaftanov, the state radio chairman, in what amounted to a mere formality. If the KGB wanted to use Radio Moscow to place an officer in America, he could do little to stop it.

"Do you know anything about journalism?" the portly, dour Kaftanov asked me.

I told him I had just graduated from Columbia Journalism School, and that my studies had given me a solid grounding in English, journalism, and American life. He nodded portentously and signed an order appointing me to his staff. I spent a half year in the State Radio Committee's offices in Moscow, learning the operation and practicing my journalism skills. Among my young colleagues was Yevgeni Primakov, who years later—after the 1991 coup—would go on to become head of Russia's new foreign intelligence agency and later Russia's prime minister. In the winter of 1959–1960, however, my coworkers thought I was just another cub reporter. It wasn't until six months later—when a rumor swept the huge, pink stone Radio Committee building that this rookie correspondent was being given the plum America assignment—that my colleagues realized I wasn't what I seemed to be, and that another government agency was behind my appointment.

I took up my new posting in New York in June 1960, joining an already large group of Soviet KGB officers posing as correspondents in America. In the days of the cold war—indeed, up to the end of the Gorbachev era—about two-thirds of Soviet foreign correspondents were connected with the KGB. The TASS news agency, Radio Moscow, the Novosti Press Agency, and *Izvestia* were heavily staffed by KGB officers. In fact, the only publication the KGB couldn't control was *Pravda,* the official organ of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. The correspondents from *Pravda* with the exception of a few were untouchable, and KGB officers could only get information from *Pravda's* staffers if we asked tactfully; if we pushed *Pravda's* people too hard, we could face a rebuke from the Party. But *Pravda's* independence from the KGB was no great loss, for we had more than enough resources. Even Soviet journalists who were not officially part of the KGB could be counted on to help us at any time. Vladimir Kryuchkov, who went on to head the KGB under Gorbachev and then to mastermind the August 1991 coup, liked to refer to these non-KGB correspondents as "our assistants." The FBI and CIA knew that most of the working Soviet journalists in America were spooks; I'm sure U.S. officials had few doubts about what I was doing in their country.

Another transparent ruse in the espionage game was our so-called U.N. mission in New York, which in fact was little more than a nest of KGB spies and intelligence officers. Originally located in a four-story brownstone building at 67 Park Avenue and later moved to a Third Avenue high-rise, the mission was headquarters to about three hundred Soviets, more than a third of whom were KGB officers. The remaining Soviets were diplomats and support personnel attached to the United Nations. The KGB contingent occupied an entire floor of the brownstone and a large staff of technical specialists ensured tight security. The room assigned to the KGB's New York station chief (as well as others) was protected against electronic eavesdropping, and that was where we held top secret conversations. The technical staff had installed so many jamming devices that even if one of our officers had become a double agent and entered the brownstone with a hidden microphone, there was no way he could have transmitted to the outside. We assumed that all our apartments and telephones were bugged and acted accordingly.

When I first arrived in New York, the KGB station chief was a cultured and highly respected figure, Vladimir Barkovsky. Lean and athletic-looking, with piercing blue eyes and an energetic manner, Barkovsky inspired the New York staff with his boundless enthusiasm and shrewd assessment of our mission in America. Though he deserved to be made a general, he never rose to that rank because he didn't kowtow to Moscow or color his reports to suit his superiors at Lubyanka. I worked only briefly with Barkovsky, but nevertheless regarded him with deep respect and affection. I remember sitting with him one day and discussing an intelligence matter, when he suddenly turned his head in the direction of a radio playing softly in the corner of his office.

"That's from Blomdahl's *Aniara,*" the KGB veteran said dreamily, leaning back in his chair. "Heavenly music."

Though I went by my real name at Radio Moscow, I was given the KGB code name "Felix," which the agency used in communications inside our New York station and in messages to Moscow. I was assigned to political intelligence—as opposed to scientific and technical intelligence or counterintelligence—since my job was to seek out promising American and foreign recruits who could supply the KGB with classified or unclassified information about American foreign and domestic policy. The main targets of KGB penetration in the United States were the White House, Congress, the State Department, the CIA, the FBI, the Pentagon, leading scientific research centers and think tanks, and major corporations. In New York, I was assigned to develop sources at the U.S. mission to the United Nations, the United States Information Agency (USIA), and the American and foreign press corps.

Cook had given me an exhilarating—and misleading—first impression of the nature of my work. I expected to be developing top-quality spies and sources at a steady clip, but in five years in New York City I never ran across an agent as good as Cook. I would develop lower-level agents and go to extraordinary lengths to cultivate sources and insert them into the American government, but neither I nor my colleagues had much luck. Indeed, the best agents the KGB ever had—and I saw this firsthand as deputy chief of station in Washington—were the volunteers who walked into our embassy and literally dumped material in our laps. Most of these spies, such as the legendary John Walker, were not motivated by ideological reasons but wanted money. In my thirty-two-year tenure with the KGB, the great spies who came to us because they believed in Communism, such as Kim Philby, dwindled steadily and finally disappeared altogether. At the same time, the number of KGB officers who grew disaffected with Soviet Communism and defected to the West rose sharply. The KGB was hit by a devastating double-whammy in which the number of good spies was shrinking while the number of defectors was soaring.

Though I was involved with some secret operations in New York in my early years—and was the target of several FBI setups—I mainly gathered political intelligence from public sources. We also engaged in numerous "active measures," in which we spread disinformation and stirred up trouble in the black and Jewish communities, among others.

And when Moscow wanted to hammer home its official line—as it did when accusations arose of Soviet involvement in the assassination of President John F. Kennedy—we in political intelligence were called on to propagate the Soviet point of view.

At first, however, in that summer of 1960, I had to put on a convincing display as a Radio Moscow correspondent, and that meant working long hours as a journalist while also gathering intelligence. I worked out of a spacious apartment on Riverside Drive, where my wife doubled as bureau secretary. The KGB and Radio Moscow paid me a combined salary of $480 a month in the beginning, plus expenses. Inheriting a blue Chevrolet, an Ampex studio tape recorder, and a typewriter from the previous correspondent, I obtained accreditation from the United Nations and the New York City Police Department and began my work. I filed reports frequently from New York, usually by phone, and soon heard from the State Radio Committee that they liked my work. Of course I had to put a pro-Soviet slant on the news. On one occasion I received a written rebuke when a report on America's reaction to the Franco dictatorship in Spain did not make the United States look sufficiently venal. In that same critique of my work, my superiors at Radio Moscow neatly summed up my job in New York.

"Our task is to expose the way of life in the capitalist world, and it is especially important to do so in relation to the United States," my editors wrote.

Not all my work, however, had an ideological slant. I particularly enjoyed one thirty-minute report I prepared, "An Evening in New York," in which I roamed the nightclubs, restaurants, and theaters on a Saturday night and put together a picture of how New Yorkers spent their free time. Soviet listeners liked the piece so much that Radio Moscow replayed it several times.

The biggest story I covered in my brief career as a journalist was Nikita Khrushchev's arrival in New York in September 1960—a trip that would forever be remembered for the moment when the Ukrainian peasant yanked off his shoe and pounded it on his desk at the

United Nations General Assembly. A new Radio Moscow bureau chief—sent to free me up to begin work in earnest for the KGB—arrived shortly before Khrushchev. And so, on a warm September morning, I stood on the dock at a dingy New York pier and watched as the *Baltika* slid into berth. As a Radio Moscow correspondent, I would have no trouble getting close to Khrushchev. In any case, my status as a KGB officer assured access. My superiors had told me to stay close to the Soviet leader just in case something happened.

As soon as he came down the gangplank, a group of Soviet and American correspondents stuck microphones in Khrushchev's face and began firing questions at him. It was the first time I had seen a Soviet leader in the flesh and, standing just a few feet away, I took the measure of the man. He was not impressive. Short, fat, and cursed with a heavy, pig-like face spotted with warts, Khrushchev was a rude, rough-hewn figure. To add insult to injury, he spoke Russian like a peasant, stumbling over long words and stressing the wrong syllables. All in all, I found him repulsive. But as I stood listening to him issue a now-forgotten greeting to the American people, I realized that this was the man who had turned Soviet society around following the nightmarish Stalin years. He represented the new generation of Russian politicians and seemed committed to genuine change. Unlike his predecessor, he also seemed close to the people, displaying the unpretentious charm of a Slavic peasant. Gazing upon this stocky little Ukrainian holding forth on American soil, I soon felt a sense of pride.

Khrushchev came to know my face, and later in his visit—as a crowd of American reporters pushed me aside and surrounded the Soviet leader—he waved a hand in my direction and said, "You—come closer! Stand beside me at all times and record everything I say. Otherwise the Americans will distort my words. These sharks will write all sorts of rubbish!"

My affection for him grew after that scene; to this day I still have some of the tapes from Khrushchev's New York visit.

On the day of his famous speech, I sat in the press balcony at the U.N. General Assembly and watched in shock as Khrushchev used his shoe as a debating prop. He was angry at an address delivered by British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, and reacted the way he might have at a Communist Party meeting in Kiev. But this was New York, the whole world was watching, and I said to myself, "Jesus Christ, a man of his stature behaves like a peasant! This is not a bar somewhere in the Ukraine." It was an embarrassment to the Soviet Union, and such erratic behavior would eventually lead—four years later—to his abrupt removal from power.

I attended several receptions for the Soviet leader, dutifully recording his toasts and speeches. They were so peppered with Russian profanities, however, that I couldn't put them on the air. Khrushchev's KGB bodyguards had told me that he could hold his liquor, and that proved to be true. I can still see the vaunted Soviet leader and his hangers-on knocking back vodka and laughing uproariously at off-color jokes.

After Khrushchev's departure, it was time for me to step back from my radio work and get down to KGB business. I decided to contact several students I had known during my days at Columbia, two of whom were studying nuclear physics. We knew it was exceedingly difficult to develop senior, high-ranking officials or scientists as intelligence assets, so our plan was to attempt to recruit young Americans and plant them in government agencies or research institutes. Indeed, the famous Cambridge University spy ring involving Kim Philby had been just such an operation: drawing in potential spies early, then reaping the benefits as they moved up the government ladder into classified positions.

I got in touch with a physics graduate student at Columbia named Nicholas, who held extreme left-wing political views. He said he was happy to hear from me, and we agreed to meet near the campus. It turned out that he was working in a laboratory engaged in nuclear research, and I told Nicholas bluntly that the world's first socialist state could not be allowed to lag behind the West in the race for scientific and military supremacy. It was his duty as a radical to help us out, I said, and he agreed. At our next meeting, he brought me some material about U.S. nuclear weapons research, but it turned out to be unclassified and of little value. When I expressed disappointment, he promised to bring me something more interesting and I anxiously awaited our next meeting. But Nicholas showed up empty-handed, saying that he had trouble smuggling out the material, and furthermore his parents—both of whom were Communists—had decided that what he was doing was too dangerous. Listening to his excuses, I grew increasingly exasperated and finally exploded.

"So this is what your radicalism is worth!" I told the twenty-five-year-old student. "You talk about peace and you really don't do anything to forward the cause. When it comes to issues of war or peace, the triumph of socialism or capitalism, there can only be one choice. But you talk about things that are way over your head. You're just a bullshit artist."

He listened silently, a look of shame spreading across his face. But he held his ground, and as he walked away I figured that would be the last I heard of Nicholas.

Several days later, however, as I was walking near my office on the Upper West Side, an older man stopped me, introduced himself as Nicholas's father, and asked to have a word with me. We drove to midtown Manhattan and had breakfast.

"I'm sorry about my son's behavior," he told me as we sat in a coffee shop. "But you have to understand his predicament. We had always believed in the emergence of a socialist America. But now, toward the end of our lives, we realize this is impossible. Let Nicholas carry on his work in peace and we'll help you instead. I'll do everything I can for you and your country."

At first I was suspicious of Nicholas's father, but the look in his eyes—that of a 1930s fellow traveler who was determined to fan the remaining sparks of Communist spirit—convinced me he was genuine. We set a time for our next meeting and agreed not to talk over the phone.

I returned to the U.N. mission and told our station chief, Barkovsky, of the recruitment of Nicholas's father, a businessman.

Barkovsky reprimanded me for breaking a basic KGB procedure forbidding officers to recruit agents without prior approval from Moscow. I countered that it would have been foolish to say no to a man who offered his services, adding that I was certain he was not an FBI plant. Barkovsky sent a cable to Moscow headquarters, which sent a return dispatch warning me never again to proceed with an unauthorized recruitment. But the coded cable from Lubyanka also ended with these words: "Allowing for the initiative and courage shown by Comrade Felix, I suggest he be promoted to the rank of senior case officer."

And so I was. Though Nicholas was of little value, his father turned out to be a good KGB asset, as we used him on numerous occasions to run messages and deliver materials to agents living outside the twenty-five-mile city radius to which we were restricted. We rarely paid the man (once I gave him a clock as a token of our appreciation), and after I left New York, I never heard of him or his son again. I assume the father passed away after doing his bit for the dying Communist cause. And the son—well, he is middle-aged and probably settled down with a family in the suburbs, our fleeting cloak-and-dagger experience a bizarre, uncomfortable memory from the days of his radical youth.

I knew two other students who had expressed a willingness to help the Soviet Union. One, at our urging, had applied to work at the CIA. He was rejected for reasons that were never clear to us. The second went on to the University of Chicago, where he studied nuclear physics and became involved in the antiwar movement. Under the guise of preparing material for Radio Moscow, I asked him for detailed reports on the radical student movement in America, and he obliged with a lengthy treatise on the subject. He fed us information on other matters, such as his physics work, and we paid him a small amount for his help. After I left New York in 1964, however, I lost touch with him and don't know whether he continued helping the KGB.

As the months passed, I worked hard at getting to know as many journalists, businessmen, and U.N. diplomats as I could. I was elected vice president of the United Nations Correspondents Association. In addition, I was assigned to work with several non-KGB Soviet journalists, whom we paid to help us pull together information—largely unclassified—on the situation in the United States. Such a case arose after John F. Kennedy was elected, when Moscow ordered us to compile everything we knew about the president. One colleague who often helped me, an Italian correspondent with Communist sympathies, was plugged in to the American political scene and had gotten wind of Kennedy's compulsive womanizing. We filed a detailed cable on rumors of Kennedy's sex life, and word filtered back that Lubyanka was pleased with the report.

In the beginning, my superiors frequently reminded me that what I might pick up in the course of my reporting around New York could be as important as a package of classified documents. One such incident occurred when I went to hear a lecture at Columbia by Zbigniew Brzezinski. He outlined in detail a plan for widened American involvement in the Vietnam War, just then getting under way. Knowing that Brzezinski was well respected and influenced American policymakers, I returned to our KGB station and informed my superiors of his lecture.

"This is tremendous!" said one of my supervisors. "We must cable it to Moscow immediately."

I filed a detailed report on Brzezinski's plan for American escalation in Vietnam. Several weeks later, when we received Moscow's monthly evaluation of our intelligence work, I learned that my cable had been relayed to the ruling Communist Party Politburo and discussed there.

"See, Oleg," said one of my commanding officers, "your open information wound up in the Politburo. Now you know how important it is to pick up things from well-placed, knowledgeable people, even if the stuff isn't classified."

In November 1960, following my superiors' advice to get to know as many influential Americans as possible, I struck up a friendship with Jay Rockefeller, scion of the Rockefeller family and future governor and senator from West Virginia. We met in a TV studio in New

York, hit it off, and began to correspond. The young Rockefeller was then a student at Harvard, and in April 1961 he invited me to visit his family's vacation estate in Vermont. After receiving permission from the U.S. State Department to travel outside the New York area, I drove to Vermont. I never expected this prominent young American to become one of our intelligence operatives, but went instead because such high-level contacts could help me understand the United States. In addition, the KGB might one day want to use someone like Rockefeller as a conduit for information to U.S. leaders. I went, also, because I liked Rockefeller, with whom I shared a certain youthful idealism.

The Rockefeller dacha was not the grand estate I was expecting but a modest frame building (lacking central heating) set amid the picturesque forests and lakes of Vermont. Jay and a friend—Frank Kellogg, son of the former U.S. secretary of state—greeted me warmly, and we spent the next few days walking the ice-rimmed paths of the estate and sitting in front of a crackling fireplace, all the while engaged in wide-ranging discussions of philosophy and U.S.-Soviet relations. I argued that the world was inevitably moving toward socialism, collective property, and a sort of blissful egalitarianism. The two Americans responded that my vision was nice but unrealistic, and espoused the virtues of America's rugged individualism.

"And what will happen to us, representatives of the ruling circles and of 'bourgeois' society, in your new world?" Kellogg asked me. "What awaits us—physical annihilation or isolation in special reeducation camps?"

Being the good *Homo sovieticus* I was, I responded, "I assume that those of you who are willing to accept the new order will join the ranks of its active builders, and will come under the protection of the state. There will be no more mass repressions."

We parted amicably, and I returned to New York and included details of my visit in a cable to Moscow. The response came back, "That's a good contact. Keep up the good work."

I stayed in touch with Jay Rockefeller for several more years, writing him and occasionally talking on the phone. But in 1967, after marrying the daughter of Senator Charles Percy and entering politics, Rockefeller stopped all communication with me. I imagine that the FBI told him I was a suspected KGB officer and advised him to sever our relations.

Back in New York, I continued meeting a wide variety of well-known Americans as part of my cover work as a Radio Moscow correspondent. Among them were Eleanor Roosevelt, Edward R. Murrow, the actresses Shelley Winters and Natalie Wood, the artist Rockwell Kent, and many others. Some of these celebrities traveled in left-wing political circles and I would see them frequently; the hope never died that one of them would one day be the source of good information, political or otherwise.

I also worked ceaselessly—and usually futilely—to cultivate moles and intelligence assets. Early on, I met a correspondent from the Australian Broadcasting Corporation, a young man of liberal political views who seemed to have close ties to officials from his country. I started getting friendly with him but must have overplayed my hand. One day, we agreed to meet on an "urgent matter," but when I arrived at the rendezvous site I was met not by the correspondent, but by a hard-eyed man from the Australian mission. I realized at once that he was a security officer.

"What do you want?" I asked him.

"I just wanted to have a look at you," the Australian said, giving me a knowing stare. "I have heard a lot about you from your friend the journalist."

It was clearly a warning for me to back off, and I did.

My KGB colleagues and I tried on numerous occasions to employ romance as a tool in recruiting agents. I became friendly with the secretary of the Ceylonese ambassador to the United Nations, and through her got to know a woman who worked as an archivist at the Australian mission. She had access to valuable classified information, and I began to court her—all in the line of duty, of course. But our budding "romance" came to an abrupt end when Australian security people warned her that she would be sent home if she so much as spoke to me again.

A while later, I went to a party and met a Canadian woman from Radio Free Europe, which was largely controlled by the CIA and consequently a major KGB target. We went to the theater and restaurants and strolled in the park like a pair of lovers. At Easter, she dragged me into church for midnight mass, and for the first time in my life I was surrounded by true religious believers. I enjoyed the organ and the choir, but when the Canadian woman dropped to her knees to pray, I—an avowed atheist—was not about to follow suit. The collection plate was passed and I refused to make a donation, not out of stinginess but because it would have been against my ideological convictions to do so.

Pretending I needed information for my news broadcasts, I asked her to bring me some papers from Radio Free Europe. She obliged, handing me some moderately helpful reports and internal documents from the station. But at some point this staunch Catholic asked me if I was married. I said I was. Visibly shaken, she ruefully told me she could not have a relationship with a married man.

"Oleg, I like you so much, but I will never be able to meet with you again," she said.

No amount of entreaty on my part could change her mind, not even my assurances that all I wanted was a platonic friendship. I admired her for her convictions and wrote it all off to experience. Many years later I learned that she had been approached by the FBI and asked to play along with me under their control. She proudly refused. Had we gotten more deeply involved, my superiors had authorized me—and all my colleagues—to sleep with a woman if necessary. The KGB also told us that, should we get caught in the act by the FBI, under no circumstances were we to become flustered or contrite. If the FBI threatened to send photos of a tryst to an agent's wife, the agent was told, in effect, to respond, "Oh, please send color prints. They're much prettier." I never actually hopped in the sack with a potential asset, but I occasionally feigned romantic involvement and kissed a woman now and then. Ludmilla never knew. I figured it was all in the line of duty and did not interfere with my love for my wife.

Nine times out of ten we got nowhere on the romantic front. One colleague managed to romance a secretary from the British U.N. mission and obtained some classified material from her. But mostly we struck out. I was frequently reminded of Mayakovsky's words about how poetry is like mining radium—you process thousands of words just to get a good line. And so we sifted through thousands of souls, just to find one good agent.

In 1961, a colleague and I went to a party given by some women from the staff of the United Nations Secretariat. We didn't arrive until midnight, and as we entered the apartment building I questioned the wisdom of showing up so late. My KGB colleague brushed aside my fears, saying the party would just be getting into full swing. We rode the elevator to the twentieth floor and knocked on the woman's door. We continued to knock, then heard a voice on the other side of the door calling the police. My friend and I scrambled down twenty flights of stairs. We had just about made a clean getaway when two New York policemen burst into the lobby, put our hands behind our backs, and began to search us. The police only let us go after the inhospitable hostess—whose party had long since ended—confirmed that she knew us. Just to be safe, we reported the incident to our station chief the next morning, but heard nothing more about it.

After I had been in New York a year or so, the FBI counterintelligence people must have been certain of two things: one, I was KGB; and, two, I was a womanizer. Soon my American counterparts were making heavy-handed attempts to compromise me by luring me into sexual encounters.

The first incident took place after I met a pretty woman at a reception hosted by the left-wing American publisher Carl Marzani. A fellow traveler and open admirer of the Communist system, Marzani published socialist and leftist literature in the United States. He had close ties to the Soviet government and the KGB, which secretly kept his publishing house afloat. KGB officers frequented his parties, and one night a colleague suggested I might find it useful to attend one of Marzani's receptions.

His apartment was filled with a motley assortment of Communists, liberals, and KGB spooks—all of them watched, undoubtedly, by FBI informers in attendance. Midway through the party, a comely blonde who introduced herself as Ann took an interest in me and my colleague. As the evening drew to a close, she invited us to her apartment for a drink. We accepted and went to her place a few blocks away.

We were suspicious from the start but decided to play along. She seemed pushy and ill at ease, as if playing a role. Though she was undeniably attractive, she had the worn, cynical expression of a prostitute. And her apartment scarcely looked lived in. What also made me wary were pictures of her with some Washington politicians and top military officers. As we sat down and had a drink, she began rattling off the names of the influential people she knew in the nation's capital. We stayed at her place until 2:00 A.M., and at one point I found myself stifling a laugh. This was all too good to be true: a pretty American woman with top-flight Washington connections wanted to hop in bed with me. Did the FBI think I was really that stupid?

I decided not to call her again, feeling certain it was a setup. Then, two weeks later, she telephoned me.

"I have something very important to discuss with you," she said. "Why don't you stop by tonight—say around nine o'clock?"

I agreed to come but decided to show up at her place an hour and a half early, just to throw off any plans the FBI might have to frame me. At 7:30 I knocked on her door and caught her by surprise. Flustered and obviously dismayed, she pulled herself together and offered me a drink. She left the living room and returned a minute later with a folder in her hand.

"These are classified documents showing the latest developments in plane construction, including blueprints for Douglas aircraft," she said, avoiding eye contact with me. "A friend of mine would like you to have them."

"My dear," I responded, leaning back in my chair, "I'm flattered that you've decided to give me these documents. But I have nothing to do with Douglas aircraft or the latest aviation designs. Don't bother showing me these papers—I wouldn't understand them. I'm a Radio Moscow correspondent. I have nothing to do with planes except when I fly them."

"But this is very valuable material—you'll never find anything like this in Moscow," she responded.

"I don't even have friends in aviation," I said. "But if you like I can put you in touch with the Soviet trade representative, if your friends at Douglas are interested in selling their aircraft to our country."

This idea didn't suit her. What she wanted was clear: I would take the documents, walk out, and be arrested by the FBI for espionage. I didn't even have a diplomatic passport during my tour of duty in New York and was not about to fall for such a blatant sting operation.

We sat in silence for a while. Then she offered me another drink, which I declined. She began unmistakably coming on—moving closer and giving me sexy, suggestive looks. I looked at my watch. It was about 8:15—forty-five minutes before our appointed meeting—and I decided it was time to go. I never saw her again.

Six months later, an FBI agent who had been feeding us information reported that this woman had set several traps for KGB agents in New York, myself included. This FBI man was an interesting case, an example of the bizarre forms of cooperation we sometimes received. His motivation for helping us was unclear: Was he angry at his bosses? Fed up with life in America? One day he approached our new station chief, Boris Ivanov, on the street. The FBI agent was assigned to the team that followed Ivanov, and he must have known our chief was unwatched at the time. The American said he wanted to help us and gave Ivanov some information about FBI activity against several Soviet citizens in New York City. At first, Ivanov was highly suspicious. But then, through personal meetings and the mail, the FBI agent sent other snippets of information about his agency's counterintelligence work against the KGB. He proved to be reliable and eventually tipped us off that one of my agents, picked up from my predecessor's recruits—a Greek who was attempting to woo female U.N. and U.S. government employees—was actually a double agent working for the FBI. Our mysterious federal source never asked for money.

Ivanov and the New York KGB station never trusted this FBI mole. But a decade later, when I became head of KGB foreign counterintelligence operations, I had occasion to look through our files. His report on my meeting with the seductress who offered the Douglas blueprints was uncannily accurate. Indeed, as I sat in Moscow reading his case file, I became certain he was genuine. We had, however, lost touch with him in the late 1960s. In the early 1970s, I ordered our agents in New York to locate the man, and they did. He was retired and living in Queens. When we approached him he said he had no desire to resume contact with us.

"I gave you guys all I knew," he told our officers. We let the matter drop. To this day, I still don't know what prompted this FBI man to risk jail and the ruination of his career by channeling information to the KGB.

Not long after my encounter with the attractive blonde, I attended a USAID reception in New York. There I met another beauty, a striking redhead who introduced herself as a former Miss Pennsylvania. She did not look like a hooker, but I became suspicious of her immediately. Miss Pennsylvania—or whoever she was—also came on strong and was quite seductive. She didn't fit in with the intellectual crowd at the reception, and I asked her what she was doing there.

"I live nearby," she responded.

She acknowledged she had a husband, saying only that he was a very rich man who was "doing something for the U.S. government." We drank and talked a while, then agreed to meet later in the week.

I called her and we wound up in a bar in midtown Manhattan. After a few drinks, she looked me straight in the eye and said, "I'd like to go with you someplace."

I acted taken aback and asked where she had in mind. "I know a nice motel in New Jersey," she said.

I remembered reading that it was illegal in America to take a woman across state lines with the explicit purpose of having sex with her. So I told her, "Why go that far? We could find a place nearer home. There are plenty of hotels here."

We talked awhile before I finally excused myself and went home. I had little doubt that this too was an attempt to catch me in an embarrassing situation that would later be used to blackmail or expel me. After all, we in the KGB did it all the time.

One of my most ambitious—and dismally unsuccessful—efforts to mix sex and espionage involved a Greek American agent we referred to as "Pompei." Unfortunately, Pompei turned out to be a double agent, and my involvement with him would come back to haunt me later. It was my shenanigans with Pompei that eventually prompted the FBI, leaking information through columnist Jack Anderson, to publicly identify me in the late 1960s as a KGB officer. By then I was deputy chief of station in Washington, and the disclosure that I was with the KGB killed any chances I had of rising to station chief in the American capital.

I first heard of Pompei, whose name was John Makris, in 1963, when Moscow cabled me and said that a Greek American who had been working for us in New York had dropped out of sight. My assignment was to find him and see what he might be able to do for us. I went at the appointed time to the place where he was supposed to have prearranged monthly meetings with the KGB. Makris, as expected, didn't show. Then I went to his old apartment, where the landlady gave me the address of a Greek restaurant he frequented.

"What should I tell him?" the owner asked me.

"Tell him that his friend from the United Nations is looking for him," I replied.

When I came back a week later, the owner gave me Makris's new address. When I went there and the Greek opened the door, I gave him a code word to which he responded properly. I instructed him to show up the last Thursday of the month at noon at Brentano's bookstore, where he would be met by a KGB agent. The agent would ask him, "Do you know if they still carry any books by Mr. [Nikos] Kazantzakis?" Makris was to reply no and suggest another Greek writer.

Makris showed up and announced his willingness to work with us again. Despite his mediocre looks, he was apparently something of a

Don Juan, and we decided to use him to recruit secretaries from the United Nations, the local FBI, and the State Department. Using $10,000 in KGB money, we set him up as head of a bogus travel agency and turned him loose with a few hundred dollars a month in spending money to troll the bars around the United Nations.

He managed to sleep with enough women, but nothing ever came of these relationships. Finally, he met a young teacher from Manhattan and persuaded her to take the tests for a low-level job at the State Department. She agreed, and we waited for word of her progress.

As it turned out, both the Greek and the young woman were working for the FBI. I didn't find that out until a few years later in Washington, and now I kick myself for not picking up strange signals from the start. One occasion in particular should have set off alarm bells. After we had set him up in the tourist business, Pompei announced he was going to Spain for a month. And almost as an afterthought, he said to me, "You must have a lot of illegals in Spain with whom you've lost touch. I could pass money to them if you want."

"Illegals" are agents working in foreign countries under deep cover, and they are prized intelligence assets. I thought it strange at the time that he would mention illegals in Spain, but figured that perhaps Makris wanted to be more useful to us than he had been so far. So I forgot about it—until our FBI mole later warned us about the Greek. In the meantime, I kept urging Makris on to greater conquests in love and espionage, realizing Moscow would not look favorably on pouring so much money into an agent who was producing so little. But he never provided us with anything even remotely interesting.

During my five years in New York, the cold war sputtered along, and my fellow agents and I inevitably experienced the fallout from major world events. In 1961, when East Germany erected the Berlin Wall, I did my best to spread the official Soviet line in New York. I thought the Wall was a bad idea but maintained publicly it was a German—not a Soviet—creation designed to protect East Germany's shaky economy. After all, East Germany was a small country, I argued, and it would be ruined if many of its citizens were lured to the West by higher living standards.

Making the case for the Wall was not easy, but another event occurred in 1961 that was a propagandist's dream and made me proud to be a Soviet. On April 12, 1961, Soviet cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin became the first man in space, completing a brief orbit of the earth in his tiny capsule before landing in a field in southern Russia. His 108-minute flight shook the world and showed that the Soviet Union had truly become the planet's other great superpower. At first, many Americans seemed pleased that a man finally had been launched into space. But as the nature of the achievement sank in, the U.S. reaction became hysterical. The American media lost no time in pointing out that Gagarin's historic flight was closely linked with the USSR's burgeoning military power. We seemed to be winning the science and space race as the United States plunged into soul searching about the quality of American education and its heated competition with the Soviet Union. To me, the Gagarin flight was yet another sign that we were on the right track and I was on the right side in the cold war struggle. Now, looking back on those heady weeks following the first space flight, it's clear that Gagarin's achievement was the high-water mark of Soviet Communism. A few years later, with the dismissal of Khrushchev, my country would begin the long, slow decline that ultimately led to its collapse in December 1991.

Few world events in the early 1960s grabbed our attention as much as Cuba. In April 1961, our New York station was taken by surprise when Kennedy-backed Cuban exiles carried out the botched Bay of Pigs invasion. Realizing the administration's desire to overthrow the Soviet Union's Caribbean ally at any cost, Lubyanka immediately instructed KGB officers in the United States to strengthen ties to the Cuban exile community. Fortuitously, a friend of mine—a New York City bookstore owner involved in left-wing politics—introduced me to his daughter. She turned out to have a Cuban lover, a pilot, who secretly ferried Cuban exiles and arms back and forth to the island as part of a continuing attempt to overthrow Castro. I never met the Cuban, but the woman supplied information about his work: when and what planes he and his cohorts flew to Cuba, which parts of Cuba they flew over, where the exiles' Florida bases were. It all provided one more piece of the puzzle about the anti-Castro efforts. Later, I met a Peruvian writer, Katya Sachs, who introduced me to numerous Cuban exiles. Posing as a Russian émigré working for a New York City radio station, I chatted with the exiles, trying to put together a picture of their activities.

Moscow continued to bombard us with cables ("Tell us more about the Cubans . . .When is the next invasion coming?"), and in late 1961 a golden opportunity arose for me to get to Florida to learn more about the situation. The annual conference of American trade unions was being held in Miami, and I received permission from the U.S. State Department to go there, ostensibly to cover the conference. Traveling with me was a KGB colleague, Mikhail Sagatelyan, who worked in the Washington bureau of TASS. We attended a few sessions of the union convention, then fanned out to the bars and restaurants Cuban émigrés were known to frequent. Posing sometimes as Russian émigré journalists, sometimes as journalists from Western Europe, we talked with numerous Cubans. Soon, we heard about a group of Cuban exiles planning another invasion of Cuba. After learning the group's address from one of the leaflets they were distributing, we rented a car and drove to the exiles' headquarters on the outskirts of Miami. On the way, I decided to pose as an Icelandic journalist, figuring no one in Miami—least of all in the Cuban exile community—would know that obscure Nordic language. Sagatelyan, an ethnic Armenian, posed as a Turkish correspondent.

A uniformed guard stood in the driveway of the tiny house, and let us in without questions when we told him we were Western journalists. We quickly found the leaders of the group on the second floor, and they launched into a tirade about how America and other Western governments had abandoned the Cuban exiles after the Bay of Pigs disaster. When our turn came to ask questions, we decided to put the Cubans on the defensive.

"In Europe, we don't understand why it's taking so long to overthrow Castro," I said to the group's leaders. "When are you going to act? The whole world is waiting for you to take decisive steps to bring down this Communist dictatorship. We think you're just wasting American money here."

Determined to show us how forcefully they were moving to dump Castro, the exiles showered us with leaflets, memorandums, and literature that described their planning for a second invasion of Cuba. Sensing our interest was real, one of the leaders said he wanted to keep in touch with us and send more information.

"What's your address?" he asked.

We unwisely had not agreed on what Miami or New York address to give the exiles. In addition, we knew that giving out false names and addresses could lead to reprisals from U.S. authorities and possible expulsion. The exiles immediately sensed our hesitation. I quickly gave them the name of another Miami hotel, and they wanted to know the phone number. I told them I couldn't remember it. Several of the Cubans started mumbling something in Spanish, and one asked us, "Look, guys. Where did you say you came from?"

They told us to wait a minute. One of their leaders went into another room and got on the phone. We excused ourselves and began walking out, heading quickly but calmly for the front door. When we got to the street we dashed around the corner to our car and roared off, with the Cubans running after us and gesturing angrily for us to stop.

Save for that close call, the Miami trip was a success. Our numerous conversations with Cuban exiles showed us that the Kennedy administration wasn't about to support a second attempt to use an exile army to oust Castro. The Cubans in Florida felt abandoned, and we came away convinced that, despite the anti-Castro fever gripping Miami, there was little chance his enemies would be able to topple him anytime soon. Moscow was pleased with our trip, and we heard nothing more about our little foray into the heart of the Cuban exile camp.

Returning to New York, I hopped back on the treadmill of diplomatic receptions, press conferences, and meetings with students and other potential sources. Our station also became deeply involved in what we called "active measures," which essentially involved dirty tricks and disinformation campaigns. One of the most aggressive campaigns was related to the emerging postcolonial nations of Africa, where the United States and the Soviet Union were locked in a struggle for influence. We in the KGB station in New York did everything we could to stir up trouble for the American side.

One of our dirty tricks involved a nasty letter-writing campaign against African diplomats at the United Nations—an idea cooked up by KGB headquarters in Moscow and approved by the Communist Party Central Committee. Our KGB staff, using new typewriters and wearing gloves so as not to leave fingerprints, typed up hundreds of anonymous hate letters and sent them to dozens of African missions. The letters, purportedly from white supremacists as well as average Americans, were filled with virulent racist diatribes. The African diplomats publicized some of the letters as examples of the racism still rampant in America, and members of the American and foreign press corps quoted from them. I and other KGB officers working as correspondents in the United States reported extensively on this rabidly antiblack letter-writing campaign. I lost no sleep over such dirty tricks, figuring they were just another weapon in the cold war.

Our active measures campaign did not discriminate on the basis of race, creed, or color: we went after everybody. Attempting to show that America was inhospitable to Jews, we wrote anti-Semitic letters to American Jewish leaders. My fellow officers paid American agents to paint swastikas on synagogues in New York and Washington. Our New York station even hired people to desecrate Jewish cemeteries. I, of course, beamed back reports of these misdeeds to my listeners in Moscow, who—tuning in to my broadcasts—no doubt thanked the Lord or Comrade Lenin that they had been born in a socialist paradise, and not in a hotbed of racial tension like the United States of America.

Our active measures knew no bounds. When the esteemed U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld died in a plane crash, I and my fellow officers did everything we could to fuel rumors that the CIA was behind it. I reported the rumors on Radio Moscow, saying that sources believed the CIA wanted Hammarskjöld out of the way because he was promoting too much freedom for black African countries.

In order to win propaganda points for the Soviet Union and further the socialist cause, our active measures in New York also included the infiltration of left-wing and black nationalist movements. Several colleagues and I had good contacts in black organizations and even financed one African American journal, *The Liberator.* We planted stories describing how America sided with the racist regime in South Africa and how the Soviet Union had solved its racial problems. I struck up a friendship with an editor from *The Liberator* and went with him on several trips to Harlem, where I was the only white man in many of the clubs we visited. I knew our propaganda was exaggerating the extent of racism in America, yet I also saw firsthand the blatant discrimination against blacks. Again, I had no qualms about stirring up as much trouble as possible for the U.S. government. It was all part of the job.

One left-wing figure with whom I had close ties—and who unwittingly did the bidding of the KGB—was the publisher M. S. Arnoni, who edited a journal called *Minority of One.* A Holocaust survivor, an ardent Zionist, and onetime editor at the *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* Arnoni was an eloquent and exuberant man. *Minority of One* was a highbrow magazine for the liberal American elite, and we decided to use Arnoni and his publication to further the Soviet cause in the United States. I was introduced to Arnoni in my capacity as Radio Moscow correspondent and we hit it off immediately, despite the fact he was decades older than I was. He was extremely knowledgeable about the situation in Israel—his circle of friends included such luminaries as Golda Meir and David Ben Gurion—and I often sent Moscow his assessment of events in the Middle East. At some point, I offered to write an article for *Minority of One* and he agreed. In fact, the article on American militarism was written by the KGB propaganda department in Moscow. When I showed it to Arnoni, even this famed liberal found it too pro-Soviet, so I toned it down a bit. He published the piece under a pseudonym and eventually printed several more articles prepared by the KGB.

I told Arnoni that his audience was too limited and effete, and that my backers and I—to provide him with a larger national platform—

would be happy to pay for an advertisement in the *New York Times* which would appear under his name. We worked together on the text of the ad, which criticized growing American involvement in Vietnam. After making a few changes, my superiors in Moscow gave their blessing and the KGB coughed up several thousand dollars for its publication. Several more *Times* ads were to follow, some of them signed by leading American public figures.

Arnoni frequently complained of financial problems, and I eventually suggested that some Soviet sponsors would like to make a donation to his magazine since it had been so faithful in presenting the Soviet view of world affairs. He declined at first, then eventually assented. The KGB gave him initially $10,000; at my suggestion, Arnoni broke it down into smaller sums attributed to anonymous donors throughout the United States. Thus did the KGB infiltrate a small yet influential American publication. Our smooth relationship with Arnoni continued until 1967, when Soviet support of the Arab side in the Six-Day War made him lose faith in our country and break off relations with our New York station.

Another one of my active measures projects was to contact the American author Charles Allen and help him research Nazi war criminals living in the United States. It was a modest scheme but perfect for the KGB: it made the United States look bad, and it was in our power to supply Allen information.

Allen, a former counterintelligence officer in the U.S. military, was tracking down the dozens of Nazi war criminals who had fled Germany with the help of U.S. intelligence organizations and emigrated to America. The U.S. government essentially forgave these men their war crimes; in exchange, the Germans promised to supply information about the Soviet Union or details of top secret German rocketry and scientific projects. I heard that Allen was digging into this scandal and phoned him. Introducing myself as a correspondent for Radio Moscow and a Soviet whose family had suffered greatly at the hands of the Nazis, I offered Allen my services. He said he was lacking good documentary material, and I told him I might be able to help. Allen gave me the names of several war criminals living in the United States, and before long Lubyanka had dug up archival material on their crimes and forwarded it to me. With our help, he published a small book, *Nazi War Criminals in Our Midst,* which proved to be delightfully embarrassing to the U.S. government. Allen and I struck up a friendship; our families even took several excursions together to Long Island beaches.

Later, again with our help, Allen dug up proof that the NATO chief of staff, a German officer named Alfred E. Heusinger, had been involved in Nazi war crimes. He wrote a book on the case, *Heusinger of the Fourth Reich,* which proved to be another embarrassment to the United States and its NATO allies. Heusinger was later removed from his position, in part because of Allen's book.

Unlike my future assignments with the KGB, which would involve running spies and working with top secret material, my job in New York at this time was more that of a troublemaker, propagandist, and low-level intelligence gatherer. I often hung out in a Russian émigré restaurant, Petrushka—sort of a New York version of Rick's Café in *Casablanca.* Owned by a charming and garrulous Russian singer, Marina Fedorovskaya, the restaurant was a hangout for New York's Russian community. Fedorovskaya attracted Russian artists, writers, businessmen, and a smattering of people from the émigré demimonde to her fashionable place at 78th and Madison. There were also KGB officers like myself, who hung out there not so much because we liked the vodka, food, music, and the other memories of home, but because Marina kept good tabs on émigrés we wanted to contact. She quietly helped us find several whom we tried—with some success—to recruit. The KGB had infiltrated numerous Russian émigré organizations. The New York–based, Russian-language newspaper *The Russian Voice* was a complete KGB operation, from financing to hiring the editor. We had successfully penetrated virtually all the Soviet émigré nationalist groups—Lithuanian, Armenian, and so on. Later, when I became head of the KGB's foreign counterintelligence directorate, I became more deeply involved in the subversion of these anti-Soviet groups.

One group that my fellow officers had under total control was Gus Hall's American Communist Party. One of our KGB case officers was assigned full-time to the American Communists, delivering money and instructions from Moscow. I met Hall on several occasions and was not impressed. We knew, for example, that he was as hypocritical as many of our Party bosses. Hall would denounce capitalist corruption while siphoning off Party money (Moscow money) to set up his own horse-breeding farm. We also knew that the American Communist Party had no chance of making serious inroads in the United States; indeed, when we got wind of a promising young American who wanted to help our cause, I would contact him and warn him to stay away from Gus Hall's organization. FBI surveillance of the American Communist Party was so intense that it would have been foolish to have potential intelligence assets involved with the organization.

In the spring of 1962, the World's Fair in Seattle gave me an excellent opportunity to get out and see America. Joined by Stanislav Kondrashev of *Izvestia,* I headed to Washington State by train, watching from the glass-covered dome car as the spectacular scenery of the American West rolled past. The World's Fair was a great show, but what sticks in my memory is a meeting I had with a local millionaire. We were introduced at the fair, and he asked Kondrashev and me if we would like to see his business. We agreed, and he drove us to a small airstrip not far away. We watched in amazement as he clambered into a four-seater prop plane and beckoned us to follow. A half-hour later, after flying over rivers and thickly forested mountains, we landed at his lumber mill. He showed us his tiny operation, and then we ate lunch in a small wooden cabin with a group of lumberjacks. His pride in his work, the efficiency of his operation, and the seemingly good relations between the owner and his workers left an indelible impression on me. It was the first time I had seen a small American business up close, and it was a far cry from the Soviet caricature of the cigar-chewing capitalist exploiting the unfortunate masses.

Kondrashev and I had not noticed FBI surveillance on the first leg of our trip, but when we rented a car and drove from Seattle to Portland, the FBI tail cars were unmistakably behind us. In Oregon we had an audience with the state's dynamic young governor, Mark Hatfield, and then visited some Indian reservations, where I did the obligatory reporting about the disgraceful living conditions. We traveled to Reno, Nevada, and I vividly remember speeding through the desert at night, the scenery whipping past us at 80 miles per hour. The vast, empty desert and the enormous, star-filled sky left Kondrashev and me feeling insignificant and utterly alone . . . except for the headlights of the FBI tail car far behind us. We lost about $50 apiece in the Reno casinos and then flew on to Los Angeles and San Francisco. It was a fine trip and made me wonder if the Soviet Union could ever match America's vitality and prosperity.

When the Cuban missile crisis erupted in October, I was on my way back to Moscow for vacation. The showdown over the placement of nuclear missiles had begun while I was still in the United States, and I knew from my reporting there—as well as from foreign radio broadcasts once I was back in Moscow—just how serious the situation was. But the atmosphere in the Soviet capital was strangely calm, in large part because our government was hiding the real danger of the crisis from the people. My KGB colleagues and I thought Khrushchev had acted recklessly, badly underestimating Kennedy's resolve and the severity of the U.S. reaction to the presence of the missiles. In the halls of Lubyanka, there was a collective sigh of relief when the crisis passed. There also was the sound of grumbling about Khrushchev, whose rash handling of the Cuban affair—and the humiliating about-face he performed after so many weeks of bluster—fueled the growing dissatisfaction with his leadership.

On returning to America later that fall, I watched Kennedy with renewed interest. His handling of the crisis had earned him great respect among my KGB colleagues, and we were instructed to continue supplying all possible information about his policies and private life. Like most Americans, I will never forget the day of his assassination and the hectic weeks that ensued. On that Friday afternoon, November 22, 1963, I was buying food and drinks for a reception at our apartment for foreign journalists. Suddenly the shoppers around me stood stock still, then began shouting and heading for the door of the grocery. I was confused until I walked to the front of the store, where a radio blared the news that Kennedy had been shot and was being rushed to Parkland Hospital in Dallas. Arriving home, I turned on the TV and listened in disbelief as the announcer informed the country that Kennedy was dead.

I spent the rest of the day and night broadcasting detailed reports back to the Soviet Union for Radio Moscow. The next day, however, work for the KGB took precedence. By then, the news was everywhere about Lee Harvey Oswald's Russian wife and the months he spent in the Soviet Union. We began receiving nearly frantic cables from KGB headquarters in Moscow, ordering us to do everything possible to dispel the notion that the Soviet Union was somehow behind the assassination. In a long and unusually detailed cable, Lubyanka told us to report the simple facts: that Oswald had lived in Minsk, that he had never been trusted and was suspected of being a CIA agent, that he had been kept under surveillance, and that he left the Soviet Union and returned to America on his own, without KGB help. We were told to put forward the line that Oswald could have been involved in a conspiracy with American reactionaries displeased with the president's recent efforts to improve relations with Russia. The Kremlin leadership was clearly rattled by Oswald's Soviet connection, and in cable after cable the message we were to convey was clear: "Inform the American public through every possible channel that we never trusted Oswald and were never in any way connected with him."

I spoke with all my intelligence assets, including Russian correspondents and various U.N. employees, and told them to spread the official Soviet line. In the end, our campaign succeeded, and subsequent investigations have shown that the KGB—despite some contact with Oswald in the Soviet Union and Mexico City—had nothing to do with Kennedy's assassination.

One American correspondent with whom I spoke about the Kennedy assassination was a radio reporter for a local FM station, Ted Esterbrook.

As it turned out, Esterbrook was involved in the only serious American effort, while I was in New York, to recruit me. Esterbrook was a persistent and glib man who met me at a United Nations reception and afterward pursued me with admirable—if annoying—diligence. He always wanted to take me out for a drink or dinner, and during our conversations he would ask questions about my life and the Soviet Union that went way beyond the bounds of normal curiosity. I was convinced Esterbrook was with the FBI or the CIA. So, in order to confuse the American side about my work and where my loyalties lay, I often praised America and criticized the Soviet Union in Esterbrook's presence.

One day, Esterbrook showed up unannounced at my little summer house on Bayville, Long Island. He said he had a friend, a wealthy lawyer, who wanted me to stop by his nearby estate. We drove over to the friend's house, which turned out to be a mansion with a swimming pool and several acres of land. As we sipped cocktails, both Ted and his friend gently tried to feel out my views on the cold war and our respective countries, and I again tried to leave them with an ambiguous impression.

A week later, Ted said he had another lawyer friend who wanted to have me over for dinner at his Park Avenue apartment. I knew instinctively when I walked into the luxurious flat that the "lawyer" was a U.S. government agent, and that he and Ted were about to try to recruit me. I decided it was time to disabuse them of the notion that I was willing to betray my country. No sooner had we sat down at the table than I launched into a pro-Soviet diatribe about the USSR's stance in Berlin and East Germany.

"We suffered tremendous losses in the Second World War," I said. "In my family alone, five people were killed. Other families were wiped out completely. The Soviet people, as a nation of victors, are entitled to decide the postwar order in Germany. Any Americans who doubt our resolve to repel Western attempts at interference in Germany are deluding themselves."

Esterbrook looked crestfallen. So did his companion, who shot Esterbrook a look that said, "Hey, you said you'd bring me a guy who was willing to defect, and you brought me a Communist fanatic instead!"

That was the last I heard from the mysterious Mr. Esterbrook.

By this time, though I didn't know it, my five-year tour in America was drawing to a close. And the man who would force me to leave the United States was none other than Yuri Nosenko, one of the first Soviet defectors of the postwar period.

The word that Nosenko had disappeared in Switzerland came in February 1964. Our first information was that he had vanished under unclear circumstances. But several days later word came that he had defected while with a Soviet delegation in Geneva.

As defectors go, Nosenko was not a big fish: he was a captain in domestic counterintelligence, meaning his main job was to investigate the actions of foreigners living or traveling in the Soviet Union. But he had apparently been planning to defect for some time and had squirreled away a fair amount of information. The fact was, however, that there had been few Soviet defectors in recent decades, and Nosenko's flight spread panic throughout the KGB. He was branded one of the great traitors of all time, and dozens of KGB officers stationed abroad who had had dealings with Nosenko were recalled. Six officers in the New York station alone (including myself) were yanked back to Moscow.

There was another reason why the KGB reacted so vehemently to the Nosenko defection. He was the son of a high-ranking minister in the Stalin government, and an investigation showed that this privileged officer—like so many other KGB officers—was a hard-drinking, philandering, and generally unreliable representative of our vaunted security service. Nosenko was having an affair with an attractive young woman who worked in the KGB archives. It turned out that she had been carrying on affairs with a small army of KGB men, and more than a dozen officers were subsequently fired for their association with her and Nosenko.

As the tremors from the Nosenko defection rippled through the New York station, I thought that I, at least, would not suffer from the actions of this traitor. But it turned out that Cook, the Thiokol scientist, would once again cross my path and affect my career. By sheer coincidence, Nosenko had, in 1963, arrested a well-known American leftist who was caught in a homosexual act with a Russian man in Moscow. Upon searching the American, they found a letter addressed to Cook's sister; it seemed that the leftist and Cook were friends, and the American visitor had agreed to deliver the letter. Nosenko began investigating the letter, and Cook's sister, and soon was told by the First Chief Directorate (Intelligence) to stay away from the case. He thus knew that Cook was involved with the KGB and probably was a spy, and Lubyanka feared he may have come across my name in connection with the case.

"As we have discovered, Comrade Felix [Kalugin] also was known to the traitor Nosenko," KGB headquarters said in a cable to the New York station. "As he has no diplomatic passport and is very active in intelligence work, it is better that his assignment be terminated and that he be brought home as soon as possible to prevent possible provocation." As it transpired much later, Cook was betrayed well before Nosenko's defection. The source of information was a KGB officer stationed in New York, a World War II veteran decorated with the Hero of the Soviet Union—Aleksei Kulak. Recruited by the FBI in 1962, he tipped the Americans about several KGB secret sources.

With Nosenko's defection, my first assignment as a KGB officer came to a close. It had been a fascinating, though frustrating one. I could see that our intelligence-gathering abilities were overrated: our New York station, for all the energy expended, produced little first-rate information. But that was the spy game, and in my next assignment—Washington, D.C.—my record would improve.

Before I left New York City in March 1964, there was one last, bizarre twist to the Nosenko case. Our station chief, Boris Ivanov—who later went on to head KGB operations in Afghanistan—called me in one day to discuss Nosenko.

"So many people are suffering from this traitor," Ivanov said.

"I know," I replied. "I am a victim of this treachery myself."

He gave me a strange look and continued.

"This conversation is strictly confidential. I have an idea I am going to suggest to Moscow. During the next few days, a member of our embassy staff will meet with Nosenko in the State Department. It has been suggested that you participate in this meeting."

"If I must, I will," I replied. "Why not?"

There was a pause.

"I hope you haven't neglected your target practice," he continued. "Can you still shoot? Would you be able to finish off the traitor at this meeting?"

His question caught me off guard, but I quickly replied, "Of course I could."

"We could get you out of it later, of course," he went on. "You know, swap you for a Western spy. So there's no need to worry."

"I'm not afraid," I asserted. "I'm ready."

"I never doubted that," said Ivanov.

"Okay," I said. "Settled."

I was indeed prepared to go through with the plan. First, I was an officer and had to obey orders. Second, Nosenko was a traitor who had harmed hundreds of people and endangered the lives of some of our agents and spies. I was flattered they had chosen me for the job. But the longer I thought about my conversation with Ivanov, the more I realized how improbable his suggestion was. Why should the State Department allow a Radio Moscow correspondent into the meeting with Nosenko? And would Moscow really be willing to risk the huge scandal that the assassination of Nosenko would surely create?

Nothing ever came of Ivanov's scheme. In later years, I wondered why he suggested it. Did he want to test my loyalty? Or was he merely trying to show he had enough admiration for my abilities to entrust me with such an assignment? I never found out. Ivanov and I never discussed the matter again, and as we both became more deeply immersed in the world of espionage, the case of the defector Nosenko receded further into the past.

CHAPTER 4

Washington Station

MOSCOW WAS EVEN DREARIER THAN I REMEMBERED. I HAD BEEN spoiled (irretrievably, it turned out) by five years in New York City. Returning to the Soviet capital made me realize that worshiping Communism from afar was one thing. Living in it was another thing altogether.

Back in 1960, the KGB had given me a one-room apartment in the nether reaches of Moscow. Now that I was home again in the spring of 1964, the Committee for State Security thought that this cramped flat would do just fine, despite the fact that I had a wife and two daughters. (Our second girl, ginger-haired Yulia, had been born in New York City. When we returned to Moscow and went to get her a Soviet birth certificate, an official at the birth registry office suggested we list her place of birth as Moscow. Putting New York City on her birth certificate could have an adverse effect on her future career, the official warned. “Record the truth,” I told the bureaucrat, and to this day Yulia’s capitalist origins have remained on her official record.) Desperate for decent living space, I turned to the State Radio Committee, my ostensible employer. They offered to sell me a three-room apartment, which I bought sight unseen for 7,000 rubles. What a mistake! I was about to get a firsthand view of the “shining future” that Comrade Khrushchev and the Communist Party were building for the Soviet people.

Our apartment was located not far from the center of Moscow, in a new, five-story concrete building. Hundreds of these apartment complexes were built in Moscow in the Khrushchev era, and they were so distinctively horrible that they quickly came to be known as *khrushchyobi*—little Khrushchev boxes. Walking into the apartment for the first time, Ludmilla and I nearly wept. Though brand-new, it looked more like an old cattle pen, with leaking walls, broken radiators, two tiny bedrooms, and a kitchen the size of a broom closet. Our instinct was to turn on our heels and flee. But where? Luckily, another fact of Soviet life saved us. We had terrific neighbors, and—stuck in the same miserable housing—we joined forces in true Soviet style and dreamed up several space-saving renovations, such as tearing down the flimsy wall between the toilet and the bathtub. That at least made it possible to turn around in the bathroom. The neighbor who helped achieve this was Nikolai Kurnakov, an announcer for Radio Moscow's English-language service. He too knew America well: he had been born in Brooklyn to a White Russian officer who had fled his native land during the Russian Civil War. Kurnakov's royalist father experienced a change of heart in America, and during World War II he persuaded his son to return to the Soviet Union and join the army. Nikolai remained in Russia and was later joined by his parents, who unfortunately were subjected to intensive KGB interrogation for several months.

The country to which I had returned was in an odd state of limbo. Khrushchev's efforts to liberalize Soviet society had run into implacable opposition from countless Party bureaucrats throughout the USSR's fifteen republics. His bungling of the Cuban missile crisis, his unceasing shake-ups of the Soviet Union's massive bureaucracy, and his general unpredictability had, by 1964, earned him powerful enemies. One of them was the KGB head, Vladimir Yefimovich Semichastny, who played a major role in the bloodless coup that would unseat Khrushchev a few months later. Semichastny had been a

Khrushchev protégé—a young, non-KGB, Communist Party official brought in to take firm control of the secret police—but he turned out to be a hard-liner who gradually turned against the Soviet leader. We didn't know it then, but our country was about to take a giant step backward, entering a period of retreat and stagnation that would last until Mikhail Gorbachev came on the scene two decades later.

I too was in a strange, suspended state. I was back in Lubyanka as a "burned" officer—one who had to leave a foreign station for fear of exposure. As it turned out, Nosenko knew nothing about me and I could have remained in New York. But we didn't know that at the time, and so I returned to KGB headquarters, where I renewed old acquaintances and waited for my next assignment. I dreamed often of New York, of the bustle of Broadway, of the beatniks and underground life of Greenwich Village, of the emerald lawns of Riverside and of Fort Tryon Park in Upper Manhattan, which overlooked the Hudson River. I longed to return to America.

For the time being, I was officially stationed back at the State Radio Committee, on the foreign news desk. Just before I resumed work there, a group of the First Chief Directorate (Intelligence) was asked to participate in a little war game with officers from the Seventh Directorate (Surveillance). I had to carry out three tasks while being tailed: meet an "agent"; carry out a "drop" of documents; and receive a package of materials from another agent. Luckily, I pulled off all three assignments without the rendezvous or the document exchanges being noticed by my opponents from the Surveillance Department. They threw everything they had at me, but by darting in and out of crowded stores, subway stations, and underground pedestrian walkways I was able to lose the surveillance teams assigned to me.

No sooner had I settled into my work at the Radio Committee than I was summoned by the Personnel Department and told I would be attending what amounted to a training school for future KGB station chiefs. It was an honor to be chosen, since those selected for the advanced training were being groomed to head KGB operations around the world. I had reached the rank of major, and in September 1964, I joined thirty other young officers at a small, secluded compound just outside Moscow on the road to Gorky.

The head of the nine-month school was Ivan Zaitsev, a kind, savvy, and experienced officer who had served as KGB resident in Israel and Germany. We were well cared for: the food was excellent, our cottages were clean and cozy, and the school supplied us with cars to drive to Moscow whenever we wanted. We were taught psychology and other skills necessary to run a KGB station of anywhere from five to one hundred people. We also received instruction in the latest spy technology, be it long-range listening devices, miniature cameras, or sophisticated radio transmitters. There was a course in recent advancements in coding and decoding. But by far the most valuable aspect of the school was listening to instructors such as Zaitsev—and our fellow students—describe their on-the-ground experience in countries around the world. We discussed successful recruitments as well as those that had gone awry. We analyzed the work of the CIA and other intelligence services. And we talked about what the KGB could do to improve its performance in the spy war.

On the morning of October 14, I was heading to class when Alexander Feklisov, former head of the Washington station and now an instructor at the school, pulled me aside. Feklisov, who had known me since sending me off to Columbia five years before, confided that something strange was happening in Moscow.

"I just heard from Lubyanka that they're taking down all of Khrushchev's portraits at headquarters," he said in a whisper. "It looks as though it's curtains for him."

We listened all day for news of Khrushchev's removal, but there was silence until the following morning. Then it was announced that the Soviet leader was stepping down because of ill health. The real reason, of course, was that the powerful members of the ruling Communist Party Politburo had grown tired of his helter-skelter efforts at reform and wanted to get Soviet Communism back on track. The Politburo summoned Khrushchev home from a Black Sea holiday and—with the heads of the KGB and the military lined up against him—informed the Soviet leader that his decade-long reign had ended. Khrushchev acquiesced and was sent into a comfortable retirement. As far as the Soviet masses were concerned, he might as well have died. There was no mention of him in the Soviet media until his death six years later, when *Pravda* published a small item saying that a pensioner, N. S. Khrushchev, had passed away.

I was depressed and disturbed by the news of Khrushchev's ouster. He had been far from an ideal leader. He was indeed unpredictable, getting caught up in harebrained schemes like his plan—dreamed up after his visit to Iowa—to plant corn the length and breadth of the Soviet Union. He had not done nearly enough to eliminate the Communist Party monopoly in all spheres of life or dismantle Stalin's totalitarian system. Toward the end, he was sanctioning the creation of his own cult of personality—the inevitable deification of a Soviet leader.

But he was the man who ended Stalin's reign of terror. It was Khrushchev who had tried to reform the lumbering, monolithic Soviet system. And Khrushchev, as well, who backed off the persecution of dissidents and ushered in an era of relative freedom in the arts and literature. And then, in the blink of an eye, the "Gray Cardinals" of the Kremlin had secretly met and decided to end Khrushchev's little experiment. It was shocking. I tried to tell myself that maybe it was all for the best, and even remember saying that Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev—who succeeded Khrushchev as First Secretary of the Communist Party—looked like he might prove to be an energetic leader. How wrong I was!

Looking back, Khrushchev's ouster was a clear sign that the era of our long decline had begun. We had lost most illusions that our society would soon catch up with America's. Cynical jokes were already making the rounds, and by the time Brezhnev and Co. had gotten through with our country we would be left with little but cynicism. In a joke that poked fun at Khrushchev, one man asks another why the Khrushchevian mantra—We will catch and overtake America—could never come true.

"We couldn't catch and overtake the Americans," the joke went. "Then they'd be able to see our bare asses."

Another limerick went like this:

We caught up with America in the output of milk,
But on meat, we fell behind: the bull broke his dick.

In retrospect, it was not only Khrushchev who faded away during that bloodless October putsch. Our optimism, our hopes for a "shining future," went with him as well.

The KGB may not have been loyal to Khrushchev, but it remained loyal to the Communist Party, the Politburo, the Supreme Soviet—in short, to the Soviet state itself. Two months later, in an elaborate Kremlin ceremony, we were richly rewarded for our fealty.

In what can only be described as a big thank-you bash, our country's leadership invited more than two hundred stalwart KGB officers to the seat of Soviet power for an awards ceremony and a lavish banquet. I was one of those being honored, receiving the Order of Merit for my recruitment of Cook and my work in New York. If the Soviet leaders had cynically calculated that our morale would be boosted by this show of pomp, they were right. It was the first time in years there had been such a ceremony for the KGB, and I, for one, was elated as I walked into the Kremlin. I had never before entered this former fortress of the czars, and standing under the vaulted ceiling of the Grand Kremlin Palace, waiting for a medal to be pinned on my chest, I felt a surge of pride and patriotism. Semichastny sat on the dais, as did Politburo member and former KGB head Alexander Shelepin. Representing the Soviet political leadership was Anastas Mikoyan, chairman of the Supreme Soviet. In a two-hour ceremony, we walked up to the stage, one by one, where Mikoyan's chief aide pinned the medals to our chests and shook our hands.

At the end of the awards ceremony, we officers—most in full dress uniform—were ushered into the gilded splendor of St. George's Hall. Row upon row of tables, laden with food and drink, awaited us. There was vodka and champagne, black caviar, sturgeon, and every imaginable kind of roasted meat. Semichastny, Shelepin, Mikoyan, and other leaders were there as well, and a hum of contentment and small talk filled the palatial room as we waded through the delicacies and drink. It was a splendid moment, and it is clear now that it was not only a thank-you for the KGB's loyalty during the coup. It was also a coming-out party, meant to show the KGB that—after years of scorn and travails under Khrushchev—the security ministry once again was ascending to its rightful place at the heart of Soviet society. Under Brezhnev, the KGB would become the "Party's faithful weapon," its "sword and shield." Our authority was, at last, on the rebound. And in 1967, when the forceful Yuri Andropov took over the KGB, our power would know no bounds.

In February 1965 I was summoned out of the blue by Boris Solomatin, the veteran KGB officer. He informed me that he was heading to Washington, D.C., as the new chief of station and was putting together a team to go with him. He said he had heard good things about me, was impressed by my previous experience in the United States, and wanted me to accompany him as his deputy for political intelligence.

"You're going with me," he said.

"But what about my school?" I asked. "The course doesn't end until June."

"The hell with school," said Solomatin, and my fate was decided. My colleagues agreed that Washington was the place to be.

"If you fail there, then having a scrap of paper saying you've completed this course won't mean a thing," one said. "If all goes well, no one will be interested in evidence of your qualifications."

My cover for my next American assignment was even better than my previous one as a Radio Moscow correspondent. This time I would be heading to the United States as a Foreign Ministry press officer, thus giving me a diplomatic passport and diplomatic immunity. To those who had known me in my earlier incarnation as a Soviet correspondent, it would seem perfectly natural that I had decided to give up my career in journalism and begin working as a press attaché. And the KGB had infiltrated the Foreign Ministry to the same extensive degree that it controlled the Soviet media. Nearly half the Soviet diplomats stationed overseas were officers of the KGB or military intelligence. Some real diplomats strongly resented that the long arm of the KGB reached so deeply into their esteemed ranks. Although they quietly fretted and grumbled about the situation, they generally had to do what the KGB asked them to. Anyone who got too vocal about KGB control of the Foreign Ministry would not be sent overseas and might even be drummed out of the diplomatic service altogether.

Leonid Zamyatin, the head of the Foreign Ministry press section, took me under his wing during the four months I apprenticed there. He accompanied me to diplomatic receptions, where I occasionally saw Brezhnev—an energetic, bushy browed man who had not yet taken on the fossilized look of his later years. I once lunched with the British ambassador in Moscow, and I got to know scores of foreign correspondents in my capacity as a "handler" of the foreign press corps, then under tight control in the Soviet Union. When I accompanied a group of U.S. correspondents from the *Los Angeles Times,* the *Baltimore Sun,* ABC News, and other media on a trip to the republic of Georgia, the hospitality of the Caucasus Mountain people made the trip more pleasure than work.

Before leaving for Washington in July 1965, I once again crossed Cook's trail. My colleagues in Lubyanka informed me that in late 1964, the FBI, after receiving a tip from their source, brought Cook in for interrogation. As it turns out, they were just fishing, for they had no evidence against Cook other than their informer's word that the scientist was involved with the KGB. The FBI accused Cook of being a spy, threatened to arrest him, and urged him to confess. Cook kept his cool, however, and insisted he was no spy. They showed him pictures of dozens of men they claimed were KGB officers and Soviet intelligence agents, but he could tell from the FBI's questioning that the Americans were casting about and had no proof of his contacts with me and the New York KGB station. Years later, when Cook and I met in Moscow, he told me he had done his best not to look directly at the photographs out of fear he might recognize me or another KGB officer and let slip that he knew us. Cook hung tough; but the interrogation left him rattled.

The Thiokol scientist spoke to a lawyer, who advised him to leave the country for a while: he should purchase a ticket on Air France since, under de Gaulle, the French wouldn't let American authorities look at the passenger manifest. Cook followed the attorney's instructions and flew to Paris. There, he showed up at the Soviet embassy, explained his situation, and asked the Soviet diplomats to inform Moscow of his arrival. Word came back that Cook was indeed a valuable asset, and the following morning he was on a plane to the Soviet capital. Cook settled down in the USSR, peacefully at first. In 1979, however, fourteen years after his arrival, Cook's case would develop into a full-blown scandal that ended with the scientist in jail and my career as a KGB officer in shambles.

Shortly before I was transferred to Washington, the KGB's chief of intelligence, Alexander Sakharovsky, called me into his spacious, high-ceilinged room in Lubyanka to give me some encouragement and advice.

"You did a very good job in New York. We all know about it," said Sakharovsky, an energetic man who remained head of intelligence for fifteen years. "We're putting you in charge of a lot of people now in Washington. You have to show them how to do a good job. Do not hesitate to set an example. By all means, don't treat it as a desk job."

And so in July 1965, off I went to Washington.

Solomatin and I found a disorganized and demoralized KGB station. We had heard from KGB officers serving in Washington that surveillance was so intense and security in our target institutions so tight that it was virtually impossible to work in the American capital. Indeed, when Solomatin and his new team arrived, the KGB station did not have a single American source supplying it with secret information. Solomatin set about to change that, and, with hard work and good fortune, he managed to do so.

The KGB operated in Washington out of the top floor of the Soviet embassy—an imposing stone mansion on 16th Street. Of the hundred or so people stationed at the embassy, about forty were KGB officers.

We were packed into a warren of offices, and driving us all was the intimidating—and inspiring—presence of Boris Solomatin.

Before leaving for Washington, I had heard that the new station chief was a hard man—unforgiving, demanding, and curt. That was accurate as far as it went, but it did not go far enough. He also was a real workhorse with a keen intellect, a practical mind, and a talent for pulling off risky intelligence operations.

I will forever remember Solomatin wreathed in a cloud of smoke. He always seemed to have a cigarette in his mouth, and would sit in his small, bug-proof office from nine in the morning until nine at night, enveloped in a thick, choking fog of tobacco smoke. I can still see the smoke swirling over his desk and drifting slowly in front of the tall screens used to shield his office from FBI eavesdropping. If I ever develop lung cancer, I'll know where it came from. (I tried smoking once as a teenager. I lit up in our communal apartment in Leningrad, not expecting my father to come home. But he walked in, giving me enough time to toss the butt out the window. He sniffed the air and asked me if I had been smoking. I said that I hadn't, that the smell must have drifted up from the street. Without saying a word, my father marched downstairs, picked up the still smoldering butt from the sidewalk, and returned to our apartment. He walked up to me, still silent, and slapped me so hard across the face that my ears rang. I have never since put a cigarette to my lips.)

Solomatin, whose cover at the Washington embassy was counselor, was probably the best station chief I ever worked with in my thirty-two-year KGB career. He was a glum, moody, stern-looking man with piercing, intelligent eyes. Forcing a smile or a laugh out of him was a Herculean feat, though I was able to do so occasionally as we spent more time together. We hit it off from the start, and I admired his ability—evident especially in the John Walker case—to mobilize people and unite them in carrying out a job. He was undeniably intimidating and seemed perpetually unhappy with the way the station was run.

Solomatin's spoken English was far from smooth, but his command of the written language was superb, and few people were better at poring over a classified U.S. government document and figuring out its significance. He constantly hounded me to stay on top of a host of unclassified written sources and reports as well, saying they were of invaluable help in intelligence gathering. His one weakness, if he had one, was that about once a month—in an effort to relieve the enormous stress of the job—he would get drunk. The following morning he would be back at his desk, apparently feeling fine. But occasionally during his drinking sessions his tongue would loosen and he would criticize some top Soviet officials. Several times, Solomatin—who held tough, anti-American views—attacked Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko for taking too soft a line with the United States.

His occasional drinking and ensuing outspokenness may explain why Solomatin didn't climb higher in the KGB hierarchy. After leaving Washington, he became deputy chief of intelligence for Asia and Africa. Solomatin was being considered for the enormously powerful job of chief of intelligence, but the ruthless and cunning Vladimir Kryuchkov—who later became Gorbachev's KGB chief—derailed Solomatin's candidacy by whispering in Andropov's ear that Solomatin had a drinking problem. Kryuchkov then maneuvered himself into position to become chief of intelligence, a job for which Solomatin was eminently more qualified.

Solomatin went on to become station chief in New York and Rome. In Italy he was involved in several successful recruitments of Western spies. But he never went as far as he should have, in large part because of an influx of Communist Party hacks like Kryuchkov who were increasingly shouldering aside qualified professionals. In 1987, when I began quietly criticizing the KGB and was trying to open a direct line to Gorbachev to discuss reforming the security agency, I turned to Solomatin for help. Like me, he had been put out to pasture as a reserve KGB officer, in his case overseeing the work of the State Planning Committee. When I told him I was thinking of going public with my criticism of the KGB (the first shoots of glasnost were just beginning to sprout), Solomatin urged caution.

"Don't do it now," Solomatin, who is ten years my senior, told me. "I agree with a lot of what you say, but if you try to wrestle with the KGB, they'll tear your arms off. They'll brand you as a crazy. They might do anything to you. You must leave the KGB with an impeccable record, and only when it's all over can you say anything you want. They won't be able to do anything to you then."

I took his advice, waiting until after I retired in 1990 to begin my public campaign against the KGB—a campaign that saw Kryuchkov and Gorbachev strip me of my rank and pension. As I was working with the Soviet media to unmask the KGB, I asked Solomatin, then retired in Moscow, if he would be willing to help me. He said he would. So I sent reporters from several major Moscow newspapers to his apartment to speak with him. But when they got there, Solomatin (his hands shaking) told them he wouldn't talk.

The newspapermen called me to complain, and I got on the phone with my former station chief to say he had let me down. But the KGB had been listening to our conversations, and shortly after he had agreed to join me in my crusade against the security agency, Solomatin received a threatening call from a top KGB official.

"Listen," he told me over our tapped telephone line. "Headquarters called and they told me, 'If you make a statement to the press, we'll do worse things to you than we've done to Kalugin.' They said they'd strip me of my pension, and worse. Oleg, you're ten years younger than I am. Maybe you can afford it. But I can't. I'm sixty-five. What'll I do if I'm left without my pension? I'm sorry, but I just can't do it."

I said I understood, and we hung up. This was not the same man I had known more than twenty years before.

But in Washington, our enemy was not the KGB; that fight would come later. It was the U.S. government. Operating right in the belly of the American beast, we set out to do battle.

I was Solomatin's chief deputy, with half of the Washington station's forty KGB officers reporting directly to me as head of political intelligence. Solomatin had three other deputies—for counterintelligence, scientific and technical intelligence, and illegals. The second most important branch was counterintelligence, whose half dozen officers in Washington were charged with trying to infiltrate agents into the CIA, the FBI, the Secret Service, and other police agencies. Counterintelligence also kept an eye on Soviet citizens in the capital, making sure they didn't defect or cooperate with the American side. In addition, counterintelligence was assigned to infiltrate Soviet émigré organizations.

The scientific and technical intelligence section had some five officers in our station, and their task was to obtain and analyze classified scientific information, as well as helping us with technical problems, such as installing hidden microphones. The last of the four branches in the Washington station was the most secretive and the least productive while I was there. It was the section dealing with illegals—Soviet citizens or agents usually posing under deep cover as Americans. During my five years in Washington, including more than a year as acting station chief, I never learned of a single case of a Soviet illegal who had penetrated the U.S. government.

Officially listed as second secretary and embassy press attaché, I oversaw the work of about twenty political intelligence officers, their cover ranging from diplomat to doorman. Our three chief targets were the White House, the U.S. Congress, and the State Department. We also targeted U.S. political parties, as well as think tanks like the Brookings Institution, whose scholars had wide contacts in the American government. Soviet military intelligence—the GRU—was primarily responsible for penetrating the Pentagon. But when someone like John Walker strolled into our embassy and furnished us with top secret information, the KGB—as the predominant Soviet intelligence agency—played the lead role in running such an extraordinarily valuable spy.

A major part of my job, however, was to supply KGB headquarters in Moscow and the Politburo with reliable information about U.S. politics and government policy. That dovetailed nicely with my cover job of press attaché, and as soon as I arrived in Washington I began to get to know some of the leading journalists and politicians in the capital. Among the journalists with whom I met were columnists Walter

Lippmann, Joseph Kraft, and Drew Pearson; Chalmers Roberts and Murray Marder of the *Washington Post;* Joseph Harsch of the *Christian Science Monitor;* Henry Brandon of the *Times* (London); and Carl Rowan, former director of the United States Information Agency. Speaking with them in their offices or at lunches or receptions, I would act like a good reporter, listening to their assessments of the political situation in the country. Rarely did I come up with a scoop for the Politburo, but the reporting of our section enabled Soviet leaders to have a better sense of American political realities. During the 1968 presidential campaign we were able to predict that Nixon would not be the anti-Soviet hard-liner Moscow feared.

I often went to my journalistic sources to get reaction to the latest events in Moscow—an exercise that sometimes bordered on the absurd. In March 1966, the Kremlin wanted reactions to what it considered to be the "historic" Twenty-Third Conference of the Soviet Communist Party, at which hard-liners and reformers fought over growing censorship in the country. In fact, few Americans had been paying attention to the Twenty-Third Party Congress. I went to see the eminent Walter Lippmann at home and asked him what he thought of the recent events in Moscow. To my dismay, Lippmann—who was quite weak by that time—knew absolutely nothing of the Party Congress I was supposedly reporting.

"Really?" Lippmann said. "There was a Congress? You tell me what's going on over there. I must confess I am at a loss to understand your government's policy."

I couldn't simply cable back to Moscow that the gray eminence himself didn't give a damn about the Twenty-Third Party Conference. So we chatted for a while, and I got his general thoughts on Soviet-American relations and Soviet politics. Reports such as this one usually omitted any critical references to the Soviet Union, so at Moscow's request I filed a bland cable about Lippmann's view of recent events in our country. Thus the Soviet leadership was lulled into thinking that the whole world followed the Congress with bated breath and applauded its outcome.

About a half dozen times a year I would lunch with the well-known leftist Washington journalist I.F. Stone. Before the revelations of Stalin's terror and before the Soviet invasion of Hungary in 1956, Stone had been a fellow traveler who openly admired the Soviet system. After 1956, however, he had become a sharp critic of our government. Shortly after arriving in Washington, I received a cable from Moscow directing me to reestablish contact with Stone. KGB headquarters never said he had been an agent of our intelligence service; rather, he was a man with whom we had had regular contact.

I called Stone, introduced myself, and we agreed to have lunch. Our first meeting was cordial, and we got together regularly after that. I came to view Stone as a sympathetic character with insightful views on the U.S. political scene. Our relationship ended, however, following the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968. Shortly after the "Prague Spring," was crushed, Stone and I again met for lunch, but this time his manner was aloof. He warmed up somewhat as we ate and talked, but when I went to pick up the tab at the end of the meal—I usually bought our lunches since Stone was not a wealthy man—he angrily refused to let me pay.

"No, I will never take money from your bloody government," he said.

We split the bill and said good-bye. I never saw Stone again. Years later when I came back to America as a sort of a celebrity, I had lunch with a supposed Washington journalist, and Stone's name popped up during our conversation. I said that at some point in my career I maintained friendly relations with Stone and used him as a source of information on various aspects of American policy.

Soon an article appeared in one of Washington's magazines where Stone was mentioned as a Soviet KGB agent. The author of the article quoted me, alleging that I confirmed Stone's ties to the Soviet intelligence.

I was not aware of this publication until I returned to the United States, this time with Vadim Bakatin, KGB chief under Gorbachev. We received a cordial welcome in the nation's capital, met with the FBI director at its headquarters, and visited the FBI training facilities in

Quantico. At the end of our trip we were invited by the *Washington Post* management to attend a meeting. It turned into an ugly confrontation between me and one of the top editors of the newspaper. Pointing his finger, he angrily accused me of slandering one of the best and most respected journalists in America—I.F. Stone. His emotional outburst stunned me. He spoke like a prosecutor in court rather than a newspaper editor. I interrupted him and yelled back: "I never said that Stone was a Soviet agent, but now I'll tell you the truth. He was a KGB agent since 1938. His code name was 'Blin.' When I resumed relations with him in 1966, it was on Moscow's instructions. Stone was a devoted Communist. But he changed in the course of time like most of us. What else do you want to know?"

The meeting was ended and Bakatin and I walked away.

In 1995 the code word "Venona" for the first time appeared in print in the U.S. media. It revealed a supersecret American and Allied program to read and exploit Soviet intelligence messages collected in the 1940s. Thanks to that program the special services broke up many Soviet espionage networks in the United States and elsewhere. Over two hundred names and code names were registered as KGB and GRU sources in the United States alone. Many of these sources were identified as Soviet agents. I.F. Stone, a.k.a. "Blin," was among them.

Another occasional source of "open" political information was Richard Valeriani of NBC News, who would give me his assessment of the Washington scene. But the news game is a two-way street, and occasionally I would try to help one of my contacts in the Washington press corps with a scoop. Such was the case when I told Valeriani about an upcoming meeting between President Lyndon B. Johnson and Prime Minister Aleksei Kosygin.

Occasionally I would openly try to recruit a reporter to supply us information in exchange for cash. Such was the case with two Japanese journalists, the first from the newspaper *Asahi Shimbun* and the second from *Kyodo Tsushin.* In the past they had given me some reliable information about China and their country's relations with the United States. I felt they were both sympathetic to me, and proposed bluntly that they feed me information in exchange for money. They declined. I was told later that both men went on to become top editors at their respective newspapers.

Indeed, some in the Washington press suspected that I might have been working for the KGB. Once, after Jack Anderson publicly identified me as a KGB officer, I went to a reception hosted by an Italian journalist, Girolamo Modesti, who had become a good friend. As I walked into the party at his office, Modesti saw me and shouted, "Here comes the famous spy!"

To which I replied, "Girolamo, I've always been a spy. How come you didn't know that before today?"

My staff and I, posing as diplomats, met frequently with leading members of Congress, including Senators Mike Mansfield, William Fulbright, Mark Hatfield, Charles Percy, Eugene McCarthy, George McGovern, Jacob Javits, and others. I once talked with Senator Robert Kennedy in his office, and he gave me a tie-tack replica of PT-109, the torpedo boat President Kennedy had captained during the war. Naturally, our relations were most cordial with liberals like Eugene McCarthy; some conservative senators, such as Barry Goldwater, wouldn't give us the time of day. We didn't meet with these legislators to recruit them, but rather to divine the intentions and strategy of the U.S. government in the cold war. Our superiors in Moscow—and their bosses in the Kremlin—also enjoyed getting cables saying that Washington's crack KGB staff had held a detailed conversation with a top senator such as Mansfield.

Though we didn't attempt to recruit a U.S. senator, we were not averse to trying to induce some of their aides to work for the KGB, although in my years in Washington we met with little success. At one point, we had apparently managed to recruit a senator's aide. One of our officers had struck up a relationship with the assistant, who briefed us on what was happening in the Senate and gave us some classified information from a research institution with which he was affiliated. But as I learned more about this aide, I became increasingly suspicious. The classified material he gave us was of little value. And his behavior seemed odd: he was easygoing, almost reckless in arranging meetings with us, as if there was some power behind him, protecting him.

I decided we had to find out if this man was genuine or not. So our technical people gave us a vial of sodium pentothal, or "truth serum." Our officer asked the aide to dinner, then slipped the serum—which generally made people feel weak and loose tongued—in his drink. But evidently our officer slipped too much of the serum into the man's glass and, instead of loosening up, he began to throw up. He apparently suspected nothing, telling our officer the next morning, "I don't know what happened to me. Nothing like that ever happened before."

We tried another trick on this suspected double agent, and it succeeded. In Canada, we had a very highly placed agent in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police's (RCMP) counterintelligence unit. Under some pretext we persuaded the Senate aide to travel to Canada. Before long, our mole in the RCMP reported that the aide was indeed an FBI agent. Shortly after the assistant returned to the United States, we broke off contact with him. And not long after that, the subordinate who had handled the botched recruiting job—he was officially in Washington as a TASS correspondent—was expelled from the United States. Shooting for a highly placed target such as a senator's aide was a risky proposition.

Not long after I arrived in Washington, however, we began to have good luck in recruiting a variety of spies and moles, beginning with foreign diplomats in the capital, moving on to sources in the military and the CIA, and culminating in the astounding work of John Walker. Now, with the cold war over and the United States the undisputed victor in the struggle, our efforts seem futile and sadly diminished. But a quarter century ago, with Soviet and American armies facing off around the world, the top secret information my KGB colleagues and I were gathering seemed to us a matter of life and death. We never knew which purloined military plan or broken code might be the key to swinging a battle or a war in our favor.

In New York, with the exception of my dealings with Cook, I had had little experience with handling top secret material and with the cloak-and-dagger aspects of the espionage business. Before heading to Washington, I was warned by colleagues, "Washington's just a small town where everything's controlled by the FBI. You can't move around, the government employees are scared of contact with Soviets, and the military shun all contact with foreign personnel." Strangely enough, KGB headquarters viewed Washington as one of the weakest links in our overseas intelligence chain, despite the fact that it offered far more intelligence and targets for us than any other capital in the world. Before Solomatin arrived, the officers at the KGB station in Washington were feeding Lubyanka straight political intelligence and little else. America's capital, it seemed, was not a good place for our intelligence service to work. But with the arrival of Solomatin and his team, things started to change, and before long Washington would become *the* place to work. We discovered that we just had to be bolder and more aggressive and, with a little luck, we could get what we wanted.

Solomatin did not get off to a good start, quickly running into the kind of FBI trap that had been demoralizing the station for more than a decade. When we arrived, an officer in the scientific and technical section had been cultivating an agent in the U.S. Army, a supposed expert on military electronics. He had provided some interesting, though not terribly useful, classified information and was promising us far more. Then the truth came out: our mole was an FBI agent, and our efforts to recruit him were exposed in 1966. A scandal ensued, and the officer in the scientific section who had been handling the alleged mole was declared persona non grata and expelled from the United States.

Soon, however, the tide began to turn. We focused intensively on the other embassies in Washington, particularly those from NATO countries, and after several failed operations we cultivated some valuable sources in the diplomatic community.

One of my first assignments from Moscow was to contact the Norwegian ambassador to the United States, who had worked for the KGB before his posting to America. Just as I was about to get in touch with him in 1965, he died of a heart attack. I then was assigned to the case of an ambassador from a large Arab country. This ambassador had been in the employ of the KGB for several years, and we met occasionally in Washington, where he passed me cables and other documents. He left within a year of my arrival. We also recruited several Asian and Latin American diplomats.

During my tenure, the most fruitful of our diplomatic spies was a top official from a Western European embassy who furnished us with diplomatic cables, top secret reports, recordings of his ambassador's conversations, and correspondence with the U.S. State Department. The diplomat, who had leftist political leanings, had earlier been stationed in Bonn, where KGB officers approached him on several occasions. But the relationship came to naught, apparently because our officers doubted his reliability.

Moscow instructed me to resume contact with the diplomat, and I met with him on several occasions in Washington restaurants. I instinctively felt he was genuine, and so, after our second or third meeting, asked him bluntly if he would supply me with the latest annual report his embassy had sent to its Foreign Ministry.

He agreed, and in a few days I had the annual report—containing useful political information—in my hands.

I informed headquarters, and they quickly cabled back: "What have you done? This may spoil our relations with this country."

I sent back a reply that said, in effect, "What am I here for if not to do these kinds of things? He gave me the annual report and you should be pleased, not angry."

Headquarters decided to let me run with the case, instructing me to ask him a long list of questions about NATO and the military and the political situation in his country. He began supplying me with many useful classified documents, mostly of a political nature. We saw each other frequently at diplomatic receptions, but he passed his material to me following prearranged meetings in the corridors of the old National Press Building. We would agree to meet at a certain time on a certain floor, and then each of us would walk the circular hallways until we ran into each other. It would have been impossible for

FBI agents, if they had been tailing the diplomat, to have observed us without being observed themselves. I never took packages from him on the floor where we rendezvoused. Rather, we would head downstairs, where he handed me the documents before I ducked into the Press Club bar to have a drink with correspondents. Each time we met, I passed him a note with the date, time, and floor number of our next meeting.

We met for more than a year, and he received the relatively small fee of $500 to $1,000 for each package of information. He didn't seem to care much about the money, being one of that dying breed of spies who was betraying his country for ideological reasons. I lost touch with him after leaving Washington in 1970, but later heard from a colleague that he had continued working for the KGB into the 1970s.

We had another valuable diplomatic asset in Washington, a woman from a major European country, and we had snared her—as sometimes was the case—using sex and romance.

The woman had been posted to Moscow for two years in the mid-1960s. While she was there, the KGB's internal counterintelligence directorate—which was charged, among other things, with watching and recruiting foreigners living in the USSR—decided to try to recruit her. A young, handsome officer was assigned to the case, and soon he met the single woman and began to court her. They had a passionate affair which continued until the woman left Moscow for Washington in 1965. Before her departure, the KGB, knowing I was heading to America, had arranged for me to meet her at a diplomatic reception. I was introduced as a friend of her lover. He also was using a Foreign Ministry cover, so it seemed natural we would know one another. About two months later, the woman, her lover, and I met at a picnic, and this time I informed her I was heading soon to our Washington embassy.

"Oh, really!" she exclaimed. "I'm going there too."

"Wonderful!" I replied in mock surprise, since she had told her lover months ago what her next assignment was. "Let's drink some champagne and celebrate."

Shortly after my arrival in Washington, we got together. She was an archivist at her embassy, and at first I told her that her lover in Moscow was working on a report and wanted some information about her country's foreign policy. We began meeting frequently at restaurants and receptions, and I asked her to bring me copies of diplomatic cables between her embassy and its Foreign Ministry. She promised to supply them, but at our next meeting she didn't bring them, protesting, "Oh, come on. I'd rather just tell you everything."

"Why waste time telling stories?" I replied. "Just bring the stuff to me and I'll stick it in my pocket. Won't that be easier?"

She was fearful, however, and reluctant to bring copies of the cables. But she did agree to meet with me and recite what she had seen in top secret messages and diplomatic correspondence. She had a good memory, and through her we learned the essence of some of the political issues being discussed at the top levels of NATO. The woman must have suspected I was a KGB officer. But she wanted to help, in large part because she was still in love with our KGB man in Moscow and saw me as a link to that romantic past. We would meet in quiet, cozy restaurants, and I brought her scarves and jewelry and other presents, although I never paid her. We would both have a few drinks, and I would sit there taking notes as she told me everything she could remember about the issues being discussed in secret at her embassy. It was valuable political intelligence, all made possible because of the conniving of our domestic counterintelligence people and the play-acting of our handsome agent. I grew to like the woman, then in her early forties. After I left Washington I lost touch with her; to this day I don't know whether she continued working for us.

I was able to meet these diplomats freely because the FBI's surveillance of me was spotty, at best. I didn't live in the Soviet diplomatic compound downtown, which was under constant FBI surveillance, but found a nice apartment for my family on Connecticut Avenue near the Maryland line. The FBI didn't have the manpower to tail me constantly, choosing instead to follow me intensively for a week or so. For weeks thereafter, there would be no surveillance whatsoever.

My training at the KGB academies in Leningrad and Moscow came in handy, and I was able to spot a tail with little trouble. If I had a meeting with someone, such as the diplomat from Europe, I would take a circuitous route to our rendezvous site to make sure we weren't being followed. If I knew I was being tailed—and the FBI often made no effort to hide it—I would go about my normal business and do nothing to arouse the surveillance team's suspicions. I never contacted any of our spies or intelligence sources by telephone from my apartment, for it was a virtual certainty that our phones and apartments were bugged.

We worked hard at cultivating our moles in the Washington diplomatic community. But the fact remains that we never lifted a finger to recruit the most valuable spies we had in the American capital, culminating with John Walker: They literally dropped into our laps.

The first valuable American spy who came to us during my tenure in Washington was a man from U.S. Air Force counterintelligence, an agency charged with ferreting out Soviet spies. He apparently was deeply in debt, and money seemed to be his sole motivation for passing us information. What he gave us turned out to be quite useful, including copies of U.S. military counterintelligence manuals. But his most valuable material concerned specific cases of air force personnel being investigated on suspicion of spying. Nearly all the people the air force surmised were Soviet spies were in fact not spies at all. But this man's information gave us a good picture of how the air force went about trying to identify and trap suspected Soviet agents.

One of the strangest experiences I had with an American spy involved a CIA man, once again a volunteer who approached us at great risk to himself. I am convinced that, in the beginning at least, he was not acting as a double agent. By the end of our brief relationship, however, he may well have been working again for the CIA.

The American agent came up to one of our officers at a reception, saying, "Listen, I know you're KGB," and shoved a package in his hand. As the man walked briskly away, he said, "You'll find all the instructions and meeting places inside."

Our officer immediately brought the package back to the embassy. We opened it and found several rolls of film of internal CIA memoranda and documents. Clearly the CIA man knew what he was doing, and from the material—which included a fascinating analysis of what sort of Soviet citizens were susceptible to recruitment—I concluded he was genuine.

"This is the right man!" I said, and ordered our officer to show up at the prearranged meeting and begin working with the CIA agent.

It turned out that he had been fired recently from the CIA—or so he said—and was looking for money. He passed us a lot of material, but the most valuable document was a long paper entitled "Detection and Approaches to Psychologically Vulnerable Subjects of the Enemy." In it, the CIA cited numerous examples of both successful and unsuccessful attempts to recruit Soviets around the world. The document also painted a portrait of those Soviet citizens most likely to become spies; later, when I became head of foreign counterintelligence, we used the CIA paper to attempt to figure out who might turn against the KGB. We even recalled several agents to the Soviet Union, fearing they so closely matched the CIA description of a potential turncoat that they were likely to be approached by the Americans and might even cooperate.

I have kept a copy with me to this day, and the CIA's portrait of Soviet defectors and spies was uncannily accurate, as the following excerpt shows:

> Soviet citizens are a highly disciplined group of people who have undergone extensive indoctrination, who are vigilant and extremely suspicious. Russians are very proud and extremely sensitive to any signs of disrespect. At the same time, many of them are adventurous, and they seek to break free from the existing restrictions.
>
> Acts of betrayal, whether in the form of espionage or defection, are almost in every case committed by morally or psychologically unsteady people. Treachery is essentially atypical of Soviet citizens. That can be concluded from the fact that of the hundreds of thousands of

> Soviets who have been abroad, only a few dozen turned traitors, and only several of those became our agents. Normal, psychologically stable people—connected with their country by close ethnic, national, cultural, social, and family ties—cannot take such a step. This simple principle is confirmed by our experience of Soviet defectors. All of them were lonely. In every case, they had a serious vice or weakness: alcoholism, deep depression, psychopathy of various types. These factors were in most cases decisive in making traitors out of them. It would only be a slight exaggeration to say that no [CIA] operative can consider himself an expert in Soviet affairs if he hasn't had the horrible experience of holding a Soviet friend's head over the sink as he poured out the contents of his stomach after a five-day drinking bout.
>
> What follows from that is that our efforts must mostly be directed against weak, unsteady members of Soviet communities. Among normal people, we should pay special attention to the middle-aged. . . . People that age are starting their descent from the physiological peak. They are no longer children and they suddenly face the acute realization that their life is passing, that their ambitions and youthful dreams have not come true in full or even in part. At this age comes the breaking point in a man's career when he faces the gloomy prospect of pending retirement and old age. . . . The "stormy forties" are of great interest to a [CIA] operative.

This portrait of potential spies and defectors not only matched people from the Soviet side, but American traitors as well. Indeed, the report perfectly described the CIA man who furnished us with it.

Less than a year after the ex-CIA agent made contact with us, his KGB case officer was waiting for him one evening at a restaurant in Washington. Two men—either from the CIA or the FBI—approached our officer in the restaurant and said, "Look, we know who you're waiting for. He's not coming. Don't try to meet with him anymore. He's a crook and a scoundrel."

Not long afterward, the retired CIA man contacted us again and asked for a meeting. One of our officers went, but this time the

American handed us information of little value. We concluded that the CIA had probably reined him in and was trying to use him as a double agent, perhaps to stir up another spy scandal. The man was now useless to us, and we broke off contact with him.

Another spy who came to us and passed on reams of top secret material was a soldier who worked at the National Security Agency (NSA), which monitored and controlled communications throughout the world. Though not as famous or as valuable as John Walker, this young American handed over a significant amount of material to the KGB. The NSA, based in Fort Meade, Maryland, was not nearly as well-known to the public as the CIA. Nevertheless, it was an enormous agency, crucial to America's espionage and counterespionage efforts. It monitored and decoded communications from around the world, including those of the Soviets, the Warsaw Pact, NATO, and other American allies. The young soldier was a walk-in who came to us in the mid-1960s, explaining that he was involved in shredding and destroying NSA documents and could supply us with a wealth of material. He too was motivated by money, and we set up a system—soon to be used again in the John Walker case—whereby the NSA soldier would leave his materials at "dead drop" sites in Maryland and Virginia. When he left the documents at a remote, prearranged rendezvous point, the soldier would pick up his payment—usually $1,000 per drop—as well as instructions on when and where the next drop would take place. Such "dead drops" enabled us to receive and pass material without ever risking the NSA man being seen with one of our officers.

The soldier's documents were highly classified; some even came to us partially shredded, as he occasionally had to make a show of feeding the documents into the shredding machines. He handed us the NSA's daily and weekly top secret reports to the White House, copies of communications on U.S. troop movements around the world, and communications among NATO allies. He gave us whatever he got his hands on, often with little idea what he was turning over. A good deal of the material was of little value, and I spent countless hours poring over it in my cramped office in the Soviet embassy, chucking out what we didn't need and translating valuable material to be cabled to headquarters in Moscow. I never once met the NSA soldier. Both his case, and the brazen espionage of John Walker, showed us how incredibly lax security was at some top secret U.S. installations.

The NSA soldier eventually left the agency and went to college, using the money he had received from the KGB to pay for his education. Eventually he was handed over to the highly secret Department Sixteen of the KGB's intelligence directorate, which dealt with spies who had access to signal intelligence information, known as "sigint."

In 1996 a Robert Lipka was arrested by the FBI and charged with espionage. After pleading guilty he was sentenced to eighteen years in prison. His position in the NSA, his age and specific actions made it clear that Lipka was the soldier I mentioned in my book. I was residing in the United States at the time of Lipka's arrest, working for the Russian-American joint venture Intercon. News of yet another Soviet spy in the United States made headlines and some people immediately found similarities between my story of a soldier and that of Lipka. Though the Russian media treated me with some reservations in the middle of the 1990s, the Lipka story sent them wild. Almost unanimously they branded me a traitor and demanded that the prosecutor's office charge me with treason. But no official reaction followed, and gradually the campaign of denunciation died out.

Compelled to respond to public vilification, I gave several interviews to the Russian and foreign media denying my role in Lipka's case. Answering my Russian critics, I said that even if I had fingered Lipka, that would not have led to his indictment and imprisonment. The legal system under democracy requires far more than someone's allegations, even if they are true. It's Soviet practice to put people in jail without due legal process just because the KGB wants it.

In 1999 Lipka's case surfaced again in an entirely different context. Former KGB officer Vasili Mitrokhin, who defected to the West in 1992 with thousands of KGB archive documents, revealed in a book written with distinguished British historian Christopher Andrew that he was about to give evidence in court against Lipka in 1996. It was Mitrokhin who identified Lipka as a KGB agent in 1992. A year later, an FBI agent posing as a Soviet intelligence officer based in Washington contacted Lipka and paid him $10,000 to resume their old relationship. After a lengthy FBI investigation Lipka was finally arrested.

Mitrokhin's appearance at the trial was canceled because Lipka's lawyer reached an agreement with the prosecution on a plea bargain which would limit Lipka's sentence to eighteen years.

When I opened Mitrokhin's book for the first time, I was stunned by the accuracy of his descriptions of many intelligence operations I had been personally involved in. Among hundreds of names in the book I found Lipka's and even a résumé from the KGB archives about his work for the Soviet intelligence. Ever since, Mitrokhin's book has became for me an encyclopedia of sorts, a true treasure trove of information about the cold war times.

The Russian authorities never admitted publicly the existence of this book. And only in 2004, Vadim Kirpichenko, former deputy chief of the Soviet KGB intelligence under V. Kryuchkov and top adviser of the current Russian intelligence service (SVR), said in his memoirs that a man by name Mitrokhin never served in the KGB, and his book is a fabrication of the CIA and the British secret service.

What else can one expect from the old cold warrior and his cohorts in the Russian intelligence and security establishment? They never change.

By far the most spectacular spy case I handled in the United States was that of John Anthony Walker, a chief warrant officer who had access to top secret communications at the headquarters of the U.S. Atlantic fleet base in Norfolk, Virginia. Walker began spying for us in 1967. By the time he was unmasked by his wife eighteen years later, he had provided us with so much material that the Soviet Union was able—in the course of nearly two decades—to decrypt an estimated 1 million U.S. messages. His information was so good that our side had access to the battle plans of the U.S. Atlantic fleet. Because of Walker, we knew in advance of U.S. naval exercises, and our ships—much to the amazement and consternation of the American admirals—sometimes showed up as the allegedly top secret maneuvers were about to begin. Thanks to Walker, we often knew in advance the timetable of U.S. B-52 bombing runs in Vietnam. His material enabled us to break many of the most secret U.S. codes.

I first heard of Walker on the day he showed up at our Washington embassy in late 1967. He had driven up from Norfolk, looked up the address of the Soviet embassy in the phone book, and literally walked in the front door. Once inside, he told someone at the front desk, "I want to see the security officer or someone connected with intelligence."

At the time, our security officer at the embassy was a former deputy chief of the Latvian KGB, Yakov Lukasevics. In America, he worked under the alias Bukashev and spoke little English. Walker had brought with him classified material about U.S. Navy operations in the Atlantic, as well as information enabling us to decipher the submarine fleet's communications. Lukasevics immediately realized the material was valuable, and called station chief Boris Solomatin.

"I have an interesting man here who walked in off the street," Lukasevics told Solomatin over a secure internal line. "Someone must come down who speaks better English."

We all were wary of walk-ins; for every one true intelligence asset there were a hundred crazies or FBI plants who came in off the street. Many Soviet embassies were afraid of these volunteers, also known as "well-wishers." In several instances legitimate spies were at first turned away because KGB personnel thought they were acting as U.S. or NATO agents.

Perhaps the most notorious case occurred in the KGB's Mexico City station in the early 1970s, when CIA officer Philip Agee walked in and offered to tell about American intelligence. Our officers there thought he was a CIA plant and chucked him out; later, Agee would go to the Cubans and supply invaluable information about CIA operations and agents worldwide.

After a while, discerning who was genuine and who was not became easier, though by no means foolproof. But from the start, it was clear to us that Walker was the real thing. His material was simply too authentic and too valuable for the Americans ever to use it in a double agent ruse.

One of our English-speaking officers went down to see Walker. The American told our man point-blank, "I'm a naval officer. I'd like to make some money and I'll give you some genuine stuff in return. I want to make arrangements for cooperation."

"Wait a second," our officer replied. He took Walker's material and came upstairs, where Solomatin and I were sitting in the station chief's office. The officer handed us the documents which, though we didn't know it at the time, included a month's key settings for a top secret cipher machine. We had never seen anything like this material—about the only remotely comparable documents we had laid eyes on were brought to us by the soldier from the NSA. We compared the language and the classifications with the NSA material and it was clear that what Walker was passing to us was real. In addition, Solomatin, who had grown up in the Black Sea port of Odessa, was a navy buff. His eyes widened as he leafed through the Walker papers.

"I want this!" he cried. "What are the conditions?"

Our officer returned downstairs, where he gave Walker an advance of several thousand dollars and arranged a meeting with him later in the month at an Alexandria, Virginia, department store. Walker was warned never to come back to the Soviet embassy; then he was dressed in an oversized hat and coat, taken out of the embassy through a side door facing the University Club, placed in a diplomatic car between two large KGB men, and driven out of the embassy. When our officers were far away from the embassy and certain they had not been followed, they let Walker out of the car.

Though I would become deeply involved in the Walker case over the next two years, I never laid eyes on the man. As instructed, he never came back to our embassy. In the future, using a plan devised by Solomatin, myself, and Walker's case officer, Yuri Linkov, the navy officer would drop off his material at remote sites in the Washington area. It was at these sites too that he would receive some of the more than $1 million we eventually paid him. Though we only vaguely sensed it at first, Walker would become one of the most daring and damaging American spies in the history of the cold war. I had no idea just how big he would be, nor how high he would launch my already soaring career in the KGB.

At the Washington station and at KGB headquarters in Moscow a small group of people anxiously awaited the next batch of information from Walker. We knew how valuable he would probably be, so, for security reasons, only three of us worked with the American spy—Solomatin, myself, and Linkov. At Lubyanka, only a handful of the most senior officers knew of Walker's existence.

Several weeks after Walker came to the embassy, Linkov rendezvoused with the American at the department store, paying him $5,000 for a series of cards that would enable us to break the code on the Atlantic fleet's ciphers. Such a sum was enormous at the time, for we were a surprisingly cheap organization when it came to paying spies. Eventually, on specific authorization from Moscow, we paid Walker $10,000 for each drop.

Walker said later that his meeting at the department store was the last face-to-face rendezvous with Linkov. I believe there was one more. In any case, realizing the meetings were risky, we switched to a system of "dead letter boxes" or "dead drops." We put countless hours of planning into these dead drops, and in the two years I helped handle Walker—and, I believe, in all the subsequent years—not one of the drops went awry. They worked in the following manner.

In his last face-to-face meeting, Walker was given a time and an exact location where to make his next drop to the KGB. That set off a chain of drops in which he would deposit his material, while at the same time collecting his money and instructions on the next drop. Say, for example, Walker had been instructed that the next drop would be on January 20. Prior to assigning him that drop, Linkov and I would have scouted out a remote location, usually in the woods, where the drop could take place. At the start of our work with Walker, I drove all over the Maryland and Virginia countryside looking for places that were at once remote, yet at the same time accessible to Walker and the KGB. Later, Linkov would take over the search for the drop sites, and he would spend many of his weekends on such scouting missions. On the map, a place might look fine for a drop. But in reality it might be in the midst of a rural black community, where the presence of white men would be suspicious. Or it might be near a police station. Or a military base. So we put an enormous amount of thought into the location of the drop sites.

Once a site had been selected and Walker notified at the previous drop, on the date arranged the navy man would leave Norfolk, making sure he was not being followed, and head to the location. Later, we would supply him with detailed photographs of where to drop his material, but in the beginning he did fine following written instructions and a map. In the beginning, before we gave him a camera, he delivered entire bags of documents, so the drop sites were always in remote woods where we were sure no one would stumble on the bags. After making his drop and picking up his money and instructions, Walker would drive away. According to a prearranged plan, he would then leave a sign that he had made his drop. He might draw an X on a certain telephone pole or drive to a McDonalds restaurant and leave a mark on page 500 of the Virginia telephone directory.

Then, some fifteen to thirty minutes after the drop, Linkov would show up at the location where Walker had left the mark. Linkov would see the X or the telephone book notation and, knowing Walker had deposited his material, would proceed to the drop site and pick up the bag. Linkov then drove to another prearranged site, where he made another X on a telephone pole or a mark in a telephone book, showing Walker that the material had been collected. Walker would drive to that site, see the sign that Linkov had picked up the documents, and then head home, knowing the drop had been completed successfully. A few weeks later, the whole process would be repeated.

My job was, first, to go over every aspect of the drops to ensure they were foolproof. Walker was a huge catch, and we knew that if we fouled up and lost him it would not only be the end of one of the great spies of the cold war. It also would be the end of our careers. Solomatin and I both had to literally sign off on the dead drop plans, a clear signal from Moscow that our jobs were on the line. We sweated over the sites and thankfully did not slip up.

My second and most time-consuming task in the Walker case was to sift through the mountains of material supplied by the American, translating what was urgent and cabling it to Moscow. The remainder of the material we would either translate later or forward to Moscow by diplomatic pouch.

The sheer volume of Walker's information was staggering. In the beginning, he would dump hundreds or thousands of pages on us at every drop. Later, when he became proficient in the use of a tiny Minox camera, he delivered rolls of filmed documents, which he would hide at the drop sites in Coke cans. As a communications watch officer on the staff of the commander of the U.S. Navy's submarine forces in the Atlantic, Walker got his hands on an astonishing variety of material. First, there were documents on the movement and activity of the Atlantic fleet. Then there was information that enabled us to break the U.S. codes. In addition, since Norfolk was a center of U.S. naval intelligence, Walker had access to communications and documents from the CIA, the State Department, and other agencies. It was a real cornucopia, and what amazed us was how easy it was for Walker to simply stuff top secret documents in his clothes or briefcase and walk out of the communications center of such a crucial American naval base. Later, he was able to photograph the documents with similar ease, often doing so on the night shift, when he was the only person on duty. After his arrest, Walker would remark that "K-Mart has better security than the navy."

Trying to make sense of the documents, especially at the beginning, was an ordeal. They were filled with incomprehensible navy and Pentagon abbreviations and communications jargon. Using dictionaries and a few American and Soviet reference books, Solomatin and I gradually were able to make sense of all the gibberish and figure out what information the documents contained. Initially, I would spend an entire week just translating the most urgent material from a drop and cabling it to Moscow. Some of Walker's material contained information about ship or troop movements around the world that was of great value to the KGB and the Soviet armed forces. We would then forward material to Moscow that was not of immediate operational value, and a team of experts at Lubyanka would study it. Our code specialists would utilize the cipher keys and other information from Walker to crack the navy codes. Breaking the codes was, of course, invaluable in case of a military buildup or war situation, not to mention the enormous peacetime advantage it gave our side in intelligence gathering and monitoring the Atlantic fleet's activities.

Being present at the creation of such an important spy and being one of only three KGB officers handling his material in Washington was a thrill, though the crush of work from Walker often left us exhausted. He was the kind of spy a handler encounters once in a lifetime. After I left Washington in 1970, I lost touch with the Walker case, though occasionally—in my capacity as head of foreign counterintelligence—I would receive snatches of information that showed Walker was still alive, well, and active. His case, as with the NSA soldier, was transferred to the top secret Sixteenth Department, which oversaw the handling of agents involved in classified communications. Department Sixteen did such a good job keeping Walker a secret that even high-ranking KGB defectors didn't know about the American spy. Vitaly Yurchenko was one such defector who, though a security officer at the Washington station from 1975 to 1980, never heard of Walker.

Walker went on to recruit his son, his brother, and a close friend, brazenly creating a large spy ring. He even tried (but failed) to recruit his daughter. After meeting with KGB officers in Washington in 1967, Walker went ten more years before meeting one of our officers face-to-face. That subsequent rendezvous took place in Casablanca in

1977, when he met his handler from the Sixteenth Department. Later, after retiring from the navy and hiring his navy friend Jerry Whitworth to continue the spying, Walker met twice a year with his KGB handler in Vienna. Once Walker's controller told him that Moscow considered his work so valuable that the Soviets had made him an honorary admiral in the Soviet navy.

Finally, in 1985, Walker's ex-wife—who had suffered years of abuse at his hands—reported him to the FBI. His spectacular eighteen-year career ended as he was sentenced to life in prison.

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For those of us involved in the case, Walker was a great coup and gave our careers a tremendous boost. Solomatin received the Order of the Red Banner and promotion to deputy chief of intelligence, though Kryuchkov eventually derailed his career. Yuri Linkov, Walker's first handler, was awarded the Order of Lenin. Walker's second handler, a man named Gorovoi, became the first KGB officer in decades to win the country's highest award, Hero of the Soviet Union.

I was awarded the prestigious Order of the Red Star. And my participation in the safe handling of Walker was undoubtedly the major factor that led to my becoming, in 1974, the youngest general in the postwar history of the KGB.

Long after Walker was exposed, people would ask me if I looked down on or detested such spies as John Walker or Kim Philby. In all honesty I did not, though I readily admit to having a double standard. I had nothing but contempt for fellow countrymen such as Yuri Nosenko and Oleg Gordievsky who defected. They were traitors whose actions weakened the Soviet Union and jeopardized the lives and careers of my fellow officers. Even though I was one day to become a staunch critic of the KGB, I never considered defecting and working for the CIA. Perhaps it was my superpatriotic boyhood, perhaps it was because I had lost so many relatives during the war, perhaps it was the memory of my father, who would have shot me had I gone over to the other side. I loved my country and was deeply attached to it. As the years passed and I grew critical of my government, I thought until the bitter end that it could be reformed. Besides, I had no desire to run to another country, be pumped dry of everything I knew about the Soviet Union and its intelligence service, and then be cast aside to live a life of isolation. I liked America a great deal but felt I would always be a second-class citizen if I moved there. No, for better or for worse, the Soviet Union was my homeland. For me, defection was unthinkable.

When it concerned defectors from the other side, however, my harsh moral scruples disappeared. It was the defectors' business if they wanted to turn against their own country. I was delighted that people like Walker or Philby had decided to help our cause. Naturally, I had more respect for someone such as Philby who became a spy out of the deep ideological conviction that the Soviet system was superior to capitalism. But even spies motivated purely by money, such as Walker, earned my respect. I understood what risky lives they led and knew that once they had been milked for every bit of information, it was inhuman—and ultimately foolish—to cast them aside like an empty vessel. Such was the fate of Philby, and I am proud to say that I would later play a pivotal role in rehabilitating the famous British spy.

Our activities in Washington were hardly confined to cultivating and handling spies such as John Walker. In my five years there, we also were deeply involved in active measures (dirty tricks), efforts to locate and re-recruit—or even assassinate—Soviet defectors, and attempts to expand electronic surveillance of U.S. institutions. Nothing matched our scheme to place a bug in the U.S. Congress.

The attempted bugging of Congress was a reflection of the aggressive, can-do attitude Solomatin brought to the Washington station. In our first two years in the American capital, we had talked from time to time about the tremendous intelligence value of a well-placed bug in the U.S. Congress. But we hatched our plan slowly, primarily because of the scandal that would ensue if we were caught planting or using the bug. At first we considered installing a microphone in the U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee, hoping to listen in on its closed sessions. But our officers, including a TASS correspondent who spent a lot of time on Capitol Hill, advised us that security was too tight in the Senate committee, making the bugging too risky.

Finally we decided it would be possible to bug the House of Representatives Committee on Armed Services, which discussed top secret issues relating to all aspects of America's military during closed sessions. A bug in the committee room would be an absolute gold mine, and we decided to give it a try.

The best way to bug the room, we decided, would be to send the TASS correspondent to an open hearing. Then, when the hearing was over and reporters and congressmen lingered to talk to one another, the TASS man could plant the bug in a hidden spot and leave. The bug had to be wireless and have a sufficiently strong battery to transmit for an extended period of time.

We contacted the KGB's technical department, the scientific whizzes in Moscow who could do anything from installing poison darts in umbrellas to spying on someone from a satellite. We told them our problem and they promptly sent us what we needed: a battery-powered, wireless bug concealed in a thin wooden panel. On the top of the panel were small, sharp metal spikes enabling an agent to affix the bug to the underside of a table. The bug looked perfect. In the summer of 1967, we decided to put the plan into action.

After studying a detailed diagram of the Armed Services Committee hearing room, the TASS correspondent went to an open hearing, the device in his pocket. When the hearing adjourned, he milled about for a while, then stealthily withdrew the bug and quickly affixed it to the underside of a table.

We had agents with a receiver waiting in a car just a few blocks from the Capitol, but they were unable to pick up anything. The bug didn't work. At the time, we didn't know why, figuring the device was faulty or had been discovered. Decades later, when I returned to America in 1991 as a critic of the KGB, a member of the American intelligence community told me they had found the bug, disarmed it, and left it in place.

“Mr. Kalugin, we know it was your idea to bug the House committee,” the American said.

“Yes, of course,” I replied.

“Well,” the American said, smiling, “we found the bug.”

“Hmm,” I replied, also grinning. “I didn’t know that.”

At the time, we had been afraid to retrieve the bug from the Armed Services Committee, worried the FBI would be waiting for us and would turn the matter into an international incident. So we never went back for the wooden panel, and it was a good thing: Years later, the American intelligence source said the FBI *had* been waiting for us.

We had better luck with a more far-reaching attempt at electronic eavesdropping. Our technical people in Moscow had devised state-of-the-art antennas capable of intercepting all open airwave communications. In 1967, we placed the antennas on the roof of our embassy, and suddenly we were able to overhear the communications of the Pentagon, the FBI, the State Department, the White House, the local police, and a host of other agencies. These communications were broadcast on open, nonsecure channels, and a surprising amount of useful material was relayed over the airwaves. Transcripts of the conversations, when compared with classified sources of information at our disposal, enabled us to piece together everything from the secretary of state’s travel schedule to the latest crimes being investigated by the FBI.

Over the course of several years, one of the most amusing conversations we overheard—and one which delighted our superiors in Moscow—was an intercepted phone conversation between the national security adviser at the time, Henry Kissinger, and his fiancée, Nancy Maginnes. He apparently had just given a speech and, in his egotistical manner, was asking her what she thought of it. He was saying, in effect, “How did I look? You really thought I sounded well?” The transcript showed Kissinger to be a vain and boastful man. We forwarded it to Moscow, not thinking much of it. Then word came back that Yuri Andropov, chairman of the KGB, loved the intercepted conversation. He had reported on it to a regular meeting of the ruling

Communist Party Politburo, proudly showing the Soviet Union's leaders that his KGB officers in Washington were so on the ball that they were plucking out of the air the intimate conversations of Richard Nixon's national security adviser.

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A substantial part of the KGB effort in the United States went into discrediting the federal government and its agencies.

The Washington station, like its New York counterpart, was engaged in a series of active measures to counter what we saw as anti-Soviet propaganda emanating from the United States. We even dreamed up some anti-American propaganda of our own. While I was in Washington, the Soviet Union was under increasing attack for discriminating against Jews and refusing to allow some Jews to emigrate. Our bosses in Moscow branded these attacks as an "ideological diversion" and ordered us to fight them. We did so by once again flooding American Jewish organizations with anonymous, rabidly anti-Semitic materials. Then, of course, the Soviet media faithfully reported on the wave of anti-Semitic activity sweeping America.

In the late 1960s and 1970s, one of our station's more innovative dirty tricks campaigns involved doctoring purloined American documents. We would take CIA, Pentagon, or State Department documents—obtained from a variety of sources—insert sinister phrases in them, stamp them TOP SECRET, and pass them on to leftist journalists in America or around the world. For example, we might obtain a State Department document about the threat of Communist takeovers in Italy or France. The document might primarily have been an analysis of left-wing movements in those countries, but we would insert a sentence such as "The United States government, after assessing the situation, suggests that the U.S. must put its troops on alert." It was all a lie, and the American media didn't fall for such ruses. But world media often regurgitated our disinformation, and our own media would have a field day with the KGB-doctored documents showing that America was an aggressive, imperialistic nation. None of these active measures had a determining effect on the outcome of the cold war, but they were a nuisance for the United States and played a role in our ongoing propaganda battle.

Under Solomatin, our station also stepped up efforts to locate Soviet defectors from the postwar era. In some cases, such as that of Yuri Nosenko, our assignment was to carry out the death sentences handed down by Soviet courts. These assassination efforts were known as "wet jobs," and in my time in Washington our superiors in Moscow were extremely reluctant to order such killings. I'm certain that had we found Nosenko we would have received permission to kill him, but it was a moot point. We never located him. We did, however, manage to find other defectors. Our goal was to re-recruit them or lure them back to the Soviet Union to score a propaganda coup against the United States.

One of these cases was initiated by Nikolai Popov, who came to Washington around 1967 as the new chief of counterintelligence. He worked closely with Solomatin and me to locate Soviet defectors on American soil. Perhaps the most intriguing story was that of Nikolai Fyodorovich Artamonov. The effort to bring Artamonov back to Russia was a convoluted affair involving double and triple dealing. Before it was over, Artamonov's case would also be the only time, in all my years with the KGB, when I was present at the death of a spy with whom I had become involved.

Nikolai Artamonov was a tall, handsome seaman who had served with a Soviet naval squadron in the Polish port of Gdansk in the 1950s. He was extremely bright and regarded by his superiors as one of the finest young officers in the Soviet Baltic fleet. While only in his early thirties, he was given command of a torpedo-equipped destroyer. He was being considered for transfer to the Naval Forces Staff, where he would have been promoted to admiral in due time. Artamonov, however, fell in love with a Polish woman, and in June 1959 he commandeered a launch and defected with his lover to Sweden. He left behind a wife and young son. In Sweden—and later in America—

Artamonov told the CIA everything he knew about the Soviet navy and its Baltic operations. The damage he caused was considerable, though not catastrophic.

A Soviet court sentenced him to death in absentia, and KGB stations around the world were alerted to keep an eye out for Artamonov. Through various intelligence channels, the KGB received word that Artamonov had moved to America and was working as an analyst for the Office of Naval Intelligence. By the time I arrived in Washington in 1965, the hunt for Artamonov had dragged on six years. When the new counterintelligence chief, Popov, arrived, we redoubled our efforts to locate Artamonov. We put out feelers to members of the émigré community in Washington, but to no avail. Then, around 1967, one of our sources in the academic community informed us that a former Soviet naval officer was giving a series of lectures at Georgetown University on Soviet military policy. We sent an agent to one of the lectures with a picture of Artamonov and, to our surprise and great satisfaction, the lecturer turned out to be none other than the dashing defector himself. He was lecturing under the name of Nicholas Shadrin.

We found his address and began discreetly tailing him. Soon we had a good idea of his schedule and habits. Simultaneously, in Leningrad, the KGB met with his wife and son. They were persuaded to write heart-tugging letters to Artamonov, pleading with him to return home. The boy was just about to enter college, and the KGB told him to write that his father's treachery had ruined his life. I do not have a copy of the son's letter, but it went something like this: "Father, I want to become a navy officer like you, but because of what you've done my dream will probably never come true. Father, we love you dearly! You still have a chance to repent and serve your country and do your duty by your family. Please come home!"

Moscow sent a special agent working under diplomatic cover to Washington to make the initial contact. We had long ago decided it would be best not to assassinate Artamonov, but rather to persuade him to work for us and then return to the Motherland to expose his appalling treatment at the hands of the CIA and the decadence of life in the West. We knew that approaching him would be highly risky, since he had already been working for years for the CIA.

We decided to make contact with Artamonov in a public place where there would be no risk of a bug and chose a suburban supermarket. Armed with two letters, one from Artamonov's spurned wife and one from his son, the Moscow KGB man walked up to the defector in a grocery store aisle and said in Russian, "Hello, sir. We've been looking for you. I think we need to have an important chat."

Artamonov was visibly shaken. But he pulled himself together, and he and the Moscow KGB officer went to a nearby restaurant and began to talk. The officer handed Artamonov the two letters, which he read with a stricken look on his face. In a matter of minutes, Artamonov agreed to turn against the CIA and begin working with us.

The Artamonov case was marked from the start by Byzantine duplicity. I only recently learned that the KGB officer from Moscow who approached Artamonov was already in contact with the CIA. He was Igor Kochnov, a KGB colonel, who got in touch with the CIA in Washington and volunteered his services. He undoubtedly alerted the Americans from the start about our approach to Artamonov. Later, when I was head of foreign counterintelligence in the 1970s, we strongly suspected Kochnov of being a CIA agent and put him under surveillance. But we were never able to prove it. Kochnov, the son-in-law of the USSR's minister of culture, died of a heart attack at a relatively young age before his treason was revealed in a recent American book. Interestingly, despite the fact that Kochnov supplied the Americans with valuable information, the CIA's notoriously paranoid head of counterintelligence, James Jesus Angleton, never believed that Kochnov and several other defectors were for real.

At the time, we thought we had a major accomplishment on our hands in the re-recruitment of Artamonov, whose code name became Lark. On the day he was first approached by our Moscow officer, Artamonov wrote an impassioned letter promising to do "everything" to pay for the crime he had committed against the Soviet Union and to work wholeheartedly for the KGB. The letter was moving, and, though we in Washington and our superiors in Moscow were skeptical of Artamonov, we were impressed by his repentance. We waited to see what he would deliver.

Artamonov had been promised a pardon and restoration of his military rank if he honestly cooperated with us. In addition, his son was to be admitted to a Soviet naval academy. That in fact happened, and Artamonov and his family were pleased. The KGB assured the son that his father was not a traitor but rather a hero who had been playing a double game all these years. The KGB also began giving Artamonov's wife and son a monthly allowance.

At first we had no reason to suspect that Lark was deceiving us and had become a double (or was it a triple?) agent. Our plan, which he carried out, was to keep him working as a consultant for the Office of Naval Intelligence, using his position to supply us with classified material. He came through, handing us a variety of classified documents. He furnished us, for example, with U.S. assessments of Soviet naval capabilities, including analyses of our latest missile tests in the Black and North Seas. We pushed him to pinpoint the source of the information on our missile testing; by getting more specific, Artamonov might have been able to help the KGB determine whether there was, for example, an American spy on the missile-testing range itself. But Artamonov was never able to give us more detailed information. His data and reports were of good, but not blockbuster, quality. In hindsight, this should have aroused my suspicions.

In the Washington station and at KGB headquarters we were excited about Artamonov's cooperation for another reason: he said he knew the defector Yuri Nosenko and had a general idea of where Nosenko lived in the United States. The KGB had been searching for Nosenko for years; perhaps in our zeal to get our hands on Nosenko, we were too trusting of Artamonov.

I continued to help oversee and analyze Artamonov's work while I remained in the American capital. It wasn't until several years later, when I was back in Moscow in foreign counterintelligence, that I became convinced Lark had once again turned against the Soviet Union. I would set in motion an elaborate ruse to lure this double dealer back to his homeland—a plot that would come to a bad end along the Austrian-Czech border on a cold, moonless night in 1975. But that was yet to come. The story played a dramatic role in my subsequent life and I will return to it later.

Among other stories was that of Alexander Orlov. In the late 1960s our search for defectors led us to a famous Soviet turncoat, one of the top men in Stalin's NKVD secret police. After serving as NKVD chief in Spain, Orlov fled to America in 1938. He too had been sentenced to death in absentia, and the KGB had been searching for him for decades.

Finally, our counterintelligence unit located Orlov in Ann Arbor, Michigan. In 1969, a KGB officer from New York, who worked at the United Nations and had no travel restrictions, traveled to the University of Michigan, where he tracked down Orlov at his apartment. The goal was not to shoot the aging defector but bring him back to Moscow and use him in the propaganda war, with headlines like "NKVD Warhorse Returns to Motherland After Unhappy Life in America." After all, by the late 1960s, things were not going well on the public relations front. Most cold war defectors—including Stalin's own daughter, Svetlana Alliluyeva—seemed to be streaming out of the Soviet Union. We were desperately seeking to counteract this negative propaganda, and persuading an old Bolshevik to return home after three decades abroad seemed like just the thing.

After the initial shock of being discovered wore off, Orlov—despite implacable resistance from his wife—agreed to return to the USSR. It was a real coup, made possible by the persuasiveness of the KGB man who had contacted Orlov (Mikhail Feoktistov) and the persistence of our counterintelligence people in Moscow and Washington. We informed headquarters of Orlov's decision and waited for permission to spirit him out of the United States and back to the Soviet Union. We waited nearly a month and, when Moscow spoke, the message was a huge disappointment: Leave him alone, Lubyanka instructed us. Let him live out his life in peace.

Shortly afterward, I returned to Moscow on vacation and asked my superiors what had happened with the Orlov case. They said the decision on his fate had been kicked all the way up to the Politburo, whose members finally decided that the old defector wasn't worth the fuss. The Politburo said it would be foolish to treat a traitor as a hero, and he was too old and the case too stale to trick him into coming back and then put him on trial. No, our leaders said, leave him alone. And so we did, after wasting an enormous amount of time and money hunting for the Stalin-era spy. He died in 1973 of heart failure, at seventy-eight.

Toward the end of my tour of duty in Washington, I undertook yet another unsuccessful bid to entice one of our countrymen back to the USSR. In retrospect, I am amazed we wasted so much energy on such silly exercises designed to give us a brief—and transparently artificial—victory in the propaganda war with America.

This case involved a Soviet couple from Armenia who had emigrated years ago and gone to work for the CIA, all the while secretly serving as agents for the KGB. The man was a double agent, working for KGB foreign counterintelligence. He had barely started working for us when a high-ranking KGB officer, Anatoly Golitsyn, defected in 1961 and we became concerned Golitsyn might expose the Armenian double agent. The Armenian laid low; it later turned out that Golitsyn knew nothing about him.

The Armenian died of cancer in the early 1960s, and we lost touch with his widow. Counterintelligence instructed me to find her to see if she would be willing to work for us or return to the Soviet Union. After hours and hours of searching, I located the woman at her Alexandria, Virginia, apartment. I knocked, and she reacted with horror when I told her I was from the Soviet embassy. She was convinced I was from the FBI and that the U.S. government had finally discovered that she and her husband were spies. Negotiating through a tiny crack in the door, I did my best to calm her. Finally I managed to slip a letter from her brother through the tiny opening.

"This is your brother writing to you," I said. "This comes straight from Yerevan. How could the FBI get its hands on this?"

At last the woman relented and opened the door. "What do you want from me?" she asked.

"To talk to you," I said. "To find out how you're doing. We couldn't resume contact for some time because we were afraid for your safety. Now the time has come."

I still had to spend another twenty minutes proving to her I wasn't from the FBI. Finally I won her trust and she began describing her husband's long illness and the loneliness she had experienced in recent years. She said she longed to return to her native Armenia to be reunited with her family. After several hours of coaxing, she agreed to return to the USSR, where we planned to use her to condemn the CIA and to describe her husband's feats as a KGB officer. I gave her money for the plane ticket and for the cost of shipping her belongings back to the Soviet Union.

Then, literally on the eve of her departure, we met and she told me hysterically, "I can't leave here. I could never leave my husband's grave. I want to be buried beside him. I will stay here forever."

In vain, I tried to persuade her to go. She wouldn't budge. By the time of our last meeting, she had apparently grown fond of me. As we bade farewell, she handed me a ring, saying, "This is a gift from the heart. Give it to your wife. I love my country, but I cannot leave my husband behind."

I walked away feeling sorry for the woman, for she and her husband had led a troubled life. Intelligence work is not always a dry affair; inevitably, one gets emotionally involved in the often twisted lives of those who become caught up in the world of espionage.

In the midst of these intrigues involving defectors and former agents, an agent from my New York days—Pompei—came back to haunt me. I had spent roughly $15,000 setting up the Greek, John Makris, in the travel business, hoping he would use it as a front to attract women we could later infiltrate into the State Department, United Nations, or the FBI. Makris had been a singular failure, and in 1966 we found out why.

An FBI informer told us that Makris was in fact a double agent working for the FBI. I was already in Washington, and the matter might have died quietly were it not that the FBI, apparently fed up with the KGB's increasing aggressiveness, wanted to expose me.

After hearing from the FBI informer that Pompei was working for the U.S. government, I waited anxiously for several months, fearing an imminent announcement of my expulsion. Luckily, Makris had been so inept that the FBI had few grounds for bouncing me out of America. One day as I was walking near our Washington embassy with a Soviet colleague, I saw Makris heading my way. As he came closer, I could see his eyes giving me a tentative, frightened look through his big glasses. I glowered and wagged my finger at him, and he walked away. A few weeks later he was back, pretending to wait nonchalantly at a bus stop near our embassy. Once again, I steered clear of him. The FBI didn't know we had been tipped off, and the Americans were making a clumsy effort to draw me back into a relationship with their agent.

All was quiet until 1967, when I drove one Sunday with the TASS bureau chief, Vladimir Vashedchenko, to a beach resort in Rehoboth, Delaware. We had brought along a pile of fat Sunday American newspapers and were working through them and sunning ourselves when a *Washington Post* story caught Vashedchenko's eye. A front-page article written by Stephen Rosenfeld recounted a strange espionage case in which a Soviet agent had hired a Greek man to recruit young women and place them in jobs at the U.S. State Department. The name of the Soviet agent? Viktor Kraknikovich—the alias I had used in my dealings with Pompei.

"Look at this stupid article," said Vashedchenko, who though not a KGB officer nevertheless worked closely with us. "It's all about Soviet intrigues again. Looks as though they're about to launch another wave of spy mania. Do you think we ought to react in some way or just ignore it?"

I was facing a dilemma. If I told him not to report it—and if my political officers had kept quiet about it—Moscow probably would remain blissfully ignorant of the story. But the piece was about me, and I didn't want anyone accusing me of covering up a scandal in which I was involved.

"I don't know what this stupid stuff is about," I told the TASS man, "but you can put it on the wire."

The next day, the TASS report on the affair was on the desk of KGB chairman Vladimir Semichastny. He immediately called the intelligence directorate and demanded an explanation. They gave him the whole, sordid story: the botched operation to plant women in the State Department, the squandered money, the Greek turning out to be a double agent.

"This is a typical example of the wastefulness and stupidity on the part of our field officers in America," Semichastny wrote in a memo about the case. "Fifteen thousand dollars was wasted for nothing. Investigate and punish the guilty parties."

I knew nothing about this until months later, when I returned to Moscow on vacation. As it turned out, fate was kind to me. Within weeks of ordering an investigation that could have badly damaged my career, Semichastny was sacked by the Politburo. His dismissal, in effect, granted me a reprieve for my bungling. In hindsight, the KGB officer who originally cultivated Makris obviously exaggerated the man's usefulness as an agent, as was typically done in the KGB. For all I know, our officer may have pocketed the money meant for the Greek. When I came along, a neophyte in the espionage business, I was so anxious to develop a good agent that I overlooked Makris's many shortcomings and failed to recognize that his behavior was highly suspicious.

Unfortunately, the *Washington Post* article was only the first of three volleys fired by the FBI. The next came in 1968, when the FBI fed columnist Jack Anderson information about the case involving the Greek. Unlike Rosenfeld, Anderson used my name.

"A Soviet intelligence agent here has failed in one of his primary missions," Anderson wrote in the opening paragraph of his article.

"His name is Oleg Kalugin, second secretary at the Soviet embassy. For some time, he has been trying to place a female acquaintance of his as his agent in the State Department. He also instructed an aide to cultivate a girl who works at the FBI. Neither attempt succeeded. Both girls have been leading him on under the direction of the FBI."

The article ended with the following words: "But even though much spying is now done by cold computers, there is still room in it for a charming man like Oleg Kalugin."

There was a picture of me, looking every bit the suave young spy in trench coat and scarf.

As if that wasn't enough to kill any hopes I had of becoming the KGB's Washington station chief, a follow-up article by Anderson in his Washington Merry-Go-Round column buried my chances for good. Headlined "Soviet Spy Allowed to Remain in U.S.," the Anderson article—fed directly to him by the FBI—recounted the entire case. It said I had committed a "serious act of espionage" and that the "handsome, lotharian Kalugin . . . became entangled in a web of espionage and romance."

"His undercover activities in this country are known to the FBI," Anderson wrote, fairly demanding that I be expelled. "But only the State Department knows the reason he is still here. Other spies caught in the act have been declared persona non grata and have been given 48 hours to leave the country."

Anderson described the plans I had hatched with the Greek, including infiltrating secretaries in the State Department and penetrating anti-Castro Cuban groups in New York. "But one by one, each new conspiracy fell apart out of confusion and exaggerated caution."

I had to laugh at that line; Anderson was parroting the FBI's little professional digs. The columnist (or, I should say, the FBI) also misrepresented my plans with the Greek, alleging that I was the one who charmed and bedded down a woman we were trying to insinuate into the FBI. The allegation wasn't true, but the FBI apparently figured that if it couldn't persuade the State Department to expel me, at least it could stir up some trouble in the Kalugin home.

“He [Kalugin] would romance the lady while his wife tended the home fires in their apartment,” wrote Anderson.

Nothing ever came of Anderson’s articles, though clearly I would never be appointed station chief, since the KGB would not like its station chief to be in the limelight. And in the wake of such stories Lubyanka was afraid I might be expelled at any moment. Why I wasn’t kicked out of the country is a mystery, though I imagine it had something to do with the flimsiness of the evidence against me, as well as the budding détente between our two countries. In the long run, not being named station chief was a boon for my career, for otherwise I would never have become—at such a young age—head of foreign counterintelligence. But at the time, I was fuming that the third-rate misadventures with the Greek had blown up in my face. KGB headquarters, afraid of a provocation or expulsion, sent me orders to lie low and to keep trips outside the embassy to a minimum.

My wife, by the way, was not chagrined by the articles. But for weeks after the stories appeared, members of the Soviet embassy community would tease me, saying how honored they were to have such a “Lothario” in their midst.

No matter how deeply I became involved in the machinations of espionage, I still had to live my cover life as Soviet embassy press officer and carry on as a member of the embassy community. We were extremely fortunate to have Anatoly Fyodorovich Dobrynin as Soviet ambassador to the United States. An intelligent, tough, and able professional with owlish looks and a kindly manner, Dobrynin presided over the Soviet embassy in Washington for an extraordinary twenty-four-year term, from 1963 to 1986. Inside the embassy he was a friendly, fatherly figure who did his best to smooth out the conflicts that inevitably arose in the pressurized environment of a small diplomatic community. The ambassador let the KGB do its job and seemed favorably impressed when we began showing him the intelligence information we were receiving from such assets as John Walker.

Dobrynin also was well liked by the Americans. At times, as he defended the official Soviet line, he may have seemed like a hard-liner, but Dobrynin was a comparatively progressive man who came under attack from orthodox Communists in Moscow for being too soft on America. He knew the United States well and scoffed at the idea of an American cabal—composed of Jews, the military-industrial complex, and evil capitalists—determined to bury the Soviet Union. Dobrynin had another enemy in Moscow—Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, who saw the ambassador as a rival and tried to diminish his achievements and stature in Washington.

By the time Gorbachev came to power, replacing Dobrynin in Washington and moving him into the Central Committee of the Communist Party, the ambassador looked like a representative from the old order. But when I knew him in Washington, Dobrynin was a man of "new thinking," as would be evidenced by his reaction to the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in August 1968.

I continued to have great respect for our station chief, Boris Solomatin, though I began to see in 1967 and 1968 that he was, like most Soviet bureaucrats, afraid to rock the boat. During the November 1967 celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Russian Revolution, I went to the reception given by Ambassador Dobrynin. The entire diplomatic corps, as well as scores of American politicians and journalists, attended. People drank rivers of vodka and champagne, and by the end of the evening the embassy was filled with inebriated Soviet diplomats. As the guests began to head home, I passed the embassy's secretary, Vladimir Bykov, on the main stairway. He was clinging to the banister, obviously bombed. Bykov was a smarmy, insolent man, and as I passed him I made a casual remark which he interpreted as an insult.

"People like you aren't needed around here!" Bykov bellowed, obviously referring to KGB officers. "It would be much better without you."

"And better still without drunks like you!" I shot back.

The next morning Solomatin called me in for a chat.

"Bykov complained about you to the ambassador," the KGB station chief said. "Things will have to be smoothed over. Go and apologize to him. Don't forget that his father-in-law is Abrasimov, head of the Central Committee department for overseas cadres."

I was taken aback by Solomatin's counsel, for he was plainly afraid of incurring the wrath of the Communist Party functionaries in Moscow.

"I have no intention of apologizing to that boor," I replied. "That would be an unacceptable humiliation for me and for the entire service. Don't forget that his insults were not directed just at me. You too are a representative of the KGB, and they affect you just as much."

"Well," Solomatin replied gloomily, "you've only yourself to blame if Bykov does complain to Abrasimov."

Just a few months earlier, I had caught one of our officers embezzling hundreds of dollars intended as payments to some of our operatives. I reported the case to Solomatin and recommended tough action. But there was a hitch. The officer was the son-in-law of Viktor Alidin, a Brezhnev crony and the powerful head of the Moscow KGB. Rather than risking offending Alidin, Solomatin merely reprimanded the KGB officer.

When I returned to Moscow for vacation in 1967, I heard nothing about my run-in with Bykov. What struck me most about Moscow was the coolness of my colleagues toward me—a reception I soon came to attribute to jealousy. Word had gotten around headquarters that we were developing an extensive network of agents in Washington, something many people had said was impossible. The overwhelming majority of the intelligence staff had never laid eyes on a top secret document, let alone seen a real, live American agent. I was in my early thirties, already a major and participating in some of the KGB's most important operations. This didn't sit well with some people.

Back in Washington, I became immersed in my duties as press attaché. In June 1967, at the start of the Arab-Israeli Six-Day War, I attended a reception at the home of *Washington Post* columnist Chalmers Roberts. We were drinking and chatting when Secretary of State Dean Rusk showed up. Many of the guests were journalists, and they rushed to the lawn to meet Rusk and pepper him with questions about the war.

Rusk answered a few questions. Then, after hearing that a Soviet diplomat was at the reception, he walked up to me, glass in hand. Draping his arm around my shoulders, he turned to the assembled reporters and said, "The Soviet Union and the United States will not be fighting in the Middle East. Right?"

He looked at me and I nodded in affirmation. Rusk and I talked for several minutes about the war and U.S.-Soviet relations. After the secretary of state departed, the reporters gathered around me, wanting to know what he said. In true diplomatic fashion, I replied that it was clear from Rusk's statement that the United States had no desire to become involved in the Arab-Israeli conflict and that the two superpowers would stay out of it.

The following year, 1968, was one that rocked the United States and the Soviet Union. For me, 1968 was a watershed year that forever changed the way I looked at my country and left me deeply pessimistic that the long awaited reform of Soviet society would ever take place.

In America, within the space of two months, Martin Luther King Jr. and Senator Robert Kennedy were assassinated. I was a great admirer of King's, viewing him as the person who had done more than anyone else to fight racism in America. As a man, I was saddened by the wave of rioting that swept the country after King was gunned down in Memphis, Tennessee. As a KGB officer, however, I welcomed the disturbances, which we viewed as the inevitable consequence of decades of smoldering racial tension in America. The KGB played no role in the riots. America's blacks were setting the cities on fire with no need of outside encouragement.

But there was little time to gloat. Just as the fires were dying down in America, the Soviet Union became embroiled in its own disaster: Czechoslovakia.

Throughout the early months of 1968 I watched with hope and amazement as Czech Premier Alexander Dubček attempted to liberalize and democratize his nation. Dubček was not talking about doing away with Communism, but rather reforming socialism to give it a "human face," with power being transferred from a monolithic Communist Party to the Czech people. Khrushchev had tried to liberalize Soviet society, but his ouster in 1964 and the ensuing four years of inaction had convinced me that our Soviet attempt at reform was dead, that the Communist Party *nomenklatura* was doing everything it could to maintain its hold on power. The heartening events of the "Prague Spring" awoke in me the hope that the process of democratization would spread from Czechoslovakia to Eastern Europe and eventually to the Soviet Union. I secretly wished Dubček and his allies success in their peaceful revolution.

The first word I had that the Prague Spring was to be snuffed out came on August 20, 1968, in a top secret cable from Moscow. By that time, I had been promoted to acting station chief and was reporting when necessary directly to the ambassador. Shortly before the invasion began, I received a coded message to be read only by myself and the ambassador. The cable said that counterrevolutionary activity in Prague—supported by American and NATO secret services—had forced the USSR and "fraternal" countries of Eastern Europe to take "decisive steps to defend the achievements of socialism in Czechoslovakia." In view of these "decisive steps" (i.e., invasion) Moscow advised us to take timely measures to reinforce security at the embassy, ensure the safety of Soviet citizens in the United States, and justify the Warsaw Pact action to the American public as an unavoidable step to safeguard international stability and foil the aggressive schemes of reactionary Western circles.

I held the cable in my hand, stunned and deeply depressed. I had been following the events in Czechoslovakia not only through the press but also through National Security Agency and CIA documents received from our American assets. In addition, the head of Czechoslovak intelligence in Washington had given me regular briefings. From all of these sources, I knew that our supposed reasons for intervention were nothing but lies: It was absolutely clear that the CIA and other Western intelligence agencies were not fomenting unrest in Czechoslovakia. The Prague Spring had risen up from below, from the Czech people themselves.

Cable in hand, I walked downstairs to Ambassador Dobrynin's office.

When he finished reading it, I muttered, "This is monstrous folly! It's idiotic. There is no other word for it."

I had no idea how Dobrynin would react, but he too did nothing to conceal his outrage.

"They are absolute fools!" Dobrynin hissed. "This is a terrible business, and it will be a crippling blow to all our good beginnings with America. To sink to something like this! We'll have to brace ourselves for a lot of unpleasantness."

On August 21, when Soviet troops entered Prague in force, I dropped in to see the *Pravda* correspondent Boris Strelnikov. Volodya Til, from the Czechoslovak Press Agency, was already there. The announcement of the crackdown in Czechoslovakia had not been made, and I kept sneaking apprehensive glances at the clock: word of our invasion was expected to come any minute. Finally American TV broke in with a special announcement about our occupation of Czechoslovakia. Til's face turned stony, and he walked out as soon as the bulletin ended.

Soviet propaganda kept citing instances of U.S. and Western involvement in the Czech events, alleging that CIA and NATO agents had infiltrated the country to foment revolution. *Pravda* and other Soviet media reported that Warsaw Pact troops had found CIA arms caches and that thousands of NATO troops, disguised as tourists, had flooded into Prague. I knew it was all nonsense, and that any signs of CIA involvement were sure to have been fabricated by the KGB's "active measures" experts—as turned out to be the case.

As expected, the outcry around the world was deafening. In Washington, we unenthusiastically spread the official Soviet line, though I privately told my friends in the American press corps that I was dismayed by the crushing of the Prague Spring. The day after the announcement of the invasion, my counterpart in the Czechoslovakian Intelligence Department phoned me and asked for an urgent meeting at a nearby restaurant. No sooner had I sat down than the Czech resident, tears welling in his eyes, launched into an attack on the Kremlin.

"Your leadership has committed a crass error in using force against a nation which has always respected the Soviet Union," he told me. "In my mind, Oleg, I can probably understand the reasons which motivated Brezhnev to resort to armed force. But in my heart, I cannot accept any justification for it. My children will hate you for what you've done to my country. They will never forgive you for what happened."

I was deeply moved by the resident's words and in response said that not every Soviet agreed with what had happened. I said I was immensely sorry and that I hoped our friendship would survive, despite everything. I embraced him as we said good-bye. We never saw each other again.

In the days following the invasion, I sat in my office in the embassy and pored over hundreds of pages of purloined U.S. intelligence reports on Czechoslovakia. Not one of them gave a hint that the CIA or other U.S. agencies had done anything nefarious in Czechoslovakia in recent months. On my own initiative, I prepared a detailed analysis of the activity of American intelligence in the weeks preceding the invasion. The analysis conclusively showed that, while America was closely monitoring the situation in Czechoslovakia, the CIA had taken no steps to destabilize the country. I addressed the report to KGB Chairman Yuri Andropov, certain he would want to see it. Later I learned that when my report arrived in Moscow, Andropov had it destroyed immediately.

Eventually the furor over the Czech invasion died down. Dubček and his aides, after being hauled away to the Soviet Union by the KGB, were returned to Czechoslovakia. They served briefly as a puppet government before a staunch, pro-Moscow regime was installed. These lackeys would reign another two decades until the whole house of cards came tumbling down in 1989.

It's clear now that Brezhnev and the Politburo knew precisely what they were dealing with in Czechoslovakia. Had they let the Prague Spring continue to flower, the revolution would have spread to Hungary and Poland and the Baltic States and ultimately to Russia itself. What was going on in Prague had to be crushed in its early stages, or the entire Communist edifice would crumble.

For me, the invasion of Czechoslovakia was one of the two or three milestones on my road to total disillusionment with the Soviet system. I suppose that had I been bolder, had I been more of a dissident, I might have resigned shortly after Soviet tanks rolled into Prague. But I was no dissident, no Sakharov or Solzhenitsyn. I was a product of the system, a patriot, and defection was absolutely out of the question. I suppose I also was a slave to my ambitions, and to the illusion that this system—despite the increasing proliferation of Communist Party hacks at all levels—could be reformed. So I stayed in the KGB; indeed, I continued to rise rapidly through its ranks. I was a professional, and I knew we were involved in a bitter power struggle with the United States. I was not prepared, despite the colossal blunder of Czechoslovakia, to abandon my country or its Communist system. But the crushing of the Prague Spring had profoundly unsettled me. It meant the end of illusions inspired by Khrushchev's reforms. It ended my own illusions about the future of my country. I would never be the same again.

By this time another unsettling trend was becoming evident in the KGB. At all levels, Communist Party apparatchiks—shallow, fawning, and unprofessional—were moving into positions of power. Though I respected Andropov's astuteness and toughness, he was responsible for bringing in legions of Party hacks who ultimately weakened the KGB. In the late 1960s and especially in the 1970s, Communist Party bureaucrats such as Vladimir Kryuchkov—who went on to lead the KGB and the ill-fated 1991 coup—moved into positions of power. The members of the ruling Politburo viewed these apparatchiks as a stable and reliable force, especially considering the frightening counterrevolutionary trends that had popped up in Czechoslovakia.

But this influx of Party bureaucrats into the KGB was disastrous. They knew little about the nuts and bolts of intelligence, and even less about the world outside the Soviet Union. We disparagingly called them "encyclopedists"—men who knew a little about everything. They could do anything, run any organization. And they ruined the country. In the KGB, officers increasingly were promoted because of who they knew, not what they had accomplished. Men of strong character and high professional ability became suspect, while obsequious yes men climbed higher and higher.

Perhaps in part because of the influx of Party bureaucrats, the KGB (like virtually every organization in the country) began to suffer from gigantism. Right before my eyes, in the late 1960s and 1970s, I saw the KGB steadily grow both larger and more ineffective. When I started working with the KGB, there were three major directorates: intelligence, counterintelligence, and codes. By the 1970s, there were a dozen—each a little fiefdom unto itself.

When I began working for the KGB, political intelligence was divided into eight geographic regions. By 1980, there were twenty geographic departments. When I started my career, there was one advanced KGB school in Moscow. By the 1980s, there were three. In my early days, the KGB intelligence directorate was headquartered in Lubyanka and a nearby, smaller building. By the late 1970s, intelligence had virtually been given its own city, the sprawling compound at Yasenovo on the outskirts of Moscow. Yasenovo contained a twenty-two-story building, an eighteen-story building, and a seven-story building.

One fact alone tells the story of the KGB's growth: by 1990 there were more KGB employees in Moscow alone—47,000—than all of the CIA and FBI employees combined. The total number of KGB manpower reached 496,000. And the bitter truth was that this sprawling organization turned out to be far less effective than its earlier counterpart.

This gigantism had another result (which should not be overlooked, for it was one of the main reasons why the Soviet Union ultimately self-destructed): the KGB—like the army, the Communist

Party, and the gargantuan military-industrial complex—was siphoning off an enormous percentage of the Soviet Union's financial resources. These authoritarian institutions were draining the country dry. Nothing was denied the KGB, the Party, or the defense industry. The average Soviet, meanwhile, was living virtually a Third World existence with scarce food, backward medical care, and laughably shoddy consumer goods. There was some truth to the old joke that the Soviet Union was little more than the Congo with rockets.

These problems weighed on me in Washington, but I was so busy trying to balance my dual existence as a KGB officer and press attaché that I did not have the luxury to dwell on such cosmic matters. As 1968 progressed, our station—and particularly my political intelligence line—got deeply involved in analyzing the presidential race between Republican nominee Richard Nixon and Democrat Hubert Humphrey. We forged a close back-channel tie with Henry Kissinger that not only changed our view of the race but also opened up a direct line between Brezhnev and Nixon that was to significantly improve U.S.-Soviet relations.

As the election heated up in the fall of 1968, the conventional Soviet view—and the one held by Ambassador Dobrynin—was that a Humphrey victory would be far better for the Soviet Union. Dobrynin believed that Humphrey and the Democrats were more predictable and would guarantee more stable relations between our two countries. The ambassador and many other Soviet officials feared Nixon, viewing him as a staunch anti-Communist. Dobrynin also thought Nixon was unpredictable and something of a scoundrel.

We in the KGB, however, took a different view. We liked Nixon. We knew that he was unpredictable, but we also thought that he could take giant steps that could lead to a marked improvement in Soviet-U.S. relations. Early on, we saw that the very fact that Nixon was a conservative and a fervent anti-Communist could work to our advantage: such a man would have the power to improve relations between our countries, for no one would ever dare accuse Nixon of being soft on Communism.

We also had a little help in our intelligence assessments, thanks to a fascinating relationship that developed between one of our officers and Henry Kissinger.

The KGB officer was named Boris Sedov. Officially, he was in Washington as a reporter for the Novosti Press Agency. In fact, he was one of my underlings in the KGB's political intelligence line. In the course of his Novosti work, Sedov had met Kissinger, who was then at Harvard University. They hit it off and began meeting frequently. We encouraged Sedov to cultivate his relationship with Kissinger because we knew the German émigré professor was well connected and held widely respected views on foreign affairs. We never had any illusions about trying to recruit Kissinger; he was simply a source of political intelligence.

When Kissinger became a close political adviser to Nixon during the campaign, however, we knew that we had a very important relationship on our hands, one that could go well beyond what Sedov and Kissinger had enjoyed before. In fact, both sides began to use this contact as a fruitful back channel between the leadership of our two countries.

For his part, Kissinger—clearly acting on instructions from Nixon and plainly aware that Sedov was more than just an average Soviet reporter—began to convey to us that Nixon was no anti-Communist ogre and that he wanted improved relations with the USSR. Again and again in meetings with Sedov, Kissinger told us not to underestimate Nixon's political abilities, not to overestimate his anti-Communism, and not to take Nixon's hard-line campaign pronouncements at face value. Kissinger told Sedov that Nixon, if elected, would strive for a new era of improved relations between the two superpowers. That message was conveyed to Lubyanka, which passed it on directly to Brezhnev and the Politburo. Later, Nixon—through the Kissinger-Sedov channel—sent an unofficial letter to Brezhnev in which he set out his views on the international situation and said he would do all he could to improve relations between us.

The message was well received in the Kremlin, in large measure because Brezhnev and his Politburo cronies were anxious to begin repairing the damage that had been done after the invasion of Czechoslovakia. In reply to Kissinger's overtures, Brezhnev sent back a message, relayed through Sedov, that the Kremlin would welcome the chance to work with Nixon and had no ill feelings toward him.

Dobrynin was apprised in general terms of the content of the confidential communications between Brezhnev and Nixon. He was not thrilled about the back channel but accepted it because the election campaign was under way and it was still improper for the Soviet Union to open up direct contact with Nixon.

The Republican was overwhelmingly elected the thirty-seventh president of the United States. Even before sending official congratulations, Brezhnev forwarded a confidential note to Nixon through Sedov expressing the hope that Nixon's election would bring changes in the superpower relationship. For more than a month afterward the Soviet regime and the president-elect communicated through the Sedov-Kissinger back channel.

Finally Dobrynin had enough. He said it was time to begin all communication through proper diplomatic channels. Dobrynin sent a cable to Brezhnev, saying in effect that he appreciated the service done by the KGB in establishing communications with Nixon but, considering that the ambassador was alive and well, all contact with the new administration should go through the Foreign Ministry and the embassy in Washington. Brezhnev agreed. Dobrynin himself began to meet with Kissinger, and Sedov was relegated to the background.

However, Sedov and the KGB continued to contribute to the dialogue between the United States and the Soviet Union. Once Kissinger became national security adviser to Nixon, Sedov began to meet frequently with one of Kissinger's top aides, Richard Allen. I too later met Allen at a small party given by Sedov. As with Kissinger, Sedov met regularly with Allen to exchange information. Allen must have been aware that Sedov was from the KGB, but both sides found it beneficial to use these informal meetings to probe one another, ask questions, exchange ideas, and float trial balloons. Sedov once considered trying to recruit Allen as an agent, and even went so far as to look into

Allen's financial affairs and inquire whether there might be some compromising material that could be used to recruit the National Security Council deputy. But I quickly quashed the idea, saying it was useless and, worse, could jeopardize our improving relations.

Sedov and Allen continued their relationship until I left Washington in 1970. Allen eventually went on to become national security adviser to President Ronald Reagan.

In December 1968—exhausted from a combination of the Czechoslovakian events, the campaign, the Walker case, and my job as acting station chief—I decided to take a rest. KGB officers stationed in America customarily vacationed in the Soviet Union. But I knew a home trip was out of the question since it would be virtually impossible to find a replacement for me as acting station chief on such short notice. I was then gripped by a wild notion: why not vacation in Florida? No KGB officer had ever done that before, figuring the Americans would flatly reject the idea. Remarkably, I got the okay I needed from Dobrynin, KGB headquarters, and the Americans themselves.

Delighted that I had somehow managed to outfox the sprawling bureaucracies of the world's two great powers, I piled my family into our green Volkswagen Beetle on a cold December day and headed south. As expected, the beaches were delightful. But by far the most memorable part of the trip were the friendly—even touching—encounters with the FBI agents who followed me to and from the Sunshine State.

The road from Washington to Florida was a long one, and FBI security regulations made it even longer for us. U.S. officials weren't taking any chances that I might do a little snooping around on my vacation, so they chose a route for me that steered clear of military bases and other "top secret" installations. Leaving Washington, I saw two FBI cars on our tail, assuming they would be with us the whole way. But the FBI had decided to let agents in the southern states have the fun of tailing a Russian spook, so every time we crossed a state line we waved farewell to an old surveillance team and picked up a new one. The trip south was uneventful, and it felt great to be out of the Washington rat race and traveling through the picturesque, slow-paced world of the American South.

Arriving in Fort Lauderdale, FBI agents in tow, we quite randomly selected the Hacienda Motel—a typical, modest 1950s American motel that had the supreme advantages of being relatively cheap and right on the beach. Hardly had I finished checking in when one of the FBI agents approached me and politely asked when I would be returning to Washington. I told him the exact date and time, two weeks hence, and he thanked me and disappeared. Except for a brief side trip to Miami, our FBI surveillance ceased until we got ready to head back to Washington.

We lounged around Fort Lauderdale for several days, then took the prearranged trip to Miami. We were only allowed to travel by train or plane, so early in the morning on the appointed day of our excursion we arrived at the Fort Lauderdale railroad station. Two FBI men were wandering up and down the platform, and we nodded politely. The train was delayed, virtually no one else was on the platform, so I decided to talk to our FBI escorts. Normally, while being tailed, we are supposed to ignore the men following us and go about our business. It certainly wasn't advisable for KGB officers to begin talking to agents of a hostile intelligence service without first receiving permission from headquarters. But it was vacation, no one else was around, and I decided to ask one of our FBI men about hotels and public transportation in Miami. He was extremely friendly, filling us in on where to stay and what sites to see. I asked him if he would be accompanying us to Miami, but he said he wouldn't, that another surveillance team would pick us up when we got there. We bade farewell and hopped on the train. With me were Ludmilla and our youngest daughter, Yulia.

Word must have spread in the FBI that we weren't bad folks. We spent twenty-four hours in Miami, and the following morning—after rushing out of our hotel without breakfast—we arrived at the station to catch our train back to Fort Lauderdale. I wandered down a side street in search of a quick place to eat. After I had gone a few yards, a member of the surveillance team—a jovial, middle-aged man—asked me what I was looking for. When I told him breakfast, he hurried back to get Ludmilla and Yulia and led us to a decent cafeteria. After a quick meal, we got on the train, our little Russian family smiling and waving good-bye to the G-men.

I was beginning to like these guys.

Two weeks later, rested and refreshed, we pulled out of the Hacienda Motel at the appointed hour. Two FBI cars were parked nearby, ready to roll. The occupants smiled at us as if we were old friends, and we set off on the long road back to Washington.

That night, it was already dark when we decided to pull in to a roadside motel. As we entered the parking lot, the old Beetle sputtered and died. I began pushing it into the parking lot when one of the FBI men leaped out of his surveillance car and gave me a hand. He couldn't get it started either but assured me there was a garage nearby and that we would get the car fixed.

We washed up at the motel and then set off on foot in search of dinner. In the distance, a flashing neon Howard Johnson's sign beckoned. We had walked no more than thirty yards when a blue Dodge, tires whispering, pulled up beside us. A car door slammed and a tall, young FBI agent approached us.

"Where are you going in the dark?" he asked. "It's not all that safe around here. Hop in. I'll drive you wherever you want to go."

I hesitated for a second, but then we piled into his car and drove to the Howard Johnson's restaurant. I asked him to join us for dinner, but he politely declined, saying he and his partner had already eaten.

We emerged from the restaurant an hour later. The Dodge was there waiting for us, its driver holding open the door for Ludmilla and Yulia. This was getting to be a bit much, but I enjoyed it nevertheless.

"Have you been with us all the way from Fort Lauderdale?" I asked the young man, settling down in the front passenger seat. "No," he responded. "We picked you up halfway. We'll be with you as far as St. Petersburg, and then we'll hand you over to someone else."

He hesitated, perhaps remembering that FBI rules also forbade agents talking to KGB men without approval. Then he continued.

"We don't get many Russian visitors, although once I escorted a fellow countryman of yours."

"We're very grateful to you for your help and courtesy," I said. "Even though relations between our countries are not too friendly, we've encountered only good feelings on this trip. Perhaps some day we'll be friends. And maybe the time will come when our respective services will work together in peace."

"Well, I don't know about that," he replied. "But people should help each other when they're in trouble . . . By the way, don't worry about your car. Everything will be all right."

He said good night to us outside our motel door, then disappeared into the darkness.

The next morning when we walked out to the Volkswagen, we discovered that our FBI surveillance team had gotten up early and had the car repaired. It started on the first try, and we headed back to Washington.

I was so impressed with the friendliness of the FBI agents that, back in Washington, I had the urge to write J. Edgar Hoover and praise the men who had accompanied us on our trip. But then I realized that if my letter were to somehow make it into the American or Soviet press, life wouldn't be worth living back in Moscow. The impulse passed.

Not long after my return, I passed up another chance to probe the limits of détente. I was at a dinner given by Joseph Harsch of the *Christian Science Monitor.* At one point, Allen Dulles, the retired CIA director, appeared at the party. I was tempted to talk with him, but I knew he was ill. I also had already been identified by Jack Anderson as a KGB agent, and I was still acting station chief. So I never approached the aging cold warrior, figuring the last thing I needed back in Moscow was an item in the Washington press about my having an intimate dinner-party conversation with the retired American spymaster.

Early in 1969, as the months ticked by, I knew that my time in Washington was drawing to a close. Headquarters had already made it clear that, due to the publicity I had received, there was no way I could be named station chief. Moscow was finding a replacement for me, and I was trying to sort out where I might like to go next. I clearly had little time left. Nevertheless, I still kept trying to develop agents in the United States, and the FBI still kept trying to entrap me, usually with a woman as bait.

In February 1969, I attended a party at the West German embassy, where I met an attractive young woman who had fled Hungary after the 1956 uprising. That in itself interested me, but when I found out that she worked at the State Department, I just had to take a stab at recruiting her. We stayed at the Fasching (Shrove Tuesday) party until four in the morning, dancing and talking, and even kissing a bit. We agreed to meet again the following day. But when we rendezvoused and I asked if I could see her again, she told me it would be impossible.

"Oleg, I like you very much as a man, but I've been warned to stay away from you," she said. "I'm a government employee, and my Hungarian past may damage my reputation, especially if I meet with you again."

I tried to talk her into having dinner with me later in the week, but she made it clear that State Department security people had sternly warned her not to have anything to do with me.

A fellow KGB officer also had been at the West German party, had met a secretary in a senator's office, and was pursuing her, as well. That same week, the FBI warned her about my colleague, and their budding relationship ended. Clearly FBI counterintelligence had been at the party, keeping close watch on us.

Before I left the nation's capital, the FBI made one last effort to entrap me. This final episode occurred in the summer of 1969, when a large group from the Soviet embassy rented a boat and invited dozens of American journalists and politicians to join us on a four-hour cruise down the Potomac River. During the trip, a rather plump but attractive woman approached me and began chatting. She turned out to be an American descendant of Austrian aristocrats and worked as a public relations officer at the U.S. State Department. She seemed unusually friendly, which put me on guard. Then, the following day, she phoned me at the embassy and invited me to come to her house for a dinner party that evening. I was sure it was a setup, and I was right.

That night, I drove to her apartment in one of Washington's most fashionable neighborhoods, on Massachusetts Avenue. As I parked in front of her building, I noticed a U.S. government car parked nearby, unmistakably FBI.

She answered the door in a sexy dressing gown. As I kissed her on the cheek, I once again thought to myself, Does the FBI really think I'm that stupid?

We were alone in her beautifully furnished apartment. Candles burned on the dining room table, which had place settings for two. The woman fixed me a drink, and I asked her, "But you said you were having a party. Where are the other guests?"

"They'll be along later," she assured me.

Jesus Christ! I thought to myself. Unable to get me expelled from the country by planting articles with Jack Anderson, the FBI now wanted to entrap me and arrest me on a rape charge. I could just see it unfold: the woman would start screaming and federal agents, listening through the hidden microphones in her apartment, would burst in and lock me up. I even walked over to her third floor balcony and tried to figure out a possible escape route. I cursed myself for showing up, unsure how far the FBI wanted to take this game.

In any event, we sat down to dinner, and I made small talk with the woman, waiting for her next move. As we were finishing, there was a knock at the door, and she let in another couple. I don't remember now who they said they were, though I was convinced they too were from the FBI. The couple had a drink, then announced they had to leave. By that time I had enough of the intrigue and said I was leaving.

"Why are you running off?" said the hostess. "Please do stay. Let them go. It's not late."

She followed me into the corridor, trying gently but insistently to restrain me. I was politely adamant and, walking onto Massachusetts Avenue, I swore I would steer clear of all such situations in the future.

In mid-1969, a new station chief—Mikhail Polonik—arrived. A career KGB officer, Polonik had been in charge of political intelligence in New York. He was a professional, but it was clear from the start that, compared to Solomatin, he was mediocre.

It was time to go. I had been in Washington nearly five years; Solomatin and I had turned around a lackluster KGB station and run some of the most valuable spies the Soviet Union had during the cold war. But the long hours and constant pressure—particularly since my exposure by Jack Anderson—had left me weary. In late 1969, I heard rumors that Alexander Sakharovsky, the head of intelligence, was considering me for the job of station chief in Tokyo. It was an appealing prospect, especially considering Japan's growing economic power and world prominence. I waited anxiously for official word of my transfer.

Then, just before Christmas, a ciphered message arrived for me from headquarters that caught me totally off guard: I was being offered the job of deputy chief of foreign counterintelligence. I was flattered but skeptical whether this was the right move for me. Becoming deputy chief of an entire section was an undeniable step up. And the leaders at KGB headquarters assured me that they wanted to vastly enlarge and improve the department, charged with penetrating foreign intelligence services and keeping an eye on Soviets abroad. But at that time, foreign counterintelligence had a reputation for being staffed with people far inferior to those in political intelligence. While many of the officers in political intelligence were cosmopolitan people with good language skills, the personnel in foreign counterintelligence often were unsophisticated men from regional KGB offices, men with little knowledge of the world or its languages.

I mulled over the offer. The cipher clerk told me that Polonik had held the cable concerning my promotion for a week in his safe. Perhaps Polonik had been irritated that I was jumping over his head in the service hierarchy, and would in fact be one of his bosses in Moscow. In any case, when we talked about the offer, Polonik tried hard to dissuade me from taking the job.

"Don't go," he said. "You have such a great reputation in political intelligence. You'll be promoted yet. Why move to counterintelligence? Think of who you'll have to work with, these hicks from the domestic service. You'll hate it. Why mix with this crowd? Think about it."

I did, though I knew it would be foolish to pass up the opportunity.

Washington was lovely that December. The city glimmered with Christmas lights and shoppers filled the streets, and I asked myself if I really wanted to give up the pleasures and thrills of life overseas and return to the Soviet capital. I stalled, in part because I had just bought my wife a fur coat, had not paid off my subscription to the *Encyclopedia Britannica,* and wanted to pull down my prized hard currency salary a few more months. But early in January 1970 I received a new ciphered cable: the time for a decision had come.

"The vacancy has to be filled at once due to the necessity of concentrating all forces in one section to counteract the main efforts of the enemy's special services," the message said. "Cable reply."

So I was going. I had to take back the fur coat and sell the *Encyclopedia Britannica* because we were running low on money. In late February, the day came to say good-bye to my coworkers in political intelligence. We gathered in a small, stuffy room in the embassy, and several of the officers who had worked for me gave valedictory speeches. My turn came to speak, and I urged everyone to treasure the experience they had gained in the last five years, to keep running risks and bringing a gambler's instinct to the espionage business. Our work would come to nothing, I told them, without the aggressive style and daring tactics we had used in recent years. Polonik looked displeased, as if I were trying to plant a mine underneath all his well-crafted, conservative plans.

"The main thing is to always be on the lookout," I told the men of my section. "It's like fishing or going on a hunting expedition. You have to be on the alert all the time and never miss an opportunity."

On February 26, 1970, my family and I boarded an Aeroflot flight for Moscow. I wouldn't set foot in America again for another twenty years, and upon my return I would no longer be the same loyal servant of the KGB. All told, in New York City and in Washington, I had spent a decade in the United States, and those years had a profound effect on me. I grew as an intelligence officer, and I tasted the freedom of American life.

After Washington, I would return to Moscow and spend another ten years in the heart of the Soviet intelligence apparatus. I would serve my country faithfully and put everything I had into battling the United States, the CIA, and the West. But that decade in America had changed me irrevocably. I had learned to speak my mind and I had learned not to cringe. In the 1970s, as the Soviet Union became more deeply mired in the stagnation of the Brezhnev era, these were not highly prized qualities. Ultimately my outspokenness and my reluctance to kowtow to superiors would lead to my break with the KGB.

And for that, I am grateful to America.

CHAPTER 5

Philby

ONE MORNING IN MARCH 1970, I SAT IN THE INNER SANCTUM OF THE KGB in Moscow, just a few feet from the bulky, imposing figure of Yuri Vladimirovich Andropov. I was there for a meeting of the KGB's ruling body, the Collegium, which was being chaired by the legendary Andropov. Arrayed in front of me in the spacious, wood-paneled room were a dozen "Gray Cardinals" of the dreaded Soviet secret police and espionage apparatus. At its regular monthly meetings, the Collegium decided all matters of importance to the KGB, and on this cold March morning the powerful, poker-faced members of our agency's ruling council were assembled around a long table discussing (among other things) my promotion.

The staff in the Personnel Department had instructed me to keep my head up and my mouth shut, and that's what I did as the Collegium considered my nomination as deputy director of foreign counterintelligence. Alexander Sakharovsky, the KGB's chief of intelligence, summarized my achievements in New York and Washington. Andropov sat slumped in his chair, his eyes fixed on the papers in front of him. When Sakharovsky finished his talk, Andropov finally raised his head and asked me one question.

"Do you agree to take the position you've been offered?" the chairman asked.

"I do," I replied, with all the solemnity of a man taking his wedding vows.

"Do any members of the Collegium have any objections?" asked Andropov, his eyes surveying the room.

"No objections," he said. Then, nodding in my direction: "You can go."

And with that I was inducted into the upper reaches of the KGB and sent off to do battle with America and its NATO allies.

What I found on the front line of the espionage wars was disconcerting. My new directorate, a section of the Soviet intelligence apparatus, had a dizzying array of responsibilities and was—atypically for the KGB—woefully understaffed. Foreign counterintelligence had several major duties. We were charged with penetrating the intelligence, counterintelligence, and police agencies of the United States, its NATO allies, and other nonsocialist countries. We were supposed to penetrate and subvert Soviet émigré organizations, as well as anti-Soviet "centers of ideological subversion" such as Radio Liberty, a U.S. government station that beamed its broadcasts into the USSR. We were assigned to keep watch on thousands of Soviets working overseas to make sure they were not recruited by hostile intelligence agencies and did not defect. And we had to ensure that the more than twelve thousand officers and employees of Soviet intelligence did not go over to the other side and begin spying against the USSR. In short, foreign counterintelligence had a pivotal job in the KGB, and when I came on the scene in 1970 we were not doing it particularly well.

Now, in hindsight, it seems almost comical that KGB intelligence and foreign counterintelligence were viewed around the world as a terrifying juggernaut. Perhaps the CIA saw us as a cold, efficient spying machine, though somehow I doubt it. Anyone close to the KGB's foreign operations couldn't miss seeing the tremendous problems we faced and the sloppiness of our work. As I settled into my new job at Lubyanka, I was painfully aware of how much work there was to be done, though I was at the same time proud of the heritage of Soviet intelligence. After all, it was foreign counterintelligence in the 1930s and 1940s that had set up one of the most spectacular spy rings of the century: Kim Philby and the "Magnificent Five" from Cambridge University. Following World War II, Soviet intelligence had helped steal America's atomic bomb secrets, thus speeding up by several years our development of nuclear weapons. In the 1950s and 1960s, foreign counterintelligence had managed to penetrate deeply into the French, British, and Italian intelligence agencies. In America, we had developed John Walker into a superspy.

But in the halls of Lubyanka there was a growing feeling that our glory was a thing of the past. And as I spent more time in foreign counterintelligence, rising to head of directorate in 1973, it became increasingly clear why we were lacking the fervor of the old days: virtually no one still believed in the Soviet Union. The great spies of the early Soviet days, the Philbys and the Rosenbergs, came to us because of what they saw as our noble Communist experiment. The USSR and Communism looked like the wave of the future, and our best spies—such as the handful of men at the top of French intelligence and the military—came to us in the 1930s, 1940s, and early 1950s out of ideological conviction.

All that began to change in 1956, when Khrushchev exposed the cruelty of the Stalin regime and showed that our socialist achievements had been built on the bones of our own people. True Communist believers such as Philby began to dry up and disappear. And by the time we invaded Czechoslovakia in 1968, only the most fervid ideologue could hold any illusions that the Soviet Union was striving to build a socialist utopia. CIA director William Colby put it well when he said in the 1970s, "The Russians sometimes succeed in recruiting Americans on a material basis, making one-time payments for information passed on. They will only be able to recruit people on an ideological basis when they can present convincing proof that their country is the model society of the future, both politically and socially."

That, of course, was not going to happen.

As disillusionment with the Soviet Union set in, the number of KGB defectors skyrocketed, further damaging our operations. When I first started working in foreign counterintelligence in 1970, the KGB was experiencing a trickle of defections from the ranks. Unfortunately I was foreign counterintelligence chief when two KGB officers defected during the 1970s. After I left the directorate in 1980, the number of turncoats in our ranks swelled to a torrent as more and more KGB officers became disenchanted with our system and fled to the West.

In my first few months on the job I felt forlorn as I sat at my desk and looked over the annual reports of foreign counterintelligence officers from around the world. Much of what these KGB professionals fed to us in the center was half-baked information, rumors, old wives' tales. My unit, known at the time as Service Two of the Intelligence Directorate, had no moles in the CIA or FBI. Our prized agents in Western European intelligence agencies were dying out. We had managed to penetrate the secret services of many Third World countries, thus boosting the sheer number of spies working for us and meeting or exceeding our annual quotas. But buying up agents in Asia and Africa was no great achievement, and I quickly realized we had to redouble our efforts and focus them on penetrating the CIA and NATO intelligence agencies.

After a decade in America my welcome at Lubyanka was not the warmest, and my new boss and coworkers struck me as an unimpressive lot. The head of foreign counterintelligence, Vitaly Boyarov, was a pushy, argumentative, and self-righteous man who had been expelled from the KGB's London station in 1969. At first, staring at his puffy face, I thought I was in for a long, unpleasant relationship with my new chief. Yet I slowly came to respect Boyarov, realizing he was highly intelligent and tough but fair. He turned out to be a stubborn, sophisticated man who wouldn't kowtow to his superiors; in the end, under Kryuchkov, that was Boyarov's undoing.

There was little nice to say about the other deputies in foreign counterintelligence, all of whom were at least a decade older than I was. One was a chain-smoking, profane man who constantly berated his underlings. Another was a fussy, indecisive man who had no business being in the KGB, let alone in a relatively high position. The third was an utter nonentity. All three looked suspiciously upon the thirty-six-year-old wunderkind, fresh from a successful tour of duty in Washington.

Shortly after I returned to work in Lubyanka, I received an unexpected call from Sergei Antonov, an old KGB friend. Antonov then headed KGB Directorate Nine, which protected all top Soviet officials. It was a large and powerful organization, and Antonov asked if I would like to come to work for him and take charge of the section that recruited agents in the Kremlin among the entourages of the country's leaders. The section I was to head had more than fifteen hundred officers whose job was to make sure no harm came to our Kremlin leaders and to keep an eye on (and recruit informers among) drivers, cooks, housekeepers, and other employees. I would have great power—and great perks—Antonov assured me, and he did his best to persuade me to leave foreign counterintelligence and come to work for the domestic side of the KGB.

"I've made inquiries, Oleg," said Antonov. "You don't even have a good place to live; your apartment doesn't even have a telephone. We'll give you the biggest section in Directorate Nine. You'll have more than a thousand people working for you and a network of agents. We protect the Politburo. You know that work. You'll get everything—an apartment in the best building in Moscow, a car by your door every morning, and first-class food. You might make general in a year or two. Who knows? Come on, Oleg, be a good boy."

For a second, given the rocky state of affairs in foreign counterintelligence, I was tempted by Antonov's offer. But I knew that, although I would enjoy tremendous privileges and would rub shoulders with the country's leaders, the work I would do at Directorate Nine would not be nearly as valuable as the work in foreign counterintelligence. Had I gone to work for Antonov I would have been little more than a courtier. And the thought of bowing and scraping before the members of the Politburo, the thought of the endless court intrigues, was repulsive to me. I politely declined. One additional factor was my knowledge of the role the protection department played in the overthrow of Khrushchev in 1964, when the Soviet leader's immediate entourage and bodyguard plotted with the Politburo and betrayed him. Twenty-seven years later, the same scene would be played out again, this time with Mikhail Gorbachev. In the botched coup of August 1991, the Soviet president was betrayed by the chief of his bodyguard and several dozen other KGB officers assigned to protect him and his family.

Boyarov had gotten wind of my conversations with the protection department and asked me if I was negotiating behind his back to leave. I told him I was not interested in working for Directorate Nine, and we got down to work.

One incident that occurred early in my career there showed how disorganized and poorly prepared the section was. The KGB was getting ready to build a top secret intelligence headquarters at Yasenovo, on the outskirts of Moscow. Within the agency, there was a debate as to whether the buildings at Yasenovo should be taller than seven stories, which might make the supposedly supersecret facility visible from nearby roads. One official argued that the CIA's headquarters at Langley, Virginia, was no more than seven stories and that, for security purposes, Yasenovo shouldn't be either.

Sakharovsky, the intelligence chief, phoned me and asked me to dig up a picture of CIA headquarters. I got on the phone with our people in records, thinking they would have the photograph to me in a matter of minutes. In fact, however, for nearly twenty-four hours our crack experts in archives couldn't *find* a picture of Langley. How were we supposed to recruit CIA agents if we couldn't even locate a picture of CIA headquarters? Finally our records people turned up a photograph. I resolved to straighten up the mess there, and eventually our section was one of the first in the KGB to become computerized.

Knowing the difficulties we faced in recruiting CIA agents in America, Boyarov and I set in motion a plan to enlist CIA officers posted overseas. Many KGB stations, particularly in the Third World, had been satisfied to recruit dozens of local army officers, politicians, and intelligence operatives, all the while giving CIA men a wide berth. Boyarov and I resolved to take the fight directly to the CIA, and within a year of my assuming office a promising opportunity to recruit an American intelligence officer presented itself in India. Boyarov decided I should fly to New Delhi to attempt the recruitment myself.

The CIA agent was a third secretary at the U.S. embassy in New Delhi. His last name was Leonard. Over the course of a year, Leonard—then in his early thirties—had carried out a series of extraordinarily careless meetings and recruitment attempts with Indian politicians, army officers, and security agents. We had gotten wind of his ham-fisted actions for a simple reason: we had scores of sources throughout the Indian government—in intelligence, counterintelligence, the defense and foreign ministries, and the police. The entire country was seemingly for sale, and the KGB and the CIA had deeply penetrated the Indian government. After a while, neither side entrusted sensitive information to the Indians, realizing their enemy would know all about it the next day.

We, however, had been more successful than the Americans. Using bribes, confidential ties, and liberal financing of election campaigns, the KGB had played an important role in keeping India among the Soviet Union's friends and partners on the international scene. Corruption was so widespread in India that one top minister offered to pass us information for a fee of $50,000. (Years later he would become the prime minister of India.)

"Do we need him?" Andropov asked his subordinates.

"Not really," one replied. "We've got all the documents from the foreign and defense ministries. Anyway, why pay $50,000 to him? There might be a scandal."

"You are right," said Andropov. "Tell the minister, 'Russians and Indians are friends, and we do not conduct intelligence work in your country.'"

During the 1960s and 1970s, the KGB gave hundreds of thousands of dollars in campaign contributions to Indira Gandhi's Indian Congress Party. The Indian Communist Party got wind of our under-the-table "gifts" and was understandably upset, but we were not naive and put our money on the party that was likely to continue leading India. The KGB had several agents and informers in Indira Gandhi's entourage, and they told her that the large contributions came from sources in the Soviet Union, though her aides may not have told her the money was actually from the KGB.

In any case, India was a model of KGB infiltration of a Third World government. And when Mr. Leonard from the CIA began violating elementary rules of secret meetings and unwittingly exposing his Indian informers, we quickly had detailed accounts (and sometimes photographs) of his rendezvous. By the time I got into the act, the file documenting Leonard's sloppy espionage work was a thick one.

I flew out of Moscow on a frigid January day in 1971. I calculated my chances of recruiting the CIA man at about fifty-fifty, and could only hope that he would be so worried about our exposing his missteps to the Indian press and the CIA that he would agree to cooperate. For a high-ranking KGB officer to attempt to directly recruit a CIA agent was an uncommon and risky proposition. If I failed, a scandal might ensue that could jeopardize my chances of ever serving again in the United States. I was uneasy, yet at the same time excited about the opportunity of confronting my adversary face-to-face in an effort to win him over. My plan was to meet him in comfortable surroundings and use a forceful but friendly approach. A lot would depend, I realized, on Leonard's personality. Our KGB officers on the scene had said he might make a good recruit.

Flying into New Delhi's Palam Airport late at night, I was immediately struck by the poverty of the country. Stick figures warmed themselves around fires that smelled of dung and burning grass. The streets teemed with rickshaws and figures swaddled in dirty robes. Compared to Western Europe, Moscow looked worn and gray. But compared to New Delhi, Moscow seemed like a world-class capital.

Settling into the embassy compound, I read the dossier on Leonard and met with our counterintelligence officers. My stay in New Delhi had been kept quiet to avoid drawing the attention of the CIA, which monitored the movements of certain Soviets in and out of India. I met with our ambassador to let him know I was in town to attempt to recruit a CIA officer. All I told the ambassador was that I was going to be tough on the CIA man because he had been aggressively trying to recruit our people.

Several nights after I arrived in New Delhi, the KGB station chief held a small party for me, attended by some men from our agency and from the GRU, Soviet military intelligence. At the party, our resident let drop that I was in town to “shake a fist” at the Americans because they had been behaving very aggressively in India. At no time did the station chief or I mention that I was in town to recruit a CIA man. One of the guests at the party was the GRU resident in New Delhi, a man named Polyakov. Years later, we would learn that he was already working for the Americans.

My subordinates had arranged for me to meet Leonard at the home of one of our KGB officers. Our officer was an acquaintance of Leonard’s and suggested he come to dinner. Leonard may have told his superiors about the invitation, and the CIA probably decided it would do no harm to dine at the Soviet diplomat’s house and see what developed. I arrived at my colleague’s bungalow well before the CIA agent was scheduled to show up, and we worked out the details of the recruitment approach. When Leonard appeared, I donned sunglasses and began smoking a cigarette, all in an effort to make it hard for the CIA to identify me. The three of us had a few drinks, and Leonard seemed to be in a fine mood, laughing loudly at our—and his own—jokes. My KGB colleague’s wife served us dinner, and after the main course my fellow officer retired to another part of his bungalow, leaving Leonard and me alone.

I got right to the point.

“Listen,” I said. “I have something to tell you. I know you’re with the CIA. I represent Soviet intelligence. So we don’t have to hide things from each other. We are both professionals. And I’ll tell you, young man, you have made so many mistakes on the job that you’ll probably lose it soon.”

I pulled out his dossier, showing him detailed reports and photographs of his meetings with a host of Indian sources. He blanched and began to protest, but I cut him off.

“This is all your work,” I continued. “Besides endangering a dozen Indian military men and politicians who are on the CIA payroll, you have done your government a disservice. You have compromised your organization, your agents, and your government. When we have all this information published in the Indian press, it will be a nice gift to the Indian and American governments. Can you imagine? The local press will have a field day when they learn that you paid their officials to work for you. When the local public finds out about what you did, U.S. positions in India will be seriously undermined and you will pay for your sins with your job. Do you understand that this is the end of your career? The CIA will throw you out right away.”

The man who just ten minutes ago had been roaring at his own jokes and uttering silly platitudes about U.S.-Soviet relations was now a sorry spectacle. He looked stunned, frightened, and utterly flustered. Sensing I was making progress, I pushed on.

“I’m offering you a deal. You will provide me information about CIA activities against the USSR and I, in return, will give you information which you can feed to your superiors and which will be useful in your career. We will obviously pay you for your services.”

“How much would you be willing to pay?” he asked.

“I can give you $25,000 right now,” I responded. “If you work well, I can give you $100,000 down the line, and more after that if our relationship continues.”

I was not bluffing and had the $25,000 with me. Leonard’s jaw literally dropped; he was dumbfounded that the KGB was actually trying to recruit him.

“You understand that this is an unbelievably serious thing you just told me,” he said. “I have never been in a situation like this before. Your proposition is tempting, and what you have told me will be a lesson to me. But I cannot make a decision at once. Betraying my country would be contrary to my convictions, to everything I've done in my life. I am a patriot. . . . I have to think it over."

He was virtually pleading with me.

"I understand it's not an easy decision to make," I replied. "What do you want?"

"I want time to think it over," he said. "Your offer is very enticing, but I need to think about it. I'm willing to meet again. Give me until tomorrow."

We parted, and I thought I might have succeeded in persuading him to cooperate. But the next day at 6:00 P.M., Leonard didn't show up at our appointed meeting place in New Delhi. The following day, the American ambassador sent a strongly worded letter of protest to the Indian Foreign Ministry and the Soviet ambassador, Mr. Pegov. The American ambassador met Pegov to protest our attempted recruitment, but our ambassador replied, "Yes, I know about this case. Your people have been trying to recruit my staff and I told this man who came from Moscow to stop it."

The protest went nowhere. We, meanwhile, gave the material to the Indian press, though we left out Leonard's identity. After all, we didn't want to irritate the CIA too much or they might start acting in kind. The leaked story of this brazen CIA agent created the predictable stir in India, with Indira Gandhi even publicly lashing out at the CIA. I sometimes wondered why the Americans didn't decide to use Leonard as a double agent; perhaps they decided that they couldn't keep him under tight control.

One mystery remained—a mystery I pondered as I made a short inspection trip around India to Bombay, Jaipur, and Madras. When the American ambassador sent his letter of protest, he mentioned me by name as the KGB officer who had tried to recruit Leonard. How could the Americans possibly have known my name, since I flew into the country as an unregistered diplomat? There must have been a source in our embassy, and we set about to find it.

We had no luck. But fifteen years later, the issue was resolved when top Soviet agents in the CIA and the FBI provided the KGB with reams of information on U.S. moles in the KGB and GRU. And one of those moles was none other than Polyakov, the GRU resident who had toasted me in New Delhi. Polyakov, after leaving New Delhi, had risen to the rank of general, and over the course of roughly twenty years he fed the United States top secret information. Our well-connected assets in French intelligence kept telling us in the 1970s that the CIA had a mole inside the GRU. We repeatedly went to our military counterintelligence people, saying we had it on impeccable authority that the GRU had been penetrated at a high level.

"Come on, Oleg," my colleagues in military counterintelligence would reply. "What nonsense!"

"These sources have never lied to us," I replied. "They may not know enough, but they aren't lying. There must be a joint effort to find the mole."

Military counterintelligence made halfhearted attempts to ferret out the spy in the GRU but never located him. Then along came A. Ames and R. Hanssen, and in a matter of months Polyakov was arrested, interrogated, and shot. He was one of several Soviet turncoats exposed by our moles in U.S intelligence and executed in the late 1980s.

When I returned from India to Moscow, the corridors of Lubyanka were buzzing with rumors of my unsuccessful recruiting attempt. Some friends tried to console me. Other colleagues thought my career was washed up, since such a rare and risky recruitment effort had blown up in my face. I thought they were wrong, saw nothing at all harmful in what I had done, and was even thinking of new ways to approach CIA agents. I threw myself into the effort to reorganize and strengthen foreign counterintelligence. And I took solace in the words of Kim Philby, who told me, "If one attempt in fifty is successful, your efforts won't have been wasted."

And it was to Philby that I was devoting a great deal of my time in the early 1970s, nurturing a relationship that would prove to be one of the most rewarding and fascinating in all my years in the KGB.

I came to know the legendary spy in a roundabout way, following one of the most publicized defections by a KGB officer in the cold war era. In September 1971, Oleg Lyalin, a KGB major in our London station, went over to the other side after working six months for British intelligence. But Lyalin was no ordinary intelligence officer, and what he revealed to British authorities created an international scandal that seriously undermined our espionage activities in England.

Lyalin, an expert marksman and parachutist, was assigned to one of the KGB's most shadowy sections—Department V—which prepared contingency plans for assassination and sabotage in the event of war. Every large KGB station throughout the world had one officer representing Department V. In Washington we had one who did everything from plotting ways to poison the capital's water system to drawing up assassination plans for U.S. leaders. No one from Department V had ever defected before, and what Lyalin divulged—which was eventually made public—created a stir. He disclosed that Department V's wartime plans in England included plots to shadow leaders and assassinate them, flood the London Underground, blow up military installations, and generally wreak havoc. The sabotage would be coordinated by Lyalin and carried out by Soviet special forces troops and Soviet illegals and agents living in England.

The furor created by Lyalin's revelations led the British government to expel 105 Soviets from the country. In addition, the English clamped down on the KGB by denying visas to known Soviet intelligence officers. Our intelligence-gathering activities in England suffered a crippling blow, and the Lyalin defection sent shockwaves through Lubyanka. An investigation showed that Lyalin's behavior was suspect and should have been curtailed, but that the KGB resident in London, as well as our counterintelligence man, covered up Lyalin's misdeeds. Lyalin had seduced the wives of several Soviet officials in London. Our people knew about his shenanigans and likely British intelligence did too. But his increasingly wild behavior was never reined in because no one wanted a scandal and because, as often was the case, KGB officers in the same station covered up for one another.

The upshot of the Lyalin affair was that dozens of KGB officers were fired or demoted, and Department V was shut down. Andropov demanded that we stem the growing tide of KGB defections while at the same time luring more Western defectors to the Soviet Union.

Andropov called in my chief, Boyarov, and ordered the development of a new program that would make defection to the USSR attractive—not an easy assignment. The KGB chairman suggested that we lure defectors to the Soviet Union with offers of large amounts of money, fancy apartments and country houses, and complete freedom of movement in the USSR and Eastern Europe. According to Boyarov, Andropov told him, "Lyalin has disgraced our organization. We must make people want to defect to us. Why do our people always defect to the West? We should have a program that entices Western spies to come to us. We need to seduce them into coming here with financial remuneration, a better life, perhaps ideological reasons. Spare no effort."

Andropov, still thinking in terms of the old Communist International, was deluded if he thought that as late as 1971 we could persuade defectors to come to us for ideological reasons. But he was on the right track when he suggested that we needed to make life better for those people who had spied for the Soviet Union and defected to our side.

"How many defectors do we have?" Andropov asked Boyarov. "Are they living well? Are they treated all right? Make a life for them so that everyone will envy them. Everyone should know about it."

Boyarov called me in and said he was entrusting me with the job of improving the lot of foreign defectors in Moscow, most notably Kim Philby.

"You'll take care of these people," Boyarov said. "You're perfectly suited for it. You have the experience of working in the West. You deal with these people. Give them anything they want. Do anything. I won't interfere."

And so, early in 1972, I found myself heading to the apartment of Harold Adrian Russell "Kim" Philby, a living legend in the espionage world. I had read reports and heard rumors about Philby's life in Moscow—his drinking, womanizing, bouts of depression, and squalid existence. Driving to his flat on Yuzhinsky Pereyulok, just off Gorky Street in the very center of Moscow, I had butterflies in my stomach, not knowing what to expect. I entered the faded, prerevolutionary building and was assaulted by the smell of urine. A dark, rickety elevator haltingly carried me up seven floors. I got out, walked up a flight of stairs to the top floor, and rang the buzzer next to Philby's reinforced steel door. Nothing could have prepared me for what I was about to see.

Someone fumbled with the lock and the door opened. I stepped inside, and there, in the twilight of the entrance hall, stood the wreck of a man. The bent figure caromed off the walls as he walked. Reeking of vodka, he mumbled something unintelligible to me in atrocious, slurred Russian.

Hunched over in front of me was one of the great spies of the twentieth century. Philby, along with four Cambridge University classmates, had decided in the 1930s to devote his life to the Communist cause, and he concluded that he could best serve it by becoming a Soviet spy. Philby and his cohorts infiltrated the British Army, the Foreign Ministry, and the Secret Intelligence Service (SIS), where, for more than a decade, they passed along invaluable information to the Soviet Union and exposed scores of agents within the USSR. In any event, Philby and the Cambridge spies were true Communist believers. Appalled by the rise of fascism in Nazi Germany, dismayed over the collapse of the Labour Party in Britain, and impressed by Stalin's socialist experiment and his bold industrialization drive, the young men became convinced that Soviet Communism was the wave of the future.

After graduating from Cambridge in 1933, Philby quietly made contact with leftists in England and on the Continent. In 1937, he went off to the Spanish Civil War, where he made a name for himself in England by writing for the *Times* (London) and distinguished himself in the eyes of the Soviet secret police by supplying them with detailed reports about Franco's regime and the involvement of the Germans and Italians on the side of the Spanish Fascists.

When World War II broke out, Philby, with Guy Burgess's help, landed a job in counterintelligence with Her Majesty's Secret Intelligence Service. He gave his Soviet handlers excellent information, including two books detailing the work of British agents against the Soviet Union. In 1944, Philby managed to maneuver himself into position to head up the SIS unit assigned to hunt down Soviet agents in England. He truly became the fox guarding the henhouse, and passed along to Moscow priceless information about anti-Soviet intelligence efforts in Great Britain. From 1947 to 1949, he was the SIS chief in Turkey, handing over information about the attempts of anti-Soviet agents to enter the USSR. And from 1949 to 1951, he served in Washington as the SIS's chief liaison with the CIA. That job placed him in an extraordinarily sensitive position, and the damage he did to the West was enormous. Among other things, he passed along precise information about Western efforts to parachute Russian-speaking illegals into the Soviet Union. The information, along with many of his other tips, led to the capture and execution of several Western agents in the Soviet Union, a by-product of his work that (on the surface at least) never seemed to bother Philby. In Washington, Philby became close friends with the future CIA counterintelligence chief, James Jesus Angleton, who trusted Philby implicitly and was stunned when the Englishman turned out to be a spy. Angleton was so badly burned that for the rest of his life he saw evidence of far-reaching Soviet plots everywhere and remained paranoid about Soviet "volunteers."

The extraordinary espionage careers of Philby and the Magnificent Five began to unravel in 1951 when the CIA broke the Soviet intelligence code and began to close in on Maclean. Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean both fled to the Soviet Union as the CIA and SIS noose was tightening. Philby, who had been closely associated with Burgess, immediately came under suspicion and was tossed out of the SIS. But he bluffed his way through several inquiries and remained in England until 1956, when he moved to Beirut as a journalist. Finally, in 1963, the SIS had convincing proof of Philby's espionage and sent an officer to confront him. The British spy then fled on a ship from Beirut to Odessa, beginning his quarter century of exile in the Soviet Union.

He was exhaustively debriefed in Moscow. Then, after every bit of information had been wrung out of Philby, he was essentially tossed aside. The KGB gave him a comfortable flat and a handsome pension but almost never tried to use his expertise. Many KGB officials remained—idiotically and utterly without proof—suspicious of Philby. I read Philby's file before visiting him and discovered an analysis by one intelligence officer who argued that Philby was actually a British double agent seeking to misinform the Soviet Union. The head of the KGB security group, who brought me Philby's dossier, opined that Philby might well be a double agent sent to Moscow to penetrate the KGB. Philby's phone and apartment were bugged, his mail opened, and his visitors screened. Though he undeniably was one of the great spies for the USSR, he was never promoted in the KGB and remained, until the end, a rank-and-file officer known by his code name "Agent Tom."

By the time I ascended the stairs to Philby's rundown apartment, the famed spy, who had risked his life to serve what he believed was a noble Communist cause, had been driven half mad by the paranoia and idiocy of the KGB. He must have felt despair as he saw the cause to which he had devoted his life transformed into the shabby reality of modern-day Soviet life. And in the late 1960s, his despondency had led him to legendary bouts of drinking and womanizing. It was a miracle he was still alive.

As the gray-haired, puffy-faced, but still handsome, legend stood swaying in the hallway, a wave of pity swept over me. And then, realizing I was from the KGB, Philby began cursing wildly and mumbling something unintelligible about the KGB and the Soviet system. I was rescued by Philby's long-suffering Russian wife, Rufa, who led him away and then fussily helped me off with my coat.

"Mr. Kalugin, I'm very sorry about the way my husband behaves, but what can I do?" said the striking, red-haired Mrs. Philby.

She led me into their apartment. It was spacious and sparsely furnished, with an ascetic feel to it. The ceilings were high and leaky. A few lithographs hung on the walls. The only room that exuded a feeling of warmth was Philby's study, which was lined with English books. Philby's ranting settled down into an occasional mumble, and I tried to make small talk with the British spy and his wife. After twenty minutes, I excused myself and left, promising to return soon. On the way out, I was cursing to myself, incredulous that I had been assigned to baby-sit this broken-down drunk. "Jesus!" I said to myself as I walked out of Philby's building. "This is not my job."

I described the situation to Boyarov, and we both agreed that the KGB had better do something soon for Philby, or he would drink himself to death as his fellow member of the Magnificent Five, Guy Burgess, had done in Moscow a decade before. Philby's alcoholism was only a symptom of what was really ailing the man: a lack of purpose to his life, a sense that he had been used up by the Soviet system and cast aside. He had lost any reason to live. So Boyarov and I devised a two-pronged strategy to save Philby. The first, and less important, was to improve his material lot. The second, and crucial, was to make him feel useful again, and I quickly came to see that Philby could still be of service to the KGB and the Soviet Union.

I began visiting him regularly and gradually convinced him and Rufa that I was not one of the KGB goons who had effectively placed him under house arrest. On one visit, when Philby was relatively sober, I asked him to write a detailed analysis of how he thought our foreign counterintelligence section should work, as well as a description of CIA and SIS operations against the Soviet Union. He said he'd rather just tell me about it, but I insisted he write it down.

"No, no," I said. "If I just listen, I may miss something or forget something. Just sit down and write it up for us. After all, you're a free man. You don't have to go to work. Please do it for us."

He agreed and produced an astute and—for me—useful tract on how we should structure our operations against the CIA and Western intelligence services.

A key aspect of my plan to rehabilitate Philby was to end the isolation the KGB had imposed on him. First, I persuaded my superiors to scale back on the electronic eavesdropping, and they agreed to bug only his telephone. We concurred that, when the time was right, he could start seeing some foreigners, especially correspondents. After all, the goal set out by Andropov was to improve Philby's life and show other potential collaborators in the West that he was living happily in the Soviet Union. Slowly, over the course of several months, we began to sober up Philby and introduce him to a wide range of KGB officers and trainees.

I brought over officers from our English section of foreign counterintelligence and our active measures department to talk informally with Philby. We would sit in his living room discussing current events and problems in the KGB. At first, I think Philby was disoriented by what was going on; he had grown accustomed to the quiet of his apartment, and now it was filled with loud conversation, jokes, and laughter. He was by nature cautious and needed months to accept that I was genuinely there to help him. On our first few visits, he offered us vodka and we never refused him. But in an effort to get Philby off the hard liquor, we began to bring him wine and champagne. Soon he was only offering us wine or champagne, and we noticed that Philby was beginning to dry out and become more responsive.

I decided to use Philby to talk with young intelligence officers and students from the KGB Higher School. Officers who were bound for England, Australia, or New Zealand were invited to his apartment for teas, at which the veteran spy would expound primarily on life and social mores in England, occasionally throwing in reflections on the espionage business. Both he and the students seemed to get a lot out of these meetings. On several occasions, we took him to talk with members of the Dynamo hockey team, which was sponsored by the KGB. Once he received a standing ovation from the players before they departed for the World Championships.

But Philby's duties went beyond lecturing and public relations. His English and knowledge of the espionage world made him perfectly suited for use by the active measures department. We brought numerous CIA and U.S. State Department documents to his apartment. He would insert sinister paragraphs into the documents—something, perhaps, about plans for U.S. military involvement in Asia or Latin America—and we would stamp them "TOP SECRET" and deliver them to journalists in the Third World or Europe who were sympathetic to the Soviet cause.

I also asked Philby for advice on operational matters and sought his opinion on whether certain "volunteers" who had come to us were genuine or not. In one case, an Australian sent a letter to our embassy in Canberra, enclosing top secret documents and requesting that payment be made to a post office box in the capital. The anonymous volunteer promised to supply more information if we sent the money. Fearing a setup by Australian security services, we debated whether to send the cash. Finally, we decided there was no harm in transferring the funds anonymously to a post office box. Thus began a fruitful relationship in which the volunteer (apparently someone in the Australian intelligence agency) supplied us with extremely useful information about the Australian Secret Intelligence Organization and its American and British partners. At some point, I showed Philby the Australian's letters and the classified material he had supplied us. I had blacked out references to the country, to protect the security of the operation, but Philby quickly surmised that the volunteer was from Australia and was genuine. Eventually our Australian began passing on so much material that we set up a series of dead drops similar to those used by Walker. Although I lost touch with the operation after 1980, I don't think the Australian ever was caught.

At one point, Philby was doing so much for us that I offered him an honorarium of several thousand rubles—a large sum, roughly equivalent to his annual pension. Philby proudly refused my offer: "You know, old man, that I've never taken money. My pension is enough for me and I don't need anything else."

Eventually we arranged for Philby to travel to fellow socialist countries, where the warm reception he received provided a needed boost to his ego. Before I arrived on the scene, he had traveled once to the Soviet republic of Georgia, where his hosts—showing true

Caucasian hospitality—had kept him drunk around the clock. When I asked him if he'd like a return engagement to the Caucasus, he replied in horror, "Oh, come on! When I recall their public toilets, I'm simply disgusted. I don't remember ever experiencing anything like that . . . No, never again!"

So we arranged several trips for him to Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Mongolia, and Cuba. These were private visits, meeting with local intelligence officers and being fêted at banquets. The trips mainly offered the worldly Philby a chance to escape the drabness of Moscow, and they did seem to give him a lift. I remember him returning from Cuba with a mountain of gifts, including carpets, weapons, and vases. The only Communist country he steadfastly refused to visit was East Germany; he never was able to forgive the German people for supporting Hitler and Nazi fascism.

At the same time as we were getting Philby out and about, we also spent sizable sums of money—with Andropov's blessing—to improve his life materially. Using hard currency, we bought him books, appliances, clothing, and scarce foods. We supplied him with a housekeeper. My assistant provided him with whatever train, theater, or plane tickets he needed. On special order from Andropov, Philby was given a 100-ruble-a-month credit at one of the private groceries for the Soviet elite—not a bad perk considering that a tin of black caviar cost only 5 rubles then. Mikhail Lyubimov, the KGB resident in Denmark who had befriended Philby during his debriefing, brought the Englishman delicacies and clothes from Scandinavia.

Philby's apartment was badly in need of repair, and I suggested moving to a new place. I showed him three: one was in the very center of town on Gorky Street; a second was in a comfortable complex for KGB big shots (I lived there); and a third was spacious but far from the center of town. In those days, good apartments were terribly scarce, and the KGB's offer to show Philby three excellent flats was a measure of how serious the agency was in improving his life.

He rejected my apartment complex and the one far from the center, saying they were in bleak, modern residential areas. "Listen, Oleg.

I like to take walks in the evening," Philby told me. "What will I do in a place like that?"

It was true. Philby, particularly as his mood improved, loved to amble at night through the center of Moscow, past the high brick walls of the Kremlin and down the small streets, such as the Arbat, that exude a sense of the beauty of prerevolutionary Russia.

We looked at the apartment on Gorky Street, just a few blocks from his place. It was in good shape and bigger than his current apartment. Nevertheless, Philby decided he'd rather stay put.

"I'm a conservative at heart, though I'm not one of those people who would like your country to go back to Stalin's times," Philby said with a wry smile. Later he told me, "If we could just have my old apartment repaired, that would be fine."

So the KGB sent in a special work crew, which labored several months repairing ceilings, replacing plumbing, and generally sprucing up the place.

After Philby refused to take any money for the help he was providing us, I decided to take some funds we had set aside for him and replace his shabby furniture. Unknown to Kim, I took Rufa to a special shop for the Kremlin elite, where she picked out some handsome contemporary furniture from Finland. Several days later, the furniture was delivered, much to Philby's delight.

"When Kim saw the luxurious armchairs, sofa, tables, wardrobes, and bookcases, he was amazed," Rufa told me later. "He walked around them in circles for a long time, stroking the rosewood sides and the soft upholstery. Once I awoke at three in the morning. Kim wasn't in the bedroom, so I got frightened. I got out of bed, opened the door a crack, and saw the lights were on in the living room. When I went in, Kim was sitting on the new sofa, looking admiringly at the cut glass in the cupboard. 'I feel so happy,' he said. 'How nice the apartment looks now. Why didn't I think of it before?'"

I was happy too, helping bring Philby back to life.

Unlike many other spies and defectors, Philby seemed to me an unselfish man who cared very little about money and creature comforts.

He spent his days reading, writing, and listening to the BBC, whose English-language broadcasts in the Soviet Union were not jammed. Once I mentioned to him how much I enjoyed listening to Alistair Cooke's *Letter from America* on the BBC, and Philby said it was one of his favorite programs too. We knew that Philby spent a great deal of time writing; the man in charge of bugging his apartment said Philby often was at his desk scribbling away. This naturally made the KGB suspicious, as the agency wondered whether he was compiling reports to British intelligence. In fact Philby was doing little more than writing letters and working on his memoirs.

Over time, my wife and I became close friends with Philby and Rufa. On his birthday or on state holidays, such as the November 7 anniversary of the Russian Revolution, we often went to visit him. Sometimes he would cook for us; he was an excellent chef, preparing spicy recipes he had picked up in Spain or Lebanon. He was a warm, witty man, and a great raconteur. For me, it was gratifying to see the steady transformation of Philby from a pitiful drunk into a sociable, sober human being. Slowly, the anguish and indifference I had seen in his eyes when we first met was replaced by a liveliness, even a sparkle. My profession is not known for its humanitarianism and good works, and being able to actually help someone put his life back together—particularly someone of Philby's stature—was a source of immense satisfaction to me.

Eventually Andropov scored the propaganda victory he was looking for in Philby's rehabilitation, though I doubt it did the Soviet Union much good. By 1980 few, if any, Western intelligence agents were scrambling to jump to the other side of the Iron Curtain. Soviet television showed a film about Philby's life. We put out the word in Moscow and in the West that Philby was living well, and numerous foreign correspondents and Western authors came to see the legendary spy. Philby even published his own memoir over the objections of Politburo member Mikhail Suslov, who remained suspicious of the Englishman. We tried to persuade Andropov to award Philby the rank of general, but never succeeded. We instructed Philby to tell

Western reporters he had been made a KGB general, which he did, and I assured him, “With what you’ve accomplished, you’re more than justified in feeling that you are a general.”

To which Philby replied with a smile, “I know I’m a general.”

In my years with foreign counterintelligence, I also worked with two other famous British spies who had fled to Moscow: George Blake, a Secret Intelligence Service agent who began spying for the Soviet Union in the 1950s, and Donald Maclean, one of the Magnificent Five.

I met Blake in 1971, just a few days after I was first introduced to Philby. In its own way Blake’s history was as bizarre and tumultuous as Kim’s.

Born in Rotterdam to a Dutch mother and a Jewish father who was a naturalized British citizen, Blake went on to join the SIS in the late 1940s. He was posted to Seoul, South Korea, where, at the start of the Korean War, he was captured by Chinese forces. The Chinese turned him over to Soviet intelligence agents, who had little trouble persuading Blake—who already held far-leftist views—to return to England and work for the KGB.

Blake was repatriated in 1953 and spent the ensuing eight years working as a KGB spy in London and Berlin. Perhaps his most famous accomplishment was his disclosure to the Soviets in 1955 that the British and Americans had dug an underground tunnel into East Berlin that was used to plug into top secret Soviet and East German communication lines. Blake also provided the Soviets with information that led to the exposure—and execution—of dozens of Western agents working behind the Iron Curtain. In 1961, using information provided by a Soviet and Polish defector, British intelligence discovered Blake was a spy and arrested him. He was sentenced to forty-two years in jail but, in a bold rescue attempt carried out by several pacifists and antinuclear activists, Blake was sprung from jail after six years and bundled off to Russia.

In 1973, two years after meeting Blake and shortly after I was named head of foreign counterintelligence, I made a chilling discovery about Blake’s rescue.

Settling into my new job, I began to read the top secret files that had been sitting in the safe of the former head of foreign counterintelligence. I was studying dossiers from the 1950s and 1960s when I came across a sealed envelope marked "Never to Be Opened Without Permission." Since there was no indication about whose permission was needed, and since I myself now headed the directorate, I opened the envelope. The papers inside were headed "Special Operation" and they described the fate of an Irishman, Sean Burke, who helped Blake escape and who fled with him to Russia. The document explained that Burke was extremely dissatisfied with his life in the Soviet Union and was planning to return to the United Kingdom. Alexander Sakharovsky, chief of intelligence, said the KGB feared that Burke would describe to British intelligence how he and Blake were smuggled into the USSR and would divulge Blake's whereabouts in Moscow, thus making him vulnerable to assassination. Sakharovsky therefore ordered that Burke be given a drug that would mimic a stroke and produce damage to his brain. The drug was administered, and Burke returned to England in a debilitated condition. A few years later, he died, apparently a result of the KGB's drugging and his alcoholism.

When I first met George Blake, he was in far better shape than Philby. Blake rarely drank, held a good job at the Institute of World Economics in Moscow, and had a devoted Russian wife and a young son. The Englishman was friendly and grateful for the extra money and perks we gave him. We discovered, through electronic surveillance of his apartment, that Blake also was a religious man who enjoyed reading the Bible, particularly the gospel of John. I later talked to him about his belief and asked whether he thought it contradicted his Communist faith.

"What's wrong with it?" he replied. "Communism is the same as Christianity, only put on a scientific basis."

Blake was an easygoing man, and our families hit it off and began to socialize. He wasn't nearly the challenge that Philby was, yet we considered him less reliable than Philby. I essentially trusted Blake, though there was one suspicious episode. We learned that a British intelligence officer was coming to Moscow under diplomatic cover, and we asked Blake if he would help us recruit the man. Both Philby and Blake knew him, but Philby was ailing and we thought we had nothing to lose by sending Blake to talk with his former SIS colleague. But Blake refused.

"Oh no, Oleg," he said. "I'm not a recruiter."

"You don't have to go in for the kill," I replied. "Just scare him. Make him vulnerable. See how he reacts."

After much arm-twisting, Blake agreed to meet the man. We arranged for Blake to bump into the man in a hotel in Moscow, but the visiting British intelligence officer refused to speak with Blake and our effort flopped. Blake's resistance to the recruitment made some people suspicious, and the electronic eavesdropping in his apartment was continued. I read Blake as a far shyer person than Philby. Unlike Philby, Blake shunned the limelight, since as a fugitive he feared he was vulnerable to an abduction attempt.

Perhaps because of his religious beliefs, Blake also seemed more disturbed by the consequences of his espionage activities. He told me several times that Soviet intelligence promised him that none of the people he identified as agents in the USSR had been shot. He clung naively to that belief, and I didn't have the heart to tell him that his work led directly to the deaths of dozens of agents behind the Iron Curtain. Philby, on the other hand, knew that his spying and tips to the KGB had doomed many men, but he wrote them off as casualties of the cold war. Neither did Philby ever say he was sorry for what he had done. Blake, however, did tell NBC News in 1991 that he realized he had made a mistake. But, said Blake, at the time he began spying for the KGB he strongly believed in the Communist cause and felt sure he was doing the right thing.

Blake still lives in Moscow, and from time to time until my departure from Russia we got together and talked about the old days and the enormous changes that had swept over Russia since we first met. After I was reassigned to the Leningrad KGB office he wrote me a letter that included the following comment: “It is very sad news for us that you are going. It was always good to know that you were in command and that in case of need one had a trusted friend one could turn to. Over the years we have established a relationship of mutual trust and friendship, a very important thing in the particular circumstances I find myself in, and I shall miss you sadly.”

The last of the great English spies I met was Donald Maclean. He had penetrated the British Foreign Office, rising after World War II to first secretary of the U.K. embassy in Washington. He provided the Soviets with excellent material on British and American foreign policy and intelligence operations, including information on the U.S. nuclear weapons program. Maclean, whose KGB code name was “Homer,” was forced to flee England along with Burgess. The two men lived in Moscow, where Burgess—a homosexual and wild binge drinker—died from complications of alcoholism in 1963.

By the time I met Maclean in the mid-1970s, he was a bitter, acid-tongued man battling alcoholism, personal demons, and disillusionment with life in the Soviet Union. His wife of many years, Melinda, left him in 1965 when she began having an affair with Philby. After the notoriously philandering Philby essentially stole Maclean’s wife, the two men never spoke to one another again.

Maclean had heard from Blake, with whom he worked at the Institute of World Economics, that the KGB was working hard to improve defectors’ standard of living in Moscow. Through Blake, Maclean asked if my foreign counterintelligence directorate would be willing to take over his case from domestic counterintelligence. The domestic side was only too happy to be rid of Maclean, and so he, too, became my charge.

The first time I met him at his spacious apartment in central Moscow, Maclean—like Philby—launched into a vicious attack on Brezhnev and the Soviet Union. Knowing his apartment was bugged, I urged him to restrain himself, but to no avail. I shared many of his views on Brezhnev, and even surprised him several years later when I said of the Soviet leader, "Don't you see he's an old fool, good for nothing."

Maclean gradually grew to trust me, and I increasingly came to respect his erudition and knowledge of international relations. He lived modestly and never asked for much. I did help him with two requests. The first was to arrange the emigration of his daughter's fiancé, a Soviet citizen, to the West. The second was to arrange emigration papers for a friend of his, a Soviet artist. He remained extremely grateful to me for those two favors.

By the time I met Maclean, he was suffering from kidney disease brought on by his drinking. He was weak but mentally alert and never missed a chance to criticize the Soviet system. His disillusionment with our way of life knew no bounds. I once arranged a lunch with Maclean and Kryuchkov, who was then head of intelligence. I thought our intelligence chief would enjoy meeting the experienced and scholarly foreign service officer, and the lunch was pleasant enough. But Maclean, who spoke good Russian, couldn't help but get in a barb about Soviet Communism, telling Kryuchkov at one point, "A nation that reads *Pravda* every day is invincible!" Unsure if Maclean was joking, Kryuchkov looked perplexed, though there was no doubt in my mind in what spirit the Englishman had made the remark. I laughed heartily and finally, after looking at Maclean and me, a nervous smile forced its way onto Kryuchkov's face.

Once a colleague of mine brought me a Czechoslovakian Communist's diatribe against Alexander Solzhenitsyn, entitled *The Spiral of Solzhenitsyn's Betrayal.* I passed it on to Maclean, and he returned it to me the next day with a note: "Thanks for the gift. But please don't send me any more trash. It's an insult to me."

I last saw Maclean in 1983 when he and Blake visited me in Leningrad. A short while later, Maclean died.

None of the great British spies worked their way into my heart, however, like Kim Philby, and I continued to see him regularly until he died in May 1988. Unfortunately, after I stepped down at the end of 1979, my replacement in foreign counterintelligence did not share my enthusiasm for the Magnificent Five. After I talked to my successor about the special care we were giving Philby and the others, he could only say, “Why do we have to pay so much attention to these people? Why drink and talk with them? We’ve given them everything already.”

My replacement didn’t understand the enormous complexity of men like Philby, who were living with the weight of betraying their countries and forging a new existence in a strange land. During the 1980s, Kim still lived well and in relative freedom, but he never again enjoyed the support and friendship that I and my underlings had given him. When I visited him during my trips to Moscow, he and Rufa complained about the callousness of their new KGB handlers. He also became more vocal in his criticism of the Soviet Union, though, like me, he wanted to continue believing in the Communist dream that had inspired him since youth. But he too saw the dream was crumbling. He spoke to me of his trips to the Russian provinces, where he was disgusted by the squalor, the dirt, the shoddy buildings, and the ubiquitous rudeness and boorish manners of the Soviet masses. He detested the increasing passivity of the people, the sense that no one at any level wanted to take responsibility for what was happening in the country. Nevertheless, he still kept his sense of humor. And never once did he say he regretted what he had done.

I last saw Kim Philby in April 1988, a month before his death. Doctors had found polyps in his intestines and were planning to operate. He looked wan and fragile and spoke little, though he greeted me cheerily enough, saying, “Welcome, old boy. Glad to have you back.”

Despite his obviously deteriorating health, Philby found time to ask about my career, which was then bottoming out. I had been put out to pasture as the KGB’s security officer at the Academy of Sciences, and Philby tried to commiserate, saying he was sure I would once again be reinstated to a high position in intelligence. I stayed for a little over an hour.

"I hope we get together again after I'm back from the hospital," Philby said as I left his apartment. "We'll discuss things at length then."

The operation supposedly was a success, and Rufa called us twice to convey Kim's best regards. She mentioned that the doctors were trying to find Kim some fortified red wine to enrich his red blood cells. It was the wine traditionally used during communion at the Russian Orthodox Church, and through my contacts at the Moscow Patriarchy I was able to obtain three bottles. Rufa called to say the wine had worked wonders for Philby and that he was feeling much improved. Three days later, he died of heart failure.

Philby lay in state at the Dzerzhinsky Club, an ornate KGB meeting hall in downtown Moscow. The memorial service was to begin at noon. I arrived at 11:00 A.M. and waited in the corner for Kryuchkov and other KGB officials to show up. Shortly before noon, they walked in, and one of the foreign counterintelligence people motioned for me to come forward. I found myself at the head of the procession filing past Philby's body.

I walked up to the flower-strewn coffin and paused for perhaps ten seconds. Looking down on the thin, craggy, still handsome face, I was overcome with a sense of grief and loss. Philby had become a true friend, and I would miss him. But my melancholy went deeper than that. Philby was a symbol of a generation that believed in Communism. He was a romantic who embraced the Soviet Union in an era—a half century before—when many thought the "shining future" lay with us. Now, in 1988, Philby was stretched out before me, and the dream we had both believed in was as dead as he was. We had both been betrayed. We had *all* been betrayed.

I often think about Philby, and realize that—no matter how well I thought I knew him—he remains a mystery. To me, he was a hero who served the Communist cause, yet he did something I would never dream of doing: he turned against his country. I suppose he was haunted by that until his dying day, for he was a tried-and-true Englishman. He loved the country he had betrayed and surrounded himself in Moscow with its books, its radio programs, its mementos. There was, after all, something ineffably sad about Philby, something in his expression, in his bearing, that told you this was a man carrying a heavy burden. He never said he had made a mistake, never suggested that he should have lived his life differently. He was too proud for that.

I prefer not to remember the melancholy Philby. Instead, I like to think of the man I knew in the late 1970s, a man who was sober most of the time—and who displayed a wry, knowing sense of humor. I like to think of the Kim Philby who, when asked to do some assignment for the KGB, would flash me a smile, nod his head ever so slightly, and say in his elegant Cambridge accent, “I am at the service of your Service.”

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CHAPTER 6

The Spy Game

BY THE MID-1970S, THE KGB OFFICERS IN MOSCOW ALONE—50,000—outnumbered all the employees of the CIA and FBI combined. The KGB was nothing less than an enormous army of a half million men. About 220,000 of them guarded the Soviet Union's borders. Most of the rest served the KGB at home, comprising that huge totalitarian apparatus that hounded dissidents and troublemakers, opened mail, tapped telephone lines, eavesdropped on apartments and offices, shadowed foreigners, investigated crimes, and generally kept an iron grip on our sprawling and, just below the surface, unruly land. We in the KGB's foreign operations were a relatively small, elite unit, and we were proud that we trained our sights on foreign enemies of the Soviet Union, not on our own people. In fact, some of us in intelligence viewed the domestic KGB as an unsavory, cruel, and totalitarian organization, and we were glad to have as little to do with it as possible.

In March 1973, Yuri Andropov called on me to head the KGB's foreign counterintelligence operations. The following year, at age forty, I became the youngest person in the postwar history of the KGB ever promoted to the rank of general. By that time, I was overseeing a dizzying growth in our counterintelligence operations overseas, a growth that was mirrored in many other sections of the KGB. My relatively small organization, which had come to be known in 1972 as Directorate K of the intelligence branch, was in the process of expanding from two hundred to seven hundred officers. We also were opening a broad attack on the CIA and Western intelligence services, while at the same time trying to significantly tighten control over the burgeoning number of Soviets working abroad.

On the KGB's sprawling organizational chart, foreign intelligence (known as the First Chief Directorate) was one large branch on an otherwise enormous tree. There were about twelve thousand of us working in the First Chief Directorate. To get a feel for the immensity and bureaucratic complexity of the KGB, one need look no farther than my unit, foreign counterintelligence. Though we only had about seven hundred officers, we were divided into eight departments that ran the gamut of KGB operations.

Department One was assigned to penetrate the CIA, the National Security Agency, the FBI, and various branches of American military intelligence. As later sections of this story will show, we worked around the globe to achieve that goal, probing and attacking U.S. intelligence from Ghana to Greece to Finland.

Department Two was assigned to penetrate NATO and Western intelligence services. We enjoyed respectable success primarily because of an aging but loyal group of spies who had burrowed into French and English ranks around the time of World War II. Our East German brothers made sure we had thoroughly infiltrated West Germany's secret services.

Department Three was assigned to penetrate other intelligence agencies around the world, from China to Latin America. In many countries, for example India, we were successful in our mission, though the results helped us only marginally in our primary struggle with the United States.

Department Four was charged with infiltrating Soviet émigré organizations and centers of "ideological subversion," and that we did well.

Department Five was responsible for internal security. Its task was to monitor the twelve thousand employees of the intelligence directorate to ensure they did not spy for the West or defect. To this end, our foreign counterintelligence officers in embassies around the world and in Moscow monitored the activities of Soviet intelligence personnel. As time passed, our record on defections and internal security lapses grew worse, and now it is clear we were swimming against the tide of history. Department Five also was responsible for security at all USSR intelligence installations outside the country's borders.

In addition, we were assigned to keep an eye on all Soviets traveling and working overseas, from diplomats to tour groups to troupes of artists. We didn't have the manpower to infiltrate every group but relied on informers who were liberally sprinkled among the delegations that went abroad.

Department Six was in charge of transportation, which essentially meant that we had to keep an eye on every boat, truck, or plane that traveled outside the USSR. When two Soviet truck drivers delivered cargo to Europe, one or both of them would report to the KGB. When a Soviet merchant marine or scientific vessel sailed overseas, at least a quarter of the crew were KGB officers or informers. At least one of the officers on board invariably was with the KGB. When Aeroflot planes flew around the world, the flight crews were riddled with KGB informers.

No matter what the mode of transportation, if it was Soviet and chugged, steamed, rumbled, or jetted overseas, we controlled it.

Department Seven was our information and analysis section, which by the end of the 1970s had become the most exhaustive and up-to-date source of intelligence data and analytical reporting in the KGB. Using our own sources of information, as well as those from Eastern European intelligence agencies and Soviet military intelligence, we put together daily, weekly, monthly, and yearly bulletins. They described the activities not only of the CIA and NATO counterintelligence services, but also of the secret services from Indonesia to Peru. We looked at the methods used to recruit our people in foreign ports and capitals, and sent our summaries to Soviet counterintelligence sections throughout the USSR and the world. Domestic counterintelligence officers used our top secret reports to get a sense of what was happening in the espionage world beyond the Soviet Union's borders. We also reported on terrorism, drugs, and international crime.

Relying heavily on American and NATO sources, our annual report reviewed events of the previous year in international politics and in espionage, and made predictions about the future. We also produced a highly classified book entitled *Who's Who in the CIA*. It was about as thick as a Manhattan phone directory and contained biographical information on ten thousand current and former CIA agents. I plopped it on Andropov's desk in 1977, saying it was my present to him in honor of the sixtieth anniversary of the Russian Revolution. Andropov was delighted, and I even suggested going public with the book to embarrass the CIA.

When John Barron's book *KGB* was published listing the names of hundreds of KGB officers, I told Andropov, "Give me the appropriate order, and we'll publish the book *CIA* all over the world. Every CIA officer around the world will become known."

"Don't do that," replied Andropov. "Just use it for our work. It will be more valuable to us that way."

Finally, Department Eight of Directorate K was set up to fight economic espionage and sabotage abroad. We took control of this realm after several scandals involving Soviet employees overseas who had embezzled or stolen money from Soviet banks and foreign trade organizations. By the early 1980s, the KGB had placed qualified officers into high positions in most Soviet banks doing business abroad.

So that was Directorate K, and by 1973 we were reorganized, reinforced, and ready to do battle with the CIA. We also had a new Soviet intelligence doctrine, which called for a more aggressive stance against Western intelligence agencies. The preamble of the new doctrine stated, in part, "Under the conditions of a world split into two hostile camps, with our adversary possessing weapons of mass destruction and with instantaneous reaction attaining maximum importance in a possible nuclear war, the main task of [Soviet] intelligence is to find out the strategic military plans of the states opposing the USSR and warn the government immediately about emerging crises to prevent a sudden attack on the Soviet Union or its allies."

In late 1974, Andropov called in the heads of the various intelligence directorates to introduce us to our new boss, Vladimir Kryuchkov. At that meeting, Andropov criticized the agency for not being sufficiently aggressive and imaginative, and urged us to use the intelligence agencies of the Warsaw Pact and Third World countries in our struggle against the CIA. He said our agents had done a good job ferreting out information about the U.S. B-1 bomber program and other military projects, but we knew very little about our adversary's space program. In a calm, matter-of-fact tone, Andropov set forth his view that détente was not going smoothly because reactionary circles in the United States and the West were sabotaging the Soviet Union's peace overtures. I sat there wondering how Andropov could hold the naive, one-sided view that the problems in Soviet-U.S. relations were the fault of right-wing Americans, and not, in part, because of our intransigent, hard-line leaders. But that was his outlook, and it was to change little after he became the head of our country.

I, then, had a mandate to go after the CIA as aggressively as possible, and I returned to the offices of foreign counterintelligence and instructed my subordinates to draw up plans to press our offensive against the West. In addition to continued attempts to recruit current and former Western intelligence officers, I had in my arsenal many other weapons, including the increased use of Soviet double agents. Among them was a man whose case I had come to know in Washington, the spy with the code name "Lark." Soon the Lark affair would blow up into a major international incident.

Lark was Nikolai Fyodorovich Artamonov, the Soviet naval officer who had commandeered a torpedo boat in 1959 and fled with his Polish girlfriend to Sweden. He ultimately defected to the United States, where my officers, after a long search, found him lecturing at Georgetown University. Using the name Shadrin, he was working as an analyst at the Office of Naval Intelligence, and we decided to attempt to re-recruit him as a double agent. After we promised to grant him a full pardon, help his Russian family financially, and arrange the admission of his son into a Soviet naval academy, Lark agreed to work for us secretly while pretending to continue working for the Americans. When I left Washington in 1970, Artamonov had been supplying us with some useful information about U.S. military operations.

After taking the helm of foreign counterintelligence in 1973, I decided to press Artamonov for more valuable information; there was a nagging feeling at headquarters that he was not living up to his potential. Sakharovsky, the head of intelligence, had been skeptical of Lark from the moment we tried to re-recruit him. When I first returned to Moscow in 1970, a colleague informed me that Sakharovsky was suspicious of the meager quantities of material coming from Artamonov and feared he was still working for the CIA. I, however, never doubted Artamonov's sincerity and was convinced he was on our side once again.

But when, as head of Directorate K, I sat down and painstakingly went over Artamonov's file, I also began to experience doubts. There was something strange about his case. Lark had supposedly been working for us in Washington since 1967. Although much of the material he had furnished the KGB was marked secret, it shed little light on U.S. military and intelligence operations. He had made numerous promises to us, such as turning up the whereabouts of the defector Yuri Nosenko, but all Artamonov ever told us about Nosenko was that he was probably living near Washington, D.C. Artamonov wasn't pulling his weight, and I instructed our people in Washington to tell him to pass us some rudimentary documents that would show whether he was genuinely working for our side. One document I asked for was the classified internal telephone directory of the Office of Naval Intelligence, something Artamonov should have had no trouble procuring.

At their next meeting in Washington, Artamonov's KGB handler asked him to provide us with a copy of the phone directory. He danced around the request, saying he could get his hands on the phone book but that copying it was out of the question; too many people used it, he said, and he would be unable to take it away unnoticed. Our officer said we would give him a special miniature camera for the job, but Artamonov retorted that he would never be able to smuggle a camera into his office. Then our officer replied that we were going to supply him with a Minox camera disguised as a pack of cigarettes. All Artamonov needed to do was run the end of the cigarette pack over the phone book, thus automatically photographing the pages. Artamonov finally agreed, and several weeks later his handler gave him the camera.

When Artamonov handed back the Minox, we developed the film and found that it was dark and unreadable. Artamonov swore that he had worked the camera correctly and that it had malfunctioned, so we gave him another "cigarette pack" and sent him back to the Office of Naval Intelligence. For the second time, none of his film turned out. Our specialists tested the camera and found it working perfectly. Sitting in Moscow, I became increasingly convinced that Artamonov had once again double-crossed his country.

"There's one way to find out if he's genuine," I told one of my assistants. "Let's invite him to Canada."

We had a high-ranking mole inside the counterintelligence section of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and there was a good chance that if we could get Artamonov to Canada, we could find out who he really was working for. I knew by then which buttons to push at the CIA and the FBI, so we devised a pretext for Artamonov's travel north of the border that we thought the Americans would find impossible to resist. Artamonov's KGB handler in Washington told him that we wanted him to travel to Canada to meet the KGB man in charge of illegal operations in North America. FBI counterintelligence salivated whenever it got the chance to learn anything about illegals—deep-cover KGB agents posing as American citizens. Artamonov quickly agreed to go to Canada, where he met one of my assistants from Moscow who had flown in posing as our handler for illegals.

Several weeks later, our fears were confirmed. Our mole in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police provided us with a report clearly stating that a Soviet working for the FBI recently had come to Montreal to meet with a KGB agent. The RCMP also said that the FBI's Soviet agent had recorded some of his conversations with the KGB man.

Now it was clear: Lark had fooled us for six years and was still working for the Americans. The next question was, What to do with him? His death sentence, which had been annulled after he began working for us, was reinstated. But I had other ideas about how to handle Artamonov. The tricky part was getting our hands on him.

We knew that U.S. intelligence customarily allowed defectors to meet with Soviets only in America and Canada. But our plan involved luring Artamonov to Austria, where we could abduct him, drive him into Czechoslovakia, and whisk him off to Moscow. Once again we needed some bait, and once again we devised a scheme that we figured the Americans would find irresistible. We spent months working on the plan and waiting for the right moment. Finally, in 1975, Artamonov's KGB handler met him and said he wanted him to travel to Austria, where he would learn how to operate a secret radio that would enable him to contact his new handler in the United States. To make our trap even more inviting, we told Artamonov that his new handler would be an illegal living undercover in America. And, to top it off, we promised Artamonov that he would have the chance to meet this illegal in Vienna so that the two could become acquainted and work out the best way to contact each other in the United States. As further justification, we told Artamonov that there was growing surveillance of our operations in North America and that it would be far safer to meet in Vienna.

U.S. intelligence officials, desperate for information about our network of illegals, gobbled up the bait and gave Artamonov permission to travel to Vienna.

In December 1975, Artamonov, accompanied by his wife, arrived in Austria, ostensibly on a ski holiday. Two U.S. officials were assigned to keep an eye on him. Meanwhile, I was on my way to the Austrian-Czech border.

For two days, our officers in Vienna met with Artamonov and taught him how to use a secret radio transmitter. They also began talking with him in vague terms about illegal operations in the United States. We promised Artamonov a meeting on the third day with the illegal who would be his new U.S. contact. For some reason, be it laziness or the fact that the Americans had been lulled into thinking all was well, Artamonov's U.S. handlers had stopped following him. Our people didn't spot any tails, and our informers in the Austrian police also told us that the Americans—probably from the CIA—were rarely venturing out of their hotel. They trusted Shadrin, and apparently they were satisfied that we trusted him too and wouldn't attempt to abduct him.

So on the evening of the third day, several KGB officers picked up Lark on a Vienna street. Among the officers was a tough, hulking man who went on to become security officer at the Soviet Foreign Ministry. Several minutes after Artamonov sat down, the husky KGB man slapped a chloroform-soaked cloth over the agent's face. Lark, who weighed about 220 pounds, began struggling in the backseat. Our man then pulled out a syringe filled with a powerful sedative and jabbed in the needle. Artamonov lost consciousness after the Vienna KGB team, concerned about his size, administered twice the normal dose needed to knock out a man.

The KGB car sped out of Vienna, heading for the Czechoslovakian border.

Several colleagues from Moscow and I had been at the border for two days, scouting out locations where our officers from Vienna could cross with Artamonov. We told the head of the Czech border police that we were meeting on the frontier with an illegal, and the Czech gave us free rein. Dressed in camouflage fatigues, my colleagues and I had spent two days pretending to hunt along the border, all the while scouting a good rendezvous site. We soon found one—an old asphalt road that ran through a wooded area. The road was seldom used and had no border checkpoint, but it was still possible to drive to the frontier from the Austrian side. On the Czech side, the road ran through a no-man's-land where we were planning to meet the KGB car from Vienna. Several hundred yards beyond the no-man's-land were the barbed wire fences and lookout towers of the Czech border guards.

The night of the rendezvous was cold and moonless. Though it was below freezing, there was no snow on the ground. In front of us were the woods and a field. It was pitch black, and the only sound was the faint whispering of the wind through the dry leaves that had remained on the trees from autumn.

As we waited in some bushes, my stomach was churning in anticipation. Our plan was to get Artamonov back to Moscow, where he would be informed he had a choice: either tell us everything he knew about U.S. intelligence operations and other agents working against the Soviet Union or face a firing squad. We were certain he would tell all, at which point we would parade him before the press in Moscow, where he would describe his many years of working as a loyal Soviet mole inside the dastardly U.S. intelligence community.

Suddenly we saw the headlights of a fast-moving car heading down the road on the Austrian side. The lights illuminated the Austrian border markers, about twenty yards in front of us. The car roared up the road and came to a halt a few yards from our position in the bushes. Car doors slammed, and we heard the excited whispers and curses of our three KGB colleagues.

When I walked up to the car, our colleagues from Vienna were huffing and puffing as they dragged Artamonov out of the vehicle and plopped him on the road. He was breathing heavily and occasionally letting out a moan.

“A stretcher!” someone called out. “There’s no other way we can carry this boar!”

Someone had brought a large canvas poncho, and we slid it under the unconscious Artamonov. Four of us began the arduous task of hauling Lark back to the Czech border point and our car. We made it halfway there when we decided to take a break. We laid him on the ground, and someone pulled out a pocket flashlight to see how our prisoner was doing. Illuminating his face, we saw, to our horror, that he wasn’t breathing. We massaged his chest, then forced open his clenched jaws and poured brandy down his throat. Nothing worked.

We hustled to the checkpoint, where we instructed the guards to call a doctor. We already knew, however, that we didn’t need a doctor to make this diagnosis: Lark was dead. The Czech doctor arrived and tried in vain to revive him with injections and a heart massage. After several minutes he gave up, saying with a shrug, "It's useless. He's gone."

Spread-eagled on the poncho, his arms flung out wide, Artamonov looked peaceful, as if he had forgiven everybody, including himself, for the damage done and the pain he had caused. He would be telling no one now about the arduous life of a double agent, about the furies that had hounded him ever since he fell head-over-heels for some Polish beauty sixteen years before and chucked everything—his wife, his son, his homeland—and headed west. Artamonov was dead. And so was an excellent opportunity to learn about U.S. intelligence and use Lark as our main character in a stirring propaganda show. I felt bad for Artamonov but worse for myself. After all, he was a traitor and probably had it coming. Now, because one of our men had a heavy hand with a sedative, we had lost a valuable espionage prize we had spent years trying to snare.

My officers went through Artamonov's pockets, finding a hotel registration card, $700 in cash, and the name and telephone number of an American woman in Vienna, apparently his CIA handler.

We returned to Moscow with Artamonov's body, where Yevgeni Chazov—the head of the Kremlin Medical Department and a future Soviet minister of health—performed an autopsy. Artamonov had died of heart failure resulting from the sedative overdose, though the autopsy showed he also had the beginnings of kidney cancer. He was buried secretly in a Moscow cemetery under a Latvian alias.

Within weeks, an international storm broke over Lark's disappearance. Artamonov's Polish wife in Washington appealed to President Gerald Ford to help find her husband. Ford and his secretary of state, Henry Kissinger, asked Brezhnev to find out what had happened. Other American officials and Sovietologists accused the KGB of abducting and executing the defector. In typical Soviet style, Brezhnev stonewalled Ford, saying the USSR also would like to know what became of Artamonov. The accusations and recriminations went on for more than a year, and no one could say where the man had gone. Several books were published worldwide, concluding that it was impossible to say what had happened to Artamonov and for whom he had been working.

Finally, the KGB struck back, using one of our "pet" Soviet journalists who always did our bidding. He was Genrikh Borovik, who published an article entitled "Overdriven Horses Are Shot, Aren't They?" in *Literaturnaya Gazeta* faithfully setting forth the KGB's view of the case. The article, purportedly relying on documents and inside information, described how the CIA had actually killed Artamonov when it realized he was playing a double game and working for the Soviets. When I was feeding Borovik our account of what had occurred, he asked me several times, "Now, Oleg, are you sure that this is the way it really happened? Artamonov was really working for us?"

"Absolutely, Genrikh," I answered. "It's the truth, I swear."

In all the years I was in foreign counterintelligence, *Literaturnaya Gazeta* was our prime conduit in the Soviet press for propaganda and disinformation. Whenever we called the editor, Alexander Chakovsky, and asked him to print an article, he complied. Sometimes we wrote the stories under the names of nonexistent authors. Sometimes journalists such as Borovik or Iona Andronov wrote the stories, using information supplied by the KGB. But whatever the method, *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, which oddly enough went on to become one of the leading publications during glasnost, was one of our preferred publications.

I viewed the Lark case as a badly botched job on our part, and though I certainly wasn't responsible for his death, I felt some measure of blame and considered the failed abduction one of the low points of my career. I was, then, quite surprised when Kryuchkov summoned me to his office a few months after Artamonov's death and asked me, "Which medal do you want: the October Revolution or the Combat Red Banner?"

I was speechless. Were we now receiving awards because we had, however inadvertently, carried out the death sentence against Artamonov?

"Well, why are you acting so confused?" said an impatient Kryuchkov. "Which one do you like better? I already have Andropov's approval. Go on, take your pick."

I mumbled that it would be best for the leadership to decide which award I deserved, and Kryuchkov dismissed me with a wave of his hand. A short while later, the presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics issued a decree announcing that I and several other officers involved in the Artamonov case had been awarded the prestigious Order of the Red Banner.

Until now, the full story of Artamonov's fate has never been told. In 1992, Artamonov's Polish wife telephoned me after hearing from sources that I had supervised the abduction of her husband.

"You took part in the operation," she told me. "Did my husband die?"

"Yes, he did," I replied.

"How did he die?" she asked.

"I feel sorry for you," I answered, "but I can't tell you anything over the telephone. I can only confirm that he died, and that we didn't intend to kill him."

After the Lark affair, we continued our efforts to go head to head with the CIA and recruit some of its agents. One of our most successful operations came near the end of my tour in foreign counterintelligence, with the recruitment of a former CIA man named David Henry Barnett.

Barnett was a veteran CIA officer who had served for years in several Asian countries, including South Korea and Indonesia. In 1978, Barnett contacted one of our KGB officers in Jakarta, Indonesia. He divulged several enticing bits of information, then told our officer he would supply us with detailed material about CIA operations worldwide. Barnett demanded an up-front payment of $80,000, to be followed by more money if our relationship continued.

This proposal landed on my desk, and I knew immediately it would have to be approved at the highest level—by Andropov himself. Not only would I need Andropov's signature to secure the princely sum of $80,000 for a volunteer, but I also knew the KGB chief would want to be apprised that a CIA man had made contact with us. Kryuchkov and I talked to Andropov, and I told the chairman that I thought the man was genuine and worth the money. The case was sufficiently important, I told Andropov, that I wanted to meet with the American in Vienna.

"Okay," Andropov said. "But don't give it to the man all at once. Just give him half at first. Maybe he isn't worth $80,000."

Andropov signed a letter authorizing the dispersal of the money from our accounting office, which kept millions of dollars of cash on hand. The money was used for every conceivable operation, from paying informants such as Barnett to shelling out money to spies who provided us with samples of Western scientific, military, and industrial technology.

Accompanied by an assistant who helped carry the mountain of cash in twenty-dollar bills, I flew to Austria, which had become the KGB's most popular spot for rendezvousing with Western spies. The country bordered the Eastern Bloc, and Austrian officials gave us a free hand to roam the city and carry out the clandestine meetings that had brought us there. As usual, I traveled to Vienna on a diplomatic passport as counselor of the Soviet Foreign Ministry. I flashed my green diplomatic passport at the immigration booths and an official waved me through. No one checked my bags. Austria was a comfortable place to be a spy.

Our officers in Vienna had arranged to meet Barnett on the street, then bring him to one of several houses used by the Soviet trade mission, which had well-appointed guest rooms and a nice sauna. When I first met Barnett in the living quarters of the mission, I was struck by his extreme nervousness and agitation. Of his appearance I remember little other than that he was middle-aged and of average build. But I will never forget his emotional state: he was a man who exuded desperation. He had come to us, it was clear, not because of ideological conviction (by 1979 it was far too late for that) but because he desperately needed money and seemed to be going through an acute psychological or midlife crisis.

"Let me guess," he said to me. "You're from intelligence."

That was close enough. "You got it," I replied. As was customary, I did not tell him my name.

I knew we had to settle Barnett down and break the ice. Besides, I never believed in diving right into business without first having a drink and some food. So we threw down a couple of vodkas and toasted to peace and friendship. Barnett loosened up a bit, and then we retired to the dining room, where the mission's cooks served us an excellent dinner and some good wine. Barnett, my assistant, and I talked informally about our respective services. After tea and coffee, I suggested we get to work.

"Are you ready for a serious conversation?" I asked Barnett. "Relax, wash up, and we'll head into another room."

We had come with a list of hundreds of questions about CIA operations in Asia and around the world, and so, with a tape recorder on a table, we launched into our interrogation. At first, I went over some of the aspects of the CIA's Asian operations that Barnett already had discussed with our agents in the Orient. All the while, I was gently testing him to see if I could find any discrepancies in his story. It was a rare opportunity to get our hands on an experienced CIA agent who had just left the service, and beginning that night we spent two straight days pumping him for information on all aspects of U.S. intelligence. He filled in gaps in our knowledge about the structure of the CIA, described in detail operations in South Korea, Indonesia, and other Asian countries, revealed the names of dozens of CIA intelligence officers, and disclosed the identities of informants recruited by the CIA.

As we were finishing our session that first night, Barnett looked disturbed. I asked him what was wrong.

"We haven't completed our financial arrangements yet," he said.

"What financial arrangements are you referring to?" I said.

"I asked your people for $80,000," Barnett replied, growing increasingly edgy.

Remembering Andropov's admonition to give him only half the sum at first, I told Barnett, "Look, for what you've told me so far I can only give you $40,000. No more."

I wasn't prepared for the explosion that followed.

"What are you talking about!" he yelled, on the verge of hysteria. "You're putting me on the rack! That $40,000 is good for nothing. It won't solve my problems. I don't need any fucking $40,000! If I don't pay my debts and restore my social standing, I'm going to put a bullet through my head. If you don't want me to do that, keep your word. I've told you all I could. Now it's your turn to deliver."

I realized that if we wanted him to continue cooperating with us, I had no choice but to ante up the entire $80,000.

"If you expect me to pay you $80,000, I need more exhaustive answers than I have been getting up to now," I said.

"If I don't get the money," Barnett told me, "I don't work with you at all."

I handed over $80,000. Barnett let out a sigh of relief, shook my hand, and slumped back in his chair. We talked a short while longer, then I showed Barnett to his guest room.

We talked all the next day, and after extracting every bit of information from him, we discussed the possibility of Barnett (who was then in his forties) continuing to work for the CIA as a consultant or landing a job on the House or Senate intelligence committees. I gave Barnett detailed instructions on how to meet his handler in Washington, and we parted. His information, while not documented, was extremely useful, and I was excited about the prospect of Barnett landing a new position in U.S. intelligence. When I returned to Moscow, we sent instructions via coded cable and diplomatic pouch on the first rendezvous. I was confident we were developing an excellent American spy.

Barnett met several times with KGB officers in Washington. Then, out of the blue, word came that the FBI had arrested him. The U.S. Justice Department said later that American agents had observed Barnett meeting the KGB in Vienna, but that was a cover story. In fact, Barnett had been exposed before then. Several years later, when the CIA agent Edward Lee Howard defected and Aldrich Ames sold CIA secrets to the KGB, we learned that the Americans had recruited a high-ranking KGB officer in our station in Jakarta, Indonesia. When

Barnett approached our people in Indonesia, it's likely that the Jakarta station was buzzing with talk that a CIA volunteer had come to us. His name would not have been known to most of our officers in Jakarta, but all the CIA needed to know from its mole within our ranks was that a U.S. intelligence officer had volunteered his services to the KGB in Jakarta. After that, pinpointing Barnett—he was retired, he was in financial trouble—would not have been difficult.

In October 1980 Barnett pleaded guilty to espionage and was sentenced to eighteen years in prison. Thanks to our sources in the CIA, the KGB discovered the mole who had served in Jakarta; by the mid-1980s he had already been promoted to Party secretary of the KGB's Andropov Institute in Moscow. He was arrested, tried, and executed. Contrasting the treatment given to Barnett and our own KGB spy vividly demonstrated that, while the CIA dealt harshly with traitors, we were infinitely more severe.

It was also in Austria, in the small town of Bad Ischl near Salzburg, that I met another valuable American source, this one from U.S. military intelligence. The U.S. army colonel, who was later charged with espionage and sentenced to life imprisonment, came to our attention in the 1960s. George Trofimoff was born in Germany to a Russian emigrant family and became a naturalized U.S. citizen in 1951. He enlisted in the U.S. Army Reserve and for many years served as chief of an army unit responsible for interviewing defectors from Warsaw Pact countries.

As a child Trofimoff was raised in Germany with Igor Susemihl, who was also the son of Russian emigrants. Susemihl would later become a priest in the Russian Orthodox Church in Germany, Archbishop of Vienna and Austria with residence in Munich.

Susemihl was recruited by the KGB in the 1950s and was tasked to look for potential recruits among his parishioners. When Trofimoff, who was prone to dissipate his income wastefully, approached his "brother" asking for a loan, Igor immediately informed his KGB controller. Gradually Trofimoff would become dependant on financial assistance from the priest. At some point he suggested that Trofimoff meet his "friend" from Russia. Trofimoff did not object. In 1969 he started passing information to the KGB for some $2,000 each time he met his KGB handler.

When I took over in 1970 as deputy chief of foreign counterintelligence in charge of the American section, Trofimoff's case came to my attention. I looked through his file and felt that the agent was not in the right hands in Germany.

At some point, with Audropov's blessing, I traveled to Austria to meet Trofimoff. At that time he was divorcing his American wife and planning to marry an eighteen-year-old German nurse. When I introduced myself to Trofimoff as his supervisor in Moscow, he seemed visibly pleased. He complained about his KGB handler in Germany, who was not always sober during their meetings, about meager payments, about risks he took smuggling secret documents from his office.

I promised to rectify the situation, change his controller, and raise his financial status. I told him what kind of information the KGB wanted and what we expected him to deliver. I also warned him, in a friendly manner, that his marriage to a young German might have an undesirable effect on his career and put him in jeopardy. Trofimoff's response was disarming: "Oleg, when you are fifty and hold a sweet little thing in your arms, you'll forget about your security and career."

As promised, we replaced Trofimoff's handler with a more responsible and experienced professional and nearly doubled his financial reward. We invited him to Russia and organized his trip to a resort hotel in the Crimea.

The change in Trofimoff's subsequent performance was dramatic. The flow and especially the quality of information, which included battle plans for NATO forces and the CIA prospective plans against the USSR for the years 1979–1982, turned Trofimoff into one of our most valuable sources. Several years later, when I was no longer involved in intelligence operations, Trofimoff was awarded the Order of the Red Banner "for special bravery and courage displayed in accomplishing special assignments in support of the state security of the Soviet Union."

Could I ever imagine that nearly thirty years later I would face Trofimoff again, this time in Tampa, Florida? And not at my own volition, but after I was summoned to the federal prosecutor's office in Washington, where I was living, and requested to testify at Trofimoff's trial in Tampa.

My initial reaction to the prosecutor's demand was negative. How could I testify against my former asset, the man who trusted us, the man whose life depended on us? It was unethical from any standpoint—professional, human. But the prosecutor would not listen to my arguments. I was told that if I did not comply with his request I would be subpoenaed and face serious consequences, including changed legal status in the United States.

I had no choice and went to Florida to deliver, under questioning, my fifteen-minute testimony in court. That was perhaps the lowest point in my career as an intelligence officer. But I could not lie under oath. As I learned later, Trofimoff was under investigation for seven years after he met with an FBI agent who was posing as a Russian operative delivering a payment.

The original source of information on Trofimoff's involvement with the KGB was Soviet defector Vasili Mitrokhin, who fled to England in 1992 and provided the British and American security services with thousands of documents from the KGB archives.

But all this would happen much later. In the meantime we worked hard on other projects.

We pulled off another intelligence coup against the Americans in the 1970s when we succeeded in bugging the headquarters of an American air force base in the Mediterranean. We got inside by recruiting a local employee of the base, who later planted the listening devices for us. The bugs worked for more than a year, during which time we gathered a substantial amount of information on NATO operations in Europe.

Among the bolder assaults we planned on the CIA while I was chief of foreign counterintelligence was a scheme to abduct a CIA officer in Beirut. We planned the operation over a six-month period in 1977 and 1978. The plot was relatively simple: we would pay Palestinians to do our dirty work. The KGB had close ties with Palestinian groups in

Lebanon. For years we had been using our own officers and intelligence officers from the Warsaw Pact to forge strong ties with Palestine Liberation Organization leader Yassir Arafat. After receiving preliminary approval from Andropov, we instructed our Palestinian operatives in Lebanon to begin tailing the CIA man, who was posted to the U.S. embassy in Beirut as a military attaché. Our plan was to pay the Palestinians to abduct the CIA agent and then, under duress but not outright torture, to interrogate him. We would supply the Palestinians with the list of questions, and we also planned to instruct them on how they might recruit the American. The Palestinians were told that they could threaten him with death but under no circumstances were they to kill the man or physically torture him. From the start, it would be a KGB job, though our fingerprints would not be on it.

The plan was set in motion. The Palestinians were constantly watching the CIA officer and informed us they could pick him up at any time. They had picked out a safe house in Beirut in which to detain and question him. I then went to Boris Ivanov, my onetime station chief in New York, who had since become first deputy chief of intelligence.

"Everything's ready," I told him.

"I have to clear it," Ivanov replied. "It's a major operation. I have to talk to Andropov."

"Why talk to him again?" I argued. "I already have his written permission."

"It's a delicate matter," said Ivanov. "I have to ask him again."

Ivanov telephoned Andropov, and we both spoke to him on a secure Lubyanka line. I described the plot and said we were ready to abduct the CIA agent.

"A kidnapping!" barked Andropov. "Are you crazy?"

"But you gave your permission," I said.

"Maybe I did," Andropov replied, "but I am against it now. We shouldn't do this kind of thing. What if your plan goes awry and somehow the Americans find out about it? Are you going to start a war? They would start kidnapping our people all around the world, and they're better equipped for nabbing our people than we are for kidnapping theirs. It will turn into a war of intelligence services. It will do us no good whatsoever."

"The Americans won't find out," I replied, still confident it would have been a sanitized way to get our hands on a CIA officer and interrogate him. "The Palestinians can pull it off. I know it."

"No, I don't trust these Palestinians," said Andropov. "Don't do it. I forbid you."

My one-minute phone conversation with Andropov wiped out six months of planning and preparations.

Nearly a decade later, Iranian-backed Hezbollah terrorists kidnapped the CIA station chief in Beirut, William Buckley. Under horrible torture, they extracted from Buckley everything he knew about CIA operations. The American died from the interrogation. By then I was no longer involved in foreign operations, but I do not believe the KGB had anything to do with Buckley's abduction or torture, though it is a virtual certainty that the transcript of Buckley's interrogation (the Hezbollah butchers recorded it) was eventually passed or sold to the KGB for a handsome sum.

One of my last meetings with a U.S. intelligence agent took place in 1979 in Helsinki, which nearly rivaled Vienna as a stomping ground for Soviet spies. To this day, I don't know whether the American was genuine or a CIA plant.

The man was a retired U.S. nuclear submarine captain, a volunteer who had contacted one of our stations in Europe. In the beginning, he looked too good to be true. Not only did he seem to have extensive knowledge about the U.S. submarine fleet, but he claimed to be a contract (part-time) worker for the CIA. As I often did when presented with what looked like an intelligence prize, I decided to meet the man in person to judge whether he was for real.

In the spring of 1979, I traveled to Helsinki to meet the American naval officer. Though I was initially skeptical, I soon came to believe that he was genuine. The American told me he had come to us because he wanted money, and because he was angered that, after his tour on the atomic submarine, he had not been promoted and transferred to naval headquarters in the Pentagon. His information was good but not great. In several meetings in Helsinki over the course of two days, the American told me in some detail about the operations of the U.S. atomic submarine fleet and its activities against the USSR. He provided me with no documentation, saying he no longer had access to navy materials and that his contract work for the CIA had just gotten under way. We paid him modestly, no more than $10,000 while I was foreign counterintelligence chief.

I wanted the captain to land a permanent position with the CIA. At the end of our meetings, I suggested that he write Admiral Stansfield Turner, director of the CIA, and explain that he was a retired submarine commander doing contract work for the CIA and seeking a full-time position with the agency. The captain, who kept in touch with us, later said through an intermediary that he had written the letter but received no response.

I have my doubts about the American to this day. One of the great challenges of counterintelligence lay in trying to figure out when a volunteer was real and when he was doing the bidding of the CIA or NATO. In the case of the captain and many other volunteers, I turned their stories over and over in my mind, trying to divine the truth. It was an exasperating—and thrilling—aspect of the job.

Regardless of who the American captain was, he left me with a warm and memorable parting shot. One of our Finnish meetings took place over lunch at a café in a remote, wooded area thirty-five miles from Helsinki. At one point, the American asked me, "Did you ever try *real* Scotch whiskey?"

"Well, yes," I replied. I hesitated because I made it a point never to engage Americans or Britons in a debate about their whiskeys; it was their domain, just as surely as vodka was a Russian's. "Have you ever drunk Glenfiddich?" the American asked.

"No," I replied. "I've never heard of it."

"Oh, you haven't!" he exclaimed. "Then you don't know what real whiskey is. I will send you a bottle or two through my case officer."

A month later, my KGB subordinate who was handling the American sent me a bottle of Glenfiddich via diplomatic pouch. I opened it and was just about to take a sip when my intelligence paranoia set in. What if he was working for the CIA? Would the Americans try to poison a KGB general with a bottle of Scotch? No, I concluded; even *we* wouldn't do that. So I took a sip, and it went down like nectar. Within several weeks, my colleagues and I had—a sip or two at a time—polished off the lovely Scotch whiskey. Ever since I have been a devoted fan of Glenfiddich.

Returning home from Finland that spring of 1979, I had an experience that, in retrospect, was a premonition of things to come. In the late 1970s, running one of the KGB's most important directorates, I can honestly say that I loved my work. My job was always challenging, placing me at the heart of the cold war competition between the Soviet Union and the United States. I traveled the world, overseeing counterintelligence operations, and when I was in Moscow, my KGB work consumed me six or seven days a week. I strongly believed that what I was doing was necessary and useful. I was not so blind that I didn't see how far we were falling behind the West, how corrupt the upper reaches of the Communist Party were, and what a senile fool Brezhnev had become. But I had not given up on my country, nor on the idea that it could be reformed. The great illusions which had determined my worldview since birth still stayed with me, tattered though they might have been.

Traveling home on the Helsinki-Moscow train, I was in good spirits. Our long green train stopped at the Finnish border town of Vainikala, where the sun shone warmly into my compartment. Shoots of early grass were pushing through the ground beside the railroad tracks. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, I was overcome by feelings of sadness and foreboding. I looked out at the neat Finnish cottages and my heart sank when I thought of crossing into Soviet territory at Vyborg, a gray and gloomy town. The prospect of returning to Moscow, where the media would be prattling on about five-year plans and the triumph of socialism, made me ill. I felt that something bad lay ahead and, as will soon become clear, I was right. I had the disquieting feeling that I was returning not to my homeland but to prison. And I sensed that I would not be back in the West for a long while. I was right about that too.

But I am getting ahead of my story.

Our struggle in foreign counterintelligence extended to penetrating the intelligence agencies of NATO countries, and to a lesser degree the secret services in the Third World. Piecing together information from CIA, NATO, and other sources, we were able to draw a fairly comprehensive picture of U.S. and Western strategy and their activities against the USSR. Meanwhile, the CIA and NATO intelligence services were doing the very same thing, and probably more successfully. During my ten years in foreign counterintelligence, I frequently felt as if I were participating in some sort of Great Game, in which a defection or intelligence leak from our side would put us behind, while in the next breath a source like John Walker or David Henry Barnett would appear and put us back in the running. It was a constant, dizzying to-and-fro, as we took a piece out of them and they took a piece out of us. The whole frenzied scrum was obscured and complicated by the layers of deception, the double agents, the maddening sense of not knowing whom to trust. It was, in short, espionage, and when my decade in foreign counterintelligence was finished, I felt we had done our best to hold our own in a struggle that we were gradually and inexorably losing.

When I took over as head of foreign counterintelligence in 1973, the extent of our penetration of NATO and other Western intelligence agencies was impressive. Reading through files, talking to my subordinates, and handling the day-to-day duties of the office, I realized that—often thanks to spies who had come to us for ideological reasons in the 1930s and 1940s—we had an extensive and highly placed network of agents in France, West Germany, Canada, Italy, and the Scandinavian countries, among others. England, which in the heyday of the Magnificent Five had been a bulwark of our intelligence efforts, had slipped badly following the unmasking of Oleg Lyalin and the expulsion of more than one hundred KGB officers and diplomats from London. But our strength in other countries helped make up for that loss.

Even before I joined foreign counterintelligence I knew that we had an impressive network of agents in France. I was nevertheless surprised at the sheer number of high-ranking moles we had in French intelligence, counterintelligence, and the military. During my time, we boasted about a dozen excellent spies in France, most of them operating at the top rung of their agencies, firm believers in Communism who first approached our people in France in the 1940s. Our officers had discouraged them from joining the Communist Party in France or in any way betraying their ideology. Then these moles and their KGB handlers patiently waited as the Frenchmen rose to positions of high responsibility in intelligence and the military. By the 1960s and 1970s, the French secret services and military leaked like a sieve; indeed, things were so bad that the Americans eventually stopped trusting the French with secrets of any kind.

Some of these French moles were uncovered. One of the most notorious was Georges Pacques, who worked at the French general staff and at NATO headquarters in Paris (NATO was located in Paris until the French severed their ties with the organization in 1966) and who supplied the KGB with NATO's battle plans for Western Europe. But many more French Communist agents were never discovered. Most were in their fifties and sixties by the time I became foreign counterintelligence chief, and undoubtedly they had retired by the time the Soviet Union collapsed in 1991.

I traveled to Paris in the mid-1970s to meet one of our top agents in French counterintelligence (DST), who had begun working for us in 1946. We smuggled him into our embassy in the Soviet ambassador's car, its windows darkened. The French officer arrived in the early evening, and he and I talked until dawn. My purpose was not solely to debrief the man, who had been working for us for decades and was a tried-and-true agent. We thought he would enjoy meeting the head of Soviet foreign counterintelligence, and mainly I praised him for the help he had provided us over the years. I also questioned him at length about the activities of French intelligence—what operations they were running against us, which double agents they employed, and how the French were working with the CIA.

In addition, we talked at length about information he had picked up from CIA sources that the Americans had a high-level spy in the KGB or Soviet military intelligence (GRU). I got the distinct impression from the Frenchman that the mole was in the GRU, and years later I would be proven right when our sources in the CIA and the FBI gave us information that led to the arrest of GRU General Nikolai Polyakov. The GRU man had been spying for the Americans for fifteen years, passing on key information on Soviet military strategy. He was executed in 1986.

At the time, the Frenchman's information touched off a major investigation that produced damaging information on several top GRU officials, though none was the real culprit. Looking for an unidentified mole is like looking for a needle in a haystack, but using the Frenchman's scant information we tried to check out likely KGB and GRU collaborators. If we suspected someone, we would tap his phone, place him under physical surveillance, insert an agent into his department, and check out his friends and acquaintances. Our investigation showed, for example, that a GRU station chief (a general) in a major Far Eastern country was a homosexual. He was dismissed on the grounds that he was a security risk. Several other GRU and KGB officers were dismissed when our taps showed that they were talking too freely about top secret operations.

My meeting with the French intelligence man in Paris was a memorable one, and we drank, ate, and talked until the sun came up. Toward the end of our conversation, the Frenchman pulled out a pistol and told me, "If something happens to me, I always have this."

"Nothing is going to happen to you," I assured him, for indeed he and others like him had been operating with near impunity for a long time.

While in Paris, I met with one of our key officers there, who shall be known only as Evgeny. He was officially working for UNESCO in

Paris, but in fact Evgeny was our main handler of the moles inside French intelligence. He traveled around the French capital with ease and impunity, meeting his French sources and collecting crucial information for the KGB. Evgeny, a devastatingly handsome man, was eventually made a KGB general as a result of his excellent work with the French spies.

We had so deeply infiltrated French intelligence that we were able to see clearly just how ineffectual that agency was. The French had a network of scores of agents worldwide, including such cities as New York and London, but there was little evidence that the French spies accomplished much. Without doubt, French intelligence was the weakest and most wasteful of all the hostile secret services we faced. French counterintelligence was hardly better. We had full access to their innermost secrets.

Our penetration of the intelligence services in Scandinavia has been widely reported, especially our close links with Finnish President Urho Kekkonen, who held office from 1956 to 1981. Kekkonen was a kind of agent of ours, in the sense that he met regularly with a KGB case officer and listened closely to our advice on a wide range of issues. But there was a strange paradox in our relations with the Finns: even though the top levels of Finnish government were riddled with Soviet agents, these very same moles often were Finnish patriots who would help us when they thought it was in Finland's interest, but wouldn't hesitate to snub us if they thought it necessary. While I was in foreign counterintelligence, the Finns on several occasions expelled KGB officers they thought had acted too boldly in recruiting one of their countrymen or an American. Once, when our people from intelligence were boasting at a meeting about our deep penetration in Finland, I responded, "What kind of agents do we have there if they don't let us work aggressively against the U.S. embassy in Helsinki? Real agents would help our work, and the Finns don't do that."

The truth was that the tiny Finnish nation had to walk a fine line in its relations with the Soviet giant next door, and Finnish leaders did a skillful job of catering to our desires while at the same time maintaining their country's independence.

We had good sources in Sweden and Norway, as some Scandinavians came to work for us because they were committed socialists. In the mid-1970s, I traveled to Vienna to meet a top Swedish police official who was working for us and—as it turns out—several other intelligence agencies. I paid him $10,000 for providing us with Swedish police and Foreign Office documents. He was later imprisoned on charges unrelated to the spying he did for the KGB.

The KGB also had excellent sources in Australia and Canada, including a valuable mole in Royal Canadian Mounted Police counterintelligence. We had productive moles in Australian intelligence who passed us documents from the CIA and British intelligence, as well as providing us with information on subjects as varied as the peace movement and the Australian military.

One of the more outlandish episodes in the KGB's European operations during my tenure occurred in the mid-1970s in Portugal, not long after the overthrow of the Salazar dictatorship. The Portuguese Communist Party was the third largest in Europe (after those of Italy and France), and in the mid- to late 1970s socialism and Communism enjoyed wide support in Portugal. Indeed, we had agents throughout the Portuguese intelligence service, and in the chaos that followed the socialist revolution that overthrew Salazar, our agents came up with a bold stroke. One night, with the help of moles and sympathizers inside the security apparatus, Portuguese working for the KGB drove a truck to the Security Ministry and hauled away a mountain of classified intelligence data, including lists of secret police agents working for the Salazar regime. The truckload of documents was delivered to our embassy in Lisbon, then sent by plane to Moscow, where analysts spent months poring over the papers. Portugal was a member of NATO, and there was some material of limited interest on American military operations in Europe. But the really valuable material was the list of the thousands of agents and informers who worked for the Salazar dictatorship. Our officers later used this information to force some of these agents to work for us. In the history of cold war intelligence coups, the Portuguese operation was not a signal achievement. But for the sheer audacity of making off with a truckload of material right out of the Security Ministry, it had few rivals. In the 1990s, I traveled to Portugal, where the Portuguese authorities treated me in a most cordial manner, taking me around the country, entertaining lavishly, encouraging me to speak to different groups of people. I was interviewed by major national media and did not mince words about the role of the Portuguese Communist Party in providing generous support for Soviet intelligence operations. I was immediately denounced by Álvaro Cunhal, the Party leader, as a liar and a traitor. Speaking the next day on national television, I did not respond to Cunhal's accusations. I repeated what I had been saying over and over again: "The Communist Party of Portugal is our best and most loyal ally in Europe, and as a citizen and a Communist Party member of the former USSR I can only be grateful to them."

As for NATO's strongest European power, West Germany, we also had access to huge quantities of intelligence, and virtually without lifting a finger. The East German foreign intelligence agency, headed by the brilliant Markus Wolf, had so deeply penetrated the West German government, military, and secret services that about all we had to do was lie back and stay out of Wolf's way. KGB intelligence naturally had close ties with the secret services of all of the "fraternal countries" of Eastern Europe, though none would be as fruitful as our relationship with East Germany and Wolf. In my seven years as head of foreign counterintelligence, I would spend a great deal of time working with and visiting my counterparts in the Warsaw Pact countries. Our Communist colleagues provided us with some invaluable help in our fight against the U.S. and NATO powers. My Eastern European colleagues also showed me some of the finest hospitality and hunting I encountered in all my years in the KGB.

Shortly after taking over foreign counterintelligence in 1973, I made my first trip to Berlin and met Wolf, a tall, dark-haired man with a humorous glint in his eyes. We had a lengthy talk in his office, followed by a lunch at East German intelligence headquarters with his deputies. Later, Wolf arranged a banquet for us at the KGB's residency in Karlshorst. Wolf immediately struck me as the most capable and shrewd of all the intelligence professionals I had known; his skill and expertise put someone like Kryuchkov, our intelligence chief, to shame. When I first met Wolf, I sensed that he and some of his deputies were skeptical of this young Soviet intelligence officer, perhaps fearing I was not a true enough believer in Communism. But I broke the ice with them when, at our first lunch, I proposed a toast and recalled Stalin's words that the creation of an East German state "was a turning point in the history of Europe, and the existence of a peace-loving, democratic Germany beside the peace-loving Soviet Union rules out a new war on the European Continent." As I sat down after the toast, Wolf looked pleased, and one of his deputies said something about me being a member of a "new generation" of Soviets. I don't know whether the deputy was referring to my age or whether he had in mind that I was one of a new generation of Stalinists. My toast wasn't just empty words: I truly believed then that if the Soviet Union and East Germany worked closely together, there was a chance that a united, socialist Germany might emerge one day. In that case, the USSR and Germany would dominate Europe. My bitterness over our invasion of Czechoslovakia had diminished, and in 1973 I still had faith in our system. I was focusing all my energy on one goal: our struggle with the United States and the West.

Wolf had created a model intelligence agency that had achieved spectacular results. His greatest coup was the selection and training of East German agents who moved to West Germany and penetrated the highest levels of the West German government. Wolf's task was made easier by the fact that he was using Germans to infiltrate opposing German security structures. Yet despite that advantage, the East German's achievements still looked dazzling. Hundreds of East German agents penetrated the West German government and military at the height of the cold war. The most famous was Günther Guillaume, who became one of West German Chancellor Willy Brandt's most trusted aides and passed reams of material to East German intelligence.

Wolf also masterminded the technique of using East German illegals to seduce single, middle-aged West German women who worked in government agencies such as the Foreign Office. These "Red Casanovas," as they came to be called, provided Wolf (and us) with valuable material on NATO, among other things. I remember sitting in my office in Moscow and reading with awe, and amusement, the field reports of some of the East German intelligence gigolos. These agents not only described the intelligence information they were receiving from the West German women, but they also, in typically Teutonic, detailed fashion, described their sexual encounters. The accounts read like pornography, and I found myself sympathizing with some of the married agents who described the disgust they felt at having to make love to unattractive older women.

The most successful Red Casanova had managed to seduce a woman fifteen years his senior who worked for one of the top men in West German intelligence. He wined and dined her and gave her expensive gifts. Inevitably, the time came to sleep with her. In the reports I read, the East German agent described the wild passion of this sex-starved woman. In pornographic detail he talked about their oral sex sessions, about the moans and groans she made in bed, and about how hard it was becoming for him to maintain an erection with his *Fräulein.* He posed as a nationalistic, anti-Communist West German businessman, and broached the subject of acquiring intelligence material by claiming he was worried that the West German government was angling to make peace with East Germany. Arguing that patriotic German groups needed to know what was going on inside their government, he persuaded his lover to begin passing him materials from West German intelligence.

We had an extraordinarily close relationship with Wolf and the East Germans, though it was not without tension. Nowhere in the world did the KGB have an operation like that in East Germany. In East Berlin alone, our station numbered some 450 officers; dozens more were scattered about East Germany's provinces. (Most Eastern European countries only had about fifteen to twenty KGB officers.)

Our East Berlin station acquired the status of a regular KGB directorate, and the station chief assumed the rank of a deputy chief of Intelligence. For KGB officers, particularly those who had been expelled from Western countries for spying, East Berlin was a plum assignment, offering regular trips to West Berlin and a salary that was paid partly in hard currency.

Toward the end of my time in foreign counterintelligence, there were growing complaints from some East German politicians that the KGB presence in their country, particularly in the provinces, was too large. We made contingency plans to move some of our agents into less conspicuous positions, with joint ventures and trade missions, for example. But the East German leadership never pressed the point, and large numbers of agents remained in the country. Our relationship with the East Germans was a complex one in which they helped us a great deal but never played the role of subservient junior partner. We could never dictate to the East Germans, as we did with such Warsaw Pact countries as Bulgaria. Nor did the leaders of East Germany's security services bow and scrape in front of their Moscow colleagues. I met East German security minister Erich Mielke on several occasions, and he was self-assured to the point of arrogance. Once, at a party at the East German embassy in Moscow, the stout, hard-drinking Mielke carried on in a boisterous manner, seemingly unintimidated by the presence of KGB chief Andropov and other members of the Politburo. Clearly Mielke, the second-ranking East German official after Erich Honecker, had been seduced by the dictatorial powers that he and Honecker possessed.

Whenever possible, we did what we could to help the East Germans, since they were always doing far more for us than we for them. We came to Wolf's aid in 1978, when an informer betrayed several East German intelligence agents living in West Germany. Two of Wolf's agents took refuge in the Soviet embassy in Bonn and two in our military mission in Wiesbaden, West Germany. Our problem was how to get them out of West Germany, where they were wanted for espionage, and back to East Berlin.

In Moscow, I argued strenuously that the only way to extricate the four was to give them fake Soviet diplomatic passports and smuggle them out of West Germany in cars with USSR diplomatic license plates. Others at KGB headquarters in Moscow retorted that there would be a major scandal if we were caught smuggling East German spies out of West Germany using phony Soviet passports. The KGB station chief in Bonn agreed, contending that the four should surreptitiously be allowed to abscond from the embassy and the military mission and then find their way back to East Germany on their own.

"That won't do," I said to the station chief over a secure line. "The East Germans have confidence in us. They give us all the intelligence secrets they get. We must help their people. We have no right to abandon them."

I pressed my case, and eventually Andropov agreed, saying it was highly unlikely that the West Germans would stop a Soviet diplomatic vehicle. So our technical people counterfeited four Soviet passports for the East Germans, sent the documents to our embassy and military mission in West Germany, and in a matter of days Wolf's agents were joyfully embracing their colleagues on the East German border.

The one East German activity that made my superiors at KGB headquarters squirm was its support of international terrorists, such as the infamous Carlos. We knew full well that a wide variety of terrorists—including those from the PLO, the Italian Red Brigades, and the West German Baader-Meinhof gang—were receiving refuge and support in East Germany. I didn't know of any actual incidents in which the East Germans trained such terrorists or helped them carry out specific terrorist attacks, but I realized that Wolf and his agency were doing more than providing R&R for these international outlaws. My superiors in Moscow viewed this East German "hospitality" more as a sign of solidarity with forces struggling against world imperialism. But the fact remained that none of us delved too deeply into what the East Germans were doing with these unsavory characters.

Carlos, responsible for some of the most heinous Middle Eastern terrorist acts in the 1970s and 1980s, came to the Soviet Union twice while I was in charge of foreign counterintelligence. On both occasions, I was notified that he had applied for a Soviet visa at one of our consulates in Eastern Europe. We gave him permission to come to Moscow, where he had been a student at Patrice Lumumba University in the 1960s, but kept him under close surveillance. When he arrived on his first visit, our officers met him at Sheremetyevo Airport and took him to his hotel, where he was questioned extensively about his trip to the USSR. He claimed that he was in the Soviet capital to visit old friends for a few weeks, and our tight surveillance of him turned up nothing that contradicted his assertion. In fact, our surveillance officers were astounded that this infamous international criminal would turn out to be such a playboy; he seemed to spend most of his time in Moscow at parties, and our agents marveled at the number of women Carlos courted in the Soviet capital. After a couple of weeks Carlos left without incident. In 1976, knowing that we could not remain forever immune from the growing terrorist threat, on Andropov's instruction, I formed a small unit to do research on the world's leading terrorists and terrorist organizations. Using published Western documents as well as our own extensive network of sources in Eastern Europe, the Middle East, and other regions, we compiled a handbook identifying more than two thousand international terrorists. The book was sent to all Soviet border posts in an effort to stop terrorists from entering the USSR.

In addition, our officers in Eastern Europe set out to discover how involved our socialist neighbors were in sponsoring international terrorism. We learned that not only East Germany, but Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Romania were giving support to a variety of terrorist groups. The Romanians were supplying terrorists with training and weaponry, and the Czechs were selling them large quantities of light weapons and plastic explosives. We discussed penetrating these terrorist organizations, but backed off, fearing that we could end up being accused of participating in terrorist acts. Andropov even once suggested that we attempt to penetrate the Mafia. He must have seen *The Godfather.* "Why don't we try to use Mafia to recruit Americans of

Italian origin?" he asked. It wasn't a bad idea, but we pointed out that an international scandal would arise if it ever became known that we had anything to do with Italian organized crime.

"You're probably right, but you should look into it," said Andropov. "There is a risk involved, but you have to keep an eye on all these groups. We can't let them grow without our knowledge."

As close as we were to Markus Wolf and East German intelligence, we had an even tighter relationship with the secret services of Bulgaria. That Eastern European country, headed by Todor Zhivkov, was so firmly bound to the USSR that people in both countries referred to Bulgaria as the sixteenth Soviet republic. The Bulgarian Interior Ministry was little more than a branch of the KGB. Our station chief in Sofia for many years, General Ivan Savchenko, virtually ran Bulgaria's secret services; no general in Bulgarian intelligence or in the Interior Ministry dared do anything of consequence without first picking up the telephone and checking with Savchenko.

I went to Bulgaria on numerous occasions in the 1970s, and the trips usually turned out to be more pleasure than work, thanks to the Bulgarians' legendary hospitality. Compared to East Germany, Bulgaria was of little intelligence interest to us, though the Bulgarians did give us some useful information about Greece, Turkey, and the southern front of NATO. At our urging, the Bulgarians also worked aggressively in their Black Sea resorts and in the port of Varna to recruit foreigners. Shortly before I left for Leningrad in 1980, Bulgarian intelligence agents struck up a relationship with a young West German woman who was the wife of a West German legislator. Her husband also served on the legislature's security committee, and the Bulgarians kept in touch with her after the couple returned to Germany. I never found out whether the relationship bore fruit.

Mostly what I remember about Bulgaria is being squired around in chauffeured limousines to the country's beautiful mountains and beaches, where, sometimes accompanied by my wife, I was treated like a pasha. I never encountered hospitality like it, before or since. The Bulgarians drowned us in their delicious wines. They laid out enormous feasts at the finest Communist Party retreats. They put on hunts for deer, duck, and pheasant at the game preserves reserved for President Zhivkov and the Bulgarian elite. On several occasions, their desire to please their elder Slavic brothers reached absurd proportions.

Once, on a bird shoot with some officers from the Interior Ministry, a Bulgarian gamekeeper walked up to our party carrying a large sack. He dumped the contents on the ground, and out scrambled a dozen barely fledged pheasants. The dazed birds scampered a few yards away and hid in a cornfield.

“Go ahead, shoot!” said one of my hosts, flashing me a proud smile.

It was clear that my Bulgarian colleagues were so bent on showing me a good time that they wanted to spare me the embarrassment of a missed shot. But I could hardly execute these young birds as they crouched in terror on the ground. My hosts tried to kick a few of the pheasants up, but to no avail. I scared up one young bird, and he frantically beat his wings but only managed to get off the ground for a few seconds before dropping back to earth. The Bulgarians were eagerly watching me; if I declined to shoot these adolescent pheasants, I would deeply offend my hosts. So I took aim at one of the poor creatures on the ground and pulled the trigger. The Bulgarians seemed relieved. It was the last young bird I shot that day.

On another occasion, this time during a deer hunt, I once again ran into all-consuming Bulgarian hospitality. A group of beaters had driven a deer out of a patch of woods, and my Bulgarian host and I stood in a clearing, ready to down the animal. The deer bounded out of the forest and paused for a second. I raised my gun and was preparing to fire when my host said, “Oleg, give me your gun. I’ll shoot him for you.”

“No,” I replied. “I didn’t come all this way to let you do all the work.”

“No,” the Bulgarian insisted. “I’ll shoot him for you. What if you miss!”

“I don’t care if I miss!” I barked back, the two of us nearly wrestling for the gun.

By the time I fended off my host and was ready to fire, the deer was long gone.

All my memories of Bulgaria and the Bulgarians are not so amusing, however. Another kind of hunt, this one for a human being, turned out to be the most infamous example of cooperation between our two intelligence services and the blackest mark on my career.

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In all my years in the KGB, I have only once been involved in what we call in the business a "wet job," an assassination. It occurred in 1978, and though I didn't have a pivotal role in the killing, I nevertheless did not try to talk my superiors out of the plot to kill the Bulgarian dissident Georgi Markov.

The case first came to my attention in early 1978. Kryuchkov, our intelligence chief, had just received an urgent cable from General Stoyanov, the Bulgarian minister of the interior. The Bulgarian had a blunt request: He wanted the KGB's help in carrying out President Zhivkov's express order to liquidate Georgi Markov. Unquestionably, Andropov had to approve the plan, and Kryuchkov asked me to accompany him to a meeting with the KGB chairman.

I had heard about Markov from my colleagues in Bulgarian intelligence. He was a former close associate of Zhivkov's who had turned against Communists, fled to England, and was beaming back strong criticism of the regime to Bulgaria through his position with the Bulgarian radio service of the BBC. During my most recent visit to Bulgaria, my colleagues there had repeatedly mentioned what a nuisance Markov had become.

"He lives in London and slanders Comrade Zhivkov," one Bulgarian intelligence officer told me. "Our people are very unhappy about him."

The Bulgarian request to murder Markov was raised in Andropov's spacious, wood-paneled office in Lubyanka. Those attending the meeting were Andropov, Kryuchkov, Vice Admiral Mikhail Usatov (first chief deputy for intelligence), and myself. After discussing several unrelated matters, Kryuchkov spoke up.

"We have a request from the Bulgarian Interior Minister Stoyanov that we help them with one of the opponents of the regime who lives in London, the writer Markov," Kryuchkov said. "They want us to help them in the physical removal of Markov. This request was made by Comrade Stoyanov, but it comes from President Zhivkov himself."

We sat in silence for a few seconds. I will never forget the tidy euphemism Kryuchkov used for Markov's assassination: "physical removal," *fizicheskoye ustraneniye* in Russian. I felt a chill go down my spine and thought to myself, To hell with these Bulgarians. Let them do whatever they want to their political opponents. Why are they dragging us into this mess?

Andropov also was taken aback. He got up from his desk and started nervously pacing back and forth. The chairman seemed lost in thought for a few seconds, then said, "I am against political assassinations. I don't think it's the right way to deal with these problems. The time when this sort of thing could be done with impunity is past. We can't revert to the old ways. I am really against it."

Again there was silence, save for the faint hum of traffic in Dzerzhinsky Square. Finally Kryuchkov spoke again.

"But Comrade Andropov," said Kryuchkov (who would later lead the 1991 coup against Gorbachev). "It's Comrade Zhivkov's personal request. If we deny him our assistance, Zhivkov may think that Comrade Stoyanov has fallen out of favor with us or maybe that his own reputation in the eyes of the Soviet people has been tarnished. Comrade Zhivkov may interpret it as a sign that we are distancing ourselves from him. I repeat: this is a personal request from Zhivkov. We have to deal with the problem somehow."

Andropov continued pacing around the room.

"All right, all right," he said, stopping suddenly. "But there is to be no direct participation on our part. Give the Bulgarians whatever they need, show them how to use it, and send someone to Sofia to train their people. But that's all. No direct involvement. I won't permit any more than that."

Kryuchkov nodded in agreement. I listened and watched without saying a word.

Over the next half year, using the "talents" of KGB scientists schooled in the art of poisoning and other methods of murder, we and the Bulgarians stumbled toward the assassination of Markov. It was a wrenching trial-and-error process, right out of the pages of the blackest comedy. But in the end, even the Soviets and the Bulgarians couldn't screw it up: we got our man.

When Kryuchkov and I returned to Yasenevo, the intelligence chief set the plot in motion. "Well, what shall we do about this?" Kryuchkov asked me as we settled into his office at Yasenevo. Unfortunately I knew the answer.

"Sergei Golubev deals with problems like this," I replied.

Golubev was summoned to Kryuchkov's office and ordered to contact the operational and technical directorate, the successor to the top secret Kamera created by Joseph Stalin. The directorate had a laboratory that invented new ways of killing people, from poisons that could be slipped into drinks to gels that could be rubbed on a person to induce a heart attack. A KGB agent rubbed just such a substance on Alexander Solzhenitsyn in a store in Russia in the early 1970s, making him violently ill but not killing him. That was the handiwork of the operational and technical directorate, and they would be in charge of coming up with a solution to Zhivkov's problem: finding a way of "physically removing" Markov without leaving a trace of what brought about his death. The more it looked like a heart attack, the better. Even a despot like Zhivkov didn't have the stomach to shoot someone in the head on a London street.

Sergei Golubev was in charge of security for the intelligence directorate, and part of his job description included carrying out "wet jobs" (the term has obvious roots: killing people is messy). By the late 1970s, the KGB had virtually stopped pulling off wet jobs, but Golubev—a quiet, dour man—still had a unit of a half dozen men whose job it was to try to locate KGB defectors. So Golubev, working with Laboratory

12 of the operational and technical directorate, was the perfect man to help the Bulgarians get rid of Markov.

After consulting with our scientists, Golubev and an assistant, Yuri Surov (head of the search team for KGB traitors), flew to Sofia. There Golubev described to the Bulgarians three main ways of liquidating Markov silently: the poison gel, poisoning his food, or shooting him with a poison pellet.

The Bulgarians at first liked the idea of the poison gel, and considered rubbing it on the handle of Markov's car door, but dropped the idea when they realized they could just as easily kill Markov's girlfriend as Markov himself. The Bulgarians weren't so much concerned about accidentally wiping out the girlfriend as they were about scaring off Markov.

Our Bulgarian allies then learned that Markov was planning to vacation at a seaside resort in Italy. They hatched a plan to follow him there and have an agent "accidentally" bump into him on the beach and smear him with the poison gel. But this plot was scrapped because the weather was cold and the beach was half empty, Markov was clothed, and the agent couldn't figure out a way to rub gel on the victim inconspicuously on a deserted beach.

Yet another plan was discussed by the Bulgarians, this one to poison Markov's food during a trip to Germany. A Bulgarian agent did follow the dissident to Germany but, for reasons that were unclear, could not pull off the poisoning.

What had looked like a simple plot to kill an unarmed dissident was turning into a comedy of errors. In the summer of 1978, the head of Bulgarian foreign counterintelligence, General Todorov, suggested we come up with a new way to kill Markov. Todorov and Golubev decided that the best way was by shooting Markov with a tiny poison pellet, no bigger than the head of a pin. The poison to be used was ricin, an extraordinarily toxic substance made from castor oil seeds. I can't imagine how in the world our scientists ever figured out that castor oil seeds could be turned into a deadly poison; I suppose that's what they were paid to do as they worked feverishly, year after year, in their top secret KGB lab.

Golubev returned to Sofia with the ricin pellets. One was shot into a horse, which died. The Bulgarians then decided to try out the ricin on a human being. The unfortunate victim was a Bulgarian prisoner who had been sentenced to death. As Golubev later explained it, an officer from the Bulgarian Interior Ministry approached the prisoner with an umbrella, the tip of which our scientists had converted into a gun that would silently shoot the ricin pellet into its victim. The officer shot the poor prisoner with the umbrella, and the fellow yelped as if stung by a bee. Apparently he was hysterical, realizing that his death sentence had just been carried out in a most unusual manner. But the poison wasn't released from the pellet, and the prisoner remained in good health.

Golubev returned to Moscow with the disconcerting news of this failed attempt. Our laboratory went back to work on the ricin pellet, assuring Golubev and the Bulgarians that it would work.

In September 1978, a Bulgarian agent hunted down Markov in London. The agent approached the handsome, gray-haired Markov on Waterloo Bridge, prodded him with an umbrella on the right thigh, then apologized and walked off. As he was dying in a hospital on September 11, Markov told doctors of the incident on the bridge. But doctors couldn't immediately determine the cause of Markov's death, and it wasn't until news of his strange demise spread that the Bulgarian exile community began to piece together what had happened.

A few weeks before Markov's death, a Bulgarian defector in Paris, Vladimir Kostov, had felt a sting while riding the Metro and had seen a man with an umbrella standing close to him. After hearing of Markov's death, Kostov alerted officials in London that Markov might have been the victim of an assassination attempt. A month after the attack on Kostov, French doctors extracted an intact ricin pellet from his body; he had been saved either because the poison had been ineffective or had not been released. Officials in London then exhumed Markov's body, and an autopsy showed a tiny pellet lodged in a small wound in his right thigh. By the time of the autopsy, the ricin had decomposed.

Though Bulgarian exiles were sure that Zhivkov was behind the assassination of Markov and the attempted assassination of Kostov, no one could prove the involvement of the Communist dictator and the KGB. I felt sick when I heard of Markov's assassination, and few of us in foreign counterintelligence said much about the killing.

Returning to Bulgaria shortly after the Markov affair, I met Interior Minister Stoyanov, who gave me an expensive Browning hunting rifle with a brass plaque on the stock that read: "From Minister Stoyanov to General Kalugin." Though he did not specify the reason, I understood Stoyanov had given the gun to me in appreciation for the help we rendered his agency in "physically removing" Markov. Every time I looked at the rifle I was reminded of the Markov affair, and eventually I stuck it in a closet. Several years ago I pulled the plaque off the stock and sold the gun.

The truth about Markov's murder began to emerge after the fall of Communist regimes in Eastern Europe in 1989 and the arrest of Zhivkov. In 1990, I became the first person to publicly divulge details of the plot. In 1992, two years after I had publicly broken with the KGB, the Bulgarian embassy in Moscow telephoned and invited me to come speak with them. Embassy officials informed me that Bulgaria's new leader, President Zhelev, wanted me to come to Bulgaria as his personal guest to tell investigators what I knew about Markov's assassination. I readily agreed, in part to assuage my conscience but also to continue my task of exposing the inner workings of the KGB. Before I flew to Sofia, Yevgeny Primakov, the new head of Russian intelligence, telephoned me and asked why I was going to Bulgaria. I told him that President Zhelev had invited me.

"Are you going to say anything about Markov's case?" Primakov asked.

"If they ask me, I will," I replied.

"What are you going to say?" Primakov inquired.

"The same as I have said about the case publicly before," I replied.

I couldn't understand why Primakov, who was appointed by President Yeltsin, seemed so concerned. The plot against Markov occurred well before his time and Primakov bore no responsibility. I told him that the best thing he could do was to call a press conference and announce, "This did happen under a previous regime, this is how it happened, and it will not happen again."

I felt uneasy as I flew into Sofia but was overwhelmed by the warm reception I received from the president and vice president. I spent several days testifying in closed session before the Bulgarian prosecutor's office. I supplied them with as many details as I could remember, including the names of all the Russians and Bulgarians I knew to be involved in the Markov assassination. Later I held a press conference for Bulgarian and foreign correspondents. I appeared on Bulgarian TV to talk about the Markov murder. By the end of my week there, I was being recognized on the street and treated as a national hero. Several people stopped me in downtown Sofia and gave me presents. Others asked for my autograph. I even met Markov's brother, who had flown in from London to confer with the prosecutor and talk to me. Meeting the brother, I felt awkward and ashamed. But he too was gracious enough to forgive me, and like most Bulgarians he was more interested in finding out which of his countrymen was involved in the assassination of his brother.

I told Markov's brother I was sorry about what had happened, and he replied, "No, Mr. Kalugin, I want to thank you for what you have disclosed."

His gratitude made me uneasy; I certainly didn't deserve it.

Though Bulgarian officials know the identities of all the people involved in the murder of Markov, they have yet to bring anyone to trial.

Fifteen years after the assassination, the Markov affair would come back to haunt me as British authorities tried to charge me with conspiracy to kill the Bulgarian.

On October 30, 1993, 1 flew into London to participate in a BBC Panorama program about British intelligence. I first had an inkling something was wrong when an immigration officer at Heathrow Airport dallied over my passport, then instructed me to sit in a nearby waiting area. Nearly an hour passed, and then a man in plain clothes approached me and said, “I am from Scotland Yard’s Counterterrorism Unit and you are under arrest on charges of conspiracy to commit murder.”

I was floored. “What are you talking about!” I protested, but the man instructed me to follow him to a nearby room where two more men were waiting.

“You must come with us on charges of conspiring to murder Mr. Markov,” said one of the men, and with that they handcuffed me and led me down darkened corridors to a waiting car.

The policemen drove me to the Belgravia Police Station in central London, where I was stripped to my underwear, searched, and had my possessions confiscated. One of the officers even took a look inside my underpants.

“What are you looking for—explosives between my legs?” I asked. By now, my earlier disorientation had turned to cold anger.

“Mr. Kalugin,” said the Scotland Yard detective. “You are a professional. Am I doing anything improper?”

“No, you are not,” I told him. “Go ahead.”

I was taken to a brightly lit cell that contained a bed and a toilet but no sink. There were no bars, only a heavy door and a steel reinforced window high up on the wall. After a while, I was led to an interrogation room, where a woman inspector asked me if I had any complaints. I forcefully protested my detention and told her it would be nice to have some toilet paper and the lights in my cell dimmed.

The woman left, and a few minutes later there was a stirring in the hallway. The door to the interrogation room swung open, and in walked a distinguished-looking man. It was Christopher Bird, the superintendent of the Metropolitan London Police. The time was eleven o’clock, Saturday night, and Bird said he wanted to question me about my involvement in the Markov murder.

“This is absolute bullshit,” I said. “I will not utter a word or answer a single question until there are representatives of the Russian embassy here.”

Bird seemed taken aback but granted my request. A few minutes later, I received a phone call. It was a diplomat from our London embassy, and he assured me he would send someone to speak to me first thing Sunday morning. Superintendent Bird retired for the night, and a few minutes later a lawyer hired by the BBC showed up at the Belgravia station and announced he was there to defend me.

I didn't sleep a wink that night, not because I was worried I might be tried for the Markov murder, but because I was still furious over the heavy-handed tactics of the police, particularly the handcuffs and the overnight stay in jail. The next morning, Bird, the BBC lawyer, two representatives from the Russian embassy, and I gathered in an interrogation room. A secretary was taping the session as I made an opening statement.

"I understand why you might want to question me about the Markov murder, but why did you have to treat me in this way?" I asked Bird. "I would gladly have come in and answered any questions you had. But if you are trying to intimidate someone, you have picked the wrong fellow. Trying to bully a Russian will have the opposite effect."

I then agreed to answer questions, and we sat in the room until 6:30 that evening going over my role in the Markov affair. I told Bird what I had told the Bulgarians: I knew of the plot, and my subordinate, Golubev, was working with the Bulgarians. But my role had been peripheral, and it was Kryuchkov—not I—who had given the order to Golubev to travel to Sofia and assist the Bulgarians. And then it became clear why I had been brought in for questioning by Scotland Yard. Bird produced a copy of the British tabloid *Mail on Sunday,* which had interviewed me in the spring of 1993 about the Markov case. The police inspector showed me the headline, and I could hardly believe my eyes: "I Organized the Assassination of Georgi Markov."

"Bastards," I muttered.

We listened to the tape of my interview with the *Mail on Sunday,* and nowhere had I said anything about organizing Markov's murder. The reporter had utterly distorted my words, as the tape of our interview, which had been obtained by Scotland Yard, showed perfectly well.

"Mr. Kalugin, you must be more careful with our press," Bird said.

The appearance of the story that April had led to a minor scandal, with Lord Bethel saying in Parliament I should either be arrested for murder or publicly acknowledge that I had lied about my involvement in the Markov affair.

"People saw the story and they were wondering how we could let such a criminal roam our streets," Superintendent Bird said.

"I understand," I replied. "But why did I have to be hauled in here and treated in this fashion?"

Bird didn't answer. It seemed clear I would not be charged in the Markov case, but Bird told me to stay in the country until Thursday, when a formal decision would be made about my future.

I was released Sunday night, and the BBC found me a room at the Kensington Hilton under the assumed name Harry Dean. It wasn't that I was trying to hide from the authorities; the BBC was trying to protect me from the British press, which took an intense interest in the case. The BBC's lawyer thought I should assume a low profile until the matter was settled.

That Monday I met with our ambassador to England, Boris Pankin, whom I had come to know in Moscow. The KGB station chief sat in on the meeting, and we planned what we would do if I were detained again. Our KGB station chief thought the worst fate would be expulsion, and he doubted that the British would take such a step.

As it turned out, my BBC lawyer called me Wednesday evening to announce that Bird had said no charges would be filed against me in the Markov assassination and I was free to leave the country. I was relieved but still fuming at the heavy-handed treatment. And with that, the Markov case, for me at least, was closed.

Besides Bulgaria, we cooperated closely with the intelligence services of other Warsaw Pact countries, though during my remaining years in foreign counterintelligence none of our Communist allies asked for help with wet jobs. In several instances, our Eastern European allies helped us unmask CIA moles within the Soviet Union. One such case occurred thanks to the Czechs, and we found the spy in our midst with the help of a man whose allegiance was never clear to me.

Czech intelligence had been decimated by the purges following the Prague Spring of 1968, and their secret services never really recovered. When I worked with Czech intelligence in the 1970s, the agency was demoralized and hamstrung by the corruption of top Communist Party bosses. Cronies of Prime Minister Gustav Gusak and the Czech interior minister constantly pressured intelligence chief Milos Gladek to give up some of his precious hard currency reserves. The Communist bosses then used the money to purchase everything from prostitutes to cars. So Czech intelligence was a wounded organization, and during our visits there, despite the smiles from our Czech colleagues, we felt the lingering anger and bitterness over the 1968 invasion.

In the mid-1970s, the Czechs managed to reestablish contact with one of their agents who had fled to Austria following the events of 1968. Later the Czech immigrant, who had been trained by the Czech secret service, settled in the United States, graduated from Columbia University, and took a job as a CIA contract employee. He had access to internal CIA communications as well as messages intercepted by the agency around the world. The Czechs made contact with the man in Washington, and he agreed to resume working for them. Most of the information he supplied was of little value, but he forwarded one CIA communication that listed the names of three Soviets at Columbia who were targets of CIA recruitment. One was a diplomat named Ogorodnik.

By that time Ogorodnik had been transferred back to Moscow, where he held a senior post at the Soviet Foreign Ministry. We turned over our information to the KGB's internal counterintelligence section, which investigated Ogorodnik, bugged his phones, and placed him under surveillance. But nothing turned up, and internal counterintelligence suggested that our source was probably misleading us on CIA orders. We were disappointed. Did the Czech agent deliberately mislead us? Did he act in good faith or was he being used by the FBI or the CIA? Andropov ordered me to get involved in this case, and we informed our Czech colleagues that their source needed to be thoroughly checked. I suggested that to test his loyalty they should contact him, tell him that he had done a superb job in America and that he could return to his homeland to work. The agent responded that he could still be useful to his country in the United States and did not want to return to Prague. His superiors persuaded him to visit Prague with his wife, when I had a chance to meet him and question him closely. We met at the safe house of Czech intelligence in Prague. He seemed evasive to me. When I began showing him some snapshots he had sent us which purported to identify his CIA coworkers, he could not remember the names of most of the people in the pictures. I had a feeling that I was dealing with a dishonest person. Yet I smiled and reassured him that he was a valuable asset. When I met his Czech supervisors, I told them I didn't believe the guy. I said that if they wished to continue working with him, it was up to them, but I was not interested in him.

As it turned out later, I was wrong in my assessment of the Czech source.

A few months after my trip to Prague the KGB's Seventh Directorate, in charge of physical surveillance, was doing a routine tail of an American diplomat when they noticed the American car and a Soviet-made Volga driving next to each other. The Volga driver apparently made a strange movement, as if trying to signal the American, and our surveillance people took down the license plate of the Soviet car. It turned out to be Ogorodnik's.

The investigation was revived, this time far more thoroughly. His apartment, office, and country house were bugged and secretly searched. All his telephones were tapped and he was placed under round-the-clock surveillance. Eventually internal counterintelligence found evidence that he had been spying for the CIA for several years, turning over classified Foreign Ministry documents to the Americans. Our agents confronted him with the evidence, which at first he denied. He finally acquiesced, however, and asked for a piece of paper to write out a confession. Ogorodnik pulled out a fountain pen, extracted a cyanide pill hidden in the pen top, and popped the poison in his mouth. Our officers tried to pluck the pill out, but he had already swallowed it. The diplomat died on the spot.

So my doubts and suspicions about the Czech were unjustified.

I had left the intelligence service when I learned that former contacts of mine, Karl Koecher and his wife, had been arrested in New York while preparing to fly to Switzerland. Karl was charged with conspiracy to commit espionage but did not stand trial. He was exchanged for Soviet dissident Anatoly Scharansky in 1986.

In 2001 Canadian television (CBC) broadcasted a documentary about the Koecher case. I was interviewed for the film, along with Koecher and former KGB chief V. Kryuchkov. Both attacked me viciously as a traitor. Alexander Sokolov also appeared in the film, asserting, to my great amusement, that I had been recruited by the CIA in 1959 and betrayed the Koechers and other Soviet moles in the West. Sokolov served in the Washington KGB station in the early 1970s and handled double agent Artamonov-Shadrin. In 1972 he was accused of attempted rape by a male colleague in New York. Both were recalled to Moscow and investigated. Subsequently Sokolov was fired from the KGB. He worked later as a civilian employee at one of the Moscow institutes. He was never charged because his wife was the daughter of Stalin's finance minister, and the KGB wanted to avoid public embarrassment. Sokolov joined the chorus of my critics pretty late. Kryuchkov, who became the chief of intelligence in late 1974, did not know about Sokolov's scandalous past. However, he would pick up any scum who was willing to pour dirt on me.

I made my last visit to Czechoslovakia in April 1979 to attend a conference of intelligence officials from the Eastern Bloc and other Communist countries. Our delegation included Viktor Chebrikov, who went on to head the KGB from 1982 to 1988. Our Czech hosts put us up in a grand, two-hundred-year-old hotel in the heart of the capital, and there—in the midst of a splendid Prague spring—the leaders of the secret services from the Communist world discussed cooperating in a fight against the growing dissident movements in our countries. We discussed how best to penetrate and weaken the various dissident and émigré organizations. Many of those present seemed to naively believe that just by gathering to talk about this problem we might somehow be able to solve it. I was skeptical but welcomed the move to reform our failing Communist societies. I didn't fully grasp at the time what a foolish endeavor the meeting was. We could hardly stop the flow of history by harassing émigrés and dissidents. We were sitting on a volcano that a decade later would blow, bringing down the entire Communist edifice in Europe.

As I traveled throughout Eastern Europe in the late 1970s, being wined and dined by my Warsaw Pact colleagues, the foundations of our Communist system were beginning to crumble everywhere. There was a sense of foreboding. It was, as W. H. Auden once put it, like the sound of distant thunder at a picnic. Only a fool could ignore the stirrings of discontent; unfortunately, in places like Poland, there were fools aplenty.

Our colleagues in Polish intelligence were a wild, carefree bunch. They had earned our respect by aggressively penetrating the large Polish émigré circles abroad and using those foreign agents to steal military, commercial, and technical secrets from the West. But they had a devil-may-care attitude about unsettling events in their own country, such as the rise of Solidarity. Our Polish colleagues always met us in a big Mercedes and squired us around to the country's resorts. Though the Polish economy was in dire straits, their intelligence agencies seemed to have no shortage of hard currency. Many of my Polish colleagues were blind to life in their own country.

I vividly remember my last trip to Poland in 1979. Our delegation included Kryuchkov and other high KGB officials, and after several days in Warsaw we decided we wanted to see Gdansk and its enormous shipyards. Arriving in Mercedes limousines at the gates of the shipyard where Solidarity was born, we were met by the shipyard manager, who said, "Please don't drive your cars inside the shipyard.

People don't like bosses driving around in black cars. You'd better walk. You won't be so conspicuous that way."

We left our cars at the gate and toured the massive shipyard. We were undeniably impressed by this huge industrial enterprise; but equally impressive was the surly, gloomy demeanor of the shipyard workers, whose eyes bored into us with looks of disdain and animosity. I felt relieved when we finally left.

Back in Warsaw at our farewell banquet, I proposed a toast to our Polish colleagues, wishing them well with their "current difficulties." It hardly seemed an intemperate remark, given the obvious problems looming with the workers at Gdansk. But state security chief Miroslav Milewski took offense. Milewski had long been a KGB asset and was well versed in Soviet ways. His reports to us and to his own leaders were a clever mixture of truths, half truths, and lies, which together led to a disastrous underestimation of the power of Lech Walesa and Solidarity.

When the time came for the Polish side to make a toast, Milewski struck back.

"I don't know why Comrade Kalugin is so concerned about the effectiveness of our work," Milewski said to the assembled security and intelligence officers. "I could count all our dissidents on the fingers of my two hands. We know every dissident by name, and we can deal with this unrepresentative handful of loudmouths anytime we want. Our Soviet comrades can be sure of that. We keep these dissidents under tight control and can put them in prison whenever we wish. We're just not seeking an international scandal."

Within a year, Milewski's "handful of loudmouths" had turned into an army of Solidarity members and supporters. And by the end of the decade, these rabble-rousers had risen up and swept Milewski and his smug colleagues from power.

Years earlier, I had had an inkling that all was not well with the regime of Nicolae Ceaucescu in Romania. Though Ceaucescu had severed contact with the KGB, I headed a delegation of ten KGB officers and their wives on a trip to Romania in 1972 that was part vacation, part official visit. We stayed in a luxurious Interior Ministry villa at the Black Sea resort of Mangalia, where we were warmly received by the chief of Romanian intelligence. Later, the interior minister himself met with our delegation in Bucharest. Following that meeting, one of the minister's assistants led me down endless dark corridors, finally ushering me into a large room with expensive Western furniture and an enormous Chinese rug. Suddenly, through an open door, an old friend appeared: Viktor Dorobantu, whom I had known when we worked together in Washington.

He had become deputy intelligence chief, he told me as we drank coffee and brandy. Then, apparently confident that his office was not bugged, Dorobantu launched into a diatribe against Ceaucescu.

"Do you know what is going on in this country?" Dorobantu asked. "Don't trust the official smiles. Ceaucescu ordered that we break completely with the KGB. You are the last group we are receiving in Bucharest. Ceaucescu is a traitor and an egomaniac. His wife and his whole entourage are power-loving, corrupt scum. They don't give a damn about the country and its people, about socialism or about friendship with the Soviet Union. We in the security organs are beginning to realize that Ceaucescu will have to be deposed."

I sat there stunned. I didn't know whether Dorobantu's passionate monologue was a cry for help or a provocation. All I could do was occasionally nod my head and utter platitudes about how these difficulties would be overcome and how our two countries would once again live in harmony.

Upon my return to Moscow, I notified our people who handled Eastern Europe that they must immediately open up communications with Dorobantu so as to better understand the bizarre goings-on in Romania. The head of our Eastern European desk promised he would, but I never checked back with him and to this day don't know the fate of Dorobantu. One thing is clear: his talk about ridding Romania of Ceaucescu never went anywhere, for the megalomaniacal leader remained in power until he was overthrown in a popular uprising in 1989 and executed.

In the Communist sphere outside of Europe, we worked most closely with the Cubans, who displayed a revolutionary fervor we had long since lost. I knew the Cuban intelligence chief, José Mendez Cominches, quite well, and his style was characteristic of the entire Cuban intelligence organization. He was wild, naive, and unpredictable, but somehow managed to get a lot done. When you play without rules, sometimes you get into trouble but sometimes you achieve unexpectedly good results. Mendez Cominches was a heavyset, flamboyant high flier. I still remember his behavior at the 1979 meeting of intelligence chiefs in Prague, where he spent most of his time drinking and chasing local women. Mendez Cominches, who would later run Cuban operations in Angola, even came to some of our sessions drunk. I didn't approve of his behavior, but it typified the wide-open Cuban style.

The Cubans, in a sense, were even closer to us than our brother Slav Communists, who had been battered by the Hungarian uprising of 1956, the 1968 events in Czechoslovakia, and the rise of Solidarity in Poland. In Cuba there was pure revolutionary zeal, and when I visited the country in 1977, I was struck by the Cubans' enthusiasm as they tried to spread Communism to their neighbors in Central and Latin America. As a Soviet, I also couldn't help but be impressed by the Cubans' fanatical anti-Americanism, and it was this desire to wound America at any cost that made them an effective intelligence ally. Castro and Mendez Cominches had thoroughly infiltrated the anti-Castro Cuban exile movement in the southern United States, to the point of virtually neutralizing the regime's exile opposition.

The Cubans' ardor also spurred them to take chances that we, a conservative superpower, were reluctant to take. A perfect example occurred shortly after I became head of foreign counterintelligence in 1973. CIA agent Philip Agee approached our KGB station in Mexico City, offering us reams of information about CIA operations. But our station chief in Mexico City thought Agee was a CIA plant spreading disinformation, and rejected him. Agee then went to the Cubans, who welcomed him with open arms. As it turned out, Agee was absolutely genuine, divulging the names of hundreds of CIA agents and informants, and providing the Cubans with mounds of information about U.S. intelligence. The Cubans shared Agee's information with us. But as I sat in my office in Moscow, reading reports about the growing list of revelations coming from Agee, I cursed our officers for turning away such a prize. I sent out orders for our stations to work carefully with such volunteers and reject them only after we were certain they were not genuine. In any event, the Cubans never let us forget that they were the ones who discovered Agee. In the 1970s and 1980s they continued going after current and retired CIA officers and enjoyed some success, though none of the future recruits would ever be as spectacular as Agee.

Finally, we enjoyed limited cooperation with one other Communist country: Vietnam. In the early 1970s, as the Vietnam War was winding down, we asked a KGB liaison officer in Hanoi to approach the North Vietnamese on a sensitive matter. We wanted to recruit American POWs being held by the Vietnamese. For half a year, we received no answer from Hanoi. Finally the Vietnamese said we could send a KGB representative to Hanoi. I sent one of my subordinates, Oleg Nechiporenko, who was permitted to see transcripts of some interrogations of American prisoners. From those documents he focused on several POWs as possible recruits. On that trip, however, the Vietnamese did not permit Nechiporenko to interview the Americans, and he returned to Moscow empty-handed.

In 1973 or 1974, when all American prisoners supposedly had been repatriated, the Vietnamese again contacted us and said we could send a representative to Hanoi. Nechiporenko returned and stayed at least a month. This time he was allowed to question a CIA agent and two American pilots. The CIA officer gave us some information on his agency and even told Nechiporenko he would cooperate with us when he returned to America. Nechiporenko flew back to Moscow, and the CIA man apparently returned to the United States. But in 1975 or 1976, when KGB officers in Washington attempted to contact him, he was nowhere to be found. With that, our halting efforts to recruit American POWs from the Vietnam War came to an end.

Though it didn't play a pivotal role in our struggle with U.S. intelligence agencies, we carried on a low-level campaign to infiltrate numerous anti-Soviet émigré organizations, as well as so-called centers of ideological diversion. Virtually all of the large national groups in the Soviet Union—Ukrainians, Armenians, Lithuanians, Latvians, and Estonians—had vocal émigré organizations abroad that fought for the independence of their countrymen at home. Our job in KGB foreign counterintelligence was to insinuate agents into these groups who would keep abreast of émigré activities, let us know which leaders were likely targets for recruitment, and, if possible, soften the anti-Soviet thrust of these usually rabid anti-Communist organizations. Our ultimate goal in working with these groups was to find agents who might eventually go to work for Western intelligence and security services.

We enjoyed some success in penetrating the Baltic émigré organizations, particularly in Sweden. And we had a good network of agents among the Ukrainian émigrés, particularly in Canada, where several million Ukrainians had settled. But the émigré organization we most thoroughly infiltrated was the Armenian exile group, Dashnak Tsutyun. Once it had been a staunchly nationalist group that campaigned for an independent Armenian state. Over time, we placed so many agents there that several had risen to positions of leadership. We succeeded in effectively neutralizing the group, and by the 1980s Dashnak Tsutyun had stopped fighting against Soviet power in Armenia. The organization and some of its members had been coopted by the KGB. Years later, in 1992, when Dashnak Tsutyun leaders and other Armenian nationalists were attacking Armenian President Levon Ter-Petrosyan for not being sufficiently nationalist, I got a call from the president, with whom I had had several friendly conversations, at my Moscow apartment. He asked me for help in fending off the attacks by Dashnak Tsutyun, and I provided him and the Armenian press with information about the KGB's deep penetration of that émigré group in the 1970s.

We also recruited agents among the hundreds of thousands of Soviet Jews who fled to Israel and America in the 1960s, 1970s, and 1980s. When I worked in Leningrad in the 1980s, I knew of at least two hundred Jews from that city alone who worked with us before leaving the Soviet Union. Many promised to work for us abroad but almost invariably forgot their pledges as soon as they crossed the Soviet border. A few did help us, keeping the KGB informed about the plans and activities of Jewish émigré and refusenik groups. Our ultimate goal was to place these Jewish émigrés, many of whom were scientists, into sensitive positions in Western government, science, and the military-industrial complex. But we had little success, and by the time I stepped down as head of foreign counterintelligence in 1980 I didn't know of a single case in which a Jewish émigré had become a valuable mole in the West for the KGB.

That didn't discourage us from trying to slow emigration to Israel in any way possible. One active measure we employed was to concoct letters attributed to nonexistent émigrés and then publish them in *Pravda* and other newspapers. I still have one of the published letters, supposedly from a man in Tel Aviv.

"Modern Israel is a country of peddlers, money changers, crooks, and demagogues," the fake letter said. "Culturally, it's like the remote provinces of Russia, if not worse. . . . Now I have everything, but I miss our parties, our noisy apartments. Who will I eat and drink with? My next door neighbor from Morocco? . . . Local Socialist Party activists are illiterate bureaucrats whose education ended in the fourth grade. They masturbate to the ideas of Marx and Herzl and try to build socialism."

We made out far better when it came to getting our agents inside one of the most damaging, anti-Soviet propaganda organizations—Radio Liberty. The radio station, funded and controlled by the CIA well into the 1970s, beamed a steady stream of pro-American and anti-Communist news back to the USSR in several different languages, driving Soviet leaders crazy. Our government jammed Radio Liberty broadcasts, though not with total success. My job was to attack Radio Liberty at its European headquarters in Munich by placing agents on its staff. If we couldn't control what Radio Liberty was broadcasting, at least we could know what it was up to, learn something about the CIA, and perhaps soften the station's blows against us.

In my ten years in foreign counterintelligence, we had several good agents at Radio Liberty, whose staff included many émigrés from the USSR. But by far our best agent there was a man named Oleg Tumanov, who had a twisted history of involvement with the KGB that continued into the 1990s.

Tumanov's saga began as a young sailor with the Soviet merchant marine, when he jumped overboard in the Baltic Sea and swam to Sweden. He settled there for a while, later traveling to Austria. But Tumanov apparently was just as unhappy in the West as he had been in the USSR, and he began writing letters to relatives back home expressing his dissatisfaction. We knew this because the KGB had an enormous department, employing thousands of people, whose job was to open most of the mail going in and out of the Soviet Union. The department read millions of letters annually, and among them one year was a disgruntled missive from Tumanov in which he told a relative, "Maybe I have made the greatest mistake of my life."

Clearly the letter was from an émigré or a defector, and the officers responsible for intercepting correspondence passed along the letter to us. We knew of Tumanov's case, and sent an officer to visit the relative to whom Tumanov had been writing. The KGB officer acted as if he knew nothing of the letters but pretended to be making inquiries about the fate of this Soviet traitor. Our officer asked to see any letters the defector had written and, as it was the early 1970s and Soviets were not in the habit of saying no to the KGB, the relative turned over several letters. Our man began reading the correspondence, commenting to the relative that "everyone makes mistakes."

In a return visit, we persuaded the relative to write Tumanov and tell him that the security services had paid a call and said it wasn't too late to make amends for what he had done. One of Tumanov's relatives, who was working for us, took the letter to Austria, located Tumanov, and asked him to read the correspondence.

"Listen, if you want to come back and start a new life, why don't you do something for your country," our agent told Tumanov. "Help our people and they will help you. It's not difficult."

Tumanov said he was interested in working for us and returning to the Soviet Union, and our agent introduced him to a KGB officer stationed in Vienna. Our officer told Tumanov that before he returned to the USSR, we wanted him to take a job at Radio Liberty. His credentials were good (he was, after all, a defector), and before long Tumanov was hired as a low-level analyst for Radio Liberty. He proved to be extremely capable and rapidly rose to the head of Radio Liberty's Russian-language service, a promotion that gave us much satisfaction in Moscow, knowing that a KGB agent was now in charge of the most fiercely anti-Soviet, Russian-language radio program.

Tumanov remained head of the Russian service for several years. In meetings with his KGB case officers in Germany, he kept us well informed about activities at Radio Liberty and the CIA's involvement with the station. He subtly helped us spread rumors and disinformation, and did what he could to create conflict among the staff members. Among other things, we wrote anonymous anti-Semitic letters which caused a rift among some station employees. He also told us which of his colleagues might be ripe for recruitment or which—because of homosexuality, philandering, or thievery—might be susceptible to blackmail. Through Tumanov, we recruited two other Radio Liberty employees, including one man from the Baltic States. Polish intelligence also had two Polish émigré agents on the staff of Radio Liberty. Though he had to be careful not to seem pro-Soviet, Tumanov did manage to avoid airing blatantly anti-Soviet material.

Perhaps Tumanov's most notorious act was the help he gave us in planting a bomb at Radio Liberty's Munich headquarters. The explosion was my idea, and my aim was not to hurt anyone but rather to stir up sentiment to move the rabble-rousing station out of Munich and Germany. We began planning the explosion in 1979, but didn't actually carry it out until two years later, when I was already in Leningrad. With Tumanov's help, an East German agent planted a small bomb that caused minor damage but made an awful racket and shattered windows in the neighborhood. Unfortunately, even though the KGB set off the explosion in the early hours, one person sustained an eye injury.

There is a postscript to the bombing story. In 1991, just three days before the August coup, I visited Radio Liberty in Munich to talk about the need to reform the KGB. While there, I told the Radio Liberty staff that I had masterminded the bomb explosion. I thought they would pounce on me, but most took the news calmly and said they were happy I was now on their side.

Tumanov eventually had to flee Munich and Radio Liberty when a high-ranking KGB official with knowledge of Tumanov's KGB ties defected to the West. Tumanov received a big welcome in Moscow, where the KGB portrayed him as a hero who had infiltrated and exposed that foul purveyor of anti-Communist propaganda, Radio Liberty. Our masters of deception claimed he was a KGB officer who had risked life and limb to work in the West. No mention was made of the fact that twenty years earlier he had defected from the USSR.

I was to run into Tumanov again, in almost comical circumstances. In 1990, after I publicly denounced the KGB, Tumanov, still a stooge for the security apparatus, attacked me. When I ran for the Soviet parliament, he published scathing articles about my career and even traveled to my legislative district in southern Russia to lambaste me.

"I denounce this man!" Tumanov said at one meeting. "I know him. He betrayed everyone at Radio Liberty!"

In response, I let everyone know who in fact Tumanov was, for I found it unpalatable that the very man I had helped bring home to the USSR—a traitor and double defector—was now accusing me of treachery. Even today, Tumanov is a hard-liner, spouting nationalist, pro-Communist cant.

Our long arm overseas even extended into the inner confines of the Russian Orthodox Church. Indeed, the KGB's nearly total control of the Russian Orthodox Church, both at home and abroad, is one of the most sordid and little known chapters in the history of our organization. I had only a passing knowledge of our church operations while I worked for foreign counterintelligence, though I later learned in depressing detail how the KGB had coopted the church in the Soviet Union—through threats, bullying, and blackmail.

During my numerous trips to Eastern Europe, I met many of the somber, bearded, black-robed Russian Orthodox priests who worked with Soviet and Russian émigré communities there. The KGB's notorious Fifth Directorate, in charge of ideology and dissidents, had a stranglehold over the church inside the Soviet Union and also recruited scores of priests in Russian émigré communities throughout the world. The Russian Orthodox Church in America was split, but the faction that remained loyal to Moscow was riddled with KGB agents.

The KGB used Orthodox priests living abroad to keep an eye on émigré communities in various countries, as well as Soviets stationed overseas who might be churchgoers. In foreign counterintelligence, we found that Russian Orthodox priests occasionally would supply us with valuable information. A prime example was Igor Susemihl, the priest at a church in West Germany who first alerted one of our case officers about a possible recruit from American military intelligence, Colonel George Trofimoff. The priest, a childhood friend of Trofimoff's in Germany, eventually put him in touch with one of our officers, who recruited the man. The material the American officer provided us was described earlier in this chapter, but the priest's help in spotting a potential recruit is precisely the reason we in the KGB wanted agents inside the church. A Russian Orthodox priest in East Germany whom I was friendly with was actually a KGB colonel who was so skilled in deception that he could perform church services and chant the haunting Orthodox prayers. Most of the priests, however, were not actual KGB officers but informers who did our bidding.

I soon found out that the KGB's infiltration of the church had gotten way out of hand. Many of our officers were abusing their power.

Numerous Russian Orthodox priests in Eastern Europe complained to me that KGB officers would drink the Communion wine, steal church property, and demand bribes or payments. A sizable number of the priests were homosexual, and one of the main ways the KGB recruited priests was by catching them in homosexual acts or relationships and then blackmailing them into working for the security services. Many KGB agents, both at home and abroad, looked on the priests with disdain and abused them whenever they got the chance. The priests, for their part, were disgusted that they had to dance to the tune of the boorish KGB officers.

"I can't go on like this," one priest told me in his church in East Berlin, referring to KGB officers boozing it up and extorting gifts from him. "It will put me in a ridiculous position if my parishioners ever learn about it. My reputation will be lost."

There was little I could do to help the priests stationed overseas, for they had been recruited and were under the control of two notorious officers from the KGB's Fifth Directorate—Romanov and Timoshevsky. For all practical purposes, they controlled the church, deciding who would rise in the church hierarchy, who would become a bishop, and, ultimately, who would be anointed Patriarch. I met Timoshevsky, a protégé of future KGB chairman Viktor Chebrikov, only once, and he struck me as a typical representative of the old-school KGB. His and Romanov's specialty was digging up incriminating evidence on priests and then using it to control them. They treated the priests and church leaders like marionettes, and Timoshevsky was deeply hated by many in the Russian Orthodox Church, though none dared speak out against him.

One of Romanov and Timoshevsky's underlings was a Major Kostikov in Rostov-on-Don, whose abuse of priests and extortion of money became so egregious that even the KGB couldn't continue to ignore him. He was arrested for extorting 150,000 rubles in bribes from priests and promised a lenient sentence if he confessed. He did and was promptly executed. Several of my colleagues said that Kostikov implicated high-ranking officers of the Fifth Directorate in the extortion and bribery schemes, and that he was killed to cover up the affair.

Toward the end of my years in foreign counterintelligence I got to know Patriarch Pimen and his entourage, and over time several high-ranking officials divulged the shameful truth about Timoshevsky and Romanov's pervasive power.

I recall one bizarre and comical incident involving the church that took place in the late 1970s. The British spy George Blake, who was quite religious, told me he wanted to attend Easter services, a grand show that our Communist leaders cynically used to prove to the world that, yes, we Russians really did have religious freedom. As it turned out, I was able to take Blake behind the altar at Epiphany Church to see Patriarch Pimen before the services began. Suddenly the procession began moving into the church, which was ablaze with the light of thousands of candles reflecting off golden icons. Blake managed to squeeze into the throng of worshipers, but after a half dozen steps I found myself marching down the aisle at the head of the procession; I was unable to move into the crowd because the aisle was now fenced off. I didn't want to look like a fool rushing frantically to and fro, so I had no choice but to solemnly lead the procession. Patriarch Pimen walked a few paces behind me, and behind him came the synod, its members holding staffs and crosses. It felt like the eyes of thousands of people were on us. I moved slowly, staring at my feet so as not to meet the glance of any acquaintances in the crowd. What a scandal it would have been—a KGB general leading the Russian Orthodox Easter service!

Fortunately the worshipers were focused on Pimen, though some people, after seeing me in my black leather jacket, whispered, "Look, that's Pimen's bodyguard walking in front."

The procession finally came to a halt and the Patriarch intoned three times, "Christ has risen!" Just then my eyes met those of Boris Kolomyakov, the head of the KGB's Latin American Department. He didn't seem to be too surprised to see me next to Pimen and, just to be on the safe side, I tried to look as mysterious as possible, as if I were carrying out the orders of the KGB chairman himself.

That night, after the service, Patriarch Pimen invited us to the Easter celebration in the attic of the Epiphany cathedral, where dozens of church leaders, priests, guests, and KGB officers were sumptuously wined and dined.

My relationship with the Russian Orthodox Church didn't end after I left the KGB in 1990. When I ran for a seat in the Soviet parliament in 1990, I once again ran smack into the church and its KGB-controlled leadership. During the campaign in my district in the southern Russian region of Krasnodar, the local bishop publicly denounced me as a traitor. I couldn't sit silently, particularly because I knew that the Krasnodar bishop, Isidor, had cooperated closely with the KGB for years and was one of the church's more despicable informers. During one of my speeches, I lit into Bishop Isidor.

"You in the church hierarchy are all KGB stooges, and you have the insolence to brand me as a traitor?" I said. "I know, Bishop Isidor, that you are a longtime KGB agent and I know who your case officer is."

The attack made headlines, and I went on to tell local reporters of the involvement of Isidor and other Orthodox bishops with the KGB. During my successful campaign and for months afterward, I received scores of letters from irate Krasnodar citizens providing detailed accounts of Isidor's misconduct, including allegations of shady business dealings, drinking parties, even orgies. In 1991, I decided the matter had to be brought to the attention of the new Patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church, Aleksei II, and so I wrote him a letter about Bishop Isidor. For months I heard nothing. In the meantime, some top dissident priests and Russian journalists had gathered incontrovertible information that the Patriarch himself had been working with the KGB for more than twenty years under the code name "Drozdov." Insiders had long known this was the case, since a priest didn't rise to the top of the church hierarchy without collaborating with the KGB.

Because Aleksei was seen as something of a reformer, journalists and dissident church leaders had entered into a conspiracy of silence. They let the Patriarch know that they had proof of his KGB ties but would not publicize them if he continued to try to open up the church. But when, after nearly half a year, I had still heard nothing from Aleksei II concerning my complaint about Bishop Isidor, I started quietly telling a few church acquaintances that I might blow the whistle on the Patriarch.

"The Patriarch isn't acting properly," I told several members of the church hierarchy. "If he continues to hide all the scandals in the church, I will have something to say about him too."

Within days, I received a call from one of the Patriarch's aides, saying he would like to see me. Soon I found myself sitting with the august church leader, a man in his sixties with long gray hair and beard and cool blue eyes.

"My son," Aleksei II said, "what did you write about the bishop of Krasnodar?"

"You have my letter," I replied. "I have nothing to add to it. I think it's a scandal that people like him are not removed. You can't remove them all, I understand, but if it becomes a public scandal, it will be bad for the church. It's in your interest to do something. You're in charge and I'm not trying to pressure you. I'm just telling you my opinion."

"But some people defend him," said the Patriarch.

"I know who these people are: old Communists," I said. "You have to understand that this scandal affects the church. Something must be done to clear the church of this filth."

"I agree with that," Aleksei replied.

We discussed the political scene for a while, and then the Patriarch—a man well schooled in the arts of deceit and diplomacy—subtly got to the point of our meeting. Though he never once asked me not to publicly expose his history of involvement with the KGB, the gist of his remarks was clear.

"You know, many clergymen had to cooperate with the KGB," Aleksei said in a cool and composed fashion. "Would you deny that we were right to defend Soviet foreign policy, which was aimed at world peace? Were our clergymen wrong to support the removal of American missiles from Europe? Were our clergymen wrong to go overseas and try to enlighten our Western colleagues about Soviet foreign policy? It was peaceful foreign policy, wasn't it? So I expect you not to make any public statements about the people who did that."

"I have no intention of doing so," I responded. "I just told you about one man who was asking for it. He put himself in such a position that I had to hit him back."

We parted on friendly enough terms, and a few months later the Patriarch invited my wife and me to the church's Christmas dinner at the Patriarch's Moscow headquarters. Eventually, however, the details of Aleksei II's links to the KGB leaked out in a few small magazines, though it hardly created a scandal among a public that all along had assumed the church was under the control of the secret police. Bishop Isidor was not replaced. But there was one bright spot in efforts to reform the church: At my urging, Vadim Bakatin, who briefly headed the KGB after the failed coup of August 1991, disbanded the section charged with overseeing the church and fired the hated colonels Romanov and Timoshevsky.

One of our most important, difficult, and exasperating jobs in foreign counterintelligence was our search, both inside and outside the KGB, for Western moles and potential defectors. In our struggle with the CIA, nothing did as much damage to our operations and to Soviet security as the diplomats and intelligence officers who went over to the other side. But preventing it was virtually impossible, particularly as the absurdity and backwardness of our system became more apparent to everyone in the late 1970s and 1980s. In the decade I spent in foreign counterintelligence in the 1970s, two KGB officers defected. During the 1980s, literally dozens of others jumped ship, as did numerous diplomats and other Soviet officials. By the time the Soviet Union collapsed in 1991, the KGB's foreign operations had been collapsing for years as a result of ceaseless defections and the ensuing exposure of Soviet agents working abroad. It was like rats leaving a sinking ship. The KGB's decades-long struggle with the CIA had turned into a rout.

I had dozens of officers whose job was to ferret out and identify the spies and potential defectors in our midst, but our efforts rarely produced results. The KGB usually only found out about moles within its ranks when a Western source, such as Aldrich Ames, provided our side with information about Soviet traitors. This information led to the arrest and execution of several KGB officers who had been spying for the United States. One of those KGB officers was our man in West Germany in charge of cultivating illegals—Soviets who spoke German and were to be infiltrated into the West German government, army, or intelligence agencies. The turncoat KGB officer was abducted from West Germany, returned to the USSR, tried, and put to death.

We were flooded with information about possible moles in our midst. Indeed, the Soviet people had been so deeply inculcated with informing on one another that the sheer volume of material we received about suspected foreign agents was overwhelming. In my time, we checked dozens of suspected spies—bugging their apartments, tailing them, opening their mail. But only in rare cases, such as with the diplomat Ogorodnik, did we turn up anything. Along the way, we would collect untold amounts of useless information, some of which wound up hurting good officers. Such was the case with an excellent KGB colonel, Alexander Khlystov. He happened to be dining one night at a restaurant that had been bugged because of suspicions that a Soviet official who dined there might be a spy. Khlystov was eating with several friends and made a disparaging remark about Brezhnev, the kind of remark that all of us were making in private by the late 1970s. But KGB microphones picked up his comment, and several weeks later our Personnel Department summoned Khlystov and fired him on the spot, ending his twenty-year career.

A typical case in which we correctly suspected someone of misconduct but were unable to prove it involved an officer named Vladimir Vetrov, who worked in the KGB's science and technology section. Vetrov served in Montreal, and while he was there we received a tip from our source in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police that Vetrov was involved in some illicit business deals with Canadian businessmen. Our RCMP source told us that one of the businessmen was an informer for Canadian intelligence who was trying to recruit Vetrov by involving him in lucrative business deals.

Under a suitable pretext, we recalled Vetrov to Moscow, where he continued to work in the science and technology section. We investigated him, bugged him, and followed him in Moscow, but found no evidence of wrongdoing. As it turns out, however, shortly after our investigation stopped, Vetrov made contact with the French military attaché in Moscow and sold him intelligence secrets connected with Soviet scientific projects. On several occasions, Vetrov met with the French military attaché in one of Moscow's busiest and most prestigious neighborhoods, just down the street from Leonid Brezhnev's apartment.

Vetrov might have worked for the French for some time, were it not for a foolish blunder on his part. He had begun an affair with one of his secretaries, and apparently told her of his involvement with French intelligence. They had a quarrel and Vetrov feared that she might inform on him, so he tried to kill his lover by pushing her out of his car. She survived, but Vetrov killed a passerby in the process. I was already in Leningrad by that time, but apparently the woman never reported on him, and Vetrov went to jail for killing the man and attempting to kill the woman. While Vetrov was serving his sentence in Siberia, the KGB discovered he had been spying for the French. The KGB version was that he finally decided to confess in jail, but it is equally likely that our sources in French intelligence identified Vetrov to us. In any case, he was tried and shot, no thanks, however, to our efforts in foreign counterintelligence.

The treachery of our own people sometimes caught us utterly by surprise, as was the case with the 1979 defection of one of our top officers in Tokyo, Stanislav Levchenko. Just months before his defection, I had visited our Tokyo station and was introduced to the young officer. The station chief, Oleg Guryanov, had raved about Levchenko.

"Listen, you must talk to this man," Guryanov told me. "He is great. He has terrific sources and assets in political circles, among socialists and other left-wingers and newspapermen. He also has access to some Japanese counterintelligence people in the national police."

I met Levchenko and was suitably impressed by both his character and the quality of his work. Then, a few months later, he defected to the United States, taking with him detailed information about our operations in Japan and the Far East. I was stunned and angry, for it was precisely this kind of defection that my directorate was supposed to prevent. But how could we have known? We had thousands of people to keep an eye on, and Levchenko gave us no reason to suspect him. He may have made a few politically cynical comments, but it was 1979 and we were all increasingly critical of Brezhnev and the system. He wasn't living beyond his means, he wasn't an alcoholic, and he wasn't a womanizer—the signals that usually send up red flags. His treachery came utterly out of the blue.

In 1992 I had the opportunity to meet Levchenko in Washington. He had a new wife and was working for a Russian émigré newspaper. Hearing I was in town, Levchenko phoned me and asked to meet in a bar. We had downed a few drinks when he asked me, "Listen, what do you think of me?"

"I liked you when I met you in Tokyo, but you're scum," I replied. "You're a traitor. Why did you do that, betray your own country? Forget it, I don't really want to know."

"Oleg, you don't understand," he replied, a wounded look in his eyes. "Life is a complex thing . . ."

But I politely cut him off. We continued talking for an hour or so, parting on cordial terms. As much as I may have agreed with his criticism of the system, I would never turn against my country as he did.

The most galling defection was the infamous case of Vitaly Yurchenko. Not long before I stepped down as head of foreign counterintelligence, I was summoned by Vice Admiral Mikhail Usatov, the first deputy chief of intelligence. Usatov knew Yurchenko personally and wanted me to bring him into my directorate. As always, I lived to rue the day I caved in to KGB cronyism and allowed an unqualified and unsuitable person into our unit.

"Oleg, I know Yurchenko. He was in navy counterintelligence in the Black Sea fleet," Usatov said. "Take him in. I'm sure he will do a good job."

I had little use for most military counterintelligence people, disparagingly referred to as "boots," because they usually behaved with the inflexibility of soldiers and not with the cunning required of foreign intelligence officers. I told Usatov that I thought Yurchenko was a mistake, saying, "You're giving me another provincial."

"No," Usatov assured me. "He speaks English. He served in Egypt. He's a good chap."

I agreed to meet with him and disliked him on sight. He had empty, evasive, pale blue eyes. He spoke poor Russian and was cocky. I phoned Usatov and told him I didn't want Yurchenko, but the vice admiral insisted.

"You won't regret it," Usatov said. How wrong he would turn out to be.

I took Yurchenko on as a security officer trainee, and we began trying to whip him into shape. Soon there was an opening in Washington, and Usatov was once again pushing his protégé.

"Why don't you send him to Washington?" Usatov said. "Give him a chance."

I objected again, but in vain. Yurchenko went to Washington under the cover of a first secretary at the Soviet embassy, where he was an unmitigated disaster. He committed several minor transgressions, such as having an affair with the wife of one of our diplomats. But that was nothing compared to his greatest blunder in Washington.

A retired CIA officer, Edwin Gibbon Moore Jr., clandestinely contacted our Washington station chief, Dmitri Yakushkin, at his apartment in Washington in 1976. The former CIA officer left a note in Yakushkin's mailbox saying that he had a substantial amount of top secret CIA documents he wanted to sell to Yakushkin. The CIA man instructed Yakushkin to leave a mark on a notice board in the apartment building to show he was interested. Our station chief, however, was jittery, for two of our officers had just been arrested in New York for receiving secrets from an American spy about the U.S. B-1 bomber program. So Yakushkin cabled KGB Center in Moscow seeking permission to pursue the volunteer's approach. Andropov, however, fearful of an FBI setup, denied Yakushkin permission

The American left another note in Yakushkin's mailbox, saying he had extremely interesting material and wondering why the KGB station chief had remained silent. But Yakushkin obeyed Andropov's orders and did not contact the American.

Out of desperation, Moore took his sack of material and threw it over the wall of the Soviet embassy in Washington. He left instructions on how to contact him in the future, evidently certain that once the KGB saw the material he had flung into the embassy compound, the Soviets would immediately contact him. But unfortunately for Moore, the man who was handed the bag was Vitali Yurchenko. And rather than opening the sack and discovering a trove of intelligence documents, Yurchenko called the Washington police. He was afraid the bag contained a bomb! So he summoned U.S. authorities and turned it over to them, simultaneously losing dozens of top secret documents and exposing an American "well-wisher." The hapless CIA man was arrested, tried, and sentenced to fifteen years in jail, all because of Yurchenko's indescribably stupid error. The incident did us enormous damage, for all the world knew from the trial that a CIA volunteer had come to us with excellent material, only to be rejected and essentially handed over to the FBI.

I blamed both Yakushkin and Yurchenko for the disaster. They were obsessed with their personal affairs and had little time for serious work. Yakushkin enjoyed the company of two mistresses, a Russian teacher from the embassy-run school, and an American girl who, as it became known later, was part of the FBI operation and worked under their control. The resident and his top security aide protected each other from potential embarrassment. Why bother with some unpredictable inconveniences of dealing with volunteers?

That, however, turned out to be moderate damage compared with what came later from the bumbling security officer. Yurchenko stayed in Washington until 1983, when he was transferred back to Moscow and, because of high connections like Usatov, was made deputy chief of security for foreign intelligence. Not only did he learn about our efforts to ferret out defectors and spies, but he also became familiar with some of the more scandalous cases our directorate had been involved in, including kidnapping Artamonov from Vienna and participating in the murder of Georgi Markov. Later he was transferred to the intelligence directorate, where he was deputy chief of the department that directed operations against the United States and Canada. Yurchenko learned of the existence of some of our top spies in the United States, including Edward Lee Howard and Ronald Pelton, a National Security Agency employee who for six years fed us detailed information about that top secret organization. So, despite the fact that I and numerous other officers viewed Yurchenko as a sloppy, unreliable officer, he had risen to a high position in the KGB and knew details of secret agents and operations.

Then, during a trip to Italy in 1985, Yurchenko defected to the United States. It was an enormous blow to us as the disgruntled KGB man exposed Pelton, who was arrested, and Howard, who had to flee the country. He also told the CIA about the Markov assassination, the Artamonov abduction, and many other operations. The damage was considerable.

After several months in America, however, Yurchenko grew increasingly unhappy. He fled his homeland in hopes of reuniting with his former mistress. She now lived in Canada with her husband, who was assigned to the Soviet diplomatic mission. One day, accompanied by his CIA bodyguards, Yurchenko traveled to Canada. He knocked on the door of his beloved's apartment. She opened it but did not invite him in.

"You are not the man I loved," she said and slammed the door.

He returned to Washington devastated. The ulcers he hoped would be cured in the United States continued to upset him physically and emotionally. He grew frustrated and angry with his treatment at the hands of the CIA. Though U.S. officials had promised to keep his defection a secret, word leaked out about the CIA's great catch, causing Yurchenko anxiety about the fate of his family in the USSR. He was kept in nearly total isolation and treated more like a prisoner than a prize intelligence asset. So Yurchenko began making plans to redefect, an act for which there was some precedent. Oleg Bitov, a correspondent for *Literaturnaya Gazeta,* defected in 1981 and then redefected when he too grew unhappy with life in America. Upon his return to the USSR, Bitov was not punished and was paraded before a press conference to denounce the CIA and life in America.

Yurchenko managed to slip away from his American handlers and made his way to the Soviet embassy in Washington. Instead of being tried and executed upon his return to the Soviet Union, he was treated like a hero by FCD Director Kryuchkov. The KGB maintained that Yurchenko had been abducted and then had valiantly escaped to freedom. The greatest insult came a few months after Yurchenko redefected, when Kryuchkov gave him an award, pinning the medal on his breast in a ceremony in front of his former intelligence and foreign counterintelligence colleagues.

"Mr. Yurchenko," said Kryuchkov, "your bravery, your courage, and your determination earned you this decoration."

I was in Leningrad at the time, but my former colleagues in Moscow said they were disgusted by such a farce. As it turned out (and this is now openly admitted in the Russian media), Yurchenko's special treatment, which so infuriated his former colleagues, was part of the scenario plotted by the KGB to protect a precious source inside the CIA, Rick Ames. It was Ames who was one of the first debriefers of Yurchenko in Washington and he immediately gave the KGB the full story of Yurchenko's defection. But the KGB deliberately stuck to its original version: Yurchenko was drugged and kidnapped by the CIA while on a special mission in Italy.

Many years later, Kryuchkov, who masterminded the unsuccessful coup against Gorbachev and spent eighteen months in jail for high treason, published his two-volume memoir, in which he insists on the initial KGB account of what happened to Yurchenko in 1985. Yurchenko has retired from the KGB and still lives in Moscow today.

During my years in foreign counterintelligence, we experienced the defection of several non-KGB officers. Two cases were particularly intriguing. The first involved a military intelligence man who eventually returned to the USSR; the second was the much publicized defection of United Nations diplomat Arkady Shevchenko.

I was swept up into the case of the military intelligence (GRU) officer when an urgent ciphered cable arrived one night from our embassy in Washington. Our security officer there explained that a former GRU officer named Chebotaryov had shown up at the embassy, explaining that he had defected to America less than a year before and now wanted to return home. Chebotaryov's case had not been publicized in the United States or the Soviet Union, but his mysterious disappearance several months before had created a stir at KGB headquarters. He had been stationed in Brussels, where he was involved in intercepting NATO communications. He was not a high-ranking officer, but he knew enough about GRU and KGB operations to do some damage. We were virtually certain that he had gone over to the other side.

Now, with the message from Washington, our fears had been confirmed. I cabled our security officer in Washington and ordered him to detain Chebotaryov, interrogate him, and ensure the defector's safe passage back to the Soviet Union.

The next morning began with a barrage of phone calls to my office as the KGB and GRU—long-standing rivals—jockeyed over who would detain and interrogate the turncoat. Throughout Soviet history, intelligence gathering and espionage activities had been handled by these two powerful agencies, with the GRU concentrating on military and scientific intelligence. But the inescapable fact was that we were the dominant agency; the KGB had a military counterintelligence unit that operated clandestinely inside the GRU, recruiting officers and soldiers to work for us. During my time, one of the Soviet Union's top admirals, a commander of one of our four fleets, worked for the KGB. So our colleagues in the GRU often resented our dominance and our penetration of their agency. In the eyes of military intelligence officers, the stereotypical KGB man was sly, dishonest, and a potential traitor. For our part, we viewed GRU men as crude, provincial, and unprofessional.

This friction was the backdrop of the maneuvering over the fate of Chebotaryov. My phone rang off the hook that morning. The GRU wanted to get their hands on Chebotaryov first, perhaps to establish that he had been the victim of an abduction. He had disgraced the GRU, and military may have wanted to hush the matter up and concoct a story, just as we had done with Yurchenko. Ultimately, however, the KGB appeared to prevail: Andropov ordered that my directorate detain Chebotaryov when he arrived in Moscow and interrogate him at the KGB safe house in the country.

There was little trouble getting the GRU officer out of Washington, as he told immigration and State Department officials he was returning to the Soviet Union of his own free will. Meanwhile, I arrived with an aide at Sheremetyevo Airport to meet Chebotaryov's flight. But when I showed up, I was greeted by a group of senior GRU officers, including a lieutenant general.

"Chebotaryov is coming with us," the lieutenant general told me peremptorily. "Orders from [GRU chief] General Ivashutin."

"No, he's coming with me," I replied. "Andropov's order."

The GRU officers eyed us mockingly, seeing they had us vastly outnumbered. I excused myself and walked away. But once again I would rely on KGB cunning to outfox the flat-footed "boots" from military intelligence. Aeroflot was under our control, and before leaving for the airport I had telephoned one of our officers who worked at Sheremetyevo. He had arranged for me to drive right up to the plane and meet Chebotaryov, who was accompanied by our security officer from Washington. We intercepted them as they disembarked, and whisked Chebotaryov away. The GRU officers watched, crestfallen, as we drove up to them. Not wishing to poison relations with people who theoretically were my colleagues, I got out to speak with them.

The lieutenant general, now addressing me in a conciliatory manner, asked if we might first visit GRU General Ivashutin. I refused.

"Come on," the lieutenant general implored. "Do we have to quarrel over some scumbag?"

I agreed to call army general Tsinev, Andropov's first deputy. I suggested that, for the sake of improved relations with the GRU, we first take Chebotaryov to see Ivashutin for half an hour.

"All right," Tsinev agreed. "But don't let him out of your sight for a second."

We drove in convoy to GRU headquarters on Khoroshevskoye Chaussée. I had never set foot in the place before, and was surprised (particularly in comparison with the relative splendor of Lubyanka and Yasenovo) by the shabby condition of the building. It looked more like a barracks than an intelligence headquarters. We walked down dark, comfortless corridors, passing battered wooden doors, as we made our way to Ivashutin's office. When we arrived in his antechamber, one of Ivashutin's aides announced our presence. I started to go in, but an aide stepped in front of me and said haughtily, "You're not allowed inside."

"What do you mean, 'not allowed'?" I said, brushing him aside and grabbing the door handle. "I have orders from deputy KGB Chairman Tsinev, and you have no right to prevent me from entering."

Ivashutin evidently heard the dispute and flashed me a hateful look as I entered his office. "I don't care what you think of it, but I won't let Chebotaryov out of my sight even for a second," I announced.

The tall, husky, square-jawed Ivashutin had once worked for the KGB as deputy chairman and undoubtedly knew that Tsinev (a Brezhnev protégé) had a violent temper. So the GRU chief, realizing I had the upper hand and not daring to cross Tsinev, let me stay.

General Ivashutin clearly was hoping that Chebotaryov would confirm he had been abducted and coerced into working for the CIA. But things would not turn out that way. As the GRU chief listened in disgust, Chebotaryov recounted how he had left the Soviet trade mission in Brussels to meet an agent and had been stopped for a traffic violation. He was taken to the nearest police station because he didn't have his driver's license, and there, under questioning from men who obviously worked for Belgian counterintelligence, Chebotaryov began to talk about his work for the GRU.

"Were you tortured or beaten?" Ivashutin asked.

"No," replied the cowering Chebotaryov.

"Why did you confess?" Ivashutin asked him.

The miserable GRU officer said he had been given a glass of water, possibly laced with sodium pentothal. He said he felt as if he had lost his will and couldn't help talking about his GRU activities in Belgium. After meeting with the Belgian police, he then asked for and received asylum at the American embassy. In Brussels and later in Washington, the CIA debriefed him extensively. He provided them with information about GRU operations against NATO, as well as some material about the KGB.

Ivashutin grew gloomier by the minute. Finally he yelled at the hapless officer, "You're just a coward—nothing more!"

"Yes," replied Chebotaryov. "What can I say?"

"Well, what are we to do with this man?" Ivashutin said to me in a friendly manner. "He's all yours."

The GRU chief's attitude had changed completely, and as I was leaving he thanked me for the KGB's cooperation. I told him I would supply him with the details of our debriefing and then turn Chebotaryov over to a military court.

The next day, we took Chebotaryov to a well-appointed country house outside Moscow, where he was treated warmly and fed well. We didn't want to scare this obviously weak man, and figured he would be more forthcoming if he wasn't treated like a prisoner. I interrogated him the first day and then turned him over to our investigators for a week's questioning. Not only did we want to know what he had told the CIA about Soviet intelligence operations, but it was helpful to us to determine exactly what our opponents were interested in learning from him. That way, we might get a sense of what the CIA knew and didn't know about our activities.

The interrogation went well, and afterward I recommended showing leniency to Chebotaryov. The damage he had done was moderate, and I argued that pardoning Chebotaryov would send a signal to other defectors that they could return to the fold without fear of dire consequences—provided they confessed and had not done us irreparable harm. Yurchenko had not yet defected, and it seemed to me that Chebotaryov's was a case that would best be handled with mercy, not stern punishment.

A military tribunal convicted Chebotaryov of treason. He served several months in jail and then, upon our recommendation, the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet pardoned him. The KGB quietly spread the word that Chebotaryov had been shown leniency and helped him land a job as a French teacher in the provincial city of Ryazin, a few hours south of Moscow. If he's still alive today, he no doubt recalls those days in Brussels, Washington, and Moscow as an absolute nightmare.

Perhaps the most infamous defection I had to deal with was that of Arkady Shevchenko, who became one of the highest-ranking Soviet diplomats ever to go over to the American side. We in the KGB had grown suspicious of Shevchenko and were doing our job, but we were thwarted because Shevchenko was so well connected that few people took our rising concerns seriously.

Shevchenko was the Soviet Union's deputy ambassador to the United Nations and a rising star in the Foreign Ministry. He served as an assistant to Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, primarily writing speeches for the wily cold warrior, who had guided Soviet foreign policy for decades. Shevchenko was articulate, charming, and bright, and there was every expectation that he would one day rise to the position of Soviet ambassador to the United Nations or the United States.

I had met Shevchenko in the mid-1970s, about a year before he was posted to the United Nations. The reason for our chat was that an anonymous letter writer had accused him of taking a bribe in exchange for helping a woman emigrate to the United States. Shevchenko and I sat in my office and, over brandy and coffee, had a friendly talk in which I mentioned the letter. He strongly denied the accusation, and there was no evidence to back it up. I promised I would try to figure out who had written the slanderous letter, though I never did. I was impressed with Shevchenko and figured that with his personality, brains, and distinguished looks he would go far.

In 1978 I received an alarming letter from the KGB station chief in New York, Yuri Drozdov, saying he had reason to believe that Shevchenko had been recruited by the CIA. He claimed Shevchenko was drinking heavily and behaving strangely: he was taking unexplained trips to places like Florida, was avoiding his fellow diplomats, and was not showing up in the office. I found it hard to believe that a diplomat of such promise and high standing could turn out to be a spy. And it was clear from Drozdov's letter that the KGB station chief was extremely hostile toward Shevchenko. Nevertheless, Drozdov's assessment could not be ignored. I forwarded the report to Kryuchkov, who apparently shelved it.

About a month later, Drozdov sent me another cable about Shevchenko. The station chief's tone had changed from alarm to panic.

"I have told you on many occasions that I have reason to suspect Shevchenko of being an unreliable, untrustworthy man, and now he's drinking so hard he doesn't even show up at the office," Drozdov wrote. "We must do something; otherwise the case will explode into a major scandal."

I immediately forwarded this cable to Kryuchkov, Gromyko, and the Central Committee of the Communist Party. Drozdov's warnings could no longer be ignored. Clearly something had to be done. The Foreign Ministry at last swung into action—but so clumsily that Shevchenko was scared away.

Gromyko reluctantly ordered his Personnel Department to summon Shevchenko to Moscow for consultations. The Foreign Ministry cable was so blunt and unexpected, however, that it immediately put the diplomat (who already was working for the CIA) on alert. Had we composed the cable, we would have dreamed up some credible pretext to lure Shevchenko back without arousing his suspicions. We might have cabled, for example, that a close relative was gravely ill. Then we could have cut off the relative's phone or removed him from his apartment for several days, making it impossible for Shevchenko to check the story. But the Foreign Ministry cable, which merely said he must return "for consultations," set off alarm bells in Shevchenko's mind. Shortly after receiving it, Shevchenko talked with a visiting Soviet diplomat, who told him he was being recalled because something strange was going on behind the scenes. That was enough for Shevchenko. He decided to defect.

I was awakened around 1:00 A.M. by a call from the foreign counterintelligence duty officer. He said we had just received a cable with extraordinarily bad news: Shevchenko had gone over to the Americans.

I called my driver and went immediately to my office at Yasenovo. At least once a month I was summoned to the office late at night because of a defection or discovery of a mole or some other calamity, like the sinking of a Soviet merchant marine ship. In the case of Shevchenko, I wanted to get to my office immediately so I could instruct the New York station what to do and then prepare a list of actions (or reactions) for Kryuchkov and Andropov. This was no ordinary defection. As far as I know, Shevchenko was the highest-ranking Soviet diplomat to defect during the cold war era. The cable from the New York station confirmed that he had gone over to the CIA. I called the Soviet deputy foreign minister at home over a secure line and told him what had happened.

"You've got to be kidding," he said.

He then asked me to read the cable, and he listened in stunned silence.

Shevchenko's defection was a bombshell. It wasn't just that he had been passing the CIA diplomatic materials from the highest levels. (The year before, I had heard that the CIA had gotten its hands on our Washington ambassador's annual report. Now it seemed clear how the Americans had obtained it.) Shevchenko's defection and ensuing denunciation of Soviet foreign policy was a serious moral blow, for he had worked at such a high level.

The recriminations between the KGB and the Foreign Ministry began almost immediately. I felt that our New York station chief had done his duty and that we gave top officials in Moscow more than ample warning that Shevchenko was a potential problem. I also told Andropov that Shevchenko wasn't recalled sooner because he was a protégé of Gromyko's. But when Andropov spoke to Gromyko, the foreign minister told the KGB chief that he had worked with so many assistants at the Foreign Ministry, he could scarcely remember Arkady Shevchenko. Andropov returned from his talk with Gromyko and began chiding us for spreading unsubstantiated rumors about Shevchenko's close ties with the foreign minister.

Soon, however, we were proven right. KGB officers searched Shevchenko's Moscow apartment and, in addition to finding dozens of sheepskin coats that Shevchenko's wife was selling through her mother's shop, we found some interesting photographs. They showed Shevchenko and his wife eating shashlik (shish kabob) with Gromyko at the foreign minister's dacha.

After being shown the pictures, all Andropov could do was shake his head and say, "Oh, Andrei Andreyevich [Gromyko]."

Not long after Shevchenko's defection, I gave a lecture at the KGB's Higher School. In the course of my talk, a KGB officer asked me, "Comrade Kalugin, how would you explain this top diplomat's defection to the West? What did your department do to prevent him from fleeing?"

"We did our best," I replied. "But the man was a personal assistant to the foreign minister, and you probably realize how hard it is to deal sometimes with people who have close ties to top government officials."

I later heard that my comments had been repeated to Gromyko and had made him extremely angry. Roughly a year later, when I was removed as head of foreign counterintelligence, some fellow officers speculated that I had been sacked because of my intemperate remark about Gromyko. But they were wrong. I was sacked because, in coming to the defense of Cook, the spy I had recruited years before in New York, I took on the top brass of the KGB and lost.

During my years in foreign counterintelligence, I was constantly running up against nepotism, cronyism, and corruption, which increasingly were plaguing our Communist system. By 1980, only the most doddering Party bosses still believed the rubbish about the Soviet Union building a truly egalitarian system. Our Communism had degenerated over decades into a farce, a system in which the Party elite divided up the spoils and the plum jobs while the masses were left with cheap vodka, fatty sausage, and the chance to go once a year to a third-rate resort on the Black Sea. As foreign counterintelligence chief, I was frequently forced to hire inferior officers because they were relatives or friends of Party big shots. And because the conduct of Soviets living abroad was my responsibility, I encountered numerous instances of blatant corruption and misconduct on the part of well-connected diplomats and ambassadors. Year by year, it became more depressing to see the spread of nepotism and officially sanctioned graft and thievery. The last years of the Soviet Union validated the old saying, A fish rots from its head.

Cronyism abounded. Everywhere top Soviet officials were hiring relatives and friends and then engaging in a giant game of scratching each other's backs and covering each other's tracks. Tsinev, the first deputy KGB chairman, who was good friends with Brezhnev, not only forced upon us the defector Yurchenko. He also fobbed off on me a young man named Yartsev, the son of an old friend. The younger Yartsev was an undistinguished KGB officer who showed little promise, yet Tsinev wanted me to send him to England, a post where we had few openings following the expulsion of 105 Soviet officials and the ensuing restrictions on the number of Soviet diplomats in the country. I told Tsinev that we had an opening in foreign counterintelligence in Denmark and that, if absolutely necessary, we could place Yartsev there. But Tsinev insisted on England, saying his "adopted son" had always dreamed of going there and he wanted to help the young man's dream come true. I had no choice. Finally I managed to find a spot for the ne'er-do-well Yartsev as the Soviet Film Export representative in London. His salary would be paid by that organization and he would do legitimate work for them, all the while reporting to us. I thought I had made the best of a bad situation.

Yartsev, as feared, was a disaster. After the young man had been on the job less than a year, our London station chief received word from a confidential informant that British intelligence was very interested in recruiting Yartsev. We placed him under surveillance, and it turned out that he was having an affair with an Englishwoman suspected of being a British agent. Once the affair was discovered, the station chief, without letting on that he knew about the woman, suggested to Yartsev that he stay in the Soviet diplomatic compound during the evening hours, since the British were known to be tailing all Soviet officials. Yartsev promised to do so, then promptly went out and spent the night with his girlfriend. The next morning he said he hadn't gone anywhere, but a check of his car mileage showed that he'd been cruising around London.

Further investigation showed that Yartsev embezzled Soviet Film Export money and falsified expense reports. We also knew that he was stealing hardware and antiques from the London mansion in which the organization's offices were located. We recalled him to Moscow, opened up his luggage when he landed (making it look as if a customs officer had made a mistake and searched a diplomat's bag), and found enough old knickknacks to fill an antique shop. Under questioning, Yartsev admitted he had done everything from sleeping with the British woman to stealing door handles. Even Tsinev couldn't help Yartsev. He was fired from the KGB and expelled from the Communist Party.

In another instance of cronyism, the son-in-law of Ukrainian KGB Chief Vitaly Fedorchuk smashed up his car while driving drunk in Uganda. The son-in-law was a TASS correspondent there and occasionally did work for us, though he was not one of our officers. The young reporter tried to persuade TASS to pay the $1,700 car repair bill, but TASS refused. So what did Fedorchuk do for his daughter's husband? The Ukrainian KGB chairman sent a memo to Andropov saying that the TASS journalist (who, he implied, was a KGB officer) couldn't afford to get his car repaired and might become a target for recruitment by Western special services because he was in financial trouble. Andropov agreed to pick up the bill.

"We wanted to fire this good-for-nothing drunk," Sergei Losev, a good friend who was director of TASS, said to me. "Your office did TASS a disservice by paying his debt."

A short while later, Fedorchuk and the KGB would force Losev to give the worthless young correspondent another foreign assignment.

Corruption at high levels often amounted to a lot more than the paltry $1,700 car repair. Once, on a trip to check our operations in Italy, I was pulled aside by the Soviet ambassador, Nikita Ryzhov. He informed me that the KGB had done nothing about a report he filed on massive corruption involving a Ministry of Foreign Trade official named Sushkov. The ambassador told me that Sushkov was purchasing vast quantities of clothes and consumer goods and apparently shipping them back to high-ranking officials in the Soviet Union.

"I have told your people several times that every time Sushkov comes to Italy he returns with a railroad car full of stuff," the ambassador told me. "He can't possibly have that much money. He has to be stealing it from somewhere. Where's it all coming from? I told your colleagues several times, but nothing has been done."

I promised to look into it and wrote Andropov a report when I returned to Moscow. There was no reaction. Several years later, in 1983 or 1984, Sushkov's thievery apparently got so out of hand that it could no longer be ignored. He was arrested on corruption charges and thrown in jail.

Even more scandalous was a report we received from our station chief in Italy. He said that several sources had told him of a large-scale art fraud at the Soviet ambassador's residence in Rome, the Villa Garibaldi. Top embassy officials were reportedly involved in a scam in which they would send paintings by old Italian masters owned by the Soviet government to Moscow for alleged restoration. Instead of refurbishing the paintings, Soviet artists would copy them and ship the fakes back to Rome to hang in the ambassador's residence and the embassy.

The originals were then either given or sold to members of the Politburo and other top Soviet officials. We reported the scam to Kryuchkov but heard nothing further about it.

We frequently had problems with our ambassadors, most of whom were well connected politically at home. In my ten years in foreign counterintelligence, we took steps that led to eight ambassadors being recalled, sometimes for corruption but often for sexual misconduct. In dealing with the ambassadors and all well-connected officials, we had to tread very lightly. Often we didn't open an official investigation or leave a paper trail. Instead, we would work behind the scenes with the Foreign Ministry or the Communist Party Central Committee (which approved all ambassadorial posts) to remove the envoys quietly.

In one case, a Soviet dancer on tour in Australia complained to us that the Soviet ambassador to Australia had visited her in her hotel room and then sexually assaulted her. An investigation supported her claim, and when the woman threatened to make a scandal, the KGB reported the alleged assault to the Central Committee. The ambassador was recalled.

The Soviet Union's ambassador to East Germany, Pyotr Abrasimov, was involved in shady dealings, as were his daughter and son-in-law. But the ambassador, a longtime friend of Leonid Brezhnev's, was never punished despite being at the center of an investigation that led to the arrest of both East Germans and Russians. Abrasimov, working with a West German businessman, smuggled clothes and consumer goods from East Germany into Russia. Abrasimov once asked a KGB officer who worked undercover at the East German embassy to pick up 150 men's shirts from the businessman and ship them to Moscow, where they were to be delivered to members of the Central Committee and other top officials. Where Abrasimov got the money to buy all these consumer goods and what he did with them never became clear. His involvement in the smuggling was hushed up.

Abrasimov's daughter was married to a Soviet diplomat named Ragulin, who served as counselor at the Soviet embassy in Warsaw.

We received credible reports from Polish intelligence that Ragulin and his wife were involved in orgies and spouse swapping in Warsaw, which left them wide open to blackmail. The daughter also was involved in smuggling goods in and out of Poland, according to Polish intelligence. Later the Poles reported that Ragulin was meeting frequently with British and American diplomats, more than customarily would be called for his job. Fearing that he had been blackmailed and might be working for Western intelligence, we wrote a report to the Central Committee, laying out the sordid details of the lives of Abrasimov's daughter and son-in-law. The Central Committee had to act and urged the Foreign Ministry to recall Ragulin, which it did. The material we had gathered on the couple was so serious that even Brezhnev could do nothing. Ragulin was sacked. His wife was brought back to the USSR as well, where a search of her luggage showed that it was crammed with contraband from Poland. Abrasimov raised hell and wrote a letter to Brezhnev, saying her "human rights" had been violated. She was briefly allowed to return to Poland but came back to the USSR shortly thereafter and divorced her disgraced husband. Abrasimov went on to run the Soviet tourist agency, Intourist, where he had access to huge sums of hard currency.

Once the Soviet ambassador to a small African country was having an affair with his secretary that was creating a scandal among embassy employees. My directorate found out about the affair and brought it to the attention of the Foreign Ministry, which transferred the ambassador to Costa Rica. But the ambassador, who personally knew Kryuchkov and had good connections in the Foreign Ministry personnel office, also managed to have his mistress sent with him. Our station chief in Costa Rica said that despite the ambassador's flimsy precautions (he would meet her on a street away from the embassy), the affair was becoming widely known in the capital.

I told Kryuchkov, who had gone to school with the ambassador.

"Okay, Oleg, when he comes home on leave, talk to him," said Kryuchkov. "I don't want to talk to him myself."

The ambassador was summoned to intelligence headquarters, where I sat down with him over coffee and cognac and had a man-to-man chat.

"We have information from the CIA [I made that up to scare him], from an impeccable source, that you're having an affair with your secretary," I told the paunchy, gray-haired diplomat. "They know about it and they are watching you."

"Oh, no," he replied. "Why didn't your station chief tell me?"

"He didn't wish to expose his source, so he reported it to me," I replied.

"Does Kryuchkov know about it?" the ambassador asked.

"Yes, he does," I said, "and he wants me to talk to you about it."

I had his attention now, and he was plainly frightened.

"Well," he said, "what should I do?"

"Just be informed that Western intelligence agencies know about the affair and they may very well try to make use of it," I said. "They may try to intimidate you, recruit you. Just be very careful, and I suggest that you either send the girl home or . . . Well, as a man of the world, you know how best to deal with the situation."

He thanked me, and in a few weeks returned to Costa Rica. Eventually he was recalled and assigned to a desk job in Moscow.

Perhaps the thorniest case of sexual misconduct on the part of our ambassadors involved our top diplomat in Mauritania. It was a case that went all the way to the top of the KGB and the Politburo as we sought to get rid of someone who can only be described as a dirty old man.

My foreign counterintelligence officers stationed in embassies overseas occasionally monitored the mail of Soviet embassy employees. In Mauritania, one of our officers opened a letter from a twenty-year-old girl who had just come to work at the embassy as a secretary. The girl wrote her mother that she was having a terrible time, not because of the African heat or the mosquitoes, but because the aging ambassador kept trying to molest her. The letter described in graphic detail how the old pervert would summon the young girl to his office to take dictation, whereupon he would pull out his penis and begin chasing her around his desk.

My officer sent me the letter, which I read with anger and disgust. I told my people to write to the Central Committee of the Communist Party and report, without going into gory detail, that the ambassador was behaving improperly and should be recalled. Andropov signed the letter and forwarded it to the Central Committee.

I had numerous friends on the Central Committee staff, and about a week later one of them called me.

“What are you doing, Oleg?” he said. “This ambassador is very friendly with top Soviet leaders.”

“So what?” I said. “He has to take responsibility for his actions.”

“But don’t you know that he sends Mauritanian carpets and other gifts to Politburo members?”

“Maybe he does, but what’s that got to do with me?” I responded. “I’m just reporting to you what we know, and you decide what to do with the man.”

Shortly afterward, I met the KGB’s deputy chief of intelligence for African affairs, who told me, “Come on, Oleg, you’ll never be able to touch this man. It’s impossible. Don’t you understand that these people all defend each other? He sends them expensive gifts. They will never turn against him.”

I told him I had an obligation to report what I knew. A month or two passed, and no action was taken against the ambassador. Then we intercepted another letter from the girl. She was hysterical now. She described how he kept exposing himself and trying to seduce her, and she threatened to kill herself if the sexual harassment continued.

That was the last straw. I picked up the phone and called Kryuchkov.

“I have another letter from Mauritania about this scoundrel,” I told the intelligence chief. “The girl is about to commit suicide. Do we want to be responsible for that?”

Kryuchkov hated being responsible for anything, so he told me, “Okay, call Andropov and report it to him.”

I phoned the KGB chairman and told him I had to see him in person. He instructed me to come at eight that evening.

"Okay, what is it now?" Andropov asked when I arrived at his office.

"Remember you signed that letter to the Central Committee about that guy in Mauritania?" I said. "Well, nothing has been done about him."

"What can I do about it?" the chairman replied. "That's for the Politburo to decide."

"I have received another letter from there," I said. "Will you please read it? I think this is a matter of life and death and we cannot sit on our hands."

Andropov took the letter and began to read. His face hardened, and I could feel his anger rising. Without saying a word, he picked up his direct line to Foreign Minister Gromyko.

"Andrei Andreyevich, do you remember that case in Mauritania?" Andropov asked. "Let me read something to you from this secretary. . . . It's time to make a decision."

The KGB chairman read the most emotionally charged passage to Gromyko, said a few words into the receiver, and hung up.

"All right," Andropov told me. "Everything will be settled. He is being recalled. Cable Mauritania."

Within a week, the ambassador was recalled for consultations. When it became clear he was back in Moscow permanently, he began to protest, writing Brezhnev and other top Soviet leaders to complain of a KGB plot against him. The Central Committee reviewed the case for several months, but even I was confident that such blatant perversion would end the old man's career, no matter how good his connections. He was forced into retirement, but only after being awarded the highest pension given to ambassadors.

I was forever amazed at how much trouble people got into over sex. The CIA and Western intelligence services used sexual blackmail against our people, and we employed it even more frequently against our adversaries. Catching people with their pants down was a prime way of compromising and recruiting them. As long as men would be men and women would be women, lust would play a role in the spy wars.

In all my years in the KGB, the case of the Soviet wife and her big dog topped the list of bizarre sexual escapades.

The year was 1979. My office received a report from a highly placed source inside the counterintelligence agency of a large Asian state. He informed us that we had an unusual problem on our hands. It seemed that the wife of the Soviet military intelligence (GRU) station chief in this Asian country was having sex with the family's male dog. Our Asian source said that his agency's surveillance officers had numerous times watched the large animal copulating with its Russian mistress. The real problem was that the Asian intelligence agency was planning to use the woman's perversity to blackmail the husband into spying for them and the West. As far as we knew, the husband, a well-respected GRU officer, had no inkling of his wife's strange sexual predilections.

Normally in such a case we would immediately recall the officer who had been targeted. But this was no normal case. First, we didn't want to make a fuss over the situation, since it might compromise our Asian intelligence asset. More importantly, this case would be so profoundly embarrassing to the GRU man that we had to handle it with extreme care so that neither he nor his colleagues would know about the woman's perverse behavior.

The problem was so sensitive that it was quickly kicked all the way up to Andropov. He, Kryuchkov, and I all gathered in Andropov's office to discuss the weighty issue of what to do with this oversexed dog and his crazed Russian partner. We briefly discussed the situation, then Andropov fell silent.

Suddenly, the solution came to him.

"Kill the dog!" the KGB chairman said, and we all concurred that this was, indeed, the Solomonic way out of the situation. The GRU officer was due home soon for his vacation, and when he came back to Moscow we would suggest that he not return because we had information that an undisclosed provocation was being planned against him.

My department talked with our technical specialists, the same ones who masterminded the poisoning of Markov. Oddly enough, they couldn't immediately decide which poison and what dose should be administered to the animal. Finally they hit upon what they said was the right formula, and we sent the poison to one of our KGB officers in the Asian country. He knew the GRU station chief, and on a visit to his home slipped the dog some meat laced with the poison. Unfortunately, our technical people screwed up: the amount of poison they prescribed didn't kill the dog, but only partially paralyzed him. Luckily, he was paralyzed from the waist down and was rendered impotent.

Our Asian counterintelligence source said their bugs in the GRU officer's house showed that the woman was inconsolable when the dog became ill. The GRU man and his spouse soon came back to the USSR, where his superiors told him that he couldn't return to his old posting for security reasons. The Asian intelligence service didn't try to blackmail him, and he wasn't sent overseas again. Apparently he never discovered that his wife had been intimate with the dog.

I never found out whether she replaced the family pet.

On the sexual espionage front, we usually got the better of the CIA and hostile intelligence agencies for the simple reason that we were far more willing to use sex as a weapon, and generally had fewer scruples. The KGB had a department called territorial intelligence whose job was to recruit tourists and foreign businessmen. Territorial intelligence used two main hooks to catch and compromise foreigners: illegal currency transactions and sex. During the decade I was in foreign counterintelligence, the territorial intelligence unit usually recruited several dozen foreigners a year. The problem was that, after being caught in a compromising position and agreeing to work for us, the foreigners would return home and almost always break off contact with us.

I read dozens of files involving the sexual entrapment of male foreign tourists and businessmen, and our modus operandi was usually the same. Territorial intelligence would target a foreigner for recruitment, then introduce him to an attractive Soviet woman at a bar, a hotel, a tourist agency, or a government office. The KGB preferred to work with actresses, dancers, teachers, and other professional women rather than prostitutes, because they generally were more intelligent and therefore more credible to foreigners. The women would be recruited for such work with promises of a promotion, a nicer apartment, overseas employment, or outright payments. Some women occasionally would make love to a stranger for love of country, but they were the exceptions. Territorial intelligence also used gay recruits to entrap homosexual foreigners.

Once our woman had met the foreigner, she would (usually with little difficulty) lure him to a KGB love nest, where their lovemaking could be photographed. Sometimes we would merely approach the foreigner after the fact, show him pictures of his passionate night, and threaten to send the photographs to his wife back home. Other times, when we wanted to shock a man into cooperation, we would wait until the couple was entwined in a passionate embrace and then send one of our agents into the room, playing the part of the outraged husband. Occasionally the agent/husband would smack around the foreigner just to scare him; other times he would merely scream and threaten the unfortunate visitor with death or castration. But in all cases, he would phone the police, who would arrive in a matter of minutes and go through an elaborate, staged ritual. The policemen, who actually were KGB officers, would say things like, “We’re sorry to have to do this, but you’re a foreigner and we’ll have to open an investigation. . . . Oh, you’re an American? That’s not good. Not good at all.”

By the end of this charade the businessman or tourist would usually be a blithering wreck. Then, a few hours later, another of our officers, posing as the good guy, would talk to the man and suggest that the matter could be hushed up if he would do a few things for us when he returned home. The victims often agreed to work for us, but few if any could be persuaded to fulfill their promises once they were back in their native land. As a rule, we didn’t pursue them aggressively, partly out of fear of angering the local counterintelligence officers, but also because agents coerced into working for us often proved to be of little value.

We did, however, enjoy some success in our sexual warfare with the West.

In the mid-1970s, in a case that was highly publicized, one of our women operatives seduced a driver for the Canadian embassy and later got him involved in some black market business transactions. We confronted him and threatened to expose him to his embassy, and he agreed to work for us. He returned to Canada and began cooperating with us while holding down a job in the federal government. Soon, however, he and several other KGB agents were exposed in a major spy scandal in Canada and arrested.

In the late 1970s, in an Arab country, one of our female officers, using the cover of a teacher, became acquainted with a French military attaché. The Frenchman clearly liked her and wanted to take her to bed. We told her to go ahead.

"But that will be a violation of the rules," she said.

We told her, in effect, "If you feel like doing it and you like him, go ahead."

She began an affair with the man. What happened later, I don't know; shortly afterward I was transferred to Leningrad.

I always told my officers, "Don't be afraid of sex." If they found themselves in a situation where making love with a foreigner could help our work, I advised them to hop into bed. And I always instructed them that if they were caught in flagrante delicto by another intelligence service, they should never act flustered and always call their adversary's bluff.

"If the woman you have sex with is an American agent," I told my officers, "and they use the same scheme on you that the KGB uses at home, you just tell them, 'Send me those pictures in color. That's all I ask of you. Don't play along with them. And don't be afraid to have sex. I can't understand a man who reaches that stage and then trembles like a little mouse. What is there to be afraid of? What kind of scandal? The only trouble you could have would be with your wife."

When I was working in Leningrad, an American employed by a U.N. office in Geneva came to town as a tourist. He stayed at the new Swedish-built hotel on the bay of Finland and behaved as if he had been instructed before his trip to be cautious and vigilant. His hotel room was wired for sound and pictures, but the monitoring produced nothing of interest. After a day or two, in the evening, he walked into the hotel bar and ordered a drink. Within minutes he observed a pretty young woman sipping a drink in the corner of the bar. She smiled at him, he smiled back: they struck up a conversation, had a couple of more drinks, and the American felt enamored by her. She was not only attractive, but intelligent and knew several languages. They agreed to meet again the next day at the hotel entrance. The American did not trust the tourist establishment; he wanted to take her to dinner in some upscale restaurant downtown. He hailed a cab that stood nearby waiting for passengers, and once inside, he started kissing the woman passionately. She responded in kind, and as the cab was speeding across the city, they had sex on the backseat. The American did not know that the cab was driven by a KGB officer, and a small remote control camera inside the car was beaming back to our Leningrad headquarters live pictures of their passionate lovemaking. The woman, of course, was a KGB agent performing her patriotic duty. Next day, when they met in the hotel lobby, a young man came up to them, and claiming the woman was his girlfriend, punched her hapless lover in the face. Within seconds a uniformed police officer (in fact a KGB major) appeared on the scene and demanded that they follow him. "No fist fight in public places. You violate the law," he said. Once inside his hotel office he questioned the threesome. When he "learned" that one of them was an American, he let the others go. "As for you," he said, "in our town we cannot allow hooliganism to anyone. Even though you did not start the fight, you provoked it." They made a deal in the end: we will help the American avoid adverse publicity, and he will help us in the future with his expertise. Later he was turned over to a case officer in Europe, and I heard that he continued working for us, though I don't know in what capacity.

Our side was not immune to the danger of sex scandals. One of our assets in Canada informed us about the promiscuous wife of a KGB intelligence officer in our embassy in Ottawa. It seemed that she was sleeping with numerous Soviet embassy officials, including KGB men and our own security officer. Our source in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police confirmed that the Canadians had detailed information about the shenanigans. It was our security officer's job to prevent just such conduct, but instead he too was hopping into bed with this woman. It was an intolerable situation, leaving a half dozen of our people open to blackmail by the RCMP. I reported it to Andropov and he ordered, "Recall them all, including the security officer."

The station chief was relieved of his duties, the security officer was put in the KGB reserve, several officers were demoted, and the KGB man with the wandering wife was sacked.

My most distasteful case of sexual blackmail involved a Russian refusenik and her American husband. The woman, who was in her mid-thirties, met an American professor who was visiting the Soviet Union. They fell in love and announced their intention to marry. The problem was that the woman's mother worked for KGB intelligence, and for security reasons Kryuchkov and others weren't about to let the daughter out of the country. We tried to dissuade her from marrying the man, but eventually she did. He returned to the United States and, in a case that was highly publicized at the time, began to fight for the freedom of his Soviet wife. Despite appeals from American officials to Brezhnev, the KGB stood its ground and the Soviet woman was denied permission to emigrate.

The KGB wanted to silence the American husband and came up with a plan to do so. I became involved because, as head of foreign counterintelligence, I dealt with matters concerning Soviet émigrés and the security of the intelligence directorate. Working with domestic counterintelligence, we devised a scheme to lure the woman into a sexual liaison with one of our agents, after which we planned to send proof of her philandering to her husband in America.

The Lothario we chose was a strapping, handsome KGB agent from the Caucasus Mountains. He had prior experience seducing women for the KGB, and we concocted a pretext under which our man and the refusenik woman could meet. He courted her with great ardor, finally winning her over. Now all we needed was proof of her involvement with the man.

Internal counterintelligence, known as Chief Directorate Two, arranged for him to take her on a picnic to a secluded country spot near Moscow. KGB surveillance and technical people had picked out the location in advance and set up hidden cameras hundreds of yards away to document the lovemaking. All went as planned. It was a beautiful summer day, and the lovers enjoyed a picnic on the grass. Afterward they undressed and our officer began making love to the woman, acutely aware they were being photographed and that the woman's face must be visible. He did a fine job, and the pictures turned out well. I was later shown them by internal counterintelligence.

Chief Directorate Two sent the pictures to the American professor, but if he was dismayed he didn't show it. He wrote her back (our domestic people intercepted the letter) and told her that he knew it was a dirty trick, that he still loved her, and that he would continue to fight for her escape from the cursed Soviet Union. And fight he did, eventually freeing her after a decade-long struggle.

It was not our finest hour but typical of the shenanigans in which our domestic departments became involved. I was glad to wash my hands of the whole affair. It was difficult for me to imagine how my domestic counterparts could carry on, year after year, harassing our own citizens. I would not have lasted in such work, and when I was assigned to the KGB's Leningrad office in 1980, I found myself increasingly depressed over the often meaningless tasks I was given. In foreign counterintelligence, our enemies were external and our national security was indisputably involved. We also fought on a roughly equal footing with the CIA and other agencies that were as cunning and as well funded as the KGB. It was a war of wits and skill and nerve. Nowhere was that more evident than in the shadowy world of double agents.

Within foreign counterintelligence we had a small unit, about a half dozen officers, assigned to running double agents throughout the world. In my time, we never had more than about forty double agents working in all spheres of life, including business and science. On paper, a double agent was simply a Soviet citizen who was in reality working for us while pretending to work for a hostile intelligence agency. In fact, running a double agent was devilishly complex. Was the agent really still working for us? Had he gone—or would he go over—to the other side? Was the CIA planning to grab him, drug him, and interrogate him? When was the best time to blow the double agent's cover?

We ran double agents for several reasons. The first was to gather knowledge on hostile intelligence agencies. We could learn a great deal by the kind of questions a hostile secret service was asking, what kind of information it wanted, and what sort of assignments it was giving our double. A CIA officer, in describing what he was seeking from a Soviet agent, often would say too much and let slip interesting information. Double agents could pick up valuable material simply by being in the presence of hostile intelligence officers. One of our doubles in Japan, for example, grabbed a roll of microfilm that his CIA handler had forgotten. Dozens of intelligence documents, shedding light on the CIA Tokyo station, were on the microfilm.

We also used double agents to plant disinformation and confuse hostile intelligence services. And running a double game could be extremely valuable in the propaganda battle with the West. On several occasions, when we were sure the CIA or other agency had been duped by our double, we would stage a meeting between the double and his handler and then nab the CIA agent for espionage. We would then reveal the details of the CIA's spying operation and expel the American agent in a great fit of publicity.

What was most challenging about double games was trying to outfox the other side. They knew what we were trying to do to them and we knew what they were planning against us. And still, against this backdrop, we were able to overcome our opponents' skepticism and successfully run double agents. I could almost hear my CIA adversary saying, "The Soviet's a double. The Soviet's a double." And then, through the right bit of play-acting or a bold gesture, we would convince the CIA that our man was for real and was on their side. We would string our adversary along for a while (it could be months, it could be years), and when the right moment arrived we would play our hand and say, in effect, "Gotcha!"

We knew the CIA always eyed a prospective recruit carefully. As we did in the case of the attempted recruitment of the CIA man in India, our adversaries would study one of our officers for months before deciding to approach him. They would ask the same questions we asked. Does this man have financial problems? Does he have a mistress? Is he drinking heavily? Did he lose a briefcase with documents? Is his wife sleeping with a Great Dane? If the person seemed in dire straits, was especially sloppy or unstable, we—and they—might move in on him.

We developed double agents in two main ways. In the first, one of our officers might truly find himself in trouble and therefore become a target of a recruitment attempt by a foreign intelligence agency. These cases were more problematic, for the person in question might genuinely be unreliable and go over to the other side in the midst of our double game.

The best way to run a double agent—and the one requiring the most patience—was to set a trap using a reliable officer. We would create the impression that the person was in financial trouble, was a drunk, or was disgruntled with the Soviet system. We would, in short, wave a red flag saying the man was vulnerable. Then we would lie back and wait, hoping the CIA or another hostile agency would take the bait. If they did, we would be playing with a double agent over whom we had solid control.

During my time, we played an intriguing double game in Canada. One of our officers, working under the cover of the Soviet trade mission in Montreal, began making noises that he was unhappy and having financial problems. Eventually the RCMP got wind of his difficulties and approached him, offering to pay him in exchange for classified information on Soviet industry or intelligence operations. For us, it was a nearly foolproof game because we had an excellent long-standing source inside RCMP counterintelligence. So as our double agent was passing us information from his end, our Canadian mole in the RCMP was supplying us with detailed reports from the other side. We gave our officer some classified documents of minor value to whet the Canadians' appetite.

Unfortunately the game had to end in 1977 following a spy scandal that led to expulsions and recriminations on both sides. Acting on a tip from our RCMP mole, we tried to recruit another RCMP officer in Montreal. But at the second meeting of our officer and the potential recruit, the RCMP, alerted by our target, swooped in and arrested our officer. It created a scandal, and the Canadians expelled eleven Soviets and attacked the USSR for its aggressive espionage activities. We had no choice but to expel some Canadians from Moscow. And to parry the propaganda blows coming our way, we decided to expose our double agent and his nefarious recruitment by the RCMP. We blew open the case, as was customary, in the pages of *Literaturnaya Gazeta.* I wrote a long article, published under a pseudonym, which spelled out the details of the Canadian recruitment of our man and the clever double game we ran.

I was involved in another double game in Leningrad in the early 1980s. We elicited the cooperation of a Leningrad scientist named Pavlov who frequently traveled the world on a Soviet research ship. Our instructions to him were simple: express dissident views, engage in some black market operations, and do everything possible to attract the attention of the CIA or other intelligence agencies.

For two years, Pavlov did as he was told, to little effect. We were surprised, for we expected the CIA to show interest in a man who had access to information about Soviet science and the military-industrial complex. Then, out of the blue, we received a cable from the KGB's station chief in Buenos Aires, saying that Pavlov had come to the embassy and reported that the CIA had tried to recruit him. He had talked to the CIA agent, passed along some information, and agreed to meet him in Leningrad upon Pavlov's return home.

My boss in Leningrad was skeptical, but Moscow told us to go ahead with the meeting. And, indeed, such a meeting took place. Our surveillance people observed Pavlov and a diplomat from the U.S. consulate in Leningrad—clearly a CIA officer—rendezvousing on a remote street in the city. Pavlov took money from the American in exchange for scientific information. It would turn out later that, as sometimes happens with double agents, Pavlov was not being honest with us and pocketed far more money than he reported.

A second meeting was scheduled twenty-five miles outside of Leningrad. Pavlov was to give the CIA agent documents in exchange for another payment. As it turned out, however, the scheduled meeting came only days after the September 1, 1983, Soviet shooting down of Korean Airlines Flight 007 in the Sea of Japan. Moscow made a decision not to continue to pursue the double game but to arrest the CIA agent when he met with Pavlov and to use the incident to counter the storm of adverse publicity that had swept over us following the KAL disaster.

We caught the American red-handed, eventually expelling him. Although we did everything we could to hype the incident, it barely made a dent in the propaganda assault we suffered in connection with KAL 007.

We suspected that Pavlov wasn't being straight with us. We decided to search his apartment and found large sums of money, evidence that he had pocketed payments from the Americans he never told us about. Pavlov confessed and was sentenced to thirteen years in jail. He was granted amnesty in Yeltsin's era and now lives in the United States.

As head of foreign counterintelligence, I regularly took part in all-important KGB meetings on foreign policy issues. Inevitably, in my last eighteen months on the job, I was drawn into the growing controversy over Afghanistan, where a succession of Moscow-backed regimes was facing stiffening opposition from Islamic rebels. I viewed Afghanistan as a country within our sphere of interest and thought we had to do whatever possible to prevent the Americans and the CIA from installing an anti-Soviet regime there. Like Andropov, I was skeptical of introducing large numbers of Soviet troops into Afghanistan, but as the situation deteriorated I began to see no alternative. When our troops invaded Afghanistan on Christmas Day 1979, 1 did not see the move as a disaster comparable to our invasion of Czechoslovakia eleven years before. How wrong I would turn out to be.

My first and only trip to Afghanistan came in August 1978. Four months earlier, a pro-Communist coup headed by Noor Mohammad Taraki had overthrown the government of Mohammad Daoud, killing him and his family. Moscow had not been overjoyed by news of the coup, for in Daoud we had enjoyed a stable ally and relative peace along our southern border. By midsummer 1978, reports were filtering back to KGB headquarters of growing Islamic opposition to the Taraki regime, prompting Andropov to send Kryuchkov and me to Kabul on a fact-finding mission. While there, we were to sign a cooperation agreement between the Soviet and Afghan intelligence services.

We flew on Andropov's personal Tu-154 jet, a passenger plane converted into a spacious and comfortable airliner. Kabul struck me as a big village, with worse poverty than I had seen even in India in 1971. During the course of our five-day visit, we stayed at the Soviet embassy, and all was quiet in and around the Afghan capital. Kryuchkov and I had wanted to visit Djelalabad in the southeast, but Afghan officials said it was not safe—our first inkling that the situation was not as rosy as our hosts portrayed it.

Kryuchkov and I proceeded to meet the Afghan leaders who had slaughtered their opponents in the power struggle and who ultimately would die by the sword themselves. Taraki, the grandfather of Afghan Communists, was a fragile, stooped old man. He struck me as a fuss-budget given to general utterances, and I saw then that he didn't have the physical strength or the backing to continue to lead the country for long. It was Taraki who had ordered the murder of Daoud, and a year after I chatted with Taraki he too was overthrown and executed. The man who eventually would do away with Taraki, Hafizullah Amin, was a far more impressive figure. His rule, however, would be even shorter that Taraki's and his end would be just as violent.

Amin was a dark, handsome man with glittering eyes and an intelligent face. He was the shrewdest and most literate of the officials I met in Afghanistan, and when we discovered that we had both been at Columbia University at about the same time, we hit it off immediately. We switched to English and reminisced about old haunts and familiar landmarks in New York. Amin's eyes shone, as if he had truly found a kindred spirit, and when we parted he gave me a big hug and invited me back as his personal guest. I would never get the chance. The following year, KGB special forces troops gunned down Amin at the presidential palace as Soviet troops took over the city.

After I met with Amin, our local KGB officers described him as a homosexual and said it was rumored he had been recruited by the CIA. I found no evidence to back up either allegation, and concluded it was made simply because the young officer had lived briefly in America.

I also met the head of state security, A. Sarvari, who impressed me as a young, energetic officer. A half year later, he would personally participate in the execution of leading Muslim clergymen and their families. I was appalled when I read the reports of Sarvari's actions, which I knew would set off a never-ending cycle of revenge and violence.

On several occasions, I met with top officers from the police and state security, instructing them on how to fight the growing CIA presence in Kabul and throughout Afghanistan. The Afghans had almost no experience with the Americans, and I told them, among other things, about how to follow and eavesdrop on the American intelligence agents. We later provided them cameras and electronic listening equipment.

“You have lots of American agents here and good opportunities to work against them,” I told the Afghan security officers. “We’ll do everything we can to help you.”

Kryuchkov signed an agreement with the Afghans to share intelligence and deepen our cooperation. Our hosts took us on a picnic to the old royal palace on the outskirts of town, where we passed a pleasant afternoon. We were treated as elder brothers, and I left feeling that, though opposition was growing, the situation was relatively well in hand.

Returning to Moscow, I drew up, on Andropov’s orders, a plan of active measures and general strategy in Afghanistan. My list included the following ideas:

- The Afghans should gather evidence on the training of Islamic guerrilla groups in Pakistan and then publicly accuse Pakistan of unleashing aggression against the Afghan people.
- The Afghan leadership should send a letter to the Iranian leader Ayatollah Khomeini professing support for the Iranian revolution and expressing hope the two governments will work closely together.
- The rebels in the Herat area should be declared mercenaries of U.S. imperialism and world Zionism, as well as remnants of the overthrown Iranian monarchy.
- American citizens suspected of CIA affiliations should be expelled from Afghanistan.
- Pro-government clergy should address the people and rallies should be held among youth, workers, and peasants in support of the revolution.
- Popular militias and committees “In Defense of the Revolution” should be established.
- The rebels’ rear should be raided to destroy their radio transmitters, bases, and munitions warehouses.

- More pro-Taraki radio stations must be created inside the country and the number of Afghan broadcasts from stations inside the Soviet Union should be increased.
- Soviet advisers should be sent into Afghanistan, reconnaissance flights over Afghanistan should be increased, and Soviet troops on the Afghan border should be reinforced and put on combat alert.

Many of these suggestions were approved by Andropov and the Politburo and put into effect. But, as would soon be evident, Afghanistan would not bend to our will. We would deploy hundreds of thousands of troops and lose fifteen thousand men before realizing our mistake and withdrawing in humiliation in 1988.

In the fall of 1979, after Amin deposed and murdered Taraki, the situation in Afghanistan was clearly deteriorating. KGB officers there reported that if Moscow did not intervene more aggressively, Amin would surely be overthrown and an Islamic government installed. I attended a meeting of KGB intelligence and Soviet military intelligence in which the GRU chief, General Ivashutin, argued strenuously for an invasion.

"There is no other alternative but to introduce our troops to support the Afghan government and crush the rebels," Ivashutin said.

Kryuchkov then spoke, saying that Andropov was against the introduction of troops.

Over the next several months, however, Andropov was to change his mind. Under pressure from Defense Minister Dimitri Ustinov, the KGB chairman reluctantly came around to the view that Soviet troops would have to invade. From that moment on, the KGB played a pivotal role in the events in Afghanistan. And as Soviet and KGB involvement deepened, Kryuchkov compounded the initial error by insisting that all intelligence information—from the GRU, the KGB, and the Foreign Ministry—be funneled through KGB intelligence before being presented to the Politburo. It was a serious mistake, for

Kryuchkov began filtering out bad news, exaggerating our achievements, and telling Leonid Brezhnev and the Politburo what they wanted to hear. It only prolonged the war and the suffering.

Soviet troops streamed into Afghanistan in late December 1979, murdering my chum Amin and flying in Soviet puppet Babrak Karmal to replace him. The world reacted with outrage. At the time, none of us had any idea that the bloody conflict would drag on for nine more years, killing thousands of Afghans and creating a huge refugee problem.

The truth is that I was paying scant attention to the invasion taking place to the south. By Christmas 1979, my career had taken a sharp turn for the worse. I had clashed with the shadowy brotherhood that ran the world's largest secret police agency. I had violated an unwritten code and challenged the dictums of the men at the top. I had gone up against them and lost, and my star was flaming out.

CHAPTER 7

Collision

IT WAS KNOWN SIMPLY AS "THE WOODS." SITUATED IN A HEAVILY forested area in southwestern Moscow, just a half mile beyond the outer ring road that encircles the capital, The Woods was the KGB's new intelligence headquarters at Yasenovo. The complex, modeled after the CIA's suburban headquarters in Langley, Virginia, opened in 1972, and for eight years I worked there next to the men who ran Soviet intelligence operations around the world. When colleagues in downtown Moscow or in foreign stations asked me, "How are things in The Woods?" they were not talking about my country dacha but our sprawling intelligence headquarters. Even by Western standards, Yasenovo was a luxurious compound, a place that reflected the power and the privilege, the mystery and the isolation of the KGB. During my eight years at Yasenovo, I was afforded a close-up view of the men who ran the KGB and its intelligence operations, from the crusty Alexander Sakharovsky to the treacherous Vladimir Kryuchkov to the wily cold warrior Yuri Andropov. Most of these men worked side by side with me at Yasenovo, and to those of us sitting in the bucolic confines of The Woods the world seemed a far more manageable place than it actually turned out to be.

We moved to Yasenovo in 1972 because the stately building at Lubyanka had long been overcrowded. For years, Soviet intelligence officials had argued that they needed their own separate headquarters in a secure compound far from the center of Moscow. Andropov eventually approved the plans for a new headquarters, and Moscow's chief architect designed a spacious, seven-story building that was virtually invisible from the highway. Later, when it was clear to everyone that the CIA knew every inch of the Yasenovo layout, Vladimir Kryuchkov approved the construction of two twenty-story buildings that could be seen from miles around.

As could be expected for an organization as wealthy as ours, nothing was spared in the construction of the Yasenovo headquarters. The builders used Japanese and European materials; the furniture was from Finland. Nearly all the glass-walled offices, even those of junior officers, enjoyed a view of surrounding fields and forests or of the artificial lake that had been dug on the premises. My own wood-paneled office, located on the third floor, was enormous (50 square meters) and boasted a bathroom with shower and an adjacent sitting room where I could sleep. I even had a little exit off my backroom, which I occasionally used if there was a visitor in my antechamber I had no desire to see. The entire building was air-conditioned, a rarity in the Soviet Union, and underneath the compound were several basement levels with communications and technical facilities. The roofs of the buildings at Yasenovo bristled with antennas.

Security was extraordinarily tight. The compound was surrounded by rings of barbed wire and electronic sensing devices. Special Interior Ministry and KGB guards, accompanied by dogs, patrolled the area in and around Yasenovo and stood in watchtowers. Domestic KGB officers couldn't even enter Yasenovo without special permission. Thousands of secretaries and lower-level intelligence employees rode into the compound every morning on special buses. We at the top, however, had our own chauffeured Volgas, reflecting Soviet officialdom's love of a car and a driver: two full-time drivers were assigned to me alone, providing twenty-four-hour service. Toward the end of my time at Yasenovo, in 1979, intelligence chief Vladimir Kryuchkov spent $100,000 to buy a handful of foreign cars, including Mercedes, Volvos, and Jaguars. Ostensibly the cars were purchased to teach intelligence officers headed for the West how to drive good automobiles. As could be expected, however, young intelligence officers never got their hands on the luxury cars. Kryuchkov and other big shots appropriated the machines for their own personal use; the intelligence chief himself cruised around town in a Mercedes.

We at Yasenovo, like all the Soviet elite, lived in a privileged cocoon that left us far removed from the travails of daily Soviet life. For us Communism was a good thing; all our needs were cared for as we glided above the fray, impervious to the lines and the humiliation and the squalor that had become the hallmarks of Soviet existence. It's no wonder that people like Kryuchkov fought to the bitter end for the Soviet way of life. They enjoyed a standard of living worth protecting, even if it meant staging something so monstrously foolish as the coup of August 1991.

The self-contained world at Yasenovo had an excellent canteen where officers could purchase the best salmon, sausage, cheese, and caviar. There was a swimming pool, two saunas, indoor volleyball and basketball courts, and numerous tennis courts. We had a special shop where we could buy imported clothes and consumer goods. By the late 1970s, the KGB had constructed twenty dachas for intelligence chiefs in a remote, wooded section of Yasenovo, a mile or two from the main headquarters building. In addition to my modern, spacious, KGB-supplied apartment in Moscow, I had a fine KGB dacha in the Moscow suburbs, in the same village in which Nazi Field Marshal Friedrich von Paulus had been confined following his surrender at Stalingrad.

Yasenovo had an excellent medical clinic, and whenever I got a cold a doctor would make a special visit to my office to dispense medicine. Should I have needed more sophisticated medical treatment, the KGB operated two good clinics in downtown Moscow and also controlled a network of a dozen sanitariums in the best vacation spots in the country.

We even had a masseuse at Yasenovo, a pretty blond woman in her early thirties. I never availed myself of her services. But just after I left foreign counterintelligence in 1980, a scandal erupted when it was discovered that at least a half dozen top KGB officials were making love to the masseuse on her rubdown couch in the heart of the intelligence complex. Kryuchkov called the offenders on the carpet and warned them never to do such a thing again, though no one was dismissed. The unfortunate masseuse, however, was fired. But after she wrote a letter threatening to expose the scandal, Kryuchkov found her another job to hush her up. The KGB could be far more moralistic at times, and during Kryuchkov's reign any intelligence officer who was twice divorced was expelled from the First Chief Directorate. Such was the case with one of our ablest officers, Mikhail Lyubimov, the KGB station chief in Denmark.

In my ten years in foreign counterintelligence, I worked under three intelligence chiefs. The first, Alexander Mikhailovich Sakharovsky, was by far the best. He was a KGB institution, having served a record fifteen years as head of intelligence, from 1956 until 1971. A veteran of World War II, Sakharovsky was a tough, almost authoritarian leader who gave his underlings freedom to work but devoured them if they showed signs of laziness or made a serious blunder. Following the 1971 defection of KGB officer Oleg Lyalin in London, Sakharovsky showed his ruthlessness, sacking several of Lyalin's superiors and recalling scores of officers home. We spoke of Sakharovsky with awe and fear in our voices, but not once did I hear someone inside the organization say anything bad about the intelligence chief.

Sakharovsky was a taciturn figure who often seemed lost in thought. I think now that his melancholy air was due to the enormous pressures of the job and the fact that, in his fifteen years as head of Chief Directorate One, Sakharovsky personally ordered the assassination of several KGB defectors and Soviet dissidents living overseas. By the time I came to work for him in 1970, KGB "wet jobs" were mainly a thing of the past. But Sakharovsky's hands were well bloodied by then. Though he never spoke of the assassinations he had ordered, they seemed to weigh on his conscience.

It was on the express orders of Sakharovsky, and with the approval of Khrushchev, that two well-known Ukrainian émigré activists were murdered in Germany in the 1950s. A KGB assassin using a gun that fired poison gas killed Lev Rebet of the National Labor Alliance in 1957 and Stepan Bandera of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists in 1959. Earlier, Sakharovsky also had ordered the assassination of National Labor Alliance leader Georgi Okolovich, but the plot backfired when the assassin Nikolai Khoklov defected to the West and described in detail the plot to kill Okolovich. Later, Sakharovsky approved a plan to kill the turncoat assassin, but the poisoning attempt failed, and all Khoklov suffered was the temporary loss of his hair.

Sakharovsky ordered a half dozen other assassination attempts on KGB defectors, but the turncoats couldn't be found or the Soviet leadership balked. Later, when I became head of foreign counterintelligence, we located two KGB defectors from the 1950s (one in Australia and one in America), and I approached Andropov and asked permission to order the assassination of the traitors.

"The hell with them. They're old men now," replied Andropov.

"Leave these old geezers alone. Find [recent KGB defectors] Oleg Lyalin or Yuri Nosenko, and I will sanction the execution of those two."

But we never located Lyalin or Nosenko, and when they finally surfaced, the KGB was no longer interested in carrying out their death sentences.

As I discovered when I opened my safe after taking over as head of foreign counterintelligence, Sakharovsky also ordered the poisoning of Sean Burke, the Irishman who helped engineer the bold escape of George Blake from England, by dispensing a brain-damaging substance in Burke's drink. Sakharovsky feared that once back in

England, Burke would disclose the whereabouts of George Blake to British authorities.

In the end, Sakharovsky lost his position largely because of politics. He was a stubborn, loyal professional who refused to butter up the Communist Party officials and Brezhnev cronies who gradually were taking over the KGB—a clique that, in honor of Brezhnev's hometown, came to be known as the Dnepropetrovsk Mafia. In 1971, a timid, ill-qualified functionary from the Communist Party Central Committee, Fyodor Konstantinovich Mortin, was named to replace Sakharovsky as chief of intelligence.

A short, balding man with pale blue eyes, Mortin lacked culture, education, and, above all, practical experience as an intelligence officer. To think that this was the man who headed the feared KGB spy operations was laughable. I have rarely met a person who was more unsure of himself, more indecisive, more cowardly. On several occasions I was in Mortin's office when Andropov phoned. Mortin literally jumped when the special line from Andropov rang, and he would cringe and stutter as he sought to assure the chairman that everything would be carried out according to his wishes. His behavior wasn't much better when someone called from the Central Committee; after hanging up with a Communist Party big shot, Mortin would get on the phone with his subordinates and demand that the Party's order—no matter how foolish—be carried out. If I or another of his underlings resisted the order, Mortin would literally implore us to somehow "close the matter" and fulfill the Party directive. The one good thing about Mortin was that he would allow more aggressive department leaders like myself to take matters into our own hands. He realized we were professionals, and if things generally were going smoothly he would not interfere with our operations. And unlike his successor—the double-dealing Vladimir Kryuchkov—Mortin was fundamentally a decent, if weak person.

One episode vividly illustrated Mortin's spinelessness. One of my counterintelligence officers in Istanbul, a recruit from the KGB border troops with a fine record and fluent command of Turkish, got into a violent row with his wife and disappeared for nearly a day on a drinking binge. His wife grew scared and went to the KGB resident in Istanbul who, fearing the man might be vulnerable to subversion by Turkish authorities, sent a coded report about the incident to KGB headquarters in Moscow. Andropov happened to see the report and promptly ordered that the officer be recalled and dismissed.

When I saw the order, I went to Mortin and argued that Andropov had overreacted.

"The man made a mistake, but we should give him a chance," I told Mortin. "He should be reprimanded but not recalled and dismissed. He's a good officer. I think you should make the case before Andropov."

"Are you out of your mind?" Mortin shot back. "There's no way I'm going to do anything like that."

Mortin wouldn't budge, despite repeated coaxing on my part, though he finally said he wouldn't object if I went to Andropov and pleaded for leniency.

A few weeks later, Andropov visited Yasenovo and I was given a brief audience with the KGB head.

"Look," I said, "you ordered that this guy be recalled and fired. But he's an excellent officer who made one mistake. He speaks excellent Turkish and has a bright future there. We don't have to do this to him."

Andropov mulled things over a few seconds and then said, "Okay, have it your way." I was carrying the dismissal order in my hands; the chairman took it from me, crossed out his earlier directive, and handed back the paper. And so the man's fate was decided with a stroke of the pen. Had it been up to Mortin, our officer in Turkey would have been drummed out of the KGB.

Mortin was shunted aside in 1974 because Andropov had come to view him as ineffectual. But his downfall also was due, in part, to the conniving of his successor, Vladimir Kryuchkov.

We had received information from a high-ranking asset in French intelligence that there was an unspecified mole in one of our KGB stations in Europe. Kryuchkov traveled to Paris to meet with our French source and determined to catch the traitor. The Frenchman identified several potential spies, though when I saw the list of names I was highly skeptical.

One of those under suspicion was our resident in Switzerland, who at the time of Kryuchkov's return was on vacation in Moscow. The man also was a good friend of Mortin's; they were from the same town in Russia. Kryuchkov ordered me to begin tapping the Moscow phone of our Swiss resident, though I argued that he was a good officer and we had no reason to suspect him. Kryuchkov insisted, however, and within a day I was receiving transcripts of the subject's telephone calls. They were innocuous, except for one conversation in which a hoarse-voiced man warned our resident in Switzerland that an investigation was under way and their call might be monitored. I showed the transcript to Kryuchkov, who snorted with satisfaction and insisted I find out who was tipping off the suspect. In fact, as I later discovered, Kryuchkov already knew who had made the call—Mortin—who had telephoned his old friend to warn him that he was under investigation. Kryuchkov made sure that Andropov saw the transcript, thus hastening Mortin's demise after only two years on the job. I now think that Kryuchkov initiated a bogus investigation of our man in Switzerland because he was a close friend of Mortin's, all the while hoping that Mortin might make a false step as he came to his compatriot's defense. It was a typical Kryuchkov move.

In all my years in the KGB, I encountered few as scheming, slippery, and duplicitous as Vladimir Alexandrovich Kryuchkov. When we met in 1971, we took an almost instant dislike to each other. I saw Kryuchkov as a wily Communist Party bureaucrat with little business being in intelligence, and he saw me as an Andropov protégé, a potential rival, and a professional officer who often disputed his judgments. I of course had no clue that twenty years later Kryuchkov would take his place in history as the chief plotter of the Communist Party coup against Soviet president Mikhail Gorbachev. But I always had an abiding distrust of Kryuchkov, and in late 1984, just before Gorbachev took power, I went to my old friend and top Gorbachev adviser, Alexander Yakovlev, to warn the Gorbachev team about Kryuchkov. “Don’t trust him,” I told Yakovlev, stressing that I had watched Kryuchkov in action for nearly a decade and knew him to be dangerous and dishonest.

Gorbachev was to receive similar warnings from other people, but unfortunately he would brush them aside. After all, he and Kryuchkov were closely linked, as both had been protégés of Yuri Andropov. Gorbachev, who had held the relatively obscure post of Communist Party first secretary in the Stavropol region, had been chosen by Andropov to come to Moscow and ultimately serve on the Politburo. Andropov had taken Kryuchkov under his wing nearly three decades earlier, when the two met at the Soviet embassy in Budapest. So Gorbachev was inclined (fatally so) to believe in Kryuchkov, in part because he was Andropov’s man, but also because regional Communist Party bosses like Gorbachev traditionally placed great faith in the KGB, viewing the organization as an astute shaper and interpreter of events. In the three years Kryuchkov served Gorbachev, the Soviet leader came to rely on the KGB chairman more and more, receiving a steady stream of doctored and biased information that tended to isolate Gorbachev and alter his view of the historic forces swirling around him. For a time, Kryuchkov was the faithful courtier, Gorbachev’s Svengali, whispering in the master’s ear to beware of the dangers and the conspirators that lurked everywhere. And when Gorbachev at last began distancing himself from the orthodox Communist views to which Kryuchkov still clung, the KGB boss betrayed his leader and hatched the plot that would lead to the ill-fated coup of August 1991.

I first met Kryuchkov in 1971 when he was serving as head of the KGB Secretariat, the agency’s top administrative post. Walking into his enormous wood-paneled office, I was taken aback by the sheer blandness of the man—the indeterminate expression, the small eyes hidden behind thick lenses. A thin half smile was frozen on his face, and his gaze rarely met mine. During our brief conversation he kept rushing in and out of an adjacent office, taking calls from Andropov. When we finally talked for a few minutes, he immediately betrayed his lack of knowledge of the intelligence field. His speech was peppered with generalities and Communist Party platitudes. First impressions are not always reliable, but in the case of Kryuchkov my initial negative instincts proved correct.

Kryuchkov had risen to a high position in the KGB because he was the classic assistant, the consummate bureaucrat. He was a young man when World War II broke out, but unlike most of his generation, Kryuchkov did not head to the front to fight Nazi Germany. Instead, he remained at the Stalingrad tractor factory, where he was the plant's Komsomol (Young Communist League) organizer. I don't know how he avoided military service, but I do know that Kryuchkov was one of the most physically cowardly men I have ever met, shunning any activities that had a whiff of danger. How this indecisive and faint-hearted man eventually helped organize a coup still remains something of a mystery to me, though I can imagine he did it for two reasons: he was joined by the heads of the Soviet Army and Interior Ministry, providing safety in numbers, and he was so appalled by the continuing collapse of the Soviet empire that he felt he had no choice but to act.

Kryuchkov earned a law degree through correspondence courses, then entered the Soviet Foreign Ministry's Higher Diplomatic School. His big break came in 1954 when he was posted to the Soviet embassy in Budapest, where he served faithfully under Ambassador Yuri Andropov. Kryuchkov hitched his wagon to Andropov's star, a shrewd move that more than three decades later would land Kryuchkov the job he had long coveted: chairman of the KGB.

From 1959 to 1967, Kryuchkov worked with Andropov in the International Department of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. When Andropov was appointed chairman of the KGB in 1967, Kryuchkov followed him there, using the same obsequious behavior and bureaucratic infighting skills that had long stood him in good stead. He was a meticulous paper shuffler, a master at working the Soviet bureaucracy. As chief of the KGB Secretariat, he was Andropov's right-hand man, helping prepare and correct the mountain of papers that was shuffled between the KGB and the Politburo and Central Committee. Kryuchkov was as cautious as he was fastidious. I can recall several instances where he took papers I was forwarding to the Politburo, carefully read them, and toned them down. He would pace around the room, inserting platitude-filled phrases into my reports.

"Write this down," he would tell me, displaying obvious pride in his knowledge of how to play the bureaucratic game. One of my reports said we would attain our goal if we took a certain line of action. Seeing such a phrase, Kryuchkov would insist that I say we "probably" or "in all likelihood" would attain our goal.

"Always leave some doubt," he said. "Never make it certain."

He loved modifiers and shied away from simple, direct sentences. His writing, like his speech, was a convoluted affair; half the time I would walk away having scant idea what it was Kryuchkov had just said.

In the beginning, when I first started working with him at the KGB, he struck me as little more than an extremely efficient secretary. In time, he would become more sure of himself and consequently more ruthless, surrounding himself with people he had managed to compromise and coopt. Meanwhile, he steadily worked to derail the careers of his rivals. But in our first few years together, Kryuchkov was afraid to go to the bathroom without Andropov's permission, calling the KGB chairman for guidance on the most mundane matters.

I quickly learned that the best way to deal with Kryuchkov was to quietly pull off a mission, such as recruiting a foreign agent, and then go to Kryuchkov for permission to do what I already had done. I would tell Kryuchkov of our plans, and he invariably would kick the decision up to Andropov. The KGB chairman would give the mission his blessing, accompanied by a warning to be careful. A few days later, when I returned to Kryuchkov to report that the mission was successful, the intelligence chief would beam with pride and telephone Andropov to take credit for the operation.

Kryuchkov catered completely to Andropov's wishes, and the KGB chairman had worked with Kryuchkov so long that he couldn't see his assistant's myriad shortcomings. In reality Kryuchkov knew little of the outside world and even less about intelligence. He had a serious intellectual inferiority complex and was extremely jealous of his colleagues' successes. He was the kind of man who gloated when you stumbled and then, if the opportunity arose, would push you even further down. He was, in short, a real bastard.

I traveled overseas with Kryuchkov on numerous occasions. On three of those trips, I had run-ins with him that give a sense of the cowardice and prudishness of the man.

Our first trip together was in December 1974, shortly after his appointment as head of intelligence, when Kryuchkov led a delegation to Warsaw for a meeting with the intelligence chiefs from other Communist Bloc countries. We stayed in a plush villa in the Warsaw suburb of Magdalenka, and when the conference opened, Kryuchkov was the first to speak. His cliché-riddled address, which highlighted the triumphs of our security service and glossed over the problems, was met with disinterest by most of the delegates. The speech by East Germany's Markus Wolf was, in contrast, far more dynamic.

I only went to central Warsaw one night, accompanied by my intelligence colleague and good friend Andrei Smirnov, who was chief of information and analysis service at that time. After attending an opera, Smirnov and I visited some Polish colleagues, then returned after midnight to Magdalenka. We didn't feel like going to sleep and stayed up half the night talking and drinking a bottle of vodka we had brought from Moscow. The next morning, Smirnov and I showed up a few minutes late for the conference, looking a little the worse for wear. Kryuchkov eyed us coolly, and during the first break he headed straight for us and demanded, "Where were you last night?"

"In my room," I replied.

"What were you doing?"

"Having a few drinks."

"But we called you late and no one answered," Kryuchkov said, his anger rising.

"Right," I said. "Smirnov and I were visiting some Polish friends."

Kryuchkov exploded.

"How could you go off without telling anyone?" he said. "How dare you! We're in a strange city—anything could have happened to you. What if there had been a provocation?"

I was astonished, since Smirnov and I had both spent considerable time overseas and were hardly afraid of a provocation in friendly Warsaw. I was just about to respond to Kryuchkov when Smirnov coolly answered the intelligence chief.

"Vladimir Alexandrovich, I am ten years older than you," Smirnov said. "I survived the war, and I am perfectly capable of looking after myself. And Kalugin certainly doesn't need any instructions, either. And I should remind you that we are in a friendly country."

Smirnov had been downright insubordinate. When I told him later that I admired his boldness, he replied, "The chief's got to learn, and if we don't teach him now, we'll wind up being victims of his paranoia."

On our way back to Moscow by train, Kryuchkov summoned our four-man delegation to his compartment. The atmosphere was strained, and he clearly realized he had gone overboard in reprimanding Smirnov and me. Trying to ease tensions, Kryuchkov poured a round of vodka and said, "Let's drink to the success of our first meeting and let's get to know each other better. Why don't we each say a little something about ourselves? I'll start."

He gave a sketchy account of his life, and the rest of us followed suit. But I never let my guard down, then or later, for there was a look in Kryuchkov's eyes that betrayed his fundamentally dishonest character.

Several years later, I accompanied Kryuchkov on a trip to Cuba to meet with our Latin counterparts. During that winter trip, the ever hospitable Cubans invited us to spend a day at the beach resort of Varadero. Though it was February, the air and the sea were warm and the beaches were deserted, so several KGB colleagues and I decided to take a swim. We invited our attractive Cuban interpreter to go with us, and she assented. Kryuchkov was appalled, warning us that the water was too cold and the waves too high. We swam out about thirty yards and looked back to see Kryuchkov, his face twisted with anger, violently motioning to us to return to shore.

"Come back!" he bellowed. "Right now!"

We couldn't resist playing around in the waves a few more minutes. As we were heading into shore, a large wave washed over us, knocking us to the sand. But when we looked around, we saw that the interpreter had been swept underwater. A few seconds later, I saw her head bobbing in the sea and dashed into the surf; I found her just below the surface and dragged her back to the beach. At first we thought she had drowned, but after a few minutes we managed to resuscitate her and she regained consciousness with a long sigh.

Watching the whole spectacle, Kryuchkov began furiously muttering, "I told you never to go into that water. You are forbidden to enter it as long as we remain in Cuba!"

A couple of years later, I accompanied Kryuchkov to Hungary. Once again, our hosts invited us to a fancy Communist resort, and on a warm October day our KGB delegation found itself on the shores of Lake Balaton. The Hungarian interior minister personally cooked up a pot of goulash, and we sat in the shade, one hundred yards from the lake, drinking red wine and swapping jokes with our Hungarian colleagues. After a while, the cool blue waters of the lake seemed irresistible, and I suggested to my colleague Nikolai Leonov (once Fidel Castro's closest Russian adviser) that we have a swim. The Hungarian interior minister said we should feel free to take a dip, and we were preparing to head for the lake when a red-faced Kryuchkov stood up and said, "You won't go! I forbid you!"

"Come on," I replied. "It's only a lake. It's not the Atlantic Ocean."

"I forbid you!" Kryuchkov spat back. "If you say a word, I'll send you back to Budapest!"

A dozen of our Hungarian colleagues and their wives looked on in disbelief as Kryuchkov made a huge scene over nothing. But I couldn't simply let Kryuchkov order me around like a schoolboy, so once again I explained to him that it was safe to swim in the lake. "That's it!" he exploded. "You two pack up and get out of here!" Our sympathetic Hungarian hosts escorted us to the villa gates and put us in a car for the Hungarian capital. And so the KGB's foreign counterintelligence chief and its expert on Cuba and Latin America were roundly humiliated and sent back to Budapest like a pair of wayward adolescents. Leonov cursed Kryuchkov all the way back to Budapest, and we both marveled that this man was actually the chief of KGB intelligence.

"Jesus Christ!" I muttered. "What a man! What a coward!"

On a later trip with Kryuchkov, this time to Czechoslovakia, I shared an unsettling, even melancholy experience with the director of intelligence. On a glorious summer day, our Soviet delegation traveled down the Danube on a Czech border patrol vessel. Not far from Bratislava, we disembarked and inspected the barbed wire barrier separating Czechoslovakia from Austria, 150 yards away. On the other side of the river, Austrian families picnicked along the riverbank. Children flew kites as parents unpacked food hampers and made campfires. It was a picture of idyllic contentment and peace. Silently, we stood on our side of the barbed wire, surrounded by watchtowers and dour Czech border guards with carbines. The contrast between the two scenes could not have been sharper, and I sensed that everyone in the Soviet delegation was thinking the same thing: they are the ones who are free and we are the ones in a prison camp. I'll never forget Kryuchkov's reaction. For a long time, he stared intently at the opposite bank. Finally, he muttered, "Hmm . . . well, yes . . ."

I think he felt what the rest of us were feeling but was unable to fathom the truth that our system was rotten through and through. Kryuchkov remained a true believer until the end, eternally suspicious of the West and capitalism. I was forever astonished by how provincial and insulated Kryuchkov was, and I have no doubt that my fluency in English and years in America intimidated the intelligence chief. Although Kryuchkov and I instinctively disliked and mistrusted each other, the more telling split between us arose because he remained implacably suspicious of the West, a die-hard ideologue, while I held a pragmatic view of our American and Western opponents.

Kryuchkov reacted with a mixture of amazement, defensiveness, and anger when confronted (as he often was) with evidence of his provincialism. One day I introduced him to whiskey and soda, telling him that the Americans and British liked their whiskey straight over ice, or with a little soda.

"Oh no, no, no," Kryuchkov replied. "The best way to drink whiskey is with Coca-Cola. That is the accepted way."

"You can drink it with Coca-Cola," I replied. "But people just don't drink it that way. It spoils the taste."

"No," he said, grabbing the final word. "I know how it should be drunk."

Once in his office I referred to a saying from Bismarck about the Russian character: "Russians harness their horses slowly, but they drive them fast."

"Who said that?" Kryuchkov inquired eagerly.

"Bismarck."

"How interesting" said Kryuchkov, and immediately wrote it down in his notebook.

Years later, when I was in virtual exile in Leningrad, I visited Moscow and asked Kryuchkov when I would be returning to KGB Center.

"Oleg," he replied, "have patience for a little while longer."

"Pazienza, pazienza," I said.

"What's that? What's that now?" asked Kryuchkov.

"It means patience," I said.

"What language is it?" asked Kryuchkov.

"Italian," I said.

"Oh, do you know Italian?" Kryuchkov said, wide-eyed.

"Just a few words," I said. "Just a few words."

For the KGB's intelligence service, the tragedy of Kryuchkov's leadership was that he slowly removed the strong-willed men at the top of our organization and replaced them with sycophants and incompetent Communist Party apparatchiks. As a result, in the late 1970s and into the 1980s, we became less aggressive in our battle with the CIA, while at the same time the number of KGB defectors soared. The men in the top echelons of intelligence, following Kryuchkov's lead, became more concerned with palace intrigue and currying favor with superiors than with our main goal: the struggle with the CIA.

Kryuchkov, thanks to his decades of bureaucratic experience, was expert at surrounding himself with toadies who were eternally loyal to him, often because the intelligence chief had forgiven them one transgression or another and given them a second lease on life. Examples abounded of such bureaucratic blackmail. Two of the men involved in the sex scandal with the masseuse at Yasenovo were top Kryuchkov aides, and a third was head of a major department. But rather than sacking the men, Kryuchkov merely chewed them out and gave them another chance. One of the aides, a man in his sixties, had often talked behind Kryuchkov's back before the masseuse scandal, but afterwards he never said another bad word about the intelligence chief.

Another senior KGB official, the man in charge of active measures, was found to be leaving work early several days a week and making love to the wife of a counterintelligence officer. (Kryuchkov found out about the affair because the woman's husband was suspected of working for the CIA. Her apartment was bugged, and it was there the active measures officer and the woman had their love nest.) Kryuchkov called the officer in for a talk, and according to Kryuchkov's assistant, the poor fellow was nearly in tears when confronted with his hanky-panky. The intelligence chief gave the man a reprieve, thus ensuring the loyalty of yet another mediocre underling.

A similar case involved Sergei Golubev, the security chief of our foreign counterintelligence directorate and the man who helped the Bulgarians assassinate Georgi Markov. Golubev had a long history of sloppy behavior (car wrecks, drunken brawls) due to an inability to hold his liquor. A year after I left foreign counterintelligence my former colleagues told me he was found by a guard at Yasenovo at five o'clock one morning, dead drunk in his office. He was unconscious, bottles and glasses were strewn about the room, and his safe had been left wide open. The incident was reported to Kryuchkov, who should have sacked the man. Instead, he gave Golubev a stern lecture, during which, according to Kryuchkov's assistant, the security man dropped to his knees in tears and begged for forgiveness. Once again, Kryuchkov was assured of having a loyal subordinate.

And so it went at the top of our organization, as our leaders scratched one another's backs and ignored countless blunders of compromised underlings. The phenomenon was described perfectly by author Ivan Vasileyev, who wrote:

> It was difficult to find any manifestation of conscience in those who came to the fore in this period of [Soviet] stagnation. They suffered no qualms in espousing indecency. . . . They forgave each other any transgressions and lost all feelings for principle. A forgiven sin became a moral lever. A superior overlooks a fault in a subordinate, and the subordinate will overlook the shortcoming of the superior. This leads to a personal, covert interdependence, which binds wrongdoers to one another. Shutting one's eyes to evil is always immoral, but that fruit, once tasted, is never rejected.

As he was building up a coterie of flunkies, Kryuchkov was at the same time steadily eliminating potential rivals, a process to which I myself would eventually fall victim. A vivid example of Kryuchkov's maneuvering involved Grigory Grigorenko, the head of Chief Directorate Two, which oversaw domestic security and counterintelligence. Grigorenko was a tough, intelligent professional, the top cop in the Soviet security system. He was widely respected by his subordinates, as well as by many of his peers and Andropov himself. As such, he was a clear rival to Kryuchkov for eventual control of the KGB, and the two men had a well-known dislike for each other. Grigorenko looked down on Kryuchkov as a minor Party hack who knew nothing of intelligence and counterintelligence.

Their rivalry remained under control until an incident in 1975. That spring, the KGB and Soviet Foreign Ministry revived the tradition of staging an annual banquet for the top leaders of both organizations. The lavish affair was held at the prerevolutionary Morozov mansion on Aleksei Tolstoi Street in central Moscow. Representing the KGB were Kryuchkov, Grigorenko, and several other generals, including myself. There was an elaborate feast, accompanied by oceans of vodka and wine, and soon many of those in attendance were well liquored up. A deputy foreign minister, Zemskov, rose and gave a warm toast calling for closer ties between his agency and the KGB. He sat down, and everyone was waiting for Kryuchkov, as the highest-ranking KGB official in attendance, to offer a toast in response. But just as Kryuchkov was about to rise, Grigorenko shot up from his chair and delivered a brisk speech about the long established cooperation between the KGB and the Foreign Ministry. He utterly ignored Kryuchkov and did not include him in his toast, a serious breach of protocol, especially in a society where toasting at dinners has been elevated to the level of diplomacy. But it got worse. A Foreign Ministry official stood and delivered a toast, then Grigorenko again affronted Kryuchkov by rising for a second time. After that, the toasting deteriorated into a bawdy session in which KGB and Foreign Ministry luminaries told obscene jokes, guffawed like farm hands, and downed bottle after bottle of vodka.

Kryuchkov sat there stonily. He was obviously outraged, and his hatred for Grigorenko was palpable. Even I felt sorry for him. Finally, when everyone (except Kryuchkov) was completely drunk, there was an exhausted lull in the merrymaking. It was then that Kryuchkov rose stiffly, cast a school-marmish gaze on the assembly, and lifted his glass.

"May I say a few nice words about Comrades Andropov and Gromyko, the leaders we all love and respect," Kryuchkov said.

We all knocked back a couple ounces of vodka in honor of our chiefs, then returned to raucous storytelling. As I sat there looking at Kryuchkov's sulking countenance, I thought to myself that the intelligence chief would one day exact revenge on Grigorenko. And I was right.

A couple of years later, we discovered that one of my foreign counterintelligence officers in Vienna had gotten his hands on a veritable warehouse of clothes, jewels, and consumer goods that he was illegally shipping back to Russia, selling or giving much of the loot to top KGB and Communist Party officials. It turned out that Grigorenko, among many others, had been a recipient of our officer's largesse. When Kryuchkov discovered this, he pursued the case vigorously, chastising Grigorenko and other KGB officers for their decadence. Though many in Kryuchkov's circle were just as quick to accept gifts from friends abroad, the intelligence chief ignored that and skewered his rival. Gigorenko's misstep, combined with his refusal to kowtow to other Brezhnev cronies in the KGB hierarchy, ensured his demise. He was eventually placed in the KGB reserve, thus removing one of Kryuchkov's chief competitors.

A similar fate awaited my old Washington station chief, Boris Solomatin, who was one of the top men in intelligence. Kryuchkov saw to it that Andropov and other Politburo members knew that Solomatin had a drinking problem, which ended his hopes of rising to head of intelligence. My former New York station chief, Boris Ivanov, also was dispatched by Kryuchkov with similar skill. Kryuchkov rarely missed a chance to subtly criticize Ivanov, who was deputy head of intelligence and a rival of Kryuchkov's for the top intelligence spot. Once, when we were meeting in Andropov's office about the espionage situation in Canada, Andropov asked Ivanov how many agents we had in Canada. Ivanov estimated that there were a dozen or so, which was at least twice as high as the real figure. Kryuchkov could see during the meeting that I appeared doubtful, and he later asked me what the real agent count was in Canada. I said it was about five. Ivanov probably had made a simple mistake, but Kryuchkov later went to Andropov and accused Ivanov of purposely exaggerating his department's achievements in the United States and Canada. At the time, Andropov was waging a campaign to counter the flood of faked and exaggerated in-house reports plaguing the KGB, and Ivanov fell victim to that crusade. He was never chosen to head KGB intelligence, and later was transferred out of headquarters to become our special representative in Kabul.

In due time, it became clear that Kryuchkov, though he lacked skills in intelligence, was no slouch in the bureaucratic game. Increasingly, people grew afraid to cross him.

"I have no friends in this organization," Kryuchkov once told me. "My friends are all in the Party and the Central Committee. But I'm not worried about having no friends here."

He had a friend in Gorbachev, a relationship that would prove crucial. There is no doubt that his finely honed skills at working the Soviet halls of power, as well as his ties with Andropov, served Kryuchkov well. Many of my colleagues have speculated that Gorbachev promoted and retained Kryuchkov because the KGB had incriminating evidence about corruption on Gorbachev's part when he was Communist Party boss of Stavropol. I have no firsthand knowledge of such corruption, but I think that if the evidence actually existed, it would already have been leaked by one of Gorbachev's many enemies in the security services.

Kryuchkov's ability to manipulate the KGB and Gorbachev continued until the last days of Soviet power. Then the old Party bureaucrat made a fatal miscalculation. Kryuchkov still thought it was possible, in August 1991, to sit in the Kremlin and pull the strings of power like a puppeteer. He expected the nation's leaders and its people to automatically respond to the commands coming from the Kremlin, as they had done for seventy-five years. But that time had passed, and Kryuchkov was so out of touch with reality he didn't realize it.

I saw Kryuchkov on several occasions after I left the KGB and began my campaign against the security agency, but every time he saw me in the halls of the Soviet parliament he would head the other way. After the coup, Kryuchkov was jailed briefly, then eventually pardoned in 1994 by the Russian Parliament. I saw him several times on TV before his pardon, playing the role of Soviet Communist patriot trying to save his Mother Russia from the twin scourges of Yeltsin and capitalism. In early 1993, he stood at the head of a pro-Communist, Russian-nationalist demonstration, occasionally mingling with the masses he had so long ignored. It was a scene out of a black comedy, with Kryuchkov and other Gray Cardinals of the Kremlin casting themselves as average men deeply concerned with the welfare of their people. In all his years in power, Kryuchkov had never rubbed shoulders with the Soviet masses. Yet there he was on television, leading a group of ragtag hard-liners and disgruntled Russian citizens. How far the mighty had fallen, and how hypocritical they had become. In 1996 Kryuchkov published his memoir, *Personal File.* Packed with hackneyed lies and distortions, it showed clearly that history did not teach him anything. And yet, what a surprise it was for many Russians when he appeared at the Kremlin inauguration of President Putin in the year 2000, and later advised the former KGB lieutenant colonel on matters of state security and intelligence. No wonder the new Russian leader stalled the reforms, reversed the process of democratization, and introduced discredited Soviet practices.

In his book Kryuchkov viciously attacks Gorbachev's attempts to overhaul the Soviet system. As usual, he fingers the CIA as the mastermind of perestroika, and Alexander Yakovlev as its foremost "agent of influence." Characterizing "the forces of evil" which led to the collapse of the USSR, Kryuchkov writes, "Bakatin and Kalugin are kindred souls, or rather accomplices of Alexander Yakovlev in the destruction of the Soviet Union, in the breakdown of the KGB." History will pass its verdict on who stood behind the demise of the Soviet empire, but when I read Kryuchkov's passage about my role in the stormy 1990s, I felt proud.

The most imposing and controversial leader I worked with at the KGB was undeniably Yuri Vladimirovich Andropov, who headed the agency from 1967 to 1982. Though he was an aloof figure and a demanding boss, I nevertheless developed an almost father-son relationship with Andropov, and it was his support and backing that, in large measure, allowed me to rise as high as I did in the KGB. Indeed, when I was pushed out of intelligence in late 1979, Andropov reacted with a mixture of sadness and exasperation, seemingly mystified that one of his boys would have such a damaging run-in with the KGB hierarchy.

In 1982, when an already ailing Andropov took power in the USSR following the death of Leonid Brezhnev, he was at first portrayed in the Western media as a closet liberal with a fondness for jazz, Scotch, and other things American and European. Sitting in Leningrad, I chuckled when I read and heard such accounts, for Andropov was anything but liberal, almost never drank, and possessed one of the more virulent anti-Western streaks among the Soviet leadership. But he was hardly an ogre, and he exhibited a flexibility that served him well in his long rise to power. When I think of Andropov these days, I picture in my mind the imposing, unsmiling figure who presided with grave efficiency over the monthly meetings of the KGB Collegium. But I also remember the rare occasions in private when Andropov let his guard down and actually allowed a smile to spread across his face.

Once Andropov came to a special KGB apartment in central Moscow to award a Friendship of Nations medal to Kim Philby. Three of us sat around a small table laden with food and drink, waiting for Andropov to appear. The tall, heavily built chairman arrived late, took off his coat, greeted Philby and the rest of us warmly, and said, "What are you drinking, my friends?"

"We're not drinking anything," I replied. "We're waiting for you."

"Okay, but let me perform my duty first," Andropov said. "Let me present this decoration to Mr. Philby."

He pinned the medal on Philby's chest, shook his hand, and announced, "Now let's drink to this festive occasion!"

Andropov almost never touched alcohol because of a kidney ailment, but he accepted a *ryumochka* (shot glass) of vodka and drank an ounce or so in Philby's honor. The chairman stayed for another hour, chatting amiably with us about England, the intelligence business, and other things, all the while displaying a warmth that was little in evidence when carrying out his official duties.

On another occasion, I went to his office to report on some matter. After we finished talking, Andropov turned to me and one of his deputies and said, "Listen, friends, I have a gift from Kirghizia, a drink you've never tasted."

He walked into his back room and emerged with a bottle of opaque liquid.

"I know you've drunk everything, but this you've never had, I'm sure," Andropov said, smiling. "Try some."

He poured out two drinks, then sat back and watched our response. After sipping the bitter drink, I responded, "I know what it is. This is *limonik.*"

"How in the world did you know?" asked Andropov.

"Well, I've had it before," I said.

"And here I thought I would surprise you," retorted Andropov.

Limonik is also found in southern Russia; it is made from berries and is rich in vitamins as well as reputedly having the qualities of an aphrodisiac.

"Okay," said Andropov. "You know what it is, but I can still serve you something you've never tasted."

He poured some cognac into the *limonik* and I tried it.

"You're right," I said. "I've never drunk it like this, and it's excellent."

Standing there coatless, in suspenders, Andropov gave me a fatherly look. We chatted amiably for a few more minutes until he was summoned by his secretary.

At heart Andropov was a tough old Bolshevik who had survived the Stalin years and fought his way to the pinnacle of Soviet power. Before World War II, known in our country at the Great Patriotic War, Andropov had been a leader of the Komsomol in the Karelian region of Russia along the Finnish border. During the war, Andropov made a name leading the partisan resistance to the Nazis on the Finnish front. When the war ended, Andropov rose through the ranks of the Communist Party organization in Karelia, then came to Moscow and joined the Central Committee. In one of Khrushchev's periodic shake-ups of the Communist Party apparatus, Andropov was transferred from the Central Committee to the Foreign Ministry. Then, at age forty, the ardent Communist was named Soviet ambassador to Hungary.

It was there, two years later, that Andropov was to make his name by playing a pivotal role in suppressing the Hungarian uprising. During the 1956 revolution, Andropov earned a reputation as a cool leader in a crisis. He made himself valuable to the Kremlin by repeatedly asserting to the Hungarian leader Imre Nagy that Soviet troops were not pouring into the country but were being withdrawn. It was a total lie, but Andropov was so convincing that even as Soviet troops were launching a final offensive to crush the rebellion, the Soviet ambassador convinced Nagy that the Red Army was on its way home.

Andropov returned to Moscow in 1957 and went to work for the Central Committee department overseeing relations with other Communist countries. He gradually came to know Leonid Brezhnev and other Politburo members, and shared with them a growing concern about Nikita Khrushchev's erratic leadership. In 1964, during the palace coup that overthrew Khrushchev, Andropov supported the Brezhnev faction and helped dig up compromising material on Khrushchev's involvement in the Stalinist purges, information that would have been used had the Soviet leader resisted his ouster.

In 1967, Brezhnev appointed Andropov chairman of the KGB. Though not a professional KGB man, Andropov quickly earned the respect of rank-and-file intelligence officers such as myself. He seemed to us a decisive, bright, and supportive leader who was well versed in world affairs and gave his underlings plenty of latitude to do the job. Only later, as I became increasingly cynical about the prospects for reforming our system, did I come to view Andropov more critically and realize that his orthodox Communist views often blinded him to a steadily changing reality.

As I started working closely with Andropov in the mid-1970s, I soon learned he was sharply distrustful of the outside world and saw CIA plots and imperialist intrigues around every corner. When numerous Western European Communist parties began to seek greater independence from the Soviet Communist Party, Andropov viewed the trend as the dastardly work of Western intelligence services. As a former senior Party official who for years was involved in the problems of the world Communist movement, Andropov would never miss a chance to ask KGB chiefs stationed abroad about the activities of local Communists. In the late 1970s the so-called Eurocommunism, a dissident view of some European Communist Party leaders on the Soviet model of socialism, threatened to split the Moscow-dominated movement. This problem was on Andropov's mind when he received in his office Kislyak, KGB resident in France.

"What's going on in your country?" demanded Andropov. "Why does Georges Marchais (leader of the French Communist Party) behave like a prostitute? We have been supporting and financing them for decades and now they are joining the chorus of our critics."

Kislyak's explanation was painfully long, and not to the point. He saw the roots of the problem in the nature of social democratic traditions in France, French mentality, and so on.

Sitting across from Andropov's desk, I watched his silent reaction to the resident's narrative. The chairman was losing interest. His eyes, inquisitive in the beginning, were turning blank, his face growing bored and tired. He looked more and more annoyed. At that moment I decided to come to Kislyak's rescue and interrupted him: "CIA Director Colby said recently that the U.S. should take advantage of the growing division inside the Communist movement and facilitate its eventual demise."

At this point Andropov's countenance changed dramatically. His eyes sparkled again and he seemed to awaken from a doze.

"That's right!" he exclaimed. "That's what has been missing in your report, Comrade Resident. What's Marchais's background? Did he not spend some time in German concentration camps? He may have survived only because he collaborated with the Gestapo. The Americans captured some of the German archives and found out everything about Marchais, blackmailed him, and turned him into their agent. That's how things happened and you talk about French traditions and the like. You have to be a realist, Comrade Resident!"

Andropov's obsession with conspiracy theories apparently reflected his mind-set, shaped by his involvement in endless inter-party intrigues from the early years of his career as a Party boss in Karelia.

It also found vivid expression in his ardent support for so-called active measures, disinformation practices and special operations across the world. Andropov was fascinated with the creative nature of intelligence and was guided by Lenin's words: "We must be ready to employ trickery, deceit, law-breaking, withholding and concealing the truth. There are no morals in politics. There is only expedience."

Under Andropov the disinformation branch of the KGB flourished. For both domestic and external consumption, it concocted stories to deceive, confuse, and influence targeted audiences. It conducted operations to weaken Soviet adversaries and to undermine the internal stability and foreign policies of the Western world in order to facilitate favorable conditions for the eventual triumph of Communism.

> The CIA ousted President Nixon; the CIA arranged the 1978 mass suicide and murder of more than nine hundred people of the Jonestown cult; the U.S. was developing an ethnic weapon that would kill blacks and spare whites; the CIA was behind the assassinations of Olof Palme in Sweden, Indira Gandhi in India, and Aldo Moro in Italy, and an attempt on the pope's life; the U.S. military planned to use tactical nuclear weapons in Italy in case the left parties came to power; U.S. Army scientists developed the AIDS virus; Americans steal foreign babies to use their organs for transplant—these and hundreds of other faked stories hit the front pages of the world media at one time or another. And though Andropov died in 1984, his legacy and that of his KGB predecessors in the area of psychological warfare eventually developed into practical guidelines for the KGB and its friends and allies across the world. These guidelines include:
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> - Cultivating and recruiting agents of influence, especially among political figures, businessmen, and the media.
> - Transferring money to political parties, movements, and front organizations.
> - Manipulating and controlling the media. In 1981 alone, the KGB, according to its report to the CP Central Committee,

funded or sponsored 70 books and brochures, 4,865 articles in foreign and Soviet newspapers and magazines, 66 feature and documentary films, 1,500 radio and TV programs, 3,000 conferences and exhibitions, 170,000 reports to the public.

- Written and oral disinformation, planting stories, forgeries, rumors.
- Faked defections and wide use of double agents.
- Manipulation of mass organizations, pickets, protest groups, creation and financing of "committees of solidarity," public tribunals, and so on.
- Radio propaganda, including clandestine broadcasting, leaflets, public scandals, strikes, underground cells, governments in exile, economic subversion, sabotage, artificial oil, and power supply difficulties.
- Training people for guerrilla warfare, assassinations, arson, paramilitary operations, forcible overthrow of governments, civil war.

Andropov may indeed have liked Louis Armstrong, a fact Western journalists seized on to show what a cosmopolitan character he was. But the truth was that he prided himself in holding hard-line Communist views, genuinely believed that the United States and the West were working day and night to destroy the Soviet Union, and directed KGB to do its utmost to weaken and eventually defeat the West.

One of the few times Andropov criticized me involved a fundamental clash of our respective worldviews. Two KGB officers attached to the USSR's United Nations mission in New York, Valdik Enger and Rudolf Chernyayev, were arrested by the FBI in 1978 after an American serviceman handed them classified information on the B-1 bomber program. The case was generating a lot of anti-Soviet publicity, and the U.S. government demanded that we put up $1 million in bail if we wanted the men to be freed pending trial.

I was summoned by Andropov and suggested that we immediately pay the money so our officers could be released on bail. The KGB chairman fixed me with an angry stare. From the expression on his face, one would have thought I had just suggested he go into business with the Rockefellers.

"I never expected our chief of foreign counterintelligence to trust the United States government!" Andropov fumed. "They could take the money and then just tell us to go to hell."

"But it's the government, it's not some private personality," I responded, shaken by his reaction. "They know the value of money and promises, and we shouldn't doubt they will keep their end of the bargain."

I continued, trying to explain the American system of justice, the procedures for bail, and so on. Andropov angrily cut me off.

"I never expected anything like this from you," he said. "This is really something, to hear this kind of talk from a counterintelligence chief. Do you mean to say you really trust them? Or perhaps you don't understand what you're talking about?"

I had never experienced such a tongue lashing from a man I viewed as my mentor. Chastened, as well as stunned by Andropov's parochialism, I shut up. Enger and Chernyayev remained in jail, were convicted of espionage, and were released in 1979 in exchange for imprisoned Soviet dissidents.

Another thing that surprised me, though I understood it perfectly well, was Andropov's frequent praise for Brezhnev, a habit that became increasingly embarrassing as Brezhnev slipped into senility and inaction. It was one thing to praise Brezhnev in public; we all were expected to do that, and Andropov was peerless in his ability to laud the fossilized Soviet leader. During my years in foreign counterintelligence, Andropov called Brezhnev "a political leader of Lenin's type, who is inseparably attached to his people and who has given the people his whole life." In 1979, Andropov spoke of Brezhnev's "popular acclaim, statesmanlike wisdom and great humanity." In his eulogy for Brezhnev in 1982, Andropov labeled the dear departed leader "the greatest political figure of our time," surely one of the greatest examples of political hyperbole in history.

Yet even in private, Andropov was full of praise for our esteemed Soviet leader. Once, celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of Soviet intelligence, Andropov called eight top officers into his office for a drink and used similarly flowery language to describe Brezhnev. In Andropov's case, such loyalty was understandable. It was, after all, Brezhnev who heaped money and praise on the KGB following the assault on the agency during the Khrushchev years. Under Brezhnev, the KGB became the most lavishly financed and best-equipped organization in the country. It was also Brezhnev who named Andropov to head the KGB and anointed him as the future Soviet leader.

Although the other KGB professional officers and I could tolerate the odes to Brezhnev, Andropov's appointing Brezhnev cronies as his top aides was another matter. Two of Andropov's half dozen deputy chairmen, Semyon Tsvigun and Georgi Tsinyov, were especially bad news and typical of the Communist Party bureaucrats who were denigrating the KGB. No doubt Brezhnev forced Andropov to take on this pair; the KGB chairman was an independent man and Brezhnev wanted some of his own people to keep an eye on Andropov.

Tsvigun was a tall, bulky man who rose to a top KGB position for one reason: he and Brezhnev had known each other as young Communist Party officials in Moldavia, where they used to drink and chase women together. Tsvigun was downright stupid, but relatively harmless. Whenever he addressed a gathering of KGB officers, he groped for words and uttered complete nonsense. He was a laughingstock, but was generally kindhearted, even asking his subordinates if he could help them get an apartment, a car, or any one of dozens of pitifully scarce items in the USSR. Once, when he saw me carrying a banned copy of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago,* he approached me like a school kid and eagerly asked if he could borrow the book. He inquired how I had gotten it, and I responded that it had just been sent by one of my men in Paris. So I handed him the book, and two weeks later he called me, his tone of wonderment revealing that Solzhenitsyn's description of our state's vast totalitarian machinery was a revelation to the KGB general.

"I've finished the book and you can pick it up," said Tsvigun. "And why don't you call me whenever you get these kinds of books from Paris?"

Georgi Tsinyov was a different—and far less benign—character. A small, sour-faced, bald-headed man, Tsinyov was one of the most cunning, vicious officers I encountered in all my years with the KGB. He had worked with Brezhnev in the Ukrainian Communist Party before the war, and afterward went on to head up Soviet military counterintelligence in East Germany. Brezhnev moved him into the KGB, where he served in the powerful post of head of domestic counterintelligence and then was appointed Andropov's first deputy. He was a hatchet man, remorseless, capricious, inhuman. I had run-ins with him on several occasions, clashes which no doubt hastened my fall from grace in the KGB.

Our worst run-in occurred after my directorate tried and failed to recruit the U.S. ambassador to UNESCO. The ambassador, Konstantin Varvariv, was a naturalized U.S. citizen, and when he rose to the post of American ambassador to UNESCO, we decided to check into his background. It turned out that he was from western Ukraine, and our archives showed he had collaborated with the Nazis, translating for German units involved in raids against partisans. There also was evidence that the units he was working with carried out massacres of Soviet citizens.

Varvariv flew to Tbilisi, Georgia, for an international conference, and I dispatched one of my subordinates there to make a recruitment attempt. My officer was armed with photographs of Varvariv and his wife with Nazi officers, as well as receipts showing he had been paid by the Germans. When our man caught up with Varvariv in his hotel room and showed him the evidence we had unearthed, the ambassador was shocked and said he needed time to consider our recruitment offer. We knew Varvariv held an ambassador's post at the time, and we hoped that he might one day be named to a higher position in the U.S. government.

Varvariv agreed to meet our officer the following day. The next morning, however, the ambassador left Tbilisi, stopping in Moscow on his way back to Paris. He reported the recruitment attempt to the U.S. embassy, which lodged a protest at our Foreign Ministry. Senior diplomats there then immediately informed us. Tsinyov, Andropov's first deputy, was furious that he hadn't known anything about the recruitment effort. Kryuchkov dispatched me to mollify Tsinyov; luckily, I had notified domestic counterintelligence, which he supervised, of our action in Tbilisi.

"How dare you conduct such arrogant actions on the territory of the Soviet Union without the knowledge of the security chiefs!" bellowed Tsinyov, nearly leaping out of his chair.

"I reported it personally to Andropov and he gave his consent," I replied.

"Okay, you always go to Andropov," Tsinyov said. "I know that. But who else knew?"

I told him which of his subordinates I had notified, and he called them in one by one. They confirmed my account. He was sputtering mad by this point, and when he heard we were preparing to expose the Varvariv scandal in the upcoming issue of *Literaturnaya Gazeta,* he blew up. He demanded I kill the story. I called the magazine, but the editors informed me the issue was already rolling off the presses.

"Okay, young man," Tsinyov hissed. "I know you are very arrogant and always use Andropov to cover your actions. But I will remember this. I will remember this."

Another Brezhnev protégé, Viktor Mikhailovich Chebrikov, also worked as one of Andropov's deputies. Chebrikov (who eventually headed the KGB from 1982 to 1988) was an obedient Communist Party servant. He was a pleasant man, but like so many Party bureaucrats, terribly cautious and afraid to move without approval from his superiors. He was a prime example of our leaders during the depths of the stagnation period before Gorbachev—servile, sickly, and indecisive.

Andropov was such a devout Communist that he couldn't see the forest for the trees on the domestic Soviet scene. As our economy steadily declined in the late 1970s, he blamed poor worker discipline and disorder at factories. All that was needed, he said, was to boost worker productivity by tightening control over the economy and the workplace. He suggested that we could pull out of the economic doldrums by issuing a call to all working people to increase productivity and fulfill the current five-year plan. That he and other Communist Party bosses thought they could sit in Moscow and exhort the *narod* (masses) to save our creaking economy was an example of how deluded our Kremlin leaders had become.

As head of the KGB, however, Andropov was acutely aware of how far we had fallen behind the West in science and technology. His fatal mistake, as with many Soviets, was that he thought we could catch up by whipping the old Soviet mare harder, rather than relegating her to the glue factory and starting over.

In the late 1970s, one of our double agents in Germany, who was really working for us but had tricked the CIA into thinking he was cooperating with the Americans, managed to win the trust of his U.S. handlers. Our double agent was preparing to return to work in the Soviet Union, and his CIA contacts had given him a featherweight, palm-size radio device so they could contact him inside the USSR. The gadget greatly enhanced the audibility of radio transmissions, so that when our double agent used his receiver on a certain wavelength, he would be able to pick up communications from the CIA that would be all but inaudible to us.

I knew that Andropov was fascinated with spy technology and the intricacies of the double agent game, so I brought him the small, elegant transmitter and reported on our success in running the double agent. We had scored a major coup, because this was the first time the KGB had gotten its hands on this latest piece of CIA hi-tech wizardry. Andropov turned the tiny "toy" over and over in his hands, obviously impressed with the engineering. He then asked the head of domestic counterintelligence, who was in the room, whether we had anything comparable. The counterintelligence man hemmed and hawed, finally saying he knew how the device worked and claiming that domestic counterintelligence was using similar receivers. But the experts at the equipment operations directorate had just informed me that they had never seen anything like this. I told Andropov so, and he seemed distressed.

The chairman then summoned his deputy for scientific and technical research, Nikolai Yemokhonov.

“Have you ever seen anything like that?” Andropov asked Yemokhonov.

“No,” Yemokhonov replied.

The research director asked me to describe what it did. Then Yemokhonov said casually, “It’s nothing special. We have similar devices. We could make one like that.”

Andropov shot Yemokhonov a look of displeasure and bored in on him.

“But you said you’d never seen one like that.”

“Well,” replied Yemokhonov, “we don’t have devices this size.”

“What size have we got?” asked Andropov.

“Ours weighs about a kilogram,” said Yemokhonov.

The American device weighed only a few ounces; everyone in the room knew that the bulky two-pound Soviet transmitters and receivers were a great hindrance in clandestine work.

Andropov had had enough.

“We spend so much money on technology and we still can’t produce modern equipment!” he exclaimed. “Can we at least reproduce this thing here?”

“No,” said Yemokhonov.

“But why not?” asked Andropov. “What is it that you don’t have?”

“We just don’t have the technology,” answered Yemokhonov, keeping his cool. “That is the reason our missiles are twice as heavy as the

Americans' and why if we wanted to reproduce a Mercedes car we'd have to hand-assemble it."

Andropov's reaction was surprisingly meek, and his recommendation for action utterly futile: "Let's send a memo to the Central Committee and the Council of Ministers. How far behind we've lagged! We've got to put things right!"

The fact is that I admired Andropov's actions in my own field but was dismayed at his and the KGB's reaction to our domestic situation. Andropov oversaw the KGB at a time of intense persecution of dissidents. Though he occasionally would allow the production of a banned play, there were many more instances where he toed the conventional line and ruthlessly repressed dissent. During his fifteen years in power, the KGB's reign of moral terror was at its height in post-Stalinist Russia: nonconformists and dissidents were tossed into psychiatric hospitals and nearly every citizen felt the presence of the KGB's domestic organs. It was Andropov, after all, who at a 1976 meeting of the KGB Collegium branded the scientist Andrei Sakharov as "domestic enemy number one." It was Andropov who supported the move to strip dissident director Yuri Lyubimov of his citizenship. It also was Andropov who decreed that countless thousands of new documents, from reports on factory clean-ups to issues of *Newsweek* magazine, be declared top secret. Under Andropov, new secret departments and directorates sprang up in factories and ministries. Tens of thousands of acres of good land were taken out of circulation to enhance border protection. Yachts and sailboats were forbidden to sail in Soviet waters, Soviet citizens were not allowed to meet alone with foreigners, and anyone whose behavior or utterances seemed slightly out of the ordinary was viewed as a potential spy. Everything was done to mold the Soviet masses into a bland, passive army of happy, hardworking comrades.

But what else could we expect from a man like Andropov, who once said, "No sane individual will oppose a regime that wants so badly to make the lives of its people better."

Despite his reputation inside Soviet society as a man who fiercely fought corruption by going after petty corruption in factories and shops, in fact Andropov shied away from taking on the systemic corruption at the top levels of the Communist Party. When the KGB chief in Uzbekistan presented evidence that the republic's leaders were extremely corrupt at an annual meeting of KGB top brass, Andropov did nothing to investigate. Indeed, the only casualty of the revelations was the Uzbek KGB chief himself, who was sacked and transferred to Czechoslovakia as a minor KGB adviser at the Soviet embassy.

Thankfully, I was far removed from the dirty work of my domestic counterparts. These days I recall not only Andropov's follies and shortcomings but also, with admiration and a half smile, that in the espionage wars the KGB chairman had a flair for the unconventional.

In 1979, I worked with the USSR's Central Documentary Studio on a film about the CIA entitled *The Quiet Americans.* First and foremost, it was a propaganda movie designed to show the CIA in an unfavorable light. But I also knew our citizens were sophisticated enough not to swallow the old anti-American propaganda, and so I made sure the film painted a fairly realistic portrait of CIA officers as dedicated, intelligent, and dangerous professionals bent on weakening the Soviet Union and stopping the spread of Communism. We used Western footage of CIA Director Stansfield Turner, for example, which showed him working long hours at his desk and playing with his dogs at home. I was proud of the film, and considered it a realistic, tough-minded view of the CIA that would score us points at home and abroad.

We screened *The Quiet Americans* at Lubyanka for a dozen top people of the KGB. As the house lights went on at the end of the film, I expected kudos. Instead, I was bombarded with criticism as one top KGB man after another came up to me and accused me of being soft on the CIA.

"Oleg, what in the hell are you doing showing these bastards as nice-looking guys, playing with dogs and everything?" asked one KGB boss. “Carter looks like the father of his country. Turner looks like a great guy. Russians won’t understand this kind of film.”

Other KGB big shots wanted to know why the film showed someone unscrewing a telephone and finding a CIA bug inside. Now our citizens would start doing the same thing, the KGB boss said. And yet another asked why we depicted the CIA as a rich organization that paid its agents well. Such information could subject Soviet citizens to unnecessary temptations.

The upshot was that I should go back to the drawing board and redo the film. I was despondent as I walked out of the screening room. Just then, Andropov’s personal assistant walked up to me, put his arm on my shoulder, and said quietly, “The chairman saw the film and liked it. Go ahead with it.”

We released it several months later, with our favorite journalist, Genrikh Borovik, doing the narration and the Central Documentary Studio getting the credit for what was, in essence, a KGB film. The movie was well received inside the USSR, and even won first place in a documentary film contest for socialist countries in Berlin. It wasn’t Cannes, but by our standards it was quite an honor.

Andropov exhibited similar flexibility in another, fascinating case that involved a Soviet citizen and Christina Onassis, daughter of the Greek tycoon Aristotle Onassis.

The Soviet in question was a man named Sergei Kauzov. He worked in the Soviet merchant marine offices in Paris, and in the late 1970s the KGB’s domestic counterintelligence directorate had gotten wind of the misappropriation of large sums of money by merchant marine officials in Switzerland and France.

All of this mildly interested us in foreign counterintelligence since Kauzov was a Soviet citizen working abroad who reportedly was involved in a sophisticated economic crime. But what really intrigued us were reports from our stations in Brazil and France that Kauzov was having an affair with Christina Onassis, whose father had made billions of dollars in the shipping business. We first got wind of the affair through the strangest of channels: a Brazilian society columnist wrote that a Soviet merchant marine official had been seen on Copacabana Beach with Christina. Our Brazil station did a little investigating and found out that the official was Kauzov. Later, officers in our Paris station confirmed that Kauzov, who was married, was indeed deeply involved with Onassis.

On a pretext, Kauzov was recalled to Moscow, where his financial dealings in Paris were officially investigated. He was miserable: his marriage was on the rocks, he was separated from his wealthy mistress, and he was under threat of being sent to Soviet prison. My officers in Paris thought highly of Kauzov and said he had always been cooperative with them. It quickly became clear to me that Kauzov could be of far more use to us as a free man in Europe, married to Christina Onassis, than as a Soviet convict wasting away in a Siberian labor camp.

I arranged to meet with Kauzov privately, convinced that if we showed him lenience in the financial scandal, he might become a loyal operative for us in the West. When we met, I told him bluntly that my domestic counterparts wanted to throw him in jail. A short, energetic man who had lost one eye in a childhood accident, he impressed me with his quick mind and vitality.

“I want you to tell me everything,” I said. “If you’re honest with me. I’ll help you. If you lie to me, you’ll never leave the country again.”

Kauzov began to tell his story, recounting how he had met Christina in Paris while discussing a shipping deal and fell in love with her instantly.

“You wouldn’t have been able to resist her seductiveness either,” he told me. “I swear it. She was so sexy I couldn’t resist her.”

He went on to say that he and Christina planned to wed after he divorced his wife. When our meeting ended, I felt he had not held back and would be a useful operative for the KGB. For his part, Kauzov seemed impressed by our talk and hopeful that he might find a way out of his predicament. He later phoned his mother (we had tapped his telephone), and I saw a transcript of that conversation.

“I simply had to tell this [KGB] guy everything,” Kauzov told his mother. “He was so persuasive.”

I returned to Yasenovo, telling Kryuchkov and others, "Let's make the best of it. Why jail the man or dismiss him from his job if he is planning to marry the Onassis woman? If we disrupt this marriage, it will be represented as another human rights violation on the part of the Soviets. Let's capitalize on it. It's better than having another scandal on our hands."

But my domestic counterparts wanted to show Kauzov no leniency. Given the sensitivity of the matter, it was referred to Andropov. He summoned me and Kryuchkov, as well as two top officials from domestic counterintelligence, and asked us to make our respective cases.

Internal counterintelligence portrayed Kauzov as corrupt and lazy, a fan of the high life who would certainly be a witness in an upcoming corruption trial, if not actually a defendant. I agreed that Kauzov appeared to be deeply involved in the merchant marine scandal and would probably be found guilty. But who needed the international brouhaha if we tried to separate Christina Onassis and her Soviet fiancé?

"So," I told Andropov, who was listening attentively, "wouldn't it be better to give Kauzov total freedom of action, help him marry the woman, create a favorable atmosphere, persuade them to stay in Moscow, maybe even give them an apartment? We'll make the Onassis woman, if not exactly a friend, at least a grateful person who will repay our favor when we need something. And Kauzov will be all ours, because he understands perfectly well that he'll have to pay us back someday. He'll always be grateful to the KGB for what we've done for him. We just shouldn't push too hard. Don't forget about the Onassis billions and the fact that if she bears him a child, all those billions will belong to a Soviet citizen. That is if we don't spoil our opportunities now by hasty action."

There was silence in the room. My adversaries were thinking of a rebuttal when Andropov spoke up.

"Kalugin is right," he said, addressing the bosses from domestic counterintelligence. "Your approach is too standard. Enough of trying to grab everyone by the scruff of the neck without thinking about the repercussions. Our country's leadership is doing a lot to defuse international tension, and we were just about to set those efforts back again. Give the Onassis woman the red-carpet treatment. We will find the newlyweds a decent apartment, and let Chief Directorate One [foreign intelligence] look for any good opportunities that could arise from the situation."

I met Kauzov the same day and told him the good news. He was ecstatic and invited me to their wedding. Several months later, the pair was married in Moscow. I did not attend for fear of being recognized. After their honeymoon in the West they settled into a spacious, four-bedroom flat in one of the nicest apartment houses in Moscow. Later the couple returned to Paris, but only after Kauzov had agreed to join the Communist Party and pay $150,000 a year in dues. By the early 1980s, Kauzov had handed over more than $500,000 to the Party, a sum that justified the leniency he was shown. Christina Onassis apparently suspected him of continuing to work for the KGB, and eventually the couple divorced. Kauzov received several million dollars in the settlement and now lives in London.

Around the time of the Kauzov affair, Andropov gave his blessing to another unorthodox operation that brought in hundreds of thousands of dollars in hard currency to the Soviet treasury. One of our stations in Europe had been contacted by a Russian émigré who was, of all things, an international thief. He wanted to transfer money to his brother in the Soviet Union but had been thwarted. The thief approached one of my officers in Austria with a deal: he would be allowed to transfer hard currency to his brother and, in exchange, would give the KGB gold bullion, jewels, and other valuables he had stolen. I found the offer unethical, but decided we would accept it if the man would do something for us: burglarize a French firm that was working on a military project in which we were interested. Several weeks later the thief delivered to our embassy in Paris a station wagon loaded with classified documents from the French military contractor.

Andropov had reluctantly sanctioned the arrangement, and from then on the man occasionally delivered loot to us, which we turned over to the State Bank.

Once, after receiving a suitcase full of platinum, pearls, and gold bullion, I called Kryuchkov and suggested we show Andropov the treasure. In addition, my department had just finished compiling a massive directory listing the names of thousands of CIA officers and agents around the world. Andropov was in the hospital then, suffering one of his bouts of kidney disease, and Kryuchkov decided the visit would lift his spirits. The chairman was receiving only important visitors, but he agreed to see us, so we drove out to the Kremlin hospital in Kuntsevo, in western Moscow.

Andropov greeted us in his pajamas, looking frail and sickly. He had a three-room ward to himself, and invited Kryuchkov and me to join him for a cup of tea. After several minutes of small talk, the chairman asked us why we had come, and Kryuchkov launched into a short briefing on current affairs. Andropov seemed exhausted and bored. He was eyeing the large suitcase I had brought, and finally the time came for me to open it. I hauled it close to him, popped the latches, and watched his eyes grow wide. He fingered the French gold bullion, jewels, bracelets of Florentine design exclaiming, "What do you know! I've never seen anything like it in my life!"

He was like a child, his eyes agleam. But after a while he ordered, "You've got to send this to the State Bank, right down to the smallest stone."

Kryuchkov argued that foreign intelligence should be allowed to keep some of the money to bolster its budget, but Andropov refused.

"You keep tempting me to try to make money for the organization on the side," Andropov said with a sigh. "But I can't, don't you see? I can't. Domestic counterintelligence has already talked me into something like this, but I'm not sure I was right to agree. Let's put it off for a while. You've got to hand in the treasure."

I then showed Andropov the handbook of CIA agents we had just compiled. He seemed genuinely delighted with that as well, humorously deflecting my half-joking suggestion that we publish the top secret document.

Leaving Kuntsevo that night, I felt gratified that I had cheered up my ailing mentor, a man I continued to admire and respect despite his shortcomings. To this day, I vividly remember the Soviet Union's top spy, a look of delight spreading across his face as he dipped his hand into the treasure chest we had carted to his sick bed. It was one of the last pleasant memories I had of Andropov. Just a few months later, the conflict arose that would break my career in the KGB.

After two decades, Cook—the first spy with whom I was ever involved—came back into my life.

It was 1978. 1 received a call one day from Yevgeni Primakov, my longtime friend and top official at the Institute of Oriental Studies in Moscow. (In 1991 he would become chief of Russian intelligence and later prime minister under Boris Yeltsin.) Primakov, who had close contacts with the KGB, had heard that a leading scholar at the Institute of World Economics—a man who had once lived in America but had been forced to flee following a spy scandal—was being investigated by Soviet authorities. I was wondering why Primakov was telling me all this and asked him the name of the man in trouble. Primakov gave me the Russian name, and I froze: it was Cook.

I had not seen Cook in twenty years, not since the day I met him and his wife in suburban New Jersey and the Thiokol scientist handed me a sample of the top secret U.S. rocket fuel. Cook also gave me and a colleague detailed plans of Thiokol's work on rocket fuel and rocket propulsion. It was an enormous coup for me then. I had met Cook and his Chinese-born wife, Selena, totally by chance while working as a host at the exhibition on Soviet achievements. With that freak encounter, I launched my KGB career with a flourish.

After finishing my year at Columbia and returning to the USSR, I lost touch with Cook. I knew that in 1965, when the KGB officer Yuri Nosenko defected, Cook was threatened with exposure and had to flee the United States. In the 1970s, I heard from colleagues that Cook was working at a chemical plant in Moscow and wasn't disguising his growing disillusionment with Soviet life. I never attempted to contact him, for it was considered improper to get in touch with former intelligence assets. From time to time I thought fondly of Cook, but he had been out of my life for so long, and so much had happened in the ensuing years, that he was little more than a distant memory.

Then came the call from Primakov.

From his sources in the KGB and from Donald Maclean, now living in Moscow, Primakov had heard that Cook was under investigation for illegal hard currency transactions and for speculating in art treasures. It seemed utterly inconceivable to me that such a devoted Communist, such a true believer in the Soviet system, was about to be charged with crimes usually committed by members of our country's underworld.

"Please talk to your people right away and see what's going on," Primakov urged. "He's highly valued at the institute as a very bright man. He's a productive scientist with an unorthodox way of looking at things. You've got to try to help him."

I placed a call right away to the Moscow office of the KGB, which was investigating Cook's alleged wrongdoing. The Moscow branch was headed by General Viktor Alidin, a ruthless and widely reviled officer who was close to Brezhnev. After a minute or so I was put through to one of Alidin's deputies.

"I understand you're investigating Cook and I'd like to know what he's accused of doing," I said. "I know the man. What has he done wrong?"

A somber and threatening voice on the other end of the line replied, "Mr. Kalugin, we do not recommend that you interfere with this affair. Your directorate has nothing to do with this."

I was angry and scared. Viktor Alidin was known as one of the biggest SOBs in the KGB. He was a tough Communist Party apparatchik who had risen through the ranks in the Ukraine and had known Leonid Brezhnev for a long time. Alidin was so close to the Soviet leader and so headstrong that he was even known to challenge Andropov's authority. I was torn: I wanted to help my old asset, Cook, but I sensed it would be best for my career to steer clear of the affair. I went to see my colleague Boris Ivanov, a former New York station chief and now deputy chief of intelligence, who knew the Cook case well and had praised me for my involvement in it.

"Do you know what's going on at the Moscow branch?" I asked. Ivanov told me what was being rumored, that Cook had been caught red-handed dealing in Soviet art.

"What do you think of Cook?" Ivanov asked.

"The same as I did when I first met him," I replied. "I trust him."

"You never know," Ivanov said. "He may have changed. I would leave it at that."

I decided to take Ivanov's advice. Who knew what had happened to Cook in the years since I had seen him, and if he had indeed broken the law, he deserved to be punished. So I tried to put Cook out of my mind, and for months heard nothing more about him.

Then, early in 1979, I was contacted by Donald Maclean, Cook's associate at the Institute of World Economics. Cook had at last been arrested and convicted, and had been shipped off to prison in Siberia for eight years. Maclean was convinced he had been framed: "What is this nonsense about currency speculation? He has served your country well. He even had to flee the United States. You must do something."

Maclean also gave me a letter from Cook's wife, Selena. Reading the correspondence, I saw what the domestic secret police had done to the scientist.

"During an interrogation at Lefortovo Prison, Anatoly was told that he wouldn't even last a month at the camp where they were sending him," Selena wrote. "I have known for some time that Anatoly was suspected of being an American spy. I don't think I should keep tactfully quiet about it, because the suspicions are groundless. Anatoly had been asked a lot of questions about our original meeting with you in New York. They couldn't believe it had been just a chance meeting. They wanted to know how we had 'found' you."

I felt sick. The crime for which Cook had been jailed was a sham, and the scientist had been subjected to this ordeal because he was believed to be a spy—a suspicion I knew was absolutely groundless. I clearly had to do something; after all, it was because of our chance meeting two decades before that Cook and his wife had gotten involved with the KGB.

As I was preparing to talk to Kryuchkov and Andropov, Maclean wrote a letter to Kryuchkov, urging the intelligence chief to reopen the Cook case. Under pressure from the two of us, Andropov agreed to meet with me to discuss the matter. It was highly unusual for the KGB chairman, or anyone in the organization, to question the outcome of a case that was essentially closed, and Andropov moved cautiously. I said I was sure the espionage suspicions were false and the currency charges trumped up, and urged Andropov to pardon Cook. The chairman instructed me to read the case history, all nine volumes of it, and report back to him.

As I plowed through the massive file, including the reports from informers, the KGB field reports on Cook's conduct, and the description of the criminal case against him, it became clear what had happened. It was a sordid tale.

After Cook arrived in the Soviet Union and had been debriefed for more than a year, he was assigned to work as a scientist in a major Moscow chemical plant affiliated with the military-industrial complex. The scientist, who had long held an idealistic view of life under Communism, was evidently shocked by the degradation and fear that characterized Soviet life. Confident that Soviet authorities would want to hear his criticism of our Communist experiment, the naive Cook began to speak out about the problems he saw around him. He also espoused a brand of radical pro–Mao Tse-Tung Marxism at a time when Soviet-Chinese relations were hostile. Cook was, of course, surrounded by informers, and soon his KGB dossier began to grow thicker. He was sharply critical of the way the chemical plant was run, and became such a nuisance to the factory directors that they forced him out. He then was given a job at the Institute of World Economics.

He continued to criticize the system, and eventually the Moscow branch of the KGB decided it could no longer ignore this troublemaker.

The uninitiated should understand that, for a domestic KGB hack such as Alidin, finding a spy was a major coup. So Alidin & Co. began investigating Cook for espionage. Reading the file, it was obvious that they thought Cook was a CIA double agent who had approached me in New York, strung us along all these years, and was now feeding information to his spymasters in Washington. And as I pored through the pages of the Cook dossier, I saw that KGB case officers also were asking questions about Cook's relationship with me. And then it dawned on me: The idiots suspected that I was a CIA agent! Perhaps Cook and I were a team, and Cook had been chosen to make me look good at such a young age. After all, I had become head of foreign counterintelligence at age thirty-eight and got promoted to general at forty. I had no highly placed relatives or connections. How else could I have risen so fast if not with the help of Cook and the CIA? Later, when I finally got the chance to speak with Cook, he told me that his interrogators grilled him about our relationship. He said they told him, "We know you were both recruited by the CIA. Tell us the truth and we will let you go home."

Alidin's men, however, could not produce any hard evidence against Cook. They once even tried to set him up, sending a KGB agent posing as a Western intelligence officer to meet him. "Listen," the KGB agent told Cook, "you're not doing your job according to our agreement. Why did you break off our relationship? What's wrong? Have you forgotten our agreement?"

When Cook didn't report this conversation to the KGB, Alidin and his subordinates became even more suspicious. Still, all their surveillance, all their informers, all their wiretaps turned up no evidence that Cook was a spy or had contact with anyone from the West. So Alidin decided to do something that was common practice with the goons from the domestic secret police. Unable to nail him for one crime, Alidin decided to set Cook up for another. The KGB knew that Cook was short of the money he needed to buy a country house, so they sent a KGB officer, posing as an Armenian art dealer and currency speculator, to meet Cook. The scientist came to trust the Armenian and decided to sell him a Kandinsky painting for dollars, then trade the money into rubles at the black-market rate. It was a foolish move on Cook's part, and no sooner had the money changed hands than Cook was arrested. The evidence against him was overwhelming, albeit concocted.

After making my way through the file, I once again met with Andropov and told him the truth: the entire case against Cook had been fabricated simply because Alidin couldn't prove the wild notion that Cook was an American spy. As I spoke with the KGB chairman, I realized I was becoming emotionally involved and was being pulled deeper into conflict with some of the top men in the KGB.

"Cook can't possibly be a spy," I told Andropov in his third floor office at Lubyanka. "Why would a spy break the law just to get a measly fifteen thousand rubles? The CIA would have given him any amount of money. It's just bad tradecraft to break laws. It's impossible."

Andropov looked exasperated.

"Why are you stirring up all this dirt?" he asked me. "Do you know Alidin has a special interest in this case? . . . All right, bring Cook over from the prison camp and interrogate him yourself. See if you can make him confess that he was a spy."

"It makes no sense," I retorted. "He wasn't a spy."

"All right," Andropov said again. "But bring him back."

In the summer of 1979, Cook was flown to Moscow from his prison camp in Siberia. I wanted to get to the bottom of the matter, and Kryuchkov and Andropov wanted a confession from Cook so the case could finally be closed. Though I felt uneasy doing it, I strapped a small recording device under my suit jacket as I prepared for my first meeting with Cook in twenty years. Driving to Moscow's Lefortovo Prison, where countless thousands had been tortured in the Stalin years, my stomach was churning. Hovering over me was a sense of unease, a feeling that this entire affair would lead to no good. Nevertheless, I felt compelled to move ahead and see the Cook case through to the end.

Lefortovo officials assigned me to an interrogation room in the hulking stone prison. Though I didn't suspect it then (what a fool I was!), the KGB was both recording and filming my meeting with Cook. I knew from the case file that there were some suspicions about me, yet I figured that no one would take such doubts seriously. In the minds of some men like Alidin, however, I was as much a suspect as Cook.

Cook was led in, and he looked at me with bewilderment. It was clear he didn't recognize me. Despite being a little grayer, he was still the same tall, broad-shouldered, handsome man I had met in 1959, a robust southern Russian type, with Cossack blood in his veins. His graying hair was tousled and his blue-gray eyes looked at me with suspicion. He still had the demeanor of a scientist whose mind was focused on far-away thoughts. I was standing, and after a few seconds I said, "Anatoly . . ."

And then it came to him.

"Oleg?" he nearly shouted, his eyes lighting up. "Oleg, is it really you!"

He came toward me, almost as if to embrace me, and I waved him off with a small gesture. I motioned for him to take a seat and, in a rather official manner, said, "Keep quiet. Please sit down. I'm glad to see you, but I'd rather see you under different circumstances, as a free man."

A look of puzzlement remained on Cook's face as I continued.

"Why did you have to commit this crime?" I asked, acutely aware of the tape recorder inside my jacket and having little idea where our interrogation was heading. "You were always an honest man, a defender of socialist values. Why did you break the law? How could you get mixed up with such criminals—you who always defended such high ideals, who dreamed about a bright future, who denounced a society in which everything could be bought and sold, you who brought some of its worst features into your life? We trusted you so. We brought you home. We gave you every chance to be a loyal citizen."

"You don't have to say any more," Cook replied. "I understand everything. Yes, I did break the law, but I needed the money. My wife had a car accident and was very ill and she needed the country air.

And I had no money to buy a dacha. My salary and pension weren't bad, but it wasn't enough. But I had some paintings from my collection in the United States that I brought over with me and I had some hard currency I wanted to trade in. Don't forget, Oleg, that I lived most of *my* life in the United States, in a free economy, where such things aren't considered a criminal offense. You must understand: it was both the need for money and certain habits that I acquired in my earlier years in America."

He also said he was convinced that the Moscow KGB set up the traffic accident with his wife, as well as several near accidents he himself had experienced. But I cut him off, saying, "Come on, drop that, will you!"

I knew, however, that the Moscow branch was entirely capable of such dirty tricks.

"But the real reason I'm here isn't the currency violations," Cook went on. "That was just an excuse. They accused me of spying. They even wanted to drag you in, and kept asking about how we met and on whose initiative."

Though I knew Cook was no spy, I resolved to pursue Andropov's orders to persuade the scientist to confess to espionage.

"Anatoly," I said, this time playing the role of the good cop. "Let's go over your story from the beginning. Did you approach me that time in New York by yourself or on somebody's orders?"

"But Oleg, don't you remember?" he replied. "We met quite by chance. I saw you at the exhibition and then I bumped into you on the street."

"Well, some people feel that was a setup and that you didn't approach me of your own accord but at the request of the American special services."

"Oh, Oleg, what are you talking about?" said Cook, looking increasingly puzzled. "By the way, this idea of my being associated with the CIA was thrown at me many times during the investigation, when I was here in Lefortovo. They also asked about you and said that maybe you were part of the CIA operation."

I was more convinced than ever of Cook's innocence but, as I had been ordered by Andropov to press the point, I decided to become more aggressive.

"Listen, you've already been sentenced to eight years in jail," I said in a friendly yet resolute voice. "You will serve out that sentence to the last day unless you help us. We know you are a spy. Why don't you confess and they might cut your term? Perhaps it's time to admit you were a spy, Anatoly? As it is, you will sit in jail for the full eight years."

I wasn't prepared for the reaction that followed. His eyes flashed with anger and he spat out a string of curses.

"The hell with you and the KGB!" Cook screamed. "Damn that very hour when I met you and your dirty gang of spies! You are all fools, you KGB bastards! You're nothing but a gang of morons. I don't want to talk to you any more. Do you want me to hang myself to prove I am not a spy!"

Cook broke off his diatribe abruptly and began to cry. I was near tears myself. It was, I think, the most dramatic moment in my life. I too was now hounding this man, the person who had begun my career. I saw with appalling clarity how the organization to which I had devoted my life could crush a person.

I tried to calm Cook down, but he was inconsolable. He felt he had lost me, his last hope of attaining freedom.

"Calm down," I implored. "Don't get hysterical. I asked you as a friend, not as a KGB official. I'm offering you my help as a friend if you confess."

He sat there silent, his hands covering his face.

"You must realize that there are different kinds of people in the KGB," I continued. "I trust you, but the system is against you."

"I'd rather starve to death in jail than tell you I'm a spy," said Cook. Then he lapsed into silence.

There was no use going any further. I felt like a total cad, and as Cook was recovering from his outburst I tried to make small talk.

"Tell me how you're doing in prison."

"We sew clothes for the army. It keeps me busy."

"Are you treated well?"

"Just like everyone else."

"Have you been allowed to see your wife?" I asked.

"Just once," he said. "In Moscow."

"Look, Anatoly," I said. "I will report this conversation to Chairman Andropov because he has taken a personal interest in your case. I will do my best to help you get out. But you have to understand that I am not all-powerful. Perhaps I can get you released early. I just don't know."

Cook was silent, and I walked out of the interrogation room.

A few days later I took the transcript of our recorded conversation to Kryuchkov. He greeted me with his customary forced half smile. The intelligence chief seemed concerned, of all things, about the stream of profanity Cook directed at the KGB.

"Strike this out," Kryuchkov ordered.

"Why should I?" I replied. "Those were his exact words."

"But are we going to show this to Andropov?" Kryuchkov asked.

"Of course," I replied. "Why not?"

"Okay, then," Kryuchkov said. "Leave it as it is."

Kryuchkov, whose demeanor was decidedly cool, asked me several questions about my meetings with Cook in America. Then he dismissed me.

Two days later, after showing the transcript to Andropov, Kryuchkov called me in for another talk.

"Listen, Andropov says you should meet with Cook again," said Kryuchkov. "Something is wrong."

I was stunned. Couldn't these fools see that the man was telling the truth, that pressing him again was fruitless?

"Don't put me in a silly position," I said, my anger rising. "It's absolutely useless. He's not a spy."

"Yes, I believe you," said Kryuchkov with his trademark duplicity. "But you must understand these people are putting pressure on Andropov and me. They want you to try again."

"Look," I said. "I saw this man of fifty-five sitting right in front of me crying as he denied the allegations. It makes no sense to go back to him. You put me in an absurd position. Not only do I look like a fool in my own eyes, but I look like a fool to Cook as well."

"It's Andropov's order," Kryuchkov said curtly. "Off you go."

Soon I met with Cook for a second time in Lefortovo.

"Listen, my bosses are not satisfied with your answers," I told Cook, who sat opposite me, the very picture of dejection. "They have very strong evidence that you are a spy."

"I told you I have nothing to add and I don't want to talk about it any more," Cook replied. "I will serve out my sentence and to hell with you. Go away."

"I'm sorry, friend, that we couldn't find common ground for conversation," I told him.

"I will try to convince my bosses that they are wrong. I hope you understand my position."

"Yes, I understand," said Cook, and then he fell silent.

I stood up to say good-bye. Our meeting had lasted less than five minutes. Driving away from Lefortovo, I told myself that I was right to raise my voice in defense of a victim of the system. But I also knew that our system was unforgiving of those who dared challenge its judgments.

Cook was sent back to Siberia. And on September 6, 1979, my forty-fifth birthday, Kryuchkov summoned me to a meeting attended by much of the top brass of the KGB. The meeting was held in Lubyanka, in the enormous, high-ceilinged office of Vasily Lezhepyokov, the deputy KGB chief for personnel. I walked into the room with a sense of dread, and what I saw didn't put me at ease. About ten top KGB officials—Alidin, internal counterintelligence chief Grigory Grigorenko, investigations chief Alexander Volkov, Kryuchkov, and others—sat around a long conference table under a portrait of Lenin, awaiting my arrival. Clearly the meeting ("inquisition" may be a better term) had been called to deal with my "interference" in the Cook case.

Lezhepyokov, who was chairing the meeting, began.

"Oleg, what possessed you to get involved in the Cook case and start defending this man?" he asked. "Don't you know the sentence was just? Don't you know the man is a suspected spy? What motivated you to get involved in this affair?"

"Purely humane reasons," I responded, feeling as if I were speaking from a witness chair. "I'm responsible for him as a human being. It was at my instigation that he gave up everything he had in the United States, his career, material well-being, peace. I am the one who persuaded him to work for Soviet intelligence. He did excellent work for us, and there are documents which prove this fact."

Lezhepyokov asked me to explain how we had met and describe our relationship.

"Everyone knows the story," I said. "We met quite by accident after the exhibition in New York."

"But doesn't it seem to you that he's a CIA plant?" asked Lezhepyokov.

"No, it doesn't, and it never has," I responded. "After talking to him in Lefortovo, I am completely convinced that he was never a spy. All of this is a concoction of Comrade Alidin. Cook was arrested because he was framed by Alidin. He has been framed and jailed on trumped-up charges because you couldn't prove anything. And I don't have the right to keep silent about it."

Alidin could no longer remain quiet. He sat there like a bulldog, a squat man with fat, drooping cheeks, a low forehead, and close-cropped hair. He was fairly sputtering as he began his attack on me.

"Listen, young man," he burst out, "you have no idea what you're talking about! You don't know the whole case! This man was under investigation for years. He's anti-Soviet. He would betray the Motherland and you're defending him! Cook is a spy!"

"I know all about the case. I've read through all nine volumes of that crap," I shot back. "I know you set him up and I know he was no spy, for the simple reason that spies don't engage in hard currency dealings. They are taken care of by the CIA for life. You don't understand this simple logic."

Alidin and I went back and forth for several minutes, neither man pretending to conceal his hatred for the other. I was bold and outspoken because I felt my cause was right and because I believed—mistakenly, as it turned out—that Andropov was behind me. Finally Lezhepyokov cut us both off.

"Comrade Grigorenko, what do you think?" asked Lezhepyokov. "I doubt that he was a spy," said Grigorenko. "I don't think we have enough evidence to state that he was a spy. But I'm not familiar with the details of the case."

Lezhepyokov then asked the opinion of the chief investigator in the case, Lieutenant General Volkov.

"This case was thoroughly investigated," said Volkov. "I don't know about his spying. But he unquestionably violated currency regulations and he was caught. There's no doubt of his guilt."

I once again made the case for Cook's innocence, but Lezhepyokov soon stopped the debate.

"Oleg Danilovich, we suggest that you let go of this case altogether," he said. "Maybe we'll consider it again someday. Maybe we'll have his term reduced to two or three years instead of eight. I think we'll do what you want done, but let him stay in prison for another couple of years."

"That's up to you," I said, "but I still maintain that this man was put in prison unjustly."

Lezhepyokov nodded. Alidin fumed. Then the tone in Lezhepyokov's voice softened as he said, "We know that it's your birthday today and we know that you're about to set off on a long holiday. We all congratulate you on your birthday and wish you a good trip to the Crimea. We envy you going there."

As I prepared to walk out, all the men around the table stood up and wished me happy birthday, with the exception of Alidin. Heading home, I was whipsawed by emotion. I thought I had won, and Lezhepyokov had essentially said he agreed with my position. But my stomach was knotted with anxiety. I had openly challenged the decision of the KGB leadership, a rare and dangerous step. Still, I remembered the warm birthday greetings I had received from the men at the top of the KGB. What I didn't see, in all my naïveté, was that their warm felicitations had been the kiss of death. I didn't yet know it, but my career in the espionage business was over.

I went away for forty-five days to the Crimea and Ukraine, since every officer with more than twenty-five years' service in the KGB received long vacations. A day after my run-in at Lubyanka, I was already swimming in my beloved Black Sea, and the longer I rested on those warm shores the more convinced I became that all would turn out well. After all, what had I done except fight for the rights of a man who had been a productive spy for our country? The only jarring note came when I took a short trip to the Ukrainian capital of Kiev to meet some old KGB friends there. One of them said to me, "Oleg, is everything all right at home?"

"Why, yes. Why do you ask?"

"There have been some rumors," he said.

"What kind of rumors?" I asked.

"Well, rumors that you're being transferred somewhere."

I tried to dismiss such talk as gossip but felt unsettled as I resumed what was left of my vacation.

I returned to work in Moscow on November 11. Almost immediately I was summoned by Kryuchkov, who told me that I was scheduled to meet with Lezhepyokov in the personnel office. My heart was beating furiously as I entered Lezhepyokov's office, Kryuchkov at my side.

"We are offering you the post of first deputy chief of the Leningrad KGB," Lezhepyokov said dryly. "You're from Leningrad, you know the local specifics of the community. The staff there is large, and there are plenty of problems, so you won't be bored."

I was stunned, fearing this was a devastating demotion but hoping that somehow Andropov wouldn't allow my career to be sidetracked.

"But why Leningrad?" I asked. "What for?"

"You'll be first deputy chief of the branch," Lezhepyokov responded, warming to his hard sell. "We must strengthen the Leningrad branch. Its chief is an old man and he'll have to be replaced soon."

"Okay, but why should I go to Leningrad?" I protested again. "I could become first deputy chief right here in Moscow. Why transfer me?"

"Don't forget that the Leningrad KGB branch is far more important than the Moscow regional branch," Lezhepyokov said. "In Moscow, headquarters covers all the major targets and Moscow branch gets left with all the little stuff."

He was right about that, but still I could not believe that I was being moved out of intelligence, a field in which I had distinguished myself for two decades.

"My field is intelligence," I said. "I don't see any reason for transferring me to the domestic side."

"Come on, a first deputy chief in Leningrad will cover everything—intelligence and counterintelligence," said Lezhepyokov. "Every line will be under your command. We're not taking you away from intelligence permanently. But it would do you good to get some experience on the domestic front. You can keep your Moscow apartment and you will have an excellent position in Leningrad. Besides, your salary will be fifteen rubles higher."

"Who wants to be transferred to Leningrad for a mere fifteen rubles?" I said. "Frankly, I guess I've been getting a little fed up with intelligence work. I guess I'm willing to be transferred. But why not Moscow?"

I looked angrily at Kryuchkov, for I felt he had betrayed me.

His eyes were fixed on the floor. Finally, in a reference to my mild criticism, he said, "Don't spit into the well. You might want to drink from it later."

"Can I have a day or two to think it over?" I asked Lezhepyokov.

"Of course, talk to your wife, no problem," he responded.

On the way out, Kryuchkov put his arm around me and said in a friendly manner, "Don't worry, Oleg. Everything will be all right.

Everything will be settled. You just have to agree for now. Take it easy. It's all right."

Kryuchkov's kind words and gestures did not put me at ease.

As I headed home that night, I felt crushed. I believed, and numerous colleagues agreed, that I was next in line to become chief of intelligence. And now I was being posted to a domestic KGB office to become someone's deputy. I would be harassing my compatriots instead of going up against the CIA. I called several friends, and they put a positive spin on the development. After all, they said, the Leningrad KGB chief was due to retire soon. I would almost surely replace him, and then I would have a seat on the KGB Collegium, since the Leningrad director was guaranteed a place on the agency's ruling body.

"Come on, Oleg," one friend said. "You'll get domestic experience. You'll be a member of the Collegium and then you'll come back as chairman of the KGB."

Sometimes the ability for self-delusion knows no bounds, especially when someone's career is at stake. I began to think that perhaps it wasn't such a bad thing. But all night I was wracked by doubts, turning over and over in my mind what had just happened. Was it all because of Cook? Was it my run-in with deputy chairman Tsinyov over the UNESCO ambassador? Was it my tense relations with Kryuchkov?

I didn't sleep at all that night, and when I walked into Kryuchkov's office the following morning, the intelligence chief greeted me with a wry smile.

"Well, how did you sleep?"

"I didn't sleep at all," I responded.

"I knew you wouldn't," he said. "This is very difficult to swallow."

It seemed to me he could barely contain his glee, and I felt that even if he hadn't engineered my transfer outright, he had done nothing to stop it.

"I still don't understand what happened," I said.

"Oleg," Kryuchkov replied, "you need some counterintelligence experience inside the country. It will help you later."

"But I'm forty-six now," I said. "I'm not that young."

"You still need it," Kryuchkov insisted. "This move will help your career."

"It's up to Andropov," I answered. "If he decides I should go, I'll have to obey him. I will have no choice."

"Take it easy," said Kryuchkov. "I promise you that in two or three years you'll be back in intelligence. You need this experience for your professional growth."

He didn't mean a word he said, but at the time I didn't want to believe it.

Andropov approved my transfer, and for the remainder of November and December I worked with my successor on a smooth transition. I gradually came to accept my fate, and even rationalized that perhaps I was being given a domestic assignment to round out my résumé and that I would one day return to intelligence.

On January 2, 1980, I was scheduled to take the night train—the famous Red Arrow—from Moscow to Leningrad. Andropov had invited me to say farewell to him that afternoon in his office in Lubyanka. I arrived a few minutes early and waited in his antechamber. It was a typical winter evening in Moscow. By four o'clock it was already dark, the city enveloped in a cold gloom. Outside, on Dzerzhinsky Square, comrades wearing dark coats and black felt boots shuffled in and out of the crowded, steamy stores. Waiting for Andropov on the third floor of Lubyanka, I listened to the distant whoosh of cars and buses on the slush-covered square. I felt depressed and adrift, my mood perfectly matching the melancholy scene on the streets below.

I entered Andropov's office promptly at four. It looked as it always did—the mahogany paneling, the oblong table covered in green felt, the bank of telephones linking the chairman to the Soviet leadership, the portraits of Lenin and Dzerzhinsky.

The chairman stood up, offered me a seat and a smile, and said, “Well, you’ve suffered enough. Your troubles are over now.”

“What do you mean?” I replied. “I didn’t suffer. I was happy with my job.”

“Oh, I didn’t mean your job,” he replied. “I meant this whole Cook affair. What on earth possessed you to defend a spy? What could you possibly hope to gain by it?”

I was taken aback. So it was, after all, the Cook affair that was behind my transfer, not some desire of Andropov’s to round out my résumé.

“The man was unjustly convicted,” I said. “I ask you, what sort of spy is it that is so short of cash that he has to resort to dealing with black marketeers? The CIA would have taken care of him so that he never would have had to risk his neck for peanuts. I read all the files in the case and it was clearly a frame-up by Alidin and his investigators.”

“All right, all right,” said Andropov. “Let’s not dredge all this up again. Don’t remind me of all this. You have stirred up too much dust here at headquarters. I just want you to go away until things settle down. You go to Leningrad, and when things calm down, you’ll be back. I promise you. It will take a year or so. No longer than that. You’ll be back soon.”

His manner was so friendly, so soothing, that I believed him. And indeed, one of Andropov’s aides later told me that the chairman was one of my greatest fans, but that the pressure from Alidin, Tsinyov, and others to remove me from the capital had been so great that he couldn’t resist.

“Why did you have to cross this man Alidin?” Andropov asked.

“I had to do it,” I replied. “It was my case.”

“Okay, okay,” he said. “Let’s close the matter. I promise you’ll be back soon. You won’t lose Moscow . . . By the way, do you know the Leningrad branch chief, Nozyrev?”

“I only dealt with him once when he helped my mother-in-law get into a hospital,” I replied.

"Mother-in-law, eh?" Andropov said, grinning. "He's a prickly customer. You won't find him too easy at first. He's a difficult man."

"I have a knack for dealing with difficult people," I said.

"Don't push him around," cautioned Andropov. "Keep a low profile. Don't forget he's from the old school. But don't worry; everything will work out in the end."

At that point, our conversation was interrupted when a telephone rang on his desk. It was Boris Ivanov, the KGB's special representative in Kabul, reporting on the status of the invasion of Afghanistan, which had begun just three days before. Ivanov said all was quiet and that the Soviet puppet Babrak Karmal was in control, though he had not yet appeared on Afghan TV.

"Boris Semyonovich," Andropov shouted into the telephone line, addressing Ivanov by his patronymic. "Tell Karmal to go on television right away with a statement to the nation. Three days have passed and there's been no word from him. It's absolutely essential for him to show himself to the people and announce his program. Tell him to quit stalling and give him any help he needs! If need be, prepare the speech for him and let him read it. He's got to show his face to the people."

(Karmal followed Andropov's orders and soon appeared on TV.)

The chairman flung down the receiver and turned back to me, looking tired. There was silence for a few seconds, and then I said, "I'm still not clear on why I have to go to Leningrad. Am I distrusted here?"

"What do you mean 'distrusted'?" he answered. "We have appointed you first deputy, which is hardly a downgrading. You're going to Leningrad, not some obscure provincial hole! You've got everything in Leningrad—intelligence, counterintelligence, border troops. It's a proper committee there. Much larger than the republican ones."

We talked briefly about my wife and whether she'd be accompanying me there. She wouldn't. Then my audience ended. We shook hands warmly, and the chairman wished me good luck. I walked out in far better spirits than when I had entered. I was elated. Hadn't the chairman just promised he would look after me and have me back in Moscow in a year or two?

As it turned out, our meeting on that cold January evening would be my last with the KGB chairman. Nearly three years later he would become the leader of the Soviet Union, following Brezhnev's death. Eighteen months after that, Andropov himself was dead. He may indeed have wanted to help me, for I was undeniably one of his protégés. But I had made too many waves in Moscow, and Andropov wasn't about to take on Alidin and other Brezhnev associates just to salvage my career. Though it took me a while to accept it, my career in the KGB would never get back on track. I had broken the rules of the game, and it would prove to be fatal.

That night, as I sat with my wife and waited to head to the Leningrad station for the midnight train, I turned the events of the last few months over in my mind. I had been a loyal and successful professional, and until the Cook affair my career had been on a steady upward curve. It would have been safer to ignore his predicament, to have told myself, "He did a good job once. But he's violated the law, and to hell with him now."

But I felt personally responsible for Cook, felt that I was the one who had put him in this situation. A man never knows his fate; had I kept silent about Cook, I might have risen even higher in the KGB. But I acted according to my conscience, and I can live with myself far more easily today because I did not let my ambition get in the way of the right choice in the Cook case.

Waiting that evening to go to Leningrad, I felt there had been a fundamental shift in my outlook on life as a result of Cook. The metamorphosis began with the warning from the Moscow KGB to stay away from the case, a warning that filled me with premonitions. That January night, it was clear I had experienced a break with the KGB, but the extent of the rift was uncertain and I held out hope that my collision with the organization could be set straight. I now realize that the Cook affair was a watershed. I had felt growing disillusionment with the Soviet system after the ouster of Khrushchev in 1964, after the Czech invasion in 1968, and after watching the creeping senility of our leaders in the 1970s. But I still believed in the system, thinking all we needed to do was replace the bad apples like Kryuchkov and Alidin and Brezhnev, and everything would be better.

In Leningrad, as the effects of the Cook case set in and as my colleagues gradually revealed to me the extent to which I was suspected of being a CIA agent, my views changed radically. It was one thing to sit back and dissect the problems of our system. It was quite another to experience firsthand the cruelty and injustice of our totalitarian state. It took my own personal collision with the KGB hierarchy—and the subsequent derailing of my career—to make me see the light. Before, all the suffering and injustice of our system had been an abstract thing to me. I didn't really *understand* until I too had suffered at the hands of the Soviet system. That may not be admirable, but in my case it was the truth.

I saw Cook once more. Nine years later, after he had served his full eight-year term, after Gorbachev and perestroika, after I was utterly disillusioned with the KGB, I spotted Cook in 1989 on a Moscow street. We passed each other, and at first I didn't stop. Then I realized it was Cook and ran after him.

"Anatoly!" I cried.

He turned around and recognized me instantly.

"Oleg, hello," Cook said, managing a smile. "I hear you've had troubles because of me."

"Yes," I replied. "But that was of my own doing."

I asked him how things had been in camp, and he replied, "Bad. They released me a year ago."

"Can we do anything?" I asked. "Can we team up and tell your story? We could fight back, I'm sure."

"No, Oleg," said Cook. "I've had enough. I don't want to be reminded of it. I don't want to get involved in anything anymore. I just got my pension back, and I don't want them to take it away again."

I never saw Cook again, though the last I heard, he was still in Moscow. But I am getting ahead of my story.

The Red Arrow train left that January 2, 1980, at 11:55 P.M. About fifteen colleagues and relatives came to see me off in the 10 degree weather. As always, the Leningrad station teemed with people. The long, green trains were lined up on several platforms, the pungent smoke from their coal fires drifting across the tracks. Bundled-up figures careened into one another, some dragging suitcases over the ice. My colleagues assured me that I was being sent to Leningrad to replace the ailing chief there and that I would be back in Moscow soon in an even higher position. I no longer knew what to believe, and at that point was merely anxious to open a new chapter in my life.

I hugged my colleagues, embraced Ludmilla, and hopped on the train just before it lurched out of the station. As we bumped northward, my mind raced. Some colleagues had said I was leaving Moscow because Kryuchkov and others were upset over recent KGB defections; others said I had gotten into trouble after speaking at the KGB Higher School and implicitly criticizing Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko for the defection of his top aide, Arkady Shevchenko. Still others, like those who had seen me off at the station, said my star was still ascendant.

I pondered the successes in my seven years as head of foreign counterintelligence: We had recruited some top U.S. spies. Our spy network had grown threefold and reached over five hundred agents. We had penetrated fifty foreign intelligence and counterintelligence services. We had prevented dozens of Soviets from defecting, had gotten our hands on thousands of secret documents, and broken the codes of the intelligence services of several countries. We had done an admirable job and held our own in the cold war spy battle. I was convinced that I was not heading to Leningrad on the Red Arrow because of the poor performance of my directorate.

I tossed and turned, the scenes from the Cook affair running over and over again in my mind.

It was still dark when we rolled through the outskirts of Leningrad around 8:00 A.M. Peter the Great's city was blanketed in a frigid mist, and I sat at the window of my stuffy compartment, my eyes red with fatigue, watching the shadows of my hometown emerge. I didn't fully comprehend it at the time, but I was heading into exile. I would spend seven years in Leningrad, and while there I had a front-row seat on the ever quickening decay of the old Soviet system. In Leningrad, my doubts about my government finally exploded in a fit of disillusionment.

Just about that time, a man named Gorbachev came along, and I resolved that the path to our country's salvation lay with him.

CHAPTER 8

Exile

AFTER MORE THAN TWO DECADES IN THE RAREFIED WORLD OF ESPIONAGE, after years of looking at life in the USSR through the windows of my chauffeur-driven Volga, I was brought back to earth in Leningrad. Returning to my hometown as a domestic KGB general was a depressing and sordid revelation, and it irreversibly changed me. I knew things had gotten bad inside the country, but not until I took over as the number two man in the Leningrad KGB did I realize how far gone the situation was.

I had a perfect vantage point from which to see the absurdity and advanced decay of Soviet Communism. At close range, I watched the top men in the KGB and the Communist Party in action, and I marveled at how puffed up and out of touch with reality they had become. They inhabited their own Byzantine world of privilege and power, fervently believing that the shadow game they were playing on Party plenums and conferences, staging sham elections, intoning the brittle mantras of our dead Communist leaders was really having an effect on the steadily deteriorating economic and political situation in our country. The local Communist Party structure continued to rule and siphon off vast amounts of money. Our KGB office in Leningrad (some 3,000 strong, half of them involved in reading other people's mail and eavesdropping) continued to harass dissidents and ordinary citizens, as well as hunt futilely for spies. I can truly say that nearly all of what we did was useless. And we were operating in Leningrad, a cultured and enlightened place. The situation in the provinces was far worse. It was all an elaborately choreographed farce, and in my seven years in Leningrad I came to see that we had created not only the most extensive totalitarian state apparatus in history but also the most arcane. In seven decades our Communist leaders had managed to construct this absurd, stupendous ziggurat, this terrifyingly centralized machine, this *religion* that sought to control all aspects of life in our vast country. It was truly a wondrous creation. And as the coup of August 1991 showed, it was a house of cards. A few years of Mikhail Gorbachev, followed by the foolhardy coup attempt of Kryuchkov and other die-hard Communists, and the entire structure came crashing down, literally in a matter of days.

I was forced to stick my nose in the reality of Soviet life, and it was an enormous comedown. I passed through successive stages of astonishment, anger, depression, apathy, and finally liberation. I came to Leningrad in 1980 reeling from my clash with the KGB hierarchy, but somehow still hopeful that my career would one day rise from the ashes. I left Leningrad in 1987 utterly disgusted with the KGB and the Soviet system, and unconcerned how my increasingly rebellious stance would affect my future. By the end of my seven-year stint in the beautiful city on the Baltic, my KGB career was in ruins, but I was a free man for the first time in my life. Leningrad had launched me on a dissident path, and I left my hometown experiencing a heady sense of independence.

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On January 3, 1980, when I stepped off the Red Arrow into a bitterly cold Leningrad dawn, I was met by the local intelligence chief and his deputy. They drove me to the Communist Party hotel (every town of any size had one and it was invariably the best hotel around), where I rested and then looked up some old friends. The next morning I showed up early at the Big House, the imposing gray stone KGB headquarters on Liteiny Prospect. The building had been constructed under Stalin in the 1930s, and my father had once worked there as a guard, where he occasionally heard the screams of some of the thousands of people who were tortured and murdered in the basement.

The first item on my agenda was a meeting with the man who would turn out to be my nemesis, Leningrad KGB Chief Daniil Nozyrev. I had heard only bad things about this imperious man, and my first few minutes with him confirmed what I had been told. Severe, pompous, and coldly formal, Nozyrev extended me his hand with an air of importance and uttered a few inanities. He was sixty-two, of average height, had gray, wavy hair, and the dull look of a smug provincial. Nozyrev had finished high school and graduated from a two-year Communist Party school, but that was the extent of his education. He had served in military counterintelligence during and after World War II, eventually transferring to the KGB. By the time I met him, he had risen to the rank of general. He was obsequious when dealing with Andropov and other bosses, but a high-handed bully with his subordinates in Leningrad. Clearly he had heard the rumors that I had been dispatched to Leningrad to eventually replace him, which may explain, in part, his immediate hostility toward me.

My new job, first chief deputy to Nozyrev, had been specially created for me, apparently out of Andropov's concern that, though I was being shunted off to Leningrad, I shouldn't be placed in a humiliatingly low position. But from my first few words with Nozyrev, it was clear he wanted to get me out of the way. The Leningrad chief informed me that my main responsibility would not be in the city itself, but that I would be supervising all KGB activities in the outlying towns and districts. I would also be in charge of the Information Department, the internal security section, and would sit on the Leningrad Foreign Travel Commission, a body that decided which citizens were sufficiently reliable and worthy to travel abroad. His words hit me like a blow, though by this time I was getting used to such humiliations. In the space of three months, I had gone from director of the KGB's foreign counterintelligence operations to a petty bureaucrat deciding which of our unfortunate citizens would be followed or bugged or denied a trip overseas.

Nozyrev commanded a little army in Leningrad. Besides me, he had five other deputies: one who supervised work against dissidents, one for counterintelligence, one for surveillance, one for transportation and technical matters, and one for the government bodyguard. (The bodyguard section had more than one hundred men, whose main task was to protect the one Communist Party boss in the city and his headquarters.) Two of these men were former Communist Party bureaucrats, not KGB professionals, and they were unimpressive. The one deputy I took a liking to, Rear Admiral Vladimir Sokolov, was a man of some sophistication who went out of his way to be friendly with me. It would turn out that he was not at all the person I thought he was.

After several weeks, Nozyrev still had not found a suitable apartment for me. At the suggestion of one of his deputies, I moved temporarily into a flat that once served as a KGB safe house. It was, then, a shock when Nozyrev summoned all his deputies and launched into a bitter attack on me.

"Today I'd like to talk with you about the behavior of Comrade Kalugin," announced Nozyrev. "He hasn't been with us long, but he's already acting in such a way that I'm beginning to wonder who's boss here. He goes to Moscow without permission, he's taken over a safe house, and he's turning up his nose at the apartment he's been offered. He offers to deliver a lecture at a seminar without asking me. What's going on here? Who do you think is the chief of the branch?"

Fixing me with a hostile stare, he concluded, "I've been told that you had disciplinary problems in intelligence. That won't do here."

I sat listening with my head down, barely able to contain my anger. I gave Nozyrev a forced smile and said, "Just as all of those present here, I have no doubt who is in charge here. All of your reproaches stem from misunderstandings. I have informed the appropriate deputies that I was traveling to Moscow, and it was [Deputy] Bleyer who suggested I move into the safe house. I didn't bother getting permission to deliver my lecture because I've delivered it before the Central Committee of the Communist Party and why should I get special permission to deliver it here? As for the apartments I've been offered, I'm not a rookie investigator who will be happy with any bone you throw at him. I will only take an apartment I like."

I stared hard at Nozyrev, making it clear I wouldn't tolerate such a dressing down. Then I walked out of the meeting.

Back in my office, my outrage grew as I sat contemplating what Nozyrev had just done. The Leningrad chief was intent on browbeating me, on wearing me down, until I fell into line like the rest of his obsequious deputies. I considered writing Andropov and asking for an immediate transfer back to Moscow. In any case, I resolved to continue standing up to Nozyrev. I was jerked out of my reverie by my fellow deputy, Rear Admiral Sokolov, who appeared at the door. I was in no mood to speak with anyone, but Sokolov pulled a bottle of brandy from his pocket and began commiserating.

"Now, Oleg, don't get upset about this," he said. "To hell with Nozyrev. He can be so nasty. He gets on everybody's nerves. I've known him for fifteen years and he still treats me like a boy. We're all under his thumb here. You can't imagine how he taunts me and orders me about, and I say, just like in the navy, 'Yes, Comrade General! Will do, Comrade General!' He likes that. I never argue with him. Don't you argue with him, either. He heard from someone that you're being considered as his possible replacement, so of course he's jittery. Don't pay any attention to him."

Sokolov refilled my glass and told me several more stories about Nozyrev and the Leningrad branch. I started to unwind and was grateful for his attempt to settle me down. And then, both of us a little tipsy, Sokolov began discussing why I had been transferred to Leningrad. His words set me reeling.

"There's all sorts of gossip flying around about why you were sent here from intelligence," Sokolov informed me. "But I have it on good authority that you got kicked out of intelligence because you were trying to defend Cook. You were suspected of having CIA connections, and Cook was thought to be your accomplice."

I knew the investigators had asked Cook questions about the possibility of my working for the CIA, but I had written that off as the paranoia of men trying to make a case against Cook. Now a relatively high-ranking and well-connected KGB officer was telling me that the scuttlebutt in Moscow was that I had been demoted on suspicion of working with Cook for the CIA. I had been under the impression that the Cook affair was a secret; yet it was clear that details of the case—and rumors about my being a spy—were circulating throughout the organization.

Sokolov went back to his office, leaving me dismayed. The system to which I had devoted my life, the system to which I had been boundlessly loyal, now suspected me of betrayal. I had been sullied by unproven allegations, allegations so amorphous that I didn't even know how to fight back. I increasingly began to feel like millions of other Soviets who had been unjustly accused of crimes, though most of them had experienced a far worse fate. In our system, everyone was a suspect, including someone as fanatically loyal as myself. From that day forward, I realized that the system was essentially vicious. As someone once said, the Revolution devours its own children.

After that day, Sokolov became my closest confidant at the KGB office in Leningrad. We had tea together several times a week and talked about the situation in the agency and the country. But several years after I arrived, the head of counterintelligence in Leningrad approached me and asked, "Oleg, why are you so friendly with Sokolov?"

"Well, it started when he was the only one who came to see me after my run-in with Nozyrev," I replied.

"Look," said the counterintelligence officer. "Sokolov is smart. He's talking to you expressly on Nozyrev's orders. He's been especially chosen to inform on you."

"Oh, come on," I said.

"Just look at it," he replied. "Skip over the way he butters you up and look at the questions he asks you, what he wants to know, what he tells you."

I began to think that the man was right. But I wasn't sure until a few weeks later, when a member of Leningrad's Communist Party Regional Committee with whom I had become friendly spoke with me one evening and said, "I know for sure that your friend Sokolov was specially sent to keep an eye on you, and he reports everything you say to Nozyrev."

The Party official proceeded to repeat several things I had said to Sokolov in confidence, and I then realized that he had been betraying me all along. I was tempted to confront him, but decided instead to continue seeing him from time to time so I could spread disinformation or, in moments of perversity, merely say things I knew would drive Nozyrev crazy.

But that all lay ahead. What dismayed me most in my first year on the job in Leningrad was not the harassment from on high, but the realization of the preposterous nature of the work in which the domestic KGB (and now I) was involved.

The Leningrad region, which was my domain, included the Vyborg area along the Finnish border, Sosnovy Bor and Gatchina with their nuclear reactors and scientific centers, the enormous tank factory at Tikhvin, and the mining town of Slantsy. Most of the rest of the region was agricultural. No area was a hotbed of espionage or civil unrest.

Soon after beginning my new job, I called in the KGB chiefs from the outlying towns and districts. Before our meetings, I read their reports from 1979, and was stunned by the misery of their existence, by the lack of any real work, by the petty tasks they and their underlings carried out. Clearly there was no espionage or sedition in their districts, but the local KGB men and countless informers were filing absurd reports containing gossip, rumors, and paranoid ruminations on the security situation. Local windbags were portrayed as dangerous political opponents. Factory bosses harbored suspicions that their underlings were working for the CIA. Local intellectuals—schoolteachers, scientists, and artists—were followed and their phones tapped. It was all an enormous waste of time and money. We had an expression in

Russia for this meaningless scurrying about: "mice games" *(mysheniye voznya).* And "mice games" were about the only thing our local KGB officers were engaged in as they tried to control and instill fear in the common people of their districts.

Yet I did not blame these low-level KGB men, because the orders to look for spies, saboteurs, and dissidents came to them from on high. Andropov, Kryuchkov, Chebrikov, the entire hierarchy, was warning of insidious Western plots. Even in the small villages of the Leningrad region, KGB men were instructed to keep an eye out for Western saboteurs and illegals who would take up residence and strike the Soviet Army when World War III erupted. Nozyrev frequently said at conferences, "Why aren't we catching any spies! There are spies around us and we're not catching them. We aren't working well!"

When I first came to Leningrad, there were fifty active investigations of Soviets suspected of espionage, and it is safe to say that nearly all of the cases were worthless. I remember one incident in which a surveillance team, busy following an American diplomat in Leningrad, saw a Russian man make what the officers interpreted as a suspicious gesture to the American on the street. The unfortunate Russian was followed and investigated, subjected to surveillance, wiretaps, and bugs in his apartment. There was absolutely no evidence the man was a spy, but our hidden microphones picked up his anti-Brezhnev comments. By 1980, nearly everyone but Brezhnev himself was making anti-Brezhnev remarks, so I hardly considered the man suspicious. The case, however, was kept open.

I suggested to Nozyrev that we close this case and about twenty others.

"How dare you!" he responded.

In the twenty years before my arrival in Leningrad, the local KGB hadn't caught one spy, despite the expenditure of millions of rubles and tens of thousands of man-hours. In that span of time, there were only two espionage cases, both essentially bogus. They involved our own double agents posing as CIA collaborators, and when the time was right (for example, after the shooting down of the Korean Airlines plane in 1983), we blew our agents' cover and apprehended the U.S. diplomats meeting with them. All this is not to say that there weren't spies in our city. There undoubtedly were. But with the inexperienced officers and scattershot techniques the local KGB was using, we weren't about to catch them.

There were more than a dozen districts in the Leningrad region, and I visited all of them several times. Each district had from three to thirty KGB officers, and invariably, after stopping in these local offices to see how things were going, I would leave feeling profoundly depressed. Most of the officers in the outlying areas either were young or had problems (alcoholism, insubordination, chronically sloppy work) and had been transferred to the boondocks. There was almost nothing constructive for them to do, since the local police handled routine crime. And so these KGB men would befriend the local Communist Party boss and hunt, fish, drink, and generally enjoy the power they lorded over the masses in these squalid provincial hamlets.

One incident shows just how desperate these local officers were to make it appear they were working. Two elderly women wrote letters to a local newspaper, complaining about their run-down housing. Nothing was done, and a few weeks later one of the *babushkas* was overheard telling the other, "Let's write to the U.S. embassy and complain about our housing conditions. Maybe that will stir up some action."

An informant told the district KGB office about the conversation. The district chief reported the incident to KGB headquarters in Leningrad, and in that year's annual report the meaningless incident was turned into a security service coup. Our crack officers, the report said without providing details, had discovered that two Soviet citizens were planning to make contact with the American embassy. And the plot had been foiled!

On another occasion, a district Communist Party boss gravely told me, "We have a man here in town who is saying such bad things about Comrade Brezhnev and the country, I think we should have his phone tapped and put him under surveillance. And perhaps we can finish off this case with an arrest."

I was tempted to laugh in the Party man's face, but instead, given that the offender was engaging in the purportedly serious crime of "anti-Soviet agitation," I told the local KGB chief Nikolai Patrushev, "Give me all you have on the man to see what makes your Party boss so unhappy."

A few days later, Patrushev forwarded a file full of half-baked accusations from petty informers. I summoned him to my office and couldn't resist saying, "Listen, let's analyze what's in the file. The man curses Brezhnev, right? What for? For being old. Isn't Brezhnev, in fact, old? The man says Brezhnev hasn't been making any decisions himself lately. Do you think that isn't so? . . . Look, this is a man who's probably not too educated, not too knowledgeable, and obviously misguided. Why don't you invite him to your office, talk to him, and point out his errors and inconsistencies? Tell him to be careful. That way we can close the case without an arrest."

One of the few bright spots in my years in Leningrad was that neither I nor my underlings in the districts ever arrested or imprisoned anyone for anti-Soviet activity.

I found myself feeling more pity than anger for my subordinates in the districts, for Nozyrev and the KGB bosses above him in Moscow clearly wanted the KGB officers in the provinces to continue doing busywork and propagating the same old lies. If a junior officer or informant tried to buck the system, however slightly, or slip a note of truth into his reports, he usually ran into trouble.

Once, after one of the painfully boring Communist Party congresses in Moscow, KGB officers from around the country were ordered to report on the response to the plenum. The truth was that average people couldn't have cared less. We compiled a report from the district and I delivered it to Nozyrev. He began reading the inane document, nodding his head and grunting his approval. And then he came to a portion written by a nuclear engineer who was a confidential informant, which I hadn't excised because I thought it was true.

"Of course the Congress was excellent, and we are all confident that our life will be better," the engineer wrote. "But it's a pity that Comrade Brezhnev is so old that his promises may never be kept."

"What's that!" sputtered Nozyrev. "Comrade Kalugin, did you read what you gave to me?"

I told him I had, and he wanted to know who the informant was. I said he was a paid agent who was valued by our KGB district chief in Sosnovy Bor, site of a nuclear power station.

"Well, tomorrow you must go to Sosnovy Bor and talk to your subordinate," ordered Nozyrev. "Get the file of that agent and immediately get rid of him. We don't need people in our agent network who discredit our Party leadership."

The next day I showed up in Sosnovy Bor, and told our KGB boss there that he had to sever ties with his informant.

"But he's one of our best!" replied the KGB officer. "How can we fire him?"

"Well, Nozyrev wants us to do something," I said. Finally we devised a scheme in which he would be demoted from a top-rank informant to a "confidential contact."

Such was the work that we, the "sword and shield" of the Party, carried out in the waning days of the old order. Our leaders were busy issuing reports about the rosy situation in the country and applauding one another at countless congresses and conferences. The security people were busy with nonsense. And as the months passed in Leningrad, I became progressively more apathetic. With every new act of imbecility, with every new indignity, I became less and less interested in my new job.

Watching Nozyrev and his team fight the twin evils of domestic dissent and foreign subversion, I scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry.

As renegade Western rock culture began to grow in Leningrad in the late 1970s and early 1980s, Communist Party officials became increasingly alarmed. It was believed to present a danger to Communist ideology, and the Party bosses wanted the KGB to stamp out these insidious influences. But Vladilen Bleyer, the deputy KGB chief in Leningrad in charge of fighting dissidents, had a better idea. He suggested we use agents to create a Leningrad Rock Club that would bring all the nonconformist writers, musicians, and artists under one roof—our roof.

"Rather than ban these things, why not control them ourselves?" Bleyer suggested at one meeting. "We could provide an outlet for all kinds of ill feeling and at the same time have a chance to control it. We'll have our own people there and we'll manipulate the club so that it will never become dangerous."

So the Rock Club was established, and it became a gathering place for the Leningrad counterculture, as well as a swarm of KGB agents posing as hipsters. The local KGB also arranged the publication of a collection of writings by some mildly dissident authors and hosted several exhibitions of modern art, all in an attempt to control the artistic forces threatening to weaken the Communist monolith. It was, in the end, futile "mice games," but at the time it kept our people busy.

The Leningrad KGB found sportsmen almost as threatening as rock and rollers. One of our officers would be included in every group of Leningrad athletes traveling overseas. When the Soviet Peace Committee organized an international bike race in Leningrad in 1983, several KGB officers actually rode in the race. In July 1985, when the U.S. volleyball team came to Leningrad to play the Soviet squad, our officers followed the Americans around as if they were would-be terrorists. The CBS-TV crew that came to Leningrad to cover the U.S.-Soviet match also was constantly under surveillance and their hotel rooms were bugged and searched.

I was always puzzled by the Leningrad KGB's interest in sports events, and attribute it to several factors. The bosses liked sports anyway, so by spying on foreign sports teams they were combining business with pleasure. The KGB also was afraid that our sportsmen were likely defectors, and thus kept a close watch on them, at home and abroad. And finally, since KGB officials knew that our sports teams traveling abroad were riddled with KGB informers and officers, they figured the Americans did the same thing. In their eyes, the gangly American college kids who came to Leningrad were not volleyball players, but hardened CIA veterans looking for the right opportunity to score a blow against the Evil Empire.

I recall another incident involving a visit to the city by foreigners. In 1985 or 1986, with Gorbachev in power and glasnost just taking root, the environmental campaigners from Greenpeace sailed into Leningrad Harbor with much fanfare. They arrived on a Greenpeace yacht and then, as they spread throughout the city, our ace surveillance experts lost track of most of the crew. Nozyrev was outraged. How could we have lost them, he asked. They could be skulking about town, gathering intelligence and recruiting Soviet dissidents! Finally our teams managed to locate them, but only after some tense moments in the Big House on Liteiny Prospect.

I was one of three KGB officials in Leningrad with the power to authorize wiretapping in the city. As I spent more time on the job, I marveled at the extent of our bugging, surveillance, and mail interception efforts. In the Big House, nearly one thousand KGB employees, working in a warren of rooms, were involved around the clock in monitoring and recording phone wiretaps and other bugs. At any given time, dozens of phones, offices, and apartments were being bugged, and this battalion of KGB workers—most of them women—recorded and transcribed the conversations. Sitting in the Big House, we had the capacity, through special hook-ups with the central Leningrad phone station, to record any conversation in the city. The phone calls of dissidents, artists, and other troublemakers were monitored periodically. Foreign diplomats, businessmen, and journalists were subjected to nearly constant bugging of their phones and hotel rooms. Indeed, at the major Intourist hotels—the Astoria, Evropeyskaya, and Pribaltiskaya—suspicious foreigners were placed in certain rooms outfitted with hidden microphones. Tourists also were watched, though more spottily since there were so many of them. Virtually all the Intourist guides were KGB informers, who immediately reported to us if they harbored suspicions about a certain foreign tourist.

During my stint in Leningrad, all of this activity yielded little if anything in the way of concrete results, at least in the search for spies.

We did turn up information on some routine criminal cases, as well as fodder (infidelity, homosexuality) that could be used to blackmail people into working for us. For the most part, however, thousands upon thousands of pages of transcribed conversations piled up in our files, to no avail.

Our mail interception efforts met with slightly more success. In an eighteenth-century building in the center of town, several hundred KGB workers opened nearly every piece of foreign mail and spot-checked domestic mail. Occasionally this laborious work would turn up information about an art-smuggling plan or someone's intention to contact a foreign embassy and defect. For the most part, however, the reading of hundreds of thousands of pieces of mail every year was just another example of the colossally idiotic work in which the domestic security services were engaged.

Department Five, which monitored dissidents, kept a close eye on the artistic community in Leningrad, a community I was to become involved with, and not as an informant. The city's most prominent artists and intellectuals were followed, their apartments and phones bugged, their residences and offices searched. Among those targeted were Dimitri Likhachev, the literary critic and academic who had survived Stalin's Gulag; the writer Daniil Granin; and Georgi Tovstogonov, the prominent theater director. There was an enormous file on Likhachev, who was the director of the Pushkin Institute of Literature. He was an old dissident and always had been suspected of being staunchly anti-Soviet, so Department Five frequently flipped on the bugs in his apartment or on his phone to see what he was plotting. Indeed, many of the professors at the Pushkin Institute, considered a nest of malcontents and potential spies, were subjected to routine surveillance and bugging. Tovstogonov, who once spoke out in support of Solzhenitsyn and Sakharov, was considered very unreliable and was a frequent surveillance target.

One day, an officer in Department Five brought me a KGB memo addressed to the Leningrad Communist Party, saying that one of our best symphony conductors, Yuri Temirkanov, should be forbidden to travel abroad because he was unreliable. The recommendation was made because a bug in Temirkanov's apartment allegedly showed that the conductor was considering defecting. The officer had come to me to sign the memo, but I decided to read the surveillance transcript myself.

Temirkanov was upset because his expected appointment to replace the ailing head of the Leningrad Philharmonic was being delayed. At one point in the transcript, a frustrated Temirkanov told a friend, "If I lived in the West, the world's best orchestras would invite me, and here I have no future whatsoever. When I go to London I'll get a decent job there at once. I'm sick and tired of groveling before the local bureaucrats."

Later in the conversation, however, Temirkanov said, "What the hell do I care about London? I can get a decent suit and a pair of shoes there, but that's not what I want. What I need is elbow room, freedom to create."

I knew Temirkanov to be extremely patriotic, and a reading of the entire transcript led me to believe he had no intention of defecting. The case officer had excerpted only the most seditious parts of the conversation to show the local Party bosses. I summoned the officer and reprimanded him for blowing the situation out of proportion. As a member of the Foreign Travel Commission, I determined that Temirkanov was trustworthy. The negative letter was never sent to the Party bosses and Temirkanov was allowed to travel to England.

Within a year of my arrival in Leningrad, I came to know Tovstogonov, the theater director, quite well. Through him I met a wide range of artists, musicians, and writers. I had far more time on my hands in Leningrad than in Moscow, so I attended virtually every theater premier in the city. Two seats in each theater were reserved for the KGB censors, and I always managed to slip into these or others near the front row. I met Tovstogonov on numerous occasions, and since we lived in the same apartment building he often invited me for dinner or coffee. One night, I went over to his place after he phoned me around eleven and invited me to meet some friends. The apartment was packed with a bohemian crowd which included the famous actor

Yevgeni Lebedev and the director of the Moscow Theater, Sovremennik, Galina Volchek. We stayed up until 4:00 A.M., and from then on I was a frequent visitor at Tovstogonov's. It was an independent, fascinating, and relaxed crowd, and my involvement with them and their artistic endeavors helped me keep my sanity in Leningrad.

Since I lived in one of the city's most prestigious neighborhoods, just a few blocks from the Hermitage, I had other artistic neighbors, including the Leningrad Philharmonic's chief conductor, Yevgeny Mravinsky. He lived just upstairs from me, and I began visiting with him and his fellow musicians. I made no secret of my ties with this group of freethinkers and dissidents, and no doubt my association with them further hurt my chances of rebirth at the KGB. But by 1983, I no longer cared. In the mid-1980s, one of my friends in the Fifth Department, which fought against dissidents, warned me that Mravinsky's apartment was bugged.

"You must be careful," my friend told me. "You know some of these people are under surveillance. They are political dissidents."

"Listen," I said, "I don't talk politics with them. We discuss art. They talk about their projects with me."

"Well, we just wanted to warn you," said my friend. "Be careful not to say anything wrong."

I was surprised at first that Leningrad's cultural elite would welcome a KGB general into their salons, but I imagine they had reasons for doing so. Perhaps they thought it was simply in their interest to be on friendly terms with a high-ranking member of the security services. In addition, my friends in the arts knew that I had a background in intelligence and was disgusted by the shenanigans of the domestic KGB. I think that as time went by and our association created no problems for them, my Leningrad artist friends realized that I was genuine and not an informant. Finally, I genuinely liked many of the artists, and I think they were fond of me too.

One of my friends, Boris Piotrovsky, director of the Hermitage Museum, treated me to some of the most memorable nights I spent in Leningrad.

It was in June, the season of the city's White Nights, when the northern sun barely sets. One night, around eleven o'clock, Piotrovsky escorted me, Tovstogonov, and Yevgeny Primakov (future director of Russian intelligence) through the deserted museum along the banks of the Neva River, once the czar's Winter Palace. A melancholy twilight seeped through the windows of the Hermitage as we walked down the long corridors. The echo of our footsteps was the only sound in the enormous museum. Piotrovsky took us past the Italian and French masterpieces, stopping occasionally to talk about one of the paintings.

On a later visit to the Hermitage, Piotrovsky asked me, "Would you like to see some pictures no one ever does?" I wasn't prepared for what I was about to see.

Piotrovsky led me up to the top floor of the museum. He unlocked two heavy steel doors and ushered me into a room filled to the ceiling with masterpieces. There were French Impressionist paintings and works by old German masters, all stacked on shelves or piled on the floor. I watched in amazement as Piotrovsky pulled out thirty or forty masterpieces, and then I asked the obvious question: Why were they tucked away in this dusty storage room? Why weren't they hanging in the galleries downstairs?

During and after World War II, Piotrovsky told me, the Soviet Army had taken all these pictures from the private collections of some of Germany's wealthiest families. Piotrovsky said he had been lobbying to display the pictures or give them back to their rightful owners, but the Ministry of Culture had refused even to discuss the matter and insisted that the masterpieces be kept under lock and key.

"The heirs may still be able to claim these pictures," said Piotrovsky.

"Then why don't you show these paintings one by one and see what the reaction will be?" I asked. "You don't have to display them all at once. Perhaps no one will know. Besides, you can always say you bought the picture from a private person."

"That's a good idea, but the Ministry of Culture won't even discuss it," answered Piotrovsky.

The Hermitage director let me wander around the room for a few minutes, gaping at the priceless artworks. Later I asked Piotrovsky to give me a list of the stolen German treasures, and within a week he did so. I quote now from that list, which contained the names of families that had owned the artworks and the number of works taken. (The list contains only the oil paintings; it does not include hundreds of drawings and lithographs.)

Krebs, 47
Scharf, 6
B. Kotler, 5
Siemens, 2
A. Meuer, 3
M. Saxe, 6
The Kürfurst of Saxony, 1
Weldenstein, 3
Goldsticker, 5
Bechstein, 24
Hitler and Schacht, 3
Willie Goerter, 25
Koestenberg, 46
Konig, Vienna, 1
Otto, 1
Rochas, Paris, 3
Lashkoni, 2
Tashbein, 5
Dresden Church, 3

Piotrovsky also said the Hermitage contained Oriental masterpieces stolen during the war from Russian-occupied Manchuria. I decided to go see Nozyrev to urge him to do something: either put the paintings on display or return them to their native countries. It was clear the Leningrad KGB boss knew about the art trove, and he treated my suggestion with typical boorishness.

"Mind your own business," Nozyrev barked. "The hell with those pictures. I don't care. Why don't you catch me a spy instead of worrying about it?"

As far as I know, the Hermitage is still holding on to these treasures.

In my first few years in Leningrad, tensions between the United States (where Ronald Reagan had now become president) and the Soviet Union reached a level unmatched since the 1960s. We felt it even in Leningrad when, in 1981, we received what I can only describe as a paranoid cable from Andropov warning of the growing threat of a nuclear apocalypse. Reagan's hard-line, anti-Communist stance, his Star Wars program, and the massive American military buildup scared the wits out of our leadership, and Andropov notified KGB stations around the world to be on the lookout for signs of an imminent American attack. A brand-new program (the English language acronym was RYAN) was created to gather information on a potential American first nuclear strike.

"Not since the end of World War II has the international situation been as explosive as it is now," Andropov wrote in a cable to KGB personnel worldwide.

Meanwhile, I still held out hope that my career at headquarters in Moscow was not finished. Nozyrev told me that Andropov had been asking after me, and in 1981 I was given an award for a manual I had written earlier on foreign counterintelligence techniques. In 1982, Andropov was transferred to the Party's Central Committee Secretariat. Unfortunately he was replaced by a Brezhnev hack, Vitaly Fedorchuk, the former KGB boss in Ukraine. He was a rude, conceited bone crusher, bent on smashing internal dissent and tightening discipline within the KGB. He peppered KGB offices at home and abroad with ridiculous warnings of impending Western aggression, imperialist plots, and CIA efforts to destroy the Soviet economy. Thankfully, Fedorchuk didn't last long. Brezhnev died on November 10, 1982, and Androprov took over as Soviet leader. A week later Viktor Chebrikov was named KGB chairman.

I was visiting Ludmilla and my daughters in Moscow when I got word that Brezhnev had died. "Oleg," a KGB friend of mine said over the phone, "it looks like *he* is dead."

I needed no further explanation. *He* undoubtedly was the sickly and senile Brezhnev. Like millions of my compatriots, I was elated that the old dinosaur had passed away. I thought that our dismal era of stagnation had finally ended. But I had selfish reasons, as well, that caused me to welcome Brezhnev's demise. With my old mentor, Andropov, installed as leader of the country, I thought that my exile in Leningrad might come to an end, that Andropov would bring me back into Moscow in a top position at KGB headquarters.

A week after Brezhnev's death, my father passed away following a stroke. He had moved to Moscow in the 1970s to be close to me, and we buried him in the Soviet capital. My father had remained my biggest fan until the end, and he was nearly as disappointed as I was when word came of my demotion and transfer to Leningrad. He died, as so many Soviets did, deeply disillusioned with his country and its leaders. I would miss his love and support in the difficult days that lay ahead.

When I got back to Leningrad after Andropov's ascension to power, rumors spread through our office that I would soon be replacing Nozyrev as Leningrad KGB boss. But it was not to be. I was chosen, along with forty other high-ranking KGB officers, to take an advanced course of study in Moscow. This, I thought, boded well. And then, a week before the course was to end, one of the KGB's chief personnel men called me into his office and made an offer that flabbergasted me: He wanted me to take a job as a professor at the KGB Higher School.

"You've got a teacher's gift, Oleg," the man said. "People listen to you. Your wide knowledge will enable you to get a doctorate quickly, so you can be a full-fledged professor."

I couldn't believe my ears! Clearly I was being put out to pasture; the KGB Higher School was a dead end. Despite the insistent pressure, I refused the offer. Later that week, I went to see Philip Bobkov, deputy KGB chairman, and reminded him that Andropov said I would be back in Moscow within two years. It was now the fall of 1983, and I had served my time in Leningrad, I told Bobkov. I wanted to talk to the new KGB chairman, Viktor Chebrikov. Bobkov said he would see what he could do. But not now, said Bobkov. Not now.

I returned to Leningrad and called Bobkov a few weeks later. "Chebrikov is willing to see you, but later this year," said Bobkov. "Call me in December."

I waited until January and called again.

"Wait a while longer," Bobkov said dryly. "We've got lots of problems here and yours isn't a priority."

"How long must I wait?" I asked. "Am I going to be received?"

"I don't know, I don't know," Bobkov growled, and hung up. Even I, blind as I could sometimes be, could see that my career at KGB headquarters was finished.

Andropov had tried to kick-start our moribund economy and society. He stressed discipline and instituted a campaign to crack down on shirkers and ne'er-do-wells in the workplace. He fought against petty corruption, though he never attacked the deeply engrained corruption within the Communist Party. "The better we work, the better we shall live," pronounced Comrade Andropov, but the fact remained that our system was, for all intents and purposes, dead. It was too late for slogans, and even the most devout Soviet could see that, no matter how hard he worked, he still was living in relative poverty: the Communist Party, the military-industrial complex, the army, and the KGB were siphoning off the country's wealth.

Andropov's last days were marked by failing health and the disastrous downing of Korean Airlines Flight 007 over the Kamchatka Peninsula, in which all 269 passengers aboard were killed. And then, on February 9, 1984, the general secretary of the Communist Party—the man who had been my guardian angel at the KGB—died.

Andropov's passing left me profoundly depressed. Indeed, I date my utter disillusionment with the KGB to early 1984, when Andropov's demise and several other events forced me to see that there was no hope of reviving my career or redeeming the old Soviet system.

For all his shortcomings, I had admired Andropov, and as long as he was alive I held out some hope that we could, as he preached, fix our system by doing some major repair work. But when Andropov passed away, I saw everything with stark and depressing clarity. First of all, Andropov was replaced as general secretary of the Communist Party by Constantin Chernenko, a walking corpse even more out of touch with reality, even more retrograde, than Leonid Brezhnev. In the KGB, Viktor Chebrikov was proving to be an absolute nonentity, a weak and indecisive man who was a pale reflection of Andropov. Everywhere, from the top bosses in Moscow to my own superior in Leningrad, all I could see was incompetence, drift, and rot.

Perhaps most important, when Andropov died I lost all hope that somehow my mentor would help resuscitate my career. By mid-1984, it was evident that there was no light at the end of the tunnel, that I was on a joyless road to retirement. Friends of mine in Moscow had told me the full truth about the Cook case—I had been as much a suspect as Cook himself. One friend in KGB headquarters informed me that KGB bosses had secretly filmed my interrogation of Cook at Lefortovo Prison. A KGB official actually thought that when I put my fingers under my shirt collar during the Cook interview, I was giving the scientist a secret sign! It was all too much. The system mistrusted me. Indeed, it trusted nobody. Four years in Leningrad and the loss of Andropov showed me how deluded I was, and how utterly senseless was the work I had been doing since leaving Moscow. In 1984, as winter slowly gave way to spring, I was plunged into a deep depression and resolved to live only for myself and my family.

But my work routine did not let me remain depressed for long. In the end, this period allowed me to make a few discoveries.

One of the most dismal revelations in Leningrad had been that our job in the domestic KGB was to do the bidding of—and cover up for—the local Communist Party bosses. And in Leningrad the top two Party bosses were particularly repugnant, a pair who vividly symbolized the sort of pompous mediocrities that had driven our country into the ground.

The first secretary of the Communist Party in the Leningrad area, the undisputed emperor of our region, was a tiny, conceited man with a Napoleon complex, named Grigory Vasilyevich Romanov. For seventeen years he reigned as lord and master over the Leningrad region, his authority virtually unchallenged. Throughout the vast expanse of the Soviet Union, a country that sprawled across eleven time zones and comprised one sixth of the earth's land surface, there were several hundred other little dictators like Romanov. They were the regional Communist Party first secretaries, men who lived like socialist pashas, grabbing the best apartments, the best food, the best women, the best hunting lands, all the while espousing the glories of our egalitarian society. Gazing at their pictures now, studying the jowly, smug, vodka-ravaged mugs, I see these men as cartoon characters, the very embodiment of Communist stagnation. But at the time, they instilled fear into the hearts of millions of Communist Party minions, and they ran their little fiefdoms with swaggering pride.

After serving as a code clerk in the Soviet Army during World War II, Romanov rose through the ranks of the Leningrad Communist Party, familiarizing himself with the military factories and institutes that comprised two thirds of the Leningrad economy. In the late 1960s, with the blessing of the Party leadership in Moscow, Romanov (no relation to the Romanov czars) became first secretary of the Leningrad region. By the time I got there, Romanov might as well have been a czar, for he was as much in control of his territory as any of the earlier Romanovs had been of theirs.

He was a dapper little man, in a Communist sort of way. At Party meetings, Romanov used to sit on a pillow so that he didn't give the appearance of a school kid at a spelling bee. His high living, womanizing, and boozing were legendary. In order to carry out his many trysts, Romanov had two apartments (in addition to the one he shared with his wife) as well as a suite at the Party hotel. He would impress his mistresses with food and gifts purchased from the Blue Hall at the Gostiny Dvor department store, a private shop stocked with imported goods and reserved solely for top Party officials. He had three government cars that he used to squire around his girlfriends. Even his long-suffering wife was given a government automobile.

KGB officers marveled at Romanov's drinking. He and the region's other Communist Party big shot, Leningrad mayor Lev Zaikov, would sit in Romanov's wood-paneled office at Smolny and knock back copious quantities of vodka. (Smolny, seat of the Leningrad Communist Party, is the former czarist girls' school that was used by Lenin as his headquarters during the October 1917 Bolshevik Revolution.) Zaikov was a big, rough-hewn man who could hold his vodka better than Romanov; after their legendary drinking bouts Zaikov would always be at his desk the next day, while Romanov would stay home for a day or two, nursing a fierce hangover.

Outside a small circle of KGB and Party officials, Romanov's drinking was a fairly well-kept secret. I learned of his alcohol problem firsthand one Sunday when I was on duty at KGB headquarters on Liteiny Prospect. Romanov telephoned and, since it was a weekend and I was acting chief, I took the call. I could immediately tell something was wrong—our illustrious first secretary was rip-roaring drunk. He was carrying on about some problem at the city's central bakery, mumbling about sabotage and declining production. Soon he signed off, and I was left scratching my head. We made inquiries, and everything seemed fine at the bakery. Vladilen Bleyer, my colleague who was in charge of the one-hundred-person bodyguard section in Leningrad and was intimately familiar with Romanov's drinking binges, told me, "Forget it, Oleg. He was drunk as usual. He'll be away from work for two or three days until he gets over his hangover and when he comes back he won't remember a thing he told you. Don't worry."

That's precisely what happened: Romanov never mentioned the bakery to me again.

Since I was in charge of KGB operations in the outlying districts of the Leningrad region, I sometimes accompanied Romanov on his triumphal tours through the boondocks. These trips were invariably well scripted, enabling Comrade Romanov to see the best that our rural regions had to offer. Most collective farms were a mess, run by dimwitted directors who presided over a rabble of dispirited and often alcoholic workers. Many of our villages looked straight out of the nineteenth century, with people living in ramshackle wooden cottages that lacked running water and indoor toilets. But Romanov and other exalted guests never saw that reality. They invariably were squired around the handful of model collective farms that were well run and well funded. One of these was a much-praised meat and dairy farm, a Potemkin village that boasted an astonishing 96,000 pigs. (Actually, the director confided to me that they had 100,000 pigs, but he only reported 96,000, leaving 4,000 porkers he could use to bribe people, barter, or feed visiting dignitaries like Romanov.) The visits to these model farms followed the same scenario in Leningrad and throughout the country. The honored guest (in our case, Romanov) would arrive and be given a quick tour of the state-of-the-art facilities, the farm director invariably mentioning that his production exceeded that of similar farms in the West. Smiling collective farm workers would tell the dignitary how great everything was, and then all the top local officials—Party bosses, KGB chiefs, collective farm directors—would repair to a private dining room attached to the collective farm's cafeteria. There, the group would sit down at tables groaning with food and drink, and the marathon toasting and vodka guzzling would begin. After a few hours, everyone would be utterly smashed. Stumbling out to their cars, they would pronounce the visit a roaring success.

I quickly grew weary of such affairs and tried to avoid them, for with every passing month it became more evident that our Communist bosses were busy pickling their brains while the country steadily fell to pieces. Once Romanov went to a small town to celebrate the anniversary of the lifting of the nine-hundred-day Siege of Leningrad. Like most Communist Party bosses, he shamelessly used the suffering of our people during the war to bolster the authority of the Party, saying that without the valiant Communist structures we would have never defeated the Nazis. I got tired of watching people like Romanov wrap themselves in the mantle of World War II, and after the ceremony I decided not to attend the usual banquet. My absence created quite a stir. The next day I got a call from one of Romanov's assistants, saying that the first secretary had been asking after me.

"It was a big mistake not to stick around," the assistant told me. "How could you leave such an important event? You should have stayed and had a drink with the rest of us. You're supposed to stay with Comrade Romanov, to protect him. It's your duty."

Lev Zaikov, the mayor of Leningrad and later first secretary of the city Party organization, was as conceited as Romanov, though each man had his own peculiarities. A tall, husky man with bulging eyes, Zaikov had been manager of a large defense factory before being named head of the Leningrad Party organization. I was in Leningrad when Zaikov was promoted, and a KGB official called Nozyrev to inform him that the agency had a significant amount of information about Zaikov's alleged corruption and malfeasance at the defense plant. Nozyrev took the call while I was in his office.

"Now that Lev Nikolayevich Zaikov has been elected Party secretary, gather everything you have about his activities at this plant and destroy it," Nozyrev instructed his underling. "You have damaging information? . . . Yes? Well, destroy the files at once. Don't you know that we mustn't have anything of this nature on file about Party officials?"

Zaikov was driven to distraction by people who dared pass his long black Chaika limousine on the highway. One of my acquaintances made the mistake of overtaking Zaikov on a road near Leningrad. The Communist Party boss ordered his driver to run the poor man off the highway. Then the driver got out and yanked the fellow's license plates off his little Moskvich. Zaikov rolled down his window and, wagging his finger victoriously at the unfortunate driver, told him he would get his plates back from the police in a month or two.

One day, as I was riding from work to my dacha outside Leningrad, I saw a Chaika limousine in front of me, poking along at about 40 miles per hour. My driver casually passed it. A few seconds later, the Chaika roared by us, its siren wailing and someone in the backseat shaking his fist at us from the curtained window. I thought nothing more of the incident.

The next day, however, someone from the mayor's office called our office to see if it was indeed my car that had passed Zaikov's on the

Seaside Highway. The following day my phone rang, and I picked up the receiver only to hear Zaikov's angry, stentorian voice.

"Were you on assignment when you overtook my car the day before yesterday?" the mayor yelled. "No? Then why were you going so fast! Didn't you see it was the mayor ahead of you? You didn't know, huh? The license plates were unfamiliar, weren't they? That's right, I have another set of license plates. But you saw it was a Chaika, didn't you? You have no respect for the mayor! None at all. Your boss would never do such a thing. And you think you can do anything you want because you're from Moscow. You don't respect me. No! Not at all!"

The next day, our chief—Nozyrev—called his top deputies together for an important announcement.

"I am sick and tired of listening to the Party committee's complaints about our men overtaking their cars on the highway," said Nozyrev. "I won't name any names of the latest offenders. But from this day on, it is strictly forbidden for anyone to pass the cars of top officials of the regional Communist Party. You know their license numbers. Those who do it again will be severely punished."

We left chuckling under our breath. So this is what our vaunted Communist Party had come to: worrying about people passing their leaders' cars on the highway. And now we were being forbidden to undermine the Communist Party's leading role in society by daring to pass them on the open road. From now on, we had to be good comrades and learn to tag behind our Party leaders, no matter how slowly they were going or how badly they were driving.

It's easy to see how these Communist Party bosses came to feel that they were masters of all they surveyed, for in reality there was almost nothing they couldn't do in their regions. One of my duties in Leningrad was to oversee the KGB troops along the Finnish frontier. I made numerous trips to the border, talking to the officers and men there and sometimes going hunting and fishing in the pristine wilderness (off-limits to other Soviets). I had heard of a terrific hunting spot along the frontier in a place called Kirovskaya Bukhta, and one day I asked my colleague, Rear Admiral Sokolov, if he would like to accompany me on a trip there. He declined, warning me that this was the exclusive reserve of Romanov, Zaikov, and other Party bigwigs. Since the border was my area of responsibility, I went anyway on a trip that mixed business and pleasure: after talking with the troops, I wanted to do some hunting.

When I arrived at Kirovskaya Bukhta, one of our officers again warned me that these were the hunting grounds of the Party bosses. I asked how large was the hunting estate, and he told me it was 7,500 acres.

"They've got a small river of their own with a bridge over it," the officer said. "You can catch great pike in there. They had a small house built for them on an island in the Gulf of Finland, next to the border. We feed the moose here so that the guests are assured a good hunt. Rear Admiral Sokolov is here more often than anyone else; he comes and gets fish and moose meat for the bosses. Some of the fish he salts away in barrels, so there's enough for the winter too."

Romanov had a dacha about twenty miles from Leningrad in a lovely spot known as Osinovaya Roscha. But I learned from Rear Admiral Sokolov that Osinovaya Roscha was famous within the KGB for more than its fine country houses. It seemed that just a mile or two from Romanov's dacha was a mass grave in which an estimated seventy thousand victims of Stalin's terror were buried. The problem was that every spring, with the melting snow, dozens of skeletons would pop up from the thawing earth. Sokolov had a team of a half dozen workmen who went out to Osinovaya Roscha in the spring to rebury the uncovered remains. Few people knew then of the mass grave, and though Stalin had been denounced and his crimes vaguely discussed, we had not yet progressed far enough to let our people know how grisly the Stalin years had truly been.

The unchecked power of these Communist bosses wreaked untold damage on our society, as was vividly illustrated by the construction of a dam across the Gulf of Finland. One of the legacies of Stalinism was our leaders' love of colossal public works projects. Brezhnev oversaw the building of the Baikal-Amur Railway, known as BAM, a gigantic undertaking that lay down a little-needed rail line in the wilds of Siberia. In Leningrad, in the late 1970s, Romanov and his underlings devised their own "construction project of the century," a plan to dam off the Gulf of Finland in order to stop the frequent flooding of Leningrad. So in the 1980s, over the objections of some eminent scientists, a twelve-mile dam was built across the shallow gulf at phenomenal expense. There was, indeed, reduced flooding, but the dam so interfered with tidal flows and the local ecology that it turned much of the gulf near Leningrad into a dead sea. Leningrad's water became virtually undrinkable, beaches were polluted, and migrating species of fish, such as the delicious *koryushka,* were virtually wiped out. The dam was a boondoggle, an example of the monumental irresponsibility of our Party leaders and the absence of control over their actions, from above or below. Zaikov too was a big booster of the dam, and he and Romanov had no trouble persuading the Politburo in Moscow that their dam was a glorious achievement for Soviet Communism.

In late 1984, Romanov moved on to the Politburo in Moscow, and he was replaced by Zaikov. I remember vividly how Zaikov returned from a meeting with the fossilized Soviet leader, Chernenko, and reported on his trip in glowing terms.

"Constantin Ustinovich [Chernenko] gave me a very warm reception," Zaikov told a meeting of the regional Communist Party Committee. "He is so wise. He has so much understanding! He knows the problems of our city very well. I asked him about the construction of the dam, and he said he would like it to continue. We will soon get extra funds, and the blocking off of the Gulf of Finland will continue at full speed. It will be a great victory for us, comrades!"

Listening to Zaikov, it was clear that we were going back to the Brezhnev days, with their paper victories and mighty projects. As the roughly one hundred members of the regional Party Committee enthusiastically applauded Zaikov's speech, I felt my heart sink. I wanted to howl with anguish.

A group of local scientists asked me to use the power of the KGB to stop construction of the dam. But when I approached my chief, Nozyrev, and began talking about the environmental problems, he waved me off.

"Mind your own business," he snapped. "Grigory Vasilyevich [Romanov] has made a decision on this and it's final. Why do you have to listen to all these bleeding hearts?"

I was given an inside glimpse of our Party and political life when I was "elected" in 1981 to the Leningrad regional Soviet, our local legislature. I was nominated from the outlying Gatchina district. One day, in a prearranged show, a local seamstress school invited me to a political meeting. A Party official stood up before the three hundred students and said, "This is General Kalugin. He has rendered tremendous service to his country, he has many decorations, so we suggest that you nominate him to the regional Soviet."

All in the room raised their hands in assent. On election day, I received 99 percent of the votes in the district; after all, I was the only candidate. Once a month, I held office hours, but no one ever came to see me and I would wind up reading the newspaper or talking with friends. I did manage, through my connections, to find funds to build a new apartment building for the seamstress school, and that remains my only legacy from my seven years on the regional Soviet.

I also was chosen as a member of the regional Communist Party Committee, and I remember my first meeting, and how impressed I was as a seemingly simple worker stood up and delivered an eloquent speech on the region's social problems. After the meeting, I told a local Party boss how intelligent this common man had seemed, and how our educational standards appeared to be improving. The boss enlightened me, however. The worker hadn't just stood up and made an extemporaneous address. Party officials had chosen him a month in advance, had written his speech for him, and had drilled him repeatedly on how to deliver it. It was all scripted in advance, as was every meeting of the regional Soviet and Communist Party Committee. It was a charade, with leaders applauding one another for nonexistent achievements, issuing glowing reports about our bright future, and listening to the proletariat deliver canned speeches on the problems of the day.

In a KGB library, I got hold of the writings of the banned Yugoslav philosopher Milovan Djilas. His views on the corruption of Communism, and how he eventually made a break with Communist philosophy, mirrored mine exactly.

"In the sphere of intellectual life, the [Communist] oligarchs' planning doesn't lead to anything but stagnation, moral degradation and decadence," Djilas wrote in his book *The New Class.* "These heralds of the rigid, eroded, outdated ideas—it's they who freeze and hamper the people's creative impulses. Free thought is for them like a weed which threatens to uproot people's minds."

He went on to describe the shadow game the deluded Communist leaders played with one another: "It's like a theater without an audience: the actors applaud each other, admiring the way they play."

Reading Djilas's preface, I found a passage that exactly described my state of mind: "I departed from Communism gradually and consciously, as I came to get the picture and draw the conclusions described in this book . . . I am a product of this world. I took part in building it. Now, I'm one of its critics."

In March 1985, just as my faith in my country and its government was at an all-time low, Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev swept aside the octogenarians on the ruling Politburo in Moscow and took power. And with his ascension to the throne, I began to believe that my long-held dream of radically reforming our Communist state was about to come true.

I had first heard of Gorbachev the year before, while visiting my old friend Alexander Yakovlev, with whom I had attended Columbia University. Yakovlev had gone on to become Soviet ambassador to Canada, where in 1984 he met Gorbachev while the latter was on a trip to Ottawa. The two men forged a fast friendship, and they—along with Georgian leader Eduard Shevardnadze—went on to mastermind perestroika.

After his Canadian posting, Yakovlev returned to Moscow and was appointed head of the Institute of World Economy, where he became Gorbachev's closest adviser. Clearly they were already planning how

Gorbachev might take power once the ailing Chernenko passed away. I went to see Yakovlev in his office, and we greeted each other like old friends, catching up on all the news and gossip since our last meeting six years before. In the middle of our conversation the phone rang and Yakovlev, limping from a war wound, ambled over to his desk and picked up the receiver. His face lit up as he talked.

"Yes, Mikhail Sergeyevich," Yakovlev said. "I'll be done soon and I'll drop by then. . . . We'll work on it when I get there."

Yakovlev returned to his chair, took a sip of coffee, and said, "That was Mikhail Gorbachev, a member of the Politburo and Central Committee secretary. He's a great guy. If he becomes a general secretary there will be colossal changes in the country. He's a reformer with a capital 'R.'"

Now, two decades after Gorbachev became the leader of the Soviet Union, it is difficult for outsiders, and even some Russians, to remember what an astonishing impression he made during his first year on the job. In hindsight, it's clear that Gorbachev had no intention of doing away with the Communist system but simply wanted to overhaul it, to make it work more efficiently. At the time, however, what a joy it was to watch a robust man (he was then in his early fifties) talk about radically changing our society. What a breath of fresh air was glasnost, as our people and the press began debating long-taboo subjects, such as the stagnation of the Brezhnev years, the cruelty of Stalin, and the gross inefficiency of our Soviet system. One after another, the barriers came down, the sacred cows were slaughtered. It was an indescribably heady period, and I found myself almost instantly revived, like an old wineskin filled with young wine.

I was lucky enough to see Gorbachev just a few months after he took power. He came to Leningrad on an official visit, and I accompanied him to Petrodvorets, the site of Peter the Great's old palace. We met briefly, and then I listened to him speak at a meeting of the regional Communist Party. He struck me as almost Kennedyesque, talking in impassioned tones about how we had to get our society moving again. He was lucid and vigorous and, unlike our previous leaders, could even speak extemporaneously. (Toward the end of his reign, Brezhnev seemed incapable of saying his name without reading it from a cue card. We all cringed in embarrassment once when Brezhnev read the same page of his speech twice without realizing it. When I was in intelligence, Kryuchkov announced that, since Brezhnev didn't like to read, all our reports meant for the Soviet leader had to be triple-spaced and could not exceed three pages.) I came away from Gorbachev's Leningrad trip feeling certain that this was the man who could finally set things right in our long-suffering land.

Spurred on by glasnost and the new spirit ushered in by Gorbachev, I began to speak more aggressively at our KGB meetings, pushing for reform both inside and outside our agency. I also began writing letters to our national newspapers, joining the flood of people who welcomed the increased openness in our society. During the previous thaw in the Soviet Union under Khrushchev, no one dared speak out about Stalin until our leaders gave the okay. But by 1986, Soviet citizens weren't waiting for approval from on high; they were diving right in, saying and writing what they believed. I joined the fray, writing at least a dozen letters to *Pravda, Komsomolskaya Pravda, Literaturnaya Gazeta,* and other publications. I wrote the letters (none of which was published) as a common citizen and signed them "O. Kalugin." Now they look absurdly tame, but at the time the themes I was expounding seemed shockingly bold. I suggested it was all right for people to work side jobs as farmers or repairmen, pocketing the profits from their labor. I attacked the extensive system of traffic police posts that ringed our cities, calling them holdovers from an authoritarian past. I excoriated corrupt Communist Party bureaucrats, and said that the anti-alcohol campaign then sweeping the country was a foolish mistake. Seeking to prove that it was useless to try to stop people from drinking, I even quoted Karl Marx, who once wrote, "Being a native of a vine-growing land and a former owner of vineyards, I appreciate good wine. I even agree with old man Luther that a man who doesn't like wine is incapable of anything worth mentioning."

Literaturnaya Gazeta decided not to publish that letter.

I suddenly realized that I had lost my fear. Though I scarcely knew Gorbachev, I felt as if he were standing behind me, offering me support in my efforts to reform society and the KGB. Many younger officers supported Gorbachev and perestroika, but Nozyrev and his cronies clearly were uncomfortable with this reformer. The old-style bosses couldn't afford to completely ignore the new forces sweeping our society, and I remember that Zaikov arranged an exhibit in the city to tout one of the reformist fads of the day—*uskoreniye*, or acceleration—which demanded that we work harder and faster to lift our economy out of the doldrums. But it was clear that our Leningrad Party bosses, Romanov and Zaikov, were never fully behind the Soviet leader. Both were elevated to the ruling Politburo in Moscow; but Romanov was quickly sacked by Gorbachev and Zaikov was axed in a later purge of Communist hard-liners.

I said to hell with my boss, Nozyrev, and pushed Gorbachev's line whenever possible. In 1986, on the anniversary of Lenin's birth, I told a gathering of several hundred Communists that Lenin was actually a radical reformer who would have supported our efforts to rebuild the Soviet Union. My critiques were all couched in Marxist-Leninist rhetoric, but it was the beginning of glasnost, and budding reformers were forced to sweeten their bitter medicine with the familiar jargon of Communism.

Not only did I begin speaking out; I also began acting more aggressively to root out corruption in the Leningrad region, a choice of action that would set me on a collision course with our local Party leaders and lead, in 1987, to my removal from the Leningrad KGB.

By 1985, I had been put in charge of overseeing the work of the police and the Interior Ministry in the Leningrad region. Later that year, we got a tip from one of our informers, a police officer in the town of Gatchina, that the town's assistant prosecutor was notoriously corrupt and was taking bribes in exchange for calling off criminal investigations. At the same time, my constituents in Gatchina (I was their "elected" representative on the regional Soviet) began telling me about the rampant corruption in the town. I went to see Gennadi Voschinin, the Communist Party official who oversaw law enforcement agencies in the Leningrad region, and told him I wanted to investigate the allegations of corruption in Gatchina. Voschinin gave me the go-ahead.

We planted a listening device in the assistant prosecutor's office, and in a matter of weeks we had recorded several instances of his bribe taking. The evidence was irrefutable, and the regional prosecutor had no alternative but to take the man to court. He was convicted of receiving at least 10,000 rubles in bribes and sentenced to ten years in jail. However, as I would soon find out, his case was only the tip of the iceberg.

In 1986, after the assistant prosecutor had been convicted, Nozyrev and other top KGB officials in Leningrad met to discuss the agency's work during the first half of the year. In my report, I mentioned the arrest of the assistant prosecutor as one of our achievements and said the corruption investigation was continuing. Later, when Nozyrev spoke, he took a direct swipe at our accomplishments, telling the assembled officers, "Kalugin spoke here about this senior assistant to the prosecutor. So what? Was he a spy or something? Catch me a spy. You haven't caught a single one. So this guy took a bribe of a few thousand rubles? So what? You call that money? That's no case for the KGB."

I was furious. In front of more than three hundred officers I stood up and answered him.

"Comrade Nozyrev, if a store manager or shop clerk takes a bribe, even a million rubles, it doesn't matter to me while I'm on this job," I said, as my colleagues looked on in silence. "But when a law enforcement officer takes even ten rubles, this is a crime that has to be punished. The court gave this prosecutor the right sentence, ten years. The people you keep under investigation as spies will never be caught and never go to jail . . . Corruption has to be fought. It's eating away at our country."

My words were an affront to Nozyrev, but he sat there silently and moved on to the next order of business. He would not, however, forget my insubordination. Later he would settle the score.

Next we received word of extensive corruption in the mining region of Slantsy. The local Mafia, led by an Armenian man, was reportedly bribing district officials and then stealing shipments of imported Finnish goods meant for the miners. We placed wiretaps on the phones of several people, including the Armenian, and in a matter of weeks gathered enough information to convict a handful of local Mafiosi and some low-level officials. Our investigation was almost blown when Lev Zaikov's sister, who was involved with the local Mafia, got wind of our activities and tipped off her friends.

We were gaining momentum, and in late 1986 another police informer told us about extensive corruption involving the export of timber from the Leningrad region to the southern republics of the Soviet Union. Our informant said that Soviet "businessmen" from the southern republics were bribing numerous Leningrad officials, taking large amounts of timber out of the region at cut-rate prices and selling the wood at enormous profit in the south. Joined by ten investigators, we uncovered evidence that as many as forty "businessmen" and local officials were involved in the scam, and that more than 3 million rubles in bribes (worth about $4 million at the time) had changed hands. Among those taking bribes were the deputy chairman of the Leningrad regional Soviet, several district Communist Party bosses, and the head of the Leningrad region's agriculture department.

We arrested several dozen people, almost all of them the men who had paid the bribes, but the investigation didn't stop there. Some of those arrested gave evidence against even more important officials, including the deputy director of the Leningrad Lumber Association and a director of the Leningrad regional railway. The corruption was far more widespread than anyone had imagined, and our investigation was now reaching into the highest levels of Leningrad government and industry. Therein lay the problem.

I went to Nozyrev and laid out the scope of the investigation.

"Are you crazy, or what?" the Leningrad KGB chief responded. "You've already arrested forty people. What more do you want?"

I then went to the regional prosecutor and explained the evidence showing that far bigger fish were involved in the unfolding bribery scandal. I told him that the overwhelming majority of people we had arrested were businessmen and those who offered bribes, not the Leningrad officials, who were on the take.

"Look, Oleg," said the Leningrad prosecutor. "We've been cooperating so beautifully. We've arrested forty people. That's enough. Why don't we close this case?"

Next I went to Gennadi Voschinin, the regional Party official responsible for law enforcement and the man who had initially approved my investigation of the corrupt prosecutor.

Voschinin looked over the papers I had brought, detailing the region's massive bribe taking.

"What do you need all this for?" asked Voschinin. "You've already destroyed that lumber gang."

"The men we arrested are just businessmen who paid bribes to get the lumber," I responded. "It's the ones who let them have the timber illegally and take the bribes who are the real culprits, and they're still sitting in their offices in the Party Committee and the local government. Those are the ones who sold the power entrusted to them by the people. They are much more dangerous than those who gave the bribes. And we're talking about 3 million rubles."

"Why are you so bloodthirsty?" said Voschinin. "Why do you want more heads to roll? Isn't forty enough for you? You want more blood? I'm sorry, I can't help you. Just wrap up the case. There's no use going on."

"I'm sorry," I replied. "It would be dishonest to stop now. I'm doing what I'm here to do. I won't close the case."

"Just think it over," replied Voschinin. "That's all we ask."

That same day, Nozyrev summoned me to his office at KGB headquarters on Liteiny Prospect.

"What is it you're trying to start, a mutiny?" he shouted. "Enough fooling around. You haven't made a single case of anti-Soviet activity or espionage in the region. It's time you did some real work."

I told him he was wrong, that KGB Chairman Chebrikov himself had argued for the need to step up the fight against corruption.

“Enough of your demagoguery!” Nozyrev snapped, and ordered me out of his office.

Within a few days, I learned that KGB officials in Moscow and Leningrad had begun trying to compromise my chief investigators and were pressuring them to stop working with me. One investigator was accused of extorting bribes from a criminal; another was accused of stealing diamonds during an investigation; a third was accused by neighbors in his communal apartment of beating his wife. The accusations were false, but the KGB was turning the heat up on my investigators, and one by one they withdrew from the case. Clearly our investigation had been too aggressive and reached too high into the Party structure. Now my superiors were determined to put an end to the work of my group.

About that time, I had finished reading the three-volume KGB case file on the brilliant Russian poet Anna Akhmatova. She had been under suspicion since 1927, first as a Trotskyite and then as an American spy. Her file was full of nasty reports from the legions of informers who had been persuaded to work against the poet. They spread rumors and innuendo, one woman even alleging that Akhmatova was a lesbian and had fondled the informer’s breasts. The file, which I took from the KGB archives, laid out the sordid picture of how the KGB had hounded this woman and monitored her every move for decades. And as I read through the documents and thought of my own growing struggle with the security apparatus, a line from one of Akhmatova’s poems kept running through my mind: “Everything is stolen, betrayed, sold . . .”

I knew I would get no help in Leningrad with our investigation, and so I decided to write a letter to the prosecutor general in Moscow. In it, I laid out the extent of our corruption inquiry and reported that Leningrad officials were now covering up what we had found.

I heard nothing for a month; indeed, the prosecutor general never acknowledged receiving my letter. One day, however, Voschinin summoned me, and this time he made no effort to conceal his anger.

"We didn't expect this from you," Voschinin said. "Why did you have to complain to the prosecutor general? Listen, we in Leningrad know best how to handle these affairs. Do you think they will help us in Moscow? Well, they won't. We don't take orders from Moscow. . . . We have instructed the regional prosecutor's office to drop the lumber case."

I knew now that there was no going back. My growing dissatisfaction with the KGB and Soviet life, my realization that my career was already over—all this propelled me forward, persuaded me that I had to continue my increasingly dissident activities.

But Nozyrev apparently thought I had gone too far, and he fabricated a scandal to drive me out of Leningrad. It centered on my role as the KGB's representative on the Foreign Travel Commission, the body that decided which of our citizens would be allowed to go abroad.

The Foreign Travel Commission was a purely totalitarian creation, an omnipotent group that wielded enormous power over Leningraders hoping to travel overseas. Representatives from the police, Intourist, the Communist Party, and the KGB sat on the commission, though I, as the security service's person on the body, had the ultimate say on who could travel. It was not a job I enjoyed.

My troubles began at a commission meeting in late 1986. The gathering started off typically enough, with the chief of Intourist in Leningrad ticking off a list of employees they had decided to ban from overseas travel.

"Guide and interpreter Radvinskaya, non-Party member, divorced, went to Spain with a group of Soviet tourists," the Intourist chief said in a monotone. "She often left the hotel alone in the evenings and came back late at night. Paid no attention to group leader's reprimands, answered tourists' questions rudely, did not use every opportunity to propagandize the Soviet way of life . . . Should be barred from foreign travel.

"Interpreter Semenova, Communist Party member, senior guide. On a Danube cruise showed herself to be greedy and mercenary.

Behaved flippantly . . . rude, apolitical . . . Barred from foreign travel.”

Soon we came to the case of a woman named Irina, an employee of Pan American Airlines in Leningrad. Irina had once worked in the Party library, and I knew her to be a reliable and hardworking person; she had helped me type several papers. But apparently one of her colleagues at Pan Am, a KGB informer, didn’t like Irina and said in a confidential report that Irina was a greedy capitalist who would use her time abroad to make money. On the strength of that one informer, one of my underlings had signed an order banning Irina from foreign travel.

I told my fellow commission members that I wanted to look more closely at the case. The following week I got Irina’s file, and it was clear that she had an admirable record, save for this one spiteful coworker, and was not a travel risk. I reported my findings at the next meeting of the Foreign Travel Commission, and we agreed that the ban would be lifted and Irina allowed to go to the United States. I sent a letter to the Leningrad regional Party Committee saying that new material exonerating the woman had been found and that the ban was being lifted.

Somehow, the new Leningrad City Party boss, Yuri Solovyov, got wind of our decision and was infuriated by it. Nozyrev summoned me and other top deputies and launched into another of his harangues:

“Solovyov is outraged by this! You have screwed up. Do you ever look at the papers you sign? First, you allow people to travel, then you forbid them, and then you blacklist others and change your minds again. I am sick and tired of listening to the regional Party Committee’s complaints about your inefficiency.”

“What are you yelling at me for?” I interrupted. “Does the regional Party Commission have nothing better to do than spend its time finding fault with the Travel Commission? Yes, we occasionally make mistakes, but when we do, we correct them.”

Nozyrev turned purple and swore at me. Fed up after six years of working with this idiot and emboldened by the reform spirit alive in the country, I swore back at him and said, “I will no longer work with you.”

The Leningrad KGB chief rose from his seat and said, “I will not work with you either. The meeting is over. Go away, all of you. I don’t wish to talk any more.”

With that, he stormed out of the conference room. I later learned that he called Chebrikov that same day to say that I had revolted and could no longer work in Leningrad.

I returned to my office and sat down to write Chebrikov a letter requesting that he immediately transfer me back to Moscow. As I was sitting there over a blank page, pondering the wording of the letter, a friend of mine from domestic counterintelligence came into my office and suggested we have coffee in the cafeteria.

“Look, Nozyrev thinks you okayed this woman’s trip to America in order to restore your lost connection to the CIA through her,” my friend told me as we sat down in the buffet. “You’ve been watched for several years on orders from Moscow, but the surveillance didn’t turn up anything worthwhile. In order to compromise you and get you out of here, our agent who heads the Pan Am office called his bosses in Moscow on Nozyrev’s orders. Nozyrev told our Pan Am agent to tell the American office that he was about to be fired because some KGB general (you) was having an affair with this Irina woman and that the general was jealous of him. The telephone conversation was a setup and it was recorded, so you can be sure that the transcript will be on the KGB chairman’s desk today.”

My colleague, who had taken part in the investigation of me, also said Nozyrev and Moscow KGB officials had become quite suspicious a year or two earlier when I parked my car along the Neva River and took a walk. Apparently the surveillance team following me spotted an American consular official in the same area, and they suspected me of holding a secret rendezvous with the CIA.

“Did you see that American?” my colleague asked.

“How do I know?” I replied. “I meet hundreds of people on the street every day and I don’t know which of them is American. And frankly I don’t care.”

I thanked my colleague and returned to my office, stunned that Nozyrev would go to such lengths to get rid of me. I was even more outraged that the KGB still wasn't convinced of my loyalty and was continuing to follow me. It was the last straw.

"No more," I said to myself. "Nothing will stop me now."

I knew there was no sense writing Chebrikov, that I had to take a gamble and go outside the KGB. So I sat down and drafted a letter to the Central Committee of the Communist Party, hoping that, under Gorbachev's influence, the Central Committee members might decide to do something about the rampant corruption in Leningrad. In my letter, I described in detail the investigation and how top officials in the city had refused to pursue the scandal further and were protecting their cronies in the Party. I said that Nozyrev himself had backed off the investigation, and I went on at length about his incompetent leadership, his concealment of problems, his intolerance of dissent, and his abuse of power. When I was finished, I placed the six-page letter in a top secret pouch and had it sent by special courier to Moscow. I was hopeful that, at last, something would be done.

Two weeks later, a special investigating commission, comprised of high-ranking officials from the KGB and the Central Committee, arrived in Leningrad to look into my allegations. They seemed to mean business, and I was delighted as they fanned out around the region. In a few days, however, it became clear that the special commission had come to Leningrad not to investigate Nozyrev and corruption. They had come to investigate me! They didn't like the message they had heard, and they were going after the messenger. Numerous friends and acquaintances in the KGB said commission members were asking why I had started this trouble, what sort of relationship I had with Nozyrev, whether I drank heavily or was a womanizer, whether I embezzled money or had any contacts with foreigners. One of my friends in the region said a commission member had tried to intimidate him into making negative statements about me.

"Tell us how you got drunk together, how you went to the sauna," my friend quoted the commission member as saying.

When my friend denied we had ever gotten drunk or chased women, the commission member responded, “We will find out everything and then you’ll be sorry you didn’t tell us.”

I gave the commission members names of people who could corroborate my corruption allegations, but they never spoke to them. Instead, they concentrated on compromising me, though after several weeks in the city they came up with nothing. As they prepared to depart, the commission held a meeting with some top KGB staff. I was in attendance and wanted to speak, but the head of the commission, deputy KGB chairman for personnel Vitaly Ponomaryov, told me, “Comrade Kalugin, we agree with you that Nozyrev should be removed, but that will take some time. But you don’t have to speak today, and don’t speak against him publicly. Just keep quiet.”

So I kept quiet. Nozyrev wasn’t removed, and the commission concluded there was no substance to my allegations. My only consolation came when I heard from friends in Moscow that Gorbachev had read my letter about Nozyrev and had scribbled across it, “Are there really such bosses in the KGB? Run a check on him.”

As was often to be the case, however, the KGB officers under Gorbachev sabotaged any efforts to reform the massive secret police agency.

I knew that my gamble of writing the Central Committee had failed and that remaining in Leningrad was out of the question. Several weeks after the commission left, I was summoned to Moscow by Ponomaryov and told, “We suggest you come back to Moscow. You’ve been in Leningrad too long, and it’s obvious that it’s impossible for you to work with Nozyrev. It’s time to come back home. We suggest that you take a job at the Academy of Sciences, as security officer. It’s a big job. You understand how important the Academy of Sciences is. You’ll get to travel a lot.”

“I haven’t finished my job yet in Leningrad,” I said stubbornly. “I want to go back.”

“We’ll give you some time to think it over,” said Ponomaryov. “But I think it would be better for you to come back.”

The next day I went to see my friend Alexander Yakovlev. He said he had tried to persuade Kryuchkov and Chebrikov to let me return to a high position with the KGB in Moscow, but all his entreaties had failed. We agreed that it would be best for me to leave Leningrad, and the following day I told Ponomaryov that I would accept the transfer to the Academy of Sciences. I knew it was a dead-end job. I would be placed on the KGB reserve, and my responsibility would be to make sure that none of the scientists in the academy got into trouble or had contact with Western intelligence services. It was the effective end of my thirty-year career. But I saw no other way out, and I had a vague feeling that a larger task lay ahead. I didn't know quite what it was, but I already sensed that I could play a major role in the reform of the agency to which I had devoted my life.

In December 1986 I returned to Leningrad and prepared to leave for Moscow. I never saw Nozyrev again and said good-bye to only a few of my colleagues; many officers now saw me as a dangerous dissident and wanted nothing to do with me.

Early in January 1987, almost seven years to the day since I had been transferred to Leningrad following the Cook affair, I boarded a night train for Moscow. The predominant emotion I experienced wasn't anger or bitterness, but emptiness. I felt as if I had wasted seven years in a petty, useless job, and Leningrad no longer felt like my hometown. To me, it was an alien and hostile place. So too was the KGB, and I returned to Moscow with one overriding aim: to expose and reform this gigantic piece of totalitarian machinery.

Soon after arriving in Moscow, I went in to see Chairman Chebrikov. To my surprise, he greeted me warmly.

"Why didn't you write directly to me?" he asked. "Why did you have to write to the Central Committee, to air our dirty linen in public? . . . You should have written to me to complain about Nozyrev. After all, Nozyrev is on his way out."

"Is that why you put me in the reserve?" I asked.

"This all happened so quickly and unexpectedly," replied the aging Chebrikov. "You raised hell and there was simply no senior position open that we could offer you. You are no ordinary officer and you can only fill a very high position, but there's none vacant at the moment. So stay here in the reserve for a while. Maybe you'll soon become deputy chairman of the KGB."

At the end of our brief conversation, however, Chebrikov fired a warning shot.

"If you keep writing these letters, I will simply sack you at your early retirement age of fifty-five," the chairman said.

"I understand," I replied.

I left furious. Chebrikov clearly had no intention of promoting me to deputy chairman of the KGB, but he had held out that prospect in an effort to keep me toeing the company line. Chebrikov also had threatened me, however, and I knew that the stick was much more real than the carrot.

I began working (actually, it was more like retirement) as protector of state secrets at the Academy of Sciences. That same month I saw my friend and close Gorbachev adviser, Yakovlev, and told him of the dire situation at the KGB: Chebrikov was incompetent, Kryuchkov was a bastard, and not one breath of reform had swept through the agency. Then, one day at work, it came to me: I had to write a letter to Gorbachev himself, setting forth what needed to be done to change the KGB.

In a single day, I produced a ten-page letter to the Soviet leader. I told Gorbachev that the KGB was a state within a state and that perestroika would never succeed unless the KGB was reformed, top to bottom. The KGB was one of the pillars of the Soviet state, and it had to be brought under control and made into a law-abiding institution that stopped spying on, and spreading fear among, its own people. I suggested that the staff of our agency be cut by at least a third, that intelligence and counterintelligence be streamlined and radically reformed, that far fewer documents be stamped top secret, and that the onerous restrictions on foreign travel be lifted.

I told Gorbachev, in effect, that the KGB was an agency out of control. Left unreformed, it would perpetually pose a threat to our society.

"Against the background of the changes taking place in this country," I wrote, "the KGB appears to be the most conservative, rigid agency, one which can't help but enter into a growing conflict with the progressive development of socialist society. . . . The time is ripe to reform the law enforcement system and strengthen the Party and government control over [the KGB]. That will substantially speed up the process of democratization in our country."

I showed the letter to Yakovlev, and he heartily endorsed it. He passed it on to Gorbachev, launching me irreversibly down the path of dissidence.

I wasn't scared; I knew I was doing the right thing. All my life I had tried to please my superiors, had worried about my advancement in the KGB. As I passed the letter to Yakovlev, I felt liberated, elated, and unconcerned about what the future might bring.

Only later did I discover that, even before Gorbachev had a chance to read the letter, Chebrikov had been on the phone with him, telling him I was a dangerous and unstable man. It was my fault that Gorbachev was forewarned; I had told some colleagues I was writing the letter, and in a matter of hours someone had passed the information on to Chebrikov.

I never heard from the Soviet leader, though Yakovlev told me Gorbachev had been moved by my letter and was following some of its suggestions. But the truth is that Gorbachev could be a timid reformer, and he refused to take on Chebrikov, Kryuchkov, and the KGB. His inaction would come back to haunt him in 1991, when Kryuchkov and other top KGB officials masterminded the August coup, an event that would quickly lead to the demise of the Soviet Union and the end of Gorbachev's historic reign.

Several weeks after I passed the letter to Gorbachev, Chebrikov summoned me to Lubyanka. He looked grim as he received me.

"What did you write in your letter to Gorbachev?" he asked before I even had a chance to sit down.

"I thought you knew," I replied. "The letter was delivered a few weeks ago."

"I didn't read it," he responded curtly. "I don't have a copy. Tell me what you wrote."

I began recounting the contents of the letter. For two hours I set forth my views. I was constantly interrupted by Chebrikov, who contested nearly every point.

"This is not correct," he would say. "How can you possibly write that?"

"It's just the way I feel," I said. "It's my opinion, and it's different from yours. I'm sorry, but that doesn't mean I have to change it."

"But you don't know the scope of operations for the whole KGB," Chebrikov said. "You don't know how important some of these items, like secrecy, are."

The longer we spoke, the more emotional Chebrikov became.

"Where did you get this stuff?" he asked at one point.

"I've been with the organization for more than thirty years, a lot longer than you have," I said. "That's how I know. I've been accumulating this knowledge all my life and everything I say is my conviction. I may not know all the figures, but I know the facts and I wrote them as I saw them. That's what I put in my letter."

I had written that the KGB's Ninth Directorate, which employed thousands of bodyguards, was largely useless, full of ne'er-do-wells and drunkards.

"Do you know how important this unit is, how many terrorists are swarming around?" Chebrikov said. "See, you don't know about that."

"I'll tell you what I don't know, Viktor Mikhailovich," I said, my anger rising. "I don't know how this organization, which I have served loyally for over thirty years, could suspect me of being a CIA agent all this time. Do you know about that?"

"We have the right to check everyone!" he shot back.

"But you must also have the professional brains to understand what you are doing," I retorted. "Don't you understand that if you carry on this way with other officers, you will simply undermine the very basis of this organization?"

My anger overflowed, and I told him, my voice cracking, "I will defend my reputation against anyone, you included!"

The KGB chairman shot out of his chair and exclaimed, "And I will defend my reputation and this organization from people like you! . . . I will fight back!"

"And so will I!" I shouted.

Chebrikov strode up to me, fire in his eyes, and shook my hand angrily.

"Go and work!" he said.

I never saw him again.

I returned to my sleepy job at the Academy of Sciences. In August 1987, KGB personnel informed me that I was going to be transferred to the Ministry of Electronics, where I also would be charged with protecting state secrets. It was a high position in the reserve, higher than the Academy of Sciences, and I would have a car and a comfortable salary. The move was Chebrikov's attempt to buy me off.

Besides, he could always tell Yakovlev and Gorbachev, "Kalugin's all right. He's been promoted and he's enjoying life."

I didn't much care what I was doing in the KGB; I knew that retirement and a new life lay not far ahead. Already, I was a different man. The feeling of smallness and fear was leaving me, and I felt an acute need to be myself, to live the way I wanted to live.

In January 1988, I moved to the Ministry of Electronics. I spent almost two years there, traveling the country and visiting top secret labs and defense plants. The work was not taxing, and I had little to be proud of. My most notable accomplishment was that I managed to reduce the number of top secret installations within the ministry from three hundred to thirty. I wrote several articles for the Soviet press. I spent time with my wife, daughters, and grandchildren. Mostly I bided my time.

In September 1989, I turned fifty-five. Several weeks after my birthday, the KGB Personnel Department summoned me to Lubyanka. I knew what they were going to say.

"We regret it, but we have to tell you that your time is up," the personnel man told me. "You've served your country well, but now we suggest that you retire."

"Okay," I replied. "No problem. I'm ready. What am I supposed to do?"

The personnel people seemed taken aback at how gently I accepted the news of my forced retirement. They kindly suggested I take my accrued vacation pay and sick days, and then come back early next year and officially retire.

"Very well," I said on my way out, scarcely able to conceal an enormous grin. "I will go, but we will have a good fight soon."

I went on vacation for the rest of 1989, spending several weeks at a lavish KGB sanatorium on the Black Sea. In December, a friend from personnel called and suggested that I check into the hospital for a week or two, and delay my retirement until February. Pay raises were coming soon, he said, and by stalling I could leave the KGB with an even higher pension.

I took his advice. Finally, on February 26, 1990, I went to Lubyanka for the last time as a KGB officer. The men in personnel signed my retirement papers, and assured me I would be receiving severance pay of 8,000 rubles, quite a sum at the time.

Walking out of Lubyanka, I eyed the papers that said I was now Oleg Danilovich Kalugin, retired major general of the State Security Committee. After serving more than three decades in the KGB, walking away from the agency turned out to be surprisingly easy. I had had a wonderful career, and now it was over. I felt no sadness; the sadness had all been in Leningrad in the 1980s, when I realized the true nature of the organization to which I had devoted my life. No, the sadness had passed. As I walked down the steps of Lubyanka and onto Dzerzhinsky Square, I felt almost euphoric, as if an enormous weight had been lifted from my shoulders.

It was a cool, sunny day, and I walked a few blocks to Nikolskaya Street. My destination was the Institute of History and Archives. The rector of the institute was a man named Yuri Afanasiev, and he was a leader of the fledgling democratic movement in Russia. I made my way up the steps to his office and knocked on his door. I had no appointment; his secretary asked me who I was. I replied that I had just retired as a major general from the KGB and wanted to see Afanasiev.

She ushered me into his room. I shook hands with the erudite, handsome person in front of me and showed him my KGB identification papers.

"I want to help the democratic movement," I said. "I am sure that my knowledge and experience will be useful. You can use me in any capacity. I'll be with you."

Afanasiev seemed not the least bit surprised.

"I always knew people like you would come to us," he said with a smile.

CHAPTER 9

Rebirth

ON THE AFTERNOON OF JUNE 16, 1990, I WENT PUBLIC WITH MY FIGHT against the KGB.

The place was the cavernous October Cinema on Moscow's Kalinin Prospect, and the occasion was the inaugural gathering of one of the country's newest and most progressive political organizations, the Democratic Platform of the Communist Party. More than fifteen hundred people, including many of the Soviet Union's most prominent liberal politicians, streamed into the hall, and as they took their seats there was a feeling of euphoria in the air. By the middle of 1990, Gorbachev's popularity was slipping and the luster of perestroika and glasnost was starting to fade. But politically, it was a supercharged time in the Soviet Union: reformers were gathering strength and building the political parties that were challenging the old order. It is ironic that the Democratic Platform still associated itself with the Communist Party. As the months passed, even our members would begin to work for the destruction of the Party itself; but in June 1990, the old Communist structures still held sway and we deluded ourselves into thinking the Party could actually be revived.

When I walked into the October Cinema, I was a virtual unknown, both inside the Soviet Union and around the world. But by the time I left several hours later, my days of living in obscurity would be over. June 16, 1990, was the day I crossed the Rubicon. Afterward nothing would be the same.

I settled into the twentieth row of the theater, hoping no one from the KGB would be there who recognized me. After approaching Yuri Afanasiev on the day of my retirement in February, I had quietly started working with him and other reformers. I had written a lengthy article on the KGB for the crusading magazine *Ogonyok,* setting forth my views on how to reform the agency. Although glasnost had come to the USSR, censorship still existed. My close friend Alexander Yakovlev saw the piece I submitted to *Ogonyok's* editor, Vitaly Korotich, and strongly advised Korotich not to publish it. Gorbachev, Yakovlev argued, had enough problems without launching a full-scale assault on the KGB. So, much to my disappointment, the article was scrapped, and I busied myself establishing links with the country's democratic forces.

I had gotten wind of the upcoming Democratic Platform conference and told some of my friends that I would like to address the gathering. I wanted my thoughts on dismantling the KGB to reach the public. Late one night in early June, the phone rang. The caller was Igor Chubais, one of the leaders of Democratic Platform, and he said he wanted to meet me. It was after eleven, but I suggested that Chubais (whose brother would later lead Boris Yeltsin's drive to privatize Russian industry) come over to my place. He was skittish, however, apparently concerned that my apartment was bugged. (His concern was well founded. There is no doubt that as my anti-KGB campaign gathered strength, both my phone and my apartment were bugged. The old ladies who stood watch in our building later described how strange men with government papers gained entry to our apartment when we weren't home, claiming our phone lines were faulty. They obviously were planting listening devices. When I let slip word of an upcoming meeting or rendezvous on the phone or in my apartment, KGB surveillance teams often showed up.) Chubais suggested we meet shortly after midnight in front of a nearby subway station. I arrived and stood there under an umbrella in the warm spring rain. The lights of passing cars illuminated the occasional pedestrians scurrying for shelter. At the appointed time, a boxy Zhiguli pulled up, and a bearded man stepped out and approached me. Shaking my hand, he introduced himself as Igor Chubais, and for the next hour we walked the deserted residential streets in the soft rain.

Chubais clearly was skeptical about why such a high-ranking KGB officer would want to join the democratic movement and speak at the upcoming convention. I briefly told him about my career in the KGB, explained my motives for wanting to address Democratic Platform, and outlined the substance of my talk on what needed to be done to break the awesome power of the KGB. By the end of our walk, he seemed convinced I was genuine. He said I could speak at the conference, though we both agreed that no one was to know of my speech in advance, otherwise the KGB might try to prevent me from appearing on the grounds that I was divulging state secrets.

As I sat in the October Theater with people streaming in all around me, I was nervous and excited. The crowd slowly quieted down, and the procession of speakers (we Russians love a good political speech) began. After the third orator, someone from Democratic Platform took the microphone to announce that a former KGB general was now going to address the group about reforming the secret police agency. The audience went wild. They had no idea who I was, but they stood up and applauded thunderously, searching the room for this convert from the KGB. No high-ranking KGB officer had ever stayed in the country and taken on the agency, and the thought that someone of my stature and experience was coming over to the democratic side was enough to send the audience into rapture. Somehow I made my way to the stage, and when I looked out at the crowd—still on their feet, cheering and applauding—my heart leapt. It was one of the most thrilling moments of my life. Finally I was free, and assaulting the KGB head-on.

The audience fell silent. Struggling to steady my voice, I told the gathering, "Some people may think that I have jumped on the democratic bandwagon with evil intentions. I understand that there may be suspicions in your minds, but let me tell you that you're wrong. I am from the KGB. I worked in that organization for more than thirty years, and I want to tell all of you how the KGB works against the best interests of democratic forces in this country."

There was utter silence in the hall as I talked about myself and explained why the KGB must be radically reformed and the number of agents drastically reduced:

"We cannot begin a serious restructuring of society until we rid ourselves of the restraints imposed by an organization which has penetrated every sphere of our lives, which interferes with all aspects of state life, political life, the economy, science, arts, religion, even sports. Today, just as ten or twenty years ago, the hand of the KGB is everywhere. And any talk of perestroika without reforming the KGB is nothing but a lie. All the much-ballyhooed changes in the KGB are cosmetic, a disguise on the ugly face of the Stalin-Brezhnev era. In fact, all the elements of the old dictatorship are still in place. The chief assistant and handmaiden of the Communist Party remains the KGB. In order to secure genuine changes in our country, this structure of violence and falsehood must be dismantled."

My brief speech was greeted with roars of approval, and again the crowd was on its feet. I could scarcely make my way off stage as dozens of Soviet and foreign journalists attending the conference crowded around, peppering me with questions about my life in the KGB and soliciting my views on every conceivable subject. KGB officers had defected before, but no officer, even in the Gorbachev era, had remained in his homeland and launched such an attack on the secret police. My criticism of the KGB was not terribly new and certainly what I said was no secret to those in the hall or in the West. But the fact that I, the youngest general in the history of the KGB and a former chief of foreign counterintelligence, was making these statements in the middle of Moscow, in broad daylight and to a conference of reformers . . . well, it was, by the standards of the times, a sensation.

I returned home that night exhausted but elated. I hadn't known how I would be received by Democratic Platform, and the reaction was beyond my wildest dreams. I understood that I had embarked on an entirely new path in life and was being accepted into a community of people with whom I could finally feel comfortable.

The weeks after that first public appearance are a blur, a time filled to overflowing with interviews and speeches and meetings. I was, for a brief time, the hero of the democratic movement, and everyone, from foreign journalists to leaders of the reform camp, beat a path to my door. I was invited to the Kuzbass coal region in Siberia, where miners were preparing to go on strike. I met with the miners and addressed a street rally of thousands of people in Novokuznetsk. The theme of that speech, which was received enthusiastically, would be repeated frequently in the months to come: The fledgling democratic rights we had already won could be destroyed if we didn't bring the KGB under control.

I spoke at mass rallies in Moscow, addressing a crowd of several hundred thousand people at one of the biggest pro-democracy demonstrations ever held in the Soviet capital. As I surveyed the cheering throng just outside the Kremlin walls, I could scarcely believe what was happening: A KGB general was standing before a sea of humanity in Manezh Square calling for the dismantling of the KGB. It was a heady time, and the entire country seemed united in destroying the old Communist system. We thought that just by nudging Gorbachev a bit farther to the left we could decisively rout the old guard and bring real democracy to the Soviet Union. In our naïveté, we didn't realize that the reserves of the totalitarian state were far from exhausted and were in fact regrouping and preparing to counterattack. The crackdown in Lithuania in January 1991 and the coup in Moscow the following August would be the result.

My phone rang nonstop as some callers offered encouragement or sought advice, while others would scream that I was a traitor and threaten my life. In my building, an old woman, the widow of a KGB general, would attack me every time she saw me. "You CIA man!" she would hiss. "Traitor!" This went on for quite some time, until one day, unable to listen to her any longer, I barked, "You old bitch! Get out of here before I break your neck!" I had never in my life spoken to an elderly person like that. But there's always a first time, and in this case it felt great. She never bothered me again.

Within days of my speech, the inevitable KGB attack began. The KGB press office released a statement saying, in part, "The KGB is going to have its say about Kalugin, who he is and what he stands for." Then on July 1, two weeks after the speech, Gorbachev issued a decree stripping me of my rank of major general, revoking all my KGB awards, and cutting off my pension. The KGB hauled in numerous Soviet reporters who had printed interviews with me, and demanded to see their notes and listen to their tape recordings.

At first I was shocked that Gorbachev, whom I had once viewed as a bold reformer, would take such a step. But as the heat was turned up, I realized that Gorbachev had become a timid reformer and had no intention of tackling the problem of the KGB. He was under enormous pressure from Kryuchkov and others in the security services, and he wasn't about to alienate them by coming to my defense. Gorbachev was undeniably a great figure who helped set our country free, but his actions against me were typical, and showed that as time wore on he became increasingly timid, a man of half steps and half-baked reforms. Gorbachev believed he could outsmart Kryuchkov and the KGB by going along with them for a while and then ultimately exerting control over the agency. But as the months wore on in 1990 and early 1991, the Soviet leader grew more reluctant to stand up to the hard-liners surrounding him, which emboldened reactionary forces in the KGB and the Communist Party. He became, in effect, their hostage. By August 1991, the hard-liners thought they could depose Gorbachev and that he would scarcely protest. Thankfully Gorbachev finally stood his ground.

About the time Gorbachev issued his decree stripping me of my rank and pension, my friends in the KGB told me that Kryuchkov had pulled my medical records from agency files. I was trying not to be paranoid, but the only reason I could see for his move was foul play. Perhaps, as had been done with Solzhenitsyn and other troublemakers, the KGB was planning to drug or poison me. I had no idea. But in my speeches and interviews, I always mentioned the KGB's "special operations" and efforts to physically harm dissidents, and said that if anything happened to me, it would be clear who was responsible.

Later I had a call from the KGB medical clinic, and my physician told me that Kryuchkov wanted her to fabricate documents that I was mentally unstable and needed psychiatric treatment. She refused.

"If a brick should happen to fall on my head, I feel certain you will know who the culprit is," I told people. Ludmilla was worried about my safety. Meanwhile, I operated on the principle that the more visible I was, the more difficult it would be for the KGB to do me harm.

The KGB also launched a bitter attack on me in the press. The rather liberal Leningrad newspaper *Smena* published a full-page article which said I was still working for the KGB and was part of an elaborate plot to infiltrate the democratic movement. The story was reprinted around the country. *Pravda* weighed in with an article saying I was an ambitious, incompetent officer, and hinting darkly that I may have worked for the CIA. The story clearly was written by the KGB, though *Pravda* said one of its correspondents (a man named V. Ivanov, the Russian equivalent of John Doe) penned the piece.

"We are not at all sorry that we got rid of Kalugin," an anonymous KGB public relations person was quoted as saying. "It is very unfortunate when an officer embarks on the path of illegal actions, behaves immorally, or commits treason."

Though most members of the democratic movement welcomed me, a minority remained hostile and suspicious. The most painful attack came from Yelena Bonner, wife of the physicist and human rights campaigner Andrei Sakharov.

"It's very strange," Bonner said in an interview with a Soviet newspaper, "when KGB generals join the democratic movement."

When Bonner criticized me a second time, I felt I had to respond.

"What is so strange?" I asked in a newspaper interview. "Her husband is the father of the Soviet hydrogen bomb. He was a total Stalinist in his time. Look at his diaries—he absolutely adored Stalin. But he changed, because he understood the fallacy of this system that might use the weapon of mass destruction he had invented. He also discarded Stalin, who had been his idol. Am I not allowed to change? Is this the right of Sakharov only? Everyone can change, and the sooner we do it the better. Maybe I was late, but I don't feel ashamed. Better late than never."

That summer, as I came to grips with my role as chief adversary of the KGB, an event took place in Russia that was to have far-reaching consequences. Boris Yeltsin, the blunt, bearish reformer, was elected chairman of the Russian parliament. I knew at the time that Yeltsin's election, which he won by just a few votes, was a momentous occasion. But none of us knew just how crucial it would prove to be. Yeltsin's victory in parliament cleared the way for him to become, in June 1991, the first popularly elected president in Russia's thousand-year history. That victory, in turn, gave him the legitimacy to stand up to the August 1991 coup. After that, Yeltsin began the historic reforms that led the country to yet another stalemate.

As it turned out, my fate was linked with Yeltsin's victory. Yeltsin's opponent in the race for chairman of the Congress of People's Deputies was a short, unpleasant, hard-line Communist named Ivan Polozkov. He was the Communist Party boss of the notoriously conservative Krasnodar region in southern Russia, and in order to run against Yeltsin, he had to give up one of the three legislative seats he held. Polozkov was a deputy in the regional legislature, the Russian parliament, and the Soviet parliament; he chose to forfeit his seat in the USSR Congress of People's Deputies. That left a vacancy in the Soviet parliament from Krasnodar, a vacancy I would be asked to fill.

The call that launched my political career came one evening in July 1990. The phone rang in our Moscow apartment, and when I picked up the receiver a man said through the static of a long-distance Soviet line, "I am sorry to disturb you . . . My name is Veligodsky. I am calling you at the request of our colleagues at a scientific research center in Krasnodar. We have decided to put your name forward as a candidate to fill the vacant seat in the USSR Congress of People's Deputies. We hope you'll accept our offer."

I was flabbergasted. I had barely begun my public crusade against the KGB, yet here I was being asked to run for a seat in the Soviet Union's highest legislature. I didn't know what to say. Under Soviet law, anyone from Russia was eligible to run for the Krasnodar seat. I hesitated for a few moments, but then realized what a terrific opportunity had come my way: I was being given a chance to venture into one of the Soviet Union's Communist strongholds and capture the seat vacated by one of the staunchest Party members in the land. My candidacy would be a challenge to the old order—a system that had sought to publicly demolish my dignity as an officer and a human being by stripping me of the awards, rank, and pension I had earned in many years of honest work.

I couldn't resist.

"Yes," I said into the phone. "I agree!"

I had a week to get down to Krasnodar to be officially nominated and register for the election, which was scheduled for late August. I had passed through the region once years ago, and knew it to be a bizarre and backward place. Before the Russian Revolution, the Krasnodar region had been home to the fierce Kuban Cossacks. In the Soviet era, Krasnodar, with its relatively balmy southern climate, was one of the most fertile areas in the Soviet Union. And also one of the most corrupt. A long succession of Party officials in the region had been involved in bribery and black market deals. Some Party bosses had been arrested; others had escaped conviction. In any case, the Party apparatus was one of the shadiest and most powerful in Russia, perhaps because Krasnodar bordered on the unruly Caucasus Mountain region. I never heard accusations against Polozkov, whose seat in parliament I was seeking. But this man, who looked like a Russian version of Richard Nixon, was as zealous a Communist as there was in the Soviet Union.

As I prepared in mid-July to fly to Krasnodar, several incidents occurred which showed that the KGB had me under constant surveillance. Over the phone, I agreed with the editor of the progressive *New Times* magazine to meet with him and some German correspondents. No one followed me as I drove to the *New Times* offices, but when I arrived, several carloads of KGB surveillance men were waiting for me. They followed me and the Germans as we drove away after the interview.

On another occasion, while riding on the Moscow subway, I noticed a man who appeared to be following me. I got off at the Arbat station, and he stayed right with me as I walked out of the Metro. I decided to toy with him and picked up my pace, dodging in and out of the crowds along the Arbat pedestrian mall, then finally ducking into a nearby movie house. I looked through the window of the movie theater as the surveillance man stood near the Arbat frantically jerking his head left and right in an effort to spot me. I approached him from behind, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Hello, my friend. Here I am. What are you looking for? Perhaps next time you should be more diligent."

He slowly backed away, a sheepish, almost frightened look on his face. I knew he was not alone, since KGB surveillance officers usually work in groups of twos or threes. As I boarded a bus on Kalinin Prospect, I glanced around and saw a woman who looked suspicious. I got off at a stop and she did too. Then, just before the bus moved out, I hopped back on board. She followed me. Knowing she was KGB, I continued on to the massive Hotel Rossiya just off Red Square. She followed me inside. The sprawling hotel is a maze of corridors and stairwells, and I led her through the labyrinth, hopping on and off elevators and striding down the long, dimly lit hallways. In a matter of minutes I lost her and walked out again.

On the day I was to fly to Krasnodar, a strange incident occurred that may have been a coincidence or may just as well have been the work of the KGB. When I arrived at Moscow's Vnukovo Airport, I was informed that the afternoon flight to Krasnodar had been delayed indefinitely. The deadline for candidates to register was the following morning, and if I failed to make it to Krasnodar, I would not be eligible to run for office. I decided to try to get on the evening flight, but was told the airplane was grounded with engine difficulty. Aeroflot said both flights would be delayed at least sixteen hours; I knew our Soviet air service was bad, but it seemed strange that on the day I *had* to get to Krasnodar both flights had been canceled. The KGB, after all, knew my plans, right down to the flight I was taking. I went to the airport administration building, where officials confirmed that all flights to Krasnodar were suspended. Not knowing what to do, I informed the airport bosses that I was not flying to Krasnodar. But I held on to my ticket and decided to wait at the airport just in case. Strangely enough, within forty minutes Aeroflot announced that the flights to Krasnodar had been reinstated, and I was on my way to southern Russia.

That afternoon, I strode into the auditorium of the Gas Processing Institute in Krasnodar. In front of me were the three hundred people who had decided to nominate me for the Soviet parliament. They applauded warmly as I entered, and cheered me after my twenty-minute speech. All but a handful voted to nominate me, and on July 17 the Krasnodar Electoral Committee accepted me as one of twenty-one candidates running for the seat vacated by Polozkov.

That same day, the USSR state prosecutor filed criminal charges against me, alleging I had divulged state secrets. Friends in the KGB told me that I had nearly been thrown in jail, but apparently Kryuchkov balked at the last moment because Gorbachev didn't want to incur the displeasure of the West by taking such an antidemocratic step.

And so the campaign began. It was a grueling and inspiring ordeal, carried out in the brutal heat and dust of a southern Russian August. The campaign was my first real taste of the democratic process, and it was a heady experience. Nearly everywhere I went I was greeted by large, enthusiastic crowds who reveled in a chance to participate in the burial of the old regime and the creation of a new one. In those days, the Soviet people were united in their hatred of the Communist Party bosses who had made life for the masses squalid and joyless. Krasnodar may long have been a Communist Party stronghold, but in the summer of 1990 the Party's once unassailable position was crumbling. On the surface, the power structures that had ruled Krasnodar and the Soviet Union were still in place, but in a little over a year, the old regime would be swept away forever. I didn't realize it at the time, but the moves by the Krasnodar Party bosses and KGB to discredit me were the last, desperate gasps of a dying order.

The campaign now seems a blur of rallies and dusty roads and countless bad hotels. I traveled by car around the vast region, accompanied by local democratic leaders as well as some of the leading reformers from Moscow. At first, my opponents (the main three were the deputy head of the local agriculture department, a major general in the Soviet Army, and a former cosmonaut) didn't seem worried. But as my message began to resonate among the people, it wasn't long before crowds of several hundred would show up at meetings, listen attentively while I spoke, and then wander away as the other candidates took the podium.

What I told the ever growing crowds wasn't pleasant, but all they had to do was look around to see it was true. Though blessed by nature with an excellent climate and fertile soil, the Krasnodar region had been battered by seven decades of Communist rule. The rich soil had been depleted by overuse of chemicals and fertilizers. The Kuban and other rivers had been badly polluted. A dam had flooded thousands of acres of prime farmland. The incidence of birth defects and cancer among the people in this region was higher than the national average. In this rich agricultural region, food was scarce and lines were long. Medical care was atrocious. Schools and businesses and factories were run-down. Krasnodar, in short, was typical of the entire Soviet landscape, and I told voters time and again that the only way to change things was to do away with the old Party and KGB structures that had brought our country to such a sorry state.

"What do you have to be proud of these days?" I asked in my typical stump speech. "With your land, with this fertile soil, with the Black Sea, with the mountains, you should have one of the most beautiful areas in the world. You could feed the rest of Russia. Now you live like beggars. Your life can't even be compared to life in Finland, where the land is half as good. They grow so much there that they don't even know what to do with all the produce. And here, in a far more fertile region, you can't even feed yourselves. But this is not your fault. It's the system. You toil like slaves, but what do you have to show for it?"

Nearly everyone was thoroughly fed up, and my campaign was lifted up on this tide of dissatisfaction.

By early August, when I emerged as a serious threat, the Party and KGB swung into action and began an all-out attack on me. The main regional newspaper, *Soviet Kuban,* reprinted scathing articles about me from the national press, while at the same time denying me the right—given to other candidates—to lay out my program in the pages of the paper. (The editor was married to a local KGB colonel and said I couldn't have access to the newspaper's columns because I was not a Communist Party member. I had resigned from the Party that summer, a few hours before Boris Yeltsin took the same step.) *Soviet Kuban* and other local papers printed articles from anonymous "outraged readers" attacking the "pensioner from Moscow" as a dangerous carpetbagger. Newspapers also urged factory directors not to let me speak to workers on factory territory; one plant director denied me access, saying his factory produced classified military hardware, and another manager simply chucked me out of his office without explanation. Other times, directors of factories and institutes would either give me ridiculously small halls in which to speak or claim I had showed up at the wrong time. Despite these problems, however, the voters still flocked to see me.

In Moscow and in Krasnodar, friendly KGB officers told me that a coordinated campaign was under way to discredit me. Local KGB officers fanned out around the region, telling Party bosses that I represented a "dangerous element" that must be stopped. Hecklers appeared at my campaign stops, shouting out the same scripted comments, such as, "How much did the CIA pay you to betray your country?" Time and again I was bombarded with identical hostile questions. Early in the campaign, a KGB officer from Krasnodar approached me and described how a high-ranking KGB official from Moscow had come to the region to hold a strategy session on torpedoing my campaign. The Moscow KGB man passed out a list of embarrassing questions, instructing the assembled officers to travel to the districts and relay the questions to their informers and agents.

The Krasnodar KGB officer gave me the questions, and one night, when a particularly nasty heckler started harassing me, I pulled out the list. "Okay," I told the crowd. "I have a list of questions here drawn up by the KGB to discredit me, and I can tell you what this man's next question is going to be. You see, a KGB officer from your region provided me with this list. I know full well that these questions don't really come from the people who ask them. They come from Moscow."

The heckler shut up.

Out of nowhere, thousands of anti-Kalugin posters and fliers appeared, and the KGB sent several generals from Moscow to coordinate the smear campaign against me. One general and his subordinates toured rural areas, warning the citizenry that dire things would happen to our country if extremists like Kalugin came to power. In a blunt, old-fashioned style (many in the KGB thought they could still give orders and the people would obey) the general warned that authorities in Moscow would be displeased if I managed to win the election. Another general, Leonid Shebarshin, chief of intelligence, appeared in Sochi at an anticrime conference and warned people against voting for a "populist demagogue" like myself.

Kryuchkov approached one of my KGB colleagues from my Columbia University days, Gennadi Bekhterev, and asked him to travel to Krasnodar to speak out against me.

"You know more about him than most and you will be believed because you are a friend of his," Kryuchkov told Bekhterev.

But Bekhterev remained loyal to me and turned down Kryuchkov's request. Within a few months, Bekhterev was forced into retirement.

The KGB even enlisted the aid of the bishop of the Russian Orthodox Church in Krasnodar, a man who had worked closely with the security services for years. In sermons and speeches, Bishop Izidor spoke out against me. In the face of such hypocrisy, I had to attack Izidor. I told voters he had been a longtime KGB agent and informer, and even gave the name of the KGB colonel in Krasnodar who was Izidor's case officer. Such attacks and counterattacks were undeniably ugly, but the KGB was pulling out all the stops and I had no choice but to hit back.

The predictable upshot of all this was that the KGB's efforts backfired. Times had changed, and people no longer wanted to be told what to do. The harder the local bosses and KGB slammed me, the more support I received. I remember speaking at one of the richest collective farms in the area. The director was implacably hostile to me, and as I addressed the workers under the watchful eye of their leadership, the people responded in a lukewarm manner. Afterward, however, two policeman sidled up to me and said, "Don't worry. You're strong here. The police will vote for you. And we'll tell all our neighbors to do so too."

The truth is, the people often were electrified by my speeches, which were unlike anything they had heard before. I avoided criticizing Gorbachev and spoke out strongly in favor of Yeltsin and his team. But when I talked about the KGB, voters really perked up. I called Kryuchkov, the KGB chairman, a scoundrel and a bastard. I talked at length about the idiotic KGB activity I had seen in Leningrad, and spoke of the need to totally reform the KGB and slash the number of agents. I not only attacked the old Soviet order but offered my vision of the new, which included the privatization of most business and industries as well as sweeping land reform. It was strong stuff. But the people, who had lived for decades under the thumb of the KGB and the Communist Party, knew I spoke the truth and were thrilled to hear it. Words like these had never been uttered publicly in these distant rural areas, and my appearances had an invigorating effect. I was shouting that the emperor had no clothes, and the people shouted back, “You’re right!” Support for candidacies such as mine was an important breakthrough, for it showed that even in such backwaters as Krasnodar, the people had had enough, and by electing me they could send a strong message to Moscow.

On the eve of the election, a huge campaign rally was held in Krasnodar’s main city park. Thousands of people, including families with children, streamed into the park to hear me and my opponents. Most of the candidates were there, but when a proposal was made that we speak in alphabetical order, the crowd screamed that it wanted me to speak first. So I took the podium, and within a minute or so the microphone went dead. I was struggling vainly to be heard when out of nowhere a small plane appeared. It began buzzing the crowd, literally flying at treetop level. The plane kept circling and reappearing, drowning out my words. It was clear that the pilot was deliberately interfering with my speech, and members in the crowd started cursing local authorities and suggesting we march on the city Communist Party building.

“No, no,” I yelled. “Don’t do that! Never do that. Just stay here. This is clearly a provocation.”

Later, KGB sources in Krasnodar told me that the plane was the idea of General Valentin Novikov, my former deputy in counterintelligence who had been dispatched by headquarters to sabotage my campaign. The Krasnodar KGB head, Vasilenko, actually directed the dirty tricks at the election rally that day. In the end, we thwarted their plans: my aides rounded up a loudspeaker, allowing me and my fellow candidates to make our speeches.

There was a large turnout on election day, August 19, but because there were so many candidates I was unable to win an outright majority. I received 46 percent of the vote. My nearest rival—Nikolai Gorovoi, the Party agriculture official and former chairman of the regional Soviet—pulled in 10 percent. There was evidence of widespread fraud, however, as the local election commission declared 100,000 ballots invalid for a variety of technical reasons. But the results of the first round showed that I was far ahead, and I redoubled my efforts to win a clear-cut victory in the September 2 runoff election.

During campaigning for the second round, an incident took place that vividly illustrated the mood of the people of the Krasnodar region. Some local democrats had invited me to speak at a meeting in the ultraconservative village of Stanitsa Leningradskaya. When I arrived, the villagers were in festive mood as they streamed into the sports stadium where my opponent and I were to speak. The stadium was festooned with flags and banners, and a chorus of women in traditional colorful costumes was serenading the audience. Men in Cossack dress milled about.

My opponent was delayed (he never showed up), and when more than five hundred people had filled the small stadium, I was invited to speak. The local Party boss, an old-style Communist named Sergeyko, was running the show. A tall, gray-haired man of sixty, he had the confident demeanor of someone who had been a rural autocrat for many years. As I began my talk, he folded his arms across his chest and eyed me with hostility. At first the crowd was reserved. But as I warmed up, the audience began to respond with murmurs of assent and sporadic applause. I could see Sergeyko becoming increasingly agitated until finally he could stand no more. In the midst of my talk, he leaped out of his seat onto the stage and shouted, “Stop this traitor! We, the Cossacks of the Kuban, do not want traitors in this area! Get him out!”

The crowd was silent, and I had no idea what to expect next. I had stopped talking, unsure whether this group of hardened descendants of the Cossacks was about to drive me out of the stadium. Suddenly the stadium erupted in a chorus of shouts and boos—all of it directed at the local Party boss.

“Get out of here yourself, you lousy bastard!” one man shouted.

"Get off the rostrum, Communist scum!" screamed another. "Let us live in peace. What the man says is right!"

The crowd cheered my defenders. Sergeyko was crimson with fury and shame, for what had transpired—rural Russians shouting down an omnipotent Party boss—would have been unthinkable only months before. Suddenly the local citizenry and Cossacks mobbed the stage, slapping me on the back and shouting words of support.

"We're with you, General!" they cried. "That son of a bitch Sergeyko doesn't speak for anyone here."

Sergeyko retreated from the stage in silence. At that moment, I knew that my election was assured, and that the Russian people had indeed begun to shed the slave mentality that had been with them so long.

The runoff election took place on Sunday, September 2. Some results filtered in that night, but since we were using paper ballots there were no final results until the following afternoon. Finally, around 3:00 P.M. Monday, the electoral commission called and gave me the news: I had won, receiving 57 percent of the vote to my opponent's 39 percent. I was ecstatic. As our momentum in the campaign had grown, I became more and more confident of victory. But the actual triumph itself was indescribably sweet. We had scored an upset win in a Communist stronghold, and the people of Krasnodar had resoundingly rejected the old order.

Late that afternoon I planned to address a gathering of supporters in the main city park. But when my aides and I walked out of our headquarters at the Gas Processing Institute, the crowd already had come to us. More than a thousand people stood in a small square in front of the institute, and they roared with approval as I came into view. Several supporters spoke, followed by my wife. Then it was my turn to address the people who had secured my victory. I scarcely remember now what I said, but to this day I can still see the faces of my supporters. Their visages were turned toward me, expectant, hopeful, straining to catch my every word and gesture. I was overcome with emotion. I felt I had fought my way out of the swamp and was now on firm ground. It was one of the happiest days in my life; seldom, if ever again, would I look to the future of our country with such optimism.

Returning to Moscow, I received warm congratulations from the capital's reformers. By this point, I had appeared so many times on television and had been the subject of so many newspaper articles that ordinary citizens had come to recognize me; many of them stopped me on the street or in shops to congratulate me. Many also expressed concern for my safety, though I believed that after my election to the Soviet Congress of People's Deputies the KGB wouldn't dare harm me. I even began legal proceedings in the Moscow city court, and later in the Supreme Court, seeking to overturn Gorbachev's decrees stripping me of my rank, pension, and awards. No one in the country had ever filed such a suit before, and though it was not successful, the legal action aroused a great interest in the country. But I was not rehabilitated and my pension and rank were not restored until after the August 1991 coup.

For the first time in a decade I began to travel overseas again. As a Soviet legislator, I was entitled to a diplomatic passport, and after my election the KGB could do nothing to stop me from going abroad. In September 1990, I flew to the Netherlands for an international conference on perestroika and felt intoxicated with the sense of freedom I experienced after a decade in the USSR. I walked along the canals of Amsterdam, filling my lungs with the fresh sea breeze and feeling as if I had been reborn.

In the ensuing months I traveled to Germany, Japan, France, and Bulgaria. I also went twice to America, and the vibrancy of the place hit me with the force of a revelation.

On one trip in late 1990, I saw a lengthy television interview with John Walker, the spy whose work I had overseen in Washington a quarter century before. Even though I had been intimately involved with the Walker case, I had never met the man or seen him on film. He sat with an almost mournful expression on his face, explaining why he had decided to spy against the United States. Before, Walker had been a faceless intelligence asset, a pawn in our global battle with the CIA. Our relationship had been purely clinical: he supplied us with the material and we paid him the money. But now, watching him on TV, I was struck by the tragedy of the case, by the lives Walker had ruined, by the sad fact that this man would probably spend the rest of his life in jail. I had been intimately involved with the whole affair, but the devastating human cost had never really struck me before. As the doe-eyed Walker sat in front of the camera and sifted through the wreckage of his life, I found myself thinking, "So this is how the intelligence game finally ends. This is the final result of one's efforts—jail and humiliation."

Back in the Soviet Union, my time was consumed with my new duties as a legislator. The Soviet Congress met only three times in the year I was a member, and not once did Congress Chairman Anatoly Lukyanov (who later was to plot against Gorbachev) give me the floor. But the meetings themselves were not the essence of the job; indeed, the Congress was so conservative that people like myself had little effect on it. What was most valuable about being a People's Deputy was that it was a bully pulpit and gave me the opportunity to agitate for change both in Krasnodar and around the Soviet Union.

In the fifteen months I was a deputy—from September 1990 to December 1991—I and other reform politicians watched with dismay as Gorbachev, pushed by the top officials of his government, became increasingly conservative. In hindsight, it's clear that KGB Chairman Kryuchkov, Defense Minister Dimitri Yazov, Interior Minister Boris Pugo, Prime Minister Valentin Pavlov, and others were exerting immense pressure on Gorbachev. These reactionary men were alternately confused and outraged as the foundations of the Soviet state rapidly crumbled. Republics such as the Baltic States were fighting for independence and political groups were chipping away at the authority of the Communist Party. Reformers were pushing hard for the introduction of a capitalist economy. So these Gray Cardinals of the old order fought a desperate rearguard action, pushing Gorbachev into increasingly hard-line positions, which he would then abandon when Soviet and international reaction to the crackdown became too intense.

First, in December 1990, Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze stunned all of us in the Congress when he resigned in protest over what he said was a coming Communist dictatorship. Then, in January 1991, Gorbachev—under pressure from his defense and security chiefs—approved the crackdown on the Lithuanian independence movement and the assault on the TV tower in Vilnius. Fifteen people died that night in the Lithuanian capital.

All that spring of 1991, the Communist die-hards around Gorbachev made increasingly threatening speeches. In June, Kryuchkov, Yazov, and Pugo warned of impending disaster if the disintegration of the Soviet Union continued. Kryuchkov hinted darkly that the CIA was behind the breakup and the country's current troubles. Prime Minister Pavlov displayed extraordinary stupidity when he accused the West of trying to undermine our economy by flooding it with rubles. It was clear that the hard-liners were growing increasingly desperate. When Gorbachev at last found the courage to slap down these Neanderthals, it was too late. They were deeply deluded and believed they could depose Gorbachev and get away with it. When the Soviet leader announced in late July that he would sign a treaty giving unprecedented freedom to the Soviet Union's twelve remaining republics (the Baltic States were already in the process of bolting), that was the last straw. It was no longer a matter of whether there would be a coup but when.

In early August, Alexander Yakovlev called and asked to meet with me. At one time, he had been Gorbachev's closest adviser, but as hard-liners like Kryuchkov gained sway over Gorbachev in 1991, Yakovlev lost influence.

"Why don't you come on over?" I told Yakovlev over the phone.

"No, it makes no sense," he replied. "Our houses are bugged."

I suggested we meet in a quiet residential neighborhood not far from the Belorussian Station. We rendezvoused there, and immediately noticed the hubbub on this normally peaceful street. People brushed past us, loitered in nearby doorways, drove slowly by. Clearly, almost comically we were under surveillance. Later, after the coup, a Russian reporter found a document in the KGB archives saying that more than a dozen agents had been assigned that evening to eavesdrop on our street conversation.

"The hell with them," I told Yakovlev. "Let them do their job."

"Listen," he said, "I have something I need to tell you. I met with a colleague of yours from the KGB the other day who told me that there may be attempts on my life and on Shevardnadze's. I wanted you to know about this in case anything happens to me. I wrote this information down and put it in a safe. Tell me, do you think this is possible?"

"Listen, in Andropov's time, I would have said it was highly unlikely," I told Yakovlev. "He was against political assassinations. But Kryuchkov is a madman and there's no telling what he might do. He is a scoundrel and may resort to anything, so I don't exclude the possibility of political assassination."

Yakovlev also expressed the fear that the hard-line elements around Gorbachev might try to pull off a coup. I left my friend that night feeling profoundly unsettled.

On August 18, an old friend of mine from the KGB met me in the street and told me, "Something is up. I know for sure a coup will take place in September or October. It's all being prepared." I could only shake my head and hope that even Kryuchkov would not be so foolish.

And then, the following morning, it happened.

I was awakened shortly after six o'clock by a woman who worked for one of my liberal legislative colleagues. She broke the news with one word.

"Perevorot," she said, the Russian word for "coup."

"Turn on the radio," the woman went on. "A coup is taking place. A military coup."

I hung up and switched on the radio. An announcer was reading a statement by the Committee for the State of Emergency—the band of fools that had deposed Gorbachev. I switched on the TV and there was the movie *Swan Lake,* the old Soviet standby whenever a leader died or a similarly momentous event took place.

I looked out the window of my seventh-floor apartment, which overlooks Moscow's Fili Park. It was a glorious summer morning, warm and balmy. All day long I was struck by the contrast: such horrible events were taking place against the backdrop of the most splendid Russian weather. What did these idiots—Kryuchkov, Yazov, Pugo, Pavlov and company—expect to accomplish? What bloody fools!

The first thing I did was load my hunting rifle. This was a melodramatic gesture, but in the first minutes of the coup I had no idea what to expect. Clearly, if Gorbachev was deposed and a crackdown was under way, I would be high on the list of people to be arrested. Were we about to be thrown back decades, to the nightmare of the Stalin years? I didn't know. But loading my gun gave me a small measure of comfort.

I called Yakovlev at 6:20 A.M. His wife answered the phone.

"Is Alexander Nikolayevich available?" I asked.

"No, he's still in bed," she replied.

"Listen," I told her. "Do you know there's a coup taking place?"

"No, what do you mean?" she said.

"Turn on the radio," I said. "They are playing the announcement over and over."

She handed the phone to her husband.

"Oleg, what is it you're saying?"

"There's a coup taking place. It's on the radio right now," I told my old friend.

"*Podonki* (scumbags)!" he barked into the phone. There was a pause of several seconds and then, "We must be prepared for anything."

We signed off, and I knew Yakovlev was right. Kryuchkov and his fellow plotters wouldn't hesitate to disband the Soviet Congress. And if they did so, I knew that my arrest wouldn't be far behind.

I stepped onto the balcony off my bedroom. Gazing down on the quiet courtyard and parking lot seven floors below, I saw a Zhiguli sitting off to one side of the lot in a place where few people ever park. Surveillance team, I thought, and resolved to get out of my apartment. There was no sense sitting at home, waiting to be arrested. I planned to head downtown and join whatever voices were resisting this idiotic adventure.

I told Ludmilla I was leaving. She didn't protest, but the strained look on her face told me that she was even more worried than I was.

"What is going to happen to you now?" she asked. I just shrugged, but she knew as well as I that the best place to be on this day was on the streets.

Around 8:00 A.M., as I was preparing to leave, a reporter from the BBC in London called. He wanted my assessment of the situation, and I told him, "As I understand it, this is an adventure on the part of those who have always wanted to restore the old order. But I am sure they will fail and in two or three days everything will be clear."

I was trying to put on a brave face, and knew that my words were more wishful thinking than anything else. I did believe, however, that we had come too far, ever to go back again. I believed democratic forces would ultimately prevail, but I had no idea how long or how bloody the struggle might be.

In the lobby of my building, which mainly housed KGB generals and Communist Party officials, a young woman pushing a baby stroller greeted me. She immediately burst into tears and said, "Mr. Kalugin, you must do something! This is an impossible situation. They are trying to bring back the old regime. Please do something!"

I told her I would do what I could. Her words had a strangely cheering effect. If this young woman, the daughter of a KGB general, was so violently opposed to the coup, then there was hope. She was proof that there was something deep inside the Soviet people that would resist a return to the past.

I looked at the Zhiguli parked off to the side. Three men, unmistakably KGB, sat in the car and watched me as I moved toward my automobile. As I pulled out of the parking lot, the Zhiguli began following me, as did another surveillance car parked on the street. They stayed right with me, making no effort to conceal that I was under close surveillance.

I headed down Kutuzovsky Prospect for the Russian parliament building—the White House—on the banks of the Moscow River. I parked across the street and walked over to the building, followed on foot by a KGB surveillance team. Armored personnel carriers had begun moving down Kutuzovsky Prospect, but so far there were no tanks in sight. There were very few people in front of the parliament building, and it would have been a cinch to storm the White House and arrest Yeltsin and all inside. As became clear later, however, the coup leadership hesitated to take such a drastic step, and when Kryuchkov finally did order his elite Alpha commando group and Russian paratroopers to take the White House, the officers refused.

Flashing my deputy's badge, I entered the high-rise parliament building. I immediately ran into Leningrad mayor Antoly Sobchak and other reformers who were scurrying about the hallways, their faces filled with tension and determination. Around 11:00 A.M., Yeltsin gave a press conference inside the parliament, and his angry, defiant words stirred me and thousands of others. When the press conference ended, the Russian president, surrounded by a few bodyguards, strode out the front entrance of the White House, down a flight of steps, and marched over to a line of a half dozen tanks that had taken up positions near the Moscow River. I followed and watched from a few yards away as Yeltsin, in what would become the enduring image of the coup, clambered aboard a tank and told the soldiers and officers not to obey the orders of the plotters. It was an inspired move and went a long way toward rallying the Russian people, many of whom would later see the pictures on CNN. After the Russian president went back inside the White House, the tank commanders revved up their engines, emitting choking clouds of diesel smoke, then clattered up and down the road in front of the parliament before rumbling away. They clearly had no idea what to do, and their indecision, coupled with the evident unwillingness of the soldiers in armored vehicles to shoot fellow Russians, gave me hope that the putsch could be defeated.

I decided to head downtown to the headquarters of the city's Communist Party Committee, where I had several good friends. As I walked back to my car, I was followed by several KGB men. Much to my surprise, one of them came up behind me and said, "Oleg Daniilovich, you know what we suggest? Move your car out of here. There's a big crowd coming from downtown and they may smash your car."

A friendly warning from the very men assigned to follow and perhaps arrest me, was another sign to me that the hard-liners at the top may have badly miscalculated. Sitting in the Kremlin, they thought they could say the word and the masses would follow. But only hours after the coup began, the scene on the street, and the obvious reluctance of the security forces to follow the State of Emergency Committee, boded ill for Kryuchkov and his gang.

As I walked to my car, a crowd of more than a thousand people was streaming down Kalinin Prospect, heading toward the White House. Some of the marchers caught sight of me and began to yell, "Hey, General! Join us! Lead us to the White House!"

I found myself swept up by the crowd, which was shouting, "Long Live Yeltsin!" and "Down with the putschists!" We arrived in the plaza behind the Russian parliament, and the people in the crowd asked me to go inside and ask Yeltsin to address them. I made my way through the crowded halls to the president's antechamber, which was packed with dozens of assistants and legislators, as well as bodyguards armed with machine guns. Yeltsin was closeted with his aides, but Vice President Alexander Rutskoi promised that he himself would soon address the ever-growing crowd.

I drove to the headquarters of the Moscow Communist Party, located on Staraya Square next to the Party's Central Committee building. My KGB shadows were still with me, and they parked their car not far from mine. My deputy's badge assured me entrance into the imposing gray stone building, and soon I was in the office of a good friend, Alexei. Though he worked in the Party apparatus, he had as little idea as I did about the intentions and resolve of the coup leaders.

"Oh, Oleg," he sighed. "These scoundrels. What are we going to do now?"

We were standing near an open window, and Alexei looked down at the surveillance team waiting for me below.

"Listen, are they after you?" Alexei asked.

"Yes, they probably are," I replied, not wanting to unduly alarm him.

"You must get out of here," my friend said. "You never know what they will do to you. You must escape. I'll organize it for you."

The Communist Party buildings on Staraya Square made up an enormous, interconnected complex of offices. There was even a network of tunnels underneath, including a top secret subway line that would take Party officials out of the city in case of nuclear attack, revolution, or other calamity. There were exits in the building that had not been used for years, and Alexei knew just such an escape route, located at the other end of the building more than one hundred yards away from the main entrance. Alexei showed me the little known exit, then went and got his Volga, which had curtains over the windows. A few minutes later he pulled up to the exit and I hopped into the car, unseen by the surveillance teams. It was about 2:00 P.M. I learned later that my KGB trackers stayed in the Staraya Square parking lot until 9:00 P.M., watching my car and waiting for me to emerge.

I decided to go to the Hotel Rossiya, where some of my fellow deputies who lived at the hotel were gathering. I quickly found my colleagues, and we talked for hours about the situation, making plans to continue the work of the Russian parliament should the coup leaders be so foolish as to storm the White House. Around 10:00 P.M., I decided to go to the White House. We heard, however, that a curfew had been imposed and I figured it would be better to spend the night at the Rossiya and head for the parliament the first thing the next day.

Waking up at 6:30, I walked to Staraya Square, where my car still sat and the surveillance team had long disappeared. I wanted to see how Ludmilla was, so I drove home. As expected, the surveillance teams were waiting for me, but by this time I didn't care. The night had passed quietly in the capital, and the crowd of defenders in front of the White House had hit five thousand people and was growing. There was nearly total silence from the coup leaders; at the time we were baffled by their inaction, but later it would emerge that they were in utter disarray. Some, like Vice President Gennadi Yanaev and Prime Minister Pavlov, were constantly drunk. Others, such as Defense Minister Yazov, were losing their resolve. Tuesday, August 20, we knew none of this, and the atmosphere in the city was menacing.

Ludmilla was overjoyed to see me. I breakfasted and fielded still more calls from reporters. A German TV station wanted me to come in for a studio interview, and I agreed. Shortly after 9:00 A.M., they sent a car for me, and, followed by the two KGB surveillance cars, we headed to the German television bureau on Gruzinskaya Street in the center of town.

After the interview, I left on foot. I had decided to take the Metro to the White House and was taking the escalator to the subway platform when I heard a man's voice behind me.

"Don't turn around," he commanded. "You will be arrested, but not today. I will warn you when it is coming. But your friends [and fellow legislators] Gdlyan, Yakunin, and several others will be arrested today. Gdlyan has already been arrested. Portnov is already under arrest and Belozertsev will be arrested soon. You are not on the list today, but I will warn you when it happens. Do not turn around."

He shoved a piece of paper into my hand and said, “Call me. My home phone number is written there.”

I followed his instructions and never looked back. Shoving the paper in my pocket, I glanced at the crowded subway platform for my newfound KGB friend or other members of the surveillance team. I didn’t spot anyone suspicious. Things were certainly getting strange.

The weather had turned cloudy by Tuesday afternoon, day two of the coup. Thousands of people had now gathered at the White House, which had become the center of resistance to the putsch. Yeltsin had issued decrees calling on all Russians to disobey the plotters and stage a nationwide strike. Outside a few key cities such as Moscow and Leningrad, the masses were waiting to see how the drama in the capital would play itself out.

When I arrived at the White House, a steady stream of reform politicians was addressing the swelling crowd in the square behind the building. The leaders stood atop a balcony and boomed their calls for resistance into a microphone. Below, Muscovites roared their support and cursed the plotters. That afternoon, I was asked to address the crowd, and I relayed to them what the KGB officer had told me that morning on the escalator.

“My dear friend [and legislator] Father Gleb, you will be arrested today,” I told the silent crowd. “I want to warn you. I know it from a source in the KGB. Not everyone in the KGB is a bad guy. Some are real friends of ours, and they told me you would be arrested today. Gdlyan and Portnov are already under arrest. I want you all to know these things. . . . Beware, KGB agents are in the crowd and they may try to provoke you. They will try to get inside the White House to start a rebellion from within.”

As I had walked into the White House, a man approached me and said he was a KGB officer. “I want to speak,” he said. “I want to show that not all KGB men are scoundrels. I am one of those who aren’t.”

He showed me his ID. I told him to join me, and after I spoke, he took the microphone. “I am a KGB officer and I denounce these adventurers,” he said to the cheering crowd. "I want to tell you that not all KGB people are behind Kryuchkov. I will be here with you."

I stayed in the White House from that moment on, giving interviews to foreign and Soviet journalists and doing whatever I could to rally people to the defense of the Russian parliament. I saw the renowned émigré cellist and conductor of the Washington Symphony, Mstislav Rostropovich, and chatted with my colleagues from the parliament. I couldn't believe the putschists would try to storm the building, but as darkness fell Tuesday the situation became more threatening. We had reliable information from sources in the KGB and the army that an attack on the White House was planned for early Wednesday morning. (In fact Kryuchkov and Co. couldn't find anyone willing to carry it out.)

Around midnight armored columns were reported to be approaching the White House from six directions. Outside, a light rain fell and an estimated ten thousand citizens formed defensive lines around the parliament and warmed themselves by bonfires. Then at about 2:00 A.M., shooting broke out a few hundred yards away along the Garden Ring Road. It would turn out later that a group of young people had blocked off the road with trolleys and attacked a passing column of armored personnel carriers. The soldiers opened fire, killing three people. At the time, we in the White House didn't know what the firing meant. Was it the beginning of the attack? Was it just a diversion? I was unarmed but resolved that if the White House was stormed, I would pick up a gun and fight. At that point, there was little choice.

That night, I slept restlessly in a chair in someone's office. Wednesday, day three of the coup, dawned dreary and wet. But my mood was anything but despondent. We felt enormous relief that there had been no attack the night before, and there was a growing sense, fueled by persistent rumors from the Kremlin, that the coup was falling apart. As long as I live, I will never forget the extraordinary events that began unfolding at midmorning Wednesday.

First, from our perches in the White House, we saw armored units withdrawing from the city along Kutuzovsky Prospect. Then we were summoned to a session of the parliament, where a series of announcements left us giddy with joy. The coup had fallen apart. The plotters were dashing to Vnukovo Airport to try to escape the capital. Finally, we learned that Vice President Rutskoi and other Russian officials had flown with Kryuchkov to Foros, where Gorbachev and his family were being held. The president, we were told, had been freed. The plotters were under arrest.

I walked out of the White House into a deliriously happy throng. Recognizing me, some in the crowd picked me up and shouted, "Kalugin! Kalugin! Kalugin!" I returned home in a fog, exhausted but delighted. It was the happiest day of my life.

That night, I celebrated in true Russian style. Some friends joined me, and as we sat around knocking back shots of vodka, an idea crossed my mind. I walked into my study and retrieved the crumpled piece of paper with the name of the KGB man who had warned me the day before on the escalator. I unfolded the paper, and saw the scrawled first name, Igor, and his home phone number. I dialed it, and he answered.

"I want to thank you in person," I told him. "Come on over." An hour later he showed up at my doorstep, a tall, husky man with auburn hair and blue eyes. We shook hands warmly, and I introduced him to the handful of guests in my living room. We had won, and no one, not even this KGB officer, seemed afraid any more.

We drank and toasted and I asked him questions about the preceding three days. He told me he had been watching me since 4:00 A.M. on Monday, two hours before the announcement of the coup was broadcast on radio. Dozens of reformers and assorted troublemakers like myself had been kept under surveillance, he said.

"You were all controlled," he told me. "We simply had not yet received the order to arrest you."

"How many teams were watching me?" I asked.

"A lot," he replied. "We knew you were difficult to deal with. You always noticed us at once."

I asked him what he had been doing recently, considering that dissidents were no longer under surveillance. He shrugged and told me he had been assigned to protect a CIA spy, Edward Lee Howard, who had defected to Moscow a few years before. Howard was ensconced in a dacha near Moscow and was drinking himself to death, the KGB man said.

"We were instructed not to allow this to happen," he said. Later, both of us well lubricated with vodka, he told me, "I always knew that Kryuchkov and his gang were not the right people for the organization. I watched you with sympathy when you were drummed out of the KGB. Many in the KGB hated you, but there were many others like me who thought you were right."

I thanked him, and we drank a final toast. A few minutes later, he was gone.

CHAPTER 10

KGB on the Run

ON THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1991, THE DAY AFTER THE COUP COLLAPSED, crowds of jubilant demonstrators coursed through Moscow's streets. The masses generally were orderly until they got to Lubyanka, the KGB headquarters on Dzerzhinsky Square. There, the fury that had built up against the KGB for decades overflowed, though considering what the people had suffered at the hands of the secret police, the reaction on that Thursday was mild. Young men spray-painted swastikas and words like "Hangmen" and "Butchers" on the gray stone base of the building. Most of the crowd just stood in Dzerzhinsky Square, shaking their fists and cursing the figures who stood back from their windows in Lubyanka and watched the mob.

And then the crowd turned on the landmark that had dominated the square for decades, the statue of Iron Felix, Felix Dzerzhinsky, the Bolshevik who had founded the Soviet secret police. A young man clambered atop the black metal statue and attached a rope to Dzerzhinsky, but no amount of pulling would bring down this formidable figure. Finally Moscow officials, fearing the situation would get out of hand, sent a crane to the square to help the demonstrators. That did the trick, and Iron Felix came tumbling down as thousands of onlookers roared their approval.

Dismantling the KGB itself would prove far more difficult, as I would soon find out.

The week after Dzerzhinsky was yanked off his pedestal, I received a call from Alexander Yakovlev, who was back at the side of Mikhail Gorbachev. Yakovlev asked me to work with the new KGB chief, Vadim Bakatin, an honest and respected official who had headed the Soviet Interior Ministry. I balked, for I truly thought that my days with the KGB were over, that I would never again darken the imposing steel doorways of Lubyanka. But Yakovlev was persistent. "Bakatin will call you," said Yakovlev. "Do not refuse. Go talk to him."

Some of my friends from the reform movement also insisted that I accept the offer. I agreed, and in a few days I found myself back at KGB headquarters, standing in the same vast, wood-paneled office once occupied by Andropov. Shaking my hand was a handsome, brown-haired, dynamic man, Bakatin, whose enthusiasm and guilelessness seemed out of place in the hallowed corridors of Lubyanka.

"What makes you want to talk to a traitor and CIA agent?" I asked, still smarting from my painful demise at the KGB and not fully trusting the new chairman.

"Oh, come on, don't give me that crap," Bakatin said with a wave of his hand. "I know you are an honest man; otherwise I wouldn't have invited you here."

We sat down, and he said he wanted me to become his deputy and help in reforming the gargantuan agency he now headed. I declined to accept any official position but agreed to work with him on two conditions: that I would be an adviser only, with no formal title, and that I would not be on the KGB payroll. Bakatin consented, and we began meeting regularly, first at headquarters, later as friends at his and my homes. Unfortunately we would only have four months together, for when the Soviet Union expired at the end of 1991, Vadim Bakatin was out of a job.

Perhaps the most valuable thing I did for Bakatin was to give him a sense of the people working for him, those underlings he could trust and those he couldn't. I drew up a list of about twenty officers I knew were reform minded and hardworking. I gave him an even longer list of those officers who were untrustworthy, duplicitous, and hankering for a return to the good old days. I think it was a help to Bakatin, who had never served in the KGB and had no idea of the players in the organization or what a treacherous place it could be.

"You will meet people who are very friendly toward you, but do not trust your initial impressions," I warned him. By the time he left the KGB in December 1991, Bakatin knew what I was talking about.

"What a snake pit!" he told me. "I never met as many scoundrels, liars, and cheaters as I have in this organization."

Bakatin did make progress. At my suggestion, he issued an order disbanding the KGB unit that controlled the Russian Orthodox Church. He drastically reduced electronic and physical surveillance and ended KGB persecution of dissidents. Most important, he dismembered the organization and ended its monolithic power. Whereas the KGB once controlled border troops, foreign intelligence, domestic security, the presidential bodyguard, and electronic intelligence gathering, Bakatin and Gorbachev issued decrees making each one of these departments a separate organization. It was a big step forward and mercifully ended the practice of concentrating so much power in the hands of one organization. The old KGB, in American terms, had functioned as the CIA, FBI, Secret Service, National Security Agency, and Border Patrol combined. Now its power had been splintered, making it far more difficult for a man like Vladimir Kryuchkov ever to pull off a coup again.

But there was much Bakatin couldn't do that still hasn't been done. I urged him to reduce manpower in the old KGB, which had reached 500,000, by half. Bakatin took a step in that direction by retiring many officers over fifty years old. But his order was quickly countermanded by the new head of the Russian KGB. It was, after all, the autumn of 1991, a period when the Soviet Union was dying and Russia and the republics were rising in its place. By early December 1991, Bakatin, like Gorbachev, found that he had little power.

Boris Yeltsin may have wanted to tame the KGB, but, like Gorbachev, he shied away from such an enormous undertaking. Yeltsin's strange inaction following his coup victory, coupled with his decision to introduce radical economic reforms, meant that the KGB was once again spared the scalpel of real reform. It was an inertia that Yeltsin, like Gorbachev, would regret; Yeltsin's security minister, Viktor Barannikov, eventually turned against the Russian president and became one of the leaders of the armed uprising in Moscow in October 1993.

For me, the fall of 1991 was a disquieting period: Yeltsin failed to follow up on his August victory with decisive political reforms, such as adopting a new constitution and electing a new Russian parliament. But more disturbing was witnessing the breakup of the Soviet Union. I understood why republics such as Ukraine wanted independence and I knew that the demise of the USSR had become inevitable. But that made it no less difficult to watch my homeland disappear, splintering into fifteen separate countries, several of which would soon be engulfed in civil war.

Nor was it easy to watch Yeltsin humiliate Gorbachev and drive him from power. I had been angry and disappointed with Gorbachev after he issued the decrees stripping me of my rank, pension, and awards. But after the coup, all of us could see just how much pressure men like Kryuchkov had been exerting on the Soviet president. He would not go against them even if he thought I was right. But now he was free to do as he pleased. He issued another decree totally rehabilitating me and reinstating my rank, pension, and awards. And a week after the coup collapsed, he delivered a fiery speech in the Soviet parliament, echoing many of my criticisms of the KGB. Gorbachev called the KGB a "state within a state" and warned that until the agency was brought under control, the country would not truly be free. He had finally seen the light. After his speech, I walked up to him and shook his hand.

"Mikhail Sergeyevich, I am extremely glad about what you said," I told the Soviet leader. "The speech was excellent. If you really mean what you said, you can count on me as your most loyal friend and supporter."

He seemed genuinely moved and thanked me warmly.

Several months later, on the anniversary of the Russian Revolution, Gorbachev invited me to a reception in the Kremlin, the last such event ever to be held in the USSR. After his formal greeting, I again approached him, and we talked for several minutes. He told me how his wife's health had deteriorated following the shock of the coup, and I found myself feeling great empathy for Gorbachev and his family.

In December, as the country counted down the days until the demise of the Soviet Union, all of us began to think how far we had come since 1985, and how much Gorbachev had done for our country. He had fallen into disfavor with many of my countrymen, but I felt confident that history would render a far kinder judgment.

On December 25, 1991, workmen at the Kremlin hauled down the Soviet flag—gold hammer and sickle on a red background—and replaced it with the red, white, and blue Russian tricolor. On December 31, the Soviet Union ceased to exist. Two days later, Boris Yeltsin freed prices in Russia and began the economic reforms that continue to rock our country to this day.

I plunged into a new life, traveling overseas, delivering lectures, and dipping my toes into the turbulent waters of Russian capitalism. My travels at that time to Japan, Germany, and South Africa were most memorable. The trip to Japan took place soon after my public remarks on the issue of the Kuril Islands—a chain of volcanic territories ceded to the USSR by Japan in 1945 as a result of the Allied victory in the Pacific—following my tour of the islands with a small group of Soviet legislators headed by the deputy foreign minister of the USSR, F. Kunadze. Before we left Moscow for the Far East, we were told that President Yeltsin was eager to make a deal with Japan to remove the thorny issue of the Kurils from Russian-Japanese relations. Our delegation had been tasked with a fact-finding mission: talk to the local authorities and the people, test their reaction to a transfer of the islands to Japanese jurisdiction, bring back impressions and conclusions. In Moscow, we were briefed on the Japanese position on the issue: Russians who wanted to stay on the islands would be permitted to live there as long as they wanted. Their schools and churches would function as usual. Russians who wanted to leave the islands and resettle anywhere on mainland Russia would be provided with financial aid and grants up to $50,000.

The Japanese were ready to guarantee the neutrality and peaceful use of the Kuril Strait.

I found the Japanese draft proposals quite attractive. It was high time to sign a peace treaty with Japan and hand over the islands. Russia would benefit greatly from that approach to the problem.

But when we arrived on the islands and started moving around, we discovered something unexpected: beautiful, heavily forested land with numerous creeks filled with fish, and abject poverty all around. Dilapidated public buildings, wear and tear everywhere, with people impoverished and downtrodden, looking more like slaves than citizens of a great nation.

What stunned us most was that no one wanted to leave the islands and surrender the territory to Japan. When the rumor spread that some highly placed officials from Moscow were sniffing around and talking about improving Soviet-Japanese relations at the expense of the local people, spontaneous (or so they looked) demonstrations and pickets sprang up around the islands. When we tried to explain our position to the crowds, we were shouted down. “We will go to the mountains! We’ll launch a guerrilla war against the Japanese if they try to land and occupy our country.” With these farewell words, we had to leave the Kurils and report back to Yeltsin: the people on the islands are not ready for the change. Most likely the country as a whole would not accept the transfer of any territory to any foreign country.

Two months later the Soviet Union fell apart. New, independent states emerged on the ruins of the USSR. But the Kuril Islands remained an integral part of Russia.

My trips abroad allowed me to make dozens of new friends and move comfortably in the world of the market economy. Free of any official position, I could devote more time to business ventures and consider new offers and options from emerging Russian entrepreneurs. Restored to the good graces of Gorbachev's regime and well accepted by Yeltsin's inner circle, I found myself navigating easily in a glamorous new world of capitalism, Russian style. My smooth entry into business was facilitated by the presence of many of my former colleagues in new companies and banks. One of my subordinates from the old days in the foreign counterintelligence directorate, meeting me at some social event in Moscow, exclaimed, "You should have joined us earlier. We do great business nowadays worldwide!" As I found out later, this guy, who used to work under the cover of the vice president of the Soviet Bank for Foreign Trade, made big money, bought an estate in Florida, and brought his son, who also became a banker, into his business.

All that was in line with policies approved in Gorbachev's time and accepted by Yeltsin when he came to power.

In the early years of Gorbachev's reforms the KGB initiated a special program designed to take control of privatization of state property. Actually, it stood behind the creation of the first private companies, particularly in the area of foreign trade. These companies would provide cover for intelligence operations, for both the KGB and the GRU, with the accent on acquisition of high technology.

In 1990, fearful of the downfall of the Soviet system, the KGB started a project to protect party finances from dangerously unpredictable developments in the country. A new supersecret unit was formed inside the intelligence directorate to organize the transfer of Party money abroad into special accounts of newly formed commercial and banking enterprises. The CEOs of these ventures would become Party and KGB officials. In fact, the launching of first joint ventures and numerous export-import banks in Russia was part of the plan hatched by the KGB.

In 1991, the KGB reported to the Politburo about its efforts to launch nearly six hundred joint ventures run by "retired" KGB officers. Many of these entities began their operations in the Baltic States and in countries such as India and Israel. After the unsuccessful coup in 1991, the penetration of commercial and banking systems accelerated. Later, companies like Seabeco, Olby, and Nordex, sponsored and heavily infiltrated by KGB operatives, would acquire scandalous international reputations.

When I retired in 1990, before I got involved in the political struggle in Russia, I was associated with one such company, Rosnet. It had entered the international telecommunications market with covert KGB assistance. Its president, who had been coopted by the KGB, previously held a fairly high position in the APN news agency.

From the very beginning this private company received unofficial backing of the Soviet authorities. Its staff consisted of respected engineers and scientists, but most of its foreign operations were controlled by the KGB. Although I was vice president of the company in charge of foreign contacts, I was not approached by my former colleagues for fear of unwanted publicity. They dealt directly with the president, and he would say to me apologetically that I should understand his problem; if he refused their requests, then the company would be in trouble.

Understanding his predicament, I bargained for the right to provide my experience as a public relations expert to other companies, and he agreed. Soon I became an adviser to an oil company based in Siberia and then to a French company involved in purchasing nonferrous metal and ore. My relations with the French allowed me to travel across the country, to visit all the Russian republics of the North Caucasus, where we made mutually advantageous deals. Farther south, in Armenia, my efforts to promote French commercial relations with now independent republics were welcomed and facilitated by President Levon Ter-Petrosyan. While traveling to remote mountainous areas of Armenia, I had a unique opportunity to get acquainted with the ancient culture of this small country, to better understand the problems of that part of the world. I succeeded in making more deals for my French partners. On several occasions I asked them not to take advantage of local officials who would expect bribes from their foreign counterparts. I did not want to be involved in any such deal, since bribes were an inevitable part of business transactions. I learned later that my French friends paid $5,000 to one of the ministers of the Armenian government for his amenable stand in negotiations.

In the fall of 1992 my business activity was briefly interrupted by another telephone call, not unlike the one I had gotten two years earlier. It was from a group of voters in the Krasnodar region asking me to run for a seat in the Russian parliament. I immediately agreed, thinking I had an excellent chance of winning and reentering Russian politics. How wrong I would prove to be.

By that time Yeltsin's reforms had stumbled, and Russia was turning into a corrupt and criminalized state. The so-called privatization, conducted irresponsibly, ignoring the psychology of people who had lived for nearly seventy-five years in a totalitarian paternalistic environment, turned them against the reformers, against Yeltsin's erratic, unpredictable rule. But I did not realize the depth of the disappointment and wrath in the society and was puzzled by the reluctance of my former political friends to enter the election campaign. One day I visited my sponsor in the democratic movement, Yuri Afanasiev, who had become president of a new university in Moscow, and asked him why he did not participate in the elections.

"It does not make sense to run again," said Afanasiev sadly. "We are doomed to lose. Our time is over, Oleg."

I could not believe my ears. A year after the collapse of the Communist system I was still quite popular in my country and basked in the public recognition. I traveled across Russia from its new western borders to the mining regions of the Altai and the Kuril Islands in the Far East. Wherever I spoke publicly, I would get standing ovations. I made a lot of friends among the Moscow political elite and intellectuals. In 1991 my birthday celebration was attended by, among others, Alexander Yakovlev, Vadim Bakatin, Eugene Primakov, and Nikas Safronov, a rising star in Russian art who would later become a Kremlin favorite.

Like many Russians, I was critical of Yeltsin's botched reforms and spoke out against the lack of genuine changes in the Russian security services. Viktor Barannikov, who was then chief of the Federal Security Service, once approached me at a public gathering and said, "I'm aware of your public criticism of our agency. What bothers you? Why don't you stop by my office and we'll talk about our common problems."

Barannikov never called back and was dismissed in 1993 by President Yeltsin in the wake of a major corruption scandal and his participation in the revolt against Yeltsin.

Why not run again? Afanasiev's words rang in my ears. It was not even a matter of popularity; it was a matter of principle. We must not give up. We must persevere. How can we ever win if we do not try?

But I misjudged the mood of the Russian people. Moscow always differed from the rest of the country, as did Leningrad, now called St. Petersburg. Some industrial centers remained essentially loyal to the reforms, though they were also disgusted by Yeltsin's performance. But the rest of the population felt betrayed by the new breed of Russian politicians. They grew nostalgic about the old days of "law and order." In the Krasnodar region, the mostly rural voters would turn away from me too. And yet I tried.

The district in which I was running was smaller than my old Krasnodar district and, I thought, more advantageous for a reform candidate since it included the city of Krasnodar and the big cities of the Russian Black Sea coast. But as I began to campaign in November 1992, I realized that the situation had swung 180 degrees since my last race in August 1990. Battered by rising prices, confused by a market economy, and fed up with Yeltsin and his fellow reformers, the electorate I faced was nothing like the one I saw during my first campaign. In August 1990, I was drawing hundreds, sometimes thousands, of people to my speeches and rallies. In November 1992, 1 was lucky if I could get a few dozen people to come and hear me. The voters were angry and apathetic and sick of hearing about the shining promise of market reforms. I soon realized I had a real fight on my hands. My chief opponent was Nikolai Kondratenko, a former regional Communist Party official who had become chairman of the Krasnodar legislature.

As the three-week campaign wore on, I grew more and more pessimistic about my chances. On election day, even I was stunned by the results. Only 37 percent of the voters came to the polls, and the former Communist governor received 70 percent of the vote. I finished third with a mere 7 percent, compared to the 57 percent I had won just two years before. Since less than 50 percent of the voters had turned out, the election was declared invalid and rescheduled for the spring of 1993. But I had learned my lesson and was not about to run for office again, at least not in Krasnodar. Now I had no choice but to intensify my business involvement, though Russian politics did not inspire much confidence in my business projects.

In 1993 I watched with dismay as Russia became increasingly paralyzed by a power struggle between Yeltsin and his opponents, parliament chairman Ruslan Khasbulatov and Vice President Rutskoi. That September, Russia's political conflict reached the breaking point when Yeltsin disbanded the Russian parliament. On October 3, our worst fears came true as armed followers of Rutskoi and the parliament rampaged through Moscow's streets, killing policemen and citizens. Believing that the armed revolt against Yeltsin had begun, Rutskoi and Khasbulatov called on followers to seize the central TV tower in Moscow and storm the Kremlin. That night—a Sunday—dozens died and more than one hundred were injured as pro-Yeltsin troops fought off an attack on the television center.

The Russian president and his top military commanders had no choice but to quell this rebellion. The next morning I, along with the rest of the world, watched in amazement as Russian tanks pounded the White House. It was a shocking and humiliating spectacle, but I felt Yeltsin had been given no choice; I only wished that he had acted more forcefully against his opponents months earlier. With the taking of the White House and the arrest of Rutskoi, Khasbulatov, and other leaders of the revolt, Yeltsin had done militarily what he had been unable to do politically—crush the opposition. I didn't like the methods, but I was not unhappy with the result. Over the spring and summer of 1993, it had become increasingly clear that the Communist and nationalist opposition had one overriding goal: to depose Yeltsin by any means, roll back reforms, recreate an autocratic Russian government and, if possible, reinstate the Soviet Union. The men who tried to pull off the October 1993 uprising were not unlike those who carried out the August 1991 coup and—thank God—utterly incompetent. Yeltsin was lucky that his opponents were so mediocre.

Within months, however, we seemed to be sliding back into lawlessness and conflict. In February 1994, I was stunned when the newly elected Russian parliament (featuring the nationalist and KGB creature Vladimir Zhirinovsky) voted to grant amnesty to not only Khasbulatov and Rutskoi but also the motley crew that pulled off the coup of August 1991. Nothing could have more sharply underscored the lawlessness that plagued Russian society. So, I had to live with new realities and look for new opportunities. In the first year of Yeltsin's rule, I was contacted by a guy who introduced himself as a senior adviser to the chief of Yeltsin's administration. I had met the chief earlier through my friends in the Moscow Party apparatus and we spent one evening together drinking and dancing. On behalf of the administration, this adviser, a recent graduate of the Moscow Institute of International relations, specializing in world finance, suggested that I become chairman of a major bank attached to his office. I declined, explaining that I had no knowledge or experience of banking. But I agreed to work as a consultant who would promote international contacts and carry out specific missions for the bank.

At that time I also resumed my relationship with the French and worked with them until I left for the United States in 1995 after Rosnet struck a deal with AT&T, the prestigious U.S. telecommunications company. Our relations with AT&T had begun to unfold a year earlier, and I played an important role in the negotiations which culminated in a major agreement signed in Moscow. On the U.S. side, AT&T was represented by several individuals, including the vice president of the company and a former U.S. Senate aide, Paul Joyal, who would later become my partner in the Russian-American joint venture Intercon. A graduate of Catholic University based in Washington, D.C., Joyal asked me if I would be interested in teaching for one semester in America and simultaneously consulting for AT&T on marketing prospects in Russia and the former Soviet republics. With Rosnet growing ever more dependent on KGB support in external relations, especially with Western European telecommunication companies, I felt that my absence for a few months would not hurt the company's interests. My boss did not object, and in late 1993 I landed at Washington's Dulles airport to take up a new assignment in the United States—teaching and consulting.

Paul Joyal turned out to be a loyal partner and a good friend. Within months we became fully operational as the consulting company Intercon. Our ties with AT&T and Russian telecommunications converted our company into a Russian outlet in the United States. The U.S. interests were fully represented by Paul. Through his connections at Catholic University, I received a temporary position as a professor of contemporary Russian history. Three times a week I would be engaged at the university with lectures and seminars. Some of my lectures were open to the general public, and within weeks I met distinguished representatives of the U.S. intelligence community. Among them was former CIA director Richard Helms. He attended two of my lectures, talked to me afterward, and then invited my wife and me to dinner at his home. For nearly ten years after that, we would meet regularly. The last time I saw him was at a prestigious club in the Washington area. He looked frail and exhausted. He died a few weeks later, and I went to his funeral to pay my respects to the outstanding American intelligence officer.

Before I met Helms I was lucky to become friendly with yet another remarkable man, former CIA director William Colby. During one of my first trips abroad after I became People's Deputy of the USSR, I got acquainted with Colby at a seminar in Berlin devoted to the problems of international terrorism. Colby invited me to join him at a nearby restaurant, and the next day we were both interviewed in Treptow Park by German television. As we walked in the park and answered questions on camera, our interviewer asked me pointedly, "What do you think of Mr. Colby as a former leading figure in U.S. intelligence?" It was May 1991, and the KGB still exercised full control of the USSR. Yet my answer was unequivocal and defiant. "Had I had a choice in my earlier life, I would have gladly worked under Mr. Colby rather than under KGB Chairman Kryuchkov."

Colby traveled to Russia in late 1991 and this time I hosted him at a dinner in my home. We would become friends and collaborators in a Hollywood-produced videogame, *Spycraft.* Colby's untimely death shocked me. We had planned to meet at his country home on the Chesapeake Bay in a week or so. I lost a friend whom I deeply respected and trusted.

I knew that many people in the intelligence community disliked Colby, largely because of his testimony on Capitol Hill in which he had disclosed some "family" secrets to U.S. legislators. When I talked to Colby about his problems, he readily admitted that. I'll never forget what he told me: "We belong to a very special part of the federal government. We are a supersecret agency, but when I face the elected representatives of the American people, I have no right to lie. I work for the people of my country, not some corporation. I have no right to lie to them."

My business tour of America ended in the summer of 1994. I enjoyed my new engagements. I was well treated both by the people and the authorities. Russia continued to be a major attraction from both economic and political perspectives. The tragic events of 1993 marred the optimistic view of Russia's progress toward democracy, but did not radically change the Western assessment of developments in the country.

In 1994, St. Martin's Press published my book in the United States—the same year it went on sale in the United Kingdom under a different title. In 1995, the original version of my book in Russian finally appeared in bookstores in Russia. My Moscow editors had warned me that they had to substantially abridge my manuscript because it contained sensitive material which could lead to legal or other problems with the authorities. But I was happy anyway.

That year I celebrated my sixtieth birthday at the Rossia nightclub in downtown Moscow. With some four dozen friends attending the event, I felt as confident as ever. The future looked bright to me. But several months later, on the eve of the new year, the Russian army invaded rebellious Chechnya, trying to restore absolute rule in this autonomous republic in the North Caucasus. Russian Defense Minister Pavel Grachev boasted, “We will crush the rebels in a few days with a regiment of our troops.”

A week later, the Russian military adventure turned into a fiasco. The Russian army was routed and withdrew. Yeltsin would admit later that the invasion of Chechnya was the worst mistake of his presidency. The events in Chechnya made me feel sick, and I could not remain silent. I worked with a number of Russian politicians to organize a rally in Moscow protesting Yeltsin’s adventurism. And it was a flop. Some two hundred Muscovites turned up at the meeting shouting, “Hands off Chechnya! Give them freedom!” Compared to huge demonstrations in Gorbachev’s era and in the aftermath of the armed uprising in 1993, the antiwar rally was a failure. The mood of the nation had changed. Few people were now interested in anything but their own survival.

On May 1, the traditional Soviet and Russian holiday, I walked near the Kremlin wall toward the National Hotel, where I was supposed to have lunch with a foreign correspondent. In the distance I saw a huge crowd of demonstrators under red banners pouring into the square next to the Kremlin. A young man, apparently one of the demonstrators, was walking toward me and stopped suddenly when he recognized me. He came close to me and hissed, “You traitor. I’ll kill you now.” He started fumbling in his pockets and I immediately understood that he was deadly serious.

My first reaction was to strike him, but he looked stronger and huskier than I. So I engaged him in a conversation.

"Whom did I betray?" I asked as calmly as I could. "I have always been and remain loyal to my people."

"You betrayed our cause, our leader Stalin," he responded, looking furtively around.

"But I admired Stalin when I was young," I replied, also looking around for help.

A hundred yards away I saw a policeman walking in our direction. "Here comes a policeman," I said. The man saw him too and hurried away.

That evening I told my wife about the encounter near the Kremlin walls. She was scared. She told me she had received several anonymous telephone calls in the past months with curses and threats, but she never told anyone about them. For the first time since August 1991, I felt uneasy.

The solution to my new problems came soon from the United States. In August 1995, a contract was signed in Moscow to launch Rosnet International JSC.

On October 3 of that year, with a three-year contract in my pocket, I arrived in the United States as a Russian partner of AT&T. I never thought that my temporary status would transform into a new life. In Russia I left many friends, bittersweet memories, lots of property and personal belongings. I did not plan to stay in America beyond the contract obligations.

Yes, I felt disillusioned over Russia's progress toward democracy. Yes, I felt betrayed like millions of my countrymen by Yeltsin's bungled reforms, by the ineptitude, corruption, and lies of the new regime. But I intended to return and contribute to Russia's eventual rebirth, help resolve her staggering problems. I remained an optimist, and to those who persisted in seeing a gloomy future for Russia, I could only say, Look how far we have come since 1985, when Mikhail Gorbachev took power. In the space of a decade, the Soviet and Russian people have broken free of the bloodiest totalitarian system the world has ever seen. We have reversed nearly seventy-five years of terrifyingly centralized rule and have begun to dismantle the gigantic contraption that was the Soviet economy. We are creating a market economy, albeit one that is often wild, unprincipled, and infiltrated by the Mafia. And despite a history of centuries of autocratic rule, be it under the czars or the Bolsheviks, we have been trying to build a real democracy with a new constitution, legislature, and balance of powers. In short, we have been trying—in the space of a decade or two—to do something that has taken countries like America centuries to accomplish. It is a process that is at once ugly and inspiring. I am sure it will not be completed in my lifetime, but I am equally sure that in the years to come Russia will be a democratic and increasingly prosperous state.

My life and career paralleled the arc of my country's rise and fall and rebirth. I am amazed at how far we have come. During events of the twentieth century—World War I, the Russian Revolution, the civil war, the Stalin terror, and World War II—roughly 75 million Soviets perished by war, in famine, or at the hands of the state. I was born one-third of the way through that bloody century in the midst of Stalin's repression, and grew up a loyal son of the Communist regime. As a boy, I worshiped Stalin. As a young man, I was so moved by Communist ideals that I furiously shook the pear tree of a doctor who dared to charge her patients for her services. As a young KGB officer, I went off to America, convinced that our leaders and our ideals would one day allow us to overcome our tragic past and create a society even more remarkable than the one I saw in the United States.

I wised up, of course. Khrushchev's ouster in 1964, the Czech invasion of 1968, the increasing senility of our leaders—all of it cooled my ardor for our Communist system. But I remained faithful to my homeland and retained the hope that we would one day reform Soviet Communism. I took pride in my work, for thousands of other KGB officers and I were locked in an all-consuming, global struggle with the CIA. I hunkered down at intelligence headquarters in Yasenovo, working twelve hours a day and trying not to pay too much attention to the growing signs of decay and discontent in my country.

Looking back, I have few regrets. I didn't choose where I was born, and I grew up and thrived in Stalin's brave new world. I dedicated myself to that world and its vision of the future. And when I, along with millions of others, finally decided to fight against everything we had grown up with, I hardly saw it as an act of betrayal. For the simple fact was that the system and its leaders had betrayed us. We had believed fervently and had worked tirelessly to create the "shining future" our leaders constantly dangled before us. Slowly, however, we came to understand that the system sucked more and more out of us and gave little in return. It was an inhuman creation. In the mid-1980s, the country and I woke up and realized that the old order had to go. First we shed our illusions. Then we shed our fear. Finally, we shed the system itself. I am proud to have played a role in toppling it.

EPILOGUE

Washington in October is gorgeous: balmy air, colorful autumn leaves, spacious avenues, and squares filled with diverse crowds of relaxed, friendly people. All my life I lived in big cities, and when I came to Washington for the first time in the middle of the 1960s I was struck by its provincial character. But the nation's capital has been transformed dramatically since those days, and so have I.

In 1995, our office representing Russian telecommunications systems and AT&T was located a few hundred yards from the White House in an old-fashioned, well-maintained building. From a rented apartment near George Washington University I would walk every morning to my new workplace.

From the moment I moved into my new environment I regained the sense of security and confidence I had been losing in my homeland. Americans' interest in Russian affairs was quite high in the mid-1990s. The dramatic transformation of Russia's economic and political life inspired high hopes in the West. It is no wonder that soon I found myself in the company of experts on Russia's evolution as a democratic society. Our company, Intercon, published a daily report on Russia and the former republics of the USSR, and we had a growing number of subscribers to our product. I contributed a monthly column in which I expressed my personal opinion on events in Russia and the political figures behind them.

In 1999, after AT&T suffered some losses in the wake of the economic and financial meltdown in Russia, Intercon reduced its activity sharply.

By that time I had been already involved with the Center for Counterintelligence and Security Studies based in Alexandria, Virginia, a private company dedicated to teaching U.S. government employees the essentials and tradecraft of espionage, counterintelligence, counterterrorism, security, and related geopolitical topics.

In a few years I would be invited to join the board of directors of a unique world institution, the International Spy Museum. My experience helped give millions of museum visitors insight into the role of intelligence in protecting national security of the United States.

In the late 1990s, despite growing hostility in the Moscow media, I remained in good standing with the official Russian establishment. I did not shun Russian diplomatic and military representatives in Washington, attended receptions at the embassy, met ambassadors and senior diplomats from Armenia, Georgia, Uzbekistan, Ukraine, and the Baltic States. Yuri Ushakov, the new Russian ambassador, invited me to his residence and we agreed to meet privately on a regular basis. But a month or so later, he abruptly cancelled our meetings. I learned from other Russian officials that Moscow had ordered him to end all contacts with me. By that time Vladimir Putin had moved into the Kremlin, and the KGB was now playing a decisive role in the affairs of state.

Signals from Moscow indicated clearly that I'd better stick to my business in the United States. Disturbing changes had taken place in Russia since Putin took over in 2000, but the worst was yet to come.

The year 2001 was the most depressing one in my life.

The arrival of the new millennium inspired new hopes and anticipations. None of that came true.

On May 1 my dear mother passed away in Moscow. She was nearly ninety-one. I could not go to Russia to say farewell to her, and my daughter Svetlana had to take care of everything.

On September 11, I watched the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center fall, the televised tragedy of destruction, suffering, grief, and wrath. The savage assault on America irrevocably changed the world, jolting millions of people out of complacency brought about by the end of the cold war.

On December 20, my beloved wife Ludmilla, my trusted friend and confidante for nearly fifty years, died of cancer. She passed away peacefully in her sleep after the best doctors in America spent six months trying to save her.

I invited a dozen of our closest friends and neighbors to the funeral. Some fifty showed up to express their condolences and support.

On Christmas Eve I felt devastated. I did not return telephone calls and withdrew from all social events. I did not want to talk to anyone. I was totally depressed.

After a while I began to recover. One has to go on living and grapple with new realities, stand up against all odds, and keep going until one's own time comes to die.

These thoughts would often come to mind during long flights as I traveled around the country. Once in the fall of 2002, as I was flying from Los Angeles to Detroit, I was again immersed in these ruminations but suddenly felt a sense of relief. I was on my way home from Hollywood, where I had met distinguished representatives of the movie world of yesteryear.

The vitality of America's cultural life, often underestimated or misrepresented abroad, reinvigorated me. Politicians never really excited me, but creative people always did.

As my spirits revived, my circle of friends started to widen. Many were former Soviet citizens who emigrated and settled in America after the demise of the USSR—musicians, artists, architects, scientists, engineers. I became popular with the Russian émigré community in Baltimore. I participated regularly in Russian-language TV and radio programs in New York, talking about recent Russian history and current events.

It was the Russian community that helped me fully resurrect my heart and desire for life. At a dinner party in Virginia I met Olga, a biology professor who had come to the United States years before. I was enchanted not only by her looks and wit, but also by her knowledge of literature and art. I never thought it would happen again, but I truly found a kindred soul. I fell in love. It turned out that I knew Olga's father, a popular Russian fiction writer, and I had met him several times in Leningrad in the 1980s. At some point Olga's mother came to Washington from St. Petersburg and blessed our union. We married a few months later.

My relationship with Olga did not distract me from my public engagements. As time went by, I grew even more critical of what was happening in Russia. In my public pronouncements I never minced words about Putin's regime and the counterrevolutionary nature of his rule, and the feedback from my Russian audiences was heartwarming and encouraging.

Then one day I received a call from the Russian consulate in Washington asking me to come to the office to sign a document. When I inquired about the nature of the document, the consular official declined to provide specifics and again demanded that I appear at the consulate. I refused, suggesting the document be mailed to my office. When I finally saw the document, I realized what it was all about. Moscow wanted me to fly back to Russia for interrogation. I was again charged with treason. My immediate response to the subpoena was a public statement in which I denied the accusations and promised to put the document on display at the International Spy Museum.

The charges were totally unfounded. When in 1990 I faced similar accusations, they at least made some sense. After all, the Soviet KGB was still very much alive, and my public attacks on it were viewed as a brazen effort to discredit the sanctity of the mainstay of the system.

But New Russia, which I had tried to help build as a democratic state! How can they charge me with treason? I was stunned. I never had illusions about President Putin, and when he called me "traitor" I responded by calling him "war criminal." But I still believed that Russian justice and the legal system were beyond the Kremlin's dictate. I was wrong.

At the end of June, just two days before the old Soviet criminal code, which permitted trials in absentia, was to be replaced by the Russian one free of that provision, at a secret court session attended by a judge, a government prosecutor, and a court-appointed lawyer, I was sentenced to fifteen years in jail without confiscation of property. The latter favor was granted at the request of the prosecutor, who said that the crime I had committed was not motivated by financial or material considerations. My lawyer, whom I never heard of, made a public statement after the trial: "I read all volumes of Mr. Kalugin's case and found no proof of his guilt. All charges against him are based on rumors, innuendos, and reports in the media."

With my fate in Russia sealed, I applied for political asylum and U.S. citizenship. My status as a permanent resident and my reputation as a public figure who had openly challenged the cruelest organization in the world made me hope that my request would be granted. In August 2003 I became a citizen of the United States.

My joy over my new status was boundless. I belonged now to the millions of people of this great nation who can say, "I am proud to be an American."

A few days later, on my birthday, I threw a big party at the University Club building next to the Russian ambassador's residence. It was a great event attended by nearly a hundred guests. Hosted by Ralph Hostetter, a businessman who had become one of my most trusted and respected confidants, the party was a tremendous success. I was nearly tearful when I finally took the floor. In my remarks I said, "When I was a young man I never doubted that the Soviet system set the model of the future of humanity. To protect and promote that model, based on social justice, equality, and freedom, was my sacred duty and conviction. It took a lifetime to understand that even the noblest ideals and aspirations, built on the corpses of millions of people, are doomed. But I am not disillusioned. I have lived long enough in this country to realize that with all its flaws, imperfections, and problems, the United States today represents the future of humanity, where equal rights, ethnic and racial diversities, conflicting political views and differences of faith, are respected and protected. That's what we stand for. United."

With my new status as an American citizen I regained confidence in my future. Before my treason conviction I maintained regular telephone contacts with old friends in Moscow and St. Petersburg. Some visited me in my home in Maryland and stayed over for a day or two. I was fully briefed on what was going on back there. Since then contacts have become sporadic. One friend, a senior official of Moscow's prestigious think tank, called me six months after the verdict on my case was announced. I was surprised to hear from him. I understood too well that he would be in trouble with Russian authorities if they found out. "Don't worry, he said. I'm calling from Los Angeles. Your true friends never forget you, we love you." I was moved. I called him back in a couple of minutes and we talked for at least half an hour. Talking occasionally to friends and visitors from Russia, watching TV, diligently reading Russian periodicals and websites, I came to comprehend better what happened to Russia in the years since I came to the United States in 1995.

The disintegration of the Soviet Union, one of the greatest events of the twentieth century, signified far more than the breakup of an empire. It ended the most ambitious social and economic experiment in the history of mankind, dashed hopes and expectations of millions of people across the world who were fascinated by the idea of living in paradise on earth in their lifetime. Historians may argue about the causes of that monumental collapse, but in fact economic inefficiency, inhumanity, and the inability of Soviet leaders to adjust to a changing reality played a crucial role in bringing the system down.

What has emerged from the ruins of the former "first socialist state in the world" is a mess characterized alternately as "robber capitalism," a "criminal state," or "authoritarianism without authority."

Knowing Russia's turbulent and painful past, few people expected miracles. The liberal reformers failed in their optimistic forecasts and lost clout in the society.

Creating a democracy and a market economy to replace the bureaucracy and centralism of the past proved daunting. The collapse of the USSR put immense riches up for grabs—vast natural resources, a sprawling manufacturing complex, and lucrative businesses from airlines to TV networks that the state had owned for decades.

This massive transfer of public property into private hands turned into a vicious struggle for wealth, over which the rule of law was never imposed. Former Party bureaucrats, factory directors, aggressive businessmen, and criminals made a grab through insider deals, bribes, or brute force. Fearing an uncertain future, political instability, and greedy competitors, they have chosen to invest their purloined wealth in foreign entities or offshore banks, rather than in Russia's economy.

The emergence of the old KGB guard, albeit a younger generation, in the Russian political arena was the common people's response to lawlessness and a moral void.

The old political establishment totally discredited itself, but the armed forces—underpaid, underhoused, demoralized—could not offer an alternative. The Orthodox Church, recovering from decades of dependence and servility, was still run by the hierarchs on a short leash held by the KGB.

And here comes the man Vladimir Putin, young, sober, and sportsmanlike. He embodies the new breed of KGB, uninvolved in political persecution and torture. He worked for the Soviet intelligence service, romanticized and serialized in Soviet adventure books and television programs since the end of World War II. It does not matter that he spent years in East Germany and was deputy mayor of St. Petersburg, dealing with problems of privatization, after an unusually early retirement from the KGB. Nor does it matter that he served under Pavel Borodin, chief of the Kremlin business administration, as his deputy in charge of Russian property abroad. His boss, Borodin, would later be charged with financial machinations in the reconstruction of the Kremlin. But who cares? Everyone has to make a living.

What matters is that Putin looks and talks like a commoner, that he wants to restore law and order and put an end to criminal privatization. He is nostalgic about the Soviet national anthem and the Soviet red flag. Yes, as the chief of the Russian security service, appointed by Yeltsin at Borodin's suggestion, he saved Yeltsin's family from a major corruption scandal. But that bespeaks his dependability. Neat guy!

What the people of Russia did not foresee was that their choice, a former lieutenant colonel from the St. Petersburg KGB field office, would bring into the Kremlin walls the hordes of hungry, low-ranking KGB operatives whose first instinct, unrestricted by Party discipline or Christian morals, was to grab what they obtained access to or redistribute riches accumulated by others through the so-called privatization.

They came late and had to act fast before their time expired. They appointed their buddies as chiefs of security (FSB) and national police (MVD). And their protégés, instead of combating crime and preventing terrorist acts, got involved in disputes between business entities.

As one Russian observer noted, in today's Russia there are no departments; there are friends. There are no laws; there are personal relationships. The old KGB crew moved to private companies, taking their handguns, surveillance equipment, and knowledge of how to organize bombings, assassinations, or poisonings with them. Their younger colleagues, now in power, cover up for them and share the loot.

The KGB was an organization. There are no organizations in Russia now, just organized crime. Principalities and lands are handed out in exchange for loyal services and profits. It was not Putin who set up the system. He is just handing out land to his friends and colleagues in order to control other principalities.

Those who resist the order of things are in trouble. Scores of Russian legislators, journalists, and businessmen were assassinated or died under mysterious circumstances. Others chose to seek asylum abroad, fearing the worst. I personally knew some of these people, from Galina Starovoitova, Sergei Yushenkov, and Yuri Schekochihin—former members of the Russian Duma—to Vladimir Gusinsky and Boris Berezovsky—multimillionaires and political activists. I knew Anna Politkovskaya, a Russian journalist and human rights advocate, and met her in Washington a few months before she was gunned down in Moscow. I talked often on the phone to Alexander Litvinenko, a former lieutenant colonel in the FSB, and regularly read his fierce, sarcastic attacks on Putin. When he died of poisoning, I had no doubt that the Kremlin stood behind his assassination. Confronted with these grim realities of Putin's Russia, I preferred to live in America.

I do not feel nostalgic about my homeland. I have no interest in ever going back. But I have not lost touch with Russia; part of my family, some of my good friends are still there. I am watching Russia from a distance and I am not indifferent to what is going on there or may happen in years to come. Russia's future is not a matter of private interest. It may affect international stability and world peace; it may affect the global environment and even the existence of our planet. Russia is a nuclear power, and this should never be ignored. Current developments in Russia are highly disturbing, and that brings to my mind the prognostication of Russia's future made by Zbigniew Brzezinski in the early 1990s, in his book *Out of Control.* "In Russia danger is unlikely to manifest itself in the shape of a resurrected communism but rather as a new form of fascism. . . . Fascism is effective in exploiting the irrational side of human nature appealing effectively to emotions that can be galvanized through national symbols, exploiting the attraction of national power and glory, responding to craving for discipline and uniformity. . . . Fascist nationalism becomes the only unifying ideological alternative. . . . Russian variant of fascism is unlikely to go quite as far as Nazism with its unique racial obsessions. Unlike Communism or Nazism, Russian fascism would express itself through chauvinism rather than totalitarianism, through statism rather than collectivism. It would be fascism as a practice: the combination of dictatorial rule, state domination over a partially private economy, chauvinism and emphasis on imperial myths and missions."

As Russia entered the twenty-first century with Putin at the helm, she continues to live in the world of old suspicions and fears: vulnerability in the south, with Muslim separatist movements on the rise; threats from the west, with NATO approaching dangerously close to Russian borders; potential dangers in the east, with China looming as pretender to the vast territories conquered by Russia centuries ago. With her global power dramatically diminished, her economy dependent on energy sources, the old ideology destroyed, and a moral vacuum deepening, Russia faces a critical choice: to return to the old ways of ruthless dictatorship or surge forward toward truly democratic reforms. Her current ruler chooses neither. Putin prefers to stay adrift, tightening the screws wherever he can by silencing the opposition and the independent media, without resorting openly to Stalinist methods or declaring publicly his support for genuine democracy.

I do not know if Putin is familiar with the advice given to Napoleon two hundred years ago: "Talk about freedom but rule with bayonets, and remember that you cannot sit on them."

These words hold particular significance for Kremlin rulers. The revolutionary upheavals in Georgia, Ukraine, and Kyrgyzstan revealed that there are limits to tolerance and patience among the people of the former USSR. This applies to the people of Russia as well.

Fearful of internal turmoil, suspicious of both west and east, trying desperately to find its place in the rapidly changing world, Russia suffers from a sort of national schizophrenia. Putin's response to the malady sits well with tested traditions of Soviet times: expand the security and intelligence services, boost their morale, and keep them proud of their glorious past. On December 20, 2003, in connection with the security services professional holiday, President Putin said, "For many generations of security professionals this day has become a symbol of courage, devotion to the cause and wholehearted service to the benefit of the motherland."

Flanked by Vladimir Kryuchkov, former KGB chairman and mastermind of the failed anti-Gorbachev coup, and dozens of decorated veterans of the Soviet KGB, Putin felt elated. And so did his former colleagues. For them it was a signal to unleash a new campaign against "foreign spies" and their potential assets among liberal reformers, members or supporters of nongovernmental organizations, intellectuals, and businessmen who dare to disagree.

While making friendly gestures and references to the leaders of the United States, France, Germany, and Italy, Putin ordered Russian intelligence (SVR) to intensify its operations abroad, expand its espionage network in order to bolster Russia's claims to great power status, improve her image in the eyes of the world, and transform Russia into a competitive force on the world markets—not in natural resources but in manufactured goods, services, and high technology.

Many people wonder how Russian intelligence can succeed if Russia's standing is so low in so many ways, with a discredited ideology and an unattractive image. "No problem," said the deputy chief of Russian intelligence a few weeks before the attack on the United States in September 2001. "We look for people who hate America. There are millions of them across the globe. We use money too. And we work with our former compatriots who are scattered around the world. Many of them feel nostalgic about their homeland and may be willing to contribute to Russia's rebirth."

When Putin came to power in 2000, he stated publicly, "Over the years we fell prey to an illusion that we had no enemies. We paid dearly for that." That's Putin. And those who believe that he converted to Western values are simply misled by Russian propaganda. Putin is a virtual democrat, just as he is a virtual Christian. He sees the world through his KGB prism and acts accordingly. Under him Russia will remain on the edge of the abyss, never quite tumbling in.

Watching developments in Russia from afar, I remain intensely interested in what's going on in my new homeland. In 2004, for the first time, I cast my vote in a U.S. presidential election. I did not support the military action in Iraq. As a veteran cold warrior, I prefer psychological warfare, covert actions, and back-channel negotiations—anything short of war. I have always subscribed to the ancient doctrine that to defeat the enemy without a single battle is the acme of excellence in political and military strategy. To me intelligence operations were always a battle of wits, wills, and spirits, and special operations by the intelligence agencies must be in the forefront of our defense policies. Since the end of the cold war U.S. intelligence has suffered serious setbacks, largely due to complacency in Washington. We were jolted back to reality by the tragic events of September 11. We must never repeat the same mistakes. Our intelligence services must operate at all times as the front line of defense. Millions spent on intelligence may save billions spent on war.

Since moving to America, I have had time to ponder the vicissitudes of human existence.

I was molded by Communist ideology, but I learned early in my youth that "the truth is rarely pure and never simple." That came from Oscar Wilde, one of my favorite authors. In later years I put in my diary the words of German philosopher Immanuel Kant: "Morality cuts the knot that a policy is unable to untie."

In New York in the 1960s, I was fascinated by the words of Martin Luther King, leader of the civil rights movement: "If a man has not discovered something that he will die for, he is not fit to live. . . . Man dies when he refuses to stand up for that which is right. A man dies when he refuses to take a stand for that which is true."

As the chief of Directorate K, I asked my senior representative in Washington to frame a quotation from Benjamin Disraeli, British prime minister in the nineteenth century: "Justice is truth in action." I put these inspiring words on the wall of my office in Moscow. Today they hang in my home office in Maryland.

As I look back over my seven-plus decades, I realize that I have changed enormously while remaining essentially the same. I lived an exciting, purposeful life, driven by a dream that never materialized.

Sometimes my mind wanders back to that summer, more than a half century ago, when I was vacationing in southern Ukraine. I chuckle when I see myself walk up to the doctor's house and upbraid her. How I put the fear of God into her with my talk of good and evil and socialist justice!

Since those days, I have seen enough to make me a cynic. But I have not lost my faith. When I contemplate that summer day in Ukraine, I can thankfully say that the spirit of that crusading blond boy who marched into the doctor's garden and shook her pear tree with all his might still lives within me.

Maryland
September 2008

INDEX

Abrasimov, Pyotr, 250, 251
Academy of Sciences. *See under* Moscow
Active measures, 153. *See also* Dirty tricks
Aeroflot, 169, 240, 395
Afanasiev, Yuri, 384, 425
Afghanistan, 265–270, 330
Africa, 54
African Americans, 55, 117
Agee, Philip, 93, 219–220
AIDS, 297
Akhmatova, Anna, 372
Aleksei II (Patriarch), 229–231
Alexei (friend of Kalugin), 411
Alidin, Viktor, 116, 313, 316, 318, 322, 323–324, 329
Allen, Charles, 56–57
Allen, Richard, 125–126
American Communist Party, 58
Ames, Aldrich (Rick), 146, 182, 232, 238
Amin, Hafizullah, 267, 269, 270
Amsterdam, 403
Anderson, Jack, 49, 81, 112–113, 131
Andrew, Christopher, 91
Andronov, Iona, 178
Andropov, Yuri, 71, 75, 102–103, 120, 135–136, 141, 147–148, 153, 155, 157, 167, 170, 171, 179, 180, 186–187, 198, 199, 200–201, 214, 236, 240, 246, 248–249, 253–254, 255, 266, 275, 279, 290, 292–300, 406
  and Afghanistan, 269
  appointment as chairman of KGB, 295
  appointment as leader of Soviet Union, 331, 353
  and Cook case, 315, 321, 322, 328–329
  as critical of Kalugin, 298–299
  and disinformation/psychological warfare, 297–298
  and domestic issues, 305

Andropov, Yuri (*continued*)
  health/death of, 293, 297, 311, 331, 355–356
  and Hungarian uprising, 294–295
  as liberal, 293
  and Markov assassination, 203, 204
  praise for Brezhnev, 299–300
  and unorthodox operations, 309–311
Angleton, James Jesus, 106, 150
Angola, 219
Anti-alcohol campaign, 367
Anti-Semitism, 12, 54, 103, 224
Antonov, Sergei, 139
Arabic language, 19–20
Arab-Israeli conflict, 117
Arafat, Yassir, 186
Armenia, 221, 424, 436
Arnoni, M. S., 55–56
Artamonov, Nikolai Fyodorovich, 104–108, 171–179, 237
  death of, 176–177, 178, 179
Artists, 347, 348, 349, 425, 437
  art fraud, 249–250
  See also Hermitage Museum
Asahi Shimbun, 80
Assassinations. *See* Executions/assassinations
AT&T, 428–429, 432, 435, 436
Australia, 194, 250
  Australian Broadcasting Company (ABC), 43
  Australian Secret Intelligence Organization, 154
Austria, 285. *See also* Vienna, Austria
Baikal-Amur Railway (BAM), 362–363
Bakatin, Vadim, 79, 231, 292, 418–419, 425
Baltic States, 404, 405, 423, 436
Bandera, Stepan, 275
Banking systems, 424
Barannikov, Viktor, 420, 426
Barkovsky, Vladimir, 34, 39
Barnett, David Henry, 179–183
Barron, John, 170
BBC, 12, 21, 157, 203, 209, 211, 212, 408
Bekhterev (General), 398–399
Berezovsky, Boris, 443
Beria, Lavrenti P., 13
Berlin Wall, 50. *See also* East Germany/East Berlin
Bethel (Lord), 212
Bird, Christopher, 210, 211, 212
Bitov, Oleg, 238
Black market, 393
Blackmail, 49, 224, 226, 227, 251, 254, 255, 260, 296
  bureaucratic blackmail, 287
Blake, George, 158–161, 228, 275–276
Bleyer, Vladilen, 338–339, 345–346, 358
Bobkov, Philip, 354–355
Bolshoi Ballet, 29
Bombs/bombings, 224–225, 442
Bonner, Yelena, 391–392
Borisenko (Captain), 15
Borodin, Pavel, 442
Borovik, Genrikh, 178, 307
Boyarov, Vitaly, 138, 140, 141, 148, 152

Brandt, Willy, 196
Brazil, 307–308
Brezhnev, Leonid Ilyich, 13, 69, 71, 72, 120, 121, 123, 124–125, 161–162, 177, 189, 232, 234, 247, 254, 270, 276, 313, 343, 344, 362, 367
  death of, 293, 331, 353–354
  praised by Andropov, 299–300
Bribery, 227–228, 368–369, 370, 371, 393, 425
Brookings Institution, 77
Brzezinski, Zbigniew, 41, 443–444
Buckley, William, 187
Bulgaria, 198, 201–212, 287, 403
Burgess, Guy, 150, 152, 161
Burke, Sean, 159, 275–276
Bykov, Vladimir, 115–116

Cameras/photographs, 173, 257, 258, 259, 261, 268. *See also* Microfilm
Canada, 221, 258, 290, 365
  Canadian television (CBC), 215
  double agent game in, 263–264
  expulsions from, 264
  Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP), 82, 173, 190, 194, 232, 260, 264
Carlos (terrorist), 199–200
Castro, Fidel, 29–30, 51, 219
Catholic University (U.S.), 429
Ceausescu, Nicolae, 217–218
Censorship, 78, 349, 386
Center for Counterintelligence and Security Studies, 436
Central Documentary Studio, 306, 307
Chakovsky, Alexander, 178
Chaplygin, Nikolai, 10, 15
Chazov, Yevgeni, 177
Chebotaryov (GRU officer), 239, 240, 241–243
Chebrikov, Viktor, 215, 227, 342, 353, 355, 356, 372, 375, 378–379, 380–382
Chechnya, 431
Cheka, 13
Chernenko, Constantin, 356, 363, 366
Chernyayev, Rudolf, 298–299
China, 444
Chubais, Igor, 386–387
CIA, 33, 40, 44, 54, 61, 82, 93, 97, 105, 106, 110, 118, 119, 138, 150, 152, 168, 170, 171, 178, 184, 192, 219, 235, 237, 245, 262–263, 264, 267, 272, 286–287, 323, 429, 433
  agent volunteering to work for KBG, 87–90
  attempt to abduct officer of, 185–187
  attempt to recruit overseas officers of, 140–145, 179–183, 263
  CIA moles in Soviet Union, 213 (*see also* Moles)
  disinformation concerning, 297
  KGB handbook concerning, 311–312
  See also Kalugin, Oleg: suspected of being a CIA agent
Code breaking, 93, 94, 95
Colby, William, 137, 296, 429–430

Cold war, 50, 54, 81, 160, 196
  rapprochement during, 24, 114, 123, 129, 171
Collective farms, 17–18, 358–359, 399
Columbia University, 24, 27, 28, 29, 33, 38, 213, 267
Committee for the State of Emergency, 407, 410
Communism, 6, 28, 39, 118, 123, 159, 160, 162, 163, 164, 196, 219, 247, 273, 295, 297, 335, 365, 433
Communist Party, 121, 122, 189, 310, 355, 385, 388, 397, 404
  Central Committee, 24, 25, 33, 54, 115, 244, 250, 251, 253, 254, 276, 280, 281, 294, 339, 376, 411
  complex of buildings in Moscow for, 411
  corruption in, 306
  Politburo, 41, 68, 77, 78, 103, 109, 112, 121, 124, 139, 140, 198, 250, 253, 270, 279, 281
  regional Communist Party Committee in Leningrad, 364, 371 (*see also* Leningrad: Communist Party bosses in)
  Twenty-Third Party Conference, 78
  and Western European Communist parties, 295–296
Congress of People's Deputies, 392–402, 408
Conspiracy Against Russia and *Conspiracy Against Peace*, 11
Constitution, 420, 433
Cook, Anatoly, 31–32, 35, 63, 70, 72–73, 246, 312–322, 332, 340, 356
  sister Louisa, 31–32
  wife Selena, 314, 318
Copenhagen, Denmark, 26
Corruption, 6, 13, 58, 141, 189, 213, 218, 247, 249, 291, 306, 355, 360, 365, 369, 393, 425, 426, 432, 442. *See also* Bribery; Leningrad: corruption in Leningrad region
Cossacks, 393, 401, 402
Costa Rica, 251
Counterculture, 346
Coup of 1991, 389, 403, 405–415
  arrests during, 412, 413
  failure of, 415, 428
  See also under Kryuchkov, Vladimir
Cronyism, 234, 247, 248, 276, 300
Cuba, 51–53, 155, 219–220, 283–284
  Cuban missile crisis, 23, 59, 66
Cult of personality, 69
Cunhal, Àlvaro, 195
Cyanide pill, 215
Czechoslovakia, 155, 174, 200, 213, 215, 285
  Soviet invasion of, 79, 115, 117–121, 137, 196, 213, 219, 332, 433

Dam at Gulf of Finland, 362–363
Daoud, Mohammad, 266, 267
Dashnak Tsutyun, 221
Dead drops, 90, 95–97

Deaths, 2, 3, 4, 61, 104, 266, 405, 433. *See also* Executions/assassinations
Defections, 29, 35, 62, 89, 91, 98, 99, 100, 121, 146–148, 158, 183, 185, 223, 225, 234, 237, 239, 245, 312, 333, 349
  assassination of defectors, 274–275
  improving lot of foreign defectors in Moscow, 148, 153, 161
  increase in KGB defectors, 138, 231, 286
  re-recruiting defectors, 100, 104–107, 108, 171
  redefections, 238
  sportsmen as likely defectors, 346
Democratic Platform of the Communist Party, 385–388
Denmark, 26
"Detection and Approaches to Psychologically Vulnerable Subjects of the Enemy" (CIA document), 88–89
Détente, 129, 171. *See also* Cold War: rapprochement during
Dirty tricks, 53–57, 103–104, 119, 153, 261, 319, 400. *See also* Disinformation; Letters fabricated
Disinformation, 35, 53, 103, 178, 262, 297–298, 341
Disraeli, Benjamin, 446
Dissidents, 203, 215, 216, 217, 274, 305, 338, 345, 347, 348, 380, 391, 416, 419
Divorce, 274, 310
Djilas, Milovan, 365
Dobrynin, Anatoly Fyodorovich, 114–115, 119, 123, 125
Doctors' Plot, 12
Doctor Zhivago (Pasternak), 28
Documents, doctoring of, 103–104
Dorobantu, Viktor, 218
Double agents, 47, 49, 82, 87, 90, 107, 145, 151, 171, 178, 192, 262–265, 303, 342
  Soviet couple from Armenia as, 109–110
Drozdov, Yuri, 244
Drunkenness, 287, 289, 358, 359, 412, 416
Dubček, Alexander, 117–118, 120
Dulles, Allen, 129
Dzerzhinsky, Felix, 22, 417

Eastern Europe, 28, 148, 169, 195, 197, 216, 226, 227. *See also* Warsaw Pact
East Germany/East Berlin, 10, 50, 61, 155, 158, 168, 195–198, 200, 226, 250, 441
  KGB in, 197–198
Economy, 303, 404, 435, 436, 440, 441, 444
  economic reforms, 420, 421, 426, 432, 433
Electronic surveillance, 100–103. *See also* Listening devices
Émigré groups, 57, 77, 105, 136, 168, 216, 260, 438
  KGB infiltration of, 221–222, 226
  Ukrainian, 221, 275

Enger, Valdik, 298–299
England, 137, 147, 168, 190, 209–212, 275, 430
  expulsion of Soviet officials from, 247
  Secret Intelligence Service (SIS), 149, 150, 152, 158, 160, 194
  See also Philby, Kim
Esterbrook, Ted, 60–62
Eurocommunism, 296
Evgeny (KGB officer), 192–193
Executions/assassinations, 1, 2, 13–14, 16, 17, 18, 100, 104, 108, 117, 146, 150, 158, 159, 160, 176, 183, 192, 218, 227–228, 232, 233, 267, 267, 270, 337, 406, 442, 443
  assassination of defectors, 274–275
  disinformation about assassinations, 297
  See also Markov, Georgi
Extortion, 227–228

Fascism, 443–444
Fate of the Drummer, The, 5
FBI, 29, 33, 35, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47–48, 49, 50, 61, 72, 79, 82, 83, 91, 102, 111, 112, 113, 138, 168, 173, 182, 185
  attempt to entrap Kalugin, 130–131
  surveillance by, 58–59, 86–87, 126–129
Fedorchuk, Vitaly, 248–249, 353
Fedorovskaya, Marina, 57
Feklisov, Alexander, 23, 68
Feoktistov, Mikhail, 108
Finland, 187, 188, 193, 397
  KGB troops at Finnish border, 361–362
First Directorate, The (Kalugin), 430–431
Ford, Gerald, 177
Foreign counterintelligence, 132, 136, 138–139, 152, 161, 262–262
  KGB departments of, 168–170, 419
  See also Kalugin, Oleg: as head/deputy chief of foreign counterintelligence
Foreign Ministry, 251, 269, 288, 294. *See also under* KGB
Foreign Travel Commission, 337, 373–375
France, 137, 146, 168, 190, 194, 233, 277–278, 296, 307, 310, 403, 424, 428, 445
  moles in French intelligence, 191–193
Fulbright Foundation, 23

Gagarin, Yuri, 51
Gaidar, Arkady and Yegor, 5
Gandhi, Indira, 141, 142, 145
Gatchina (town), 341, 368–369
Generation of the Sixties, 18
Georgia (republic), 154–155, 301, 436, 444
Germany, 445. *See also* East Germany/East Berlin; West Germany
Gladek, Milos, 213
Glasnost, 75, 178, 347, 366, 367, 368, 385, 386

Golitsyn, Anatoly, 109
Golubev, Sergei, 205, 207, 211, 287–288
Gorbachev, Mikhail, 18, 24, 75, 76, 115, 140, 278, 279, 291, 292, 334, 336, 347, 365–368, 377, 379, 385, 386, 395, 399, 418, 423
  freed after coup of 1991, 415
  speech after coup of 1991, 420
  as timid reformer, 380, 390, 404–405
  See also Kalugin, Oleg: meetings with Gorbachev
Gordievsky, Oleg, 99
Gorovoi (handler of John Walker), 99
Gorovoi, Nikolai, 400–401
Grachev, Pavel, 431
Granin, Daniil, 348
Greece, 201
Greenpeace, 347
Grigorenko, Grigory, 288, 289, 290, 322, 324
Gromyko, Andrei, 75, 115, 243, 244, 246, 333
GRU (military intelligence), 24, 77, 143, 146, 192, 255, 269, 423
  KGB operating in, 239–240
Guillaume, Günther, 196
Gulag Archipelago, (Solzhenitsyn), 300–301
Gulf of Finland, 362, 363
Guryanov, Oleg, 233–234
Gusak, Gustav, 213
Gusinsky, Vladimir, 443

Hall, Gus, 58
Hammarskjöld, Dag, 54
Hanssen, R., 146
Hard currency transactions, 313, 316–317, 323, 324
Harsch, Joseph, 129
Hate letters, 54
Hatfield, Mark, 59
Helms, Richard, 429
Hermitage Museum, 350–353
Heusinger of the Fourth Reich (Allen), 57
Hezbollah, 187
Homosexuals, 63, 161, 192, 224, 227, 257, 267, 348
Honecker, Erich, 198
Hostetter, Ralph, 439
House Armed Services Committee, 101–102
Howard, Edward Lee, 182, 237, 416
Humphrey, Hubert, 123
Hungary, 121, 155, 284–285
  Soviet invasion of, 21, 22, 79, 219, 294–295

Illegals, 21, 50, 76, 77, 147, 150, 173, 174, 197, 232
India, 141–145, 168, 263, 424
Indonesia, 182–183
Informers, 14, 15–16, 29, 46, 169, 194, 198, 226, 229, 315, 340, 343, 344–345, 347, 370, 372, 374
Institute of World Economics, 312, 314, 315, 365
Intellectuals, 341, 348, 445
Intercon company, 429, 435
International Spy Museum, 436, 438
Intourist, 251, 347, 373–374
Iran, 268

Iraq, 446
Irina (employee of Pan American Airlines in Leningrad), 374, 375
Isidor (Bishop), 229, 230, 399
Israel, 55, 56, 117, 222, 424
Italy, 137, 149, 190, 194, 201, 206, 249, 297, 445
Ivanov, Boris, 47, 63–64, 186, 290, 314, 330
Ivashutin (General), 240, 241, 269
Izvestia, 33, 58

Japan, 233, 262, 403, 421–422
Jews, 222. *See also* Anti-Semitism
Johnson, Lyndon B., 80
Joint ventures, 423–424
Joyal, Paul, 429

Kaftanov, Sergei, 32–33
Kalugin, Oleg
  as acting station chief in Washington D.C., 118
  in Afghanistan, 266–270
  apartment in Moscow in 1964, 65–66
  assignments in United States, 21, 23, 26, 31, 32, 63, 71, 73, 134
  attitudes concerning spies, 99–100
  business ventures of, 423, 424, 427, 428–430, 432
  as candidate for Congress of People's Deputies, 229, 393–402
  as candidate for Russian parliament, 425–427
  and charge of conspiracy to kill Markov, 209–212
  as citizen of United States, 439, 440, 446
  code names for, 19, 34
  as consultant and teacher in United States, 429
  criminal charges filed against, 395, 438–439
  criticized by Andropov, 298–299
  critics of, 215, 225, 229, 338
  daughters Svetlana and Yulia, 15, 31, 65, 127, 128, 437
  doubts/disillusionment concerning Communist system, 9, 13, 18, 28, 121, 331–332, 334, 355
  exposed as a spy, 49, 81, 111, 112–113
  father of, 1, 2, 4, 6–7, 19, 74, 99, 337, 354
  first meeting with Kryuchkov, 279–280
  as Foreign Ministry press officer, 71–72, 114, 129
  friendship with Philby, 157 (*see also* Philby, Kim)
  as general, 167, 316, 388, 390
  grandmother of, 1
  as head/deputy chief of foreign counterintelligence, 88, 98, 104, 114, 116, 132, 134, 135, 137, 172, 185, 190, 191, 200, 219, 260, 265, 275, 316, 333, 388, 446
  intelligence chiefs worked under, 274–277
  job at KGB Higher School, 354–355

Khrushchev described by, 37
on Leningrad Foreign Travel Commission, 373–375
letter to Gorbachev about KGB, 379–380
meetings with American Senators, 81
meetings with Gorbachev, 366–367, 420–421
meetings with leading American journalists, 77–78
meetings with well-known Americans, 43
as member of Congress of People's Deputies, 402–404
mother of, 2, 3, 4, 11, 437
Order of the Red Banner received, 178–179
public fight against the KGB, 384–388, 389
as Radio Moscow correspondent, 32–33, 36, 40, 54, 55
removed as head of foreign counterintelligence, 246, 270, 292, 301, 312, 325–328
removed from Leningrad KGB, 368, 373, 377, 378
retirement form KGB, 383
return to Leningrad in 1980, 333–334, 335, 336, 337
return to Moscow in 1970, 133–134
smear campaign against in Krasnodar, 397–398
split with KGB, 1, 76, 134, 383
stripping and reinstatement of rank, awards and pension by Gorbachev, 76, 390, 403, 420
surveillance of. *See* Surveillance: of Kalugin in Leningrad/Moscow
suspected of being a CIA agent, 316, 319, 332, 340, 356, 375, 381, 391, 398
travels after coup of 1991, 421
travels in 1990, 403
travels overseas with Kryuchkov, 282–285
travels to American heartland in 1959, 30
vacation in Florida in 1968, 126–129
wife Ludmilla, 6, 10, 14, 15, 25, 31, 36, 44, 114, 127, 128, 157, 201, 330, 391, 402, 408, 412, 432, 437
wife Olga, 438
Kamchatka Peninsula, 13
Kangaroo courts, 17
Kant, Immanuel, 446
Karmal, Babrak, 270, 330
Kauzov, Sergei, 307–309
Kekkonen, Urho, 193
Kellogg, Frank, 42
Kennedy, John F., 41, 51
  assassination of, 36, 59–60
Kennedy, Robert, 117
KGB, 6, 7
  Chief Directorate Two, 261, 288
  Collegium, 135, 293, 305, 327
  Communist Party apparatchiks in, 121, 122, 286
  dachas for KGB chiefs, 273
  Department V (assassination/sabotage), 147

KGB (*continued*)
  Directorate K, 168–170, 446 (*see also* Kalugin, Oleg: as head/deputy chief of foreign counterintelligence)
  dismembering of, 419
  domestic operations in Leningrad, 341–342
  Fifth Directorate, 226, 227–228
  First Chief Directorate (Foreign Intelligence), 31, 57, 63, 67, 168–170, 274, 310
  foreign vs. domestic operations, 167
  and Foreign Ministry, 71–72, 246
  growth of, 122–123, 167
  Higher/Advanced School, 5, 7, 9, 19–20, 21, 122, 153, 246, 333, 354
  Investigations Department, 16
  KGB officers against the coup of 1991, 412, 413–414, 415–416
  KGB operating in GRU, 239–240
  and Khrushchev, 22, 70–71
  mail read by, 223, 252, 335–336, 348
  manpower reduced, 419
  Ninth Directorate, 139–140, 381
  and Nosenko defection, 62–64
  reforming, 75, 367, 378, 379–380, 386, 387, 388, 399, 418, 419, 420
  Seventh Directorate (Surveillance), 67, 214
  Sixteenth Department, 98, 99
  targets of penetration in United States, 35
  technical training for, 20
  territorial intelligence department, 256
  training school for future station chiefs, 67–68
  and transfer of Party money abroad, 423
  See also Foreign counterintelligence; Political intelligence
KGB (Barron), 170
Khasbulatov, Ruslan, 427, 428
Khlystov, Alexander, 232
Khoklov, Nikolai, 275
Khomeini (Ayatollah), 268
Khrushchev, Nikita, 19, 22, 59, 275, 294, 300, 367
  in New York, 36–38
  reforms of, 66, 69, 121
  removal from office/death of, 51, 68–69, 118, 140, 295, 331, 433
  speech denouncing Stalin, 16–17, 18, 137
King, Martin Luther, Jr., 117, 446
Kiril Islands, 421–422
Kirov, Sergei, 2
Kirovskaya Bukhta, 361–362
Kirpichenko, Vadim, 92
Kislyak (KGB resident in France), 296
Kissinger, Henry, 102–103, 123, 124, 125, 177
Kochnov, Igor, 106
Koecher, Karl, 215
Kolomyakov, Boris, 228
Komsomol (Young Communist League), 5, 25, 280, 294
Kondrashev, Stanislav, 58
Kondratenko, Nikolai, 427

Korean Airlines Flight 007, 265, 342–343, 355
Korotich, Vitaly, 386
Kosolapov, Vadim, 23–24
Kostikov (Major), 227–228
Kostov, Vladimir, 207, 208
Kosygin, Aleksei, 80
Kraknikovich, Viktor, 111
Krasnodar region, 392–403, 425, 426
  Stanitsa Leningradskaya village in, 401–402
Kremlin, 70, 124–125
Kryuchkov, Vladimir, 33, 75, 76, 92, 99, 121, 138, 162, 164, 171, 178, 179, 203–205, 211, 215, 216, 238–239, 244, 251, 252, 253, 255, 277–292, 390, 391, 395, 398–399, 404, 405, 420, 445
  and Afghanistan, 266, 268, 269–270
  and Cook case, 315, 321–322, 326–327, 327–328
  and coup of 1991, 273, 278, 279, 291, 336, 380, 406, 409, 415
  memoirs published, 292
Kudashkin, Fyodor, 27, 29
Kulak, Aleksei, 63
Kunadze, F., 421
Kurnakov, Nikolai, 66
Kyodo Tsushin, 80
Kyrgyzstan, 444

Land reform, 399
Lebanon, 185–186, 187
Lebedev, Yevgini, 350
Lefortovo Prison, 317, 322, 356
Lenin, V. I., 297, 358, 368
Leningrad, 17–18, 222, 259, 261, 325, 333–334, 335–336
  Communist Party bosses in, 343–344, 356–358, 374 (*see also* Romanov, Grigory Vasilyevich; Zaikov, Lev)
  corruption in Leningrad region, 360, 368–377
  and dam at Gulf of Finland, 363
  double agent game in, 264–265
  International Sailors Club at, 15
  Intourist hotels in, 347
  KGB headquarters in, 337
  Leningrad Foreign Travel Commission, 337, 373–375
  Leningrad region as Kalugin's domain, 341, 343, 345, 358–359
  Leningrad Rock Club, 345–346
  Leningrad University, 23
  Siege of Leningrad, 3–4, 359
  Slantsy region, 341, 370
  Smolny in, 358
  theatre in, 349–350
  See also Ministry of State Security: Institute of Foreign Languages; St. Petersburg
Leonard (CIA officer in India), 141, 142–145
Leonov, Nikolai, 284–285
Letters fabricated, 54, 222, 224
Levchenko, Stanislav, 233–234
Lezhepyokov, Vasily, 322, 323, 324, 325–326
Liberator, The (journal), 55
Likhachev, Dimitri, 348
Limonik (beverage), 294

Linkov, Yuri, 94, 95, 96, 99
Lipka, Robert, 91–92
Lippmann, Walter, 78
Listening devices, 100–102, 185, 259, 268, 287, 317, 342, 349, 350, 386. *See also* Wiretaps
Literaturnaya Gazeta, 178, 238, 264, 302, 367, 368
Lithuania, 389, 405
Litvinenko, Alexander, 443
Losev, Sergei, 249
Lubyanka, 22, 23, 122, 272, 322, 417
Lukasevics, Yakov, 93
Lukyanov, Anatoly, 404
Lyalin, Oleg, 147, 190, 274, 275
Lyubimov, Mikhail, 155, 274
Lyubimov, Yuri, 305

Maclean, Donald, 150, 158, 161–162, 313, 314, 315
Macmillan, Harold, 38
Mafia, 200–201, 370, 433
Maginnes, Nancy, 102
Magnificent Five, 137, 150, 158, 190
Mail interceptions, 348. *See also* KGB: mail read by
Mail on Sunday, 211
Makris, John (Pompei), 49–50, 110–112
Manchuria, 352
Marchais, Georges, 296
Markov, Georgi, 203–212, 237, 287
  brother of, 209
Marx, Karl, 367
Marzani, Carl, 45
Mass graves, 362
Mauritania, 252
Media, 43, 51, 72, 76, 91, 103, 119, 129, 157, 195, 215, 238, 330, 403, 412, 436, 439, 444
  Kalugin attacked in, 391
  manipulating, 297–298
  surveillance of CBS-TV crew, 346
Mendez Cominches, José, 219
Miami, Florida, 52—53
“Mice games,” 342, 346
Microfilm, 262
Mielke, Erich, 198
Mikoyan, Anastas, 70
Milewski, Miroslav, 217
Military Secret, The, 5
Ministry of Culture, 351
Ministry of Electronics, 382
Ministry of State Security, 6, 7
  Institute of Foreign Languages, 7, 9–10, 11–15, 18
  See also KGB
Minority of One (journal), 55
Mitrokhin, Vasili, 91, 185
Moles, 14, 43, 50, 82, 138, 146, 173, 183, 191–193, 213, 264
  search for, 231–232
Money as motivation for spying, 35, 87, 90, 92, 95, 100, 137, 144, 148, 179, 180, 182, 187
Moore, Edwin Gibbon, Jr., 235–236
Mortin, Fyodor Konstantinovich, 276–277, 278
Moscow, 9, 18, 19, 189, 289, 317, 328, 403, 431
  Academy of Sciences in, 377, 379, 382
  defectors in, 148, 153, 161 (*see also* Philby, Kim)

  Institute of History and Archives in, 383–384
  Kalugin's return in 1964, 65
  October Cinema in, 385–386, 387–388
  uprising in 1993, 420, 427–428
  See also Coup of 1991; KGB: Higher/Advanced School; Yasenovo KGB headquarters
Mravinsky, Yevgeny, 350
Munich, Germany, 224–225
Music, 12, 34, 345–346, 348, 350
Muslims, 267, 444

Nagy, Imre, 295
Nationalism, 443
National Security Agency (NSA), 90, 91, 94, 98, 118, 168, 237
NATO, 57, 83, 84, 86, 90, 118, 119, 136, 138, 168, 184, 190, 191, 194, 201, 242, 444
Nazi invasion of Soviet Union, 2–3, 24. *See also* World War II
Nazi war criminals, 56–57
Nazi War Criminals in Our Midst (Allen), 57
Nechiporenko, Oleg, 220
Nepotism, 247
Netherlands, 403
New Class, The (Djilas), 365
New Times magazine, 394
New York City, 27–30, 31, 33, 36, 50, 53, 67, 82, 134
  KGB station chief in, 34
  Petrushka restaurant in, 57
New York Times, 23, 30, 56
Nicholas (Columbia graduate student) and father, 38–40
Nixon, Richard, 123, 124, 125
NKVD, 2, 108
Norway, 194
  Norwegian ambassador to United States, 83–84
Nosenko, Yuri, 62–64, 67, 99, 104, 107, 172, 275, 312
Novikov, Valentin (General), 400
Novosti Press Agency, 33, 124
Nozyrev, Daniil, 329–330, 337, 338, 339, 341, 342, 344–345, 347, 352–353, 360, 361, 364, 369, 370–371, 371–372, 374–375
Nuclear weapons, 39, 40, 137, 161, 297, 353, 411, 443

Office of Naval Intelligence (U.S.), 105, 171, 172–173
Ogonyok, 386
Ogorodnik (diplomat), 213–215
Okolovich, Georgi, 275
Onassis, Christina, 307–309
Orlov, Alexander, 108–109
Oswald, Lee Harvey, 60
Out of Control (Brzezinski), 443–444
"Overdriven Horses Are Shot, Aren't They?" (Borovik), 178

Pacques, Georges, 191
Pakistan, 268
Palestinians, 185–186, 187
Pan American Airlines, 374, 375
Pankin, Boris, 212
Pasternak, Boris, 28
Patrushev, Nikolai, 344
Pavlov (scientist in Leningrad), 264–265

Pavlov, Valentin, 404, 405, 407, 412
Pelton, Ronald, 237
Pentagon, 77, 102
Perestroika, 24, 292, 365, 368, 385, 388, 403
Personal File (Kryuchkov), 292
Petrosyan, Levon, 221, 424
Philby, Kim, 35, 38, 99, 100, 137, 146, 148–158, 161, 162–165, 293
  apartment in Moscow, 151–152, 155–156
  death of, 164
  wife Rufa, 151, 156, 163
Pimen (Patriarch), 228, 229
Piotrovsky, Boris, 350–352
Poison, 206–207, 215, 256, 275, 391, 442, 443
Poland, 121, 216–217, 219, 224, 250–251, 282
Political intelligence, 76, 77, 86, 122, 124, 132
Politkovskaya, Anna, 443
Polonik, Mikhail, 132–133
Polozkov, Ivan, 392, 393
Polyakov, Nikolai (General), 143, 146, 192
Pompei. *See* Makris, John
Ponomaryov, Vitaly, 377
Popov, Nikolai, 104, 105
Portugal, 194–195
Poverty, 28, 142, 266, 355, 422
Pravda, 33, 119, 162, 222, 367, 391
Primakov, Eugene, 425
Primakov, Yevgeni, 33, 208–209, 312, 313, 351
Privatization, 386, 399, 423, 425, 441, 442
Productivity, 303, 368
Propaganda, 21, 28, 55, 103, 104, 108, 109, 119, 157, 178, 262, 265, 298, 306, 445
Psychiatric hospitals, 305
Pugo, Boris, 404, 405, 407
Putin, Vladimir, 292, 436, 438, 439, 441–442, 443, 444–445

Quiet Americans, The (film), 306–307

Racism, 54, 55, 117
Radio Free Europe, 44
Radio Liberty, 136, 222–223, 224–225
Radio Moscow. *See* Kalugin, Oleg: as Radio Moscow correspondent
Radio transmission device, 303–304
Radvinskaya (interpreter), 373
Ragulin (diplomat), 250–251
Reagan, Ronald, 126, 353
Rebet, Lev, 275
Recruitment(s), 15–16, 20, 35, 38, 39, 57, 75, 88, 160, 169, 183, 201, 213, 224
  attempt to recruit American POWs in Vietnam, 220–221
  attempt to recruit Kalugin, 61–62
  attempt to recruit Richard Allen, 125–126
  of émigré priests, 226–228
  and ideological convictions, 85, 100, 137, 148, 149, 160, 190
  by John Walker, 98
  romance/sex as tool in recruiting, 43, 45–49, 50, 85, 86, 113–114, 197, 256–261

  of a Senator's aide, 81–82
  of tourists and foreign businessmen, 256–258
  unauthorized, 40
  See also CIA: attempt to recruit overseas officers of; Defections: re-recruiting defectors; Money as motivation for spying
Red Casanovas, 197. *See also* Sex
Reforms, 365, 367, 368, 390, 404, 425, 428, 444. *See also* Economy: economic reforms; Glasnost; KGB: reforming; Perestroika; *under* Khrushchev, Nikita
Ricin, 206–207
Roberts, Chalmers, 116
Rockefeller, Jay, 41–43
Rocket fuel/propulsion, 31, 312
Romania, 200, 217–218
Romanov (Fifth Directorate officer), 227, 228, 231
Romanov, Grigory Vasilyevich, 357–359, 362, 363, 364
Romanovsky, Sergei, 25
Rosenfeld, Stephen, 111
Rosnet company, 424, 428, 429, 432
Rostropovich, Mstislav, 414
Rusk, Dean, 116–117
Russia, 419, 421, 422, 430, 435
  fascism in, 443–444
  FSB security in, 442, 443
  Russian intelligence service (SVR), 92, 445
  Russian parliament, 425–427, 428 (*see also* White House [Russia])
  See also Leningrad; Moscow; Putin, Vladimir; Yeltsin, Boris
Russian Orthodox Church, 1, 164, 183, 225–231, 399, 419, 441
Russian Voice, The, 57
Rutskoi, Alexander, 411, 415, 427, 428
RYAN program, 353
Ryzhov, Nikita, 249

Sachs, Katya, 52
Safronov, Nikas, 425
Sagatelyan, Mikhail, 52
St. Petersburg, 426, 441, 442. *See also* Leningrad
Sakharov, Andrei, 305, 348, 391–392
Sakharovsky, Alexander, 73, 132, 135, 140, 159, 172, 271, 274–276
Sarvari, A., 267
Savchenko, Ivan (General), 201
Scandinavian countries, 190. *See also individual countries*
Schekochihin, Yuri, 443
Science/technology, 28, 38, 76, 77, 83, 101, 222, 264, 303–305
Sedov, Boris, 124, 125, 126
Semenova (interpreter), 373–374
Semichastny, Vladimir Yefimovich, 66–67, 70, 112
Senate Foreign Relations Committee, 100–101
September 11 attacks on World Trade Center, 437, 446
Sergeyko (Party boss in Krasnodar), 401–402
Serov, Ivan Alexandrovich, 22

Sex, 41, 43, 44, 45, 48, 49, 85, 197, 308
  with dog, 255–256
  sexual harassment, 252–253
  sexual misconduct of ambassadors, 250–254
  at Yasenovo, 274, 287
  See also Recruitment(s): romance/sex as tool in recruiting
Sharansky, Anatoly, 215
Shelepin, Alexander, 70
Shebarshin, Leonid, 398
Shevardnadze, Eduard, 24, 365, 405, 406
Shevchenko, Arkady, 239, 243–246, 333
Show trials of 1930s, 11, 17
Siberia, 322, 363, 389
Signal intelligence information ("sigint"), 91
Six Day War, 56, 116
Smena, 391
Smirnov, Andrei, 282–283
Sobchak, Anatoly, 409
Sodium pentothal, 82, 242
Sokolov, Alexander, 215
Sokolov, Vladimir (Rear Admiral), 338, 339–341, 361–362
Solidarity movement (Poland), 216, 217, 219
Solomatin, Boris, 71, 73, 74–76, 83, 93, 94, 95, 97, 99, 115–116, 290
  deputies of, 76–77
Solovyov, Yuri, 374
Solzhenitsyn, Alexander, 162, 205, 300, 348, 391
South Africa, 55, 421
Soviet Film Export, 247, 248
Soviet Kuban, 397
Soviet Peace Committee, 346
Soviet Union, breakup of, 418, 420, 421, 428, 437, 440–441
Sozinov (Lieutenant), 11–12
Space programs, 28, 51, 171
Spain, 36, 50
  Spanish Civil War, 149
Sports, 346–347
Spycraft (videogame), 430
Stalin, Joseph, 13, 196, 432, 433
  daughter Svetlana Alliluyeva, 108
  death of, 10–11
  purges/repression of, 1, 2, 16–17, 22, 69, 362, 367
Starovoitova, Galina, 443
State Department (U.S.), 50, 77, 97, 102, 110, 111, 113, 130, 153
State Radio Committee, 65, 67. *See also* Kalugin, Oleg: as Radio Moscow correspondent
Sting operations, 47
Stone, I. F., 79, 80
Stoyanov (Bulgarian General), 203, 204, 208
Strelnikov, Boris, 119
Surov, Yuri, 206
Surveillance, 67, 105, 174, 200, 213, 214, 248, 342, 343, 346, 348, 350, 419
  antennas on roof of Soviet embassy, 102
  attempted bugging of Congress, 100–102
  of Greenpeace crew, 347
  of Kalugin in Leningrad/Moscow, 386, 375, 394, 406, 408, 409, 410, 412, 415–416
  See also under FBI

Susemihl, Igor, 183, 226
Sushkov (Ministry of Foreign Trade official), 249
Sweden, 104–105, 194, 221
Switzerland, 278, 307

Taraki, Noor Mohammad, 266–267, 269
TASS news agency, 33, 52, 82, 111, 248, 249
Technology. *See* Science/technology
Telecommunications, 429, 435
Temirkanov, Yuri, 348–349
Ter-Petrosyan, Levon, 221, 424
Terrorism, 170, 199, 200. *See also* September 11 attacks on World Trade Center Thiokol, 312. *See also* Cook, Anatoly
Third World countries, 138, 171, 190
Til, Volodya, 119
Timoshevsky (Fifth Directorate officer), 227, 228, 231
Todorov (Bulgarian General), 206
Tokyo, 233. *See also* Japan
Torture, 7, 12, 187, 337
Tovstogonov, Georgi, 348, 349, 351
Trials in absentia, 439
Trofimoff, George, 183–185, 226
Trust, 16, 48, 161, 162
Tsinev (General), 241, 247
Tsinyov, Georgi, 300, 301, 302, 329
Tsvigun, Semyon, 300–301
Tumanov, Oleg, 223–225
Turkey, 150, 201, 276–277
Turner, Stansfield, 306

Ukraine, 420, 436, 444, 447
Ulanova, Galina, 29
United Nations, 34, 35, 36, 37–38, 45, 50, 111, 243, 298
  African diplomats at, 54
  Correspondents Association, 40
U.S. Air Force counterintelligence, 87
Usatov, Mikhail, 203, 234–235
Ushakov, Yuri, 436
Ustinov, Dimitri, 269
Uzbekistan, 306, 436

Valeriani, Richard, 80
Varvariv, Konstantin, 301–302
Vashedchenko, Vladimir, 111
Vasilenko (Krasnodar KGB head), 400
Vasileyev, Ivan, 288
Veligodsky (member of scientific research center in Krasnodar), 392–393
Venona campaign, 80
Vetrov, Vladimir, 232–233
Vienna, Austria, 174–175, 180, 183, 184, 194, 289
Vietnam War, 41, 56, 93, 220
Vizgin (Captain), 19
Volchek, Galina, 350
Volkov, Alexander, 322, 324
Von Paulus, Friedrich (Nazi Field Marshal), 273
Voschinin, Gennadi, 369, 371, 372–373

Walesa, Lech, 217
Walker, John, 35, 74, 77, 82, 87, 90, 91, 92–99, 100, 114, 137
  Soviet awards in case of, 99
  television interview (1990), 403–404

Walk-ins/volunteers, 87, 90, 93, 187, 187, 220, 236
Warsaw Pact, 118, 119, 171, 183, 195, 198, 212
Washington, D.C., 63, 83, 133, 134, 235, 435
  diplomatic assets in, 84–86
Washington Post, 80, 111, 112
West Germany, 190, 195, 196, 226, 232, 303
  extricating KGB agents from, 198–199
White House (Russia), 409, 412, 413, 414, 415, 427
White House (U.S.), 77, 102
Who's Who in the CIA, 170
Wilde, Oscar, 446
Wiretaps, 192, 213, 214, 278, 307, 341, 342, 343, 347. *See also* Listening devices
Wolf, Markus, 195–197, 198, 199, 282
World's Fair in Seattle (1962), 58
World War II, 2–4, 24, 61, 150, 168, 351, 352, 359

Yakovlev, Alexander, 24, 25, 31, 279, 292, 365–366, 378, 379, 380, 386, 405–406, 407, 425
Yakushkin, Dmitri, 235, 236
Yanaev, Gennadi, 412
Yartsev (KGB officer), 247–248
Yasenovo KGB headquarters, 122, 140, 271–274, 433
  masseuse at, 274, 287
Yazov, Dimitri, 404, 405, 407, 412
Yeltsin, Boris, 5, 18, 208, 265, 291, 312, 386, 397, 399, 421, 423, 425, 426, 429, 432, 442
  and Chechnya, 431
  and coup of 1991, 409–410, 413
  disbanding Russian parliament, 427
  and Gorbachev, 420
  and KGB, 420
Yemokhonov, Nikolai, 304–305
Yugoslavia, 200
Yurchenko, Vitaly, 98, 234–235, 236–239, 247
Yushenkov, Sergei, 443

Zaikov, Lev, 358, 360–361, 363, 368
  sister of, 370
Zaitsev, Ivan, 68
Zamyatin, Leonid, 72
Zemskov (deputy foreign minister), 289
Zhelev (Bulgarian President), 208
Zhivkov, Todor, 201, 203, 204, 205, 208
Zionism, 268

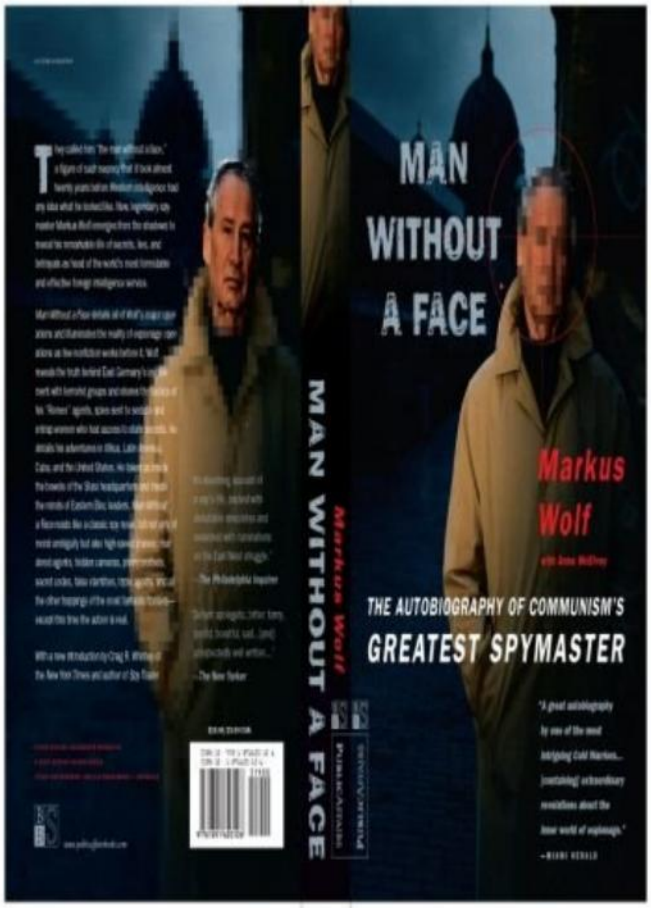

MAN WITHOUT A FACE

Markus Wolf

with Anne McElvoy

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Table of Contents

Title Page

Dedication

Epigraph

Introduction

Foreword

Chapter 1 - The Auction
Chapter 2 - Out from Under Hitler’s Shadow
Chapter 3 - Stalin’s Pupils
Chapter 4 - The GDR Comes of Age, and So Do I
Chapter 5 - Learning by Doing
Chapter 6 - Khrushchev Opens Our Eyes
Chapter 7 - A Concrete Solution
Chapter 8 - Spying for Love
Chapter 9 - The Chancellor’s Shadow
Chapter 10 - The Poison of Betrayal
Chapter 11 - Intelligence and Counterintelligence
Chapter 12 - “Active Measures”
Chapter 13 - Terrorism and the GDR
Chapter 14 - Enemy Territory
Chapter 15 - Cuba
Chapter 16 - The End of the Old Order
Chapter 17 - Epilogue

Index

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MAN
WITHOUT
A FACE

The Autobiography of Communism's Greatest Spymaster

MARKUS WOLF

with Anne McElvoy

PublicAffairs
NEW YORK

For Andrea

Without a maximum of knowledge, you are unable
To put spies successfully in place.
Without humanity and justice you are unable
To send scouts ahead.
Without sure instincts and a penetrating mind you are unable
To judge the authenticity of a report.
Sensitivity! Sensitivity! *Sun-tzu, Chinese general, fourth century B.C.*
The Art of War

Introduction

For thirty-four years I served as chief of the foreign intelligence service of the Ministry of State Security of the German Democratic Republic. As even my bitter foes would acknowledge, it was probably the most efficient and effective such service on the European continent. We gathered many of the strategic and technical secrets of the mighty armies arrayed against us and passed them via Soviet intelligence to the command centers of the Warsaw Pact in Moscow. It was widely believed that I knew more about the secrets of the Federal Republic of Germany than the chancellor in Bonn himself. Indeed, we placed agents in the private office of two chancellors, among the thousand or so we had infiltrated into all sectors of West German political life, business, and other areas of society. Many of these agents were West Germans who served us purely out of conviction. I saw my personal and professional life as one long arc that began with what was a grand goal by any objective standard. We East German Socialists tried to create a new kind of society that would never repeat the German crimes of the past. Most of all, we were determined that war should never again originate on German soil. Our sins and our mistakes were those of every other intelligence agency. If we had shortcomings, and we certainly did, they were those of too much professionalism untempered by the raw edge of ordinary life. Like most Germans, we were disciplined to a fault. Our methods worked so well that we unwittingly helped to destroy the career of the most farsighted of modern German statesmen, Willy Brandt. The integration of the foreign intelligence service into the Ministry of State Security meant that the service and I were charged with responsibility for both internal repression in the German Democratic Republic and cooperation with international terrorists. It is not easy to tell the story of this intelligence war from what was our side of the vanished Iron Curtain so that it will be understood by those who have spent their lives on the other. In recounting my story of a unique battle in the Cold War, I seek no pardon as a representative of the losers. Our side fought against the revival of fascism. We fought for a combination of socialism and freedom, a noble objective that failed utterly but which I still believe is possible. I hold to my beliefs, although they have been tempered now by time and experience. But I am no defector, and this memoir is not a confessional bid for redemption. From the time I took over East German foreign intelligence in the 1950s until my photograph was surreptitiously snapped in 1979 and identified by a defector, the West had no idea what I looked like. They called me "the man without a face," a nickname that almost makes our espionage activities and the intelligence war between the East and West sound romantic. It was not. People suffered. Life was hard. Often no quarter was asked or given in the war between the two ideologies that dominated the second half of our century and paradoxically gave Europe its longest era of peace since the fall of the Roman Empire. Crimes were committed by both sides in the global struggle. Like most people in this world, I feel remorse. In this memoir I have attempted to recount from my side the facts in full as I know them. Readers, reviewers, and historical specialists may examine them, credit them, and challenge them. But I reject the accusations of some of my countrymen that I have no right to recount and examine in detail the successes and failures of my career. In Germany there has been an attempt, through the courts and elsewhere, at a settling of accounts to ensure that only one version of history prevails. I seek neither moral justification nor forgiveness, but after a great struggle it is time for both sides to take stock. Any history worthy of the name cannot be written only by the winners.

Foreword

By Craig R. Whitney

When a country is its own worst enemy, having the world’s best foreign spy service can’t help, as the leaders of East Germany discovered when that Communist country collapsed like a house of cards in 1989. The irony does not escape Markus Wolf, the man who built the East German espionage agency and led it for thirty-four remarkably successful years. East Germany needed spies, its insecure Communist leaders thought in the early days of the Cold War, because West German economic superiority, coupled with NATO military might, threatened to overwhelm it. But despite 4,000 espionage agents and 109,000 secret police informers in the huge State Security Service, which had one informant for every 150 East German citizens, the Communists did not recognize until too late that it was their own internal flaws, the fatal fault lines of any system built on repression and coercion, that would bring them down. For personal reasons, Wolf retired at his own request in 1986 and moved to a sixth-floor apartment overlooking the Spree River in the center of what used to be East Berlin. It was a choice location in the Communist scheme of things, in a neighborhood restored by the regime to recall the atmosphere of prewar Berlin; cobbled pedestrian streets and craftsmen?s shops tucked into buildings whose bright pastel colors were meant to evoke an eighteenth-century past. After the Berlin Wall collapsed in 1989, tabloid newspapers called Wolf?s apartment a luxury penthouse, typical of what the masters of the State Security Service?the dreaded ?Stasi,? as Germans called it?allowed themselves but denied all ordinary East Germans. The descriptions were always overdrawn. There are ninety-nine steps to the sixth floor and the building has no elevator. Even in his mid-seventies, Wolf is still fit enough to negotiate the stairs. In the dingy entryway, someone has scrawled “Stasi pig” on Wolf’s aluminum mailbox, an act that would have meant immediate imprisonment in the Communist days. A few blocks away his son from a previous marriage now earns pocket money in a pizzeria under the railroad tracks of the Friedrichstrasse S-Bahn station, the primary border crossing for visitors between east and west used during the Cold War days. Wolf is a man who has fallen a long way. Unlike some of his Stasi colleagues, Wolf never saw the intelligence business as a way to enrich himself. Wolf is a compelling presence, well over six feet tall, trim and gray-haired with an interesting, elongated face, penetrating brown eyes, and the long-fingered, delicate hands of an intellectual. His German is elegant and expressive. He chats about Goethe and Brecht or Tolstoy and Mayakovski with equal ease, and he has a sense of humor. To while away the time during a brief forced exile (his second) to Moscow after German unification in 1990, he put together a book called *Secrets of Russian Cooking* (*Geheimnisse der russischen Küche*), a charming mix of recipes for beef Stroganoff, blini, and piroshki with cartoons and clever anecdotes from the spy business. But seeing him today, one can’t help but wonder what Wolf would have been as a West German: a general, perhaps, or foreign minister, or the head of some great German enterprise. He would have been successful, no doubt, prosperous and proud, perhaps with a few more pounds around his middle and a Mercedes in his driveway. But instead he lives in the petit bourgeois way of East Germany’s Communist leadership, a collection of aging mediocrities to whom he feels loyalty but also intellectual superiority. In one of the harshest and most repressive political environments in Europe, he succeeded and survived by his wits, using his education and his charm to persuade Westerners to betray their own country for the Communist cause. Given how pitiful that cause was in East Germany, the real question is how so brilliant and intelligent a man could squander such great gifts on so wretched a system.

Ironically, Markus Wolf did begin his life in West Germany. Born in 1923 in Hechingen, a small town in Württemberg in southwestern Germany, he was the first son of the well-known dramatist, author, and homeopathic physician Friedrich Wolf, a Jew and a Marxist. Like her husband, Wolf's mother, Else, was an active member of the German Communist Party. After the Nazis came to power in 1933 the Wolfs were marked for arrest, and Markus's father fled to France. Else, Markus, and his younger brother, Konrad, soon followed, and in 1934 the family found political asylum in Moscow. There, for the next ten years, the boys underwent the educational, cultural, and political conditioning of Communist Russia. Konrad returned to Germany in 1944 as a soldier in the Red Army. Markus studied aeronautical engineering in Russia and, in 1945, at the age of twenty-two, was sent to Germany on German Communist Party orders to help build a propaganda radio station in the ruins of Berlin. Wolf's fluent Russian and his exposure to Communist ideals from the cradle onward put him at ease with the Red Army authorities in the Russian occupation zone of eastern Germany and with the other German exiles and survivors who were placed at the head of the German Democratic Republic in 1949. Whatever else he might have done, Stalin had saved the Wolf family from the Holocaust, and that fact, plus the heady sense of power that came from suddenly being put in charge in the first Communist state on German soil, always outweighed whatever Markus Wolf would later discover about the dark, repressive side of communism. It did not take long for Wolf's talents to become evident to his elders, who sent him to Moscow as an East German diplomat for a few years and then brought him into East Germany's budding foreign intelligence agency, making him its chief in 1952, when he was not quite thirty. A year later, the agency merged foreign intelligence into the State Security Service, making Wolf a quasi-autonomous deputy chief of the Stasi as head of its Hauptverwaltung Aufklärung, or "Main Intelligence Directorate,? where he eventually acquired the rank of general. In the precarious first days of East Germany's existence, there were plenty of foreign threats to worry about. West Germany's Federal Republic, by far the larger of the two successor states to the defunct German Reich, asserted sole claim to historical legitimacy and would not have diplomatic relations with any country that recognized its eastern neighbor. To Western eyes, there was little that seemed democratic about the German Democratic Republic, and most of the countries that risked West German ire by establishing relations with the east were either Soviet satellites or fellow travelers. During these early, volatile years, the East German minister for state security was Erich Mielke, a thuggish veteran of Communist intrigue from another generation sixteen years Wolf's senior. A more complete contrast between two individuals is hard to imagine. Mielke was born into a working-class family in Berlin at the end of 1907, grew up in a hardscrabble milieu, and joined the Communist Party in 1930. Imprisoned after murdering two Berlin policemen in 1931, he escaped and fled to Moscow. Sixty-two years later, he was convicted of the crime on evidence he had locked away in his Stasi safe. But as head of the GDR's secret police machine, Mielke, obsessed with the threat of internal subversion, turned East Germany into the most ruthlessly efficient police state in Eastern Europe. When communism collapsed, Mielke became an object of universal loathing. Wolf, too, spares him little sympathy. He portrays Mielke as a tyrant, a boss against whom he fought a constant bureaucratic struggle to preserve the independence and autonomy of his espionage domain. But at the same time, Wolf also denies responsibility for many Stasi activities that seem closely related to foreign espionage, such as the “shoot to kill” orders given to the border guards who manned the Berlin Wall. He denies ordering the death of foreign moles. He denies any connection to the Stasi’s Section XXII, which granted temporary asylum to terrorists and used them as agents of subversion against the West. Section XXII kept track of such radicals as West Germany’s violent Red Army Faction, whose members murdered a dozen industrialists and high government officials in the 1970s; Ilyich Ramirez Sanchez, the international terrorist who called himself “Carlos”; and various members of the Palestine Liberation Organization. The Stasi occasionally used these terrorists as agents of subversion in the West, granting them temporary asylum in East Germany. It was a Stasi colonel who released more than fifty pounds of high explosives to Carlos?s German deputy in 1983 before the bombing of the French consulate in West Berlin. As Wolf relates here, other Stasi officers in Section XXII knew of the plan by Libyan diplomats to bomb a West Berlin nightclub frequented by GIs, an explosion that killed four people and wounded more than two hundred in 1986 a few months before Wolf?s retirement. But the East Germans did nothing to stop them. ●

From the start in the 1950s, Wolf’s main assignment was ferreting out what West Germany’s leaders had in mind for the vastly smaller East Germany. Under his leadership, East Berlin practically pitched one long no-hitter in the spy game with West Germany. Wolf’s service “turned” West German agents, sending them back across the Wall to spy for the Communists instead. It recruited businessmen and legislators of both the left and right wings and probed them for information about West German economic and political policies. It sent “Romeos,” attractive single men, to woo the many frustrated single women unhappily wedded to their jobs as secretaries to Bonn politicians. Wolf’s service lured defectors to the Communist cause so often that it became an embarrassment. These defectors included West German intelligence and counterintelligence officials who had problems with alcohol, financial worries, or doubts about devoting their lives to the cause of a U.S.-led alliance in their divided country: “Probst,” “Günter,” “Kohle,” “Komtess,” “Mauerer,” and finally “Topaz”—Rainer Rupp, Wolf’s top spy in NATO’s Brussels headquarters, who was not detected until after the Cold War was over. (After his release from prison in December 1998, the neo-Communist Party of Democratic Socialism caucus in the German Parliament wanted to hire Rupp as a consultant, but backed down under heavy fire.) ●

Wolf endured setbacks, to be sure: defectors from communism like Werner Stiller, who brought West German intelligence 20,000 pages’ worth of microfilmed documents that enabled West Germany to uncover a score of undercover agents and, incidentally, the first picture in three decades of Wolf, until then a ?man without a face? in their files. But these setbacks were outnumbered by his triumphs. Wolf’s service sent “moles” by the dozens burrowing into West German society on a bet that, given enough time and luck, some would work their way up close to the top of West German political parties and provide valuable information about German planning for military contingencies and, even more important for East Germany’s strategic relationship with the Soviet Union, U.S. military and strategic intentions in case the Cold War turned hot. Among the moles were Günter Guillaume and his wife Christel, who infiltrated into West Germany in the mid-1950s as “Hansen” and “Heinze” to try to work their way up the Social Democratic Party hierarchy in Frankfurt. They succeeded beyond Wolf’s wildest dreams when Guillaume became an aide to Chancellor Willy Brandt in 1972. When he was unveiled as a spy, Guillaume brought Brandt down in 1974. This was arguably the worst defeat East Germany ever inflicted on itself before its collapse fifteen years later. Brandt’s “Ostpolitik” had improved relations between the estranged countries. Bonn had finally stopped fighting the Communists and begun making diplomatic approaches instead. But the Communist leader, Erich Honecker, mistrusted Brandt’s Ostpolitik, seeing West Germany’s relationship with Moscow as a threat to East Germany’s legitimacy. So in East Berlin, Wolf escaped retribution for bringing about the chancellor’s fall. A list identifying all of Wolf’s agents would fill many volumes. Wolf has identified only those who died or were caught and tried. Despite his vast network of moles and agents, Wolf often felt frustrated by the results of his spy game. What did these agents accomplish in the grand scheme of things? “Almost all the papers that NATO produces, stamped ‘secret’ and ‘cosmic,’ that we go to great lengths to obtain are on closer inspection not even good for use as toilet paper,” he wrote in his private diary in late 1974. It was the same on the Communist side, he mused–vast, swollen bureaucracies producing mounds of useless paper. In Moscow, in Warsaw, in East Berlin, the machinery ground on, trying to protect, defend, and perpetuate an indefensible system whose fundamental flaw was the belief that human happiness and prosperity could be forced onto people by an all-powerful Communist bureaucracy. On both sides of the ideological divide, the bureaucrats whom John Le Carré dubbed “espiocrats” tunneled deep into opposing territory, infiltrated their moles, plotted and schemed, but in the end, they accomplished little that fundamentally changed life for people on either side. In Afghanistan, the CIA made life miserable for the Red Army, armed the mujahideen with air-to-air Stinger missiles, and eventually drove the Russians out. But what replaced them was an Islamic fundamentalist tyranny even more repressive than Communist rule, and soon there were worries that the Stingers would find their way into fundamentalist terrorist hands. In Eastern Europe, it was not the CIA or its West German equivalent, the BND, that caused the collapse of communism and the Warsaw Pact, but the accumulated frustrations and inherent political, economic, and social contradictions of Communist society. Wolf would not begin to ruminate publicly about the flaws in the Communist system until it was too late, in a memoir of youth and Communist idealism published in East Germany only months before the Berlin Wall came crumbling down in 1989. The memoir, *Die Troika,* a continuation of a project begun by Wolf’s brother, Konrad, before his death in 1982, was one of the few attempts ever made in East Germany to explore, even timidly, the mistakes made by Communist leaders in Moscow and elsewhere in the name of Stalinism. Despite Nikita Khrushchev’s earlier efforts, such criticism had become possible in the Soviet Union only after Mikhail Gorbachev became leader in 1985 and introduced perestroika, an effort to reform communism that undid it instead, just as Khrushchev had feared loosening all the restraints would do. Honecker was having none of it in East Germany, and there Wolf’s book caused a sensation. But where Wolf actually stood in the eyes of his compatriots did not become clear until after the people of East Germany finally took to the streets that autumn to demand freedom. In a speech in Berlin in October 1989, Gorbachev made it clear that the half million Red Army troops in

East Germany would not use guns or tanks to beat them down. That speech numbered communism’s days in East Germany. The demonstrations soon swelled beyond control in Leipzig, Dresden, and Berlin, and when Wolf appeared and offered his services in the cause of reform, he was booed off the stage. East Germans wanted freedom to travel, deutschmarks, Mercedeses and BMWs, and all the rest of the material wealth West Germans had, not warmed-over reform communism. Plans for reunification were moving forward like a juggernaut. On October 3, 1990, East Germany would cease to exist, absorbed lock, stock, and barrel into the Federal Republic of Germany. The reunified Germany had scores to settle with Markus Wolf. When the clock struck midnight on the long-awaited day, Wolf knew he would go to jail. Quietly, he began sounding out friends in the KGB about the prospects for asylum in Moscow.

It was not only the West German authorities who had scores to settle with Wolf. The CIA had plenty of them, too. By 1990, the U.S. agency was in deep trouble. Its main enemy and raison d’être over the years, the Soviet Union, was in the process of collapse. But a dozen or so of the Soviet agents the CIA had recruited and nurtured with immense difficulty had been discovered and executed, betrayed by a U.S. citizen whose treason would not be unmasked until his arrest four years later, in 1994—Aldrich Ames. In 1990, all the CIA knew was that somebody was selling its innermost secrets, with lethal results. The CIA may well have thought that Wolf could help lead it to the traitor. On May 22, Gardner A. Hathaway, recently retired as the CIA’s assistant director for counterintelligence, appeared at Wolf’s dacha, a log cabin under the pines on the northeast outskirts of Berlin, with a bouquet and a box of chocolates for Wolf’s wife, Andrea, in hand. He had an extraordinary proposition. Help us, Hathaway urged, and we’ll get you out of Germany to the United States before they come to arrest you in October. Take me to the United States first and we’ll talk there, Wolf says he counter-offered, but Hathaway insisted: no agreement to cooperate, no ticket. Wolf admits that he was tempted by the offer, though he could only speculate about what kind of help the CIA wanted from him. It already had a microfilmed list of all of his agents, he was sure, a list covertly acquired from disaffected or greedy HVA officers (the CIA eventually confirmed that it had such information but in early 1999 refused official demands by the German government for its return), but perhaps the CIA wanted additional information that went beyond the list. It may also have wanted to tap Wolf’s knowledge of Soviet operating methods to enable the counterspies in Langley, Virginia, to track down Moscow’s agents, too. By deciding not to tell what he knew, Wolf angered Washington, and with Bonn breathing down his neck, he saw no choice but to flee Germany yet again, like his father before him. He still had help in high places in Moscow, friends like Vladimir A. Kryuchkov, his Russian counterpart, who had become the head of the KGB. Six days before October 3, Wolf and Andrea, thirty years his junior, slipped out of East Berlin, escaped across the border to Austria, and a few weeks later exfiltrated themselves?Wolf knew the technique well enough, after all?through Hungary and Ukraine to Russia. But the world Wolf had known in Russia was fast disappearing. For Gorbachev, the key to Russia’s future was not the KGB but good relations with Germany and its chancellor, Helmut Kohl. Wolf was a symbol of the discredited past, and when Wolf’s friend Kryuchkov joined an unsavory attempted coup against Gorbachev in August 1991, Wolf knew Russia would not shelter him much longer. A month later, he headed back to Germany. Wolf turned himself in at the Austrian border and was immediately arrested, then freed on bail provided by friends and former associates in East Berlin. To his astonishment, he learned that the Federal Republic of Germany intended to charge him with treason. Since he had been leading a spy service against the Federal Republic from Berlin and Berlin was now once again the capital of Germany, the prosecutors charged, Wolf was to be tried not as a foreign spy, but as a German traitor. His case looked grim. Klaus Kinkel, a former chief of the Federal Republic's intelligence service, was serving as the German justice minister and by bizarre coincidence had also been born in Hechingen. Wolf's trial in Düsseldorf, in the same fortified basement courtroom where Günter Guillaume had been convicted almost two decades earlier, began in the spring of 1993 and concluded that December with a guilty verdict and a six-year sentence. It took the German equivalent of the Supreme Court until mid-1995 to set aside his conviction and point out the absurdity of the logic behind it. Wolf could not possibly have committed treason when he was running East Germany's spy service, the high court ruled, because East Germany had been a sovereign state recognized by Bonn for nearly two decades of that time. Besides, Wolf had never set foot on West German soil to do any spying himself. He was no more guilty of treason than was Yevgeny Primakov, then head of the successor to the KGB in Moscow. So prosecutors tried another tack, indicting Wolf again in 1997 on more ordinary criminal grounds—charges that he had ordered kidnappings and coercions of people from across the East German border in the 1950s and 1960s, crimes that had also been illegal under East German law at the time they were committed. In May 1997, again in D?sseldorf, Wolf was convicted on three of those counts and given a two-year suspended sentence instead of a jail term. Running short of money to pay his mounting legal bills, Wolf decided to claim moral victory and forgo an appeal. But the authorities were not finished with him yet. In January 1998, they tried again, calling Wolf as a witness in the trial of Gerhard Flämig, a West German legislator charged with spying for East Germany during the Cold War. Wolf refused to answer key questions and, with his seventy-fifth birthday approaching, was jailed three days for contempt of court. His seven-year-old grandchild sent him a drawing of a birthday cake with a file glued onto it, as if he could somehow saw his way out of jail, but Wolf's lawyers eventually got a higher court to dismiss the contempt citation. Wolf was once again free, but his freedom grated on his many former enemies in Germany who were determined to make him squeal.

The United States, either for its own reasons or at the request of the Germans (Klaus Kinkel had become the German foreign minister in 1992), was playing the same game. Though Israel, long known for its fear of potential terrorists, welcomed Wolf on a 1996 visit, the United States refused to grant him entry. When Wolf's publishers asked him to come to the United States to help with the final editing of the first edition of this book, U.S. authorities used his alleged terrorist connections as a pretext for denying him permission to set foot on U.S. shores. The letter Wolf received on March 12, 1996, from the U.S. consulate-general in Berlin accused him of a crime even the West German authorities had not laid to his charge:Dear Mr. Wolf, With reference to our telephone conversation of yesterday we confirm that the State Department of the USA denied you the entry into the United States of America under section 212(a), paragraph 3(B) of the U.S. Immigration and Nationality Act. In accordance with paragraph 3(B) foreigners who participated in terrorist acts are excluded from entry into the United States of America. Paragraph 3(B) includes different kinds of terrorist acts, among them the preparation and planning of terrorist activities as well as the provision of material support to persons that committed or planned acts of terrorism. The Ministry of State Security of the GDR actively encouraged and promoted international and state-supported terrorism. As deputy Minister of State Security of the GDR and former head of the foreign intelligence service of the Ministry of State Security of the GDR you held a decision-making position and participated in determining the policy and the objects of that Ministry. You are thus responsible for acts resulting from that policy. On that basis the decision was made that you participated in terrorist acts. At the time being, the State Department of the United States does not think that it will be able to apply to the Immigration and Naturalization Service to obtain an exceptional permission for your entry into the United States.

Best,
Glen C. Keiser
U.S. Consul

In his own flawed English, Wolf appealed to President Clinton a week later. Mister President, Confidence in your person as well as misgivings about the wheels of administrative bureaucracy have induced me to apply to you personally with the request to endorse my application for entry into the United States of America. The visit to your country is of an importance to me that exceeds the reasons given in my visa application that has been refused by the State Department. It is my intention to meet in New York my publisher to attend the final editing of my book manuscript. The reasons stated in the refusal of my application for entry include an allegation I cannot tolerate uncontradicted. Doubtlessly there are reasons for a critical review as to my course of life, the cross roads of which are related in the book to be published by Random House. I will have to answer questions related to history, and painful questions as well. Those countries of Europe that named themselves as socialist, and among them East Germany, have failed, and so have their claims to serve a utopia of mankind. On the evening of my life, I question myself in the forthcoming book since when and where we have erred, where we have seen the errors too late, and where we have made ourselves guilty. There are many questions. Therefore I am not willing to carry the burden of criminalizing allegations as well. The claim made in the State Department?s decision that I had been involved in terrorist activities is as unfounded as it is untrue. You might see that from my enclosed appeal. Many a trait in your life and your policy, of an unconventionality that struck me as remarkable with President John F. Kennedy already, have encouraged me to take this unusual step. To you, the burden of unjustified and unwarranted allegation is not unknown either. So I remain, confiding in your sense of justice and with the best wishes for you. yours respectfully.

Whether Wolf’s letter was flattery or outrageous provocation—and the president might have reacted to it either way if he ever saw it—the letter got Wolf nowhere. A year later, as the book was being published, State Department spokesperson Nicholas Burns said Wolf would still be denied entry. “We think it [a visa] is inadvisable for someone who spent his entire career as an opponent of free Germany, West Germany, as an opponent of the German people, and someone who is anti-American and trying to bring down our government and sponsor terrorist attacks against us; why would we give him a visa? So, he is not coming to the United States. He can write his best-selling books, but he won’t be able to enjoy the United States throughout the rest of his life if we have anything to do with it,” Burns said at a State Department press briefing. Asked why Wolf would be turned back at any port of entry when people like the Russian foreign minister Primakov and the Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat were now welcome, Burns said, “We have a very good relationship with Yevgeny Primakov. He is the Foreign Minister of one of our friends, a friendly country to the United States. . . . Markus Wolf is an unreconstructed communist who believes in state terrorism against the United States. There’s a big difference.” ●

There was also a big difference between the terrorism charge and the truth about why U.S. authorities didn’t want to let Markus Wolf inside the United States. High-ranking U.S. officials later admitted that the CIA suspected that Wolf still hadn’t told all he knew. Years after the demise of the USSR, the agency was reeling from the damage that U.S. traitors working for the KGB had done to it. The CIA suspected that Wolf or his former colleagues knew of others who were still in place. It wanted those names. In early 1998, the head of German counterintelligence, Volker Foertsch, came under investigation as a possible Russian mole. The investigation ended for lack of evidence. If the U.S. authorities were waiting for Wolf to help them out, he would soon disappoint them. Cold War intelligence was a complex, colossally expensive game, one that ran by its own logic and its own rules. The cardinal rule was not to be outdone. But when you were outdone and fell into the enemy’s hands, you never told them anything they didn’t already know. Both sides had played by these rules during the Cold War and quietly maintained a system of trading captured agents that rewarded those who held their tongues. Even amid the ruins of his greater political failure, Wolf remained stubbornly proud of his professional achievements. He was not going to sell out his honor for a trip to the United States. So Yevgeny Primakov, now Russia’s prime minister, is welcome any time, but Wolf remains persona non grata. ●

So for many reasons, this is not a “tell-all” book. Wolf continues to be a controversial figure, partly because he insists on not seeing his life as the abject failure his erstwhile enemies keep insisting it is. The book’s omissions will disappoint readers who expected a confessional, but then confessions in the spy business are usually fatal, and Wolf is a man who obviously enjoys life. Read Wolf, instead, for a fascinating glimpse, if only a glimpse, into the seductive mind of one of the great spymasters of our times, a man marked by the Holocaust, and then by the Cold War ideological divide, who stood on the opposite side of that divide from most readers. Perhaps he has the right to take some secrets to the grave.

The Party, the State, and the Ministry of State Security

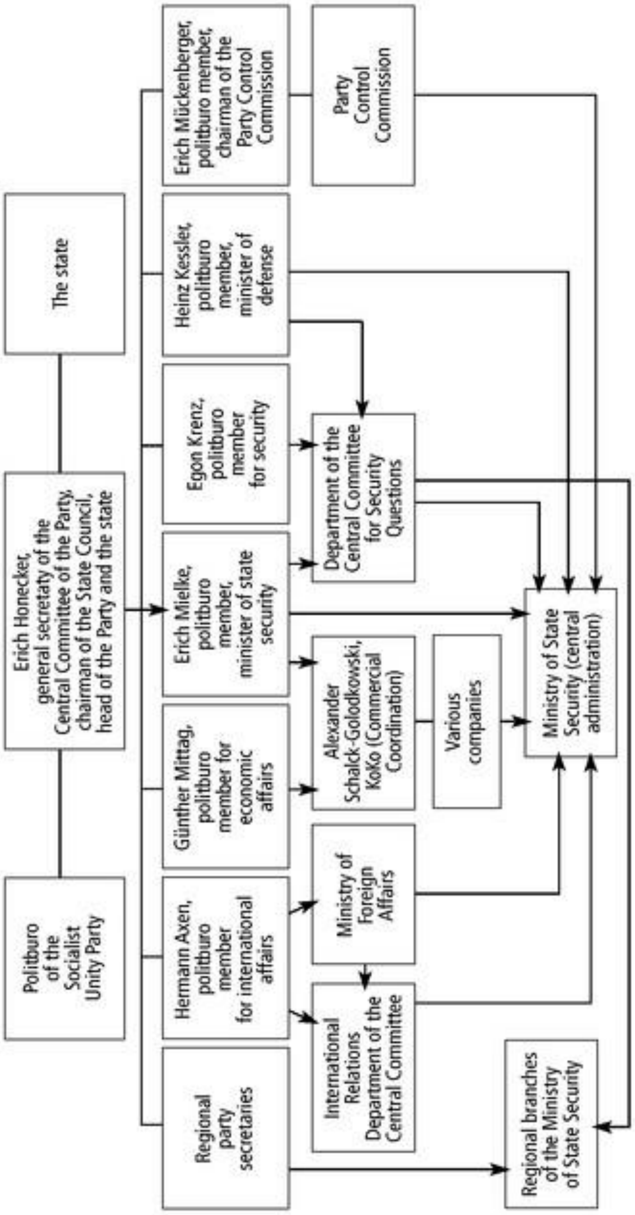
Politburo of the Socialist Unity Party
Erich Honecker, general secretaty of the Central Committee of the Party, chairman of the State Council, head of the Party and the state
The state
Regional party secretaries
Hermann Axen, politburo member for international affairs
Günther Mittag, politburo member for economic affairs
Erich Mielke, politburo member, minister of state security
Egon Krenz, politburo member for security
Heinz Kessler, politburo member, minister of defense
Erich Mückenberger, politburo member, chairman of the Party Control Commission
International Relations Department of the Central Committee
Ministry of Foreign Affairs
Alexander Schalck-Golodkowski, KoKo (Commercial Coordination)
Department of the Central Committee for Security Questions
Party Control Commission
Various companies
Regional branches of the Ministry of State Security
Ministry of State Security (central administration)

Organization of the Ministry of State Security

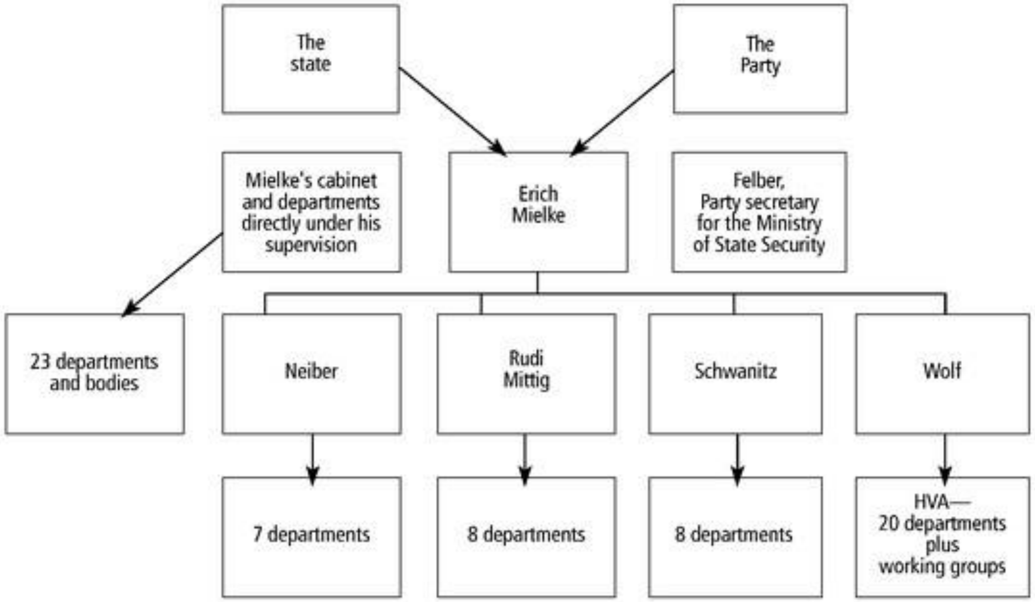
The state
The Party
Mielke's cabinet and departments directly under his supervision
Erich Mielke
Felber, Party secretary for the Ministry of State Security
23 departments and bodies
Neiber
Rudi Mittig
Schwanitz
Wolf
7 departments
8 departments
8 departments
HVA— 20 departments plus working groups

1

The Auction

In the summer of 1990, the two Germanys were preparing for their reunification after four decades of separation and hostility that began in the postwar order drawn up by the victorious Allies in 1945 and was solidified by the superpower conflict that followed. My life's work, committed to the ideal of socialism, was crumbling before my eyes. My own country, East Germany, which had failed to live up to the demanding title German Democratic Republic, was facing a shotgun marriage with Europe's economic powerhouse, West Germany. The process of winding up an independent East Germany was already under way, and though I did not know what a unified Germany would mean for Europe, I knew one thing very well: I was about to become a wanted man. The date for unification had already been set for October 3, 1990. Everywhere I looked, I saw my homeland and the system that had created it being consigned to the scrap heap. Souvenir hunters were gleefully buying up the medals and uniforms that had until then been so proudly worn in the East. But my own mood was far from festive, or even nostalgic. Although we were all Germans, with a common language and culture that went far deeper than the barbed-wire divisions of postwar Europe, ours was a special kind of hostility. But this was not only an internecine affair, Germans against Germans. The scores to settle between the capitalist and the Communist Germany were part of the global reckoning with the legacy of Marx and Lenin and the injustices perpetrated in the name of their vision of socialism. My country was the most eloquent expression of the global division between two hostile ideological camps after the end of World War II. That division was coming to an end with a speed no one had expected, East or West. I had always seen the task of running our intelligence service as carrying a particular responsibility in the Cold War. In a song I helped write from a Soviet model to inspire young recruits, I placed their job on “The Invisible Front.” This was no overstatement: For four decades after the Second World War ended, we considered ourselves at war with the forces of capitalism arrayed against us. The cynosure of our work was in Berlin, where for most of the time the separation between the two systems was fixed in permafrost. Strategists and politicians on both sides assumed that if there was to be a third world war, Berlin was the most likely place it would begin. But following the destruction of the Berlin Wall in November 1989 and the opening of East Germany's gates to the wider world, the German Democratic Republic quickly ceased to exist as a nation. The denouement of my life's work in the total collapse of the state I had served had been literally unimaginable. Four years before the Wall came down, feeling trapped within the ossified bureaucratic structures around me, I retired from the service to try my hand at writing; under the stagnant leadership of the ailing Erich Honecker, I could see no realistic possibility of change from within. But even I was taken totally by surprise with the rapidity of the state's decline. For many, the end, when it came, was not pleasant; people have talked to me about their humiliation. The members of the East German security services, which had been one of the GDR's principal supports, were declared Public Enemy Number One by the media, the politicians, and the courts. This was an inevitable development, justified to some extent as part of the painful process by which the citizens of a collapsed regime face up to the reality of their past. On January 15, 1990, irate crowds stormed the headquarters of the Ministry of State Security on the

Normannenstrasse and discovered the vast records that the ministry had maintained from spying on its own citizens. It was like living inside an inexorably closing trap. My mood was one of withdrawal and resignation. I knew that all hopes of reforming the socialist state were now shattered (there were some who had seen me during my years of retirement as a potential reformer in the mode of Mikhail Gorbachev). I needed to find a temporary way out of this overheated country. I headed to Moscow, the city of my childhood, which had offered my family a refuge from Hitler and where a large part of my heart has always remained. Contrary to popular belief, there was no carefully conceived contingency plan for my escape. I was writing my own memoir of the events of 1989 and needed time and space to finish it quietly. But I knew that unification was likely to mean my arrest; there had been a formal warrant out for me in West Germany shortly before the collapse accusing me of espionage and treason. The sharks were circling. My half sister, Lena Simonova, put me up in her dacha and her apartment in the famous House on the Embankment, home to the favored within Moscow elites since the thirties. I can never enter the ornate doors of this apartment house without remembering how grand our dreams were as young Communists in Moscow, where we had fled from the Third Reich with our parents. Now, looking out over the frozen Moscow River in February, I felt safe again. The sharp winter air stimulated thinking. I would take long walks around the narrow streets of the old Arbat, reflecting on my life and the vicissitudes that had brought me, a native of southern Germany, to Moscow as a young boy, to divided Germany as a man, and now back to Moscow as a pensioner. The other purpose behind the trip to Moscow was to find out how far our old allies in the KGB and the Kremlin would support me and my colleagues in the intelligence community now that our state had literally collapsed. There had been no great rush of comradely support from our Moscow friends during the stressful past months. Like us, they had been completely unprepared for what happened. The supposedly eternal brotherhood to which we had raised our glasses down the years was now a ragged band. Where once the hot lines between Moscow and East Berlin had hummed all day on the various levels of communication between two allies, there was now no exchange. Letters went unanswered. Awkward silences reigned. I was inundated with letters from former officers in my service, the HVA (Hauptverwaltung Aufklärung, or “Main Intelligence Directorate”—the foreign intelligence department), complaining that they had been left alone to face the wrath of their countrymen now that the excesses of the Ministry of State Security had been revealed. People were furious when they discovered the extent to which the internal surveillance network reached throughout the country. Although my own work in the HVA had never focused on the 17 million people of East Germany but only on other countries’ intentions toward the East bloc, I knew there would be little appetite for discriminating appraisal of the subtle distinctions between departments of the Stasi (as the Ministerium fur Staatssicherheit, of which my service was a part, popularly—and derogatorily—was known; the term would not have been used by an employee of the ministry, and I avoid it).[1] And I needed to know what help we could expect now as members of what had once been the Soviet bloc’s best intelligence service. On my arrival I was welcomed as usual in the southwestern suburbs of Moscow at the vast building in Yasenovo that houses the KGB’s First Main Directorate, the heart of its foreign intelligence operations. The head of foreign intelligence, Leonid Shebarshin, and his senior staff greeted me warmly. We had known each other for decades. They brought out the vodka and solicitously inquired about my living conditions in Moscow. But it soon became clear that the KGB, hostage to the power struggles that had erupted in the last and uncertain phases of Mikhail Gorbachev’s rule, was no longer able to offer substantial help. My case and the fate of East Germany’s espionage officers, agents, and moles were considered so politically sensitive that they were being handled directly by President Gorbachev himself. I understood that my contacts with the Kremlin were to run through Valentin Falin, a prominent Central Committee member and Gorbachev’s foreign affairs adviser, whom I knew well for his important work on Soviet-German relations. The involvement of Falin, who enjoyed high renown in West Germany, implied that I was considered a potential political embarrassment: He had been given the awkward job of attending to my needs without unduly annoying the West. It was not the first time in my life I had found myself in the position of having to rely on Mother Russia to save me. But contrary to widespread belief, I had had no formal contacts in the upper echelons in Moscow since I left the foreign intelligence service in 1986. The head of the KGB in Berlin, first Wassily T. Shumilov, then Gennadi W Titov, focused all their attention on Erich Mielke, the minister of state security, and avoided contact with me. Some people have claimed that, together with the reform Communist Hans Modrow, I was preparing a coup against Honecker. But although I had warned Falin and several other colleagues in Moscow that the regime in East Berlin was near the breaking point, I had never asked for nor received support for any attempt to influence the leadership after Honecker’s fall, which was the result of a putsch against him inside the politburo. In fact, I would go as far as to say that the Russians avoided contact with me after I retired beyond those occasions demanded by loyalty and courtesy. During my visits to Moscow, Falin and Shebarshin spoke freely of my concerns about East Germany, but they were wrapped up in the problems of perestroika. After the Wall fell, events moved with such speed that it was virtually impossible to keep up with them. It was probably already too late when, on October 22, 1990, I addressed a letter to Gorbachev that said:We were your friends. We wear a lot of your country’s decorations on our breasts. We were said to have made a great contribution to your security. Now, in our hour of need, I assume that you will not deny us your help.

The letter went on to ask the Soviet leader whether he would request an amnesty for East German spies as a condition of his agreement to unification. A message came back from the KGB chief, Vladimir Kryuchkov, saying that Gorbachev had sent his ambassador in Bonn to discuss my request with Chancellor Helmut Kohl. In fact the ambassador was directed instead to Kohl’s chief of staff, Horst Teltschick. They had discussed an amnesty during the summer of 1990 before the Allied talks on unification but reached no agreement. Kryuchkov thought that Gorbachev would bring up the matter again in the summit at Arys, in the Caucasus, to finalize the details of unification. It was not a very promising reply. For the first time, I began to have serious doubts about Gorbachev?s loyalties. Surely he would not just deliver us defenseless into the hands of the West Germans, our old enemies? But when he agreed to unification at his meeting with Chancellor Kohl in the Caucasus on July 14 to 16, 1990, Gorbachev absolutely failed us. At the final talks, he refused to put forward our request for immunity from prosecution. His overriding concern now was to keep his image bright in the West, having conveniently forgotten that he too had once been a Communist. The West Germans were prepared to discuss immunity for those who had worked for East

Germany, but when the matter arose briefly at the meeting, Gorbachev waved his hand and told Kohl that the Germans would manage this problem sensibly themselves. It was the Soviets' ultimate betrayal of their East German friends, whose work for over four decades had strengthened Soviet influence in Europe.

As the mergers and sell-offs of East Germany's industrial assets and institutions got under way, another top secret auction began. It was an auction for me, or, more precisely, for my intelligence knowledge and services. And the price was the highest of all: my freedom. The first bid came out of the blue and from an entirely unexpected quarter, my old enemies in West German counterintelligence, the BfV (Bundesamt fur Verfassungsschutz, the Federal Office for the Protection of the Constitution), the very organization to which I had assigned moles and double agents who had dug away in its dark and secret tunnels for decades. In March 1990, the first free elections since 1945 took place in the East, bringing to power a Christian Democratic government, strongly supported by Chancellor Kohl's ruling coalition in Bonn. This was a caretaker administration whose job was to steer East Germany toward unification while minimizing upheavals. Its interior minister was a sharp-dressing, rather brash young man called Peter-Michael Diestel, who had emerged from one of the conservative parties founded in the East in the heady aftermath of East Germany?s collapse. By this time, Erich Mielke, for many years the GDR's minister for state security and my immediate superior until my retirement, was already under arrest, and the pressure on former agents and officers of our service to divulge their secrets was growing daily. Betrayal was rife, and deals were being struck between our old employees and the West Germans. The bargain usually was freedom from prosecution in return for East German secrets. Intelligence officers feared that they would spend the first years in a unified Germany behind bars. I received calls every day from desperate men begging me to do something. Already, I knew of two suicides among senior officials in the ministry. My own son-in-law, Bernd, who headed a section in the HVA department responsible for espionage against West German counterintelligence, had recently been offered freedom from prosecution and half a million deutschmarks in exchange for his knowledge about his spies' activities and their former targets. He rejected the offer but, shattered by the abrupt end of his career and the demise of the system in which he had wholeheartedly believed, plunged into a deep depression and attempted suicide. Like dozens of others whose lives rightly or wrongly had been tied to the failed system, he felt spent and useless. Their psychological supports had been pulled out from under them, and their sense of worth and ideological certainty collapsed overnight along with the Berlin Wall itself. At this moment, Diestel called me at my dacha in Prenden, near Berlin, and invited me to meet him at his house. It was clear from our first meeting that he was acting on the orders of the West German interior minister, Wolfgang Schäuble. But unlike others among our new politicians, he did not seem to take any particular pleasure in my misfortune. On the contrary, he endeavored to create a convivial atmosphere between us. Despite the wide differences that had opened up politically in the East (and I could not be further apart from the ultra-Conservative Mr. Diestel), our shared past meant that a residual empathy remained. "How about a spot of supper and a chat about developments?" he asked breezily. He said his assistant would make the arrangements. A few days later, up rolled a blue BMW, the new chariot of the politically powerful, which had replaced the Citroëns and Volvos favored by the Communist leadership. I could not help wondering which members of the old leadership the driver had chauffeured until a few months ago but thought it tactful not to ask. To my amusement, we were served supper by men I recognized from the old security ministry. "What I am going to make you now is an offer in absolute confidence," said Diestel. He explained that the West Germans were unhappy with the progress of their attempts to dissect the extensive and industrious East German intelligence service by analyzing the data left behind when the Communist system it served had unceremoniously collapsed. My successor since I had left the service in 1986, Werner Grossmann, and another senior officer, Bernd Fisher, who had been ordered to guide the West Germans through the maze of material, were not coming up with the names of remaining agents and moles and a sufficiently precise summary of what they knew. Interior Minister Schäuble was impatient, convinced that his own investigators had failed to master the scale of our work. "Who better to explain it to them than the man who set it all up and made it run like clockwork?" Diestel urged as he refilled my glass. He was not simply asking a favor. There was of course to be a reward: freedom from prosecution for treason against the West German state. "Jump into my car," he said, "and ride to Boeden's office with me [Gerhard Boeden was then the chief of West German counterintelligence, the BfV]. Give us between ten and twelve names of really big agents in the West and some help in figuring out what damage your side has done, and we'll see that there will be no charges against you." Boeden, he added, was ready to guarantee my free passage without risk of arrest if I would agree to talk to him. The offer had clearly been carefully arranged, with the welcoming Boeden patiently waiting a few miles away to add his hospitality to Diestel's. There was even talk of my offering my knowledge to assist West Germany's antiterrorist services. Now it was my turn to negotiate. I said that I appreciated the offer of freedom from prosecution but that I also had a responsibility to my former employees and agents. After a while Diestel grew bored by this tug of war. "Mr. Wolf," he said, "I think you know that we are all going to prison one way or the other. The only question is how the food and conditions will be when we get there." He meant that those of us who had served the East were now powerless in the new Germany. In my case, there was a more than realistic chance that I would be sentenced for high treason and spend a few years scrubbing out a cell. I would be lying if I did not admit that the temptation to comply was great. I wanted my freedom. But I knew very well that it would be at the expense of the liberty of the men and women who had devoted their lives to my service and, in the case of our agents who had worked underground in the West, the risk of years in prison. What would they think of me, the man they had called the Chief, if I sold them out now? I thanked Diestel for the convivial evening but declined the offer. "I'll leave others to do the betraying," I said. "There will be no shortage of applicants," he said as he turned to go. "If you change your mind, you'll always have a ride to Boeden's office with me."

There was no shortage of other bidders. One offer had already come from a place I would never in my wildest dreams have imagined could serve as an escape route to freedom. On May 28, 1990, two American gentlemen arrived at the gate of my country house. They introduced themselves with disarming candor as representatives of the CIA and presented a large bouquet of flowers and a box of chocolates to my wife. I was not sure whether the flowers were intended as congratulations or a wreath. The elder man, thin-faced and graying, was dressed in a somber suit, immaculately pressed shirt, and striped tie. He introduced himself as Mr. Hathaway and described himself as a personal emissary of William Webster, then the U.S. director of central intelligence, upon whose authority he said he was acting. He spoke precise, formal German. “A bureaucrat,” my wife, Andrea, whispered to me as we retreated to the kitchen, she in search of a vase for the flowers, I for my cigarettes and ashtray. Hathaway was one of those fanatical American antismokers and tried to persuade me not to light up. I jokingly asked whether this was a new CIA campaign and he laughed, dutifully but without real warmth. His companion, younger and stockier, introduced himself merely as Charles and said that he was head of the agency’s Berlin station, although he seemed to me to have the build and manner of a bodyguard. He spoke little and barely reacted to the conversation, although it later emerged that he also spoke German. Andrea was reminded of the Americans she knew from TV films about the Vietnam War. They had been careful not to use the telephone to contact me, evidently wary of taps placed by the KGB or the West Germans. Instead, they had latched on to the fact that a collector of military uniforms in the United States had approached me, asking if I would be prepared to sell some East German dress uniforms. Inspired by this new channel of communication between East and West, they had decided to approach me. Since the Wall had come down, I also had occasionally received friendly letters from an ex-CIA operative in Europe by fax. He never seemed to be trying to get anything out of me; his tone was that of one spy paying professional tribute to a worthy adversary. But now, I could not help wondering whether he was also part of this carefully planned approach. Whatever the route, someone at CIA headquarters had managed to find out the name and address of my loyal personal assistant, Eberhard Meier, and had contacted him and asked whether I would be prepared to receive two American callers. They were highly professional, never used the telephone or mail that might be intercepted, and always found other ways of passing messages to me through my assistant, never directly. I told my aide to have them come to my villa, a more discreet meeting place than my apartment in Berlin. Still, I mused, it was unclear what they wanted. After four years out of office, it was a little late for a kidnapping, but what else could they be after? With the resources of an espionage service no longer behind me, I had to go back to first principles and surreptitiously tape the meeting on a machine hidden in the sideboard. Anyone with even a passing acquaintance with espionage techniques knows that one never permits contact with a hostile power without a recording of the whole encounter to protect against blackmail. Hathaway passed the time of day for a while, sympathizing with my plight in the impending unification and the inevitability of my arrest. He was highly flattering about my reputation as one of the world?s top intelligence chiefs. I sensed that he knew a lot about me and was trying to sort through his preconceptions and see which ones proved out when we actually met. Indeed, in the time-honored manner among intelligence operatives, he offered a minor piece of information about himself in the hope of receiving a major one in reply. He told me that he had been stationed in West Berlin in the 1950s and followed the early years of my career closely. I surmised from his conversation, although he did not confirm it, that he had also been the CIA station chief in Moscow. “You are a man who is hardworking and intelligent,” Hathaway said. First the carrot, I thought to myself—where is the stick? We drank what seemed like oceans of coffee. I smoked, to the evident distress of my guest. Finally, my patience snapped. “Well, gentlemen,” I said, “I don’t suppose you’ve come all the way here to compliment me on my pretty eyes. I guess you must want something from me, too.” Both men laughed, relieved to cut through the waffle at last. Hathaway’s voice dropped. “You are a convinced Communist, we know that. But if you would like to advise or help us, you could work with me. No one else need know. We could arrange that, you know. We can do that sort of thing.” My brain picked up the signals of this coded language and moved into top gear. Here was an emissary of the United States, our chief Cold War enemy, preparing to offer me sanctuary against the revenge of its NATO ally, a united Germany. “California,” he continued in his easy German, “is very agreeable. Great weather all year round.” “Siberia is agreeable, too,” I joked, painfully aware of the bizarre way real conversations in espionage can sometimes imitate the style of spy novels. We laughed, which gave me a moment to think. “The thing is, I don’t know America. It would be difficult for me to imagine a life there.” Hathaway said Webster wanted to invite me to CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia, to discuss a deal. He continued: “You could have a disguise or face-lift if you would feel safer that way.” It was all I could do not to laugh out loud at the thought of returning in my advanced years to the ruses of the youthful spy. “I am happy with my looks as they are,” I retorted. Again, a brief, dry laugh came from my interlocutor. He added that a considerable sum of money would be on offer. We did not discuss the details, but I knew that my officer in charge of our espionage against America, Jürgen Rogalla, had been offered a million dollars by the CIA station chief in Berlin to tell what he knew and had declined it. We talked politely about the effects of the collapse of communism and the good reputation of the service I had run. “Of course,” he said, “you must do something for us.” Fearing a repeat of the German offer of names for freedom, I said that I was not prepared to give away the identity of any of my agents. “There would be something in it for you, of course,” said Hathaway. This phrase had an unfortunate effect on me, probably because it recalled that mixture of wheedling and high-handedness with which I had dealt with agents in my own time. Who the hell did these people think they were talking to? “Gentlemen,” I responded, “I have had an awful lot of experience at what you are attempting now. I know exactly what you are thinking. You want a lot from the partner but the partner isn’t so forthcoming. One has to be patient. One can discuss things and get a lot out of a conversation before anything becomes formal.” That was the politest version of my thoughts. My inner voice was dying to tell Hathaway that he had it all wrong, that he was talking to me as if I were some two-bit agent he could buy and sell. I wanted to tell him directly that it was not like that, that we should talk properly on the level that should be expected from two people who knew this game inside out. “But you have to help us,” said Hathaway again. “That would be true if I were offering myself to you,” I said, hardly bothering this time to hide my irritation. “Then you could ask me what I was going to bring to the party, so to speak. But I’m not offering. It is you who are talking to me.” “Yes, yes,” said Hathaway hastily, “it’s true I have come to Berlin specially to talk to you.” “There are always limits to this kind of discussion,” I said. “My limit is that I will not betray anyone who worked for me. No names. If you still want to talk to me, invite me to America formally and then we can talk properly, like grown-ups. I need to see your country before I can decide anything.” “But your security here is not very good,” interjected Hathaway, reminding me that if I stayed in Germany, only a few weeks remained until my certain arrest, as I knew all too well. “There’s always Russia,” I replied. At this, my interlocutor suddenly came to life, sensing that he might be bidding against at least one other powerful rival. “Don’t go to Moscow,” he said. “Life there is hard. Think of Andrea. Come to a country where things would be pleasant for you, where you can work and write quietly. In my opinion, that is only possible for you in America now.” The prospect of sunning myself in prosperous retirement in California or Florida rather than sampling the dubious delights of a German prison may seem enticing. But I still felt uneasy at the prospect of delivering myself to the CIA as its hostage. What if they decided to turn the screws on me? Presumably they were also taping the conversation, and they could always claim that I had invented the meeting if the whole business turned sour. I wanted a greater commitment from them before we talked further, so I requested some form of invitation to America, perhaps from an organization fronting for the agency. My visitors were unhappy with this idea, explaining that they operated under a quota system for the agency’s foreign guests that was difficult to exceed. More likely they were nervous about the West Germans finding out about the deal. After all, even an attempt to recruit such a senior and long-serving figure in the enemy camp as I was amounted to massive treachery by the Americans toward their allies in Europe and especially Germany. I suggested finding a tame publishing house or film company through which they could invite me as an author—the time-honored method of making a covert approach. That was certainly the way such a deal would have been set up in the Eastern bloc, and I would have thought it was well within the CIA’s capabilities to find some organization to issue an invitation that could then be transformed into a permanent stay in America if we struck a deal. There was a long silence, followed by Hathaway shaking his head. But they plugged away regardless, insisting that I could make a valuable contribution to the agency without directly betraying my men. Gradually it became clear to me that, unlike the West Germans, they were primarily interested not in my work for East German intelligence but in my knowledge of the KGB and the structure of Soviet intelligence. “Gentlemen,” I said, hoping to speed up a conversation that was beginning to weary me, “I don’t know which part of the service you are from, but I can guess. There is something very specific you want from me, isn’t there?” Finally Hathaway got down to brass tacks. “Herr Wolf,” he said softly, “we have come because we know that you have operational information that might be useful to us in a particularly serious case. We are looking for a mole inside our operation. He has done a lot of damage. Bad things happened to us around 1985. Not only in Bonn but elsewhere, in places with which you are familiar. We lost some men—maybe thirty to thirty-five, and five or six in the apparatus.” He seemed to know his way around Soviet intelligence and knew who ran its foreign arm and its operations, which had led me to conclude early in the conversation that he was a highly placed American counterintelligence man. We spoke guardedly about great Soviet traitors—Penkovsky, Gordievsky, Popov—men whose change of loyalties had helped the Americans keep pace with Soviet espionage. He admired a Russian colleague of mine, General Kireyev, head of foreign counterintelligence in Moscow, with whom I had planned some joint operations against the CIA. He seemed to know something about those enterprises and tried to open a discussion about Felix Bloch, an American diplomat suspected by the CIA of having been recruited by Moscow but never prosecuted owing to lack of evidence. I guessed that there had already been some painstaking research at Langley into my cooperation with the KGB and that this had raised hopes that I might know the identity of the mole they sought. I did not. This sort of information was protected very tightly by the Soviets. Neither would I, despite our formal fraternal alignment, have told the Soviets the identity of my top moles or agents. At the most, we might indicate shyly to one another that we had ?someone sitting? in the enemy camp, but no more. It was clear from Hathaway’s earnest approach and tenacious attempts to lure me into the American camp that the CIA was in a state of panic about its penetration. They must have had to swallow hard to bring their problem to me. Moreover, they were risking a substantial breach with their West German partners in approaching me. In such desperate straits, even the firmest ideological loyalties are stretched to the breaking point. On May 29 they came back again, but we came no closer to reaching an agreement to invite me formally to America. Hathaway said that he would report back to Webster and that if I wished to pursue the matter, I should contact him. They were clearly hoping that, under the more imminent threat of arrest, I would agree to come under their wing, and on their terms. Charles stepped in at that point and spoke to Andrea, describing the pleasures of life in America to her. Before leaving, they handed me a toll-free telephone number in Langley, and we exchanged code words for future contact. I had not delivered or promised them anything. They were, I knew, playing a waiting game, and my situation could only get worse. By mid-August the German bid brokered by Peter-Michael Diestel had fallen through completely. I felt that my options were running out fast. The CIA evidently guessed as much too, because they made contact with me again through the same channel. We arranged another meeting in my dacha and Hathaway referred, once again, to what he delicately described as my “disagreeable situation.” Webster, he added, was still refusing to offer me a personal invitation, but the offer still stood of asylum in the States in return for my helping in the mole hunt. This time Charles was more talkative. He explained that if I decided to seek their help, I should send my wife, Andrea, to the Bahnhof Zoo station in the western part of Berlin and call a certain toll-free number. She was to introduce herself as Gertrud and say, “I want to talk to Gustav.” My escape would be planned thereafter from Berlin, where the man who called himself Charles would be in charge of my case. From this, I assume that the mention of the code-name Gertrud would automatically switch the call through to both Langley and the Berlin CIA station simultaneously. It would not be too difficult to snatch me then, probably by air, as the Soviets had done when they spirited the disgraced leader Erich Honecker out of East Germany aboard a military plane to Moscow. Having arrived in 1945 on one of the first flights of returning German Communists from Moscow after Hitler?s demise, I mused that it would be an ironic ending to fly out of Berlin forty-five years later under the cover of the Americans. There was one more meeting, this time in my city apartment, at the end of September, but it brought no improvement in the American offer. At that, the West German public prosecutor obligingly announced that police officers would be dispatched to my door at midnight on October 2 to arrest me. The tabloid *Bild-Zeitung* had sent a representative with an offer to pay the legal costs of my defense for exclusive coverage of my arrest. I told them I would think about it. It was all a well-planned circus, which I had no wish to be part of. I told the *Bild* reporter that I had no plans to leave Germany. This was almost true, because I certainly had a strong desire to leave Germany for a while, but no idea where to go. By refusing to turn traitor at Bonn’s behest, I had, in effect, closed off the option of staying in Germany without having to face trial and very probably prison. Only much later did I discover the identity of the mole who was causing the CIA such heartache. His name was Aldrich Ames, the most damaging traitor in the history of American espionage. Ames used his position in charge of detecting Soviet counterintelligence operations worldwide to sell the Soviets the names of America’s agents, effectively destroying the American intelligence network in the Soviet Union from the inside. For nine years he served Moscow, under both the Communist regime and the rule of Boris Yeltsin, in this job and later in the anti-narcotics department. In the process he earned $2.7 million, making him without doubt the highest paid mole in history. My visitor from Langley was no mere emissary of William Webster, but Gardner A. Hathaway, who, I later read, had retired as chief of U.S. counterintelligence only a few months before he first visited me. A veteran officer of the CIA's Operations Directorate, Gus Hathaway had been in his job for just over a year when the signs began to multiply that a traitor was at work high in the agency. He was one of the few who knew how heavy the losses of American agents inside the Soviet Union were?ten executions and dozens of harsh prison sentences?and had complete understanding of how this traitor within the ranks was bleeding U.S. intelligence. I had done some casual research and something about Hathaway fascinated me. When I learned he had just retired I felt a certain empathy for him as an intelligence pensioner. Like me, he had been unable to draw a line across his life and simply devote his remaining years to gardening, holidays, and the family pleasures we all imagine we will enjoy in retirement. He was captive to the deathly puzzle he had spent his last working years trying to solve: Who was his own agency's serial traitor? I remembered the way his eyes had held mine as he in effect confessed the CIA's failures in short, spare sentences. It must have cost him dearly in pride to travel to Berlin and ask for help from a former enemy. But he was professionally and privately obsessed with tracking down Ames. His mole-hunting unit was secret even within the CIA. It was staffed mostly by retired officers to further ensure secrecy and was called the Special Task Force. It included a female senior counterintelligence analyst—rare in the CIA or any other intelligence service—who had studied a Chinese CIA mole who had gone undiscovered for thirty years and a respected colleague from the Soviet division. I was impressed by the range of skills Hathaway had sought out. He did as I would have in his position and kept his team as small as possible. Using retired officers was an especially clever move, since any attempt to draw in the CIA's own Soviet department risked warning or even recruiting the mole himself. The motto of all such operations should be: Tread softly. Ames was eventually discovered by the CIA's rival, the Federal Bureau of Investigation. I doubt Hathaway's difficulties arose from lack of experience or knowledge. More likely, he was not a very creative person and was, as some of his colleagues said, a rather bureaucratic man. But I do not fault him for failing to identify the traitor who had been attacking American intelligence like a malevolent bacillus from within. The thankless and exhausting task of tracking down a traitor always seems much easier in retrospect than in prospect. The clues always seem so obvious—but only after the hunt has caught its prey. Looking for quirks in behavior is the right way to locate a mole. But many people in any profession—to say nothing of the high-stress profession of espionage?have alcoholic, behavioral, or marriage problems, feel underappreciated, or need more money than they can honestly earn. Intelligence workers are encouraged by the secretive milieu in which they live or work to feel that the rules governing others do not apply to them. Members of a department that worked as intensely as the CIA?s Soviet team must have come to know the enemy?s mind-set so well that it became easier and easier to slip into his way of thinking, especially if, as in Ames?s case, the bonds to one?s country and agency have been whittled away by feelings of inferiority and frustration. When he was formally recruited by the Soviets in 1985, Ames was run by the KGB resident (the officially assigned KGB officer) in the Soviet embassy in Washington, Stanislav Androsov. A year later Androsov was replaced by Ivan Semyonovich Gromakov, whom I had known since the 1960s as the head of the KGB's German section (Department 4 of the First Main Directorate). Though I knew he spoke German, I had no idea his English was also fluent, and thus I was surprised when I heard of his Washington appointment. Squat and jovial with thick glasses, he had an unnerving habit of roaring bloodcurdling toasts to the success of the KGB. I never spoke to him about his prize catch, but I can easily imagine how delighted he was when, stationed as he was in the heart of enemy territory, Ames landed in his lap. When the story of Ames's treachery emerged, I was stunned that he could have carried on undiscovered for so long and that American counterintelligence proved so incompetent and desperate as to be forced to resort to the help of an enemy spy chief to find him. It may seem odd that I was even prepared to talk to the CIA. After all, I had no real desire to leave Germany and had formally declared that I had no intention to emigrate. I rejected outright the claim of the West, as victor in the Cold War, to administer its version of justice to me and my colleagues; to me this claim was tainted by the motive of revenge. The principal attraction of the CIA offer was that it would remove me temporarily from my country in the first days after unification. I knew that in those first weeks and months, the appetite for revenge would run high. If possible, I wanted to avoid the Russian option, since disappearing to Moscow would send the wrong public signals about my relationship with the new Germany, encouraging those at home who wanted to pursue me. There would be accusations that I had gone to Moscow to hand over the names of agents, a story that had already circulated during my two-month stay at the beginning of 1990. This was not the case. I was far too concerned about securing freedom from prosecution for myself and for my ex-employees, agents, and moles to play go-between with the Soviets. Had the CIA been prepared to receive me in America, I would have seriously considered its offer as a dramatic if temporary solution. But my fear was that, if the deal foundered once I had flown to the States without a formal invitation, the CIA could present me as having offered myself and effectively blackmail me into cooperating with them on their terms. With the arrogance of a great intelligence service, the CIA assumed that I was so desperate to work with them that I was prepared to place myself in the vulnerable position every good defector tries to avoid—being trapped into negotiations on enemy territory. Although Hathaway had specifically come to Berlin on September 26 and we had already packed our bags, our last conversation drudgingly moved in circles.

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What neither the Americans, the Russians, nor the West Germans realized was that one other significant secret bidder had entered this curious auction. And that was Israel. I am a Jew, unusual for a man in the upper reaches of Soviet bloc intelligence. Or to be precise, I am half Jewish, since my mother was a Gentile. But I am Jewish enough to have been categorized and persecuted under the Nuremberg racial laws promulgated in 1936 if the Nazis had caught up with my family as it fled, first to France, then to Russia. My ideology and the ruptures of the Cold War should have made me an adversary of Israel. But I have always retained an interest in Jewish affairs, and the traditions of my family were such that I regarded myself as having a Jewish heritage, if not the faith. My first contacts with Tel Aviv came very late and were an unexpected, if welcome, consequence of my appearance at a rally on November 4, 1989, calling for a change in the regime in East Germany. There I met a woman called Irene Runge, an academic who ran the Jewish Cultural Association, founded in East Berlin during the eighties after the decades of repression of the Jewish tradition in the East, which was a consequence of the GDR?s alignment with the Arab world. I gave Irene an interview for use in an Israeli newspaper, and I attended a meeting of her association as a guest, but thought no more of it. In the summer of 1990, she called me out of the blue with the news that a Rabbi Tsvi Weinman, a senior Orthodox figure in Jerusalem, wanted to make my acquaintance. It was a Friday, which meant the Jewish Sabbath would begin at sundown and that he could not meet me in person. But I telephoned him and we exchanged pleasantries and agreed to meet during his next visit to Berlin. Soon after, he turned up again, claiming that the main reason for his presence was a visit to the Jewish Cultural Association. I invited him to my apartment, where he arrived punctually, a man of around fifty with a broad-brimmed black hat but no other external sign of a typical orthodox Jew. He inquired solicitously about my position as someone with a Jewish background and experience of persecution who was facing a political trial in Germany. He carefully avoided any mention of my former work, but asked whether I would like to visit Israel. I began to wonder whether Weinman’s interest in me was entirely attributable to cultural matters. Shortly afterward I received an invitation from the Israeli newspaper *Yediot Ahranoth* to visit the country. Inquiries about Weinman produced the whisper that he had worked for the Mossad in his youth. He himself was quick to deny this, saying that he had been in the army but had never worked in intelligence. We telephoned frequently and I looked forward to my trip, imagining the crestfallen faces in Bonn, Moscow, and Washington when they saw the headlines reporting my sudden presence in Israel. I guessed that the Mossad might be interested in gleaning from me what I knew of the Palestinian groups and their operations, which was very little, but I decided to cross that bridge when I arrived in the Holy Land. At any rate, the visit offered the possibility of a new escape route from Germany. I was not going to look that gift horse in the mouth. Two weeks before unification, I received a sudden call from Weinman. He sounded depressed and a trifle embarrassed. The visit was off. The newspaper had lost interest, he said, owing to the appearance of a critical book about the Mossad and its methods that was causing a furor. It was not the right time to entertain me. I understood immediately that the Israelis had gotten cold feet at the last moment, doubtless fearing that any service I might render could never be offset by the damage that their excellent relationship with West Germany would suffer through my presence in Israel. The door of hope that had opened so temptingly slammed shut. But Tel Aviv did not sever its links with me entirely. After the call from Weinman I received another from the newspaper, offering me a visa and flight ticket at a later date. I arranged for it to be left for me in Vienna. But when I checked on it a few weeks later, there was nothing. If there had ever been such a ticket available, it was no longer there. By now the pressure was intense, and I knew that the German authorities were eager to see me behind bars. Where could I escape to, and what would be the cost of refuge? There were no compelling options, and I was running out of time.

2

Out from Under Hitler's Shadow

My father, Friedrich Wolf, born in the Rhineland in 1888, came from a devoutly Jewish family. In his youth, his parents wanted him to become a rabbi, but he rebelled and insisted on studying medicine instead. His path to Marxism culminated in 1928, by which time he was already forty years old, and he arrived at this secular faith via a convoluted route. He was not one of the German intellectuals primarily fired by the 1917 October Revolution in Russia. Of petit bourgeois Jewish origins—his father was a businessman—my father floated through a pacifist and utopian period with ideas gained from Tolstoy, Strindberg, Upton Sinclair, Nietzsche, and Kropotkin, before the horrors of the First World War. He served in the Kaiser's army and was severely wounded—but he suffered equally from the uncaring insolence of the German officer corps, which helped inspire his radicalism and antinationalism. His disappointment in the defeat of the German revolutionaries who sought to establish a just and egalitarian state in 1918 and then in the first years of the Weimar Republic moved him to embrace the promises of social and economic harmony made by Marx and Lenin. But our family had always had a radical streak. Father used to tell me that his political education had begun at the age of five, when he was taken by his grandmother to see the Kaiser unveil a monument to the nineteenth-century German ruler Friedrich Wilhelm. As the crowd cheered the ruler and craned their necks for a better look at the monument, she lifted up the boy and said sternly, "Fritzsche, that is no hero you see, that is the cannon-happy prince who shot at the workers." She was referring to Friedrich Wilhelm's bloody suppression of the liberal 1848 revolt in Germany. My mother, Else, also had a contrary streak. Ten years younger than my father and a beautiful blonde from the Rhineland, she had broken with her family when she married a Jew. Even in death my father remained a figure of great controversy. On the neat main square of the small town of Neuwied, on the banks of the Rhine south of Bonn, hangs a commemorative plaque recording his birth on December 23, 1888. Nearby, a street was also named after him to mark the hundredth anniversary of his birth. The erection of the plaque brought Neuwied as close to civic uproar as it ever got, since my father, besides his fame hereabouts as an experimental doctor and playwright, was also a fervent Communist, a type of local hero not often celebrated in cozy West German towns. After the fall of East Germany I finally had a chance to revisit Neuwied. It was a disconcerting feeling to stroll the streets in the other half of my own country, of which I knew so much but had seen so little. Throughout the Cold War years I had never ventured into West Germany. The few trips I did take outside the Eastern bloc in my decades as East German chief of espionage were essential operational ones, usually to meet agents whose security forbade their traveling to us. I was born in Hechingen, a small town in rural, Catholic southwest Germany. It was January 19, 1923, during the years of rampant inflation so uncontrollable that my parents were often relieved when my father could collect his medical fees from rural patients in the form of butter and eggs. We were a lively household, eccentric by the staid standards of the locality. Life was little changed when we moved to Höllsteig, on Germany's southern border with Switzerland. My father was a fitness fanatic who took great pleasure in honing his athletic body to near perfection. He was also an early proponent of naturism. As a result many of our family photographs show my father, me, and my brother, Konrad, almost three years younger, stark naked and doubled up in gymnastic contortions. Koni and I thought this was quite normal, despite the giggles of our classmates when we showed them the photos. Many such pictures appeared as anatomical illustrations in my father?s best-selling book *Nature as Healer and Helper* (*Die Natur ols Arzt und Helfer*), a homeopathic tract written while we were in Höllsteig, in which my father dealt with, among other things, the effect of living and working conditions on the health of individuals. Such ideas would later become commonplace as what we now call preventive medicine. Back then, however, they were regarded as unorthodox, and my father was frowned upon by the medical establishment, which saw that his analysis of the causes of illness led into an altogether wider debate about society and the conditions of the poor that they wished to avoid. But the book was a huge hit with the public, selling thousands of copies, and it became a kind of compulsory layman's bible on health care. In fact, it became such a standard text that, years later, it even escaped the Nazi ban on books by Jews. The book's financial success made it possible for our family to move to a pleasant house in Stuttgart, a city with a long tradition of the arts dating back to the liberal princelings of its free-thinking court. My mother was quiet and gentle but a person of great courage, whether undergoing the Nazis' rough house searches or those of the secret police in Stalin's Russia. During Stalin's reign of terror, she once offered shelter to the family of an arrested man, an act that could well have led to her own imprisonment or worse. Also during our Moscow exile, upon hearing that my half sister Lena's mother had been arrested in the Volga region, she made her way from the capital to rescue and bring Lena back home to us. It was our mother who raised us during our father's long romantic or political absences, but he played an important role in absentia by sending letters full of advice on how to be correct and honorable socialists and human beings. Without doubt, he was the strongest political influence on my young life. Our mother suffered greatly from his affairs with other women. These produced a small brood of children, half brothers and sisters to Koni and me, whose own children have straddled the barriers of the Cold War. To this day, I have relatives in Germany, Russia, and America as a result of his amours. These adventures were frowned upon by outsiders but caused Koni and me little concern. It was simply part of our childhood for Father to announce from time to time that we would soon meet a new half brother or sister. These children of different mothers were treated by my own mother with great tolerance as part of the family. The marriage survived these other relationships and my parents remained together until his death in East Germany in 1953. Friedrich's activism was impressive: He renounced the Independent Social Democrats in 1928, joined the Communist Party of Germany, and ran for the Stuttgart municipal council as a Communist, receiving 20 percent of the vote. His pro-abortion play of 1929, *Cyanide*, landed him in jail briefly and made him a national voice of radical politics. In 1931 he was jailed again, this time accused of performing abortions for personal gain. After he and his codefendant were cleared of all charges, they left Germany for the Soviet Union, then returned in the same year. Koni and I went to a school run on the lines of the great liberal German educational reformers of the time and were encouraged to explore the countryside and express ourselves freely. Both my parents being Communists by now, my younger brother, Koni, and I joined the Communist youth organization, the Young Pioneers, while we still were in Germany. We tied on our red neckerchiefs with great pride and listened to tales of the Revolution in the "great Soviet Union." The family atmosphere decisively influenced the rest of our lives, with the exception of the vegetarianism my parents practiced. Our mouths watered at the cold cuts and German sausage in our school friends’ box lunches, and my brother announced, “When I grow up, I’m going to eat a whole ox.” But the more lasting impression was left by their love of nature and bodily fitness, and their radical politics embodied in my father’s plays about the struggles of the peasants and workers staged in the touring Workers Acting Group Southwest. I began to feel like a political warrior, taking collections for striking metal workers, going on campaign events, and listening to the grown-ups’ vigorous arguments during the last days before Hitler came to power. As a child of Communist parents in Germany, I came to perceive Stalin as a wise and distant figure, like the benevolent magician in the fairy tales. I often imagined what life must be like in the ?great Soviet Union??for years I thought that was the country?s official name?and concluded that it must be very white, covered in snow, and full of good people, guided by the wizard. My brother, Koni, better blessed than I with the ability to put his thoughts in imaginative form, spent hours drawing pictures of the great leader in the guise of a fairy-tale hero. But at that time I had no expectation of ever experiencing Soviet reality for myself. After the National Socialists came to power in 1933, our life in Germany became intolerable. The burning of the German Reichstag in Berlin and the Nazis’ false accusations that Communists had been responsible for it produced a witch-hunt against the Left. My father, at risk as both a Jew and a Communist, fled into hiding in Austria. During one of the many house searches that followed, I answered one of the brown-shirted SA men cheekily. He pressed me up against a wall and threatened that I would end up “in the Heuberg” if I did not betray my father’s whereabouts. The Heuberg was the first concentration camp in our region, to which political opponents were sent. The adults spoke of it in whispers, and I was puzzled about what went on there, but at that age I still interpreted the conflict between the Nazis and the Left as a sort of gang fight. I knew that those men in the brown shirts were profoundly, even tribally, different from our family and I already saw myself as a young fighter. It was about this time that I first became aware of my Jewish heritage. After one exceptionally brutal search in which I remember that my brother and I were particularly furious because the thugs crashed through our nursery, trampling our precious toys and books, my mother, marshaling all the serenity she could to hide her inner terror, took us on a bicycle ride through the lush Swabian countryside to visit my father’s uncle, Moritz Meyer, whom we knew familiarly as “Öhmchen.” Öhmchen was considered a little weird in the small town of Hechingen. After a legal career, he had retired to live with his goats in the forest and enjoyed a modest reputation as a miracle healer. It was almost certainly his influence that converted my father from conventional medicine to homeopathic cures and natural therapy, and my father dedicated his book on natural healing to him. Our bicycle visit was during Passover, so he could give us only unleavened bread, which did not delight our childish appetites, but he compensated for this disappointment by telling us grave and exciting stories from the Torah and explaining the meaning of Jewish festivals. A few months later, my mother, brother, and I were smuggled into Switzerland with the help of Communists there; the Party was by then illegal. From there we proceeded to France, where we were officially deemed “unwanted foreigners” and had to be hidden by friends on the little island of Bréhat in Brittany, where we were joined by my father. There he worked finishing his play *Professor Mamlock,* the first literary witness to the persecution of the Jews in Germany. Even before its German-language premiere in

Zurich, it was performed at Jewish theaters in Warsaw and Tel Aviv and enjoyed huge successes around the world. A film based on the play was made in the Soviet Union and again much later by my brother, Koni. When the film ran in New York, in 1939, it helped make my father's name known in America. The Nazis' response to the success of this play—never, of course, performed in Germany under their rule—was not long in coming. Our possessions were seized and my father's name was placed on the official list of authors of "harmful and undesirable writings." Soon afterward the entire family was stripped of its German citizenship and by 1937 not only his name, but my mother's, mine, and my brother's, would appear on the state's wanted list. That made us boys feel very grown up. If there is such a thing as a single event that forms a man's politics, for me this was it: to be listed as a criminal by one's own country. Had we not been hidden in Switzerland, we all too easily could have shared the fate of our Jewish relatives whose names were later inscribed forever in the Yad Vashem Memorial in Jerusalem. Öhmchen, for example, did not survive the Holocaust. A German prisoner of war in Moscow told me that he had been taken away and had perished in the Mauthausen concentration camp in Austria. He was over eighty years of age when he died. Sixty years later, wandering through Hechingen's manicured streets, I remembered my great-uncle and felt a shudder run down my spine, a sensation that only a German can feel when he looks into the faces of men his own age and wonders how they behaved during the period of Nazi rule: How much did they know, and how many guilty memories had they suppressed? Perhaps cities are better at swallowing the traces of the past. It is in the small towns of Germany that my mind turns to uncomfortable thoughts about my compatriots. By now the Nazis had frozen our bank accounts and confiscated our property. The asylum we were offered in the Soviet Union came as a lifesaver for my parents, Koni, and me. With the help of a friend, the dramatist Vsevolod Vishnevsky, my father had found a small two-room apartment on Nizhny Kizlovsky Lane, one of the winding nineteenth-century streets in the old center of Moscow behind its main street, the Arbat, beloved of writers and intellectuals. In March 1934, my mother, brother Koni, and I followed him there. We adjusted slowly to a strange language and culture, fearful of the harsh manners of the children who shared our courtyard. "Nemets—perets, kolbassa, kislaya kapusta," they would shout after us: "Germans—pepper, sausage, sauerkraut." They laughed at our short trousers, too, and we begged our mother for long ones. Finally she gave in with a sigh, saying, "You're proper little men now." But we were soon fascinated by our new environment. After our provincial German childhood, the bustling city, with its rough and ready ways, thrilled us. In those days people still spat the husks of their sunflower seeds onto the pavement, and horse-drawn traps clattered through the street. Moscow was still a "big village," a city with peasant ways. At first we attended the German Karl Liebknecht School (a school for children of German-speaking parents, named after the Socialist leader of the January 1919 Spartacist uprising who was murdered in Berlin shortly thereafter), then later, a Russian high school. By the time we became teenagers we were barely distinguishable from our native schoolmates, for we spoke their colloquial Russian with Moscow accents. We had two special friends in George and Victor Fischer, sons of the American journalist Louis Fischer. It was they who gave me the nickname "Mischa," which has stuck ever since. My brother, Koni, anxious not to be left out, took the Russian diminutive "Kolya." The Moscow of the thirties remains in my memory as an era of light and shadow. The city changed before our eyes. By now I was a rather serious teenage boy and no longer thought of Stalin as a magician. But as the new multistory apartment blocks soon appeared around the Kremlin, and the amount of traffic suddenly increased as black sedans replaced the pony traps, it was as if someone had waved a powerful wand and turned the Moscow of the past into a futuristic landscape. The elegant metro, with its Art Deco lamps and giddyingly steep escalators, hummed into life, and we would spend the afternoons after school exploring its vaults, which echoed like a vast underground church. The disastrous food shortage of the twenties abated, but despite the new buildings, my family?s friends, mainly Russian intellectuals, lived cheek by jowl in tiny apartments. There were spectacular May Day parades. The exciting news of the day carried highlights of the age, like the daring recovery of the Chelyushkin expedition from the pack ice of the Arctic Ocean after its conquest of the North Pole. We followed these events with the enthusiasm that Western children devoted to their favorite football or baseball teams. With similar passion Koni and I both joined the Soviet Young Pioneers—the Communist equivalent of the Boy Scouts—and learned battle songs about the class struggle and the Motherland. As Young Pioneers we marched in the great November display on Red Square commemorating the Soviet revolution, shouting slogans of praise for the tiny figure in an overcoat on the balustrade above Lenin’s tomb. We spent our weekends in the countryside around Moscow, gathering berries and mushrooms because even as a city dweller our father was determined to preserve his nature worship as a way of life. I still missed German delicacies, though, and found the sparse Soviet diet, with its mainstays of buckwheat porridge and sour yogurt, desperately boring. Since then I have learned to love Russian food in all its variety, and if must say so, I make the best Pelmeni dumplings (stuffed with forcemeat) this side of Siberia. But I have never developed a great fondness for buckwheat porridge, probably as a result of having consumed tons of the stuff in my teens. In summer I was dispatched to Pioneer camp and elevated to the role of leader. I wrote to my father complaining about the miserable gruel and military discipline that prevailed there. Back came a typically optimistic letter, bidding me to resist the regime by forming a commission with my fellow children. “Tell them that Comrade Stalin and the Party do not condone such waste. Quality is what counts. . . . Under no circumstances must you, as a good Pioneer and especially as a Pioneer leader, quarrel! You and the other group leaders should speak collectively with the administration. . . . Don?t be despondent, my boy.? The Soviet Union was now our only home, and on my sixteenth birthday, in 1939, I received my first Soviet papers. Father wrote to me from Paris, “Now you are a real citizen of the Soviet people,” which made me glow with pride. But as I grew older I realized that my father’s infectious utopianism was not my natural leaning. I was of a more pragmatic temperament. Of course, it was an exhilarating time, but it was also the era of the purges, in which men who had been feted as heroes of the Revolution were wildly accused of crimes and often condemned to death or to imprisonment in the Arctic camps. The net cast by the NKVD—the secret police and precursor of the KGB—closed in on our émigré friends and acquaintances. It was confusing, obscure, and inexplicable to us youngsters, schooled in the tradition of belief in the Soviet Union as the beacon of progress and humanitarianism. But children are sensitive to silences and evasions, and we were subliminally aware that we were not party to the whole truth about our surroundings. Many of our teachers disappeared during the purges of 1936–38. Our special German school was closed. We children noticed that adults never spoke of people who had “disappeared” in front of their families, and we automatically began to respect this bizarre courtesy ourselves. Not until years later would we face up to the extent and horror of the crimes and Stalin’s personal responsibility for them. Back then, he was a leader, a father figure, his square-jawed, mustached face staring out like that of a visionary from the portrait on our schoolroom wall. The man and his works were beyond reproach, beyond question, for us. In 1937, when the murder machine was running at its most terrifyingly efficient, one of our family’s acquaintances, Wilhelm Wloch, who had risked his life working for the Comintern in the underground in Germany and abroad, was arrested. His last words to his wife were “Comrade Stalin knows nothing of this.” Of course, our parents tried to keep from us their fears about the bloodletting. In their hearts and minds, the Soviet Union remained, through all their doubts and disappointments, “the first socialist country” they had so proudly told us about after their first visit in 1931. My father, I now know, was fearful for his own life. Although his wife and children had been granted Soviet citizenship because we lived there, he spent much of his time abroad and so was not a citizen. He was, however, still able to travel on his German passport, even though his citizenship had been revoked. He had already applied for permission from the Soviet authorities to leave Moscow for Spain, where he wanted to serve as a doctor in the International Brigades fighting against General Franco?s Fascists in the bitter Civil War there. Spain was the arena where the Nazi military tried out its deadly potential, practicing for its later aggression against other vulnerable powers. Throughout Europe, left-wing volunteers were flooding to the aid of the Republicans against the Spanish military insurgents. For many in the Soviet Union, fighting there also meant a ticket out of the Soviet Union and away from the oppressive atmosphere of the purges. Decades later, a reliable friend of the family told me that my father had said of his attempts to reach Spain: ?I?m not going to wait around here until they arrest me.? That revelation wounded me, even as a grown man, for it made me realize how many worries and reservations had been hidden from us children by our parents in the thirties, and how much sorrow must have been quietly harvested around us among many of our friends in Moscow. My father never did reach Spain. For a year, his application for an exit visa lay unanswered. More and more of our friends and acquaintances in the German community had disappeared and my parents could no longer hide their anguish. When the doorbell rang unexpectedly one night, my usually calm father leapt to his feet and let out a violent curse. When it emerged that the visitor was only a neighbor intent on borrowing something, he regained his savoir-faire, but his hands trembled for a good half hour. Perhaps he had some protector in the leadership of the German Communist Party in exile. I know that he corresponded with one of the main figures, Wilhelm Pieck, at this time and that Pieck had great respect for him. Perhaps he was just lucky. At any rate, he had been given permission to leave Moscow in 1938 and had gone to France, where at the outbreak of the Second World War he was interned—ironically, as an enemy alien because of his German passport. Even worse, after the Nazi invasion of France in the summer of 1940, he and the other inmates of the Le Vernet camp were due to be turned over to the German authorities, which would have meant certain death for him. He might actually have had a chance to emigrate to the United States, but because it meant putting down on the application that he had never been a Communist, he refused, ever loyal. My mother had for the previous three years pestered the authorities in Moscow, from where he had tried to flee, in an attempt to obtain Soviet citizenship for him so he could be repatriated. He was finally made a citizen in August 1940. But by then the Hitler-Stalin Pact of August 1939 made the lives of German émigrés in Moscow more difficult than ever. The authorities, who honored our status as the hounded victims of the evil Reich, were now under orders not to exacerbate ill feeling toward Hitler. It was particularly difficult for families like ours, which had been driven out of Germany by the Nazis, to comprehend the Soviet leader's deal with them. As budding agitators in the Komsomol (Young Communist League) youth movement, we were told that it was Stalin's only way of saving the great Soviet Union from attack, and that the Western powers were hoping that our Communist nation would "bleed to death" on the Nazi sword. It seemed a convincing enough explanation at the time, although we sensed that for our parents it was anathema that the Communists had made a deal with the very dictator they had fled. Anxious to fit into our new milieu, Koni and I had Russianized ourselves as quickly as possible. We spoke the language all day at school and with our playmates, hearing German only in our apartment in the evenings. I was delighted to be called Mischa by the other boys, which meant that I could be taken for a Russian. We went to bed listening to broadcasts of Hitler's manic screech proclaiming the glory of the Reich. After I finished secondary school I began studying aeronautical engineering, my dream subject. That changed abruptly on June 22, 1941, when Hitler's Wehrmacht attacked the Soviet Union with ferocious might in Operation Barbarossa. With the German army nearing Moscow in 1941, the families of Writers Union members, including our own, were evacuated to Alma-Ata, the capital of Kazakhstan, four thousand miles from Moscow. The horror of the three-week train journey across the Urals remains vivid for me. Our train crawled along the track, shunted to the sidings every hour or so to allow the trains heading to the front to pass from the other direction. My father tended Anna Akhmatova, the great Russian poet, who was sick and frail. Two of her husbands had disappeared in the purges and a son was in an internment camp. I was allowed to take her the allotted food ration of four hundred grams of black bread and some tepid water. She lay, sunken and weary, the soul of Russian literature, now officially deemed an ?unperson? by the authorities, but still idolized among intellectuals as they traveled together on the Writers Union train. Alma-Ata was a bleak place where we were isolated from news of Moscow, let alone the world beyond. Physically beautiful and normally inhabited by only four hundred thousand people, Alma-Ata suddenly was jammed with a million refugees, and living conditions became crowded and harsh. In 1942, Koni joined the Red Army, from which I was at that time exempt because aeronautical engineering was an essential occupation. I was still at that optimistic age where it did not occur to me that any harm could befall him, despite the rumors of heavy Russian losses. While exempt, I did receive military training, and as the tallest in our group, I regularly had to carry the heavy tripod of the Maxim machine gun on my shoulders in temperatures above one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. Our bread ration remained only five hundred grams, and I can truly say that was the only time in my life I knew what hunger was. But some help and variety came from the exiled Moscow intelligentsia, especially the Moscow film studios. In the evenings we called on the great director Sergei Eisenstein, who read us passages from his script for the film *Ivan the Terrible.* When filming began, we were enlisted as extras, serving as the invading German knights who were repulsed. Because of my parachute training, I got stuntman's roles, which gave me triple pay, and that helped relieve the wartime boredom and privation. Halfway through my studies, a mysterious telegram arrived, signed “EKKI Vilkov.” The four letters EKKI stood for the Executive Committee of the Communist International, the Comintern, and it was signed by the man who headed its department of personnel and cadres. I was ordered to travel first to Ufa, the capital of the remote autonomous republic of Bashkiria, where the Comintern and the leadership-in-exile of the Communist Party of Germany had been transferred away from the siege of Moscow. The Party had decided to send me to the Comintern school, at the small village of Kushnarenkovo, forty miles from Ufa, where Communists from occupied European countries and Korea prepared for the liberation of their homelands and were trained for future political assignments. I was schooled enough in the discipline of a Communist youth not to question the decision, despite regretting that my dreams of designing Soviet planes were now unlikely to be fulfilled. But despite any such regrets, I was also utterly convinced that the fight against Hitler was more important and honorable than my studies. Life in the Comintern, an organization whose task was to promote the international proletarian revolution, was conducted in an atmosphere of great secrecy, which made me feel very grown up. It was ingrained in my character that if the Party asked something of us, we responded obediently. They said, “Jump,” we said, “How high?” Conditions of utmost secrecy prevailed at the school. We were given false names—mine was Kurt Förster, which I thought sounded very dashing. Although all of the young Germans there knew each other from Moscow, we used only these new names to address each other—an early training in covert methods. We were taught how to use submachine guns, rifles, and pistols, how to handle explosives and hand grenades, and how to use the “conspiratorial techniques” of meeting and message passing that are the basis of espionage. Our political education was oriented toward the time after the expected victory over Hitler. The firm assumption was that we would organize a common front of all antifascist and democratic forces. But we also received a thorough grounding in propaganda skills. In one of the lessons, someone from the group would be picked to present the arguments of our Nazi enemies as convincingly as possible, while the others would have to counter him with antifascist precepts. I enjoyed this challenge of getting as deep into the enemy mind as possible and made my pro-Nazi arguments clearly and with great passion, while the duller students, fearful perhaps of endangering their record as convinced young Communists, would parrot the textbook explanations unenthusiastically. Once, my classmates were scolded for failing to respond sharply enough to the fascist rhetoric I assumed. “What on earth would you all do if you ever had to argue with a real Nazi?” the teacher thundered. My only real competition in these bizarre contests of ideological wit came from Wolfgang Leonhard, who years later, in 1949, would flee East Germany for Yugoslavia and become a leading Sovietologist in Germany and later at Harvard and Yale. One of the many ironies of my life is that Professor Leonhard eventually used the argumentative skills he honed in the Comintern against the Soviet system, while I continued to deploy mine in its defense. At the Comintern school I also met my future wife, Emmi Stenzer. I had never met a woman so utterly absorbed in her political task, which she saw as a dedication to her father, Franz Stenzer, a Reichstag deputy who had been killed by the Nazis in Dachau in 1933. She had a Spanish boyfriend when we first met, and it was only after we left the Comintern school and met again in Moscow that we fell in love. I was fascinated by her independence and strength of will after the harshness of her young life, which had been spent in an orphanage in the grim industrial town of Ivanovo after the arrest of her mother in

Moscow during the thirties in one of the wholesale roundups of foreign residents on suspicion of anti-Soviet activity (her mother was later released). Bertolt Brecht wrote to his wife, Helene Weigel, about the importance of “the third thing” that was always there between them—their shared attachment to the Cause—as a living part of their relationship. Nowadays that seems easy to mock, but in times when political beliefs can lead to death or imprisonment, they become very much part of the emotional as well as the intellectual fabric of a life. Despite the fact that I divorced Emmi after nearly three decades of marriage and have remarried twice since, she continues to be a soulmate and maintains her early tie with my whole family by running the Friedrich Wolf Archive in Berlin. On May 16, 1943, my life took yet another abrupt turn. We arrived in our classroom to find a notice on the blackboard informing us that, owing to “the differences in conditions between the countries that had become the bearers of Nazi tyranny and the freedom-loving peoples,” the Communist International and its school was to be dissolved. Of course there were hidden political reasons for this. Dissolving the International was Stalin’s compromise with the Western Allies, who saw the Comintern as an agency fomenting revolution in their own countries. I had been extremely lucky in the timing of my recruitment. The previous set of graduates had been parachuted into Germany to make contact with resistance groups but fell into a trap set up by Third Reich counterintelligence, which had been sending false radio transmissions that the Soviet authorities interpreted as valid. They were caught by the Gestapo and Hitler?s military counterintelligence and executed. Their sacrifice spared our intake group a similar fate. Instead, we worked on a machine-maintenance crew on a nearby farm and unloaded barges on the Belaya River. We were nevertheless surprised at the decision. Hadn’t our teachers told us that the International was eternal, the highest element in the Party? But the whole education had been directed toward training us to follow orders without question. We had learned to accept whatever the Party ordered as the right thing, and waited patiently for new instructions. Probably because I was the son of a noted author, the Party leadership saw fit to make me an announcer and commentator on the German People’s Radio (Deutsche Volkssender), the voice of the German Communist Party on Radio Moscow, so I returned to Moscow. I became a full Party member at the age of twenty and attended meetings in the old Hotel Lux in the room of Wilhelm Pieck, later the first president of the German Democratic Republic. It was there, in a hotel that had been at the center of the purges of foreign Communists, that I first met the men, like Walter Ulbricht and others, who were to rule my country after the war. Emmi meanwhile was sent to the front to deliver negative propaganda in German through a microphone as part of the psychological warfare campaign. She would walk up and down within sight of the enemy lines, shouting into her amplifier that the war was all but over and calling on German soldiers to capitulate. She was seriously wounded at Gomel, and on September 24, 1944, fearful that we might never see each other again, we were married. We remained separated, however, during the final months of the war. Victory over Nazi Germany was finally celebrated the following May, and I will never forget the joy with which my parents and I joined the jubilant crowd of Muscovites. Koni was already on German soil and participated in the final assault on Berlin, during which he earned six awards for bravery. He sent us a letter saying that he was waiting for us, and I started to pack up the possessions of my teenage Russian life. In the Comintern school, we knew that we were being prepared for a return to Germany after an eventual Allied victory.

That time now had arrived.

3

Stalin's Pupils

I was eleven years old when I left Germany and went to Moscow, and it would be another eleven years before I returned to Germany. I have often been called "half Russian" in jest, patronizingly, and sometimes critically, but I have never taken it as an insult, and the patronage of the Russians was an essential element in my career. My fellow German Communists knew that my early life had been shaped in the Soviet Union and by the profound spirit of the Russians. My very closeness to the Soviet Union gave me an authority that in later years I could use with firmness in disputes. When I visited Moscow later on official business, I would slip out of my formal German identity as soon as I could and into the familiar guise of a Muscovite, wandering through streets and chatting with people more familiar to me than Berlin and Berliners. I would head to our old apartment building on Nizhny Kizlovsky Lane, now marked with a memorial plaque for my father and brother, and visit many of my old friends in the Arbat. With my old friend Alik, who had lost a leg during the war and had become a professor of German, I would walk through our old neighborhood to Gorky Street, now called Tverskaya again as it was before the Revolution. As students we had spent many hours queuing for seats at the famous Moscow Art Theater to see the great Tarasova play *Anna Karenina,* or watching Michoels, a star of the Jewish theater, located near our school. We loved the Russian classics and also the nineteenth-century European masters—Heine, Balzac—as well as Galsworthy, Roger Martin du Gard, and the tight and powerful style of Hemingway. When we had a reunion in the summer of 1941, we rowed into a secluded curve of the Moscow River and recited poetry by Aleksandr Blok and Sergei Yesenin. For years, my leaving Moscow produced a pang of homesickness, but unlike some of my German friends who settled there, I never was tempted to remain in Moscow for the rest of my life. Germany was still my *Heimat,* and here was the calling for which my Comintern training and radio experience had prepared me. I was twenty-three years old, a sophisticated and ambitious young man who remained naive about what I would face back in Germany. Our training had been heavily ideological and concentrated on the mopping-up operation we would perform in the defeated territory. We could not imagine the shock of facing our own countrymen after the collapse of their world, a vast national defeat, and the ignominious end of the dictator who had entranced them. We young Communists returning from Moscow saw ourselves as bearers of political enlightenment, who would show by our example how much better the Left was than the Right. Our initial orders were not to impose Communist structures in the Soviet occupation zone of Germany, but to create a broad antifascist alliance, albeit one engineered by us. This was not a mere tactic but in our eyes and those of all Communists a necessity: We had learned from Hitler how the Left could be eradicated. Stalin was, in fact, initially skeptical about the chances of creating a Soviet-style government in part of Germany and wanted to keep his options open with the Western Allies. Our return was much more cruel and unpleasant in fact than we could have imagined. My brother, Koni, reflected on it years later in his film about young people coming face to face with unimaginable barbarity, *I Was Nineteen.* There he contrasted the boyishness of the young hero with a society in chaos, where town hall mayors were hastily hauling in the Nazi flag—or sometimes just cutting out the white circle and the black Swastika in the middle—as the Red Army approached. While Koni, as an officer of the Soviet military directorate, was helping to establish the foundations of a post-Nazi administration in the Soviet zone, I was ordered to Berlin as part of the Party apparat. The shrill, bearded Walter Ulbricht, who had emerged as the leader of the German Communists in exile, set off from Moscow to Berlin with the gentler figure of Wilhelm Pieck and a small advance party in April. The rest of us flew a month later, on May 27, in a military version of the Douglas DC-3, all wearing brand-new civilian suits. From the air, all that we could see below were the ruins of war. We were a mixed bag—old Communists and German prisoners of war who were children of old Communists. No one had any idea what to expect, and we talked and wondered what we might encounter. We did not even know whether the Communist Party would be permitted in Germany. Of idealistic talk about building a new Germany there was none. We realized that our first task would be the fundamental one of organizing daily life simply so that Germans could survive. Emmi came with me, the first time we would be staying together as husband and wife. For the two of us the return to our homeland was an exhilarating and painful affair as we took in the devastated landscape of vast ruins that had been Germany's towns and cities. We had caught a fleeting glimpse of the wreck of Warsaw on the way in. It was utterly destroyed, smoke rising from the rubble as if from a funeral pyre. Our aircraft was the first to land at the freshly reopened Tempelhof airport in Berlin, which three years later was to serve as the hub of the Allied airlift during the Berlin Blockade. The destruction of Berlin seemed so complete as to exclude any thought of reconstruction. As children of the Comintern, we were possessed by a powerful sense of purpose. We wanted to purge our own people of their Nazi past and believed wholeheartedly that the socialist ideas in which we had been reared could cleanse and renew Germany. But it was harder than I had expected for me to get used to living among people who had cheered on Hitler and Goebbels. The majority seemed unable or unwilling to comprehend what the Nazis had done with their help or in their name. Hardly anyone felt a sense of guilt or responsibility for what had happened. Emmi recalled overhearing a group of women discussing the report on German war crimes that was carried by the radio station where I worked. "German men," they said, echoing the ultranationalist Hitlerian language to which they had listened for the last twelve years, "would never do anything like that." In the view of many Germans and much of the world we returned from the East bearing with us another dictatorship. But we did not see ourselves, as the West would later taunt, as swapping a Brown for a Red tyranny. We German Communists had perhaps the most complete blind spot of all the foreigners in Moscow about Stalin's crimes, since we had been rescued from death or imprisonment in Germany by the Soviet Union. Any other doubts about what was going on were overshadowed by events under Hitler's brutal regime, and I was incapable of seeing our socialist system as a tyranny. For me and my generation of Communists, it had been a liberating force. There was perhaps a rough streak in its methods, but we always felt that it was essentially a force for good and it would have been futile to try convincing me otherwise. This approach was to determine our thinking throughout the Cold War. It meant that whenever we heard an unflattering portrayal of our own side our first question to ourselves was not "Is this true?" but "What are they trying to hide about themselves by accusing us of this?" Once this mental defense system had been perfected, few criticisms could hit home. We were also naïve. I had hoped that after the shock of the defeat, more Germans would be grateful for their deliverance from Hitler and embrace the Soviets as liberators. The reality was rather different. In the tenement block in which I lived, I would overhear our neighbors arguing over who would move into the more spacious and airy apartments at the front of the building, from which a Nazi family had been evicted. The collapse of Germany as a world power had not destroyed its people's petty ambitions for their own "Lebensraum," I thought bitterly. My temper worsened when I heard from others that the family laying claim to the apartment on the basis that they had never been Nazi Party members were noted local *Denunzianten,* who had betrayed five Communists to the authorities. How could I have been so blind to the irony of our claims to be installing a humane and peace-loving order? I can only answer that the part of me that had in my years in the Soviet Union become half Russian sympathized at some emotional level with the desire for revenge for the horrors inflicted by Germany. I supposed that after a good rout, the desire for revenge would subside and we could build a new German-Russian relationship, devoid of the desire to dominate each other. A few days after our arrival, we were summoned before Ulbricht one by one. Curtly, he told us our roles in the administration of the Soviet zone. I was directed to Berlin Radio to work as an editor; it was a huge complex in Charlottenburg, in the British sector, that had been Josef Goebbels's Reichsradio and was now in Soviet hands. At first I resisted Ulbricht's orders, since I had been trained as an engineer and knew too little about the techniques of agitprop—although I had been exposed to it as a child, when it was a formative experience in the resistance to Nazism. When I asked him when I would be allowed to finished my aeronautical studies in Moscow, he snapped, "Just do your job. We have other things to worry about than building airplanes." Despite my initial misgivings, when I went out to do reporting and foreign policy commentary (under the alias "Michael Storm") I found the work interesting. Located far from the Soviet sector, in the British sector, our station was literally an outpost in the Cold War that was just beginning. Our distance from Party headquarters in East Berlin meant that we could operate with some independence. I did have a small brochure that Ulbricht had written back in Moscow giving the Party line and stressing the common fight against fascism, but, initially, that was the only political directive I had. Now and then I ran across Ulbricht. In a program I ran called "Tribune of Democracy," he spoke for the Socialist Unity Party (SED) (actually, the Communist Party, created from the merger of the Communists and Social Democrats in the Soviet zone in 1946). His piping high voice and unmistakably provincial Saxon accent made anything but a pleasant impression on the listeners. With the dangerous honesty of youth, I suggested that he should let an announcer read his texts while he took some voice training. His face colored with annoyance. It is a wonder my career ever prospered in East Berlin after that clumsy start. We tried to make the station accessible and lively by answering listeners' questions about supposedly taboo subjects such as the fate of hundreds of thousands of German prisoners of war held in the Soviet Union, the way minor Nazi functionaries were being dealt with, and the new, foreshortened border of Germany along the Oder and Neisse rivers; surprisingly, these were not taboo for the Soviet control officers at the station. Our biggest struggle was against the orders of the Soviet control officers to broadcast hours and hours of boring speeches. One was a seemingly interminable speech at the United Nations by Soviet foreign minister Andrei Vishinsky, which heralded a roughening in relations between Moscow and the Western Allies. This kind of thing drove many of our listeners into the arms of the newly founded RIAS, the Radio in the American Sector. There were other problems, too. We were not able to report freely about the relationship between the German population and the Soviet occupation forces, nor about the rape and pillage that had accompanied the Red Army's march to Berlin. The brutal campaign against the defeated population, particularly in East Prussia, was an open secret. Like all Germans, we were horrified at the news, and we felt that the only way to bring Germans and Russians together was to speak openly about war crimes of any kind. The German Communist leadership was furious, since the behavior of the guilty troops in the Red Army made it even more difficult to win people over to our side. We had our opinions but could not express them openly, and the more civilized Soviet officers also quietly admitted that such atrocities never should have been allowed to happen. But the very word "Russian," which had been assiduously used by the Nazis to awaken primeval antagonisms, was once again associated by many civilians with fear. As German Communists, we did not protest against these atrocities as much as we should have, and for two main reasons. The first was that it ill-behooved a German to criticize the Russians for their brutality, after all the havoc wrought by the Wehrmacht during its invasion of the Soviet Union. In those of us who had left Hitler's Germany, there was probably a grain of hatred for those of our own people who had allowed themselves to become the instruments of the Third Reich. The second reason was simply that we suppressed our doubts about the Russians' behavior for ideological reasons. People have asked me how it could be that I, a reasonably sophisticated young man from a cultured family, could block out of my mind so many of these uncomfortable events. I was curious enough to listen to these accounts, but the words skimmed past me, filtered by the ideological net in my mind. In the postwar chaos of revenge and suspicion, there was no shortage of injustice, but we focused on ensuring that Nazism would never infect Germans again. Indeed, the great majority of the listeners who wrote us were far more concerned with stamping out the vestiges of Nazism than with the fate of some who might be injured in the process. When Soviet occupation officials carried out mass arrests of ex-Nazis and assorted opponents of Stalin, thousands of Social Democratic opponents of Nazism were swept up, and some ended up in labor camps that, ironically, had only recently been Nazi concentration camps. We knew very little about that, and what we did know we viewed as cruel Western propaganda. For example, the West Berlin Social Democratic paper, *Telegraf,* published a story that in the cellar of the residential house where I lived people were being interrogated and tortured by a police section known as K-5. I publicly denied this completely and accused the paper of inventing not only torture but the very existence of a section K-5. Only later, when I was appointed to the Ministry of State Security, did I discover that K-5 did indeed exist and it had been torturing suspects in that very basement. Throughout my career I overlooked, minimized, or rationalized similar episodes, and I can only remind the reader again how my character was formed in the struggle against fascism; we came to feel that against such tyrannical opponents, almost anything goes. In due course, under the influence of Nikita Khrushchev's secret 1953 speech before the Twentieth Party Congress, in which he revealed Stalin's crimes to his Communist supporters and then to the world, I slowly began to feel somewhat differently. But at the time and for much of my life I had no doubt that we Communists stood on the side of social renewal and justice. This had helped excuse the Moscow show trials during the purges, and now the exigencies of the nascent Cold War would help us overlook such acts as attacks on German Social Democrats who had survived the Nazis.

In individual cases I did what I could, but I found few such cases. Perhaps I already felt exempt from some moral norms, a sense bolstered by a confidence that the Communist machine could never turn against me, one of its children. I never thought of myself as a victim. Nor did my father, and perhaps that is one reason we survived. He even wrote to Stalin in 1945, complaining that he had been barred from returning to Germany as a Jew, and when the notorious “doctors plot” of Stalin’s last years provided an excuse for a revival of anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union, neither he nor I was touched. Just as in the time of total insecurity and threat before the war, in the chaos after the war I felt it was not my task to undermine those on my side who were fighting evil. I did of course know of many of the terrible crimes of the Stalin era even while they were under way; anyone who says he knew nothing is a liar. These are not things I look back on with pride. I even spoke about them to our German Communist leaders. But then and now, I never put the crimes of the Communist regime in the same class as those of the Nazis, and if there was anything that persuaded me it was impossible ever to equate the two, it was the awful facts that emerged at the Nuremberg war crimes trials of the Nazi leaders. ●

In September 1945 I was dispatched by the radio station to report on the Nuremberg war crimes tribunal. Until then I had learned of events in Nazi Germany through Soviet propaganda, which concentrated on the fate of German Communists. But we also knew something of what had happened from the tales of our own family that reached us in Moscow and from my father’s writings about the beginnings of what came to be known as the Holocaust. We were very slow, however, to see that the unique dimension of the slaughter of the Jews was at the heart of National Socialism. But here, as if on a dissection table, the anatomy of National Socialism was laid bare and the full extent of the Holocaust first became apparent to me. As the son of a Jewish Communist family, I shuddered to find myself sitting opposite the surviving principal figures of the Nazi era. Wandering in the ruins of Nuremberg, formerly known as “Germany’s jewel box” but now forever associated with the racial laws to which millions of Jews fell victim, I was suddenly, coldly, aware of how completely we Communists and the other opponents of Hitler had failed to prevent this slaughter, and vowed that nothing like it should ever be allowed to happen again on German soil. For that reason I found the defeated Germans’ resentment of the Soviet occupiers exasperating. To my parents I wrote rather naively that the Red Army’s “generosity is taken for granted and people complain constantly. They simply do not seem to have grasped the extent of the catastrophe Hitler has visited on Germany. They do not understand that the chance of a new beginning is being offered them.? ●

Germany formally split into two political entities after the 1948 currency reform in the three Western occupation zones led to their consolidation as the new German *Bundesrepublik*, or Federal Republic. In response, the German Democratic Republic was officially founded in October 1949, with torchlight processions, mass marches, and patriotic songs. To some more sensitive Socialists, it all looked uncomfortably like the old displays of Nazi power. But I saw it as a great historical moment in German-Russian relations. Shortly afterward I was summoned by the Central Committee and told that I had been chosen to help cement this link. On November 1, I was to move back to Moscow as counselor to the new East German embassy there. To take the job I had to give up my Soviet citizenship and once again become officially German. We arrived in Moscow on November 3, 1949. The elegance and ease of diplomatic existence was a relief after life among the ruins in Berlin, and we greatly enjoyed our family life in Moscow. And it was family life: While I had been reporting the Nuremberg trials in 1946, my first child, a blond, gray-eyed son we named Michael, was born, followed by his sister, Tatjana, in 1949. Emmi, who disliked the artifice of the embassy world, also had the chance to throw herself into her Russian studies and begin a doctoral thesis on Dostoyevsky. It was as first counselor in the embassy of the German Democratic Republic that I finally met Stalin, a significant experience to me even after so many years. Talking to friends of my generation, I find that Stalin still figures occasionally in all our dreams, perhaps as a flashback to the mass parades we witnessed on Red Square, during which the intensity of the crowd's adulation overwhelmed all other sensations, or to the portraits and statues of Stalin—long disappeared from Moscow—that made us think that we were living in the presence of a demigod. In fact, however much I may direct my adult mind toward an objective appraisal of his evils, this semimystical aspect of my experience of Stalin refuses to go away. It may even be good that it has not receded entirely, for it always reminds me of how important and powerful a dictator?s charisma remains, persisting even beyond the revelations of his iniquity. The most vivid memory of my short career at the embassy is of a reception given for the Chinese leader Mao Tse-tung in the great ballroom of the Hotel Metropol, in February 1950. I was standing with my back to the entrance doors when a sudden hush fell on the room. Turning around, I saw Josef Vissarionovich Stalin standing a few feet away from me. He was wearing his famous Litevka tunic with its stand-up collar. He wore no insignia or medals. Surprisingly small and tubby, he had a shining bald pate. These features were in stark contrast to the images of *Vozhd*, or "Great Leader," cultivated in films and portraits. I did a double take, first in disappointment but then with a sort of pride. "At least he looks like a normal man," I thought. "All these stories about a personality cult must have been invented without his knowledge." As chargé d'affaires, I stood in for the ambassador on this occasion, sitting up front where the heads of both delegations exchanged their toasts. While Zhou En-lai, China's foreign minister, and his Soviet counterpart, Andrei Vishinsky, were speaking, Stalin lit one powerful Herzegovina Flor cigarette after another (these were the special long Russian paper-tipped *papyrosi* he favored). Later he pronounced several toasts of his own. In one he praised the modesty and solidarity of the Chinese leaders. Then, portentously, he lifted his glass to the peoples of Yugoslavia, who he said would one day resume their place in the socialist family of nations. Only two years earlier Yugoslavia had been cast into outer darkness on Stalin's orders, after the charismatic Yugoslav leader Josip Broz Tito had refused to bow to the Kremlin leader's personality cult and demanded more autonomy in the running of the multiethnic Balkan state than Moscow would allow. We in the faithful countries looked on Yugoslavia with a mixture of fear and wonder that Tito had the audacity to challenge Stalin's wishes. We doted religiously on the Soviet leader's every word. For me, as for most of the guests at the reception, Stalin and Mao were far more than human beings. They were monuments of history. I still had no inkling of the coming Sino-Soviet split, but I do remember thinking that it was remarkable that Mao did not say a single word all night. I wondered whether this was a sign of the famed Chinese inscrutability. Not every experience in my two-year diplomatic career was so impressive. For a reception marking the second anniversary of East Germany's founding the controversy was not about a split in alliance or a rogue Communist state, but about what to wear. As always, the younger diplomats argued with the chief of mission, who wanted us to wear morning coats with tails to mark the solemnity of the occasion. Not possessing tails, we favored business suits. In the end, we reached a compromise, which was dinner jackets with black ties. At the time, however, only socialist countries recognized the GDR, and for most of them, black ties were rejected as bourgeois attire. For all our later notoriety as an obedient Communist satrapy, the German Democratic Republic still clearly carried the traits of its ordered Prussian past during its early years. To our immense embarrassment, the only attendees in such formal dress besides us were the waiters. When Nikolai Krutitsky, the Orthodox metropolitan archbishop of all the Russians, got up to take his leave and I accompanied him politely to the cloakroom, he fumbled about for some time under his heavy robes before finally producing three rubles and handing them to me solemnly as a tip.

In August 1951 I received an urgent message to return to East Berlin for consultations with Anton Ackermann—whose real name was Eugen Hanisch—the East German foreign secretary and a leading strategist in the politburo. He greeted me at the Foreign Ministry in the morning, inquired after my health, and told me to appear, after lunch the same day, in such-and-such a room in the grandiose Central Committee building. I was mystified—until I turned up for the afternoon appointment to find the same Comrade Ackermann behind a different desk, this time in his capacity as a member of the politburo. This absurdity was a result of Ackermann’s insistence on secrecy and the separation of powers between the Party and the state apparatus, which in practice were congruent. Ackermann had been entrusted with building up a political intelligence service, and I was to be assigned to it, sharing responsibility for the ?enlightenment of the young state.? Put more bluntly, I was to become a spy. It was again an order, and as usual at that time, I did not question it or even reflect on the impact it would have on my life. The Party had sent me to the Comintern school. The Party had assigned me to the Moscow and Berlin radio stations. The Party had dispatched me to Moscow as a diplomat. If the Party thought that I was useful for intelligence work, so be it. I was proud that the leadership trusted me enough to involve me in confidential work. This sense of unquestioning discipline is the hardest thing for Western observers of our system to understand, but without comprehending the sway the Party held over us and the way it defined choices for Communists of my generation, it is impossible to understand, let alone judge, our lives. On August 16, 1951, I started work at the brand-new Institute for Economic Scientific Research, a cover name for the building that concealed East Germany’s embryonic intelligence network. My new career began with a ride with Richard Stahlmann in a huge eight-cylinder Tatra limousine, very grand for the time. Stahlmann, who had been entrusted with the task of starting up our operations, was a professional revolutionary and an imposing figure whom I admired. His real name was Artur Illner, but he had worked for so long in the covert Communist world that everyone, even his wife, used his code name as if it were his real name. A member of the German Communist Party since 1918, he had been made a member of its “military council” in 1923. Like everyone else from the old guard, he rarely talked about a past that contained too many secrets. He did, however, regale me with anecdotes about his missions to the Soviet Union, Britain, China, Spain, France, Sweden, and the United States. He had near legendary status as “Richard the Partisan” in the Spanish Civil War and was a close confidant of Georgy Dimitrov, the Bulgarian Communist accused by the Nazis of plotting the Reichstag fire. Stahlmann had been with Dimitrov when the Gestapo came for him, but the two of them had kept their nerve, even after the rough arrest and questioning. Dimitrov later referred to Stahlmann as “the best horse in the stable,” a background that gave him a lot of pull with the new East German leadership. He was on a first-name basis with them all, and whenever obstacles arose in setting up the intelligence service, he would visit Prime Minister Otto Grotewohl at home and the problems would promptly disappear. These problems usually concerned money and resources. We were very starved for cash in the early years, and hard currency took months to work its way through the official channels. Occasionally Stahlmann would visit the finance minister and come back with his battered briefcase full of crisp notes. When Czechoslovakia thoughtfully delivered twenty-four Tatra cars for the GDR government, Stahlmann somehow managed to siphon off half of the shipment for the use of our still tiny service, so that even when we were still operating out of cardboard boxes, we could travel in style. Stahlmann understood that such accoutrements helped boost the service’s status in the eyes of the government, and that departments that try to operate on the cheap normally attract the attention of budget cutters. Our first meeting was in Bohnsdorf, a suburb southeast of Berlin. No one could quite remember the day of the meeting and there was no written record, so we later declared September 1, 1951, as the date of the founding of the intelligence service. Soon after, we moved to an office in a former school in the Pankow district of East Berlin, near the restricted area where the Party and government leaders lived—a sign that we were accepted as indispensable. In the beginning there were only eight of us and four Soviet advisers, including a senior NKVD man who was introduced as “Comrade Grauer.” Andrei Grauer had served as a Soviet intelligence officer in the USSR’s Stockholm embassy. He was a highly experienced operative, and we sat at his feet, wide-eyed at his accounts of moles unearthed, services penetrated, and heroic agents. From him we learned how to form the basic structure of an intelligence service, which divides its duties and targets the enemy at its vulnerable points. Alas, his own career ended badly some years later. He became compulsively distrustful, a combination of professional deformation with the atmosphere of Stalin’s Soviet Union, I suppose. He and Ackermann, the formal head of the intelligence service, became bitter enemies, and Grauer became obsessed with the notion that Ackermann was suspect. After a while Grauer had to be recalled to Moscow. I later heard from embarrassed Soviet intelligence friends that he was in fact a schizophrenic suffering from acute paranoia. The watchfulness that had once made him a top intelligence officer had taken him over. Within government and party circles the cover name for our service was the Main Directorate for Economic and Scientific Research (Hauptverwaltung f?r Wirtschafts-Wissenschaftliche Forschung). This was not in the slightest concealing, since the very words ?main directorate? reminded anyone in the know about such matters as the Pervoye Glavnoye Upravleniye, or ?First Main Directorate,? of the KGB, which was responsible for its espionage operations. In 1956, the foreign intelligence service was renamed Die Hauptverwaltung Aufkl?rung?HVA for short?which translates as ?Main Intelligence Directorate.? Our Soviet advisers played a strong, even domineering, role. At first our section chiefs drew up all their work plans under the watchful eyes of these advisers, who followed extremely bureaucratic Soviet methods, which drove us crazy. Besides copying regulations and other papers by hand, we had to spend hours binding them neatly into file folders, a procedure introduced by the czar’s secret police before the Revolution. No one knew the rationale for this procedure, but no one questioned it either.

The structure of our apparat was an exact mirror of the Soviet model. The diction of our guidelines betrayed their translation from the Russian and laid down the main goals of our future work. These were the gathering of political intelligence about West Germany and West Berlin; scientific and technical intelligence in the areas of nuclear weapons and delivery systems, atomic energy, chemistry, electrical engineering and electronics, aviation, and conventional weapons; and, last but certainly not least, intelligence about the Western Allies and their intentions regarding Germany and Berlin. A small, independent department of the HVA called “counterintelligence” (*Abwehr*) was directed at monitoring and penetrating the Western secret services, but it immediately came into conflict with the Ministry of State Security, which had its own more elaborate surveillance department. Even when we were taken into the ministry, in 1953, this conflict persisted and counterintelligence remained under the direct control of the ministry. The bureaucratic wars cut us off from crucial information about operations inside our own ministry, especially in later years when counterintelligence operatives began operating with foreign terrorists. People often ask why Moscow created our service as a German competitor to itself. But Stalin correctly assumed that Germany in the postwar period would be a difficult area for Russian services to penetrate, and that a solid domestic service in what began as the Soviet sector of Germany would give us pride in our work, thus advancing Soviet interests. Initially our Soviet advisers received all the information we had, right down to the cover names of our sources and our individual cases, although we gradually began protecting our sources and providing our Soviet liaison officers with selected information. My first assignment was as deputy chief of analysis under Robert Korb, a former colleague of mine at Radio Moscow. Korb had profound political knowledge and an enormous command of facts and breadth of learning. I learned a great deal from him about things that had nothing to do with our work, such as Islam, the complicated background of Israel, and the religious conflicts of the Indian subcontinent. He was a brilliant analyst who taught me to regard field reports with skepticism, and we soon came to the conclusion that a careful reading of the press could often produce results far superior to secret reports of agents, and that our own analysts should draw independent conclusions from diverse sources in order to evaluate raw intelligence material. This insight has remained with me ever since. An original in behavior as well as thought, Korb could hold the attention of an audience with a wit and sarcasm that often did not include much respect for the dignitaries he had to brief. Since I shared his irreverence, we found we had much in common. Although loyal servants of the state, we tried to keep our distance from the missionary zeal of some of our political leaders. Our outfit grew rapidly and we moved again from Berlin-Pankow to a bigger building on the Rolandufer in the center of East Berlin. I was soon promoted as deputy in the newly founded foreign intelligence service to Gustav Szinda, a man with many decades of experience in covert operations in Spain and elsewhere for Soviet intelligence. Unfortunately, neither Szinda nor I had much idea of where to start against a West German service that had emerged, practically unscathed, from the collapse of the Nazi Reich. Leading intelligence figures who had served Hitler were now working for their new masters in a small, mystery-shrouded Bavarian village called Pullach. We had to look it up on the map when its name first started appearing in the press. This was an unknown world to us and seemed quite beyond our reach, although with time, we would become very familiar indeed with its workings. I initially came across the name of

General Reinhard Gehlen, the first leader of West German intelligence, in a headline in the London *Daily Express* that read HITLER'S GENERAL SPIES AGAIN—FOR DOLLARS. The byline was that of Sefton Delmer, a journalist known for his connections with British intelligence; during the war he had been in charge of the British counterintelligence radio station Soldatensender Calais. Delmer's report caused a furor. It revealed not only that the Nazi intelligence old boy network remained intact, but that the new espionage services in the Federal Republic contained numerous former SS men and military intelligence experts who had operated under Hitler in France and elsewhere. Gehlen himself had been head of the Nazis' military espionage unit against the Red Army. Through the Gehlen Service, as it came to be known, the Americans, who were giving the orders in West Germany's intelligence sphere pretty much as the Russians were in the Eastern bloc, had access to the old Nazi connections. There were also rumors about the role of General George S. Patton, Jr., who was said to be extending his protection to certain high-ranking German officers. Worriedly, I realized that the postwar goal of a Europe at unified peace was no longer tenable. The muzzles had been loaded on both sides. The peace won at such sacrifice now appeared very fragile. Europe was divided, and the fault line ran right through Germany. West Germany's chancellor, Konrad Adenauer, threw in his lot with the American "policy of strength" and the strategy of rolling back communism professed by John Foster Dulles, whose brother, Allen, was the chief of the U.S. intelligence service, the Central Intelligence Agency. Soviet power had pushed west at the end of the war; now Washington was prepared to summon up all the political, intelligence, economic, and, if necessary, even military strength of the United States and its allies to counterattack. Gehlen recognized the opportunity the new clash provided for him to exert a direct influence on policy. He met with Adenauer before the West Germans took over his intelligence service from the CIA and was given extraordinary powers and support. That included the control of files against domestic political enemies, including Social Democrats who were in parliamentary opposition to the Christian Democratic government. In the West German armed forces and its state bureaucracy, loyal servants of the Third Reich once again held top positions, and former Nazi officers ran Gehlen?s organization. The name of Hans Globke, one of Adenauer's closest advisers and ultimately a secretary of state in the chancellor's office, became a synonym for this kind of infiltration. A former high-ranking official in Hitler's Interior Ministry, Globke had been the author of an authoritative commentary on the Nuremberg racial laws that legitimized violent discrimination and eventually led to the Nazis' Final Solution. Globke would serve as Adenauer's secretary of state for ten years. In this frantic atmosphere, Berlin in the 1950s succeeded Vienna as the heart of espionage operations in Europe. As many as eighty secret service agencies with their various branches and front organizations were operating in the city. In the Americans' and Russians' covert offices, masquerading as everything from plumbing companies and jam exporters to academic and research bureaus, sat whole groups of case officers recruiting and running their respective agents who could easily travel between the sectors of Berlin and the two halves of Germany in the days before the Wall dividing the city and the nation was erected in 1961. It was also before the West German economic miracle began and therefore was a time of shortages and economic desperation. Offers of food or advancement lured people into spying. But while the West Germans could resort more easily to financial offers, we were still operating on a shoestring and had to pursue a more ideological approach. Many of our moles in West Germany, particularly in politics and industry, were not Communists but worked with us because they wanted to overcome the division of Germany and believed the policies of the Western Allies were only reinforcing it. We lost some of these moles later when the Wall went up and presented them with the symbol of a divided Germany literally set in concrete. The minutiae of setting up the brand-new espionage service took up most of my time. My attention was focused on the West, and I worked hard to familiarize myself with the political shifts in the United States and Western Europe and to keep up with the development of their postwar intelligence services. We had to acquire new sources in the political, military, economic, and scientific and technical centers on the other side. This was easier said than done, since the security requirements in our own apparatus imposed by the Soviets were extremely strict. Thousands of recommended candidates had to be screened in order to come up with a handful who were acceptable. Those with Western relatives were ruled out, as were most who had spent the war years as refugees or prisoners of war in the West. Contrary to rumors that still persist, we did not knowingly employ former Nazis inside our apparat and regarded ourselves as morally superior in this regard to the West Germans. We had access to some of the Nazi files on party membership in the Third Reich, which we would use to persuade those in the West who had suppressed their past collaboration with the Nazis to cooperate with us. Many others volunteered to work with us, claiming that they regarded it as a kind of moral reparation for the harm they had done in the past. That was looking at it kindly. The real reason was more likely that they wanted to insure themselves and their new careers in the West against unwelcome revelations from our side at a later date. In German, we called this *Rückversicherung*, literally a kind of “backward insurance” for the past. Through the West German Communist Party we inherited the services of a politician in the Free Democratic Party named Lothar Weihrauch (who later served in West Germany’s Ministry for Common German Affairs), who supplied a great deal of political information until we discovered that he had committed war crimes when he held a high position during the German occupation of Poland. We then cut him off. We also recruited another former Nazi, an ex—storm trooper code-named Moritz, who was helpful during our political battle against the European Defense Community (which was finally blocked by the nationalism of the French rather than anything our intelligence service did to discredit the project). The past was a powerful weapon among the spy services, and both sides were unashamed to use blackmail. Just as we sought to bring down politicians or senior figures hostile to us by revealing their Nazi complicity, the West Berlin Committee of Free Jurists, an anti-Communist organization made up of lawyers who had fled the East, produced their own booklet of Eastern functionaries who had managed to conceal Nazi Party membership. But since almost all of our senior intelligence officers and the political elite had been in exile or in the underground during the Third Reich, we in the East won that particular propaganda battle hands down. Some Nazis tried to make the switch to our side by hiding their past. Soon after I started work, a junior member of the staff came to me in a state of great embarrassment to say that he had noticed a man working in the interrogation department who bore the telltale SS tattoo on his arm. Interrogation was the roughest department within the ministry, and I would not have liked to be exposed to some of the thugs who worked there. I could well imagine how someone who had a taste for such work from the previous regime might have felt at home there.

We removed him quietly from the post. The blackmail that went on was a dirty and compromising game and was played by both sides. Some former Nazis in the West offered their services to us out of a kind of contrition, others for money, or to prevent their unmasking as former collaborators with the Nazi regime. The Soviets had more blackmail opportunities because they held the captured Nazi files, and they took in such people as former SS-man Heinz Felfe, who had held the rank of *Obersturmführer* in the Nazi intelligence organization, the Reich Security Office (Reichssicherheitshauptamt), and had found postwar employment with the Gehlen Service. Felfe became a Soviet double agent, betraying all the main achievements of the West German service to Moscow and doing damage on a scale accomplished only by such double agents as Kim Philby, George Blake, and Aldrich Ames.

One of our first opportunities to penetrate the Allied services came from Communist Party intelligence in Germany. In the nineteenth century the German Social Democratic movement had developed clandestine services to deal with the Kaiser’s repression. The Communist Party of Germany (Kommunistische Partei Deutschlands, or KPD), steeled by even harsher treatment by the authorities (its early history was dominated by the early murders of the Spartacists Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht), copied the Social Democrats by developing its own intelligence network. This structure soon built up close connections to the leadership of the Comintern in Moscow and the secret services there. The brains behind the Party intelligence network in the twentieth century were Ernst Schneller, murdered in 1944 on Hitler’s orders, and Hans Kippenberger, for whose death in 1937 Stalin was later responsible. This network, devoted to acquiring scientific-technical and military information to be passed to the Soviet Union was, during the Hitler years, the source for the famous intelligence network Rote Kapelle?in English, the ?Red Orchestra.? The Red Orchestra was one of the biggest resistance organizations. A few of its members were Communists, and a small portion were agents of the Soviet intelligence services (NKVD and GRU, military intelligence). The first challenge I faced was trying to check the worth of establishing a new Communist network. I soon came to believe that the new network built along the lines of the old could not be trusted. The British, in particular, had done sterling work in turning a number of the Communists they had held as prisoners of war. They also were highly successful in turning some of the Communist wartime emigrants as well as several new, young agents of the newly established network. A good example of just how compromised the network was is the case of Merkur, whose real name was Hans Joachim Schlomm. I came across him while going through mountains of paper, most of it uncollated, looking for leads into the Western secret services. I studied the files, which indicated he had contacts with the West German counterintelligence service, known as the Federal Office for the Protection of the Constitution (Bundesamt fur Verfassungsschutz, BfV), based in Cologne. He also had numerous connections to the political world nearby in Bonn. His recent reports to the Party were impressive in their detail, variety, and depth, including inside information on political parties in the West German parliament, eyes-only material from the foreign and other ministries, and organizational data about the counterintelligence service. On the surface, he seemed to be a dream source, so I sent a man to find him in Schleswig-Holstein, where his file said he would be. Merkur claimed he had been waiting patiently for our call and without hesitation accepted an invitation to Berlin. He was to be my first agent. He appeared punctually at a safe house, a villa on the outskirts of Berlin.

A tall, slim man of thirty, he seemed to fit his profession, that of an electrical engineer. He explained that he had been associated with the Communist Party as a university student in Hamburg, worked for Party intelligence, and on its orders joined a right-wing youth organization, ultimately working his way to Bonn as private secretary to Dr. Fritz Dorls, chairman of the Socialist Reich Party. I then questioned him at length, but something seemed strange; his answers about people he claimed to know did not correspond with the files. We sent him back to West Berlin and invited him to come the next day. I went over his files again. When he returned, I played the intellectual, and Szinda, the tough guy. “Enough, you shit,” Szinda would say to signal he was losing patience with our potential operative. As the contradictions of his tale mounted, Merkur finally acknowledged that as early as 1948 he had been infiltrated by the British into Communist intelligence, that he was still working for them, and that the material he had been providing us had been planted. The investigation then fell to Erich Mielke, number two at the Ministry of State Security (founded on February 8, 1950) and eventually its chief, who was already suspicious of our service, which he viewed as competition. This tough old Stalinist had not gotten along with Szinda since their days as comrades in the Spanish Civil War, and he had little but distaste for me. Mielke arrested Merkur as a double agent and put him on trial, which resulted in a prison sentence of nine years. The Merkur case set off alarms not only in the West but in our service, where we concluded from his interrogation and testimony that he knew far more about Communist Party intelligence and its relations to other organizations than an undercover agent was supposed to know. At that point we realized we would have to check out everyone in the underground Communist intelligence groups, which had a total of forty to fifty agents. As if putting together a puzzle, I started questioning liaison officers and couriers who had been sent into West Germany from the GDR, so that our suspicions would not be telegraphed to the agents themselves. What they told me about violations of the rules of covert operations made me suspect danger of penetration. So I sat down and started drawing a diagram of the connections and cross-connections among the existing intelligence networks, which began to look like a huge web. Like the trained aircraft engineer I was, I drafted what I called my “spider’s web” on a sheet of graph paper. On the diagram I connected all of the couriers, safe houses, and the like. I colored suspected double agents red, sources blue, and residents green. The lines and boxes also identified personal and professional relationships. Special symbols marked suspicious circumstances or suspected contacts to opposing services. To the uninitiated, the diagram would have meant nothing, but to my eyes, it began to take on a clear outline indicating possibilities for expanding and deepening our work. It was also essential to obtain a clear picture of how deeply this service had been penetrated from outside. I finally concluded that if the Western secret services wanted to, they could easily liquidate the whole network. In actuality, they were probably not that clever or efficient, but the risk remained, especially to the Communist Party, if the old espionage network were to be turned or unmasked. So I decided instead it would be better for us to liquidate the network and abandon all our Communist contacts in West Germany. With my spider’s web rolled under my arm, I made an appointment to see Walter Ulbricht, to whom at that time all intelligence services were directly responsible. I stressed the absolute confidentiality of what I was about to tell him. Instead of calling me to his office, he invited me to his home in the Pankow enclave, which was known not very fondly to East

Berliners as the “little town.” The leader’s rooms betrayed the taste of a trained carpenter for solid, middle-class furnishings, embellished with carved ornaments. I unrolled my chart on Ulbricht’s dinner table and laid out my findings in detail. Together with Ackermann, whom I had spoken to before the meeting, I had decided to break off all contacts with Communist Party intelligence in West Germany and drop all agents with any kind of connection to it. The fact that the West German authorities were already preparing to outlaw the Party—it was finally declared unconstitutional in 1956—played an important role in our thinking. Ulbricht agreed with my proposal, and from then on West Germany’s Communist Party of Germany was forbidden territory for our service, as was its eventual successor, the German Communist Party, which was reestablished during more liberal times in 1968. In 1952 we recalled our agents, and even the most loyal Communists were placed in isolation under a sort of “villa arrest” and subjected to tough questioning. People often ask what method we used in such cases. It was based on psychological pressure against men and women accustomed to drawing their sense of identity and self-esteem from membership in a group of like-minded people. When that trust is suddenly withdrawn, the psychological pressure on them becomes acute. There was no need to threaten them or issue formal warrants of arrest. Addressing them as suspects and monitoring their replies was enough to convince us that they were innocent and that we had found no more double agents. Of course, there was no question of redeployment in the West. They were warned not to talk about what had happened. All of them kept their word about this, as good comrades do. Some had done courageous work fighting the Nazis. One had even been in a camp in France with my father; we kept him isolated in an apartment for weeks before clearing him. To some we gave pensions and to others lowly positions in the provinces, where they labored under suspicion. In 1956, after Khrushchev’s secret speech to the Twentieth Party Congress, we rehabilitated most of these withdrawn comrades with medals and decorations. Bruno Haid, who had fought with the French Resistance during the war and had been withdrawn and sent to a factory in Karl-Marx-Stadt as a minor functionary, eventually rose to be the GDR’s deputy chief prosecutor. He accused me of using brutal methods reminiscent of Stalin’s secret police chief Lavrenti Beria in shutting down the Party network—I did not—but he did eventually, if grudgingly, see my point when he learned about double agents like Merkur. A few of our “preserved” sources were not withdrawn and were eventually reactivated, though kept strictly isolated from newer contacts. Why did we do this? Quite simply, we discovered that the penetration had not gone as far as we feared. The West didn’t know any more security miracles than we did.

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The GDR Comes of Age, and So Do I

In December 1952 I received a message from Walter Ulbricht, the East German leader, summoning me to the Central Committee building at the busy intersection of Lothringer Strasse (later Wilhelm-Pieck-Strasse) and Prenzlauer Allee in the center of East Berlin, not far from Alexanderplatz. At the entrance I was given a pass, which the guard carefully inspected along with my identity card, although security was not as tight and the building itself not as imposing as it became when the headquarters moved to Werderscher Markt. Even then, however, one could discern a hint of the growth of an elite that eventually would isolate itself from the people. I presented myself in Ulbricht's outer office. He was in a meeting, but after a short time he appeared, neatly dressed and with his famous pointed beard. He invited me into the adjoining office of his wife, Lotte, his closest colleague. I knew her well from our work together at the German People's Radio in Moscow. She greeted me warmly. Ulbricht offered me a chair and sent his wife out. He and I had met several times, and he dispensed with pleasantries, coming quickly to the point. That was his way: curt, businesslike, concentrating on the essentials, and never looking his interlocutor directly in the eye. Drily, Ulbricht informed me that Anton Ackermann, who had led the foreign intelligence service since its founding, had asked to be relieved of his responsibilities for reasons of health. I knew that Ackermann's physical health was not at issue, but that Ulbricht distrusted Ackermann's talk of a peculiarly "German road to socialism," as distinct from the Soviet model. Ulbricht was able to move against Ackermann because he had been caught having an adulterous affair, forbidden in the puritan milieu of East Germany in the 1950s. "We are of the opinion that you should take over the service," said Ulbricht. That was a royal "we"—or, more precisely, "we" meant the Party leadership. He did not ask me whether I thought I was up to the job, nor did he invite further discussion. I was caught quite unprepared. Not yet thirty years old, I did not have a prominent place in the Party hierarchy. I asked Ulbricht how the foreign intelligence service would report to the Party leadership, and he replied that I would be answerable directly to him. Not a quarter of an hour later, I was out on the street again, my head swimming. When I returned to my office, Richard Stahlmann, acting head of the service since Ackermann's demise, was waiting for me. I was uneasy about his reaction; a man of his reputation and experience does not ordinarily relish yielding power to a young upstart. But he was beaming with relief as he unlocked the safe and gave me the few files inside; he had never been strong on paperwork, and that would be an important part of my job. He slid the keys across the table to me and said, "It's all yours. Good luck. I'll be there if you need me." I was more than a little proud as I hurried out to get a new suit for my first day behind the big desk. The reasons for my selection after only sixteen months of intelligence work are unclear to me even now. But the German Democratic Republic had been founded only in October 1949, and its officials had to learn on the job. Ackermann apparently had recommended me as his successor, and I am sure that my upbringing and connections with Moscow weighed heavily. Sometimes I am asked why I accepted this appointment in a service that was part of a structure of repression. First of all, I did not see the intelligence service as part of a repressive structure. And refusal would have been impossible, given my understanding of duty, Party discipline, and the demands of the Cold War. One very frequently voiced Western criticism of our behavior during the 1950s was that we could not have been blind to what was happening because we knew the signs from our experiences during the Moscow purges. This was wrong. Our experience of life in Moscow had precisely the opposite effect. There was always an excuse in our minds: Stalin had to be vengeful because he was fighting a barbaric enemy. We never came to terms with the scale of the lies perpetrated in the Soviet Union of the twenties and the thirties; consequently, we could not recognize the lies, half truths, and vendettas that accompanied our attempt to secure the Soviet Union's strategic gains in Eastern Europe. We in turn had to compromise our grand ideals with murky practices because the United States and its European allies were trying to destroy our attempts to bring socialism to German soil. And on it went, the roll call of excuses, until we were awakened from the dream in 1989. I still refuse to accept the judgmental stance of those who say our system was built only on the Lie, but I have to admit that it was, in great part, built on excuses. After I took over as head of the foreign intelligence service, Ulbricht kept direct control of it for only about half a year. By the spring of 1953 it had been brought under the wing of Wilhelm Zaisser, a member of the politburo and, simultaneously, head of the Ministry of State Security. He had a past that commanded respect in the East. Before the war he carried out secret missions in China and directed the Eleventh International Brigade in Spain. Zaisser and I worked well together, which is to say that he left me to my own devices. I was given only an hour with him each week and my time always ran out before I could tell him what was worrying me. A passionate student of Marxist theory, he was much keener on discussing the translation problems of the new German edition of Lenin's collected works, which he was editing, than in listening to my report. Those vast manuscripts were usually sitting on his desk instead of intelligence reports. Shortly after Easter 1953, the first bombshell of my career fell. In an incident that later became known as the Vulkan affair *(Vulkan* is German for "volcano"), Gotthold Kraus, who served on the staff of our economic intelligence unit, became our first defector. I took it as a heavy personal blow, and it made me realize that our young service was still far from secure. Moreover, he went during the holiday weekend and his absence had not been noticed for several days. His head start gave West German counterintelligence ample time to extract from Kraus everything he knew about East German agents on their territory and arrest them before we even realized they were in danger, let alone could attempt to call them back. Franz Bl?cher, the vice chancellor of West Germany, announced at a press conference that thirty-five agents had been arrested as a result of Vulkan?s information. This was an exaggeration; no officer would ever have been allowed to know the identity of so many agents operating in a hostile country. It turned out that West German counterintelligence, overexcited by their first big coup, caught in its net a number of innocent businessmen who did deals in the East but were certainly not spies. But Gotthold Kraus's betrayal cost us dearly: at least half a dozen fully operational agents, including Andrew Thorndike, the gifted documentary filmmaker whose professional work we had used as a cover for his espionage activity. He came from a famous Hanseatic family, and through his connections we tried to penetrate the powerful political and economic circles of Hamburg. Though he was not in West Germany at the time but in the GDR, he was arrested by means of a simple trick: West German counterintelligence sent him a telegram notifying him that his aunt had fallen ill. He went to West Germany and was arrested. Fortunately there was no proof of his activities and he was released. He came to

East Germany and lived a blameless life making films on our side of the border. Zaisser gently reproved me: “Mischa, you have to learn more and more about many things.” The following months were spent reorganizing our whole operations along more efficient lines. The search for suitable, reliable candidates was difficult and costly. Checking their political reliability, their personal ties, and their character took time. We sought young, politically motivated citizens, convinced socialists who believed in serving our country and cause. We were not concerned if candidates to be agents had relatives in the West, in contrast to our policy for potential officers at headquarters, who were barred from employment if they had any. In fact, Western relatives could be quite useful in helping an aspiring agent bypass refugee camps and enter the Federal Republic. Each agent’s training was personally supervised by the man who would be running his operation, and special training was added if there was a scientific or technical objective. Once accepted in West Germany, agents usually began their assignments with an inconspicuous period of manual labor to help overcome the bureaucratic barriers of getting established in the West. We therefore preferred candidates with craftsman?s skills or practical experience in a profession. Almost every one of the students and budding scientists who emigrated in the early years found employment in research facilities or companies of interest to us?the federal government?s nuclear research facilities in J?lich, Karlsruhe, and Hamburg; the Batelle Institute in Frankfurt, which had been set up by the United States; Siemens, Germany?s largest electronics company; and IBM Germany or the giant German chemical companies BASF, Hoechst, and Bayer. Because we assumed that Germany?s traditional arms manufacturers would?after the storm over German militarization died down?eventually resume military production, we also placed people in companies such as Messerschmidt and B?lkow. Some of our people were able to work their way into areas covered by strict secrecy regulations, others into highly paid management positions. We also exploited official and private connections between scientists in the two Germanys, a relatively simple matter because the tenor of the times left them with a great feeling of uneasiness about the threat of atomic, biological, and chemical weapons. Those who were badly shaken by the results of their participation in wartime atomic weapons research were especially good targets for our agents.

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Stalin’s death in March 1953 had come as a great shock to the Communist body politic, unleashing a furious power battle in the Kremlin and insecurity within the leadership of the countries of Eastern Europe. My own response, like that of many believers, was one of great grief coupled with a sense of confusion. We had lived so long under the guidance of Stalin that life after him was difficult to imagine. Ulbricht had bet on the triumph of the hardest of the hard-line forces around Stalin. In order to curry favor with the new regime, he doggedly pursued his policy of “accelerating socialism,” meaning heavy taxes and tight credit, which stifled small-scale enterprises and drove the self-employed into bankruptcy. Large farms and agricultural companies suffered under the sudden drive to perfect the socialist economy. The activities of the church were further curtailed. These policies ran up against fierce resistance. The farmers and small producers responded by working inefficiently or, where they could get away with it, not at all. In December 1952, the East German prime minister, Otto Grotewohl, warned of impending shortages of food and other essentials. But Ulbricht paid no heed. He saw resistance to his plans through the prism of pure Stalinist ideology, according to which the class struggle would intensify and accelerate as the radical change to socialism progressed. In the spring of 1953 a 10 percent rise in production quotas for factories, plants, and building sites was decreed, accompanied by stiff increases in the price of basic foodstuffs. Emboldened by the injustice of having these burdens imposed from above, people began complaining openly in shops and factories. During the first four months of 1953, over 120,000 people fled the country. The same thing was to happen thirty-six years later, in 1989; on both occasions, the leaders were too sclerotic to react to the hemorrhage with anything more than phrasemaking and mock heroics. “We will be purer when the class enemy has gone,” Ulbricht is said to have remarked as the factory workers, teachers, engineers, doctors, and nurses joined the exodus. Fearing that the instability could lead to a full collapse of the East German state and frustrated by Ulbricht’s pig-headedness, Moscow intervened. Lavrenti Beria, then fighting for power against others in the leadership installed after Stalin’s death, oversaw the preparation of a paper entitled “On Measures for the Amelioration of the Situation in the German Democratic Republic.” The very fact that the Kremlin would even concede that such a thing could exist in the Eastern bloc was a stunning admission in those days long before glasnost. Like naughty schoolboys, the leading members of our politburo were called to Moscow and ordered to put Beria’s ideas into effect as soon as possible. This would have meant promoting small enterprises, abandoning Ulbricht’s command economy, and relaxing his drastic limitations on such ideological “enemies within” as the liberal intelligentsia and the church. As little as the leadership in East Berlin liked it, Beria’s goal was to fatten up East Germany to sell it off to West Germany in return for its neutral or even demilitarized status. I spent the runup to the 1953 uprising in East Berlin at the beach on the Baltic, reading Hemingway and playing with my children. It is not very edifying for an intelligence chief to admit this. This rare holiday came about at the instigation of Wilhelm Zaisser, my superior. He had snapped at me when I had pressed him once too often about the state of our financially strapped foreign espionage service. “Mischa, there are more important things going on just now,” he said, and then, by way of amends, “When did you last have a holiday? You drive on up to the Blue House and then we’ll see.” It was a great honor to be invited to the Blue House in Prerow, the security minister’s official resort on the Baltic coast. There, in a well-appointed government dacha, I read about the first admission of panic by our politburo on June 16. It was a communique in which both the party politburo and the government admitted to serious mistakes and announced the reversal of the measures raising production and raising food prices. Investment in heavy industry was to be cut, production of consumer goods increased, and private businesses that had been forced to close by Ulbricht’s heavy-handed tactics were to be reopened. It was a complete U-turn by Ulbricht, but it was too late. On the morning of June 17, Radio in the American Sector (RIAS) reported that construction workers had marched from the Stalinallee to the House of Ministries (the same building that had housed Hermann Goering’s aviation ministry during the Third Reich). The workers were demanding cancellation of the new industrial quotas and improvement of their wages and conditions. The building had been cordoned off by riot police and the mood was volatile. The strikers were calling for Ulbricht and Grotewohl to come out. Fritz Selbmann, the industry minister, emerged to try calming the crowd, but to no avail. Versions differ as to the extent to which the Western intelligence services, more precisely West Germany’s front organizations backed by the Americans, were involved in promoting the spread of the uprising. There was substantial infiltration in industrial areas, and to all those who wanted to effect the downfall of the East and bring about the unification of Germany it was clear in the course of those days in June that this was their big chance. But it was the Party's internal mismanagement of the economy and Ulbricht's repressive leadership that had brought things to this pass. Ulbricht eventually managed to reappear, but he did not dare to venture before the demonstrators, who were by now shouting ?Down with the *Spitzbart!"* in reference to his pointed goatee, proudly sculpted after Lenin's. Instead he chose the comparatively safe surroundings of a party activists' meeting to make a response; there, his raw, authoritarian style disappeared, and he seemed uncertain and unfocused. By evening RIAS had taken on the role of coordinator of events, broadcasting calls for demonstrations with precise information about times and places. One factory after another joined the strike. Processions of demonstrators converged on Berlin's Potsdamer Platz, where the four Allied sectors converged. From the West, groups raucously demanding the overthrow of the Communist regime were also streaming to the Brandenburg Gate. At 1 P.M., the Soviet commander of the city declared martial law and tanks moved in. I decided to return to Berlin. As we approached the city of Neustrelitz, about halfway along the route from the Baltic coast to Berlin, our car was stopped by Soviet troops at a roadblock. My special identity card proved useless. Despite our protests, we were locked up with other "suspicious persons" in the cellar of the command post. There I had a few hours to ruminate on who really ran things in our part of Germany! It was only thanks to my knowledge of Russian, including some of its coarsest slang, that I was finally allowed to talk to the commander, introduce myself properly, and thus continue the trip. I eventually arrived at my house in the Pankow district of East Berlin, the part of the city where the leadership lived. The workers from Bergmann-Borsig, a big machine-tool, heavy-engineering, and household-appliances conglomerate, had marched directly past the house and my father narrowly escaped being beaten by a mob in the center of town. He was sure that many of the young demonstrators came from West Berlin and said that they reminded him of the brown-shirted thugs who filled the streets during Hitler's early days. Nowadays that sounds like typical Communist propaganda, but it is important to remember that these events took place just eight years after the collapse of National Socialism in Germany and it was not uncommon to feel that, to borrow a line from Bertolt Brecht, "the bitch that gave this birth is still in heat." We were stunned by the violence and hatred that had welled up in our midst. For people like me who were insiders in the new society, it was a rude awakening as to just how unpopular our beloved system had become. The dead never really were counted, but the total was between one and two hundred, and it became clear to me that the notions of ?fascist adventurism? and ?counterrevolutionary putsch? conjured by our leadership were pure propaganda. But this did not shake my own commitment. I fondly imagined that we could learn from this revolt and put the lessons to good use in our future management of the state. As head of foreign intelligence, my job was to search for evidence of any involvement by external forces in the uprising. I was aware, even then, that this was a bit of a game intended to provide excuses for the leadership when the Soviets slammed its incompetence. It was not difficult to gather newspaper and magazine articles, books, and other documents demonstrating American and West German plans to liquidate our republic; they were the mood music of international relations at that time. The American ideologue James Burnham, in a book entitled *Defeating Soviet Imperialism*, called for subversive methods inside the territory of the Eastern bloc, including the use of “underworld circles” to instigate, “combined actions for the removal of Communist power” spearheaded by our old CIA-backed foes in West Berlin, the Brigade Against Inhumanity (Kampfgruppe gegen Unmenschlichkeit—KGU) and the Investigative Committee of Free Lawyers (Untersuchungousschuss Freiheitlicher Juristen—UFJ). We discovered from one of our agents in the U.S. military mission that the CIA chief, Allen Dulles, and his sister, Eleanor Lansing Dulles, a State Department official, had been in West Berlin the week before the uprising. (The agent, named Bielke, was the translator for the local representative of the AFL-CIO, a man named Baker, whose job it was to penetrate the GDR trade unions.) We also picked up a cable sent by Walter Sullivan, the *New York Times* correspondent in Berlin, to his office in Manhattan, which read: “There would never have been any unrest if it had not been for the RIAS broadcasts. From 5 A.M. Wednesday morning, the propaganda station of the U.S. in Berlin was sending detailed instructions to all parts of Germany.” It was our job to collect intelligence on the background of the uprising, but we had no control over what conclusions the leadership drew from it. Ulbricht put unexpectedly heavy emphasis on a piece of information we had barely noticed. On the evening of June 16, the West Berlin trade union organization had planned a steamboat excursion and invited their colleagues in what was left of the independent East German unions. Our source reported that invitations had not been sent by mail but delivered on the telephone and that the words ?steamer trip? had been used in every call. Ulbricht immediately seized on them as the code words that had triggered the events of June 17, which was an obvious exaggeration. The great irony of the uprising was that it actually consolidated Ulbricht’s power. After an upheaval of that magnitude, there was no question that the Soviets would risk further instability by unseating him, and in any case Beria had just been eliminated in the first post-Stalin purge. Zaisser and Rudolf Herrnstadt, editor of the Party newspaper, *Neues Deutschland*, both favored a reform course, and Ulbricht thus had the perfect excuse to force out his rivals. All were replaced by his uncritical supporters, and Ulbricht himself moved with Stalinlike ruthlessness to destroy his opponents. A climate of uncertainty and mistrust was created that would sour the rest of East Germany’s existence, and I sensed this at the time. But my worldview and convictions remained unaffected, something that Western readers will find mystifying. Why, after the bloodshed on our streets and Ulbricht’s purge of people we knew to be honest, did we not consider distancing ourselves from him or criticizing him? According to the ideology and the practice introduced in all Communist parties after Lenin’s death, anyone who publicly attacks an incumbent secretary general renders service to the class enemy. For a Communist, this was the equivalent of blasphemy for a devout Roman Catholic. The accused purged by Ulbricht received the charges against them in silence. Their failure to speak out on their own account can perhaps only be understood by those who have experienced Stalin’s purges and understand that Party discipline was a binding force. These men had devoted their whole lives to the revolutionary movement and a confrontation with the Party would have meant a complete break. They kept silent for another reason as well: They knew things were hopeless ; saying anything would only make things worse. Among the victims of Ulbricht’s consolidation of power were Rudolf Herrnstadt and Wilhelm Zaisser. Before the war, Herrnstadt had worked for the GRU (Glavnoye Razvedyvatelnoye Upravleniye), the Soviet military intelligence, and had built up an excellent network in Warsaw. Two agents he had recruited, his first wife, Ilse St?be, and Gerhard Kegel from the German embassy in Moscow, had provided advance information about a German attack in 1941. It must have been dreadful for him to learn how his former services now counted for nothing. Herrnstadt?s case moved me most deeply. Even though he was an official unperson, in the 1980s I eventually managed to commission a documentary film for my young agents recording his espionage successes. At least he would have honor among spies, if not officially. Much later, I read the notes that Herrnstadt wrote as he worked in the State Central Archives in Merseburg. Even here, one senses again and again the agonizing question: “Am I smarter than the Party?” The question tormented him even though he was the victim of Party-sponsored injustice and could see the ossifying effects of official doctrine. Like Zaisser and Ackermann, he kept his doubts to himself and buried his reflections in notes for future generations, bound by the conspiracy of silence that affected so many disgraced Communists. They all stood by the basic rule of a Communist: Never harm the Party. None of them could have lived with even the suspicion that they were providing ammunition to those attacking our hard-won power. Intellectuals had an extra burden to bear, struggling to gain the trust of a party devoted to the triumph of the working classes. My father and other writers and thinkers routinely suffered the indignity of humbling themselves before aggressive questioners in Party meetings. In East Germany, the word “intellectual” had a disparaging ring in both the Party and the Ministry of State Security. Many tried to defend themselves from accusations of “elitist thinking” or “immodesty” by stressing their acceptance of the leading role of the working class and biting their tongues about the idiocies perpetrated in its name. Without acknowledging the power of such thinking, it is difficult to explain how I could have kept the faith during the years still to come. The removal of Wilhelm Zaisser as minister of state security had both personal and organizational consequences for my service. I remained in my job and was nominated as deputy to the new chief of the service, Ernst Wollweber, who cared little about operational details but was intensely interested in the political information we gathered. When discussing it he would pace back and forth across the carpet in his office, a small, round man with a permanently dying cigar clenched between his teeth. Nothing could keep him tied to his desk once he began speculating about the various persons, connections, and contradictions in the West and what possibilities they might create for us. Wollweber could not have been more different from Erich Mielke, who was responsible for counterintelligence, which dealt with rooting out domestic spies. Mielke was opposed to my control of espionage abroad; he considered himself my rival and actually schemed against me not only when we were equals, but later when he became my superior as head of the Ministry of State Security. Part of the Communist Party’s hit squads against Nazi gangs in the 1930s, he was merciless in rooting out enemies. In 1953, however, he was still smarting from a Party decision to examine his competence as a result of the 1953 uprising. I was thus elevated to the status of one of Wollweber’s deputies before he was, which he held against me for the rest of his days. Years later I learned that when Wollweber was finally thrown out, the KGB resident in Berlin, Yevgeni P. Pitovranov, and the Soviet ambassador to the GDR, Georgi M. Pushkin, were discussing a successor for Wollweber with Ulbricht. Pitovranov said, “Why are you looking? You have a successor—Wolf.” But Mielke got the job; he was Ulbricht’s watchdog. Mielke was a warped personality even by the peculiar standards of morality that apply in the espionage world. He was a fitness fanatic. He was afflicted with an obsession for collecting data, not only on suspected dissidents, whom he ordered to be placed under round-the clock surveillance, but on his own colleagues. Desperate to unearth traitors in the leadership, he promised me high honors if I could obtain from the U.S. Document Center in West Berlin, where Nazi files were stored after 1945, some sort of proof that any East German politician had been a collaborator under the Third Reich. Nothing escaped his notice, no detail was too mean to land in the red files he hoarded in his office safe. Once I received a report from a puzzled employee of my service, who had seen Erich Honecker, later the East German leader and at that time the head of the Free German Youth, surreptitiously slipping through the backstreets of East Berlin after dismissing his driver at dusk. It was clear to me that Honecker must have been visiting a secret girlfriend, although he was married to a fellow functionary at the time. I joked to this effect with Mielke, saying, ?Well, we hardly need to keep that in the files,? and made to throw away the report. ?No, no,? came the head of counterintelligence?s hasty reply. ?Let me have it. You never know.? It joined other unflattering details of Honecker?s life in his red boxes, to be discovered decades later in 1989, when the public prosecutor searched Mielke?s office. Purges, once started, are difficult to stop. Four years later, Wollweber was ousted in another Ulbricht machination and Mielke was installed as minister for state security. Mielke would remain in the top security job until his farcical exit in 1989, when he quit office with a forced valediction before the East German parliament and the words “I love you all.”

5

Learning by Doing

Germany in the early 1950s was a huge web of declared and undeclared connections, secret shame, and covert loyalties on both the Right and the Left. Nothing was certain, no one could be trusted completely, appearances deceived. The result was a nervous intensity and suspicion, captured by Billy Wilder in his films about life in the American zone—particularly *A Foreign Affair*—and by my own brother in his films about the early years in the Russian zone. The official accounts people gave of themselves were like masks. “Every second person in the country was in the underground resistance,” my father used to joke bitterly after hearing fanciful accounts from Berliners of how they had covertly fought Hitler. “Unfortunately, they never met.” Both German states claimed their goal was the reunification of the country. I myself did not believe it was even conceivable in the foreseeable future because of the conflicting interests of the victorious powers that had divided Germany after the war. In Washington and in London, too, the June 1953 unrest in East Germany confirmed their conviction that the strategy of rolling back Soviet power would work. Hopes for unification were further eroded through political, economic, and, not least, military pressure—the rearmament of West Germany and its integration into the Western military alliance were high on the West?s agenda. Nevertheless, the leadership of the GDR clung to the slogan of German unity?even though so many of its citizens had left the country. The main preoccupation of our rulers was the struggle to establish a distinct identity in the East. The inherent fragility of the “second German state” was never far from their minds. This gave rise to a cult of patriotism that verged on the absurd. We adopted dress uniforms; I had no less than five, no small achievement for someone who had never served in the army. One of the odder ideas that Ulbricht espoused during this period was a return to military symbolism—a distinct about-face, given that we had criticized the West Germans for continuing the militantly nationalist traditions of Hitler’s Wehrmacht. Traditional military music was also revived and was played publicly for the first time in East Berlin at the Soviet bloc World Youth Games in 1951. Like many Communists who had been brought up to view this blend of militarism and music as having prepared the ground for Nazism, I found this disturbing. When the marches were played I turned to the Russian Jewish writer Ilya Ehrenburg, who was on the reviewing stand beside me, and asked him what he thought of the spectacle. He gave a classic Russian shrug of resignation and replied, “The Germans were always fond of marching.”

Our fledgling service meanwhile was trying to learn its trade in less flamboyant ways, although it did not always work out that way. The early years of a new espionage undertaking are always prone to the workings of Murphy’s Law, and the scientific-technical sphere offered abundant potential for errors and misjudgments. During the 1950s, thousands of the GDR’s citizens streamed across the then practically open borders into West Berlin and West Germany. Their numbers increased considerably after the uprising in June 1953, and nearly 500,000 of the nation’s 18 million people fled in the following three years. It was not very difficult for our agents to swim along in the stream. They were usually young, convinced Communists, and they laid the cornerstone for many of our later successes. Although they were usually picked up and questioned in the refugee camps once they got to the West, they still had a good chance of blending in with the mass of newcomers if equipped with a believable cover story, such as a wish to join relatives in the West. We used different pretexts: An agent might say that he had been caught trying to hide his past membership in the Nazi Party or the Waffen SS, or that he had made negative comments about our government?s policies. We even put such ?stains? into personnel files kept on these agents that were maintained by other ministries in order to enhance the credibility of the charges should West German counterintelligence somehow get their hands on an agent?s file. I shied away from staffing my department with people who had relatives in the West, since I believed that the Western services could more easily penetrate us?as we did them?through family links and pressures. For each person we sent across we had a predetermined mission, and each agent was trained by a staff handler responsible for the mission. We limited training to the elementary rules of espionage and tips on acquiring the information we wanted. It made no sense to train these agents in subjects and skills that did not concern them; in some ways, it would make their operations more risky by unnecessarily complicating their mission. In some cases we retrieved agents from the West and brought them back to the GDR for additional training when the appropriate time came. The fact that we were sending our agents into West Germany, a country with the same language and culture, was clearly an advantage. Obviously, it was much more difficult for the Soviet Union to infiltrate agents in the United States or vice versa. As the two German states grew apart, such infiltration became more difficult, and the building of the Berlin Wall cut to a trickle the heavy flow of émigrés in which we hid our agents. This meant cover stories had to become even more foolproof. But even then the West was at a disadvantage, since migration from West to East was extremely rare and carefully observed. On the other hand, the West had less need to send people across: They could instead simply buy people from our large pool of dissatisfied citizens. To overcome the bureaucratic barriers to becoming established in West Germany, most of our agents there usually began their assignments with a period of simple, manual labor. For that reason, we often preferred candidates with craftsmen’s skills and practical experience in a profession. Not everyone went this route, however; as mentioned before, almost every one of the scientists and science students who emigrated at that time found a spot in companies or research facilities that were of interest to us. We also obtained information through informal contacts with West German scientists. Many felt great uneasiness about the threat of atomic, biological, and chemical weapons. Badly shaken after the atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, they offered our agents ample opportunity and subject matter for informative discussions. Some of our people were able to work their way into areas that were covered by strict secrecy regulations. Others gained highly paid positions of corporate leadership. But penetrating the secrecy of the military and political centers of Bonn, where the big decisions were actually made, was far more difficult.

After the upheavals of 1953, the summit of the foreign ministers of the Allied powers in Berlin the following year became our most pressing concern. It was the first time such an event had occurred on our doorstep and I was unsure what intelligence activities were expected of me. As usual, the Soviets demanded from us a precise plan of action. More in hope than expectation, I struggled to prepare one that would yield a sudden surge of high-quality information from my officers. Moscow sent a special adviser who perused the large diagram on my desk and, like a mechanic spotting an engine leak, said, “Of course, you’ll be needing a *‘malina’* for the duration.” I was mystified. *Malina* is the

Russian word for “raspberry,” but surely our KGB friend was not thinking of fruit desserts. It emerged that he was using the word as slang for brothel, to which our agents would lure stray officials from the conference to unburden themselves with a little high living. This was years before I had developed any clear strategy for using sex in espionage, but I was unwilling to let my Russian colleague know I was so naïve. At breakneck speed, we turned a little house we sometimes used in the southern reaches of East Berlin into a combination brothel and entrapment center with bugging devices in the living room and a camera with an infrared flash hidden in the bedroom light fitting. In those days such devices were very primitive, so the photographer had to squeeze into the bedroom?s tiny linen cupboard and stay there until the people he was observing had left. The next problem was finding the ladies. We approached a senior police official who had been head of the vice squad in Berlin. (Curiously enough, control of prostitution and pornography was shared by East and West between 1945 and 1949.) He was a down-at-the-heels gumshoe who knew all the haunts of prostitutes and where they could be found now that the oldest profession had gone underground in our puritan new state. Unfortunately, he directed us to the Mulackstrasse area, which has always represented the bottom end of the Berlin flesh market. My then boss, who after a lifetime in espionage was unshockable in such matters, phoned me up with the glum message, “You wouldn’t consider getting your leg over any of these for even a mark.” Against ideology, we had to rely on the instincts of free enterprise. At a milk bar on Karl-Marx-Allee we found some more attractive girls who, despite making an honorable living by day, declared themselves ready to make a less honorable one by night on behalf of their socialist Fatherland. The plan was to send scores of our agents to the West Berlin press center and restaurants and bars in the vicinity of the foreign ministers’ meeting place. They were to invite officials and advisers for a few drinks and, if the evening looked promising, bring them back to a “small party” in the *malina***,** where female company was guaranteed. So far so good. But in the middle of the night, my phone rang with news of an “unexpected development.” The madam had demanded a thorough hygiene check and discovered that one of the girls was less fastidious than she had claimed: She had crabs. I ordered her withdrawn from the operation. The conference began, our team waited impatiently for action, but no guest materialized. The ministerial coteries must have been unusually moral that year, because the only taker, and on the very last night, was a West German journalist. Drinks and snacks were duly produced, the ladies took up position. But in all the bonhomie, our man in charge of the evening accidentally drank the glass of spirits containing the aphrodisiac intended for the guest. To round things off, there was to be a showing of pornographic films. Of course they were banned in the East, but somehow they were produced by the former head of the vice squad whenever the need arose. While our man could barely take his eyes off the film, his quarry showed not the slightest interest in either it or the women and withdrew to the kitchen, where he sat chatting with the maid. The next day the journalist was the only one with a clear head. He had understood the game and declared himself ready to work for us. It was a conquest of sorts, but hardly worth the effort. The disappointed waitresses had to be paid off and sent home with strict instructions not to gossip about the fiasco. There was a strange postscript to the affair. When we sent an agent to meet the journalist, in his place appeared a colleague named Heinz Losecaat van Nouhuys, who claimed to work for the popular West German newsmagazine *Der Spiegel.* Whether they had arranged the swap or it had been organized by West German counterintelligence, I never knew. But Herr van Nouhuys proved an extremely willing agent, and although I had my suspicions about his claims to have information from ministerial circles, the information he supplied us over the years matched other reports. His journalistic career took him to the editorship of *Quick.* This right-wing mass-circulation magazine staunchly opposed the East, but he continued to work for us there. We started using the Leipzig trade fair to make contacts with the business community, and through them conservative politicians and public figures who believed that by cooperating with the East they were somehow ensuring there would be no full rupture between the two halves of Germany. East-West business deals negotiated there were subject to the strict Western embargo on strategic goods, which could be something as basic as steel pipe. The restrictions made it natural for businessmen to set up confidential contacts and arrange illegal transactions, and one department of the Central Committee was responsible for under-the-table deals, although we later took over much of its work. I would often go to Leipzig posing in the well-worn cover of a senior trade official or a representative of the Council of Ministers. That is how I met Christian Steinrücke, who was involved in wholesale steel trading in West Germany. Steinrücke was on good terms with such leading industrialists as Otto Wolff von Amerongen, whose family’s steel company had pioneered trade with the Soviet Union in the early 1920s and helped build the Manchurian railway. When I dined with Steinrücke one evening, I told him I was a general in the East German Interior Ministry, and we got on famously. The next morning, at a closed meeting of the West German Iron and Steel Federation, he introduced me as his colleague to its director, Ernst Wolf Mommsen. With Steinr?cke shepherding me about, not one of the gentlemen in this secretive elite seemed to notice my presence, let alone mind it. Steinr?ke was married to a Wehrhahn, the daughter of one of the mightiest families of German capitalism. Her brother was Adenauer?s son-in-law?my ears tingled with excitement when I heard that?and even better, her sister-in-law was the niece of Cardinal Frings, the most senior figure in the West German Catholic church. Our contact lasted many years. To help keep it alive, I invited Steinrücke to dine with me from time to time and invented a whole alternative family life for myself. I took a small villa in Rauchfangwerder with a pretty announcer from East German television playing my wife. Pictures of her children were hung on the walls whenever Steinrücke was due for a visit. As the arms business grew more sophisticated, my conversations with him became increasingly valuable, and by the mid-1970s he was an adviser to the Lockheed Corporation with good links to the head of the West German air force and a knowledge of the activities of Franz-Josef Strauss, the Bavarian political leader and West German defense minister. I never made a formal approach to him, nor spoke to him about spying for us, although he should have guessed my role if not my real identity. The end of the connection was unwittingly provoked by me because of Steinrücke’s friend, Dr. Walter Bauer. Bauer appeared to be a modest businessman who traded West German tallow for East German felt in the Lausitz region of East Germany. This hardly seemed to be the basis of a decent fortune, which Bauer clearly possessed. Our suspicions were justified. Some time before 1945, he had taken up a senior position in the Flick industrial conglomerate, prewar owners of the profitable Lausitz brown-coal region. His image as a small-time, rather shabby trader was contradicted by a photograph we found of him standing beside Konrad Adenauer at a church conference. We suspected his real mission was to help his employer keep a foot in the East on behalf of the big industrialists hoping for unification. Under our criminal code, that would have been both espionage and revisionist activity, which gave me something on which to hook Bauer, or so I believed. I knew that he was also a close associate of a man called Hans Bernd Gisevius, who had been the contact during the Second World War between the middle-class German resistance and the OSS (Office of Strategic Services), the forerunner of the CIA. Armed with this material, I decided on a full frontal assault on Bauer. We met at the Johannishof, the hotel for government guests in East Berlin. Bauer, the furthest thing imaginable from a smooth, debonair agent, was a small, round man wearing an old suit. Steinrücke, who clearly enjoyed his new game as go-between, had told him I was a high official in the Interior Ministry working on economic matters. We talked for several hours, and I played one card after another without success. Bauer had an answer or an explanation for everything he did and showed no fear or doubt under pressure, even when I told him that I knew of his contacts with the Americans. That was to be my trump card and it failed miserably. This down-at-the-heels businessman turned out to be a highly skilled operator, too tough to be cracked by an eager young intelligence officer. He was too well-connected for us to blackmail him, which gave me a valuable lesson in what happens to agents who overplay their hand. My supposition about Bauer was quickly confirmed when Steinrücke did not appear for his next meeting with me. He had been subjected to extremely embarrassing questioning by the American intelligence service, which told him who I really was and urgently warned him against continuing our relationship, a warning Steinrücke took to heart. He went on to deepen his ties with the German and American arms lobbies, which was what had intrigued me about him in the first place. Through my brashness with Bauer I had lost a valuable contact who would have continued his work with us on the basis of a careful understanding. Over the years we refined our techniques of persuading people to work for us and came to recognize that it was unwise to try to persuade potential agents to sign on the dotted line. Many of those prepared for whatever reasons to deal with a hostile intelligence service will shy away from a formal commitment and actually prefer an ambiguous relationship. I advised my officers: If you think that the answer is going to be no, don’t ask the question. Don’t try to make the human material fit some preestablished pattern outlined by bureaucratic rules. Over the years we tried to shed the bureaucratic obsessions of our Soviet godfathers, and this worked well for us. We were also very keen to penetrate the Krupp industrial empire and attempted to attract Carl Hundhausen, a board member with an artistic bent who seemed to understand the East better than his colleagues. He criticized the Bonn government’s stance against intra-German trade, but it soon became clear that he saw his contact with me as little more than a means to advance Krupp’s interests. At a congress on German unity, we happened upon Heinrich Wiedemann, a campaigner for German unification and an old friend of Joseph Wirth, the former chancellor of the Weimar Republic. To my delight, Wiedemann said that speeches against the strengthening Washington-Bonn alliance were not enough and hinted that he wanted capital from us to set up a business in Bonn. A contract was drawn up that guaranteed us a share of his company’s earnings, a rare excursion for my intelligence service into venture capitalism, and with our support Wiedemann opened the Office of Economic Aid for Fixed-Salary Earners, a lobbying group with access to ministries and their employees. Through this channel, we were able to forge a contact with Rudolf Kriele, a department head in the Federal Chancellery responsible for defense policy and military alliances. A powerful official who frequented our lobbying office, Kriele downed Rhine wine and gossiped about the inner workings of German politics. This excited our ambitions. We planned to expand the office into an illegal residency (the intelligence trade term for a deep undercover operation), which would become a contact point in times of tension between East and West. We installed an agent with equipment to record conversations with visiting officials and receive, process, and transmit information back to us. We also recruited Wiedemann's girlfriend, whose boss worked in the Chancellery, and gave her the code name Iris. But there was one awkward problem. Wiedemann, for all his gifts of persuasion, was not a particularly good businessman, and the cost of operating the office considerably surpassed its earnings, a fact that could not be concealed from the outside world for long. We operated under the assumption that West German counterintelligence had access to tax records and would soon start wondering where the money was coming from. The end came more quickly than I expected when a defector fled to the West from our headquarters, and we were forced to withdraw our agent because of the risk that the defector might expose him to Bonn. The consolation prize was Iris, though our joy in her was diminished when her boss was moved from the Chancellery to the Ministry of Science and Education. There for a decade, she passed us details of sensitive research projects supported by the government and helped us plan our own scientific and technical espionage. Along with Wiedemann's office, a fascinating hostess in Bonn also seemed to offer great promise during the early 1950s. We had seen her potential when we came across the name Susanne Sievers in going through the list of Western prisoners held in East Germany and awaiting release through an amnesty. She had been arrested by our counterintelligence during a trip to the Leipzig trade fair in 1951 and sentenced to eight years in prison for spying. Her file listed her profession as freelance journalist, which intrigued my staff. A colonel arranged a meeting before she knew that she was to be released. In the visitors' room, our man found before him a tall, slender woman in her mid-thirties. Her strong and self-confident personality radiated through her drab prison garb, and she still discussed her arrest as an injustice, making no attempt to curry favor with her captors. But she also talked about Germany's problems and Adenauer's pro-American policies. Our man inquired whether she might be willing to continue the conversation in other circumstances. Her release followed and they met on the Warsaw Bridge in East Berlin, where it was agreed that on her return to the West, she would pass information to us. We gave her the code name Lydia. To our delight, Susanne set herself up in a hospitable apartment in Bonn, in which she ran a salon where prominent people met to discuss politics and culture. We received valuable information about an organization on the extreme right of German politics called Rescue Freedom (Rettet die Freiheit), headed by the Christian Democratic politician Rainer Barzel. It had ties in Eastern European countries through emigrés and had an alliance with Otto von Hapsburg, a descendant of the Austro-Hungarian imperial family who was active in politics. Barzel would later come to haunt us when he rose to become chairman of the Christian Democratic Union and was its candidate against Willy Brandt, staunchly opposing Brandt's efforts to accord East Germany diplomatic recognition by the West. Before her arrest by the East Germans, Susanne had had a passionate affair with Willy Brandt when he was mayor of Berlin. He had written her a series of intimate letters, which were made public in the 1961 parliamentary election campaign by Brandt's enemies, including Franz-Josef

Strauss. It was her reports that first forced us to rethink our stereotype of Strauss as the fanatical enemy of socialism he portrayed himself to be in public. She saw him as a dispassionate pragmatist. When Lydia disclosed that Strauss and Brandt had made an appointment for a private meeting at her apartment, rumors arose of a grand coalition that would bring Social Democrats into government for the first time since the war. Brandt confirms these talks in his memoirs without mentioning the scene and his links to Susanne. I often wondered what had motivated this woman to turn up for conspiratorial meetings in Berlin and report about organizations and persons who were much closer to her own political views than ours, especially after having suffered imprisonment on what I surmised were trumped-up charges. She certainly knew with whom she was dealing. Had she been a double agent she would have asked certain questions about our operations, but she never did. She accepted only compensation for her expenses, nothing more. As an alibi for her visits to Berlin, she invented a girlfriend in the Western part of the city. Our contact with this extremely valuable source was abruptly severed by the erection of the Berlin Wall in 1961. She was one of several Western sources who stopped working for us then. But I believe that there was more to Susanne than met the eye, and there were hints that she had started to work for West German intelligence. She disappeared with Fred Sagner, a West German army major who had first told her about Rescue Freedom, to the Far East, where he was assigned to various embassies of the Federal Republic as a military attaché. By 1968 she was working for a spy network controlled by a West German agent called Hans Langemann, a contact of the CIA who controlled agents in Europe and the Far East. It emerged that Susanne Sievers—once our helpful Lydia—later became a station chief for West German intelligence (Bundesnachrichtendienst—BND) in Hong Kong under the code number 150, running substations in Tokyo, Manila, Jakarta, and Singapore. West German intelligence files to which we gained access during the 1970s showed that she had received one payment of 96,000 deutschmarks, so her role must have been an important one. When Klaus Kinkel eventually became West Germany?s chief spymaster in 1968, his first task was to clean out phony agents and put an end to harebrained schemes inspired by Gehlen, which were still the norm, despite the fact that two other men had led the BND since Gehlen. Susanne Sievers left the service and was said to have received 300,000 deutschmarks for her silence about the BND?s involvement in domestic politics. I lost sight of her, and to this day she remains a figure whose real loyalties and significance remain an enigma to me.

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Chastened by my mistake with Steinrücke, I realized that the secret to the political penetration of the Federal Republic lay in a wide variety of sources and solicitous handling of them once they had been contacted. On the right we had built up a contact with Günter Gereke, a German patriot and prewar parliamentarian who had been imprisoned for his opposition to Hitler and later joined the plotters who tried to assassinate him in 1944. In many ways Gereke was a paradigm of the staunch conservatives who ended up working with us. Many could not stand Adenauer, rejecting his notion of securing the rebirth of Germany with the help of an American midwife. Gereke protested by meeting with Ulbricht publicly and was expelled from Adenauer’s party. We hung on to him as a valuable source in Christian Democrat circles, whence he reported generously. When the news broke that Gereke’s assistant had been an agent of British intelligence, it became clear to Gereke that the Bonn authorities were almost certainly working up a case against him, too, in the hope of discrediting all opponents of pro-American policies as Communist agents. We decided to move fast and told Gereke to move to East Berlin. This was the last thing that his social class had prepared him for, but in those days we were pretty straightforward, and he had little choice. He was finished anyway as a public figure in the West if Adenauer decided to make an example of him. We produced him at a press conference in East Berlin, where he explained the reasons for maintaining contacts as a German patriot, a propaganda victory for us that delighted our leadership. Too delighted, in fact, since it awakened an unhealthy appetite for classy defections, regardless of the fact that a good agent in place is usually worth a dozen defectors. I once had a source, code-named Timm, a CDU deputy whose real name was Karlfranz Schmidt-Wittmack. A member of the committee for European Security Questions and the head of the defense committee of the CDU?s youth branch, he was the prot?g? of powerful industrial figures and was on the ladder to the top of his party. I returned from a summer holiday in 1954 to find a note from Wollweber saying that Schmidt-Wittmack would have to be withdrawn to the GDR. I was furious at the thought that a man who was passing us documents detailing the terms for Bonn?s entry into NATO should be sacrificed just for a press conference, and I knew how reluctant he would be to give up his prospering career to wither away in East Germany. But the matter was out of my hands. However sharp may be the instincts of an intelligence service, it is always the toy of the government it serves. I felt that I had to break the news to Schmidt-Wittmack in person. The few political arguments I managed to devise did not satisfy him at all: He wanted to be more than a cog in the eternally turning propaganda wheel. I had no choice but to lie and say that West German counterintelligence was on his case and that his only chance of avoiding jail was to flee to the East immediately. He made his decision contingent on his wife’s agreement. We assumed that, although she was familiar with his work for East Germany, she would hardly be thrilled at the thought of moving there. We persuaded him to write to her before he returned to Hamburg to wind up his affairs, and our courier sped back to Hamburg ahead of him, giving her time to come to terms with the shock. Forced to choose between having a disgraced husband in prison or taking up a new life in a pretty lakeside house in the East, she took the latter. On August 1954, Schmidt-Wittmack appeared before the press in East Berlin. He revealed that Adenauer had withheld important information about his intentions in foreign and security policy. As was usual in such cases, we added to the impact of the show by giving him extra information to disclose from other sources—in this case Soviet military intelligence—to wit, that Bonn, contrary to its public declarations, was planning an army of twenty-four divisions. Schmidt-Wittmack was given a job as vice president of the foreign trade organization, but I always regretted the decision to bring him over and often wondered whether we hadn’t sacrificed a future defense minister for the sake of a headline. Gereke became a functionary in the National Democratic Party, the East German party that represented old soldiers, craftsmen, and small businesses. It was not a particularly useful way for poor old Gereke to spend his days. The most spectacular defector of those years arrived without any work on our part, and he was not even one of our sources. On the contrary, his job was to unearth and expose our agents and his name was Otto John, chief of West German counterintelligence (Office for the Protection of the Constitution). It is hard now to realize what a sensation this created at a time when the personal histories and current loyalties of all Germans were still suspected by their former enemies, and the left still had credibility. An opponent of the Nazis, John disappeared from West Berlin after a service marking the tenth anniversary of the miscarried officers' putsch against Hitler on July 20, 1944. He was last seen in the West in the company of an old acquaintance, Dr. Wolfgang Wohlgemuth, a society gynecologist, and turned up on July 21, 1954, in the Soviet military base at Karlshorst on the outskirts of Berlin. There was evidence that the two had traveled into East Berlin in Wohlgemuth's car. Panic ensued in the West, where the case was explained as a provocative snatch by Communist intelligence. But with splendidly comic timing, just as the government spokesman in Bonn announced that John had not left the Federal Republic of his own free will, the intelligence chief avowed on East German radio that he had come over voluntarily because, he said, Adenauer had become a tool of the Americans, who, in their "need for war against the East German soldiers . . . welcome those who have not learned anything from the catastrophe and are waiting for the moment when they can effect revenge for 1945." When he also said that Nazis dominated West Germany's intelligence networks, his words carried a great deal of weight. But like many events at the height of the Cold War, this one was not entirely what it seemed. Here, for the first time, is the truth as I know it about the bizarre affair. The key lay in John's wartime experiences, when he became a confidant of a small resistance group within Nazi counterintelligence that was plotting to kill Hitler. He was introduced to Claus Schenk Graf von Stauffenberg, the officer who eventually botched the assassination, and was given the task of determining whether the Allies would accept the plotters' suit for peace if they could get rid of Hitler. John, then working in neutral Madrid for Germany's commercial airline, Lufthansa, forged links with the American embassy and, in particular, with the military attaché, Colonel William Hohenthal, who had connections at the highest levels of Eisenhower's headquarters. John also sent a message seeking support from London through the British embassy in Lisbon. Years later, John told me that he believed his message had been blocked by Kim Philby, who was at that time at the height of his powers as a KGB mole in British intelligence. The Russians were adamantly opposed to any deal between Hitler's German opponents and the Western Allies, lest a conservative putsch end with all of them banding together to fight Russia. "The documents I passed to Philby must have disappeared somewhere in his files," John told me long after Philby's death. "I don't think they ever reached London." When the plot failed and the plotters were mercilessly hunted down and murdered, John managed to flee via Madrid and Lisbon to England. The journalist Sefton Delmer took him under his wing and gave him a job in the evaluation department of his news network. After the war, John gave to the British evidence that was used in the trials of Field Marshals von Brauchitsch, von Rundstedt, and von Manstein. With this background, it was hardly surprising that he was appointed head of West German counterintelligence, located in Cologne in the British occupation zone. John was no natural ally of the former Nazi Reinhard Gehlen, who had been placed in charge of foreign intelligence by the Americans, nor of the Nazis around Adenauer, nor of Adenauer himself, who like many West German conservatives felt that the Stauffenberg plot had smacked of adventurism. John would have preferred an appointment in the fledgling diplomatic service, but, he later told me, a career there was out of the question because it remained staffed by a circle of diplomats that had surrounded the Nazi foreign minister, Joachim von Ribbentrop. To add insult to injury, the deputy president of the Gehlen agency, Olaf Radtke, had been moved over to the counterintelligence service, clearly to keep an eye on John. It is scarcely any wonder that by 1954 he was feeling desperate and that his appearance in the East one sunny morning in July was seen as a defection. The truth is entirely different and far more bizarre. John had never intended to defect. Dr. Wohlgemuth was a Soviet agent who decided that he would use his friend's demoralization to lure him to the East. My Soviet colleagues swore that they gave him no encouragement, but I can well imagine Wohlgemuth saying to his control officer, "I can get you Otto John." Whereupon the skeptical Soviet intelligence man would have replied, "Fine, we'll believe it when we see him here." What is certain, however, is that the last independently verified sighting of John was in Wohlgemuth's car as the two crossed into East Berlin in the middle of the night. I surmise that John either must have been very drunk or had been drugged by his friend. The two had been spotted weaving their way through a string of nightclubs, drinking to the memory of their dead comrades in the resistance. When the unwilling traveler woke up, it was in the Soviet barracks in Karlshorst, a nightmare for the man who was head of West German counterintelligence. I believe they were as surprised by John's appearance in their hands as he was because they called in General Yevgeni P. Pitovranov, head of the KGB station in Berlin, and a certain Mr. Turgarinov, the representative of the Information Committee of the Foreign Ministry under W M. Molotov, to decide how to best put him to use. John knew that he had been fatally compromised and that, as a virtual prisoner in Karlshorst, the Soviets held the key to his fate. He faced prison back home, and his career was over. After he had made his public appearance and the shock had begun to sink in back in Cologne, the Soviets as usual dumped the damaged goods on us. John was in a state of utter disorientation, so our first concern was to provide a circle of friends for support. We put him in touch with Hermann Henselmann, the chief architect for the city of East Berlin, and Wilhelm Girnus, whom I knew from my Berlin Radio days and who shared some of John's old anti-Nazi acquaintances. The Ministry of State Security provided bodyguards to protect against a snatch by the Western services, but they did not do a very good job. Seventeen months after his appearance in the East, John disappeared with just as little ceremony, leaving a meeting at Humboldt University in East Berlin to speak with a Danish journalist named Bonde-Henrickson. The two men climbed into Henrickson?s car and sped back to the West through the Brandenburg Gate. That was in 1955. Thirty-seven years later, in April 1992, I sat with the eighty-three-year-old John in a restaurant overlooking the spot beside Humboldt University whence he had fled back to the West. He was still furious that, on his return to the West, he was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for betraying his country. He served only eighteen months, which suggests that the West Germans were unsure of the extent of his guilt. Of the "defection" to the East he told me, "I lost consciousness and woke up in Karlshorst. I never had the slightest intention of going East." He said that he had never felt at home in East Berlin and had simply decided after a year that he had had enough and sought contact with someone who could help him leave. When all was said and done, our famous defectors had little strategic value. Yes, Adenauer was forced by a defector's disclosures to admit that he was discussing the rearmament of Germany. And the resilient influence of old Nazis in Bonn had been disclosed in such a dramatic way that the subject emerged on the political agenda and stayed there. But West Germany soon joined NATO anyway. We did not succeed in our aim of preventing its accession to the Western alliance, or even slowing it down.

6

Khrushchev Opens Our Eyes

Like most people in the Communist world, I was unable to root out my own admiration for Stalin and Stalinism for many years. The catalyst for my awakening was to be the world's most public secret speech, delivered by Nikita Khrushchev at the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party in Moscow in February 1956. The exact origin of my long and painful process of breaking with Stalinism is hard to ascertain; the slivers of doubt that penetrated my ideological defenses in the foreboding atmosphere of East Germany in the early fifties were probably the beginning. But the event that shook my carefully nurtured worldview and that of many Communists of my generation was Khrushchev's speech in which he disclosed Stalin's crimes. After that, though we could still claim to be faithful Communists, we could no longer claim to be innocent. Until February 1956, Stalin's portrait still hung over my desk, showing him lighting his pipe, a benevolent father to the nation. One day that month, the Western newspapers arrived in a thick bundle as usual. I always read *The New York Times* and the Paris edition of the *International Herald Tribune* to ascertain the drift of the American mind. I also read a variety of West German newspapers and magazines, including the tabloid *Bild-Zeitung,* which, while lurid, often had better inside information on intelligence than its worthier rivals. I looked at *The Times* of London and *Le Monde,* too. This global reading matter was one perk of my job. Western newspapers were forbidden in the East, on the spurious grounds that they contained seditious statements against the Communist world, but in truth because the politburo knew in its heart of hearts that their rendition of life behind the Iron Curtain was in many particulars too close to the truth for their comfort. At the Party Congress, Khrushchev, having finally triumphed in the complex and bloody power struggle that followed Stalin's death, denounced the dictator, revealing that, of the 139 members and candidates of the Central Committee elected in 1934 at the Seventh Party Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, 98 had been arrested and shot. Of the 1936 delegates at the Congress, whose proceedings our parents had solemnly recounted to us as teenagers, well over half had been condemned as counterrevolutionaries and very few survived. Khrushchev concluded that Stalin's cruel repression violated all norms of revolutionary legality. This was a language that we Communists, accustomed to the whitewashing of the slightest defect in our enterprise, had never encountered. Now that the corpse of that system has been laid open to a thorough autopsy, we would find the language of Khrushchev's accusations against Stalin rather vague and partial. But at the time, it was as if we had been hit on the head with a hammer. When I finished reading the text of the speech in a Western paper, my first reaction was to take down Stalin's portrait from the wall and kick it into a corner. I could not claim that what I read came as a complete shock—I knew too much from my own experiences of Soviet life for that—but it was a source of great pain to peer into the real abyss of his crimes. It was as if, at one stroke, our worst fears about the system to which we had pledged our lives had come true. Filtered through Eastern Europe via the Western media and word of mouth, Khrushchev's volcanic speech helped escalate the dissatisfaction in Poland and Hungary. The Hungarian uprising of October—November was a direct result of Khrushchev's denunciation. The reform leader in Hungary was Imre Nagy, whom I had known in Moscow from 1943 to 1945, when he was chief of the exile

Hungarian radio station while I was a correspondent for German People?s Radio. We often took the same bus home after the late shift. Nagy, with his characteristic Hungarian mustache and round face, was always calm and good-humored and easily made friends among Moscow?s overheated exile groups. Now I was confident that he, along with the Moscow leadership, would work out a course in Budapest that would restore calm. The tanks withdrew from Budapest following the first few days of the uprising and Nagy promised liberalization. But it was too little, too late. The protests and bloodshed continued and the Soviet tanks returned on November 4. The Soviets were constantly on my emergency telephone line with the same question: What will NATO do? I was far from confident. On the one hand, there was ample evidence of covert NATO preparation against the Soviets. On the other, there were hints from our sources that the West was holding back because it feared escalation. I crossed my fingers and radioed Moscow: “NATO will not intervene.” If I had been wrong—and I was far from sure—my career would probably have ended, though that would have been the least of it. But I was right, and Nagy became the Soviets’ scapegoat. They promised Nagy and other Hungarians at the Yugoslav embassy freedom from prosecution, but they broke their word. They kidnapped him from the Yugoslav embassy, took him to Romania, and executed him after a farcical secret trial; it was all a relapse into the worst ways of Stalinism. Later, the head of Hungarian foreign intelligence, Sandor Rajnai, confided to me that he was plagued by guilt over his personal role in interrogating Nagy. “Mischa,” he said, “that sort of thing must never happen again.” Hungary, with its images of mob slaughter and mutilation, was a bitter lesson for all of us. While it may have temporarily enabled Moscow’s dogmatists to label reformists as counterrevolutionaries, for many thinking Communists the uprising’s complexities were perplexing, its messages mixed. The old Leninist questions would flood back into my mind: Should we risk such hard-won power? Freedom for whom and against whom? In the Ministry of State Security we held a meeting in March 1956 to discuss the significance of the Moscow Congress. Ernst Wollweber was still in charge, so we were spared meetings of the type conducted by his successor, Mielke, whose idea of a debate was for him to speak for an hour and then dismiss us. I spoke out and welcomed the way our Soviet colleagues had confronted their past and expressed my relief at losing the burden of suspicions that had troubled me for years. Mielke was horrified. ?I have never suffered under any burden,? he said. ?I have no idea what Comrade Wolf means.? He went on to say that he had known nothing of any repression in the Soviet Union and added, for good measure, that there was none in East Germany, either. Of course our country could not avoid some consequences of the thaw. Eighty-eight German prisoners convicted by Soviet military tribunals were freed, and a further seven hundred convicts were released from jail early. Inside the Party, the disciplinary proceedings against Anton Ackermann, Franz Dahlem, Hans Jendretzky, and several other disgraced (since 1953) Central Committee members were canceled. Reform plans were suddenly hauled out of functionaries’ file drawers. Within our own Central Committee, searching discussions began on the establishment of a market system under socialism, which could only work with some form of democracy. I served on a mixed study commission that included specialists on economics, banking, politics, the military, and the security services. Economics has never been my strong suit, but I listened with great interest. I even began to feel my way intellectually toward an acceptance of a greater share of private property and to question more closely the relationship between freedom of expression and the state doctrine of adherence to the teachings of the Party. But Ulbricht kept the lid on. Just two months after the Moscow Party Congress, the East German politburo voted against any further discussion of errors, lest it give ammunition to the enemy. Discipline was restored under such absurd phrases as “conquering the imperfections on our forward march.” I was one of many in the Party who, having hoped for fresh impulses, bowed to its almighty discipline once again. Nevertheless, the Twentieth Party Congress was the first step on a long journey toward what we would later come to know as perestroika and glasnost, the beginning of an arc whose end would be described in 1989. I too would have to undergo a bumpy journey until I would be able to embrace new ideas and leave behind the intelligence service and its strictures on my thinking.

The geopolitical explosions in 1956 further undermined any hopes of change. The events in Poznan—where in the wake of Khrushchev’s revelations there was a strike by Polish workers, bloodily suppressed by Polish forces—the uprising in Hungary, and the Suez crisis all forced us to think again in terms of the Cold War. From our vantage point, all we could see was that the two superpowers’ respective allies were disciplined when they attempted independent policies—Hungary by Moscow, and Britain and France by Washington. The world was divided into spheres, and we knew which one was ours. I ask myself whether I would have acted any differently if I had been in power. I hope so, but I am not so sure. When I spoke to Yuri Andropov in the early 1980s about problems of reform—the topic happened to be Poland, not Germany, but the questions were the same—I asked this liberal Communist why he had so little influence in these matters. “Comrade Wolf,” he replied, “whenever anyone becomes general secretary you have about a year to influence him. As he becomes surrounded by his own people they tell him he is the greatest thing and applaud his every move, and it is too late.” Andropov cited Nicolae Ceaușescu of Romania, who during his early years seemed to strike an independent course from Moscow before quickly becoming a tyrant. I can already hear my critics jeering that it took me twenty years to put my thoughts into practice. But so it was. The foundation of all my thinking about the Cold War was that the West and its system did not present an acceptable alternative. At that point and for many years to follow, I could not have undertaken any step, even a mental one, that would have helped move my country or the others in the Warsaw Pact closer to a capitalist system. It remained my unshakable belief that the socialist system, for all its terrible failings, represented a better potential model for mankind than the West. When it came to the crunch, for all the growing doubts I had about Communist practice, I believed that we must never cede influence in Europe. A long, anguished entry in my diary in 1968 reads:Power structures have developed in this transitional period on the way to true Socialism which have their own rules and an independent existence. They are governed by strongly subjective factors and interests. These structures, apparats and functionaries can sometimes abuse power against people in ways that seem to have little to do with the Revolution.

This mixture of fervent belief and uncomfortable doubt plagued most intelligent Communists. But the temptation always remained to bury these uncomfortable questions and concentrate instead on the technological and scientific gains made by our system and on its modernizing influence on backward societies like Russia and China. Anything else was put on ice until socialism became more stable. The fact that changes were not possible at that time lay in the nature of both the system itself and the tensions of the international situation. They made any acceptance of reform seem like admission of failure, which was automatically counted as victory for the West. Such were the circles of the devil in which we revolved, year in, year out.

After the upheavals of 1956, Khrushchev's principal concern was diffusing the conflicts and tensions of the Eastern bloc in order to concentrate on his ambitious economic plans at home. His strings of statistics and optimistic speeches were greeted by many of his own colleagues with mild amusement, but he really believed that under his guidance, the country could not only catch up with but overtake America's prosperity. This was religiously but maladroitly translated by Ulbricht's advisers as "overtake without catching up" (*überholen ohne einzuholen*), a proposition our general secretary spouted for a long time before anyone dared bring to his attention that it was a logical impossibility. There was also some discreet laughter at Khrushchev's fascination with corn, which he believed was the secret weapon to solve his vast nation's food shortages. During his first visit to East Germany in 1957 Mielke and I took him to the republic's most impressive cereal-producing plains in the Magdeburg region, where he met agronomists who could enlighten him to his heart's content. He carefully wrote down all the figures, and I later heard that he had made the lives of his own functionaries a misery on his return, chiding them for lagging behind the production levels of even the GDR. Khrushchev's primitive manner and lengthy speeches caused a certain amount of irritation back home, but in East Germany, where we were sentenced to listen to Ulbricht's wooden delivery, Khrushchev's spontaneity was most impressive. He enjoyed the best reputation of any Soviet leader until Gorbachev came along, but unlike Gorbachev he was a simple man with an innate understanding of how ordinary people feel and think. He could talk for hours about his native Kalinovka with sentimental pride, all the while displaying a hearty disregard for diplomatic niceties. I remember one incident after the farewell reception in East Berlin, at the conclusion of Khrushchev's visit to the GDR. The inner circle had retired to the Soviet ambassador's rooms in the embassy for a last drink. Anastas Mikoyan, the elderly chairman of the Supreme Soviet, suddenly became sleepy after a few glasses and did not want to make the trip out to Castle Niederschöhausen in the Pankow suburbs, the official residence for state guests, preferring instead to stay overnight in the embassy. Ulbricht was dismayed because he had arranged for the route from Niederschönhausen to the airport to be lined the next day with loyal East Germans waving farewell to the visitors. A charged exchange followed, until Khrushchev interjected, "Anastas, there is no point arguing with Ulbricht. The Germans are hopelessly fastidious." Ulbricht turned a choleric shade but said nothing. The next day, en route to the airport after his obligatory night at the castle, Mikoyan was in a bad mood. Making his protest against his hosts' determination to confront him one last time with obedient rows of East Germans lining his route, he fell asleep in his car. From his seat, Khrushchev turned to me and said quietly, "Back in our factory in Kalinovka, we once had a German craftsman called Muller. One summer, he brought his fiancée with him from Germany. He was very proud of the fact that he would not lay a finger on her until they were lawfully married. This story got about the factory, and a friend of mine called Vaska saw his chance. He serviced the lady all summer long. So you see, Comrade Wolf, German fastidiousness is not always a good thing." No doubt Khrushchev could be a primitive man and his limited intellectual capacity and lack of experience of other parts of the world permitted him to ignore the grim shortcomings of his own country. He was also incapable of coming to terms with the wider consequences of his secret speech, proving in the end that he was still firmly tied to the old system and its ways of thinking. But he was a politician of conviction, not a bureaucrat, and he believed passionately in his ideology, to the extent that he would often sacrifice diplomatic advantage for the sake of argument. ●

By 1956, the conflict between the superpowers had become rather like Bertolt Brecht’s depiction of the Thirty Years’ War in his play Mother Courage: It had taken on its own momentum. On both sides, the arms industry, the politicians, and the intelligence services lived well from this flourishing business. Early one morning toward the end of April 1956, I was awakened by my housekeeper with an unusual greeting: “The minister is waiting for you at the garden gate.” I was immediately on the alert. Peering through a gap in the curtains, I saw an aging, tiny Volkswagen beetle parked below. My suspicions deepened still further, since this was not the way East German ministers of state were apt to travel. Mystified and edgy, I seized the loaded pistol I kept by my bedside table, pushed it into my dressing-gown pocket, and made my way downstairs to the front door. In front of me stood the plump figure of Wollweber, with a cigar butt between his lips. Gesturing toward the car, I asked if everything was all right. He explained that he had been roused from his sleep by an emergency call from the Soviets and decided to save time by borrowing a neighbor’s car instead of waiting for his guards and limousine driver. “Get a move on, Mischa,” he chided, “you won’t believe what they’ve found.” We rattled through the empty streets toward Schönefeld airport. Behind Alt-Glienecke, about five hundred yards from the American sector border and just outside a cemetery wall, we saw a group of figures in the gray dawn light. Half were Soviet soldiers, digging energetically. They were watched by others I knew to be the top brass of Moscow’s military intelligence in Berlin. A spy tunnel had been unearthed. The soldiers had already dug a deep trench, and we looked on, fascinated, as they climbed into it and cut through a tubular metal structure in the rough soil. Inside was a metal door. Its locks melted under the white heat of their blowtorches and it was yanked open before our eyes. Silently, the mine sweepers and bomb disposal men descended, checking the cavity for booby traps. They found none. The inventors of the tunnel had not expected to share their secret. The advance guard beckoned us to climb inside. I found myself in a room the size of a large study. There were two chairs and a small table in the middle. Along the walls ran bundles of cables, carefully divided. Each bundle had an amplifier attached before it ran back into the main cable on the other side. Signals were picked up, magnified, and diverted to a specially built hut five hundred meters away, in West Berlin. It was a perfectly designed underground listening post. How sophisticated the tunnel really was I was only to learn in detail from my Soviet colleagues later. The Americans had discovered that under this stretch of earth ran the main prewar telephone cable link to the south of what was now East Germany. Three of these cables had become dedicated lines for the military. They included the so-called Ve-Che line (from the Russian abbreviation for “high frequency,” *Vysokaya chastota),* which linked Moscow with the Soviet military headquarters in Wünsdorf, south of Berlin. It takes no imagination to realize this was an intelligence man’s dream. The Americans could pick up conversations about weapons acquisitions, shortages, technical deficiencies, and code names for newly developed weapons technology between the defense ministry in Moscow and the East Berlin base in

Karlshorst, the biggest in Eastern Europe. They could also listen in on operational planning and the arguments over the constant budget difficulties plaguing the Soviet military. The Russians had great faith in the security of their Ve-Che lines. They had developed a new technique of filling the tiny wires inside the cable with pressurized air. This registered any sag in the current going through the wire—which occurs whenever a bug, however sophisticated, is affixed. As a child of the Stalin years in Russia, I never believed there was such a thing as a line that could not be tapped, and I still don't. (The extent to which the Russians trusted their special lines even after the discovery of the tunnel was demonstrated to me several years later when, during a visit to my KGB counterpart in Berlin, he blithely handed me the telephone for a chat with Yuri Andropov, who was then sitting in his Moscow office as chief of the KGB.) The British and U.S. secret services had first constructed a little hut just over the border in the West to pick up the messages in safety. They designed it with a cupola so that it looked like a meteorological installation, diverting attention to the top from its real business underground as the source of any possible radio signals. To get around the difficulty of the minute sag in current when the lines were tapped, British engineers had built a tiny amplifier for each of the several hundred telephone wires inside the three big cables. It was a technical marvel and I would guess that without the tip-off received via the KGB, the tunnel would not likely have been found independently by our side. We groped our way along the tunnel in the darkness and silence, with only a weak flashlight beam to help us. I caught a glimpse of white cardboard and shone my beam at it. There, underground on the subterranean line dividing two systems and ideologies, some intelligence man with a well-developed sense of humor had placed a tiny roll of barbed wire and a piece of cardboard bearing the message in black pen, "You are entering the American sector." Here I was, one of the prime enemies of the CIA, sharing this private joke of American intelligence workers! For the first time during an extraordinary morning, I pinched myself to make sure I was not dreaming. Of course, there was one flaw in the conception of this intelligence marvel that not even the most brilliant technicians could have repaired: The Soviets knew about the tunnel from the start, thanks to their brilliant double agent in British intelligence, George Blake. But while by this means they protected their own conversations, they never told us anything, leaving us unguarded and exposed. This was lamentably not out of character for the Soviets: For them, intelligence generally flowed in one direction only. I already had an inkling that there was a highly placed British agent working for the Soviets in West Berlin. The Soviets naturally kept details a tight secret, but one of the generals had been unable to resist boasting to me that he was running a big operation inside the British camp. But the Soviets wanted to let the Americans finish their masterwork so as to be able to evaluate their technological expertise. The Americans fell into the trap. Soviet intelligence watched the monitoring operation for about a year and then blew open the secret. Blake was eventually arrested and imprisoned in 1961, only to make a sensational escape to the Soviet Union five years later from London's Wormword Scrubs prison. Even after he had settled in Moscow and established a new family, the Soviets were nervous about allowing him to travel. Finally they gave in to his pleas for a holiday and sent him, with a minder, to one of our ministry's retreats on the island of Usedom in the Baltic Sea. Blake came to visit in East Berlin four times in all, always with his KGB guardian in tow. I invited him to address our trainee agents about his adventures with the hope of fostering a sense of belonging and tradition within the Communist espionage community. By the third visit, Blake's minders seemed more relaxed and permitted his Russian wife to accompany him. He also requested a private meeting with me. We are about the same age and we immediately warmed to each other. I was particularly struck by his British habit of understatement. While his wife went shopping, enjoying the relative bounty of East Germany's state stores after the shortages in Russia, we sat in a guest house exchanging stories. He was a brilliant linguist, being fluent in Arabic, French, and Dutch, and by now also spoke fluent German and Russian, albeit with the accent of an English gentleman that he apparently had picked up at Cambridge University. Blake told me that the original idea for the tunnel had come from the British side. After his return from Korea, where he had been deputy station chief for Britain's Secret Intelligence Service in the region, Blake had been involved in a similar venture in Vienna. The plan to tunnel through to the Soviet military mission from the British Military Police headquarters in Vienna's Simmeringstrasse ran into technical difficulties but seemed a promising approach. Because he had been involved in the project, he was asked to consult with the Americans on the Berlin tunnel. After his imprisonment and escape to Moscow, Blake and I met once again, in the company of my brother, Koni, for the premiere of his film *Mama, I'm Alive!,* which told the story of German prisoners of war in Russia. It was a cozy evening, during which we talked about Russian films and books. Even for a former spy, he was more than usually reserved when it came to discussing the more grimy details of the business. He did tell me that his friendship in Moscow with Kim Philby had proved a tremendous support. It struck me then that Blake suffered terribly under his reputation as a callous agent and wanted to be regarded as an idealist. Despite his commitment to the Soviet cause, I also had the feeling that he refused to accept that he really was the traitor his country considered him to be. He was perhaps less intelligent than Philby, whom I also knew and admired immensely. Both seemed relieved to have someone to talk to who understood their commitment to the socialist system and shared a critical view of its course in Moscow. Long before Gorbachev, they were also confident that change could come from within. Although both Philby and Blake were given posts in which they could use their knowledge, no one can pretend that life is easy for agents withdrawn after an active life in the West, particularly to a country struggling under as many contradictions as the Soviet Union. Philby was a more outgoing character than Blake, confident, suave, and relaxed in company. He too came several times to East Germany for holidays and enjoyed a long evening talking with old friends and comrades over a few drinks. But after a few years in Moscow, his view of the Soviet Union became more sober. He would complain to me bitterly about the miserable economy and the gap between the rulers and the people. It always amused me that the British think they are the first to have discovered such obvious truths as poor consumer goods and bureaucratic mix-ups. Philby did not have much opportunity in Moscow for conversation with cultured people, but I do not agree with Western accounts that he was miserable in Moscow. The truth is that he had no other option, but Philby was able to manage better than other spies. I got the impression that the KGB arranged holidays to countries like East Germany and Hungary, where the standard of living was much higher than at home, as a way for people like Philby and Blake to let off steam. The KGB lived in fear that their prize Westerners would go back home and deal a propaganda blow to the Kremlin, and such escapes were not particularly difficult. Philby told me that the British secret service in Moscow found ways of making several offers for him to return. Philby loved the East German countryside and when he visited we talked about many things—books, ideas, even cooking; we made Pelmeni dumplings together so we could compare our versions of this dish, with its highly individualistic combination of ingredients. After one visit he presented me a copy of his memoirs with the dedication: ?To Comrade Col.-General Wolf, With high esteem and great gratitude for a wonderful reception in the DDR, Kim Philby.? It was a West German edition of the book and he added as a postscript: ?The FRG [Federal Republic of Germany] translation leaves much to be desired. K.P.? Perhaps he thought it only polite to knock West Germany when making a present to the head of East German foreign intelligence. At any rate, this codicil amused me in its indication of Philby?s pedantic concern for accuracy. Philby and Blake rank among the tragic figures in the history of intelligence services. Their professional achievements were great, whatever one might think of their politics. The peculiar sadness of Blake's fate is that he lost his homeland not just once, when he fled England, but twice, when the Soviet Union collapsed and he was left to live out a withdrawn life in an adopted homeland that had abandoned his cause. Philby, who had participated in many of the century's great events, starting with the Spanish Civil War, was perhaps the more fortunate to have died in time. It never bothered me that Philby was a traitor to his country, because what he did, he did out of conviction. He was convinced from the start that the Soviet Union was the country that best represented his antifascist ideals. If you have conviction in life, you follow the road you have set for yourself and do not deviate from it—no matter what terrible things you may see along the way. Of course, each person's path and priorities vary. There were people like Arthur Koestler, who set out espousing the Communist ideals of justice and equity and then turned away from them because of Soviet excesses. That also happened to my old friend Wolfgang Leonhard. I once found it difficult to understand them, but I speak to Leonhard and I think we understand each other now.

With the regularization of the rules of the Cold War, spies also appeared less like agents of the devil on the other side and more like pieces—often pawns—in the game between East and West. They were more likely to be held by the rival intelligence services after capture than to be shot, although at times executions did take place, very often when a politician wanted to send a message either to his own people or to the other side. This change made me realize that exchanges could become an important part of our intelligence arsenal. I started to look more systematically among those held by our side for possible exchanges with our agents held in the West. In Germany, this practice became formalized through the services of Wolfgang Vogel, the East Berlin lawyer who represented the GDR's interests internationally, and Jürgen Stange, his West German counterpart. As the years passed, it became easier to arrange exchanges across the Iron Curtain, even when a long sentence was involved. Vogel made a small fortune providing the links between enemy powers. The first important international East-West swap involved Francis Gary Powers, the U.S. spy-plane pilot who was shot down in 1960 over the Soviet Union. It caused great political embarrassment to President Eisenhower, and the mishandling of the affair ruined his summit with Khrushchev in Paris. I had the eerie experience of watching Powers's trial in the ornate Hall of the Trade Unions in Moscow, where Stalin's show trials had taken place in the thirties. I was in town on unrelated business and decided to go along. I sat on a hard bench underneath the deceptively tranquil pastel ceiling, decked with glittering chandeliers more suited to a ballroom than a courtroom. This was the first time since Stalin's death that a spy trial had been held so openly, and talk of the Powers trial dominated that summer in Moscow. Ordinary Muscovites hovered around the courthouse, curious for a glimpse of the American who had fallen out of the Soviet skies. My KGB colleagues whispered that the general secretary himself intended to confirm the verdict and sentence. Powers appeared in the dock, a little confused by the judicial instructions he was receiving in Russian. He had a soft, boyish face and the habit of wrinkling his brow deeply when he did not understand a question. His pleasant and somewhat naïve manner awakened in me a twinge of sympathy, even though he was working for the other side. Through a stone-faced interpreter, he responded readily and at length to the prosecution's questions, confirming the nature of his mission and who he was working for. "You fool," I whispered under my breath. As it turned out, Powers's naivete and cooperation with the Soviets were the very thing the superpowers needed to facilitate their first major spy exchange. Powers was sentenced to only ten years in jail, and my KGB friends explained that this relatively lenient sentence was a signal to Washington that Moscow was ready to go ahead with a spy swap. On the other side of the Atlantic, KGB colonel Rudolf Ivanovich Abel was in a federal penitentiary in Atlanta. The son of a St. Petersburg worker of German ancestry who had embraced bolshevism enthusiastically and met Lenin on several occasions, Abel (whose real name was William Fischer) had been surreptitiously settled in America by the KGB in 1947, where he assumed the guise of a photographer and painter named Emil Goldfus. From his studio in Brooklyn he ran a string of agents dealing in government, trade, and military secrets before being arrested in 1956 and sentenced the following year to thirty years in prison. Vogel was instrumental in arranging the swap of Powers for Abel on February 10, 1962. Several years later, Abel came to East Berlin to brief my service about his experience. The KGB had given him the title of general and placed him in charge of their Anglo-American network. He also addressed my recruits, and I arranged several gatherings with my senior officers in his honor. He could be a convivial man, given the right company, and after toasting each other's espionage successes, we turned to discussing the theater of the twenties and thirties, and even my father's plays. Abel was a modern—day Renaissance man with a lively interest in chemistry and physics and a particular enthusiasm for Albert Einstein. His paintings—which he had used in Brooklyn as a front for his espionage work—were rather good. I still possess a few small drawings he left me as souvenirs. After his death in 1971, his widow had to lobby the Soviets hard to allow his real name to be placed on his gravestone underneath his KGB name. They could not lose the habit of keeping secrets, even when one of their prize agents was dead and buried. Another sign of the virulent routine of the Cold War emerged after the angry summit meeting between Khrushchev and President John Kennedy in Vienna in 1961. The full seriousness of their quarrel became evident to me when Khrushchev returned home to address his military and highlighted the importance of West Berlin. From two of our sources—one in the British military command in Berlin and another at NATO headquarters—we learned about hectic American preparations for countermeasures in case Moscow ordered a second Berlin blockade. As I leafed through the classified documents that had been reassembled like an elaborate jigsaw puzzle from bundles of microfilm, I realized that just one unwise step on either side could lead to war. And it would start here, in Berlin. A top secret American organization called Live Oak had been set up in 1958 by the then secretary of state, John Foster Dulles, and placed initially under General Lauris Norstad, the NATO commander, for the express purpose of countering a new Berlin blockade. One day I was brought a transcription, signed by Norstad, of the key parts of the “Initial Probe of Soviet Intentions.” This document, which I obtained through a source in the British military headquarters in Germany, remains classified in the United States as of this writing almost forty years later. If the low-level harassment of military vehicles traveling along the hundred-mile corridor between Berlin and West Germany were to escalate, the Live Oak plan proposed dispatching a military convoy to insist on Western access to Berlin and test the Soviet reaction. The document went on to propose more extensive military options. First a battalion of U.S., British, and French troops would probe the corridor. This would culminate in the ultimate level of force, a division made up of three countries’ troops moving down the corridor to assert the West’s rights to access to the city. Only U.S., British, and French troops would be involved, since they were the only ones with the right to send troops through East Germany to their occupation zones in the Western sector of Berlin. I am not prone to panic, but Live Oak chilled me to the core. Sources in Moscow told me Khrushchev was talking endlessly about Berlin. He had even told the U.S. ambassador Llewellyn Thompson that resolving the Berlin question was a matter of his “own prestige” and that he had “waited long enough” to make a move. Knowing Khrushchev’s stubborn pride intensified my fears. Great powers have gone to war often enough to protect the fragile prestige of their leaders. What I did not know at the time was that there was strong opposition to Live Oak within NATO itself. Many years later the CIA declassified documents reporting that Britain’s chief of defense staff, Admiral Lord Mountbatten, had hectored Kennedy about the plan: What would happen to a battalion on the Autobahn? The Russians would blow up a bridge in front, a bridge behind, and then sell seats for people to come and laugh. If that’s a farce, a division would be a tragedy. It would need a front of thirty miles to keep moving and it would be seen as an invasion of East Germany and lead to all-out war.

I was relieved to hear that Britain’s old warhorse showed a shred of common sense about the adventurism of Live Oak. The Live Oak staff was not acknowledged by NATO until 1987, when they were allowed to wear a SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers Europe) badge on their uniforms, like other NATO staff. The organization was not actually dissolved until after German unification. Thankfully, its importance in U.S. strategic thinking decreased after Khrushchev decided that he did not want to risk war over what was essentially a German problem. Instead, he looked for a different solution, and it turned out to be one cast in concrete.

7

A Concrete Solution

When the Cold War is recalled as just one of the clashes of great empires, and the German Democratic Republic has become a footnote in the history books, my country will perhaps be remembered as the one that built a wall to keep its own people from running away. The image of the Berlin Wall dividing not only a great city but the two ideologies and military blocs that competed for the future of mankind remains the most powerful symbol of the postwar division of Europe and indeed of the brutality and absurdity of the Cold War itself. For me, one who lived and worked behind the Wall after it was erected in August 13, 1961, and devoted my efforts to the security and advancement of the system that built it, the Wall was always an expression of both strength and weakness. Only a system with our confidence in its founding ideology could have managed to divide a metropolis and draw a closed border between two parts of one country. And only a system as vulnerable and fundamentally flawed as ours was would have needed to do so in the first place. Thus I knew in my heart of hearts that the GDR was doomed when, on the night of November 9, 1989, I switched on my television to learn that the GDR's citizens had been declared free to travel beyond the country's borders and saw the first crowds streaming through the suddenly opened border. A country as dependent as ours was for its very existence on internal stability could not survive the impact of this. It was as if reality had been suspended. Dazed, I sat with my wife watching pictures of East and West Germans embracing each other in the no-man?s-land of the Berlin border. Some were still in their carpet slippers, as if sleepwalking into a night that would determine the fate of Germany and Europe for years to come. Of course the border had never been entirely closed. It was open to East German travelers on official business, who first had to be vetted and found fit as "travel cadres." This meant that they were politically reliable, had no close relatives in West Germany, and were not privy to any sensitive information about East Germany. Since the relaxation of restrictions in the 1970s, when relations between the Germanys had improved, pensioners were allowed to travel on the logical—indeed cynical—ground that if they stayed in the West, it would not damage the Eastern economy and would even save the state the payment of their pensions. And naturally, my agents in the field and the couriers who took messages to our sources were allowed to travel to the West, armed with false identities. People who could leave the country were greatly envied by the population at large; travel fever was acute in this country of nontravelers. I had traveled less widely for pleasure than most middle-class American college students, which is something that Western commentators tend to forget when they talk about the lives of the members of the nomenklatura. For all my privileges, I had never visited the Prado, the British Museum, or the Louvre. All of us led lives that were narrow, though mine was less so because the espionage business took me to Eastern Africa, the wilds of Siberia, the shores of the Black Sea, the forests of Sweden, and the softness of the subtropics in Cuba. I was privileged to have a fine apartment, a car and driver, and pleasant holidays at the invitation of other secret services in the Eastern bloc. But these were always connected to my job and status; in the end, the wider world was sealed off to me, too. Even though we did not enjoy the ease and independence of even the modestly wealthy citizen in the West, I was well insulated from the hardships afflicting ordinary people in my country.

From the Soviets we had inherited the system of nomenklatura privileges. It started in 1945, when functionaries, scientists, and others useful to the Communist cause received extra amounts of goods in short supply, which we called *payoks*, from the Russian word for rations. After that it took hold as a habit, as such things do, and became institutionalized in a department called "personal security," which of course grew to have a staff of five thousand. Our privileges eventually became formalized in a system of connections through the Foreign Trade Ministry, ensuring that the top servants of the state were not confined to the often second-rate products of their own country. It was all strictly hierarchical. Special shops stocking Western goods were available to the politburo. After they had taken their pick the rest was passed on to us in the intelligence services, whereupon the other ministries and trade departments then got their share. It was very simple and made for a comfortable life. I was too weak to say no to these privileges, and years later I admitted this to students who asked. They were satisfied with the answer, because they understood the human predicament presented by such privilege. Of course, if I had fallen from grace, the perks would have disappeared overnight. But aside from these perks and my rather unusual ports of call, I lived the life of a bureaucrat, the servant of my political masters. At first we worked at night—Stalin's hours—just like the upper levels of the Soviet bureaucracy. After Stalin's death Mielke worked long days starting at 7 A.M. and often lasting until 10 P.M., although later I think he tried to look like he was in his office when he was not. I often envied the autonomy of those working in my service. They could roam on special missions and make their own hours, but my working day was tied to my superiors' schedules. I woke up about 6:30 or 7 A.M., jogged, and did exercises for my back—it has given me trouble since my youth—and got to the office at about 8:15 A.M. I had a driver and a secretary at first, and later two secretaries and a personal assistant, known as *referent* in German. The members of my private office were very close and the personnel rarely changed; my principal secretary began with me in 1954, my third year as chief of the HVA, and remained thirty-three years, until my retirement. I began my day looking over important papers, reports from section chiefs, and sometimes reports from agents. In the last ten years the paper flow became too heavy and I depended on a summary prepared by the analysis department, composed of secret material, a digest of current events, and material from news agencies. The HVA was divided into about twenty departments, including separate groups to oversee agents and information in West German ministries, political parties, unions, churches, and other institutions; military espionage; the United States, Mexico, and the rest of the world; NATO and European Community headquarters in Brussels; counterintelligence; disinformation; scientific and economic information from West Germany; technological espionage departments specializing in basic industries, electronics and scientific instruments, and aeronautics and aerospace; embassies; frontiers; training and translation; and a department to analyze and evaluate the raw information flowing in from all the others. Four or five days a week I would confer with my deputies and with each of those department heads under my personal control on the progress of their work and important projects. I had to read every report that was sent up to the leadership. Mielke did not edit my reports but kept some from Honecker, saying, "They won't be too happy to read this." I usually lunched with my deputies and the secretary of the Party together in the courtyard of the ministry's office in the Normannenstrasse in the Lichtenberg district. We exchanged information and swapped stories, but even within the closest confines of the ministry we always referred to our agents and even the "legal" residents in our embassies by their code names, lest their real identities leak, thus putting them at even greater risk. Vast stretches of this work were very boring. Intelligence is essentially a banal trade of sifting through huge amounts of random information in a search for a single enlightening gem or illuminating link, so I varied my routine by insisting on running ten or twelve agents personally. As far as I know I was the only chief of any of the world's principal intelligence agencies to do so. This gave me the opportunity to get out and meet them from time to time in safe houses in the Berlin suburbs or—what I preferred—in Dresden and other places where there were fewer Westerners for visiting agents to encounter. This routine was of course broken by unexpected events, especially arrests of our agents abroad. Usually our first news came from the media, which did not always get a spy's name right, so we would have to figure out whether it was our spy or someone else?s. Sometimes I would find the head of a department waiting with the bad news, especially if it was a defection. We trained ourselves to go over each loss step by step and tried never to panic among ourselves; there would be panic enough when the minister asked for an explanation. Rather than placing blame, it was far more important to find or figure out who else might be endangered by an arrest or defection. We would radio quick warnings to agents in code, but since agents could not always tune in every day, we might find it necessary to phone their homes directly with a coded warning. If, for example, our agent was a businessman, the flash warning might be something like "Our next meeting must be postponed." We avoided obvious tip-offs like "Your aunt in Dresden is very ill." We did have certain signals, such as a nail in a tree or a cross on a mailbox an agent passed every day that he could check, but this was not the case for every agent. During my last ten years on the job I usually worked until about 9 P.M., six days a week, with only Sunday as a full day off. I had very little social life, although I tried to attend a play or a concert at least twice a month. Exchange visits to intelligence services in friendly countries, or visits to Berlin by their delegations, provided rare and welcome opportunities for visits to museums and the theater. On weekends I tried to get to my dacha in the small village of Prenden, twenty miles northeast of Berlin, and there I did all I could to protect my civilian life from official intrusion. When my boyhood friends from Moscow, George and Louis Fischer, visited Berlin in 1985, they were surprised to find that I had no bodyguards shadowing me in the country and moved with ease and freedom. Mielke did have a bodyguard and once ordered me to get one, but I managed to get rid of him. My driver took special training to protect me but never bothered to carry his pistol. I left mine in my safe. Whatever my doubts about the system I served, such a life of privilege, responsibility, and occasional fascination would be hard for anyone to give up to campaign for change, especially someone who, like me, believed change could only come from the top down. This may sound strange from a man in my position of supposed influence, but my influence was limited to my own service, where I had my own space. Günter Gaus, the first West German ambassador to East Germany, a highly intelligent man with a great understanding of our problems, used to call the GDR a community of niches. A large part of our population turned away from the problems of public life, ignored questions of official policy, assiduously followed private pursuits, and defended their private space. I also had my niche, and, as paradoxical as it may sound, that niche was my service. I could not change. This description of our lives might give rise to the impression that I led the deplorable life of an apparatchik, doing my work only so that I could enjoy special and rare privileges. Not so. My work at the top of the intelligence service satisfied me. I was convinced of its necessity, and I was deeply committed to it. I deliberately and successfully dodged opportunities to move into higher positions closer to the centers of political power. I also refused an offer of promotion to media chief, a job that would have put me in charge of propaganda. Even my children urged me to refuse this promotion, since it would have put me too close to the political leadership and would inevitably have caused conflicts.

In the days before the Berlin Wall was raised on August 13, 1061, it was clear to me that some sort of drastic action was imminent. The mood in the eastern part of the city was grim. Labor and goods shortages mounted weekly. Passing a line outside a shop one day, I heard an old woman cursing in the broad Berlin dialect, “They can launch the *Sputnik,* but you can’t get a green vegetable in the middle of summer. That’s socialism for you.” Who could blame young people if they chose to put their talents to work across the border, where they could earn money and buy goods those back home could only dream of? In their minds, they were not betraying a state, they were simply moving to another part of Germany where most of them had friends or relatives prepared to help them make a start. Since the founding of East Germany in 1949, 2.7 million people had fled to the West, half of them under twenty-five. I could not help wondering whether the youngsters in my own family would have also gone if they had not been part of a committed socialist clan. On August 9, 1961, the number of refugees recorded in the reception camps of West Berlin was 1,926, the highest ever in a single day. The state was hemorrhaging its workforce, losing people who had cost money to train and without whose contribution living standards would sink further. I felt that we were swimming through mud. The official accusation on our side was that the West was bleeding the East dry. Stripped of its rhetorical pathos, I knew this meant that West Germany’s attraction was rising with its new prosperity and that people were prepared to sacrifice their family links and the cosseted security under state socialism for the uncertain promises of capitalism. Of course the official explanation for the Wall was never in the least credible for me—that our borders had been closed as a protective measure against imminent aggression or penetration by foreign agents. But with the building of what in the East was officially called “the antifascist protective barrier” and in the West was labeled “the wall of shame,” all of our lives were changed overnight. I not only understood the real reasons for the Wall but formally supported them. I believed there was no other way to save our country at that time. We had inherited the historically economically weak part of Germany and thus started from a lower base, even without the mismanagement that compounded our difficulties. In addition, East Germany had been stripped by Soviet forces of industrial machinery and even infrastructure items such as railroad track, which they viewed as reparations. West Germany, by contrast, was able to build up its part of the country with Marshall Plan money. I held to the illusion—as I now realize it was—that with changes in the international situation and sensible domestic reforms, our standard of living would step by step catch up with the West’s. I believed that the validity of socialism, of a planned economy, would assert itself and, as we said among ourselves at the time, the day would come when the West would take over the Wall to keep people out! Indeed, in the late 1970s and the 1980s, some of our agents and sympathizers in the West asked whether we really needed to restrict travel because living standards had improved to the point where most people who traveled from the GDR would return. But in 1961, it was a choice between the Wall or surrender. At the risk of damaging my reputation as the man who really knew what was going on in East Germany, I have to confess that the building of the Berlin Wall was as much a surprise to me as everyone else in August 1961. I can only conclude that Erich Mielke, who handled some of the covert planning of the operation, kept this information from me out of malice. Like millions of others, I heard the news that a wall was being built across Berlin on the radio on the morning of August 13. My first reaction was one of pure professional fury. I should of course have been told of this in advance, since I had to continue running agents across the border, the nature of which had radically changed overnight. So secret had the building plans been that we could not coordinate with the head of the border troops in advance to ensure that our couriers could continue traveling West to collect secret material from our agents across what became without warning an impenetrable frontier. I spent most of my time during the following days ensuring that our men were given hastily drawn papers passing them through the control points to the West to make their assignations on time. This was more than a matter of convenience. Espionage relationships are based on absolute reliability. Once the links break down, vulnerable agents are frightened and the machinery of intelligence gathering grinds to a halt. We now had to devise cover stories for our couriers to give a plausible explanation to the guards on the other side as to why they had the right to cross to the West when the rest of their countrymen did not. To the Western services, the sealed border was an unexpected boon because it filtered out large numbers of ordinary people and allowed allied counterintelligence to concentrate its resources on the much smaller number of citizens now allowed to cross, usually on some form of state business, such as trade officials, approved academics, and ordinary citizens occasionally given permission to cross on urgent family business. As I traveled around East Berlin in my official car, I would find myself diverting the driver so I could look at the building work with a mixture of fascination and horror. My own close family were all in the East, so I did not experience the personal trauma of separation. But the Wall produced countless bizarre incidents, one of which touched me as my father’s son. On one stretch of the River Spree a fleet of pleasure boats operated from Treptow Park, sailing only as far as the border with the Neukölln section of West Berlin before returning obediently to their moorings in the East. The boats were named after German socialist writers, among them my father. One day, just after the Wall was built, the good ship *Friedrich Wolf* merrily sailed west in one of the more unusual escape stories of that era. During an evening outing, the ship’s cook and his family got the captain drunk and persuaded him to sail full steam ahead past the amazed guards into West Berlin. There they jumped ship and waded to the bank and freedom. The captain collapsed into a drunken stupor on deck. When he sobered up, he shamefacedly sailed home, to the even greater surprise of the border guards, where he faced stern disciplinary proceedings. My mother, who ran the Friedrich Wolf Archive, was then telephoned by the distraught spouse of the ship’s captain, begging for help. “Can’t you do something?” my mother asked me over dinner that night. I knew that my father would have viewed the adventures of his boat with his eye for comedy, so I pleaded for clemency for the poor captain. He was spared a prison sentence, but I could not rescue him from the humiliation of a transfer outside Berlin. He ended up working on a grimy steamer in an industrial area that was a safe distance away from any border. The altered situation also increased tension between my own foreign intelligence (*Aufklärung*) service and the counterintelligence (*Abwehr*) department, which was in charge of border security. Relations between these two branches of an espionage service are never warm, as anyone who has followed the history of infighting between the CIA and the FBI will know. In our case, by now they were very frosty indeed. I refused to hand over a list identifying our agents and other informants who needed to cross the border, since this would have made us vulnerable to betrayal from officers in departments over which I had no control. It took weeks—months in some particularly difficult cases—until we could reach a new modus vivendi. We found ourselves in the paradoxical situation in which the controls imposed by our own side were far more draconian and difficult to negotiate than those of the West Germans. One case that presented me with a headache was that of Freddy (not his real name), our most important informant inside the Social Democratic leadership in West Berlin. I do not name him here only to spare his family, but Social Democrats of that era will certainly recognize him. A figure larger than life and a bon vivant, he was a loud and persuasive voice in the Social Democratic Party?s (SPD?s) executive and had good connections to Bonn?a king maker rather than a king, but not less useful to us for that. He had returned long after the end of the war from American captivity, which held bad memories for him. A Party member in his youth, he had been drawn into its intelligence network. In fact, he had been infiltrated into the SPD in 1950 on the orders of one of our veteran handlers, Paul Laufer, who would later run G?nter Guillaume, the spy in Chancellor Willy Brandt?s office. Freddy took to the Social Democratic cause with gusto and, disillusioned by events in the East, stopped regarding the Communist cause as his own. For a while it seemed that we had lost him. But we were persistent with people we wanted to keep. I took on his case myself in an attempt to obtain the high-quality information I knew he possessed about the SPD’s internal wrangling over its policy toward East Germany. Nevertheless, he categorically refused to speak into a tape recorder or tell us anything about his colleagues in the Eastern Bureau of the SPD, the organization in West Berlin that worked to restore social democracy to the East—in our eyes one of the most treacherous institutions operating on the other side of the Wall. Attempts to inveigle him into political discussions almost always ended in terrific rows, with Freddy damning Ulbricht as a Stalinist idiot. At first Freddy and I would meet in a small apartment that served as a safe house for our service in the Bohnsdorf district in the southern part of East Berlin. But the atmosphere was strained and in 1955 I hit on the idea of changing the meeting place to a small, informal country house belonging to acquaintances from my Moscow days. I used the optimism engendered by the Twentieth Party Congress to adjust our relationship. Freddy was impressed by Khrushchev’s rejection of Stalin and his crimes. “You see,” he would say triumphantly, “I was right. I told you things had to change.” I would share my own enthusiasm for Moscow’s “New Course” with him—we now were free to speak about the past and to discuss problems in the party, cultural freedom, the economy, etc.—and we would sit for hours in a tiny smoke-filled room debating the future of the Soviet Union and its allies. At last I was getting somewhere. It was clear to me that Freddy would only tolerate his role as informant if our relationship was based on friendship. He was also not averse to an occasional drinking spree, so just before his fiftieth birthday, I invited him to meet me in a small villa at Rauchfangswerder by a lake, the one we had used in the disastrous *malina* escapade. Here, hidden from prying eyes, we sat on a summer afternoon quaffing ice-cold sparkling wine and, as the evening wore on, a case of beer. I had to drink hard to keep up with my new friend and had warned my assistant, who was responsible for getting us there and back and making sure we were undisturbed, to stay as sober as a judge so that when we brought Freddy back to the West at least one of us would have his wits about him. By now Freddy was unstoppable, pouring out grievances about the Americanization of the Federal Republic and heaping scorn on the politics and personal life of the rising political star of West Berlin, Willy Brandt. Just before midnight we headed back to the city. I had the driver park the car some distance away and the two of us swayed unsteadily through the silent Treptow Park toward the border crossing. We had just got within earshot of the border guards when Freddy burst into revolutionary songs, roaring out "When We Were Striding Side by Side" and "The Internationale." I sobered up at once, told Freddy in rather uncomradely terms to shut up, and diverted the driver to the next crossing point, where we dropped him off. Warning him to keep his head down and say the very minimum demanded at the border, I stood back in the shadows to watch him cross. My heart was in my mouth, since he had reached that uninhibited stage of drunkenness marked by a complete disregard for the consequences of what one says or does. My greatest fear was that one of the policemen on the Western side would recognize him as a local celebrity and note that he was crossing blind drunk in the middle of the night—enough of a scandal to end his career even if espionage was never suspected. The tottering figure made its way to the control post. At the last moment, he turned around, waved his arms triumphantly, and shouted in my direction, "We'll drink a thousand more glasses together, you and I!" I swore under my breath, but there was nothing more I could do. In the days that followed, I scanned the newspapers anxiously in search of any repercussions. But the drunk have the devil's luck, and Freddy's reputation remained intact. It was always more risky for public figures to attend meetings in the East via the official crossing points. Eventually Freddy gradually revised his opinion of Brandt and became a close associate of the young mayor. He no longer could risk coming to us openly, drunk or sober. We were forced to think of a new solution and resorted to a minutely planned and operationally complex setting for our exchanges of views: the allied transit route that led through East German territory to Berlin. We assumed that the road was extremely well monitored by West German counterintelligence, just as it was by our side. Both sets of law enforcement officers registered the time each car entered the route and the time it emerged, either in West Berlin or at the West German border. There was also a strict speed limit of 100 kilometers an hour, so the appropriate time for covering the route could be calculated almost exactly, and there was no possibility of stopping for anything but the briefest transfer of material. Moreover, our own traffic police monitored the rest stops and the route's winding sections on surveillance cameras. I was very unenthusiastic about letting counterintelligence in on the details of my work, so I decided to avoid the formality of asking them to suspend observation while I met my agent. Instead, with Freddy's agreement, we designed a much more exciting and comfortable way to keep in touch. I approached this with some trepidation, but no matter how senior, a spy is always an adventurer, and I still relished rolling up my sleeves and taking an occasional risk myself. We agreed that Freddy would leave West Berlin in the late afternoon so that the light would be fading by the time our meeting took place. He scheduled the trip to coincide with party business in Bonn, which was a plausible cover. Just before he set off from

West Berlin, I left the East in a dark blue Mercedes with a Cologne license plate and a driver with false Western papers. Since no one in the West knew what I looked like, I did not bother with a disguise and simply wore the typical clothes of a businessman. At the first service station outside the city boundaries on the Berlin-Munich transit route, I had my driver stop to fill the tank and have a cup of thin East German coffee in the service station. I sat there waiting until I saw Freddy’s car pass. This proved highly entertaining. The East German truck drivers—taking me for a Westerner after I offered them Western cigarettes—would start bellyaching about the situation in East Germany. It was a rare opportunity to hear what ordinary people were really thinking from my perch high on the ladder of East German seniority. If they had known they were complaining directly to a top Stasi officer, they would have been horrified. I remember one trucker cursing the privileges of the East German elite after I had spun a story about being a successful traveling salesman from the Ruhr. ?Those apparatchiks of ours probably live as well as you do,? he said ?The difference is, you achieve something and they don?t.? The real Markus Wolf was a bit nettled by this judgment, but I simply nodded in agreement. As soon as Freddy passed the rest stop at his statutory 100 kilometers an hour, we whipped out a special sign allowing me as one of the high officials my trucker friends had just been berating to drive faster than the speed limit. We roared off at around 150 kilometers an hour, the time and distance calculated so that as we pulled even with Freddy’s car, we were approaching one of the exits from the Autobahn reserved for forestry trucks and the police. Then we shot off into the woods, out of sight of the surveillance cameras and other drivers. Silently and as fast as his bulky frame could carry him, Freddy slipped into my car and my driver into his. Both cars then set off, leaving the hidden exit with headlights off so as not to show up on the cameras or to any patrols flying overhead. There was a moment of exhilaration when we both realized we had completed this delicate maneuver successfully. “This is far more interesting than politics,” said Freddy wistfully. My permission to speed gained us enough time for a conversation. As we sped along the Autobahn, we chatted comfortably, and Freddy handed me some material. It also gave me a chance to give him instructions in absolute privacy. Just before the exit, we would stop at another parking place under cover of darkness and wait for Freddy’s car (with my driver) to catch up. Freddy would get into his own vehicle again. The trouble with this ruse was that we were not the only ones to have discovered it. As time went by, the Western services also started to use it, and so did the dozens of organizations that began helping East Germans escape in the trunks of cars. The illegal exits and service stations became the focus of renewed interest by our own counterintelligence. They started to draw the net tighter and tighter, and I feared that one day my own watchful counterespionage colleagues would discover one of my meetings. I had to revise my earlier decision and request that the observation monitors be switched off for assignations with foreign agents by myself or my officers. This worked for a while, but I then feared that West German intelligence had discovered a way of checking on us, so that if the monitors were switched off for ten minutes or more, it became obvious that some suspicious operation was under way and border controls could be tightened at the other end. In time I reverted to the old ways and chanced the operation without taking the risk of tipping off counterintelligence. I was so nimble and exact that I was never caught by either side. The method worked not only for Freddy but also for a good political informant from Bonn, a liberal politician named William Borm, who provided information on the Bonn parliament. Freddy died a few years later, his heart failing a couple of days after one of our Autobahn assignations. I suppose his constitution could not keep up with his intensively busy political life, his lordly drinking and eating, and the extra strain of covert work with us. But after the sticky early period, he never showed any regrets. He had become hooked on the excitement and the feeling that he was exerting special influence. As honorable employers, we always put aside a pension for the wives of agents, even if, as in Freddy’s case, she had not been told about his work. Now we were in the embarrassing position of having to send an officer to tell her that she was entitled to money because her husband had worked for the East. I don’t know if she ever suspected him, but she took the news very calmly. One thing my job taught me is that women know far more about their husbands than the men think they know. Even after the Wall was built, some stretches of the border in the countryside remained permeable for a while. I took the opportunity to push scientific and technical agents, even some who were not fully trained, into the Federal Republic, but we had to become increasingly clever in faking identities. The Western authorities began to demand more proof of identity and biographical details. The use of computers also made it easier for them to check information against other files held abroad or by different authorities. But as fast as the West Germans worked out ways of checking against infiltrators, we developed new ways to bamboozle them. It was a marvelous and exhilarating race. We had the advantage of being able, for example, to use the identities of people killed in the Dresden bombings as covers for the agents we settled in the West, but there was always the chance that an unexpected survivor might turn up and blow an agent?s cover. This happened increasingly often as the West German counterintelligence?s computer net was widened and deepened, so that we eventually halted this macabre maneuver. But I also had a lot of trouble with our own people seeking to centralize records. Erich Mielke, my superior as minister of state security, was desperate to have me provide a central index of agents. I refused point-blank. The tug of war over this persisted to the day I left office. I was proud to say that under my tenure nowhere in my directorate did there exist a single record of all our spies. I was determined that no card index or computer disc should ever hold all our operational details. Instead I developed a process through which the identity of a source could be determined only if three to five key details were already available. Before a search could continue, each detail had to be checked blind against the other. We did have information cards on perhaps hundreds of thousands of individuals, including many names in the West, ranging from Bundestag members to industrial leaders to members of the Allied Control Commission. Separate card registers for our own people were kept in each department; a department would handle at most sixty to a hundred sources, agents, couriers, etc. Each card carried a code name, address, territory, and file number. The number referred to a dossier containing real information on the individual spy. The small stack of cards in each department was usually kept in the custody of a trusted senior officer. Anyone seeking a dossier would have to justify his request to this officer, and if the dossier did cover a spy, the handler had a cover story ready. In war or times of high tension, the officer’s job would have been to remove a spy’s file from the ministry to our temporary headquarters. Any unauthorized person going through the cards and files would have had to physically trawl through a massive quantity of paper in search of a match. Such a conspicuous operation to match the code name of an agent with his real one would inevitably attract attention, quite the opposite of what would have happened if even these separate files had been on computer discs. The ungainliness of the operation troubled me little because I and my senior officers kept the names of most important agents in our heads. Ever since I first used the model of the spider?s web to identify connections between existing spy networks in Germany after the war, I had found it perfectly easy simply to slot new names into my head. I rarely had to remind myself of the real identity of an agent or his field of operation. In its own way, this decentralization increased our security. When we did have treachery in our own ranks, the absconding officer only knew about the cases he handled himself or the rumors he had picked up from loose talk?which, however fiercely discouraged, always goes on in a large organization. In the 1950s we were able to draw quite heavily on the aristocratic families of West Germany. Some felt that they had to assuage the guilt of their class for failing to stop Hitler's rise to power. Others found themselves without a role and were even barred from using their titles in the new Federal Republic. Many were alienated by Chancellor Adenauer's antinational, pro-American stance. They still had a strong desire to be involved in affairs of state, and many seemed to look on their cooperation with us as a sort of secret diplomatic endeavor. I never met one who thought of himself as a traitor. Nevertheless, some were betrayed by Max Heim, the head of our section responsible for work against West Germany's ruling Christian Democrats, a subdepartment of Department 2. He defected about two years before the Wall went up, revealed the state of our knowledge about the governing parties in Bonn, and then led West German counterintelligence to several of our agents. Among them was Wolfram von Hanstein, who had used his prominent public position in the West to build up a variety of useful contacts. His father and grandfather were renowned academics and writers, and Hanstein wanted to follow in the family tradition of gentlemen scholars. Before the war he earned his living and a certain modest reputation writing historical novels. He refused to be drafted and spent the war underground, ending up in Soviet captivity, where he turned to communism. He settled in Dresden, devoting himself to the Communist cause. Before von Hanstein and his wife went West at our request, they deeded their Dresden villa and its grounds to the state, and it was passed to the Ministry of State Security. In Bonn, his humanistic outlook and family name helped propel him swiftly to the top of West Germany's main human rights lobby. He was friendly with Heinrich Krone, Adenauer?s special minister for security questions, and with Ernst Lemmer, the Christian Democratic minister who oversaw relations between the two German states. He also informed us prodigiously about the activities of the SPD?s Eastern Bureau and infiltrated many other anti-Communist organizations. Even during his six-year jail sentence, he continued working diligently and made contact with three fellow prisoners who later worked for us. After his release, von Hanstein asked to come to East Germany, where he died in 1965. Another agent betrayed by Heim was Baron von Epp. The descendent of a nobleman who had supported Hitler from the earliest days of the Nazi movement, von Epp sought to atone for his family's shame by working for us. When he was uncovered and imprisoned, I was sorry to see him go, although not altogether surprised. A wild card, the baron had approached our service declaring himself ready to undertake terrorist activities and was disappointed when we told him that we needed far more discreet and diligent help rooting out useful confidential material. Before the 1969 elections, which gave the Social Democrats their best postwar result and paved their way to power, it was particularly important for us to follow the shifts in the Bonn landscape. At just the right time, there appeared one of the more eccentric agents I ever had the pleasure to meet, the tycoon Hannsheinz Porst. I have dealt with all sizes of intellects who were committed to the Communist cause for all sorts of reasons, noble and venal, but never have I come across such a compelling and even honest figure, in his own peculiar way. He was small and sporty, with the energetic manner of a young businessman. The first thing I had to get used to was the fact that during our conversations only one of his eyes looked at me; the other had been damaged on the very last day of the war, when a grenade exploded in his face. Our connection to Porst came about through his cousin, a man called Karl Böhm. Both had grown up in Nuremberg, and during Porst's childhood Böhm had taken the role of older brother, confidant, and inspiration. Soon after the Nazis came to power, Böhm was arrested as a Communist and sentenced to six years in the Dachau concentration camp. The young Porst was unable to understand why his revered relative had been taken from him and waited eagerly for his return, despite the discreet warnings from his parents that people sometimes did not return from the camps. When the sentence was over, Hannsheinz's father found work for Karl in his small photographer's studio. It was a brave step for an apolitical man, but he had a reputation as a hard worker who kept his nose clean. The photo business grew throughout the thirties, and by the time war broke out, Porst senior had built a business that thrived on taking pictures of handsome young men in uniform, often the last photo their wives and families would ever have. Because of his Communist record, Böhm ended up in one of the fearsome Strafbataillons. To these the Nazis consigned soldiers deemed ideologically unreliable, treating them accordingly by assigning them suicidal missions. But Böhm survived the war. Porst spent his time as a frontline anti-aircraft officer. When they were reunited, they decided to build a publishing house together. Porst later told me, "Karl would tell me of his radical ideas for a new, peaceful society, and in the midst of the hypocrisy that followed 1945, I was so glad to listen to a man saying such things who had been prepared to face persecution for them, a man in whom theory and practice did not contradict each other." After the war, Böhm continued to speak of communism openly and favorably, and as a result the U.S. authorities refused the cousins a business license. Incensed, Böhm fled East, leaving cousin Porst behind. He in turn went to work for his father and proved himself a talented young entrepreneur, presiding over the tenfold expansion of the company within a decade. With his share of the company profits he bought a printing press on the outskirts of Nuremberg, which ended up as one of the largest and most profitable in the new West Germany. Böhm too made his way, albeit in a different world with different values, and became a success in East German publishing, which was controlled by the state through the Ministry of Culture. Böhm's job was director of the Office for Literature (Amt für Literatur). This office harbored what was called a legal residency of my foreign intelligence department, a small team of one or two officers operating out of the ministry's publishing division. Whether Böhm put them onto Porst or whether, as I heard at the time, the first contact was accidental, I do not know. At any rate, in the mid-1950s the two undercover agents got talking to the young entrepreneur at the Leipzig trade fair and found him sympathetic to the East's concerns about West German rearmament. An approach was made to Porst; he was asked to join Adenauer?s Christian Democratic Union and inform on it for us. This was a push too far for the independent-minded businessman. He arranged a meeting with his cousin and said he would be happy to help the East discover more about West German politics but would not be its puppet. As luck would have it, I dropped in on Böhm that summer in Karlsbad, the Czech spa where he was being treated for high blood pressure. “My cousin is very much his own man,” Böhm told me. “He won’t be taken for a ride or ordered about. But he wants to hold talks about the big political picture between the two Germanys. Why don’t you take him on yourself?” My first meeting with Porst was at Böhm’s weekend house outside East Berlin. Porst did not bother to mute his criticisms of the GDR. When I tried to protest that many of our excesses were responses to threats from the West, he shook his head like a management consultant examining a badly run factory and told me our problems were mainly homemade, starting with the discourteous treatment of travelers at the border and ending with the bureaucracy and inefficiency that bedeviled our economy. “Look at those dreadful state shops,” he spluttered. “If I ran them they could be as attractive and profitable as my own photo shops back home.” In those days I was still rather sensitive to such criticism, trapped in the mentality that dictated that one look on the bright side of all things socialist. I was nettled at having this catalogue of failure read out in such a businesslike fashion. But there were some points I had to concede, like the abysmal dullness and one-sidedness of our media. Despite his warts-and-all understanding of the East, Porst believed that the socialist system there, particularly its welfare system and antifascist tradition, represented a worthy alternative to West German capitalism. A subtle indication of this political leaning was a formula he had developed for sharing ownership with his employees. Like many of our businessmen-agents, Porst was constantly in search of a way to indulge the more imaginative side of his nature. He could instantly switch from a tough analysis of his decision to introduce Japanese cameras and electronic goods to the German market—the strategy that had made him a millionaire—to indulging in romantic visions of a better, more just, and socialist Europe. I was fascinated by the details of his work and keen to know more about the world of big capitalism, which we condemned but did not really understand. He on the other hand wanted to discuss Marxist theory. Perhaps there was a capitalist crying to get out of the socialist in me, and vice versa in him. At any rate, we formed a close association that went beyond the details of espionage. He told me he that he could not face joining the Christian Democrats, disliking its militarist strain and Prussian values. They reminded him of the conservative Catholic prewar Center Party, which had proved ineffectual when faced with the threat of Hitler. Instead, he joined the Free Democrats, the natural political home of entrepreneurs. Using his close links via this postwar center party, he was able to sound out leading figures like Walter Scheel, who later became president of West Germany, and the Free Democratic Party leader, Erich Mende. Mende did not suspect Porst of being an agent but knew of his connections with the GDR. With some public figures, there was a fine line between ordinary discourse and cooperation with a foreign power. When old man Adenauer was finally forced to resign in 1963, his successor, Ludwig Erhard, offered Mende a place in the cabinet. Mende, a die-hard liberal, was against bringing his small party into a coalition with a conservative government, but I realized that Mende was sympathetic to the idea of detente and persuaded Porst to convince his friend to join the government. Mende finally did so as minister for German affairs, in which post I regarded him as susceptible to our influence. We would never have approached a minister with the clumsy request to become a formal source. But as long as he was chatting away with old friends and colleagues who reported to us, we did not need to. We even gave Mende a code name, Elk. Cases like this, where a public figure was code-named in a file containing his views, caused great confusion after the collapse of East Germany. It was assumed that a marked card in our filing system meant the subject had knowingly signed on with us. But there were many people we were content to run in the gray middle ground as sources without pushing them too hard, lest they be reminded of their loyalty to their own country and turn away from us. When we decided to hunt around in Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher's background for compromising material, we gave him the code name Tulip. He was terribly annoyed after 1989 to discover this. He had always been particularly circumspect in his contacts because he hailed from Halle, in the East, and knew enough of our methods to guess that we paid him close attention. Of course, we plumbed his past, read all mail between him and old friends and family in his native Halle, and kept an eye on him when he visited. Questions had been raised about Genscher?s relationship with the Soviet authorities during his student days in Halle, and we investigated them thoroughly. I can state with confidence that Genscher had nothing to hide in his youthful past. Soon after he had joined the Free Democrats on our behalf, Porst approached us with an unusual request. He wanted to become a member of our own Socialist Unity Party. This was a new one on me. I consulted comrades who knew their party statutes inside out. They said that strictly speaking, it was impossible for someone who was not an East German citizen to become a full member of the Party. Even the West Berlin branch of our Party was registered as a separate organization, the Socialist Unity Party of West Berlin. But I objected that we could hardly deny Party membership to a man working for our cause in the West, and an exception was made. After two years as a candidate member, the time period young Communists had in which to prove themselves mature and responsible enough to be confirmed, our entrepreneur was received into the Party, the first and last millionaire in its ranks. We showed him his little red membership book, but it was kept in East Berlin, locked in a safe. He seemed a touch disappointed by this, but we never let any such documents out of our hands when the bearer was operating abroad. "You can't exactly carry it with you," I comforted him. "Imagine what would happen if you dropped your wallet and the police found out that the tycoon Hannsheinz Porst just happens to be an East German Communist!" Porst's contacts in both the business and the political spheres were so important to us that we decided to send over a liaison officer to make it as easy as possible for him to pass his reports on to us. He certainly did not think of himself as a spy, and there was never a question of training him in conspiratorial methods. An officer code-named Optic was assigned to him under a false identity and a cover story that he had fled the East. Optic became the private tutor to Porst's children, which gave him an excuse to be in the household. But Optic was far more than a courier. He supplemented Porst?s reports with his own contacts in Bonn as well as in the German Industrial Institute and the various entrepreneurs? associations. This grew until we had to appoint yet another resident agent, code-named Eisert, to back up Porst and Optic. Our first fears for Porst came in the early sixties, when I discovered that he had shared the secret of his activities with his private secretary, Peter Neumann. I suspect that this mistake sprang from Porst's peculiar mixture of naïveté and arrogance. As a wealthy entrepreneur with thousands of employees, several villas, and a private plane at his disposal, he simply expected life to be made as comfortable as possible and his staff to be unfailingly loyal. But he was wrong. For the time being, however, all was well. Porst and I would pass hours discussing ways to steer industry and inter-German trade to overcome the Bonn government’s Hallstein doctrine, which denied recognition to any third country that recognized East Germany, forcing it to choose and thus dissuading all but the pro-Soviet countries from doing so. In a sense, our contacts with people like Porst allowed us a semblance of diplomatic contact with the West, albeit on a covert level. Porst talked of founding a newsmagazine to promote detente between the two Germanys at a time when the West German media heavily opposed it. I was skeptical that an outsider could pull it off, but to my surprise, he managed to launch a TV and radio newspaper supplement called *RTV* as the foundation of a larger and more politically influential magazine. Then, in 1967, disaster struck. Porst was betrayed by Neumann, and to our great shock the incriminating evidence was supported by none other than our man Optic, who presumably saved his own skin by informing on Porst. In a statement after his arrest, Porst continued to maintain that his cooperation with my service had not amounted to treachery. His dramatic announcement said:It is true that I am a millionaire and a Marxist. I was at once a member of the Free Democratic [Liberal] Party of Germany and the Socialist Unity Party [Communist] of Germany. I gave the Free Democrats money for their campaigns at the same time that I paid my dues to the Socialist Unity Party. I live here and held political discussions over there. Is that really such a contradiction? I say: *No*.

Alas, the state prosecutor did not follow this logic, and the court sentenced him to two years and nine months in jail. Porst’s composure never faltered throughout his trial. Asked to describe his contacts with me, he told the court:General Markus Johannes Wolf . . . could be friendly, while keeping his distance. He had no reservations about discussing ideas, even when these did not belong to the official repertoire. He is of the same vintage as myself, wears well-cut suits and is not without humor. I have to say that they weren’t all like that.

For years, this kind description of me would appear in newspapers, accompanied by a picture of a suave-looking man who certainly was not me. I never did find out who he was, but I suppose since the West had no photo of me to use, they had to make do. Today, of course, in the former East Germany the red neon signs of the Porst photo shop chain twinkle in the city centers just as they do in the rest of the country. So in the end my friend did get his wish to see the market work profitably and efficiently in the East. The sad and thankless thing about both of our lives is that to make that happen it took the collapse of a system that half of him and all of me believed in.

The closing of the border meant that the methods of my service became inevitably more complicated and, unfortunately, more expensive. Communication with sources, the transport of agents, preparation of new contacts—all required hard currency that was now more difficult to acquire. I also needed hard currency for technical assistance to agents, listening devices, high-frequency radio boosters, deciphering machines, and other equipment in which we were rapidly falling behind America and West Germany. Our best hope was to buy one piece of the latest equipment and try to copy it cheaply. Almost all such equipment was on the U.S.-managed list of goods forbidden for export to the Eastern bloc, so we had to find people to secure the equipment without its being traced. I also needed hard currency to pay agents in the West and entertain potential informants. I made a practice of not stinting on this. Westerners liked being courted by an espionage service, and the more lavish the welcome, the greater the chance they would feel flattered and respond positively. If one of my agents in West Germany had maneuvered himself close to a political, diplomatic, or business figure in Bonn and invited him for a drink or a meal, he wanted a restaurant with class?not too flashy or fashionable but the sort of good, solid place that suggests sound money and refined taste. The wine would have to be serious, too. Any well-placed Westerner thinking about offering secrets to us had to feel that he was dealing with a reliable, well-funded enterprise. I would never have dreamed of doing things on a shoestring like some of my Soviet counterparts, whose meanness with money was legendary and whose manners often revealed their limited horizons. In the early days, obtaining hard currency to pay for these needs was done unsystematically. But as the service grew, so did our operations, and by the time the Wall was built, we needed more cash than our old methods of financing provided. It was because of this need for funds that I first got to know East Germany's financial wizard, Alexander Schalck-Golodkowski. Schalck, or Alex, as he was known, was a massive man with copious chins, a barrel chest, and a booming voice. I was introduced to him in the mid-1960s by my deputy, General Hans Fruck, who had been the chief of the vast East Berlin department of the Ministry of State Security. There he had dealt with two East German businessmen, Simon Goldenberg and Michael Wischnewski. Contrary to popular belief in the West, private entrepreneurs did exist in the East, but they occupied a shadowy position in society and their activities were carefully monitored by the state, so that in the end, most of them were under the control of the Ministry of State Security. The GDR's need for hard currency was always far greater than the earnings of its modest exports. Goldenberg and Wischnewski made a deal in which the state shared their profits in return for allowing them the freedom to trade goods and stocks. Schalck cut this deal with them as an ambitious official in the Ministry for Inter-German and Foreign Trade. The funds were transferred via Schalck to the Central Committee of the Socialist Unity Party and were used in part to finance some political groups in West Germany and other countries. But Schalck was too sharp an operator to stop there. From the late 1960s onward, when rapprochement between West and East Germany was just beginning, the leadership hived off this part of the foreign trade organization and created a new, covert organization, run by Schalck. Its goal was simple: to acquire, through almost any means necessary, hard currency for the GDR. We needed a go-between who knew the Western stock market, its banking procedures and hidden rules, and Schalck was the perfect candidate. He had autonomy, but he was not in the end independent. The Western businessmen and leaders who dealt with him were unaware that Schalck was secretly a colonel in the Ministry of State Security, and that his real boss was Mielke. Schalck also reported directly to Erich Honecker, the party leader who succeeded Ulbricht, and Günter Mittag, who was the politburo member in charge of the economy. Schalck's status was that of an "officer for special tasks," and through his close links with the Science and Technology Department of the HVA, he was able to obtain embargoed Western computer equipment and high-technology goods. My department helped Schalck determine which Western suppliers might be prepared to sell to the East. Our industry and military were prepared to pay double the going rate. Schalck named his fiefdom Kommerziale Koordination, KoKo for short, a canny move that made it sound respectable in its full form but also zippy and thoroughly modern to Westerners in its shorter version. The organization grew rapidly under Schalck's management—in fact, Schalck was soon known as the *Devisenbeschaffer*—literally "currency acquirer." The most lucrative source of hard currency came through secret negotiations between the GDR and West

Germany's government and several of its leading churches. The calculus was cold and simple: We traded people for goods, which we could then use ourselves or resell for hard currency. Between 1964 and 1990 the GDR released over 33,000 political prisoners and over 215,000 citizens to reunify families and received payments from the West of more than 3.4 billion deutschmarks. Schalck administered much of this money. Until 1989, Schalck's background and the very existence of KoKo was a secret to those outside the tightly knit world of West German high finance, and of course to people in the East. My personal dealings with Schalck were conducted mainly at the Leipzig trade fair, which I viewed as a golden opportunity to size up potential recruits among West German businessmen. My deputy, General Hans Fruck, was in charge of all State Security operations during the fair. The whole thing took on such an air of gamesmanship that Fruck, against all the rules of espionage, was a prominent guest in the grand old Astoria Hotel and could be found every evening at a table in the back of the restaurant surrounded by his circle of East German businessmen and foreign trade representatives, including Schalck. Every department in the Ministry of State Security wanted some of Schalck's time, knowledge, and, ultimately, equipment and money. In all of this there was ample room for siphoning off funds with the help of careless accounting. In 1982 Mielke and Schalck agreed to tighten control of the dealings between the Ministry of State Security and KoKo. Instead of the ministry's departments' dealing with Western firms directly on Schalck's recommendation, all business ran through Schalck's office. Once a year a meeting would take place with Schalck, his deputy, Manfred Seidel, Werner Grossmann, and me to plan for the year ahead. I had a budget of about one million deutschmarks for special acquisitions via KoKo—less than 10 percent of our annual hard currency expenditure. The rest came from the state budget. The Ministry of State Security also made use of the dozens of shell companies Schalck had founded as covers for every kind of business, from importing cars to clandestine shipments of art sold to Western dealers from state collections, to replenish our empty treasury. Our ministry's central budget financed our technical work—falsifying passports, running specialized photo laboratories, and the like—while these companies helped us obtain embargoed products like chemicals and microelectronic equipment. For members of the leadership Schalck could provide cars, videos, furniture, and other luxuries. I was not close to Schalck, but we did meet socially once on the Black Sea coast, where we had both booked a vacation. I was impressed by his ready wit and the way he seemed to have evolved from an East German trade functionary (usually an uninspiring species) into a grandiloquent figure, towering above petty ideological quarrels. He treated the East-West conflict as little more than a minor hindrance to conducting business, which was his first love. But he used other people, no matter what their convictions. He was a shrewd and fundamentally rather cold man. By 1983 Schalck's importance had reached such proportions that he was entrusted by Honecker and Mielke with one of the most sensitive financial tasks possible on behalf of a state: saving it from bankruptcy. He negotiated a loan of one billion deutschmarks, which allowed East Germany to service other outstanding loans to Western banks. Honecker, determined to buy popularity, had imported increasing amounts of consumer goods and had spent huge amounts on his pet housing program, and the books simply did not balance. Through the good offices of the März brothers, Bavarian wholesalers who bought quality meats from the East (making fillet steaks extremely difficult to find in our country, despite high beef production), Franz-Josef Strauss was persuaded to back the loan in return for improvements in travel arrangements for Germans who wanted to visit their families in the East. Schalck and Strauss became political confidants and would indulge in high-level gossip, which Schalck would then report to the Ministry of State Security. Out of this bizarre, multisided deal encompassing deutschmark loans, meat exports, conditions at border crossings, and political reconnaissance came, I suspect, more good than evil. But I also suspect that a lot of individuals were enriched in ways not strictly in accordance with the regulations. After unification, German courts spent years trying in vain to establish how much of this activity was illegal. Some criticized Strauss for backing the loan because it only helped perpetuate the East German state. But in the end, it was the sum of the political, economic, and human bankruptcy of the regime that killed the state, not its immediate financial woes. Looking back, I often ask myself whether things could have been different. My judgment is that East Germany could not have survived as a state socialist system long after 1961 without a closed border. The economic pressures, coupled with the inherent instability of being half a country (and traditionally the poorer half, at that), were simply too strong. But the seeds of the divided Germany's demise began to sprout as soon as the border was fortified and the first concrete slabs put in place along the demarcation line. Cutting off the access of our people to the more attractive part of Germany was a brutal and effective solution, but it was only a short-term one. In the long run it was a disaster. I now see in the moral campaign against the East, which gained strength and conviction by the brooding symbolism of the Wall, one of the decisive reasons for the eventual outcome of the Cold War. No amount of expertise on our part in planning, diplomacy, or the darker arts of espionage could have prevented that.

8

Spying for Love

The link between romance and espionage is no invention of mine. Since time immemorial, security services have used the mating game to gain proximity to interesting figures. But if I go down in espionage history, it may well be for perfecting the use of sex in spying. My Romeo spies gained notoriety across the world by winning women's hearts in order to obtain the state and political secrets to which their targets had access. When it began, I had no idea of the harvest it would bring for us. As far as I was concerned, it was the one instrument among many available to a cash-strapped and inexperienced intelligence service. The historical precedents were, however, promising. In the fourth book of Moses we are told how God ordered Moses to send forth men into the land of Canaan and bring back intelligence. Twelve were chosen, one from each of the tribes, and one was even given a false name—Joshua, who was Hosea, son of Noon—entirely according to the practice of intelligence agencies. After gathering reports about the giants in Canaan and the agricultural policies of this land of milk and honey, they cut off a vine so heavy with grapes that two of the agents had to carry it home on a pole between them. When Joshua became Moses' successor, two of his emissaries to Jericho spent the night in the house of Rahab, a woman of easy virtue. Thus the two oldest professions in the world first encountered each other. The King of Jericho?s counterintelligence people informed him that two strangers had spent the night at Rahab?s. When Rahab saw the guardians of morality approaching, she hid the spies on the roof and told the investigators that she had indeed entertained two gentlemen, but that they had left. I like to imagine that she thus saved the necks of two very spooked agents. One of Rahab?s heirs in the love-and-espionage business was Mata Hari, a Dutchwoman who performed useful services for Germany in the First World War but was an awful spy and was tried and shot by the French in 1917. I would not have kept her on my payroll. In the twentieth century, women began to be useful to intelligence agencies in roles other than as kindhearted prostitutes and seductresses. They took over the formerly male jobs as secretaries to important figures and, with the rise of feminism, became secretaries of state, advisers to politicians, senior academics, and bearers of state secrets themselves. So it was not surprising that the male counterpart to Mata Hari should come along, the Romeo spy. My own first Romeo began work in the early fifties. His code name was Felix and his real identity remains a secret to this day. As a student he had impressed our senior officers on their regular recruitment trips through the provinces scouting for potential agents. These trips mirrored those of East Germany's sporting scouts—who were actually employed by another division of the Ministry of State Security and who went talent hunting for pint-sized gymnasts and other athletes in the school playgrounds. I flatter myself, I believe, that my service achieved a similar record of success in the world rankings of Romeo spies. Our screening process was extremely rigorous. For every hundred candidates our staff found through the Party, the universities, or the youth organizations, only ten would be interviewed, after we had studied their backgrounds and records. Of that number, only one might end up working for us. In the spring of 1952 I traveled with a senior colleague to the small town in southeast Germany where Felix was an engineering student. He was a clever, earnest fellow, but when we disclosed who we were and what we wanted, he was surprised and unenthusiastic because he worried about breaking off his studies. But we urgently needed men to work undercover in the West and persuaded him that life as a spy was not so bad. Certainly it paid better than an anonymous job somewhere in the state apparatus. As with all novices, we started Felix off with a practice mission. His was in Hamburg. We told him that it was a genuine emergency to enable us to evaluate his judgments and actions under pressure. After a preliminary meeting with a contact near the main train station, he was supposed to pick up material from a man on the jetty. We had taught Felix the various methods of determining whether he was being followed. He intently studied our diagrams showing the visual angles from which surveillance is possible and how to avoid certain positions in a crowd. Of course, no matter how many diagrams someone studies, one can never be certain. I have known of agents with decades of experience who came to grief because they were sure they were unobserved when they were in enemy sights. The basic rule, even for the most advanced spy, is never to assume that you are not under surveillance. Our student got off the train and was immediately convinced someone was following him. He broke out in a cold sweat but could not break away from his tail, a figure in a gray overcoat who seemed to turn up wherever he walked. By the time he got to the bridge, he was convinced that a whole legion of men in gray coats was behind him. The fact that these unappealing garments were the fashion in those days did not stop him from thinking that every gray coat he saw must be worn by an undercover man from the other side. So he gave the contact waiting on the bridge the agreed warning signal, shifting the newspaper under his arm to a particular angle to indicate that the mission should be aborted. The transfer of materials did not take place. Later, when Felix had proved to be an excellent operator in Bonn, we would laugh at this false start. But it also contained a vital lesson for me when it came to evaluating trial sessions. Not every agent is born a James Bond. When it comes to a crucial situation, it is the experienced, cautious, methodical spy who has the necessary strength to stay cool and calculate risks wisely. Felix established himself in the West with false papers and started work as a sales representative for a company based in Cologne selling hairdressing and beauty supplies. We wanted him to penetrate West German counterintelligence (the Federal Office for the Protection of the Constitution), which was based in Cologne. But his sales trips to Bonn soon focused our interest on the Chancellery then headed by former Nazi Hans Globke, who, as one of the many born-again democrats, was a close confidant of Chancellor Adenauer and a voluble opponent of communism. We were not happy with the quality of information we were getting from Adenauer’s circle. We had no genuine leads, not even the basic tool for understanding any institution, the internal office telephone directory—to say nothing of any information about the people listed in it. So we decided to divert Felix to the chancellor’s office. Not that we had any idea how a traveling shampoo salesman could penetrate such a carefully guarded place, but our curiosity about Adenauer and our shortage of inside information and contacts meant that we had no choice but to give Felix a try. Felix himself came up with a starting point. He said he would mingle with the crowd at the bus stop closest to the building at the end of the working day and see if he could make some acquaintances. After a few false starts, he did indeed meet a dark-haired secretary from the chancellor’s office, whom we code-named Norma. They began a friendship that soon blossomed into romance and enabled him to learn something of the operations of the chancellor’s office. Once he became established as Norma’s young man, Felix was invited to meet her colleagues for bowling or office excursions on the Rhine pleasure boats. Turning on his southern charm, he could be the life and soul of the party, telling jokes, dancing with the women, and drinking heartily with the men. Norma was glad to have a boyfriend. She was no beauty and, as far as we were concerned, was a means to an end. But human nature is unpredictable. Felix developed genuine feelings for her. They moved in together, but marriage was normally out of the question for any of our agents who had been given a false identity, usually borrowed from another citizen who was dead or had emigrated. The West German authorities checked birth and christening records of those who wanted to marry, and in Norma's case her status in the Chancellery would entail a thorough security check on her prospective spouse. So the majority of our agents had to insist that they were not the marrying kind, were still married to an old spouse, or spin some similar fable. This first Romeo espionage affair continued nicely for several years. Felix never told Norma his real job, which would have ended the relationship, or worse. One day we heard from a mole we had planted inside the Office for the Protection of the Constitution that security had shown an interest in Norma?s partner and was running a check on him. We had to pull Felix back to the East with great speed. She returned from work one day simply to find him gone without explanation. The unfortunate woman must have been devastated to discover that her lover had disappeared, but in a choice between saving an agent and saving a romance, I had to be ruthless. Not for the last time, I had to develop my qualities as an agony uncle. Poor Felix was in a terrible state when he returned to East Berlin. I emptied two bottles of vodka with him one night at one of our country safe houses as he poured out his heart to me. But while his heart was aching, his head, thankfully, continued to work. He passed on a tip about another woman who he thought might be open to establishing contact with us, a middle-aged person full of joie de vivre who was a secretary in Globke's Chancellery. There was no obvious reason to assume that this woman would work with us. But from his personal contacts Felix had formed the impression that she might be influenced by a good-looking man with a self-confident manner and a good cover story. It was the 1950s, and the postwar shortage of men was keenly felt among lonely, middle-aged secretaries yearning for a partner, a gap in the market we helped fill with eligible bachelors of our own. After exhaustive examination of a number of candidates, we chose Herbert Söhler, code-named Astor. He was an amateur pilot who had been on the staff of Field Marshal Kesselring during the war. After being taken prisoner by the Soviets, he had been converted to communism in the prison camp. His Nazi Party membership and his contacts with other officers who had worked for Kesselring blocked his career path in the GDR, so he accepted infiltration into the West on our behalf with enthusiasm and military precision. A few of his friends had settled in Bonn as West Germany began to move toward rearmament. The time was ripe for former military men to decide for good which side they were on in the battle for their divided homeland. It was not difficult for us to send him in this direction, particularly in the wake of the failed 1953 uprising, which had demonstrated the full extent of Soviet control in East Germany and prompted a good numbers of waverers to go West. Söhler moved to the Bonn area and found a job as a real estate agent. He joined the nearby flying club at Hangelar, whose members included many government employees seeking weekend adventure. It did not take him long to make contact with Gudrun, as we had now code-named the secretary Felix had mentioned. Our hopes were soon fulfilled. She saw Söhler as a good catch, while he soon discovered that memos about Adenauer's contacts with Reinhard Gehlen, the spy chief, passed across Gudrun's desk. She became his girlfriend. After a while, he suggested he should try to recruit her by posing as a Soviet intelligence officer. This seemed strange, but we soon discovered that he had the right instinct. Gudrun recognized the Soviet Union as a global power while she rejected the GDR's claim to be a legitimate nation-state. Söhler related his wartime experiences: the destruction caused by Hitler's armies and the inspiring Russian cultural officer who lectured him in prison camp about the ties between the Russian and German peoples. We decided to conduct her formal recruitment in an isolated vacation spot in the Swiss Alps so that we could beat a hasty retreat with Söhler if she reacted badly to our proposal. We always tried to avoid directly propositioning a West German on the territory of the Federal Republic, since it is an old counterintelligence trick to shadow a suspected recruiter, prime his intended target, and then film the recruitment to gain evidence of espionage activity and grounds for immediate arrest. Inviting a potential recruit to a meeting with senior intelligence officers in East Germany or elsewhere is also a useful final test of readiness to enter into a binding espionage relationship. At this point even the dimmest soul understands the nature of the offer without anything actually having to be said. In this case, our careful planning and wooing of Gudrun in expensive Swiss restaurants turned out to be superfluous. Söhler must have been a master at the art of persuasion, because the recruiting turned out to be a formality. This taught me that many women who are recruited by the men they love often sense that their partners are working for the other side, even if they may be unwilling to admit it to themselves for a long time. After that, we never underestimated the fact that the secretaries might suspect that our men were agents, even if this knowledge was suppressed. That also meant that the Romeo must have a quick and safe path back to East Berlin if his prospective Juliet balks. Unfortunately, Söhler developed a serious lung disease, which ended his work for us. We called him back to the East, where he later died of his illness. All attempts to interest Gudrun in another romantic intelligence partner failed. Some women became hooked on the espionage itself—the excitement and intimacy of a shared secret—and they could be directed toward another partner if the first had to vanish for security reasons. Others were one-man women, and there was nothing we could do about it. Gudrun was one of these. Contrary to popular rumor, we never tried blackmail to retain them. The risk of their running back to the West Germans full of repentance and bearing a colorful and propagandistically effective tale was too great, and so, regretfully, we said good-bye to Gudrun. With the information she had provided we were, however, finally able to launch our campaign against Globke. This led to his resignation in 1963, a net gain for us in the removal of an obsessive opponent of East Germany while simultaneously bringing to the West's attention the extent to which ex-Nazis served the West German government.

My conviction grew that women recruited by our Romeos could provide top-quality information, but the more we used the tactic, the higher the risk of its discovery. Sooner or later, the bubble had to burst, but amazingly, this did not happen until 1979. Ingrid Garbe, a secretary in the West German mission to NATO in Brussels, was arrested by West Germany for spying for the East. The media there presented this as the biggest case of treason in the history of the Federal Republic. The truth was, from an intelligence point of view, Garbe was important but not indispensable. We had others. But the fact that she was a woman seemed to awaken dim memories of Mata Hari. The stereotype of the "spy for love" was born and the press could not get enough of it. In March, the news agencies announced the defection of Ursel Lorenzen, a member of NATO's general secretariat, to East Berlin. To the consternation of her NATO colleagues, she appeared without warning on East German television, explaining that she had chosen to reveal her inside knowledge of the organization. Ursel had been with NATO for twelve years, most recently in the Operations Directorate, where she had access to planning papers and details of crisis management at headquarters. Of special interest to us was her information about procedures in the situation room, where all political, military, and intelligence reports were assembled and evaluated and where NATO prepared its most important assessments, the East-West Studies. After Ursel's defection, Imelda Verrept, a Belgian secretary at NATO, also asked for asylum in East Germany. While the leadership in East Berlin boasted of these defections, they put me in a thoroughly bad mood. The sudden public appearances in the East of these women, while useful propaganda for the Communist leadership, were in fact an informational loss for our service. The triumph of having NATO employees seek asylum in East Germany, however pleasant a change it might have been from Easterners demanding shelter in West Germany, paled beside the usefulness of having them in place in the enemy camp and delivering their valuable secret intelligence. In the spring of 1979, while I was on a skiing trip, another report came in, of the arrest of an Ursula Höfs, a secretary in the West German Christian Democratic Party headquarters, along with her husband. Her name meant nothing to me at first, since at headquarters we only used our agents' cover names and held the real ones on a need-toknow basis. Not wanting to risk a telephone call to East Berlin to find out which of our spies she was, I hurried back, listening to the reports on West German radio and trying to figure out just whose cover had been blown. One week after the disappearance of Ursula Höfs, the defection of two more Bonn secretaries hit the headlines. Inge Goliath had worked for Werner Marx, a head of the CDU's major think tank for foreign, defense, European, and inter-German policies. She had been delivering strategy papers on defense and Cold War policies for ten years, and in this nervous climate, we felt that it would be safer to withdraw her. The very next day, the tabloid *Bild-Zeitung's* headlines screamed NOW BIEDENKOPF'S SECRETARY IS GONE TOO. A photograph showed Kurt Biedenkopf, the popular chairman of the Christian Democrats and deputy leader of the party. Smiling beside him was his assistant, Christel Broszey. Christel had behaved impeccably as an agent under orders to leave. Betraying no fear, she left her boss with a cheery wave and the words, ?I?m off to the hairdresser?s. See you tomorrow??never to return. The newspapers reported she was a "supersecretary," who had regularly been placed among the top five in the professional championships in both typing and stenography. These qualities had impressed both Biedenkopf and his two predecessors and had also proved extremely useful to us. Because Christel had worked for three different Christian Democratic Party chairmen over a long period, it was impossible for the West Germans to figure out the extent of her knowledge and exactly what damage she had done. One week later Helga Rödiger, secretary to Manfred Lahnstein, senior civil servant in the Finance Ministry, also said a casual good-bye to her boss and headed for East Berlin. Rödiger was a valuable source, since Lahnstein was an expert on the monetary structure of the European Community and a close adviser to Helmut Schmidt as he rose from finance minister to chancellor. Escape routes for our agents were always agreed to in advance. The agent was usually told to fly via countries considered to be low risk, such as Belgium, Holland, or Switzerland, and to arrive at an East German border control with a West German passport cover containing no document inside. The border officials knew this agreed-upon signal. The guard would call a superior, who would, under guise of waving the person through, take the fleeing agents into a small side room and make contact with us on a special telephone. I was distraught and puzzled. The only thing most of the secretaries had in common was that their husbands or the men they lived with were our agents living under aliases in West Germany. Probably these men had registered as doppelgängers in the name of West Germans who had emigrated. Presumably each fleeing Juliet suspected that her cover was about to be blown. But how had the authorities discovered their real identities as our agents? It was clear to me that the West Germans had succeeded in cracking some of our infiltration methods. Until then we had arrogantly assumed that these methods were safe, but I quickly decided that we had to start over. We made a painful but necessary decision to call home some more of our female agents together with their Romeos. For Ursula H?fs and her husband, this order had come too late. They were tried and sentenced to two years in prison. The 1979 arrests turned out to be the result of the replacement of Günther Nollau as head of the Office for the Protection of the Constitution (West German counterintelligence) by Dr. Richard Meier. He introduced a high degree of professionalism—far too high for my liking—and made it clear that loyalty to the service was more important than party or political connections. He devised something called Operation Registration, a meticulous examination of the background of all those who might be suspect. At first we could not see what these setbacks had in common. I noted in my diary:A comprehensive reexamination of all resettlements and visits from abroad has been commenced by West German intelligence, something that we had not hitherto considered possible or practicable. This is causing severe headaches. For better or for worse, we are going to have to accept a degree of defeat and refrain from trying to infiltrate people or, in some cases, consciously accept the fact that we are taking a big risk. This is a real life-or-death struggle and the opposition is breathing down our necks. On the outside it does not seem dramatic at all, but it causes inner tension and insecurity. One must have strong nerves to survive, but still not allow one's skin to grow too thick.

I never forgot that behind every case was a human being who had put his trust in us and his life on the line. A spy chief who callously sacrifices his agents in pursuit of his own goals soon loses the respect and trust of those working on the invisible front. My puzzled suspicions about West German investigative procedures continued as our losses mounted.

Often in the wake of an agent's arrest in the West, we would start investigations at headquarters on the suspicion that a mole might have worked his way into our department that prepared false passports. Suspicions like this are the worst kind of poison for an intelligence service, undermining the trust on which the entire operation is based and sometimes crippling it. Especially damaging were West German arrests of valuable sources that turned out to have resulted from the unmasking and interrogation of controllers whom we had infiltrated into the West. We had to pull numerous agents back to the East, but still could not divine how the West Germans were discovering our secrets. At first all we had to go on were hints from one of our sources about a comprehensive reexamination by counterintelligence in Cologne of all cross-border travel into West Germany. We were informed that a small army of bureaucrats, mainly pensioners, had apparently been installed in the offices where foreign visitors or people moving from one region to another are required to register their new residence. This team of granddaddies was carefully combing the files for certain characteristics. We had no idea what they were looking for, although the term “screening profile” kept popping up in all our incoming reports from the West. I set up a working party, reporting directly to me, to figure out what criteria the West Germans were using to weed out suspicious figures. We already knew that solitary male travelers between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five years were supposed to be questioned if they were carrying a small amount of hand luggage or if their clothing or haircut did not match perfectly with their identity papers. What we did not know until much later was that West German intelligence had spotted certain characteristics typical of East Germans. As hippie fashions spread in the West but were discouraged in the East, young Western males, particularly if traveling casually, tended to have long hair. Our recruits, often teachers, wore their hair short, but even the short haircuts differed subtly between the two Germanys. As for the East German teachers, good training could do a lot for them, but turning one into a convincing hippie was nearly impossible. Once alerted by the train guards, undercover men based at the main railway stations would watch the suspect’s behavior after he left the train. For instance, very few native Easterners could resist making a detour to shops near the station to look at the unfamiliar goods in the windows, in which Westerners had little interest. Such tiny differences were being carefully monitored. These tactics of Operation Registration became evident to us only after years of confusion. Ironically, it was Meier himself who gave the game away. He chose to introduce himself as the new head of the service with a grand drumroll, announcing the arrest of sixteen East German agents who had been smuggled in through third countries. Newspapers spoke of a total of forty additional investigations. This news ended our speculation about whether it was possible for the West Germans to filter out the minute number of our people who were mixing in with hundreds of thousands of travelers. Meier thus effectively confirmed the methods he was using to detect our agents. Painful as this setback was, we were able to recall a lot of our endangered agents and suspend the infiltration. Had he kept quiet about his successes, he might well have been able to keep our side guessing for a very long time about his methods. By targeting the arrests more carefully or waiting until the suspect had made contact with the whole range of sources before moving in, he could have done a lot more damage. Showmanship in a service chief tends to build up a glamorous reputation at the severe risk of sacrificing his achievements. As usual in one of these big psychological operations, the West German Interior Ministry moved quickly to demand that our agents give themselves up before they were caught—a common bluff in the great game of inter-German espionage. However, this attempt made little impact. Cooperation with us had become part of the lives of most informants and undercover agents, and they were generally immune to such invitations. For most of my agents, such immunity was due to a mixture of political conviction, a resistance—nurtured by us—against psychological warfare, and a natural aversion to giving themselves up. Every human being lives in hope that he or she will be spared the bitter cup. So it was, at least in most cases, and, if not, it was too late anyway. Hansjoachim Tiedge, a leading official in the Office for the Protection of the Constitution who defected to us in 1985, told us that Cologne had discovered no fewer than two hundred suspected false identities over a decade. Between 1972 and 1982, the final score, according to my reckoning, was some thirty of our agents exploded, i.e., arrested in West Germany, and three times that number withdrawn by us to the East in time. Since agents once pulled back can never be used in the same territory again, Operation Registration cost us about a hundred good operatives—a big blow. Despite his hunger for publicity I must give Meier credit for a carefully orchestrated campaign intended to unsettle our network and its control centers in West Germany. He next began to target me personally and spread rumors about my “imminent demise.” The *International Herald Tribune* ran a story headed, is MISCHA WOLF LOSING HIS TOUCH? Another Western paper landed on my desk bearing the headline WOLF WORKS OVERTIME. But the truth of the matter was somewhat less sensational; work went on, and while we adapted our methods to Operation Registration, we did not moderate our efforts. Consider Helga Rödiger, code-named Hannelore. The man who had recruited her had to be recalled because of a scare about his security. Keen not to lose her, we looked through our files and found another Romeo candidate, a young agent code-named Gert who had been infiltrated into the Federal Republic. He had taken the identity of a West German citizen named Robert Kresse, who had emigrated to New Zealand. I decided to oversee the match myself, partly because I was curious to meet Helga, whose work for us had been outstanding, and partly because she had told us that she had a choice between moving with her boss to the Finance Ministry or staying in the chancellor’s office. She sent a coded message through her courier to East Berlin asking what she should do: an unusual embarrassment of riches. On the one hand, a source in the Chancellery was of great importance to us. On the other, she had a close working relationship with her boss; he trusted her with confidential information about budgets and internal politics. We had no idea whether she could achieve similar results in the Chancellery. The Winter Olympics in Innsbruck, Austria, in 1976 provided good cover for a meeting. Helga rented a holiday bungalow near the village. On our first meeting, she declared herself ready to accept one of our agents in the West as her go-between. We promptly produced Gert. I watched them hopefully at dinner, but there was no sign of early attraction between them. In any event, we concluded that the Finance Ministry was the safer option for her, and so she moved and continued sending us secrets. In time, a relationship did indeed blossom between Helga and Gert. It proved to be a genuine and lasting one. After we had to withdraw her, in 1979, he too was called back to the East, where they were finally free to marry. The service took place in the picturesque town of Wernigerode in the mountains and I was a guest of honor, as befits the matchmaker.

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As might have been expected, my Romeo agents had become the subject of frenzied analysis in the Western intelligence world. They also caught the popular imagination. The *Bild-Zeitung* put together a photo montage with twelve women in our pay under the headline THE SECRETARIES WHO SPIED FOR LOVE. A weekly-magazine cover story showed a naked bosom decorated with East German medals. I sensed that Western services were concerned about our success rate and were obviously devoting time and money to cultivating their own image of the victims in the media. The secretaries were relentlessly portrayed as pitiful, misused victims, all of a certain age, single and hungry for love, delivered helpless into the arms of misfortune. In order to increase the deterrence value, West German state security maintained that the Romeo spies used the affections of their conquests cold-bloodedly, only to disappear at the first scent of danger. But an internal report by Herbert Hellenbroich, then deputy head of West German counterintelligence, admitted more prosaically, “The relationships arose for the main part without pressure or blackmail. Neither did money play a major role. Usually it was ideological motivation or simply attraction that lured the women.” The truth is that we rarely spotted vulnerable Little Red Riding Hoods and targeted them specifically, unless—as in Söhler's case—we had a tip from one of our men. The way that it usually worked was like this: When we sent a young male agent to the West with a specific espionage task, we would say to him, "OK, you are likely to have a private life like anybody else, but if you do happen on a secretary, and a well-placed one at that, so much the better." The rest was up to him. Of course, not every man is automatically attracted to a secretary, but one has to remember that our agents were extremely loyal people of conviction who were used to making sacrifices and accepting personal restrictions for the sake of something they believed in. Contrary to the wilder rumors, they were not schooled in the *ars amatoria* back in East Berlin. Some were better than others at this sort of thing. They were sharp operators who realized that a lot can be done with sex. This is true in business and espionage because it opens up channels of communication more quickly than other approaches.

I would be failing to give a truthful picture, however, if I did not reveal in detail some of the more exotic and tragic operations in which my men took part. There were two super-Romeos, each with a different style and area of operation. The first was Roland G., a king of melodrama. Roland G. was the director of a small but well-regarded East German theater in Annaberg in the Erzgebirge mountains, the sort of place gifted actors and directors would wind up when they were considered too politically risky for the main city theaters. He was known for his wonderful performance of Faust in Goethe's play about a man hungry for all human experience who seduces and disgraces a simple girl called Margarete. Highly intelligent, fine-featured, and with an actor's talent for disguise, he was a perfect Romeo candidate. I had a regional branch office in Karl-Marx-Stadt (rechristened Chemnitz after unification) with a reputation for conceiving wild schemes and baroque projects, and officers there spotted Roland G.'s abilities and also his love of good living. In 1961 he was sent to Bonn with instructions to approach a woman named Margarete, an interpreter at Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers Europe (SHAPE), NATO's command center, then located at Fontainebleau near Paris. Because of the international aspect, Roland G. was given a foreign identity. He soon perfected his role as Kai Petersen, a Danish journalist who spoke good German with a Scandinavian lilt—no problem for a good actor. Margarete, lovely, unmarried, and very Catholic, worked diligently inside NATO and lived a quiet life. Three of our agents had already tried and failed to win her stout heart. Roland G. was made of sterner stuff. He managed to arrange a trip to Vienna with her, showing himself an attentive suitor by introducing this shy woman to the voluptuous Italian nudes displayed in the Kunsthistorisches Museum, escorting her to the Spanish Riding School, and finally to the extravagant Dehmel café for rich cakes and Viennese coffee—all, of course, at the expense of our intelligence service. Sometimes, his outlays would strike the case officer as rather high, even for such a recruit, but he was a wise man and knew that espionage offered Roland G. a long leash and large budget to enjoy luxuries denied him in puritan East Germany. One night, after a successful evening at the Burgtheater, she repaid his attentions with a single kiss and the words, "I have never had such a lovely time with anyone before." They spent their first night together and the next morning he emptied his heart to her—some of it anyway. He told his new love that he was an officer with Danish military intelligence, explaining that small nations like Denmark often felt left out in NATO and needed their own confidential information. Margarete accepted this and was delighted when he said that, in the course of his work, he would often be in Paris and would love to see her there. She agreed to help him by supplying NATO secrets. From time to time, he would meet her in a small hotel and she would disclose details of her work, in particular the preparations and evaluations of the alliance's military maneuvers. This gave us an excellent idea of how the organization perceived its own strengths and weaknesses, knowledge vital to the Warsaw Pact's own planning. She also delivered useful logistical information from the naval and ground forces departments where she worked as an interpreter from time to time. The Soviets—with whom we naturally shared this information—were not so easily satisfied. They were extremely keen for the ultimate prize: NATO's deployment plans and the exact targeting and timing of its nuclear weapons for a first strike against the East. Occasionally Marshal Koshevoi, the supreme Soviet commander in East Germany, would appeal to my pride when trying to wheedle NATO's nuclear war plans out of me. "You [East] Germans are so good. Can't you get us some more of the coordinates?" he would say, alluding to the exact map locations of the NATO bases, which the Soviets wanted to knock out first in any nuclear conflict. With terrifying bonhomie he would continue, "We don't need your papers. All we need are those coordinates, and we can drop a bomb on them and slice right through the West." I was rather sore about this, since I prided myself that my service was able to deliver more in-depth analytical information than a load of map grid references. Nevertheless, while we helped Moscow in its search for most of the coordinates in Europe, we never succeeded in filling in the whole picture, probably because the Pentagon had the good sense to keep such essential data well away from its West German allies, whom they regarded as far from leak-proof?and not without good reason. Meanwhile, Margarete was suffering pangs of conscience like her agonized namesake in Goethe's story. Her peace was gone, her heart was torn, as the great German dramatist put it. It had taken a long time to persuade her to pass on the documents we needed, even to a man whom she loved and who was, allegedly, from the harmless Danish intelligence service. And her strict Roman Catholicism made her uneasy about continuing an affair outside of marriage. The main thing our man had in common with the heroes of popular spy fiction was a taste for pretty women and luxurious destinations, so the couple spent Christmas and New Year's of 1962—63 in the pretty resort of Arosa, Switzerland. There she told him she was unwilling to continue both the espionage and romantic partnership without undergoing a full confession in the presence of a priest and receiving a firm offer of marriage. Thinking on his feet, Roland G. said that marriage was out of the question because his work for Copenhagen meant that he could be called away at any time for long periods. As for Margarete's desire to confess her sins, although Roland G. knew that the Roman Catholic church's rules on the confidentiality of the confessional were absolute, he also knew that a good agent takes no risk. So he asked Margarete to wait until a reliable Danish priest could be found. For this of course he did not look in Denmark but in the branch headquarters of our intelligence office in Karl-Marx-Stadt, where his request caused quite a stir. We had tricks up our sleeves, but producing Danish-speaking Catholic priests to order was not one of them. But Roland G. had promised, and an intelligence service, like a gentleman, always endeavors to keep the word of one of its men. We managed to create a "Potemkin marriage"—a facade—using an agent dressed up as a military chaplain. He was taught how to conduct a confession, but his Danish was nonexistent, so we had to send him off on a crash course to learn a few words of greeting and farewell for the sake of verisimilitude and, more important, to replace the broad native twang of Saxony in his German with a suitably Nordic accent. We found a small and infrequently used church in a Jutland village, and when the coast was clear our man slipped into the priest?s side of the confessional and Margarete was ushered in to bare her soul to him. It should come as no surprise that this priest proved understanding in the extreme and told her to carry on spying with the blessing of the Lord. I had worried that the whole business was likely to end up in a messy farce, but to my surprise it worked. Sometimes in the game of spying, the most bizarre ruses succeed and the simple ones fail. As for the moral side of things, I am often asked today whether I felt guilt or shame about such machinations. On the whole, the honest answer would be no. In retrospect, some things did get out of hand, but at the time we believed that the end justified the means. Margarete's links with us ended when we withdrew Roland G. from West Germany because we feared he had come under scrutiny there. For a while she continued to work with a successor Romeo, but that combination proved unproductive. Her involvement in espionage had always been for Roland G.'s sake. When he was gone, there was no real motivation for her to continue. Our other top Romeo, unlike Roland G., was a man whom no one would suspect of having that kind of allure. His name was Herbert Schröter, an inelegant name in German, and he was built to match: bullish, with a square head, broad shoulders, and a loud voice. It remains a mystery to me what it was about him that was so attractive to women, but there must have been something, because in the course of his career he managed to persuade two highly placed and resourceful secretaries to spy for us. He was, alas, a source of ill fortune for the women involved. Through no fault of his own, both ended up under arrest, while each time he was able to slip free. His story demonstrates what a random game of chance Romeo espionage can be. Sometimes the tactic can lead to true and lasting romantic relationships, sometimes to tragedy. We had sent Herbert to the Alliance Française in Paris in the early 1960s. This establishment was a favorite recruiting ground for us, known as the secretaries' sandpit because government employees were sent there to learn French. There he met the nineteen-year-old Gerda Osterrieder, a bright and slender girl. An affair began, and in time he revealed his real identity to her. She agreed to obtain a transfer to the Foreign Office and become an informant for us, a task she carried out with astonishing enthusiasm and efficiency Beginning in 1966 she was employed at Telco, the decoding center of the Bonn Foreign Office, where all telegrams from embassies abroad were deciphered. Herbert?s cover in Bonn was as a commercial agent. Telco's working methods were, to say the least, casual. In those days reports arrived on tickertape. Gerda was able to slip whole bundles of the stuff into her capacious handbag and ferry it out of the building without a single security check. In 1968 she was sent to Washington for three months as holiday relief and was employed as a decoder in the West German embassy, where she outdid herself on our behalf, passing on reports on the state of relations between Bonn and Washington as well as the West German ambassador's judgments on American domestic and foreign policy. Later in the same year, Gerda and Herbert continued their joint efforts for us in Bonn. Five years later, she was moved to Warsaw. Her relationship with Herbert suffered under the strain of separation, and she began drinking heavily, but we left Herbert in West Germany, lest a move to Poland arouse suspicion. Unfortunately for us, she found comfort with a West German journalist who, it transpired, was an undercover agent for Bonn. To this man she revealed that she was passing information to us, and he persuaded her to confess. At least her personal loyalty to Herbert was sufficiently intact for her to telephone him just in time. Her message—“Go to our friends. It is very important”—was a previously agreed-upon warning signal that allowed him to flee to East Berlin before the net closed in. What happened then was the sort of drama that occurs often in spy fiction but seldom in real intelligence work. Herbert was back with us, having escaped arrest by a whisper. Gerda was holed up in the West German ambassador’s Warsaw villa to keep her away from any undesirable contacts with her former masters. We received news that two West German intelligence officers had arrived to question her. That night my emergency telephone lines were burning up because I was still clinging to the hope that Gerda might change her mind and return to us. I contacted my colleagues in Polish foreign intelligence, who agreed with me that every possible attempt should be made to hinder her departure. This was not a simple operation. I was always uneasy when another socialist country was dragged into an inter-German espionage affair, in particular Poland, whose national pride did not easily accept the fact that we monitored its relations with West Germany. Even before the rise of Solidarity, relations between East Berlin and Warsaw were touchy, and I rightly guessed that if our mission failed, I would receive a stern lecture from my counterpart, Miroslav Milevski, a strong nationalist and the chief of Warsaw?s foreign intelligence who later became Poland?s interior minister. We set up a last “rescue line.” As the deputy head of the West German mission shepherded our quarry to the airport and passed the final customs control, an undercover Polish agent stepped forward and offered her asylum in Warsaw. For a moment Gerda hesitated, and the West German diplomat froze, terrified that he was going to go down in diplomatic history as the man who lost a confessed spy to the Communists right there, on the airport tarmac. Finally, however, Gerda shook her head and boarded the Lufthansa plane. Back home in Düsseldorf, she was tried for espionage “in a particularly serious instance” and received a three-year sentence, shorter than usual because she had obliged the West Germans with details of her past work for us. We had tried a daring rescue and failed. I was in a sour mood about the whole affair and thought we had slipped up in our handling of the romance between Gerda and Herbert by being too cavalier. Moreover, we now were stuck with Herbert, a bluff and awkward man. He would never fit in at headquarters and had been unmasked as an undercover agent through Gerda’s return to the West. To gain time to think, I sent him off to the Black Sea in Bulgaria for a holiday. A few weeks later back he came, extremely pleased with himself: “I think I’ve got you another useful girlfriend.” My jaw dropped. On the beach he had met a stunningly attractive brunette named Dagmar Kahlig-Scheffler. He introduced himself under yet another false name (he had been through so many identities down the years, I wonder whether even he could remember them). Now he was Herr Herbert Richter. Dagmar told him that she was on holiday recovering from a painful divorce. Herr Richter declared that he too was a divorce and understood how tough this could be. Then he began a holiday romance with her. One afternoon in her room, he leafed through that week’s newsmagazine and to his consternation caught sight of a lengthy report of Gerda’s trial. And there was his photograph, too, right next to Gerda’s and clearly recognizable. Her favorite was presented in lurid detail as the devil incarnate, wrecker of women?s lives. He had little choice but to confide his identity as Schr?ter the Eastern agent to his new girlfriend. Fortunately, she was impressed by his honesty, and the two continued the romance. Since Herbert was persona non grata in the Federal Republic, we had to invite Dagmar to East

Berlin for weekends. She was working as an assistant to a Munich journalist, which was not a very interesting prospect for us. As time went on, she made it clear that she was so grateful for the cozy weekends in the East that she would not decline work on our behalf. We proposed that she learn French and stenography, paid her tuition, and even paid for her small daughter to attend a Swiss boarding school. Dagmar moved to Bonn at our request, but her training was still insufficient for her to obtain a government job. But we did not give up—I think our patience far exceeded that of any other espionage service. She took a job as assistant to a university professor. Aided by his excellent references, she managed after a year's employment with him to land a post in Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's office in the autumn of 1975. The early weeks of such a deployment were always tense for us in East Berlin. Security had been tightened, and there was now a tenweek probation period during which a new employee's background and acquaintances were checked out. Dagmar passed with flying colors. Of course, we had to stop her trips to East Berlin but arranged for her instead to meet Herbert in Vienna, Geneva, and Innsbruck. We gave her the code name Inge and she worked for us for several years, passing to us information on the internal workings of the Schmidt team and the mood in the Bonn leadership. We were particularly interested in her reports on the strained atmosphere at Schmidt's first meetings with President Jimmy Carter to discuss European security. She was a hardworking secretary, popular with her colleagues for her readiness to stay late if work demanded and to fill in on the late or holiday shift for colleagues with family responsibilities. In these quiet hours, she would busy herself doing the office photocopying, preparing an extra copy for us or microfilming important documents when no one was looking. Her bond with Herbert was very strong, despite their geographical separation. Dagmar wanted desperately to marry. In accordance with our usual rules, we warned against it, but fearing that she might quit our service, we set up another of our Potemkin weddings. We made out an East German identity card for her in her maiden name and flew her from Bonn via Vienna to East Berlin, where she was taken to a registry office in the Lichtenberg district not far from our ministry?s headquarters in the Normannenstrasse. All the formalities were observed. The official asked Dagmar and Herbert if they were free to marry and delivered the standard speech about lifelong commitment and the seriousness of matrimony. Rings were exchanged and the wedding march was played. Although the couple signed the marital register, unbeknownst to them the page was removed from the book and destroyed after they left the building. Years later, when Dagmar discovered after her arrest that her marriage, not having been properly registered, was null and void, she was furious. Her career came to an end in 1977 through no mistake of her own. Suspicion fell on her control officer in the West, Peter Goslar, who had been settled by us in Düsseldorf with his wife, Gudrun, under false identities. The Goslars had been channeled into the Federal Republic via London, where we had given them a British identity as Mr. and Mrs. Antony Roge. But in the course of a computer-aided swoop on unusual resettlements from abroad, the couple caught the eye of West German counterintelligence. They were observed for some time, and when their apartment was searched, the officials found documents hidden in the vegetable basket and the bathroom. These included Schmidt's notes on a confidential conversation with the British prime minister, James Callaghan, who complained about the White House's inadequate grasp of European realities and used words like "arrogance" and "stupidity" to describe the Americans. The investigation team did not take long to figure out where the notes came from. They filmed the Goslars' meetings with Dagmar. The next time they were away, their flat was searched again, yielding the briefing papers from Schmidt's office for the West German position at the London economic summit in 1978. Dagmar was arrested, tried, and sentenced to four years and three months in prison. During my own trial, I met an elderly guard in the Düsseldorf court who had seen a number of our secretary-spies. Dagmar stood out in his mind among all the others, and he told me, "She was the most fantastic-looking woman I have ever seen.? As for Schr?ter, his glory days were also finished. He was forced to live a quiet life back in the East with no more exotic holiday romances.

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Gabriele Gast was a rarity in a male-dominated field and became the most highly placed woman in the Federal Intelligence Service (BND), rising to the position of senior analyst for the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. Her famously perceptive reports on East bloc developments landed on Chancellor Helmut Kohl's desk. What neither he nor her superiors at the BND knew was that they also landed on mine. Gaby's case started out as a Romeo affair, although I would be reluctant to describe her as a Juliet because she was a brilliant woman who acted according to her own convictions and ideas. The daughter of a conservative middle-class family, she was a student member of the Christian Democratic Youth Movement, a robustly right-wing organization, and in 1968 visited East Germany to work on a doctoral thesis on the political role of women in the GDR. In Karl-Marx-Stadt she met a mechanic called Karl-Heinz Schmidt; it would take two decades for her to discover that his real name was Schneider. The encounter was no accident. Schmidt/ Schneider was in the pay of State Security in Saxony and would later rise to the rank of major. Rough and ready, he had a sort of proletarian charm that can be fatally attractive to sheltered middle-class women. She found his old-fashioned Christian name too stuffy and affectionately called him Karlizcek. He courted her assiduously with trips into the countryside, and they spent a romantic summer together. Then he revealed his true status and introduced her to his superior, an experienced intelligence officer called Gotthold Schramm. Gaby was fascinated by this unheralded insight into the internal workings of the East. When her new acquaintances asked her to cooperate with them, she hesitated until they told her she would be prevented from seeing Karliczek again if she declined. She then agreed, returning to West Germany to continue her studies in Aachen but coming east every three months to receive espionage training and meet her boyfriend. Her East German handlers began without firm plans for Gaby but thought of steering her toward a career in Bonn, perhaps in a ministry. At this point, however, fate took over. We were not the only ones interested in Gaby. Her doctoral supervisor was an eminent professor of Eastern European studies, Klaus Mehnert, who had contacts with the BND and was widely believed to be one of its academic recruiters. Gaby was his star student, and when she completed her doctorate in 1973 she was offered a coveted job as a political analyst in the BND's highly regarded Pullach Institute near Munich. We were of course delighted at this turn of events. We kept our promise and allowed her to go on visiting Karlizcek. Soon afterward they celebrated their engagement in a safe house in the East. Schramm was on hand to open the Russian champagne and brought along a cassette with the recorded good wishes of the head of the regional secret service. We always paid great attention to the romantic side of such liaisons. Gaby's work for us was flawless. She gave us an accurate picture of the West's knowledge of and its judgments regarding the entire East bloc. This proved vitally important to us in handling the rise of Solidarity in

Poland in the early eighties. Blessed with an unerring eye for the sort of material that would interest us, she was a brilliant analyst in her own right and would plough through mountains of classified West German material on political and economic developments in the East bloc and Soviet Union, summarizing the points she knew would interest us in East Berlin. If we required the original documents, she would microfilm them and conceal them in fake deodorant bottles. We initially instructed her to deposit them in the lavatory tanks of the trains traveling from Munich across the border to the East. Later this was deemed too risky as well as insufficient to accommodate the flow of information she was providing. A female go-between would meet her at a Munich swimming pool and they would pass the information between their changing rooms, which had been specified in coded radio messages we sent her from East Berlin. During her many years with us, Gaby developed a highly professional satisfaction in what she did. She also continued meeting her lover, Karlizcek, for holiday assignations. We treated our lovebirds well, offering them vacations in the Alps or on the Mediterranean coast. But in time the relationship that had first ensnared her faded in importance for her. I think that she hung on to the not particularly prepossessing Karlizcek because she liked the occasional comfort the relationship offered and she was a strong-minded, independent woman who was unwilling to fall into a conventional partnership at home. She also carried an extra emotional burden. Her brother's wife had adopted a severely handicapped child, which proved too much for the couple. Unwilling to have the child sent to an institution, Gaby took over his care despite the heavy demands on her time and energy. She was also preoccupied by what might happen to him if she were discovered. She suffered anxiety attacks and sometimes talked of cutting her ties with us. I was determined not to lose her and in 1975 took the unusual step of meeting her personally in Yugoslavia. At first the atmosphere was strained, because no picture of me had yet appeared in the West and to her I was the faceless head of East German intelligence. But she soon recovered her composure and flung herself into a passionate debate about *Ostpolitik* and the internal situation in East Germany, about which she had no illusions. I asked about her personal situation, her life at work—of course, Karlizcek was there with her—and we also discussed how she might best advance her career prospects in the BND. I assured her that I would guard her identity in my service with absolute secrecy and give her our full support. Later, we would meet in other places such as a pretty house in Split on the Yugoslav Dalmatian coast, an unsuspicious holiday destination for our agents in the West that carried no great risk for me either. The virulent Western media campaigns against me and threats to expose our agents served only to make her more determined, and her ideological commitment became firmer as the years passed. Like many young West Germans who had lived through the protest movement in 1968, she was convinced that the Federal Republic was not facing up honestly to the Nazi past. She once sent me a book about Nuremberg, where the Nazis had held their mass rallies and the victorious Allies later prosecuted them for crimes. She inscribed the book: "The Old still lurks beneath the facade of the New. Thirty years after Nuremberg, the struggle for the New must go on." I cannot presume to say whether after her initial excitement over Karlizcek, Gaby was really in love with him. But I do know that she developed a kind of love affair with my service. There was a romance to her relations with us that she, who had not enjoyed straightforward relationships with men, found emotionally as well as professionally satisfying. This parallel may sound odd, but the care that is lavished on a good spy, the attention to his or her well-being, can become a substitute for personal ties. In Gaby's case, the human factor was particularly important, and we took care to reward her good work with meetings in the East. They offered emotional sustenance and thus were great treats for her. She was very fond of two senior officers who took a fatherly interest in her. When one of them died, she arranged for flowers to be laid on his grave in rural East Germany. Her feelings toward me were less easy to define. She needed to feel wanted by me and I gave her my personal attention. I truly liked her and found her intelligence and sensibilities appealing. This was certainly the closest bond I ever formed with an agent. Sometimes her messages carried the wounded tone of a lover who feels taken for granted. But the visits to East Germany offered her a feeling of belonging that she seemed to miss in her own country. She would meet Karlizcek in the Vogtland, a beautiful area not far from the Bavarian border. It was a rural idyll with a touch of nineteenth-century romanticism that thrived in remote corners of East Germany. She was looked after by a landlady called Linda, whose fluffy Vogtland dumplings and impenetrable dialect Gaby adored. Here her own language was spoken as she had never heard it and she could sample a German cuisine she had never tasted before. Such experiences were often a source of fascination for the Westerners we brought to the East. It was a delicate balance to continue with these trips, which offered her emotional sustenance but became increasingly dangerous. Every trip to the East was dangerous for agents who were prohibited from traveling there because of their sensitive positions in the West—especially in such organizations as the BND. Gradually we had to cut the visits short because of the security risks, and this distressed her. Once Gaby wrote to me to vent her worries about the risks she was running as her career progressed up the ladder of West German intelligence. I sensed a cry for deeper reassurance and invited her for another visit to the East. She answered, ?A meeting and conversation with you in the shelter of a homelike environment are and will always be for me worth making a special effort to achieve, however difficult the circumstances may be.? I had to face up to the fact that Gaby, for all her other virtues, was not an easy-care agent. We met seven times in the course of her work. This feeling of belonging to a special community, an elite and secretive club fighting for a noble ideal, was, I often observed, of particular importance to Westerners from upper-middle-class backgrounds who had strong and complex personalities. Perhaps this goes some way toward answering the question I am incessantly asked about why such people flocked to work for us. What we offered them was the chance of mixing idealism with personal commitment, something that is missing in many modern societies. In the eighties, Gaby threw herself into her work analyzing NATO's East-West studies and the effects of Ronald Reagan's aggressive anti-Communist policies. She shared my concern about the deepening stagnation in the Soviet bloc after the death of Andropov in 1984. By this time Afghanistan had become Moscow's ball and chain. We were both aware of serious mistakes in Soviet foreign policy and their effect on the entire socialist community. To my surprise, from the end of the seventies she began to talk of the prospect of autonomous reform movements spreading outside Poland and through the other satellite countries. It was a view that shook me all the more because it reflected my own nascent insights, which I was not yet ready or able to articulate. Reality was moving further away from the official declarations and was boldly contradicting Marxist theory. I was plagued by a sense of unease but continued to suppress it. Gaby's career was progressing by leaps and bounds. The trust she enjoyed can be gauged by the fact that in 1986 she was charged with writing a highly sensitive report for the chancellor on the alleged involvement of West German firms in the building of a chemical weapons factory in Libya. A year later she was made deputy chief of the BND's Soviet bloc political department, a giddily high position for a woman. We left it to her to decide what to deliver to us. Like her own colleagues in the West, we had absolute confidence in our expert. The question then arises in this world of mirrors: Just whose analyst was she? I can say that she offered both us and the BND totally objective analysis. She knew our interests and could sum up the information we needed in crisp sentences in reports of four or five pages. Perhaps she compensated for her lack of emotional engagement by devoting all her formidable intelligence and energies to the intellectual task before her, whether for us or our enemies. What was most important for us was that we learned, through her, what the BND was thinking about Eastern Europe and about us, which enabled us to see the world through their eyes. Gaby worked for us out of deeply held conviction, but—as was the case with other valuable sources—excellent work for the other side was a prerequisite in order to get access to the information we wanted. From her reports we also picked up leads on possible BND agents in the East, although that was secondary. More important, we got a wider view of the world through what the BND called its "yellow-stripe" information, about which very little is as yet known. This was the fruit of the BND's spying on the Federal Republic's own allies, much of it emanating from a German listening station code-named "Eismeer" (polar sea) near Conil and Cadiz on Spain's Atlantic coast. The presence of the listening station dated back to Nazi Germany's close relations with Franco's Spain in the thirties; the operation, code-named "Delikatesse" (delicacy), monitored communication lines from Europe to West Africa and North and South America used by the U.S. embassies and CIA stations. All of the BND transcripts that involved West Germany's partners were marked with a yellow stripe to ensure that they were not accidentally passed on, lest the other Allies learn what West Germany had overheard. West Germany, with technically trained secret service and police officers supplied with cipher technology, could theoretically decode the signals of fourteen friendly nations. It had a close partnership with the Turkish secret service, and during the 1982 Falklands war was the only service able to decode Argentina's radio traffic for the British. This West German technical proficiency, and our ability to tap into it via Gaby and other sources allowed us to piggyback our intelligence-gathering efforts: The West Germans did the dirty work of spying on their American allies, and we stole their information. Much later, after the collapse of the GDR and Gaby's exposure, I often wished that I had let her go earlier so that we—and she—could cover her tracks better. Right up to the end she made no mistakes. Early in 1990, when we realized that unification was inevitable, my successor called her to a meeting in Salzburg to tell her that we were concluding our work and that all documents recording her cooperation had been destroyed. But in the run-up to unification, a certain number of former employees of our apparat sought to secure immunity from prosecution by selling out others. The worst betrayal was performed by one of our senior officers, Colonel Karl-Christoph Grossmann (not to be confused with my successor as head of the service, Werner Grossmann). Although he had no direct knowledge of Gaby's identity or activities, he passed on the gist of a conversation he had overheard to the effect that our service had a very good woman placed high in West German intelligence and that she had a handicapped child. This was enough to finger her, and she was arrested later in 1990 as she crossed the German-Austrian frontier for a final meeting with her handlers. I believe they were going to give her a long-service award. To the very end, such tokens of esteem meant a lot to her. Much thought and more print has been devoted to why these women did what they did. All were West German citizens employed in the service of that state before they took on work for us. Some came to accept the socialist ideal out of conviction. But most just fell in love, and commitment to us followed commitment to a man. They knew that they might have to give up their family ties and a superior standard of living in the West for safety in East Germany, a country that few knew and whose public image was not the brightest. Many did indeed make new lives there after their espionage careers. Ursel Höfs served her full sentence in the Federal Republic because she refused to rescind her application to leave for East Germany on her release. She was eventually allowed to join her husband in the East. Christel Broszey and her husband settled in the East German region of Thuringia and adopted a child. Later, to her great joy, the couple also had a baby of their own. Inge Goliath ended up living quietly with her husband in the countryside outside Berlin. Helga Rödiger moved with her husband to Berlin and stayed there after his death. I have met her only once, at a birthday party in the summer of 1996. The transition to a different system was admittedly difficult for the women. Our policy was to help them live comfortably but as quietly as possible. After years of excitement serving a secret intelligence service, this came as an anticlimax in their lives. Christel Broszey was one who refused the quiet life. She badgered the local Party leadership until it found her a challenging job as a department head in a textile factory. There she railed against the inefficiencies of socialist management and introduced many improvements to her factory's labor practices based on her experience in the West. I do not think that our service's recipe for success differed substantially from that of Western foreign intelligence services. We certainly had no patent on Romeo spies. West Germany's BND ran an agent in America under the name of Karl Heinrich Stohlze. In 1990 he approached a senior secretary in a Boston defense company, seduced her, and tried to recruit her in hopes of obtaining information for Bonn about U.S. research into gene-splicing technology. He taped calls during which she declared herself ready to engage in industrial espionage for Germany. When her nerve failed her he tried to blackmail her with the tapes. The affair ended messily with a suicide attempt by the woman. Another BND Romeo was dispatched to Paris in 1984 with instructions to seduce the wife of an East German official at UNESCO and blackmail her into passing on information of East Berlin's policies and voting intentions at the U.N. This was picked up by our security officials at the embassy, and the man and wife were withdrawn before any harm could be done. A more unusual case arose in Oslo around the same time. The Norwegian counterintelligence service discovered through telephone taps that the wife of the East German ambassador was involved in a lesbian relationship with a Norwegian woman. Through other sources, we discovered that West German agents were planning to blackmail the ambassador's wife. The couple had to be hastily withdrawn. The Romeos I have described in this chapter were not experienced Don Juans, much less Adonises. They were ordinary men who might pass by on the street without attracting a second look. When I reflect on their contribution to our work and some of the consequences for them, I have to admit that in several cases, the human cost was high in disrupted lives, broken hearts, and destroyed careers. I also regret that we allowed the liaison between

Roland G. and his Margarete to become too deep and to go on for too long. The ends did not always justify the means we chose to employ. But it does irk me that Westerners adopt such a strident moral tone against me on the subject. As long as there is espionage, there will be Romeos seducing unsuspecting Juliets with access to secrets. After all, I was running an intelligence service, not a lonely-hearts club.

9

The Chancellor’s Shadow

Chancellor Willy Brandt was an engaging, intelligent, morally upright man and a compelling figure in postwar German history. He had an eye for the appropriate gesture—he fell to his knees in honor of the murdered Jews when he visited the Warsaw ghetto—and was honestly devoted to bridging the chasm between East and West Germany and the Communist and capitalist worlds. But we also knew him from his days in Berlin when he was one of the leading anti-Communists of the Cold War. When as leader of the government in Bonn he advanced his policy of reconciliation with the East—both East Germany and the rest of the Eastern bloc—known as *Ostpolitik,* we had every reason to want to be absolutely sure that he really meant to be our partner and was no longer our enemy. The discovery that one of my agents had infiltrated Chancellor Brandt’s private office abruptly ended Brandt’s career at the helm of Germany. That is a responsibility that I bear and that troubles me even after his death. The question of why I did it, accompanied by the reproach “to Brandt, of all people,” is one with which I will always be faced. The only justice I can now do to the late Willy Brandt is to explain in detail how the greatest spy scandal in postwar Germany happened and why. On October 21, 1969, Willy Brandt, who as the young mayor of Berlin had watched in consternation as the Wall went up before his eyes eight years before, was elected West German chancellor. Three weeks later, a man called Günter Guillaume presented himself to the head of Brandt’s office; he had been recommended by the labor leader Georg Leber for the post of junior aide to the chancellor with responsibility for links with the trade unions and other political organizations, and he was given the job. As simply as that, we secured a spy at the elbow of the leader of our prime target country. We had never lost hope of penetrating the heart of Bonn, but no one expected to get so close to the top man. Nor would I have bet on Guillaume, whom we code-named Hansen, to be the one to accomplish this historic espionage coup. Like dozens of other young people, Günter, who had worked in an East Berlin publishing house with ties to the Ministry of State Security, and his wife, Christel, had been sent to the West on our orders in the mid-fifties, where they mingled with the tide of émigrés. Christel’s mother, Erna Boom, a Dutch citizen, had settled in Frankfurt-am-Main and opened a tobacco shop. Christel always reminded me of an accomplished secretary—solid, self-reliant, unimaginative. Günter, on the other hand, was a shade larger than life, full of bonhomie and good at fitting in with any crowd. Christel’s family background and the presence of her mother in Frankfurt gave our couple the chance to evade the usual reception camps for East Germans and clear the bureaucratic hurdles erected by the authorities in order to aid secret service scrutiny of the new arrivals. We decided that our couple should try to make their career within the SPD itself as an operational cover. Both husband and wife progressed quickly in their roles as Social Democrats. Their rise to the top was not in our plan; they were intended eventually to act as handlers for our sources in the SPD. But they were simply far more energetic and industrious than we ever expected. The Guillaumes lived in a comfortable apartment in Frankfurt, where they ran a copy shop and had a son, Pierre. Both were hardworking, Günter earning some extra money as a freelance photographer. In the predominantly left-wing milieu of the Frankfurt Social Democratic Party, it was not long before the staunchly conservative Guillaumes caught the attention of right-wing members. The first leap forward was made by Christel, who was offered the job of head of Willy Birkelbach?s office in the early 1960s. Birkelbach was one of those movers and shakers every party has who pulled a lot of strings in various quarters. He had a seat on the party executive committee, was president of the Socialist group in the European parliament, and was a state secretary in his native region of Hessen. He had access to NATO strategy documents like the study ?A Portrait of War? and plans for nuclear emergencies. Günter passed on this information on microfilm, handing it over in an empty cigar tube to a courier posing as a customer in his mother-in-law’s shop. We maintained radio contact with him and Christel—rather too liberally in the early stages—at certain times and days of the month, using strings of encrypted numbers. Later we tightened up the process, reducing the volume of messages and changing the frequencies so that Günter would half grumble, half boast that he wore himself out finding our messages to him. With the Social Democrats’ historic adoption of a non-Marxist program at their conference in Bad Godesberg in 1959, the party became more interesting to us. The change in platform advanced the SPD’s political fortunes and there appeared a distinct possibility it might enter the government. We encouraged Günter to concentrate on his own political career, and by 1964 he had become manager of the party’s affairs for the Frankfurt district. We realized that his career was moving so fast that extra care was needed in handling him. The weak point in his story was that, as a supposed refugee and defector from the East, he should have had no contact with East Berlin at all. Once, while being driven to a meeting at one of the secret apartments we used for such business in East Berlin, he stopped at a road crossing to see a close acquaintance from his publishing days pass directly in front of the car. What would the man have thought if he had looked up and seen the same Günter Guillaume who was supposed to have fled this country? Pierre was also posing the kind of embarrassing problems children everywhere cause their parents by speaking plainly. In his case it was more than a mere embarrassment because he was in danger of innocently betraying his father. On one of Günter’s visits to the East, the boy had been taken to the zoo by an officer with the thick accent of Saxony. On the way back to West Germany, Pierre imitated this most distinctive of Eastern dialects and asked G?nter why the man spoke like that. His father felt the sudden strain that all spies must live with: the realization that their double lives have robbed them of the freedoms most citizens take for granted. He agreed that his secret visits to our headquarters should stop. But his discipline and dedication never faltered. He rose to become a member of the Frankfurt city council and head of its SPD group. Guillaume’s organizational abilities, along with his staunchly conservative position at a time of great ideological upheaval in the SPD, caught the eye of Georg Leber, the leader of the building workers union and later minister for transport in the grand coalition of 1966–69 between the SPD and the Christian Democrats. He needed a campaigner to help him secure the parliamentary nomination in his own constituency against the young left-winger Karsten Voigt. A solid and respected figure at the top of the party, Leber nevertheless faced a difficult fight for the nomination. The Left, encouraged by the radical mood of 1968, was determined to fight against the governing coalition of their own party with their ideological enemies, the Christian Democrats. With Guillaume’s tireless support and administrative help, Leber achieved a solid victory in the elections of September 1969. The Social Democrats emerged as the leading party for the first time since the war, and the situation could not have been better for Guillaume, who was associated with the result in one of the toughest constituencies in the country. Leber immediately promised to take him to Bonn. Observing this from East Berlin, we were pleasantly surprised but worried. His origins in East Berlin publishing were no secret, and in any case we knew that his placement in a government job in the capital would entail a far more thorough security check than he had undergone before as a mere worker bee in the Frankfurt party hive. We ordered Günter and Christel to play a waiting game and not push for personal advancement in the new administration. They sat back and waited. As we had suspected, the security wheels ground exceedingly fine.

Heribert Hellenbroich, later the head of West German foreign intelligence (Bundesnachrichtendienst), confirmed that Guillaume had been investigated like no one else before him—but without turning up anything. There had, however, been two vague tips from the evaluators in West Germany?s counterintelligence (Office for the Protection of the Constitution, Bundesamt fur Verfassungsschutz?BfV), and Horst Ehmke, the head of Brandt?s office and thus responsible for personnel there, decided to confront Guillaume head-on with these suspicions. Günter's reactions and his overall demeanor as he explained away his work at the Volk und Welt publishing house seemed so natural, as a stunned Ehmke would say later, that all doubts were put to rest. One man did continue to have an instinctive distrust of Guillaume and that was Egon Bahr, Brandt's most trusted adviser and the architect of *Ost-politik* . Bahr told Ehmke that he was unhappy about moving Guillaume close to Brandt and said, "Maybe I'm doing the man a bad turn, but his past is too risky." The reservations of the security services were swept aside with the explanation that denunciations of Easterners coming West were very common. Many émigrés felt that they had to dish out dirt on their fellows to prove their anti-Communist credentials with the West German authorities. In any case, several senior figures in the West German government had come from the East, including Hans-Dietrich Genscher, Brandt's interior minister and a member of the Free Democratic Party. Despite his origins, he was politically responsible for the BfV. Other Social Democrats simply disliked Guillaume's ingratiating manner and habit of hanging around in the background during discussions that did not concern him; in hindsight it was not hard to see why he did this! But the new administration was above all determined to make a break with the past. Commitment, energy, and elan were far more important than a traditional, bureaucratic career path. This fresh approach benefited people like Guillaume who had no higher education or family connections behind them in politics. Patronage also counted, of course, and he had the congenial and influential Leber on his side. Thus, he was hired for the job, and with barely any effort on our part, as of January 28, 1970, we had our own man in the chancellor's office. Guillaume seemed a sensible choice. Leber and other trade unionists wanted a trusted man in the Chancellery to help push the program of social and political reform, and, later, Brandt wanted a link with the unions. Within a year of his appointment, Guillaume had advanced to the newly created post of chief assistant responsible for liaison with parliament, government agencies, and the churches. One year later he was promoted to senior civil service rank and was directly responsible to the chief of the Chancellery, Horst Ehmke. But while Ehmke thought him competent, he never entirely forgot his unease about Guillaume?s appointment.

I am often asked whether Guillaume helped put my service in a position to clearly judge the significance of Brandt's *Ostpolitik.* In other words, was the political risk of endangering Brandt's policy worth what we gained in intelligence? What we expected first and foremost from a source in the chancellor’s office was timely warning regarding potential international crises. Watchfulness was Guillaume’s priority. Before his move to Bonn, I had told him and other agents that we did not expect Brandt’s new government to deviate from NATO policies or abandon the arms buildup. But I thought that it might well take steps toward easing tensions in Europe, a development that would merit close attention. Guillaume’s was essentially a political job and we used him to monitor the state of the Brandt administration, which was plagued from the start with internal strains and disagreements over its intentions in foreign policy, particularly toward the GDR and Moscow. In the run-up to the first meeting between Brandt and the GDR prime minister, Willi Stoph, in East Germany in March 1970, Guillaume gained access to some of the West German plans, which, combined with information from other sources, gave us a clearer idea of Brandt’s intentions and fears. Günter become steadily more valuable to us. For the SPD congress in Saarbrücken in mid-May 1970, a government office had to be set up to deal with the daily business of running the country. Guillaume was placed in charge of this office, which incidentally made him the liaison between it and the West German foreign intelligence service! He passed this test effortlessly—everyone commented on his efficiency and prodigious capacity for work—and subsequently received full security clearance. Nevertheless, his real importance for us in East Berlin lay in his political instincts. Through Guillaume’s judgments, we were able to conclude sooner rather than later that Brandt’s new *Ostpolitik,* while still riven with contradictions, marked a genuine change of course in West German foreign policy. As such, his work actually aided detente by giving us the confidence to place our trust in the intentions of Brandt and his allies. Guillaume’s star continued to rise. Peter Reuschenbach, the SPD campaign director, was running for a seat in parliament and suggested that Günter take over from him in the run-up to the 1972 elections. Brandt had only been in office since 1969, so his term was far from up, but the Bundestag confidence vote on the Basic Treaty with the GDR had almost miscarried. We had helped Brandt scrape through by secretly paying Julius Steiner, a Christian Democrat, fifty thousand deutschmarks to buy his vote, but the narrow margin led the chancellor to call an early election for April 27, 1972. Our quick-witted, tireless worker was constantly by his side as the Social Democrats toured West Germany in their special election train. During that period he grew close to Brandt and had an opportunity to observe his personal weaknesses. It was no secret that Willy Brandt was a compulsive womanizer and that his alleged romance with the journalist Wiebke Bruns continued throughout the election campaign. Unless Brandt’s Norwegian wife, Rut, was on board (in which case she had the neighboring compartment), Guillaume’s and Brandt’s compartments were separated only by a thin wall. Guillaume soon realized that Brandt’s adultery was frequent and varied. By now, our man was a trusted member of that set, and our only fear was that his opportunities to drink with his political cronies might blur his recollections. From what I know, the whole Social Democratic machine seems to have been lubricated by red wine. But a good agent knows how to hold his drink. The coalition of Social Democrats and Free Democrats won an unexpectedly strong victory in the general election of 1972. For the first time in the history of West Germany, a non-Christian Democratic government commanded a clear parliamentary majority, which meant that *Ostpolitik* would go forward. During the television broadcast of the SPD’s postelection party we glimpsed Günter cheerfully toasting the new chancellor along with all the rest of the Brandt team.

That autumn, another of our agents, Willy Gronau, code-named Felix, was arrested in West Berlin. He was director of the so-called Eastern Bureau of the West German Trade Union Association and one of our oldest sources. He was picked up while meeting his control officer from the East. It is unknown whether he or his control officer had come to the attention of the BND. Guillaume and Gronau maintained professional contact with each other as part of their jobs, but neither of them knew that the other was an agent of East Germany. Our agents in the field were not even supposed to know about each other, let alone be in contact. But there must be some as yet scientifically unresearched law that says that people who are not supposed to find their way to each other always do. Gronau actually came to us with the tip that Guillaume would be a good catch for us and we might think about trying to recruit him! This caused a mixture of mirth and alarm back at headquarters. We were in the process of trying to pry these two from each other’s company when fate intervened in the form of West German counterintelligence, and that was that for poor Gronau. Given their acquaintance and similar political work, it did not seem odd to me that the authorities investigating Gronau questioned Guillaume as part of their inquiry. But his promotion as close adviser to the chancellor seemed a sure sign that the few suspicions arising when he was first hired had been swept aside. By now Guillaume attended all the meetings of the party and parliamentary leadership of the SPD. He learned much as a scarcely noticeable, silent listener in the many conversations that Brandt liked to conduct in small groups. We tightened our security measures protecting Guillaume even further. Our contact with him was now kept to an absolute minimum. There were no more birthday greetings; only especially important information was transmitted, and that was done orally. In July 1973 the first round of negotiations to set up the Council on Security and Cooperation in Europe (CSCE) were under way. Henry Kissinger, at that time security adviser to President Nixon, announced a strategic move called the Atlantic Declaration, according to which Europe?s NATO members would accept America?s role as a global power in making defense strategy for the European continent. When Washington was seen pursuing separate negotiations with London and Bonn behind the backs of the other partners in order to push this forward, unrest grew within the alliance. The French in particular objected to what they viewed as an attempt to isolate them. Small wonder that most of the communications the chancellor received on foreign policy issues during his holiday in Norway were devoted to the talks within NATO about the future of the Atlantic Declaration, then reaching a climactic phase. Guillaume was in charge of monitoring the telexes and preparing the official files Brandt received with his morning newspapers. A television team came to shoot a documentary at the chancellor’s vacation retreat near Hamar. The cameraman shooting Guillaume as he stood by the code machine reading an incoming telex could hardly have known he was filming a master spy at work. All in all, Guillaume had time to copy three very important communications. The first, on July 3, 1973, was the text of a letter in English sent by Richard Nixon in which he sought Brandt’s help to pressure the French to sign the declaration. It was marked “private” and signed with a greeting in Nixon’s own hand. The second was a detailed report from the West German ambassador in Washington about secret talks during which West German foreign minister Walter Scheel told Kissinger and Nixon that the declaration was a calculated push by Nixon to strengthen America’s hand before the CSCE negotiations, and he saw no reason why the Europeans should automatically fall into line. Kissinger and Nixon also expressed their fears that the Soviet Union was making such advances in nuclear strategy that without technological reinforcement to NATO the Americans could no longer guarantee a nuclear first strike against a Soviet ground attack. The third document Guillaume tore from the chancellor's personal telex machine contained his adviser's skeptical response to the whole thing, urging Brandt to ignore American pressure and continue to pursue good relations with the French. Further expressions of the European allies' opprobrium about the Americans chattered straight from the machine into the eager hands of Günter Guillaume. He perused British rejections of the American strategy. Paris went further in its rhetoric; Foreign Minister Michel Jobert accused the Americans of acting like firemen who set a fire so that they can rush in to put it out. The time had come for Brandt to write a letter to his foreign minister laying out his position. But the chancellor was unhappy with his advisers' draft, which had been sent from Bonn, and worked on corrections for hours on end, suggesting different emphases and phrasing in green felt-tip pen. Brandt gave Guillaume the corrected version to send back to Bonn via his confidential telex. Guillaume, claiming that the original was too untidy to be given to the telex room as it was, typed out a clean copy. No one asked what had happened to Brandt's original. Later, during Guillaume's trial, the public prosecutor stressed the fact that passing to the Soviet Union knowledge of the split within NATOcould have reduced NATO's deterrent strength in the eyes of the Soviet Union, a deterrent strength predicated on the credible determination of the member states to a joint defense, genuine solidarity within the Alliance and a strategic balance of military forces. That could prompt the Soviet Union in its political and strategic considerations to take measures aimed at eroding the Western alliance and later to transform these into politically coercive measures.

In his memoirs, written in part to rub in the embarrassment of the affair to Bonn (after careful combing and adaptation by my service as disinformation—to protect other sources—and as positive P.R. for our work and its necessity), Guillaume strengthened the impression that passing Brandt's papers to us had been a major success for Soviet bloc intelligence. He concluded his reflections on the chancellor's Norwegian holiday:The holy of holies of Bonn sacraments was now in our holy of holies in Berlin.

By this he was suggesting that after copying the documents and placing them in a suitcase, he had passed them to East Berlin. This boast, which has since been accepted as fact, was to prove fateful for me many years later. The regrettable truth, never before disclosed, is that we did not receive the enticing communications detailing the split between Washington and its European partners in such unguarded detail. Here is why: Our own worries about the Guillaumes began in the summer of 1973. Shortly after the stay in Norway, Christel began to worry that she was being watched. At first we had doubts about her concerns. It often happens that undercover agents, even very experienced ones, begin to see white mice. In perfectly normal situations they start to imagine that they are being followed or their movements recorded. But the evidence hardened. Christel registered a clear case of surveillance in the garden of the Casselruhe restaurant in Bonn, where she would sometimes meet her courier. Two men had seated themselves close to her table. One of them opened a briefcase in her direction and she glimpsed a camera lens inside. In fact that was the very day Christel met her courier, Anita, and handed over the microfilmed documents from Norway, although fortunately the hand-over had been completed before the arrival of the men. The two women acted professionally, finished their drinks in a casual manner, and parted. As the courier walked through the city with the films in her handbag, she became convinced that one of the men was following her. She took a local train to Cologne, where she changed trams several times and ducked and weaved in the crowd as an agent is taught to do. But she was unable to shake the tail. When she managed to move ahead of him and round a corner onto the riverbank, she decided to err on the safe side and dropped the package into the water below. Heinrich Boll dedicated his last novel, “Women in a River Landscape,” to the Rhine and all the secrets it harbors. I could have helped him with an actual example. When Guillaume was tried, the prosecution assumed that the Norway papers had reached us. We had instructed him to say nothing, but we decided not to disabuse the West Germans of the notion that we had done maximum damage. There was also a matter of Guillaume’s pride. He was bitter about his lengthy sentence, but the one thing that comforted him—he was a rather vain man—was the knowledge that he was known worldwide as the German superspy. With our agreement, he spun the myth in his book that the handing over of the papers from Norway had been his crowning achievement. One of the perils of being a spy chief is that you are not believed even when you do come clean. But I can say here that any search for Brandt’s Norway papers in our files would be in vain, and not because they were destroyed in 1989: They would have been too old to be among the documents that had priority for shredding in the panic that followed the fall of the Wall. They are not there simply because neither I nor any of my officials ever set eyes on them. The only information we had came from the revelations inadvertently made by the West German side during Guillaume’s trial. And they were relatively scant, given the original volume of the material involved. West German counterintelligence had every reason to be suspicious about Guillaume’s activities in the summer of 1973. The name Guillaume had caught the attention of a counterintelligence man while he was working on a different case. He was already familiar with Guillaume as a friend of Willy Gronau. No thread tied the two together, but that distinctive French name kept popping up. Particularly damaging was the fact that the case officer from our headquarters who had been arrested with Gronau in West Berlin had broken every elementary rule of secret service work: He had been carrying with him a slip of paper on which he had jotted down a few key words as an aide-mémoire. One of them was Guillaume, which he scribbled down because he had been told to urge Gronau to break contact with Günter, with whom we felt he was too close. Guillaume’s unusual name played a fateful role. If he had been called Meyer or Schultz, disaster might have been avoided. One more coincidence sealed his fate. The West German counterintelligence man who had noted the recurrence of Guillaume’s name happened to sit down in the cafeteria one day with a colleague who was examining unidentified radio transmissions. They got to talking about their current projects, and this chance encounter proved to be Guillaume’s undoing. During the 1950s, my service had used the Soviet cipher system employed during the war to maintain contact with agents abroad. Each message began with a number, which was attached to a particular man or woman. It had long ago been cracked by Western services with the aid of computers. Once the fact had been established that each number represented a man or woman in the field, each call could be registered and collated. The telegrams were noted and eventually decoded. There was a file on every agent receiving the messages. The only remaining task for the other side was to put names to the numbers of the recipients. As soon as we realized this, in 1959, we naturally changed the cipher and the calling method. We also made it a general rule never to make any concrete mention of people, places, or meetings in radio transmissions. After running a check on all our outgoing radio traffic, we were convinced that the messages we sent to the Guillaumes had given no indication of their identities. Alas, we overlooked the purely routine communications on birthdays, the New Year, or family events. Germans are very conscientious about such matters, and for our agents it emphasized the fact that they were part of our extended family. If we had been less conscientious, Guillaume might never have been discovered. Several messages had gone out in 1957 to an agent identified as G. One sent birthday congratulations to G, the other to G's wife. The last said, "Congratulations on the Second Man." Sixteen years later, in that canteen in Cologne, plugging away at his unsolved cases of transmission intercepts and his mind jogged by his colleague, the investigator remembered the unsolved case of a supposed agent, G, who had become active toward the end of the fifties, had SPD contacts, and was important enough to receive congratulatory telegrams from his masters. The message tracker got out the files and found the tantalizing messages. The one with its coy reference to the second man was the most puzzling. In fact we had sent it on the birth of Pierre, Günter and Christel's first and only son. The two intelligence men pondered this for some time until one of them declared that it alluded to the birth of a boy. They combed through the files of SPD people whose names had ever come up in other investigations. There, courtesy of the Gronau case, was Guillaume. Even then, our luck had not completely run out. I later heard from Klaus Kuron, our top mole inside West German counterintelligence, that the first suggestion that this man could be Guillaume was turned down by the analysis team, since he had only one son and the radiogram suggested that the newborn was the second in line. It took some bright spark, or perhaps a plain old-fashioned family man, to point out that the father is traditionally the first man in the family and the first-born son the second. The next step was to decide how to proceed in acquiring decisive proof against Guillaume while avoiding further damage to Western interests. There were two options: start acquiring evidence immediately and push the inquiry on as quickly as possible, or leave Guillaume in place and monitor his connections. Cologne chose the second. In order not to raise Guillaume's suspicions, they first put his wife under observation, on the correct assumption that her husband's communications with the East ran through her. An obvious exchange of materials by her with a courier would have yielded the evidence they lacked. So far, so good. But what happened next gives rise to the suspicion that not all politicians had Brandt's interest at heart. On May 29, 1973, Interior Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher was informed of the Guillaume case by Günter Nollau, head of counterintelligence. In their testimony later before a parliamentary investigative committee, the two men gave different versions of what was said. Genscher and his chief of staff, Klaus Kinkel—later intelligence chief, justice minister, and finally foreign minister after Genscher's retirement—insisted that Nollau had spoken only of a suspicion and did not mention the evidence his agency had compiled in any detail. When Genscher informed Brandt of the conversation and of the recommendation from counterintelligence that Guillaume be left in place for observation, he apparently formulated it in such a casual way that Brandt acknowledged it only in passing and thought little more of it. Nollau insisted until his death that he had given a strong warning, though eventually he shouldered the blame and resigned. The contradictions between the testimony of interior minister and the head of domestic intelligence led to rumors that Genscher had deliberately played down the importance of the information he had about Guillaume's case to let the full political force of the disaster fall on Brandt, as it did. What are the possible explanations behind this? The first theory is that the ambitious Genscher, having seen that Brandt’s government was in trouble, was already banking on his Free Democratic Party, which held the parliamentary balance of power, shifting its support to the Christian Democrats and that he was already having meetings with Helmut Kohl. Perhaps, but let us assume that Genscher and Nollau decided, for honorable reasons, to give orders not to change anything, to let matters take their course in order to harden the proof against Guillaume. In that case, Guillaume should never have been allowed to continue in his sensitive job as the chancellor?s aide. If I had been Willy Brandt, my anger would have been directed first and foremost at Genscher. The bald fact is that from the time counterintelligence informed Genscher that it was watching Guillaume until the day of his arrest, it gained not one extra crumb of evidence beyond what it already had. For one whole year, during which Guillaume continued to be entrusted with the top secret papers, those who were in on the secret tolerated having a spy close to the chancellor and handling the very state secrets they were supposed to guard. While we certainly laid down the kindling, others, including Genscher and Kinkel, lit the match to the fire that burned Brandt, and they allowed it to keep burning far longer than it should have. Genscher must have been at pains to hide his dubious role when he told Parliament after Guillaume’s arrest that a whole ring of agents had been flushed out. This was the only way to justify the delay in arresting our man. Having no ax left to grind, I can state that the story about a spy ring was a fabrication. The Guillaumes were a stand-alone spy couple.

After Christel’s alert, we ordered both her and Günter to stop their intelligence work. Why did we not pull them out immediately? It was certainly a mistake not to do so, but it was not a matter of mere carelessness. I thought hard about whether to withdraw Günter. But the crude manner of Christel’s surveillance misled us into thinking that there was no urgent suspicion about her husband. Georg Leber had by now become defense minister and offered Christel a job in his office as an assistant. We knew that that would entail a thorough security check and assumed her surveillance was the result of the job offer. Finally, we left the decision to the couple themselves, offering them the chance to return to the East if they believed themselves to be endangered. Neither saw any reason to do so. Instead, we agreed to a cooling-off period. At this point I briefed Mielke. As I have already indicated, our relationship was not warm and I was keen to defend the independence of my department by running big agents myself. Only when our plans risked impinging on the political leadership did I clear matters with my superiors. In Guillaume’s case, the political sensitivity of his position made it advisable to fill in the minister. Mielke agreed that it was best to play a waiting game. I consider it unlikely that he told Honecker or anyone else what was going on. Nothing happened for several months, until February 1974. The Guillaumes themselves suggested resuming their intelligence work, but I recommended they remain in cold storage until the autumn of 1974. It was during a vacation in the south of France in April that Günter saw that he was being blatantly followed by an entire swarm of French as well as German surveillance vehicles. But as he was driving home at night via Paris and Belgium the convoy vanished. It was a golden opportunity. His instinct and training should have told him that here was a chance to flee. The choice was still his. The first reports that they had been arrested on April 24, 1974, caught me as much off guard as they did Willy Brandt, who learned the news at an airport as he returned from a visit to Egypt. Guillaume had gone out in style, but not the style we expected of one of our agents. When the police came to his house in the early hours of the morning with an arrest warrant, he cried out, “I am a citizen of the GDR and its officer. Respect that!” This was disastrous, since it amounted to a confession of guilt without his even hearing the charges. With that statement, he spared West German counterintelligence and criminal justice authorities the major embarrassment that would have been caused by the lack of hard evidence against him. I had no explanation for this confession. After he came home to the East in 1981 and was allowed to write his memoirs for a limited audience, he tried to explain away his response by citing the early hour and the presence of his son. Certainly, Pierre played a huge role in Günter’s life, and the father suffered from the burden of having to hide his real beliefs and his profession from his son. Pierre had grown up to be a Young Socialist on the party’s left who saw his father as a traitor to the Socialist cause. Something in G?nter cried out to say to Pierre, ?I am not what you think.? Once I talked to G?nter about the possibility of arrest and used the words, ?Remain firm and confident.? Perhaps in the mixture of early-morning bleariness and with Pierre looking at him in astonishment, his training and his instincts got muddled. But there really was no excuse. A spy always has to be prepared for arrest. We trained our people very strictly on this. Confronted with an arresting officer, they were to give name, address, and date of birth as required by West German law and then say nothing other than to request that contact be taken up with the East German mission in Bonn, which would nominate an experienced lawyer. If that procedure was followed exactly, the burden of proof lay entirely on the West Germans. But the truth—suppressed until now—was that Guillaume’s marriage had been in trouble long before his arrest. He had a lover and wanted to protect her; he was returning from the south of France to move his things out of her flat. That was a serious mistake as well as a vain gesture toward the woman, a secretary, who committed suicide when she heard that he had been arrested for espionage. In his remand prison in Cologne, Guillaume suffered as much from his sense of failure as from his harsh new environment. But our unmasked agent more than made up for his mistakes during his detention. He resisted all blandishments to exchange information about other agents for a reduction in his sentence. Guillaume had admitted his mistakes. But what were ours? Had we not taken seriously enough the very early surveillance we spotted? Often enough during spy scares, there would be a flood of surveillance of innocent and guilty people alike. One sometimes had the impression that half of Bonn was employed watching the other. In the case of Guillaume, we were deceived by the amateurish nature of the tailing. But above all we were taken in by the fact that he was allowed to remain close to the chancellor. We thought it utterly inconceivable that a known agent would be left for a prolonged period of time in the inner circle of a leading statesman. Brandt and I were of one mind on this. In his memoirs, Brandt complained that the agent had been left in his immediate vicinity and added poignantly, “Instead of protecting the chancellor, he was made into an agent provocateur of his own country’s secret service.” The professional mistakes that I and my colleagues made were of a different nature. In analyzing the dangers facing the Guillaumes, we completely overlooked the radio messages of fifteen years before, which we knew to have been decoded. We simply forgot about them. Only in the course of the subsequent investigation by the West German authorities were we reminded of their fateful significance. After months of legal proceedings, the high court in Düsseldorf convicted Christel and Günter Guillaume. She was sentenced to eight years in prison, he to thirteen, which in other countries would be considered light, but in Germany the sentences were quite heavy. (German sentences for espionage were usually short in acknowledgment of the temptation and frequency of inter-German spying.) Throughout this testing time, the couple presented a unified face to the world and bravely gave no hint of any weakness in their marriage that could have been used to pry information from one or the other.

The Guillaumes’ son, Pierre, was terribly shocked, and his father, almost deranged with worry, wrote pleading letters, making me promise to look after the teenager’s welfare and turn him into a citizen the GDR could take pride in. This was not as easy as it sounded and demanded such commitments of time, personnel, and nervous energy that we seemed to need an entire department devoted to the lad. Of course it was hardly his fault. He had been brought up in an entirely different and anti-authoritarian milieu that encouraged individuality in dress, expression, and behavior. That wave thankfully had not washed over the Berlin Wall, and a kind of Prussian order still reigned in the schools of East Germany. But we found the most suitable school we could, where the headmistress was used to dealing with the rather spoiled children of East Germany’s elite families. Several loyal activists in the Free German Youth and volunteers from families whom the secret services considered reliable were told to make friends with him. All to no avail. Pierre simply stopped turning up at school, and when he did he was disruptive and inattentive. Shortly afterward, he announced to our horror that he wanted to return to Bonn, where he had a girlfriend whose father was a Conservative in the interior ministry. Every time Pierre took a trip to the West to see his father in prison, we thought that we might lose him. We thus engaged in desperate measures to keep him. He had become interested in photography, so my department bought him the latest equipment and gave him a coveted apprenticeship at the best color magazine we could find. In the fullness of time, he got himself a new socialist girlfriend, an East German whose father was an officer in my service. Our relief was immense. But there was one more twist to the tale. A year or so later, I heard that they had both applied for permission to leave East Germany. Nothing could be done to dissuade them. We conceded defeat and sped their departure through the bureaucracy as quickly as we could, waving them good-bye with some relief. I had tried to keep my word to Günter as best I could, but there was no mistaking his disappointment. It was many years before the rift healed between father and son. We advised Guillaume to remain silent in prison while we worked quietly to exchange him for Western agents. But the chances for a quick prisoner swap worsened with Brandt’s inevitable resignation in 1974. His successor, Helmut Schmidt, insisted that Guillaume would have to serve his sentence “to the last day.” The case became a political football, and not just in Germany. Washington and Moscow became players when Anatoly Sharansky, the imprisoned Soviet Jewish dissident, was proposed as a potential swap. One initiative followed another, but the years dragged on, to the detriment of morale among our younger agents. Fighting for the return of our captured spies was not just a moral duty but an important means of reassuring their colleagues on risky missions in the present and future. In March 1981, Christel Guillaume was set free as part of a multiple exchange of agents. Günter’s sentence still had eight years to run. One of the Westerners involved in the swap accused the government in Bonn of not doing enough to get its agents out of jail in the East. That increased the momentum behind the campaign, and

Guillaume was finally exchanged in the autumn of that year. On a gray October day he returned to the homeland he had set out to serve twenty-five years earlier. I arranged a reception for him at one of our secret country addresses. Anxious to make the homecoming as rewarding for Günter as possible, we sent his old handlers to meet him at the border and bring him straight to the reception. Wearing his captors? good-bye gift of an ill-fitting chain-store suit, he arrived rather dazed by his freedom. We filmed his return for a documentary entitled *Mission Accomplished,* which we used in our training programs. I knew that he was still sore about not having been exchanged earlier, so I wanted to make it especially clear to him that he was viewed as a hero. After the long imprisonment and worries about his family, he looked pale and unsteady. Even so, he responded to my greeting, "Welcome home, Günter, it's good that the long time has passed." He replied, "Thank you for everything." I hastened to say that it was we who should thank him, and there was a long exchange of mutual thanks. Then he saw his wife, Christel, waiting at the side. Despite the difficulties the marriage had faced before and would soon face again, the two threw themselves into each other's arms and embraced. It was impossible not to be moved by this. They were given a pleasant residence and a few days alone together to sort things out. Christel had let us know that she did not want to return to Günter, and this turned out to be a terrible shock after the hopes for a reconciliation he had nurtured during the long years in prison. His morale and his health were low, but his expectations were high. I think he envisaged a job as my right-hand man, popping in from the office across the corridor to give advice on running Western agents. But he had been out of the game too long. I remember asking the doctor who treated his numerous health complaints what we should do with Günter. The physician, who had treated several of the elderly men in the political elite and had no illusions about their capabilities, was blessed with a dry sense of humor, and when I sighed that the only thing that would satisfy Günter was a place in the politburo, he replied, "Well, one more or less won't make any difference." Female companionship helps in such situations, and we assigned Guillaume a pleasant middle-aged nurse, ostensibly to look after his kidney and circulation problems, but also for a romantic trial. It worked, and they married soon after and settled in a pleasant house in the countryside outside East Berlin, Günter's reward for his services to the republic. Western assessments of Guillaume suggest that he had a split personality. It seems difficult for people to understand that a man like Guillaume could serve two such diametrically opposed masters without suffering psychological damage. In order to reach the goals that have been set for him, an agent above all must preserve under the skin into which he has slipped the convictions that led him to the job in the first place. Guillaume succeeded in his task by getting close to Brandt, but this did not stop him from respecting the man for his many personal and professional qualities and for his achievements. During the formulation of *Ostpolitik,* Guillaume was convinced that he in his own way was contributing to this new understanding. ●

I have always maintained that the Guillaume affair was not the cause but only the pretext for Brandt's resignation on May 4, 1974, shortly after Guillaume's arrest. In his memoirs, Brandt argued that the discovery of a spy in his entourage should not have been a compelling reason for him to go. My own view is that he was the victim of difficulties within the SPD and a crisis of confidence in the leadership, caused not least by the uncomfortable triangle of power of which he made up one corner; Herbert Wehner, then whip of the parliamentary party, the second; and Helmut Schmidt, finance minister and Brandt’s successor, the other. Guillaume’s reports had made it clear that even before the scandal, Brandt’s enemies inside his cabinet were no less fierce than those we sent from East Berlin. The strongest of these was no doubt Wehner. A sour-faced, sharp-tongued man, Wehner was one of the few remaining links to the byzantine world of the prewar German Left, bitterly divided between Social Democrats and Communists before the war. As a young Communist he had undertaken secret work for the Party in Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union. During the 1930s he had held a position in the Comintern leadership where, it would later emerge, he had betrayed some of his comrades to the NKVD. During the war, in Sweden, he was arrested and gave all his knowledge about the Communist Party and its members working in Germany to the Swedish police. Because of this betrayal he was expelled from the Party in 1942. As a postwar Social Democrat he was the only senior West German politician who knew members of the East German leadership from the prewar days, including Erich Honecker. They were separated by many years, many secrets, and much bitterness and mutual recrimination over Germany?s fate, but they shared the special bond of a common social and ideological past, which helped them bridge the divide of the Cold War. Despite his rather terrifying demeanor (it was said only partly in jest that house pets ran under the sofa whenever his face appeared on television), Wehner had great sympathy for the effects of Germany’s division on people’s personal lives. He simplified the procedures for exchanging prisoners through a face-to-face meeting with Honecker in May 1973. Pathologically afraid of the Soviet Union after his wartime experiences there, he once confessed that he shook with fear before his first trip to Moscow. But he and Honecker found that their youth in the Communist movement helped create a relationship very close to friendship. I would go so far as to say that Wehner’s journey from communism to social democracy brought him closer to the East toward the end of his life—even though he remained ideologically at odds with it—because he felt closer to the GDR under Honecker than to his own Party. From the start Brandt suspected Wehner’s contacts with us, convinced that his colleague was negotiating with us behind his back. I suppose the leadership of the Social Democratic Party had known since the 1950s about the confidential contacts, but on what scale and in how much detail Brandt was informed I do not know. Brandt suspected Wehner’s closest colleague in the Bundestag, Karl Wienand, of working for the KGB or my service. This was not an idle suspicion; after unification, Wienand, who had been the SPD’s secretary in the West German parliament, was accused of serving as one of my agents. All of the leading SPD politicians testified at his trial, which concluded in mid-1996, and each confirmed that he had known that Wehner had used Wienand to maintain contact with us. None of them, however, knew the details of such contacts.[2] In truth, Wehner and Honecker were not secretly plotting, and there was no conspiratorial contact between Wehner and the Soviet Union. Nevertheless, Brandt felt betrayed and his suspicions verged on the paranoid. However, as the old saying goes, even paranoid people have enemies and there is no doubt in my mind that for political reasons Wehner used his knowledge about the unusual?and unconstitutional?monitoring of Brandt?s private affairs by the West German criminal police for political reasons during the Guillaume affair. After Guillaume was unmasked, Horst Herold, the head of the Federal Criminal (Police) Office (Bundeskriminalamt), issued a report based on an interrogation of Brandt?s security team about the chancellor?s private life, a catalogue of his affairs with journalists, casual acquaintances, and prostitutes. The report stressed the allegation that Guillaume had been responsible for procuring women for Brandt. Guillaume had of course been telling us about this kind of behavior all along, which regularly raised the possibility of our blackmailing Brandt over his private life. We never attempted to do so. First, we knew that in the inbred, carefully protected political world in Bonn, the press would not touch the information. In any case, it would not do us much good, since we had no interest in destroying him, especially since we had learned to deal with him, knew plenty about him, and followed the maxim of all intelligence services of working with the devil we knew rather than getting accustomed to a new one. It was the puritan Wehner who first realized the implications of Brandt's behavior and exploited them. He approached Brandt with dire warnings of the potential scandal that would result if Guillaume revealed the piquant details of the chancellor's sex life in court. Wehner also warned Brandt that he had become prone to blackmail from East Berlin, though I do not think that Wehner really believed this was likely. It would have brought us little gain, and Wehner of all people knew Honecker well enough to realize blackmail of this sort did not suit the East German leader's cautious style. Helmut Schmidt, already ambitious to succeed Brandt as chancellor, maintained more discretion but did not offer much help, either. Thus, Brandt, who enjoyed the highest regard in the international community, was left alone by his own party colleagues to bear the realization not only that he had been spied upon by a hostile foreign service since coming to power, but that his own country's police and security services had been monitoring his weaknesses, and their files could be used against him by his rivals at any time. He was trapped, and in his estimation the only option was to resign. Anticipating adverse political reaction in the East bloc and Moscow to the discovery that we had spied on Brandt, I wrote a study, "On the Development of the Coalition Crisis and Brandt?s Resignation,? which I gave to Honecker. I mention this because Brezhnev and later Honecker claimed that they had expressed displeasure at Guillaume?s unmasking and claimed to have no knowledge of his existence, let alone his espionage. That may be true, but one month after Brandt?s resignation I was informed by Mielke that Moscow agreed with my view that the genesis of the scandal was in West German domestic politics. In East Germany, where Brandt?s strong following among ordinary people was grounded in the fact that *Ostpolitik* meant they could see family members in the West again, his political fall was unpopular. In Neustrelitz, unseen hands painted WILLY BRANDT STREET on a sign, and in Erfurt, where Brandt had first set foot in the East in 1970, anonymous posters appeared denouncing his betrayal. The post office in the northern town of Güstrow intercepted a sympathy telegram that three young women had tried to send to Brandt that read, "We hope that your successor will have the courage to take to a conclusion the process you began." Even then, I could hardly ignore that his fall from office was considered a disaster in both East and West and that my service was being blamed. Conversely, the view persists that Guillaume's infiltration into the Chancellery was my greatest success. Willy Brandt's admirers—and there are many in the old East Germany—cannot forgive me for my role in his downfall. For that reason and for the record I must emphasize that I view the Guillaume case as the greatest defeat we suffered up to that time. Our role in bringing down Brandt was equivalent to kicking a football into our own goal. We never desired, planned, nor welcomed his political demise. But once the chain of events had been set in motion, they had their own momentum. Where was I supposed to have yelled stop? The relationship between politics and intelligence work is often an uneasy one. From the time Andropov came to power in Moscow, and also under Gorbachev, the basic doctrine was that spying should not interfere with detente. At the same time, pressure was increasing to discover NATO’s secrets. We were, as the old Russian proverb has it, supposed to wash the bear without getting its fur wet. The best way to guard against criticism in such a situation is to do absolutely nothing. Some of my colleagues achieved this feat, had no great successes, and enjoyed a peaceful life. Success has both its rewards and punishments. Two weeks after Brandt’s resignation, I tried to pull my feelings together and wrote in my diary:B. left his personal mark on our times and their course. He accomplished a great deal. Much of what made him so subjectively appealing was weakness in the real political world. So, suddenly, we have played the role of Nemesis without wanting to.

One can justifiably ask now whether the stakes were not too high, the risks too great to keep Guillaume in Brandt’s office. One always has to reckon with the possibility that things might go awry and calculate the price of failure from the beginning. But is this really possible? Where does one stop? The logical consequence would be to shut down all foreign intelligence services. I do not see that happening anywhere, at least not yet. Much later, in different times, I was personally to experience Willy Brandt’s greatness of heart when, just before his death in 1993, he spoke out against my criminal prosecution on the occasion of the press conference announcing the publication of the French edition of his memoirs in 1991. I would have welcomed the opportunity to offer him my apology in person, but he had no wish to see me or Guillaume; he wrote that “it would cause me too much pain.” In mid-1995 Guillaume died after a long illness. I attended his funeral in the soulless new cemetery in Berlin-Marzahn, a vast high-rise housing project that stands as a concrete tribute to Honecker’s grand, doomed vision of a worker’s republic. At the last moment before the short secular service began, the doors of the building were thrown open and a wind-blown figure hurried in. I turned round, hoping to see Christel or Pierre, the boy who had grown up too fast, learned too late that his father had two lives, and had known only the fictional one. In the catalogue of victims of spying, children should be mentioned more often and the effect on their lives watched more closely. But neither Pierre nor Christel came. They both stayed away, the wounds of the past too deep to heal before his death. The late arrival was his second wife, Elke, the woman we had chosen to care for him and who became the love of his late life. She sat silently, her eyes looking past the curious guests, remembering someone she had known and loved not as the famous or infamous agent Guillaume but as a retired man trying to make sense of his life while the system he knew and served so courageously crumbled around him. We walked out together into the scrubland of an untended graveyard, and the coffin was borne to earth. In keeping with Communist tradition, I cast a single red rose after it.

10

The Poison of Betrayal

Treachery is by no means as rare as we like to think. In ordinary lives friends or loved ones let us down, and at work close colleagues turn on us or plot our downfall to advance themselves. It is an unlovely but predictable part of our existence. Betraying one's country, however, is considered a grave breach of citizenship by most people, whatever their political convictions about the system in which they live. I have known all sorts of traitors whose acts were motivated by reasons both noble and base, and that includes men and women I have already written about who were prepared to divulge secrets to a foreign power out of ideological, financial, political, or plain personal motives. But there is one class of treason that appalls and enthralls in a particularly intense way and is worth special examination: the traitor inside one secret service who delivers himself and his secret knowledge into the hands of another. Some people assume that a willingness to betray colleagues might make those who work in the intelligence world immune to disillusion when betrayal occurs among their own ranks. That is wrong. Betrayal is poison for every intelligence service against which the vaccines at our disposal have only limited effect. The psychological culture of an espionage service resembles that of a clan or tribe, in which individuals are united by some greater goal and a shared sense of identity, ideological or otherwise. When this is ripped open, a poison of distrust enters the system. Agents in the field, even if their work is unconnected to the area where the betrayal has occurred, suffer a cold chill of vulnerability when they next approach a dead-letter drop (a place where one can secretly receive or send a letter, message, microfilm, and so on) or tune in to coded instructions from headquarters. It is also notoriously difficult to recruit new agents after a big defection. For the masters as well there can be unsettling consequences. An intelligence service suddenly becomes the subject of the politicians' unwelcome interest after it emerges that something has gone wrong. Consider, for example, the earthquake that virtually paralyzed the CIA after the discovery of Aldrich Ames's treason. A traitor within an intelligence service betrays much more than the men or women whose names he gives away. He betrays the whole integrity of his service. There are, of course, ways to minimize such risks. One is to create a strong collegial feeling, a team spirit in which each person cares about the others' safety and welfare on a personal and a professional level. Another is to build on existing patterns of loyalty—ideological, political, geographical—that date from childhood, ensuring that any officer who thinks of turning traitor is made to feel that so doing would make him a traitor to himself. The predominance of WASP, East Coast Americans in the CIA, the Oxford and Cambridge networks within the British secret services, and the family dynasties within Soviet intelligence are all protective mechanisms against betrayal. The consequences of defection are so far-reaching that even the slightest suspicion must be taken seriously. I never labored under the illusion that my own officers were exempt from temptation, although I know from other Eastern bloc services how unwilling intelligence chiefs can be to accept that they may harbor an agent of destruction in their midst. Of all the relations between Eastern intelligence services, those between the GDR and the Poles were the most fraught. However loyal the Polish Communists may have been to Moscow and its allies, European history ensured that the resentments of the might of both Germany and Russia had left scars. Our joint operations demanded great skills in diplomacy as well as espionage. I once received information from a mole within West German intelligence to the effect that a senior employee of the Polish Interior Ministry had offered to spy for West Germany by offering his services to an official of the decoding department of Bonn’s Warsaw embassy. I decided to travel incognito to Poland to warn my colleagues and took up a long-standing invitation from the Polish deputy minister of state security, Franciszek Szlachcic, for a weekend hunting trip at the ministry’s exclusive reserve in Upper Silesia. As we stalked wild boar through the dark tangle of trees, I told him about the approach that was made. We agreed that the best course of action would be to meet privately with his counterintelligence chief and plan a sting. The plan was to catch the suspect red-handed by summoning him to a fake assignation at which some of my officers would masquerade as West Germans. At the private meeting with the head of counterintelligence I discovered that Szlachcic, intent on showing me how seriously he took the matter, had invited a number of senior officers to help plan the details. Too many cooks very definitely spoiled the broth. We set up our trap and waited in vain for the man to turn up at the appointed meeting in a flower shop. A fall-back appointment did not work either. It was clear to me that there had been a leak from within the Polish Ministry of State Security itself from one of the many people who had heard the story. The last thing I heard, the Polish traitor-in-waiting had approached the British instead. I had no desire to go through the whole thing again and left the Poles to their own devices. I never assumed that my own service was without weak links. The painful early lesson of our defections protected me against a belief in the moral superiority of all our men, although I like to think that the ideological bond that held us together was a very strong one. The challenge for both of the German intelligence services after the war was to build up a sense of identity and belonging strong enough to minimize the risk of betrayal from within. We did this more effectively than the West Germans, who have always viewed their intelligence operations as an adjunct of the civil service instead of trying to instill as we did a military sense of comradeship befitting the dangers inherent in an espionage service.

Each defection has its own history and teaches its own lessons. The one that hit me hardest came in 1979, at the height of revived Cold War tension in Europe, and involved an officer in one of my most secretive and efficient departments, Department B, a part of the Scientific and Technological Sector, known by its German initials SWT (Sektor Wissenschaft und Technik). On January 19, 1979, my birthday, I was sitting in a meeting with intelligence chiefs in the region of Karl-Marx-Stadt. The session had hardly begun when I was called to the telephone. One of my deputies was on the other end and the tension in his voice was palpable. He came straight to the point. “It’s SWT,” he said. “Someone’s gone.” My immediate reaction, shared, I imagine, by intelligence chiefs the world over, was to engage in a bout of robust cursing. “But there’s worse to come, Chief,” said the voice at the other end. “The safe is open, some papers have gone and, damn it, so is the identity pass for the border.” This was a pass—each department had just one—that could be used by a department member with business at the main Berlin border crossing, Friedrichstrasse station. The East German border guards would allow the person access to the Western side of the station. Two days before at a meeting of my top cadres at a Party gathering, I had delivered my traditional New Year’s address. “Never forget, comrades, the worst thing that can happen to us is for the enemy to manage to penetrate our ranks,” I had said. It had been a cautionary tale, but now it had happened, and I was stunned. Especially painful for me was the realization that this defection came from SWT, a department to which I had devoted special attention because of my belief that the best espionage in the world would be useless if we failed to keep pace with the West’s scientific and technological advances. Inquiries to the border guards revealed that the pass had been used at 9:30 P.M. the previous night, so the defector had been gone twelve hours by the time anyone noticed. He had chosen his timing carefully, during the winter holiday season. In HVA’s East Berlin headquarters, the vast, heavily guarded block in the Normannenstrasse, they were still studying people’s vacation arrangements and calling them up at home, trying to figure out which of the department?s officers was on leave enjoying a well-earned winter break and which was the traitor. They drew up a list of suspects. By the time I reached East Berlin three hours later, it was clear that the man in question was Senior Lieutenant Werner Stiller, an officer of Subdepartment i, which dealt with nuclear physics, chemistry, and bacteriology. One of the brightest officers in his department, he had an affable, confident manner and had just been chosen as the Party’s first secretary in his department, a post usually given to someone considered particularly solid and reliable. Stiller was certainly the worst defection we had had in decades. (In 1959 Major Max Heim, who was a central figure in our work against the Christian Democrats, defected, leading to the arrest of a dozen of our agents. In 1961 Walter Glasse, an officer responsible for our work against American organizations in Germany, defected, compromising a number of our operations. Both men lived in West Germany and cooperated with West German intelligence when called upon.) All emergency procedures were running. Warning messages were sent to the agents and informants Stiller ran in the West, instructing them to stay home and dispose of any incriminating documents, while our analysts pored over the lists of files, trying to work out what material Stiller had taken. The race was on for us to warn vulnerable people before the West Germans learned from Stiller’s material where they should pounce. We established that Stiller had taken with him the files with the list of informants. They contained the so-called companion-information lists of the entire Scientific and Technological Department, brief summaries of the reports recently delivered by agents and sources, and the code names of those who had compiled them. They could not alone betray the identity and whereabouts of our agents and sources, but counterintelligence in Cologne could use them to reinforce any suspicions it may have had. I had to admit that Stiller had shown some nerve and prepared his escape well. Taking the files of informants with him meant that he had something concrete to offer the other side when he turned up in West Berlin. He was clearly so serious about defecting that he was prepared to risk the death penalty by being caught with such materials. This meant that he either was already in the pay of the enemy, or intended to become so. Just when I thought it could not get any worse, it did. Mielke’s terror-stricken voice on the other end of my emergency line informed me that one other set of items was missing from the safe: boxes filled with his own speeches and orders. Given the often meandering and repetitious character of Mielke’s proclamations, this struck me as mainly embarrassing and hardly the worst of our problems that day. The minister did not, however, see it that way. I could not get him off the hot line. “What have those bastards got on me?” he roared over and over again. “What a f——g shambles! We might as well just invite the enemy to attend our meetings and have done with it! You all make me sick.” I bit my lip to control my anger, although I would have loved to yell back. But I had often experienced his childish tantrums and allowed him to let off steam. Then I made copies of his documents from another archive and sent them with a formal note that read, “Enclosed are copies of the papers bearing your signature which are now in enemy hands.” That gave him time to absorb the shock before the first of these documents would be fed to the media by our gleeful foes in West German intelligence and thereupon published for all to read. To comprehend how heavy a blow Stiller’s defection was, it is necessary to understand the status of scientific and technological espionage at that time in the socialist countries. SWT was organized in the 1950s as a tiny department responsible mainly for helping us keep pace with Western developments in nuclear weapons technology. Several high-level Western physicists and biologists, perturbed by the prospect of West Germany’s rearming itself, began to report to us that the building of nuclear power stations in West Germany was being organized in such a way that processing plants for combustion elements and isotope isolation could be converted quickly for military use. This was already an area of a relentless propaganda war. The public responded fearfully to any suggestion that rearmament could be extended to the production of nuclear weapons. There was more than enough covert West German activity to keep us busy; technological advances in plutonium extraction were rapid, and a new generation of postwar entrepreneurs stepped up their involvement in Third World countries with nuclear ambitions, such as Brazil, Argentina, Libya, Pakistan, and South Africa. But nuclear questions were also sensitive in East Germany. Our country had no development program separate from the Soviets’. Having taken control of East Germany’s uranium-mining operations after the end of the war, Moscow continued to control them tightly until the collapse of East Germany and German unification in 1990. Wismut AG, with its headquarters in the south of the GDR, was ostensibly run as a German-Soviet joint venture but in fact was a state within a state run by the Russian military using German managers, engineers, and scientists.[3] This continued Russian control long after all other such ventures had been handed over to us, together with the undeniable fact that the Soviets were carting off valuable resources from East Germany for their own military needs, made the uranium project the most politically sensitive project in the country. The precarious energy situation and balance-of-payments problems in our country led to intermittent calls for us to set up our own nuclear energy program. This was supported by people like the nuclear scientist Klaus Fuchs, who had settled in Dresden after his release from a British prison for passing secrets of the West’s atomic bomb to Moscow. Fuchs also believed that the Soviet Union was cheating the GDR by paying too low a price for the uranium. I suspected that he was right, and my service found itself in the middle. On the one hand, we were passing to the Soviets most of the scientific and technological information we obtained. On the other, scientists in our own country argued that we could become competitive with the West only by forging ahead with our own technological development. The leadership became more and more interested in the evaluations of different types of reactors, and the pressure grew on my Scientific and Technical Sector to provide this information without letting the Soviets know that we were even thinking about doing so. I went to see Heinrich Weiberg, the wise old head of the SWT, for advice on what lines of intelligence we should be pursuing. He was a thorough academic and something of a misfit among the hardened veterans of the prewar Communist underground, who held most of the senior jobs in the State Security apparat. In fact, his sole political experience was in the Red Sports Movement, where he had been a passionate cyclist. He also had never acquired the hierarchical thinking that dominated our office culture, scorned the perks of his position, and insisted on turning up for work on an old bicycle. This made him a laughingstock among the middle and senior employees, who enjoyed showing off in their imported VW Golfs, or Citroëns and Fords for those higher up the ladder. Weiberg insisted on enlightening me about every known detail of the reactors, whether or not I understood what he was talking about. I was accustomed to departmental heads giving me sharp, short answers, but he knew no form of communication other than the hour-long lecture, so I settled politely for a graduate-level class in applied physics. Weiberg was a believer in the fast-breeder reactor already under construction in West Germany. We were stuck with Soviet models whose risks were apparent to Weiberg. “We have to move on, Comrade Wolf,” he said. “Can’t you tell them [the politburo] that this is where the future lies?” Fortunately for us the decision to start our own nuclear program was never made, mainly because of the cost but also because the leadership feared a falling-out with Moscow. A few years after this episode, the West Germans abandoned the fast-breeder technology because they were unable to solve the problem of cooling sodium. The only benefit my crash course in nuclear science brought me was the undeserved reputation in Moscow of being some sort of Renaissance man who could turn his hand to science as well as my other areas of expertise. I had taken in enough of Weiberg’s thesis to be able to ask the right questions when I visited the nuclear research center near Lenin’s birthplace of Ulyanovsk on the Volga. They sent a report back to my Moscow colleagues praising my astounding grasp of the subject.

By the mid-sixties, it had become clear to me that East Germany was lagging behind in the wider race for technological innovation. Millions were being pumped into research and development in West Germany, whereas our leadership, barring occasional outbursts of enthusiasm for some random project that had caught its fancy, starved scientists and engineers of resources and diverted spare cash instead to trying to satisfy consumer demand and thus prevent popular unrest. It was after a conversation with frustrated scientist acquaintances that a way out of this misery suddenly dawned on me. If our agents were in a position to penetrate the political elite in Bonn and NATO headquarters in Europe, then why could they not gain access to industrial secrets? Although my main abilities and interests lay in political intelligence, I became increasingly obsessed by the potential of SWT. My family joked that it was late compensation for my unfulfilled boyhood dream of studying aeronautical engineering in Moscow; I still kept up my subscriptions to all the aviation magazines I could get my hands on, from the East or West. But I could see that in chemical engineering, micromechanics, mechanical engineering, and optics, we had brilliant scientists who, because of the Western embargo on exporting technology to the Eastern bloc and the limited travel opportunities allowed them by East Germany, were busily engaged in the high-tech equivalent of reinventing the wheel. A little unofficial access to state-of-the-art Western research could go a long way, I reasoned, and besides, the leadership’s appreciation of the intelligence services would rise if we could help them balance industry’s books. We would of course need far more specialists than we had. I discussed the idea with some of my senior officers and we agreed that the starting point would be a recruiting drive among science students. One of the first recruits was Werner Stiller. An able physics student at Karl Marx University in Leipzig, Stiller was approached by one of our local talent spotters. When the local authorities were sure that he was a reliable prospect, he was sent to us in East Berlin, where he signed the document pledging himself “conscientiously and with all my strength” to the service of the German Democratic Republic through the Ministry of State Security. In an echo of the Communist adventure novels of his youth, he chose the cover name Stahlmann??man of steel??the same name assumed by my old boss. No sooner had he signed up than he and his two controlling officers downed a cognac. Stiller was a handsome, thickset young man with a steady, intelligent gaze. He was too small a fish for me to have encountered personally, although he later liked to boast that he had met me. By his character, I would place him in the category of calculating, robust men rather than the fiercely ideological types we also had. Stiller was sent to Subsection I of the department, whose official purpose was to keep up with West German atomic research and monitor the deployment of all new weapons systems there. By the time he defected, Stiller was in charge of a dozen unofficial sources inside the GDR and seven Western agents we had recruited, including Rolf Dobbertin, a Paris-based atomic physicist[4]; Reiner Fülle, a senior researcher at the Nuclear Research Center in Karlsruhe; one entrepreneur with the Siemens company; and another in the nuclear industry in Hanover. Stiller took with him information that also helped the West Germans discover that Professor Karl Hauffe, head of the atomic research program at Göttingen University, had been recruited by the KGB, although we controlled him from Berlin. Besides focusing on nuclear developments, the department also expanded its industrial espionage, sounding out the West’s burgeoning computer industry and searching for business contacts prepared to bypass the Western embargo. One of our best agents in this sphere was Gerhard Arnold, alias Storm, who as a young man had been sent to the West by us as a “sleeper spy.” Since then he had risen through the ranks at IBM Deutschland and passed on its internal papers on the development of new systems and software. Arnold was a strange case in that he had long distanced himself from us politically and refused to accept our money but continued to pass us information because he felt a vestigial attachment to the East. Computer research was particularly valuable to East Germany, which boasted the top microelectronics company, Robotron. But our research lagged far behind America’s and Japan’s. The only way Robotron could even hope to keep pace was by acquiring Western knowledge and software forbidden to us under the embargo. Closely modeled on IBM, Robotron became so heavily dependent on surreptitiously acquiring IBM?s technological advances that it was, in effect, a sort of illegal subsidiary of that company. Capitalizing on his success, Stiller soon reached the rank of senior lieutenant. He was on his way up when he decided to defect for reasons that, as far as I know, were entirely based on his desire for a better life in the West. His marriage was on the rocks, and he had a lover, an East German waitress named Helga who had a brother in the West. Through this brother, Stiller had made contact with West German intelligence, probably in the mid-seventies. He worked out a deal to inform West Germany about the operations of his department in return for large sums of money and eventually a ticket to a secure life in the West. This is a fairly common pattern for prospective defectors. The problem, however, is that after the enemy service has hooked a person, it is more interested in keeping a new acquisition where he is—feeding valuable information from the heart of the enemy camp—than in welcoming him onto their territory. Of course the traitor sees it differently, particularly as months and years pass and his danger of exposure increases. The result is usually a battle of wills in which each side in the deal tries to pressure the other. Stiller’s luck was running out fast. In 1978, our counterintelligence service, whose job was to prevent espionage inside the GDR, picked up a coded letter sent by him to an address in the West that was known to us as a cover for West German foreign intelligence (BND). The head of our counterintelligence was unable to decipher the code or find the sender, but he ordered all mail sent to the West from the same postal district as the original intercepted letter to be screened. Sure enough, a postal telegram was picked up some months later. This time our counterintelligence did crack the code. It read: “I am unable to fulfill your wish.” Graphologists pronounced that the handwriting on the telegraph forms belonged to a woman; it was Helga passing on Stiller’s message to his Western handlers that he had been unable to deliver a batch of microfilm. There would have been no clear reason to suspect Stiller except that counterintelligence had by chance come across a meeting he had with an unknown contact at a time and place that did not fit with his own accounts of meetings with his known sources. No sweeping conclusions were drawn, but in 1976, when I ordered a clampdown on all but the most essential operations in the West because of a swoop on our agents in West Germany, we began to curtail his visits to West Berlin. He was, however, given permission to travel to Zagreb in Yugoslavia to meet one of his West German sources, where he also slipped to the BND information warning them how we had combined computer analysis with direct observation to arrest a number of their agents who had infiltrated Eastern military forces. By the end of 1978, Stiller’s nerve was cracking because he feared he was close to being discovered—rightly, as I found out too late. He forced the BND’s hand, and they promised to look after him in the West and agreed to his defection. Whether deliberately or out of carelessness (for which the West German service was notorious, both in our circles and among their CIA colleagues), they gave him false identity papers that were so crude as to be unusable. Stiller decided to make his own way out of East Germany anyway using a departmental border pass. Each department’s single pass was kept under lock and key by the head of the department and had to be signed for whenever it was used by anyone with business at the Friedrichstrasse station. The main Berlin crossing point between East and West was a hive of espionage activity, with its rows of lockers (perfect for dead-letter drops) in mazelike corridors. The station was, technically speaking, in the East, but it was effectively divided into an Eastern and a Western half, with the border control in between. Any Easterner boarding the train on the Western side could still be arrested by Eastern authorities and hauled back. Employees in the Scientific and Technical Department had complained that signing for the pass whenever they went to the station was an insulting sign of mistrust. Too bad, I thought, it still has to be done that way. But to simplify his life, the head of the department made his secretary the guardian of the magic pass. She kept a record of the comings and goings, which were monitored daily, but if an officer she knew and trusted came to ask for the pass, she cheerily handed it to him as if it were the key to the washroom. In any event, Stiller’s craftiness and highly developed sense of selfpreservation got him out. Instead of risking the use of badly prepared papers, he broke into the department?s safe to get the pass and a selection of the department?s most valuable files as bounty for the West. He falsified a departmental assignment sheet so that it instructed him to cross to the Western part of the Friedrichstrasse station and deposit a case in one of the lockers there. To the travel controller on duty that night at the station, this would have looked entirely familiar. It was the same journey Stiller had made dozens of times before in the course of his work. The files of that fateful night show that the two men exchanged banter about the awful weather, and Stiller, determined to distract the other officer from looking too closely at his papers, joked, “Maybe I’ll request a transfer to your department. You get to sit in that warm cubbyhole all day. I could get used to that.” The guard leafed through the documents: an instruction sheet bearing the “top secret” stamp, workplace pass, special border pass, and passport. Seeing that Stiller had obligingly laid the full complement of papers together for him, the guard looked no further. Our renegade walked through the double set of metal doors to the West. They clanged shut eight seconds apart, long enough for the officer to press a locking device if he were suddenly to have second thoughts and decide that he had better check that all the stamps in the documents matched exactly. No such thought occurred to him. Up on the platform, Stiller walked quietly through the metal doors that brought him officially and irretrievably into the Western section of the station. Aware that East German counterintelligence officers were constantly on duty here, too, he meandered toward the lockers. Then, as he heard the roar of an incoming train, he sprinted the final yards and leapt through the doors as the red light flashed and the automated voice said, “Everybody in! The doors are closing.” The final ten-minute journey, with the train still clanking through Eastern territory and him within the reach of any pursuers, must have racked Stiller’s nerves. As soon as the train drew up in the rundown Lehrter station, the first stop on the Western side, he knew he was free. Stiller actually got off farther along the line, changed trains, and headed to the nearest police station, which happened to be in the dull, lower-middle-class suburb of Reinickendorf. The officer on late shift, who was prepared for the usual procession of drunk drivers, brawlers, and would-be car thieves, must have done a double take when the smartly dressed young man entered, bid him a polite ?Good evening,? and added, ?I am an officer of the Ministry of State Security of the German Democratic Republic and have just defected from East Berlin. Please inform [West German intelligence at] Pullach.? He was on his way to Pullach that very night. I would have loved to be a fly on the wall when he opened his attaché case jammed full of files stolen from the departmental safe. The only comfort to me was that Stiller, despite his undoubted abilities, was only a middle-ranking officer. Because of the careful security system I had built up, I could be certain that he did not know the identity of agents other than the seven he ran himself. But the papers he took from the safe carried hints that could lead Cologne counterintelligence to twenty or twenty-five more, and we had to write them off. Our immediate task was to warn his contacts and agents. The nuclear reactor specialist Johannes Koppe and his wife fled by displaying great presence of mind. When the police knocked at his door in Hamburg and asked if he was Herr Koppe, he said no, that gentleman lived two floors up. Koppe and his wife then walked right out of their apartment with only the clothes on their backs, went directly to Bonn, and sought the protection of the Soviet embassy, which smuggled them out of the country. The counterintelligence then was confronted with a frustrating task: Koppe was an obsessive railroad enthusiast with a huge collection of timetables from dozens of countries and, worse, a set of model trains that snaked through his apartment. West German agents painstakingly inspected and dismantled the whole collection seeking espionage clues but found none. Eventually, as a reward for our blown agent, I arranged for the trains to be bought when they were auctioned off in West Germany (much to the initial dismay of Mielke, who saw no need for such demonstrations of loyalty) and shipped them to Koppe, who set them up again in his much smaller East Berlin apartment, where he lived a more crowded but happy life. Another of Stiller’s informants, Reiner Fülle of the Nuclear Research Center in Karlsruhe, had an even closer escape. He received the telephone warning when the arresting officers were already in his apartment. On his way from the car to the police station, one of the men slipped on the icy pavement and banged his head. Fülle bolted, lost the pursuing officers, and made his way undetected to the Soviet military mission in Wiesbaden, whence he was delivered to us in East Berlin.[5] Fülle could not adapt to life in the East and managed, two years later, to make contact with West German counterintelligence officers, who helped him to escape back to the West. Usually in such cases, we were aware of the withdrawn agent’s problems and suspected that he might try to jump the border westward. In Fülle’s case, we decided to let him go, reasoning that there was not much of value he could tell the authorities after his short time under our protection and surveillance. But there were no guarantees of leniency in such cases. Another of Stiller’s agent’s, Arnulf Raufeisen, who worked as a geophysicist in a Hanover nuclear research center, fled to East Berlin after our warning and also tried to defect back again in 1981. He was caught at the Hungarian border as he tried to cross into Austria. This time, the order from on high was to make an example of him; although a former East German spy, he was convicted in East Germany of espionage and sentenced to life in prison. I had a bad conscience about Raufeisen. He had worked twenty years for my service, and I wanted to secure a swap or a pardon for him. I was unsuccessful, and he died in prison in 1987, a victim of both Stiller’s betrayal and the random justice of the GDR. At the time of Stiller’s defection, our desire for revenge burned very deep; I suppose Raufeisen got the sentence we would have liked to see Stiller suffer.

Stiller brought my enemies in Western intelligence something intangible but extremely important to them when he defected, and that was confirmation of my physical appearance. Although I had been head of East German foreign intelligence for two decades when he escaped, no one in the West had ever succeeded in securing a photograph of me, which earned me the complimentary description of “the man without a face.” In fact, the Federal Intelligence Service did possess a picture of me, although they did not know it. I was captured on film without my knowledge during a trip to Sweden to meet with Dr. Friedrich Cremer, a promising contact in the West German Social Democratic Party. I traveled there in the summer of 1978 to meet with him on neutral territory; we often used Sweden, Finland, and Austria for this purpose. Though this trip was partially an excuse to get out of the office, take a trip abroad with my wife, and?as long as I was in Sweden?meet with Cremer, there was another reason for my presence. The real reason for the trip was to meet with an important NATO source. Perhaps because we were so careful about the security surrounding this important assignation, we let our guard down when that mission was accomplished and when it came to my meeting with Cremer—with unfortunate consequences for him. These ostensibly neutral Scandinavian nations had a suitably calm and unhurried atmosphere and their counterintelligence services did not seem overzealous, although I knew their loyalties were with the West. I met with our agents in the vicinity of the magnificent Gripsholm Castle, west of Stockholm, where we hoped to go unnoticed among the sightseers. Later, I remember noticing an elderly couple sitting in their car in the parking lot. The vehicle had West German plates, but there was no other reason to be suspicious, and I carried on with my meeting in the castle grounds. My colleagues informed me that they had arranged for me to meet with Cremer in Stockholm. Later that day, as I wandered in the center of Stockholm, killing time before my appointment with Cremer, an agitated foreign couple, possibly Hungarian, rushed up to me and made it clear that I was being surreptitiously photographed. That was perturbing, but I could see no logical connection with the couple in the car. I carried on with my day as planned, meeting Cremer in the apartment that was used by the GDR embassy for traveling officials. Our real mistake was to choose the northernmost port of Kappelskar as our place of entry, arriving from Finland according to the careful practice used by spies of avoiding travel direct from their home country to the territory on which they plan to meet a contact. As is normal in passage from Finland to Sweden, we went through border control without being asked to present our passports, so our presence was not registered. But at the harbor, the intelligence officer resident in our Swedish embassy picked me up. Swedish counterintelligence must have been working hard after all. They fed the number of our rented car into their computer and proceeded to monitor us as we drove to Stockholm. The unusual preparations for special guests at the apartment must have attracted the attention of the Swedes to the mysterious arrival from East Germany, and they passed on their observations to their colleagues in West German foreign intelligence, with the result that I was under a tight net of double surveillance from the moment I set foot on Swedish territory. The West Germans returned home with my picture, snapped in Stockholm, but no one could work out who the mysterious East German was. The photograph landed in a sealed box, along with blurred snapshots taken by West German counterintelligence of suspicious but otherwise unidentifiable figures. When Stiller arrived in the West, all these photos were spread out before him as a matter of routine. He immediately identified me, and from that day on, the right picture of me accompanied news reports in the West. Knowing what the head of an espionage service looks like is not much of a gain in concrete terms for the enemy, but in my case, it was useful to the West in that it punctured some of the mystique that had grown up around my service and around me. I was no longer the spy without a face, but an ordinary mortal. Given Cremer's arrest and my own identification, we regretfully discontinued contact with the NATO source that had been the true reason for the Swedish trip. This break was, in the end, the most painful loss caused by Stiller. After his escape, Stiller's Western masters turned him over to the CIA in America for a couple of years. He was given a false identity and was hidden, to the best of my knowledge, in Chicago, where he lost no time before learning English and picking up a banking certification. This was not a man who was going to end up poor under any system. When he returned to Germany and started working for a Frankfurt bank under an assumed name, we did in fact get to hear of it on the intelligence grapevine. One of our agents even brought us his address and asked for a big reward if he would bring Stiller to the border. Mielke promptly called me into his office and said in his characteristically rough manner: "That pig Stiller, can't we get him back?" I knew exactly what he meant: He was recalling the cross-border kidnappings of agents in the fifties. But this was the eighties. *Ostpolitik* and detente made such cloak-and-dagger operations politically untenable. To the minister's chagrin, Stiller remained free and prosperous, running his own company in Frankfurt. I consider him the only outright winner in one of the sorrier sagas of my career.

Thankfully it is not only bad news that comes out of the blue. One morning in the early summer of 1981, a large envelope appeared in the mailbox of the East German embassy in Bonn. In it was a letter addressed to the chief of Department 9 of the HVA, the foreign intelligence service. Department 9, responsible for penetrating the West German intelligence institutions, was the second largest in the service after the Scientific and Technological Sector and was one of the busiest. It was the department to which I felt most closely attached. Unlike most walkins—the term used for people who offer themselves to hostile services—this unknown letter writer used a precise form of address that showed he knew his way around the structure of East German intelligence. In the envelope was a twenty-deutschmark note whose serial number was evidently intended to serve as a code in any future correspondence. The sender introduced himself as a specialist with a high degree of inside intelligence, which he was prepared to deliver in return for a one-time payment of 150,000 deutschmarks and a monthly fee of twice his present government salary for West German intelligence. His letter was written in large, capital letters. To whet our appetites, he gave us a tip-off about a planned West German attempt to recruit Christian Streubel, Stiller’s superior in our SWT. We had no idea of the sender’s real identity. The security camera outside the East German embassy in Bonn had recorded only the photograph of a muffled figure depositing the letter. Despite the summer weather he had his hat pulled down and a scarf across his face. The confident, square block capital letters were all we had to go on. It was a stroke of pure luck that we were able to figure out whose script it was. For some time, my service and the West Germans had been involved in a particularly long and complex game centering on one of my agents in the West code-named Wieland. His real name was Joachim Moitzheim. A former student of the Jesuits, Moitzheim had been in Soviet captivity during the war, had worked for us since 1979 in the Cologne area, and had tried to recruit a source in the counterintelligence service (BfV), which was based there. This man, named Carolus, ran the counterintelligence computer (named Nadis), which contained centralized lists of those cleared for security, those who hadn?t been cleared, and their files. Moitzheim offered Carolus one thousand marks if he would check on a name for the Americans. Carolus smelled a rat because he knew the CIA had access to Nadis themselves, and he reported the attempt to his superiors. The attempt became known to two other men in West German counterintelligence, a brilliant senior officer named Klaus Kuron and Hansjoachim Tiedge, the head of the BfV’s Security Clearance. Their job was to protect their service against Eastern infiltration. Tiedge and Kuron invited Moitzheim to a hotel, where they cornered him with their knowledge of his offer to Carolus. Threatening a lengthy prison sentence, they blackmailed Moitzheim into working for them as a double agent against the GDR. Worried that we would quickly figure out the ruse, the West Germans did not want Moitzheim to initially deliver disinformation to us. Instead, they supplied him with a lode of secret information on over eight hundred West Germans, including names of likely recruitment candidates for West German counterintelligence and those working on several classified defense projects. It was a major blunder, and one from which we greatly benefited. While Moitzheim enjoyed the 2,000-deutschmark-per-month salary the West Germans paid him, he still felt at least a vague ideological inclination toward the East. He reported back to us that Kuron and Tiedge had tried to turn him, and he agreed to become a triple agent, working for us. It was in this capacity that Moitzheim identified the capital letters on the envelope as the handwriting of Klaus Kuron, the man who was supposedly his case officer in his role as a double agent. When subterfuge reaches these proportions, the utmost care is required.

Double agents (let alone triple ones) are always treated with special caution by spymasters. When someone has been turned once, the assumption is that they can be turned again. This particular game worked well for a while, with Wieland/Moitzheim informing his Cologne handlers about fictitious meetings with members of my staff in East Berlin—and then informing us that he had informed them. At the same time we asked our triple agent to provide genuine information from the heart of West German counterintelligence. We asked him to check out people in business whom we suspected of being linked with the security services and West Germans whom they suspected of working for us. Since we were not supposed to know that West German counterintelligence in Cologne was aware of Moitzheim?s true relationship with us as a triple agent, they had to send back some genuine information to preserve his credibility. Otherwise they might fear that we would begin to suspect his second turning as a double agent. But we could not always be entirely certain how much of the information they sent from the Cologne computer was true, how much of it false. A Jesuit education was not bad preparation for this world of mirrors. For its part, Cologne was anxious to gauge the extent of our real knowledge from the questions we asked Moitzheim. To keep Moitzheim's credibility with us and through it his cover intact, they obliged with wads of information, some of which we knew already. But there were some valuable undiscovered pearls along the way. Now we were faced with the fourth twist in this complex dance of the secret services. Kuron, the very Western officer who had run agent Moitzheim, wanted to work for the East too! This was exceptional, even for the entanglements of the spy business. Kuron was a big fish with a faultless reputation who occupied a position at the very heart of counterintelligence, whose penetration is what secret services dream about. If we could secure his services, we would be able to gauge the level of Western knowledge about our operations and could adjust our defenses accordingly. It was like damaging the immune system at the heart of Western counterintelligence, the highest of prizes. But in a world of double and triple agents, we had to be sure that Kuron's approach was not itself a trap. Exactly at the planned time, he made contact via the coded telephone number. We arranged a meeting with him, which we secretly filmed from a rooftop in order to have proof that he had approached us if this turned out to be an artful deception by the West Germans. But Kuron, who called himself Kluge (German for "clever one") when dealing with Moitzheim, lived up to his name. He messaged again, saying that he wanted to take things slowly, so for a while nothing happened. It was 1982 by the time we persuaded him to attend a meeting in Vienna. All contact was made using variations on the code of the initial banknote he had sent us. Because of his seniority in Western intelligence, we kept the risks of association to a minimum. Every time he wanted to speak with us, he used one of several telephone numbers. He worked these out by listening to coded strings of numbers on his shortwave radio and subtracting from it the number of the banknote. It would be virtually impossible for anyone else to decipher our communications. Still, I had a nail-biting weekend awaiting news from Vienna. Until the very final steps toward collaboration were taken by Kuron, we could not rule out the possibility that his offer might be a trap. Karl-Christoph Grossmann, deputy head of Department 9 (the department's work included analyzing the activities of West German counterintelligence), traveled to Austria with a young colleague. Günter Neels, second in command at the department, was also sent to Vienna separately to observe the deal, along with a junior officer to act as contact man. The elaborate preparations made that Viennese classic of intrigue, *The Third Man*, seem straightforward in comparison. The meeting place for the most significant acquisition my service had ever made from the enemy's espionage organization was the entrance of Schönbrunn Park, a traditional setting for intrigue and romance during the Hapsburg era. The officers arrived separately, each checking that they were free from surveillance. Grossmann took up his position in the café at the opposite end of the park. Exactly at the appointed time, the strong, upright figure of Kuron strolled into view. At the same moment, Neels approached the gate. For the benefit of anyone watching, the two men, strangers and from hostile institutions, greeted each other as if they were old acquaintances. Then they set off through the palace gardens. On seeing his quarry arrive safely at the other end, Grossmann climbed into a taxi, where he was joined by Kuron and the contact man, and the trio headed off to a quiet restaurant. Settled there comfortably, Kuron relaxed. He was unembarrassed about his treachery, describing the frustrations to his career. His was a paradigm of unfulfilled ambitions of a type that fester throughout any civil service. Born into a simple home, he had worked his way up the intelligence ladder, although he had no university degree. His achievements were recognized by all his colleagues, but his lack of a formal qualification meant that he was being passed over for promotion. His salary of 48,000 marks (then about $25,000 dollars) was adequate for a comfortable if not luxurious life, but he knew that there was no possibility that it would ever increase. “It has been a struggle,” he said. “Everyone knows how good I am, but I'll never get any further.” His voice was bitter and quiet as he added, “In the West, they say that there is freedom and an equal chance for everyone to achieve their potential. I don't see it like that. I can work till I drop and still end up being treated as a drone. Then they bring along some half-wit bureaucrat whose daddy has paid his way through school and he has a glittering path ahead, whatever he does. I can't bear it any longer.” Kuron's main concern was that his own four sons should have the means to get through university, since he could not afford to supplement their government grants. When his case became known after German unification, the Western press demonized Kuron as a particularly coldblooded and greedy spy. But I see his motivation differently. I consider his decision to work for us as the act of a man who had internalized the pulsing message of the capitalist society to the exclusion of everything else and acted on it without scruple. Seeing that the successful and highly regarded people around him had bought their way to affluence and success, he sold his expertise in the only market he knew. Some traitors, at least in their own minds, preserve for themselves the illusion that they are serving two masters when they enter the pay of their enemy while still working for their own country. But by the time Kuron made contact with us, he had lost any sense of identification with his own service. There was nothing left but hatred for it, he would later tell the court when he was called as a witness in my case. That sort of wholehearted transference of loyalty on the part of a mole who agrees to remain as an agent in place is an intelligence chief's dream come true. It does not happen often, but when it does, it is worth the high financial commitment demanded. Most people who approach the enemy and offer to work as a mole hope to do so for a short time and then, like Stiller, buy themselves a passage to the other country as a defector. The only parallel for Kuron I can think of is Aldrich Ames, who provided the same sort of unstinting service for the KGB. In one important area Ames had a similar psychological profile. Like Kuron, he considered himself undervalued and unrewarded by the CIA, convinced that he was worth more money and attention than they paid him. Both liked money and lavish living. Neither felt that their honest work had been sufficiently rewarded. Both had deep knowledge of their service and knew that, if they set up their deals carefully, they would enjoy strong protection from the enemy service they embraced. With Kuron we gained a supermole. Here was a man whose job it was to recruit East German and Soviet agents and turn them to work for the West. Now he was prepared to give us this information. True, his price was high and he wanted it paid into a numbered bank account in a third country, but the potential was enormous. As a highly professional spy himself, he also demanded a number of “exclusion clauses,” like a Hollywood star negotiating a film deal, but again, we were willing to take the chance. He also wanted guarantees that the double agents whose identity he would disclose to us would not be arrested. This was not a sign of any particularly virtuous streak. What Kuron knew was that a series of arrests would in due course turn suspicion on the counterintelligence service in Cologne. I agreed. So delighted were we with our new catch that we gave him the new code name Star. His identity was regarded as our top secret and his real name was never, ever spoken, not even in the privacy of my inner sanctum, which was deemed free of bugs. Further meetings followed in Austria, Spain, Italy, and Tunisia at which Kuron disclosed the names of East German agents whom his service had recruited. Both he and I were extremely cautious about the location of our encounters, and we chose places that would sound like plausible holiday destinations.

The settlement of his demands was still outstanding. Kuron insisted on personal confirmation of the agreement by me. Before I asked Mielke’s consent to pay out more than any other single source in the West had ever cost me, I wanted to take a look at Kuron in person. Issued a GDR diplomatic passport, he was brought from Vienna via Bratislava in a special plane to Dresden, where my son-in-law, Bernd, picked him up and brought him to a secret country house. Kuron was one of those people who were soon at ease in any surroundings, even a safe house in enemy country. We negotiated a precise financial deal in a very German way. There would even be a pension on his retirement from treachery. His salary was equivalent to that of an East German intelligence colonel. That day he revealed to me that two of our employees, Horst Garau and his wife, Gerlinde, go-betweens who worked for my service part time ferrying messages to and from our agents in the West, were also in the pay of West Germany. Garau told West German counterintelligence the identity of the agents he knew. No arrests followed, again on the theory that such a move would blow Garau’s cover as a double agent. But such information allowed the West Germans to monitor what the agents were doing and whom they met. As far as the participants were concerned, they were safe. But through Kuron, we now would know every move they made. With business out of the way, we proceeded to drinks and dinner, served by the State Security Ministry’s specially vetted staff. Kuron told jokes and I showed him some holiday films of East Germany, where I said I hoped we would be seeing a lot of him. He also lodged in my mind the name of his superior, Hansjoachim Tiedge. “Good brain once,” mused Kuron. “Spends every hundred marks three times over and has one hell of a drinking problem.” I filed that away for future use, never guessing that the high-living Mr. Tiedge might also present himself to me one day without the slightest effort on our part. What happens to the agents or moles betrayed by someone like Kuron? To the best of my knowledge, neither the East nor the West German service ever arranged for anyone to be killed, either for revenge or to prevent the spread of their information. But neither service could deny that both used extortion and corruption. For instance, to turn Moitzheim, the West Germans offered him the brutal choice between a lengthy jail sentence and cooperation. We would probably have done the same. Agents, as opposed to officers in the intelligence service, were not sentenced to death in East Germany after the 1950s. It was more valuable for us to imprison significant Western spies so that they could be exchanged for our own at some opportune time. The harshest sentences were reserved for staff officers who betrayed their country, like Werner Teske, an officer in the Scientific and Technological Department who was caught in 1981 with files from the department hidden in his washing machine at home. He had been planning to defect to the West and take the material with him as a gift to West German intelligence in exchange for a good life on the other side. Teske became a tragic footnote to history in 1981 as the last person executed in East Germany. The reasons for the decision to execute Teske remain something of a mystery to me. I am often blamed, in my capacity as head of the foreign intelligence service, for having permitted his death or at least for having failed to prevent it. Do I feel responsible for his fate? To answer honestly, I must distinguish between different types of responsibility. As soon as Teske's treachery was discovered he was arrested by the Counterespionage Department, together with the Main Department for Interrogation, both under Mielke's control, and then handed over, like all espionage cases in the East, to a closed military tribunal, which by its nature put his defense at a serious disadvantage. At that point the case was out of our hands. By the early eighties, however, it was usual to commute to life imprisonment the statutory death sentence for severe instances of treason. While I knew that Teske's future was grim, I had no reason to believe that he would die. Odder still, the death sentence was carried out in June 1981 in a Leipzig jail, with no publicity, on the Soviet model of an unexpected pistol shot in the back of the neck. So this harsh sentence could hardly have been set for its exemplary effect, since not even my own officers knew about it. This indicates to me the muddled thinking to which the state had succumbed in its declining phase. The year before, in 1980, Winifried Zarkrzovski, alias Manfred Baumann, a naval captain in the military intelligence network, had disclosed to the West Germans the names of several Eastern agents operating in West Germany. Mielke was furious. At a meeting I attended with other senior officers in 1982 he called for a clampdown on traitors. "Such mistakes should not occur in the thirty-second year [of East Germany's existence as a state]. . . . We are one heart and soul in this matter. We are not immune to having the odd bastard in our midst. If I knew who it was, I would have done with it once and for all." This outburst showed that Mielke was dissatisfied with the judiciary's leniency toward treason. Although the courts were nominally independent in such matters, pressure could be exerted through the leadership in particular cases. Teske?s fate may have been the result of such pressure. One aspect of it still puzzles me. Under East German law, he could only have been executed upon proof that treason had actually occurred. There was even a precedent in the case of an officer named Walter Thr?ne who had been preparing to defect when he was caught. The court refused the prosecution?s demand for a death sentence or even life imprisonment, on the grounds that although the intention to commit treason was clear, the crime had never been completed. So even in the terms of our own strict laws, Teske?s execution was illegal. I cannot concur with my critics who say that I am directly responsible for Teske's death. But I must concede that I failed to criticize loudly and early enough the workings of a judicial system that was too closely allied to the state and could be manipulated in its interests.

Each intelligence officer in the East knew that the death sentence was a distinct possibility for traitors. They said it themselves as they took up their first post: “If I ever break this, my solemn oath, I may be punished severely under the laws of the Republic and the contempt of the working people.” The death sentence remained in force in East Germany until 1987. But the death penalty is not justified for peacetime espionage. Looking back on the cases of treachery I have known on both sides, I risk the assertion that death would not have amounted to much of a deterrent. The motives governing the decision to work for the other side are complex and usually combined with a degree of self-confidence or arrogance implying that the traitor considers himself impervious to danger. As for the infamous “wet jobs,” or illegal unauthorized killings in espionage, they did and still do occur. It would be foolhardy for me to list suspicious disappearances at the hands of the CIA, for it would only open me up to the charge of suppressing the many breaches of law that were committed by the Soviet services. In the fifties, the Bulgarians and Poles had the reputation of being the most deadly services. East German counterintelligence is not blameless, although I again stress that the well-known and often rehearsed stories about traitors being kidnapped and killed were more likely the result of the amateurish use of powerful sleeping drugs in the course of kidnapping than of intended murder. In fact, killing traitors is really a sign of weakness, not strength, and I would have considered it below my professional as well as my moral standards to become involved in such business. A wet job in the dramatic manner of spy fiction is a primitive and unproductive solution compared to the way we exploited resources like Moitzheim as a double agent and then triple agent to obtain the best possible deal. Such guilt that we bear lies in the exploitation of individuals, their weaknesses and greed. And those activities were not limited to the espionage services of the East.

Kuron took a professional pride in his work for us, often helping with projects that fell outside his agreed contract. I considered him so useful that I arranged for him to have day and night access to a special telephone number over which urgent messages could be passed back to the East. As a trusted member of West German counterintelligence in Cologne, he had access to most high-grade recruitment operations. Usually, he would let them run their course and then inform us, as it was in neither his nor our interest to awaken suspicions by spoiling West German recruiting attempts. There was one exception, however. For decades we had had in Bonn an agent in the Christian Democratic Union, the party of Helmut Kohl. He was an old friend of Kohl’s from the chancellor’s early days in politics in the Rheinland and had also carried out some work for the giant Flick concern, representing the company’s interests to the ruling Christian Democrats from 1981 onward. He knew all about the darker side of the deals between politics and industry in West Germany and was a valuable source of inside information on West German domestic politics for us. One night, Kuron, on duty in his official role as a counterintelligence officer in Cologne, received information from a colleague that a suspected East German agent had been followed to a meeting with our Bonn political mole. The two had gone to an apartment and were under West German surveillance. Agents were about to swoop in for the kill. Kuron realized immediately that when the two men were found together, I would lose a valuable political informant in the West. So he quickly messaged to his emergency telephone number in code, ?Your men under surveillance in the Andernachstrasse.? We took the extremely risky step of telephoning direct to the apartment and issuing a coded warning for our agent to flee, in the form of a message in a particular dialect about a wrong number. We figured out that, as the surveillance had already worked one shift, they would be replaced overnight. If there was to be an arrest, it would take place in the early hours. So the two men put out the lights as if to go to bed, and shortly after midnight our agent slipped out through the underground car park and set off immediately for East Berlin via Switzerland. Next day, when the remaining man, our mole, left the flat, the West German agents must have rushed into the building only to find the mystery guest gone along with any shred of evidence of an espionage assignation with him. The Western mole was later discovered, tried, and given a short suspended sentence. Given the sterner treatment of other moles, I cannot help thinking that somewhere in his network of contacts inside the body politic of Bonn, he had someone pleading for clemency on his behalf. For six years, Kuron did sterling work for us. With the innocent help of his teenage son, who thought he was just doing his dad a favor for work, he had managed to figure out a method of recording computer signals onto a telephone answering-machine tape at an extremely high speed. This was a great improvement on our old system, under which the telltale bleeps and whirs of the coded letters could easily be detected by a counterintelligence bug. Under Kuron’s system the sounds were speeded up, so that all the human ear could pick up was a slight distortion or short bleep that could just as well have been a fault on the line. At the other end, the message was played via a computer program onto a tape and could be deciphered as the tape was played back at a fraction of the sending speed. Kuron had gone one better by working out how the message could be transferred automatically onto a computer disc. The analyst then had only to slot in the discs for the high-grade security clearance and read the material off the screen. That shortened the decoding process by valuable minutes. Our successes right up to 1989 indicate that technological superiority is of limited usefulness if the basics of the service are mishandled. That kind of expertise can be bought, but good organization, tight discipline, and the right instincts are not commercially available. For instance, it should have been obvious to Kuron?s colleagues that he was living beyond his means, more and more so as the years went by. Unlike Aldrich Ames, Kuron was very circumspect as to spending money and inventing cover stories. He was highly professional in the way he maintained contact with us and lived a disciplined life. Furthermore, the man in charge of security clearance within the BfV in Cologne, Hansjoachim Tiedge, an alcoholic with a mountain of family problems and gambling debts, was hardly in a position to notice.

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My suitcases were packed for a holiday in Hungary in the summer of 1985 when my hot line rang. It was a call from the Magdeburg region on the border with West Germany. A man identifying himself as Mr. Tabbert had arrived unexpectedly and demanded to speak with a representative of the foreign intelligence department. Through Kuron we knew that Tabbert was Tiedge’s code name, so I ordered him to be brought to Berlin as quickly as possible, without further questioning. Remembering that the border guards tended not to give visitors to East Germany the most promising welcome, I added that he should be given a beer and some food. Karl-Christoph Grossmann, who had successfully handled Kuron’s first approaches and whose Department 9 penetrated West German counterintelligence, was dispatched to pick him up on the Autobahn junction leading to Berlin in order to ensure that security was tight as he was driven through the capital. From the start I knew that this was a big catch and that the West Germans would be extremely keen to get back this key security official, who had probably defected on a mere whim. He was installed in a safe house in Prenden, in the countryside outside East Berlin. My own country residence was there, and only a few hundred yards away was the underground bunker that the politburo had built to preserve itself from immolation if ever the Americans really did drop the atomic bomb. The area was therefore very heavily guarded. There was scant danger of our new friend's being snatched back by the other side. Tiedge wanted to meet me directly, but I declined. I was already planning to retire and, knowing that this was a big case with many ramifications, thought it best to leave it to my successor, Werner Grossmann. I reasoned that Tiedge would have the most trust in the first people he met in the East; this way we would avoid changing his handlers halfway through. The man was in a dreadful state when he was brought in for a gentle interrogation. His unkempt appearance and bloodshot eyes did not suggest a highly placed member of a Western security service. Just to make sure, he was asked to produce his security pass, identifying him as an employee of the Office for the Protection of the Constitution (BfV) in Cologne. He identified himself as Hansjoachim Tiedge and explained in his high, dull voice, "I've come to stay. You're my last chance." I telephoned Mielke with the good news. Even with a prize defection in front of him, he was, as usual, more concerned with his own status and complained bitterly that the head of security in Magdeburg had not contacted him at once with the news. In the future, he snapped in his rough Berlin accent, "all lost and found items are to be handed in to me first!" Tiedge confirmed what we knew from Kuron about his sorry personal circumstances. He was a heavy gambler and drinker. His wife had died in an accident at home after the two had been involved in a drunken fight. He had even been investigated on a possible manslaughter charge, but the final verdict was accidental death. He had unruly children who had never forgiven him for their mother's death and difficulties at work, where his tumultuous private life had led to disciplinary proceedings. Now he knew that the only reason he was being kept on in counterintelligence was to keep his inside knowledge safe where his superiors could keep an eye on him. His entire dignity, he said, was undermined. "If a case like mine had been presented to me for analysis," he reflected with admirable honesty, "I would have recommended that I be fired without delay." I could not help reflecting, when I read the report later, that the head of security clearance in a Western intelligence service, a post that demands a squeaky-clean life, seemed to have an existence more suited to a character in a soap opera. Here was a man who had descended into such a psychological hell that he could see only two possible escapes, suicide or defection. "And I didn't have the courage for suicide," he told his interrogators. A question that puzzled many people was whether Tiedge had been our agent before his defection. For the first time I can categorically deny that he was. The arrival of Tiedge in the East was as much a surprise to me as to everyone else. I had some inkling that he might wash up on our shore if things got much worse for him in Cologne, but we did not seek contact with him. He found us by hopping on a train one night and arriving in the East. He was an unusually frank defector. In fact, he was the only one I have ever encountered who candidly described himself as a traitor. He did not seek to prettify his decision with stories of ideological conversion. ?Things are better for me in the second Germany than in the first!? he would say. How true. We spent a lot of time, money, and effort virtually rebuilding this man from the alcoholic wreck that he had become when he stumbled across the border. Bloated and pale with dark-rimmed eyes, he resembled a giant panda when he was brought to the safe house. We engaged a nurse, a doctor, and a fitness instructor for him. They helped him stop drinking and lose almost thirty pounds in a month. Deprived of alcohol and subjected to a strict fat-free diet, Tiedge needed solace of some kind, and it emerged that he had a lively sexual appetite. We had available some women, members of the Party with links to the security services in the Potsdam area, who could be called on to befriend a defector and begin a liaison, as often happened in such cases. Under the emotional stress during interrogation, most men are ripe for female comfort. We ensured that the women we employed were prepared to indulge in sexual relations with these men. They were not prostitutes, but down-to-earth women, Party members and loyal to their country, who were prepared to do this in return for some expression of what we used to call the gratitude of the state, which turned out to be a preferential flat or an advance up the waiting list for a car. All the same, our first candidate simply could not bring herself to go through with it with Tiedge. Another, a teacher, was found, and she managed to fulfill her brief, to our great relief. Tiedge was a particularly unattractive specimen of manhood, and I recall thinking that she must have been an extremely patriotic soul. But even the most sordid stories can turn out to have more pleasant results than expected. The two later married and as of this writing are still together. Tiedge had a memory like a computer for names and connections and filled in a lot of the blanks for us, though not as many as he thought, since he was unaware that his colleague Kuron was in our pay. The revelations in the press of Tiedge?s unfitness for office that followed his defection reflected badly on the image of West German counterintelligence. In addition, the recently named head of the Federal Intelligence Service, Heribert Hellenbroich, an old friend of Tiedge?s and his former boss at counterintelligence, was forced to resign amid accusations of incompetence within that agency. We rubbed our hands in glee at the turmoil, although I have later come to believe that Hellenbroich was one of the more honest and respectable heads of the West German intelligence service. I feel a twinge of sympathy for his predicament in having not one but two of my moles digging the ground of his career away from under him. Tiedge’s presence in the East also gave us an excuse to move against Horst and Gerlinde Garau, about whose treachery Kuron had informed us but whom we had resisted arresting because to do so would have exposed that we had a mole at work. As far as West German counterintelligence would know, they had been betrayed by Tiedge. Horst and Gerlinde Garau were arrested and he was sentenced to life imprisonment in December 1986. Gerlinde Garau was released after four months and warned not to speak of her experiences. Her husband was found dead in mid-1988 in Bautzen Prison. Gerlinde insisted that he had been murdered on my orders. This was not so. Horst Garau was a sensitive and proud man who coped particularly badly with the harsh conditions of the prison. I am sure that he committed suicide in jail after it became clear to him that he was not on the West Germans’ list of spy-swap candidates. Despite the pathos that has since attached itself to his case—he was betrayed twice by the men he trusted in West German intelligence—he was in my eyes a destructive spy. He did not deserve to die, but he did deserve prison. On October 5, 1990, two days after the unification of the two Germanys, Kuron traveled to East Berlin to discuss his future with one of my senior officers. Treachery abounded as people rushed to save their skins. One of my elite officers had already succumbed to an offer to help the West Germans track down our agents. He was Colonel Karl-Christoph Grossmann, the same officer who had helped recruit Kuron and receive Tiedge. The rondo of deception had come full circle. The same man who had been entrusted with guarding our two top acquisitions from Western counterintelligence had turned traitor himself. I watched events unfold with a bitter sense of irony. Grossmann’s treachery meant that it was all over for Kuron and many more of our top agents. Kuron knew it too. Wordlessly, he took his final payment of ten thousand marks from the senior officer and agreed to the only offer East German foreign intelligence could still make to protect its threatened agents, an introduction to the KGB and a possible chance to escape to Moscow with the help of Soviet intelligence. Obsessed with improving their relations with the West Germans, the Soviet Union provided us minimal help. After lengthy pleading and arm twisting by Werner Grossmann, who had succeeded me as head of foreign intelligence, the KGB had agreed to give asylum to any of our prime agents who wished it. Kuron initially agreed but soon changed his mind, fearful that he would never be able to get out of the Soviet Union once he had gone in. With the excuse of returning once more to Cologne to discuss the offer with his wife, Kuron called the security clearance section of West German counterintelligence and explained that he had to discuss what he delicately called a problem. He was about to try one final game. He told his boss that he had been approached by the KGB and that he wanted to offer his services as a double agent to the West Germans. He offered to tell West German counterintelligence what the Soviets were trying to find out—the same activity he had practiced in the opposite direction for so long. Under the sort of pressure Kuron was subjected to, a defector, having made the huge psychological leap to the other side, is often capable of making it back again. It was a cunning gamble under pressure, but Kuron’s luck had run out. Upon arrival at the office block in Cologne where he had made his career, he was immediately detained and interrogated. That night, the most cunning of East-West spies threw in the towel and admitted, as he would later put it in court, that he had really only served one side, the East German Hauptverwaltung Aufklärung. Even with the help of Karl-Christoph Grossmann’s evidence from inside our apparat, it took a year and a half for the West Germans to amass all the evidence against Kuron, so extensive was his espionage activity. In 1992 he was finally sentenced to twelve years in Rauschied prison. To the end he was unbowed. His comment on his fate was: “Compared with the pitiful lives that some people suffer, staring at the same gray filing cabinet all day, I have lived five lives.? Tiedge fled to the Soviet Union shortly before unification and lived there in modest comfort, sponsored first by the KGB and since then by its variously named but fundamentally similar successor organizations. It is said that he continues to work for them against the West, but I doubt this. After the twists and turns of the last few years of espionage history in Germany, I know from conversations with friends in the old and new services in Moscow that Russian intelligence had a jaundiced view of both German services. By the end of the Cold War, they came to the conclusion, which they still hold, that it was impossible to know with certainty for which side any German agent was working.

11

Intelligence and Counterintelligence

Now that the Cold War is history, it is easy to conclude that the Soviet Union was a mangy, ill-coordinated creature, inferior in many regards to its archrival, the United States, and doomed to failure from its inception. But during the four decades that the superpower conflict dominated world affairs, it did not seem that way at all. On the contrary, the West's fears that Moscow would fulfill Nikita Khrushchev's promise to catch up and overtake the capitalist countries was the motor that drove espionage and propaganda with a historically unprecedented intensity. Furthermore, the West's political imagination was profoundly influenced by the apparent success of Soviet espionage. East bloc espionage and counterintelligence was driven by fear of the declared Western policy of rollback and by Reagan's star wars threats. Each feared it would be overtaken by the other strategically. As the ex-chief of what was recognized as the most effective and efficient Communist espionage service, I am well placed to assess our espionage successes and failures. In intelligence circles East and West I had the reputation of being Moscow's man in the Eastern bloc. Yes and no. If people meant that I called the Kremlin or the KGB on Monday mornings for a chat about the week's work, they were wrong. But if they meant that I enjoyed a relationship of confidence and mutual regard with some of the most influential figures inside the Soviet state from the earliest post-Stalin days to the collapse of the Eastern bloc, they are right. By virtue of my fluency in Russian and the roots I had established there before and during World War II, I was in a unique position to cast both an insider's and an outsider's eye over the Soviet Union's thinking and the activities of its secret services throughout the Cold War. Else and Friedrich Wolf with my brother Konrad *(left)* and me in front of our house, Höllsteig,

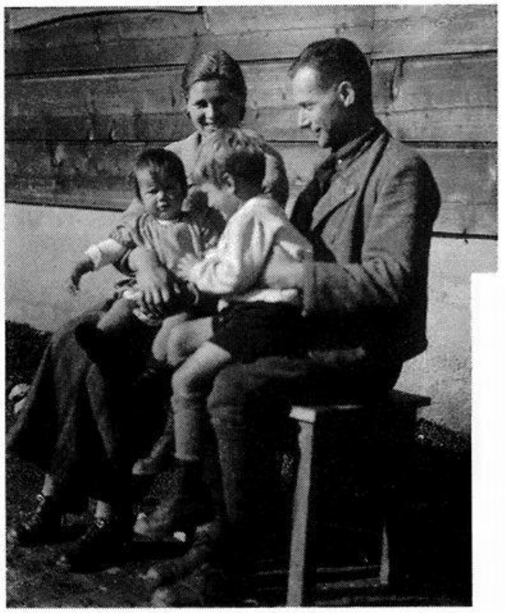

1926

Me, Stuttgart, 1929

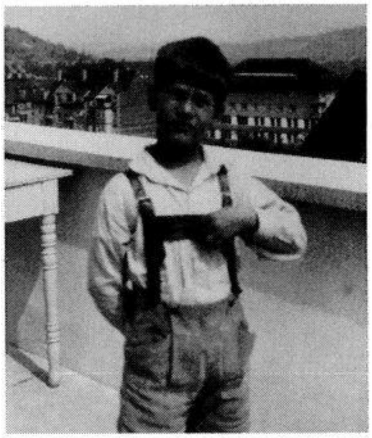

Drummer group of the Karl Liebknecht School, of which Konrad and I were members, Moscow, 1935

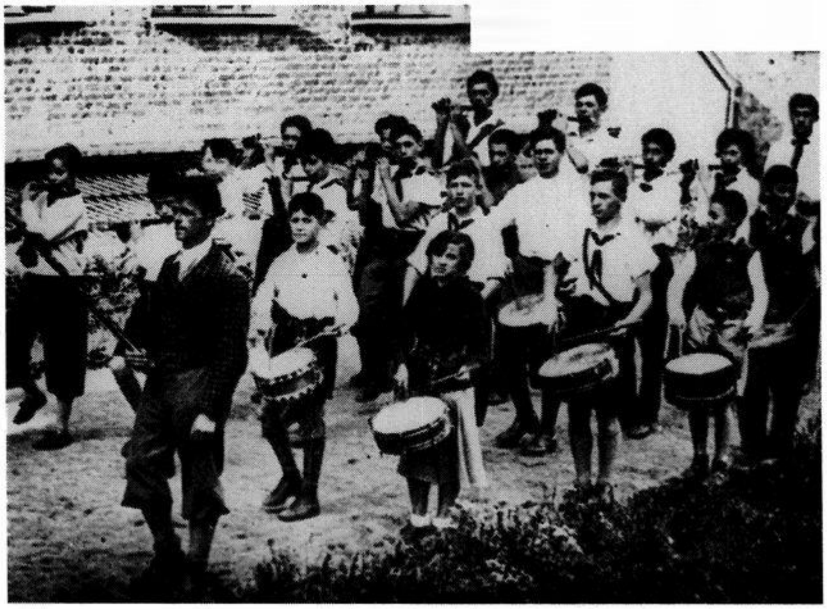

Me and Konrad, Moscow, 1939.

Me *(second from right)* hosting “Treffpunkt Berlin” (“Meeting Point Berlin”), Berlin

Radio, 1947

My identity card for the Nuremberg war-crimes trials

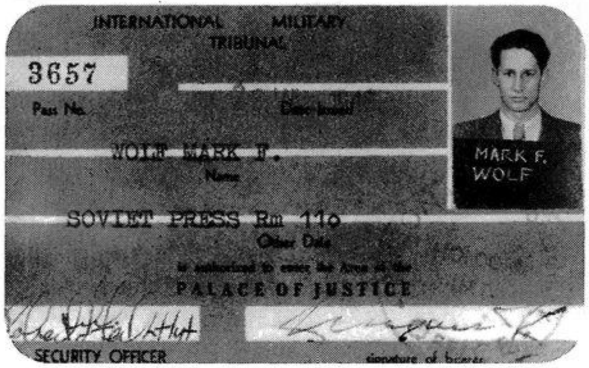

INTERNATIONAL MILITARY TRIBUNAL

3657

Pass No.

Date issued

WOLF MARK F.

Name

SOVIET PRESS Rm 110

Other Data

is authorized to enter the Area of the

PALACE OF JUSTICE

SECURITY OFFICER

signature of bearer

Friedrich and Else Wolf, Lehnitz, 1949

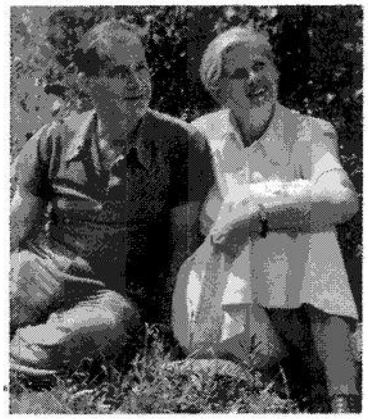

After the accreditation of the GDR diplomatic mission in Moscow, November 3, 1949: president of the Supreme Soviet Shvernik *(fourth from left)*, Ambassador Rudolf Apelt *(fifth from the left)*, and me *(third from right)*

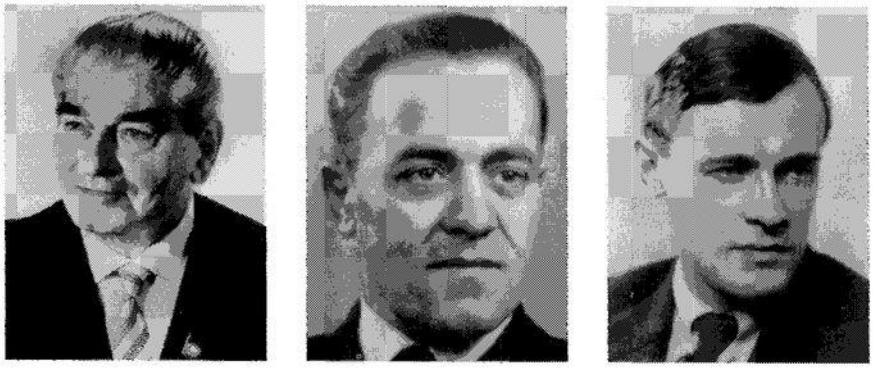

(from left to right) Richard Stahlmann (Arthur Illner); A. G. Graur, liason officer and Soviet intelligence service advisor to the GDR in 1951; and A.M. Korotkov, head of KGB representation in Berlin (also liaison officer with the Red Orchestra in Berlin, 1939–1941, under the alias “Erdman”)

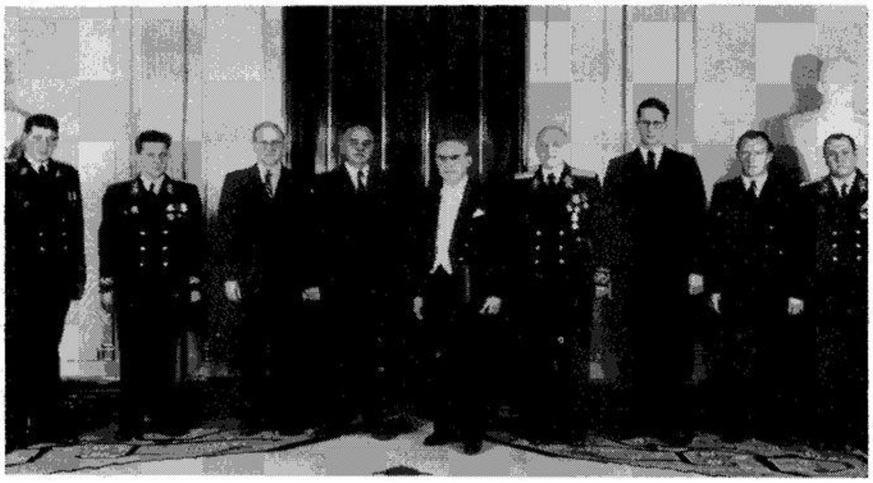

State visit of Nikita Khrushchev and Anastas Mikoyan, East Berlin, 1957 (I am second from right)

Congratulaions ceremony for the seventy-first birthday of Walter Ulbricht, chairman of the GDR State Council, East Berlin, 1964. I am fourth from left and Erich Mielke is second from right

Ceremony for the fiftieth anniversary of the Soviet intelligence service, Moscow, 1971. I am on the far left, and A. M. Sakharovski is on the far right

Me and Konrad at the Tenth Party Congress of the SED, 1981

Y.V. Andropov presenting me with the Soviet Red-Banner Order, December 6, 1973

Vladimir Kryuchkov and me at the First Main Directorate of the KGB in Yasenovo, near Moscow. Epigraph on memorial column reads, IN HONOR OF THE CHEKISTS OF THE INTELLIGENCE SERVICE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR THE SAKE OF COMMUNISM

ЧЕКИСТАМ
РАЗВЕДЧИКАМ,
ОТДАВШИМ
ЖИЗНЬ
ЗА ДЕЛО
КОММУНИЗМА

The Ministry of State Security, Normannenstraбe, East Berlin, 1977

Promotion to the colonel general by Erich Honecker, chairman of the GDR State Council, East Berlin, February 1, 1982

At my desk after the promotion ceremony, February 1, 1982

Wreath-laying ceremony at Andropov’s tomb, Moscow, Februrary 9, 1983

My office at the Ministry of State Security

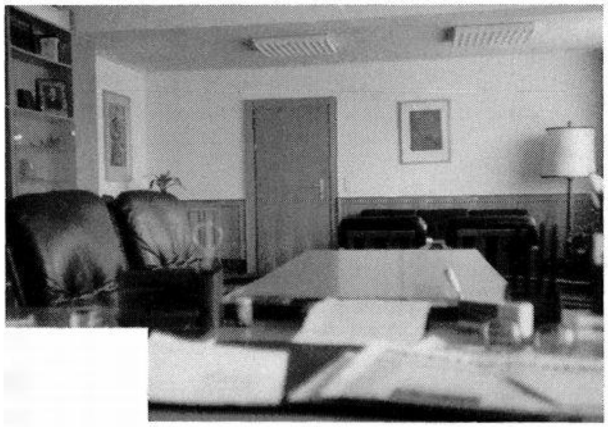

Kryuchkov and me, East Berlin, 1984

Zanzibar, 1964: Seif Bakari, member of the revolutionary council; Thabit Kombo, deputy head of the security branch; Dieter Hoffman; Rolf Markert; me; commissioner of

Pemba; Ibrahim Makungu, head of the security branch

Me with the Sudanese interior minister, Faruq Othman Hamadallah, May 1, 1970, East Berlin

Me (in dark glasses) outside of Managua, Nicaragua, July 1985 (minister Tomas Borge is sitting on table)

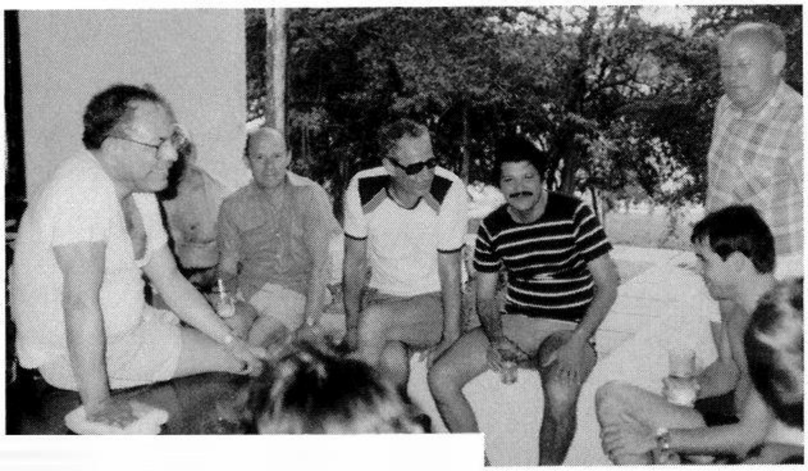

Me and Raoul Castro, Cuba, July 1985

Spies at work: a secret photo of West German vice-chancellor Fritz Schäffer *(center)* leaving the Marx-Engels-Platz railway station in East Berlin. The man on his left (in the light coat) is agent “Markgraf,” and in front of them both is Captain Hermann Nebelung. Hidden is Colonel Willi Hüttner

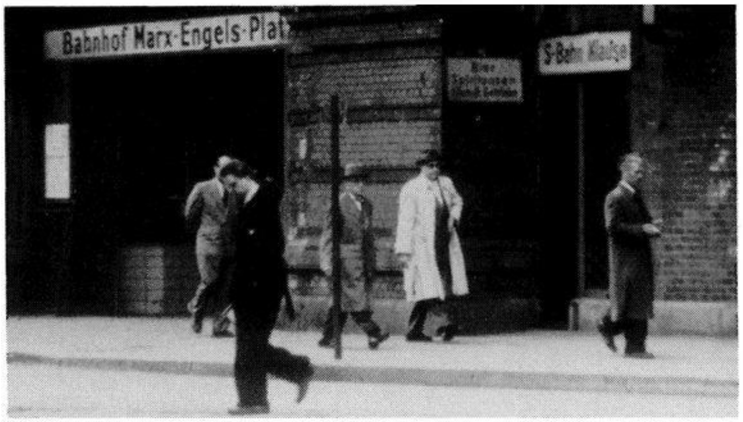

Shäffer being welcomed by Colonel Semyon Semyonovich Logachov and Hüttner, at the HVA safe house “Lieschen,” East Berlin

Günter Guillaume, at the Eleventh Party Congress of the SED, 1986

Christel Guillaume after her release *(from left*, me, Christel Guillaume, her son Pierre Guillaume, and Christel's mother)

Secret meeting with Gaby Gast, Dresden, 1981

Helga Rödiger, Eleventh Party Congress of the SED, 1986

Johanna Olbrich and me, Eleventh Party Congress of the SED, 1986

Kim Philby and me during a lecture for HVA staff, August 14, 1981, East Berlin

India Ink drawing by Abel, given to me as a present

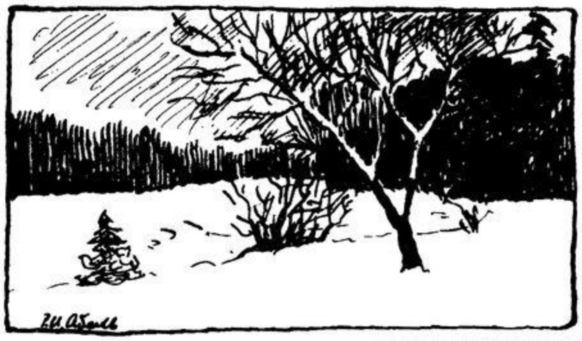

Rudolf Abel, me, and Soviet liaison officer V V Kuchin, October 1967, East Berlin

Me with George Blake, August 1980, Berlin (Blake autographed the photo)

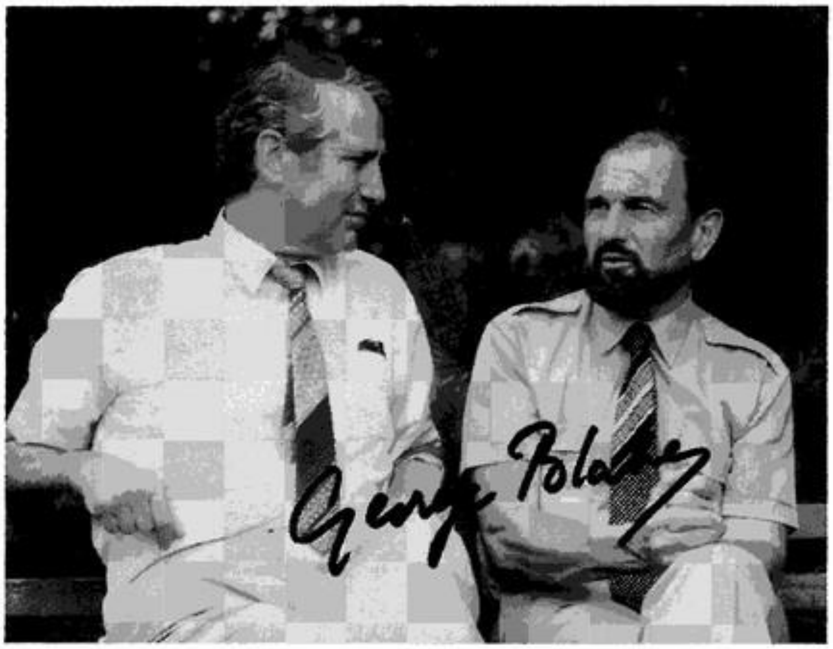
George Blake

William Borm ("Olaf") and me, 1982, East Berlin

Klaus and Margarethe Fuchs congratulate me on my sixtieth birthday, January 19, 1983

Cover of Die Troika, 1989 *(from left,* George Fischer, Lothar Wloch, Konrad Wolf)

Markus Wolf

Die Troika

Addressing a protest rally, Alexanderplatz, Berlin, November 4, 1989

Andrea and me with Yitzhak Shamir, Tel Aviv, March 1996

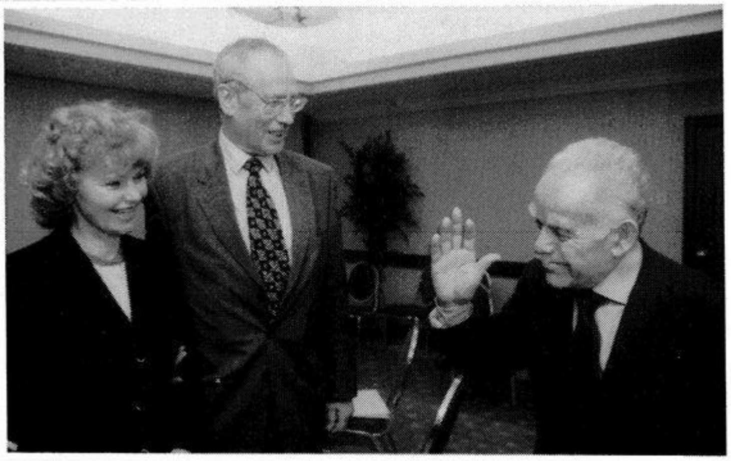

With Hannsheinz Porst in front of the Düsseldorf court of appeals during my first trial,

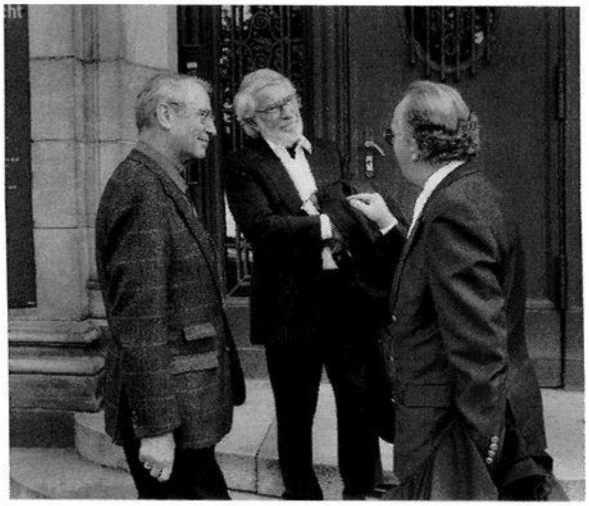

September 7, 1993

Me and Mielke

Me with John Robbins, who served in the CIA's Operation Directorate. Robbins spent nearly eight years in Berlin, and was there during some of my most successful operations

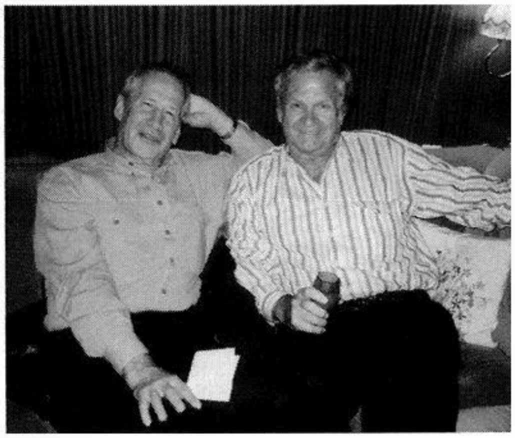

COURTESY COLONEL JIM ATWOOD

Me and former intelligence officers *(from left)* Hayden B. Peake (USA), and Dan Mulvenna (Canada) after a discussion on the role of espionage in the Cold War.

COURTESY COLONEL JIM ATWOOD

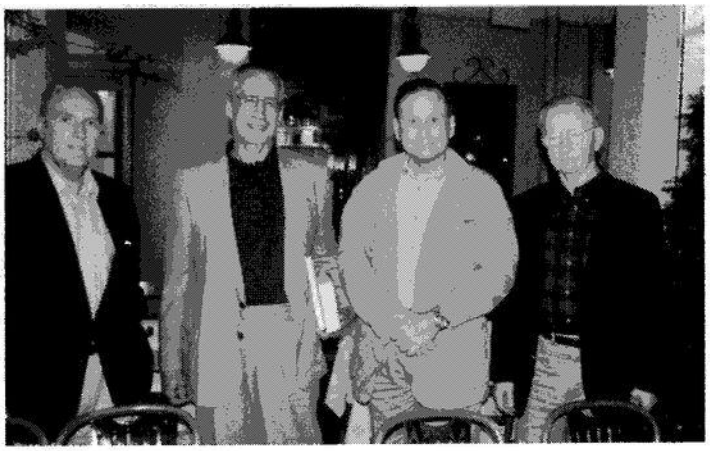

The Soviet intelligence services had their greatest successes in America and Europe before and during World War II, when they were able to rely on the Communist Party and the intelligentsia of many countries, particularly in Germany and England but also in the United States. The Soviet Union was a beacon that attracted followers to its intelligence services out of deep conviction. The agents recruited at that time were the best, giving the Soviet Union the chance to catch up in the nuclear race, and many have remained undiscovered, even after the McCarthy period and the defection to Canada in 1945 of Igor Gousenko. From our very beginnings, we in East Germany presented intelligence as an honorable profession. We were able to build on the experience and the legends instilled by great spies who had worked against the Nazis—Richard Sorge and his famous assistants, Ruth Werner, alias Sonya, who spied in China, Danzig, Switzerland, and Britain for the Soviets during the war, and Max Christiansen-Klausen, Sorge's radio operator; Use Stöbe, who spied from the heart of Hitler's foreign ministry; and Harro Schulze-Boysen, an officer in Goering's air force and head of the Rote Kapelle, which included Arvid and Mildred Harnack and Adam and Margarethe Kuckhoff. Our own apparat featured many veterans of the Communist movement during the Third Reich, like my first bosses, Wilhelm Zaisser, Richard Stahlmann, Robert Korb,

and Ernst Wollweber. I was personally enthralled by their stories and saw the value of presenting them to our recruits as models for the role of spycraft in underpinning socialism. We even had a rather grand name for all of this: *Traditionspflege,* or the preservation of tradition. Part of the difference between the Eastern and the Western approach to running an intelligence service is, I think, seen clearly in the language we used to describe ourselves. The Central Intelligence Agency and its West German equivalent, the BND, allocated each of its employees a rank based on civil service practice, while we followed the Soviet tradition of basing our service grades on the military?s; the minister of state security had the rank of four-star general and down from there. We even had battle songs and a ministry choir avowing our eternal loyalty to the Cause. I translated one song from a Russian original dedicated to agents operating on foreign territory. It began:Our service is enlightenment
Names remain secret,
Discreet our achievements,
Always within the enemy’s sights.

There was a rousing chorus about the fighters on the invisible front, a stirring phrase that originated with the Chekists, Lenin’s first secret police. We never called ourselves spies but *Kundschafter,* a good, strong Lutheran-German word meaning purveyor of information. The word “agent” was never used of our own side but was reserved for describing our foes. This is all very basic linguistic psychology, but it succeeded in creating a climate in which Eastern officers naturally thought of themselves as honorable and their foes as perfidious. I must stress that the military aspects were decidedly secondary to the ideological, but in the West they did not go in for such mythmaking at all. As far as I can tell, what the CIA, Britain’s MI6, and most other Western European services had in common was a rather dreary approach to their jobs and themselves. I do not mean that they were unprofessional—far from it—but that they were encouraged to see themselves not as glamorous or special in any way but rather as worker bees, gathering information for other far grander souls to process. We probably went too far in the other direction by introducing a military structure and great strictness about personal habits and morality into our services. But it did provide a strong sense of belonging, which underpinned the loyalty without which no secret service can function. My firm belief is that hardly anyone becomes a traitor for money alone. The CIA was always inclined to use money as a recruiting device, and the KGB was not shy of doing the same. In the United States, in particular, the KGB eventually could no longer recruit enough agents out of conviction and had to focus on money. In the final years its greatest successes, culminating with Aldrich Ames, were walk-ins looking for cash and not agents recruited with a plan of infiltrating an institution, a process our service often began during a potential agent?s student days. To agents like Klaus Kuron in West German counterintelligence we paid plenty, of course, but that was the exception rather than the rule. The wiser Soviet recruiters realized that in fishing for potential moles in the West, they had to bear in mind that other factors are always at work. One of these is what I liked to call the erotic appeal of the East. By this I do not mean the prostitutes and pornographic videos occasionally supplied to help visitors pass their time, but the prickling excitement they seemed to feel at being received and feted on the other side of the Iron Curtain. We occasionally arranged wholly unnecessary visits to the GDR or even the Soviet Union for people we were targeting, because the usually unfamiliar sights (carefully chosen, of course) tended to move the heart of a suggestible Westerner. I once used this method in recruiting a senior West German Social Democrat whom we code-named Julius. He was a regional newspaper editor and a man in a relatively high position with good contacts, including Willy Brandt and other leading figures of his party. I happened to be on vacation on a fishing trip on the Volga River at the same time he had been invited to tour a Soviet power station and inspect Stalingrad, which is on the Volga. Sensing he had an adventurous streak, I took Julius aboard a riverboat, and we disembarked and visited the small house of a worker and ate fish soup. There was a fine atmosphere of friendship and hospitality. I served as the interpreter while Julius asked about life, family, the battle of Stalingrad—the man had been a Stalingrad defender—and the current political and economic situation. The worker criticized Moscow, and we discussed failures of the socialist system. This frankness impressed Julius. The next day we visited a villa that had been prepared for a visit by President Eisenhower that had never taken place. I signed my full name in the guest book, Lt. Gen. Markus Wolf, which made Julius uncomfortable because his own name was nearby. But the miniholiday deep inside enemy territory helped him shed his fears about being involved in helping the Soviet Union to secure world peace, as we phrased the appeal. It also gave him a prickle of forbidden excitement. He became a political source for us in his party, for which we paid to help support his private office, a type of political slush fund not unknown in many Western democracies. I often said to my Russian colleagues: “You don’t use your best weapon. You show them power stations, not the people. These people may live in poor houses, but they are more impressive to foreigners than anything else.” Soviet intelligence had been our model and in the early days our teacher in foreign espionage. Starting in the mid-fifties we traveled to Moscow for meetings with the Soviet foreign intelligence chiefs in the First Main Directorate and for a more general briefing from the KGB chief. Back then we were left in no doubt that our hosts regarded us as mere minions from an outpost of the proud empire. Our accommodations were in the guest apartment in Kolpachny Pereulok that had belonged to Viktor Abakumov, the brutal head of the SMERSH terror network responsible for the liquidation of real and imagined enemies of Stalin during World War II. Abakumov was shot after Lavrenti Beria’s death in 1953. Built in grand pre-Revolutionary style, the three-story mansion had several apartments, an elevator, fireplaces, and a vast marble bathroom with a huge old bathtub. The sideboard in the dining room was filled with fine china and glassware, and there was a beautiful oval dining table hung with a low lamp, around which we would sit discussing the state of the world with our hosts. The windows were curtained with heavy drapes. The house had a fine library of Russian classics (rarely used), its own billiard room, and a cinema and was considered a marvel even among the senior ranks of the KGB, who loved this mixture of the old bourgeois taste and vulgar nouveau-riche luxury. Abakumov was reported to have tortured prisoners himself and followed Beria’s practice of snatching attractive girls off the street, taking them home, and raping them. Who knows what horrors had taken place in the rooms where we were lavishly entertained? After the collapse of the Soviet Union, the press office of the Russian Intelligence Service was located there. Mielke loved being entertained by the Soviets in grand style while I preferred our trips out of town to the cozy dachas deep in the forests, which reminded me of my childhood. Mielke never entirely escaped the insecurities of his working-class origins. He insisted on sharing a room with me because he was lonely?or maybe, given the surroundings, a little afraid. At night my companion would snore violently, which was scarcely a recipe for a relaxing week. After 1953, the relationship with the KGB was constrained by the turbulence inside the Soviet leadership following Stalin's death and the execution of his henchman, Lavrenti Beria. Sergei Kruglov, who succeeded Beria, was replaced by Ivan Serov, who had been in charge of installing Soviet structures in East Germany: the big KGB office in Berlin, the placing of KGB representatives in all districts of the GDR, and the establishment of a huge Department of Military Intelligence in Potsdam. Serov was for letting the GDR run its own independent intelligence and counterintelligence operations. I first encountered him at a March 1955 meeting of East bloc security representatives. He was always in uniform, both in dress and in mind, and his speech focused on the need for all of us to combine our efforts against the common enemy, the United States. My Soviet guardian angel was Alexander Panyushkin, former ambassador to Washington and later the man responsible for foreign cadres in the Central Committee. Once I took a coach trip through the forest of the hunting preserve of the security ministry in Wolletz, forty miles from Berlin, with Serov and the KGB resident in Berlin, Aleksandr Korotkov. Korotkov had served before the war as "Erdmann," the Berlin handler of the Rote Kapelle. They spent their time reminiscing as comrades in arms about putting down the Hungarian revolt. From them I got the impression that many of the KGB's leading generals had taken part in the repression. Serov was replaced by Aleksandr Shelepin, who lasted only three harsh years (during which he approved the murder in Munich of Stepan Bandera, the Ukrainian nationalist leader, and personally decorated the agent who did it). Arrogant and ambitious, Shelepin was ousted for backing an unsuccessful putsch against Khrushchev in 1961 and was replaced by Vladimir Semichastny. He was as kind and friendly as might be expected from a former leader of the Komsomol, the party's youth wing. Though affable, Semichastny was a sharp-minded, ideologically severe man who had climbed fast through the ranks of the KGB by making sure he was on the right side when Khrushchev was finally pushed out in 1964 in favor of Leonid Brezhnev. Semichastny?s personal obsession was the pollution of the system from within by Soviet artists and writers; it was he who masterminded the vilification of Boris Pasternak and his novel *Dr. Zhivago.* He had little interest in foreign intelligence, which he left to Aleksandr Sakharovsky, who was highly respected by many members of his staff as well as by me. Sakharovsky treated me like a son, in accordance with our respective ages. I tried to distance the HVA from the "operational excesses" of other espionage services in the East that also looked to the KGB for guidance. The clichés established by espionage movies and novels notwithstanding, physical violence was the exception, not the rule. I do not believe that either side set out to murder opponents, and most of those who died did so accidentally after being given too powerful a dose of knockout drops, often during a snatch. Such deaths were used against the Eastern bloc by the West to great propaganda effect in the stark, black-and-white newsreels of the fifties; indeed, we usually found out about such deaths through Western publications, since these were not the sorts of events that were bragged about internally. This is not to say that we were not at times harsh in our methods. The HVA, as a result of its integration into the Ministry of State Security in the mid-fifties and in accordance with the Soviet espionage model, was linked to counterintelligence by many threads. For example, if Department 20 of state security, responsible for culture, was concerned with a certain "hostile-negative person"—to use the jargon of counterintelligence—and we found that a neighbor of this person was in HVA files, he or she was used to inform and provide information on the person, as long as other security conditions permitted. This spongy term, “hostile-negative,” could be used against anyone who opposed, disagreed with, or only partly disagreed with the policy of the leadership. It was one of the worst instruments of Stasi persecution. If the HVA had information on the activities and contacts of East German writers who were living abroad, that information was given to counterintelligence. For our part, we benefited from counterintelligence knowledge of connections that GDR citizens had with the West. Such exchanges of information were standard procedure throughout the Eastern bloc, and in the West as well. Some have claimed that the foreign intelligence service’s collaboration with the counterintelligence departments of the Ministry of State Security make me a collaborator in the ministry?s surveillance and repression of East German citizens. I am not going to claim that we had nothing to do with such repression, but the relatively strict departmentalization of the ministry meant that my service was explicitly not supposed to engage in internal counterintelligence activities. The HVA was always a foreign intelligence service, and while we engaged in the standard bureaucratic cooperation with counterintelligence, we had no domestic cases of our own that involved arrests or convictions. Nevertheless, we were well aware of what was going on and of counterintelligence?s often harsh methods. During the latter years of cooperation between the HVA and the Ministry of State Security?s counterintelligence departments, the use of force was the exception rather than the rule, and it was neither ordered nor approved by senior officers. Measures were, however, taken to undermine and intimidate opposition groups, and its psychological effects were probably more damaging, ultimately, than any physical torture would have been. Such methods, almost inconceivable in scope and of infamous sophistication, were used against the scientist Robert Havemann. A convinced Communist who had been condemned to death under Hitler and liberated by the Soviet army from the same prison as Erich Honecker, Havemann, starting in the late sixties, publicly criticized the political leadership of the GDR and demanded democratic reforms of our stagnating system. His small residence in Grünheide, near Berlin, was cordoned off and put under siege as if it were some enemy stronghold. Every member of his family, every visitor, was kept under observation by informers who literally encircled their everyday movements, and slanders were spread about their spouses, including stories of actual or invented extramarital affairs. A former agent of my department named Knut Wollenberger was infiltrated into Havemann’s group of democratic reformers in order to pressure and subvert it. Similar treatment was also applied systematically to the poet and singer Wolf Biermann, a friend of Havemann’s and a member of his circle. After a tour of West Germany he was denied reentry into the GDR and was illegally deprived of his citizenship. Karl Winkler, a young poet and singer and an admirer of Havemann and Biermann, was arrested on trumped-up charges of “public disparagement” in 1979 and was deported to the West after a trial in which he was found guilty. He published a book describing the psychological torture of his imprisonment; we became acquainted?perhaps friends?after 1989, when I appeared at the rally in the Alexanderplatz seeking reforms. He came as my supporter during the court session in the summer of 1993. The following year, Winkler drowned in the Mediterranean under as yet unexplained circumstances. All prisons undermine human dignity, but a great deal depends on those conducting the initial investigations and the nature of the jailers after the case is concluded. I have been told by my own agents of the psychological torture of solitary confinement by those who had been subjected to it in Western prisons. I never saw the prisons in East Germany, but the situation there must often have been particularly bad. Winkler's accounts of his own thirteen-month interrogation and incarceration before his deportation were an oppressive demonstration of the total disregard of prisoners' dignity, an experience shared by thousands. He later organized visits and programs about the Ministry of State Security and its prisons, and he and I came to understand and appreciate each other's concerns. On learning of Winkler's experiences I was once again overcome by shame at the dark side of the ministry where I had held a senior position for so long. I felt no different when I met Walter Janka, an old Communist and companion of my father's, who told me of his prosecution and imprisonment after the upheavals of 1956, when he was sent to the notorious Bautzen penal institution. In December 1989, Janka and I presided at the Party Congress and tried to turn the Socialist Unity Party into a party of democratic socialists. I helped prepare a report on the crimes of Stalinism and of our own past, offering an apology to the people of the GDR. In the years that followed, I and my successor, Werner Grossmann, repeatedly said that our service could not escape responsibility for the internal repression, and we sought forgiveness. Using the powerful instrument of the state security service against citizens holding different opinions, or those who sought to leave their own, unloved country, was tantamount to trampling on the ideals of communism's founders. Thus the chances of reform had been wasted, and our own responsibility and guilt by default remain a tormenting burden to this day. I was adamantly against psychically violent or dangerous actions, but the same cannot be said of some of our "friendly" services. One day I received a call from the Bulgarian station chief in Berlin requesting a doctor who could be trusted to keep secrets to help them in "a difficult matter." When pressed he would say only, "We are transporting some goods that are in danger of going off." It did not take me long to work out that the Bulgarians must have drugged a person they had "snatched" and failed to monitor the effect of the medication. A suitable medic was found with ties to the secret service, which meant that he was not easily shocked. An hour or so after arriving at the Bulgarian embassy, he telephoned me. "Too late," he said. "Those fools gave him a dose strong enough to kill a horse. They trussed up the poor fellow in the trunk of a car. No air and a knockout drug. A combination with predictable results." Back on the line came the Bulgarian secret service man, now with a tremor in his voice. Having accidentally killed a defector, presumably after snatching him in his West German refuge for interrogation in Sofia, the Bulgarian's own head was now on the block. "Would it be all right if we left the goods with you?" he pleaded. "Certainly not," I replied. We argued this back and forth for a while and finally referred the question to Mielke, who decreed that the corpse was the Bulgarians' problem. We waved the sad cargo on its way before rigor mortis could set in. It seems impossible for me to persuade people that I did not use such methods. The explanation of our methodology in cases cited in this book should, however, make it clear to all but those who do not want to believe, or prefer to believe that James Bond is a real person, that it was not necessary to engage in the unseemly business of "wet jobs" and sleeping potions to run a highly effective intelligence service. I knew, however, that even after Stalin's death, the Soviets still had a department that developed bizarre ways of killing enemies. Even within the KGB the existence of this department was a closely guarded secret. In addition to murdering Bandera with a poisoned bullet, the KGB assassinated the defector Truchnovich, the head of the Russian emigrant organization the National Workers Union, in Berlin, while attempting to kidnap him. One KGB man was dispatched to buyers throughout the Eastern bloc bearing wares such as untraceable nerve toxins and skin contact poisons to smear on doorknobs. The only thing I ever accepted from him was a sachet of ?truth drugs,? which he touted as ?unbeatable? with the enthusiasm of a door-to-door salesman. For years they lay in my personal safe. One day, in a fit of curiosity, I asked our carefully vetted doctor to have them analyzed for me. He came back shaking his head in horror. ?Use these without constant medical supervision and there is every chance that the fellow from whom you want the truth will be dead as a dodo in seconds,? he said. We never did use the ?truth drugs.? But death was always a risk, no matter what side you were on. The price for being discovered as a traitor early in the Cold War was very often execution after trial by one’s own side. The first victim I heard of was a woman called Elli Barczatis, secretary to the East German prime minister Otto Grotewohl. Grotewohl had been a Social Democrat before the merger of the SPD and the Communists in the East in 1948, and his old SPD colleagues in the West had never given up hope that he might turn away from the Soviets and split the ruling East German party. He was very closely targeted by the West, but he being a saturnine man, they went after his secretary. Barczatis was seduced by a Western agent and, it was later discovered during her interrogation, given the code name “Daisy.” To my knowledge this was the first post-war use of a Romeo strategy by the intelligence services of either side to lure a person close to a political figure into cooperating with the enemy. Barczatis’s grim misfortune was that her case became public just after the execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg as atomic spies in the United States. The name of the game in espionage, as in other aspects of the Cold War, was parity. She was sentenced to death by guillotine in Frankfurt-an-der-Oder on the Polish border. In this political climate, I could not fail to be fully aware from the very beginning of how rough the game had become. I do not claim ignorance of the brutalities of life within our own country; the random arrests and fear that penetrated the Communist apparatus in the fifties made me aware that no one was safe from allegations of treachery. Things changed radically and for the better with the arrival of Yuri Andropov as KGB chief in 1967. Here at last was a figure I admired, unbound by protocol and aloof from the petty intrigues that had marked the tenure of his predecessors. He was also exempt from the general Soviet arrogance, which automatically assumed that this great empire was invulnerable. More keenly than anyone else in Moscow, he realized that the military intervention in Hungary in 1956, and later in Czechoslovakia in 1968, was a sign of Soviet weakness rather than strength. He was anxious for such events not to be repeated. Andropov distinguished himself from all his KGB predecessors and successors by his political and human qualities. The horizon of his interests stretched further than any of them. He was able to understand major aspects of domestic and foreign policy, ideological and theoretical problems, the necessity of basic changes and reforms, but also their risks and implications. My first in-depth meeting with Yuri Andropov came in 1968, shortly after Russian troops had crushed the Prague spring. He had been due to visit East Germany that summer, but the visit had to be postponed because of the developments in Prague. It was autumn by the time he came to us and we were all still rather dazed by what had happened and wondered what the appropriate thing was to say. Among the many virtually identical state banquets I attended, this one stands out in my mind. We ate in one of our ministry’s guest houses in the northern Pankow district of East Berlin. (In the early days, the East German leadership had all lived there in a neat estate, cheek by jowl with each other, before security considerations persuaded them to move outside the city to the Wandlitz compound in the fifties.) The guest house in Pankow was a well-appointed villa that had been chosen with a diplomatic eye to be elegant enough to show due honor to our guests but not more grandiose than the settings of the dinners the Soviets gave for us. The guests on the German side were Erich Mielke, eleven top officers of the Ministry of State Security, and I. The atmosphere that night was relaxed, a tribute to the changes Andropov had wrought in the organization. The hard nub of fear—which had been present during the fifties, a decade that despite Khrushchev's thaw was scarred by the legacy of Stalin—had melted. Andropov held himself with dignity and, unlike many of his countrymen, could remain civilized after a few drinks. You could see everyone of even the most modest intellectual pretensions heaving a sigh of relief. It was an entirely male gathering. Even the servers were men, selected from the ministry's special list of waiters regarded as trustworthy. The conversation turned to Czechoslovakia, as I knew it would. Mielke had a lifetime obsession with the German Social Democrats, whom he blamed for "ideological diversion" in the socialist movement. He saw this dinner as an ideal opportunity to let off steam and impress our guest with his party solidarity for the Soviet Union's determination to crush the reform movement in Prague. He rose and spoke of the need to prevent "weakening" through social democratic influence, which dominated the reformist circles in Prague. A wave of nods spread round the company. Then Andropov spoke. "That is not the whole story," he said, amiably but firmly. "We had two choices: military intervention, which would blacken our reputation, or letting Czechoslovakia go, with all the consequences that would entail for Eastern Europe. It was not an enviable choice." Andropov took a sip from his water glass and the table fell silent, all eyes fixed on him. "One has to look at the situation within each country and examine where the stresses and strains lie. The new [Communist] government is going to have a tough time of it in Czechoslovakia. And as for the Social Democrats, well, I think we will have to look carefully at our relations with them and what they represent everywhere." The number of sacred cows that had just been slaughtered was breathtaking. For a start, he was brushing aside the strict ideological analysis of the intervention in favor of examining the internal problems of the country itself. Andropov's comments also implied that the Communists in Czechoslovakia had been slow to realize the extent of dissent and the work required to improve matters. Andropov's concern for the fate of the new leadership went directly against the official line, which maintained that the mass of law-abiding citizens were delighted to have order restored and the Communists firmly back in command. And the postscript, favoring contacts with all Social Democrats, was a veiled criticism of the visceral hatreds between the East German leadership and the main party of the left in West Germany. It was also prescient, given that in the following year the West German Social Democrats would launch their *Ostpolitik* campaign seeking a better understanding with the East. I was impressed by how intent Andropov was on overcoming the role he knew we expected him to play and by his honest talk in a forum where flattery and rhetoric were otherwise the order of the day. Emboldened by his attitude, we at the table refilled our glasses. This occasion was not the end of Mielke's outrageous statements. Until the 1970s he insisted on toasting Stalin and demanding "three cheers for our model and inspiration" to an increasingly mortified hall. He would hint heavily that it had been a great mistake for the

Soviet Union to distance itself from Stalin’s legacy. But that was in home company, of course. When the Soviets were present, it was different. Unlike his predecessors, Andropov’s main interest was foreign policy and foreign intelligence. He also introduced managerial structures into the KGB and installed a system of greater accountability. In foreign operations, he was quick to realize that the traditional practice of stuffing embassies and trade and other official Soviet representations with agents was not the best way to operate, since these institutions were very well monitored by foreign counterintelligence. I knew from my own, mainly abortive attempts to run agents from our Washington embassy that they could hardly move out of the building without having an FBI man on their tail, although years later I met Ivan Gromakov, who had served as KGB resident in Washington, and he maintained that FBI surveillance was easy to detect and had never proved an obstacle for him in dealing with his sources. The other disadvantage of operating under diplomatic cover was the risk of retaliatory diplomatic expulsions, which meant that any agent established in an embassy or similar post had a high probability of being thrown out of the country in one of the perennial expulsions. The Soviet Union’s embassies were so overstuffed that in one year the British expelled a grand total of 105 suspected agents from the USSR’s London’s embassy. Andropov’s shift toward the emphasis on illegals (infiltrating the agent into a hostile territory with a false identity, false papers, and an apparent justification for being there), while certainly better espionage practice, was deeply unpopular within the cadres, who preferred to have institutional support. This shift to illegals was a reality we had already been forced by necessity to deal with. Because the GDR was not diplomatically recognized in the West until the Basic Treaty was signed with West Germany, we did not in any case have the luxury of using embassies as espionage bases and were far more reliant on the “illegal line” (we even used this old Bolshevik phrase). Andropov examined our methods closely and came to the conclusion that fewer agents should enjoy the comforts of institutional life and more should be sent out as illegals to make their own way. He studied the development of East German intelligence in depth and asked me to provide detailed examples of my approach to running agents. I was flattered to be asked and pleased to do so. We never shared the names of agents. The first rule of our espionage tradition reached back to the revolutionary Communist Party’s policy, and it was that one had access only to what one needed to know. This sensible restriction prevented outbreaks of mutual recriminations when treachery took place, preventing one service from trying to blame another. Andropov’s openness to information from outside the KGB also deepened his sense of the real relations between diplomats and intelligence officers within embassies as opposed to the officially reported ones. The KGB’s occasionally arrogant approach to this relationship meant that in many embassies dealings between the ambassador and the official KGB resident were strained. This was exacerbated by the KGB’s superior resources; it always was well funded, and its employees could afford their own cars, whereas only top-ranking Soviet diplomats had their own cars; other diplomats were forced to depend on the embassy’s motor pool. KGB members could also claim higher meal expenses than bona fide diplomats. Not only were these discrepancies a source of resentment, they also helped foreign counterintelligence organizations to spot the KGB agents operating under diplomatic cover. As for Andropov’s wider political impact, I know that he was the source of many of the reformist ideas that Gorbachev would later claim as his own. He recognized that one of the reasons the Soviet economy had fallen so far behind the West's was centralized control and the total separation of the military and civilian sectors. Huge government investments in the military-industrial complex in the United States and other developed capitalist countries could be spun off by private companies into profitable civilian advances in high technology such as jet aviation and computers. But in the Soviet Union, the fetish for secrecy created an insuperable drag, as ministers from the GDR could testify from their own experience with Soviet military ministries. When I raised such issues with Andropov, he told me he was trying to put this line of thinking into practice in committees that he had staffed with civilian and military experts, who were supposed to learn from such comparisons between the two competing economic systems. Andropov regarded intelligence as an important instrument for learning from the other side to improve the socialist system, and his intellectual readiness to examine other ways contrasted with the stagnation all around him. He mused about the possibility of a social democratic ?third way? led by Hungary and certain factions in the GDR, and even during the repression of Soviet dissidents, for which he was responsible, he was privately discussing Hungary?s experiments in political pluralism as well as economic liberalism. I often wondered what Andropov would have done if he had been granted a decade in power instead of just a few, ailing years. Surely he would not have done what Gorbachev did. He had expressed hopes of somehow subjecting socialized property to the free market as well as political liberalization, and surely the steps toward reform would have been more carefully thought out. In dealing with other socialist countries, Andropov was never patronizing in the manner of Brezhnev, his predecessor, or Chernenko, his successor. Vyacheslav Kochemassov recalls that when he was appointed Soviet ambassador in Berlin, Andropov told him, “We need a new ambassador in the GDR, not a colonial governor.” Whether the end of the old Russian imperial style would have led to a successful reform of socialism remains an open question. Perhaps these recollections will help resolve the paradox that Andropov presented to the West. He was advertised as a closet liberal—even an admirer of jazz—but Western analysts found this difficult to square with his toughness toward dissidents. This missed the point. I can testify that he certainly favored reform, but it would not have come in a Western democratic manner, which he would have regarded as anarchic. Andropov's reforms would have been imposed from the top down, with all the limitations that would entail. But I believe such reforms would have taken a more measured and perhaps more successful path. The fact that I admired Andropov doesn't mean I always got my way with him, especially when it came to my attempts to arrange a spy swap for Günter Guillaume in 1978. I figured that Bonn might offer Guillaume only in return for someone really big from the Soviet side. This would enhance their reputation as big players in the game of global diplomacy, and a number of West German agents could be included to sweeten the deal for domestic consumption. As I doodled possible names on the back of an envelope, I saw that the key?and the problem?was Anatoly Sharansky. Or, more precisely, the Kremlin?s obsession with him. Like the moralist and Gulag chronicler Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn and the scientist and dissident Andrei Sakharov, the builder of the Soviet atomic bomb who had turned to the cause of human rights, Sharansky had in the five years of his concentrated campaigning for Jewish rights achieved cult status in the dissident world. This was a matter of charisma as well as luck in meeting the right sympathetic journalists—there were hundreds of other equally committed but thoroughly ignored dissidents in the Soviet Union. This shy academic by his success had become the target of a highly personalized degree of wrath in both the KGB and the Party. I knew from my experience of Moscow's dealings with internal enemies that this often worked its way out in a decision simply to get rid of the offending individual; Solzhenitsyn had been put on a plane to Germany; Sakharov had been sent (by Andropov himself) to internal exile in Gorky. So why not be rid of Sharansky too? But Andropov did not see it that way. "Comrade Wolf," he said. "Don't you know what will happen if we give this signal? The man is a spy [Andropov thought Sharansky was involved with the CIA], but more important, he is a Jew, and it is the Jews he speaks for. Too many groups have suffered under the repression in our country. If we give this sort of ground to the Jews, who will be next? The Volga Germans? The Crimean Tartars? Or maybe the Kalmucks or the Chechens?" He was referring to the ethnic groups deported by Stalin from their homelands in a campaign literally to pull up potential sources of opposition from their geographic roots. The KGB had a bureaucratic word for these groups that I had never heard before: *kontingentirovannye. Kontingent* referred to "quotas," or categories, of unreliable people. These "contingents" were regarded as disaffected potential enemies, and Andropov put their number at the astounding total of eight and a half million. "We cannot carelessly try to solve all of these problems in these difficult times," he continued. "If we open up all the valves at once, and people start to express their grievances, there will be an avalanche and we will have no means of stopping it." This was the frank Andropov I knew of old, cutting through the ponderous and mendacious official versions to reveal the bare-bones reason behind the Soviet Union's intransigence on human rights: fear—fear of the potential for conflict arising in Stalin's legacy of potential enemies within the country itself. Sharansky could become a figurehead not just for Soviet Jews, but for many, many more *kontingentirovannye.* There now seems to be no evidence that Sharansky was involved with the CIA, but Andropov was absolutely convinced that he was. He would have had no reason to lie about this to me, of all people. But above and beyond any espionage connections, Andropov's main considerations lay elsewhere, and I was stunned by how openly he referred to potential ethnic problems. Andropov continued: "He will carry a flag for all the Jews. Stalin's anti-Semitic excesses have left these people with a big grievance against the Soviet state and they have powerful friends abroad. We cannot allow that at the moment." He was equally frank about the Soviet Union's decline, the start of which, referring to our meeting fourteen years before, he pinpointed as the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia. I made several efforts to persuade Andropov to agree to swap Sharansky but failed every time. Andropov was allergic to his very name, and he usually became heated and shouted, "He is a spy and that's that." And that would end the conversation. In the end, it was Guillaume's ill health (like Andropov, he suffered from kidney disease) that speeded up his release. The West Germans were forced to calculate that, however unwilling they were to show clemency, they would not get much of a swap for a corpse. Besides, Erich Honecker, after he succeeded Ulbricht, began to take the matter seriously and hint to Helmut Schmidt that unless something was done he might restrict prisoner exchanges and the reunification of families split by the border. I met Andropov again in 1980 when I flew to Moscow with Mielke to present medals to some leading KGB officers on the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of our ministry. These ceremonies were taken very seriously by both sides, the KGB and the East bloc intelligence services, and had reached a state of predictable reciprocity: They awarded us medals on their anniversaries, we replied in kind on ours.

This was repeated throughout the Eastern bloc, and everyone lost count of the number of such awards received by the top ranks of the KGB. A special dresser was employed at KGB headquarters to ensure their officers wore the correct ones for each occasion. On this occasion Andropov was to receive a gold medal marking three decades of fraternal cooperation with our ministry. He was in the hospital but received the medal there.[6]

Nineteen eighty had been an uneasy year in Soviet-American relations. Arguing that the Soviet deployment of SS–20 mobile missiles in western Russia and East Germany demanded countermeasures, NATO had decided late in 1979 to deploy nuclear missiles in four European countries, including West Germany, if the removal of our missiles could not be negotiated within two years, by December 1981. This would bring missiles capable of striking most of Europe’s major cities close to both sides of the Cold War frontier. Now the deadline had passed, and the mood in East and West Germany was somber. Some commentators likened the situation to the eve of World War I in 1914, when war threatened and one false step could unleash hostilities. This was dismissed by conservatives as left-wing scare mongering, but I knew that Helmut Schmidt had drawn this same historical analogy in talks with an envoy from Honecker. Fears of a nuclear confrontation ran very deep indeed. In private conversation with Günter Mittag, Honecker’s economics adviser and a frequent go-between on inter-German affairs, Schmidt complained of the increasing pressure on West Germany from Washington and added, “Everything is getting out of hand. We must keep in frequent contact.” Panic could escalate very fast, he said, but Honecker should know that the Federal Republic was reliable. “Nothing crazy will happen on West Germany’s side,” he concluded. In other words, while the superpowers played their war game, we Germans should deal with each other and keep our heads down. Andropov believed that the Americans were making a concerted effort to wrest nuclear superiority from the Soviets. “This is not the time for weakness on our part,” he said, citing statements by President Carter, his adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, and the Pentagon that some circumstances could justify the use of nuclear weapons in a first strike against the Soviet Union. Andropov was also perturbed by rising Soviet losses against the Muslim fundamentalist rebels in Afghanistan, and I tentatively asked for his thoughts about the future of the operation. “There is no going back for us now,” was all he would say. His deepest vituperation was reserved for Chancellor Schmidt, who had agreed to NATO’s two-track strategy of negotiating while planning the deployment of mobile nuclear missiles in West Germany. “The man has two faces,” he complained. “But really, he is on the Americans’ side. There should be no top-level contacts with such a man.” I guessed that this was a reference to his previous private conversation with Mielke on the subject of Erich Honecker’s contacts with Schmidt, many of which were hidden from the Soviets, a perennial source of irritation to them. Moscow fundamentally distrusted the openings between East and West Germany that *Ostpolitik* had brought about and wanted to keep control of any rapprochement. Andropov and Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko were particularly keen to prevent a visit by Honecker to Bonn. The more threatening the international situation became, the more intensely Honecker and Schmidt worked at improving their personal relations. They kept contact on a special telephone line, while West Germany purchased the freedom of a steady stream of East German prisoners, the most accurate mirror of the state of relations. From our intelligence sources in Bonn, we knew how sorely tested West Germany’s loyalty to NATO was at that time. Schmidt had put himself into the difficult position because he had initially raised the question of Europe’s defense after Moscow and Washington made their own deal on limiting intercontinental missile forces over the heads of the Europeans. Now the call by Carter to join an American boycott of the Moscow Olympic Games was the last straw. It split Schmidt’s already fractious government, and we were informed by a source in the SPD that he could win by threatening to resign if the boycott was not approved. From our sources in key offices in the West German capital, we gathered how much he chafed under American pressure. The hardening of the U.S. line toward Moscow forced him to cancel a planned visit to East Berlin. Even then, his thoughts were focused on maintaining the German relationship rather than playing the superpower game. He insisted on straightforwardly canceling his visit to East Berlin himself, rather than trying to maneuver Honecker into a situation where the East would have to withdraw the invitation. My service was responsible for passing to Moscow the proposed location and technical specifications of American Pershing II and Cruise missiles that were to be positioned in 1982 if negotiations failed. In fact, I knew a whole lot more about American nuclear strategy than about the Soviet deployment in Eastern Europe, thanks mainly to my chief NATO source, Rainer Rupp. The locations of the Soviets’ mobile SS-2OS were a carefully guarded secret even from us, although we were Moscow’s prime ally—and the most forwardly placed missiles were, after all, on our own territory. Soviet arrogance in this irritated and alienated many otherwise loyal East Germans. Members of my service were called only to join in special exercises in preparation for an extreme-case scenario of a theoretical NATO first strike. With the U.S. rearmament program and the advent of the aggressive Reagan administration, our Soviet partners had become obsessed with the danger of a nuclear missile attack, which they referred to by an acronym, RYAN, formed from the Russian phrase *Raketno yadenoye napadeniye.* The HVA was ordered to uncover any Western plans for such a surprise attack, and we formed a special staff and situation center, as well as emergency command centers, to do this. The personnel had to undergo military training and participate in alarm drills. Like most intelligence people, I found these war games a burdensome waste of time, but these orders were no more open to discussion than other orders from above. I no longer believed in the possibility of nuclear war in Europe, although I did believe that the confrontation between the two opposing global systems would intensify on political, economic, and other levels. At the same time, my doubts also increased that leading politicians on either side would understand and act on the changes taking place in the world. I began to think about how I could end my intelligence career and turn to a life of writing, but the rising pressures of my job in the atmosphere of more intense confrontation made me keep putting off the decision.

Despite Moscow’s robust propaganda, I always knew the Soviet Union was far more vulnerable to a tough American line than it pretended. The SALT II disarmament negotiations between Brezhnev and Nixon made that clear to me. Jimmy Carter’s election as president, however, left us unprepared; our initial files on him contained little information beyond a description of him as a low-profile peanut farmer. It was comforting that our intelligence sources in Bonn reported that the West Germans were similarly unimpressed by the new commander-in-chief. But when Carter announced a record defense budget of $157 billion to pay for MX and Trident missiles, Cruise missiles, more atomic submarines, and a reserve force of eleven thousand, the reaction in Moscow was one of barely controlled panic. “We cannot fight them with funds,” a leading Soviet nuclear strategist confided to me. “Thank God we are good at other things.” By this time, some of the gaps in policy between East and West Germany had closed independent of our respective masters in Moscow and Washington. Herbert Wehner, still parliamentary floor manager and power broker in the ruling Social Democrats in Bonn, was so disconcerted by U.S. nuclear policy that he made substantial efforts to keep contacts open between Bonn and East Germany. Through Wehner’s assistant, Karl Wienand, we acquired a confidential paper written by Wehner indicating the extent of his distrust of Washington’s intentions. Wehner was unsparing in his criticism: “The CIA has distributed the bacillus of possible war between the two Germanys. That is not an invention. The neutron bombs are being tailor-made for the Ruhr and for Berlin. I share Schmidt?s skepticism about Carter. Not because he has dark intentions, but because he is apt to try every possible variant. That approach can go wrong very easily.? As mentioned earlier, I believe Wehner knew of his assistant’s links to East Berlin. His disillusionment with communism would have prevented him from ever becoming a direct source for us, but he was happy to let it be known that, regardless of the political risk to himself, he would signal to the East even the slightest nuclear danger in order to safeguard German interests. Wehner further developed contacts with the GDR through the spy-trading lawyer Wolfgang Vogel. In the end, I believe that Wehner trusted Honecker more than the leaders of his own party. We were even told by our contacts in the West that Wehner had left instructions for his personal papers to be deposited in the East after his death. At the same time as we were perturbed by incomprehensible shifts in American policy, the changeable nature of Soviet foreign policy throughout this period caused us any number of problems. No sooner had Honecker adapted himself to the new *Ostpolitik* and steered toward a more generous interpretation of Western social democracy, than Moscow would send out signals to stop. The questions put to me by my own personal Soviet contact officer, Vladimir Budakhin, indicated how, despite all the toasts and warm rhetoric, the relationship between Moscow and East Berlin was doomed to misunderstanding. Whether it was the building of a motorway between Hamburg and Berlin through our territory, the opening of an East—West shipping canal, or business negotiations with the West German industrial giants Krupp or Hoechst, the Soviets were always there with suspicious questions and objections. Usually this resulted in the postponement yet again of the long-desired meeting between Honecker and Schmidt. Honecker suffered from the illusion, reinforced by the Kremlinmodel mini-personality cult he permitted, that he could solve such problems single-handedly. When he received via Wehner information about confidential contacts between the Soviets and Bonn about which East Berlin had not been informed, he merely commented, ?They can decide nothing without us.? History shows this was his great mistake. I also made a cardinal error in underestimating the consequences of our total dependence on the Soviet Union. My lifelong bonds with Moscow and the amicable relationship I enjoyed with Soviet intelligence allowed me to believe—mistakenly—that the KGB was dealing with the HVA as an equal. I knew that we sent Moscow a waterfall of information: political and military intelligence about their frontline foes, technical manuals about the U.S. National Security Agency’s electronic espionage, identities and methods of CIA agents, and such quantities of scientific and technological information that the Russian liaison officer had to add an assistant to handle it. Only a trickle came the other way. But this was something my senior intelligence partners in Moscow admitted and sought to redress on a personal level, and the slow nature of changes in Moscow lulled me into thinking that we would always be near the top of the Kremlin's foreign priorities. That had certainly been the case under Stalin, Khrushchev, Andropov, and Chernenko. Gorbachev's inexplicable decision to leave our fate in the hands of NATO in 1989 thus would come as a brutal shock. That said, we had grown accustomed to the Soviets' behaving, in military terms at least, like an occupying power who expended scant concern for our sensibilities. Honecker had often expressed to Moscow his concern at the concentration of arms, soldiers, and now nuclear hardware in East Germany. I was uncomfortably aware of the gap between his real influence and what he perceived as his influence. It was wide indeed, but such self-deception was part and parcel of the way we lived our life in this frontline outpost of the Soviet empire. As the missile row between Moscow and Washington intensified in 1979 and Moscow threatened to deploy even more weaponry in East Germany, Mielke said to me one day, "There is no way we are going to spend billions on behalf of others and chop down trees to clear more space for tanks and missile launchers. Nothing will happen, you'll see. Just more negotiations." Needless to say, when the huge Soviet SS-20s rolled in during the dead of night disguised as log deliveries, the woods were chopped down without further discussion.

Perhaps I am in danger of lionizing Andropov. He certainly deserves criticism, even from an admirer, and it is true that his treatment of dissidents was harsh. His decisions (and they were his, to all intents and purposes) to strip Solzhenitsyn of his citizenship and exile Sakharov to Gorky are all part of the same mind-set that resisted the release of Sharansky. He pursued the stability of the Soviet Union above all other considerations. His interest in the permissible forms of political pluralism was confined to watching the experiment of Hungary's "goulash" communism (as it was half mockingly, half disparagingly called by the rest of us) while practicing a far stricter form of the doctrine at home. But he was more careful than Gorbachev in his changes in the Central Committee and initiated the struggle against corruption to a much greater extent than did his successors. Andropov's decision to elevate Vladimir Kryuchkov to the position of chief of the First Main Directorate of the KGB was logical but not especially wise. Kryuchkov had been Andropov's close aide ever since Budapest in 1956. He knew Kryuchkov understood foreign policy and presumably thought that entrusting foreign intelligence to someone he had formed in his own image would prevent a relapse to the old internal schisms and narrow vision. Kryuchkov's stature within the KGB had grown with its involvement in Afghanistan, where he was credited with organizing special operations after the invasion. But he lacked Andropov's breadth of understanding and was not by disposition a leader. Without his master to guide him, this competent and intelligent number two was lost. I caught a glimpse of the extent of Kryuchkov's hero worship for Andropov when I visited him in 1982 to congratulate him on becoming head of the KGB. Afterward, over dinner, he recited to me some of Andropov's poems. It was the first I knew about these and they were surprisingly good, rather melancholy and romantic offerings, imitative of Pushkin and Lermontov with their emphasis on lost love and the regrets of old age. That increased my regard for Andropov, but I did think it a touch comical that his successor at the head of the KGB busied himself learning by heart the love poetry of the new general secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. When I arrived in Moscow, Kryuchkov always took me to a private room behind his front office, poured me a large Scotch, and said, “Tell me what’s going on.” When Mielke was around, things were much less direct, with a lot of beating of the political drum on both sides, neverending toasts about the glory of the Revolution and the success of communism, which was rather strange given that of all people, these two heads of the security services were the ones who knew that things were not going well in their countries. No visit to Kryuchkov was complete without a visit to the theater. He went often and prided himself on having seen all of the major productions in Moscow and collected the programs, which he hoarded in his office. This earned him a reputation as a cultivated man. In fact, his attachment to the theater grew as much out of his like of collecting things as anything else. I discovered this during one of his visits to East Germany in the mid-eighties. *Faust* was being staged in the Weimar National Theater. Kryuchkov’s German was poor, but he nevertheless insisted on going, doubtless knowing that this was one of the central dramas in the canon of world literature. Eight hours of *Faust* demands more concentration than even I could readily muster in my native language, but I was happy to go through with it for the sake of German-Soviet friendship. An hour or so into the play, I shot a sideways look at my guest and caught his eyes closing. Clearly, Goethe was rather heavy fare for him, too. At the end of the first part, it was clear to me that he had no idea what was going on. “I think I’ve got the hang of it,” he said. “Let’s skip the rest.” He left clutching his program proudly as the latest addition to his collection. Even if I did not respect him as much as Andropov, I had good relations with him. It came as an immense shock to me much later when, in August 1991, during my stay in Moscow, he attempted his amateurish putsch against Gorbachev. Key groups in the security and party apparatus were deeply unhappy about the amount of self-determination Gorbachev wanted to cede to the Soviet republics, so I was less shocked at the attempt itself than at the operetta manner in which it was conducted. Old KGB colleagues complained bitterly to me that they had not even been informed of what was happening. As they saw the disorganized nature of the putsch and the helplessness of those involved, it was no surprise that they refused to back it openly.

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The special sense of being part of a family attached to the KGB and its allied services was one source of the Soviet KGB’s superiority. But the KGB also had weaknesses, the principal ones being a top-heavy Party bureaucracy and the bedrock of distrust within the organization itself. The latter reflected its inability, despite the best efforts of Andropov and Kryuchkov, to rid itself of the shadow of Stalin and Beria. Furthermore, for a long time, alongside the carefully nurtured feeling of belonging to a nobility in the KGB went an appalling lack of gratitude toward agents who had risked their lives for the organization—often they were disowned or neglected by it when they were of no more use. East Germany, deemed the most reliable in intelligence terms within the bloc, was used as a dumping ground for a number of exploded spies Moscow wanted hidden away. This was a financial as well as an organizational strain on East Germany, since the internal accounting within the Eastern bloc always worked in the Soviet Union’s favor. When a retired agent was presented to us, he came with paltry financial resources inadequate to the task of settling him in a comfortable apartment and finding him a suitable job. Both the KGB and the GRU (Chief Intelligence Directorate of the Soviet General Staff, a.k.a. Soviet military intelligence) recruited East Germans. Despite the close ties between our two countries and our two espionage services, they liked to have their own people, and we were not told who they were. We would only discover that they had been using an East German to spy, usually in West Germany or NATO, after his capture. After such a spy had served his time or was swapped for an imprisoned Western agent, the Soviets expected us to look after him personally and financially. This was tricky. Once an agent is known in the West he cannot be used there again. Neither was I keen to have such people working in any part of the Ministry of State Security, where they would have access to secrets or could overhear sensitive information. Worst of all, they often suffered from depression or other psychological trauma, since the Soviets gave them little support or reward for their work and their sacrifices. This cold rejection made many feel that their Soviet masters blamed them for getting caught, even though for most the reason for failure lay elsewhere, usually in the careless planning or execution of their meetings with Soviet instructors ("couriers" in the West) or in treachery by someone back in Moscow. I was disappointed that the Soviets made so little effort to reward these burnedout agents, often not even awarding them a medal for their pains. One such Soviet agent for whom I had the greatest respect was the atomic-secrets spy Klaus Fuchs. He had played a crucial role in the Soviet nuclear program by giving Beria, who personally oversaw nuclear strategy, American and British details of work on the plutonium bomb and on uranium-235. He thus made the greatest single contribution to Moscow's ability to build an atom bomb. Having moved to Britain before the war to escape the Nazis, he was working on nuclear programs at the Harwell Research Station in Britain. Fuchs was cut from the same human cloth as Sorge and Philby, and like them, this brilliant man voluntarily put his knowledge at the service of the Soviet Union. They all truly believed that only with the help of the USSR could Hitler be defeated. The discovery that scientists in Nazi Germany were working on the bomb prompted Fuchs to pass his secrets to Moscow. Fuchs's Communist convictions were deepened by his experience in Nazi Germany. He was present at the explosion of the first atom bomb by the Americans at Alamogordo, New Mexico, on July 16, 1945, and signaled the news so quickly to Moscow that Stalin was notably unsurprised when President Truman hinted to him about a powerful new weapon only eight days later at the conference of the wartime victors at Potsdam. On the orders of Soviet military intelligence, Fuchs remained silent for over thirty years after his arrest in Britain in 1950, neither publishing his memoirs nor giving interviews, even to Soviet or East German publications. After being released by the British in 1959, he lived in Dresden, but for a long time we were not even allowed to approach him. In the 1970s, it was finally agreed that my Scientific and Technological Sector should be able to use him to provide occasional advice on energy policy. It was made clear to me that we were not to discuss Fuchs?s espionage achievements. The thought that the man who had made the greatest contribution to nuclear espionage was living in my country, answering periodic questions about the merits of various cooling systems and the trickier points of nuclear physics for my colleagues but unable to talk about his great intelligence coup, left me no rest. I had put great effort into building up a sense of tradition and belonging within my service by having the lives and deeds of great spies on our side memorialized in films and books. I knew that Klaus Fuchs would make an ideal subject for such a study. Of course, it was unthinkable that I should approach him without political clearance. It took several attempts to persuade Erich Honecker to back me in trying to persuade Fuchs to tell me his story. After some delay I was finally given approval to visit him together with a senior colleague who understood nuclear physics. We were the only non-KGB or -GRU men ever to be allowed to interview him about his past after his resettlement in East Germany. Our meeting with him in 1983 was conducted on our agreement that its contents should be exclusively for internal use in my service. We were able to persuade Fuchs to be videotaped, and this tape is the only footage of him in the GDR. I met him in a guest house in Berlin where he stayed during meetings of the Party, of which he was a member of the Central Committee. I found someone physically incongruous in the role of superspy. He was a cartoonist's notion of the brilliant scientist, with a high forehead and rimless glasses out of which watchful eyes stared thoughtfully as I plied him with questions. This stare had impressed everyone who met him, including Professor Max Born, Fuchs's mentor and former partner in nuclear research in Edinburgh, who remembered him from his student days as a very nice boy with big sad eyes. These eyes came to life when Fuchs began to talk about theoretical physics. He still had a boyish enthusiasm for the subject and could expound for hours on end on quantum theory and his own outstanding research contribution to the creation of the bomb: the discovery of the calculus of variations during the implosion inside the plutonium bomb. He remained a researcher heart and soul. "I never considered myself a spy," Fuchs told me. "I could not see why it was in the West's interest not to share the bomb with Moscow. Something with this unimaginable destructive potential simply had to be held in common by the great powers. It was abhorrent to me that one side should be able to threaten the other with such great force. That would be like a giant treading on Lilliputians. I never thought that I was doing something culpable by passing the secrets to Moscow. It would have seemed an evil negligence for me not to have done it.? In 1941 Fuchs contacted Soviet military intelligence (the GRU) through his friend the economist Jürgen Kuczynski. The GRU assigned him a series of constantly changing couriers. His favorite was Kuczynski's sister, Ursula Beurton, alias Ruth Werner, whose code name was Sonya. The resourceful Werner lived, to all outward appearances, as a quiet mother of two small children in Oxford. In fact, she was one of the Soviet Union's top spies in Britain and would eventually be awarded the rare honorary title of colonel in the Red Army—the only woman to receive it. Werner would bicycle with Fuchs to the woods near the Churchill family seat at Blenheim. He then would pass over secrets, which she stuffed under her bicycle seat. Fuchs had no intelligence training and refused to learn radio codes or to take microfilm pictures. He simply made copies of the information he wanted or researched it, then wrote it out later from his prodigious photographic memory. The delivery system was breathtakingly simple, even naive from an intelligence point of view. There was no dead-letter drop. The secrets were passed hand to hand, which would have been a gift for counterintelligence if it had been watching. Fortunately, there were no British suspicions of Fuchs at this time. He was less impressed with the Russian couriers. "Unlike Ruth, they were visibly afraid in my presence," he said. "There was one in particular who used to look round all the time to see if he was being followed. I am no professional in these matters, but that seemed to attract more attention to us than simply getting on with it." Ruth Werner, who, amazingly, managed to flee Britain after Fuchs's arrest, became a close friend of mine back in East Berlin. She once admitted to me that she had taken a peek at the secrets but could not understand a word of them—"They were just strings of hieroglyphics and formulae written in such tiny writing that they just looked like squiggles." Those squiggles changed the world's balance of power by breaking America's nuclear monopoly earlier than otherwise. Fuchs was reserved with us about his personal role in the development of the Soviet atomic bomb, and in fact

Moscow never confirmed to him until two years before his death what the value of his information had been. This was an attempt to confuse the West into thinking that the Soviets might have had other undiscovered nuclear spies. This pretense ended only when the Kremlin cleared for publication the memoirs of Professor Igor Kurchatov. Kurchatov confirmed that Fuchs?s information had saved him several years of research by enabling him to model his approach on what he learned was the successful American approach for the first Los Alamos bomb. When I gingerly approached the subject of his arrest in 1950, it was immediately clear to me that I was prodding a thirty-year-old wound that had not healed. Fuchs was determined not to break down in front of us, but the effort in controlling himself showed in his strained face and involuntary twitches. He told us the story of his great mistake with such deep regret and emotion that it sounded like a second confession. I am sure that he suffered most from the fact that, since his release from jail in 1959, he had not been given the opportunity to speak directly of his discovery with his Soviet handlers. I could not understand why, in over twenty years, Moscow had never taken the initiative to make it happen. There had been no gratitude, no acknowledgment of his service, not even questions about what had gone wrong. This silence from the country he had served purely out of conscience and at great cost to his liberty and scientific career weighed on him like a daily burden. Fuchs did not give his opinion on these omissions. But I suspect that the reason for his masters’ cruel silence lay in the Soviets’ suspicion that he had betrayed the names of couriers or other agents during his interrogation by MI5, the counterintelligence department of the British Secret Service. I, however, believe that no proof of Fuchs’s guilt existed. Fuchs told me that when he realized the British suspected him, he had been confident that he could deflect suspicion. He was questioned after the arrest of the British scientist Allan Nunn May in 1946 on charges of espionage, but he had the impression that British counterintelligence was quizzing all scientists who had met Nunn May and felt that he had acquitted himself well. “The pressure built up in 1950, when I was called several times to see the authorities in Harwell, British intelligence officers among them,? he recalled. ?I was still confident. But they were obviously working on me, because they knew that my father had gone to live in East Germany and I was questioned about that too. Finally, they started to refer to information from New York, and it was clear that the CIA had passed on information about me.? This uncomfortable situation continued for some time. It is difficult to see why the Soviets did not attempt to get Fuchs out of Britain, given the degree of interest in him by the authorities at Harwell. One can surmise that they neglected to do so for the simple reason that they wanted to continue mining as much material as possible out of Harwell, and Fuchs’s safety came second to that. That would also explain Fuchs’s distress so many years after his arrest. In the end, it was a simple psychological trick rather than any hard evidence that trapped Fuchs. The deputy director of Harwell, a close friend of Fuchs’s, openly discussed with him the suspicions that he was a spy. He simply asked Fuchs whether it was true or not. If Fuchs said no, his friend emphasized, the whole of Harwell would rally round him and stand by him to a man. This was, I imagine, a move cleverly planned by British counterintelligence, using their extremely good psychological profiling system. They had found Fuchs good at withstanding questioning; he would not break simply under more of the same, so they would try something completely different. Watching him work at Harwell, they concluded that Fuchs took his friendships very seriously. They would have put the words into the deputy director’s mouth, knowing that for Fuchs, the thought of lying directly to his friend would be painful. The British were right. Fuchs, unable to bring himself to lie, stuttered and then was silent in response to his friend’s question. “From that moment on,” Fuchs told me, “I was in a trance. I cauterized my fear by working hard and pushed it out of my mind. There were encouraging signs, too. None of the security officials at Harwell wanted to believe that I was a traitor, and they refused to carry out any more interrogations. When they came to arrest me, I just thought, quite blankly, ‘So this is the end.”’ It amazed me that Fuchs was so naive about espionage that it had never occurred to him to find out what sentence he might receive. “I climbed the steps to the defendant?s box in the courthouse as if in a dream,? he said. ?They said to me, ?Do you know what sentence awaits you if you are found guilty?? And I said, ?The death penalty, I suppose,? because I had read somewhere that that is what happens to spies. They said, ?No, fourteen years,? and I was so relieved. It was only then that I thought I would live and that there was a future.? Nine years later he was released from prison and brought to East Germany on Soviet orders. He must have expected them at least to meet him there. But from the moment he set foot outside the prison, he was passed over to East German diplomats like a parcel. Only after I made contact with him in 1983 were his old handlers in Moscow, Vladimir Barkovsky and Alexander Feklisov, allowed to contact him again and bestow the Soviet Union’s belated acknowledgment of his services. Fuchs was a sensitive and vulnerable man. He did not have the constitution for espionage and his inability to lie to his friend, while it showed his human quality, was a weakness in an agent. True to the dictum of the British writer E. M. Forster, he would sooner betray his country than his friend.

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“Active Measures”

In his sobering play about the practice of communism, *The Measure Taken*, Bertolt Brecht rationalizes the more extreme activities undertaken to strengthen the Revolution thus:What baseness would you not commit,
To stamp out baseness?
If you could change the world
What would you be too good for?
Sink in the mire
Embrace the butcher but
Change the world.
It needs it.

Although none of my staff would likely have known this fragment, we had all internalized such rationalizations in pursuit of a better, socialist world. Almost anything was permitted, we felt, as long as it served the Cause. In my case, this meant presiding over a small but effective working group that went by the name Active Measures (Aktive Massnahmen). Our political purpose was to weaken Bonn’s international position, weaken the Hallstein Doctrine, which mandated the diplomatic isolation of East Germany, and stop West German rearmament. The central focus of our task was not ?lying? or ?deliberately misleading,? but a method of disseminating uncomfortable and embarrassing facts. Call it psychological warfare. We did play our share of dirty tricks, but that was not our prime function. We combined true and false information and disseminated it so as to strengthen our policies, weaken Western policies and organizations, and compromise individuals. Disinformation was not necessary as long as former Nazis moved into high positions in West Germany, the government of the Federal Republic pressed its program of rearmament so soon after the nation?s catastrophic defeat in Hitler?s military adventures, and the West German media themselves were eager to print political scandal. The small group engaged in “active measures” grew into the HVA’s Department 10, which was formally set up in 1956 with the express purpose of influencing the Western media and confusing and misleading our opponents in Western Europe and America as they formulated policy toward the Soviet bloc. The spiritual father of this enterprise was one Ivan Ivanovich Agayanz, a highly cultivated intelligence specialist whose successors at the KGB were hardly worthy of tying his shoelaces. Germany during the Cold War was an ideal locus for such measures. We of course shared a common language and history. The Eastern Bureau of the Social Democratic Party floated balloons and sent leaflets over our territory at the behest of the U.S. secret services, so of course we were not alone in this practice from the very beginning. Bonn’s defense ministry also set up a “Psychological Defense” section, which had nothing to do with defense and mainly conducted psychological warfare. This we learned from a former destroyer captain, Wilhelm Reichenburg, who worked for the section under our code name Admiral and provided us with secret intelligence documents. After his retirement in 1978 he became chairman of the defense policy working group of the Bavarian Christian Social Union Party in Munich, until his arrest in 1984, when he was accused of spying for us for money for fourteen years. Prior to his arrest, we had tried to warn Reichenburg and his contacts at a meeting in Amsterdam’s Rijksmuseum under

Rembrandt's *Night Watch*, but that rendezvous fell through. In any case, testimony at Reichenburg?s trial compromised a leading figure in West German counterintelligence who had been closely linked to him, from our point of view a not undesirable side effect in discrediting the West German service, despite the discovery of our own man. The CIA also ran an elaborate psychological warfare program in the 1950s and 1960s. The links between the CIA and organizations like Radio Free Europe and RIAS (Radio in the American Sector) are well known; of all the various means used to influence people against the East during the Cold War, I would count these institutions as the most effective. They provided excellent counterpropaganda, using information from dissident groups and from citizens who had fled the satellite countries because they were at odds ideologically with the regime. Moreover, they were fast on their feet when any sign of instability arose in the Eastern bloc, providing timely and detailed accounts of action that were invaluable to our opponents in planning a quick response to events that were hushed up or glossed over by the Communist media. I was fairly knowledgeable about this business, and my experience at German People's Radio (Deutsche Volkssender) in Moscow in the 1940s proved a useful foundation. The model for the station, which called on its German listeners to rise up against Hitler, was the Soldiers' Station Calais (Soldatensender Calais), broadcast from England and run with great flair and expertise by Sefton Delmer. Delmer's intention was to provide reports that came as close to the truth as possible, reporting real events mixed with invented stories about the degree of antifascist resistance in the German army, the Nazi Party, and the SA militia. The stories were delivered in the same sort of language—right down to Nazi jargon and jokes—used by ordinary people rather than the stilted, ultradignified tones of Soviet propaganda on the main state radio. From prisoners of war and intercepted soldiers' letters, we learned how effective this was in influencing opinion against the Nazi leadership and the war. We decided to overhaul German People's Radio along the same lines as Delmer's station and created the fiction that it was being broadcast from inside Germany, not Moscow. A complex mythology of contacts with the underground resistance was built up, and we followed Delmer's rule of mixing fiction with fact, experimenting with the proportions until we achieved, I like to think, a station that rivaled the American and the British wartime efforts. In Department 10 we took a similar approach, seeking out contacts with suitable Western journalists. We tended to avoid the correspondents accredited in East Berlin, who we assumed to be subject to vetting by West German counterintelligence. We concentrated instead on freelance investigative types who were less fussy about the contacts they made and the company they kept and were quite happy to receive a document from anyone as long as they got a story out of it. We were even in communication with Gerd Heidemann, the eccentric journalist for *Stern* magazine who marketed the forged Hitler diaries in the eighties, though we had no knowledge of the undertaking at the time. As far as we knew when we established contact with him he was interested in searching for the treasure said to have been aboard one of the last German planes to leave Germany as the Allies moved in on Berlin. Heidemann was convinced that the cache had been buried by Nazi sympathizers somewhere near the East German border with Czechoslovakia, and in a complicated deal made under top secret conditions with the Ministry of State Security he was allowed to excavate in the region. Alas, no treasure was forthcoming, but his reputation as someone who had secretive links to the East later gave him the perfect excuse for suddenly producing the supposedly long-lost diaries with a claim that they had come from Moscow. This invention eventually was unmasked as a forgery, but not before it tarnished the reputation of a number of distinguished Western publications that had been taken in and historians who had vouched for its authenticity. Although the HVA was not involved in that hoax, forgeries were a creative part of Department 10’s work. Whether we were targeting the West German government, big business, a publication, or a political party, the intention was always to undermine the public credibility in the new and largely untested institutions of the nation and thus sow doubts about the Western political order. Department chiefs were led into the temptation of following the advice of the founder of German Protestantism, Martin Luther: “Each lie must have seven lies if it is to resemble the truth and adopt truth’s aura.” Nevertheless, my principle was to stick as close to the truth as possible, especially when there was so much of it that could easily further the department?s aims. We disseminated genuine information about the Nazi connections of numerous leading West German politicians and judges, not least President Heinrich L?bke; Chancellor Kurt-Georg Kiesinger, a former member of Goebbels?s propaganda staff; and Hans Filbinger, prime minister of Baden-W?rttemberg, who as a Nazi prosecutor had been responsible for death sentences for soldiers and many others. The work of discrediting the West was highly specialized. The officers evaluated the content of bugged telephone conversations between ministers of state or bank chiefs, looking out for information withheld from the public on touchy subjects like arms exports or political intrigue. Having spotted weaknesses and cover-ups, they would collate the information into a fat file and, using our undercover agents in the Federal Republic and West Berlin, allow it to come into the hands of journalists whom we knew would follow up on the stories. Transcripts were generally sent unchanged, and we tried to divert suspicion to the West as the source of the telephone taps, which were known to be conducted on a huge scale by the U.S. National Security Agency. Embarrassed by the publication of genuine but suppressed information, the targets were badly placed to defend themselves against the other, more damaging accusations that had been invented. Unfortunately, this highly professional specialty developed its own momentum, and the officers who did this work prided themselves on being able to provide convincing imitations of the modes of speaking or expression typical of hundreds of different West German institutions. Its practitioners were tempted to use their skills in foolish ways, which I regret to say I allowed so as not to inhibit the initiative and inventiveness of these imaginative people. They exceeded the limits of what even an intelligence service should tolerate, such as the creation of the fictitious transcripts of what the kidnapped German industrialist Hanns-Martin Schleyer told the Red Army faction before they murdered him in 1977. Somewhat ironically, Herbert Bremer, the man in Department 10 who meticulously produced this false document from a mountain of genuine information, was one of the first to sell his story to the media after the collapse of the GDR. Unlike some of my more energetic and imaginative colleagues, I did not in my heart of hearts believe that this sort of undertaking would bring the capitalist order crashing to its knees. More prosaically, I saw its main usefulness to lie in knocking out of the propaganda game some particularly persistent and inventive opponents of the East who had a high degree of influence on policy and public opinion. The newspaper magnate Axel Springer was our chief enemy in this battle. Springer, whose empire included the mass-circulation *Bild-Zeitung* as well as *Die Welt*, the most respected paper in West German government and administrative circles, was violently opposed to any diplomatic recognition of East Germany. Until the mid–1980s his papers printed the GDR's German initials, DDR (Deutsche Demokratische Republik), in quotation marks. Springer used his newspapers to undermine the treaties acknowledging the division of Germany and normalizing business between the two estranged parts. Our leadership, anxious for world recognition and for the trade and diplomatic opportunities that would follow such agreements, gave instructions to the intelligence services to take all measures possible to counter opposing Western voices. Like Springer's tabloids, West Germany's mass-circulation magazine *Quick* was a populist platform for such voices. This was a great stroke of luck for us: Its editor, Hans Losecaat van Nouhuys, the one source who resulted from our early attempt at setting up a phony brothel, had remained an informant for my service through the 1950s under the code name Nante, delivering valuable material from his inside knowledge of Bonn politics. By the mid-1960s, his work for us had petered out, but he was foolhardy enough to imagine that it would never come back to haunt him. (It amazes me that otherwise intelligent Westerners who got involved with enemy secret services believed they remained masters of their own destiny. No cooperation with an intelligence service is ever forgotten. It can be unearthed and used against you until your dying day.) We decided to break our own rule of never betraying the identity of an agent and let it be known that the editor of a magazine virulently opposing the treaties with the East had himself been in the pay of East Berlin for many years. We combined this leak with another operation, namely an investigation into the death of a West German businessman named Heinz Bosse, who had good connections in Bonn and had died in an automobile accident in East Germany. Bosse did in fact have some contacts in East German intelligence and had been paying a courtesy call on them when his car skidded off a wet road as he drove back to the West. Rumors immediately started to circulate about the mysterious death of a man who had several mysterious connections with both East and West, including contacts with Karl Wienand, an SPD parliamentary staff member. His crash was simply a tragic accident and we were anxious to prove it, not least because any suspicions about his death would be a powerful deterrent for any of our other Western sources and agents to make occasional trips East for consultations or to hand over material. We took the rare step of inviting a *Stern* magazine investigator to research the accident and allowed him access to the autopsy and all the other relevant reports. We then used the *Stern* reporter's trip to the East as an opportunity to interest him discreetly in the tale of van Nouhuys. That did not take much doing, since *Stern*—which in general took a liberal line—was *Quick*'s keenest rival. The story duly appeared in *Stern* as we wanted it. Van Nouhuys was fired, but *Quick* embarked on a long court battle against *Stern* about whether the story was true. It took years for the courts to decide in favor of *Stern*, a sign of how difficult it is to resolve through the methods of the law disputes originating in the complex world of intelligence. Personal histories in Germany are prone to the oddest twists. Soon after the fall of East Germany and the opening of the Stasi files, in which the details of van Nouhuys's treachery were stored, together with hundreds of thousands of other fateful, reprehensible, and tragic life stories, I opened a tabloid newspaper to see Hans van Nouhuys's byline staring at me. Ever adept at changing his tune to suit the times, he had transformed himself into an expert on the Ministry of State Security and the foreign intelligence service of East Germany.

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The trouble with "disinformation" departments, as every spy chief in the world knows, is that they have an unfortunate tendency to take on a life of their own. The specialists who work there want to try their hand at more and more daring tales. One of the episodes about which I still have the most qualms came from the department responsible for churches and dissidents; it was not under my control, and in this case the perpetrators were egged on by Moscow. During the early 1980s, concerned that neo-Nazi activities in West Germany were spreading to disaffected youth in the East, this department literally manufactured its own provocative neo-Nazi propaganda in imitation of the crude and hysterical Western style and mailed the leaflets to West Germany. As hoped, the leaflets were taken as authentic, caused an outrage in the West, and awakened the fears we had hoped to provoke, leading to a debate in the Bundestag. I found this grisly comedy dangerous; some of the Soviet sponsors of the idea would have been happy to see us actually promoting neo-Nazi rallies for the sake of embarrassing West Germany. A fundamental weakness in Soviet bloc intelligence was the constant political pressure to produce evidence of Western evils for use in propaganda broadsides against the enemy. The propaganda battles of the Cold War were conducted in a moral vocabulary that hid the real technological and military substance of the conflict. But for public consumption on either side of the Iron Curtain, it was vital for their respective governments to demonize the enemy and thus to be able to claim that they were acting legitimately and ethically while the other side was breaking the rules of civilized behavior. The most poisonous fruit of this was occasional sheer invention on the part of intelligence officers determined to prove to headquarters that they were effectively countering the enemy when they were doing no such thing. It was known that Moscow’s intelligence officers stationed in embassies abroad occasionally sent back accounts of meetings with agents and sources who simply did not exist, so as to appear hardworking to their bosses back home. That sort of behavior could not have gone undetected for long in the foreign intelligence service, because all information gathered by agents and sources was carefully analyzed by officers without delay, so that manipulation and fantasy were likely to be detected as raw information was cross-referenced. The risks of such behavior were far greater in the counterintelligence service, however. There, Mielke created a hothouse atmosphere by placing unrealistic demands on his officers in order to prove to the Soviets and our own leaders that his men alone were saving the GDR from Western spies. In 1979 this culminated in the sorry tale of the ASAs. Occasionally deserters from our Volksarmee fled to the West and, finding life less glamorous and easy there than it looked on their television screens, opted to return to East Germany. The position of such deserters was always precarious. They were allowed back because their return made good propaganda and produced a highly effective deterrent against further desertions. At the same time, the returned deserters were distrusted by the state. In order to secure decent housing or jobs, they had to prove in intense and not always polite questioning that this time they would remain loyal to the socialist state. It does not take Freud to conclude that at that point they were psychologically very malleable. One aim of the questioning was the discovery of any returnees who had been exposed to Western intelligence recruiters, and if so, what methods had been used. Alas, the ministry’s Department 9 office in the Suhl region (Department 9 was responsible for interrogation) was yielding scant results in this field. Hardly any of the people questioned by its officers had been confronted by Western espionage recruiters, or if they had, it was on a level that the departmental chief did not consider high enough to impress headquarters back in East Berlin. One day, two middle-ranking officers reported that they had just finished interrogating a returned army deserter who confessed to being in the pay of the Americans. This was a far better find than someone merely working for the West Germans. The officers reported that the man had been trained in subversive, violent techniques by U.S. officers in the resettlement bases for escaped Easterners. Years of our own propaganda about the West's plans to mount a hidden war inside the East were bearing fruit. The man claimed that the Americans had called each trained Easterner an "agent with special structural tasks," or ASA, the acronym for the German term *Agent mit spezieller Auftragsstruktur.* This should have set alarm bells ringing. For a start, this was a very German-sounding and not American-sounding name—more specifically, East German in its linguistically low-brow and portentous quality. The outbreak of ASAs soon gathered momentum. A mixture of suggestion by the interrogators and the perception by the returned deserters that the more colorful their tale, the more favorably they would be received by the authorities ensured that one after another admitted to being an ASA. Berlin headquarters of Department 9 joined in the game, with other districts following; Rostock on the Baltic even contributed a story, provided by an ASA, about a mysterious submarine. Mielke rejoiced at the news, which confirmed all of his most alarmist prognostications about Western infiltration of the East and the need for heavy surveillance of the population. In a meeting with Andropov at which I was present, he boasted he had significant information about the dangers of hidden war. He passed to Andropov a top secret document detailing the whereabouts of an alleged U.S. minisubmarine and, shooting a sharp glance at me, emphasized that this was the result of his counterintelligence work rather than of the HVA foreign intelligence service under my leadership. What the Soviets made of these documents no one ever dared ask, for shortly afterward, a colleague in the military intelligence of the Ministry of Defense warned me of a scandal brewing. Their marine and strategy experts had declared, on analyzing the claims, that it would have been physically impossible for the Americans or anyone else to have placed a submarine in waters where the purported agent with special structural tasks claimed to have seen it. One after another, the claims of the ASAs started to collapse. The discovery that it was all fantasy came not from investigations within the service but from the famous lawyer Wolfgang Vogel, who had been called in to defend the hapless ASAs (while confessing to involvement with the supposed ASA effort helped their case, such deserters still faced prosecution for desertion). Wisely, Vogel thoroughly investigated their stories and discovered that most had been planted by the Department 9 interrogators themselves. Worse still, it appeared that senior figures in our investigation department hardly believed the ASA stories at all, but when faced with an avalanche of exciting claims and an eager appetite for them in counterintelligence in East Berlin, they could not or would not stop the whole business from developing its own internal dynamic. Mielke reacted quickly and forcibly, removing the head of the main Department 9 and holding an investigation. He issued a stern lecture on the need for security services to respect the law. He called for more careful controls over interrogators and a constant regard for the rights of citizens. "A confession does not replace the need to establish the truth independently," he thundered. "The motto that it is better to arrest one too many than one too few is not acceptable." Was this a new Mielke, we wondered? It was quite a relief when he finished this homily with a rousing order of the day, ?Comrades, the enemy must be treated as the enemy?no quarter!? At least we knew that he was back to normal. Whether he ever admitted to himself that the ASA farce was the result of the hothouse atmosphere he had created, I do not know. The entire senior staff at Department 9 in Suhl was quietly changed, although none of those responsible were punished. Discretion, the minister clearly thought, was the wiser approach.

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One of the greatest pressures on governments East and West throughout the 1970s and 1980s came from the burgeoning peace movement. Fear of nuclear conflict roused strong opinions and protest among citizens otherwise indifferent to protest. Three hundred thousand people flocked to a peace demonstration in Bonn protesting NATO’s decision to place missiles in Europe. Such antinuclear protests in the West broadly suited our purposes, since they provided political complications for NATO policy makers. The political pressures were often so annoying that we were accused by Western leaders of fomenting the huge demonstrations and controlling the peace movement. In fact, the protests did receive financial support from the East; meanwhile, we faced our own problems. We were in the awkward position of trying to support the peace movement in Western Europe as a propaganda weapon against Washington while our secret police in the East spared no effort to repress “ideological diversion” among the burgeoning peace groups at home. Mass protests like those in Bonn and at Greenham Common in England had no chance of being allowed in the Eastern bloc countries, but we were aware that the peace movement had taken root in our own societies and that it represented a potential challenge to Soviet influence. In East Germany, the theme was particularly disturbing to a leadership accustomed to using peace as an essentially Communist ideal. But the Soviet deployment of SS-20 missiles in East Germany in 1980 discomfited local populations. Although long separated, East and West Germans started to identify strongly with each other through their mutual abhorrence of the bomb. The issue also provided a powerful focus for larger dissatisfactions in our society. The Protestant church produced many peace activists from within its clergy, and they used the shelter of the church to channel protests that were thinly veiled criticisms of nuclear policy. Moreover, the peace movement brought into the public eye a group of prominent intellectuals who were active supporters of Soviet and Eastern bloc dissidents, including Solzhenitsyn, who was exiled to the United States; Wolf Biermann, a popular East German singer and poet who shared Solzhenitsyn’s fate of being stripped of his citizenship; and Heinrich Boll, the West German writer and Nobel Prize winner. In Moscow and the Eastern European politburos, fear arose that those attracted to the appeals by these respected figures would coalesce into protest against the Communist regimes on other issues. We also had to fear the leading West German peace activists, since after the Helsinki Agreement on Human Rights was signed by the Soviet Union in 1975, it became increasingly difficult to justify banning such people from entering the Eastern bloc. My role as head of foreign intelligence, with a good knowledge of the political climate in Western Europe, was to concentrate on the effect of the disarmament campaign on the foreign policies of the NATO countries and to work out how the East could profit from divisions within the Western alliance on this emotional issue. In Germany, the German Union for Peace (Deutsche Friedensunion—DFU) had been formed following the 1968 student protests, by people who were close to if not directly involved with the German Communist Party. This was not, in its first stages at least, the result of artful planning by our side. Moscow and East Berlin were quite happy to let far-left activists set up such groups and then see what happened. Even I was amazed by how quickly their ideas took root in society at large. In a 1979 memo to my staff I wrote:Among young people from well-situated families a fundamental shift in values is under way. Personal advancement and material well-being are declining in importance for this section of society. Engagement in the wider questions of mankind, solidarity and a “we-feeling,” or being locked into a group sharing interests and ideals running contrary to those of the capitalist state are considered the truly worthwhile undertakings.

This shift offered us a new recruiting ground for intelligence sources. But we had to proceed carefully and decided not to recruit directly within the peace movement. Accidents happen all the time in espionage, and if it had been discovered that we were manipulating the leading figures in the antinuclear protests they would have lost credibility and been seen by their followers and the population at large as mere Soviet stooges. In a number of cases we did, however, approach likely targets; if they agreed to work with us we recommended that they quit active involvement in the disarmament campaigns. That was a doubly sensible precaution, since such pro-disarmament citizens were watched carefully by their own country’s counterintelligence organizations for any suspicious contacts. In the battle between supporters and opponents of the nuclear deterrent, the public’s view of Moscow’s and Washington’s intentions was all-important. We placed great emphasis on counteracting American propaganda about the Soviet threat. In this undertaking, the work of one organization was paramount. It was a small section of the peace movement with a name that sounded like a contradiction in terms, but its influence over the disarmament debate was huge in comparison to its size. Its name was Generals for Peace (Generale fur den Frieden). Formed in 1981, the group consisted of former generals and admirals who had all given up their commissions because they disagreed with NATO’s nuclear doctrines. There was retired General Count Wolf Wilhelm von Baudissin of the Bundeswehr (the West German army), the son of an aristocratic family and a man of great social as well as military influence in Bonn; General Michael Harbottle of Britain; Admiral John Marshall Lee in the United States; Admiral Antoine Sanguinetti in France; General D. M. H. von Meyenfeldt in the Netherlands; General Nino Pasti in Italy; and General Francisco da Costa Gomes in Portugal. Soon they were joined by newly retired General Gert Bastian, formerly commander of the Bundeswehr’s elite 12th Panzer Division. A highly respected soldier who had been wounded on the Russian front and was an adviser in the Ministry of Defense, he had achieved the ranks of colonel, brigadier general, and major general before finally landing the plum job as head of the 12th Panzer Division. Frightened by what he saw as regressive tendencies in the West German military and a creeping return to Nazi nostalgia among his fellow senior officers, he hotly opposed the deployment of U.S. nuclear weapons in Germany, and in 1980 he laid down his commission and devoted himself to the peace movement. His private life was divided thereafter between his long-suffering wife, Charlotte, and his new lover, the charismatic, elegant Petra Kelly, a woman whose charms could make the most aggressive of hawks listen to her calls for gentler policies. The brains and motivation behind Generals for Peace were provided by a man called Gerhard Kade, a former officer in the German marines who had become a historian at Hamburg University and a prolific writer on peace issues. As a thorough researcher on the links between the senior military and the armaments industry in Germany and America, he was already a thorn in the side of the defense establishment. The message of Generals for Peace was the same as that of the various European disarmament campaigns, but peace protesters always are fascinated by the military, and the nine generals soon found that they had cult status in the movement. All had direct experience of the Second World War, and many bore wounds from its battles. This gave them an authority that the mainly young leaders of the peace protestors lacked. At the top of their profession in their respective countries, they had the additional authority of having been involved in strategic planning involving the nuclear deterrent. No one could say that they did not know what they were talking about. Kade and von Meyenfeldt did the bulk of the work in setting up Generals for Peace. But what Kade's friends and colleagues in and out of Generals for Peace did not know and would have been horrified if they had found out was that a good deal of Kade's ideas came from Moscow and a substantial amount of money and other help came from East German foreign intelligence. I did not give orders to my men to penetrate Generals for Peace. That was not necessary. The top officers in Active Measures, Department 10, knew that their job was to find indirect ways to support any groups in the West whose activities might be useful to us, and Generals for Peace, with its anti-NATO stance, public support, and touch of media glamour, was a logical target. At the end of 1980, one of my officers came to me with the fruits of his department's labors. They had conferred with Gerhard Kade through a source in Hamburg. Kade had suggested a meeting and we dispatched two officers from my service, armed with the thin pretext that they were representatives of the Institute for Policy and Economy, a name we occasionally used as a handy cover. The useful thing about this story was that a Westerner, if he had any knowledge of East Germany or even much common sense, could gather that he was talking to the foreign intelligence service without the need for the embarrassment or fright that would have been engendered by a formal introduction. We used both shadow and light to conceal ourselves, unlike the Americans, who always struck me as too ready to admit openly that they came from the CIA or FBI. After a few meetings, Kade was registered under the cover name Super by my officers. This did not mean that they definitely considered him to be an agent—we regularly gave people cover names when we were secretly investigating them. But in Kade's case I would judge that the award of a flattering cover name implied that they considered they had struck a deal with him. He certainly raised the subject of Generals for Peace and told them that the organization needed funding if it was to publish its views widely enough to influence public opinion. The officers negotiated an annual grant, which I approved. The money was paid directly to Kade. It was not a huge amount, but the relatively small number of the members of the organization meant that the money would contribute handsomely to travel expenses and publishing costs. At the same time, Kade also had contacts with the foreign intelligence department of the Ministry of State Security in Moscow and prepared discussion papers, based partially on consultations with KGB sources, that formed the basis of Generals for Peace campaigns. It would be wrong to conclude that anyone in Generals for Peace knew of Kade's contacts with foreign intelligence, or that all documents issued or statements made by Generals for Peace had been inspired by Moscow or Berlin. The generals were acting out of conviction. They did, however, often use lines of reasoning introduced by Kade. Listen, for instance, to Gert Bastian in a radio interview in East Berlin in 1987:INTERVIEWER: Do you think that the speech of the Soviet foreign minister [Gromyko] could serve to strengthen peace-stabilizing momentum? BASTIAN: Yes, I think so. I believe that the suggestions coming from Moscow recently have been very constructive and I hope that they find a positive echo in the West. That is already the case in a small way, but not with enough clarity and definition, as I see it. I hope that that improves and that during the present President's time in office, we make a concrete step in the right direction: namely the removal of nuclear weapons in Europe.[7]

I have no evidence that Bastian knew where the funding for Generals for Peace came from. Von Meyenfeldt, who was close to Kade and present at the very inception of the organization, had more reason to be immediately suspicious if not cognizant of KGB and Ministry of State Security involvement. Since the tragic deaths in 1992 of Gert Bastian and Petra Kelly, probably in a suicide pact, I have been deluged by researchers, friends, and journalists asking whether the opening of the ministry files might have led Bastian to take his own life and Kelly's. As far as I know, the files have yielded little beyond records of routine surveillance during their visits to the East. To some of their erstwhile allies in the Green movement who have voiced the suspicion that the relevant files have been destroyed I would say this: A number of highly sensitive intelligence files were destroyed between November 1989 and January 1990. But as far as I know they covered only live agents and sources who were ranked by us as being of top importance. I do not think that the files on Kelly and Bastian came into this category. Gerhard Kade, who died in Berlin in December 1995, never admitted to his contacts with Eastern bloc security services and was remembered as he would have wished, as a researcher and campaigner for peace. It was of course vitally important that we should not be identifiable as a sponsor of this organization, whose credibility rested on the fact that it was not hostage to the NATO and Warsaw Pact camps. Kade eventually persuaded the Soviets to provide a general to take part to give a better impression of balance. Unlike the real Generals for Peace, who had distanced themselves from the state and the military to found the organization, the Soviet general was simply delegated from his usual job to the task of being the peace general and was far from pleased with this task. When the generals' campaign became a great success, various East German departments rushed to claim the credit for the fact. Most annoyingly for us, Erich Honecker's brother-in-law, Manfred Feist, an incompetent functionary who had got his job as chief of foreign propaganda in the Central Committee through his family connections, told the East German leader that it had all been his idea.

Generals were not the only figures we attempted to influence. William Borm was a very old man who was usually seen in the front ranks of the antimissile demonstrations. Under the Nazis Borm had been a factory director in Berlin; he was later arrested by the GDR for reasons that were not clear—he maintained close contact with the British Secret Intelligence Service—and was sentenced to ten years in prison. After nine years, at the end of the 1950s, he was released. We in the foreign intelligence service received lists of those who had been released, and I decided to make contact with Borm, who had now resettled in West Berlin. He and I became friends, and it became clear to me that Borm was an old-fashioned economic liberal, conservative and aristocratic, whose Freemasonry, with its ideals of justice and equality, had helped him survive the rigors of his imprisonment. There he had studied Marxist literature and found ideals similar to his own. He respected me and others as Marxists, although he never became one. When in 1965 he was elected to the Bundestag as a Free Democrat from West Berlin, he collaborated closely with Brandt, who was then the leader of the Social Democrats and had played a major role in fighting the Cold War. We paid for Borm's parliamentary office, and he gave us information about his party and Brandt’s *Ostpolitik* treaties with Poland and the USSR—information not too different from what a diplomat might receive in a foreign capital, but we had no diplomatic representation in Bonn at the time. He made impassioned speeches in favor of Brandt?s openings to the East, including one supporting the 1972 Basic Treaty recognizing the two Germanys. When Hans-Dietrich Genscher abandoned the Social Democrats and swung his Center Party?s support to Helmut Kohl, Borm refused to follow, even though we urged him to do so in order to maintain him as an asset inside the Free Democrats. But Borm stuck to his principles and organized a splinter Liberal Democratic Party, even though it had little chance of success and indeed soon broke up. When Borm started appearing at the head of protest marches, he lost his intelligence value; we knew West German counterintelligence would henceforth keep too close an eye on him. Nevertheless, it was our funding that had helped Borm reach a position of influence, and we believed that he would continue to steer things in an agreeable direction. Unfortunately, his death on September 2, 1987, at age 92 put an end to his honorable activities. ●

If I were asked now whether I regretted this manipulation of the many genuine people who supported Generals for Peace and drew inspiration from it in their fight against the nuclear threat, I would have to answer that I do not. In this case I do not have the same belated scruples as in some others. We did not start Generals for Peace. What we did was to give institutional and financial support to an organization that had grown up out of justified fears among members of the military that the arms race was dangerously out of control. That reflected a view widely held by the public at large. It was an entirely respectable position to take in tense times and I still applaud those who braved the anger of their military colleagues and rejection by their friends and families to do so. And, of course, none of us could have seen in those fearful days at the beginning of the 1980s that the arms race would end not with a nuclear bang, but with the whimper of the Soviet Union’s collapse.

13

Terrorism and the GDR

On September 13, 1993, Yassir Arafat, chairman of the Palestine Liberation Organization, and Yitzhak Rabin, the prime minister of Israel, sealed with a handshake on the White House lawn the accord that represented a historic step toward peace in the Middle East. One year later in Oslo both the Israelis and the Palestinians were awarded the Nobel Prize for Peace. In the years before these inspiring events, contact with Arafat or his organization had been enough to stigmatize one as a sympathizer or even a sponsor of international terrorism. Almost two years later, on November 4, 1995, it was Rabin who paid with his life at the hands of an Israeli terrorist. Such are the ironies of history. It is widely said that future historians will count the GDR among the most active supporters of terrorism. I and my work have been swept up in these accusations, the harshest of which come from the Americans. They seem to forget their own long history of supporting brutal dictators and attacking legitimate governments, overtly and covertly—from overthrowing Mossadegh in Iran, Arbenz Guzman in Guatemala, and Allende in Chile to supporting the Somoza family dictatorship in Nicaragua and too many others like them in many parts of the globe. Many of these unholy alliances were, on both sides, the tragic product of the Cold War. There is no question that the release of Ministry of State Security files has shown that the ministry of which my foreign intelligence department, the HVA, was a part cooperated with several organizations such as the PLO, and that the GDR supported some of these groups involved in politically motivated terrorism. Because I was the chief of the foreign intelligence branch of the ministry, it is not surprising that I am assumed to have known everything about my government's relationship with terrorists. I was in fact aware of many ties East Germany maintained with organizations deemed in the West to be terrorist. But, as I will explain, I was excluded from important operational details. My primary responsibility was intelligence: the gathering of information, preferably secret. That is spying, not terrorism. I was never personally involved in the planning or execution of terrorist acts. To understand this paradox of a spymaster ignorant of foreign entanglements, it is necessary to write about two things: first, how the national liberation struggles of the Third World became entangled in the Cold War; and second, how the Ministry of State Security's rigid separation into fiefdoms made for an absolute fetish of conspiracy and secrecy. These explanations are not meant to excuse what happened, and I want to make it clear that my purpose is not to exonerate myself. The fact is that the GDR and its intelligence services supplied technical and financial support for organizations we considered legitimate, and some of these organizations engaged in terrorism against civilians as a part of their strategy. It also protected terrorists who had escaped from the Federal Republic. I was not engaged in this, others were. They did their work, I did mine. Perhaps it also was fortunate that Mielke, the minister of state security, preferred that I did not know, because this freed me to focus on my mission of obtaining secrets abroad. There is more than enough responsibility to be shared and regret to be expressed. I must stress that whatever we did that was wrong cannot be excused by what the West did under its own banner in the battle against communism, which left Vietnam and some countries in Central America and Africa in ruins after the geopolitical battle was over. That was the way the war was fought on some fronts; while I did not abet terrorists as such, we certainly did train people in methods that were later abused. This may sound cynical, coming from someone whose country was routinely criticized in Amnesty International’s reports for its treatment of people imprisoned for crimes against the state. I would not claim that our domestic interrogation and remand procedures were beyond reproach, nor that I spoke out sufficiently against their harshness at the time. But I still make a distinction between regimes in which human dignity and liberty are curtailed as the result of an overzealous policy of state security—which was the result of East Germany’s internal repression—and the systematic use of torture to punish political opponents. The line between overzealous behavior and barbarity was frequently crossed in the Third World, and, however inadvertently, we and our Western opponents helped people cross it. Did we know full well that what we were offering might be used in ways with which we disagreed? Of course, but I do not believe that Honecker or even Mielke ever knowingly sanctioned terrorist or violent acts against civilians. As the head of the foreign intelligence service, I do accept responsibility for these abuses—not guilt. This is a moral distinction that I hope readers will accept in the interest of coming to terms with the excesses of the time. The debate over the different definitions of “guilt” and “responsibility” has become more and more intense in recent years. To put these terms in their historical context, only a small minority of Germans were actually guilty of the terrible crimes that were committed under the Nazis, but all Germans who lived willingly under the Nazis bear a responsibility for them. This is not just an academic distinction. Crimes are a matter of law, responsibility a matter of conscience. As far as the law is concerned, suffice it to say that with all archives open to a zealous staff of prosecutors in the Federal Republic, they have been unable to produce any evidence, let alone proof, of my complicity in acts of violence. I have also filed three libel suits against newspapers that reported that I knew that the GDR was sheltering West German terrorists when the Ministry of State Security was doing so; I did not. Furthermore, I have been refused a visitor’s visa by the U.S. State Department on the grounds that I had dealings with terrorists. I have seen no evidence to support these charges. (It is worth noting that the CIA had no compunction whatsoever about inviting me to the United States in 1990, although perhaps the State Department was quite unaware of this invitation when it barred me six years later.) As my story will make clear, different departments in the same government, even those as closely connected as the departments handling foreign policy and foreign intelligence, do not necessarily know what the other is doing—whether the department is located in Langley, Virginia, that section of greater Washington, D.C., known as Foggy Bottom, or in East Berlin when it was the capital of the GDR. I will relate here what I know and let the reader consider my guilt, which I reject, as opposed to my moral responsibility, which I accept.

It was through our dealings with the Third World that we became involved with national liberation movements, and this helped prepare and condition us for tolerating liberation organizations that employed terrorism. In retrospect this process has a certain inevitability, but it did not seem inevitable at the time. It all began in Africa about halfway through East Germany’s short history. On January 18, 1964, the tiny Republic of Zanzibar, consisting of two islands off the East African coast, declared its independence. That was scarcely a world-shattering event. One African colony after another was declaring its independence around that time, and apart from the collectors of exotic stamps, no one paid much attention to Zanzibar. The new country forced itself on our attention by suddenly offering diplomatic recognition to East Germany, making it the first nonsocialist country to defy Bonn's Hallstein Doctrine, under which West Germany imposed on every country except the Soviet Union a choice between one Germany or another. (Moscow was made an exception to emphasize Bonn's view that we were merely Moscow's puppet; they alone had the right to maintain relations with both Germanys.) Zanzibar chose us; we did not choose them. Quite possibly the president, Sheikh Obeid Karume, was unaware of the diplomatic implication of his choice when, encouraged by some members of his youth organization who had once visited a summer school in East Germany, he formally embraced our country. Aside from the broader diplomatic implications, this recognition by an African state meant new opportunities for the intelligence services. Or perhaps President Karume was sharper than we thought, for alongside the notice of formal recognition came a stream of demands for financial help and security advice, particularly in the sphere of internal intelligence gathering and border protection. Our reputation in those fields had evidently spread far, which was a compliment of sorts. Flattered by the attention, Mielke looked around for a candidate to serve as adviser to Zanzibar's nascent security services. We agreed on General Rolf Markert, a former inmate of Buchenwald concentration camp who had become a senior policeman after the war and now worked as the head of a regional branch of the Ministry of State Security. As we had virtually no diplomatic presence in Africa at the time, it was agreed that someone with knowledge of foreign affairs should accompany Markert. On a whim, I suggested that I go myself. It was a daring idea then for the head of foreign intelligence to travel to a place whose real allegiance was still unclear, crossing territories with strong NATO affiliations to get there. Mielke hesitated for a while before finally agreeing. I had to listen to a long lecture on the need for absolute secrecy and was warned not to mention the mission even to my deputy. Mielke took personal charge of my security arrangements and even supervised an emergency rescue plan for me if it should turn out that I had walked into a trap. Markert and I were given an array of false East and West German passports in different names. Our ages were altered in the documents, and, much to our amusement, we were packed off to a disguise artist for masks to be made. Mielke insisted we wear them during the journey. Our disguises of course matched photographs in the false identity documents, which described us as experts on adult education. We departed in February 1964, and the first stop of our flight was to be Cairo. Markert and the head of the real diplomatic delegation flew first class, but in order to draw less attention to myself, I registered as a lowly first secretary and flew in tourist class. The first excitement was a sandstorm that forced us to land in Athens, justifying Mielke's fears about my being apprehended on NATO territory. Markert and I were separated from each other and taken to different hotels for the night. This caused some anxiety, since we all knew that an East German passport offered no protection in a NATO country. The next morning, I struggled for a full half hour to glue my false beard back into a position that would even approximately match my passport photo. There were additional long stopovers in Cairo, Addis Ababa, and Mogadishu. At last we reached Nairobi, where our passports were taken away and we were refused a connecting flight. We surmised that our route had been followed since Cairo, where we had had to register with British officials to obtain a visa for the East African Union (Zanzibar, Tanganyika, Kenya, Uganda). After a nerve-racking wait, we were saved from further inspection by the intervention of the Kenyan foreign minister, Oginga Odinga, who later became vice president. His son was studying in East Germany, and seeing the familiar name of Deputy Foreign Minister Wolfgang Kiesewetter on a list of our traveling party that was presented to him, he ordered that we all be allowed to continue our journey. Our arrival in Zanzibar was greeted by the entire government, a guard of honor still clad in uniforms of the old imperial British style and a police orchestra playing Viennese waltzes. They had requested that we bring along the music for the East German anthem, but until they learned the tune we had to make do with Strauss. Our deputy foreign minister had the greatest of difficulty inspecting the guard of honor to the lilting strains of the Blue Danube. Being an East German in postcolonial Zanzibar was a pleasure indeed. On national holidays like May First, which had been introduced in our honor, we were quickly recognized and taken to the heart of the crowd. The people had enthusiastically absorbed the government's expectations of us. The singers who led the crowd in their chants made up rhymes praising the beauty and richness of the German Democratic Republic, which had clearly achieved the status of a fairytale land of plenty in the public imagination. As wonderful as such celebrations were, not all went well. Our attempts to impose firm work plans and routines during our stay were hopeless. All too often, we would turn up for meetings only to find that people had been ousted from their jobs and someone else, who had no idea of the state of negotiations or plans, was there. At first, such things seemed minor inconveniences when compared to the long tropical evenings spent strolling among the elegant villas where we lived, the now disused golf course, the Indian cemetery, and the mud huts on the edge of town. There the men sat talking and smoking at dusk while the women continued to work in the fields. Our dealings with Ibrahim Makungu, later appointed chief of security, were initially difficult. We needed to know his honest assessment of the country's priorities, but Makungu had been ordered by the president to reveal nothing and find out everything he could from us. In fact, he took secrecy so far that he even refused to tell us his real name. I found it out only when he left one of his frequent mysterious notes in Swahili in which he canceled a planned meeting, ending with the words "Our work is difficult and secretive. Simba." I asked the cook who Simba was and learned not only his full name but some of his history. In the old days, the cook said, Makungu had worked for the Special Branch of the British colonial police. Coming from a country where everyone in the ruling party was united in support of its established goals, we were unfamiliar with a government of individuals who were divided by contradictory goals and interests. Some of our partners regarded themselves as Socialists, while the strict Moslems regarded them and us with evident mistrust. But none was shy in presenting demands and then criticizing us when we failed to deliver the goods. They would mournfully show us crumbling boats, old radios, and fraying telephone cables left behind by the British, hoping that we could restore the infrastructure of their entire country. The leadership of Zanzibar was split between President Obeid Karume, who as a former sailors union leader spoke like an English trade unionist, and his vice presidents, Abdullah Kossim Hanga and Abdulrahman Mohammed Nbabu. They supported with equal and opposite fervor the Soviet and Chinese models of communism, by now bitterly opposed to each other. Hanga had studied in the Soviet Union, while Nbabu insisted on demonstrating his attachment to Mao Tse-tung by playing a scratched copy of the "Internationale" loudly at state receptions. This grab bag of ideologies probably explains why Zanzibar had picked East Germany as its prime partner. I soon had no doubt that our presence here was based on a simple political calculation: Because the East African Union countries depended economically on traditional trade and financial ties with Britain, an outright link with one of the two Communist superpowers would have been unwise. We were economically advanced enough to be a useful supplier of advice and basic security infrastructure (it would take years before Zanzibar advanced as far as requiring technology), but small enough not to annoy any other sources of income. A few months after our arrival, the island was alive with rumors of a possible union between Zanzibar and Tanganyika. This concerned us too, since Tanganyika was ruled by Julius Nyerere, who maintained close links with London. If a union did come to pass, we suspected that the British government would put pressure on Zanzibar to end its association with us. Worse still, we were in the unwelcome situation of being intelligence advisers in a country where none of our partners within the country had the slightest intention of telling us what was going on. On April 24, 1964, we received news that the union was to take place and that the new country would be called Tanzania. The day before, I had been assured that no such move was planned and had flown to the smaller island of Pemba to inspect the new security office. I got the news while sitting among the new recruits at dusk answering questions about the relationship between Marxism and religion. I broke off the visit in some irritation and flew back to the main island. An East German cargo ship had delayed its departure to take me home, but after three months of frustrating work I could not bear to leave without seeing for myself whether Zanzibar would remain loyal to us. We also now had personal and financial stakes in Zanzibar, having built up a small flotilla of ships for the border guards and trained sailors and engineers in East Germany. Contrary to our fears, Zanzibar did keep a high degree of autonomy. Nyerere’s picture always hung only slightly below Karume’s in public buildings. Our efforts were untainted by the cynicism that later permeated our dealings with the Third World. We were convinced that, by helping Zanzibar, we were contributing to the freedom of the African people and helping them toward a better life. But I would be lying if I said we did not take pleasure as representatives of East German intelligence in conducting an operation in a part of the world where the British and West Germans had been kings of the espionage jungle. I remember in particular a trek that brought us to a U.S. satellite tracking station in Zanzibar. Outside stood a very dark-skinned soldier with a very big gun, and when we came he pointed the gun at us as we tried to explain. Finally we persuaded him to let us enter. There I was, on my first voyage into the capitalist world, standing in an American satellite station, no less. In many ways we were naive about the effects of our intervention in Third World countries. Our intelligence-gathering skills, honed by the experience of the Second World War and the Cold War, were transferred through our well-trained liaison officers and specialists. Prompted by their diligence, the security service in Zanzibar reached ridiculous dimensions. Relative to the size of the population, it was soon far bigger than our own, and it rapidly acquired a dynamic of its own over which we had no more influence. Karume was much more adept than we had suspected at playing off external powers against each other, and our status was eroded by the arrival of the Chinese en masse in 1965. We were particularly embittered when, having managed to secure the delivery of trawlers, which the government had begged us to provide, our bounty was eclipsed by the simultaneous arrival of a Chinese delegation bearing agricultural equipment. The embarrassment was exacerbated by the realization that the trawlers were not suited to the waters in which they would have to operate. The Chinese were extremely smart at establishing themselves. Within a few weeks, Ulbricht’s picture had either been removed from public display or was outflanked by bigger and more prominently hung pictures of Mao. Moscow took this symbolism very seriously and demanded reports of how many pictures of the Chinese leader had appeared and where. We then conducted a senseless exercise in counting them. Before I left Zanzibar, I made a brief acquaintance that stayed in my mind. All foreigners on the island were invited to harvest cassava, the most important food of the region. We were greeted by musical bands and dancing troops and then set to work slashing and gathering the crop until our backs ached. Next to me worked a small, energetic man with alert features, the U.S. consul in Zanzibar. Together we were taken aside and told in the nicest possible way that we had mistaken the tiny, tender bunches of cassava for weeds, uprooted them, and thrown them into the waste pile. I wonder whether this American, whose name was Frank Carlucci and who was not only a valued American diplomat but eventually deputy director of the CIA, ever knew who I was. Despite our experience in Zanzibar, the basic motivation for the spread of our operations into the Third World did not disappear: We continued to seek diplomatic recognition for the German Democratic Republic. By 1969 we were flooded with visits and requests for help. Syria and Egypt broke the Hallstein Doctrine and sought us out, followed by Sudan, both North and South Yemen, Congo/Brazzaville, Kampuchea, and the Rhodesian liberation movement, ZAPU. One reception for Egypt’s interior minister meant that all our windows had to be cleaned twice on Mielke’s orders, and the ministry’s courtyard was flooded with honor guards and youth choirs. I began to feel that these links were becoming an unwelcome and unnecessary burden, however adventurous it may have been to visit exotic locales. They distracted both Mielke and me from our primary task of keeping the upper hand in the foreign intelligence war in Europe. I always concentrated our efforts in West Germany, but now middle-ranking officers were being siphoned off to Third World assignments for long periods, bogging us down in a variety of countries led by tenuous governments and shadowy people. However frustrating I found it, though, these assignments were out of my control. The initiative for such cooperation came from the political leadership, and the intelligence services were expected to follow orders. For some time, our relations with Egypt were deemed to be particularly valuable. After the Six Day War in 1967, President Gamal Abdel Nasser had let it be known through his interior minister, General Sharawi Gomaa, that he wanted to exchange intelligence information with us. My deputy traveled to Cairo and was received with full protocol honors. It emerged that Nasser wanted our help in investigating the Israeli penetration of Egypt’s government and military—which Nasser believed was why Egypt had lost the war. Nasser was bitterly disappointed when we told him that we had no agents in Israel, but it was true. In fact, during the thirty-three years I headed the foreign intelligence service we never managed to penetrate Israeli intelligence. There was pressure from Moscow to do so, and some efforts were made in the early years to recruit Jewish emigrants to Israel, but this never succeeded. On the whole, I came to accept that we got the information we needed about the Middle East from sources in the United States, West Germany, and, eventually, the security services of the PLO. I was anxious lest we become entangled in the Middle East, but the Soviets were fixated on Israel as an enemy. I would never have wasted time and money on intelligence gathering simply to get even with the state of Israel on behalf of the Arab world. I viewed Israel like any other target country. Once it was clear to me that the ratio of effort to result was unsatisfactory in terms of penetration, I simply canceled our attempts to gain agents in Israel. In any case there were also signs that the Egyptians were playing a double game in proposing to exchange information. We asked for intelligence about the activities of the NATO nations' espionage in the Middle East and were introduced to the head of Egyptian intelligence, the Muhabarat. He was cagey and used a pseudonym during the first meeting. We knew that he also dealt this way with the CIA and we were unwilling to risk having our questions handed to the Americans. To increase our confidence in them, our partners in Cairo took my representative to visit a secret rocket-production plant, which had been built by an Austrian firm with the help of Pilz, a former colleague of the German rocket scientist Wernher von Braun. The Egyptians thought that the plant was being sabotaged and wanted us to track down the offenders. Wary of having my service seen as a sort of intelligence consultancy that could be hired out at random to solve the domestic problems of other countries, I refused the request. I believed that we had to keep a sense of commitment and political solidarity in our foreign operations rather than make ad hoc deals with states whose ultimate loyalties were not with the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. Within a short time, it was evident that the exchange with Egypt would not produce results, and we ended it, although we maintained personal contact with Gomaa and his Interior Ministry. After Nasser's death in 1970, his successor, Anwar Sadat, accused Gomaa of treason. Our contacts with Cairo were reduced to a single liaison officer in the GDR embassy, whose main concern was its security and that of the staff. We relied on our legal residents—members of the branches of a secret service posing as diplomats in all foreign embassies?for information about West German, American, and other NATO intelligence activities in Egypt. Our residents in Cairo would send their information home to HVA Section 3, covering the Middle East, which would pass it up to the chief of Department III, covering the Third World, who would then pass it to my deputy, General Horst J?nicke. He would pass to me only information that he deemed of sufficient importance. The same applied to our residents in Washington and at our United Nations mission in New York. They filed to Department 11, covering the United States, which would then pass it up to the chief of Department XI, and from there it would be filtered to J?nicke. A few months before Nasser's death, in May 1969, a group of progressive officers had seized power in Sudan under the leadership of Gaafar Mohammad Numeiry, the chief of the Sudanese military academy. Ignoring the vicissitudes of our efforts in Zanzibar, we deemed Sudan a promising territory and a possible gateway to the Middle East. The Revolutionary Command that had seized power was intent on creating its own version of Arabic socialism and had asked for the usual security and economic help from East Germany to do so. My knowledge of Sudan was vague indeed. I knew only that the north of the country had a long tradition of struggle against British colonial rule. The Sudanese distrusted Egypt because it had long served as Britain's proxy in the region. Internal strife between the Muslim north and the Christian-animist south created chaos. Streams of refugees from Congo, Zaire, and Ethiopia deepened the country's poverty. Its strategic position meant it was swarming with secret services and mercenaries, operating unchecked and very often at crosspurposes even with their own side. During my first visit shortly after the revolution, it was clear to me that the young officers I met had only a nebulous idea of the socialism they were now supposed to defend. They were motivated by other factors: the desire for national independence, military comradeship, and a desire to reinforce

Islamic beliefs under another name. One proudly told me that he was a socialist because he fed the poor every Friday. My conversations with Numeiry were impersonal and to the point. I once accompanied him to a public meeting and watched him spring from his jeep; deliver a short speech punctuated by whistles from the men, cries from the women, and organized choruses of approval; leap back into the jeep, and roar away, all within a few minutes. My more intimate contacts were with Faruq Othman Hamadallah, head of the Interior and State Security Ministries. Most of the police and security men had learned their trade under the British or the Egyptians and they still seemed very British in their manner. When they entered or left a room, they would clamp a short stick smartly between fist and elbow and wheel around in a marching step. I first met Hamadallah in his garden. He was a tall, athletic man whose black skin glistened with health. He continued stroking his sheepdog with one hand as he beckoned me in with the other. He told me soberly of the difficulties in building up a security service strongwilled and objective enough to cope with the complexities of his huge country. Beside us at the table sat another, smaller khaki-clad man who was introduced to me only briefly and had an Arabic name. I would meet him again later when East Germany began dealing with South Yemen—he was Mohammed Saleh Muteea, the security chief, who later became foreign minister of Yemen; his life was ended when he was poisoned in prison as a result of disagreements within the Yemen ruling party. Hamadallah was one of the few African politicians with whom I developed a close personal as well as professional friendship. He visited me several times in East Berlin and spoke with great insight and feeling of his country's problems and the complexities of the relationship between the Arab world and black Africa. Although he had never before visited a socialist country, he had surprisingly mature ideas about a possible African road to socialism. He told me of his fears that Numeiry would dissolve the revolutionary council and activate Western contacts. "You can't help us with this," he said glumly. "We have to solve this problem ourselves." His prediction soon came to pass. In 1970 Numeiry changed course and banished Hamadallah and other leftists from the revolutionary council. The following year, in the wake of an attempted leftist putsch, Numeiry purged all socialists from his government. Hamadallah was in London at the time and, against our advice, decided to fly back to the country to regroup his forces against Numeiry. The British charter plane carrying him was forced to land in Libya by its ruler, Colonel Muammar Qaddafi, who promptly extradited Hamadallah and a colleague to Sudan and Numeiry. He was sentenced to death in Sudan. Later, I saw pictures of him on television, before the sentence was carried out, talking quietly with his guards and smoking a cigarette. An hour after the filming was finished, he was executed. I felt real pain and loss at the news. Yet another friend had lost a good and worthwhile fight. Even now, I believe that with Hamadallah, Sudan lost one of its very best men, who was years ahead of his time and his country. In this violent and changeable political climate, it was impossible for us to continue our work as intelligence advisers to Sudan. We left in 1971 and never returned. Shortly before we pulled out of Sudan, I became involved with one of the most notorious mercenaries of this century, Julius Steiner (not to be confused with the Julius Steiner who was a member of the West German Bundestag and whom we had bribed). Born in Munich in 1933, Steiner was an exemplary mercenary. He began the relevant part of his career in the French Foreign Legion as a member of its aptly named Special Missions Unit, which fought the forces of Ho Chi Minh in the Vietnamese war of independence against France. After the defeat of the French in 1954 he turned his abilities to prodigious warmongering in Algeria during the war that ended in that country's independence from France in 1962. His first great independent venture was in the Nigerian civil war, which broke out in 1967 over conflicting oil interests. In the region of the country with the most oil, which had declared its autonomy under the name Biafra, he trained Biafran commandos, and so began his connections with a number of secret services in Europe, the Middle East, and Africa. Steiner helped turn Biafra into the most militarized territory in Africa, supplied through West German and other arms dealers with $20 million worth of weaponry, including the then state-of-the-art Cobra and Roland rockets. His private army of several thousand men marched under the banner of a skull and crossbones. When this venture collapsed, Steiner was hired by the southern Sudanese rebels. This move was of interest to British intelligence. Steiner was supplied with maps and radio equipment by Beverley Barnard, the former British military attaché in Sudan and owner of the Southern Airmotive company, and a colleague, Anthony Duvall, a representative of the British secret service who acquired his knowledge from working under the cover of West German humanitarian aid groups. Our information showed that through this channel, Steiner made contact with the CIA, who saw in him a way through which they might overthrow Numeiry's government. Through a post office box in Kampala, Uganda, Steiner was able to pass lists of requests for weapons to the Americans through a Mr. Preston from the U.S. embassy in Kampala. Describing himself as a representative of the African Society for the Promotion of Humanitarian Aid in Southern Sudan, Steiner was able to organize the training and arming of a ruthless guerrilla force that shed much civilian blood in the south as well as attacking the Sudanese police and military. Steiner had established his headquarters and airstrip in the remote territory of Tafeng, near Juba. Juba was the principal city in southern Sudan and the entrepôt for personnel and armaments from Uganda, whose government was supported by Israeli military advisers. This was the nearest I came to the sort of bewildering and exhilarating African world described by Joseph Conrad in *Heart of Darkness*. During festivities held there in our honor, we watched the tribal dancing, mesmerized by the drumbeat and the motion of the dancers. Suddenly, an old man, his naked body smeared with ashes, ran toward us brandishing a short spear and a fish. My guards leapt in front of me, one protecting my torso while the other two apprehended the man. Afterward, they told me that I had escaped an assassination attempt orchestrated by the rebels. In secret talks held in Khartoum with the Sudanese and Libyan leadership, we agreed to help capture Steiner. This was achieved partly through our intelligence efforts to establish his exact whereabouts on a particular day and was partly due to withdrawal of Uganda's support under pressure from the Organization of African States. Once he was under arrest and facing execution we acceded to the Sudanese government's request for help with his interrogation. My main task was teaching the Sudanese that interrogations (Steiner's and others') should serve to extract useful information from the prisoner about treasonable activities still in progress or being planned, not to exact revenge by means of intimidation and torture. But our influence repeatedly proved to be minimal and we stood powerless as our advice was misused, whether in Zanzibar or the other states with which we maintained close contact over the years, such as South Yemen, Ethiopia, and Mozambique. Our techniques depended on isolation and warnings, not gross physical punishment or sheer fright, but rarely did we hear that much restraint was exercised. Our advisory role dealt with interrogation methods only as a secondary matter, and in Zanzibar we had no specialists in interrogation methods. What we did try to impart was a principle known to every member of the GDR security service: that a confession without further evidence was of no legal value, and a confession extorted by violence was of no value at all. Interrogators in the GDR had received special legal education, and the main investigation department, Department IX, reported directly to the minister of state security. I do not know the details of their legal training but I am sure the principles of obtaining legal evidence were taught. Of course interrogation tactics also were taught, but I doubt that the methods they used to make a prisoner talk differed greatly from those used in the West. Torture and physical coercion were forbidden, and if someone used such methods, it happened against orders. I am certain extralegal interrogation has occurred in the West. Sheikh Bakari, the member of the revolutionary council responsible for security, once came to me in Zanzibar proudly claiming that he had obtained a confession from an enemy of the president by ordering him to dig his own grave and then having his captors fire twice into the air. The cruelest example was Ethiopia, where the extent of murder and torture was so horrific that it was difficult to accept the reports we heard. Like our Western opponents, we sadly discovered that police and security forces in Africa were regarded by those who held power as mere tools to be wielded at will in multifarious tribal, ethnic, and personal rivalries, and not as methods of eliciting information. In Steiner’s case, I managed to convince the Sudanese that a man of his stamina and tough psychological makeup would reveal useful material only if he had the expectation of being treated fairly. Two GDR interrogators were allowed to visit him. Despite his robust resistance to previous questioning, he was visibly relieved to see Germans arrive in his cell to talk with him, even if they were representatives of the other Germany, against whose ideology he had fought in various parts of the globe. I decided that our best tactic was to use a personal touch in dealing with him. We managed to secure from his Algerian wife their wedding photo album and to arrange for some of his relatives to send letters. This gesture softened the mercenary and prompted him to start talking more freely about his involvement in Sudan?s tangled conflict. In the end, we were able to secure from him a comprehensive picture of a web of different interest groups, front organizations, and secret services. But while we were pulling one set of strings in the region, West German foreign intelligence and its allies were busily pulling others. In a complicated series of events that finally resulted in Numeiry’s shift toward the West, Steiner was finally released to live in West Germany. The stories of Sudan and Steiner illustrate the scope and limitations of the influence of intelligence work in the Third World. Although we examined strategic, economic, and military factors before becoming involved in a developing country, we, like the West, saw our activities primarily as part of a greater struggle for influence and an attempt to color the globe our shade of red. But over time we realized that diplomatic recognition in return for intelligence and military help had led us into a costly spiral. Long before I left office, my staff and colleagues in the Central Committee with whom we worked had come to the conclusion that our attempts to export wholesale our economic system to developing countries was neither efficient nor desirable. These efforts devoured energy and resources but did not bring sufficient return either to us or the host countries to make them worthwhile. We had spent more than we had gotten, and the consolation prize of being recognized diplomatically by a scattering of relatively insignificant countries was not enough. Still, there was a time in the late 1960s and early 1970s when our alliances with the Third World and our activities there made us feel as though we were winning the Cold War. We saw ourselves as contributors to a spread of socialist influence that would tip the balance of global power in our favor. Leonid Brezhnev, firm in his belief that the correlation of forces was moving in the Soviet Union's favor, sought to implement a sweeping policy of support for radical left-wing governments in the Arab Middle East and down through the Horn of Africa. This fit well with the mind-set of Erich Honecker. Triumphant at having secured the Basic Treaty with Bonn in 1972 that accorded the GDR the diplomatic recognition that came with full sovereignty, he was free to explore parts of the globe hitherto closed to us and was discovering them with childlike enthusiasm. He thus conceived an ambition to become an international statesman. Psychologically, it is easy to understand Honecker?s drive to involve his country in the affairs of the wider world. He was a man of limited vision but great pride. His aim was to be remembered as one who had made life better for ordinary working people in East Germany (to the end of his days, he could reel off how many new houses and inside toilets had been built under his rule). But he knew that in the history of the Communist movement in Germany he would always rank below his predecessor, Walter Ulbricht, the first leader of East Germany. With diplomatic recognition, Honecker set out to trump Ulbricht?s achievement. In our heart of hearts, we knew that his stream of contacts with Third World leaders and his hopes of being received in Washington, Tokyo, and Bonn were the triumph of ambition over common sense, but our small country bolstered itself with this false sense of importance. The mentality, combining *folie de grandeur* and small-mindedness, is best captured in the mock slogan that did the rounds as a joke among more daring souls on the diplomatic circuit: “Our GDR is the greatest GDR there is.” In addition to Honecker's drive to extend our contacts throughout the Arab nations came our proud desire to be regarded by the Soviets as the most efficient and daring intelligence partners in the bloc. Moscow's esteem was gained through the kinds of foreign operations that Mielke had initially been unwilling to embrace. Trained as a tough counterintelligence man, his pride and joy was the unmasking of enemy agents, real or imagined, inside East Germany. At meetings with his opposite numbers in the KGB he would boast about the number of arrests made by our counterintelligence teams. The Soviet response was indifferent; it was no more than they expected. Instead, our prestige with them was measured in terms of the information we obtained through our foreign intelligence about the NATO countries and the successes we chalked up in Africa and later the Middle East. Thus there was a steady progression from our involvement in Africa to dealings in the Middle East and with organizations that used terror as one of their methods of securing international attention. The bridge between the African and the Arabic worlds increasingly became South Yemen. After a revolutionary regime seized power there in 1969, we established a large corps of advisers in Aden. Our links with South Yemen were more extensive than elsewhere, including economic aid, technical and educational assistance, and the provision of military advisers and specialists in external and internal intelligence gathering. The whole country was our playground, and a stint there??learning to ride camels,? we joked?was part of the training of a whole generation of our officers. Unlike the situation with our other operations in the Middle East, we were welcomed with open arms in Aden. The country was fighting an espionage war of tremendous intensity with its neighbor North Yemen, which was supported by Saudi

Arabia. The fact that we came from a divided country and were engaged in our own intelligence war against our estranged West German brethren convinced the leadership in Aden that we were the partners most able to understand and help them. The Soviets, keen to have reliable reports from this unstable region and to shore up their allies in Aden, encouraged us to commit ourselves heavily there. There were also Mozambique and Ethiopia. We entered Mozambique, along with the Soviet Union and Cuba, after the collapse of the Portuguese dictatorship brought the Marxist Frelimo government to power in 1975. The new government remained under constant siege from the Renamo rebels backed by the white regimes in Rhodesia and South Africa. We had high hopes of making a substantial difference; large training programs for intelligence officers, the military, and police were carried out in East Germany. For six years our ministry played host to over a thousand Mozambican trainees, whom we schooled mostly in counterespionage, the establishment of effective border controls, and the prevention of smuggling. In Mozambique, training was under the command of our station chief; I went to Mozambique only once but was generally informed as to what was going on. The civil war in Mozambique, an expensive and time-consuming enterprise for us, was the first in which we were forced to face up to the fact that by supporting Frelimo we had become targets ourselves. Eight East German agricultural experts were killed in 1983, mowed down by Renamo forces. Even by the time of my visit the year before, the situation was no longer remotely tenable for us. Internal power struggles in the government were exacerbated by debates between the Soviet military and the KGB over the proper way to handle a conflict that was careening out of control. I realized that even our best suggestions for increasing the efficiency of our joint efforts were not reaching the right ears in Moscow and we began to scale down our work, although we continued to provide weaponry and technical support until 1987. In Angola, we offered some intelligence and military support to one of the three factions, the MPLA, the Marxist group founded in 1961 to oppose Portuguese colonialism, but we readily let the Cubans oversee military strategy in that politically complex war. Initially, at least, the Cubans were enthusiastic and proud to have been dispatched by Fidel Castro to fight on the other side of the world. They fought well, thanks to their ingenuity and their experienced intuition about guerrilla warfare, but the Angolan wars turned out to be inconclusive and a huge waste of human life and prosperity, and it is very likely that the involvement of the CIA on one side and Soviet-backed Cubans on the other protracted Angola’s agony. As for Ethiopia, the Soviet and Cuban intelligence services there considered us to be little more than a potential source of weapons. Moscow’s position was to oblige them. This business was handed over to KoKo (Kommerzielle Koordination), the GDR’s secret trading arm. In a number of countries we advised the military commands we backed as to which Western technology or electronic weapons were best suited to Africa’s extreme climate, and in a few urgent cases we secured arms directly for our client countries through KoKo. While we escaped the disaster in Angola, things went badly wrong for us in Ethiopia, where we were drawn in along with the Soviets and Cubans. Our goals were unclear and the savagery of the twin wars with neighboring Somalia, which switched from being a Soviet to an American client in 1977, and the territory of Eritrea, which had been seeking to secede from Ethiopia, ran far deeper than anything we could hope to influence, let alone control. One tragic incident symbolized the helplessness we felt as we became ever more entangled in the bloody affairs of the Horn of Africa. In 1973, it was decided in East

Berlin that Werner Lamberz, a young politburo member, and Paul Markowski, head of the foreign affairs department of the Central Committee, should try to negotiate a truce between the warring factions in Ethiopia by bringing the Eritreans first to the negotiating table as a sign of goodwill. Moscow backed the move and the two men set off together with my deputy, Horst Jänicke. Lamberz and Markowski were to fly from Tripoli, Libya, by helicopter to visit Colonel Muammar Qaddafi in his tent in the desert and attempt to persuade him to use his influence with the Eritrean leadership. On their way back, the helicopter crashed and both were killed. The news hit me hard. I knew both men well and they were among the very few who, even at this pre-Gorbachev time, could be said to harbor reformist tendencies. Lamberz in particular was the favored candidate of the intelligentsia and many young Party members to succeed Honecker in the distant future. The mysterious setting of Lamberz's death fed rumors that it might not have been accidental. I too was concerned that it might have been the work of saboteurs and it fell to me to review the reports on the accident. It emerged that the Libyan helicopter pilot was not qualified for night flying but that Lamberz had insisted he fly them back. This seems to have been the correct explanation for the fatal accident. This tragedy further discouraged direct intelligence links with Libya, though later when Tripoli requested our help in securing military technology it was arranged on a financial basis. Libya was one of the few countries in the region able and prepared to pay handsomely for the skills or special equipment Colonel Qaddafi required. Only one other significant contract was drawn up: Qaddafi's personal guard was trained at a secret camp outside East Berlin by the department of the Ministry of State Security that provided bodyguards. After the funerals of Lamberz and Markowski in East Berlin, my deputy and another Party representative took their place in Addis Ababa to try to negotiate a peace settlement in honor of our dead colleagues. But they failed because of the strong opposition of Ethiopia's president, Haile Mengistu Mariam, an early sign that our work with Ethiopia was doomed. Although we had formally been invited there to train intelligence officials, we soon found ourselves devoid of influence and with only scant insights into the often senselessly brutal security apparatus. The Soviets also there had the same problems, despite being able to offer far more manpower and technical assistance. The only representatives of the socialist camp who seemed to have access to the wheels turning within wheels turning in the Ethiopian state were the Cubans. As their confidence and professional competence grew, they became the best intelligence operators in Africa. They had an understanding of the continent's mentality and a sense of events that we lacked. From the beginning, Moscow made the same mistake in Ethiopia that it made over and over again in its involvement in foreign conflicts: It tried to use military solutions in countries where the infrastructure and terrain rendered this approach hopeless. We and the Cubans thought that in case of the failure of political solutions, partisan movements would be a more effective method of fighting. Another source of disagreement was the scope of our involvement. I believed that by concentrating on, for example, Ethiopia we would make more headway than by spreading our resources. In the end it didn't matter. All of us were slow to realize that African statesmen, of whatever ideological hue, in the end followed their own vision of their countries' development. Whatever our intentions or methods, there was very little we could do about that. By the end of the 1970s we had scaled back our presence, leaving with some regret over the high costs we had incurred financially and in terms of personnel for so little result. The United

States made the same mistake of becoming bogged down in too many unwinnable and morally dubious campaigns, and as a result its government was frequently perceived by its own public opinion as being on the wrong side. We had one small advantage over the West in our operations in the Third World: our ability to keep our activities secret, or at least opaque to our people, because of powerless parliaments and official control of the media. Soon after the 1979 Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, Vladimir Kryuchkov, the head of KGB operations there, asked the GDR to provide officers to contribute to intelligence-gathering in that distant, tribal snakepit. This time I put my foot down, telling Mielke that we were already overextended in our foreign operations and that there was no conceivable benefit to us in joining in the conflict in Afghanistan. A flat no was a highly unusual response to any request from Moscow, but we prevailed, and events would prove how wise we were to avoid that quagmire. Our contribution was limited to assistance for a hospital and providing a venue for meetings in Berlin between the leaders of the mujahideen and Moscow’s favorite in Kabul, Najibullah.

All of us, as Communists, bore in mind the words Lenin uttered after his brother Alexander was executed for plotting to assassinate the Tsar: ?We will go another way.? The class-based, revolutionary theories in which we believed left no place for random terror. Random terrorism was, in our eyes, the equivalent of throwing a brick through a bank?s window: satisfying perhaps at the time, but it does not stop the bank from opening up as usual the next day. By the late 1970s, the ministry and my department were involved in a number of alliances with forces that used terror as a tactic: the Palestine Liberation Organization; the freelance Venezuelan terrorist and assassin Ilyich Ramirez Sanchez (ironically named after none other than Lenin), who was known as Carlos the Jackal; and the West German terrorist group that called itself the Red Army Faction (RAF) but was also known as the Baader-Meinhof gang after its leaders, Andreas Baader and Ulrike Meinhof. Our enthusiasm for such partnerships varied from case to case, far more than I would ever have been able to admit publicly at the time. In 1969 the Cairo resident of our intelligence service had begun clandestine contacts with Yassir Arafat of the Palestine Liberation Organization and George Habash, head of the more radical Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. The initiation of contact grew directly out of our sympathies for national liberation movements. In our view, the Palestinians were the only group among the countries decolonized since World War II that had not obtained their legitimate national rights. They had been denied their land not only by Israel but by Egypt and Jordan. Intellectually isolated as we were in the GDR, we knew little of the complexities of the Arab-Israeli struggle, and although we all knew of Hitler’s extermination of the Jews, even I as a Jew knew little of Israel’s fight to establish itself. At the end of 1972, East Germany formally opened political contacts with the Palestine Liberation Organization, and Honecker received Arafat in East Berlin. Immediately after the meeting, our service was ordered to establish intelligence links with the PLO. Moscow backed the move with great alacrity, since the PLO was in the process of being accorded observer status at the United Nations, and the Soviet Union was keen to develop a variety of contacts with the PLO’s leadership. But there was also a darker side to the Soviets’ and our enthusiasm for the PLO. At the August 1972 Olympic Games in Munich, Palestinian terrorists from the Black September group had stormed the living quarters of the Israeli athletes, killing two who resisted and taking nine captive (an attack that was as much of a surprise to us as it was to the rest of the world). The rescue operation mounted by Hans-Dietrich Genscher, then interior minister, was an amateurish affair that ended in the deaths of all the remaining hostages as well as their captors, and it was strongly criticized afterward in West Germany and Israel. For us in East Berlin, such an event on German soil (even if it was in the other Germany) was a sobering reminder of how easy it was for terrorists to export their grievances. A working group whose membership included some of my staff was ordered to draw up a policy paper considering the goals of the Palestinian movement from the standpoint of its ideology and our security. Offering Yassir Arafat?s Fatah wing of the PLO semidiplomatic status in East Berlin seemed to be a useful precaution against being the target of an attack. We were particularly concerned about protecting the upcoming World Youth Congress in East Berlin. Further talks were held in Moscow between Arafat and the head of my department responsible for Arab countries. We agreed to help the PLO on the condition that it end terrorist attacks in Europe. Arafat agreed and named Abu Ayad (whose real name was Salah Chalaf) as the man who would deal with us in the future. Soon, Palestinian fighters were invited to Ministry of State Security camps hidden in the East German countryside for training in intelligence and counterintelligence and the use of guns, explosives, and guerrilla tactics. This was routine training for national liberation groups and was overseen by my department and also by two ministry departments, Department HA-II (counterespionage) and AGM (Arbeits gruppe des Ministers, the Minister’s Working Group), responsible for military tasks and training. In return for our aid and training, we hoped to gain access to PLO information on American security, global strategy, and weaponry. We had great respect for Palestinian political intelligence gathering and believed Abu Ayad when he boasted of his contacts at the heart of the U.S. government, NATO, and the arms trade. Impressed by the Palestinians’ supposed worldwide network of contacts through its diaspora of highly educated professionals in many countries and not just the Middle East, we hoped they would bring us details of summit meetings and open channels of information where the Soviets shielded their knowledge from us. On the whole, we were disappointed. In fact, about the only particularly valuable intelligence we got from the PLO during the entire time we worked with them were accounts of the preparations for and substance of the Camp David agreement between Israel and Egypt. The Palestinians did provide insights into the shifting politics, alliances, and enmities of the Middle East, which raised our general level of expertise in the region. Our formal contacts with the PLO also facilitated the operations of our intelligence officers in Damascus and Aden. Through them we learned of the extent of covert CIA and West German involvement in the affairs of the region and the identities of the officers stationed there, always useful information when they were transferred and turned up at other stations under diplomatic cover. The Palestinians also identified these agents’ sources, which also helped us figure out who was on whose side. Our service had little information to give the PLO in exchange. They certainly received no special intelligence from us about Israel, for we had none. Our target remained West Germany as the frontline state in the Cold War, and this was not a priority for the PLO. We did, however, give instruction. My senior officers were called in to give lectures on intelligence gathering and encoding and decoding, and to pass on our experience of counterespionage techniques to Palestinian visitors. We of course guessed that this information might pass to terrorist commandos against Israel or their trainers. During the savage Israeli intervention in Lebanon in 1982, our modest presence there took on inordinate significance. With Beirut in ruins, there was an interval during which Moscow lost contact with its embassy and its KGB officers in the Lebanese capital. Our officers were the only ones able to maintain radio and personal contact with the leadership of the PLO and, acting as Moscow’s proxy, our men were instructed to pass on the PLO’s reaction to events. They ventured forth, risking their lives among the shooting and bombings to meet their Palestinian partners. The vicious, criminal brutality of the Israeli assault on the refugee camps of Sabra and Shatila and the numerous civilian deaths that resulted shocked even these officers, who were no strangers to the harsh enmities of the Middle East, and they were deeply affected by it. Our sympathies were already influenced by Moscow’s pro-Arab line, and the Israeli intervention pulled such officers even further toward the Arab world. Of course, a closer examination of the long history of Israeli-Palestinian hostilities was discouraged. Knowledge of the Bible (traditionally important in Lutheran Germany) was of little importance in our socialist schools. My Jewish roots gave me a certain sensitivity in this matter that others lacked, and I also knew of the Arab links to Hitler?s Germany. It never failed to shock and unsettle me during my visits to the Middle East when camel drivers or street vendors, hearing German spoken, would run after us shouting, ?Heil Hitler!?

Mielke essentially mistrusted me as a member of the intelligentsia and perhaps for other reasons (although I never heard him make any anti-Semitic remark beyond an occasional anti-Jewish joke); furthermore, our ministry was pervaded by a culture of secrecy that threw up institutional barriers to communication. I lasted because Mielke knew I had the patronage at the highest levels of the KGB, which could of course be useful to him as well as dangerous to challenge. To Mielke I was essentially a good collector and analyst of information but was unsuited for the hard class struggle that had formed him on the streets of Berlin, and when he could keep me out of the loop, he did. From the beginning of the HVA, he had put the Department for Special Tasks—behind—the—lines sabotage, destruction of pipelines and atomic stations—under his control, even though in Moscow these functions were under the First Main Directorate, that is, foreign intelligence, corresponding to the HVA. After I retired, this department was returned to my successor at foreign intelligence. Thus it came about that contacts with terrorist groups were organized not by the HVA but by a ministry group called Department XXII. It reported to General Gerhard Neiber, one of Mielke’s four deputy ministers of state security, whose main task was to command the border control.[8] Department XXII was essentially a parallel counterintelligence department and did not come under my jurisdiction. Neiber gradually became responsible for counterintelligence in the army and police and eventually was also in charge of the ministry?s counterterrorism activities. Neiber was a very friendly person who had a large number of well-appointed guest houses under his control. He served as a good host for the delegations from foreign intelligence services. He was not the kind of person to sign death warrants, not a brutal man, but was certainly a man who followed orders. Thus, after unification, he was accused of participating in the execution of a man named Gartenschl?ger, who broke through the border fence four or five times and destroyed parts of it. Neiber was directly responsible to Mielke, and his Department XXII was technically an antiterrorist unit. Until 1979 it had been relatively small, but the decision to widen our dealings with “forces involved in armed struggle,” as we put it, meant that it had to grow fast. Within a few years, it had more than eight hundred employees, although I believe only about twenty of them knew about the direct contacts with terrorist groups. It is now known that these contacts included the Irish Republican Army, the Basque separatist movement, ETA, and Carlos the Jackal. I did not know of these connections at the time and indeed I never met Carlos or other international terrorist stars. I left the contacts with the Palestinians to my Middle East specialist, whose code name was Roscher (I will not use his real name here). Roscher maintained limited personal contacts with PLO functionaries, PLO security people, and George Habash of the Palestine Liberation Front. He did not, however, have contacts with Abu Nidal or Carlos, and his information about their activities came indirectly through his PLO associates. Roscher's avoidance of Abu Nidal and Carlos was the result of my orders to our people to avoid terrorists and terrorism, and as far as I am aware he consistently followed his orders. Roscher was only selectively informed about Department XXII's contacts and was certainly not informed about "hot" contacts. "Hot" contacts were those that involved Carlos or other especially violent terrorists and terrorist groups. These contacts were known only to a small number of officers in Department XXII. No one from my department knew about such contacts. Roscher reported to me about his contacts when he thought the information would be relevant to our intelligence mission. Usually this involved a request for training, support, and so on. I reported such requests to Mielke, and he decided on them. After this there was not much for me to do, since the training programs generally were run without any direct involvement on my part or my personal support. The majority of Arab terrorists who were hidden in the GDR entered at the border under Arab diplomatic cover, which was not my responsibility. In addition to opposing Department XXII on political grounds—I was worried that it could backfire on my service—I opposed it on grounds that any bureaucrat the world over would understand: Department XXII was poaching on my own turf, invading our foreign intelligence functions by setting up a parallel service. I knew that no good would come of it for me and for the country as a whole, and I was right. As the years went by, it became clear that the PLO saw us as just another cog in their wheel, and that our hopes of controlling their activities were in vain. We were also concerned that our identification with Arafat's wing of the PLO would expose us to revenge by others, so we were gradually drawn into offering hospitality and training to a spread of Palestinian fighters. These eventually included Abu Nidal. On the recommendation of Roscher, who learned about the brutality of Abu Nidal's organization from his regular contacts with Arafat's secret service, I signed a memo opposing any contact with him, but to no avail, and East German military instructors trained Abu Nidal in Soviet rocket-launching techniques. When we wanted to make friendly gestures without committing ourselves too deeply, we would offer holiday facilities or educational opportunities. George Habash kept an apartment in Dresden to visit his daughter, a student at the technical university there. In 1979 Mielke ordered a secret study of all this by the ministry's analysts. Entitled, "On Activities of Representatives of the Palestinian Liberation Movement and Other International Terrorists and Their Attempts to Involve the GDR in the Preparations for Acts of Violence in the Countries of Western Europe," it listed many of the terrorist activities of the groups we were aiding and indicated that we had information that the PLO and their allies were planning to use their access to East Germany as a forward position from which to mount terror attacks. The proximity and ease of access to West Berlin were extremely useful to them. The report's contents were later published by Dr. Richard Meier, formerly my opposite number in West Germany, in a book accusing me of abetting terrorism. He deftly omitted the most significant part of the report, its summary paragraph, which warned: ?Those activities from the territory of the GDR will result in political risks and jeopardize our national security interests.? Far from being an endorsement, the report Mielke had commissioned turned out to be a warning. But there was no discussion of this in the ministry’s collegium, nor indeed was there any formal discussion of the activities of Department XXII, or the morality or otherwise of our involvement with terrorist organizations. I heard occasional comments or expressions of reluctance, which made it clear to me that opinions within the ministry were divided about our work with potential terrorists. Some simply took their orders and did not consider too closely the consequences of what they were teaching our Palestinian or South Yemeni partners. Some voiced a practical objection—the fear of being caught. Mielke was terrified that our Palestinian connection would become public. He was especially nervous that news of our training and support for the PLO would emerge before sensitive summit meetings with other world leaders. As a result, the program was often suspended at short notice while we begged Abu Ayad to forgo violence. That worked for short periods, but over the long run it was a forlorn hope.

Our principal aim—preventing our own territory from serving as a base for terrorism—became impossible to ensure once the ministry had made the acquaintance of Carlos the Jackal. Our most problematic customer, he arrived for the first time in East Germany in 1979 through South Yemeni connections. He was hardly a person of great importance, but his flamboyant behavior made him a star of the Western media, although my service neither controlled nor even to the best of my knowledge met him. His story, as I have pieced it together, is worth telling in order to illustrate what we had gotten ourselves into. It was like having a tiger by the tail. It was immediately clear that Carlos liked East Berlin, probably because it offered more comfort and a better nightlife than most of the other places he was able to hole up in. He took a suite in East Berlin’s Palast Hotel, much to the distress of our security people since the Palast was favored by Westerners. Carlos traveled on a Syrian diplomatic passport and was in the habit of announcing his arrival with only a day or two?s warning. In fact, our ministry managed to limit him to only several stays. I and my officers were no admirers of Carlos. From staff reports, he emerged as a loudmouth, a spoiled bourgeois-turned-terrorist who disregarded all the basic rules of discretion, thereby endangering those who worked with him. During his visits to East Berlin, counterintelligence constantly monitored his movements. He ignored their pleas to spend his time quietly in his room; instead he settled down late in the bar with his pistol stuck in his belt, drank copiously, and flirted with the women. The prostitutes all reported to State Security, but it was still risky for him to be seen and worrying for us that he might be spotted. Our main concern was getting him out of the country as soon as possible, no simple task. One of the most difficult aspects of liaison with terrorists like Carlos was that the power relationship between us and them had an unfortunate tendency to reverse itself. Originally, Carlos was grateful for assistance in organizing his clandestine life. But once he sensed that we were less keen on his presence, his mood turned nasty. He began to make the same threats toward us that he carried out against enemy governments, warning those who tried to dissuade him from a visit that he would seek out East German targets abroad. When Carlos’s West German wife, Magdalena, was arrested in France in 1982, he asked us to help spring her from jail. When we refused, he threatened to storm our Paris embassy. We ended up in the bizarre position of having to increase security at our embassy to protect it. Why did we tolerate people involved with terrorist activities? Mielke, who personally ran our dealings with them, held the view that they might be used in “the most serious case”—his euphemism for all-out war with the NATO nations. I never heard him state it directly, but his theory seemed to be that the terrorists we befriended or, as in the case of the Red Army Faction, sheltered could be used as behind-the lines guerrilla forces for sabotage against the West. Had I been asked about this harebrained idea, I certainly would have opposed it. We could hardly control someone like Carlos inside East Germany in peacetime, so how would he prove dependable or even useful in the chaos of war? It seemed like the most wishful thinking to me, and I believe Mielke was really driven by a sense of inferiority toward both the West and the Soviet Union on the one hand, and on the other by an advanced case of hubris. He wanted to become internationally significant?even if it meant becoming entangled with organizations like the PLO or the Red Army Faction. Despite the promises we had exacted from the PLO and others, two terrorist attacks were nevertheless launched from East German territory. The bombings in Berlin of the French consulate in 1983 and the La Belle discotheque in 1986 were in many ways the logical culmination of the decision to allow terrorists to use East Berlin as an occasional base. Mielke never expected this to happen, but dealings with the terrorists simply swung out of his control. One way in which our ministry could slightly limit the activities of these groups was by controlling what they brought in and out of the country in their luggage. Like anyone else entering the country, these groups passed through screening at the airport and were usually found to be carrying or transporting weapons. It was decided by border control that they should be allowed to carry the guns, since going armed was clearly second nature to them. On April 5, 1986, an explosion in the La Belle discotheque in West Berlin, a frequent haunt of U.S. servicemen, killed two soldiers and a woman, and one hundred and fifty people were injured. The Americans claimed that the attack was orchestrated from within the Libyan embassy in West Berlin and responded by bombing military bases and suspected terrorist centers in Libya. The White House also claimed that the East German government knew in advance of at least the intent to mount the attack, if not the details. In fact, the La Belle attack was also the result of a serious sin of omission and culpable cowardice by the Ministry of State Security. A report came from Neiber’s border control officers that Libyan diplomats had entered the country with explosives in their luggage. Their identity and terrorist connections were well known. Counterintelligence sources in the Middle East had reported plans for a Libyan attack somewhere in West Berlin, so there was every reason to suspect that the explosives were intended for this purpose. After unification, it was confirmed that my foreign intelligence service was not aware of the acts that led to either the bombing of La Belle or the 1983 bombing of the French consulate in West Berlin. Yet another mystery remains: What did the Americans know, and could they have prevented the bombing? It took less than one day for President Reagan to announce that the United States had definite proof of Libyan involvement. Even if the so-called proof that this was true was merely the result of a Russian tip-off, there were other curiosities. The main organizer of the bombing, a man named Chreidi, had easily traveled back and forth between East and West Berlin during a period of heightened security measures at Checkpoint Charlie. More ominously, PLO sources, quoted in documents kept at the ministry, implied that Chreidi was no mere Libyan terrorist, but in fact in the secret employ of the United States. Ten days after his announcement, President Reagan authorized a massive assault on Libya. A total of 160 aircraft dropped more than sixty tons of explosives, missing their ostensible target—Qaddafi himself—but leaving dozens of innocent civilians dead and injuring hundreds. As terrible as many of us found the La Belle bombing, it was hard to decide whether the murder of the soldiers and the woman in West Berlin or the murder of many more Libyan civilians was the greater act of terrorism.

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In addition to protecting foreign terrorists in East Germany, Department XXII also looked after members of the Red Army Faction who had been given sanctuary in the East. The RAF sprang from the radicalism of the 1960s and the violence of Germany's political traditions. It conducted a campaign of terror and assassination of West Germany's political and especially economic leaders to destroy capitalism by methods we Communists in the East had long since forsworn. Though its leaders, Andreas Baader and Ulrike Meinhof, committed suicide in prison in West Germany, their supporters to this day believe they were murdered by the authorities. In the years after unification, my name would be linked to these Red Army Faction members, but, as was the case with Arab terrorists, I and my service were kept ignorant of the Red Army Faction?s presence within the GDR. Some of these hidden Red Army Faction members were given new identities and new lives by the Ministry of State Security, including Susanna Albrecht, accused of leading an assassination squad to the home of a friend of her father, Jürgen Ponto, chief executive of the Dresdner Bank; and Christian Klar and Silke Maier-Witt, involved in the kidnapping and murder of Hans-Martin Schleyer, the president of the Association of German Industrialists. Three RAF members—Inge Viett, Regina Nicolai, and Ingrid Siepmann—escaped from West Germany to Czechoslovakia, where the authorities there asked them if they wanted to contact East Germany. They agreed and were eventually brought to Berlin on Mielke's orders. The Red Army Faction was already in decline within a year or so after many of its left-wing sympathizers published statements in the West disavowing them. The leadership of the group feared mass arrests and decided that any activists who wished to retire could do so without fear of reprisal or betrayal. The technicalities of resettlement were carried out by an inner group of Department XXII officers. These officers' identities were kept secret, even from me, and foreign intelligence was in no way involved with resettling the Red Army Faction members. Mielke was always anxious to have control over things only he knew about. There was no operational reason for him not to share this knowledge with me, but given that Department XXII reported directly to him, there was also no reason why he should. In any case, my policy from the beginning was to keep as far away from the Red Army Faction members as possible because some could well have been turned by Western intelligence and planted with us. If there had ever been any danger of Red Army Faction terrorists mounting attacks on targets in West Germany from the East, I am sure that I would have learned of it from counterintelligence. I don't think this danger ever existed. They were encouraged to live as quietly as possible. Each terrorist was given a cover story. One might say that he had been in trouble with the police in the West because of radical pro-socialist protest activities, another that she wanted to be close to an aged parent in the East. They were ordered not to mention their terrorist past, although being human beings possessing a fatal desire to tell the truth, some revealed their RAF atrocities to new husbands or wives in the East. The main way in which they stood out among their new colleagues in the factories and offices in the East was by their obstreperous devotion to socialism. For example, after the collapse of East Germany in 1989, it emerged in the press that Inge Viett, who lived in Magdeburg under the pseudonym Eva Maria Schnell, took her comrades in the factory branch of the Party to task for embracing monetary union with West Germany far too eagerly! Sigrid Sternbeck, settled with her lover in the far north of the country, reported that her new factory colleagues were unconvinced by her cover story, and it was whispered that she must be one of my spies who had been withdrawn from the West. The reason behind the decision to take in the former RAF members lay perhaps in the same fear of becoming a potential target. But in the case of the Red Army Faction, Mielke’s approach was laced with a desire to embarrass West Germany by keeping the ex-terrorists out of the grasp of the judicial process. Some of the RAF members received training in Syria and South Yemen in more advanced firearms and explosives techniques than they brought with them from West Germany, and a special annual session was held to train them in the use of Soviet RPG-7 antitank guns. Training sessions also took place in East Germany for retired RAF members still living in the West. The published records show that in 1981 and 1982, a group was instructed in firing weapons at the passenger seat of a Mercedes. A live sheepdog had been tied down as a target; the animal was killed, the car was blown up, and the trainee terrorists were shown how to dispose of the wreckage. Mielke started out believing that the RAF would offer insights into the West, and at the same time having them among us would protect us from their violence, but this grisly example of the ministry’s efforts to improve the skills of even officially retired terrorists supports my belief that Mielke continued to harbor the notion of using them in a possible war between East and West. He took this possibility very seriously. West German intelligence certainly suspected that the men and women whose faces adorned post offices on the “most wanted” list were in East Germany. The existence of these alienated social outcasts from the West probably reminded Honecker and Mielke of their own youth in Germany as underground fighters against the Nazis. But any sense of common cause would have been dispelled, I expect, by longer exposure to these spoiled, hysterical children of mainly upper-middle-class backgrounds. Their style of combat rarely demanded that they show the bravery and ingenuity that enabled the Communist Party and its intelligence networks to keep operating in Germany under Hitler. I can put it no better than Helmut Pohl, an imprisoned Red Army Faction member who is thought to have been one of the main planners of this rump terrorist organization?s activities. Speaking about his training in the East, he said in an interview, ?We could not stand all the theory and formality and the grand words about world peace. For all the good it did, we might as well have read *Neues Deutschland* [the East German Communist Party newspaper]. There was a climate of constant irritation between us. By the end, we were probably as unbearable for them as they were for us.”

The dividing line between freedom fighters and terrorists is usually determined by which side you are on. One struggle to which we made military and financial contributions that left me with no regrets was our help for the African National Congress, the liberation movement in South Africa. There were no strategic considerations in our support for the ANC. We regarded its battle against apartheid as a legitimate liberation struggle, although we did not regard it as a force that could take power, an assumption that made me smile years later at the irony when I saw Nelson Mandela enjoying the benefits and burdens of power in a South Africa without any legal color bar. But there was nevertheless a political motive mixed in with our help. We wanted to strengthen the left wing of the ANC, and this had to be done very carefully, both by us and the Soviet Union. There would have been no net gain in exacerbating splits in the liberation movement between the liberals and the pro-Communists, thus allowing the traditionally anti-Communist white rulers to strengthen their hand. We and Moscow agreed that the most useful strategy for securing support for socialist policies in the ANC would simply be to help as promptly and generously as we could, so that we were seen as allies in the broader struggle. From the mid-1970s onward, East Germany trained guerrilla fighters for the ANC. This belonged in the realm of military rather than intelligence cooperation and was handled through the AGM (Minister's Working Group) and General Alfred Scholz. Two groups of forty or fifty ANC fighters were trained at a Party school in the East German countryside. East German military intelligence, which operated separately from my foreign intelligence service, dealt with their travel plans, which were of course kept strictly secret. They traveled via Tanzania or Angola, were flown to London, and then changed planes to be flown aboard the East German state airline to East Berlin. This was considered the best route for shaking off South African intelligence. The subterfuge worked. There were never any leaks about their military training in East Germany. I found out about it in the late 1970s, when Joe Slovo, the leader of the South African Communist Party, sent a request through the Central Committee of the East German Party for us to train small groups of ANC members in counterintelligence. He explained that the ANC was in danger of being penetrated by agents of the South African government and that they lacked the basic knowledge to build a counterespionage system to prevent it. This message from Slovo was passed to us from Honecker's office with a notation, "The general secretary has agreed." We arranged for eight to ten ANC men to be trained in a special department of the Ministry's Legal College (Juristische Hochschule) in Potsdam, outside Berlin. This college, our invention, was an institution of many uses, all of them connected to the Ministry of State Security. Retired officers ran courses there ranging from basic foreign affairs for new recruits to lessons in countering spies. Under the close attention of a general borrowed from the top ranks of our counterintelligence department, the ANC learned how to spot potential moles, confuse them, and track them down without giving themselves away. The courses began every three to five months, and the South Africans were fervent students, soaking up all the knowledge we felt we could safely give them on the known methods of their enemy service and the psychology of interrogation. Some basic instruction on the principles of Marxism-Leninism was also included, but our student guests politely made it plain that this was not what they had come for. By this stage, the basic rule of all such cooperation was that it was unwise to force our worldview on our partners. Out of this channel of communication with the ANC we hoped one day to establish methods of legalizing agents we wanted to send abroad by sending them first to South Africa, where they could establish false identities with the help of our new intelligence contacts there. This was only just starting to come to fruition about 1988, so we never had the chance to see how workable it was.

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When thinking about the GDR's aid to terrorists, and especially the attacks on the French consulate and the La Belle disco, no one who had anything to do with it can avoid the question of personal responsibility, guilt, and complicity. The dead were not victims who fell in a fight for freedom; they supported neither our worldview nor even our overvalued security doctrine. These sorts of attacks, like the 1993 attempt by a small terrorist group on the World Trade Center, demonstrate the responsibility that everyone assumes when dealing with such forces for whatever motive. But these are perceptions in hindsight. Our cooperation with the PLO under Arafat and other such groups was part of a complex political maneuver for which I am personally responsible, and I know it. It was a collaboration in the service of our political leadership, and we were just as politically motivated in its implementation as in the past assignments in the Third World. When judging our activities in the Third World and with groups many deemed terrorist, I hope that the positive desires of each side in this extreme, hard Cold War confrontation will leave behind a few traces. The blood of Patrice Lumumba, Che Guevara, Salvador Allende, Yitzhak Rabin, and the many victims whose names are remembered only by their families and friends should not haunt or obstruct the progress of events. The pictures of the election of Nelson Mandela to the presidency of the Republic of South Africa and of the handshake of Jews and Palestinians are what should inspire us.

14

Enemy Territory

The intelligence world, East and West, was a realm of moral shadows. Its practices were often unethical, its methods dirty. Given this fact, it seems to me that the CIA was at a peculiar disadvantage in having to take part in a sort of democratic pantomime to satisfy the requirements of the American Constitution, regardless of whether or not they were relevant to intelligence work. No secret service can ever be democratic nor, however much politicians may wish it, open to constant scrutiny and still perform its tasks properly. In the CIA, much of senior officers' time was taken up preparing documents and summaries of their work to present outside the agency, always with half an eye on the reaction of politicians and the press. In the East, we erred too far in the opposite direction. Although we had to produce papers and reports for the political hierarchy, which meant that there was some formal scrutiny of our espionage services, there was no real oversight. Our political masters were so fundamentally insecure that they insisted on getting any information that could have a bearing on potential threats to their position and were none too fussy about how it was obtained. Erich Honecker specialized in telling West German politicians whose trust he sought that East German intelligence had been given orders to stay away from them. Once back home, he would devour intelligence reports about them assiduously and strongly imply that he wanted more information, not less. The behavior of CIA counterintelligence, my personal experience of which is narrated at the start of this book, suggests to me that they were more concerned with quieting worries that a mole was active in the CIA than in actually finding him. Gus Hathaway told the Senate Intelligence Committee in 1985: “There has never been an agent of the Soviet in the center of the CIA itself. We may have failed to find such an agent, but I doubt it.” This in spite of the fact that the defector Edward Lee Howard, dismissed by the CIA two years earlier for drug offenses and petty theft, had subsequently revealed secrets of the agency's Moscow operations to the Soviets; his treachery was not uncovered by the CIA itself but was unveiled only through the defection of a senior KGB official, Vitaly Yurchenko. Strictly speaking, Hathaway's statement was true, since Howard was out of the service by the time he passed over the secrets. But the blanket assurance it contained was not. Having met Hathaway and judged him to be a serious, conscientious intelligence officer, I ask myself why he should have been content to whitewash the agency's weaknesses in this way. My hunch is that he feared letting down the CIA in public at a time when its standing was declining. The CIA's miscarried attempts to unseat Fidel Castro and its haphazard tactics in Central America had brought down its reputation among conservatives and liberals alike. Assessments made by our officers in the Washington and New York stations regarding American intelligence in the 1970s and 1980s showed it to be far less respected than in the 1950s and 1960s. This, as any management consultant could have said, had an effect on the morale of its officers. The organization came to be seen not only as secretive and underhanded—quite normal judgments of a powerful intelligence service—but seedy, a reputation no intelligence service can afford. Secret services are psychologically unstable places and their internal mind-set is quickly reflected in performance. Reports on the traitor Aldrich Ames revealed a high level of self-hatred within the CIA. Ames not only disliked his own agency, he despised it. I do not think that the same is true of a Soviet traitor like Oleg Gordievsky. Moscow's traitors changed sides for a mixture of ideological and personal reasons, but while they knew what was bad in the KGB, they didn't lose their awe of it until Gorbachev's reign. Ames was not the first mediocrity to be rewarded within the CIA. In the 1970s, the Americans ran an agent code-named Thielemann whose task it was to make contact with East German diplomats, businessmen, and academics visiting West Germany and to try to recruit them. It was basically a good idea of the CIA's to home in on useful East Germans when they traveled outside their own country, and was far less risky than operating inside the East. But we learned of Thielemann's activities when, in 1973, we began to undertake an intensive analytical survey of CIA operations working out of Bonn. By simply monitoring casual approaches to our countrymen at cocktail parties, sports clubs, bars and cafés, and other public gathering places we were soon able to draw up a list of CIA workers. By 1975, Thielemann had settled full time in Bonn. Unbeknownst to him or the CIA, we had worked out his real name, Jack Falcon. At first we simply tailed him, noting his targets and establishing what he was looking for. Gradually, we started feeding him targets—agents working for us who would allow themselves to be recruited by Falcon as a source and give him a mixture of unimportant secrets and disinformation. The idea was to throw the Americans onto false trails in their own inquiries and lead them to mistaken conclusions about our work. Poor Falcon thought that he was doing a splendid job recruiting so many willing and knowledgeable East Germans. To one particularly trusted source he boasted that the CIA had promoted him and given him a raise because of the success of his recruiting drive. This caused great mirth in our ministry's counterintelligence department. Its senior officers had concocted most of the worthless secrets themselves. In fact, spotting CIA operatives in Bonn was ridiculously easy. Quite unlike my own insistence on careful preparation and slow, almost imperceptible approaches to a potential recruit, they always set off on a frantic round of making contacts. Targets we had planted often complained of the agents' poor level of knowledge of the economic problems of the East, which made it hard to know what line to spin them because their basic information about the East was so sketchy. For a time in the late 1970s and early 1980s the quality of the American agents was so poor and their work so haphazard that our masters began to ask fearfully whether Washington had stopped taking East Germany seriously. Later, we learned that the United States was obtaining its key data on East Germany from electronic surveillance in West Berlin and West Germany. It was a bit odd that the CIA bothered to send men snooping around incompetently on the ground when most of the valuable information they wanted was in the ether. But in my experience, no technical method can substitute for good human intelligence and judgment, and—however incompetent their attempts—someone at the CIA must have agreed. You can intercept a phone call, but without a sense of the context it is easy to misinterpret; a satellite photo can tell you where missiles are at the moment, but a source in the military command can tell you where they are headed. The problem with technical intelligence is that it is essentially information without evaluation. Technical intelligence can only record what has happened so far—not what might happen in the future. Human sources can give information about plans, can analyze the political and military outlook, and can place documents and conversations in context. As any intelligence officer knows, far too much of the job is spent sifting through mountains of data in search of a valuable nugget; an overreliance on technical intelligence might double the number of nuggets but will certainly triple the size of the data mountain to be sifted through. Even though the role of technical intelligence will increase and will supplement what used to be done by human means at great expense and risk, it can never really substitute. It is the human factor that makes an espionage service successful, not its high-tech bells and whistles. By the late 1980s, we were in the enviable position of knowing that not a single CIA agent had worked in East Germany without having been turned into a double agent or working for us from the start. On our orders they were all delivering carefully selected information and disinformation to the Americans. We knew this because Edward Lee Howard had worked on the East German desk. He met Falcon after Falcon was brought back to CIA headquarters at Langley and rewarded for his successes inside East Germany. From Falcon, Howard had been able to learn that there were only six or seven agents working for the CIA inside East Germany. We were able to account for all of them as our plants. This was later confirmed by the CIA itself, which revealed after the fall of East Germany that all its agents there had turned out to be manipulated by the Ministry of State Security. In 1987–88, Howard, by now resident in Moscow and under the KGB's protection, visited East Berlin and told his minders from the foreign intelligence service in detail about the CIA's operations and its espionage priorities in military installations and research institutes. What was really news to us was Howard's disclosure that the CIA kept a target list of the economic elite and academics of East Germany. If any of them applied for a visa to visit America, his or her name was passed on through the consular department to the U.S. secret services and thence into a vast data bank. During that individual's visit to the United States, whenever his or her name was mentioned in a monitored telephone conversation, fax, or telex message, the U.S. authorities recorded it and passed it to the CIA for evaluation. East Germany may have had a justified reputation for snooping and bugging, but our technical limitations alone ensured that we could not match the Americans on this point. One institutional weakness in American intelligence that the Ames case should have highlighted is its vulnerability to political gestures. In recent years, the post of director of Central Intelligence has been akin to that of a football coach who gets booted out after a bad season. The advantages of such a policy are purely cosmetic in giving the public the idea that a new broom has arrived, until, a few years down the line, he can be damned equally for incompetence. That is no way to increase the efficiency of any intelligence service. On the contrary, the period after a major defection or arrest of agents is the very time continuity and steadiness are demanded at the top. I never believed mass firings were an appropriate response. When Werner Stiller disappeared, I recommended only a change of his immediate section head. There was no pressure on either me or the minister for state security to resign. What good would it have done? Much better for us all to keep our desks and work out how to stop it from happening again. Incidentally, I see little evidence that the CIA ever did sit down and figure out how to stop it from happening again. Certain sections of its operations—the Soviet section in particular springs to mind—seem to have gotten by on a wing and a prayer. If there had been a thorough investigation after Howard's defection, Ames might have been caught sooner. Espionage services do themselves no favors by giving in to ignorant politicians' calls for heads to roll whenever an accident such as this becomes public. I always felt a sneaking sympathy for Heribert Hellenbroich, whose career as head of West German foreign intelligence foundered on Tiedge?s defection. Hellenbroich, who had been head of the Office for

Protection of the Constitution, was new to the BND job; he had some disagreements with the new chancellor?s advisers (especially Klaus Kinkel) and became the scapegoat for failures that were really the fault of prior staff selections and the lack of total control endemic to a secret service. My meeting with Gus Hathaway was, of course, a bizarre ending to my Cold War relations with America. For the three and a half decades during which I was chief of East Germany's foreign intelligence, the United States was a distant and hostile country. Following our Soviet counterparts, we used the German word *Hauptgegner*, "principal adversary" (*glavni protivnik* in Russian) to describe the United States. In Moscow's eyes, and by extension in ours, America was the source from which all imperialist evils flowed. I did not, however, harbor any personal animosity toward the United States. Of course, I knew about and abhorred the obsessive anti-Communist activities of Senator Joseph McCarthy and the infringements of justice committed with the support of the CIA in Latin America. But my internationalist upbringing prevented me from falling into the stupid anti-Americanism that afflicted many socialists. My knowledge of America was grounded in what I had learned in the Soviet Union from American friends, from my personal experience as a radio reporter in Berlin and in Nuremberg covering the trials, and from the Western newspapers and magazines I read daily. Of course I applied a strong ideological filter to what I read, since it was my job to debate the assumptions and conclusions about politics and ideology contained in the reports and to justify the opposing Soviet position as best I could. Inevitably, this drove a wedge between me and American friends like George Fischer. As a captain on Eisenhower's staff, he often came to Berlin in the immediate postwar period. We were delighted to see each other again, but it was hard to ignore the prickle of distrust that had entered the relationship. Much of the knowledge of U.S. political thinking, intentions, and fears that I was able to gather came from the two men who were my first American agents. They were never discovered, so even though they are both dead, I do not intend to name them here other than by the cover names we used for them: Maler (?Painter?) and Klavier (?Piano?). Both were born in Germany, had been close to the Communist movement in their youth, and were Jewish. Both had to flee their homeland under the Nazi threat, found asylum in the United States, and concluded their studies there, one as an economist, the other as a lawyer. By dint of their German birth and their professional knowledge, both were recruited into the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), the forerunner of the CIA. During Senator McCarthy?s witch-hunt in the early fifties, the OSS was denounced as a nest of left-wing intellectuals. Paradoxically, Stalin used the OSS connections of Noel Field[9] as a pretext for a bloody orgy of persecution against Communists in several countries in 1951–53, including Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and East Germany. What I heard about Field made me certain he never was a spy but a naive idealist who tried to help antifascists and therefore maintained contact with the OSS. But his case was an example of the terrible machinations by Stalin and Beria to justify the purges in Eastern Europe. In that climate, many of our intelligence officers were wary of recruiting any American, lest they open themselves to charges of having fallen into an American trap. But I knew that we badly needed information about American thinking. We had made contact with the economist, Maler, via a friend from his early student days during the Third Reich. The two had been members of a Jewish resistance group that attempted to blow up a Nazi exhibition. Most of the group's members were arrested and thirty-five of them killed. Maler managed to emigrate; his friend survived the concentration camps. The friend was a senior figure in the financial world in East Germany, and through him we managed to make contact with Maler, originally in the hopes of reactivating his OSS contacts. But it turned out that Maler’s wider contacts in the United States were equally interesting. He was a deep and original thinker who still regarded himself as a Communist. He had many influential friends in Washington and was able, at our behest, to introduce himself to the American ambassador in Bonn and the head of mission in Berlin with a letter of recommendation from John Foster Dulles. Most usefully for us, he informed us of the various intelligence contacts that Ernst Lemmer, then West Germany?s minister for inter-German questions (i.e., dealings with the East), had had during the war (when he was a Berlin correspondent for foreign newspapers), ranging from networks in France and Switzerland to contacts with the Russians. I never used this material about Lemmer, but in my safe lay a copy of a signed commitment by him to work with the KGB. Maler was a rich man and took from us reimbursements only for expenses, never payment from us for his work, which he described as bringing light to the shadowy areas of the West. While Maler concentrated his efforts on Europe, Klavier, although resident in Germany, was more often an operational insider in the United States. Klavier was a German trained in the law who emigrated to the United States, where he worked as a lawyer and later joined the OSS. Dissatisfied with the handling of war criminals in West Germany, he offered his inside knowledge to GDR historians. He worked with us only on condition that his wife must never know—she was a West German and, as he put it grimly, a mortal enemy of the East. However, he did take money from us, which he used to build a retirement home in Switzerland. Klavier had been a member of the prosecuting staff at the Nuremberg trials, where he specialized in preparing the case against the German steel magnate Friedrich Krupp, whose financial support was central to Hitler’s political rise and whose industrial support was essential to the Nazi military machine. Klavier’s motive for working with us was a fear of creeping re-Nazification in West Germany. He could not accept the easy rehabilitation of old Nazis, who were then restored to their old jobs in the judiciary, industry, and finance. Klavier’s Jewishness was the strongest influence on his political thinking and he amassed a large archive, which he left to me, of the proceedings of the Krupp trial and of Adolf Eichmann’s trial in Jerusalem. It was through him that I first became aware that my father’s journey from humanitarian to Communist was strongly influenced by his social awareness as a German of Jewish ancestry. Klavier was also a friend of the influential journalist Walter Lippmann, who was close to the Kennedys. Before President Kennedy’s summit with Khrushchev, Klavier was able to tell us from his conversations with Lippmann that Kennedy was going to drive a hard line. We passed this information on to Moscow, but I do not know if it influenced the summit. As it turned out, Khrushchev rattled Kennedy by driving an even harder line than his American counterpart. I valued information from foreign correspondents and columnists highly because they often seemed to me to be better informed and less hidebound than Western diplomats. Over the decades, we tried to recruit a number of U.S. and British journalists as sources, but we failed. Our only journalistic sources were German, and mainly on minor newspapers. (Among our own journalists we did not consider it proper to recruit directly, although bureau chiefs of the East German news agency and our newspapers who were stationed abroad were expected to confer with members of the foreign intelligence residency in our embassies.) Unlike the head of the counterintelligence department, I did not resent foreign correspondents’ freedom to roam our country. The early policy of harassing them and making their stay unpleasant seemed counterproductive to me. I assumed that any one of them might well be an intelligence agent and that we should direct clever disinformation at them, giving them scoops and insights that somehow benefited us rather than driving them away full of resentment. The international recognition of East Germany in the early 1970s made it easier to acquire knowledge about America directly. The Department of American Studies at Humboldt University in Berlin and the American section of the Foreign Affairs Institute were set up with our backing and had senior staff loyal to us. But we were in awe of the reputation of the American and British counterintelligence services (the FBI and MI5, respectively) and proceeded very carefully before launching operations in those countries. We graded Britain as only a Category 2 country, as far as our intelligence interest was concerned. It was handled by the department that handled France and Sweden. We did manage to infiltrate several people through the West German consular department in Edinburgh, where the vetting procedure was more lax than in London, but very few of these illegals remained in Britain because our government preferred to maintain good relations with London, especially given the effects of superpower politics on our dealings with America. One of our targets was Amnesty International. Mielke deemed it a subversive organization and would have dearly loved to infiltrate it to discover the source of its information from the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. We never succeeded. Another reason why we did not bother to spy much on Britain (apart from the usual intelligence gathering by the foreign intelligence resident inside East Germany?s London embassy) was that we had another source?in Bonn. For about a decade starting in the middle of the 1970s, a political counselor in the West German Foreign Ministry, Dr. Hagen Blau, gave us access to all the intelligence the West Germans had on Britain and was one of our best sources in the West German Foreign Service. He had a Japanese wife and also sent us valuable information when he was posted in Tokyo.

Until the early 1970s, the Hallstein Doctrine governed West German foreign policy; Bonn refused to recognize any country that recognized East Germany, so our formal contacts with America were scant. Our main espionage efforts on American territory were devoted to expanding our knowledge of its science and technology. It was a slow process. The FBI was efficient, if heavy-handed, in its approach to suspicious aliens, and our lack of an embassy or any other representation meant that any East German seeking to settle in the States automatically attracted the attention of the FBI. I considered that any operation of ours on U.S. territory had to be particularly well conceived and executed to offset the risk of adding vulnerable agents to the stockpile of potential tit-for-tat expulsions that were a regular feature of East-West relations during the Cold War. We did manage to settle a handful of illegals. They were given identities as doppelgängers, which meant their biographies were modeled on those of real people, some of them dead, whose names they were given. This lessened the danger of their falling victim to random checks showing that they did not officially exist. Under our method, they existed all right—as two people sharing one identity. They had to be legalized in a third country where vetting procedures were not so strict. We often used Australia, South Africa, or Latin America for this purpose. They had to live in the interim country for a couple of years before moving to America so as not to arouse suspicion, and we told them not to recruit any sources for some time after that. We sometimes joked among ourselves that by the time such illegals became fully operational, we had forgotten who they were or why we had sent them. The big disadvantage of this system was that it was vulnerable to the same detection method successfully used by West German counterintelligence in the second half of the 1970s. Many of our illegals in the U.S. were exposed by a vetting process based on identifying a number of attributes—for example, single man, middle-aged, changing job in different countries, and so on—that when clustered could be used to narrow the pool of suspects among the population at large. This was the fate of one of our most promising agents, Eberhard Lüttich, code-named Brest. After his arrest in 1979, Lüttich gave all his knowledge of our operations to the Americans in a plea bargain for a lighter sentence. This was a particularly heavy blow for us, since before being settled abroad he had worked in the intelligence apparat in East Berlin, where he was highly graded as an officer with special tasks (Offizier in besonderem Einsatz). We had placed implicit faith in him, settling him first in Hamburg, where he was hired by an international moving company, and then engineering a transfer to New York. Lüttich's assignment was overseeing the running of intelligence sources in the States in particularly difficult cases and when discovery seemed imminent. He also used his profession to inform us about the transport routes used by the U.S. military for its equipment and recruited sources who informed us about armament and troop movements. Lüttich was arrested in 1979 in a joint operation by the American and West German authorities. He betrayed the identity of the West German man and address we used to pass instructions from East Berlin. Worse still, he told the West Germans and through them the Americans that East Berlin could relay one-way radio messages to its agents in America using a recently erected transmitter in Cuba. It had taken decades of work to create a transmitter sensitive enough to do this and it had provided a great boost to our global communications. Another disadvantage of the infiltration method was that it was rare to be able to send out a married couple, since arranging two false identities in tandem is a very difficult task indeed. We tended to send single men in the hope that they would enhance their immigration status by marrying American women. But the Romeo strategy that had served us so well in Germany didn?t work in America. The head of my American operations explained that by the 1980s American women were too emancipated to be easily wooed into marriage. They also seemed to have had an inconvenient habit of bringing out the best in the men?or, from an intelligence point of view, the worst. In some cases, our men revealed to their wives or girlfriends their real profession without our permission. We only allowed this step after the relationship was cemented by time and therefore had reason to believe that the spouse would accept her husband?s double life. But America is a confessional society, and the desire to tell all afflicted more of the agents we planted there. In such cases, we had to end our work with them. Most remained in America under their false identities and carried on with the civilian lives we had arranged for them as cover for espionage activities that now did not take place. In the wake of Lüttich's discovery, I decided to withdraw all of our U.S. agents. That meant ripping up and starting again with all the intelligence work that was not conducted from our embassy in Washington and representation at the United Nations. With a heavy heart, I ordered the recall of promising spies, among them a married couple who had been in the States for five years and established themselves at the University of Missouri as assistants to several professors engaged in scientific research and teaching jobs, and an unmarried officer who had been placed in a situation similar to Lüttich's. As for our official representatives, their intelligence work was unproductive despite its huge costs because in our experience, Eastern European diplomats were so thoroughly monitored by the FBI that it was extremely difficult for them to hook recruits or develop unsuspecting sources. Although our intelligence presence was comparatively very small, the Americans considered us a high risk and devoted considerable resources to monitoring the activities of our embassies. In all my time as spy chief, we were never able to run intelligence sources through this channel. Residents in our Washington and U.N. missions concentrated instead on protecting the diplomats from compromising advances, on checking the buildings for bugging by the Americans, and on perfecting security conditions for confidential conversations. Our diplomats fed information to the ministry's counterintelligence department, but this included no earth-shattering revelations about what made America tick. Very occasionally, the embassy intelligence officers in Washington would pass on some fortuitously overhead remark by Presidents Reagan or Bush, a juicy piece of senatorial gossip, or the insights of a top industrialist. More likely than not, it would also appear a few days later in the newspapers. I do not think that we ever got the hang of successfully operating in America. The Soviets, who conducted in-depth surveys of common American psychological profiles, were far better prepared for this society. Nevertheless, the Soviets believed that my country's forward geographical position in Europe and our immediate proximity to the American sectors of Berlin and Germany gave us certain advantages in penetrating the United States. From the 1950s onward, we were asked by the KGB to contribute information on our "principal adversary" as well as to monitor U.S. relations with and activities in West Germany. Complicated and unsatisfactory though our operations were in America itself, we were able to make up for that in Germany with a veritable smorgasbord of sources just outside our own front door. The social factors most helpful to us in recruiting Americans in Europe were the antiwar and antiestablishment atmosphere of the sixties, plus the popularity among young intellectuals of the writings of the political philosopher Herbert Marcuse, such as *One-Dimensional Man*. The large number of American citizens working with the U.S. military in Germany and America's large diplomatic corps gave us a large pool of potential recruits. Moreover, under the Allied agreement on the status of Berlin, many of these people had free access to East Berlin, so they aroused no suspicions by visiting our side. One of our principal targets was the headquarters of the U.S. military in Heidelberg. There, too, we found it easy to make contacts with potential sources. Unlike the English and French, who tended to keep to themselves during their postings, the Americans were usually happy to make friends and had fewer reservations about following up an invitation from a relative stranger for a drink, a meal, and a chat about life as an American in Europe. We also found that the Americans had a more pronounced inclination to make a quick dollar in unconventional ways. The Soviets, far more experienced than we, maintained that material interest, as they put it, was very often the reason Americans agreed to help a foreign power, even if they had plenty of money to start with. We noticed that when American officers tried to tempt East Germans into cooperating with the CIA, one of their first steps was to offer large sums of money, whereas in our recruiting we continued to play on ideology or, sometimes, motives of revenge. Only when that failed, or if it was clear from the start that the would-be recruit was out for money, did we offer it. Several offers of what we called "the commercial variant" were conducted successfully through a Turkish middleman called Hussein

Yildrim, who worked as a motor mechanic at the U.S. army base in Berlin. Yildrim's work in the garage offered an ideal opportunity to fall into casual conversation with technical experts. He had a shrewd idea of what people earned and could guess from conversations about dream cars which of the employees was especially dissatisfied with his income and might be prepared to boost it by selling secrets. He introduced us to several potential sources in the U.S. military. None of these contacts of Yildrim's was as important or productive as Specialist James Hall, an American working in electronic espionage for the National Security Agency. This communications agency is so secret that American officials are instructed to declare ignorance of its very existence, and its employees joke that its initials stand for "no such agency." Penetrating it would be a great coup. Yildrim picked out Hall as someone who reacted with particular frustration to the effect of the declining dollar on his lifestyle and recommended we approach him. Hall was stationed in Teufelsberg, known to us as America's Big Ear. Built on a hill of wartime ruins in West Berlin—hence its name, which means "devil's mountain"—in a physical environment deemed by experts to be particularly favorable for receiving electromagnetic signals, the neutrally named Field Station Berlin was America's central electronic surveillance installation in Europe, a vast, intricate network of sophisticated bugging devices with branches strung along the East German—West German border. It employed thirteen hundred highly skilled technicians who intercepted radio and telephone messages, then analyzed and graded them, and passed on to U.S. and NATO authorities any valuable information they contained. The operation far exceeded anything run by the Warsaw Pact, so the best way for the Soviet Union to fight this surveillance was simply to know as much as possible about it and find ways of eluding it. Before Hall came along we had little idea of how much sound the station could pick up, or from where. We had learned something of the basic structure from some sources in Teufelsberg, whose personnel included sections of the American 6912th Electronic Security Group and the 26th Signal Unit of the British army. We knew that Teufelsberg was the center from which interceptions were made of GDR Party telephone communications, the radio and telephone traffic of the East German air force, and communications by the Ministry of State Security. Too late, we also found out that the Americans had managed to crack the radio codes in which the daily situation report of internal and external politics was delivered to the Central Committee. Günter Mittag, who was responsible for economic policy in the GDR, used these monitored channels to communicate with our central economic and financial offices, thus dropping a fresh daily picture of our economy right into the Americans' laps. The West Germans repeatedly requested access to this information but were always refused because the Americans did not trust them to keep such high-quality intelligence secret from us. It was, I think, the right decision—although if the West Germans had had direct access to Mittag's reports and had combined them with their own knowledge of inter-German trade, I suspect they would have come much earlier to the conclusion that East Germany was economically on its knees. But with Hall in place, we were receiving a steady flow of secret and top secret documentation of the functioning of Teufelsberg. Both Hall and Yildrim had hefty financial appetites. Klaus Eichner, deputy head of HVA's Department 9, was responsible for evaluating the information Hall provided. At times Eichner reported directly to me and I had a high opinion of his instincts and methodical thinking. "We've struck a gold mine here," he told me. "As long as this source is careful, this could go on and on."

During the five years Hall spied for us, we paid him well over twice what he was earning with the army—a total of $100,000 and, during one particularly productive phase, $30,000 in a single year. These were large sums by our standards, but very little when compared to the value of his information to our government and Moscow. During this time Hall was promoted to supervisor in the analytical section of electronic intelligence, and the quality of his information rose accordingly. After returning to the United States for further training in 1985, Hall was assigned to the military intelligence battalion of the 5th Army Corps in Frankfurt, eventually being promoted to head of electronic warfare and signal intelligence operations. In Frankfurt, Hall would meet Yildrim at the PX and while shopping hand over a plastic bag of stolen documents. Yildrim would then drive alone to a small apartment Hall had rented in the city and copy them. This sometimes took until late into the night. The Turk would then drive back to Berlin and Hall would return the original documents. To earn more money Hall began to provide more information, so much, in fact, that our analysts complained that they could not keep up with it. For this reason, I suggested that the material be passed on to the Soviets, since in addition to the concrete details that were of interest to East Germany, there was much information of general strategic importance that could be better used in Moscow—although we never revealed our source to them or the nature of our operation. We also had the documents analyzed by the chief of the ministry's department of radio intelligence and counterintelligence, since the technical details were above the heads of our regular analysts. His subsequent report contained one salient piece of hitherto unknown intelligence that was of vital importance for military planning. It found that the ELOKA electronic warfare system was now giving the United States and its NATO allies pinpoint knowledge of the whereabouts of Warsaw Pact commando centers and troop movements from East Germany across the Soviet Union. In other words, despite the efforts of the Warsaw Pact generals to disguise troop and weapons movement, every important shift was instantly picked up by the Americans at Teufelsberg and relayed to Washington or Brussels. Among the most important documents we received from Hall was the National Sigint Requirements List, a four-thousand-page document describing how to use signals intelligence ("sigint") to close the gaps in military and political intelligence. From this we obtained very useful information about where the CIA and the State Department felt they were lacking knowledge. This was extremely valuable since we could infer where those organizations would increase their activities and then take relevant countermeasures. Another outstanding success was obtaining a report code-named Canopy Wing, which listed the types of electronic warfare that would be used to neutralize the Soviet Union and Warsaw Pact?s command centers in case of all-out war. It detailed the precise method of depriving the Soviet High Command of its high-frequency communications used to give orders to its armed forces. Once we had passed this on to the Soviets, they were able to install scrambling devices and other countermeasures. Hall's deliveries were so vast that we suggested he slow down so as not to expose himself to suspicion. One package from him contained thirteen complete documents, directives, and work plans of the NSA and the Intelligence and Security Command and included detailed plans of the development of radio intelligence planned by the United States for the next decade. He also provided classified information on Ronald Reagan's pet star wars program of antimissile defenses. U.S. military counterintelligence, which we considered so impressive inside the United States, was clearly not doing much of a job at Teufelsberg. When Hall moved back to the States, he kept up his contact with us. Unfortunately, his greed pushed him into the trap of trying to double his illicit earnings by offering the same material to the Soviets, a move that brought him to the attention of the FBI. He was arrested in December 1988 together with Yildrim after they attended a meeting in a hotel in Savannah, Georgia, with an FBI agent posing as a Soviet intelligence officer. The report on Hall’s activities read in court confirmed that the documents stolen by him helped our service cripple American electronic surveillance of Eastern Europe for six years. Hall pleaded guilty to ten charges of espionage and received a forty-year sentence. Yildrim, his Mephistopheles, was also prosecuted for espionage. Also of key importance was the information we gained on U.S. electronic espionage from James Carney, code-named Kid. Carney was an air force sergeant who, as a linguist and communications specialist, served at Tempelhof airport in West Berlin, used as an air base by the U.S. Air Force. From the NSA headquarters at Fort Meade in Maryland, there was a direct link to its European branch in Frankfurt and on to Berlin-Teufelsberg. Carney’s information showed us in detail how this communications system was able to pinpoint dozens of vulnerable Warsaw Pact targets within minutes of the outbreak of war. Some of its capabilities sounded so fantastic to me that I had to call in experts to evaluate and explain them in plain language. For example, there was a team in West Berlin monitoring the Soviet air base at Eberswalde, about twenty-eight miles northeast of East Berlin. Carney?s documents showed that the Americans had managed to penetrate the base?s ground-air communications and were working on a method of blocking orders before they reached the Russian pilots and substituting their own from West Berlin. Had this succeeded, the MiG pilots would have received commands from their American enemy. It sounded like science fiction, but, our experts concluded, it was in no way improbable that they could have pulled off such a trick, given the enormous spending and technical power of U.S. military air research. Carney’s weakness as a spy was his psychological state, which was far from robust. He was a homosexual and suffered from acute paranoia that his personal life might be used to discredit him in the army, where homosexuality was forbidden. In 1984, after returning to America, he asked for sanctuary in East Germany, claiming that his lover, who worked in the same field of communications, had been found dead in the bathtub with a plastic bag over his head and that this was the work of an unspecified spy service out to get him. We were worried that he was on the verge of confessing everything, and although we did not know whether to believe the bathtub story, we feared he might be under surveillance and was likely to be arrested if he tried to leave the States. How to extricate him from this vulnerable position? We decided to resort to a daring tactic that we used only in extremis but always with success: Carney was given false Cuban papers, which got him out of the United States to Havana. From there we flew him via Moscow to East Berlin. Once he was with us, our main challenge was to make him as comfortable as possible. This was not easy, given the sleepy pace of life in the East and the relative dearth of consumer goods and excitement. But we were extremely anxious to prevent him from plunging into a depression and wandering into the U.S. embassy to tell his story. Carney was given a job monitoring English-language radio messages from the British and U.S. embassies and institutes in West Berlin and writing down details that might interest us. It was not high-grade intelligence work—I did not feel that he was stable or trustworthy enough for that—but at least it kept him in touch with his home country. In 1989, with the end of

East Germany approaching, his case officer and the head of the American section had to think fast about what to do with him. He was offered resettlement in South Africa at the Ministry of State Security?s expense but turned this down. Neither did he like the idea of being packed off to Moscow. We could do little but offer him a flat and a subsistence package in Suhl, in the south of East Germany, where he would be less exposed. Early in 1990, Carney disappeared from Suhl. Some of our officers believed he had been kidnapped by the CIA. More likely they found him alone and depressed and managed to persuade him to come home. If his hunters promised leniency, they did not deliver it. Carney was sentenced later that year to thirty-eight years in prison by an American court. In the cases of both Hall and Carney, there was no doubt that they had betrayed their country to the East. Another case that was not so clear-cut, however, was that of Jeffrey Schevitz, the last American to be tried for spying for East Germany. But it was never clear whom he was spying for—or, more precisely, whom he was spying for more. Schevitz arrived in West Berlin as a peace activist in 1976 and passed us information from the John F. Kennedy Free University Institute for American Studies, from his post as guest researcher at the Foreign Policy Society in Bonn and, later, from a nuclear research center in Karlsruhe where he worked from 1980 to 1994. Schevitz passed on information concerning West German efforts to weaken U.S. nonproliferation policy and on the COCOM (Coordinating Committee for East-West Trade Policy) regulations covering the export of high technology. Schevitz himself claimed that he had obtained the information through contacts with a former head of intelligence in Helmut Kohl’s Chancellery. But Schevitz also claimed that his U.S. case officer was Shephard Stone, the director of the Aspen Institute in Berlin, a meeting place for eminent politicians, intellectuals, and journalists from East and West, and that he was working as a double agent for the United States from the beginning. Schevitz maintained that Stone had promised him the CIA would own up to his connections if he were ever arrested, but Stone died in 1990 without leaving any record about Schevitz. The court rejected his explanation but mysteriously gave him only a suspended sentence of eighteen months. I do not know the full truth of the matter. My service knew that Shephard Stone was involved with the CIA, but not in the way that Schevitz implied. We were convinced that the conversations held at Aspen were frequently recorded and passed on to the CIA. But as for Stone?s relationship with Schevitz, we had no proof one way or the other. Parallel and complementary to our Cold War espionage against America ran our interest in NATO’s strategic planning. I have already recorded the work of Margarete, our female source at SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers Europe) during the 1960s. We were also lucky enough to recruit and keep, for seventeen years, a much more valuable agent, a German NATO official named Rainer Rupp, who was aided by his British wife, Anne-Christine, in passing some of NATO’s most sensitive secrets to the East. Rupp was a true child of the 1960s. Thousands of young West Germans had marched in anger at the 1967 decision by Chancellor Kurt-Georg Kiesinger and Vice Chancellor Willy Brandt to receive and honor the Shah of Iran, whose antidemocratic regime was reinforced by the terror of his secret police. The demonstrations against the Shah’s visit turned violent, and in the melee, Benno Ohnesorg, a student who belonged to the Evangelical Students Congregation, was shot dead. Sixty people were arrested and the student movement was born. Rupp, studying economics in Düsseldorf, joined the nationwide protests that followed. During one of these he marched next to an older man who invited him afterward for a beer and a bowl of goulash and some political debate. The man, who called himself Kurt, shared Rupp's concern that right-wing radicalism was on the rise. The two demonstrators ordered more beer and talked about the hypocrisy of the democratic West in receiving murderers like the Shah with pomp and honors, all because of Iran's oil. Suddenly Kurt steered the conversation away from street protests. "Sometimes," he said to Rupp, "a single man can be worth a whole army." It was a bold, swift attempt to recruit Rupp, and it worked. Rupp soon realized that his drinking partner was from East Germany—although whether he was aware that Kurt was an operational agent working in the Bonn area at the time, I am not sure. The twenty-two-year-old student, hostile to the order of the world around him, agreed immediately to meet Kurt in East Berlin. Two additional officers met Rupp and were delighted with the potential offered by his talents. He spoke English and French and had a sky-high IQ and a good grasp of political economy. One of our officers suggested a job at NATO, now headquartered in Brussels. Rupp had no firm career plans in mind when he finished his studies, and he agreed. He left D?sseldorf University and enrolled for his final semester in Brussels, to make it easier to apply for a job there. He had brilliant grades, and after his graduation he was given a place as a researcher at the Institute for Applied Economics. From there it was easy for him to move to a job with NATO, writing analyses of the effect of the arms industry on national economies. Rupp passed all this material and his other observations of work and attitudes within NATO HQ via courier to us in East Berlin. We gave him the code name Topaz. His wife, whom he married while working at NATO, was a naive, good-natured woman who did not seem to take on board the significance of the fact that they spent their honeymoon in East Berlin. After the marriage Rainer moved up in the NATO hierarchy and was soon providing us with detailed information on the defense capabilities of all NATO member states. Until 1977, Anne-Christine, by now aware of the nature of her husband's mysterious trips to Amsterdam to meet his handler and his photographing of documents in the cellar, was actively helping him. She had moved to a job in NICSMA, the NATO Integrated Systems Management Agency, where she also smuggled out material. She stopped spying after the birth of her children. Rainer Rupp carried on until 1989, unwavering in his commitment and providing NATO gems such as the *Crisis Handbook*, the three-hundred-page *Armed Forces Plan*, the *Final Document on Preventive Measures*, and, in the early 1980s, details of the alliance's first-strike intentions. But Rupp's main value to us lay in the analytical awareness he brought to the reports and in his ability to summarize and put into accessible language what we called NATO Chinese—the blur of acronyms in which the organization works. Vladimir Kryuchkov, the KGB chief, was fascinated by Rupp's material and even asked to see the original English drafts so that he could claim to have read exactly what the NATO generals read. I had hoped that this book would be written without including Rupp's story—that his work for us would never be revealed. But what were once our best-kept secrets are now laid open to scrutiny on the mortuary slab of a vanquished system. I believe, however, no further big agent will be revealed as a result of exposing the operations of East German foreign intelligence. When the GDR fell, I saw no reason for Rupp to be exposed. His place within NATO in Brussels made him safer, so I thought, than our agents inside Germany. I was also confident that even if there was suspicion of a NATO source, no one would guess his real identity. As it turned out, his code name was betrayed by Dr. Heinz Busch, a military intelligence analyst in my service who started passing information to the BND in 1990. Busch knew the code name, although not Rupp?s real identity. In 1994 Rupp was sentenced to twelve years in prison and fined 300,000 deutschmarks for betraying secrets that, the court maintained, would have had disastrous consequences in case of war. I disagree. I believe that his decision to share NATO?s secrets with us contributed to the climate of detente. Without him, we would have known less about NATO and feared it more. Like many others, I regard Rupp’s conviction as patently illegal. A principle of both international law and the German constitution guarantees equality of citizens vis-à-vis the law. How can it be that after the peaceful unification of two states recognized under international law, the spies of one state go unpunished, are even given indemnifications if they were imprisoned, whereas those who worked for the other state are sentenced to long prison terms and hefty fines? For some spies the Cold War is finally over, for others it continues.

15

Cuba

I certainly would never voluntarily have risked going to America, but chance had it that my first contact with that continent took place in New York, a city I knew only from the poetry of Brecht, the music of Kurt Weill, and gangster films starring Peter Lorre. The year was 1965. Four years had passed since the fall of the Cuban dictator Batista, and at the Cubans' request I was flying to Havana to advise Fidel Castro's government on setting up an effective intelligence service. Later, Cuba would join Czechoslovakia in the first league of socialist countries skilled in the practice of espionage, but back then it was merely a beginner. I was told to advise on everything from the first principles of covert work to the creation of secure decoding and filing systems. Cuba's recent liberation inspired me and I set off in high spirits for this tiny socialist island adrift in a sea of capitalism. The usual route to Havana from East Berlin was via Prague with stopovers in Scotland or Canada. In my case, however, Mielke was adamant that I should not even land in a NATO country. "Who knows what they know about you and what would happen if something went wrong," he said darkly. Instead, I was to fly to Moscow and connect there with the Russians' regular nonstop flight to Havana. With two officers I landed in Moscow on January 6, 1965, in the depths of a particularly harsh winter. The temperature had fallen well below zero Fahrenheit, and we shivered as we were hustled through Sheremyetevo airport and into cars waiting to take us for talks with the then KGB chief, Vladimir V. Semichastny, and his head of foreign intelligence, Aleksandr Sakharovsky. They briefed us on their links with the Cuban Interior Ministry and gave us information about the numbers and activities of the KGB liaison officers already stationed there. That evening we set off again in a massive turboprop AN-124, the most powerful carrier in the Soviet Aeroflot fleet. The stewardess, Maria, without doubt a KGB employee, lavished attention on our small delegation. Most of the other passengers were Soviet naval officers or military experts traveling with their families to new posts in the outlying reaches of the Communist world. There was a sense of pioneering work. The only two other foreigners were Chinese, evidently diplomatic couriers. They sat directly in front of us with the handles of their leather bags wound tightly around their wrists. They watched the bags at their feet almost continuously, as if they feared that we were about to spring up and steal the diplomatic baggage of the People's Republic of China. The back of the plane was completely empty. The seats had been removed in order to lighten the plane and ensure, as we were comfortingly informed, that its fuel lasted as far as our destination, about eight thousand miles away. We flew throughout the night and, as the sun rose, glimpsed the Canadian coast from our window. Several more hours passed, enough by my calculations for us to be approaching Cuba. The plane had already started descending. I was already shaving in preparation for our reception in Havana when I noticed that the sun was not where it was supposed to be. I returned to my seat as air turbulence caused the aircraft to shudder alarmingly, before suddenly plummeting downward. It was unnerving that there was no announcement that anything was out of the ordinary, and I could see the sea hurtling toward us. I had only seconds to wonder whether this is what it feels like when a plane crashes, but the next thing I knew we jolted onto a runway, and the brakes were screaming. I pressed my hot head to the window and saw a sign. It read, WELCOME TO JOHN F. KENNEDY AIRPORT. We all sat in stunned silence, mentally running through the same obvious questions. What had happened? Had we run out of fuel? Had there been a near accident? Had the Soviet pilot suddenly decided that his future lay in the Free World? I especially wondered what the hell were we, emissaries of an Eastern bloc secret service bound for our lone ally on the other side of a tense world, supposed to do now that we had been catapulted into America, the very heart of enemy territory. As the engines whirred to a halt, a convoy of police cars raced to surround the plane. Sirens screamed. “Shit,” breathed my neighbor. We braced ourselves for the storming of the plane. But nothing happened. For several hours we sat in the plane on the tarmac, bewildered and feverishly running through the possible scenarios. None of them afforded much comfort. The three of us in our delegation had GDR diplomatic passports but East Germany was not yet recognized by the United States or the United Nations, so we did not even have a representative to turn to in the States. I carried a small document case whose contents indicated our real professions. I quietly shoved it under the mattress of a child’s pram that, thanks to Aeroflot’s casual luggage restrictions, stood in the aisle near me. By now the aircraft was surrounded by photographers and journalists. I noticed that one actually had his press pass sticking in the band of his fedora like a reporter in *The Front Page*. They were arguing with the U.S. security men to let them aboard the plane. I prayed that the guards would turn them down, dreading the reaction back in East Berlin when my photograph—my face was still unknown in the West—turned up for all to see, and on the front page of the *New York Times*, no less. This was, I would later discover, the first time since the Cuba crisis in 1962 that a Soviet plane or ship had landed in America. The unheralded arrival of our airliner was nothing short of a sensation. Through the window I could see the photographers urging us to wave. I pulled down the shade. The arrival of the press restored our sense of humor, the best companion in such a situation. We started to mime Mielke’s imagined responses when he discovered that his foreign intelligence chief and two other senior intelligence officers, armed with information and technical help for America’s enemy ninety miles offshore, were stranded on the tarmac of JFK Airport. We imagined what he would say to Moscow: “Comrades, I sent them with you to ensure the absolute security of their mission. Now I hear that they have not only been exposed to the enemy, they have been flown directly into his hands.” Behind the hangars I could see the highway throbbing with the morning traffic. My mind wandered down hitherto unexplored avenues of speculation. What would it be like to arrive here as a normal passenger? Could I simply just stroll through Arrivals, show my diplomatic passport, and call up, say, George Fischer? Or Leonhard Mins, another Communist exile who had been my parents’ close friend during our days behind the Arbat? He had been the channel through which my father was able to communicate with us during his internment in France. My half brother Lukas, the product of my father’s first marriage, must also live somewhere near New York, if I remembered correctly. I felt strangely free. It was a rare, fleeting moment of normality in a life that usually was lived in far more constrained circumstances owing to a mixture of history, personal fate, and my own convictions. Reality intruded soon enough. I surveyed the potential intelligence implications of my unexpected presence on American soil. What could the Americans accuse me of if they were to identify me? Would it suffice to detain or even try me here? At that time we were in the process of training some of our most promising agents to be infiltrated into America as illegals with false identities. Fortunately, none had yet been posted to the States because the infiltration program had been interrupted by a defection from the HVA department that monitored the activities of American institutions in the Western sector of Berlin. One of those arrested in the wake of this defection was an interpreter from the U.S. military mission in Berlin who had supplied us with secret information about Washington's policy toward both parts of divided Germany. It came from transcripts taken during the visits of Eleanor Lansing Dulles, the sister of John Foster Dulles and a senior American State Department official with special responsibility for policy on Berlin. For passing to us exhaustive documentation of this talkative lady's views, our informant had been given a substantial sentence for treason. What if I were caught and identified as the official responsible for this operation? This train of thought was interrupted by a nudge from my colleague. He pointed at the Chinese in front of us. The two diplomatic couriers had opened their hand baggage and were steadily devouring the bundles of paper within. We were touched by their devotion to duty. Chewing and swallowing were the only weapons they possessed against the class enemy. But the sheaves of documents were thick and they had no water to help digest this unappetizing fare. Should we, in the name of proletarian internationalism, offer to help? We briefly conferred and decided with some relief that that might constitute an unwarranted intervention in Chinese affairs with unforeseeable consequences for relations between our two countries. By now the temperature in the cabin had dropped. The only ventilation came from fresh, cold air being drawn into the cabin from outside. The thermometer sank well below freezing. Dressed for the tropics of Cuba, the passengers shivered. More unpleasant hours passed before the Soviet consul finally appeared with flasks of hot tea. He could not tell us much. "Moscow is negotiating with Washington," he repeated. He explained that we were on the ground because the plane had run short of fuel. In the wake of the Cuban missile crisis in 1961, all landing and refueling agreements for Soviet-bloc aircraft flying to Cuba had been suspended as part of the program of sanctions against Fidel Castro. A total of eighteen hours passed before the pretty KGB stewardess whispered to me that Washington was going to let the plane refuel and leave, albeit with two Air Force officers on board as observers, doubtless with instructions to have a good look at the passengers. I tried to pass on the good news to the Chinese but only succeeded in alarming them further. By now, their digestive capacity was exhausted and they had begun to take turns using the toilet for their orgy of destruction. Before the door closed, I could see one of them at the wash basin, frantically rubbing the hard Soviet soap across silk paper into which secret messages must have been encoded. Perhaps they were instructions for the Latin American guerrilla groups, many of whom took their orders directly from Chairman Mao. At any rate, these instructions would reach their destination only verbally. Every five minutes the toilet flushed noisily. We took off again near midnight. That was my first stay on the North American continent. I had not seen much of it except for a tempting piece of the New York skyline and the highway next to the airport. It was still dark when we finally saw the more propitious sign welcoming us to José Marti Airport in Havana. The adventure was not yet over, however. The Cubans had not been informed of the presence of two American officers on board and there was another lengthy delay during which a decision was taken on whether any of us would be allowed to disembark or whether we should all be flown back to Moscow. Such were the delights of international air travel during the Cold War. Eventually, Cuban security officers managed to extricate our delegation. The rest of the passengers had to wait. We raced through the night in a roomy Buick. I was enchanted by the old American cars, driven with wild abandon along the stony streets of the capital. We were brought by our driver, Enrico, to a spacious white villa and informed by Umberto, the security man who was to be our minder-clad untropically in dark suit, white shirt, and tie-that the home had belonged to a millionaire before the Revolution. “Before the Revolution” was a phrase we heard dozens of times a day and always contrasted with the advantages that had come with Castro’s socialist leadership. Coming from a country that had had communism imposed on it by the Red Army in the wake of the Nazi defeat, I felt a swell of warmth and pride in these people who had taken their fate into their own hands and made their own revolution. Umberto introduced the driver, Enrico, as the best pistolero in all Cuba. We need have no fears, said Umberto earnestly, about our safety on the island. Although we were drooping with fatigue, we could not resist taking a turn in the gardens. The night air had a sweet heaviness about it that was alien and yet beguiling to me. We marveled at the lush vegetation, the velvet darkness of the sky, and the loud chirping of the cicadas. “Imagine,” said the youngest of our team, “socialism, real socialismand in a place like this!” That was the nearest thing he could imagine to heaven on earth. I was not quite so impressionable, but nonetheless uplifted by the thought that this beautiful, once-oppressed island had managed to find its own way to liberation. The day after our arrival, like all official visitors we were taken to see the statue of José Martí, the father of Cuban nationalism-and also to be shown the U.S. warships anchored off the coast, a powerful reminder that the country was under constant enemy surveillance. The uprising against the Batista regime was still the stuff of daily recollection, the bullet holes in the walls still fresh. Unlike the predictable receptions I had endured in Moscow and other socialist countries, the Cubans had a disarming way of encouraging foreigners to enter their realm of experience. We were instructed to put on fatigues and taken to Colorado Beach in Oriente province where Castro and his eighty-two followers landed in 1956, in the Granma after their passage from Mexico, to start the fight for Cuba?s liberation. We visited the Bay of Pigs and were proudly shown the twisted remains of an American B?52 bomber. I do not need to rehearse here the full incompetence of the CIA’s operations in Cuba. Suffice it to say that we were amazed that an organization that had access to the West’s top strategic analysts could make such a clumsy mess of an intervention as they did of the exiles’ disastrous invasion of Cuba. Moral relativism is always unappealing, but when American journalists ask me in accusing tones about my service’s involvement with terrorists in liberation struggles, I have difficulty suppressing the counterquestion as to whether American-backed campaigns of sabotage and arson in Cuba reflect a vision of civil society. My intelligence partner in Cuba, Manuel Pineiro, came from the ranks of the barbudos, the bearded ones who survived Castro’s march through the Sierra Maestra and the bitter battles in the mountains before Havana was taken. Raul Castro, Fidel’s brother and second-incommand in the politburo, and Ramiro Valdez, then interior minister, were intent on building up a security service that would give them timely, accurate warnings of American intentions toward the island. Valdez, like many others in the Cuban leadership, struck me as less of a statesman than an adventurous operative always ready to have a go. On our journeys he would order the driver and bodyguard into the backseat of his Cadillac, beckon me into the front, and set off at a hundred miles an hour. I would feign terror and cry out “Patria o muerte”-the revolutionary slogan, “My country or death.” He loved this pantomime and would drive even faster, until my fear was real. His passion was baseball and he insisted that we see his team play. When their performance failed to satisfy him, he stormed onto the field, sent off the player he most disapproved of, and took his place on the team for the rest of the afternoon. Valdez's professional interest was in the gathering and analysis of political and military information. But, embarrassing for me, he also had excessive expectations of the technical help that we could offer. On his desk lay piles of purloined Western catalogues showing the latest designs in bugging and remote-control devices, supersensitive microphones that could pick up sound in the open air across great distances or record conversations through walls, miniature receivers and radio transmitters, miniweaponry and old but impracticable favorites like poison-spitting pens and knives hidden in the heels of shoes. It was a boyish view of intelligence work, an armory out of his imagination and that had precious little value in determining the actions of a powerful enemy whose technological capacity would always be immeasurably greater than anything Cuba could produce. I tried to explain that a small country must find other ways to win the intelligence war and that in any case, the Soviet Union and not the GDR was responsible for supplying Havana with technical expertise. As our conversation turned in circles, his disappointment in me as a traveling salesman of espionage equipment grew increasingly obvious. The role of Soviet advisers was kept entirely secret in Cuba in the early years. Valdez never mentioned them and seemed discomfited by my suggestion that he approach them for material help. Unlike the East Germans, who routinely invited Soviet intelligence men to social events and stressed cooperation, the Cubans kept their helpers out of sight, perhaps to strengthen popular support for Castro by implying that he ran everything. So seriously did the Cubans take this secrecy that when I wanted to meet with a KGB man whose name had been given to me in Moscow, the Cubans tried hard to prevent me. In the end I had to shake off a persistent Cuban tail by diverting his attention and suddenly dropping from his sight to make my own way to the Soviet embassy. Later on relations became less strained. A further reason for the Cuban distance toward the Soviets was the distrust sown by the Cuban missile crisis. Valdez spoke bitterly about Khrushchev's decision to withdraw nuclear missiles from Cuba as part of the deal to resolve the crisis. “When it comes down to it,” he said, “the superpowers will look after their own interests. We small ones should stick together.” The Cuban Communist Party was still in its infancy in those days, so residual political divisions could not be hidden. Traveling around the island, I became aware of the many kinds of resentments that still lingered toward Castro and his bearded ones among the ranks of the original Communist Party and the workers' movements. Older Communists tended to distrust Castro's personality cult and felt that he needed more support and a wider social base than his ministerial team could provide. When I returned to Havana and met up with Ramiro Valdez or Raul Castro, it was immediately clear to me that the substance of my conversations in the provinces had been reported back. This was an amusing feeling for a spymaster who spends most of his working life collating and analyzing just such reports about others. But the Cubans were so direct and unashamed about this practice that it would have seemed churlish to complain. At one point Valdez referred outright to a question I had posed in the countryside about the internal stability and coherence of Castro?s government, which he then proceeded to answer in glowing detail. We could not resist using the ever-open ears of our companions to play a small trick on our hosts. One evening I returned late to our villa to find my colleagues waiting with a bunch of flowers and a bottle of vodka that they had purloined during our stopover in Moscow. They had remembered my birthday, which I had forgotten in the excitement of the trip. Anyway, I had no desire to indulge in the full Cuban birthday protocol, which would doubtless consist of hour-long speeches about my health and happiness. So we had a few tots of vodka by ourselves and went to bed. The next day, Umberto had done his detective work and insistently asked about the cause of the nocturnal celebration. With suitable solemnity I told him that we had been marking the successful launch of the first East German *Sputnik*. Of course there was only one *Sputnik*, and that had been launched by the Soviets a few years earlier. But Umberto swallowed the story whole, fetched another bottle and glasses, and delivered a weighty speech about the East German space project and how it marked—exactly how was left unclear—a great advance in Cuban—East German relations. But it was another question that really puzzled him: How had we managed to receive the momentous news without his knowing about it? Swearing him to absolute secrecy, I told him that the news of the *Sputnik* launch had reached us via a special minitransmitter, small enough to fit into a pocket and strong enough to receive signals from East Berlin. I named this fictitious device the “Gogofon” and told the gullible Umberto that its very existence was a state secret of the highest order, that I possessed the only one in the world, and that it was still in the test phase. Umberto swore on his life not to tell a soul. He managed to keep his word for a full day. The next night, at a dinner given by the interior minister, we were pressed on all sides to give details on anything new at home in East Germany. I replied that we were quite cut off from home in Cuba. There was a short pregnant pause and then Commandante Pineiro burst out, “But what about the Gogofon?” I had to admit to the company that we had played a joke on our minder, after which poor Umberto was known simply as Gogofon. My contacts with Pineiro deepened over the years. Despite its amateurish beginnings, Cuban foreign intelligence developed quickly and well. My early relationship with Castro’s leadership meant that I was occasionally able to use the island when I needed to hide someone. In return I would sometimes procure for Pineiro the listening, decoding, and special photography devices he desired. After the murder of Salvador Allende in Chile in 1973 and the campaign of terror against the Left under the rule of General Augusto Pinochet, we were able to use Cuba as an escape route for Chilean refugees. Erich Honecker’s daughter was married to a Chilean, so East Germany exerted itself in helping the opposition there. Honecker liked the idea of East Germany offering humanitarian aid to those in need. Aiding Chile and other Latin American countries where the Left was being purged by military and far-right governments also proved popular with young people in the East. It is not an exaggeration to say that these campaigns in the 1970s strengthened East Germany by giving the beleaguered country a patina of respectability. Pineiro also told me of his last conversations with the Argentinian Che Guevara before that one-man guerrilla band withdrew from Cuba, bitterly disappointed by the Soviet decision to end the Cuban crisis by withdrawing its missiles. “Che thought he could repeat Cuba elsewhere and take the pressure off us,” said Pineiro. “But Cuba was unique, and I think we all knew that even before he went.” When Guevara was killed in Bolivia in 1967, a young German woman, Tamara Bunke, died with him. Her parents had emigrated from Germany to Argentina when she was a child. An interpreter who had accompanied an East German youth delegation to Havana, she had remained without permission, had fallen in love with Che, and had run off with him on his last rebellion. This combination of romance and revolution made her a popular idol for East German teenagers. After her death my deputy reminded me of a long-forgotten encounter on our first visit to Havana. He had stopped to exchange a few words with a good-looking young woman in uniform at the entrance to the Cuban Interior Ministry. It had been Tamara. Shortly afterward she disappeared with Che. I take it that at the time of my visit Pineiro was helping them prepare their expedition to Bolivia, but Che Guevara was never mentioned to me during my visit to Havana. The Cubans were already observing the first, most important, rule of successful intelligence work: No one must know anything he does not explicitly need to know. In contrast to Pineiro and Valdez, I found Raul Castro to be a far more steady, well-educated, and statesmanlike figure. Unlike his more emotional colleagues, he took a cool strategic view of Cuba’s situation. I never heard anything from him hinting at distance from or disappointment in the Soviet Union. He was the only one there who turned up for appointments on time, a trait highly unusual in Cubans. His friends teased him for his punctuality and called him The Prussian. He had busied himself with Marxist theories and military theory during his exile in Mexico and was keen to show visitors that despite Cuba’s geographical distance from the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, he was versed in the ideological debates of communism and in military techniques. In 1985 I visited Managua, Nicaragua, coming from Cuba as a guest of Thomas Borge, the interior minister. We celebrated six years of the Sandinista Revolution and I was impressed by the way the Nicaraguans had managed to combine liberation theology, humanism, and Marxist theories into a coherent government program. I was always moved by the revolutionary energy of Cubans and Nicaraguans who had given so much to change their countries. There was—at that time at least—little of the complaints and blame of others for misfortunes that I so often heard at home. I envied those countries that had made their revolutions themselves, and in my heart of hearts I knew that the countries of Eastern Europe would always resent the Soviet postwar occupation, which forced them to adopt socialist governments. Return visits by the Cubans to East Berlin were always fraught with anxiety from the point of view of security. Fidel Castro loved foreign travel, and as the burden of his responsibilities at home grew, he was at his most relaxed on visits to friendly countries far from home. Of course, relaxation for the high-spirited Cubans was rather different from the way we solid northern Europeans envisaged it. Staff of the personalsecurity department responsible for protecting Castro and his delegation during visits to us blanched at the memories of all-night singing and drinking sessions and the Cuban tendency to pick up complete strangers?usually pretty Cuban women studying in East Berlin?and invite them back to their residences to party. I heard that Fidel, frustrated by the attempts of his East German minders to get him to bed early, climbed out of his room and down a drainpipe to rejoin the festivities elsewhere. After that it was considered best to find some way of entertaining our visitors more satisfactorily. Someone hit on the idea of inviting the girls from the state television ballet company to flirt and dance with the Cubans into the night, which kept them out of trouble. But inconvenience aside, whenever I heard about the Cubans? lust for life and experience it made our existence seem drab, governed as it was by the dual German imperatives of duty and hard work.

We cooperated far less with Nicaragua than with Cuba. The Cubans would complain bitterly to us that Managua leaked like a sieve. In the early days after Nicaragua’s revolution, having taken part in the armed struggle was considered proof enough of loyalty. Poor vetting in the security services was one reason the American-backed contras were able to make such headway. We tried to seek out partners there among the most stable ranks of the security services. Perhaps aware of their sloppy reputation, they were obsessively secretive in dealing with us and insisted on holding talks in the open air rather than the Interior Ministry headquarters. Our main contribution to Nicaraguan security was the training of security guards for the president and ministers. This became quite a cottage industry for the East German Ministry of State Security. Our reputation for personal security was high, and country after country in Latin America and Africa requested our experts to train their guards. We generally obliged, relieved to find a way of helping needy allies without having to commit ourselves to major involvement in their internal security operations. We also supplied a small amount of technical backup such as specialized photo developing and enlarging equipment. In contrast to the material we supplied to African countries, these contributions were always beautifully cared for and proudly displayed on return visits. It was for Chile that we exerted ourselves most. At the time of the September 1973 coup d'etat against Salvador Allende, our security services were not represented in Santiago at all. I had closed down our minimal presence of two operatives two years before, although we had not stayed completely out of intelligence. Earlier that year, my service had warned Allende and Luis Corvalan, the Communist Party leader, of an impending military coup, which they disregarded because they believed Chile's armed forces were too deeply rooted in the tradition of civilian control to meddle in politics. Our warning was based on information from West German intelligence, which was well represented in Chile and fully aware of the insurgents' intentions, and the CIA's. At the height of the fighting in Santiago some of the leadership of the Unidad Popular sought asylum in the East German embassy. The most prominent among them was Carlos Altamirano, general secretary of the Socialist Party. East Berlin had broken off diplomatic relations with Santiago, which meant that formally we could do nothing to help. But Erich Honecker, anxious at this time to expand East Germany's bilateral ties and our influence, was determined to help the Socialists escape. His daughter was married to a fellow activist of Altamirano's, so the fate of the harried Socialists was of emotional as well as strategic importance to him. We set in train one of the most complicated rescue missions we had ever conducted. A team of our best officers was dispatched at top speed from East Berlin to check out the permeability of border controls at Chilean airports, at the port at Valparaiso, and at the road crossings to Argentina. From Argentina, we improvised a remarkable operation. The prisoners were smuggled out of the country in cars with hiding places constructed in much the same way that escapees from the GDR were secreted in cars to get past the Wall. When the controls suddenly tightened and this became too risky, we diverted cargo ships to Valparaiso and smuggled some of the prisoners aboard in jute sacks with the cargos of fruit and canned fish. It took nearly two months to smuggle Altamirano out of Chile—through Argentina to Cuba and on to East Berlin. Our hard work in Chile did not go unnoticed by American intelligence. Negotiating through the Americans, Wolfgang Vogel was able to exchange Corvalan for Vladimir Bukovsky, a dissident writer and intellectual held by the Soviets. For Cuba, the lesson of Allende's Chile was a bitter one. Raul Castro told me that the military coup there had so unnerved the leadership in Havana that the civil defense program was expanded and he and Fidel stopped traveling together or appearing on the same public podiums. When I think about Cuba today, it is with a feeling of regret and sadness for the crumbling of the hopes it once embodied. It was already a sobering experience to revisit Cuba in 1985, twenty years after I had first set foot there. Constant shortages and economic failure left Cubans everywhere in a state of evident disillusionment. Already, a debilitating sense of being left alone and vulnerable had set in. “Who will help us now if the Americans invade?” asked one senior security official bitterly. It was true. Moscow had the heavy burden of Afghanistan. Mikhail Gorbachev’s opening to the West meant that there could be little real assistance for Cuba. As my plane approached Havana—this time without an unscheduled stop in New York—I was haunted by a sense of discomfort and disappointment. The practice of communism seemed to be moving further and further away from the ideas I had embraced in my youth and with which I had returned to Germany in 1945. There was a yawning gap between the wishful thinking of the politicians—Castro included—and the reality experienced by the population, day in and day out. Gorbachev’s rise to power did provide a glimmer of hope, and I mused that perhaps this change in Moscow would help Cuba and Nicaragua find new ways of dealing with their unenviable geopolitical situation vis-à-vis America. What I failed to see was that Gorbachev’s new course would completely isolate Cuba and in Nicaragua lead to the defeat of the Sandinistas. Socialist countries in Latin America were effectively cut adrift from Moscow in security terms, and for the first time the Kremlin made it clear it accepted and would respect America’s sphere of influence. At the time of Gorbachev’s ascent, I thought this would produce a liberalization and an increase in personal freedom that would benefit Cuban socialism. How wrong I was. My last visit to Cuba was in the spring of 1989, by which time I was swamped by our own problems in Germany, many of which were shared by Cuba. Both our countries had rejected Gorbachev’s political openness and economic reform—the twin policies of glasnost and perestroika. I was filled with foreboding by the sight of long lines in front of shops with little to sell and outside foreign embassies with even fewer visas to offer. I could not imagine how Castro’s administration could survive this. It is one of history’s more piquant ironies that my own state, deemed by analysts East and West to be far more stable than Cuba, collapsed a few months later. Erich Honecker, who had once offered East German help to the vanquished socialists of Chile, ended his life in exile in that country on May 26, 1994, having been denied long-term asylum by Moscow. All around me I have seen the defeat of socialist idealism. Allende’s democratic socialism was bloodily defeated in Chile. The pluralistic structures and innovative practices that had made Cuba in the years after the Revolution appear so refreshing to me have also crumbled, leaving an authoritarian regime. I watch with interest and some pain Castro’s attempts to liberalize and remotivate Cuba from within, without even the symbolic help of the Soviet Union. He must feel like the loneliest man in the world. In this matter I am of the same opinion as Günter Grass, the most significant living German writer, who wrote, “I have always been an opponent of the doctrinaire system in Cuba. But when I see today that it is nearing its end without any alternative, at least no other than a Batista, then I am for Castro.”

16

The End of the Old Order

The establishment of the independent trade union Solidarity in Poland under the leadership of Lech Walesa in 1980 sent shock waves through the Eastern bloc. They were particularly keenly felt by Poland's immediate neighbor, the GDR; it was feared that the upheavals could spread across the border. The leading role of the unions in the Polish uprising was especially perturbing to the Communist leadership because the strikes fatally undermined the Party's claim to represent all working people. The HVA had provided good intelligence in the late 1970s about the spread of dissatisfaction in Poland. We had our own sources of information in Walesa's circles and that of the leading intellectual, Adam Michnik. But the relations between the secret services in Warsaw and East Berlin had never been easy, and the Polish authorities would not take our warnings of unrest seriously. With the future looking threatening, we formed special working groups on Poland inside our ministry in Berlin and in provincial headquarters near the GDR's border with Poland. For my foreign intelligence service, the top priority was discovering the intentions of Western governments, political parties, secret services, and private organizations such as foreign labor unions supporting Solidarity. Our Polish counterparts asked us to keep tabs on Polish ?migr? organizations, especially at Radio Free Europe in Munich and the magazine *Kultura* in Paris. During the most intense period of unrest we also gathered information inside Poland itself with the agreement of the Polish Interior Ministry. We worked out active measures to influence public opinion in Poland and also learned what the émigré section of West German intelligence in Poland was doing so we could counter it. But neither our warnings nor Poland's own internal monitoring made a difference. Solidarity was a truly revolutionary organization that overturned the conventional wisdom of Eastern European dissidents that economic and social stability must be the basis for reform. By contrast, the striking workers sought confrontation with the Communist state on all fronts and demonstrated that the latter lacked the self-confidence to fight back. The imposition of martial law by General Wojciech Jaruzelski in December 1981 only slowed down a process that had its own dynamic. By 1981, I was already starting to think about retirement. Not only had I achieved most things I had set out to do in my professional life, but the progress promised by the Basic Treaty of 1072 had ground to a halt, and Erich Honecker had become just another elderly leader clinging to power. There was some talk of my seeking election to the Central Committee and possibly moving up to the politburo, but political preferment in these conditions was not what I wanted. Anyway, Mielke was determined to block me. I said nothing but noted in my diary:Mielke does not understand that that is no longer what I want. For one, it would mean another tie and that would curb my personal choices. To choose this route would be a waste of my energies, since our elected powers have no real influence. Why bother?

I had started to read more widely than ever before, opening my mind to new ideas and critiques of our system, which we called "real existing socialism." One of the most influential books was Peter Weiss's *The Aesthetics of Resistance*, which combined a treatment of the causes and effects of Stalinism with personal recollections and an eloquent narrative. I also spent hours talking to my brother, Koni, about his idea for a film or book called *The Troika*. He had decided to tell the story of his boyhood friendship in Moscow with Lothar Wloch, the son of a prominent German Communist family, and Victor and George Fischer.[10] Thirty years after the war, the four met again in the United States. Koni had fought in the Red Army and had become a respected filmmaker and head of the Academy of Arts in East Germany. Lothar had returned to Germany after his father became a victim of one of Stalin's purges, and the collapse of the 1939 pact with Hitler opened the way for his service in the Luftwaffe against the Soviet Union. After the war he settled in West Berlin to become a successful entrepreneur in the building trades. George Fischer became a captain in the U.S. Army, and I suspected that he might have links to American intelligence. Despite their very different lives and beliefs, the troika found that the human spark of their early friendship had survived the Cold War. By 1980, Koni was preparing to make the film, but he was already suffering from cancer. He died in March 1982, and it was left to me to complete my brother's work. Every day I carried his notes and outline to my office, scribbled my own comments, and planned research. It soon seemed clear to me that this work was of more lasting value than simply continuing to run an effective espionage service. The excitement that I used to feel when recruiting new agents and plotting operations now came only when I worked on the book. Amazing, [I wrote in my diary], how alive Koni now seems to me again. . . . Many people seem to expect me quite naturally to take up where he left off. There are many hopes and human contacts to be kept alive. It seems so important to so many people who knew him. For the first time in my life, I am aware that the clock is ticking. It is time to get on with things.

Early in 1983, I received the most depressing insight yet into the state of the Warsaw Pact. Our chief mole in NATO, Rainer Rupp, had managed to secure for us a microfilmed copy of NATO's East-West study of the balance of global power. It was a masterful analysis of the weaknesses of the Soviet system and its decline in military efficiency and economic power. Reading this document, I knew that the West?s analysis of the East bloc?s malaise was accurate and I also knew that there was no hope that the ?concrete heads??as our elderly leaders were mockingly called by their critics?would make any attempt to change things. We seemed to be locked into a precipitous spiral of decline. All of this sapped my professional morale and my energies, leaving me deflated and with increased misgivings. I prepared myself to present Mielke with the document, accompanied by an analytical commentary from our side. From there, it would be handed on to Viktor Chebrikov, the head of the KGB in Moscow, and to General Secretary Konstantin Chernenko. The tone of our "commentary" would have to be just right, and I labored with my brightest young team to ensure that it would neither veil the bleak picture presented by the NATO study nor express any high-handed Schadenfreude about the miserable portrayal of the Soviet Union. During our trip to Moscow in February 1983, I took the opportunity of telling Mielke that I was already thinking about the timing of my retirement. I had reached sixty, Mielke was seventy-five. It was time for both of us to start thinking about our successors. He waved his hand dismissively. I pressed the point, and after some hesitation, he agreed in principle to my retirement but loftily added that he would decide on the timing. He had heard about my plans to carry on Koni's work on *The Troika* and sneered, "Intelligence chiefs don't make films." But the subject had at least been broached. The political and social dissatisfactions spreading throughout our country had permeated the thick walls of the Ministry of State Security. In our private sauna, where senior officers felt that they could speak more openly than elsewhere, two senior foreign office officials had told me of their frustration with the aging and unresponsive leadership in Moscow and East Berlin. My interlocutors in the sauna confided that all was not well between East Germany and Moscow. Chernenko distrusted Honecker’s approaches to Helmut Kohl and feared that the West Germans were trying to foster a pan-Germanic national identity that would supersede socialist solidarity. In a meeting in Moscow in 1984 he warned Honecker that the GDR would end up ?the ultimate victim of all this.? ?You ought to remember,? he added, ?that the development of relations between East and West Germany must always respect the security interests of the Soviet Union first and foremost.? This warning was evidently intended to squelch Honecker’s ambition to make an official visit to Bonn. The meeting, my two sources in the sauna said, had broken up in a frosty atmosphere. Honecker, enraged at his humiliation, had indulged in a rare show of temper once he was alone again with his delegation and mocked Chernenko’s schoolmasterly act. When he returned to East Berlin, Honecker poured out his frustrations to Mielke and declared that, whatever Moscow’s objections, he was determined to find a way to visit Bonn. The Soviet press meanwhile began a campaign attacking Honecker. Because of my fluency in Russian and my connections in Moscow, I was asked to intervene and called Chebrikov. He curtly rebuffed me with a reminder that such things were matters for the Party, not the secret service. The impasse over Honecker’s desire to visit Bonn dominated all other questions with Moscow. I had never known a period when things were so strained. It took months of delicate diplomacy even to arrange a direct telephone call between Honecker and Chernenko, since neither wanted to be seen to be ready to compromise. Through telephone surveillance, we picked up a fragment of conversation between Klaus Bölling, the press spokesman of the Bonn government, and another senior West German official discussing the tug-of-war between Moscow and East Berlin. “This is turning into a really big deal,” Bölling observed, “It’s more exciting than *Dallas* and *Dynasty* put together!” An August 1984 summit between Honecker and Chernenko lasted only one day and ended in failure. Our general secretary found himself in the same position as millions of his citizens: prevented from visiting the West. He was obliged to execute an abrupt about-face vis-à-vis the West, which he promptly did by declaring that the “broader meteorological climate” was not conducive to an East-West German summit and the summit must be suspended. Through clenched teeth he quietly told his aides, “ ‘suspended’ does not mean ‘canceled.’” Honecker felt he had been left in the lurch by the Soviet Union, economically as well as diplomatically, because Moscow was steadily reducing the amount of oil it exported to East Germany at below-market prices. ?We will have to rely on ourselves,? he would say, refusing to acknowledge that East Germany had neither the wealth nor the power to act alone. He became obsessed by annoying Moscow with such meaningless gestures as improving relations with China. By this time, thinking people in the GDR and in Moscow, too, sensed changes on the way, for the country, for the East bloc, and personal changes, too. Around this time I met with Hans Modrow, the head of the Communist Party in the Dresden region, a soft-spoken, gray-haired man with thoughtful features and a pleasant manner. Quite unlike many other more bumptious and unreflective senior Communists, he lived simply in a three-room apartment, drove an ordinary car, and never made use of the grand privileges enjoyed by Party bosses. He was also noted for his plain speaking, an art rarely practiced in a party where the norm was to produce cosmetic versions of the truth. “I am not paid my salary to write doctored reports,” he told me. It was clear that I had a soulmate in my frustrations. We spoke about Manfred von Ardenne, an eminent physicist from an aristocratic family who had built up his own institute high on a hill outside Berlin. A rare example of someone who had managed to slip the leash and work independently, he got away with it because his results far outranked anything delivered by the state. Von Ardenne, already over eighty years old by this time, had strong views on the country and the whole Eastern bloc. He feared we had fallen irreversibly behind the West in the scientific and technological race and that this would finally destroy us. Modrow was only a regional Party secretary and had no obvious prospect of entering the politburo. It was clear that outside of the Central Committee I could have no direct influence on the Party's course under Honecker, and von Ardenne was too old and too unenthusiastic about the GDR's internal political struggles to do more than fight in his corner on behalf of scientific research. So our hopes for necessary changes came to rest on Modrow. Our meetings eventually led to outlandish reports that we, later called the reformers inside the Party, were plotting to make Modrow leader and impose Soviet-style reforms in East Germany. The truth is, alas, more modest. When Mikhail Gorbachev succeeded Chernenko in March 1985, Modrow and I both saw this as a remarkable and welcome change. I wrote in my diary:Now at last, after all the old and ill leaders in the Kremlin, a new general secretary and new hope. It looks like a breakthrough. Until now, we have done most harm to ourselves. No enemy could have achieved what we did in terms of incompetence, ignorance, self-aggrandizement, and the way we have torn our own roots out of the thoughts and feelings of ordinary people.

After that, Modrow and I met about twice a year for talks, but I made no attempt to push him to power. Had I done so, I would be proud to say so now. The bitter truth is that both he and I were too slow in making our desperation clear. The fact that neither of us disguised our dissatisfaction among friends and trusted colleagues does not excuse us from not having worked actively to reform the system. Like many other, less influential people, we waited in vain for a redeemer to emerge as a successor to Honecker from within the system and set a new course.

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I had another, entirely personal reason for my desire to quit. My second marriage was in trouble. I had fallen in love with another woman. I had previously met Andrea briefly on a visit to Karl-Marx-Stadt, my second wife, Christa's, hometown, and then again when she and her husband visited our dacha in 1985. As a young woman, she had spent four months in jail for attempting to flee the country. Hearing her story years later was a grim reminder for me of the internal repression practiced in my country. I considered my own work in foreign intelligence to be a separate and more defensible sphere of activity, but I could not help but be ashamed at the brutal tactics against internal opposition and those whose only desire was to leave the country. Early in 1986, I went to Mielke and told him what had happened. An old-fashioned puritan in sexual mores, he was incensed. When he calmed down, he tried to persuade me to remain married for the sake of appearances and said that we could arrange for Andrea to be installed in East Berlin so that I could see her whenever I chose. He was not a man with much insight in matters of the heart. His great concern was security. My wife had been employed by the Ministry of State Security in Karl-Marx-Stadt and she understood a lot about my work. He was terrified that, embittered, she would leak stories about me and my operations to the West. I refused this offer and insisted on marrying Andrea. Mielke was furious. I learned from colleagues that he had ordered my telephones tapped. I was now experiencing the same discomfort as ordinary East Germans who were suspected in some way by the state. My ex-wife too

was kept under constant surveillance, lest she make contact with our enemies. She managed nonetheless to slip the leash and, during a holiday in Bulgaria, struck up a relationship with a West German businessman whom Mielke was sure had been sent to lure her into a Romeo trap by the intelligence services. I faced the unpleasant irony of seeing my own Romeo tactic used against my ex-wife. For a while I braced myself for the shock of seeing her picture and the details of our life together in a West German tabloid. In the end, after some financial and job inducements from the Ministry of State Security (and perhaps suspecting, with some justification, that she was being lured into a honeytrap by the West German secret services), she opted to stay in the East. Mielke finally agreed to my retirement in the spring of 1986, after the man I had groomed as my successor, Werner Grossmann, was ready to take over. My departure would represent a major change in our intelligence service after nearly thirty years, and we were anxious for it to occur as smoothly and as naturally as possible. I negotiated a separation package with Mielke, including a new Berlin apartment, where I reside to this day, overlooking the River Spree. For all the privileges the nomenklatura enjoyed under our system, I knew that in the last analysis they were linked to our jobs. The state gave and the state could take away. I asked for a driver, a secretary, and an office in the ministry while I wrote about my intelligence experiences, for use by the ministry, and worked on *The Troika.* In return, I would be available to advise my successor and Mielke. My retirement ceremony in November 1986 was conducted with all formal honors. Mielke wanted to announce it briefly and in traditional Soviet style: “Owing to serious health problems . . .” But I was perfectly healthy and saw no reason to begin my new life outside the intelligence services with a lie. I insisted on a more truthful if cryptic announcement: ?At his own wish, General Markus Wolf has retired from the Main Directorate (foreign intelligence).? The stiff official send-off was in sharp contrast to the small farewell party I threw after my official farewell. There, among my most trusted colleagues, I laced the words of genuine affection and appreciation I felt for my team with the occasional oblique reference to the fears, frustrations, and difficulties I knew they shared. ?A good Communist,? I told them, quoting Bertolt Brecht at his most wry, ?has many dents in his helmet. And some of them are the work of the enemy.? I praised Gorbachev’s reforms. The officers exchanged glances, knowing that the ideas of perestroika and glasnost were being roundly ignored by our leadership. I left them with a poem written by my father entitled “Apologies for Being Human” (“Verzeiht, Dass Ich ein Mensch in . . .”) an accurate summary of his character and, I think, of my own. It translates roughly as follows:And if I hated too much
And loved too wild, too free.
Forgive me for being human
Sainthood was not for me.

Andrea and I hid ourselves away in the country and I buried myself in Koni’s notes about the three-way friendship that had survived the Cold War. I was, for the first time in many years, blissfully happy and at ease with myself. I knew that the book, with its implicit critique of Stalinism and praise for the durability of human ties despite the enmity of the two ideologies, could be a major event in our world. I was determined to broach a subject that had never been openly discussed in East Germany: Stalin’s terror and the random nature of his mass arrests. The book was published simultaneously by two German publishing houses in the East (Aufbau) and West (Classen) within the framework of Gorbachev’s glasnost, which had been rejected by Honecker as a model for our country. With a director friend I also undertook a film about my father’s life. When the film *Apologies for Being Human* was to be shown I was informed that a passage about Stalin?s crimes was to be cut. I protested, but it was shortened while I was out of the country. This experience of the senseless attempt to suppress the past (and by implication the present) was the last straw. Unlike most East Germans, I was lucky in having access to the general secretary. I approached Honecker with anecdotes from others who had been forced to stand helpless while politically sensitive parts of their work were randomly amputated. As always, Honecker was extremely courteous and even agreed that it had been bad manners not to have told me or the others that changes had been made. Then he admitted that he had personally made the decision to cut the discussion of Stalin?s atrocities from the film and made no concessions of substance. When I complained that it was impossible to portray the 1930s in the Soviet Union without reference to Stalin?s crimes he replied, ?But don?t you see? These days history is being falsified over there day in, day out. Glasnost has a lot to answer for in that regard.? I plowed on. “You can’t tell people for decades that everything the Soviet Union does is right and then turn your back on it so abruptly. People place great hope in Gorbachev here. They don’t accept that what he is doing is bad. They compare his openness to the policies on the media here, and they want more freedom of speech and publication. This is not something that will go away.” Honecker jutted out his obstinate jaw and said, “I will never allow here what is happening in the Soviet Union.” Desperate for a realistic response, I asked whether he was aware of the swelling numbers of protesters who were finding moral support under the auspices of the Protestant church in East Berlin and Leipzig—the people who would, within months, form the core of East Germany’s peaceful revolution. “They are fools and dreamers,” he said. “We can deal with people like that.” In March 1989, my first book, *The Troika*, was published in an atmosphere of rising social tension. The East German authorities had just banned an issue of the Soviet magazine *Sputnik* that contained newly published research about Stalin’s crimes. The conflict between the GDR and Moscow was now out in the open, with East Berlin effectively censoring the Soviet Union. I decided to use the simultaneous publication of the book in East and West Germany to make a public stand for perestroika and against the moribund regime. I distanced myself from the ban on *Sputnik* and told one Western TV interviewer who asked how I felt about Gorbachev, “I am cheerful and happy that he is there.” Next day I heard that I was a subject of discussion at the weekly meeting of the politburo. Mielke phoned to tell me that my views were regarded as an attack on the Party leadership and informed me that the politburo had decided I should give no more interviews about the book at the forthcoming Leipzig book fair. To borrow a crude but effective saying from American politics, I was discovering what it was like to be outside the tent pissing in after a lifetime of being inside pissing out. I did not flout the politburo’s order directly, but I continued my reading tour around the country. It coincided with the worsening of the domestic crisis. There was rising resentment over the sham electoral procedures that allowed the Socialist Unity Party to continue in power unopposed after the May election. By summer, the exodus of East Germans to the West through Hungary’s newly opened borders was in full spate. Like several of my more thoughtful colleagues who knew the Ministry of State Security from the inside, I was concerned about the possibility of violence. Resentments that had stewed for decades were very close to boiling over. I approached Egon Krenz, the solid, unimaginative functionary everyone expected to succeed Honecker. I told him that I feared bloodshed if nervous internal security forces were deployed against demonstrators without a clear idea of how to deal with a situation they knew only from their manuals. I gave him a written aide-mémoire about the necessary next steps, but he remained dejected. "I know, Mischa," he said, echoing comments I had heard years earlier from Andropov, "but you know how the politburo runs. If I say one word of this in there, I'll be out of my job the next day. Remember, Gorbachev only became general secretary after he had kept his mouth shut under three predecessors." On October 18, Honecker finally fell from power in the time-honored manner of authoritarian rulers who have lost the respect of their inner circle and are asked to go. No one person took responsibility, but no leader of the GDR could have been unseated without Mielke's active agreement. Krenz was installed as general secretary and appeared on television making conciliatory noises. But he was ill-equipped for the extremely arduous task he faced. I knew that the time for discreet words was over when Bertolt Brecht's energetic and principled granddaughter, Johanna Schall, invited me to join in a demonstration on November 4 in East Berlin's vast Alexanderplatz, which was to be a plea for peaceful change. I joined the writers Christa Wolf, Stephan Heym, and Heiner Müller and the leaders of the New Forum opposition group Barbel Bohley and Jens Reich. Gazing across a sea of homemade posters demanding an end to one-party rule, it became clear to me that my Socialist Unity Party's monopoly was at an end. For me, that meant shedding a lifetime of ideological commitment. I still believed that the GDR could be—at least for a substantial period of time—preserved separately from the West with a government incorporating socialist beliefs but permitting far greater freedom of speech, assembly, and property. I tried to persuade the half million at the rally and the millions more watching on television not to resort to violence, but as I spoke, protesting the atmosphere of incrimination that made every member of the state security organizations scapegoats of the policies of the former leadership, I was dimly aware that parts of the crowd were hissing me. They were in no mood to be lectured on reasonable behavior by a former general of the Ministry of State Security. So I learned painfully in those moments that I could not escape my past. I would have to learn to bear responsibility for activities of my ministry and those aspects of the system I had served and perpetuated, even though they lay outside my own experience, knowledge, or consent. I cannot say that the crowd's reaction entirely surprised me, but my overwhelming feeling was one of relief and pride to be able to stand up at last and speak the truth. That night, I went home and slept soundly for the first time in weeks. On November 28, West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl published a ten-point program for the unification of Germany. From that day on, especially on December 4, at the regular Monday demonstration in Leipzig, isolated posters had already begun to appear demanding GERMANY, ONE FATHERLAND (DEUTSCHLAND, EINIG VATERLAND). But there were no such calls that day in East Berlin. Many different views were heard from the speakers and marchers about the future shape of their country, but there was an overwhelming sense of communal endeavor. Looking back, I suppose that was the last day of our socialist dream. Five days later, I was at a writers club in Potsdam discussing *The Troika* when a young man wrenched open the door and shouted, "The border is open." That is how quickly history is made. Within a single night, the old world, the world to which I had devoted my life's work, disappeared. That evening, television sets everywhere broadcast images of the Berlin Wall crumbling. The concrete barrier that had physically reinforced ideological division would in the days to come be reduced to souvenir chunks. From now on I would have to become accustomed to a new world, one that I knew only as an enemy and where I would be a stranger, a refugee from a fallen utopia.

On January 15, 1990, an angry crowd—including several wellprepared groups—stormed my old ministry and seized files, which were then handed over to Western secret services. Carefully selected parts were published, and since Mielke’s and my names were the only ones familiar to the public, almost no day passed when I was not subjected to fierce attacks, above all in connection with the discovery that former terrorists of the Red Army Faction were being sheltered in the GDR. It made no difference that there was no evidence or proof of my own involvement with the RAF; that I had been working in a different part of the ministry involved was enough to incriminate me in the accusers’ eyes. By summer I was faced with a vengeful situation. A bill granting amnesty to GDR intelligence services had been blocked in the parliament in Bonn. I had no doubt that on Unity Day, October 3, 1990, I would be arrested. After consulting both lawyers and friends I decided to leave the country for a while. I was hoping to work from abroad to protect my former staff, the last of whom had left the ministry in April 1990. Before leaving I wrote letters to the federal president, Richard von Weizsäcker, Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher, and Willy Brandt saying that another emigration from Germany would be impossible for me:It is the country of my parents. Here they found a field of activities for themselves, after a long emigration. My parents and my brother are buried in Berlin. And to me, Germany is the place of my toil, my strength, my love, my activities in a positive view as well as in failed and wrong attempts.

And I wrote to the federal prosecutor, Alexander von Stahl:For me, and for the members of the staff of the intelligence service who were engaged in the Cold War in the same way as members of other services, the war seems to continue. There are to be victors and vanquished, retaliations without mercy.

I wanted to leave no doubt that, while I might leave Germany for a time, I would return without hesitation once guaranteed fair proceedings. I also told the chief of the Berlin station of the KGB, Anatoly G. Novikov, that I intended to leave Germany for a while. He smiled and said that the KGB was aware of West Germany’s attempts to offer immunity from prosecution in exchange for information. He did not tell me how he had learned this, but he said the KGB was pleased that I had not complied. A few days later, after he had reported our meeting to Moscow, I received a message from him to contact the KGB for help at any time I was in danger. We agreed that my wife and I would, in extremis, make our own way out of Germany to avoid the Soviets’ being seen to be responsible for my escape. If necessary, I would phone a secret number and they would come to my aid. It was the best of a bad bunch of offers. I still hoped that if we could hide out in Europe unnoticed for a few weeks, the witch-hunt in Germany would die down and I could return. Andrea and I packed our bags discreetly on September 28, six days before unification, and set off for Austria. We used our real passports and our own car—I was determined not to be caught in any petty illegality and never traveled on false papers—and drove across the border like any other late-summer tourists heading for the mountains. The border guards cast a cursory glance at our documents and waved us on. When we were well out of their sight, we stopped and hugged each other like children playing hooky from a strict boarding school. For two months, Andrea and I drove through the Austrian countryside, keeping to small hotels and boarding houses and sometimes receiving hospitality from good friends we knew in left-wing Austrian circles. We were not in disguise, and when the story broke after October 3 that I had fled Germany, my face began to appear regularly on the front page of newspapers, which naturally turned up in the hotel lobbies and reception desks. Amazingly, no one seemed to associate me with the ?most wanted spy? who had disappeared. Once or twice, Andrea would see someone looking rather too closely at me, or hear a whispered exclamation, and we would move on without ceremony. It was an extraordinary time, at once terrifying and exhilarating. I felt strangely rejuvenated. But I knew that we could not go on forever like some German Bonnie and Clyde. We tried to reactivate the Israeli option without success. Despite the original promise, there was no visa waiting in Vienna, and I did not want to draw attention to myself by hanging around the Austrian capital to pursue it. (I did not get to Israel until 1995, when the Israeli newspaper *Ma'ariv* invited me for a well-publicized visit with retired members of the Mossad and a meeting with the former prime minister Yitzhak Shamir.) One night, over dinner in an Austrian village, I looked at Andrea's pretty, careworn face and knew that no other option was open for us then but Russia. I retained a shred of hope that Gorbachev, as a friend of Helmut Kohl's, would plead for clemency on our behalf. From Austria I addressed a letter to him but received no answer. In November 1990, I took out the secret KGB contact number that had been given to me in Berlin before I left, uttered the code word to the Russian voice on the other end of the line, and told him that the time had come. Two days later, Andrea and I were picked up by a Russian go-between at the Hungarian border and driven across the plains of Hungary. After a day's rest, we proceeded into Ukraine, and from there to Moscow, arriving exhausted but hugely relieved that our days on the run were over. In Moscow Leonid Shebarshin welcomed us at foreign intelligence headquarters in Yasenevo and we raised several glasses to my escape. But the atmosphere was strained. My hosts were embarrassed that I had not received more support from Gorbachev Although he knew me well, Kryuchkov sent greetings through Valentin Falin and the Central Committee rather than receiving me directly. The KGB chief advised me not to return to Germany. It was clear that the leadership was ambivalent about my presence. On the one hand, it felt bound by the past to offer me shelter in Moscow. On the other, it did not want to make a fuss about my being there, since relations with Bonn took priority. For the first time in my life, places that had always said yes to me in Moscow started to say no. Or rather, in that ineffably Russian way, they gave no any answer at all. As part of research for this book, I tried to consult some old NATO documents that had been obtained by my agents and passed on to Moscow by me. They never appeared. Of course, I was never refused outright. I was just told that access to the secrets I myself had given Moscow was impossible for "technical reasons." I spent my time trying to find political and legal support for my former staff members, agents, and myself, and also seeing old friends from my youth and pursuing my culinary interests, collecting Russian recipes for a cookbook I later published. My son Sascha, who was being looked after by Andrea's daughter by her first marriage, Claudia, visited now and then. I lived comfortably in Moscow until August 1991. But I felt the necessity to be with my family and former colleagues in Germany. To remain in the Soviet Union meant to live quietly, actually as an émigré. In the summer, Andrea and I had been invited by the Central Committee to holiday in Yalta, on the Black Sea coast, in a dacha reserved for the political elite. At the same time, Mikhail Gorbachev was vacationing not far away—a holiday that was to be his last as leader of the Soviet Union. For it was there that he received an uninvited delegation of politburo colleagues from Moscow announcing a coup, masterminded by none other than Kryuchkov, the KGB chief. Kryuchkov was not my favorite KGB boss, but I never thought that a man of his caliber would get himself involved in such a half-baked action. It hardly took an intelligence chief to see that it was a farce from the start. The failed putsch was the last straw for us. My lawyers had visited me twice to discuss the timing of my return to Germany. Now the decision to leave was pressing. It was clear that Gorbachev's days were numbered and that Boris Yeltsin would soon bid for absolute power. I expected no favors from him. So at the end of August, by which time a shaken Gorbachev was back in the Kremlin, I made an appointment to see Leonid Shebarshin. He had taken over as temporary chief of the KGB, now that Kryuchkov was disgraced and under arrest. He looked dazed and strained under the pressure of events. With the Soviet Union in disarray and the KGB split between supporters and rivals of the putsch, the last thing he needed was me and my problems. Still, perhaps he would try to hold me back, make a last gesture of solidarity toward a fellow intelligence officer. He listened to me carefully as I explained my intention to return to Germany, then spread his hands palms upward in a Russian gesture of helplessness. "You see the way things are here, Mischa," he said. "You've been a good friend to us, but there is nothing more we can do for you here now. Who would have thought it would end like this! Go with God." We decided to take a brief holiday in Austria on the way back, not only to recuperate from the stresses of the past weeks, but because it was a better base from which to communicate with my German lawyers and arrange for my return to take place as quietly as possible. This turned out to be a false hope. The Soviets, through carelessness rather than malice, had revealed in their formal statement on my departure that I had gone to Austria. The Austrian police and secret service were ordered to find and arrest me. Then they were to deliver me into the hands of their German colleagues. Nevertheless, I saw no reason why we should oblige the publicity machine with an early return. We began our travels again. But commentators and cartoonists started laughing, then sneering at the incompetence of the Austrian authorities in being unable to find a retired spymaster in their small country. Daily reports appeared in the papers, and the whole thing became a farce, so we went to Vienna, where I turned myself in. The Austrian police could not have been more polite. They found us discreet accommodation away from the press, and, almost a year after I had left Germany, with the help of my lawyers we arranged for my homecoming. The Germans ensured that it was a stylish affair. Crossing at Bayerisch Gmain, we found guards were waiting for us at the border. Politely, they bade me get out of the car and cursorily searched my luggage—for weapons, explained the embarrassed official. My eldest son, Michael, had traveled to meet me on the Austrian side, delighted to have a part in the drama. He took my car, while Andrea and I were ushered into a bulletproof Mercedes once we crossed the border. A second such car followed with the public prosecutor and my lawyer. Just beyond the border the German authorities had arranged a stop in a hotel for refreshments. In the lounge, the public prosecutor somberly produced my arrest warrant and read it to me. Then we made our way to the office of the supreme court in Karlsruhe. Despite the unusually late hour the prosecutor succeeded in obtaining my immediate imprisonment. Shortly before midnight I was committed to the only double-barred cell of the Karlsruhe prison. After eleven days, I was released on my lawyer’s application. Bail was set so high that I was only able to raise it with the support of friends and on conditions that were correctly called spiteful.

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Legend has it that during my two long visits to Moscow, in the spring of 1990 and again from November 1990, I took along GDR intelligence files and handed them to the KGB. This entertaining thought is part of the lively speculation that surrounds the fate of these files, but it is sadly wrong, for reasons of simple intelligence practice. I had been out of office for three years when East Germany collapsed and had been succeeded by Werner Grossmann, my own choice. A diligent man, Grossmann was favored by the younger, technocratic members of the service. It had never been my intention to cramp my successor’s style after retirement, and Grossmann also made it clear that he wanted to lead by himself. Very occasionally, he would consult me for advice on cases begun when I was in command, but he generally preferred to go his own way. One piece of advice that I did give him when I handed over the key to my office was never to put the agent files onto any kind of computer disc. I had spent the initial years of the computer boom resisting pressure from bright young things who insisted that our filing system was cumbersome and inefficient. The Ministry of State Security files, as everyone now knows, thanks to horrified media reports, took up several miles of space in the archives. While I do not contest that East German state security was afflicted by an obsessive desire to collect and file information on its citizens and those it perceived to be its enemies abroad, I would gently remind the headline writers that one reason for this was the primitive state of computerization in the East. I doubt the CIA is short of files, but I am sure it stores them more tidily on magnetic chips and tapes. As I mentioned earlier, quite early in my career I had worked out a complex cross-referencing system, which meant that anyone trying to identify an agent from our files would need to obtain access to three to five (depending on the security rating) pieces of separate information and security clearance to read three sets of interconnected documents. The central registry contained both agents (organized by first name, last name, date of birth, and place of birth) and hundreds of thousands of other persons who were registered for completely varied reasons. Card registers were kept separately in each department, each one handling at most sixty to one hundred agents. For each agent there was a card with a code name, address, and territory—which could be his ministry, company, or other organization. The cards never carried the agents’ real names, and the small card pack in each department was usually kept in the custody of a trusted senior officer. In crisis or wartime, his job would have been to remove them from the ministry to our temporary headquarters. Any unauthorized person would have had to trawl physically through a massive quantity of paper in search of a match. Such a conspicuous operation to match the code name of an agent with his real one would inevitably attract attention—quite the opposite of what would have happened if even these separate files were on computer discs. The ungainliness of the operation troubled me little because I and my senior officers kept the names of most important agents in our heads. Since I had first used the model of the spider’s web to identify connections between existing spy networks in Germany after the war, I found it perfectly easy simply to slot in new names in my head. I rarely had to remind myself who an agent was or what his field of operation was. On computer, security for such information would have been provided by levels of clearance and code words. Time and time again, experts tried to persuade me that a computerized system was fail-safe. It always sounded convincing until a few weeks or months later, when a newspaper report would appear about some twelve-year-old hacking into a military computer from his bedroom. I have never trusted computers. What had to be protected at all costs was the central coded card index, which was the key to researching the identity and operation of an agent. I cannot say with certainty what happened to it. If I had still been in charge, it probably would have gone to Moscow when East Germany collapsed, but there was no formal drill for the files in the event of the breakdown of the state. We in the HVA assumed that in wartime the files would go to our central war headquarters in Gosen, on the eastern border of Berlin, but every department had its own emergency location. In 1989 the destination of the files was at the discretion of the head of GDR foreign intelligence. How much the Russians would have made of the card files if they had gotten them is difficult to say. There has been much speculation that Moscow would activate these agents on its own behalf and continue spying on the West using their knowledge, which was indeed deep and specialized. This seems highly doubtful to me. If I had been the head of Russian foreign intelligence, I would have considered these agents far too dangerous to use. The sobering experience of the last turbulent years shows us that social upheaval can turn even seemingly loyal people into traitors. German unification was such a powerful jolt to all of us and such a challenge to our loyalties that it was no longer easy to predict how our agents, officers, and sources would react. By mid-1990 they knew that we had been left out in the cold by the Soviets. There was great bitterness among our officers toward the Soviets, and when senior officers visited me the conversation inevitably turned to Moscow’s failure to help them after the many toasts we had drunk together. Later that year I heard a rumor from within the KGB that discs containing highly classified material from the HVA had found their way to the CIA and were being decoded in a massive operation. It was the first I had heard about such material being placed on discs at all. Soon afterward, Rainer Rupp and even contacts like Karl Wienand were arrested. The raw material for these discoveries could have come only from a central card register containing details about our agents operating in the West. Where had such material come from? Had it been transferred to discs? The war scare of the early 1980s had prompted elaborate measures for evacuation and even the construction of a special bunker in Gosen, from which I was supposed to continue running my agents—as if I would have been able to reach them by radio or any other means in case of an atomic holocaust. I thought the whole enterprise was slightly mad, and I visited the bunker only once, remarking that if atomic war broke out, we would never have time to reach it anyway. In the fever of these ridiculous preparations, I now believe that the agent registration cards were centralized and computerized, on whose orders I do not know. Once that happened, copying the disc with the list of agents would have been a relatively simple matter for a senior officer. I therefore conclude that one of our agents sold the data to the CIA for a considerable sum of money and a promise of immunity from the German prosecutors. Remember, the head of my American department had turned down an offer of one million dollars for just such information. One reason I believe it went directly to the CIA, and not through the Russians, was the appearance of stories in the press claiming that GDR intelligence handed over its files to the Russians at their KGB base in Karlshorst, in Berlin. For various reasons I find this so unlikely that I believe the story was a piece of deliberate disinformation to conceal a direct deal between the CIA and one of our officers. If I am right, that would have made it the greatest single intelligence haul in history. The Germans no longer hid the fact that much of the information on which they based the prosecution of dozens of our agents was passed on to them as a goodwill gesture from America. During my own and other investigations, it was obvious that the interrogators were working from lists of code names and trying to find out real names. For example, Heinz Busch, one of my former intelligence analysts, told the prosecutors under questioning in 1990 that we had an agent in NATO and revealed his code name. But Rainer Rupp was not unmasked by name until the late summer of 1993, after German newspapers reported that the CIA had permitted German intelligence to inspect some of the names—kept in a separate file. This took place at CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia, and not until two or three years after they got the names. Why would the CIA wait that long? From the CIA's point of view, the identification of East German agents was a mere by-product of an operation whose scale and intensity indicated that it was about something else altogether. Their quarry was closer to home, the mole gnawing away, year after year, at the very heart of U.S. security. They knew he was there. They knew the damage he was doing. But they did not know his name, which is what had led Gus Hathaway to me in the spring of 1990. When Gaby Gast, our brilliant, highly placed agent within the Federal Intelligence Service (BND), went on trial in 1991, it was evident she had been sold out much earlier and for a much lower price. Her lover, Karlizcek, was intent on saving his own skin and deserted her, refusing to give mitigating evidence on her behalf and publicly announcing that they had no future together. As a citizen of the former GDR, he was given a suspended sentence for his espionage activities (this has been the outcome in every case except mine!). As a West German, however, she was considered a traitor to her own country and received a sentence of six and a half years. Karlizcek celebrated his freedom with a lavish lunch in an Italian restaurant opposite the courtroom, while his lover of over twenty years was taken to the Neudeck women's prison in Munich. It was clear that his loyalties were neither to her nor to us; for him it was just a job. Gaby's arrest and conviction was the hardest blow for me during a period rich in personal disappointments and defeats. In a letter from prison, Gaby furiously expressed her bitterness at being betrayed by a leading officer of East German intelligence. I could not help but feel at fault, since I had promised her again and again that she would never be discovered and that we would always protect her. But a Judas had revealed her, and I was distraught by my inability to help her. The thought of Gaby in a prison cell, anxious about her child, plagued by self-recrimination and the sight of her motives and actions being subjected to the distorting prism of the highly unsympathetic German media, burnt in my brain. Perhaps the only thing I could do was to help Gaby strengthen her resolve. She worried that my professions of solidarity were nothing more than a charade, that I had said only whatever it took to convince her to work for us and that now my declarations rung hollow. In response, I wrote a letter reminding her that "at no time were you a mere cog in the wheel, or simply one of the many whose fate is tied up with the events which have, to one extent or another, made victims of us all. It is hard to talk about these matters in a letter, and as much as I believe that I understand you, our experiences were always different—in the past few years, even more so. Still, we are bound together by circumstance. [My references to solidarity] were in no way part of a tired old verbal ritual. They reflected what I truly and deeply felt.? She and I have gone back to writing each other supportive letters. She phones me often and has declared that our continued acquaintance gives her strength to bear the torture of confronting the past. She has become active in a group campaigning for an end to the prosecution of other agents whose cases are slogging their way through the courts. Nowadays our communications do not have to be in code or go through secret channels, which is a tribute to the fact that in the direst adversity, two spies became two friends. Though Gaby's lover was able to escape charges of treason on the basis of having been an East German citizen, no such logic applied to me. On May 4, 1993, I found myself making my way through crowds of insistent press and curious public into the provincial high court in Düsseldorf to face an inquisition into my life's work. Flanked by my two lawyers, Andrea and I edged our way forward. Raising my eyes to the tower that adorns the building, I glimpsed the eagle that was the heraldic symbol of the German Reich, its wings outstretched, a rare vestige in postwar Germany of the Kaiser's reign. A throng of reporters gathered around the door, intent on producing their required sensation of the day. They surged greedily toward us. We made our way through the main hall of the building and into the cellar, where my trial was to take place. There we found ourselves confronted with yet another stampede of journalists at the back entrance. I grabbed Andrea's arm and we hurtled downstairs into the quiet of the courtroom. Opposite me, on the other side of the U-shaped podium, sat the prosecutors, clad in purple. I had come to know their faces well since the day of my arrest on the Austrian border and a subsequent short hearing before the Federal Supreme Court in Karlsruhe. There was not an empty seat in the house. My presence in this courtroom was laden with irony. Here was I, the former head of East German foreign intelligence, being tried by the united Germany's judiciary for spying against the Federal Republic. Odder still, this was the very same room in which Günter Guillaume and his wife, Christel, had been tried in 1975. The courtroom had been specially built into the cellar to make bugging impossible during that case, at which senior ministers and BND and BfV officials gave testimony that was kept secret. This emotion-laden choice of venue was not accidental. The federal public prosecutor's office for Karlsruhe had made its application specially to the Düsseldorf court to open the case there. Even before the Guillaume trial, the Düsseldorf court had earned itself a reputation for unbending harshness in its sentencing. Its judges ranked as some of the strictest in the country. The list of charges ran 389 pages. Its content and the curt treatment with which the objections of my defense were met by the public prosecutor's office even before the trial opened left me in no doubt as to what lay ahead. Five judges duly appeared and took their places. The formal part of my trial thus began. During the preliminaries, I examined the faces of the judges. There were four men and one woman. I had encountered them once before, the previous year, when I had appeared as a witness in the trial of Klaus Kuron. Kuron's trial was an unpleasant taste of things to come, and the sight of him in the dock, slumped and aged by the stress of the trial, had given me a jolt. So this, I thought, was what unification looked like close up. Back then I had been able to give my evidence and leave, but now I was stuck here with these same judges, who, seated in their black robes under the giant eagle, looked somehow fantastic, like characters from the pictures of Hieronymus Bosch or the nightmare world of Goya. During the next long seven months, I would get to know their expressions and even their gestures very well. The presiding judge, Klaus Wagner, had a wide face, lifeless gestures, and watchful eyes, features that gave him a startling resemblance to an elderly owl. He exuded a sense of modesty and calm but could at any time swoop aggressively down upon an unsuspecting witness.

Between him and a thin-faced female judge (who seemed intent on scribbling down every word of the proceedings) sat a younger judge with albino features. He was anxious to portray himself as the next in line after Judge Wagner but was rarely allowed to get a word in and gloomily restricted himself to filling his superior's water glass. The fourth judge seemed mainly responsible for making sure that the relevant documentary evidence for each point in my case was produced and promptly busied himself behind a vast mountain of files and papers. It was hard to place the fifth judge, who seemed to have little or no role in the proceedings and restricted his participation to an occasional inscrutable smile that would flit across his face, only to disappear as fast as it had come. As I stared at these representatives of what for me could never be other than an enemy's judiciary, I could not help but reflect on the central irony of my life: My success had been my downfall. I was in the dock for running the most successful espionage service in Europe, East or West. My defense began by demanding that the trial be adjourned until there was a decision from the Federal Constitutional Court in Karlsruhe, Germany's highest, as to whether it should proceed at all. My hopes had been raised by the fact that the Berlin court that was to try my successor, Werner Grossmann, had refused to proceed with the case until there was a ruling on whether there was a firm legal basis for trying spies from the East in a united German court. But the judge in the Constitutional Court dismissed my lawyer's objection out of hand. Our second attempt was to demonstrate, though questioning witnesses and producing evidence from government files, that there had been no juridically relevant difference between the activities of the East and West German intelligence services. This would have rendered a central point in the prosecutor's case void, namely, that I was guilty of treason for passing on intelligence information to the KGB. We could also have parried that the Federal Intelligence Service (BND) was no less industrious in passing information to its American ally, the CIA. Unfortunately for me, no such parallel could ever be drawn in court, since the judge overruled our objection on the ground that the activities of the BND were not a matter for his court. Thus, the central argument of the public prosecutor's case was the assertion that my intelligence service was the servant of an unjust regime. He therefore argued that our service was fundamentally aggressive, whereas the equivalent services on the other side in the Cold War were by contrast defensive and therefore acceptable. The legal foundation of his argument rested on West Germany's Basic Law (Grundgesetz), under which the Federal Republic claimed sovereignty over all former German territory. As soon as the court in Düsseldorf turned down the petitions of my defense team, I felt that I could save the court's time by announcing a guilty verdict in advance. The prosecution alleged that I had been for many years head of the foreign intelligence service of the German Democratic Republic, the Main Intelligence Directorate; clearly, it required no evidence or witnesses to prove that. The chief public prosecutor further declared that he had incriminating evidence against me proving that I had met personally and given instructions to agents. I had no need to trouble the court with an examination of these meetings, since I had no intention of denying the allegations. I was proud to have been a hands-on boss and not someone who sat behind a desk ordering others into the dangers of espionage. "I have submitted myself to this trial because I want to live in the country that is my homeland. I respect the laws of the Federal Republic of Germany, whether or not I agree with them," I said. "But I only became a citizen of the Federal Republic on October 3, 1990. Until that day, I was a citizen of a different country." The German word for treason is *Landesverrat,* which quite literally means “betrayal of country.” Common sense would dictate that the accusation against me was absurd: Which country was I supposed to have betrayed? I certainly did not betray my own country, nor the people who worked for me, and I saw no earthly reason why I should be in the dock for betraying someone else’s. During the seven months that followed, I was accused of running thirty important agents, some of whom appeared as witnesses. This gave me the chance to observe and once again meet many people who had been bound to me by work and political conviction. For that, at least, I owe a perverse debt of gratitude to the court. Like me, most of them had seen the irretrievable breakdown of the order of the world in which they believed. Yet their belief in themselves and their personal dignity remained intact and provided great consolation and encouragement. It was a strange stream of individuals who appeared in the witness box. From a variety of backgrounds in East and West Germany, they had cooperated with my service for many different reasons. My most poignant encounter was with Gaby. When she entered the courtroom at my trial, she turned her face away from me. This was interpreted by the journalists covering the case as a gesture of rejection, but it was the result of a highly emotional moment. The model of a cool witness, she refused to bow to the prosecution?s efforts to portray me as the Svengali who had hired and held female agents through blackmail and other pressures. She looked pale and drawn as she pulled her last mental resources together to answer the judge?s questions, and I knew what a severe strain this must have been for her. Her conviction, like Kuron?s, was another painful reminder to me that the honor I had believed to be invulnerable in my service had not stood the test of different times. Another fascinating figure to take the stand was Hannsheinz Porst, the entrepreneur and multimillionaire who had wanted to use his ties with us—at a time when any such contact was a criminal offense in the eyes of the federal authorities—to promote the normalization of relations between the two Germanys. Unification had exposed him, too, and the man I had last encountered as a young and agile businessman appeared in the witness box as an elderly gentleman with a shock of white hair and a bushy beard. He still stood by the desire for national reconciliation that had led him to work with East Germany and described the charge of treason against me as absurd. Also making an appearance was one of my “super-Romeos,” Herbert Schröter, and the sight of him brought back all sorts of memories of madcap schemes and daring ruses. After Herbert’s achievements were listed, the prosecutor remarked, “I suppose you think you’re God’s gift to women?” Gauche and expansive as ever, our former officer strode over to me in the dock, gave a half salute, and bawled, “It was a pleasure to work with you, Herr General.” That was the last I saw of him. The courtroom was bursting at the seams the day Günter Guillaume appeared as a witness. No one would have recognized him as the same character who was once Willy Brandt’s right-hand man. The seven years he had spent in prison after his discovery, and a subsequent heart attack, had left their mark on him. He had only agreed to testify after the public prosecutor’s office had made it clear that he risked a second trial if he did not oblige by giving evidence. But when asked about his personal feelings about deceiving Brandt over a long period, Guillaume coolly replied, “I have respected and served two people wholeheartedly in my life: Markus Wolf and Willy Brandt.” There was a piquant moment when he repeated his claim that he had succeeded in passing on to us Brandt’s Norway papers, and I could not stop myself from giving him a wry smile. But my defense and I had agreed that I would not say anything that could damage Guillaume or lead to fresh legal proceedings against him: The last thing either of us needed was a public spat between two old colleagues. Klaus Kinkel, then the foreign minister of the united Germany, was asked by my defense to testify because he was in the Ministry of the Interior at the time of Brandt's downfall before later becoming head of West German intelligence. Kinkel was party to much of the sordid background to the case, which only now would receive a long-overdue airing through this trial. We both had been born in the small city of Hechingen under the castle of the Hohenzollern kings. Here the former heads of foreign intelligence for East and West Germany faced each other in court. My activities had landed me there as a defendant, while Kinkel had progressed to a career as a senior statesman, welcomed in Washington, London, and Moscow without his intelligence background worrying anyone. Kinkel's staff had gone to extraordinary lengths to ensure that we would not meet on the way into the courtroom. I knew that he disliked me intensely and hated the thought that the outside world, seeing us on opposite sides of the court, might find even a shred of moral equivalence in what we had done in our opposing official positions. So Kinkel arrived at the very last moment and sat down in the witness box. After a couple of moments, even he seemed a little ashamed at not acknowledging me, and nodded curtly in my direction. Kinkel answered only a few questions of no great value, but my encounter with him was in many ways symbolic of the trauma that East Germans were facing after unification. Their lives were on the slab, and the West held the scalpel for dissection. The teacher in the West could accuse the teacher in the East of being a bad educator, just because he had taught within the rival system, no matter how professional or well respected the Eastern teacher was. The Eastern diplomats lost their jobs because they were, in the new jargon, "system-immanent," while the Western diplomats with whom they had until recently held negotiations moved on up the career ladder. The spy on the Eastern side ended up in the dock, the spy on the Western side in the witness box. In spite of the absurdness and frequently voiced legal doubts regarding my prosecution, the court indicted me on December 6, 1993. The charge of treason carried a six-year prison sentence, and the court found me guilty. My lawyer appealed this decision with the Supreme Court, which in turn asked the Constitutional Court for a decision. In June 1995 the Federal Constitutional Court judged that officers of the GDR intelligence service could not be prosecuted for treason and espionage. Thus, on October 18, 1995, the Federal Supreme Court had to accept the application of my counsel and overturn my conviction, sending it back to the court in D?sseldorf. Watching former agents and moles pass in front of me in the courtroom, I was forced to ask myself whether it had all been worth it. It is a question with which I was confronted repeatedly as I looked back on my life to write this book. My intention then and now has been to examine the historical intersections that marked the second half of the twentieth century, and to look back at my contributions to them as head of an intelligence service whose high performance could not prevent the end of the system it served. The Cold War was not a time of blacks and whites, but of many shades of gray. We cannot look at what has happened without remembering this, and we cannot move forward without keeping it in mind. As I said to the court during my trial:No legal process can illuminate a period of history rich in contradictions, illusions, and guilt. . . . The system in which I lived and worked was the child of a utopia that, since the early nineteenth century, has been the goal of millions of people, including outstanding thinkers, who believed in the possibility of freeing humankind from repression, exploitation, and war. That system failed because it was no longer supported by the people who lived within it. And yet I insist that not everything in the forty-year history of the GDR was bad and worthy of erasure, and not everything in the West good and just. This period of historical upheaval cannot be dealt with adequately through the clichés of a “just state” on the one hand and an “unjust state” on the other.

Does this mean that there is no blame, no responsibility? Of course not. The Cold War was a brutal struggle, and terrible things were done by both sides in the name of winning it. But now that the Cold War and the GDR have slipped from the front pages of newspapers and into the history books, we should not forget that things were never as clear-cut as both sides? propaganda machines made them out to be. We should take the words of the great contemporary Japanese philosopher Daisaku Ikeda to heart: ?One cannot, without reflection, make some into bearers of goodness and others into miscreants, judging them by relative positive or negative criteria. These, like everything else, change according to historical circumstances, the character of a society, the times and subjective points of view.? Only by seeing things in such a light can we truly learn the lessons that the Cold War, and the lives of each of us who helped fight it, have to offer.

17

Epilogue

A lifetime spent in intelligence is a mixture of glory in our occasional successes, misery when our best work is ignored, and the daily banality of working within any bureaucracy whose principal task often is delivering unwelcome news to its political masters. I find it hard to imagine that the high professionals we faced in the Cold War feel very differently about the course of their lives, except of course that their side won. My life has been marked not only by my role in the secret battles of the Cold War but by watching the abuse of power practiced in the name of the socialist ideal in which I still believe. I was always inspired, and tried to inspire my service, by tales of agents who came before us. These traditions motivated my officers and agents on either side of our borders, but there was always a nagging question. During the time that Hitler ruled Germany and threatened the world, heroes like Richard Sorge, Harro Schulze-Boysen, and Leopold Trepper delivered to the Soviets warnings about German military plans; lives could have been saved if these warnings had been heeded, yet Stalin ignored them. The great tragedy of these men's lives was that they served a system that did not tolerate critical minds and where one person could make all decisions and judgments. A system that does not allow dissent also ignores dissenting information. And so it was with the system that ultimately evolved in the GDR, one that also did not tolerate dissent and critical minds. In later years I managed to contact some of the Rote Kappelle survivors. Details about this organization were more accessible for me in Western publications than in our own ministry's archives. Mielke kept files about the Nazi era under his personal control in a special section of the Investigations Department, and try as I might I could not gain access to them. I was interested in how these people of such varied backgrounds and political convictions dedicated themselves to resisting Hitler. How had they overcome their doubts, their fears? What was the source of their inner strength to swim against the tide and battle an omniscient and barbaric regime? Such issues of the moral and historical responsibilities of individuals were largely passed over in publications within the GDR. We who fought in the Cold War operated on a less exalted level than those who resisted Nazism. If this account of my life has demonstrated anything, it is the limits of what intelligence can accomplish. We can look back on our work with satisfaction not because we overturned the other side with some bold and unexpected stroke, but for precisely the opposite reason. The intelligence services contributed to a half century of peace—the longest Europe has ever known—by giving statesmen some security that they would not be surprised by the other side. The statesmen on both sides, our clients, did not always want to admit that to themselves. The courage and suffering involved in obtaining information really has nothing to do with its significance. In my experience, the efficiency of a service depends much more on the willingness of those who receive its information to pay attention to it when it contradicts their own opinions. The problem starts with the limited number of people who usually have access to reports and how they make decisions. Since they are swamped with information that they have little time to digest, the bureaucracy that moves the material to them plays a decisive role in the quality of decisions they finally make. There is usually a wall of secrecy between this bureaucracy and the intelligence services, and in my time there was little opportunity for consultation about what really mattered. Ultimately the results of the work of my overt and covert colleagues landed on a very limited number of desks, mainly chosen by Mielke’s whim. In an authoritarian society errors of judgment are practically inevitable. The deliberations of the SED politburo usually degenerated into a formal, time-wasting marathon. In the rare collegium meetings of the Ministry of State Security, Mielke’s lengthy monologues were generally followed by discussion of commonplaces and superfluous peripheral matters. The Western democracies also appear to have found no practical way of solving the same problem of evaluating the significance of intelligence. The Bay of Pigs disaster offers eloquent testimony to this: The decision to start this hopeless adventure was offered to President Kennedy by an incompetent foreign intelligence service following the wishful thinking of pigheaded politicians. In West Germany, the BND’s reports to the chancellor’s office were regarded by most people who received them in Bonn as wastepaper, as far as I could tell. Helmut Schmidt, who became chancellor as a result of the Guillaume spy case and was frequently aggravated by other, similar cases during his term in office, once made a typically tart comment to Michael Kohl, the GDR ambassador in Bonn. “You should stop with these damned espionage cases,” Schmidt said. “You don’t learn anything new from such garbage anyway. It’s all stale crumbs. Neither side gets any military information it really needs to know. . . . The really big secrets are carefully protected, both by the United States and by the Soviet Union. Spending money on spying is unnecessary and just makes the intelligence services feel self-important enough to justify their budgets and maintain their staffing levels.” Nevertheless the BND remained directly under the chancellor’s control, and he and his chief of staff remained frequent guests at BND headquarters in Pullach. In my diary, I remarked in 1977 that secret services are “really creatures unto themselves. Whether we get genuine and usable information or not, our reputation does have one certain effect: Everyone knows that no significant facts or operations can be kept secret for very long. This alone has a real effect in guaranteeing peace and making sure that international obligations are fulfilled.” This entry sounds rather self-serving and could easily create the impression that I overestimated the impact and the significance of the information my service provided. But I was often skeptical about the value of my own work, particularly in conjunction with anniversary celebrations in our country. Immediately after the GDR?s anniversary in 1974, I wrote: ?In the discussion of the usefulness of secret services, besides the question of *cui bono,* the issue of whether what they do is of any use at all comes up with increasing frequency. And who among us honest insiders would answer without first thinking hard? The question does not only concern the secret services—the armed forces wolf down many billions more in funds. Still, almost all the reams of paper produced by NATO and stamped with the codes ‘cosmic’ or ‘top secret’ are, when you get right down to it, not even worth using as toilet paper.” Other critics compared our activities to children’s games—KGB agents watch CIA agents, who, together with the BND, the Mossad, or the British Secret Intelligence Service shadow the KGB. One such critic said: “For this, call-girls are laid before diplomats, umbrella tips are poisoned, and aging Western secretaries get roses from Eastern cavaliers. No country in the world thinks it can get by without a secret service. The main work of most of these bloated agencies consists in making life difficult for each other. The Germans, in their divided nation, have brought it to the point of being a true championship, one Pyrrhic victory after another.” To outsiders, the world of secret services must sometimes appear absurd, their activities at best a senseless game, at worst immoral. Now that the Cold War is over, their value is being measured against their huge cost more widely, openly, and urgently than before. The CIA in particular is under attack for spending billions without foreseeing the internal collapse of the USSR and being penetrated by a mole who destroyed the agency’s entire spy network inside the Soviet Union. I would reckon that the giant apparatus on both sides could be cut by at least half without any loss of efficiency But while it is true that in the age of satellites and computer hackers, technological intelligence, which does not come cheap, has to be used, human agents cannot be completely replaced. Technology can only establish the situation of the moment; secret plans, options, and other considerations will remain concealed even from the most sophisticated satellite. Moreover, the acquisition and development of high-quality human sources definitely does not depend on the size of the staff back at headquarters. On the contrary, I would also reckon that the number of any country’s good spies is in inverse proportion to the size of its bureaucratic apparatus. I worked on that assumption in my service, in contrast to the prevailing policies in the rest of the Ministry of State Security. By the end its staff amounted to eighty thousand employees, incomprehensible for a small country of seventeen million people, and finally no help to its survival anyway. I fought constantly against Parkinson?s Law. When I left the foreign intelligence service in 1987, the staff numbered more than three thousand, but another thousand workers were added before it was dissolved some four years later?all the time running about the same number of agents in the West. Such agents numbered little more than one thousand in the Federal Republic during the last decades, and little more than one tenth of these were important sources. So even if intelligence services are indispensable, their size can be considerably reduced if their tasks are precisely defined. They certainly can be used against international terrorism and the burgeoning worldwide narcotics mafia, and cooperation is essential in limiting the spread of nuclear weapons. But it seems doubtful that government spies can be of much use in industrial espionage when the corporations themselves have their own established services to seek out their competitors’ secrets. What concerns me more is that if secret services—undemocratic as they are by their very nature—are not reduced, the temptation will forever remain for governments even in democratic nations to spy on and control their own people. It goes without saying that they will be used to abuse civil rights in undemocratic nations like the GDR, but control of secret services even by a democratic legislature is difficult if not impossible. The very nature of secret agents severely limits and usually prevents the type of disclosure essential to public accountability—indeed, that may be the whole point. Even supervisory committees limited to a few, hand-picked members of parliament, as they exist in the German Bundestag or the U.S. Congress, are unable to pierce the essential secrecy. The endless history of scandals in all parliamentary democracies is proof of that. As long as there are political conflicts and armed forces ready supposedly to solve them, no nation will dispense with a service to reconnoiter the intentions and capacities of a potential enemy. At best, democratic parliaments and governments can try to ensure they stick to their allotted tasks and nothing more. But the fight in the dark will continue. That fight, whatever its results, is not a game. It takes place in the real world and will exact years in prison, destroy careers, and can cost lives. This is a high price for information that cannot determine a nation?s political course and can perhaps only influence it, if that. At the end of a life in intelligence, I have to ask myself whether that price is too high. I closed my trial in Düsseldorf with the following statement: “At seventy years of age you can certainly ask yourself what the balance of a whole life looks like. The word ‘treason’ has been spoken many times [during this trial], and I have asked myself whether I did in fact betray any of the moral principles that have accompanied me throughout my life, principles that had been so dear to my family, my friends, and those I sought to emulate. I know now that we erred frequently, that we committed many grave mistakes, and far too often recognized errors and their causes when it was too late. But I still cling to the ideals and values that guided us as we tried to change the world.” In telling my story, I hope I have made it clear that I never knowingly betrayed my ideals, and therefore I cannot feel that my life was without purpose. I, as well as my many friends and contemporaries, have not lived in vain, however arguable our decisions sometimes have been, however painful the wounds—to ourselves and others—we inflicted. When I think back to the days of my youth in the Soviet Union, what first comes to mind are not Stalin’s crimes or the pact with Nazi Germany, but memories of a life during wartime. The Second World War was the crucial event in the lives of millions of people, and it was a war that thankfully ended the Third Reich. How could anyone who fought against Hitler’s barbarians have considered himself a traitor to Germany? My own contribution, and that of my family, to the fight may have been small, but I am proud of it nonetheless. I feel the same way about my attempts after the war to publicize and make the world aware of the causes of Nazi tyranny, its terrible crimes against humanity, and the existence of former Nazis in the West German power structure. Hitler’s long shadow was one of the reasons I agreed to the idea of working for a secret service. This was not treason. Even putting aside the Nazi legacy and our battle against and fear of it, I am also proud simply that I had my share in maintaining the status quo in Europe, a status quo that may have been tense and chilly, but which ultimately avoided the unthinkable?but not always improbable?endgame of nuclear war. But this pride is tempered. As much as I feel the need to plead for a fair-minded assessment of the GDR, and as much as I would prefer to stress its anti-fascist origins, I would never allow myself to pass lightly over the dark side of its history. I know that there was a great deal wrong with the GDR, including a terrible amount of repression. I am perfectly aware of my own share in the responsibility for this. I was part of the system, and if people attack me (as they often do) as if I had been head of state, as if I had had total control over everything that happened in the GDR, then that is something that I will have to bear. Since the momentous events of 1989, I have asked myself repeatedly why the GDR failed so miserably and spectacularly. I’ve wondered whether I waited too long before saying loudly what I really thought and felt. It was not lack of courage but the futility of protest throughout the history of the GDR that made me hold my peace. Too often I had seen how vehement protest only served to heighten oppression and further suppress freedom of thought. I believed that patient, quiet negotiation would, in the end, be more productive in a country where any open debate was doomed to be denounced by a leadership that was too hysterical and insecure to act sensibly. Was I wrong? Perhaps, but unfortunately there is no way to go back in time and act differently. I often think, especially when I am with one of my ten grandchildren, of a letter my father wrote my brother back in 1944. He advised him never to refrain from forming his own opinion. To this I now add that it is important to have the courage to fight for one’s opinion if necessary, even if one has to face repression. I have learned that one must always respect another’s way of thinking and never try to force another into conformity. But for much of my life, and most of my career, I chose to wait patiently for change. I can clearly recall how nervously we all waited for a change of leadership to take place in Moscow, knowing that it would inevitably have a tremendous effect in East Berlin. When the long-expected reforms finally came with Mikhail Gorbachev's ascension to power, no one was more enthusiastic for our future than me. But we did not foresee that the change had come too late; glasnost was not going to really solve any of our problems. The time had run out on the utopian idea hatched in Russia back in 1917. So what remains? Thinking back and remembering how confident we were in our belief that we could make Marx and Engels's theories work, that it would be possible to form a society where the great ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity would finally exist, it is sometimes hard to comprehend how we could have failed. When we were young, it often seemed that the strength of our faith would be enough to transform the world. But now I must admit that we failed not because we were too socialist in belief, but because we were not socialist enough in practice. Stalin's crimes were not the logical outcome of Communist theory, but a violation of communism. Nevertheless, the sacrifice of personal liberty to party doctrine, the manipulation of people, and the falsification of history all came out of Stalin's Soviet Union and were quickly adopted by most of the countries on our side of the Iron Curtain. The sad reality of the GDR had more to do with these abuses of power than with democracy and socialism, and this is why East Germany finally suffocated. I freely admit that our system was incomparably inferior to most of the pluralist democracies of the West, even taking into account the advantages of our social security system. The great lesson that I learned from the decline and fall of East Germany is that freedom of thought and expression are as fundamental to a modern society as the advantages we had achieved and were so proud of. For most of my compatriots, life in a reunified Germany has proven less glamorous than expected—work is often difficult to find, rents are excessive and hard to afford, and many feel the deep loss of everyday solidarity that was a hallmark of life in the GDR. It would be neither just nor sensible to judge life in a Western democracy like Germany by comparing it to an ideal socialist society, but I know that there are many of us who cannot accept the idea of being part of a society where the rich are getting richer by the hour while the poor continue to get poorer. I wonder how people in the United States, rightly proud of their country and its many achievements, can accept the fact that at least forty million Americans live in complete misery. I am very uneasy at the prospect of a society and civilization based solely on money. Money can be as powerful as any governmental system, but often its effects are less visible without being less brutal. In the Eastern bloc, the abuse of power began by manipulating ideals; in capitalist countries, the idea of personal freedom often merely serves as a disguise for business interests. Perhaps this is why, even in the nations that ?won? the Cold War, so many citizens are unhappy and cynical about the role of political systems in solving problems. Nevertheless, I remain both an idealist and an optimist. I am certain that many young people still dream of a better future for everyone, of a world more humane than our present one. I do not believe that utopian ideas are nonsense, but something deeply needed by mankind. Indeed, without some utopian faith we would run the risk of relapsing into utter barbarism, into the sort of brutality that could lead to the destruction of not just a nation, but of the planet. I am certain that the younger generation, and the generations yet to come, will find a way to realize the ideals I once held and still do hold dear. Not far from my apartment in Berlin is a memorial to

Marx and Engels. In the fall of 1989, as East Germany drew to an end, some young people spray painted the words NOT GUILTY across the memorial. They were right. I would like to think that they shared my belief in Marxism’s potential. The Cold War is over, and my work may be done, but I have not lost my faith. I often take down from my shelves a book by the Swiss scientist Jean Ziegler. The title encapsulates well my feelings at the end of the century, as I draw toward the final act of a life that has been richer in good and bad than I could ever have imagined as a young child: *A demain, Karl. Until Tomorrow, Karl.*

Index

6912th Electronic Security Group

Abakumov, Viktor Abel, Rudolf Ivanovich Accelerating socialism Ackermann, Anton (Eugen Hanisch) Active Measures (Aktive Massnahmen) Adenauer, Konrad Admiral (code name). See *Reichenberg, Wilhelm,* Aesthetics of Resistance, The *(Weiss) Afghanistan African National Congress (ANC) Agayanz, Ivan Ivanovich Agents arrests betrayal by Cold War and exchanges of illegals motives payments to recalls of records of recruitment of scientists sentences Soviet betrayal of training unification and Agents with special structural tasks.* See *ASAs AGM.* See *Arbeits gruppe des Ministers Akhmatova, Anna Albrecht, Susanna Allende, Salvador Alliance Française Allied transit route Altamirano, Carlos American Studies Department (Humboldt University) Ames, Aldrich Amnesty International ANC.* See *African National Congress Andropov, Yuri dissidents and illegals and Kryuchkov and military and nuclear crisis and Androsov, Stanislav Angola “Apologies for Being Human” (Friedrich Wolf)* Apologies for Being Human *(Wolf) Arafat, Yasser Arbeits gruppe des Ministers (Minister’s Working Group) (AGM) Aristocratic families Arnold, Gerhard (Storm) Artists, persecution of ASAs Aspen Institute Astor (code name).* See *Söhler, Herbert Atlantic Declaration Ayad, Abu (Salah Chalaf)*

Baader, Andreas Baader-Meinhof Gang. See *Red Army Faction Bahr, Egon Bakari, Sheikh Baker (code name) Bandera, Stepan Barczatis, Elli (Daisy) Barkovsky, Vladimir Barnard, Beverley Barzel, Rainer Basic Law (Grundgesetz) Basic Treaty (1972) Bastian, Charlotte Bastian, Gert Bauer, Walter Bautzen penal institution Bay of Pigs disaster Beria, Lavrenti Berlin Blockade Berlin Radio Berlin summit (1954) Berlin Wall dismantling of Betrayal Beurton, Ursula (Ruth Werner) BfV.* See *Office for the Protection of the Constitution Biafra Biedenkopf, Kurt Bielke (code name) Biermann, Wolf* Bild-Zeitung *Birkelbach, Willy Blackmail Black September Blake, George Blau, Hagen Bloch, Felix Blue House Bluücher Franz BND.* See *Federal Intelligence Service*

(Bundesnachrichtendienst) Böhm, Karl Boll, Heinrich Bölling, Klaus Boeden, Gerhard Boom, Erna Borders techniques for crossing Borge, Thomas Borm, William Born, Max Bosse, Heinz Brandt, Rut Brandt, Willy infiltration of resignation weaknesses Wehner and Brecht, Bertolt Bremer, Herbert Brest (code name). See *Lütich, Eberhard Brezhnev, Leonid Brigade Against Inhumanity (KGU) Britain, intelligence services British Military Police British Secret Intelligence Service (MI5) Broszey Christel Bruns, Wiebke Brzezinski, Zbigniew Budakhin, Vladimir Bukovsky, Vladimir Bulgarian intelligence service Bundesamt fur Verfassungsschutz (BfV).* See *Office for the Protection of the Constitution Bundeskriminalamt.* See *Federal Criminal (Police) Office Bundesnachrichtendienst (BND).* See *Federal Intelligence Service Bunke, Tamara Bureaucracies Burnham, James:* Defeating Soviet Imperialism *Burns, Nicholas Busch, Heinz Business community*

Callaghan, James Camp David agreements Canopy Wing Carlos the Jackal. See *Sanchez, Ilyich Ramirez Carlucci, Frank Carney James (Kid) Carolus Carter, Jimmy Castro, Fidel Castro, Raul Ceauşescu, Nicolae Center Party Central Committee Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) Ames and central card register and inferiority of agents infiltration of Latin America and nuclear crisis and offer to Wolf politics and psychological warfare program Special Task Force* See also *United States Chalaf, Salah (Abu Ayad) Charles (CIA agent) Chebrikov, Viktor Chekists Chernenko, Konstantin Chief Intelligence Directorate of the Soviet General Staff (GRU) Chile Chreidi Christian Democratic Union infiltration of Christian Democratic Youth Movement Christiansen-Klausen, Max Christian Social Union Party Churches CIA.* See *Central Intelligence Agency COCOM.* See *Coordinating Committee for East-West Trade Policy Code names* See also individual agents *Cold War agents and Comintern (EKKI) Communications codes electronic espionage signals intelligence surveillance systems Communism Communist Party Central Committee ideology Twentieth Party Congress Communist Party, Cuba Communist Party of Germany* See also *German Communist Party Concentration camps Coordinating Committee for East-West Trade Policy (COCOM) Corvalan, Luis Council on Security and Cooperation in Europe (CSCE) Counterespionage Department Counterintelligence Soviet West German* See also *Department XXII; Ministry of State Security Cremer, Friedrich CSCE.* See *Council on Security and Cooperation in Europe Cuba Central Intelligence Agency and Communist Party intelligence training Soviet*

Union and Third World and Cuban Interior Ministry Cuban missile crisis **Cyanide** *(Friedrich Wolf) Czechoslovakia*

Daisy (code name). **See** *Barczatis, Elli DDR.* **See** *East Germany Deaths, accidental Death sentences* **Defeating Soviet Imperialism,** *(Burnham) Defectors intelligence officers secretaries Delikatesse operation Delmer, Sefton Demonstrations Department B (HVA) Department for Special Tasks Department HA-II (counterintelligence) Department III (HVA) Department IX (HVA) ASAs and Department of Military Intelligence Department X (HVA) Active Measures Department XI (HVA) Department XX (HVA) Department XXII (HVA) Deutsche Volkssender.* **See** *German People's Radio DFU.* **See** *German Union for Peace Diestel, Peter-Michael Dimitrov, Georgy Diplomats Disinformation* **See also** *Active Measures; Department X; Generals for Peace; German People's Radio; Psychological warfare Dissidents Dobbertin, Rolf Doctors plot Doppelgängers Dorls, Fritz* **Dr. Zhivago** *(Pasternak) Düsseldorf court Dulles, Allen Dulles, Eleanor Lansing Dulles, John Foster Duvall, Anthony*

East African Union East Berlin uprising (1953) Eastern Bureau (SPD) Eastern Bureau (West German Trade Union Association) East Germany borders demonstrations economy failure of instability of Soviet Union, conflict with Egypt Ehmke, Horst Ehrenburg, Ilya Eichmann, Adolf Eichner, Klaus Eisenhower, Dwight D. Eisenstein, Sergei Eisert (code name) Eismeer listening station EKKI (Executive Committee of the Communist International). **See** *Comintern Electronic warfare Eleventh International Brigade Elk (code name).* **See** *Mende, Erich ELOKA electronic warfare system Embargo Embassies Erdmann (code name).* **See** *Korotkov, Aleksandr Erhard, Ludwig Eritrea Escape routes Espiocrats Ethiopia Ethnic groups European Defense Community European Security Questions committee Evangelical Students Congregation Exchanges of prisoners Executive Committee of the Communist International (EKKI)*

Falcon, Jack (Thielemann) Falin, Valentin Fatah FBI. **See** *Federal Bureau of Investigation Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) Federal Constitutional Court Federal Criminal (Police) Office (Bundeskriminalamt) Federal Intelligence Service*

(Bundesnachrichtendienst) (BND) Stiller and Federal Republic of Germany (FRG). See *West Germany Federal Supreme Court Feist, Manfred Feklisov, Alexander Felfe, Heinz Felix (code name).* See *Gronau, Willy Field, Noel Field Station Berlin Filbinger, Hans Final Solution Finance Ministry (West Germany) Financing First Main Directorate (KGB) Fischer, George Fischer, Louis Fischer, Victor Fischer, William.* See *Abel, Rudolf Ivanovich Fisher, Bernd Flämig, Gerhard Flick industrial conglomerate Foertsch, Volker Foreign Affairs Institute Foreign Office (West Germany) Foreign Policy Society Foreign Trade Ministry France Freddy (code name) Free Democratic Party Free German Youth Frelimo government French consulate bombing FRG (Federal Republic of Germany).* See *West Germany Friedrich Wilhelm Friedrich Wolf Archive Fruck, Hans Fuchs, Klaus arrest of Fülle, Reiner*

Garau, Gerlinde Garau, Horst Garbe, Ingrid Gartenschläger Gast, Gabriele (Gaby) Gaus, Günter GDR (German Democratic Republic). See *East Germany Gehlen, Reinhard Gehlen Service Generals for Peace (Generale fur den Frieden) Genscher, Hans-Dietrich (Tulip) Gereke, Günter German Communist Party ideals of* See also *Communist Party of Germany German Democratic Republic (GDR).* See *East Germany German Industrial Institute German People's Radio (Deutsche Volkssender) German Union for Peace (Deutsche Friedensunion) (DFU) Germany.* See *East Germany; Third Reich; Unification; West Germany Gert (code name) Girnus, Wilhelm Gisevius, Hans Bernd Glasse, Walter Globke, Hans Goebbels, Joseph Goldenberg, Simon Goldfus, Emil (code name).* See *Abel, Rudolf Ivanovich Goliath, Inge Gomaa, Sharawi Gorbachev, Mikhail glasnost and perestroika policies putsch attempt against Gordievsky, Oleg Gosen bunker Goslar, Gudrun Goslar, Peter Gousenko, Igor Grass, Günter Grauer, Andrei Gromakov, Ivan Semyonovich Gromyko, Andrei Gronau, Willy (Felix) Grossmann, Karl-Christoph Grossmann, Werner Grotewohl, Otto GRU.* See *Chief Intelligence Directorate of the Soviet General Staff Grundgesetz (Basic Law) Gudrun (code name) Guevara, Che Guillaume, Christel (Heinze) Guillaume, Günter (Hansen) Brandt, infiltration of career in SPD CSCE and death of exposure of ideals of imprisonment political instincts return to East Germany spy swap and trial Wolfs trial and Guillaume, Pierre*

Habash, George Haid, Bruno Hall, James Hallstein Doctrine

Hamadallah, Faruq Othman Hanga, Abdullah Kossim Hanisch, Eugen. **See** *Ackermann, Anton Hannelore (code name).* **See** *Rödiger, Helga Hansen (code name).* **See** *Guillaume, Günter Harnack, Arvid Harnack, Mildred Harwell Research Station Hathaway Gardner, A. (Gus) Hauffe, Karl Hauptverwaltung Aufklärung (HVA) counterintelligence and divisions filing system Soviet advisors Soviet control of* **See also Departments;** *Intelligence services; State Security Service Havemann, Robert Hechingen Heidemann, Gerd Heim, Max Heinze (code name).* **See** *Guillaume, Christel Hellenbroich, Herbert Helsinki Agreement on Human Rights Henselmann, Hermann Herold, Horst Herrnstadt, Rudolf Heuberg Hitler, Adolf Hitler diaries hoax Hitler-Stalin Pact Höfs, Ursula Hohenthal, William Holocaust Honecker, Erich Chile and conflict with Soviet Union financing and Guillaume and nuclear crisis and PLO and Schmidt and secrecy and Third World and Wehner and Hostile-negative persons House of Ministries House on the Embankment Howard, Edward Lee Humboldt University Hundhausen, Carl Hungary HVA.* **See** *Hauptverwaltung Aufklärung*

IBM Deutschland Illegal line Illegals Illner, Artur. **See** *Stahlmann, Richard Independent Social Democrats Industrial espionage Inge (code name).* **See** *Kahlig-Scheffler, Dagmar "Initial Probe of Soviet Intentions" Institute for Applied Economics Institute for Economic Scientific Research Institute for Policy and Economy Intellectuals Intelligence and Security Command Intelligence services anniversary occasions authoritarianism and beginnings directors financing ideology politics and psychological character of purposes of Soviet influence on Soviet treatment of East German spies traditions work conditions* **See also** *Hauptverwaltung Aufklärung (HVA); Ministry of State Security; State Security Service Interior Ministry (West Germany) International Brigades* **International Herald Tribune** *Interrogations Investigative Committee of Free Lawyers (UFJ) "Invisible Front, The" (Wolf) Iran, Shah of Iris (code name) Israel* **Ivan the Terrible** *(Eisenstein) I* **Was Nineteen** *(Konrad Wolf)*

Jänicke, Horst Janka, Walter Jaruzelski, Wojciech Jewish Cultural Association Jobert, Michel John, Otto John F. Kennedy Free University Institute for American Studies Julius (code name)

K–5 Kade, Gerhard (Super) Kahlig-Scheffler, Dagmar (Inge) Kaiser Karlizcek. See *Schmidt, Karlheinz Karume, Obeid Kegel, Gerhard Keiser, Glen C. Kelly Petra Kennedy John KGB Andropov and embassies and First Main Directorate killings and recruitment and Wolfs emigration and KGU.* See *Brigade Against Inhumanity Khrushchev, Nikita Cold War and Kennedy and personality secret speech Kid (code name).* See *Carney James Kiesewetter, Wolfgang Kiesinger, Kurt-Georg Kinkel, Klaus Kippenberger, Hans Kireyev Kissinger, Henry Klar, Christian Klavier (code name) Kochemassov, Vyacheslav Koestler, Arthur Kohl, Helmut KoKo.* See *Kommerziale Koordination Kommerziale Koordination (KoKo) Kommunistische Partei Deutschlands (KPD).* See *German Communist Party Komsomol (Young Communist League)* Kontingentirovannye *Koppe, Johannes Korb, Robert Korotkov, Aleksandr (Erdmann) Kosevoi, Marshal KPD (Kommunistische Partei Deutschlands).* See *German Communist Party Kraus, Gotthold (Vulkan) Krenz, Egon Kresse, Robert.* See *Gert Kriele, Rudolf Krone, Heinrich Kruglov, Sergei Krupp, Friedrich Krupp industrial empire Krutitsky, Nikolai Kryuchkov, Vladimir A. Kuckhoff, Adam Kuckhoff, Margarethe Kuczynski, Jiirgen* Kultura Kundschafter *Kurchatov, Igor Kuron, Klaus (Star) payments to sentencing trial Wolf, meeting with Kurt (code name)*

La Belle discotheque bombing Lahnstein, Manfred Lamberz, Werner Langemann, Hans Laufer, Paul Lebanon Leber, Georg Le Carré, John Leftists Legal College (Juristische Hochschule) Legal residencies Leipzig trade fair Lemmer, Ernst Lenin Leonhard, Wolfgang Le Vernet camp Liberal Democratic Party Libya Liebknacht, Karl Lippmann, Walter Live Oak Lockheed Corporation Lorenzen, Ursel Lübke, Heinrich Lütich, Eberhard (Brest) Luxemburg, Rosa Lydia (code name). See *Sievers, Susanne*

März brothers Maier-Witt, Silke Main Department for Interrogation Main Directorate for Economic and Scientific Research Main Intelligence Directorate. See *Hauptverwaltung Aufklärung (HVA) Makungu, Ibrahim Maler (code name)* Malina *Mandela, Nelson Mao Tse-tung Marcuse, Herbert Margarete (secretary) Mariam, Haile Mengistu Markert, Rolf Markowski, Paul Marx, Werner Mata Hari McCarthy Joseph Media Mehnert, Klaus Meier, Eberhard Meier, Richard Meinhof, Ulrike Mende,* *Erich (Elk) Merkur.* See *Schlomm, Hans Joachim Meyer, Moritz (Öhmchen) MI5 (British Secret Service) Michnik, Adam Mielke, Erich ASA hoax and Brandt’s resignation and conflict with Wolf daily routine and entertainment and outrageous statements Schalck and Stiller defection and suspiciousness of terrorism and Third World and treason, view of Wolfs resignation and Mikoyan, Anastas Milevski, Miroslav Military intelligence service, Soviet Union.* See *Chief Intelligence Directorate of the Soviet General Staff Minister’s Working Group (Arbeits gruppe des Ministers) (AGM) Ministry for Inter-German and Foreign Trade Ministry of Defense Ministry of State Security counterintelligence departments financing and infiltration of Legal College secrecy within* See also *Hauptverwaltung Aufklärung; State Security Service Ministry of State Security, Poland Minsterium fur Staatsicherheit.* See *State Security Service* Mission Accomplished *Mittag, Günter Modrow, Hans Moitzheim, Joachim (Wieland) Molotov, WM. Mommsen, Ernst Wolf Moritz (code name) Moscow Mossad Mountbatten, Lord Mozambique Muteea, Mohammed Saleh*

Nadis (computer) Nagy, Imre Nante (code name). See *Van Nouhuys, Heinz Losecaat Nasser, Gamal Abdel National Democratic Party National liberation movements National Security Agency (NSA) National Sigint Requirements List National Socialists.* See *Nazis NATO.* See *North Atlantic Treaty Organization NATO Integrated Systems Management Agency (NICSMA)* Nature as Healer and Helper (Die Natur ols Arzt und Helfer) *(Friedrich Wolf) Nazis in post-war West Germany Nbabu, Abdulrahman Mohammed Neels, Günter Neiber, Gerhard Neumann, Peter Neuwied New Forum group Nicaragua NICSMA.* See *NATO Integrated Systems Management Agency Nidal, Abu Nixon administration NKVD Nollau, Günter Nomenklatura privileges Norma (code name) Norstad, Lauris North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) global power study infiltration of nuclear crisis and Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers Europe (SHAPE) Novikov, Anatoly G. NSA.* See *National Security Agency Nuclear crisis peace movement and West German view Nuclear Research Center (Karlsruhe) Nuclear technology Numeiry, Gaafar Nunn May, Allan Nuremberg Nuremberg war crimes tribunal Nyerere, Julius*

October Revolution Odinga, Oginga Office for Literature (Amt fur Literatur) Office for the Protection of the Constitution (BND) Brandt and

Security Clearance Office of Economic Aid for Fixed-Salary Earners Office of Strategic Services (OSS) See also *Central Intelligence Agency Ohnesorg, Benno Olympic Games “On Activities of Representatives of the Palestinian Liberation Movement” “On Measures for the Amelioration of the Situation in the German Democratic Republic” “On the Development of the Coalition Crisis and Brandt’s Resignation” (Wolf) Operation Barbarossa Operation Registration Optic (code name) Organization of African States OSS.* See *Office of Strategic Services Osterrieder, Gerda* Ostpolitik

Palast Hotel Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) Panyushkin, Alexander Parachutists Party of Democratic Socialism Passports Pasternak, Boris: Dr. Zhivago *Patriotism Patton, George S., Jr. Payments to agents* Payoks *Peace movement Generals for Peace Personal security department Pervoye Glavnoye Upravleniye.* See *First Main Directorate (KGB) Petersen, Kai (code name).* See *Roland G. Philby, Kim Pieck, Wilhelm Pineiro, Manuel Pinochet, Augusto Pitovranov, Yevgeni P. PLO.* See *Palestine Liberation Organization Pohl, Helmut Poland infiltration of intelligence service* See also *Solidarity Politics infiltration of West German intelligence services and Ponto, Jürgen Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine Porst, Hannsheinz “Portrait of War, A” (NATO) Powers, Francis Gary Prague spring Primakov, Yevgeny Prison sentences* Professor Mamlock *(Friedrich Wolf) Propaganda Psychological Defense (West Germany) Psychological warfare within intelligence services media and specialists techniques West German newspapers and Pullach Institute Pushkin, Georgi M.*

Qaddafi, Muammar Quick

Rabin, Yitzhak Radio Free Europe Radio in the American Sector (RIAS) Radio Moscow Radtke, Olaf RAF. See *Red Army Faction Rahab Rajnai, Sandor Raketno yadenoye napadeniye (RYAN) Raufeisen, Arnulf Reagan, Ronald Reagan administration Recalls of agents Red Army Red Army Faction (RAF) Red Orchestra (Rote Kapelle) Red Sports Movement Refugees Reichenberg, Wilhelm, (Admiral) Renamo rebels Repression of citizens Rescue Freedom (Rettet die Freiheit) Residencies Rettet die Freiheit (Rescue Freedom) Reuschenbach, Peter RIAS.* See *Radio in the*

American Sector Richter, Herbert. See *Schröter, Herbert Robotron Rödiger, Helga (Hannelore) Rogalla, Jürgen Roge, Antony (code name).* See *Goslar, Peter Roland G. (code name) Romeo spies in America Roscher (code name) Rosenberg, Ethel Rosenberg, Julius Rote Kapelle (Red Orchestra)* RTV Rücksversicherung *Runge, Irene Rupp, Anne-Christine Rupp, Rainer (Topaz) RYAN (Raketno yadenoye napadeniye)*

Sagner, Fred Sakharov, Andrei Sakharovsky, Aleksandr SALT II Sanchez, Ilyich Ramirez (Carlos the Jackal) Sanchez, Magdalena Sandinistas Saudi Arabia Schäuble, Wolfgang Schalck-Golodkowski, Alexander Schall, Johanna Scheel, Walter Schevitz, Jeffrey Schleyer, Hans-Martin Schlomm, Hans Joachim (Merkur) Schmidt, Helmut on espionage Honecker and infiltration of nuclear missile crisis and Schmidt, Karlheinz (Karlizcek) Schmidt-Wittmack, Karlfranz Schneider, Karlheinz. See *Schmidt, Karlheinz Schneller, Ernst Scholz, Alfred Schramm, Gotthold Schröter, Herbert Schulze-Boysen, Harro Scientific and technological intelligence Scientific and Technological Sector (Sektor Wissenschaft und Technik) (SWT) Fuchs and Scientists Screening profiles Secretaries, infiltration and Secret Intelligence Service (Britain) Section 3 (HVA) Section XXII (State Security Service) Seidel, Manfred Selbmann, Fritz Semichastny Vladimir Senate Intelligence Committee Serov, Ivan Sex and spying Biblical accounts Potemkin weddings prostitution secretaries and* See also *Romeo spies SHAPE.* See *Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers Europe Sharansky, Anatoly Shebarshin, Leonid Shelepin, Aleksandr Shumilov, Wassily T. Sievers, Susanne (Lydia) Signals intelligence Simonova, Lena Six Day War Slovo, Joe SMERSH terror network Social Democratic Party (SPD) Eastern Bureau infiltration of Socialism economy and people's perceptions of Socialist Party (Chile) Socialist Unity Party Söhler, Herbert (Astor) Soldatensender Calais Soldier's Station Calais (Soldatensender Calais) Solidarity Solzhenitsyn, Aleksandr Somalia Sonya (code name).* See *Beurton, Ursula Sorge, Richard South Africa South Yemen Soviet Union advisors Cuba and East Germany conflict with influence on HVA intelligence services Soviet-American relations suspiciousness of Third World and unification and United States and* See also *Andropov, Yuri; Stalin, Josef Spain SPD.* See *Social Democratic Party Special Task Force Spider's web model* Spiegel, Der *Spies.* See *Agents; Romeo spies; Sex and spying;* individual agents *Springer, Axel* Sputnik *Stahlmann, Richard (Artur Illner) Stahlmann (code name).* See *Stiller, Werner Stalin, Josef crimes as hero*

Stange, Jürgen Star (code name). See *Kuron, Klaus Star wars program Stasi*. See *State Security Service State Department (United States) State Security Service (Stasi) fall of founding of recruitment Section XXII* See also *Hauptverwaltung Aufklärung (HVA) Steel industry Steiner, Julius (Bundestag member) Steiner, Julius (mercenary) Steinrücke, Christian Stenzer, Emmi*. See *Wolf, Emmi Stenzer, Franz* Stern *Stiller, Werner (Stahlmann) escape Stöbe, Ilse Stohlze, Karl Heinrich Stone, Shephard Stoph, Willi Storm (code name)*. See *Arnold, Gerhard Strafbataillons Strauss, Franz-Josef Streubel, Christian Student movement Sudan Sullivan, Walter Super (code name)*. See *Kade, Gerhard Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers Europe (SHAPE) Surveillance systems SWT*. See *Scientific and Technological Sector Szinda, Gustav Szlachcic, Franciszek*

Tabbert (code name). See *Tiedge, Hansjoachim Tanganyika Tanzania Technology computer technology financing nuclear technology Telco* Telegraf *Teltschick, Horst Tempelhof Airport Terrorism Cold War and Department XXII and Olymic Games attack repression of citizens responsibility* vs. *guilt U.S. support of* See also *Palestine Liberation Organization; South Yemen; Sudan; Third World liberation movements Terrorists resettlement in East Germany training Teske, Werner Teufelsberg surveillance station Thielemann (code name)*. See *Falcon, Jack Third Reich* See also *Nazis Third World liberation movements* See also individual countries *Thompson, Llewellyn Thorndike, Andrew Thräne, Walter Tiedge, Hansjoachim (Tabbert) Timm (code name)*. See *Schmidt-Wittmack, Karlfranz Tito, Josip Broz Titov, Gennadi W Topaz (code name)*. See *Rupp, Rainer* Traditionspflege *Travel Travel cadres Triple agents* Troika, The *(Wolf) Truchnovich Truman, Harry Tulip (code name)*. See *Genscher, Hans-Dietrich Tunnel incident Turgarinov, Mr. Twentieth Party Congress secret speech of Khrushchev at*

UFJ. See *Investigative Committee of Free Lawyers Uganda Ulbricht, Lotte Ulbricht, Walter 1953 uprising and economic policies Unidad Popular Unification former agents and West's interest in United States Americans in Europe CSCE and electronic espionage global defense strategy and infiltration attempts Live Oak nuclear rearmament Soviet-American relations spy tunnel and terrorism, support of Third World and Wolf and* See also *Central Intelligence Agency U.S. Document*

Center

Valdez, Ramiro Van Nouhuys, Heinz Losecaat (Nante) Ve-Che line Verrept, Imelda Vishinsky, Andrei Vishnevsky, Vsevolod Vogel, Wolfgang Voigt, Karsten Volksarmee, deserters Von Amerongen, Otto Wolff Von Ardenne, Manfred Von Epp, Baron Von Hanstein, Wolfram Von Hapsburg, Otto Von Meyenfeldt, D.M.H. Von Ribbentrop, Joachim Vulkan (code name). See *Krauss, Gotthold*

Wagner, Klaus Walesa, Lech Webster, William Wehner, Herbert Weiberg, Heinrich Weigel, Helene Weihrauch, Lothar Weinman, Tsvi Weiss, Peter: The Aesthetics of Resistance Welt, Die *Werner, Ruth (Sonya).* See *Beurton, Ursula West Berlin Committee of Free Jurists West German Trade Union Association West Germany business community, infiltration of infiltration of media offer to Wolf politics, infiltration of rearmament plans technical proficiency* See also *Federal Intelligence Service (BND); Office for the Protection of the Constitution (BfV) Wet jobs Wiedemann, Heinrich Wieland (code name).* See *Moitzheim, Joachim Wienand, Karl Wilder, Billy Winkler, Karl Wischnewski, Michael Wismut AG Wloch, Lothar Wloch, Wilhelm Wohlgemuth, Wolfgang Wolf, Andrea Wolf, Christa Wolf, Else Wolf, Emmi Wolf, Friedrich as German emigré influence on Markus* Works *"Apologies for Being Human"* Cyanide Nature as Healer and Helper (Die Natur ols Arzt und Helfer) Professor Mamlock *Wolf, Konrad (Koni) films in Red Army* Works I Was Nineteen Mama, I'm Alive Sonnensucher The Troika *Wolf, Markus arrest of at Berlin Radio on bureaucracies childhood in Soviet Union CIA offer Comintern and diary entries early years emigration ideals Jewish heritage letter to Clinton marriages as Michael Storm personal attributes on responsibility retirement socialism and Soviet betrayal of spider's web model surveillance of in Sweden terrorism charges Third Reich years and trial United States, views of United States and Young Pioneers and Wolf, Markus,* cont. Works Apologies for Being Human *"The Invisible Front"* The Troika *Wollenberger, Knut Wollweber, Ernst Workers Acting Group Southwest Working class World War II* See also *Nazis; Third Reich World Youth Congress World Youth Games Writers Union*

Yad Vashem Memorial Yediot Ahranoth *Yellow-stripe information*

Yemen Yildrim, Hussein Young Communist League (Komsomol) Young Pioneers Yugoslavia Yurchenko, Vitaly

Zaisser, Wilhelm Zanzibar Zarkrzovski, Winifried Zhou En-lai

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For fifty years, the banner of Public Affairs Press was carried by its owner, Morris B. Schnapper, who published Gandhi, Nasser, Toynbee, Truman, and about 1,500 other authors. In 1983 Schnapper was described by *The Washington Post* as "a redoubtable gadfly." His legacy will endure in the books to come.

Peter Osnos, *Publisher*

1 Indeed, to my knowledge the term Stasi became popular after the events of 1989. Even Western media and propaganda had mostly used SSD to encourage identification with the Nazi past. East Germans used names like The Fimr or KONSUM (Coop), etc. I shall use the term Stasi in this book for the benefit of my readers. Even most of my former employees have stopped having difficulties with the term. 2 Wienand was sentenced to two and a half years in prison and was ordered to pay a fine of 1 million DM. His appeal has not yet been decided. 3 My brother, Koni, made one of his best films about Wismut, *Sonnensucher* (*Sun Seekers),* which depicted the world of uranium mining as it really was in its early years—a sort of Wild East, peopled by desperadoes, cirminals, and returning soldiers anxious to make quick money under the watchful eyes of informers and the military command. The film was intended by Koni to be the first halfway honest cinematic reckoning with the problem of the Soviet presence in East Germany and the trauma that accompanied two nationalities that had been bitter enemies trying to come to terms with each other. Posters for the film had gone up all over East Berlin in 1956, and we were all set for the premiere when Walter Ulbricht panicked after being told that the Soviet ambassador, Pyotr Abrassimov, disapproved of any discussion of the uranium projects. Members of the Felix Dzerzhinsky regiment of guards, the Ministry of State Security's own soldiers, were sent out in the dead of night to tear down the posters, and the film was shelved for another ten years. 4 After serving five years in a French prison, in a retrial Dobbertin was acquitted of espionage. Dobbertin never denied passing along information, but called it "scientific developmental aid for my GDR colleagues." 5 Many years later, during my own committal procedure in Karlsruhe, I was guarded by the very same official who had let Fülle get away that January night. "Don't you go trying anything like that on us, Herr Wolf," he joked. At my age, I would not have given much for my chances anyway. 6 My final meeting with Andropov, in 1982, was more sobering. I had flown to Moscow to participate in a meeting of heads of East bloc foreign intelligence services. When I got there, however, I was informed that acute illness prevented Andropov from taking part in the meeting. It was the first I learned of the true extent of the poor state of his health. I was taken instead to meet him in the exclusive Kremlin Clinic in Kunzevo, a heavily guarded part of the city where Stalin had once had his summer residence. The clinic's protected location screened it from public gaze. Inside, Andropov had a whole apartment to himself, with his bedroom and treatment rooms separated by a brightly lit corridor humming with security cameras. Opposite were his study and a room for receiving visitors. He looked pale and flaccid. I waited outside with Andropov's deputy, Vladimir Kryuchkov, while Andropov himself spoke privately with Mielke. No one had mentioned the nature of his illnes, nor how severe it was. Any intimation of the general secretary's all-too-apparent mortality was taboo. After some minutes ticked by in silence, Kryuchkov asked me whether I could recommend a competent East German urologist, hastily adding that the nature of the leader's ailment was, of course, a matter of the highest secrecy. 7 Berliner Rundfunk, a broadcast on the visit of a delegation from Generals for Peace to East Berlin, August, 10, 1987. 8 At that time and until 1985 Mielke's deputies were Rudi Mittig, Neiber, Wolfgang Schwanitz, and I. Schwanitz, sharp and ambitious, was the youngest; he was in charge of technological espionage systems and communications. Mittig was in charge of internal surveillance of the economy, transport, the government bureaucracy, dissidents, the church, and the cultural establishment. It was one of the most hated functions of the

regime. Until 1982, Mielke actually had a first deputy minister, Bruno Beater, a tough intriguer who had been with the service since its beginnings under Soviet tutelage. After Beater retired, no one was formally named first deputy minister so that Mielke could withhold his public preference from any candidate successor. It fell to Rudi Mittig to deputize for Mielke when the minister was away. When Mielke was finally removed in 1989, Schwanitz became the head of the Office for National Security (Amt fur Nationale Sicherheit—ACNS), the successor to the Ministry of State Security, but his tenure was short-lived. 9 During World War II, Noel worked with a humanitarian organization, the Unitarian Universalist Service Committee, that among other things helped Communist emigrants. Field consequently had contacts with Allen Dulles of the OSS. 10 My brother intended to combine Victor and George into one composite character, thus making for a threesome, the meaning of the title *The Troika*.

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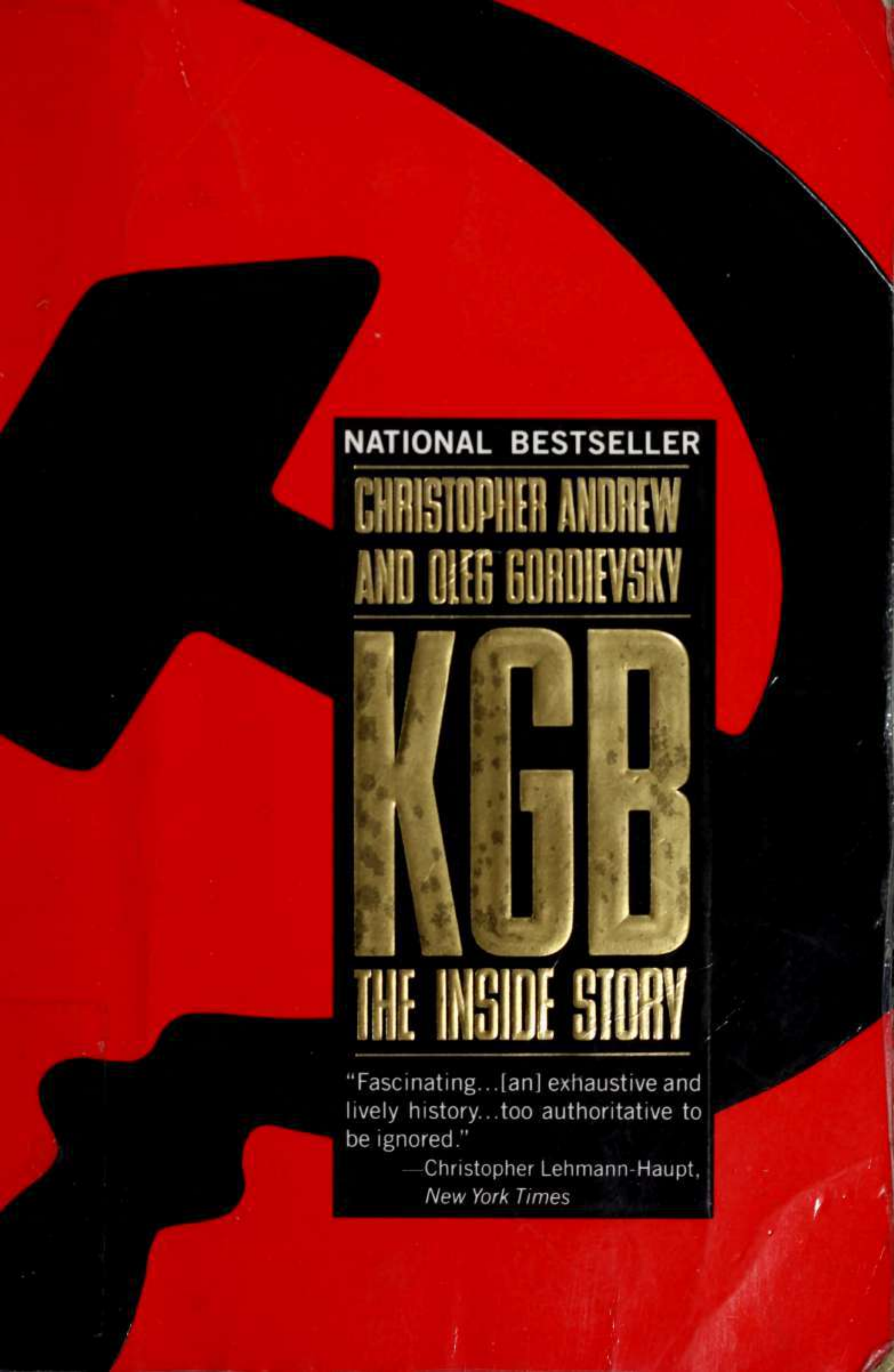

NATIONAL BESTSELLER

CHRISTOPHER ANDREW
AND OLEG GORDIEVSKY

KGB

THE INSIDE STORY

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CHRISTOPHER ANDREW

AND OLEG GORDIEVSKY

KGB

THE INSIDE STORY

Of Its Foreign Operations from Lenin to Gorbachev

HarperPerennial
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To Leila, Maria, and Anna in Moscow
and to Darcy and Ken, Louisa and John in Washington,
in the hope that the spread of human rights
in the Soviet Union will, very soon,
enable them to meet.

Contents

The Evolution of the KGB ix

Abbreviations Used in Text xi

Transliteration of Russian Names xvii

Maps
  Europe 1942 xviii
  Postwar Europe xx

Introduction 1

1. Tsarist Origins (1565–1917) 17
2. The Cheka, Counterrevolution, and the "Lockhart Conspiracy" (1917–21) 38
3. Foreign Intelligence and "Active Measures" in the Dzerzhinsky Era (1919–27) 65
4. Stalin and Spy Mania (1926–38) 107
5. "Enemies of the People" Abroad (1929–40) 150
6. Sigint, Agent Penetration, and the Magnificent Five from Cambridge (1930–39) 173

7. The Second World War (1939–41) 233

8. The Great Patriotic War (1941–45) 270

9. The Takeover of Eastern Europe (1944–48) 341

10. The Cold War: The Stalinist Phase (1945–53) 367

11. The Cold War After Stalin (1953–63) 422

12. The Brezhnev Era: The East, the Third World, and the West (1964–72/73) 477

13. The Decline and Fall of Détente (1972–84) 532

14. The Gorbachev Era 1985– 606

Appendix A KGB Chairmen 647

Appendix B Heads of the First Chief Directorate (Foreign Intelligence) 649

Appendix C The Organization of the KGB 651
The Organization of the KGB First Chief Directorate (Foreign Intelligence) 652
KGB First Chief Directorate (Foreign Intelligence)
  Headquarters, Yasenevo 654
  Yasenevo—Main Building 655
The Organization of a KGB Residency 656

Appendix D KGB Residents in the United States and Abroad 657

Notes 665

Bibliography 729

Index 745

Illustrations follow pages 232, 424, and 616

The Evolution of the KGB

December 1917	Cheka
	↓
February 1922	Incorporated in NKVD (as GPU)
	↓
July 1923	OGPU
	↓
July 1934	Reincorporated in NKVD (as GUGB)
	↓
February 1941	NKGB
	↓
July 1941	Reincorporated in NKVD (as GUGB)
	↓
April 1943	NKGB
	↓
March 1946	MGB
	↓
October 1947– November 1951	Foreign intelligence transferred to K1
	↓
March 1953	Combined with MVD to form enlarged MVD
	↓
March 1954	KGB

[*The term KGB is used in this book to denote the Soviet State Security organization throughout its history, since its foundation as the Cheka in 1917 as well as, more specifically, to refer to State Security since 1954 when it adopted its present name.*]

Abbreviations Used in Text

AEC	Atomic Energy Commission (USA)
AFSA	Armed Forces Security Agency (USA): predecessor of NSA
AK	Polish Home Army (World War II)
ANC	African National Congress
ASA	Army Security Agency (USA): predecessor of AFSA
AVO	Hungarian security service: predecessor of AVH
BfV	FRG security service
BND	FRG foreign intelligence agency
Cheka	All-Russian Extraordinary Commission for Combating Counter-Revolution and Sabotage (Soviet security service, 1917–22)
CIA	Central Intelligence Agency (USA)
CND	Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (UK)
Comintern	Communist International
COMSUBLANT	Commander (U.S.) Atlantic submarine forces
CPUSA	Communist Party of the USA
CUSS	Cambridge University Socialist Society
DA	American Department (Cuban intelligence agency independent of DGI)

DGSE	French foreign intelligence service
DGSP	Rumanian security service (Securitate)
DIE	Rumanian foreign intelligence agency
DISA	Angolan security service
DLB	Dead letter box
DS	Bulgarian security service
DST	French security service
EC	European Community
ECCI	Executive Committee of Communist International
FBI	Federal Bureau of Investigation
FCD	First Chief (Foreign Intelligence) Directorate of KGB
FNLA	National Front for the Liberation of Angola
FRELIMO	Front for the Liberation of Mozambique
FRG	Federal Republic of Germany
GC & CS	Government Code & Cypher School (UK): predecessor of GCHQ
GCHQ	Government Communications Headquarters (UK)
GDR	German Democratic Republic
Gehlen Org	FRG semiofficial foreign intelligence agency: predecessor of BND
GKES	Soviet State Committee for External Economic Relations
GKNT	Soviet State Committee for Science and Technology
GPU	State Political Directorate (Soviet security service incorporated in NKVD, 1922–23)
GRU	Soviet military intelligence agency
GUGB	Main Administration of State Security (Soviet security service within NKVD, 1934–43)
Gulag	Labor camps directorate
Humint	Intelligence derived from human sources
HVA	GDR foreign intelligence agency
IADL	International Association of Democratic Lawyers
IB	Intelligence Branch (India)
ID	International Department of Soviet Communist Party Central Committee
INO	Foreign Intelligence Department of Cheka/GPU/OGPU/GUGB, 1920–41: predecessor of INU
INU	Foreign Intelligence Directorate of NKGB/GUGB/MGB, 1941–54: predecessor of FCD
IRA	Irish Republican Army

IRD	Information Research Department (UK)
IWA	International Workers Aid
JIC	Joint Intelligence Committee (UK)
K-5	East German security service, 1947–49: predecessor of SSD
KGB	Committee of State Security (Soviet security service, established 1954)
KHAD	Afghan security service
KI	Committee of Information (Soviet foreign intelligence agency initially combining foreign directorates of MGB and GRU, 1947–51)
KOR	Polish Workers' Defense Committee
KPD	German Communist Party
KR Line	Counterintelligence department in KGB residencies
KRO	Interwar counterespionage department of Cheka/GPU/OGPU/GUGB, predecessor of the KGB Second Chief Directorate
LPG	London Processing Group, transcription service of GCHQ
LSR	Left Socialist Revolutionary
MGB	Soviet Ministry of State Security, 1946–54
MGIMO	Moscow State Institute for International Relations
MI5	British security service
MOR	Monarchist Association of Central Russia ("The Trust")
MPLA	Marxist Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola
MVD	Soviet Ministry of Internal Affairs, 1946–
NEP	New Economic Policy
NKGB	People's Commissariat of State Security (Soviet security service, 1941 and 1943–46: predecessor of MGB)
NKVD	People's Commissariat for Internal Affairs (incorporated State Security 1922–23, 1934–43): predecessor of MVD
NSA	National Security Agency (USA)
NSZRiS	The People's Union for Defense of Country and Freedom (anti-Bolshevik organization)
NTS	National Labor Alliance (Soviet émigré Social-Democratic organization)
OAU	Organization for African Unity
OGPU	Unified State Political Directorate (Soviet security service, 1923–34)
Okhrana	Tsarist security service, 1881–1917

OMS	International Liaison Department of Communist International
OSS	Office of Strategic Services (wartime predecessor of the CIA)
OUN	Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists
OZNA	Yugoslav security service: predecessor of UDBA
PCC	Cuban Communist Party (since 1975)
PDPA	Afghan Communist Party
PDRY	People's Democratic Republic of Yemen
PLO	Palestine Liberation Organization
POUM	Workers' Unification Party (Spanish Marxist/Trotskyist Party during 1930s)
PPR	Polish Workers' [Communist] Party: predecessor of PZPR
PRC	People's Republic of China
PR Line	Political intelligence department in KGB residencies
PROD	NSA Production Office
PSP	Cuban Communist Party: predecessor of PCC
PZPR	Polish United Workers' [Communist] Party
RENAMO	Mozambique National Resistance
ROVS	Russian Combined Services Union (White Russian émigré group)
RPC	Russian Political Committee (anti-Bolshevik organization)
SACP	South African Communist Party
SAS	Special Air Service (UK)
SB	Polish security service
SDECE	French foreign intelligence agency: predecessor of DGSE
SDI	Strategic Defense Initiative ("Star Wars")
SDKPiL	Social Democratic Party of Poland and Lithuania
SDP	Social Democratic Party (UK)
SED	East German Socialist Unity [Communist] Party
Sigint	Intelligence derived from intercepting, analyzing and decrypting signals
SIM	Spanish Republican security service
SIS	Secret Intelligence Service (UK)
SMA	Soviet Military Administration (East Germany)
Smersh	"Death to Spies!" (Soviet military counterintelligence, 1943–46)
SNASP	Mozambique security service
SOE	Special Operations Executive (UK)
Sovnarkom	Soviet Council of People's Commissars
SPD	German Social-Democratic Party
SR	Socialist Revolutionaries
SS	Nazi "protection squad"/security service
SSD	GDR security service ("Stasi")
S&T	Scientific and technical/technological intelligence

Stavka	Wartime Soviet GHQ/high command
StB	Czechoslovak security service
TUC	Trades Union Congress (UK)
UB	Polish security service, predecessor of SB
UDBA	Yugoslav security service
UNITA	Union for the Total Liberation of Angola
USC	Unitarian Service Commission
U-2	American spy plane
VMS	Supreme Monarchist Council (White Russian émigré group)
VPK	Soviet Military Industrial Commission
WES	West European Secretariat (Comintern)
WiN	"Freedom and Independence" (last active remnant of Polish Home Army)
WPC	World Peace Council
X Line	Scientific and technological intelligence department in KGB residencies
ZANU	Zimbabwe African National Union
ZAPU	Zimbabwe African People's Union
ZOMO	Polish paramilitary police

Transliteration of Russian Names

In transliterating Russian names, we have followed a simplified version of the method used by the U.S. Board on Geographic Names and BBC Monitoring Service. Simplifications include the substitution of "y" for "iy" in surnames (not Bokiy, Gorskiy, Agranovskiy, but Boky, Gorsky, Agranovsky), and of "i" for "iy" in first names (not Georgiy, Valeriy, Yuriy, but Georgi, Valeri, Yuri). The apostrophe ordinarily used to signify a soft sign is omitted. The "y" between the letters "i" and "e" (in all possible combinations) is omitted too (not Ageyev, Dmitriyevich, but Ageev, Dmitrievich).

In a few cases where a mildly deviant spelling of a well-known Russian name has become firmly established in Western publications, we have retained that version, e.g.: Khrushchev, Beria, Evdokia (Petrova), Joseph (Stalin), *Izvestia,* Zinoviev, and the names of Tsars.

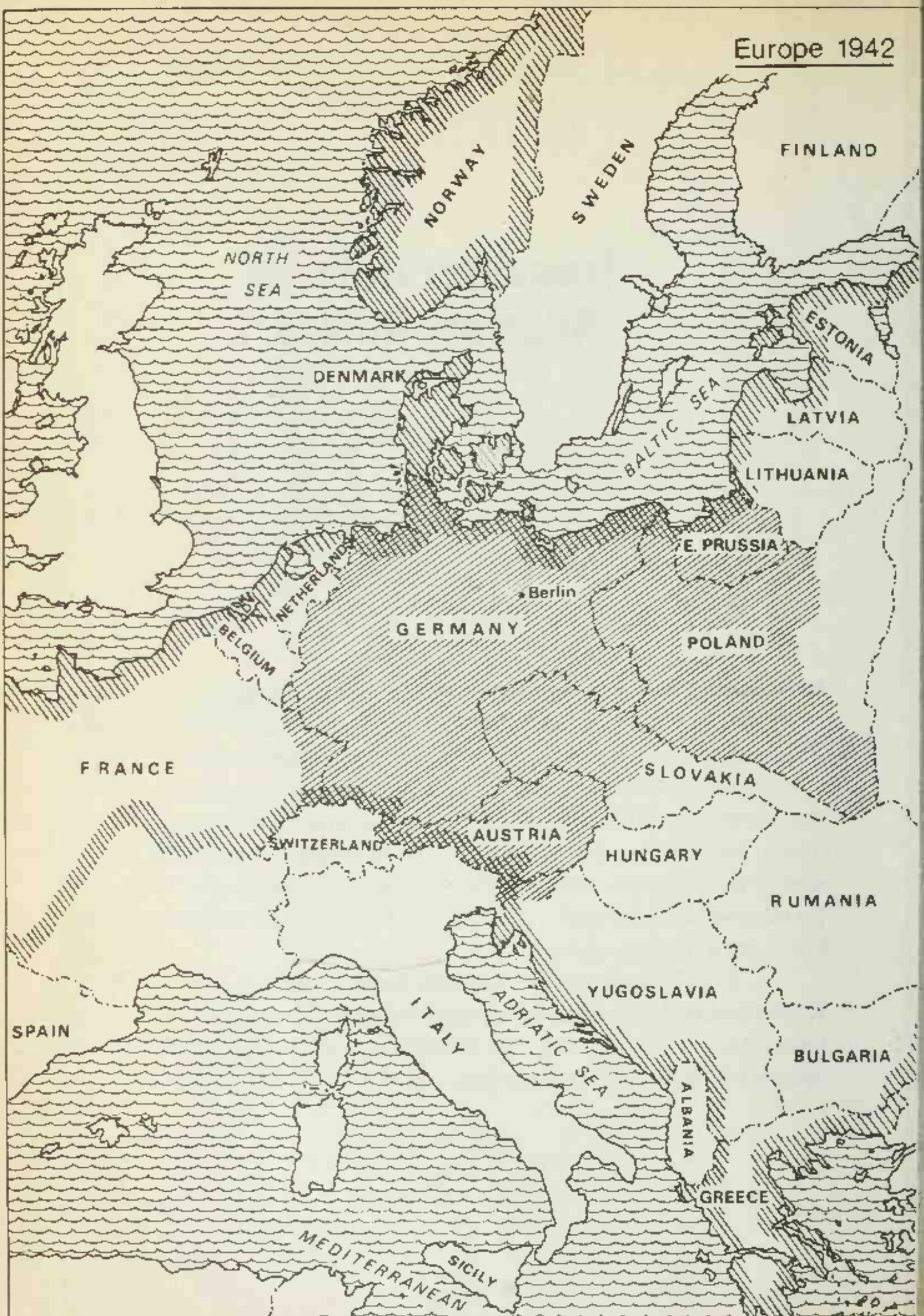
Europe 1942
FINLAND
SWEDEN
NORWAY
NORTH SEA
ESTONIA
DENMARK
BALTIC SEA
LATVIA
LITHUANIA
E. PRUSSIA
NETHERLANDS
Berlin
GERMANY
POLAND
BELGIUM
FRANCE
SLOVAKIA
SWITZERLAND
AUSTRIA
HUNGARY
RUMANIA
YUGOSLAVIA
SPAIN
ITALY
ADRIATIC SEA
BULGARIA
ALBANIA
GREECE
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
SICILY
ALGERIA
TUNISIA

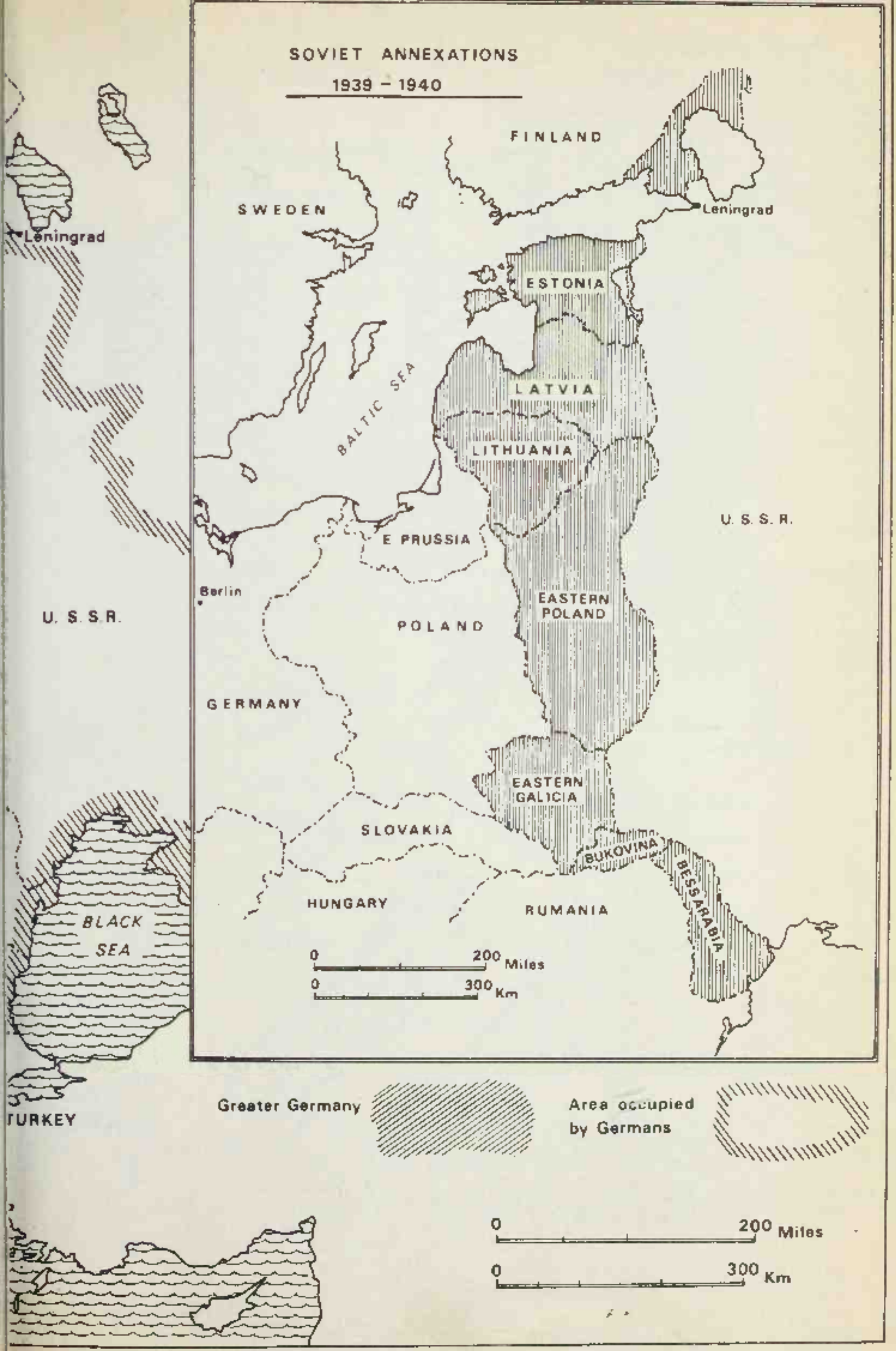

SOVIET ANNEXATIONS 1939 – 1940

FINLAND
SWEDEN
Leningrad
ESTONIA
BALTIC SEA
LATVIA
LITHUANIA
E PRUSSIA
U. S. S. R.
Berlin
EASTERN POLAND
POLAND
GERMANY
EASTERN GALICIA
SLOVAKIA
BUKOVINA
BESSARABIA
HUNGARY
RUMANIA
0 200 Miles
0 300 Km
Leningrad
U. S. S. R.
BLACK SEA
TURKEY
Greater Germany
Area occupied by Germans
0 200 Miles
0 300 Km

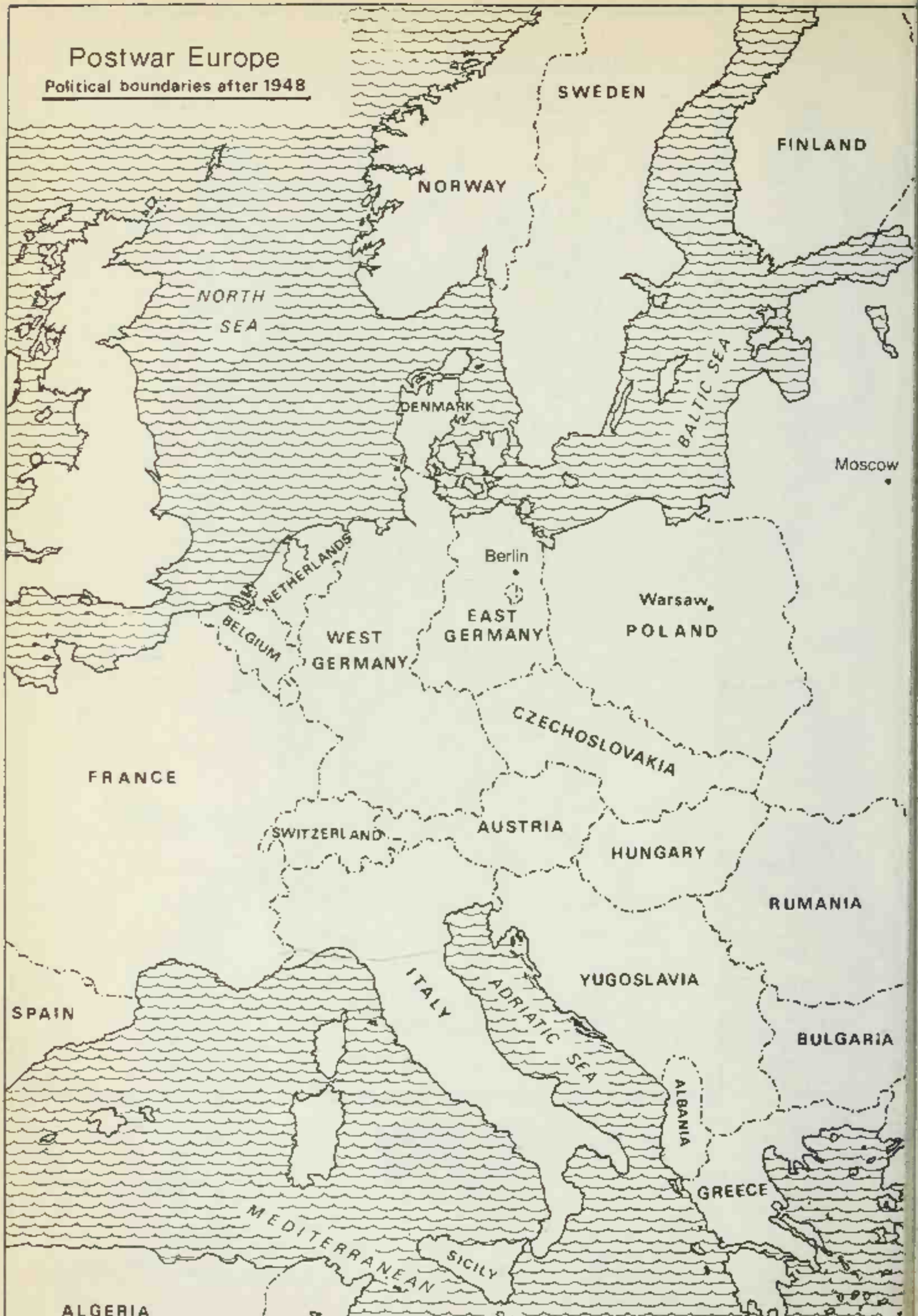
Postwar Europe
Political boundaries after 1948
SWEDEN
FINLAND
NORWAY
NORTH SEA
DENMARK
BALTIC SEA
Moscow
Berlin
Warsaw
NETHERLANDS
EAST GERMANY
POLAND
BELGIUM
WEST GERMANY
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
FRANCE
SWITZERLAND
AUSTRIA
HUNGARY
RUMANIA
ITALY
ADRIATIC SEA
YUGOSLAVIA
SPAIN
BULGARIA
ALBANIA
GREECE
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
SICILY
ALGERIA
TUNISIA

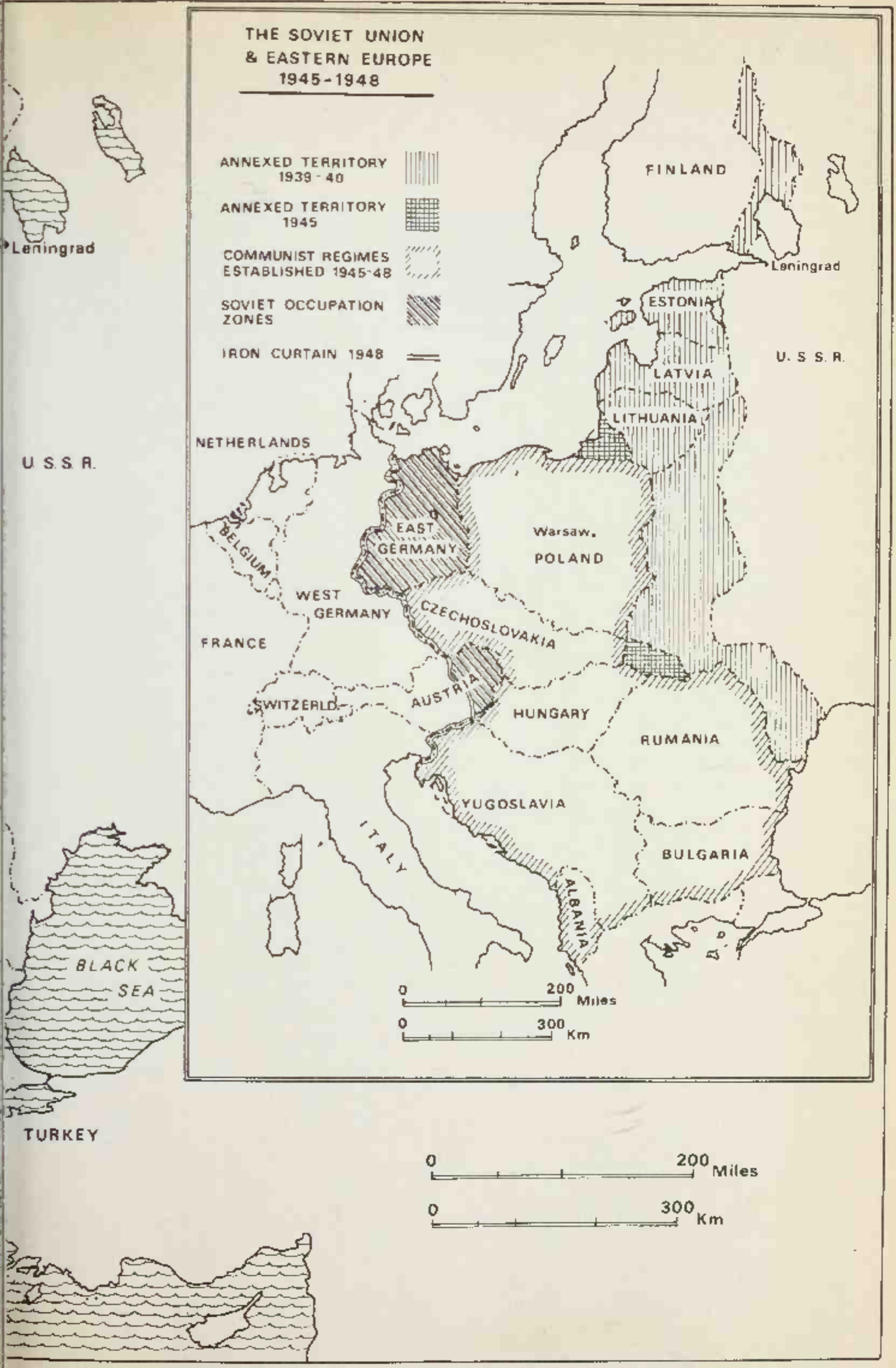

THE SOVIET UNION & EASTERN EUROPE 1945-1948

ANNEXED TERRITORY 1939 - 40
ANNEXED TERRITORY 1945
COMMUNIST REGIMES ESTABLISHED 1945-48
SOVIET OCCUPATION ZONES
IRON CURTAIN 1948
FINLAND
Leningrad
ESTONIA
LATVIA
LITHUANIA
U. S. S. R.
NETHERLANDS
BELGIUM
EAST GERMANY
Warsaw
POLAND
WEST GERMANY
FRANCE
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
SWITZERLD.
AUSTRIA
HUNGARY
RUMANIA
YUGOSLAVIA
ITALY
BULGARIA
ALBANIA
0
200 Miles
0
300 Km
Leningrad
U. S. S. R.
BLACK SEA
TURKEY
0
200 Miles
0
300 Km

KGB

Introduction

Most authors can expect, sooner or later, to make an accurate prediction, though they should not expect it to happen often. Christopher Andrew's turn arrived in October 1985 with the publication of his book *Secret Service: The Making of the British Intelligence Community.* While writing *Secret Service,* he had come to disbelieve the widespread assumption, largely derived from worldwide media interest in the Soviet moles educated at Cambridge University (where Andrew teaches history), that high-level penetration and defection remained more of a problem for the West than for the Kremlin. The career of Oleg Penkovsky, the Anglo-American mole in the GRU (Soviet military intelligence agency) who played a vital role in the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, was, he suspected, far from unique. In what Andrew's family assures him was an uncharacteristic moment of clairvoyance, he wrote in the first edition of *Secret Service:* "It is unsafe to conclude that there have been no Penkovskys since, simply because their names have yet to appear in the newspapers."[1] Just before *Secret Service* was published, news broke of another and even more successful Penkovsky, this time in the KGB. His name was Oleg Gordievsky.

A few months before he escaped from Russia in the summer of 1985, Gordievsky had been appointed KGB resident (head of station) in London. Since 1974 he had been working for SIS, the British Secret Intelligence Service (also known as MI6), as a penetration agent inside the KGB. In the summer of 1986 Gordievsky read *Secret Service* and got in touch with Andrew. As their discussions progressed over the next year, Andrew and Gordievsky were struck by the similarity of their interpretations of KGB operations. The recurrent obsession of the KGB, since its foundation as the Cheka six weeks after the October Revolution, with imaginary conspiracies as well as with real opponents had become a major theme in Andrew's research. It was an obsession that Gordievsky had experienced at first hand. The most dramatic period in his career as a KGB officer had occurred in the early 1980s when the Kremlin became seriously alarmed by a nonexistent Western plan for a nuclear first strike. Gordievsky was closely involved in the largest intelligence operation in Soviet history, an unprecedented worldwide collaboration between the KGB and the GRU, code-named RYAN, which sought to uncover the West's nuclear plot by such bizarre methods as monitoring the stocks in British blood banks, the number of animals killed in slaughterhouses, and the frequency of meetings between Mrs. Thatcher and the Queen.

The main problem confronting all historians who, like Andrew, had tried to research the history of KGB foreign operations had been the total inaccessibility, even in the Gorbachev era, of the records of its foreign intelligence arm, the First Chief Directorate (FCD). Gordievsky's access to many of these records over a period of twenty-three years offered a way around that apparently insuperable problem. As Andrew discovered at their first meeting, Gordievsky had long had a deep interest in KGB history as well as in its current operations. In 1980 he had been responsible for preparing the sections of a highly classified in-house history of the First Chief Directorate, dealing with KGB operations in Britain, Ireland, Scandinavia, and Australasia. He had found the research more interesting than the writing. There were many things that it was politically impossible to say about foreign intelligence operations even in a classified KGB history. No such inhibitions apply to the present volume, on which Andrew and Gordievsky began collaborating in the late summer of 1987. KGB officers will find it a good deal franker than their own in-house histories and, the authors hope, more informative.

Though this history has been written by Andrew, it is based on combined research, follows interpretations arrived at together in many detailed discussions, and represents the authors' joint conclusions. It draws on the secret archives of the KGB, on other source material in a wide variety of Western libraries and archives, and on Gordievsky's long experience of the FCD and KGB residencies abroad. After a year's training in 1962–63, Gordievsky spent nine years at the Center, the KGB's Moscow headquarters (1963–65 and 1970–72) and the Copenhagen residency (1966–70) organizing operations by KGB illegals (agents operating under false identities and not protected by diplomatic immunity). For the next thirteen years he worked in political intelligence (PR) in Copenhagen (1973–78), the Center (1978–82), and London (1982–85).

The decisive moment in Gordievsky's growing alienation from both the KGB and the Soviet system came in the summer of 1968 with the invasion of Czechoslovakia by forces of the Warsaw Pact and the crushing of the freedoms that had begun to flower in the Prague Spring. His ideas were similar to those that swept through Eastern Europe twenty years later, in the 1989 year of revolutions: the belief that the Communist one-party state leads inexorably to intolerance, inhumanity, and the destruction of liberties. Like every Soviet dissident in the Brezhnev era, however, Gordievsky had to face the dilemma of how to fight for democracy within a political system that had become expert at rendering its opponents impotent. By the time he returned for his second tour of duty in Copenhagen in 1973, he had decided that for him, as a KGB officer, the best way to carry on that fight was to work for the West. Gordievsky began to look for contacts with Western officials. After a period of mutual sounding-out, he began full-time collaboration with SIS late in 1974.

In the course of Gordievsky's work for the West, he delved as widely and as deeply into FCD records as was possible without unacceptable risk. His detailed research on KGB battle order has made possible the unprecedented lists of KGB residents in major Western capitals that appear as appendices to this volume. He also had many long discussions with senior KGB officers, diplomats, and Party officials. Gordievsky was frequently surprised at how much he learned simply by sitting in the offices of important *apparatchiks.* All had desks covered with the serried ranks of telephones that had become a much-prized Soviet status symbol.

In the early 1980s Gordievsky paid regular visits to the office of the deputy head of the FCD responsible for European intelligence operations, Viktor Fyodorovich Grushko. In order to speak to Grushko for ten minutes, Gordievsky sometimes had to spend over an hour in his office while the great man dealt with major problems of the day over several of his dozen telephones. The most senior Party leader whom Gordievsky briefed on current problems was Mikhail Sergeevich Gorbachev. During Gorbachev's first visit to Britain in December 1984, three months before becoming general secretary of the Soviet Communist Party, he was given three or four intelligence reports a day, most of them prepared by Gordievsky. Gorbachev also gave his views on some of the priorities affecting the future work of both the Soviet embassy and the KGB residency in London. He must later have reflected on the irony of being briefed for his first talks in Western Europe by an intelligence officer working for SIS.

Among the aspects of KGB history that had most interested both Andrew and Gordievsky before their collaboration began were the careers of the Cambridge moles. Cambridge University, at which Andrew teaches, has the unique though dubious distinction of having provided some of the ablest twentieth-century recruits to both the British intelligence community and its main opponent, the KGB. (Contrary to the impression given by some accounts, however, British recruits have been far more numerous.) After the release of the popular Western film *The Magnificent Seven* in 1960, the leading Cambridge recruits to the KGB became known in the Center as the "Magnificent Five." Portraits of the recruiters and the first controllers of the Cambridge moles have a place of honor in the secret "Memory Room" where the FCD commemorates its heroes.

Gordievsky followed with particular interest the career of the most successful of the Magnificent Five, Kim Philby, who defected to Moscow in January 1963 while he was in the middle of his first-year intelligence training course. When stationed in Copenhagen ten years later, Gordievsky bought a copy of a book by Patrick Seale and Maureen McConville, *Philby: The Long Road to Moscow,* and sent it to Philby via a friend in the Center, Albert Ivanovich Kozlov. Philby read it and returned it to Gordievsky with the handwritten dedication in English on the flyleaf:

> *To my dear colleague Oleg:*
> *Don't believe anything about me*
> *which you see in print!*
> *Kim Philby*

Gordievsky's view of Philby was indeed quite different from the glamorous image of the master spy that the KGB sought to popularize in print. While on leave in Moscow in 1977, Gordievsky attended Philby's first lecture at the Center, given to an audience of about three hundred. Philby spoke in English. "This year," he began, "is a very special one. Not only does it mark the sixtieth anniversary of the Great October Revolution; it also sees the fiftieth anniversary of the Soviet Football Association." There were two bursts of laughter from the audience: immediately from those who understood English, after the translation from the remainder.

Having disarmed his audience, Philby then went on to make an oblique but devastating criticism of his treatment by the KGB during the fourteen years since his defection. "In the course of my career," he said, "I have visited the headquarters of some of the world's leading intelligence services. And now, at last, after fourteen years in Moscow, I am visiting yours for the first time."

During his spasmodic meetings with Western journalists, even on the rare occasions when he criticized the KGB's neglect of his talents, Philby never revealed the full extent of his hurt. He sought to give the impression that he held senior rank in the KGB. During his last interview with Phillip Knightley a few months before his death, he confirmed a report that he already held the rank of colonel at the time of his defection. But when asked by Knightley later in the same interview whether he had since become a KGB general, he gave a more equivocal reply. "Strictly speaking," he told Knightley, "there are no military ranks in the KGB, but I do have the privileges of a general." As Philby was well aware, there *are* military ranks in the KGB (Gordievsky was a colonel at the time of his defection), and there are KGB generals.[2] But to his personal chagrin, Philby, though he led a privileged existence, never rose above the rank of "agent." When he arrived in Moscow in January 1963, he confidently expected to be given a senior post at the Center. He was dismayed to discover for the first time that Western agents, however successful, were never allowed officer rank in the KGB. They remained, like Philby, simple agents. Up to his death in 1988, Philby's code name in the Center was Agent Tom.

As Philby discovered too late, the KGB never fully trusts its Western agents. When he defected in January 1963, his closest friend in Moscow, Guy Burgess, whose bizarre lifestyle upset the KGB even more than the Foreign Office, was dying from alcoholism. Despite repeated requests to the Center, Philby was not allowed to see him before his death in August 1963. In his will Burgess left Philby his library, his winter overcoats, some furniture, and £2000. Philby himself was always closely watched when he traveled to other Soviet Bloc countries. When he visited Cuba, he was required to travel by ship to eliminate the minimal risk that he might change planes in transit.

During his early years in Moscow, Philby was able to suppress some of his disappointment as he went through the lengthy, elaborate process of debriefing, recording every detail of every intelligence officer and operation he had ever encountered, and dealing with supplementary questions. He was also encouraged to help ghostwrite the memoirs of the leading Soviet illegal in postwar Britain, Konon Molody (*alias* Gordon Lonsdale), published in the West in 1965, and to prepare his own propagandist memoirs, eventually published after long deliberation at the Center in 1969. To compensate for his lack of officer rank, he was given the consolation of a series of awards from the intelligence services of the Soviet Bloc, beginning with the Order of Lenin in 1965. This made him, he told Knightley, in effect a Soviet knight: "Of course there are different sorts of Ks, but the Order of Lenin is equivalent to one of the better ones."

By 1967, however, with his debriefing complete, Philby had fallen into a deep depression, convinced "that the KGB had no idea what my real potential was." His private life too was falling apart. After arriving in Moscow he formed a friendship with Donald Maclean, whom he had scarcely met since leaving Cambridge. That friendship ended in 1965 when Philby's third wife left him and Melinda Maclean moved in. Within a year or so that relationship too was on the rocks. Philby roamed around Russia on a series of almost suicidal drinking bouts, which sometimes left him oblivious of where he was, uncertain whether it was night or day. Unlike Donald Maclean, who eventually drank himself to death (though much more slowly than Burgess), Philby was rescued from alcoholic oblivion by Rufa, "the woman I had been waiting for all my life." They were married in 1971.

Contacts with Philby merely confirmed Gordievsky in his decision during the early 1970s to begin working for the West. Philby tried desperately to persuade himself, as he looked over Moscow from the windows of his flat, that he could, as he claimed in his memoirs, "see the solid foundations of the future I glimpsed at Cambridge."[3] To Gordievsky it seemed, on the contrary, that the gulf between the myth image of the Soviet just society that had inspired Philby when he graduated from the university and the somber, stagnant reality of

Brezhnev's Russia was unbridgeable. There were moments when Philby himself seemed to recognize the immensity of the gulf. When he criticized failings of the Soviet system, KGB officers would commonly reply: "I'm not responsible," thus provoking the retort from Philby: "You're not responsible? Every Soviet citizen says he's not responsible. The truth is you're all responsible!"

Though the Center sought to popularize Philby's career in the West, it did not welcome the public exposure of Anthony Blunt, the fourth member of the Magnificent Five, in 1979. During the 1980s it watched in bemusement the highly publicized hunt by the British media for the Fifth Man along a series of false trails. Imaginary moles, as well as genuine Soviet agents, multiplied alarmingly in a series of bestselling books. Among those mistakenly accused were Frank Birch, Sefton Delmer, Andrew Gow, Sir Roger Hollis, Guy Liddell, Graham Mitchell, and Arthur Pigou, all deceased; Sir Rudolf Peierls who, despite claims that he too was dead, turned out to be alive and sued successfully for libel; Lord Rothschild, the victim until his death in 1990 of innuendo rather than open accusation, in case he also sued; and Dr. Wilfred Mann, who did not sue but published a convincing explanation of his innocence. By the end of the 1980s, the hunt for the Fifth Man had begun to resemble Monty Python's quest for the Holy Grail.[4]

Had the KGB been less addicted to conspiracy theory, it might have welcomed the confusion generated by the media mole hunt and the damage done by it to the reputation of MI5, which became the butt of numerous jokes suggesting that it was an outstation of the KGB. Instead, there were frequent suggestions in the Center that the whole mole hunt was some sinister British plot. Gordievsky had just moved to the British desk in the Third Department in 1981 when Chapman Pincher's sensational allegation that Sir Roger Hollis, director-general of MI5 from 1956 to 1965, was a Soviet mole burst onto the front pages of the British press.[5]

Gordievsky had already researched the history of Soviet penetration of Britain while working on the 1980 FCD official history. After the accusations against Hollis, however, he spent hours discussing the case with Ivan Aleksandrovich Shishkin, head of Faculty Number Two (Counterintelligence) at the FCD training school, the Andropov Institute. Shishkin was one of the FCD's leading British specialists and had served in London as deputy resident and head of the KR (counterintelligence) line in London from 1966 to 1970. He was adamant that there was not a word of truth in the allegations against Hollis. One of Gordievsky's friends in the Center, Albert Kozlov, section chief in the Third Department, had also investigated the Hollis case. He too dismissed it as absurd.

In 1984 the Hollis story once again hit British headlines after the charges against him were repeated in a television interview by Peter Wright, a retired MI5 officer with a penchant for conspiracy theory, who had been the main source for Chapman Pincher's allegations three years earlier. At the time Gordievsky was on leave in Moscow in the middle of his London posting. He read a KGB telegram about Wright's allegations when visiting the head of the British desk, Igor Viktorovich Titov, formerly in charge of the PR line (Political Intelligence) in London and deputy resident there until his expulsion in the previous year. "The story is ridiculous," Titov told him. "There's some mysterious, internal British intrigue at the bottom of all this." Dmitri Andreevich Svetanko, consultant and a former deputy head of the FCD Third Department, agreed.

Gordievsky found it deeply ironic that British media interest in an imaginary Soviet mole should reach its peak at the very moment when the level of real KGB penetration in Britain was lower than for over half a century. The London residency files indicated that the KGB had had no source inside either MI5 or SIS since the arrest of George Blake in 1961. It seems never to have occurred to Peter Wright that one of the reasons why the government dismissed the charges against Hollis with such confidence was that SIS had its own well-placed source inside the KGB.

Gordievsky's career as an intelligence officer reached an astonishing climax in 1985. He had completed eleven years as an SIS penetration agent. And yet at the same time his reputation in Moscow Center had never stood higher. As head of the PR line and deputy resident in London since 1983, his political reporting had won high praise. The briefings he provided during Gorbachev's visit in December 1984 set the seal on his success in London. In January 1985 he was summoned to the Center and told that he had been appointed London resident to take over when the acting resident, Leonid Yefremovich Nikitenko, returned to Moscow in May. During his visit to the Center, Gordievsky was initiated into the resident's personal ciphers needed for top-secret communications with Moscow.

On Friday, May 17, 1985, Gordievsky received a telegram in London, summoning him back to Moscow to be officially confirmed as a London resident. But for his ability to surmount the crisis that followed, Gordievsky would not have survived, and this book could not have been written. On the face of it, despite the short notice, there was nothing suspicious about the telegram. It informed Gordievsky that he was to have discussions with Viktor Mikhailovich Chebrikov, chairman of the KGB and member of the Politburo, and with General Vladimir Aleksandrovich Kryuchkov, long-serving head of the First Chief Directorate, who was to succeed Chebrikov as chairman in 1988.

Viktor Ivanovich Popov, the irascible Soviet ambassador in London, was clearly impressed. On reading the telegram, Popov was all smiles. Despite earlier clashes with Gordievsky, he gave him avuncular advice on how to handle the important meetings that awaited him in Moscow. Gordievsky's sixth sense as an intelligence officer, however, told him that something was wrong. As he read the telegram, he felt a cold sweat in his palms, and his vision briefly clouded over. Soon after his talk with Popov a second telegram arrived briefing Gordievsky on the subjects Chebrikov and Kryuchkov would want to discuss with him. Gordievsky had the sense of a carefully baited trap awaiting him in Moscow. He told himself that the stress of his double life must be making him oversuspicious. Professional pride as a dedicated British penetration agent in the KGB persuaded him to suppress his doubts and return to Moscow.

Saturday, May 18, was one of the most hectic days in Gordievsky's three years at the London residency. As well as making arrangements for his departure and preparing briefings for Chebrikov and Kryuchkov, he had to deliver £5,000 to a KGB illegal. A residency technician had constructed an imitation brick with a hollow center just big enough to contain a plastic packet stuffed with 250 £20 notes. Gordievsky placed the brick in a plastic carrier bag and took his two small daughters, Maria and Anna, to play in Coram's Fields in Bloomsbury, near the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children. While playing with the girls, Gordievsky dropped the brick on a grassy verge between a path and a fence on the northern edge of the park.

On Sunday morning, May 19, Gordievsky was picked up from his apartment in Kensington High Street by a Soviet embassy Ford Granada and driven to Heathrow to catch the Aeroflot flight to Moscow. Since the trip was supposed to be a short one, his family stayed in London. At Moscow's Sheremetyevo Airport he had his first clear indication that something was wrong. The KGB immigration officer took some time checking his diplomatic passport, then in Gordievsky's presence made a telephone call to report his arrival. It also seemed mildly ominous that there was no KGB car to meet him, though he later discovered that a car had been sent but had gone to the wrong terminal. Gordievsky took a taxi instead. The driver already had two other passengers, who turned out to be West German diplomats returning to their Moscow flat. When Gordievsky identified himself as a Soviet diplomat, the West Germans became visibly agitated, apparently fearing some sort of trap, and asked to be driven straight to their embassy. Gordievsky wondered whether the KGB watchers outside the embassy would find it suspicious that he was in a taxi with two West German diplomats.

When he got back to his apartment at 109 Leninsky Prospekt, he knew even before opening the door that it had been searched. He and his wife Leila used only two of the three locks on the door. This time he found all three locked. "Typical," thought Gordievsky. KGB housebreakers were technically highly proficient but notoriously heavy drinkers and given to lapses in concentration. A first inspection revealed no sign of disturbance. On a second look around the bathroom, however, he found a small hole in the cellophane covering an unopened box of tissues, where a probe had been inserted. Gordievsky knew that the search of the apartment would have uncovered no clues except a pile of books purchased in the West (including virtually the complete works of Solzhenitsyn) and hidden beneath his bed; though still officially seditious, they were of the kind purchased unofficially by many Soviet diplomats. Before going to bed, he called the head of the Third Department in the First Chief Directorate, Nikolai Petrovich Gribin, to announce his return. Gribin said little, but his tone of voice seemed cooler than usual.

Next morning, Monday, May 20, a junior KGB officer, Vladimir Chernov, who had been expelled from Britain two years earlier, arrived at the apartment in his Lada to drive Gordievsky to the First Chief Directorate building at Yasenevo, near the Moscow ring road. Gordievsky was given a vacant room in the Third Department. When he asked about the promised meetings with Chebrikov and Kryuchkov, he was told to wait. "You'll be informed when they're ready to see you." For a week nothing happened. Gordievsky waited each day until about 8 P.M. for a telephone call to fix the meetings but was given only a series of excuses. Kryuchkov, he was told, had a very busy week with a series of conferences at KGB headquarters and at the Central Committee; Chebrikov could not see him until he had first met Kryuchkov.

Gordievsky filled in the time improving his briefs on Britain and KGB operations, and checking statistics on the British economy and armed forces.

Gribin tried to persuade Gordievsky to spend the weekend with him and his wife at a KGB dacha. To Gribin's visible irritation Gordievsky insisted on staying in his Moscow apartment instead so that he could see his mother and sister. Most of the weekend conversation was about his family in London. Maria was in her first year at the Church of England primary school in Kensington High Street, and Gordievsky was proud of her English. He told his mother and sister how she had come home one day and recited, in perfect English, the Lord's Prayer.

Gordievsky's second week back in Moscow was more eventful than the first. At about noon on Monday, May 27, he received a phone call in his room at the Third Department from General Grushko, deputy head of the First Chief Directorate, to tell him he was being summoned to an important meeting to discuss a new strategy for Soviet penetration of Britain with high-level agents. They were driven in Grushko's black Volga limousine to a KGB dacha a few miles away, where a sandwich lunch was waiting for them. "What about a drink?" asked Grushko. Gordievsky hesitated for a moment, remembering Gorbachev's anti-alcohol campaign. But since Grushko seemed to expect it, he accepted. A servant produced a half-liter bottle of Armenian brandy and poured them a glass each.

To Gordievsky's surprise, Grushko began asking questions about his family. In the middle of the sandwiches, they were joined by General Golubev and Colonel Budanov of Directorate K (Counterintelligence), whose responsibilities included the investigation of internal leaks. A second bottle of Armenian brandy was produced, and Gordievsky's glass filled from it. Almost immediately, he realized that he had been drugged. "I felt," he recalls, "that I was a different man." He began talking quickly and garrulously, conscious that one part of his mind was urging him not to lose control while another part told him the effort might be beyond him. As his head spun, he noticed Grushko leave the room while Golubev and Budanov began to fire questions at him.

Gordievsky was asked for his assessment of previous Soviet defectors, in particular about a French mole, code-named Farewell by the French, in the FCD Directorate T (responsible for scientific and technological espionage), who had been executed two years earlier. Then the questioning became more personal. "How could you listen to your daughter saying the Lord's Prayer?" he was suddenly asked. "I know I'm drugged and finding it hard to think straight," Gordievsky told himself, "but that means they listened in on my conversation with my mother and sister on the weekend. So my flat must be bugged." Next, Gordievsky was challenged about the works of Solzhenitsyn and Western publications beneath his bed. "How could you bring those anti-Soviet books over the border?" he was asked.

The next stage of the interrogation was much more aggressive. Gordievsky was directly accused of working for the British. He was given the name of a British diplomat. "That's the man who recruited you, isn't it?" demanded Golubev. "You saw your British friends before you returned to Moscow, didn't you?" Then Gordievsky was left by himself. Some time later Golubev returned. "Confess now!" he told Gordievsky. "Don't you remember? You confessed a moment ago. Confess again!" Gordievsky felt his head reeling, and heard himself as if from a distance, denying that he had any confession to make. "No, I didn't," he repeated mechanically. "No, I didn't." He remembered nothing more until he woke up next morning with a splitting headache in one of the dacha bedrooms.

Two dacha servants, one male, one female, were ready with coffee. Gordievsky drank cup after cup, but the headache remained. As he began to recall the events of the previous day his first thought was: "I'm done for. There's no way out." Gradually, however, a glimmer of hope returned. At about 9:30 A.M. Golubev and Budanov arrived at the dacha, acting as if the interrogation on the previous day had been simply an after-dinner conversation. Golubev soon departed but Budanov remained.

Though Gordievsky remembers Budanov as one of the most sinister KGB officers he ever met, his first questions seemed relatively harmless. At some point in his career Budanov had evidently been stationed in Britain. "What parts of England have you visited?" he asked. Gordievsky replied that because of the usual restrictions on Soviet diplomats (or KGB officers posing as diplomats) traveling outside London, his trips had been largely confined to party conferences in Blackpool, Brighton, and Harrogate. "Harrogate?" said Budanov. "Never heard of it." Then his tone changed. "You were arrogant and overconfident last night," he said. Gordievsky apologized. Budanov continued: "You also told us that we are recreating the atmosphere of the purges, renewing the witch hunt and spy mania of 1937. That is not true. In time I shall prove to you that you are wrong. A car will come shortly to drive you home."

Back in his apartment, Gordievsky telephoned Grushko. "I'm sorry I'm not well enough to come into the department today," he began. Grushko accepted his excuse. "I'm also sorry if I said anything out of turn yesterday," he continued, "but those two men who came along were very strange." "On the contrary," replied Grushko, "they're very nice people." The phrase sounded stilted but, Gordievsky reflected, Grushko knew that their conversation was being recorded. Gordievsky spent the rest of Tuesday and the whole of Wednesday recovering at home and, in his own words, "thinking, thinking, thinking." By Wednesday evening, his depression had lifted slightly. The events of the last two days and his success so far in resisting the charges against him suggested that he might be given a breathing space before sentence of death was passed on him. "Maybe, after all," he thought, "I can find some way out." A generation earlier he would simply have been liquidated. Nowadays the KGB had to have evidence.

On Thursday, May 30, Gordievsky returned to his room in the Third Department. Soon he was summoned to Grushko's office, where he found Grushko flanked by Golubev and a glum-looking Gribin, Gordievsky's department head. Grushko told him:

> Yesterday we discussed your case almost all day with Comrade Kryuchkov. You know that you've been deceiving us for a long time. That's why your mission in Great Britain will be terminated. Your family is returning to Moscow immediately. But we've decided you can continue to work in the KGB, though probably not in the First Chief Directorate. What's your reaction to that?

Gordievsky had no doubt that the proposal was simply a ruse intended to give him just enough rope to hang himself. He was under suspended sentence of death but, since the interrogation in the dacha had been a failure, was being put under surveillance and given a period at liberty in which it was hoped he would be detected trying to contact British intelligence or would provide other compromising evidence. With the advantage of hindsight, he saw that the emphasis put by General Golubev on trivia such as Maria's Lord's Prayer and the books beneath his bed seemed to show that the case against him rested so far chiefly on circumstantial evidence.

Since his only chance of survival was to play for time, Gordievsky decided to show himself as cooperative as possible. He apologized for falling asleep during his questioning in the dacha. "I think," he said, disingenuously, "that there must have been something wrong with the food." General Golubev, whose sense of the absurd was defective even by the standards of the KGB, indignantly disagreed. He defended the quality of the dacha lunch sandwich by sandwich. "The ham was good," he maintained. "The salmon roe was also very good. So was the cheese." Gordievsky did not challenge Golubev's eulogy of the sandwiches. "As for accusations about my work," he continued, "I don't know what you're talking about. But if you decide my work in the First Chief Directorate is to be terminated, I'll take it like an officer and a gentleman." In retrospect, he found his use of that final phrase, like Golubev's defense of the sandwiches, a mildly comic interlude in a desperate struggle for survival.

General Grushko seemed relieved by Gordievsky's response and glad to avoid the embarrassment of either an open admission or a vigorous denial of treason in his office. "Thank you, thank you," he told Gordievsky and shook his hand. He did, however, instruct Gordievsky to deliver the "anti-Soviet books" beneath his bed to the First Chief Directorate library. Had Gordievsky been brought to trial, they would no doubt have been featured as an exhibit. Gribin, the Third Department chief who a few months before had been full of praise for Gordievsky's work, avoided shaking his hand. "I don't know what to suggest," he said. "Just take it in a philosophical way." After his escape to England, Gordievsky thought of calling Gribin to tell him, "I took your advice. I took it in a philosophical way."

Gordievsky was given leave until August 3. He calculated that the cat-and-mouse game would continue at least until the end of his leave. He spent a bittersweet fortnight during June with Leila, Maria, and Anna in their Moscow apartment, his enjoyment of family life made more intense by knowledge of the separation that would follow. The rest of the family planned to leave for Leila's father's dacha in Transcaucasia on June 20. Gordievsky longed to go with them. But, knowing that he would need time to organize his escape, he accepted instead a place that was offered him in a KGB "sanatorium" (a kind of holiday hotel) at Semyonovskoye, once the location of Stalin's second dacha, a hundred kilometers south of Moscow. Shortly before he left, a former colleague from the same block of apartments, Boris Bocharov, asked him: "What happened in London, old chap? We had to recall all the illegals. Our operations are ruined. I heard a rumor that your deputy has defected." Next time he met Gordievsky, Bocharov had clearly been warned and avoided speaking to him.

Gordievsky spent his time at the KGB sanatorium taking gentle exercise, reading, and planning his escape. Most guests at the sanatorium had to share their rooms. By accident or design, Gordievsky's roommate was a KGB border guard. The surveillance carried out by local KGB personnel was a good deal less sophisticated than in the capital. Whenever Gordievsky went jogging, he noticed the same watchers pretending to urinate into the same bushes and using other conspicuous forms of concealment. He privately nicknamed one local KGB man with an apparently inexhaustible bladder Inspector Clouseau. In the sanatorium library Gordievsky studied what maps and guides he could of the frontier region that he planned to cross, but he did so standing at the shelves in order not to attract attention by taking them to read in his room. He made a point of borrowing books entirely unrelated to his escape plans. The last KGB officer to speak to him before he left the sanatorium asked him what on earth he was doing reading a book on the Russo-Turkish War of 1877–78. Gordievsky replied that he was filling gaps in his historical knowledge. Since his escape that book will have been searched in vain for clues by Moscow Center.

Gordievsky's family's departure for the Transcaucasus was unexpectedly postponed until June 30, and his children were able to visit him for a day. It was the last time he saw Maria and Anna. When the day came to an end and he put them on the train back to Moscow, he hugged them for so long that he only just managed to squeeze through the train's sliding doors as it left the station.

Twice during his stay in the sanatorium Gordievsky found pretexts to visit Moscow in order to contact SIS. He covered the ten miles to the nearest station on foot, using the long walk to plan the even longer walk on the frontier that would be part of his escape route. Remarkably, his contacts with SIS in Moscow seem to have gone unobserved by the KGB. On the first of his visits he saw his wife for the last time before his escape (Maria and Anna were spending the day in his mother's dacha near Moscow). He said goodbye to Leila in a Moscow supermarket, where they went shopping before Gordievsky caught the train back to the sanatorium. It was one of the most poignant moments in Gordievsky's life. What made it almost unbearable was that Leila could not know the significance it held for them both.

She kissed him briefly on the lips. Gordievsky tried to smile. He found himself saying softly, "That might have been a bit more tender." Gordievsky has remembered those words many times since his escape. So, no doubt, has Leila. The hardest part of the preparations for his escape was his inability to take his family into his confidence, and the knowledge that his escape might be followed by several years of separation. The alternative to separation, however, was a few more weeks of freedom followed by execution as a traitor and even greater heartbreak for his family.

On Wednesday, July 10, Gordievsky returned from the KGB sanatorium to his Moscow apartment. During the fortnight or so before his escape to the West he laid a series of false trails intended to confuse KGB surveillance, arranging several meetings with his friends and relatives for the week following his intended departure from Moscow. He also spent a good deal of time working on his unreliable Lada car to prepare it for a compulsory technical inspection. Gordievsky's watchers were used to seeing him leave his apartment on Leninsky Prospekt to go jogging and did not usually follow him on his runs. At 4 P.M. on Friday, July 19, he went jogging, wearing his usual old trousers and a sweatshirt, and carrying a plastic bag whose contents must later have caused intense speculation at the Center. Gordievsky never returned from his run. A few days later, after a complicated journey, he crossed the Soviet frontier. Since others may have to leave the Soviet Union by the same route, he is unwilling to identify it.

Gordievsky compares his sensation on reaching safety in the West to the moment in *The Wizard of Oz* when the film changes from black-and-white to Technicolor. Against all the odds, he had escaped certain execution by the KGB. For the first time in Soviet history, a KGB officer already identified as a Western mole had escaped across the Russian border. But even as Gordievsky was being congratulated by his friends, his first thoughts were for the family he had had to leave behind. The KGB still takes hostages. As this book goes to press, Leila, Maria, and Anna are among them. They are remembered in the authors' dedication.

1

Tsarist Origins (1565–1917)

Russia's first political police, the distant ancestor of today's KGB, was the Oprichnina, founded in 1565 by Ivan the Terrible, the first Grand Duke of Muscovy to be crowned Tsar. The six thousand Oprichniki dressed in black, rode on black horses, and carried on their saddles the emblems of a dog's head and a broom, symbolizing their mission to sniff out and sweep away treason. As in Stalin's Russia, most of the treason that they swept away existed only in the minds of the Oprichniki and their ruler. Their victims included whole cities, chief among them Novgorod, most of whose inhabitants were massacred in a five-week orgy of cruelty in 1570. Ivan himself oscillated between periods of barbarous sadism and periods of prayer and repentance. After a seven-year reign of terror, the Oprichnina was abolished in 1572. Almost four centuries later the victims of Stalin's NKVD sometimes called their persecutors Oprichniki behind their backs. Stalin praised the "progressive role" of the Oprichnina in centralizing state power and reducing the power of the boyar aristocracy, but criticized Ivan for wasting time at prayer that could have been better spent liquidating more boyars.[1]

The next powerful organization founded to deal with political crime was Peter the Great's Preobrazhensky Prikaz, set up so surreptitiously at the end of the seventeenth century that the exact date of its foundation still remains a mystery. Like the Oprichnina, the Preobrazhensky Prikaz foreshadowed, on a smaller scale, the climate of fear and denunciation engendered by Stalin's Terror. Those who perished in its cellars and torture chambers ranged from nobles who had tried to evade state service to insignificant drunks who had dared to make jokes about the Tsar.[2] Peter is chiefly remembered today both inside and outside the Soviet Union as the modernizer of the Russian state, whose new capital of St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) was intended "to open a window onto Europe." But he was also a ruler of fearsome cruelty. His son and heir, the Tsarevich Aleksei, who fled abroad, was lured back to Russia and tortured to death.

Like Ivan's Oprichnina, Peter's Preobrazhensky Prikaz did not survive its creator. Though political persecution continued intermittently, there was no further attempt to found a specialized political police until after the unsuccessful Decembrist Rising of 1825, a century after Peter's death. The Decembrists were Russia's first revolutionary movement. Unlike earlier rebels, they aimed not simply at replacing the Tsar but at creating a new political system—either a republic or a constitutional monarchy—in which serfdom would be abolished. In 1826, in order to forestall further risings, Tsar Nicholas I (1825–55) established the Third Section of his Imperial Chancellery as his political police.[3]

Both Nicholas and the Third Section's first head, Count Benckendorff, sought to distance themselves from the brutal precedents of the Oprichnina and Preobrazhensky Prikaz. The incongruous symbol of the Third Section was a handkerchief allegedly presented by the Tsar and preserved in a glass case in its archives. According to a pious but plausible tradition, Nicholas told Benckendorff, "Here is your whole directive. The more tears you wipe away with this handkerchief, the more faithfully will you serve my aims." This eccentric metaphor suited both the Tsar's grandiloquent self-image as "father-commander" of his people and the Third Section's view of itself as the "moral physician" of the nation. But the major preoccupation of the Third Section was what the KGB later called "ideological subversion": political dissent in all its forms. Like the KGB today, in order to keep track of dissent, it believed it necessary to monitor public opinion. Benckendorff prepared annual Surveys of Public Opinion, later entitled "The Moral and Political Situation in Russia." "Public opinion," declared the 1827 survey, "is for the government what a topographical map is for an army command in time of war."

In addition to employing a large network of informers, the head of the Third Section also had under him a Corps of Gendarmes, several thousand strong, charged with safeguarding state security and immediately recognizable by their blue tunics and white gloves. Yet, by KGB standards, the Third Section was a small organization. Its headquarters *apparat* grew slowly from sixteen at its founding to forty by Nicholas I's death in 1855. The Third Section's heads lacked the personal brutality of earlier political police chiefs. Alexander Herzen, the leading political dissident of the post-Decembrist generation, was "ready to believe . . . that Benckendorff did not do all the harm he might have done as head of that terrible police, being outside the law and above the law, which had the right to interfere in everything. . . . But he did no good either; he had not enough will-power, energy or heart for that." When summoned into Benckendorff's presence in 1840, Herzen found his face "worn and tired," with "that deceptively good-natured expression which is often found in evasive and apathetic persons."[4] Count Aleksei Orlov, who succeeded Benckendorff after his death in 1844, was the brother of the leading Decembrist, General Mikhail Orlov. It is difficult to imagine Stalin a century later allowing any relative of Trotsky or Bukharin even to enter the NKVD, let alone to become its head.

Of the 290,000 people sentenced to Siberian exile or hard labor between 1823 and 1861, only 5 percent had been found guilty of political offenses, and many of these were not Russian dissidents but Polish patriots opposed to Russian rule. Within Russia political dissidence was still virtually confined to a disaffected section of the educated upper class. The reign of Nicholas I nonetheless institutionalized political crime. The 1845 Criminal Code laid down draconian penalties for all "persons guilty of writing and spreading written or printed works or representations intended to arouse disrespect for Sovereign Authority, or for the personal qualities of the Sovereign, or for his government." That code, writes Richard Pipes, is "to totalitarianism what the Magna Carta is to liberty." From 1845 to 1988, save for the period between the failed revolution of 1905 and the Bolshevik seizure of power in October 1917, it remained a crime to question the existing political order. The Criminal Code of 1960 punished "agitation or propaganda for the purpose of subverting or weakening Soviet authority" by prison terms of up to seven years, with up to five further years of exile. Tsarism bequeathed to Bolshevism both a political culture and a legal system in which only the state had rights.[5]

The Third Section prided itself on the fact that during 1848, the main nineteenth-century year of revolution in Western Europe, Russia remained "somnolent and at rest." The ferment in the countryside that followed the emancipation of the serfs in 1861 by Tsar Alexander II (1855–81) persuaded a generation of young upper-class Populists that the peasants were at last ripe for revolution. But the failure of the 1874 Pilgrimage to the People, in which earnest radical idealists toured the countryside striving vainly to rouse the peasants against Tsarism, turned some disillusioned Populists to terrorism. The advocates of terror argued that assassination of Tsarist notables would both demoralize the regime and demonstrate its vulnerability to the peasants in a form they could understand. The hard core of terrorists, who by 1879 had banded themselves together as the Executive Committee of the People's Will, were only about thirty strong. But in a three-year campaign of bombing and assassination from 1878 to 1881 they brought the regime close to panic, and in so doing exposed the inadequacies of the Third Section. In 1878 General Mezentsov, chief of the gendarmes and head controller of the Third Section, was stabbed to death in broad daylight in one of the main streets of St. Petersburg. His escort, Lieutenant Colonel Makarov, was so ill-prepared that he succeeded only in striking the assassin with his umbrella. The assassin escaped. After several further assassinations and attempts on the life of the Tsar, who was formally condemned to death by the People's Will, an investigation into the functioning of the Third Section revealed so many lapses in security that the Tsar "could not consider himself safe in his own residence."[6]

In August 1880 the discredited Third Section was abolished and replaced by a new Department of State Police (renamed in 1883 simply the Department of Police), responsible for all aspects of state security. Political crime was made the responsibility of a Special Department (Osobyi Otdel) within Police Headquarters and of a regional network of Security Sections (Okhrannoye Otdelenie), the first of which were set up in 1881. Henceforth the political police system became collectively known as the Okhrana. The reorganization failed, however, to save Alexander II, who was assassinated in 1881 with a crudely constructed hand grenade.

The Okhrana was unique in the Europe of its time in both the extent of its powers and the scope of its activities. Other European police forces operated under the law. The Okhrana, however, was a law unto itself. In matters of political crime it had the right to search, to imprison, and to exile on its own authority. The basic difference between Russia and the rest of Europe, wrote the liberal convert from Marxism, Peter Struve, in 1903, was "the omnipotence of the political police" on which Tsarism depended for its survival. Tsarist Russia, however, never became a full-fledged police state. By subsequent Soviet standards, the enormous powers of the Okhrana were used on only a modest scale. Even during the repression of the 1880s, only seventeen people were executed for political crimes—all actual or attempted assassinations. Among the terrorists who went to the scaffold was Alexander Ulyanov, condemned to death for his part in an unsuccessful plot to kill Alexander III on March 1, 1887, the sixth anniversary of Alexander II's assassination. Ulyanov's seventeen-year-old brother Vladimir (better known by his later alias, Lenin) is said to have sworn vengeance against the Tsarist regime. By 1901, 4,113 Russians were in internal exile for political crimes, 180 of them at hard labor.[7]

By far the most persecuted group in the Russian Empire was the Jews. Popular anti-Semitism, state-encouraged pogroms, disabling laws, and multiple forms of discrimination during the reigns of Alexander III (1881–94) and Nicholas II (1894–1917) led to the exodus of several million Russian Jews, mainly to the United States. The regime, from the Tsar downward, found the Jews a convenient scapegoat on whom to focus popular discontents. The sudden expulsion of almost thirty thousand Jews from Moscow at Passover 1891 set a precedent for Stalin's much larger-scale deportation of other ethnic minorities. Though the Okhrana did not originate state-sponsored anti-Semitism, it helped to implement it. The Okhrana official Komissarov received an official reward of 10,000 rubles for inciting anti-Jewish riots with pamphlets printed on Police Department presses.[8] The last head of the Okhrana, A. T. Vasilyev, self-righteously condemned as "base slander" "excited newspaper articles" in the West that accused the Tsarist government and the Okhrana of conniving at the pogroms. He explained in his memoirs that the "core of the evil" was the "unfortunate inaptitude of the Jews for healthy productive work":

> The government would never have had the slightest reason to adopt measures directed against the Jews had not these been rendered imperative by the necessity for protecting the Russian population, and especially the peasants. . . . There was a certain kind of oppression of the Jews in Russia, but, unfortunately, this was far from being as effective as it ought

> to have been. The Government did seek to protect the peasants from the ruthless exploitation of the Jews; but its action bore only too little fruit.[9]

State-sponsored anti-Semitism helps to explain why Marxism spread more rapidly among the Jews than among any other ethnic group in the Russian Empire. The first Marxist party with a mass following was the Jewish Bund, founded in 1897. Jews were prominent also among the founders of both the Russian Social Democratic Workers' Party, the main Marxist grouping, in 1898, and the Socialist Revolutionary Party, the successor of the Populists, in 1902. The growing Jewish presence in the revolutionary leadership further fueled the Okhrana's anti-Semitism.[10]

Despite the Jewish origins of many "Old Bolsheviks," anti-Semitism was to reemerge, usually in disguise, under Stalin. Unlike the Okhrana, the KGB has promoted no pogroms. But it remains the most anti-Semitic section of the Soviet establishment. Though the *nomenklatura* as a whole is almost closed to Jews, the Foreign Ministry and Central Committee are normally prepared to consider candidates of half-Jewish descent. The KGB is not. Behind the recurrent obsession of some KGB officers with Zionist conspiracies and "ideological subversion" lurk remnants of the anti-Semitic myths propagated by the Okhrana. In January 1985, L. P. Zamoysky, deputy head of the FCD Directorate of Intelligence Information, a man with a reputation for both intelligence and good judgment, solemnly assured the London KGB residency, in Gordievsky's presence, that the Freemasons, whose rites, he was convinced, were of Jewish origin, were part of the great Zionist conspiracy.[11]

KGB training manuals and lecture courses are understandably reluctant to acknowledge any continuities between the Okhrana and KGB in their treatment of political criminals or Jewish dissidents. Rather greater recognition is given to the Okhrana's foreign intelligence work.[12] The main priority of the Okhrana abroad was the surveillance of Russian émigrés, nowadays conducted by KR (Counterintelligence) line officers in each KGB residency. The emigration of political dissidents, which had begun with Herzen's exile in 1847, gathered pace among the Populist generation of the 1870s. By the reign of Nicholas II there were almost five thousand revolutionary émigrés preparing for the overthrow of Tsarism by methods ranging from making bombs to research in the Reading Room of the British Museum.[13]

The headquarters of the Okhrana's Foreign Agency (Zagranichnaya Agentura), set up for the surveillance of the émigrés, was located in the Russian embassy in Paris, the main émigré center.[14] According to French Sûreté records, the Foreign Agency began work in Paris, probably on a small scale, in 1882.[15] By 1884 it was fully operational, under the direction of the formidable Pyotr Rachkovsky. During the Populist era Rachkovsky had been a minor civil servant with revolutionary sympathies. In 1879 he was arrested by the Third Section and given the option of exile in Siberia or a career in the political police. Rachkovsky chose the latter and went on to become the most influential foreign intelligence officer in the history of Tsarist Russia. Unlike later KGB residents in Paris, he was also a prominent figure in Parisian high society, accumulating a fortune by speculation on the Bourse, entertaining lavishly in his villa at St. Cloud, and numbering directors of the Sûreté, ministers, and presidents among his intimates. A writer in the newspaper *Écho de Paris* said of him in 1901:

> If ever you meet him in society, I very much doubt whether you will feel the slightest misgivings about him, for nothing in his appearance reveals his sinister function. Fat, restless, always with a smile on his lips . . . he looks more like some genial, jolly fellow on a spree. . . . He has one rather noticeable weakness—that he is passionately fond of our little Parisiennes—but he is the most skillful operator to be found in the ten capitals of Europe.[16]

Rachkovsky and his successors as heads of the Foreign Agency enjoyed much the same status as the heads or deputy heads of the Okhrana in St. Petersburg, as well as considerable freedom of action. Like the Okhrana within Russia, the Foreign Agency employed both "external" surveillance (by plainclothes detectives, concierges, and others) and "internal" penetration (by police spies, some of whom had begun as genuine revolutionaries) against Russian émigrés.[17] So, far from objecting to Foreign Agency operations on French soil, the Sûreté welcomed them as a means of extending its own intelligence gathering. A Sûreté report concluded on the eve of the First World War:

> It is impossible, on any objective assessment, to deny the usefulness of having a Russian police operating in Paris,

> whether officially or not, whose purpose is to keep under surveillance the activities of Russian revolutionaries.

In order to maintain the good will of the French authorities, the Foreign Agency made a habit of exaggerating the revolutionary menace. The Sûreté put the number of Russian revolutionaries in the Paris area alone in 1914 at over forty thousand—almost ten times the real total for the whole of Western Europe.[18]

The willingness of other European police forces to cooperate with the Foreign Agency was increased by a spate of anarchist assassinations. Among the assassins' leading victims were President Carnot of France in 1894; Antonio Cánovas del Castillo, the Spanish prime minister, in 1897; the Empress Elizabeth of Austria-Hungary in 1898; King Umberto of Italy in 1900; President McKinley of the United States in 1901; and a succession of prominent Russians: N. P. Bogolepov, the minister of education in 1901; D. S. Sipyagin, minister of the interior (and thus responsible for the Okhrana), in 1902; Sipyagin's successor, V. K. Plehve, in 1904; Grand Duke Sergei Aleksandrovich, governor-general of Moscow in 1906; and P. A. Stolypin, prime minister and minister of the interior, in 1911. In 1898 an international conference of security agencies in Rome approved a resolution that "The Central Authorities responsible in each country for the surveillance of anarchists establish direct contact with one another and exchange all relevant information."[19]

From Paris the Foreign Agency ran small groups of agents who kept watch on Russian émigrés in Britain, Germany, and—from 1912—Italy. In Switzerland, an increasingly important center of the revolutionary diaspora, it had three Geneva policemen on its payroll to obtain information directly from police files and provide a check on intelligence sent by the Swiss authorities. Surveillance of émigrés in Belgium and Scandinavia was carried out by a mixture of the local police and Foreign Agency agents sent from Paris on special assignments.[20] During the few years before the First World War, however, the Foreign Agency was assailed by protests from socialist and radical deputies for its activities on French soil.

In 1913 the Russian embassy thought it prudent to announce that the agency had been discontinued. Its work was officially taken over by a private detective agency, the Agence Bint et Sambain, headed by Henri Bint, a former French employee of the Agency. In reality, the agency continued to operate, though with greater discretion than in the past. But its official, if fictional, abolition damaged its close cooperation with the Sûreté, which complained in 1914 that "the French government will no longer be able to know as precisely as in the past what dangerous foreign refugees in France are doing."[21]

The Foreign Agency did not limit itself to intelligence collection. It also pioneered a wide variety of what the KGB later called "active measures," designed to influence foreign governments and public opinion, and "special actions" involving various forms of violence. In 1886 Rachkovsky's agents blew up the People's Will printing shop in Geneva, successfully making the explosion look like the work of disaffected revolutionaries. In 1890 Rachkovsky "unmasked" a bomb-making conspiracy by Russian émigrés in Paris. At a sensational trial some of the plotters were sentenced to imprisonment (one named Landezen, who had fled abroad, in absentia) and others exiled. The Okhrana then arrested sixty-three revolutionaries in Russia who were alleged to have links with the Paris bomb makers. In reality the plot had been inspired, on Rachkovsky's instructions, by Landezen, who was an agent provocateur of the Foreign Agency and provided the money for the bomb factory from agency funds.[22]

During his eighteen years in Paris (1884–1902) Rachkovsky managed to cover the tracks of his involvement in this and other cases of alleged émigré bomb factories and bombings. Raytayev, his successor as head of the Foreign Agency (1903–1905), was less fortunate. He was recalled to Russia after the Sûreté had discovered his involvement in an unsuccessful bomb attack in Paris against Prince Trubetskoi and the bombing of a French protest meeting against Tsarist repression of the 1905 revolution, during which two *gardes républicains* were wounded. In 1909, a revolutionary journalist named Vladimir Burtsev at last revealed Rachkovsky's role in the 1890 bomb-making conspiracy. He also alleged that the agent provocateur Landezen, who had escaped in 1890, was none other than the current Foreign Agency chief in Paris, Harting. The Sûreté concluded that Harting's "precipitate flight and disappearance" tended to prove the truth of Burtsev's revelations. Curiously, the Sûreté seemed little concerned about such episodes. The intelligence provided by the agency was, in its view, "*des plus précieux,*" and clearly outweighed the crimes of its agents provocateurs.[23]

Rachkovsky specialized in forgery as well as the use of agents provocateurs. There is a strong probability that he was responsible for the fabrication of the famous anti-Semitic forgery *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion,* which purported to describe a Jewish plot for world domination. The *Protocols* had limited influence before the First World War. For a time Nicholas II believed they provided the key to an understanding of the 1905 revolution but was then persuaded that they were a forgery and complained that they "polluted the pure cause of anti-Semitism." Between the wars, however, the *Protocols* reemerged as one of the central texts in Nazi and fascist anti-Semitism, becoming perhaps the most influential forgery of the twentieth century.[24]

Rachkovsky's role was not limited to intelligence collection and "active measures." He also sought to influence Russian foreign policy. Rachkovsky arrived in Paris in 1884 as a committed advocate of an alliance with France, diplomatically isolated since her defeat in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71. He was regularly used as secret intermediary in negotiations both for the Franco-Russian Dual Alliance in 1891–94 and for its modification in 1899. Among Rachkovsky's closest contacts in Paris was Théophile Delcassé, who became from 1898 to 1905 the longest-serving foreign minister in the seventy-year history of the French Third Republic. In arranging his own visit to St. Petersburg to modify the terms of the Dual Alliance in 1899, the Tsar's state visit to France in 1901, and President Loubet's return visit to Russia in 1902, Delcassé bypassed the French ambassador, the Marquis de Montebello, and worked instead through Rachkovsky. The Russian foreign minister, Count Muraviev, informed the unfortunate Montebello, "We have the fullest confidence in Monsieur Rachkovsky and he appears to have gained that of the French government." Rachkovsky eventually overreached himself and was recalled from Paris in 1902. What led to his downfall, however, was not his increasing intrusion into Franco-Russian diplomacy but the outrage of the Tsarina at his incautious revelation that a French "doctor" employed by her was an unqualified charlatan.[25]

The most important contribution by the Okhrana to the making of Tsarist foreign policy was its pioneering role in the development of sigint—the signals intelligence derived from intercepting and where possible decrypting other governments' communications. Like most major powers of the *ancien régime,* eighteenth-century Russia had possessed *cabinets noirs,* or "black chambers," which secretly intercepted both private and diplomatic correspondence. In Western Europe the development of the *cabinets noirs* was disrupted in varying degrees during the nineteenth century by public and parliamentary protests at interference with the mail service. In Britain, for example, the Decyphering Branch was abolished in 1844 after a Commons row over the opening of the correspondence of the exiled Italian nationalist Giuseppe Mazzini. British sigint did not resume until the First World War.[26] In autocratic Russia, however, the development of sigint was undisturbed by parliamentary protests. The Okhrana had black chambers working for it in the post offices of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, Odessa, Kiev, Kharkov, Riga, Vilna, Tomsk, and Tiflis. The last head of the Okhrana, A. T. Vasilyev, virtuously insisted that their work was directed only against subversives and criminals: "The right-minded citizen certainly never had any reason to fear the censorship, for private business was, on principle, completely ignored."[27] In reality, as under the *ancien régime,* letter opening was a source of gossip as well as of intelligence. The coded correspondence of the Archbishop of Irkutsk disclosed, when decrypted, that he was having an affair with an abbess.[28]

The Okhrana's chief cryptanalyst, Ivan Zybin, was a code breaker of genius. According to the Okhrana chief in Moscow, P. Zavarzin, "He was a fanatic, not to say a maniac, for his work. Simple ciphers he cleared up at a glance, but complicated ciphers placed him in a state almost of trance from which he did not emerge until the problem was resolved." The original priority of the Okhrana's cryptanalysts was the coded correspondence of revolutionaries inside and outside Russia, but the Okhrana extended its operations to include the diplomatic telegrams sent and received by St. Petersburg embassies. Intercepted diplomatic dispatches had been an irregular source of foreign intelligence ever since the 1740s. In 1800 the foreign minister N. P. Panin wrote to his ambassador in Berlin:

> We possess the ciphers of the correspondence of the King [of Prussia] with his chargé d'affaires here: should you suspect Haugwitz [the Prussian foreign minister] of bad faith, it is only necessary to find some pretext to get him to write here on the subject in question. As soon as his or his King's despatch is deciphered, I will not fail to apprise you of its content.[29]

During the early nineteenth century, the increasing use of couriers rather than the mails for diplomatic traffic steadily reduced the number of dispatches intercepted by *cabinets noirs.* The growing use of the electric telegraph in the latter part of the century, however, greatly simplified both the transmission and interception of diplomatic communications. In France, diplomatic traffic at the end of the century was decrypted in *cabinets noirs* at both the foreign ministry and the Sûreté.[30] Similarly, in Russia diplomatic cryptanalysis was shared between the Okhrana and a *cabinet noir* in the foreign ministry. Under Aleksandr Savinsky, head of the foreign ministry's *cabinet noir* from 1901 to 1910, its status was enhanced and its organization improved.[31] The Okhrana, however, probably remained the dominant partner in the cryptanalytic cooperation with the foreign ministry.

The breaking of high-grade code and cipher systems usually depends not simply on the skill of code breakers but also on assistance from espionage. The Okhrana became the first modern intelligence service to make one of its major priorities the theft of embassy codes and ciphers as well as plain-text versions of diplomatic telegrams, which could be compared with the coded originals. In so doing it set an important precedent for the KGB. As British ambassador in St. Petersburg from 1904 to 1906, Sir Charles Hardinge discovered that the head Chancery servant had been offered the then enormous sum of £1,000 to steal a copy of one of the diplomatic ciphers.[32] In June 1904 Hardinge reported to the Foreign Office what he termed "a disagreeable shock." A prominent Russian politician had said he "did not mind how much I reported in writing what he told me in conversation, but he begged me on no account to telegraph as all our telegrams are known!"[33] Hardinge discovered three months later that Rachkovsky had set up a secret department in the ministry of the interior (which was responsible for the Okhrana), "with a view to obtaining access to the archives of the foreign missions in St. Petersburg."[34]

Efforts to improve the British embassy's rather primitive security were unavailing. Cecil Spring Rice, the embassy secretary, reported in February 1906: "For some time past papers have been abstracted from this Embassy. . . . The porter and other persons in connection with the Embassy are in the pay of the Police department and are also paid on delivery of papers." Spring Rice claimed to have "established" that the operation against the British embassy was run by Komissarov, the Okhrana official who had recently received an award for his successes in promoting anti-Semitic propaganda. On Komissarov's instructions, "Emissaries of the police are constantly waiting in the evening outside the Embassy in order to take charge of the papers procured." Despite the installation of a new embassy safe, the fitting of padlocks to the filing cabinets, and instructions to diplomatic staff not to let the Chancery keys out of their possession, the theft of papers continued. Two months later Spring Rice obtained proof "that access has been obtained to the archives of the Embassy, which have been taken off to the house of the Agent Komissarov, where they have been photographed." The probable culprit was a bribed embassy servant who had taken wax impressions of the padlocks to the filing cabinets, and had then been provided with duplicate keys by the Okhrana. The American, Swedish, and Belgian embassies all reported similar experiences.[35]

By the turn of the century, if not before, the diplomatic intelligence derived from sigint and stolen embassy documents was having an important (though still almost unresearched) influence on Tsarist foreign policy.[36] From 1898 to 1901 Russia made repeated attempts to persuade Germany to sign a secret agreement on spheres of influence in the Turkish Empire that would recognize her age-old ambitions in the Bosporus. The attempts were abandoned at the end of 1901 because, as the Russian foreign minister Count Lamsdorf informed his ambassador in Berlin, decrypted German telegrams showed that the German government had no real intention of signing an agreement.[37]

Throughout the reign of Nicholas II, Russia remained the world leader in diplomatic sigint. Britain, Germany, the United States, and most minor powers had no sigint agencies at all until the First World War. Austrian sigint seems to have been limited to military communications.[38] Tsarist Russia's only serious competitor in diplomatic sigint was her ally, France. During the twenty years before the First World War the *cabinets noirs* at the Quai d'Orsay and the Sûreté had some success in breaking the diplomatic codes and ciphers of most major powers. But whereas Russia broke some French diplomatic codes and ciphers, France was unable to decrypt any Russian diplomatic traffic at all (though she did have some success with Foreign Agency codes and ciphers).

In the summer of 1905, during the closing stages of, simultaneously, the Russo-Japanese War and the Franco-German crisis over Morocco, there was a brief period of sigint cooperation between Russia and her French ally. In June 1905 the Russian ambassador, on the orders of his government, handed the French prime minister, Maurice Rouvier, a copy of a decrypted German telegram dealing with the Moroccan crisis. Rouvier considered the telegram so important that he ordered the Sûreté to pass on to the Foreign Agency all the Japanese diplomatic traffic its *cabinet noir* was able to decrypt. The telegrams sent to St. Petersburg by the acting head of the Foreign Agency, Manuilov, transmitting the Japanese decrypts, were themselves decrypted by the *cabinet noir* at the Quai d'Orsay. Unaware that the decrypts had been given to the Russians on the orders of the prime minister, the Quai d'Orsay concluded instead that there had been a serious breach of sigint security and ordered its own cryptanalysts to break off all contact with those at the Sûreté. As a result of the farcical misunderstanding generated in Paris by the brief period of Franco-Russian sigint cooperation, the *cabinets noirs* at the Quai d'Orsay and the Sûreté continued independently for the next six years to decrypt substantial amounts of diplomatic traffic—sometimes the same diplomatic traffic—without ever communicating the results to each other. There seems to have been no further exchange of sigint between Russia and France.[39]

The intermittent confusion in France's handling of sigint had one major adverse consequence for Russian cryptanalysts. Russia continued until the eve of the First World War to decrypt significant, but still unquantifiable, amounts of the diplomatic traffic of all but one of the major powers. The exception, from 1912, was Germany.[40] The changes in German diplomatic code and cipher systems that seem to have defeated Russian cryptanalysts during the two years before the outbreak of war in 1914 stemmed directly from French indiscretions during the Franco-German Agadir crisis of 1911. In the course of that crisis the French foreign minister, Justin de Selves, discovered from German telegrams decrypted by his *cabinet noir* that the prime minister, Joseph Caillaux, had negotiated with the Germans behind his back. The decrypts were used by de Selves and some of his officials to start a whispering campaign accusing Caillaux of treachery. Angered by the campaign against him, Caillaux took the extraordinary step of calling on the German chargé d'affaires and asking to see the original text of telegrams that referred to him in order to compare them with the decrypted versions. "I was wrong," he later admitted to the president of the Republic, "but I had to defend myself." The Germans, not surprisingly, introduced new diplomatic ciphers, which defeated the French as well as their Russian allies.[41]

In Russia, as in France, foreign intelligence collection and analysis suffered from interdepartmental rivalry. Military intelligence was the responsibility of the first section of the General Staff. Though intelligence about the German army before 1914 was mediocre, that about Russia's other main opponent, Austria, was excellent.[42] Military intelligence's main source, Colonel Alfred Redl, a senior Austrian intelligence officer, was probably the most important agent anywhere in Europe during the generation before the First World War. During the winter of 1901–1902, Colonel Batyushin, head of Russian military intelligence in Warsaw, discovered that, unknown either to his superiors or to his friends, Redl was a promiscuous homosexual. By a mixture of blackmail and bribery of the kind sometimes later employed by the KGB, he recruited Redl as a penetration agent. With the money given him by the Russians, Redl was able to purchase cars not merely for himself but for one of his favorite lovers as well, a young Uhlan officer, to whom he also paid 600 crowns a month. Among the voluminous intelligence he provided during the decade before his exposure and suicide in 1913 were the Austrian mobilization plans against both Russia and Serbia.[43]

Tsarist diplomats and consuls also dabbled in intelligence, occasionally collecting material of military value. But military and diplomatic intelligence were poorly coordinated, reflecting the general lack of communication between the ministries of war and foreign affairs. Despite the army's interest in humint (human intelligence), it failed to grasp the importance of sigint. The first great German victory on the Eastern Front, at Tannenberg in August 1914, owed much to the Russian forces' remarkable foolishness in sending radio messages unenciphered, in clear text. German radio operators initially began listening to enemy signals simply out of curiosity, but the German operations officer, Colonel Max Hoffmann, who became the architect of victory, quickly grasped their importance. Tannenberg became the first military victory made possible by sigint. Thanks to sigint, wrote Hoffmann later, "We knew all the Russian plans." Almost as in a war game, the Russians found themselves surrounded by an enemy who had followed their every movement.[44]

Just as the Okhrana had no monopoly on foreign intelligence collection, so it had no monopoly either on "active measures." Russia's most numerous agents of influence were foreign journalists who were bribed by the ministry of finance to support the massive foreign loans required by the Tsarist regime and the Russian economy, and to calm the anxieties of foreign investors about the safety of their investments. In much of pre-1914 Europe it was regarded as perfectly normal for governments to "subsidize" friendly foreign newspapers. A French parliamentary report in 1913, though critical of some aspects of intelligence work, described the need for such subsidies as "incontestable."[45] Russian "subsidies" were the largest in Europe.

Since France was by far the biggest foreign investor in prewar Russia, the chief target of the ministry of finance was the French press.

Artur Raffalovich, the ministry's representative in Paris, bribed every French newspaper of note with the single exception of the Socialist (later Communist) *L'Humanité.* By March 1905 the confidence of French investors had been so shaken by both the abortive Russian revolution and Russian reverses in the war against Japan that with the support of Delcassé, the French foreign minister, Raffalovich was distributing bribes to the tune of 200,000 francs a month. As usual in the case of agents of influence, it is difficult to assess the importance of the press support purchased in this way. In March 1905 even Raffalovich's largess failed to prevent French banks from breaking off negotiations for a further loan. By 1914, however, 25 percent of France's foreign investment was in Russia (four-fifths of it in government loans)—as compared with only 9 percent in the vast French Empire. Without press support, the kind of crisis of confidence that prevented the conclusion of a loan in March 1905 would surely have been more frequent.[46]

Though Tsarist Russia's foreign intelligence system was diffuse and poorly coordinated, it established a series of important precedents for the Soviet period. It engaged in a wide variety of "active measures" as well as in intelligence collection. It led the world in sigint and in the use of espionage to assist its code breakers. And in Alfred Redl it had the prototype of the more numerous foreign penetration agents (or "moles") who in the 1930s were to become the chief asset of Soviet foreign intelligence. There was, however, another Tsarist precedent that did even more than Redl to persuade Soviet intelligence services of the potential of penetration agents as a weapon against their opponents. The Bolsheviks discovered from Okhrana files after the February Revolution that almost from the moment the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party split into Bolsheviks and Mensheviks in 1903 they had been more successfully penetrated than perhaps any other revolutionary group.[47] Okhrana knowledge of Bolshevik organization and activities was so detailed and thorough that, despite the destruction of some of its records in the aftermath of the February Revolution, what survived has since become one of the major documentary sources for early Bolshevik history.

Some Okhrana files must later have been a source of embarrassment to Stalin, who, once in power, posed as the most loyal of Lenin's followers. In reality, as late as 1909, he criticized Lenin for a number of theoretical "blunders" and for an "incorrect organizational policy." A letter intercepted by the Foreign Agency in Paris in December 1910 reveals the moment when Stalin finally decided to throw in his lot with

Lenin. Lenin's line, he wrote, was "the only correct one," and he described Lenin himself as a "shrewd fellow" *(umnyi muzhik).*[48]

It is unlikely that Stalin was ever, as has been suggested, an Okhrana agent, though the Okhrana may well have tried to recruit him. The Okhrana had, however, no shortage of other agents in the Bolshevik Party. Of the five members of the Bolshevik Party's St. Petersburg Committee in 1908–1909, no fewer than four were Okhrana agents.[49] Other anti-Tsarist groups were also penetrated to varying degrees. Among those in the Social Revolutionary Party in the pay of Okhrana was the head of its "Fighting Section" from 1904 to 1909, Yevno Azev, who was responsible for organizing assassinations and terrorist attacks. Among his victims was the minister of the interior Vyacheslav von Plehve, blown to pieces by a Fighting Section bomb. Azev, however, was a confused figure who scarcely knew in the end "whether he was a terrorist spying upon the government or a police agent spying upon the terror."[50]

The most successful mole recruited by the Okhrana in 1910, from the Tsarist viewpoint, was a Moscow worker named Roman Malinovsky, who in 1912 was elected as one of the six Bolshevik deputies in the Duma, the Tsarist parliament. "For the *first* time," wrote Lenin enthusiastically, "we have an *outstanding leader* [Malinovsky] from among the workers representing us in the Duma." In a party dedicated to proletarian revolution but as yet without proletarian leaders, Lenin saw Malinovsky, whom he brought onto the Bolshevik Central Committee, as a portent of great importance: "It is really possible to build a workers' party with such people, though the difficulties will be incredibly great!" The Bolshevik and Menshevik deputies elected in 1912 sat for a year as members of a single Social Democratic group in the Duma. But when the group split in 1913 Malinovsky became chairman of the Bolshevik fraction.[51]

By 1912 Lenin was so concerned by the problem of Okhrana penetration that, on his initiative, the Bolshevik Central Committee set up a three-man "provocation commission"—one of whose members was Malinovsky. After the arrest of Stalin and his fellow member of the Central Committee, Yakov Sverdlov, in February 1913, as the result of information supplied by Malinovsky, Lenin discussed with Malinovsky what could be done to forestall further arrests. In July 1913 Lenin again discussed the problem of Okhrana penetration with Malinovsky and two of his chief lieutenants, Lev Kamenev and Grigori Zinoviev. Only Malinovsky saw the irony of their conclusion that there must be an

Okhrana agent near to the six Bolshevik deputies whose chairman he was. He was instructed to be "as conspiratorial as possible" in order to minimize the dangers of police penetration. S. P. Beletsky, the director of the Police Department, described Malinovsky as "the pride of the Okhrana."

But the strain of his double life eventually proved too much. Even Lenin, his strongest supporter, became concerned about his heavy drinking. In May 1914 the new deputy minister of the interior, V. F. Dzhunkovsky, possibly fearing the scandal that would result if Malinovsky's increasingly erratic behavior led to the revelation that the Okhrana employed him as an agent in the Duma, decided to get rid of him. Malinovsky resigned from the Duma and fled from St. Petersburg with a 6,000-ruble payoff, which the Okhrana urged him to use to start a new life abroad. Rumors rapidly spread that he had been an Okhrana agent. Yuli Martov, the Menshevik leader, wrote in June "We are all certain without the slightest doubt that he is a provocateur . . . but whether we will be able to prove it is another matter." Though accepting that Malinovsky had committed "political suicide," Lenin dismissed the charges against him.

When Malinovsky reemerged in a German prisoner-of-war camp, spreading Bolshevik propaganda among his fellow POWs, Lenin resumed correspondence with him and continued to defend him against the charge of having worked for the Okhrana. That charge, Lenin repeated in January 1917, was "absolute nonsense." When proof began to emerge from Okhrana files opened after the February Revolution, Lenin at first refused to believe it. Malinovsky's career came to a tragically bizarre end eighteen months later. In October 1918 he returned to Russia, insisting that "he could not live outside the revolution" and apparently hoping to rehabilitate himself. He was tried by a revolutionary tribunal and shot in the gardens of the Kremlin on November 6, 1918.

Malinovsky's ability to deceive Lenin for so long had much to do with Lenin's sense of guilt, like that of some other upper-class revolutionaries, at his own privileged upbringing. Malinovsky's supreme merit, in Lenin's eyes, was his lower-class origin. He was the prototype of the working-class organizers and orators who were in disappointingly short supply in Bolshevik ranks. Malinovsky's criminal record and sometimes violent habits only emphasized, in Lenin's view, his authentic working-class credentials. Lenin's initial attraction to Stalin, of which he was also later to repent, had a similar origin. Stalin's humble origins and rough manner, free from all trace of bourgeois refinement, once again triggered Lenin's feelings of guilt at his own class origins.

The penetration of the Bolshevik Party had, paradoxically, advantages as well as disadvantages for Lenin. Beletsky, the prewar police director, later admitted that "the whole purpose" of his prewar policy had been to prevent, at all costs, the unification of Russian socialism. "I worked," he said, "on the principle of divide and rule." The man most likely to keep Russian Socialists divided was Lenin. Though many Bolsheviks hoped for reunion with the Mensheviks, Lenin stood out resolutely against it. Beletsky actually smoothed Lenin's path on a number of occasions by conveniently arresting both his more difficult Menshevik opponents and those Bolsheviks most anxious for the reunification of the Russian Social Democratic Labour Party.

But whereas the Okhrana was convinced that a disunited party would necessarily mean a weaker socialist movement, Lenin believed that, on the contrary, the existence of a separate Bolshevik Party was the key to victory. Only a disciplined, doctrinally pure, "monolithic" élite of hardened revolutionaries could lead the Russian people to the promised land. Though the promised land was never reached, the chaotic conditions that followed the overthrow of Tsarism in February 1917 proved Lenin's strategy of revolution right. In the aftermath of the February Revolution the Bolsheviks were fewer in number than either of their main rivals, the Mensheviks and the Socialist Revolutionaries. But it was the Bolsheviks who took power in October. The remarkable tactical victory of the Okhrana in penetrating the Bolsheviks thus ended in 1917 in strategic defeat and its own extinction.

The February Revolution (March 8–12, 1917, by today's calendar) took most revolutionaries by surprise. Only six weeks earlier the forty-six-year-old Lenin, in exile in Switzerland, had predicted: "We the old will probably not live to see the decisive battles of the coming revolution." The Okhrana probably had a more accurate sense of the mood in Petrograd (as St. Petersburg was renamed on the outbreak of war) than any of the revolutionary groups. One of its agents predicted on the eve of revolution: "The underground revolutionary parties are preparing a revolution, but a revolution, if it takes place, will be spontaneous, quite likely a hunger riot." Those closest to revolution, he reported, were the mothers of large families, "exhausted from standing endlessly at the tail of queues, and having suffered so much in watching their sick and half-starved children": "they are stockpiles of inflammable material, needing only a spark to set them afire."[52] Sure enough, the Revolution was sparked by demonstrations among women queuing for bread on March 8. By the 10th the whole of Petrograd was on strike.

The decisive factor at this point was the attitude of the Petrograd garrison. In 1905 the Revolution had been broken by the army. In March 1917 the army joined the Revolution. Once again, the Okhrana had detected the way the wind was blowing. A political rally by striking workers had been broken up by Cossacks on February 27, but, reported the Okhrana, "in general there was an impression that the Cossacks were on the side of the workers."[53] On March 12 a section of the Petrograd garrison mutinied and the success of the Revolution was assured. Three days later Tsar Nicholas II abdicated in favor of his brother the Grand Duke Mikhail. When Mikhail renounced the throne the next day, March 16, over four centuries of rule by the Romanov dynasty came to an end. Power passed to a Provisional Government mainly composed of liberal politicians, coexisting uneasily with a Petrograd Soviet of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies, which became the model, and in some sense the spokesman, for local soviets all over Russia.

With Tsarism into what Trotsky termed "the dustbin of history" went its political police. On March 12 the crowd broke into Okhrana headquarters. According to the outraged director of police, A. T. Vasilyev:

> All the archives of the Special Investigation Branch, with records of finger-prints, photographs, and other data concerning thieves, forgers, and murderers, were dragged down into the courtyard and there solemnly burned. Further, the intruders also broke open my desk and appropriated 25,000 rubles of public money, which I had had in my keeping.

Though Vasilyev virtuously protested that he "could not recall a single illegal action" for which he was responsible, he soon found himself in the Peter and Paul fortress, complaining of having to sleep on "straw mattresses and pillows stuffed with hens' feathers," eat "dreadful, evil-smelling soup and an equally repulsive hash made of all sorts of unspeakable offal," and of being allowed to have a bath only once a fortnight in a freezing bathroom with "drafts in every direction."[54] The imprisonment of the head of the Okhrana, like the reduction of the Tsar

Nicholas II, Emperor of All Russia, to the rank of Citizen Romanov, seemed to symbolize the birth of a new democratic order and the final victory over despotism. In the aftermath of revolution both the Provisional Government and the Petrograd Soviet believed that Russia would never again have a political police.

2

The Cheka, Counterrevolution, and the "Lockhart Conspiracy" (1917–21)

The Cheka, the ancestor of today's KGB, was founded on December 20, 1917. When the KGB was established in 1954 it adopted the Cheka emblems of the shield and the sword: the shield to defend the Revolution, the sword to smite its foes. By the time Gordievsky escaped in 1985, his KGB identity card carried only the emblem of a shield; the sword had been dropped in an attempt to soften the KGB's ruthless reputation.[1] Today's KGB officers, however, still style themselves Chekisty and receive their salaries on the twentieth of each month ("Chekists' Day") in honor of the Cheka's birthday.[2]

Like British income tax on its introduction in 1799, the Cheka was originally intended only as a temporary expedient. Lenin little dreamed that it would rapidly become both the largest political police force and the largest foreign intelligence service in the world. Before the Bolshevik Revolution of October 1917 (November 7 by the Western calendar adopted afterward) Lenin had foreseen no need for either political police or foreign intelligence. When he returned to Petrograd (since renamed Leningrad) two months after the February Revolution had overthrown Tsarism, he hailed the coming of world revolution. The Bolsheviks confidently expected their own revolution to spark an international revolutionary movement that would overthrow world capitalism. In the new postrevolutionary world order there would be no place for conventional diplomats, let alone for spies. Leon Trotsky declared confidently on his appointment as People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs after the October Revolution: "I will issue a few revolutionary proclamations to the peoples of the world and then shut up shop." He ordered the publication of Tsarist Russia's secret treaties with its allies, then announced: "The abolition of secret diplomacy is the primary condition of an honorable, popular, really democratic foreign policy."[3]

Lenin's prerevolutionary vision of life in Bolshevik Russia was similarly utopian. In *State and Revolution,* written in the summer of 1917, he claimed that there would be no place even for a police force, still less for a secret police. He acknowledged that in the transition from capitalism to communism it would be necessary to arrange for "the suppression of the minority of exploiters by the majority of wage slaves of yesterday." But such suppression would be "comparatively easy":

> Naturally, the exploiters are unable to suppress the people without a highly complex machine for performing this task, but *the people* can suppress the exploiters even with a very simple "machine," almost without a "machine," without a special apparatus, by the simple *organization of the armed people.*

The people, Lenin believed, would mete out class justice on the street as the need arose.[4] The October Revolution, however, ushered in a world very different from the utopian vision of *State and Revolution.* Crucial to the legitimacy of the Soviet state that emerged from the Revolution is the Communist myth that, as "the vanguard of the proletariat," the Bolsheviks led a popular rising that expressed the will not merely of themselves but of the Russian people as a whole. The reality of the October Revolution, which neither Lenin nor his successors could ever admit even to themselves, was a coup d'état by a revolutionary minority against the moribund provisional government that had succeeded the Tsarist regime. By first opposing and then overthrowing an increasingly unpopular government, the Bolsheviks won mass, but not majority, support. In the postrevolutionary elections to the Constituent Assembly, their main rivals on the left, the Socialist Revolutionaries (SRs), gained an absolute majority while the Bolsheviks won less than a quarter of the vote. Even with the support of the Left Socialist Revolutionaries (LSRs), they remained in a minority. When the Assembly met in January 1918, the Bolsheviks broke it up.

The problem of opposition, both at home and abroad, to the new Bolshevik government, the Council of People's Commissars (Sovnarkom), proved vastly greater than Lenin had anticipated. He quickly concluded that "a special apparatus" to deal with it was necessary after all. Convinced of their monopoly of Marxist wisdom, the Bolshevik leaders tended from the outset to classify all opposition, whatever its social origin, as counterrevolution. On December 4 the Military Revolutionary Committee, which had carried out the October Revolution, created the Commission for Combating Counterrevolution and Sabotage under Feliks Dzerzhinsky. The news on December 19 of an impending strike by all state employees persuaded Sovnarkom, under Lenin's chairmanship, that still more drastic action was needed. Dzerzhinsky was instructed "to establish a special commission to examine the possibility of combating such a strike by the most energetic revolutionary measures." The next day, December 20, Lenin wrote to Dzerzhinsky: "The bourgeoisie is intent on committing the most heinous of crimes." Addressing Sovnarkom the same evening, Dzerzhinsky declared:

> Do not think that I seek forms of revolutionary justice; we are not now in need of justice. It is war now—face to face, a fight to the finish. Life or death! I propose, I demand an organ for the revolutionary settlement of accounts with counterrevolutionaries.

Sovnarkom approved the creation under Dzerzhinsky's leadership of the All-Russian Extraordinary Commission for Combating Counterrevolution and Sabotage, better known as the Cheka (one of several abbreviations of Vserossiiskaya Chrezvychainaya Komissiya po Borbe s Kontrrevolyutsiei i Sabotazhem).[5]

Feliks Dzerzhinsky is nowadays the object of a KGB-inspired personality cult, which showers on him greater adulation than the combined total of that bestowed on all his successors (an embarrassingly high proportion of whom are now officially acknowledged as major criminals). "Knight of the Revolution . . ." writes the Soviet historian V. Andrianov, "There were many people deserving this title. Even so, whenever these words are spoken, the mind turns primarily to Feliks Edmundovich Dzerzhinsky. . . . His entire heroic life paved the road to immortality."[6]

Like a majority of the early Cheka leadership, Dzerzhinsky was of non-Russian origin. He was born in 1877 into a well-to-do family of Polish landowners and intelligentsia, and believed in childhood that he had a vocation as a Catholic priest.[7] Instead he became a schoolboy convert to Marxism, and in 1895 joined the Lithuanian Social Democratic Party. A year later he abandoned his formal education in order "to be closer to the people" and "to learn from them." By his own later account, he quickly became "a successful agitator and got through to the completely untouched masses—at social evenings, in taverns and wherever workers met together." Dzerzhinsky was also, in his own words, "the fiercest enemy of nationalism." In 1900 he became a founding member of the Social Democratic Party of the Kingdom of Poland and Lithuania (SKDPiL), led by Rosa Luxemburg, which campaigned for proletarian internationalism and cooperation with Russian Marxists, not for an independent Poland. Compromise of any kind was alien to Dzerzhinsky's personality. He wrote in 1901: "I am not able to hate in half measures, or to love in half measures, I am not able to give up half my soul. I have either to give up my whole soul or give up nothing." At no point during his career as a revolutionary in Tsarist Russia or Poland was Dzerzhinsky at liberty for longer than three years. He was arrested for the first time in 1897 after a young worker "seduced by ten rubles from the gendarmes" informed on him. When his prison career ended twenty years later with his liberation from Moscow Central Prison after the February Revolution, he had spent eleven years in jail, exile, or penal servitude, and escaped three times.[8] On his release Dzerzhinsky joined forces with the Bolsheviks, initially as an SDKPiL delegate, was elected to the Bolshevik Central Committee at the summer Party conference, and took a prominent part in the October Revolution.[9]

During his first year as head of the Cheka, Dzerzhinsky worked, ate, and slept in his office in the Lubyanka. His powers of endurance and Spartan lifestyle earned him the nickname Iron Feliks.[10] The "Old Chekist" Fyodor Timofeevich Fomin later eulogized Dzerzhinsky's determination to refuse any privilege denied to other Chekists:

> An old messenger would bring him his dinner from the common dining room used by all the Cheka workers. Sometimes he would try to bring Feliks Edmundovich something a bit tastier or a little bit better, and Feliks Edmundovich would squint his eyes inquisitively and ask, "You mean that

> everyone has had this for dinner tonight?" And the old man, hiding his embarrassment, would rush to answer, "Everyone, everyone, Comrade Dzerzhinsky."[11]

Like Lenin, Dzerzhinsky was an incorruptible workaholic, prepared to sacrifice both himself and others for the cause of the Revolution. "My strength," he claimed in his final speech before his death, "comes from never sparing myself."[12] After his death these qualities were used to construct a portrait of Dzerzhinsky resembling a feeble parody of the hagiography of a medieval saint. According to Viktor Chebrikov, chairman of the KGB from 1982 to 1988:

> Feliks Edmundovich whole-heartedly sought to eliminate injustice and crimes from the world and dreamed of the times when wars and national enmity would vanish forever from our life. His whole life was in keeping with the motto which he expressed in these words: "I would like to embrace all mankind with my love, to warm it and to cleanse it of the dirt of modern life."

St. Feliks would have been unlikely to appreciate Chebrikov's mildly comic eulogy, for his gifts did not include a sense of humor. Since, by the 1980s, "lofty humanists" such as Dzerzhinsky were supposed to have a sense of humor, however, Chebrikov made a humorless attempt to defend him against the charge of being humorless. Dzerzhinsky was not, Chebrikov insisted, "the ascetic that some people thought him. He loved life in all its manifestations and in all its richness, knew how to joke and laugh, and loved music and nature."[13]

The cult of St. Feliks within the KGB began immediately after his death in 1926. In a conference room in the KGB officers' club an effigy of Dzerzhinsky, incorporating death masks of his face and hands and wearing his uniform, was placed in a glass coffin as an object of veneration similar to Lenin's embalmed remains in the Red Square mausoleum.[14] Dzerzhinsky's reputation survived unscathed into the Stalinist era, though it became increasingly overshadowed by Stalin's own alleged genius for intelligence as for almost everything else. On the Cheka's twentieth anniversary in December 1937 Dzerzhinsky was eulogized as "the indefatigable Bolshevik, the steadfast knight of the Revolution": "Under his leadership on many occasions the Cheka staved off deadly dangers which threatened the young Soviet republic."[15] But as the Stalin period progressed, portraits of Dzerzhinsky became smaller and fewer. Shortly after the Second World War, the Dzerzhinsky effigy was thrown out of the KGB officers' club and apparently destroyed.[16]

The revival and expansion of the Dzerzhinsky cult during the 1960s was a product of de-Stalinization and the attempt by the KGB to take refuge from the horrendous reality of its involvement in the atrocities of the Stalinist era by creating a mythical past of its own imagining, in which St. Feliks, "knight of the Revolution," slew the dragon of Counterrevolution. The most frequently repeated quotation in KGB texts is Dzerzhinsky's insistence that Chekists require "a warm heart, a cool head, and clean hands." In the late 1950s a huge statue of Dzerzhinsky was unveiled outside KGB headquarters in Dzerzhinsky Square. The main object of veneration within the First Chief (Foreign Intelligence) Directorate today is a large bust of Dzerzhinsky on a marble pedestal constantly surrounded by fresh flowers. All young officers in the FCD at some stage in their early careers have to lay flowers or wreaths before their founder's bust then stand silent for a moment with head bowed much as if they were war veterans at the tomb of the unknown soldier. By such rituals today's KGB officers succeed in strengthening their self-image as Chekisty and suppressing, at least in part, the uneasy awareness of their far more direct links with Stalin's NKVD.[17]

The original weapons approved by Sovnarkom on December 20, 1917, for use by Dzerzhinsky and the Cheka against the forces of counterrevolution were "seizure of property, resettlement, deprivation of [ration] cards, publication of lists of enemies of the people, etc."[18] The Cheka's main weapon, however, was to be terror. As Lenin woke up rapidly to the reality of opposition on a scale he had considered inconceivable before the Revolution, he concluded that "a special system of organized violence" would be necessary to establish the dictatorship of the proletariat. In the class war the Bolsheviks could not afford to be constrained by outmoded notions of "bourgeois" legality or morality. The greatest revolutionary rising of the nineteenth century, the Paris Commune of 1871, had been defeated, Lenin argued, because it placed too much faith in conciliation and too little in force. Its failure to suppress the bourgeoisie by force had led directly to its downfall. Lenin spoke scathingly of "the prejudices of the intelligentsia against the death penalty."[19] The masses, he believed, had healthier instincts. As early as December 1917 he encouraged them to practice lynch law ("street justice") against "speculators," and generally to terrorize their "class enemies."[20]

Like Lenin, Dzerzhinsky, though not personally a brutal man, burned with ideological hatred for the class from which he had sprung. He told his wife that he had trained himself to be "without pity" in defending the Revolution. One of his chief lieutenants, Martyn Ianovich Latsis, wrote in the Cheka periodical *Krasny Terror (Red Terror):*

> We are not waging war against individuals. We are exterminating the bourgeoisie as a class. During investigation, do not look for evidence that the accused acted in word or deed against Soviet power. The first questions that you ought to put are: To what class does he belong? What is his origin? What is his education or profession? And it is these questions that ought to determine the fate of the accused. In this lies the significance and essence of the Red Terror.[21]

While Dzerzhinsky and his lieutenants were converted to Red Terror only by what they saw as the objective needs of class war, some of the Cheka rank and file, especially in the provinces, showed a less high-minded enjoyment of brutality. Yakov Khristoforovich Peters, the most important of Dzerzhinsky's early deputies, later acknowledged that "many filthy elements" had tried to attach themselves to the Cheka.[22] He omitted to mention that some of them succeeded. Cheka atrocities, though on a smaller scale than those of Stalin's NKVD, were every bit as horrific.

Until the summer of 1918 the Cheka's use of terror was moderated by the Left Socialist Revolutionaries (LSRs), on whose support the Bolsheviks initially relied. In January 1918 despite opposition from Lenin and Dzerzhinsky, the LSRs in Sovnarkom successfully demanded representation in the Cheka. One of the four LSRs appointed to the Cheka Collegium, Vyacheslav Alexeevich Aleksandrovich, became Dzerzhinsky's deputy. In March 1918 the LSRs left Sovnarkom in protest against the peace of Brest-Litovsk with Germany. The Bolshevik Party changed its name to Communist, and Sovnarkom, henceforth wholly Communist, moved its seat of government and the Russian capital from Petrograd to Moscow. But though the LSRs had left the government, remarkably they remained in the Cheka. Indeed, according to the LSR version of events, Dzerzhinsky pleaded with them to stay, telling their leader Maria Spiridonova that, without their support, he would "no longer be able to tame the bloodthirsty impulses in [Cheka] ranks." So long as the LSRs remained in the Cheka, there were no executions for political crimes. Dzerzhinsky had such confidence in his LSR deputy, Aleksandrovich, that after the move to Moscow he surrendered to him the main responsibility for day-to-day administration so that he could concentrate on operational work.[23]

The Cheka established its Moscow headquarters at Bolshaia Lubyanka 11, previously occupied by the Yakor (Anchor) Insurance Company and Lloyd's of London. (Later it moved to number 2, formerly the home of the Rossia Insurance Company, now the headquarters of the KGB and renamed Ulitsa Dzerzhinskogo 2.[24]) What Dzerzhinsky called the "bloodthirsty impulses" among the Cheka rank and file inevitably made their arrival in Moscow unwelcome. Among the Chekists' first Moscow victims was the celebrated circus clown Bim-Bom, whose repertoire included jokes about the Communists. Like the KGB, the Cheka was not noted for its sense of humor about ideological subversion. When stern-faced Chekists advanced on Bim-Bom during one of his performances, the circus audience assumed at first that it was all part of the fun. Their mood changed to panic as Bim-Bom fled from the ring with the Chekists firing after him.[25]

Besides terror, the main weapon used by the Cheka against counterrevolution was agent penetration. Though Dzerzhinsky denounced the Tsarist tradition of agents provocateurs, he quickly became expert at using them.[26] By the beginning of 1918, according to a Soviet official history, Chekists were already "regularly undertaking such dangerous operations" as agent penetration: "The situation of the tense class struggle demanded quick action in exposing the nests of counterrevolution. Any careless step could cost the Chekist his life. But courage and valor were his natural traits." According to the KGB version of events, the first major success of Cheka penetration was achieved against the organization called Union of Struggle against the Bolsheviks and the Dispatch of Troops to [General] Kaledin, based in Petrograd. A Chekist named Golubev, posing as a former Tsarist officer, "succeeded in quickly penetrating the Union, exposing many members of the White officers' underground, and in finding out the location of their secret meetings." As a result, during January and February, the whole Union, about four thousand strong, "was exposed by the Chekists and rendered completely harmless, with aid from the Red Guards."[27] Much expanded during the 1930s, the Cheka's two most effective techniques in destroying opposition to the Bolsheviks, terror and agent penetration, formed the basis of the two most striking achievements of Stalin's NKVD: the greatest peacetime Terror in European history and the largest-scale penetration of foreign government bureaucracies ever achieved by any intelligence service. The first major expansion of both terror and agent penetration, however, occurred during the Civil War of 1918–20.

The young Soviet regime faced a bewildering variety of threats to its survival. The October Revolution and its aftermath had left it in initial control only of Petrograd, Moscow, and a fluctuating area within roughly a three-hundred-mile radius of Moscow (rather more to the east, less to the south). Most of the rest of Russia was in administrative chaos. The dispersal of the democratically elected Constituent Assembly effectively destroyed the Bolsheviks' claims, in the eyes of most of the world (but not, of course, their own), to be the legitimate government of Russia. Their problems were compounded by the draconian peace settlement that the Germans demanded and which Lenin insisted Soviet Russia had no option but to accept. "If you are not inclined to crawl on your belly through the mud," Lenin told the many doubters in the Bolshevik leadership (who included Dzerzhinsky), "then you are not a revolutionary but a chatterbox."

By the peace of Brest-Litovsk on March 3, 1918 (nullified eight months later by the Allied victory on the Western Front), the Bolsheviks were forced to consent to the dismemberment of western Russia. In May the revolt in Siberia of the Czechoslovak Legion recruited by the former Tsarist army marked the beginning of two and a half years of civil war. By July there were eighteen anti-Bolshevik governments in what remained of the old Tsarist Empire. Recognized only by its German conqueror (until it in turn was conquered in November), the Soviet regime was an international pariah. By the summer of 1918 the remaining Allied diplomats stranded in Soviet Russia were conspiring with the Bolsheviks' opponents, and the British, French, American, and Japanese governments had begun military intervention.[28]

The Bolsheviks saw the Civil War from the beginning as part of a great Allied plot. In reality the revolt of the Czechoslovak Legion had been prompted not by the Allies but by fears for its own survival after attempts by Leon Trotsky, now commissar for war, to disarm it.[29] To Lenin and Sovnarkom, however, it seemed evident that the Czechs were the tools of "the Anglo-French stockbrokers." "What we are involved in," said Lenin in July, "is a systematic, methodical and evidently long-planned military and financial counterrevolutionary campaign against the Soviet Republic, which all the representatives of Anglo-French imperialism have been preparing for months."[30] The KGB still tends to interpret all plots and attacks against the young Soviet regime as "manifestations of a unified conspiracy" by its class enemies at home and the "imperialist powers" abroad.[31] The reality was very different. Had there been a "unified conspiracy," the Bolshevik regime could never have survived.

During 1919 the Bolsheviks faced three great military threats: the spring attack by the forces of the former Tsarist naval commander Admiral Kolchak from Siberia, and the summer offensives by the White generals Denikin and Yudenich from, respectively, the Caucasus and the Gulf of Finland. Yudenich reached the outskirts of Petrograd and almost succeeded in cutting the railway linking it with Moscow. That the Bolsheviks survived these attacks was due, in part, to Trotsky's brilliant leadership of the Red Army. Their survival owed even more, however, to the divisions of their opponents. Had the separate offensives of Kolchak, Denikin, and Yudenich been part of a coordinated onslaught on Petrograd and Moscow, the counterrevolution would probably have triumphed. Instead, each of the White armies acted independently of the others. Each of the main anti-Bolshevik commanders was anxious to reserve for himself the honor of defeating the Soviet regime, and each in isolation failed. The Red Army portrayed itself as fighting not for a minority government but for the people of Russia against White generals whose only program was reaction and whose only interest was the restoration of their own former privileges.

The chaos of the Civil War offered Western governments an opportunity that was never to return to undo the October Revolution. They failed to take it. Until victory over Germany had been secured in November 1918, the main aim of Allied intervention was not ideological, as Soviet historians have traditionally claimed, but military: to ease the pressure on the Western Front at a critical moment in the war. The peace of Brest-Litovsk enabled the Germans to transfer large numbers of troops from the Eastern Front and launch their biggest offensive in the West since the beginning of the war. To the British commander-in-chief Field Marshal Haig it seemed that the supreme crisis of the war had come. He told his troops in a famous order of the day on April 11: "Every position must be held to the last man: there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight on to the end." By June 1918 the

Germans were on the Marne and threatening Paris. The fate of the Bolshevik regime in the East was, by comparison, of only minor importance. Though the tide of war in the West turned rapidly in the course of the summer, the speed of the final German collapse in the autumn took the Allies by surprise.

The inept plots against the Soviet regime devised by Western diplomats and intelligence officers in Russia during the summer of 1918 never posed any serious threat to the Bolsheviks. Indeed, the Cheka seemed positively anxious to encourage the plotters to enlarge their plots in order to win a propaganda victory by exposing them. Even after the armistice with Germany, when Western governments gave more serious attention to overthrowing the Bolshevik regime, their attempts to do so were at best half-hearted. Two or three Allied divisions landed in the Gulf of Finland in 1919 could probably have forced their way to Moscow and overthrown the Soviet government. But in the aftermath of the First World War not even two or three divisions could be found. Those troops that were sent served mainly to discredit the White cause and thus actually to assist the Bolsheviks. They were too few to affect the outcome of the Civil War but sufficient to allow the Bolsheviks to brand their opponents as the tools of Western imperialism. Most Bolsheviks, however, imagined themselves facing a determined onslaught from the full might of Western capitalism.

The Cheka proudly claimed, and the KGB still believes, that it played a crucial part in defending the young Soviet state against a gigantic conspiracy by Western capital and its secret services. In 1921 Lenin paid tribute to the Cheka as "our devastating weapon against countless conspiracies and countless attempts against Soviet power by people who are infinitely stronger than us":

> Gentlemen capitalists of Russia and abroad! We know that it is not possible for you to love this establishment. Indeed, it is not! It has been able to counter your intrigues and your machinations like no one else when you were smothering us, when you had surrounded us with invaders, and when you were organizing internal conspiracies and would stop at no crime in order to wreck our peaceful work.[32]

Though the conspiracies of Western diplomats and intelligence services were far feebler than Lenin alleged or the KGB still supposes, the Cheka did indeed achieve a series of successes against them. Its most successful weapon was the use of penetration agents ("moles") and agents provocateurs of the kind pioneered by the Okhrana. The Cheka's first major penetration of a Western embassy, however, went badly wrong.

The only power with whom the Bolshevik regime had formal diplomatic relations was Imperial Germany, with whom it exchanged envoys after Brest-Litovsk. On April 23, 1918, a German embassy under Count Wilhelm Mirbach installed itself in Moscow. Six days later a member of Mirbach's mission wrote in his diary: "Here we must be ever on the alert for approaches by agents and provocateurs. The Soviet authorities have rapidly revived the former Tsarist Okhrana . . . in at least equal size and in more merciless temper, if in somewhat different form." Penetration of the German embassy was made the responsibility of a counterespionage section set up in May 1918 within the Cheka's Department for Combating Counterrevolution. In 1921–22 the counterespionage section was to be expanded to form the Counterespionage Department or KRP, the ancestor of today's Second Chief Directorate in the KGB. The first head of the section, a twenty-year-old Left Socialist Revolutionary (LSR) named Yakov Blyumkin, was probably the youngest section chief in KGB history. Blyumkin successfully penetrated the German embassy by recruiting Count Robert Mirbach, who was an Austrian relative of the German ambassador and had become a Russian prisoner of war. In June Blyumkin extracted from Mirbach a signed undertaking to supply the Cheka with secret intelligence on Germany and the German embassy.[33]

Dzerzhinsky, however, had been unwise to entrust the penetration of the German embassy to Blyumkin, for the LSRs remained bitterly opposed to the treaty of Brest-Litovsk. On July 4 the LSR Central Committee approved a plot to assassinate the German ambassador, in the belief that they would thus dramatically bring to an end Bolshevik "appeasement" of the Germans, renew the war on the Eastern Front, and advance the cause of world revolution. The assassination was entrusted to Blyumkin and an LSR photographer working under him in the Cheka, Nikolai Andreev.

On the morning of July 6 Blyumkin prepared a document on Cheka notepaper with the forged signatures of Dzerzhinsky and the Cheka secretary authorizing himself and Andreev to hold talks with the German ambassador. Dzerzhinsky's LSR deputy, Aleksandrovich, was then brought into the plot by Blyumkin and he added the official Cheka seal. The same afternoon Blyumkin and Andreev drove to the German embassy and secured a meeting with the ambassador on the pretext of discussing the case of his relative Count Robert Mirbach. Blyumkin later claimed that he himself fired the revolver shots that killed the ambassador. According to the evidence of embassy staff, however, Blyumkin's three shots all missed their target and Count Wilhelm Mirbach was gunned down by Andreev.[34]

The Cheka's early career as "the shield and sword of the Revolution" thus almost ended in disaster. Instead of defending the new Communist state, in July 1918 it nearly became the instrument of its destruction. Lenin telegraphed Stalin that Mirbach's assassination had brought Russia within "a hair's-breadth" of renewed war with Germany. The assassination was followed by an LSR rising, in which the Cheka's Lubyanka headquarters was seized and Dzerzhinsky taken prisoner. But the LSRs had no clear plan of campaign and their rising was crushed within twenty-four hours by Lettish troops loyal to the Communists. On July 8, Dzerzhinsky stepped down from the Cheka leadership at his own request while a commission of inquiry investigated the circumstances of the rising and the Cheka was purged of LSRs. By the time Dzerzhinsky was reinstated as chairman on August 22, the Cheka had become an exclusively Communist agency, whose use of terror against its political opponents was no longer restrained by the moderating influence of the LSRs. "We represent in ourselves organized terror," said Dzerzhinsky. "This must be said very clearly."[35]

Lenin took an active, if naïve, interest in the application of technology as well as terror to the hunt for counterrevolutionaries. He was attracted by the idea that a large electromagnet could be devised that would detect concealed weapons in house-to-house searches, and pressed the idea on the Cheka. Dzerzhinsky, however, was unimpressed. "Magnets," he told Lenin, "are not much use in searches. We have tested them." But he agreed as an experiment to take large magnets on house searches in the hope that counterrevolutionaries would be frightened into handing over their weapons themselves.[36] The experiment was soon abandoned.

The Cheka's penetration of Allied missions and intelligence networks in Russia ended more successfully than its operations against the German embassy. The KGB still regards as one of its great past triumphs the Cheka's uncovering in the summer of 1918 of the so-called "Lockhart plot," involving British, French, and American diplomats and secret agents. Robert Bruce Lockhart, formerly acting British consul-general in prerevolutionary Moscow, was an able but erratic member of the consular service, whose career had twice been interrupted by his complicated love affairs. At the beginning of 1918, after the withdrawal of the British ambassador, Lockhart was sent back to Russia to make unofficial contact with the Bolshevik regime. He achieved little. The original aim of his mission—to persuade the Bolsheviks to continue the war with Germany by promising them Allied aid—ended in failure.

Even after the peace of Brest-Litovsk, however, Lockhart did not immediately lose hope. He reported to London that, despite the peace treaty, there were "still considerable opportunities of organizing resistance to Germany." Trotsky, the commissar for war, and Georgi Chicherin, his successor as commissar for foreign affairs, both anxious to keep open communications with London, encouraged Lockhart to believe that Brest-Litovsk might not last long. Lockhart, however, had lost the ear of his government. "Although Mr. Lockhart's advice may be bad," commented one Foreign Office official acidly, "we cannot be accused of having followed it."[37]

Once Lockhart himself lost hope of reviving the war on the Eastern Front, he changed rapidly from pro-Bolshevik diplomat to anti-Bolshevik conspirator. By mid-May he was in contact with agents of the anti-Bolshevik underground led by the former Socialist Revolutionary terrorist Boris Savinkov, organizer of the prewar assassinations of Plehve and the Grand Duke Sergei. In his memoirs Lockhart later denied giving Savinkov any encouragement. His telegrams to London tell a different story. On May 23, 1918, he forwarded without comment to the Foreign Office a plan supplied by one of Savinkov's agents "to murder all Bolshevik leaders on night of Allies landing and to form a Government which will be in reality a military dictatorship." By now Lockhart had become an ardent supporter of Allied military intervention to help overthrow the Communist regime. As yet the British government, still preoccupied by the problems of winning the war with Germany, was not.

The Secret Intelligence Service, then known as MI1c, added further to the confusion caused by Lockhart. In addition to the MI1c station commander, Lieutenant Ernest Boyce, who remained nominally in charge of secret-service work in Russia, several other officers arrived to try their luck in the early months of 1918. Lockhart formed "a very poor opinion" of their work. "However brave and however gifted as linguists," they were, in his opinion, "frequently incapable of forming a reliable political judgment." They were deceived by forged documents alleging that the Communist leaders were in the pay of the Germans and by false reports of regiments of German prisoners of war in Siberia armed by the Bolsheviks. MI1c was still a peripheral element in British foreign policy rather than, as the Cheka persuaded itself, the powerful arm of a secret strategy drawn up at the very center of Whitehall's corridors of power.

The modern British secret service, the forerunner of today's SIS, was founded only in 1909. Until the outbreak of war it remained a tiny, underfunded agency unable to afford a single full-time station chief abroad. As a secret report later acknowledged, because of its shortage of funds, until 1914 "use had to be made of casual agents whose employment as a class has by war experience been clearly demonstrated to be undesirable." During the First World War MI1c underwent both a considerable expansion and a partial professionalization. By the beginning of 1918 it controlled a network of over four hundred Belgian and French agents reporting regularly and accurately on German troop movements in occupied Belgium and northern France.

Both MI1c's priorities and its main successes were on the Western Front. Russia, by comparison, was still a sideshow. MI1c officers in Russia had a good deal in common with the enthusiastic amateurs and serving officers used for secret service work in Victorian and Edwardian Britain in the days before the founding of a professional secret service. Their swashbuckling adventures had little discernible influence on British policy to Communist Russia. The Cheka, however, saw their sometimes eccentric exploits as evidence not of confusion or amateurism but of a deep-laid, labyrinthine plot by Western intelligence services.[38]

Though Lockhart had a low opinion of MI1c operations in Russia, the sheer audacity of its most extrovert agent, Sidney Reilly, took his breath away. Reilly had been born Sigmund Rosenblum, the only son of a wealthy Jewish family in Russian Poland, in 1874. During the 1890s he broke off contact with his family and emigrated to London. Thereafter he became a self-confident, intrepid international adventurer, fluent in several languages, expert in sexual seduction, who wove around his cosmpolitan career a web of fantasy that sometimes deceived Reilly himself and has since ensnared most of those who have written about him. Though a fantasist, Reilly possessed a flair for intelligence tradecraft combined with an indifference to danger that won the admiration of both Sir Mansfield Cumming, the first head of the Secret

Intelligence Service, and Winston Churchill. Lockhart described Reilly's flamboyant personality as a mixture of "the artistic temperament of the Jew with the devil-may-care daring of the Irishman."[39]

Reilly, claims one bestselling history of the British Secret Service, "wielded more power, authority and influence than any other spy," was an expert assassin "by poisoning, stabbing, shooting and throttling," and possessed "eleven passports and a wife to go with each."[40] The facts of Reilly's career, though on a somewhat less epic scale, are still remarkable. Before the First World War, he had established himself in St. Petersburg as a successful businessman and bigamist, who was also employed by Cumming as a part-time "casual agent." When Reilly returned to Russia in the spring of 1918 with the code name ST 1, his exploits sometimes crossed the border from high adventure to low farce. The Cheka, not surprisingly, failed to see the joke.

Reilly announced his arrival in Moscow on May 7 with characteristic bravado by marching up to the Kremlin gates, telling the sentries he was an emissary from Lloyd George, and demanding to see Lenin personally. Remarkably, he managed to get as far as one of Lenin's leading aides, Vladimir Bonch-Bruyevich, who was understandably bemused. The Commissariat for Foreign Affairs called Lockhart to inquire whether Bonch-Bruyevich's visitor was an impostor. Lockhart later admitted that he "nearly blurted out that [Reilly] must be a Russian masquerading as an Englishman or else a madman." On discovering from Boyce, the MI1c station chief, that Reilly was a British agent, Lockhart lost his temper, summoned Reilly to his office, "dressed him down like a schoolmaster and threatened to have him sent home." But, recalled Lockhart, Reilly was "so ingenious in his excuses that in the end he made me laugh." Reilly then adopted a new disguise as a Levantine Greek, recruited further mistresses to assist him in his work, and began plotting Lenin's overthrow in earnest.[41]

Reilly still tends to bemuse Soviet intelligence specialists who study his bizarre career. According to a 1979 official Soviet history of Military Chekists, "rich with heroic deeds," but guaranteed to "contain nothing sensational or imaginary," Reilly was born in Odessa of an "Irish captain" and a Russian mother. The same "strictly documentary" account also misidentifies him as the MI1c "main resident" (head of station) in Russia, a post actually held by Ernest Boyce.[42] Reilly's career has a particular fascination for the present chairman of the KGB, General Vladimir Aleksandrovich Kryuchkov. In 1979, while head of the First Chief (Foreign Intelligence) Directorate, his interest probably stimulated by a recent in-house history of the KGB, Kryuchkov summoned all the books on Reilly from the FCD library. "And," said one of the librarians, "he seems to be reading them."[43]

The most celebrated of Reilly's colleagues in MI1c's Russian operations, Captain (later Brigadier) G. A. Hill, code-named IK 8, was, in Lockhart's opinion, "as brave and as bold as Reilly" and "spoke Russian just as well."[44] "Jolly George Hill," as Kim Philby later described him,[45] considered his days as a British spy in Russia "a joyful adventure in the pages of my life." His boyhood travels with his father, "an English pioneer merchant of the best type" whose business interests had stretched from Siberia to Persia, gave him what he considered better preparation for espionage than any amount of professional training. Hill arrived in Russia two months before the Bolshevik Revolution to join a Royal Flying Corps mission, but began working for MI1c in the spring of 1918. Like Lockhart, he hoped at first that the treaty of Brest-Litovsk would break down and that the Bolsheviks could be persuaded to rejoin the war against Germany. Hill's memoirs, grandly entitled *Go Spy the Land,* describe with an exuberant lack of modesty how he won Trotsky's confidence and helped to mastermind the early development of both Soviet military intelligence and the Cheka:

> Lectures to Trotsky, theater and supper parties did not interfere with the work I had planned. First of all I helped the Bolshevik military headquarters to organize an Intelligence Section for the purpose of identifying German units on the Russian Front and for keeping the troop movements under close observation. . . . Secondly, I organized a Bolshevik counterespionage section to spy on the German Secret Service and Missions in Petrograd and Moscow.[46]

Hill's contemporary reports to MI1c and the War Office tell a less sensational, though still impressive tale. He "got the Moscow District Military Commander to organize a Bolshevik identifications section [for German units], and promised them every assistance from England." But there is no evidence that, as Hill claimed in his memoirs, he personally helped to found the section. Nor is it likely that Hill played any part in founding the Cheka's Counterespionage Section in May 1918.[47] He later admitted that he never met its first head, Yakov Blyumkin.[48] But there may well have been some limited exchange of

German intelligence between Hill and the Cheka. When Anglo-Soviet intelligence collaboration was established on a more substantial scale during the Second World War, Hill returned to Moscow as liaison officer for the Special Operations Executive. According to Kim Philby, "The Russians hailed him with delight. They knew all about him."[49] By the summer of 1918 Hill's first brief experience of cooperation with Soviet intelligence had come to an end. Having despaired, like Lockhart, of persuading the Communist regime to reenter the war with Germany, he set up a network of his own to identify German and Austrian units on the Eastern Front and, with the help of "patriotic Russian officers," to prepare for sabotage against them.[50]

By July 1918 Lockhart himself, despite his later denials, was also deeply involved in supporting plots to overthrow the Communist regime. Together with the French consul-general in Moscow, Fernand Grenard, he handed over ten million rubles to the counterrevolutionary National Center group in Moscow, loosely linked to Savinkov in the Northeast and the White Army of the Tsarist General Alekseev in Kuban. But neither Lockhart nor Grenard was any match for Dzerzhinsky. In June Dzerzhinsky dispatched two Chekists of Lettish origin, Yan Buikis and Yan Sprogis, using the aliases Shmidken and Bredis, to Petrograd, where they posed as representatives of the Moscow counterrevolutionary underground seeking Allied support. There they obtained an introduction to Captain Cromie, R.N., naval attaché at the British embassy, who had stayed on in Petrograd after the ambassador's recall with the principal aim of blowing up the Russian Baltic Fleet if there was any danger of its falling into German hands. Cromie in turn introduced Buikis and Sprogis to Reilly, who was deeply impressed by their reports of disaffection among the Lettish troops in Moscow. Reilly saw in the Letts the key to the overthrow of the Communist regime.

> The Letts were the only soldiers in Moscow. Whoever controlled the Letts controlled the capital. The Letts were not Bolsheviks; they were Bolshevik servants because they had no other resort. They were foreign hirelings. Foreign hirelings serve for money. They are at the disposal of the highest bidder. If I could buy the Letts my task would be easy.

Buikis and Sprogis allowed themselves to be persuaded by Cromie and Reilly to call on Lockhart in Moscow.[51]

Preparations for an anti-Bolshevik coup in Moscow coincided with the beginning of British military intervention against the Bolsheviks in northern Russia. A company of marines commanded by Major General Frederick Poole had landed at the Arctic port of Murmansk on March 6, only three days after the treaty of Brest-Litovsk. But the marines had not been sent to overthrow the Bolsheviks. Their landing was intended instead to prevent the Germans from getting the vast quantities of Allied war materials shipped to Murmansk for use on the Eastern Front.

Allied intervention changed in character when Poole made a second landing at Archangel on August 2 with a detachment of Royal Marines, a French battalion, and fifty American sailors. The ostensible purpose of the Archangel landing was, once again, to prevent war supplies from falling into German hands, but it was timed to coincide with an anti-Bolshevik coup. Two groups of Allied agents, landed secretly a fortnight before the arrival of the marines, were caught and imprisoned by the Bolsheviks. But a successful coup was carried out on the night of August 1 by Captain Georgi Chaplin, a Russian naval officer formerly attached to the Royal Navy, who was almost certainly acting in concert with Poole's intelligence chief, Colonel C. J. M. Thornhill (formerly of MI1c). When Poole's troops landed next day, they did so at the invitation of a self-styled anti-Bolshevik "Supreme Administration of the Northern Region."[52]

Curiously, the Allied landing at Archangel, where Poole established himself as a virtual viceroy ruling by decree, did not immediately cause an open breach between Britain and the Bolsheviks. The Foreign Office cabled Lockhart on August 8: "You should so far as possible maintain existing relations with the Bolshevik Government.[53] Rupture, or declaration of war, should come, if come it must, from Bolsheviks not from the Allies." During the second week of August the Cheka's Lettish agents provocateurs, Buikis and Sprogis, called on Lockhart at his Moscow office and presented a letter from Cromie. Lockhart, who claimed to be "always on my guard against agents provocateurs," inspected the letter carefully. He was quickly reassured. Both the writing and the spelling were unmistakably Cromie's: "The expression that he was making his own arrangements to leave Russia and hoped 'to bang the dore [sic] before he went out' was typical of this very gallant officer."[54]

Shortly afterward Buikis brought along to a second meeting with Lockhart another agent provocateur, Colonel Eduard Berzin, described by Lockhart as "a tall, powerfully-built man with clear-cut features and hard, steely eyes, . . . in command of one of the Lettish regiments which formed the Praetorian Guard of the Soviet Government."[55] This time Reilly and Grenard, the French consul-general, were present as well. All were persuaded by Berzin that the Lettish troops were ready to join an anti-Bolshevik revolt and that "everything could be arranged in the space of about five to six weeks." At Lockhart's proposal, it was agreed that Reilly should "take charge" of all negotiations with the Letts, conducted from about August 20 onward in a safe house provided by the Cheka.[56] To finance the coup, Reilly provided 1,200,000 rubles, which Berzin passed on to the Cheka.[57]

French and American agents were also involved, like MI1c, in assisting anti-Bolshevik groups. On August 25, at a meeting of Allied agents at the Moscow office of the United States consul-general, de Witt Poole, also attended by the French military attaché General Lavergne (but not by Lockhart), it was agreed that after the impending departure of the remaining Allied diplomatic staff from Russia, espionage and sabotage would be conducted by stay-behind Allied agents: Reilly for Britain, Colonel Henri de Vertement for France and Xenophon de Blumental Kalamatiano (an American of Russian-Greek descent) for the United States. Among those present at the meeting, however, was a Cheka agent: René Marchand, a journalist attached to the French mission, who had become a secret supporter of the Bolsheviks and later became a founder member of the French Communist Party.[58]

On August 28 Reilly left for Petrograd to hold secret meetings with anti-Bolshevik Letts in company with the Cheka agent provocateur Colonel Berzin.[59] For the moment Dzerzhinsky preferred to bide his time and give the Allied conspirators in Moscow and Petrograd enough rope to hang themselves. This leisurely game of cat and mouse was cut short on August 30 when the head of the Petrograd Cheka, M. Uritsky, was assassinated by a military cadet, and Lenin himself was shot and seriously wounded by a possibly deranged Socialist Revolutionary named Fanya (Dora) Kaplan. These two unconnected incidents unleashed a reign of terror. In Petrograd alone over five hundred political prisoners were executed in two days.[60]

In the early hours of August 31, according to the Soviet version of events, "Cheka agents started the liquidation of the Lockhart conspiracy." Though the Cheka failed to catch Reilly, it caught the American agent Kalamatiano, then posing as a Russian engineer under the alias Serpovsky, and discovered in a hollow cane in his apartment a list of the money he had distributed to Russian agents.[61] Though Lockhart, unlike Reilly and Kalamatiano, could claim diplomatic immunity, he was awakened in his apartment at about 3:30 A.M. on August 31 by "a rough voice ordering me to get up at once." He opened his eyes, "looked up into the steely barrel of a revolver," and discovered about ten armed Chekists in his bedroom.

He was driven with his assistant Captain Hicks to the Lubyanka to be interrogated by Dzerzhinsky's assistant, the Lett Yakov Peters, "his black hair, long and waving as a poet's . . . brushed back over a high forehead," his expression "grim and formidable." "Do you know the Kaplan woman?" asked Peters. Though Lockhart had never met her, according to his account of the interrogation he claimed diplomatic immunity and replied that Peters had no right to question him. "Where is Reilly?" Peters continued. Again Lockhart made no reply. Then Peters produced from a folder a pass to General Poole in Archangel, which Lockhart had given the Cheka's Lettish agents. "Is that your writing?" he asked. For the first time Lockhart realized that Buikis and Sprogis were agents provocateurs, but he still failed to grasp that Colonel Berzin was also part of the Cheka plot. Once again, he informed Peters "with studious politeness" that he could answer no questions.[62]

Peters later gave a rather different account of the interrogation of Lockhart, who, he claimed, "was so frightened that he did not even present his diplomatic papers. Probably the poor English diplomatic representative thought he was being accused of Lenin's murder, and he probably had a bad conscience."[63] Lockhart himself believed that the main purpose of Peters's questions was to link him with Fanya Kaplan's attempt on Lenin's life. His immediate anxiety, however, was the notebook in his breast pocket. The Cheka agents who arrested him ransacked his apartment but failed to notice the notebook in his jacket, which recorded "in cryptic form" the money disbursed by Lockhart—no doubt including the funds given to Savinkov and Reilly. Expecting to be searched at any moment, Lockhart asked to go to the lavatory. With two armed guards standing over him, he coolly tore the embarrassing pages from his notebook and used them as toilet paper.[64]

At about 6 A.M. a woman dressed in black, with black hair and "great black rings under her eyes," was brought to join Lockhart and Hicks in their room in the Lubyanka.

> We guessed it was Kaplan. Doubtless the Bolsheviks hoped that she would give us some sign of recognition. Her composure was unnatural. She went to the window and leaning her chin upon her hand, looked out into the daylight. And there she remained, motionless, speechless, apparently resigned to her fate, until presently the sentries came and took her away.

Fanya Kaplan was shot four days later in a Kremlin courtyard, still uncertain whether her attempt on Lenin's life had succeeded.

At 9 A.M. Lockhart and Hicks were freed from the Lubyanka, and left to make their own way home. Back at Lockhart's flat, they discovered that his mistress, Mura Beckendorff, had been arrested by the Cheka.[65]

Reilly, meanwhile, was in Petrograd, probably unaware of Lockhart's arrest. At midday on August 31, three hours after Lockhart's release, he arrived at the apartment of Ernest Boyce, the MI1c station chief. There he outlined the plan for a rising by the Lettish troops guarding the Kremlin. According to Reilly's account of their discussion, Boyce described the plan as "extremely risky" but "worth trying." If it failed, however, he said that the responsibility would be Reilly's. Boyce then left for the British embassy, intending to bring Captain Cromie back to his apartment to be briefed by Reilly.[66] By the time he arrived, Cromie was dead. A crowd led by Cheka agents, enraged by a rumor that Uritsky's assassin had been given shelter in the embassy, stormed into the building. Cromie confronted the mob, was told to get out of the way or "be shot like a dog," opened fire, and was killed in the gunfight that followed.[67]

A Cheka raid in the early hours of September 1 on the apartment of the French agent de Vertement, probably after information had been supplied by the Cheka informant René Marchand, led to the discovery of explosives intended for use in sabotage operations.[68] Though de Vertement himself escaped capture, Sovnarkom announced triumphantly next day:

> Today, September 2, the conspiracy organized by Anglo-French diplomats, at the head of which was the chief of the British Mission, Lockhart, the French consul-general Grenard, the French General Lavergne, and others, was liquidated. The purpose of this conspiracy was to organize the

> capture of the Council of People's Commissars and the proclamation of a military dictatorship in Moscow; this was to be done by bribing Soviet troops.

The statements made no mention of the fact that the plan to use Soviet troops (the Lettish battalions) in a military coup had been devised by Cheka agents provocateurs. It also sought to excuse the violation of Lockhart's diplomatic immunity by claiming implausibly that his identity had not been clear when he was arrested:

> At the secret headquarters of the conspirators an Englishman was arrested who after being brought before the Special Investigating Commission, said that he was the British diplomatic representative, Lockhart. After the identity of the arrested Lockhart had been established, he was immediately released.

The Sovnarkom statement did, however, correctly reveal that Reilly, identified as "one of Lockhart's agents," had provided 1,200,000 rubles to finance the plot. It also correctly claimed that other Allied missions were involved. Though René Marchand was not publicly identified as a Cheka informant, he gave an account of the meeting of Allied agents held on August 25 to discuss espionage and sabotage in a letter of protest to the French president, Raymond Poincaré. A copy of the letter was conveniently discovered, no doubt by prior arrangement, in the course of a Cheka search and published in the Communist press.[69]

In the Sovnarkom statement of September 2, as in subsequent Soviet pronouncements, Lockhart was presented as the ringleader of the Allied conspiracy. Lockhart's own main concern at this stage in the crisis, however, was for the safety of his imprisoned mistress. On September 4 he went to the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs to plead, without success, for Mura's release. Then, impulsively, he decided to appeal directly to Peters and walked to the Lubyanka, where he was immediately aware that his arrival "caused some excitement and much whispering among the guards in the entrance hall." Peters listened patiently to Lockhart's plea for Mura and told him that his assurance that she had been involved in no conspiracy would be carefully considered. "You have saved me some trouble," he continued. "My men have been looking for you for the past hour. I have a warrant for your arrest." Despite opposition from the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs, which paid greater heed than the Cheka to the principle of diplomatic immunity, Lockhart was arrested on the spot and spent the next month in captivity.[70]

On September 5, presumably in an attempt to justify the rearrest of Lockhart on the previous day, *Izvestia* published a statement signed by Dzerzhinsky and Zinoviev, the Petrograd Party boss, that went much further than the Sovnarkom statement of the 2nd. The English and French were accused of being the "organizers" of the attempt on Lenin's life and the "real murderers" of Uritsky: "They have murdered Comrade Uritsky because he brought together the threads of an English conspiracy in Petrograd."[71] In reality the Cheka's agents provocateurs had been trying without much success to persuade English agents to organize an assassination plot, which could then have been publicly exposed. On about August 22 Berzin tried to persuade Reilly that, for the anti-Bolshevik coup to succeed, there were two pressing reasons why Lenin and Trotsky would have to be assassinated:

> 1. Their marvelous oratorical powers would so act on the psychology of the men who went to arrest them that it was not advisable to risk [arrest].
> 2. The assassination of two of the leaders would create a panic so that there would be no resistance.

Reilly told Hill that "he had been very firm in dissuading [Berzin] from such a course and that he would in no way support it." The right policy, he insisted, was "not to make martyrs of the leaders but to hold them up to ridicule before the world."[72] The particular form of ridicule Reilly had in mind was to remove Lenin's and Trotsky's trousers, parade them in their underpants through the streets of Moscow, and so make them public laughingstocks.[73] Not surprisingly, it did not suit the Cheka to publicize a plot to remove Lenin's and Trotsky's trousers. This eccentric scheme was thus never included in the list of real and imaginary plots of which British agents were accused. Ernest Boyce, the MI1c station chief in Petrograd, may have been less hostile than Reilly and Hill to the idea of assassination. One of his Russian agents claimed that Boyce had inquired, probably speculatively, "if he was prepared to do away with one or two prominent members of the Soviet government." When the agent threatened blackmail on September 6 and demanded money not to reveal Boyce's inquiry, it was thought "advisable to pay up rather than having anything fresh brought up against us."[74]

By the time of the attempted blackmail, MI1c operations in Russia had virtually collapsed. Boyce had been arrested and thrown into a hideously overcrowded jail. The Cheka arrested several of Reilly's mistresses but Reilly himself obtained a forged passport from Hill and was smuggled out of Russia on board a Dutch freighter. Hill too avoided capture but, after eighteen of his agents and couriers had been caught and executed, concluded that he would have to seek further instructions and funds in London in order to "start afresh with new personnel and new headquarters." Lockhart, unlike Boyce, spent most of his captivity in the relative comfort of the apartment of a former lady-in-waiting in the Kremlin. In the course of his imprisonment his mistress, Mura, was released and allowed to visit him. Berzin was briefly lodged in the same apartment as a stool pigeon, but Lockhart "was afraid to exchange a word with him." In October Lockhart, Boyce, and Hill were allowed to return home together with other Allied personnel in exchange for the release of Soviet officials held in London.

Lockhart's farewell to Peters was strangely amicable. When Peters came on September 28 to announce that Lockhart was to be set free, he gave him a signed photograph, showed him photographs of his English wife in London, and asked him to deliver a letter to her. Then Peters had second thoughts. "No," he said, "I shan't trouble you. As soon as you're out of here you'll blaspheme and curse me as your worst enemy." Lockhart told him not to be a fool: "Politics apart, I bore him no grudge. I would remember his kindness to Mura all my life. I took the letter." Peters told Lockhart he would do better to stay in Russia: "You can be happy and make your own life. We can give you work to do, capitalism is doomed anyway."[75] What Peters omitted to tell Lockhart was that he had evidence that Mura was a German spy. He later claimed that he did not mention this even at the trial of "the Lockhart conspiracy" in December for fear that it would damage Lockhart's career. Peters eventually published this allegation in 1924, however, in protest against what he called the "rabid anti-Soviet campaign" being conducted by Lockhart in England.[76]

After his release, Lockhart returned to London. So did Boyce and Reilly. Hill, however, on reaching Finland, was ordered by Cumming, chief of MI1c, to return to Russia for a few weeks to assist anti-Bolshevik groups in sabotage operations. On Cumming's recommendation, Hill was awarded the DSO and Reilly the MC for their Russian exploits. In December Lockhart, Reilly, Grenard, and de Vertement were sentenced to death in absentia by the Supreme Revolutionary Tribunal in Moscow. Kalamatiano, the American agent arrested on August 31, remained in jail in Moscow. He was twice told he was being taken out to be shot, in unsuccessful attempts to make him talk, then reprieved and finally allowed back to the United States in 1921.[77]

The Cheka regarded its "liquidation of the Lockhart conspiracy" as a triumph of heroic proportions. The KGB still does. "One could say without exaggeration," claims an official history, "that the shattering blow dealt by the Chekists to the conspirators was equivalent to victory in a major military battle."[78] In reality, the Cheka had won only a minor skirmish. Its opponents had been not a determined coalition of capitalist governments but a group of adventurous, politically naïve Western diplomats and secret agents left largely to their own devices in the chaotic early months of Bolshevik rule. By far the most sophisticated part of the Lockhart conspiracy—the plan for a revolt by Lettish troops in Moscow—had been mounted by the Cheka itself. The Cheka's mastery of the use of penetration agents and agents provocateurs demonstrated during "the Lockhart conspiracy," however, was to make possible a more decisive victory over the British Secret Intelligence Service in the course of the 1920s.[79]

By the beginning of 1920 the White forces, though not yet finally defeated, no longer posed a serious threat to the Bolshevik regime. A decree signed by Lenin and Dzerzhinsky on January 17 announced the end of the death penalty for "enemies of the Soviet authorities." Within three weeks Lenin had had second thoughts. On February 6 he told a conference of provincial Chekas that the death penalty was simply "a matter of expediency" and likely to be needed to deal with further "counterrevolutionary movements and revolts."[80] The Polish invasion of the Ukraine in April 1920 and the six-month Russo-Polish war that followed led to the ruthless stamping out by the Cheka of another wave of real and imaginary conspiracies. According to a KGB official history: "The decisive struggle of the organs of the Cheka . . . foiled the plans of the White Poles and their Entente inspirers to undermine the fighting ability of the Red Army through espionage, sabotage and banditry."[81]

By the end of 1920, Dzerzhinsky's lieutenant Martyn Latsis was asserting the Cheka's right to total supervision of Soviet society: "Counterrevolution has developed everywhere, in all spheres of our life, manifesting itself in the most diverse forms. It is therefore clear that there is no sphere of life exempt from Cheka coverage." Latsis's totalitarian vision contained in embryo the Stalinist police state that emerged in the 1930s.[82]

The total of Cheka executions during the period 1917–21 was probably well over 250,000.[83] By 1921, however, with the Bolshevik victory in the Civil War now secure, many in the Party believed that the Cheka had outlived its usefulness. The Cheka predictably disagreed. Though its growth was temporarily stunted and its powers briefly curtailed, it survived in slightly different form. The Ninth All-Russian Congress of Soviets resolved on December 28, 1921, that "the strengthening of Soviet authority at home and abroad permits the narrowing of the functions of the [Cheka] and its agencies."[84] On February 8, 1922, the Cheka was replaced by the State Political Directorate (Gosudarstvennoye Politicheskoye Upravlenie or GPU), which was incorporated in the Internal Affairs Commissariat (NKVD). Dzerzhinsky had been commissar for internal affairs as well as head of the Cheka since March 1919, and thus retained control of the GPU.

On paper at least the powers of the GPU were drastically reduced by comparison with those of the Cheka. Its sphere of influence was strictly limited to political subversion; ordinary criminal justice was to be the responsibility of the law courts and revolutionary tribunals. The GPU was given the power only to investigate; it lost the power of summary justice and confinement to concentration camp by administrative order. Gradually, however, the GPU recovered most of the Cheka's powers. It did so with Lenin's blessing; he wrote in May 1922, "The law should not abolish terror: to promise that would be self-delusion or deception." Decrees of August and October 1922 gave the GPU the power to exile, imprison, and in some cases execute counterrevolutionaries, "bandits," and certain categories of criminal.

On the formation of the U.S.S.R. in 1923 the GPU was raised in status to a federal agency, the Unified State Political Directorate (Obyeddinenoye Gosudarstvennoye Politicheskoye Upravlenie or OGPU). A "judicial collegium" was attached to the OGPU to mete out summary justice to counterrevolutionaries, spies, and terrorists. Whereas the Cheka had been intended as only a temporary expedient to defend the Revolution in its hour of peril, the GPU, OGPU, and their successors were solidly established at the center of the Soviet state.[85]

3

Foreign Intelligence and "Active Measures" in the Dzerzhinsky Era (1919–27)

Soviet Russia embarked on an ambitious program of covert action beyond its frontiers even before it began systematic foreign intelligence collection. While the Cheka during the Civil War was defending the Bolshevik regime against a series of real and imaginary conspiracies at home, the work of Soviet agents abroad was geared first and foremost to spreading the Revolution. The organizer of most of the covert action, however, was not the Cheka but the Comintern, the Soviet-dominated Communist International, whose executive committee (the ECCI) considered itself "the general staff of world revolution."

After October 1917 most of the Bolshevik leadership lived in constant expectation that their own revolution would advance across Europe, then spread around the globe. The crumbling of the great empires of Central Europe during the final stages of the war on the Western Front raised Lenin's hopes to fever pitch. He wrote on October 1, 1918: "The international revolution has come so close within the course of one week that we may count on its outbreak during the next few days. . . . We shall all stake our lives to help the German workers in expediting the revolution about to begin in Germany."[1] On November 9, two days before the Armistice, Germany was proclaimed a republic, and workers' and soldiers' councils were formed on the Soviet model.

Lenin's early hopes, however, were quickly dashed. In January 1919 a Berlin rising supported, though not initiated, by the newly founded German Communist Party (KPD) was crushed, and its two charismatic leaders, Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht, were brutally murdered by right-wing army officers. Though the murders destroyed the KPD's already slender prospects of replacing the socialist SPD as the main party of the left, they made dictation to it by Moscow much easier. By the time of her death Rosa Luxemburg had emerged as the most powerful Marxist critic of the Bolshevik regime, accusing Lenin of creating not dictatorship by the proletariat but dictatorship over the proletariat. She was perhaps the one foreign Communist capable of standing up to Lenin and offering more than token opposition to the transformation of the Communist International into a tool of Soviet foreign policy.[2]

The founding congress of the Comintern held at Moscow early in March 1919 was a mostly fraudulent piece of Russian revolutionary theater. Only five delegates arrived from abroad. Most of the remainder were handpicked by the Bolshevik Central Committee from its foreign supporters in Moscow. Some had never been to the countries they were supposed to represent, and some of the parties of which they were delegates did not yet exist. But for much of the European left such technicalities scarcely mattered. For countless left-wing militants Moscow had become the socialist New Jerusalem, and the birth of the Comintern only strengthened their enthusiasm. The French Communist Louis-Oscar Frossard spoke for many of them:

> Assailed by a world of enemies, half starving amid anarchy and turmoil, Russia was struggling to build that land of justice and harmony that we had all dreamed of. Outlawed and hated everywhere else, there Socialism was triumphant. What the Socialists of every country had been wishing for, wanting, preparing for, waiting for in vain, the Socialists of Russia, driven by an implacable will, were achieving. Over the ancient empire of the Tsars waved the red flag of the International. No more exploitation of man by man! Capitalism had at last been throttled, floored, dispossessed! . . . Onward! Mankind was not doomed, for over Russia a new day was dawning![3]

The Comintern's continued faith in world revolution was matched by the foreboding of some Western statesmen. A fortnight after its first congress had dispersed, Lloyd George warned the French prime minister Georgi Clemenceau:

> The whole of Europe is filled with the spirit of revolution. . . . The whole existing order in its political, social and economic aspects is questioned by the masses of the population from one end of Europe to the other.

For a few heady weeks the Revolution seemed to be spreading even before the Comintern had begun to export it. Without prompting from Moscow, soviet republics were declared in Hungary on March 21 and in Bavaria on April 7. Grigori Zinoviev, the president of the Comintern, forecast that within a year all Europe would be Communist. But the Bolsheviks were forced to stand helplessly by as the Bavarian Soviet was crushed after less than a month by a combination of regular and irregular troops, and again in August as the Hungarian Soviet Republic was overthrown by a Rumanian invasion.[4]

In October 1919 the Comintern established two secret Western European outposts to assist the spread of revolution: the Western European Secretariat (usually abbreviated to WES) in Berlin and the Western Bureau (usually unabbreviated) in Amsterdam. Their heads—Yakov Reich (alias Comrade Thomas) in Berlin, Sebald Rutgers in Amsterdam—were personally selected by Lenin in preference to more prominent German and Dutch Communists whom he considered less likely to follow instructions from Moscow. Lenin briefed Reich and Rutgers individually on their clandestine missions, finances, and initial contacts.

The Western Bureau in Amsterdam, however, quickly came under police surveillance.[5] On the second day of its first secret conference in February 1920, the Russian delegate, Mikhail Markovich Borodin, found the Dutch police recording the proceedings on a Dictaphone in an adjoining apartment. He rushed into the conference room to shout a warning, hotly pursued by the police, who arrested all the delegates.[6] Though the delegates were subsequently released, the British contingent returned home without the Comintern funds on which they had been counting.[7] In April 1920 the Western Bureau was discontinued.

The WES in Berlin was more successful. Comrade Thomas established an elaborate secret network, which sent couriers to Moscow and elsewhere on diplomatic passports, supplied false papers for Communist militants, and distributed funds to the German and other West European Communist parties. Since the police paid less attention to women than to men, a number of his couriers were female Party workers, among them the sister of Iosif Stanislavovich Unshlikht, who in April 1921 became Dzerzhinsky's deputy. Thomas demonstrated his technical virtuosity by renting two aircraft and a boat to carry delegates, all supplied with false papers or diplomatic passports, to the Second Comintern Congress in Petrograd.[8]

The Petrograd Congress adopted "twenty-one conditions," mostly drafted by Lenin, which imposed what amounted to military discipline on its members. All Communist parties were required to operate illegally as well as legally, and "to create a parallel illegal organization which at the decisive moment will help the party to do its duty to the revolution."[9] Karl Radek, one of the Russian members of the ECCI, declared, "Since Russia is the only country where the working class has taken power, the workers of the whole world should now become Russian patriots."[10] Most foreign Communists agreed. Labour Party leaders in Britain fairly described the British Communist Party as "intellectual slaves of Moscow." But it was a servitude freely, even joyously, entered into. One of the more critical British delegates to the Comintern Congress wrote after his return from Petrograd: "It is fairly evident that to many Communists Russia is not a country to learn from, but a sacrosanct Holy of Holies to grovel before as a pious Mohammedan faces the Mecca in his prayers."[11]

Zinoviev told the Comintern Congress that the ECCI had not merely the right but the obligation "to 'meddle' in the work of parties that belong or wish to belong to the Communist International."[12] The principal instruments of such "meddling" were the representatives, nicknamed "eyes of Moscow," sent by the ECCI to member parties and Communist groups. Paul Levi, the president of the KPD and head of the German delegation at the Congress, wrote after breaking with the Comintern in 1921:

> [These representatives] never work with the leadership of individual Communist parties, but always behind their backs and against them. They enjoy the confidence of Moscow but the local leaders do not. . . . The Executive Committee [of the Comintern] acts as a Cheka projected outside the Russian borders.[13]

The "eyes of Moscow" sat on the central committees of the parties to which they were accredited and sent back secret reports, which, according to Comrade Thomas, were seen only by Lenin and the Comintern's Little Bureau (in effect its Politburo).[14] Comintern representatives abroad acted as what the Italian socialist Giacinto Serrati called "grey eminences" in helping to organize splits in socialist parties, which in 1920–21 led to the foundation of new Communist parties in France, Italy, Czechoslovakia, and elsewhere. The French socialist André Le Troquer complained in 1920 at the socialist congress at Tours that prompted the foundation of the French Communist Party: "Though I do wish to join the Third International [Comintern], I am not willing to put up with the clandestine surveillance that is going on, surveillance even of this congress."[15]

The Comintern emissaries also helped to impose on other Communist parties the conspiratorial methods practiced by the Bolsheviks in Tsarist Russia. One of their emissaries' most important functions was to transmit funds from Moscow to Communist parties and the pro-Soviet press, often in the form of jewels confiscated from the Tsarist aristocracy and bourgeoisie. Exiled grand dukes in Paris and other European capitals sometimes claimed (probably mistakenly) to recognize in jewelers' shop windows remnants of the imperial crown jewels.[16] The Finnish Communist Aino Kuusinen, wife of Otto Kuusinen, who in 1921 became the Comintern's secretary-general, later recalled how in the winter of 1920 he financed a secret mission to London by another Finnish Communist, Salme Pekkala:

> Suddenly Kuusinen produced four large diamonds from his waistcoat pocket and showed them to us all, saying: "Each of these is worth forty thousand." I can no longer remember which currency this referred to. Then he handed the diamonds to Pekkala's wife and said with a smile: "Here's some money for the journey."[17]

Another courier used to smuggle Tsarist jewels into Britain was Francis Meynell, a young director of the socialist *Daily Herald.* Though Meynell was sometimes searched on his return to England, he was never caught. During one "jewel trip" he smuggled two strings of pearls buried in a jar of Danish butter. On another occasion he posted from abroad a large and expensive box of chocolate creams, each containing a pearl or a diamond, to his friend the philosopher Cyril Joad (later star of the BBC radio program *Brains Trust*). Once back in London, Meynell was taken to Scotland Yard but searched in vain. Two days later Meynell and his wife recovered the chocolate creams from Joad and "spent a sickly hour sucking the chocolates and so retrieving the jewels."[18]

The enthusiastic amateurism with which Tsarist jewels were used to finance international revolution led, unsurprisingly, to some serious cases of embezzlement. In 1919 Borodin was sent with Tsarist jewels sewn in the lining of two leather suitcases to deliver to Communists in the United States. Probably fearing that he was under surveillance during the journey, he entrusted the suitcases to an Austrian whom he met on board ship. Though the Austrian promised to deliver the bags to Chicago, they never arrived. For a time Borodin himself came under suspicion of jewel theft.[19]

During the Comintern's first two years its program of covert action went little beyond instructing and financing non-Russian revolutionaries and Bolshevik sympathizers. In March 1921 in Germany it made its first attempt to launch a revolution. The main initiative for the German "March Action" came from Béla Kun, then the most celebrated non-Russian Communist, a veteran of the October Revolution as well as the former leader of the Hungarian Soviet Republic, and a member of the Comintern's Little Bureau. "The bourgeois governments," Kun believed, "were still weak. Now was the time to hit them, again and again, with a chain of uprisings, strikes and insurrections." Germany, the birthplace of Marxism, was also, he argued, capitalism's most vulnerable point. Lenin was less enthusiastic. His own faith in imminent world revolution was on the wane. After the devastation of the Civil War, he believed that Soviet Russia needed a period of internal recuperation and détente abroad with her imperialist foes. But Kun seems to have won Lenin over by arguing that a successful insurrection in Germany would reduce international pressure on the Soviet regime.

Early in March Kun and a secret Comintern delegation arrived in Berlin to plan the German revolution. Comrade Thomas, the existing Comintern representative in Germany, was appalled. "I protested violently," he later claimed, "and demanded that Kun be recalled. I sent them proof that the preconditions for any uprising simply did not exist in Germany. Moscow remained silent." By March 17, however, Kun had won over the KPD leadership. "The workers," it instructed, "are herewith called into battle." Representatives from the French, British, Czech, and other Communist parties were summoned to witness and learn from the forthcoming German revolution.

On March 21 and 22 strikes and insurrections began. On the 24th the KPD ordered a general strike and urged the workers to seize arms.

The great majority of the German labor force, however, took no part in the struggle. By April 1 the few insurgent areas had been crushed, and the KPD called off the general strike. One hundred forty-five workers had been killed, an unknown number wounded and 3,470 arrested.

Levi, who had resigned as KPD leader in February, blamed the Comintern for forcing the KPD into attempting a revolution opposed by the German workers themselves: "Thanks to the Executive Committee and its role, the existence of the German Communist Party, hitherto Europe's only Communist-led mass party, is in grave danger." Heinrich Brandler, Levi's successor as KPD leader, denounced the claim that either the ECCI "or persons close to it" had anything to do with bringing about the "March Action" as "the slyest, dirtiest piece of slander." This allegation, repeated the Comintern president, Zinoviev, was "an infamous lie." But in 1926 the "lie" was officially confirmed. It was finally admitted in Béla Kun's official biography that "In 1921 the Communists sent him on a mission to Germany, where he directed the March Action undertaken by the proletariat."[20]

Though neither Lenin nor the Comintern could bring themselves to accept responsibility for the March action, its failure marked a watershed in Soviet policy. The priority now was not the spread of the Revolution but the consolidation of the Soviet regime at home. At the Tenth Party Congress in March 1921, when announcing his intention "to put an end to opposition, to put the lid on it," and establish a one-party Communist state purged of the remnants of the Mensheviks and SRs, Lenin admitted: "We have failed to convince the broad masses." Large areas of the Russian countryside were swept by famine, industry was close to collapse, and peasant uprisings continued in the Ukraine and Central Asia.

While the Party Congress was in session, the sailors of the Kronstadt garrison, formerly described by Trotsky as "the beauty and pride" of the Revolution, rebelled against the political repression and economic hardship imposed by the Bolshevik regime. The manifesto of the Kronstadt rebels, "What We Are Fighting For," singled out as one of its main targets the Cheka, which it likened to the Oprichniki of Ivan the Terrible: "The power of the police-gendarme monarchy passed into the hands of the Communist usurpers who, instead of bringing freedom to the workers, instilled in them the constant fear of falling into the torture-chambers of the Cheka, which in their horrors far exceeded the police rule of the Tsarist regime."[21] The Cheka's predilection for conspiracy theory predictably made it quick to detect the long arm of Western imperialism behind the Kronstadt rising. Dzerzhinsky reported to Lenin that the rebellion was part of a plot orchestrated by French agents in Riga, working in collusion with the SRs, "to carry out a coup in Petrograd, with the support of the sailors and the discontented working masses, upon which France intends to send her fleet into the Baltic." Lenin noted his agreement.[22] On March 17, just as the KPD was preparing for the "March action" in Germany, the Kronstadt rebellion was brutally suppressed by fifty thousand Red Army troops, including Cheka detachments.

Kronstadt hastened, though it did not cause, a major shift in Bolshevik policy. At the Tenth Party Congress Lenin announced the introduction of the New Economic Policy (NEP). Food requisitioning was stopped, private trading and small-scale private enterprise were restored, and attempts were made to persuade foreign businessmen to provide Russia with their skills and capital. The major priorities of Soviet diplomacy henceforth were to negotiate trade agreements and secure diplomatic recognition from the capitalist world. The beginning of this process was the arrival of a Soviet trade mission in London in May 1920, headed by the commissar for foreign trade, Leonid Krasin, who began protracted negotiations for an Anglo-Soviet trade treaty.[23] Krasin's principal assistant and translator was a Cheka officer, N. K. Klyshko. The Special Branch reported that, immediately on his arrival in England, Klyshko made contact with "Communist elements."[24] A further sign of the growing priority of foreign intelligence collection was Dzerzhinsky's decision to found a Foreign Department (Inostrannyi Otdel, better known as INO) on the Cheka's third anniversary, December 20, 1920.[25]

INO's main diplomatic target was Great Britain, regarded by Soviet leaders as still the greatest of the world powers and the key to Bolshevik Russia's acceptance by the capitalist world. Within little more than a year of the signature of the Anglo-Soviet trade agreement in March 1921, Russia negotiated similar accords with Germany, Italy, Sweden, Norway, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. At the time of the signature of the Anglo-Soviet agreement, the infant INO still had little reliable intelligence on British foreign policy. In a report to Lenin the Cheka correctly identified the most influential supporter of the agreement as the prime minister himself, David Lloyd George. The main opposition, it reported, came from "the Conservative Party of Curzon and Churchill, which is based on the Foreign Office and its surrounding circles."[26]

It did not, however, require secret intelligence to identify Lord Curzon, the foreign secretary, and Winston Churchill, then colonial secretary, as the two most committed anti-Bolsheviks within the cabinet. When Krasin met the cabinet at 10 Downing Street at the beginning of Anglo-Soviet trade negotiations in May 1920, Churchill stayed away rather than "shake hands with the hairy baboon." Curzon reluctantly attended the reception, but when Krasin held out his hand, at first declined to accept it. Only when the prime minister exclaimed, "Curzon! Be a gentleman!" did the foreign secretary take Krasin's still-outstretched hand.[27] Apart from identifying Curzon and Churchill as leading British opposition to the trade treaty, the Cheka showed only a crude grasp either of British politics or of the influences on British foreign policy in March 1921. Churchill was still a coalition Liberal and not, as the Cheka alleged, a Conservative; he crossed the floor of the House of Commons only in 1924.

The Cheka's main, perhaps only, secret source on British policy to Russia, cited several times in its report, was the journalist Arthur Ransome,[28] later famous as a children's novelist, best known as the author of the *Swallows and Amazons* adventure stories of boating in the Lake District. Ransome was both a distinguished man of letters and a perpetual schoolboy. As wartime correspondent of the (London) *Daily News* in revolutionary Russia he had displayed a curious blend of shrewdness and naïveté. He became captivated by the "dear good wild mad practical impractical credulous suspicious purblind clear-sighted infernally energetic Bolsheviks," and full of a confused admiration for their revolutionary vision of a new society:

> Every man is in some sort, until his youth dies and his eyes harden, the potential builder of a New Jerusalem. . . . And even if this thing that is being builded here with tears and blood is not the golden city that we ourselves have dreamed, it is still a thing to the sympathetic understanding of which

> each one of us is bound by whatever he owes to his own youth.[29]

Ransome got to know many of the Bolshevik leaders personally, eventually marrying Trotsky's secretary after long and embittered divorce proceedings with his English first wife. He admired both Dzerzhinsky and his deputy Peters:

> [Dzerzhinsky] is a calm, cool-headed fanatic for the revolution with absolute trust in his own conscience and recognizing no higher court. He has been much in prison where he was remarkable for his urgent desire to take upon himself unpleasant labour for other criminals such as cleaning cells and emptying slops. He has a theory of self-sacrifice in which one man has to take on himself the unpleasantness that would otherwise be shared by many. Hence his unwillingness to occupy his present position.

Even when confronted by evidence of Cheka atrocities, Ransome still sought to justify its existence as the only alternative to chaos. In 1921 he even contrived to defend the suppression of the Kronstadt rebellion.[30] Both the Cheka and SIS were much interested in Ransome. Though some SIS officers regarded him as a Bolshevik agent, others were anxious to exploit his remarkable range of contacts with the Russian leadership. Tentative SIS approaches to Ransome, however, came to nothing. Ransome's biographer concludes that Ransome and SIS both tried and failed "to exploit the other."[31] If Ransome had mentioned his dealings with SIS—and he was generally anxious to impress the Bolshevik leadership with his influential British contacts—he would certainly have raised the Cheka's estimate of his importance. The Cheka may also have known of Ransome's postwar meetings with Sir Basil Thomson, head of both the Special Branch and the postwar Directorate of Intelligence responsible for monitoring civil subversion.[32]

In 1919 Ransome moved from Moscow to Riga in Latvia but continued for several years to make regular trips to Russia as correspondent for the Manchester *Guardian.* His brief and fragmentary diary records meetings during these visits with such senior Cheka figures as Dzerzhinsky's deputies, Peters and Unshlikht.[33] Ransome's other Cheka contacts included N. K. Klyshko, the Cheka representative with the Soviet delegation that negotiated the Anglo-Soviet trade agreement.[34]

The Cheka inaccurately singled out *The Times* journalist Harold Williams (who in 1922 became foreign editor) and the SIS officer Sir Paul Dukes as the main influences on Curzon's and Churchill's opposition to the Anglo-Soviet trade treaty.[35] This error reflected in part the Cheka's tendency, in common with some other foreign observers, to overestimate the influence of both *The Times* and the secret service within the Whitehall corridors of power. But the malign influence attributed to Williams and Dukes also probably derived, in part, from Ransome's comments on them. Ransome had quarreled violently with Williams, once a close friend, over Williams's hostility to the Bolsheviks.[36] And he had a similar contempt for Dukes's clandestine missions for SIS, which, he maintained, gave him "much the same sort of view of Russia as a hunted fox gets of a fox-hunt."[37] The Cheka also inaccurately described Williams as a baronet. He was, it added, "married to a certain Tyrkova, who is thought to be the daughter of the famous statesman of a conservative-Cadet [Constitutional Democratic Party] tendency." On this point Lenin himself corrected the Cheka report. Williams's wife, he wrote to Dzerzhinsky, was not Tyrkova but Tyrtova ("My wife knew her well personally in her youth") and was, in her own right, "a very prominent Cadet."[38]

Ransome's tendency to overstate his own influence and contacts in Whitehall was probably responsible for leading the Cheka to the inaccurate conclusion that his visit to Russia early in 1921 was part of a special mission entrusted by Lloyd George to himself and a businessman named Leith to further the cause of a trade agreement. Ransome told the Cheka that "the Soviet Union has a greater influence on the East [than Britain] and that the Muslim world is more inclined to Russian influence than it is to English." The Cheka wrongly concluded that "the spread of Soviet influence to the East, to which England is unable to set any serious obstacles" was one of the motives inclining England to sign a trade treaty. Ransome also told the Cheka that reports in the English press of the Kronstadt rebellion and opposition to the Bolsheviks in Petrograd and Moscow were evidence of "organized pressure on English public opinion" designed to wreck the trade treaty. The Cheka reported: "Ransome considers that the time might be opportune for the Soviet Government to publish the true state of affairs."[39]

Lenin wrote to Dzerzhinsky after reading the Cheka report: "In my opinion it is very important and, probably, fundamentally true."[40] Lenin and the Cheka attached so much importance to Ransome's ill-informed views on British policy partly because he told them what they expected to hear and tended to confirm their existing conspiracy theories. Ransome had few, if any, British secrets to betray, but he had a passionate commitment to helping the Bolsheviks gain diplomatic recognition in the West. After the conclusion of the first step in that process, the Anglo-Soviet trade treaty of March 1921, Ransome's usefulness to the Cheka increased. He became the friend and, on occasion, the confidant of the head of the British trade mission, Robert Hodgson, who must certainly have been unaware of his contacts with the Cheka.

In May 1923 the trade treaty was threatened by the so-called "Curzon ultimatum," accusing the Soviet government of subversion and hostile propaganda in India and among India's neighbors. Ransome, by his own account, spent many hours discussing the ultimatum with Chicherin, his deputy Litvinov, and, though his memoirs do not mention it, probably the GPU as well. He argued that while Curzon remained implacably hostile to Soviet Russia, the British government as a whole did not want to break off relations. "I have," wrote Ransome, "seldom drunk so much tea in the Kremlin in so short a time."[41] His diary records four meetings with Litvinov, three with Chicherin, two with Hodgson, and one each with Bukharin and Zinoviev, all in the space of four days.[42]

Hodgson had instructions not to discuss the Curzon ultimatum with the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs but was persuaded by Ransome to agree to an "accidental" meeting with Litvinov in woods outside Moscow.[43] Eight months later Ransome at last achieved his ambition of seeing the Soviet Union break out of its diplomatic isolation. He was present at the ceremony in Moscow in January 1924 when, following the election of Britain's first Labour government under Ramsay MacDonald, Hodgson presented an official note to Chicherin formally recognizing the Soviet regime as the de jure government of Russia. "It was," wrote Ransome, "a very happy day for me. 'My war,' which had lasted for more than five years after the Armistice of 1918, was over."[44]

During the early 1920s British intelligence on Soviet foreign policy was clearly superior to the Cheka's on Britain. Soviet Russia did not yet possess the sigint that had provided the Tsarist foreign ministry with its most important diplomatic intelligence. During their first decade in power the Bolsheviks suffered from two serious sigint handicaps. The first was their fear of relying on the relatively sophisticated codes and ciphers that they had inherited from the Tsarist regime, and their introduction of less secure systems based at first on simple forms of letter transposition. The second was the dispersion of the Tsarist code breakers, who had given prerevolutionary Russia the world lead in cryptanalysis. Worse still, from the Bolshevik point of view, some of the best had fled abroad.[45]

The head of the Russian section at Britain's interwar sigint agency, the Government Code and Cypher School (GC & CS, the ancestor of today's GCHQ), Ernst ("Fetty") Fetterlein, was a refugee from the Tsarist *cabinet noir,* who had escaped with his wife to Britain by hiding aboard a Swedish ship, which was unsuccessfully searched before it left Russia. Fetterlein claimed to have been the leading cryptanalyst of Tsarist Russia, with the rank of admiral. His colleagues in GC & CS found that "on book ciphers and anything where insight was vital he was quite the best."[46] The great American cryptographer, William Friedman, who met Fetty soon after the end of the war, was struck by the large ruby ring on the index finger of his right hand: "When I showed interest in this unusual gem, he told me that the ring had been presented to him as a token of recognition and thanks for his cryptanalytic successes while in the service of Czar Nicholas, the last of the line."

Ironically, those successes had included decrypting British diplomatic traffic.[47] His main achievement during the decade after the Revolution was to help decrypt Russian diplomatic traffic for the British. Though he spoke English with a thick Russian accent, Fetterlein was a fine linguist. Much of his English, however, had been learned from *Sexton Blake* and other popular detective novels; he sometimes amused his colleagues in GC & CS with remarks such as "Who has boned my pencil?" or "He was a rotter!" Fetterlein said little about prerevolutionary Russia. Occasionally a fellow cryptanalyst would draw him out by making a disingenuous comment with which he was known to disagree. "And the Tsar, Mr. Fetterlein, I believe he was a very strong man with good physique?" Fetty usually rose to the bait and replied indignantly: "The Tsar was a weakling who had no mind of his own, sickly and generally the subject of scorn."[48]

Thanks to Fetterlein and his British colleagues, GC & CS was able to decrypt most high-grade Russian diplomatic traffic during the negotiation of the Anglo-Soviet accord. The Soviet intercepts made dramatic reading. Lenin advised Krasin at the outset of negotiations in June 1920: "That swine Lloyd George has no scruples or shame in the way he deceives. Don't believe a word he says and gull him three times as much." Lloyd George took such insults philosophically. Some of his ministers did not. Curzon and Churchill used the evidence in the intercepts of subsidies to the *Daily Herald* and British Bolsheviks, and of other forms of Soviet subversion in Britain and India, to demand that the trade delegation be expelled and the trade negotiations abandoned.

Though determined not to sacrifice the prospect of a trade agreement, Lloyd George felt it prudent to respond to the outrage with which most of his ministers reacted to the evidence of subversion in the Soviet intercepts. On September 10 the prime minister accused the head of the Moscow Communist Party, Lev Kamenev, who had arrived in August to lead the trade delegation with Krasin as his deputy, of "gross breach of faith" and various forms of subversion. Though Krasin was allowed to remain, Kamenev, who was due to return to Russia for consultation the next day, was told that he would not be permitted to come back. Lloyd George claimed "irrefutable evidence" for his charges but declined to say what it was. The Soviet delegation should, however, have realized that their telegrams had been decrypted.

In August the cabinet had agreed to release a selection of the Soviet intercepts. Eight intercepted messages concerning Soviet subsidies to the *Daily Herald* were given to all national newspapers except the *Herald* itself. In order to mislead the Russians into believing that the messages had leaked from the entourage of Maxim Litvinov in Copenhagen, the press was asked to say that they had been obtained from "a neutral country." *The Times,* however, failed to play the game. To Lloyd George's fury, *The Times* began its story with the words: "The following wireless messages have been intercepted by the British government." Klyshko, the Cheka resident (station chief) with the trade delegation, however, was clearly a novice in sigint. Either he failed to read *The Times* attentively or he wrongly assumed that, save for the "Marta" cipher used to transmit the eight published messages, Soviet ciphers were still secure. Nor did he grasp the significance of leaks to the *Daily Mail* and *Morning Post* in September based on further Soviet intercepts. The extent of British penetration of Soviet code and cipher systems was first realized not by the trade delegation but by Mikhail Frunze, commander-in-chief of the Southern Red Army Group, which defeated the forces of the White general, Baron Wrangel, in the Crimea. Frunze reported to Moscow on December 19, 1920:

> It emerges from a report furnished to me today by Yamchenko, former head of the Wrangel radio station at Sevastopol, that absolutely all our ciphers are being deciphered by the enemy in consequence of their simplicity. . . . The overall conclusion is that all our enemies, particularly England, have all this time been entirely in the know about our internal, military-operational and diplomatic work.[49]

A week later the trade delegation in London was instructed to conduct as much of its correspondence as possible by courier "until the establishment of new cipher systems." These new systems, when introduced early in 1921, defeated Fetterlein and his British colleagues for several months. By the end of April, however, GC & CS had begun once again to decrypt substantial amounts of Soviet diplomatic traffic. The celebrated "Curzon ultimatum" of May 1923 denouncing Soviet subversion, not only merely quoted a series of Soviet intercepts, but repeatedly—and undiplomatically—taunted the Russians with the successful interception of their communications:

> The Russian Commissariat for Foreign Affairs will no doubt recognize the following communication dated 21st February, 1923, which they received from M. Raskolnikov. . . . The Commissariat for Foreign Affairs will also doubtless recognize a communication received by them from Kabul, dated the 8th November, 1922. . . . Nor will they have forgotten a communication, dated the 16th March, 1923, from M. Karakhan, the Assistant Commissary for Foreign Affairs, to M. Raskolnikov.

In the summer of 1923 Moscow again introduced new code and cipher systems, which for a time defeated Fetterlein and his colleagues. But, probably by the end of 1924, GC & CS succeeded once again in decrypting significant amounts of Soviet diplomatic traffic.[50]

Though Soviet sigint still lagged behind Britain's at the time of the Curzon ultimatum, the INO (foreign intelligence department) network abroad was already larger, more ambitious, and more aggressive than that of SIS, whose budget had been drastically cut back after the end of the First World War. The spread of Soviet trade missions and embassies after the Anglo-Soviet trade agreement of March 1921 gave INO the opportunity to establish a network of "legal residencies" headed by "residents" (station chiefs) operating under diplomatic cover within Soviet missions.[51] As in Britain, the issue of diplomatic cover gave rise to recurrent friction between diplomats and intelligence officers. SIS station commanders abroad between the wars tended to live an underprivileged existence as "passport control officers" on the fringes of British embassies, where they were commonly regarded as an embarrassment rather than an asset by ambassadors, who preferred to keep intelligence at arm's length from diplomacy.[52] INO residents were far more powerful figures than SIS station commanders, and their intermittent clashes with Soviet ambassadors were correspondingly greater. According to Georgi Agabekov, an OGPU resident who defected in 1930:

> Theoretically the OGPU resident is subordinate to the ambassador, of whom he is officially the second secretary or something of the sort. But, in fact . . . his authority often exceeds that of the ambassador. Greatly feared by his colleagues, even by the ambassador, he holds over their heads the perpetual fear of denunciation. Sometimes the ambassador . . . lodges a complaint against the resident in his capacity as embassy secretary. Then you'll see an embassy divided into two camps, resident and ambassador each with his own partisans, till Moscow recalls one or the other and his partisans will soon follow.[53]

The head of the INO, the foreign section of the Cheka and its successors, responsible for running the residencies abroad, from August 1921 until late in 1929 was Mikhail Abramovich Trilisser, a Russian Jew who had become a professional revolutionary in 1901 at the age of only eighteen. Before the First World War he had specialized in tracking down police spies among the Bolshevik émigrés. Even Stalin's one-time secretary, Boris Bazhanov, who defected in 1928 hotly pursued by the OGPU, described Trilisser as "a clever and intelligent Chekist."[54] Like most other senior INO officers of his generation, Trilisser was liquidated during the Terror of the late thirties, only to be posthumously rehabilitated after Stalin's death. His portrait hangs today in a place of honor in the Memory Room of INO's successor, the First Chief Directorate of the KGB.[55]

For his first two years as head of the INO Foreign Section, Trilisser seems to have delegated most of the day-to-day management of the section to his Estonian assistant, Vladimir Andreevich Styrne. Besides being notable for his youth (he was only twenty-two when he joined the Foreign Section in 1921), Styrne also brought with him a blood-curdling reputation for ruthlessness. Though the story is impossible to corroborate, he was believed within the Cheka to have had his own parents liquidated.[56]

At about the time when Trilisser took over the INO in 1921, the Comintern set up a secret international liaison department, the OMS (Otdel Mezhdunarodnykh Svyazey), to run its clandestine network of agents abroad.[57] The OMS performed a valuable service for INO by drawing into secret-service work foreign Communists and fellow travelers (Communist sympathizers) who were more likely to respond to an appeal for help from the Communist International than to a direct approach from Soviet intelligence. Many of the best OGPU and NKVD foreign agents in the 1930s believed initially that they were working for the Comintern.[58]

OMS also pioneered the development of the "front organizations" that were later to become an important instrument of Soviet "active measures" (influence operations). The greatest virtuoso of the front organizations set up with OMS funds was the German Communist deputy Willi Münzenberg, affectionately described by his "life partner," Babette Gross, as "the patron saint of the fellow-travellers."[59] During the Russian famine of 1921 Münzenberg set up International Workers' Aid (IWA) with headquarters in Berlin, and quickly established himself as the Comintern's most effective propagandist. According to Babette Gross:

> His magic word was solidarity—at the beginning solidarity with the starving Russians, then with the proletariat of the whole world. By substituting solidarity for charity Münzenberg found the key to the heart of many intellectuals; they reacted spontaneously. . . . When he spoke of the "sacred enthusiasm for the proletarian duty to help and assist" he touched on that almost exalted readiness for sacrifice that is found wherever there is faith.[60]

Each act of 'solidarity with the Russian people' forged an emotional bond between the donor and the idealized version of the Soviet worker-peasant state presented by Comintern propaganda.

The IWA became known in Party slang as the "Münzenberg Trust." According to Arthur Koestler, who was sent to work for him in 1933, Münzenberg had acquired "a greater measure of independence and freedom of action in the international field than any other Comintern leader. . . . Undisturbed by the stifling control of the party bureaucracy," his imaginative propaganda campaigns were "in striking contrast to the pedantic, sectarian language of the official Party Press."[61] The Münzenberg Trust quickly gained the support of a galaxy of "uncommitted" writers, academics, and scientists. The portrait of a large-eyed hungry child stretching out a hand for food in Käthe Kollwitz's poster, produced for Münzenberg in 1923, became one of the most powerful and best-remembered images of the century. In the course of the 1920s, the Münzenberg Trust established its own newspapers, publishing houses, book clubs, films, and theatrical productions. As far away as Japan, according to Koestler, the Trust controlled directly or indirectly nineteen newspapers and magazines. Remarkably, Münzenberg even managed to make most of his ventures pay.[62]

The IWA was the progenitor of a series of what Münzenberg privately called "Innocents' Clubs,"[63] founded to "organize the intellectuals" under covert Comintern leadership in support of a variety of voguish causes. He had a friendly contempt for the "innocent" bourgeois intellectuals whom he seduced by the lure of spiritual solidarity with the proletariat. Though his main preoccupation was propaganda, Münzenberg also used the "Innocents' Clubs" as a cover for OMS intelligence networks, which included some of the intellectuals he had seduced.[64]

At the operational level there was, inevitably, recurrent friction between the overlapping networks of OMS and the more powerful INO. At the Center, however, the friction between the two secret agencies was lessened by the personal friendship between Mikhail Trilisser, the head of INO, and Iosif Aronovich Pyatnitsky, head of OMS from its foundation in 1921 until he was purged in the mid-thirties. Like Trilisser, Pyatnitsky was Jewish and had begun a career as a professional revolutionary in his late teens. Before the First World War he had specialized in smuggling both revolutionaries and revolutionary propaganda in and out of Tsarist Russia.[65] INO was usually the dominant partner in the relationship with OMS. While Trilisser had a seat on OMS, Pyatnitsky had no position in INO.[66]

The most ambitious covert action involving both OGPU and Comintern was the final attempt to launch a revolution in Germany.

Though approved by the Politburo, the initiative on this occasion came from the Comintern. In March 1923 Lenin suffered a third stroke, which ended his active political life. The Comintern's leaders were determined to spread the revolution to at least one other country before his death. If Communism triumphed in Germany, they were convinced that it would sweep across Europe.[67] On August 15 Zinoviev interrupted his summer holiday to instruct the German Communist Party (KPD) to prepare for the coming revolution.[68] On August 23 the Politburo held a secret meeting to hear a report from the Comintern German specialist, Karl Radek. "Here at last, Comrades," said Trotsky, "is the tempest we had been expecting impatiently for so many years. It is destined to change the face of the earth. . . . The German revolution means the collapse of world capitalism."

Though less euphoric than Trotsky, the Politburo decided to send a secret four-man mission on false papers to Berlin to prepare for the German revolution. Radek was to transmit to the KPD the instructions of the Comintern (decided for it by the Soviet Politburo) and direct its Central Committee accordingly. Unshlikht, Dzerzhinsky's OGPU deputy, was to organize and arm the "Red Hundreds" who would carry out the revolution and to set up a German OGPU afterward to stamp out counterrevolution. Vasya Schmidt, the Soviet commissar for labor, who was of German origin, was to organize revolutionary cells within the unions, which in the aftermath of revolution would become German soviets. Yuri Pyatakov, a member of the Russian Communist Party's Central Committee, was to coordinate the work of the others and be responsible for liaison between Moscow and Berlin.[69]

There was in reality never any serious prospect of a German revolution in 1923. The KPD had only a fraction of the support among the German working class enjoyed by its socialist rival, the SPD, and the German government was far less feeble than Kerensky's provisional government in October 1917. The Soviet secret mission, however, remained determinedly optimistic. Pyatakov's reports to Moscow, though contemptuous of the KPD leadership, insisted that the German proletariat was ready for revolution. A special meeting of the Politburo late in September gave the go-ahead. Its conclusions were considered so secret that its minutes, instead of being circulated to the Party's Central Committee, as was usual at this period, were locked in the safe of the Politburo secretary.

According to the plan approved by the Politburo, following demonstrations to celebrate the anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, Unshlikht's Red Hundreds would begin armed conflicts with the police. The resulting mayhem, and the official repression it was calculated to provoke, were expected to lead to a general working-class insurrection, in the course of which Unshlikht's detachments would seize the key centers of power, as the Red Guards had done in Petrograd six years before.[70] Arms for the Red Hundreds were smuggled by cargo steamer from Petrograd to Hamburg, where they were unloaded by Communist dockers.[71]

The German revolution was due to begin in the early hours of October 23. Iosif Pyatnitsky, the head of OMS, Dmitri Manuilsky of the Communist Party's Central Committee, and Otto Kuusinen, the Comintern's Finnish secretary-general, sat up all night in Kuusinen's study, smoking and drinking coffee while they waited for a telegram from Radek in Berlin to tell them the revolution had begun. Throughout the night a direct telephone line was kept open to Lenin's sickbed at Gorky, where other Soviet leaders were assembled. Lenin himself could mumble only a few syllables, though his mind remained alert for news of the revolution he had predicted five years before. The news, however, never came. At dawn on October 23 a telegram was sent to ask Radek what had happened. A few hours later came his one-word reply: "Nothing." At the last minute Radek and the KPD leadership had called off the planned insurrection because of lack of working-class support. Though a rising went ahead in Hamburg, it was quickly crushed. Bitter recriminations followed.[72] The KPD was heavily criticized in Moscow for having thrown away a "favorable opportunity."[73] The blame more properly belonged to Moscow for having persuaded itself, in defiance of the evidence, that the opportunity had ever existed.[74]

Thenceforth the Comintern's main hopes for the spread of revolution moved from Europe to Asia, especially to India and to China. Within Europe the failure of the 1923 "German October" confirmed the shift of emphasis that had followed the failure of the German "March Action" in 1921 away from sponsoring revolutionary insurrections to establishing trade and diplomatic relations with the capitalist powers. For some years the Cheka and its successors had greater success against Western diplomatic targets in Moscow than in Western capitals. The trade missions and embassies established in Moscow from 1921 onward proved far easier to penetrate than the major foreign ministries abroad. Surveillance of foreign missions was the responsibility of the Cheka's counterintelligence department, the KRO, headed for most of the 1920s by Artur Khristyanovich Artuzov. Born in 1891, Artuzov was the son of an Italian-Swiss cheese maker, who had settled in Russia, and the nephew of M. S. Kedrov, head of the NKVD Department of Forced Labour.[75] He later succeeded Trilisser as head of INO from late 1929 until 1934. His portrait hangs today in the Memory Room of the First Chief Directorate, together with a eulogy of his work as head of both KRO and INO.[76]

The classified history of the FCD praises Artuzov chiefly as an ideas man. He pioneered a variety of penetration techniques against foreign missions, ranging from the "honey trap" to less subtle methods of intimidation later employed by the KGB. Foreign diplomatic couriers were followed from the moment, and sometimes even before, they crossed the Soviet border in the hope of gaining access to the contents of their diplomatic bags. When couriers traveled, as they frequently did, on the night sleeper between Petrograd and Moscow, a special carriage was added to the train, fitted out as a photographic laboratory, in the hope of gaining access to their diplomatic bags while the couriers were asleep.[77] One courier employed by the Finnish trade delegation in Moscow during 1921 had to resist seduction on the night sleeper by an attractive Cheka female agent anxious to separate him from his bag.[78] Shortly afterward another Finnish courier was put to sleep with the help of drugged tea from a train samovar and the contents of his bag photographed in the laboratory carriage—the first recorded case of the use of drugs by Soviet intelligence against a diplomatic target.[79]

Unlike INO during the 1920s, KRO had its own laboratory, which ran training courses on the art of opening diplomatic bags, forging official seals, making secret inks and using drugs.[80] Probably the most striking of the KRO's early successes against foreign diplomats was with the Estonian Roman Birk, who fell heavily into debt while playing cards in Moscow with a Cheka agent. Birk not only made available the contents of his diplomatic bag but was himself recruited by the Cheka, later taking part in the "Trust" deception, the most successful Soviet intelligence operation of the 1920s.[81]

In 1922 the KRO seems to have devised an even more sinister plan to deal with Robert Hodgson, the head of the British Trade Delegation. A former Tsarist official claimed, probably reliably, that the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs had offered him a job if he agreed to spy on the British mission. Hodgson reported to the Foreign Office:

> Roller [head of the British section of the KRO] proposed that he should entice me to his house, that I should there be drugged and my pockets searched; it was thought that by this means valuable information could be secured. My acquaintance urged the obvious objections to this genial suggestion; the Mission motor car would be standing outside the house, inquiries as to my prolonged absence would be made from the Mission and complications must ensue which could hardly be agreeable to the Soviet government.

Artuzov agreed and the plan was dropped.[82]

The commonest KRO operations against foreign missions in Moscow were the intimidation of their Russian employees and other contacts. In May 1924 Hodgson sent Litvinov, the commissar for foreign affairs, who he correctly believed disapproved of at least some OGPU excesses, two "perfectly friendly" letters giving examples of the harassment of his mission over the previous two years. Several of the cases concerned an OGPU officer using the name Anatoli Vladimirovich Jurgens, who, said Hodgson, "appears to have specialized in terrorizing women and young girls." Early in 1922 Jurgens summoned one of the maids at the trade mission named Theresa Koch and threatened to jail her for life unless she signed a document agreeing to spy on the mission and report to the Cheka once a week:

> Finally, being completely terrorized, she signed. She was threatened with condign punishment should she reveal the incident to me. . . . For months afterwards she did not dare to leave the Mission premises. Later, when she wished to leave the country, permission was systematically refused, the reason being that she had been connected with some incident at Ekaterinoslav—where she has never been in her life.

Early in 1923 Jurgens tried similar pressure on an old woman named Maria Nikolayevna Schmegman, who had become acquainted with Hodgson through selling antique furniture to him. Jurgens told her that she would never leave the Lubyanka alive unless she signed an agreement to steal documents from Hodgson and spy on his embassy.

> Finally, she signed the undertaking. For a considerable time afterwards she was persecuted by Jurgens. She was also

> threatened with the severest punishment if she spoke of the matter to anyone.

Early in 1924 the girlfriend of a trade-mission employee, Tatiana Romanovna Levitskaya, was also asked to spy on the mission. When she refused, she was sentenced to three years' exile in the Narim region as a British spy.[83]

"In comparison with other missions," Hodgson told the Foreign Office, the British mission was "treated with relative decency." After protests by the Polish legation at harassment by the OGPU, it received a formal apology from the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs.[84] Unlike the Poles, Hodgson received no formal apology. But he reported in August 1924 that OGPU intimidation had ceased (only temporarily, as it later turned out) since his protest in May: "M. Chicherin has obviously taken the matter much to heart, and is extremely anxious that repetition of such obnoxious episodes should be avoided in the future."[85]

The Cheka and its successors frequently found it easier to penetrate European diplomatic missions outside Europe than in Europe itself. In the early 1920s the mistress of the British consul at Resht, Persia, supplied a Cheka officer named Apresov with the consul's secret papers. On moving to become OGPU resident at Meshed in 1923, Apresov also obtained from the British consulate copies of the consul's reports to the British embassy in Teheran as well as correspondence between the military attaché in Teheran and the high command in India.[86]

The non-European capital in which European missions were most vulnerable to Soviet penetration in the pre-Stalin era was probably Beijing (Peking). A police raid on the Soviet Embassy in Beijing in April 1927 recovered copies of a number of highly secret British diplomatic documents. They included, according to a Foreign Office minute, "probably the two most important despatches" written by the British ambassador, Sir Miles Lampson, over the previous few months. Lampson himself claimed that "leakage" from the Italian and Japanese legations had been even more serious:

> Documents obtained from Italian [Legation] consist mainly of decyphers of all important telegrams between Peking and Rome and vice versa, and those from Japanese [Legation] are comprehensive and even include such details as seating ar-

> rangements at official dinners and record of conversations held between officials of Legation and visitors thereto.

Lampson reported that both the head chancery servant and another member of the Chinese staff at the British legation had been discovered to be working for the Russians.[87] The Foreign Office failed to learn the lessons of the legation leaks. Throughout the interwar years it possessed not merely no security department but not a single security officer. Security at British missions continued to be inadequate, sometimes outrageously so. Leaks of documents from the Rome embassy, involving at least one local employee, began in 1924 and continued until the Second World War.[88]

Though most Soviet espionage against foreign missions in Beijing was organized by military intelligence rather than by the OGPU, the documents seized during the raid on the Soviet embassy provide a revealing insight into some of the methods used by both intelligence agencies. One set of instructions for the recruitment of "lower grade" Chinese staff in foreign legations ("office boys, watchmen, house coolies, etc.") suggested: "Very suitable recruiting agents may prove [to be] those [Communist] Party workers who are sufficiently trained to carry out the enlisting of secret agents on the basis of idealistic considerations." The agents recruited were to collect torn-up documents from embassy wastepaper baskets, "spoiled typewritten sheets, first proof sheets from all kinds of duplication machines, etc." Special attention should be paid to the stencils used in duplicating machines:

> The agents who steal material of this kind should be encouraged with pecuniary rewards. These rewards, however, must be small for two reasons:
>
> a. A large amount of money in the hands of agents may arouse suspicion in other Chinese servants of the office in question and through them become known to their masters.
> b. On no account should the agent have any chance to suspect that he is supplying us with valuable material for which as soon as an opportunity occurs he may bargain with us. On the contrary, we must always point out to him that we are waiting for something more important from him, and if we pay him extra it is only because we

> hope he will be more successful in future. Hence it is clear that the salary of such agents must be only very little more than the salary which they are getting from their masters.
>
> For good work by the secret agents, the recruiting agents must be given rewards as they are, properly speaking, the moving power behind this work.

Secret agents should be instructed to show "industry, punctuality and outward devotion and attachment" to their masters, and generally do their utmost to avoid suspicion. Those handling them needed "always to be on guard against false information" and alive to the possibility that an agent might be discovered by his legation and used to supply bogus information.[89]

The documents stolen from foreign diplomatic missions, when compared with the ciphered versions, were of great assistance to Soviet code breakers. On occasion, as in the Tsarist period, cipher material was stolen as well.[90] By the mid-twenties sigint was once again emerging as an important source of Russian diplomatic intelligence. Within the OGPU sigint was the responsibility of a Special Section (Spets Otdel) headed by Gleb Ivanovich Boky. The Special Section was already functioning within the Cheka in 1921 but its functions at that stage seem to have been rather assorted and largely concerned with labor camps. Gradually, however, it came to specialize in sigint. Its head, Boky, born in 1879, the son of a Ukrainian schoolteacher and an old Bolshevik, had an exemplary revolutionary record, which included twelve spells in Tsarist jails, two Siberian exiles, and participation in the revolutions of 1905 and October 1917. He headed the Special Department for sixteen years, from 1921 until he was purged in 1937 during the Stalinist terror.[91] By the mid-twenties the Special Section had succeeded in bugging some Moscow embassies as well as breaking their codes. Boky was believed to have given Chicherin a dramatic demonstration of his section's technical virtuosity by inviting him to listen to a live relay of the Afghan ambassador in Moscow making love to an opera singer who was also employed as an OGPU "swallow."[92]

In March 1921, when Soviet Russia began to emerge from diplomatic isolation after the Anglo-Soviet Trade Treaty, her diplomatic intelligence had been feeble. The infant INO's only intelligence on the foreign policy of the "Main Adversary," Great Britain, derived from the misleading analysis of Arthur Ransome. By the time of Dzerzhinsky's death in July 1926, the situation had been transformed. Soviet sigint, though not yet in the Tsarist class, was once again a major source of diplomatic intelligence. The penetration of Western embassies in Moscow and elsewhere gave Russia probably the best diplomatic humint in the world. Moscow, by contrast, had become too hostile an environment for most Western intelligence services to operate in at all. At no point between the wars did SIS even possess a Moscow station. Like most other Western intelligence services, it sought with decreasing success to penetrate Russia from across its frontiers, chiefly from Finland and the Baltic States.[93]

Britain's lack of diplomatic humint, however, was offset in the mid-twenties by its continuing superiority in sigint and by its access to Comintern communications. High-grade Tsarist diplomatic ciphers, at least during the generation before the First World War, seem to have defeated all foreign cryptanalysts. Soviet diplomatic and intelligence ciphers, by contrast, remained vulnerable for a decade after the Revolution.[94] The Comintern at this period was probably at least as porous as Western embassies in Moscow. The Comintern leadership was well aware that "many of its secrets were penetrated by agents of foreign governments."[95] MI5 and the Special Branch in London and the Intelligence Bureau of the British Raj in Delhi successfully intercepted a stream of Comintern communications to and from British and Indian Communists. Indian Communists now use these intercepts as an important source for their own history.[96] The Comintern sometimes sought to cover up its own security lapses for fear that OGPU would insist that it be more closely supervised.[97]

Documents were not the only Comintern property that were found to be missing. Vasili Kolarov, the Bulgarian representative on the ECCI, once went by night sleeper to represent the Comintern at a military celebration at Minsk. When he awoke, his clothes as well as his briefcase had been stolen. Peeping out of the window he saw a welcoming party of officers standing stiffly to attention while a military band struck up martial music. Tension mounted as the band continued to play and Kolarov failed to appear. Eventually his predicament was discovered and he was smuggled off the train in borrowed overcoat and boots. The Italian representative on the ECCI, Palmiro Togliatti, alias Ercoli, suffered a similar fate. Aino Kuusinen later recalled calling on Togliatti and his wife in their Moscow hotel:

> I knocked at the door. Togliatti answered, but said he could not open it as he had nothing on. All their things had been stolen during the night. . . . Evidently the thieves had climbed in by way of the balcony and the open window as the occupants of the room lay fast asleep.[98]

Rather more serious was the fact that Comintern funds intended for foreign Communists continued to be embezzled by corrupt couriers or Communist officials. The leading Indian Communist, M. N. Roy, lived in some style in Paris and traveled freely, apparently on misappropriated Comintern funds, while other Indian Communists complained of large sums that, as they euphemistically put it, had gone "astray." In order to account for his misappropriated funds, Roy on at least one occasion presented the Comintern with a list of nonexistent Indian Communists whom he had subsidized.[99]

The Comintern suffered a particular embarrassment during the British general strike in 1926. Allan Wallenius, the English-speaking Comintern librarian, was given £30,000 to deliver to Communist leaders of the London dockers. He set out for Stockholm with a forged Swedish passport, boarded a British ship bound for England, and made friends with a stoker who explained that as well as being a good Communist himself he knew personally the Communists to whom the money was to be delivered. On his return, Wallenius explained to Otto Kuusinen that the stoker had agreed to deliver the money himself. Kuusinen's wife later recalled the sequel:

> "What was the stoker's name?" asked Otto drily.
> "He told me his name, but I've forgotten it."
> Speechless with fury, Otto pointed to the door. Needless to say, the money never got to its destination.[100]

Western governments found, however, that profiting from the Comintern's regular lapses of security was attended by a number of pitfalls. Genuine intercepted Comintern communications were an intelligence source sometimes muddied by forged documents. White Russian forgers in Berlin, Reval, and Warsaw were constantly producing forged Soviet and Comintern documents of varying plausibility as a means both of earning money and of discrediting the Bolsheviks. From time to time Western governments and intelligence services were taken in. In September 1921 the Foreign Office suffered the extreme embarrassment of citing in an official protest note to Moscow a series of Soviet and Comintern documents which it later discovered to have been forged in Berlin. Sir Wyndham Childs, assistant commissioner in charge of the Special Branch from 1921 to 1928, found the forgers "an intolerable nuisance," for "they gave the Russians an opportunity to shout 'forgery' when a genuine document was being dealt with."[101]

The charge that genuine intercepted documents were in fact all forgeries rapidly became one of the most successful forms of OGPU and Comintern disinformation. The most celebrated example of such disinformation concerns the so-called "Zinoviev letter" dated September 15, 1924, intercepted by SIS and published in the press during the general election campaign of October 1924. This document, which instructed British Communists to put pressure on their Labour sympathizers, intensify "agitation-propaganda work in the armed forces" and generally prepare for the coming of the British revolution, was widely—though wrongly—believed at the time to have won the election for the Conservatives and ended the life of Britain's first Labour government.

The original of the Zinoviev letter has since disappeared, and it is now impossible to be certain whether it was genuine or not. There was no shortage of forged Comintern documents on offer, but there was no shortage either of genuine Comintern intercepts. The incoming Conservative government claimed substantial corroboration for the Zinoviev letter from other intelligence sources, which are now known to have included a "trusted" MI5 agent at the British Communist Party headquarters who regularly provided reliable intelligence on other Comintern communications.[102] The British Communist Party was formally rebuked by the Comintern at the end of 1924 for its carelessness in handling secret documents.[103] Two possibilities remain. Either the Zinoviev letter was genuine or, if it was forged, the instructions it contained were sufficiently close to those in a genuine Comintern communication for the MI5 agent to confuse the two.[104]

Whether or not the Comintern was right to claim that the Zinoviev letter was a forgery, there is no doubt that it built upon that claim a successful campaign of disinformation designed to demonstrate that it never sent instructions to member parties of a kind which in reality it sent quite regularly. The centerpiece of its campaign was a Moscow visit in November 1924 by a naïve three-man TUC delegation sent from London to inspect Comintern files in order to establish the truth about the Zinoviev letter. Aino Kuusinen later described the "three days and nights of feverish activity" necessary to remove secret instructions to British Communists and other "compromising documents" from the Comintern archives before the delegates arrived. Even the register of daily correspondence was entirely rewritten in a sanitized form:

> The result was that the trio were completely misled and the Comintern was absolved of any subversive and secret activities in England. After the delegation had left, there was general relief and everyone had a good laugh over the fact that they had been able to pull the wool so easily over the Englishmen's eyes.[105]

One of the results of the Zinoviev letter affair was that the secret work of the Comintern's OMS was thenceforth subject to greater control by the OGPU and, on military matters, by Soviet military intelligence (then the Fourth Bureau of the General Staff, later the GRU).[106] The OGPU increased the number of its own agents within the OMS network to monitor its secret work. OMS simultaneously took steps to improve the security of its communications. In 1925 Abramov, Pyatnitsky's chief assistant in OMS, founded a secret school in the Moscow suburb of Mytishchi to train foreign Comintern radio operators to communicate with OMS by coded radio messages. After Wallenius's bungled attempt to send funds to Communist dockers during the British general strike of 1926, a more reliable courier system using Communist merchant seamen was set up under the supervision of military intelligence, with the help of Edo Fimmen, head of the Hamburg Seamen and Transport Workers' Union. The reliability of the couriers chosen was tested in a series of trial runs with dummy packages before they were used in earnest.[107]

Despite the growing success of Soviet espionage during the 1920s, its main target remained not capitalist governments but, as at the foundation of the Cheka, counterrevolution. Until the end of the Civil War the chief counterrevolutionary threat had been located on Russian soil. With the evacuation of the last of the White armies in November 1920, the main bases of counterrevolution moved abroad. On December 1, 1920, Lenin instructed Dzerzhinsky to devise a plan to neutralize these bases. Four days later Dzerzhinsky proposed a multipronged attack: more hostage taking from among the families in Russia of prominent émigrés, special detachments to attack émigré leaders in their foreign bases, and an expansion of the deception techniques using agents provocateurs that had defeated the Lockhart plot.[108] "For the detection of foreign agencies on our territories," Dzerzhinsky proposed to "organize pretended White Guard associations."[109] The threat to the Bolshevik regime from the White Guards after their defeat in the Civil War was always slight, but in Lenin's mind it assumed enormous proportions. He told the Third Comintern Congress in July 1921:

> Now, after we have repulsed the attack of international counterrevolution, there has been formed abroad an organization of the Russian bourgeoisie and of all the Russian counterrevolutionary parties. The number of Russian émigrés, who are scattered through all foreign countries, might be counted at from one and a half to two million. . . . We can observe them all working jointly abroad irrespective of their former political parties. . . . They are skillfully taking advantage of every opportunity in order, in one form or another, to attack Soviet Russia and smash her to pieces. . . . In certain respects we must learn from this enemy. These counterrevolutionary émigrés are very well informed, excellently organized, and good strategists. . . . There is an old proverb that a beaten army learns much. They are learning with the greatest avidity and have achieved great successes.

Lenin appealed to "our foreign comrades" to keep the White Guards in their countries under surveillance.[110]

The KGB still numbers among its greatest past triumphs the deception operations against the White Guards after the Civil War. Two such operations—code-named Sindikat and Trest (Trust)—figure prominently in the training courses on "active measures" at the FCD Andropov Institute.[111]

Sindikat was targeted against the man believed to be the most dangerous of all the White Guards: Boris Savinkov, former Socialist Revolutionary terrorist and deputy minister of war to Kerensky. During the Russo-Polish War of 1920 Savinkov had headed the anti-Bolshevik Russian Political Committee (RPC) in Warsaw and was largely responsible for recruiting the Russian People's Army, which fought under Polish command against the Red Army. In January 1921 Savinkov formed from the remnants of the RPC a new organization dedicated to the overthrow of the Bolsheviks: the People's Union for

Defense of Country and Freedom (NSZRiS), which ran an agent network in Soviet Russia to collect intelligence and prepare for risings against the regime.[112] According to the Soviet version of events, "nearly all Savinkov's agents were simultaneously on Poland's payroll, with the Polish police helping to put them across the border."[113] Despite Polish assistance and smaller subsidies from the French, British, and Czechs, Savinkov hovered on the brink of bankruptcy. The SIS station chief in Warsaw reported to "Head Office" in June 1921: "The position is becoming desperate. The balance in hand today amounts to 700,000 Polish Marks, not even sufficient to pay [Savinkov's] staff their salaries for the month of July."[114]

Savinkov's most serious problem, though he did not realize it, was not his shortage of Western funds, but Soviet penetration. In December 1920, just as Savinkov was organizing the NSZRiS, he received a visit in Poland from the deputy chief of staff of the Soviet Internal Service Troops in Gomel, Aleksandr Eduardovich Opperput, who claimed to belong to an anti-Bolshevik underground and brought with him a suitcaseful of fabricated secret documents. Opperput's real name was Pavel Ivanovich Selyaninov and he was to prove himself one of the Cheka's most successful agents provocateurs.[115] His unusual name should itself have aroused some suspicion at a time when the Soviet regime was introducing so many abbreviations into the Russian language. "Opperput" looks suspiciously like an abbreviated combination of Operatsiya (Operation) and Putat' (Confuse): "Operation Confuse." Neither Savinkov nor the Western intelligence services with whom Opperput came into contact grasped the significance of his name, and he continued to confuse both for a number of years. Savinkov recruited Opperput as one of his chief lieutenants, thus enabling him to identify the leading members of the NSZRiS on Soviet soil. Most were rounded up by the Cheka and forty-four were given a show trial in August 1921. In order to preserve his cover, it was reported that Opperput himself had been arrested.[116]

The intelligence supplied by Opperput provided the basis for an official Soviet protest to the Polish government against Savinkov's attempts to provoke anti-Soviet risings from his Warsaw base. In October 1921, at Polish insistence, Savinkov left to establish a new base first in Prague, then in Paris.[117] The second stage of the Cheka operation, Sindikat-2, now began, designed to disrupt what remained of Savinkov's organization in both Russia and the West, and finally to lure Savinkov himself back to a show trial in Moscow. The operation was simplified by Savinkov's increasingly unstable hold on reality. Late in 1921 he visited England, renewed his acquaintance with Winston Churchill, and began a high-level round of visits. Remarkably, he even visited the Russian trade delegation in London. He claimed after his visit that its head, Krasin, deeply impressed by his vision of a post-Bolshevik Russia, had suggested that he join the Soviet government. Sir Mansfield Cumming, chief of SIS, told the Foreign Office, probably on the basis of Krasin's intercepted telegrams, not to trust Savinkov's account: he had in reality "met with a far from favorable reception" by the trade delegation. Shortly before the Christmas holidays Churchill motored down to Chequers with Savinkov to see the prime minister. They found Lloyd George surrounded by Free Church ministers and a Welsh choir, who sang hymns in Welsh for several hours. When the hymns were over, Savinkov tried and failed to win Lloyd George over to his visionary schemes. Savinkov, however, later gave a quite different version of the meeting, in which the hymns sung by the Welsh choir became transformed into a rendering of "God Save the Tsar" by Lloyd George and his family.[118]

Though increasingly a fantasist, Savinkov remained a charismatic figure for his dwindling band of followers. Even Churchill retained some admiration for him. "When all is said and done," he wrote, "and with all the stains and tarnishes there be, few men tried more, gave more, dared more and suffered more for the Russian people."[119] In the summer of 1922 Savinkov's aide, L. D. Sheshenya, a former Tsarist officer, was captured by Soviet border guards as he crossed the Russo-Polish frontier. On GPU instructions, Sheshenya wrote to Savinkov's émigré supporters in Poland reporting that he had made contact in Russia with a well-organized anti-Bolshevik underground. A senior KRO officer, A. P. Fyodorov, then paid several visits to Poland posing as A. P. Mukhin, one of the leaders of the imaginary Moscow underground, and persuaded the head of the Savinkov organization in Vilno, Ivan Fomichov, to return with him to Russia. In Moscow Fomichov held talks with a group of GPU agents provocateurs posing as leaders of the underground, and agreed to ask Savinkov to assume leadership of their group.[120]

In July 1923 "Mukhin" met Savinkov in Paris. The Moscow underground, he told him, was deeply divided over tactics and desperately needed his experienced leadership. Instead of going to Moscow himself, however, Savinkov sent his aide, Colonel Sergei Pavlovsky. On his arrival in Moscow in September, Pavlovsky was arrested and, according to the KGB's sanitized account of the case, after being initially "very aggressive," "he too agreed to help and the GPU assigned him a role to play." Pavlovsky's part in the deception was to send a series of messages urging Savinkov to come to Moscow too.[121] In July 1924 Savinkov at last fell for the bait, decided to return to Russia, and telegraphed to his old friend and collaborator Sidney Reilly to come over from New York and help him plan his secret mission to his homeland. On August 15, after three weeks' discussion with Reilly, Savinkov crossed the Russian border with some of his supporters and walked straight into an OGPU trap.[122] Under interrogation his resistance rapidly collapsed. At a show trial on August 27 Savinkov made a full confession:

> I unconditionally recognize Soviet power and none other. To every Russian who loves his country I, who have traversed the entire road of this bloody, heavy struggle against you, I who refuted you as none other did, I tell him that if you are a Russian, if you love your people, you will bow down to worker-peasant power and recognize it without any reservations.

In return for his recantation Savinkov escaped the death sentence and was given ten years in prison. According to the official KGB version of events, he threw himself to his death from an unbarred prison window in May 1925.[123] In reality, as the current KGB leadership is well aware, Savinkov was pushed to his death down a stairwell in the Lubyanka. The site was several times pointed out to Gordievsky by a number of KGB veterans. All were convinced Savinkov had been pushed.

Even more successful than Sindikat was the Cheka's invention of a fictitious monarchist underground, the Monarchist Association of Central Russia (MOR), better known by its cover name *Trest* (Trust), which for six years was one of the classic peacetime deception operations in modern intelligence history. The Trust's chief targets were two of the principal White Russian émigré groups: the Supreme Monarchist Council (VMS) based in Berlin, and the Russian Combined Services Union (ROVS), headed by General Aleksandr Kutepov in Paris. The existence of the nonexistent MOR was first revealed in the late autumn of 1921 to the VMS delegate in Reval, Yuri Artamonov, by a KRO officer, Aleksandr Yakushev, who claimed to be a secret member of the

Trust able to travel abroad as a Soviet trade representative. Through Artamonov the KRO was able to make contact with the VMS. In 1922 Artamonov moved to Warsaw, where he became the ROVS representative and provided a channel of communication with General Kutepov in Paris. Over the next few years Yakushev and other Trust representatives supplied by the KRO paid a series of visits to Germany, France, and Poland, expanding their contacts with the White Russian émigré communities. On some trips Yakushev was accompanied by General Nikolai Potapov, a former Tsarist officer who had sided with the Bolsheviks soon after the Revolution but now claimed to be military chief of staff in the MOR.[124]

The main role in winning the confidence of General Kutepov, who was more alert than most White Guards to the possibility of Soviet deception, was played by Maria Zakharchenko-Schultz, the widow of two Tsarist officers. After her first husband's death in the Great War Maria left her baby with friends and joined the army at the front as a volunteer. Her second husband was killed fighting in the Civil War, after which Maria retreated with White forces into Yugoslavia. In 1923 she joined Kutepov's organization, was given the code name Niece and traveled to Russia to make contact with the Trust. Pepita Reilly, last wife of the celebrated British agent, described Zakharchenko-Schultz as "a slender woman with plain yet attractive, capable face, steady, honest, blue eyes, obviously well-bred, and answering very well to Sidney's description of her as a school ma'rm." Zakharchenko-Schultz contributed so effectively to the Trust's success that she has inevitably been accused of being a conscious agent of it.[125] The version of the operation taught at the FCD Andropov Institute, however, portrays her, probably correctly, as an unconscious agent cleverly manipulated by Aleksandr Opperput, who seduced her during her visit to Moscow and continued an affair with her over the next few years.[126] Zakharchenko-Schultz's mixture of passion and naïveté, combined with her ability to win the confidence of both Kutepov and Reilly, made her one of the Trust's most important assets.

The Trust provided the KRO with a means both of penetrating the main White Guard émigré groups and of flushing out their remaining sympathizers in Russia itself. It also deceived in varying degrees the intelligence services of Finland, the Baltic States, Poland, Britain, and France. Roman Birk, the Estonian trade official blackmailed by the KRO, acted as one of the couriers between the White Guards and the nonexistent MOR. Polish diplomats allowed MOR messages to be sent in their diplomatic bags.[127] The passage of Trust representatives across the Russian frontier was supposedly facilitated by an NCO in the Soviet border guards, Toivo Väha, who, though in the pay of Finnish military intelligence, was in reality working for KRO.[128] According to a Soviet official history, no fewer than eight members of the Trust received rewards of various kinds from the Western intelligence services they had deceived.[129] There is some corroboration for this claim: at least one Trust agent appears to have received a gold watch from Polish intelligence.[130]

The Trust's most spectacular coup was its success in luring to his destruction the alleged British "master spy" Sidney Reilly, wrongly believed by the KRO to be its most dangerous foreign opponent. Ever since his Moscow adventures in 1918, Reilly had regarded the "salvation of Russia" from the Bolsheviks as "a most sacred duty." "I also venture to think," he told the SIS chief, Sir Mansfield Cumming, at the end of the war, "that the state should not lose my services. I would devote the rest of my wicked life to this kind of work." But Cumming, and still more the Foreign Office, had become wary of Reilly's erratic talent and fondness for bizarre operations, such as the attempted removal of Lenin's and Trotsky's trousers. He was refused a job on Cumming's peacetime staff and retained only a loose connection with SIS.[131]

For several years after the war Reilly plunged into a variety of business ventures on both sides of the Atlantic, ranging from Czech radium exports to an allegedly miraculous new medicine named "Humagsolan," none of which made him the fortune he had expected. Simultaneously he pursued a series of sometimes fantastic schemes to bring down the Bolsheviks. His chief confederate in the early 1920s was Boris Savinkov. It was Reilly who in 1922 brought Savinkov to Britain, in defiance of instructions from both Cumming and the Foreign Office, for the round of visits that ended with his bizarre encounter with Lloyd George at Chequers. Reilly's hold on reality became increasingly uncertain. According to one of his secretaries, Eleanor Toye, "Reilly used to suffer from severe mental crises amounting to delusion. Once he thought he was Jesus Christ."[132] Soviet intelligence, however, interpreted Reilly's eccentric schemes to overthrow the Bolshevik regime as evidence not of his declining hold on reality but of an elaborate conspiracy by SIS approved at the highest level within Whitehall. By 1924 it had become a major priority of the Trust operation to neutralize Reilly by luring him across the Russian frontier. Even today Reilly still retains within the KGB his undeserved reputation as a British master spy.

The OGPU's plans to capture Reilly were unwittingly assisted by his friend Commander Ernest Boyce, who had been SIS station chief in Russia during Reilly's 1918 adventures. Boyce had been deeply impressed by Reilly's flair and bravado. Politically naïve himself, he failed to grasp the impracticality of Reilly's schemes to overthrow the Bolsheviks. In 1919 Boyce became SIS station chief in Helsinki, the main base for British intelligence operations against Russia. His enthusiasm for the Trust rivaled his admiration for Reilly. Even after Savinkov's show trial in August 1924, Boyce remained convinced that the Trust was growing in strength and even had secret supporters within the Soviet government. Despite instructions from the SIS head office not to become involved in Reilly's schemes, Boyce wrote to him in January 1925 asking him to meet representatives of the Trust in Paris. Reilly, then in New York with his American business ventures collapsing about him, replied in March that though his personal affairs were in "a hellish state . . . I am, at any moment, if I see the right people and prospects of real action, prepared to chuck everything else and devote myself entirely to the Syndicate's [Trust's] interests."[133]

After a number of delays caused by Reilly's "hellish" debt-ridden business dealings, he arrived in Paris on September 3, where he had talks with Boyce and General Kutepov, and decided to proceed to Finland to meet representatives of the Trust. Kutepov, however, tried to discourage Reilly from visiting Russia itself.[134] The Trust, meanwhile, sought to provide additional evidence of its reliability by smuggling out of Russia Boris Bunakov, the brother of Boyce's "head agent," Nikolai Bunakov. Another Trust courier subsequently brought out Boris Bunakov's violin, to which he was much attached. Even then, neither Boyce nor Reilly smelled a rat. Reilly arrived in Helsinki on September 21, then traveled with Nikolai Bunakov and Maria Zakharchenko-Schultz to Viborg for a meeting with the Trust's chief representative, Yakushev. Reilly had originally intended to go no further than Viborg. Yakushev, however, successfully appealed to Reilly's vanity and delusions of grandeur, persuading him that it was vital for him to meet the Trust leadership in Russia. Reilly was assured that he would be back in Finland in time to catch a boat leaving Stettin on September 30.[135] He left for the Russian border with Yakushev, leaving Bunakov with a letter for his wife, Pepita, "only for the most improbable case of a mischance befalling me." Even if "the Bolshies" were to question him, Reilly assured his wife, it was inconceivable that they would realize his true identity: "If by any chance I should be arrested in Russia it could be only on some minor, insignificant charge and my new friends are powerful enough to obtain my prompt liberation."[136]

Reilly was due to return from Russia on the night of September 28–29. He failed to do so. Instead the OGPU staged a dramatic piece of theater designed to impress Finnish military intelligence and SIS. That night shots were heard near the village of Allekul on the Soviet side of the border, and a man was seen being carried away on a stretcher by frontier guards. When Toivo Vähä, the Soviet frontier guard who had helped to smuggle Trust emissaries and couriers across the border in apparent collaboration with the Finns (but in reality on OGPU instructions), failed to renew contact with Finnish military intelligence, both SIS and the Finns concluded, as the OGPU had intended, that he and Reilly had been killed or captured during the frontier crossing.[137]

According to the current, probably embroidered, Soviet version of how Reilly met his end, he was not arrested immediately he crossed into Russia on September 25. Instead he was taken by Yakushev to a dacha near Moscow to meet a group of OGPU officers masquerading as the "political council" of the Trust. Reilly was asked to put forward his plan of action and, according to the Soviet account, proposed financing the Trust's activities by burglarizing Russian museums and selling their art treasures in the West. He was then arrested. After interrogation Reilly was told that the death sentence passed on him in absentia at the end of the "Lockhart plot" trial in December 1918 would be carried out. Soviet accounts allege that in a vain attempt to save himself he sent a personal appeal to Dzerzhinsky:

> After prolonged deliberation, I express willingness to give you complete and open acknowledgment and information on matters of interest to the OGPU concerning the organization and personnel of the British Intelligence Service and, so far as I know it, similar information on American Intelligence and likewise about Russian émigrés with whom I have had business.

Had Reilly really been prepared to cooperate with the OGPU, however, he would doubtless have been given a show trial like Savinkov's. Instead, according to the Soviet version of events, he was shot on November 3, 1925.[138]

Several years after Reilly had been lured back to Russia, the OGPU was still spreading mystification and disinformation about his fate. The Trust deception continued until 1927. Pepita Reilly, who traveled first to Paris then to Helsinki to seek news of her husband, became one of its victims. Before meeting Maria Zakharchenko-Schultz in Helsinki, Mrs. Reilly "had very little doubt but that she was a provocation agent." As soon as she met her, however, all Pepita's doubts dissolved:

> At my first glance I decided that I could trust her. At my second I knew that I was going to like this woman.
>
> Seeing me thus, looking very mournful, very desolate, very lonely, Mme. Schultz embraced me with great emotion, telling me that she felt herself entirely responsible for my husband's death, and that she would not rest until all the circumstances had been discovered and a rescue effected if he were still alive, or a revenge secured if he were in truth dead.

But, added Zakharchenko-Schultz, there was little doubt that Sidney Reilly was dead. She produced a clipping from *Izvestia* that gave the authorized version of the bogus gun battle at Allekul on the night of September 28–29, and reported that "four smugglers" had been caught trying to cross the border; two had been killed, one taken prisoner, and the fourth had died of his wounds while being taken to Petrograd. According to the evidence she had collected, it was Reilly who had died of his wounds on the way to Petrograd without the Bolsheviks' realizing who he was.[139]

Despite Pepita Reilly's confidence in Maria Zakharchenko-Schultz herself, she was highly skeptical of her story. Though Reilly had a false passport and a borrowed suit, he was wearing a specially tailored shirt and underwear carrying his initials as well as a watch with an inscription in English. In his pocket was a signed photograph of Pepita. The OGPU could thus hardly have failed to realize that they had captured the celebrated British master spy and would, in his wife's view, certainly have shouted their triumph from the housetops. Zakharchenko-Schultz admitted that all this had not occurred to her but promised to work with Pepita in discovering "the truth."[140] Before long Mrs. Reilly came close to a nervous breakdown:

> I called for revenge. . . . Mme. Schultz stood over me, kind, capable, sensible, sympathetic. She asked me to trust her completely. I took her hand dumbly. She asked me to join the organization. I trusted her. With the approval of the Moscow center I joined the "Trust" under the party name of "Viardo." And thus it was that I stepped into my husband's place in the ranks of anti-Bolshevism.

With the encouragement of the Trust Mrs. Reilly placed a notice of her husband's death in *The Times* (London): "Sidney George Reilly killed September 28th by G.P.U. troops at the village of Allekul, Russia." Though she did not believe that Reilly was still alive, she naïvely hoped that it would force the Bolsheviks to reveal her husband's fate. But the Soviet press simply confirmed the fact of Reilly's death and later published "horrible lies" about him. She was consoled by the belief that "The whole power, influence, intelligence of the Trust was being employed to find out the truth of what had happened to Sidney." Early in 1926 Mrs. Reilly received a letter from the leaders of the Trust (including Yakushev and Opperput) encouraging her to visit Russia once she had learned some Russian "so that you could take an active part in the work and so that we could introduce you to the members of our group." In the meantime Maria Zakharchenko-Schultz told Pepita that she was "devoting her life to finding out what had really happened to Sidney Reilly." She sent letters in secret ink to Pepita in Paris from Petrograd, Helsinki, and Warsaw: "True to her promise," wrote Mrs. Reilly, "she was leaving no stone unturned."[141]

The Trust's main problem in dealing with Western intelligence services was in responding to the requests it received to provide military intelligence. The OGPU was happy to provide political disinformation but found it more difficult to concoct bogus but plausible intelligence on the Soviet armed forces and arms industry. The Trust thus usually fended off approaches from SIS and other intelligence services by insisting that it was dedicated to preparing the overthrow of the Bolshevik regime and that this objective might be prejudiced by the search for military intelligence.[142] What was probably its first major foray into military disinformation ended in near disaster. Soon after Marshal Pilsudski became Polish minister of war (and, in effect though not in name, head of government) in 1926, he instructed his general staff to ask the Trust to obtain the Soviet mobilization plan. Yakushev was approached and, after some hesitation, agreed to supply the plan for $10,000. The document provided by the Trust, however, contained patently false data on the Russian railways just across the Polish border. After examining the alleged Soviet mobilization plan, Pilsudski returned it to his general staff with the one-word comment "Forgery."[143] Following the suspicions aroused by the traps set for Savinkov and Reilly, the failure of probably the Trust's first major exercise in military disinformation clearly indicated that its days were numbered.

In the spring of 1927 Zakharchenko-Schultz wrote a tearful letter to Mrs. Reilly (and doubtless also to Kutepov) reporting her discovery that the Trust was "full of provocateurs": 'All is lost. . . . It is impossible to go on living with what I have just learned after four years' work to which I gave everything so joyfully." The Allekul ambush had been "all lies and acting":

> Your husband was killed in a cowardly and ignoble fashion. He never reached the frontier. This whole comedy was staged for the rest of us. He was captured at Moscow, and imprisoned in the Lubyanka as a privileged prisoner. Each day he was taken out for exercise in a car and on one of these occasions he was killed from behind on the orders of one of the chiefs of the GPU—Artuzov, an old personal enemy of his who thus took his revenge in such a base manner. . . . The fact that I did not know this does not diminish my responsibility. His blood is upon my hands, it will remain there all my life. I shall wash them by avenging him in a terrible manner or by dying in the attempt.

Mrs. Reilly's first reaction was one of sympathy for Zakharchenko-Schultz:

> It must have been terrible for Marie to have the realization forced upon her that for all these years she had been the dupe of the Soviets and that through her so many people, including the husband of her dearest friend, had been killed or captured.

Pepita did not believe her friend's version of Reilly's death but assumed that she had been taken in by another deception. Zakharchenko-Schultz ended her letter by asking for "one more favor." Would Pepita send her everything she could discover about Opperput?[144]

Unaware that Maria was Opperput's mistress, Pepita replied by sending a dossier on Opperput which, she naïvely believed, "would have surprised the worthy gentleman had he known." Zakharchenko-Schultz replied that Opperput had now admitted everything to her, but said he had been forced to become an agent provocateur after being tortured in 1921:

> Now he is unfolding everything, he is helping the representatives of the other countries who are being fooled and surrounded by Bolshevik agents to escape from this terrible position.[145]

By the time she wrote this letter Zakharchenko-Schultz was with her lover Opperput in Finland, where he was ostensibly engaged in exposing the work of the Trust. Opperput's public confessions to the press, as well as his private briefings to White Russian émigrés and Western intelligence services, were, however, simply the final stage in the deception. Since the deception could clearly no longer be continued, the OGPU had decided to end it in a manner that would both enhance its own reputation and demoralize its opponents. While apparently denouncing the OGPU, Opperput constantly emphasized its omnipotence and the impossibility of fighting against it. And he exaggerated the failings of its opponents, claiming for example that the Polish intelligence service had been practically taken over by Soviet agents.[146] One Scandinavian intelligence officer later claimed that after Opperput's disclosures the intelligence services of Finland, the Baltic States, Poland, Britain, and France "were for some time scarcely on speaking terms."[147]

In May 1927 Zakharchenko-Schultz and Opperput returned to Russia. Before leaving they tried to persuade Pepita Reilly, like her husband two years earlier, to cross the border with them. But the telegram sent to Paris asking her to join them was handed by American Express to the wrong Mrs. Reilly and reached Pepita a fortnight late. Had it reached her in time, she would have tried to persuade Zakharchenko-Schultz that Opperput was "a transparent provocateur," whose "diabolical cunning" was luring her to her doom.

General Kutepov believed that Zakharchenko-Schultz's discovery of the Trust's deception had "unhinged her mind": "She seemed bent on returning to Russia to wreak her vengeance on the people who had duped her, and thus to cleanse herself of the blood of the many whom unwittingly she had sent to their death." Not long after her return, Kutepov and Mrs. Reilly received the news they had been expecting. Zakharchenko-Schultz had shot herself rather than be captured. "And thus," wrote Mrs. Reilly, "died the bravest of all Russian women, who fought against the tyrants of their country." Kutepov probably agreed.[148] Genrikh Grigoryevich Yagoda, deputy head of the OGPU, claimed in an interview with *Pravda* that both Zakharchenko-Schultz and Kutepov were long-standing SIS agents.[149]

Nowadays the KGB publicly celebrates Sindikat and Trest as two of its greatest victories over counterrevolutionary conspiracy and Western intelligence services. But at the same time it continues part of the deception plans on which they were based. The Cheka agents provocateurs who launched both operations, Opperput and Yakushev, are still alleged to have begun as, respectively, "a follower of Savinkov" and "a monarchist" before seeing the light and agreeing to cooperate with the OGPU.[150] Twenty years after the Trust was exposed it was to become the model for a further series of deception operations against both SIS and the CIA.

4

Stalin and Spy Mania (1926–38)

Among the most pious passages in KGB literature are those that chronicle the final hours of its first chairman, Feliks Dzerzhinsky. "On July 20, 1926," writes Fyodor Fomin, the most senior of the early Chekists to survive the Stalinist purges, "he fell at his post of duty, fighting the enemies of the Party." Only three hours before his death Dzerzhinsky addressed a plenum of the Central Committee and the Central Control Commission and in a flaming speech aimed at deviators from the Leninist Party line, inquired of his audience with, according to Fomin, "complete justification":

> Do you really know where my strength lies? I never spare myself. (Voices from various places saying: "Right.") That is the reason why everybody here trusts and likes me. I never speak against the dictates of good conscience, and if I see disorder I attack it with all my strength.

Dzerzhinsky's remarkable tribute to himself was swiftly followed by a fatal heart attack. His death provoked an even more fulsome eulogy from the plenum that had heard his final speech:

> In the most trying times of endless plots and counterrevolutionary uprisings, when the Soviet land was turning to ashes and the bloody circle of the enemy surrounded the proletariat which was fighting for its freedom, Dzerzhinsky displayed superhuman energy; day and night, night and day, without sleep, without food, and without the slightest rest he stayed at his post of duty. Hated by the enemies of the workers, he won even their respect. His princely figure, his personal bravery, his penetrating comprehension, his directness, and his exceptional nobility, invested him with great authority.[1]

Dzerzhinsky's death came at a convenient moment for Joseph Stalin, whose victory in the prolonged succession struggle that followed Lenin's death was now almost complete. "Iron Feliks" would almost certainly have resisted (even if in the end unsuccessfully) the OGPU's use against dissent within the Party of the weapons of provocation and deception that he had no compunction in using against non-Communists. Since Lenin's death Dzerzhinsky had been chairman of the Supreme Council of the National Economy (Vesenkha) as well as head of the OGPU. He would surely have opposed both the attack on "bourgeois specialists" in industry and the ferocious class war in the countryside that Stalin was to launch within a few years.[2] In the "flaming speech" delivered three hours before his death he uttered his most savage criticism yet of the Party apparatus: "When I look at our apparatus, at our system of organization, our incredible bureaucracy and our utter disorder, cluttered with every sort of red tape, I am literally horrified."[3]

Dzerzhinsky's chosen successor, Vyacheslav Rudolfovich Menzhinsky, a tall, slender man with gold-rimmed pince-nez, was more pliant than his predecessor. Superficially, the two men had a good deal in common. Both were old Bolsheviks of well-to-do Polish ancestry. Menzhinsky had joined the Cheka Collegium soon after its foundation and became Dzerzhinsky's first deputy chairman on the foundation of the OGPU. He was probably the most intellectual of all KGB heads. Even the OGPU defector Georgi Agabekov, who took an uncharitable view of his former colleagues, described him as "a man of profound culture" and "complete education." According to Fomin, Menzhinsky was already fluent in twelve languages when he joined the Cheka and later mastered Chinese, Japanese, Persian, and Turkish. He was a polymath as well as a polyglot, whose interests included physics, chemistry, astronomy, and mathematics.[4]

But Menzhinsky was also a far less powerful figure than his predecessor. Even Fomin's officially approved eulogy acknowledges that "He did not have a commanding voice"; for many of those who worked with him "it was strange to hear an order from the OGPU chairman which usually began with: 'I humbly request . . .' "[5] Trotsky, whose persecution by the OGPU began in the Menzhinsky era, found him strangely colorless: "The impression he made on me could best be described by saying that he made none at all. He seemed more like the shadow of some other unrealized man, or rather like a poor sketch for an unfinished portrait."

Menzhinsky was no Stalinist. During the Civil War he had visited Trotsky at the Front to warn him that Stalin was conducting "a very complicated intrigue" against him. But he put up no serious resistance to Stalin's growing power.[6] Even before he succeeded Dzerzhinsky, Menzhinsky already suffered from angina. He commonly received visitors stretched out on a couch in his room in the Lubyanka. "The doctors," he explained, "have ordered me to lie down." In April 1929 a serious heart attack put Menzhinsky out of action for two years. He returned to part-time work in 1931, but by 1933 was no longer able to climb the stairs to his apartment in the Kremlin and went into virtual retirement at a dacha outside Moscow.[7]

Because of Menzhinsky's failing health and passive style of leadership, power within the OGPU passed increasingly to his more aggressive deputy chairman, the Jewish Genrikh Grigoryevich Yagoda. Thick-set, with a ruddy complexion, Yagoda contrasted strikingly with Menzhinsky in manner as well as appearance. Even within the KGB he is nowadays remembered only with embarrassment. Few memoirs of the Stalin era mention his name without execration. "As manifestly as Menzhinsky is a man of complete education," wrote Agabekov, "so is Yagoda brutal, uncultivated, and gross." His coarseness and brutality cannot have been evident when Dzerzhinsky appointed him as second deputy chairman in 1923. To Dzerzhinsky he probably seemed simply an efficient, energetic, ambitious bureaucrat. Yagoda became a classic example of a bureaucrat corrupted by excessive power, with a growing pretentiousness that matched his increasing brutality.[8] On the eve of his fall from power in the summer of 1936, one of his officers found him absorbed in designing for himself a new full-dress uniform: white woolen tunic decorated with gold braid, a small gilt dagger of the kind once worn by Tsarist naval officers, light blue trousers, and shoes of imported patent leather.[9]

Stalin never wholly trusted Yagoda, partly because of his own anti-Semitism, partly because of Yagoda's ideological sympathy with the "Right Opposition" and its charismatic leader Nikolai Bukharin. In 1928 Bukharin told Kamenev that both Yagoda and Trilisser, second deputy chairman of the OGPU and head of INO, were "with us." Yagoda, he said, had secretly given him information on peasant risings.[10] But Bukharin also predicted that Yagoda was an opportunist whose support could not be relied on. In 1931 Stalin tried to strengthen his influence in the OGPU by sending a Party *apparatchik,* A. I. Akulov, to be joint first deputy chairman with Yagoda. Within a year Akulov had been frozen out.[11] Stalin, however, reached an accommodation with Yagoda while waiting for an opportunity to place his own man at the head of the OGPU.

Yagoda was a careerist rather than an ideologue, prepared to throw in his lot with Stalin to further his career but never willing to give him unconditional support. Trilisser was a more committed supporter of the Right Opposition; as early as 1923 he had joined with Bukharin in attacking the Trotskyist line.[12] But at the end of 1929, Yagoda, seeing Trilisser as a potential rival, successfully intrigued with the Central Committee to oust him from the OGPU. Trilisser was succeeded as head of INO by the former KRO (Counterespionage) chief Artur Artuzov.[13]

The OGPU's successful winding-up of the Trust deception during the first year of the Menzhinsky-Yagoda leadership was overshadowed by an embarrassing series of foreign intelligence failures. The security of the rapidly expanding network of OGPU and military intelligence residencies was threatened by the vulnerability of Soviet cipher systems and their inexperience in running enthusiastic but sometimes amateurish local Communists as agents. In the spring of 1927 there were sensational revelations of Soviet espionage in eight different countries.

In March a major spy ring was revealed in Poland, headed by the White Russian general turned OGPU agent, Daniel Vetrenko; a leading official in the Soviet-Turkish trade corporation in Istanbul was found engaged in espionage on the Turkish-Iraqi border; and the Swiss police announced the arrest of two members of a Soviet spy ring. In April a police raid on the Soviet consulate in Beijing uncovered a mass of documents on Soviet espionage; and the French Sûreté arrested eight members of a Soviet spy ring run by Jean Cremet, a Politburo member of the French Communist Party. In May officials of the Austrian foreign ministry were found supplying secret information to the OGPU residency, and there was a Special Branch raid in London on the premises of the All-Russian Co-operative Society (Arcos) and the trade delegation, following the discovery of what the excitable British home secretary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, denounced with some degree of hyperbole as "one of the most complete and one of the most nefarious spy systems that it has ever been my lot to meet."[14]

The two most traumatic shocks for Soviet foreign espionage were the police raids in Beijing and London, both followed by the publication of some of the intelligence documents seized. The documents published in China provided a wealth of embarrassing detail on Soviet secret operations (mostly by military intelligence), including instructions from Moscow "not to shrink from any measures, even including looting and massacres" when promoting conflicts between the Chinese population and Westerners. There were also names of agents, instructions to Chinese Communists to assist in intelligence operations, and details of munitions smuggled into China.[15] The documents published in England were fewer and far less dramatic, but accompanied by the equally embarrassing revelation that Britain had once again broken Soviet diplomatic codes. The prime minister, foreign secretary, and home secretary all read decrypted extracts from intercepted Soviet telegrams to the House of Commons.[16]

The impact on the Kremlin and the OGPU of the sensational revelations in Beijing and London was all the greater because they came at turning points in Russian relations with both China and Britain. Since 1922 Soviet policy in China had been based on an alliance with the Nationalist Kuomintang. In April 1927 a Communist-led rising delivered Shanghai into the hands of the Kuomintang general Chiang Kai-shek. Chiang, said Stalin, "should be squeezed like a lemon and then thrown away." In the event it was the Communists who became the lemon. Having gained control of Shanghai, Chiang began the systematic massacre of the Communists who had captured it for him. The Communists, on Stalin's instructions, replied with a series of armed risings. All were disastrous failures.[17]

Revelations of Soviet espionage also led to a break, though of a less brutal kind, in relations with Britain, still regarded in the Soviet Union as the leading world power. Ever since the British general strike in May 1926, which conspiracy theorists in the Conservative Party had wrongly attributed to a Russian plot, pressure had been mounting on Stanley Baldwin's government to break off diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. Dramatic new evidence of Soviet espionage in the armed services in the spring of 1927 was the last straw. On May 26, 1927, Sir Austen Chamberlain informed the Soviet chargé d'affaires, Arkadi Rosengolts, that His Majesty's Government was breaking off diplomatic relations because of "anti-British espionage and propaganda." He gave his message an unusually personal point by quoting a decrypted Soviet telegram sent by Rosengolts to Moscow on April 1 "in which you request material to enable you to support a political campaign against His Majesty's Government."

On his way home by train Rosengolts stopped at Warsaw Central Station to breakfast with the Soviet ambassador Pyotr Voikov in the railway buffet. Just before Rosengolts's train left, Voikov was shot several times by a White Russian émigré, who shouted, "This is for Nationalist Russia, not for the International!" The Soviet government was quick to claim that "a British arm directed the blow which killed Voikov."[18] Ironically, during the last of the prewar show trials in 1938, Rosengolts was himself forced to confess to working for British intelligence from 1926 onward.[19]

The Soviet intelligence disasters in the spring of 1927 had two immediate consequences. The first was a drastic overhaul of the security of Soviet embassies, OGPU residencies, and cipher systems. An urgent circular to Soviet missions and trade delegations ordered the destruction of all documents whose capture might cause fresh embarrassment. Even in Teheran, where the risk of attack on the embassy was insignificant, the huge bonfires of OGPU archives in the diplomatic compound alarmed the local fire brigade. OGPU residencies were ordered to keep on file correspondence for the past month only, and to make plans for its immediate destruction in the event of a raid. New regulations for running local Communists as agents were intended to ensure that no future trace survived of their contacts with the OGPU.[20]

To protect the security of diplomatic and OGPU communications the Kremlin ordered the adoption of the laborious but (when correctly used) unbreakable "one-time pad" cipher system. As a result, between 1927 and the Second World War Western cryptanalysts were able to decrypt virtually no high-grade Soviet communications, though GC & CS in Britain continued to have some success with coded Comintern messages and low-level Russian military traffic. A. G. Denniston, the operational head of GC & CS, wrote bitterly that the result of the publicity given by the British government to the breaking of Soviet codes had been "to compromise our work beyond question."[21]

These intelligence disasters had a profound effect on Stalin. Characteristically he saw them as evidence of a deep-laid imperialist plot:

> It is hardly open to doubt that the chief contemporary question is that of the threat of a new imperialist war. It is not a matter of some indefinite and immaterial "danger" of a new war. It is a matter of a real and material threat of a new war in general, and a war against the U.S.S.R. in particular.

The leader in creating "a united imperialist front" against the Soviet Union, Stalin alleged, was its chief enemy, "the English bourgeoisie and its fighting staff, the Conservative Party": "English capitalism always has been, is, and will continue to be the most ferocious suppressor of popular revolutions." Stalin detected three main stages to the plot orchestrated by the Conservative government. The first was the raid on the Soviet embassy in Beijing, which was intended to "reveal 'awful' documents about the disruptive work of the U.S.S.R., thereby creating an atmosphere of general indignation." The second stage in the plot was the Arcos raid in London and the breach in Anglo-Soviet diplomatic relations, designed to "start a diplomatic blockade of the U.S.S.R. throughout Europe" as a prelude to war. The third stage was the murder of Voikov in Warsaw, "organized by the agents of the Conservative Party" in imitation of the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo in 1914, which had sparked off the First World War.[22]

Though this British "plot" had miscarried, there would inevitably be others. Britain was continuing to finance "espionage-terrorist groups in the U.S.S.R." and trying to foment revolts in collusion with White émigrés and other imperialist powers. Stalin denounced "all those leaders of the workers' movement who 'consider' the threat of a new war an 'invention,' who soothe the workers with pacifist lies, who shut their eyes to the bourgeoisie's preparations for a new war." There were two urgent priorities in order to counter the imperialist threat. The first was "strengthening the defensive capacity of our country" by economic growth, especially in war industries, and improving the vigilance of the Soviet people. The second priority was "strengthening our rear" by a determined onslaught on alleged internal enemies: terrorists, industrial wreckers, and other "rubbish." The "rubbish," Stalin implied, included the opposition within the Communist Party: "What can we say after all this of our wretched opposition and its new attacks on the party in face of the threat of a new war? What can we say about the same opposition finding it timely, when war threatens, to strengthen their attacks on the party?"[23]

By 1927 the only significant resistance to Stalin's growing personal power came from within the Bolshevik Party. There is no doubt that the war scare came at a convenient moment as Stalin prepared to consolidate his own leadership. But there is equally little doubt that Stalin, the most "sickly suspicious" (to use Khrushchev's phrase) of all Communist leaders, believed his own conspiracy theory. So, in one form or another, did most of the Party hierarchy. Indeed their ideology almost obliged them to do so. It was an article of Bolshevik faith that international capitalism could not tolerate the consolidation of Soviet power. Imperialist governments and their secret services must necessarily be plotting the overthrow of the "worker-peasant state." It was the responsibility of the OGPU as "the shield and sword of the Revolution" to uncover the inevitable imperialist plots and nip them in the bud. Since no major Western leader from the end of the Civil War until the rise to power of Adolf Hitler in 1933 gave any serious thought to toppling the Bolshevik regime, it followed that the only plots that the OGPU could uncover were imaginary ones. Stalin became increasingly obsessed by imaginary plots. During the decade after the war scare of 1927 he gradually constructed a steadily more comprehensive conspiracy theory, which in its final form was almost as grotesque, though not as venomous, as the myth of the Jewish world conspiracy that obsessed Hitler. The two greatest dictators in modern European history, Stalin and Hitler, were both conspiracy theorists who ended by seeing mass murder as the only way to liquidate the imaginary plots that threatened them. Their chief accomplices were their security forces.

The first use to which Stalin put the OGPU was to strengthen his own personal authority within the Communist Party. Like the Cheka's, the OGPU's principal duty remained to combat counterrevolution. But the definition of counterrevolution changed. Under Lenin it had meant opposition to the Communist Party. Under Stalin it increasingly meant opposition to Stalin. Since the only significant opposition to Stalin came from other Communists, the OGPU began to use within the Party the techniques of infiltration and provocation formerly reserved for the Party's opponents. The first victims were the "Left Opposition" led by Trotsky and Zinoviev.

In September 1927 an OGPU agent provocateur in the Left Opposition uncovered an illegal "printing shop" (in reality little more than a duplicating machine) on which the opposition planned to print its program. According to the OGPU defector Aleksandr Orlov, when Yagoda reported the discovery, Stalin replied: "Good! Now promote your secret agent to the rank of an officer of General Wrangel and indicate in your report that the Trotskyites collaborated with a Wrangelian White Guardist."[24] Stalin duly reported to the Central Committee and Central Control Commission that the Left Opposition was guilty of collusion with the Whites. In November 1927 Trotsky, Zinoviev, and almost a hundred of their followers were expelled from the Party. Zinoviev agreed to recant, denounced "Trotskyism," and was readmitted to the Party. Trotsky refused and in January 1928 was sentenced by the OGPU to internal exile in a remote corner of Kazakhstan on the Chinese border.[25]

Less than a decade later Trotsky became the object of the most determined manhunt in KGB history. In 1928, however, the anti-Trotskyist witch hunt was still in its infancy and the great heretic's removal from Moscow had about it an element of black comedy, which would have been unthinkable only a few years later. When the OGPU came to his Moscow flat on the morning of January 17 to take him into exile, Trotsky was still in his pajamas. As in prerevolutionary days when the police came to arrest him, he locked himself in his room. After unsuccessful negotiations through the locked door, the officer leading the OGPU detachment ordered his men to force an entry. Trotsky was surprised to recognize the officer as one of his former bodyguards during the Civil War. On seeing his former commissar in his pajamas the officer broke down and sobbed, "Shoot me, Comrade Trotsky, shoot me!" Trotsky refused, successfully pacified his one-time bodyguard and persuaded him of his duty to obey orders, reprehensible though they were. He then resumed his posture of passive disobedience and refused either to dress or to leave. The OGPU detachment removed Trotsky's pajamas, put on his clothes, and carried him, amid the protests of his family, to a car waiting to transport him to the Trans-Siberian Express.[26]

When Trotsky was forced into foreign exile in Turkey in February 1929, the OGPU did its best to ensure that this time there were no witnesses of his departure in case he resorted once again to passive resistance. Together with his wife, elder son Lev Sedov, and an escort of two OGPU officers, he boarded the *Ilyich* in Odessa harbor, and found no other passengers on board. Even the crew were warned to keep out of sight and avoid contact with Trotsky's group. As the *Ilyich* entered the Bosporus, one of Trotsky's OGPU escorts handed him $1,500 "to enable him to settle abroad." Penniless, Trotsky swallowed his pride and took the money. He spent the first six weeks of his foreign exile in the Soviet embassy at Istanbul, then moved to the Turkish island of Prinkipo.[27]

The witch hunt conducted by the OGPU in the late 1920s was directed against economic as well as political subversion. In March 1928 the OGPU announced the discovery of a "counterrevolutionary plot" in the Shakhty coal mines of the Donbass basin. According to the most persuasive account, the plot was first uncovered late in 1927 by the OGPU chief in the northern Caucasus, Y. G. Yevdokimov, who reported to Menzhinsky that a group of engineers in the town of Shakhty had conspired with former mine owners in the White Russian diaspora and with Western imperialists to wreck the mines. When Menzhinsky demanded evidence, Yevdokimov produced a series of intercepted letters written to the engineers from abroad. Though the letters appeared relatively harmless, Yevdokimov claimed that they contained "wrecking" instructions in a code known only to the engineers. Menzhinsky was skeptical and gave Yevdokimov a fortnight to break the code. At this point Yevdokimov appealed directly to Stalin, who authorized him to arrest the engineers. At a special meeting of the Politburo Stalin was authorized to take personal charge of the case.[28]

Out of a series of incidents involving industrial accidents, faulty machinery, inebriated workers, inefficient managers, bourgeois engineers, foreign businessmen, and—probably—a limited number of cases of genuine vandalism, the OGPU then constructed a "far-reaching international intrigue" orchestrated from Warsaw, Berlin, and Paris. After two months' denunciations by the Soviet media of "dastardly saboteurs, plotters and spies," the whole fantastic conspiracy theory was set out in a 250,000-word indictment of fifty Russian and three German technicians and engineers accused of sabotage and espionage. Their long-drawn-out show trial, which opened in May beneath the immense crystal chandeliers of the Moscow House of Trade Unions (the prerevolutionary Nobles' Club), had a new audience at every session. In all, over a hundred thousand factory workers, peasants, schoolchildren and other groups of selected spectators witnessed parts of the proceedings. The United Press correspondent, Eugene Lyons, a former Communist fellow traveler, wrote afterward:

> The few who insisted their innocence . . . provided the biggest thrills for spectators. To see them at bay, their backs arched, panic in their voices, turning from a stinging question by the prosecutor to ward off a statement by a fellow-prisoner, swinging around to meet a judge's admonition—spinning, flailing, stumbling over their own words—finally standing still, exhausted and terror-stricken, staring into the auditorium as though aware of spectators for the first time, was indeed keen sport: lucky shock-brigadiers who drew such a session!

The macabre drama played out in the House of Trade Unions was somewhat less brutal than the later show trials of the Stalin era. Only eleven of the alleged Shakhty saboteurs were sentenced to death, and six were reprieved as a reward for good performances in the roles assigned to them by the OGPU. The great majority both of the spectators and of Soviet newspaper readers found the drama presented for their edification convincing. "The class enemy in our midst" conspiring with counterrevolutionaries abroad provided convenient scapegoats for shortages and privations that might otherwise have been blamed on the leadership.[29]

At the April 1928 plenum of the Central Committee Stalin himself spelled out the enormous ramifications of the conspiracy allegedly uncovered at Shakhty:

> It would be stupid to assume that international capital will leave us in peace. No, comrades, that is not true. Classes exist, international capital exists, and it cannot calmly watch the development of the country which is building socialism. Formerly international capital thought of overthrowing the Soviet power by means of direct military intervention. The attempt failed. Now it is trying, and will try in the future, to weaken our economic power by means of invisible economic intervention, not always obvious but fairly serious, organizing sabotage, planning all kinds of "crises" in one branch of industry or another, and thus facilitating the possibility of

> future military intervention. It is all part and parcel of the class struggle of international capital against the Soviet power, and there can be no talk of any accidental happenings.[30]

Those KGB officers with whom Gordievsky discussed the Shakhty trial half a century later recognized that it was a product of wreckermania and spy fever. In Gordievsky's time, however, the KGB could not bring itself to admit as much officially. Even the classified in-house history of the KGB completed in 1978 under the direction of the head of the Second Chief (Counterintelligence) Directorate, Grigori Fyodorovich Grigorenko, maintained, without conviction, that there had been a real conspiracy.[31] In public, at the beginning of the Gorbachev era, the KGB was still sticking rigidly to the interpretation of the Shakhty affair given by Stalin in 1928. According to an unclassified official history published in 1979:

> It is undoubted that the wreckers, spies, and diversionists who came forth in the late 1920s in a unified anti-Soviet formation represented a serious threat to the development of socialism and the strengthening of the defensive might of our nation. The exposure of this hostile underground by the OGPU organs, including special sections, helped the Party and government to thwart the anti-Soviet plans of international reaction.[32]

In 1928 this conspiracy theory was taken seriously—very probably even by most of the OGPU officers who manufactured the evidence at the Shakhty trial. Stalin's Russia suffered from a variant of the spy fever that had swept much of Europe during the First World War. During the first weeks of the war "many thousand" suspected German spies were reported to the London police. Not one proved genuine. Spy mania, wrote the head of the Metropolitan Special Branch, Basil Thomson, "assumed a virulent epidemic form accompanied by delusions which defied treatment." For the remainder of the war some ministers and a section of public opinion suffered from the recurrent delusion that industrial unrest and other hindrances to the war effort were the result of subversive conspiracies funded by the enemy. In a celebrated case for criminal libel in 1918 the jury was persuaded that the German secret service possessed a "black book" listing 47,000 British sexual perverts, mostly in high places, who were being blackmailed to sabotage the war effort.[33]

Spy mania returned at the beginning of the Second World War. In 1940, after the fall of France and the Low Countries to the Germans, Britain was swept by fears of a "fifth column" of enemy subversives not much less extravagant than the spy mania of the First World War. A Home Intelligence report in June concluded: "Fifth Column hysteria is reaching dangerous proportions." For a time even Winston Churchill and his chiefs of staff believed that "the most ruthless action" was required to root out what was in reality an almost nonexistent menace.[34]

The wartime delusions in the Western democracies about large fifth columns, like the Cold War witch hunt against frequently imaginary Communists in the United States led by Senator Joseph McCarthy, make it easier to understand the origins of the Stalinist obsession with anti-Soviet subversion at a time when the regime felt under simultaneous threat from class enemies at home and imperialists abroad. But the Stalinist witch hunt was different both in kind and in scale from anything experienced in the West. Churchill's alarmism at the menace of a fifth column in 1940 was short lived. By the end of the year he had concluded that "witch-finding activities" were counterproductive. The American administration during the Cold War was one of the targets rather than one of the instigators of McCarthy's witch hunts.

By contrast, the witchfinder-general in the Soviet Union was Stalin himself. In the West the persecution of imaginary spies and subversives during the two world wars and of imaginary Communists during the Cold War produced only a handful of fatalities. In the Soviet Union during the 1930s imaginary enemies of the people were liquidated in the millions. Stalin and his supporters used the imaginary conspiracy revealed at the Shakhty trial to call for an end to the NEP era of tolerance to bourgeois interests and the beginning of a determined assault on the class enemies wrecking the economy, bourgeois specialists in industry and kulaks (better-off peasants) in the countryside.

Having disposed of the Left Opposition, Stalin felt free to appropriate its radical policies for a dramatic socialist transformation of the Soviet economy. Bukharin and the Right Opposition, who favored less radical policies based on conciliation rather than class conflict, were swept aside even more easily than the Left. In January 1929 Bukharin lost his place on the Politburo. High among the reasons that impelled the Stalinist leadership to embark during the next year on a crash program of industrialization under the First Five-Year Plan and compulsory collectivization in the countryside designed "to liquidate the kulaks as a class" was a chronic sense of insecurity at the combined menace of class enemies within and imperialist foes abroad. In a speech to the Central Committee in November 1928 Stalin insisted that the survival of socialism in one country depended on the ability of the Soviet economy to overtake the West: "Either we do it, or we shall be crushed." He repeated the same warning in February 1931:

> One feature in the history of old Russia was the continual beatings she suffered because of her backwardness. . . . We are fifty or a hundred years behind the advanced countries. We must catch up this distance in ten years. Either we do it or we go under.[35]

The Stalinist transformation of the Soviet economy was born in idealism as well as in insecurity. The prospect of a great leap forward into a fully socialist economy kindled among the new generation of Party militants much the same messianic fervor that had inspired Lenin's followers in 1917. Fifty years later, the dissident Soviet general Petro Grigorenko still recalled "the enthusiasm and passion" of himself and other young Communists as Stalin hailed 1929 as "The Year of the Great Change":

> Bread was in dreadfully short supply, there were queues, rationing and famine were just around the corner, and yet we were carried away by Stalin's [message] and rejoiced: "Yes, a great change indeed, the liquidation of peasant small-holdings, the destruction of the very soil from which capitalism might re-emerge. Let the sharks of imperialism just try to attack us now. Now we are on the high road to the triumph of socialism."[36]

Many of Trotsky's Russian supporters were won over by Stalin's economic vision. Yuri Pyatakov, president of the State Bank and a former close associate of Trotsky, declared in an impassioned speech to the Council of People's Commissars in October 1929: "The heroic period of our socialist construction has arrived."[37]

But if the "heroic period" of socialist construction galvanized the enthusiasm of many Party militants, it also required the coercive power of the OGPU. In November 1929 all prisoners serving sentences of over three years, whether for political offenses or not, were transferred to the jurisdiction of the OGPU, whose vast network of labor camps *(gulag)* rapidly developed during the 1930s into a major source of forced labor for the Soviet economy. The mixture of visionary idealism and brute force during the first Five-Year Plan transformed the Soviet industrial economy. More was accomplished by setting unrealistic production targets in the conviction that there were "no citadels which Bolshevism cannot storm" than realistic but less inspiring estimates could ever have achieved. Great new industrial centers were created in the Urals, Kuzbass, and the Volga, the cities of Magnitogorsk and Komsomolsk-on-the-Amur rose from the virgin soil; new technology was taken to remote areas in Kazakhstan and the Caucasus, the mighty Dnieper dam was constructed, and the output of electricity almost trebled. And all this was achieved in the early 1930s at a time when the depression in the West sparked by the Wall Street Crash of July 1929 was at its nadir. Soviet spokesmen confidently contrasted the successes of socialist construction with the insoluble contradictions of international capitalism.[38]

The depression did not, in Soviet eyes, make capitalism less dangerous. Stalin warned in June 1930:

> Every time that capitalist contradictions begin to grow acute the bourgeoisie turns its gaze towards the U.S.S.R. as if to say: "Cannot we settle this or that contradiction of capitalism, or all the contradictions taken together, at the expense of the U.S.S.R., the land of the Soviets, the citadel of the revolution, which by its very existence is revolutionizing the working class and the colonies . . . ?" Hence the tendency to adventurist assaults on the U.S.S.R. and to intervention, a tendency which is found to be strengthened as a result of the developing crisis.

With the Conservative defeat in the British general election of June 1929, the return of Ramsay MacDonald's second Labour government, and the resumption of Anglo-Soviet diplomatic relations, Britain ceased to be the chief menace. The main threat of war, said Stalin, now came from France, "the most aggressive and militarist country of all aggressive and militarist countries."[39] Soviet fear of attack was heightened by a French campaign against Russian "dumping" on Western markets.

In October 1930 the French Ministry of Commerce and Industry ordered restrictions on Soviet imports and tried to persuade France's allies in Eastern Europe to follow suit. The Soviet Union retaliated with a total ban on French imports and public warnings at the aggressive designs of French imperialism.[40] The French plan, claimed Vyacheslav Molotov, chairman of Sovnarkom and future commissar for foreign affairs, was "to organize an economic blockade of the U.S.S.R." as a preparation for an armed attack.[41]

The renewed threat of foreign aggression intensified the hunt for internal saboteurs in league with foreign, especially French, imperialists. On September 22, 1930, the press announced that the OGPU had uncovered a "counterrevolutionary society" of forty-eight professors, agronomists, and food administrators, headed by Professor Alexander Ryazantsev, who were accused of a plot to sabotage the country's food supply. Next day the papers were filled with editorials and workers' resolutions calling for the counterrevolutionary conspirators to be executed. On September 24 it was announced that all forty-eight villains had been shot, and extracts were published of their confessions to mostly imaginary crimes. At hundreds of workers' meetings, according to the Soviet press, "the proletariat fervently thanked the glorious OGPU, the unsheathed sword of the revolution, for its splendid work in liquidating this dastardly plot."[42]

Behind almost every shortage and major industrial accident the OGPU uncovered further "dastardly plots." The most remarkable imaginary conspiracy uncovered during the first Five-Year Plan was that of an underground "Industrial Party" comprising two thousand engineers and official planners who for some time had been planning the overthrow of the Soviet regime. They were in collaboration with the general staffs of a dozen nations, led by the French, the leading French statesmen Raymond Poincaré and Aristide Briand, assorted foreign celebrities, including Lawrence of Arabia and the oil magnate Sir Henry Deterding, and a White Russian provisional government in Paris (two of whose members turned out to be dead), waiting to return to Russia and restore capitalism.[43] The opening of the show trial of the Industrial Party's eight-man executive committee amid the faded splendors of the former Nobles' Club was accompanied by a gigantic parade of more than half a million factory and office workers tramping through the snow to chants of "Death! Death! Death!" A warning was issued during the trial that bands of imperialist agents might at any time attempt to rescue the accused and unleash a massive campaign of sabotage. But after an eloquent appeal by the aging Maxim Gorky to the workers, peasants, and intellectuals of the entire world, the agents failed to materialize and the imaginary threat of foreign war was averted.[44]

Half a century after the trial the KGB still absurdly maintained that the Industrial Party had been a genuine "underground espionage centre . . . directed and financed by Western secret agents, as well as by . . . former major Russian capitalists located in Paris."[45] Gordievsky knew no one in the KGB who took this nonsense seriously. It is tempting to conclude that the OGPU attitude to the trial was as cynical in 1930 as that of the KGB fifty years later, and that the whole Industrial Party affair was a deliberate deception from beginning to end. The truth is not so simple. The OGPU had no doubt discovered disaffected engineers and officials who despised the Soviet regime and had links of various kinds with the vast White Russian diaspora abroad. But the OGPU's incurable addiction to conspiracy theory convinced it that it was dealing with a highly organized counterrevolutionary plot in which imperialist agents must necessarily have a part. It then felt free to use its collective imagination in scripting and staging a dramatic reconstruction of the conspiracy for the edification of the Soviet people, their friends in the Communist International, and other progressive forces abroad.

Most of the evidence required for these Stalinist morality plays was provided by the confessions of the "conspirators." In 1967 one of the victims of the early show trials gave this written deposition to the procurator of the Soviet Union, explaining how the OGPU obtained the confessions:

> Some . . . yielded to the promise of future benefits. Others, who tried to resist, were "made to see reason" by physical methods. They were beaten—on the face and head, on the sexual organs; they were thrown to the floor and kicked, choked until no blood flowed to the head, and so on. They were kept on the *konveier* without sleep, put in the *kartser* (half-dressed and barefoot in a cold cell, or in an unbearably hot and stuffy cell without windows), and so on. For some, the mere threat of such methods, with an appropriate demonstration, was enough.[46]

Very few indeed of those for whose edification the show trials were intended had serious doubts about them. Even the Trotskyists, despite their own persecution by the OGPU, had no doubt about the reality of the Industrial Party conspiracy. Trotsky insisted that "specialist wreckers" had been "hired by foreign imperialists and émigré Russian compradores." An underground Trotskyist in Moscow saw the workers' anger at the "specialist wreckers" as encouraging evidence of their "genuine revolutionary enthusiasm." A worker at the Red Proletarian Factory in Moscow recalled forty years later: "The anger and indignation of the workers condemning the traitors' acts have remained in my memory for life."[47]

The Industrial Party trial ended, unexpectedly, in anticlimax. Five death sentences were delivered by the judges to cheers and a storm of applause in the courtroom. Then, two days later, it was announced that the death sentences had been commuted to ten years' imprisonment. Some were surreptitiously rehabilitated.[48] The reasons for the change of heart were economic. Despite the training of a new generation of proletarian technocrats, the rapid progress of the first Five-Year Plan had revealed industry's continuing dependence on the skills of "bourgeois specialists."

At a conference of managers early in 1931 Sergo Ordzhonikidze, who had become head of the Supreme National Economic Council during the Industrial Party trial, emphasized the need for "a careful approach" toward specialists who "work honestly." During spring the council reviewed a number of cases of exiled and imprisoned engineers who requested rehabilitation. Stalin himself hypocritically declared in June 1931: "We have always regarded and still regard 'specialist baiting' as a harmful and disgraceful phenomenon"; he called for "maximum care for those specialists, engineers and technicians of the old school who are definitely turning to the side of the working class." Menzhinsky underlined the wisdom of Stalin's speech in a rare article in *Pravda,* emphasizing that Dzerzhinsky had made frequent use of the OGPU "to protect specialists from all kinds of oppression."[49]

The moratorium on "specialist baiting" did not end wrecker mania. Stalin and many in the OGPU remained convinced that part of the counterrevolutionary conspiracy hatched by domestic traitors and foreign enemies involved a long-term plan to sabotage the Soviet economy. In March 1933 six British electrical engineers working for the Metropolitan-Vickers Company on projects in Russia were arrested together with a larger number of Russian wreckers on charges of sabotage and espionage. Though some of the British engineers had obtained what the Metro-Vic managing director described as "general information" on the Soviet economy (probably of a kind that would have been freely available in the West), the sabotage was, as usual, imaginary. By now the routine of the show trial in the former Nobles' Club was well established. The Russian defendants duly confessed their imaginary crimes:

> All of them watched for the flick of Prosecutor Vyshinsky's whip and obeyed with the frightened alacrity of trained animals. In their "last words" they begged for their lives and promised to do penance in the tones and the words that had become a familiar refrain since the Shakhty trial.

The British engineers played their parts less professionally. Two had made elaborate pretrial "confessions" to the OGPU, but both withdrew them (one only temporarily) during the proceedings. Another defendant made the unprecedented claim in open court that the trial was "a frame-up . . . based on evidence of terrorized prisoners." All but one of the Russians were given prison sentences. So were two of the Metro-Vic engineers. The British government retaliated with a trade embargo, which was lifted in July 1933 when the engineers were released.[50]

As well as leading the campaign against industrial saboteurs, the OGPU also spearheaded the drive to collectivize agriculture during the First Five-Year Plan. The most spectacular achievement of the early months of forced collectivization was what Stalin described as "the liquidation of the kulaks as a class." Since kulaks were "the sworn enemies of the collective farm movement," their removal from their farms was a precondition of collectivization. The term "kulak" was applied not simply to the better-off peasants but to any peasants however poor—for example, devout churchgoers—suspected of opposing collectivization. The first mass arrests by the OGPU of heads of kulak families began late in 1929. All were shot. Then, early in 1930, whole kulak families were rounded up by the thousands, marched to railway stations, placed on cattle cars, transported to the Arctic or Siberian wilderness, and left to fend for themselves. The Politburo did not care if they lived or died.

This operation—eventually involving perhaps ten million peasants—was too large for the OGPU to run by itself; 25,000 young Party militants, hastily trained at two-week courses—the so-called "twenty-five thousanders"—were drafted into the countryside to help evacuate the kulaks and set up kolkhozes (collective farms). The young militants showed much the same ruthless fervor as the Red Guards in the Chinese Cultural Revolution a generation later, convinced that they were dealing with class enemies engaged in a counterrevolutionary conspiracy to prevent the victory of socialism. One of the "twenty-five thousanders," Lev Kopelev, later wrote: "I was convinced that we were soldiers on an invisible front, waging war on kulak saboteurs for the sake of bread that the country needed for the Five-Year Plan."[51] But for some veteran OGPU officers the suffering and the horror of forcing millions of peasants from their homes was too much to bear. Isaac Deutscher found one OGPU colonel broken by his recent experiences in the countryside:

> "I am an old Bolshevik," he said, almost sobbing. "I worked against the Tsar and then I fought in the civil war. Did I do all that in order that I should now surround villages with machine-guns and order my men to fire indiscriminately into crowds of peasants? Oh, no, no!"[52]

By the beginning of March 1930 the twenty-five thousanders had herded over half the peasants into kolkhozes and reduced the countryside to chaos. Stalin was forced to call a halt in order to allow the spring sowing to proceed. After the publication in *Pravda* on March 2 of his article "Dizzy with Success" hypocritically reproaching the militants for not observing the "voluntary principle," the population of the kolkhozes fell by over half. Once the harvest was safely gathered in, forced collectivization resumed.

The mayhem of collectivization, lower agricultural yields, sharply increased state procurements, drought and crop failure in 1932 combined to produce in 1932–33 the most terrible famine in the history of twentieth-century Europe, in which perhaps as many as seven million died. A Party activist in the Ukraine, the center of the famine, later recalled how:

> In the terrible spring of 1933 I saw people dying from hunger. I saw women and children with distended bellies, turning blue, still breathing but with vacant, lifeless eyes. And corpses—corpses in ragged sheepskin coats and cheap felt

> boots; corpses in peasant-hunts, in the melting snow of the old Vologda, under the bridges of Kharkov.

But he did not lose his faith:

> I persuaded myself, explained to myself that I mustn't give in to debilitating pity. We were realizing historical necessity. We were performing our revolutionary duty. . . . For I was convinced that I was accomplishing the great and necessary transformation of the countryside, that their distress and suffering were a result of their ignorance or the machinations of the class enemy.[53]

Throughout the Ukrainian famine the OGPU continued to uncover cases of sabotage by "class enemies" and "counterrevolutionary conspirators": among them veterinarians accused of decimating livestock, the entire staff of the Meteorological Office charged with falsifying weather forecasts, civil servants alleged to have damaged tractors and infested seed corn with weeds, and collective farm chairmen who had failed to fulfill impossible quotas. Stanislas Kossior, the Ukrainian first secretary (himself later shot in the Great Terror), announced that "Whole counterrevolutionary nests were formed in the People's Commissariats of Education, of Agriculture, of Justice; in the Ukrainian Institute of Marxism-Leninism, the Agricultural Academy, the Shevchenko Institute, etc."[54]

The OGPU's continuing ability to discover imaginary rural saboteurs helped to sustain the gigantic conspiracy theory that increasingly dominated Stalin's world view. Lazar Kaganovich, one of Stalin's most trusted henchmen and one of the few Politburo members to survive the purges, claimed that kulaks who had survived the deportations, along with White Guards and other counterrevolutionaries, had succeeded in "sabotaging the collection of grain deliveries and sowing." When the novelist Mikhail Sholokhov wrote to Stalin in April 1933 to complain of "the mortal blow delivered to the collective farm economy" in the Don district, Stalin replied that "the esteemed graingrowers of your district (and not only of your district)" had tried to sabotage the bread supply to the towns and Red Army:

> That the sabotage was quiet and outwardly harmless (without bloodshed) does not change the fact that the esteemed

> grain-growers waged what was virtually a "silent" war against Soviet power. A war of starvation, dear Comrade Sholokhov.[55]

Despite the preposterous nature of the allegations of sabotage by starving peasants, it is impossible to dismiss them simply as a cynical attempt to provide scapegoats to divert attention from the crimes and blunders of the Party leadership. Like the witch finders of an earlier age, Stalin believed his own conspiracy theories, even if he felt free to embroider them to suit his political purposes. Apart from finding nonexistent rural saboteurs, the OGPU served two other main functions during the famine. The first was to seal off the starving Ukraine from the outside world. No grain was allowed into the Ukraine. No Ukrainians without special passes were allowed out. The last railway station between Kiev and the Ukrainian-Russian border was occupied by an armed OGPU detachment, which turned back all passengers without permits. Within the Ukraine the OGPU also had to deal with some of the most horrific consequences of the famine. Cannibalism became commonplace, but since cannibals were not covered by the criminal code, they were handed over to the jurisdiction of the OGPU.[56]

The OGPU also helped to prevent news of the famine from crossing the borders it had sealed. One of the most successful Soviet "active measures" of the 1930s was to persuade most of the outside world, as well as gullible Western visitors and journalists actually in the Soviet Union, that one of the worst famines in modern history was no more than a piece of anti-Soviet propaganda. After five days in the Ukraine, spent in official receptions, banquets, and carefully conducted tours, Édouard Herriot, the French radical leader, twice prime minister of his country, "categorically denied the lies of the bourgeois press about a famine in the Soviet Union." After a tour of Potemkin villages, Bernard Shaw announced: "I did not see a single under-nourished person in Russia, young or old. Were they padded? Were their hollow cheeks distended by pieces of india rubber inside?" The *New York Times* correspondent in Moscow, Walter Duranty, awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1932 for his "dispassionate, interpretive reporting of the news from Russia," claimed in August 1933 that "any report of a famine in Russia is today an exaggeration or malignant propaganda." The gurus of British Fabian socialism, Beatrice and Sidney Webb, reached the same conclusion after their tours of Russia in 1932 and 1933. They blamed the "partial failure of crops" in certain areas on "a population manifestly guilty of sabotage," and castigated peasants who "out of spite" had taken to "rubbing the grain from the ear, or even cutting off the whole ear, and carrying it off for individual hoarding, this shameless theft of communal property."[57]

The inevitable consequence of the man-made famine in the countryside and the savage witch hunts against "class enemies," real or imagined, in both town and country was the brutalization of the Soviet Communist Party in general and of the OGPU in particular. "Terror," wrote Bukharin, "was henceforth a normal method of administration, and obedience to any order from above a high virtue."[58] But enough of the original idealism of the Bolshevik revolutionary dream remained for the depravities of the class war to provoke at least a muted protest. The most articulate protest was a letter drafted by a supporter of Bukharin, Mikhail Ryutin, signed by himself and seventeen others, which was circulated to members of the Central Committee on the eve of a meeting of its plenum in autumn 1932.

The text of the "Ryutin platform," made public only in 1989, contained such a forthright attack on Stalin and the brutality of the past few years that some Trotskyists who saw the letter wrongly concluded that it was an OGPU provocation.[59] It denounced Stalin as "the evil genius of the Russian Revolution who, activated by vindictiveness and lust for power, has brought the revolution to the edge of the abyss," and demanded his removal: "It is shameful for proletarian revolutionaries to tolerate any longer Stalin's yoke, his arbitrariness, his scorn for the Party and the laboring masses."[60]

The impact of the Ryutin platform on Stalin was heightened by simultaneous evidence of the stirring of the remnants of Trotsky's supporters. In October 1932 the Soviet official and former Trotskyist E. S. Goltsman met Trotsky's son, Sedov, in Berlin, and handed him a harshly critical document entitled "The Economic Situation of the Soviet Union," which was published anonymously in the following month's issue of the Trotskyist *Biulletin Oppozitsii.* Goltsman also brought a proposal for the formation of a united opposition bloc within the Soviet Union. All that remained by now of the Left Opposition was scattered, demoralized, and increasingly powerless remnants. But Trotsky, not for the last time, overestimated the strength of his own support in the Soviet Union. "The proposition of the bloc seems to me completely acceptable," he wrote to his son.[61] Stalin had an even more exaggerated view of the Trotskyite menace in the Soviet Union than

Trotsky himself. When in 1936 he accused his political police of being "four years behind" in "unmasking the Trotskyite-Zinovievite bloc," he had in mind what he saw as its feebleness in stamping down on both the Ryutin platform and Trotsky's supporters in 1932.[62]

Stalin was not yet ready to begin the manhunt for the exiled Trotsky. But he appears to have called for Ryutin's immediate execution. Despite OGPU support, he was voted down by a majority on the Politburo, apparently headed by the Leningrad Party boss, Sergei Kirov. The eighteen signatories of the Ryutin platform were, however, expelled from the Party on the nonsensical charge of having attempted to set up a bourgeois, kulak organization to reestablish capitalism and, in particular, the kulak system in the U.S.S.R. by means of underground activity under the fraudulent banner of "Marxism-Leninism." Zinoviev and Kamenev, now mere symbols rather than leaders of opposition, were also expelled for failing to inform on Ryutin's "counterrevolutionary group."[63]

At a joint session of the Central Committee and Central Control Commission in January 1933 Stalin argued the case for intensifying the "class struggle": "We must bear in mind that the growth in the power of the Soviet state will intensify the resistance of the last remnants of the dying classes." Characteristically, he blamed the famine and other economic problems on sabotage by these "dying classes," some of whom had "even managed to worm their way into the Party." Once again, however, Stalin encountered opposition. Central Committee secretary Postyshev argued that there was no longer any point in using the kulaks as scapegoats for the problems of running large collective farms: "By shouting that kulaks, wreckers, officers, Petlyurists [Ukrainian nationalists] and other such elements disrupt the harvest or sabotage grain-collection, we don't change the situation." So many speakers criticized the Party's agrarian policy that, for the last time in his life, Stalin virtually admitted he had made mistakes. "We are," he said, "to blame." A Party journal cited his speech as an example of "Bolshevik self-criticism."[64]

Two divergent trends were now apparent within the Party leadership. Stalin and his lieutenants were anxious to unleash the full force of the OGPU against the forces of counterrevolution. Others were anxious to restore "socialist legality." For a time Stalin thought it unwise to resist that trend openly. In May 1933 he accepted the circulation of a secret "instruction," condemning mass repression in the countryside. A month later the office of procurator of the U.S.S.R. was established, with the evident aim of limiting OGPU excesses. Yet at the same time the Stalin cult steadily expanded. At the May Day celebrations in 1933 the ceremonial address by Marshal Voroshilov referred for the first time to Stalin as "Leader" (Vozhd). On the anniversary of the October Revolution in Moscow Stalin's portraits outnumbered Lenin's by almost two to one.[65]

Opposition to Stalin resurfaced at the Seventeenth Party Congress early in 1934. It is nowadays stated as a fact in the Soviet Union that Stalin polled almost three hundred votes less than Kirov in the elections to the Central Committee. Stalin lost his title "general secretary" and was referred to simply as "secretary."[66] Party opposition to Stalin, however, was so muted that the vast majority of the Russian population were unaware of its existence. Even today it remains impossible to do much more than guess at its extent. Far more visible than opposition in 1934 was the growing extravagance of the Stalin cult. And though Stalin's domination of the Party was not absolute, his control of the means of repression continued to increase.

In May 1934 the invalid Menzhinsky died and was succeeded by his first deputy, Yagoda, who for some time had been acting head of the OGPU. In July the OGPU was transformed into the GUGB (Main Administration of State Security) and integrated into a reconstituted NKVD (People's Commissariat for Internal Affairs), headed by Yagoda. The political police, regular police, criminal investigation, border troops, internal troops, and, from October 1934, the entire penal system, were thus combined in one body. Though technically only a part of it, the political police was usually referred to as the NKVD. The whole immensely powerful force answered directly to Stalin himself.[67] Stalin's direct line to the NKVD ran through his own personal secretariat headed by A. Poskrebyshev.[68] According to the NKVD defector Aleksandr Orlov, Poskrebyshev and Georgi Malenkov headed a "Little Council," which evaluated all incoming intelligence for the Politburo.[69] Stalin's secretariat also provided the training ground for his protégé, Nikolai Yezhov, who in 1936 was to succeed Yagoda at the head of the NKVD and preside over the Great Terror.[70]

The assassination on December 1, 1934, of Kirov, Stalin's main potential rival, led to a further increase in NKVD powers. Kirov was shot in the back of the neck as he left his office in the Leningrad Party headquarters. His deranged assassin, Leonid Nikolayev, imagined himself the successor to the populist assassins of Tsar Alexander II. Remarkably, Nikolayev had twice previously been caught by Kirov's guards approaching him with a loaded revolver in his briefcase, but on each occasion had been released by the Leningrad NKVD. Fifty years later no one in the KGB with whom Gordievsky discussed the assassination doubted that the order for Kirov's murder derived from Stalin himself. But it was generally believed that Stalin had bypassed Yagoda, whom he did not fully trust, and had worked instead through the head of the Leningrad NKVD, Filipp Medved, and his deputy I. Zaporozhets.[71] Khrushchev later concluded, probably incorrectly, that Yagoda was also involved and had received verbal orders from Stalin.

On his arrival at Leningrad after Kirov's murder, Stalin gave one of the most brilliant acting performances of his career. He struck Medved, who had come to meet him at the railway station, with his gloved hand and then appeared overcome with grief on seeing Kirov's corpse. Officially Medved and Zaporozhets were sacked for criminal negligence, but both subsequently reemerged working for the NKVD in the Far East before being shot during the Great Terror in 1937, possibly, as Khrushchev later suggested, "to cover up all the traces of the organizers of Kirov's assassination."[72]

A directive on the evening of Kirov's assassination authorized summary action, including the death penalty, against suspected terrorists. According to Khrushchev, the directive was issued "without the approval of the Politburo" on the initiative of Stalin.[73] The NKVD thus acquired, and retained for twenty years, the power of life and death over those Soviet citizens it chose to label "terrorists." The first scapegoats found by the NKVD for Kirov's murder were an alleged conspiracy of White Guards who had infiltrated Russia across the Polish, Finnish, and Latvian frontiers. One hundred four of the imaginary conspirators were allegedly rounded up and shot.[74] Three weeks after Kirov's death another nonexistent conspiracy was uncovered. On December 22, 1934, it was announced that Nikolayev belong to an underground terrorist organization set up by the followers of Zinoviev. Stalin noted in his own hand the names of two groups of guilty Zinovievites, who were christened the "Moscow Center" and the "Leningrad Center." It was further disclosed that Nikolayev had received 5,000 rubles from the Latvian consul-general (subsequently expelled), who provided an alleged link between the Zinovievite conspirators and the exiled Trotsky. On December 30 it was announced that, after a brief trial without defense lawyers, the conspirators had been shot.

In January 1935 Zinoviev and Kamenev featured in the first political trial of former opposition leaders. Both acknowledged only a vaguely worded political responsibility for Kirov's murder, which fell short of actual instigation, and were sentenced to, respectively, ten and five years' imprisonment. Bizarre though these proceedings were, the Soviet people had become so used to revelations of plots and conspiracies that they found them quite plausible.[75] After the trial Stalin summoned Yagoda and told him, "You're working badly, Genrikh Grigoryevich!" Zinoviev and Kamenev, he insisted, should have been tortured until they made a full confession. Yagoda was so shaken by the meeting that when he recounted it to his deputy Georgi Prokoviev he burst into tears.[76]

During 1935 Stalin laid the foundations for a much more massive onslaught on actual or potential opposition to his leadership. A purge of Party members, begun in 1933 and continued during 1934, had been aimed chiefly at rooting out corruption and inefficiency. In 1935 the purge became both more sinister and more political. "The evil murder of Comrade Kirov," said Stalin later, had revealed "many suspect elements within the Party." These could only be removed as the result of detailed inquisition, since, in the words of a Party spokesman, "lying, political jesuitry and double-dealing are the basic tactics of the Party's enemies."[77] Every local Party organization began a campaign of confession and self-criticism. "Big, packed halls," writes Evgenia Ginsburg, "were turned into confessionals":

> Every meeting had its soupe du jour. People repented for incorrect understanding of the theory of permanent revolution and for abstention in the vote on the opposition platform of 1932; for an "eruption" of great-power chauvinism and for undervaluation of the second Five-Year Plan; for acquaintance with certain "sinners" and for infatuation with Meyerhold's theatre.[78]

Stalin became increasingly obsessed with one great opponent beyond his reach, Leon Trotsky. One of the standard questions put by NKVD interrogators while taking political confessions was: "Do you agree or do you not that Trotsky is the chief of the vanguard of bourgeois counterrevolution?" Most of those expelled from the Party were branded as Trotskyites and Zinovievists. To Trotsky in his lonely exile this was vastly encouraging news. He wrote in January 1936:

> Among the 10 to 20,000 "Trotskyites" expelled in the last months there are no more than a few tens, perhaps a few hundreds . . . of men of the older generation, oppositionists of the 1923–8 vintages. The mass is made up of new recruits. . . . It can be said with confidence that in spite of thirteen years of baiting, slander and persecution, unsurpassed in wickedness and savagery, in spite of capitulations and defections, more dangerous than persecution, the [Trotskyist] Fourth International possesses already today its strongest, most numerous, and most hardened branch in the U.S.S.R.[79]

Both Stalin and Trotsky now inhabited, at least intermittently, a world of make-believe in which each fed the other's fantasies. Stalin's belief in mostly nonexistent Russian Trotskyists infected Trotsky, whose pleasure at discovering these imaginary followers in turn persuaded Stalin that the Trotskyist menace was even worse than he had supposed.

The real reason why Trotskyists had disappeared from view within the Soviet Union was simply that, with very few exceptions, they had in fact disappeared. Stalin and most of the NKVD, however, believed that their apparent disappearance merely demonstrated that they had gone underground, often posing deceitfully as loyal party members. In the summer of 1936 a secret Central Committee resolution, passed on Stalin's initiative, gave the NKVD extraordinary powers to destroy all "enemies of the people."[80] In July a secret circular, sent in the name of the Politburo but possibly authorized by Stalin alone, warned all Party organizations:

> Now that it has been demonstrated that Trotskyist-Zinovievite monsters are uniting in a struggle against Soviet power all the most embittered and sworn enemies of the toilers of our country—spies, provocateurs, saboteurs, White Guards, kulaks, etc.; now that all distinctions have been erased between these elements on the one hand and the Trotskyists and Zinovievites on the other—all our Party organizations, all members of the Party, must understand that the vigilance of Communists is required in any sector and in every situation. The inalienable quality of every Bolshevik in current conditions must be to know how to discover an enemy of the Party, however well he is disguised.

A press campaign over the next few weeks revealed that, "thanks to corrupt liberalism and a blunting of vigilance on the part of some Communists," there were still "Trotskyist-Zinovievite degenerates" in Party ranks.[81]

The trial of the main "degenerates" opened on August 19. Zinoviev, Kamenev, and their associates now confessed what they had been allowed to deny in January 1935: that they were the "direct organizers" of Kirov's assassination and had intended his murder as the prelude to the assassination of other Communist leaders, including Stalin himself, as a means of overthrowing the Soviet regime. Since 1932 they had acted on (nonexistent) instructions from Trotsky, conveyed through (equally nonexistent) secret agents. One of the accused described a meeting with Trotsky's son at a hotel in Copenhagen that turned out to have been pulled down twenty years earlier. For such imaginary crimes all the members of the "Trotskyite-Zinovievite Terrorist Center" were sentenced to death. Their public confessions marked an important stage in the elaboration of a vast conspiracy theory, which in its final form fused together all the opponents of Stalinism, both at home and abroad, into one stupendous plot.

The trial identified the remnants of the Left Opposition inside Russia not merely with the exiled Trotsky but also with the White Guards and fascism. The "Trotskyite-Zinovievite Terrorist Center," it was revealed, "sank definitively into the swamp of white-guardism," merged with it, and "became the organizing force of the last remnants of the exploiting classes which had been routed in the U.S.S.R." They had also collaborated with the Gestapo, with whom Trotsky had agreed on a joint terrorist campaign against the Soviet regime. In his final plea Zinoviev defined the relationship between his own supporters and the forces of Nazism and international fascism in an elegantly simple, if improbable, formula: "Trotskyism is a variety of fascism and Zinovievism is a variety of Trotskyism."[82]

To Stalin's satisfaction, the trial also implicated the remnants of the "Right Opposition": Bukharin, Rykov, and Tomsky. Tomsky took the hint and committed suicide. But while Stalin was on his annual holiday at Sochi in mid-September, he received the unwelcome news that Bukharin and Rykov had been cleared after an NKVD investigation. All Stalin's old suspicions about Yagoda welled to the surface.[83] Basking in his recent promotion to the rank of General Commissar of State Security (the equivalent of marshal) and the award of an apartment in the Kremlin, Yagoda overestimated the strength of his position, gave free rein to his growing vanity, and ordered public changing of the NKVD guard with neo-Tsarist music and ceremonial.[84]

On September 25 nemesis arrived in the form of a telegram to the Politburo from Stalin and his protégé Andrei Zhdanov demanding Yagoda's replacement by Nikolai Yezhov: "Yagoda has definitely proved himself to be incapable of unmasking the Trotskyite-Zinovievite bloc. The OGPU is four years behind in this matter": a clear reference to the allegedly weak response to the "counterrevolutionary" Ryutin platform and Trotskyite menace of 1932.[85]

Stalin probably already intended to launch a major purge of the NKVD but decided for the moment to lull its leadership into a false sense of security by removing only Yagoda and his deputy Georgi Prokoviev. For the time being, neither was executed or imprisoned. Instead, they became, respectively, commissar and deputy commissar of Communications. Yagoda's successor, the diminutive, boyish-looking Yezhov, was the first ethnic Russian to head the KGB. As secretary of the Central Committee and head of the Party Control Commission, Yezhov had been in effect supervising the NKVD on Stalin's behalf for some time. Within the Party apparatus he had created a security staff parallel to the NKVD itself; this staff had probably planned Kirov's assassination, also at Stalin's behest.

Yezhov had taken part in the preparations for the trial of the "Trotskyite-Zinovievite Terrorist Center," even setting up an office in the Lubyanka and taking part in the interrogations as Party representative in charge of security. He showed particular interest in the methods used to extract confessions from those prisoners who put up most resistance and would always ask the interrogators "what, in their opinion, was the last straw that broke the prisoner's back." Yezhov took personal pride in reducing one tough Old Bolshevik to tears by threatening his children. One of the NKVD interrogators who witnessed Yezhov's triumph said later: "In my whole life I have never seen such a villain as Yezhov. He does it with pleasure." Yagoda cannot have welcomed Yezhov's presence in the Lubyanka, but his suspicions were dulled by the honors heaped on him in 1936, his growing vanity, and the expectation of a place in the Politburo.[86]

Under Yezhov all the restraints that had hindered the liquidation of Stalin's imaginary enemies were removed. The next two years, usually known in the West as the Great Terror, are remembered in the Soviet Union as the Yezhovshchina. The next show trial, in January 1937, featured Pyatakov, Radek, and fifteen other imaginary traitors.

It purported to reveal that, in addition to the "Trotskyite-Zinovievite Terrorist Center" unmasked at the show trial in August 1936, Trotsky had also established a "reserve center," known as the "Anti-Soviet Trotskyite Center," in case the first center was discovered. The second "reserve center" was found guilty of conspiring with "enemy of the people L. Trotsky" and "certain representatives of Germany and Japan" "to overthrow the Soviet power in the U.S.S.R. and to restore capitalism and the power of the bourgeoisie by means of wrecking, diversion, espionage, and terrorist activities designed to undermine the economic and military power of the Soviet Union, to expedite the armed attack on the U.S.S.R., to assist foreign aggressors and to bring about the defeat of the U.S.S.R."

The Nazi regime and its intelligence service played, in absentia, a much greater part in the case against the "Anti-Soviet Trotskyite Center" than in the previous show trial. The Japanese government also appeared for the first time as a major conspirator. Trotsky, it was claimed, had promised the Ukraine to Germany and the Maritime Provinces and the Amur region to Japan as a reward for their assistance in overthrowing the Soviet regime. The "Anti-Soviet Trotskyite Center" had regularly supplied both the German and Japanese intelligence services with secret intelligence "of the utmost state importance," had organized widespread peacetime sabotage on their behalf, and made preparations for even more extensive wartime sabotage, including bacteriological warfare "with the object of contaminating troop trains, canteens and army centers with highly virulent bacilli."[87]

On March 18, 1937, Yezhov revealed an even more startling dimension of the imaginary counterrevolutionary conspiracy at a meeting in the NKVD officers' club. By the time his apprehensive audience assembled, some of Yagoda's leading department chiefs were already in prison, having been sent on train journeys ostensibly to carry out regional inspections, only to be arrested at the first railway station outside Moscow. The conspiracy, explained Yezhov, had penetrated the very heart of the NKVD. The chief traitor was Yagoda himself. After working for the Okhrana, Yagoda had been recruited by the German secret service and used by them to penetrate the Cheka. By the time of his dismissal, he had planted spies in every key position in the NKVD, some of whom were already under arrest.

Yezhov's audience applauded a speech that most of them knew to be rubbish. According to Walter Krivitsky, a senior INO officer who defected later in the year:

> They applauded to demonstrate their devotion. Who knows? A timely confession might yet save them from a bullet through the base of the brain. Perhaps they might once more buy the right to live by betraying their closest friends.

The first to take the floor was Artuzov, who saw an opportunity to revenge himself on Abram Slutsky, who had replaced him as head of INO in 1934. Artuzov began by confessing their collective "blindness" in failing to discover Yagoda's treachery, and allowing him "to set the OGPU against the Party." He gave as an example OGPU support for Yagoda's attempts to freeze out Stalin's protégé Akulov in 1932: "I must say frankly the entire Party organization in the OGPU was devoted to sabotaging Akulov." Then Artuzov moved to the offensive: "I ask you who was head of the Party Organization in the OGPU at that time?" He paused for dramatic effect, then shouted, "Slutsky!"[88]

Slutsky was caught off guard and stumbled at first as he tried to defend himself. Then he discovered a promising line of counterattack:

> I ask you, Artuzov, where did you live? Who lived opposite you? Bulanov? And is he not now among the first batch arrested? And who lived just above you, Artuzov? Ostrovsky? He too is arrested. And who lived just beneath you, Artuzov? Yagoda! And now I ask you, comrades, who, under prevailing conditions, could have lived in the same house with Yagoda without enjoying his absolute confidence?[89]

Artuzov was soon arrested and shot. So, within the next year, were most of Yagoda's department heads.[90] The main exception was Slutsky, who was spared for a time so that INO officers serving abroad who were selected for liquidation could be lured back to Moscow in the mistaken belief that their department was to be spared. By February 1938 he had outlived his usefulness. He was invited to the office of Yezhov's deputy, Mikhail Frinovsky, given tea and cakes, and expired on the spot, allegedly from a heart attack. Experienced NKVD officers who attended Slutsky's lying-in-state are reported to have noticed on his face the characteristic spots produced by hydrocyanic acid. An official obituary signed by his "comrades in work," described Slutsky as a "fearless fighter for the cause of the working class . . . Chekists knew his name to the ends of our broad fatherland. Enemies feared that name."[91] Unlike his predecessors, Trilisser and Artuzov, however, Slutsky's portrait does not appear on the wall of the FCD Memory Room.[92]

The next great imaginary conspiracy to be uncovered by Yezhov involved the Red Army. On June 11 it was announced that Marshal Tukhachevsky, hero of the Civil War and the Soviet Union's leading military thinker, had been arrested with seven other generals, on a charge of treason. All were shot, probably the next day. Marshal Voroshilov reported that the traitors had "admitted their treacherousness, wrecking and espionage." They had, it was later revealed, been in league with both Trotsky and Nazi Germany. Preposterous though these allegations were, Stalin and Yezhov were possessed by such paranoid fears of counterrevolutionary conspiracy that they seem genuinely to have feared a military coup. Frinovsky, Yezhov's second-in-command, told Krivitsky: "We've just uncovered a gigantic conspiracy in the Army, such a conspiracy as history has never known. And we've just now learned of a plot to kill Nikolai Ivanovich [Yezhov] himself! But we've got them all. We've got everything under control."[93] The deputy head of INO, Mikhail Shpigelglas, gave much the same version of events to another future defector, Aleksandr Orlov:

> That was a real conspiracy! That could be seen from the panic which spread there on the top: all the passes to the Kremlin were suddenly declared invalid; our troops were held in a state of alarm. As Frinovsky said: "The whole Soviet Government hung by a thread. It was impossible to act as in normal times—first the trial and then the shooting. In this case we had to shoot first and try later."[94]

It later emerged that the Gestapo had tried to exploit Stalin's paranoia by planting forged documents in Czechoslovakia that appeared to show a plot by Tukhachevsky to carry out a coup d'état with German support. The Gestapo plot, however, was unnecessary. Stalin had decided to liquidate the imaginary military plot even before it was brought to his attention by President Beneš of Czechoslovakia. Unprompted by the Germans, Stalin and Yezhov decimated the Red Army high command with a thoroughness that must have exceeded the Gestapo's wildest hopes.[95]

The total number of victims of the Yezhovshchina may never be known with certainty. In response to a secret request from the

Politburo in 1956, the KGB produced a figure of about 19 million arrests for the period 1935 to 1940, of whom at least 7 million were shot or died in the *gulag.* The real death toll was probably higher still.[96] By a macabre irony, the most dangerous "enemies of the people" were discovered in the three institutions who shared responsibility for defending the Soviet state against them: the Party, the Red Army, and the NKVD. One hundred ten of the 139 members of the Central Committee elected at the 1934 Party Congress were shot or imprisoned. Only 59 of the 1,966 delegates reappeared at the next Congress in 1939. Seventy-five of the 80 members of the Supreme Military Council were shot. More than half the Red Army officer corps, probably well over 35,000 men, were executed or imprisoned. The NKVD hierarchy was purged twice. All 18 of Yagoda's commissars of state security, grades 1 and 2, were shot (save for Slutsky, who was probably poisoned) under Yezhov. Of Yezhov's top 122 officers in 1937–38, only 21 still held office under his successor in 1940.[97] The Yezhovshchina destroyed most of what remained of the idealism of the early Chekist leadership, convinced that their brutality was necessary to build a new society and defeat counterrevolution. One of those who witnessed at first hand the change in NKVD interrogators was the writer Nadezhda Mandelstam, wife of the persecuted poet Osip Mandelstam:

> The first generation of young Chekists, later to be removed and destroyed in 1937, was distinguished by its sophisticated tastes and weakness for literature—only the most fashionable, of course. In my presence Christophorovich said to [Osip] that it was useful for a poet to experience fear ("you yourself told me so") because it can inspire verse, and that he would "experience fear in full measure."

Mandelstam died in a labor camp. Christophorovich, the interrogator, was shot.[98] His successors were men of little culture and less idealism. Within the NKVD, as within the Party, the conditions of the Terror led to the survival of the morally unfittest, those most willing to save themselves by denouncing others. The teams of NKVD executioners stationed around the gulag commonly became alcoholics. Each morning when they collected their automatics from the guardroom they were each given a glass of vodka. Then they loaded the day's victims onto trucks, drove them to a pit dug by a team of criminal convicts, lined them up and started shooting:

> Some were [silent], others started crying out that they were good Communists, that they were dying innocent, and so on. But the women only cried and huddled closer together.

In some places NKVD marksmen lined up the prisoners sideways and tried to see how many they could kill with a single bullet. Then the execution squads returned to camp, put their automatics back in the guardroom, were given as much free vodka as they could drink, and slept.[99]

The victims of the NKVD included foreign as well as Russian Communists. A majority of the Comintern officials and foreign Communists resident in Moscow were unmasked as "enemy agents" or "foreign spies" and shot. Those who were most vulnerable were the members of illegal Communist parties and their families, who had lost the protection of foreign nationality. Most had spent some time in foreign jails, where, it was alleged, that capitalist secret services had recruited them as agents. The two illegal foreign parties with the largest number of imaginary spies among their exiled leadership were the Poles and the Yugoslavs. The Polish Communists were most suspect of all: their leaders were Jewish and had taken Trotsky's side at the time of Lenin's death. All were shot. Manuilsky told the 1939 Soviet Party Congress:

> In order to disrupt the Communist movement, the Fascist-Trotskyite spies attempted to form artificial "factions" and "groups" in some of the Communist parties and to stir up a factional struggle. Most contaminated by hostile elements was the Communist Party of Poland, where agents of Polish fascism managed to gain positions of leadership.

Stalin was almost as suspicious of the Yugoslav Communist Party, whose first leader, Sima Marković, had challenged his views on the nationality question in 1925. Ironically, the only leading Yugoslav Communist whom Stalin trusted was the arch-heretic of the postwar Soviet bloc, Josip Broz, alias Tito, who later recalled:

> In 1938, when I was in Moscow . . . we were discussing whether to dissolve the Yugoslav Communist Party. All the Yugoslav leaders at that time in the Soviet Union had been

> arrested; I was alone, the party was weakened, without leadership; and I was there alone.[100]

The final revelation of the extent of the imaginary international counterrevolutionary conspiracy against Stalinist Russia came in February 1938 with the show trial of twenty-one members of the "Bloc of Rightists and Trotskyites," chief among them Bukharin, Rykov, and Yagoda, accused of an expanded version of what had become the usual catalogue of Trotskyite crimes: espionage, wrecking, terrorism, and preparations for foreign invasion, the dismemberment of the U.S.S.R., the overthrow of the Soviet system, and the restoration of capitalism. Previously the Trotskyites had been allegedly conspiring only with the German and Japanese secret services; now they were accused of working for British and Polish intelligence as well. Trotsky himself was revealed as a German agent since 1921 and a British agent since 1926. Yagoda had for some time been "surrounded as with flies with German, Japanese and Polish spies."

The last show trial had disclosed that Trotsky and the assorted counterrevolutionaries under his leadership had promised the Ukraine to Germany and the Maritime Provinces and Amur region to Japan. In February 1938 it was revealed that they had also promised Byelorussia to Poland and Uzbekistan to Britain. Trotskyite terrorism too turned out to be even more devious and extensive than previously supposed. Not content with assisting in Kirov's assassination, Yagoda had pioneered "wrecking methods of medicine" and arranged the poisoning of his predecessor Menzhinsky, the great writer Maxim Gorky, and the chairman of the State Planning Commission V. V. Kuybyshev. He had also begun to poison Yezhov himself but had been caught in the nick of time.[101]

The most important novelty in the conspiracy theory unveiled at the trial of the "Bloc of Rightists and Trotskyites" was the heightened emphasis given to the role of Western governments and their intelligence services. The Trotskyites were no longer the mere auxiliaries of foreign secret services but their "slaves," "bondmen of their masters." The state procurator, Andrei Vyshinsky, declared during his peroration:

> The "Block of Rightists and Trotskyites" is no political grouping; it is a gang of spies, of agents of foreign intelligence services. This has been proved fully and incontestably.

> Herein lies the enormous social, political and historical significance of the present trial.

Ever since the Shakhty trial ten years before, the role of foreign intelligence services in plotting the overthrow of the Soviet system had loomed steadily larger in Stalinist and NKVD conspiracy theory. The final version of that conspiracy theory backdated the dominant role played by "the devilish work of the foreign intelligence services" in all counterrevolutionary activity to the origins of the Soviet state:

> The entire history of bourgeois counterrevolution in the U.S.S.R. is linked up with the active attempts of the most reactionary circles of the international bourgeoisie to overthrow the power of the Soviets. There has not been a single more or less serious plot against the Soviet power in the U.S.S.R. without the direct and most active participation of foreign capitalists and military cliques.[102]

Among those who attended the trial of the "Bloc of Rightists and Trotskyites" was Sir Fitzroy Maclean, then a young British diplomat at the Moscow embassy. At one point during the trial a clumsily maneuvered arc light illuminated a private box at the back of the courtroom and Maclean saw, to his astonishment, the drooping mustache and yellowish complexion of Stalin himself.[103] Though Stalin did not, of course, supervise every detail of the Terror or even know the names of most of its victims, his was nonetheless the directing hand. Gordievsky's father and other KGB veterans told him how from the death of Kirov onward Stalin used to receive late each evening first Yagoda, then Yezhov. The nightly meetings with Yezhov not uncommonly lasted from 10 P.M. to 2 A.M.[104] Stalin took an obsessional personal interest not merely in the persecution of the major figures in the Party, NKVD, and armed services, but also in the numbers of more humble "enemies of the people" being unmasked. His most trusted subordinates, such as Lazar Kaganovich, toured the provinces to make sure that local quotas for such "unmaskings" were being fulfilled or overfulfilled.

While the Great Terror was at its height Stalin was never satisfied with the numbers reported to him. The head of the militia in the Ivanovo region, Mikhail Shreider, later recalled one such visit of inspection by Kaganovich in 1937. Throughout his stay Kaganovich telephoned Stalin several times a day to report on the numbers of arrests. Though the local NKVD was already using what Shreider called "severe tortures" to extract confessions from imaginary enemies of the people, after each phone call Kaganovich insisted on speedier confessions. On one occasion Kaganovich phoned Stalin in Shreider's presence to report the latest number of arrests. Stalin, as usual, was dissatisfied, and Shreider heard Kaganovich repeating over and over again:

> "Will do, comrade Stalin. I'll press on the NKVD department heads not to be too liberal and to increase to the maximum identification of enemies of the people."[105]

"Enemies of the people" with foreign connections were likely to have to confess that they were spies as well. Many years later Gordievsky still occasionally came across their files in the KGB archives. One fairly typical example that lodged in his memory early in his career was the file on a German Communist named Sturm, who had wandered half starved from the Ukraine to the Volga in 1937. The NKVD picked him up in Kuybyshev begging for bread. After a few interrogations, he wearily confessed to being a German spy and was shot.[106]

The Terror inevitably acquired a momentum of its own. The requirement that imaginary "enemies of the people" identify their equally imaginary collaborators, as well as the more general suspicion that surrounded their friends and relatives, built into the pattern of arrests in 1937–38 something approaching a geometrical progression. The prime mover of the Terror and the man most concerned to make it as pervasive as possible, however, was Stalin himself. Stalin never had any compunction in allowing the manufacture of whatever evidence was necessary to give the show trials the maximum dramatic effect. But both he and Yezhov undoubtedly believed in the vast conspiracy theory on which the trials were based. Underlying the preposterous claims of a combined assault by imperialist secret services and their Trotskyite hirelings was an impeccable Leninist logic. In an open letter published during the trial of the "Bloc of Rightists and Trotskyites," Stalin justified his conspiracy theory in Lenin's own words:

> We are living not only in a State, but in a system of States, and the existence of the Soviet Republic side by side with imperialist States is in the long run unthinkable. In the end

> either one or the other will triumph. But until that end comes, a series of the most terrible clashes between the Soviet Republic and bourgeois States is unavoidable. . . . We must remember that we are always within a hairsbreadth of invasion.

It was, claimed Stalin, "absurd and stupid" to suppose that the U.S.S.R.'s external enemies would not attack whenever they saw a favorable opportunity: "This could only be thought by blind braggarts or concealed enemies of the people."[107] Those who disagreed with Stalin's conspiratorial world view were thus identified as "enemies of the people." Starting from Leninist premises, it was impossible for the imperialists not to attempt the overthrow of the world's only worker-peasant state. And if they were plotting its overthrow, it was barely conceivable that their intelligence services were not hard at work trying to subvert it. To denounce the basis, if not the detail, of Stalin's conspiracy theory it was necessary to attack Leninism itself.

As Lenin's reaction to the "Lockhart plot" twenty years earlier had shown, his manichean vision of a world divided between bourgeois darkness and Bolshevik light rendered him continuously susceptible to attacks of conspiracy theory. A collection of documents published to mark "the glorious twentieth anniversary of the Cheka-OGPU-NKVD" in December 1937 quoted Lenin's own warnings against the counterrevolutionaries' "organized treachery in our rear," "sabotage of food production which threatens millions of people with starvation," and "extensive organization for espionage." Lenin called for "urgent measures" to uncover the "countless conspiracies" hatched by an unholy alliance of White Russian émigrés and foreign imperialists: "We have no answer other than the answer of an organization [the Cheka] which knows the conspirator's every step and which would not try to reason but would punish immediately."[108] But Lenin would never have succumbed to the wilder excesses of Stalinist wrecker mania and spy fever. He described it as "laughable to say that foreigners who will be assigned to administer certain trade concessions are dangerous or that we will not be able to keep an eye on them."[109] Almost all the charges at the Stalinist show trials would have been inconceivable in Lenin's lifetime.

Stalin's Russia was more susceptible to conspiracy theory than Lenin's for two reasons. First, twenty years of socialism in one country and capitalist encirclement had bred an acute sense of insecurity. The early hopes of exporting the Revolution abroad had given way to a preoccupation with the problems of defending the Revolution at home. "Help from the international proletariat," said Stalin in his open letter of February 1938, "must be combined with our work to strengthen the defenses of our country, to strengthen the Red Army and Navy, to mobilize the entire country for the fight against military attack and against attempts to restore bourgeois relations."[110]

The spy mania of the Stalin years also derived from what Khrushchev called Stalin's own "sickly suspicious" personality. "Everywhere and in everything he saw 'enemies,' 'two-facers' and 'spies.' "[111] The widow of Aleksandr ("Sasha") Kosarev, secretary of Komsomol, later recalled her husband's final meeting with Stalin at a Kremlin banquet:

> Stalin not only clinked his glass but embraced and kissed him. Returning to his seat, Sasha, pale and agitated, said to me "Let's go home." When we left, I asked him why he was so upset. He replied: "When Stalin kissed me, he said in my ear, 'If you're a traitor, I'll kill you.' "

Kosarev was shot a few months later.[112] The greatest Soviet psychologist of the interwar period, Vladimir Bechterev, concluded as early as 1927 that Stalin was a paranoid schizophrenic, and appears to have paid with his life for his diagnosis. A conference of leading Soviet psychiatrists in 1989, however, rejected that diagnosis as too simple.[113] Unlike truly paranoid personalities Stalin retained a capacity for cool, if devious, calculation and an instinctive sense of timing. But it is difficult not to detect at least a paranoid strain in Stalin's "sickly suspicious" personality.

Yezhov inhabited the same conspiratorial universe as Stalin himself. In private as well as in public he insisted that foreign intelligence services had mounted "a filthy network of intrigue in which enemies of all flags had combined as one."[114] He told a meeting of senior NKVD officers that there were bound to be "some innocent victims" in "the fight against fascist agents": "Better than ten innocent people should suffer than one spy get away."[115] Yezhov lived in continual fear of assassination from traitors within the NKVD. In order to reach his heavily guarded office in the Lubyanka, even NKVD officers had to take the elevator to the fifth floor, walk through a series of long corridors, go down a staircase to the first floor, walk along more corridors, and take another elevator to Yezhov's secretariat on the third floor. Their papers were checked at frequent intervals along the circuitous route.[116]

Yezhov may well have believed, as was alleged at the trial of the "Bloc of Rightists and Trotskyites," that Yagoda had tried to poison him. Stalin too took elaborate precautions against poison plots. He had a female servant whose sole function was to make tea from sealed packets kept in a locked cabinet opened only in the presence of an NKVD security guard. One day the guard discovered a broken seal and the tea maker was carted off to the Lubyanka.[117]

Most of the Soviet population accepted the official doctrine that they were threatened by a major conspiracy of spies and wreckers in the pay of foreign secret services. At every factory NKVD officers lectured workers on the danger from imperialist agents in their midst. Almost every film, comedies included, contained its obligatory quota of spies. Many of the imaginary spies and wreckers apprehended by the NKVD, particularly at the beginning of the Yezhovshchina, believed that though they themselves were the victim of some terrible mistake ("If only Stalin knew!"), other enemies of the people were guilty as charged. Old inhabitants of the gulag became so used to hearing this complaint from new arrivals that they accused them all of playing the same gramophone record.[118] Even those who grasped the bogus nature of the show-trial confessions commonly believed that the defendants were "objectively guilty." Party militants often took every word literally. Evgenia Ginsburg records that a woman she knew exclaimed when the NKVD came to arrest her husband in 1937:

> "So he lied to me? So he was really against the Party all the time."
>
> With an amused grin the agent said: "Better get his things together."
>
> But she refused to do this for an enemy of the Party, and when her husband went to his sleeping child's cot to kiss him good-bye she barred his way.
>
> "My child has no father."[119]

Such simple-minded fanaticism is less baffling than the credulity of many well-educated foreign observers. The American ambassador Joseph Davies reported to the State Department that the show trials had provided "proof . . . beyond reasonable doubt to justify the verdict of guilty of treason." The award-winning *New York Times* correspondent Walter Duranty concluded that "The future historian will probably accept the Stalinist version." Sir Bernard Pares, then Britain's best-known Russian historian, found the verbatim reports of the show trials "impressive": "The plea that Stalin acted first to disrupt a potential fifth column . . . is by no means unwarranted." The Webbs thought the defendants were "behaving naturally and sensibly, as Englishmen would were they not virtually compelled by their highly artificial legal system to go through a routine which is useful to the accused only when there is some doubt as to the facts or as to the guilt or innocence of the conduct in question."[120] Such gullibility did not die with Stalin.

For many in the NKVD who survived the Terror or were recruited to replace their liquidated predecessors, the primary aim was simply to survive. Their minds numbed or brutalized by their work, they preferred not to reflect deeply on the purpose of the horrors they were perpetrating. Most, however, accepted the reality of the imaginary conspiracy they were fighting. Mikhail Gorokhov, an engineer who joined the NKVD in 1938, found most of the new recruits "Party members, simple boys, who have been told that 'enemies of the Socialist society' try to wreck our Soviet system and kill our leaders and that these wreckers must be exterminated." Early in their training he and his fellow recruits watched impassively the torture of a peasant, believing it essential to uncover his part in the conspiracy.[121] The future defector Viktor Kravchenko was told by an old childhood friend in the NKVD that the Terror had been "absolutely necessary . . . to free the country from traitors and spies": "If you fell into our hands, it certainly wouldn't be without reason."[122]

The old guard in the NKVD were less naïve. That, no doubt, helps to explain why so many of them were liquidated. But even the survivors of the Dzerzhinsky era became confused about the reality of the "spies" and "wreckers" they were ordered to unmask. The widow of the murdered NKVD defector Ignace Poretsky (alias Ignace Reiss) remembered Abram Slutsky, head of INO from 1934 to 1938, as "a likeable and mild-mannered man" who did his best to save some of the victims of the Terror. But:

> Slutsky was a person of many contradictions. We knew of cases, after 1936, when he interceded courageously to save someone from arrest, and he would weep while telling of the interrogation of some of the defendants at the trials and

> bemoan the fate of their families; yet in the same breath he could denounce them as "Trotskyite fascists."[123]

The Stalinist witch hunt against spies and wreckers faced Slutsky and most who thought like him in the NKVD with an insoluble dilemma. They knew that most of the victims of the Yezhovshchina were innocent. But as good Leninists they were bound to accept that Soviet Russia was menaced with a permanent conspiracy by world capitalism, whose secret services were necessarily seeking to subvert it. In reality the only dangerous anti-Soviet conspiracies organized by foreign intelligence services during the 1930s were the attempts by Germany and Japan to exploit the paranoia of Stalin and the NKVD by encouraging them to believe in yet more imaginary conspiracies. The intelligence service that did most damage in prewar Russia was the NKVD itself. Slutsky and the old guard in INO, though they grasped some of what was going on, could do little about it. They were intellectually as well as physically powerless: trapped by their ideology inside a conspiratorial universe from which, without renouncing Leninism, there was no escape.

5

"Enemies of the People" Abroad (1929–40)

The secret history of the KGB First Chief Directorate, prepared in 1980 to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of INO, records that until the early 1930s the OGPU's main foreign target remained the White Guard movement centered on the headquarters of the ROVS (Russian Combined Services Union) in Paris.[1] The chief priority of the OGPU residency established in Paris at the beginning of 1925, following French diplomatic recognition of the Soviet Union, was the surveillance of, and the development of "active measures" against, the ROVS. The ROVS was an increasingly soft target. Its head, General Kutepov, calculated that though 90 percent of the White Russian diaspora of about two million remained "healthy patriots," the remaining 10 percent had become disillusioned. On Kutepov's own figures, 30,000 of the 300,000 White Russians in France, demoralized by homesickness, the privations of exile, and concern for relatives in the Soviet Union, had become possible targets for the OGPU.

But, despite the lesson of the Trust, Kutepov was curiously naïve about the danger of Soviet penetration of his entourage. There were OGPU agents even within the White Guard high command, among them Admiral Krylov, who seems to have hoped to resume his career in the Soviet navy; General Monkevitz, who staged a fake suicide in November 1926 to conceal his flight to the Soviet Union; and Kutepov's own former chief of staff during the Civil War, General Steifon.[2]

OGPU penetration was used not merely for intelligence gathering but also for destabilizing the White Russian community. The revelation of the Trust deception was arranged so as to cause maximum damage to Kutepov's credibility. Grand Duke Nicholas, the Tsar's cousin, confessed to his intimates his "profound disappointment" with Kutepov. General Wrangel urged him to abandon all attempts to organize a secret anti-Bolshevik conspiracy within the Soviet Union. But Kutepov was not to be dissuaded. Despite his humiliation at the hands of the Trust, his naïveté continued to make him easy prey for OGPU agents provocateurs. He told the former White General Denikin in November 1929: "Great movements are spreading across Russia. Never have so many people come from over there to see me and ask me to collaborate with their clandestine organizations." At Kutepov's request, his former chief of staff Steifon made at least two secret trips to Russia to meet the imaginary conspirators, and returned full of OGPU-inspired optimism, which he transmitted to Kutepov.[3]

Kutepov was a tragicomic figure. Though known to his admirers as "the iron general," he more closely fits the description once applied to the last Tsarist commander-in-chief, General Kornilov: "a man with the heart of a lion and the brains of a sheep." The OGPU would have been well advised to allow him to remain in Paris, alternately deceiving and discrediting him to add to the demoralization of the White Russian diaspora. But neither the Cheka nor any of its successors has ever found it possible to take a sober and objective view of the real strength of counterrevolutionary forces. In the Stalin era the significance of all forms of counterrevolution was wildly exaggerated. Even Kutepov was perceived as such a potential menace at the head of the ROVS that he had to be liquidated. Since, unlike Savinkov and Reilly, he refused to be lured back to the Soviet Union, the OGPU arranged to kidnap him instead. The decision to do so was made on the orders of Stalin himself.[4]

The OGPU officer sent from Moscow to organize Kutepov's kidnap, Sergei Puzitsky, had taken part in both the Sindikat and Trust deceptions. The kidnap took place shortly before eleven o'clock on the morning of Sunday, January 26, 1930, in the middle of a Paris street in the seventh arrondissement. The trap seems to have been sprung by Kutepov's former chief of staff, General Steifon, who told him that two representatives from the Soviet Union of the anti-Bolshevik underground (in reality the OGPU resident in Paris, Nikolai Kuzmin, and a leading OGPU illegal, Andrei Fikhner) needed to see him urgently and were waiting in a taxi. The OGPU was also assisted by a Communist Paris policeman so that if any bystander saw Kutepov being bundled into a taxi (which one did), the kidnap would be mistaken for a police arrest (which it was).

Early in the afternoon of January 26 Steifon called at Kutepov's flat and asked to see the general. On being told by his wife that he had failed to return from a memorial service, Steifon successfully dissuaded her from calling the police for several hours by first offering various possible explanations for the general's absence and then suggesting inquiries within the White Russian community. Meanwhile the car containing Kutepov was speeding with an escort toward the Channel coast. Eyewitnesses, later interviewed by the Sûreté, saw him being bundled on board a Soviet steamer. The kidnap, however, went wrong. The combination of the anesthetic used to overpower Kutepov and the general's weak heart proved fatal. He died from a heart attack a hundred miles from the Soviet port of Novorossilsk. The OGPU interrogation of Kutepov, designed to lay bare the remaining secrets of White Guard conspiracies against the Soviet regime, thus never took place.[5]

Soon after Kutepov's abduction, the OGPU recruited another émigré general in Paris, Nikolai Skoblin, former commander of a White division in the Civil War.[6] Skoblin's wife, the homesick émigré singer Nadezhda Plevitskaya, popularly known as the "Kursk nightingale," had been in touch with the OGPU for some years. In the mid-1920s she had sought permission to return to the Soviet Union. Dzerzhinsky refused. She was, he believed, potentially too valuable among the émigrés.

In the weeks following the kidnap General Skoblin and Nadezhda Plevitskaya called almost daily on Kutepov's wife to offer sympathy and seek the latest news on the investigation into his disappearance. "Skoblin and his wife always used to tell me that my husband was still alive," Madame Kutepov later recalled. "When I expressed surprise at their certainty, Plevitskaya told me she had had a dream which confirmed it." Plevitskaya's skill in dissembling, combined with her ability to tug at émigré heart strings by her rendering of "Ah, Mother Russia, You Are Covered Deep in Snow" and other sentimental songs and ballads, gave both her and Skoblin the ability to penetrate White Russian communities all over Europe.[7]

For many years the OGPU and its successors indignantly disclaimed any part in Kutepov's kidnap. The truth was finally admitted almost casually in 1965 in a KGB obituary notice on the kidnap organizer:

> Commissar of State Security Sergei Vasilyevich Puzitsky took part in the Civil War, was an ardent Bolshevik-Leninist and a pupil of F. E. Dzerzhinsky. Not only did he participate in the capture of the bandit Savinkov and in the destruction of . . . the "Trust," but he carried out a brilliant operation in the arrest of Kutepov and a number of White Guard organizers and inspirers of foreign military intervention in the Civil War. S. V. Puzitsky was twice awarded the Order of the Red Banner and received Chekist decorations.[8]

Kutepov's successor at the head of the ROVS, General Yevgeni Karlovich Miller, was no less naïve. Despite a beard and military mustache, his round reddish face, blue eyes, and cheerful expression gave him a genial rather than imposing appearance. One of his first acts as president was to place most of the ROVS funds in the hands of a confidence trickster named Ivar Kreuger. By the time Kreuger blew his brains out in March 1932, the funds had disappeared. The previous summer, even before the Kreuger scandal became known, Denikin had written morosely to a friend: "The ROVS has sunk into torpor. It no longer gives any sign of life other than constant internal intrigues. A real mess!" The most serious of these internal intrigues was led by General Shatilov, who, without prompting by the OGPU, engaged in a series of plots to undermine Miller's authority and challenged two other White generals to duels. Though both duels were called off, the French government threatened to withdraw his residence permit. In the end Shatilov was allowed to remain but only on condition he stayed strictly out of politics. He left the ROVS and—like a number of other Tsarist notables in reduced circumstances—took up work as a taxi driver.[9]

Thanks to Miller's inept leadership and Shatilov's intrigues, the ROVS succeeded in destabilizing itself without the need for OGPU assistance. The OGPU, however, accelerated its decline. The most influential OGPU mole within the ROVS remained General Skoblin. In 1933 Miller put him in charge of "secret work in Finland." A year later, with the help of Finnish intelligence, Skoblin smuggled two ROVS agents across the Finnish-Soviet border. Both were quickly intercepted by the NKVD but produced pistols from their pockets and made a remarkable escape back to Finland. The Finns refused all further cooperation in frontier crossings, strongly hinting that they possessed intelligence identifying Skoblin as an NKVD agent. Miller indignantly defended him as "a constant victim of intrigues and vicious slanderers," and appointed Skoblin "head of foreign counterespionage."[10]

In 1934 Miller's financial losses forced him to move the ROVS headquarters to less expensive premises. A Russian émigré businessman named Sergei Tretyakov offered him a ground-floor apartment at a modest rate. Unknown to Miller, Tretyakov was an NKVD agent code-named Ivanov. By the time Miller moved into the new ROVS headquarters, it had been fitted with an elaborate set of NKVD listening devices. For the next few years Tretyakov spent several hours a day in rooms immediately above the headquarters, transcribing conversations between Miller and his subordinates. His devotion to duty was commended in an exchange of NKVD telegrams late in 1934:

> Paris to Center:
>
> We consider it necessary to note Ivanov's conscientiousness and devotion to his work. On the night of November 23 he fell seriously ill, but in spite of his illness he spent all day taking down information, as you can see from the notes.
>
> Center to Paris:
>
> Give Ivanov a grant for medical treatment, in view of his conscientious and devoted work. Decide on the sum yourself, but it should not exceed one month's salary.[11]

The secret history of the First Chief Directorate concludes that by 1933 Leon Trotsky had replaced Miller and the ROVS as its chief overseas target.[12] Throughout his eleven and a half years of exile (in Turkey from the beginning of 1929 to the summer of 1933, in France from the summer of 1933 to the summer of 1935, in Norway from the summer of 1935 until the end of 1936, in Mexico from January 1937 until his assassination in August 1940) Trotsky's entourage, like Miller's, was successfully penetrated by the OGPU and NKVD. The most successful of the early OGPU penetration agents were the Sobolevicius brothers, sons of a rich Jewish merchant in Lithuania, later better known as Jack

Soble and Dr. Richard Soblen. For three years from the spring of 1929 both brothers were among Trotsky's closest confidants. They had access to the codes, secret inks, and cover addresses used by Trotsky to correspond secretly with his supporters in the Soviet Union, and Trotsky entrusted much of the correspondence to them—all of it betrayed, along with Trotsky's Soviet supporters, to the OGPU. The Sobolevicius brothers also spent much time, again for the benefit of the OGPU, visiting Trotsky's supporters in France and Germany. Both reemerged during the Second World War as Soviet agents in the United States.[13]

The only difficult moment in the penetration of Trotsky's entourage during his Turkish exile occurred in the summer of 1929. The OGPU learned, probably from one of its penetration agents, that Trotsky had received a secret visit from a sympathizer within OGPU ranks. The sympathizer was Yakov Blyumkin, who as a young LSR in the Cheka in 1918 had helped assassinate Count Mirbach, the German ambassador, in defiance of Dzerzhinsky's orders. He had subsequently been rehabilitated and had risen to become OGPU "illegal resident" in Istanbul. Blyumkin agreed to transmit a message from Trotsky to Radek and, according to the KGB version of events, "discussed methods for setting up illegal contact with the Trotskyite underground in Moscow."

Trilisser did not order Blyumkin's immediate arrest. Instead, probably in consultation with Yagoda, he ordered an attractive OGPU agent, Lisa Gorskaya, to "abandon bourgeois prejudices," seduce Blyumkin, discover the full extent of his conspiracy with Trotsky, and ensure that he returned to Moscow. At the Turkish end, the operation was handled by the "legal" OGPU resident, Nahum (Leonid) Aleksandrovich Eitingon (then using the alias Nahumov), later to achieve fame within the KGB as the organizer of Trotsky's assassination.[14] When Blyumkin was arrested in Moscow a few weeks later in Gorskaya's company, he realized, too late, that she had been used as an agent provocateur. "Lisa," he said, "you have betrayed me!" Blyumkin became the first Bolshevik to be shot for sympathizing with the opposition. According to Orlov, "He went courageously to his execution, and when the fatal shot was about to be fired, he shouted: 'Long live Trotsky!' " Soon afterward Gorskaya married the OGPU resident in Berlin (and later in Washington), Vasili Mikhailovich Zarubin.[15]

Trotsky's Russian supporters dwindled rapidly during his Turkish exile. Convinced that, as Trotsky himself had said in 1924, "One cannot be right against the Party,"[16] most of the Left Opposition capitulated to the Stalinist line. One report reaching Trotsky (and doubtless the OGPU as well) at the end of 1929 put the number of his supporters in exile and in prison at no more than a thousand. Trotsky wrote defiantly to a group of Soviet disciples: "Let there remain in exile not 350 people faithful to their banner, but only 35. Let there remain even three—the banner will remain." Tourists and sympathizers in Western Communist parties traveling to the Soviet Union continued, mostly under OGPU surveillance, to act as couriers between Trotsky and the declining band of Russian faithful. Letters, often from the gulag, written on rough sheets of wrapping paper, sometimes on cigarette paper, hidden or disguised in a variety of ingenious ways, trickled through to him in Turkey for several years. On one occasion a matchbox arrived on his desk crammed with a complete political thesis penned in minuscule script. Then at the end of 1932, the trickle stopped.[17]

Trotsky's Western supporters were never numerous and always divided. Though Trotskyists have an incurable tendency to fragment ("Where there are two Trotskyists, there are three tendencies"), their fragmentation during the 1930s was cleverly accelerated and embittered by OGPU agents provocateurs. The Sobolevicius brothers succeeded in playing off the prominent Austrian Trotskyist Kurt Landau against Trotsky himself with such success that Landau was expelled from the movement. Another OGPU agent provocateur who won Trotsky's confidence, Henri Lacroix, suddenly came out with the demoralizing claim in March 1933 that in Spain "the [Trotskyist] Opposition gets no support and is neither known nor understood, while the support of the workers goes to the U.S.S.R. and to Communism in general, embodied in the Spanish Communist Party."[18]

On any objective assessment, Stalin should have found the evidence, regularly reported to him by the OGPU, of dwindling support and internal bickering within the penetrated Trotskyist movement deeply reassuring. But Stalin was incapable of objective assessment. Trotsky became an obsession that dominated many of his waking hours and interfered with sleep at night. Isaac Deutscher concludes:

> The frenzy with which [Stalin] pursued the feud, making it the paramount preoccupation of international communism as well as of the Soviet Union and subordinating to it all political, tactical, intellectual and other interests, beggars

> description: there is in the whole of history hardly another case in which such immense resources of power and propaganda were employed against a single individual.[19]

Had Stalin been pursuing the real Trotsky, his obsession would be inexplicable. But the Trotsky with whom Stalin was obsessed was a mythical figure constructed by Stalin's "sickly suspicious" imagination, who bore increasingly little resemblance to the Trotsky whom he had sent into exile. As the menace of the mythical Trotsky loomed ever larger in Stalin's mind, so the power and influence of the real Trotsky steadily declined. Trotsky could not even find a secure European headquarters from which to rally Communist opposition. He left Turkey in search of a new base in November 1932 but was compelled to return four weeks later, having failed to find any government willing to allow him more than a transit visa. He was eventually allowed to move to France in the summer of 1933 but was not permitted to live in Paris, was subjected to a series of restrictions and finally expelled in the summer of 1935. From France Trotsky moved to Norway, where his political activity was once again restricted, before he was expelled, this time to Mexico, at the end of 1936.[20]

The chief organizer of the Trotskyite movement for most of the 1930s was not Trotsky himself but his son, Lev Sedov, who left Turkey for Berlin in 1931 and moved to Paris two years later after the rise to power of Adolf Hitler. It was Sedov who, until his death in 1938, organized publication of the *Bulletin of the Opposition (Biulletin Oppozitsii)* and maintained contact with Trotsky's scattered followers.[21] Sedov's entourage, like his father's, was penetrated by the OGPU and the NKVD. From 1934 until his death his closest confidant and collaborator was an NKVD agent, the Russian-born anthropologist Mark Zborowski (*alias* Étienne), who helped him publish the *Bulletin* and try to keep in contact with what opposition remained in Russia. Sedov trusted Zborowski so completely that he gave him the key to his letter box, allowed him to collect his mail, and kept Trotsky's most confidential files and archives in his house.[22]

Under Menzhinsky and Yagoda, OGPU and NKVD foreign operations against Trotsky and his followers were limited to surveillance, penetration, and destabilization. Under Yezhov the NKVD embarked on a policy of liquidation of the Trotskyite leadership. In December 1936 Yezhov set up an Administration of Special Tasks under his own personal direction, with "mobile groups" to carry out assassinations abroad ordered by Stalin.[23] Its main field of action during the next two years was Spain.

The Soviet government was slow to react to the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War in July 1936, wrongly believing that the Republican government would quickly defeat the rebellion by the Nationalist forces of General Francisco Franco. When the experienced diplomat Marcel Rosenberg eventually arrived as Soviet ambassador on August 27, however, he was accompanied by a large retinue, including as head of a Soviet military mission the former head of military intelligence, General Jan Berzin, a tall, gray-haired, taciturn man, ironically sometimes mistaken for an Englishman. Other Soviet military advisers included Generals Goriev and Kulik and the future Marshals Malinovsky, Rokossovsky, and Konev. Red Army officers fought in the Civil War under a variety of disguises: among them General Lazar Stern, *alias* General Emilio Kleber, provided by the NKVD with a Canadian passport and a "legend" to match, who won worldwide fame as the "Saviour of Madrid" at the end of 1936; General Mate Zalka, *alias* Lukacs, a former Hungarian novelist who had joined the Red Army and become probably the most popular commander in the International Brigades; General Janos Galicz, *alias* Gall, also of Hungarian origin and probably the least popular of the International Brigade commanders; General Dmitri Pavlov, *alias* Pablo, perhaps the ablest of the Republican tank commanders; and General Karol Swierczewski, *alias* Walter, a Red Army officer of Polish origin, later vice-minister of defense in the post–World War II Polish Communist government.[24]

There was an equally powerful, though far less visible, NKVD presence in Republican Spain, headed by the future defector Aleksandr Orlov, who arrived in September 1936 with the principal aim of securing the victory of Stalinism over the Marxist heresies that assailed it.[25] The ECCI informed the Spanish Communist Party in December:

> Whatever happens, the final destruction of the Trotskyists must be achieved, exposing them to the masses as a fascist secret service carrying out provocations in the service of Hitler and General Franco, attempting to split the Popular Front, conducting a slanderous campaign against the Soviet Union, a secret service actively aiding fascism in Spain.[26]

Such sectarian bigotry was far from the minds of most of the 35,000 foreign volunteers, a majority of them Communist, who set out for Spain to join the International Brigades in defense of the Republic. For them as for most of the European left, who mistakenly believed Franco's revolt to be a conspiracy orchestrated by Hitler and Mussolini, the war was a crusade against international fascism—for many, as for the poet, W. H. Auden, the greatest emotional experience of their lives:

> What's your proposal? To build the just city? I will.
> I agree. Or is it the suicide pact, the romantic
> Death? Very well, I accept, for
> I am your choice, your decision. Yes, I am Spain.

Stalin himself caught that mood in an open letter to the Spanish Communist leadership in October: "Liberation of Spain from the yoke of the Fascist reactionaries is not the private concern of Spaniards alone, but the common cause of all progressive humanity."[27]

Stalin's own main concern, however, was Trotskyite infiltration rather than the fascist menace. At the main recruiting center for the International Brigades in Paris, non-Party volunteers were usually questioned by NKVD officers, who concealed their identities. Most volunteers with passports were asked to surrender them on arrival in Spain; they were then forwarded to Moscow Center by diplomatic bag. The NKVD was particularly pleased with a haul of two thousand United States passports later used by its illegals.[28]

The International Brigades base in Albacete was controlled by a Comintern political directorate headed by the French representative on the ECCI, André Marty, who for some years had been working for Soviet military intelligence, and who collaborated enthusiastically in the NKVD's war on Trotskyism. No non-Russian Communist was more obsessed than Marty with rooting out anti-Stalinist heresy. With Marty came a high-powered contingent of Comintern functionaries. Some, like his Italian deputies, Luigi Longo (*alias* Gallo) and Giuseppe de Vittorio (*alias* Nicolette), loathed Marty's sectarian fanaticism. Others were doctrinaire Stalinists in the Marty mold, among them the future East German leader Walter Ulbricht, who ran an NKVD unit tracking down German, Austrian, and Swiss "Trotskyists" in the International Brigades.[29]

The support for the Republicans by the volunteers of the International Brigades could not equal the aid to the Nationalists from Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy. Though well aware that Franco was at heart a traditionalist rather than a fascist, Hitler looked on Spain as a suitable battleground on which to rehearse the techniques of Blitzkrieg later used to devastating effect in the early years of the Second World War. Hitler's prompt assistance in the summer of 1936 saved the military rebellion from early defeat and set Franco on the path to ultimate victory.[30]

The Republicans suffered from one further serious disadvantage. While the Nationalists were united, they were divided. Though the Russians did not cause the divisions, they turned them into a civil war within the Civil War. By the spring of 1937 Stalin's struggle against Trotskyism was in danger of overshadowing the war against Franco. Stalin feared that the Partido Obrero de Unificación Marxista (POUM), which had Trotskyite sympathies though it was sharply criticized by Trotsky himself, might give the great heretic a Spanish base. Its cofounder in 1935, Andreu Nin, who had once been Trotsky's private secretary in Moscow, was minister of justice in the Catalán government until ousted by the Communists in December 1936. In May 1937 the Spanish Communists, assisted by the NKVD, embarked on POUM's destruction. Slutsky, the head of INO, informed NKVD residents: "Our whole attention is focused on Catalonia and on our merciless fight against the Trotskyite bandits, the Fascists and the POUM."[31]

In June Nin was arrested, brutally tortured, then flayed alive when he refused to confess to imaginary crimes. The Communists tried unsuccessfully to conceal his death by pretending that Nin had been seized by a Nazi snatch squad.[32] Soon afterward, another of Trotsky's former secretaries, Irwin Wolf, who had worked for him during his Norwegian exile, was kidnapped in Barcelona and liquidated by the NKVD.[33] Among others of POUM's international sympathizers who died in suspicious circumstances were Trotsky's former supporter Kurt Landau; Marc Rhein, son of the old Menshevik leader Rafael Abramovich; José Robles, a former lecturer at Johns Hopkins University in the United States; and the journalist Bob Smilie, son of the English miners' leader. Many of the POUM rank and file were illegally shot after summary Communist court-martials. The remnants of the leadership were arrested in June 1937. Their lawyer Benito Pabón became so terrified of assassination that he fled to the Philippines.[34]

Dr. Juan Negrín, who became Republican prime minister in

May 1937, was aware of some of the horrors perpetrated by the NKVD.[35] But he was also astoundingly naïve. At the end of the war, when the Nationalists displayed the private prisons built by the NKVD-dominated Servicio de Investigación Militar (SIM), Negrín dismissed them as bogus fascist propaganda. Ten years later he admitted he had been deceived.[36]

While the NKVD and their SIM collaborators disposed of POUM supporters as discreetly as possible, Stalin's favorite Frenchman, André Marty, orchestrated a public witch hunt against Trotskyite treachery. "To Marty," wrote one of the French Communists who worked for him, "the enemy was more inside the International Brigades and Loyalist territory than on the other side of the lines." All breaches of military discipline were, in his view, part of a vast Trotskyite plot to "split and demoralize the International Brigades." His reputation as "the butcher of Albacete" led to his being summoned back to Paris to explain himself to the French Communist leadership. Marty freely admitted ordering the execution of five hundred members of the International Brigades. All, he declared, had committed "all sorts of crime" and "undertaken espionage in favor of Franco." Ernest Hemingway, for all his sympathy for the International Brigades, found Marty "crazy as a bedbug. He has a mania for shooting people. . . . He purifies more than Salvarsan."[37]

Though the NKVD "mobile groups" were most active in Spain, their operations also extended to leading Trotskyists and traitors as far afield as North America. On June 5, 1937, the disaffected American NKVD agent Juliette Stuart Poyntz left her room at the Women's Association clubhouse in Manhattan. She was never seen again. Evidence later emerged that she had been lured to her death by a former Russian lover in the NKVD, Schachno Epstein, and her body buried behind a brick wall in a Greenwich Village house.[38]

Most "wet affairs," however, were conducted on the other side of the Atlantic. In the summer of 1937, the NKVD discovered, probably from Mark Zborowski (*alias* Étienne), that one of its officers in Western Europe had made secret contact with the leading Dutch Trotskyist, Henryk Sneevliet. A "mobile group" commanded by the deputy head of INO, Mikhail Shpigelglas, a short, stout figure with fair hair and protruding eyes, was dispatched to Paris to track down and liquidate the culprit. On July 17 Walter Krivitsky, the NKVD resident in the Netherlands, was summoned to meet Shpigelglas in the Paris

Exposition grounds at Vincennes. Shpigelglas revealed that the traitor was a Soviet illegal of Polish origin in Paris named Ignace Poretsky (*alias* Ludwig, *alias* Reiss). Poretsky had just given a sealed dispatch to an NKVD officer in the Soviet trade mission for transmission to Russia, not expecting it to be opened until it arrived at Moscow Center. Shpigelglas opened it and showed Krivitsky the contents. They were ideally calculated to reinforce the paranoid fears of Stalin and Yezhov that a Trotskyist underground had penetrated the NKVD. The dispatch contained a letter to the Central Committee announcing Poretsky's defection, denouncing Stalin's crimes, and calling for "a fight without mercy against Stalinism." It concluded:

> I intend to devote my feeble forces to the cause of Lenin. I want to continue the fight, for only our victory—that of the proletarian revolution—will free humanity of capitalism and the U.S.S.R. of Stalinism. Forward to new struggles! For the [Trotskyist] Fourth International!

Six weeks later, on September 4, Poretsky's bullet-ridden body was found on a Swiss road near Lausanne. To lure him to his destruction, Shpigelglas used a friend of the Poretsky family named Gertrude Schildbach, a German Jewish Communist refugee who wrote to Poretsky to say that she urgently needed his advice. Schildbach met Poretsky and his wife at a Lausanne café. At the last moment she could not bring herself to follow NKVD instructions to hand Mrs. Poretsky a box of chocolates laced with strychnine (later recovered by the Swiss police). But Schildbach successfully lured Poretsky into a side road, where he was shot with a submachine gun at point-blank range by an NKVD assassin of Monegasque origin, Roland François Rossi (*alias* Abiate). At the last moment Poretsky realized that he was being led into a trap. When his body was found, he was clutching in his hand a clump of Schildbach's graying hair. The NKVD attempted to lay a false trail by sending an anonymous letter to the Swiss police identifying the body as that of an international arms smuggler. The plan failed. Though Rossi and Schildbach escaped, their part in the assassination was revealed to the Swiss police by Rossi's mistress. In Rossi's abandoned suitcase the police found a detailed plan of Trotsky's home in exile in Mexico.[39]

* * *

The next victim of the NKVD mobile groups was the head of the White Guard ROVS in Paris, General Miller. In December 1936 Slutsky, the head of INO, arrived in Paris to begin organizing Miller's kidnap. He sent a request to Krivitsky, the resident in the Netherlands, asking him to recommend two agents capable of impersonating German officers. It was only after Miller's kidnap eight months later that Krivitsky realized the purpose of the request.[40] On September 22, 1937, like Kutepov seven years earlier, Miller disappeared in broad daylight on a Paris street. Unlike Kutepov, however, he left a note with his secretary-general, General Kusonsky, to be opened if he failed to return. The note revealed that Miller had an appointment with General Skoblin at 12:30 P.M., and that they were due to meet two Germans: one the military attaché from a neighboring country, the other from the Paris embassy.

Skoblin's cover as an NKVD agent was blown. Late on the evening after the kidnap General Kedrov, vice-president of the ROVS, and General Kusonsky sent for Skoblin at ROVS headquarters and asked him where Miller had gone. Unaware of Miller's note, Skoblin replied that he had not seen him all day. When confronted with the note, Skoblin continued to deny that he had seen Miller. Kedrov and Kusonsky insisted that Skoblin accompany them to the police station. Skoblin pushed past them, ran down several flights of stairs, and escaped. His pursuers were hampered by burned-out lights on the staircase. By the time they reached the street, Skoblin had disappeared. From Paris he escaped to Spain, where he was probably liquidated by the NKVD. His wife Nadezhda Plevitskaya was brought to trial in December, found guilty of assisting in the kidnap, and sentenced to twenty years' hard labor. She died in prison in September 1940.[41]

The prosecution at Plevitskaya's trial claimed, on the basis of a Sûreté investigation, that Miller had been taken to a Soviet embassy building, killed, and his body placed in a large trunk, which was taken by Ford truck to be loaded onto a Russian freighter waiting at dockside in Le Havre. Several witnesses saw the trunk being loaded on board. Miller, however, was still alive inside the trunk, heavily drugged. Unlike Kutepov seven years earlier, he survived the voyage to Russia. Once in Moscow, he was brutally interrogated, given a secret trial and shot. Even Miller's interrogation and liquidation, however, failed to persuade the Center that the White Guards no longer posed any credible threat. When Sergei Tretyakov's transcriptions of discussions at the ROVS headquarters after Miller's abduction failed to reveal major new anti-Soviet plots, the Center concluded that Tretyakov (code-named

Ivanov) must have joined the plotters. It telegraphed to the Paris residency: "We believe that Ivanov is deceiving us, and instead of real conversations is sending us pure inventions."[42] In reality, it was the Center that was deceiving itself with further imaginary conspiracies.

Miller's kidnap had a devastating effect on the ROVS. Kusovsky was wrongly accused by some White Guards of having taken part in the plot. The ROVS moved its headquarters to Brussels, where, under its new head, General Arkhangelsky, it proved even more moribund than under Miller.[43] Belgium was also the site of the next NKVD assassination. At the beginning of 1938, after a long manhunt, the OGPU defector Georgi Agabekov, who had fled to the West nine years earlier, was murdered by a mobile group.[44] A manhunt also began for two more recent defectors: the NKVD Dutch resident Krivitsky and the great virtuoso of the Comintern front organizations, Willi Münzenberg, both of whom had refused orders to return to Moscow to certain liquidation in 1937. In July 1938 the manhunt was extended to cover the NKVD resident in Republican Spain, Aleksandr Orlov, who also refused a recall by Moscow Center.[45]

The chief "enemies of the people" hunted by the NKVD abroad, however, were the leading Trotskyists. The NKVD had three main targets: Trotsky's son and principal organizer, Lev Sedov; the secretary-designate of the Trotskyite Fourth International, which was to be founded formally in September 1938, Rudolf Klement; and finally the great heretic himself, Leon Trotsky, in exile in Mexico. Stalin's fears of Trotskyite infiltration of the NKVD were kept alive by the defection of Poretsky's friend Krivitsky in October 1937. The following month, Krivitsky obtained an introduction to Sedov in Paris through the lawyer of Poretsky's widow:

> When I saw Sedov I told him frankly that I did not come to join the Trotskyists, but rather for advice and comradeship. He received me cordially, and I saw him thereafter almost daily. I learned to admire this son of Leon Trotsky as a personality in his own right. I shall never forget the disinterested help and comfort he gave me in those days when the Stalin agents were after me. He was still very young but was exceptionally gifted—charming, well-informed, efficient. In the treason trials in Moscow it was said that he received vast sums of money from Hitler and the Mikado. I found him

> living the life of a revolutionist, toiling all day in the cause of the opposition, in actual need of better food and clothing.[46]

Krivitsky, however, was unaware that Sedov's closest collaborator, Mark Zborowski (*alias* Étienne), was an NKVD agent. Stalin cannot have failed to see the most sinister significance in the "almost daily" meetings between Sedov and Krivitsky, dutifully reported by Étienne to Moscow Center. Those meetings must surely have played some part in the decision to proceed with Sedov's liquidation.

Trotsky was a demanding father with the unhappy knack of robbing all his children of their self-esteem. He did not share Krivitsky's admiration for his son's dedication and efficiency. While Sedov struggled in poverty and ill-health to publish the *Biulletin* and remain in touch with the feuding, disintegrating Trotskyite movement, his father wrote angrily from Mexico in January 1938: "I am utterly dissatisfied with the way the Biulletin is conducted, and I must pose anew the question of its transfer to New York."

Trying desperately to meet Trotsky's unreasonable demands, Sedov repeatedly postponed an operation for appendicitis, despite recurrent illness. After a severe attack on February 8, 1938, it was clear that he could delay no longer. Étienne helped to convince him that, to avoid NKVD surveillance, he must have the operation not at a French hospital but at a small private clinic run by Russian émigrés, which, though Sedov did not suspect it, was probably penetrated by NKVD agents. No sooner had Étienne ordered the ambulance than, as he later admitted, he alerted the NKVD.

Sedov was operated on the same evening. Over the next few days he seemed to make a normal recovery. For alleged security reasons, Étienne refused to reveal the address of the clinic (which he had instantly given to the NKVD) to French Trotskyites. Sedov was visited only by his wife, Jeanne, and Étienne. On February 13 he had a sudden, mysterious relapse and was found wandering, shouting deliriously, through the clinic corridors. The surgeon was so perplexed by Sedov's condition that he asked his wife whether he might have attempted to take his own life. Jeanne burst into tears and said he must have been poisoned by the NKVD.

Sedov's condition deteriorated rapidly despite repeated blood transfusions; he died in great pain on February 16 at the age of only thirty-two. A routine inquest attributed his death to postoperational complications, heart failure, and low powers of resistance. But there were serious discrepancies in the evidence. Though there is, unsurprisingly, no proof of NKVD involvement, the probability is that the NKVD was responsible.[47] The NKVD already had a sophisticated medical section, the Kamera (Chamber), probably established by Yagoda, who had trained as a pharmacist, which experimented in the use of drugs and poisons.[48] There can be no doubt that Sedov, like his father, was targeted by an NKVD mobile group, and once the NKVD lured him to a clinic which it had probably already penetrated, it is scarcely likely that it made no attempt to end his life.

Sedov's death gave the NKVD the leading place in the Trotskyist organization. Étienne took over responsibility for publishing the *Biulletin,* kept in touch with refugees from Stalinist Russia who tried to contact Trotsky, and became the main link with his European followers. He successfully embroiled Trotsky with Sneevliet, further embittered relations between Trotsky and Jeanne, and unobtrusively assisted the feuds between the Trotskyite sects. Étienne was so certain of Trotsky's confidence that he asked him how to respond to suspicions by Sneevliet and others that he was working for the NKVD. Trotsky advised him to challenge his accusers to substantiate their charges before an independent commission. Trotsky's own confidence in Étienne was unaffected.

The NKVD's next major Trotskyist target was the German Rudolf Klement, who was in charge of organization for the founding conference of Trotsky's Fourth International, due to be held later in the year. On July 13 Klement vanished mysteriously from his Paris home. About a fortnight later Trotsky received a letter ostensibly written by Klement and posted in New York, denouncing him for allying with Hitler and other imaginary crimes. Copies of the letter also reached a number of Trotsky's French supporters. Trotsky dismissed the letter, no doubt correctly, as either an NKVD forgery or a document written by Klement with an NKVD revolver held to his head. The NKVD's intention was probably for Klement simply to disappear after his fictitious denunciation. Soon after the letter's arrival, however, a headless corpse was found washed ashore on the banks of the Seine. Two French Trotskyists were able to recognize it as the body of Klement by identifying distinctive scars on the hands.[49]

The Fourth International was stillborn. Its founding "conference" opened at the home near Paris of the French Trotskyist, Alfred Rosmer, on September 3, 1938, attended by only twenty-one delegates, claiming to represent mostly minuscule Trotskyist groups in eleven countries. The "Russian section," whose authentic members had by now probably been entirely exterminated, was represented by the NKVD agent Étienne. Also on the fringes of the conference was Ramón Mercader (*alias* Jacques Mornard, *alias* Frank Jacson), lover of the American Trotskyist interpreter Sylvia Ageloff, and later to achieve fame as the assassin of Trotsky.[50]

Trotsky's biographer, Isaac Deutscher, fairly concludes that the newly founded International was "little more than a fiction," with almost negligible influence beyond the dwindling, faction-ridden ranks of Trotsky's supporters. Trotsky himself had become hopelessly out of touch in his Mexican exile. While recognizing "the disproportion between our strength today and our tasks tomorrow," he forecast confidently that "in the course of the coming ten years the program of the Fourth International will gain the adherence of millions, and these revolutionary millions will be able to storm heaven and earth."[51] Perhaps the only statesman who took Trotsky's prophecies seriously was Stalin himself. Messages from the NKVD to its residencies abroad and from the Comintern to its member parties constantly complained of the lack of energy with which Trotskyism was being rooted out. One angry telegram to Stockholm and Oslo that stuck in Gordievsky's memory was typical of many in the files. "The campaign against Trotskyist terrorist bandits," it declared, "is being pursued in your countries with intolerable passivity."[52] In Stalin's conspiratorial mental universe, Trotsky remained an even more dangerous opponent than Adolf Hitler. With Hitler Stalin foresaw, perhaps as early as the mid-1930s, the possibility of an accommodation. With Trotsky it was a struggle to the death.

After the last great prewar show trial in March 1938 the Great Terror in the Soviet Union began to wind down. In July Lavrenti Beria, head of the Transcaucasian NKVD, was made Yezhov's first deputy. By the time Yezhov was dismissed from the NKVD on December 8, effective power had already passed to Beria. Throughout the Great Terror, Stalin had avoided public responsibility. Yezhov's dismissal enabled Stalin to make him the scapegoat for such excesses of the Yezhovshchina as could be publicly admitted.[53] His successor, Beria, struck Stalin's daughter, Svetlana, as "a magnificent modern specimen of the artful courtier, the embodiment of oriental perfidy, flattery and hypocrisy."[54] He was also a man of awesome personal depravity, who used the NKVD to procure, in many cases to snatch from the Moscow streets, an endless supply of women—frequently schoolgirls—to be raped and sexually abused. Husbands or parents who complained were likely to end in the gulag.[55]

Under Beria, the Great Terror gave way to more selective terror. The manhunt for Trotsky, however, continued unabated. The real Trotsky in Mexico continued to bear little resemblance to the mythical Trotsky who haunted Stalin's diseased imagination. On May Day 1940, twenty thousand Mexican Communists marched through Mexico City with banners demanding, "Out with Trotsky!"[56] Even by the calculations of Trotsky's entourage, Mexico contained no more than thirty active Trotskyists, split into several feuding factions.[57] Despite their feuds, however, all took turns standing guard around Trotsky's home in Coyoacán.

The KGB remembers the assassination of Trotsky as one of its most important "special operations." The First Chief Directorate Memory Room, constructed in 1979, contains a portrait and eulogy of the organizer of the assassination, Nahum (Leonid) Aleksandrovich Eitingon, whose involvement in "wet affairs" went back to the liquidation of Blyumkin in 1929. Eitingon was one of the few Jews in the NKVD to survive the purges.[58] He was remembered by one of his officers as a heavily built man with a bald head, narrow forehead, and small, drilling eyes.[59] He took part in the Spanish Civil War under the alias General Kotov, advising the International Brigades on partisan warfare behind the Nationalist lines. While in Spain he became the lover of the Barcelona Communist Caridad Mercader del Río, and recruited both her and her son Ramón Mercader—the future assassin of Trotsky—as NKVD agents.[60]

As the plan of Trotsky's villa discovered by the Swiss police in Rossi's suitcase after the murder of Poretsky in 1937 showed, Trotsky was under close NKVD surveillance from the moment he arrived in Mexico.[61] The future defector Vladimir Petrov was able in 1948 to read one of the files, four or five inches thick, dealing with Trotsky's assassination. It included numerous photographs taken inside the villa, showing the guards, the fences, Trotsky with his wife, Trotsky having tea with friends, Trotsky's dog, and a variety of other subjects. Trotsky's entourage in Mexico was probably penetrated, in varying degrees and at various times, by several NKVD agents, each doubtless unaware of the others' identity. The first, according to Petrov's recollection of the file, was a woman secretary recruited during Trotsky's Norwegian exile.[62] The most influential mole within Trotsky's entourage, however, was Ramón Mercader.

Mercader had been well trained. Despite months of intensive questioning after his arrest, he revealed nothing about either his real identity (which was discovered only in 1953) or his work for the NKVD. He was highly intelligent, fluent in several languages, a trained athlete, a skilled dissembler and possessed of remarkable self-control. Sylvia Ageloff admitted that she never doubted his love for her until after Trotsky's assassination. Prolonged psychological testing showed that Mercader had an unusually rapid reaction time, an almost photographic memory, the ability to find his way in the dark, the capacity to learn quickly and remember complex instructions. He was able to take a Mauser rifle apart in the dark and reassemble it in three and three-quarter minutes.[63]

Mercader joined his Trotskyist mistress, Sylvia Ageloff, in New York in September 1939, traveling on a doctored Canadian passport obtained from a volunteer in the International Brigades, in the name of Frank Jacson (evidently an eccentric NKVD spelling of "Jackson"). In New York he made contact with the NKVD resident, Gaik Ovakimyan, through whom most instructions from Moscow Center on preparations for the assassination were forwarded.[64] Following NKVD instructions, Mercader moved to Mexico City in October, allegedly to work for an import-export agency. There he renewed contact with his mother and her lover, Nahum Eitingon. In January 1940, at Mercader's persuasion, Sylvia Ageloff followed him to Mexico City. As Eitingon had no doubt calculated, Ageloff made contact with her guru, Leon Trotsky, and spent two months doing secretarial work for him. Mercader drove her to Trotsky's villa and returned to collect her after each visit. While Ageloff was in Mexico, Mercader made no attempt to enter the villa compound but gradually became a well-known figure to the guards and won the confidence of Trotsky's French disciples Alfred and Marguerite Rosmer. Shortly after Ageloff's return to New York in March 1940, the Rosmers allowed Mercader into the villa compound for the first time.[65]

At this stage, Mercader's role was still that of penetration agent rather than assassin. The villa had been turned into a fortress defended by iron bars, electrified wires, an automatic alarm system, machine guns, a permanent ten-man police guard, and unofficial Trotskyist sentries. Mercader's main task was to provide the intelligence on the villa's defenses, inhabitants, and guards necessary to planning an armed attack. The attack itself was led by the celebrated Mexican Communist and painter, David Alfaro Siqueiros, a veteran of the International Brigades in the Spanish Civil War.

Just before four o'clock on the morning of May 23 a group of over twenty men, dressed in police and army uniforms, commanded by Siqueiros, surprised and overpowered the guard, and raked the villa bedrooms with machine-gun fire. Trotsky and his wife survived by throwing themselves beneath the bed. The police later counted seventy-three bullet holes in the bedroom wall. Siqueiros later claimed, improbably, that the object of the raid had been not to kill Trotsky but to stage a dramatic protest against his presence in Mexico. Released on bail, he escaped from Mexico with the help of the Chilean Communist poet Pablo Neruda.

Five days after the raid Mercader met Trotsky for the first time. Amiable as ever, he gave Trotsky's grandson a toy glider and showed him how to fly it. Over the next three months he paid ten visits to the villa, never overstaying his welcome, sometimes bringing small presents with him, and meeting Trotsky himself on only two or three occasions. He made perhaps two trips to see Ovakimyan in New York to complete preparations for the assassination. On August 20 Mercader arrived at the villa with an article he had written on which Trotsky agreed to give his comments. He also brought with him a dagger sewn into the lining of his raincoat, a revolver in one pocket and an ice pick in another. The murder weapon was to be the ice pick. The revolver was taken as a precaution, in case he had difficulty making his escape. The purpose of the dagger remains unclear; perhaps Mercader concealed it in his raincoat in case the other weapons were discovered.

The NKVD had used similar methods before. In the winter of 1938–39 an NKVD officer named Bokov had been summoned by Beria and asked if he was strong enough to kill a man with a single blow. "Yes, Comrade Commissar," replied Bokov. Beria explained that the NKVD had discovered that a Soviet ambassador in the Middle East was planning to defect. Bokov was sent with an assistant to ensure that the ambassador was "rendered harmless." On their arrival he was given a short iron bar by the NKVD resident, concealed it in his clothing, then went with his assistant and the resident to pay a courtesy call on the ambassador. Bokov maneuvered himself behind the ambassador, and killed him with a single blow to the skull. He and his assistant wrapped the body in a carpet to conceal the bloodstains, bundled it into a car, then drove out of the city and buried it. The ambassador's wife was told that her husband had been urgently recalled to Moscow and had made arrangements for her and the children to follow him by train. They were, almost certainly, stopped en route and transferred to a labor camp for "enemies of the people."[66]

Mercader too expected to kill with a single blow to the back of the head, and make his escape before the body was discovered. As Trotsky sat in his study, studying the article at his desk, Mercader took the ice pick from his pocket, closed his eyes, and brought it down with all the force he could muster on Trotsky's skull. But Trotsky did not die instantly. Instead he let out "a terrible, piercing cry" ("I shall hear that cry," said Mercader, "all my life"), turned, sank his teeth into the assassin's hand, and grasped the ice pick before his strength ebbed from him. He died in a hospital the next day, August 21, 1940.

The KGB file recounts the assassination in minute detail. It records, Petrov later recalled, that the fatal blow was struck with the broad, not the pointed, end of the ice pick.[67] Mercader was sentenced to twenty years in jail. His mother and Eitingon escaped to the Soviet Union by prearranged routes. In Moscow Señora Mercader was received by Beria, presented to Stalin in the Kremlin, and decorated with the Order of Lenin. Within a few years she was consumed by guilt. She told the Spanish Communist Party representative at Comintern headquarters:

> They [the NKVD] no longer have any use for me. . . . I am known abroad. And it is dangerous to use me. But they also know that I am no longer the woman I used to be. . . . Caridad Mercader is not simply Caridad Mercader, but the worst of assassins . . . Not only did I travel throughout Europe tracking down Chekists who have abandoned Paradise, so as to assassinate them pitilessly. I have done even more! . . . I made—and I did this for them—an assassin of my son, of Ramón, of this son whom I saw one day come out of Trotsky's house bound and bleeding and unable to come to me, and I had to flee in one direction and Leonid [Eitingon] in another.[68]

Ramón Mercader kept the Stalinist faith throughout his years in prison. History, he claimed, would see him as a soldier in the world revolution who had done the working class an immense service by ridding it of a leader who set out to betray it. He enjoyed singing the revolutionary song "The Young Guard," stressing the last line: "We work for a great cause!" Had Mercader been willing to reveal his true identity or his KGB connection, he could have won parole. He refused and served the full twenty-year term. In 1960 Mercader was freed from jail, left Mexico for Cuba, and traveled via Czechoslovakia to Russia. When he applied to join the Soviet Communist Party, his application was turned down.[69] Outside the KGB, Trotsky's assassin had become, in the post-Stalin era, an embarrassing reminder of a paranoid past.

6

Sigint, Agent Penetration, and the Magnificent Five from Cambridge (1930–39)

Of the score of portraits of Soviet intelligence heroes in the Memory Room of the First Chief Directorate, only one is of a non-KGB officer. The exception is General Yan Karlovich Berzin, commander of a Cheka detachment in the Civil War but best known as the head of Soviet military intelligence (then the Fourth Department of the General Staff, later the GRU, Glavnoye Razvedyvatelnoye Upravlenie) from 1924 to 1935.[1] Berzin was born in Latvia in 1890 and joined the revolutionary underground while still in his teens, spending several years in jail and hard labor in Siberia. In 1919 he served in the short-lived Latvian Soviet government. During his early years in military intelligence his closest collaborators, many of whom came from similar backgrounds, were known as the "Latvian fraction," just as Dzerzhinsky's chief lieutenants were known for a time as the "Polish fraction." In 1935 Berzin was sent on a Red Army mission to the Far East. He was recalled in August 1936 to become head of the Soviet military mission to the Spanish Republican government. A year later he was ordered back to Russia at the height of the Great Terror and liquidated.[2]

Berzin owes his place in the KGB hall of fame to his part in the expansion of foreign intelligence collection by both sigint and agent penetration. At the beginning of the 1930s he took part in setting up a combined OGPU/Fourth Department unit within the OGPU Special Department (Spets-Otdel), to handle both civilian and military sigint, headed by Gleb Boky of the OGPU with Colonel P. Kharkevich of the Fourth Department as his deputy. The unit was the most secret in the OGPU. Until 1935 it was housed not in the Lubyanka but in the building of the People's Commissariat for Foreign Affairs on Kuznetsky Bridge. According to Evdokia Kartseva (later Petrova), who joined the unit in 1933, the personnel were under strict orders not to reveal its address even to their parents.[3] Like most young women in the unit, Kartseva lived in fear of its head. Boky walked with a stoop and had the curious habit of wearing a raincoat all year round. Kartseva shuddered at his "cold, piercing blue eyes which gave people the feeling that he hated the sight of them." Though in his fifties, Boky still prided himself on his sexual athleticism and arranged regular group-sex weekends in his dacha. When Evdokia Kartseva asked a male colleague about Boky's orgies, he replied: "If you so much as open your mouth about this to anyone, he will make life unbearable for you. You are playing with fire." Kartseva lived in fear of being invited to Boky's dacha. On the night shift, when she felt most vulnerable, she wore her "plainest and dullest clothes for fear of attracting his unwelcome attention."[4]

Despite the personal depravity of its chief, the combined OGPU/Fourth Department unit was the world's largest and best-resourced sigint agency. In particular, it received far more assistance from espionage than any similar agency in the West. Most humint agencies acquired cipher materials from time to time, but during the 1930s only the OGPU and the Fourth Department, following a lead set by the Okhrana before the Revolution, made their acquisition a major priority. In the early years of the combined sigint unit, the foreign intercepts that had the greatest influence on Soviet policy were Japanese. Working in the Japanese subsection of the unit, Evdokia Petrova discovered that Japanese cipher materials "were being secured through agents."[5] Those agents included, at various times in the 1930s, officials in the Japanese embassies in Berlin and Prague.[6]

Berzin's second major claim to fame within both the KGB and the GRU is his part in adapting the techniques of agent penetration developed by the OGPU in the 1920s (principally for use against the White Guard emigration) to infiltrate foreign government bureaucracies and intelligence services during the 1930s. According to the classified history of INO prepared to commemorate its sixtieth anniversary in 1980, that strategy evolved in discussions between Berzin, Artuzov, the head of INO, and Pyatnitsky, the head of the Comintern's OMS. It seems likely that Berzin took the lead.[7] At the beginning of the 1930s, INO's chief targets for penetration remained the White Guards, soon followed by the Trotskyists. Berzin was more interested in using agent penetration as a means of foreign intelligence collection.[8] His lead, however, was swiftly followed by the OGPU and NKVD. The lines between Fourth Department and OGPU/NKVD responsibilities were frequently blurred during the 1930s. Fourth Department agents commonly collected political as well as military intelligence. The OGPU/NKVD less commonly collected military as well as political intelligence. Both increasingly took over OMS intelligence networks.

Berzin's most successful penetration agent was Richard Sorge. In 1964, twenty years after his death, Sorge was made a Hero of the Soviet Union, honored by a series of officially approved hagiographies and—most unusually for a foreign agent—a special issue of postage stamps. When Sorge joined the Fourth Department in 1929, he struck the Comintern agent, Hede Massing, as "startlingly good-looking," a "romantic, idealistic scholar" who exuded charm: "His cold blue eyes, slightly slanted and heavy-browed, had [the] quality of looking amused for no reason at all."[9]

Richard Sorge was born in the Caucasus in 1895, the son of a German oil driller, whom he later described as "unmistakably nationalist and imperialist," and a Russian mother. He went to school in Berlin, was wounded fighting in the First World War, became disillusioned by the "meaninglessness" of the devastation that it caused, and joined the revolutionary wing of the labor movement. The Bolshevik Revolution persuaded him "not only to support the movement theoretically and ideologically but to become an actual part of it." After the war Sorge gained a Ph.D. in political science from Hamburg University and worked as a Communist militant. Late in 1924 he moved to Moscow, beginning work for OMS early in 1925 and acquiring Soviet citizenship. From 1927 to 1929 OMS sent him on a series of intelligence missions in Germany and, he later claimed, to England and Scandinavia. In November 1929 he was personally recruited by General Berzin to the Fourth Department, though he also remained in touch with Pyatnitsky and OMS.

His first assignment was to run an espionage network in Shanghai under cover as a German journalist. There he recruited a Japanese journalist who later became his most important agent, Hotsumi Ozaki, a young Marxist idealist from a wealthy family having excellent connections with the Japanese government. In January 1933 Sorge returned to Moscow and was congratulated personally by Berzin on his achievements in Shanghai. His next, and by far his most important, assignment was Tokyo. En route he spent several months in Germany, strengthening his cover as a journalist and establishing himself as a convivial member of the Nazi Party. Dr. Goebbels himself attended his farewell dinner in Berlin.[10] On his arrival in Tokyo in September 1933 Sorge rapidly ingratiated himself with the German embassy. He boasted after his arrest eight years later:

> The fact that I successfully approached the German embassy in Japan and won absolute trust by people there was the foundation of my organization in Japan. . . . Even in Moscow the fact that I infiltrated into the center of the embassy and made use of it for my spying activity is evaluated as extremely amazing, having no equivalent in history.[11]

Sorge was unaware that there were by then several other penetrations that Moscow considered no less "amazing." It was Sorge's spy ring, nonetheless, that provided Moscow with its best intelligence from human sources on both German and Japanese policy.

During the greater part of Sorge's eight years in Tokyo the Kremlin considered Japan the main threat to the Soviet Union. The Great Depression of the early 1930s destroyed the shallow roots of Japanese democracy. For most Japanese soldiers the only answer to the problems created by the Depression was strong government at home and expansion abroad. The Depression created a climate of opinion in which the army was able to end its subjection to the politicians and win popular support for its territorial ambitions.

In September 1931 Japanese troops stationed near the Japanese-owned South Manchurian Railway blew up a section of the line. They then accused Chinese troops of responsibility for the explosion and used what became euphemistically known as the "Manchurian Incident" as a pretext to begin the occupation of Manchuria. The Japanese government accepted a League of Nations resolution calling for the withdrawal of its troops, but in the face of the nationalist fervor that swept Japan the politicians proved powerless to impose their will on the soldiers. Early in 1932 the army established the Manchurian puppet state of Manchukuo under the nominal rule of the last of the Manchu emperors. Japan now controlled a long land frontier with the Soviet Union.

Until the mid-1930s Moscow regarded Germany as a much less serious military threat than Japan. For several years it viewed the growth of Nazism with an equanimity bordering on complacency, regarding it as a sign of the death throes of German capitalism rather than the portent of a future German war of conquest in the East. Right up to the moment when Adolf Hitler became chancellor of Germany in January 1933, the Comintern urged German Communists to concentrate their fire on the socialist enemy on the left rather than the Nazi enemy on the right. Though Maxim Litvinov, commissar for foreign affairs, warned of the Nazi regime's "most extreme anti-Soviet ideas" in a general review of Soviet foreign policy at the end of 1933, he emphasized that the main threat continued to come from Japan. Over the next few years Soviet policy toward Japan and Germany, like that of the West, was based on appeasement. Its overriding priority was to avoid war with either.[12]

On his arrival in Tokyo in September 1933 Sorge was ordered "to give very careful study to the question of whether or not Japan was planning to attack the U.S.S.R." He wrote after his arrest eight years later:

> This was for many years the most important duty assigned to me and my group; it would not be far wrong to say that it was the sole object of my mission in Japan. . . . The U.S.S.R., as it viewed the prominent role and attitude taken by the Japanese military in foreign policy after the Manchurian incident, had come to harbor a deeply implanted suspicion that Japan was planning to attack the Soviet Union, a suspicion so strong that my frequently expressed opinions to the contrary were not always fully appreciated in Moscow.[13]

If Moscow's fears of Japanese attack were sometimes exaggerated, they were not without foundation. The Japanese army was split for several years into two warring factions: the Kodo-ha, which wanted war with Russia, and the less adventurous Tosei-ha, whose ambitions were centered on China. Not until 1936, after a failed coup d'état by the Kodo-ha, did the Tosei-ha gain a clear victory over their rivals. By then Western injunctions to Japan not to interfere in China were, said the

Japanese minister of war, "like telling a man not to get involved with a woman who was already pregnant by him." By the time Japan began open war in July 1937, it had already established indirect control over much of northeast China.[14]

When Hede Massing met Richard Sorge in 1935 for the first time since 1929, she found him visibly changed by his years in China and Japan. Though he was still "startlingly good-looking" and a dedicated Communist; "little of the charm of the romantic, idealistic scholar was left." A Japanese journalist described him as "a typical, swashbuckling, arrogant Nazi . . . quick-tempered, hard-drinking."[15] That image helped Sorge win the confidence of the German embassy. His closest contacts within the embassy were Colonel Eugen Ott, military attaché from March 1934, and Mrs. Ott, with whom Sorge had one of his numerous affairs. Sorge saw much of the information on the Japanese armed forces and military planning that Ott forwarded to Berlin, as well as many of the documents received by the embassy on German policy in the Far East. When Ott was promoted to ambassador in April 1938, Sorge had breakfast with him each day, briefing him on Japanese affairs and drafting some of his reports to Berlin. The most important member of Sorge's spy ring, Hotsumi Ozaki, had growing access to Japanese policy-making as a member of the brains trust of the leading statesman Prince Konoye. Late in 1935 he was able to photograph a planning document for the following year, which indicated that there was no immediate likelihood of a Japanese attack on Russia. Sorge correctly forecast the invasion of China in July 1937, once again providing reassurance that there were no plans for an invasion of Siberia.[16]

The officially authorized Soviet eulogies of Richard Sorge all contain at least one deliberate distortion, which has not so far been detected in the West. Sorge's intelligence reports are commonly used to conceal the successes of Soviet sigint, a form of intelligence that, even in the era of *glasnost,* remains officially unmentionable in the U.S.S.R. Sigint may well have been an even more important source of Japanese intelligence than Sorge himself. The single piece of intelligence that probably did most to arouse Soviet fears of a Japanese attack was a decrypted telegram from the Japanese military attaché in Moscow, Lieutenant Colonel Yukio Kasahara, a supporter of the Kodo-ha faction, to the General Staff in March 1931, six months before the "Manchurian Incident" and over two years before Sorge's arrival in Tokyo:

> It will be [Japan's] unavoidable destiny to clash with the U.S.S.R. sooner or later. . . . The sooner the Soviet-Japanese war comes, the better for us. We must realize that with every day the situation develops more favorably for the U.S.S.R. In short, I hope the authorities will make up their minds for a speedy war with the Soviet Union and initiate policies accordingly.

Unsurprisingly, Moscow feared that the "Manchurian Incident" in September was the prelude to the attack on the Soviet Union advocated by Kasahara. It was further alarmed by remarks by Hirota, the Japanese ambassador in Moscow, to a visiting Japanese general, reported in another intercepted Japanese telegram:

> Putting aside the question of whether or not Japan should make war against the Soviet Union, there is the need to take a strong policy vis-à-vis the Soviet Union, with the resolve to fight the U.S.S.R. at any time necessary. The objective, however, should not be defense against Communism but, rather, the occupation of Eastern Siberia.[17]

In the winter of 1931–32 Moscow experienced a major Japanese war scare. The Comintern secretariat harshly reprimanded foreign comrades for failing to grasp "the intimate connection between the Japanese attack on Manchuria and the preparation of a great anti-Soviet war." In February 1932 it demanded immediate action by member parties to sabotage arms production for, and shipment to, Japan:

> *Decisive mobilization of the masses* is required, primarily against the transportation of weapons and military supplies, which travel to Japan along the tracks of every capitalist railway and from the ports of every capitalist country.[18]

So alarmed had Moscow become that in March 1932 it took the remarkable step of announcing: "We are in possession of documents which originate from officials of the most senior military circles in Japan, and contain plans for an attack on the U.S.S.R. and the seizure of its territory." Even more remarkably, *Izvestia* published decrypted extracts from intercepted Japanese telegrams revealing both Kasahara's appeal for "a speedy war" and Hirota's call for the occupation of Siberia.[19]

Moscow's willingness to publish this dramatic evidence of the Japanese menace derived, at least in part, from the knowledge that the Japanese were already aware that their diplomatic codes and ciphers had been broken. During 1931 the sacked American code breaker Herbert Yardley published a sensational volume of memoirs revealing that the United States "Black Chamber" had decrypted Japanese diplomatic traffic. There was an immediate diplomatic uproar, with the Japanese foreign minister publicly accusing the United States of a "breach of faith" by intercepting Japanese communications at the Washington conference ten years earlier.[20]

In the spring of 1932 Kasahara, whose call for "a speedy war" had so alarmed Moscow a year before, was appointed chief of the Russian section in the Second Department of the Japanese General Staff. His successor as military attaché in Moscow, also a supporter of the Kodo-ha faction, Torashiro Kawabe, reported to Tokyo that a Russo-Japanese war was "unavoidable." Kasahara replied that military preparations were complete: "War against Russia is necessary for Japan to consolidate Manchuria."[21] For the next few years the main priority of Soviet cryptanalysis, as of Sorge's espionage ring, was to monitor the danger of a Japanese attack that was never to materialize.

Perhaps the main sigint success of the mid-1930s was in monitoring the prolonged negotiations in Berlin between Baron Joachim von Ribbentrop and the Japanese military attaché (later ambassador), General Hiroshi Oshima, which culminated in the Anti-Comintern Pact between Germany and Japan, officially announced on November 25, 1936. The German embassy in Tokyo, which shared most of its secrets with Sorge, was in only distant touch with the progress of the negotiations. Thanks to sigint, Moscow was in closer touch. In the summer of 1936 an agent in Berlin run by Walter Krivitsky, the NKVD resident in the Netherlands, gained access to both the Japanese embassy's code book and its files on the German-Japanese negotiations. "From then on," boasted Krivitsky, "all correspondence between General Oshima and Tokyo flowed regularly through our hands."[22] Telegrams between Tokyo and the Japanese embassy in Moscow decrypted by the NKVD/Fourth Department joint sigint unit were, no doubt, a supplementary source of intelligence on the progress of negotiations.

The published version of the Anti-Comintern Pact merely provided for an exchange of information on Comintern activities and cooperation in preventive measures. A secret protocol, however, added that if either of the signatories became the victim of "an unprovoked [Soviet] attack or threat of attack," both would immediately consult together on the action to take and neither would do anything to "ease the situation of the U.S.S.R.," a tortuous formula into which it was easy for the Kremlin to read more sinister intentions. Only three days after the publication of the Anti-Comintern Pact, Litvinov, the commissar for foreign affairs, announced to a Congress of Soviets:

> As for the published Japanese-German agreement . . . it is only a cover for another agreement which was simultaneously discussed and initialed, probably also signed, and which was not published and is not intended for publication. I declare, with a full sense of responsibility for what I say, that it was precisely to the working out of this secret document, in which the word communism is not even mentioned, that the fifteen months of negotiations between the Japanese military attaché and the German super-diplomat were devoted.[23]

Litvinov did not publicly identify the source of his knowledge of the secret protocol, but his speech contains a curious allusion to code breaking:

> It is not surprising that it is assumed by many that the German-Japanese agreement is written in a special code in which anti-communism means something entirely different from the dictionary meaning of this word, and that people decipher this code in different ways.[24]

For his assistance to Soviet sigint Krivitsky was recommended for the Order of Lenin, though he had yet to receive his award when he defected in the following autumn.[25]

The success of the joint OGPU/Fourth Department sigint unit in breaking British diplomatic codes and ciphers during the 1930s also owed much to assistance from espionage. The OGPU's first penetration of the Foreign Office resulted from what has become known in intelligence tradecraft as a "walk-in." In 1929 a cipher clerk in the Foreign Office Communications Department, Ernest Holloway Oldham, then accompanying a British trade delegation in Paris, walked into the Soviet Embassy, gave his name as Scott and asked to see the military attaché. He was seen instead by an OGPU officer, Vladimir Voynovich, who introduced himself as "Major Vladimir." Oldham announced that he worked for the Foreign Office and had with him a British diplomatic cipher, which he offered to sell for $2,000 U.S. Voynovich took the cipher and disappeared into an adjoining room, where he had it photographed. Possibly suspecting a provocation, he returned to the waiting Oldham, put on a show of indignation, threw the cipher into his lap, denounced him as a swindler, and ordered him to leave.[26]

The cryptanalysts in the OGPU/Fourth Department sigint unit quickly identified Oldham's cipher as genuine. Moscow Center reproved Voynovich for failing to give Scott money to establish a connection with him, ordered him to be given the $2,000 he had asked for, and insisted that contact be reestablished. To Voynovich's embarrassment, the OGPU officer who had followed Oldham back to his Paris lodging had noted the wrong address, and could not trace him. It took long, painstaking inquiries by Hans Galleni, a Dutch-based OGPU illegal known to his agents as Hans, before Oldham was tracked down in London in 1930.[27] Galleni met him one evening in Cromwell Road on his way back from work, addressed him by name, and made a short prepared speech: "I regret that we didn't meet in Paris. I know of the grave error made by Major Vladimir. He has since been removed and punished. I have come to give you what is rightfully yours." Then Galleni thrust an envelope into Oldham's hand, crossed the road, and disappeared into a crowd of office workers returning home. Bystanders, seeing Oldham clutch at his chest and his knees crumple, came to his assistance. Oldham stammered his embarrassed thanks, picked himself up, and went on his way.

When he opened the envelope at home he found that it contained $2,000 and details of a further rendezvous with Galleni. There is some evidence that Oldham went to the rendezvous intending to break off contact with the OGPU. But Galleni persuaded him to accept more money and provide further information on Foreign Office ciphers, security procedures, and his colleagues in the Communications Department. Though Galleni tried to encourage Oldham by taking him and his wife to expensive restaurants, the strain of the double life gradually proved too much. In September 1933 Oldham was found unconscious on the kitchen floor of his house in Pembroke Gardens, was rushed to a hospital, and pronounced dead on arrival. An inquest found that he had taken his life, while of "unsound mind," by "coal gas suffocation." Galleni returned to the Continent.

The OGPU used the information supplied by Oldham on the personnel of the Communications Department as the basis of a new recruiting drive. Two OGPU illegals were sent to Geneva, where several of Oldham's colleagues were working as cipher clerks with the British delegation to the League of Nations. One of the illegals, a former Russian sailor who had lived in the United States, proved so inept that the delegation accurately suspected him of being a Soviet spy. The other illegal, Henri Christian (Han) Pieck, a successful and convivial Dutch artist fired by enthusiasm for the Comintern, was run at different times by Hans Galleni (who had controlled Oldham), by the ill-fated Ignace Poretsky (liquidated in 1937), and by Teodor Maly (of whom more later). Under their direction Pieck used his considerable charm to such good effect in Geneva that he became a popular figure with a wide circle of British officials and journalists. He invited several of the cipher clerks to stay at his house in The Hague, lavished hospitality on them, and lent them money.[28]

The man whom he selected as most suitable for recruitment was Captain John Herbert King, who had joined the Communications Department as a "temporary clerk" in 1934 (a job without pension rights).[29] He was estranged from his wife, had an American mistress, and found it difficult to live within his modest income. Pieck cultivated King with great patience as well as skill. On one occasion Pieck and his wife took King and his mistress for an expensive touring holiday in Spain, staying in the best hotels. Mrs. Pieck later described the whole holiday as a "real ordeal," and King and his mistress "incredibly boring."[30] Han Pieck made no attempt to recruit King in Geneva, but waited till he returned to the Foreign Office Communications Department in 1935, then visited him in London. Even then Pieck concealed his connection with the NKVD. Instead he told King that a Dutch banker who was anxious for inside information on international relations could make them both a lot of money if King would supply it. King agreed.

To give himself a legitimate base in Britain, Pieck invited a British shop fitter named Conrad Parlanti, whom he had met through the cipher clerks, to join with him in setting up a decorating business for which he would provide the capital. Parlanti agreed and the two men took over a house in Buckingham Gate. Pieck kept a floor for his own use, which included a locked room where he photographed the documents supplied by King.[31] A file seen by Gordievsky indicates that some of the documents were considered so important that they were shown to Stalin himself. They included telegrams from the British embassy in Berlin reporting meetings with Hitler and other Nazi leaders.[32]

In October 1935 another and ultimately even more important Soviet agent, Donald Maclean, entered the Foreign Office. Maclean was the first of a group of British agents recruited at graduation from Cambridge University or soon after to succeed in penetrating Whitehall's corridors of power. The KGB still considers the five leading Cambridge moles the ablest group of foreign agents it has ever recruited. During the Second World War they became known as "the London Five" (by then all were run from the London residency) or simply as "the Five." After the release of the film *The Magnificent Seven,* they became known in the First Chief Directorate as "the Magnificent Five."[33] The first two of the Five to be identified publicly were Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess, who defected to Moscow in 1951. Kim Philby was christened the Third Man by the British media after his defection in 1963. The Fourth Man, Anthony Blunt, was unmasked in 1979. During the 1980s the media hunt for the Fifth Man followed a variety of false trails that ended in a series of blind alleys and mistaken identifications. His identity, discovered by Gordievsky while preparing the classified history of the FCD Third Department, is revealed in this chapter for the first time.

Unlike Oldham and King, who sold Foreign Office secrets for money, the motives of the Magnificent Five were ideological. The bait that drew them into work for the KGB was anti-fascism after the Nazi conquest of power in Germany. Anthony Blunt explained his own recruitment thus after his exposure in 1979:

> In the mid-1930s it seemed to me and to many of my contemporaries that the Communist Party and Russia constituted the only firm bulwark against fascism, since the Western democracies were taking an uncertain and compromising attitude towards Germany. I was persuaded by Guy Burgess that I could best serve the cause of anti-fascism by joining him in his work for the Russians.[34]

A majority of Cambridge undergraduates in the mid-thirties were apathetically Conservative. Though the Conservatives had the largest political clubs in Oxford and Cambridge, they appeared intellectually moribund with a general distaste for campaigning zeal. A writer in the *Cambridge Review* noted at the beginning of 1934:

> Political activity in the older universities during the last few years has been largely confined to the Socialists, and, to an increasing degree, to Communists. . . . The Russian experiment has aroused very great interest within the universities. It is felt to be bold and constructive, and youth, which is always impatient of the cautious delays and obstruction of its elders, is disposed to regard sympathetically (often irrespective of political opinion) this attempt to found a new social and political order.[35]

The growing sympathy among undergraduate idealists for "the Russian experiment" had as much to do with events in Britain as with events in Russia. What Kim Philby considered "the real turning point" in his own political development came, as for many young Soviet sympathizers, with "the demoralization and rout of the Labour Party in 1931." The great "betrayal" by the Labour leader Ramsay MacDonald in agreeing to head a Conservative-dominated National Government in August 1931 was followed by Labour's rout at the polls two months later. To Philby:

> It seemed incredible that the [Labour] party should be so helpless against the reserve strength which reaction could mobilise in time of crisis. More important still, the fact that a supposedly sophisticated electorate had been stampeded by the cynical propaganda of the day threw serious doubt on the validity of the assumptions underlying democracy as a whole.[36]

While Labour had lost its way in the depression, Russia was in the midst of the great economic transformation of the first Five Year Plan. The Magnificent Five were seduced not by the brutal reality of Stalin's Russia but by a myth image of the socialist millennium: a worker-peasant state courageously building a new society free from the social snobbery of the British class system. This myth image was so powerful that it proved capable of surviving even visits to Russia by those whom it seduced. Malcolm Muggeridge, perhaps the best of the British journalists in Moscow during the mid-thirties, wrote of the radical pilgrims who came from Britain to Stalin's Russia:

> Their delight in all they saw and were told, and the expression they gave to this delight, constitute unquestionably one of the wonders of our age. There were earnest advocates of the humane killing of cattle who looked up at the massive headquarters of the OGPU with tears of gratitude in their eyes, earnest advocates of proportional representation who eagerly assented when the necessity for a Dictatorship of the Proletariat was explained to them, earnest clergymen who reverently turned the pages of atheistic literature, earnest pacifists who watched delightedly tanks rattle across Red Square and bombing planes darken the sky, earnest town-planning specialists who stood outside overcrowded ramshackle tenements and muttered: "If only we had something like this in England!" The almost unbelievable credulity of these mostly university-educated tourists astonished even Soviet officials used to handling foreign visitors.[37]

The American correspondent in Moscow William C. White noted the same naïveté among American visitors to Stalin's Russia:

> They are wildly enthusiastic over all they see but not always logical; they were enthusiastic before they came and their visit only doubly convinces them. A schoolteacher from Brooklyn was on a tour of one of the newspaper plants. She saw a machine which did wonders with the paper that was fed to it. "Really, that is remarkable," she commented. "Such an amazing invention could be produced only in a country like yours, where labor is free, unexploited and working for one end. I shall write a book about what I have seen." She was a trifle embarrassed when she walked to the rear and saw the sign "Made in Brooklyn, N.Y."[38]

For the Magnificent Five, however, the heady idealism of a secret war against fascism in the ranks of the Communist International was an even more powerful inducement than sympathy for the Soviet Union in drawing them into espionage for the NKVD. The anti-fascist crusade that led to the recruitment of the Cambridge moles was mounted by Willi Münzenberg, the great virtuoso of Comintern propaganda and originator in the 1920s of the "Innocents' Clubs" designed to "organize the intellectuals" in Communist-dominated front organizations.[39] During the Nazi anti-Communist witch hunt that followed the burning of the Reichstag, the German parliament building, on February 27, 1933, blamed by the Nazis on the Communists, Münzenberg was forced to move his headquarters from Berlin to Paris.[40] There in June 1933 he founded what proved to be the most influential of all the Innocents' Clubs, the World Committee for the Relief of the Victims of German Fascism.

The writer Arthur Koestler, who worked for it, noted that, as usual with the Innocents' Clubs, "great care was taken that no Communist—except a few internationally known names, such as Henri Barbusse and J. B. S. Haldane—should be connected with the Committee." The French section was led by a distinguished Hungarian émigré, Count Károlyi. The international chairman was a naïve British Labour peer, Lord Marley. The great physicist Albert Einstein also agreed to join the committee, and soon found himself described as "president." Their participation made the committee appear a nonparty philanthropic organization. In reality, wrote Koestler later, the Paris secretariat that ran it was "a purely Communist caucus, headed by Münzenberg and controlled by the Comintern. . . . Münzenberg himself worked in a large room in the World Committee's premises, but no outsider ever learned about this. It was as simple as that."[41]

From his Paris base Münzenberg organized the publication in August 1933 of the most effective piece of propaganda in Comintern history, the *Brown Book on the Hitler Terror and the Burning of the Reichstag.*[42] Quickly translated into over twenty languages ranging from Japanese to Yiddish, the *Brown Book* became, in Koestler's phrase, "the bible of the anti-fascist crusade." Koestler claimed, with some exaggeration, that it "probably had the strongest political impact of any pamphlet since Tom Paine's *Common Sense* demanded independence for the American colonies a century and a half earlier."[43]

According to the title page, the book was "prepared by the World Committee for the Victims of German Fascism (PRESIDENT: EINSTEIN) with an introduction by LORD MARLEY." "My name," wrote Einstein, "appeared in the English and French editions as if I had written it. That is not true. I did not write a word of it." But since it was all in a good cause, the great physicist decided not to complain. "The fact that I did not write it," he said genially, "does not matter."[44] Lord Marley's introduction, written from the "House of Lords, London SW1" gave the fraudulent volume an air of establishment respectability and scrupulous veracity. "We have not used the most . . . sensational . . . documents," the noble lord assured his readers. "Every statement made in this book has been carefully verified and is typical of a number of similar cases."[45] Lord Marley was naïve enough to have believed his own introduction.

Like most successful deceptions, the *Brown Book* contained a significant element of fact. But fact, as Koestler later acknowledged, was mixed with forgeries and "brazen bluff" by "the Comintern's intelligence apparat." Most of the writing, according to Koestler, was done by Münzenberg's chief assistant, Otto Katz (*alias* André Simone).[46] Katz was a Czech Jew and, like Münzenberg, an unconventional, cosmopolitan Central European of great personal charm, who seemed far removed from the doctrinaire Stalinism expected of Communist Party *apparatchiks.* During the 1920s Katz had built up a remarkable range of contacts in publishing, journalism, the theater and the film industry. "In Hollywood," wrote Babette Gross, Münzenberg's "life partner," "he charmed German émigré actors, directors, and writers. Katz had an extraordinary fascination for women, a quality which greatly helped him in organizing committees and campaigns."[47] Koestler agreed that Katz was "attractive to women, particularly to the middle-aged, well-intentioned, politically active type, and used them adroitly to smooth his path":

> One of Otto's tasks was . . . to spy on Willy for the apparat. Willy knew this and did not care. Willy needed Otto, but he hardly bothered to disguise his contempt for him. . . . In spite of all his seediness, Otto was, paradoxically, a very likeable human being. He had the generosity of the adventurer and he could be warmhearted, spontaneous and helpful—so long as it did not conflict with his interests.[48]

In writing the *Brown Book,* Katz was assisted by Alexander Abusch, former editor of the German Communist Party (KPD) newspaper *Rote Fahne* and later a minister in the postwar East German government, and by a series of other Communist journalists.[49] Attempts by outsiders to identify the exact composition of the World Committee for the Relief of the Victims of German Fascism responsible for producing the *Brown Book* were invariably frustrated. A curious American radical journalist visiting Paris found his inquiries trapped inside an unhelpfully circular explanation:

> I tried hard to find out who constituted the Committee and asked "Who is the Committee?" Answer: "We are." I made further enquiry: "Who are we?" Answer: "A group of people interested in defending these innocent men." "What group of people?" The answer came back: "Our Committee."[50]

The *Brown Book* countered the Nazi allegation that the Reichstag fire was the result of a Communist conspiracy with the equally fraudulent but more convincing claim that it was a Nazi plot. Forged documents were used to demonstrate that Marinus van der Lubbe, the Dutch arsonist responsible for the fire, was part of a plot devised by the Nazi master propagandist Joseph Goebbels in which a group of storm troopers had entered the Reichstag through an underground passage that connected it with the official residence of its Nazi president, Hermann Goering, started the blaze, and made their escape by the same route. The fictitious conspiracy was enlivened with sexual scandal based on bogus evidence that van der Lubbe was involved with leading Nazi homosexuals.[51]

The basic hypothesis of the *Brown Book,* instantly popular with most anti-Nazis and subsequently embellished with further fabrications, was accepted until 1962, when the West German journalist Fritz Tobias demolished both Nazi and Communist conspiracy theories and demonstrated that in all probability van der Lubbe had set fire to the Reichstag single-handedly in the vain hope of provoking a popular rising.[52] Tobias's revelations proved unwelcome in the German Democratic Republic, which sponsored further forgeries to reestablish the *Brown Book* version of events. During the 1970s the most skillful of these forgeries, fabricated by a Croat émigré, Edouard Calic, successfully deceived an International Committee for Scientific Research on the Causes and Consequences of the Second World War, subsidized by the foreign ministry and press office of the Federal Republic and including some distinguished West German historians, until these documents too were conclusively exposed as forgeries.[53]

Münzenberg used the *Brown Book* as the basis for one of his most ambitious stunts. In the summer of 1933 he visited Moscow and gained approval from the Comintern OMS for the creation of an International Committee of Jurists composed of sympathetic non-Communists who would pronounce with apparent judicial impartiality on the causes of the Reichstag fire and find the Nazis guilty.[54] On his return to Paris Münzenberg drew up plans with Katz for a Legal Inquiry into the Burning of the Reichstag, to be held in London shortly before the trial of van der Lubbe and his alleged Communist fellow conspirators opened in Leipzig.

The chairman of the "Legal Inquiry"—or "Counter-Trial" as it came to be called—was a leading British fellow traveler, D. N. Pritt, K.C., a prominent Labour M.P. and barrister who later defended Stalin's show trials against the "unscrupulous abuse" they received in England and was eventually expelled from the Labour Party for supporting the Soviet invasion of Finland.[55] Pritt's colleagues on the International Committee of Jurists were Arthur Garfield Hays, an American champion of civil liberties; Georg Branting, son of Sweden's first Socialist prime minister; Maîtres Moro-Giafferi and Gaston Bergery from France; Valdemar Huidt from Denmark; Dr. Betsy Bakker-Nort from the Netherlands; and Maître Pierre Vermeylen from Belgium.

Otto Katz traveled to London to organize the Counter-Trial. Foreign Office files reveal that though Katz was on the MI5 Black List as a "red-hot communist," he was allowed into Britain "as the result of intervention by Mr. Arthur Henderson [the former foreign secretary] and other members of the Labour Party" sympathetic to the Counter-Trial, who were probably unaware of Katz's links with Soviet intelligence. Despite MI5 opposition, the Home Office allowed Katz to make a second visit later in the year "rather than face Labour P[arliamentary] Q[uestion]s."[56] Once in London, Katz stayed hidden behind the scenes as, in Koestler's words, "the invisible organizer of the Committee." But he succeeded brilliantly in cloaking the Counter-Trial in an aura of establishment respectability.

On September 13 a reception was held for the international jurists by Lord Marley and Sidney Bernstein in the prestigious Mayfair surroundings of the Hotel Washington.[57] The Counter-Trial opened next day at Lincoln's Inn in the Law Society's Court Room, thus giving the proceedings the appearance of a British Crown Court. An opening address by the Labour lawyer Sir Stafford Cripps, K.C., later a wartime ambassador to Russia and postwar chancellor of the exchequer, emphasized that "none of the lawyers on the Commission belonged to the political party [i.e., the Communists] of the accused persons in Germany."[58]

Katz was understandably pleased with himself. The Counter-Trial, he later boasted, had become "an unofficial tribunal whose mandate was conferred by the conscience of the world."[59] Katz succeeded in combining respectability with melodrama. Witnesses came in disguise. The court doors were locked so that no one could leave while sensitive witnesses were giving evidence. Pritt, the chairman, claimed dramatically that Ramsay MacDonald's National Government was trying to obstruct the Counter-Trial.[60]

As the carefully staged proceedings dragged on, however, there was a slight air of anticlimax. Some prominent sympathizers like H. G. Wells became bored. And though the jurists do not seem to have suspected the dubious origins of some of the evidence presented to them, they were less emphatic in their conclusion than Münzenberg and Katz had hoped. Instead of ending in a ringing denunciation of the Nazi regime, the Counter-Trial concluded more cautiously that "grave grounds existed for suspecting that the Reichstag was set on fire by, or on behalf of, leading personalities of the National Socialist Party."[61]

Such mild disappointment as Münzenberg and Katz may have felt with the verdict of the Counter-Trial was quickly dispelled by the trial itself at Leipzig, which turned into a propaganda disaster for the Nazis. Despite the German judge's efforts to assist them, the evidence of some of the key Nazi witnesses fell to pieces. The leading Communist defendant, Georgi Dimitrov, the Bulgarian former head of the Comintern Western European Bureau in Berlin and a future Bulgarian Communist prime minister, made a brilliant defense. Goering became so irate at the collapse of the Nazi case that he lost his temper and shouted at Dimitrov, "You wait till I get you out of the power of this court!"[62] Van der Lubbe, who had insisted from the start that he was solely responsible, was found guilty and executed. All the Communist defendants were cleared. The public collapse of the Nazi conspiracy theory in open court served to reinforce the alternative Communist conspiracy theory of the *Brown Book.* A *Second Brown Book* was produced by Münzenberg, Katz, and their collaborators to exploit Nazi embarrassment at the Leipzig Trial, amend the less-convincing parts of the first edition, and include further fabrications.[63]

Like Münzenberg's earlier Innocents' Clubs, the Reichstag Fire campaign was designed to serve the purposes of the Comintern and Soviet intelligence *apparat* as well as to win a propaganda victory. Though his primary aim was to conquer public opinion, he also hoped to lure some British intellectuals into a secret war against fascism under Comintern direction. Preparations for a recruiting drive among young British intellectual "innocents" began at the same time as preparations for the Counter-Trial. One of Münzenberg's targets was Cambridge University. His emissary, Countess Károlyi, later recalled the naïve enthusiasm she found among Cambridge Communists when Münzenberg sent her to collect funds for the Counter-Trial and Dimitrov's defense in Leipzig:

> I remember my trip to Cambridge in the rickety car of a young communist undergraduate who, on the way, explained to me dolefully that it was imperative, though most regrettable, that the beautiful ancient universities of Oxford and Cambridge should be razed to the ground when the Proletarian Dictatorship was proclaimed. For centuries, he said, they had been the symbols of bourgeois privilege. He seemed suspicious of my genuine revolutionary spirit when I expressed my doubts as to the necessity for demolition. In Cambridge we drove to one of the colleges, where white-flannelled undergraduates were playing tennis on perfectly kept green courts. We were received most enthusiastically. It was odd to see students of such a famous university, obviously upper-class, with well-bred accents, speak about Soviet Russia as the land of promise.[64]

Münzenberg's main contact in Cambridge, who probably arranged Countess Károlyi's visit, was Maurice Dobb, an economics don at Pembroke College (and later at Trinity). There was nothing covert about Dobb's Communism. On the founding of the Communist Party of Great Britain in 1920 he became probably the first British academic to carry a Party card, and he made frequent speeches at the Cambridge Union extolling the achievements of Soviet society. In 1925 King George V demanded to know why such a well-known Communist was allowed to indoctrinate the young. But though Dobb attracted the attention of the Special Branch and MI5, it was as an open Communist propagandist and militant in front organizations such as Münzenberg's League Against Imperialism, rather than because of any suspected involvement with Soviet intelligence. In 1931, together with Roy Pascal, a young modern-languages don at Pembroke, Dobb founded the university's first Communist cell at Red House, his home in Chesterton Lane.[65] But Dobb was naïve as well as militant. In proselytizing for Communism and the Comintern's secret war against international fascism, it is quite possible that he failed to realize that he was also acting as a talent spotter for the KGB.

The bait devised by Münzenberg to lure Cambridge innocents and other young British intellectuals into working for Soviet intelligence was the heroic example allegedly being set by German workers in forming secret *Fünfergruppen* ("groups [or "rings"] of five") to launch a proletarian counterattack against Nazism. The phrase "group (or "ring") of five" later became confused with "the Magnificent Five" and other descriptions applied by the KGB to the five most successful Cambridge moles during and after the Second World War. The origins of the *Fünfergruppen,* however, went back to the revolutionary underground in Tsarist Russia. The first ring of five had been formed in 1869 by the student revolutionary Sergei Nechayev, whom Dostoyevsky made the model for Peter Verkhovensky in *The Devils.* Though Dostoyevsky saw him as a psychopath, the conspirators of the People's Will and their Bolshevik successors regarded Nechayev as a revolutionary visionary.[66]

During the tense final years of the Weimar Republic, which preceded Hitler's rise to power, the German Communist Party (KPD) revived the rings of five. In the summer of 1932 the KPD began replacing its existing semi-open cells of ten to thirty members with secret *Fünfergruppen,* so called in honor of Nechayev. Not all the groups of five had exactly five members. Only the leader of each group was supposed to know the identity and addresses of the other members; and he alone had the authority to make contact with the next level in the Party hierarchy.

In the face of the challenge from Hitler the KPD behaved in reality, as Koestler discovered, like "a castrated giant."[67] Before the Nazi takeover it concentrated its fire not on the Nazi Party but on its main rival on the left, the socialist SPD. After the Nazi takeover, many Communists switched their support to Hitler. The bulk of what Communist resistance survived in the Nazi Third Reich was not an organized underground but an ill-organized opposition among the badly paid construction workers of Hitler's labor army.[68] The Comintern, however, disguised the reality of the KPD's ignominious failure to counter the Nazi challenge by claiming that the Party had gone underground, and that the *Fünfergruppen* had created "a new subterranean revolutionary Germany . . . dogging Hitler's every footstep."[69]

The chief propagandist of the groups of five was Semyon Nikolayevich Rostovsky, an OGPU illegal and associate of Münzenberg, who had established himself as a journalist in London under the alias Ernst Henri (later Henry or Ghenri). In August and September 1933 he wrote three articles entitled "The Revolutionary Movement in Nazi Germany" for the leading British left-wing weekly, the *New Statesman.* The first, subtitled "The Groups of Five ('Fünfergruppen')," revealed the existence of the groups publicly for the first time and made extravagant claims for their success:

> There is perhaps no other example in history of a secret revolutionary movement with a completely equipped organization and an effective influence extending over the whole country, being able to develop in so short a time. . . . These groups of five cover practically the whole of German industry; almost all the factories and the majority of the more important offices are honeycombed with them.

The groups allegedly contained many former socialists, republicans, liberals, and Catholics who, "under Communist leadership . . . have buried all previous differences and pursue only one policy—anti-Fascism." In addition to printing clandestine propaganda, coordinating demonstrations, and collecting intelligence on the "Hitler Terror," the groups of five had succeeded in infiltrating the Nazi labor movement and were preparing to paralyze the system from within. The example of the Fünfergruppen thus demonstrated the need for infiltration and intelligence gathering in the war against fascism. Nazism's secret networks, argued Henri, were already so powerful and widespread that they formed a covert "fascists' international." It followed that anti-fascists also must organize secretly as well as openly.[70] Wildly exaggerated though it was, Henri's romantic account of groups of five engaged in a proletarian crusade against Nazi tyranny struck so deep a chord in the *New Statesman* and many of its readers that they suspended their disbelief. The editor, Kingsley Martin, insisted that Henri's "facts" were "not open to question."[71]

In March 1934 Henri spelled out his arguments in greater detail in *Hitler over Europe?*,[72] a book twice reprinted over the next few months. It would, said *The Times,* "make the democrat's flesh positively creep."[73] Henri's message in this and later writings was that the choice confronting his readers was simple and stark—between Berlin and Moscow: "In the modern world, torn between [these] gigantic opposing forces and on the verge of its final transformation, there is no such thing as political and social impartiality, nor can there be." It was sheer liberal escapism to look for a middle way.[74] In private meetings with sympathizers, Henri put the same point more personally. "You English," he would say, "are such liberal do-gooders."[75]

The decent values of liberal democracy were thus plausibly portrayed simply as one facet of appeasement. The implication of Henri's message was that anti-fascist British intellectuals, if their anti-fascism amounted to more than mere words, should display "solidarity" (a key word in Münzenberg's lexicon for intellectual innocents) with the oppressed German workers by joining in their secret war against fascism. To Guy Burgess in particular, the most flamboyant of Cambridge's young Communists, this was an irresistibly heady message. According to one of those who knew him, Burgess set out to form his own "light blue ring of five."[76]

Hitler over Europe? was reviewed in the *New Statesman* in April 1934 by Brian Howard, one of Burgess's closest friends and, like him, a predatory Old Etonian Marxist homosexual. Though Evelyn Waugh, quoting Lady Caroline Lamb on Byron, called Howard "mad, bad and dangerous to know," he was rapidly becoming an influential literary figure. Howard eulogized *Hitler over Europe?* as "probably the best book on the Third Reich that has appeared in English": "Ernst Henri's book should be read at once by everyone who is seriously interested in understanding the real bases of Hitlerism. . . . It discloses, for the first time, the dynamics of the Nazi movement." Howard went on to endorse Henri's analysis of "the celebrated Revolutionary Groups of Five," and ended with a rallying cry to English anti-fascists to "band themselves together" without delay.[77]

Henri's career in Soviet intelligence spanned half a century, beginning as an OGPU illegal between the wars and ending in the Fifth Directorate of Andropov's KGB.[78] Having helped to recruit Burgess in 1933, Henri was instructed to keep a watchful eye on him a generation later during the final alcoholic years of Burgess's Moscow exile before his death in 1963. Unsurprisingly, Henri has always refused to discuss publicly the details of his intelligence career. But in 1988 he at last admitted to a Western writer that he had talent-spotted for the KGB at Cambridge in the 1930s and had kept in touch with both Burgess and Dobb.[79]

When Burgess met him for the first time, Henri was not yet thirty, short, slim, with a heavy mustache but already going bald. Like Münzenberg and Katz, he was an engaging, cosmopolitan extrovert quite unlike the doctrinaire, narrow-minded Stalinists who were steadily taking over much of the NKVD. Edith Cobbett, who worked for Henri a decade later when he was the editor of the *Soviet News* in London, found him "really a charismatic personality," who was always fun to be with: "I think I laughed during the period I worked with him as much as I've laughed at any time in my life." Henri preferred Picasso and Matisse to the officially favored artists of Socialist realism, dressed in well-made English suits, and enjoyed Westerns. He was also capable of an irreverence which, though it must have attracted Burgess, would have been unthinkable in the Soviet Union. After reading a typically tedious series of Stalinist speeches, Henri once said to Edith Cobbett: "Wouldn't it be fun if somebody said 'Sod Stalin!' for a change?"

But Henri was also an idealistic Communist and a Russian patriot with a tremendous pride in Soviet achievements and the economic transformation wrought by the Five Year Plans.[80] Throughout his long career in journalism and Soviet intelligence Henri preached the need to "stop underestimating the revolutionary moods and powers of the youth": "For nearly two centuries bourgeois society has really feared only the working class. It now finds it has to fear another force—young people who until recently were ordered to listen and do as they are told." Writing in 1982, Henri criticized "both Right and Left extremists" for playing on the emotions of "susceptible" students.[81] Half a century earlier he played with some success himself on the same emotions. He admitted in 1988 that he was "astonished" that his talent spotting in Cambridge for the KGB had not led to his arrest in the 1930s.[82]

Though four of the Magnificent Five and several less celebrated moles were recruited while still at Cambridge, the first and most famous of them entered the KGB by a slightly different route. Harold Adrian Russell ("Kim") Philby was born in India on New Year's Day 1912, the son of Harry St. John and Dora Philby. His father, then a civil servant of the British Raj, went on to become a celebrated Arabist. Like his son, who adored him, St. John Philby moved easily in two quite different worlds. He wrote for *The Times,* stood twice for Parliament, was a habitué of London clubland, and tried never to miss a test match. But he was equally at home dressed as an Arab, converted to Islam, and took a Saudi slave girl as his second wife.[83] Like Kim, though on a far more modest scale, St. John betrayed British secrets to a foreign power for which he felt a stronger loyalty. Having conceived an intense admiration for Ibn Saud, he passed to him classified documents on the Middle East.[84]

Kim went both to his father's old school, Westminster, where he was a King's Scholar, then in October 1929 to his father's Cambridge college, Trinity, which was also the college of Anthony Blunt and (from 1930) of Guy Burgess. One of Philby's first acts on going up to Trinity was to join the Cambridge University Socialist Society (CUSS), though for two years his involvement in it was limited to attending meetings. During those two years he read history, did little work, and gained only third-class honors in the examination for Part I of the Cambridge Historical Tripos.

In October 1931 he changed to economics for the second part of his degree course. His change coincided with a landslide election victory by Ramsay MacDonald's National Government, which reduced the Labour opposition to a rump of only fifty-two seats. "It was the Labour disaster of 1931," said Philby later, "which first set me seriously to thinking about possible alternatives to the Labour Party." He took a more active part in the now Communist-dominated CUSS, becoming its treasurer during his last year at Cambridge in 1932–33. But it was not until his last term at Trinity, in the early summer of 1933, that Philby threw off what he called his "last doubts." Two experiences were probably decisive in Kim's final conversion. The first was a visit to Berlin in March 1933 during his last Easter vacation, shortly after the burning of the Reichstag, when he witnessed at firsthand Hitler's persecution of the KPD and the setting-up of the Nazi police state. Philby returned to Cambridge for his final term burning to play his part in the fight against fascism.

In Cambridge the most importance influence on him was Maurice Dobb, one of the dons who set him economics essays and discussed each with him individually for an hour at a time, probably prolonging the discussion when the hour was up to talk about politics. To his disciples Dobb emphasized the role of the Comintern in the struggle against fascism. Another Trinity undergraduate who fell under Dobb's spell, V. G. Kiernan, wrote later: "We belonged to the era of the Third International, genuinely international at least in spirit, when the Cause stood high above any national or parochial claims."

Philby graduated in June 1933 with upper second-class honors in economics and "the conviction that my life must be devoted to Communism." He later revealed that on his last day in Cambridge he went to seek Dobb's advice on how best to work for the cause: "He gave me an introduction to a communist group in Paris, a perfectly legal and open group." The group, though Philby declined to identify it, was almost certainly Münzenberg's World Committee for the Relief of Victims of German Fascism. It is quite possible that in directing Philby to Münzenberg Dobb did not realize that he had begun Kim's recruitment as a Soviet agent. He was sufficiently naïve to have thought simply in terms of enlisting Philby in the Comintern's secret war against international fascism.

After making contact with Münzenberg's *apparat* in Paris, Philby was "passed . . . on to a communist underground organization in Vienna."[85] His contact address was the house of Israel and Gisella Kohlmann, Polish Jews who had arrived in Vienna shortly before the First World War. Israel was a minor civil servant who, together with his wife, spent most of his spare time in Jewish welfare work. Philby became their paying guest, nominally spending his time in Vienna learning German and working as a freelance journalist. The Kohlmanns' daughter, Litzi Friedmann, a short, vivacious divorcee, was already working as a Comintern agent. In the course of the winter, while out for a walk together in the snow, she and Philby became lovers. "I know it sounds impossible," Philby told a later mistress, "but it was actually quite warm once you got used to it." In February 1934 Litzi became Philby's first wife. By that time she had already introduced him to the Comintern underground.[86]

As Philby acknowledged half a century later in an interview a few months before his death, his work in Vienna "caught the attention" of the OGPU.[87]

The first to realize Philby's potential as a Soviet agent was the great illegal, Teodor Maly, whose portrait is among the score of KGB heroes that hang today on the walls of the First Chief Directorate Memory Room. The official eulogy beneath Maly's portrait cites as his greatest achievement his role in recruiting and running Philby and the Magnificent Five.[88]

Slutsky, then head of INO, ascribed Maly's success to his personal charm and instinctive tact. He was a large, handsome man nicknamed "der Lange," the tall fellow, within the Comintern underground of Central Europe. The NKVD defector Aleksandr Orlov, no admirer of most of his former colleagues, remembered affectionately Maly's "strong, manly face and large, almost childlike, blue eyes."[89] Beneath his strong exterior and passionate devotion to Comintern ideals, some of his agents sensed an inner vulnerability, which only strengthened their attachment to him.[90] Maly had little in common with the increasingly brutal *apparatchiks* who came to dominate the NKVD during the Great Terror. He was Hungarian by birth and had been ordained as a Catholic priest before the First World War. During the war he served as a chaplain in the Austro-Hungarian army before being taken prisoner by the Russians in the Carpathians. He later told one of his agents:

> I saw all the horrors, young men with frozen limbs dying in the trenches. I was moved from one [POW] camp to another and starved along with the other prisoners. We were all covered with vermin and many were dying from typhus. I lost my faith in God and when the revolution broke out I joined the Bolsheviks. I broke with my past completely. I was no longer a Hungarian, a priest, a Christian, even anyone's son. I was just a soldier "missing in action." I became a Communist and have always remained one.

Soon after he left POW camp, Maly's burning desire to defend the Revolution from counterrevolution earned him admission to the Cheka. The visionary faith in an earthly new Jerusalem free from the exploitation of man by man that replaced his religious faith during the First World War never left him. But it was shaken by the horrors of both the Civil War and collectivization. During the Civil War, he said later:

> Our Red detachments would "clean up" villages exactly the way the Whites did. What was left of the inhabitants, old men, women, children were machine-gunned for having given assistance to the enemy. I could not stand the wailing of the women. I simply could not.

When villages were being "cleaned up," Maly claimed that he would try to hide with his hands over his ears. Once counterrevolution had been defeated, he seems to have persuaded himself that the horrors of the Civil War were past. With collectivization they returned. "I knew what we were doing to the peasants," Maly admitted, "how many were deported, how many were shot. And still I stayed on. I still hoped the chance would come for me to atone for what I had done." He became personally involved in the case of a man who had been sentenced to death for stealing a small bag of potatoes to feed his starving children. Maly persuaded his chief to recommend that the sentence be commuted to imprisonment. He saw the man's wife and told her that her husband's life had been saved. "This case," he believed, "had become my atonement":

> Then I had to go away on a two-week assignment. When I got back the first thing I did was to look for "my case." I could not find the file. I ran to my chief. He did not know what had happened and both of us started to hunt for the file. We finally found it. Scribbled across it was one word: "Executed."

Next day Maly went to INO and asked for a foreign posting.[91] His first assignment, probably late in 1932, was as an OGPU illegal in Germany. A few months after the Nazi conquest of power, he moved to Vienna. His message to his Austrian agent Hede Massing—and no doubt to Kim Philby also—was rather different from that spread by Ernst Henri in England. Instead of stressing, like Henri, the success of the underground war waged by the German workers' Fünfergruppen, Maly argued that the struggle against Nazism had to be waged chiefly from beyond the German frontier: "The only way to fight fascism is from the outside. We did not succeed inside, now we must do it from the outside."[92] In the underground struggle against international fascism Maly rekindled his own early Bolshevik idealism, and inspired his agents with his own vision of the final victory of the Communist International.

Philby's first experience of illegal work for the Comintern in Vienna was as a courier between outlawed Austrian Communists and contacts in Hungary, Paris, and Prague. In February 1934 the struggle between left and right in Austria reached what Philby fairly described as "crisis point." The forces of the right-wing Dollfuss government and the even more extreme street fighters of the Heimwehr (whose founder, Prince Starhemberg, had taken part in Hitler's attempted Munich putsch of 1923) attacked trade-union headquarters, left-wing newspapers, Socialist offices, welfare offices, even housing complexes. Two of the largest Viennese housing complexes were demolished by artillery fire and nine Socialist leaders were strung up in the courtyard of the Supreme Court. If there was one episode that more than any other persuaded Maly of Philby's potential as an NKVD agent, it was probably his courage and ingenuity in smuggling Communists and Socialists out of the country. The *Daily Telegraph* correspondent Eric Gedye later recalled being visited by Philby in Vienna:

> I opened my wardrobe to select something. When Kim saw several suits there, he cried, "Good God, you have seven; I must have them. I've got six wounded friends in the sewers in danger of the gallows." The suits were stuffed in a suitcase and, according to Philby, used to smuggle his friends out of this hiding place in the sewers and across the border into Czechoslovakia.[93]

Philby later admitted to his children that during his time in Vienna he was "given the job of penetrating British intelligence, and told it did not matter how long it took to do the job."[94] It was Maly who gave him that assignment and in May 1934 sent him back to England to pursue it. To act as Philby's controller Maly sent to London an illegal who had worked for him in Vienna, Arnold Deutsch. Deutsch's portrait hangs today next to Maly's in the Memory Room of the First Chief Directorate. The citation beneath ranks his contribution to the recruitment and running of the Cambridge moles as virtually the equal of Maly's.[95]

Deutsch was a thirty-year-old Austrian Jew, an attractive, talented, cosmopolitan Central European in the Maly and Münzenberg mold. Born the son of a Jewish trader and brought up in an orthodox Jewish quarter of Vienna, he left his secondary school, a Vienna Realgymnasium, in June 1923, a month after his nineteenth birthday. The following autumn he entered the Philosophy Faculty at Vienna University. Despite the Faculty's name, many of its students, like Deutsch, were scientists. Though Deutsch took no first degree equivalent to the B.A. or B.S., his progress was more rapid than the regulations at any British or American university would allow. For four years he concentrated most of his studies in physics and chemistry, also taking courses in philosophy and psychology. He spent his fifth year writing up a Ph.D. thesis entitled "On Silver and Mercury Salts of Amidobenzothiazols and a New Method of Quantitative Silver Analysis."

On July 19, 1928, less than five years after entering Vienna University and two months after his twenty-fourth birthday, Deutsch was awarded the degree of doctor of philosophy with distinction. His dissertation, however, proved controversial. At the first oral examination, when he defended his thesis, one of the three examiners pronounced it "unsatisfactory"; Deutsch passed by a majority vote. At the second oral examination, which covered a broader field of knowledge and determined Deutsch's final grade, the two examiners also disagreed. Professor Schlick awarded him a distinction, Professor Reiniger a pass. On the chairman's casting a vote, Deutsch received a distinction.[96]

The examiner chiefly responsible for Deutsch's distinction, Moritz Schlick, founder of the Vienna Circle of philosophers and scientists, was distinguished as both a physicist and a philosopher. He was assassinated in 1936 by an aggrieved student, whose thesis on ethics he had failed. A decade earlier he was probably an important influence on Deutsch, who took his course on ethics in the summer semester of 1926. Schlick equated moral values with feelings of pleasure, and human fulfillment with ecstasy. But to achieve ecstasy in contemporary society he argued that the individual must first endure torment; joy and sorrow together produced a convulsion through which "the whole person is affected to a depth which few impressions can reach." Schlick believed that as civilization progressed it would gradually make it possible for human beings to achieve pleasure without suffering.[97]

Throughout his time at Vienna University, Deutsch described himself in university documents and his curriculum vitae as Jewish both by religion *(mosaisch)* and by ethnic origin *(jüdisch).*[98] His intellectual progression from orthodox Judaism to Marxist materialism cannot be traced with certainty. But Deutsch's attraction to Schlick's vision of a world in which joy would replace suffering seems to have been accompanied, and in the end overtaken, by his growing commitment to the Communist International's vision of a new world order that would free mankind from exploitation and alienation. In the late 1920s he joined the "sex-pol" movement founded by the Viennese Jewish psychologist, Wilhelm Reich, which opened clinics to counsel workers on sexual problems. Deutsch ran the Münster-Verlag which published Reich's work and other "sex-pol" literature.[99] At this stage of his career, Reich was engaged in an ambitious attempt to integrate Freudianism with Marxism. Political and sexual repression, he argued, went together and paved the way for fascism. For a time he hoped that the Soviet Union might be capable of ending both. In 1930 Reich left Vienna for Berlin, where he joined the German Communist Party (KPD). After Hitler's rise to power three years later, he was forced to flee from Germany, returned briefly to Vienna, then left for Scandinavia where he began a sometimes bizarre research program on human sexual behavior which earned him a reputation as "the prophet of the better orgasm." Deutsch's involvement in the "sex-pol" movement and his role in publishing some of Reich's work in Vienna brought him to the attention of the anti-pornography section of the Austrian police, which began an investigation of his activities in the spring of 1934, just as he was leaving for England.[100]

The citation beneath Deutsch's portrait in the First Chief Directorate Memory Room makes no mention of his association with Reich. Instead it records that he entered the OGPU after working for the Comintern OMS and that his first foreign mission was to Palestine, then under a British mandate.

In 1933 Deutsch and his wife, Josefine (née Rubel), whom he had married in 1929, visited Moscow. There Deutsch was trained as an OGPU illegal and his wife as a radio operator. While in Moscow Arnold Deutsch was given the cover name Stefan Lang, but in April 1934 he traveled to London under his real name, using his Austrian passport so that he could use his academic credentials to mix in university circles.[101] During his years in London, he posed as a "university lecturer" carrying out research. He lived at first at temporary addresses, but when his wife joined him in 1935 moved to a flat on Lawn Road, Hampstead. In May 1936 Josefine Deutsch gave birth to a daughter, Ninette Elizabeth.[102]

Kim Philby returned to England in May 1934, a month after Deutsch's arrival, living at first with his new bride Litzi in his mother's home in Hampstead. His first attempt to penetrate Whitehall was an application to join the civil service. But his two referees—his former Trinity director of studies in economics, Dennis Robertson, and a family friend, Donald Robertson (no relation)—had their doubts. Having consulted with his fellow referee about Kim's Communist sympathies at Cambridge, Dennis Robertson wrote to tell him that while they admired his energy and intelligence, they would feel bound to add that his "sense of political injustice might well unfit him for administrative work." Philby withdrew his application and settled instead for a long haul into the establishment. He took a job with the City-based liberal monthly, *Review of Reviews,* broke contact with his Cambridge Communist friends, and let it be known that his politics had changed. Arnold Deutsch, whom he knew only as Otto, was sympathetic, encouraging, and counseled patience:

> He told me he appreciated my commitment; the question was how best to use me. I should not go off and die on some foreign battlefield or become a war correspondent for the *Daily Worker.* There were more important battles for me to fight but I would have to be patient. For the next two years he gave me virtually nothing to do. He was testing my commitment. I would turn up for our meetings with nothing to offer and would receive in return patient encouragement.[103]

Deutsch arrived in England with instructions to make contact with Burgess as well as with Philby.[104] Already enthusiastic about the secret war against fascism waged by the groups of five, Burgess had been suggested for recruitment by both Philby and Henri. A more doctrinaire and less imaginative NKVD control than Deutsch might well have concluded that the outrageous Burgess would be a liability rather than an asset. Deutsch, however, shared Burgess's contempt for bourgeois sexual morality. His belief, derived from involvement in Wilhelm Reich's "sex-pol" movement, that political and sexual repression went together, commended him to all the Magnificent Five—but probably most of all to Burgess. Despite Burgess's later embellishments, his childhood seems to have been both privileged and fairly conventional. He was the son of a naval commander who had married a rich wife.

After a year at Eton, Guy had been sent to the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth, where he shone both in the classroom and on the playing field. Poor eyesight, however, disqualified him from pursuing a naval career, and at the age of sixteen he returned to Eton. In his final year he won the Rosebery and Gladstone history prizes as well as a scholarship in history to Trinity College, Cambridge. But despite an increasingly flamboyant gregariousness, he failed to win election to Pop, the exclusive Eton society, possibly because of his indiscreet homosexuality. Once at Cambridge in October 1930 Burgess threw what remained of his discretion to the winds. At a time when homosexual acts even between consenting adults in private were still illegal, Burgess openly vaunted the pleasures of "rough trade" with young working-class males.[105]

But Burgess did not confine himself to Cambridge's gay community. His brilliant conversation, good looks, natural gregariousness, and self-assurance made him one of the most socially successful undergraduates of his generation, moving with equal confidence in the exclusive Pitt Club and the more irreverent Footlights, the student society devoted to satirical revue. Burgess also possessed formidable intellectual gifts, which displayed themselves, however, more in a talent for fluent generalization and well-chosen example than in a capacity for close textual analysis. Neither his diverse social life nor the bottle of 1921 Liebfraumilch that he consumed each day with lunch impeded his apparently effortless progress to first-class honors in Part I of the Historical Tripos in June 1932. Five months later he was elected to the Apostles, a secret intellectual discussion group of dons and undergraduates, which prided itself (not entirely accurately) on recruiting Cambridge's ablest students.[106]

When Goronwy Rees, then a young fellow of All Souls, first met Burgess, then on a visit to Oxford, in the summer of 1932, "he had the reputation of being the most brilliant undergraduate of his day":

> Indeed, he did not belie his reputation. He was then a scholar of Trinity, and it was thought that he had a brilliant academic future in front of him. That evening he talked a good deal about painting and to me it seemed that what he said was both original and sensitive, and, for one so young, to show an unusually wide knowledge of the subject. His conversation had the more charm because he was very good looking in a boyish, athletic, very English way; it seemed incongruous that almost everything he said made it quite clear that he was a homosexual and a communist. . . . It seemed to me that there was something deeply original, something which was, as it were, his very own in everything he had to say.[107]

By 1932, as Rees discovered at their first meeting, Burgess was a Marxist. By 1933 at the latest he had joined the Communist Party, probably recruited by Maurice Dobb. One of his favorite historical themes, in which he showed greater prescience than most of his lecturers, was the inevitable decline of the British Empire. At the society of Indian nationalists in Cambridge, the Majlis, he argued that revolution in the Empire would open the British road to socialism. Burgess's sense of living in the imperial twilight of British capitalism only seemed to heighten his sense of the pleasures it had to offer. Yet he also took increasingly to heart Marx's injunction that, whereas previous philosophers had tried to interpret the world, "the point, however, is to change it." In his final year as an undergraduate, Burgess became an activist.

He helped to organize a successful strike among Trinity College waiters against the casual-labor system, which laid most of them off during vacations. Enjoying to the full the decadent pleasures of a capitalist system to whose overthrow he was committed was characteristic of Burgess's youthful capacity to have his cake and eat it.[108]

Increasingly preoccupied by Party work as well as his flamboyant social life, Burgess did not cruise to a first in Part II of the Historical Tripos as easily as in Part I. During his final examinations in the summer of 1933 he suffered from (probably psychosomatic) illness and was awarded an aegrotat, an unclassed honors degree awarded to those judged to be of degree standard but unable to complete their papers. But he was still believed to have a brilliant academic future ahead of him and began work for a Ph.D. thesis on the "Bourgeois Revolution" in seventeenth-century England in the hope of winning a fellowship at Trinity.[109]

One of Burgess's most remarkable gifts even as an undergraduate was his ability to captivate dons as well as fellow students. Goronwy Rees, though a heterosexual who resisted Burgess's attempt to seduce him at their first meeting, immediately made great friends with him. From that moment on it was Burgess who dominated their relationship. Burgess's appeal to a number of homosexual dons was even greater. The distinguished Oxford classicist Maurice Bowra, then dean of Wadham College, with whom Burgess went to stay, was infatuated with him. Rees detected in Burgess "some conscious or unconscious will to dominate. . . . He saw himself sometimes as a kind of Figaro figure ever resourceful in the service of others in order to manipulate them to his own ends." Within what Bowra called the "homintern"—furtive, often frustrated homosexuals, sometimes guilt-ridden about their illegal sex lives—Burgess's power to manipulate was at least partly sexual:

> He was gross and even brutal in his treatment of his lovers, but his sexual behavior also had a generous aspect. . . . At one time or another he went to bed with most of these friends, as he did with anyone who was willing and was not positively repulsive, and in doing so he released them from many of their frustrations and inhibitions. . . . Such affairs did not last for long; but Guy had the faculty of retaining the affection of those he went to bed with, and also, in some curious way, of maintaining a kind of permanent domination over them. This was strengthened because, long after the

> affair was over, he continued to assist his friends in their sexual lives, which were often troubled and unsatisfactory, to listen to their emotional difficulties and when necessary find suitable partners for them. To such people he was a combination of father confessor and pimp.[110]

The member of the "homintern" on whom Burgess had the most enduring influence was Anthony Blunt, from whom he derived some of the insights into painting that so impressed Goronwy Rees at their first meeting. Anthony Blunt, the most senior of Cambridge's Magnificent Five, was the son of a well-connected Anglican clergyman, the Reverend Arthur Vaughan Stanley Blunt, who died in Anthony's third year at Cambridge. Queen Mary, consort of King George V, wrote to his widow, Hilda: "What a loss he will be. Why should he have been taken, who was doing such good work on earth, when such useless, evil people are allowed to live?" Anthony had only a distant relationship with his saintly father but was deeply attached to his mother, described by his brother Wilfrid as a "woman of infinite goodness and almost puritanical simplicity, incapable of telling the whitest of white lies."[111]

When Blunt was four, his father had become chaplain at the British embassy in Paris. The next ten years, which the family spent almost entirely in France, gave Blunt what he described as "a very strong French leaning which has coloured my whole attitude to things ever since. I was brought up from a very early age, really almost unconsciously, to look at works of art and to regard them as of importance."[112] At school at Marlborough from the age of fourteen, Blunt acquired, according to his close friend and contemporary the poet Louis MacNeice, a reputation for "precocious knowledge of art and habitual contempt for conservative authority." Blunt himself told a later generation of Marlburians:

> We went out of our way to be irritatingly provocative. We used to walk down the aisle of chapel flaunting our silk handkerchiefs—I used to wear mine from the strap of my wrist-watch and they could not stop me because there was no rule preventing it. And on Saturday evenings we used to go upfield to where other boys were playing rounders and infuriate them by playing catch with a large, brightly coloured ball right across their game.

At Marlborough Blunt's disdain for bourgeois convention expressed itself on an aesthetic rather than a political plane. According to MacNeice, "He told everyone who would listen that he . . . considered it very low to talk about politics."[113] Despite a number of crushes on other boys, Blunt may not yet have been a practicing homosexual by the time he left school; some of his closest schoolfriends, like MacNeice, were heterosexual.

The course that would have most interested Blunt at Cambridge, the History of Art Tripos, was not introduced until the early 1960s. When he arrived at Cambridge in 1926, no English university yet taught art history; the Courtauld Institute, of which Blunt later became director, was not founded until 1931. Blunt entered Trinity College with a scholarship in mathematics—a considerable achievement for a man whose main gifts were aesthetic and literary.[114] Math, however, did not suit him. After second-class honors in Part I of the Mathematical Tripos at the end of his first year in June 1927, he changed to modern languages, a subject less remote from his interests in continental art and culture. He took Part I of the Modern Languages Tripos in 1928, gaining first-class honors in French (in which he had been fluent since childhood) and an upper second in German. For the remainder of his degree course he was able to concentrate on French. He graduated in 1930 with first-class honors in Part II of the Modern Languages Tripos.[115]

In May 1928 Blunt was elected to the Apostles. It was probably his fellow Apostle, the King's mathematician Alister Watson (later senior scientific officer in the Admiralty and also a KGB agent, though not quite in the same class as the Magnificent Five), who first attracted Blunt to the serious study of Marxist theory.[116] But it was several years before Blunt's intellectual Marxism was translated into political activism. The impression formed of the undergraduate Blunt by the young Trinity history don Steven Runciman was shared by many who met him. "He was always, I think, rather pleased with himself. But he could be very good company." During his four years as an undergraduate Blunt also became an active, though discreet, homosexual.[117]

The most important influence in drawing Blunt into work for the KGB was Guy Burgess, who came up to Trinity as an undergraduate just as Blunt began postgraduate research in October 1930. It was Blunt who two years later introduced Burgess into the Apostles.[118] By then Blunt had been elected to a research fellowship at Trinity for his work on "The history of theories of painting with special reference to

Poussin." The new research fellow and the new Apostle were frequently in each other's company. Both were sufficiently well-known figures to be recognized together by an unruly Corpus Christi undergraduate, Valentine Lawford,

> as he stood in a window overlooking Trinity and threw a banana at the people emerging after luncheon through the Great Gate, not caring in the least which of three possible human targets it hit: the broad one who looked like a rowing blue, the short one whom I knew as Guy Burgess, or the long, thin one who was Anthony Blunt.[119]

Part of the bond between the two was sexual. Blunt felt a passionate physical attraction for the younger man. Burgess, much more casual in all his liaisons, probably released Blunt's remaining sexual inhibitions and introduced him to the proletarian pleasures of "rough trade." But, like Bowra and others in the homintern, Blunt was also enormously attracted by Burgess's intellectual flair, conversational brilliance, and breadth of vision. At their first meeting Goronwy Rees was enthralled by Burgess's ability to relate his interests in the arts to the Marxist interpretation of history and that in turn to a busmen's strike he was helping to organize in Cambridge.[120] In 1972, seven years before his own treachery was exposed, Blunt protested publicly against those who sought to belittle the remarkable gifts displayed in Burgess's Cambridge years:

> It is, I think, important to repeat that he was not only one of the most intellectually stimulating people I have ever known but also had great charm and tremendous vivacity; and those people who now write saying that they felt physically sick in his presence are not speaking the truth. They are throwing back to his early years things that may have been true about Guy in his later years in this country. He was a terrific intellectual stimulus. He had a far wider range of interests than either [John] Cornford or [James] Klugmann [the two most prominent student Party activists in Cambridge]. He was interested in everything and although he was perverse in many ways there was no subject which one could discuss with him without his expressing some interesting and worthwhile view.[121]

Burgess's most important influence on Blunt was to persuade him of his duty to translate his theoretical Marxism into an active commitment to work for the Comintern—and ultimately the KGB—in the international struggle against fascism. The core of Burgess's argument was probably accurately summarized in one of his favorite passages from a memoir by Claud Cockburn:

> A moment comes when your actions have to bear some kind of relation to your words. That is what is called the Moment of Truth.[122]

That moment came early in the academic year 1933–34, when Burgess, fired by Henri's vision of solidarity with the anti-Nazi Fünfergruppen of the German workers, set out to form a Cambridge group of five. Blunt himself made a veiled reference to this turning point in his career in an article published in 1973:

> Quite suddenly, in the autumn term of 1933, Marxism hit Cambridge. I can date it quite precisely because I had sabbatical leave for that term, and when I came back in January [1934], I found that almost all my younger friends had become Marxist and joined the Party; and Cambridge was literally transformed overnight.[123]

Blunt could not then reveal publicly how the "transformation" affected him. Burgess insisted that "the Moment of Truth" had come and that Blunt had now to commit himself to the Comintern's secret war against fascism. At the end of the Michaelmas (autumn) term 1933, Burgess visited Blunt in Rome, where he was spending part of his sabbatical staying with Ellis Waterhouse, then librarian at the British School in Rome. Waterhouse was not privy to all that passed between Burgess and Blunt. He noted, however, that until Burgess's arrival "We never talked politics at all. But that was all Guy wanted to discuss. He was exceedingly intelligent about politics and Anthony followed what he did." It was probably in Rome, the capital of Fascist Italy, that Burgess recruited Blunt to his secret ring of five to pursue the Comintern's secret war against international fascism.[124]

Apart from Blunt, the most important early recruit to Burgess's ring of five was probably the Trinity Hall undergraduate Donald Maclean, with whom eighteen years later he was to defect to Moscow. Maclean's father, Sir Donald Maclean, was a Presbyterian lawyer and Liberal politician of English birth but Scottish ancestry. At the time of his sudden death in 1932 he was president of the Board of Education in Ramsay MacDonald's National Government. Sir Donald's concern with high moral standards led him to send his son to Gresham's School, at Holt in Norfolk, whose headmaster, J. E. Eccles, emphasized to each new boy the importance "of truth, and frankness, and honour; of purity in thought, and word, and deed; of the value and importance of hard work and honest work." To encourage purity and limit adolescent sexual experimentation in daytime, each boy's trouser pockets were sewn up. One of Gresham's most famous pupils in the Eccles era, the poet W. H. Auden, claimed in 1934: "The best reason I have for opposing fascism is that at school I have lived in a fascist state."

Maclean reacted less strongly. There is no convincing evidence that he hated (even if he did not greatly love) either his father or his public school. He played for Gresham's at rugby, won an exhibition (slightly less prestigious than a scholarship) to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and left school with no taint on his moral reputation. Unlike Philby and Burgess, however, he had his first serious contact with Communism at school. His school friend Norman John ("James") Klugmann, who went on to become a member of the political committee of the Communist Party of Great Britain, as well as the Party historian, later claimed that he became a Communist at Gresham's to annoy the school authorities.

Maclean had his first experience of leading a double life while still at school, concealing from his father both his loss of Christian faith and his increasingly left-wing political opinions. If he was not already a Communist by the time he arrived at Trinity Hall in 1931, he became one during his first year. It was probably his friend Kluggers, a modern-languages scholar at the neighboring Trinity College, who first introduced him to Burgess. And it was probably the predatory Burgess who became the bisexual Maclean's first lover.

Having liberated Maclean from his sexual inhibitions, Burgess moved on rapidly to other conquests. He later ridiculed the idea that Maclean's "large, flabby, white whale-like body" could have appealed to him. In reality Maclean's tall, dark, athletic good looks made him, like Burgess, attractive to both sexes.[125] Burgess also released some of Maclean's political inhibitions. It was probably in the autumn term, 1933, shortly before he traveled to Rome to see Blunt, that Burgess recruited him to his secret cell, to join the Comintern's secret war against international fascism.

In November 1933 Maclean gave an interview to the main Cambridge student magazine, *The Granta,* which contained a curious allusion to his double life on both the sexual and political planes. Maclean began the interview by stating that he had three different personalities. He then adopted each of them in turn: first the camp, homosexual aesthete Cecil, "Just slipping into my velvet trousers when I heard you call. . . . You must come to my next party. I am going to have real Passion flowers and everybody is going to dress up as a Poem of Today"; then the heterosexual sporting hearty Jack, "Just having a steak at the Pig and Whistle when I heard you shout. Some awfully good fellows there—and damn fine waitresses too (he winks)"; and, finally, the innermost Maclean, the deadly serious Marxist grind Fred, "Very busy just now trying to find out whether Middleton Murray [sic] is material or merely dialectic. . . . The point is this. Everybody ought to work. That's what I'm here for."[126]

Like some of the German Fünfergruppen on which it was modeled, Burgess's Ring of Five had a fluctuating membership that did not always total exactly five. Its earliest members probably also included Alister Watson and James Klugmann. Neither, however, was later regarded by the KGB as in the same class as Philby, Burgess, Blunt, Maclean—or the Fifth Man recruited in 1935.

In the spring of 1934 Burgess changed his research subject from the seventeenth-century "Bourgeois Revolution" to the "Indian Mutiny."[127] That project too ran out of steam as Burgess became preoccupied with the secret war against fascism. In May, soon after Philby returned to London, he visited Cambridge and gave Burgess a firsthand account of his adventures with the Comintern underground in Vienna.[128] Goronwy Rees found Burgess's admiration for Philby "so excessive that I found it difficult to understand on what objective grounds it was based."[129] It was probably also in May, and in an East End café, that Burgess had his first meeting with Arnold Deutsch, whom, like Philby, he knew simply as Otto.[130] Burgess wrote to tell Philby of his recruitment. Philby, by his own account, "replied congratulating him."[131] In the summer of 1934, with the encouragement of Deutsch, Burgess visited both Germany and Russia accompanied by the Oxford Communist Derek Blaikie (later killed in the Second World War). Their visit to Germany took place at a dramatic time. Shortly after they had discussed with a young German Communist how he might escape to Russia, they heard the sound of distant gunfire. It was June 30, 1934, the "Night of the Long Knives," when Hitler settled accounts with his opponents in the Nazi Party.[132]

During his visit to Moscow, according to one of his confidants, Burgess met both Pyatnitsky, the head of OMS, and Bukharin, the former Comintern leader.[133] The trip encouraged him in his conviction that he was working for the Comintern in a secret war against international fascism. But on his return Deutsch was able to persuade him that to pursue the secret war he, like Philby, must go underground and break all visible ties with the Communist Party. Burgess did so in a manner his friends found bizarre, comparing Stalin unfavorably with the fascist dictators, and pointing to fascism as "the wave of the future." Even at the secret meetings of the Apostles he hid his political convictions:

> In any discussion of ideas he was always ready with an apt quotation, an amusing anecdote, a suggestive analogy, a mocking riposte. If the question before the society was political, he spoke in metaphors that were distant and obscure. If he was challenged to state his own convictions, his bright blue eyes would widen. He would look at the challenger with a beguiling smile, and then speak of other things.[134]

As he coaxed Burgess into accepting at least some of the discipline of an NKVD agent, Deutsch also persuaded him to water down his original aim of a Comintern cell, conceived in imitation of the Fünfergruppen, working as a group. The Cambridge recruits were run individually by Deutsch and later by Maly.[135] But, in defiance of orthodox tradecraft, Burgess continued to look on intelligence as a semisocial activity carried on in collaboration with his friends. As Philby later acknowledged, "It was Burgess who insisted on maintaining the links with all of us."[136] It was that insistence which in 1951 almost led to Philby's downfall.[137]

At Deutsch's prompting, Donald Maclean cut his links with the Communist Party at the same time as Burgess. After graduating with first-class honors in modern languages in June 1934, he had intended either to go to teach English in the Soviet Union or to stay on in Cambridge to work for his Ph.D.; the subject he had in mind for his dissertation was a Marxist analysis of John Calvin and the rise of the bourgeoisie. Instead he announced to his mother in the course of the summer that he intended to try for the Foreign Office. Lady Maclean was pleased but asked whether Donald's intentions might not conflict with his Communist beliefs. "You must think I turn like a weathercock," replied her son, "but the fact is I've rather gone off all that lately." He spent most of the next year at a crammer near the British Museum, preparing for the Foreign Office exams in August 1935.[138] He passed with flying colors. Maclean later described how at his final interview he was asked about his "Communist views" at Cambridge:

> I'm afraid I did an instant double-take: Shall I deny the truth, or shall I brazen it out? I decided to brazen it out. "Yes," I said, "I did have such views—and I haven't entirely shaken them off." I think they must have liked my honesty because they nodded, looked at each other and smiled. Then the chairman said: "Thank you, that will be all, Mr. Maclean."[139]

When Maclean mounted the steps of the Foreign Office in October 1935 as a new member of His Majesty's Diplomatic Service, he became the first of the Magnificent Five to penetrate the corridors of power.

It took Burgess longer than Maclean to gain access to official secrets. By the end of 1934 his research had ground to a halt and he decided to leave Trinity. His first job outside Cambridge, early in 1935, was as financial adviser to the mother of his Trinity friend and fellow Apostle, Victor (later Lord) Rothschild. But his long-term aim, agreed on with Deutsch at their regular meetings in East End cafés, was to penetrate the corridors of power—if possible the Secret Intelligence Service.[140] To that end, Burgess set out to exploit "cynically and consciously . . . the old boy network," deploying in the process all his considerable charm save that, as he later admitted, he "could never bother to keep his finger-nails clean."[141] He appears to have made an unsuccessful attempt to get a job in the Conservative Party Research Department, directed by Sir Joseph Ball, former head of MI5's Investigation Branch and a close adviser to the future prime minister Neville Chamberlain.[142]

By the end of 1935, however, Burgess had become personal assistant to the young homosexual Conservative M.P. Captain "Jack" Macnamara, whom Rees considered "so far to the right . . . that it was reasonable to call him a fascist." "Guy talked about his employer with a kind of genial contempt; he was once again playing his Figaro role of the servant who is really the master." Figaro and his employer went on a number of fact-finding missions to Nazi Germany, which, according to Burgess, consisted largely of homosexual escapades with sympathetic members of the Hitler Youth.[143] Burgess built up a remarkable range of contacts among the continental homintern. Chief among them was Édouard Pfeiffer, *chef de cabinet* to Édouard Daladier, French war minister from January 1936 to May 1940 and prime minister from April 1938 to March 1940. Burgess told friends lurid stories of how "He and Pfeiffer and two members of the French cabinet . . . had spent an evening together at a male brothel in Paris. Singing and laughing, they had danced around a table, lashing a naked boy, who was strapped to it, with leather whips."[144]

Unlike Philby, Burgess, and Maclean, Blunt did not need to adopt a new and bogus right-wing political identity. Having never been a Communist Party militant, he had no background as an activist to conceal. The Marxist-informed contextualism that underpinned his art criticism in the 1930s seemed remote both from the world of active politics and from the polemics of Stalinist theoreticians. Indeed, Blunt has been accused, probably unfairly, by one leading Marxist critic of de-politicizing art history and trying to render it "formalist and value-free." Blunt's basic premise, enunciated in the thirties, was to insist that art cannot be divorced from society:

> Works of art are produced by artists; artists are men; men live in society, and are in a large measure formed by the society in which they live. Therefore works of art cannot be considered historically except in human and ultimately in social terms.

After a trip to Russia in the summer of 1935 his Marxist sympathies became more explicit in his articles as art critic of *The Spectator.* "The intellectual," he declared, "is no longer afraid to own to an interest in the practical matters of the world, and Communism is allowed to be a subject as interesting as Cubism." He went on to call for artists' unions and the transformation of museums from pleasure palaces into classrooms.[145] It was probably after his visit to Russia that Blunt began regular meetings with Arnold Deutsch. Though a radical voice in the art world, he was persuaded by Deutsch to affect indifference to Party politics. Michael Straight, a young American economist at Trinity who joined the Apostles in March 1936, concluded from Blunt's part in the discussions that he was "totally unpolitical." He did not realize his mistake until early in 1937 when Blunt tried to recruit him as a Soviet agent.[146]

The most important agent talent-spotted by Blunt was the Fifth Man, the Trinity undergraduate John Cairncross. Together with Philby, Burgess, Blunt, and Maclean, he is remembered by the Center as one of the Magnificent Five, the ablest group of foreign agents in KGB history. But for the conspiracy theories surrounding the career of Sir Roger Hollis, and the other false trails that confused the media mole hunt in the 1980s, Cairncross might well have been unmasked as the Fifth Man even before Gordievsky provided the clinching evidence. Though Cairncross is the last of the Five to be publicly identified, he successfully penetrated a greater variety of the corridors of power and intelligence than any of the other four. In less than a decade after leaving Cambridge, he served successively in the Foreign Office, the Treasury, the private office of a government minister, the sigint agency GC & CS, and SIS. Gordievsky recalls Dmitri Svetanko, while head of the British desk in the First Chief Directorate, speaking of Cairncross "with awe, admiration and respect." "Cairncross's achievements," said Svetanko, "were the equal of any of the Five except Philby."[147] His student academic record was also as remarkable as that of any other member of the Five.

Cairncross was born in 1913 into a modest but intellectually gifted Glasgow family. His elder brother, Alec (who had no connection with the KGB), was a distinguished economist who became, successively, head of the Government Economic Service, Master of St. Peter's College, Oxford, and Chancellor of Glasgow University. Like Alec, John Cairncross won a scholarship to Hamilton Academy, near Glasgow. In 1930, at the age of seventeen, probably already influenced by the political traditions of Red Clydeside and the social injustices of the depression, he entered Glasgow University, where for two years he studied French, German, political economy and English.[148] He then moved to the Continent to improve his languages, spending the academic year 1933–34 in Paris at the Sorbonne. While there he gained the *licence ès lettres* in only a year, won a scholarship to Trinity College, Cambridge, and probably made contact with Münzenberg's World Committee for the Relief of the Victims of German Fascism.

By the time Cairncross arrived at Trinity to read French and German in October 1934, he was an open Communist. His *licence* from the Sorbonne allowed him to skip the first part of the modern-languages degree course and graduate with a Cambridge B.A. in only two years.[149] One of Cairncross's college supervisors in French literature was Anthony Blunt, who gave him a series of individual weekly tutorials (or "supervisions" as they are called at Cambridge). Blunt's patrician manner and Marxist intellectualism, apparently aloof from the harsh realities of the class struggle, jarred on the passionate young Scottish Communist. "I didn't like him," said Cairncross later, "and he didn't like me."

Blunt, however, talent-spotted him for Burgess, who met Cairncross during one of his visits to Cambridge and established an immediate rapport with him. Forty years later, in an interview in which he concealed most of his KGB career, Cairncross acknowledged that he had found Burgess "fascinating, charming and utterly ruthless."[150] During one of Burgess's visits to Cambridge in 1935, he recruited Cairncross as a Comintern agent in the secret war against international fascism and put him in touch with Arnold Deutsch.[151] By 1936 Cairncross had broken all overt contact with the Communist Party and applied to join the Foreign Office. In the summer of 1936 he graduated from Cambridge with first-class honors in modern languages, was elected by Trinity to a senior scholarship, and passed at the top of the Foreign Office entrance examinations, a hundred marks ahead of a brilliant fellow of All Souls, Con O'Neill (later a leading British diplomat). In the autumn he became, after John King and Donald Maclean, the third Soviet agent working in the Foreign Office.[152]

The growing potential of the Cambridge Five, the importance of the intelligence supplied to Pieck by Captain King from the Foreign Office, and the simultaneous development by Deutsch of an espionage ring in the Woolwich Arsenal, determined INO at the beginning of 1936 to send Maly to London to take overall charge of NKVD illegal operations. The NKVD "legal" resident at the London embassy, Aron Vaclavovich Shuster, took no part in any of these operations beyond providing a channel of communication to Moscow Center and other forms of illegal support.[153]

Slutsky, the head of INO, admired Maly's great gifts in recruiting, inspiring, and winning the loyalty of his agents, but remained concerned by his tendency to remorse about his past career. After bibulous evenings in restaurants with his agents, Maly was liable to reminisce about some of the horrors he had witnessed. Hede Massing later wrote of him: "A discreet man of the world when sober, he lapsed into terrible depression and fits of self-accusation when drunk. To learn of the nightmares under this polished exterior was frightening." Maly had a passionate love affair with one of Ignace Reiss's agents, named Gerda Frankfurter. "But Moscow," according to Hede Massing, "well aware of his alcoholic inclinations, forced him into marriage with a Russian girl whom he disliked. She was to act as a combination [of] nurse and police guard."[154]

Maly and his wife arrived in London early in 1936, using false Austrian passports in the name of Paul and Lydia Hardt. He introduced himself to Captain King as "Mr. Petersen," an executive of an imaginary Dutch bank, which King's NKVD controller, Pieck, had told him was purchasing inside information from the Foreign Office. Initially King delivered copies of Foreign Office documents on his way home from work to Pieck's office in Buckingham Gate. From Buckingham Gate copies or originals of the documents were taken to Maly by a British Communist electrical engineer, Brian Goold-Verschoyle (*alias* Friend), who for some years had acted as a Comintern courier.

Goold-Verschoyle, who had rebelled against a public-school education and been inspired by a romantic vision of the Soviet worker-peasant state, believed he was delivering political directives from the Communist International. He was shocked when one of King's packets came open and he discovered Foreign Office documents inside. Maly telegraphed the most important of King's material to Moscow from the Soviet embassy in Kensington, using the code name Mann. The remainder were taken by Goold-Verschoyle or another courier to be photographed at a studio run by Wolf Levit, a German NKVD photographer.[155]

Initially, Donald Maclean, who began his Foreign Office career in the League of Nations and Western Department (which dealt with Dutch, Iberian, Swiss, and League affairs), had access to a more limited range of Foreign Office material than the humbler but also more strategically placed King. The most useful intelligence he provided to the NKVD probably concerned the Spanish Civil War, of which Maclean wrote later: "We were all united in wishing the French and Soviet governments would intervene to save the Spanish government from Franco and the fascists." He probably conveyed to the NKVD the exaggerated view that British nonintervention was part of a broader policy of appeasement toward Germany designed to leave Stalin to face fascism alone.[156] But Maly saw Maclean chiefly as a long-term investment and urged him to concentrate during his early career in the Foreign Office less on obtaining intelligence than on advancing his own career as rapidly as possible.[157] In this Maclean was triumphantly successful. The personnel department provided the warmest of testimonials when it recommended him in March 1938 to the British ambassador in France for his first foreign posting as third secretary in the Paris embassy:

> Maclean, who is the son of the late Sir Donald Maclean, whom you may remember as a Liberal Member of Parliament, has done extremely well during his first two years here and is one of the mainstays of the Western Department. He is a very nice individual indeed and has plenty of brains and keenness. He is, too, nice-looking and ought, we think, to be a success in Paris from the social as well as the work point of view.[158]

By now Maclean's reputation had grown so rapidly that he was being tipped as a future permanent under-secretary.[159]

John Cairncross, who entered the Foreign Office a year after Maclean, in the autumn of 1936, did not fit in nearly as easily. Over the next two years he worked in the American, League of Nations, Western, and Central departments without finding a real niche for himself. For a time he worked with Maclean in the Western Department, gaining access to what he himself described as a "wealth of valuable information on the progress of the Civil War in Spain."[160] Cairncross lacked Maclean's easy charm and social graces; though he tried to cultivate a wide range of contacts within Whitehall, he did not make many friends. Sir John Colville, assistant private secretary to Neville Chamberlain and subsequently private secretary to Churchill, found him "a very intelligent, though sometimes incoherent, bore." He later recalled that "Cairncross was always asking people out to lunch . . . He ate very slowly, slower than anyone I've ever known." Cairncross did, however, make detailed notes of his lunchtime conversations in Whitehall, which he passed on to the NKVD.[161] After his first year in the Foreign Office, Maly suggested to him that he think of transferring to the Treasury, a department that, unlike the Foreign Office, the NKVD had yet to penetrate.[162] He finally did so in October 1938. The Foreign Office was probably glad to see him go, having concluded that his awkward manner made him unsuitable for a diplomatic career.

Burgess was doubtless frustrated by the ability of his recruit Cairncross to penetrate Whitehall more rapidly than he could. Late in 1936 he was taken on by the BBC as a producer. After a training course and producing, improbably, a series called *Keep Fit with Miss Quigley,* he moved to the Talks Department of the Home Service (now Radio 4) and began to seek out men with past or present intelligence connections to whom he made the tempting offer of giving a talk on the radio. His most important new contact was David Footman, deputy head (later head) of the Political Intelligence Department in SIS.[163] Footman would doubtless have been horrified to learn that the producer of his talk on Albania in the summer of 1937 was an NKVD agent. But no such suspicion crossed his mind, and a year later, much impressed by Burgess's obvious flair for international relations, he helped him to get a job in SIS.

Burgess continued for some years to return regularly to Cambridge to attend meetings of the Apostles and visit friends. Until Blunt left Trinity for the Warburg Institute in London in 1937, he consulted with Burgess on suitable recruits for Soviet intelligence. Michael Straight concluded after his own attempted recruitment by Blunt early in 1937 that Burgess was "the invisible man behind Anthony."[164] Blunt's most important recruit was Leonard Henry ("Leo") Long, who arrived at Trinity, already a Communist, in October 1935 with a brilliant academic reputation and a scholarship in modern languages. "I was a working-class boy," said Long later, "and had a deep sense of the inequity of society."[165] Blunt supervised his work in French and was probably chiefly responsible for his election to the Apostles in May 1937. At about the same time, Blunt also recruited him to work for the NKVD. Like Straight, Long found Blunt's recruiting technique so persuasive partly because he appeared compassionate rather than overbearing. "Blunt," Long later recalled, "never tried blackmailing or bullying me, because we shared a deep belief in the Communist cause."[166] During the Second World War Long was to be run personally by Blunt as a Soviet subagent.

Though Kim Philby ultimately became the most important of the Magnificent Five, his career took off more slowly than those of the other four. His unexciting work for the *Review of Reviews* after his return from Vienna left him intermittently despondent at how little he was achieving in the secret war against fascism and in need of encouragement from Deutsch. His first minor success was to gain acceptance by the pro-German Anglo-German Fellowship, whose "constant contact" with Goebbels and the Nazi Ministry of Propaganda and Enlightenment was denounced in a secret Foreign Office memorandum. Philby's enthusiastic part-time work for the fellowship opened up the prospect of a full-time job starting a new trade journal financed by German money. Though in the end the job failed to materialize, Philby had a number of meetings with the German ambassador in London, von Ribbentrop, and paid several visits to Goebbels's Propaganda Ministry in Berlin.[167]

Philby was in Berlin in July 1936 when he heard the news of the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War. It was that war which gave him his first major intelligence assignment, operating under journalistic cover. "My immediate assignment," he wrote in his memoirs, "was to get first-hand information on all aspects of the fascist war effort." As usual his memoirs fail to tell the whole truth. Gordievsky's information, however, makes it possible to solve the chief remaining mystery about Philby's time in Spain. Early in 1940 the NKVD defector Walter Krivitsky visited England, where he was debriefed by Jane Archer, whom Philby described as the second-ablest MI5 officer he ever encountered. From Krivitsky, writes Philby in his memoirs, Mrs. Archer "elicited a tantalizing scrap of information about a young English journalist whom Soviet intelligence had sent to Spain during the Civil War."[168] The "young English journalist" was Philby. The "tantalizing scrap of information" was about a plan to assassinate General Franco.

Early in 1937 Yezhov sent orders to Maly to use one of his British agents to travel to Spain under journalistic cover, penetrate General Franco's entourage, and help organize his assassination.[169] Philby persuaded a London news agency to give him a letter of accreditation as a free-lance war correspondent, and arrived in Spain in February 1937. Once there he bombarded *The Times* with unsolicited reports of the war written from areas controlled by Franco's forces.[170] His career as a Soviet agent in Spain was very nearly cut short before it began in earnest. By Philby's own reckoning, he escaped detection "almost literally by the skin of my teeth." Two months after he arrived in Spain he was wakened in the middle of the night by two Nationalist Civil Guards hammering on his bedroom door. As he dressed under the watchful eye of the guards he realized he had left his NKVD code written on a piece of ricepaper in the ticket pocket of his trousers. Unable to dispose of it on the way to the Civil Guards headquarters, he found himself ushered into an office lit by a single bright naked lightbulb to be interrogated by "an undersized major of the Civil Guard, elderly, bald and sour." Then he was told to turn out his pockets. The next few seconds were among the most critical in Philby's life:

> Taking first my wallet, I threw it down on [the] table, giving it at the last moment a flick of the wrist which sent it spinning towards the far end. As I had hoped, all three men made a dive at it, spreadeagling themselves across the table. Confronted by three pairs of buttocks, I scooped the scrap of paper out of my trousers, a crunch and a swallow, and it was gone.[171]

Thereafter Philby's fortunes rapidly improved. In May he was taken on officially by *The Times* as one of its two correspondents in Nationalist Spain. He traveled to London to settle the details of his work with both *The Times* and Maly. On his return to Spain Philby strengthened his cover by acquiring as a mistress Lady Frances ("Bunny") Lindsay-Hogg, the divorced wife of an English baronet and an ardent royalist. Philby dissembled brilliantly even in bed. Bunny later recalled: "He never breathed a word about socialism, communism or anything like that." At the end of the year Philby became a local hero. Three journalists sitting in a car in which he had been traveling were fatally injured by an artillery shell. Philby himself was slightly wounded. He reported modestly to the readers of *The Times:* "Your correspondent . . . was taken to a first aid station where light head injuries were speedily treated. Meanwhile Spanish officers worked gallantly in an attempt to rescue the occupants of the car regardless of falling shells." On March 2 General Franco himself pinned onto Philby's breast the Red Cross of Military Merit. Britain's only Communist M.P., Willie Gallacher, protested in the House of Commons. Philby later claimed, probably accurately:

> My wounding in Spain helped my work—both journalism and intelligence work—no end. Before then there had been a lot of criticism of British journalists from Franco officers who seemed to think that the British in general must be a lot of communists because so many were fighting with the International Brigade. After I had been wounded and decorated by Franco himself, I became known as "the English-decorated-by-Franco" and all sorts of doors opened for me.

In the opinion of one British diplomat "There was little that Philby did not know about the extent of the German and Italian military participation on the Franco side." Philby passed on the intelligence he gathered from within the Franco camp at meetings with NKVD officers across the French border at Hendaye or St. Jean de Luz.[172] But the mission for which Maly had sent Philby to Spain, to help organize the assassination of Franco, was abandoned in the summer of 1937 before Philby had won the confidence of Franco's entourage.[173]

In July 1937 Maly was recalled to Moscow. Most INO officers fell under suspicion during the paranoia of the purges; only a minority survived the Great Terror. Maly's religious background and revulsion at the use of terror made him an obvious suspect. The high praise he had received from Yezhov and the commendation from Stalin in the previous year left him with a faint hope that he might somehow be able to counter whatever charges were laid against him. But his main motive for returning was a curious sense of fatalism. He told Elizabeth Poretsky, the wife of Ignace Reiss: "They will kill me there and they will kill me here. Better to die there."[174] Aleksandr Orlov, who refused a similar order to return, records that Maly told him: "I know that as a former priest I haven't got a chance. But I have decided to go there so that nobody can say: 'That priest might have been a real spy after all.' "[175] The citation beneath Maly's portrait in the First Chief Directorate Memory Room records that he was shot late in 1937.[176]

Maly's liquidation left Kim Philby without a regular controller for over a year. At the time of Maly's recall final details of the plan, involving Philby, to assassinate General Franco, had yet to be approved by Moscow Center. Thereafter it was shelved. The assassination plan was at least partly compromised by the defection of Walter Krivitsky, who knew some of the details of it including the involvement of "a young English journalist." There had also been a change of NKVD priorities. For the remainder of the Civil War, the destruction of Trotskyists in Spain was a higher priority than the liquidation of Franco.[177]

But for his recall to Moscow, Maly might have been arrested in London. Though MI5 had no knowledge of either NKVD penetration of the Foreign Office or the recruitment of the Cambridge Five, one of its agents, Olga Grey, succeeded in winning the confidence of the head of a Soviet spy ring inside Woolwich Arsenal, Percy Glading, a veteran Comintern agent run successively by Deutsch and Maly. In February 1937 Miss Grey was asked by Glading to rent an apartment in Kensington to be used as a safe house. Two months later the apartment was visited by Maly, whom Glading introduced as Mr. Peters and described to Olga Grey as "an Austrian who had served during the war in the Russian cavalry." On August 16, a few weeks after Maly's recall to Moscow, Glading arrived at the apartment with Deutsch, whom he introduced as Mr. Stephens. Miss Grey agreed to help Mr. Stephens photograph documents brought to the apartment by Glading. She was no linguist and never discovered the Stephenses' nationality, let alone their true identity; in her presence Arnold and Josefine Deutsch spoke to each other in French.

Late in October Miss Grey noted the reference number of a document photographed by Josefine Deutsch, which enabled MI5 to identify it as the plan of a new fourteen-inch naval gun. Early in November Glading announced that the Stephenses were returning to Moscow because of the illness of their daughter; Mrs. Stephens was expected to remain in Moscow and her husband was unlikely to return to London until after Christmas. In the meantime Miss Grey was asked to practice using the photographic apparatus installed in the apartment by Mrs. Stephens so that she could take over from her.[178]

Unlike the recall of Maly, that of the Deutsch family seems to have been prompted less by the paranoia of the purges than by fear that their cover was in danger of being blown. In the summer of 1937 the Comintern agent Edith Tudor-Hart, used by the NKVD chiefly as a courier, lost a diary that contained compromising details about the Deutsches' intelligence operations. At about the same time Deutsch's application to found a private limited company, which would give him a permanent base in London, was turned down. With his residence permit about to expire, he was interviewed by the police and asked for details of his plans to leave the country.[179]

The arrest of Glading and the Woolwich Arsenal spy ring by the Special Branch in January 1938 ended any prospect that Deutsch might return to Britain. Had MI5 and the Special Branch moved earlier, they would probably have arrested either Maly or Deutsch—or, just possibly, both. They delayed in the hope of unraveling the spy ring as fully as possible before arresting Glading.[180] MI5 was not to know that by the beginning of 1938 the NKVD's entire London residency and illegal *apparat* would have been recalled to Moscow. Unlike Maly and most (if not all) of the London residency, Arnold and Josefine Deutsch were not liquidated on their return to Moscow. Arnold worked for several years in the Center as a handwriting and forgeries expert. The citation beneath his portrait in the First Chief Directorate Memory Room reveals that he was parachuted into his native Austria in 1942 to conduct intelligence operations behind enemy lines, but was quickly caught and executed by the Nazis.[181]

The departure of Deutsch and the entire NKVD residency from London at the end of 1937 left the Magnificent Five and the other Soviet agents in Britain without either direction or support. Though some of the abandoned agents managed to make intermittent contact with NKVD officers on the Continent, there was serious disruption during 1938 both in the flow of intelligence to Moscow Center and in its handling by the heavily purged INO.[182]

The significance of the first phase of Soviet penetration of Whitehall, brought to an end by the recall of Maly and Deutsch, has been generally misunderstood. Its main success was the recruitment of two cipher clerks—Oldham and King—and two young diplomats—Maclean and Cairncross—in the Foreign Office. Important though the contents of some of the documents they provided undoubtedly were, the documents were more important still in assisting the code breakers of the combined NKVD–Fourth Department sigint unit. The myth has developed that code-breaking coups are achieved simply by brilliant mathematicians, nowadays assisted by huge banks of computers. In reality, most major breaks of high-grade code and cipher systems on which evidence is available were achieved with the help of at least partial information on those systems provided by espionage. Soviet code breakers in the 1930s had vastly greater assistance from espionage than their Western counterparts. All four NKVD agents in the Foreign Office provided plain-text British diplomatic telegrams, which in some instances could be compared with the ciphered versions as an aid in breaking the ciphers. All four were also in a position to supply intelligence on the cipher systems themselves. It is safe to conclude, though Gordievsky has little direct information, that the successes of Soviet code breakers against the Japanese in the 1930s were paralleled by successes on a perhaps similar scale against the British.[183]

Like the rest of the NKVD and Fourth Department, however, Soviet sigint suffered some disruption at the climax of the Great Terror. Late in 1937 both Gleb Boky, the head of the combined NKVD–Fourth Department sigint unit, and his deputy, Colonel Kharkevich, were shot. After Boky's arrest, a secret cache of gold and silver coins was discovered in his suite. Boky's successor, Shapiro, lasted only a month before being arrested in his turn. At a lower level, however, the cryptanalysts were far less purged than INO. S. Tolstoy, the head of the Japanese section, perhaps the most productive in the unit, remained in office throughout both the Terror and the Second World War.[184]

Once the NKVD recovered from the disruption of the Great Terror, its penetration agents in Britain and elsewhere were to achieve greater successes than ever before. During the Second World War Soviet agents in Britain succeeded in penetrating not merely Whitehall but the British intelligence services themselves.

Though the United States represented a much lower priority than Britain for Soviet intelligence for most of the 1930s, it was even more vulnerable to Soviet penetration. As in Britain, the most important achievement of Soviet espionage targeted on the United States before the outbreak of war was the enormous assistance it provided to Soviet sigint. Before and during the Second World War, the American embassy in Moscow was probably even more comprehensively penetrated than that of any other major power. Diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union were established in November 1933 at a time when the United States had no civilian intelligence agency and American military intelligence was both small and disorganized. The first American ambassador in Moscow, William C. Bullitt, wrote to the State Department in 1936: "We should never send a spy to the Soviet Union. There is no weapon at once so disarming and effective in relations with the Communists as sheer honesty."[185] That honesty was taken to remarkable lengths. George Kennan, one of the original members of Bullitt's staff, later recalled that during its first winter of 1933–34 the embassy had no codes, no safes, no couriers, and virtually no security: "Communications with our government went through the regular telegraphic office and lay on the table for the Soviet government to see."

When a security system was installed, it was ineffective. At Bullitt's request, his embassy became the first to be guarded by marines. They were quickly provided with mistresses by the NKVD. Charles (Chip) Bohlen, like Kennan both a founder member of the embassy and a future ambassador in Moscow, was sitting one day in the lobby of the Savoy Hotel, where the marines were then lodged, when a heavily made-up Russian woman walked up to the reception desk and said she wished to go up to Marine Sergeant O'Dean's room. "I," she announced, "am his Russian teacher."[186] With the assistance of similar "Russian teachers," the NKVD recruited at least one of the first group of American cipher clerks sent to the Moscow embassy, Tyler G. Kent, who probably supplied cipher materials as well as classified documents.[187]

The ambassador's residence, Spaso House, was as porous as the embassy itself. Bohlen later recalled how its telephones "tinkled halfheartedly and indiscriminately, day and night; and when one answered them there was often no reaction at the other end, only labored breathing and a baffling verbal silence." Sergei, the caretaker, claimed ingeniously that the heavy breathing was that of the former people's commissar for foreign affairs, Chicherin, by now half crazed and living alone in a nearby apartment. Though his manner was genial and obliging, Sergei helped to organize the bugging of the embassy from his apartment, which he kept permanently locked. Not till Bohlen returned as ambassador in 1952 did the embassy demand a key to Sergei's locked apartment. By the time a key was grudgingly produced, after a delay of several weeks, all Sergei's apparatus had, predictably, been removed. Sergei himself retired shortly afterward.[188]

Most American diplomats in the 1930s had little grasp of the effectiveness of Soviet penetration and even less of Soviet sigint. Joseph E. Davies, who succeeded Bullitt as ambassador from 1936 to 1938, had less grasp than most. In Bohlen's view, "He had gone to the Soviet Union sublimely ignorant of even the most elementary realities of the Soviet system and of its ideology. . . . He never even faintly understood the purges, going far toward accepting the official Soviet version of the existence of a conspiracy against the state."

Colonel (later Brigadier General) Phillip R. Faymonville, military attaché from 1934 to 1939, though one of the embassy's few fluent Russian speakers, was even more naïve than Davies. Bohlen believed he had "a definite pro-Russian bias";[189] Major Ivan D. Yeaton, military attaché from 1939 to 1941, came to regard Faymonville as "a captive of the NKVD." When Yeaton left for Moscow in 1939, Faymonville, by then in Washington, gave him two classified French army manuals and asked him to give them to a friend in the Red Army. Faymonville also urged Yeaton to reemploy his Russian chauffeur, who, he said, would prove his "most valuable contact in Moscow." In the event Yeaton sacked the chauffeur and saw him a fortnight later dressed in the uniform of an NKVD captain.[190]

On his arrival in Moscow, initially as assistant military attaché, Yeaton was appalled by the state of embassy security. The embassy codes, he concluded, were compromised, and the consulate clerks gave frequent parties with girls "generously provided" by the NKVD. Yeaton also noted a number of homosexual liaisons.[191] Senior embassy officials were pursued, doubtless with NKVD encouragement, by ballerinas from the Moscow ballet. According to Bohlen: "There were usually two or three ballerinas running around the Embassy. They would go there for lunch and supper and would sit around talking and drinking until dawn. . . . Many temporary liaisons were formed." Attempts to seduce the ambassador, however, seem to have been unsuccessful. One of the ballerinas spent much of her time at the embassy professing "undying love" for Bullitt, whom she eloquently described as her "sun, moon and stars"—apparently without effect.[192]

Yeaton's criticisms of embassy security irritated rather than impressed most of his colleagues. When he reported that the French housekeeper of Laurence A. Steinhardt, ambassador from 1938 to 1942, was selling embassy supplies on the Moscow black market, Yeaton was "admonished" by Steinhardt, who refused to believe him. Shortly before the introduction of new State Department codes early in 1940, Yeaton decided on his own initiative to ask, via military intelligence in Washington, for an FBI agent to inspect the embassy to ensure that the new codes were not compromised like their predecessors.[193] The FBI agent, posing as a courier, visited the embassy's code room at night and discovered the safes open and code books lying with messages on the table. At one point the code clerk on duty left the code room unattended with the door open for forty-five minutes. It was clear that the Russian employees of the embassy, who were almost as numerous as the Americans, had many opportunities for access to both ciphers and classified documents. The agent also reported to the FBI: "Not being able to find normal female companionship, the men attached to the embassy turn to a group of Soviet prostitutes for companionship. . . . It is reported that all of these girls report constantly to the GPU." In addition, acts of homosexual "perversion" had taken place in the embassy code room.[194] Following the FBI report, "a small group of bachelors" was ordered back to Washington, and some improvements were made in embassy security.[195] But the FBI agent was not a technical expert. It did not occur to him to search the embassy for listening devices. When a search was finally ordered in 1944, a navy electrician discovered 120 hidden microphones on his first sweep of the building. Thereafter, according to a member of the embassy staff, "they kept turning up, in the legs of any new tables or chairs which were delivered, in the plaster of the walls, any and everywhere."[196]

Until the later 1930s intelligence gathering within the United

States was a comparatively low priority for Moscow Center. By the mid-thirties, however, several influential underground cells of the American Communist Party (CPUSA) were in varying degrees of contact with Comintern and Soviet intelligence officers. The main link between the Party underground and Soviet intelligence was Whittaker Chambers, a Communist journalist who was instructed in 1932 to break overt contact with the Party.[197] In 1933 Chambers was sent to Moscow for intelligence training. His main controller on his return was Sandor Goldberger, a former Comintern *apparatchik* bearing a striking resemblance to Groucho Marx. As well as working for the Fourth Department, Goldberger became, under the alias J. Peters, a grey eminence of the CPUSA for a quarter of a century.[198]

In 1934 Chambers began acting as courier between Goldberger and an underground cell in Washington founded by Harold Ware, a Communist official in the Department of Agriculture killed in a car crash in 1935. Its other leading members, according to Chambers's later testimony, included John J. Abt of the Department of Agriculture (later of the Works Progress Administration, the staff of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, and the Justice Department); Nathan Witt of the Department of Agriculture (later of the National Labor Relations Board); Lee Pressman of the Department of Agriculture (later of the Works Progress Administration); Alger Hiss of the Department of Agriculture (later of the Special Senate Committee Investigation of the Munitions Industry, the Justice Department, and the State Department); his brother Donald Hiss of the State Department (later of the Labor Department); Henry H. Collins of the National Recovery Administration (later of the Department of Agriculture); Charles Kramer (Krevitsky) of the National Labor Relations Board (later of the Office of Price Administration and the Senate Subcommittee on War Mobilization); and Victor Perlo of the Office of Price Administration (later of the War Production Board and the Treasury Department).

In 1935 Alger Hiss, the ablest member of the Ware cell, was moved by Chambers to become the founder member of a "parallel apparatus."[199] Among other new agents who entered Chambers's net in 1935–36 were Harry Dexter White, a high flyer in the Treasury Department; George Silverman, a government statistician (later employed in the Pentagon), who probably recruited White; and Julian Wadleigh, an Oxford-educated economist who moved in 1936 from the Department of Agriculture to the Trade Agreements Division of the State Department. The motivation of the Washington moles was much the same as that of the Cambridge Five: the lure of the Comintern's secret war against fascism. Wadleigh wrote later: "When the Communist International represented the only world force effectively resisting Nazi Germany and the other aggressor powers, I had offered my services to the Soviet underground in Washington as one small contribution to help stem the fascist tide."[200]

In the autumn of 1936 a new Fourth Department resident, Boris Bykov, arrived to take control of Chambers's network from Goldberger. Chambers later described Bykov, whom he knew as Peter, as a middle-aged man, about five feet seven, tall with thinning, reddish hair, who wore expensive worsted suits, always with a hat, invariably carried his right hand inside his jacket ("Napoleon style"), had an "authoritative" manner and a "ferret-like way about him."[201] Bykov suggested that the members of the underground be offered money to "put them in a productive frame of mind." When Chambers objected, Bykov gave him a thousand dollars—then a considerable sum—to buy Bokhara rugs for his four most valuable agents: Hiss, White, Silverman, and Wadleigh. Each was told that the rugs were "gifts from the Russian people to their American comrades."[202]

In Britain by this time Soviet intelligence had so far succeeded in penetrating only one of the Whitehall ministries. In Washington, by contrast, Soviet agents were already installed in a steadily widening area of the Roosevelt administration. But the penetration of Washington was a much lower priority than the penetration of Whitehall. Moscow was still far more interested in the major European powers and Japan than in the United States. Bykov was not much concerned with the details of American policy making. Like Goldberger, his main aim was to collect intelligence on Germany and Japan, in particular "everything that bears on the preparations the Germans and Japanese are making for war against us." Bykov berated Wadleigh for failing to provide State Department documents on German and Japanese policy.[203]

He was more satisfied with Hiss, who in the autumn of 1936 became assistant to Francis B. Sayre, assistant secretary of State. Hiss had access to a wide variety of telegrams from both diplomats and military attachés. By early 1937 he was delivering packets of documents to Chambers at intervals of about a week or ten days. Perhaps the most valuable from Bykov's point of view were those that dealt with Japanese policy during the Sino-Japanese War. A cable of March 2, 1937, cited the view of unnamed "Japanese army chiefs . . . that they will be able to wage a successful war against Russia while holding the Chinese in check on their flank with little difficulty."[204] Within the State Department Hiss covered his tracks as successfully as Maclean in the Foreign Office. Even Wadleigh had no idea that Hiss was working for the Russians: "I regarded him as a very moderate New Dealer with strongly conservative instincts."[205] Sayre later concluded that the documents provided by Hiss would "presumably" have enabled the Russians to break U.S. diplomatic ciphers.[206] It did not occur to him that, thanks to the penetration of the American embassy in Moscow, they were broken already.

The comparatively low priority given to Soviet intelligence collection in the United States was reflected in both the personnel and the methods employed. Goldberger and Bykov did not begin to compare with Deutsch and Maly. During his intelligence training in Moscow in 1933 Chambers, no doubt against instructions, sent postcards to his friends at home—one to bestow "a Soviet blessing" on a newborn baby. Back in the United States he engaged in some intelligence mystification, adopting for example a slightly foreign accent, which persuaded Wadleigh and some of his other agents that he was not American.[207] But Goldberger and Bykov both allowed Chambers to get away with elementary breaches of intelligence tradecraft. Some of his friends knew that he was involved in "highly secretive work"; on one occasion he revealed that he was "engaged in counterespionage for the Soviets against the Japanese." Chambers treated his leading agent, Alger Hiss, as a family friend; he and his wife went to stay in the Hiss apartment. Others of Chambers's agents were to be found socializing at each other's homes, visiting art galleries, and playing table tennis together.[208]

The greatest security risk, however, was Chambers himself. In July 1937 he was summoned to Moscow. Increasingly disillusioned with Stalinism and rightly fearful of the fate that awaited him, Chambers temporized for the next nine months. Then in April 1938 he broke all contact with the NKVD. After spending the rest of the year largely in hiding, he began to tell his story to sympathetic listeners.[209] In a security-conscious state Chambers's extensive knowledge of Soviet penetration in Washington would have had catastrophic consequences for NKVD operations. But security in Washington was even feebler than in London. Over the next few years Chambers was to discover that the FBI and the administration from the president downward had no serious interest in his revelations.[210] The state that at the end of the Second World War was to be targeted by the NKVD as "the Main Adversary" was, until that point, the state most vulnerable to Soviet penetration.

Founders of the KGB

Stalin with Dzerzhinsky. *(David King Collection)*

The statue of Feliks Dzerzhinsky in Dzerzhinsky Square, Moscow, outside KGB headquarters. *(David King Collection)*

Dzerzhinsky's statue topples before an enthusiastic crowd in Warsaw in his native Poland, November 1989. *(Associated Press)*

Opposite page: Above Stalin as a pallbearer at Dzerzhinsky's funeral in 1926. *(David King Collection)*

Below Mikhail Trilisser (fourth full figure from the left and *inset*), first head of KGB foreign operations, takes the oath to the Cheka flag. *(National Archive; David King Collection)*

ОТРЯДУ ОСОБОГ
ПРИ
КОЛЛЕГИ

1917
1927
О.Г.П.У

OGPU medal with Dzerzhinsky's head framed in laurel wreath to commemorate the tenth anniversary (in 1927) of the founding of the Cheka. *(David King Collection)*

Oleg Gordievsky's identity card as colonel in the KGB, incorporating the shield from the original emblem of the Cheka.

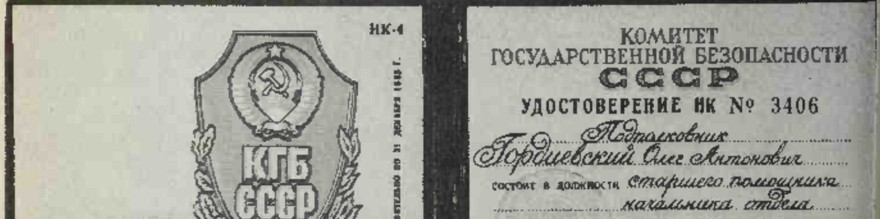

НК-4

Действительно по 31 декабря 19[illegible] г.

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КОМИТЕТ
ГОСУДАРСТВЕННОЙ БЕЗОПАСНОСТИ
СССР

УДОСТОВЕРЕНИЕ НК № 3406

Подполковник
Гордиевский Олег Антонович
состоит в должности старшего помощника
начальника отдела

Владельцу удостоверения разрешено хранение
и ношение огнестрельного оружия.

Зам. Председателя
Комитета госбезопасности СССР

Recruiters and Controllers of the Five

Teodor Maly, former Catholic priest and celebrated KGB illegal whose portrait hangs today in the Memory Room of the KGB First Chief Directorate (Foreign Intelligence).

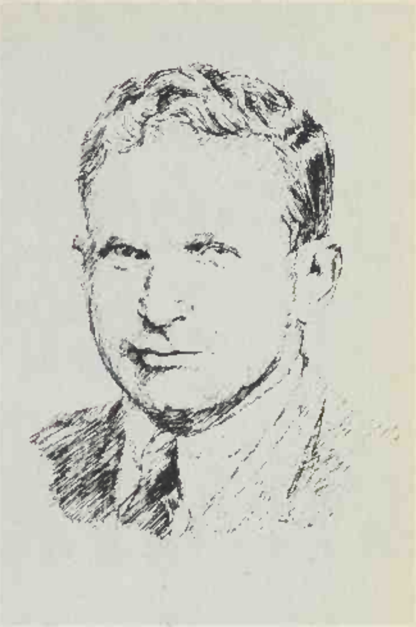

Dr. Arnold Deutsch, protégé of Teodor Maly and first controller in England of the Magnificent Five, whose portrait hangs next to Maly's in the FCD Memory Room.

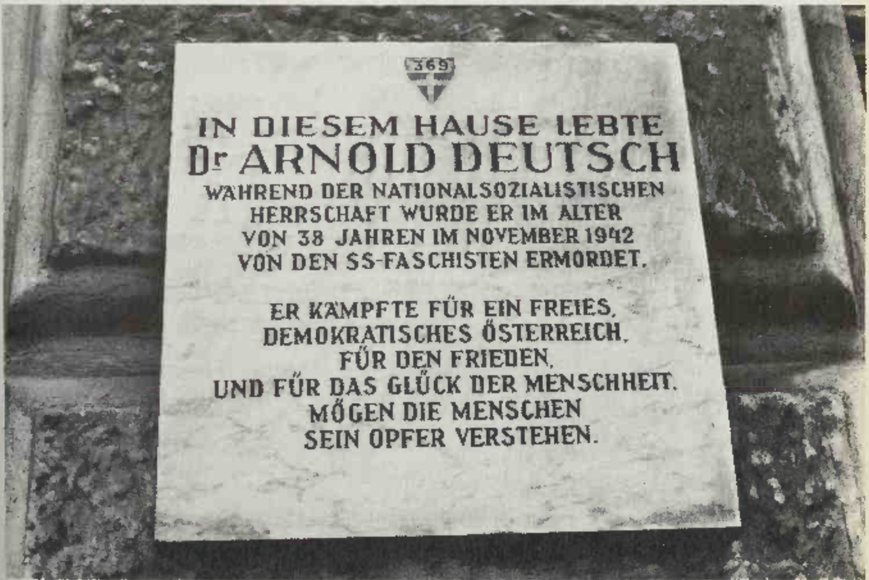
369
IN DIESEM HAUSE LEBTE
Dr ARNOLD DEUTSCH
WÄHREND DER NATIONALSOZIALISTISCHEN
HERRSCHAFT WURDE ER IM ALTER
VON 38 JAHREN IM NOVEMBER 1942
VON DEN SS-FASCHISTEN ERMORDET.
ER KÄMPFTE FÜR EIN FREIES,
DEMOKRATISCHES ÖSTERREICH,
FÜR DEN FRIEDEN,
UND FÜR DAS GLÜCK DER MENSCHHEIT.
MÖGEN DIE MENSCHEN
SEIN OPFER VERSTEHEN.

Memorial to Deutsch outside his Vienna flat that records his heroic role in the anti-Nazi resistance and execution by the SS in 1942, but makes no mention of his career in the KGB.

Anatoli Gorsky (*alias* Gromov), controller of the Magnificent Five while stationed at the KGB London residency from 1940 to 1944.

Gorsky under another alias as Professor Nikitin in the early 1970s, when conducting KGB operations against foreigners in Moscow.

Yuri Modin early in his career in the KGB. While stationed in the London residency from 1947 to 1953, he became the last KGB officer to control all the Magnificent Five, helping to arrange the flight of Burgess and Maclean in 1951. By the 1980s he was head of Political Intelligence in the FCD Andropov Institute. *(Channel 4)*

The Magnificent Five and Elli

Above Kim Philby in 1934.

Top right Guy Burgess in 1932. *(Peter Lofts)*

Right Anthony Blunt in 1933. *(Peter Lofts)*

Below Donald Maclean in 1932. *(Peter Lofts)*

Below right Leo Long (Elli) during the Second World War. *(Imperial War Museum)*

John Cairncross in 1979.
(Times Newspapers)

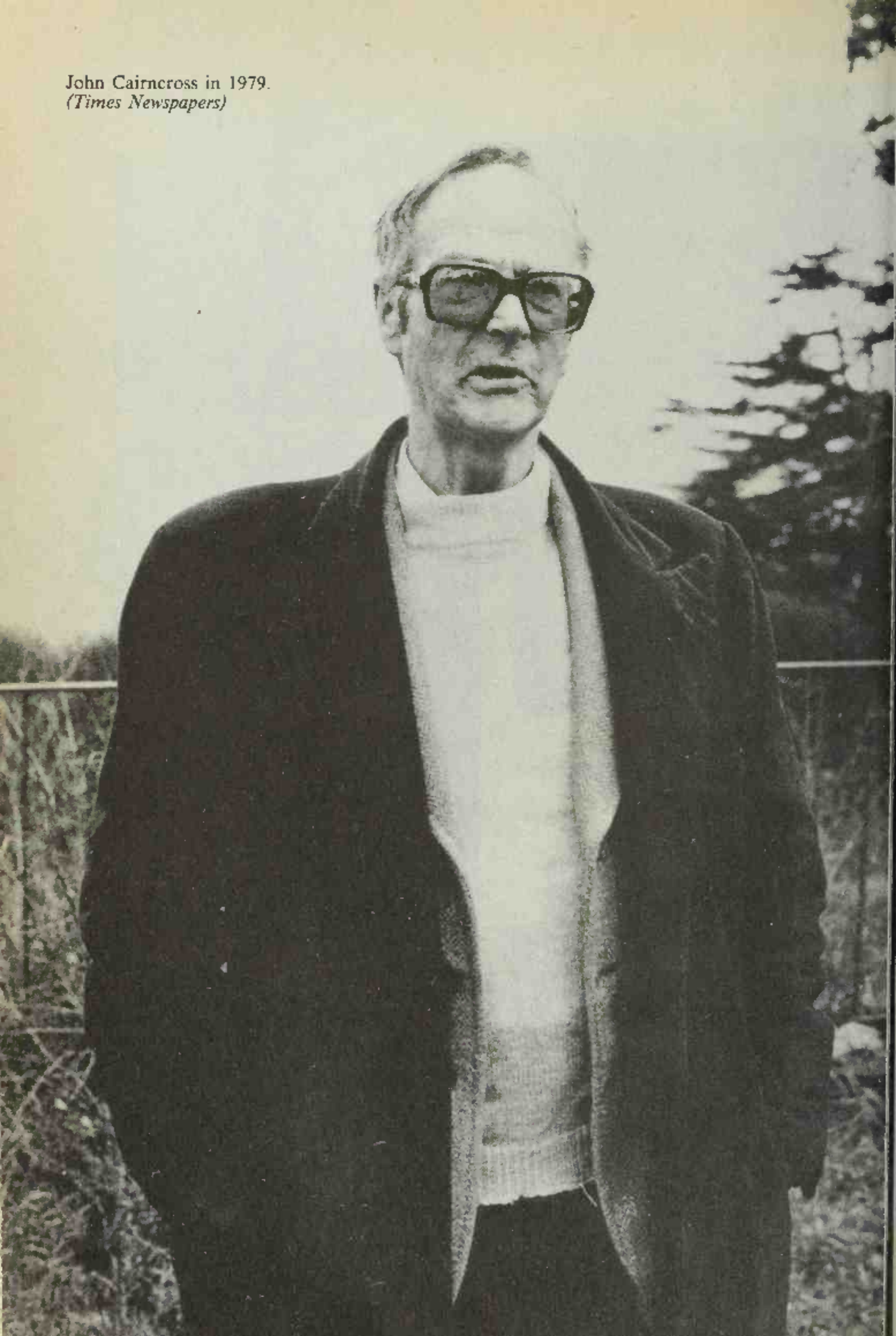

7

The Second World War (1939–41)

Hitler's ultimate ambition was to turn most of Eastern Europe into a racist empire, where "subhuman" Slavs would provide slave labor for the German Herrenvolk and from which Jewish "poison" would be eradicated. The Führer never doubted that the crucial stage in the conquest of this empire would be a war against the Soviet Union. When he took power in 1933, however, few as yet took seriously the vision of an Eastern European empire depicted in the turgid pages of *Mein Kampf,* his rambling political testament composed almost a decade before. During the mid-1930s, Hitler himself concealed his megalomaniac ambitions in Eastern Europe from public view, and deceived the German people into believing that, by recovering "equal rights," the Third Reich would guarantee the peace of Europe.[1]

In 1922 revolutionary Russia and defeated Germany, the two great outcasts from the international system, had emerged from isolation, concluded the Rapallo Pact, and surprised the rest of Europe by reestablishing diplomatic relations, renouncing financial claims on one another, and pledging cooperation. For the next decade, despite a forlorn attempt to inspire a German revolution in 1923, Soviet Russia's diplomatic and trading relations with Weimar Germany were closer than with any other major power. By the close of 1933 the Nazi conquest of power had brought the Rapallo era to a close. Though Stalin did not grasp the full extent of the Nazi menace until the German invasion of 1941, Hitler's implacable hostility both to Marxism in all its forms and to the existing international order made Nazi Germany the most obvious European threat to Russian security. The Soviet sense of vulnerability was heightened by the simultaneous menace from Japan in the East. The result was a dramatic shift in Russian diplomacy. Official Soviet foreign policy was based henceforth on the search for collective security with the Western powers against the menace of Nazi and fascist aggression: a policy exemplified in 1934 by the Soviet entry into the League of Nations, which it had hitherto boycotted, and in 1935 by pacts with France and Czechoslovakia, the first defense agreements with capitalist powers. The chief apostle of collective security, Maxim Litvinov, foreign commissar from 1930 to 1939, had spent a decade in Britain before the Revolution, heading the émigré Bolshevik group and returning to Russia with an English wife. Litvinov showed greater flair than any other statesman of his generation for establishing friendly relations with Western statesmen and for appealing to Western radicals disillusioned by their governments' faint-heartedness in resisting first the threats, then the aggression, of Hitler and Mussolini.

As early as 1934, however, Stalin began secretly to consider an alternative way of meeting the German menace: to seek agreement with Hitler rather than collective security against him. At a Politburo meeting early in July 1934, shortly after the killing of the leader of the storm troopers, Ernst Röhm, and about 180 others in Hitler's "Night of the Long Knives," Stalin is said to have exclaimed: "Have you heard the news from Germany? About what happened, how Hitler got rid of Röhm? Good chap, that Hitler! He showed how to deal with political opponents!"[2] Stalin's decision to liquidate Kirov, his main potential rival, a few months later, may well have owed something to Hitler's example. Thereafter, Stalin's estimate of the "correlation of forces" in the West (a concept which, unlike the traditional calculus of the balance of power, took account of political will as well as military might[3]) increasingly favored Hitler.

He did not believe in the possibility of more than a temporary accommodation with any capitalist state. Stalin was convinced as an article of Marxist-Leninist faith that the natural tendency of all capitalists was to conspire against the Soviet state. For the moment, however, the capitalist world was divided within itself. Those divisions were Russia's opportunity. Given Hitler's hatred of Marxism, it would be more difficult to reach an accommodation with Nazi Germany than with the bourgeois democracies. But Stalin seems to have hoped that Hitler was a sufficiently skilled practitioner of Realpolitik to grasp the mutual advantages of a Nazi-Soviet division of Eastern Europe into spheres of influence.

In January 1937 the chief Soviet trade representative in Berlin, David Kandelaki, acting on instructions from Stalin and Molotov (Litvinov was never mentioned), made overtures for a Russo-German political agreement to be negotiated in secret. As yet Hitler showed no interest.[4] But when Kandelaki returned to Moscow, accompanied by the NKVD resident in Berlin, to report to Stalin, he gave, according to Krivitsky, an optimistic assessment of the future prospects for an accord with Germany—though his optimism may well have resulted from reluctance to admit the failure of his mission. Yezhov told Krivitsky: "Germany is strong. She is now the strongest power in the world. Hitler has made her so. Who can doubt it? How can anyone in his senses fail to reckon with it? For Soviet Russia there is but one course." And he claimed that Stalin had told him: "We must come to terms with a superior power like Nazi Germany."[5]

Stalin had less reliable intelligence from within Nazi Germany than from any other major power. Yet before Hitler came to power Soviet foreign intelligence had operated on a larger scale in Germany than anywhere else in Europe. The KPD, the largest Communist Party outside Russia, had organized a network of worker correspondents or *rabcors* (shortened from *rab*ochi *cor*respondents) several thousand strong, whose ostensible purpose, as in France and other parts of Europe, was to report to the Communist press on working conditions. They also supplied, more covertly, technical information, which was used for industrial and military espionage.

In 1930 Hans Kippenberger, the KPD Politburo member responsible for liaison between the Party underground and the Soviet intelligence *apparat,* was elected a deputy to the Reichstag. For the next three years, until the Nazi conquest of power, he continued his intelligence work, assisted both by the protection of parliamentary immunity and by a seat on the Reichstag military commission.[6] Berlin was the main Western base for OMS operations and the capital of Münzenberg's front organizations and media empire. It also contained a large and highly professional Pass-Apparat, which assisted OGPU, Fourth Department, and OMS agents throughout Europe and beyond by providing passports and "legends" (false identities backed by elaborate biographical detail and bogus documents). Hans Reiners, one of the Pass-Apparat's passport experts, later gave the example of "Ivan Mueller" to illustrate its immense attention to detail:

> Mueller cannot simply emerge into the world supplied with only a passport; he must be armed with all the basic documents to enable him to confirm his identity, such as a birth certificate, employment record, social security book, etc. This set of personal identification papers is termed a collection, and to make a collection complete one must be a historian, geographer, and expert in knowledge of police habits. . . .
>
> Once the "collection" is ready, an additional precaution must be taken. When Ivan Mueller goes on his first trip across a frontier his passport must not look new. If a passport is shown on which a number of visas or frontier stamps confirm that the traveler has been checked, rechecked, and found in order, police will pay less attention than if a new document is presented. That is why the Pass-Apparat placed a number of false visas and frontier stamps on the passport. The route that the traveler had supposedly followed was carefully considered—everything must fit logically into the "legend" which he was to memorize.

According to Reiners, from 1927 to 1932 the Berlin Pass-Apparat produced about 450 "collections" of documents each year.[7]

The sheer scale of Soviet intelligence operations in Germany, the overlap between overt KPD activities and the Party underground, and the enthusiastic amateurism of the *rabcors* all combined to produce a number of public embarrassments for both OGPU (code-named Klara) and Fourth Department (code-named Grete) networks in the final years of the Weimar Republic. Between June 1931 and December 1932 more than three hundred cases of espionage, almost all involving Soviet intelligence, were tried in German courts.[8] Most of those convicted served only a few months in jail until April 1932 when a Decree on the Defense of the National Economy increased the maximum penalty for industrial espionage for a foreign power to five years' imprisonment. In November 1932 a police raid on an apartment used by the Pass-Apparat netted 600 blank passports (both forged and genuine), 35 partially completed passports, 800 passport photographs, 700 police forms, 2,000 official rubber stamps, and a great variety of other official documents used to construct legends.[9]

The greatest German embarrassment suffered by Soviet intelligence was the defection in 1931 of Georg Semmelmann, an OGPU agent who for the past eight years had operated from the Soviet trade delegation in Hamburg. After his defection Semmelmann wrote to a Viennese newspaper proposing a series of articles on Soviet espionage in Germany, Austria, and elsewhere, which would identify Kippenberger and other Soviet agents. Before the articles were written, however, Semmelmann was assassinated by Andrei Piklovich, a Serbian Communist working for the OGPU. At his trial in 1932 Piklovich admitted responsibility for the assassination but claimed that he had acted to prevent the betrayal and death of many "proletarian fighters." After a Communist-led press campaign in Piklovich's favor, the jury failed to agree and he was freed.[10]

Thanks largely to false documents provided by the Pass-Apparat, most leading KPD and Comintern officials were able to escape abroad after the Nazi conquest of power in 1933. But the establishment of a police state, the banning of the KPD, growing popular enthusiasm for Hitler's dictatorship, and a number of defections from the Communist underground shattered most of the Soviet intelligence network. An OGPU officer named Gruenfeld (code-named Bruno) was sent secretly to Germany to try to salvage the remnants of the Klara and Grete organizations. Moscow Center was dissatisfied with his reports and replaced him with a more senior officer, Dr. Gregor Rabinovich, a Jewish doctor who impressed one of his agents with "sadness but also . . . intelligence in his deep brown eyes. . . . His excellently tailored but conservative clothes enhanced his appearance of stability and solidity."[11] Rabinovich cut back the Fourth Department network to about twenty-five and seems to have wound up that of the OGPU altogether. The whole of the *rabcors* organization disappeared. The Pass-Apparat was transferred to the Saar in 1934, then to Moscow and Paris when the Saar voted to rejoin Germany the following year. Abram Slutsky, head of INO, told a KPD congress held near Moscow in 1935 that all mass intelligence networks in Germany had been terminated. Even the Grete network maintained by Rabinovich functioned more as an ineffective underground opposition to Nazi rule than as an intelligence-gathering network. In 1936 Rabinovich was moved to the United States to help direct the penetration of the Trotskyist movement.[12]

The liquidation of Soviet intelligence in Germany begun by

Hitler was almost completed by Stalin. Many of the Germans who had worked for Soviet intelligence perished with much of the exiled KPD leadership in Moscow during the Great Terror. One of the first to be shot was Hans Kippenberger, forced to confess in 1936 to the absurd charge of being "a spy for the German Reichswehr."[13]

The damage done by the near liquidation of the extensive German agent network was all the more serious because Germany was probably the one major power whose high-grade ciphers could not be broken by the combined NKVD–Fourth Department sigint unit in the NKVD Spets-Otdel (Special Department). When Beria became head of the NKVD in 1938, the combined unit was broken up. The NKVD sigint section of the Spets-Otdel moved into the former Hotel Select in Dzerzhinsky Street, where it concentrated on diplomatic traffic; most, but not all, military communications were the province of the GRU.

None of the variants of the complex Enigma machine ciphers used by the German armed forces were broken by either NKVD or GRU cryptanalysts before the invasion of June 1941; with few exceptions they were probably still unbroken at the end of the war.[14] The main German diplomatic ciphers—the "one-time pad" and a system known to British cryptanalysts as "Floradora"—were even more difficult to crack. Even the information on the construction of diplomatic ciphers and the documents obtained from the penetration of the German embassies in Tokyo and Warsaw did not enable Floradora to be broken. British cryptanalysts broke the Luftwaffe variant of Enigma in May 1940. But, despite obtaining a complete copy of the basic Floradora code book at about the same time, it was not until August 1942 that they made their first major break in that system.[15]

Soviet intelligence sought to compensate for its weakness inside Germany by operations targeted on Germany from outside, especially from the Low Countries, France, and Switzerland. In the later 1930s a number of gifted Fourth Department agents began to develop what became the Soviet Union's main wartime networks gathering intelligence from Nazi Germany. Two names stand out. The first is that of Leopold Trepper, a Polish Jew, who, after working for the Comintern's OMS, was recruited by Berzin for the Fourth Department in 1936. In 1938 he arrived in Belgium on a forged passport posing as Adam Mikler, a Canadian businessman with $10,000 to invest. With Leon Grossvogel, a Jewish friend who had also worked for OMS, Trepper founded the curiously named Foreign Excellent Raincoat Company to provide cover for his intelligence work. He became, he later claimed, "the very image of the well-to-do industrialist" as he built up an espionage network mainly composed of Jews outraged by Nazi anti-Semitism and willing to work against Hitler without pay. Though he ran a network, Trepper, like Sorge, was his own best agent. Before the war, however, he and his network gathered little intelligence of note. As Trepper himself wrote later, "Until the war broke out, we laid aside all intelligence work, properly speaking. Our objectives were to consolidate our commercial cover and to lay the necessary groundwork so we would be ready when the first shots were fired."[16]

Trepper's most outstanding contemporary was the Hungarian Alexander Rado, who, like Trepper, was Jewish, began his intelligence career in OMS, and was recruited by the Fourth Department. Also like Trepper, he set himself up in business, founding the cartographic firm Geopress in Geneva in 1936 to provide cover for his intelligence work. During the Second World War he was to run the Soviet Union's most important agent network targeted on Germany. But before the war his intelligence, like that of Trepper, was of marginal importance.[17]

The Soviet Union's most important prewar German intelligence came from the successful penetration of the German embassies in Tokyo and Warsaw. Sorge in Tokyo was in a class by himself. Once his friend Eugen Ott, previously military attaché, became German ambassador in April 1938, Sorge had, according to a senior member of Ott's staff, "free run of the embassy day and night." Sorge himself estimated that henceforth 60 percent of the intelligence sent by his spy ring to Moscow originated in the German embassy. On one occasion, at Ott's request, Sorge acted as embassy courier to Manila, Canton, and Hong Kong—a rare example of a Soviet agent operating under German diplomatic cover.[18]

According to his authorized Soviet hagiography, Sorge never knew that the director of the Fourth Department, General Berzin, was shot in 1938. There is thus an added poignancy to the letter he addressed to the director in October 1938:

> Dear Comrade! Don't worry about us. Although we are terribly tired and tense, nevertheless we are disciplined, obedient, decisive, and devoted fellows who are ready to carry out the tasks connected with our great mission. I send sincere greetings to you and your friends. I request you to forward

> the attached letter and greetings to my wife. Please, take the time to see to her welfare.[19]

Sorge's most important intelligence until and beyond the outbreak of the Second World War, however, concerned Japanese rather than German policy. In the summer of 1938 he was able to assure Moscow, on the basis of information supplied by his agent Ozaki, that the first serious Russo-Japanese border clash at Lake Khasan on the frontier with Japanese-occupied Manchuria was the responsibility of the local Japanese commander and that the Tokyo government was anxious to avoid war. Sorge sent the same reassuring message after Japanese violations of the Outer Mongolian frontier in May 1939.[20] On this occasion Moscow did not believe him and concluded for a time that it was faced with major aggression in the Soviet Far East.[21] By the summer of 1939 the Fourth Department had temporarily lost confidence in its ablest officer. When Germany invaded Poland and began the Second World War on September 1, 1939, Moscow sent Sorge a sharp rebuke:

> Japan must have commenced important movements (military and political) in preparation for war against Russia but you have not provided any appreciable information. Your activity seems to be getting slack.[22]

For two years before the outbreak of war Soviet intelligence had another agent inside a German embassy. In 1937 Rudolf Herrnstadt, a German Jewish journalist (later editor of the East German *Neues Deutschland*) working for the Fourth Department in Warsaw, recruited Rudolf von Scheliha, a forty-year-old counselor at the German embassy. Von Scheliha came from a family of Silesian aristocracy and had served as a cavalry officer in the Great War before entering the diplomatic profession. By the mid-1930s, however, his salary and his wife's income could no longer support both his gambling and his mistresses. Unlike Sorge, von Scheliha was a mercenary rather than an ideological spy. In February 1938 the Fourth Department deposited $6,500 U.S. in von Scheliha's account at a Zürich bank—one of the largest payments to any Soviet agent between the wars.[23]

Von Scheliha was so highly regarded by the Fourth Department because of the unique insight that he provided into the development of German policy toward Poland, a subject of major concern to Moscow. During Hitler's first five years in power he sought to disarm

Poland's well-founded fear of his territorial ambitions in Eastern Europe, signing a nonaggression treaty with her in January 1934. His aim was to placate the Poles until rearmament had made him strong enough to risk their hostility and in the meantime to secure Polish support against Russia. In October 1938 he proposed to Poland "joint policy towards Russia on the basis of the Anti-Comintern Pact." But in the aftermath of Munich it became increasingly clear that Hitler's demands for the port of Danzig (now Gdansk) were part of a policy ultimately designed to reduce Poland to a German satellite. By March 1939 Polish-German relations were at crisis point. Abandoning their previous policy of appeasement, Britain and France gave Poland a guarantee of "all support in their power" against German aggression.

Accurate intelligence on German policy from Sorge and von Scheliha was mixed with misinformation and conspiracy theories from other sources. The expansion of Nazi Germany into Austria in March 1938 and into the Czech Sudetenland after the Munich conference six months later coincided with the peak of the disruption caused by the Terror inside INO and NKVD residencies abroad. The result was a drastic decline in the flow of intelligence at the very moment when Hitler had begun to gear himself for war.

One of the dangers emphasized by, among others, Semyon Rostovsky (*alias* Ernst Henri), one of the leading NKVD illegals to survive the Terror, was the threat of "the military absorption of the whole of the Baltic by Germany." A key element in that threat was the danger of a German foothold in Finland to support its Baltic fleet and launch a land attack against Leningrad across the Karelian isthmus, a prospect that increasingly exercised the Leningrad party boss, Andrei Zhdanov.[24] The classified history of the KGB First (Foreign) Chief Directorate produced in 1980[25] concluded that the NKVD residency in Helsinki was modestly successful in the mid-1930s, with about half a dozen politicians and government officials working for it. After London, however, Helsinki was one of the residencies worst hit by the Terror. By the end of 1937 virtually all NKVD and Fourth Department officers had been recalled to Moscow to be shot or imprisoned, the Helsinki residency was left unmanned, and contact with the Finnish penetration agents was broken. The only NKVD officers to survive the inquisition in Moscow and return to Helsinki were Boris Nikolayevich Rybkin (*alias* Yartsev), who operated under diplomatic cover as second secretary, and his wife Zoya Nikolayevna Rybkina (*alias* Yartseva), who also worked as head of the Helsinki Intourist office.[26] Rybkin was promoted to resident and, with his wife, given the task of restarting NKVD operations in Finland in the spring of 1938.[27]

Though well aware that Rybkin worked for the NKVD, the future Finnish foreign minister Väinö Tanner found him "a lively individual, pleasant in a way. One could easily discuss with him even the most delicate matters, as though he were a man who did not have to be particularly careful of what he said, unlike many people in his position." Tall and blonde, Zoya Rybkina was also a social success in Helsinki—"a fine-looking woman past her first youth," in Tanner's opinion.[28] After the war she was to become head of the German and Austrian department in the reorganized INO.[29] Rybkin's open-minded, engaging manner with his Finnish contacts was deceptive. Within the NKVD he was a doctrinaire Stalinist, conscious that his Jewish origins made it all the more important for him to avoid any taint of unorthodoxy and follow the maxim "*Ugadat, ugodit, utselet*" ("Sniff out, suck up, survive").[30]

During 1938 Rybkin's instructions extended to secret diplomacy as well as intelligence collection. Hitler's unopposed invasion of Austria on March 12, immediately followed by its incorporation into the Third Reich, raised fears in the Kremlin that the Führer's next move would be to seek a foothold in Finland. These fears were strengthened by the celebration on April 12 of the twentieth anniversary of Helsinki's liberation, with German assistance, from Soviet rule. A delegation led by Count Rüdiger von der Goltz, who had commanded the German troops in 1918, took a prominent part in the ceremonies.[31]

Two days later Rybkin met the Finnish foreign minister, Rudolf Holsti. During his recent stay in Moscow he had, he said, received "exceptionally broad authority" to open discussions on Russo-Finnish relations, which must be kept secret even from the Soviet ambassador. The Kremlin, he told Holsti, was "wholly convinced" that Germany planned to land an army in Finland which would then invade Russia; it had also learned of a plot for a fascist coup in Finland if its government did not cooperate with the German aggressors. If the Germans intervened in Finland, so would the Red Army, leading to a war on Finnish soil. But if Finland was prepared to resist German intervention, Russia would provide arms and military assistance, and promise to withdraw her troops when the war was over. Over the next few months Rybkin made no progress toward an agreement. In June and July he had two meetings with the prime minister, A. K. Cajander. Once again

Rybkin insisted that he alone had authority to negotiate: the ambassador, he said scornfully, "did indeed talk a great deal to various individuals, but what he said was of no significance." Cajander proved no more willing than Holsti to abandon Finnish neutrality for a military alliance with the Soviet Union.

In December 1938 the talks shifted to Moscow. To the Finnish delegation's surprise they were received not by Litvinov, the foreign commissar, but by Anastas Mikoyan, commissar for foreign trade. Litvinov, they were told, knew nothing of the meeting (though he was later brought into the negotiations). The Finns continued to resist Soviet pressure for a military agreement. Nor would they agree to lease strategic islands in the Gulf of Finland to the Soviet Union. Talks petered out in March 1939, almost a year after Rybkin had made his first secret approach to Holsti.[32] By then, however, Soviet diplomacy was in the midst of a sea change.

The Munich conference in September 1938 had left the policy of collective security in ruins. Russia was not invited to the conference and Anglo-French pressure forced the Czechs to surrender the Sudetenland to Germany, thus depriving themselves of any effective defense when Hitler entered Prague six months later. Stalin, Beria, and, almost certainly, the Politburo as a whole increasingly interpreted Munich as part of a Western plot to encourage Hitler to turn east, leave Britain and France in peace, and focus his aggression on the Soviet Union. That conspiracy theory subsequently became Soviet historical orthodoxy. Even in the late 1980s Soviet historians were still asserting that "The leading Western powers not only indulged the fascist aggression but tried in a most obvious way to direct it against the Soviet Union."[33] In reality, though there was no shortage of Western statesmen who would have been quite content for the two dictators to come to blows, there was no Anglo-French plot to encourage a German attack on the Soviet Union.

Stalin was encouraged to believe in an Anglo-French plot not merely by his own natural predilection for conspiracy theory but also by the intelligence he received. The greater part of a generation of legal residents and illegals had been liquidated or, in a few cases like Orlov and Krivitsky, were on the run. Some NKVD residencies, like that in London, were still unstaffed. Those INO officers who avoided liquidation, and some who failed to do so, sought safety in the obsequious maxim *ugadat, ugodit, utselet.* More than at any previous moment in KGB history, INO was under pressure to provide intelligence that supported the leadership's conspiracy theories. Those who failed to provide evidence of Anglo-French attempts to provoke a Russo-German war risked arousing suspicion of colluding with the imperialists. The new generation of *apparatchiks* who succeeded the cosmopolitan officers purged from INO had, in most cases, little experience of the outside world and had advanced their careers by demonstrating a proven capacity for detecting and liquidating imaginary counterrevolutionary conspiracies.

After the death of Abram Slutsky, probably by poisoning, in February 1938, his deputy Mikhail Shpigelglas took over as acting head of INO. Shpigelglas had run sabotage operations behind Nationalist lines in Spain and organized the assassination of the defector Ignace Reiss in Switzerland. A later defector, Vladimir Petrov, remembered him as ruthless but also "correct, polite, business-like, and agile in movements and mind." Like Slutsky, Shpigelglas was Jewish. After a few months he too was liquidated.[34] When Beria arrived in Moscow in July 1938 as successor-designate to Yezhov, he brought with him his Georgian henchman, Vladimir Georgievich Dekanozov, as the new head of INO.[35] Barely five feet tall, with a small beak nose and a few strands of black hair plastered across a bald pate, Dekanozov was insignificant in appearance. But the numerous death sentences he had handed out in the Caucasus in the early 1920s had earned him a reputation as "the hangman of Baku," later reinforced by his bloodthirsty behavior during the Terror as deputy chairman of the Georgia Council of People's Commissars.[36] Dekanozov had no experience of foreign affairs and was the first head of INO never to have traveled outside the Soviet Union. Yet he was to have a greater role in Soviet foreign policy than any of his far more experienced predecessors. Over the next two years he was to become successively deputy foreign commissar and ambassador to Berlin.

The thrust of the intelligence forwarded by Dekanozov to Beria and Stalin after Munich can be gauged from the mythical version believed in Moscow of talks by Neville Chamberlain, the British prime minister, in Rome in January 1939. Litvinov told the Polish ambassador that he "had received information from a reliable source that in his conversations at Rome Chamberlain had sought to raise the Ukrainian question, allowing it to be understood that Britain would not view German aspirations in this direction with disfavor." Moscow was so confident of this further evidence of British attempts to encourage a German attack on Russia that one of Litvinov's deputies was still denouncing Chamberlain's mythical plot to the Italian ambassador three months later.[37]

At the very moment when the NKVD's foreign intelligence was at its least reliable, its influence on Soviet foreign policy was at its peak. The NKVD was used to open secret negotiations with both Finland in 1938 and Germany in 1939. An NKVD purge of diplomats tainted by alleged counterrevolutionary or Western sympathies continued throughout 1938 and extended into 1939. One of the diplomats who survived later recalled: "It often happened that you'd agree to meet a colleague to discuss some issue, and next day he was no longer at the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs—he'd been arrested." Those diplomats most suspect to Beria and Stalin were those with most experience and understanding of the West. The arrests went almost to the top of the Commissariat. The former deputy commissar N. N. Krestinsky was one of the "enemies of the people" sentenced to death at the trial of the Bloc of Rightists and Trotskyists, which opened in February 1938. Thereafter the tension under which his fellow deputy foreign commissar, Boris Spiridonovich Stomonyakov, worked became so great that colleagues would sometimes find him with his head wrapped in a wet towel to relieve his constant headaches. At the end of each day he took a cold bath to relieve the tension. Like Krestinsky, he was shot.[38]

With the discrediting after Munich of the policy of collective solidarity, Litvinov's own days as commissar were numbered. Molotov later complained that "there were some short-sighted people even in our country who, carried away by vulgar anti-fascist agitation, forgot about this provocative work of our [Western] enemies." His main target was clearly Litvinov, who, he implied, had by his pursuit of the chimera of collective security played into the hands of British and French "ruling circles" who were secretly trying to encourage Hitler to attack the Soviet Union.[39] In April 1939 Litvinov made his last attempt to turn collective security into reality, proposing talks with Britain and France on a pact for mutual assistance against "aggression in Europe." On the very same day, however, the Soviet ambassador in Berlin called at the foreign ministry and proposed talks on improving Russo-German relations.

The opening of the negotiations that led eventually to the Nazi-Soviet Pact appears to have been conducted through NKVD rather than diplomatic channels.[40] Litvinov, as both a Jew and the apostle of collective security, was clearly an obstacle to talks with Germany. On May 4 it was announced that Molotov had replaced him as commissar.

Soon afterward Dekanozov and Lozovsky, former head of the Red International of Labor Unions, were appointed deputy commissars. Though Litvinov, unlike his former deputies, survived, a star chamber was established in the commissariat with Molotov, Beria, and Dekanozov as its leading members to root out remaining "Litvinovtsy." Molotov and Beria appeared in civilian suits; Dekanozov wore his NKVD uniform. One by one commissariat officials appeared before them to deny, sometimes unsuccessfully, any association with enemies of the people.[41]

For several months Molotov conducted simultaneous negotiations for pacts with Britain and France in public and, after a hesitant beginning, with Germany in secret. Anglo-Franco-Soviet talks began without enthusiasm in either Britain or Russia. Chamberlain wrote privately: "I have deep suspicions of Soviet aims and profound doubts as to her military capacity even if she honestly desired and intended to help."[42] Stalin, in all probability, saw the negotiations with Britain and France mainly as a means of putting pressure on the Germans to sign an accord—or, alternatively, as a second-best solution if a Nazi-Soviet Pact proved unobtainable. Only the French showed any sense of urgency, correctly fearing that if the Anglo-French negotiations failed Stalin would strike a deal with Hitler.[43] The NKVD devised the most ingenious of "active measures" to try to bring pressure on the Germans to conclude an agreement.

A few days after the approach by the Soviet ambassador to the German foreign ministry on April 14 the German embassy in London received and forwarded to Berlin the contents of the first of a series of British diplomatic telegrams reporting the progress of negotiations with the Soviet Union. The intercepted telegrams contained a number of unexplained gaps and distortions, suggesting for example that the Anglo-French negotiators were offering better terms and making more rapid progress than was in fact the case. The source of the telegrams is most unlikely to have been German intelligence. The Germans were unable to decrypt British diplomatic traffic and almost certainly did not possess an agent in the Foreign Office with access to the telegrams.[44]

As Professor Donald Cameron Watt has shown, the only plausible hypothesis capable of explaining the sudden and selective access of the German embassy to British diplomatic traffic in April 1939, its equally abrupt cessation a week before the conclusion of the Nazi-Soviet Pact, and the omissions and distortions in the intercepted telegrams is that the source for them was the NKVD. On occasion von der

Schulenburg, the German ambassador in Moscow, was fed similar information, also designed to accelerate the negotiation of the Nazi-Soviet Pact.

The doctored telegrams planted by the NKVD on the German embassy in London came from one or both of two complementary sources. The first possibility was Captain J. H. King, the cipher clerk in the Foreign Office Communications Department controlled by Teodor Maly until his recall in 1937. King was probably, though not certainly, reactivated after the reestablishment of an NKVD presence in London during the winter of 1938–39. The second possible source of decrypted British diplomatic traffic was the NKVD sigint department, whose work was powerfully assisted by King, Maclean, and Cairncross. The intelligence from one or both of these sources planted by the NKVD in a doctored form on the German embassy in London has been fairly described as "a masterpiece of suppressio veri and suggestio falsi."[45] But it also proved unnecessary. The advantages for Hitler of a pact with Stalin as he prepared for the conquest of Poland were so substantial that he did not need covert persuasion by the NKVD. The Nazi-Soviet Non-Aggression Pact was signed on August 23. A secret protocol provided that, in the event of a "territorial and political rearrangement," Russia was to gain control of Eastern Poland, Estonia, Latvia, Finland, and Bessarabia (in Rumania). The pact took the Foreign Office and most of the outside world by surprise.

Both dictators were overjoyed by the pact. After its signature Stalin proposed a toast to Hitler. "I know," he said, "how much the German nation loves its Fuehrer. He is a fine fellow. I should therefore like to drink his health." Then Molotov toasted Ribbentrop, Ribbentrop toasted the Soviet government, and Molotov toasted Stalin as the man who in March had "introduced the reversal in political relations." Finally Stalin told Ribbentrop: "The Soviet government takes the new pact very seriously. I can guarantee, on my word of honor, that the Soviet Union will not betray its partner." Hitler was at dinner when he heard the news that the pact had been signed. He jumped up from the table, exclaiming, "We've won!" Poland was at his mercy.[46]

On September 1, exactly a week after the signing of the Nazi-Soviet Pact, a million and a half German troops crossed the Polish frontier. On September 17, with the Poles still putting up a brave but hopeless resistance to the Wehrmacht, the Red Army crossed into eastern Poland to claim its share of the territorial spoils. Where the two armies met, they fraternized, drank toasts together, even in some places held joint military parades.[47] In the final division of the spoils, Stalin swapped the Polish provinces of Lublin and Warsaw for Lithuania (which under the Nazi-Soviet Pact was to go to Germany). The Baltic States were allowed another nine months of limited independence. All, however, were bullied into accepting Soviet military bases. Stalin murmured to the Estonian delegation after it had given way to his demands: "I can tell you that the Estonian government did wisely. . . . What happened to Poland could have happened to you."[48]

Within Soviet-occupied Poland the NKVD rapidly organized rigged plebiscites on union with the U.S.S.R. Nikita Khrushchev, first secretary of the Communist Party of the Ukraine, which received southeastern Poland as "Western Ukraine," later recalled, apparently without intentional irony, the remarkable theatrical success achieved by the NKVD:

> Delegations were elected to an assembly at Lvov. . . . The assembly continued for a number of days amid great jubilation and political fervor. I didn't hear a single speech expressing the slightest doubt that Soviet power should be established. One by one, movingly and joyfully, the speakers all said that it was their fondest dream to be accepted into the Ukrainian Soviet Republic. It was gratifying for me to see that the working class, peasantry and labouring intelligentsia were beginning to understand Marxist-Leninist teachings.
>
> At the same time, we were still conducting arrests. It was our view that these arrests served to strengthen the Soviet state and clear the road for the building of Socialism on Marxist-Leninist principles.[49]

While the Gestapo organized the persecution of "racial enemies" in German-occupied Poland, the NKVD turned on "class enemies." NKVD decrees of 1940 listed fourteen categories of people to be deported. The first category, significantly, consisted of Trotskyists and other Marxist heretics. Also on the list were all those who had traveled abroad or had had "contact with representatives of foreign states"—a category so broad that it included even Esperantists and philatelists. Most of the deportees, however, were community leaders and their families: politicians, civil servants, army officers, policemen, lawyers, landowners, businessmen, hotel and restaurant owners, priests, and "persons active in parishes."

Like the SS and the Gestapo, the NKVD was engaged, as General Wladyslaw Anders later put it, in "beheading the community"—destroying any potential leadership that might organize resistance to Soviet rule. The NKVD, indeed, collaborated with the SS and the Gestapo, exchanging German Communists from the gulag for Russian émigrés and Ukrainians from Germany.[50] Margarete Buber-Neumann was one of the German Communists handed over to the SS at the bridge over the River Bug in Brest-Litovsk. After exchanging salutes, SS and NKVD officers greeted each other like old friends:

> When we were half-way across, I looked back. The NKVD officials still stood there in a group, watching us go. Behind them was Soviet Russia. Bitterly, I recalled the Communist litany: Fatherland of the Toilers; Bulwark of Freedom; Haven of the Persecuted.[51]

In all about 1½ million Polish class enemies were transported several thousand miles in huge railway convoys of cattle trucks to the wastes of Kazakhstan and Siberia. By the time an amnesty was declared after the German invasion in June 1941, almost half were dead. The 15,000 Polish officers died in killing fields closer to home.[52] The last entry in the journal of one of the officers, Major Solski, recounts his arrival under NKVD guard at the Katyn Woods near Smolensk on April 9, 1940:

> We arrived in a little wood which looked like a holiday camp. They took away our rings and watches, which showed the time was 6:30 A.M., as well as our belts and knives. What will happen to us?

Three years later Solski's body, with his journal still in his pocket, was discovered by German troops with the bodies of over four thousand others in mass graves in the Katyn Forest. Most had their hands tied behind their backs and a bullet in the base of the skull.[53] The NKVD's victims even included some of the Polish Communists who had survived the Moscow purges. In 1940 the future Party leader Wladyslaw Gomulka fled from the Soviet to the German zone.[54]

The Nazi-Soviet partition of Poland was swiftly followed by renewed pressure on the Finns. Rybkin, the NKVD resident in Helsinki, told Stalin what he wanted to hear: that in the event of war the Finns would collapse as quickly as the Poles and the Finnish working class would support a new Communist regime.[55] In mid-October 1939 a Finnish delegation, unaware of the secret Nazi-Soviet protocol making Finland a Soviet sphere of influence, was summoned to the Kremlin to be informed by Stalin himself that the Soviet Union required them to concede island and coastal military bases and a strip of territory north of Leningrad in return for an unwanted slice of Soviet Karelia. "We civilians don't seem to be making progress," Molotov told the Finns after a fortnight's negotiations. "Now it is the soldiers' turn to speak."

During the summer two plans had been drawn up for an attack on Finland. General K. A. Meretskov, commander of the Leningrad Military District, forecast that the conquest of the Finns would take only three weeks. Marshal Shaposhnikov, the chief of the general staff, calculated that it would require several months. Stalin preferred Meretskov's plan.[56] Khrushchev later recalled a meeting with Stalin, Molotov, and Otto Kuusinen, the Comintern's Finnish secretary-general and one of Stalin's foreign policy advisers:

> When I arrived at the apartment, Stalin was saying "Let's get started today." . . . All we had to do was raise our voice a little bit, and the Finns would obey. If that didn't work, we could fire one shot and the Finns would put up their hands and surrender.[57]

The Soviet troops who crossed the Finnish border on November 30 and began the "Winter War" were told that the oppressed people of Finland were waiting to welcome them with open arms.[58] Red Air Force bombers dropped leaflets over Helsinki urging workers to join the Red Army in overthrowing their capitalist oppressors.[59] A puppet Democratic Government of Finland, headed by Kuusinen and, it declared, "deriving its support entirely from the people," was set up in Terijoki, the first Finnish town "liberated" by the Red Army. On December 2 it signed a treaty with the Soviet Union conceding all the territory previously demanded from the Cajander government and proclaiming that "through the heroic struggle of the Finnish people and the exertions of the Red Army of the Soviet Union there is to be liquidated that true focus of war infection which the former plutocratic government in

Finland had created on the frontiers of the Soviet Union for the benefit of the imperialist powers."[60]

The classified history of the First Chief Directorate accepts that some of the extraordinary false optimism with which the Winter War began reflected the aspirations of Rybkin's pro-Soviet agents, who represented a narrower spectrum of Finnish opinion than the broader range of sources exploited by the residency before its liquidation in 1937. Their wishful thinking, personally reported in Moscow by the obsequious Rybkin, reinforced that of Stalin himself.[61] In the early stages of the war Moscow was taken in by intelligence reports that the Finnish government had "left Helsinki for an unknown destination."[62]

The war, however, failed to go according to plan. A million Soviet troops with immensely powerful armor and air support were outfought by a Finnish army never more than 200,000 strong. Dressed in white, emerging on skis from the forests, the Finns split up long columns of Russian forces and destroyed them piecemeal. According to Khrushchev, Stalin screamed abuse at Marshal Voroshilov, the commissar for defense. Voroshilov shouted back: "You have yourself to blame for all this! You're the one who annihilated the Old Guard of the army; you had our best generals killed!" The row ended with the outraged marshal overturning a large dish of roast suckling pig.[63]

To stiffen the resolve of the Red Army NKVD units were drafted into the rear to shoot troops caught trying to retreat.[64] In the end Finnish resistance crumbled before the sheer weight of Soviet numbers and armaments. By a peace treaty negotiated in March 1940 Finland was forced to surrender the Karelian isthmus north of Leningrad, which contained one-tenth of her population, but Kuusinen's puppet government disappeared into the rubbish bin of history.

Soviet bungling in the Winter War was in striking contrast to the rapidity of the German conquest of Norway in April 1940 and the even more successful Blitzkrieg offensive in May and June, which defeated France and the Low Countries in only six weeks. Molotov summoned Schulenburg, the German ambassador, to the Kremlin to receive "the warmest congratulations of the Soviet government on the splendid success of the German Wehrmacht."[65] The Soviet Union had made a small but significant contribution to Hitler's victory: "Guderian's tanks operated largely on Soviet petrol as they dashed for the sea at Abbeville, the bombs that leveled Rotterdam contained Soviet guncotton, and the bullets that strafed British Tommies wading to the boats at Dunkirk were sheathed in Soviet cupro-nickel."[66]

As Hitler's forces overran the Low Countries, *Izvestia* told its readers: "The recent war events once more proved that the neutrality of small states, which do not have the power to support it, is a mere fantasy. Therefore, there are very few chances for small countries to survive and maintain their independence."[67] The days of the Baltic States were clearly numbered. During the night of June 15–16 Dekanozov summoned a number of officials, including his fellow deputy foreign commissar, Andrei Vyshinsky, the fearsome prosecutor in the show trials, to his office in the Lubyanka and told them they had been selected for "missions" to the Baltic States: "At the decision of the Politburo and at the request of Comrade Stalin, the security problem along our northwest frontier is now to be solved." Dekanozov claimed, and may even have believed, that the governments of the Baltic States had been plotting with "the stock exchanges of Paris and London." Molotov made a similar allegation to Schulenburg though he omitted the reference to stock exchanges. Dekanozov told the midnight conference that he would lead a mission to Lithuania, Vyshinsky was to go to Latvia, and Zhdanov to Estonia. If the workers in these states demanded the transformation of the bourgeois regimes into soviet socialist republics, "Comrade Stalin has said he will have no objection to such demands."[68] Some idea of the work of the three missions is given by the NKVD plan devised by Dekanozov for Lithuania, "preparatory to liquidation," dated July 7, 1940, later captured by the Germans. It provided for:

> Active abolition of the leading influence of parties hostile to the State: Nationalists, Voldemarists, Populists, Christian Democrats, Young Lithuanians, Trotskyists, Social Democrats, National Guardsmen and others. The action must be carried out simultaneously through all Lithuania on the night of 11/12 July 1940.

Elections in mid-July 1940 supervised by the NKVD produced low turnouts but satisfactory Communist majorities of 99.2 percent in Lithuania, 97.8 percent in Latvia, and 92.8 percent in Estonia. On July 21 the new assemblies requested union with the U.S.S.R. Their request was granted by the Supreme Soviet on August 3. Assisted by thousands of informers, the NKVD carried on arresting a steady stream of enemies of the people. On the night of June 14–15, 1941, alone, only a week before the German invasion of the Soviet Union, 60,000 Estonians, 34,000 Latvians, and 38,000 Lithuanians were loaded onto cattle trucks to begin several-thousand-mile journeys to Soviet prison camps. By the time the invasion began, about 4 percent of Estonians and 2 percent of Latvians and Lithuanians had been deported to distant gulags in Siberia and Uzbekhistan.[69]

On November 12, 1940, Molotov, Dekanozov, and Beria's deputy, Vsevolod Nikolayevich Merkulov, arrived in Berlin for talks on Russo-German spheres of interest. Though Dekanozov's experience of the outside world was limited to the subjugation of Lithuania, he was the best traveled of the three. For both Molotov and Merkulov it was their first trip abroad. While talks were proceeding on November 20, Stalin announced Dekanozov's appointment as ambassador to Germany.[70] On December 18 Hitler signed the now notorious secret directive number 21, Fall Barbarossa, ordering the completion by May 15, 1941, of preparations to crush Soviet Russia in a lightning offensive. Next day the Führer received Dekanozov for the first time.[71] His mood was cordial but the diminutive Dekanozov was flanked by two enormous guards specially chosen to emphasize his physical insignificance.[72] As the first former head of INO ever posted as ambassador abroad, Dekanozov was in theory the right man in the right place at a time when the Soviet Union had greater need of good intelligence from Germany than ever before in its history. But Dekanozov was not a Trilisser or Artuzov—or even a Slutsky. His sycophantic Stalinism, conspiratorial mindset, and ignorance of the outside world were to make him an accomplice in Russia's worst-ever intelligence disaster.

Throughout his period of almost seven months as ambassador in Berlin Dekanozov, like Stalin, was more concerned with imaginary British plots than with real German ones. Russo-German relations, though not without incident, caused him no serious anxiety. Soviet oil continued to flow westward to fuel the German war machine; German arms and machinery traveled east. In January 1941 the U.S.S.R. purchased the Polish district of Suwalki from Germany for $7.5 million in gold.[73] At the beginning of 1941 Hitler sent Stalin a personal letter telling him that since Central and Western Germany were "being subjected to heavy English bombing and were well observed by the English from the air," he was being forced to move large contingents of troops to the East (in preparation, he failed to add, for Operation Barbarossa).[74]

The main area of Russo-German tension was in the Balkans, where Germany's advance caused several official expressions of Soviet displeasure. On April 6 a vaguely worded Yugoslav-Soviet treaty was signed. Through not committing the Soviet Union to military support for Yugoslavia, it was greeted with a fanfare of publicity in the Russian press. On the following day Germany launched a Blitzkrieg offensive that forced the Yugoslavs to sue for peace after only eight days. Though Russia protested, Stalin went out of his way not to cause offense. During April 1941 Russian deliveries of raw materials to Germany reached their highest level since the signing of the Nazi-Soviet Pact: 208,000 tons of grain, 50,000 tons of fuel oil, 8,300 tons of cotton, 8,340 tons of metals. Russia also delivered 4,000 tons of rubber purchased in the Far East and shipped to Germany via the Trans-Siberian Railway. At the farewell ceremony for a Japanese delegation leaving Moscow in mid-April Stalin was at his most jovial with Schulenburg and the other Germans present, slapping a surprised assistant military attaché on the back and telling him, "We will be great friends with you!" At the May Day parade in Moscow Stalin put Dekanozov in the place of honor by his side on the reviewing platform above Lenin's mausoleum in Red Square.[75]

In his anxiety to avoid "provocations" that might antagonize Hitler and threaten the Nazi-Soviet Pact, Stalin imposed restrictions on intelligence work in Germany that existed nowhere else.[76] One of the priorities set by Stalin to both the NKVD and GRU residencies in Berlin was simply to discover the secret of Hitler's success: "What made the Nazi Party work, how it had trampled most of Europe underfoot." Ismail Akhmedov, a GRU officer sent to Berlin in the spring of 1941, was told by his chief that Stalin was "especially . . . interested in Hitler's source of strength," and that he should "give uncolored, unbiased reports" on this subject: a rare requirement in the era of *ugadat, ugodit, utselet*—and an indication of the strength of Stalin's interest.

Another priority of NKVD work in Berlin was to monitor the work of the GRU. The NKVD resident, Amyak Zakharovich Kobulov, enjoyed grilling GRU officers about their "legends" (cover stories) in front of their staffs. Akhmedov, who endured one such interrogation, concluded, probably correctly, that Kobulov "just wanted to see if I would make some mistake that could be used against me later."[77] The NKVD residency contained a room (found when the embassy was vacated after the German invasion) specially equipped for the interrogation, torture, and liquidation of "enemies of the people" discovered in the embassy and Soviet colony.[78] Dekanozov had overall charge of both NKVD and GRU operations, lording it over the embassy like a "little Tsar." At embassy meetings, recalled Akhmedov, "he enumerated tasks to be accomplished and matters to be aware of, then dismissed us almost peremptorily. . . . His performance was just to show who was boss."[79]

Espionage run from the Berlin embassy was kept on a tight rein. The NKVD seems to have had no agents of any significance. The GRU resident in the Soviet Trade Delegation, Aleksandr Erdberg (whose real name may have been Sergei Kudryavtsev, later to reappear in countries as far apart as Canada and Cambodia),[80] limited himself to recruiting a few carefully chosen members of the Communist underground, whom he encouraged to recruit their own rings of agents, and to maintaining contact, through a cut-out (intermediary), with Rudolf von Scheliha, the German diplomat recruited in Warsaw in 1937. His two key recruits from the Communist underground were Arvid Harnack and Harro Schulze-Boysen. Harnack was born in 1901, the son of a well-known historian and the nephew of an equally celebrated philosopher, and became a Marxist in the mid-1920s. During a visit to the Soviet Union in 1932 he met Kuusinen and Pyatnitsky and agreed to cooperate with the Comintern underground. In 1933 he joined the German Economics Ministry and progressed to the senior post of Oberregierungsrat. His contacts with Soviet intelligence were, however, intermittent until he was recruited by Erdberg late in 1940. A fellow member of the Communist underground, Reinhold Schönbrunn, later said of him:

> Fanatical, rigid, industrious, conspicuously energetic and efficient, Harnack was not precisely a likable person, not a jolly good fellow; always serious, he had little sense of humour, and we, his colleagues, did not feel at ease in his presence. There was something of the puritan in this man, something narrow and doctrinaire. But he was extremely devoted.[81]

Schulze-Boysen, Erdberg's other leading recruit, had a quite different personality. Leopold Trepper, "grand chef" of the wartime Rote Kapelle (Red Orchestra) espionage network, found him "as passionate and hot-headed as Arvid Harnack was calm and reflective."[82] Though born into a family of aristocrats, Schulze-Boysen became a Communist in 1933 at the age of twenty-four. He was briefly imprisoned by the Gestapo after the Nazi conquest of power, but his family used its influence to gain his release. Family influence also helped him make a career as an intelligence officer in Goering's air ministry. A German counterintelligence report later dated his "proven treasonable activity" from 1936 when through an intermediary he provided the Soviet embassy in Berlin with secret plans for military operations against the Spanish Republican government. But it was not until Harnack introduced him to Erdberg early in 1941 that Schulze-Boysen was finally recruited as a GRU agent.[83]

Among the agents whom Schulze-Boysen recruited through his air ministry contacts were Luftwaffe Colonel Erwin Gehrts, one of those responsible for officer training; Johann Graudenz of the Messerschmitt factories; Horst Heilmann, who in 1941 at the age of eighteen enlisted in the cipher section of the high command with access to Abwehr communications; and Luftwaffe Lieutenant Herbert Gollnow, who later became head of a section organizing parachute drops behind Soviet lines. In May or June 1941 Erdberg supplied Harnack and Schulze-Boysen with wireless transmitters for their groups of agents. The sets failed to work. After the German attack on Russia, Harnack and Schulze-Boysen were forced to send their intelligence by courier to Belgium and Scandinavia for transmission to Moscow.[84]

Neither the Harnack nor the Schulze-Boysen group of agents followed orthodox intelligence tradecraft. Many of the agents knew of each other's activities and continued to work together in the Communist underground. Stalin's restrictions on intelligence work in Germany made it impossible to give each agent an individual controller and to set up relatively secure espionage networks entirely separate from the political resistance to Nazi rule.

In addition to developing the Harnack and Schulze-Boysen groups, Erdberg also maintained contact with the diplomat Rudolf von Scheliha, who was transferred in August 1939 from the Warsaw embassy to the information section of the German foreign ministry. By attending the daily meetings of the ministry's department chiefs, von Scheliha was able to keep Moscow informed of the general development of Nazi foreign policy. Ilse Stöbe, the mistress of Rudolf Herrnstadt, who had recruited von Scheliha in Warsaw, succeeded in obtaining a job in the ministry's press department, which gave her regular pretexts to meet the Tass representative in Berlin. He in turn passed von Scheliha's intelligence to the Soviet embassy, where, in all probability, it was handled by Erdberg. Von Scheliha's motives remained purely mercenary; in February 1941 Stöbe brought him 30,000 marks. The strain on Stöbe was even greater than on von Scheliha; she contracted a venereal disease and her health steadily deteriorated.[85]

After the fall of France and the Low Countries Trepper's network began for the first time to produce high-grade intelligence on German troop movements. Trepper moved his headquarters to German-occupied Paris and set up new businesses to provide commercial cover: Simexco in Brussels and Simex in Paris. Simex, with offices on the Champs Élysées, did extensive business with the nearby Paris headquarters of the Todt Organization, which supervised all construction and fortification work for the Wehrmacht. It was through an anti-Nazi engineer in the Todt Organization, Ludwig Kainz, that in the spring of 1941 Trepper obtained, and forwarded to GRU headquarters, his first warning of Operation Barbarossa. It was one of an increasing number of warnings of preparations for a German attack received by Moscow.[86]

The intelligence chief with whom Stalin most frequently discussed these warnings was Lieutenant General Filipp Ivanovich Golikov who, in July 1940, at the age of forty, became director of the GRU (the wartime successor of the Fourth Department). Golikov was the wrong man for the job. He had been chosen for his political reliability and military efficiency, most recently demonstrated when commanding the Sixth Army during the occupation of Poland, but had no previous posting in military intelligence. One of his officers, the future defector Ismail Akhmedov, later wrote of him:

> Although resplendent in the full uniform of a lieutenant-general of the Red Army, he did not cut much of a figure. He was short, no more than five feet two inches. He was stocky. He was completely bald. His face was rather unpleasantly flushed. The power of the man was quickly apparent, however, in his eyes. They were not remarkable for size, but they were steely blue and terribly penetrating when directed at another person.[87]

Golikov instructed his officers to develop "mutual understanding and cooperation" with the NKVD, a formula that GRU residencies interpreted as acceptance of their supervision by the more powerful NKVD. In September 1940 he told a meeting of his six operational division chiefs that he had instructions from Stalin and Malenkov to carry out a further purge of GRU residencies: "too many had been too long abroad, had too many foreign contacts, and were therefore security risks." Ismail Akhmedov, one of the divisional chiefs charged with carrying out the purge, went through the files looking for victims:

> Sometimes I was fortunate and found some luckless souls who had actual deficiencies or slip-ups against them and would have been ousted sooner or later. In the main, however, I had to rely on the formula of too much association with the West.[88]

After a lengthy meeting with Stalin in December 1940 Golikov summoned a conference of his entire top staff. His address to them reflected his dogmatic but committed Stalinism, and his crude grasp of international relations. Golikov described the Nazi-Soviet Pact as purely temporary, "a product of the dialectical genius of our Comrade Stalin." The prospects of a German attack were, however, slim. Britain, like France, would soon be defeated and her empire divided between Germany and Japan. The United States, "the heartland of classic capitalism," would then attack Germany in order to try to save the British Empire from total collapse. "Meanwhile the Soviet Union would wait patiently until the time came to fulfill its future role. Once the capitalists were bleeding and exhausted, we would liberate the world."[89]

Though most of the warnings of Operation Barbarossa generated by Soviet intelligence came from the GRU, copies also went to the NKVD or, from February 1941, to the newly founded NKGB. On February 3, 1941, the security and intelligence section of the NKVD, the former OGPU, was separated from it, to be reborn as the NKGB (Narodny Kommissariat Gosudarstvennoy Bezopasnosti, or People's Commissariat of State Security). Its head was another member of Beria's Georgian mafia, Vsevolod Nikolayevich Merkulov. After spending the decade from 1921 to 1931 in, successively, the Cheka, GPU, and OGPU, Merkulov had engaged in "party work" in Georgia for the next seven years before becoming Beria's first deputy in December 1938.[90]

Beneath Merkulov's dogmatic and brutal Stalinism lurked the decaying remnants of an idealistic Chekist, who had sacrificed most of his ideals as the price of survival during the Terror. Like Stalin, he was convinced that "sooner or later there will be a clash between the Communist bear and the Western bulldog. . . . Our healthy, socially strong, young idea, the idea of Lenin and Stalin, will be the victor!"[91] He once composed the scenario for a Stalinist morality film, in which the hero and heroine, victorious over the evils of capitalism, drove their new cooperative threshing machine into a crimson Soviet sunset. The Hungarian statesman Nicholas Nyaradi, who had to negotiate with Merkulov after the war, found him:

> A paradox: a man of great kindness and bestial cruelty, one who is in deadly earnest while being quite witty. He has the patience of Job and yet he chain-smokes 40 to 50 cigarettes during a business day. A man of such prominence that Russian ambassadors stand to attention in his presence, Merkulov is always diffident, a shy smile playing about his lips as he speaks. Merkulov was the man who [after the war] personally supervised the liquidation of nearly two million Estonians, Lithuanians and Latvians with heartless efficiency; but, like a gangster who bursts into tears at the strains of Brahms' "Lullaby," he has that typical Russian sentimentality about children, and, after I knew him better, he once showed me with welling eyes a photo of his soldier son.[92]

Despite what Nyaradi considered Merkulov's "gigantic intellect," in his relations with Stalin he did not deviate from the maxim *ugadat, ugodit, utselet.*

Within the newly established NKGB, INO was raised in status from a "department" to a "directorate," becoming the Inostrannoye Upravlenie or INU. The young head of INU, Pavel Mikhailovich Fitin, had succeeded Dekanozov as the last head of INO in 1940. Fitin was one of the ablest of a group of two hundred young Communists with university degrees chosen by the Central Committee at the end of 1938 to step into the shoes of liquidated NKVD officers.[93] Though prudent in the extreme, Fitin's instincts on the submission of intelligence analyses to Stalin were at least marginally less servile than those of Merkulov. Fitin's portrait, unlike those of his three predecessors as head of INO, Slutsky, Shpigelglas, and Dekanozov, hangs today, with an accompanying eulogy, on the wall of the First Chief Directorate Memory Room.[94]

Fitin received intelligence reports from GRU as well as NKGB residencies, but until the German invasion of June 22, 1941, was less influential than Golikov, the head of the GRU. Neither Fitin nor Golikov, however, was remotely as influential in assessing the German threat as Stalin himself. His Soviet biographer Dmitri Volkogonov concludes that "until the last moment Stalin relied on his own perspicacity and powers of prophecy."[95] His faith in his own perspicacity enabled him to dismiss most intelligence that failed to conform to his conspiracy theories.

A detailed study published in 1973 concluded that Moscow received eighty-four separate "warnings" of the plans for a German invasion. A similar study today would probably raise the total to over a hundred. Golikov claimed after the war that "Soviet military intelligence had trustworthy and tested sources for obtaining secret information on a whole series of countries, including Germany itself."[96] Before the German surprise attack on June 22, 1941, however, Golikov did not trust most of these sources. His intelligence assessments were always in two parts: the first dealt with intelligence "from reliable sources," the second with that from "doubtful sources." Golikov appears to have put most of the warnings of a German surprise attack in the second category.[97] Fitin seems to have been less skeptical. He later claimed that he had prepared a report on the reliability of the sources but that Merkulov had refused to sign it and submit it to Stalin. "Up there at the top," he is alleged to have told Fitin, "they [i.e., Stalin] know how to analyze it [intelligence] better than we do."[98]

On March 21, 1941, Golikov sent Stalin a report on the series of intelligence warnings of German plans for a surprise attack. But he concluded that such an attack was improbable until Germany had either defeated England or made peace with her: "Rumors and documents to the effect that war against the U.S.S.R. is inevitable this spring should be regarded as misinformation coming from the English or perhaps even the German intelligence service."[99] Marshal Zhukov, then chief of staff, later claimed that Golikov's reports went exclusively to Stalin: "[He] made no reports to anyone else, not even to the chief of staff or the commissar for defense, Marshal Timoshenko." Though this claim was probably exaggerated, neither Zhukov nor Timoshenko had access to much of the intelligence that pointed to a German attack. Golikov has been accused by Soviet historians such as Vyacheslav Dashichev of writing his reports "so as to please Stalin."[100] The probability is, however, that Golikov's reports were based on conviction as well as sycophancy. He had been chosen as director of the GRU in July 1940, despite his lack of intelligence experience, because he was a reliable Stalinist who shared Stalin's belief in a British plot to embroil him with Hitler.

Stalin's suspicions of a British plot were strengthened by

Churchill's attempts to warn him of Hitler's intentions. Of all Western statesmen Winston Churchill was probably the one Stalin mistrusted most. He remembered him as the evil genius who had preached an anti-Bolshevik crusade in the Civil War, sought to sabotage negotiations for the Anglo-Soviet trade agreement, and led the campaign within the British cabinet to break off diplomatic relations in 1927. Now that Churchill was back in power, Stalin believed that he was inevitably hatching some new anti-Soviet plot.

Probably the first serious warning of plans for a German attack on Russia was contained in a letter dated June 25, 1940, from Churchill to Stalin, personally delivered by the new British ambassador Sir Stafford Cripps on July 1. Churchill's warning was based not as yet on secret intelligence but on an accurate assessment of Hitler's future strategy. Stalin, however, saw the letter as evidence not of a German but of a British plot to provoke a Russo-German war. On Stalin's instructions Molotov handed Schulenburg, the German ambassador, a note informing him of the British warning. This was the first of a number of British and American warnings that Stalin passed on to the Germans, apparently fearing that if he failed to do so Hitler might suspect him of colluding with his enemies.[101]

In September 1940 the NKVD acquired a remarkable new insight into British government policy when John Cairncross became private secretary to Lord Hankey, then chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.[102] Hankey had longer experience of both the cabinet and Whitehall committees than anyone else in British public life. From 1912 to 1938 he had served as secretary of the Committee of Imperial Defence, and from 1916 to 1938 as secretary of the cabinet and many cabinet committees. On the outbreak of war in September 1939, Hankey became minister without portfolio in Chamberlain's war cabinet, numbering among his responsibilities the intelligence services, on which he wrote two long reports. When Churchill succeeded Chamberlain in May 1940, Hankey lost his place in the War Cabinet (initially only five strong) but retained his ministerial rank as chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, continuing to receive all cabinet papers, to chair many secret committees, and to oversee the intelligence services.[103]

Too many government papers passed through Cairncross's hands, as Hankey's private secretary, for him to pass more than a minority of them to the NKVD. But Dmitri Svetanko, head of the British desk in the Center in the late 1970s and early 1980s, told Gordievsky that Cairncross had provided "literally tons of documents."[104] One of the first was probably the third of Hankey's six-monthly "War Appreciations," dated September 1940, which correctly forecast that German plans to invade Britain would fail and give way to a U-boat war against British shipping.

Among the committees chaired by Hankey which must have been of particular interest to the NKVD was the Scientific Advisory Committee, composed of some of Britain's most distinguished scientists, which met for the first time in October 1940 to coordinate the application of science to the war effort. Cairncross kept careful watch over Hankey's continued access to top-secret War Cabinet papers. When new War Cabinet regulations in June 1941 limited the circulation of diplomatic telegrams to Hankey, Cairncross as well as Hankey complained personally to the Foreign Office. The restrictions were quickly lifted.[105]

Information from War Cabinet papers and other intelligence provided by Cairncross and other Soviet agents did nothing to persuade Stalin that Churchill's warnings of a German invasion of Russia proceeded from genuine alarm rather than a Machiavellian plot to embroil him with Hitler.

On April 3, 1941, Churchill drafted an urgent warning to Stalin of preparations for a German invasion, based on "Ultra" intelligence from decrypted German communications, which he disguised as "sure information from a trusted agent." This message, wrote Churchill later, was intended to have "special significance and arrest Stalin's attention." Cripps, the ambassador in Moscow, accurately feared that Stalin would regard it as a provocation. To Churchill's fury he did not deliver it to Vyshinsky for forwarding to Stalin until April 19. Stalin's reaction then was exactly as Cripps had feared. Thereafter, he complained, "Not only Stalin but even Molotov avoided me like grim death. Stalin . . . did not *want* to have anything to do with Churchill, so alarmed was he lest the Germans find out."[106]

Stalin tended to see all warnings of a German attack, whatever their source, as further evidence of a British conspiracy. On April 17 the GRU resident in Prague sent a warning of an attack by Hitler during the second half of June, based on intelligence obtained from senior German officers in Czechoslovakia by the chief engineer of the Skoda works, a source who had already established his reliability. The report was sent to Stalin with a note on the source. He returned it with the comment scrawled across it in red ink: "English provocation. Investigate! Stalin."[107]

Stalin's belief in a deep-laid British plot to embroil him with Hitler was encouraged by the Germans. One of the deception methods used by the German high command to conceal preparations for Barbarossa was to claim that rumors of a German attack probably derived from a British attempt "to poison the wells."[108] This conspiracy theory was further reinforced by the mysterious flight to Scotland of Hitler's deranged deputy, Rudolf Hess, on May 10, 1941. Hess, it was believed, had been strongly influenced by a professor of geopolitics, Karl Haushofer, who had for many years advocated an Anglo-German alliance against the Soviet Union. Taken aback by Hess's unexpected and bizarre arrival, the British government maintained an embarrassed silence, which served only to strengthen Soviet suspicions that it was plotting with him. Stalin "was convinced that England was instigating Germany to attack the U.S.S.R. and that secret negotiations were in progress in London on the basis of Hess's proposals."[109] In reality Hess revealed nothing about plans for Operation Barbarossa. He insisted, on the contrary, that there was "no foundation for the rumors now being spread that Hitler is contemplating an early attack on Russia." The purpose of his mission, he claimed, was to make peace between Britain and Germany. Both sides correctly concluded that he was mentally disturbed.[110] Stalin did not.

Though the conspiracy theory uppermost in Stalin's mind until Operation Barbarossa began was that of a British plot, he increasingly suspected a German plot as well—though not one that aimed at a surprise attack. Stalin's suspicions of a bizarre German plot were strengthened by a remarkable secret warning from the German ambassador Count von der Schulenburg. Early in June Schulenburg invited Dekanozov, then on a brief visit to Moscow, to a private lunch at his residence. The only others present were Gustav Hilger, the embassy counselor, and V. N. Pavlov, the translator for Stalin and Molotov. Hilger's later claim that Schulenburg used the lunch to warn Dekanozov of the plan for a German surprise attack was dismissed by most of the Soviet historical establishment (though not by all Soviet historians) during the Brezhnev era as a "fantastic invention."[111] In 1988, however, a Soviet journal published an account of the lunch written over twenty years later by the retired KGB officer Ernst Henri, apparently based on an interview with Pavlov and confirming that Schulenburg had given a warning.[112] An article by the historian Georgi Kumanev published in *Pravda* in 1989 added further information obtained from Anastas Mikoyan. According to Mikoyan, Schulenburg told Dekanozov:

> It is possible that nothing like this has happened in the history of diplomacy, but I am going to reveal to you our state secret number one. . . . Hitler has taken the decision to begin war against the Soviet Union on June 22. You will ask me why I am doing this. I was raised in the spirit of Bismarck, who was always an opponent of war with Russia.

Dekanozov suspected a provocation but passed the message to Stalin, who told the Politburo: "Disinformation has now reached ambassadorial level!"[113] Ernst Henri was probably right to conclude that "Stalin considered the German ambassador's information was no more than a cunning move on Hitler's part aimed at forcing him to make new concessions to the Germans."[114] As it became increasingly difficult to hide German troop movements to the east, German intelligence deliberately spread rumors that Hitler was preparing to issue an ultimatum, backed by some display of military might, demanding new concessions from the Soviet Union. It was the illusory threat of that ultimatum rather than the real threat of a surprise attack that increasingly worried Stalin. He was not alone. A succession of foreign statesmen and newspaper correspondents were also taken in by the rumors of a German ultimatum in the offing.[115]

The most important warnings of a German surprise attack that came through Soviet intelligence were those from Sorge and the networks inside Germany. After two messages forecasting a German attack at the end of May, Sorge reported on May 19: "Nine armies consisting of 150 divisions will be concentrated against the U.S.S.R."[116] The warning outraged Stalin. Sorge, he said angrily, was "a shit who has set himself up with some small factories and brothels in Japan." The GRU's reply to Sorge's warning was a curt "We doubt the veracity of your information." Sorge's radio operator, Max Clausen, was with him when the message arrived. "Those wretches!" Sorge shouted. "How can they ignore our message!" He strode around the room, clutching his head in his hands so ferociously that Clausen had the impression he might almost literally blow his top.

The tension of the next month as Sorge sought vainly to persuade Moscow of a danger it refused to accept drove him to the edge of a nervous breakdown. Hitherto, his mistress, Hanako Miyake, had found him a considerate, sensitive lover. On one occasion during his *dialogue des sourds* with Moscow, he came home half drunk, seized her in his study, and made love so violently that she buried her face in her hands. On another occasion Hanako was astonished to find Sorge lying on a couch, tears streaming down his face. "I am lonely," he told her.

According to the authorized Soviet hagiography, *Comrade Sorge,* he reported on June 15: "The war will begin on June 22." After his arrest by the Japanese, however, Sorge never claimed to have pinpointed the exact date. The nearest he came seems to have been June 20. Unknown to Sorge, Clausen had become disillusioned with espionage and a grudging admirer of Hitler's achievements. For some time he had not been transmitting all Sorge's reports. "I received many manuscripts from Sorge saying that war would undoubtedly break out," Clausen claimed after his arrest. "But I sent out only a little from those manuscripts. I don't remember sending a message foretelling the time of the outbreak of war."[117]

According to a KGB-approved Soviet historian, the "most important" of the final warnings of a German attack was received in Moscow on the evening of June 16, 1941 from "two of our intelligence groups in Berlin"—probably those of Harnack and Schulze-Boysen.

> All Germany's military measures preparatory to an armed attack on the Soviet Union have been fully completed and the blow may be expected at any time. . . . Hungary will take an active part in the hostilities on the side of Germany. A wing of German aircraft consisting mainly of fighters has been deployed on Hungarian airfields.

At noon the following day Merkulov and Fitin were summoned to Stalin's presence. They found Stalin alone in his office. As soon as they entered, he addressed Fitin: "Chief of Intelligence, there's no need to repeat the special report, I have read it closely. Tell me what sort of sources are reporting this, where they work, how reliable they are, and how they are able to obtain such secret information." As Fitin replied, Stalin paced his office, occasionally firing further questions. After Fitin had finished his explanations, Stalin continued for some time walking up and down, drawing on his pipe. Finally he turned to Fitin. "Look here, Chief of Intelligence," he said, "there are no Germans who can be trusted, except for Wilhelm Pieck.* Is that clear?" "That's clear, Comrade Stalin," replied Fitin. What was clear to Fitin was that Stalin suspected that the Berlin sources were Nazi Party members and Wehrmacht officers supplying deliberate disinformation. Stalin told him to recheck the intelligence and report back. Fitin dutifully prepared a detailed telegram to the NKVD residency in Berlin asking for "clarification of a number of questions." Before the residency had time to reply the German attack had begun.[118]

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*Wilhelm Pieck (1876–1960) was one of the few members of the KPD leadership in Moscow to survive the Terror. After the war he became joint president of the East German Communist Party (SED) and president of the German Democratic Republic.

Last-minute warning of the German attack also came from Trepper in France. General Susloparov, the Russian military attaché to the French Vichy regime, who forwarded Trepper's reports to the GRU in Moscow, was usually skeptical of his intelligence. According to Trepper, "Every time I had handed him information on the preparations for war against the Soviet Union, he had patted me on the shoulder condescendingly and said, 'My poor fellow, I will send your dispatches, but only to make you happy.' " Trepper later claimed that when he reported on June 21 that the attack would begin on the following day, Susloparov told him: "You're completely mistaken. Only today I met the Japanese military attaché, who had just arrived from Berlin. He assures me that Germany is not preparing for war. We can depend on him." Early next morning Trepper was wakened by the manager of his hotel, shouting in his ear, "It's happened! Germany is at war with the Soviet Union!"[119]

Though there was a peculiar perversity and intensity about the refusal of Stalin and his chief advisers to take warnings of a German surprise attack at their face value, many foreign statesmen and intelligence analysts also misread Hitler's intentions in varying degrees. As late as May 23, 1941, one day short of a month before the German invasion, the Joint Intelligence Committee (JIC) in London was still arguing that "The advantages to Germany of concluding an agreement with the U.S.S.R. are overwhelming."[120] One of the reasons for Stalin's persistent personal distrust of Churchill was intelligence from NKGB penetration agents revealing that Whitehall's assessment of the German threat to Russia differed markedly from that contained in Churchill's dramatic warnings of impending invasion.[121] Even when Whitehall as a whole came round to the view at the beginning of June that Germany was making preparations for an attack, it still expected Hitler to issue an ultimatum backed up by the threat of force rather than launch a surprise attack. Not until June 12, only ten days before the invasion began, did the JIC finally conclude that "Hitler has made up his mind to have done with Soviet obstructions and intends to attack her."[122]

The JIC, however, was more prescient than most foreign observers. The Japanese high command, foreign minister, and ambassador in Moscow all believed that reports of German preparations for an attack on Russia were simply designed to camouflage plans for an invasion of Britain. Ironically, the telegrams of Oshima, the Japanese ambassador in Berlin, which correctly predicted a German invasion, were read with more attention in Washington (which succeeded in decrypting them) than in Tokyo. But even in Washington some senior members of the administration were taken aback by the beginning of Operation Barbarossa on June 22.[123]

Stalin, curiously, trusted Hitler more than Hitler's generals, who, he feared, had become intoxicated by their astonishing run of Blitzkrieg victories. During the few days immediately before, and the hours after, the German attack, Stalin's judgment was affected by a third conspiracy theory. While still suspicious of a British plot to embroil him with Hitler and of a plot by Hitler to present an ultimatum demanding Soviet concessions, Stalin became preoccupied by the equally mistaken theory of a provocation being prepared by Hitler's intoxicated generals. According to Marshal N. N. Voronov, Stalin believed that "war between fascist Germany and the Soviet Union could occur only as a result of provocations on the part of the fascist militarists, and he feared these provocations most of all."[124] *Provokatsia* played a central role in the conspiratorial Stalinist world view. Like Stalin himself, Golikov, Beria, and most Soviet intelligence officers saw provocation as an inevitable tool of the unending conspiracy by capitalist powers against the Soviet state. If the U.S.S.R. allowed itself to be provoked on issues chosen by its capitalist opponents, it played into their hands and temporarily lost control of the march of history.

As reports of German troop movements multiplied on the eve of the invasion, Stalin visibly vacillated between the need, on the one hand, to bring Soviet forces to war readiness and, on the other hand, to avoid the (imaginary) provocations of German generals. On the evening of June 21–22 Stalin telephoned General I. V. Tyulenev, commander of the Moscow Military District, and ordered the combat readiness of the Moscow anti-aircraft defenses to be brought up to 75 percent. But soon afterward he told Marshal Timoshenko, the defense commissar: "We are starting a panic for nothing." When told that a German deserter had brought news that the attack was to begin the next day, Stalin ordered him to be shot for attempting to spread "disinformation."

Half an hour after midnight on June 22, three hours before

Barbarossa began, the Defense Commissariat finally issued a directive placing the armed forces on a state of combat readiness (though the directive failed to reach some military districts until after the attack began). But commanders who asked whether they should open fire if German troops crossed the border were told: "Don't give in to provocation, and don't open fire." Even after the invasion had started, Timoshenko telephoned General Boldin, deputy commander of the Western Special Military District, to inform him: "You must not take any actions against the Germans without our knowledge. . . . Comrade Stalin does not permit the opening of artillery fire on the Germans." Boldin shouted into the receiver: "How can that be? Our troops are being forced to retreat. Cities are burning, people are dying." Not till 7:15 A.M. did the Defense Commissariat order Soviet forces on to the offensive. Even then Stalin clung to the belief that what was happening was not the beginning of a war but a "provocation" by German generals.

Only at noon was the fiction of a provocation abandoned. In public Stalin stayed silent, but Molotov told the Soviet people in a radio broadcast that they were now at war. The eight hours since Barbarossa had begun had been spent by Stalin trying desperately to prevent the "provocation" from turning into war. He bombarded the German foreign ministry with radio messages; he sought the help of Japanese "mediation" to bring the "crisis" to an end. The German invaders meanwhile had secured all the railway and road bridges against which they attempted *coups de main,* struck at sixty-six Soviet airfields, destroying a thousand aircraft on the ground, and begun a rapid advance along a 930-mile front.[125]

With the largest foreign intelligence network in history, the Soviet Union suffered in the early hours of June 22, 1941, the greatest intelligence disaster of the Second World War. The disaster derived not from any shortage of intelligence but from the analysis and use made of it. The surprise achieved by the German invasion was made possible both by the nature of the Soviet intelligence system and by the personal failings of the dictator at the head of it. In Whitehall the patient examination of intelligence reports through the committee system eventually turned the belief that Germany saw the "overwhelming" advantages of reaching agreement with Russia into the recognition that Hitler had decided to attack. In Moscow the whole system of intelligence assessment was dominated by the fearful sycophancy encapsulated in the formula *ugadat, ugodit, utselet.*

But the failures of the system are not a sufficient explanation for the sheer perversity of Stalin's role as his own chief intelligence analyst. He was distracted from the immense threat posed by the German invasion by three nonexistent plots: by the British to embroil him with Hitler, by Hitler to present him with an ultimatum, and by German generals to provoke him into firing on their advancing armies. Imaginary conspiracies blinded him to the real conspiracy of Operation Barbarossa. As Cardinal de Retz had written in the seventeenth century, "The most distrustful persons are often the biggest dupes."

8

The Great Patriotic War (1941–45)

Barbarossa was the mightiest invasion in military history. The Wehrmacht, boasted Hitler, would be victorious before winter set in: "We have only to kick in the door and the whole rotten edifice will come crashing down." At first it seemed that Hitler might be right. His forces advanced at fifty miles a day, sweeping all before them even more rapidly than in the Blitzkriegs in Western Europe. The Soviet Union also faced the terrifying prospect of a simultaneous Japanese attack in the East. Sorge reported from Tokyo that Ribbentrop was urging the German embassy to persuade the Japanese to break their treaty of neutrality with the Soviet Union concluded only three months before Barbarossa began. "Do everything," Ribbentrop instructed, "to rouse the Japanese to begin war against Russia. . . . The quicker this happens the better. Our goal remains to shake hands with the Japanese on the Trans-Siberian Railway before the beginning of winter."

Initially opinions were divided within the Japanese government and high command between the "northern solution" (war with the Soviet Union) and the "southern solution" (war with Britain and the United States). Sorge was able to keep Moscow informed, chiefly from intelligence obtained by Ozaki, as the supporters of the "southern solution" gained the upper hand. On August 15 he reported that war before the winter season had been ruled out because of the "excessive strain on the Japanese economy." But despite receiving belated thanks for his neglected warnings about Barbarossa, Sorge later claimed that his increasingly reassuring reports on Japan's intentions did not finally convince Moscow until the end of September. His radio message then that "The Soviet Far East can be considered safe from Japanese attack," prompted a special message of thanks from Moscow. In October Stalin set about moving half his Far Eastern Command to fight the Germans in the West. Sorge's final message to Moscow was a request to be recalled home or sent to Germany now that the threat of Japanese attack had disappeared. The message was never sent. On October 18 Sorge was arrested; so, within the space of a few days, were thirty-five members of his spy ring. According to the Japanese security police officer in charge of surveillance before his arrest, Sorge spent his last night at liberty sleeping with the wife of the German ambassador.[1]

All existing accounts of the intelligence on Japanese intentions supplied by Sorge's spy ring after the beginning of Barbarossa are based on one false assumption. Sorge's intelligence was not, as has been generally believed, unique. At least some of it came simultaneously in sigint derived from intercepted Japanese diplomatic telegrams. Indeed it was probably the corroboration provided by sigint that finally won Sorge the full confidence of Moscow only three weeks before his arrest by the Japanese security police. After Sorge's arrest, sigint continued to provide reassurance about Japan's intentions. A decrypted telegram of November 27, 1941, from Tokyo to the Berlin embassy (probably copied to the Moscow embassy), instructed the Japanese ambassador: "See Hitler and Ribbentrop, and explain to them in secret our relations with the United States. . . . Explain to Hitler that the main Japanese efforts will be concentrated in the south and that we propose to refrain from deliberate operations in the north."[2]

The greatest wartime successes of Soviet cryptanalysts were against Japanese codes and ciphers. In February 1941, the *Spets-Otdel* sigint unit had been integrated into a new NKGB (later NKVD) Fifth (Cipher) Directorate. At the heart of the directorate was a Research Section responsible for the main cryptanalytic attack on foreign code and cipher systems. The chief Japanese specialist in the Research Section, S. Tolstoy, became the most decorated Soviet cryptanalyst of the war, receiving two orders of Lenin. His principal assistants were Professor Shumski, a Japanese linguist, Colonel Gerasim Balasanov, Colonel Kotelnikov, and an Armenian called Kasparov. Tolstoy himself died shortly after victory. The successes of his group allowed the Fifth Directorate to take over from the GRU responsibility for decrypting at least some Japanese military communications. One of the tasks of the first section of the Fifth Directorate was to monitor the traffic of the Japanese Kwantung Army to detect any preparations for an attack on the Soviet Far East.[3]

The reassurance about Japanese intentions provided by Sorge and the Fifth Directorate enabled Stalin to shift to the West half the divisional strength of the Far Eastern command. During October and November 1941 between eight and ten rifle divisions, together with a thousand tanks and a thousand aircraft were flung into the fight against Germany.[4] They arrived at the most critical moment of the war. On October 2 Hitler began Operation Typhoon, the attack on Moscow, which he described as "the last great decisive battle of the war." Two days later he told an exultant crowd in the Berlin Sportpalast: "The enemy has already been routed and will never regain his strength!" But Moscow never fell. The defense of the Soviet state was transformed into a Holy War for Mother Russia. Stalin became the symbol of national unity against a brutal invader. Though government offices and diplomatic missions were evacuated in mid-October to Kuybyshev on the Volga, Stalin stayed in the Kremlin. "Stalin is with us!" became the rallying cry of the defenders of Moscow. Surkov's "A Soldier's Oath" caught the mood of the people:

> Stalin has told me that the battle will be hard and bloody, but that victory will be mine. For my heart is burning with the tears of women and children. Hitler and his hordes will pay for those tears with their wolves' blood. I shoot without missing, for my bullet flies from my heart.[5]

The defenders of Moscow and Leningrad, however, never suspected that Stalin's main aim in October 1941 was not to lead the Red Army in heroic resistance but to use the NKVD to seek a negotiated peace with Hitler.

On October 7 Georgi Zhukov, the ablest of the senior Red Army commanders, was summoned to Stalin's office in the Kremlin, where he found Stalin alone with Beria. Both were convinced that the Red Army was facing defeat.[6] Beria by now had direct control once again over the whole of the intelligence and security empire he had inherited from Yezhov. In July 1941 the NKGB was reabsorbed into the NKVD and did not reemerge as a separate agency until April 1943. War consolidated Beria's position as the most powerful security chief in Soviet history, with a seat on the five-man State Defense Committee (with Stalin, Molotov, Voroshilov, and Malenkov) formed after the German attack.[7]

Beria stayed silent as Stalin told Zhukov that the Red Army was not strong enough to resist the German attack on Moscow. It had become necessary to follow Lenin's example of March 1918, when, faced with no realistic alternative, he had signed the humiliating peace of Brest-Litovsk with Germany. Turning to Beria, Stalin instructed him to find ways of negotiating another "Brest peace" with Germany—even at the cost of losing the Baltic States, Byelorussia, Moldavia, and part of the Ukraine. NKVD agents chosen by Beria asked the Bulgarian ambassador in Moscow, Stotenov, to act as intermediary. Stotenov agreed but his overtures to the Germans were brushed aside.[8]

Even while the fate of Moscow hung in the balance, Beria was still continuing his purge of the high command. On the night of October 15–16 the central apparatus of the NKVD was evacuated to Kuybyshev, along with the most senior officers then being interrogated in the cellars of the Lubyanka. Three hundred others, for whom there was no transport, were shot. Interrogation of the survivors continued in Kuybyshev. After his arrest in 1953, Beria admitted: "Merciless beatings were administered; it was a real mincing machine." All save General A. D. Loktionov, who heroically resisted all tortures, confessed to the imaginary crimes of which the NKVD accused them. In the words of the Soviet military historian Lieutenant General Nikolai Pavlenko, "Hundreds of high-ranking military specialists awaited their death while at the same time regiments at the front were being commanded by lieutenants." Some of the commanders taken to Kuybyshev were shot on October 28. But then Stalin suddenly brought Beria's interrogations to an end. The two most senior imprisoned commanders, General K. A. Meretskov, former chief of the General Staff, and General B. L. Vannikov, former commissar for ammunition, were among those released and rehabilitated despite their admission of imaginary crimes.[9]

The suspension of the NKVD purge of the high command coincided with, even if it did not cause, a change in the fortunes of war. Moscow did not fall. Confident that the Red Army would be crushed before autumn ended, Hitler had boasted, "There will be no winter campaign." Without winter clothing, his forces froze. Even in field hospitals, wounded and frostbitten soldiers died from the cold. In December Zhukov launched a counterattack outside Moscow, which drove the enemy back and put the Wehrmacht on the defensive for the first time in the war. His victory made him a popular hero. Zhukov, however, was acutely aware that Stalin viewed his popularity with an evil eye. He said later: "I belong to that small number of military leaders who were never subjected to arrest, but the threat of it hung over my head for [the next] half a decade." Zhukov believed that the arrest in 1942 of his operations officer, Major General V. S. Golushkevich, was Stalin's way of reminding him that he was not beyond the reach of the NKVD.[10]

Soviet accounts of the underground resistance groups in Germany led by Harro Schulze-Boysen and Arvid Harnack emphasize the contribution of the intelligence they supplied in helping to stem the German invasion:

> Starting in the autumn of 1941, the heroic members of the underground began to supply valuable information to the Soviet high command. Schulze-Boysen's work in the intelligence division of Luftwaffe headquarters and his wide contacts in military circles, including the Abwehr, made it possible for him to obtain extremely important information about the Hitlerites' plans.[11]

Schulze-Boysen and Harnack were arrested by the Gestapo on, respectively, August 30 and September 3, 1942. By December 22, when they were executed in Berlin, over eighty members of their networks had been rounded up. Though their most important penetrations were probably in the Luftwaffe, the Air Ministry, the War Ministry, and the high commands of the armed services, other contacts of varying importance were also established with the Propaganda Ministry, Foreign Office, Berlin City Government, Office for Racial Policy, and the German Office for the Protection of Labor. A Nazi Security Police and Security Service inquiry concluded, with Teutonic thoroughness, that the occupations of those arrested were:

29%	academics and students
21%	authors, journalists, and artists
20%	professional soldiers, civil servants, and government officials

17% wartime recruits to the armed forces
13% artisans and laborers[12]

Soviet accounts have tended to exaggerate the value of the intelligence supplied by the Schulze-Boysen and Harnack networks in order to stress the significance of the Communist resistance inside Nazi Germany. Though valuable in assessing, in particular, Luftwaffe strength and capabilities, and obtained at great personal risk, their intelligence was not of major operational importance in helping to stem the German invasion. The Nazi Security Police and Security Service listed nine areas in which the Schulze-Boysen network had provided its most valuable intelligence to the Soviet Union:

1. Report on the strength of the German Air Force at the beginning of the war with the Soviet Union
2. Information on the monthly production of the German aviation industry in the period June-July 1941
3. Information regarding the fuel situation in Germany
4. Information regarding the intended German attack on Maikop (Caucasus)
5. Reports on the location of German headquarters
6. Data on serial production of aircraft in the occupied areas
7. Reports on the production and storage of material for chemical warfare in Germany
8. Report on the capture of a Russian code near Petsamo [Probably the same as that obtained by the OSS from the Finns]
9. Reports on losses of German parachutists on Crete.[13]

By combining political resistance with espionage Schulze-Boysen and Harnack made their eventual downfall inevitable. Schulze-Boysen and his wife, Libertas, put their own safety in peril by holding evening discussion groups for members and potential members of the anti-Nazi underground. As small groups of young resisters pasted anti-Nazi posters on Berlin walls, Schulze-Boysen stood guard over them, wearing his Luftwaffe uniform and holding his automatic pistol with the safety catch off. During the running of the anti-Soviet exhibition "The Soviet Paradise" in the Berlin Lustgarten in 1942, Schulze-Boysen organized a rival poster campaign using the slogan:

Exhibition: The Nazi Paradise
War—Hunger—Lies—Gestapo
How much longer?

Both Schulze-Boysen and Harnack also wrote and distributed pamphlets, which a later Soviet eulogy described as "splendid examples of fighting anti-Hitlerite propaganda."[14]

The German diplomat Rudolf von Scheliha took far fewer risks. During the war, as before, he remained quite separate from the Schulze-Boysen and Harnack groups. But for the shortage of GRU radio operators in Berlin, he might have remained undetected for much longer. The capture of a radio operator in Brussels who had been used to transmit some of his intelligence eventually led to his downfall. After Barbarossa began, von Scheliha became reluctant to continue spying for the GRU. His contact Ilse Stöbe, now suffering from venereal disease, found it difficult to coax intelligence from him.

In October 1942 a GRU agent, Heinrich Koenen (son of a former KPD deputy), was landed in East Prussia by parachute and made his way to Berlin to establish contact with von Scheliha via Stöbe. With him he brought a radio set to transmit von Scheliha's intelligence to Moscow. Koenen also carried with him von Scheliha's receipt for $6,500 received from the GRU in 1938—almost certainly to use for blackmail if he proved unwilling to cooperate. A German Security Police and Security Service report reasonably concluded that Koenen's mission showed "how greatly interested Moscow was in the continuation of von Scheliha's work." The Gestapo, however, had arrested Ilse Stöbe in September. It was waiting for Koenen when he tried to contact her a month later.[15]

The Schulze-Boysen and Harnack groups were part of a loosely coordinated GRU network in Western and Central Europe collectively code-named the Rote Kapelle (Red Orchestra) by the German Central Security Office. The "musicians" were the radio operators who sent coded messages to Moscow; their "conductor" was Leopold Trepper, known within the organization as the "grand chef."[16] Trepper later claimed that on November 12, 1941, one of his "musicians" in Brussels radioed a message from a member of the Schulze-Boysen group, which gave Moscow its first warning of Hitler's Operation Blue, the strategic thrust that was to lead him to disaster at Stalingrad just over a year later:

> Plan III, Objective Caucasus, originally scheduled for November, to be carried out spring 1942. Placement of troops to be completed by 1 May . . . Details follow.[17]

Trepper's account, however, is impossible to reconcile with the damage assessment by German intelligence of the most important information provided by the Schulze-Boysen group.[18] On May 12, 1942, again according to Trepper's later recollection, one of his couriers arrived in Moscow with "all the information on the major elements of the offensive."[19] Once again, Trepper's recollection does not square with the Soviet evidence. The first major intelligence on Operation Blue came from plans for the first phase of the offensive captured from a German aircraft that crashed inside Soviet lines on June 19, 1942. On June 26 Stalin announced that he did not believe a word of Operation Blue and denounced the intelligence staff for being taken in by such obvious disinformation.[20] Two days later Operation Blue began with a rapid German advance on a broad front from Kursk to the Northern Donets River, which renewed Hitler's confidence that the victory over Russia that had eluded him in 1941 would be complete before the end of 1942.

The Rote Kapelle in occupied Europe was gradually wound up during 1942 as German radio direction-finding tracked down the musicians. Trepper himself was captured while sitting in his dentist's chair in Paris on December 5, 1942. According to the Abwehr officer who arrested him, "For a second he was disturbed, then he said in perfect German, 'You did a fine job.' " After agreeing to cooperate with the Gestapo, Trepper became a double or possibly a triple agent, feeding misinformation, perhaps combined with warnings, back to Moscow. Remarkably, in September 1943 he escaped and remained in hiding for the remainder of the war.[21]

Ultimately, the most important wartime Soviet agent network with access to sources inside Germany was the Rote Drei (the Red Three) in Switzerland, so called from the presumed number of its radio transmitters, headed by Alexander Rado (code name Dora). By far the most important of the agents in Rado's network was Rudolf Roessler (Lucy), a Swiss intelligence officer of German extraction, whose intelligence reached Rado via a subgroup leader, Rachel Duebendorfer (Sissy), and a cut-out (intermediary), Christian Schneider (Taylor). Roessler had four important sources inside Germany to whom he gave the code names Werther, Teddy, Anna, and Olga. Though none has been identified with certainty, a CIA study later concluded that Roessler's four sources were probably Major General Hans Oster, the anti-Nazi chief of staff to the head of the Abwehr, Admiral Canaris, who was later hanged with Canaris for his part in the July 1944 bomb plot; Hans Bernd Gisevius, another Abwehr officer, who also served as German vice-consul in Zürich; Carl Goerdeler, civilian leader of the conservative opposition to Hitler, also executed after the bomb plot; and Colonel Fritz Boetzel, commanding officer of the intelligence evaluation office of the Southeast Army Group in Athens.[22]

The mystery surrounding the "Lucy ring" has given rise to numerous myths, among them the allegation that the ring was a cover through which British intelligence fed the Russians with Ultra sigint derived from breaking German ciphers while disguising its source.[23] Though British intelligence did not use Roessler as a conduit, the Swiss may well have done so. The sources that Roessler described as his own were probably those of Swiss intelligence, which used Roessler to pass it to the Russians. Some of the same intelligence seems to have reached the West through Colonel Karel Sedlaček, the representative in Switzerland of the Czechoslovak government-in-exile. Roessler's own motives were mainly mercenary. Rado reported to Moscow in November 1943: "Sissy states that the Lucy group no longer works when the salary stops."[24] Roessler is often alleged to have been sending intelligence to the Russians even before the German invasion. Rado's messages to Moscow show that, in reality, his first contact with Roessler did not occur until about September 1942.[25]

Brave and resourceful though the GRU agent networks were, the intelligence they provided did not begin to have a significant influence on Soviet military operations until after the battle of Stalingrad. In the initial shock of Operation Barbarossa, the Stavka (a wartime mixture of GHQ and high command) repeatedly lost track of the German invaders. Military intelligence failed to detect the sudden German turn south that led to the capture of Kiev in September 1941 and was taken aback by the intensity of the October assault on Moscow. It was taken by surprise again in the summer of 1942. Convinced that the main German threat would be a renewed attempt to take Moscow, Stalin and the Stavka misread the Wehrmacht's attack in the south.

Throughout the German advance to Stalingrad and the Caucasus, Soviet forces were constantly confused about where the next blow would fall.[26] When the Red Army encircled Axis forces in Stalingrad in November, it believed it had trapped 85,000 to 90,000 troops; in reality it had surrounded over three times as many.[27] The Stavka was equally misinformed about plans for the German relief expedition. The first the Red Army learned of the dispatch of six Panzer divisions from France was when Soviet cavalry ran into them.

The great victory at Stalingrad, sealed by the surrender of the German forces at the end of January and beginning of February 1943, bore witness to the quality of Red Army staff work, to its ability to improvise and change plans at short notice, and to the courage of Soviet soldiers. But it was a victory achieved in spite, rather than because, of the quality of Soviet operational intelligence.[28]

Throughout the Great Patriotic War, but particularly during its first two years, the NKVD/NKGB was better informed about Russia's allies than about Nazi Germany. Initially, the agent who provided the greatest insight into British policy was probably the Fifth Man, John Cairncross, who remained private secretary to Lord Hankey until March 1942. In July 1941 Hankey was moved from his position as chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster to the less prestigious ministerial position of postmaster-general, but he retained full access to War Cabinet papers and the chairmanship of a series of important committees.[29] Cairncross continued to provide "tons of documents" to the NKVD during the first nine months of the Great Patriotic War.[30] Until October 1941 Hankey chaired the Allied Supplies Committee, which coordinated the dispatch of munitions and raw materials to Russia.

Cairncross probably gave the NKVD an exaggerated estimate of the level of opposition to Churchill. Hankey was Churchill's severest ministerial critic, and said privately that his "War Cabinet of 'Yes-Men' was hopeless." Early in 1942 he prepared an assessment of Churchill's strategic direction of the war, which he headed "The Indictment." Among Hankey's criticisms, doubtless reported by Cairncross to the NKVD, was "the priority given to supplies for Russia." When sacked from the government by Churchill in March 1942 Hankey replied: "For some time I have felt profoundly dissatisfied with the conduct of the war." Hankey's "profound dissatisfaction" was almost the last intelligence provided by Cairncross from Whitehall before he began the penetration of the wartime sigint agency at Bletchley Park.

Britain had been a high priority for Soviet foreign intelligence operations ever since the foundation of INO and the Fourth Department (the predecessor of the GRU). The United States, by contrast, was considered of only secondary importance until about a year before the Second World War. The Fourth Department, which ran most American operations in the 1930s, was chiefly interested in the United States not for its own sake but as a base for operations against the more important targets of Japan and Germany. In 1938 Fourth Department operations suffered a potentially serious setback after the defection of its main American courier, Whittaker Chambers.

For a time Chambers went underground, fearing assassination by the NKVD or Fourth Department and unwilling to invite prosecution by revealing his past career in espionage. In 1939 he reemerged in public as a writer (later editor) with *Time* magazine. Outraged, though not surprised, by the Nazi-Soviet Pact, Chambers agreed to tell his story on September 2, the day after the outbreak of war, to Adolf Berle, assistant secretary of State and Roosevelt's adviser on internal security. Berle assured Chambers that his information would go directly to the president and that he would not be penalized for agreeing to cooperate; but he stopped short of promising immunity from prosecution. After their meeting, Berle drew up a four-page memorandum entitled "Underground Espionage Agent," which listed Alger Hiss, Harry Dexter White, and the other leading Soviet agents for whom Chambers had acted as courier.

Roosevelt was not interested. He seems simply to have dismissed the whole idea of espionage rings within his administration as absurd. Equally remarkably, Berle simply pigeonholed his own report. He made no inquiries about Hiss until 1941, when he mentioned Chambers's charges to Hiss's former employer, Supreme Court Justice Feliks Frankfurter, and to the diplomat Dean Acheson. Both dismissed them out of hand. Berle took no further action; he did not send a report of his interview with Chambers to the FBI until the bureau requested it in 1943. Among others who brought Chambers's story to Roosevelt's attention were Ambassador William Bullitt, labor leader David Dubinsky, and journalist Walter Winchell. Once again, the president brushed the charges aside.

Chambers was eventually interviewed by the FBI in 1942 after an erstwhile associate in the Communist underground identified him as a former Soviet agent with "more material than you could ever hope to get by running around for a year." Perhaps fearing prosecution, Chambers was less forthcoming than he had been to Berle three years before, stressing his underground Communist activity rather than his involvement in espionage. FBI director J. Edgar Hoover airily dismissed an eight-page report on the interview as mostly "history, hypothesis or deduction." There was no follow-up interview with Chambers for the next three years. Of the individuals identified by Chambers, the FBI made cursory inquiries concerning only J. Peters, who was already in its files as a leading figure in the American Communist Party.[31]

After Chambers's defection in 1938, the main Fourth Department networks in Washington were taken over by the NKVD New York resident, Gaik Badalovich Ovakimyan, later christened "the wily Armenian" by the FBI.[32] Henceforth the United States became a major (by the end of the Second World War *the* major) target for Soviet espionage rather than, as previously, a base for intelligence operations directed elsewhere. In 1938 the NKVD had not yet grasped quite how light-heartedly the administration still treated the issue of Soviet espionage in the United States. Chambers's defection and the fears it inspired of an FBI inquiry thus caused some inevitable disruption to NKVD operations in Washington. Harry Dexter White in the Treasury was the most senior of several agents who abruptly ceased supplying information. His wife, who did not share his Communist sympathies, made him promise to give up espionage.

The man who did most to resuscitate the Washington network of Soviet informants was Nathan Gregory Silvermaster (not to be confused with his friend and fellow agent George Silverman), an official of Ukrainian Jewish origins in his early forties at the Farm Security Administration, later assigned to the Board of Economic Warfare. Emotionally incapable of accepting the brutal reality of Stalinist Russia, Silvermaster retained the untarnished idealism of the revolutionary dream. A chronic sufferer from bronchial asthma, which often left him gasping for breath, he believed: "My time is strictly limited, and when I die I want to feel that at least I have had some part in building a decent life for those who come after me." It was Silvermaster who coaxed Harry Dexter White back into supplying intelligence, probably soon after the outbreak of war. By Pearl Harbor he had gathered together a group of ten government officials working both for various parts of Roosevelt's wartime administration and for the NKVD. White did not join the group but provided intelligence individually to Silvermaster, who found him a timid man reluctant for "his right hand to know what the left is doing." To calm his nerves and allow him to reassure his wife that he had abandoned active espionage, Silvermaster told him his information was going only to one man on the Central Committee of the American Communist Party. Silvermaster had no doubt that White knew the truth but believed that he preferred not to think about it. He hid in his attic the valuable Bokhara rug given him by Bykov before the war. As the right-hand man of the secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau, White had access not merely to most of the Treasury's classified files, but also to secret information exchanged with other government departments.[33]

The courier for the Silvermaster group from 1941 was Elizabeth Bentley, a thirty-three-year-old Vassar graduate based in New York, who had become an ardent anti-fascist after spending a year in Mussolini's Italy and had joined the American Communist Party in 1935. In 1938 she was persuaded to break overt links with the Party, pose as a conservative, and work for the NKVD. Bentley's NKVD controller, Jacob Golos, another Ukrainian Jew, known to his agents as Timmy, broke NKVD rules by seducing her. Bentley later described the seduction during a New York snowstorm in clichés borrowed from a romance novel: "His hand touched mine, I looked at him, and then quite suddenly I found myself in his arms, his lips on mine." "Time and space seemed to stand still" until Bentley felt herself "float away into an ecstasy that seemed to have no beginning and no end." At the end of a long night they sat hand in hand in Golos's car watching "the most beautiful sunrise I had ever seen." Golos slightly spoiled the sunrise by explaining the NKVD rules he had just broken: "We are forbidden to form close friendships and, especially, to fall in love. You and I have no right, under Communist discipline, to feel the way we do about each other."[34]

Encouraged by Golos's bad example, Bentley mixed friendship and espionage in a way that would have horrified Moscow Center. Each Christmas she bought carefully chosen presents ranging from whiskey to lingerie from NKVD funds for the agents for whom she acted as courier. When a new controller tried to impose tighter security after Golos's death in 1943, she looked back nostalgically to "the good old days—the days when we worked together as good comrades."[35] The careless security of some of the agents in her net concerned even Bentley. J. Julius (Joe) Joseph, an agent in the wartime intelligence agency, the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), recruited in 1942, was one of several who "never seemed to learn the correct underground procedure":

> He was continually getting into difficulties that had us alternately worried and amused. One famous time, having been told either to burn documents or flush them down the toilet,

> he crammed a mass of flaming papers into the toilet, with the result that the seat was set on fire. His puzzled landlord, surveying the damage, finally walked out of the apartment, muttering to himself, "I don't see how that could possibly have happened."[36]

Given the general indifference to Soviet espionage in wartime Washington, such lapses of security carried few risks. Elizabeth Bentley's intelligence haul from her fortnightly visits to the capital grew steadily. At first she brought back only a few typewritten summaries of classified information, with carbon copies of particularly important documents. Moscow Center soon demanded more. Thenceforth members of the Silvermaster group brought secret material to his home at 5515 35th Street, N.W., where Silvermaster and his wife microfilmed it at night. At first the output consisted of three or four rolls of microfilm averaging thirty-five exposures each, which the Silvermasters developed themselves. By the spring of 1943, however, Bentley was carrying back to New York in her knitting bag about forty undeveloped microfilms a fortnight to be developed in the laboratory of the NKVD residency. Each spool was accompanied by an itemized list of the documents on it in case any of the negatives proved unreadable. A number were.

The NKVD preferred to provide the Silvermasters with their microfilm direct in order for them to avoid attracting attention by a bulk purchase, which was difficult if not impossible for civilians to make in wartime. Handicapped by shortages, however, the NKVD sometimes supplied inferior slow-speed film, which made photographing documents extremely difficult. "How do they expect us to carry on when they can't furnish us with adequate films?" Silvermaster asked Bentley. ". . . Has something gone wrong with the United States government's Lend Lease program to the Soviet Union?"[37] Silvermaster's sarcastic suggestion that the NKVD should seek American government aid to assist its espionage in the United States was less fanciful than he may have supposed. At a meeting with the head of the U.S. Military Mission in Moscow in 1944 the head of INU, Pavel Fitin, and his assistant, Andrei Graur, requested "all information we could give them on the mechanics of taking and developing clandestine microfilm pictures with portable equipment, etc."[38]

Despite technical difficulties, Elizabeth Bentley collected in her knitting bag on her fortnightly trips to Washington what she immodestly described as "a fabulous amount" of intelligence from the Silvermaster group. In March 1944 she began acting as courier for a second group of eight government officials in Washington headed by Victor Perlo, then a statistician in the War Production Board. Bentley also later identified eleven other officials who did not belong to the Silvermaster or Perlo groups who supplied substantial amounts of classified material from government files. She considered the "most fruitful source" of the Silvermaster group's intelligence to be the Pentagon. To her inexperienced eye it seemed that the group supplied "every conceivable piece of data on aircraft-production figures, charts showing allocation of planes to combat areas and foreign countries, performance data, new and secret developments in numberless fields."[39]

The NKVD was doubtless particularly pleased by its penetration of the American intelligence community. Elizabeth Bentley later identified seven members of the headquarters staff of the Office of Strategic Services, the wartime predecessor of the CIA, who were also working for the NKVD.[40] Decrypted Soviet communications later revealed even more.[41] The most important may have been Duncan Chaplin Lee, a descendant of the Civil War General Robert E. Lee, Rhodes scholar at Oxford and brilliant young New York lawyer in the firm of William J. Donovan. Soon after Donovan became head of OSS in 1942, he took on Lee as his personal assistant. Golos, unsurprisingly, "attached great importance to Lee's intelligence."[42]

There was in general a staggering disproportion between what the OSS knew about the NKVD and what the NKVD knew about the OSS. Soviet penetration of OSS and the Roosevelt administration effectively torpedoed Donovan's one major coup against the NKVD. In November 1944 Donovan purchased from the Finns a partially charred fifteen hundred-page NKVD code book, which had been captured by them.[43] Alarm bells quickly began ringing among some of the Soviet agents in Washington who feared that they would be compromised by decrypted NKVD communications. According to later evidence by Elizabeth Bentley, Lauchlin Currie, administrative assistant to Roosevelt, came dashing into the house of a leading member of the Silvermaster group, George Silverman, "sort of out of breath, and told him that the Americans were on the verge of breaking the Soviet code." The news was quickly passed on to Bentley.[44]

Left to himself, Donovan would probably not have risked compromising his coup by bringing it to the attention of the secretary of State, Edward Stettinius. Others, quite possibly one or more of the NKVD agents in OSS, made sure that the secretary of State was informed. Stettinius urged on the president the view that gentlemen do not read their allies' mail. Roosevelt agreed. To his chagrin, Donovan was ordered to hand over the code book to the Russians.[45] In doing so, however, Donovan was careful to misrepresent his motives, assuring Fitin that he "took the only course open to a loyal ally in accepting this material as soon as he found it procurable":

> General Donovan would like General Fitin to know that we have made no study of this material and he, therefore, cannot positively state its value but has acted on the assumption that this is a matter of real importance to the Russian Government.[46]

And so it was. Fitin forwarded his "sincere thanks" for Donovan's action in "this very essential business." At his request the charred code book was handed over personally to the Soviet ambassador in Washington, Andrei Gromyko, and no other member of the embassy was told of its existence.[47] Fitin was not, of course, deceived by Donovan's high-minded display of loyal cooperation, though he must have been impressed by the naïveté of Roosevelt and Stettinius. The NKVD/NKGB changed its code book in May 1945. A copy of the charred 1944 code book, kept by Donovan when he handed over the original, was used from 1948 to help decrypt some NKVD/NKGB communications during the last year of the war, which were to be of great retrospective importance in identifying wartime Soviet agents.[48] Had the capture of the code book been concealed from the Russians in 1944, however, its value to American sigint would have been immeasurably greater.

Though most NKVD/NKGB agents in wartime Washington belonged to the Silvermaster and Perlo networks, a handful of the most important agents were run individually. Among them was Alger Hiss (codenamed Ales), whose friendship with Whittaker Chambers seemed to have put him at particular risk after Chambers's defection in 1938.[49] From the summer of 1939 until May 1944 Hiss served as aide to Stanley K. Hornbeck, political adviser to the Far Eastern Division of the State Department. "Alger," said Hornbeck later, "had my full confidence and saw everything that I saw." There is no reason to doubt that he passed much of it on to the NKVD. The FBI briefly investigated one allegation against Hiss in 1942, but when assured by him that "There is only one government that I want to overthrow—and that is Hitler's," it took no further action.[50]

The NKVD would probably have preferred to run White, like Hiss, separately from the Silvermaster and Perlo nets. But after the shock of Chambers's defection, White was unwilling to deal with anyone but Silvermaster.[51] Hiss's wartime controller was the leading NKVD illegal in the United States, Iskhak Abdulovich Akhmerov, born in Baku in the closing years of the nineteenth century. In the United States he used the aliases Bill Greinke, Michael Green, and Michael Adamec.[52] When he first met the American Cambridge graduate Michael Straight, whom Blunt had tried to recruit to the NKVD, in a Washington restaurant in 1938, "He stood up, smiling a warm, friendly smile. . . . He stretched out his hand and held mine in a firm, friendly grip. . . . He was dark and stocky, with broad lips and a ready smile. His English was good, his manner was affable and easy. He seemed to be enjoying his life in America."[53] Akhmerov caused something of a stir in Directorate S, the illegals section of INU, by marrying Helen Lowry, the niece of the American Communist Party leader Earl Browder—a breach of NKVD rules, which he, like Golos, survived.[54] Akhmerov had no doubt that war would bring revolution in its wake. At a meeting with Straight late in 1939:

> Green's [Akhmerov's] dark eyes were bright. . . . The Soviet soldiers [in Finland] would be hailed as liberators—so he said. Revolution, starting in the East, would spread like wildfire across Germany and France. "Great days are approaching!" he said.[55]

Akhmerov also had a much tougher side. When Golos died in November 1943, Akhmerov (using the alias Bill) succeeded him as Elizabeth Bentley's controller. Before long he was putting heavy pressure on her to hand over to him direct control of the Silvermaster ring in Washington. "Night after night, after battling with him," wrote Bentley later, "I would crawl home to bed, sometimes too weary to undress." Bentley was both dismayed and impressed by the speed with which Akhmerov won Silvermaster's confidence at their first meeting:

> Bill [Akhmerov] was in his gayest mood and went out of his way to charm Greg [Silvermaster]. He insisted that he have the most expensive of meals, complete with wine; he flattered

> him on the work he was doing, implying that he was one of the pillars of the Soviet Union. I watched him cynically, thinking of the real Bill that lay beneath all this veneer of good fellowship. . . . If Bill continued to see Greg, he would most certainly succeed in corrupting him.[56]

Early in his career in the KGB, while working in FCD Directorate S, Gordievsky attended a lecture in the Lubyanka given by Akhmerov, by then silver-haired and in his sixties. Akhmerov mentioned Hiss only briefly. The main subject of his lecture was the man whom, he alleged, was the most important of all Soviet wartime agents in the United States: Harry Hopkins, the closest and most trusted adviser of President Roosevelt. Gordievsky later discussed the Hopkins case with a number of officers in Directorate S and FCD American experts. All believed that Hopkins had been an agent of major significance.[57] Gordievsky, however, came gradually to the conclusion that, despite his clandestine meetings with a Soviet illegal, Hopkins had never been a conscious agent. That interpretation of Hopkins's connection with the KGB best fits the evidence on his career available in the West.

So far as is known, Hopkins never discussed his occasional meetings with Akhmerov with anyone. They remained unknown and unsuspected in the West until revealed by Gordievsky. Hopkins kept secrets easily; that was one of the reasons why Roosevelt chose him as a confidant. His mother said of him: "I can't make Harry out. He never tells me anything about what he's really thinking."[58] Hopkins's son Robert found him reluctant to discuss even the plenary sessions of the wartime conferences.[59] Akhmerov's technique in his contacts with Hopkins was to say that he brought personal and confidential messages from Stalin.[60] He flattered Hopkins as successfully as he did Silvermaster, making him believe he had a unique role to play at a critical period in the development of Soviet-American relations. Hopkins's naïveté about the NKVD (who in his view "looked neither more nor less obvious than the American plainclothes man")[61] may well have led him to mistake Akhmerov's significance. He probably regarded Akhmerov simply as an unofficial intermediary chosen by Stalin because of his distrust (shared by Hopkins) of the orthodox diplomatic establishment. What is certain is that Hopkins came to feel an extraordinary admiration for, and confidence in, Stalin, combined with apprehension for the future "if anything should happen" to him.[62] Encouraged by Akhmerov, he must have experienced a remarkable sense of secret pride that he enjoyed the confidence of the two most powerful leaders in the world.

Gordievsky did not discover either from Akhmerov's lecture to Directorate S or from subsequent discussions in the KGB when and how he first established contact with Hopkins. They were already in contact, however, before Hopkins's first visit to the Soviet Union in the summer of 1941, just over a month after the German invasion.[63] On July 16, 1941, Hopkins arrived in Britain as Roosevelt's emissary for discussions with Churchill and the War Cabinet. On the 25th he telegraphed to the president: "I am wondering whether you think it important and useful for me to go to Moscow. . . . I have a feeling that everything possible should be done to make certain the Russians maintain a permanent front even though they may be defeated in the immediate battle."[64] Both the Soviet and American ambassadors in London, Ivan Maisky and John G. Winant, later claimed that their advice had helped to prompt Hopkins's visit.[65] So did Akhmerov.[66]

"The reception accorded Harry Hopkins by the Soviet Government . . ." wrote Laurence Steinhardt, the U.S. ambassador, "clearly indicated that extreme importance has been attached to this visit by this Government."[67] No previous Western envoy had received a reception like it. "In Russia," wrote Hopkins, "I shook hands as I have never shaken hands before. Several times I grinned at myself asking myself whether I was running for office. However, I kissed no babies." Hopkins was wined and dined even in his personal bomb shelter, which, to his amazement, he found fully equipped with champagne, caviar, chocolates, and cigarettes. (Steinhardt complained that he had never been offered a bomb shelter of any kind.) During their daily meetings Stalin instilled in Hopkins complete faith both in his own powers of leadership and in Russia's will to resist:

> Not once did he repeat himself. He talked as he knew his troops were shooting—straight and hard. He welcomed me with a few, swift Russian words. He shook my hand briefly, firmly, courteously. He smiled warmly. There was no waste of word, gesture, nor mannerism. . . . He curries no favor with you. He seems to have no doubts. He assures you that Russia will stand against the onslaughts of the German army. He takes it for granted that you have no doubts, either.[68]

Hopkins was no admirer of either the principle or practice of the Communist one-party state. But, wrote his first biographer, "through the years that followed, Hopkins was a sincere and even aggressive friend of Russia and an intense admirer of Russia's gigantic contribution to the winning of the war."[69]

The main purpose of Hopkins's July 1941 mission was to assess Russia's immediate and long-term needs in war material. He rapidly concluded, chiefly from his meetings with Stalin, that the State and War departments, like the British, had badly underestimated Soviet military potential. Hopkins's main importance to the Russians was his ability to convince Roosevelt that aid to Russia was worth the risk. As the president told his son Elliott: " 'I know how much faith the P.M. [Churchill] has in Russia's ability to stay in the war.' He snapped his fingers to indicate zero. . . . 'Harry Hopkins has more. He's able to convince me.' "[70] Hopkins also pleased the Russians by insisting on aid without strings. The American military attaché, Major Ivan Yeaton, tried to persuade Hopkins to demand the right to send military observers to the front as a quid pro quo. Ambassador Steinhardt later told an American journalist "of finding the two [Hopkins and Yeaton] pounding a breakfast table until the dishes danced in argument. The ambassador stuck his head in and hastily withdrew because he did not want to offend the President's personal envoy by supporting the military attaché's argument."[71] According to Yeaton, what most upset Hopkins was his comments on Stalin: "When I impugned the integrity and methods of Stalin he could stand it no longer and shut me up with an intense 'I don't care to discuss the subject further.' "[72]

As Stalin realized, Hopkins's unqualified support was of decisive importance in the development of American policy to the Soviet Union. Without his support, Roosevelt could scarcely have made an immediate promise of military aid. The promise of that aid in the summer of 1941 laid the foundation for Roosevelt's policy of wartime cooperation with the Soviet Union.[73] In backing Stalin and the Soviet war effort Hopkins acted from determination to prevent a Nazi victory rather than from a secret commitment to the Communist cause. But Akhmerov undoubtedly influenced Hopkins by delivering what he described as "personal messages from Comrade Stalin."[74] One of Comrade Stalin's desiderata was the replacement of "anti-Soviet" officials, who, he claimed, were hindering Soviet-American cooperation. Hopkins was instrumental in securing Yeaton's removal as military attaché in Moscow. He also arranged for a previous military attaché much appreciated by the Russians, Colonel Phillip R. Faymonville, who had served in Moscow from 1933 to 1938, to return to Russia to expedite American aid.

Faymonville was naïve as well as pro-Soviet. On his first tour of duty he had regarded as his "most valuable contact in Moscow" a man who subsequently turned out to be an NKVD captain; he passed classified documents on other European armies to the Russians, and failed to grasp the rudiments of embassy security.[75] When military intelligence objected to Faymonville's reappointment to Moscow, Hopkins retorted: "You might as well get his papers ready because he's going over."[76] Hopkins also pressed successfully for Steinhardt's replacement as ambassador on the grounds that he lacked Stalin's confidence. He was instrumental in persuading Roosevelt to move another of Stalin's critics, Loy W. Henderson, from his post as head of the Soviet desk in the State Department—despite the opposition of the secretary of State, Cordell Hull.[77]

When Stalin next encountered Hopkins at the Teheran conference in 1943, he went out of his way to greet him by walking over and warmly shaking his hand. Hopkins, said Stalin on another occasion, was the first American who had spoken to him *po dusham*—"from the soul."[78] But Hopkins did not depart from what he saw as American interests. His policy to the Soviet Union was based on a shrewd assessment of the ultimate potential of the Red Army, despite its early defeats, combined with a much more naïve belief, encouraged by his visit to Moscow in the summer of 1941 and by his contacts with Akhmerov, in the possibility of lasting friendship with Stalin. The President's Soviet Protocol Committee, chaired by Hopkins, reported in August 1943:

> Since Soviet Russia is the decisive factor in the war, she must be given every assistance and every effort must be made to obtain her friendship. Likewise, since without question she will dominate Europe on the defeat of the Nazis, it is even more essential to develop and maintain the most friendly relations with Russia.[79]

Though there was no British Hopkins in Churchill's entourage, Soviet wartime penetration in Britain was at least as remarkable as in the United States. Its most successful practitioners were the Magnificent

Five recruited at Cambridge, of whom four (Burgess, Blunt, Philby, and Cairncross) penetrated the British intelligence services. The first to do so was Guy Burgess. His opportunity came in 1938 with the creation by SIS of its first specialist dirty-tricks department, Section D (for "Destruction"). The tricks—delicately described as ways "of attacking potential enemies by means other than the operations of military force"—were not to be tried in peacetime. Until Britain went to war Section D was simply "to investigate every possibility."[80] One of the possibilities it investigated was broadcasting to Germany from illegal stations outside the United Kingdom.[81] Burgess's experience in the BBC, flair for international relations, and contacts in SIS made him an obvious candidate for the new section.

For more than a year Burgess had been using his considerable charm to cultivate the deputy head of political intelligence (Section I) in SIS, David Footman, whose first broadcast talk he had produced in 1937.[82] Burgess also made himself useful to Footman by relaying information from his disreputable friend Édouard Pfeiffer, a homosexual pederast who seemed to Goronwy Rees "to smell of every kind of corruption."[83] Pfeiffer was *chef de cabinet* to Édouard Daladier, French prime minister from April 1938 to May 1940. During 1938 Burgess made frequent trips to Paris, nominally as a courier for the Rothschilds, who had been his first employer after he left Cambridge. By his own later account, Burgess delivered confidential messages "on behalf of Pfeiffer" to the foreign secretary, Lord Halifax, and others in the Whitehall corridors of power.

After his defection in 1951 Burgess constructed a greatly exaggerated version of his prewar career, in which he had acted as, in effect, secret courier between the French and British prime ministers, bearing "the communications of a confused and panic-stricken patriot [Daladier] to an ignorant provincial ironmonger [Chamberlain]."[84] Though Burgess did not say so, he also acted as courier for the NKVD. With the NKVD residency in London temporarily out of action, he relayed to Paris some of the intelligence collected by its British agents.[85]

By January 1939 Burgess, with Footman's assistance, had found employment in Section D. Working in the outwardly respectable Joint Broadcasting Committee, whose notepaper bore a crest showing Big Ben flanked by armorial lions, he produced German-language records containing a mixture of propaganda, variety, and hit songs, ready to be broadcast in Germany as soon as (or even before) the balloon went up.[86] The head of Section D was the larger-than-life figure Major (later

Major-General) Laurence Grand, tall, thin, elegant, black-mustached, with a red carnation always in his buttonhole and identified by the secret symbol "D." Grand lacked the NKVD's experience both of "active measures" designed to influence foreign governments and public opinion, and of "special actions"—a euphemism for various forms of violence. According to Kim Philby, who later served briefly under him, he allowed his mind to range "free and handsome over the whole field of his awesome responsibilities, never shrinking from an idea, however big or wild."[87] The NKVD must certainly have followed with close attention the ample detail that Burgess provided on the birth of British active measures. But it must also have been baffled by some of the plans he reported. One of the official historians of British wartime intelligence has expressed some surprise, probably shared at the time by the NKVD, at a Section D sabotage scheme in Germany "to destroy the southern Siegfried line through the agency of two left-wing German expatriates, one stone deaf and the other going blind."[88]

In the long term Burgess's most important achievement during his two years in SIS was to smooth Kim Philby's entrance to it. Philby spent the first nine months of the Second World War as *The Times* correspondent to the British army headquarters at Arras. By June 1940, with the fall of France and the evacuation from Dunkirk, Philby was back in London, using his contacts to try to gain employment in one of the intelligence services. His first interview, "arranged by a mutual friend," was with Frank Birch, a former Cambridge history don who worked as a cryptanalyst in both world wars and was now recruiting for the Government Code and Cypher School, the British sigint agency, at its wartime headquarters at Bletchley Park. Birch finally turned him down, according to Philby "on the infuriating ground that he could not offer me enough money to make it worth my while."[89] Philby's explanation is unconvincing; the young dons and men from the professions recruited by Birch were paid £600 a year,[90] precisely the starting salary later received by Philby when he joined SIS. More probably, Birch simply thought Philby unsuited to sigint. Disconsolately, Philby went to take an army medical exam, expecting soon to be called up.[91]

At this crucial stage in his career, Guy Burgess came to Philby's rescue. Philby found himself summoned to an interview about "war work" (in fact for SIS) conducted by Marjorie Maxse, who struck him as "an intensely likeable elderly lady" who discussed with him "the possibilities of political work against the Germans in Europe." At a second interview a few days later Miss Maxse was accompanied by Burgess:

> Encouraged by Guy's presence, I began to show off, name-dropping shamelessly, as one does at interviews. From time to time, my interlocutors exchanged glances; Guy would nod gravely and approvingly. It turned out that I was wasting my time, since a decision had already been taken.

After a weekend drinking together, Philby presented himself formally in Burgess's office at the Caxton Street headquarters of Section D the following Monday morning. Burgess's secret symbol was DU; he gave Philby the symbol DUD. Philby's first major project was to draw up a detailed plan for Burgess's scheme for a training college for Section D agents. When the college was set up shortly afterward at Brickendonbury Hall near Hertford, both Burgess and Philby became instructors.[92]

The NKVD/NKGB controller of Burgess, Philby, and the rest of the Magnificent Five from 1940 to 1944 was Anatoli Borisovich Gorsky, *alias* Anatoli Gromov, known to his agents simply as Henry. His early meetings with both Burgess and Philby took place on a park bench in Kensington Gardens, not far from the Soviet embassy. Gorsky was cast in a quite different mold from that of Maly, Deutsch, and the cosmopolitan illegals of the 1930s. Born in 1907, he was posted to London in 1936 originally as a minor technical employee of the Soviet embassy without diplomatic status. The purge of the entire NKVD London residency in 1937–38 allowed him to take over a number of minor intelligence duties and advance his career. In 1939 he was recalled to Moscow for intelligence training, promoted and returned to London as an NKVD officer working under diplomatic cover.[93] Gorsky, however, had one guilty secret that could have ruined his intelligence career at the outset. On NKVD forms and questionnaires he always described his father as a country schoolteacher in the Krasnoyarsk region. An investigation in 1953, when Gorsky was about to be appointed head of the American section in Moscow Center, revealed that his father had in reality been a Tsarist police officer, and he was instantly dismissed.[94]

One of his wartime agents described Gorsky as "a short, fattish man in his mid-thirties, with blond hair brushed straight back and glasses that failed to mask a pair of shrewd, cold eyes." He was tough, efficient, humorless, wore well-tailored clothes, and gave an impression of "well-fed flabbiness."[95] Blunt later claimed that he had found Henry "flat-footed" and unsympathetic.[96] When Gorsky discovered in August 1940 that, in defiance of orthodox NKVD tradecraft, Burgess and Blunt were sharing Victor Rothschild's London flat in Bentinck Street, he tried to persuade Blunt to move out. But he was flexible enough not to insist when Blunt refused.[97]

Neither Philby nor Burgess had much of interest to tell Gorsky during their time at Brickendonbury Hall. "We had little to do," wrote Philby later, "except talk to the Commander and help him draft memoranda for headquarters which seldom vouchsafed a reply." During the summer of 1940 Section D was merged into a new organization, the Special Operations Executive (SOE), which was instructed by Churchill to "set Europe ablaze" by imaginative use of subversive warfare. Though Burgess's imaginative powers were not in doubt, his irreverence did not appeal to his new masters. He was fired, "victim," he indignantly complained, "to a bureaucratic intrigue."

Philby, however, was kept on by SOE and appointed instructor at its training school at Beaulieu in Hampshire. SOE agents, Philby insisted, "required a certain amount of political indoctrination so that they would reach their fields of operation with at least one general idea of what the British Government had in mind for the future." This gave Philby frequent excuses to travel to London for briefings over pub lunches with the future leader of the Labour Party, Hugh Gaitskell, then principal private secretary to the Labour minister for economic warfare, Hugh Dalton, who was responsible for SOE. Philby found Dalton himself "always ready with a hospitable whisky and soda."[98]

Filtered through the distorting prism of Philby's own political convictions and conspiratorial interpretation of British policy, what he heard during his London briefings sounded suspiciously like a plot against the Soviet Union: "It often appeared that the British wanted a simple return to the status quo before Hitler, to a Europe comfortably dominated by Britain and France through the medium of reactionary governments just strong enough to keep their own people in order and uphold the cordon sanitaire against the Soviet Union."[99] On learning of Hess's flight to Britain on May 11, 1941, Philby jumped to the erroneous conclusion that his arrival was evidence of a deep-laid plot between appeasers in high places and the Nazi leadership. Even in 1990, the KGB was still quoting a report from Philby as evidence that Hess "brought the Führer's peace proposals with him and a plan for the invasion of the Soviet Union."[100] Forwarded to the Center by Gorsky, Philby's distorted wartime assessments of Whitehall's postwar planning served to reinforce the prevailing Stalinist conspiracy theories about British policy. Contributing to Moscow's distrust of British intentions was to be one of Philby's main achievements as a wartime Soviet agent.

With the start of Operation Barbarossa on June 22, 1941, Philby—no doubt urged on by Gorsky—tried urgently "to get away from the rhododendrons of Beaulieu" and find a posting closer to the center of the British intelligence community. Before long he obtained the offer of a job in Section V (Counter-Intelligence) of SIS, whose Iberian subsection was attracted by the expertise that Philby had acquired as a newspaper correspondent in the Spanish Civil War.[101]

Philby's change of job did not mean the NKVD had no agent in SOE. Probably the most important SOE mole henceforth was Maclean's former schoolfriend and Cambridge contemporary James Klugmann, who progressed after the outbreak of war from the role of NKVD talent spotter and Party luminary to that of active Soviet agent. Klugmann joined the Yugoslav section of SOE-Cairo in February 1942, eventually rising to the rank of major. Throughout his time in Cairo, Klugmann's intellect, charm, and fluent Serbo-Croat gave him an influence entirely disproportionate to his rank. According to his superior Basil Davidson, "He could talk with brilliance on almost any subject, but what he really liked to talk about was politics." One of Klugmann's duties was to brief Allied officers about to be dropped into Yugoslavia. He unfailingly stressed the virtues of Tito's Communist Partisans and the vices of Mihailovich's Royalist Chetniks, telling one group of Canadian officers:

> You've got to see that this war has become more than a war against something, against fascism. It's become a war for something, for something much bigger. For national liberation, people's liberation, colonial liberation.[102]

From April to August 1945 Klugmann served in Yugoslavia with the military mission to Tito's forces. As a loyal Stalinist, he had later to eat many of his wartime words. When Tito fell afoul of Stalin in 1948, Klugmann wrote a book denouncing him.[103]

One other wartime Soviet agent in SOE deserves mention. In April 1943 MI5 discovered that Douglas Springhall, the national organizer of the Communist Party of Great Britain, who also did odd jobs for the NKVD, was obtaining classified information from Ormond

Uren, a Scottish junior staff officer in SOE's Hungarian section at its London headquarters. Springhall was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment on a quite different charge of receiving secrets from the Air Ministry. Uren also received a seven-year sentence. He later claimed facetiously that if he had been to Cambridge rather than Edinburgh University he might have got away with it.[104]

Following his move from SOE, Philby began work in Section V of SIS in September 1941. Though Section V was located in St. Albans and not, as he would have preferred, in Broadway Buildings, the SIS London headquarters, it had the advantage of being next door to the Registry, which housed SIS archives. Philby quickly succeeded in cultivating the archivist Bill Woodfield, with whom he shared a common appreciation of pink gins. In addition to consulting the files on Spain and Portugal, Philby also perused and passed on to Gorsky the contents of the two "source-books" giving details of SIS agents operating against Soviet targets.[105]

The most important intelligence received by the Iberian subsection of Section V was the intercepted, decrypted communications of the Abwehr, which by 1942 were giving "a very full picture" of German intelligence operations in Spain and Portugal.[106] Among the intercepts that most caught Philby's eye was one that reported a forthcoming visit to Spain by the head of the Abwehr, Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, and gave details of his route. Philby suggested that SOE try to assassinate him during Canaris's overnight stay in a small hotel between Madrid and Seville. Felix Cowgill, the head of Section V, approved the proposal and sent it to the chief of SIS, Sir Stuart Menzies. A few days later, Cowgill showed Philby the reply. According to Philby's later recollection, Menzies had written: "I want no action whatsoever taken against the Admiral." To Philby's suspicious mind this seemed further evidence of a plan for a secret deal with Nazi Germany rather than a reflection of Menzies's hope that Canaris, an opponent of Hitler executed for treason a month before V-E Day, might be turned round. As Menzies later told Philby: "I've always thought we could do something with the Admiral."

A few months before his death Philby admitted that what most interested Gorsky was intelligence on Britain's (nonexistent) plans for a separate peace with Nazi Germany and schemes to turn the war into one against the Soviet Union. Gorsky instructed Philby not merely to report such moves but to do his best to frustrate them. Philby interpreted that brief as applying to British contacts with anti-Nazis as well as with Nazis. Stalin feared that some anti-Nazis were plotting to overthrow Hitler, make peace with the Allies, and then join them in attacking Russia. Anti-Nazis willing to negotiate with the West had the further disadvantage that they might form a rival to the Moscow-sponsored Free Germany Committee, which Stalin wished to dominate postwar Germany. Retired MI5 officers have alleged that among the intelligence that Philby gave to Gorsky was a list of Catholic activists, provided by a Catholic defector from the Abwehr, who were marked down by the NKVD for liquidation after the war.[107]

While stationed in St. Albans Philby visited the SIS Broadway headquarters once a week, calling on as many senior officers as possible. He also volunteered for night duty at Broadway once or twice each month—"an instructive experience because, in the course of a single night, telegrams would come in from all parts of the world, throwing new light on the operations of the service." One file available to the night duty officer that Gorsky showed a particular interest in contained the correspondence between the War Office and the British Military Mission in Moscow sent through SIS channels.

During 1942–43 Cowgill enlarged Philby's field of responsibility to include North Africa and Italy, then made him his deputy "in all intelligence matters." Philby felt increasingly confident of his future SIS career. In 1943 Section V moved to Ryder Street in London, two minutes' walk from the MI5 wartime headquarters in St. James's Street—with which Philby found increasing opportunities for liaison—and fifteen minutes from Broadway.

Early in 1944, following the Springhall and Uren cases of Soviet espionage, SIS established a new Section IX "to study past records of Soviet and Communist activity." Initially it was run as a stop-gap measure by Jack Currie, an officer nearing retirement age transferred from MI5. "Towards the end of 1944," according to Philby, "the word around the office was that the Chief wanted to expand the section—more people, more resources. The job was rightfully Cowgill's but I had to make certain that I got it." Philby was informed by Moscow Center through his controller "that I must do everything, but *everything,* to ensure that I became head of Section IX. . . . They fully realized this meant that Cowgill must go." By a classic piece of bureaucratic back stabbing, in which Philby recruited the assistance of Cowgill's mortal enemy, Valentine Vivian, deputy chief of SIS, Philby got the job and Cowgill resigned. As one of his colleagues, Robert Cecil, later wrote: "Philby at one stroke had got rid of a staunch anti-Communist and ensured that the whole post-war effort to counter Communist espionage would become known in the Kremlin. The history of espionage records few, if any, comparable masterstrokes."[108]

This "masterstroke," extensively exploited after the war was over, made Philby, in the KGB's view, the most remarkable of the Magnificent Five. Philby apart, those whose wartime work was most highly rated were Blunt and Cairncross. The first of the eight thick brown operational files on Blunt in the KGB archives records that it took him almost two years of effort to penetrate MI5.[109] Late in 1938, overcoming the revulsion he had felt at Marlborough for the Officer Training Corps, Blunt had volunteered for military service. By his own later admission, he "used or rather abused" his brother Christopher's connections in the Territorial Army to try to persuade the War Office to offer him a commission in the Officers' Emergency Reserve. Blunt was unsuccessful. On the eve of the Second World War he tried again. Owing to confusion in the War Office, he received two replies by the same post: one letter of acceptance and one of rejection. Blunt tore up the rejection and in October 1939 began a five-week course at Minley Manor in Hampshire, designed to teach him the rudiments of military intelligence. A few days later he was removed from the course and summoned to the War Office after an MI5 report about some of his past Communist connections. At an interview with the deputy director of Military Intelligence, who disliked MI5, Blunt explained away his Communist record and returned to complete the course at Minley Manor. He graduated as a captain in the Field Security Police and was sent to France with the British Expeditionary Force in charge of a twelve-man platoon. According to one of those who served under him, "He had a great deal of languid charm. But he was a hopeless officer."[110]

While in France Blunt wrote to friends in London complaining about the pointless tedium of his work and angling for a post in SIS or MI5. His opportunity came with Dunkirk and the evacuation of the British Expeditionary Force in June 1940. Blunt's friend Victor Rothschild, then in MI5, put him up at his Bentinck Street flat off Oxford Street and introduced him to Guy Liddell, the director of MI5's B (Counter-Espionage) Division. Despite MI5's objections nine months earlier, Liddell recruited him. Within a few months Blunt was in charge of the surveillance of neutral embassies, especially those thought likely to be targets for enemy intelligence services. He proved adept at separating couriers from diplomatic bags for long enough to allow examination of their contents. Robert Cecil found Blunt "cool as a cucumber and obviously immensely enjoying the whole thing." Blunt was also highly successful at ingratiating himself with his superiors in MI5. Dick White, a future director-general of both MI5 and SIS, later recalled:

> He made a general assault on key people to see that they liked him. I was interested in art and he always used to sit down next to me in the canteen and chat. And he betrayed us all. He was a very nice and civilized man and I enjoyed talking to him. You cannot imagine how it feels to be betrayed by someone you have worked side by side with unless you have been through it yourself.[111]

Blunt's files in the KGB archives still give some sense of the excitement felt by Moscow Center at his penetration of MI5. During his first year in MI5 the volume of material handed over by Blunt to Gorsky at their meetings in London pubs and cafés increased steadily until he became one of the most productive agents in KGB history. Notes by Gorsky on Blunt's files frequently show concern that he is working too hard, tired from spending the night photographing MI5 documents, or nervous as the result of the accumulated tension of his double life.[112] Blunt's MI5 colleagues, however, rarely detected such signs of tiredness or tension. It seems likely that much of the stress noted by Gorsky derived from Blunt's nervousness at their meetings and lack of sympathy for Gorsky personally. The main initial concern shown by Pavel Fitin, the head of INU, was Blunt's refusal to accept money. Early in 1941 Fitin insisted that Blunt must do so, doubtless to give the INU a lever against him should he ever seek to break contact. In the spring of 1941 Blunt was persuaded by Gorsky to accept £200. Thereafter he was paid sums of £150–£200 three or four times a year. His files in the KGB archives contain thank-you notes and acknowledgments by Blunt for each payment, still in their original envelopes.[113]

Gordievsky was struck by the fact that, as he read through Blunt's files, he would find at about fifty-page intervals, for the period from the summer (or autumn) of 1941 until the end of the war, the note "The General Staff sends a highly complimentary assessment and asks for thanks to be conveyed to the agent."[114] Such notes on an agent's file were, in Gordievsky's experience, highly unusual. Though Blunt did not take to Gorsky, his sense of his own importance must surely have been sustained by the regular thanks and congratulations both of Moscow Center and of the General Staff. Blunt's KGB files show three major contributions to Soviet intelligence. First, he provided what seemed to Gordievsky "all possible details" on MI5, including its agents, and contrived access to files that went some way beyond the responsibilities of B Division. He spent many evenings photographing MI5 documents. Second, Blunt was able to provide the product of his own surveillance of neutral embassies. Third, he provided a wealth of intelligence on the German order of battle and operations. Blunt had increasing access to the details of the "double-cross system," by which false intelligence was fed to the Germans by "turned" Abwehr agents in Britain. His main source on the German order of battle was his former pupil Leo Long.[115]

When Long had graduated from Trinity College in 1938, the NKVD in Britain had been in serious disarray, with its London residency unmanned. Moscow issued no clear guidance on Long's future career.[116] Instead he spent the academic year 1938–39 teaching in Frankfurt in order to experience Nazi Germany at first hand. On the outbreak of war he enlisted in the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry but was able to use his fluent German to gain a commission as second lieutenant in the Intelligence Corps. In December 1940 Long was posted to MI14 in the War Office, which collated and analyzed German battle order intelligence. There he had full access to the Ultra intelligence derived from the success of Bletchley Park in breaking the Luftwaffe variant of the Enigma machine cipher in May 1940. When the German army Enigma was broken in the summer of 1942, Long saw those decrypts also.

Early in 1941 Long resumed contact with Blunt. As Long later recalled, "Blunt took up where we left off" and asked him for "every piece of information that could be useful to the Russians." They had weekly meetings, usually at lunchtime, at a pub in Portman Square or at Rainer's snack bar in Jermyn Street, where Long passed beneath the table what he described as a "sort of boiled-down version of the weekly departmental appreciation." "Blunt never tried blackmailing or bullying me," Long said later, "because we shared a deep commitment to the Communist cause."[117]

Leo Long's file in the KGB archives resolves one mystery that has perplexed Western intelligence services and many writers on espionage ever since the defection of the Soviet cipher clerk Igor Guzenko, in Ottawa in September 1945. Guzenko's most important information, mostly limited to GRU operations, concerned a Soviet spy ring in Canada and atomic espionage. But he also revealed that there were two

GRU agents code-named Elli. The first was Kay Willsher, deputy registrar in the British High Commission, who was sentenced to three years' imprisonment in March 1946 for breaches of the Official Secrets Act. Guzenko did not know the identity of the second Elli, who, he said, worked in Great Britain. He provided, however, a series of incomplete, confusing, and sometimes garbled clues. According to Peter Wright's later recollection:

> [Guzenko] said he knew there was a spy in "five of MI." He had learned this from a friend, Liubimov, who had worked alongside him in the main GRU cipher room in Moscow in 1942. . . . There was something Russian about Elli, said Gouzenko, either in his background or because he had visited Russia, or could speak the language. Elli was an important spy because he could remove from MI5 the files which dealt with Russians in London. . . . Gouzenko said that when Elli's telegrams came in there was always a woman present in the cipher room who read the decrypts first and, if necessary, took them straight to Stalin.

In renewed questioning a few years later Guzenko varied some of the details. "Five of MI" became simply MI5. But by then Guzenko's alcoholism and increasingly confused memory made it difficult to clarify the incomplete and confused version of the second "Elli" story given at his first debriefing.[118]

The other Elli has been variously misidentified as, among others, Sir Roger Hollis and Kim Philby. In fact, Elli was Leo Long. That code name appears in large letters on the cover of Long's KGB operational file. The file is unusually thin. In accordance with standard KGB procedures, Blunt should have written a report on Long after each meeting but was usually too tired or too busy to do so. The contents of the file, however, resolve some of the main elements of confusion in Guzenko's account; the remainder derive from his (and possibly also Peter Wright's) faulty memory and incomplete knowledge of the case. Long's file records that though he was an NKVD/NKGB agent run by Blunt, the GRU made independent contact with him in 1943. Long was upset and asked Blunt to ask Moscow who he was working for. Gorsky passed the message on and the Center replied "For us." The GRU agreed to leave future contacts to Blunt.[119] Gorsky then had his only meeting with Long, to assure him that the GRU would not bother him again.

The fact that Long's intelligence arrived at the Center in reports from Blunt accounts for some further elements of confusion in Guzenko's story. It was Blunt, not Long, who "could remove from MI5 the files which dealt with Russians in London." The phrase "five of MI" could be simply a garbled version of MI5 and another reference to Blunt, Long's controller. But it could also be a confused combination of MI, where Long worked, and "the five" (as the leading Cambridge moles became known during the war) with whom he was linked. When Gordievsky first began reading the references in Long's file to detailed German battle order, he asked himself: "Did the British really have such fantastic human sources?" Then he saw the references to intercepts and realized that Long's main source was sigint.[120]

Moscow did not depend simply on its agents for access to Ultra. Within a few days of the German invasion, London began supplying officially some Ultra intelligence in a disguised form. Stuart Menzies, the chief of SIS, who also had overall control of GC & CS, advised Churchill against passing on intelligence from Enigma decrypts in any form because of the insecurity of the Russians' own cipher systems. In the opinion of Bletchley Park, "to tell the Russians that we were reading Enigma would be tantamount to telling the Germans too."[121] By July 1941 Ultra had revealed that the Germans were decrypting some Soviet naval traffic and signals from Russia's 17th Air Division, and that they understood the signaling system used by Russian aircraft in the Leningrad area.

As early as June 24, Churchill overrode Menzies's objections and instructed him to pass disguised Ultra intelligence to the Russians via the British Military Mission in Moscow, "provided no risks are run." Thereafter the prime minister commonly noted on important intercepts dealing with the Eastern Front minutes such as "Has any of this been passed to Joe?" The source for Ultra intelligence given to Stalin was disguised by formulas such as "a well-placed source in Berlin," "a most reliable source" or "an officer in the German War Office." Unit identifications and other details that might identify the true source as sigint were deliberately withheld. On July 11, 1942, for example, Bletchley Park decrypted the following intercept:

> 1. Increasing enemy pressure on the front of the Second Army is to be expected. The pinning-down of strong enemy forces on the Army's front is desirable taking into account the operations of the Eastern Army as a whole.
> 2. The task of the Army Group von Weichs is with the Second Hungarian Army to hold the Donets front between the mouth of the Potudan and the mouth of the Voronezh, and, together with the Second Army, to hold the bridgehead Voronezh, and the present position on the general line Olchowatka-Oserk-Bork-Kotysch railway station (east of Droskowo).

Two days later this was relayed by the British Military Mission in Moscow as:

> For information of Russian General Staff. Our picture from various sources gives clear indication that Germans, including Hungarians, intend to hold Russians on front Livni-Voronezh-Svoboda, while armored forces push south-eastwards between rivers Don and Donets.

In the summer of 1941 a British air intelligence officer arrived in Moscow bearing details of Luftwaffe tactical codes, navigational aids, and call signs; he received some similar material in return. He was followed by a military intelligence officer, who provided captured documents on Wehrmacht wireless systems and explained how to break German police hand ciphers; the Russians replied with some captured documents but no sigint material. Thereafter, however, Whitehall became increasingly frustrated by the one-sided nature of the intelligence exchange. By the beginning of 1942 the Russians were usually unwilling to exchange even technical intelligence about captured enemy equipment.[122] It seemed to Bletchley Park that the Russians made little use of the intelligence that was given them. "In the case of the great tank battles of 1942," wrote one cryptanalyst later, "when they were warned that they were pouring men and materials into a huge German trap, it is difficult to suppose that they gave full credence to warnings, which, if heeded, would have saved them from terrible losses."[123]

From the summer of 1942 the amount of operational intelligence supplied to the Russians based on Enigma decrypts was drastically reduced. Exceptions continued to be made, however, on matters of particular importance. In December 1942, at a critical stage in the battle of Stalingrad, the Russians were given intelligence (probably already supplied by Philby and Blunt) on how to break Abwehr hand ciphers, in the hope of producing some Soviet response. None was forthcoming.[124]

At the very moment in the summer of 1942 when the amount of disguised Ultra forwarded to the Russians started to decline, John Cairncross began to provide it in unadulterated form. A few months after he ceased to be Lord Hankey's private secretary in March 1942, Cairncross succeeded where Philby had failed two years before in gaining entry to the sigint agency GC & CS at its wartime home in Bletchley Park.[125] His controller Anatoli Gorsky whom, like the rest of the Five, he knew as Henry, gave him the money to buy and run a cheap car to bring documents to London on days off.[126] Though Cairncross spent less than a year in GC & CS, his period at Bletchley Park coincided with both the turning of the tide on the Eastern Front and the point at which Stalin and the Stavka at last began to gear good intelligence to the conduct of operations. His main job was to analyze Ultra intercepts of Luftwaffe signals.

Cairncross himself believed that the finest hour of his fifteen years as a Soviet agent came before the battle of Kursk in the summer of 1943 when the Red Army faced Operation Citadel, the last great German offensive on the Eastern Front.[127] On April 30 the British sent Moscow a warning of an impending German attack on the Kursk salient, combined with German intelligence assessments of Soviet forces in the area derived from Enigma intercepts.[128] But Cairncross provided the text of intercepts themselves, together with the unit identifications, which were always omitted from the sanitized official version of Ultra intelligence sometimes supplied by Whitehall.[129]

The intercepts most appreciated by the NKVD were a series that identified the disposition of Luftwaffe squadrons before the battle. Fearing that a German offensive might begin as early as May 10 (though it did not in fact begin until July 5), Soviet bombers made a preemptive strike, prepared in the utmost secrecy, early on May 6 against seventeen German airfields, selected with the help of Cairncross's intelligence, in a zone twelve hundred kilometers long, stretching from Smolensk to the Sea of Azov. Many German aircraft were caught on the ground. Further attacks on German airfields took place on May 7 and 8, though inevitably without the degree of surprise achieved on the 6th. This series of three massive air raids was to be remembered as the greatest operation of the Red Air Force in the Great Patriotic War. Fourteen hundred missions were flown and over 500 German planes destroyed. Soviet losses totaled 122 aircraft.

Gorsky conveyed to Cairncross Moscow's special commendation for the intelligence he had supplied.[130] By now, however, the strain of transporting Ultra intelligence from Bletchley to London had become too much for Cairncross to bear. On the eve of the battle of Kursk, despite urging by Gorsky to remain in GC & CS, Cairncross accepted a job in SIS, working first on the German desk in Section V, then in Section I (Political Intelligence).[131]

The Red Army committed almost 40 percent of its combat troops and most of its armor to the defense of the Kursk salient. Smashing the Soviet forces there represented Hitler's last chance to recover from the disaster at Stalingrad. The Red Army had been victorious at Stalingrad despite the errors of military intelligence; at Kursk good intelligence made a major contribution to victory. On April 8, 1943, the deputy supreme commander, Marshal Zhukov, sent Stalin a report correctly predicting a German pincer movement against the Kursk salient from both north and south, coupled with an attack from the west designed to separate the two Red Army groups defending the salient. Both then and subsequently Stalin and the Stavka were less well informed about the date of the German attack. Hitler himself, however, kept changing his mind. May 3, the first date chosen by the Führer for the offensive, was subsequently postponed to June 12, then to July 3, and finally to July 5.[132] Important though the contribution of Ultra (via both the British Military Mission in Moscow and NKVD agents in Britain) was to victory at Kursk, there had also been since Stalingrad a major improvement in Soviet military intelligence collection and assessment.

It has been claimed that the most important intelligence available to Stalin and the Stavka before and during Kursk came from the Lucy ring in Switzerland.[133] There is no doubt that Lucy (Rudolf Roessler) did provide valuable strategic intelligence until his arrest in the spring of 1944. GRU headquarters radioed on February 22, 1943: "Convey to Lucy our appreciation for good work. Last information was important and valuable." The GRU was also anxious to reassure the mercenary Roessler (whose real identity it did not discover) that it would pay the money he demanded. It radioed in November: "Please tell Lucy in our name that . . . his group will be paid without fail in accordance with his demands. We are ready to reward him richly for his information."[134] But it is now clear that Lucy did not provide the key intelligence on Kursk. In late April the GRU was still preoccupied in trying to discover the identity of Lucy and his sources; on April 23 it bypassed Rado, the leader of the Rote Drei, and contacted one of his subordinates directly in a vain attempt to do so. Lucy's most important source, Werther, also made a number of errors; on June 23 he suggested that because of the heavy buildup of Soviet forces Operation Citadel would be called off.[135]

One of the keys to the transformation of Soviet military intelligence in the spring of 1943 was the improvement of sigint. Since the outbreak of war the Research Section of the INU Fifth Directorate and, no doubt, GRU cryptanalysts had been hard at work trying to break the Enigma machine ciphers. It was a task of enormous complexity. The German army, navy, air force and other organizations all used the Enigma machine to generate their own ciphers and employed different keys for different purposes in different theaters. From 1941 onward there were never fewer than fifty keys in use at the same time, all of them changed or reset daily. Even when the machine ciphers were broken, the keys had to be discovered promptly if the sigint thus obtained was to be of operational use.[136] The success of Bletchley, building on the earlier work of the Poles, in breaking all the main varieties of Enigma between 1940 and 1942, and in devising methods for mastering the daily key changes, was probably the greatest intelligence achievement of the war. The NKVD was informed of much of that achievement by Cairncross and, in less detail, by Long, Blunt, and Philby.

It was also assisted by the capture of a number of Enigma machines and German cipher material, probably beginning in December 1941 when the German Second Army lost several machines.[137] The biggest haul, however, almost certainly came at Stalingrad. The German forces surrounded at Stalingrad had among them at least twenty-six Enigma machines, and in the circumstances of the siege must have found it impossible to destroy many of them. In at least one instance, a German headquarters went on transmitting until Soviet troops were at the door. Further Enigma machines may also have been captured from the six German divisions annihilated outside the encirclement. Almost certainly a number of key settings also fell into the hands of the Red Army.[138] Perhaps equally important, the 91,000 prisoners who surrendered at Stalingrad included signals and cipher personnel, not all of whom can have resisted the pressing invitations of their captors to assist Soviet sigint.

On January 17, 1943, even before the Stalingrad surrender, the Signals Division of the Wehrmacht High Command concluded that in several specific cases it was a "certainty" that the Russians had decrypted Enigma messages, and introduced a number of improvements in cipher security.[139] The odds are, however, that Soviet cryptanalysts were unable to read Enigma traffic on any regular basis. Captured machines, keys, and signals personnel made possible the retrospective solution of a number of German intercepts. There was also a number of less complex Enigma machines, without the plug boards used in the high-grade versions, which were probably vulnerable, at least intermittently, to Soviet attack.[140]

But despite the individual brilliance of Russian cryptanalysts, the NKVD and the GRU lacked the state-of-the-art technology that was crucial to the Ultra intelligence produced by Bletchley Park. There seems to have been no Soviet equivalent of either the powerful electronic "bombes" first built at Bletchley Park in 1940 to break Enigma, or of Colossus, the world's first electronic computer, constructed in 1943 to decrypt Geheimschreiber messages (radio signals based on teleprinter impulses enciphered and deciphered automatically), which for the last two years of the war yielded more important operational intelligence than Enigma traffic.

The major advances in Soviet sigint on Germany during the spring of 1943 occurred among the foothills rather than the commanding heights of cryptanalysis: in direction finding, traffic analysis, and the breaking of low-grade hand ciphers, rather than in the attack on Enigma and Geheimschreiber. Military sigint in the field had suffered from the huge losses in trained signals personnel in the early stages of the war. At the end of 1942, however, the Stavka established special-purpose radio battalions, whose deployment led to what one Soviet military historian has called "a qualitative jump in the development of radio-electronic combat in the Soviet army." Soviet historians, influenced by the traditional taboo on discussion of sigint, have emphasized their role in radio jamming and disinformation operations. But each battalion was also equipped with eighteen to twenty radio intercept receivers and four direction-finding sets.[141]

Though the deployment of the special-purpose radio battalions began in the later stages of Stalingrad, they made a much larger contribution at Kursk. An intelligence report of the Soviet 1st Tank Army captured by the Wehrmacht revealed that sigint had identified the positions of the headquarters and units of II Panzer Corps, 6th Panzer, and 11th Panzer divisions before the offensive began. Other captured documents showed that 7th Panzer Division, XIII Corps, and Second Army HQ had suffered the same fate. Soviet battlefield sigint was by no means perfect. XLVI Panzer Corps to the north of the Kursk salient and XLVIII Panzer Corps to the south achieved tactical surprise in the initial German attack. But Wehrmacht signals officers had no doubt that sigint had played a significant part in the Soviet success and pointed to poor German radio discipline as one of the reasons for the failure of Operation Citadel. Soviet radio security, however, though it had improved over the past two years, was no better than the Wehrmacht's. Sigint was probably the most valuable source of operational intelligence for both sides during the battle of Kursk.[142]

Sigint on the Soviet side was accompanied by the other forms of intelligence gathering commonly used by modern armies. Air reconnaissance, which on the Western Front had already emerged as a method of wartime intelligence collection second in importance only to sigint, was more successfully carried out by the Red Air Force than ever before. About 6,000 sorties were flown prior to the battle. Units on the Central and Voronezh fronts carried out 105 reconnaissances-in-force, over 2,600 night raids, and 1,500 ambushes in the three months before the German attack. The 187 German soldiers captured in the course of these operations were also an important source of intelligence. Prisoners and deserters taken on the night of July 4 provided the final proof of the German offensive scheduled for the early hours of the following day.[143]

By Kursk a relatively flexible and devolved system for providing front commanders with intelligence had replaced the more centralized system in force until the spring of 1942. Henceforth front intelligence departments *(razvedyvatenlyi otdel)* provided commanders with tactical intelligence, while the GRU remained responsible for strategic intelligence.[144]

Kursk opened the way to a virtually continuous advance by the Red Army, which ended with Marshal Zhukov's accepting the surrender of Berlin in May 1945. With a four-to-one superiority in men over the Wehrmacht, large amounts of military equipment from the United States and Britain, and growing air superiority, the Red Army, though suffering enormous losses, proved unstoppable. The operational intelligence that assisted its victorious two-year advance was the primary responsibility of the Stavka, the GRU, and commanders at the front. The NKVD, however, also played its part. A recent Soviet estimate puts the total of NKVD troops at fifty-three divisions and twenty-eight brigades, "not counting numerous other independent units and border troops,"[145] probably at least three-quarters of a million men. Many were used as blocking detachments behind regular forces to prevent retreat, and to carry out punitive missions against "suspect" nationalities. A series of minority peoples—Chechens, Ingushi, Crimean Tartars, Karachai, Balkars, Kamlyks, Volga Germans—became the victims of mass murder and deportations carried out by the NKVD.[146] Stalin would have preferred to deport the Ukrainians too, but complained there were too many of them.

The NKVD's main contribution to the victorious advance of the Red Army was its leading role in partisan warfare. The head of the wartime NKVD Partisan Administration was Lieutenant-General Pavel Anatolyevich Sudoplatov, later head of the postwar Spetsburo, which carried out foreign assassinations. Despite his fearsome reputation, "his bearing, his polished manners, his quiet, confident speech," according to the defector Nikolai Khokhlov, "denoted an important and intelligent man. He also knew the value of that studied simplicity in which only those in power can indulge."[147] Sudoplatov's deputy, Major General Leonid Aleksandrovich Eitingon, had directed partisan operations behind Franco's lines in the Spanish Civil War under the pseudonym General Kotov, and won fame within the NKVD as well as a place in the Memory Room of today's First Chief Directorate as the organizer of Trotsky's assassination.[148]

The role of partisans in both intelligence collection and sabotage has been clouded by administrative confusion at the time and heroic myths spread since. One of the best-known partisan heroes behind German lines, Nikolai Kuznetsov (whose portrait also appears in the First Chief Directorate Memory Room), is said to have gained access to the office of the Reichskommissar for the Ukraine, Erich Koch, in April 1943, disguised as a German lieutenant. He was about to assassinate Koch, the story continues, when the Reichskommissar began to reveal details of Operation Citadel, the forthcoming German attack on the Kursk salient. Kuznetsov dropped his plan to kill Koch and instead passed the plans for Citadel promptly back to Moscow. The story may not be wholly apocryphal but, as Dr. Timothy Mulligan has observed, Koch could not have had detailed knowledge of the forthcoming offensive—and, in particular, could not have supplied the date since Hitler had yet to settle on it.[149]

A recent Soviet study of partisan intelligence collection lists a series of shortcomings prior to the battle of Kursk, among them inexperience and lack of training among the partisans in carrying out reconnaissance, poor cover documents, shortage of radio transmitters, and the lack of "proper coordination" between the partisans and intelligence activity at the front. An order of the supreme commander-in-chief of April 19, 1943, "On Improving Intelligence Work in Partisan Detachments," called both for better coordination and for better training of partisan leaders by NKVD and GRU specialists.[150]

The first full-scale partisan offensive behind German lines coordinated with Red Army front-line operations was the "war on the rail track" *(relsovaya voina)* designed to break Wehrmacht railway communications during the battle of Kursk with the aid of large quantities of explosive parachuted to the partisans. It was only partly successful. Though thousands of charges went off, the railway lines on which the Germans depended were not completely severed.[151] A recent Soviet assessment of partisan intelligence during the Great Patriotic War picks out as one of its greatest successes the work of the 11th Partisan Brigade before and during the offensive that ended the 880-day siege of Leningrad in January 1944. The brigade supplied comprehensive reports by radio of all German troop movements by road and rail:

> By the start of the offensive . . . the Brigade's scouts had established the numbers and location of units, and the names of their commanders; they had recorded the movement of the staffs and units of 21 enemy divisions and brigades, and had ascertained the location of the staffs of the XXXVIII Army Corps and the 18th Army as well as the position of four airfields. With the start of the Soviet troop offensive . . . the scouts frequently led the advancing units to the enemy flanks and rear.[152]

The Abwehr felt swamped by the sheer number of partisans operating behind German lines. By the summer of 1944 German counterintelligence had identified 20,000 Soviet agents, and estimated that they were increasing at the rate of 10,000 every three months.[153] Among the most difficult to detect were the Besprisorniki, teenage children who had been trained in reconnaissance and sabotage. Even the Wehrmacht admired their bravery. A report from one German unit described the case of "a half-grown boy" who had been caught making notes on troop movements. Under interrogation he steadfastly refused to say who had given him his orders and "kept telling clumsy lies." Finally, it was decided to frighten him into submission. First he was forced to witness the shooting of seven adult prisoners. Then he was told to prepare himself for execution. At the last moment, just as the firing squad was taking aim, the child was told that his life would be spared if he told the truth:

> The youth smiled cheekily and said he knew he would be killed even if he did speak up. When the interrogator assured him again that he could only save his life by naming his employer, the boy replied: "I know very well that I shall be shot even if I do tell you the truth. I'll tell you the truth now: I have lied to you six times and I'll do it a seventh!"[154]

The report does not mention the child's fate. He was almost certainly shot.

In the course of the Great Patriotic War, scientific, as well as political and military, intelligence began to have a major influence on Soviet policy. The most important scientific intelligence concerned the atomic bomb. The earliest intelligence on the Anglo-American decision to build an atomic bomb probably came from John Cairncross. In October 1940 the question was discussed at length by the British Scientific Advisory Committee, chaired by Lord Hankey, for whom Cairncross worked as private secretary. It was discussed again in the summer of 1941 after the secret "Maud" Committee report predicted—overoptimistically—that "a very powerful weapon of war," using Uranium-235, could be constructed by the end of 1943. The Scientific Advisory Committee recognized, like the "Maud" Committee, that production of the atomic bomb (code-named the "Tube Alloys" project) would require the greater resources of the United States, with whom secret cooperation had already begun. Hankey became a member of the Tube Alloys Consultative Committee formed in the autumn of 1941 to advise on policy.[155] Cairncross doubtless forwarded its early advice to the Center.

In April 1942, M. G. Pervukhin, deputy prime minister and commissar of the chemical industry, was given on Stalin's instructions a thick file of NKVD and GRU reports about foreign work on the atomic bomb. Pervukhin recommended that the reports be shown to physicists who could evaluate their importance.[156] In May the young Soviet physicist G. N. Flyorov, then a Red Air Force lieutenant, wrote to Stalin: "It is essential not to lose any time in building the uranium bomb." On looking through American and British scientific journals Flyorov had discovered that almost nothing on nuclear fission was any longer being published and that the leading physicists in the field had disappeared from print. He deduced correctly that nuclear research was now secret and that the United States was building an atomic bomb. Stalin was outraged that the nuclear danger to the Soviet Union had been detected not by the Academy of Sciences but by an air force lieutenant at the front.

At the end of 1942 the State Defense Committee under Stalin's chairmanship issued a decree setting up a laboratory within the Academy of Sciences to work on the development of an atomic bomb. The decision was made at a critical moment in the war, against the advice even of many Soviet physicists, who believed that the bomb would take ten to twenty years to develop. It was clear that the bomb could not be ready in time to use in the war with Germany and that research on it would divert desperately scarce resources from the war effort.

In deciding to build an atomic bomb in the middle of the battle of Stalingrad, Stalin was thinking not of the needs of the Great Patriotic War but of a postwar world in which, since the United States and Britain would have nuclear weapons, the Soviet Union must have them too. At the end of 1942 Stalin also seems to have envisaged that the war might end without the destruction of the Nazi state—in which case Russia might also face a postwar Germany armed with nuclear weapons. But it was, above all, intelligence reports on the progress of nuclear research by his allies that persuaded Stalin to embark on the construction of the Soviet atomic bomb.[157]

The first and probably the most important of the "atom spies" who provided scientific intelligence on the progress of Anglo-American nuclear research was Klaus Fuchs. His early reports were almost certainly among those which, on Stalin's orders, were shown in April 1942 to Pervukhin and subsequently to Soviet physicists. Fuchs was born into a family described by a German newspaper as "the red foxes of Kiel" (*Fuchs* is German for "fox") on account of the color of both their hair and their politics. His father was a prominent Quaker leader descended from a long line of Protestant pastors. Fuchs joined the KPD at the age of twenty-one in 1932 while at Kiel University and became leader of a group of Communist students. After Hitler's rise to power he was forced to flee from Germany, arriving in England as a refugee in September 1933. Soon afterward he joined the KPD underground in England, performing various minor tasks for it, mostly associated with propaganda.

In 1934 Fuchs began research at Bristol University for a Ph.D. in physics, which he completed in December 1936. While at Bristol he took an active part in meetings of a front organization, the Society for Cultural Relations with the Soviet Union. At the society's dramatized readings of transcripts of the show trials, Fuchs impressed his research supervisor, the future Nobel laureate Sir Nevill Mott, by the passion with which he played the role of Vyshinsky, "accusing the defendants with a cold venom that I would never have suspected from so quiet and retiring a young man." In 1937 Fuchs went to work in Max Born's laboratory at Edinburgh University, where he remained until May 1940, when he was interned, like many other "enemy aliens," in the "fifth column" scare that accompanied the fall of France. After seven months on the Isle of Man and in Canada he was released at the end of the year.

In May 1941 he was invited by another refugee German scientist, Rudolf Peierls (later knighted) to work under him on "war work" at Birmingham University. "I could not tell him what the project was until I had permission to do so," said Peierls later, "but I described the kind of theory necessary, and he agreed to join."[158]

After some delay caused by MI5's reluctance to give him security clearance, Fuchs found himself part of the top-secret Tube Alloys project, to design and build an atom bomb. Late in 1941, at a critical stage in Operation Barbarossa, when it still seemed possible that the Wehrmacht might enter Moscow, Fuchs decided to volunteer his services as a Soviet spy. He traveled from Birmingham to London, made contact with Juergen Kuczynski, leader of the KPD underground in Britain, and asked for his help in passing to the Russians what he had learned about plans to build an atomic bomb. Kuczynski arranged for him to meet the GRU officer Simon Davidovich Kremer (known to Fuchs as Alexander), whose cover job was secretary of the military attaché's staff at the London embassy. Apparently fearing a provocation, Kremer appears to have arranged their first meeting at the embassy. His attempts thereafter to persuade Fuchs to adopt orthodox Soviet intelligence tradecraft met with mixed success. According to Fuchs's later interrogation by the FBI:

> Alexander suggested that he be careful to avoid being followed, that he should use taxicabs and double back in order to throw anyone off the track who might be following him. But [Fuchs] believed this to be too expensive and not so good a method in his own judgment. He preferred to go to a large place like some subway station in London where there was both a lift and stairs, and to make contacts in such a place.[159]

In the summer of 1942 Fuchs was moved to another GRU controller, Sonia, who he almost certainly never realized was the sister of Juergen Kuczynski. They usually met in Banbury, almost midway between Birmingham and Oxford, where Sonia lived as Mrs. Brewer, a Jewish refugee from Nazi Germany.[160] Fuchs later said that he never knew which branch of Soviet intelligence he was working for; indeed, he claimed that he was unaware until after his arrest that more than one branch existed.[161] His peculiar blend of scientific brilliance, narrow-mindedness, doctrinaire idealism, and personal naïveté makes the claim quite plausible.

The initial importance of Fuchs's intelligence lay less in its technical detail than in what it revealed of the progress made by British and American scientists.[162] By early 1942 Fuchs had access to classified American reports on nuclear research. Together with Peierls, Fuchs also prepared assessments of German progress in atomic research, using both scientific journals and SIS reports. They concluded in February 1942 that German sources gave no "very new indications on work or interest in the T.A. (Tube Alloys) field."[163] Fuchs's evidence of the rapid progress of Anglo-American research was probably crucial to Stalin's decision to enter the nuclear-arms race.

In December 1943 Fuchs sailed for the United States as a member of a Tube Alloys mission to its American equivalent, the Manhattan Project. Before he left Britain, Sonia had given him instructions on how to make contact with his American controller, Raymond. Though Fuchs did not realize it, the GRU had been pressured into surrendering him to the NKGB. Raymond was Harry Gold, a thirty-three-year-old industrial chemist, who had been born in Switzerland of Russian parents, entered the United States at the age of three, and from 1936 onward worked for the NKVD as an industrial spy and courier.[164] Fuchs later recalled that his first meeting with Raymond was arranged early in 1944 on New York's East Side. He was told to carry a tennis ball in his hand and look for a man wearing gloves carrying a spare pair in his hands.[165] When later questioned by the FBI, Gold remembered also having to carry a green-covered book.[166]

Fuchs claimed that during their meetings "the attitude of 'Raymond' at all times was that of an inferior."[167] Gold himself admitted that he was overawed by the terrifying potential of the nuclear intelligence Fuchs provided. Though he believed that the Soviet Union was entitled to it, Gold found handling information about the atomic bomb "so frightening that the only thing I could do was to shove it away as far back in my mind as I could and simply not think on the matter at all."[168]

In August 1944 Fuchs was posted to the top-secret atomic laboratory, containing twelve Nobel Prize winners, at Los Alamos near Santa Fe, where the atomic bomb was being assembled. British scientists, with access to different divisions of the compartmentalized project, often had a better overview of atomic research than their American colleagues. According to a Los Alamos security officer writing in September 1945, a month after the first bombs had been dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the scientists in the British mission had "substantially complete knowledge" of the gun assembly and implosion assembly of fissile material, the actual design of the bombs, and possible future developments, including the hydrogen bomb. But he believed that they knew only a "minimum of the engineering details." Everything of importance that Fuchs discovered was passed to the NKGB.[169] Not everything that Fuchs passed on, however, simplified the task of Soviet scientists. Some of Edward Teller's early work on thermonuclear fusion, stolen by Fuchs in 1944, contained serious errors, which must later have confused Soviet nuclear physicists when they began work on a hydrogen bomb.[170]

Fuchs had no idea that he was not the only Soviet spy at Los Alamos. David Greenglass, a twenty-two-year-old Communist GI, had arrived a few days before him to work as a machinist helping to make and maintain equipment used in the development of the atomic bomb. "I was young, stupid and immature," said Greenglass later, "but I was a good Communist." His letters to his wife, Ruth, described Stalin and the Soviet leadership as "really geniuses, everyone of them" who had only ever used force "with pain in their hearts": "More power to the Soviet Union and fruitful and abundant life for their peoples!" Greenglass later claimed that he hero-worshiped his older brother-in-law, Julius Rosenberg, who was part of an NKGB spy ring in New York, and was easily persuaded to supply Rosenberg with secret information from Los Alamos. "My darling," he wrote to his wife in November 1944, "I most certainly will be glad to be part of the community project that Julius and his friends [the Russians] have in mind."

While on leave in New York in January 1945 Greenglass gave Rosenberg a series of notes and sketches. In return Rosenberg handed him half of a fragment of a Jell-O box and told him that a courier would contact him later in the year in Los Alamos and identify himself by producing the missing fragment. When Harry Gold came to meet Fuchs in June he also called on Greenglass, received a series of notes from him, and handed over a sealed envelope containing $500. Anatoli Yakovlev, Gold's NKGB case officer, based at the Soviet consulate in New York, enthusiastically described Greenglass's intelligence as "extremely excellent and very valuable."

Greenglass provided a further installment to Rosenberg during his next leave in New York in September and received a further $200.[171] His information was important to the NKGB both because it provided some corroboration for Fuchs's more important scientific intelligence and because it filled in some of the engineering detail—precisely the area in which Fuchs was least informed.

By the spring of 1945 Soviet intelligence also had two important agents in the Anglo-Canadian nuclear-research team, headed by Professor John Cockcroft, director of the Atomic Energy Division at the Canadian National Research Council in Montreal. The first agent to be recruited was a British scientist, Allan Nunn May, a secret Communist who had been a contemporary of Donald Maclean at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, had begun work on the Tube Alloys project in 1942, and had made contact with the GRU soon afterward.[172] Unlike Philby, Blunt, and other leading Soviet agents, May experienced not the slightest frisson of pleasure at the danger and deception of the secret world. "The whole affair," he later claimed, "was extremely painful to me and I only embarked on it because I felt this was a contribution I could make to the safety of mankind." In retrospect, he shared Maclean's disillusioned view of espionage: "It's like being a lavatory attendant; it stinks but someone has to do it."[173]

May joined Cockcroft's research group in Montreal in January 1943. For reasons that remain obscure it took the local GRU some time to grasp his importance. It was not until late in 1944 that Lieutenant Pavel Angelov of the Ottawa GRU residency became his case officer. At some point during the first half of 1945, Angelov asked May to obtain samples of uranium, an assignment that a Canadian agent of the

GRU, Israel Halperin, had already described as "absolutely impossible." May, however, succeeded. On August 9, 1945, three days after Hiroshima, he gave Angelov a report on atomic research, details of the bomb dropped on Hiroshima, and two samples of uranium: an enriched specimen of U-235 in a glass tube and a thin deposit of U-233 on a piece of platinum foil.[174] Colonel Nikolai Zabotin, the GRU legal resident in Ottawa, considered these so important that he sent his deputy, Lieutenant-Colonel Motinov, to take them immediately to Moscow. Angelov pressed on May a bottle of whiskey and about $200 Canadian.

Soon afterward Zabotin was awarded both the Order of the Red Banner and the Order of the Red Star.[175] May was a member of a Canadian GRU espionage network that contained at least nineteen agents.[176] Among other military and scientific intelligence collected by the network was what a Canadian Royal Commission described as "information of the greatest importance" on radar ("next to the atomic bomb . . . perhaps the most vital work accomplished by the English-speaking Democracies in the technical field during the period in question"), asdic, explosives, propellants, and the V.T. fuse.[177] Zabotin's network included sources of political as well as scientific and military intelligence. Chief among them were Sam Carr (born Kogan in the Ukraine of Jewish parents), organizing secretary of the Canadian Communist Party since 1937, who recruited and handled agents for Zabotin; and Fred Rose (born Rosenberg in Poland of Russian Jewish parents), Party organizer for Quebec and a member of the Canadian Parliament, who supplied reports of secret parliamentary sessions.[178]

Most of the GRU network was wound up after the defection of Igor Guzenko from the Ottawa embassy in September 1945. The NKGB network of agents in Canada, however, remained largely intact. Among them was a second major atom spy in Montreal, Bruno Pontecorvo, a brilliant Italian émigré physicist. Unlike the retiring Allan Nunn May, Pontecorvo, usually known as Bruno or Ponte, was a popular extrovert whose film-star good looks gave him the further nickname Ramon Navarro. Born in 1913 of Jewish parents, Pontecorvo had left Italy during a fascist anti-Semitic campaign in 1936. Early in 1943 he joined the Anglo-Canadian nuclear research team in Montreal.

At some point over the next two years he wrote a letter to a Soviet embassy, probably in Ottawa, offering his services. The letter landed in the residency not of the GRU, as in the case of May, but of its "neighbor," the NKGB. Initially the resident paid no attention, presumably dismissing Pontecorvo as either a fraud or a provocateur.

Receiving no reply to a letter, Pontecorvo delivered a packet of classified documents and calculations to the embassy. The NKGB residency failed to grasp their significance but forwarded them to the Center and was surprised to receive a flash telegram ordering it to establish immediate operational contact with the scientist who had provided them. Pontecorvo stayed in Canada, working as both a nuclear scientist and a Soviet agent, until he transferred to the British atomic research establishment at Harwell early in 1949. KGB officers acquainted with the case told Gordievsky that they rated Pontecorvo's work as an atom spy almost as highly as that of Fuchs.[179]

By the summer of 1944 one of the Magnificent Five from Cambridge, Donald Maclean, was supplying both atomic and political intelligence. Though Maclean had been the most successful of the Five in the 1930s his career in both the Foreign Office and the NKVD went into partial eclipse in the early years of the war. In September 1938 he had arrived at the British embassy in Paris as a third secretary with a reputation as a sociable high flyer.[180] The strain of supplying intelligence to the NKVD after the Nazi-Soviet Pact and especially after the beginning of the German Blitzkrieg against France in May 1940 gradually tarnished his reputation, especially in the eyes of Sir Ronald Campbell, who became ambassador in Paris soon after the outbreak of war. According to another senior British diplomat, after the fall of France Campbell "commented unfavorably on Maclean's surprising dilatoriness and neglect of his duties during the last critical days. He thought of him, perhaps a bit harshly, as something of a weakling."[181]

On his return from France, Maclean, though soon promoted to second secretary, was posted to the unprestigious, newly created General Department of the Foreign Office, which dealt mainly with the Ministries of Shipping, Supply, and Economic Warfare. Aubrey Wolton, one of his colleagues in the General Department, found him "a rather withdrawn and lonely individual." His sense of isolation was increased by the absence of his American wife, Melinda, whom he had married in Paris, in the United States until the autumn of 1941 and by the stillbirth of their first child shortly before Christmas 1940.

The German invasion of the Soviet Union in June 1941 gave Maclean, as in varying degrees it gave all the Magnificent Five, a renewed sense of purpose. Of the subjects dealt with by the General Department over the next few years those that most interested his controller, Anatoli Gorsky, and the NKVD included administrative liaison with Allied troops stationed in Britain, of whom the most numerous before the arrival of the Americans in force late in 1943 were the Poles and the French.

Though Stalin signed a military convention with General Sikorski's Polish government-in-exile in London after the German attack, he remained deeply suspicious of it. As Maclean was able to report, the suspicion was fully reciprocated. In April 1943, soon after German troops had uncovered the site of the NKVD massacre of Polish officers in the Katyn Forest, the Polish government in London called for an investigation by the International Red Cross. Moscow promptly broke off relations with Sikorski's government, denounced them as "Fascist collaborators," and blamed the massacre on the Germans. As the secret agent of the organization that had carried out the massacre, Maclean cannot have enjoyed briefing it on Polish reactions.[182]

In the spring of 1944 Maclean's career in both the Foreign Office and the NKGB/NKVD took a turn for the better with his posting to the Washington embassy, where he was soon promoted to first secretary. Soon after his arrival Maclean was appointed with his fellow first secretary Roddie Barclay to an Anglo-American committee working on the terms for a peace treaty with Italy. Barclay was impressed by Maclean's "skill at drafting and his ability to unravel complex issues." Robert Cecil, another of his contemporaries in Washington, recalls:

> No task was too hard for him; no hours were too long. He gained the reputation of one who would always take over a tangled skein from a colleague who was sick, or going on leave, or simply less zealous.

The most sensitive, and in the NKVD's view probably the most important, area of policy in which Maclean had become involved by early 1945 was collaboration between Tube Alloys and the Manhattan Project. His growing expertise in the atomic field was to lead to his appointment in February 1947 as joint secretary of the Combined Policy Committee, which coordinated Anglo-American-Canadian nuclear policy.[183] Throughout his time in Washington Maclean affected a reassuring concern for embassy security. While acting head of Chancery in the spring of 1946 he summoned the press secretary, William Clark, for a security briefing. Clark later recalled: "I had not been so excited since, a dozen years earlier, my housemaster had given me (similarly belatedly) my obligatory talk on sex." Maclean drew to Clark's attention the fact that he had so far failed to sign a form acknowledging that the terms of the Official Secrets Act had been brought to his attention. He asked him to do so, then told him:

> "Of course you should talk to good journalists. It's not them we're after, it's people who might make use of the information. For instance"—and he carefully disconnected the phone by pulling out the jack on his desk—"I would always disconnect the phone when talking to businessmen, because of course our phones are tapped by the U.S. Government, and we don't want them to get all our trade plans. And one last thing, William, don't ever tell secrets to the French, they leak like sieves. Goodbye now, and be discreet."[184]

The importance attached by the NKGB to Maclean's position in Washington was demonstrated by the decision to send Anatoli Gorsky, hitherto the London controller of all the Magnificent Five, to the United States in July 1944 to maintain contact with him.[185] In October 1944 Gorsky also succeeded Akhmerov as Elizabeth Bentley's controller, and was given the task of overhauling the agent network run by Jacob Golos with Bentley's help until his death late in 1943. Like Akhmerov, Gorsky (known to Bentley as Al) quickly concluded that Golos's methods were amateurish and insecure.[186] He told Bentley that the existing setup was "full of holes and therefore too dangerous. I'm afraid our friend Golos was not too cautious a man, and there is the risk that you, because of your connection with him, may endanger the apparatus." Bentley was therefore to hand over her agent network and go "on ice" for six months until it was clear that she was not under surveillance by the FBI. The NKGB would look closely into the background of her agents and decide which to keep. Gorsky also insisted that she accept money and give him a receipt for it. "Let's have no more nonsense about this. I have $2,000 right here in my pocket. It's part of your salary. You're going to take it now! If you don't, I shall be forced to the inescapable conclusion that you are a traitor!"[187] By the time Bentley accepted the $2,000 she was indeed a "traitor." In November 1945, she became a double agent working for the FBI.[188] Though her agent network was compromised, Maclean, who was run separately, went undetected by the FBI investigation.

* * *

As well as penetrating the Anglo-American intelligence community during the Great Patriotic War, the NKVD/NKGB also had, ironically, for the only time in KGB history, official liaison arrangements with important sections of it. In August 1941, Colonel (later Brigadier) G. A. Hill (then code-named Dale) arrived in Moscow to head an SOE liaison team, which was given as cover name the "SAM Mission."[189] Hill was a somewhat eccentric choice. According to Kim Philby, briefly his colleague in SOE, "He was one of the few living Englishmen who had actually put sand in axle-boxes. Immensely paunchy, he looked rather like Soglow's King with a bald pate instead of a crown." Less than a decade previously Hill had published a grandiloquent account of his attempts first to assist, then to sabotage, the early Bolshevik regime. But he was ill-prepared for his wartime dealings with the NKVD. It was some time before he ordered a security check of the conference room in the SAM Mission. When the check took place, Philby gleefully relates, it "revealed a fearsome number of sources of leakage."[190]

Hill's opposite number in Moscow, Colonel (later General) A. P. Osipov, an NKVD subversive-warfare expert, seemed to Western eyes to bear an uncanny physical resemblance to Boris Karloff. After a slow start to SOE-NKVD collaboration, Osipov allowed Hill to accompany an NKVD unit behind German lines in February and March 1942 to study Soviet partisan tactics. Hill later claimed that on his return to Moscow he helped Osipov draw up the official Soviet handbook on guerrilla warfare.[191] His claim should be treated with caution. He had previously described how he had founded "a Bolshevik counter-espionage section" in 1918.[192] Hill's adventures behind German lines in the East, however, left him initially favorable to the idea of dropping NKVD agents behind enemy lines in the West and the Middle East. In the summer of 1942 he traveled to Istanbul and Cairo to discuss the idea of joint SOE-NKVD missions. Then he flew on to London accompanied by an NKVD agent, whom SOE parachuted into Belgium.

By now, however, Hill's initial enthusiasm for expanding NKVD operations westward had begun to cool. He wrote in his diary while arranging for the agent drop in Belgium: "Oh dear, I'm not at all pleased about this." SOE headquarters in London and Cairo vetoed the idea of joint operations from Turkey. According to SOE records, only "a small number" of NKVD agents were parachuted into Western Europe by the British, mostly in 1943.[193] Their drop was delayed by bad weather and operational difficulties. The NKVD protested, apparently suspecting a British plot. SOE provided data on explosive devices but got little in return.[194]

The head of the NKVD wartime mission in London, who arrived shortly after Hill had installed himself in Moscow, was Ivan Andreevich Chichayev, who also acted as Soviet counselor to Allied governments-in-exile. He was large, robust, capable, and sociable, but unusual in the NKVD for being almost teetotal. Initially, Chichayev combined his liaison post with that of NKVD resident in London.[195] The growing importance of the British agent network, however, led Moscow Center in 1943 to send a still more senior officer, Konstantin Mikhailovich Kukin, to take over from Chichayev as resident in London under diplomatic cover. Kukin basked in the reflected glory of the Magnificent Five. His portrait hangs today on the wall of the First Chief Directorate Memory Room together with a citation praising him as one of the most outstanding intelligence officers of the 1940s and 1950s. With Kukin taking over the running of the British agent network, Chichayev concentrated on the governments-in-exile.[196] As victory approached, his pressure on them mounted. General František Moravec, the intelligence chief of the Czech government-in-exile, at first found Chichayev friendly and accommodating.

> After Stalingrad the Soviet smiles faded. As the Russian military situation improved, Chichayev's attitude changed completely. Whereas before he had come to me every day and thanked me for whatever he received, he now became critical, imperious and even threatening.

Chichayev began demanding direct access to the Czechoslovak underground, criticizing the information it supplied and calling for intelligence that in Moravec's view it was impossible to obtain. He also started gathering information about Czechoslovak exiles and compiling lists of "undependables." Toward the end of the war Chichayev's demands for intelligence on the British intelligence services and on Edvard Beneš, head of the government-in-exile, led Moravec to break off contact with him.[197]

Despite the limited success of SOE liaison with the NKGB/NKVD, late in 1943 in the wake of the first meeting of the Big Three (Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill) at Teheran, General Donovan, the head of OSS, became enthusiastic about the idea of wide-ranging intelligence collaboration with the Russians. On Christmas Day 1943 in

Moscow, Donovan and Averell Harriman, the American ambassador, had talks with Molotov, the Foreign Commissar. Two days later Donovan met Fitin, the head of INU, and Osipov, the NKVD subversive warfare expert. According to the American account of the meeting, Fitin "listened with the closest attention" as Donovan briefed him on OSS organization and operations, then answered questions on "all available methods" of infiltrating agents into enemy territory and other technical matters. "General Osipov," the minutes record, "appeared particularly interested in the possibilities of plastic explosives. General Donovan promised to send to General Fitin . . . a standard type of small radio which was used by the OSS operatives."

Having thus sought to whet the appetite of his Soviet hosts, Donovan then proposed the establishment of an OSS mission in Moscow and an NKVD mission in Washington. The two missions would exchange intelligence (each side, Donovan believed, had information on the enemy "of great value" to the other), coordinate operations to prevent their agents from "working at cross purposes," and keep each other informed of preparations for sabotage missions. Donovan's proposal was accepted in principle with an alacrity rarely paralleled in American-Soviet relations. Fitin was avid for information on OSS operations in Eastern Europe and the Balkans, as well as for access to OSS weapons and technology. At a time when INU was considering the overhaul, after Jacob Golos's death, of Elizabeth Bentley's insecure Washington spy ring, he must also have welcomed the prospect of strengthening his residency in Washington by an officially accredited mission, which, as in London, could combine liaison work with espionage. Fitin told Donovan that he "heartily welcomed" his proposals. While some aspects would naturally have to be decided by higher authority, the presence in Moscow of an OSS liaison officer could be considered "as decided," and the exchange of some intelligence "should begin right away."[198] Harriman, the American ambassador, was as enthusiastic as Fitin. He wrote naïvely to Roosevelt:

> We have unsuccessfully attempted for the last two and a half years to penetrate sources of Soviet information and to get on a basis of mutual confidence and exchange. Here, for the first time, we have penetrated one intelligence branch of the Soviet Government and, if pursued, I am satisfied this will be the opening door to far greater intimacy in other branches.[199]

Washington, however, had cold feet. Anxious to avoid controversy in an election year, Roosevelt yielded to the determination of the FBI director, J. Edgar Hoover, not to allow an NKVD mission in Washington. In April 1944 Fitin and Osipov were told by the head of the U.S. Military Mission, General Deane, that the formal exchange of missions had been "postponed."[200] Though "disappointed," they were anxious to continue exchanging intelligence with OSS through Deane's office.

In August the OSS mission in London also began exchanging information with Chichayev.[201] Though the NKVD provided enough reports to establish the exchange and OSS was, to begin with, impressed with the sheer novelty of receiving Soviet intelligence, the exchange was increasingly one-sided, with OSS providing far more than it received.[202] From time to time, however, Fitin provided considerable detail when he had a clear interest in doing so. In September, for example, he provided details of eight enemy installations in Poland and East Germany, doubtless in the hope that they would be bombed by the USAF.[203]

Fitin also came to the rescue after the Soviet high command ordered all OSS and SOE officers out of Bulgaria on September 25. Two days later Fitin announced that he had made arrangements for them to be allowed back. But he made their return conditional on Donovan's giving him a list of all OSS personnel not merely in Bulgaria, but in Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and all areas occupied by the Red Army. Donovan agreed. Henceforth those partisans in Eastern Europe and the Balkans who made contact with OSS officers were likely to find their names on the NKVD black list. OSS officers watched helplessly as their NKVD colleagues suppressed opposition to Communist domination in the areas liberated by the Red Army.[204]

The establishment and initially high expectations of OSS-NKVD collaboration in 1944 stirred Brigadier Hill into unsuccessful attempts to revitalize SOE liaison with the Russians. In April 1944 SOE provided Major N. N. Krassovski of the NKVD with a wireless transmitter and small arms, and parachuted him into Yugoslavia to visit Tito's headquarters. SOE in Bari telegraphed London: "Krassovski completely unappreciative of efforts made on his behalf." In June Chichayev informed SOE that Krassovski had been recalled by Moscow "as efforts to establish liaison with SOE with a view to collaboration had failed." Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean, Churchill's liaison officer with Tito, commented that, on the contrary, the SOE mission's relations with Krassovski had been most cordial. Osipov told Hill: "Perhaps

Krassovski was the wrong type to send." Hill agreed, and invited Osipov to visit London to discuss future collaboration. Osipov failed to reply.[205]

As well as collecting vast amounts of intelligence on Russia's allies, the NKVD also carried out a series of active measures operations designed to influence Western opinion. While working on the classified official history of the First Chief Directorate, Gordievsky came to the conclusion that the NKVD's most remarkable active measures coup had been the success of one of its agents, Peter Smollett, in becoming head of the Ministry of Information's Anglo-Soviet liaison section. Born H. P. Smolka in Vienna in 1912, Smollett came from a family of Austrian Jews that made its fortune between the wars by manufacturing the first ski binding to snap open when twisted in a fall. He came to London in 1933,[206] probably at Maly's instigation, as an idealistic young NKVD illegal agent, working under journalistic cover for a Viennese newspaper. In 1934–35 he was briefly involved with Philby in an unsuccessful attempt to set up their own news agency.[207]

Smolka made his reputation in Britain with a series of vivid, well-written articles for *The Times* describing his travels in the Soviet Arctic regions in the summer of 1936. In 1937 the articles were turned into a book, *Forty Thousand Against the Arctic: Russia's Polar Empire,* which went through three printings in less than a year. By the standards of the day, Smolka's book was a sophisticated example of NKVD active measures, written from an apparently non-Communist perspective by a writer concerned simply to "give credit where it is due" and set aside old "grievances and reproaches." "Russia today," he told his readers, "is like a house in construction. They cannot hide the dirt, disorder and atmosphere of improvisation which astounds us in all building plots." But Smolka placed the emphasis on the impressive achievements of the Five Year Plans, of which the conquest of the Arctic wastes was a striking example. Proud of the achievements of socialist construction, preoccupied with "battles against nature" and the development of their resources, the Soviet people had lost interest in "the idea of carrying the torch of world revolution beyond their frontiers."

The most ingenious fabrication in Smolka's book was his portrayal of the hideous brutality of the gulag during the Great Terror as an idealistic experiment in social reform. He wrote of relations between guards and prisoners: "What I found new was the great and sincere belief of the young [NKVD] 'administrators' that they were really pioneers of the soul in the wilderness of these ruffians' [the prisoners'] minds." The reformed ruffians of the gulag were constructing convict colonies which, guided by the idealists of the NKVD, might one day become as free and prosperous as Australia, which had similar penal origins.[208]

Curiously, such fabrications did not dent the confidence in Smolka of either *The Times* or the Foreign Office Press Department, which was impressed by his "considerable reputation as a writer in international affairs." Soon after the Anschluss of Nazi Germany with Austria in March 1938, he became a naturalized British subject under the name H. Peter Smollett (initially Smolka-Smollett). A few months later he joined the Exchange Telegraph Company as head of its newly formed foreign department. In November 1938 he was given warm recommendations from the Foreign Office Press Department to the British embassies in Prague, Warsaw, Budapest, Bucharest, Belgrade, and Berne, where he had requested "an opportunity of discussing . . . the local press situation and particularly the question of how straight news from this country stands in relation to the tainted propaganda put out by other official and semi-official agencies." Smollett's own gift for skillfully "tainted" NKVD propaganda gives these discussions in British embassies a particular irony. He and his wife were in Prague during the German takeover in March 1939 and had to take refuge in the British embassy before returning to London.[209]

After the outbreak of war Smollett tried vainly to enter one of the intelligence services.[210] He found a job instead in the wartime Ministry of Information, where his career was helped by his acquaintance with the young and dynamic Brendan Bracken, who became Churchill's minister of information in June 1941.[211] In September Churchill asked Bracken "to consider what action was required to counter the present tendency of the British Public to forget the dangers of Communism in their enthusiasm over the resistance of Russia."[212] Soon afterward Smollett was appointed head of the recently founded Russian department.[213] He quickly and cleverly redefined the prime minister's brief by referring to Churchill's broadcast on June 22 promising to "give whatever help we can to Russia and the Russian people." The two priorities, reported Smollett, were to:

> a. Combat such anti-Soviet feeling in Britain as might jeopardize execution of policy defined by the Prime Minister,

> June 22. Counteract enemy attempt to split national unity over issue of Anglo-Soviet Alliance.
>
> b. Attempt to curb exuberant pro-Soviet propaganda from the Left which might seriously embarrass H.M.G. Anticipate Communist-inspired criticism and prevent initiative from falling into the hands of C.P. [Communist Party].

The way to "curb exuberant pro-Soviet propaganda," argued Smollett, was "to 'steal the thunder' of radical left propaganda in this country by outdoing them in pro-Russian publicity while at the same time keeping this publicity on such lines as we think most desirable."[214] Stealing the thunder of the radical left turned out to involve celebrating the achievements of the Red Army in a way that identified the Russian people with the Soviet regime.

Smollett defined his own job as "directing the Branch in general" and liaison with the Foreign Office, the Soviet embassy and the Political Warfare Executive.[215] Ivan Maisky, the Soviet ambassador, wrote to assure Brendan Bracken in November 1941 that "everything possible will be done to assist Mr. Smollett to maintain close contact with the Embassy here."[216] Smollett's most important contact in the embassy was his NKVD controller, Anatoli Gorsky, who found meetings with him much simpler to arrange than with the Magnificent Five.[217] While never suspecting that Smollett was a Soviet agent, the Foreign Office grew mildly concerned at the extent of his dealings with the Soviet embassy. In 1942 it sought to "impress on Smollett the importance of exercising the utmost discretion in his use of information."[218]

Smollett successfully persuaded R. H. Parker, director of the Home Publicity Division, that the ministry should avoid using "both White Russians and Red Englishmen" to speak on Soviet affairs.[219] That apparently even-handed proposal suited NKVD policy perfectly. White Russians were, of course, anathema. But the NKVD also preferred to have the Soviet case put by apparently impartial British speakers rather than by open Communists. Smollett presented the Soviet embassy's willingness to distance itself from overtly pro-Communist groups as a major concession:

> The Head of [the Embassy Press] Department asked me to state frankly whether I considered some of the pro-Russian organizations in this country to constitute an embarrassment

> to HMG. I replied equally frankly that as a Government body we should prefer to deal only with official Russian organizations and my partner immediately stated, with permission to be quoted, that the Embassy is prepared to disinterest themselves [sic] completely in the fate of such organizations as the Russia Today Society, the Friends of the Soviet Union and the newspaper *Russia Today.*

Smollett gained Parker's consent for his proposal to seek the embassy's help in "bringing from Russia some specially trained speakers who would adhere strictly to a brief agreed upon by both HMG and the Soviet Embassy."[220]

The Soviet propaganda effort organized by Smollett under the guise of stealing the thunder of the radical left was on a prodigious scale. A vast meeting at the Albert Hall in February 1943 to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Red Army included songs of praise by a massed choir, readings by John Gielgud and Laurence Olivier, and was attended by leading politicians from all major parties. Official posters paid constant tribute to Russian civilians as well as soldiers. Numerous Soviet exhibitions toured the country. The film *U.S.S.R. at War* was shown to factory audiences of 1¼ million. In the month of September 1943 alone the Ministry of Information organized meetings on the Soviet Union for thirty-four public venues, thirty-five factories, one hundred voluntary societies, twenty-eight civil-defense groups, nine schools, and a prison; the BBC in the same month broadcast thirty programs with a substantial Soviet content.[221]

One of the Conservative whips in the Commons complained: "Films displayed by the Ministry of Information giving a colourful portrayal of life in Soviet Russia have served to change many people's ideas about Communism."[222] Smollett was also successful in suppressing a substantial amount of unfavorable comment on Stalinist persecution. The ministry even succeeded in persuading George Orwell's publishers not to bring out his satirical masterpiece *Animal Farm.*[223]

Smollett worked closely with the BBC, "vetting . . . scripts projecting Russia to be used on the home services."[224] With Guy Burgess as an influential talks producer from 1940 to 1944, the NKVD also had a powerful voice inside the BBC. In July 1941, a month after the German invasion, Burgess circulated a list of "Draft Suggestions for Talks on Russia" covering literature, science, culture, economic planning ("The Soviet Union were the pioneers"), the federal system of the

U.S.S.R. ("one in which the Soviet Union has done some interesting experiments"), and Soviet foreign policy ("Carefully handled there should be room for an objective talk"). Burgess's suggestions on Soviet culture had a particular irony, which the BBC management at the time failed to realize: "Dr. Klugender and Dr. Blunt are possible speakers on Art—neither are Communists. Christopher Hill (a fellow of All Souls) is a Communist but is also probably the best authority on Russian historical studies."[225]

Probably Burgess's most remarkable coup within the BBC on behalf of the NKVD was to arrange for a talk on the Eastern Front in January 1942 by the Soviet illegal Ernst Henri, who had first aroused his enthusiasm for the ring of five in 1933. Still working in London under journalistic cover, Henri told his listeners that the Red Army would be victorious because "they fight for the people, for their motherland and for the people's rule." Then Henri had a special message for the moles. The Soviet Union, he told them over the air, had "an intelligence service which is among the best in the world." The Gestapo (and, by implication, MI5) was powerless against it.[226] The Soviet agents who heard Henri's remarkable broadcast must have drawn heart from the NKVD's ability to advertise its success over the BBC.

The talks director of the Home Service (now Radio 4), George Barnes (later knighted), a friend of Burgess since Burgess had lodged in his Cambridge house, stoutly defended his staff against "the allegation that our broadcasts are biased towards the left"—though he acknowledged that his producers were mostly "young men and it is axiomatic that young men tend to mix in progressive circles." The NKVD, for its part, was annoyed that the more objective BBC home-news department failed to follow the lead of the talks department. In the spring of 1943 the Soviet embassy sent a savage protest at BBC news coverage of Soviet affairs to Brendan Bracken, who forwarded it to the director-general of the BBC. Bracken told the embassy that, while denying the charge, the BBC had been suitably chastened.[227]

While helping to run Soviet active measures in London in 1982–85 (and keeping British intelligence well informed about them), Gordievsky sometimes reflected on the precedent set by Smollett and Burgess during the Second World War. Brilliantly ingenious though the active measures orchestrated by Smollett and Burgess were, they were less influential than the KGB believed. For most of the British public the achievements of the Red Army spoke for themselves. The Soviet Union lost more soldiers at Stalingrad in the winter of 1942–43 than were lost by either Britain or the United States in all the battles of the war. The Home Intelligence Division of the Ministry of Information reported early in 1943:

> However successful or even sensational the news from other quarters may be, the eyes and hearts of the majority are turned towards "our great Allies." The victory at Stalingrad is said to have aroused more "intense admiration than any other Russian exploit," and it appears that the admiration and gratitude of the majority have never been higher.[228]

In the aftermath of Stalingrad, even the Foreign Office preferred to turn a blind eye to evidence of the NKVD massacre of Polish officers in the Katyn Forest. The active measures campaign orchestrated by Smollett at the Ministry of Information helped to blur the distinction between the heroism of the Russian people and the Stalinist regime, but by comparison with the victories and sacrifices of the Red Army its influence on British opinion was marginal.

Probably the most remarkable active measure designed to influence Western opinion was the sudden dissolution of the Comintern in May 1943. The primary purpose of this unexpected and dramatic gesture was to reinforce in the West the changing image of the Soviet Union as a power no longer concerned to export revolution through its domination of foreign Communist parties but intent instead on strengthening the wartime alliance and extending it into the postwar world. In an interview with Reuter's chief Moscow correspondent, Stalin gave as the first two reasons for the Comintern's abolition:

> a. It exposes the lie of the Hitlerites to the effect that "Moscow" allegedly intends to intervene in the life of other nations and to "Bolshevize" them. An end is now being put to this lie.
> b. It exposes the calumny of the adversaries of Communism within the Labour movement to the effect that Communist parties in various countries are allegedly acting not in the interests of their people but on orders from outside. An end is now being put to this calumny too.

Soviet policy, said Stalin, favored the union of all "progressive forces . . . regardless of party or religious faith" and "the future organization of a companionship of nations based upon their equality."[229] Smollett, meanwhile, was urging on the BBC and the rest of the media the argument that a "major change of direction . . . has taken place in Soviet policy under Stalin":

> While the Trotskyist policy was to bolster up the security of a weak U.S.S.R. by means of subversive movements in other countries controlled by the Comintern, Stalin's policy has been and continues to be one of maintaining a strong Russia maintaining friendly diplomatic relations with other governments. . . . Parallel with this development in Soviet policy there has been a change in the type of personnel in power in the U.S.S.R. The ideologues and doctrinaire international revolutionaries have increasingly been replaced by people of the managerial and technical type, both military and civil, who are interested in getting practical results.[230]

In reality, though foreign Communists were encouraged to turn themselves into nationalists in order to strengthen their prospects of postwar power, Stalin had no intention of releasing them from their traditional obligation to follow Moscow's lead. And at the very moment when Stalin was denouncing allegations of covert Soviet interference in foreign countries as "calumny," NKVD penetration in both London and Washington had reached record levels. The dissolution of the Comintern, however, was a propaganda success. Senator Tom Connally, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, interpreted it as meaning that Russian Communism would no longer interfere in the affairs of other nations. The New York *Herald Tribune* argued that it marked the transformation of the U.S.S.R. into a national state run on Communist lines rather than the center of world communism.[231]

Part of Stalin's concern with the image of the U.S.S.R. in the West in 1943 derived from his desire to diminish the apprehensions of his allies at the spread of Soviet influence in Eastern and Central Europe before negotiations began on the shape of the postwar world. The NKVD/NKGB gave him a considerable bargaining advantage over his allies. Both British and American intelligence performed better against the enemy; Russia had no intelligence success against Germany that compared with Ultra. But Soviet intelligence devoted vastly more resources to penetrating its allies than its allies deployed against the U.S.S.R.—

contrary to the postwar myth encouraged by the KGB that Western intelligence had been actively waging the Cold War well before Germany had been defeated.

At the first meeting of the Big Three at Teheran in November 1943, there was an enormous disparity between the intelligence supplied to Stalin and that available to Churchill and Roosevelt. The NKGB was well provided with agents in both London and Washington. SIS and OSS had not a single agent between them in Moscow. Having successfully installed a comprehensive system of listening devices in the U.S. embassy in Moscow, the NKGB devised a simple but equally successful method of bugging Roosevelt and his entourage in Teheran. Molotov claimed, rather vaguely, to have information of a German assassination plot, and declared the American legation, situated a mile away from the adjoining British and Soviet embassies, to be insecure. Churchill suggested that Roosevelt stay in the British embassy. Not wishing to arouse Russian suspicions of an Anglo-American plot, the president refused. Instead he naïvely accepted Stalin's pressing invitation to stay with his delegation in a building in the Soviet embassy compound.

General Ismay, head of the military section of the War Cabinet secretariat, later mused in his memoirs: "I wonder if microphones had already been installed in anticipation!"[232] There is, of course, no doubt that they had. Housed in Soviet property, attended by NKVD servants, their conversations constantly monitored by their hosts, the United States delegation to the first summit meeting with a Soviet leader was condemned to practice something akin to open diplomacy.

Stalin's negotiating advantage did not stop there. Advising Roosevelt at Teheran was Harry Hopkins, whom the NKVD regarded as its agent. Hopkins's own view of his role was quite different. He was an American patriot with no desire to introduce the Soviet system in the United States. But he consented to receive secret communications "from Comrade Stalin" through Akhmerov and expressed in public as well as in private his conviction that "Since Russia is the decisive factor in the war she must be given every assistance and every effort must be made to obtain her friendship."[233] Unlike Roosevelt or the State Department, Hopkins had already concluded that the United States must come to terms with the fact that the Soviet Union would "without question. . . . dominate Europe on the defeat of the Nazis" and that Soviet-American friendship held the key to the postwar world. He encouraged Roosevelt's conviction that he could succeed where

Churchill had failed and establish a personal rapport with Stalin. According to Roosevelt's neglected secretary of State, Cordell Hull, who was not invited to Teheran, "the President hoped that, through a personal meeting with Stalin, he might iron out the problems that existed between Russia on the one hand and virtually all the United Nations on the other."[234]

Hopkins also believed that with American forces now in Europe and the United States providing most of the military equipment, it was time for her to assert her role as senior partner in the Anglo-American alliance. He said ominously to Churchill's doctor, Lord Moran, before the conference began, "Sure, we are preparing for a battle at Teheran. You will find us lining up with the Russians."[235] Charles Bohlen, who acted as American interpreter at Teheran, later described Hopkins's influence on the president as "paramount."[236] All other foreign policy advisers were kept at arm's length. The American diplomat Robert Murphy complained to Cordell Hull that the U.S. foreign service was not told what transpired in the secret conversations between Roosevelt and Stalin. Hull replied that he himself would have been grateful for any news from Teheran.[237]

It was at Teheran, Churchill later claimed, that he realized for the first time how small a nation Britain was: "There I sat with the great Russian bear on one side of me, with paws outstretched, and on the other side the great American buffalo, and between the two sat the poor little English donkey."[238] After the second session of the conference on November 29 Hopkins sought out Churchill at the British embassy, told him that Stalin and Roosevelt were adamant that Operation Overlord, the Anglo-American cross-Channel invasion of northern France, must take place in May 1944 and that British opposition must cease. Churchill duly gave way.[239] (In fact, Overlord was to begin on June 6.)

The most important political concession to Stalin was Anglo-American agreement to give postwar Russia her 1941 frontier, thus allowing her to recover the ill-gotten gains of the Nazi-Soviet Pact: eastern Poland, the Baltic States, and Bessarabia. Poland was to receive some territorial compensation in the west at the expense of Germany. The Polish government in London, headed since July by Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, was not consulted. When Stalin vilified Mikolajczyk's government ("The Polish Government and their friends in Poland were in contact with the Germans. They killed the partisans"), neither the president nor the prime minister thought it prudent to object.[240] Nor did Roosevelt or Churchill provoke disharmony by raising the question of the Katyn massacre. The sellout of the Poles derived not merely from illusions about Stalin's postwar behavior (much greater for Hopkins and Roosevelt than for Churchill) but also from a deep sense of the West's military debt to the Soviet Union at a time when the Red Army was still bearing the overwhelming brunt of the war with Germany.

Stalin returned from Teheran in high spirits. Soon afterward the U.S. embassy in Moscow reported an "almost revolutionary change" in the attitude of the Soviet press to Britain and the United States. The whole Soviet propaganda machine was geared to celebrating Allied unity and the "historic decisions" at Teheran.[241] In the Soviet view the Western Allies seemed to have recognized, as a Russian diplomat put it privately, Russia's "right to establish friendly governments in the neighboring countries." The Czechoslovak government-in-exile in London was quick to take the hint. On December 12, 1943, President Beneš signed in Moscow a treaty of friendship and alliance with the Soviet Union. Naïvely believing that he could keep the upper hand by staying on good terms with Stalin, Beneš told Czech Communist leaders in Moscow that he expected them to emerge after the war as the strongest party.[242]

The next conference of the Big Three, at Yalta on the Black Sea in February 1945 (the last attended by Roosevelt, who died in April), was another Soviet triumph. Once again Stalin held most of the military cards. The Red Army was close to controlling Poland, Czechoslovakia, and the Baltic States as well as a large slice of Germany, while the Western Allies, despite the success of Overlord, had yet to cross the Rhine. Stalin had an equally impressive advantage in intelligence. The NKVD had two able moles in the British foreign service: Donald Maclean at the Washington embassy, well placed to report on Anglo-American discussions before the conference, and Guy Burgess, who had left the BBC for the Foreign Office News Department in 1944. The NKGB's main source within the State Department, Alger Hiss, was actually a member of the American delegation at Yalta. As deputy director of the Office of Special Political Affairs since late in 1944, he had been actively engaged in preparations for the conference.[243] To the delight of the NKGB, Harry Hopkins, after losing some of his influence in the White House during 1944, reemerged, despite illness, to become, once again, chief adviser to the now visibly ailing Roosevelt.[244]

The Americans were put up in the former Tsarist summer palace at Livadia, the British twenty minutes away at what one of them described as "a sort of Gothic Balmoral," the Vorontsov Palace.[245] Both were comprehensively bugged. The Americans in particular seem to have taken few if any precautions. The NKGB sought with some success to distract attention from its surveillance by lavish and attentive hospitality, personally supervised by its first deputy commissar, General Sergei Nikiforovich Kruglov, who struck Joan Bright of the British War Cabinet secretariat as "the most powerful-looking man I had ever seen, with huge shoulders, face, hands and feet." On the eve of the conference Kruglov told Miss Bright that the British delegation was in the Russian bad books. He spread his enormous hands: "From the Americans we have received many requests and have done our best to fulfil them; from the British nothing, nothing. . . ." Miss Bright did her best to pacify him with a long list of requirements.[246]

Sarah Churchill, who accompanied her father to Yalta, wrote to her mother "Our paws are well buttered here. Wow." Over a thousand Russian soldiers had restored roads, rebuilt and decorated houses, and planted gardens. Walls were hung with masterpieces from Moscow art galleries, baronial fireplaces crackled with burning logs, Persian rugs carpeted the floors, starched and spotless linen adorned the table, the maîtres d'hôtel wore white tie and tails, the maids were dressed in black dresses with white aprons. Miss Bright found the food like "something out of a fairy tale." On one occasion she casually mentioned over lunch that she had never eaten Chicken Kiev. Within the hour she was served a dish of it by a butler who stood over her, "with a proud smile on his face," while she consumed it. When Sarah Churchill mentioned that lemon juice went well with caviar, a huge lemon tree weighed down with fruit appeared, as if by magic, in the Vorontsov orangerie. The Americans noted the same phenomenon at the Livadia Palace. General Kruglov, who presided over such minor miracles, was rewarded at the next Allied conference at Potsdam with a KBE, thus becoming the only KGB officer ever to receive an honorary knighthood.[247]

In the economic negotiations at Yalta, centered on the issue of reparations, Soviet negotiators were powerfully assisted by Harry Dexter White, the most important of several NKVD agents in the U.S. Treasury.[248] Since 1942, as the closest adviser of Morgenthau, secretary of the Treasury, White had taken the leading part in formulating American policy for the international financial order of the postwar world. Together with Lord Keynes, he was the dominating figure at the Bretton Woods Conference of July 1944, which drew up the blueprint for both the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank for

Reconstruction and Development. In January 1945 he became assistant secretary of the Treasury.[249]

Reparations negotiations at Yalta opened on February 5. Molotov asked for long-term American credits as well as massive German reparations. Maisky, then assistant foreign commissar, called for the deindustrialization of Germany, the physical removal of its arms industry and of 80 percent of the rest of its heavy industry. Confiscated industrial plant would contribute to a total reparations bill of $20 billion, of which half would go to the Soviet Union. Though not present at Yalta, White had already given strong backing to the Soviet case. In January 1945 he took the lead in drafting two memoranda sent by Morgenthau to the president. The first proposed a thirty-five-year loan to the U.S.S.R. of $10 billion at 2 percent interest, with optional repayment in strategic materials. The second memorandum declared it "essential" that German chemical, metallurgical, and electrical industries be removed in their entirety to prevent future German aggression:

> The real motive of most of those who oppose a weak Germany is . . . fear of Russia and of Communism. It is the twenty-year-old idea of a "Bulwark against Bolshevism,"—which was one of the factors that brought this present war down on us.
>
> . . . There is nothing I can think of that can do more at this moment to engender trust or distrust between the United States and Russia than the position this Government takes on the German problem.

White's advocacy failed to overcome State Department opposition to the $10 billion loan to Russia and to the dismantling of German industry. But Roosevelt, unlike Churchill, accepted the Soviet figure of $20 billion reparations, half going to the U.S.S.R., as "a basis for discussion" by a three-power Reparations Commission, which was to meet in Moscow.[250] White, however, had already facilitated a concealed American subsidy to the Soviet Union. In 1944 White provided the NKVD through Silvermaster with samples of the occupation currency printed by the Treasury for use in Germany. Thus prompted, the Russians decided to ask for the plates, ink, and paper samples in order to print notes of their own. The director of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving reasonably objected that "to permit the Russian government to print a currency identical to that being printed in this country would make accountability impossible." White protested that the Russians would interpret this as showing lack of confidence in their integrity; they "must be trusted to the same degree and to the same extent as the other allies." A week later they received the plates. In 1953 a Senate hearing was told that "there is no way of determining just to what extent the Russians did use these plates." The cost to the American taxpayer may well have run into millions of dollars.[251]

The main problems at Yalta were political. Most time was taken up with Poland. As Cadogan, the permanent under-secretary at the Foreign Office explained to his wife, "That will be the most important thing. . . . Because after all, if we couldn't get a decent-looking Polish settlement, none of our other high-falutin' plans for World Organization and suchlike would make much sense."[252] At Teheran Churchill and Roosevelt had effectively conceded both Russian dominance of Poland and Russia's choice of frontiers. Now, belatedly, they tried to reconcile that concession with the principles of the Atlantic Charter by demanding guarantees of Polish democracy incompatible with the principles of Stalinism. Poland, said Churchill poetically, must "be mistress in her own house and captain of her soul." This required a replacement for the puppet Lublin provisional government installed by the Russians and a guarantee of free elections. Stalin negotiated brilliantly, first playing for time, then making concessions on secondary issues after underlining their importance in order to retain his allies' consent to a Soviet-dominated Poland, the key to the establishment of a Stalinist order in Eastern Europe. Cadogan, usually a hard judge, wrote to his wife:

> I have never known the Russians so easy and accommodating. In particular Joe has been extremely good. He is a great man, and shows up very impressively against the background of the other two aging statesmen. The President in particular is very woolly and wobbly.[253]

Thus mollified by Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt settled for a face-saving formula in Poland. The Lublin provisional government, instead of being replaced, was simply to be enlarged to include some "democratic leaders." Poland's postwar elections were to be overseen not by the Allies to ensure fair play but by the provisional government, which would rig the results with expert assistance from the NKVD.

At Yalta it was still uncertain (as Stalin knew from NKGB reports) that the Manhattan Project would succeed in producing an atomic bomb in time to force Japan to surrender without an enormously costly American invasion. Stalin allowed himself to be persuaded to declare war on Japan within three months of the defeat of Germany in return for the acquisition of southern Sakhalin and the Kurile islands from Japan and control of Manchuria and Outer Mongolia at the expense of China. Stalin also agreed, after initial opposition, to allow France a zone of occupation in Germany (taken from the Anglo-American zones) and a seat on the Allied Control Commission. Again, after a show of reluctance, Stalin accepted the American voting formula for the Security Council, thus ensuring the creation of the United Nations. During the last session of the Yalta conference, Hopkins passed a note to Roosevelt, which began: "The Russians have given in so much at this conference that I don't think we should let them down."[254] The note was specifically concerned with reparations but summarized Hopkins's view of the conference as a whole. Hopkins left Yalta in a state of euphoric optimism and admiration for Stalin's genius:

> We really believed in our hearts that this was the dawn of the new day we had all been praying for and talking about for so many years. . . . The Russians had proved that they could be reasonable and farseeing and there wasn't any doubt in the minds of the President or any of us that we could live with them and get along with them peacefully for as far into the future as any of us could imagine. But I have to make one amendment to that—I think we all had in our minds the reservation that we could not foretell what the results would be if anything should happen to Stalin. We felt sure that we could count on him to be reasonable and sensible and understanding—but we never could be sure who or what might be in back of him there in the Kremlin.[255]

Among those who shared Hopkins's euphoria was Alger Hiss. After the conference he wrote to congratulate the secretary of State, Edward Stettinius, in reality little more than a figurehead in the making of American policy at Yalta, on the magnificent job he had done.[256] Hiss's career appeared to offer the NKGB a remarkable opportunity within the new United Nations. In April 1945 he became temporary secretary-general of the UN "organizing conference" at San Francisco. Unsurprisingly, Gromyko expressed "a very high regard for Alger Hiss, particularly for his fairness and impartiality." He told Stettinius that he would be happy for Hiss to become temporary secretary-general of the UN constituent assembly, a position that might well have led to his appointment as first permanent secretary-general of the United Nations.[257]

Stalin ended the Yalta conference in great good humor. At the final photo call he sought to entertain the Anglophones by jovially repeating his only four phrases of English: "You said it!"; "So what?"; "What the hell goes on round here?"; and "The toilet is over there."[258] The excellent intelligence available to Stalin from both penetration agents and technical surveillance had been one of the keys to his negotiating success. He was probably better informed than either Churchill or Stettinius on what territory Roosevelt was willing to offer him to wage war on Japan. Roosevelt, by contrast, failed to grasp that Stalin was eager rather than reluctant to take on Japan after the defeat of Germany.

But, as always, Stalin's extreme suspiciousness, verging at times on paranoia, limited his ability to derive maximum benefit from the intelligence he received. He brooded long and hard on the reasons for Churchill's and Roosevelt's resistance at Yalta to the Polish settlement agreed on in essence at Teheran over a year before. Since he could not grasp that their objections, half-hearted though they were, were based on genuine commitment to human rights, he inevitably sought some more sinister explanation. In the process he became preoccupied once again by conspiracy theories. In July 1952 he assured the Italian socialist Pietro Nenni that the American "Cardinal Spellman had been at the Yalta conference in disguise: it was he, Stalin said, who had hardened 'his friend' Roosevelt against him."

Nenni had no doubt about Stalin's sincerity; he interpreted this bizarre theory as an indication of Stalin's recurrent obsession with plots against him orchestrated by the Vatican.[259] The slender basis for Stalin's theory of a Vatican conspiracy at Yalta was the incongruous presence in the American delegation of Ed Flynn, the Democratic boss of the Bronx, who stopped in Rome on his way home from the Crimea[260] (and thereafter entered Stalin's conspiratorial imagination as Cardinal Spellman in disguise). Commenting on the Spellman conspiracy theory, the British diplomat R. A. Sykes accurately described Stalin's world view as "a curious mixture of shrewdness and nonsense."[261] The mixture was to be as characteristic of Stalin's use of intelligence during the Cold War as it had been in the Great Patriotic War.

9

The Takeover of Eastern Europe (1944–48)

The wartime expansion of Beria's vast security empire had, in Stalin's view, made Beria himself too powerful. Early in 1946 he was made a full member of the Politburo and deputy chairman of the Council of Ministers. But at the same time he was replaced as head of the NKVD by his former first deputy, the huge bull-like Sergei Kruglov, holder of an honorary British knighthood in recognition of his security services at conferences of the Big Three. In March 1946 the NKVD and NKGB were raised in status from commissariats to ministries, becoming respectively Ministry of Internal Affairs (Ministerstvo Vnutrennikh Del or MVD) and Ministry of State Security (Ministerstvo Gosudarstvennoye Bezopasnosti or MGB). Soon afterward Beria's protégé Merkulov was replaced at the head of the MGB by Viktor Semyonovich Abakumov, who, like Kruglov, did not belong to Beria's Caucasian mafia. But if Stalin hoped that Abakumov would limit Beria's influence on state security, he had for once miscalculated. According to Khrushchev, Abakumov quickly became "Beria's man; he never reported to anyone, not even to Stalin, without checking first with Beria."[1]

Abakumov's management style in the MGB was brutal, corrupt, but, so far as his cronies were concerned, convivial. Anxious not to be overshadowed by symbols of the Chekist past, Abakumov was probably responsible for removing the MGB's most sacred relics, the death mask, effigy, and tunic of Dzerzhinsky, from their place of honor in the MGB officers' club. Abakumov was a regular nighttime visitor to the club, playing snooker with his cronies and having sex with his numerous mistresses in a private room, which he kept stocked with a great variety of imported liqueurs and French perfumes. MGB officers abroad were expected to curry favor with Abakumov by purchasing expensive hard-currency gifts in the West. The defector Pyotr Deryabin later recalled buying for his chief in Vienna a baby's pram and a dress worth 100,000 rubles. "Immorality" and corruption were to be among the official reasons given for Abakumov's arrest in 1951 and execution in 1954.[2]

Abakumov owed his position as minister for State Security to his wartime success as head of Smersh, which had originated in April 1943 from a reorganization of the NKVD "special departments" responsible for counterintelligence in the armed forces. Stalin himself chaired the meeting of senior intelligence officers at which Smersh was founded. According to an official Soviet account, the original name proposed was Smernesh: an abbreviation of the wartime slogan *Smert nemetskim shpionam!* ("Death to German Spies!"). Stalin, however, objected: "Why, as a matter of fact, should we be speaking only of German spies? Aren't other intelligence services working against our country? Let's call it *Smert Shpionam* ['Death to Spies']—Smersh for short."[3] Smersh's main priority, however, was less to detect foreign spies than to monitor disaffection and "cowardice" in the armed forces through a huge network of informers.[4] Stalin showed the importance he attached to Smersh by detaching it from the NKVD and placing it under his direct control as chairman of the State Defense Committee and wartime defense commissar.[5]

As the Red Army recovered Soviet territory from the Wehrmacht, Smersh hunted down all those suspected of collaboration with the enemy and suppressed nationalist opposition. At the end of the war Smersh was also responsible for screening well over five million Soviet citizens repatriated from enemy territory. In their anxiety to honor obligations to their ally, both the British and American governments collaborated in a sometimes barbarous repatriation.[6] Many of the two million Soviet citizens they returned home, often against their will, simply passed from Nazi to Stalinist persecution. As a Soviet official history euphemistically acknowledges, Smersh looked "with distrust" on the more than a million Russian POWs who had survived the horrors of German prison camps.[7] Almost all were treated as presumed deserters. In June 1945 the American ambassador in Moscow, Averell Harriman, reported to the State Department:

> The Embassy knows of only a single instance in which a repatriated prisoner has returned to his home and family in Moscow. . . . Train loads of repatriates are passing through Moscow and continuing east, the passengers being held incommunicado while trains stand in Moscow yards.

Some were shot after interrogation by Smersh. Most went to prison camps above the Arctic Circle, where many died. The most terrible fate of all awaited the members of General Andrei Vlasov's Russian Liberation Army, who were repatriated by the Americans. Vlasov, one of the heroes of the battle of Moscow, had been captured by the Germans in 1942 and subsequently denounced the Soviet regime as a tyrannical perversion of the October Revolution. His volunteer army, recruited from Russian POWs, fought briefly with the Germans on the Eastern Front in March 1945. The American soldiers who repatriated Vlasov's troops had to tear-gas them before handing them over; even so, eleven succeeded in hanging or stabbing themselves to death.[8] The Hungarian statesman Nicholas Nyaradi, who was in Moscow at the time of Vlasov's repatriation, wrote later:

> To make an example of his perfidy, the MVD tortured him to death in the most hideous possible way and allowed all of Russia to know just how Vlasov had finally managed to die and how long the actual process had taken. Vlasov's officers and troops were also just as painfully exterminated.[9]

In March 1946 Smersh was formally closed down and its work taken over by the Third Main Directorate of the MGB.[10] One of the tasks of Smersh as well as of the NKVD/NKGB at the end of the war was, in the words of an official history, to "help the people of liberated countries in establishing and strengthening a free domestic form of government": in other words to ensure the establishment of "people's democracies" along the U.S.S.R.'s Western borders.[11] Under Abakumov's leadership that was also one of the main priorities of the MGB. In conversation with the Yugoslav Communist Milovan Djilas in 1944

Stalin redefined the sixteenth-century maxim "cuius regio eius religio" which had allowed rulers to determine the religion of their countries:

> This war is not as in the past; whoever occupies a territory also imposes on it his own social system. Everyone imposes his own system as far as his army has power to do so. It cannot be otherwise.[12]

"People's democracies" were imposed on the countries of Eastern Europe by a combination of force and deception, in which the NKGB/MGB played a central role. Many of those who collaborated in turning their countries into "people's democracies" were careerists, time servers, or people who reluctantly accepted that Soviet power excluded other options. In every Eastern European state, however, there was also a (usually small) Communist or fellow-traveling minority possessed of the same visionary faith in socialist construction that had inspired the first generation of Bolshevik revolutionaries and young Soviet idealists during the first Five Year Plan. To the Hungarian Communist George Hodos, later one of the victims of a Stalinist show trial:

> It was a joy to be a communist, to serve the cause of humanity, to be present at the birth of a better future. After the horrors of the Second World War, at last the world seemed to be taking on a semblance of order. And what a beautiful order it promised to be. . . . We were building a socialist Hungary under the banner of the communist party.[13]

All over Eastern Europe faith in the future of socialist construction was inextricably intertwined with worship of Stalin. For the Communist faithful throughout the world the reality of the brutal, morbidly suspicious despot had been replaced by a heroic myth image, which personified their own vision of a better world. At the end of the war even Djilas and most Yugoslav Communists, soon to be condemned as arch-heretics, saw themselves as loyal Stalinists:

> Stalin was not only the undisputed leader of genius, he was the incarnation of the very idea and dream of the new society. This idolatry of Stalin's personality, as well as of more or less everything in the Soviet Union, acquired irrational forms and proportions. . . . Among us Communists there were men with

> a developed aesthetic sense and a considerable acquaintance with literature and philosophy and yet we waxed enthusiastic not only over Stalin's views but also over the "perfection" of the way he formulated them. I myself referred many times in discussions to the crystal clarity of his style, the penetration of his logic, and the aptness of his commentaries, as though they were expressions of the most exalted wisdom.[14]

In Poland, whose political transformation was the first to cause serious dissension between Stalin and his allies, such enthusiasm was rare. "Communism," said Stalin in 1944, "does not fit the Poles. They are too individualistic, too nationalistic."[15] The interwar Polish Communist Party was among the most unpopular in Europe—with Moscow as well as with its own fellow citizens. Within Poland the Party was forced to operate clandestinely, and many of its militants were jailed. Those who fled to Moscow fared even worse: in the course of the Great Terror nearly all were shot.[16] Almost the only militants to survive were those who, like the future Party leader Wladyslaw Gomulka, were locked in the comparative safety of Polish jails and a small number working for the NKVD who had collaborated in the liquidation of their comrades. The Polish Communist Party ceased to exist. In 1938 the Comintern declared it formally dissolved. The main Polish wartime resistance movement, the Home Army (Armia Krajowa or AK) was resolutely anti-Communist, bitterly resentful of the Soviet part in the 1939 Polish partition and of the Stalinist persecution that had followed.

After the German invasion of Russia, however, Stalin decided that the time had come to resurrect Polish Communism. In December 1941 a group of Polish NKVD agents, led by Marceli Nowotko, Boleslaw Molojec, and Pawel Finder, landed by parachute to revive the prewar Party under the new name Polish Workers Party (PPR). Finder renewed contact with Wladyslaw Gomulka and made him secretary of the Warsaw Party committee. Nowotko was also entrusted with a secret mission to destabilize the Home Army. On instructions from the NKVD he denounced a number of AK partisans to the Gestapo. Not realizing that Nowotko's contacts with the Gestapo were part of an NKVD plan, Molojec killed him as a traitor, and was himself sentenced to death by a Party tribunal.

Finder's murder by the Gestapo then left the way clear for Gomulka to become secretary-general of the PPR. He was not Stalin's choice but became Party leader at a time when the radio link with

Moscow had been broken. Gomulka organized the People's Guard as an underground Communist militia, which was intended to rival the Home Army. The Party leadership, however, was well aware that its prospects of power depended on Soviet rather than Polish support.[17] Its leading ideologist, Alfred Lampe, wrote shortly before his death in 1943: "What kind of Poland would not be anti-Soviet?"[18]

On July 23, 1944, Stalin established a Polish National Committee of Liberation in Lublin as the nucleus of a future puppet government. As the Red Army approached Warsaw, a Soviet broadcast called its population to arms: "There is not a second to lose! . . . People of Warsaw to arms! Throw out the German invader and take your freedom!" On August 1 the Home Army in Warsaw launched an insurrection. For the next two months the people of Warsaw fought desperately while the Red Army looked on from the other side of the Vistula. While a quarter of a million Poles were killed, Stalin contemptuously dismissed their leaders as "a handful of power-seeking criminals," refusing for over a month even to allow Anglo-American aircraft flying supplies to the insurgents from Italy to refuel at Russian airfields and have their wounded air crews given medical attention. The suppression of the Warsaw Rising crushed the Home Army as an effective challenge to the Communists.[19]

In the wake of the Red Army as it advanced through the ruins of Poland came a powerful detachment of the NKVD to hunt down the remnants of the Home Army and establish Communist power. At its head was a future chief of both the KGB and the GRU: General Ivan Aleksandrovich Serov, short, tough, and brutal, an intense Russian nationalist who had supervised the mass deportations from the Caucasus.[20] Serov tracked down Home Army men by methods that ranged from infiltration by PPR members to intercepting and decrypting their radio communications.[21] In January 1945, when the Lublin Committee turned itself into a provisional government, the Home Army formally disbanded. Some of its members formed an anti-Communist underground; some joined the Communists; most gave up the struggle, grateful simply to have survived thus far.[22]

Besides liquidating opposition, the main priority of the NKVD was to found a Polish version of itself, eventually entitled the Urzad Bezpieczeństwa (UB). Its head, first as departmental director in the Lublin Committee, then as minister for public security until 1954, was Stanislaw Radkiewicz, a prewar Communist militant born in Byelorussia, who, like Gomulka, owed his survival to incarceration in a

Polish prison. Radkiewicz combined brutality with charm and persuasiveness. The first American ambassador in postwar Warsaw, Arthur Bliss Lane, wrote after calling on him in 1945:

> If his customary technique, as we had heard, was to instill terror in the hearts of his callers, to us he showed great cordiality and urbanity. He was a good-looking man, apparently of Russian Semitic origin, with carefully-combed oily black hair, and keen, mobile, aesthetic face. He opened our conversation by remarking, with understandable logic, that Poland had been so disorganized by the Nazis that the new government had been forced to call on one of her allies for assistance in the reconstruction of the country. The United States and England were far away; Russia was Poland's closest neighbor. . . . He frankly admitted that the Russians had lent him two hundred NKVD instructors, who would organize the Polish Security Police along Soviet lines.[23]

Immediately after the formation of the Lublin Committee, Radkiewicz had been summoned to Moscow to receive instructions from Beria. He returned to Poland with two senior NKVD/NKGB advisers, Generals Selivanowski and Melnikov, who supervised the setting up of the UB under the overall control of Serov.[24] The UB had a difficult birth. By December 1944 it had gathered 2,500 recruits, but Radkiewicz complained to the PPR Politburo that they were young and inexperienced, with "leaders of poor quality." His deputy, Roman Romkowski, a veteran NKVD agent, claimed, however, a series of successes against the Home Army: "We have hit the leadership in all provinces." The Politburo was also confidentially informed that conditions were "difficult" because "The Red Army was destroying and pillaging" (and, though the minutes are too squeamish to mention it, raping girls and women on a massive scale).[25] Nazi terror had been replaced by Soviet terror. General Zygmunt Berling, formerly commander of the Russian First Polish Army and a member of the Lublin Committee, later wrote to Gomulka:

> Beria's lackies from the NKVD wreaked devastation over the whole country. Criminal elements from Radkiewicz's apparatus assisted them without hindrance. During legal and illegal searches the population had its property stolen and

> entirely innocent people were deported or thrown into jail. People were shot like dogs. . . . Nobody knew what they were accused of, by whom they had been arrested or what it was intended to do with them.[26]

At the plenum of the PPR Central Committee in May 1945 Gomulka admitted that the UB, like the NKVD, had got out of control:

> Of course the security apparatus is never loved, but it seems to be developing into a state within a state. It has its own policy and nobody is allowed to interfere. . . . Our prisons treat their inmates like animals. Members of the security apparatus become demoralized and drop out. . . . The result will be that we will become the lowest NKVD front organization.

Radkiewicz was equally gloomy:

> There are signs of a crisis in Security which numbers 11,000 men but has only 25 percent of positions filled. . . . There is a large number of alien accretions and a considerable hostile element. . . . It is difficult to say whether the [Soviet] advisers have done more good than harm. In the first phase they helped us; in the second they did us harm. This has now been changed so that it is not necessary to get rid of them for the time being.[27]

Whether the NKVD advisers stayed, however, was determined not by the Poles but by Moscow, and Stalin had no intention of allowing them to leave. Throughout Eastern Europe Communist-run security services, supervised, save in Yugoslavia and Albania, by Soviet "advisers," played a crucial part in the transition to "people's democracies." Political development in most East European states followed the same basic pattern. More or less genuine coalitions, which gave significant representation to a number of non-fascist parties but left the security services and the other main levers of power in Communist hands, were established immediately after liberation. Following intervals of various lengths, these governments were replaced by Communist-run bogus coalitions, which paved the way in turn for one-party states taking their lead from Moscow.[28] In Poland, however, coalition government was bogus from the outset. The Lublin Committee, recognized by the U.S.S.R. as the Polish provisional government in January 1945, was rightly regarded by the Western Allies, who withheld recognition, as an unrepresentative puppet regime.

The destruction of Polish liberties, though its extent was only dimly grasped in Washington, was the main reason for the first serious clash between Roosevelt's successor, Harry S. Truman, and the Soviet Union. At his first meeting with Molotov on April 23, 1945, the new and inexperienced president declared bluntly that U.S.-Soviet relations could no longer be "on the basis of a one-way street": in future Russia would have to keep to its agreements. Molotov turned white and stuttered in reply: "I have never been talked to like this in my life." Truman, by his own account, retorted: "Carry out your agreements and you won't get talked to like that."[29]

Since Roosevelt's death Harry Hopkins had lived in near-bedridden seclusion at his Georgetown home.[30] He was to survive the late president by only nine months. Akhmerov, however, claiming to speak as usual on behalf of Stalin, helped to convince him that he had once again a crucial role to play at a critical moment in U.S.-Soviet relations.[31] In mid-May Averell Harriman, the American ambassador to Moscow, and Charles Bohlen jointly conceived the idea that Truman might send Hopkins on a mission to Moscow to thrash out current problems directly with Stalin. When they put the idea to him, "Hopkins' response was wonderful to behold. Although he appeared too ill even to get out of bed and walk across N Street, the mere intimation of a flight to Moscow converted him into the traditional old fire horse at the sound of the alarm."[32] The State Department and the new secretary of State, James F. Byrnes, thought Hopkins too inclined to take Soviet rhetoric at face value. Truman overrode their objections.[33] Moscow's reaction to the proposed visit was prompt and enthusiastic.[34]

At his first meeting with Stalin on May 26 Hopkins emphasized the importance of ensuring the survival of "the entire structure of world cooperation and relations with the Soviet Union which President Roosevelt and the Marshal had labored so hard to build." The main reason for Americans' current loss of faith in cooperation with the U.S.S.R. seemed to be "our inability to carry into effect the Yalta Agreement on Poland."[35] A number of historians, though unaware that the NKVD/NKGB regarded Hopkins as a Soviet agent, have nonetheless been struck by his pro-Soviet approach to the negotiations. Vojtech Mastny comments:

> Hopkins deplored the recent unfavorable turn of American public opinion about Russia but avoided linking the change with any Soviet action. By commending Stalin for having seconded Roosevelt's efforts at a new "structure of world cooperation," he implied instead that the Russian leader could not possibly be blamed. By elimination the absent British were thus left the villains and Stalin lost no time in blaming them.[36]

Stalin claimed that British Conservatives, Churchill included, opposed the Soviet plan for a free Poland because they wished to recreate a hostile *cordon sanitaire* on the frontiers of the U.S.S.R. Instead of taking issue with this disingenuous interpretation of British policy, Hopkins emphasized twice that American policy was quite different. The United States wanted to see friendly states all along the Soviet border. In that case, replied Stalin, they could easily reach agreement on Poland. Hopkins said that he was glad to hear him say so.[37]

"We would," continued Hopkins next day, "accept any government in Poland which was desired by the Polish people and was at the same time friendly to the Soviet government." Neither Hopkins nor, for the moment, Truman grasped the embarrassing truth that no Polish government could be both. Professor Mastny fairly concludes—again without knowledge of the NKVD view of Hopkins—that "in the end, Hopkins acceded to the Soviet formula. . . . The Polish question was thus settled between Hopkins and Stalin without the British." The Communist-dominated provisional government was enlarged by a token representation of Polish exiles in London, with Stanislaw Mikolajczyk being given the prestigious but largely powerless position of deputy prime minister. The insoluble problem of arranging free elections for a permanent government was put to one side.[38]

Though Hopkins had gone beyond his instructions, Truman welcomed the agreement as a means of patching up the wartime alliance.[39] The NKGB believed that with Hopkins's help it had triumphed over American imperialism.[40] The probability is, however, that though Hopkins's influence on Roosevelt and, initially, on Truman served the Soviet interest, he was never a conscious Soviet agent. The NKGB, through Akhmerov, had once again exploited both his sense of a personal mission to secure the future of Soviet-American relations and his naïveté in believing that Stalin shared his commitment to a new world order.

The face-saving formula agreed on by Stalin and Hopkins survived the final meeting of the Big Three (from which Hopkins was absent) at Potsdam in July and August 1945. But, as the evidence of Soviet abuse of human rights in Eastern Europe became increasingly difficult to ignore, even Hopkins's faith in the future of U.S.-Soviet relations began to crumble. Scarcely had he left Moscow when a show trial began of sixteen Polish leaders for whom he had sought clemency.[41] He died in January 1946 an at least partly disillusioned man.

The American ambassador in Warsaw, Arthur Bliss Lane, gloomily concluded "that the NKVD and UB held the reins of power so tightly that no democracy in our sense of the word was possible for Poland for years to come."[42] Soviet control of the UB was tightest during the period 1944 to 1947, when there were Soviet advisers with the right of final decision in every UB office.[43] Instructors at the first UB schools had to submit drafts of their lectures to the advisers, who made what changes they pleased. Between 1947 and 1949 Soviet advisers were withdrawn from UB district offices. By Stalin's death in 1953 advisers outside Warsaw had been cut back to two in each provincial office.

In some operations, notably election rigging, the UB proved a backward pupil. At Yalta Molotov had declared that it would take only a month to organize Polish elections. In the event the UB was so unsure of its ability to deal with the challenge from the two leading opposition parties, the Peasant Party and the Christian Labor Party, that elections were postponed until January 1947, a month deliberately chosen because of its heavy snowfalls.[44] Even after two years to prepare for ballot rigging, the evidence of election fraud was so obvious that it embarrassed even the UB's Soviet advisers.

Within a year opposition parties had been effectively abolished. But to avoid further embarrassments at the next general election in 1952 and ensure a massive majority for the Communist-dominated Polish United Workers' Party (PZPR, formed after a "merger" with the Socialists in 1948), the UB's Soviet advisers organized a three-month training program run by Ms. Konopko, who gave detailed instruction in forgery and the methods necessary to prepare election results in advance. The power of the Polish Catholic Church, however, presented the UB with problems outside the immediate experience of its Soviet advisers. One of the UB's most cynical innovations was to train one of its officers, Lieutenant Colonel Jierek Labanowski, to pose, as required, as a Catholic priest, Protestant minister, or Jewish rabbi when those condemned to death exercised their legal right to ask for the presence of a cleric at their executions.[45]

In the spring of 1945, with the Communist takeover of Poland satisfactorily underway, the future chairman of the KGB, General Serov, moved to Germany to head the "internal" (NKVD/NKGB) section of the Soviet Military Administration (SMA), which installed itself under Marshal Zhukov in a huge compound in the Berlin suburb of Karlshorst, surrounded by an iron fence, barbed wire, sentries, police patrols, and dogs. Serov created an NKGB (later MGB) enclave within the SMA compound, with his headquarters in a former hospital, once-elegant family houses for his senior officers, and a large motor pool. Only NKGB/MGB personnel, eventually numbering about two thousand, were allowed to enter.[46] Serov organized a vast NKGB/MGB network in the Soviet zone, headed by Major General Melnikov, former adviser to the infant Polish UB. The zone was divided into regions *(Bezirke),* each with its own NKGB/MGB headquarters and further subdivided into districts *(Kreise)* controlled by "operation groups." This elaborate *apparat* monitored political parties, churches, and trade unions, and guided the process of sovietization. Karlshorst also became the largest base outside the U.S.S.R. for Soviet espionage directed against the West. There was a further NKGB/MGB base at Leipzig, which dealt with illegals.[47]

"Communism on a German," complained Stalin, "is like putting a saddle on a cow."[48] The KPD leadership returned from its Moscow exile on April 30, 1945, the day of Hitler's suicide in his Berlin bunker. Its two most prominent members, the sixty-nine-year-old Wilhelm Pieck (later first president of the German Democratic Republic) and the fifty-two-year-old Walter Ulbricht (later first secretary of the GDR's ruling party), were both veterans of the Comintern underground as well as long-standing NKVD protégés.[49] Serov and the KPD leadership trod warily at first, uncertain what the precise mechanics of a Communist takeover would be. Ulbricht announced to his inner circle on his return from Moscow: "It's got to look democratic but we must have everything under our control."[50]

His first tactic in the summer of 1945 was to bring the KPD and the three other parties authorized by the SMA into an informal anti-Nazi coalition. Free elections in the Soviet zone would probably have produced a Social Democrat (SPD) majority, but the orgy of rape and looting with which some units of the Red Army celebrated victory destroyed any prospect that the KPD could establish itself as the leading party without relying on the immense coercive power of the SMA and NKGB/MGB. Conscious of the much greater popularity of the Social Democrats, the Soviet viceroy Marshal Zhukov began putting pressure on the SPD leadership to agree to unification with the Communists. The British received complaints from two prominent Social Democrats who had been ordered by an NKGB officer "to agitate for unification on penalty of being arrested . . . if they did not. Some who refused had already been placed in Sachsenhausen prison"—previously a Nazi concentration camp.[51] Erich Ollenhauer, chairman of the West German SPD, later claimed that at least twenty thousand recalcitrant East German Social Democrats had been persecuted, imprisoned, or even killed between December 1945 and April 1946.

The result of the massive campaign of intimidation orchestrated by the NKGB was the fusion of the KPD and SPD as the Socialist Unity Party (Sozialistische Einheitspartei Deutschlands or SED) on April 22, 1946, the anniversary of Lenin's birth, and the effective suppression of social democracy in East Germany.[52] Despite intimidation, the first postwar municipal and regional elections in the autumn of 1946 gave the SED barely 50 percent of the vote but did nothing to halt progress toward a one-party state.[53]

In August 1947 Order Number 201 of the SMA created an East German security police, Kommissariat 5 (K-5), supervised by MGB advisers, which became the forerunner of the State Security Police (SSD) established after the founding of the German Democratic Republic (GDR) in October 1949.[54] The head of K-5, and later of the SSD, was Wilhelm Zaisser, a veteran German GRU agent, who, as General Gómez, had commanded the XIIIth International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War. Among his chief assistants was another long-standing GRU agent, Rudolf Herrnstadt, whose achievements had included the recruitment of the German diplomat Rudolf von Scheliha.[55] The expert instruction provided by the MGB in East Germany as in Poland included guidance in the techniques of ballot rigging.[56] The first GDR national elections in 1950 gave the SED a satisfying vote of 99.7 percent, twice its poll at the regional elections in 1946.

In interwar Germany, until the rise of Hitler, there had been a mass Communist Party. In Rumania, by contrast, the interwar Party had been almost as weak as in Poland, with a membership drawn largely from ethnic minorities. During the final year of the war the Party had to be reconstructed almost from scratch. In March 1944 the NKGB dispatched a three-man group headed by its Rumanian agent Emil Bodnaras to prepare the Party leadership for the arrival of the Red Army. Bodnaras succeeded in holding a secret meeting in a prison hospital with Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej and other jailed Communist leaders, at which Gheorghiu-Dej denounced the existing secretary of the underground Party, Stefan Foris, as a police informer. Gheorghiu-Dej became Party secretary in his stead, the first in a series of astute maneuvers that were eventually to give him victory in a power struggle with the Moscow Bureau of Rumanian Communist exiles, led by the NKGB agents Ana Pauker and Vasili Luca. After the Red Army occupied Rumania in August 1944 Gheorghiu-Dej was released and Foris thrown into jail. Two years later, on Gheorghiu-Dej's orders, Foris was hanged without trial.[57]

During the winter of 1944–45 Guards of Patriotic Defense, trained by Bodnaras and the NKGB, gradually took over key positions in the police and security forces. In March 1945, after seven months of broadly based coalition governments, King Michael of Rumania yielded to a Soviet ultimatum demanding a Communist-dominated "popular democratic" regime led by the fellow traveler Petru Groza. Rigged elections in November 1946 gave the Groza government a huge majority. In 1947 the main opposition parties were dissolved and a show trial was held of opposition leaders charged with plotting against state security. On December 31, 1947, King Michael was forced to abdicate and the Rumanian People's Republic was proclaimed. At its heart was the omnipresent People's Security (Directoratul General al Sigurantei Poporolui or DGSP) and its Soviet advisers.[58] Gheorghiu-Dej's even more megalomaniac successor, Nicolae Ceauşescu, later acknowledged that "in the past" (in other words, under Gheorghiu-Dej) internal Party matters "were sometimes referred to the security organs, thus creating conditions for interference in the life of the Party and seriously undermining its authority and leading role."[59] The DGSP was used not merely to enforce Stalinist orthodoxy but also to further Gheorghiu-Dej's personal ambitions. Since Gheorghiu-Dej repeatedly reaffirmed his loyalty to the Soviet Union and its great leader, however, his Soviet advisers allowed him to have his head.

Like Serov, who headed NKGB/MGB operations successively in Poland and East Germany, Dmitri Georgievich Fedichkin, chief Soviet adviser in Rumania from 1944 to 1947, was a tough, uncompromising high flier. Born in 1903, he had gained experience in the Balkans in the 1930s and acted like a viceroy in postwar Bucharest, giving frequent instructions to Gheorghiu-Dej.[60] His photograph, which shows a square-built man with round face and glasses, has a place of honor on the walls of the Memory Room in today's KGB First Chief Directorate. The citation beneath includes tributes to his work both as NKGB/MGB "adviser" in Bucharest and later in developing "active measures" against the West. Serov, who at the time was an even more prominent Soviet adviser and went on to become first head of the KGB, has no place in the Memory Room, disqualified both by his closer involvement in Stalinist atrocities and by his suicide in 1962.[61]

The Communist takeover in Sofia, Bulgaria, was even more rapid than in Bucharest. Strengthened by Slavophil affinity with Soviet Russia, Communism, while far from the dominant force in Bulgarian society, had much stronger roots in Bulgaria than in Poland and Rumania. Though among the most backward of European states, interwar Bulgaria had the reputation of producing the Comintern's best Bolsheviks.[62] By his successful defense in Leipzig against the Nazi charge of responsibility for the Reichstag Fire in 1933, the charismatic Bulgarian Communist Georgi Dimitrov had made himself the hero of the anti-fascist movement. From 1935 to 1943 he was the Comintern's last secretary-general.

As the Red Army crossed the Bulgarian border in September 1944, the Communist-dominated Fatherland Front carried out a successful coup d'état. Within three months Communist Party membership had risen from 15,000 to 750,000. The Communist People's Militia, which replaced the old police force, and an NKGB-supervised secret police began a reign of terror.[63] Even Dimitrov was well aware that his bodyguard and brother-in-law, Vulko Chervenkov, whom he had saved from liquidation during the Terror, had been recruited by the secret police to spy on him.[64] After four months of coalition government, a bogus coalition of Communists and fellow travelers took power in January 1945. Rigged elections in November 1945 gave the Fatherland Front an 88 percent majority. Despite a courageous rearguard action by the remnants of the opposition, Bulgaria became a people's republic in December 1947.[65] For the next generation it was the most loyal of Soviet satellites.

In Hungary and Czechoslovakia multiparty democracy proved more resistant to Communist takeover than elsewhere in Eastern Europe.

The Hungarian general election of November 1945 was won decisively by the Smallholders' Party, with 57 percent of the vote, the Socialists and Communists trailing behind with 17 percent each. In the new Hungarian Republic proclaimed on February 1, 1946, both the president, Dr. Zoltán Tildy, and the prime minister of the coalition government, Dr. Ferenc Nagy, came from the Smallholders' Party. The presence of Soviet occupation forces, however, ensured that the primacy of the Smallholders would be short-lived. The most powerful member of Ferenc Nagy's cabinet was the Communist deputy prime minister, Mátyás Rákosi (born Róth). The Smallholders' finance minister, Nicholas Nyaradi, considered him:

> . . . the most able Communist in Hungary, Moscow-trained in propaganda, sabotage, mob psychology and political warfare. Rákosi was one of the smartest men of *any* political persuasion I have ever met, and also a past master at that quality which makes actors, trapeze performers and politicians great—*timing.* His Russian training had told him exactly *what* to do; his own instinct for timing told him *when* to do it.[66]

The most formidable of the levers controlled by the Communists was the security police supervised by Soviet "advisers"; it was known initially as the AVO (Államvédelmi Osztály), later the AVH (Államvédelmi Hatóság). The AVO functioned from the first as a Communist private army. It was the one organization, Rákosi later admitted, "in which our Party demanded the leadership and tolerated neither division [of power] nor respect of the proportions in the coalition. . . . We held this agency in our hands from the day of its birth and saw to it that it remained a reliable, sharp weapon in the fight for a people's democracy."[67]

The head of AVO was a diminutive Jewish tailor with a Hitler mustache, Gábor Péter (born Benó Auspitz), who had previously worked for the NKVD. In the early stages of the postwar coalition Péter went out of his way to avoid alarming non-Communist ministers. Nyaradi found him "totally epicene":

> He flutters, he minces, lisps, his wrists are limp, his hands never still. When talking to him—in an unofficial capacity, that is to say—one always feels that he is about to whip out

> his tape-measure, chalk one's suit here and there. . . . The other quality . . . is his love of flowers. The window-boxes of 60 Andrássy Út [AVO headquarters] burgeon ivy and pansies, while Péter's trim, sunny little office is like Titania's bower. Geraniums are everywhere—pink, red and white—their slightly sulphuric odor almost overpowering to the nostrils. To hold a conversation with Péter in his office is like talking to a fluttering maiden lady who has at last achieved a little garden plot of her own. He speaks with pruning-shears in hand, leaping from trellis to pot to vase to bowl. "Oh! Mr. Minister!" Snip at the *Pelargonium.* "Dear me, Dr. Nyaradi." Snip at the *Viola tricolor hortensis.* "Goodness, Mr. Minister!" Snip at the *Hedera helix.* It is almost laughable, unbelievable that such a man can be the most feared in Hungary.[68]

Most of Péter's visitors saw a different side to his character. "You had better realize that you can count on nobody's support, nobody's protection here," he told them. "You understand? The Party has delivered you into our hands." To make them more cooperative, Péter usually began by ordering a "soling," an expression borrowed from the shoemaking industry by the prewar Hungarian police to describe the beating of prisoners' bare soles with canes or rubber truncheons. More horrific tortures followed. Soviet advisers sometimes took part in interrogations but usually left torture to the AVO.[69]

By 1948 coalition government had gone and Hungary was transformed into a "people's democracy." Rákosi later boasted that he had "sliced off" the non-Communist parties in the coalition "like pieces of salami." The knife used to cut the political salami slices was wielded by the AVO. The first slice was the alleged "right wing" of the Smallholders Party. On the pretext of rooting out "fascist elements" from the Smallholders the AVO arrested those in the Party who had been most outspoken about Communist malpractice. The next slice was the "right wing" of the Social Democrats, again on the pretext of its alleged wartime collaboration with fascism. The largest salami slice, the main body of the Smallholders, was also the most difficult and required direct Soviet intervention. The AVO manufactured a conspiracy involving the Smallholders' secretary-general, Béla Kovács. When the National Assembly proved reluctant to suspend his parliamentary immunity, Kovács was arrested by Soviet military police on a charge of plotting against the occupation forces. In May 1947 the Smallholders' prime minister Ferenc Nagy was intimidated into not returning from a Swiss holiday by the threat of arrest if he did so.[70]

Even skillful salami tactics and electoral fraud, however, did not immediately produce a Communist majority. At the general election of August 1947 the Communists, though becoming the largest party for the first time, gained only 24 percent of the vote. According to an eyewitness, there was gloom at AVO headquarters at the comparative failure of its election rigging (subsequently remedied by MGB instruction).[71] The governing coalition, headed by the Communists, nonetheless gained twice as many votes as the opposition. The smallest of its three coalition partners, the National Peasant Party, which gained 9 percent of the vote, was already headed by a secret Communist, Ferenc Erdei. In the winter of 1947–48 Rákosi reduced the government to a bogus coalition, in which the presence of a few non-Communist figureheads inadequately disguised the reality of Communist rule. With the effective creation of a one-party state in 1948, sanctified by a new constitution in the following year, the anti-Semitic Beria derisively described Rákosi as "the Jewish King of Hungary."[72]

In Czechoslovakia, uniquely among the postwar Soviet satellites, the Communist Party, helped by memories of Western betrayal at Munich, emerged from the war as easily the most popular political party in the country. At free elections in 1946 it gained 38 percent of the vote, more than twice the share of any other party. The Communists also successfully infiltrated other parties in the ruling coalition. General Ludvik Svoboda, minister of defense from 1945 to 1950 (and later president of the Republic), was officially nonparty. But he later admitted that all the time he had been, in reality, "a faithful and well-disciplined" Communist, asked by the Party to conceal his membership in order to assist its eventual takeover.[73]

As in the rest of Eastern Europe, the Communists almost from the outset controlled the Ministry of the Interior and both the police and security service (Státní Bezpečnost or StB), which came under it. In the absence of a Soviet occupying force, their role was even more important in Czechoslovakia than in Hungary. At the insistence of President Beneš, Department Z in the Ministry of the Interior, which controlled the StB, was initially headed by a Social Democrat, Josef Bártík. Communists in the StB quickly used a former Gestapo collaborator to manufacture charges of wartime collaboration against Bártík and force his resignation. Bártík's successor and former deputy, Bedřich Pokorný, himself had to be replaced after he had used forged evidence to discredit the general secretary of the National Socialist Party (despite its name, not to be confused with the Nazis). The Communists then installed a nonparty front man, General František Janda, who left the running of Department Z to his Communist deputy Jindřich Veselý.[74]

The functioning of the StB was overseen by two NKGB/MGB advisers, who used the names Tikhonov and Khazyanov and ran numerous Czechoslovak agents. Tikhonov was the former NKVD/NKGB resident in wartime Britain, Ivan Chichayev. The Czech historian Karel Kaplan concluded from a close examination of Party and state archives in the late 1960s that the network of Soviet agents within the Communist Party was "in general very dense." Among them were Štěpán Plaček, successively head of the Provincial Security Department (1945–47) and commander of Domestic Intelligence (1947–48); Bedřich Reicin, commander of Defense Intelligence; and Karel Šváb, chief of the Registry Department of the Communist Party Central Committee, which gathered intelligence on other parties and the church. NKGB/MGB agents in other parties included Ján Ševčik of the Democrats and Vojtěch Erban of the Social Democrats.[75]

By the winter of 1947–48 both the StB and its Soviet advisers were seriously alarmed at the steady decline in support for the Communist Party. In January 1948 the Prague Institute of Public Opinion forecast that the Communist share of the vote in the spring elections would fall to 28 percent.[76] The exclusion from power during 1947 of the two strongest Western Communist parties, those of France and Italy, strengthened the foreboding of the Czechoslovak Party leadership. Chichayev and "Khazyanov" forwarded a stream of pessimistic assessments to Moscow Center. "Khazyanov" informed Plaček, the author of an alarmist report alleging preparations by non-Communist parties for a coup d'état, that his report had been praised by Stalin himself. The Center ordered Plaček and its other agents to draw up a list of the Communists' leading opponents as part of a plan to "decapitate reaction." Simultaneously the StB began to accuse the Party leadership of "coddling reaction" and to demand that it hasten the emergence of a people's democracy.[77]

On the pretext of providing personal protection for members of the government, all ministers were given StB bodyguards, whose real job was to spy on them. A non-Communist minister complained in

January 1948 that StB officers were able to "come in at any moment to scan [ministers'] writing desks, to take an interest in where we keep the telephone in our apartments, with whom we speak on the telephone, who our other contacts are, and so on." Department F, an illegal StB unit directed by Karel Šváb, specialized in collecting compromising material on non-Communist politicians, and placed agents in the National Socialist and People's parties. A small group within the department, known as Commission RR, organized provocations, which ranged from shouting subversive slogans at non-Communist rallies, which were then broken up, to manufacturing an "anti-State conspiracy" in Slovakia. Karel Kaplan concludes, on the basis of his study of classified Czechoslovak archives, that the MGB advisers Chichayev and "Khazyanov" had "an increasingly predominant managing role" in running both Department F and Commission RR "behind the backs of the leading Communist politicians."[78]

Klement Gottwald, the Communist Party chairman (and, from July 1946, prime minister), did not believe alarmist StB reports of an imminent coup, involving the armed forces, engineered by other political parties. Nor did most of the Party leadership. But they were convinced that their opponents were seeking to maneuver them out of power, and that it was necessary to launch a preemptive strike. Early in 1948 Prokop Drtina, the National Socialist minister of justice, led an unsuccessful attempt by non-Communist ministers to establish a commission to investigate StB abuses. On February 19 the Soviet deputy foreign minister, V. A. Zorin, until recently ambassador in Prague, arrived to urge Gottwald to stage a final showdown with the Communists' opponents. Gottwald agreed to a showdown but rejected Zorin's pressing advice to request Soviet military assistance ("the one instance in his entire life," according to Kaplan, when he disobeyed Soviet instructions).[79]

In the event the opposition played into Gottwald's hands. On February 20 Catholic, Democrat, and National Socialist ministers resigned, believing they could force the government to dissolve and hold new elections. The Social Democrat ministers, however, remained. Instead of dissolving parliament, Gottwald on February 29 formed a new National Front government composed solely of Communists and fellow travelers. Self-appointed "action committees" of the National Front, under the benevolent eye of the police and StB, usurped the role of Parliament and approved wholesale nationalization. President Beneš gave in to Communist pressure. Rigged elections in May completed the

Communist conquest of power. In June Gottwald replaced Beneš as president. Gottwald died, appropriately, in 1953 from pneumonia contracted at Stalin's funeral.[80]

Yugoslavia was the only postwar East European state (until Albania in 1968) in which a Communist regime broke with Moscow. At the end of the war, however, there was no sign that the Yugoslav Party leader and prime minister, Marshal Tito, was destined to become one of the main targets of the MGB. Tito (born Josip Broz) had been one of the few leading Yugoslav Communists exiled in Moscow to survive the Terror, becoming secretary-general of the Yugoslav Party in 1937 as the protégé of the NKVD. At the time, as Tito's future critic Milovan Djilas later acknowledged, there seemed nothing demeaning about an NKVD connection:

> A link with Soviet Intelligence was necessary to the Party—especially given its illegal status—for organizational reasons, and a link between an individual Party member and Soviet Intelligence was regarded as a recognition, even an honor, and fortified one's prestige.

Tito dutifully denounced his purged comrades during the Terror in the Party organ *Proleter* with the usual Stalinist invective, as Trotskyists, traitors, factionalists, spies, and anti-Party elements.[81] When Tito became wartime leader of the Communist partisans, an NKVD agent, Josip Kopinić, code-named Vazduh (Air), acted as his radio link with Moscow. At the end of the war, writes Djilas, "Soviet Intelligence paid special attention to Tito."[82]

There was no hint at the end of the war of the violent confrontation between Stalin and Tito that was to erupt only three years later. Despite his own subsequent loathing for Stalinism, Djilas insisted even in retrospect:

> The fact is that not a single Party leader was anti-Soviet—not before the war, not during, not after. . . . Leaders and ordinary Party members could not have been as united or as imbued with ideology had they not been devoted to the "leading power of Socialism." Stalin and the Soviet Union were our cornerstone and point of spiritual origin.

Much of the Western press described Yugoslavia as the Soviet "Satellite Number One." Stalin too appeared to single Tito out for praise. When Tito's reception during his visit to Moscow for President Kalinin's funeral in 1946 was recounted by "leading comrades" after their return, "they were in ecstasy, with reason suspended, eyes shining, smiles gleaming. Even Tito would glow with pride in 'humble' silence and self-restraint."[83]

Stalin and the NKGB, however, were concerned by Tito's self-confidence and capacity for independent judgment. Unlike any of the people's democracies in the making, the Yugoslav partisans had won their victory against the Germans and Italians chiefly through their own efforts. Tito declared soon after V-E Day: "We will not be dependent on anyone ever again." At the end of the war, in order to avoid premature offense to his Western Allies, Stalin would have preferred a coalition government composed of representatives both of Tito's National Committee and of the London-based royal government-in-exile led by Ivan Subašic. But Tito made no serious attempt to abide by his own agreement with the government-in-exile concluded at the end of 1944. Though given the post of foreign minister, Subašic resigned in protest at Tito's breach of their agreement in October 1945. A month later Tito's government won a sweeping victory at rigged elections. Like a number of other foreign observers, the British and American representatives believed that in free elections the Communists would have been heavily defeated.[84]

The first, unpublicized Yugoslav-Soviet dispute concerned the interference of the NKGB in Yugoslav affairs. There were early clashes between the NKGB adviser in Belgrade, Lieutenant-Colonel Timofeev, and the head of Tito's security service, Aleksandar-Leka Ranković. Ranković was not easily intimidated. He had been imprisoned and brutally beaten in Yugoslav prisons in the 1930s, and captured and tortured by the Gestapo in 1941 before being rescued in a daring partisan raid. He ended the war as director of the Bureau of People's Protection (OZNA) in Tito's Ministry of Armed Forces. In February 1946 he became interior minister, retaining control of OZNA, which a month later was officially renamed the Administration of State Security (UDBA), though it continued to be unpopularly known by its former name. Djilas found that Timofeev, the Soviet adviser, "did not display those sudden onslaughts of friendliness so characteristic of Russians":

> Timofeev would arrive at Ranković's office looking serious and anxious. He would leave either refreshed and invigorated or with his tail between his legs, depending on whether they had discussed mutual collaboration or Ranković had confronted him with indisputable facts about Soviet recruitment of Yugoslav citizens. They would always talk things out as if unimpeded by Ranković's scanty Russian and Timofeev's even scantier Serbian. Then some flagrant case of recruitment would be uncovered and Ranković would again press Timofeev, and the same excuses would be made: this was the work of individual agents; it was not official policy, and certainly not his own.[85]

The recruitment of Yugoslav agents was in reality the NKGB/MGB's major priority in postwar Yugoslavia. Two were in Tito's cabinet. The minister of industry, Andriya Hebrang, formerly partisan leader in Croatia, was successfully blackmailed by the NKGB, which discovered that under torture by the Gestapo he had betrayed some of his comrades. The finance minister, Streten Žujović, also acted as a Soviet informant. One case in 1945 that particularly angered Tito, then ignorant of the moles within his cabinet, was the NKGB's attempted seduction and recruitment of Dušica Perović, the woman who controlled Yugoslav cryptography. When informed of the case by Ranković, Tito exploded: "A spy network is something we will not tolerate! We've got to let them know right away." Tito complained in person to both the Soviet ambassador and the head of the military mission.[86]

Though Tito resisted NKGB interference, he had no hesitation in imitating its methods. In four years of warfare one in ten of Yugoslavia's fifteen million people had died. Tito and the Communists had emerged victorious not merely against the Germans and Italians but also in a civil war of unspeakable cruelty. After their victory OZNA began a reign of terror against Mihailovich's Chetniks and other former opponents. Dr. Milan Grol, a former member of the royal government-in-exile, declared while vice-premier in the summer of 1945: "This is not a state; it is a slaughterhouse." Mihailovich himself was captured in 1946 after one of his commanders, captured and recruited by OZNA, lured him from his hiding place; he was executed after a show trial.[87] "The effects of the control that the secret police exerted over all areas of life—seeping into all the pores, infiltrating family and private life," wrote Djilas later, "were poisonous as well for the ruling Party."[88] A British observer, Frank Waddams, wrote in 1946:

> OZNA has complete control over the life, liberty and property of all citizens, and if it chooses to arrest, to imprison without trial, to deport or "to liquidate" anybody, no-one may protest or ask the reason why. That is why the populace is in such a state of terror.

Show trials in 1947 unmasked numerous "spies in the service of foreign imperialists" among the ranks of former Chetniks, "capitalist scum," the Catholic Church, and other opponents of the regime.[89]

Within the Yugoslav Party leadership the sense of common purpose with the Soviet Union and the emerging, Stalinist people's democracies far outweighed resentment at MGB interference. Even at the beginning of 1948 there was no sense of the violent confrontation that was only months away. At the first meeting of Cominform, the postwar successor to the Comintern, in September 1947, the Yugoslav Party was held up as a model to other, less resolute parties. Belgrade was selected as the seat of the future Cominform secretariat. On the Yugoslav side, the main cause of conflict at the beginning of 1948 was the attempt by Soviet advisers in the Yugoslav army to subvert the loyalties of the high command. According to the future Yugoslav representative at the United Nations, Alex Bebler, "On Stalin's orders, Russians penetrated deeper and deeper into the organization of our army, and that is how the trouble started." The split was engineered from the Soviet side. Of all Tito's signs of independence, that which caused most alarm was probably his plan for a Balkan federation, which Stalin seems to have interpreted as a potential challenge to Soviet hegemony. In March 1948 the Soviet Union recalled its military and civilian advisers, and angrily denounced the Yugoslav Party as riddled with both ideological heresy and British spies. On June 28 the Cominform expelled the Yugoslavs and appealed to "healthy elements" in the Party to overthrow the leadership.[90]

Stalin greatly overestimated his own strength. He boasted, according to Khrushchev: "I shall shake my little finger and there will be no more Tito." When that failed, "he shook everything else he could shake," but Tito's hold over the Party, army and state machinery remained unequaled in any other people's democracy. The UDBA and MGB began a vicious intelligence war. Hebrang and Žujović, the two

Soviet moles in Tito's cabinet, were promptly arrested. Three senior Yugoslav officers recruited by Soviet intelligence were intercepted while trying to cross the Rumanian border. Other Soviet agents were discovered even in Tito's bodyguard. According to Djilas there was an MGB plot "to wipe out the Politburo with automatic rifles as they were relaxing over billiards in Tito's villa."

The UDBA's use of terror against Cominform "traitors" rivaled in horror, though not in scale, that of the NKVD in the 1930s. Djilas told Rankovic in the summer of 1948: "Now we are treating Stalin's followers as he treated his enemies." "Almost in despair, Rankovic retorted: 'Don't say that! Don't talk about it!' " Rankovic later admitted that twelve thousand supposed (and, in many cases, imaginary) supporters of Stalin and the Cominform were herded into a concentration camp on Goli Otok (Bare Island). The real figure was probably much greater. According to Djilas, "Evil and shame—evil beyond compare, undying shame—lay in store for the prisoners in the camp." On boarding the boat to Goli Otok, prisoners were thrown headfirst into the hold; on landing they were beaten by a double line of guards and inmates. In the camp they were systematically abused and degraded, their heads plunged into buckets of human excrement if they failed to recant their real or imagined heresies and crimes.[91]

The first major success of the MGB in its secret war with the UDBA was to engineer an anti-Tito coup in Albania. Until the break with Tito, Stalin had been content for Albania to remain a Yugoslav satellite. During the Second World War, Yugoslav "advisers" had reorganized the Albanian Communist Party under the leadership of Enver Hoxha as secretary-general and Koci Xoxe, who became minister of the interior in the Communist-controlled government. "Without the struggle of the peoples of Yugoslavia," said Hoxha after the war, "resistance by the small Albanian nation would have been unthinkable." Under OZNA pressure, the Albanian Party was purged of "deviators" and "Trotskyists," among them: Anastas Ludo, head of the Communist youth organization, shot for "Leftist deviation"; Lazar Fundo, one of the founders of the Albanian Communist Party, who returned disillusioned from Soviet exile in 1944 and was beaten to death before a horrified British military mission; and Mustafa Gjinishi, a Politburo member executed for forming a united anti-fascist front with "bourgeois" groups.

The Albanian Communist Party emerged from the war as virtually a branch of the Yugoslav Party. The Albanian security service, the Sigurimi, was as firmly under OZNA direction as most other East European security services were under NKGB control. Hoxha grew increasingly nervous at the threat to his position from his rival Xoxe, who as minister of the interior was responsible for the Sigurimi and enjoyed Tito's favor. In May 1947 Xoxe organized a show trial of nine anti-Yugoslav members of the People's Congress; all were given long prison sentences for "subversive activities." At the founding meeting of the Cominform in August 1947, the Albanians were represented by the Yugoslav Party. Four months later Stalin told Djilas: "You ought to swallow Albania—the sooner the better!"[92]

The Soviet-Yugoslav conflict in 1948 offered Hoxha the opportunity to win the struggle for power with Xoxe. While Soviet advisers were being withdrawn from Belgrade, MGB officers flooded into Tirana. After Tito's break with Moscow, Hoxha ordered the immediate expulsion of all Yugoslav personnel and turned on his rival. Xoxe tried in vain to save himself by affirming his loyalty to the Soviet Union. He was arrested with his supporters and replaced as minister of the interior by the pro-Soviet Mehmet Shehu, who brought in MGB advisers to purge and reorganize the Sigurimi. After five months of Sigurimi interrogation and torture, supervised by the MGB, Xoxe and his supporters made detailed confessions.

In March 1949 Hoxha visited Moscow to discuss preparations for the show trial of "Koci Xoxe and his gang," which opened two months later. Xoxe confessed that he had been recruited during the war by both British and American intelligence, that he had been personally informed by the head of the British military mission in 1943 that Tito was a British agent, and that he had taken part in a plot jointly devised by Tito and SIS to absorb Albania into Yugoslavia. He was shot for these imaginary crimes in July 1949.[93]

Xoxe's trial and execution were the prelude to a series of show trials of Tito's accomplices real or (more commonly) imagined, orchestrated by the MGB across most of Eastern Europe. Until Stalin's death in 1953 Tito wore the mantle inherited from Trotsky, the great heretic. Unlike Trotsky, Tito emerged unscathed and in the end victorious from a five-year war with the MGB. During the same period the MGB won a series of spectacular successes against Western intelligence services. But, as with the NKVD in the 1930s, much of its energy was simultaneously expended in a war with imaginary enemies.

10

The Cold War: The Stalinist Phase (1945–53)

From the end of the Second World War, the United States began to be referred to in NKGB/MGB communications as the "Main Adversary" *(Glavny Protivnik).* Forty years later, when Gordievsky was KGB resident-designate in London, the same expression remained in daily use. Great Britain, the main prewar target of NKVD, slipped into second place after 1945, in keeping with its reduced role in the postwar world.[1]

During the Second World War, when British and American energies (despite later Soviet claims that both were already being geared to the Cold War) were overwhelmingly concentrated on the war in Europe and the Pacific, Russian intelligence operations in the West proceeded with fewer hindrances than they were ever to experience again. Peace brought new problems for Moscow Center. The first, paradoxically, was the demobilization of much of the American and British intelligence communities. President Truman's decision to wind up OSS in September 1945 instantly deprived the NKGB of a score of penetration agents in the secret service of the Main Adversary. When the Central Intelligence Agency was founded in 1947, Soviet intelligence had to start again from scratch; penetration of the CIA was never to compare with that of OSS.

In Britain, the postwar winding up of the Ministry of Information and SOE similarly removed Peter Smollett and James Klugmann from positions of influence. Smollett changed his name back to Smolka and returned to journalism in Vienna; Klugmann was demobilized and resumed his career as a Communist militant, eventually becoming the Party's official historian. Demobilization also deprived the Center of its only agent in MI5 and one of its two in SIS. Anthony Blunt left MI5 with the NKGB's blessing. Reports to the Center by his wartime case officers, Anatoli Gorsky and (from the summer of 1944) Boris Krotov, had regularly commented on his tiredness and the stress caused by providing sometimes thousands of documents a month. By the end of the war Moscow had concluded that Blunt's continuance in MI5 would carry serious operational risks. Fitin, the head of INU, wrote on his file in the autumn of 1945:

> This agent carried out such huge, titanic work for us during the war that he must be exhausted. We should leave him in peace for a period of five to ten years.[2]

Shortly before Blunt left MI5 in November 1945 to return to the art world as Surveyor of the King's Pictures and (from 1947) as director of the Courtauld Institute, the strain of his double life led to one extraordinary outburst, which helps to explain Fitin's belief that he was close to breaking point. Blunt told his colleague Colonel "Tar" Robertson, "Well, it's given me great pleasure to pass on the names of every MI5 officer to the Russians!"[3] Fitin seems to have hoped that Leo Long, whom Blunt had run as a subagent during the war, would succeed him in the security service. After the war, Long moved from MI14 in the War Office to the British Control Commission in Germany, where he eventually became deputy director of intelligence.

In 1946 Blunt recommended him for a senior post in MI5 but, allegedly by a narrow margin, the selection board chose another candidate.[4] Thereafter, Long rapidly cooled off, resisting attempts by the Center to put him in regular contact with a case officer. The Center attributed Long's recalcitrance both to the fact that Blunt was no longer available to act as his controller and to a change in his family circumstances. Long's first marriage, to a Communist, had broken up; he had remarried and was bringing up a family. Among the occasional errands that Blunt continued to run for the Center were two or three visits to Germany to seek intelligence from Long.[5]

Like most wartime intelligence recruits, John Cairncross was also demobilized at the end of the war. Unlike Philby, he had not got on well with his secret-service colleagues after leaving Bletchley Park for the SIS headquarters at the Broadway Buildings in 1943. His department chief during the last year of the war, David Footman, head of political intelligence in SIS, found him "an odd person with a chip on his shoulder."[6] Unlike Blunt, however, Cairncross did not take semiretirement from Soviet intelligence. After the war he returned to the Treasury, providing intelligence to his case officer, Boris Krotov, at monthly intervals. Two other members of the Magnificent Five, Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, had influential positions within the other most prestigious Whitehall department of state. In 1946, Burgess became personal assistant to Hector McNeil, minister of state at the Foreign Office to Ernest Bevin in the postwar Labour government. Maclean, meanwhile, had reestablished his reputation as a high-flying young diplomat in the Washington embassy.[7] Soviet penetration of the Anglo-American intelligence communities had, however, been drastically cut back. The disbandment of OSS left the Center apparently without a single high-level intelligence source in Washington. The closure of SOE, combined with the departure of Blunt from MI5 and Cairncross from SIS, left only one major intelligence mole in London. He, however, was the most remarkable of all the Magnificent Five, perhaps the ablest penetration agent in KGB history. Kim Philby was the only wartime recruit to SIS decorated for his work at the end of the war. Some of his colleagues saw him as a future "C," chief of the secret service.

In addition to the loss of most of its leading wartime agents in the British and American intelligence communities, the NKGB also had to face the problem of two serious postwar defections in North America and an equally serious attempted defection in Turkey. In November 1945, Elizabeth Bentley began revealing to the FBI her extensive knowledge of NKGB operations in the United States. Her defection, in turn, led the FBI to investigate seriously for the first time Whittaker Chambers's evidence of prewar Soviet espionage. Though the usable, corroborated evidence necessary to secure conviction in a court of law was lacking for the great majority of Soviet agents identified by Bentley and Chambers, all ceased to be of significant use to the NKGB. Until Philby set its anxieties at rest after his arrival in Washington in 1949, Moscow continued to fear that the FBI would succeed in gathering enough evidence for a major spy trial of Bentley's former network. Of the two most important agents identified by Bentley and Chambers, only Alger Hiss was ever prosecuted. He left the State Department to become president of the Carnegie Endowment early in 1947, and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for perjury in 1950. Harry Dexter White, who had left the U.S. Treasury to become first director of the International Monetary Fund in 1945, had a fatal heart attack soon after giving evidence to the House Committee on Un-American Activities in the summer of 1948. Some of those named by Bentley and Chambers declined to comment on the accusations against them; others protested their innocence.[8]

The defection of the cipher clerk Igor Guzenko, in Ottawa in September 1945 was as big a blow to Soviet intelligence as that of Elizabeth Bentley two months later. Guzenko, however, very nearly failed to defect. When he first sought help on the evening of September 5 at the offices of the Ottawa *Journal* and the Ministry of Justice, he was told to come back in the morning. No help was forthcoming from either on the following day. Guzenko spent the evening with his wife and child hiding in a neighbor's flat while NKGB men broke down his door. It was almost midnight before the local police finally came to the rescue. Mackenzie King, Canada's prime minister since 1935, was even more naïve than Roosevelt had been about Soviet espionage in his own capital. At first, he disbelieved Guzenko's story. When finally persuaded by it, he told his diary how shocked he was at the thought that the Soviet Union had spied on a wartime ally:

> As I dictate this note I think of the Russian Embassy being only a few doors away and of them being a center of intrigue. During this period of war, while Canada has been helping Russia and doing all we can to foment Canadian-Russian friendship, there has been one branch of the Russian service that has been spying on [us]. . . . The amazing thing is how many contacts have been successfully made with people in key positions in government and industrial circles.[9]

As well as uncovering a major GRU spy ring in Canada itself, Guzenko also provided intelligence on Soviet cipher systems, further evidence of espionage by Alger Hiss and Harry Dexter White,[10] evidence that led to the conviction of the British atom spy Allan Nunn May in 1946, and clues to the identity of the Soviet spy code-named Elli in British intelligence, which remained unsolved until Gordievsky gained access to

Elli's KGB file in 1981 and discovered that he was Leo Long.[11]

An attempted Soviet defection in Istanbul very nearly did as much damage to NKGB operations in Britain as Elizabeth Bentley's defection caused in the United States. On August 27, 1945, the NKGB deputy resident in Turkey, Konstantin Volkov, working under diplomatic cover as vice-consul, wrote to the British vice-consul in Istanbul, C. H. Page, requesting an urgent appointment. When Page failed to reply, Volkov turned up in person on September 4 and asked for diplomatic asylum for himself and his wife. In return for asylum and the sum of £50,000 (around £1 million at 1990 values), he offered important files, documents, and information obtained while working on the INU British desk at the Center. Among the most important wartime Soviet agents, he claimed, were two in the Foreign Office and seven "inside the British intelligence system," one of whom was "fulfilling the function of head of a section of British counterespionage in London." Volkov insisted that London should be informed of his approach not by telegraph but by diplomatic bag; to his certain knowledge all diplomatic and intelligence cipher traffic between London and the Moscow embassy had been decrypted for the past two and a half years.[12]

On September 19 Philby was startled to receive a report of Volkov's attempted defection by diplomatic bag from the Istanbul embassy. The reference to the "head of a section of British counterespionage," though imprecise, pointed, he feared—probably correctly—to himself. "That evening," wrote Philby in his memoirs, "I worked late. The situation seemed to call for urgent action, of an extra-curricular nature."[13] The "urgent action" was, doubtless, an emergency meeting with his controller, Boris Krotov. It was one of the most dangerous moments in Philby's career. With slightly less luck in Ottawa a fortnight before, Guzenko would not have succeeded in defecting. With slightly more luck in Istanbul, Volkov might well have succeeded in unmasking Philby and dealing a body blow to the Magnificent Five. Volkov's most remarkable piece of ill-fortune was that the British ambassador in Istanbul was on leave and his chargé d'affaires had such a personal disdain for espionage that he declined to inform the SIS station commander, Cyril Machray, who would almost certainly have grasped the importance of the approach and successfully arranged Volkov's defection.[14]

Immediately after his emergency meeting with Philby on the evening of September 19, Krotov alerted the Center of Volkov's impending defection. On the 21st the Turkish consulate in Moscow issued visas for two NKGB hatchet men posing as diplomatic couriers. On the following day it was decided in London that Philby should fly out to Turkey to deal with the Volkov case. Because of various travel delays he did not arrive in Istanbul until September 26. According to the fictional version of Volkov's liquidation later concocted by Philby and the KGB for Western consumption, Volkov was not spirited out of Istanbul until "some weeks later."[15] In reality Volkov and his wife had left Istanbul aboard a Soviet aircraft sedated and on stretchers accompanied by the NKGB minders two days before Philby arrived.[16]

In his memoirs Philby describes how on his journey back to London he coolly drafted a report suggesting various explanations for Volkov's failure to defect: drink, indiscretion, NKGB bugging of his flat, or the possibility that he had changed his mind. "Another theory—that the Russians had been tipped off about Volkov's approach to the British—had no solid evidence to support it. It was not worth including in my report."[17] In reality, Philby wrote a quite different report and returned to London in much greater agitation than he would later admit. Coming so soon after Guzenko's defection, the whole episode left him seriously alarmed that he was about to be discovered, and too eager to discredit Volkov in his report. When a copy of his report reached the Center, it caused some anxiety.[18] Philby put down Volkov's desire to defect to the fact that he was "a traitor" whose "treachery" had been detected by the NKGB, an extraordinary way for an SIS officer to describe a defector.

In his anxiety to discredit Volkov's claims of Soviet penetration, which came uncomfortably close to pointing in his direction, Philby went to exaggerated lengths to discredit the intelligence that Volkov alleged he could provide. He described it as baffling, for example, that Volkov had failed to offer cryptographic information—and yet Volkov had laid great stress on Soviet success in breaking British ciphers over the past two years.[19] The crudity of Philby's attempt to discredit Volkov was in striking contrast to the much more sophisticated fictional version later fabricated for his memoirs during his Moscow exile. Faced with the threat of exposure for the first time since joining SIS, Philby had become badly rattled. For the moment he himself was so far above suspicion within SIS that the Volkov episode did not threaten him. But when suspicion fell on Philby after the flight of Burgess and Maclean in 1951, the file was reopened and his inept attempt to discredit Volkov became an important part of the case against him.

* * *

The greatest potential threat to Moscow Center's postwar operations in the West came from a breach of cipher security during the last year of the war. In 1944 OSS obtained fifteen hundred pages of an NKVD/NKGB code book captured by the Finns. Though the original was returned to Moscow on Roosevelt's orders, Donovan retained a copy.[20] By itself, the code book was of little help to Western cryptanalysts. The first stage in enciphering an NKVD/NKGB message was to replace each word (or, sometimes, letter) by a five-digit number group obtained from the code book. But the cipher clerk in an NKGB residency then added to each group another five-digit number obtained from a series of randomly generated numbers on a "one-time pad" of which the only other copy was in Moscow Center. If, as Center regulations insisted, the "one-time pad" was used once only, the ciphered message was virtually unbreakable. But in the last year of the war the sheer amount of intelligence being sent back by the residencies in the United States and Britain was so large that the Center sometimes sent out the same pad more than once. The cipher officer responsible is believed later to have been shot.[21] There were two further breaches of the usually rigorous Soviet cipher security at the end of the war. The FBI captured the plain-text version of some NKGB ciphered telegrams sent from New York to Moscow in 1944. After his defection in September 1945 Igor Guzenko was able to provide guidance on NKGB as well as GRU cipher procedures.[22]

The crucial breakthrough in exploiting these breaches of Soviet cipher security was made in 1948 by Meredith Gardner, a brilliant cryptanalyst in the U.S. Army Security Agency (ASA), which merged a year later into the Armed Forces Security Agency (AFSA), forerunner to the National Security Agency (NSA), founded in 1952. Gardner was a remarkable linguist as well as cryptanalyst, who was reputed to have learned Japanese in three months in order to work on Japanese code and cipher systems during the war. During 1948 he succeeded in decrypting fragments of NKGB messages to and from the Center sent during the last year of the war. At his first meeting with Gardner, Robert Lamphere of the FBI found him "tall, gangling, reserved, obviously intelligent, and extremely reluctant to discuss much about his work or whether it would progress any distance beyond the first fragments the FBI had already received."[23] Over the next few years, however, several thousand NKGB messages (code-named Venona) were decrypted in whole or part. The Venona secret and the technique used by Gardner were leaked to the Russians in 1948 by an ASA cipher clerk, William Weisband, who had been recruited by the MGB two years earlier. Weisband's treachery was discovered in 1950. Though he was sentenced to one year in jail for failing to answer a summons to appear before a grand jury, he was never prosecuted for espionage. ASA and its British counterpart GCHQ were agreed that Venona was too important a secret to be revealed in court even during proceedings in camera.[24]

It was immediately clear to the Center that Venona represented a series of time bombs of potentially enormous destructive force for its agent networks. Since there was no means of predicting which NKGB messages from the end of the war could be decrypted, there was no way of knowing when and where the bombs would go off. A partial solution to this dilemma was provided by Kim Philby when he became SIS liaison officer in Washington in October 1949. Meredith Gardner later recalled mournfully how Philby had stood smoking a pipe, looking over his shoulder and admiring the progress he was making with the Russian decrypts.[25] Until his recall in June 1951 Philby's access to the Venona material left him perfectly placed to warn Moscow when the net was closing in on one of its British or American agents.

As far afield as Australia, Venona did serious damage to Soviet intelligence operations. Until the establishment of the first Soviet diplomatic mission at Canberra in 1943, Australia had scarcely figured as a Soviet intelligence target. Thereafter, however, the NKGB residency under Semyon Makarov (1943–49) rapidly penetrated the Ministry of External Affairs, which was an important source for British as well as Australian classified documents (among them the reports of the British Chiefs of Staff Post-Hostilities Planning Staff). Makarov's two most important agents in External Affairs were both compromised by Venona.

Early in 1948 an MI5 team headed by the director-general, Sir Percy Sillitoe, and including the future director-general Roger Hollis, visited Australia to investigate Soviet penetration. In order to protect their source they deliberately gave the impression in Canberra that their information came not from intercepts but from a British mole in Soviet intelligence. The first Soviet agent to be identified in External Affairs was Jim Hill, code-named Tourist in the Venona traffic, the brother of a leading Communist lawyer. Venona made it possible to pinpoint the serial number of one of the diplomatic telegrams Hill had given to the Russians and so prove his guilt. Further clues from Soviet intercepts quickly identified another Soviet agent, with the code name Bur, as the

Communist diplomat Ian Milner, who had since left External Affairs for a post in the United Nations and was later to take refuge in Prague.

Soviet penetration of the Australian foreign and civil service during the Cold War seems never to have recovered. When the KGB resident Vladimir Petrov defected in 1954, he was able to provide reassurance that his residency had achieved only minor breaches of Australian security.[26]

The damage to postwar Soviet intelligence operations in the West caused by demobilization, defections, and the Venona decrypts caused the most anxiety at Moscow Center in two related areas of intelligence collection. The first was high-level penetration of the Main Adversary. The faith in the Soviet millennium that inspired thousands of talented young American idealists during the Depression and the Second World War had all but disappeared in the Cold War generation. So far as is known, despite some low- and occasionally middle-level Soviet penetrations in postwar Washington, there have been no successors to agents of the caliber of Alger Hiss in the State Department or of Harry Dexter White in the Treasury. Nor is it likely that any close presidential adviser has followed Hopkins in having regular meetings with a KGB illegal without telling the White House.

By the time the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) was created in July 1947, new screening methods were in force, which made impossible any repetition of the wholesale Soviet penetration of OSS. From William Weisband onward the most damaging Soviet penetrations of the United States intelligence community were to be in sigint rather than in humint. The problems of Soviet agent recruitment were compounded by the bungling of the first postwar residents in Washington. Grigori Grigoryevich Dolbin, who became resident in 1946, displayed conspicuous incompetence even before he began to show signs of insanity (due, it was believed at the Center, to the onset of hereditary syphilis). He was recalled in 1948. His successor, Georgi Aleksandrovich Sokolov, had been resident in Rio de Janeiro until a breach in Soviet-Brazilian relations late in 1947; on his departure he was pelted with eggs and other missiles by an angry crowd. During his time in Washington he, like Dolbin, was reprimanded for poor performance before being recalled in 1949.[27]

The second main anxiety at Moscow Center caused by the partial disruption of its wartime agent networks in the West was in the nuclear field. The use of the atomic bomb against Japan in August 1945, and the sense which it provoked of military inferiority to the Main Adversary, made atomic secrets the greatest immediate priority of Soviet foreign intelligence collection. After Hiroshima Stalin summoned the commissar of munitions, Boris Lvovich Vannikov, and his deputies to the Kremlin. They were joined by Igor Vasilyevich Kurchatov, the scientist in charge of the atomic program. "A single demand of you, comrades!" announced Stalin. "Provide us with atomic weapons in the shortest possible time! You know that Hiroshima has shaken the whole world. The balance [of power] has been destroyed!" So long as the Soviet Union lacked nuclear weapons, it would be in "great danger" from the West.[28]

Hitherto the atomic project had been under the overall control of Molotov. Some months earlier, however, Kurchatov had written to Beria criticizing Molotov's lack of urgency and appealing for Beria's help. The letter was handwritten; its contents were so sensitive that Kurchatov feared to have them typed, but they seem to have achieved their aim. After Hiroshima Stalin handed control of the project to Beria. The change of leadership had an immediate effect. According to Kurchatov's assistant, Professor Igor Golovin, "Beria's administrative abilities were obvious for all of us at that time. He was unusually energetic. Meetings did not drag on for hours; everything was decided quickly." Under Beria's direction, all the labor for the atomic project came from the gulag. According to Golovin, the scientists gave little thought to their use of slave labor:

> At that time we thought of just one thing: what we should do to complete the work as soon as possible—before the American atom bomb fell on us. The fear of a new atomic war outweighed all the rest—anyone who lived at that time will confirm this.[29]

Some scientists, however, were more critical of Beria's direction than Golovin. The great physicist Pyotr Kapitsa (later a Nobel Laureate) wrote to Stalin on November 25, 1945, asking to be relieved of his position in the atomic project:

> [Comrade Beria], it is true, has the conductor's baton in his hands. That's fine, but all the same a scientist should play first violin. For the violin sets the tone for the whole orchestra. Comrade Beria's basic weakness is that the conductor

> ought not only to wave the baton, but also to understand the score. In this respect Beria is weak.

Beria, wrote Kapitsa, was intent simply on imitating the American construction of the bomb. Kapitsa argued, without success, that Soviet scientists should try to devise a cheaper and quicker method of their own.[30]

Beria, as Kapitsa complained, was obsessed with the attempt to copy the Americans. By the autumn of 1945 many of the secrets of the bombs that destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki were in Soviet hands. But Beria was anxious for more and frustrated by the postwar decline in nuclear intelligence from the West. Guzenko's defection in September 1945 led to the detection of Allan Nunn May and to tighter security around nuclear research. The demobilization of David Greenglass in February removed one of the two Soviet agents from Los Alamos. The other, Klaus Fuchs, left Los Alamos in June 1946 for the new British atomic energy establishment at Harwell. Though he continued to work as a Soviet agent until 1949, his usefulness was much reduced. The McMahon Act, which set up the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) in August 1946, effectively denied fresh nuclear information to Britain. Cut off from American research, the British Labour government decided in January 1947 to build its own atomic bomb, but took two years longer to construct it than the Soviet Union.

Despite the McMahon Act, Donald Maclean continued to have limited access to atomic intelligence in Washington, since the prohibitions on the sharing of scientific information did not cover raw materials or the question of declassifying wartime atomic secrets. As the official representative of the British embassy on political aspects of atomic energy, he obtained a pass to visit AEC premises unescorted.[31] It was later discovered that between the summer of 1947 and his departure from Washington he visited the AEC twelve times, occasionally at night. According to an AEC damage assessment, he had access to estimates of uranium ore supply and requirement forecasts for the period 1948–52, though these later turned out to be inaccurate.[32]

Dissatisfied with the declining flow of high-grade nuclear intelligence, Beria instructed Kurchatov to send a letter via an MGB messenger to the Danish nuclear physicist Niels Bohr asking for details of the latest atomic research that he had seen in the United States. Bohr replied by the same courier that he himself had been refused access by the Americans to the information Kurchatov requested.[33]

Both Stalin and Beria were constantly fearful until the first successful Soviet atomic explosion that some vital American nuclear secret remained undiscovered by their agents in the West and that without it the Soviet atomic program would fail. In an attempt to overcome Stalin's skepticism, Kurchatov brought the nuclear charge of the first Soviet atomic bomb—a nickel-plated plutonium ball about ten centimeters in diameter—to his study in the Kremlin.

> "And how do we know that this is plutonium, not a sparkling piece of iron?" asked Stalin. "And why this glitter? Why this window-dressing?"
>
> "The charge has been nickel-plated so that it would be safe to touch. Plutonium is very toxic, but nickel-plated it's safe," Kurchatov replied. "And to satisfy yourself that this is not merely a piece of iron, instruct anyone of your choice to touch the ball with his hand. It's warm, whereas iron would be cold."
>
> Stalin handled the ball himself: "Yes, it's warm. And is it always warm?"
>
> "It always is, Iosif Vissarionovich. The continuous nuclear reaction of alpha-disintegration is underway inside. It warms it up. But we shall excite a powerful fission reaction in it. This will be an explosion of great power."

At least partly convinced, Stalin authorized the testing of the first bomb. Until the last minute, however, Beria was haunted by the fear that, despite the success of Soviet scientists and the achievements of the atom spies, the inner secret of the atomic bomb had somehow eluded them. Ten minutes before the bomb was due to detonate at the test site in Kazakhstan on September 25, 1949, Beria said pessimistically to Kurchatov: "Nothing will come of it!"

When the explosion came, Beria hugged and kissed the relieved Kurchatov. But then he had second thoughts. Had the explosion really been a nuclear explosion? He telephoned a Russian observer of the American atomic test at Bikini Atoll and demanded to know if the mushroom cloud appeared the same. Reassured that it was, he telephoned Stalin. The phone was answered by Stalin's secretary Poskrebyshev, who told him that Stalin had gone to bed. Beria insisted that he be wakened. A few minutes later Stalin came to the phone. "Iosif, all's well," Beria told him. "The blast was the same as the Americans'!" "I already know," replied Stalin and put down the phone. Outraged that someone else had been the first to give Stalin the news, Beria shook his fist at those around him and exploded: "Even here you put spokes in my wheels, traitors! I'll grind you into powder!"[34]

At almost the same moment as the explosion of the first Soviet atomic bomb, Meredith Gardner successfully decrypted an NKGB message of 1944 that provided the first clue to the identity of the most important of the atom spies, Klaus Fuchs, by then deputy scientific officer at Harwell.[35] Fuchs confessed in January 1950 and was sentenced in April 1951 to fourteen years' imprisonment. He described his work for the Russians in words that aptly described the state of mind of some other Soviet agents in the West:

> I used my Marxist philosophy to establish in my mind two separate compartments: one compartment in which I allowed myself to make friendships, to have personal relations. . . . I could be free and easy and happy with other people without fear of disclosing myself because I knew that the other compartment would step in if I approached the danger point. . . . It appeared to me at the time that I had become a "free man" because I had succeeded in the other compartment in establishing myself completely independent of the surrounding forces of society. Looking back on it now the best way of expressing it seems to be to call it a controlled schizophrenia.[36]

At the time of Fuchs's arrest, another atom spy, Bruno Pontecorvo, was also working at Harwell. Security investigations that followed the discovery of Fuchs revealed that Pontecorvo had a number of Communist relatives but turned up no evidence of his involvement in espionage.[37] When arrests of atom spies began in the United States in the summer of 1950, however, the Center decided to take no further risks and evacuated Pontecorvo and his family to the Soviet Union along a well-tried escape route through Finland. Pontecorvo subsequently pursued a distinguished career in Soviet nuclear physics, receiving two Orders of Lenin and a string of lesser honors, while publicly denying any involvement in atomic espionage.[38]

As well as leading to the downfall of Fuchs, Venona also provided the first clues that led to the arrest of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. In February 1950 a newly decrypted NKGB message of 1944 referred to an agent in a low-level job at Los Alamos. Other clues helped to identify the agent as Ethel Rosenberg's brother, David Greenglass, who admitted his own role in June 1950 and implicated Julius Rosenberg. Greenglass revealed in questioning (though it was never mentioned in public) that Rosenberg had boasted to him of running a Soviet espionage network that had provided not merely atomic secrets but a wide range of other scientific and technological intelligence, including preliminary studies for space satellites.[39]

Unlike the British atom spies Allan Nunn May and Fuchs, the Rosenbergs eloquently, even movingly, protested their innocence to the end. In April 1951 they became the only Soviet spies in the West to be sentenced to death. After over two years of unsuccessful appeals they died, one after the other, in the same electric chair at New York's Sing Sing prison on the evening of June 19, 1953. Ethel's last letter to her lawyer ended: "We are the first victims of American Fascism. Love you, Ethel." The courage with which both went to their deaths, their love for each other and their two sons, and the macabre squalor of their execution strengthened the suspicion of much of world opinion that there had been a miscarriage of justice. After each electrocution, the forty reporters, prison officials, and other witnesses were nauseated by the stench of burning flesh, urine, and defecation. Even after a current of 2,000 volts had passed through her body, Ethel still showed signs of life; and the current was repeated twice more, until a plume of smoke rose from her head.[40]

The Rosenbergs exemplify the idealist faith that Soviet Russia—or rather their own myth image of it—represented the hope of mankind, which still inspired naïve true believers in the West even after all the horrors of Stalinism. Both Julius and Ethel were dedicated, courageous Soviet agents, who believed that they could best serve the future of their cause by denying their own association with it.

Ever since their execution KGB active measures have encouraged the belief that the Rosenbergs were the innocent victims of an anti-Communist witch hunt. No KGB active measures campaign in the United States, however, has ever encouraged that belief as effectively as the leader of the witch hunt himself, Senator Joseph McCarthy. From the moment McCarthy announced on February 9, 1950, that he was in possession of a list of 205 (mostly imaginary) Communists in the State Department, his self-serving crusade against the Red Menace helped to make liberal opinion around the world skeptical of the reality of the Soviet intelligence offensive against the Main Adversary.

Skepticism about the guilt of the Rosenbergs was also encouraged by the continued refusal, on both sides of the Atlantic, to make any reference in court to Venona on security grounds. The secret was not to leak out publicly until the 1980s and even then was not officially acknowledged in either Britain or the United States. But in the early years of the Cold War it caused varying degrees of disruption to Soviet intelligence operations around the globe.

The early years of the Cold War and the problems of Venona coincided with a highly confused period in the organization of Soviet foreign intelligence operations. The confusion derived in part from power struggles within the Kremlin and in part from the founding in July 1947 of the Central Intelligence Agency. Reports on its founding of the agency from the MGB resident in Washington, Grigori Grigoryevich Dolbin, and from the Soviet ambassador, Aleksandr Semyonovich Panyushkin, were closely studied by Stalin and the Politburo.[41]

The original purpose of the CIA, as defined in the National Security Bill presented to Congress in February 1947, was to coordinate and evaluate foreign intelligence from all sources. Though that purpose was never fully achieved, Molotov argued persuasively that a unified civilian and military foreign intelligence system would give the United States a clear advantage over the fragmented Soviet system. The solution, he argued, was to combine the foreign intelligence directorates of the MGB and the GRU under a single roof. Molotov's proposal had the further advantage, from Stalin's viewpoint, of weakening the influence on security of Lavrenty Beria, whose protégé Abakumov headed the MGB.

In the autumn of 1947 the foreign intelligence directorates of the MGB and the GRU were combined to form a new foreign intelligence agency, the Committee of Information (Komitet Informatsii, or KI). Though the KI came formally under the control of the Council of Ministers, the appointment of Molotov as its first head gave the foreign ministry greater influence on foreign intelligence operations than ever before. Molotov sought to strengthen foreign ministry control by appointing Soviet ambassadors in major capitals as "chief legal residents" with authority over the civilian (ex-MGB) and military (ex-GRU) residents.[42] In the jaundiced view of the later defector, Ilya Dzhirkvelov, "This resulted in incredible confusion. The residents, the professional intelligence officers, resorted to incredible subterfuges to avoid informing their ambassadors about their work, since the diplomats had only amateurish knowledge of intelligence work and its methods. . . ."[43]

Some diplomats, however, took personal charge of intelligence operations. Chief among them was Aleksandr Panyushkin, Soviet ambassador in Washington from 1947 to 1951, who became actively involved in the secret war against the Main Adversary. After the confusion caused by the recall of Grigori Dolbin, Washington resident 1946–48, and his successor, Georgi Sokolov, resident 1948–49, for, respectively, insanity and incompetence, Panyushkin took direct operational control of the residency for a year. The next Washington resident, Nikolai Alekseevich Vladykin (1950–54), avoided major disputes with either Panyushkin or the Center. Panyushkin himself later became head of the KGB First (Foreign Intelligence) Chief Directorate.[44]

From 1947 to 1949 the deputy chairman of the KI under Molotov in charge of day-to-day operations was Pyotr Vasilyevich Fedotov, who had succeeded Fitin as head of INU soon after the Second World War. Like Fitin, Fedotov had a reputation within the Center as an intellectual. Dzhirkvelov recalls: "What really distinguished him from other highly placed KGB officials was that he did not disregard another person's opinion. If someone did not agree with him, he would not give orders but try to persuade him."[45] Another KGB defector, Yuri Nosenko, however, believes that Fedotov's apparent flexibility derived in part from indecisiveness; according to Nosenko, he had a habit of leaving files on his desk for two or three months while he made up his mind.[46]

The KI sought to unify sigint as well as humint. The foreign section of the MGB Fifth (Cipher) Directorate was combined with its military counterpart in the GRU to form the Seventh Department of the KI under its former MGB head, Colonel Aleksei Shchekoldin. The KI was, however, unstable from the moment of its birth. Almost all the departments were headed by former INU officers, and the general staff predictably complained that military intelligence had been reduced to a subordinate role. In the summer of 1948, after a prolonged dispute with Molotov, Marshal Nikolai Aleksandrovich Bulganin, the minister for the armed forces, succeeded in withdrawing all military intelligence personnel from the KI and returning them to the GRU. Probably with the support of Beria, Abakumov, the head of the MGB, then embarked on a long campaign to recover control of the remains of the KI. At the end of 1948 the Department of Counselors to the People's Democracies returned to the MGB. So did all KI officers working in the EM (Russian émigré) and SK (Soviet colonies abroad) lines. The KI, however, retained control of most nonmilitary humint and sigint collection and analysis until it was disbanded and reabsorbed by the MGB late in 1951.[47]

In 1949 Molotov, out of favor with Stalin, was succeeded as both foreign minister and chairman of the KI by Andrei Vyshinsky, the brutal prosecutor at the show trials, who had become Molotov's first deputy in 1943. Vyshinsky's managerial style was, he once explained, to "keep people on edge." According to Andrei Gromyko, one of his successors as foreign minister:

> When he summoned an assistant he would generally open on a high-pitched note of accusation, if not downright abuse. He spoke like this even to ambassadors and envoys. He took the view that he did this to emulate Beria.

Vyshinsky retained from the 1930s a sycophantic admiration for Beria, which, claimed Gromyko, was evident even on the telephone: "As soon as he heard Beria's voice Vyshinsky leapt respectfully out of his chair. The conversation itself also presented an unusual picture: Vyshinsky cringed like a servant before his master."[48] Under Vyshinsky, Beria's influence over the KI dramatically increased.

The contemplative, somewhat indecisive Fedotov, whom Molotov had put in day-to-day charge of KI operations, retained a position as one of the deputy chairmen. But he was succeeded as first deputy by the more brutal and decisive Sergei Romanovich Savchenko, a protégé of Beria who had been wartime head of the NKVD in the Ukraine and remained in the same post in the MGB from 1946 to 1949. Savchenko seems to have answered to Beria rather than to the foreign ministry. Vyshinsky took little part in KI affairs, handing over the chairmanship to two senior foreign ministry officials: first, Yakov Aleksandrovich Malik, then Valerian Zorin; there is no evidence that either played much more than a nominal role as KI chairman.[49]

Despite the partial postwar disruption of Soviet agent networks and intermittent administrative confusion at Moscow Center, the East-West intelligence conflict during the early years of the Cold War remained a one-sided contest. While Moscow retained important intelligence assets in the West, the West had none at all in Moscow. To build up their first postwar agent networks in the U.S.S.R., SIS and later the CIA concentrated on penetration along Soviet borders, using partisan groups resisting Stalinist rule. Almost all the attempted penetrations, from the Baltic States in the north to the Turkish frontier in the south, fell victim to a series of deception operations mounted by the Center in conscious imitation of the Trust deception that had ensnared Western intelligence services in the 1920s. When in 1953 Yuri Nosenko joined the MGB Second (Counterintelligence) Chief Directorate, which was responsible for running the deceptions, one of his first visits was to the Chekists' Study Room in the Lubyanka, where the main historical display beneath a portrait of Feliks Dzerzhinsky was devoted to the Trust. Nearby, displayed as a sacrificial offering to "Iron Feliks," were radios and other equipment used by SIS and CIA agents infiltrated into the Baltic States, Poland, the Ukraine, and other border regions.[50]

The postwar SIS controller for the Northern Area, Harry Carr, formerly station commander in prewar Helsinki and posted to Stockholm for most of the war, regarded the most promising area of the Soviet Union for SIS penetration as the Baltic States, then undergoing a resumption of the NKGB/MGB reign of terror suspended after the German invasion in 1941. Shortly before the end of the war with Germany, he provided radio sets for two agents being infiltrated into Latvia by an émigré organization to make contact with local partisans. It was agreed that the intelligence "take" would be shared with SIS. On the night of October 15, 1945, an SIS speedboat containing four more Latvian agents overturned just as it was approaching the Courland coast. The agents struggled ashore, but next day much of their equipment was found washed up on the beach by a border patrol. Within a few weeks they had been rounded up by the NKGB, though not until their radio operator had reported their arrival to SIS.

During the war the NKGB, like the British, had used captured German agents to transmit misleading intelligence by radio back to their headquarters. Major Janis Lukasevics, a thirty-five-year-old officer in the Second (Counterintelligence) Department of the Latvian NKGB, suggested using the captured emigré agents as the basis for a similar deception. By the time Lukasevics's proposal was considered, however, the Latvian agents had been too badly tortured by their NKGB interrogators to be of operational use. There was the further difficulty that the long radio silence after the agents' capture would inevitably have aroused SIS suspicions. Lukasevics eventually obtained permission for another partisan radio operator, Augusts Bergmanis, released from prison in return for his cooperation, to use the captured SIS radio transmitter and code book. Bergmanis began transmitting, with Lukasevics by his side, in March 1946, claiming to be a Latvian partisan who had been handed the radio and codes shortly before the agents' capture. Though it took some time for Bergmanis to win the confidence of SIS, his broadcasts marked the beginning of a deception that was ultimately to undermine all SIS operations in the Baltic States.[51]

Late in 1946, there was a second Latvian disaster. Rihards Zande, an SIS agent landed in August, had difficulty with his radio transmitter and was advised in November by the SIS station in Stockholm to make contact with Bergmanis. "The meeting was successful," Zande reported to Eriks Tomsons, who had landed with him. "I am satisfied that Bergmanis is not under MGB control." Lukasevics's superiors, still fearful that if Zande and Tomsons remained at liberty British espionage would escalate beyond their control, did not yet have the nerve to embark on a large-scale deception operation. In March 1947, Bergmanis radioed London at Lukasevics's dictation: "Great disaster. Zande and Tomsons arrested. I've escaped but fear Zande's interrogation. All activities have stopped. Will contact you when safe."[52]

A few months later Lukasevics revived the deception operation by recruiting a Latvian nationalist, Vidvuds Sveics, to penetrate the anti-Soviet partisans. In October 1948 Sveics "escaped" to the Swedish island of Gotland, posing as a Latvian partisan, and joined a group of refugees being trained by SIS and the Swedes for intelligence operations in the Baltic States. In May 1949 he landed by boat near the Lithuanian-Latvian border with five genuine SIS agents, whom he betrayed to the MGB; three were shot almost immediately. Sveics survived to continue the penetration of the Latvian resistance and to report to the MGB on its links with SIS. Six months later, two more SIS agents, Vitolds Berkis and Andrei Galdins, landed in Latvia. Though their landing on the night of October 31 went undetected, they compromised themselves almost immediately by contacting Bergmanis, who lodged them in an allegedly "safe house" provided by the MGB. Berkis and Galdins announced that they were the first in a new wave of agents whose mission was to contact partisan leaders. Henceforth agents were landed at six-month intervals from a former wartime German E-boat with a German captain and a maximum speed of forty-five knots, operating under cover of the British Control Commission Fishery Protection Service.

Lukasevics insisted that the time had come to create a fictional underground on the model of the Trust. This time his chiefs gave the assent they had refused two years before. During the winter of 1949–50, under Lukasevics's supervision, a bogus partisan group code-named Maxis, headed by Major Alberts Bundulis of the MGB, was trained in the Kurzeme Forest. In May 1950, Berkis and Galdins went to live in their encampment. At about the same time another SIS agent, Jonas Deksnys, was successfully turned by the MGB, and another of Lukasevics's agents, Jan Erglis, left for London to discuss plans for future operations. In the course of 1950 another fictitious partisan group, code-named Roberts, made contact with SIS. CIA operations in the Baltic States, though based on parachute drops rather than seaborne landings, fell victim to similar deceptions.[53]

The opportunity created by the Maxis and Roberts deceptions was never fully exploited. During the Second World War British intelligence had used the "Double Cross" system, based on turned Abwehr agents, to feed the Germans disinformation, which after the D-Day landings led Hitler and his high command to misdirect some of their forces at a crucial moment. Moscow Center, by contrast, refused to allow Lukasevics and his colleagues to feed SIS any information not already published in the press. Lukasevics was even denied permission to concoct bogus intelligence of any importance for fear that SIS would demand more and eventually become suspicious. The inevitable result was disappointment in London with the intelligence generated by Baltic operations and a downgrading of their importance. When reproached for not supplying more intelligence, the Maxis and Roberts groups replied—much as the Trust had before them—that they were freedom fighters rather than spies.[54]

Growing suspicions in London of the two partisan groups were brought to a head in 1954 when the SIS Scientific Section requested a sample of water from a Russian river where a nuclear power plant was believed to be located. The sample, when supplied, turned out to be so highly radioactive that it could only have come from the interior of a reactor. SIS's first reaction was to wonder whether a deliberate KGB deception could have committed so crass an error. Its second reaction was to realize that it had. A subsequent KGB investigation revealed a string of further errors—among them the fact that the route allegedly chosen by the agent who had collected the water sample passed next to a major military airfield, which he had failed to mention in his report. The investigation also disclosed that a number of KGB penetration agents among the partisans who visited London later revealed the deception to SIS.[55] In the end the KGB obtained a propaganda victory but not much more. The émigré agents landed in the Baltic republics (probably about twenty-five in number from 1949 to 1954) never stood any chance of disturbing Stalinist rule. The KGB devoted more resources to running a deception that it never properly exploited than SIS did to its unsuccessful Baltic operations.

The deception operation nonetheless launched Lukasevics (or Lukasevich as he came to be called after his move to Moscow Center) on a career that raised him to the rank of KGB general. According to a sanitized account of his career prepared for Western consumption in 1988, he was posted to Britain in the 1970s as head of "counterespionage operations" at the Soviet embassy.[56] In reality, he served from 1972 to 1980 under the alias Yakov Konstantinovich Bukashev as KGB resident in London. After a largely unsuccessful eight years in London he was sent back to Latvia to finish his career in a post of only major's rank with a cover job (and his general's salary) in the Latvian Ministry of Education. In November 1987 he appeared on Latvian television together with the aging Kim Philby to celebrate the seventieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution and to publicize the claim, which both knew to be fraudulent, that nationalist demonstrations in the Baltic States were inspired by SIS.[57]

The deception operation in the Baltic States, begun in 1946 and expanded in 1949, became the inspiration for a series of similar operations along much of the Soviet frontier. One of the largest was in Poland. In 1947 the MGB, assisted by the Polish UB, succeeded in wiping out the last active remnant of the Home Army, which had taken the name Wolność i Niepodleglość (WiN): Freedom and Independence. In 1948 the UB, acting on instructions from its Soviet advisers, resurrected a bogus version of WiN and in 1949 sent an equally bogus emissary to announce to WiN's former London supporters that it was still in being.

Beginning in 1950, the CIA, which was now committed to a policy of active support for anti-Soviet underground movements in Eastern Europe, began supplying the bogus WiN by parachute with arms, radio transmitters, and gold coins. As in the Baltic republics, however, the WiN deception was never fully exploited as a channel for bogus intelligence. Claims that WiN provided dramatic photographs of fictitious guerrilla attacks on police stations and Soviet tanks to sustain CIA support for it are probably mistaken. The UB officers in day-to-day charge of the operation later claimed, probably correctly, that the WiN reports they concocted "might just as well have been written in London or Paris on the basis of Warsaw newspapers. Gentlemen from the U.S. Secret Service did not get from us even such data concerning everyday life in our country as the prices of goods or the levels of supplies of consumer goods for particular centers, which they were so anxious to get." Frank Wisner, head of the Office of Policy Coordination, which ran CIA covert action, was, however, easily persuaded that WiN represented a serious threat to the Communist regime. He allegedly concluded that WiN needed only antitank weapons "to drive the Red Army out of Warsaw." WiN demands for American assistance grew steadily, culminating in the unsuccessful request for the airdrop of a U.S. general to help organize the Polish resistance.

Then in December 1952 the MGB decided to expose the deception. A mocking two-hour broadcast on Polish radio revealed that a million dollars sent by the CIA to WiN over the past few years had ended up with the Polish authorities. The alleged leaders of WiN (in reality UB officers) "confessed" that two years earlier they had realized that their support consisted solely of "people whose moral value was nil," while "The agents who were sent to us from abroad also were adventurers, cynical hirelings indifferent to the lot of the nation, interested above all in their own direct gains." Realizing that it was impossible to combat "the people's power . . . without acting at the same time against the interests of the Polish nation," they decided that they would no longer "recruit depraved young people for the U.S. Secret Service . . . The final stage of our activity consisted of efforts to paralyze the attempts of the Americans and their émigré hirelings to develop espionage and subversive work in Poland":

> There was no crime in Poland after the war . . . in which the U.S. intelligence did not have its fingers and its dollars, whether it was the part of the U.S. ambassador in the anti-Polish schemings between the Vatican and the reactionary section of the clergy, or systematic incitement by the dozens of radio yappers controlled by the U.S.A., and the recruitment of outcasts for mean and treacherous work. No chance of harming our country was neglected by the Wall Street monopolists.

As well as humiliating the CIA, the WiN deception had enabled the MGB and UB to flush out remaining opposition and demonstrate the futility of resistance to "the people's power."[58]

The main center of postwar resistance to Stalinist rule within the Soviet Union was the Ukraine. In 1947 the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (OUN) made the doubtless exaggerated claim that it had 100,000 partisans under arms.[59] By the time SIS and the CIA began Ukrainian operations in 1949, however, effective large-scale resistance had been crushed. Both the OUN and the rival National Labor Alliance (NTS), an émigré social-democratic organization favored by the CIA, had been penetrated by the MGB. The first SIS agents parachuted into the Ukraine to make contact with the OUN in 1949 were captured by the MGB; so were two further groups in the following year.[60] The MGB base at Karlshorst in the Berlin suburbs also succeeded in penetrating NTS bases in Germany. One of its most successful agents was a Soviet army officer who defected to the West in November 1949 in order to live with his German mistress. He was tracked down in West Germany by the MGB, which used threats to his family in the Soviet Union to recruit him as an agent. On MGB instructions, he joined the NTS, soon becoming both an instructor at the NTS school for agents infiltrated into the Ukraine and a consultant to U.S. military intelligence. He was eventually discovered after Moscow radio announced the execution in May 1953 of four NTS agents whom he had betrayed.[61] As in the Baltic republics and Poland, however, the MGB deception never became a full-fledged double-cross system. The Center refused, once again, to use the deception as a channel for feeding significant amounts of false intelligence to the West.[62]

The agent in the West who did most to assist MGB deception operations along Soviet borders was Kim Philby. While SIS station commander in Turkey from 1947 to 1949 he was able to betray agents who crossed the Russian border as well as their contacts and families inside the Soviet Union.[63] As SIS representative in Washington from 1949 to 1951 his liaison duties with the CIA allowed him to give his case officer many details of American as well as British operations. In Albania he alerted the MGB/KI to the first SIS-sponsored seaborne landings in October 1949, to plans for cross-border infiltration in the summer of 1950, and to the first CIA parachute drop in November 1950.[64] Among the many Anglo-American intelligence conferences attended by Philby was one in February 1951 when Harry Carr paid his first visit to the United States to coordinate SIS-CIA operations in the Baltic States. According to Philby's memoirs, "His visit ended disastrously with both Carr and his opposite numbers in CIA accusing each other, quite justifiably, of wholesale lying at the conference table."[65] Though often quoted, Philby's account is simple disinformation. In retirement Carr wrote to a CIA officer who had been present at the meeting to ask for his reaction to Philby's version of their meeting. Both agreed that the atmosphere around the conference table had in fact been remarkably cordial.[66]

Philby could not always resist gloating in his memoirs over the fate of the hundreds of agents he betrayed. In the spring of 1951, for example, not long before his recall from Washington, he gave his controller "precise information" about three groups of six agents who were shortly to be parachuted by SIS into the Ukraine. Philby comments with a macabre attempt at irony: "I do not know what happened to the parties concerned. But I can make an informed guess."[67]

As well as mounting a series of successful deception operations, Soviet intelligence, despite the postwar problems of its foreign agent networks, continued to receive an impressive flow of intelligence from the West. Four of the Magnificent Five (Philby, Maclean, Burgess, and Cairncross) remained active until 1951. From late 1944 to late 1947 all were controlled while in Britain by Boris Mikhailovich Krotov (born Krötenschild), a workaholic of enormous energy and great efficiency, whose Jewish origins were later to deny him the promotion his talents deserved. The London resident from 1943 to 1947, Konstantin Mikhailovich Kukin, basked in the reflected glory of Krotov's agent handling and in the Center's approval of his own imaginative running of the residency. At the founding of the Committee of Information in the autumn of 1947, Kukin was promoted to head of the First (Anglo-American) Directorate. His portrait is among the score that hang today on the walls of the KGB First Chief Directorate Memory Room. Beneath it is a citation praising Kukin as one of the outstanding intelligence officers of the 1940s and 1950s.[68]

The portrait of Kukin's successor, Nikolai Borisovich Rodin (alias Korovin), resident from 1947 to 1952 and from 1956 to 1961, does not appear in the Memory Room. Rodin was almost the stereotype of an arrogant *apparatchik,* treating his subordinates with contempt, secure in the knowledge that the agents run by his residency guaranteed his reputation in the Center. Krotov was succeeded as controller of the

Five and the residency's other leading agents by Yuri Ivanovich Modin, a PR (political intelligence) line officer stationed in London from 1947 to 1953 and from 1955 to 1958. Modin (known to the Five as Peter) was one of the ablest agent handlers in KGB history. As head of Faculty Number One (political intelligence) in the FCD Andropov Institute during the early 1980s he dismissed Rodin in his lectures as an arrogant, pretentious nonentity.[69]

For some years after the war Burgess, Maclean, and Philby were each at various times in a position to provide American as well as British intelligence. According to a damage assessment by the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff after the defection of Burgess and Maclean in 1951:

> In the fields of US/UK/Canadian planning on atomic energy, US/UK post-war planning and policy in Europe all information up to the date of defection undoubtedly reached Soviet hands. . . . All UK and possibly some US diplomatic codes and ciphers in existence prior to May 15, 1951 are in possession of the Soviets and of no further use.

This is clearly too alarmist; it takes no account, for example, of the use in cipher traffic of one-time pads, very few of which could have been betrayed by either Burgess or Maclean.[70] But there is no doubting the immense quantity of high-grade intelligence that both provided. The Petrovs, who defected from the KGB in 1954, were told by Filipp Vasilyevich Kislitsyn that while he was working as cipher clerk in the London residency from 1945 to 1948, Burgess handed over "briefcases full of Foreign Office documents which were photographed in the Soviet embassy and returned to him." Boris Krotov, his case officer until 1947, used to collect the bags from Burgess in the countryside near London, sometimes returning to the embassy with mud spattered on his clothes. Kislitsyn telegraphed the contents of the most important of Burgess's documents to Moscow and prepared the rest for dispatch by diplomatic bag. In 1949 he was put in charge of a new one-man section at Moscow Center that housed the files of documents supplied by Burgess and Maclean. The files were so numerous that many had not been translated. Kislitsyn used to select particular files or documents for high-ranking officials who visited his section to consult them.[71]

Both Burgess and Maclean, however, found the strain of their double life much greater in the Cold War than when Britain and the Soviet Union had been wartime allies. When George Carey-Foster, head of the embryonic security branch in the Foreign Office, first encountered Burgess in 1947, he was struck by "his dishevelled and unshaven appearance. He also smelt so strongly of drink that I enquired who he was and what his job was." According to Goronwy Rees, Burgess had also become addicted to drugs:

> He was now perpetually taking sedatives to calm his nerves and immediately followed them with stimulants in order to counteract their effect; and since he always did everything to excess, he munched whatever tablets he had on hand as a child will munch its way through a bag of dolly mixtures until the supply has given out.

Carey-Foster received increasing complaints of Burgess's "dissolute behaviour." Fred Warner, who worked with him in the outer office of Hector McNeil, minister of state at the Foreign Office, had to rescue Burgess early one morning from a Soho nightclub; he found him lying unconscious on the floor with congealed blood on his face and head. Warner grew tired of McNeil's repeated rhetorical question: "What's to be done with Guy?"[72]

Yet Burgess could still display fragments of the charm and brilliance of his Cambridge years. Late in 1947, probably to get rid of him, McNeil recommended Burgess to the parliamentary undersecretary in the Foreign Office, Christopher Mayhew, who was then organizing the Information Research Department (IRD), set up to counter Soviet "psychological warfare." Mayhew made what he later described as "an extraordinary mistake." "I interviewed Burgess. He certainly showed a dazzling insight into Communist methods of subversion and I readily took him on."[73] Burgess went the rounds of British embassies, selling IRD's wares and simultaneously compromising the new department by reporting all its plans to his case officer, Yuri Modin, who succeeded Krotov late in 1947. The chorus of protests at Burgess's undiplomatic behavior from the embassies he visited led Mayhew to sack him from IRD.[74]

Among those friends who still had confidence in him was David Footman, head of political intelligence in SIS. Soon after Tito's break with Moscow in 1948, an officer from Footman's department suggested drafting a questionnaire on the working of the Cominform to be put to Tito by the British ambassador in Belgrade. "Marvelous idea!" replied Footman. "Go and talk to Guy." Together, Burgess and the SIS officer prepared a list of questions to be sent to Belgrade. Tito's response intrigued Moscow Center and must also have delighted Footman.[75]

In the autumn of 1948 Burgess was transferred to the Far Eastern Department, where he remained until posted to the Washington embassy as second secretary in August 1950. There he was able to keep Moscow informed on the detailed formulation of British policy to the People's Republic of China, founded in 1949, and toward Korea in the period leading up to the outbreak of war in June 1950. Though only a grade 4 officer, Burgess had regular access to intelligence assessments from the Joint Intelligence Committee, the War Office, and General Douglas MacArthur's headquarters at Supreme Allied Command in Tokyo. Of particular interest to Moscow Center would have been a minutely detailed military intelligence analysis in April 1950 of "Russian assistance to the Chinese communist forces," which effectively revealed all that Western intelligence had gathered on that subject only two months before the outbreak of the Korean War. Burgess wrote a long minute on it in his customary bright blue ink and surprisingly neat handwriting.[76]

By then, however, his days in the Foreign Office were numbered. A trip to Gibraltar and Tangier in the autumn of 1949 had turned into what Goronwy Rees called a "wild odyssey of indiscretions," among them failing to pay his bills, publicly identifying MI5 and SIS officers, and drunkenly singing in local bars: "Little boys are cheap today, cheaper than yesterday." Burgess was surprised not to be sacked on his return.[77]

The Center concluded, probably correctly, that Burgess's breakdown in the autumn of 1949 was due to the shock of discovering that he was at risk from the Venona intercepts. Philby had been "indoctrinated" into Venona in September 1949 on the eve of his posting to Washington as SIS liaison officer and had passed on an urgent warning. In fact, the Venona decrypts were to reveal no clues to Burgess before his defection in 1951. But in the autumn of 1949 he seems to have feared that he might be discovered at any moment.

Donald Maclean reacted as badly as Burgess to news of the threat posed by Venona. In his case the danger seemed more immediate. Philby realized soon after his "indoctrination" that a so-far-unidentified Soviet agent code-named Homer, referred to in several Venona decrypts, must be Maclean.[78] Maclean's posting to Cairo in October 1948 as counselor and head of chancery at the age of only thirty-five had seemed to set him on a path that would lead him to the top of the diplomatic service, or a position close to it. He found the threat of exposure, a year later, too much to bear. Though his work remained highly professional, his drinking out of hours slipped out of control. His old friend and drinking companion Philip Toynbee saw him give way in Cairo to "berserk and murderous outbursts when, so to speak, the pot of suppressed anger has been filled."

In May 1950 the two men went on a drunken spree, broke into the flat of two girls working for the U.S. embassy, ransacked their bedroom, ripped apart their underclothes, then moved on to destroy the bathroom. There, Toynbee later recalled, "Donald raises a large mirror above his head and crashes it into the bath, when to my amazement and delight, alas, the bath breaks in two while the mirror remains intact." A few days later Maclean was sent back to London, where the Foreign Office gave him the summer off and paid for a course of treatment by a psychiatrist, who diagnosed overwork, marital problems, and repressed homosexuality. In the autumn, apparently back in control of himself, he was made head of the American desk in the Foreign Office. There, despite alcoholic evenings in the Gargoyle Club and a drunken description of himself as "the English Hiss," his work in office hours remained meticulously efficient.[79]

The impact in Moscow of Maclean's and Burgess's intelligence was probably at its peak after the outbreak of the Korean War in June 1950. Maclean's deputy on the American desk, Robert Cecil, concludes that the Kremlin would have found the documents provided by Maclean "of inestimable value in advising the Chinese and the North Koreans on strategy and negotiating positions."[80] In addition to supplying classified documents, Maclean and Burgess also provided their own anti-American gloss on them and thus heightened Soviet fears that the United States intended to escalate the Korean conflict into world war. Even within the Foreign Office Maclean denounced American policy at the end of 1950 as "scared, stubborn and dangerous." For perhaps the only time in his diplomatic career he showed open sympathy in an official minute with the crude Stalinist analysis of the inherently aggressive designs of American finance capital. There was, he said, "some point" to the argument that the American economy was now so geared to the military machine that all-out war might seem preferable to a recession produced by demobilization.[81]

Though such Stalinist nonsense found little favor in Whitehall, there was widespread concern at the end of 1950 about the direction of United States policy. In December President Truman gave an ill-judged reply to a question about the use of the atomic bomb in the Korean conflict: "Consideration of the use of any weapon is always implicit in the very possession of that weapon." Clement Attlee hurriedly arranged a trip to Washington to discuss with the President this and other policy issues of the war. Maclean was able to pass to Modin both the briefing papers for the visit and the cabinet paper reporting the outcome.[82] It was not in Stalin's morbidly suspicious nature ever to underestimate the aggressive designs of Western imperialists. By the end of 1950 he was convinced that there was an imminent danger of a Third World War.[83]

The Korean War had its origins in North Korean, rather than Soviet, territorial ambitions. But Western ignorance about the aims of Soviet policy and the continuing inability of the Anglo-American intelligence community to obtain any intelligence in Moscow that compared with that obtained by the KI in London and Washington led to mistaken fears that the war was part of a grand design for Soviet expansion. In the winter of 1950–51 there were widespread fears that aggression in Korea might be the prelude to a Soviet offensive in Germany. The War Office warned the British cabinet in February 1951: "War possible in 1951, probable in 1952."[84] Mistaken though genuine Western fears of a Soviet attack were, when reported to the Kremlin they were almost certainly interpreted by Stalin as a cover for the West's own aggressive designs. Intelligence from Maclean and Burgess helped to feed Soviet suspicions. Maclean must surely have expressed to Modin, probably in even stronger language, the fear recorded by him in a Foreign Office minute of March 1951 that American "fire-eating in the Far East and generally will land us unnecessarily in war."[85] Moscow, like Maclean, doubtless breathed a sigh of relief in April when Truman sacked the U.S. commander-in-chief in Korea, General Douglas MacArthur, the leading advocate of carrying the war into China. At the very moment when MacArthur was being relieved of his command, however, Maclean's career as a Soviet agent was suddenly put in jeopardy.

The downfall of Maclean, in the view of the KGB First Chief Directorate, remains the single most damaging consequence of the Venona decrypts. For the decrypts that identified Maclean began a chain of events that was to wreck the careers of the most prized group of penetration agents in its history, the Magnificent Five. Philby set sail for Washington as the newly appointed SIS representative late in October 1949. Because of his inside knowledge of Soviet operations, he had deduced well ahead of anyone else in the Venona circle that the Soviet agent code-named Homer was Maclean. In his memoirs he misleadingly attributes the fact that it took eighteen more months to track down Maclean solely to the Establishment's purblind inability to grasp that there could be a traitor in its ranks.[86] The first references to Homer discovered in the Venona decrypts, however, were remarkably unspecific. Not merely did they not identify Homer as a member of the British embassy; they did not even establish whether he was a British or American citizen. The initial field of suspects, which Harold Macmillan later claimed was several thousand strong, included almost anyone who might have gained access to secret transatlantic communications.[87] On his arrival in Washington, Philby was reassured to discover that "The FBI was still sending us reams about the Embassy charladies, and the enquiry into our menial personnel was spinning itself out endlessly."[88]

Though the Venona intercepts caused Philby, by his own admission, "deep anxiety," it was clear once he reached Washington that Maclean was not in immediate danger. His case officer told him that Moscow had decided that "Maclean should stay in his post as long as possible" and that plans would be made to rescue him "before the net closed on him."[89] The net did not begin to close until the winter of 1950–51. By the end of 1950 the list of suspects had been narrowed to thirty-five. By the beginning of April 1951 it had shrunk to nine.[90] Philby made a show of helping the hunt for Homer by drawing attention to a mildly misleading reference by the prewar defector, Krivitsky, at a 1940 debriefing to a Soviet agent in the Foreign Office of good family, educated at Eton and Oxford (rather than, as was actually the case, at another public school and Cambridge).

According to Philby, the embassy security officer, Bobby Mackenzie, offered him short odds that the mole was Paul Gore-Booth, a future permanent undersecretary at the Foreign Office who had been educated at Eton and Oxford. Since Gore-Booth was a distinguished classical scholar, the code name Homer seemed unusually appropriate—especially since its Russian form "Gomer" closely resembled "Gore."[91] In mid-April 1951, however, a further Venona decrypt cleared Gore-Booth and solved the mystery by revealing that for a period in 1944 Homer had met his NKGB controller twice a week in New York, traveling there from Washington on the pretext of visiting his pregnant wife—a pattern of activity that fitted Maclean and no other suspect.[92]

There still remained a breathing space of at least a few weeks in which to arrange Maclean's escape. The search for the evidence necessary to convict Maclean of espionage, complicated by the decision not to use Venona decrypts in court, made necessary a period of surveillance by MI5. After discussion with his case officer, Philby decided to use Burgess to convey a warning to Maclean. It was already clear, when Burgess arrived in Washington as second secretary in August 1950, that this posting was his last chance of making a diplomatic career. Within eight months it was also clear that the chance had gone. In April 1951 he was ordered home in disgrace after a series of escapades (almost certainly not preplanned) had aroused the collective ire of the Virginia state police, the State Department, and the British ambassador. On the eve of his departure from New York aboard the *Queen Mary,* he dined with Philby in a Chinese restaurant whose piped music inhibited eavesdropping, and discussed the escape plan for Maclean.[93]

By agreement with Philby, one of Burgess's first acts after landing in England on May 7 was to brief Yuri Modin, case officer for all the Magnificent Five during their periods in England. It was Modin who was responsible for implementing the escape plan. As head of the Number One (Political Intelligence) Department of the KGB Andropov Institute in the early 1980s, he was fond of explaining to new recruits how he had masterminded the escape. Gordievsky noticed that he invariably denied any credit to the arrogant and unpopular London resident at the time, Nikolai Rodin.[94]

Since mid-April Maclean had received no top-secret papers. Quickly realizing that he was under surveillance and assuming, correctly, that his phone was tapped, he dared not make contact with Modin. Out of the blue Burgess came to the rescue. Immediately after his return to Britain, during a visit to the Foreign Office at which Maclean was warned to expect a request for his resignation, Burgess managed to pass him a note giving the time and place of the rendezvous that would set his escape in motion.[95]

Soon after his return to London, Burgess received an urgent airmail letter from Philby, nominally about a car he had left in the embassy parking lot but ending with the thinly disguised warning: "It's getting *very* hot here." Burgess by now was at the end of his tether. As Philby later acknowledged:

> He was close to a total nervous breakdown, closer than anyone realized. His career in Britain was finished, and this

> would have made him little use to the KGB. We were all so worried about Maclean that we didn't notice what had happened to Burgess.[96]

Modin, however, did. Burgess was now so afraid of being watched himself that he asked Blunt to explain his fears to Modin rather than make contact directly. Disturbed by Burgess's state of mind and doubtful of his ability to withstand interrogation, Modin put pressure on him to defect with Maclean.[97]

The story of Burgess and Maclean's joint defection has been confused by a number of bestselling conspiracy theories. It has frequently been alleged that on the morning of Friday, May 25, the foreign secretary, Herbert Morrison, chaired a meeting at which it was decided to begin Maclean's interrogation on Monday the 28th. It has been widely assumed that Burgess was then almost immediately tipped off in London by a so far unidentified mole (commonly misidentified as the Fifth Man), and hurriedly arranged to flee with Maclean on the same evening.

In reality there was no meeting on the 25th and no tip-off by a fifth man. Morrison authorized the interrogation of Maclean on the basis of a written submission by his officials but laid down no date for it to begin. Owing to a mixture of staff shortages and misjudgments MI5 and the Special Branch failed to keep Maclean under surveillance at his home in the village of Tatsfield on the Kent-Surrey border, thus making possible his escape.[98] But even had MI5 prevented his escape, it might well have failed to find the evidence for a successful prosecution. The official policy of refusing to use Venona intercepts in court meant that its only real hope of a conviction lay in securing a confession. This technique had worked with Fuchs. But if Maclean's nerve had held, he, like Philby later, could have brazened it out. That, however, was a chance that at the time Modin and the Center dared not take.

The crucial tip-off to Maclean came from Philby via Modin and Burgess. Philby reported to his case officer that the MI5 liaison officer in Washington, Geoffrey Patterson, had been ordered to report to London on the Homer investigations by Wednesday, May 23. He deduced that Maclean's interrogation was to begin on Monday the 28th. Modin immediately put the escape plan into operation.[99] Boat tickets to France were purchased on the 24th. On the evening of Friday the 25th, Burgess drew up in a rented car at Maclean's large Victorian house just as he was sitting down to a dinner cooked by his wife Melinda to celebrate his thirty-eighth birthday. Introducing himself to Mrs. Maclean as Roger Styles from the Foreign Office, Burgess insisted that he and her husband leave at once. Maclean hurried upstairs to say goodbye to his sons, gave a confused explanation to his outraged wife, and left in Burgess's car. Sharing the driving, they reached Southampton docks just in time to catch the midnight sailing of the *Falaise* to St. Malo. In France MGB/KI officers provided them with false papers, on which they traveled first to Vienna, then to Moscow.[100]

When lecturing on the Magnificent Five thirty years later at the Andropov Institute, Yuri Modin's main recollection of Burgess and Maclean in May 1951 was of the stress that both were under. His memory of Blunt was rather different. Krotov in 1945 had noticed in Blunt much the same level of stress that Modin observed in Burgess in 1951. But after six years of only occasional odd jobs for the MGB/KI, combined with academic distinction and royal patronage, Blunt's composure had returned. Though Modin noticed renewed signs of stress after Burgess's flight to Moscow, he also admired the cool professionalism that Blunt was able to summon up at a critical moment. He later told Gordievsky that it had been a "great honor" to run Blunt.[101] At the time of Burgess and Maclean's defection, Blunt still had the full confidence of his former friends in MI5. Since MI5 was reluctant to arouse premature publicity by pressing for a search warrant to Burgess's apartment immediately after his disappearance, Blunt agreed to ask Burgess's lover Jack Hewit to give him the key to the apartment. Before handing over the key to MI5, however, Blunt—doubtless with Modin's encouragement—spent a few hours removing compromising material from Burgess's chaotic collection of letters from lovers and other memorabilia stuffed into drawers and shoeboxes. Blunt successfully retrieved a number of embarrassing documents, including Philby's last-minute warning that things were getting "*very* hot."[102]

The fifth member of the Magnificent Five, John Cairncross, took no part in assisting the escape. Since the war he had worked in the Defence (Material) and Defence (Personnel) Divisions of the Treasury, out of contact with the rest of the Five. Cairncross continued to impress both Krotov and Modin with the sheer amount of material he provided at their monthly meetings.[103] He was probably able to inform Krotov of the decision to build a British atomic bomb. It is likely that he also had access to the accounts for the project as to much else concerning the defense budget. In 1947 Cairncross was closely concerned with the passing of the Radioactive Substances Act. Two years later he was actively involved in the financial problems of setting up NATO, chairing a subcommittee "to consider establishment problems."[104] His prickly personality, however, hindered his promotion prospects. Not till 1950, at the age of thirty-seven, was he confirmed in the rank of principal.

In May 1951 a lapse by Blunt brought Cairncross's career as an active Soviet agent to an end. While searching Burgess's flat, Blunt failed to notice a series of unsigned notes describing confidential discussions in Whitehall on the eve and at the beginning of the war. Sir John Colville, one of those mentioned in the notes, was able to identify the author as Cairncross. MI5 began surveillance of Cairncross and followed him to a hurriedly arranged meeting with his case officer. Modin, however, failed to turn up. At subsequent interrogation by MI5, Cairncross admitted passing confidential notes to the Russians but denied being a spy. He resigned from the Treasury and worked in North America for several years before joining the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations in Rome. Cairncross finally confessed to MI5 after a further interrogation in 1964. But his career as an active Soviet agent had effectively come to an end when Blunt overlooked his notes in Burgess's flat in 1951.[105]

After his public unmasking in 1979, Blunt admitted that he had been "pressed" (by Modin, though he did not identify him) to follow Burgess and Maclean to Moscow in 1951.[106] Unwilling to exchange the prestigious scholarly surroundings of the Courtauld Institute for the bleak socialist realism of Stalin's Russia, Blunt refused. It was another thirteen years before MI5 finally obtained a confession from him in 1964. Even then, in the absence of the evidence needed for a conviction in a court of law, he was given immunity in return for his confession.

By contrast, suspicion fell on Philby immediately after the flight of Burgess and Maclean, though it was not shared by all his colleagues in either London or Washington. The immediate cause of the suspicion was his association with Burgess. During Burgess's year at the Washington embassy he had, at his own pressing insistence, lodged with Philby and his wife. Though dubious about the arrangement, Philby had concluded—incorrectly—that in view of their past association, turning Burgess away would do little to protect his own security. He also hoped that, while lodging with him, Burgess would be less likely to get into further "personal scrapes of a spectacular nature" than when living by himself. When just such a series of "personal scrapes" led to

Burgess's return to England in disgrace in May 1951, Philby did not suspect that Burgess would accompany Maclean to Moscow. Philby first heard the news from Geoffrey Patterson, the MI5 liaison officer in Washington:

> He looked gray. "Kim," he said in a half-whisper, "the bird has flown." I registered dawning horror (I hope). "What bird? Not Maclean?" "Yes," he answered. "But there's more than that . . . *Guy Burgess* has gone with him." At that, my consternation was no pretense.

Later that day Philby drove into the Virginia countryside and in a woods buried the photographic equipment with which he had copied documents for Moscow Center, an action he had mentally rehearsed many times since his arrival in Washington. The Center had worked out for him an emergency escape plan, but by the end of the day he had decided not to use it. Instead he would stay put and brazen it out.[107]

Philby was unable, however, to brazen it out in Washington. The head of the CIA, General Walter Bedell Smith, informed SIS that Philby was no longer acceptable as its liaison officer. But despite his recall to Britain, Philby still had influential supporters in Washington as well as in London. Among them, despite his later claims to have seen through Philby as quickly as Bedell Smith, was the future head of counterintelligence in the CIA, James Jesus Angleton. About a year after Philby's recall, Angleton told a colleague from the CIA, James MacCargar, who was visiting London, "I still think one day Kim will be Chief of SIS."[108] When Angleton eventually realized Philby's treachery, the shock of betrayal was all the greater. The most enduring damage done by Philby and the Magnificent Five to the Anglo-American intelligence community was to lead Angleton, Peter Wright, and a minority of intelligence officers on both sides of the Atlantic into a wilderness of mirrors, searching in vain for the chimera of a still vaster but imaginary Soviet deception.

On his return from Washington Philby was officially retired from SIS with a £4,000 golden handshake: £2,000 down and the rest paid in installments over three years. The decision not to pay the whole sum at once reflected, Philby correctly deduced, "the possibility of my being sent to jail within three years." In December 1951 he was summoned to a "judicial inquiry" at MI5 headquarters in Curzon Street, Mayfair, in effect an informal trial, of which Philby later gave a misleading account in his memoirs.[109] According to an MI5 officer of the time, "There was not a single officer who sat through the proceedings who came away not totally convinced of Philby's guilt."[110] Contrary to the impression Philby sought to create in Moscow after his defection, many of his own former colleagues in SIS also thought him guilty. But the judicial inquiry concluded that it would probably never be possible to gather the evidence for a successful prosecution. Philby, however, retained the support of a loyal group of friends within SIS to whom he cleverly presented himself as the innocent victim of a McCarthyist witch hunt.[111]

The rest of Philby's career as a Soviet mole, despite exaggerated claims made for his years in Beirut before his defection in 1963, was to be largely anticlimax. The great days of the Magnificent Five ended in 1951 with the flight of Burgess and Maclean, the discovery of Cairncross, and the dismissal of Philby from SIS. When the Five began their careers as Soviet agents in the 1930s, Moscow Center's most successful foreign recruiting ground had been in or on the fringes of Western Communist parties and the Communist International. The new generation of penetration agents that came to the fore during the Cold War was mostly recruited differently. After the postwar embarrassments caused by the public revelations by Igor Guzenko, Elizabeth Bentley, Whittaker Chambers, and others of the use of Western Communists as Soviet agents, the Center forbade its residencies abroad, save in exceptional circumstances, to recruit Party members for intelligence work.[112]

Just as the great days of the Magnificent Five were drawing to a close, however, one Cambridge recruit from the 1930s was reaching his prime. Alister Watson, one-time secretary of the Apostles, had played a major part in Blunt's conversion to Marxism and had probably become an early member of Burgess's ring of five. During his six years as a fellow of King's College (1933–39), however, his activities can scarcely have gone much beyond talent spotting. On the outbreak of war he joined the Admiralty as a temporary scientific officer, working on radar and engineering design. His most important work as a Soviet agent came after the war, particularly after he moved in 1953 to a post as senior principal scientific officer in the Admiralty Research Laboratories at Teddington, working on a top-secret project of great interest to the MGB, devising methods for the detection of submarines by low-frequency underwater sound.

At one stage Watson shared a house for two years with the brother of the MI5 officer Peter Wright. Long before Watson was investigated by MI5, Wright took a dislike to him: "He was tall and thin, with a pinched, goatlike face and a strange affected tiptoed walk." Others, however, found Watson an engaging if eccentric conversationalist. Even in his seventies he was capable of greeting old friends with "in rapid succession, a proposition in four-dimensional geometry, a point about the structure of *Paradise Lost,* and a surmise about the languages of Egypt." As head of the Submarine Detection Section at the Admiralty Research Laboratory, he held, in Wright's view, "one of the most secret and important jobs in the entire defense establishment." The KGB took much the same view.

During the 1940s and early 1950s Watson had the same sequence of case officers as the Five: Gorsky, Krotov, and Modin. While Modin was back in Moscow from 1953 to 1955, Watson fell out with his successor, Sergei Aleksandrovich Kondrashev (later deputy head of the FCD). Watson told Peter Wright: "He was too bourgeois. . . . He wore flannel trousers and a blue blazer, and walked a poodle." Watson's later case officers included Rodin, probably Modin for a second time, and Nikolai Prokofyevich Karpekov, who from 1958 to 1963 was the London residency's expert in scientific and technical intelligence. After an MI5 investigation, Watson was eventually transferred to nonsecret work at the Institute of Oceanography in 1967.[113]

The classified history of the First Chief Directorate, prepared in 1980, lists, among major postwar successes, the increase of scientific and technical intelligence from the United Kingdom. Besides the intelligence on submarine detection systems provided by Watson, the London residency also claimed other successes in various aspects of nuclear power and military technology, and in navigational systems. One of those most active in scientific and technical (S&T) intelligence during the 1950s was Leonid Sergeevich Zaitsev, then a PR line officer. He was later to become head of a new Directorate T, which specialized in this work. S&T activity was to expand further during the 1960s.[114]

In the early 1950s the Center also achieved one major new penetration of the British intelligence community. Within a few months of Philby's dismissal from SIS in June 1951, the MGB had begun recruiting another SIS officer, twenty-nine-year-old George Blake, né Behar. Blake had been born in Rotterdam of a naturalized British father (by origin a Sephardic Jew from Cairo) and a Dutch mother, who called their son George in honor of King George V. During the Second World War Blake served successively in the Dutch resistance and the

Royal Navy, becoming a naval intelligence officer at the end of the war. After spending the academic year 1947–48 learning Russian at Downing College, Cambridge, Blake joined SIS. There was much, however, that SIS had failed to discover about its new recruit, notably the influence on him of his cousin Henri Curiel, a leading member of the Egyptian Communist Party, whom he had seen frequently in his teens. In 1949, Blake was posted by SIS to South Korea, working under diplomatic cover as vice-consul in Seoul. A year later, shortly after the outbreak of the Korean War, he was interned by the invading North Koreans.[115]

Moscow Center owed the opportunity to recruit Blake chiefly to the Chinese, whose "volunteer" forces intervened in support of the North Koreans. On the founding of the Chinese People's Republic in October 1949 the MGB had proposed sending a large group of advisers to China and invited the Chinese to send some of their own intelligence officers to Moscow for training. Mao Zedong accepted both suggestions. From the outset, however, the Chinese were determined that their intelligence services should not, like those of Eastern Europe, become controlled by the MGB. Though anxious to learn from Soviet tradecraft and technical expertise, they rejected MGB intelligence manuals as unsuited to Chinese conditions. MGB officers were also not allowed, as in Eastern Europe, to take part in Chinese intelligence operations. China did, however, provide much intelligence on U.S. military technology obtained during the Korean War, and gave the MGB a base on Chinese territory, where it could train ethnic Chinese illegals for work against the Main Adversary and other Western states. The MGB was also given unrestricted access to Western POWs held by the Chinese and North Koreans. Among them was George Blake.[116]

Blake's recruitment seems to have begun in the autumn of 1951. During interrogation by the MGB, Blake was allegedly quick to express disillusion with Western policy in general and with Anglo-American intervention in Korea in particular but did not at first betray the secrets of SIS. By the time he and his fellow POWs were released in the spring of 1953, however, Blake was a fully recruited Soviet agent. For the remainder of the decade he was to betray SIS operations and agents as enthusiastically, though not quite as effectively, as Philby.[117]

During the early years of the Cold War Soviet intelligence achieved major penetrations in much of continental Europe. The penetrations to which the Center attached most importance were in France and West Germany. Penetration of the French official bureaucracy was facilitated by the record postwar support for the Communist Party, which won about a quarter of the vote for more than a decade, and by the presence of Communist ministers in coalition governments until 1947. Both Vladimir and Evdokia Petrova reported after their defection from Soviet intelligence in 1954 that the MGB and KI had "found intelligence work particularly easy in France. . . . The French operational section of the KI was littered with what looked like photostat copies of original official French documents."[118] The MGB/KI resident in Paris from 1947 to 1949 was Ivan Ivanovich Agayants (*alias* Avalov), an Armenian in his late thirties who spoke French, English, and Persian. Evdokia Petrova remembered him as the most likable of all her former colleagues: "charming, highly cultured, courteous, kind . . . an intelligent and able intelligence officer." Agayants's success in Paris led to his promotion in 1949 to head the Second Directorate of the KI, which was responsible for all Europe except the United Kingdom. His successor as Paris resident from 1950 to 1954, Aleksei Alekseevich Krokhin, also enjoyed his time in France. The Petrovs found him "always smiling, exuberant and pleased with life." Krokhin was later to return for a second spell in Paris from 1966 to 1972, a sure sign of the success of his first term as resident.[119]

The penetration agents who provided many, if not most, of the official French documents that the Petrovs saw in such profusion at the Center during Agayants's and Krokhin's terms as residents seem never to have been caught—or at least publicly identified.[120] The most important French Cold War mole ever to be convicted—though not until he had been working as a Soviet agent for twenty years—was Georgi Pâques. After a brilliant early academic career as *normalien* and *agrégé* in Italian, Pâques was recruited in 1943 at the age of twenty-nine by Aleksandr Guzovsky of the NKGB while working in Algiers as head of political affairs in the broadcasting service of General de Gaulle's provisional government. During the postwar Fourth Republic, controlled initially by Guzovsky, who moved with him to Paris, Pâques served as *chef de cabinet* and adviser to a series of ministers. Like a number of Cold War moles, Pâques's motives had more to do with self-esteem than with the ideological conviction that had inspired the Magnificent Five and an earlier generation of Soviet penetration agents. Determined to play a major role behind the scenes of international relations if he could not do so on the world stage itself, he set out to redress the balance of power between the Soviet Union and what he saw as an overmighty United States. His case officers were careful to pander to Pâques's vanity. He claimed to have been read a letter of congratulations from Stalin (and later from Khrushchev). The most productive period of Pâques's twenty years as a Soviet agent was to come after de Gaulle's return to power in 1958, when he gained access to major defense secrets.[121]

The division of Germany and the flood of refugees coming from the East made the Federal Republic, founded in 1949, an easier target for Soviet Bloc penetration than any other West European state. One of Moscow Center's first targets was the semiofficial foreign intelligence agency the Gehlen Org, which in 1956 was to be officially attached to the Federal Chancellery as the Bundesnachrichtendienst (BND). Penetration began in 1949 with the recruitment by the MGB's East German headquarters in Karlshorst of an unemployed former SS captain, Hans Clemens. In 1951 Clemens gained a job in the Gehlen Org, then successfully recommended a former SS comrade, Heinze Felfe, whom he had also recruited to the MGB. With the active assistance of Karlshorst, Felfe rapidly established himself as one of the most successful agents of the Cold War. In 1953 he astounded his colleagues by announcing that he had set up an agent network in Moscow headed by a Red Army colonel.

Much of the intelligence from the network—a blend of fact and fiction fabricated by the Center—was passed on to the West German chancellor, Konrad Adenauer, in Bonn. Karlshorst further promoted Felfe's career by giving him minutes of East German government meetings and leads that led to the capture of expendable East German agents. Felfe's career was to peak at almost the same time as Pâques's. By 1958 he had established himself as the German Philby, becoming, like Philby in 1944, head of Soviet counterintelligence. Felfe's motives, however, had more in common with Pâques's than with Philby's. He was, he told himself, the supreme intelligence professional, recognized as the rising star of the BND yet outwitting it at the same time. Karlshorst was careful to boost his ego, encouraging him to believe that his achievements were eclipsing even those of Richard Sorge. "I wanted," Felfe said later, "to rank as top class with the Russians."[122]

During the Cold War, as before, one of the distinguishing characteristics of Soviet intelligence operations was the extent to which they were targeted on imaginary enemies as well as real opponents. The hunt for real or, more commonly, imagined Trotskyists in the 1930s was paralleled at the height of the Cold War by search-and-destroy operations against mostly imaginary Titoist and Zionist conspirators. Like Stalin, Beria and Abakumov interpreted Tito's break with Moscow in 1948 as part of a wide-ranging imperialist conspiracy to undermine the Soviet Bloc. In July Stalin's protégé Zhdanov informed a meeting of the Cominform that the MGB had proof that Tito was in league with imperialist espionage agencies to subvert the people's democracies. Some of the allegations of Tito's involvement with Western secret services were part of a deliberate attempt to discredit him. Others were the product of Stalin's and the Center's paranoid tendencies. In the end the two strands became inextricably intertwined.

The main imaginary Western master spy orchestrating the imperialist-Titoist conspiracy uncovered by the MGB/KI in Eastern Europe was Noel Haviland Field, an eccentric, well-intentioned American former diplomat and relief worker, exposed in 1949 by Moscow Center as an "agent of the American espionage organization who smuggled his spies into the top ranks of the Communist parties in order to topple the socialist system in the service of the imperialists and Tito."[123]

Field was a romantic Communist dreamer, whose very naïveté was bound in the end to arouse the suspicions of the conspiracy theorists in the Center. While working at the State Department in 1934 he was recruited as an NKVD agent; he provided information but refused to provide documents. In 1936 he left Washington for the League of Nations disarmament secretariat in Geneva, believing, according to his biographer, Flora Lewis, "that as an international civil servant he would not have anyone to betray if he also worked on the side as a Soviet agent." Field's career with the NKVD was unusually accident prone. His first case officer in Geneva was Ignace Poretsky (*alias* Ludwig, *alias* Reiss), who promptly defected and was gunned down by the NKVD. Field's next contact, Walter Krivitsky, also defected in the following year, and, like Reiss, was branded by the NKVD as a Trotskyist. Late in 1937 Field and his wife journeyed to Moscow to try to reestablish relations with the NKVD. While there, however, their disillusioned former case officers in Washington, Paul and Hede Massing, came to their hotel room and called the NKVD to demand exit visas, saying that if they were refused they would go with the Fields to seek help from the U.S. embassy. The NKVD was understandably wary about using the Fields again.[124]

Despite these bizarre misadventures, Field kept his romantic, neo-Stalinist faith. "Stalin," he told friends, "knows what he's doing." During the war he organized relief work for the Unitarian Service Commission (USC), first in France, then from 1942 in Geneva, where he became the USC's European director. In Switzerland he offered assistance to many refugee German and Hungarian Communists. But he aroused NKVD suspicions by renewing contact with the OSS chief in Switzerland, Allen Dulles (later head of the CIA from 1953 to 1961), whom he had met while working at the State Department a decade earlier. Field won Dulles's support for a scheme for OSS to ally with German Communists in forming an anti-Nazi underground, which was, however, vetoed by OSS headquarters.[125]

In 1947 complaints about Field's Communist links and extramarital adventures led to his effective sacking by the USC. The Center, however, was even more wary of him than the Unitarians were. Field's visits to Eastern Europe in an attempt to establish a career as a freelance journalist or academic aroused suspicions that he was working under cover for Western intelligence. In the paranoid atmosphere that followed the breach with Yugoslavia, those suspicions became acute. During the war Field had been in close touch with Yugoslav Communists in Switzerland and had helped to convert Allen Dulles to support for Tito's partisans. In 1944–45 he had assisted Hungarian Communists and other émigrés in returning to Hungary by sending them, with OSS help, through Yugoslavia in Yugoslav uniform.[126] In 1948 the KI residency in Vienna obtained the copy of a letter written by Field to Dulles at the end of the war. Though it contained no reference to intelligence work, conspiracy theorists at the Center discovered in it nonexistent coded references to espionage.[127]

It remained only to discover Field's imaginary accomplices in Eastern Europe. In the summer of 1948 Mátyás Rákosi, the Hungarian Party first secretary, was summoned to Moscow to be told that the chief suspect was László Rajk, minister of the interior and by far the most popular of the Party leadership.[128] Even a Stalinist history of "the Rajk conspiracy" later regretfully acknowledged "his great physical charm": "He was very attractive to women and men responded to his compelling personality."[129] Though a loyal Stalinist, Rajk was the only member of the five-man inner circle of the Party leadership not to have passed the war years in Moscow as a protégé of the NKVD. He had fought in the Spanish Civil War and spent three years in French internment camps after the Republican defeat. In 1941 he managed to return to Hungary, became secretary of the underground Communist Central Committee and one of the leaders of the resistance. He was arrested by the Gestapo in November 1944 and spent the last six months of the war in a German concentration camp before returning to Budapest in May 1945.

Unhappily for Rajk, he owed a wartime debt of gratitude to Field. The two men had first met in Spain during the Civil War, and Field had been instrumental in gaining Rajk's release from a French internment camp in 1941 and assisting his return to Hungary.[130] To the conspiracy theorists at Moscow Center that was prima facie evidence of a plot to infiltrate Rajk as a penetration agent into the leadership of the Hungarian Communist Party. Rajk's fate was sealed by the evidence of a Yugoslav as well as a Field connection. Before Tito's break with Moscow, Rajk had, as Djilas later acknowledged, formed an "especially strong" bond with Ranković, his Yugoslav counterpart as interior minister.[131]

On Rákosi's return from his briefing session in Moscow in the summer of 1948, he summoned the rest of the inner circle of Party leaders, minus Rajk, to inform them of the Center's "evidence" that Rajk was working for U.S. intelligence. János Kádár (later Party first secretary from 1956 to 1988) was summoned to the meeting and told that in view of the serious suspicions against Rajk, "even if not proven beyond doubt," he could not remain as minister of the interior, responsible for the AVO. Kádár would therefore move to the interior ministry and, for the time being, Rajk would become foreign minister.[132] A top-secret section was set up within the AVO, run by its chief, Gábor Péter, and his two closest aides, Colonels Ernö Szücs and Gyula Décsi, to prepare the case against Rajk and other imaginary conspirators.

The initiative, however, remained with the MGB. General Fyodor Belkin, chief Soviet "adviser" for Southeast Europe, dispatched two MGB generals, Likhachev and Makarov, to Budapest to oversee preparations for the arrests and show trial. The team of MGB advisers eventually swelled to about forty. In May 1949, at the request of the AVO, Field was lured to Prague with the offer of a possible teaching post at a Czech university. But the head of the Czechoslovak StB, Jindřich Veselý, was skeptical of the MGB's Field conspiracy theory and initially resisted AVO pressure for his arrest. General Belkin then intervened personally. Veselý later claimed that he was told by President Gottwald: "If General Belkin . . . supports it, then do as they want." On May 11 Field was arrested in Prague. Next day he was taken to Budapest to be interrogated jointly by the MGB and AVO. On May 17 Péter called a conference of senior AVO officers and announced the discovery of a vast conspiracy linking Western intelligence services with "the chained dog of the imperialists," Josip Tito. An attempt was made to calm Rajk's suspicions for two weeks longer. On May 29 he and his wife were invited to Sunday lunch with the Rákosis.[133] Next day he was arrested. On June 11 Kádár, as the minister responsible for the AVO, briefed the Party Central Committee: "There were some, of course, who did not believe Rajk was guilty," he said later, "but most of them were paralyzed with fear." The briefing itself, he claimed, was prepared by Rákosi, the Party first secretary.[134]

Rajk's interrogation was overseen by Belkin and jointly conducted by the AVO and their Soviet advisers. Béla Szász, one of Rajk's alleged accomplices, noted how during interrogations, "The Hungarians smiled a flattering, servile smile when the Russians spoke to them; they reacted to the most witless jokes of the [MGB] officers with obsequious trumpetings of immoderate laughter." During interrogations Belkin chain-smoked American Old Gold cigarettes from a leather case. He was easily displeased. When Szász failed to incriminate Rajk,

> Belkin jumped up in a rage, flung down the sheaf of papers he was holding, snatched the leather case filled with Old Gold cigarettes from under my nose and shouted in Russian for a minute and a half. . . . "This is not a Trotskyist meeting, this is not the place for provocation!"

Though Belkin and the MGB advisers frequently ordered beatings and torture, they were always administered by the AVO.[135] One of the chief torturers, Vladimir Farkas, later claimed that he was simply carrying out orders from Moscow.[136]

Gábor Péter, the head of the AVO, complained that beating and torture had failed to make Rajk confess. Kádár, so he later claimed, then told him that "even Horthy's police had not been able to break Rajk. So they wouldn't get anywhere by beating him up. That's when they stopped using force."[137] Rajk was more affected by threats to his family than to himself. But he seems finally to have confessed chiefly out of a Stalinist sense of duty to the Party. Kádár visited Rajk in his cell and asked him to serve the Party by giving evidence at his trial that would expose Tito as the agent of imperialism. The entire Politburo, he assured Rajk, knew that he was innocent but asked him to make this sacrifice for the sake of the Party. His sentence, even if it was to execution, would be a mere charade. Kádár promised him and his family a new life under a new name after the trial, in the Soviet Union. The conversation between Kádár and Rajk was taped without Kádár's knowledge. To revenge himself on Kádár, Rákosi played the tape to the Central Committee shortly before he was ousted from power in 1956.[138]

The show trial of Rajk and seven of his imaginary accomplices before the People's Court in Budapest in September 1949 was devoted to the elaboration of a vast conspiracy theory linking Tito with the subversive schemes of Western intelligence services. The main supporting actors were Tibor Szönyi, head of the Party Cadre Department and the main alleged link between Rajk and the CIA; Lazar Brankov, former Yugoslav intelligence liaison officer in Budapest and the alleged link with Tito; and Lieutenant General György Pálffy, who confessed to preparing a military coup. The prosecutor told the court in his closing address:

> This trial is of international importance. . . . Not only Rajk and his associates are here in the dock, but with them sit their foreign masters, the imperialist instigators from Belgrade and Washington. . . . It is clear from the evidence heard at this trial, that even during the war against Hitler, the American intelligence services were preparing for the fight against the forces of socialism and democracy. Behind Ranković, there stand the shadows of Field and Dulles. . . . The plot in Hungary, planned by Tito and his clique to be put into action by Rajk's spy ring, cannot be understood out of context of the international plans of the American imperialists.

Rajk and four other defendants were condemned to death.[139] The MGB advisers, like the AVO, were well aware that most of the evidence used to mount the morality play in court was manufactured. Indeed the MGB instructed the AVO in the art of rehearsing the defendants beforehand to make their confessions word perfect.[140] But most MGB officers had no doubt that there was a huge conspiracy between the CIA and Tito, and regarded themselves as fully entitled to exploit the dramatic license allowed by a show trial in order to expose it. One of the MGB advisers at the trial, Valeri Aleksandrovich Krotov, who was also present at Rajk's execution, later worked with Gordievsky in Directorate S (Illegals) of the First Chief Directorate. The trial, he told Gordievsky, had been "a political necessity." His most vivid memory remained Rajk's last words before his execution: "Long live Communism!"[141]

Purges of other Hungarian agents of the imaginary Titoist-imperialist conspiracy continued in less spectacular fashion until the death of Stalin. Rajk's successor as interior minister, János Kádár, also came under suspicion. He was dismissed in 1950, imprisoned and tortured in 1951. Though he survived to be rehabilitated a year after Stalin's death, his successor as interior minister, Sándor Zöld, killed his wife, children, mother-in-law, and himself on learning that he was about to be purged. In 1952 the deputy head of the AVH (successor to the AVO), Ernö Szücs, visited Moscow Center and left a report for Stalin himself stating that the purge was out of control and threatened to destroy the party. Back in Budapest, he was arrested, interrogated by a combined MGB/AVH team, and hanged as a spy.[142]

The MGB-orchestrated search for subversive conspiracies by Tito and Western intelligence services spread throughout the Soviet Bloc and beyond into Communist parties in the West. The most dramatic of the show trials that followed Rajk's took place in Prague. At a meeting in Budapest on the eve of the Rajk trial, Belkin and Rákosi jointly pressed Karel Šváb, Czechoslovak deputy minister of the interior and head of security, to begin immediate arrests and interrogations. A week later President Gottwald and Rudolf Slánský, secretary-general of the Czechoslovak Communist Party, asked for MGB advisers with experience of the Rajk case to be sent to guide investigations. Soon afterward Generals Likhachov and Makarov arrived in Prague from Budapest.

There followed what a commission of inquiry appointed during the Prague Spring in 1968 called "a craze for hunting the 'Czechoslovak Rajk.'" Likhachov and Makarov denounced Czech security as weak, indecisive, and "soft" on the class enemy. Slánský responded by announcing the setting-up of a new security department independent of the interior ministry "to investigate Party and political offenses." At first it seemed that the leading candidate for the role of the "Czechoslovak Rajk" was the Slovak foreign minister, Vladimir Clementis, who was dismissed from his post in March 1950. During the spring a series of other "bourgeois nationalists" (including the future Party leader and state president, Gustáv Husák) were publicly vilified as class traitors, in preparation, it seemed, for a great show trial.[143] Then in the summer of 1950 Likhachov and Makarov were replaced by a new team of MGB advisers headed by Vladimir Boyarsky. There followed a rapid change of direction in the MGB-led witch hunt. The main emphasis henceforth was on Zionism rather than Titoism as the chief tool of the subversive plots of the Western intelligence services.[144]

The beginning of an anti-Semitic witch hunt, thinly disguised as a defensive campaign against Zionist subversion, reflected a dramatic change in Soviet policy to the new state of Israel. In the debates at the United Nations in 1947 the Soviet Union supported the partition plan for Palestine leading to the creation of a Jewish state. "This decision," Andrei Gromyko told the UN General Assembly, "meets the legitimate demands of the Jewish nation, hundreds of thousands of whose people are still without a land and without a home." The creation of the state of Israel was seen in Moscow as a blow to British imperialism in the Middle East, inflicted by progressive Jews of Russian and Polish origin. Arab attacks on the Zionists were regarded as the desperate response of reactionary feudal rulers to the emergence of a new progressive regime.

Both Soviet diplomatic support and the arms supplied to the Zionists from Czechoslovakia with Soviet blessing during their war with the Arabs were of crucial importance in the birth of Israel. In May 1948, the Soviet Union was the first to give the new state de jure recognition. Moscow counted on Zionist gratitude both for its early support and for the dominant role of the Red Army in defeating Hitler. Israel, the Kremlin believed, was destined to become the vanguard of the anti-imperialist revolution in the Middle East and to help the Soviet Union gain a foothold in the Mediterranean. Within the new state the left-wing Mapam Party described itself as "an inseparable part of the world revolutionary camp headed by the U.S.S.R."

Late in 1947 Colonel Andrei Mikhailovich Otrashchenko, head of the Middle and Far Eastern Department in the KI (and later in the KGB First Chief Directorate), called an operational conference at which he announced that Stalin personally had given the KI the task of ensuring Israel's alliance with the Soviet Union. The emigration of Russian Jews to Israel offered an ideal opportunity to send Soviet agents to work both within Israel and against the Main Adversary and other Western targets. The head of the Illegals Directorate in the KI (and later in the First Chief Directorate), the tall, athletic Colonel Aleksandr Mikhailovich ("Sasha") Korotkov, who had a Jewish wife, was put in charge of the selection and training of emigrants to Israel to work as Soviet illegals. His chief assistant, Lieutenant Colonel Vladimir Vertiporokh, better known as Dyadya Volodya, was appointed in 1948 as the first KI/MGB resident in Israel. He and Korotkov were both decorated and promoted to the rank of general for the success of the Jewish illegals operation.[145]

By 1950 there had been, for two reasons, a dramatic *volte-face* in Soviet policy to Israel. The first was the enthusiasm of Russian Jews for the new state. When Golda Meir and members of the new Israeli diplomatic mission visited a Moscow synagogue for Rosh Hashana on October 4, 1948, they were mobbed by thirty thousand Jews. The Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee, set up during the war to mobilize Jewish support in the struggle against Nazism, was first ordered to declare, "No! Never and under no circumstances will Soviet Jews exchange their Socialist homeland for another homeland"; then it was abruptly dissolved. According to Khrushchev, its former president, Solomon Mikhailovich Mikhoels, was thrown by the MGB beneath the wheels of a truck and killed. In the winter of 1948–49 the Jewish state theaters in Moscow and other cities were closed and virtually every major Yiddish writer and artist arrested. Even Molotov's Jewish wife, Zhemchuzhina, former head of the State Cosmetic Trust and responsible for products that included a perfume nicknamed "Stalin's Breath," was arrested and sent into internal exile in 1949. According to Khrushchev, Stalin "blew up" when Molotov abstained on a vote to remove his wife from the staff of the Central Committee. Molotov kept his place on the Politburo but lost his position as foreign minister.[146]

For about a year, despite the attack on Zionism at home, the Soviet Union continued to support Israel abroad. Then evidence of Israel's growing links with the West, above all the United States, persuaded the Kremlin to switch its support to Israel's Arab opponents. Thereafter, Zionism was officially interpreted as part of a gigantic imperialist plot to subvert the Soviet Bloc by manipulating its Jewish inhabitants. Belief in the Zionist menace brought to the fore in Stalin a latent anti-Semitism, which had never been far beneath the surface. Though he avoided anti-Semitism in his public speeches and writings, he entertained his sycophantic cronies in private with parodies of Jewish speech and mannerisms. Khrushchev later recalled Stalin telling him after the MGB and Party officials had reported unrest at an aviation factory: "The good workers at the factory should be given clubs so they can beat the hell out of those Jews at the end of the working day!"[147]

The announcement of the new anti-Zionist line caused some initial difficulty at the Center. When Colonel Otrashchenko told a meeting of the KI Middle and Far Eastern Department that Zionism was in league with imperialism, some of his officers were confused by the association of the two ideas. According to the KGB defector Ilya Dzhirkvelov, however, they soon collected themselves: "It was quite clear that this particularism did not fit with Marxism-Leninism. That meant it must be akin to Trotskyism, and we were all quite sure that it was bad."[148]

The first major MGB offensive outside Russia against the vast imaginary Zionist plot took place in Czechoslovakia. Vladimir Boyarsky, the chief MGB adviser in Prague from the summer of 1950, was given a free hand by the Czechoslovak Party leadership to expose the "Zionist conspiracy." "Our greatest enemy," he declared, "is international Zionism, which has at its disposal the most perfect espionage network."[149] The first major victim of Boyarsky's anti-Semitic witch hunt was the Jewish first secretary of the Brno regional Party Committee, Otto Šling, arrested in October 1950.[150] Large-scale arrests of Party members followed during the winter of 1950–51.

In February 1951, probably at Boyarsky's prompting, the notorious anti-Semite Andrej Keppert was appointed director of the StB's Department for the Search for Enemies of the State and immediately set up a special section on Zionism. Keppert used to tell his StB colleagues that whenever he saw a hooked nose he either opened a file on the owner or put him in jail.[151] Boyarsky increasingly insisted that the Zionist conspiracy must be headed by a more powerful figure than Šling. By the summer of 1951 he had identified the chief conspirator as the secretary-general of the Czechoslovak Party, Rudolf Slánský, in reality a loyal Stalinist.

According to Lieutenant Colonel Bohumil Doubek, head of the StB investigations branch, Boyarsky and the MGB advisers emphasized "the growing influence of Judaism in the international political arena; they pointed to Rockefeller, Rothschild, and others, and linked them all to Slánský's activities among us abetted by the Jews." In June 1951 Doubek and an assistant drafted a comprehensive report on espionage and subversion by "Jewish bourgeois nationalists," naming Slánský and Bedřich Geminder, Jewish head of the International Department of the Party Secretariat, as the chief culprits. After amendment by Boyarsky and the MGB advisers, the report was forwarded to President Gottwald and his minister for security, Ladislav Kopřiva.[152]

Stalin, however, regarded the report as too poorly constructed for a satisfactory anti-Zionist show trial. In a message to Gottwald on

July 20 Stalin told him that the evidence so far assembled was insufficient to bring charges against Slánský and Geminder, and announced that Boyarsky, whose handling of the case had been unsatisfactory, was to be recalled. Stalin added in a personal letter four days later that Boyarsky would be replaced by "a stronger, more experienced man," and that in the meantime reports from the MGB advisers made it clear that Slánský must be removed from his post as Party secretary-general.[153]

Stalin's decision to take personal charge of the Slánský case reflected both his growing obsession with the Zionist menace and his declining confidence in Abakumov as head of the MGB. In the autumn of 1951, Abakumov was jailed. Khrushchev, as Moscow Party secretary, came to the MGB officers' club to explain Abakumov's arrest. He gave two reasons. The first was Abakumov's corruption; he had become notorious within the MGB for keeping a string of private brothels and importing expensive luxuries from the West. The second reason given by Khrushchev was Abakumov's alleged slowness in detecting the "Leningrad plot," involving some of the leading protégés of the late Andrei Zhdanov, who were executed for "grave" but unspecified "state crimes."[154] (When Abakumov was eventually tried and executed in 1954, a year after Stalin's death, his alleged crimes included the opposite offense, of fabricating evidence against those convicted in the Leningrad case.) Stalin's main purpose in removing Abakumov, however, was almost certainly to curb Beria's influence, through Abakumov, on state security. The new head of the MGB, Semyon Denisovich Ignatyev, who now reclaimed the remnants of the KI, was a party *apparatchik* from the Central Committee, who, unlike Abakumov, owed no loyalty to Beria. Indeed, he launched a purge in Mingrelia, Beria's homeland in Georgia.[155]

Under Ignatyev's leadership and at Stalin's bidding, the MGB embarked on the most anti-Semitic phase in Soviet intelligence history. Early in November 1951 General Aleksei Dmitrievich Beshchastnov arrived in Prague as chief MGB adviser to replace the disgraced Boyarsky. On the 11th, apparently satisfied that there was now adequate material for a show trial to expose the Zionist conspiracy, Stalin sent the senior Politburo member, Anastas Mikoyan to deliver a personal message to President Gottwald, calling for Slánský's immediate arrest. When Gottwald hesitated, Mikoyan telephoned Moscow from the Soviet embassy and returned to say that Stalin insisted. Gottwald gave way and Slánský was arrested on November 24.[156]

Interrogation of Slánský and his imaginary accomplices was supervised by Beshchastnov and his two assistants, Yesikov and Galkin. The beatings and torture necessary to produce confessions were administered by the StB. Three further MGB advisers, G. Gromov, G. Morozov, and J. Chernov, were sent to supervise the year-long preparations for a show trial. The Trial of the Leadership of the Anti-State Conspiratorial Center led by Rudolf Slánský opened on November 20, 1952. After his opening speech, the prosecutor read out the names of the fourteen defendants, all high-ranking Party members. Eleven, including Slánský, were described as "of Jewish origin," two as Czech and one as Slovak. The MGB advisers had originally proposed the formula "Jewish nationality" or simply "Jew" but accepted a slightly vaguer description after objections by Gottwald and the Czechoslovak Politburo. Even so, the phrase "of Jewish origin" was unprecedented in Stalinist show trials. No reference had been made in the 1930s to the Jewish origins of Trotsky, or of Zinoviev, Kamenev, Radek, and other victims of the Terror. During the Rajk trial in Budapest there had been no reference to the Jewishness of three of the seven defendants. In the Slánský trial, by contrast, Jewish upbringing was used to account for treachery. As a well-rehearsed witness explained:

> What all those traitors had in common was their bourgeois-Jewish background. Even after they joined the Czechoslovak Communist Party and rose to high positions in the Party leadership, they always remained bourgeois nationalists and pushers. Their aim was to overthrow our Party's Bolshevik leadership and destroy the popular democratic regime. To achieve this, these elements contacted the Zionist organizations and representatives of the Israeli government, who are really agents of American imperialism.

Eleven of the defendants, including Slánský, were sentenced to death, and three to life imprisonment.[157]

The defeat of the imaginary Zionist conspiracy within the Czechoslovak Communist Party was followed by an intensified anti-Zionist campaign throughout the U.S.S.R. and the Soviet Bloc. Paranoia in the Center about Zionist plots reached such a level that some of its own most successful Jewish agents were believed to have been planted on it by Western intelligence services. Among them was Smolka-Smollett, wartime head of the Russian section in the British

Ministry of Information, who was, absurdly, publicly denounced during the Slánský trial as an "imperialist agent." There was even a plan in the Center (not in the end implemented) to kidnap him from Austria, where he was in the early stages of multiple sclerosis, and bring him to Moscow to answer allegations that during the war he had recruited another Jew, Ivan Maisky, then Soviet ambassador in London, to the British SIS.[158]

The purge of Jews from the Soviet *nomenklatura,* which reached its peak during 1952, was nowhere pursued more energetically than in the Center. By the spring of 1953 all Jews had been removed from the MGB save for a small number of so-called "hidden Jews," people of at least partly Jewish origin who were officially registered as members of other ethnic groups.[159] The climax of the MGB's onslaught on Zionism was the Jewish doctors' plot. Late in 1952 a junior Kremlin doctor, Lydia Timashuk, wrote to Stalin accusing her mostly Jewish superiors of a conspiracy to curtail the lives of Soviet leaders by sabotaging their medical treatment. As a reward for unmasking this nonexistent plot, she was later given the Order of Lenin.

On January 13, 1953, *Pravda* launched a public campaign against the "monsters and murderers [who] trampled the sacred banner of science, hiding behind the honored and noble calling of physicians and men of learning." The monsters, it revealed, were agents of British and American intelligence operating through a "corrupt Jewish bourgeois nationalist organization." *Pravda* berated the security services for not detecting the conspiracy at an earlier stage. According to Khrushchev, "Stalin was crazy with rage, yelling at Ignatyev and threatening him, demanding that he throw the doctors in chains, beat them to a pulp and grind them into powder. Stalin handed over interrogation of the doctors to Ignatyev's more brutal deputy, M. D. Ryumin. "It was no surprise," said Khrushchev, "when almost all the doctors confessed to their crimes."[160]

Among the other, equally improbable, Zionist conspirators uncovered by Ryumin was the MGB organizer of the Rajk trial, General Belkin. Stalin called Rákosi personally to tell him that Belkin had confessed to recruiting Gábor Péter, the Jewish head of the AVH, for the British and Zionist intelligence services. After Péter's arrest, the AVH quickly discovered an imaginary Jewish doctors' plot in Hungary, which exactly paralleled that in the Soviet Union.[161] The Cominform and the Communist press all over Europe described the Slánský trial and the doctors' plot as "links in the same chain, manifestations of the murderous activity of the Anglo-American imperialists and their lackeys, who are bent on launching another world war."[162]

At the end of his life Stalin seems to have been preparing for a new and terrible purge. At the Nineteenth Party Conference in October 1952, the first since 1939, the old ten-man Politburo was replaced by a new Presidium of thirty-six members. Khrushchev feared that this was part of a plan "for the future annihilation of the old Politburo members." Even Stalin seemed disturbed by his inability to trust anyone around him. "I'm finished," Khrushchev heard him mutter one day. "I trust no one, not even myself." In December 1952 he purged Aleksandr Poskrebyshev, the head of his secretariat for the past quarter of a century (once described by Churchill's interpreter as "About five feet tall, with broad shoulders, a bent back, large head, heavy jowl, long hooked nose and eyes like those of a bird of prey") on the preposterous grounds that he was leaking secret documents. Soon afterward he ordered the arrest of MGB General Nikolai Vlasik, the equally long-serving chief of his personal bodyguard. After his personal physician, Dr. Vinogradov, confessed involvement in the nonexistent doctors' plot, Stalin was afraid to allow any doctor to come near him. Even the success of Soviet intelligence in penetrating foreign corridors of power preyed on his mind. At the end of his life Stalin was haunted by the fear that Western intelligence services had achieved similar—or even greater—successes in Moscow. He suspected Marshal Voroshilov of being a British spy and Molotov of working for the CIA.[163]

The evidence suggests that Beria discovered in the winter of 1952–53 that Stalin was planning to remove him. "Hence," writes a recent Soviet historian, "the extent of his unconcealed hatred for Stalin, which revealed itself during Stalin's final illness."[164] On the night of March 1–2, 1953, Stalin suffered a stroke. Beria immediately began planning the succession. Khrushchev, who was still under Stalin's spell, found Beria's behavior "simply unbearable":

> As soon as Stalin showed . . . signs of consciousness on his face and made us think he might recover, Beria threw himself on his knees, seized Stalin's hand and started kissing it. When Stalin lost consciousness again and closed his eyes, Beria stood up and spat.

When Stalin died on March 5, 1953, Beria was exultant. "To put it crudely," complained Khrushchev, "he had a housewarming over Stalin's corpse before it was in his coffin."[165] Within twenty-four hours Beria had amalgamated the MGB and MVD (Ministry of the Interior) into an enlarged MVD under his command. He sacked Ignatyev, arrested Ryumin, released Abakumov from jail, and placed his supporters in key positions in the new security apparatus.[166]

In agreement with the other two main contenders for Stalin's succession, Khrushchev and Malenkov, Beria brought the anti-Semitic witch hunt to an end. On April 4 *Pravda* denounced efforts by "provocateurs" in the former MGB "to ignite nationalist dissension and to undermine the unity of the Soviet people which had been welded together by internationalism." It was announced that all the doctors arrested in January were innocent and that those responsible for their persecution had been called to account. The former president of the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee, Mikhoels, who had been pushed under a truck by the MGB, was posthumously rehabilitated and praised as a "prominent Soviet artist." Among the first of tens of thousands to return from internal exile and the gulag was Molotov's Jewish wife, Zhemchuzhina.[167]

But though the crude anti-Semitism of Stalin's final years ceased, belief in a Zionist conspiracy continued. The MVD, and later the KGB, took back none of the Jewish officers purged in the early 1950s and maintained a total ban on Jewish entrants. Throughout Gordievsky's career in the KGB, Zionism was regarded as one of the main vehicles, if not *the* main vehicle, for "ideological subversion" in the Soviet Union. Soon after his posting to London in July 1982, the KGB residency received a "Plan for Work against Zionism in the Period 1982 to 1986," which revealed Moscow Center's continuing obsession with what it believed was "all manner of subversive operations" mounted by international Zionism against the Soviet Bloc. Both the PR (political intelligence) and KR (counterintelligence) lines in London were required to report each year on operations against Zionist targets and plans for the following year.

Gordievsky knew of many KGB residencies in the West—including those in the United States, Canada, France, Italy, Greece, and Cyprus—where operations against Jewish organizations had an even higher priority than in Britain. Even some of the most intelligent and otherwise well-balanced of Gordievsky's colleagues still subscribed to vast conspiracy theories about Jewish control of Western capitalism.[168] The anti-Semitic paranoia of Stalin's final years had left a lasting mark on the KGB still clearly visible even in the early years of the Gorbachev era.

11

The Cold War After Stalin (1953–63)

As the members of the Presidium stood grim-faced around Stalin's bier, most were already fearful that Beria would use his enormous power as head of state security to step into Stalin's shoes. Aware that Beria had them all under surveillance, however, they were wary of moving against him. Each member of the Presidium knew that Beria held a potentially embarrassing dossier on him.[1]

Beria was quick to strengthen his control over the foreign as well as the domestic side of his security empire. He installed as the new head of the Foreign Directorate[2] a loyal henchman from the MVD, Lieutenant General Vasili Stepanovich Ryasnoy, who had no previous experience of foreign intelligence and, according to the defector Pyotr Deryabin, "dared not take a decision without referring to Beria." At Beria's insistence, Ryasnoy recalled most residents abroad for discussions at the Center. Both Beria and Ryasnoy were later criticized for blowing residents' cover by summoning them simultaneously to Moscow.

Beria also ordered a massive overhaul of the huge MVD network in East Germany. Deryabin, then in the Austro-German section of the Foreign Directorate, estimates that about eight hundred MVD personnel were recalled from the German Democratic Republic

(GDR). On June 17, 1953, a spontaneous revolt by workers in East Berlin produced the first serious challenge to Communist rule in the Soviet Bloc. Two Russian armored divisions were called in and twenty-one demonstrators were killed before the rising was quelled. Within Moscow Center and probably the Presidium also, the failure to nip the rising in the bud was blamed on the chaos caused by Beria's reorganization of the MVD in East Germany. According to Deryabin, the Austro-German section in the Center regarded General Fadeykin, whom Beria had put in charge at Karlshorst, as completely out of his depth.[3]

As soon as news of the Berlin rising reached him, Beria flew out to investigate. Throughout his stay in Berlin, however, he kept a wary eye on his rivals in Moscow. When he learned that a meeting of the Presidium had been scheduled for an unusual hour, Beria immediately called the Presidium secretariat to demand an explanation. Despite being told that there was nothing on the agenda requiring his return, he flew back immediately.[4] Beria gave the Presidium a cynically accurate assessment of conditions in the German Democratic Republic. According to the future foreign minister Andrei Gromyko, who was present as an observer, Beria spoke "in a dismissive tone and with a sneer on his face":

> The GDR? What does it amount to, this GDR? It's not even a real state. It's only kept in being by Soviet troops, even if we do call it the "German Democratic Republic."

This was too much for the rest of the Presidium. "I strongly object," said Molotov indignantly, "to such an attitude to a friendly country." The other speakers virtuously agreed. According to Gromyko: "We were all shocked by such political crudeness."[5]

Nemesis, though Beria did not realize it, was only a few days away. The plot to bring him down was led by Nikita Khrushchev. Khrushchev's earliest allies were Nikolai Bulganin, the minister of defense, and his deputy Marshal Zhukov, who guaranteed the support of the armed forces. But it was not till May or June that Khrushchev won over Georgi Malenkov, Stalin's successor as first secretary and prime minister.[6] Also crucial was the support of one of Beria's deputies, Sergei Kruglov, holder of an honorary British knighthood for his services at the wartime conferences of the Big Three.[7] A special meeting of the Presidium was fixed for June 26. Khrushchev arrived with a gun in his pocket. By his own, less than modest, account:

> Beria sat down, spread himself out and asked: "Well, what's on the agenda today? Why have we met so unexpectedly?" And I prodded Malenkov with my foot and whispered: "Open the session, give me the floor." Malenkov went white; I saw he was incapable of opening his mouth. So I jumped up and said: "There is one item on the agenda: the anti-Party, divisive activity of imperialist agent Beria. There is a proposal to drop him from the Presidium and from the Central Committee, expel him from the Party, and hand him over to the court-martial. Who is in favor?"[8]

Molotov, Bulganin, and others denounced Beria in turn. Before a formal vote on Khrushchev's motion had taken place, Malenkov pressed a secret button. Zhukov entered at the head of an armed group of army officers, arrested Beria, and took him away. In Beria's briefcase they found a sheet of paper on which he had written "Alarm" in red, hoping to summon help. Fearing an attempt by MVD troops to free their chief, Zhukov moved a tank division and a motor rifle division into Moscow, able if necessary to outgun the MVD units, who had only small arms.[9] It was some days before MVD officers learned officially that Beria had been arrested. For most, the first evidence of his downfall was the disappearance of his pictures. At the beginning of July the fourteen-year-old Gordievsky, on holiday in the Ukraine, received a letter from his father, then a colonel in the MVD Training Directorate, telling him, "There was a sensational event yesterday. Portraits of the boss were taken from the walls." A few days later a second letter arrived with the news, "The boss has been arrested and is being kept in a prison cell."[10]

Beria's arrest was publicly announced on July 10. Khrushchev, the leader of the coup, now emerged as the dominant figure in what was still officially described as a collective leadership. In September, he replaced Malenkov as Party first secretary. On December 24 it was announced that Beria and six co-conspirators (who included Merkulov, former head of the NKGB, and Dekanozov, former head of the INU) had been found guilty by the Supreme Court of a plot "to revive capitalism and to restore the rule of the bourgeoisie." Beria's most appalling crime—responsibility for mass murder—could not be mentioned for fear of bringing discredit on the regime. But the announcement of his execution referred briefly to "crimes which testify to his moral degradation." The Supreme Court was told at his secret trial that one of his guards was found in possession of a small piece of paper with

The Pursuit of Trotsky

Trotsky, his wife Natalya Sedova and Abraham Sobolevicius, early in his foreign exile in Turkey (1929–32). Sobolevicius was later unmasked as an OGPU agent sent to infiltrate Trotsky's household. *(David King Collection)*

Mark Zborowski, alias Etienne *(inset)*, an NKVD agent who became the closest collaborator of Trotsky's son and chief European organizer, Lev Sedov (shown here with his father). Zborowski, almost certainly, helped to organize Sedov's assassination in 1938. *(David King Collection)*

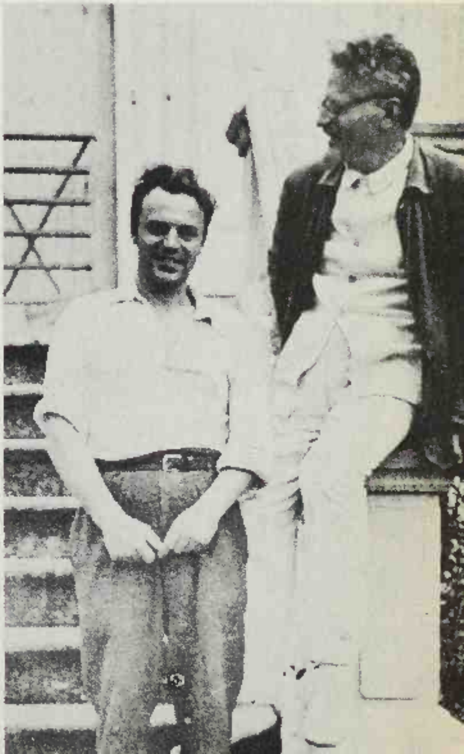

The Assassination of Trotsky

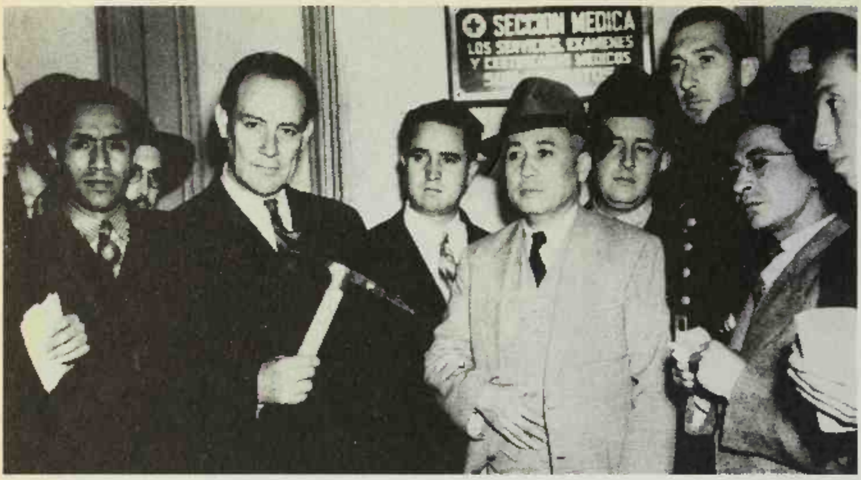
SECCION MEDICA
LOS SERVICIOS, EXAMENES
Y CERTIFICADOS MEDICOS

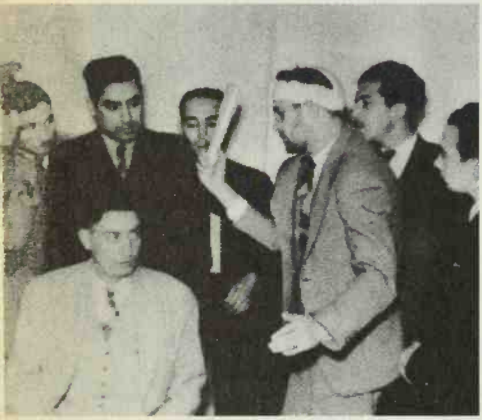

Above Mexican police display the murder weapon. *(David King Collection)*

Left Mercader reenacts the assassination in Trotsky's study after his arrest, with a policeman sitting in Trotsky's chair. *(David King Collection)*

Below left The NKVD assassin, Ramón Mercader, in prison. *(Novosti)*

Below right Trotsky on his deathbed, August 1940. *(David King Collection)*

Stalinist Paranoia

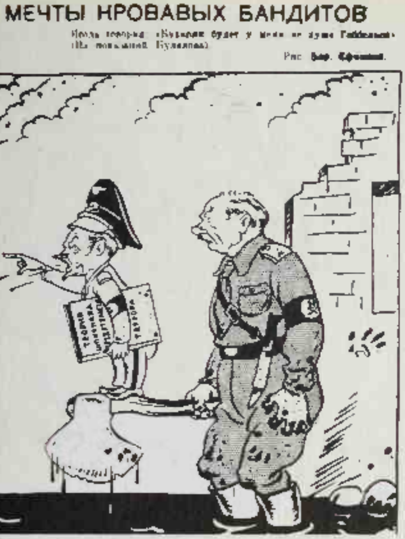

A cartoon in *Izvestia* during the show trials shows Genrikh Yagoda, the disgraced head of the NKVD from 1934 to 1936, as a Nazi butcher with Hitlerian mustache, balancing on his ax the leading Old Bolshevik, Nikolai Bukharin, in the guise of Dr. Goebbels. *(David King Collection)*

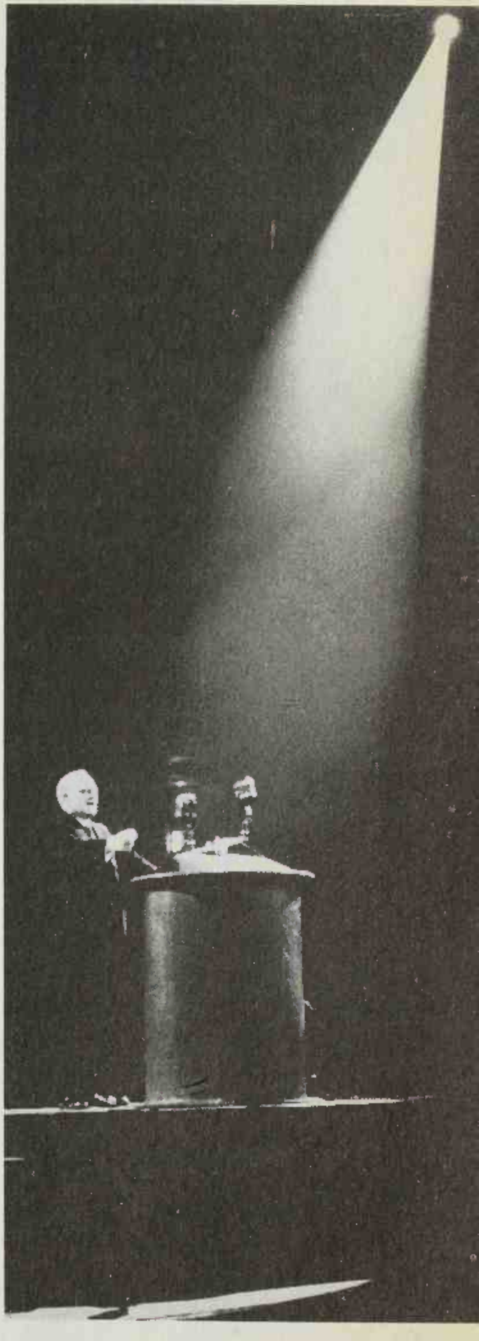

Andrei Vyshinsky, chief prosecutor at the show trials (later Soviet ambassador to the United Nations), who unmasked numerous imaginary foreign spies and saboteurs. *(David King Collection)*

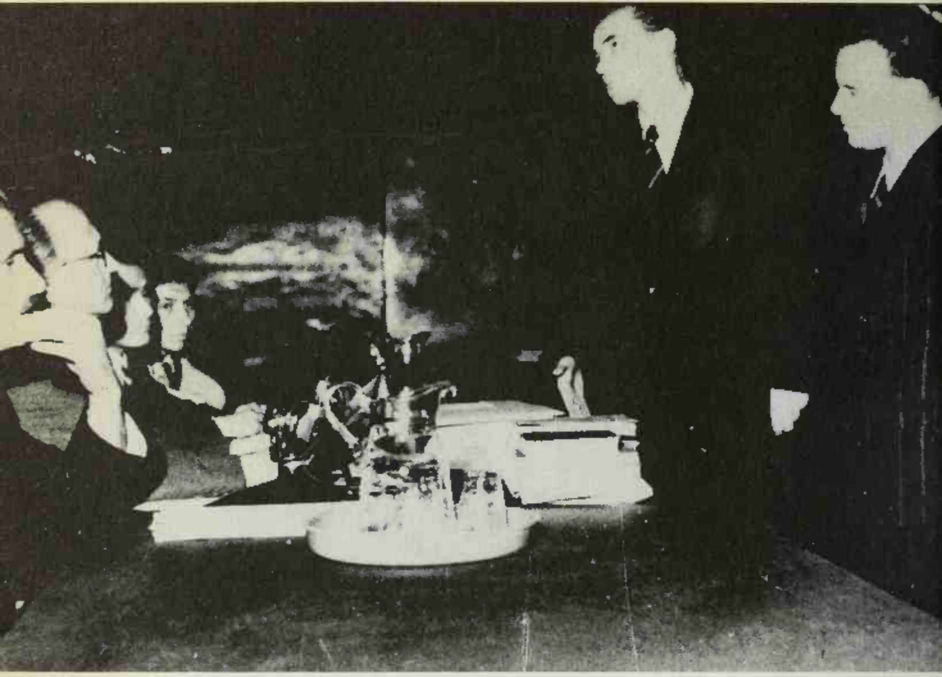

László Rajk, the former Hungarian Communist general secretary, unmasked as an imaginary Titoist and imperialist agent at his trial in 1949. His last words before execution were "Long Live Communism." *(David King Collection)*

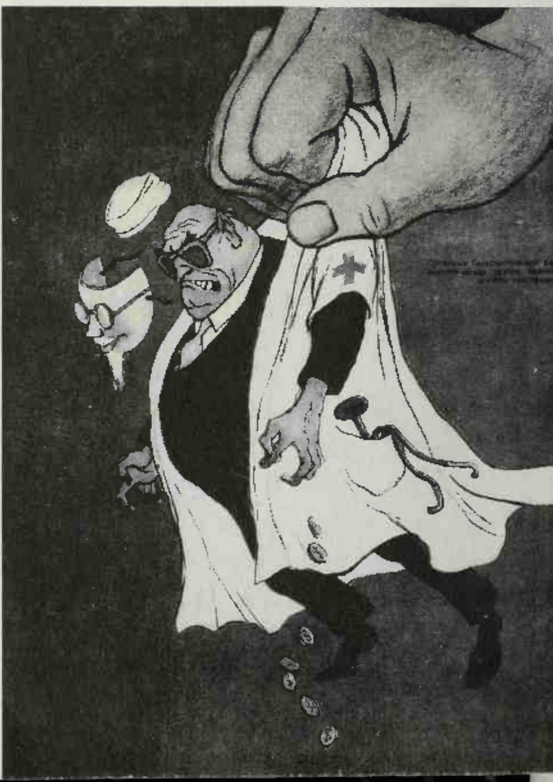

"The Doctor's Plot" as portrayed in *Krokodil* in 1953: an imaginary plot by Zionists and imperialists to poison Stalin and the Soviet leadership. *(David King Collection)*

The KGB and the United States

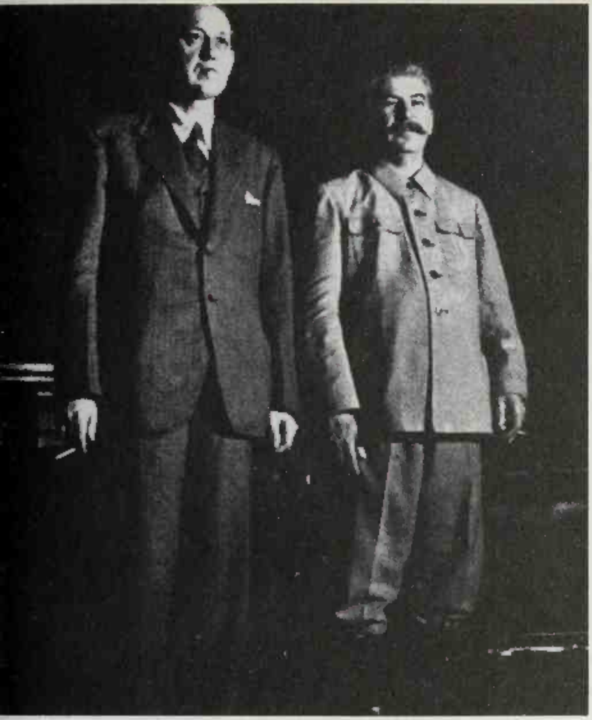

Harry Hopkins, President Roosevelt's closest adviser, poses with Joseph Stalin. *(Photo by Margaret Bourke-White © Time Warner)*

Above right Harry Dexter White, the main Soviet agent within the wartime U.S. Treasury. *(Associated Press)*

The atom spies, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, executed in the electric chair in 1953.

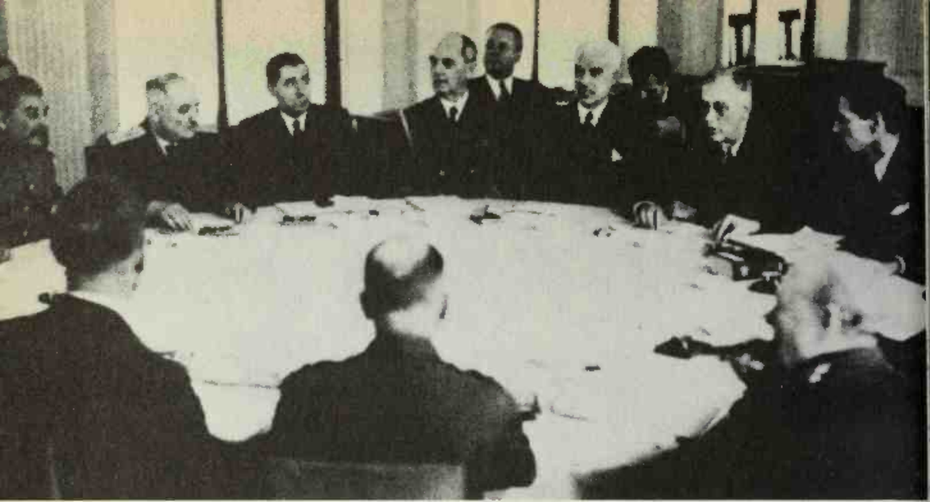

Alger Hiss, on the far right, sitting next to President Roosevelt during the Yalta conference in 1945. Stalin is on the far left.

Hiss, chief organizer of the founding conference of the United Nations at San Francisco in April 1945, shakes hands with President Truman.

President John F. Kennedy talks to KGB officer Georgi Bolshakov (second from right), whom he frequently used as a "back channel" to the Kremlin. *(UPI Bettmann Archive)*

Sigint

WEISBAND
WILLIAM 967

Above left William Weisband, an employee of the U.S. armed forces security agency, who revealed the Venona secret to the Russians in 1948.

Above right Geoffrey Prime, the KGB mole at GCHQ. *(Topham Picture Library)*

John A. Walker, Jr., the KGB's leading sigint agent in the United States, poses with hairpiece and electronic surveillance equipment after his arrest in 1983. *(Associated Press)*

IT HERE
THE STOP AHEAD SIGN

# 3a
YOU DROP IT HERE

Examples of the directions to dead-letter boxes given to Walker by his KGB controller in Washington.

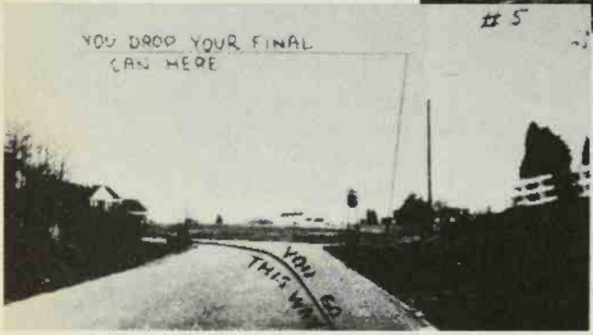
# 5
YOU DROP YOUR FINAL CAN HERE
YOU GO THIS WAY

Below Aerial photograph of the largest Soviet sigint station outside the Warsaw pact at Lourdes in Cuba. *(U.S. Department of Defense)*

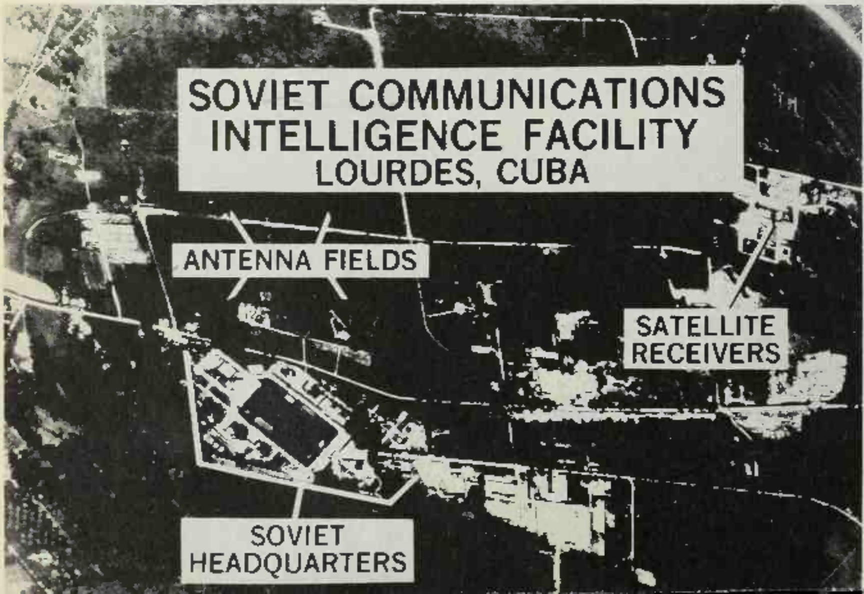
SOVIET COMMUNICATIONS INTELLIGENCE FACILITY
LOURDES, CUBA
ANTENNA FIELDS
SATELLITE RECEIVERS
SOVIET HEADQUARTERS

the names and telephone numbers of four of the hundreds of women dragged to his house in Vspolny Pereulok to be raped by him; one was a sixteen-year-old girl.

The most remarkable charge on which Beria was convicted was that of working for British intelligence. The only evidence of a British intelligence connection produced at his trial was a file from his personal archives allegedly showing that he had worked for the counterintelligence service of the Mussavat (Transcaucasian nationalist) regime in Baku during the Civil War in 1919, at a time when the region was under British control. One of the investigators who prepared the case against Beria has since admitted that the file gave no indication "what tasks he had been given or how he carried them out." The official announcement of Beria's trial, however, reported that from 1919 onwards "Beria continued and widened his secret connections with foreign intelligence until the moment of his arrest." Beria thus became, following Yagoda and Yezhov in the 1930s, the third head of the KGB to be executed for crimes that included serving as an imaginary British secret agent.[11]

After Beria's arrest on June 26, he was succeeded as head of the MVD by one of his former deputies, Sergei Kruglov, who had sided with the plotters. For the time being the former MGB remained within the MVD. Ryasnoy, whom Beria had made head of the Foreign Directorate, was dismissed and disappeared into obscurity (though not, apparently, to the gulag). He was succeeded by the diplomat Aleksandr Semyonovich Panyushkin, probably at the suggestion of Molotov, restored since Stalin's death to his former post as foreign minister. Molotov wished to reassert the influence over foreign intelligence operations that he had possessed at the founding of the KI. Panyushkin had served as ambassador in Washington from 1947 to 1952 with spells both before and afterward in Beijing.[12] As well as becoming chief legal resident in Washington during the KI period, he had also taken direct charge of operations for a year after the recall of the legal resident Georgi Sokolov in 1949.[13]

A later defector remembered Panyushkin in 1953 as tall, lean, and stooped, with a gray suit and a gray complexion ("such as miners or workers in lead plants have"), but a simple, unpretentious manner.[14] He was introduced to Foreign Directorate staff in the conference room at the officers' club. Pyotr Deryabin, as one of the Party secretaries, met him at the club entrance and conducted him to a podium, where Kruglov, his deputy Ivan Serov, and other Party secretaries were already seated. Kruglov announced Panyushkin's appointment, then Panyushkin gave a brief description of his previous career and invited questions. Stunned by the comparative informality of the occasion, his audience remained silent and the meeting came to an end.[15]

Panyushkin's diplomatic background, however, did not imply any softening in MVD operational methods abroad. Indeed, one of the first foreign operations personally supervised by Panyushkin from the Center was Operation Rhine, the attempted assassination of a Ukrainian émigré leader in West Germany. A generation earlier the Trust deception had been followed by the kidnapping and assassination of the two main émigré White Guard leaders, Generals Kutepov and Miller, who declined to be lured back to the Soviet Union. Similarly, after the successful deception operations along Soviet frontiers during the early Cold War, the most influential émigrés—the leaders of the Ukrainian NTS in West Germany—were marked out for assassination.

The liquidation of the first intended victim, Georgi Sergeevich Okolovich, was approved, as in the case of all assassinations abroad, by the Presidium itself. The training of the chosen head of the MVD assassination team, Nikolai Khokhlov, was personally overseen by Panyushkin. Khokhlov's instructors included Mikhail Rubak, a Soviet judo champion, and Lieutenant Colonel Godlevsky, the winner of five national pistol tournaments. The execution weapon was an electrically operated gun, fitted with a silencer and concealed inside a cigarette packet, which fired cyanide-tipped bullets, developed in the MVD/MGB secret arms laboratory.

Khokhlov, however, proved to be more squeamish than the assassins of the Stalin era. He was at least half-persuaded by some of the NTS publications that he read while planning Okolovich's assassination. On February 18, 1954, Khokhlov called at Okolovich's flat in Frankfurt. His introduction was disconcerting. "Georgi Sergeevich," he told him, "I've come to you from Moscow. The Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union has ordered your liquidation. The murder is entrusted to my group." He then informed the startled Okolovich that he had decided not to murder him. Instead Khokhlov defected to an initially skeptical CIA. On April 20, he gave a sensational press conference at which he revealed the murder plan and displayed the murder weapon.[16]

Since the beginning of the Cold War there had been no major Soviet intelligence defection. During the early months of 1954, however, Khokhlov's defection was one of five major embarrassments suffered by Moscow Center. In January, Yuri Rastvorov defected from the

Tokyo residency to the CIA; in February Pyotr Deryabin defected in Vienna, also to the CIA;[17] in April Vladimir and Evdokia Petrova defected in Canberra.

In March 1954, Soviet state security underwent its last major postwar reorganization. The MGB was once again removed from the MVD, but downgraded from a ministry to the Committee of State Security (Komitet Gosudarstvennoy Bezopasnosti or KGB) and formally attached to the Council of Ministers in an attempt to keep it under political control. The first chairman of the KGB was Kruglov's former deputy, the forty-nine-year-old General Ivan Aleksandrovich Serov, best known for the brutal efficiency with which he carried out wartime deportations from the Caucasus and crushed opposition to Communist rule in the Baltic States and Eastern Europe. Khrushchev, who was chiefly responsible for Serov's appointment, later said of him:

> I hardly knew Kruglov, but I knew Serov well, and I trusted him. . . . If there are a few dubious things about him, as there are about all Chekists, then let's just say he was a victim of Stalin's general policy.[18]

Serov's long experience of crushing dissent stood him in good stead during the most serious crisis of his five years at the head of the KGB: the Hungarian revolution of 1956. The suppression of the revolution also made the reputation of a new generation of KGB leaders. In 1954 the forty-year-old future KGB chairman, Yuri Vladimirovich Andropov, slim, sophisticated, and elegantly dressed in expensive, well-tailored suits, became Soviet ambassador in Budapest.[19] In 1955 another future KGB chairman, the thirty-one-year-old Vladimir Aleksandrovich Kryuchkov, arrived in Budapest as one of Andropov's third secretaries. Kryuchkov's role in helping to suppress the 1956 revolution was later to embarrass him. As late as 1984 his official biography as a deputy to the Supreme Soviet omitted all mention of his time in Budapest.[20] After becoming KGB chairman in 1988, however, Kryuchkov acknowledged that he had come "face to face" with "developments"—as he euphemistically described them—in Hungary in 1956. "However, looking back today I see many things in a different light, which is only natural."[21] Kryuchkov also nowadays claims an abiding love for Hungarian literature, while regretting that he lacks the time to read it.[22]

In the mid-1950s Andropov and, probably, Kryuchkov were quick to see that Rákosi's brand of neo-Stalinism was becoming a serious liability to Communist rule in Hungary.[23] It was even more seriously compromised after Khrushchev's "secret speech" to the Soviet Twentieth Party Congress in February 1956, published four months later in the West, denouncing Stalin's "cult of personality" and the "exceedingly serious and grave perversions of Party principles, of Party democracy, of revolutionary legality," which had flowed from it. On July 17, 1956, Mikoyan flew to Budapest and pressured Rákosi into resigning as first secretary, allegedly on health grounds, and retiring to the Soviet Union. His successor, however, was the hard-line Ernő Gerő rather than the popular and progressive Imre Nagy. Rákosi's downfall and the news of reforms in Poland whetted the public appetite for real political change—as did the ceremonial reburial of the posthumously rehabilitated László Rajk on October 6.[24]

As the Hungarian crisis worsened during October the chief KGB adviser, General Imelianov, was recalled to Moscow. General Serov himself flew to Budapest to take charge—the first time a KGB chairman had personally supervised a major operation outside Russia. On October 23 a student demonstration brought a quarter of a million people out onto the streets of Budapest calling for free elections, the return of Imre Nagy, and the withdrawal of Soviet troops. Soon after 9 P.M. AVH officers shot dead several members of an unarmed crowd demonstrating outside the Radio Building. When AVH reinforcements arrived concealed inside an ambulance, the crowd seized their guns. Over the next few hours freedom fighters obtained arms from sympathizers in the police and army, and from arms depots. Steelworkers brought a massive statue of Stalin crashing to the ground. The revolution had begun.[25]

At an emergency meeting that evening in the interior ministry, Serov was introduced as the new Soviet adviser, though he was not identified by name. Emphasizing every word, Serov told the meeting: "The fascists and imperialists are bringing out their shock troops into the streets of Budapest, and yet there are still comrades in your country's armed forces who hesitate to use arms!" Sándor Kopácsi, the Budapest chief of police, who was soon to side with the freedom fighters, replied scornfully: "Evidently the comrade adviser from Moscow has not had time to inform himself of the situation in our country. We need to tell him that these are not 'fascists' or other 'imperialists' who are organizing the demonstration; they come from the universities, the handpicked sons and daughters of peasants and workers, the fine flower of our country's intelligentsia, which is demanding its rights and wishes to show sympathy with the Poles." A quarter of a century later Kopácsi still vividly recalled the long withering glare in his direction from Serov's steel-blue eyes.[26]

On the same evening, October 23, Gerő, with Soviet approval, brought in Nagy as prime minister. Simultaneously, however, he sought the "fraternal assistance" of Soviet troops stationed in Hungary against the "counterrevolutionary" threat. Next morning, operating on the mistaken assumption that the workers would not support the students, the Red Army made its first attempt to suppress the revolution, assisted by the AVH. Several days of street fighting showed convincingly where the workers' sympathies really lay. On October 25 János Kádár replaced Gerő as Party first secretary. He and Nagy then announced that negotiations for the withdrawal of Soviet troops would start as soon as order was restored. For several days, Khrushchev later admitted, the Kremlin dithered, uncertain whether "to apply armed force" or to "get out of Hungary": "I don't know how many times we changed our minds back and forth."[27]

Suspecting an imperialist plot, Serov ordered about a score of KGB illegals living in the West under assumed identities and nationalities to travel to Hungary to report on the situation and, if necessary, stage provocations to help justify military intervention—a tactic repeated in Prague in 1968.[28] Meanwhile, the pace of change in Budapest quickened daily. On October 29 the hated AVH, which had killed hundreds of demonstrators and had several of its own officers lynched, was abolished. On October 30 the Kremlin emissaries Mikoyan and Suslov agreed to the removal of Soviet troops and to negotiations about Hungary's withdrawal from the Warsaw Pact.

Early that afternoon Nagy broadcast to the nation, announcing that he was forming a new multiparty government: "In the interest of the further democratization of the country's life, the cabinet abolishes the one-party system and places the country's government on the basis of democratic cooperation between the coalition parties as they existed in 1945." Until October 30 Moscow had regarded Nagy as its best Hungarian hope of containing counterrevolution. Thereafter it began secretly preparing his overthrow.[29]

The key role in deceiving the Nagy government fell to Yuri Andropov. An admiring junior Soviet diplomat in Budapest later claimed that Andropov had been the first to "see through" Nagy, and remained completely in control throughout the ensuing crisis: "He was so calm—even while bullets were flying, when everyone else at the embassy felt like we were in a besieged fortress."[30] On November 1 Nagy was awakened with the news that units of the Red Army were crossing into Hungary while other Soviet forces were withdrawing from Budapest. Andropov repeatedly assured Nagy that the withdrawal was proceeding as planned; the troops that had entered Hungary had done so only to safeguard the security of those who were leaving.[31]

Nagy announced Hungary's secession from the Warsaw Pact, proclaimed Hungarian neutrality, and asked the United Nations to put the Hungarian question on its agenda. Next day, November 2, the Hungarian government formally protested to the Soviet Union about the reentry of its troops and notified the UN.[32] While continuing to reassure Nagy that the troop withdrawal was continuing, Andropov secretly began to plot with Kádár the overthrow of the Nagy government. Kádár almost certainly was acting under duress, influenced both by memories of his own imprisonment and torture in 1951–54 and by Andropov's threat to bring back Rákosi if he refused to cooperate.[33]

On the evening of November 3, Nagy's minister of defense, Pál Maléter, was invited to Soviet military headquarters to discuss final details of the Red Army's withdrawal. At midnight, while toasts were being drunk, Serov burst into the room, brandishing a Mauser pistol, at the head of a group of KGB officers, arrested the entire Hungarian delegation and ordered each to be locked in a separate cell. A series of mock executions in the early hours of the morning left Maléter and each of his colleagues convinced that all the others had been shot.[34] Before dawn on November 4 the Red Army began its assault. To delay Hungarian resistance as long as possible, Andropov tried to maintain the deception until the last minute. When the Hungarian commander-in-chief phoned the prime minister to report the Soviet attack, Nagy replied: "Ambassador Andropov is with me and assures me there's been some mistake and the Soviet government did not order an attack on Hungary. The ambassador and I are trying to call Moscow."[35] Later that morning Nagy made his final broadcast:

> In the early hours of the morning, Soviet troops began an attack on the capital with the evident intention of overthrowing the legal and democratic government of Hungary. Our forces are fighting. The government is at its post. I bring this to the attention of the Hungarian people and the entire world.

Later that day Nagy and several of his ministers were given asylum in the Yugoslav embassy. Serov supervised the arrest of the most important "counterrevolutionaries" who failed to find asylum or refuge abroad. Among those he arrested personally was the Budapest police chief, Sándor Kopácsi. For the first time Serov identified himself to Kopácsi as chairman of the KGB; he reminded him of their encounter on October 23, then told him (inaccurately, as it turned out): "I'm going to have you hanged from the highest tree in Budapest." On November 21, the new Soviet-backed government headed by János Kádár gave Nagy and his ministers a guarantee of safe conduct from the Yugoslav embassy. As they left on the 22nd, they were dragged from the bus that had come to collect them, arrested by the KGB, and taken across the border into Rumania.[36]

The interrogation of Nagy and his associates was supervised by Boris Shumilin, chief KGB adviser "for counterrevolutionary affairs."[37] On November 26 Kádár declared over Radio Budapest: "We have promised not to make Imre Nagy and his friends stand trial for their past crimes, even if they later confess to them." In February 1957, the Hungarian foreign ministry reiterated that there was "no intention of bringing Imre Nagy to trial." When Nagy continued to resist the best attempts of the KGB and the AVH to persuade him to confess to his imaginary crimes, Moscow decided otherwise. Of the group of six arrested as they were leaving the Yugoslav embassy, one died at the hands of his torturers; a second was strangled when he went on hunger strike. Nagy and the three other survivors were put on secret trial in February 1958. The proceedings, having apparently failed to satisfy the KGB advisers, who had no experience of political trials in which defendants declined to plead guilty, were soon suspended. When the trial resumed in June 1958 three of the four principal accused persisted in proclaiming their innocence. All were found guilty, executed and buried in unmarked graves. Five others were given prison sentences.[38]

Shumilin and his AVH assistants found concocting the case against "Nagy and his gang of traitors" much more difficult than at any previous political trial in the Soviet Bloc. The posthumous rehabilitation of László Rajk and Khrushchev's speech to the Twentieth Party Congress had undermined the credibility of the enormously detailed conspiracy theories of the Stalinist show trials. By comparison with the confident, well-rehearsed courtroom dramas of the previous twenty years, the official account of "The Counter-Revolutionary Conspiracy of Imre Nagy and His Accomplices" has a curiously feeble, almost defensive tone. Imperialism was duly denounced as the "principal organizer of the counterrevolution" and Nagy unmasked as its willing accomplice. But the detail of the plot was thinner than in the past and its rhetoric inhibited. Radio Free Europe was declared to have been "the Foreign Military and Political Headquarters of the Counterrevolution" and Red Cross parcels the principal means by which imperialist arms were smuggled across the Hungarian border. Within Hungary the British military attaché, Colonel James Cowley, was said to have taken "a direct part in the military direction of the uprising" and a West German M.P., Prince Hubertus von Loewenstein, was identified as the link with "big capitalist imperialists in West Germany." The Nagy trial, even in its bowdlerized published version, was recognized in the KGB well before the Gorbachev era as a public-relations disaster. It was the last political trial in the Soviet Bloc to pass death sentences on its victims.[39]

During his three years as head of the First Chief (Foreign) Directorate, Aleksandr Semyonovich Panyushkin made little personal impression on Moscow Center. His health, by now, was poor. One of his officers was struck on a first meeting by "his stooped manner of walking, as though he had no strength to carry himself straight." Panyushkin's spacious office contained two large armchairs, one behind his desk, the other by the window. Having selected the one in which to sit, he "sank into it wearily, and, tall as he was, somehow curled himself up and shrank."[40] Panyushkin's portrait does not appear today in the Memory Room of the First Chief Directorate. In 1956 he was succeeded by his former deputy, the much more dynamic Aleksandr Mikhailovich Sakharovsky, who was to remain head of the First Chief Directorate for the record period of fifteen years. Sakharovsky also became the first holder of this post since Fitin to earn a place in the Memory Room. He is remembered in the FCD chiefly as an efficient, energetic administrator. Sakharovsky had, however, no firsthand experience of the West. Having joined the NKVD in 1939 at the age of thirty, he had made his postwar reputation as an MGB adviser in Eastern Europe, serving mainly in Rumania.[41]

Sakharovsky's appointment as head of the FCD coincided with what the Center considered one of its greatest foreign coups. The KGB regarded as its highest-ranking agent during and beyond the Cold War the Finnish Agrarian Party politician Urho Kaleva Kekkonen, who had regular meetings with a Soviet case officer. There was high excitement in the Center in 1956 when Kekkonen became president of Finland, a post he was to hold for the next twenty-five years.[42] According to Anatoli Golitsyn, who defected from the Helsinki residency in 1961, the KGB also recruited another high-ranking Finnish politician, codenamed Timo. By the end of the 1950s, there was something approaching open warfare over the handling of Timo between the resident, Zhenikhov, and the ambassador, Zakharov. Both Zhenikhov and Zakharov were summoned to Moscow to appear before the Central Committee, where they were reprimanded for their quarreling. It was agreed that the KGB resident should remain the main contact with Timo, but that the ambassador should have the right to be consulted.[43]

Twenty years later, there was a similar dispute over dealing with Kekkonen between the resident, Viktor Mikhailovich Vladimirov, and the ambassador, Vladimir Sobolev. Vladimirov struck Gordievsky as closer in appearance to the stereotype of a traditional English gentleman than any other KGB officer he ever met. He had a well-groomed mustache, wore English suits, ties, shoes, and overcoats, and looked to Gordievsky like a well-bred guards officer who had retired early to run his family's landed estate. In the mid-1970s, Vladimirov headed the RT Directorate of the FCD, which dealt with the recruitment of foreigners inside the Soviet Union and other operations against them. He was first posted to Helsinki in 1970–71, returning as resident in 1977. The prestige of handling Kekkonen helped to win him promotion to the rank of KGB general.[44]

The memoirs of Andrei Gromyko, Soviet foreign minister from 1957 to 1985, lavish greater praise on Kekkonen ("an inspiring figure not only in Finnish political life but also in the international arena") than on any other Western statesman: "Kekkonen . . . made his own contribution to many aspects of Soviet-Finnish friendship. . . . It was his foreign policy that earned Finland the world's admiration."[45] In private as well as in public Kekkonen was always careful to show himself a dependable friend of the Soviet Union. He sometimes agreed to include in his speeches "theses" prepared by the International Department of the Central Committee and handed to him by the resident. Whenever Kekkonen did so, the Helsinki residency telegraphed triumphantly to the FCD: "A high-level active measure has been carried out." On each occasion the Center proudly informed the Politburo.

For all its boasting about "active measures," however, the KGB never had a free hand in Finland. The Finnish Security Police, although outnumbered by Soviet intelligence officers, brought a series of KGB and GRU agents to book. President Kekkonen never intervened in any of these cases. Nevertheless, by the 1970s the KGB had more people they regarded as agents and "confidential contacts" in Finland than in all the other FCD Third Department countries combined (Britain, Ireland, Australasia, and the rest of Scandinavia). Helsinki also provided hospitality for the leading Soviet front organization. The World Peace Council, expelled from Paris and Vienna for "subversive activities," set up its headquarters in Helsinki in 1968.[46]

One of the main aims of Soviet policy in Finland was simply to keep Kekkonen in power. Moscow successfully put pressure on the strong Social Democratic candidate for the presidency, Honka, to withdraw from the presidential election of 1962, and Kekkonen was safely reelected. The Center, however, misunderstood, at times willfully, both Kekkonen's relationship with the Soviet Union and his long-term strategy. Kekkonen's overriding aim was simply to preserve Finnish independence. Finland's experience during and after the Second World War persuaded him that the only way to do so was by building bridges to Moscow. Finland was the only country defeated by the Soviet Union, apart from the Soviet zone in Austria, not to be incorporated into the Soviet Bloc.

It was clear to Juho Paasikivi, president from 1946 to 1956, that Finland could expect no serious assistance from the West to protect it against Soviet demands. As well as having to pay the U.S.S.R. enormous war reparations (five times those of Italy), Finland was also prevented by Soviet pressure from accepting Marshall Plan aid. Kekkonen came from the Finnish farming community, whose long historical experience of Tsarist rule had left it with the conviction that, though the Russians might be disagreeable to deal with, it was important to get on with them.

Collaboration, however, had its limits; in the words of an old Finnish proverb: "A Russian is a Russian, even when cooked in butter." Kekkonen was one of a number of Finnish politicians who looked on private Soviet contacts as a prudent adjunct to their careers. Such contacts became known as "Kotiryssä" (literally a "house Russian," by analogy with "Kotikissa," a pet cat). Though constantly anxious to reassure the Russians, and treating the KGB resident as his "Kotiryssä," Kekkonen was careful not to compromise Finnish independence. Any official or minister whom he suspected of doing so was quietly sidelined when a suitable opportunity arose. Having proudly announced to the Politburo that Kekkonen was a fully recruited agent, neither the FCD nor any of its Helsinki residents was ever willing to acknowledge that the president was, in reality, first and foremost a Finnish patriot.[47]

On becoming head of the FCD in 1956, Sakharovsky inherited a remarkable stable of penetration agents in Western Europe. The most famous of them, Kim Philby, was now only a shadow of his former self. For three years after his recall from Washington in 1951, his controller Yuri Modin considered it too dangerous to make direct contact with him because of MI5 surveillance. In 1954 Modin resumed contact through what Philby called "the most ingenious of routes."[48] The route was Anthony Blunt. One evening after a talk at the Courtauld Institute, Modin approached Blunt, probably for the first time since 1951, handed him a postcard reproduction of a painting, and asked him for his opinion of it. On the reverse was a message in Burgess's handwriting giving a rendezvous for the following evening at the Angel public house on the Caledonian Road. At the Angel, Modin asked Blunt to set up a meeting with Philby.[49] Thirty years later in lectures at the Andropov Institute Modin praised the professionalism with which Blunt had carried out the assignment.[50] The main message that Modin passed to Philby at their first meeting for several years was one of general reassurance, which, so Philby later claimed, left him "with refreshed spirit."[51]

Philby's need for spiritual refreshment derived from the defection of the KGB resident in Australia, Vladimir Petrov, and his wife Evdokia, who provided some intelligence on Burgess and Maclean, including the first solid (as opposed to circumstantial) evidence that both were in Moscow.[52] Modin was able to reassure Philby that the Petrovs knew nothing of his own career as a Soviet agent. Thus reassured, Philby bore with equanimity the claim made in the Commons in 1955 by Marcus Lipton, M.P., inspired by a leak from the FBI, that he was the Third Man. Philby later argued plausibly that Lipton's accusation actually did him a service. Though the government did not want to clear him, the fact that they lacked the evidence to bring a prosecution forced the foreign secretary, Harold Macmillan, to dismiss Lipton's charges. Philby gave a triumphant press conference in his mother's living room. He told the assembled journalists: "The last time I spoke to a Communist, knowing he was one, was in 1934."[53]

Philby's public vindication strengthened the hand of his friends in SIS, who believed he had been unfairly victimized. In 1956, they obtained a job for him in Beirut as a "stringer" (nonstaff correspondent) for the *Observer* and the *Economist.* After his defection to Moscow, Philby encouraged the belief that journalism had merely been a cover for his real job as "an SIS agent in Beirut."[54] Like all former SIS officers he was encouraged to remain in touch and pass on useful intelligence. But access to SIS intelligence was limited to off-the-record briefings by misguided friends. The chief of SIS throughout his time in Beirut was one of Philby's most determined opponents, Sir Dick White, previously director-general of MI5, who had been convinced of Philby's guilt since 1951.

Philby's file in London was reopened after the defection in December 1961 of the KGB officer Anatoli Golitsyn, who brought with him further intelligence on the Five.[55] Yuri Modin, who had left London in 1958, visited Beirut to warn Philby not to return to Britain because of the danger of arrest, and to make contingency plans for his escape to Moscow.[56] The clinching evidence against Philby was provided in 1962 by a prewar friend, Flora Solomon, who belatedly described how he had tried to recruit her. But SIS concluded that without a confession by Philby it still lacked the evidence for a successful prosecution. Since it believed that any attempt to lure Philby back to London would lead to his immediate defection, it was decided to confront him in Beirut.[57]

During his final two years in Lebanon Philby came close to the breaking point, constantly relapsing into drunken depressions. Friends became used to seeing him pass out at parties, then being carried to a taxi to take him home. His third wife, Eleanor, told friends that he suffered from terrible nightmares and would wake up shouting incoherently.

In January 1963, one of the closest of his former friends in SIS, Nicholas Elliott, ex-station commander in Lebanon, confronted Philby in Beirut. He found him with his head swathed in bandages, the result of falling on a radiator while drunk. According to his later recollection, Elliott told Philby: "You took me in for years. Now I'll get the truth out of you even if I have to drag it out. I once looked up to you. My God, how I despise you now! I hope you've got enough decency left to understand why." Philby confessed to being a Soviet agent, told part of the story, hesitated for some days over Elliott's offer of immunity from prosecution in return for a full confession, then defected. Once in Moscow he concocted the conspiracy theory, which has since seduced some Western journalists, that the purpose of Elliott's mission was less to gain a confession than to push him into defection as part of a bizarre embarrassment-control exercise in Whitehall.[58]

The twelve years between Philby's recall from Washington and his defection from Beirut were little more than an inconsequential, if long-drawn-out, epilogue to his remarkable earlier career as a Soviet penetration agent. The major achievements of the Magnificent Five ended in 1951 with the flight of Burgess and Maclean, the discovery of Cairncross, and the dismissal of Philby from SIS. For most of the 1950s, however, the KGB had another mole in SIS. In 1953, George Blake returned from prison camp in North Korea and resumed work at SIS, initially under the control of Yuri Modin. During Modin's absence from London in 1954, Blake was run instead by Sergei Aleksandrovich Kondrashev. Modin seems to have resumed as Blake's case officer in 1955.[59]

The first major operation that Blake compromised was Operation Gold, intended as a follow-up to Operation Silver, which had successfully tapped Soviet telephone lines in Vienna. Operation Gold was even more ambitious than Silver; it envisaged a five-hundred-meter tunnel under East Berlin to intercept land lines running from the Soviet military and intelligence compound in Karlshorst. The construction details were decided at a joint SIS/CIA meeting in London in the spring of 1954, chaired by George Young, deputy chief of SIS. The American team, headed by Bill Harvey, CIA station chief in Berlin, agreed to provide most of the technology and bear most of the cost; the British agreed to dig the tunnel. As the most junior SIS officer at the meeting, George Blake was left to lock the papers in the safe when it was over.[60] Blake was posted to Berlin in April 1955, two months after the tunnel became operational. By the time the KGB staged an accidental discovery of the Berlin tunnel in April 1956, the intelligence yield was so considerable that it took over two more years to process all the intercepts. One of the messages revealed the existence of a Soviet agent working for British intelligence in Berlin, but it was not until 1961 that evidence from a defector identified the agent as George Blake.[61]

During his four years in Berlin, Blake betrayed many British and American agents. Among them was Lieutenant General Robert Bialek of the GDR's State Security Service (SSD), who defected in 1953 and lived under an assumed name in West Berlin. One evening in February 1956, he was bundled into a car while taking his dog for a walk, taken back to SSD headquarters in East Berlin, and executed. Blake also betrayed Lieutenant Colonel Pyotr Popov of the GRU, who in 1953 had become the CIA's first important mole in Soviet intelligence. In 1959, a few months after Blake's return to London, Popov was caught by the KGB.[62] His secret trial in the main hall of the KGB officers club did not take place until 1963. All statements, including Popov's, were well rehearsed and the whole proceedings took less than two hours. Popov was executed by firing squad.[63]

When Nikolai Borisovich Rodin returned for a second term as KGB resident in London in the summer of 1956, once again under the alias Korovin, he took over the running of Blake himself, initially meeting him in Holland, where Blake was able to travel on the pretext of meeting relatives.[64] The London residency by now had a record total of sixty officers, working in unpleasantly cramped conditions. Rodin, who returned to London with the rank of KGB general, then rare in the FCD, was even more pompous and bombastic than on his first tour of duty and acquired a legendary unpopularity among his staff. Whereas the Soviet ambassador was at his desk punctually each day at 8:30 A.M., Rodin did not arrive until lunchtime, driven by the KGB operational driver, whom he had transformed into his personal chauffeur. At the embassy he inhabited a large air-conditioned office, served by a sycophantic personal staff, and treated his senior officers with imperious condescension. In 1958, he had a violent quarrel with the deputy resident and head of the PR (Political Intelligence) line, Yuri Modin, celebrated for his handling of the Magnificent Five, George Blake, and other British agents. Modin was recalled from London with a deep personal grudge against Rodin, which was still evident in his lectures at the KGB Andropov Institute in the early 1980s, when he used Rodin as a case study in how not to run a residency.[65]

Rodin, however, was a shrewd agent handler. For four years, he personally ran a spy in the Admiralty, John Vassall, a classic example of a vain, weak-willed, low-level employee with access to high-level intelligence.[66] In his memoirs Vassall himself expresses surprise that as "an obvious homosexual" he was not identified as a security risk when being posted to Moscow in 1954 as a clerk in the office of the British naval attaché. In 1955, he was blackmailed into working for the KGB after being photographed at a homosexual party organized by the Second Chief Directorate:

> At an appointed time I was shown a box of photographs of myself at the party. . . . After about three photographs I could not stomach any more. They made one feel ill. There I was, caught by the camera, enjoying every possible sexual

> activity . . . having oral, anal or a complicated array of sexual activities with a number of different men.

Shortly before his return to Britain in 1957, Vassall was given a Minox camera small enough to fit inside a cigarette packet and trained in its use. Rodin flew to Moscow, introduced himself to Vassall as "Gregory," and arranged a rendezvous in London at the Finchley Road underground station. He struck Vassall as "an experienced man with an overpowering personality":

> One thing used to shock him, or so he led me to believe, and that was the idea that our activities came under the category of espionage. . . . He impressed upon me that any information I passed would be useful for the cause of peace and there was nothing wrong in what I was doing.

Back in London, Vassall was posted successively to the Naval Intelligence Division, the office of the Civil Lord of the Admiralty, and the Admiralty Military Branch. At meetings with Rodin during a period of almost four years, Vassall handed over thousands of highly classified documents on British and NATO naval policy and weapons development. Despite his contempt for Vassall, Rodin went out of his way to appear "genuinely sympathetic." According to the naïve Vassall, "He was a man of the world and understood and had respect for my feelings. We had quite a lot in common and used to talk about travel, painting, music and human nature." Rodin succeeded in persuading Vassall that he enjoyed their "many interesting conversations" at expensive restaurants. But he was also careful to make Vassal financially dependent on him by providing funds for him to live far beyond his means in a luxury flat in Dolphin Square.[67]

Rodin's second term as London resident came to an abrupt end as the result of intelligence on George Blake provided to SIS and MI5 by the Polish defector Michal Goleniewski. In April 1961, Blake was recalled by SIS from an Arab-language training course in Lebanon and arrested. Rodin left in haste for Moscow, never to return.[68] Blake was sentenced to the record prison sentence of forty-two years but was "sprung" after six by the combined efforts of an IRA bomber and two antinuclear campaigners. Vassall was caught in 1962 and sentenced to eighteen years in jail, of which he was to serve ten. In his flat MI5 found a miniature Praktina document-copying camera, a Minox, and photographs of 176 classified documents on 35-millimeter cassettes hidden in a secret drawer.[69]

Rodin's second term as legal resident in London coincided with the presence in Britain of one of the most gifted of all KGB illegal residents, Konon Trofimovich Molody, who operated entirely independently of the legal residency.[70] Molody was born in Moscow in 1922, the son of a prominent Russian scientist. At the age of seven he was sent by his mother to live with an aunt in Berkeley, California, and went to school in the United States. In 1938, instead of taking American citizenship, he opted to return to the Soviet Union and joined the NKVD during the war. In 1954, Molody entered Canada on a forged passport and obtained the birth certificate of a deceased Finnish-Canadian, Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, whose identity he adopted.

In 1955, under his new Canadian identity, Molody traveled to London, enrolled in a Chinese course at the School of Oriental and African Studies (SOAS), and set himself up with KGB funds as the director of several companies leasing jukeboxes, one-armed bandits, and vending machines.[71] As he explained to Gordievsky after his return to Moscow nine years later, the course at SOAS was undemanding since, though he concealed the fact from his lecturers and fellow students, he was fluent in Chinese already. Many of the other students were officers in Western intelligence services. Molody had joined the course deliberately to make contact with them. He was later fond of recalling in talks at the Center that a fellow student once told him: "Gordon, you and I must be the only people here who aren't spies!"

Molody was also proud of his business success. He showed Gordievsky the photograph of an electronic locking device produced by one of his firms that won a gold medal in 1960 at the International Inventors Exhibition in Brussels. Not merely did his espionage activities rapidly become self-financing; despite the large sums paid to his agents, he also produced a substantial profit for the KGB.[72] Molody later told a Soviet interviewer: "Let me remind you that all the working capital and profits from my four companies (millions of pounds sterling) which were increasing year by year without any help from me, were 'socialist property.' Strange but true!"[73]

Molody had a cynically professional attitude toward his British agents, which accurately reflected orthodox KGB tradecraft during the Cold War:

> When the resident, who is known as the "chief," recruits an agent, or "assistant," he must make it look as though he is not recruiting him at all, but is simply buying information he requires. . . . Once he has his claws into the agent, there's no getting away. A good agent is one whose vital statistics are the following: he works, for example, in a military department and holds a middle-ranking but key position giving him access to information; he doesn't aspire to higher office, has a chip on his shoulder about being a failure (let's say that ill health prevented him finishing studies at the general staff college); he drinks (an expensive habit); he has a weakness for the fair sex (which is also not cheap); he is critical of his own government and loyal to the resident's government.

It was of course preferable, Molody conceded, for agents to have "a firm ideological base." Sadly, however, ideological agents like the Magnificent Five and George Blake had become "a very rare breed" in postwar Britain:

> The average Englishman is apolitical and indifferent. He really couldn't care less who is governing him, where the country is going or whether the Common Market is a good or bad thing. All that interests him is his own wage packet, his job and keeping the wife happy.

Molody was equally cynical about the illegal's need to substitute casual sex for emotional involvement:

> An intelligence officer cannot manage without a woman, but he'll find it impossible with one! One of my long-suffering colleagues noted with interest the arrival of au-pairs from France who had come to England to improve their English. . . . From my colleague's point of view, their main advantage lay in the fact that their stay in the country was for a limited period only. He used to turn up at all sorts of functions with these beautiful young ladies in tow, and then at the end of their three-month stay it was "Goodbye, my dear girl!" "Goodbye, kind sir!," and off they would go,

> clutching a memento of his regard for them, such as a little fur coat or a tiny ring.[74]

Molody's sexism was typical of KGB attitudes during—and after—the Serov era. Serov was implacably opposed to the operational use of women other than as sexual bait or—occasionally—to recruit other women. He was also deeply prejudiced against the use of women as desk officers, despite the high reputation of Rybkina and the handful of other women with senior positions in the First Chief Directorate. Serov placed an absolute ban on recruitment of female KGB officers for operational work, which survived until the Gorbachev era.[75]

Like most of his colleagues in the KGB, Molody was prejudiced against Jews as well as women. Soon after his return to Moscow in 1964, Gordievsky (who was then responsible for organizing cultural events in the Illegals Directorate S) got him tickets for the Romany gypsy folklore theater in Moscow. A few days later Molody accosted Gordievsky in the corridors. "What have you done to me?" he said in mock outrage. "You said it was a gypsy theater, but they're all Jews!"[76]

It was ironic that technical support for Molody during his six years in London was provided by an American Jewish couple, Morris and Lona Cohen, *alias* Peter and Helen Kroger, formerly part of the Rosenberg spy ring in the United States, who had established themselves as successful antiquarian booksellers. When MI5 and the Special Branch raided the Cohens' house at Ruislip in the London suburbs in 1961, they found a high-speed radio transmitter powerful enough to reach Moscow and a short-wave radio for listening to Moscow on high-frequency bands, both in a cavity beneath the kitchen floor, one-time cipher pads hidden in flashlights and a cigarette lighter, a microdot reader concealed in a box of face powder, equipment for microdot construction, a canister containing magnetic iron oxide used for printing high-speed Morse messages onto tape, thousands of pounds, dollars and travelers' checks, and seven passports.[77]

Only two of the British agents run by Molody with technical support from the Cohens, Harry Houghton and his mistress, Ethel Gee, were ever convicted. Houghton (code-named Shah) closely resembled the cynical stereotype of the British spy described by Molody after his return to Moscow. He worked as a clerk in the Underwater Weapons Establishment at Portland, Dorset, where, helped by Ethel Gee who was employed as a filing clerk, he had easy access to top secret information on antisubmarine warfare and nuclear submarines. It was a lead to Houghton from a CIA mole in the Polish UB, Michal Goleniewski, that eventually led MI5 to Molody.[78] Houghton's memoirs, written over a decade later after he emerged from jail, are eloquent testimony to how successfully Molody deceived him. As Molody made clear in interviews in Moscow, he regarded agents like Houghton as mildly contemptible moral inadequates. Houghton, however, was pathetically convinced, like Vassall at his meetings with Rodin, that from his first encounter with Molody "a deep bond of friendship existed between us." Though Houghton claimed to regret his involvement in espionage, he confessed that what began under duress was turned by the apparent warmth of Molody's friendship into an activity he enjoyed: "There was a real camaraderie between us." Though an active sexual athlete with numerous mistresses, Molody even succeeded in persuading Houghton that "having intercourse with any of them was absolutely out."[79]

At their trial in 1961 Molody was sentenced to twenty-five years in prison, the Cohens to twenty, Houghton and Gee to fifteen each. Molody was freed in a spy exchange in 1964. The KGB made no serious attempt to rescue the others. Some of Molody's agents, however, were never caught. Molody's memoirs claim, probably correctly, that he obtained intelligence from inside the Microbiological Research Establishment at Porton Down—the "Germ Warfare Center," as he describes it. The doctored version of the memoirs prepared for publication, with Philby's assistance, by Service A, the FCD Active Measures Department, claims absurdly that Molody's main task was to thwart the plan by a crazed Nazi war criminal to spread a new strain of plague in the United Kingdom and then blame the KGB: "What can be more gratifying than the task to thwart criminal designs of maniacs developing lethal poisons and deadly germs for the destruction of human beings?"[80]

Some indication of Molody's importance is indicated by the fact that, during Gordievsky's career in the First Chief Directorate, he was the only postwar illegal chosen to appear in the pantheon of intelligence heroes in the FCD Memory Room. Molody died in 1970 at the age of only forty-eight after a prolonged drinking bout at a picnic on a hot summer's day. He lay in state on a funeral bier in the KGB officers' club. Colleagues displayed his large collection of medals on velvet cushions. The chairman of the KGB, Yuri Andropov, came to pay his respects. Molody's fame, however, caused some envy among other KGB illegals. One of his contemporaries, who had worked for fifteen years in West Germany, complained bitterly to Gordievsky: "Molody was a failure. He blew his operations, and it was expensive to get him out. I served for fifteen years without getting caught, and nobody has ever heard of me!"[81]

Though fewer KGB agents were caught in France than in Britain, Soviet penetration there was probably at least as successful. Until 1966 Paris had a particular priority for Moscow Center as the headquarters of NATO. Among the Soviet moles who penetrated NATO was George Pâques, first recruited in Algiers in 1944.[82] Pâques served as *chef de cabinet* and adviser to a series of ministers in the postwar Fourth Republic. Late in 1958, on the eve of the founding of the Fifth Republic, with General de Gaulle as its first president, he began to specialize in defense. Over the next four years, he had continuous access to classified defense documents at, successively, the French general staff, the Institut des Hautes Études de la Défense Nationale, and NATO headquarters. He met his last two case officers, successively Nikolai Lysenko and Vasili Vlasov, at fortnightly intervals to hand over documents in the forest of Meudon and other locations near Paris. Among the documents he handed over was the entire NATO defense plan for Western Europe. His controllers constantly assured him that he was having a direct influence on Soviet policy. Pâques's vanity was such that he was easily persuaded. He later claimed credit for ensuring that the Berlin crisis of 1961, which led to the building of the Wall, ended peacefully:

> The autobahns were blocked, air communication was threatened, Khrushchev was testing the military preparedness of the Allies. At this very moment I had a discussion with the embassy counselor [in fact the KGB case officer] whom I met periodically. He told me that his government was resolved to see its policy through to the end. I retorted that there was the same determination on the Allied side. He asked me if I could provide him with written proof. It was then that I handed over to him the documents [on the defense of West Berlin]. A fortnight later, he informed me that if Khrushchev had drawn back, it was because of the information I had provided. I did this to preserve the peace, and it is thanks to me that it was preserved.

A personal letter from Khrushchev, Pâques also claimed, had been shown to him.[83]

Convinced of his own unique role, Pâques failed to realize when he first gained access to NATO documents that the KGB already had another agent in place at NATO headquarters: Hugh Hambleton, a bilingual Canadian economist, whom the MGB had begun cultivating in 1951. From 1957 to 1961, Hambleton handed over so many NATO documents, ranging from military plans to economic forecasts, at fortnightly meetings with his Soviet controller, Aleksei Fyodorovich Trishin, that the KGB resident Mikhail Stepanovich Tsymbal (*alias* Rogov, in Paris from 1954 to 1959), established a special unit to deal with them, continued under his successor, Anatoli Ivanovich Lazarev. At some of Hambleton's meetings with Trishin, a large black van equipped with a KGB photographic laboratory parked nearby to copy NATO documents on the spot.[84]

As in the case of Pâques, Hambleton's extraordinary career as a KGB agent, which was to span over twenty years, seems to have derived more from self-importance and a craving for excitement than from ideological conviction. Trishin was careful to boost his ego by telling him at various times that the NATO documents were "pure gold," "extraordinarily valuable," and "read by Politburo members." Hambleton's delusions of grandeur were encouraged by an invitation to a private dinner and discussion of world affairs in Moscow with the KGB chairman, Yuri Andropov.[85]

The most successful KGB Cold War penetration in France was probably of the foreign intelligence agency, the Service de Documentation Extérieure et de Contre-Espionage (SDECE). On his defection in 1961, Anatoli Golitsyn alleged that the KGB had an agent network, code-named the "Sapphire Ring," operating within the SDECE. The head of the First Chief Directorate, Aleksandr Sakharovsky, had, he claimed, possessed in 1959 the entire reorganization plan for the SDECE drawn up by its director, General Paul Grossin, and received regular copies of SDECE reports. Golitsyn's allegations were given added credibility when he provided the clues that led to the arrest and conviction of Georgi Pâques in 1963. He also revealed that the KGB knew of SDECE plans to set up a section to collect scientific intelligence in the United States; just such a section became operational in the summer of 1962. But Golitsyn had only peripheral knowledge of KGB operations in France, and most of his information was unspecific. Even his clues that led to the arrest of Pâques only narrowed the field initially to seven suspects; surveillance of the seven then identified Pâques.

Knowledge of Golitsyn's allegations became too widespread within the SDECE for it to be possible to mount prolonged secret surveillance of the kind that had led to Pâques's arrest. Investigation was further hampered by the spread, in the wake of Golitsyn's revelations, of conspiracy theories similar to those that in the United States led James Angleton to suspect the CIA's head of Soviet Bloc intelligence, David Murphy, and in Britain made Peter Wright and others equally suspicious of the director-general of MI5, Sir Roger Hollis. In France, as in Britain and the United States, the conspiracy theorists made a number of false identifications. SDECE sources claim that, though in the end part of the Sapphire network was discovered, "the biggest one got away." No cases came to court.[86]

The lack, during the Cold War, of public disclosures of Soviet moles in France as sensational as the revelations in Britain and the United States reflects the failure not of Soviet penetration but of French detection. Part of the failure of detection stemmed from the absence in France of the Venona intercepts, which had begun the downfall of the Magnificent Five and the atom spies. In the wake of the Pâques case, French material in the Venona traffic was reexamined during the mid-1960s in Britain and the United States, and the results were passed to the French security service, the Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire (DST). It revealed the existence of a group of Soviet agents in the prewar French Air Ministry recruited during the mid-thirties and run during the few years before the fall of France by the GRU illegal Henry Robinson.

One of the group, the scientist André Labarthe (code-named Jérome), who left the Air Ministry in 1938 to become head of a group of state research laboratories, was among the first of the small group of Free French to gather in London in June 1940 under the leadership of General de Gaulle.[87] For a few months Labarthe was de Gaulle's *directeur des armements* but quarreled with de Gaulle's entourage and left to found the monthly Free French journal, *La France Libre,* published from London; he later broadcast to occupied France over the BBC. In London, Labarthe passed on political and military intelligence to a Soviet controller whom he knew as Albert. In 1943, Labarthe became minister of information in the Free French provisional government in Algiers.[88] Among those who worked under him was Georgi Pâques, head of political affairs on the Free French broadcasting service.[89] After the war, Labarthe earned his living chiefly as a journalist, editing the magazines *Constellation* and *Science et Vie.*

The most important Soviet agent in the prewar Air Ministry revealed by the Venona intercepts was Pierre Cot, six times minister of air and twice minister of commerce in the short-lived cabinets of the interwar Third French Republic.[90] As a radical politician in the 1930s, Cot was probably the most passionate advocate outside the Communist Party of a close military alliance with the Soviet Union. During the Spanish Civil War, he was accused in the press, probably correctly, of secretly passing to the Russians details of French aviation and weapons technology.[91] After his defection in 1937, Krivitsky also identified Cot as a Soviet agent, but his revelations, as in the United States, evoked little interest at the time.[92] Like many others on the French Left, Cot was stunned by the conclusion of the Nazi-Soviet Pact in August 1939, but, while condemning it, insisted that France and the Soviet Union must one day ally together.[93]

Rebuffed by de Gaulle after the fall of France in 1940, Cot spent the next few years in the United States, where he combined academic work with propaganda for the Allied cause. Venona intercepts later revealed that he was re-recruited in 1942 by the NKVD/NKGB resident in Washington, Vasili Zubilin (*alias* Zarubin), and remained in contact with him and another Soviet case officer for the next two years.[94] Late in 1943, Cot traveled to Algiers, where he joined the Free French Consultative Assembly. In March 1944, he was sent on a three-month mission to the Soviet Union on behalf of the provisional government. He returned full of praise for Stalin's commitment to the worth of the human individual—"*ce culte renouvelé de l'humanisme*"—which, even more than the military strength of the Red Army, had enabled Russia to emerge victorious. He concluded the report on his mission by declaring: "Liberty declines unceasingly under capitalism and rises unceasingly under socialism."[95] After the war Cot acquired a reputation both as one of the best orators in the postwar National Assembly and as "the ablest fellow traveler in Europe," taking a prominent part in Soviet front organizations and receiving the Stalin Prize in 1953.[96]

The Venona intelligence on Labarthe, Cot, and others, like that gathered in subsequent investigations, arrived too late to be of operational use. Labarthe confessed when interviewed by the DST. Because of the political sensitivity of the Cot case and his advanced age, Cot was left to die in peace.[97] A detailed history of Soviet agent penetration in France still remains to be written.

* * *

From its foundation in 1949 the West European state most vulnerable to Soviet Bloc penetration was the Federal Republic of Germany (FRG). One major episode in that penetration still remains controversial. In July 1954 Otto John, head of the FRG security service, the Bundesamt für Verfassungsschutz (BfV), disappeared from West Berlin and resurfaced at an East German press conference a few days later to denounce the alleged revival of Nazism in the Federal Republic. In December 1955, John reappeared in the West, claiming that he had been drugged by Wolfgang Wohlgemuth, a doctor working for the KGB. The West German Supreme Court was skeptical. According to other evidence, John was a heavy drinker, who had been persuaded to defect after Wohlgemuth had first plied him with whiskey, then played on his fears of a Nazi revival. In December 1956, he was sentenced to four years in jail.[98]

The KGB's most productive mole in FRG intelligence was Heinz Felfe, who in 1958 became head of the Soviet counterintelligence section of the foreign intelligence agency, the BND. With an imaginary agent network in Moscow created for him by the Center and other assistance from the KGB, Felfe built up a formidable reputation. The head of the BND, Reinhard Gehlen, proudly conducted distinguished visitors to Felfe's office, where they were able to admire a gigantic multicolored plan of the Karlshorst compound, which showed every detail of the KGB headquarters right down to the individual parking spaces and lavatories used by each KGB officer. The Karlshorst operation (code-named Diagramm) also generated five thick volumes full of layouts of individual offices, personality sketches, and internal telephone directories.

The BND headquarters at Pullach near Munich received constant requests from the CIA and other allied intelligence services for information on Karlshorst. These inquiries, boasted Felfe later, "revealed the specific interests of CIA stations all over Europe," and thus gave the Center a valuable insight into CIA operations. Felfe, meanwhile, was able to ensure that the BND and its allies had "a wholly distorted picture of Karlshorst." Service A in the FCD, which supervised the preparation of Felfe's memoirs, included a number of passages of self-congratulation. "In a very short time," it wrote, "the farsightedness of the KGB's penetration plans had proved itself."

Felfe was simultaneously providing Karlshorst with copies of almost all the most important documents in BND files. Urgent reports were radioed to Karlshorst; the remainder went in the false bottoms of suitcases, on film concealed in cans of baby food, via dead-letter drops, or through a BND courier, Erwin Tiebel, who was also working for the KGB. In the two years before the building of the Berlin Wall in August 1961, at a time when, according to Felfe, the CIA and BND were plotting "to sabotage the political and economic development of the GDR," "heightening psychological warfare," and "luring away the workforce":

> I took many risks which could not always be calculated . . . Rendezvous followed rendezvous, transmissions of intelligence succeeded one another in short order, everything was subordinated to giving the U.S.S.R. the basis for making their decisions. I had to assume that in those two years I was giving hostile counterespionage clues which they could work on. My arrest was to confirm this.

Like Pâques and Hambleton, Felfe's motives had more to do with vanity than ideology. His ego, like theirs, was massaged by personal congratulations from KGB generals and, on one occasion, from the chairman himself.[99] A CIA officer who served in Germany during the 1950s concluded after Felfe's arrest in 1961:

> The BND damage report must have run into tens of thousands of pages. Not only were agents and addresses compromised, but ten years of secret agent reports had to be reevaluated: those fabricated by the other side, those subtly slanted, those from purely mythical sources.[100]

The KGB also profited from the vast campaign of penetration in West Germany organized by the foreign intelligence agency founded in 1952 within the East German Ministry of State Security: Main Department XV (Hauptverwaltung XV), renamed in 1956 the Main Department of Reconnaissance (Hauptverwaltung Aufklärung or HVA). The head of the department from its foundation and the mastermind of the penetration program for over a generation was Markus Johannes (Mischa) Wolf, the son of a well-known Communist writer forced to flee to Moscow after Hitler's rise to power. By his retirement in 1987, Wolf had established himself as among the ablest as well as easily the longest-serving of the Soviet Bloc's intelligence chiefs.[101] Wolf's most successful agent was Guenther Guillaume, the son of a retired doctor in East

Germany who had given shelter and medical treatment to the socialist politician Willy Brandt when he was being hunted by the Gestapo.

In 1955, at HVA direction, Dr. Guillaume wrote to Brandt, then mayor of West Berlin, asking him to help his son, who was suffering discrimination in the East. At their first meeting, Brandt was taken with Guenther and felt a responsibility to help him. In 1956 Guenther Guillaume and his wife, both HVA officers, gained acceptance as political refugees in the FRG. Within a few years both had obtained full-time jobs in the socialist SPD. The coming to power of an SPD-led coalition with Brandt as chancellor in 1969 gave Guillaume one of the most remarkable opportunities exploited by any penetration agent in modern times. He became the trusted secretary and personal companion of Willy Brandt in the chancellor's office in Bonn. Among the mass of high-level intelligence that Guillaume was able to supply to the HVA and, via the HVA, to the KGB was detailed briefing on the FRG's new Ostpolitik as it sought to establish the first formal ties with the GDR and the other states of Eastern Europe. The shock caused by Guillaume's exposure in 1974 was to be so great that it led to Brandt's resignation.[102]

Guillaume was merely the most remarkable of a massive incursion by East German moles into the Federal Republic. An HVA defector estimated in 1958 that there were already two to three thousand penetration agents in place, with far more waiting in the wings.[103] One of Markus Wolf's most successful strategies was the "secretaries offensive," based on the seduction of lonely, usually middle-aged female government employees with access to sensitive information. Among the victims of the Wolf offensive in the mid-fifties was Irmgard Roemer, a forty-four-year-old secretary in the Bonn Foreign Office, who handled communications with embassies abroad and gave carbon copies to her seducer Carl Helmers, an HVA illegal dubbed the "Red Casanova" by headline writers after his arrest in 1958. Over the next twenty years his place was taken by even more successful "Red Casanovas" dispatched by Markus Wolf.[104]

During the Cold War, as before, much of the Kremlin's best intelligence on the West came from sigint. In 1951 the Seventh (Cipher and Cryptanalytical) Department of the KI was reintegrated into the MGB Fifth Directorate, commanded by Lieutenant General Shevelyov. On the founding of the KGB in 1954, ciphers, communications, and cryptanalysis became the responsibility of the Eighth Chief Directorate, also headed by Shevelyov.[105] The cryptanalysts of both the KGB and the GRU lacked the advanced computer technology available to their American and British counterparts. At its birth in 1952 the National Security Agency had easily the largest bank of computers in the world.

Though Soviet sigint was technologically behind that in the West, it had two compensating advantages. First, it had unrestricted access to the best Soviet mathematicians and computer scientists, many of whom continue to spend periods of secondment with the KGB and GRU. Neither NSA nor GC HQ possesses the Soviet power of press-gang, at least in peacetime. Second, Soviet sigint had (and doubtless still has) far greater assistance from humint operations, which provide the kind of intelligence on foreign cipher systems that almost all the most important cryptanalytic successes depend on. Much of the assistance to Soviet cryptanalysts during the Cold War continued to come from embassy penetration.[106] The embassy of most interest to Moscow was, inevitably, that of the Main Adversary.

Though American diplomats in Moscow had grown less naïve about Soviet surveillance, their grasp of embassy security at the height of the Cold War remained rudimentary. When George Kennan arrived as U.S. ambassador in 1952 he discovered that his official residence "was really run by unseen hands, before whose authority I and all the rest of us were substantially helpless." The unseen hands were those of the Soviet employment agency for foreign missions, Burobin, which was in reality a wholly owned subsidiary of the MGB Second (Counterintelligence) Chief Directorate. Burobin staff appeared unpredictably at all hours of the day and night. One night a few months after their arrival, Kennan and his wife were awakened by a slight noise on the gallery next to their bedroom. On opening the bedroom door, Kennan later recalled:

> I suddenly found myself face to face with an apparition which I was able to identify as the figure of a large woman—or so it seemed. I said, "Who are you?" The answer came back, "I'm the new night watchman."[107]

Since the discovery of several hundred listening devices in 1944,[108] periodic checks of the American embassy had revealed no new bugs. It occurred to Kennan that these negative findings probably had more to do with the increased sophistication of MGB electronic eavesdropping than with improvements in embassy security. In September 1952 two experts arrived from Washington to begin a thorough search of the embassy and ambassador's residence. At the experts' request, Kennan sat in his study dictating the text of an old diplomatic dispatch, hoping thus to activate any concealed listening device.

Suddenly one of the technicians began hacking away at the wall behind a wooden replica of the great seal of the United States. Finding nothing, he attacked the seal itself with a mason's hammer and triumphantly extracted from its shattered remains a pencil-shaped bug, which had been relaying Kennan's every word to an outside monitor. Next morning Kennan noted a "new grimness" in the MGB guards and Soviet embassy staff: "So dense was the atmosphere of anger and hostility that one could have cut it with a knife." Yet so remote were the precautions necessary to guard against MGB surveillance from the traditions of the State Department that Kennan wondered whether he had been right to take such drastic action to detect the listening devices. When writing his memoirs twenty years later, he was still uncertain:

> Was it proper for an ambassador to involve himself in this sort of comedy? Or would I have been remiss, in the eyes of my own government, if I had refused to do so?
>
> I am not sure, even today, of the answers to these questions.[109]

Largely because of State Department objections, the CIA was not allowed to station an officer in the Moscow embassy until 1953. The CIA's Moscow station got off to an unhappy start. Its first head, Edward Ellis Smith, was rapidly seduced by his MGB maid. He later confessed to Kennan's successor as ambassador, Charles Bohlen, and was sent home in disgrace. According to Peer de Silva, then chief of operations in the CIA Soviet Bloc division, "His work was not only worthless, but much had been fabricated."[110] The CIA station chief was one of no fewer than twelve of Bohlen's embassy personnel who admitted having been seduced by MGB/KGB "swallows" and then shown photographs taken during their seductions in an attempt to recruit them as MGB/KGB agents. According to Bohlen: "All of these people were out of the country in twenty-four hours."[111] It is unlikely, however, that all those who were compromised confessed.

In 1953 work began on a new U.S. embassy in Tchaikovsky Street. During construction work American security men were on guard all day to prevent the installation of listening devices on the two top floors. Their day-long vigil, however, was entirely pointless, since they were withdrawn at night. In his memoirs, Bohlen attributes their withdrawal to "carelessness" (presumably his own) and the desire "to save money."[112] In 1964, acting on intelligence from the KGB defector Yuri Nosenko, the embassy discovered over forty bugs concealed in bamboo tubes built into the walls behind the radiators in order to shield them from metal detectors.[113] Bohlen is at pains to diminish the significance of the security lapse. The bugging of the two floors which, he acknowledges, "were supposed to be the most secure in Moscow," and included the ambassador's office, the cipher rooms, and the CIA station, did not, he argues, "mean that the Soviets learned any real secrets."[114]

That retrospective judgment is an echo of the careless optimism that had earlier led Bohlen to withdraw the nighttime guard during the embassy's construction. It is true that embassy staff were more aware than before of the dangers of Soviet electronic surveillance and took a number of precautions. But the fact that twelve were sent home during Bohlen's four years as ambassador after admitting to being photographed engaging in various sexual acts with KGB partners scarcely suggests that all were models of discretion.

American embassy security, however, was probably no worse than average. Nor were American diplomats more easily compromised than most others. During Maurice Dejean's eight-year term as French ambassador in Moscow from 1956 to 1964 both he and his air attaché, Colonel Louis Guibaud, were seduced by KGB "swallows" after elaborate operations personally supervised by the head of the Second Chief (Counterintelligence) Directorate, General Oleg Mikhailovich Gribanov. Dejean was beaten up by a KGB officer posing as the enraged husband of the swallow who had seduced him; Guibaud was confronted with the usual compromising photographs of his sexual liaison. On this occasion, however, the seductions failed to achieve Gribanov's objectives. Guibaud committed suicide, and a KGB cooptee involved in arranging the seduction of Dejean defected to the West, revealing the operation before serious KGB blackmail had begun.[115]

At the height of the Cold War most diplomatic missions in Moscow were bugged. Among them was the West German embassy, where, Yuri Nosenko recalls, an ambassador in the late 1950s, probably with a future volume of memoirs in mind, each evening dictated an account of the day's events, including his correspondence with Bonn and his dealings with other NATO ambassadors, unknowingly into

KGB microphones. The more interesting excerpts from his draft memoirs were on Khrushchev's desk within two hours of their dictation. MGB/KGB embassy penetration was not limited to Moscow. Other Soviet Bloc capitals also offered opportunities for operations against the "Main" and lesser adversaries. With AVH assistance, the KGB succeeded in penetrating the U.S. embassy in Budapest.[116]

In a number of cases MGB/KGB officers gained physical access to foreign missions. According to Nosenko, each embassy raid had to be approved personally by Khrushchev, following a precedent established under Stalin. The most important break-in was probably at the Japanese embassy, where a cipher clerk gave the MGB access to both the embassy safes and Japanese diplomatic ciphers.[117] Of all major powers it is probably Japan whose ciphers have been most regularly broken by Soviet cryptanalysts since the 1920s.[118] In the 1970s the KGB was to recruit a cipher clerk in the Japanese foreign ministry who proved as cooperative as his counterpart in the Moscow embassy twenty years before.[119] The KGB similarly gained access to the Swedish embassy safes and ciphers by seducing the nightwatchman with one of its swallows and diverting the nightwatchman's dog with large chunks of meat.[120] The KGB defector Ilya Dzhirkvelov took part in other successful break-ins during the early 1950s at the Turkish, Egyptian, Syrian, Iranian, and other Middle Eastern embassies. "We were," he recalls, "rewarded with inscribed watches and the title of Honored Chekists."[121]

In the far distant day when the secrets of all archives are revealed, careful study of the millions of diplomatic intercepts decrypted by Soviet cryptanalysts, with the assistance of the massive humint support operations mounted by the KGB and GRU, is sure to cast new light on the making of Soviet foreign policy during and after the Cold War. In the meantime, precise estimation of the influence of the vast quantities of sigint supplied by the KGB and GRU remains impossible. Within the KGB it seems likely that only the chairman and the heads of the First Chief (Foreign) and Eighth Chief (Cipher) Directorates had unrestricted access to diplomatic sigint. In 1969 a newly established Sixteenth Directorate took over responsibility for sigint from the Eighth. None of the KGB defectors during the Cold War had more than fragmentary access to sigint. The files from the KGB archives seen by Gordievsky provided little further information. Many contained intelligence probably or certainly derived from sigint, but the intercepts themselves remain in the cryptanalytic archives, to which almost no officer in the First Chief Directorate had access. All but the most senior KGB officers saw only intercepts that were judged strictly necessary to their operational duties.

During the Cold War period intercepts were written on onionskin paper and kept in large Red Books. Pyotr Deryabin, who defected from the First Chief Directorate in 1954, remembers being shown selected intercepts from the Red Book about twice a week in the office of his department head. Yuri Nosenko, who defected a decade later from the Second Chief Directorate, recalls that the Red Book was brought to him by a courier, who stood over him while he read the permitted pages; he was not allowed to take notes. Both Deryabin and Nosenko remember seeing intercepts from a number of Western countries, some resulting from KGB bugs in embassies.[122]

French communications security was generally regarded as particularly poor by both the British and Americans.[123] According to Peter Wright, in 1960 while posing as a telephone engineer, he personally planted bugs in the French embassy in London that allowed GCHQ to decrypt messages in the high-grade French diplomatic cipher.[124] The French embassy in Moscow was still being successfully bugged by the KGB at the end of the Brezhnev era.[125] Deryabin also remembers West German, Italian, and Belgian intercepts in the Red Book. Yuri Rastvorov, who defected in 1954, and Nosenko recall a plentiful supply of Japanese decrypts.[126] Decrypts from the Main Adversary were less plentiful or more highly classified—or, more probably, both. Nosenko remembers being shown only occasional American intercepts; Deryabin saw none at all. There were also, Nosenko recalls, "some successes" in decrypting British communications, but he can recall no specific examples.[127] It is clear, however, that the intercepts to which the KGB defectors of the Cold War period had access represent only the tip of a massive sigint iceberg.

During 1958, Serov's record as chairman of the KGB came under attack from two ambitious young Turks who had the ear of Khrushchev: Aleksandr Nikolayevich Shelepin, first secretary of the Komsomol Central Committee, who had mobilized several hundred thousand young people for Khrushchev's Virgin Lands Program, and Nikolai Romanovich Mironov, head of the Leningrad KGB. Both impressed Khrushchev with the case they presented for a more flexible, sophisticated role for the KGB and were rewarded with senior posts in the Central Committee apparatus. Serov's deserved reputation as a butcher had become something of a diplomatic embarrassment. When he visited London to oversee security preparations for the state visit by Khrushchev and Bulganin in the spring of 1956, the outcry in the press forced him to beat a hasty retreat. Rumors of his role in crushing the Hungarian Revolution later in the year confirmed his reputation in the West as a continuing symbol of neo-Stalinist repression.

For the KGB to acquire a cleaner image it was clear that it required a different head. In the autumn of 1958 the Presidium discussed criticisms by Shelepin of a recent report by Serov on the work of the KGB at home and abroad. Shelepin praised the KGB's effectiveness in unmasking and curbing "enemies of the people," and in penetrating the secrets of the imperialist powers. But its role had become too passive; it had done nothing to help the strategic and ideological struggle with the West. The Presidium sided with Shelepin. In December 1958 he was appointed chairman of the KGB. In recognition of his past services, Serov, instead of simply being dismissed, was moved to the less prestigious post of head of the GRU.[128]

Like Beria before him and Andropov after him, Shelepin's ambitions stretched far beyond the chairmanship of the KGB. As a twenty-year-old university student, he was once asked what he wanted to become. According to the Soviet historian Roy Medvedev, he instantly replied: "A chief!" Shelepin saw the KGB as a steppingstone in a career that he intended to take him to the post of first secretary of the Party. In December 1961, he stepped down from the KGB chairmanship but continued to oversee its work as chairman of the powerful new Committee of Party and State Control. The new chairman was Shelepin's youthful protégé, the thirty-seven-year-old Vladimir Yefimovich Semichastny, who had worked under him in the Komsomol.[129]

The beginning of Shelepin's term as KGB chairman was marked by an immediate change in leadership style. One Scandinavian intelligence officer, responsible for analyzing KGB radio-telephone voice intercepts, noticed that the verb "demand" was invariably used to transmit the chairman's orders. Late in 1958 "demand" was suddenly changed to "request." Shortly afterward he discovered that Serov had been succeeded by Shelepin.[130] A new influx of university graduates, some of them his former protégés in Komsomol, began to replace the old guard. The change of personnel was particularly striking in the Second (Counterintelligence) Chief Directorate, which since the war had been poorly educated by comparison with the First. When Yuri

Nosenko served in the First (American) Department of the Second Chief Directorate from 1953 to 1955, only two of its sixty officers had university degrees; some had not even finished their schooling. Few spoke English. When Nosenko returned to the same department in January 1960, about 80 percent had university degrees and about 70 percent spoke English.[131]

Along with the new blood from Komsomol and the universities went an attempt to create a new public image. "Violations of socialist legality," claimed Shelepin in 1961, "have been completely eliminated. . . . The Chekists can look the Party and the Soviet people in the eye with a clear conscience." After twenty years in abeyance, the Dzerzhinsky cult was revived. Iron Feliks became once again the model of the cool-headed, warm-hearted Chekist selflessly protecting the Soviet people from the assaults of imperialist warmongers.[132]

In his initial review of KGB foreign intelligence operations during the winter of 1958–59, Shelepin was struck by the sigint successes of the cryptanalysts of the Eighth Chief Directorate made possible by embassy penetration in the Soviet Bloc and by the recruitment of foreign cipher personnel and diplomats in Moscow and abroad. Hitherto, however, he believed that the operations by the First and Second Chief Directorates in support of the Eighth had been inadequately coordinated. Shelepin set up a Special Section within the First Chief Directorate, under the direct control of its head, Aleksandr Sakharovsky, to coordinate the sigint support operations of the First and Second Chief Directorates and to liaise with the Eighth. The chief target of the new Special Section was, inevitably, the Main Adversary, the United States.

The head of the American section of the Eighth Directorate, Aleksandr Seleznyov, ordered the Special Section to collect intelligence on cipher systems of particular interest to the cryptanalysts.[133] The most ambitious project of the Special Section was to penetrate the United States National Security (sigint) Agency (NSA), the largest, best-funded of the American intelligence services, with its headquarters at Fort Meade near Washington. All Americans who watched television or read newspapers were aware of the existence of the CIA. Only a tiny fraction, however, were aware that the United States possessed a sigint service. Those in the know in Washington joked that NSA stood for "No Such Agency."

By 1960 Soviet intelligence had three agents in place at Fort Meade. This remarkable success, however, owed far less to careful planning by Sakharovsky's Special Section than to good fortune and poor NSA security. All three agents were walk-ins. In December 1959 two NSA cryptanalysts, thirty-year-old Bernon F. Mitchell and twenty-eight-year-old William H. Martin, flew undetected to Cuba, where in all probability they were debriefed by the KGB and given a shopping list of further sigint secrets. Somewhat surprisingly, Mitchell had been recruited by NSA despite admitting to six years of "sexual experimentations" up to the age of nineteen with dogs and chickens. During Martin's positive vetting, acquaintances variously described him as irresponsible and an insufferable egotist. During the selection procedure, however, their remarkable gifts as mathematicians were held to outweigh their personality defects and—in Mitchell's case—farmyard experiences.

Early in 1959 both broke NSA rules by complaining to Congressman Wayne Hays about airborne elint (electronic intelligence) missions that violated Soviet airspace. Mistakenly believing that the two had been sent by the CIA to test his ability to keep secrets, Hays took no action. Politically naïve and socially gauche, Martin and Mitchell were seduced by the myth image presented in Soviet propaganda magazines of the U.S.S.R. as a state so committed to the cause of peace that it would never engage in illegal overflights, and so progressive in its social system that it could offer them a sense of personal fulfillment they had failed to find in the United States. On June 25, 1960, at the beginning of their three-week annual leave, Mitchell and Martin flew to Mexico City. Next day they flew on to Havana, boarded a Soviet freighter, and delivered their response to the KGB's shopping lists to Moscow Center.

It was a week and a day after their three-week leave expired before NSA tried to track them down. Inside Mitchell's house NSA security officers found the key to a safe deposit box in a Maryland bank; the key had been deliberately left for them to find. Opening the box, the officers discovered a sealed envelope bearing a written request signed by Martin and Mitchell that its contents be made public. The envelope contained a long denunciation of the U.S. government for being "as unscrupulous as it has accused the Soviet government of being" and a bizarre eulogy of the U.S.S.R. as a society where "the talents of women are encouraged and utilized to a much greater extent . . . than in the United States," thus making Soviet women "more desirable as mates."

On September 6, 1960, in Moscow's House of Journalists, Martin and Mitchell gave perhaps the most embarrassing press conference in the history of the American intelligence community. The greatest embarrassment of all was their revelation that NSA decrypted the communications of some of the United States' own allies. Among them, said Martin, were "Italy, Turkey, France, Yugoslavia, the United Arab Republic, Indonesia, Uruguay—that's enough to give a general picture, I guess." Though they did not mention it at the press conference, they had also been well informed about the U-2 reconnaissance flights over the U.S.S.R. and had had advance knowledge, which they may have been able to pass on to the KGB, about the ill-fated flight of Gary Powers, which was shot down on May Day 1960 and led to a major Soviet propaganda triumph.[134]

Unknown to Martin and Mitchell, an even more important Soviet agent, thirty-two-year-old Staff Sergeant Jack E. Dunlap, remained in place at Fort Meade. Dunlap had won the Purple Heart and the Bronze Star for "coolness under fire and sincere devotion to duty" during the Korean War. But he was also a womanizer, the father of seven children, and short of money. In 1958 he became chauffeur to Major General Garrison B. Coverdale, chief of staff at Fort Meade, acting as courier for highly classified documents between different sections of the NSA. As driver of the chief of staff's car Dunlap had the rare privilege of leaving Fort Meade without being searched. At least six NSA staff members used Dunlap to smuggle typewriters and office furniture to their homes, thus increasing his access to NSA headquarters.[135]

Sometime in the spring or early summer of 1960, Dunlap is believed to have entered the Soviet embassy in Washington and offered NSA documents for money. A later inquiry concluded that thereafter he was probably controlled by a GRU rather than a KGB case officer.[136] The Dunlap case was so important that, almost certainly, his case officer thenceforth handled nothing else. Dunlap was able to provide instruction books, repair manuals, mathematical models, and design plans for the United States's most secret cipher machines. He also had access to CIA estimates on Soviet forces and missiles in Eastern Europe, especially East Germany.

In the summer of 1960 Dunlap suddenly became inexplicably prosperous. Despite earning only a hundred dollars a week, he supported a mistress as well as his large family and purchased a Jaguar, two Cadillacs, and a well-equipped thirty-foot cabin cruiser. Even when NSA sent an ambulance to collect him after an accident in a yacht-club regatta, his sudden affluence—for which he gave various improbable explanations—aroused no serious suspicion. But by the spring of 1963 the strain of Dunlap's double life had become too much. In March he admitted during polygraph tests to "petty thieving" and "immoral conduct"; in May he was transferred to a job in a Fort Meade orderly room. On July 22 he strung a length of radiator hose from the exhaust pipe of his car into the right front window, started the engine, and asphyxiated himself.

Three days afterward, like President Kennedy four months later, he was buried with full military honors at Arlington National Cemetery. His treachery might never have been uncovered but for his widow's discovery a month later of a cache of top secret documents he had failed to deliver to his controller. An NSA inquiry concluded that the importance of Dunlap's intelligence far exceeded even that jointly provided by Martin and Mitchell.[137]

On the day Dunlap's suicide was discovered, another former NSA officer, Victor Norris Hamilton, a naturalized U.S. citizen of Arab origins, revealed more of Fort Meade's secrets on the front page of *Izvestia.* Like Martin and Mitchell, Hamilton was a bizarre, inadequate personality who had somehow slipped through NSA's security net and joined the Near East section of its Production Office (PROD) in 1957 to work on Arabic material. In February 1959 NSA psychiatrists pronounced him "mentally ill," but PROD kept him on because of a shortage of Arab specialists. He was finally forced to resign in June when he was diagnosed as "approaching schizophrenic break." Four years later he resurfaced in Moscow and gave highly embarrassing public revelations of PROD's Near East successes:

> It is especially important to note that the American authorities take advantage of the fact that the UN headquarters is located on American soil. . . . The enciphered instructions of the United Arab Republic [Egypt and Syria], Iraq, Jordan, Lebanon, Turkey and Greece to their missions to the UN General Assembly fall into the hands of the State Department before arriving at their proper address.[138]

While Dunlap was smuggling documents out of Fort Meade to his GRU controller, the KGB simultaneously achieved at least one major penetration of American cryptographic secrets outside the United States. Its unlikely penetration agent was a disgruntled army sergeant and part-time pimp, Robert Lee Johnson, who while stationed in West

Berlin in 1953 crossed to the East and asked for political asylum for himself and his prostitute fiancée Hedy. The KGB, however, persuaded Johnson to stay in the West, pay off his scores against the U.S. Army, and earn a second salary by spying for the Soviet Union. Johnson soon recruited a homosexual fellow sergeant, James Allen Mintkenbaugh, who was assigned to identify other homosexuals in the American garrison who might work for the KGB. Despite this success, Johnson proved a difficult agent to handle and for several years provided only low-level intelligence. In 1956 he broke contact with the KGB, left the army, and traveled with Hedy to Las Vegas, where he planned to win a fortune in the casinos and make a career as a famous author. Failing to fulfill either fantasy, Johnson took to the bottle and forced Hedy to return to prostitution. By the end of 1956 Hedy was too ill to work and Johnson was broke.

Then in January 1957 Mintkenbaugh arrived at their trailer home with a $500 present from the KGB and an offer of renewed employment. The KGB wanted Johnson to enlist in the U.S. Air Force to gather intelligence about missile deployment. Unsurprisingly, Johnson was turned down by the air force. The army, however, apparently unaware of his involvement in prostitution, alcohol abuse, and gambling (not to mention espionage), accepted him back as a guard at missile sites in California and Texas. For two years Johnson supplied Mintkenbaugh with photographs, plans, and documents, and even, on one occasion, with a sample of rocket fuel siphoned off on KGB instructions. Mintkenbaugh then conveyed these to his KGB controller, Pyotr Nikolayevich Yeliseev, usually at rendezvous near Washington "burlesque" (striptease) theaters, for which, according to Mintkenbaugh, Yeliseev had a particular fondness.

Late in 1959 Johnson was transferred from Texas to a U.S. Army base in France. Soon afterward a new case officer, Vitali Sergeevich Urzhumov, whom he knew as Viktor, made contact with him in Paris, handing him $500 folded inside a pack of cigarettes. "It's a Christmas present!" Urzhumov said cheerfully. With Hedy now suffering from mental illness, Johnson was not an easy agent to control. But Urzhumov's patience, flattery, and dollar bills gradually paid off. Late in 1961 Johnson gained a job as a guard in the Armed Forces Courier Center at Orly Airport, which handled classified documents, cipher systems, and cryptographic equipment in transit between Washington, NATO, American commands in Europe, and the U.S. Sixth Fleet.

Over the next year, with patient coaxing from Viktor, Johnson gradually gained access to the triple-locked vault used to store classified material. At the second attempt he successfully took a wax impression of the key to the vault. Some time later he found a piece of paper in a wastepaper basket giving the combination to the second lock. Finally, with the help of a portable X-ray device supplied by the KGB, he discovered the combination to the third lock. In the early hours of December 15, 1961, Johnson entered the vault for the first time, stuffed an Air France flight bag with official pouches containing cryptographic material and highly classified documents, and took it to a rendezvous with a second case officer drafted in to assist Urzhumov, Feliks Aleksandrovich Ivanov, who transported it to the KGB residency in the Paris embassy. There a team of technicians was waiting to remove the seals on the pouches, photograph the documents, and reseal the pouches. In little more than an hour the flight bag was on its way back to Johnson. Well before the end of Johnson's shift, the bag's contents were back in the vault.

From the outset, according to Nosenko, the Orly operation was personally authorized by Khrushchev himself, and samples of the first haul from the vault were rushed to him and other Politburo members. Despite his famous satirical suggestion during his visit to the United States in 1959 that the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. could save money by combining their intelligence services, Khrushchev had a continuing fascination with the imperialist secrets fed to him by his intelligence services. On December 26, 1962, Johnson was given the congratulations of Comrade Khrushchev and the Soviet Council of Ministers, told he had been awarded the rank of Red Army major, and presented with $2,000 to spend on a holiday in Monte Carlo.

By the end of April 1963 Johnson had provided seventeen flight bags full of documents, which included details of U.S. cipher systems, the locations of American nuclear warheads stored in Europe, and NATO and U.S. defense plans. But, because Johnson was becoming increasingly careless, the KGB then temporarily abandoned the operation for fear that it would be discovered. By the time the KGB was ready to resume, Johnson had been transferred. He was eventually caught in 1964 as a result of intelligence supplied by Nosenko after his defection.[139]

As well as giving greater impetus and coordination to the acquisition of cipher material, Shelepin also accorded increased priority and resources to "active measures" designed to influence Western governments and public opinion. In January 1959, he created a new disinformation section within the First Chief Directorate, Department D (later Service A), staffed initially by over fifty officers. Its head until his death in 1968 was General Ivan Ivanovich Agayants, a tall Armenian of grizzled appearance but considerable personal charm.[140] The defector Evdokia Petrova remembered him more warmly than almost any of her former colleagues as "charming, highly cultured, courteous, kind," and fluent in English, French, and Persian. He served as resident in Teheran from 1941 to 1943 and in Paris from 1947 to 1949 (under the pseudonym Avalov), then became head of the Western European Department in, successively, the KI, the MGB, and the KGB.[141]

Agayants owed his appointment as the first head of Department D to his success in sponsoring a series of bogus memoirs and other works: among them the "memoirs" of General Vlasov, *I Chose the Gallows;* the equally fraudulent *My Career in the Soviet High Command* by Ivan Krylov; and imaginary correspondence between Stalin and Tito published in the weekly *Carrefour,* in which Tito confessed his Trotskyist sympathies. The real author of most of these works was probably Grigori Bessedovsky, a former Soviet diplomat who had settled in Paris between the wars and later collaborated with the NKVD. Bessedovsky's forgeries, which later included two books about Stalin by a nonexistent nephew, were sophisticated enough to deceive even such a celebrated Soviet scholar as E. H. Carr, who in 1955 contributed a foreword to *Notes for a Journal,* fraudulently attributed to the former foreign commissar Maxim Litvinov.[142] Some of the forgeries and bogus news stories concocted by Service A that Gordievsky encountered in the 1970s and 1980s were crude by comparison.

One of Agayants's first targets as head of Department D in 1959 was West Germany, which the KGB sought to portray as riddled with neo-Nazis. To test one of his "active measures" before trying it in Germany, Agayants sent a group of his officers to a village about fifty miles from Moscow with instructions to daub swastikas, paint anti-Jewish slogans, and kick over tombstones under cover of darkness. KGB informers in the village reported that though the incident alarmed most inhabitants, a small anti-Semitic minority had been inspired to imitate the KGB provocation and commit anti-Jewish acts of their own.

During the winter of 1959–60 Agayants used the same technique with great success in West Germany. East German agents were dispatched to the West to deface Jewish memorials, synagogues, and shops, and to paint anti-Semitic slogans. Local hooligans and neo-Nazis then spontaneously continued the KGB campaign. Between Christmas Eve 1959 and mid-February 1960, 833 anti-Semitic acts were recorded by the West German authorities. The campaign then suddenly ceased, but not before the Federal Republic's international reputation had been gravely damaged. West German politicians and religious leaders publicly hung their heads in shame. The New York *Herald Tribune* summed up much foreign press reaction with the headline: "Bonn Unable to Eliminate Nazi Poison."[143]

In May 1959 Shelepin organized the largest intelligence conference in Moscow since the founding of the Cheka to review KGB priorities. Two thousand KGB officers attended, together with Aleksei Illarionovich Kirichenko representing the Presidium, members of the Central Committee, and the interior and defense ministers. Shelepin set out a far-ranging plan for mobilizing the intelligence services of the entire Soviet Bloc to promote the long-range objectives of Soviet policy and to neutralize the threat from the United States, its NATO allies, and Japan. Department D was to coordinate its active-measures program with the International Department of the Central Committee and the Party and government apparatus.[144]

Despite the comparative sophistication of Shelepin's active-measures program, he had no intention of abandoning more direct forms of "special action" abroad. Under Serov, Department Thirteen of the First Chief Directorate, which was responsible for "wet affairs," had suffered several public embarrassments. After the failure to liquidate the émigré National Labor Alliance (NTS) leader Georgi Okolovich in Frankfurt and the defection of the KGB assassin Nikolai Khokhlov in 1954,[145] a German contract killer, Wolfgang Wildprett, was hired by Department Thirteen to assassinate the NTS president, Vladimir Poremsky, in 1955. Like Khokhlov, however, Wildprett had second thoughts and told the West German police.[146] In September 1957 a Department Thirteen attempt to poison Khokhlov with radioactive thallium (chosen in the belief that it would leave no trace at autopsy) also failed. These failures, however, were followed by the successful assassination of two leading Ukrainian émigrés in West Germany: the main NTS ideologist, Lev Rebet, in October 1957 and the head of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (OUN), Stepan Bandera, in October 1959.

These liquidations persuaded Khrushchev, who personally authorized both of them, and Shelepin that selective assassination remained a necessary part of KGB foreign operations. The Department

Thirteen assassin in each case, only twenty-five years of age when he killed Rebet, was Bogdan Stashinsky, who operated out of the KGB compound in Karlshorst. His murder weapon, devised by the KGB weapons laboratory at Khozyaistvo Zheleznovo, was a spray gun that fired a jet of poison gas from a crushed cyanide ampule, inducing cardiac arrest in the victim. Department Thirteen calculated correctly that an unsuspecting pathologist was likely to diagnose the cause of death as heart failure. Stashinsky tested the spray gun by taking a dog to a woods near Karlshorst, tying it to a tree, and firing at it. The dog had convulsions and died in a few moments. Confident of his weapon, Stashinsky killed both Rebet and Bandera by lying in wait for them in darkened stairways. In December 1959, Stashinsky was summoned to Moscow. At a ceremony in the Center Shelepin presented him with the Order of the Red Banner and read aloud a citation praising him "for carrying out an extremely important government assignment." Stashinsky was told that he would be sent to a course to perfect his German and learn English, following which he would spend three to five years in the West carrying out further assignments of the kind that had won him the Red Banner. What was expected of him, said Shelepin, was "difficult but honorable."[147]

Like Khokhlov and Wildprett, however, Stashinsky had second thoughts about assassination, encouraged by his anti-Communist East German girlfriend Inge Pohl, whom he married in 1960. In August 1961, one day before the Berlin Wall sealed off the escape route from the East, the couple defected to the West. Stashinsky confessed to the assassination of Rebet and Bandera, was put on trial at Karlsruhe in October 1962, and sentenced to eight years' imprisonment as accomplice to murder. The judge declared that the main culprit was the Soviet government, which had institutionalized political murder. Heads were quick to roll within the KGB. According to Anatoli Golitsyn, who defected four months after Stashinsky, at least seventeen KGB officers were sacked or demoted.[148] More important, the Khokhlov and Stashinsky defections led both the Politburo and the KGB leadership to reassess the risks of "wet affairs." After the worldwide publicity generated by Stashinsky's trial, the Politburo abandoned assassination by the KGB as a normal instrument of policy outside the Soviet Bloc, resorting to it only on rare occasions, such as the liquidation of President Hafizullah Amin of Afghanistan in December 1979.[149]

* * *

At the end of the Cold War, as at the beginning, the chief target of KGB foreign operations remained the Main Adversary. In the early 1960s the KGB succeeded for the first time in establishing a major operational base in Latin America, in the United States's backyard. Its opportunity came with Fidel Castro's overthrow of the Batista dictatorship in Cuba in January 1959. Hitherto the Kremlin had been profoundly pessimistic about the prospects for Latin American revolution, regarding American influence as too strong for a Communist takeover to succeed.[150] Castro himself had had a privileged upbringing even by the standards of affluent Cuban landowning families, and drew his early political inspiration from the Orthodox Party and the ideals of its anti-Marxist founder, Eduardo Chibás. Until the summer of 1958 the Cuban Communist Party, the PSP, continued to insist, with Moscow's backing, that Batista could be overthrown only by a popular uprising of Cuban workers led by the Communists.[151]

The Second (Latin American) Department of the First Chief Directorate saw Castro's potential ahead of either the Foreign Ministry or the International Department of the Central Committee. The first to do so was a young Spanish-speaking KGB officer stationed in the Mexico City residency during the mid-1950s, Nikolai Sergeevich Leonov. After release in 1955 from a Cuban jail, where he had been imprisoned for two years for organizing an attack on an army barracks, Castro spent a year in exile in Mexico and appealed to the Soviet embassy for arms to support a guerrilla campaign against Batista. Though the request for arms was turned down, Leonov was immediately impressed by Castro's potential as a charismatic guerrilla leader, began regular meetings with him, and offered him enthusiastic moral support.

Leonov regarded Castro's politics as immature and incoherent but noted his determination to retain complete personal control over his Twenty-sixth of July Movement and his willingness to give his own future regime some sort of socialist coloring. He noted also that both Castro's brother Raúl and his chief lieutenant, Che Guevara, already considered themselves Marxists. Initially, Leonov's optimistic assessments of the prospects of the guerrilla campaign, begun after Castro's return to Cuba in December 1956, found little favor in Moscow. But after Castro came to power, Leonov's far-sightedness and the early connection he had established with Castro launched him on a career that led to his appointment in 1983 as deputy head of the First Chief

Directorate, responsible for KGB operations throughout North and South America.[152]

Even when Castro took power in January 1959, Moscow still doubted his ability to resist American pressure. The PSP regarded its alliance with him as a tactical device akin to its support, at an earlier stage, for Batista. Castro, however, took the PSP by surprise, purged much of its old leadership, and used the party as a vehicle for attaining rapid control of Cuba. He then turned to Moscow for the arms and assistance required to consolidate the revolution and realize his personal dream of becoming the Bolívar of the Caribbean. In July 1959, Castro's intelligence chief, Major Ramiro Valdes, began secret meetings in Mexico City with the Soviet ambassador and KGB residency. The KGB dispatched over a hundred advisers to overhaul Castro's security and intelligence system, many drawn from the ranks of *los niños,* the children of Spanish Communist refugees who had settled in Russia after the Civil War. One Spanish Republican veteran, Enrique Lister Farjan, organized the Committees for the Defense of the Revolution, a Cuban neighborhood watch system to keep track of counterrevolutionary subversion. Another, General Alberto Bajar, set up a series of guerrilla training schools.[153]

But the Kremlin remained wary about giving open military support to Castro's unorthodox regime. Not for the last time, the Czechs were used as a stalking horse. In the autumn a Cuban delegation headed by Rául Castro arrived in Prague to discuss the possibility of Czechoslovak military assistance. Despite his habit of sleeping with his boots on and his obsession with blonde prostitutes, Raúl's Marxist fervor made a good impression on his hosts. The PSP, explained the chief of its propaganda department, Luis Mas Martin, was trying to use Raúl to influence Fidel: "Personally, I think Fidel is an anarchist, but his hostility to the United States will drive him into the Party's arms, especially if the Americans continue to react so stupidly." During his stay in Prague, Raúl received an invitation from Khrushchev to visit Moscow.[154]

In October 1959, while Raúl Castro was in Prague, a Soviet "cultural delegation," headed by the former KGB resident in Buenos Aires, Aleksandr Ivanovich Shitov (*alias* Alekseev), arrived in Havana to prepare for the opening of diplomatic relations. Shitov presented Fidel with a bottle of vodka, several jars of caviar, and a photograph album of Moscow, then told him of the Soviet people's "great admiration" both for himself and for the Cuban Revolution.

Castro opened the bottle and sent for crackers for the caviar. "What good vodka, what good caviar!" he exclaimed amiably. ". . . I think it's worth establishing trade relations with the Soviet Union." "Very well, Fidel," replied Shitov, "but what about the most important one, diplomatic relations?" When the Soviet Union at last gave Castro's regime full diplomatic recognition in May 1960, Shitov stayed in Havana, nominally as cultural counselor and Tass representative, in reality as KGB resident.[155]

After his initial hesitations, Khrushchev now gave the Cuban regime (though not yet Castro personally) enthusiastic public backing. He declared in a bellicose anti-American speech on July 9: "We shall do everything to support Cuba in her struggle. . . . Now the United States is not so unreachable as once she was." Next day Che Guevara boasted that Cuba was defended by "the greatest military power in history." Castro and his lieutenants began to claim in their speeches that the Cuban revolution was "only the first step in the liberation of Latin America."[156]

Despite lingering doubts about Castro's ideological reliability, his success in holding and maintaining power transformed both KGB and Kremlin strategy in Latin America. The traditional policy of concentrating on ideologically sound Communist parties was abandoned in favor of alliances of convenience with better-supported national liberation movements. The failure of the CIA-backed Bay of Pigs invasion to topple Castro in April 1961 further revised Soviet estimates of American strength. The United States was vulnerable even in its own backyard.[157]

Though Castro took an increasing dislike to the Soviet ambassador, Sergei Kudryavtsev, he formed a close personal friendship with the KGB resident, Aleksandr Shitov. In March 1962, Castro appeared on television to announce the dismantling of the old hard-line Cuban Communist Party with which Kudryavtsev had identified himself. He then told Kudryavtsev to leave, asked for and obtained Shitov (still using the alias Alekseev), as the new Soviet ambassador.[158] Within six months the growing Soviet foothold in Cuba was to produce the most dangerous international crisis since the Second World War. At the beginning of 1962, with new American Minuteman intercontinental missiles being installed and medium-range missiles already operational in Britain and Turkey, the United States had a clear lead in the nuclear arms race. Khrushchev calculated that he could gain an almost instant nuclear advantage by installing Soviet missiles in Cuba, only ninety miles from the United States.

This was a gambler's throw based less on intelligence assessment than on Khrushchev's own underestimate of American resolve in general and of the youthful President John F. Kennedy in particular. The Western democracies, Khrushchev told the American poet Robert Frost, were "too liberal to fight."[159] Kennedy's lack of confidence during the failed Bay of Pigs invasion convinced Khrushchev that the young President was "wish-washy": "I know for certain that Kennedy doesn't have a strong backbone, nor, generally speaking, does he have the courage to stand up to a serious challenge." By installing nuclear missiles secretly in Cuba, the Soviet Union could face Kennedy with a fait accompli, which he would reluctantly accept.[160] In the summer of 1962 Soviet engineers began constructing the Cuban launch pads for nuclear missiles with a range of over two thousand miles and the capacity to reach the major East Coast cities in a few minutes' flying time.

In all previous Cold War crises Soviet intelligence had been better, often vastly better, than that available to the West. During the missile crisis in October 1962 American intelligence was for the first time as good as, if not better than, that supplied to the Kremlin. Part of the explanation was the fact that the focus of the crisis was only ninety miles from the United States. But the Soviet intelligence lead had also been cut back by two major improvements in Western intelligence collection. The first was the growth of aerial reconnaissance. In 1955 President Eisenhower proposed to the Soviet Union an "open skies" policy allowing each side to monitor the other's military deployment from the air. When Russia refused, the United States went ahead unilaterally with overflights of Soviet territory by U-2 aircraft capable of cruising at seventy thousand feet. The shooting down and Moscow show trial of the U-2 pilot, Gary Powers, in 1960, proved only a temporary setback. Within a few months, the United States had launched its first spy satellite, though the early satellite photographs lacked the definition of those taken by the U-2s. By 1963, satellite surveillance, jointly engaged in by both sides and increasingly used for sigint as well as photographic reconnaissance, was tacitly accepted by the Kremlin.

From the mid-1950s there was also a significant, though less dramatic, improvement in Western humint from the Soviet Union. In the spring of 1961 SIS recruited the most important Western agent of the Cold War: Colonel Oleg Vladimirovich Penkovsky, a GRU officer attached to the State Committee for Science and Technology and a friend of both the head of the GRU, General Ivan Aleksandrovich Serov, and the commanding officer of Missile and Ground Artillery, Chief Marshal Sergei Sergeevich Varentsov. The intelligence supplied by Penkovsky—almost 5,500 exposures on a Minox camera over a period of eighteen months—was of the highest importance. It included up-to-date surveys of Soviet intercontinental ballistic missiles (several thousand fewer than U.S. estimates); the alert stages, checks, and firing sequence of the Soviet Strategic Rocket Forces; statistics on missile accuracy; and defects revealed in test firing. Penkovsky's revelations about increased Soviet reliance on missiles and a vast chemical warfare program led to a major rethink in NATO strategy. At peak periods, the intelligence provided by Penkovsky, who was run jointly by SIS and the CIA, kept busy twenty American and ten British analysts.[161]

Good intelligence in the West was crucial to the peaceful resolution of the Cuban missile crisis before the missiles themselves had been installed. On October 14, 1962, a U-2 over Cuba took the first photographs of a ballistic missile site under construction. CIA analysts were able to identify the nature of the site because of a top secret document detailing the stages in missile-site construction secretly photographed by Penkovsky at the headquarters of the Soviet Armed Forces Missile and Ground Artillery, to which his friendship with Chief Marshal Varentsov had gained him unauthorized access.[162] On October 16 the photographs were placed before the president. Kennedy reacted by creating a top secret crisis-management committee known as ExCom (Executive Committee of the National Security Council), which for the next thirteen days monitored developments minute by minute. By the 19th, U-2 flights had provided ExCom with evidence of nine ballistic sites under construction. On October 22, Kennedy announced the imposition of an American blockade to enforce "a strict quarantine on all offensive military equipment under shipment to Cuba." For almost a week the world lived in the shadow of a nuclear Armageddon.[163]

The KGB residency in Washington played an active part in both creating and helping to resolve the missile crisis. In addition to collecting intelligence, the residency had been charged with two other tasks: providing a private channel of communication with the White House, and spreading disinformation during the installation of Soviet missiles in Cuba. The main vehicle for both was Georgi Nikitovich

Bolshakov, a KGB officer in Washington working under journalistic cover.[164] For over a year before the missile crisis, Bolshakov acted as what he called the "hot-line" and "secret communication channel between John Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev." After being introduced by an American journalist to the president's brother and close adviser, Robert Kennedy, in May 1961, the two men began fortnightly meetings.[165] Robert Kennedy seems never to have realized that Bolshakov, whose "honesty" impressed him, was a KGB officer. According to Kennedy:

> He was Khrushchev's representative. . . . Any time that he had some message to give to the President (or Khrushchev had) or when the President had some message to give to Khrushchev, we went through Georgi Bolshakov. . . . I met with him about all kinds of things.[166]

Bolshakov succeeded in persuading Robert Kennedy that he could short-circuit the ponderous protocol of official diplomacy, gain direct access to Khrushchev's thinking, and "speak straightly and frankly without resorting to the politickers' stock-in-trade propaganda stunts." According to Bolshakov, "both sides made the most" of the secret channel of communication he provided: "I must say that the Khrushchev-Kennedy dialogue gained in frankness and directness from message to message."[167]

During the run-up to the missile crisis, however, the main function of the KGB-run "hot line" was to help conceal the presence of intermediate-range Soviet missiles in Cuba until their installation was a fait accompli. On October 6, 1962, Bolshakov called on Robert Kennedy with another message from Khrushchev. Usually Bolshakov found Kennedy in his shirtsleeves with his top button undone and his necktie loosened. This time, however, the atmosphere was different:

> As distinct from our past meetings, my host wore a dark formal suit, and his unruly shock of hair was neatly combed and parted. His face bore an impassive expression. . . . Robert was dry and formal. Everything was meant to impart an official character to our meeting.

Bolshakov then delivered his message:

> Premier Khrushchev is concerned about the situation being built up by the United States around Cuba, and we repeat that the Soviet Union is supplying to Cuba exclusively defensive weapons intended for protecting the interests of the Cuban revolution.

Robert Kennedy asked Bolshakov to repeat the message slowly, wrote it down, and gave it to a secretary to type. "All right," he said, "I shall pass Premier Khrushchev's message on to the president, and he will communicate his reply through me, if necessary." Next day Bolshakov was invited to lunch by the journalist Charles Bartlett, a close friend of the president. Bartlett told him that John Kennedy wanted Khrushchev's message "in detail in writing, not in his brother's wording of it." Bolshakov repeated word for word what he had told Robert Kennedy. Bartlett wrote the message down and passed it to the president.[168] Nine days later John Kennedy was shown the U-2 photographs of the Soviet missile sites under construction in Cuba. The presidential adviser Theodore Sorensen later recalled:

> President Kennedy had come to rely on the Bolshakov channel for direct private information from Khrushchev, and he felt personally deceived. He *was* personally deceived.[169]

On October 24, Bartlett invited Bolshakov to the National Press Club in Washington, and showed him twenty U-2 photographs of the missile bases, still marked "For the President's Eyes Only" in the top right-hand corner. Bartlett asked Bolshakov: "What would you say to that, Georgi? I bet you know for certain that you have your missiles in Cuba." Bolshakov, by his own account, replied: "I have never seen such photographs, and have no idea of what they show. Baseball fields, perhaps?" Next day the photographs were made public. Bartlett phoned Bolshakov. According to Bolshakov's version of their conversation, he began:

> "Well, Georgi, do you have missiles in Cuba or don't you?"
>
> "We don't."
>
> "O.K., Bobby asked me to tell you that you do. Khrushchev said it today. The President has just received a telegram from Moscow."

This, claims Bolshakov, "came as a bolt from the blue."[170]

With Bolshakov discredited, Moscow selected a new "secret communication channel" to the White House. Bolshakov's successor was the KGB resident in Washington, Aleksandr Semyonovich Feklisov, who had made his reputation in the Center as a successful PR line officer in London in the late 1940s. As resident in Washington from 1960 to 1964, Feklisov used the alias Fomin.[171] At 2:30 P.M. on October 26 he called ABC's State Department correspondent (later U.S. ambassador to the United Nations), John Scali, who he knew had access to the White House. Feklisov seemed agitated. He asked Scali to meet him at the Occidental Restaurant on Pennsylvania Avenue in ten minutes' time.

At the Occidental he said he had an important message to pass on. In exchange for the removal of Soviet missiles, would the United States be willing to issue a public pledge not to invade Cuba? "Would you," he asked Scali, "check with your high State Department sources?" Feklisov and Scali met again at 7:35 P.M. in the coffeeshop at the Statler Hilton. Scali said he had consulted the secretary of State, Dean Rusk, who was interested in Feklisov's suggestion.

By then a long, emotional message had been received from Khrushchev, putting much the same proposal.[172] Though no formal bargain was ever struck, the proposal first made by Feklisov in the Occidental Restaurant formed the basis for the resolution of the crisis. On October 28, Khrushchev announced that all missile bases in Cuba were to be dismantled. In return the United States gave an assurance that it would not invade Cuba, and that Jupiter missiles in Turkey, nearing the end of their operational life, would be withdrawn. Despite these concessions, Khrushchev's gamble had ended in spectacular failure.

Khrushchev's main immediate problem in the aftermath of the missile crisis was dealing with an infuriated Fidel Castro, outraged that Moscow had settled the crisis without consulting him. The chief responsibility for pacifying him fell to the KGB resident-in-Havana-turned-ambassador, Aleksandr Shitov, who had succeeded in retaining Castro's friendship. Shitov later boasted in Moscow Center that he had become Castro's personal adviser during the missile crisis. Castro treated the embassy as his second home; he and Shitov would sometimes cook meals together in the embassy kitchen.[173]

Oleg Penkovsky, whose intelligence played a major role in both the origins and resolution of the Cuban missile crisis, was arrested just as the crisis was reaching its peak. The trail that eventually led the Second (Counterintelligence) Chief Directorate to Penkovsky began as the result of an episode during surveillance of the British embassy early in 1962. Until 1959 the KGB had believed that the major Western intelligence services risked direct contact with their Russian agents only outside the U.S.S.R. and used dead-letter boxes (DLBs) for all communications inside Russia. In October 1959, however, they arrested a GRU officer, Lieutenant Colonel Pyotr Popov, who had been recruited by the CIA in Vienna six years before and had since passed on intelligence to his case officer in Moscow by "brush contact" (when, for example, brushing past each other in the street).

As a result of the Popov case the head of the Second Chief Directorate, General Oleg Mikhailovich Gribanov, decided in 1960 to begin blanket surveillance of both the United States and British embassies for periods of several weeks twice a year. These enormous operations, which extended to diplomats' families, newspaper correspondents, and resident businessmen as well as embassy staff, employed surveillance teams mostly supplied by the KGB Seventh (Surveillance) Directorate, acting under instructions from the Second Chief Directorate.

Early in 1962 a surveillance group followed the wife of Penkovsky's SIS case officer in Moscow, Janet Chisholm, as she left the embassy to receive the latest set of films from Penkovsky. In the Arbat area of Moscow the Seventh Directorate watchers observed a brush contact between Mrs. Chisholm and an unidentified Russian. Two of the watchers tailed Mrs. Chisholm back to the embassy but, because of instructions to remain unobserved, did not stop her and demand the packet she had received. Two others tailed Penkovsky but lost him about twenty minutes later. From this moment on the Second Chief Directorate knew that SIS had a Moscow agent, and suspected that it might even be dealing with a major British spy ring, but still had no clues that pointed to Penkovsky.

Soon afterward, however, Penkovsky's overconfidence began his downfall. All GRU and KGB officers who visited Western embassies were required to go through the routine of clearing their visits with the Second Chief Directorate beforehand. Penkovsky attended a British embassy reception without bothering to do so. When the Second Chief Directorate complained, the head of the GRU, General Serov, who was one of Penkovsky's drinking companions, wrote a placatory letter on his behalf. While appearing to accept Serov's excuse, General Gribanov took the personal decision to place Penkovsky under surveillance at both his apartment and office. A remote-controlled camera positioned in the windowbox of a neighboring apartment caught him tuning his radio carefully, listening, and making notes.

During a visit in July 1962 by the British businessman Greville Wynne, whom SIS used as a courier, Penkovsky committed another breach of security. He visited Wynne in his room at the Hotel Ukraine, an act which was in itself sufficient to arouse the suspicions of the Second Chief Directorate. In Wynne's room he aroused further suspicion by putting on the radio and turning on the taps in the bathroom to mask their conversation. In fact, Gribanov's technical experts managed to decipher snatches of the conversation, which provided prima facie evidence of espionage.

At this point the Second Chief Directorate sent the family in the apartment above Penkovsky on holiday to the Black Sea, drilled a small hole in his ceiling, and inserted a pinhead camera "eye," which showed him using a Minox camera, code books, and one-time cipher pads. In order to make a detailed search of his apartment the Second Chief Directorate devised a plan for him to spend a few days away from home. KGB toxicologists smeared a poisonous substance on Penkovsky's chair, which made him briefly but violently ill. GRU doctors, who had been suitably briefed, explained to Penkovsky that he would require a few days' hospital treatment. During those few days the Second Chief Directorate discovered the usual paraphernalia of espionage in Penkovsky's flat. It did not immediately arrest him, however, in the belief that if he remained at liberty he would lead them to a larger spy ring.[174]

Sigint, assisted by KGB penetration of NSA and the U.S. embassy in Moscow, was probably the main Soviet intelligence source during the missile crisis. Afterward Khrushchev reportedly "complimented the GRU for having provided him with information from phone intercepts in Washington clarifying the events and discussions in official circles that led to the final resolution of the crisis."[175] Given the speed with which the crisis developed, however, and the secrecy surrounding ExCom's meetings, sigint is likely to have provided only very limited insight into the crucial decisions being made by the president and his small group of advisers. Moscow Center's urgent appeals to Feklisov, the Washington resident, seem to have produced little hard intelligence. Feklisov's main source in Washington during the missile crisis bore some resemblance to Penkovsky. He was a U.S. military intelligence officer, code-named Sasha, recruited by Mikhail Aleksandrovich Shalyapin in 1959 while he was stationed with American forces in Germany. Sasha was a mercenary agent, whose affair with an expensive German mistress had run him into debt. In return for money from the KGB he initially provided what Yuri Nosenko later described as "trunkloads" of military intelligence documents. Sasha was stationed in Washington in 1962 but had no access to ExCom papers and was unable to supply more than low-level intelligence.[176]

Though Sasha survived the missile crisis, Penkovsky did not. Just as the crisis was reaching its climax, the pinhead camera in Penkovsky's ceiling showed him handling a forged passport. Fearing that an escape plan was about to be put into effect, Gribanov decided to make an immediate arrest. SIS and the CIA did not discover Penkovsky's arrest until November 2. On that date a mark left on a Moscow lamppost indicated to the CIA station that Penkovsky had left material for collection in a dead-letter box (DLB). The CIA officer who went to collect it, however, was promptly arrested by the KGB and claimed diplomatic immunity.

His arrest triggered a somewhat comic bureaucratic rivalry within the Second Chief Directorate. Until the CIA officer arrived at the DLB, the KGB had wrongly believed that Penkovsky was run solely by SIS rather than as part of a joint operation with the CIA. His case was thus handled by the Second (British, Canadian, and Australasian) Department of the Second Chief Directorate, which refused to take the First (American) Department into its confidence. The Second Department officer, who arrested the CIA officer, at first refused to believe that he was American and insisted that he must be British. When the bemused CIA officer established his identity, the Second Department was forced, to its immense chagrin, to share the winding-up of the Penkovsky case with the rival First.

Penkovsky was brutally tortured during a prolonged interrogation, sentenced to death at a show trial in May 1963, and shot.[177] His discovery led to the disgrace of his drinking companion General Serov, former chairman of the KGB. After Penkovsky's arrest Serov was dismissed as head of the GRU. Soon afterward, following a heavy drinking bout, he blew his brains out in a back alley in the Moscow Arbat. The only mention of his death was a brief press notice signed by an anonymous group of former comrades.[178]

12

The Brezhnev Era: The East, the Third World, and the West (1964–72/73)

By 1964, Khrushchev had alienated most members of the Presidium. The Cuban missile crisis was resented as a Soviet humiliation. After the poor harvest of 1963, Khrushchev was forced to use precious gold and hard-currency reserves to buy grain from the West, turning Russia into a net importer for almost the first time. Thenceforth, one of the tasks of the KGB was to monitor the international grain markets.[1] But the main source of discontent was Khrushchev's constant reorganization of the Party and state apparatus, which unsettled both his colleagues and thousands of *apparatchiks.* Among the most active plotters assisting his enemies on the Presidium were Shelepin and his protégé Semichastny, who arranged for the bugging of Khrushchev's private telephone lines. Khrushchev's son Sergei later complained: "Hitherto I had always assumed that the KGB and the other special services were there to help us. Suddenly . . . it was no longer the great protector but the great shadower, knowing our every move."

With the KGB's help, the plotters achieved a substantial element of surprise. When Khrushchev left for a holiday on the Black Sea in the autumn of 1964, he was seen off by smiling colleagues. On October 13, he was suddenly recalled to Moscow for an urgent meeting of the Presidium. Instead of being greeted by the usual welcoming party at the airport, he was met only by Semichastny and a senior security officer from the KGB. According to Khrushchev's son, Semichastny's expression was tense. He leaned toward Khrushchev and said in an undertone, "They've all gathered in the Kremlin and are waiting for you." "Let's go!" replied Khrushchev.[2]

Semichastny later claimed that several of Khrushchev's colleagues had suggested arresting him, but the Presidium had decided against it. Instead it was decided, if necessary, to confront him with evidence of his role in Stalin's purges in the Ukraine. Another of the plotters, Yuri Andropov, explained to a member of the Central Committee: "If Khrushchev is stubborn, we shall show him documents that bear his signature about arrests that took place between 1935 and 1937."[3] Khrushchev, however, quickly accepted the inevitable. In return for going quietly and contributing to the most orderly succession since the Revolution, he was allowed to keep his apartment on the Lenin Hills, his dacha, and his car, and given a pension of 500 rubles a month. Khrushchev's "resignation" was attributed in the Soviet press to "advanced age and poor health." Thereafter, he became officially almost an unperson, not mentioned again in the press until 1970 when *Pravda* published a brief note recording the death of N. S. Khrushchev, whom it described simply as a pensioner.[4]

For their part in Khrushchev's downfall Shelepin and Semichastny were both rewarded with immediate promotion. Shelepin became a full member of the Presidium without serving the usual apprenticeship as a candidate (nonvoting) member. Semichastny was coopted as a full member of the Central Committee. The real victor, however, was Khrushchev's successor as first secretary, Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev. Probably seen initially by most of the Presidium as an interim appointment, Brezhnev became the longest-serving of all Soviet leaders save Stalin. Although under Gorbachev the Brezhnev years were to be christened "the era of stagnation," in the mid-sixties the conservative majority in the Party *apparat* saw them as an era of stability after the unpredictable experiments and job insecurity of the Khrushchev decade. Between 1956 and 1961 Khrushchev had replaced more than two-thirds of provincial *(oblast)* Party secretaries and half the Central Committee. Brezhnev adopted the maxim "stability of cadres": in effect, job security for party functionaries. The era of stability in the 1960s became an era of gerontocracy in the 1970s. Between 1966, when the Presidium reverted to the old title Politburo, and Brezhnev's death in 1982, the average age of its members rose from fifty-six to sixty-eight.

Even those dismissed from leading positions in the Party could usually count on moving to less prestigious posts in the nomenklatura and keeping their dachas, cars, and other privileges.[5]

Though Stalin himself was at best partially rehabilitated after Khrushchev's fall, de-Stalinization came to an abrupt halt. Actively supported by Shelepin, Semichastny began an onslaught on Soviet dissidents, whom both saw as part of a Western-inspired plan for "ideological subversion." Among Russian intellectuals, Semichastny was already notorious for his denunciation of Boris Pasternak after the publication of *Doctor Zhivago* in the West in 1958: "Even a pig does not shit where it eats." In September 1965, Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel, two writers who had been pallbearers at Pasternak's funeral in 1960 and, like him, had dared to publish "subversive" stories in the West, were arrested on Semichastny's orders. At a show trial in February 1966, whose transcript proved too embarrassing to be published officially, Sinyavsky was sentenced to seven years in labor camp and Daniel to five for "anti-Soviet propaganda." Semichastny allegedly declared that his aim was to arrest a thousand intellectuals *pour encourager les autres.*[6] The fears expressed by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, though perhaps exaggerated, accurately reflect the forebodings of the time. "We can say with near certainty," he wrote later, "that what was planned was an abrupt return to Stalin, with 'Iron Shurik' Shelepin in the lead."[7]

The days of both Shelepin and Semichastny, however, were numbered. Shelepin's unmistakable ambition, combined with his power as the Central Committee secretary responsible for the "organs of control," with his protégé Semichastny at the head of the KGB, aroused the anxiety of both Brezhnev and most of the Politburo. The improbable immediate cause of Semichastny's downfall was Stalin's daughter, Svetlana Alliluyeva, who was allowed to leave the country at the end of 1966 to attend the funeral of her third husband, an Indian Communist, and then defected. Blamed within the Soviet leadership for allowing Svetlana's defection, Semichastny then compounded his initial error of judgment by ordering an ill-advised kidnap attempt, which instead of bringing Svetlana back to Russia led to the exposure of a KGB strong-arm man, Vasili Fyodorovich Sanko, sent to New York to track her down. Thirteen years earlier he had tried unsuccessfully to bundle Evdokia Petrova onto a plane back to the Soviet Union after her husband defected in Australia.[8] When Semichastny's replacement was first proposed in March 1967, Shelepin managed to defend him. In

May, the issue came before the Politburo again while Shelepin was in a hospital for an emergency appendix operation. This time Brezhnev had successfully settled the matter beforehand. According to S. Sokolov, who was summoned to a meeting with senior Politburo members to be informed of the decision "to release Semichastny from his job" (the traditional formula for dismissal), "No discussion at all took place . . . All Brezhnev did was to appeal to the other members of the Politburo, saying, There's no need to discuss it, there's no need to discuss it." In accordance with Brezhnev's policy of offering consolation prizes when sacking senior members of the nomenklatura, Semichastny was shunted off to the Ukraine to become one of the deputy chairmen of the Council of Ministers with special responsibility for sports.

On his return from the hospital in June, Shelepin found himself demoted from his powerful position as Central Committee secretary responsible for the organs of control (including the KGB) to the chairmanship of the All-Union Central Council of Trade Unions.[9] On arriving at his spacious new office, Shelepin found that his predecessor, Viktor Grishin, had what Zhores Medvedev euphemistically describes as "a specially equipped massage parlor" in an adjoining room. Shelepin was outraged that, despite Grishin's libidinous behavior in office hours, he had been promoted to become first secretary of the Moscow Party Committee, and made it his business to circulate stories about him. "Brezhnev," writes Zhores Medvedev, "was tolerant in such matters as long as the offender was personally loyal to him."[10]

The main beneficiary of the sidelining of Shelepin and the removal of Semichastny was Yuri Andropov, who became the new chairman of the KGB. Two of Brezhnev's protégés, Semyon Konstantinovich Tsvigun and Viktor Mikhailovich Chebrikov (a future chairman), became deputy chairmen. The main purpose of Andropov's appointment, Brezhnev told Sokolov, was "to bring the KGB closer to the Central Committee." Since leaving Budapest in 1957, Andropov had been head of the Central Committee Department for Relations with Communist and Workers Parties of Socialist Countries. He was both the first senior Party official brought in to head the KGB and the first KGB chairman since Beria with a seat on the Politburo, initially as candidate (nonvoting) member, then from 1973 as full member.

Andropov's appointment, it has been said, "marked the completion of an evolution which had been going on since Stalin's death: the rapprochement of Party and KGB to the point where they functioned almost as two branches of the same organization." But though the Party leadership achieved Brezhnev's aim of establishing a secure dominance over the KGB, it did so "at the cost of absorbing much of its outlook on the world."[12] Andropov became the longest-serving and politically the most successful of all heads of the KGB, crowning his fifteen years as chairman by succeeding Brezhnev as general secretary in 1982.

Andropov's first major challenge as KGB chairman came in Czechoslovakia. Khrushchev's son-in-law, Aleksei Adzhubei, though an admirer of Andropov's handling of the Hungarian Revolution of 1956, noted that it "left a brutal mark on his outlook to eastern Europe."[13] Yet the experience of his years in Budapest and the role played by Rákosi's "goulash Stalinism" in provoking the revolution also persuaded him of the need for flexibility. Gordievsky was told that soon after his arrival at Moscow Center Andropov had told the First Chief Directorate: "Only by being flexible can we avoid a repetition of 1956." Khrushchev had drawn the same conclusion, ordering greater consideration for the national pride of the people's democracies. He banned the KGB from spying in Eastern Europe and ordered it to liaise with, rather than try to run, the local intelligence and security services.

In the mid-1960s, the more relaxed policy toward the Soviet Bloc seemed to be working. The Hungarian Party leader, János Kádár, installed after the 1956 Revolution, had built up a high reputation in the Center, constantly reassuring Moscow about the stability of his regime, and the unsubversive nature of his economic reforms. He was supported by the AVH and young careerists in the Hungarian Socialist Workers (Communist) Party, who believed in working within the system.

Such anxieties about Eastern Europe as existed in Moscow Center when Andropov became chairman centered on Rumania. Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, secretary general of the Rumanian Communist Party from 1944 to 1965, had been trained as an NKVD agent in the 1930s. The MGB chief adviser in Bucharest from 1949 to 1953, Aleksandr Sakharovsky, approved his zeal in rooting out Titoist and Zionist agents. As head of the First Chief Directorate, however, Sakharovsky was much less content with the nationalist tendencies of Gheorghiu-Dej's successor, Nicolae Ceauşescu. Like a number of other Soviet officials concerned with Eastern Europe, he criticized Khrushchev's decision to withdraw Soviet troops from Rumania in 1958 as a serious error of judgment.

Ironically, there was far less concern about Czechoslovakia. Gordievsky was later told by a veteran Czechoslovak expert at the Center, Anatoli Aleksandrovich Rusakov, that in 1956 several analysts in the First Chief Directorate had predicted that within a few years Prague would follow the counterrevolutionary example set by Budapest. When it failed to do so and Czechoslovakia became fairly prosperous by the standards of the Soviet bloc, the Center was lulled into a false sense of security. The replacement of the aging neo-Stalinist first secretary of the Czechoslovak Party, Antonín Novotný, by the forty-six-year-old Alexander Dubček in January 1968 was initially welcomed in both the Center and the Kremlin. Dubček had spent most of his childhood in the Soviet Union, graduating with honors from the Moscow Higher Party School in 1958. He was known within the KGB as "our Sasha." When the Czechoslovakian reform program began, the Eleventh (East European) Department in the First Chief Directorate at first concluded that "our Sasha" was being cleverly manipulated by "bourgeois elements" in the Czechoslovak Party. When it became clear that Dubček was one of the moving forces behind the Prague Spring, there was a sense of personal betrayal in both the Kremlin and the Center.[14] According to an eyewitness account of the meeting between Brezhnev and Dubček after the Soviet invasion in August:

> ". . . From the very beginning, I wanted to help you in your struggle against Novotný," Brezhnev told Dubček. ". . . I believed you, I defended you," he reproached Dubček. "I said that our Sasha was a good comrade. And you let us down so horribly!" As he said this, Brezhnev's voice trembled with sorrow and broke; he seemed to be on the verge of bursting into tears.[15]

Unlike Nagy in 1956, Dubček made it clear that his government had no intention either of leaving the Warsaw Pact or of abandoning socialism. But Moscow calculated, no doubt correctly, that the "socialism with a human face" being propounded in Prague would, sooner or later, do irreparable damage to the leading role of the Communist Party.

The first major consequence of the Prague Spring at Moscow Center was the suspension of the rule forbidding KGB espionage in the people's democracies.[16] The chief KGB adviser in Prague, General

Kotov, obtained from the hardline head of the StB, Josef Houska, photograph copies of the personnel files of all his officers. Though the reforming minister of the interior, General Josef Pavel, was one of the KGB's bêtes noires, his deputy, Viliam Šalgovič, was recruited as a KGB agent. For a time during the Prague Spring, Šalgovič lodged at Houska's villa, thus enabling him to meet KGB officers regularly without attracting the attention of Dubček loyalists in the ministry. Jan Bokr, a senior Interior Ministry official also recruited by the KGB, enabled the KGB to monitor telephone conversations in the ministry. Listening devices were also installed in the homes of leading reformers. The intelligence thus obtained was used after the Warsaw Pact invasion to arrest StB officers and others loyal to the Dubček regime.[17]

Moscow Center also sent about thirty illegals living in the West to travel to Czechoslovakia posing as Western tourists. Among them was Gordievsky's brother, Vasilko Antonovich Gordievsky, traveling on a West German passport. Czechoslovak "counterrevolutionaries," the Center believed, would be much franker in revealing their subversive plans to those they believed came from the West than to their neighbors in Eastern Europe. The cryptanalysts of the Eighth Directorate provided, in addition, a continuous flow of sigint derived from decrypting Czechoslovak diplomatic traffic.[18]

Once again, the success of KGB intelligence collection was undermined by a failure of intelligence analysis. The Center's ideological blinkers rendered it incapable of interpreting opposition except in terms of plots and conspiracies. And behind all conspiracies in Eastern Europe, whether real or imagined, it saw the hand of the West in general and of its intelligence services in particular.[19] Western intelligence, it believed, was once again using Zionist agents. KGB agents within the Czechoslovak Interior Ministry were ordered to report on all officials of Jewish origin.[20] Though well aware that most of the evidence of Western conspiracy put on public display was fabricated, the KGB had no doubt about the reality of the plot.

As so frequently before, the Center discounted all intelligence that ran counter to its conspiracy theories. Some of the most important of that intelligence during the Prague Spring came from Washington, where the dynamic thirty-four-year-old head of the PR (political intelligence) line, Oleg Danilovich Kalugin, gained access to what he claimed were "absolutely reliable documents" proving that neither the CIA, nor any other American agency, was prompting the political changes in Czechoslovakia. He reported that, on the contrary, the Prague Spring had taken Washington largely by surprise. His success in the United States launched him on a career that, six years later, was to make him the youngest general in the FCD. But in 1968 his reports were brushed aside. On returning to Moscow, Kalugin was "amazed" to discover that the Center had ordered that "my messages should not be shown to anyone, and destroyed." Instead, "The KGB whipped up the fear that Czechoslovakia could fall victim to NATO aggression or to a coup."[21] For all his sophistication, Andropov, like all his predecessors as KGB chairman, was a conspiracy theorist. He told KGB Komsomol members in October 1968, two months after the Soviet invasion, that "the shift of the correlation of forces in favor of socialism" inevitably led to Western attempts to undermine its successes:

> The enemy gives direct and indirect support to counterrevolutionary elements, engages in ideological sabotage, establishes all sorts of anti-Socialist, anti-Soviet and other hostile organizations and seeks to fan the flames of nationalism. Graphic confirmation of this is offered by the events in Czechoslovakia, where that country's working people, supported by the fraternal international assistance of the peoples of the nations of the Socialist community, resolutely nipped in the bud an attempt by counterrevolutionaries to turn Czechoslovakia off the Socialist path.[22]

Evidence of the monitoring by Western intelligence services of the reform process in Czechoslovakia was interpreted by Andropov as proof of their role in promoting the Prague Spring. On July 19, *Pravda* published extracts from an alleged CIA plan for the "ideological sabotage" of Czechoslovakia as a prelude to the "liberation of East Germany and Czechoslovakia," laying heavy emphasis on "penetration of Czechoslovakia's state security agencies, military intelligence, and her counter-intelligence services." Though the plan itself was fabricated by Department A (responsible for "active measures") of the First Chief Directorate, the Center's alarm at the effect of the Prague Spring on the StB and its alliance with the KGB was entirely genuine. In June, Pavel, the interior minister, began a purge of the StB and replaced Houska with a Dubček loyalist. Next month Pavel revealed publicly that six KGB liaison officers were attached to his office. If the Prague Spring continued, their days were clearly numbered.[23]

Simultaneously, a series of articles by Karel Kaplan, chief researcher for the official Piller Commission investigating the political trials of the 1950s, disclosed that KGB "advisers" during the trials had acted independently of the Czechoslovak authorities. Piller is said to have warned party leaders that his commission's report would contain such "shocking facts that its distribution could seriously shake the authority of the Party and some of its chief representatives." Though publication of the report was postponed, the Dubček leadership is believed to have accepted in principle the commission's recommendation to disband the political police. The Czechoslovak prime minister, Oldřich Černík, later claimed that Moscow's fears of declining Party influence in the security and armed forces, amplified by alarmist reports from Soviet advisers, were "the drop which made the cup brim over."[24]

Andropov was probably not a member of the inner circle of perhaps five Politburo members (Brezhnev, Kosygin, Podgorny, Suslov, and Shelest) who emerged as the main decision makers during the Czechoslovak crisis. The alarmist intelligence assessments provided by the KGB nonetheless played an important role. The inner circle of decision makers was initially divided and uncertain. Kosygin and Suslov urged caution; Shelest was probably the earliest advocate of armed intervention; Brezhnev tended to go along with the majority.[25] Andropov's warnings of the rapid progress of a large-scale imperialist plot to undermine Party control of Czechoslovak security had at least some influence on the final decision to opt for an invasion rather than less violent methods of coercion. Gromyko continued to insist until his death in 1989, the year in which the Warsaw Pact finally apologized for the invasion, that "Of course, outside help was also given to the enemies of the new [i.e., Communist] Czechoslovakia in much the same way as had happened in Hungary in 1956." He included in his memoirs bizarre details of alleged preparations for a coup d'état, which may well have derived from alarmist intelligence reports in 1968:

> At fixed times, mostly at night, house numbers, and in some cases also street names, were changed. This was evidence that the enemies of the new Czechoslovakia were getting ready in good time and with care.[26]

Possibly even more important in influencing the decision to launch an invasion than alarmist reports of Western-supported plots were overoptimistic KGB intelligence assessments of the strength of Czechoslovak Party and working-class support for the replacement of the Dubček leadership. The KGB also fabricated most of the evidence of imperialist plots used to justify invasion. The thirty-odd KGB illegals posing as Western tourists were instructed to put up inflammatory posters and slogans calling for the overthrow of Communism and withdrawal from the Warsaw Pact. Gordievsky's brother also told him that the KGB had been behind the planting and discovery of arms caches, which *Pravda* instantly denounced as evidence of preparations for an armed insurrection by Sudeten revanchists. The East German Party newspaper *Neues Deutschland* went one better and published photographs of American troops and tanks inside Czechoslovakia. The origin of the photographs—never admitted in the East German press—was an American war film then being made in Bohemia with the assistance of Czech soldiers dressed in 1945 U.S. uniforms and tanks painted with U.S. markings provided by the Czechoslovak Army in return for payment in hard currency. According to the First Chief Directorate's veteran Czech expert, Anatoli Rusakov, who was in Prague in 1968, he and the KGB advisers had serious reservations about the provocation operations ordered by the Center, fearing that the risks of discovery were unacceptably high. Gordievsky's brother was equally nervous about the provocations he and the other KGB illegals were asked to undertake.[27]

The timing of the invasion by the Red Army, supported by contingents from other members of the Warsaw Pact, on the night of August 20–21, 1968, was dictated by the desire to preempt the meeting of the September Party Congress, which, in the Soviet view, was likely to democratize Czechoslovak Communism beyond repair. Just before the invasion, the Center discovered that the daughter of Vasili Bil'ak, one of the minority of hardliners in the Czechoslovak Presidium on whom it was counting to succeed Dubček, was studying in Britain. It sent an urgent message to the London resident, Yuri Nikolayevich Voronin, asking him to ensure that his residency tracked her down and persuaded her to return. By the time the invasion began, Miss Bil'ak was back in Czechoslovakia.[28]

The main military objectives of the invasion were achieved in less than twenty-four hours. Beginning at 11 P.M. on Tuesday, August 20, units of the Twenty-fourth Soviet Tactical Air Army took control of the main Czechoslovak airports and guided in hundreds of Antonov transport planes carrying troops and tanks. Simultaneously, Soviet and Warsaw Pact forces crossed the Czechoslovak borders in the north, east, and south, and sealed the border with West Germany. By the morning of Wednesday, August 21, the Czechoslovak army, which attempted no organized resistance, had been neutralized, and the country's road and communications networks were under Soviet control. Dubček and most of the leading reformers in the Czechoslovak Presidium were arrested by a group of StB and KGB officers headed by Lieutenant Colonel Bohumil Molnar, transported across the Soviet border, and interned in KGB barracks in the Carpathian Mountains. The KGB agent Josef Houska was swiftly reinstalled as head of the StB.[29]

During the invasion itself, the KGB performed less well than the Red Army. Its armed units, which accompanied Soviet regular forces, with instructions to carry out Smersh-style operations designed to identify and neutralize counterrevolutionary opposition, were poorly trained and performed badly.[30] Red Army soldiers, who had been told that the Czechoslovak people had requested their fraternal assistance, were bewildered when the same people swarmed around their tanks, told them they were not wanted, and appealed to them to go home. For several days underground radio stations continued to denounce the invasion. On August 22, there was a one-hour general strike accompanied by massive, and mostly peaceful, demonstrations throughout Czechoslovakia.

The most serious error of both the KGB and the Soviet ambassador in Prague, Stepan Vasilyevich Chervonenko, was to exaggerate wildly the potential support for intervention within both the Czechoslovak Party and the working class. Their mistakes derived partly from the traditional Bolshevik inability to grasp the reality of working-class opposition to a Bolshevik regime, and partly from appeals for help from Bil'ak and other hardliners who were aware that, without Soviet intervention, their own political careers would soon be finished. The Soviet Politburo decided on military intervention in the belief that it would be instantly legitimized by an urgent request from a majority of the Czechoslovak Presidium for "fraternal assistance" to put down counterrevolution, followed by the constitution of a new revolutionary workers' and peasants' government, which would purge the supporters of the Prague Spring. But the hardliners' attempt to gain Presidium support for such a request failed and no quisling government was formed.

Faced with the unexpected lack of a Czechoslovak Kádár, the Politburo was forced into a change of tack. Late on August 22, it concluded that there was no alternative to negotiating with the existing Party leadership.[31] After talks in Moscow, Dubček and the reformers were allowed to return to Prague, but saddled with an agreement that forced them to "normalize" the situation to the Kremlin's satisfaction. In October, Dubček was summoned back to Moscow to sign a treaty allowing the permanent stationing of Soviet troops in Czechoslovakia to guard against the imaginary "mounting revanchist ambitions of West German militarist forces."[32] With Dubček's replacement as first secretary by the devious careerist Gustáv Husák in April 1969, the Prague Spring gave way to a Soviet-imposed winter, which was to endure for twenty years.

One of the reasons for the KGB's alarm at the Prague Spring was the support for it by Andrei Sakharov and other Soviet intellectuals. There was a small but unprecedented demonstration in Red Square against the Soviet invasion, quickly crushed by the KGB. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn later described the two days after the invasion as "of crucial importance to me":

> In those two days I was once again choosing a destiny for myself. My heart wanted one thing: to write something brief, a variation on Herzen's famous phrase: *I am ashamed to be Soviet!*[33]

In the weeks and months that followed the Soviet invasion Gordievsky was also "choosing a destiny for himself." The Soviet one-party state, he was now convinced, was by its very nature destructive of human liberties. He spent much of the next few years pondering how best to make his own contribution to the struggle for democracy. In the summer of 1968, few Soviet intellectuals sided publicly with the Prague Spring, but both the KGB and the Party apparatus were concerned by the level of sympathy for it. It took a full month for *Sovetskaya Kultura* to find seven national artists willing to sign a denunciation of one of the most celebrated radical manifestos of the Prague Spring, Ludvík Vaculík's "2,000 Words," published in June 1968. In July, the Propaganda Department of the Central Committee issued a directive emphasizing the urgent need to instill "ideological conviction among the Soviet intelligentsia."[34]

Andropov, noted Aleksei Adzhubei, "never gave himself over to a mood of panic, and still less to one of panic mongering. Yet . . . he thought that one could not be good humored when ideological mouths were blabbing. He spoke harshly about many writers, actors and producers."[35] Stories planted among foreign journalists by the

KGB gradually built up an image of Andropov for strictly Western consumption as, to quote *Time* and *Newsweek,* "a closet liberal" who "speaks English well," "collects big-band records and relaxes with American novels," and "sought friendly discussions with dissident protesters."[36] Andropov's distinguishing characteristic, however, was not sympathy with dissent but greater sophistication in suppressing it. In the wake of the Prague Spring he set up a new Fifth Directorate to study and crack down on dissent of all forms. Specialized departments within the Directorate were responsible for the surveillance of intellectuals, students, nationalists from ethnic minorities, religious believers, and Jews.[37]

Instead of being subjected to botched show trials like those of Sinyavsky and Daniel, dissidents were dispatched to mental hospitals, where the Fifth Directorate's tame psychiatrists, such as the infamous Dr. D. R. Lunts of Moscow's Serbsky Institute for Forensic Psychiatry, diagnosed "creeping schizophrenia" and "paranoid reformist delusions." Once certified insane, dissidents lost what remained of their civil rights and were abused with whatever drugs Lunts and his colleagues chose to prescribe. The abuse of psychiatry, however, was based on conviction rather than mere expediency: the belief generated by the one-party Soviet state that the only legitimate values were those of the Party and that dissenters from those values were—in the words of Andropov's successor as KGB chairman, Vitali Fedorchuk—"abnormal psyches" who needed to be "reeducated." To avoid the international opprobrium of certifying as insane men as well known in the West as Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, some of the most prominent dissenters were gradually forced to emigrate.[38]

The shock of the Prague Spring influenced the policy of the Kremlin and the KGB to Eastern Europe for the next twenty years. For the first time, the restricted sovereignty of the people's democracies was formally spelled out in the "Brezhnev Doctrine" of September 1968, which insisted that while each had the right to take its "own separate road to socialism," the policies adopted by them "must damage neither socialism in their own country nor the fundamental interests of the other socialist countries, or the worldwide workers' movement which is waging a struggle for socialism." If such "damage" did occur in any people's democracy, the doctrine clearly implied that the other socialist states, led by the Soviet Union, had, as in Czechoslovakia, an "internationalist duty" to "act in resolute opposition to the antisocialist forces."

In the immediate aftermath of the invasion the StB showed itself anxious to restore its reputation in Moscow by carrying out an energetic purge of Czechoslovak "antisocialist forces" in close collaboration with its KGB liaison officers. All the one and a half million Party members were questioned about their behavior during the Prague Spring: about a third were expelled or left the Party. Similar purges took place in the universities, the media, and other professions. The organizations most closely connected with the Prague Spring, such as the Writers' Union and the Academy of Sciences' Institute of Philosophy, were closed down or merged with more orthodox bodies. Yet a lingering unease remained in Moscow Center. A detailed study of the Prague Spring by the Eleventh (Soviet Bloc) Department of the First Chief Directorate concluded that speeches made during that period by both Gustáv Husák and President Ludvík Svoboda were "not consistent" with their later protestations of ideological orthodoxy. Lubomír Štrougal, who became prime minister in January 1970, was regarded as the most senior of a series of covert Dubčekists who had somehow hung on to their jobs. Moscow would have preferred either Vasili Bil'ak or his fellow hardliner Alois Indra to replace Husák as first secretary but concluded that both were so unpopular that their appointment would carry serious political risks.[39]

"Betrayal" by Dubček ("Our Sasha") in 1968, following the earlier "betrayals" by Tito, Nagy, Mao Zedong, Hoxha (who sided with Mao), and other foreign Communist leaders left a lingering sense of insecurity toward Eastern Europe in both the Kremlin and Moscow Center. By the 1970s, East European leaders were commonly divided by the Center into five categories: "nationalists," with an insufficient grasp of their internationalist duties; "revisionists," with latent pro-Western tendencies; the "unpredictable," who oscillated between Soviet loyalism and flirtation with the West; the "pro-Soviet but ineffective"; the "pro-Soviet and effective," but without much domestic support. Even during the Brezhnev era, Gordievsky heard a series of private outbursts in the Center and KGB residencies to the effect that "Underneath they'll always be anti-Soviet as well as unreliable and expensive allies. We'd do better to have done with the lot of them."[40] Under Brezhnev such a policy was never regarded as realistic even by those who uttered it in private, but the growing disillusion with Eastern Europe was one of the long-term causes of the abandonment by the Kremlin in 1989 of the Brezhnev Doctrine of 1968.

* * *

The Communist state that caused most consistent concern to the Kremlin and the KGB during the Brezhnev era was the People's Republic of China (PRC). When Khrushchev recalled the thousands of Soviet advisers from the PRC in 1960, most of the KGB left as well, leaving behind only a small residency in Beijing. Over the next few years most China specialists in both the Foreign Ministry and the KGB tried desperately to transfer to other work, believing a continuing reputation as Sinologists would blight their careers. The U.S.S.R. and the PRC initially attacked each other by proxy, Moscow denouncing Albanian hardliners, Beijing condemning Yugoslav revisionists. Then in 1964, just as China was testing its first atomic bomb, the conflict became public. Though most of the world's Communist Parties remained pro-Soviet, the majority of those in Asia sided with China.

By the mid-sixties China had become a major KGB concern. Sinologists who had earlier given up Chinese affairs returned to their former area of expertise. New China specialists were drafted into the KGB and a large residency was built up in Beijing.[41] The beginning in 1966 of the Cultural Revolution (officially "A Full-Scale Revolution to Establish a Working-Class Culture") increased further the priority accorded to Chinese intelligence. In an extraordinary attempt to refashion Chinese society on a utopian revolutionary model, Mao Zedong unleashed a general terror. Millions of young Red Guards were urged to root out bourgeois and revisionist tendencies wherever they found them. The Kremlin was denounced as "the biggest traitors and renegades in history."

As during the Soviet Great Terror thirty years before, most of the enemies of the people unmasked and persecuted by the Red Guards had committed only imaginary crimes. And as in Stalin's Russia the bloodletting was accompanied by a repellent form of Emperor worship. Mao was universally hailed as the "Great Helmsman," "the Reddest Red Sun in Our Hearts." Each day began with a "loyalty dance." "You put your hand to your head and then to your heart, and you danced a jig—to show that your heart and mind were filled with boundless love for Chairman Mao," one Party member later recalled.[42] Rival factions outdid one another in terrorizing the Great Helmsman's imaginary enemies, each claiming to be more Maoist than the others.

The KGB found intelligence collection in China during the Cultural Revolution more difficult and dangerous than anywhere else in the world. Diplomatic sigint seems to have provided little insight into the course of the Revolution. Recruiting Chinese officials as agents proved virtually impossible. Contact with them was minimal and closely supervised. The spy mania and xenophobia of the Red Guards made it difficult even for diplomats to walk around Beijing. Owners of foreign books were forced to crawl on their knees in shame; those caught listening to foreign broadcasts were sent to prison. As an official Chinese report later acknowledged: "The ability to speak a foreign language or a past visit to a foreign country became 'evidence' of being a 'secret agent' for that country."[43] The road leading to the beleaguered Soviet embassy was renamed "Anti-Revisionist Lane." The families of Soviet diplomats and KGB officers were manhandled as they left Beijing airport in 1967.

The best firsthand reporting to reach Moscow from Beijing came from KGB officers of Mongolian or Central Asian extraction, who, when suitably dressed, could pass as Chinese. They were smuggled out of the Soviet embassy compound after dark in the trunks of diplomatic cars and let out at some deserted location. Then they merged with the vast crowds roaming a city festooned with slogans, reading the day's wall posters, attending political rallies, purchasing "little newspapers," with news from Shanghai, Chungking, or Sinkiang. Larger numbers of KGB illegals, also mostly of Mongolian or Central Asian origin, were infiltrated across the Chinese border from bases in Alma Ata, Irkutsk, and Khabarovsk.

None had access to sources able to provide much insight into high-level policy making.[44] The intelligence KGB officers gathered at the grassroots during the Cultural Revolution gave a cumulative picture of a country sinking into chaos and terror. Elderly workers, sometimes shy of putting their writing on public display in a country where calligraphy is highly prized, would place their paper and ink on the ground, contemplate the blank sheet as a crowd assembled around them, and begin to set down some local grievance in a clumsy script.

Many of the wall poster campaigns, however, were concerted. Late in 1967, posters began attacking the head of state, Liu Shaoqi. After he was jailed in the following year, more than 22,000 people were arrested as his alleged sympathizers. Even a night-soil collector, who had been photographed being congratulated by Liu at a model workers' conference, was paraded through the streets with a placard around his neck, and maltreated until he lost his reason. Wall posters appeared calling for the prime minister, Zhou Enlai, to be burned alive (even though he had publicly denounced Liu as "renegade, traitor and scab"), but were then hurriedly covered over.

Acting on the principle that "Revolutionaries' children are heroes, reactionaries' children are lice," Red Guards killed one of Liu's sons by placing him across a railway track. Deng Xiaoping, Party general secretary and "the Number Two person in authority taking the capitalist road," was sent to do manual labor but—probably on Mao's personal instructions—allowed to survive. His eldest son, Deng Pufang, a physics student, was thrown from a second-floor window at Beijing University. No student dared to come to his aid; no doctor was willing to operate on him. He was paralyzed from the waist down.

The brutality of the Cultural Revolution shocked even KGB officers who had experienced the Second World War and seen the gulag at firsthand. The Red Guards in Inner Mongolia, probably no more brutal than most, employed seventy-five different tortures, each with its own special name. Dissidents who were thought likely to shout seditious slogans before their executions commonly had their windpipes cut and steel tubes inserted through the open wound into their throats to enable them to breathe but not to speak as they were led to the execution ground. Perhaps thirty million Chinese were persecuted during the Cultural Revolution; about a million (far fewer than the victims of Stalin's Great Terror) were killed.[45]

Moscow Center's main China expert, General Mikhail Markovich Turchak, who later became resident in Beijing from 1976 to 1981, told Gordievsky that during the Cultural Revolution the KGB had been a more productive and more influential supplier of Chinese news and intelligence to the Kremlin than the foreign ministry. But, fed with a relentless series of reports of chaos and atrocity from the KGB residency in Beijing and KGB illegals who had no access to high-level Party officials, the Center misread the situation. It interpreted the Cultural Revolution not as a convulsion in the life of a one-party Communist state, which, for all its horrendous brutality, was ultimately less homicidal than Stalin's Terror, but as a peculiarly Chinese descent into bloodthirsty oriental barbarism. Mao's heretical regime, predicted the First Chief Directorate, would degenerate into an aggressive Asian tyranny intent on reclaiming the large tracts of territory ceded to Tsarist Russia under the "unequal treaties" of the nineteenth century.

The border clashes in Central Asia and at Damansky Island between March and August 1969 seemed to prove KGB predictions right and presage a much more serious Sino-Soviet conflict. Particularly worrying was the fact that within a few years there would be a billion Chinese ruled by a regime with little apparent regard for human life and with nuclear missiles capable of destroying Moscow. Mao had told Nehru in the 1950s that nuclear war might be no bad thing. Even if half of mankind perished, the other half would survive and imperialism would vanish from the earth. In September 1969, two Chinese nuclear tests took place in Xianjiang. Moscow knew from satellite reconnaissance that the Chinese were developing their own satellite (successfully launched in 1970). As usual at moments of tension, the Center experienced a spate of black jokes. Remarque, it was said, was making a new film entitled *All Quiet on the Sino-Finnish Front.*[46]

A much more sinister development in the autumn of 1969 was the hints in articles for the Western press by the KGB-coopted journalist Victor Louis (born Vitali Yevgenyevich Lui) that the Soviet Union was considering a preemptive nuclear strike against China before it had the missiles to threaten the Soviet Union.[47] Simultaneously, KGB residencies in Europe and North America began spreading the same rumors. As Gordievsky discovered, even the KGB officers who spread the rumors were uncertain at the time whether they were engaged simply in an active measure, designed to unnerve the Chinese, or warning the West of proposals under serious consideration by the Soviet general staff.[48] In retrospect, the whole exercise looks more like an "active measures" campaign devised by Service A of the First Chief Directorate. In the short term the campaign helped to pressure Beijing, now emerging from the chaos of the Cultural Revolution, into reopening talks on the border dispute.

But the pressure ultimately backfired. Fear of a preemptive Soviet strike seems to have been one of the factors that led the Chinese to enter the secret talks with the United States that led eventually to President Nixon's visit to Beijing in 1972 and a Sino-American rapprochement.[49] There was prolonged discussion in Moscow Center at the beginning of the 1970s as to whether China now qualified for the title Main Adversary hitherto applied exclusively to the United States. In the end it was relegated in official KGB jargon to the status of Major Adversary, with the United States retaining its unique status as the Main Adversary. Because of uncertainty on how to interpret Chinese policy, KGB residencies abroad received more briefings on China than on any other state. This was still the case when Gordievsky left the KGB in 1985.[50]

* * *

The Kremlin's problems during the 1960s in preserving its primacy in the Communist world, notably in Beijing and Prague, were offset by its growing influence in the Third World. The most successful area for both Soviet diplomacy and KGB operations was the Middle East, where the postwar erosion of British and French power left a vacuum that the United States, because of its commitment to Israel, found it difficult to fill. The Soviet Union's opportunity to emerge as the champion of the Arab cause came in 1954 with the rise to power of Gamal Abdel Nasser, at only thirty-six years of age the first native ruler of an independent Egypt since Persian invaders had overthrown the last of the pharaohs in 525 B.C. "When I was a little child," wrote Nasser, "every time I saw aeroplanes flying overhead I used to shout:

'O God Almighty, may
A calamity overtake the English!' "[51]

Nasser's inspirational nationalism and his appeal to the masses throughout the Arab world were unequaled by those of any other Arab leader of modern times. In the 1960s, Nasser was to fall victim to his own inflated rhetoric and the heroic image he created of himself. But his early successes as Egyptian leader were the stuff of which heroes are made. In 1954, soon after coming to power, he survived an assassination attempt at a public meeting. Though the two men beside him were hit and others on the platform dived for safety, Nasser stood his ground: "Let them kill Nasser! He is one among many and whether he lives or dies the Revolution will go on!" In 1955, he shocked the West by announcing an agreement to purchase large quantities of Soviet arms via Czechoslovakia—an accord negotiated in such secrecy that even the Egyptian ambassador in Moscow was kept in ignorance. At a stroke the West's arms monopoly in the Middle East was broken.

In July 1956, Nasser nationalized the Suez Canal, hitherto a concession run by the Paris-based Suez Canal Company and, in Arab eyes, the supreme symbol of Western exploitation. The failure in November of the Anglo-French attempt, in collusion with Israel, to reassert control of the canal by armed force established Nasser as the hero of most of the Arab world, with the conspicuous exception of its traditional rulers. In 1958, Nasser was also given a hero's welcome during a three-week tour of the Soviet Union. The entire Soviet leadership turned out to welcome him at Moscow airport, and he was made guest of honor on the reviewing platform above the Lenin mausoleum in Red

Square at the annual May Day parade. On his return Nasser told a huge crowd in Cairo that the Soviet Union was "a friendly country with no ulterior motive," which held the Arabs in "great esteem."[52]

The courtship between Nasser and the Kremlin, however, had moments of tension. Nasser's persecution of Communists in Egypt and in Syria (during the period of its union with Egypt from 1958 to 1961) and his denunciation of Communists in Iraq caused serious friction. The KGB was almost certainly aware that after public criticism of Soviet policy in 1959 Nasser was contacted by the CIA and offered American aid.[53] By the early 1960s, however, Khrushchev and the Center, though not all of the Presidium, were convinced that a new "correlation of forces" existed in the Middle East, which had to be exploited in the struggle against the Main Adversary.

Syria and Iraq as well as Egypt had turned against the United States. In 1962, Ben Bella led Algeria to independence and brought some Communists into his government. The humiliation of the missile crisis reinforced Khrushchev's determination to defeat the United States in the struggle for influence in the Middle East. Castro's victory in Cuba also encouraged the new policy of alliance with anti-imperialist but ideologically unsound nationalists in the Third World instead of the traditional reliance on orthodox Communist parties prepared to toe the Moscow line.[54] Soviet ideologists devised the terms "noncapitalist path" and "revolutionary democracy" to define an intermediate stage between capitalism and socialism to which some Third World leaders had progressed. Nasser's decision to nationalize much of Egyptian industry in 1961 provided encouraging evidence of his own progress along the "noncapitalist path." Throughout the 1960s more Soviet hopes were pinned on him than on any other Afro-Asian leader. Egypt accounted for 43 percent of all Soviet aid to the Third World from 1954 to 1971. In 1965, the Egyptian Communist Party dissolved itself and its members applied for membership in the ruling Arab Socialist Union.[55]

Some of the enthusiasm with which the KGB supported the courtship of Nasser derived from its success in recruiting agents within his entourage. The most important was Sami Sharaf, a pot-bellied man with a drooping mustache and the improbable code name Asad ("Lion"), who in 1959, under the misleading title of Director of the President's Office of Information, became head of Egyptian intelligence and one of Nasser's closest advisers.[56] Sharaf's case officer, Vadim Vasilyevich Kirpichenko, later became KGB resident in Cairo from 1970 to 1974; his success in agent running led to his rapid promotion in the Center, where he eventually became first deputy head of the First Chief Directorate.[57] Sharaf was responsible for the security vetting of Egyptian government officials, and was able to tap any telephone of interest to himself or the KGB.[58] He further assisted the KGB and gave it additional opportunities for recruitment by sending Egyptian intelligence officers for training in Moscow.

Nasser was well aware of the pro-Soviet sympathies of some of his ministers—notably Ali Sabry, at various times prime minister, head of the Arab Socialist Union, and vice-president. But he seems to have regarded Sharaf as, like himself, a fervent Arab nationalist, anxious, as far as possible, to obtain Soviet support without compromising Egyptian sovereignty. Kirpichenko played on Sharaf's vanity by constantly assuring him of the importance attached to his intelligence, first by Khrushchev, then by Brezhnev. When Sharaf finally met Brezhnev a year after Nasser's death at the Twenty-Fourth Soviet Party Congress in 1971, he was profuse in his protestations of gratitude and friendship:

> I must thank Comrade Brezhnev for giving me this opportunity to see him in spite of all his preoccupations. I am sure . . . that this is a special favor for me personally. I trust relations between us will be everlasting and continuous, and that the coming days and the positions which we adopt will be taken as a sincere witness to the friendship which exists between the UAR [Egypt] and the Soviet Union, parties, peoples and governments. . . . I firmly believe . . . that, since Sami Sharaf is the son of the great leader, Gamal Abdel Nasser, he occupies a special position in relation to his Soviet friends.[59]

Despite the public praise lavished on Nasser by the Kremlin, his overblown reputation in the mid-1960s as the invincible hero of the Arab world was treated with some private ridicule both inside and outside Moscow Center. The award in 1964 of the U.S.S.R.'s highest decoration, Hero of the Soviet Union, never before given to a foreigner, to Nasser and his chief of staff was among the grievances leveled against Khrushchev at the Presidium meeting that sent him into retirement.[60] Nasser's award gave rise to a series of derisory jokes and songs that were popular within the Center.[61]

Despite the popularity of anti-Nasser jibes, there was a sense of overconfidence within the Center in the mid-1960s at the growth of

Soviet influence in the Middle East. The "correlation of forces" seemed to be moving steadily against the West. The two main pro-Western regimes, the monarchies of Jordan and Saudi Arabia, were reeling under the pressure of anti-Western Arab nationalism. The majority belief in the Kremlin, the Center, and the high command was that Egypt's military forces had been transformed by Soviet equipment and training. Egypt, backed by Syria and Jordan, was expected to make gains in a war with Israel. There was, however, one serious dissentient voice. In April 1967, Nikolai Grigoryevich Yegorychev visited Egypt and reported that both Egypt and Syria required much greater Soviet military assistance if they were to take on Israel successfully. His report was ignored. As tension between Egypt and Israel mounted during the spring of 1967, Sharaf's intelligence reports to Nasser reflected Moscow Center's optimistic assessment of the correlation of forces.[62]

The third Arab-Israeli War, which began with an Israeli surprise attack at 8:45 A.M. (Cairo time) on Monday June 5, 1967, lasted six days. It was virtually decided during the first three hours, when Israeli air raids destroyed 286 of 340 Egyptian combat aircraft on the ground, leaving the Egyptian army without air cover in the ensuing land battles in the Sinai desert. Not till 4 P.M. on June 5 did any of Nasser's generals dare to tell him that his air force had been destroyed. On being told the news, he insisted that American and British aircraft must be helping the Israelis. In the Sinai desert the Egyptians began with as many tanks as, and more troops than, the Israelis. In four days' fighting they lost 700 tanks and 17,000 troops were killed or captured. Nasser announced his resignation, but demonstrations by millions of Egyptians for whom he still remained the personification of Arab nationalism persuaded him to stay on as president.

Outside the Arab world, the military performance of Egypt and its Syrian ally was treated with widespread derision, skillfully encouraged by Israeli propaganda on alleged Arab cowardice in battle. Egyptian POWs stripped to their underwear were photographed next to undamaged Soviet tanks and in other unheroic poses.[63] In public, the Kremlin stood by the Arabs, denounced imperialist aggression, and (to its subsequent regret) broke off diplomatic relations with Israel. Privately, however, there was savage criticism of the incompetence of the Arab forces and outrage at the amount of Soviet military equipment captured by the Israelis. In Moscow Center, despite the continuing Zionist-conspiracy theories, Gordievsky noted widespread, if grudging, admiration for the Israelis' victory and frequent racist assertions that

Arabs could never match their military skill and bravery.[64]

The débacle of the Six Day War left the Kremlin with two options: either to cut its losses or to rebuild the Arab armies. It chose the second. Marshal Matvei Zakharov, chief of the Soviet general staff, visited Egypt with President Podgorny and stayed on to advise on the reorganization and reequipment of the Egyptian army. Soviet advisers in Egypt eventually numbered over twenty thousand. Desperate to resurrect his role as the hero of the Arab world, Nasser proved willing to make larger concessions in return for Soviet help than before the Six Day War. Moscow made one of its policy objectives the establishment of military bases in Egypt and, to a lesser extent, Syria, Iraq, and Algeria. The presence of the Soviet navy in the Mediterranean increased dramatically, thanks to repair and resupply facilities at the Egyptian ports of Alexandria, Port Said, Mersa Matruh and Sollum; at the Iraqi port of Um Kasr; and at Aden in the People's Democratic Republic of (South) Yemen. In 1970, at Nasser's request, Soviet airbases, equipped with SAM-3 missiles and planes with Russian crews, were established to strengthen Egyptian air defenses.[65]

The FCD Arabist Boris Bocharov, a Line N (Illegal Support) officer in Cairo, told Gordievsky that he had moved to the PR line in order to run "an extremely important agent in the Egyptian bureaucracy who prefers to speak Arabic." The successful recruitments achieved under the direction of Sergei Mikhailovich Golubev, Cairo resident from 1966 to 1970, led to his rapid promotion after his return to Moscow. Jokes were common within the Center about the "Soviet Egyptian Republic." KGB penetration of the Egyptian bureaucracy was now at its peak.[66]

The vast Soviet investment in Egypt, however, rested on a precarious base. The influx of Soviet advisers only served to underline the gulf between Soviet and Egyptian society. Hardly any Russians and Egyptians visited each other's homes. Of the fifteen thousand Arabs who studied in the United States during the late fifties and sixties, almost half married Americans. Marriages between Soviet advisers and Arabs were virtually unknown.[67]

With Nasser's sudden death in September 1970 the vast edifice of Soviet influence began to crumble. Almost two decades later the Soviet foreign minister Andrei Gromyko was still insisting that "had he lived a few years longer, the situation in the region might today be very different."[68] Aleksei Kosygin, the Soviet prime minister, told Nasser's successor, Anwar el-Sadat: "We never had any secrets from him, and he never had any secrets from us."[69] The first half of the statement, as Kosygin was well aware, was nonsense; the second half, thanks to Sharaf and others, came uncomfortably close to the truth. On his first day as president, Sadat had an immediate confrontation with Sharaf in his office. According to Sadat:

> He had a heap of papers to submit to me. "What is this?" I asked.
>
> "The text of tapped telephone conversations between certain people being watched."
>
> "Sorry," I said, "I don't like to read such rubbish . . . And, anyway, who gave you the right to have the telephones of these people tapped? Take this file away." I swept it off my desk.[70]

There were, however, occasions when Sadat took a greater interest in "such rubbish" than he cared to admit to Sharaf. One such occasion occurred on May 11, 1971, when, unknown to Sharaf, a young police officer, who Sadat claimed "was a stranger to me," brought a tape recording which allegedly proved that Ali Sabry, whom the KGB had optimistically expected to succeed Nasser, and other pro-Soviet politicians "were plotting to overthrow me and the regime." On May 16, Sadat ordered the arrest of Sharaf, Sabry, and the leaders of the pro-Soviet group within the Arab Socialist Union. Only eleven days later Sadat signed with President Podgorny in Cairo a Soviet-Egyptian Treaty of Friendship and Cooperation. His main motive, as he later acknowledged, was "to allay the fears of Soviet leaders," seeking to persuade them that he was engaged in an internal power struggle rather than a reorientation of Egyptian foreign policy. As he saw Podgorny off at the airport, Sadat appealed to him to tell the Politburo: "Please have confidence in us! Have confidence! Confidence!"[71] Confidence in Sadat was, however, already at a low ebb in Moscow Center. After the arrest of the Sabry group, a number of KGB agents began to distance themselves from their case officers.

The Center's main cause for optimism in the Arab world after Nasser's death centered on the prospects for a Communist takeover in the Sudan. The leaders of the Sudanese Communist Party were considered by the KGB to be the most loyal and dedicated in the Middle East.[72] In July 1971, an attempted coup by Sudanese army officers supported by the Communists was brutally suppressed with Sadat's assistance. Among those executed was the general secretary of the Sudanese Party, Abdel Mahgoub, and Lenin Prize winner Ahmed El-Sheikh. Simultaneously, Moscow Center discovered that a Soviet diplomat in the Middle East coopted by the KGB, Vladimir Nikolayevich Sakharov, was working for the CIA. Alerted by a prearranged signal—a bouquet in the back seat of a Volkswagen—he defected just in time. Among the secrets he betrayed to the Americans was Sharaf's role as a KGB agent.[73]

By the end of 1971, Sadat was commonly described within the Moscow Party *apparat* and the Center as a traitor. His director of intelligence, General Ahmed Ismail, was known to be in contact with the CIA. In 1972, Sadat ordered the Soviet advisers out of Egypt. Twenty-one thousand left by air in only seven days. For the time being, Moscow could not bring itself to sacrifice its hard-won position in the Middle East by an open breach with Sadat. Brezhnev concluded that the Soviet Union had no choice but to continue political and military support in case Sadat went over outright to the Americans.[74]

The Third World country on which the KGB eventually expended most effort was India. Under Stalin India had been regarded as an imperialist puppet. The *Great Soviet Encyclopedia* dismissed Mahatma Gandhi, who had led India to independence, as:

> A reactionary who . . . betrayed the people and helped the imperialists against them; aped the ascetics; pretended in a demagogic way to be a supporter of Indian independence and an enemy of the British, and widely exploited religious prejudice.

As under the British Raj, instructions from Moscow to the Indian Communist Party were frequently intercepted by the Intelligence Branch (IB) based in New Delhi. According to B. N. Mullik, head of the IB throughout Jawaharlal Nehru's seventeen years as the first prime minister of independent India (1947–64), until the early 1950s "every instruction that had issued from Moscow had expressed the necessity and importance of the Indian Communist Party to overthrow the 'reactionary' Nehru Government."[75] Early in 1951, Mullik gave Nehru a copy of the latest instructions from Moscow to the Indian Communists, which carried a warning that it must not fall into government hands.

Nehru "laughed out loud and remarked that Moscow apparently did not know how smart our Intelligence was."[76]

Khrushchev, however, saw the Non-Aligned Movement in the Third World, which began to take shape at the Bandung Conference in 1955, as a potential ally in the struggle with the West. With Nasser and Tito (with whom Khrushchev effected a partial reconciliation), Nehru emerged as one of the leaders of the Non-Aligned Movement. A triumphal tour of India by Khrushchev and Bulganin in 1955 began a new era in Indo-Soviet relations. United States reliance on Pakistan as a strategic counterweight to Soviet influence in Asia encouraged India to turn toward the U.S.S.R. During the 1960s, the two countries found common cause against Mao's China. Moscow valued Indian support at the United Nations as, with increasing frequency, the Third World tended to side with the Soviet Bloc rather than the West at votes in the General Assembly. In 1956, Nehru declared that he had never encountered a "grosser case of naked aggression" than the Anglo-French invasion of Egypt; but India simultaneously voted against a motion of the United Nations calling for the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Hungary and free elections under UN auspices.

Despite his experience of Stalinism Nehru clung to the conviction first formed in his late twenties that "the Soviet revolution had advanced human society by a great leap and had lit a bright flame which could not be smothered."[77] In later KGB-sponsored publications, Nehru was portrayed as a "political genius," "contemptuous of danger," whose "policies, humanist and moral principles . . . appealed to all humanity and became a phenomenon of worldwide significance." As late as 1989, a pamphlet put out by the Novosti Press Agency, which acts as one of the vehicles for Soviet "active measures" and provides cover posts for many KGB officers abroad, was still absurdly quoting Nehru's naïve assertion that "the [U.S.S.R.'s] problem of minorities has been largely solved" as evidence of the success of Soviet "nationalities policy."[78]

In the few years after Nehru's death and Khrushchev's fall from power in 1964, the Kremlin followed a more even-handed policy to India and Pakistan, hoping to wean Pakistan away from its ties with Washington and Beijing. Some policy makers in Moscow criticized Khrushchev for overcommitment to India in a conflict-prone region. Among the strongest supporters of a South Asian policy based on commitment to India was the KGB First Chief Directorate and its residents in New Delhi, Radomir Georgievich Bogdanov (1957–67), and his successor, Dmitri Aleksandrovich Yerokhin (1967–70).[79]

The KGB's enthusiasm for the India connection derived partly from the numerous intelligence opportunities that it offered as the world's biggest multiparty democracy with a large English-language press. In the early 1960s, acting in agreement with Department D, headed by Moscow Center's disinformation expert Ivan Agayants, Bogdanov helped to found an Indian newspaper, which has since been widely used in Soviet "active measures."[80] So, often unwittingly, have a number of other Indian papers. One of the KGB officers most active in planting forged documents in the Indian press before and during the election campaign of 1967 was Yuri Modin, the former case officer of the Cambridge Five. In an attempt to discredit the anti-Communist candidate S. K. Patil in Bombay, Modin circulated a forged letter in which the U.S. consul-general in Bombay, Milton C. Rewinkel, wrote to the ambassador, Chester Bowles:

> It would be reasonable for me to suggest tactfully that [Patil] should cease, at least for the period of the election campaign, his political intrigues with the Pakistanis, and that he should moderate his appetites, contenting himself meanwhile with our aid which is enough in all conscience. In this connection, we should keep in mind the fact that it is said in Bombay that he received more than half a million rupees from us for his election campaign.

Modin also circulated a telegram from the British High Commissioner, "Sir John Freeman," reporting to the Foreign Office that the Americans had donated vast sums to the election funds of right-wing parties and politicians. The real high commissioner, Mr. Freeman, had, however, still to receive a knighthood. Modin's failure to cover his disinformation tracks was probably responsible for his abrupt departure from India in April 1967, only nine months after he arrived.[81]

One of the most successful KGB "active measures" during Yerokhin's term as resident in the late 1960s was the circulation of a forged letter purporting to come from Gordon Goldstein of the U.S. Office of Naval Research and revealing the existence of (in reality nonexistent) American bacteriological warfare weapons in Vietnam and Thailand. Originally published in the Bombay *Free Press Journal,* the letter was reported in the London *Times* on March 7, 1968, and used by Moscow Radio in broadcasts beamed to Asia as proof that the

United States had spread epidemics in Vietnam. The Indian weekly *Blitz* headlined a story based on the same forgery, "U.S. Admits Biological and Nuclear Warfare." Goldstein's signature and letterhead were subsequently discovered to have been copied from an invitation to an international scientific symposium circulated by him in the previous year.[82] U.S. bacteriological warfare has been a recurrent theme in Soviet "active measures" ever since the "germ warfare" campaign during the Korean War deceived a number of Western scientists.[83]

The leading figure in Soviet front organizations during the Brezhnev era was the Indian Communist Romesh Chandra, whose enthusiasm for the Soviet Union dated back to his years as a student at Cambridge University before the Second World War. In 1966, Chandra became head of the World Peace Council (WPC), the most important of the postwar Soviet front organizations, the successors to Münzenberg's Innocents' Clubs. Originally based in Paris, the WPC was expelled in 1951 for "fifth-column activities," moved to Prague, then in 1954 to Vienna, where it was banned by the Austrian government in 1957 for "activities directed against the interests of the Austrian State." In fact, the WPC continued to operate in Vienna under a cover organization, the International Institute for Peace, until it established its headquarters in Helsinki in September 1968.[84] Chandra gave the WPC a new lease on life, linking it to many Third World issues. In his review of the 1960s at the WPC-sponsored World Peace Congress in 1971, Chandra denounced "the U.S.-dominated NATO alliance" as "the greatest threat to peace" not merely in Europe but across the world:

> The fangs of NATO can be felt in Asia and Africa as well. . . . The forces of imperialism and exploitation, particularly NATO . . . bear the responsibility for the hunger and poverty of hundreds of millions all over the world.[85]

The WPC claimed to be funded by contributions from supporters in national "peace committees" in almost every country. In reality, its funds came overwhelmingly from the Soviet Union, which by the late 1970s was providing almost $50 million a year. The WPC followed faithfully the line laid down by the International Department of the Soviet Communist Party's Central Committee, which coordinated the work of front organizations. It sought to establish itself as an independent movement by gaining accreditation at the United Nations, which accepted WPC representatives in both New York and Geneva as well as at UNESCO in Paris, and by recruiting as vice-presidents peace militants such as the British Labour M.P. James Lamond, who, like the "innocents" seduced by Münzenberg, failed to grasp that they had joined a Soviet front organization. The KGB assisted the International Department by acting as secret postman for funds distributed to the front organizations controlled by the ID. The peace campaigns orchestrated by Chandra as general secretary and, from 1977, president of the WPC were directed uniquely against the West. There was, as he frequently explained, no Soviet threat to peace:

> The foreign policy goals of the U.S.S.R. . . . are to establish lasting peace and peaceful coexistence between States of different social systems. . . . The Soviet Union's military policy fully corresponds to these goals. It is of a purely defensive character.

Other front organizations commonly took their lead from the WPC.[86]

In the late 1960s and early 1970s, the main focus of both WPC public campaigns and of covert KGB "active measures" was on the Vietnam War. Moscow Center correctly saw United States involvement in the war as one of the U.S.S.R.'s greatest assets in extending Soviet influences in the Third World. The saturation bombing of a Third World country and the commitment of almost half a million U.S. troops both antagonized world opinion and divided the American people. Chandra and the WPC set out to encourage both processes, organizing the Stockholm Conference on Vietnam, which met annually from 1967 to 1972 to coordinate opposition to American policy. At its 1969 meeting, the conference agreed on "activity to isolate and subject to continuing protest and criticism representatives of the U.S. government"; assistance to "Americans abroad in refusing the draft, in defecting from the U.S. armed forces, [and] for carrying on propaganda within the army"; and "an extension of activity against United States products such as petrol, firms providing goods, arms or services for the war in Vietnam such as Pan-Am, and against other non-American firms supplying and feeding the war."[87]

Chiefly in recognition of its success in mobilizing world opinion against the Vietnam War, the active-measures section of the First Chief Directorate was raised in status in the early '70s from a department to Service A. As on a number of later occasions noted by Gordievsky, however, the Center claimed rather too much for its "active measures."[88] Despite the undoubted impact in the Third World of KGB-inspired allegations of American bacteriological warfare, no Soviet disinformation had as much impact on international opinion as the images of napalmed children and other horrors of war brought to the world's TV screens by American reporters. Similarly, President Lyndon B. Johnson's decision not to run for reelection in 1968 owed far less to campaigns against the Vietnam War orchestrated by Chandra and the WPC than to hearings by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, which produced evidence that Johnson had deceived Congress about both the nature of the war and the scale of American involvement.

In 1969, the threat from China at last persuaded Brezhnev to make a special relationship with India the basis of his South Asian policy. Nehru's daughter, Indira Gandhi (prime minister from 1967 to 1977 and from 1980 to 1984), was ready to conclude an Indo-Soviet agreement, but as head of a minority government was not yet strong enough to resist opposition charges that such a treaty would compromise India's non-aligned status. After a landslide election victory in 1971, however, Mrs. Gandhi's government signed a Treaty of Peace, Friendship, and Cooperation with the Soviet Union.[89] According to the permanent secretary at the Indian Foreign Office, T. N. Kaul, "It was one of the few closely guarded secret negotiations that India has ever conducted. On one side, hardly half a dozen people were aware of it, including the prime minister and the foreign minister. The media got no scent of it."[90] Gromyko declared at the signing ceremony in August: "The significance of the Treaty cannot be overestimated." The Soviet Union was guaranteed the support of the leading state in the Non-Aligned Movement. The powers immediately issued a joint communiqué calling for the withdrawal of U.S. troops from Vietnam. India was able to rely on Soviet diplomatic support and arms supplies in the war against Pakistan, which was already in the offing.[91]

In a fourteen-day war in December, Pakistan, despite the diplomatic support of the United States and China, suffered a crushing defeat. East Pakistan gained independence as Bangladesh. Pakistan was reduced to a nation of 55 million people, no longer able to mount a credible challenge to India. For most Indians it was Mrs. Gandhi's finest hour. A Soviet diplomat at the United Nations exulted: "This is the first time in history that the United States and China have been defeated together!"[92]

In Moscow Center the Indo-Soviet rapprochement was also considered a triumph for the KGB. The resident in the late 1960s, Dmitri Yerokhin, returned to Moscow in 1970 as the KGB's youngest major general.[93] The KGB residency in New Delhi was rewarded by being upgraded to the status of "main residency" with Yerokhin's successor Yakov Prokofyevich Medyanik as main resident. Within the main residency, the heads of the PR (political), KR (Counterintelligence), and X (Scientific and Technological Intelligence) lines were given the rank of resident—not, as elsewhere, deputy resident. Medyanik had overall supervision of three other KGB residencies, located in the Soviet consulates at Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras. Each also had direct cipher communications with Moscow and, in Gordievsky's experience, tended to be controlled on a day-to-day basis by the Center rather than by New Delhi.

After the 1971 friendship treaty, the KGB presence in India rapidly became one of the largest in the world outside the Soviet Bloc. Of about 300 Soviet "diplomatic and operational staff" in India (excluding drivers, technicians, and secretarial staff), about 150 were, and are, KGB and GRU officers. The large scale of KGB operations in India was due partly to its priority in Soviet foreign policy, partly to the favorable operational environment that it provided. Gordievsky noted throughout his career in the First Chief Directorate a tendency to expand wherever, as in India, the local authorities failed to restrict the size of KGB residencies. Under both Indira Gandhi and her son Rajiv, India placed no ceiling on the number of Soviet diplomats and trade officials, thus allowing the KGB and GRU as many cover positions as they wished. Nor, like many other states, did India object to admitting Soviet intelligence officers already expelled by less hospitable governments.[94]

Colleagues of Gordievsky who served in India boasted to him that they had found no shortage of journalists or politicians willing to take money. According to S. Nihal Singh, successively editor of *The Statesman* and *The Indian Express:*

> The Indian élite takes a somewhat blasé attitude to Russian money coming in. Some members of the policy-making establishment suggested that Russian money, particularly to finance parties and individuals in elections, neutralized American money and money from other anti-Communist sources.[95]

In 1974, after a series of speeches by Mrs. Gandhi denouncing the ever-present menace of CIA subversion, the U.S. ambassador in New Delhi, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, ordered an investigation that uncovered two occasions during the Nehru era when the CIA had provided funds to help the Communists' opponents in state elections, once in Kerala and once in West Bengal. According to Moynihan:

> Both times the money was given to the Congress Party which had asked for it. Once it was given to Mrs. Gandhi herself, who was then a party official.
>
> Still, as we were no longer giving any money to *her,* it was understandable that she should wonder just to whom we *were* giving it. It is not a practice to be encouraged.[96]

Though KGB officers and operations in India comfortably exceeded those of any other foreign intelligence service, it was not the only service to exploit lax Indian security. In 1985, a major spy scandal erupted in New Delhi, which involved the French, the Poles, and the East Germans as well as the Russians. The French, whose ambassador and assistant military attaché were sent home, believed that they had been singled out for the sternest censure in order to minimize embarrassment to the Soviet Bloc.[97]

The KGB's main priority was less to influence Indian government policy, which under Indira and Rajiv Gandhi was regarded as reliably pro-Soviet, than to use India as a base for operations against the West and the Third World. By the 1970s New Delhi was the largest foreign base for KGB "active measures" anywhere in the world. The main resident, Medyanik, and his successors each had a "special assistant for active measures" with the rank of colonel or lieutenant colonel. With the expansion of scientific and technological espionage, India also became steadily more important as a channel through which to gain access to forbidden Western technology. Gordievsky recalls one occasion in the mid-seventies when the head of Directorate T, Leonid Sergeevich Zaitsev, outraged at the failure of Line X (scientific and technological intelligence) officers in the United States, Western Europe, and Japan to obtain a particular piece of equipment, swore violently and declared: "In that case, I'll have to get it through our Indian contacts! I know *they* won't let me down!"[98]

* * *

Besides India, the Soviet Union's main asset in the Third World after the death of Nasser was Castro's Cuba. When Castro arrived to a hero's welcome at the start of his first visit to the U.S.S.R. in the spring of 1963, the recriminations that had followed the missile crisis seemed to be forgotten. His interpreter throughout his trip, Nikolai Leonov, at thirty-five three years younger than Castro himself, was one of the rising stars of the First Chief Directorate. While stationed at the Mexico City residency in the mid-fifties he had been the first KGB officer to grasp Castro's potential as a revolutionary leader. For forty days, on secondment from his second tour of duty in Mexico, Leonov accompanied Castro on an unprecedented triumphal tour of the Soviet Union from Leningrad to Siberia. Wearing his olive-green battle fatigues when the temperature allowed, the charismatic guerrilla leader addressed curious, enthusiastic crowds at sports stadia, factories, town centers, and at a mass rally in Red Square; inspected a rocket base and the Northern Fleet; reviewed the May Day parade from the top of the Kremlin wall; was made a Hero of the Soviet Union; and received the Order of Lenin and a gold star. When the state visit was over, Leonov boasted in Moscow Center that he and Castro were now friends for life.[99]

In the wake of Castro's visit, the Center received the first group of officers from the Cuban foreign intelligence service, the Dirección General de Inteligencia (DGI), for training in Moscow. In Havana, Castro's closest Soviet contact remained the KGB resident-turned-ambassador, Aleksandr Shitov (*alias* Alekseev), who claimed that Fidel continued, as during the missile crisis, to treat the embassy as his second home, sometimes cooking meals with Shitov in the embassy kitchen. Shitov also worked with Che Guevara in selecting and training Latin American agents.[100]

Despite his friendships with Leonov and Shitov, however, Moscow found Castro a volatile and difficult ally. Proud of having descended on Havana to seize power straight from his guerrilla base in Sierra Maestra, Castro declared his own *via armada* rather than the *via pacifica* preferred by Moscow as the route to power for all Latin American Communist parties. By 1966 he was promulgating the heresy that Havana rather than Moscow held the key to national liberation and victory over imperialism. At the Twenty-third Soviet Party Congress in that year, the Cuban delegation even dared to criticize the Kremlin for not doing more to help the North Vietnamese. Castro simultaneously announced that, thanks to his war on "bureaucratism" and material incentives, Cuba was advancing more rapidly to Communism than the Soviet Union.

By the mid-sixties the real achievements of the Cuban revolution—the reforms in health and education, and the end of *gangsterismo* chief among them—had given way to an increasingly empty rhetoric, which bore little relation either to his regime's shambolic economic management or to its growing intolerance of dissent; even Castro admitted to holding twenty thousand political prisoners by 1965. Though unmoved by the political prisoners, the Kremlin watched aghast as its Cuban allies squandered its vast economic aid on such absurdities as the giant Coppelia ice-cream emporium.

Yet, thanks to his romantic image as a bearded David in battle fatigues blockaded on his island by the Goliath of American imperialism, Castro continued to have far more appeal than the bureaucratic Brezhnev in his stodgy suits to the young radicals of both the West and the Third World. The CIA did its bit to sustain Castro's heroic reputation by devising, originally with the blessing of the White House, a series of bizarre, never-implemented assassination attempts against him. Castro's image was also assisted by the heroic end in 1967 of Che Guevara, captured and executed while fighting with Bolivian guerrillas, and instantly immortalized on radical T-shirts around the world.[101]

The crisis in Soviet-Cuban relations reached a head in January 1968 with the trial of thirty-five members of a pro-Moscow "microfaction," sentenced to lengthy prison sentences for "clandestine propaganda against the line of the Party" and other ideological crimes. Rudolf Petrovich Shlyapnikov, the chief KGB adviser at the Cuban Ministry of the Interior, who was alleged to have conspired with the "microfaction," had been sent back to Moscow in the summer of 1967. "In Cuba," he claimed, "conditions are present for a new Hungary. . . . Internal dissension is great." The existing Cuban security apparatus, he believed, contained too many *petit bourgeois* to deal with a revolt.[102]

Shitov was accorded some of the blame by the Center for allowing his friend Castro to get out of control. In Moscow he was accused of going native, recalled allegedly for medical treatment, and replaced in 1968 by the tough career diplomat Aleksandr Soldatov, who had recently served as ambassador in London.[103] Unlike Castro's other KGB friend, Leonov, who went on to become deputy head of the First Chief Directorate, Shitov's career never fully recovered. He retired in 1980 after six years as ambassador in Madagascar. Shitov's son, Aleksei Aleksandrovich, who regarded his birth on Pearl Harbor Day as a good omen in the struggle against the Main Adversary, also became a Latin American specialist in the First Chief Directorate. When Gordievsky last heard of him in the mid-1980s, he was KGB resident in La Paz, using his father's old alias Alekseev.[104]

Castro's "rebellion" was ended by the threat of economic collapse, combined with warnings from his brother Raúl. Shlyapnikov had told the leader of the microfaction that three weeks' delay in sending oil from the Baku oilfields could strangle the Cuban economy. Early in 1968, with the Soviet Union putting pressure on Castro by cutting back its oil exports, Cuban sugar mills and factories were grinding to a halt. In August, Castro came close to selling his soul in public. For two days after the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, Czech technical advisers and Cuban sympathizers paraded through Havana with banners proclaiming "Russians Go Home from Czechoslovakia."

Then, on the night of August 23, Castro addressed the Cuban people over radio and television. "Some of the things we are going to say here," he warned them, "will be in contradiction with the emotions of many. . . . Czechoslovakia was moving toward a counterrevolutionary situation, toward capitalism and into the arms of imperialism." The Czechoslovak leadership had been "in camaraderie with pro-Yankee spies," as well as "the agents of West Germany and all that fascist and reactionary rabble." Castro went on to endorse the Brezhnev doctrine: "The socialist camp has the right to prevent this [counterrevolution] in one way or another. . . . We look upon this fact as an essential one." By backing the Soviet invasion when scores of other Communist parties stood by the Czechoslovaks, Castro restored his credit in Moscow. In return for his loyalty the Soviet Union bailed out the Cuban economy. By the end of 1969, Cuba owed the Soviet Union $4 billion.[105]

The closer economic relationship was paralleled in intelligence. In 1970 the DGI (Dirección General de Inteligencia) was purged of officers considered anti-Soviet by the KGB, and a team of KGB advisers headed by General Viktor Semyonov was installed next to the office of the head of the DGI, Manuel Piñeiro Losado ("Redbeard"). With the assistance of KGB subsidies, the DGI began a rapid expansion of its foreign operations. By 1971, seven of the ten Cuban "diplomats" at the London embassy were DGI officers.

After the mass expulsion of Soviet intelligence officers from London in September of that year, they were given the task, along with other Soviet Bloc intelligence officers, of helping to plug the Center's intelligence gap. There was, however, no direct contact between KGB and DGI officers in London. Semyonov insisted that coordination of their activities be decided and controlled from Moscow and Havana. Piñeiro, a founder member of Castro's Twenty-sixth of July Movement, became increasingly resentful at growing KGB direction of DGI operations. In 1974, he left to become head of a new Departamento Americano (DA) to organize assistance to Latin American revolutionary movements and was succeeded as head of the DGI by the more pliant and pro-Soviet José Méndez Cominches.[106]

At home the Cuban Revolution was visibly aging. By the autumn of 1968, the bearded Castro was denouncing even long hair as evidence of the moral degeneracy that led to political and economic sabotage. Mass haircuts followed of some of the worst offenders. Public decency was further reinforced by dispatching miniskirted girls said to have made "passionate love in their school uniforms" to forced-labor camps in the countryside.[107] Abroad, however, the Revolution retained much of its vigor. With the election of the Marxist Salvador Allende as president of Chile in 1970, Castro gained his first Latin American ally. Allende gave his personal approval to the use of Chile by the DGI as a base from which to provide arms and training for Latin American revolutionary movements. Revolutionary leaders made their way to the Cuban embassy in Santiago, using false travel documents provided by the DGI. They received little money; the DGI expected them to finance themselves from bank robberies and kidnapping.[108]

Allende's international reputation, like Castro's, owed a good deal to overreaction in Washington. In the three years before Allende's overthrow and death in a military coup in 1973, the CIA, on White House instructions, spent $8 million seeking to destabilize him. Though not directly involved in the coup, the CIA seems to have had advance knowledge of it and was, surprisingly, blamed for it.[109] The KGB was less impressed by Allende than the CIA. By the end of 1972, with the Chilean economy in desperate straits, it was pessimistic about his prospects.[110] So was the Kremlin. At a time when the Cubans were given massive new credits, Allende was fobbed off with only token assistance and the award of the Lenin Peace Prize.[111] Allende's tragic death in the September 1973 military coup (whether by murder or suicide remains unclear) restored his reputation in Moscow.[112] It turned the head of a near-bankrupt regime into a martyr in the struggle against imperialism and left the CIA with a reputation for destabilizing and plotting the assassination of progressive leaders which, with some assistance from the Center, would seem likely to linger in the Third World for the remainder of the century.[113]

During the early 1970s, Castro began to set his sights on leadership of the Third World. In May 1972 he left Havana in his Ilyushin-62 airliner for a two-month tour of ten countries on two continents, ending with his first visit to the Soviet Union in eight years.[114] Castro was the star performer at the Fourth Conference of Non-Aligned Nations in Algiers in 1973, arguing the Soviet case more eloquently than any Soviet spokesman could have done. Algeria, which supported the traditional non-aligned policy of equidistance between East and West, supported the theory of "two imperialisms," one capitalist, the other Communist. Castro insisted that the socialist countries were the natural and necessary allies of the nonaligned:

> How can the Soviet Union be labeled imperialist? Where are its monopoly corporations? Where is its participation in multinational companies? What factories, what mines, what oilfields does it own in the under-developed world? What worker is exploited in any country of Asia, Africa or Latin America by Soviet capital?
>
> . . . Only the closest alliance among all the progressive forces of the world will provide us with the strength needed to overcome the still-powerful forces of imperialism, colonialism, neocolonialism and racism, and to wage a successful fight for the aspirations to peace and justice of all the peoples of the world.[115]

In the end, the Communist Bloc was not labeled as imperialist, and the "aggressive imperialism" of the West was denounced by the conference as "the greatest obstacle on the road toward emancipation and progress of the developing countries." Along with its role as the most eloquent advocate of the Soviet Union in the Third World, Cuba was also to play during the 1970s an increasingly important role in both Soviet intelligence and military operations.[116]

By the Brezhnev era high-level Soviet Bloc penetration of foreign civil services, intelligence communities, and armed forces was generally more successful in the Third World than in the West. The main exception, because of the unique opportunities presented by the division of Germany to the KGB and, especially, its East German ally, the HVA headed by Markus Wolf, was in the West German Federal Republic. On October 8, 1968, Rear Admiral Hermann Lüdke of the FRG, deputy head of NATO's logistics division and thus privy to, *inter alia,* the location of some thousands of tactical nuclear weapons, committed suicide after the discovery of photographs of top secret NATO documents taken by him with a Minox camera. Lüdke's friend Major General Horst Wendland, deputy chief of the BND, shot himself on the same day.[117] The official explanation for Wendland's suicide was "personal reasons"; a Czech defector, however, has since revealed that he was working for the StB.

Over the next fortnight there were a series of other suicides, among them Colonel Johann Henk, head of the Mobilization Department at the Bonn Ministry of Defense, and Hans Schenk, a senior official in the Ministry of Economics.[118] Simultaneously several high-ranking scientists and physicists, originally from the German Democratic Republic, who had been engaged in scientific and technological espionage, disappeared to the East. One who remained, Dr. Harold Gottfried of the Karlsruhe Atomic Center, was arrested in possession of more than 800 pages of classified documents.

Meanwhile, Markus Wolf's "secretaries offensive" continued unabated. In 1967 Leonore Sutterlein, a secretary at the Bonn Foreign Ministry, was convicted of passing 3,500 classified documents to the KGB via her husband Heinz. When she discovered that Heinz was a KGB agent who had married her simply to recruit her, she committed suicide in her cell.[119] Other convicted secretary spies working for the HVA included Irene Schultz (1970) of the Science Ministry and Gerda Schroeter (1973) of the West German embassy in Warsaw. Political penetration also occurred at a much higher level. More than one senior SPD politician had regular meetings with a KGB officer operating under diplomatic cover who persuaded him that he could smooth the course of *Ostpolitik.* The most important HVA agent in the Federal Republic was Guenther Guillaume, personal aide to Chancellor Willy Brandt from 1970 to 1974. Guillaume was able to keep Markus Wolf, and through him Moscow Center, fully informed about the development of Bonn's *Ostpolitik* and relations between Bonn and Washington, as well as providing much other information on NATO and the West German security service (BfV).[120]

In the Main Adversary, the United States, and its main ally, the United Kingdom, the KGB found it impossible during the Brezhnev era to recruit the American or British equivalents of Lüdke, Wendland, and Guillaume. KGB residencies in both countries depended on recruiting low- to middle-ranking penetration agents with access to high-grade secrets. In Britain during the 1960s, Moscow Center discovered a simple method of improving operational conditions. Under four successive residents—Nikolai Grigoryevich Bagrichev (1962–64), Mikhail Timofeyevich Chizhov (1964–66), Mikhail Ivanovich Lopatin (acting resident 1966–67), and Yuri Nikolayevich Voronin (1967–71)—the size of the residency steadily increased. Between 1960 and 1970, KGB and GRU personnel in London grew from about 50 to over 120—more than in the United States (excluding the UN) or any other Western country. Soviet Bloc intelligence services in Britain also expanded rapidly. The aim, quite simply, was to swamp the overstretched M15 with more intelligence officers than they could hope to keep under effective surveillance.[121] When the StB officer Josef Frolik was posted to London in 1964, he was told "that the British service was so short of funds and men that it would be relatively easy to throw off their tails."[122] Operational conditions improved further at the beginning of Voronin's term as resident in 1967, when one of his officers, Vladislav Savin, recruited a clerk in the Greater London Council motor-licensing department, Sirioj Husein Abdoolcader, who had access to the registration numbers of all M15 and Special Branch vehicles. A series of sophisticated M15 mobile surveillance operations was compromised by the ability of KGB officers to identify the vehicles used.[123]

The largest number of agents recruited and run by the London residency during the Brezhnev era was in scientific and technological intelligence—particularly the defense field. The residency's main expert in this area during the mid-1960s, Mikhail Ivanovich Lopatin, became one of the founders in 1967 of a new Directorate T in the First Chief Directorate, specializing in scientific and technological intelligence and serviced by Line X officers in residencies abroad. The head of Line X in London from the beginning of 1968 until his expulsion in the summer of 1971 was Lev Nikolayevich Sherstnev, a tough but amiable engineer who spoke almost flawless English with a Canadian accent and had a particular passion for Western hi-fi. In addition to using staff at the KGB and GRU residencies in London, both Directorate T and the GRU sent officers to Britain posing as members of Soviet trade delegations. They were also assisted by Soviet students studying at British universities. The classified history of Directorate T records substantial successes during the 1960s in a number of fields of industrial as well as defense technology: among them advanced electronics, computers, high-grade chemicals, and aerospace.[124]

MI5 was hampered in its response to the upsurge in scientific and technological espionage not merely by its own overstretched resources but also by the difficulty (which it was, understandably, not anxious to advertise) of bringing successful prosecutions. Unless it could obtain confessions or catch agents in the act of handing over material, it was usually impossible to secure convictions. Its difficulties were exemplified by the trial in 1963 of Dr. Giuseppe Martelli, a thirty-nine-year-old Italian physicist employed for the previous year at the Culham Laboratories of the Atomic Energy Authority. Arrested as the result of a lead provided by a KGB defector, Martelli was found in possession of a record of meetings with Nikolai Karpekov and other KGB officers, a set of partly used one-time pads for cipher communications hidden inside an ingeniously designed cigarette case, and instructions for photographing documents. But possession of espionage paraphernalia was not in itself a crime, and Martelli had no official access to classified information, though he was in contact with some who had. Martelli admitted meeting Karpekov but claimed that he was engaged in an ingenious scheme to turn the tables on a blackmail attempt by Soviet agents. He was acquitted.[125]

In 1965 another case involving scientific espionage also ended in acquittal. Alfred Roberts, an employee of the Kodak factory in Wealdstone, was accused with Geoffrey Conway, a fellow employee whom he was alleged to have recruited, of selling details of anti-static coatings and other film processes to the East German HVA. Since no official secrets were involved, both were charged only under the Prevention of Corruption Act. But the main witness at the trial, Dr. Jean-Paul Soupert, an industrial chemist and double (treble?) agent working for the HVA, KGB, and Belgian Sûreté de l'État, who claimed to have dealt with Roberts, was discredited by skillful cross-examination, and the case collapsed.[126]

It is reasonable to assume that the majority of scientific and technological espionage cases investigated by MI5 never came to court because of the difficulty in obtaining adequate evidence. In most cases evidence from defectors was inadmissible since, however convincing outside a courtroom, it usually counted as hearsay within it. Though the secret history of Directorate T rarely identifies agents by name, it makes clear that the cases that ended in conviction were only the tip of an iceberg.[127]

The three cases of convicted spies during the early years of the Brezhnev era all involved men with money problems working for mercenary motives and able to exploit lapses in security. In 1965 Frank Bossard, a fifty-two-year-old project officer at the Ministry of Aviation, was sentenced to twenty-one years in jail for passing secrets of guided-weapon development to the GRU. He had, he claimed, been recruited four years earlier by a case officer using the name Gordon, who struck up an acquaintance with him in the Red Lion public house in Duke Street, London W1, on the pretext of a shared interest in coin collecting, and paid Bossard £200 a few days after their first meeting.

It seems more likely that Bossard had volunteered his services some months earlier. He rarely met his case officer, Ivan Petrovich Glazkov. Every two months he left film of classified documents in one of ten dead letter boxes (DLBs) and collected variable sums of money in exchange—on one occasion £2,000 in bank notes. The choice of DLB was indicated by records such as the "Saber Dance" and "Moscow Nights" played on the Moscow Radio English-language broadcasts on the first Tuesday and Wednesday of each month; in an emergency, the playing of the "Volga Boat Song" indicated that operations were temporarily suspended. The investigation after Bossard's arrest revealed a criminal record that had never been properly investigated. In 1934 he had been sentenced to six months' hard labor for buying watches with bad checks, then selling them to pawnbrokers.[128]

In 1968 Douglas Britten, an RAF chief technician, was sentenced, like Bossard three years earlier, to twenty-one years' imprisonment. For the previous six years he had provided highly classified intelligence from top-secret RAF signal units in Cyprus and Lincolnshire. He was recruited in 1962 by a KGB officer using the name Yuri, who walked up to him in the Kensington Science Museum, identified himself as a fellow radio ham, and addressed Britten by his call sign "Golf Three Kilo Foxtrot Lima." Two months later Britten was posted to Cyprus and began to supply intelligence to a local case officer. When he tried to break off contact, the case officer produced a photograph of him receiving money and blackmailed him into continuing. In 1966 Britten was transferred to RAF Digby in Lincolnshire and handed over to a new KGB controller, Aleksandr Ivanovich Bondarenko.

A Security Commission inquiry after Britten's conviction in 1968 revealed a history of financial problems. He had been briefly investigated in Cyprus after he ran into debt with the NAAFI and his wife complained that he was having an affair with a cabaret dancer.

Once back at RAF Digby, he ran into more serious trouble after a series of bouncing checks in the sergeants' mess and at a local garage. The Security Commission concluded that Britten was "a good actor and an accomplished liar. When such a man decides to betray his country, he presents the security authorities with a formidable problem of detection."[129]

In 1972 Sub-Lieutenant David Bingham was sentenced, like Bossard and Britten, to twenty-one years' imprisonment. For the previous two years he had filmed secret documents for the GRU at the Portsmouth naval base. His money problems stemmed chiefly from his wife, who, in despair at her mounting debts in 1969, had briefly left home and put her children into foster care. After Mrs. Bingham visited the Soviet embassy early in 1970, Bingham was recruited as a spy by L. T. Kuzmin, who gave him £600 and told him part of it was for his wife. Having purchased a camera and light meter as instructed, he met his controller outside Guildford Cathedral and was instructed on the use of DLBs in the Guildford area and on the procedures for photographing documents. In 1972, unable to cope with mounting pressure both from the GRU and from his creditors, he confessed to his commanding officer.[130]

In London, as in other capitals, the KGB was assisted by other Soviet Bloc intelligence services. The most effective, at least until the defections that followed the Soviet suppression of the Prague Spring, was the Czechoslovak StB. The StB's most important recruit in the scientific and technological field was Nicholas Prager, son of a clerk in the British consulate in Prague. Both had become naturalized British citizens in 1948. The following year, falsely claiming to have spent all his life in England and to be British by birth, the twenty-one-year-old Prager joined the RAF. By 1956 he had established himself as an efficient radar technician, with access to top-secret defense material.

In 1959 Prager returned to Czechoslovakia for a visit. According to the later StB defector Josef Frolik, the StB was waiting for him. Exploiting both his Communist sympathies and his mercenary instincts, the StB recruited him as an agent with the code name Marconi. In 1961 Prager provided full technical details of the Blue Diver and Red Steer radar-jamming devices being fitted to the V bombers, Britain's nuclear strike force. Though usually sparing with its praise, Moscow Center described this as the best intelligence yet provided by the StB. For the next ten years, Prager was employed by English Electric, working on a number of secret defense contracts, which he reported to the StB. In 1971, as a result of information provided by the defectors Josef Frolik and František August, he was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment. Prager's sentence would have been longer but for the fact that the only evidence usable in court related to offenses that by then were ten years old.[131]

In general, the KGB found that the StB's main value in London lay in approaching politicians and trade unionists who were less suspicious of Czechoslovaks than of Russians and sympathetic to a people betrayed by the West at Munich in 1938. The recommended technique within the StB for recruiting British M.P.s was for the recruiter, posing as an orthodox diplomat, to bemoan the mistrust between London and Prague, then add:

> I doubt if most of the powers-that-be in Prague have fully realized that the Cold War is long over as far as the British are concerned. If only we could find *someone* here who could convince our people—even in writing—that the British are only too eager to improve their relationships with their old wartime allies.

Any M.P. thus persuaded to write a report on the improvement of Anglo-Czechoslovak relations was paid for it on the pretext that "Of course, we couldn't allow you to write all this for nothing." If the recruiting strategy worked, other reports followed and the M.P. found himself trapped. During the 1960s the StB residency in London ran three Labour M.P.s. The most enthusiastic agent of the three was the Labour M.P. for Morpeth, Will Owen, recruited soon after his election in 1954 by Jan Paclik (alias Novak), an StB officer working under diplomatic cover as second secretary. Though his official StB code name was Lee, Owen was also known within the residency as Greedy Bastard. According to the defector Josef Frolik, who served at the London residency in the mid-sixties and saw some of Owen's product:

> "Lee" was interested solely in the five hundred pounds a month retainer which we gave him. . . . In spite of the obvious danger, he was always demanding free holidays in Czechoslovakia so that he might save the expense of having to pay for the vacation himself. He even went as far as pocketing as

> many cigars as possible whenever he came to the Embassy for a party.

For nearly fifteen years Owen met his case officer while taking his dog for early-morning strolls in a London park. Though only a back bencher, Owen became a member of the Commons Defense Estimates Committee and provided what Frolik described as "top-secret material of the highest value" on the British Army of the Rhine and the British contribution to NATO.[132] Owen was eventually discovered after the defection of Frolik and another StB officer acquainted with the Lee case, František August. After an examination of Owen's bank account revealed large sums on which he had never paid tax, he resigned his seat in April 1970. At his trial at the Old Bailey the following month, however, the prosecution failed to prove that Owen had betrayed classified information. Since neither Frolik nor August had been his case officer, their evidence counted as hearsay and was therefore inadmissible. After Owen's acquittal, he confessed to MI5 in return for a guarantee of immunity from further prosecution. The Labour M.P. and lawyer Leo Abse, who heard his confession, wrote afterward: "Owen certainly did his best to rape his motherland."[133]

Frolik and August identified the most senior Labour M.P. working for the StB as John Stonehouse, successively parliamentary secretary at the Ministry of Aviation, parliamentary undersecretary of state for the Colonies, minister of Aviation, minister of State for Technology, postmaster-general and minister of Posts and Telecommunications in the Wilson government of 1964–70. Stonehouse was, allegedly, blackmailed by the StB after a sexual trap had been laid for him during a visit to Czechoslovakia in the late 1950s. According to Frolik, he also took money from the StB: "Although . . . not of Cabinet rank, [he] put us in a position to know a great deal about certain British military and counter-intelligence operations."[134] There is, however, no hard evidence that Stonehouse had more than occasional dealings with the StB. A few months before Wilson's fall from power in 1970, Stonehouse was confronted in the prime minister's presence with the allegations made by Frolik and August. Stonehouse denied them vigorously. Since MI5 was able to produce no evidence to support the defectors' information, the matter was dropped.[135]

His later behavior does not encourage faith in his protestations of total innocence. In 1974, faced with acute business problems, Stonehouse faked his own suicide, and disappeared with his mistress to

Australia. Having been successfully tracked down and brought back to England, he was sentenced in 1976 to seven years' imprisonment on eighteen charges of theft and fraud. Once out of jail he published a spy novel describing the entrapment of a senior civil servant in the European Commission named Ralph Edmonds by the seductive Lotte of East German intelligence. ("One of our best operators," Ralph's controller later tells him. "What she did was strictly in the line of duty.") Ralph spends an enjoyable evening with Lotte, who obligingly "sent sensations of joy to every crevice of his brain." Then, after one last "magnificent thrust," just before he went to sleep, "Ralph noticed their reflections in a huge, oval ceiling mirror." He is later handed souvenir photographs of the evening taken through the one-way mirror in the ceiling, and agrees to cooperate. Inept though Stonehouse's storytelling was, the account of Ralph's entrapment may well have drawn on his experience at the hands of the StB.[136]

The case of one other Czechoslovak contact in the Commons, code-named Crocodile, remains so confused as to defy straightforward analysis. Crocodile was Tom Driberg, M.P. for twenty-eight years, later a Labour peer, long-serving member of the Labour National Executive, and sometime chairman of the Labour Party: a man of great charm, political flair, and unresolved contradictions, with a compulsive addiction to homosexual activity in public restrooms, who died in 1976. In 1956, during a visit to Moscow to see his old friend Guy Burgess (about whom he wrote a highly misleading biography denying that he was a spy), Driberg was approached by the KGB and agreed to provide confidential information about the private lives and inner workings of the Labour leadership. He later told MI5 that the KGB gave him two identical briefcases. When he handed one containing his reports to his Soviet case officer, he received the other, containing his payment, in exchange. Driberg also admitted passing material to the Czechs. "All harmless stuff," he is alleged to have told MI5. According to Frolik, the StB was warned off by the KGB, which regarded Driberg as "their man." MI5 also seems to have made some use of him as a double (if not triple) agent. In the end even Driberg may not have been clear precisely who he was working for.[137]

A fourth alleged Czech agent in the Commons during the 1960s, code-named Gustav, has never been identified. According to Frolik, he was recruited by Václav Táborský in the mid-1950s and worked for money:

> "Gustav" was not as important as "Lee," but he was in a position to deliver interesting information about the domestic and foreign policies of the Labour Party while it was in opposition, and, later, when the Wilson Government came to power, about defense matters.[138]

It has been suggested that "Gustav" was Sir Barnett Stross, Labour M.P. for Stoke until his death in 1967. Stross was born in Czechoslovakia and spoke fluent Czech. His identification as "Gustav," however, is unconvincing.

Both the StB and the KGB believed that it was possible to recruit Conservative as well as Labour M.P.s, but appear to have been hopelessly inept in picking their targets. The StB residency in London devised a bizarre plan to lure the Conservative leader Edward Heath to indulge his passion for organ playing in a Prague church, compromise him, and then recruit him. The plan predictably failed: Heath refused the invitation to Prague. Mikhail Petrovich Lyubimov, a brilliantly talented but overambitious PR line officer at the KGB residency in the early 1960s, recruited an M.P.'s personal secretary but then, as he later told Gordievsky, went on to target (without any prospect of success) the Conservative journalist Peregrine Worsthorne and the rising young Conservative M.P. Nicholas Scott. He was expelled in 1965 after trying to recruit a cipher operator.

The steady increase in KGB and StB operations in Britain during the 1960s was compromised by three defections. Frolik and August, who defected in the summer of 1969, had both spent periods working in London and seem to have identified most of the StB's British agents. The KGB suffered even greater damage as a result of the defection in September 1971 of Oleg Adolfovich Lyalin from the London residency. Lyalin, an expert in hand-to-hand combat as well as a highly proficient marksman and parachutist, was a member of Department V[139] of the First Chief Directorate, founded in 1969 to replace the old Thirteenth ("Wet Affairs") Department, which had been badly compromised by the defections of Khokhlov and Stashinsky. Department V had a much broader brief than its predecessor. Its function was to prepare contingency plans for the sabotage of foreign public services, transport, communications, and the nerve centers of government at the outbreak of war and in some crises short of war.

In the spring of 1971, about six months before he defected, Lyalin was recruited by MI5 as an agent-in-place and provided details of sabotage plans in London, Washington, Paris, Bonn, Rome, and other Western capitals. He revealed that in each capital Department V officers had been ordered to select and monitor the movement of key figures for assassination in time of crisis. They were also to recruit local agents to assist them and provide support for Department V illegals. Sabotage plans in Britain included plans to flood the London Underground, blow up the missile early-warning station at Fylingdale, North Yorkshire, destroy V-bombers on the ground, and attack other military targets. Lyalin's main job was to identify vital installations, which undercover Soviet Spetsnaz (special forces) could immobilize at the outbreak of war.

Some of Department V's schemes were as bizarre as those devised by the CIA to eliminate Castro. One plan revealed by Lyalin was for Soviet agents posing as messengers and delivery men to scatter colorless poison capsules along the corridors of power, which would kill all those who crushed them underfoot. The British government released few details about Lyalin after his defection, but the attorney-general told the Commons that he was charged with "the organization of sabotage within the United Kingdom" and preparations for "the elimination of individuals judged to be enemies of the U.S.S.R." Lyalin's defection caused a major crisis in Moscow Center. Apparently on Politburo instructions, Department V was wound up and its officers recalled from foreign residencies.[140]

Soon after Lyalin's defection, MI5 persuaded the Heath government to order a mass expulsion of Soviet intelligence personnel. Ninety KGB and GRU officers in London were expelled. Fifteen others on leave in the Soviet Union were told they would not be allowed to return, making a grand total of 105. Moscow Center was stunned. The expulsions marked a major turning point in the history of KGB operations in the United Kingdom. Even in the mid-1980s, operations in Britain during the generation before the expulsions were still presented as a model for young intelligence officers at the FCD training school, the Andropov Institute. The three main faculty heads in the institute had all made their reputations in the London residency in the period before 1971. Yuri Modin, who was in charge of offensive intelligence training, was a former controller of the Magnificent Five. Ivan Shishkin, head of counterintelligence training, had run the KR (counterintelligence) line in London from 1966 to 1970 and was, in Gordievsky's view, the KGB's leading expert on the British intelligence community. Vladimir Barkovsky, who ran training in scientific and technological espionage, had specialized in that field in London from 1941 to 1946. In 1971 the golden age of KGB operations came to an end. The London residency never recovered from the 1971 expulsions. Contrary to the popular myths generated by media "revelations" about Soviet moles, during the next fourteen years, up to Gordievsky's defection, the KGB found it more difficult to collect high-grade intelligence in London than in almost any other Western capital.

The much-reduced number of KGB and GRU agents found themselves under much tighter surveillance. The London resident at the time of the expulsions, Yuri Voronin, was on leave in the Soviet Union and not allowed to return to Britain. Since the British government had embarked on what proved to be an effective policy of not allowing visas to identified intelligence officers, the Center was unable to install any of its favored candidates to succeed Voronin. Instead, a junior officer in the KR line, Yevgeni Ivanovich Lazebny, who worked as security officer at the trade delegation and had somehow escaped expulsion, was put in charge. During his fourteen months as acting resident, Lazebny tried to preserve his cover by keeping his office in the trade delegation and visiting the embassy each day to deal with residency matters. He proved totally out of his depth.

Lazebny was succeeded as resident at the end of 1972 by Yakov Konstantinovich Lukasevics (*alias* Bukashev), who owed his inflated reputation to his youthful success in the postwar deception operation in Latvia. Lukasevics lacked the flair of the previous generation of residents. He reminded Gordievsky of a small-town provincial policeman with little education and narrow political horizons. Moscow was impressed by the fact that there were no further expulsions during his eight years as resident. But when at the end of that period he had made little progress in rebuilding KGB operations in Britain, he was sidelined for the remainder of his career to a minor job in Latvia.[141]

In both Britain and the United States by far the most important KGB penetrations in the Brezhnev era and beyond were in sigint. By an astonishing coincidence, two of the KGB's most important agents were recruited within days of each other. Both were walk-ins. Early in January 1968 Corporal Geoffrey Arthur Prime was returning to the RAF sigint station at Gatow in West Berlin after his Christmas leave. As he passed through a Soviet checkpoint in Berlin, he handed a message to a Russian officer asking to be contacted by Soviet Intelligence.[142] A few days later, Chief Warrant Officer John Anthony Walker, a communications watch officer on the staff of the commander of submarine forces in the Atlantic (COMSUBLANT), drove from his base in Norfolk, Virginia, to Washington, D.C., parked his car downtown, looked up the address of the Soviet embassy in a telephone-booth directory, and hailed a taxi, which dropped him a block away from the embassy. Walker asked for "someone from security." He brought with him a month's key settings for the KL-47 cipher machine.[143]

Though Prime and Walker played similar roles within the KGB agent network, they had quite different personalities. Prime was a sexual and social misfit, a truant at school and a loner in the RAF. Unable to develop normal sexual relationships, he began making obscene telephone calls in 1962. By 1969, after a first marriage that was almost instantly unhappy, he was making indecent calls to little girls. Increasingly, Prime blamed his problems and the setbacks in his career on the capitalist system. He was attracted by the propaganda image of the Soviet Union and the people's democracies presented by *Soviet Weekly* and the Russian and East German broadcasts to which he listened. After his arrest in 1982, he claimed that he had begun work for the KGB "partly as a result of a misplaced idealistic view of Russian Communism which was compounded by basic psychological problems within himself."[144]

The note that Prime left at the Berlin checkpoint was passed to officers not from the First Chief Directorate but from the comparatively lowly Third Directorate. Though its main responsibility was the security and surveillance of the Soviet armed forces, the Third Directorate sometimes succeeded in making (usually low-level) recruits among the Western troops stationed in Germany. It was anxious to steal a march on the more prestigious FCD by gaining the credit for Prime's recruitment.[145] In his note Prime had asked an intelligence officer to meet him at a restaurant on the Leibnitzstrasse. Instead he found a message in a magnetic cylinder attached to the handle of his car door, giving him a rendezvous at the Friedrichstrasse S-Bahn station in East Berlin.

At a series of meetings with two Third Directorate case officers whom he knew only as Igor and Valya,[146] Prime was closely questioned both about himself and about his sigint work at Gatow. Though he claimed that his motives were ideological, he was given £30–40 at each meeting. His engagement with the RAF was due to end in August. In agreement with his controllers, he applied, successfully, for a job processing Russian intercepts at GCHQ. Before taking up his new job at the end of September, Prime spent a week at an apartment in the KGB compound at Karlshorst, being trained in radio transmission, cipher communication, microdots, photography with a Minox camera, and the use of dead-letter boxes. After each day's training, he was locked in the apartment for the night. Before flying back to Britain, changing planes at Hamburg, Prime was given the code name Rowlands and a briefcase containing a set of one-time pads, secret writing materials, and £400 in banknotes hidden in a secret compartment.

Prime's first six and a half years with GCHQ were spent at its London Processing Group (LPG), a specialist transcription service based in St. Dunstan's Hill. By the autumn of 1969 he had completed his training, passed the Linguist Specialist Open Competition, and begun work as a transcriber. He was informed by radio of a dead-letter box near Esher in Surrey. In it he found a letter of congratulations from Moscow Center and £400. Prime was unpopular at GCHQ and generally regarded as withdrawn and unsociable. For two reasons, however, he did not attract suspicion. "First," as a later Security Commission report disarmingly put it, "because of the nature of GCHQ's work and their need for staff with esoteric specialisms, they attracted many odd and eccentric characters." Second, his morose appearance was put down to his unhappy marriage and to his resentment at being passed over for promotion in favor of abler linguists than himself, who, he complained, were selected simply because they were graduates.[147]

While Prime was a loner, Walker was the life and soul of many parties. At bars in ports around the world, he liked to call out: "Bartender! I'll have a shot of the scotch that's named after me—Johnnie Walker."[148] His criminal career had begun early. He joined the navy as a teenage high school dropout to escape punishment after four serious burglaries. When he got into debt after the failure of business ventures, he tried to force his wife into prostitution to restore his finances. Walker drew his family into his work for the KGB. When his daughter's pregnancy threatened to interfere with his espionage, he tried to persuade her to have an abortion. Yet, despite an unprepossessing appearance (even with his expensive hairpiece), Walker had the power to manipulate and deceive family, friends, mistresses, colleagues, and superiors. A fitness report by his commanding officer concluded in 1972:

> CWO-2 Walker is intensely loyal, taking great pride in himself and the naval service, fiercely supporting its principles and traditions. He possesses a fine sense of personal honor and integrity, coupled with a great sense of humor. He is friendly, intelligent and possesses the ability to work in close harmony with others.[149]

By the time this tribute was composed, Walker had been a KGB agent for four years. After walking into the Soviet embassy in Washington and displaying samples of his wares, he announced that he had total access at COMSUBLANT to cipher machines and keys and asked for a salary of $1,000 a week. He was given an advance of $2,000 or $3,000 (he could not later remember which) and arranged a further meeting a few weeks later at an Alexandria department store. Walker was then dressed in a large coat and hat, taken out a back door of the embassy, and driven out of the gates with his head down on the back seat, sheltered by a large Russian on either side. At the meeting in Alexandria in February Walker handed over a series of cipher key cards. In return he was given $5,000—an enormous sum by the KGB standards of the time and a clear indication of his exceptional importance. He was told that, for security reasons, there would be no more personal meetings except in an emergency. Communication would take place through DLBs. He was given detailed instructions, maps and photographs of sites, and a Minox camera. Walker found photographing Top Secret messages and cipher material with the Minox in the COMSUBLANT communications center so easy that he later claimed scornfully, "K Mart has better security than the navy." Walker's abused wife knew that her husband was a spy. Twice before their divorce in 1976, Mrs. Walker called the FBI before her courage failed her and she hung up. Instead, she took to drink.[150]

During the late 1960s the head of the KR line in Washington, whose responsibilities included penetration of the American intelligence community, was Oleg Kalugin. The development of Walker as the KGB's most important penetration agent in the United States was probably at the top of the list of successes that led to Kalugin's meteoric rise within the FCD; in 1974 he became its youngest general.[151] Some senior officers in Moscow Center argued that previous penetration agents inside British and American sigint agencies had not been fully exploited because they had been handled with insufficient care. Jack

Dunlap in NSA had committed suicide in 1963 when the pressure on him became too great. Douglas Britten, the KGB mole in RAF sigint, had been discovered through routine MI5 surveillance of the Soviet consulate in London, where he attempted to contact his controller.[152] Walker was handled quite differently.

The simultaneous recruitment of Prime and Walker helped to prompt a major reorganization of KGB sigint. Hitherto the Eighth Directorate had handled sigint as well as KGB ciphers and communications security. In 1969 a new Sixteenth Directorate was established under Nikolai Nikolayevich Andreyev to specialize exclusively in sigint. Andreev was succeeded in 1973 by Major General Igor Vasilyevich Maslov. The new directorate worked closely with the Sixteenth Department of the First Chief Directorate, which thenceforth had exclusive control of all FCD operations to acquire foreign codes and ciphers, and to penetrate sigint agencies. Its officers in foreign residencies handled only one case each, which they kept entirely apart from the rest of the residencies' operations.[153] They maintained a remarkable level of secrecy even within the FCD. As KGB security officer in the Washington residency from 1975 to 1980, Vitali Sergeevich Yurchenko was entirely unaware of the existence of John Walker, the residency's most important agent.[154] It was also a strict Sixteenth Department rule never to meet its agents in the countries in which they worked. The Sixteenth Department's favorite meeting places were Vienna, Helsinki, and New Delhi, the three major capitals outside the Soviet Bloc where the KGB operated with the greatest freedom.[155]

Though Walker was taken over by an FCD Sixteenth Department case officer, Prime continued to be run by the Third Directorate, which refused to hand over its star agent to the rival FCD. He was given the choice of meeting his case officer in either Finland or Austria. Possibly because of his knowledge of German, he chose Austria. Prime probably also met his case officer during holidays in the Irish Republic in 1970, Rome in 1971, and Cyprus in 1972. Most of his contacts with the KGB, however, conducted via DLBs, were letters containing secret writing and broadcasts from Moscow.[156] Walker's communication with the FCD Sixteenth Department was even more secretive. After his rendezvous at an Alexandria department store in February 1968, he had no further direct personal contact with the KGB until August 1977, when he met his Sixteenth Department controller in Casablanca.

Thereafter, since Walker had retired from the navy in the previous year and was running a navy friend, Jerry Alfred Whitworth, as a subagent, his controller arranged to meet him about twice a year. Walker was given the choice of meeting in India or Austria. He chose Vienna. Though Walker sometimes ignored its advice, the Sixteenth Department continually urged caution on him: "If it's not safe, don't do it." The KGB's ideological message to both men, which Walker disregarded but which probably had some appeal to Prime, was simplistic: both were serving the cause of world peace. "We only want peace," they were told. "The imperialists want war."[157]

Though the Third Directorate's handling of Prime was less sophisticated than the Sixteenth Department's running of Walker, it preserved the same tight security. At no point either during Prime's seven and a half years with the London Processing Group (September 1968 to March 1976) or during his eighteen months at GCHQ Cheltenham (March 1976 to September 1977) did he come under suspicion. After leaving GCHQ he found employment as a taxi driver and wine salesman, and broke off contact with the KGB for three years. In 1980, however, the KGB renewed contact and persuaded him to meet his case officer in Vienna, where he handed over fifteen reels of film (most of which, he was told, did not develop properly) and some photocopies and notes that had been in his possession since he left GCHQ. The case officer did not criticize him either for leaving GCHQ or for breaking contact, but encouraged him unsuccessfully to rejoin GCHQ. He was given £600 on his departure.

In 1981 Prime traveled to Potsdam to answer questions about the documents he had handed over in the previous year. This time it was suggested, also unsuccessfully, that he become a Russian teacher at the Royal Army Education Corps, Beaconsfield, to act as a KGB talent spotter. He was given £4,000 as a leaving present.[158] Prime's espionage was not discovered by MI5 and GCHQ until he was arrested for sexually molesting little girls in the summer of 1982. Third Directorate operations remained so well insulated from the First Chief Directorate that Gordievsky, who had been working on the British desk at Moscow Center since 1981 and arrived at the London residency in June 1982, did not learn of the Prime case until after Prime's arrest.[159]

A Pentagon damage assessment on the Prime case put the cost to the U.K.–U.S. sigint alliance at a billion dollars. For a decade Prime had given the KGB comprehensive intelligence on GCHQ operating procedures, personnel, and bases at home and abroad; during his year at Cheltenham in 1976–77 he had access to high-grade intelligence about GCHQ's successes and failures in decrypting Soviet traffic and to details of two top secret American satellite intelligence systems, Big Bird and Rhyolite. The KGB owed its most important intelligence on U.S. satellites, however, to two American walk-ins. From April 1975 to late 1976 an American drug dealer, Andrew Daulton Lee, supplied the KGB residency in Mexico City with the operating manual for Rhyolite and detailed technical data on other satellite systems obtained from his friend Christopher Boyce, who worked for Rhyolite's manufacturer, TRW Corporation in California. Early in 1978 William Kampiles, who had been briefly employed by the Watch Center at CIA headquarters, traveled to Greece and walked into the KGB residency in Athens with the manual for KH-11 (Keyhole), the most advanced U.S. sigint satellite.[160]

Though Prime was the most important KGB mole in British sigint since Cairncross in 1942–43, the Lee/Boyce and Kampiles walk-ins suggest that the billion-dollar price tag put on his intelligence by the Pentagon may be exaggerated. After Prime's arrest criticisms of the Third Directorate's handling of the case began to circulate in the FCD. The Third Directorate had failed to maintain the continuous contact with Prime that the FCD Sixteenth Department established with Walker. At precisely the moment during his year in Cheltenham when he had the best access to GCHQ secrets, Third Directorate coded radio messages to him had become unreadable and contact with him had been broken. As a result much of what he learned at Cheltenham was only passed on to his case officer at their meeting in Vienna in 1980.[161]

No such problems arose in the Sixteenth Department's handling of the Walker case. John Walker worked for the KGB for seventeen years until his much-abused ex-wife finally summoned up the nerve to report him to the FBI in 1985. In addition to running Jerry Whitworth as a subagent for nine years, Walker recruited his son and elder brother in the early 1980s; he also tried, but failed, to recruit his daughter. He provided comprehensive information and technical manuals used not only by the navy but by the other armed services, the State Department, the CIA, and the FBI. The Sixteenth Directorate also required the daily keys used with the cipher machines in order to decrypt their cipher traffic. Walker's spy ring provided so many of these keys that a damage assessment after his arrest estimated that he had enabled Soviet cryptanalysts to decrypt a million U.S. messages. The most obvious Soviet gain from the decrypts was foreknowledge of U.S. operations. According to Theodore Shackley, CIA station chief in Saigon from 1968 to 1973 in the final phases of the Vietnam War:

> They usually had forewarning of the B-52 strikes. Even when the B-52s diverted to secondary targets because of the weather, they knew in advance which targets would be hit. Naturally, the foreknowledge diminished the effectiveness of the strikes because they were ready. It was uncanny. We never figured it out.

Though doubtless an exaggerated estimate of Soviet and North Vietnamese foreknowledge, Shackley's assessment provides a powerful insight into the shattering psychological effect in warfare of the discovery that operational plans have leaked to the enemy. The U.S. Navy frequently discovered when they staged supposedly secret exercises that Soviet ships were close at hand. "It is as if they had a copy of the Op P plans," complained one admiral.[162] There were times when Moscow Center must have felt in exactly that position. During one of their meetings Walker's case officer solemnly informed him that, in recognition of his outstanding contribution to world peace, he had been awarded the rank of admiral in the Soviet navy. "Tell them thanks a lot," replied Walker.[163]

The Prime and Walker cases epitomize the problems and opportunities of KGB operations in Britain and the United States during the Brezhnev era. At the end of the Second World War the most important KGB penetration agents—the Magnificent Five in Britain; Alger Hiss and Harry Dexter White in the United States—had been ideologically motivated high fliers with the apparent prospect of careers that would take them to the top of the government service. By the Brezhnev era the golden age of the brilliantly talented Anglo-American ideological mole was long past. The most important penetration agents in Britain and the United States during the 1970s were two cunning petty criminals, one with a record of burglary, the other with an undetected history of (as yet minor) sexual offenses, neither possessed of any exceptional talent, but both in low-level jobs that gave them access to some of the U.K.–U.S. alliance's most important sigint secrets.

13

The Decline and Fall of Détente (1972–84)

On June 20, 1972, the First Chief Directorate moved into new headquarters designed by a Finnish architect at Yasenevo, southeast of Moscow, half a mile beyond the outer ring road. The building had originally been intended for the International Department of the Central Committee. While it was under construction, however, the Central Committee decided that the site was too far from the center of Moscow and surrendered it to the KGB. The main Y-shaped office building was flanked on one side by an assembly hall and library, on the other by a clinic, sports complex, and swimming pool. Around the FCD compound was a double ring of fencing with guard dogs in between and armed sentries patrolling the perimeter. In the large grounds a massive head of Lenin on a granite block overlooked an ornamental lake. To celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the KGB on December 20, 1977, a further monument was erected on the grounds to the "unknown intelligence officer." From the office windows there were fine views over hills covered with birch trees, green pastures, and, in summer, fields of wheat and rye.

Each day a massive fleet of buses brought staff from various Moscow locations, arriving at Yasenevo at intervals between 8:20 and 8:50 A.M. A fortunate minority (still only about 5 percent even in the mid-1980s) arrived by car; more private cars were—and are—parked at the FCD than anywhere else in Russia. The working day began officially at 9 A.M. On their arrival FCD staff passed through three checkpoints: at one of the outer gates, at the main entrance gate in the perimeter fence, and at the entrance to the building itself. Further checks followed between different sections of the building. The ordinary KGB identity card, with the name, rank, and photograph of the bearer, was not valid at Yasenevo. Each FCD officer was issued a new plastic pass that carried his (or occasionally her) photograph and identity number but no name. On the pass was a grid with holes punched to indicate parts of the building the bearer was not permitted to enter. Passes were never taken abroad. FCD officers working in foreign countries left them for safekeeping in their departments at the Center. Non-FCD visitors at Yasenevo were rare and almost always very senior. When FCD officers had discussions with those of other KGB directorates or with government or party officials, the meetings usually took place in central Moscow. The working day ended at 6 P.M. Buses left promptly at 6:15 P.M., removing the signs indicating their destinations once their passengers were on board. As they set off, police halted all other traffic on the outer Moscow ring road to speed them on their way.

Despite the elaborate security precautions, however, the FCD never, in Gordievsky's time, solved the problem of the canteen. Staggered by the quality and variety of the food they served, the canteen staff recruited in local villages stuffed as much as possible into their pockets. When they were strip-searched, however, they refused to come to work, and the searches were abandoned. The FCD probably continues today to improve the dreary diet of local villages via the pockets of its canteen staff.[1]

About a year before the move to Yasenevo, Aleksandr Sakharovsky had retired after a record fifteen years as head of the FCD. He was succeeded by his fifty-three-year-old former deputy, Fyodor Konstantinovich Mortin, a career KGB officer who had risen steadily through the ranks as a loyal protégé of Sakharovsky. Except for short trips as an occasional trouble-shooter to KGB residencies, he had no firsthand experience and little understanding of the West. In the new complex at Yasenevo, however, he presided in some style. Each day he and other senior figures in the FCD arrived at Yasenevo in their chauffeured black Zil or Volga limousines and entered the new headquarters by their own entrance and private elevator. Mortin had a large suite on the second floor with adjoining bedroom and bathroom. Though he had been a reliable, efficient second fiddle to Sakharovsky, rumors spread within the Center that Andropov found him too lightweight at a time when he was building up his own political power base. In 1974 Mortin was moved to a post as head of the Chief Directorate for Scientific and Industrial Cooperation in the U.S.S.R. State Committee for Science and Technology (GKNT), a key post in scientific and technological intelligence usually held by a KGB officer.[2]

Mortin's successor at Yasenevo was one of the toughest of Andropov's own personal protégés, the fifty-year-old Vladimir Aleksandrovich Kryuchkov, who was almost to equal Sakharovsky's record term as head of the FCD. After fourteen years at Yasenevo he was to become chairman of the KGB in 1988. Kryuchkov's official photographs, in which the corners of his mouth turn decisively downward, show a tough, unsmiling Tartar exterior thinly concealing a tough, unsmiling interior. Throughout his years in the FCD he displayed enormous energy, single-mindedness, and self-confidence, combined with administrative skill and political flair. He was also a humorless workaholic. In Gordievsky's experience he never strayed from his prepared texts at FCD meetings, never tried to coin a striking phrase, never showed any sign of a sense of humor.[3] In 1989, Kryuchkov was asked by an interviewer, "Do you know what 'spare time' means?" "I'm afraid not," he replied.[4]

Kryuchkov was fond of stressing his working-class credentials by recalling that he started out in life as a factory worker. He graduated from the U.S.S.R. Institute of Law by taking correspondence courses in the evening and served for some years as investigating officer and procurator. Then came what Kryuchkov called "a change in life": training at the Foreign Ministry's Higher Diplomatic School followed by five years (1954–59) at the Soviet embassy in Budapest, where he became a protégé of the ambassador Yuri Andropov. From 1959 to 1967 he worked, initially under Andropov, in the Central Committee's Department for Relations with Socialist Countries, dealing with the Warsaw Pact and other countries with ruling Communist parties. He said later of this period in his life:

> Today it is "modish" to assail the Party apparatus. However, I would like to say that I learned a lot there and met some wonderful dedicated people, despite the unpleasant exceptions that are the case everywhere.[5]

He derived from these years a consummate mastery of Central Committee politics and personal intrigue. When Andropov became KGB chairman in 1967, Kryuchkov became head of his secretariat and custodian of the KGB's most sensitive secrets. In about 1971 he moved to the First Chief Directorate as deputy head, responsible for European intelligence, succeeding Mortin as head three years later.[6]

As well as being a workaholic, Kryuchkov was a fitness fanatic. He had the unnerving habit when talking to FCD officers of using hand exercisers or squeezing tennis balls to strengthen his grip. He had his own private gymnasium, complete with a massage table, constructed in the new FCD headquarters. Next to the gymnasium was Kryuchkov's personal sauna, where he sometimes had discussions with other KGB generals. Though only the most senior officers ever visited Kryuchkov in his sauna, Gordievsky was shown around it while on night duty one evening by a member of Kryuchkov's secretariat. It was the most luxurious sauna he has seen anywhere in the world, with the best that hard currency could buy: expensive wood specially imported from Finland instead of the usual Russian pine, elegant, specially designed Scandinavian fittings and lamps. There was a large array of imported fluffy towels and dressing gowns. Next to the sauna-gymnasium complex was a dining area, but no drinks cupboard. Kryuchkov was a teetotaler and caused dismay in the tradionally bibulous FCD by banning drinking parties for officers about to take up foreign postings.

Kryuchkov's main handicap on becoming head of the FCD was his complete lack of personal experience of intelligence operations and of life in the West. Gordievsky first met him in 1972 shortly before his posting as a PR line (political intelligence) officer in Copenhagen. Kryuchkov, who was then Mortin's deputy, immediately asked Gordievsky, "Tell me how you intend to acquire contacts when you get to Denmark." Having only just moved from Directorate S (Illegals), Gordievsky was about to give a reply that would later have struck him as naïve. As soon as he began to speak, however, Kryuchkov interrupted him with a monologue that continued for the remainder of the interview. To Gordievsky's amazement, Kryuchkov's views were even more naïve than his own, largely because of his ignorance of Western society. Those views derived from a series of ideologically based stereotypes and conspiracy theories, which began to soften only in the late 1980s. He did not take kindly to contrary opinions. The FCD's two most brilliant and level-headed analysts of British and American policy, Oleg Kalugin and Mikhail Lyubimov, were both removed from the Center in 1980 for disputing Kryuchkov's conspiracy theories. As head of the FCD, Kryuchkov relied increasingly on sycophants who exploited his growing weakness for personal flattery.[7]

The FCD's move to Yasenevo and Kryuchkov's emergence as its head coincided with the period of greatest Soviet-American détente between the onset of the Cold War and the Gorbachev era. In May 1972 Richard Nixon paid the first ever official visit to the U.S.S.R. by an American president. Brezhnev visited the United States in June 1973 and Nixon paid a second visit to Moscow a year later. More Soviet-American agreements were signed in these two years than in the entire previous period since the establishment of diplomatic relations. Chief among them were the Treaty on the Limitation of Anti-Ballistic Missile Systems and the first Strategic Arms Limitation Agreement (SALT 1), both signed during Nixon's first Moscow visit. "The historians of some future age," prophesied Nixon, "will write of Year 1972 . . . that this was the year when America helped to lead the world out of the lowlands of constant war to the high plateau of peace."[8] Though rivalry between the two superpowers continued, they seemed to have both the will and the capacity to join in preventing a nuclear Armageddon.

Gordievsky's main memory of the mood in Moscow Center was that at long last the United States was treating the Soviet Union as an equal. Nixon's resignation in August 1974, under threat of impeachment for his involvement in the Watergate scandal, gave rise to both dismay and suspicion. Dmitri Ivanovich Yakushkin arrived as KGB main resident in Washington early in 1975, already convinced that Nixon's fall was due less to public indignation over Watergate than to a conspiracy by the enemies of détente, in particular the Zionists, whose machinations via the Jewish lobby he saw all about him, and the "United States military-industrial complex," which he believed was trying to prevent lower arms expenditure.[9]

Underlying Yakushkin's misreading of the Watergate crisis was a much more basic misunderstanding of the American political system and way of life that was widespread in both the Center and the Kremlin. As so frequently before, their vision was constricted by ideological blinkers. Accustomed to strong central direction and a command economy, most KGB officers, like most Soviet diplomats, could not fathom how the United States could achieve such high levels of production, efficiency, and technological innovation with so little apparent regulation. The gap in Soviet understanding of what made the United States tick tended to be filled by conspiracy theory. The diplomat Arkadi Nikolayevich Shevchenko, who defected in 1978 while undersecretary general of the United Nations, noted of his Soviet colleagues:

> Many are inclined toward the fantastic notion that there must be a secret control center somewhere in the United States. They themselves, after all, are used to a system ruled by a small group working in secrecy in one place. Moreover, the Soviets continue to chew on Lenin's dogma that bourgeois governments are just the "servants" of monopoly capital. "Is that not the secret control center?" they reason.[10]

The period of U.S.-Soviet détente in the middle of the Brezhnev era was made possible partly by the presence in Washington of an unusually sophisticated Soviet diplomat, Anatoli Fyodorovich Dobrynin, ambassador from March 1963 to March 1986. Dobrynin's secret discussions with Henry Kissinger, Nixon's national security adviser (and later secretary of State), provided what the Center called a "back channel" between Moscow and Washington, and paved the way for détente. Kissinger was later to eulogize Dobrynin's "central contribution" to improved relations and the "consummate skill" of his diplomacy. But there were limits to Dobrynin's ability to challenge the conspiracy theories popular in Moscow. He was sometimes accused of becoming "Americanized" by opponents in the Central Committee and Foreign Ministry. Dobrynin felt forced to defend himself by pandering to at least some of Moscow's prejudices. According to Shevchenko:

> Although he understands the US governmental system, even Dobrynin dared not produce an accurate analysis of the division of power in America between the executive and legislative branches during the Watergate débacle.[11]

At least at a rhetorical level, détente survived the demise of Nixon. In August 1975 the Helsinki Final Act, the end product of the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe, pronounced all European frontiers "inviolable" and bound the major states of East and West to abide by enlightened standards of conduct in international relations and to respect human rights at home. "Helsinki Watch Groups," set up in the Soviet Union to monitor observance of the human rights thus guaranteed, were gradually closed down by the KGB, which arrested or banished into internal exile most of their members.

Nixon's successor and former vice-president, Gerald Ford, was viewed in the Center with mild contempt. Andrei Gromyko, who like Andropov became a voting member of the Politburo in 1973, wrote condescendingly of him:

> It sometimes happens that a man will occupy a high state position and yet will be written of and spoken of only in passing. Gerald Ford, president for barely two years, belongs in this category.[12]

Dismissive though Moscow was of Ford's ability, it was anxious for him to win the 1976 presidential election. The Kremlin's innate conservatism made it prefer a known lightweight like Ford to the unpredictable Democrat candidate, Jimmy Carter. Under Ford, it was believed, the "back channel" between Dobrynin and Kissinger could continue. As the election approached, both the Soviet embassy and the residency in Washington received increasingly urgent appeals for advance notification of the winner. "The Center," Dobrynin told Shevchenko, "has been bombarding Washington for months."[13] Both the embassy and the residency seem to have hedged their election bets.

Though one of the best-educated presidents since the Second World War, Jimmy Carter took office in 1977 as both an outsider in Washington and a novice in diplomacy. Gromyko was even more scornful of Carter than of Ford:

> Being a diligent man, Carter did his best, but when he tried to pronounce the names of towns and regions in the Soviet Union all that came out was a sequence of incomprehensible noises. More worryingly, we quickly discovered that he had difficulty in grasping even the most elementary basic features of the Soviet–United States relationship.[14]

After the carnage of Vietnam and the corruption of Watergate, Carter set out to rebuild American foreign policy on the high ground of moral principle and human rights. Soon after his inauguration, academician Andrei Sakharov, the dissident winner of the 1975 Nobel Peace Prize, wrote to Carter asking him to persevere in his campaign for human rights in the Soviet Union. To the outrage of the Kremlin and the KGB, Carter publicly acknowledged and replied to his letter. Shortly afterward he received another Soviet dissenter, Vladimir Bukovsky, in the White House. Both Yakushkin and the Center mistakenly interpreted Carter's human-rights campaign chiefly as a ploy designed to strengthen the U.S. bargaining position for the next round of strategic arms talks after SALT 1 expired in October 1977.[15]

Service A (Active Measures) attached extreme importance to countering Carter's human-rights campaign by attacking the United States' own record. In 1977, it composed a number of letters to the president's wife, Rosalynn Carter, protesting against "the infringement of human rights" in the United States. While Gordievsky was stationed in Copenhagen, the residency succeeded in persuading a well-known liberal politician to send one of these letters to Mrs. Carter. The residency was so excited that it immediately sent a PR line officer to her hometown to obtain a copy of the letter and satisfy himself that it corresponded to the KGB draft. The two texts matched exactly, and a triumphant report was sent to the Center.[16]

The trials of Soviet human-rights activists in 1978 brought further official American condemnations. The KGB hit back with a crude attempt to link the Jewish dissident Anatoli Shcharansky with the CIA; he was sentenced to ten years in jail on a trumped-up charge by the KGB of passing secret information to an American journalist.[17] Though well aware that it had fabricated this particular plot, the KGB convinced itself that there was nonetheless a real conspiracy by the CIA and the White House to manipulate the human-rights campaign in the Soviet Union. Gromyko continued to insist even in the era of *glasnost* that the campaign was part and parcel of American "ideological subversion against the U.S.S.R. . . . Carter took a personal hand in the campaign of provocation."[18]

Détente in the 1970s was always fragile. Brezhnev was fond of repeating that détente did not alter "the laws of the class struggle." Even at its peak in 1972–74, the United States remained the Main Adversary. The FCD First (United States and Canada) Department was easily the largest geographical department at the Center and grew steadily in size. At the end of the 1960s it had only one deputy head; during the 1970s it acquired two more. It was also the only department that controlled two "main residencies" (a status accorded to the Washington and New York residencies in the early 1970s) run by KGB generals, as well as a third residency in San Francisco. The size of the KGB presence in both the United States and the UN delegation in New York increased more rapidly at the height of détente than at any other period: from about 120 officers in 1970 to 220 in 1975. At the very moment when the London residency was being sharply cut back, those in the United States were almost doubling in size.[19]

Washington was the chief center for political intelligence. Yakushkin, main resident from 1975 to 1982, was proud of his descent from one of the Decembrist conspirators of 1825. He also probably enjoyed the Washington *Post*'s assessment of him in 1982 as "the most powerful KGB officer outside the Soviet Union."[20] His period in Washington, however, was marred by one major embarrassment. A passer-by threw a packet into the grounds of the Soviet embassy on Sixteenth Street, not far from the White House. When opened, it contained what appeared to be classified documents, the sender's name and address, and the offer of more intelligence. Yakushkin dismissed the whole affair as a provocation and ordered the packet to be handed to the police. The documents, however, turned out to be genuine, and the sender was arrested.

Despite this contretemps, Yakushkin became head of the FCD First Department on his return to Moscow in 1982. Gordievsky found the atmosphere in the department more strained than anywhere else in the Center. Part of the explanation was Yakushkin's domineering behavior, which was in sharp contrast to the suave diplomatic manner for which he had become known at Washington cocktail parties. When roused, he bellowed into the phone at a higher rate of decibels than anyone else in Yasenevo. But the charged atmosphere in the First Department also resulted from its own prestige. The intense competition to gain entry to it and promotion within it gave rise to a higher level of intrigue than in any other department.[21]

On becoming head of the FCD, Kryuchkov rapidly introduced a series of organizational changes designed to take advantage of the new opportunities created by détente for work against the Main Adversary. A new Group North was set up within the First Department to coordinate intelligence operations against American targets in other parts of the world. Its first head was Vadim Kirpichenko, the former resident in Cairo who had recruited Nasser's intelligence chief Sami Sharaf. Residencies in most parts of the West and the Third World were instructed to set up "Main Adversary Groups" to organize operations against United states targets. Such groups usually contained one or two officers from Lines PR (political intelligence) and KR (counterintelligence), and one from Line X (scientific and technological intelligence), under a Line PR chairman. Officers from Group North occasionally visited residencies to inspect the work of Main Adversary Groups. Gordievsky's impression was that, because of bureaucratic rivalries, these attempts at coordination achieved at best only partial success.

The rapid expansion of contacts with the West at the height of détente initially persuaded Kryuchkov that new methods of intelligence collection should be employed against the Main Adversary. The hemorrhage of American official secrets as the Watergate scandal developed and the sensational revelations of investigative journalists convinced him that the traditional tradecraft of agent recruitment was becoming outmoded. Many secrets seemed to be there for the taking. On taking charge of the FCD in 1974, to the horror of Center veterans, he instructed residencies to concentrate on building up large numbers of overt contacts willing to talk openly about official secrets rather than engage in the much slower and more labor-intensive methods of cultivating and recruiting secret agents. A few disastrous experiences in Western restaurants, with KGB officers under diplomatic cover abandoning their traditional tradecraft and trying to imitate Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein of the Washington *Post,* quickly persuaded Kryuchkov to abandon the experiment. He subsequently laid even greater emphasis than many of his department heads on the need to recruit a new generation of penetration agents in the West.[22]

The flowering of détente in the early 1970s also led to an attempt to exploit the neglected talents of Kim Philby, who began to dry out after his marriage to Rufa in 1971. The first to renew contact with Philby was the Center's leading British expert, Mikhail Petrovich Lyubimov, whom Gordievsky considered one of the most talented and likable FCD officers of his generation, with a deep knowledge of both English literature and Scottish single malts. Lyubimov had served at the London residency for four years before being expelled in 1964 at the age of thirty-one for trying to recruit a cipher operator. For two years after his return to Moscow he helped to debrief Philby. In the early 1970s Lyubimov began working on a thesis entitled "Special Traits of the British National Character and Their Use in Operational Work," which he discussed at length with Philby and presented with great success at the FCD's Andropov Institute in 1974. He subsequently used the thesis as the basis of the FCD's main classified textbook on the United Kingdom, which was still in use in the mid-1980s. Unable to become resident in London, where he was *persona non grata,* Lyubimov was posted instead to Copenhagen in 1975.

Philby's other main patron was Oleg Danilovich Kalugin, the young and dynamic head of the FCD's Directorate K (responsible for counterintelligence, including the penetration of hostile intelligence services). During regular visits to Philby's apartment, Kalugin sought his advice on intelligence strategy in Britain. Philby argued plausibly that since the Foreign Office was increasingly seeking to recruit from provincial universities as well as from Oxbridge, SIS was probably doing the same. He suggested that the universities of Bradford, Bristol, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Essex, Hull, London (including the London School of Economics and the School of Oriental and African Studies), Salford, Surrey, and Sussex were worth detailed "study" by the KGB and that exchange visits to Russia by their students offered promising opportunities for recruitment.[23]

Philby was also consulted by the FCD's Service A (responsible for active measures designed to influence foreign governments and public opinion) on the production of forged documents allegedly emanating from the CIA, the State Department, and other imperialist agencies. Gordievsky was impressed by the quality of Philby's active measures work (though not by much of the rest of Service A's output)—all of it carried out in his apartment. During the winter months, from October to April, Philby ran seminars in a safe apartment on Gorky Street for young officers from the FCD Third Department (responsible for Britain, Ireland, Scandinavia, Malta, and Australasia) who were about to go on their first foreign postings. In the course of the seminars he set them problems and organized operational games in which he took the part of a politician, civil servant, intelligence officer, or businessman whom the student was trying to recruit.

At the end of each series of seminars Philby wrote reports on his students. Some were remarkably percipient. He described Valeri Aleksandrovich Kislov, who was due to be posted to the Copenhagen residency, as "unpredictable and liable to be carried away by his emotions." Once in Denmark Kislov fell in love with a married woman, followed her around in an embassy car, and was eventually sent home in disgrace by the KGB resident after he was found standing dejectedly outside her country home. One of Philby's lowest assessments was given to Viktor Ivanovich Muzalyov who, he said, had taken his course twice and learned nothing on either occasion. Muzalyov served in the London residency from 1983 to 1985 and Gordievsky fully endorsed Philby's judgment. He was expelled from London after Gordievsky's defection, though from the British point of view there was much to be said for allowing him to stay.

Philby was also sometimes consulted by the Third Department on operational problems, though the dossiers taken to his apartment invariably had the most sensitive material removed from them. Kryuchkov, however, remained suspicious of the sometimes unorthodox ideas both of Philby and of his two main patrons, Lyubimov and Kalugin, neither of whom concealed his scorn for some of the simplistic conspiracy theories about the West prevalent in the Center. In 1980 Kalugin was packed off to become deputy head of the Leningrad KGB after an argument with Kryuchkov. At about the same time, Lyubimov's divorce was used as a pretext to dismiss him from the Center on the grounds of "immoral" behavior. Philby fell into another deep depression.[24]

Throughout the Brezhnev era and beyond, the Center saw détente as leading not to the end of East-West rivalry but to a less tense form of competition. It saw the Soviet Bloc as still an island of socialism surrounded by Western imperialism in collusion with the Chinese. In order to end that encirclement the Soviet Union had to strengthen its influence in the Third World and its links with non-aligned movements. In Egypt, however, which Moscow had seen in the 1960s as the key to Soviet influence in the Middle East, it was by the early 1970s fighting a rearguard action. The Arab-Israeli Yom Kippur War of 1973 began well for Egypt but ended badly. The Center was well aware that Egypt and Syria had been saved from serious defeat less by Soviet arms than by American pressure on Israel to stop the war. Gordievsky found general agreement in the FCD that further Middle Eastern wars would be against the Soviet interest.

The Center was increasingly suspicious that Sadat was turning to the West rather than the East for the solution both of the Arab-Israeli conflict and of Egypt's economic problems. His unilateral denunciation of the Soviet-Egyptian friendship treaty in March 1976 caused less surprise in the Center than in the Kremlin.[25] Only three weeks earlier Brezhnev had praised the treaty in a major speech as "a long-term basis for relations in conformity with the interests not only of our two countries but also of the Arab world."[26] In November 1976 the Center produced a detailed memorandum *(zapiska)* accurately predicting that Sadat would continue to strengthen his ties with the West, especially the United States. It quoted the former Egyptian prime minister, Aziz Sidiqi, as saying that Sadat's stated readiness for a reconciliation with the Soviet Union was simply "a maneuver." The KGB's assets in Egypt were declining rapidly. Many of the agents recruited under Nasser had broken contact. Because of increased surveillance by Egyptian security, meetings with those that remained usually took place in Cyprus, Beirut, and other locations outside Egypt.[27]

On October 1, 1977, the Soviet Union and the United States signed a joint statement on the need to resolve the Arab-Israeli conflict. Brezhnev believed that he had at last secured U.S. recognition of the Soviet role in Middle Eastern peace negotiations. Almost immediately, according to the official history of Soviet foreign policy, "Under pressure from Israel, the Carter Administration treacherously violated the agreement."[28] Only seven weeks after the agreement was signed, Sadat traveled to Jerusalem to begin a dialogue with the Israelis. His visit was one of the most stunning diplomatic *coups de théâtre* of modern times. As Sadat stepped off the plane at Tel Aviv airport on the evening of November 20, an Israeli radio reporter gasped over the air: "President Sadat is now inspecting a guard of honor of the Israeli Defense Force. I'm seeing it, but I don't believe it!" The former Israeli prime minister Golda Meir said of Sadat and the Israeli prime minister, Menachem Begin, at the end of the visit: "Never mind the Nobel Peace Prize. Give them both Oscars!"

With its habitual tendency to conspiracy theory, never more marked than in its attitude to Zionism and the Jewish lobby in the United States, the Center saw the visit more as a plot than as a piece of theater. Washington, it believed, had known about the trip when signing the agreement with Moscow. Even when writing about Sadat ten years later, Gromyko could still barely contain his sense of outrage:

> He has been called the "Egyptian darkness," after the biggest dust cloud in human history which settled on Egypt 3,500 years ago when the volcanic island of Santorini erupted. . . . All his life he had suffered from megalomania, but this acquired pathological proportions when he became President.[29]

Within the Center Gordievsky heard a number of equally outraged KGB officers say Sadat should be bumped off. Though there is no evidence of a KGB assassination plot, he was one of the main targets of the Center's active measures. Major residencies around the world were sent a circular drafted by Service A, instructing them to promote stories that Sadat was a former Nazi; that Nasser's testament had described him as psychologically unbalanced and dominated by his wife; that he had a CIA bodyguard; that he was currently a CIA agent; and that, when finally forced to flee from Egypt, the CIA had promised him a villa in Montreux with round-the-clock protection.[30]

The active measures campaign was further intensified after the Camp David "Framework for Peace in the Middle East" was signed by Sadat, Begin, and Carter in September 1978—and instantly denounced by *Pravda* as "a sellout transacted behind the back of the Arab nation, one which serves the interests of Israel, America, imperialism, and the Arab reactionaries."[31] Gordievsky found the Center convinced that Carter and the CIA had lured Sadat into an American-Zionist plot intended to oust Soviet influence from the Middle East. An Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty was signed in March 1979, though plans at Camp David for a broader settlement of the Arab-Israeli dispute came to nothing. Sadat's assassination by Moslem fanatics in October 1981 was greeted in the Center with jubilation.[32]

One of the consequences of the Kremlin's estrangement from Sadat was growing support for the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO). Its leader, Yasser Arafat, had for some time been cultivated by a KGB officer, Vasili Fyodorovich Samoylenko. Samoylenko served in Austria in the late 1940s and East Germany in the early and mid-1950s. There he became a lieutenant colonel in the KGB at the age of forty. When a PLO delegation visited the Soviet Union in the summer of 1974, Arafat was photographed with Samoylenko at a wreath-laying ceremony in Moscow. An official communiqué during the visit described the PLO as "the sole legitimate representative of the Arab people of Palestine."[33] Thenceforth the KGB trained PLO guerrillas at its Balashikha special-operations training school east of Moscow and provided most of the weapons used in its attacks on Israeli military targets. PLO intelligence officers also attended one-year courses at the FCD's Andropov Institute; while there some were recruited by the KGB.[34]

During the late 1960s Arafat had also been courted by the Cairo resident of the Rumanian foreign intelligence service (DIE), Constantin Munteanu, who brought him to Bucharest late in 1970 to meet Nicolae Ceauşescu. The two men became firm friends (it is fair to add that during the 1970s Ceauşescu was also well received at the White House and Buckingham Palace). Late in 1972 the DIE formed an intelligence alliance with the PLO, supplying it with blank passports, electronic surveillance equipment, and weapons for its operations. "Moscow is helping the PLO build muscles. I'm feeding its brain," Ceauşescu told the acting head of the DIE (and future defector), Ion Pacepa.

In 1975, Arafat and Ceauşescu jointly plotted an ingenious deception of King Hussein of Jordan. Ceauşescu took to Amman an intelligence file on the PLO, which, unknown to Hussein, had been prepared as bait by Arafat's intelligence chief, Hani Hassan, described by Arafat as his "clever fox." Hussein responded to this act of apparent generosity by giving Ceauşescu intelligence files that inadvertently revealed his own sources in the PLO. According to Pacepa, Hassan was "formally recruited" as a DIE agent code-named Annette in 1976, and was periodically paid amounts in hard currency of between $2,500 and $10,000.[35]

Moscow was much more concerned than Ceauşescu by PLO terrorism, some of it practiced by dissident groups opposed to Arafat, some of it secretly connived at by Arafat himself. During the Brezhnev era the Soviet Union was never the godfather of international terrorism depicted by some alarmist Western analysts. The Kremlin had an exaggerated fear that it might itself become a terrorist target. In 1969 a mentally ill army lieutenant succeeded in penetrating the Kremlin and shooting at a car in which he believed Brezhnev was traveling. A year later a group of Jewish refuseniks attempted to hijack an aircraft and divert it to Israel. Throughout the 1970s there were a series of mostly unpublicized—and mostly unsuccessful—hijackings. The case that most alarmed the KGB was the bombing of the Moscow subway by Armenian separatists in 1977. Three Armenians were later shot. It was rumored in the Center that, when the KGB and militia failed to track down those responsible, three other Armenian separatists had been selected as scapegoats in order to demonstrate that terrorists would always be caught and punished.[36]

But if the KGB was not the godfather of Middle Eastern terrorism, neither was it an innocent. Though it disapproved of attacks on civilian targets, the Center was well aware that some of the freedom fighters at Balashika were actual or potential terrorists. It also knew from its agents in the PLO that some terrorist operations were mounted with the help of PLO liaison officers and the Syrian, Libyan, and other embassies in Moscow and other Eastern European capitals.[37] Among those who attended Soviet and Cuban training camps was Ilich Ramírez Sánchez, *alias* Carlos the Jackal, son of a Venezuelan millionaire, who became the most notorious terrorist of the 1970s and early 1980s, working for both PLO splinter groups and Colonel Qaddafi of Libya. In 1975 he led a group of Palestinian and German terrorists who kidnapped the OPEC oil ministers in Vienna and extorted a huge ransom from Iran and Saudi Arabia.[38]

Carlos, however, was far from typical of the Third World guerrillas at Soviet training camps. A 1981 report on a training mission to the Soviet Union by 194 officers from ten different PLO factions suggests serious deficiencies in both the Soviet training and the standard of many PLO recruits. According to the PLO commander, Colonel Rashad Ahmed:

> The participants in the courses did not correctly understand the political aspects of sending military delegations abroad. As a result, the upper echelon of the delegation, namely the participants in the battalion officer courses, refused to study and asked to return, using all sorts of illogical excuses.

Ahmed reported that he had been forced to expel thirteen officers from the training course for offenses that included alcoholism, passing counterfeit money, and sexual "perversion." Had he enforced the code of conduct strictly he would, he claimed, have been forced to send home more than half the officers. He appealed for a higher standard of recruits for future courses in the Soviet Union.[39]

Though in private talks with the leadership Moscow sometimes voiced disquiet about PLO involvement in terrorism, it always maintained publicly that the PLO opposed terrorism. Moscow Radio declared in 1975:

> The PLO command recently took decisive measures to combat terrorism. . . . The PLO proceeds, in its just struggle, from a position of maturity and reality. It is well known that terrorist actions in no way belong to the means of revolutionary struggle; rather they greatly harm such a struggle.[40]

After the Syrian invasion of Lebanon in 1976, however, the Center feared that, as Syria's main arms supplier, the Soviet Union might itself become the target for terrorist attacks by PLO dissidents. On June 11, KGB residencies were warned that "bourgeois propaganda" had persuaded some Palestinians that Moscow supported the Syrian invasion.

There was therefore the possibility of assassination attempts against Soviet representatives abroad. Residencies were ordered to take special security precautions. An attempt was made to deflect Palestinian anger by hurriedly opening a PLO office in Moscow, agreed on in principle during Arafat's visit two years before. The Center also ordered an active measures campaign to distance Moscow from the Syrian intervention. The campaign had some success.[41] On July 15 Cairo Radio broadcast reports from "reliable Arab diplomatic sources" in Beirut of a nonexistent Soviet embargo on arms supplies to Syria. On July 22 in London the *Daily Telegraph* published a report of an equally imaginary Soviet ultimatum to Syria.

Moscow approved Arafat's increasing attempts to win international respectability. In 1979, he was invited to a meeting of the Socialist International in Vienna and began a successful European diplomatic offensive. By 1980 the countries of the European Community, but not the United States, had agreed that the PLO must be a party to peace negotiations in the Middle East. The British foreign secretary, Lord Carrington, declared: "The PLO as such is not a terrorist organization." Arafat's success in driving a wedge between the United States and its European allies considerably enhanced his standing in Moscow. In 1981, Brezhnev gave the PLO formal diplomatic recognition. When Israel attacked PLO bases in Lebanon in 1982, however, Moscow was reproached by the PLO for not coming to its aid.

Moscow Center, meanwhile, was increasingly disturbed by intelligence reports of secret meetings between PLO leaders and American officials. Arafat, it suspected, was giving way to Western efforts, greatly resented in Moscow, to exclude the Soviet Union from a Middle Eastern settlement. Gordievsky was struck by the fact that in official Soviet communications Arafat was no longer addressed as "Comrade"—a sure indication of his demotion in status from a socialist ally to a bourgeois nationalist. The head of the Middle Eastern department in the Foreign Ministry, Oleg Alekseevich Grinevsky, told Soviet diplomats and KGB officers at a meeting in the London embassy, attended by Gordievsky in 1983, that Moscow no longer trusted Arafat. In the long run it hoped that Marxist and "progressive" members of the PLO membership would take over from him. In the meantime, however, Arafat was the only man capable of holding the PLO together. The Soviet Union would continue to give him unenthusiastic public support.[42]

Soviet policy in the Middle East during the Brezhnev era aimed at constructing an "anti-imperialist" bloc against Israel and its American protector. For most of the 1970s Moscow's closest links were with Iraq, with which it signed a friendship treaty in 1972. Soon afterward the KGB concluded a liaison agreement with Iraqi intelligence. By 1977 liaison was so close that Iraq became the only country in the non-Communist world where Soviet espionage was discontinued. The Center took the unprecedented step of ordering all residencies to cease intelligence operations against Iraqi targets. Residencies with Iraqi agents were ordered to downgrade them to the status of "official contacts," who could be reactivated if Soviet-Iraqi relations deteriorated.

The special relationship with Iraqi intelligence suffered a serious blow in April 1979 when the Iraqi dictator, President Saddam Hussein, started imprisoning and executing large numbers of Iraqi Communists. KGB residencies were quickly ordered to reactivate their former Iraqi agents. Soviet-Iraqi relations were further complicated when Saddam Hussein attacked Iran in September 1980 and began the Gulf War. Moscow eventually decided to give secret backing to Iraq. Gordievsky was assured by Nikolai Vladimirovich Shishlin, a leading foreign-policy expert in the Central Committee secretariat (later an adviser to Gorbachev), that the route chosen to supply arms to Iraq had been so carefully selected as to make it virtually impossible to trace.[43]

Moscow also sought to include Iraq's neighbor and rival, Syria, in the anti-imperialist Middle Eastern bloc. Syria received even more Soviet arms than Iraq. Gromyko's memoirs eulogize the Syrian leader Hafez Assad, as

> a powerful and farsighted leader, respected in the Arab world and beyond, who has always understood the importance of Soviet-Arab friendship . . . Smartly dressed, a hint of a smile sometimes appearing on his face, he might look slightly ineffectual, but in fact he was highly self-contained with a spring-like inner tension.[44]

In private Gordievsky frequently heard Assad denounced both in the Center and in the Central Committee International Department as a petit-bourgeois chauvinist egomaniac. The Center had much greater confidence in Assad's intelligence chiefs, with whom it established what it considered a useful liaison during the 1970s.

In 1979 a new Twentieth Department was established in the FCD to supervise intelligence liaison with "progressive" countries outside the Soviet Bloc, such as Syria. In addition to the KGB resident in Damascus, whose identity was concealed from the Syrian government, an officer from the Twentieth Department was posted to the Soviet embassy to liaise with Syrian intelligence and arrange training in Moscow for Syrian intelligence officers. Though neither side shared its most sensitive material, on several occasions the Syrians passed on to the KGB promising cases involving Westerners. Assad also allowed the KGB Sixteenth Directorate to conduct operations from some of Syria's eleven sigint stations.[45]

The Soviet Union's closest ideological ally in the Arab world was the avowedly Marxist People's Democratic Republic of [South] Yemen (PDRY), set up after the British departure from Aden in 1968. In Gordievsky's experience, however, the PDRY was regarded by the Center as a constant headache. The main task of the massive KGB residency in Aden was to monitor the intrigues and power struggles that rent the ruling Yemeni Socialist Party. It could do little to control them. In 1985 President Ali Nasser Muhammad sent a bodyguard into the Cabinet Room to machine-gun his Politburo. The Center was constantly fearful also that Saudi Arabia might use its immense wealth to organize the overthrow of the Marxist regime. The main threat to the survival of the PDRY, however, was to come from the bloodthirsty incompetence of its rulers.[46]

It took Moscow several years to make up its mind about Colonel Muammar Qaddafi, who took power in Libya after a military coup in 1969. The Center found it difficult to assess his eccentric blend of Islam, socialism, and egomania, and was alarmed by his early attempts to purchase an atomic bomb from the Chinese. Though the KGB noted some signs of apparent mental instability, it tended to see him as a mixture of political naïveté, personal cunning, and childish vanity, the last exemplified by a flamboyant wardrobe that allowed him to change in the same day from naval uniform adorned with gold braid and medals to Arab dress with exotic Bedouin headgear to a gold cape over a red silk shirt. On the credit side, the Center noted Qaddafi's obsession with Zionist conspiracy and a sophistication in negotiating with Western oil companies that contrasted with his simplistic grasp of international relations.

Moscow was also impressed by the vast oil wealth that Qaddafi had available to spend on Soviet arms.[47] The breakthrough in Soviet-Libyan relations came during a visit to Moscow in 1974 by his right-hand man, Major Abdul Salam Jalloud, whom Moscow found (and finds) better balanced and more pragmatic than Qaddafi. A statement at the end of the visit declared "the identity and closeness of the positions of the Soviet Union and the Libyan Arab Republic on the most important international problems." There followed a series of major arms deals, which over the next decade earned the Soviet Union $20 billion in hard currency. Qaddafi, concludes a recent biography, "collected weapons as small boys collect stamps, until military expenditure became a burden even for Libya's oil-rich economy." Brand-new tanks lay unused in Tripoli warehouses; Soviet jet fighters remained mostly under wraps, lacking both pilots to fly them and technicians to service them.[48]

In about 1979 a secret Soviet-Libyan agreement was signed on intelligence and security, followed by the posting of a Twentieth Department liaison officer to the Tripoli embassy. The KGB supplied training for Libyan intelligence officers at the Andropov Institute, gave advice on security and surveillance methods in Libya itself, and provided reports on U.S. activities in the Eastern Mediterranean. In exchange Libya provided intelligence on Egypt, Israel, and North Africa, and assisted KGB operations targeted against Western diplomats in Tripoli. The level of Soviet-Libyan cooperation tended to decline in the early 1980s as Qaddafi himself became increasingly discredited. Qaddafi's first visit to Moscow, in 1981, left much Soviet resentment in its wake. In the Center he was described as an affected dandy *(khlyshch),* whose posturing and extravagant uniforms were deliberately designed to emphasize the contrast between his own virility and Brezhnev's growing decrepitude.

By the end of the Brezhnev era Soviet influence in the Middle East lacked any secure base. Saddam Hussein and Arafat were distrusted. Suspicions of Assad reached such a peak in 1983 that Oleg Grinevsky, head of the Foreign Ministry Middle Eastern Department, took seriously unconfirmed intelligence reports of a secret deal on Lebanon between Syria and Israel. The Kremlin was increasingly concerned by the intelligence reports of Qaddafi's role as the godfather of international terrorism, and began to distance itself from him while avoiding any open break. At a private briefing for Soviet diplomats and KGB officers in London in 1984, Aleksandr Bovin, chief political commentator of *Izvestia,* denounced Qaddafi as "a criminal and a fascist." The most enduring special relationships formed by the Soviet Union in the Arab world were those established by the KGB. Twentieth Department liaison officers from the FCD remained active in Syria, Iraq, Libya, and the PDRY.[49]

In the Far East, the main priority of Soviet policy during the 1970s remained the containment of the People's Republic of China (PRC). In addition to ordering a Soviet military buildup on China's long northern border and a major expansion of the Pacific Fleet, the Kremlin sought to ring China in the south with a chain of pro-Soviet states. The Center thus viewed with alarm the growing signs in the early 1970s of a rapprochement between Beijing and Kim Il Sung's neo-Stalinist regime in North Korea. In 1973 the Soviet Union suspended arms shipments, and the PRC became for the first time North Korea's main arms supplier. The GRU reported that markings on Soviet military equipment were being painted over with signs claiming that it had been manufactured in North Korea.

Within the KGB, Kim Il Sung's increasingly absurd pretensions were regarded with a mixture of outrage and contempt. The interminable platitudes of his Juche ("self-reliance") philosophy were quoted in the Center as comic texts. The carefully cultivated Second World War myth of "the ever-victorious, iron-willed, brilliant commander, Comrade Kim Il Sung" was treated with particular derision. According to Kim's authorized biographies, which exceed even the historiography of Stalinist Russia in sycophantic absurdity, he conceived a master plan for liberating Korea at the age of thirteen, founded Korea's "first revolutionary Communist organization" at fourteen, by the age of twenty was "a legendary young general" leading anti-Japanese guerrillas in prewar Manchuria, and finally conquered the Japanese in a campaign of unprecedented brilliance in August 1945:

> Tell, blizzards that rage on the wild Manchurian plains,
> Tell, you nights in forests deep where the silence reigns,
> Who is the partisan whose deeds are unsurpassed?
> Who is the patriot whose fame shall ever last?
> So dear to all our hearts is our general's glorious name,
> Our own beloved Kim Il Sung, of undying fame.

Much of the derision with which the "Song of General Kim Il Sung" was quoted within the Center derived from the KGB's knowledge that Kim had not even been in Korea in August 1945. While Korea was being liberated by Soviet troops, Kim had been serving in Russia both as a lieutenant in the Red Army and as an agent of the NKVD. And it was with MGB backing, based on his work for Soviet intelligence, that in 1946 he became chairman of the newly formed North Korean Provisional People's Committee, to which the Soviet occupying forces entrusted the government of North Korea.

During the 1970s, Kim Il Sung announced a grandiose campaign to "fan the revolutionary flame for anti-imperialist and anti-American struggle for all the peoples of the world." As well as sending military training missions to over thirty countries, Kim was also an ardent believer in the export of terrorism. The Center received numerous reports that North Korea was training guerrillas, from states as distant as Mexico and West Germany, to attack airports, aircraft, trains, and other targets, and recruiting terrorists for its own operations from the Korean community in Japan. The main mission of North Korean terrorism was to destabilize South Korea by a variety of methods that included attacks on its political leadership. Both Kim and his megalomaniac heir-apparent, "Great Leader" Kim Jong Il, sponsored attempts against the South Korean president. In 1968 North Korean intelligence organized an attack on the South Korean presidential palace; in 1974 a Japanese Korean failed in an attempt on the president's life but succeeded in killing his wife; in 1983 seventeen members of a South Korean government delegation to Rangoon were killed by remote-controlled bomb explosions, though the president once again survived.

Because of the tight security preserved in Kim Il Sung's police state, the KGB's Pyongyang residency found it difficult to collect intelligence. Most KGB operations against North Korea were thus conducted from foreign capitals where Kim's regime had diplomatic missions. In the West the main center for these operations was Scandinavia, all four of whose capitals contained North Korean embassies. (Elsewhere in Europe, North Korea had diplomatic relations only with Portugal and Austria.) The most successful of the Scandinavian residencies was the one in Copenhagen, which had good contacts both in the Danish–North Korean Friendship Society, founded in 1976, and in the Danish Socialist People's Party, a Communist splinter group that sent a delegation to Pyongyang in the same year. The Copenhagen residency discovered that North Korea's diplomatic missions in Scandinavia had been told that until further notice they would receive no more hard currency; they were ordered to pay their way by selling drugs and duty-free goods on the black market. In December 1977 the Center congratulated the resident, Mikhail Petrovich Lyubimov, on the quality of the seventeen reports on North Korea sent from Copenhagen over the previous year, and informed him that three had been submitted to the Politburo.

By the end of the 1970s, Soviet fears of a rapprochement between Kim Il Sung and the PRC had largely subsided. The Chinese invasion of Vietnam early in 1979 aroused fears in Pyongyang of PRC ambitions to dominate its Asian neighbors. Kim was quick to distance himself from Beijing and to improve his relations with Moscow. Soviet arms supplies to North Korea resumed. The Center also played its part in the improvement of relations with Pyongyang. Though still privately contemptuous of Kim Il Sung and Kim Jong Il, it agreed to a request in 1979 from North Korean intelligence for advanced surveillance equipment, special weapons and ammunition, and quick-action handcuffs. While the Chinese boycotted Soviet Army Day in February 1980, Pyongyang celebrated the "militant friendship" between the Soviet and North Korean armies.[50]

The principal new opportunities for the spread of Soviet influence in the Third World during the 1970s were in Africa. The break-up of the Portuguese Empire and the overthrow of Emperor Haile Selassie brought to power self-proclaimed Marxist-Leninist regimes in three major African states: Angola, Mozambique, and Ethiopia. In Angola, the richest of Portugal's colonies, the end of Portuguese rule was followed in 1975 by a full-scale civil war, in which the Marxist Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA) was opposed by the National Front for the Liberation of Angola (FNLA) and the Union for the Total Liberation of Angola (UNITA).

After talks between the MPLA leader, Agostinho Neto, and the KGB residency in Lusaka in August 1971, large-scale Soviet arms deliveries began via the port of Brazzaville.[51] The decisive factor in the struggle for power, however, was the arrival of Cuban troops in the summer of 1975. In February 1976 the MPLA regime was recognized by the Organization for African Unity (OAU) as the legitimate government of Angola. Though Cuban intervention was welcomed by Moscow, which provided both arms and transport planes, the initiative came from Havana. Castro looked on Angola as an opportunity both to establish himself as a great revolutionary leader on the world stage and to revive flagging revolutionary fervor at home.[52] Though the CIA provided covert funding for UNITA, in the aftermath of Vietnam

Washington had no stomach for a serious challenge to the Cuban presence.

MPLA intelligence officers were sent for one-year training courses at the FCD's Andropov Institute. A number were recruited by the KGB. Neto himself, who traveled several times to Moscow for medical treatment, was assessed by the Center as psychologically unstable and unable to cope with faction fighting in the MPLA, but no more-reliable heir apparent was identified. KGB residencies in Black Africa were instructed to monitor closely internal rivalries in the MPLA and threats to Neto's leadership.[53] The early idealism generated by the Angolan independence struggle was dissipated in faction fighting, economic mismanagement, and popular unrest. In 1977 Neto crushed an attempted coup. In 1978 he dismissed his prime minister and three deputy prime ministers. To help him control dissent, advisers from the East German SSD set up a security service, the Direção de Informação à Segurança de Angola (DISA) under the president's personal control.[54]

In 1979 the newly founded Twentieth Department at Moscow Center sent a liaison officer to the Soviet embassy in Luanda. At Angolan request, Vadim Ivanovich Cherny, a former colleague of Gordievsky in Copenhagen, was sent to advise the DISA on security. Cherny's tendency to drink and inexperience in the security field made him a dubious choice. His tour of duty was cut short when he fell and broke an arm after a bout of heavy drinking. He told Gordievsky that, despite this misfortune, the MPLA had given him a medal. In Gordievsky's experience, Cherny was typical of a number of KGB officers sent to advise "progressive" regimes in which Moscow had lost confidence.

After Neto's death from cancer in a Moscow hospital in 1979, the situation in Angola deteriorated further. With South African backing, UNITA established a solid base in the south of the country. KGB reports from Luanda in the early 1980s described the MPLA leadership as hopelessly divided and the economic situation as catastrophic. The International Department of the Central Committee was equally gloomy. One of its senior advisers, N. V. Shishlin, forecast privately that the MPLA's problems might eventually force it to come to terms with South Africa.[55]

Soviet policy in the former Portuguese East African colony of Mozambique followed a pattern quite similar to that in Angola, though without Cuban military intervention. Moscow sent arms to the Marxist

Front for the Liberation of Mozambique (FRELIMO), headed by President Samora Machel, who came to power in the summer of 1975. FRELIMO, like the MPLA, sent annual contingents of intelligence officers to Moscow for training at the Andropov Institute.[56] Within Mozambique as in Angola, advisers from the East German SSD helped to establish a security service, the Serviço Nacional de Segurança Popular (SNASP), which dispatched dissenters to labor camps officially known as "centers for mental decolonization."[57] As in Luanda, the FCD Twentieth Department posted a liaison officer at the Soviet embassy in Maputo.

Initially, the Center placed greater hopes in Machel than in Neto. During the struggle for independence he had shown himself a shrewd guerrilla chief and a charismatic political leader. By the early 1980s, however, KGB and diplomatic reporting from Mozambique was even gloomier than from Angola.[58] In 1981 Machel instituted a "legality campaign" aimed at curbing corruption and the use of torture by SNASP. A year later he announced the firing of 466 SNASP officers.[59] Moscow Center was unimpressed. The annual report for 1984 from the embassy in Maputo, widely circulated to other Soviet embassies and KGB residencies, was one of the most scathing attacks on a friendly Third World government that Gordievsky had ever seen. The FRELIMO leadership was denounced as disunited, incompetent, and corrupt. The Mozambique economy was said to be in ruins. Local government and the legal system had disintegrated. FRELIMO's commitment to socialism was dismissed as little more than a form of words. The rival, South African-backed Mozambique National Resistance (RENAMO), was gaining ground.

Despite its pessimism about the future, however, the Center was taken by surprise by the Nkomati nonaggression agreement between FRELIMO and South Africa signed in March 1984. The cost of saving Mozambique from drifting toward the West, it feared, might prove beyond Soviet means.[60] It is fair to add that self-styled Marxist-Leninist regimes in sub-Saharan Africa had no monopoly on economic mismanagement. In Angola's neighbor Zaire, the legendarily corrupt President Mobutu received hundreds of millions of dollars in American aid simply on the grounds of his committed anti-Communism. While Mobutu accumulated a personal fortune sometimes reckoned to be equivalent to the Zairean national debt, the inhabitants of a country with some of the finest natural resources in Africa became as impoverished as those of Angola and Mozambique.

In the main guerrilla war in Anglophone Africa during the 1970s, the Black independence struggle against the Ian Smith regime in Rhodesia, which had declared itself independent of Britain in 1965, Moscow backed the wrong faction. Robert Mugabe, the able Marxist leader of the Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU), who was to become the first prime minister of independent Zimbabwe in 1980, had committed the unforgivable ideological sin of describing himself as a "Marxist-Leninist of Maoist Thought." The Kremlin therefore backed the "bourgeois nationalist" Joshua Nkomo and the Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU).[61] At one stage during the long-drawn-out guerrilla war that preceded independence, the Soviet supply of heavy weapons to ZAPU forces in Zambia became so large that the Zambian president, Kenneth Kaunda, alarmed at the huge stockpile in his country, called a temporary halt.[62]

Nkomo conducted most of his arms negotiations in Lusaka through the Soviet ambassador, Vasili Grigoryevich Solodovnikov, who, as he acknowledges, was generally believed to be "associated with the KGB." Solodovnikov was one of the leading Soviet experts on Africa and the author of several books on African affairs, as well as an occasional coopted collaborator of the KGB.

> He was a very nice fellow, and we got on very well on the personal level. Moreover, he was entirely professional about his work, and if you discussed a request with him you could be sure that it would soon get onto the agenda of the right committee in Moscow, and the decision would come back without much delay.

Nkomo had what he described as "extensive correspondence," and at least one meeting in Moscow, with Andropov about "the training of security operatives."[63] The Cuban DGI also provided intelligence advisers to ZAPU. After independence, Moscow Center was fearful that the new prime minister, Robert Mugabe, would bear a grudge over the support given to his rival. It sent circular telegrams to residencies in Africa, London, and elsewhere calling for detailed intelligence on his policy to the Soviet Union.[64]

During the five-year period from January 1976 to December 1980 Soviet arms transfers to Black Africa totaled almost $4 billion, ten times the total of U.S. arms supplies.[65] By the late 1970s, disillusioned with the MPLA and FRELIMO, and having backed the wrong horse in

Zimbabwe, Moscow's main hopes in Black Africa centered on Ethiopia, where a vaguely Marxist military junta—the Derg—had taken power in 1974 under Lieutenant Colonel Mengistu Haile Mariam as head of state and commander-in-chief. At the height of Soviet arms deliveries to Ethiopia during the winter of 1977–78, at a critical point in its war with Somalia, Soviet military transport aircraft reportedly landed every twenty minutes over a period of three months. An estimated 225 planes were involved in an operation coordinated via a Soviet military reconnaissance satellite. Simultaneously, 17,000 Cubans were airlifted from Angola to join 1,000 Soviet military advisers and 400 East Germans, who were involved in training intelligence and internal-security units.[66] Because of the extent of the Soviet military presence in Ethiopia, the GRU played a greater intelligence role than the KGB. In 1979, however, the Twentieth Department sent an intelligence liaison officer to Addis Ababa. Groups of Ethiopian intelligence officers also went annually for training at the Andropov Institute.[67] Mengistu proved as big a disappointment as Neto and Machel. A decade after he came to power, the Ethiopian economy was close to collapse, millions were facing famine, and no end was yet in sight to the war with Somalia and Ethiopian separatists.

By the end of the Brezhnev era, the Center pinned its main hopes in Black Africa on the African National Congress (ANC), which led resistance to the racist apartheid regime ruling South Africa. Banned in South Africa and unable to acquire arms in the West, the ANC understandably turned to the Soviet Bloc. The Kremlin attributed the failure of the self-styled Marxist-Leninist regimes in Angola, Mozambique, and Ethiopia to their lack of a disciplined Communist Party.[68] The South African Communist Party (SACP), however, was both reliably pro-Soviet and played a key role within the exiled leadership of the ANC. Probably seven of the twenty-two members of the ANC National Executive Committee in the early 1980s belonged to the SACP, among them the ANC vice-president, Dr. Yusef Dadoo, chairman of the SACP, and the deputy chief of the ANC military wing, Joe Slovo, long-serving secretary-general of the SACP.[69]

Though encouraged to recruit agents in the ANC, the KGB was forbidden to do so in the SACP. Relations with the SACP were the responsibility of the International Department of the Party Central Committee, but the KGB was used to transmit funds to the SACP as well as the ANC. Between mid-1982 and January 1983, Gordievsky handed Yusef Dadoo a total of £54,000 for the SACP and

£118,000 for the ANC. When the money arrived at the London residency, Gordievsky put on gloves to remove the Moscow bank wrapper and count out the banknotes. Dadoo was welcomed at 18 Kensington Park Gardens by the Party representative, Aleksandr Fyodorovich Yekimenko, who was a KGB cooptee. On receiving the money from Gordievsky, Dadoo signed separate receipts on behalf of the ANC and the SACP. Instead of putting the money in a briefcase, he used to stuff it in all the pockets of his suit and overcoat. Gordievsky was struck by the way Dadoo's thin frame filled out with dollar bills before he set off home on foot, apparently unconcerned by the risk of theft en route.

Though Gordievsky found Dadoo's simplistic grasp of the Soviet system depressing, he never lost respect for Dadoo himself. None of the banknotes stuffed into Dadoo's pockets were ever spent on himself. He led an ascetic life totally devoted to the liberation struggle in southern Africa. After Dadoo's death in 1983, the London residency ceased to handle the transmission of funds to the ANC and SACP. The main official point of contact with the ANC was Lusaka, where the Soviet ambassador to Zambia spent at least half his time acting as ambassador to the exiled ANC leadership. Arms were supplied covertly to the ANC through Zambia, Angola, and Tanzania. The main West European capital where the KGB maintained contact with ANC agents was Stockholm, where the ANC had its largest office outside Africa, as well as public support and generous funding from the Swedish Social Democratic Party for its struggle against apartheid.[70]

Moscow Center saw little prospect that the SACP, despite its key role on the National Executive Committee, would ever take over the ANC as a whole. On the contrary, as the West gradually became less feeble in its opposition to apartheid, the Center was constantly afraid that the ANC would turn increasingly westward. By the early 1980s KGB residencies in Stockholm, London, New York, Paris, Rome, and African capitals where the ANC maintained offices were regularly bombarded with instructions to monitor threats to SACP influence and Western contacts with the ANC leadership. The Center was quick to show alarm at the slightest ideological shift. Soon after Gordievsky arrived in London in 1982, the London office of the ANC started showing resistance to the tedious articles supplied to it by a KGB officer working under cover as a Novosti correspondent for publication in African newspapers. Unwilling to accept that the probable explanation lay simply in the incompetence of the articles themselves, the Center reacted with consternation and instructed the London residency to redouble its efforts to track down the source of increasing Western influence in the ANC.[71]

Because of the absence of diplomatic relations between Moscow and Pretoria and the consequent lack of a KGB legal residency, the Center found it difficult to evaluate ANC activities within South Africa. But it was consistently skeptical of the ANC's claims about its military strength and its ability to mount an effective armed struggle. It was also well aware that SACP support within the predominantly Xhosa rank and file of the ANC inside South Africa was much weaker than in the exiled ANC executive. In Gordievsky's experience, though the ANC depended on the Soviet Union for most of its arms and part of its funding, Moscow had little influence on its policies.[72] Even the neo-Stalinist pro-Soviet loyalism of the SACP old guard was a wasting asset. (Not till January 1990 did a report by the veteran general secretary Joe Slovo finally come to terms with the reforms of the Gorbachev era and acknowledge that the SACP had hitherto followed a "distorted" path.) Paradoxically the key to Soviet influence in Black Africa during the 1980s remained the racist government in Pretoria and those in the West still prepared to offer it various forms of succor, rather than the crumbling Marxist-Leninist regimes in Angola, Mozambique, and Ethiopia. The KGB did less to advance the Soviet cause in Africa than President P. W. Botha and the Nationalist Government.

Moscow, however, had its own top-secret contacts with Pretoria over regulating the market in gold, diamonds, platinum, and precious minerals, in which the Soviet Union and South Africa between them had something approaching a world monopoly. Because of the extreme sensitivity of these contacts and the outrage that their public revelation would provoke in Black Africa, the KGB took a prominent part in arranging them. In 1984 the Kremlin decided to step up secret discussions with South Africa designed to regulate the international market. As a preliminary, KGB residencies in the United States, Britain, West Germany, France, and Switzerland were asked to supply intelligence on a whole series of South African financial institutions and businesses.[73]

The disappointments suffered by the KGB in Africa and the Middle and Far East during the 1970s led to a renewed concentration on Latin America in the early 1980s. A conference of senior officers at the Center in 1979, chaired by Kryuchkov, reviewed the recent past and assessed the KGB's worldwide priorities over the next few years. The key speech was given by Nikolai Leonov, head of the FCD Service 1 (Reports), who over twenty years before had been the first to grasp Castro's potential as a revolutionary leader and emphasized the new opportunities in the 1980s for expanding KGB operations and exploiting the weaknesses of the Main Adversary in Latin America. Leonov's assessment was vigorously supported by the resident from Venezuela. Both he and Leonov called for support for non-Communist liberation movements, which, like Castro's, could seize power in their countries and emerge as influential allies of the Soviet Union.[74]

There was, however, one unpublicized hitch in 1979 in the Center's relations with Castro. The DGI discovered the presence of a KGB agent in Cuba transmitting coded reports to Moscow by radio, in defiance of a formal Cuban-Soviet intelligence agreement that forbade espionage by either side against the other. To its profound embarrassment the Center was forced to apologize.[75] In public, however, Castro was a reliable and eloquent defender of Soviet foreign policy (even during the invasion of Afghanistan) and an increasingly dominant figure in the Third World. In September 1979 he hosted the Non-Aligned Movement's summit conference in Havana. Though ninety-two heads of state were present, Castro was never out of the spotlight. For the next three years he was chairman of the Non-Aligned Movement. In October 1979 he traveled to New York, bringing with him rum and lobsters for a huge reception at the twelve-story Cuban mission to the United Nations (the largest UN mission save for those of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., and the main base for DGI operations in the U.S.). Then in a two-hour speech at the General Assembly he made an impassioned plea for "wealthy imperialists" to give the Third World $300 billion over the next decade.[76]

Meanwhile the tide of Central American politics seemed to be moving in Castro's direction. In March 1979 a pro-Cuban regime seized power in the tiny Caribbean island of Grenada, led by the Marxist-Leninist lawyer Maurice Bishop. Secret Party documents later captured during the U.S. invasion of 1983 made clear that Bishop's Marxism was of the variety once described by a French student revolutionary as "the Groucho tendency." In Bishop's words:

> Just consider, Comrades, . . . how people get detained in this country. We don't go and call for no votes. You get detained when I sign an order after discussing it with the National

> Security Committee of the Party or with a higher Party body. Once I sign it—like it or don't like it—it's up the hill for them.

After some initial hesitation, overcome partly by Cuban persuasion, Moscow poured in massive military aid. The Grenadan general Hudson Austin wrote to Andropov early in 1982 to thank him "once again for the tremendous assistance which our armed forces have received from your Party and Government," and to request training for four Grenadan intelligence officers.[77]

Of much greater significance than Bishop's seizure of power in March 1979 was the ousting of the brutal and corrupt Somoza dictatorship in Nicaragua by the Sandinista Liberation Front four months later. Despite Cuban backing and Leonov's advocacy, however, Moscow did not immediately rush to the Sandinistas' aid. Though welcoming Sandinista support for the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and attracted by their national anthem, which branded *yanquis* as "enemies of mankind," the Kremlin continued for two years to nurture the hope that the small but orthodox Nicaraguan Communist Party might replace the unorthodox Sandinistas as the dominant force in the new regime. By the end of 1981, however, Castro and KGB reports had persuaded the Kremlin that the Sandinistas were genuine revolutionaries, who would follow the Cuban path to Soviet loyalism.

With Cuban and Soviet assistance, the Sandinistas increased the Nicaraguan army in six years from 5,000 to 119,000, making it the most powerful military force in Central American history. (Despite American backing, the inept Contra guerrillas fighting the Sandinistas never exceeded 20,000 on the most optimistic estimate.) Moscow Center was quick to conclude an intelligence agreement with Managua and to send a Twentieth Department officer to establish liaison with "our Nicaraguan friends" (KGB jargon for friendly intelligence services).[78] According to Miguel Bolaños Hunter, a defector from the Nicaraguan intelligence service, the director of the service was a Cuban DGI officer using the alias Renán Montero. The Center provided seventy advisers and built a Nicaraguan school for state security.[79] Among the Nicaraguan facilities provided in exchange were the sites for four Soviet sigint bases.[80]

The counterproductive fury of the Reagan administration's response to the Sandinista revolution played into the hands of both the Sandinistas and of Moscow Center. United States help to the Contras, and the revelation in 1984 of CIA involvement in the mining of Nicaragua's harbors and the destruction of the Corinto oil-storage tanks, overshadowed the Sandinistas' abuse of human rights and economic mismanagement, unleashed a wave of anti-Americanism in Latin America and beyond, and won international support for the Sandinista struggle against American imperialism. Despite his own personal popularity, Reagan's appeals for further funding for the Contras failed to convince either Congress or the American public.[81] Aid to the Contras ended officially in 1984. Attempts to continue it unofficially embroiled the White House, to the delight of Moscow Center, in the long-drawn-out black comedy of the Iran-Contra scandal.

Nikolai Leonov, meanwhile, basked at the Center in reflected glory from Central America. His achievement in 1979 in identifying the region as the most promising area for the expansion of KGB operations, following his success in spotting Castro a quarter of a century earlier, led to his promotion in 1983 to the position of deputy head of the FCD, responsible for all KGB operations throughout North and South America.[82]

Cuban-Soviet intelligence cooperation continued to expand in sigint as well as humint. The joint KGB-GRU sigint base at Lourdes in Cuba, less than a hundred miles from the U.S. coast, greatly enlarged in the mid-1970s, was described by President Reagan in 1983 as "the largest of its kind in the world" with "acres and acres of antennae fields and intelligence monitors." According to a joint report by the State and Defense departments two years later, Lourdes contained about 2,100 Soviet technicians:

> From this key listening post, the Soviets monitor US commercial satellites, US military and merchant shipping communications, and NASA space program activities at Cape Canaveral. Lourdes also enables the Soviets to eavesdrop on telephone conversations in the United States.[83]

Within Western Europe two major new sources of KGB concern emerged in the mid-1970s. The first was the European Community (EC). Until 1976 KGB residents in Western Europe were instructed that the EC, unlike most of its member states, was of little interest to the Center; they were to collect intelligence on matters of major political significance only. The report to the Community by the Belgian prime minister Leo Tindemans in December 1975 caused a major reassessment by the FCD. Tindemans urged the EC Council of Ministers to end the "schizophrenic" contradiction between the Community's economic integration and its political fragmentation. In particular, he argued, the EC required common defense and foreign policies. The impact of the Tindemans report at the Center was heightened by signs of growing Chinese interest in Community affairs. In September 1975 the first Chinese ambassador was accredited to the EC, and promptly opened trade negotiations.[84]

By the summer of 1976 Kryuchkov had concluded that the Tindemans report and the Chinese presence in Brussels were both evidence of a dangerous anti-Soviet conspiracy. In July 1976 a circular bearing his signature (a certain indication of its importance) instructed residents to "activate all operational possibilities" as a matter of urgency to obtain the fullest intelligence on EC policy. There was, he claimed, a real danger that the European Community would become "a military-political bloc which may be led by aggressive and revanchist forces." The Community and China were already drawing together in an anti-Soviet alliance. A month later the Center circulated a much more detailed assessment of the growing threat from the EC, which greatly exaggerated both the pace of political integration and the prospects for military integration. The FCD continued to attach a deeply sinister significance to the Tindemans report, laying heavy emphasis on its conclusion that "European Union will be unstable until it has a common defense policy." The August 1976 circular claimed that the main aim of the Community was now "to undermine the foreign policies of the Socialist states." "Leading EC circles" were also looking for ways to subvert the socialist system from within.

American support for European integration was further evidence that the whole process was part of an anti-Soviet conspiracy. Over the next few years Moscow Center regularly reiterated the same conspiracy theory. A circular in the spring of 1977 interpreted even plans for direct elections to the European Parliament in the following year as a threat to the U.S.S.R. because they were likely to hasten political integration. The Community, it declared, had turned itself into "a coordinated center for collective economic, political and ideological actions aimed at undermining the international prestige of the Soviet Union and other countries of the Socialist Community."

In order to discover the precise nature of the EC's anti-Soviet master plan, there was an urgent need to gain access to its secret documents. This could only be achieved by building up a "solid agent base" in the main organs of the Community. Residents in all EC countries were instructed to appoint a senior KGB officer, normally the deputy resident in charge of the PR (Political Intelligence) line, to coordinate operations against the Community. The Center recommended as particularly promising locations for agent recruitment the European College at Bruges, the European University in Florence, and the European Institute in Amsterdam. Successful students from these institutions, the FCD believed, were well placed to become penetration agents in Brussels.

The coordinating officer for EC operations in each residency, however, had many more-humdrum tasks. He was instructed to send the Center at regular intervals EC telephone directories, lists of diplomats and journalists accredited to the EC, and full details of all EC officials traveling to the Soviet Union. The Center also emphasized the need for active measures to hold back European integration, including direct elections to the European Parliament. Residencies were instructed to plant stories in the media emphasizing disagreements both between individual member states and between the Community, the United States, and Japan. Other circulars continued to emphasize the danger of the Community and China's forming an anti-Soviet bloc.

Despite recurrent disputes between EC countries and the failure of Tindemans's vision of a common defense policy to materialize, there was no letup in the Center's anxiety about European integration. The same themes remained constant in its circulars right up to, and doubtless beyond, Gordievsky's departure from the KGB. A circular in the spring of 1984 from Viktor Grushko, first deputy head of the FCD with responsibility for Western Europe, rehearsed the conspiracy theories first elaborated in 1976 with, if anything, added emphasis. Growing cooperation between China and the Community was, he reported, causing "alarm" at the Center; the EC was pursuing far-reaching plans to undermine the international prestige and political unity of the Soviet Bloc; plans by "reactionary groups" for European military integration presented "a special danger." In all its aspects, concluded Grushko, "The integration of Western Europe runs counter to the interests of the Soviet Union." The Politburo (the Instantsiya in KGB jargon) had named the EC as one of the "main targets for intelligence penetration."[85]

It was an ironic tribute to the progress achieved in European integration since the signature of the Treaty of Rome in 1957 that the Community found itself elevated by the early 1980s to virtually the same target status as the United States (the traditional Main Adversary), NATO, and China. Despite the wealth of information available in the Center on the European Community (which had, in any case, fewer high-level secrets to protect than virtually any of its member states), the Center remained deeply dissatisfied with the quality of intelligence obtained from it. It complained to London and doubtless to other West European residencies that the quality of its operations against the EC was "poor." All residencies were ordered, "in accordance with the instructions of Comrade Kryuchkov," to step up agent penetration and all forms of intelligence collection on the Community. The Center's complaints, however, reflected not any real shortage of EC intelligence but rather the lack of evidence for its own conspiracy theories. When the Center failed to receive detailed accounts of plots in Brussels to subvert the states of Eastern Europe, it drew the conclusion not that the plots did not exist but that its residencies were falling down on the job. Kryuchkov repeatedly demanded "more initiative" in active measures to stall progress in European integration.[86]

The second major new concern of the Center in Europe in the mid-1970s concerned its Arctic fringe, the archipelago of Svalbard (which includes Spitzbergen) and the Barents Sea. Though Svalbard comes under Norwegian sovereignty, the thirty-nine signatories of the 1920 Svalbard treaty have the right to exploit its economic resources. Growing Western interest in Svalbard's oil and natural-gas resources after the oil crisis of 1973–74 seemed to the Center to pose a major strategic threat. Fears that Western oil rigs in Svalbard and the Barents Sea could be equipped to monitor the surface ships and submarines of the Soviet Northern Fleet, allied to the problems posed by the pending delimitation with Norway of the Barents Sea, led to the creation in the winter of 1975–76 of a Soviet interministerial commission on the Arctic chaired by N. A. Tikhonov, first deputy prime minister, with Kryuchkov as one of its key members. Intelligence collection on Norway and the Arctic was considered of such vital importance that it was personally supervised by Andropov himself.[87]

When the interministerial commission was formed, the Center had two major assets in Norway, one nearing the end of her long career as an agent, the other rapidly approaching his prime. The first of the agents, Gunvor Galtung Haavik, was an elderly secretary at the Norwegian Foreign Ministry who over thirty years before had fallen in love with a Russian prisoner of war named Vladimir Kozlov, whom she had nursed in a hospital when Norway was under Nazi occupation and had helped to escape to Sweden. In 1947 Haavik was posted to the Norwegian embassy in Moscow and resumed her affair with Kozlov, who had since married and was used as bait by the MGB. Following a now well-established routine, she was blackmailed in 1950 into becoming a Soviet agent, and code-named Vika. In 1956 she returned to Norway with the new code name Greta and continued to receive messages from Kozlov as well as money from her controllers.

During her twenty-seven years as a Soviet agent she had more than 250 meetings with eight different case officers, to whom she handed thousands of classified documents.[88] Gordievsky first discovered her existence while stationed in Copenhagen in the mid-1970s and he warned SIS.[89] Haavik was arrested by Norwegian security on the evening of January 27, 1977, as she handed documents to her current controller, Aleksandr Kirillovich Printsipalov, in a dark side street of an Oslo suburb.

Printsipalov put up a violent struggle before he claimed diplomatic immunity and was released. In his pocket was an envelope containing 2,000 kroner in 100-kroner notes, which had been intended for Haavik. For a few hours after her arrest, Haavik admitted only her love affair with Kozlov, which, she claimed, accounted for her meetings with Soviet diplomats who brought her his letters. Then she fell silent, thought for a while, looked up, and announced: "I shall now tell it as it is. I have been a Russian spy for nearly thirty years." Six months later she died in prison of a heart attack before she had been brought to trial.[90]

In 1978 the Third Department at the Center gave Philby a sanitized file on the Haavik case, from which even her name and nationality had been removed, and asked for his comments. Philby concluded that the only plausible explanation for the agent's arrest was a mole within the KGB. After reading Philby's report, the Third Department head, Viktor Fyodorovich Grushko, told a meeting of his staff: "So, if Philby is right, there's a traitor right here in the Department!" Happily Grushko did not pursue the subject. Among those at the meeting was Oleg Gordievsky. For the first time since adolescence he felt a tremendous fear of blushing. It required a major effort of self-control to prevent the flush around his neck from rising to his cheeks. Philby had come uncomfortably close to ending his career.[91]

During Haavik's interrogation Norwegian security got the impression that in the months leading up to her arrest she had not been fully exploited by the KGB. The suspicion arose, not confirmed for several years, that there was an even more important agent in the Foreign Ministry. Norwegian security had another tantalizing clue. The wife of a young KGB officer in Oslo, Vladimir Ivanovich Zhizhin, was overheard asking him, immediately after Haavik's arrest, whether anything serious had happened. He replied cheerfully: "It could have been worse!"[92]

The Center's most important Norwegian agent, Arne Treholt, was cast in the same mold as Georges Pâques and Hugh Hambleton: a victim of his own vanity as well as of the KGB. Aged almost thirty-five at the time of Haavik's arrest, blond, good-looking, narcissistic, married to a glamorous television personality (his second wife), Treholt was widely regarded as one of the young high fliers of the Norwegian Labor Party. As a political-science student at his university, his main motivation seemed to be anti-Americanism. In the late 1960s he helped organize campaigns in Norway against the military junta that had seized power in Greece with, he believed, American support. Treholt became assistant to the distinguished international lawyer Jens Evensen, who argued the case against the junta in the European Court. The Oslo residency noticed Treholt and began to cultivate him. Treholt enjoyed every moment of his seduction. "We had glorious lunches," he later recalled, "where we discussed Norwegian and international politics."

Treholt's first case officer, Yevgeni Belyayev, who controlled him from 1968 to 1971, gradually succeeded in persuading him to accept money, initially for information of little importance. Just before Belyayev left Oslo in 1971 he introduced Treholt at a farewell lunch in the Coq d'Or restaurant to his next controller, Gennadi Fyodorovich Titov, who was to serve from 1972 to 1977 as KGB resident in Norway. Nicknamed "The Crocodile," Titov was deeply unpopular among his KGB colleagues (though not his superiors), and—save for a small group of protégés—feared by his subordinates. Gordievsky remembers him as the most unpleasant and unprincipled KGB officer he ever met.

Titov was a Soviet Karelian, born in 1932. When he was five or six his father was shot by the NKVD at the height of the Great Terror. Titov was brought up in a semi-criminal milieu, becoming expert in the Soviet form of street wisdom required to prosper in the final years of Stalinist rule. To his surprise, despite his family history, he was accepted for training in 1955 by the Leningrad Military Institute of the KGB. Thereafter, he sought to compensate for his background by showing conspicuous devotion to duty as a KGB officer. His most remarkable talent in dealing with both his superiors and his agents was a prodigious gift for flattery, which seduced both Treholt and Kryuchkov. Treholt found him "a very fascinating and exciting type," well informed, entertaining, and full of jokes and anecdotes about Soviet leaders. Titov was also a good listener. As Treholt expounded his views about Vietnam, Greece, NATO, the United States, and the peace movement, Titov seemed greatly impressed by his insights. He had, Titov told him, a unique contribution to make in building bridges between East and West in a way that was beyond the capacity of routine, bureaucratic diplomacy.

Treholt acted partly as a Soviet agent of influence, helping to organize the successful campaign run in 1972 by the left wing of the Labor Party against Norwegian membership in the EEC. But his main role was as a supplier of classified information on Norwegian and NATO policy. That role became of major importance when Treholt's former mentor, Jens Evensen, was put in charge of the Law of the Sea negotiations. At his suggestion Treholt was appointed undersecretary in charge of the issue. Thenceforth he was by far the most important intelligence source for the interministerial commission in Moscow on Svalbard and the Barents Sea. During Norwegian-Soviet negotiations in 1977 on the delimitation of the Barents Sea, Treholt not only kept the KGB fully informed of the Norwegian negotiating position but also acted as a Soviet agent of influence in the Norwegian negotiating team. The Barents Sea agreement signed by Norway and the Soviet Union on July 1, 1977, was heavily criticized in Norway for being tilted in the Soviet interest.[93]

Titov was expelled from Norway in 1977 as a result of the Haavik case. For the next two years he worked at the Center as Kryuchkov's special assistant, flattering him as ingeniously as he flattered Treholt. From 1979 to 1984 he was head of the FCD Third Department, responsible for Britain, Ireland, Scandinavia, and Australasia. Well aware that Treholt was his main career asset, Titov persuaded Kryuchkov to allow him to go on handling the case.[94] He continued to meet Treholt at intervals in Helsinki and Vienna, the KGB's favorite European meeting places for important agents, and delegated much of his routine handling to two other case officers who had worked at the Oslo residency, Vladimir Zhizhin and Aleksandr Lopatin.

Late in 1978 Treholt was appointed to the Norwegian mission in the UN. His appointment came at a fortunate time for the KGB since for part of his time in New York Norway was a member of the Security Council. Shortly before Treholt left for the UN, Titov introduced him in Helsinki to Zhizhin, who was to control him in New York. They agreed to meet in restaurants and leave notes for each other inside newspapers in the UN delegates' lounge. Save for some initial complaints by Treholt about the quality of the restaurants chosen by Zhizhin, the arrangements worked smoothly.

After enjoying the good life in the Big Apple, Treholt became careless. He speculated in gold and silver, and bought a horse, which he entered in trotting races. From 1982–83 he was at the Norwegian Defense College, cleared for NATO Cosmic Top Secret material. The prosecutor at his trial likened Treholt's activities in the college to those of a fox let loose in a chicken farm.[95] In NATO strategy Norway is "the key to the North":

> The Kola peninsula, where Norway borders the Soviet Union, has been described by one American Navy Secretary as "the most valuable piece of real estate on earth." On the Russian side there are the immense naval facilities centered around Murmansk. It is a NATO truism that "the battle of the Atlantic must be fought in the Norwegian Sea," and that the Soviets would try to seize Norway and operate their submarines out of Norwegian fjords.[96]

Partly as a result of leads supplied by Gordievsky, Treholt had been put under surveillance by the FBI during his time in New York at the request of Norwegian security. Though there was, in the opinion of Norwegian security, insufficient evidence to bar his entry to the Defense College, his meetings thereafter with Titov in Helsinki and Vienna were closely monitored. In Vienna, Treholt and Titov were photographed walking together, by a camera hidden in a baby's pram. Titov, short and stout, waves his arms expansively; Treholt, taller, trimmer, and already in training for the New York marathon, grins amiably.[97]

At the beginning of 1984 Titov achieved his main career ambition, with his promotion to the rank of KGB general, a success due more to Treholt than to himself.[98] Simultaneously the Norwegian Foreign Ministry appointed Treholt as its press spokesman during the visit to Oslo of the American secretary of State, George Shultz. On the morning of Friday, January 20, shortly after Shultz's departure, Treholt arrived at Oslo airport to catch the 12:45 flight to Vienna for another rendezvous with Titov. In his hand was a briefcase containing sixty-six classified Foreign Ministry documents. He waited in the departure lounge for the final call. Then, as he was about to board the plane, he was arrested by Ørnulf Tofte, deputy head of Norwegian security. Contrary to later press reports, the arrest was undramatic. According to Tofte: "Treholt was calm and did not say a word. We did not need handcuffs or any form of restraint. He was taken through a sidedoor straight into a waiting car, and driven to police headquarters."[99]

At his trial in 1985 Treholt was to claim that he had simply been building bridges between East and West. The court concluded that this showed "such an exaggerated sense of his own position as to be scarcely credible." Treholt's conceit, sedulously cultivated by Titov, however, had become so grotesque that he may well have deluded himself into believing his fantasy role as a unique bridge between East and West. Titov had also encouraged Treholt's greed. The court later confiscated over a million Norwegian kroner, which it calculated he had earned from espionage. It was probably an underestimate; in addition to his earnings from the KGB, Treholt also received $50,000 from Iraqi intelligence.

Had Treholt's arrest occurred only a few weeks earlier, Gordievsky is convinced that Titov's promotion to general would never have occurred. Soon after the arrest was announced, Kryuchkov sent Titov to East Berlin to become deputy head of the KGB compound at Karlshorst. With him went Treholt's two other case officers, Vladimir Zhizhin and Aleksandr Lopatin.[100] A year later Treholt was sentenced to twenty years in jail.

In 1981 the Center had also lost the man it considered its other most important Scandinavian agent, when President Urho Kekkonen of Finland stepped down because of ill-health.[101] By then the KGB in Finland was running about 160 fully recruited agents and "confidential contacts"—more than in all the rest of the FCD Third Department countries (the remainder of Scandinavia, Britain, Ireland, and Australasia) combined. The Helsinki resident Viktor Vladimirov and his rival, Ambassador Vladimir Sobolev, both confidently predicted that Kekkonen's Center (formerly Agrarian) Party colleague Ahti Karjalainen would succeed him. The residency had not made the mistake, as in the case of Kekkonen, of claiming to the Center that Karjalainen was a fully recruited agent, classifying him instead as a "confidential contact," but was rashly confident of its future influence over him as president, referring to "Our Man Karjalainen" or "The Man in Our Pocket."

The main Finnish expert in the FCD, Albert Petrovich Akulov, in Gordievsky's view probably its most brilliant analyst, forecast that Karjalainen's reputation as a heavy drinker would lose him his party's nomination. Vladimirov brushed this prediction aside and called on the Center Party chairman and foreign minister, Paavo Väyrynen, to assure him secretly of Soviet support for Karjalainen and its opposition to his Social Democratic rival, the prime minister Mauno Koivisto.[102] According to Karjalainen:

> Vladimirov told Väyrynen that he was going to use his influence with the Communists and also with other parties to support my position. He asked Väyrynen frankly what the Soviet Union could do to further my election. . . . Vladimirov developed the idea of stage-managing economic cooperation in such a way as to produce a situation which would benefit me.[103]

But, as Akulov had predicted, despite Vladimirov's active measures in his favor, Karjalainen failed to get the Center Party nomination. The Social Democrat Koivisto, opposed by Vladimirov, won an easy victory in the 1982 presidential election.[104]

The Swedish statesman on whom the KGB pinned most of its hopes during the 1970s was the Social Democrat, Olof Palme. Before Palme became Prime Minister in 1969, the Center had paid little attention to him. Thereafter, however, his outspoken opposition to the Vietnam War, calls for the West to spend less on arms, and support for progressive causes in the Third World quickly aroused Soviet interest. The Center devised a plan to recruit Palme as an agent of influence by posting a Swedish-speaking KGB agent of Latvian origin, N. V. Neyland, to head the Novosti bureau at Stockholm in 1972. Neyland came from the same part of Latvia as Palme's mother, struck up a friendship with him by playing on his affection for his Latvian roots, and even arranged for Palme to pay a short sentimental visit to Latvia. He also succeeded in arranging regular meetings with one of Palme's leading advisers in the Social Democratic Party. The Center went to enormous pains to provide Neyland with formulations of Soviet policy that it hoped Palme would find attractive. Especially after he lost power in

1976 and went into opposition, Palme appeared to have a clear preference for Soviet rather than American policy on peace and disarmament. The Palme Commission, set up in 1980 to consider disarmament issues, was greatly valued in Moscow for its criticisms of American positions.

In his reports to the Center, Neyland tried to take the credit for much of Palme's sympathy with Soviet policy. Kryuchkov, in turn, reported to both Andropov and the Politburo that Palme, though not a fully recruited agent, was subject to KGB influence. Once again, however, the FCD exaggerated its own success. While Palme's regular contacts with Neyland (whose job with Novosti should, in itself, have been sufficient to arouse his suspicions of a KGB connection) showed a surprising political naïveté, there is no hard evidence that Neyland had a major influence on his policy. That influence, such as it was, in any case ceased when Neyland left Stockholm in 1980. Neyland's successor failed to win Palme's confidence and the KGB lost direct access to him. Though the Center welcomed Palme's return to power in 1982 and his qualified support for Soviet policy on disarmament during his second term as prime minister (which was to be cut short by his assassination in 1986), it now regarded him as an essentially Western political leader who championed Western values.[105]

What remained of East-West détente at the end of the 1970s was destroyed during the final week of the decade by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. In April 1978 a Communist coup had overthrown the republican regime of Mohammed Daoud, slaughtering him and his entire family in the process. The choice for Daoud's successor lay between Babrak Karmal, who headed the Parcham faction in the Afghan Communist Party, and Noor Mohammed Taraki, the leader of the rival Khalq faction. Moscow Center backed Karmal, who had been a KGB agent for many years. But Taraki had the upper hand and the backing of Brezhnev, who was impressed by him at a brief meeting, and won the succession struggle. Karmal took refuge in Czechoslovakia.[106] In September 1979 Taraki was murdered by his deputy prime minister Hafizullah Amin. Moscow turned a blind eye to the murder, congratulated Amin on his "election," and expressed "the conviction that in the future too the fraternal relations between the Soviet Union and revolutionary Afghanistan will continue to develop on the basis of [their] treaty of friendship, good-neighborliness and cooperation."[107] The Center, however, predicted disaster. Reports from the Kabul residency reported bitter opposition to Amin from Islamic leaders, the threat of mutiny from the Afghan army, and imminent economic collapse.[108]

The removal of Amin was discussed and agreed on, like all KGB operations against foreign political leaders, by the Politburo. Since the reorganization that followed the defection of Oleg Lyalin in 1971 and the public exposure in the West of the FCD's Department V, "wet affairs" and other "special actions" had become the responsibility of a newly constituted Department Eight in Directorate S, which handled illegals. Department Eight selected as Amin's assassin Lieutenant Colonel Mikhail Talebov, an Azerbaijani who had spent several years in Kabul and was able to pass as an Afghan. In the late autumn of 1979 Talebov arrived in Kabul equipped with poison provided by Department Eight. Posing as an Afghan chef, he obtained a job in the kitchens at the presidential palace. But, according to Vladimir Kuzichkin, who defected from Directorate S a few years later, "Amin was as careful as any of the Borgias. He kept switching his food and drink as if he expected to be poisoned."[109]

While Amin was successfully evading poisoning by Talebov, the situation in Afghanistan deteriorated still further. Reports to the Center from the Kabul residency, which had a network of well-placed agents in the Afghan official establishment, forecast that, unless Amin was removed, the Communist regime would be replaced by an anti-Soviet Islamic republic. The prime mover in calling for military intervention was the International Department of the Central Committee, which insisted that the Soviet Union could not permit the overthrow of socialism in a bordering country. Majority opinion in both the Center and the Foreign Ministry, better informed than the International Department about opinion in the West and the Third World, opposed invasion for fear of its international consequences. Andropov, like the FCD, originally opposed sending in the Red Army but, as the situation deteriorated after Amin's coup, Andropov's opposition weakened.[110] According to a Soviet study published in 1989, he began to see a parallel with his own experience in Hungary in 1956, when Soviet tanks had crushed "counterrevolution" and reestablished a stable Communist government.[111]

It was believed in the Center that the final decision in favor of military intervention caused no serious split within the Politburo.[112] The decisive argument, according to Kuzichkin, was the prospect that, without intervention, Islamic fundamentalism, following its victory over the Shah of Iran a year before, might triumph over socialism in

Afghanistan: "The repercussions of such a blow to our prestige would be unpredictable. The Soviet Union could not run such a risk."[113] Nonvoting candidate members of the Politburo were not consulted by the inner circle who made the decision to intervene. Eduard Shevardnadze has since claimed that he and Mikhail Gorbachev, who became candidate members in November 1979, first heard of the invasion from radio and newspaper reports.[114]

At nightfall on Christmas Day 1979 Soviet military transport aircraft began a massive airlift to Kabul International Airport, landing and taking off at three-minute intervals. More Soviet forces entered Afghanistan by road. On the evening of December 27 a Soviet armored column moved out of the airport in the direction of the presidential palace. At its head was an assault group of specially trained KGB commandos led by Colonel Boyarinov, commandant of the Department Eight special operations training school at Balashika. All were dressed in Afghan uniforms and traveled in military vehicles with Afghan markings. On the way to the palace the column was stopped at an Afghan checkpoint. As Afghan troops gathered round, the flaps of the front vehicle went up and KGB troops machine-gunned the Afghans. Colonel Boyarinov led the assault on the presidential palace himself. The president and his mistress were shot in a bar on the top floor. Boyarinov ordered that no witnesses in the palace were to survive to tell the tale. In the course of the operation, while still in Afghan uniform, he was mistaken for a member of the palace guard and shot by his own troops.[115] About a dozen other KGB commandos and Soviet troops were also killed in the course of the operation.[116]

Immediately after the storming of the palace, the exiled Afghan Communist and veteran KGB agent Babrak Karmal, who had been chosen by Moscow to succeed Amin, broadcast a statement claiming that he had taken over the government and appealed for Soviet military assistance. Though his broadcast purported to come from Kabul, it was actually transmitted from inside the Soviet Union; Kabul Radio was still broadcasting normally at the time of Amin's assassination. In the early hours of December 28, Kabul Radio, now in Soviet hands, broadcast the news that Amin had been "executed" on the orders of a revolutionary tribunal.[117] In Moscow Amin was posthumously demoted from "Comrade Amin" to "a bloodthirsty agent of American imperialism."[118]

Babrak Karmal denounced his predecessor as a CIA agent and demanded, absurdly, that the American government hand over all documents on its dealings with him.[119] The Center also seized on the theory of a CIA conspiracy, spreading the story that Amin had been recruited by American intelligence while a student at Columbia University.[120] There were some at Moscow Center who more than half believed their own propaganda. A Soviet historian wrote ten years after the invasion: "The fact that Amin had studied at Columbia University in New York in his youth whipped up our bestial spy mania."[121] Even Kim Philby, in an interview a few months before his death in 1988, was still insisting that "there was more than a suspicion that Amin was dickering with the Americans."[122]

Though the Center had, by and large, opposed military intervention, the consequences were even worse than it had expected. According to Kuzichkin, "We made two major errors of judgment: we overestimated the willingness of the Afghan army to fight, and we underestimated the upsurge of Afghan resistance." By the spring of 1980, 80,000 Soviet troops (whose numbers later grew to well over 100,000) were needed simply to hold the major towns and shore up the crumbling Afghan army against rebel attacks. By the mid-1980s, according to UNICEF estimates, Afghanistan's population had fallen by half; Afghans accounted for one-quarter of the world's refugees. In the small hours of one morning in the early 1980s a KGB general told Kuzichkin what many at the Center thought privately but dared not say openly:

> Afghanistan is our Vietnam . . . We are bogged down in a war we cannot win and cannot abandon. It's ridiculous. A mess. And but for Brezhnev and company we would never have got into it in the first place![123]

In addition to the residency in Kabul, upgraded to a main residency after the invasion, there were eight KGB branch offices in the other main towns. Total KGB officer strength was about three hundred with one hundred support staff. Those stationed in Afghanistan slept with pistols and machine guns by their beds. A young cipher clerk who spent seven months at a provincial residency played Gordievsky recordings he had made of the rebels' nighttime attacks, to which he had added his own vivid taped commentary on the alternate brutality and tedium of the war.

The KGB main resident in Kabul, General Boris Semyonovich Ivanov, appointed shortly after the Soviet invasion, was withdrawn in about 1982, suffering from battle fatigue. Surprisingly, however, KGB applicants for Afghan postings exceeded the jobs available. Young and ambitious officers from the Center looked on the war as an opportunity to make their reputations and advance their careers. In all, the Center received about one hundred detailed reports a month on conditions in Afghanistan. In Gordievsky's experience they pulled no punches and were clearly superior to those from the Kabul embassy because of the KGB's extensive agent network. GRU reports concentrated, as usual, on military assessments.[124]

Soon after the assassination of Amin, the KGB installed the brutal, energetic thirty-two-year-old Mohammed Najibullah as head of the new Security Service, Khedamat-e Etela'at-e Dawlati (KHAD), set up in January 1980 to replace Amin's bloodthirsty secret police.[125] Embarrassed by the reference to Allah in his surname, Najibullah asked to be known as "Comrade Najib." President Karmal announced that KHAD, unlike its predecessor, would not "strangle, pressure, or torture the people":

> On the contrary there will be established within the government framework an intelligence service to protect democratic freedoms, national independence and sovereignty, the interests of the revolution, the people and the state, as well as to neutralize under PDPA [Communist] leadership the plots hatched by external enemies of Afghanistan.[126]

KHAD was trained and organized by KGB officers. In the brutal conditions of an unwinnable counterinsurgency war, the KGB revived on Afghan soil some of the horrors of its Stalinist past. Amnesty International assembled evidence of "widespread and systematic torture of men, women and children" at KHAD interrogation centers. A common theme in its reports was the presence of Soviet advisers directing the interrogations, much as during the Stalinist purges in Eastern Europe a generation earlier. A woman teacher in Kabul, who later escaped to Pakistan, dared to protest to KHAD that her Soviet interrogator "did not have any right to question an Afghan in Afghanistan. This angered them and they tied my hands and burned my lips with a cigarette." On instructions from the Soviet interrogator, KHAD officers then beat her unconscious. When the teacher revived, she was buried up to her neck in the snow. In the days that followed, electrified needles were pressed into her body and she was subjected to other horrific forms of electrical torture, usually in the presence of a Soviet adviser. Remarkably, the teacher survived her ordeal. Many did not.[127]

As a retired KGB general publicly acknowledged in 1989, even in the era of glasnost, the KGB's role in the Afghan War "has still to be told honestly."[128] Najibullah crowned his career at the head of KHAD by succeeding the less resolute Babrak Karmal first as general secretary in 1986, then as president in 1987. Paradoxically, the withdrawal of the Red Army in 1988 was to give a new lease on life to Najibullah's discredited regime. Once Soviet forces had left, the fragmented forces of the Mujahedeen found it even more difficult than before to overcome their own deep internal divisions.

As well as Afghan resistance to the Soviet invasion, the international reaction was also even worse than the Center had anticipated. The KGB had calculated that, as after the Soviet invasion of Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia in 1968, business would return to normal after a brief period of protest.[129] But much of the Third World as well as the West drew a clear distinction between Soviet intervention in Eastern Europe and in Afghanistan. For the first time the Red Army had invaded a country in the Third World.

Events in Poland worsened still further the East-West tension caused by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan at the end of 1979. A number of celebrated revolutions (among them those in Paris in 1789 and Petrograd in February 1917) have been sparked by bread riots. In Poland rises in meat prices in the summer of 1980 began the strike wave that gave birth to the independent trade-union movement Solidarity, under the charismatic leadership of the hitherto unknown Lech Walesa, a thirty-seven-year-old unemployed electrician who began each day at mass. At the end of August 1980 the deputy prime minister, Mieczyslaw Jagielski, traveled to the Lenin shipyard in Gdansk to negotiate with Walesa and the strike leaders. The Gdansk agreement that ended the strike wave made an unprecedented series of political concessions, ranging from recognition of the right to strike to agreement to broadcast mass each Sunday over the State Radio.

Moscow Center was appalled at the damage done to the "leading role" of the PZPR, the discredited Polish Communist Party. All available Polish-speaking KGB officers were dispatched to the Warsaw residency and liaison office, and to the Soviet consulates in Gdansk, Krakow, Poznań, and Szczecin. As during the Hungarian Revolution in 1956 and the Prague Spring in 1968, many KGB illegals living in the

West were ordered to visit Poland posing as tourists in the belief that counterrevolutionaries would speak more freely to Westerners than to Russians. Though the Center was still formally forbidden to recruit Polish citizens as agents, hardliners in the Polish security service (SB) and PZPR flooded the KGB with alarmist, sometimes almost hysterical, reports of counterrevolutionary subversion. The sheer volume of KGB reporting on the Polish crisis was far greater than that through either Party channels or the Warsaw embassy. A long and pessimistic assessment in the autumn of 1980 by the head of the FCD Polish desk, Ninel Andreevich Tarnavsky, predicted a bloodbath as the probable outcome.[130]

Solidarity's influence continued to grow during 1981. With, at its peak, nearly ten million members, it represented almost every family in Poland. KGB reports claimed that it had penetrated even the SB and the police, and that Party loyalists were being intimidated by Solidarity activists. Gordievsky was struck by the ill-concealed anti-Semitism of the Center's Polish assessments, which pointed to the prominent role in Solidarity of Jewish "internationalists," such as Jacek Kuron, Adam Michnik, and Mojzesz Finkelsztein (all former members of the Workers' Defense Committee, KOR), as evidence of a Zionist conspiracy.[131] The theme was taken up in public by several of Poland's neighbors. Prague television, reporting a meeting in Warsaw of the anti-Semitic Grunwald Patriotic Association, noted approvingly that speakers had denounced "the treacherous activity of the Zionists" and revealed that Michnik's "real name" was Szechter.[132]

The Center reported that the Ninth Congress of the PZPR, due to meet in July 1981, was likely to consolidate the influence of Solidarity within the Party. It urged that maximum pressure be brought on Stanislaw Kania, who had become PZPR first secretary in the wake of the Gdansk agreement, to postpone the Congress. The ailing Brezhnev, who now had less than eighteen months to live, plainly did not wish to be troubled by bad news. Andropov, for his part, did not wish to damage his chances of the succession by introducing a new element of controversy into the Politburo.

To the Center's considerable annoyance, no pressure was put on Kania, and the Ninth PZPR Congress went ahead in July. It fulfilled the KGB's worst forebodings, voting by secret ballot to sack seven-eighths of the old Central Committee. The Center estimated that 20 percent of the new Central Committee were open supporters of Solidarity and another 50 percent were secret sympathizers. After the Congress was over, Kryuchkov and General Vadim Pavlov, head of the KGB in Warsaw, were summoned to brief the Politburo. Supported by Andropov, both argued that Kania had lost control. Unless a more reliable PZPR Central Committee replaced that elected at the Ninth Party Congress, the socialist system in Poland was threatened with collapse. The Center, however, had lost faith in virtually the entire PZPR leadership. No civilian alternative to Kania attracted serious support.[133]

Within the Politburo, as within the Center, it was accepted that in the last resort the Red Army would have to intervene. But Moscow was more reluctant to send in troops than the West realized. Gordievsky's contacts in the Central Committee told him there was general agreement that intervention in Poland, following that in Afghanistan, would destroy all prospect of détente and arms control for years to come. The Center also predicted serious problems for Soviet occupying forces. It believed that Western intelligence services were conspiring with Solidarity to organize a well-armed and well-equipped underground resistance to wage guerrilla warfare against the Red Army. The only solution, the Center concluded, was for the Polish army to mount a coup d'état. The KGB had much greater confidence in the leadership of the army than in that of the Party. Most Polish officers had trained at Soviet military academies, and many senior officers were veterans of the wartime Polish army based in the Soviet Union. Once the army had restored order and crushed Solidarity, the Center calculated, it would be possible to purge the Party and elect a reliable Central Committee.[134]

The KGB's candidate to lead the coup was General Wojciech Jaruzelski, member of the PZPR Politburo and long-serving defense minister. In February 1981 Jaruzelski had become prime minister. Slim, erect, habitually wearing dark glasses and an inscrutable expression, Jaruzelski was an enigmatic figure for most Poles. Initially, however, he had made a good impression, appointing a reputed "liberal," Mieczyslaw Rakowski, as deputy prime minister responsible for trade-union affairs. Rakowski committed himself to creating with Solidarity "a system of partnership." In October 1981, after much Soviet lobbying, Jaruzelski replaced the discredited Kania as Party first secretary and called for a new "national accord" and a "unity front" with Solidarity and the church. Early in November he met Walesa and Archbishop Glemp for talks in Warsaw.[135]

Jaruzelski, however, was playing a double game. It was believed in the Center that by the time he became first secretary he had already agreed with Moscow to carry out a military coup and had begun detailed planning. The final details of the coup were settled during two sessions of secret talks in Warsaw with General Kryuchkov and Marshal Viktor Kulikov, commander-in-chief of the Warsaw Pact forces. The Central Committee apparatus, however, had less confidence than the FCD in Jaruzelski. A senior Party official, Valentin Mikhailovich Falin, then first deputy head of the International Information Department, told a meeting of KGB officers that it was still not clear whether Jaruzelski could bring the situation under control. Secret talks, Falin told them, were under way to persuade Jaruzelski to delay the next intake of army conscripts for fear that the many Solidarity supporters among them would weaken military discipline. In the event, the call-up proceeded without serious problems. Gordievsky was told by colleagues in both Kryuchkov's secretariat and the FCD Polish section that Jaruzelski had twice asked Moscow for the go-ahead before launching the coup. Brezhnev, in failing health with only a year to live, was now reluctant to make major decisions. Andropov and his Politburo colleagues finally succeeded in persuading him that decisive action could not be further delayed.[136]

The declaration of martial law in Poland on December 13, 1981, was brilliantly planned and executed. There was widespread praise, as well as relief, in the Center for the skill shown by Jaruzelski, the Polish high command, and the SB.[137] For some days before, dense cloud cover had prevented American spy satellites from observing preparations for the coup by the army and militia.[138] The Polish people too were taken by surprise. Most Solidarity leaders were arrested in their beds. Poles awoke on the morning of December 13 to find an army checkpoint at every crossroad and proclamations of martial law posted at every street corner. Jaruzelski himself probably believed that he had saved Poland from a Soviet invasion. Most protest strikes and popular resistance were swiftly crushed by mobile squads of paramilitary ZOMO police. By the year's end the army was visibly in control. Graffiti on the walls of Polish cities proclaimed optimistically: "Winter Is Yours. Spring Will Be Ours!" But spring did not return until 1989, with the formation of a Solidarity-led government under Tadeusz Mazowiecki and the disintegration of the Communist one-party state.

The early 1980s saw the most dangerous period of East-West tension since the Cuban missile crisis twenty years before. During the American presidential election campaign in 1980, Moscow had expected the anti-Soviet rhetoric of the victorious Republican candidate Ronald Reagan to mellow once he had been elected, much as Nixon's had done a decade earlier. Not till Reagan entered the White House did the Kremlin fully grasp that his hostility to the Soviet Union derived not from campaign tactics but from deep conviction.[139] At his first news conference Reagan denounced the Soviet leadership for its continuing commitment to "world revolution and a one-world socialist or communist state."

> They reserve unto themselves the right to commit any crime, to lie, to cheat in order to attain that. . . . So far, détente's been a one-way street that the Soviet Union has used to pursue its own aims.

Reagan's first secretary of state, Alexander Haig (succeeded in June 1982 by George Shultz), was determined to signal the dawn of a new era in Soviet-American relations:

> In the morning of an Administration, the air is fresh and still relatively quiet, and friends and adversaries are alert and watchful. It is the best time to send signals. Our signal to the Soviets had to be a plain warning that their time of unrestricted adventuring in the Third World was over, and that America's capacity to tolerate the mischief of Moscow's proxies, Cuba and Libya, had been exceeded.

"Every official of the State Department, in every exchange with a Soviet official" was instructed to repeat the same message.[140]

The Reagan administration was convinced that as the result of the growth of Soviet military might over the past decade "the American deterrent had been placed in doubt." The defense budget was increased in real terms by 10 percent—double Reagan's campaign promise. Reagan took a much tougher line than Carter on arms control, publicly condemned the SALT treaties, and showed himself in no hurry to return to the negotiating table until the U.S. nuclear strike force had been strengthened. Carter had suspended work on the MX missile and B-1 bomber. Reagan reinstated both.[141] In his sometimes simplistic denunciations of the Soviet Union as the "evil empire," Reagan overlooked one dangerous Soviet vice: its tendency to paranoia in interpreting the West. Andropov saw the policy of the Reagan administration as based on an attempt to give the United States the power to deliver a successful nuclear first strike. During the early 1980s Reagan's evil-empire rhetoric combined with Moscow's paranoia about Western conspiracies to produce a potentially lethal mixture.

In May 1981 Brezhnev denounced Reagan's policies in a secret address to a major KGB conference in Moscow. The most dramatic speech, however, was given by Andropov. The new American administration, he declared, was actively preparing for nuclear war. There was now the possibility of a nuclear first strike by the United States. The Politburo had accordingly decided that the overriding priority of Soviet foreign intelligence operations must thenceforth be to collect military-strategic intelligence on the nuclear threat from the United States and NATO. To the astonishment of most of his audience, Andropov then announced that the KGB and the GRU were for the first time to cooperate in a worldwide intelligence operation code-named RYAN: a newly devised acronym for Raketno Yadernoye Napadenie—Nuclear Missile Attack.

Though endorsed by Kryuchkov (the head of the FCD), Andropov's apocalyptic vision of the nuclear threat from the West was regarded by the main American experts in the Center as seriously alarmist. While they did not doubt his genuine alarm at Reagan's policies, they believed that pressure for Operation RYAN originated with the high command. Its leading advocate within the Politburo was probably the veteran defense minister, Marshal Dmitri Fyodorovich Ustinov, who had been Stalin's armaments commissar as far back as 1941. He would also prove to be one of Andropov's key supporters in the struggle to succeed Brezhnev.[142]

Kryuchkov entrusted the planning of Operation RYAN to the FCD Institute for Intelligence Problems, established in 1978–79 to work on "the development of new intelligence concepts." In November 1981 individual instructions were sent to the residents in all Western countries, Japan, and some states in the Third World. In some cases instructions were brief. The Helsinki residency, for example, was simply told to look out for the evacuation of the U.S. embassy, the closure of American businesses, and other obvious signs of impending crisis. Much more detailed instructions were sent to residencies in NATO countries, calling for close observation of all political, military, and intelligence activities that might indicate preparations for mobilization. Residencies were expected to make Operation RYAN the first priority of their "Work Plans for 1982," submitted to the Center in December

1981. The FCD sent out further guidance in January 1982. Gordievsky was struck by the comparatively low priority accorded to intelligence on new developments in Western missile technology. Much the most important intelligence task remained the detection of preparations for a surprise nuclear attack. In March 1982 Vasili Iosifovich Krivokhizha, a First (North American) Department officer hitherto responsible for coordinating Operation RYAN at the Center, was sent to the Washington main residency to take personal charge of RYAN intelligence collection in the United States.[143]

In May 1982 Andropov left the KGB for the Central Committee Secretariat in order to consolidate his position as heir apparent to the increasingly moribund Brezhnev. It soon became clear that he had displaced his main rival for the succession, Konstantin Chernenko, as effectively second party secretary to Brezhnev. But Andropov was not yet strong enough to place his own man at the head of the KGB. His successor as chairman was a sixty-four-year-old Brezhnev loyalist, Vitali Vasilyevich Fedorchuk, who since 1970 had been chairman of the KGB in the Ukraine. His appointment was unpopular in the Center, where he was generally regarded as a second-rate figure, likely (as turned out to be the case) to be replaced as soon as Andropov became general secretary. Fedorchuk, however, was reassuring for Ustinov and the military. Until 1970 his career had been spent in military counterintelligence; in the late 1960s he had been head of the KGB Third (military counterintelligence) Directorate. He was easily persuaded of the priority of Operation RYAN.[144]

Before leaving to take up a post as a PR line (political intelligence) officer at the London residency in June 1982, Gordievsky was briefed about RYAN requirements in Britain by one of the FCD's leading experts on NATO political and military affairs. The best way to collect intelligence on preparations for a nuclear-missile attack, he told Gordievsky, was through well-placed agents. But it was also important to monitor other telltale indications of impending crisis, such as the number of lights on at night in government offices and military installations, the movements of key personnel, and meetings of committees.

On his arrival at the London residency in June 1982, Gordievsky discovered that all his colleagues in the PR line viewed Operation RYAN with some skepticism. They were, and remained, less alarmist than the Center about the risks of nuclear war. None, however, was willing to put his career at risk by challenging the FCD's assessment. RYAN created a vicious circle of intelligence collection and assessment. Residencies were, in effect, required to report alarming information even if they themselves were skeptical of it. The Center was duly alarmed by what they reported and demanded more. The problems of accurate reporting from the London residency were compounded by the bizarre personality of Arkadi Vasilyevich Guk, who had succeeded Lukasevics as resident in 1980. Guk was the least able KGB resident in Britain since before the Second World War, and owed his posting largely to the British policy since 1971 of refusing visas to known KGB officers. Like Lukasevics, Guk had made his reputation liquidating nationalist opposition in the postwar Baltic republics. Thereafter he transferred to the Second Chief Directorate in Moscow, and served in the KR (Counterintelligence) line at the New York main residency before moving to London.

Guk looked back nostalgically to his years in the Baltic republics and complained that both the Center and the Kremlin had since gone soft on traitors. While stationed in New York he had discovered the whereabouts of the KGB defector Nikolai Khokhlov (the target of an unsuccessful assassination attempt in 1957) and proposed his liquidation. The Center had refused permission, saying that its two main targets were the more senior defectors Golitsyn and Nosenko, and that no other "wet affairs" could be approved in the United States until these two cases had been disposed of. He had also proposed liquidating Stalin's daughter Svetlana and the chairman of the Jewish Defense League—again without success. Guk was a conspiracy theorist as well as a frustrated assassin, convinced that the West was plotting the destruction of the Soviet system. Though careless about the details of Operation RYAN, Guk did not challenge its basic assumptions.[145]

By the time Gordievsky arrived in London Guk's wife was doing her best to ration her husband's formidable alcohol consumption. Guk gained a head start each evening by swallowing a tumbler of vodka before leaving for home. Drink brought out his natural tendency to boast about his own achievements. In July 1982 he briefed the newly arrived embassy counselor Lev Parshin about a mass demonstration in London against the deployment of Cruise missiles. Though a few KGB agents and contacts joined the march, the demonstration had been wholly organized by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND) without any assistance from the residency. Guk, however, assured Parshin: "It was us, the KGB residency, who brought a quarter of a million people out onto the streets!" Parshin nodded politely and appeared impressed. As soon as Guk had left the room, he turned to Gordievsky and exclaimed "Whoever heard such nonsense?"

Guk would frequently berate Soviet diplomats for giving away secrets by discussing embassy business in their apartments, which, he assured them, were bugged by MI5. After a few drinks in the same apartments, however, he would regularly boast of his operational successes in London. "That's Guk for you," a Soviet diplomat told Gordievsky one morning. "Last night in our apartment he gave away all your secrets to us and to the British!"[146]

For all his boasting about his successes in London, Guk incurred the displeasure of the Center for failing to foresee that the British were prepared to go to war with Argentina over the Falklands. Guk's first telegram to the Center on the Falklands (or Malvinas as he preferred to call them) was not sent until April 4, 1982, two days after the Argentinian invasion. Thereafter he tried to compensate for his lapse by sending two telegrams a day, mostly based on British media reports, while the embassy sent only one or two a week.

Guk expected the arrogant British to be "taught a lesson." When, to his and the Center's surprise, the British won, Guk opted for a characteristically conspiratorial explanation of "the British colonial war against the Falklands." Mrs. Thatcher and the Conservative government had seized the opportunity to restore their declining popularity by a quick victory against a weak opponent, and NATO had welcomed the opportunity to test new tactics and equipment. The embassy's post-mortem on the war followed the general lines of the residency's analysis. Guk also devised a conspiracy theory to explain the main new development in British politics during the early 1980s, the founding and initial success of the Social Democratic Party (SDP). It had been created, Guk argued, with the help of the CIA and the U.S. embassy in order to split the Labour Party and keep the Conservatives in power.[147]

On September 30, 1982, the FCD sent to its residencies in the United States and elsewhere a circular telegram containing a general review of American policy. By forcing the Warsaw Pact to increase its arms budget in line with Washington's, the Center argued, the Reagan administration was seeking to sow discord between socialist countries, to retard their development and to weaken their links with progressive Third World countries such as Nicaragua and Mozambique. The Center insisted on the need to counterattack with active measures designed to discredit U.S. policy.

In late October the Washington main residency implemented Operation Golf, designed to plant fabricated material discrediting the U.S. ambassador to the United Nations, Jeane Kirkpatrick, on the unsuspecting American correspondent of the London *New Statesman.* On November 5 the *New Statesman* duly carried an article entitled "A Girl's Best Friend," exploring "the often secret relationship" between Jeane Kirkpatrick and South Africa. The article included a photograph of a forged letter to Ms Kirkpatrick from a counselor at the South African embassy conveying "best regards and gratitude" from the head of South African military intelligence and allegedly enclosing a birthday present "as a token of appreciation from my government." The use of the word "priviously" [*sic*] indicated that, as sometimes happens with its forgeries, Service A had forgotten to check its English spelling.

Operation Golf was accompanied by Operation Sirena II, which used another document forged by Service A, this time purporting to provide evidence of American interference in Polish affairs. Like a number of similar active measures, however, Sirena II proved insufficiently sophisticated for a Western market. In general Service A had far greater success in the Third World. The main purpose of active measures in Western Europe was to prevent the deployment of Cruise and Pershing missiles scheduled for late 1983. Since European peace movements scarcely required Soviet encouragement to mount protest campaigns, it is reasonable to conclude that the vast expenditure of time and effort by the Center in this field achieved little of real importance. Guk was not, however, the only resident to claim credit for antinuclear demonstrations on which he had only a marginal influence.[148]

Leonid Brezhnev's last speech, delivered in the Kremlin on October 27, 1982, to a meeting of senior officers and Defense Ministry officials, gave a deeply pessimistic assessment of East-West relations. He denounced the policies of the Reagan administration, and declared that the preservation of peace would demand "the doubling, tripling of our efforts."[149] By the time Brezhnev died two weeks later on November 10, the succession was a foregone conclusion. Andropov was "unanimously" elected general secretary. Though the Party leadership was unwilling to contemplate major reforms, it was eager to have done with the stagnation and corruption of the Brezhnev era.

At this juncture in the Party's history Andropov seemed both a reassuring and an encouraging figure. His treatment of dissidents as chairman of the KGB made it clear that he would have no truck with "ideological subversion." But his record in leading a KGB anticorruption drive, which had reached as far as the Brezhnev dynasty itself, held out the promise of a war on economic inefficiency. Andropov himself seemed to believe that better work discipline and the elimination of corruption were sufficient to revive the Soviet economy. He told Moscow machine-tool workers in January 1983: "Introducing good order doesn't require any capital investment, but it can produce good results." Andropov's new broom produced a brief flurry but no lasting reforms. In little more than a year he sacked about one regional *(oblast)* party secretary in five, often as part of his anticorruption drive. Their average age, however, slightly increased.[150]

Almost as soon as Andropov became general secretary, he received a delegation from the Collegium (senior governing body) of the KGB, headed by one of its deputy chairmen, Filipp Denisovich Bobkov, and including the heads of the main directorates and provincial KGBs. All complained that Fedorchuk's bumbling arrogance had made him impossible to work with, and threatened to resign unless he was removed. Fedorchuk was swiftly kicked upstairs from the KGB to become minister of Internal Affairs, with the rank of army general. Fedorchuk's successor as chairman of the KGB was one of his deputies, fifty-nine-year-old Viktor Mikhailovich Chebrikov, who, unlike Fedorchuk, was respected in the Center as an efficient administrator. Chebrikov had begun his career in the Party apparatus, moving to the KGB in 1967 as head of the Personnel Directorate and, from 1968, one of the deputy chairmen.[151]

Andropov's election as general secretary gave added impetus to RYAN. At the beginning of 1983 some Soviet Bloc intelligence services joined the operation. In London the main support came from the Czechoslovak StB, whose resident told a KGB colleague that this was the first time his service had dealt with military questions. In February residents in NATO capitals received "strictly personal" directives, which they were told to retain in their personal files, giving further guidance on the Western nuclear threat and the steps required to monitor it. The deployment of Pershing II missiles in West Germany at the end of the year would, the Center claimed inaccurately, put Russian targets within four to six minutes' flying time—leaving Soviet leaders without time even to reach their bunkers. (At no time were the Soviet SS20s already targeted on Western Europe mentioned in KGB telegrams.)

The February directive sent to Guk contained unintentional passages of deep black comedy, which revealed terrifying gaps in the Center's understanding of Western society in general and of Britain in particular. Guk was told that an "important sign" of British preparations for nuclear war would probably be "increased purchases of blood and a rise in the price paid for it" at blood-donor centers. He was ordered to report any change in blood prices immediately. (The FCD had failed to grasp that British blood donors are unpaid.) The Center's bizarre, conspiratorial image of the clerical and capitalist elements in the establishment, which, it believed, dominated British society, also led it to instruct Guk to explore the possibility of obtaining advance warning of a holocaust from church leaders and major bankers. Other sections of Guk's directive were less eccentric. He was given probably accurate details of the alert stages used by U.S. and NATO forces as guides to their mobilization procedures.[152]

The RYAN workload laid on NATO residencies by the Center was staggering. The London residency, probably like others in Western Europe and North America, was instructed to carry out a regular census of the number of cars and lighted windows both in and out of normal working hours at all government buildings and military installations involved in preparations for nuclear warfare, and to report immediately any deviations from the norm. It also had to identify the routes, destinations, and methods of evacuation of government officials and their families, and devise plans to monitor preparations for their departure. All this was too much for Guk. While paying lip-service to the Center's unrealistic demands, Guk delegated the tiresome detailed observations required of the residency to the junior officer who ran the registry. The officer concerned did not even have the use of a car. (Even had he done so, he would have been unable to travel outside London without Foreign Office permission—an important detail that the Center's instructions had unaccountably overlooked.) Under Guk's sometimes alcoholic direction, there were moments when the British end of Operation RYAN more closely resembled the Marx Brothers than Dr. Strangelove.[153]

On February 25, 1983, the Center instructed its three residencies in the United States to begin planning active measures to thwart Reagan's reelection in the presidential election due in November 1984. The Center was convinced that the president considered a nuclear first strike as a serious policy option. Though arms-control negotiations still continued at Geneva, there was, it claimed, no prospect of agreement. Any other presidential candidate, whether Republican or Democrat, would thus be preferable to Reagan. American residencies were instructed to acquire contacts in the staffs of all possible presidential candidates and in both party headquarters. Residents outside the United States were ordered to report on the possibility of sending agents to take part in this operation. The main purpose of these contacts was to gather as much information as possible to discredit Reagan during the campaign and to open up new channels for its dissemination. Simultaneously all residencies in NATO countries and many in other parts of the world were ordered to popularize the slogan "Reagan means War!" *("Reagan: eto voina!").*

The Center announced five active measures "theses" that were to be used to discredit Reagan's foreign policy: his militarist adventurism, his personal responsibility for accelerating the arms race, his support for repressive regimes around the world, his administration's attempts to crush national liberation movements, and his responsibility for tension with his NATO allies. Active measures theses in domestic policy included Reagan's alleged discrimination against ethnic minorities, corruption in his administration, and his subservience to the military-industrial complex.[154]

Residents around the globe found it easy to claim the credit, frequently undeserved, for the many anti-Reagan articles that flooded the world's press. But the limitations of their achievements in the West were shown by the failure of any residency in a NATO country to popularize the slogan "Reagan means War!," to which the Center attached such importance. While the FCD was secretly—and ineffectually—plotting Reagan's downfall, the president himself was publicly calling on all Americans to "pray for the salvation of all those who live in that totalitarian darkness [the U.S.S.R.]." The Soviet leadership, he explained to the National Association of Evangelicals at their annual convention in Orlando, Florida, on March 8 was the "focus of evil in the modern world."[155] It was clear that he spoke from the heart.

Two weeks later the nuclear threat from the United States took on a new dimension when Reagan announced the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI), popularly known as "Star Wars," a defensive shield in space that would use laser technology to destroy Soviet missiles in flight before they reached American targets. To help extract the vast budget for SDI from a tight-fisted Congress, the administration mounted a TV advertising campaign that showed American (but not Western European) children sleeping peacefully beneath an astrodome defense, which seemed to owe more to science-fiction comics than to scientific research.

Initially Star Wars appeared too impracticable to pose a serious threat (though the Center later changed its mind on SDI's potential). But the rhetoric of SDI seemed to demonstrate Reagan's growing belief that the United States could win a nuclear war.[156]

The Center was also anxious to do what it could to damage the electoral prospects of Ronald Reagan's main ally, Margaret Thatcher. The KGB had been conducting active measures campaigns against her outside as well as inside the United Kingdom ever since she became prime minister in 1979. Many of the active measures, however, were too crude to be effective. Gordievsky was personally involved in the case of one of the journalists used by the KGB, Arne Herlov Petersen, a Danish agent of influence, recruited in 1973 by Leonid Makarov, later KGB resident in Oslo. Petersen was a naïve left-wing intellectual carried away by enthusiasm at various times for such improbable anti-imperialist heroes as Kim Il Sung, Pol Pot, and Muammar Qaddafi. From 1973 to 1981, when he was run successively by Makarov, Stanislav Chebotok, Vadim Cherny, and Vladimir Merkulov, Petersen agreed not merely to write articles along lines suggested to him by his case officers, but also to publish under his own name occasional articles and pamphlets written for him in the English language by Service A. Their literary merit was as slight as their political sophistication.

The first of the KGB-Petersen co-productions attacking Mrs. Thatcher was a pamphlet entitled *Cold Warriors,* published in 1979, which gave her pride of place as Europe's leading anti-Soviet crusader. Though the Center was unaccountably proud of its composition, the pamphlet contained such obvious errors as the description of the former Conservative cabinet minister Reginald Maudling as a "rightist Labour politician." Mrs. Thatcher herself, the pamphlet alleged, was out to appeal to "racist sentiments," to promote "capitalist influence," and to wage "war against the British working class." The other "cold warriors" denounced by Service A were its *bêtes noires,* Lord Chalfont (repeatedly described as "Minister for Disarmant" [*sic*]), Senator Henry ("Scoop") Jackson, Senator Barry Goldwater, Joseph Luns, Axel Springer, and Franz-Josef Strauss.

The next pamphlet, published in 1980, *True Blues,* was devoted solely to attacking Mrs. Thatcher. It made the mistake of attempting satire—always a weak area of KGB active measures—and carried the feeble subtitle "The Thatcher That Can't Mend Her Own Roof." Satire, however, soon gave way to frontal assault. Handicapped by her notorious "lack of appropriate competence in doing Government business," but sustained by "personal ties with big business" and "big monopolies interests," "Tahtcher [*sic*] ha[d] chosen the war path." On this high point the KGB-Petersen co-productions ended. Petersen was arrested in November 1981 and charged with collaborating with the KGB. In 1982, however, the Danish minister of justice, noting that the main guilty parties, the KGB officers concerned, had left the country, granted Petersen *tiltalefrafald* (a waiver of charges). To the obvious dismay of the Danish security service, he was released.[157]

On May 16, 1983, the Soviet ambassador in London, Viktor Ivanovich Popov, called a meeting of senior diplomats and KGB and GRU officers to discuss the June general election in Britain. There was general agreement that Mrs. Thatcher and the Conservatives were bound to win, and that neither the embassy nor the KGB residency could influence the result. Moscow, however, thought differently. On May 23 or 24 the Soviet embassy received the text of a Soviet reply to an earlier letter from the Labour Party about disarmament, which Moscow believed would help the Labour election campaign. When the text was presented to Labour headquarters, however, it declined to receive it until after the election. On May 23 the KGB residency received a telegram announcing that an important document would shortly be telegraphed indicating "themes" that should be introduced into Labour campaign speeches. The text of the telegram, couched in a curious mixture of English and Russian, took some time to decipher and was not ready until May 27. The residency regarded the suggestion that it be used to influence the Labour campaign as impracticable. It took no action.[158] On June 9 Mrs. Thatcher won a landslide election victory.

Shortly after the British general election, the London residency received a telegram from the Center stating that the Reagan administration was continuing its preparations for nuclear war and emphasizing, once again, the priority of Operation RYAN. None of the PR line officers in the residency believed there was any prospect of a Western nuclear attack except as the result of a major East-West crisis. Gordievsky and a colleague tried to persuade Guk that the Center's instructions to collect intelligence on preparations for nuclear attack, followed by the sending of intelligence to Moscow listing possible preparations, which then prompted further instructions from the Center, had created a vicious spiral which was steadily and dangerously raising tension in Moscow. The Center had, for example, praised a report from the London residency on a government campaign to recruit more blood donors. In this instance as in others, it clearly attached a deeply sinister significance to a campaign that was in reality a normal feature of British life.[159]

On August 12, 1983, the Center sent out further RYAN instructions signed personally by Kryuchkov to residencies in NATO countries, listing activities by Western intelligence services that might indicate preparations for a surprise nuclear attack. The checklist of suspicious activities provided by the Center was largely a mirror image of the KGB's and GRU's own contingency plans for war with the West. They included "an increase in disinformation operations" directed against the U.S.S.R. and its allies; "secret infiltration of sabotage teams with nuclear, bacteriological and chemical weapons" into the Warsaw Pact; "expanding the network of subversion-training schools," making particular use of émigrés from Eastern Europe; and an increase in "repressive measures by the punitive authorities" against progressive organizations and individuals.[160]

The most serious moment of East-West tension since Reagan's election followed the shooting down in the Sea of Japan during the early hours of September 1, 1983, of a Korean airliner, KAL 007, en route from Anchorage, Alaska, to Seoul, which had blundered badly off course over Soviet air space. A Japanese sigint station at Misawa, 360 miles north of Tokyo, listened as the pilot of a Soviet interceptor aircraft fired two missiles, then announced at 3:26 A.M. Tokyo time: "The target is destroyed." At first Misawa wondered if it had been eavesdropping on a Soviet exercise in which the missile firing had been simulated. Several hours later, however, it realized that it had heard the last moments in the flight of KAL 007. All 269 of the passengers and crew were killed.[161]

The KAL 007 tragedy derived from the incompetence of both the Red Air Force and Korean Air Lines, combined, in the Soviet case, with disregard for human life. Five years earlier, when another Boeing 747 of Korean Air Lines, KAL 902, badly off course on a flight from Paris to Seoul, had crossed the Soviet frontier near Murmansk, Soviet air defense had lost track of it over the heavily fortified Kola Peninsula. It was finally intercepted and forced to land on a frozen lake three hundred miles south of Murmansk, after being hit, but not destroyed, by a heat-seeking missile, which killed two of its passengers and wounded thirteen others.

Soviet air defenses have been described, with some justice, as "the agricultural sector of the Soviet armed forces."[162] In 1987 they were to become an international laughingstock when a young West German, Mathias Rust, succeeded in landing his Cessna in Red Square in the heart of Moscow. On the night of August 31–September 1, 1983, according to the London resident Arkadi Guk, who was on leave in Russia at the time, eight of the eleven tracking stations on the Kamchatka Peninsula and Sakhalin Island, overflown by KAL 007, were not functioning properly. Recent administrative changes, which had disbanded the previously independent "military districts for air defense" and brought them under the normal military command structure, added to the chaos. The regional command lacked experience in dealing with serious violations of Soviet air space, and responded with a mixture of confusion and brutality.[163]

When KAL 007 was finally reported over Soviet air space, Khabarovsk air force command made several attempts to seek instructions from Moscow. After a confused exchange of messages (monitored by U.S. and Japanese sigint) Khabarovsk reminded the command center on Sakhalin Island of the rules of engagement requiring visual identification of the intruder before shooting it down. Sakhalin ignored these rules. KAL 007 was destroyed by two missiles fired by a Soviet fighter pilot who failed to identify what he was shooting at. At various stages in the crisis some of those in the confused chain of command that dealt with the intruder believed they were dealing not with a civilian 747 but with a U.S. RC 135 intelligence-gathering aircraft.[164] Guk, however, was adamant that by the time the plane was shot down Khabarovsk realized that it was a civilian aircraft.[165]

The official Soviet reaction to the shootdown was initially to deny that it had happened. Soviet fighters, explained Tass, had merely "tried to give assistance in diverting the aircraft to the nearest airfield." Confusion in Moscow over the handling of the tragedy was so great that for three days neither the Soviet embassy nor the KGB residency in London (as, no doubt, in other capitals) received any guidance on what explanation to offer. Then on September 4 three "flash" *(molniya)* telegrams from the Center arrived in quick succession at the residency; the embassy simultaneously received similar communications from the foreign ministry.

The first telegram claimed that KAL 007 was being used by the Reagan administration to whip up worldwide anti-Soviet hysteria. This campaign had become so virulent that the residency was instructed to coordinate measures with the ambassador, the GRU, and the party representative to protect Soviet nationals, buildings, ships, and aircraft against attack. The second and third telegrams contained active measures "theses," which were intended to pin the blame on the Americans and Koreans. The Center insisted that there was close military and intelligence cooperation between the United States and Korean Air Lines. It had therefore to be assumed that KAL 007 had been performing an intelligence role when overflying Soviet territory.[166] This story was later embroidered with bogus reports that the Korean captain, Chun Byung-In, had boasted of previous intelligence missions and shown his friends the espionage equipment on his aircraft.[167] None of the telegrams dispatched by the Center on September 4 acknowledged directly that a Soviet interceptor had shot down KAL 007, though they implied as much. More significant was the fact that they did not explain whether or not the Soviet air force had known that it was attacking a civilian airliner.

Two or three days later the Center sent out two further telegrams with active measures theses claiming that the Americans and Japanese were in full radio contact with KAL 007 during its intrusion into Soviet air space and knew its exact position throughout. At one point, it was falsely claimed, the pilot had radioed: "We're going over Kamchatka." To help elaborate its conspiracy theories, the Center also asked residencies to collect information about those on board; it was particularly anxious to discover links between passengers and Western intelligence services, which could be used to support the Soviet version of events. At a two-hour press conference in Moscow on September 9, the chief of staff of the Soviet armed forces, Marshal Nikolai Ogarkov, announced that a Soviet state commission had "irrefutably proved that the intrusion of the plane of the South Korean Air Lines into Soviet airspace was a deliberate, thoroughly planned intelligence operation. It was directed from certain centers in the territory of the United States and Japan."

All the Soviet diplomats and KGB officers with whom Gordievsky discussed the case were dismayed by the damage done to the Soviet Union's international reputation. Few had any confidence in the official Soviet explanation. Many regarded it as laughable.[168]

The Center was outraged by an interview given to the BBC on September 18 during a visit to London by the editor-in-chief of *Pravda,* V. G. Afanasyev, which cast doubt on the official version of the shootdown. "I wouldn't say that I was very pleased with our first reports . . ." Afanasyev told the interviewer. "I think that in this respect, our military people are guilty. Probably they let some inaccuracy slip by, perhaps they were not certain what had happened."[169] The London residency received a flash telegram from the Center requesting the full text of Afanasyev's interview. A KGB typist began transcribing a recording made by the embassy duty officer, but failed to finish it by the time she stopped work for the day. Next morning a second flash telegram arrived from the Center demanding the transcript immediately. The typist hurriedly finished her work.[170]

In the immediate aftermath of the shootdown the Reagan administration experienced what Henry E. Catto, Jr., assistant secretary of Defense, later called "the joy of total self-righteousness." The "evil empire" had shown itself to be just that. Visibly angry and waving a secret intelligence report in his hand, Secretary of State George Shultz insisted on the morning of September 1 that there was no possible doubt that the Soviet pilot had identified KAL 007 as a civilian airliner and shot it down in cold blood. President Reagan took the unprecedented step of playing sigint excerpts from the Soviet pilot's exchanges with his ground control in a dramatic television broadcast designed to demonstrate that "There is no way a pilot could mistake this for anything other than a civilian airliner."

Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick played a further set of recorded sigint excerpts in an audiovisual presentation at the United Nations. The presentation was curiously prudish as well as highly dramatic. Soviet expletives were deleted in the translation prepared for the General Assembly. The Soviet pilot's exclamation just before he fired his missiles "*Yolki palki!*" (roughly "Holy shit!") was absurdly toned down to "Fiddlesticks!"

The main point of the theatrical exercise was to demonstrate, in Jeane Kirkpatrick's words: "The fact is that violence and lies are regular instruments of Soviet policy." Not for the last time, the Reagan administration damaged a powerful case by overstating it. A closed hearing of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was told that NSA analysts believed the Soviet pilot did not know that his target was a civilian airliner. The issue gradually shifted from Soviet responsibility for the deaths of 269 passengers and crew to the credibility of the American indictment. As the administration struggled to defend its original charge of deliberate, cold-blooded murder, the language of official spokesmen became increasingly tortured.[171]

One of the main priorities of KGB residencies during the final months of 1983 was to promote the conspiracy theory of a CIA intelligence-gathering mission by KAL 007 devised in Moscow. In its annual review for 1983 the PR line in the London residency claimed considerable success: "We succeeded in inspiring a number of speeches and publications on this question which were favorable to us. Thanks to the Residency's efforts a special program was shown on television exposing the lying intention of the American administration." The Center congratulated the London residency on the results it had achieved: "The efforts of PR line staff to counteract the anti-Soviet campaign over the South Korean airliner deserve special and particular attention."[172]

As frequently happened, however, the KGB overstated the success, at least in the West, of its own active measures. Within the West doubts about the Reagan administration's original version of events did as much to encourage the CIA conspiracy theory as Soviet propaganda. In Britain the most influential version of that conspiracy theory, by the Oxford political scientist R. W. Johnson, owed nothing to Soviet inspiration. "At an early stage," wrote Johnson later, "I became acutely dissatisfied with the official explanation of the event offered by the Reagan Administration, which seemed to beg too many questions."[173] When the Soviet *Literaturnaya Gazeta* published an edited version of a *Guardian* article by him, Johnson made an "angry protest." Some Soviet active measures were simply counterproductive. A visit to Moscow at Soviet invitation by the Pulitzer prize-winning journalist Seymour Hersh helped to undermine his belief in the CIA conspiracy theory. Deputy foreign minister Georgi Kornienko told Hersh bluntly: "Your mission is to find that [the plane] was an intruder."[174]

The most dangerous consequence of the KAL 007 tragedy was its repercussions in Moscow, where it strengthened the belief at both the Center and the Kremlin in a far-reaching anti-Soviet plot by the Reagan administration. Though well aware of the grotesque errors by Soviet air defenses, much of the Soviet leadership—Andropov, Ogarkov, and Kryuchkov almost certainly among them—convinced itself that KAL 007 had been on an American intelligence mission. Gromyko continued to insist, even in the Gorbachev era, that it was clear "to anyone with a grain of intelligence . . . that Washington was in fact defending a plane of its own, that the airliner had simply been carrying a South Korean label." Even those who were skeptical about the CIA conspiracy theory regarded Washington's handling of the crisis as provocative in the extreme and a deliberate escalation of East-West tension. Soviet students were withdrawn from the United States on the grounds that anti-Soviet hysteria was putting them in physical danger.

They were welcomed on their return home as if they were refugees from a war zone.

The Soviet-American dispute over the shootdown quickly torpedoed the meeting of foreign ministers to discuss European security, which opened at Madrid on September 8. "The world situation," said Gromyko, "is now slipping toward a very dangerous precipice. . . . Problem number one for the world is to avoid nuclear war." Gromyko said later of his talk with Shultz at the meeting: "It was probably the sharpest exchange I ever had with an American secretary of state, and I have had talks with fourteen of them."[175]

Shortly before the shootdown, Andropov, now seriously ill, had disappeared from public view, never to reemerge. From his sickbed, however, he issued on September 28 a denunciation of American policy couched in apocalyptic language unprecedented since the depths of the Cold War. The United States, he said, was a "country where outrageous militarist psychosis is being imposed." Reagan was guilty of "extreme adventurism. . . . If anyone had any illusions about the possibility of an evolution for the better in the policy of the present American administration, recent events have dispelled them once and for all." Andropov not merely wrote off any possibility of doing business with Reagan; he also suggested ominously that a major international crisis might be approaching. "The Reagan administration," he said, "in its imperial ambitions, goes so far that one begins to doubt whether Washington has any brakes at all preventing it from crossing the mark before which any sober-minded person must stop."[176] The consequence of the KAL 007 tragedy was thus to add still further to the priority accorded by the Center to Operation RYAN. Andropov spent the last five months of his life after the shootdown as a morbidly suspicious invalid, brooding over the possible approach of a nuclear Armageddon.

At the height of the KAL 007 crisis, though for reasons unrelated to it, the London resident Arkadi Guk suddenly became the laughingstock of Moscow Center. On Easter Sunday five months previously, Michael Bettaney, a disaffected alcoholic working for MI5's counterespionage directorate, had stuffed an envelope through the mail slot in Guk's door in Holland Park. Guk found inside an account of the case put by MI5 for expelling three Soviet intelligence officers in the previous month together with details of their detection. Bettaney offered further information and gave instructions on how he could be contacted. Guk was presented with the first opportunity to recruit an MI5 or SIS officer for a quarter of a century. His addiction to conspiracy theory, however, encouraged him to look the gift horse in the mouth. The whole affair was, he suspected, a provocation. The head of the KR line, Leonid Yefremovich Nikitenko, who was reluctant to argue with the irascible Guk, agreed. Gordievsky said little but secretly informed MI5.

In June and July, Bettaney stuffed two further packets of classified information through Guk's door, providing what Guk believed was clinching evidence of an MI5 provocation. Having despaired of Guk, Bettaney decided to try his luck with the KGB in Vienna. He was arrested on September 16, a few days before he planned to fly out. Guk's reputation never recovered. Shortly after Bettaney was sentenced to twenty-three years' imprisonment the following spring, Guk himself was declared persona non grata. The farcical end to his time in London made a fitting conclusion to his four years as resident.[177]

Guk stayed in London long enough, however, to preside over the most dangerous phase of Operation RYAN in Britain. Tension continued to mount for two months after the KAL 007 shootdown. On October 6 Lech Walesa, whom the Center saw as part of a Western-Zionist plot to destabilize Eastern Europe, was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. On October 25 the White House spokesman Larry Speakes informed the media that the suggestion that the United States might invade the island of Grenada was "preposterous."[178] The following day U.S. troops did just that, overthrowing the self-styled Marxist-Leninist regime. The Sandinistas in Nicaragua feared that they were next. So too did the Center.

Paranoia in the Center reached its peak during the NATO command-post exercise Able Archer 83, held from November 2 to 11 to practice nuclear release procedures. Soviet contingency plans for a surprise attack against the West envisaged using training exercises as cover for a real offensive. The Center was haunted by the fear that Western plans for a surprise attack on the Soviet Union might be the mirror image of its own. Two features of Able Archer 83 caused particular alarm in Moscow. First, the procedures and message formats employed in the transition from conventional to nuclear warfare were quite different from those on previous NATO exercises. Second, on this occasion imaginary NATO forces were moved through all the alert phases from normal readiness to general alert. Though there was no real alert involving any NATO troops, alarmist KGB reporting persuaded the Center that there was. Surveillance teams around American bases in Europe reported changed patterns of officer movement and the observation by some bases of one hour's radio silence between 1800 and 1900 hours, Moscow time. In the tense atmosphere generated by the crises and rhetoric of the past few months, the KGB concluded that American forces had been placed on alert—and might even have begun the countdown to nuclear war.[179]

On November 6 the Center sent the London residency a detailed checklist of possible indicators of preparations for a surprise nuclear attack. For the first time the Center revealed the time scale of the nonexistent Western plan for a first strike: "It can be assumed that the period of time from the moment when the preliminary decision for RYAN is taken, up to the order to deliver the strike, will be of very short duration, possibly seven to ten days." During that brief interval before Armageddon, "preparations for the surprise attack would necessarily be reflected in the work pattern of those involved." The Center supplied lists of individuals in Britain likely to be involved in negotiations with the Americans before the first strike, key installations of the Ministry of Defense, underground command-post bunkers for central and local government, NATO offices in Britain, British and American nuclear airbases, nuclear submarine bases, repair bases, and ammunition depots, and communications and technical intelligence centers. In addition to "unusual activity" at these bases combined with the cancellation of leave, the Center also expected the approach to the holocaust to be signaled by "unusual activity" at 10 Downing Street, the appearance on the streets of large numbers of soldiers and armed police, the clearing of some news channels for future military purposes, and the evacuation of the families of the "political, economic and military élite" of the United States resident in Britain. U.S. embassy and CIA staff were expected to stay behind in embassy bunkers.[180]

On November 8 or 9, 1983 (Gordievsky cannot recall which), flash telegrams were sent to both KGB and GRU residencies in Western Europe reporting a nonexistent alert at U.S. bases. The Center gave two possible reasons for the alert: concern for the security of U.S. bases following the death of over 240 American marines in a Beirut bombing, and forthcoming army maneuvers at the end of the year. But the Center's telegrams clearly implied that there was another possible explanation for the (imaginary) American alert: that it marked the beginning of preparations for a nuclear first strike. Residencies were instructed to report as a matter of urgency on the reasons for the alert and on other RYAN indicators.[181]

With the end of Able Archer 83 the alarm at Moscow Center eased slightly. It is reasonable to assume some connection between Gordievsky's warnings to SIS of the Center's reaction to the exercise and various attempts at indirect Western reassurance that followed. But there was no immediately visible easing of East-West tensions. On November 23, 1983, just as Cruise and Pershing II missiles began arriving in Britain and West Germany, the Soviet delegation walked out of the stalled Geneva negotiations on Intermediate Nuclear Forces. Nor did the Center yet show any willingness to lower the priority of Operation RYAN.

In his annual review of the work of the London residency at the end of 1983 Guk was forced to admit "shortcomings" in obtaining intelligence on "specific American and NATO plans for the preparation of surprise nuclear missile attack against the U.S.S.R." The Center did not hide its displeasure.[182] What neither Guk nor the Center could grasp was that the failure to discover "specific American and NATO plans" was due simply to the fact that there were no plans to discover. Had such plans existed Treholt would surely have discovered them during, if not before, his period at the Norwegian Defense College in 1982–83 when he was cleared for NATO Cosmic Top Secret material. But, as so frequently in the past, the Center's conspiracy theories about the West were so deeply entrenched that, at least in the short term, neither lack of evidence nor their inherent improbability did much to undermine them.

Early in 1984 the Center instructed the London residency to monitor four additional RYAN indicators: attempts to build up "anti-Soviet feeling," especially in the civil service and armed forces; the movement of the ninety-four cruise missiles that the Center claimed were based at Greenham Common, surrounded by peace protesters, and of others due to be deployed at Molesworth; the deployment of noncombat units (such as U.S. army transport) and civilian agencies likely to be placed on a war footing as the crisis developed; and the activities of banks, post offices, and slaughterhouses. The last category of indicators revealed some of the bizarre conspiracy theories that continued to distort the KGB's understanding of the threat from the West. The Center's ideological blinkers persuaded it that in the aftermath of a nuclear attack capitalist states would regard the preservation of the banking system as one of their main priorities: "Banking personnel at any level may in these circumstances have at their disposal information of interest to us about the action being taken." Similarly, the Center believed that the food industry had contingency plans for the mass slaughter of cattle, whose carcasses would then be put into cold storage.[183]

In January 1984 the Center held a high-level conference to review "the results of work in 1982–1983." Kryuchkov's opening address reaffirmed that Operation RYAN remained the FCD's overriding priority and provided dramatic evidence of his own personal paranoia about the threat from the West. The risk of nuclear war had, he said, reached "dangerous proportions." That threat derived from the contradictions inherent in the capitalist system: "American monopolies would like to recover the positions they have lost in recent decades and conquer fresh ones." The Pentagon's plans for nuclear war were based on "the fantastic idea of world domination." The White House was engaged in "the psychological preparation of the population for nuclear war." The deepening economic and social crisis in the capitalist world, marked by industrial recession and mass unemployment, had led American imperialists in particular to see war as an escape from their difficulties. The capitalist decision to abandon détente and prepare for a nuclear war was a "class reaction to the consolidation of the socialist position," demonstrated by the worldwide advance of national liberation movements and progressive forces. Obtaining copies of the secret war plans of the United States and NATO was thus the single most important task facing the FCD. Associated with the external imperialist threat was a marked increase in "the subversive activity of émigré, nationalist, and Zionist organizations," and of Western intelligence services. Copies of Kryuchkov's speech were circulated to residencies abroad.[184]

London cannot have been the only residency in which some KGB officers were now more concerned by the alarmism of the Center leadership than by the threat of surprise nuclear attack from the West. Over the next few months they were encouraged to note the emergence in Moscow of a less paranoid interpretation of American and NATO policy. The change seemed to be assisted by Andropov's death on February 9, 1984. Like Andropov, his successor and former rival Konstantin Chernenko was already in failing health when he became general secretary and had only just over a year to live. But he was less morbidly suspicious of Western conspiracies than Andropov had become at the end of his life. Gordievsky learned from Kryuchkov's secretariat that he viewed Chernenko's election with consternation and feared that, as a former Andropov protégé, he might be demoted.[185]

A marginal lessening of East-West tension was apparent even at Andropov's funeral, which was attended by Mrs. Thatcher, Vice-President Bush, and other Western leaders. The Soviet ambassador in London, Viktor Popov, told a combined meeting of embassy and KGB staff that Mrs. Thatcher had gone out of her way to charm her hosts. She had looked suitably solemn at the lying-in-state in the Palace of Congresses and, unlike other Western leaders, had not chattered inattentively during the funeral ceremony, which had ended with some lack of dignity due to the accidental dropping of Andropov's coffin. Chernenko had had a forty-minute meeting with Mrs. Thatcher, as compared with the twenty-five minutes he had spent with Bush. The prime minister's sensitivity to the occasion and formidable political brain had, concluded Popov, made a deep impression. Though he stressed Moscow's caution on prospects for improved East-West relations, it was clear that the ambassador did not take seriously the idea of a nuclear surprise attack. In March N. V. Shishlin, a senior foreign-affairs specialist in the Central Committee secretariat, visited London and spoke at length on international relations to embassy and KGB staff. He made no mention of a nuclear surprise attack.[186]

The Center, however, continued to insist that NATO residencies send fortnightly reports on preparations for nuclear attack, with flash telegrams for urgent intelligence. The main immediate priority for the London residency was field exercises involving Cruise missiles based at Greenham Common. The first such exercise took place on March 9, 1984, a Soviet holiday. Guk heard the news on the BBC, summoned to the embassy the junior officer responsible for collating RYAN intelligence, who was taking the day off, and said: "What's going on? The enemy are preparing for atomic war, and we have no one in the residency!" The resident is unlikely to have believed that World War Three was really about to begin. He was, however, annoyed that Moscow would have heard the news about the Cruise-missile exercise from Tass before hearing it from his residency. The junior officer quickly drafted a flash telegram based on British press reports, beginning:

> In connection with our task to watch for signs of enemy preparations for a sudden nuclear missile attack against the Soviet Union, we report that on March 9 the U.S. and British armed forces conducted the first field exercises of the Cruise missiles based at Greenham Common.

On March 29 the same officer heard a report on the BBC morning news that another exercise had taken place at Greenham Common during the previous night. Since the report had come too late for the morning newspapers, he wondered whether to wait for the *Evening Standard.* In order not to be beaten by Tass, however, he decided to send a flash telegram based solely on the BBC news. On this as on other occasions, the Center was probably unaware that an urgent report from the London residency was based not on an intelligence source but on the British media.[187]

Intelligence from NATO during the spring of 1984 added to the Center's suspicions. On April 25 it sent out a circular telegram inaccurately reporting that Instruction MC 225 from the NATO Military Committee had raised the state of preparedness of NATO communication systems to virtually a war footing. The Center urgently requested further intelligence on the subject. Following the conviction of Michael Bettaney and Guk's return to Moscow in May, his successor as acting resident, Leonid Nikitenko, found it difficult to take Operation RYAN seriously any longer. On July 4 he received a reprimand from the Center reminding him of the residency's obligation to send fortnightly reports even if it had a nil return: "You are not fulfilling this instruction and you are not sending reports once every two weeks. We ask you strictly to fulfill the Directive on this question." Probably never before in the history of the KGB had an operation been considered so vital as to require regular nil returns when there was no intelligence to report. The London residency tried to take credit, without much justification, for the well-publicized protests by CND and the women at Greenham Common against Cruise missiles. Initially, the Center had been skeptical that, with three hundred Soviet medium-range missiles, each with three nuclear weapons, already deployed against European targets, the Cruise missiles at Greenham Common would arouse mass protests. When, against KGB expectations, large demonstrations by the peace movement occurred, the Center wrongly assumed that its own active measures were largely responsible.[188]

By the summer of 1984 KGB officers returning from leave in Moscow had the sense that the priority of Operation RYAN was steadily declining and that the obsession of Kryuchkov and the Center leadership with the threat of nuclear surprise attack was no longer shared either by the International Department of the Central Committee or by the Foreign Ministry. Anxiety in the Center too, was visibly declining.[189] RYAN was further undermined during the second half of

1984 by the disappearance of the two leading military alarmists. In September Marshal Ogarkov, chief of staff and deputy minister of defense, was posted out of Moscow, allegedly for "unparty-like behavior." Three months later the minister of defense himself, Marshal Ustinov, died. His successor, Marshal Sergei Sokolov, was not given full membership in the Politburo.

The world did not quite reach the edge of the nuclear abyss during Operation RYAN. But during Able Archer 83 it had, without realizing it, come frighteningly close—certainly closer than at any time since the Cuban missile crisis of 1962. Among the members of the Politburo who followed the crisis generated by Soviet paranoia and American rhetoric was its rising star Mikhail Gorbachev. He cannot have failed to draw the conclusion that East-West détente was an urgent priority. By October 1984 Western correspondents were reporting that Gorbachev favored "urgent measures to get back to the negotiating table."

14

The Gorbachev Era 1985–

By the closing months of 1984 it was clear to Gordievsky and the London residency that the KGB was backing Mikhail Gorbachev for the succession to the increasingly moribund Chernenko. Before Gorbachev's visit to Britain as head of a Soviet parliamentary delegation in December 1984, during which he had his first talks with Margaret Thatcher, the Center bombarded the London residency with requests for briefing papers for Gorbachev. Unusually, supplementary inquiries continued to arrive after the reports had been supplied. It was clear that some of the questions had been put by Gorbachev himself to those in the KGB who were briefing him. What was the likely outcome of the miners' strike, now eight months old? What were the miners living on? What funds was their strike pay coming from? How much were they getting a week? Was it enough to live on? During Gorbachev's visit, the Center continued to be on edge, insisting that Gordievsky brief him daily. The visit was an obvious success. If Mrs. Thatcher decided that she could "do business" with Gorbachev, it was clear he had concluded he could do business with her. Operation RYAN was effectively dead.[1]

The Center continued to fear, however, that the United States and NATO were seeking some major strategic advantage over the Soviet Union. In February 1985 the London residency was sent a brief from the Center entitled "American Policy on the Militarization of Space," the first it had received on this subject. A covering letter from the Third Department head, Nikolai Petrovich Gribin, cited American plans in space as further evidence of the "American administration's persistence in striving to gain military superiority over the Soviet Union." The United States was said to be planning to equip the shuttle with "a weapon for putting the transmitters of Soviet satellite orientation systems out of action or to use this craft as a bombing agent." SDI ("Star Wars") was also seen as a more serious potential threat than when first officially unveiled two years before. In April 1985 Colonel A. I. Sazhin, head of the London embassy's military attaché section, told a meeting of diplomats and intelligence officers that Moscow thought that SDI systems might sooner or later be able to intercept 90 percent of Soviet strategic missiles. He saw little chance of Soviet SDI research keeping pace with that in the United States.[2]

At the root of the Soviet Union's increasing difficulty in competing with the West was the sorry state of its economy. As the organization best informed about the West, the FCD was more conscious than any other section of Soviet bureaucracy of the West's huge and growing economic advantage and of its increasing view of the Soviet Union as an "Upper Volta with missiles," rather than a genuine superpower. Paranoia about Western plans for a nuclear first strike had given way to paranoia about a Western conspiracy to exploit the weakness of the Soviet economy. The Center was particularly alarmed by a CIA document it had obtained listing priorities for economic intelligence gathering in the Soviet Union: among them, Soviet requirements for imports of grain and other agricultural produce, Soviet foreign currency reserves, the U.S.S.R.'s need for foreign credits, and import and handling procedures for foreign foodstuffs.

Early in 1985 the FCD circulated an urgent warning to Western residencies about the danger of "subversive operations" to "inflict serious economic damage" on the Soviet Bloc. The main immediate danger arose from Soviet grain imports:

> By exploiting certain difficulties which we are having in the field of agricultural production, the U.S.A. is attempting to pursue a line which would make the U.S.S.R. dependent on grain imports, the aim being to make use of the food weapon in future to exert pressure on the Soviet Union.

Whereas the West believed that the Soviet Union was obtaining grain and other food imports at bargain prices, the Center believed that it was being exploited. It quoted the president of one grain-trading firm as saying: "The Russians are easy to work with. They don't haggle, they overpay by eight dollars a ton." The FCD recommended "active use" of informers within Soviet trade organizations to discover whether any of their representatives were being bribed to sign unfavorable contracts. It also raised the "unsolved problem" of deterioration of food imports during transit, which had caused "considerable financial loss": "It cannot be excluded that the adversary's special [intelligence] services may use grain delivery firms for deliberately infecting grain imported by the Soviet Union, even in the transshipment ports."[3]

Without a change in Soviet leadership, the KGB saw no end to the problems of the Soviet economy and no end, either, to Western attempts to exploit them. Unable to grasp that the problem lay with the Soviet system itself, it looked to Gorbachev to provide the dynamism and discipline necessary to break out of the Soviet Union's economic stagnation and establish a stable "correlation of forces" with the West. In the months before Chernenko's long-expected death in March 1985, the KGB put great care into briefing Gorbachev in a way that would allow him to impress the rest of the Politburo with his grasp of both Soviet and world affairs. And the reports that it provided to the Politburo as a whole were deliberately designed to support Gorbachev's arguments. Gorbachev's election as general secretary in March 1985 was not, of course, due wholly or even mainly to support from the KGB. But the Center saw the election nonetheless as a major victory.[4] In April KGB chairman Chebrikov, who had been a candidate member of the Politburo since December 1983, was elected a voting member while the minister of defense remained only a candidate member.

Gorbachev quickly demonstrated his support for the KGB outside as well as inside the Soviet Union. In the past, when Soviet intelligence personnel had been expelled from Western countries, Moscow had usually responded with a smaller number of expulsions of Western personnel, which took account of the lower level of Western representation in Moscow. When the Norwegians expelled six Soviet intelligence officers after the Haavik case in 1977, the U.S.S.R. had expelled only three Norwegians. In 1985–86, however, Gorbachev adopted a strict tit-for-tat policy on expulsions. When Britain expelled thirty-one Soviet intelligence personnel in September 1985, Moscow expelled a similar number. When the United States expelled about eighty Soviet intelligence officers from Washington, New York, and San Francisco in September and October 1986, it was almost impossible to find the same number of Americans in equivalent positions to expel from the Soviet Union. But at the suggestion of the KGB, the Kremlin forbade the numerous locally employed Soviet personnel to continue working in the American embassy, thus temporarily disrupting embassy routine. In his early support for the KGB, Gorbachev lived up to Gromyko's celebrated description of him as a man with "a nice smile and teeth of steel."

Soviet foreign intelligence at the beginning of the Gorbachev era was coming to the end of an unbroken period of expansion that stretched back over twenty years. The most dramatic expansion was in its worldwide sigint network. Because the greater part of this network monitored military and naval targets, the main beneficiary of the expansion had been the GRU rather than the KGB. By the mid-1980s the Soviet army had 40 sigint regiments, 170 sigint battalions, and over 700 sigint companies. The GRU organized sigint collection by over 20 different types of Soviet aircraft and over 60 surface vessels. In the twenty years after the launch of Kosmos 189 in 1967, the Soviet Union put over 130 sigint satellites into orbit to fulfill requirements laid down by the GRU Space Intelligence Directorate based at Vatutinki, fifty kilometers southwest of Moscow.

The KGB Sixteenth (Sigint) Directorate, though smaller than the vast Sixth (Sigint) Directorate of the GRU, also expanded rapidly. Today, in addition to its headquarters in the main KGB building in Dzerzhinsky Square, it has its own computer complex in central Moscow and a large research laboratory at Kuntsevo, fifteen kilometers northwest of Yasenevo, off the outer Moscow ring road. The Sixteenth Directorate, like the GRU, has stations in Soviet diplomatic and trade missions in over sixty countries; most engage almost solely in sigint collection, leaving processing and decryption to Moscow. The KGB and GRU also share in running a series of sigint stations in other Soviet Bloc or pro-Soviet countries, the largest of which are at Lourdes in Cuba, near Aden in South Yemen and at Cam Ranh Bay in Vietnam. Though the GRU is in principle concerned with military communications and electronic intelligence, while the Sixteenth Directorate concentrates on diplomatic and economic sigint, there appears to be enormous duplication of effort between the two agencies.[5]

The Sixteenth Directorate continues to depend on the FCD

Sixteenth Department to obtain cipher material from foreign agents. The Sixteenth Department officer in the London residency told Gordievsky in 1985 that there was currently no British source providing high-grade cipher material. There were, however, numerous successes in the Third World, many of whose communications remained an open book for the cryptanalysts of the Sixteenth Directorate, and in a number of other NATO countries. The London residency was informed by the Center in 1984 that a cipher clerk in the foreign ministry of another NATO power, who had been working for the KGB for the past decade, was about to be posted to a London embassy. The agent, however, died suddenly on the eve of his London posting.[6]

The continuing vulnerability of the U.S. embassy in Moscow was shown once again in 1986 when two U.S. marine guards admitted giving KGB agents access to the embassy. In 1987 one of the guards, Sergeant Clayton J. Lonetree, who had been seduced by a KGB cooptee named Violetta Seina, was sentenced to thirty years in prison. But improved security devices meant that Lonetree probably did less damage than other seduced embassy personnel a generation earlier. It now seems unlikely that the KGB succeeded either in gaining access to the cipher room or in planting bugs in other sensitive areas of the embassy.[7]

The most important sigint penetration in the United States in the early 1980s was probably the case of Ronald William Pelton, who had worked for NSA from 1964 to 1979 and volunteered his services to the KGB main residency in Washington in January 1980. For almost six years, until he was arrested in November 1985, Pelton provided detailed intelligence in long debriefings of NSA successes and security procedures in the 1970s which, though not fully up to date, was treated by the Sixteenth Department as of the highest importance. He drafted a sixty-page document which he entitled the "Signal Parameters File," detailing which Soviet communications were given top priority by NSA, how they were analyzed, and with what success. Pelton also compromised five sigint collection systems, among them Operation Ivy Bells, which tapped an underwater Soviet cable in the Sea of Okhotsk. The KGB defector (and redefector) Vitali Yurchenko, who identified Pelton in 1985, appears to have known of no more recent NSA penetration by the KGB.[8]

The KGB, when Gorbachev became general secretary, was a huge security and intelligence empire with about 400,000 officers inside the Soviet Union, 200,000 border troops, and a vast network of informers. Despite the importance of the sigint it supplied, the Sixteenth

Directorate had not yet been accorded the status of a "chief directorate." The most prestigious section of the KGB remained its foreign intelligence arm, the First Chief Directorate, which, though comparatively small by internal KGB standards, had undergone a major expansion in the previous twenty years. In 1985 a new eleven-story building was opened at Yasenevo, together with a twenty-two-story annex to the original Finnish-designed headquarters. The FCD had grown from about 3,000 strong in the mid-1960s to 12,000 in the mid-1980s. Its sphere of operations was expanding, too. Japan and the Pacific were rising rapidly up the Center's list of priority targets.

Aleksandr Aleksandrovich Shaposhnikov, who became Resident in Tokyo in 1983, had a reputation as one of the FCD's high fliers. The KGB agent network in Japan, which during the 1970s had included some prominent politicians, journalists, businessmen, and civil servants, had been partially disrupted by the defection in 1979 of an officer from the Tokyo residency, Stanislav Levchenko. Under Shaposhnikov it seemed to be on the rise again. In the FCD "Plan for Work" for the period 1982–85, the Pacific Ocean was for the first time made a major priority, though Japan still ranked behind the United States, China, India, the Federal Republic of Germany, Britain, and France as a target. Australasia was given little attention until the mid-1980s, with only three Third Department officers in the Center assigned to it. (They also had to look after Ireland and Malta.)

At a meeting of the FCD Party Committee in the autumn of 1984 attended by most of its senior officers, the head of the Third Department, Nikolai Gribin, was asked why his staff was getting so little intelligence on China from Australia, given the large Chinese émigré community. Gribin replied by asking his questioner if he knew the size of the KGB residency in Australia. He admitted he did not. Nor did the other senior officers present. Gribin told them that there were only seven legal KGB officers in Australia and hardly any illegals. It was agreed that the KGB presence must be strengthened. KGB activity in Australasia was also increased as the result of the election of David Lange's Labour government in New Zealand on an antinuclear program in 1984. Hitherto the KGB presence in New Zealand had been so small that in late 1979, with the KGB Resident, Nikolai Aleksandrovich Shatskikh, on leave and another KGB officer recently expelled, the ambassador, V. N. Sofinsky, was instructed to pass funds secretly to the Socialist Unity Party, a task normally entrusted to the KGB. He was caught and declared persona non grata. The Center, however, was jubilant at Lange's election and told the London residency that it attached "huge importance" to organizing European support for his decision to ban U.S. ships carrying nuclear weapons from New Zealand ports and for his antinuclear policies in general.[9]

With the exception of a modest increase in its representation in the Pacific and a few new consulates elsewhere, the KGB was no longer expanding abroad at the beginning of the Gorbachev era. It had plans, when diplomatic relations were established or restored with Israel, South Korea, Chile, and South Africa, to open residencies there. In general, however, the fall in oil prices and the growing economic crisis in the Soviet Union denied it the further hard currency it needed to continue its unbroken expansion of the past quarter of a century.

Jobs in the FCD remained, nonetheless, some of the most sought after in the vast Soviet bureaucracy, with enormous competition for the three hundred places each year at its training school, the Andropov Institute. Traditionally, the commonest route into the FCD was through a number of prestigious Moscow institutes, especially MGIMO (Moscow State Institute for International Relations), from which Gordievsky had graduated in 1962. Lebedev, the MGIMO rector, took advantage of the fact that he was frequently lobbied by KGB officers seeking places for their sons. He asked one KGB resident who called on his son's behalf for a West German hunting catalogue. Lebedev then selected from it a hunting rifle with telescopic sights. The resident supplied the rifle and his son got into MGIMO. Despite influential Central Committee connections, Lebedev survived only eighteen months of the Gorbachev era. He was sacked in late 1986.

By the mid-1980s there were increasing complaints in the FCD that too many candidates from the prestigious Moscow institutes were the spoiled children of privileged parents pulling strings on their behalf. As a result, an increasing proportion of recruits to the Andropov Institute came from the provinces. The Center regularly invited provincial KGBs to nominate some of their best young officers as candidates for the First and Second Chief Directorates. Some of those accepted for training by the FCD had never visited Moscow until they arrived at the Andropov Institute.

Entry was racially selective. No Jews were allowed in the KGB. The only exceptions were a handful of recruits with non-Jewish fathers and Jewish mothers who had registered themselves under non-Jewish nationalities. Also banned from the KGB were the national minorities deported to Siberia in the Second World War (Crimean Tartars, Karachay, Kalmyks, Chechens, Ingushi), as well as ethnic Greeks, Germans, Koreans, and Finns. Most remarkable of all in an institution that laid fresh flowers each day at the Yasenevo shrine of Feliks Dzerzhinsky, no Poles were allowed into the FCD. Lithuanians, Latvians, and Estonians, all of whom had played a prominent part in Dzerzhinsky's Cheka, were regarded with suspicion at Yasenevo but not automatically excluded. Armenians were also suspect because many had relatives abroad. The sole KGB officer in Malta during the 1970s was an Armenian named Mkrtchyan, working under cover as a Tass correspondent. When Mkrtchyan tried to obtain a posting in the United States, it was discovered that he had American relatives. He was sacked by the FCD. Most other minority groups experienced no discrimination by the Center. Internal KGB statistics showed that Georgians, Azerbaijanis, Uzbeks, and other Central Asian nationalities were more reliable than Russians and Ukrainians. The Andropov Institute also discriminated on the grounds of sex and religion. All the entrants were male (save for some FCD wives on special wives' courses). Religious practice was forbidden.[10]

In 1990 the FCD made its first ever public statement about the qualities it looked for in the graduate entry to the Andropov Institute:

> What is, of course, desirable is robust health and an ability to learn foreign languages. Each employee of [the FCD] speaks two languages; many speak three or more. . . . However, the main requirement for all the future intelligence-gathering operatives, without exception, is to be absolutely reliable and devoted to the cause.

It was also announced in 1990 that applicants to the FCD are expected to make parachute jumps from aircraft: "Those who are too afraid are not suitable candidates."[11]

The Andropov Institute has probably changed little since the mid-1980s. Then it ran one-, two-, and three-year courses, chosen according to the entrants' previous education and experience. On arrival, new students were given false identities and "legends" (cover stories), which they kept throughout their training. They usually kept their first names and patronymics and adopted aliases beginning with the first letters of their real surnames. Letters sent to students by their families were handed to them personally by the staff to protect their identities from other students. Though given military rank, students wore civilian clothing. Those on a three-year course worked a six-day week with forty-four hours of lessons: fourteen hours of language tuition, twelve hours studying operational intelligence, eight hours of current affairs and area studies, four hours of "scientific socialism," four hours of sports and physical exercise, two hours of military training. Students had access to two libraries: a lending library that contained works by many foreign authors still banned in the Soviet Union, and a nonlending operational library, which contained classified KGB material and theses such as Mikhail Lyubimov's study of "Special Traits of the British National Character and Their Use in Operational Work."[12]

In the mid-1980s, the heads of the three main faculties at the Andropov Institute were all men who had made their reputations working at the London residency before the mass expulsions of 1971: Yuri Modin, head of political intelligence; Ivan Shishkin, head of counterintelligence; and Vladimir Barkovsky, head of scientific and technological intelligence. Some of the most popular lectures were given by retired illegals who described their own experiences working in the West. (Konon Molody, *alias* Gordon Lonsdale, had been a regular lecturer until his death.) Kim Philby, who might well have proved the most popular of all, was not allowed to lecture. Like other defectors from the West, even when his talents were exploited by the FCD, he was kept at arm's length.

Every six months students spent a week in Moscow at "The Villa," an operational training center headed by a commandant with the rank of general, going through a range of exercises, both individually and in small groups: agent recruitment, rendezvous with agents, surveillance, brush contacts, filling and emptying of dead-letter boxes, and other tradecraft. Some of the most difficult information to absorb was local knowledge about the West. To many students, the concept even of such basic features of everyday life as mortgages could be difficult to grasp. Training also included driving lessons. The lack of driving practice and experience among young KGB officers was believed to account for the high accident rate during their first foreign postings.[13]

Graduates of the Andropov Institute in the mid-1980s did not (and doubtless still do not) visit the FCD headquarters at Yasenevo until arriving to begin work after their graduation. For their first week or so, they shadowed the KGB officer whose job they were to take over, listening in to telephone conversations, learning how to fill out forms, open new files, requisition documents from the archives. On taking over from his predecessor, a new officer completed a special form making him responsible for the files relevant to his desk. Telegrams from residencies abroad went in the first instance to the department head, who would then decide which to pass to his subordinates for action or comment.

Before his first foreign posting, a young FCD officer had to go through a number of hoops. If still only a candidate member of the Party, he would have to become a full member. He would also have to marry; the FCD refused to post single officers abroad, believing that their sexual liaisons would make them security risks. Officers selected for foreign postings also had to accustom themselves to their cover jobs, usually as diplomat, journalist, member of a trade delegation, or transport official. Each officer had become thoroughly immersed in his legend; a "devil's advocate" grilled him intensively to try to pick holes in it. Then came a final lengthy positive vetting. Until Stanislav Levchenko's defection in 1979, officers being considered for foreign postings required personal recommendations from three of their colleagues. Afterward five were demanded.[14]

Following his vetting, each officer had to prepare his own "preposting training plan" and get it approved. Gordievsky recalls the case of a young PR (political intelligence) line officer from the Third Department (Britain, Ireland, Scandinavia, Australasia) destined for Copenhagen. Because of the expected opportunities for operations against non-Danish targets, he spent over a week going around the First (North America) Department, the NATO Section of the Fifth (NATO and Southern Europe) Department, and the Sixth (China) Department. Then came over a month in the Directorate of Intelligence Information, a few weeks in Directorate K (Counterintelligence), up to two weeks in Service A (Active Measures) and a week in Directorate OT (Operational Technical Support). Next were a short field refresher course in operational techniques and more driving lessons. Finally came training in his cover job: three to four months in the foreign ministry for a KGB officer under deep cover, perhaps six months at the Novosti Press Agency for those posing as journalists.

Throughout this preposting period the KGB officer would be working hard on the language of the country to which he was posted, and reading novels and reference books. Officers being posted to London would be assumed to have read Dickens already. Their recommended reading list of novels ranged from Fielding's *Tom Jones* to the latest le Carré. Among reference books, the latest edition of Anthony Sampson's *Anatomy of Britain* was virtually required reading. So was Mikhail Lyubimov's classified thesis and a book on Britain by the former *Pravda* correspondent Ovchinnikov.[15]

The officer's wife was expected to attend a three-month course held one evening a week and occasionally during the day, run at a special training center at Zubovskaya Square in Central Moscow, founded in 1980. There she heard lectures on the work of the KGB and the country in which she would be living, combined with exhortations not to complain when her husband had to spend the evening working. In August 1983, the Andropov Institute began one-year training courses for specially selected wives who were to work, usually under their husbands' direction, in husband-and-wife teams.

Remarkably, the FCD had fewer women in responsible jobs during the early years of Gorbachev than during the last years of Stalin—and that in a country in which 90 percent of the teachers, 80 percent of the doctors, and 30 percent of the engineers (but no Politburo member or senior diplomat) are women. Of the labor force at Yasenevo, about 10 percent were women, almost all of them secretaries, typists, computer programmers, canteen workers, and cleaners. To meet a woman in a corridor of the main departments was an event. One of the few women with a job of officer rank, in the French section of Service A (Active Measures), was the butt of endless sexist jokes, and was popularly known as "the lady who sits on France."[16]

Since the KGB began its public relations campaign in 1988, its lack of female personnel has become something of an embarrassment, but there are as yet few signs of change. During a televised Moscow phone-in late in 1989, the interviewer asked five senior (and inevitably all male) KGB officers: "Are there women in the KGB? And if there are, what percentages do they make up and in what jobs do they work?" Major General Anatoli Petrovich Bondarev gave the embarrassed reply: "There are women in the KGB. In some sectors they are simply irreplaceable. But as far as the percentage is concerned, it is difficult for me to say now. I simply did not expect this question and did not get those statistics." None of Bondarev's colleagues seemed inclined to recall either the statistics or the "irreplaceable sectors" (canteens and typing pools chief among them) of women workers in the KGB. The interviewer moved on to a less embarrassing topic.[17]

* * *

Gordon Lonsdale

Gordon Lonsdale, one of the leading postwar illegals, whose portrait appears in the FCD Memory Room, photographed here with one of his many girlfriends in London.

Men's room at the Classic Cinema, Baker Street, London, used by Lonsdale as a dead-letter box. Notes and radio spare parts were hidden inside a condom in the cistern.

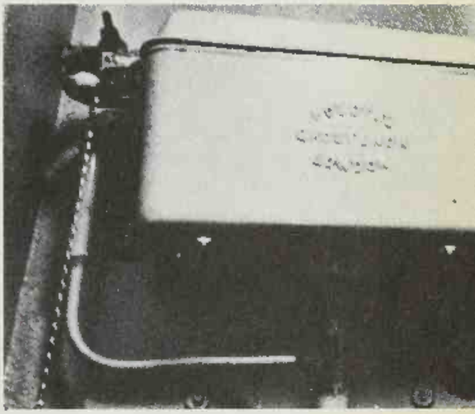

Lonsdale as a director of the Master Switch Co. Ltd., which won a gold medal at the International Inventors Exhibition in Brussels in 1960. He was proud of this portrait of himself beneath two union jacks and showed it to Gordievsky.

The ALLO SWITCH
At last!
It's here!
THE switch to safeguard you
ANGLETERRE
SIMPLE
A
F
SECURE
The ALLO SWITCH
THE

Above Kim Philby explains his innocence to Alan Whicker and others at a 1955 press conference in his mother's flat. *(Topham Picture Library)*

Below Donald Maclean and his soon-to-be-estranged wife at Burgess's cremation in Moscow in 1963. Burgess's ashes, like those of Maclean later, were interred in Britain. Philby is buried in Moscow. *(Associated Press)*

Oleg Kalugin, the youngest FCD general and head of the FCD Directorate K in the mid 1970s, who became Philby's main protector within the KGB but was sacked from the FCD in 1980 for holding views similar to Philby's. *(Novosti)*

Below Philby with KGB General Lukasevics (*alias* Bukashev), former KGB resident in London 1972–80, appearing on Estonian television in 1987 to advance the theory that nationalism in the Baltic States was being whipped up by Western intelligence.

Philby's funeral in 1988. *Right* His grave in Moscow. To his chagrin, Philby was denied officer rank within the KGB and died with the code name "Agent Tom." *(both, Associated Press)*

The 1980s

Arkadi Guk, heavy-drinking KGB resident in London 1980–84, whose expulsion paved the way for Oleg Gordievsky's appointment as resident, pictured here with his wife. *(Solo Syndication)*

Michael Bettaney, in an early photo, who in 1983 became the first MI5 officer for many years to offer himself for recruitment as a KGB agent. Guk, suspecting a provocation, declined the offer. *(S&G Press Agency)*

The Norwegian Arne Treholt *(left)*, one of the KGB's most important Scandinavian agents, secretly photographed at a meeting with his main Soviet controller, Gennadi Titov *(center)* and Aleksandr Lopatin, also of the KGB, at a meeting in Vienna in 1983. Titov's running of Treholt earned him promotion to the rank of KGB general. *(Associated Press)*

Terrorism

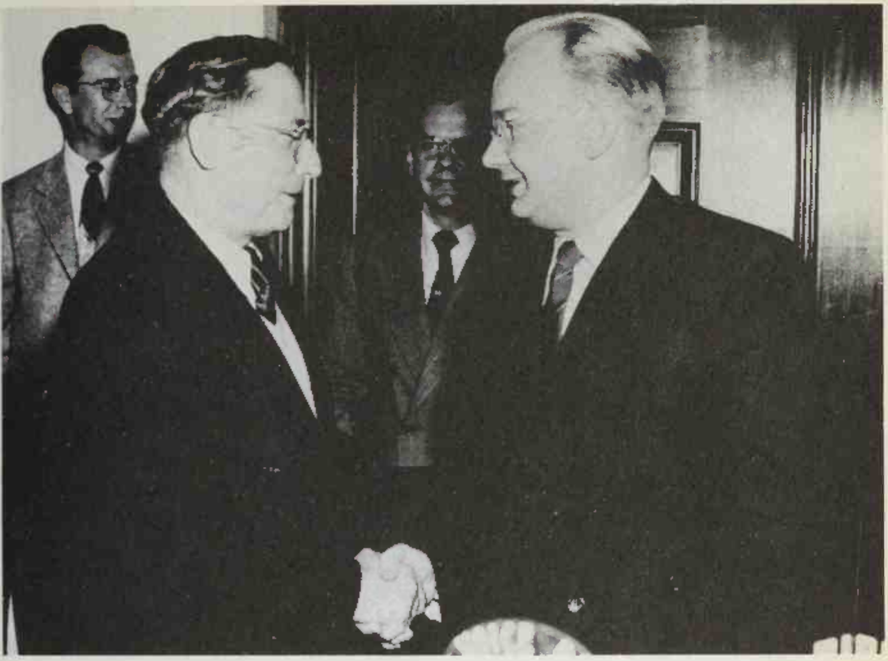

Above KGB assassin Nikolai Khokhlov shaking hands with his intended victim Georgi Okolovich in 1954. After his defection Khokhlov himself became the victim of an almost-successful KGB assassination attempt. *(Associated Press)*

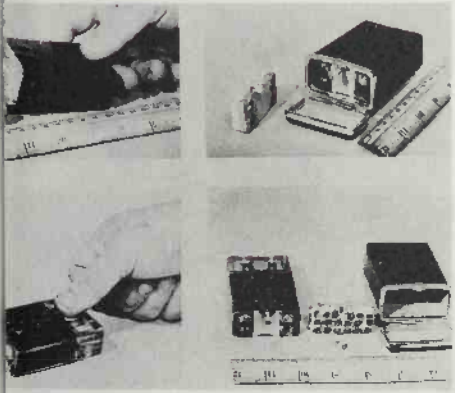

One of the murder weapons supplied to Khokhlov: a gun concealed inside a cigarette packet. *(Associated Press)*

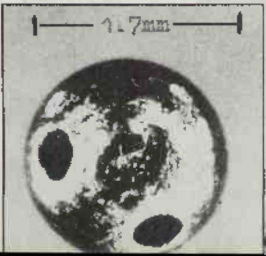

Georgi Markov, the Bulgarian dissident murdered in London in 1978, and the poisoned pellet, fired from an umbrella, that killed him. The poison used was supplied by KGB General Golubev of the FCD. *(both, Press Association)*

PLO leader Yasser Arafat laying a wreath in Moscow in 1974. Immediately behind him is a KGB officer, Vasali Samoylenko, chosen by the Center to cultivate Arafat. *(Associated Press)*

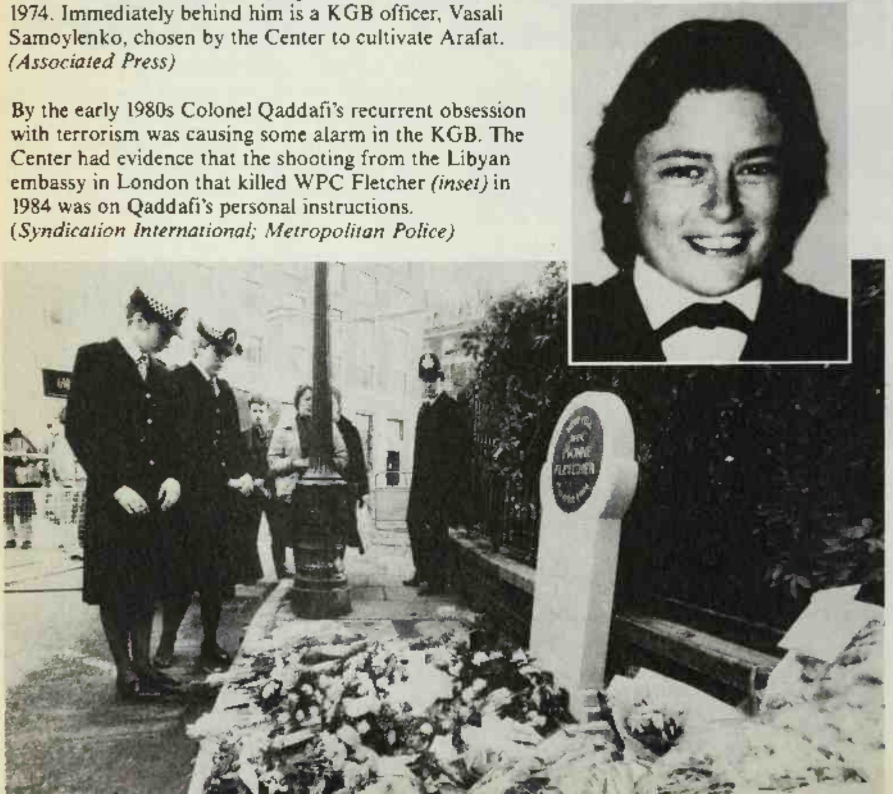

By the early 1980s Colonel Qaddafi's recurrent obsession with terrorism was causing some alarm in the KGB. The Center had evidence that the shooting from the Libyan embassy in London that killed WPC Fletcher *(inset)* in 1984 was on Qaddafi's personal instructions. *(Syndication International; Metropolitan Police)*

KGB Publications

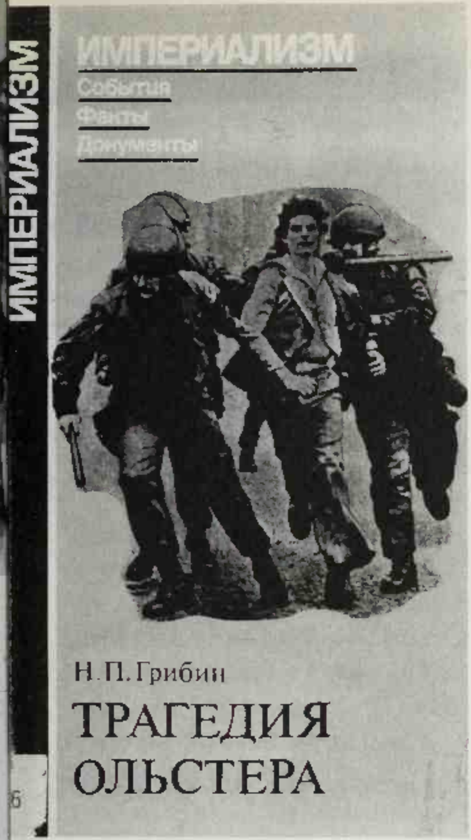
ИМПЕРИАЛИЗМ
ИМПЕРИАЛИЗМ
События
Факты
Документы
Н.П.Грибин
ТРАГЕДИЯ ОЛЬСТЕРА

Left *Imperialism: The Tragedy of Ulster* by Nikolai Gribin—a denunciation of British policy in Northern Ireland published in 1980. As head of the FCD's 3rd Department in 1985, Gribin visited Dublin to try to improve the performance of the KGB residency.

Below left Two children's books by Zoya Rybkina (*alias* Yartseva, *alias* Voskresenskaya). Rybkina became one of the very few women to achieve the rank of colonel as an operational KGB officer in the early 1950s; no other woman in the FCD has since achieved this rank.

Below right An example of KGB active measures: a forged letter from the South African embassy to the U.S. ambassador to the United Nations, manufactured by FCD Service A and foisted on the unsuspecting *New Statesman. (New Statesman)*

З.Воскресенская
Папина вишня
Zoya Voskresenskaya
Mother

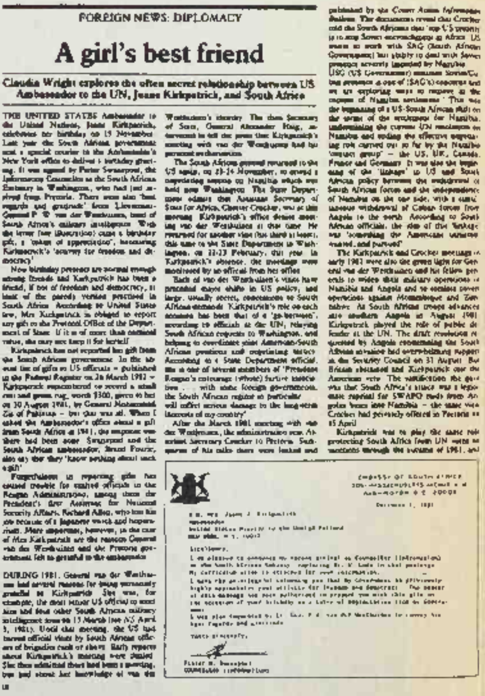

FOREIGN NEWS: DIPLOMACY

A girl's best friend

Claudia Wright explores the often secret relationship between US Ambassador to the UN, Jeane Kirkpatrick, and South Africa

Kryuchkov and the FCD

Vladimir Kryuchkov, head of the FCD 1974–88, the first foreign intelligence chief to become chairman of the KGB. *(Associated Press)*

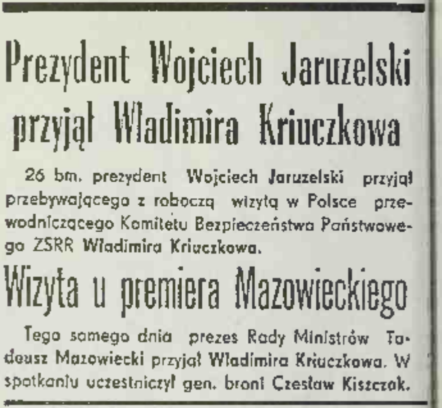

Prezydent Wojciech Jaruzelski przyjął Władimira Kriuczkowa

26 bm. prezydent Wojciech Jaruzelski przyjął przebywającego z roboczą wizytą w Polsce przewodniczącego Komitetu Bezpieczeństwa Państwowego ZSRR Władimira Kriuczkowa.

Wizyta u premiera Mazowieckiego

Tego samego dnia prezes Rady Ministrów Tadeusz Mazowiecki przyjął Władimira Kriuczkowa. W spotkaniu uczestniczył gen. broni Czesław Kiszczak.

The FCD's Finnish-designed headquarters at Yasenevo. The layout appears in Appendix C.

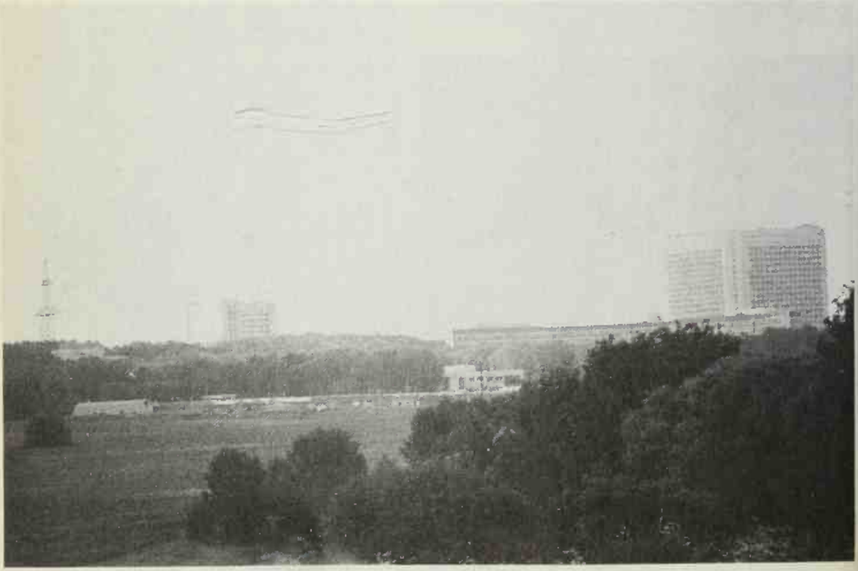

Abroad, as at Yasenevo, the working routine of FCD officers seems to have changed little since the beginning of the Gorbachev era. Most officers in foreign residencies work in one of three "lines": PR (Political Intelligence), KR (Counterintelligence and Security), or X (Scientific and Technological). The head of each line has the status of deputy resident. The ratio of officers in many residencies is roughly PR 40 to KR 30 to X 30. Before their arrival new officers would have attended a series of alarmist briefings on the ever-present danger of "provocations" by Western intelligence services. In Gordievsky's experience, they began by suspecting their neighbors, local shopkeepers, even the gardeners in the London parks they crossed, and imagined themselves under constant surveillance. Most gradually got over it.

The working day in the residency begins at 8:30 A.M. PR line officers begin the day by looking over the day's newspapers. In London, they are expected to read all the main daily and Sunday newspapers, together with periodicals, of which the *Economist* and *Private Eye* are probably read with greatest attention. At the start of each day residency officials collect their working satchels *(papka)* from the safe. These are larger than most briefcases, have two compartments, and open with a zipper. The most important of their contents is the officer's working notebook *(rabochaya tetrad),* which contains notes on all his operational contacts and the main items from correspondence with the Center. Another notebook is used to draft telegrams and reports to Moscow. Each officer has an individual seal with a distinctive emblem and number, which is usually kept on his key ring. At the end of each working day he closes his working satchel, applies a piece of Plasticine to the end of the zipper and presses his seal on it.[18]

Though Soviet embassies send their reports to Moscow on ordinary paper, KGB residents use 35-mm film negative. Residents' communications are first enciphered by a KGB cipher clerk, then filmed by an OT (operational and technical support) operative. Incoming correspondence from the Center arrives on developed film, which is read on a microfilm reader. By the beginning of the Gorbachev era there was an increasing tendency to print out paper copies of important communications from the microfilm. Report telegrams to the Center began with a standard formula, as in the following example.

Comrade IVANOV
I–77-81090-91-111-126

This decodes as follows:

"IVANOV" is the code name for the department in the Center to which the telegram is addressed, in this case the First (North American) Department.

"I" indicates that the telegram is reporting intelligence, rather than, say, active measures or operational details concerning agent running.

Number sequences beginning with 7 tell how the text was drafted: 77 indicates drafting by the residency, 78 by the source, 79 the translation of an official text.

The number 8 prefaces the month and year of the report, in this case October 1990.

The number 9 indicates the type of source: 91 is an agent (as in this instance), 92 a confidential contact, 93 a target for close study *(razrabotka),* 94 an official contact.

The number 11 prefaces assessments of reliability: 111 is reliable (as in this case), 112 untested, 113 unreliable.

The number 12 refers to the occupation of the source; for example, 121 indicates a source in government, 126 in the foreign ministry, 1213 in the press.[19]

In Gordievsky's experiences, however, much KGB reporting was far less precise. Residencies would rarely fabricate details about, or intelligence from, individual agents. But in reports on particular topics they would commonly attribute to unnamed agents information obtained from the media or even invent details they thought would please the Center. Such practices were still common at the beginning of the Gorbachev era. On March 25, 1985, the London residency was asked for urgent information on British reactions to Gorbachev's meetings with the Consultative Committee of the Socialist International. Unable to contact residency sources in the time available, the PR line simply invented a series of responses flattering to Gorbachev; it gave as its sources a range of fictional contacts. Next day the residency was asked for another urgent report, this time on negotiations on Spanish and Portuguese entry to the European Community. This time the PR line reports officer V. K. Zamorin simply went through the British press and concocted a report attributed once again to secret or confidential sources. Soon afterward the residency found an article that impressed it in the *Economist Foreign Report,* identifying areas in which the Soviet Union had succeeded in acquiring advanced Western technology and others where it had failed. Knowing that the article would be rejected by the Center as disinformation, the residency did not send it to Moscow. Instead it sent a report based on the article to the Center, claiming that it derived from residency contacts. As most officers in the Center had been guilty of similar abuses themselves when stationed abroad, they rarely voiced their suspicions about the source of some of the reports they received.[20]

Making contact with fully recruited agents, which all residencies see as their most important form of intelligence collection, is an enormously labor-intensive business because of the elaborate counter-surveillance procedures laid down by KGB tradecraft. For a rendezvous with an agent at 4 P.M., a case officer would usually leave the residency at 1 P.M., drive by an elaborate route worked out beforehand to an inconspicuous parking place, preferably near a large block of apartments. He would avoid parking either outside a private house where his diplomatic license plate might attract attention or in a parking lot where the police might carry out checks. After parking his own car the case officer would be picked up by another officer, who would drive around for an hour checking that they were not under surveillance. Meanwhile the KR (counterintelligence) line in the embassy would be trying to monitor radio communications from surveillance teams of the local security service to detect any sign that the case officer or the agent was being followed: an activity code-named "Impulse." The car radios of the case officer and his colleague were tuned to the wavelength of the embassy transmitter, which broadcast a coded warning consisting simply of the repetition in Morse of one letter of the alphabet (the letter chosen indicating the KGB officer to whom the warning was directed). At about 3 P.M., if no surveillance had been detected, the officer would leave his colleague's car and make his way on foot and by public transport to the 4 P.M. rendezvous with the agent.[21]

Despite all the changes in the KGB over the last half century, the main operational priority of its foreign intelligence arm has scarcely altered since the recruitment of the Magnificent Five. In the operational section of the 1984 work plan circulated to foreign residencies, Kryuchkov repeated the traditional formula: "The main effort must be concentrated on acquiring valuable agents." He went on to exhort residencies to explore new possibilities of agent recruitment "especially among young people with prospects for penetrating targets of interest to us."[22] There is no indication that Kryuchkov has changed his mind since becoming chairman of the KGB in 1988.

* * *

From the moment that he came to power in March 1985, Mikhail Gorbachev saw two main priorities for KGB foreign operations. First, he was convinced that a dynamic foreign policy required a dynamic intelligence service. The unprecedented range of initiatives on which he embarked abroad made it vital to have the fullest possible political intelligence on Western responses to them.

The increased demands on the PR line were already apparent before Gordievsky's escape from Russia in the summer of 1985 and have no doubt expanded since. The main priority of the FCD as it entered the 1990s was clearly exemplified by the choice of Leonid Vladimirovich Shebarshin to succeed Kryuchkov as its head in September 1988.[23] Like Aleksandr Semyonovich Panyushkin, head of the FCD from 1953 to 1956, Shebarshin began his career as a straight diplomat, serving in Pakistan from 1958 to 1962 and again from 1966 to 1968, where he began cooperating with the KGB residency. Following his second term in Pakistan, he transferred to the KGB and after training at the Andropov Institute began work at Yasenevo. In 1971 he was posted to India, where he headed the PR line before becoming main resident in New Delhi from 1975 to 1977. After the fall of the Shah in 1979 he became resident in Teheran, remaining there until his expulsion in 1983. When Gordievsky left the FCD in the summer of 1985, Shebarshin had been working for about a year as deputy head of Directorate RI, which prepares FCD reports for the top Soviet leadership.[24] For Shebarshin to have leapfrogged several more senior candidates to succeed Kryuchkov in 1988 is a certain indication that his reports in the previous few years had greatly impressed the Politburo. And for them to have impressed the Politburo, they must have dealt with such major issues as the West's response to the "new thinking" of the Gorbachev era. Just as Gordievsky's appointment as London resident was helped by his briefings to Gorbachev in December 1984, so Shebarshin's promotion to head of the FCD probably also reflects Gorbachev's confidence in his intelligence assessments.

During the 1990s the KGB will continue to exploit the traditional fascination of the Soviet leadership with highly classified reports. As in the past, the KGB doubtless continues to present some of the material it obtains from open sources as coming from secret agents. Shebarshin defines the main function of the FCD as "the task of ensuring that the Soviet leadership has reliable and accurate information about the real plans and designs of the leading Western countries with regard to our country and about the most important international problems."[25] The FCD will continue for as long as possible to foster the myth that only it truly understands the West. Its influence will only be increased by the Soviet Union's military, ideological, and economic problems. As the Warsaw Pact gradually disintegrates, the Kremlin is withdrawing hundreds of thousands of troops from Eastern Europe. And as the ideological foundations of the Soviet state begin to crumble, Moscow's prestige as the pilgrim center of the Communist faith is crumbling, too. The crisis in the Soviet economy is simultaneously compelling a decline in Soviet aid to developing countries. Intelligence thus takes on an enhanced importance as a means of preserving the Soviet Union's declining influence in the outside world.

Gorbachev's second main interest in Soviet foreign intelligence operations lies in the field of scientific and technological espionage (S&T). When he addressed the staff of the London embassy at a private meeting attended by Gordievsky on December 15, 1984, he singled out for praise the achievements of the FCD Directorate T and its Line X officers abroad. It was already clear that Gorbachev regarded covert acquisition of Western technology as an important part of economic *perestroika.*

For some years Directorate T had been one of the most successful in the FCD. Its dynamic and ambitious head, Leonid Sergeevich Zaitsev, who had begun specializing in S&T while at the London residency in the 1960s, campaigned unsuccessfully for his directorate to leave the FCD and become an independent directorate within the KGB. Kryuchkov, however, was determined not to allow such a prestigious part of his intelligence empire to escape from his control. Zaitsev claimed not merely that his directorate was self-supporting but that the value of the S&T it obtained covered the entire foreign operating costs of the KGB. Despite failing to win its independence, Directorate T functioned increasingly independently of the rest of the FCD. Its officers trained separately in the Andropov Institute from those of other departments and had their own curriculum. Almost all came from scientific and engineering backgrounds. In foreign residencies Line X officers mixed relatively little with their colleagues in other lines. Directorate T, however, was only part—though a crucial part—of a much larger machinery of S&T collection.[26]

S&T intelligence gathering in the defense field—the chief priority—was coordinated in the early 1980s by the Military Industrial

Commission (VPK), upgraded under Gorbachev to the State Commission for the Military-Industrial Complex, which oversees all weapons production. The VPK is chaired by a deputy prime minister and tasks five collection agencies: the GRU, FCD Directorate T of the KGB, the State Committee for Science and Technology (GKNT), a secret unit in the Academy of Sciences, and the State Committee for External Economic Relations (GKES). Documents provided during the early 1980s by a French penetration agent in Directorate T, Vladimir Ippolitovich Vetrov, code-named Farewell, show that in 1980 the VPK gave instructions for 3,617 S&T "acquisition tasks," of which 1,085 were completed within the year, benefiting 3,396 Soviet research and development projects.[27] Ninety percent of the intelligence judged most useful by the VPK in the early 1980s came from the GRU and the KGB. Though much S&T came from unclassified sources in the West such as scientific conferences and technical brochures, secret intelligence was judged to be of crucial importance. In 1980, 61.5 percent of the VPK's information came from American sources (not all in the United States), 10.5 percent from West Germany, 8 percent from France, 7.5 percent from Britain, and 3 percent from Japan.

Though no statistics are available for the Gorbachev era, all the evidence suggests that the scale of Soviet S&T has tended to increase rather than to decrease. Among the VPK's major successes have been a Soviet clone of the U.S. airborne radar system, AWACS; the Russian Blackjack bomber, copied from the American B1-B; the RYAD series of computers plagiarized from IBM originals; and integrated circuits purloined from Texas Instruments.[28] The Soviet armed forces have come to rely on S&T successes like these. Currently about 150 Soviet weapons systems are believed to depend on technology stolen from the West.

Less than half the work of Directorate T, however, follows VPK requirements. Of the 5,456 "samples" (machinery, components, microcircuits) acquired by it in 1980, 44 percent went to defense industries, 28 percent to civilian industry via the GKNT, and 28 percent to the KGB and other agencies. In the same, possibly exceptional, year, just over half the intelligence obtained by Directorate T came from allied intelligence services, the East Germans and Czechoslovaks chief among them. Soviet bloc S&T continued to expand until 1989.[29] Even at the beginning of 1990 some East European foreign intelligence services were trying to impress their new political masters by concentrating on the sort of Western technology required to modernize their outdated industries. The director of the CIA, William Webster, claimed in February 1990 that the KGB was still expanding its work, "particularly in the United States, where recruiting of people with technical knowledge or access to technical knowledge has increased."

Directorate T's successes in Western Europe included intelligence from Italy on the Catrin Electronic Battlefield Communications System being developed for introduction by NATO in the early 1990s; and the use of a team of West German computer hackers to gain access to the Pentagon data bank and a variety of other military business and research computer systems. The main expansion of Line X work at the start of the 1990s, however, appeared to be taking place in Japan and South Korea.[30] The application of S&T to Soviet industry is an increasingly complex business. The imitation of the new generation of American and Japanese microcircuits involves tracking hundreds of thousands of connections and mastering a whole series of complex production procedures. The most plentiful S&T in intelligence history has failed to prevent the growing gap between Soviet and Western technology, particularly outside the defense field. That gap, in turn, makes the imitation of some of the most advanced Western inventions progressively more difficult.

As well as providing large amounts of political, scientific, and technological intelligence, the KGB also made a broader contribution to the "new thinking" of the Gorbachev era. The disintegration of the one-party Soviet system, as Ernest Gellner has persuasively argued, was due partly to a two-stage process of internal decay. Under Stalin it had been sustained by both the fear of its subjects and an officially prescribed faith, which few of them dared to question. Under Khrushchev fear largely disappeared. Those who believed and those who conformed were relatively safe from the often random terror of the Stalinist era. For most Soviet citizens, repression gave way to stagnation. By the end of the Brezhnev era, after the brief false dawn of the Andropov succession, faith in the system had vanished, along with much of the fear it had once inspired. What remained was what the Soviet historian Batkin has termed serocracy, "the rule of the gray": a faceless, dreary, stagnant, and corrupt bureaucracy.[31]

The transformation of the decaying Soviet system and the adoption of a more enlightened foreign policy were also due, however, to a change in its leadership's perception of the outside world, particularly of the West. No Politburo member between the beginning of Stalin's dictatorship and the dawn of the Gorbachev era ever really understood the West. Their ability to make sense of the political intelligence provided by the KGB was impaired by their own ideological blinders and incurable addiction to conspiracy theory. In their dealings with the West they compensated for their lack of understanding with tactical shrewdness, ruthlessness, relentless striving to gain the upper hand, and knowledge of some of the West's weak points provided by their diplomats and intelligence officers. In its efforts to become and remain a global superpower, however, the Soviet Union steadily built up a huge army of diplomats, intelligence officers, journalists, and academics who gradually assembled a critical mass of information on the West, which eventually undermined some of the certainties of a system already decaying from within.

In Mikhail Gorbachev the Soviet Union at last found a leader who, though imbued with many traditional dogmas and misconceptions of the outside world, was well aware that the Communist system was losing its way, and was ready to listen to fresh ideas. Gorbachev's most influential adviser when he took power was an academic who knew the West from personal experience, Aleksandr Nikolayevich Yakovlev, ambassador in Canada from 1973 to 1983, a man whose vision was only slightly dimmed by the mists of Marxism-Leninism. But Gorbachev's new thinking was also powerfully influenced by his many briefings by the KGB, which grew dramatically less alarmist as Operation RYAN became discredited.

By 1987, however, the extent and the pace of Gorbachev's new thinking had become too much for Viktor Chebrikov. He used the 110th anniversary of Feliks Dzerzhinsky's birth to revive the old conspiracy theory of a gigantic plot by Western intelligence services to spread ideological subversion, Trotskyism included:

> One of the main targets of the subversive activity of the imperialist states' special services is still our society's moral and political potential and the Soviet philosophy. . . . That is why the subversive centers spare no effort to carry out acts of ideological subversion, step up their attempts to discredit Marxist-Leninist theory and Communist Party policy, and seek in every way to discredit the Soviet state's historical path and the practice of socialist construction. To this end bourgeois ideologists are reworking their threadbare bag-

> gage, and they not infrequently draw arguments for their insinuations from the arsenal of Trotskyism and other opportunist currents.

Chebrikov attacked, in particular, two forms of "ideological subversion" currently being practiced by imperialist intelligence agencies. The first was their attempt to "split the monolithic unity of Party and people, and install political and ideological pluralism." The second was their spreading of "the virus of nationalism," which had produced "recent provocative sorties by nationalists in the Baltic republics."[32] It is quite likely that Chebrikov actually believed much of this nonsense. Gorbachev, however, was at least mildly embarrassed by it. By 1987, he was far closer to the more adaptable Kryuchkov, who had grasped that the traditional conspiracy theories had to be somewhat toned down to meet the needs of the new thinking. Gorbachev took the unprecedented step of taking Kryuchkov, traveling incognito, with him on his first trip to Washington in December 1987 to sign a treaty on the elimination of intermediate- and shorter-range missiles, the first treaty reducing the nuclear arsenals of the superpowers. Never before had a Soviet leader been accompanied on a visit to the West by the head of the FCD.[33]

In the summer of 1988 Gorbachev paid a warm tribute to the "purposeful work" of the leadership of the KGB and GRU, "aimed at improving their activities in the conditions created by the present stage of the development of our society and of the unfolding of democratic processes."[34] By then, however, Chebrikov's days as chairman of the KGB were already numbered. He was succeeded by Kryuchkov in October 1988, though he remained in the Politburo for another eleven months before surrendering his place to Kryuchkov. The appointment for the first time ever of the head of the KGB's foreign intelligence arm as its chairman was evidence both of the prestige of the FCD in the Gorbachev era and the importance Gorbachev himself attached to briefing by it.

Kryuchkov gave his valedictory address as head of the FCD, entitled "An Objective View of the World," at a conference in the Soviet Foreign Ministry. It was a remarkable mixture of the old and new thinking, which bore witness to the extent of the changes in the FCD's assessment of the West since the most alarmist phase of Operation RYAN only five years earlier. In general he took an optimistic view. Progress toward disarmament, in particular "the removal of the threat of major military conflict," had become a "fully realizable" goal. The international image of the Soviet Union had been transformed by *perestroika:*

> The "enemy image," the image of the Soviet state as a "totalitarian" "half-civilized" society, is being eroded and our ideological and political opponents are recognizing the profound nature of our reforms and their beneficial effect on foreign policy.

Kryuchkov also added a note of self-criticism about the KGB's—and his—traditional view of the West. In interpreting the business world in capitalist countries, he confessed, "we have always been submerged in clichés and stereotypes." More generally:

> We were not good at distinguishing between the social and political strata of contemporary capitalist society and the many shades and currents in the dispositions of political forces in a region or individual country. Unless we have an objective view of the world, seeing it unadorned and free of clichés and stereotyped ideas, all claims about the effectiveness of our foreign policy operations will be nothing but empty words.

Kryuchkov's address made clear, however, that the old suspicions and conspiracy theories still lurked at the back of his mind. Without mentioning Operation RYAN by name, he attempted a retrospective justification of it:

> Many of [the FCD's] former responsibilities have not been removed from the agenda. The principal one of these is not to overlook the immediate danger of nuclear conflict being unleashed.

Kryuchkov also made a traditional attack on Western "and above all American" intelligence services:

> These have retained in full measure their role of a shock detachment of right-wing forces, one of the sharp instruments of the imperialist "brake mechanism" on the road to

> improvement of the international position. It is no chance occurrence that in the West the wide-ranging campaign of spy mania and brutal provocation employed against Soviet institutions abroad has not lost its impetus.

In the first half of 1988 alone, he claimed, there had been over nine hundred "provocation operations" against Soviet missions and nationals.[35]

Once chairman of the KGB, Kryuchkov's attitude, at least in public, mellowed somewhat as he embarked on an unprecedented public relations campaign. "The KGB," he declared, "should have an image not only in our country but worldwide that is consistent with the noble goals which I believe we are pursuing in our work."[36] At the beginning of 1989 Kryuchkov became the first chairman in KGB history to receive the United States ambassador in his office. Over the next few months he and other senior KGB officers gave interviews and press conferences to Western correspondents and starred in a film *The KGB Today,* which was offered for sale to foreign television companies. Kryuchkov also gave a series of press and television interviews for Soviet audiences and appeared at confirmation hearings before the Supreme Soviet to answer ninety-six questions put to him by deputies. Though he was confirmed as chairman by a large majority there were twenty-six abstentions and six votes against.

Throughout the public relations campaign Kryuchkov's basic message never varied. The KGB followed "strict observance of Soviet legality," was under "very strict Party control," gladly accepted—and indeed had suggested—supervision of its work by a new Supreme Soviet Committee on Defense and State Security, had distanced itself totally from the horrors of its Stalinist past, and proposed "an entire system of guarantees" to ensure that they did not return.[37] Professional and remarkably novel though Kryuchkov's public relations were, he oversold his product. His claim that "The KGB has no secret informers, only assistants" flew in the face of the experience of millions of Russians—as Boris Yeltsin told him to his face:

> In the first place, most of the major organizations have no assistants but a proper network of agents from the State Security bodies, and this causes great moral damage to our society. . . . This is quite intolerable for us in this period of democratization.

Despite a KGB active measures campaign designed to discredit him, Yeltsin was elected chairman of the Russian Supreme Soviet in May 1990. After his election, he took the unprecedented step of refusing to accept a KGB guard. His security was entrusted instead to a new unit in the Supreme Soviet secretariat.[38]

The biggest change in KGB foreign operations during the late 1980s was at the level of rhetoric and public relations. In 1990 Leonid Shebarshin became the first head of the FCD to be publicly identified. A *Pravda* correspondent was, for the first time, allowed into FCD headquarters at Yasenevo. He found Shebarshin's office somewhat less forbidding than when it was occupied by Kryuchkov. A photograph of Shebarshin's small grandson stands on a shelf. The bookcase contains books on the KGB published in the West, as well as works by Solzhenitsyn and other authors formerly condemned as anti-Soviet. "Nowadays," Shebarshin told *Pravda,* "we are striving to bring out everything positive in world politics, to take every opportunity to improve further international relations, and to arrive at mutually acceptable solutions." Shebarshin does not take kindly, however, to revisionist interpretations of FCD history: "I am quite categorically unable to agree with those who are now trying to place the blame for the Cold War on the Soviet Union." Nor, he insists, has the threat from the West disappeared: "We must in no case fail to look into everything for intrigues and machinations of hostile forces."[39]

Though most changes in the FCD during the first five years of the Gorbachev era were cosmetic, there were at least two changes of note at the operational level. The first was in active measures. When Gorbachev became general secretary it was business as usual in this area, and he showed no sign of seeking to interfere with it. Between 1975 and 1985 Service A (Active Measures) had grown from about fifty to eighty officers at Yasenevo, with a further thirty to forty in the Novosti Press Agency offices at Pushkin Square. Kryuchkov himself was an enthusiastic supporter of active measures, with, in Gordievsky's view, an exaggerated faith in their effectiveness. He would frequently discuss major active measures campaigns with the International Department of the Central Committee, which tended to share his enthusiasm. Early in 1985 L. F. Sotskov, the first deputy head of Service A, told Gordievsky that the service was concentrating on three key themes: material calculated to discredit all aspects of American policy; a campaign to promote conflict between the United States and its

NATO allies; and support for Western peace movements. One of the proudest boasts of Service A at the beginning of the Gorbachev era was that it had organized the heckling of President Reagan's address to the European Parliament in May 1985. A senior FCD officer dealing with active measures assured Gordievsky that the KGB had even influenced the slogans used by the hecklers.

In principle, about 25 percent of the time of PR officers in residencies was supposed to be spent on active measures, though in practice it was often less. Gordievsky noted a wide variation in the quality of forgeries and other material produced by Service A, which reflected the distinctly uneven quality of its personnel. About 50 percent of its officers were specialists in active measures; the rest were rejects from other departments. Few of the ablest and most ambitious FCD recruits wanted jobs in Service A; it rarely offered the opportunity of overseas postings and was widely regarded as a career dead end. Several active measures had to be aborted as a result of Gordievsky's defection, among them schemes to discredit Keston College in Britain, which monitors religious activity in the Soviet Union, and to fabricate a statement by Mrs. Thatcher on defense policy to the chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff.[40]

During the late 1980s active measures operations in the West, though not the Third World, became less aggressive. The articles, pamphlets, and speeches attacking Reagan and Thatcher that Service A had prepared in the early 1980s for use by Western agents of influence, such as Arne Petersen, were gradually phased out. There were signs too of growing Soviet disenchantment with the increasingly discredited front organizations. In 1986 Romesh Chandra, the long-serving president of the World Peace Council, was obliged to indulge in self-criticism. "The criticisms made of the president's work," he acknowledged, "require to be heeded and necessary corrections made." The main "correction" made was the appointment of a new Finnish general secretary, Johannes Pakaslahti, who was intended to displace Chandra as the leading figure in the WPC. Changes of personnel, however, were insufficient to revive the WPC's fading influence. In 1988 the chairman of the Soviet Peace Committee, Genrikh Borovik, Kryuchkov's brother-in-law, called for the WPC to become "a more pluralistic organization." The WPC lost most of its remaining credibility in 1989 when it admitted that 90 percent of its income came from the Soviet Union.[41] Though there has been some change in methods and priorities during the Gorbachev era, there is no sign that active measures themselves are likely to be discontinued. The International Department of the Central Committee continues to supervise "gray" or semicovert active measures through front organizations and other channels with a partly visible Soviet presence. In cooperation with the International Department, Service A conducts "black" or covert active measures, whose Soviet origin is kept concealed.

The chief area of current active measures operations by both the International Department and Service A is the Third World. During the late 1980s Service A produced about ten to fifteen forgeries of U.S. official documents a year. Some were "silent forgeries," shown in confidence to influential figures in the Third World to alert them to allegedly hostile operations by the CIA or other American agencies. Others were used to promote media campaigns: among them, in 1987 a forged letter from the CIA director William Casey on plans to destabilize the Indian prime minister Rajiv Gandhi; in 1988 a forged document from the National Security Council containing instructions from President Reagan to destabilize Panama; and in 1989 a forged letter from the South African foreign minister "Pik" Botha to the State Department referring to a secret agreement for military, intelligence, and economic cooperation with the United States.[42]

Probably the most successful active measure in the Third World during the early years of the Gorbachev era, promoted by a mixture of overt propaganda and covert action by Service A, was the attempt to blame AIDS on American biological warfare. The story originated in the summer of 1983 in an article published in the pro-Soviet Indian newspaper *Patriot,* alleging that the AIDS virus had been "manufactured" during genetic engineering experiments at Fort Detrick, Maryland. Initially, the story had little impact, but it was revived with great effect by the Russian *Literaturnaya Gazeta* in October 1985. In its resurrected form, the AIDS story was bolstered by a report from a retired East German, Russian-born biophysicist, Professor Jacob Segal, which sought to demonstrate through "circumstantial evidence" (since thoroughly discredited) that the virus had been artificially synthesized at Fort Detrick from two natural, existing viruses, VISNA and HTLV-1. Thus assisted by quasi-scientific jargon, the AIDS fabrication not merely swept through the Third World but also took in some of the Western media. In October 1986 the conservative British *Sunday Express* made an interview with Professor Segal the basis of its main front-page story. In the first six months of 1987 alone the story received major coverage in over forty Third World countries.[43]

At the very height of its success, however, the AIDS active measure was compromised by the "new thinking" in Soviet foreign policy. Gorbachev told a Soviet media conference in July 1987: "We tell the truth and nothing but the truth." He and his advisers were clearly concerned that Western exposure of Soviet disinformation threatened to take a little of the gloss off the new Soviet image in the West. Faced with official American protests and the repudiation of the AIDS story by the international scientific community, including the leading Soviet AIDS expert, Viktor M. Zhdanov, the Kremlin for the first time showed signs of public embarrassment at a successful active measures campaign. In August 1987, U.S. officials were told in Moscow that the AIDS story was officially disowned. Soviet press coverage of the story came to an almost complete halt; it has not been mentioned at all by Soviet media since September 1988.[44] In 1990, however, the story was still circulating not merely in the Third World but also in the more gullible parts of the Western media. A further interview with Professor Segal, along with film of Fort Detrick, the alleged home of the AIDS virus, was featured prominently in a documentary on AIDS produced by a West German television company in January 1990 for Britain's Channel Four and Deutsche Rundfunk WDR, Cologne.[45]

The official abandonment of the AIDS story in August 1987 was followed by other equally scurrilous anti-American active measures in the Third World, some of which also had an impact on the West. One of the most successful was the "baby parts" story, alleging that Americans were butchering Latin American children and using their bodies for organ transplants. In the summer of 1988, the story was taken up by a Brussels-based Soviet front organization, the International Association of Democratic Lawyers (IADL), and publicized extensively in the press of over fifty countries. In September 1988, a French Communist member of the European Parliament, Danielle de March, proposed a motion condemning alleged trafficking in "baby parts" and cited an IADL report as evidence for her charges. The motion passed on a show of hands in a poorly attended session. Among those taken in by the baby parts fabrication were groups as remote from the KGB as the Jehovah's Witnesses, who published the story in 1989 in their magazine *Awake,* which had a circulation of eleven million copies printed in fifty-four languages. A Greek newspaper reported that human hearts were on sale in the United States for between $100,000 and $1 million each.[46] Among other active measures fabrications still circulating in the Third World in 1990 was the claim that the United

States was developing, or had actually developed, an "ethnic weapon" that would kill only nonwhites. By 1990, the "new thinking" of the Gorbachev era had dramatically reduced the level of anti-Western disinformation in the Soviet press, but still had little effect on Service A operations in the Third World.

The early years of the Gorbachev era also saw some change in the KGB's attitude to terrorism. Moscow's growing distaste for some of its terrorist associates in the Third World was particularly evident in the case of Colonel Qaddafi. The turning point in Soviet attitudes to Qaddafi was the demonstration by anti-Qaddafi Libyans on April 17, 1984, outside the Libyan embassy, renamed the People's Bureau, in St. James's Square, London. In the course of the demonstration a Libyan intelligence officer opened fire with a Sterling submachine gun from a first-floor window, killing police constable Yvonne Fletcher. Britain broke off diplomatic relations and expelled more than sixty Libyan officials and other Qaddafi supporters. *Pravda* reported the killing with what at the time was unusual frankness:

> Shooting suddenly started . . . and a British policewoman died and several other people were wounded as a result. . . . What is more, Washington spread the news that one of its reconnaissance satellites supposedly picked up a coded message from Tripoli to London in which People's Bureau staff were allegedly given the order to shoot at demonstrators. This news was followed the very next day by the British authorities' decision to break off diplomatic relations with Libya.

Though the official Libyan denial of involvement in the problem was duly reported, *Pravda* readers were left in little doubt that the shot had been fired from the People's Bureau.

The KGB, however, knew far more about the killing of WPC Fletcher than *Pravda* told its readers. On April 18, 1984, the London residency was informed by telegram that the Center had received reliable information that the shooting had been personally ordered by Qaddafi. The telegram revealed that an experienced hit man from the Libyan intelligence station in East Berlin had been flown in to London to supervise the operation. Thereafter the Center tended to show some sympathy for President Reagan's description of Qaddafi as a "flaky barbarian." Qaddafi's three-hour speech to a People's Congress in March 1985, calling for the hunting down of "stray dogs," was widely assessed in the Center as providing further evidence that he was becoming unhinged.[47] "We have the right to take a legitimate and sacred action—an entire people liquidating its opponents at home and abroad in broad daylight," declared Qaddafi. He announced the formation of a new Mutarabbisoun ("Always Ready") force of 150 highly trained terrorists ready to carry out liquidations around the globe.[48]

The Center also looked askance at Qaddafi's willingness to supply money and Soviet Bloc arms and explosives to the Provisional IRA. In the late 1970s, after the British press reported that the PIRA had received Soviet arms, an urgent inquiry by a senior KGB officer established that the arms had come from Libya. At that point Moscow took the formalistic view that it was not responsible for what Qaddafi did with his vast Soviet arms purchases. By the mid-1980s, however, it took a much less relaxed view and became concerned by the adverse publicity caused by terrorists' use of Soviet weapons.

On a number of occasions during the 1970s and 1980s, the PIRA made approaches to KGB officers in Dublin and to officers from the London residency visiting Belfast under journalistic cover. The approaches were reported to the Center, which refused permission for them to be followed up. The residency in Dublin was usually reluctant to make contact with any illegal group because of what it regarded as the near-impossibility of keeping secrets in the Irish Republic. KGB officers claimed that merely by listening to conversations in a number of public houses frequented by Sinn Fein supporters they were able to learn a surprising amount. The Center was less pleased with the Irish intelligence it received. In February 1985, the head of the Third Department, Nikolai Gribin, who had published a book on Northern Ireland a few years earlier, visited Dublin to inspect the KGB residency and try to improve its performance. The Center by then was making increasing use of Ireland as a training ground for young illegals to familiarize themselves with Irish and British life by stays of six months or more before moving on to work against what the KGB considered more important targets.[49]

Part of the Center's growing reluctance during the mid-1980s to involve itself with terrorist groups derived from an increasing, though exaggerated, fear that the Soviet Union was becoming a terrorist target. In April 1985, a circular telegram from the Center signed by Kryuchkov himself referred to a series of explosions in Bulgaria during the previous August and September. Though the culprits had yet to be tracked down, Kryuchkov claimed that the sophisticated nature of the devices used pointed to the possible involvement of one of the Western "special services." Kryuchkov's natural tendency to conspiracy theory led him to suspect a Western plot to use terrorism to destabilize the Soviet Bloc. The use of Bulgarian émigrés to carry out terrorist acts might, he feared, become a precedent for similar operations in other socialist countries. Kryuchkov suggested that residencies consult local police forces to emphasize the need for international cooperation against the terrorist menace. Such consultation in fact had already begun. During his four years as London resident, from 1980 to 1984, Guk had approached the police on about a dozen occasions with information about terrorists, usually from the Middle East. Guk's primary concern was to alert the police to threats to Soviet targets, but he occasionally passed on intelligence about possible attacks on non-Soviet citizens also.[50]

At about the time that Gordievsky received Kryuchkov's circular telegram on the Bulgarian explosions, he also received a personal request from the head of Directorate S (Illegals and Special Operations), Yuri Ivanovich Drozdov (formerly resident in New York), for a bizarre collection of items related to terrorism and special operations. Perhaps the oddest request was for a copy of the feature film *Who Dares Wins,* which Drozdov seemed to believe might reveal some of the operational methods of the British SAS. Other material requested included intelligence on left-wing terrorist groups, British "special military units," arms-dealing operations, and murders in strange or mysterious circumstances. Directorate S also wanted details of bulletproof vests weighing less than two kilos, which it believed were being manufactured in Britain. Drozdov was a devoted fan of the writer Frederick Forsyth; he told Gordievsky that his novel *The Fourth Protocol* was "essential reading." The book described what Drozdov regarded as the ultimate fantasy of a KGB special operations expert: the explosion by Soviet agents of a small nuclear device near a U.S. airbase in Britain just before a general election, with the aim of bringing to power a left-wing neutralist government.

Drozdov's shopping list reflected in part a desire to be informed on special operations and terrorist activity. But it was also clear to Gordievsky that he was engaged in at least contingency planning for KGB special operations in Britain. Drozdov asked the London residency to obtain information on the leasing of empty warehouses and gave Gordievsky the impression that he was looking for storage space for weapons and equipment. Some of the other information he requested was to help devise cover for a KGB operation.[51]

There is little doubt, however, that for Kryuchkov fear of the spread of terrorism to the Soviet Union outweighed the attraction of Drozdov's schemes for a new wave of potentially risky special operations in the West. Once Kryuchkov succeeded Chebrikov as chairman of the KGB in October 1988, the need for East-West collaboration against international terrorism became a major theme in the unprecedented round of speeches and interviews on which he embarked.

The hijacking of an Ilyushin transport plane from the Caucasus to Israel in December 1988 "ushered in," according to Kryuchkov, "a whole new era in our work."[52] Over the previous fifteen years there had been fifty mostly unpublicized attempted hijackings in the Soviet Union, which had been stopped with considerable loss of life.[53] When the Armenian hijackers demanded to fly to Israel in December 1988, however, the KGB, according to Kryuchkov, actually "encouraged them, as we were sure we would reach understanding [with the Israelis]." As a result, instead of another bloodbath, "Not a single child, nor a single rescue operative and not even a single terrorist suffered."[54] The Soviet foreign minister, Eduard Shevardnadze, publicly thanked the Israelis for their help in ending the hijacking peacefully and returning the hijackers. So too did the KGB. General Vitali Ponomaryov, one of Kryuchkov's deputy chairmen, held an unprecedented press conference to give an account of the hijacking to Western correspondents. It was, he declared, "the first example of such cooperation between the Soviet Union and other countries." Another of Kryuchkov's deputies, General Geni Ageev, gave further details to Tass, including the fact that the drug addict leading the hijacking, Pavel Yakshyants, had been given drugs by the KGB "because we thought it might calm him down."[55]

During 1989, Kryuchkov made a series of speeches calling for cooperation between the KGB and the CIA and other Western intelligence services in fighting terrorism:

> One wing of terrorism is directed against the USA, and the other against the Soviet Union. We all have an interest in overcoming this most dreadful phenomenon of this century. If we take most decisive measures, we shall do away with this evil rather quickly. Some remains of terrorism may be left over but they will be remains and not terrorism itself.[56]

In a speech to the Supreme Soviet in July and later in a newspaper interview, Kryuchkov underlined the coming danger of nuclear terrorism as a pressing reason for East-West intelligence cooperation:

> At the Supreme Soviet hearings I was guilty of an inaccuracy when I said that several tons of enriched uranium had disappeared in the world. Not several tons, but several hundred tons and where they went we do not know, although we can guess. There is so much knowledge and technological potential around the world today that it is easy enough to put together a nuclear device and use it to blackmail an entire nation, not just one city. Nor can I rule out the desire by somebody to put nuclear weapons to use. There are such criminals. In short, we are prepared to cooperate in the drive against terrorism and drug trafficking.[57]

In October 1989, Kryuchkov announced the abolition of the Fifth Directorate, which had hitherto monitored dissident intellectuals (and whose responsibilities in a watered-down form were reabsorbed by the Second Chief Directorate) and the creation of a new Directorate for the Defense of the Soviet Constitutional System to coordinate the struggle against "the orgy of terrorism which has swept the world since the early 1970s." He revealed that during the 1970s the KGB had identified in the Soviet Union "more than 1,500 individuals with terrorist designs."[58] Simultaneously, Kryuchkov dispatched two recently retired senior KGB officers, Lieutenant General Fyodor Shcherbak, former deputy head of the Second Chief Directorate, and Major General Valentin Zvezdenkov, a former counterterrorist expert from the same directorate, to take part with former senior CIA officers in a private conference in California to discuss methods of combating terrorism.[59]

Kryuchkov set clear limits to the unprecedented peacetime intelligence collaboration he was proposing:

> Intelligence is a game without rules. There are certain specific features, which I regret to say, prevent us from reaching agreement with anyone on how and according to which rules we should conduct intelligence operations against one another. But I think we should always have decency, even in our business.[60]

One of the consequences of the limited collaboration proposed by Kryuchkov was some decline in the traditional demonization of Western intelligence services. As recently as the final years of the Brezhnev era, the Soviet press, when denouncing the CIA, commonly excoriated "the repulsive bared teeth of the monster fed on the money of unsuspecting taxpayers, a monster which trampled underfoot all norms of morality and insulted the dignity of an entire nation."[61] Among those who have taken the lead in attacking the neo-Stalinist tradition of spy mania have been the two brightest radical critics of Kryuchkov within the FCD during the 1970s, the British expert Mikhail Lyubimov, dismissed in 1980, and the American expert Oleg Kalugin, formerly the FCD's youngest general, banished by Kryuchkov to Leningrad, also in 1980.[62]

Though careful to apportion blame to the intelligence services of both East and West, Lyubimov pours scorn on the KGB's traditional version of its own history:

> Even the minutest successes used to become cast in solemn bronze. The secret services could be compared to Lewis Carroll's beasts and birds running in a circle and answering the question "Who is the winner?" with the chorus cry: "We are!"

Like its counterparts in the West, the KGB had propagated spy mania, "undermined constructive diplomatic efforts," and "contributed to the deterioration of the international situation." Lyubimov believes that satellite intelligence has "a stabilizing effect" by reassuring both sides about the possibility of surprise attack. But in 1989 he became the first former KGB resident to call, in the Soviet press, for a reduction in the size of the FCD as well as of the KGB's huge domestic security apparatus.[63] In 1990 Lyubimov published *Legend About a Legend,* a farce lampooning the enormously expensive secret war between the KGB and the CIA. *Moscow News* suggested that it would make "a good musical comedy."[64]

Oleg Kalugin began public criticism of the KGB after he was sacked as deputy head of the Leningrad KGB in 1987, following his attempts to investigate a number of politically embarrassing bribery cases.[65] In 1988 he made a thinly disguised attack on the paranoid strain in the FCD during Kryuchkov's fourteen years at its head:

> Just a few years ago those at the august rostrum would have us believe that the reasons for the different distortions in our life lay not in the defects of the system but in hostile encirclement, in the intensifying pressure being brought to bear on socialism by the forces of imperialism, and that the antisocial activity of individuals and the crimes against the state they committed were a consequence of hostile propaganda and CIA provocations.

It was for expressing similarly unorthodox opinions in 1980 that Kalugin had been sacked by Kryuchkov from the FCD. Though criticizing American covert operations, Kalugin also attacked the KGB's traditional demonization of the CIA. While head of the KR line in Washington during the late 1960s and early 1970s, Kalugin had been impressed by intelligence which indicated that the CIA took a much more realistic view than the Pentagon of the outcome of the Vietnam War:

> On quite a few occasions I have had a chance to meet with CIA staff members, although they did not introduce themselves as such. They were highly refined and educated interlocutors who avoided extremes in their judgments. Although I did not delude myself over their friendly smiles, I was nevertheless inclined to perceive them as individuals who were not necessarily burdened by class hatred for everything Soviet.

Kalugin praises the current director of the CIA, William Webster, as a man "not even ashamed to sour relations with the White House when he felt he was defending a just cause."[66] He plainly does not feel as warmly about Kryuchkov. In 1990 Kalugin dismissed Kryuchkov's reforms as little more than a cosmetic exercise. "The KGB's arm or shadow is in absolutely every sphere of life. All the talk about the KGB's new image is no more than camouflage."[67]

Like the rest of the world, the KGB failed to foresee either the speed or the timing of the disintegration of Communist rule in Eastern Europe that began in 1989. But it may nonetheless have been the first intelligence agency to sense that the Soviet Bloc created at the end of the Second World War was doomed. During the early and mid-1980s there was already a growing exasperation combined with fatalism in the

Center about the future of Eastern Europe, and it gathered momentum at the end of the decade. By the beginning of the Gorbachev era Gordievsky was hearing increasing numbers of complaints about the unreliability of the Communist regimes and outbursts such as: "We'd do better to adopt a policy of 'Fortress Soviet Union'—and have done with the lot of them!" Though not yet intended seriously, such outbursts were straws in the wind of change that in 1989 was to replace the Brezhnev Doctrine with the satirically entitled "Sinatra Doctrine," allowing the states of Eastern Europe to "do it their way."

Three states in Eastern Europe were, for somewhat different reasons, already giving the Center serious cause for anxiety by the time Gorbachev succeeded Chernenko as general secretary in March 1985. The first was Poland. The FCD had been severely shaken by the mushroom growth of Solidarity in 1980–81. Though it had admired the skill with which Jaruzelski, the Polish army, and the SB had carried out a military coup and crushed Solidarity in December 1981, it was better aware than most Western observers that it had achieved only a temporary respite.

The Center's main source of anxiety was the visible fact that the moral authority in Poland of a Polish Pope eclipsed that of the Polish government. The days were long past when any Soviet leader was tempted to repeat Stalin's scornful question at the end of the Second World War: "How many divisions has the Pope?" In retrospect, the Polish experts in the Center were inclined to trace the origins of the Polish crisis to the election in October 1978 of the Polish Cardinal Karol Wojtyla as Pope John Paul II.[68] When he had visited Poland seven months later, almost a quarter of the Polish people had come to see and hear him; almost all the rest witnessed his triumphal nine-day tour on television. At the end of his progress through Poland, as the Pope bade farewell to his former home city of Krakow, where, he said, "every stone and every brick is dear to me," men and women wept uncontrollably in the streets. The contrast between the political bankruptcy of the regime and the moral authority of the church was plain for all to see.[69]

Opinions were divided within the Center on the likelihood of KGB involvement in the assassination attempt against the Pope in 1981. About half of those to whom Gordievsky spoke were convinced that the KGB would no longer contemplate a "wet affair" of this kind even indirectly through the Bulgarians. The other half, however, suspected that Department 8 of Directorate S, which was responsible for special operations, had been involved; some told Gordievsky they only regretted that the attempt had failed.

The lack of authority of the Communist government in Poland was laid bare once again when John Paul II returned in 1983, urging those who opposed the regime to turn to the protection of the church. In October 1984, the Polish church gained a new martyr when the SB religious-affairs department abducted and murdered the pro-Solidarity priest Father Jerzy Popieluszko. Half a million attended his funeral. Walesa declared at the graveside: "Solidarity is alive because you have given your life for it." Desperate to distance himself from the crime, Jaruzelski ordered a public trial of the murderers, thus causing a new wave of alarm in the FCD. At the end of 1984 a circular from the Center ordered a series of active measures during 1985 designed to discredit the "reactionary" John Paul II.[70]

The Center's concerns about East Germany were quite different from those about Poland. Though the KGB had no illusions about the unpopularity of the Communist regime, at the beginning of the Gorbachev era it did not yet believe that it was in danger of losing control. Its anxieties centered instead on what it regarded as the growing reluctance of the East German leader Erich Honecker to follow Moscow's lead. When the seventy-eight-year-old Walter Ulbricht retired as SED general secretary in 1971, Moscow had wanted Willi Stoph to succeed him. When Honecker had been chosen instead, the embittered Stoph had warned Moscow that Honecker's nationalism threatened the future of Soviet-GDR relations. And so it proved.

The domineering behavior of Soviet diplomats and KGB officers that had been tolerated by Ulbricht gave rise under Honecker to a series of incidents. In the mid-1970s, following the arrest for drunken driving of a KGB officer from its Karlshorst headquarters, the KGB chief General Anatoli Ivanovich Lazarev had complained about "the use of Nazi methods against a fraternal power." Honecker then complained even more forcibly about Lazarev. At his insistence Lazarev was recalled to Moscow. The Soviet ambassador, Petr Andreevich Abrasimov, was recalled after similar complaints by Honecker about his viceregal attitude in 1983; once back in Moscow he was put in charge of tourism. Both Erich Mielke, the East German minister of state security, and Markus Wolf, the veteran head of the HVA, complained to the Center that Honecker was restricting the intimacy of Soviet-GDR intelligence collaboration. The situation was further complicated by the fact that Mielke and Wolf were themselves scarcely on speaking terms. There were endless discussions in the Center, some of them witnessed by Gordievsky in Grushko's office, on how to strengthen Mielke's and Wolf's hands against Honecker, and how to prevent Mielke and Wolf themselves from coming to blows. In 1985, however, the Center did not yet foresee that *perestroika* in the Soviet Union would add a further element of tension to relations with the German Democratic Republic.[71]

The East European state that the Center believed to be in greatest danger of collapse at the beginning of the Gorbachev era was Nicolae Ceauşescu's corrupt and megalomaniac neo-Stalinist dictatorship in Rumania, already semidetached from the Warsaw Pact. A long assessment by FCD Department Eleven (Eastern Europe Liaison) in 1983 forecast that, with Rumania already on the verge of bankruptcy, there was a serious danger of economic collapse within the next few years. In that event, it predicted, loss of control by the regime might well lead Rumania to turn toward the West. By the time Gorbachev succeeded Chernenko, that prospect was being taken very seriously. During his last two years in London as deputy resident and resident, Gordievsky received several requests from the Center for intelligence on Western attitudes to Rumania.[72] In the end, Ceauşescu's dictatorship was almost the last of the East European Communist regimes to succumb to the tide of democratic revolution in 1989, though the end, when it arrived, came with even greater speed, and brutality, than in the other countries of the Warsaw Pact.

By the time the Communist order in Eastern Europe began to collapse, the Center was probably already reconciled to the disintegration of what its internal documents commonly called the "Socialist Commonwealth." That disintegration, however, threatened to disrupt the elaborate network of Soviet Bloc intelligence collaboration, which went back to the early years of the Cold War. In every country of Eastern Europe, the local security service, modeled on the KGB, was seen by its inhabitants as one of the main instruments of oppression and instantly became one of the chief targets of the democratic reformers. By early 1990 most had been emasculated. In most parts of Eastern Europe the foreign intelligence services, which had hitherto been an integral part of the security services on the model of the KGB's FCD, turned themselves into independent agencies in order to try to survive.

By the beginning of 1990 the KGB could no longer count automatically, as in the past, on the help of the East German HVA in its operations against NATO and West Germany; on the Czechoslovak

StB and the Polish SB in its work against France; or on the Bulgarian DS against Yugoslavia, Turkey, and Greece. The intelligence alliance with East Germany was already doomed. In a reunited Germany the external HVA, like the internal SSD, will cease to exist. Dismantling the KGB apparatus in Karlshorst will be an enormous task; at a stroke the Soviet Union will lose its largest foreign intelligence base. The end of the Soviet-GDR intelligence alliance threatens to compromise some of the KGB's own intelligence operations. The central name-trace system in the Center, known as SOUD (System for Operational and Institutional Data), uses an East German computer. Hitherto the Cuban as well as the Warsaw Pact intelligence services have had access to it.[73]

The KGB's alliances in Latin America were also threatened by the crumbling of the Soviet bloc. Though Castro has lasted longer than Honecker, he showed himself even more ill-disposed to Gorbachev's "new thinking." By 1987, the KGB liaison mission in Havana was already complaining that the Cuban DGI was holding it at arm's length. The situation was judged to be so serious in the Center that Chebrikov himself visited Cuba to try to restore the intelligence alliance.[74] It is unlikely that he secured a lasting improvement. The defeat of the Sandinistas, probably against KGB expectations, in the Nicaraguan elections of February 1990 placed the future of the four Soviet sigint stations in Nicaragua at risk. Castro's increasingly uncertain prospects of survival as his huge Soviet subsidies were scaled down raised doubts about the future of the much larger sigint station at Lourdes in Cuba.

The greatest threat to the future of the KGB is its own past. From its headquarters in Dzerzhinsky Square it directed during the Stalinist era the greatest peacetime persecution and the largest concentration camps in European history. The people's deputy and Soviet sporting hero Yuri Vlasov told the Congress of People's Deputies in 1989: "The KGB is not a service but a real underground empire which has not yet yielded its secrets, except for opening up the graves."[75] The Center's acute nervousness about revealing the contents of its archives demonstrates its awareness of the threat they pose. Its preparations for Lithuanian independence in 1990 had as a major priority the disposal of hundreds of thousands of embarrassing files. Radio Vilnius reported that the chairman of the Lithuanian KGB, Eduardas Eismontas, had virtually admitted that much of his archives had been shredded or removed to Moscow. Soon afterward Eismontas resigned.[76]

Those files that cause the greatest embarrassment to the KGB concern its foreign operations. During the late 1980s it fought a long though hopeless rearguard action to avoid accepting responsibility for the wartime massacre of Polish officers by the NKVD in the Katyn Forest. In March 1989 Poland's last Communist government finally nerved itself to pin the blame for the massacre on the KGB. The Polish press published documents found in the pockets of the murdered officers proving that they had been prisoners of the NKVD at the time of their execution. For another year, however, the KGB press bureau continued to blame the killings on the Germans and refused to "anticipate" the long-delayed findings of a Soviet-Polish commission.[77] When *Moscow News* challenged the KGB to "confirm or deny" the Polish evidence, threats were made against its editor-in-chief. NKVD veterans with information on the Katyn massacre told *Moscow News* the KGB had ordered them not to reveal the truth.[78] Not until April 1990, when President Gorbachev handed President Jaruzelski a portfolio of documents proving the NKVD's role in the massacre, did the KGB finally bow to the inevitable and accept responsibility. Over the next few months several more mass graves of Polish officers were uncovered.

The Center's apprehensions at the potential embarrassments even in the file of a single foreigner are well illustrated by the case of the Swedish diplomat Raoul Wallenberg. While stationed in Budapest in 1944–45, Wallenberg saved the lives of many thousands of Jews by giving them Swedish diplomatic protection. Soon after the Red Army occupied Hungary, however, he mysteriously disappeared. Ever since his disappearance the Swedish government, the Wallenberg family and the Raoul Wallenberg Society have repeatedly pressed Moscow to reveal the truth about his fate. The KGB's refusal to release his file led to repeated rumors—all, sadly, unfounded—that Wallenberg was still alive somewhere in the gulag. In 1957 Andrei Gromyko, then deputy foreign minister, handed the Swedish ambassador in Moscow a memorandum claiming that Wallenberg died of a heart attack in a Soviet prison in 1947. That falsehood is still described by the Soviet authorities as "irrefutable fact." In October 1989, however, an attempt was made to defuse international pressure for the release of the KGB file on the Wallenberg case by inviting representatives of the Raoul Wallenberg Society, including his half sister, Nina Lagergren, and his half brother, Guy von Dardel, to talks in Moscow. There they were received by Vadim Petrovich Pirozhkov, a deputy chairman of the KGB, and Valentin Mikhailovich Nikoforov, a deputy foreign minister, who handed over Wallenberg's passport, some of his personal belongings, and a bogus death certificate dated July 17, 1947, signed by the chief doctor of the Lubyanka Prison. Pirozhkov and Nikoforov expressed "deep regret" that, despite "painstaking" searches in the KGB archives, no further documents could be discovered.[79] Andrei Sakharov, among others, was publicly skeptical that such an important KGB file on a foreign diplomat was missing. In reality the file has never gone astray. It is simply considered too embarrassing to make public.

What the KGB's file on Wallenberg reveals is that, shortly after the arrival of the Red Army in Budapest, the NKVD tried to recruit him as an agent. When Wallenberg refused point-blank, the NKVD became worried that he might reveal its approach to him, arrested him, and deported him to the Soviet Union. Further attempts in Moscow to persuade Wallenberg to become a Soviet agent also failed. He was shot not later than 1947.[80] To muddy the waters of the Wallenberg case during 1989, the KGB brought in one of its leading active measures veterans, Radomir Bogdanov, then deputy director of the Academy of Sciences Institute for the Study of the United States and Canada, as well as vice-chairman of the Soviet Peace Committee. As resident in New Delhi from 1957 to 1967 Bogdanov had played a leading part in establishing India as one of the main centers of Soviet active measures.[81] During the spring of 1989, Bogdanov began informing foreign visitors and journalists in Moscow that Wallenberg had acted as intermediary in secret negotiations during 1944 between Lavrenti Beria and the head of the SS, Heinrich Himmler.[82] The Moscow *New Times,* formerly used as a vehicle for active measures, continued the smear campaign by portraying Wallenberg as a playboy, womanizer and friend of Adolf Eichmann, chief administrator of the Final Solution.[83]

The KGB, however, is no longer master of all its own secrets. The democratic revolution in Eastern Europe confronts it with the embarrassing possibility that, as during the Prague Spring in 1968, some of its secrets may escape from the files of its former Soviet Bloc allies. One of those that must surely worry Kryuchkov personally is the Bulgarian DS file on the murder of the Bulgarian émigré writer Georgi Markov in September 1978. Some months earlier the Bulgarian general secretary Todor Zhivkov had sought KGB assistance in silencing émigrés like his former protégé Markov who were attacking him in the Western media. The Center made available to Zhivkov and the Bulgarian Durzharna Sigurnost (DS) the resources of a highly secret KGB laboratory, the successor to the Kamera of the Stalinist era, attached to Directorate OTU (Operational-Technical) and under the direct control of the KGB chairman. Kryuchkov personally approved the secondment of General Sergei Mikhailovich Golubev of FCD Directorate K to liaise with the DS in using against Bulgarian émigrés poisons developed by the KGB laboratory. (Seven years later Golubev was to supervise the drugging of Gordievsky with drugs from the same laboratory in an unsuccessful attempt to get him to confess.[84]) Golubev visited Sofia three or four times during 1978 to help plan operations against the émigrés.

The first target was a Bulgarian émigré living in Western Europe. The DS smeared surfaces in a room where he was staying with a poison that, once absorbed through the skin, would, according to the KGB laboratory, prove fatal and leave no trace. Though the target became seriously ill, however, he survived. With Kryuchkov's approval, Golubev returned to Sofia to work out a new plan of attack. At Golubev's request, the KGB main residency in Washington purchased several umbrellas and sent them to the Center. Directorate OTU adapted the tip to enable it to inject the victim with a tiny metal pellet containing ricin, a highly toxic poison made from castor-oil seeds. Golubev then took the umbrellas to Sofia to instruct a DS assassin in their use. The first fatality was Georgi Markov, then working for the Bulgarian section of the BBC World Service. Before he died in a hospital on September 11, 1978, Markov was able to tell doctors that he had been bumped into by a stranger on Waterloo Bridge, who apologized for accidentally prodding him with his umbrella. A tiny stab wound and a pellet scarcely larger than a pinhead were found in Markov's right thigh, but by the time of the autopsy the ricin had decomposed.

Markov's assassination abated another Bulgarian émigré, Vladimir Kostov, to the significance of an earlier attack on him in Paris on August 26. On September 25 a steel pellet of the kind that had killed Markov was removed, still intact, from Kostov's body before the ricin had escaped. The arrest of Todor Zhivkov late in 1989 was followed by the visit to Sofia of Markov's widow in an attempt to discover those responsible for her husband's death. Even if the DS files on the Markov case have been shredded or sent to Moscow, there are undoubtedly DS officers who know the truth about his assassination. As Bulgaria progresses toward democracy they may well be tempted to reveal it.[85]

Despite its unprecedented public relations campaign, the KGB is almost the only unrestructured institution in Gorbachev's Russia. For all his attempts to change his image, Kryuchkov is a relic from a discredited past. So is his former acolyte in the First Chief Directorate, Viktor Fyodorovich Grushko, appointed first deputy chairman of the KGB early in 1991. Today's KGB does its best to distance itself from both the Stalinist Terror and the lesser crimes of the "years of stagnation." As the enormity of its horrific history emerges, however, Soviet citizens are bound to ask themselves if such an organization can ever really be reformed. The peoples of Eastern Europe have already condemned their own security services created in the image of the KGB. Sooner or later the KGB too will be disowned by its own citizens. The 1989 candlelit vigil that encircled the KGB headquarters to commemorate its millions of victims marked the beginning of that disavowal.

Like every major modern state, Russia needs both a domestic security service and a foreign intelligence agency. For it to possess an intelligence community worthy of its citizens' respect, however, it will have to close down the KGB and start afresh.

Appendix A
KGB Chairmen

Feliks Edmundovich Dzerzhinsky (Cheka/GPU/OGPU)	1917–26
Vyacheslav Rudolfovich Menzhinsky (OGPU)	1926–34
Genrikh Grigoryevich Yagoda (NKVD)	1934–36
Nikolai Ivanovich Yezhov (NKVD)	1936–38
Lavrenti Pavlovich Beria (NKVD)	1938–41
Vsevolod Nikolayevich Merkulov (NKGB)	1941 (Feb.–July)
Lavrenti Pavlovich Beria (NKVD)	1941–43
Vsevolod Nikolayevich Merkulov (NKGB/MGB)	1943–46
Viktor Semyonovich Abakumov (MGB)	1946–51

Sergei Ivanovich Ogoltsov (Acting; MGB)	1951 (Aug.–Dec.)
Semyon Denisovich Ignatyev (MGB)	1951–53
Lavrenti Pavlovich Beria (MVD)	1953 (Mar.–June)
Sergei Nikiforovich Kruglov (MVD)	1953–54
Ivan Aleksandrovich Serov (KGB)	1954–58
Aleksandr Nikolayevich Shelepin (KGB)	1958–61
Vladimir Yefimovich Semichastny (KGB)	1961–67
Yuri Vladimirovich Andropov (KGB)	1967–82
Vitali Vasilyevich Fyodorchuk (KGB)	1982 (May–Dec.)
Viktor Mikhailovich Chebrikov (KGB)	1982–88
Vladimir Aleksandrovich Kryuchkov	1988–

Appendix B
Heads of the First Chief Directorate (Foreign Intelligence)

Mikhail Abramovich Trilisser	1921–29
Artur Khristyanovich Artuzov	1929–34
Abram Aronovich Slutsky	1934–38
Mikhail Shpigelglas (acting head)	1938 (Feb.–July)
Vladimir Georgievich Dekanozov	1938–40
Pavel Mikhailovich Fitin	1940–46
Pyotr Vasilyevich Fedotov (deputy chairman KI 1947–49)	1946–49
Sergei Romanovich Savchenko (deputy chairman KI 1949–51)	1949–53
Vasili Stepanovich Ryasnoy	1953 (Mar.–June)
Aleksandr Semyonovich Panyushkin	1953–56
Aleksandr Mikhailovich Sakharovsky	1956–71
Fyodor Konstantinovich Mortin	1971–74
Vladimir Aleksandrovich Kryuchkov	1974–78
Leonid Vladimirovich Shebarshin	1988–

Appendix C

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE KGB

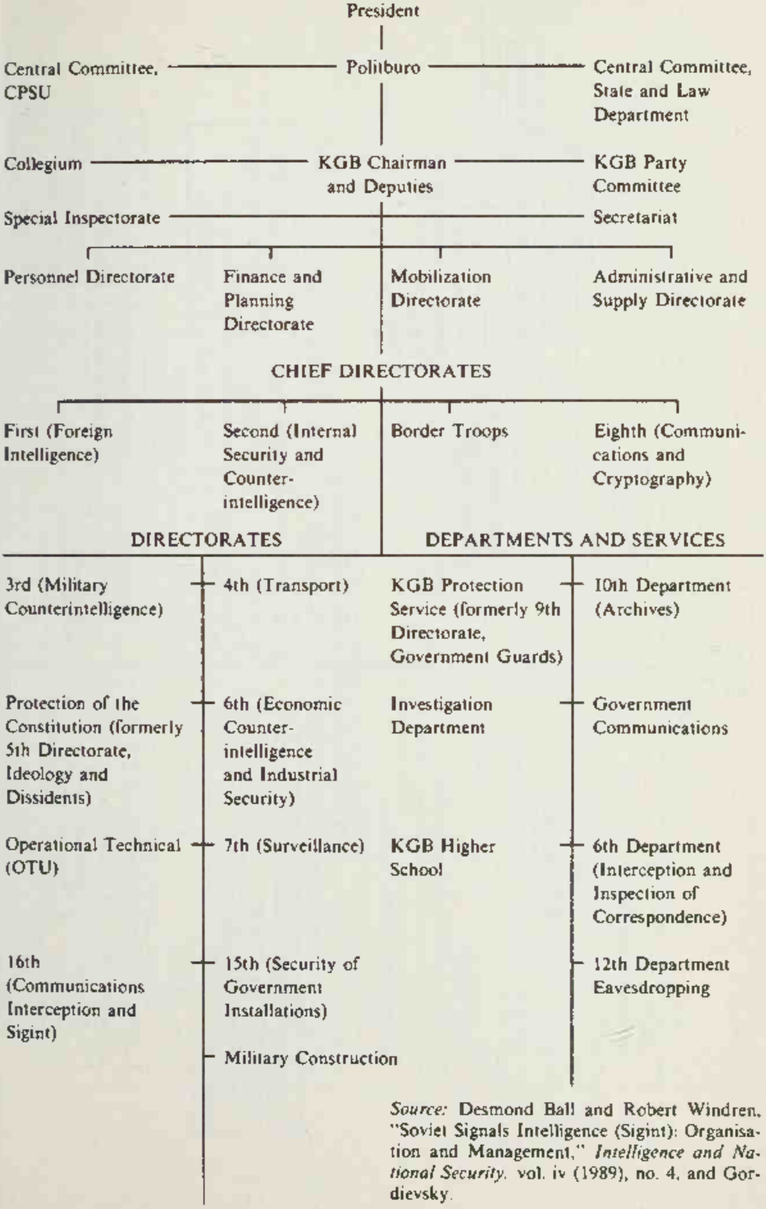
President
Central Committee, CPSU
Politburo
Central Committee, State and Law Department
Collegium
KGB Chairman and Deputies
KGB Party Committee
Special Inspectorate
Secretariat
Personnel Directorate
Finance and Planning Directorate
Mobilization Directorate
Administrative and Supply Directorate
CHIEF DIRECTORATES
First (Foreign Intelligence)
Second (Internal Security and Counter-intelligence)
Border Troops
Eighth (Communications and Cryptography)
DIRECTORATES
DEPARTMENTS AND SERVICES
3rd (Military Counterintelligence)
4th (Transport)
KGB Protection Service (formerly 9th Directorate, Government Guards)
10th Department (Archives)
Protection of the Constitution (formerly 5th Directorate, Ideology and Dissidents)
6th (Economic Counter-intelligence and Industrial Security)
Investigation Department
Government Communications
Operational Technical (OTU)
7th (Surveillance)
KGB Higher School
6th Department (Interception and Inspection of Correspondence)
16th (Communications Interception and Sigint)
15th (Security of Government Installations)
12th Department Eavesdropping
Military Construction

Source: Desmond Ball and Robert Windren, "Soviet Signals Intelligence (Sigint): Organisation and Management," *Intelligence and National Security*, vol. iv (1989), no. 4, and Gordievsky.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE KGB FIRST CHIEF DIRECTORATE (FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE)

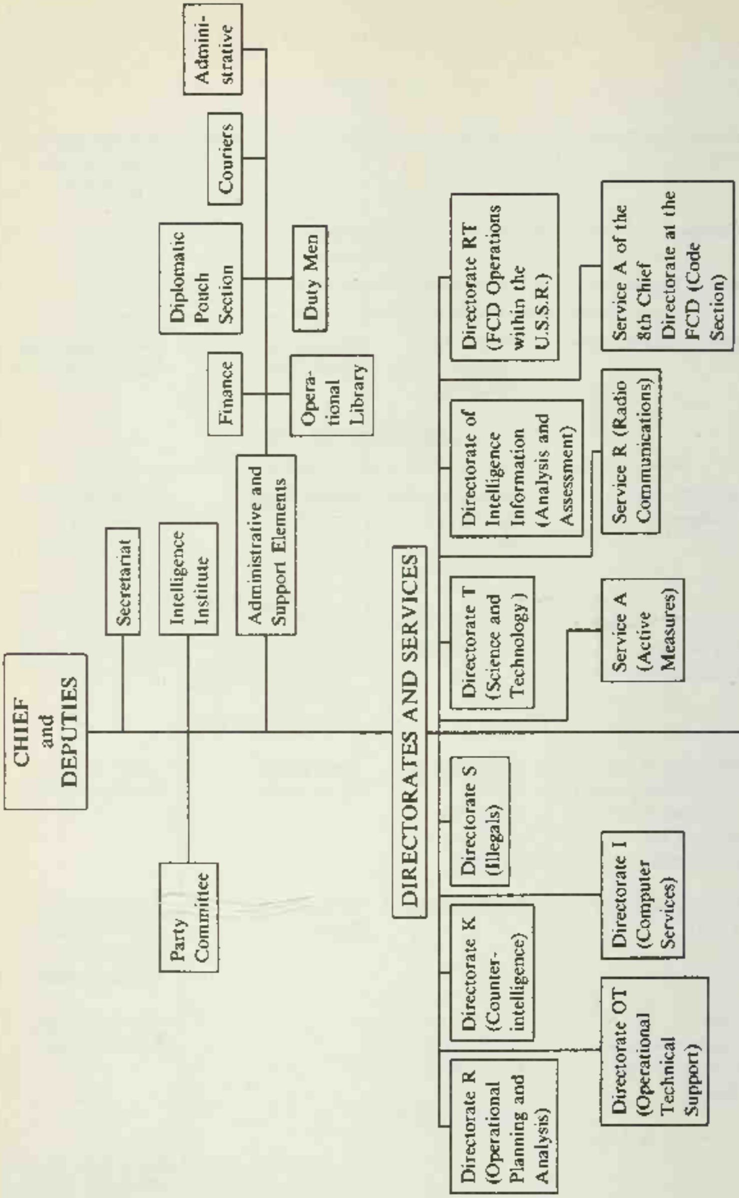
CHIEF and DEPUTIES
Secretariat
Intelligence Institute
Party Committee
Administrative and Support Elements
Finance
Operational Library
Diplomatic Pouch Section
Duty Men
Couriers
Administrative
DIRECTORATES AND SERVICES
Directorate R (Operational Planning and Analysis)
Directorate K (Counter-intelligence)
Directorate S (Illegals)
Directorate T (Science and Technology)
Directorate of Intelligence Information (Analysis and Assessment)
Directorate RT (FCD Operations within the U.S.S.R.)
Directorate OT (Operational Technical Support)
Directorate I (Computer Services)
Service A (Active Measures)
Service R (Radio Communications)
Service A of the 8th Chief Directorate at the FCD (Code Section)

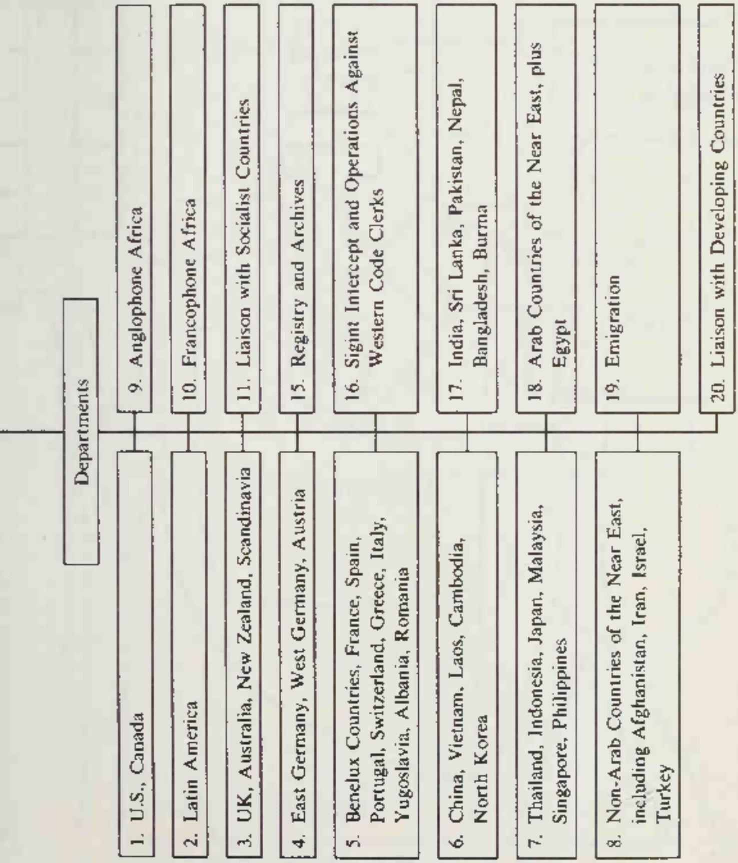
Departments
1. U.S., Canada
2. Latin America
3. UK, Australia, New Zealand, Scandinavia
4. East Germany, West Germany, Austria
5. Benelux Countries, France, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Greece, Italy, Yugoslavia, Albania, Romania
6. China, Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, North Korea
7. Thailand, Indonesia, Japan, Malaysia, Singapore, Philippines
8. Non-Arab Countries of the Near East, including Afghanistan, Iran, Israel, Turkey
9. Anglophone Africa
10. Francophone Africa
11. Liaison with Socialist Countries
15. Registry and Archives
16. Sigint Intercept and Operations Against Western Code Clerks
17. India, Sri Lanka, Pakistan, Nepal, Bangladesh, Burma
18. Arab Countries of the Near East, plus Egypt
19. Emigration
20. Liaison with Developing Countries

Source: Desmond Ball and Robert Windren, "Soviet Signals Intelligence (Sigint): Organisation and Management," *Intelligence and National Security,* vol. iv (1989), no. 4, and Gordievsky.

KGB FIRST CHIEF DIRECTORATE (FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE) HEADQUARTERS, YASENEVO

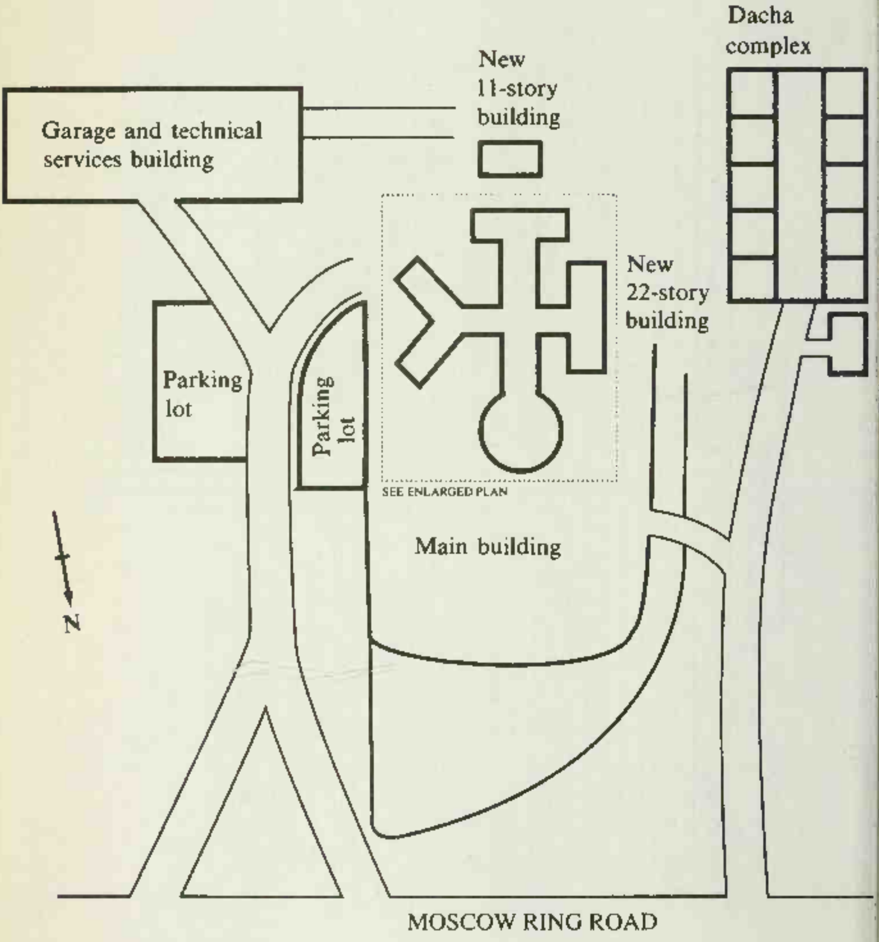
Dacha complex
New 11-story building
Garage and technical services building
New 22-story building
Parking lot
Parking lot
SEE ENLARGED PLAN
Main building
N
MOSCOW RING ROAD

KGB FIRST CHIEF DIRECTORATE (FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE) HEADQUARTERS, YASENEVO—MAIN BUILDING

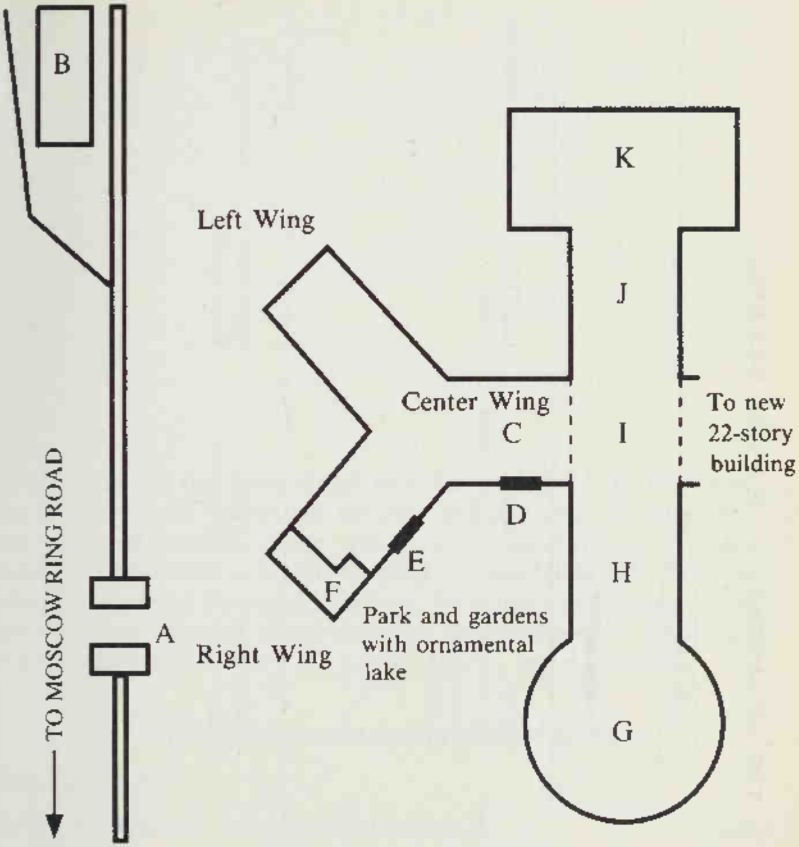
B
K
Left Wing
J
Center Wing
C
I
To new 22-story building
D
E
H
F
A
Park and gardens with ornamental lake
Right Wing
G
TO MOSCOW RING ROAD

KEY

A Entrance gate
B Technical services building
C Main building
D Main entrance
E Entrance for the "leadership"
F 2nd-floor offices occupied by the "leadership"
G Assembly hall
H General library
I 1st-floor canteen
J Polyclinic
K Sports complex with swimming pool

THE ORGANIZATION OF A KGB RESIDENCY

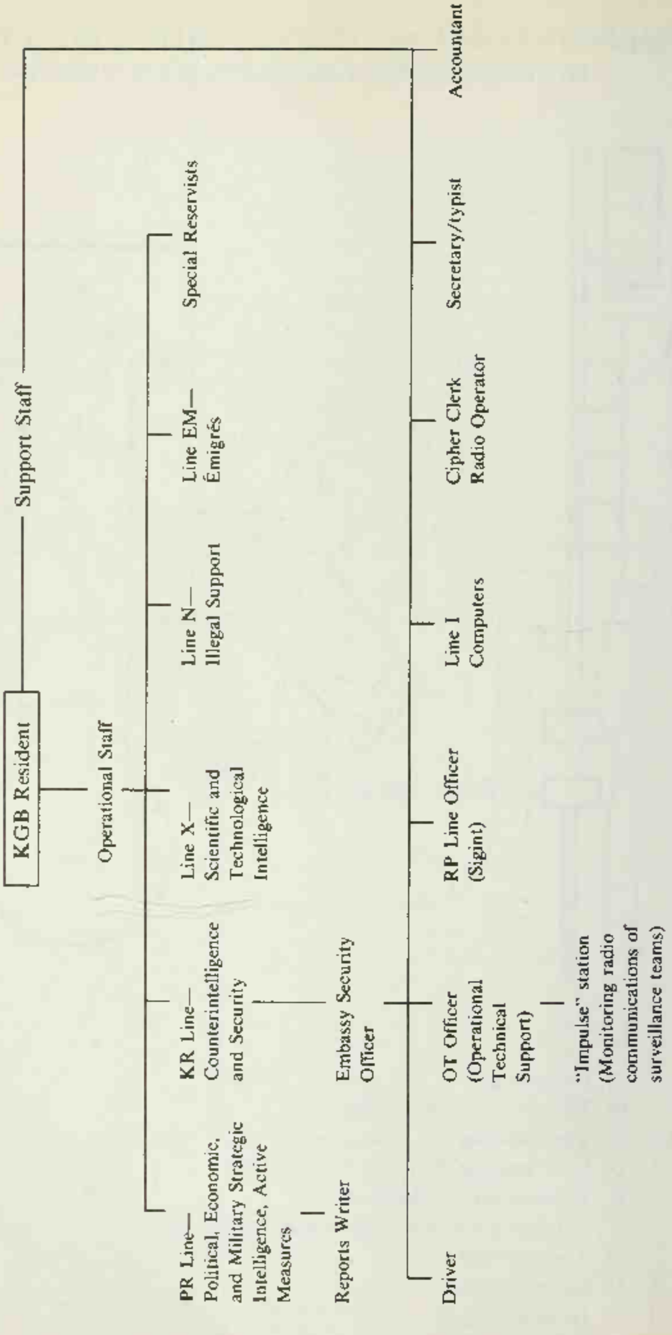
KGB Resident
Operational Staff
Support Staff
PR Line— Political, Economic, and Military Strategic Intelligence, Active Measures
Reports Writer
KR Line— Counterintelligence and Security
Embassy Security Officer
Line X— Scientific and Technological Intelligence
Line N— Illegal Support
Line EM— Émigrés
Special Reservists
Driver
OT Officer (Operational Technical Support)
"Impulse" station (Monitoring radio communications of surveillance teams)
RP Line Officer (Sigint)
Line I Computers
Cipher Clerk Radio Operator
Secretary/typist
Accountant

Appendix D

KGB Residents in the United States and Abroad

Most of the lists that follow derive from detailed research by Gordievsky on KGB battle order carried out between 1974 and 1985. In some cases his knowledge of individual career patterns, combined with study of diplomatic lists, has enabled him to identify residents appointed since 1985. For example, Ivan Semyonovich Gromakov, posted to Washington in 1987, is too senior a figure to have occupied a lesser post than resident. *Asterisks* indicate gaps in Gordievsky's knowledge.

KGB Residents in the United States

Washington, DC

Vasili Mikhailovich Zarubin (*alias* Zubilin)	1942–44
Grigori Grigorievich Dolbin	1946–48
Georgi Aleksandrovich Sokolov	1948–49
Aleksandr Semyonovich Panyushkin (also Soviet ambassador)	1949–50
Nikolai Alekseevich Vladykin	1950–54
	***
Aleksandr Semyonovich Feklisov (*alias* Fomin)	1960–64

Pavel Pavlovich Lukyanov	1964–65
Boris Aleksandrovich Solomatin	1966–68
Mikhail Korneevich Polonik	1968–75
Dmitri Ivanovich Yakushkin	1975–82
Stanislav Andreevich Androsov	1982–86
Ivan Semyonovich Gromakov	1987–

New York

Gaik Badalovich Ovakimyan	1933–41
Ivan Dmitrievich Borisov	1946–48 and 1949–50

***

Boris Semyonovich Ivanov	1962–64
Nikolai Panteleymonovich Kulebyakin	1966–68
Vikenti Pavlovich Sobolev	1969–71
Boris Aleksandrovich Solomatin	1971–75
Yuri Ivanovich Drozdov	1975–79
Vladimir Mikhailovich Kazakov	1979–85
Yuri Anatolyevich Antipov (acting resident)	1986–87

San Francisco

Vladimir Petrovich Pronin	1973–77
Gennadi Ivanovich Vasilyev	1977–83
Lev Nikolayevich Zaitsev	1983–86

KGB Residents in London

Aron Vaclavovich Shuster	?1934–38
Ivan Andreevich Chichayev	1941–43
Konstantin Mikhailovich Kukin	1943–47
Nikolai Borisovich Rodin (*alias* Korovin)	1947–52
Georgi Mikhailovich Zhivotovsky (acting resident)	1952–53

Sergei Leonidovich Tikhvinsky	1953–55
Yuri Ivanovich Modin (acting resident)	1955–56
Nikolai Borisovich Rodin (*alias* Korovin)	1956–61
Nikolai Borisovich Litvinov (acting resident)	1961–62
Nikolai Grigoryevich Bagrichev	1962–64
Mikhail Timofeevich Chizhov	1964–66
Mikhail Ivanovich Lopatin (acting resident)	1966–67
Yuri Nikolayevich Voronin	1967–71
Leonid Alekseevich Rogov (acting resident)	1971
Yevgeni Ivanovich Lazebny (*alias* Dontsov)	1971–72
Yakov Konstantinovich Lukasevics (*alias* Bukashev)	1972–80
Arkadi Vasilyevich Guk	1980–84
Leonid Yefremovich Nikitenko (acting resident)	1984–85
Oleg Antonovich Gordievsky (resident-designate)	1985

KGB Residents in Dublin

Mikhail Konstantinovich Shadrin	1974–78
Gennadi Aleksandrovich Salin	1980–83
Mikhail Sergeevich Smirnov (acting resident)	1983–85
Vladimir Vasilyevich Minderov	1985–

KGB Residents in Paris

Ivan Ivanovich Agayants (*alias* Avalov)	1947–49
Aleksei Alekseevich Krokhin	1950–54
Mikhail Stepanovich Tsymbal (*alias* Rogov)	1954–59
Anatoli Ivanovich Lazarev	1959–66
Aleksei Alekseevich Krokhin	1966–71
Ivan Petrovich Kislyak	1972–77

Nikolai Nikolayevich Chetverikov	1977–83
After Chetverikov's expulsion in 1983, with forty-six other KGB and GRU officers, the residency had for a period only an acting head.	
Anatoli Viktorovich Khramtsov	1986–

KGB Residents in Bonn

Yuri Nikolayevich Granov	1964–66
Yuri Nikandrovich Vorontsov	1966–69
Ivan Ivanovich Zaitsev	1969–72
	***
Yuri Stepanovich Yakovlev (possibly resident)	1977–80
Yevgeni Izotovich Shishkin	1981–89

KGB Residents in Rome

Gurgen Semyonovich Agayan	1966–71
Gennadi Fyodorovich Borzov	1971–76
Boris Aleksandrovich Solomatin	1976–82
Georgi Aleksandrovich Orlov	1982–86
Valentin Antonovich Akimov	1987–

KGB Residents in Copenhagen

Pavel Kuzmich Revizorov	1953–56
Yuri Vladimirovich Bakey	1957–59
Boris Grigorievich Zhuravlyov	1959–64
Leonid Sergeevich Zaitsev	1964–69
Anatoli Aleksandrovich Danilov	1969–73
Alfred Fyodorovich Mogilevtchik	1973–76
Mikhail Petrovich Lyubimov	1976–80
Nikolai Petrovich Gribin	1980–84
Nikolai Aleksandrovich Shatskikh	1984–

KGB Residents in Oslo

Aleksandr S. Alyokhin	1948–52
Ivan Aleksandrovich Teterin	1954–57
Bogdan Andreevich Dubensky	1957–62
Aleksandr Nikolayevich Startsev	1962–66
Leonid Ilyich Lepyoshkin	1966–71
Viktor Fyodorovich Grushko	1971–72
Gennadi Fyodorovich Titov	1972–77
Leonid Alekseevich Makarov	1977–81
Gennadi Yakovlevich Sevryugin	1981–87
Lev Sergeevich Koshlyakov	1987–

KGB Residents in Stockholm

Ivan Dmitrievich Borisov	1957–60
Nikolai Viktorovich Statskevich	1961–64
Kapiton Ivanovich Parfyonov	1964–69
Yevgeni Ivanovich Gergel (acting resident)	1969–70
Dmitri Andreevich Svetanko (acting resident)	1970–71
Nikolai Viktorovich Statskevich	1971–75
Lev Nikolayevich Shapkin	1975–78
Vladimir Petrovich Koretsky	1978–82
Nikolai Sergeevich Seliverstov	1982–87
Igor Leonidovich Nikiforov	1987–

KGB Residents in Canada

Sergei Leontyevich Rudchenko	1951–53
Vasili Nikolayevich Shitarev	1953–56
Pyotr Pavlovich Borisov	1961–64
Konstantin Kirillovich Drobnitsa	1964–68

Illen Nikolayevich Petrovsky	1969–73
Nikolai Mikhailovich Talanov	1973–78
Vladimir Ivanovich Mechulayev	1978–82
Aleksandr Alekseevich Metelkin	1982–84
Sergei Aleksandrovich Labur	1984–89
Leonid Y. Ponomarenko (?)	1989–

KGB Residents in Australia

Semyon Ivanovich Makarov	1943–49
Valentin Matveevich Mikhailov (*alias* Sadovnikov)	1949–51
Ivan Mikhailovich Pakhomov (acting resident)	1951–52
Vladimir Mikhailovich Petrov (temporary resident)	1952–54
	***
Vladimir Aleksandrovich Alekseev (possibly resident)	1967–70
Vladimir Yevgenyevich Tulayev	1970–74
Geronti Pavlovich Lazovik	1974–77
Lev Sergeevich Koshlyakov	1977–84
Yuri Pavlovich Yartsev	1985–89

KGB Residents in New Zealand

Vasili Petrovich Urenev	1946–52
Georgi Mikhailovich Sokolov	1953–56
Yevgeni Ivanovich Gergel	1956–61
Vladislav Sergeevich Andreev	1961–62
Vladimir Borisovich Koshelev	1962–65
Gennadi Yevlampievich Shlyapnikov	1965–68
Yuri Timofeevich Drozhin	1968–74
Dmitri Aleksandrovich Razgovorov	1974

Yuri Nikolayevich Obukhov	1974–77
Nikolai Aleksandrovich Shatskikh	1977–82
Sergei Sergeevich Budnik	1982–87

KGB Residents in India

Pavel Dmitrievich Yerzin	1947–52
	***
Radomir Georgievich Bogdanov	1957–67
Dmitri Aleksandrovich Yerokhin	1967–70
Yakov Prokofyevich Medyanik	1970–75
Leonid Vladimirovich Shebarshin	1975–77
Gennadi Afanasyevich Vaulin	1977–81
Aleksandr Iosifovich Lysenko	1981–87?
Feliks Ivanovich Tumakhovich	1988–

KGB Residents in Japan

Grigori Grigorievich Dolbin	1942–45
Grigori Pavlovich Kasparov	1949–52
Aleksandr Fyodorovich Nosenko	1954–?
Anatoli Anatolievich Rozanov	1957–60
Pyotr Andreevich Vygonny (possibly resident)	1960–63
Georgi Petrovich Pokrovsky (possibly resident)	1964–69
Yuri Ivanovich Popov	1969–73
Dmitri Aleksandrovich Yerokhin	1973–75
Oleg Aleksandrovich Guryanov	1976–79
Anatoli Nikolayevich Babkin (possibly resident)	1980–83
Aleksandr Aleksandrovich Shaposhnikov	1983–85
	***
Nikolai Nikolayevich Borisov	1988–

Notes

Abbreviations Used in the Notes

AAC	Australian Archives, Canberra
FBI	Freedom of Information Act Archive, Federal Bureau of Investigation, Washington, DC
NAW	National Archives, Washington, DC
PRO	Public Record Office, Kew, Surrey
SWB	BBC, *Summary of World Broadcasts*

Introduction

1. Christopher Andrew, *Secret Service: The Making of the British Intelligence Community* (London: Heinemann, 1985), 1st ed., p. 499; *Her Majesty's Secret Service: The Making of the British Intelligence Community* (New York: Viking, 1986), 1st ed., p. 499. In 1990 KGB Major-General Oleg Danilovich Kalygin, a former head of FCD Directorate K (counterintelligence), publicly revealed for the first time, to the wrath of the KGB leadership, that defection and penetration had become a more serious problem for the KGB than for the CIA. Interview in *Moscow News*, 1990, no. 25.

2. Interview with Philby by Phillip Knightley in *Sunday Times*, section C, 20 March and 10 April 1988. Christopher Andrew, "More Unreliable Memoirs From 'General' Philby," *Daily Telegraph*, 15 April 1988.

3. Kim Philby, *My Silent War* (London: Panther Books, 1969), p. 17.

4. It is fair to add that the two best-known literary mole hunters of the 1980s, Chapman Pincher and Nigel West, though mistakenly concentrating their fire on,

respectively, Sir Roger Hollis and his deputy, Graham Mitchell, also unmasked a number of genuine Soviet agents. The first chapter of our forthcoming book, *The Magnificent Five,* will explore some of the false trails that confused the mole hunt. In the early 1980s Andrew also followed one false trail. Having discovered that the German *Fünfergruppen* that inspired Guy Burgess to form a Cambridge "ring of five" in 1933–34 did not always have five members, and that Cambridge provided more than five recruits to the KGB, he began to doubt whether the term "Fifth Man" had much significance. His doubts were strengthened by skepticism about accounts of the defection of Burgess and Maclean in 1951 that mistakenly posited the involvement of a Fifth Man. Not until Andrew met Gordievsky did he learn that by the Second World War the KGB had christened its five ablest Cambridge recruits the Five (later the Magnificent Five), and that there was indeed a Fifth Man whose exploits ranked in importance with those of the other four, though he played no part in the flight of Burgess and Maclean.

5. Hollis was, in reality, a staunch anti-Communist who, even in the middle of World War II, was issuing urgent warnings that Stalin could not be trusted and predicting that "Once Russia is safe and out of the battle, our Communists will seize every chance to make trouble, as they did in the past." See Sheila Kerr, "Roger Hollis and the Dangers of the Anglo-Soviet Treaty of 1942," *Intelligence and National Security,* vol. V (1990), no. 3.

Chapter 1. Tsarist Origins (1565–1917)

1. N. V. Riasanovsky, *A History of Russia,* 4th ed. (Oxford University Press, 1984), pp. 148–55. Ronald Hingley, *The Russian Secret Police* (London: Hutchinson, 1970), pp. 1–4.

2. Richard Pipes, *Russia under the Old Regime* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1974), pp. 129–30.

3. Unless otherwise indicated, our account of the Third Section is based on Sidney Monas, *The Third Section* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1961) and P. S. Squire, *The Third Department* (Cambridge University Press, 1968).

4. Alexander Herzen, *My Past and Thoughts,* trans. Constance Garnett (London: Chatto & Windus, 1968), vol. II, pp. 441–42.

5. Pipes, *Russia,* pp. 294–95.

6. Ibid., pp. 297ff. Hingley, *Secret Police,* ch. 3.

7. Pipes, *Russia,* ch. 11. Hingley, *Secret Police,* ch. 4.

8. Hingley, *Secret Police,* pp. 92–93.

9. A. T. Vasilyev, *The Ochrana* (London: Harrap, 1930), ch. 6.

10. Hans Rogger, *Russia in the Age of Modernisation and Revolution 1881–1917* (London: Longman, 1983), pp. 199–206. Hingley, *Secret Police,* pp. 92–94.

11. Gordievsky.

12. Gordievsky.

13. Hingley, *Secret Police,* p. 79.

14. Richard J. Johnson, "Zagranichnaya Agentura: The Tsarist Political Police in Europe," *Journal of Contemporary History,* 1972, nos. 1–2.

15. "La police russe en France," 29 June 1914, Archives Nationales, Paris, F 7 14,605.

16. Norman Cohn, *Warrant for Genocide* (London: Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1967), pp. 78–79. Hingley, *Secret Police,* pp. 80–81.

17. Johnson, "Zagranichnaya Agentura."

18. "La police russe en France," 29 June 1914.

19. "Les polices étrangères en France," 19 June 1914, Archives Nationales, Paris, F 7 14,605.

20. Johnson, "Zagranichnaya Agentura."

21. "La police russe en France," 29 June 1914.

22. Cohn, *Warrant for Genocide,* p. 79. Hingley, *Secret Police,* p. 80.

23. "La police russe en France," 29 June 1914.

24. Cohn, *Warrant for Genocide,* pp. 76–86, 113.

25. Christopher Andrew, *Théophile Delcassé and the Making of the Entente Cordiale* (London: Macmillan, 1968), pp. 130–31, 239, 241.

26. Christopher Andrew, *Secret Service: The Making of the British Intelligence Community* (London: Heinemann, 1985), pp. 3, 85ff.

27. Vasilyev, *Ochrana,* ch. 5.

28. Hingley, *Secret Police,* p. 114.

29. David Kahn, *The Codebreakers* (New York: Macmillan, 1967), pp. 614–21.

30. Christopher Andrew, "Déchiffrement et diplomatie: le cabinet noir du Quai d'Orsay sous la Troisième République," *Relations Internationales,* 1976, no. 5.

31. Kahn, *Codebreakers,* p. 621.

32. Minute by Hardinge on Spring Rice to Grey, 28 Feb. 1906, secret despatch no. 151, PRO FO 371/123/7670.

33. Hardinge to Sanderson, 3 June 1904, private, Lansdowne Papers, PRO FO 800/115.

34. Hardinge's discovery was recalled in Spring Rice to Grey, 12 April 1906, secret despatch no. 263, PRO FO 371/123/12817. The founder of the secret department is identified only as "a man who had served as chief of the Russian police at Paris." Only Rachkovsky fits that description. His successor as head of the Foreign Agency, Ratayev, remained in Paris until 1905.

35. Spring Rice to Grey, 28 Feb. 1906, secret despatch no. 151, PRO FO 371/123/7670. Spring Rice to Grey, 12 April 1906, secret despatch no. 263, PRO FO 371/123/12817.

36. See, for example, the numerous intercepts in the four series of Russian documents in German translation edited by Otto Hoetsch, *Die Internationalen Beziehungen im Zeitalter des Imperialismus* (Berlin, 1933–42). There is still no study of the influence of sigint on Tsarist foreign policy. Two otherwise excellent recent studies of Tsarist foreign policy by William C. Fuller, Jr. ("The Russian Empire," see n. 42) and D. C. B. Lieven (*Russia and the Origins of the First World War* [London: Macmillan, 1983]) do not even mention sigint.

37. Lamsdorff to Osten Sacken, no. 27, 10 Jan. 1902, quoting extracts from German decrypts. Archives du Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, Paris, Nelidov Papers.

38. David Kahn, "Codebreaking in World War I and II: The Major Successes and Failures, Their Causes and Their Effects," in Christopher Andrew and David N. Dilks (eds.), *The Missing Dimension: Governments and Intelligence Communities in the Twentieth Century* (London: Macmillan, 1984), pp. 138–39. Though prewar Britain had no sigint, the Indian Raj had a small agency for its own purposes.

39. Andrew, "Déchiffrement et diplomatie," p. 51ff.

40. The latest German intercept published in Hoetsch, *Die Internationalen Beziehungen,* is for 1912.

41. Andrew, "Déchiffrement et diplomatie," p. 53. Both France and Russia were, however, able to decrypt German diplomatic traffic during the war.

42. William C. Fuller, Jr., "The Russian Empire," in Ernest R. May (ed.), *Knowing One's Enemies* (Princeton University Press, 1984).

43. Ian Armour, "Colonel Redl: Fact and Fantasy," *Intelligence and National Security,* vol. II (1987), no. 1.

44. Kahn, *Codebreakers,* pp. 622–28.

45. Christopher Andrew, "France and the German Menace," in May (ed.), *Knowing One's Enemies,* p. 133.

46. A. G. Raffalovitch, *L'abominable vénalité de la presse* (Paris, 1921). René

Girault, *Emprunts russes et investissements français en Russie 1887–1914* (Paris, 1973). Andrew, *Delcassé,* pp. 245–46.

47. According to Oleg Kalygin, head of FCD Directorate K (counterintelligence) for most of the 1970s and deputy head of the Leningrad KGB from 1980 to 1987, the KGB within the Soviet Union "is still using the instructions on how to handle agents that were written by the Tsarist police department." Interview in *Komsomolskaya Pravda,* 20 June 1990.

48. Robert Chadwell Williams, *The Other Bolsheviks* (Bloomington and Indianapolis: Indiana University Press, 1986), pp. 120–21, 154–55.

49. Stefan T. Possony, *Lenin: The Compulsive Revolutionary,* rev. Brit. ed. (London: Allen & Unwin, 1966), p. 142.

50. Bertram D. Wolfe, *Three Who Made a Revolution* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1966), pp. 535–36.

51. Our analysis of Malinovsky's career is based on R. C. Elwood, *Roman Malinovsky: A Life Without a Cause* (Newtonville, Mass.: Oriental Research Partners, 1977) and Wolfe, *Three Who Made a Revolution,* ch. 31.

52. Tsuyoshi Hasegawa, *The February Revolution: Petrograd, 1917* (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1981), p. 201.

53. Ibid., p. 201.

54. Vasilyev, *Ochrana,* pp. 229, 249–50.

Chapter 2. The Cheka, Counterrevolution, and the "Lockhart Conspiracy" (1917–21)

1. See illustration in first section of photographs. Some other KGB emblems continue to show both shield and sword.

2. Gordievsky.

3. E. H. Carr, *The Bolshevik Revolution 1917–1923* (London: Macmillan, 1953), vol. III, ch. 21.

4. V. I. Lenin, *The State and Revolution* (London: Allen & Unwin, 1919), ch. 5, pts. 2 and 3.

5. George Leggett, *The Cheka: Lenin's Political Police* (Oxford University Press, 1981), ch. 1.

6. V. Andrianov, "Knight of the Revolution," *Pravda,* 10 Sept. 1987.

7. Leggett, *Cheka,* pp. 22ff.

8. "Dzerzhinsky on Himself" and extracts from his correspondence in *20 Let VChK-OGPU-NKVD* (Moscow: OGIZ, 1938), pp. 20–23. Andrianov, "Knight of the Revolution."

9. Leggett, *Cheka,* pp. 26–27.

10. Ibid., pp. 250ff.

11. Fyodor Timofeevich Fomin, *Zapiski Starogo Chekista,* 2nd ed. (Moscow: Politizdat, 1964).

12. Speech of 2 July 1926, *20 Let VChK-OGPU-NKVD,* p. 24.

13. *Pravda,* 11 Sept. 1987.

14. Interview by Christopher Andrew with the KGB defector Pyotr Deryabin, 25 Nov. 1987.

15. "Terror to Our Enemies, Glory to Our Fatherland," *20 Let VChK-OGPU-NKVD.*

16. See below, p. 342.

17. Gordievsky.

18. Extract from Sovnarkom minutes, 20 Dec. 1917, in *20 Let VChK-OGPU-NKVD.*

19. C. K. Tsvigun et al. (eds.), *V. I. Lenin i VChK: Sbornik documentov (1917–1922 gg)* (Moscow: Izdatelstvo Politicheskoi Literatury, 1975), especially no. 52.

20. Leggett, *Cheka,* pp. 54–55.

21. Ibid., p. 114.

22. Yakov Khristoforovich Peters, "Vospominaniya o rabote v VChK v pervyi god revolutsii," in *Proletarskaya Revoliutsia,* 1924, no. 10 (33).

23. Leggett, *Cheka,* ch. 123, p. 255.

24. Ibid., pp. 34, 219–20.

25. Peters, "Vospominaniya."

26. Leggett, *Cheka,* pp. 280–81.

27. Sergei Zakharovich Ostryakov, *Voyennye Chekisty* (Moscow: Voyenizdat, 1979), ch. 1.

28. Evan Mawdsley, *The Russian Civil War* (London: Allen & Unwin, 1987).

29. Ibid., p. 53. Leggett, *Cheka,* p. 102.

30. Tsvigun et al. (eds.), *Lenin i VChK,* no. 48.

31. Ostryakov, *Voyennye Chekisty,* ch. 1.

32. Speech by Lenin, 23 December 1921. Tsvigun et al. (eds.), *Lenin i VChK,* pp. 543–44.

33. Leggett, *Cheka,* pp. 73, 293.

34. Ibid., ch. 4.

35. Ibid. John J. Dziak, *Chekisty* (Lexington, Mass.: Lexington Books, 1987), p. 13.

36. Tsvigun et al. (eds.), *Lenin i VChK,* no. 198.

37. Christopher Andrew, *Secret Service: The Making of the British Intelligence Community* (London: Heinemann, 1985), pp. 212–13.

38. Ibid., chs. 2, 4, and 6.

39. Ibid., pp. 83–84.

40. "Richard Deacon," *A History of the British Secret Service* (London: Frederick Muller, 1969), pp. 139–42, 175.

41. Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 83–84, 214. Robert Bruce Lockhart, *Memoirs of a British Agent,* 2nd ed. (London/New York: Putnam, 1934), pp. 276–77.

42. Ostryakov, *Voyennye Chekisty,* Introduction and ch. 1. Another Soviet historian finds it "scarcely credible" that Reilly "was born in Odessa with the name of Rosenblum." Fyodor Volkov, *Secrets from Whitehall and Downing Street* (Moscow: Progress Publishers, 1986), p. 33.

43. Gordievsky.

44. Lockhart, *British Agent,* p. 323.

45. Kim Philby, *My Silent War* (London: Panther Books, 1969), p. 30.

46. G. A. Hill, *Go Spy the Land* (London: Cassell, 1932), quotation from p. 193.

47. G. A. Hill, Secret 29-page Report on Work Done in Russia, 26 November 1918, PRO FO 371/3350.

48. Leggett, *Cheka,* p. 419, n. 104.

49. Philby, *My Silent War,* p. 30.

50. Hill, *Go Spy the Land,* pp. 196–97.

51. Richard K. Debo, "Lockhart Plot or Dzerzhinskii Plot?," *Journal of Modern History,* vol. XLIII (1971), pp. 428–31. S. G. Reilly, *The Adventures of Sydney Reilly, Britain's Master Spy* (London: E. Mathews & Marrot, 1931), p. 21.

52. Richard H. Ullman, *Anglo–Soviet Relations 1917–1921* (Princeton University Press, 1961–72), vol. I, ch. 8.

53. Ibid., pp. 285–86.

54. Lockhart, *British Agent,* pp. 314–15, misdates the meeting and wrongly suggests that Berzin rather than Sprogis was present (see Debo, "Lockhart Plot or Dzerzhinskii Plot?," p. 434). Hill records Reilly's first meeting with Lockhart and the

Lettish agents provocateurs in Moscow as occurring "in the second week of August," almost certainly immediately following Berzin's and Sprogis's first encounter with Lockhart, "Report on Work Done in Russia," fols. 32–33, PRO FO 371/3350.

55. Debo, "Lockhart Plot or Dzerzhinskii Plot?," pp. 432–36. Lockhart, *British Agent,* p. 314.

56. Hill, "Report on Work Done in Russia," fols. 37–38, PRO FO 371/3350. Hill and Reilly of course believed that the safe house was provided by the Letts.

57. Leggett, *Cheka,* p. 281.

58. Ibid., p. 282.

59. Hill, "Report on Work Done in Russia," fols. 38–39, PRO FO 371/3350.

60. Leggett, *Cheka,* ch. 6.

61. Ostryakov, *Voyennye Chekisty,* ch. 1.

62. Lockhart, *British Agent,* pp. 317–19.

63. Peters, "Vospominaniya."

64. Lockhart, *British Agent,* pp. 319–20.

65. Ibid., p. 320.

66. Account given by Reilly to Hill, "Report on Work Done in Russia," fol. 41, PRO FO 371/3350.

67. *The Times,* 24 October 1918. Richard K. Debo, *Revolution and Survival: The Foreign Policy of Soviet Russia 1917–18* (Liverpool University Press, 1979), p. 361.

68. Hill, "Report on Work Done in Russia," fol. 39, PRO FO 371/3350.

69. *Izvestia,* 3 September 1918. Jane Degras (ed.), *Documents on Soviet Foreign Policy* (London: Oxford University Press, 1951), vol. I, pp. 98–99.

70. Lockhart, *British Agent,* pp. 324–26.

71. Leggett, *Cheka,* p. 283.

72. Hill, "Report on Work Done in Russia," fol. 38, PRO FO 371/3350.

73. Lockhart, *British Agent,* p. 322. Hill, *Go Spy The Land,* p. 238.

74. Hill, "Report on Work Done in Russia," fol. 42, PRO FO 371/3350.

75. Lockhart, *British Agent,* ch. 10.

76. Peters, "Vospominaniya."

77. Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 218–19. Leggett, *Cheka* p. 283.

78. Ostryakov, *Voyennye Chekisty,* ch. 1.

79. See below, pp. 93ff.

80. Tsvigun et al. (eds.), *Lenin i VChK,* nos. 286, 295.

81. Ostryakov, *Voyennye Chekisty,* ch. 1.

82. Leggett, *Cheka,* p. 349.

83. Ibid., Appendix C.

84. Tsvigun et al. (eds.), *Lenin i VChK,* p. 545.

85. Leggett, *Cheka,* ch. 15. Amy W. Knight, *The KGB: Police and Politics in the Soviet Union* (London: Unwin Hyman, 1988), pp. 14–15.

Chapter 3. Foreign Intelligence and "Active Measures" in the Dzerzhinsky Era (1919–27)

1. W. T. Angress, "The Takeover that Remained in Limbo: The German Experience 1918–1923," in Thomas Hammond (ed.), *The Anatomy of Communist Takeovers* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1975), p. 162.

2. J. P. Nettl, *Rosa Luxemburg,* 2 vols. (London: Oxford University Press, 1966).

3. Branko Lazitch and Milorad M. Drachkovitch, *Lenin and the Comintern,* vol. I (Stanford: Hoover Institution Press, 1972), pp. 214–15. Aino Kuusinen, *Before and After Stalin* (London: Michael Joseph 1974), pp. 35–36

4. E. H. Carr, *The Bolshevik Revolution 1917–1923,* vol. III (London: Macmillan, 1953), pp. 128ff.

5. Lazitch and Drachkovitch, *Lenin and the Comintern,* vol. I, pp. 167–93.

6. Dan N. Jacobs, *Borodin* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1981), p. 75.

7. Christopher Andrew, *Secret Service: The Making of the British Intelligence Community* (London: Heinemann, 1985), p. 244.

8. Lazitch and Drachkovitch, *Lenin and the Comintern,* vol. I, pp. 182–98.

9. Jane Degras (ed.), *The Communist International 1919–1942. Documents,* vol. I (London: Oxford University Press, 1956), pp. 166–72.

10. Geoffrey Hosking, *A History of the Soviet Union* (London: Fontana, 1985), p. 101.

11. Henry M. Pelling, *The British Communist Party,* 2nd ed. (London: A. & C. Black, 1975), pp. 11, 17–18, 29.

12. Lazitch and Drachkovitch, *Lenin and the Comintern,* vol. I, p. 141.

13. Branko Lazitch, "Two Instruments of Control by the Comintern: The Emissaries of the ECCI and the Party Representatives in Moscow," in Milorad M. Drachkovitch and Branko Lazitch (eds.), *The Comintern: Historical Highlights.* (New York: Praeger, 1966), p. 49.

14. Lazitch and Drachkovitch, *Lenin and the Comintern,* vol. I, pp. 158, 454.

15. Ibid., ch. 10.

16. Elizabeth Poretsky, *Our Own People* (London: Oxford University Press, 1969), p. 53n.

17. Kuusinen, *Before and After Stalin,* p. 20.

18. Francis Meynell, *My Lives* (London: Bodley Head, 1971), pp. 128–31.

19. Jacobs, *Borodin,* pp. 61–65, 81, 97.

20. Lazitch and Drachkovitch, *Lenin and the Comintern,* vol. I, ch. 11. Angress, "Takeover," pp. 176–82.

21. Paul Avrich, *Kronstadt 1921* (Princeton University Press, 1971).

22. S. K. Tsvigun et al. (eds.), *V. I. Lenin i VChK: Sbornik documentov (1917–1922 gg)* (Moscow: Izdatelstvo Politicheskoi Literatury, 1975), no. 390, pp. 440–42.

23. Richard H. Ullman, *Anglo–Soviet Relations, 1917–1921,* vol. III (Princeton University Press, 1972) gives the best account of these negotiations.

24. Ibid., p. 97.

25. George Leggett: *The Cheka: Lenin's Political Police* (Oxford University Press, 1981), pp. 298–99.

26. Tsvigun et al. (eds.), *Lenin i VChK,* no. 390.

27. Ullman, *Anglo–Soviet Relations,* vol. III, ch. 3.

28. Tsvigun et al. (eds.), *Lenin i VChK,* no. 390.

29. Hugh Brogan, *The Life of Arthur Ransome* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1984), pp. 223, 197.

30. Ibid., pp. 213, 253.

31. Ibid., pp. 218, 221.

32. On Ransome's contacts with Sir Basil Thomson, see ibid., pp. 234–35, 244.

33. See, e.g., Ransome's diary for 12 Oct., 3 Nov. 1922, 16 June 1923; Ransome Papers, Brotherton Library, University of Leeds.

34. The small number of addresses and telephone numbers recorded at the beginning of Ransome's 1924 diary included those of Klyshko in Moscow. Ibid.

35. Tsvigun et al. (eds.), *Lenin i VChK,* no. 390.

36. Brogan, *Ransome,* pp. 163–65.

37. Ransome subsequently claimed that "it was impossible to take Paul Dukes seriously enough to dislike him." Rupert Hart-Davis (ed.), *The Autobiography of Arthur Ransome* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1976), pp. 262–63.

38. Tsvigun et al. (eds.), *Lenin i VChK,* no. 390.

39. Ibid.

40. Ibid.

41. Hart-Davis (ed.), *Autobiography of Arthur Ransome,* pp. 309–11.

42. Ransome diary entries for 8–11 May 1923. His diary is entirely blank for the period from 15–21 May; Ransome Papers, Brotherton Library, University of Leeds.

43. Hart-Davis (ed.), *Autobiography of Arthur Ransome,* pp. 309–11. Ransome's diary for 23 May 1923 describes the encounter between Hodgson and Litvinov as a "decisive meeting"; Ransome papers, Brotherton Library, University of Leeds.

44. Hart-Davis (ed.), *Autobiography of Arthur Ransome,* p. 317. Later in 1924 Ransome told the *Manchester Guardian* that he had had enough of living in Eastern Europe and returned to England. Over the next few years he continued as a political correspondent, traveling to the Middle East and China, and paying one final visit to Moscow in 1928. Then, in 1929, he resigned from the *Guardian* and gave up journalism to live in the Lake District and concentrate on his increasingly successful career as a children's novelist.

45. Andrew, *Secret Service,* p. 261.

46. P. William Filby, "Bletchley Park and Berkeley Street," *Intelligence and National Security,* vol. III (1988), no. 2, p. 280.

47. W. F. Friedman, "Six Lectures on Cryptology," p. 18, NAW RG457 SRH-004.

48. Filby, "Bletchley Park and Berkeley Street," p. 280.

49. Ullman, *Anglo–Soviet Relations,* vol. III, passim. Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 266–74.

50. Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 273–96, 312, 315–17. Raskolnikov later perished in the Great Terror.

51. Leggett, *Cheka,* p. 299.

52. Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 306–07.

53. Georgi Agabekov, *OGPU* (New York: Brentano's, 1931), p. 271.

54. Leggett, *Cheka,* p. 458. Gary R. Waxmonsky, "Police and Politics in Soviet Society 1921–1928," unpublished Ph.D. thesis (Princeton University, 1982), pp. 373–74.

55. Gordievsky.

56. Agabekov, *OGPU,* pp. 12–13.

57. Kuusinen, *Before and After Stalin,* pp. 40ff. Poretsky, *Our Own People,* pp. 53ff. Walter Krivitsky, *I Was Stalin's Agent* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1939), pp. 79ff.

58. See below, pp. 190ff.

59. Babette Gross, *Willi Münzenberg: A Political Biography* (Ann Arbor: Michigan University Press, 1974), p. 217. Krivitsky, *Stalin's Agent,* pp. 79–80.

60. Gross, *Münzenberg,* p. 217.

61. Arthur Koestler, *The Invisible Writing,* Danube ed. (London: Hutchinson, 1969), p. 253.

62. Ibid. Gross, *Münzenberg,* p. 120.

63. R. N. Carew-Hunt, "Willi Muenzenberg," in David Footman (ed.), *International Communism,* St. Antony's Papers, no. 9 (London: Chatto & Windus, 1960), p. 87.

64. A police raid in 1931 on the Berlin headquarters of the League Against Imperialism, founded by Münzenberg in 1927, found documents dealing with an intelligence network in several countries. Ibid., p. 77.

65. Agabekov, *OGPU,* p. 272. Kuusinen, *Before and After Stalin,* p. 40. Leggett, *Cheka,* p. 458.

66. Branko Lazitch and Milorad M. Drachkovitch, *Biographical Dictionary of the Comintern,* rev. ed. (Stanford: Hoover Institution Press, 1986), entries for Pyatnitsky and Trilisser.

67. Kuusinen, *Before and After Stalin,* pp. 61–62.

68. Angress, "Takeover," p. 186.

69. Boris Bajanov, *Bajanov révèle Staline: souvenirs d'un ancien secrétaire de Staline* (Paris: Gallimard, 1979), pp. 62–64. Bajanov was Secretary of the Politburo in 1923.

70. Ibid., pp. 64–66. Some confirmation of Unshlikht's role in the "German October" is provided by his leading part in 1928, together with Pyatnitsky and others, in commissioning a manual on armed insurrection based on detailed studies of the risings in Hamburg in 1923, Reval in 1924, and China in 1926–7. A. Neuberg, *Armed Insurrection* (London: NLB, 1970), pp. 9, 11.

71. Kuusinen, *Before and After Stalin*, p. 62.

72. Ibid., pp. 63–66.

73. Angress, "Takeover," p. 190.

74. There was one further, smaller-scale attempt to launch a revolution at Reval, the capital of Estonia, on 1 December 1924. The initiative was taken by Zinoviev (later accused of trying to strengthen his position in the leadership struggle after Lenin's death by orchestrating a successful insurrection) who was misled by overoptimistic Estonian Communists in Moscow and Leningrad into believing that Estonian workers would follow the Communists' revolutionary lead. They did not do so and the rising was brutally crushed in a single day. Neuberg, *Armed Insurrection*, pp. 11–12. Kuusinen, *Before and After Stalin*, p. 66.

75. Leggett, *Cheka*, pp. 443–44.

76. Gordievsky.

77. Gordievsky.

78. Leggett, *Cheka*, p. 294.

79. Gordievsky.

80. Agabekov, *OGPU*, p. 45.

81. Gordievsky. On Birk's role in the Trust, see Natalie Grant, "Deception on a Grand Scale," *Journal of Intelligence and Counterintelligence*, vol. I (1986–88), no. 4, p. 87.

82. Hodgson to Curzon, 29 May 1922, PRO FO 371/8216 N5429.

83. Hodgson to Litvinov, 24 and 31 May 1924, PRO FO 371/10495 N4868/2140/38.

84. Hodgson to MacDonald, 26 May and 9 June 1924, ibid.

85. Hodgson to MacDonald, 22 Aug. 1924, cited in memorandum "Soviet Espionage on British Mission in Moscow," 7 Oct. 1924, ibid.

86. Agabekov, *OGPU*, p. 33. Agabekov was head of the section that dealt with Apresov's correspondence.

87. Strang, minute of 25 April 1927, on Lampson to Foreign Office, 22 April 1927, no. 756, PRO FO 371/12500 F3967. Lampson to Foreign Office, 28 April 1927, no. 796, PRO FO 371/12500 F4134.

88. Andrew, *Secret Service*, pp. 402–09.

89. "Instructions for the Enlistment of Secret Co-Workers in Foreign General Consulates (British, American, Japanese)," 4 April 1927, PRO FO 371/12501 F6532.

90. See, e.g., Agabekov, *OGPU*, p. 35.

91. Leggett, *Cheka*, pp. 232, 446.

92. Gordon Brook-Shepherd, *The Storm Petrels* (London: Collins, 1977), p. 104.

93. Andrew, *Secret Service*, p. 407.

94. See below, pp. 111–12.

95. Kuusinen, *Before and After Stalin*, p. 73.

96. Andrew, *Secret Service*, p. 302.

97. Kuusinen, *Before and After Stalin*, p. 74.

98. Ibid., pp. 76–77.

99. Andrew, *Secret Service*, p. 335. After a number of disagreements Roy was expelled from the Comintern in 1929.

100. Kuusinen, *Before and After Stalin*, pp. 71–72.

101. Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 309–10.

102. Ibid., pp. 311, 319.

103. Kuusinen, *Before and After Stalin,* p. 51.

104. Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 312–13.

105. Kuusinen, *Before and After Stalin,* pp. 51–52.

106. Ibid.

107. Gordievsky.

108. Leonard D. Gerson, *The Secret Police in Lenin's Russia* (Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 1976), pp. 234–35.

109. S. P. Melgounov, *The Red Terror in Russia* (London: Dent, 1925), p. 253.

110. Tsvigun et al. (eds.), *Lenin i VChK,* no. 437.

111. Gordievsky.

112. Leggett, *Cheka,* p. 295.

113. David Golinkov, *The Secret War Against Soviet Russia* (Moscow: Progress Publishers, 1981), pp. 90–91.

114. Andrew, *Secret Service,* p. 288. Robin Bruce Lockhart, *Ace of Spies: A Biography of Sidney Reilly* (London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1967), pp. 101–08.

115. Leggett, *Cheka,* p. 295.

116. Ibid., pp. 295–96.

117. Golinkov, *Secret War,* p. 91.

118. Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 290–91.

119. Winston S. Churchill, *Great Contemporaries* (London: Odhams, 1947), p. 101.

120. Golinkov, *Secret War,* pp. 91–93.

121. Ibid., p. 93.

122. Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 313–14. Michael Kettle, *Sidney Reilly: The True Story* (London: Corgi, 1983), ch. 7.

123. Golinkov, *Secret War,* pp. 93–96.

124. Grant, "Deception on a Grand Scale," pp. 51–59. Sergei Zacharovich Ostryakov, *Voyennye Chekisty* (Moscow: Voyenizdat, 1979), ch. 2, s. IV.

125. Grant, "Deception on a Grand Scale," p. 64n. "Trest," Melgunov MSS no. 103, gruppa 18, papka 10, London School of Economics. V. Sidorov, "Once again about The Trust: the role played by M. V. Zakharchenko-Schultz," *Golos Zarubezhya,* 1987, nos. 45–46.

126. Gordievsky.

127. Grant, "Deception on a Grand Scale," pp. 56–58. Ostryakov, *Voyennye Chekisty,* ch. 2, s IV.

128. Gordievsky.

129. Ostryakov, *Voyennye Chekisty,* ch. 2, s. IV.

130. Grant, "Deception on a Grand Scale," p. 53.

131. Andrew, *Secret Service,* p. 286.

132. Ibid.

133. Ibid., p. 314. Lockhart, *Ace of Spies,* pp. 131–35. Kettle, *Sidney Reilly,* pp. 131–36.

134. Andrew, *Secret Service,* p. 315. S. G. Reilly, *The Adventures of Sidney Reilly, Britain's Master Spy* (London: E. Mathews & Marrot, 1931), pp. 180–81.

135. Gordievsky.

136. Reilly, *Adventures of Sidney Reilly,* pp. 194–98 (with facsimile of Reilly's letter of 29 Sept. 1925).

137. Gordievsky. Cf. letters from "Commander E." (Ernest Boyce) to Pepita Reilly published in Reilly, *Adventures of Sidney Reilly,* pp. 189–94.

138. Golinkov, *Secret War,* pp. 96–101. Gordievsky.

139. Reilly, *Adventures of Sidney Reilly,* pp. 209–14.

140. Ibid., pp. 214–15.

141. Ibid., pp. 225–47.

142. Gordievsky.

143. Grant, "Deception on a Grand Scale," p. 70.

144. Reilly, *Adventures of Sidney Reilly,* pp. 253ff, contains a facsimile of Zakharchenko-Schultz's letter, written in French. The English translation published in the text contains some errors, including the transliteration of Artuzov.

145. Ibid., pp. 255–56.

146. Grant, "Deception on a Grand Scale," pp. 68–69, 72.

147. Unattributable interview.

148. Reilly, *Adventures of Sidney Reilly,* pp. 257–59.

149. *Pravda,* 6 July 1927.

150. Ostryakov, *Voyennye Chekisty,* ch. 2, s. IV.

Chapter 4. Stalin and Spy Mania (1926–38)

1. Fyodor Timofeevich Fomin, *Zapiski Starogo Chekista,* 2nd ed. (Moscow: Politizdat, 1964).

2. Robert M. Slusser, "Chekist Leaders from Dzerzhinsky to Yezhov: Variations on a Theme," paper to 88th Annual Meeting of American Historical Association: copy in Hoover Institution, Stanford, Calif.

3. Boris Souvarine, *Stalin: A Critical Survey of Bolshevism* (London: Secker & Warburg, 1939), p. 425.

4. Georgi Agabekov, *OGPU* (New York: Brentano's, 1931) p. 256. Fomin, *Zapiski Starogo Chekista,* pp. 128ff.

5. Fomin, *Zapiski Starogo Chekista,* pp. 128ff.

6. Leon Trotsky, *My Life* (Gloucester, Mass.: P. Smith, 1970), pp. 448–50.

7. Fomin, *Zapiski Starogo Chekista,* pp. 128ff. Agabekov, *OGPU,* p. 256. Slusser, "Chekist Leaders." Teodor Gladkov and Mikhail Smirnov, *Menzhinsky* (Moscow: Molodaya Gvardiya 1969).

8. Agabekov, *OGPU,* pp. 256–57. A. M. Larina, "The Unforgettable," *Znamya,* October 1988.

9. Alexander Orlov, *The Secret History of Stalin's Crimes* (London: Jarrolds, 1954), p. 311. Like many memoirs, Orlov's contain a mixture of relatively reliable firsthand observation and secondhand gossip of varying reliability. His description of Yagoda in the summer of 1936 is based on firsthand observation.

10. Stephen F. Cohen, *Bukharin and the Bolshevik Revolution 1888–1938* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1980), pp. 288, 448.

11. Larina, "The Unforgettable."

12. Gary R. Waxmonsky, "Police and Politics in Soviet Society, 1921–1928," unpublished Ph.D. thesis (Princeton University 1982), pp. 373–74.

13. Agabekov, *OGPU,* pp. 256–57. Orlov, *Secret History,* p. 260.

14. David J. Dallin, *Soviet Espionage* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1955), p. 40. Christopher Andrew, *Secret Service: The Making of the British Intelligence Community* (London: Heinemann, 1985) pp. 330–32.

15. PRO FO 371/12500 and 12501.

16. Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 331–33.

17. E. H. Carr, *Foundations of a Planned Economy* (London: Macmillan, 1978), vol. III, chs. 84, 85.

18. Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 321–33.

19. R. C. Tucker and S. F. Cohen (eds.), *The Great Purge Trial* (New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1965), p. 683.

20. Agabekov, *OGPU,* pp. 122–23.

21. Andrew, *Secret Service,* p. 332.

22. Article by Stalin of 23 July 1927 in Jane Degras (ed.), *Documents on Soviet Foreign Policy,* vol. II (London: Oxford University Press, 1952), pp. 233–35.

23. Ibid., pp. 236–37.

24. Orlov, *Secret History,* p. 311. Orlov claimed to be reporting a case of which he had direct knowledge.

25. Leonard Schapiro, *The Communist Party of the Soviet Union,* 2nd rev. ed. (London: Methuen, 1970), ch. 16.

26. Isaac Deutscher, *The Prophet Unarmed: Trotsky 1921–1928* (London: Oxford University Press, 1959), pp. 393–94.

27. Isaac Deutscher, *The Prophet Outcast: Trotsky 1929–1940* (London: Oxford University Press, 1963), pp. 1–3. Jean van Heijenoort, *With Trotsky in Exile* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1978), ch. 1, p. 154.

28. Kendall E. Bailes, *Technology and Society Under Lenin and Stalin* (Princeton University Press, 1978), pp. 73–77.

29. Eugene Lyons, *Assignment in Utopia* (London: Harrap, 1938), ch. 6.

30. Bailes, *Technology and Society,* pp. 87–88.

31. Gordievsky. Grigorenko's history is not to be confused with the classified history of the FCD completed in 1980.

32. Sergei Zakharovich Ostryakov, *Voyennye Chekisty* (Moscow: Voyenizdat, 1979), ch. 2.

33. Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 177–80.

34. Ibid., pp. 477–80.

35. Hiroaki Kuromiya, *Stalin's Industrial Revolution* (Cambridge University Press, 1988), pp. 14–17. Geoffrey Hosking, *A History of the Soviet Union* (London: Fontana, 1985), pp. 149–50.

36. Petro G. Grigorenko, *Memoirs,* trans. T. P. Whitney (London: Harvill Press, 1983), pp. 28, 98–99.

37. Kuromiya, *Stalin's Industrial Revolution,* pp. 110–115.

38. Amy W. Knight, *The KGB: Police and Politics in the Soviet Union* (London: Unwin Hyman, 1988), pp. 20–21. Martin McCauley, *The Soviet Union Since 1917* (London: Longman, 1981), pp. 72–74.

39. Report to the 16th Party Congress, 27 June 1930, in Degras (ed.), *Documents on Soviet Foreign Policy,* vol. II, pp. 444–45.

40. Jonathan Haslam, *Soviet Foreign Policy 1930–33* (London: Macmillan, 1983), ch. 4.

41. Reports to Central Executive Committee, 5 January 1931, and to 6th Soviet Congress, 6 March 1931, in Degras (ed.), *Documents on Soviet Foreign Policy,* vol. II, pp. 467, 473.

42. Lyons, *Assignment in Utopia,* pp. 357–58.

43. *Protsess "Prompartii," 25 noiabria–7 dekabria 1930 g. Stenogramma sudebnogo protsessa i materialov, priobshchennye k delu* (Moscow: People's Commissariat of Justice of the USSR, 1931).

44. Lyons, *Assignment in Utopia,* pp. 370–78.

45. Ostryakov, *Voyennye Chekisty,* ch. 2.

46. Roy Medvedev, *Let History Judge* (London: Macmillan, 1972), p. 127.

47. Kuromiya, *Stalin's Industrial Revolution,* pp. 171–72.

48. Lyons, *Assignment in Utopia,* p. 379.

49. Kuromiya, *Stalin's Industrial Revolution,* pp. 274–76.

50. Lyons, *Assignment in Utopia,* pp. 561–71. Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 355–56.

51. Robert Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow* (London: Hutchinson, 1986), pt. II. Lev Kopelev, *The Education of a True Believer* (London: Wildwood House, 1981). Alex de Jonge, *Stalin and the Shaping of the Soviet Union* (London: Collins, 1986), chs. 28, 29.

52. Isaac Deutscher, *Stalin: A Political Biography* (New York: Vintage Books, 1962), p. 325.

53. Conquest, *Harvest of Sorrow,* p. 233.

54. Ibid., pp. 242–43, 269.

55. Ibid., p. 240.

56. Ibid., pp. 232, 257, 327.

57. Ibid., ch. 17.

58. Boris Nicolaevsky, *Power and the Soviet Elite* (New York: Praeger, 1965), pp. 18–19.

59. Victor Sergei, *Memoirs of a Revolutionary, 1901–1941* (London: Oxford University Press, 1963) p. 259.

60. *Izvestia,* 1989, no. 6. *Ogonek,* 1989, no. 15.

61. J. Arch Getty, *Origins of the Great Purges* (Cambridge University Press, 1985), pp. 119–21. Getty seems to us to overstate the real extent of Trotsky's "clandestine organisation inside the USSR." See below, pp. 156ff.

62. See below, pp. 135–36.

63. Jonathan Haslam, "Political Opposition to Stalin and the Origins of the Terror in Russia, 1932–1936," *Historical Journal,* vol. XX (1986), p. 398. Hosking, *History of the Soviet Union,* pp. 184–85.

64. Haslam, "Political Opposition to Stalin," p. 402.

65. Ibid., pp. 402–07. De Jonge, *Stalin,* ch. 30.

66. Leonid Radzhishovsky, "December 1," *Moscow News,* 1988, no. 48.

67. Knight, *KGB,* pp. 24–26.

68. "Comrade Stalin's personal secretariat," the "Secret Department" and the "Special Sector" were originally three different organs within the central chancellery, but fused together in the early 1930s. Niels Erik Rosenfeldt, *Knowledge and Power: The Role of Stalin's Secret Chancellery in the Soviet System of Government* (Copenhagen: Rosenkilde & Bagge, 1978).

69. Aleksandr Orlov, *Handbook of Intelligence and Guerilla Warfare* (Ann Arbor, Mich.: University of Michigan Press, 1963), p. 187.

70. Rosenfeldt, *Knowledge and Power,* pp. 131–32.

71. Gordievsky. There was no support among those in the KGB with whom he discussed the case for the theory that Zaporozhets acted without the knowledge of Medved.

72. Extract from Khrushchev's memoirs published in *Ogonek,* 1989, no. 28. Medvedev, *Let History Judge,* pp. 159–61.

73. Bertram D. Wolfe (ed.), *Khrushchev and Stalin's Ghost: Text, Background and Meaning of Khrushchev's Secret Report to the Twentieth Congress on the Night of February 24–25, 1956* (London: Atlantic Press, 1957), p. 128.

74. Orlov, *Secret History,* p. 74.

75. Medvedev, *Let History Judge,* pp. 161–65.

76. Larina, "The Unforgettable."

77. Haslam, "Opposition to Stalin," p. 409.

78. Medvedev, *Let History Judge,* p. 166–67.

79. Deutscher, *Prophet Outcast,* pp. 326–29.

80. Though granted initially for one year, the powers were extended indefinitely in June 1937. Medvedev, *Let History Judge,* p. 393.

81. Haslam, "Opposition to Stalin," pp. 416–17.

82. *Report of Court Proceedings in the Case of the Trotskyite/Zinovievite Terrorist Centre* (Moscow: People's Commissariat of Justice of the USSR, 1936).

83. Haslam, "Opposition to Stalin," p. 418.

84. Orlov, *Secret History,* pp. 261–63. Orlov had firsthand experience of Yagoda's "amazing vanity" during the few months before his dismissal.

85. Wolfe (ed.), *Khrushchev and Stalin's Ghost,* p. 130.

86. Orlov, *Secret History,* ch. 12, pp. 260–62. Robert Conquest, *Inside Stalin's Secret Police: NKVD Politics 1936–1939* (London: Macmillan, 1985), pp. 22–23.

87. *Report of Court Proceedings in the Case of the Anti-Soviet Trotskyite Centre* (Moscow: People's Commissariat of Justice of the USSR, 1937).

88. Walter Krivitsky, *I Was Stalin's Agent* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1939), pp. 166–70. Krivitsky's account, written by a ghostwriter, almost certainly derives chiefly from Slutsky, with whom he was in close contact.

89. Ibid., p. 171.

90. Conquest, *Inside Stalin's Secret Police,* pp. 14–25.

91. Orlov, *Secret History,* pp. 237–38. Since all other commissars of State Security grades 1 and 2 were shot, it seems unlikely that Slutsky died from natural causes.

92. Gordievsky.

93. Robert Conquest, *The Great Terror: Stalin's Purge of the Thirties* (London: Macmillan, 1968), ch. 7. Krivitsky, *I Was Stalin's Agent,* p. 253.

94. Orlov, *Secret History,* p. 242.

95. F. N. Kovalev, "Documents from the Soviet Plenipotentiary Representation in Prague Relating to the 'Tukhachevsky Affair,' " *Vestnik,* no. 8 (42), 1 May 1989.

96. Jonathan Lewis and Phillip Whitehead, *Stalin: A Time for Judgement* (London: Methuen, 1990), p. 109.

97. Conquest, *Great Terror.* Conquest, *Inside Stalin's Secret Police.* On the number purged in the armed forces, see *Pravda,* 22 June 1989.

98. Nadezhda Mandelstam, *Hope against Hope* (London: Collins, 1971), pp. 75–76. Idem, *Hope Abandoned* (London: Collins, 1974).

99. Lev Razgon, "The Executioner's Song," *Moscow News,* 1988, no. 48. Zenon Poznyak, "Kuropaty," *Moscow News,* 1988, no. 41.

100. Branko Lazitch, "Stalin's Massacre of the Foreign Communist Leaders" in Milorad M. Drachkovitch and Branko Lazitch (eds.), *The Comintern: Historical Highlights* (New York: Praeger, 1966).

101. Tucker and Cohen (eds.), *The Great Purge Trial.*

102. Ibid.

103. Interview with Sir Fitzroy Maclean, *Timewatch,* BBC2, December 1988.

104. Gordievsky.

105. Mikhail Shreider, "Ivanovo, 1937," *Moscow News,* 1988, no. 48.

106. Gordievsky.

107. *Izvestia,* 15 February 1939. Degras, *Documents on Soviet Foreign Policy* vol. III (1953), pp. 273–75.

108. *20 Let VChK-OGPU-NKVD* (Moscow: OGIZ, 1938).

109. S. K. Tsvigun et al. (eds), *V. I. Lenin i VChK: Sbornik documentov* (*1917–1922 gg*) (Moscow: Izdatelstvo Politicheskoi Literatury, 1975), p. 369.

110. Degras (ed.), *Documents on Soviet Foreign Policy,* vol. III, p. 273.

111. Wolfe (ed.), *Khrushchev and Stalin's Ghost,* p. 158.

112. Medvedev, *Let History Judge,* p. 333.

113. A. Pavlov and Z. Fedotova, "Consultation," *Literaturnaya Gazeta,* no. 32 (5253), 2 August 1989.

114. "Terror to Our Enemies, Glory to Our Fatherland," *Pravda,* 20 Dec. 1938.

115. Medvedev, *Let History Judge,* p. 339.

116. Orlov, *Secret History,* pp. 221–22.

117. De Jonge, *Stalin,* p. 365.

118. O. V. Khlevnyuk, "The Year 1937–Opposition to the Repressions," *Kommunist,* 1989, no. 18. R. V. Ivanov-Razumnik, *The Memoirs of Ivanov-Razumnik* (London: Oxford University Press, 1965), p. 342. Robert W. Thurston, "Fear and Belief in

the USSR's 'Great Terror': Response to Arrest 1935–1939," *Slavic Review,* Summer 1986, pp. 226–27.

119. De Jonge, *Stalin,* pp. 349–51. Evgenia Ginsburg, *Into the Whirlwind* (London, 1967), pp. 20–21.

120. Conquest, *Great Terror,* pp. 499–513.

121. Mikhail Gorokhov, "From the NKVD to the Polish Army," Dallin Collection, Bakhmeteff Archive, Columbia University.

122. Victor Kravchenko, *I Chose Freedom* (New York: Scribner's, 1946), p. 232. Thurston, "Fear and Belief," p. 228.

123. Elizabeth Poretsky, *Our Own People* (London: Oxford University Press, 1969), pp. 110, 149.

Chapter 5. "Enemies of the People" Abroad (1929–40)

1. Gordievsky was responsible for preparing the section dealing with FCD Third Department countries (Britain, Ireland, Scandinavia, Australasia). The classified history of the FCD completed in 1980 is not to be confused with Grigorenko's general history of the KGB as a whole (also classified), finished in 1978. See above, p. 118.

2. Marina Grey, *Le général meurt à minuit* (Paris: Plon, 1981), chs. 4, 10, 17. Leonid Mlechin, "A Minister in Emigration: Hitherto Unknown Pages in the History of the Soviet Intelligence Service," *New Times,* 1990, nos. 18–20, draws on material from the KGB archives that adds to, and in some instances corrects, Marina Grey's pioneering account of the operation against Kutepov.

3. Grey, *Le général meurt à minuit,* pp. 42–44, 88.

4. All KGB foreign assassinations have to be approved by the Politburo—or did until the KGB virtually ceased this form of "special operations." In the Stalin era such decisions were sometimes taken by Stalin personally.

5. Grey, *Le général meurt à minuit,* chs. 1, 14. Mlechin, "A Minister in Emigration," pt. 3, *New Times,* 1990, no. 20, p. 38. Report of Sûreté investigation in *The Times,* 25 March 1930.

6. Mlechin, "A Minister in Emigration," pt. 3, *New Times,* 1990, no. 20, p. 38.

7. Grey, *Le général meurt à minuit,* pp. 83–84. A. Shneider, *Zapiski starogo moskvicha* (Moscow, 1966), pp. 118–19. Mikhail Heller and Aleksandr Nekrich, *Utopia in Power* (New York: Summit Books, 1986), p. 313.

8. *Krasnaya Zvezda,* 22 Sept. 1965. John J. Dziak, *Chekisty: A History of the KGB* (Lexington, Mass: Lexington Books, 1988), p. 99.

9. Grey, *Le général meurt à minuit,* ch. 20.

10. Ibid., ch. 22, pp. 224–26.

11. Mlechin, "A Minister in Emigration," pt. 2, *New Times,* 1990, no. 19.

12. Gordievsky.

13. Isaac Deutscher, *The Prophet Outcast: Trotsky 1929–40,* (London: Oxford University Press, 1963), pp. 25–26. Georgi Vereeken, *The GPU in the Trotskyist Movement* (London: New Park Publications, 1976), ch. 2. Herbet Romerstein and Stanislav Levchenko, *The KGB Against the "Main Enemy"* (Lexington, Mass.: Lexington Books, 1989), pp. 155ff, ch. 10.

14. Sergei Zakharovich Ostryakov, *Voyennye Chekisty* (Moscow: Voyenizdat, 1979), ch. 2.

15. Georgi Agabekov, *OGPU* (New York: Brentano's, 1931), pp. 202–03, 207–08, 219–21, 238–40. Elizabeth Poretsky, *Our Own People* (London: Oxford University Press, 1969), pp. 146–47. Alexander Orlov, *The Secret History of Stalin's Crimes* (London: Jarrolds, 1954), pp. 200–03. There are minor discrepancies between these accounts, based on varying degrees of personal knowledge. All, however, agree on Blyumkin's meeting with Trotsky, Gorskaya's involvement, and Blyumkin's execution.

The official KGB version of the Blyumkin affair (the only one to give the date of his execution) is summarized in Ostryakov, *Voyennye Chekisty.*

16. Leonard Schapiro, *The Communist Party of the Soviet Union,* 2nd rev. ed. (London: Methuen, 1970), p. 307

17. Deutscher, *Prophet Outcast,* pp. 81–82, 277–78.

18. Vereeken, *GPU in the Trotskyist Movement,* chs. 2, 5.

19. Deutscher, *Prophet Outcast,* pp. 125–26.

20. Trotsky's peregrinations are chronicled in detail in Deutscher, *Prophet Outcast.*

21. J. Arch Getty, *Origins of the Great Purges* (Cambridge University Press, 1985), p. 119.

22. Deutscher, *Prophet Outcast,* pp. 347–48. Vereeken, *GPU in the Trotskyist Movement,* ch. 1.

23. Orlov, *Secret History,* pp. 229–34.

24. Hugh Thomas, *The Spanish Civil War,* 3rd rev. ed. (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1977), ch. 27. Jonathan Haslam, *The Soviet Union and the Struggle for Collective Security 1933–39* (London: Macmillan, 1984), ch. 7. R. Dan Richardson, *Comintern Army* (Lexington, Ky.: University Press of Kentucky, 1982), chs. 4, 5, 6.

25. Walter Krivitsky, *I Was Stalin's Agent* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1939), p. 101.

26. Haslam, *Struggle for Collective Security,* p. 116.

27. Thomas, *Spanish Civil War,* pp. 460–61. W. H. Auden, *Spain* (London: Faber, 1937).

28. Thomas, *Spanish Civil War,* p. 454. Krivitsky, *Stalin's Agent,* pp. 113–14.

29. Thomas, *Spanish Civil War,* pp. 457–59. David J. Dallin, *Soviet Espionage* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1955), p. 47. Ruth Fischer, *Stalin and German Communism* (London: Oxford University Press, 1949), p. 500. Branko Lazitch and Milorad M. Drachkovitch, *Biographical Dictionary of the Comintern,* rev. ed. (Stanford: Hoover Institution Press, 1986).

30. For a good survey of the war from the vantage point of the International Brigades (to whom it is dedicated), see Paul Preston, *The Spanish Civil War, 1936–39* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1986).

31. Poretsky, *Our Own People,* p. 211.

32. Preston, *Spanish Civil War,* p. 137.

33. Vereeken, *GPU in the Trotskyist Movement,* ch. 12.

34. Thomas, *Spanish Civil War,* pp. 706–09.

35. Ibid., p. 669.

36. Auguste Lecoeur, *Le partisan* (Paris: Flammarion, 1963), p. 72.

37. Richardson, *Comintern Army,* pp. 174–75.

38. Allen Weinstein, *Perjury: The Hiss–Chambers Case* (New York: Knopf, 1978), pp. 174–75.

39. Poretsky, *Our Own People,* pp. 1–3, chs. 9, 10. Krivitsky, *Stalin's Agent,* ch. 8. The two accounts are in general accord.

40. Krivitsky, *Stalin's Agent,* pp. 235–36, 260–01.

41. Grey, *Le général meurt à minuit,* pp. 222–23, chs. 15–19.

42. Miller's execution was admitted only in 1990. Mlechin, "A Minister in Emigration," pt. 1, *New Times,* 1990, no. 18, p. 37; pt. 3, *New Times,* 1990, no. 20, p. 38.

43. Grey, *Le général meurt à minuit,* ch. 31.

44. Orlov, *Secret History,* pp. 333–34.

45. In 1940 Münzenberg's body was found hanging from a tree in the French countryside; he had almost certainly been murdered by the NKVD. Krivitsky was found dead in a Washington hotel room in 1941; the official verdict was suicide. Orlov survived under a new identity in exile in North America.

46. Krivitsky, *Stalin's Agent,* pp. 290–91.

47. Deutscher, *Prophet Outcast,* pp. 394–97.

48. Interview by Christopher Andrew with Pyotr Deryabin, 25 Nov. 1987. Pyotr Deryabin and Frank Gibney, *The Secret World,* rev. ed. (New York: Ballantine Books, 1982), pp. 159–60, describes the postwar functioning of the Kamera.

49. Deutscher, *Prophet Outcast,* pp. 405–08. Poretsky, *Our Own People,* p. 265. Jean van Heijenoort, *With Trotsky in Exile* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1978), p. 129.

50. Deutscher, *Prophet Outcast,* pp. 419–20.

51. Ibid., pp. 420–26.

52. Gordievsky.

53. Robert Conquest, *The Great Terror: Stalin's Purge of the Thirties* (London: Macmillan, 1968), ch. 13.

54. Svetlana Alliluyeva, *Only One Year* (London: Hutchinson, 1969).

55. Sergei Shchirov, Hero of the Soviet Union and husband of one of Beria's victims, who lost his reason and his hero's medal in the gulag after Beria abducted and raped his wife, was posthumously rehabilitated in 1988. *Guardian,* 20 Oct. 1988.

56. Deutscher, *Prophet Outcast,* p. 482.

57. Van Heijenoort, *With Trotsky,* p. 132.

58. Gordievsky. On the Blyumkin liquidation, see above, p. 155.

59. Nikolai Khokhlov, *In the Name of Conscience* (London: Frederick Muller, 1960), p. 42.

60. Isaac Don Levine, *The Mind of an Assassin* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1959), pp. 32–35.

61. See above, pp. 161–62.

62. "Secret. V. M. Petrov: Intelligence Report. Assassination of Trotsky," 2 May 1955, Records of Petrov's debriefing, AAC, CRS A6283/XR1/9, fol. 128.

63. Levine, *Mind of an Assassin,* chs. 7–10.

64. Vladimir Petrov reported during his debriefing that the KGB file "showed clearly that Trotsky's assassination was a planned operation directed from NKVD headquarters and that its organization on the American continent was in the hands of the NKVD Residency in the Soviet Consulate-General in New York." AAC, CRS A6283/XR1/9, fol. 128.

65. Unless otherwise indicated, our account of Trotsky's assassination is based on Deutscher, *Prophet Outcast,* ch. 5, and Levine, *Mind of an Assassin.*

66. Vladimir and Evdokia Petrova, *Empire of Fear* (London: André Deutsch, 1956), pp. 80–82. Petrov debriefing, "Miscellaneous Soviet Intelligence Personalities," AAC, CRS A6283/XR1/8, fol. 84.

67. AAC, CRS A6283/XR1/9, fol. 128. See n. 62.

68. Note by Enrique Castro Delgado on conversation with Caridad Mercader, in Levine, *Mind of an Assassin,* pp. 216–22.

69. Gordievsky discounts claims that Mercader (or Ramón López as he called himself after his arrival in Moscow) was made Hero of the Soviet Union, though he might well have received this award had he arrived while Stalin was alive. On his years in Moscow see Juan Cobo, "Trotsky's Assassin: Executioner or Victim?," *Moscow News,* 1989, no. 12. In the mid-1970s Mercader left Moscow for Cuba where he died in 1978. His widow returned to bury his ashes in Moscow's Kuntsevo cemetery. There is a photograph of his grave in *Moscow News,* 1989, no. 26.

Chapter 6. Sigint, Agent Penetration and the Magnificent Five from Cambridge (1930–39)

1. Gordievsky.

2. George Leggett, *The Cheka: Lenin's Political Police* (Oxford University Press,

1981), p. 301. Elizabeth Poretsky: *Our Own People* (London: Oxford University Press, 1969), pp. 211–12. Walter Krivitsky, *I Was Stalin's Agent* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1939), pp. 115–18. Victor Suvorov, *Soviet Military Intelligence* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1984), pp. 21–22. Robert Conquest, *The Great Terror: Stalin's Purge of the Thirties* (London: Macmillan, 1968), p. 230. John J. Dziak, *Chekisty* (Lexington, Mass.: Lexington Books, 1987), p. 15. There are minor discrepancies in these brief accounts of Berzin's career; we have followed the dates given by Leggett.

3. "Mrs Petrov's Statement Concerning Her Past Intelligence Work," 15 May 1954, AAC, CRS A6283/XR1/14.

4. Vladimir and Evdokia Petrova, *Empire of Fear* (London: André Deutsch, 1956), pp. 129–31.

5. "Mrs Petrov's Statement . . ." AAC, CRS A6283/XR1/14.

6. Poretsky, *Our Own People,* p. 1. Interview by Christopher Andrew with Yuri Rastvorov, October 1987. Further information from Gordievsky.

7. Gordievsky.

8. After his arrest in 1941, Sorge claimed in a memoir written in prison that the Fourth Department had the primary responsibility for foreign intelligence collection: "[The NKVD] collects secret information but is concerned chiefly with counter-espionage, anti-Soviet organisations, and observation of ideological tendencies in foreign countries." This statement reflected OGPU priorities when Sorge left Moscow in the spring of 1933; he returned to Moscow only once, for a few weeks in the summer of 1935. Sorge's memoir is published in Charles A. Willoughby, *Sorge: Soviet Master Spy* (London: William Kimber, 1952); the quotation above is from p. 139.

9. Hede Massing, *This Deception* (New York: Ivy Books, 1987), p. 59.

10. See, in addition to Sorge's own memoir, F. W. Deakin and G. R. Storry, *The Case of Richard Sorge* (New York: Harper & Row, 1964) and Gordon W. Prange et al., *Target Tokyo: The Story of the Sorge Spy Ring* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1985).

11. Prange et al., *Target Tokyo,* p. 43.

12. Jane Degras (ed.), *Documents on Soviet Foreign Policy* (London: Oxford University Press, 1953), vol. III, pp. 48ff. Adam B. Ulam, *Expansion and Coexistence: Soviet Foreign Policy 1917–1973* (New York: Holt, Rinehart, 1974), pp. 200–08.

13. Willoughby, *Sorge:* p. 162.

14. Richard Storry, *A History of Modern Japan* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1960), ch. 8.

15. Massing, *This Deception,* pp. 59–60.

16. Deakin and Storry, *Sorge.* Prange et al., *Target Tokyo.*

17. B. V. A. Röling and C. F. Rüter (eds.), *The Tokyo Judgement: The International Military Tribunal for the Far East* (Amsterdam: APA University Press, 1977), vol. I, ch. 6. Jonathan Haslam, *Soviet Foreign Policy, 1930–33* (London: Macmillan, 1983), ch. 7.

18. Haslam, *Soviet Foreign Policy, 1930–33,* pp. 86–89.

19. "The Soviet Union and Japan," *Izvestia,* 4 March 1932.

20. Christopher Andrew, "Codebreakers and Foreign Offices: The French, British and American Experience," pp. 49–51, in Christopher Andrew and David N. Dilks (eds.), *The Missing Dimension: Governments and Intelligence Communities in the Twentieth Century* (London: Macmillan, 1984). Herbert Yardley, *The American Black Chamber* (London: Faber, 1931).

21. Röling and Rüter (eds.), *Tokyo Judgement,* vol. I, p. 312.

22. Krivitsky, *Stalin's Agent,* pp. 32–36. This account is confirmed by the widow of Krivitsky's close friend and fellow NKVD officer, Ignace Poretsky (alias Reiss). Mrs. Poretsky's memoirs identify a number of exaggerations in Krivitsky's memoirs for which his ghostwriter is probably chiefly responsible. On this occasion, however, she writes that Krivitsky "unaccountably" understates "his greatest coup." The under-

statement may derive from his ghostwriter's lack of grasp, two years before Pearl Harbor, of the significance of sigint. Poretsky, *Our Own People,* p. 71.

23. Speech by Litvinov on 23 November 1936. Degras (ed.), *Documents on Soviet Foreign Policy,* vol. III, p. 224.

24. Ibid.

25. Krivitsky, *Stalin's Agent,* p. 36.

26. Unless otherwise indicated, our account of the Oldham case is based on William F. Corson and Robert T. Crowley, *The New KGB,* "updated" Quill ed. (New York: William Morrow, 1986), pp. 40–68. Their account is based largely on American sources and intelligence debriefings that conceal Oldham's identity. Perhaps because the Oldham case has never been officially admitted in Britain, he is referred to throughout as "Scott." The place and date of "Scott's" suicide in the Corson and Crowley account identify him as Oldham.

27. Gordievsky identifies "Hans" as Galleni.

28. Information to Christopher Andrew from retired Dutch intelligence officers; further information from Gordievsky. A slightly different version of some of the story appears in Gordon Brook-Shepherd, *The Storm Petrels* (London: Collins, 1977), pp. 174–77.

29. Donald Cameron Watt, "[John] Herbert King: A Soviet Source in the Foreign Office," *Intelligence and National Security,* vol. III, no. 4 (1988), p. 62.

30. Igor Cornelissen, *De GPOe op de Overtoom* (Amsterdam: Van Gennep, 1989), pp. 156–57.

31. Information to Christopher Andrew from retired Dutch intelligence officers (one of whom was involved in later investigations of the Pieck case); further information from Gordievsky. Cf. Brook-Shepherd, *Storm Petrels,* pp. 174–79 and Cornelissen, *De GPOe op de Overtoom,* p. 158.

32. Gordievsky.

33. Gordievsky.

34. Press conference, 20 Nov. 1979, reported in the press the following day.

35. C. W. Guillebaud, "Politics and the Undergraduate in Oxford and Cambridge," *Cambridge Review,* 26 Jan. 1934.

36. Kim Philby, *My Silent War* (London: Panther Books, 1969), p. 15.

37. Paul Hollander, *Political Pilgrims* (Oxford University Press, 1981), p. 102.

38. Ibid., p. 105.

39. See above, pp. 81ff.

40. Babette Gross, *Willi Münzenberg: A Political Biography* (Ann Arbor: Michigan University Press, 1974), p. 240.

41. Ibid., pp. 241–42. Arthur Koestler, *The Invisible Writing,* Danube ed. (London: Hutchinson, 1969), pp. 242–43.

42. Published in Britain by Victor Gollancz in 1933.

43. Koestler, *Invisible Writing,* p. 243.

44. Ronald W. Clark, *Einstein: The Life and Times* (London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1973), p. 463.

45. *Brown Book,* p. 9.

46. Koestler, *Invisible Writing,* p. 243.

47. Gross, *Münzenberg,* p. 311.

48. Koestler, *Invisible Writing,* pp. 254ff.

49. Alexander Abusch, Epilogue (*Nachwort*) to reprint of *Braunbuch über Reichstagbrand und Hitlerterror* (Frankfurt/Main: Röderberg-Verlag, 1978).

50. Garfield Hays, cited in Fritz Tobias, *The Reichstag Fire: Legend and Truth* (London: Secker & Warburg, 1963).

51. The fabrication of evidence is discussed in Christopher Andrew and Harold James, "Willi Münzenberg, the Reichstag Fire and the Conversion of Innocents," in

David Charters and Maurice Tugwell (eds.), *Deception in East–West Relations* (London: Pergamon-Brassey, 1990).

52. Tobias, *Reichstag Fire.*

53. On Calic and his committee, see *Die Zeit* dossier, September–October 1979. Cf. E. Calic (ed.), *Der Reichstagbrand: Eine Wissenschaftliche Dokumentation,* Band II (Munich: K. G. Saur Verlag, 1978).

54. Gross, *Münzenberg,* p. 251.

55. See D. N. Pritt, *From Right to Left* (London: Lawrence & Wishart, 1985), esp. chs. 5, 7, 9, 12.

56. Foreign Office minutes of 14 Dec. 1933, PRO FO 371/16755.

57. *The Times,* 14 Sept. 1933.

58. *The Times,* 15 Sept. 1933.

59. Koestler, *Invisible Writing,* p. 244.

60. P. Stojanoff, *Reichstagbrand: Die Prozesse in London und Leipzig* (Vienna: Europa Verlag, 1966), p. 183.

61. *The Times,* 21 Sept. 1933.

62. Tobias, *Reichstag Fire,* p. 228.

63. *The Second Brown Book of the Hitler Terror* (London: Bodley Head, 1934). Andrew and James, "Münzenberg, the Reichstag Fire and the Conversion of Innocents."

64. Catherine Károlyi, *A Life Together* (London: Allen & Unwin, 1961), pp. 298–99.

65. John Costello, *Mask of Treachery* (London: Collins, 1988), pp. 164–67, 197–98.

66. Christopher Andrew, "F. H. Hinsley and the Cambridge Moles: Two Patterns of Intelligence Recruitment," in Richard Langhorne (ed.), *Diplomacy and Intelligence during the Second World War: Essays in Honour of F. H. Hinsley* (Cambridge University Press, 1985), p. 25.

67. Koestler, *Invisible Writing,* p. 28–30.

68. Michael Kater, *The Nazi Party: A Social Profile of Members and Leaders 1919–1945* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1983), pp. 81–83.

69. Ernst Henri, "The Revolutionary Movement in Nazi Germany: (1) The Groups of Five ('Fünfergruppen')," *New Statesman & Nation,* 5 Aug. 1933.

70. Ibid.

71. Editor's introduction, ibid.

72. London: Dent, 1934.

73. *The Times,* cited in 1939 edition of Ernst Henri, *Hitler Over Europe?* (London: Dent), p. 292.

74. Henri, *Hitler Over Europe?,* pp. 299–300.

75. Andrew, "F. H. Hinsley and the Cambridge Moles," p. 26.

76. Private information to Christopher Andrew.

77. *New Statesman & Nation,* 7 April 1934.

78. Gordievsky.

79. Tape-recorded interviews with Henri in 1988 by Robin Bruce Lockhart (son of Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, whose career is discussed in ch. 2) summarized in letters from Robin Bruce Lockhart to Christopher Andrew of 21 Nov. 1988 and 18 March 1989.

80. Interview with Edith Cobbett by Christopher Andrew on 18 March 1981. Ms. Cobbett did not realize Henri's involvement in espionage while she was working with him.

81. Ernst Henry [*sic*], *Stop Terrorism!* (Moscow: Novosti, 1982), pp. 32–33, 195.

82. Bruce Lockhart interviews (see n. 79).

83. Phillip Knightley, *Philby: KGB Master Spy* (London: André Deutsch, 1988), ch. 1.

84. Introduction to Andrew and Dilks, *Missing Dimension,* p. 5.

85. Knightley, *Philby,* ch. 2. Philby, *My Silent War,* introduction.

86. Bruce Page, David Leitch and Phillip Knightley, *Philby: The Spy Who Betrayed a Generation* (London: Sphere Books, 1977), ch. 5.

87. Knightley, *Philby,* p. 45.

88. Gordievsky.

89. Alexander Orlov, *The Secret History of Stalin's Crimes* (London: Jarrolds, 1954), pp. 235–37.

90. Massing, *This Deception,* pp. 116–18.

91. Poretsky, *Our Own People,* pp. 214–15. Cornelissen, *De GPOe op de Overtoom,* ch. 11.

92. Massing, *This Deception,* p. 117.

93. Knightley, *Philby,* pp. 39–43.

94. Page, Leitch and Knightley, *Philby,* p. 86.

95. Gordievsky.

96. "Nationale für ordentliche Hörer der philosophischen Fakultät": entries for Arnold Deutsch, 1923–27; "Rigorosenakt des Arnold Deutsch," no. 9929, 1928 (including CV by Deutsch); records of Deutsch's Ph.D. examination 1928 (University of Vienna Archives).

97. William M. Johnston, *The Austrian Mind* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1983), pp. 188–92. "Nationale für ordentliche Hörer," entry for Deutsch, summer semester 1926.

98. See the university records referred to in n. 96. Police records for 1934 refer to Deutsch as *Konfessionslos* (see n. 100).

99. Wilhelm Reich, *Sexualerregung und Sexualbefriedigung,* the first publication in the series *Schriften der Sozialistischen Gesellschaft für Sexualberatung und Sexualforschung in Wien* carries the note "Copyright 1929 by Münster-Verlag (Dr Arnold Deutsch), Wien II." On Reich, see Myron Sharaf, *Fury on Earth: A Biography of Wilhelm Reich* (London: André Deutsch, 1983).

100. Police reports on Deutsch, 25 March 1934 and 27 April 1934, ref.: Z1.38.Z.g.P./34, Dokumentationsarchiv des Österreichischen Widerstandes, Vienna.

101. Gordievsky.

102. The birth certificate of his daughter, born at Chelsea Hospital for Women on 21 May 1936, gives Deutsch's occupation as "university lecturer" and the address of the Deutsch family as 7 Lawn Road Flats. London University Archives contain no record of Deutsch as either lecturer or research student but he may well have carried out part-time teaching or independent research unrecorded there.

103. Knightley, *Philby,* pp. 44–46. In his conversations with Knightley, Philby never identified any of his controllers by name.

104. Gordievsky.

105. Andrew Boyle, *The Climate of Treason* (London: Hutchinson, 1979), pp. 78–85.

106. Tom Driberg, *Guy Burgess: A Portrait with Background* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1956), pp. 17–18. Costello, *Mask of Treachery,* p. 208.

107. Goronwy Rees, *A Chapter of Accidents* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1971), pp. 110–11.

108. Driberg, *Burgess,* ch. 1.

109. Ibid., pp. 15–17.

110. Rees, *Chapter of Accidents,* pp. 110–14.

111. Barrie Penrose and Simon Freeman, *Conspiracy of Silence* (London: Grafton Books, 1986), p. 69. Costello, *Mask of Treachery,* p. 50. The second Christian name of Blunt's father is usually wrongly stated to have been "Vere."

112. Anthony Blunt, "From Bloomsbury to Marxism," *Studio International,* November 1973, p. 164.

113. Penrose and Freeman, *Conspiracy of Silence,* pp. 32–34.

114. Blunt, "From Bloomsbury to Marxism," pp. 166–67.

115. University of Cambridge Archives. The Cambridge Mathematical Tripos, then as now, did not distinguish between upper and lower second-class honors. Blunt's Part I results in Modern Languages have commonly been misstated.

116. Costello, *Mask of Treachery,* pp. 190–94.

117. Penrose and Freeman, *Conspiracy of Silence,* p. 45.

118. Costello, *Mask of Treachery,* p. 190.

119. V. G. Lawford, *Bound for Diplomacy* (London: John Murray, 1963), pp. 141–42 (written long before Blunt's exposure as a Soviet agent).

120. Rees, *Chapter of Accidents,* pp. 110–14.

121. Blunt, "From Bloomsbury to Marxism," p. 167.

122. Driberg, *Burgess,* p. 34.

123. Blunt, "From Bloomsbury to Marxism," p. 167.

124. Ibid. Penrose and Freeman, *Conspiracy of Silence,* p. 107. In a press conference after his exposure in 1979, Blunt claimed that he "became a communist and more particularly a Marxist in 1935–36." That, however, was the date not of his conversion to Marxism but at which he began active intelligence work for the Russians.

125. The best study of Maclean is Robert Cecil, *A Divided Life* (London: Bodley Head, 1988).

126. *The Granta,* 8 Nov. 1933.

127. Driberg, *Burgess,* pp. 16–17.

128. Knightley, *Philby,* p. 45.

129. Rees, *Chapter of Accidents,* p. 131.

130. Gordievsky. Burgess later told Rees that he met his controller, whom he did not identify, "at regular intervals in an East End café." Rees, *Chapter of Accidents,* p. 145.

131. Knightley, *Philby,* p. 48.

132. Driberg, *Burgess,* ch. 2.

133. Michael Straight, *After Long Silence* (London: Collins, 1983), p. 94.

134. Ibid., p. 95.

135. Gordievsky.

136. Knightley, *Philby,* p. 48.

137. See below, pp. 401–2.

138. Cecil, *Divided Life,* pp. 36–39.

139. Boyle, *Climate of Treason,* p. 114.

140. The location of the meetings with Deutsch is revealed in Rees, *Chapter of Accidents,* p. 145.

141. Driberg, *Burgess,* p. 23.

142. Penrose and Freeman, *Conspiracy of Silence,* p. 143.

143. Rees, *Chapter of Accidents,* pp. 122–23. Straight, *After Long Silence,* pp. 94–95.

144. Straight, *After Long Silence,* p. 142.

145. Wendy Steiner, "Scholarship and its Affiliations: Wendy Steiner on the Blunt Case," *London Review of Books,* 30 March 1989.

146. Michael Straight, interviewed by Christopher Andrew in pt. 3 of the BBC Radio 4 documentary series, *The Profession of Intelligence,* first broadcast 16 Aug. 1981.

147. Gordievsky.

148. University of Glasgow Archives.

149. University of Cambridge and Trinity College Archives.

150. Penrose and Freeman, *Conspiracy of Silence,* pp. 369–71.

151. Nigel West, *Molehunt* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1987), p. 26.

152. University of Cambridge and Trinity College Archives. John Colville, *The Fringes of Power* (London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1985), p. 30n.

153. Gordievsky.

154. Massing, *This Deception,* pp. 117–18.

155. Gordievsky.

156. Cecil, *Divided Life,* pp. 42–49. There are numerous minutes by the young Maclean on the Spanish Civil War in, e.g., PRO FO 371/21283–90.

157. Gordievsky.

158. Foreign Office to Phipps, 11 March 1938, Phipps Papers, Churchill College Archives Centre, Cambridge, PHPP 2/21.

159. Lord Gladwyn, interviewed by Christopher Andrew on *Timewatch,* BBC 2, 10 July 1984.

160. Minute by Cairncross, 23 March 1937, PRO FO 371/21287 W5214. Minutes by Cairncross and Maclean sometimes appear on the same file. See, e.g., PRO FO 371/21289 W7016.

161. Penrose and Freeman, *Conspiracy of Silence,* p. 527. Colville, *Fringes of Power,* pp. 30ff.

162. Gordievsky.

163. Christopher Andrew, *Secret Service: The Making of the British Intelligence Community* (London: Heinemann, 1985), p. 408. Filmed report on the Cambridge moles by Christopher Andrew on *Timewatch,* BBC2, 27 July 1983.

164. Straight, *After Long Silence,* p. 143.

165. Chapman Pincher, *Traitors* (London: Sidgwick & Jackson, 1987), p. 123.

166. Costello, *Mask of Treachery,* p. 405. Straight, *After Long Silence,* p. 105.

167. Knightley, *Philby,* pp. 51–52.

168. Philby, *My Silent War,* pp. 19, 102.

169. Gordievsky. Several NKVD recruits were given similar missions at the same time as Philby. According to Foreign Office files, three agents posing as anti-Communists entered Spain early in 1937 "with the object of assassinating General Franco," Sir H. Chilton to FO, 16 Feb. 1937 (seen by Maclean on 22 Feb.), PRO FO 371/21285 W3393.

170. Knightley, *Philby,* pp. 53–54.

171. Philby, *My Silent War,* pp. 19–21.

172. Knightley, *Philby,* ch. 5.

173. Gordievsky. Philby's brief involvement in an aborted mission to assassinate Franco was one of a number of episodes in his KGB career that he remained anxious to suppress during his Moscow exile. Cf. Knightley, *Philby,* p. 185.

174. Poretsky, *Our Own People,* pp. 213ff.

175. Orlov, *Secret History,* pp. 235–37.

176. Gordievsky.

177. Gordievsky.

178. Details of Miss Grey's meetings with Mr. Peters and the Stephenses were given at the police court hearing. Miss Grey was identified only as "Miss X." *The Times,* 4 Feb. 1938. Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 368, 370–71. Further information from Gordievsky on the identification of Peters and the Stephenses.

179. Gordievsky.

180. Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 370–71.

181. Gordievsky. A memorial tablet outside Deutsch's prewar apartment in Vienna, which records his role in the Resistance but not in the NKVD, confirms that he was executed by the SS in November 1942.

182. Gordievsky. Shortly before his arrest in January 1938, Glading complained to

Olga Grey that because of the failure of "Stephens" to return from Moscow and of anyone else to take his place, his funds were almost exhausted.

183. Gordievsky.

184. "Mrs. Petrov's Statement . . ." AAC, CRS A6283/XR1/14. Petrov, *Empire of Fear,* pp. 127, 129, 149.

185. Charles E. Bohlen, *Witness to History 1919–1969* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1973), p. 34.

186. Ibid., p. 20.

187. An FBI report of 1940 refers to Kent's Russian mistress. In that year, by then employed as a code clerk at the London embassy, he was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment for passing classified documents to a pro-Nazi group. Ronald Kessler, *Moscow Station* (New York: Scribner's, 1989), p. 22. Anthony Masters, *The Man Who Was M* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1984), ch. 6. Hayden B. Peake discusses the case in *Foreign Intelligence Literary Scene,* March/April 1986.

188. Bohlen, *Witness to History,* pp. 20, 15.

189. Ibid., pp. 44–45.

190. Unpublished "Memoirs of Ivan D. Yeaton USA (retd.), 1919–1953," pp. 11–15, 40, U.S. Army Military History Institute, Carlisle Barracks, Pa.

191. Ibid., pp. 21–22.

192. Bohlen, *Witness to History,* pp. 20–21.

193. "Memoirs of Ivan D. Yeaton," pp. 25–26. According to Bohlen, *Witness to History,* p. 72, "Our diplomatic code was not sophisticated" in 1939.

194. Kessler, *Moscow Station,* pp. 21–23.

195. "Memoirs of Ivan D Yeaton," p. 26.

196. Wellington A. Samouce, "I Do Understand the Russians," pp. 52–53, Samouce Papers, U.S. Army Military History Institute, Carlisle Barracks, Pa.

197. Unless otherwise indicated, our account of Chambers's career is based on Allen Weinstein, *Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case* (New York: Knopf, 1978).

198. Herbert Romerstein and Stanislav Levchenko, *The KGB Against the "Main Enemy"* (Lexington, Mass.: Lexington Books, 1989), pp. 76–79.

199. Weinstein, *Perjury,* p. 142.

200. Henry Julian Wadleigh, "Why I Spied for the Communists," pt. 7, *New York Post* Home News, 19 July 1949.

201. FBI 100-287685.

202. Romerstein and Levchenko, *The KGB Against the "Main Enemy,"* pp. 94–95.

203. Wadleigh, "Why I Spied for the Communists," pt. 4, *New York Post* Home News, 15 July 1949.

204. Weinstein, *Perjury,* pp. 241–63.

205. Wadleigh, "Why I Spied for the Communists," pt. 8, *New York Post* Home News, 20 July 1949.

206. Weinstein, *Perjury,* p. 261.

207. Wadleigh, "Why I Spied for the Communists," pt. 3, *New York Post* Home News, 14 July 1949.

208. Harry Rositzke, *The KGB: Eyes of Russia* (London: Sidgwick & Jackson, 1983), p. 55. Weinstein, *Perjury,* pp. 145–53.

209. Weinstein, *Perjury,* pp. 310–28.

210. See below, pp. 280–81.

Chapter 7. The Second World War (1939–41)

1. This interpretation of Hitler's policy is set out in greater detail in, *inter alia, The Fatal Attraction of Adolf Hitler* (BBC1, 21 April 1989), presented by Christopher Andrew.

2. Stalin's interpreter, Valentin Berezhkov, interviewed on Soviet TV, 12 May 1989; BBC, *SWB* 12 May 1989, SU/0464 C/1. Berezhkov was given a firsthand account of the Politburo meeting by Mikoyan. "I have no grounds for thinking that Comrade Mikoyan distorted that in any way," he told the interviewer.

3. John Erickson, "Threat Identification and Strategic Appraisal by the Soviet Union 1930–1941," in Ernest R. May (ed.), *Knowing One's Enemies* (Princeton University Press, 1984), p. 379.

4. Jonathan Haslam, *The Soviet Union and the Struggle for Collective Security 1933–39* (London: Macmillan, 1984), p. 127.

5. Walter Krivitsky, *I Was Stalin's Agent* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1939), p. 22. Krivitsky's account is the more impressive for having been first published in the New York *Saturday Evening Post* several months before the conclusion of the Nazi–Soviet Pact at a time when the likelihood of such a pact was generally considered slim in the West. The Politburo discussion of the Night of the Long Knives and the Kandelaki mission, first reported by Krivitsky, have since been confirmed by other sources.

6. David J. Dallin, *Soviet Espionage* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1955), pp. 86–88. Branko Lazitch and Milorad M. Drachkovitch, *Biographical Dictionary of the Comintern,* rev. ed. (Stanford, Ca.: Hoover Institution Press, 1986).

7. Dallin, *Soviet Espionage,* pp. 92–99.

8. Robert Chadwell Williams, *Klaus Fuchs, Atom Spy* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1987), p. 14.

9. Dallin, *Soviet Espionage,* pp. 100–10.

10. Ibid., pp. 117–19.

11. Ibid., pp. 121–22. Louis Budenz, *This Is My Story* (New York: Whittlesey House, 1947), pp. 254–55.

12. Dallin, *Soviet Espionage,* pp. 122–23.

13. Lazitch and Drachkovitch, *Biographical Dictionary of the Comintern.*

14. See below pp. 306–7.

15. A. G. Denniston, "The Government Code and Cypher School Between the Wars," in Christopher Andrew (ed.), *Codebreaking and Signals Intelligence* (London: Frank Cass, 1986), p. 56.

16. Leopold Trepper's own story is told in *The Great Game* (London: Michael Joseph, 1977); the quotations are from ch. 2. Cf. Central Intelligence Agency, *The Rote Kapelle: The CIA's History of Soviet Intelligence and Espionage Networks in Western Europe 1936–1945* (Washington, DC: University Publications of America, 1984), pp. 13–55, 367–73.

17. Rado's career has been shrouded in numerous myths. The most reliable account is in CIA, *Rote Kapelle,* pp. 165–226, 334–38.

18. Gordon W. Prange et al., *Target Tokyo: The Story of the Sorge Spy Ring* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1985), pp. 216–21. Harry Rositzke, *The KGB: Eyes of Russia* (London: Sidgwick & Jackson, 1983), p. 25.

19. I. A. Dementyeva, N. I. Agayants and Y. Y. Yankovlev, *Tovarishch Zorge* (Moscow: Sovetskaya Rossiya, 1965).

20. Prange et al., *Target Tokyo,* chs. 28, 32.

21. G. K. Zhukov, *The Memoirs of Marshal Zhukov* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1971), vol. I, p. 149.

22. Prange, *Target Tokyo,* p. 280.

23. *Final Report of the "Rote Kapelle" Case* (US Armed Forces Security Agency translation of captured German Security Police and Security Service report, "Abschlussbericht über den Fall Rote Kapelle," 22 March 1942), NAW RG 457 SRH-380, pp. 25, 43–4. CIA, *Rote Kapelle,* p. 232, suggests 1936 or 1937 as the date of von Scheliha's recruitment (the reference to 1934 on p. 348 may be a misprint). According

to the editors of Soviet diplomatic documents, von Scheliha was deceived into believing that he was working for "a Western intelligence agency." Donald Cameron Watt, *How War Came: The Immediate Origins of the Second World War 1938–1939* (London: Heinemann, 1989), p. 115.

24. Ernst Henri, *Hitler Over Europe?* (London: Dent, 1939), p. 265. Haslam, *Soviet Union and the Struggle for Collective Security,* appendix 2: "The Soviet Union and the Defence of Leningrad 1936–39."

25. Gordievsky wrote the sections of the history dealing with Britain, Ireland, Scandinavia, and Australasia.

26. Gordievsky interviewed Rybkina while working on the First Chief Directorate history.

27. Gordievsky.

28. Väinö Tanner, *The Winter War* (Stanford, Ca.: Stanford University Press, 1957), p. 3.

29. Petrov debrief, AAC, CRS A6283/XR1/80.

30. Gordievsky. Jews were the ethnic group most at risk during the purge of the Soviet intelligence services. Despite his anti-Semitism, however, Stalin spared some Jews of exceptional servility (like Kaganovich) or exceptional talent (like Litvinov).

31. Nikolai Tolstoy, *Stalin's Secret War* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1981), p. 127.

32. Tanner, *Winter War,* pp. 3–16.

33. Vsevolod Yezhnov, "An Anti-Hitler Coalition Before the War? Possibilities and Reality," *Literaturnaya Gazeta,* no. 17, 26 April 1989.

34. Petrov debrief AAC, CRS A6283/XR1/56. Vladimir and Evdokia Petrova, *Empire of Fear* (London: André Deutsch, 1956), p. 57.

35. Robert Conquest, *Inside Stalin's Secret Police: NKVD Politics 1936–1939* (London: Macmillan, 1985), p. 103.

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77. Ismail Akhmedov, *In and Out of Stalin's GRU* (London: Arms & Armour Press, 1984), pp. 139, 143.

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81. Ibid., pp. 146–50, 288–89. Dallin, *Soviet Espionage,* pp. 234ff.

82. Trepper, *Great Game,* p. 122.

83. *Final Report of the "Rote Kapelle" Case,* NAW RG 457 SRH-380, pp. 29–31, 37–38. CIA, *Rote Kapelle,* pp. 140–46, 353–54. Dallin, *Soviet Espionage,* pp. 238–44.

84. CIA, *Rote Kapelle,* pp. 144–45, 289, 353–54. Trepper, *Great Game,* pp. 122–24.

85. *Final Report of the "Rote Kapelle" Case,* NAW RG 457 SRH-380, p. 43. CIA, *Rote Kapelle,* pp. 151–52.

86. Trepper, *Great Game,* ch. 5. The oft-repeated claim that Rudolf Roessler (code name Lucy) gave Moscow advance warning of Barbarossa via Rado's Swiss network is false. Rachel Duebendorfer (Sissy) who ran Lucy through a cut-out, Christiane Schneider (Taylor), did not make contact with either until the late summer of 1942. CIA, *Rote Kapelle,* pp. 173ff.

87. Akhmedov, *In and Out of Stalin's GRU,* p. 127.

88. Ibid., p. 132. On Golikov's purge of some of his best officers, see the comments by Professor Vyacheslav Dashichev in Vladimir Petrov (ed.), *June 22, 1941: Soviet Historians and the German Invasion* (Columbia, SC: University of South Carolina Press, 1968), p. 254.

89. Akhmedov, *In and Out of Stalin's GRU,* pp. 133–34.

90. Conquest, *Inside Stalin's Secret Police,* p. 175.

91. N. N. Krasnov, *The Hidden Russia: My Ten Years as a Slave Labourer* (New York: Holt, Rinehart, 1960), pp. 67ff.

92. Nicholas Nyaradi, *My Ringside Seat in Moscow* (New York: Crowell, 1953), p. 56.

93. Gordievsky. On the recruitment of the two hundred, see A. Baidakov, "Facts on Intelligence. From the Archives of the Security Organs of the Soviet Union," *Pravda,* 9 May 1989.

94. Gordievsky.

95. Volkogonov, "On the Eve of War."

96. Petrov (ed.), "*June 22 1941,*" p. 181.

97. Ibid., pp. 250–51 (comments of G. A. Deborin).

98. Interview with Fitin quoted in Baidakov, "Facts on Intelligence."

99. G. K. Zhukov, *The Memoirs of Marshal Zhukov,* vol. I, p. 229.

100. Petrov (ed.), "*June 22 1941,*" pp. 253–54.

101. Barton Whaley, *Codeword Barbarossa* (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 1974), pp. 24–25. Gabriel Gorodetsky, *Stafford Cripps' Mission to Moscow 1940–42* (Cambridge University Press, 1984), ch. 2.

102. This crucial period in Cairncross's career has, remarkably, hitherto escaped attention. Sadly, the Hankey Papers in the Churchill College Archive Center at Cambridge contain few specific references to Cairncross. Only a few pages of Hankey's diary survive for this period; surviving correspondence is almost exclusively with major public figures and Hankey's family.

103. On Hankey's ministerial responsibilities and access to documents, see Stephen Roskill, *Hankey: Man of Secrets,* vol. III (London: Collins, 1974).

104. Gordievsky.

105. G. L. Clutton to Cairncross, 6 June 1941; Sir Alexander Cadogan to Hankey, 17 June 1941, Hankey Papers, Churchill College Archive Center, Cambridge, CCAC HNKY 4/33.

106. Winston S. Churchill, *The Second World War,* vol. III (London: Cassell, 1950), pp. 319–23. Gorodetsky, *Cripps' Mission to Moscow,* pp. 118–25.

107. Akhmedov, *In and Out of Stalin's GRU,* pp. 136–37.

108. Whaley, *Codeword Barbarossa,* p. 260.

109. Petrov (ed.), "*June 22 1941,*" pp. 190–91. Over a quarter of a century later, some leading Soviet historians were still insisting that the British government "undertook negotiations" with Hess after his landing "for provocative purposes . . . pushing Germany to attack the USSR." Ibid., pp. 291–92. Cf. Churchill, *Second World War,* vol. III, pp. 44–49. The same conspiracy theory was still being publicly peddled by the KGB in 1990 in a television documentary on Philby, *Cutting Edge,* Channel 4, 14 May 1990.

110. Gilbert, *Second World War,* p. 181. The *Timewatch* documentary, *Hess: An Edge of Conspiracy* (BBC2, 17 Jan. 1990), presented by Christopher Andrew, examined some of the Hess conspiracy theories.

111. Petrov (ed.), "*June 22 1941,*" p. 295.

112. "Letter from 'An Historical Optimist,' " *Druzhba Narodov,* March 1988. This previously unpublished letter was written by Semyon Rostovsky, alias Ernst Henri (or

Ghenri) to Ilya Ehrenburg on 30 May 1965. Henri told Ehrenburg: "If you don't wish to believe Hilger, ask Petrov."

113. Georgi Kumanev, "The 22nd at Dawn," *Pravda,* 22 June 1989.

114. "Letter from 'An Historical Optimist.' "

115. Whaley, *Codeword Barbarossa,* pp. 223–24, 241–43.

116. Dementyeva, Agayants and Yakovlev, *Tovarishch Zorge.*

117. Prange et al., *Target Tokyo,* chs. 42–47.

118. Baidakov, "Facts on Intelligence."

119. Trepper, *Great Game,* pp. 126–28.

120. F. H. Hinsley et al., *British Intelligence in the Second World War* (London: HMSO, 1979–88), vol. I, p. 470.

121. See above, p. 262.

122. Hinsley et al., *British Intelligence in the Second World War,* vol. I, ch. 14. Christopher Andrew, *Secret Service: The Making of the British Intelligence Community* (London: Heinemann, 1985), pp. 484–85.

123. Whaley, *Codeword Barbarossa,* pp. 226–45.

124. Petrov (ed.), *"June 22 1941,"* p. 183.

125. Ibid., pp. 200–23. John Erickson, *The Road to Stalingrad* (London: Panther Books, 1985), ch. 3.

Chapter 8. The Great Patriotic War (1941–45)

1. I. A. Dementyeva, N. I. Agayants and Y. Y. Yakovlev, *Tovarishch Zorge* (Moscow: Sovetskaya Rossiya, 1965). Gordon Prange et al., *Target Tokyo: The Story of the Sorge Spy Ring* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1985), chs. 49–59.

2. A. Baidakov, "Facts on Intelligence. From the Archives of the Security Organs of the Soviet Union," *Pravda,* 9 May 1989, quotes four Japanese intercepts for the period November 1941 to March 1942. In keeping with normal Soviet practice he does not identify these as sigint (still a taboo subject in the U.S.S.R.) but says: "They are from one source only, and their value is indisputable."

3. Interview by Christopher Andrew with Yuri Rastvorov, who worked in the wartime Fifth Directorate, November 1987.

4. John Erickson, *The Road to Stalingrad* (London: Panther Books, 1985), p. 329.

5. Cathy Porter and Mark Jones, *Moscow in World War Two* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1987), ch. 5.

6. Nikolai Pavlenko, "The History of the War Is Still to Be Written," *Ogonek,* 1989, no. 25. Nikolai Pavlenko, "Tragedy and Triumph of the Red Army," *Moscow News,* 1989, no. 19. Pavlenko reveals that the section of Zhukov's memoirs dealing with this episode was censored before publication.

7. Amy W. Knight, *The KGB: Police and Politics in the Soviet Union* (London: Unwin Hyman, 1988), pp. 34–35.

8. See the articles by Pavlenko cited in n. 6. In an interview on Soviet TV on 29 April 1988 the lawyer G. A. Terekhov described his discussions with Stotenov about the approach to Germany after Beria's arrest in 1953. BBC, *SWB,* 2 May 1988, SU/0140 B/4.

9. Pavlenko, "The History of the War Is Still to Be Written."

10. Ibid.

11. L. Kolosov, "Immortality of Those Who Have Fallen," p. 3, *Izvestia,* 10 Oct. 1969.

12. *Final Report on the "Rote Kapelle" Case* (U.S. Armed Forces Security Agency translation of captured German Security Police and Security Service Report, "Abschlussbericht über den Fall Rote Kapelle, 22 March 1942"), NAW RG 457 SRH-380.

13. Ibid. On the fate of the captured code book, see below, pp. 284–85.

14. CIA, *The Rote Kapelle: The CIA's History of Soviet Intelligence and Espionage Networks in Western Europe 1936–1945* (Washington, D.C.: University Publications of America, 1984), pp. 140–41. Kolosov, "Immortality of Those Who Have Fallen," pt. 3.

15. *Final Report on the "Rote Kapelle" Case,* pp. 33–34, NAW RG 457 SRH-380. David J. Dallin, *Soviet Espionage* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1955), pp. 249–50.

16. See above, pp. 238–39.

17. Leopold Trepper, *The Great Game* (Michael Joseph, 1977), p. 133.

18. See above, pp. 275–76.

19. Trepper, *Great Game,* p. 133.

20. Erickson, *Road to Stalingrad,* pp. 483–85.

21. CIA, *Rote Kapelle,* pp. 105–11. Dallin, *Soviet Espionage,* pp. 163–64. Trepper gives his own version of events in *The Great Game.*

22. CIA, *Rote Kapelle,* pp. 165–93.

23. Anthony Read and David Fisher, *Operation Lucy* (London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1980). For the contrary view, see F. H. Hinsley et al., *British Intelligence in the Second World War* (London: HMSO, 1979–88), vol. II, p. 4, and Phillip Knightley, *The Second Oldest Profession* (London: André Deutsch, 1986), p. 204.

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26. We are indebted on this subject to the pioneering research of Dr. David Glantz, and in particular to his paper to the Fourth U.S. Army War College International Conference on Intelligence and Strategy, May 1989, "The Role of Intelligence in Soviet Military Strategy During the Second World War."

27. Erickson, *Road to Stalingrad,* p. 639.

28. Geoff Jukes, "The Soviets and 'Ultra,' " *Intelligence and National Security,* vol. III (1988), no. 2.

29. On Hankey's career in 1941–42, see Stephen Roskill, *Hankey: Man of Secrets,* vol. III (London: Collins, 1974), chs. 14, 15.

30. Gordievsky.

31. Allen Weinstein, *Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case* (New York: Knopf, 1978), pp. 314–32, 340–42. On the interwar background, see above, pp. 228ff.

32. Robert J. Lamphere, *The FBI-KGB War: A Special Agent's Story* (New York: Berkley Books, 1987), pp. 24ff. Hayden Peake, Afterword to Elizabeth Bentley, *Out of Bondage* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1988), p. 231.

33. Bentley, *Out of Bondage,* pp. 103–06, 113–15. On the reliability of Bentley's account, see Hayden Peake's well-documented 115-page Afterword. Herbert Romerstein and Stanislav Levchenko, *The KGB Against the "Main Enemy"* (Lexington, Mass.: Lexington Books, 1989), ch. 7, adds some further details.

34. Bentley, *Out of Bondage,* pp. 68–69.

35. Ibid., p. 171 and passim.

36. Ibid., p. 110.

37. Ibid., pp. 121–22.

38. Record of meeting between General Deane and Captain Waere with General Fitin and Colonel Graur, 11 Nov. 1944, NAW RG 334, Military Mission to Moscow, Box 18.

39. Bentley, *Out of Bondage,* pp. 122, 165. Romerstein and Levchenko, *KGB Against the "Main Enemy,"* pp. 106–08.

40. Bentley, *Out of Bondage,* passim. Romerstein and Levchenko, *KGB Against the "Main Enemy,"* pp. 106–08.

41. Peter Wright claimed that the Venona decrypts revealed fourteen Soviet agents

"operating in or close to OSS" at HQ and in the field (*Spycatcher* [New York: Viking, 1987], p. 182).

42. Bentley, *Out of Bondage,* pp. 125–27; and Afterword by Peake, pp. 255–57.

43. Lamphere, *FBI-KGB War,* p. 86.

44. Romerstein and Levchenko, *KGB Against the "Main Enemy,"* pp. 111–12.

45. Lamphere, *FBI-KGB War,* p. 86.

46. G. Edward Buxton (acting Director OSS) to General Deane, 5 Jan. 1945, NAW RG 334, U.S. Military Mission in Moscow, Box 18.

47. Fitin to Deane; Deane to Fitin, 15 Feb. 1945, ibid.

48. Lamphere, *FBI-KGB War,* pp. 87ff.

49. Gordievsky. Thomas Powers, "Spook of Spooks," *New York Review of Books,* 17 Aug. 1989, gives Hiss's code name.

50. Weinstein, *Perjury,* pp. 349–51.

51. See above, p. 281.

52. Gordievsky.

53. Michael Straight, *After Long Silence* (London: Collins, 1983), p. 129.

54. Gordievsky.

55. Straight, *After Long Silence,* p. 143.

56. Bentley, *Out of Bondage,* pp. 161–71.

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58. Robert E. Sherwood, *Roosevelt and Hopkins: An Intimate History* (New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1950), p. 17.

59. Dwight W. Tuttle, *Harry L. Hopkins and Anglo–American–Soviet Relations, 1941–1945* (New York: Garland, 1983), p. 32.

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61. Sherwood, *Roosevelt and Hopkins,* p. 325.

62. Ibid., p. 870. See below, p. 338.

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67. Tuttle, *Hopkins and Anglo–American-Soviet Relations,* pp. 103–04.

68. Harry L. Hopkins, "The Inside Story of My Meeting with Stalin," *American Magazine,* Dec. 1941. Sherwood, *Roosevelt and Hopkins,* pp. 326–30.

69. Sherwood, *Roosevelt and Hopkins,* pp. 343–45.

70. Tuttle, *Hopkins and Anglo–American–Soviet Relations,* p. 105. Elliott Roosevelt, *As He Saw It* (New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 1946), p. 22.

71. Review by Walter Trohan, chief of Washington Bureau, *Chicago Tribune,* of Sherwood, *Roosevelt and Hopkins;* "Memoirs of Ivan D. Yeaton, U.S.A. (retd), 1919–1953," Appendix 4, U.S. Army Military History Institute, Carlisle Barracks, Pa.

72. "Memoirs of Ivan D. Yeaton," pp. 37–38.

73. Warren Kimball, " 'They Don't Come Out Where You Expect': Roosevelt Reacts to the German–Soviet War" (forthcoming). There were significant differences between Steinhardt's account of a discussion between Hopkins and Molotov, and that given by Hopkins to Roosevelt. According to Steinhardt, in defiance of his instructions Hopkins gave Molotov an explicit assurance that the U.S. would respond if Japan attacked the U.S.S.R. Tuttle, *Hopkins and Anglo–American–Soviet Relations,* p. 102.

74. Gordievsky.

75. "Memoirs of Ivan D. Yeaton," pp. 38, 46, Appendix 4. Sherwood, *Roosevelt and Hopkins,* p. 396.

76. George McJimsey, *Harry Hopkins: Ally of the Poor and Defender of Democracy* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1987), p. 189.

77. Interview with Henderson cited in William F. Corson and Robert T. Crowley, *The New KGB,* updated Quill ed. (New York: William Morrow, 1986), p. 447.

78. Tuttle, *Hopkins and Anglo–American–Soviet Relations,* p. 105.

79. Ibid., pp. 212–13.

80. M. R. D. Foot, *SOE in France* (London: HMSO, 1966), pp. 1–6.

81. W. J. West, *Truth Betrayed* (London: Duckworth, 1987), ch. 6.

82. Ibid., pp. 62–64. Goronwy Rees, *A Chapter of Accidents* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1971), pp. 132–33. John Costello, *Mask of Treachery* (London: Collins, 1988), pp. 320–22.

83. See above, p. 214. Rees, *Chapter of Accidents,* pp. 132–33.

84. Tom Driberg, *Guy Burgess: A Portrait with Background* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1956), pp. 40–41.

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87. Kim Philby, *My Silent War* (London: Panther Books, 1969), p. 26.

88. Foot, *SOE in France,* pp. 1–6.

89. Philby, *My Silent War,* pp. 23–24.

90. A. G. Denniston to T. J. Wilson (FO), 3 Sept. 1939, PRO FO 366/1059 X9173.

91. Philby, *My Silent War,* p. 24.

92. Ibid., pp. 24–29.

93. Gordievsky. The Kensington location of some of Gorsky's meetings with agents was revealed in a KGB-sponsored documentary on Philby, *Cutting Edge,* Channel 4, 14 May 1990.

94. Evidence from the 1954 KGB defector Pyotr Deryabin in Pyotr Deryabin and Frank Gibney, *The Secret World,* rev. ed. (New York: Ballantine Books, 1982), pp. 117–18.

95. Bentley, *Out of Bondage,* pp. 173–77.

96. Interview with Blunt cited in Robert Cecil, *A Divided Life* (London: Bodley Head, 1988), p. 66.

97. Note on Blunt's KGB file seen by Gordievsky.

98. Philby, *My Silent War,* pp. 31–35.

99. Ibid., p. 41.

100. *Cutting Edge,* Channel 4, 14 May 1990. On the Hess flight, see above, p. 263.

101. Philby, *My Silent War,* pp. 38–41.

102. David Martin, "James Klugmann, SOE-Cairo and the Mihailovich Deception," in David Charters and Maurice Tugwell (eds.), *Deception in East-West Relations* (London: Pergamon-Brassey, 1990). Klugmann did not in our view exert a decisive influence on Whitehall's decision to back Tito rather than Mihailovich. That decision was inspired chiefly by Tito's greater military effectiveness.

103. M.R.D. Foot, *SOE* (London: BBC, 1984), p. 47.

104. Ibid., pp. 145–46.

105. Philby, *My Silent War,* pp. 46–48.

106. Ibid., p. 61.

107. Phillip Knightley, *Philby: KGB Master Spy* (London: André Deutsch, 1988), pp. 105–10.

108. Ibid., pp. 123–25. Philby, *My Silent War,* pp. 92–93. Robert Cecil, "The Cambridge Comintern," in Christopher Andrew and David N. Dilks (eds.), *The Missing Dimension: Governments and Intelligence Communities in the Twentieth Century* (London: Macmillan, 1984), p. 179.

109. Gordievsky.

110. Barrie Penrose and Simon Freeman, *Conspiracy of Silence* (London: Grafton Books, 1986), pp. 212–21. The Intelligence Corps Museum at Ashford, Kent, contains

a brief record of Blunt's attendance at Minley Manor and a group photograph of those who took the course.

111. Penrose and Freeman, *Conspiracy of Silence,* pp. 221, 249–51. Costello, *Mask of Treachery,* pp. 370–72, 396–97. Cecil, "Cambridge Comintern," pp. 177–78.

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117. Costello, *Mask of Treachery,* pp. 406–08.

118. Wright, *Spycatcher,* pp. 281–82. Nigel West, *Molehunt* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1987), pp. 48–61.

119. Gordievsky.

120. Gordievsky.

121. Peter Calvocoressi, *Top Secret Ultra* (London: Cassell, 1980), p. 94. Hinsley et al., *British Intelligence in the Second World War,* vol. II, p. 59.

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124. Hinsley et al., *British Intelligence in the Second World War,* vol. II, pp. 58–66.

125. Gordievsky.

126. Cairncross debriefing, cited by Chapman Pincher, *Too Secret Too Long* (London: NEL, 1985), p. 396.

127. Ibid.

128. Hinsley et al., *British Intelligence in the Second World War,* vol. II, pp. 624, 764–65.

129. Gordievsky. Philby also provided intelligence before Kursk, but the claim in 1990 by KGB Major General Vasili Alekseevich Dajdalov that Philby was the major supplier of sigint ("There was nothing like it in the history of war!") is clearly unreliable. *Cutting Edge,* Channel 4, 14 May 1990.

130. Pincher, *Too Secret Too Long,* p. 396 (confirmed by Gordievsky). On the Soviet air attacks, see Janusz Piekalkiewicz, *Operation "Citadel"* (Novato, Ca.: Presidio Press, 1988), p. 94.

131. Gordievsky.

132. Jukes, "The Soviets and 'Ultra,'" pp. 239–40.

133. Pierre Accoce and Pierre Quet, *The Lucy Ring* (London: W. H. Allen, 1967). Read and Fisher, *Operation Lucy.*

134. Dallin, *Soviet Espionage,* p. 197. CIA, *Rote Kapelle,* p. 222.

135. Timothy P. Mulligan, "Spies, Ciphers and 'Zitadelle': Intelligence and the Battle of Kursk, 1943," *Journal of Contemporary History,* vol. XXII (1987), no. 2, pp. 236–40.

136. F. H. Hinsley, "British Intelligence in the Second World War," in Christopher Andrew and Jeremy Noakes (eds.), *Intelligence and International Relations 1900–1945* (Exeter: Exeter University Press, 1987), pp. 210–11.

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142. Mulligan, "Spies, Ciphers and 'Zitadelle,'" pp. 245–46, 250–52.

143. Ibid., pp. 248–49.

144. Glantz, "The Role of Intelligence in Soviet Military Strategy," p. 159.

145. V. F. Nekrasov, "The contribution of the internal forces to the cause of the victory of the Soviet people in the Great Patriotic War," *Voyenno-Istorichesky Zhurnal,* 1985, no. 9.

146. John J. Dziak, *Chekisty: A History of the KGB* (Lexington, Mass.: Lexington Books, 1988), pp. 113–14. Erickson, *Road to Stalingrad,* pp. 517–18.

147. Nikolai Y. Khokhlov, *In the Name of Conscience* (London: Frederick Muller, 1960), pp. 30ff.

148. Ibid., p. 42. See above, p. 168.

149. *Front bez liniy fronta* (Moscow, 1965). Mulligan, "Spies, Ciphers and 'Zitadelle,' " pp. 251–52.

150. Major General V. N. Andrianov, "Partisan Reconnaissance during the Years of the Great Patriotic War," *Voyenno-Istorichesky Zhurnal,* 1986, no. 8.

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152. Andrianov, "Partisan Reconnaissance."

153. Mulligan, "Spies, Ciphers and 'Zitadelle,' " p. 250.

154. Excerpt from captured German documents in Office of Naval Intelligence, "Espionage–Sabotage–Conspiracy. German and Russian Operations 1940 to 1945," p. 51, NAW RG 242, Box 70.

155. Cairncross was for a time joint-secretary of the Scientific Advisory Committee (Defence Services Panel) chaired by Hankey; S.A.C. (D.P.)(41)4, PRO CAB 90/8. On Hankey's role on the Scientific Advisory Committee and Tube Alloys Consultative Committee, see Roskill, *Hankey,* vol. III, pp. 487–93, 522–25.

156. A. I. Iovrysh, I. D. Morokhov, and S. K. Ivanov, *A-Bomba* (Moscow: Nauka, 1980), p. 377. David Holloway, *The Soviet Union and the Arms Race* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1983), p. 17.

157. David Holloway, "Entering the Nuclear Arms Race: The Soviet Decision to Build the Atomic Bomb, 1939–45," *Social Studies of Science,* vol. XI (1981), pp. 172–77.

158. A number of debriefings of Fuchs are now available at the FBI under the Freedom of Information Act. The fullest, 38 pages long, dated 26 July 1950, and conducted from 20 May to 2 June 1950 by Hugh M. Clegg and Robert J. Lamphere, is in FBI File 65-58805, vol. 38. The best biography is Robert Chadwell Williams, *Klaus Fuchs, Atom Spy* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1987).

159. In the course of his debriefing Fuchs identified the Soviet embassy as the location of one of his meetings with Kremer but did not say which. FBI 65-58805, vol. 38, p. 6.

160. Williams, *Fuchs,* pp. 59–61.

161. FBI 65-58805, vol. 38, p. 7.

162. Margaret Gowing, *Britain and Atomic Energy* (London: HMSO, 1964), pp. 65–68, 394–436.

163. Williams, *Fuchs,* pp. 41–45.

164. Ibid., ch. 6.

165. FBI 65-58805, file 38, p. 7.

166. FBI 65-58805, file 40, p. 5.

167. FBI 65-58805, file 38, p. 9.

168. FBI 65-58805, file 40.

169. Williams, *Fuchs,* pp. 75–82.

170. Report in *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists,* quoted in *Sunday Times,* 14 January 1990, section C.

171. Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton, *The Rosenberg File* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1983), ch. 3 and p. 212.

172. Harry Rositzke, *The KGB: The Story of the Sorge Spy Ring* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1985), pp. 44–45.

173. Cecil, *Divided Life*, p. 77.

174. *The Defection of Igor Guzenko*, reprint of Canadian Royal Commission report of 27 June 1946, 3 vols. (Laguna Hills, Ca.: Aegean Park Press, 1984). On May, see especially vol. II, pp. 447–57. See also H. Montgomery Hyde, *The Atom Bomb Spies* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1980).

175. *Defection of Igor Guzenko*, vol. II, p. 456; vol. I, p. 95.

176. The Canadian Royal Commission identified fourteen who had passed secrets to the Russians by name, and gave the unidentified code names of five others. Ibid., vol. III, p. 685.

177. Ibid., pp. 617–19.

178. Ibid.

179. Gordievsky. See Hyde, *Atom Bomb Spies*, pp. 125–42.

180. See above, p. 219.

181. Andrew Boyle, *The Climate of Treason* (London: Hutchinson, 1979), p. 300.

182. Cecil, *Divided Life*, p. 67.

183. Ibid., pp. 4–5.

184. Peter Hennessy and Kathleen Townsend, "The documentary spoor of Burgess and Maclean," *Intelligence and National Security*, vol. II (1987), no. 2, pp. 292–93. William Clark, "Cabinet secrecy, collective responsibility and the British public's right to know about and participate in foreign policy-making," in Thomas M. Franck and Edward Weisband (eds.), *Secrecy and Foreign Policy* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1974), pp. 202–03.

185. Gordievsky.

186. See above, pp. 286–87.

187. Bentley, *Out of Bondage*, pp. 173, 184, 200–02.

188. Ibid., ch. 12.

189. Bradley F. Smith, *The Shadow Warriors* (London: André Deutsch, 1983), p. 324. Philby, *My Silent War*, p. 32.

190. Philby, *My Silent War*, p. 30. On Hill's earlier adventures in Soviet Russia, see above, pp. 54ff.

191. Smith, *Shadow Warriors*, p. 335.

192. See above, p. 54.

193. Smith, *Shadow Warriors*, pp. 335–36.

194. Foot, *SOE*, p. 149.

195. Gordievsky.

196. Gordievsky recalls Chichayev, then a white-haired veteran, addressing a meeting in the First Chief Directorate Memory Room. Unlike Kukin, however, his portrait does not hang there.

197. František Moravec, *Master of Spies* (London: Bodley Head, 1975), pp. 233–43.

198. "Memorandum of Conversation at the Commissariat for Internal Affairs," 27 Dec. 1943, NAW RG 334, Military Mission to Moscow, Box 18.

199. Harriman to Roosevelt, telegram, 17 March 1944, ibid.

200. Smith, *Shadow Warriors*, pp. 339–46.

201. Donovan to Deane, 29 Aug. 1944, NAW RG 334, Military Mission to Moscow, Box 18.

202. See the records of the Military Mission to Moscow, ibid.

203. Fitin to Deane, 27 Sept. 1944, ibid.

204. Smith, *Shadow Warriors*, pp. 350–52.

205. "Principal Heads of SOE Contact with NKVD and Results Thereof," n.d.

[1944], PRO FO 371/47709. The first official Soviet military mission to Tito in February 1944 had arrived in gliders escorted by the RAF. Erickson, *Road to Berlin,* p. 339.

206. *The Times* obituary, 7 Nov. 1980. Sarah Gainham, "Smolka 'the Spy': A Letter from Vienna," *Encounter,* Dec. 1984.

207. Gordievsky.

208. H. P. Smolka, *Forty Thousand Against the Arctic: Russia's Polar Empire,* rev. ed. (London: Hutchinson, 1938), pp. 162, 274–75, 278.

209. W. J. West, *The Truth About Hollis* (London: Duckworth, 1989), p. 47. Gainham, "Smolka 'the Spy.' "

210. Gordievsky.

211. West, *Hollis,* p. 48.

212. Ministry of Information, Policy Committee minutes, 4 Sept. 1941, PRO INF 1/676.

213. Grubb to Leigh Ashton and Stevens, 29 Sept. 1941, PRO INF 1/147.

214. H. P. Smollett, "Policy on Russian Propaganda" [early Oct. 1941], ibid.

215. Smollett to Elizabeth Monroe, 20 March 1942, ibid.

216. Maisky to Bracken, 4 Nov. 1941, PRO INF 1/676.

217. Gordievsky.

218. Sargent to Grubb, 9 May 1942, PRO FO 371/32921/N 2523. We are grateful to Ms Sheila Kerr for this reference.

219. Smollett, "Policy on Russian Propaganda" [early Oct. 1941], PRO INF 1/147.

220. Ibid.

221. Ian McLaine, *Ministry of Morale* (London: Allen & Unwin, 1979), pp. 202–03.

222. Desmond Morton to Bracken, 16 Jan. 1942, PRO INF 1/677.

223. West, *Hollis,* pp. 107–08.

224. Smollett to Aynsley, 9 Oct. 1941, PRO INF 1/147.

225. Burgess, "Draft Suggestions for Talks on Russia," 15 July 1941. BBC Written Archives Centre, R51/520/1: first quoted in Christopher Andrew's filmed report on the Cambridge moles for *Timewatch,* BBC2, 27 July 1983 (producer: Robert Marshall); text in West, *Truth Betrayed,* pp. 59–61.

226. An extract from Henri's talk was included in Christopher Andrew's filmed report cited in n. 225.

227. West, *Hollis,* pp. 73–75.

228. McLaine, *Ministry of Morale,* p. 209.

229. Jane Degras (ed.), *The Communist International 1919–1943. Documents* (London: Oxford University Press, 1965), vol. III, pp. 476–77.

230. H. P. Smollett, "Arguments to Counter the Ideological Fear of 'Bolshevism,' " Feb. 1943, in W. J. West (ed.), *Orwell: The War Commentaries* (London: Duckworth, 1985), pp. 20ff.

231. Hugh Thomas, *Armed Truce: The Beginnings of the Cold War* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1986), p. 67.

232. David N. Dilks (ed.), *The Diaries of Alexander Cadogan O.M. 1938–1945* (London: Cassell, 1971), p. 579. Martin Gilbert, *Winston S. Churchill,* vol. VII (London: Heinemann, 1986), pp. 568–69.

233. See above, pp. 287–90.

234. Cordell Hull, *The Memoirs of Cordell Hull* (New York: Macmillan, 1948), vol. II, p. 1249.

235. Lord Moran, *Winston Churchill: The Struggle for Survival 1940–1965* (London: Constable, 1966) p. 132.

236. Charles E. Bohlen, *Witness to History 1919–1969* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1973), p. 148.

237. Thomas, *Armed Truce,* pp. 170–71.

238. Dilks (ed.), *Cadogan Diaries* p. 582.

239. Tuttle, *Hopkins and Anglo–American–Soviet Relations,* pp. 225–56.

240. Adam B. Ulam, *Expansion and Coexistence: Soviet Foreign Policy 1917–1973* (New York: Holt, Rinehart, 1974), p. 354.

241. Alex de Jonge, *Stalin and the Shaping of the Soviet Union* (London: Collins, 1986), p. 437. Sherwood, *Roosevelt and Hopkins,* p. 804.

242. Vojtech Mastny, *Russia's Road to the Cold War* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1979), pp. 132–39.

243. Allen Weinstein, *Perjury: The Hiss–Chambers Case* (New York: Knopf, 1978), pp. 352–54.

244. Tuttle, *Hopkins and Anglo–American–Soviet Relations,* pp. 242, 249.

245. Dilks (ed.), *Cadogan Diaries,* p. 703.

246. Joan Bright Astley, *The Inner Circle* (London: Hutchinson, 1971), p. 189.

247. Ibid., ch. 12 and p. 223. Richard Collier, *The War That Stalin Won* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1983), pp. 237–39. Martin Gilbert, *Churchill,* vol. VII, p. 1182.

248. Bentley identified five other agents who worked in the U.S. Treasury at various times.

249. David Rees, *Harry Dexter White: A Study in Paradox* (New York: Macmillan, 1973).

250. Ibid., chs. 15–17.

251. Bentley, *Out of Bondage,* p. 166. Romerstein and Levchenko, *KGB Against the "Main Enemy,"* pp. 110–11.

252. Dilks (ed.), *Cadogan Diaries,* pp. 707–08.

253. Ibid., pp. 708–09.

254. Sherwood, *Roosevelt and Hopkins,* p. 860.

255. Ibid., p. 870.

256. De Jonge, *Stalin,* p. 485.

257. Thomas M. Campbell and George C. Herring (eds.), *The Diaries of Edward R. Stettinius Jr., 1943–1946* (New York: New Viewpoints, 1975), p. 416.

258. Collier, *War That Stalin Won,* p. 238.

259. J. W. Russell (Rome) to P. Mason (FO), 2 Oct. 1952, PRO FO 371/100826 NS 1023/29/G; H. A. F. Hohler (FO) to P. F. Grey (Moscow), ibid., N 31023/34/G. We are grateful for these references to Professor John Gaddis.

260. Ulam, *Expansion and Coexistence,* p. 377n.

261. Minute by R. A. Sykes, 23 Oct. 1952, PRO FO 371/100826 NS 1023/29/G.

Chapter 9. The Takeover of Eastern Europe (1944–48)

1. Amy W. Knight, *KGB: Police and Politics in the Soviet Union* (London: Unwin Hyman, 1988), pp. 35–36. John J. Dziak, *Chekisty: A History of the KGB* (Lexington, Mass.: Lexington Books, 1988), pp. 125–26. Strobe Talbott (ed./trans.), *Khrushchev Remembers* (London: Sphere Books, 1971), vol. I, p. 256. Besides Stalin, those envious of Beria's empire-building included Zhdanov, the Leningrad Party boss.

2. Interview by Christopher Andrew with Pyotr Deryabin, 25 Nov. 1987. Deriabin recalls the postwar disappearance of the Dzerzhinsky exhibit from the MGB officers' club, but is uncertain of the exact date (which he believes was before 1947) and the person responsible.

3. Sergei Zakharovich Ostryakov, *Voyennye Chekisty* (Moscow: Voyenizdat, 1979), ch. 3, p. IV.

4. Vladimir and Evdokia Petrova, *Empire of Fear* (London: André Deutsch, 1956), pp. 98–99.

5. Robert W. Stephan, "Death to Spies: The Story of Smersh," MA thesis, American University, Washington, DC, 1984, pp. 61–64.

6. Nikolai Tolstoy, *Stalin's Secret War* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1981), ch. 17.

Hugh Thomas, *Armed Truce: The Beginnings of the Cold War* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1986), pp. 220–21.

7. Ostryakov, *Voyennye Chekisty,* p. 256.

8. Thomas, *Armed Truce,* p. 220. Tolstoy, *Stalin's Secret War,* ch. 17.

9. Nicholas Nyaradi, *My Ringside Seat in Moscow* (New York: Crowell, 1953), p. 155.

10. Stephan, "Death to Spies," pp. 150ff.

11. Ostryakov, *Voyennye Chekisty,* p. 205. Knight, *KGB,* p. 258.

12. Milovan Djilas, *Conversations with Stalin* (London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1962), p. 105.

13. George H. Hodos, *Show Trials: Stalinist Purges in Eastern Europe, 1948–1954* (New York: Praeger, 1987), p. 40.

14. Djilas, *Conversations with Stalin,* pp. 15–16.

15. Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, *The Pattern of Soviet Domination* (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co, 1949), p. 112.

16. See above, p. 141.

17. Hodos, *Show Trials,* pp. 137–38.

18. Jacques Rupnik, *The Other Europe* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1988), p. 85, quoting document smuggled out of Warsaw archives in the 1970s.

19. Alex de Jonge, *Stalin and the Shaping of the Soviet Union* (London: Collins, 1986), ch. 45. Norman Davies, *God's Playground: A History of Poland* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1981), vol. II, pp. 472–80.

20. Gordievsky. On Serov's background, see Ilya Dzhirkvelov, *Secret Servant* (London: Collins, 1987), pp. 146–47, and William F. Corson and Robert T. Crowley, *The New KGB,* "updated" Quill ed. (New York: William Morrow, 1986), p. 248.

21. See the reports from SOE and others in PRO FO 371/47709.

22. Davies, *God's Playground,* vol. II, pp. 479–80.

23. Arthur Bliss Lane, *I Saw Freedom Betrayed* (London: Regency Publications, 1949), pp. 105–06.

24. Gordievsky.

25. PPR Politburo minutes, 17 Dec. 1944: in Antony Polonsky and Boleslaw Drukier (eds.), *The Beginnings of Communist Rule in Poland* (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1980), pp. 396–99. There were later admissions that Red Army "debauchery" was "turning people against the Soviet Union." Ibid., p. 429.

26. Berling to Gomulka, 20 Sept. 1956, in J. Nowak, "Sprawa gen. Berlinga," *Zeszyćy Historyczne,* vol. XXXVII (1976), p. 39. John Coutouvidis and Jaime Reynolds, *Poland 1939–1947* (Leicester University Press, 1986), pp. 167–68.

27. Minutes of PPR Central Committee Plenum, 20–21 May 1945, in Polonsky and Drukier (eds.), *Beginnings of Communist Rule,* pp. 424–42.

28. The classic analysis of this three-stage political evolution is in Hugh Seton-Watson, *The East European Revolution* (London: Methuen, 1956).

29. Harry S. Truman, *Memoirs: 1945, Year of Decisions,* Signet ed. (New York: New American Library, 1965), p. 99.

30. Dwight W. Tuttle, *Harry L. Hopkins and Anglo–American–Soviet Relations 1941–1945* (New York: Garland, 1983), p. 277.

31. Gordievsky.

32. Robert E. Sherwood, *Roosevelt and Hopkins: An Intimate History* (New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1950), pp. 885–86.

33. Tuttle, *Hopkins and Anglo–American–Soviet Relations,* pp. 275–76.

34. Herbert Feis, *Between War and Peace* (Princeton University Press, 1960), pp. 83–84.

35. Sherwood, *Roosevelt and Hopkins,* pp. 888–89. Feis, *Between War and Peace,* p. 98.

36. Vojtech Mastny, *Russia's Road to the Cold War* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1979), pp. 284–85.

37. *Foreign Relations of the United States: The Conference of Berlin* (*The Potsdam Conference*) (Washington, DC: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1960).

38. Ibid. Mastny, *Russia's Road,* pp. 286–87.

39. Tuttle, *Hopkins and Anglo–American–Soviet Relations,* pp. 289–91.

40. Gordievsky.

41. Tuttle, *Hopkins and Anglo–American–Soviet Relations,* p. 300. Mastny, *Russia's Road,* p. 287.

42. Lane, *Freedom Betrayed,* p. 111.

43. Gordievsky.

44. Lane, *Freedom Betrayed,* pp. 177–83.

45. Gordievsky.

46. Harry Rositzke, *The KGB: Eyes of Russia* (London: Sidgwick & Jackson, 1983), pp. 126–27. Further information from Gordievsky.

47. David J. Dallin, *Soviet Espionage* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1955), pp. 330–31.

48. Mikolajczyk, *Pattern of Soviet Domination,* p. 87. Stalin's comment is often wrongly applied to Poland.

49. Gordievsky. Branko Lazitch and Milorad M. Drachkovitch, *Biographical Dictionary of the Comintern,* rev. ed. (Stanford, Ca.: Hoover Institution Press, 1986).

50. Wolfgang Leonhard, *Child of the Revolution* (London: Collins, 1957), p. 303. Leonhard accompanied Ulbricht back to Germany from Moscow.

51. Thomas, *Armed Truce,* p. 347.

52. Erich Ollenhauer, *A bis Z* (Bonn: 1969), p.550. Martin McCauley, "East Germany," in McCauley (ed.), *Communist Power in Europe 1944–1949* (London: Macmillan, 1977).

53. Hans W. Schoenberg, "The Partition of Germany and the Neutralization of Austria," in Thomas Hammond (ed.), *The Anatomy of Communist Takeovers* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1975).

54. Dallin, *Soviet Espionage,* p. 332.

55. Ibid., pp. 364ff.

56. Cf. above, p. 351.

57. Ghita Ionescu, *Communism in Rumania 1944–1962* (London: Oxford University Press, 1964), pp. 79–81. Hodos, *Show Trials,* pp. 94–95.

58. Ionescu, *Communism in Rumania,* pp. 103ff, 186.

59. Robert R. King, *History of the Romanian Communist Party* (Stanford, Ca.: Hoover Institution Press, 1980), p. 92.

60. Petrov debrief, 29 Sept. 1954, AAC, CRS A6283/XR1/144. Cf. Anatoli Golitsyn, *New Lies for Old* (New York: Dodd, Mead, 1984), p. 185.

61. Gordievsky. Fedichkin was later resident in Rome, using the alias Yakovlev, from 1951 to 1955.

62. Joseph Rothschild, *The Communist Party of Bulgaria: Origins and Development, 1883–1936* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1971).

63. Nissan Oren, *Bulgarian Communism: The Road to Power 1934–1944* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1971).

64. Adam B. Ulam, *Titoism and the Cominform* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1952), pp. 91–93. Milovan Djilas, *Tito: The Story from the Inside* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1981), p. 35.

65. Nissan Oren, "A Revolution Administered: The Sovietization of Bulgaria," in Hammond (ed.), *Anatomy of Communist Takeovers.* Joseph Rothschild, *Return to Diversity: A Political History of East Central Europe Since World War II* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1989), pp. 114–19.

66. Nyaradi, *Ringside Seat,* p. 51.

67. *Társadalmi Szelme,* April 1952: quoted in William Shawcross, *Crime and Compromise* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1974), p. 56.

68. Nyaradi, *Ringside Seat,* pp. 276–77.

69. Béla Szász, *Volunteers for the Gallows* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1971).

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71. Róbert Gábor, quoted in Charles Gati, *Hungary and the Soviet Bloc* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1986), p. 23n.

72. Ibid., pp. 88, 119–20, 130n.

73. Pavel Tigrid, "The Prague Coup: The Elegant Takeover," in Hammond (ed.), *Anatomy of Communist Takeovers,* pp. 419–20.

74. Karel Kaplan, *The Short March: The Communist Takeover in Czechoslovakia 1945–1948* (London: C. Hurst & Co., 1987), p. 135. Kaplan's study is based on Czechoslovak Party and state archives listed in his source references.

75. Ibid., pp. 137–38.

76. Tigrid, "The Prague Coup," pp. 414–15.

77. Kaplan, *Short March,* pp. 138–39.

78. Ibid., pp. 140–46, ch. 8.

79. Ibid., pp. 157–66, 175.

80. Ibid., ch. 14.

81. Djilas, *Tito,* p. 29.

82. Milovan Djilas, *Rise and Fall* (London: Macmillan, 1985), pp. 106–07.

83. Ibid., pp. 82–83, 105–06.

84. Thomas, *Armed Truce,* pp. 298ff.

85. Djilas, *Rise and Fall,* pp. 32, 83–86, 408.

86. Ibid., pp. 84–85, 92, 95, 98–99, 105–06. Vladimir Dedijer, *Tito Speaks: His Self-Portrait and Struggle with Stalin* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1953), p. 268.

87. Thomas, *Armed Truce,* pp. 298ff. Djilas, *Rise and Fall,* pp. 35–38.

88. Djilas, *Tito,* p. 71.

89. Nora Beloff, *Tito's Flawed Legacy* (London: Victor Gollancz, 1985), pp. 133–34, 140–41.

90. Ulam, *Titoism and the Cominform.*

91. Ibid. Djilas, *Rise and Fall,* chs. 14, 15. Djilas, *Tito,* pp. 84–87. Beloff, *Tito's Flawed Legacy,* pp. 145–46.

92. Stephen Clissold, *Djilas: The Progress of a Revolutionary* (Hounslow: Maurice Temple-Smith, 1983), pp. 175–78. Djilas, *Conversations with Stalin,* pp. 144–47. Hodos, *Show Trials,* pp. 6–8. N. C. Pano, *The People's Republic of Albania* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1968), pp. 47–68.

93. Hodos, *Show Trials,* pp. 9–12. Pano, *Albania,* pp. 81–87.

Chapter 10. Cold War: The Stalinist Phase (1945–53)

1. Gordievsky.

2. Gordievsky.

3. Interview with Colonel "Tar" Robertson, quoted in Chapman Pincher, *Too Secret Too Long* (London: NEL, 1985), p. 351.

4. Ibid., pp. 353–54.

5. Gordievsky.

6. Information from David Footman cited in Pincher, *Too Secret Too Long,* p. 397 (which misdates Cairncross's departure from Bletchley Park).

7. See above, pp. 319–20, 334.

8. Elizabeth Bentley, *Out of Bondage* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1988), chs. 11, 12 and Afterword by Hayden Peake.

9. On the Guzenko case, see Robert Bothwell and J. L. Granatstein (eds.), *The Guzenko Transcripts* (Ottawa: Deneau, n.d.); John Sawatsky, *Guzenko: The Untold Story* (Toronto: Macmillan, 1985); H. Montgomery Hyde, *The Atom Bomb Spies* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1980), chs. 1, 2; Gordon Brook-Shepherd, *The Storm Birds* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1988), ch. 2.

10. James Barros, "Alger Hiss and Harry Dexter White: The Canadian Connection," *Orbis,* vol. XXI (1977), no. 3.

11. Gordievsky.

12. The most reliable account of this episode, we believe, is Brook-Shepherd's *Storm Birds,* ch. 4, which corrects a number of inventions by Philby. The two agents within the Foreign Office referred to by Volkov were, in all probability, Burgess and Maclean. The seven in the intelligence services doubtless included Philby, Blunt, Cairncross, Long and Klugmann. Candidates for the other two wartime moles are Cedric Belfrage, who worked for two years during the Second World War for British Security Coordination in New York, and an SOE officer who cannot be publicly identified.

13. Kim Philby, *My Silent War* (London: Panther Books, 1969), pp. 114–15.

14. Brook-Shepherd, *Storm Birds,* pp. 42–43.

15. Phillip Knightley, *Philby: KGB Master Spy* (London: André Deutsch, 1988), p. 138.

16. Gordievsky.

17. Philby, *My Silent War,* p. 120.

18. Gordievsky.

19. Brook-Shepherd, *Storm Birds,* ch. 4. Gordievsky.

20. See above, pp. 283–84. Though not the code book used for communications between the Center and NKGB residencies in the West, it was of similar construction.

21. Interview by Christopher Andrew with retired NSA official. Gordievsky has no information on the cipher officer's fate.

22. Robert J. Lamphere, *The FBI-KGB War: A Special Agent's Story* (New York: Berkley Books, 1987), pp. 80–82.

23. Ibid., p. 84.

24. David Martin, *Wilderness of Mirrors* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1981), p. 46. Peter Wright, *Spycatcher* (New York: Viking, 1987), p. 184. Confirmed to Christopher Andrew in unattributable U.S. interviews.

25. Wright, *Spycatcher,* p. 185.

26. Christopher Andrew, "The Growth of the Australian Intelligence Community and the Anglo-American Connection," *Intelligence and National Security,* vol. IV (1989), no. 2, pp. 227ff. Robert Manne, *The Petrov Affair: Politics and Espionage* (Sydney: Pergamon, 1987), ch. 12.

27. Gordievsky.

28. A Lavrentyeva, "Stroiteli novogo mira," *V Mire Knig,* 1970, no. 4. David Holloway, "Entering the Nuclear Arms Race: The Soviet Decision to Build the Atomic Bomb, 1939–45," *Social Studies of Science,* vol. XI (1981), pp. 183–84.

29. "They Awakened the Genie" (interview with Professor Golovin and unpublished extracts from his biography of Kurchatov), *Moscow News,* 1989, no. 41.

30. P. L. Kapitsa (ed. Pavel Rubinin), *Pisma o nauke* (Moscow: Moskovsky Rabochy, 1989). David Holloway, "The Scientist and the Tyrant," *New York Review of Books,* 1 March 1990. Beria had his revenge: in 1946 Kapitsa was dismissed from the directorship of his research institute.

31. D. M. Ladd (FBI), memo to Hoover, 26 June 1951. Hoover added the minute, "I was always required to have an escort." FBI 100-374183, referrals file, p. 31.

32. AEC to Hoover, 10 July 1951, ibid., fols 9–10. "Atomic Energy Matters with

Which Donald Maclean Was Concerned As First Secretary, British Embassy, Washington DC," n.d., FBI 100-374183, serial 1-137.

33. "They Awakened the Genie," *Moscow News,* 1989, no. 41.

34. Ibid.

35. Lamphere, *FBI-KGB War,* ch. 9.

36. Hyde, *Atom Bomb Spies,* ch. 3.

37. Ibid., pp. 126–27.

38. Gordievsky.

39. Lamphere, *FBI-KGB War,* pp. 183–92.

40. Hyde, *Atom Bomb Spies,* chs. 4 and 5.

41. Gordievsky.

42. Our main source for the history and organization of the KI is a twenty-four-page paper prepared from information provided by the Petrovs, "The Committee of Information (KI) 1947–1951," 17 Nov. 1954, AAC, CRS A 6283/XR1/56.

43. Ilya Dzhirkvelov, *Secret Servant* (London: Collins, 1987), p. 138.

44. Gordievsky.

45. Dzhirkvelov, *Secret Servant,* p. 64.

46. Interview by Christopher Andrew with Yuri Nosenko, 15 Nov. 1987.

47. "The Committee of Information (KI) 1947–1951," 17 Nov. 1954, AAC, CRS A6283/XR1/56.

48. Andrei Gromyko, *Memories* (London: Hutchinson, 1989), pp. 318–19.

49. "The Committee of Information (KI) 1947–1951," AAC, CRS A 6283/XR1/56. The exact sequence (though not the identity) of KI chairmen is unclear. The Petrovs were confident that Molotov was the first and Zorin the last. But it is possible that Molotov handed over the chairmanship to Malik toward the end of his term as Foreign Minister, that Vyshinsky took over from Malik and was succeeded by Zorin.

50. Interview by Christopher Andrew with Yuri Nosenko, 15 Nov. 1987.

51. Tom Bower, *The Red Web* (London: Aurum, 1989), pp. 46–47, 59–62.

52. Ibid., pp. 72–79.

53. Ibid., pp. 97–103, 114–18, 123, 139–40. Anthony Cavendish, *Inside Intelligence* (London: privately printed, 1987), ch. 7.

54. Bower, *Red Web,* pp. 119, 165. See above, p. 103.

55. Gordievsky.

56. Quoted in Bower, *Red Web,* pp. 190–91.

57. Gordievsky.

58. BBC, *SWB, Poland,* 1 January 1953. Thomas Powers, *The Man Who Kept the Secrets: Richard Helms and the CIA* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1979), pp. 40–45. Edward Jay Epstein, *Deception: The Invisible War Between the KGB and the CIA* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1989), pp. 34–39.

59. Ever since the Second World War, KGB "active measures" have sought to portray Ukrainian partisans as former Nazi collaborators. The horrors of mass deportations, man-made famine and the Terror in the 1930s had, unsurprisingly, led many Ukrainians to welcome the Germans as liberators in 1941. Hitler, however, regarded them as *Untermenschen.*

60. Philby, *My Silent War,* p. 145.

61. Harry Rositzke, *The KGB: Eyes of Russia* (London: Sidgwick & Jackson, 1983), p. 134.

62. Gordievsky.

63. Ibid., ch. 9. Ismail Akhmedov, *In and Out of Stalin's GRU* (London: Arms & Armour Press, 1984), ch. 10.

64. Nicholas Bethell, *The Great Betrayal* (London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1984).

65. Philby, *My Silent War,* pp. 144–45.

66. Unattributable interview by Christopher Andrew in the United States.

67. Philby, *My Silent War,* p. 146.

68. Gordievsky. According to the Petrovs, Kukin remained head of the KI First Directorate until late 1950. AAC, CRS A 6238/XR1/56.

69. Gordievsky.

70. Robert Cecil, *A Divided Life* (London: Bodley Head, 1988), p. 88.

71. Affidavit sworn by Vladimir Petrov, 29 March 1956, AAC, CRS A 1209/60/769. Petrov had been acting resident in Canberra from 1952–1954. Less reliable accounts of his revelations appeared in the press. Additional information on Kislitsyn from Gordievsky.

72. Andrew Boyle, *The Climate of Treason* (London: Hutchinson, 1979), pp. 305, 341, 346. Goronwy Rees, *A Chapter of Accidents* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1971), p. 164.

73. Christopher Mayhew, *Time to Explain* (London: Hutchinson, 1987), p. 109.

74. Boyle, *Climate of Treason,* pp. 347–48.

75. Gordievsky.

76. Peter Hennessy and Kathleen Townsend, "The documentary spoor of Burgess and Maclean," *Intelligence and National Security,* vol. II (1987), no. 2.

77. Rees, *Chapter of Accidents,* p. 7. Barrie Penrose and Simon Freeman, *Conspiracy of Silence* (London: Grafton Books, 1986), pp. 324–27.

78. Gordievsky.

79. Cecil, *Divided Life,* chs. 6, 7.

80. *The Times,* 2 Jan. 1981.

81. Minute by Maclean, 21 Dec. 1950, PRO FO 371/81613 AU 1013/52.

82. Cecil, *Divided Life,* p. 123.

83. See his warnings to Italian Communists in *Osteuropa,* no. 10, October 1970, cited in George Kennan, *Memoirs 1950–1963* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1983), p. 94.

84. David Dimbleby and David Reynolds, *An Ocean Apart* (London: BBC/Hodder & Stoughton, 1988), p. 190.

85. Cecil, *Divided Life,* p. 123.

86. Philby, *My Silent War,* pp. 152–53.

87. Cecil, *Divided Life,* pp. 117–18.

88. Philby, *My Silent War,* p. 152.

89. Ibid., p. 153.

90. Cecil, *Divided Life,* p. 118.

91. Philby, *My Silent War,* pp. 155–56.

92. Martin, *Wilderness of Mirrors,* p. 51.

93. Philby, *My Silent War,* p. 156. The KGB's claim in 1990 that Burgess's escapades were preplanned (*Cutting Edge,* Channel 4, 14 May 1990) is unconvincing.

94. Gordievsky.

95. Philby, *My Silent War,* p. 154. Costello, *Mask of Treachery,* pp. 545–46.

96. Knightley, *Philby,* pp. 177–78.

97. Gordievsky.

98. Cecil, *Divided Life,* pp. 135ff.

99. Gordievsky.

100. Cecil, *Divided Life,* pp. 135–44.

101. Gordievsky.

102. Penrose and Freeman, *Conspiracy of Silence,* pp. 357–58.

103. Gordievsky.

104. P. M. Rossiter to Cairncross, 14 Mar. 1947, PRO T 225/13 B.A.T. (49), 2nd Meeting, 19 Dec. 1949; PRO T 225/117.

105. Penrose and Freeman, *Conspiracy of Silence,* pp. 369–70. John Colville, *The*

Fringes of Power (London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1985), pp. 30ff. Pincher, *Too Secret Too Long,* pp. 394–95. Wright, *Spycatcher,* pp. 219–23.

106. Press conference, 20 Nov. 1979.

107. Philby, *My Silent War,* pp. 151–52, 157–59.

108. Interview by Christopher Andrew with James MacCargar, 11 Dec. 1987.

109. Philby, *My Silent War,* pp. 167–70.

110. Knightley, *Philby,* pp. 184–85.

111. Costello, *Mask of Treachery,* p. 569.

112. "Soviet State Security Service Foreign Intelligence Operational Techniques ('Legal' Residency System)" based on debriefing of the Petrovs, 18 May 1955, Section VII, AAC, CRS A 6283/XR1/9.

113. See above, p. 208. Watson obituary in *King's College Calendar,* 1983. Wright, *Spycatcher,* pp. 190–93. Further information from Gordievsky.

114. Gordievsky.

115. H. Montgomery Hyde, *George Blake, Superspy* (London: Constable, 1987).

116. Gordievsky.

117. Hyde, *Blake,* pp. 39–40.

118. "Miscellaneous Soviet Personalities who have served abroad," 29 Sept. 1954, AAC, CRS A 6283/XR1/144. It is certain that these documents were not sigint intercepts, which were closely guarded and would never have been left lying around.

119. Ibid. Additional information from Gordievsky. Krokhin's name is misspelled in the Petrov debrief as Krahin.

120. Cf. Thierry Wolton, *Le KGB en France* (Paris: Bernard Grasset, 1986), pp. 125–34).

121. Ibid., pp. 167–77. Further information from Gordievsky. See below, pp. 444–45.

122. Heinz Höhne and Hermann Zolling, *The General Was a Spy* (London: Pan Books, 1972), ch. 12. See below, pp. 448–49.

123. George H. Hodos, *Show Trials: Stalinist Purges in Eastern Europe, 1948–1954* (New York: Praeger, 1987), pp. 35, 28. .

124. Unless otherwise indicated, our account of Field's career is based on Flora Lewis, *The Man Who Disappeared: The Strange History of Noel Field* (London: Arthur Barker, 1965) and Allen Weinstein, *Perjury: The Hiss–Chambers Case* (New York: Knopf, 1978), pp. 198–206.

125. Richard Harris Smith, *OSS: The Secret History of America's First Central Intelligence Agency* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1972), pp. 227–28.

126. Lewis, *The Man Who Disappeared,* pp. 160, 191.

127. Karel Kaplan, *Dans les archives du Comité Central* (Paris: Albin Michel, 1978), pp. 145–47.

128. Hodos, *Show Trials,* p. 170.

129. Derek Kartun, *Tito's Plot Against Europe: The Story of the Rajk Conspiracy* (London: Lawrence & Wishart, 1949), p. 22.

130. Lewis, *The Man Who Disappeared,* p. 119.

131. Milovan Djilas, *Rise and Fall* (London: Macmillan, 1985), pp. 128–29.

132. Kádár's account of the meeting is contained in the biography by László Gyurkó, *Arcképvázlat történelmi háttérrel* (Budapest, 1982), pp. 180–81; and in the "introductory biography" by Gyurkó to János Kádár, *Selected Speeches and Interviews* (Oxford: Pergamon Press, 1985), pp. 71–72.

133. Hodos, *Show Trials,* ch. 5, p. 39.

134. Interview with Kádár in *Magyarorszag,* 19 May 1989.

135. Béla Szász, *Volunteers for the Gallows* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1971), pp. 71, 105, 108ff, 138ff, 172.

136. "Who Are You, Vladimir Farkas?," *Magyar Nemzet,* 3 Nov. 1988.

137. Interview in *Magyarorszag,* 19 May 1989.

138. Hodos, *Show Trials,* pp. 48–49.

139. *László Rajk and His Accomplices Before the People's Court* (Budapest, 1949). Rajk and two of the defendants were sentenced to hanging by the People's Court. Two others were referred to a military tribunal who sentenced them to firing squads.

140. Hodos, *Show Trials,* pp. 49–50.

141. Gordievsky.

142. Hodos, *Show Trials,* pp. 65–66.

143. Jiří Pelikán (ed.), *The Czechoslovak Political Trials, 1950–1954* (London: Macdonald, 1971).

144. Karel Kaplan, *Procès politiques à Prague* (Brussels: Editions Complexe, 1980), p. 45.

145. Dzhirkvelov, *Secret Servant,* pp. 246–49. Further information on the careers of Otrashchenko and Korotkov was provided by the Petrovs; AAC, CRS A6283/XR1/56, 143, 144.

146. Strobe Talbott (ed./trans.), *Khrushchev Remembers* (London: Sphere Books, 1971), vol. I, pp. 260–62.

147. Ibid., p. 263.

148. Dzhirkvelov, *Secret Servant,* p. 250.

149. Meir Cotic, *The Prague Trial* (New York: Herzl Press/Cornwall Books, 1987), p. 97. In 1990 Boyarsky was exposed in *Moscow News* as a sadist who had "relished beating people up," personally tortured women as well as men, and embezzled StB funds. Yevgenia Albat, "Will There Be an End to the Lubyanka?," *Moscow News,* 1990, no. 10.

150. Kaplan, *Procès politiques,* p. 45.

151. An official Czechoslovak report in 1963 described Keppert as notorious for "rabid anti-Semitism." Pelikán (ed.), *Czechoslovak Political Trials,* pp. 101–02. Cotic, *Prague Trial,* p. 219.

152. Pelikán (ed.), *Czechoslovak Political Trials,* pp. 102–03. Cotic, *Prague Trial,* p. 219.

153. Pelikán (ed.), *Czechoslovak Political Trials,* p. 103.

154. Interview by Christopher Andrew with Pyotr Deryabin, 25 November 1987. Deriabin was present at Khrushchev's speech in the officers' club. He recalls the date of the speech as September 1951. Some other accounts put Abakumov's arrest at up to two months later.

155. Amy W. Knight, *KGB: Police and Politics in the Soviet Union,* (London: Unwin Hyman, 1988), p. 36.

156. Pelikán (ed.), *Czechoslovak Political Trials,* pp. 106–07.

157. Cotic, *Prague Trial,* p. 12.

158. Gordievsky.

159. Gordievsky.

160. Talbott (ed./trans.), *Khrushchev Remembers,* vol. I, pp. 282–87. Alex de Jonge, *Stalin and the Shaping of the Soviet Union* (London: Collins, 1986), pp. 500–03.

161. Hodos, *Show Trials,* p. 66.

162. Cotic, *Prague Trial,* p. 144.

163. Talbott (ed./trans.), *Khrushchev Remembers,* vol. I., ch. 8. De Jonge, *Stalin,* ch. 49.

164. N. Barsukov, "On the Way to the 20th Congress," *Pravda,* 10 Nov. 1989.

165. "I *was* attached to him," Khrushchev admitted, ". . . I wept sincerely over Stalin's death." Talbott (ed./trans.), *Khrushchev Remembers,* vol. I, pp. 322–23.

166. Knight, *KGB,* pp. 47, 51, 70.

167. Roy Medvedev, "N. S. Khrushchev's Political Biography," *Druzhba Narodov,* July 1989.

168. Gordievsky.

Chapter 11. The Cold War After Stalin (1953–63)

1. N. Barsukov, "On the Way to the 20th Congress," *Pravda,* 10 Nov. 1989. After Stalin's death the Presidium was reduced in size to ten; in 1966 it was to be replaced by the old Politburo.

2. During the year from March 1953 to March 1954 when the MGB was absorbed by the MVD, the Foreign Directorate, previously the First Chief Directorate, became the Second; the Counter-Intelligence Directorate, previously the Second, became the First.

3. Interview with Pyotr Deryabin by Christopher Andrew, 25 Nov. 1987. Deriabin's account of the recall of residents to Moscow is confirmed by Yuri Nosenko (interview with Christopher Andrew, 15 Nov. 1987).

4. Roy Medvedev, "N. S. Khrushchev's Political Biography," *Druzhba Narodov,* July 1989.

5. Andrei Gromyko, *Memories* (London: Hutchinson, 1989), p. 318.

6. Medvedev, "Khrushchev's Political Biography." Strobe Talbott (ed./trans.), *Khrushchev Remembers* (London: Sphere Books, 1971), vol. I, pp. 321–26.

7. Pyotr Deryabin and Frank Gibney, The *Secret World,* rev. ed. (New York: Ballantine Books, 1982), p. 200.

8. Fyodor Burlatsky, "Khrushchev: Sketches for a Political Portrait," *Literaturnaya Gazeta,* 24 Feb. 1988. Malenkov, to whom Khrushchev's later recollections rarely did justice, probably played a less feeble part than Khrushchev claimed. Cf. Marshal Kirill. S. Moskalenko, "Beria's Arrest," *Moscow News,* 1990, no. 23.

9. Moskalenko, "Beria's Arrest." Medvedev, "Khrushchev's Political Biography."

10. Gordievsky.

11. Interview with "Merited Lawyer" G. A. Terekhov on Soviet TV, 29 April 1988; BBC, *SWB,* SU/0140 B/4, 2 May 1988.

12. Interview with Pyotr Deryabin by Christopher Andrew, 25 Nov. 1987.

13. Gordievsky. On Panyushkin's career, see also Petrov debrief, AAC, CRS A6283/XR1/56.

14. Nikolai Y. Khokhlov, *In the Name of Conscience* (London: Frederick Muller, 1960), p. 201.

15. Interview with Pyotr Deryabin by Christopher Andrew, 25 Nov. 1987.

16. Khokhlov, *In the Name of Conscience,* pt. III.

17. Interviews by Christopher Andrew with Yuri Rastvorov, Oct. 1987, and Pyotr Deryabin, 25 Nov. 1987.

18. Talbott (ed./trans.), *Khrushchev Remembers,* vol. I, p. 338.

19. Sándor Kopácsi, *Au nom de la classe ouvrière* (Paris: Editions Robert Laffont, 1979), p. 24. The claims in William F. Corson and Robert T. Crowley, *The New KGB* (New York: William Morrow, 1986), pp. 265–69, that Andropov was also KGB resident and that Viktor Chebrikov, another future KGB chairman, was also at the Budapest embassy are mistaken.

20. Amy W. Knight, *The KGB: Police and Politics in the Soviet Union* (London: Unwin Hyman, 1988), p. 123.

21. Interview with Kryuchkov, *New Times,* 1989, no. 32.

22. TV interview with Kryuchkov, 24 June 1989, BBC, *SWB,* SU/0496/B/1.

23. Gordievsky.

24. Joseph Rothschild, *Return to Diversity: A Political History of East Central Europe Since World War II* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1989), pp. 156–58.

25. On the course of the Revolution, see United Nations, *Report of the Special Committee on the Problem of Hungary* (New York, 1957).

26. Kopácsi, *Au nom de la classe ouvrière,* pp. 119–22.

27. Talbott (ed./trans.), *Khrushchev Remembers,* vol. I, p. 418.

28. Gordievsky.

29. Charles Gati, *Hungary and the Soviet Bloc* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1986), pp. 144–47.

30. Arkadi N. Shevchenko, *Breaking with Moscow* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1985), p. 104.

31. Gati, *Hungary and the Soviet Bloc,* pp. 148–49.

32. UN, *Report of the Special Committee.*

33. Gordievsky.

34. Account given by Maléter to Kopácsi. *Au nom de la classe ouvrière,* pp. 247–88. The allegation that Maléter was arrested while at a banquet arranged by Andropov is mistaken. See Zhores Medvedev, *Andropov: His Life and Death,* rev. ed. (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1984), p. 37.

35. Béla K. Király, "Military Aspects," in Béla K. Király and Paul Jónás (eds.), *The Hungarian Revolution of 1956 in Retrospect* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1978), p. 70.

36. Kopácsi, *Au nom de la classe ouvrière,* pp. 240–41, 270.

37. Ibid., pp. 277–78, 306.

38. Tibor Méray, "The Trial of Imre Nagy," in Király and Jónás (eds.), *The Hungarian Revolution in Retrospect.* Selected parts of the transcript were later published: filmed extracts of the trial were also shown.

39. *The Counter-Revolutionary Conspiracy of Imre Nagy and His Accomplices* (Budapest: Information Bureau of the Council of Ministers, 1958), pp. 13–18, 108–29.

40. Khokhlov, *In the Name of Conscience,* p. 201.

41. Gordievsky. Knight, *KGB,* p. 122. Anatoli Golitsyn, *New Lies for Old* (New York: Dodd, Mead, 1984), pp. 185–86.

42. Gordievsky.

43. Gordievsky.

44. Golitsyn, *New Lies for Old,* pp. 283–87.

45. Andrei Gromyko, *Memories.*

46. Gordievsky.

47. Gordievsky.

48. Kim Philby, *My Silent War* (London: Panther Books, 1969), p. 171. Hollis was then deputy director general of MI5 and Graham Mitchell director of counterespionage. Had either been, as mistakenly alleged, a Soviet spy, Modin would scarcely have been quite so preoccupied with the threat from the Security Service.

49. Chapman Pincher, *Too Secret Too Long* (London: NEL, 1985), p. 355.

50. Gordievsky.

51. Philby, *My Silent War,* p. 151.

52. Vladimir and Evdokia Petrova, *Empire of Fear* (London: André Deutsch, 1956), ch. 23.

53. Philby, *My Silent War,* ch. 13.

54. Phillip Knightley, *Philby: KGB Master Spy* (London: André Deutsch, 1988), pp. 148–49.

55. Andrew, *Secret Service,* p. 496.

56. Gordievsky.

57. Peter Wright, *Spycatcher* (New York: Viking, 1987) pp. 172–73.

58. Knightley, *Philby,* ch. 15.

59. Gordievsky.

60. Unattributable interview by Christopher Andrew with former CIA officer.

61. David Martin, *Wilderness of Mirrors* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1981), pp. 74–90, 101–06. John Ranelagh, *The Agency* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1986), pp. 288–96.

62. H. Montgomery Hyde, *George Blake, Superspy* (London: Constable, 1987), pp. 47–49.

63. Gordievsky was among those who attended the trial. He dismisses claims that Popov was tortured to death as an example to others.

64. In the four years between Rodin's two terms as resident, Georgi Mikhailovich Zhivotovsky served as acting resident, 1952–53; Sergei Leonidovich Tikhvinsky was resident 1953–55, then recalled by the Center; Yuri Modin served as acting resident 1955–56. Gordievsky.

65. Gordievsky.

66. Gordievsky.

67. John Vassall, *Vassall* (London: Sidgwick & Jackson, 1975).

68. Gordievsky.

69. Wright, *Spycatcher,* pp. 166–67. Gordievsky.

70. Gordievsky.

71. The KGB version of Molody's career appears in a volume prepared, with Philby's help, by active measures specialists in the First Chief Directorate: Gordon Lonsdale, *Spy* (London: Neville Spearman, 1965).

72. Gordievsky.

73. Valeri Agranovsky, "Profession: Foreigner," *Znamya,* Sept. 1988: a much franker account of Molody, based on interviews with him, than the KGB ghostwritten version of his memoirs, Lonsdale, *Spy.*

74. Agranovsky, "Profession: Foreigner."

75. Gordievsky.

76. Gordievsky.

77. Wright, *Spycatcher,* pp. 137–38. Harry Rositzke, *The KGB: Eyes of Russia* (London: Sidgwick & Jackson, 1983) pp. 76–77.

78. Wright, *Spycatcher,* pp. 128ff.

79. Harry Houghton, *Operation Portland: The Autobiography of a Spy* (London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1972).

80. Lonsdale, *Spy,* pp. 87, 118.

81. Gordievsky. There is a brief description of Molody's funeral in Agranovsky, "Profession: Foreigner."

82. See above, p. 406.

83. Thierry Wolton, *Le KGB en France* (Paris: Bernard Grasset, 1986), pp. 167–72.

84. John Barron, *KGB Today: The Hidden Hand* (London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1984), ch. 9. Additional information from Gordievsky who met both Tsymbal and Lazarev when they headed Directorate S (Illegals) in the 1960s and 1970s.

85. Barron, *KGB Today,* pp. 376–418. Gordievsky confirms that this meeting took place.

86. Roger Faligot and Pascal Krop, *La Piscine: The French Secret Service Since 1944* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1989), pp. 213–21.

87. CIA, *The Rote Kapelle: The CIA's History of Soviet Intelligence and Espionage Networks in Western Europe 1936–1945* (Washington, DC: University Publications of America, 1979), pp. 82, 99–100, identifies Robinson as the controller of André Labarthe (code-named Jérome). Wright, *Spycatcher,* p. 239, reveals that Labarthe was identified as a Soviet agent from Venona decrypts. This has been confirmed to Christopher

Andrew by two retired intelligence officers in North America with former access to the Venona traffic.

88. Brief details of Labarthe's career appear in *Dictionnaire Commentée de l'Oeuvre du Général de Gaulle* (Paris: Plon, 1975).

89. Wolton, *Le KGB en France,* p. 168.

90. Wright, *Spycatcher,* p. 239: confirmed to Christopher Andrew by the sources referred to in n. 87. Cot's career as a Soviet agent does not, of course, reflect in any way on the distinguished political career of his son, Jean-Pierre Cot.

91. Robert Young, *In Command of France* (Cambridge, Mass: Harvard University Press, 1978), p. 174. Anthony Adamthwaite, *France and the Coming of the Second World War* (London: Frank Cass, 1977), pp. 235–36. Jacques Chastenet, *Le Déclin de la Troisième République 1931–1938* (Paris: Hachette, 1962), p. 168.

92. Unattributable interview with retired American intelligence officer.

93. J. B. Duroselle, *La décadence, 1932–1939* (Paris: Imprimerie Nationale, 1979), p. 474.

94. Unattributable interviews with retired American intelligence officers.

95. *Washington Post,* 25 June 1944. Wolton, *Le KGB en France,* p. 202.

96. Philip M. Williams, *French Politicians and Elections 1951–1969* (Cambridge University Press, 1970), p. 13.

97. Wright. *Spycatcher,* pp. 240–41. Labarthe died in 1970—not, as Wright claims, in the middle of the DST interrogation.

98. Heinz Höhne and Hermann Zolling, *The General Was a Spy* (London: Pan Books, 1972), pp. 182–83. Anthony Glees, *The Secrets of the Service* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1987), pp. 229–44.

99. Felfe's own unreliable account of his career is in Heinz Felfe, *Im Dienst des Gegners* (Hamburg, 1986). Cf. Höhne and Zolling, *The General Was a Spy,* pp. 221–29.

100. Rositzke, *KGB,* pp. 189–94.

101. Jefferson Adams, "Crisis and Resurgence: East German State Security," *International Journal of Intelligence and Counterintelligence,* vol. II (1988), no. 4.

102. Corson and Crowley, *New KGB,* pp. 258–62.

103. "Enthüllungen über die Spionage in Bundesgebiet," in *Bulletin des Presse- und Informationsamtes des Bundesregierung,* no. 100, 6 June 1959, p. 980. We are grateful for this reference to Professor Jefferson Adams.

104. Rositzke, *KGB,* pp. 182ff.

105. Interviews by Christopher Andrew with Yuri Rastvorov, Pyotr Deryabin and Yuri Nosenko. Petrov debrief, AAC, CRS A6283/XR1/56.

106. Cf. above, pp. 226–28.

107. George F. Kennan, *Memoirs 1950–1963* (New York: Pantheon, 1983), pp. 117–18.

108. See above, p. 228.

109. Kennan, *Memoirs,* vol. II, pp. 154–57. Kennan was declared persona non grata in October 1952, though chiefly for reasons unconnected with the bugging incident.

110. Richard Harris Smith, "The First Moscow Station: An Espionage Footnote to Cold War History," *International Journal of Intelligence and Counterintelligence,* vol. III (1989), no. 3. Peer de Silva, *Sub Rosa: The CIA and the Uses of Intelligence* (New York: Times Books, 1978), p. 68. Ronald Kessler, *Moscow Station* (New York: Scribner's, 1989), p. 35.

111. Charles E. Bohlen, *Witness to History 1919–1969* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1973) p. 346.

112. Ibid., p. 345.

113. Interview with Yuri Nosenko by Christopher Andrew, 15 Nov. 1987.

114. Bohlen, *Witness to History,* p. 345. Kessler, *Moscow Station,* p. 28.

115. Barron, *KGB Today,* pp. 169–82. Interview with Yuri Nosenko by Christopher Andrew, 15 Nov. 1987.

116. Interview with Yuri Nosenko by Christopher Andrew, 15 Nov. 1987.

117. Interview with Yuri Nosenko.

118. See above, pp. 174ff.

119. Interview with Stan Levchenko by Christopher Andrew, Nov. 1987.

120. Barron, *KGB Today,* pp. 16–17.

121. Ilya Dzhirkvelov, *Secret Servant* (London: Collins, 1987), pp. 211–14.

122. Interviews with Yuri Nosenko, 15 Nov. 1987, and Pyotr Deryabin, 25 Nov. 1987.

123. According to a retired CIA officer, the French were warned about "their terrible comsec" after the foundation of NATO, because of Anglo-American fears of its vulnerability to KGB and GRU attack.

124. Wright, *Spycatcher,* p. 118.

125. Wolton, *Le KGB en France,* pp. 242–43.

126. Interviews with Yuri Rastvorov, Pyotr Deryabin and Yuri Nosenko.

127. Interviews with Deriabin and Nosenko.

128. Anatoli Golitsyn, *New Lies for Old* (New York: Dodd, Mead, 1984), pp. 46–48. Though we are unconvinced by the elaborate conspiracy theories constructed by Golitsyn after his defection in December 1961, we regard his earlier recollections as generally reliable. At certain points Gordievsky is able to provide corroboration.

129. Knight, *KGB,* pp. 64–65.

130. Unattributable U.S. interview.

131. Interview with Yuri Nosenko, 15 Nov. 1987.

132. Knight, *KGB,* pp. 55–57.

133. Yuri Nosenko interview, 15 Nov. 1987. Nosenko came into contact with the Special Section and Seleznyov when he rejoined the First (American) Department of the Second Chief Directorate in January 1960. His first priority, he was instructed, was "work against cipher clerks."

134. James Bamford, *The Puzzle Palace* (Boston: Hòughton Mifflin, 1982), pp. 133–45.

135. Edward Jay Epstein, *Deception: The Invisible War Between the KGB and the CIA* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1989), pp. 173–74.

136. Unattributable U.S. interviews. Christopher Andrew's information on this point differs from that of Epstein (*Deception,* p. 174), who believes that Dunlap had been a KGB agent since 1957, "having been compromised and recruited in Turkey." It was, however, only in the summer of 1960 that Dunlap's life-style, thanks to Soviet funds, suddenly improved dramatically. Gordievsky has no information on the Dunlap case.

137. Bamford, *Puzzle Palace,* pp. 151–53.

138. Ibid., pp. 153–54.

139. Barron, *KGB: The Secret Work of Soviet Secret Agents* (London: Bantam Books, 1974), ch. 10. Additional information from Yuri Nosenko, 15 Nov. 1987. Previous accounts of Johnson's espionage wrongly attribute his arrest to information from his wife, which, in fact, came from Nosenko after his defection. Nosenko's role is confirmed by a retired U.S. intelligence officer with personal knowledge of the case.

140. Golitsyn, *New Lies for Old,* pp. 50–51. The Disinformation Department in the KI, headed by Andrei Graur, had a total staff of only about five (AAC, CRS A6283/XR1/56). Once in the West, Golitsyn developed a bizarre conspiracy theory that interpreted all apparent tensions within the Soviet bloc—among them the Sino-Soviet split, the Prague Spring, and the rise of Solidarity in Poland—as parts of a gigantic deception devised by Agayants and his successors. Sadly, his theory convinced a number of conspiracy theorists in Western intelligence services.

141. AAC, CRS A6283/XR1/56 and 144.

142. Wolton, *Le KGB en France,* pp. 204–05.

143. Barron, *KGB,* pp. 234–36.

144. Golitsyn, *New Lies for Old,* pp. 48–50. Gordievsky is able to corroborate the main features of this account of the meeting.

145. See above, pp. 426–27.

146. Barron, *KGB,* p. 421. Department Thirteen was officially described as "attached to the FCD": a designation intended to indicate a greater degree of independence than that possessed by other FCD departments (Gordievsky).

147. The fullest account of Stashinsky's career is Karl Anders, *Murder to Order* (London: Ampersand, 1965). Stashinsky brought with him on his defection an official "Service Testimonial," attributing the award of the Order of the Red Banner to his "successful contribution to the solution of an important problem."

148. Anders, *Murder to Order,* p. 107.

149. See below, pp. 574–75.

150. Gordievsky. Cf. Timothy Ashby, *The Bear in the Backyard: Moscow's Caribbean Strategy* (Lexington, Mass: Lexington Books, 1987), chs. 1, 2.

151. Recent literature on Castro is ably analyzed in Malcolm Deas, "Spectacle of the Rats and Owls," *London Review of Books,* 2 June 1988.

152. Gordievsky.

153. Ashby, *Bear in the Backyard,* pp. 22–26.

154. Jan Sejna, *We Will Bury You* (London: Sidgwick & Jackson, 1982), pp. 45–50. General Sejna was in charge of arrangements for Raúl Castro's visit.

155. Gordievsky. The account of the first meeting between Shitov and Castro is by Nuñez Jiménez, who was present. Tad Szulc, *Fidel: A Critical Portrait* (London: Hutchinson, 1987), pp. 408–09.

156. Ashby, *Bear in the Backyard,* pp. 28–29.

157. Gordievsky.

158. Gordievsky.

159. Arnold L. Horelick, *The Cuban Missile Crisis: An Analysis of Soviet Calculations and Behavior* (Santa Monica: Rand Corporation, 1963), p. 53.

160. Shevchenko, *Breaking with Moscow,* p. 154.

161. The most reliable account of the Penkovsky episode, in our view, is Gordon Brook-Shepherd, *The Storm Birds* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1988) chs. 9, 10.

162. Ibid, p. 135.

163. Peter S. Usowski, "John McCone and the Cuban Missile Crisis: A Persistent Approach to the Intelligence-Policy Relationship," *International Journal of Intelligence and Counterintelligence,* vol. II (1988), no. 4.

164. Bolshakov was first publicly identified as a KGB officer by Ilya Dzhirkvelov in "KGB 'Back Channel' Documented," *Disinformation,* Summer 1989, no. 12. The identification is confirmed by Gordievsky.

165. Georgi Bolshakov, "The Hot Line," *New Times,* 1989, nos. 4–6.

166. Edwin O. Guthman and Jeffrey Shulman (eds.), *Robert Kennedy in His Own Words: The Unpublished Recollections of the Kennedy Years* (New York: Bantam Books, 1988), pp. 258–61.

167. Bolshakov, "Hot Line," *New Times,* 1989, no. 4.

168. Bolshakov, "Hot Line," *New Times,* 1989, nos. 5–6.

169. James G. Blight and David A. Welch (eds.), *On the Brink: Americans and Soviets Re-Assess the Cuban Missile Crisis* (New York: Hill & Wang, 1989), p. 248.

170. Bolshakov, "Hot Line," *New Times,* 1989, no. 6.

171. Gordievsky.

172. David Detzer, *The Brink: Cuban Missile Crisis 1962* (New York: Crowell,

1979), pp. 236–37. Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., *A Thousand Days* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1965), p. 827.

173. Gordievsky.

174. Nosenko interview, 15 Nov. 1987. Cf. Brook-Shepherd, *Storm Birds,* ch. 10.

175. Desmond Ball and Robert Windren, "Soviet Signals Intelligence (Sigint): Organisation and Management," *Intelligence and National Security,* vol. IV (1989), no. 4.

176. Nosenko interview, 15 Nov. 1987. (Sasha is not to be confused with a less important American Sasha recruited in the early 1950s.) Nosenko's account of Sasha's career has been confirmed to Christopher Andrew by a retired U.S. government official. Because of fears in the CIA that Nosenko was a plant—fears which led to his incarceration for three years—his lead on Sasha was not followed up until after his interrogation. Sasha, by then a major, was interrogated and fully investigated; his service career was brought to an end. But the evidence against him was insufficient for prosecution.

177. Nosenko interview, 15 Nov. 1987.

178. Dzhirkvelov, *Secret Servant,* pp. 65, 147.

Chapter 12. The Brezhnev Era: The East, the Third World, and the West (1964–72/73)

1. Gordievsky.

2. Sergei Nikitovich Khrushchev's memoirs of his father's fall from power were serialized in *Ogonek* in 1988.

3. Aleksei Adzhubei, "Retracing an Anniversary from Contemporary History," *Ogonek,* October 1989.

4. See the account by Khrushchev's son serialized in *Ogonek* in 1988.

5. Amy W. Knight, *The KGB: Police and Politics in the Soviet Union* (London: Unwin Hyman, 1988), pp. 65–69, 79ff. Geoffrey Hosking, *A History of the Soviet Union* (London: Fontana, 1985), ch. 13.

6. Zhores Medvedev, *Andropov: His Life and Death,* rev. ed. (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1984), pp. 46ff.

7. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *The Oak and the Calf* (London: Collins, 1980), p. 102.

8. Medvedev, *Andropov,* p. 55. *Evening Standard,* 16 May 1967.

9. K. Svetitsky and S. Sokolov, "I would cope with any work," *Ogonek,* June 1989.

10. Medvedev, *Andropov,* p. 56.

11. Svetitsky and Sokolov, "I would cope with any work," *Ogonek,* June 1989.

12. Hosking, *History of the Soviet Union,* pp. 423–24, 450.

13. Adzhubei, "Retracing an Anniversary."

14. Gordievsky.

15. Zdeněk Mlynář, "That August of 1968," *Moscow News,* 1989, no. 50.

16. Gordievsky.

17. František August and David Rees, *Red Star over Prague* (London: Sherwood Press, 1984), pp. 125–29.

18. Gordievsky. His sources on KGB operations during the Prague Spring included the Center's veteran Czechoslovak expert in the mid-1980s, Anatoli Rusakov, who was posted to Prague in 1968.

19. Gordievsky.

20. August and Rees, *Red Star over Prague,* p. 128.

21. Interviews with Kalygin in *Komsomolskaya Pravda,* 20 June 1990, and *Moscow News,* 1990, no. 25.

22. Knight, *KGB,* pp. 292–93.

23. August and Rees, *Red Star over Prague,* pp. 127–28. Karen Dawisha, *The*

Kremlin and the Prague Spring (Berkeley, Ca.: University of California Press, 1984), p. 205.

24. Dawisha, *Kremlin and the Prague Spring,* pp. 236–38.
25. Ibid., pp. xi, 360ff.
26. Andrei Gromyko, *Memories* (London: Hutchinson, 1989), pp. 202–03.
27. Gordievsky.
28. Gordievsky.
29. Dawisha, *Kremlin and the Prague Spring,* pp. 319–20. August and Rees, *Red Star over Prague,* pp. 134–35.
30. Gordievsky.
31. Dawisha, *Kremlin and the Prague Spring,* chs. 12, 13.
32. *Pravda,* 19 Oct. 1968.
33. Solzhenitsyn, *The Oak and the Calf,* p. 220.
34. Dawisha, *Kremlin and the Prague Spring,* p. 217. *Pravda,* 19 July 1968.
35. Adzhubei, "Retracing an Anniversary."
36. Medvedev, *Andropov,* pp. 66–67.
37. Gordievsky.
38. Hosking, *History of the Soviet Union,* pp. 425–26. Richard Owen, *Crisis in the Kremlin* (London: Victor Gollancz, 1986), p. 91.
39. Gordievsky.
40. Gordievsky.
41. Gordievsky.
42. Philip Short, *The Dragon and the Bear* (London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1982), p. 148.
43. Ibid., p. 188.
44. Gordievsky.
45. There are vivid descriptions of the Cultural Revolution, viewed from two differing political perspectives, in Short, *Dragon and the Bear,* and Jean Esmein, *The Chinese Cultural Revolution* (London: André Deutsch, 1975).
46. Gordievsky.
47. Robin Edmonds, *Soviet Foreign Policy: The Brezhnev Years* (Oxford University Press, 1983), pp. 48–49. John Barron, *KGB: The Secret Work of Soviet Secret Agents* (London: Bantam Books, 1974), p. 243.
48. Gordievsky.
49. Barron, *KGB,* p. 243.
50. Gordievsky.
51. Gamal Abdel Nasser, *The Philosophy of the Revolution* (Cairo, 1954), p. 41.
52. On the development of Nasser's relations with the Soviet Union, see Mohamed Heikal, *Sphinx and Commissar* (London: Collins, 1978); and Karen Dawisha, *Soviet Foreign Policy Towards Egypt* (London: Macmillan, 1979), chs. 2, 3.
53. Anwar el-Sadat, *In Search of Identity* (London: Collins, 1978), p. 154. The CIA approach was doubtless reported to the KGB by Sani Sharaf, and probably by others also.
54. Gordievsky.
55. Dawisha, *Soviet Foreign Policy Towards Egypt,* chs. 2, 3.
56. Barron, *KGB,* pp. 69–73. Vladimir Sakharov, *High Treason* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1981), p. 193. Gamal Hammad, *The Hidden Government in the Era of Abdel Nasser* (in Arabic: Cairo, 1986), generally supports the evidence of Barron and Sakharov.
57. Gordievsky.
58. On Sharaf's phone-tapping see Sadat, *In Search of Identity,* p. 216.
59. Heikal, *Sphinx and Commissar,* pp. 226–27. Sharaf added a long quotation from "the great leader Lenin."

60. See Sergei Khrushchev's memoirs, serialized in *Ogonek,* 1988.

61. Gordievsky.

62. Gordievsky.

63. Robert Stephens, *Nasser: A Political Biography* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1971), ch. 18.

64. Gordievsky.

65. Mohamed Heikal, *The Road to Ramadan* (London: Collins, 1975), pp. 83ff.

66. Gordievsky. Golubev later became first deputy head of Directorate K with the rank of general. His subsequent exploits included helping to poison Georgi Markov in 1978 and interrogating Gordievsky in 1985. See above, p. 11, and below, p. 645.

67. Heikal, *Sphinx and Commissar,* pp. 282–83.

68. Gromyko, *Memories,* p. 270.

69. Heikal, *Sphinx and Commissar,* p. 216.

70. Sadat, *In Search of Identity,* p. 206.

71. Ibid., pp. 223–25.

72. Gordievsky.

73. Sakharov, *High Treason.* See also Barron, *KGB,* ch. 2.

74. Gordievsky. Heikal, *Sphinx and Commissar,* chs. 14, 15.

75. B. N. Mullik, *The Chinese Betrayal* (Bombay: Allied Publishers, 1971), p. 110.

76. B. N. Mullik, *My Years with Nehru 1948–1964* (Bombay: Allied Publishers, 1972), pp. 60–61.

77. Jawaharlal Nehru, *The Discovery of India* (New York: John Day, 1946), p. 17.

78. Alexander Gorev, *Jawaharlal Nehru* (Moscow: Novosti, 1989), pp. 37, 48.

79. Gordievsky.

80. Ilya Dzhirkvelov, *Secret Servant* (London: Collins, 1987), p. 303.

81. Press reports of speech to parliament by Home Minister Chavan on 13 Dec. 1967, revealing Modin's role in the forgery campaign.

82. Barron, *KGB,* p. 237.

83. See below, p. 630.

84. John Barron, *KGB Today: The Hidden Hand* (London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1984), pp. 43, 271ff. Clive Rose, *The Soviet Propaganda Network* (London: Pinter, 1989), pp. 57–58.

85. Richard H. Shultz and Roy Godson, *Dezinformatsia: Active Measures in Soviet Strategy* (Oxford: Pergamon-Brassey, 1984), p. 124.

86. Rose, *Soviet Propaganda Network,* pp. 57–79. Other leading Soviet international front organizations included the Afro-Asian People's Solidarity Organization, Christian Peace Conference, International Association of Democratic Lawyers, International Federation of Resistance Fighters, International Institute for Peace, International Organization of Journalists, International Radio and Television Organization, International Union of Students, Women's International Democratic Federation, World Federation of Democratic Youth, World Federation of Scientific Workers, World Federation of Teachers, World Federation of Trade Unions.

87. Shultz and Godson, *Dezinformatsia,* p. 125.

88. Gordievsky.

89. On the treaty negotiations, see S. Nihal Singh, *The Yogi and the Bear* (London: Mansell, 1986), ch. 5; and Robert C. Horn, *Soviet-Indian Relations: Issues and Influence* (New York: Praeger, 1982), chs. 2, 3.

90. T. N. Kaul, *Reminiscences Discreet and Indiscreet* (New Delhi: Lancers, 1982), p. 255.

91. As a Novosti pamphlet acknowledges: "Given the situation on the Indian subcontinent, the Treaty was regarded everywhere as Soviet backing for Indira Gandhi's government." Alexander Gorev, *Indira Gandhi* (Moscow: Novosti, 1989), p. 40.

92. Singh, *The Yogi and the Bear,* pp. 89–96. Horn, *Soviet-Indian Relations,* p. 73.

93. Barron, *KGB Today,* p. 106; and Gordievsky.

94. Gordievsky.

95. Singh, *The Yogi and the Bear,* p. 235.

96. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, *A Dangerous Place* (London: Secker & Warburg, 1979), p. 41.

97. Singh, *The Yogi and the Bear,* pp. 245, 313.

98. Gordievsky.

99. Gordievsky.

100. Gordievsky.

101. Hugh Thomas, *The Cuban Revolution* (New York: Harper & Row, 1977), pp. 701–02, 719–20.

102. *Granma,* 28 and 30 Jan. 1968: quoted in Paul D. Bethel, *The Losers* (New Rochelle, NY: Arlington House, 1969), pp. 546–47.

103. Timothy Ashby, *The Bear in the Backyard: Moscow's Caribbean Strategy* (Lexington, Mass.: Lexington Books, 1987), p. 46. Bethel, *The Losers,* p. 551.

104. Gordievsky.

105. Thomas, *Cuban Revolution,* pp. 701–02, 719–20. Ashby, *Bear in the Backyard,* pp. 50–51.

106. U.S. Congress, Senate Committee on the Judiciary, *The Role of Cuba in International Terrorism and Subversion* (Washington, DC, 1982). Ashby, *Bear in the Backyard,* pp. 57ff. Further information from Gordievsky.

107. Thomas, *Cuban Revolution,* p. 657.

108. Gordievsky.

109. John Ranelagh, *The Agency* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1986), p. 520.

110. Gordievsky.

111. Edmonds, *Soviet Foreign Policy: The Brezhnev Years,* pp. 116–17.

112. Gordievsky.

113. See, e.g., Mikhail Belyat, *Salvador Allende* (Moscow: Novosti, 1988).

114. H. Michael Erisman, *Cuba's International Relations* (Boulder/London: Westview, 1985), chs. 2, 3.

115. *Granma Weekly Review,* 16 Sept. 1973.

116. See below, pp. 554ff.

117. Paul Thomas, *Le KGB en Belgique* (Brussels: Editions J. M. Collet, 1987), pp. 89–100.

118. Josef Frolik, *The Frolik Defection* (London: Leo Cooper, 1975).

119. Harry Rositzke, *The KGB: Eyes of Russia* (London: Sidgwick & Jackson, 1983), pp. 196, 183–84.

120. Jefferson Adams, "East Bloc Intelligence in the FRG 1968–1986," paper to 1989 London Convention of the International Studies Association. See pp. 449–50.

121. Gordievsky. Chizhov's abrupt return to Moscow in 1966 was due to a brain hemorrhage.

122. Frolik, *Frolik Defection,* p. 82.

123. Nigel West, *A Matter of Trust* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1982), p. 171. Gordon Brook-Shepherd, *The Storm Birds* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1988), p. 198.

124. Gordievsky.

125. West, *A Matter of Trust,* pp. 115–19.

126. Ibid., pp. 130–31. Peter Wright, *Spycatcher* (New York: Viking, 1987), pp. 239–40.

127. Gordievsky.

128. Report of the Security Commission, June 1965, *Cmnd.* 2722 (1965). Gor-

dievsky is confident this was a GRU case. Cf. Chapman Pincher, *Too Secret Too Long* (London: NEL, 1985), pp. 421–23. West, *A Matter of Trust,* pp. 127–29.

129. Report of the Security Commission, Nov. 1968, *Cmnd.* 3856 (1968). West, *A Matter of Trust,* pp. 161–62. Pincher, *Too Secret Too Long,* p. 463.

130. Report of the Security Commission, May 1973, *Cmnd.* 5362 (1973).

131. Frolik, *Frolik Defection,* pp. 42–46. August and Rees, *Red Star over Prague,* pp. 90–91. West, *A Matter of Trust,* p. 165. Pincher, *Too Secret Too Long,* p. 468.

132. Frolik, *Frolik Defection,* pp. 58, 96–97.

133. Pincher, *Too Secret Too Long,* pp. 465–66.

134. Frolik, *Frolik Defection,* p. 98.

135. Wright, *Spycatcher,* p. 362.

136. John Stonehouse, *Ralph* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1982).

137. Chapman Pincher, *Their Trade Is Treachery* (London: Sidgwick & Jackson, 1981), pp. 198–205. Wright, *Spycatcher,* p. 361. Christopher Andrew, *Secret Service: The Making of the British Intelligence Community* (London: Heinemann, 1985), p. 369.

138. Frolik, *Frolik Defection,* p. 97.

139. V as in "Victor," not the Roman numeral 5.

140. Barron, *KGB,* pp. 110, 431ff. Idem, "They Spied for the Free World," *Reader's Digest,* May 1985. Pincher, *Too Secret Too Long,* pp. 488–90. Brook-Shepherd, *Storm Birds,* pp. 197–99.

141. Gordievsky.

142. Report of the Security Commission, May 1983, *Cmnd.* 8876 (1983), p. 13.

143. John Barron, *Breaking the Ring* (New York: Avon Books, 1988), pp. 153ff.

144. *Cmnd.* 8876 (1983), ch. 6.

145. Gordievsky.

146. Pincher, *Too Secret Too Long,* p. 558.

147. *Cmnd.* 8876 (1983).

148. Howard Blum, *I Pledge Allegiance* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1987), p. 72.

149. Barron, *Breaking the Ring,* pp. 59–61.

150. Ibid., pp. 38, 153–58. Blum, *I Pledge Allegiance,* chs. 7, 8, 9.

151. See above, pp. 483–84.

152. See above, pp. 459, 517–18. Nigel West, *GCHQ* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1986), p. 249.

153. Gordievsky.

154. Barron, *Breaking the Ring,* pp. 140–41.

155. Gordievsky.

156. *Cmnd.* 8876 (1983), ch. 5.

157. Barron, *Breaking the Ring,* ch. 9.

158. *Cmnd.* 8876 (1983).

159. Gordievsky.

160. Pincher, *Too Secret Too Long,* pp. 558–60 (quoting, inter alia, "NSA source"). West, *GCHQ,* pp. 250–55. Barron, *KGB Today,* pp. 230–32.

161. Gordievsky. *Cmnd.* 8876 (1983).

162. Barron, *Breaking the Ring,* pp. 23ff.

163. Ibid., p. 176.

Chapter 13. The Decline and Fall of Détente (1972–84)

1. Gordievsky.
2. Gordievsky.
3. Gordievsky.
4. *New Times,* 1989, no. 32.

5. Ibid.
6. Gordievsky.
7. Gordievsky, see below, pp. 541–43.
8. Adam B. Ulam, *Dangerous Relations* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1984), ch. 2.
9. Gordievsky.
10. Arkadi N. Shevchenko, *Breaking with Moscow* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1985), p. 375.
11. Ibid., pp. 256–62.
12. Andrei Gromyko, *Memories* (London: Hutchinson, 1989), p. 282.
13. Shevchenko, *Breaking with Moscow*, pp. 368ff.
14. Gromyko, *Memories*, p. 288.
15. Ulam, *Dangerous Relations*, pp. 166–68.
16. Gordievsky.
17. Ulam, *Dangerous Relations*, pp. 200–02. Shevchenko, *Breaking with Moscow*, p. 398.
18. Gromyko, *Memories*, p. 291.
19. Gordievsky.
20. Gordievsky. *Washington Post*, 2 Jan. 1982.
21. Gordievsky.
22. Gordievsky.
23. Gordievsky.
24. Gordievsky.
25. Gordievsky.
26. Karen Dawisha, *Soviet Foreign Policy Towards Egypt* (London: Macmillan, 1979), pp. 71–77.
27. Gordievsky.
28. A. A. Gromyko and B. N. Ponomarev (eds.), *Soviet Foreign Policy 1917–1980* (Moscow: Progress Publishers, 1981), vol. II, pp. 607–08.
29. Gromyko, *Memories*, pp. 222–23.
30. Gordievsky.
31. *Pravda*, 21 Sept. 1978.
32. Gordievsky.
33. *Washington Post*, 28 Nov. 1974. Roberta C. Goren, "The Soviet Attitude and Policy to International Terrorism," Ph.D. thesis (London School of Economics, 1982), p. 237.
34. Gordievsky.
35. Ion Mihai Pacepa, *Red Horizons* (Washington, DC: Regnery Gateway, 1987), ch. 1; interview with Pacepa by Christopher Andrew, Oct. 1987.
36. Gordievsky.
37. Gordievsky.
38. Christopher Dobson and Ronald Payne, *War Without End: The Terrorists: An Intelligence Dossier* (London: Sphere Books, 1987), pp. 172–82.
39. The 1981 report was one of a number captured by the Israelis. James Adams, *The Financing of Terror* (London: NEL, 1988), pp. 48–49.
40. Richard H. Shultz Jr., *The Soviet Union and Revolutionary Warfare* (Stanford Press: Hoover Institution, 1988), p. 89.
41. Gordievsky.
42. Gordievsky.
43. Gordievsky.
44. Gromyko, *Memories*, p. 274.
45. Gordievsky.
46. Gordievsky. In May 1990 the PDRY abandoned Marxism-Leninism and

merged with its northern neighbor, the Yemen Arab Republic, to form the Yemeni Republic. *Sunday Times,* 27 May 1990.

47. Gordievsky.

48. David Blundy and Andrew Lycett, *Qaddafi and the Libyan Revolution* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1987).

49. Gordievsky.

50. Gordievsky. See also Tae-Hwan Kwak et al. (eds.), *The Two Koreas in World Politics* (Seoul: Kyungnam University Press, 1983).

51. Shultz, *Soviet Union and Revolutionary Warfare,* pp. 118ff.

52. Shevchenko, *Breaking with Moscow,* pp. 363–65.

53. Gordievsky.

54. Irving Kaplan (ed.), *Angola: A Country Study,* 2nd ed. (Washington, DC: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1979), Preface, chs. 3 and 4. Alexander R. Alexiev, "The Soviet Stake in Angola: Origins, Evolution, Prospects," in Dennis L. Bark (ed.), *The Red Orchestra,* vol. II: *The Case of Africa* (Stanford: Hoover Institution Press, 1988).

55. Gordievsky.

56. Gordievsky.

57. Thomas H. Henriksen, "The People's Republic of Mozambique," in Bark, *Red Orchestra,* vol. II.

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59. Harold D. Nelson (ed.), *Mozambique: A Country Study,* 3rd ed. (Washington, DC: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1985), pp. 279–80.

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61. Gordievsky.

62. Keith Somerville, "The Soviet Union and Zimbabwe: The Liberation Struggle and After," in R. Craig Nation and Mark V. Kauppi, *The Soviet Impact in Africa* (Lexington, Mass.: D. C. Heath, 1984).

63. Joshua Nkomo, *Nkomo: The Story of My Life* (London: Methuen, 1984), pp. 175–76.

64. Gordievsky.

65. Joachim Krause, "Soviet Arms Transfers to Sub-Saharan Africa," in Nation and Kauppi (eds.), *The Soviet Impact in Africa.*

66. Haggai Erlich, "The Soviet Union and Ethiopia: The Misreading of *Politica Scioana* and *Politica Tigrina,*" in Bark (ed.), *Red Orchestra,* vol. II. Harold D. Nelson and Irving Kaplan (eds.), *Ethiopia: A Country Study,* 3rd ed. (Washington, DC: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1981), pp. 261–63.

67. Gordievsky.

68. Gordievsky.

69. U.S. Senate, 97th Congress, 2nd Session, Report of the Chairman of the Subcommittee on Security and Terrorism, *Soviet, East German and Cuban Involvement in Fomenting Terrorism in Southern Africa* (Washington, DC, 1982). "South Africa: The Party Faithful," in *Africa Confidential,* vol. XXXI (1990), no. 1.

70. Gordievsky.

71. Gordievsky.

72. Gordievsky.

73. Gordievsky.

74. Gordievsky.

75. Gordievsky.

76. Tad Szulc, *Fidel: A Critical Portrait* (London: Hutchinson, 1987), pp. 533–34.

77. Herbert Romerstein, "Some Insights Derived from the Grenada Documents," in Bark (ed.), *Red Orchestra,* vol. I: "Instruments of Soviet Policy in Latin America and the Caribbean" (Stanford: Hoover Institution Press, 1986).

78. Gordievsky.

79. "Inside Communist Nicaragua: The Miguel Bolaños Transcripts," Heritage Foundation, *Backgrounder,* vol. I, pp. 78–79.

80. See the aerial photograph and map in Desmond Ball, *Soviet Signals Intelligence (Sigint),* Canberra Papers on Strategy and Defence, no. 47 (Canberra: Australian National University, 1989), pp. 31–35.

81. Robert A. Pastor, *Condemned to Repetition: The United States and Nicaragua* (Princeton University Press, 1987), ch. 12.

82. Gordievsky.

83. Ball, *Soviet Signals Intelligence,* pp. 27–29.

84. Gordievsky.

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88. Ørnulf Tofte, *Spaneren* (Oslo: Gyldendal Norsk Forlag, 1987), pp. 130–53.

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90. Tofte, *Spaneren,* pp. 130–53.

91. Gordievsky.

92. Tofte, *Spaneren,* p. 154.

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Chapter 14. The Gorbachev Era 1985–

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Index

Abakumov, Viktor Semyonovich
  execution of, 416
  as KGB head, 443
  as MGB head, 341–42, 343, 382
    dismissed by Stalin, 416
  released from jail by Beria, 420
Abdoolcader, Sirioj Husein, 515
Able Archer 83, 599–600, 605
Abramov (Comintern official), 93
Abramovich, Rafael, 160
Abrasimov, Pyotr Andreevich, 640
Abse, Leo, 520
Abt, John J., 229
Abusch, Alexander, 188
Acheson, Dean, 280
Adenauer, Konrad, 406
Adzhubei, Aleksei, 481, 488
Afanasyev, V. G., 595–96
Afghan Communist Party, 573
Afghanistan
  KGB assassination of Amin of, 465, 574–76
  Soviet invasion of, 573–78
    foreign support for, 561, 562
African National Congress (ANC), 558–60
Agabekov, Georgi, 80, 108, 109, 184
Agayants, Ivan Ivanovich (*alias* Avalov), 405, 463, 503
Ageev, Geni Yevgenyevich, 635
Ageloff, Sylvia, 167, 169
Agence Bint et Sambain, 24
Ahmed, Rashad, 547
AIDS, KGB disinformation on, 630–32
Airplane hijackings in Soviet Union, 546, 635
Akhmedov, Ismail, 254, 255, 257, 258
Akhmerov, Iskhak Abdulovich (*alias* Bill Greinke, Michael Green, Michael Adamec), 286–90, 320, 332, 349
Akulov, A. I., 110
Akulov, Albert Petrovich, 572
Albania
  Philby alerts MGB/KI to Western operations in, 389
  after World War II, 348, 361, 365–66
Aleksandrovich, Vyacheslav Alexeevich, 44, 45, 49
Alekseev, Mikhail Vasilyevich, 55
Alexander II (Tsar), 20
Alexander III (Tsar), 21, 131
Alexandra (Tsarina), 26
Algeria, 496, 499
Allamvédelmi Hatóság (AVH), 356, 412, 418, 428, 429, 431, 481
Allamvédelmi Osztály (AVO), 356–58, 409–12
Allende, Salvador, 512
Alliluyeva, Svetlana (Svetlana Stalin), 167, 479, 585
All-Russian Co-operative Society (Arcos), 111, 113
American Communist Party (CPUSA), 1930s intelligence work of, 229, 281, 282
Amin, Hafizullah, 465, 573–76
Amnesty International, 577–78

Amsterdam. *See* Netherlands
Anarchists, assassinations by, 24
ANC (African National Congress), 558–60
Anders, Wladyslaw, 249
Andreev, Nikolai Nikolayevich, 49–50, 528
Andrianov, V., 40
Andropov, Yuri Vladimirovich, 623
  death of, 602–3
  as KGB head, 443, 480–81, 534, 557, 562
    Afghan invasion, 574
    1968 Czechoslovak crisis, 484, 485, 488–89
    Norwegian intelligence personally supervised by, 566
    Operation RYAN, 2, 583–85
    resigns to prepare to succeed Brezhnev, 584
    Solidarity crisis in Poland, 579–81
  in Khrushchev's downfall, 478
  Kryuchkov as protégé of, 534–35
  as 1956 ambassador in Hungary, 427, 429–30, 481
  as secretary general of party, 587–88
  and shooting down of KAL 007, 597, 598
Angelov, Pavel, 316–17
Angleton, James Jesus, 401, 446
Anglo-German Fellowship, 221
Anglo-Soviet Trade Agreement, 72–73, 75, 76–78
Angola, 554–55, 559
Animal Farm (Orwell), 328
Anti-Ballistic Missile Systems, Treaty on Limitation of, 536
Anti-Comintern Pact (1936), 180–81, 241
Anti-Semitism. *See also* Zionist conspiracies, supposed
  directed at Solidarity in Poland, 579
  in Soviet Union, 22
    Jewish doctors' plot, 418–19
    Jews purged from state security organs, 418, 420, 612
    of Stalin, 414, 421, 690
  in Tsarist Russia, 21–22
    Protocols, 25–26
  in West Germany, acts committed by KGB, 463–64
Antonov 72 short takeoff plane, 622
Apresov (Cheka-OGPU officer), 87
Arafat, Yasser, 545–46, 548, 551
Archer, Jane, 221
Arcos, 111, 113
Argentina, 586
Arkhangelsky (Russian general), 164
Armed Forces Security Agency (AFSA, US), 373
Armenian separatists, Moscow subway bombed by, 546
Army Security Agency (ASA, US), 373–74
Artamonov, Yuri, 97–98
Artuzov, Artur Khristyanovich, 85–86, 104, 110, 138, 175
Assad, Hafez, 549, 550
Atomic bomb. *See also* Nuclear missiles
  Soviet intelligence on, 311–17, 375–81, 399
  Truman's 1950 reply on use of, 394–95
Atomic Energy Commission (AEC, US), 377
Attlee, Clement, 395
Auden, W. H., 159, 211
August, František, 519, 520, 522
Austin, Hudson, 562
Australia, KGB in, 374–75, 611, 666
Austria
  KGB meetings with agents in, 528, 529, 569
  1927 OGPU spy arrests in, 111
  Philby's early Communist work in, 198, 200–201
  SIS tapping of Soviet phones in, 437
Austria-Hungary, Redl's betrayal of, 30–31
Austrian Communist Party, 200
Austria World Peace Council expelled by, 504
AVH. *See* Allamvédelmi Hatóság
AVO. *See* Allamvédelmi Osztály
AWACS aircraft, 622
Azev, Yevno, 33

B1-B bomber, 622
"Baby parts" story, 631
Bacteriological warfare
  AIDS blamed on, 630–32
  alleged in Korean War, 504
  in KGB plant in India, 503–4
  in Molody's memoirs, 443
Bagrichev, Nikolai Grigoryevich, 515
Bajar, Alberto, 467
Bakker-Nort, Betsy, 190
Balasanov, Gerasim, 271
Balashika special-operations school, 545–47, 575
Baldwin, Stanley, 112
Ball, Sir Joseph, 214
Bandera, Stepan, 464–65
Bandung Conference (1955), 502
Bangladesh, 506
Barbarossa (operation), 253, 257
Barbusse, Henri, 187
Barclay, Roddie, 319
Barents Sea, 566, 569
Barkovsky, Ivan, 614
Barkovsky, Vladimir, 524
Barnes, Sir George, 329
Bártík, Josef, 358–59
Bartlett, Charles, 472
Batista, Fulgencio, 466, 467
Batkin (Soviet historian), 623
Batyushin (Tsarist colonel), 31
Bavaria, soviet republic in, 67
Bay of Pigs invasion (1961), 468, 469
Bazhanov, Boris, 80
BBC. *See* British Broadcasting Corporation
Bebler, Alex, 364
Bechterev, Vladimir, 146
Beckendorff, Mura, 59, 60, 62
Begin, Menachem, 544–45

Beijing. *See* China
Beletsky, S. P., 34, 35
Belfrage, Cedric, 705
Belgium
  NKVD agent parachuted into, 321
  Okhrana surveillance of émigrés in, 24
  Soviet intercepts of messages of, 455
  Trepper's intelligence network in, 238–39
Belyayev, Yevgeni, 568
Ben Bella, Ahmed, 496
Benckendorff, Count Aleksandr Khristoforovich, 18, 19
Beneš, Eduard, 139, 322, 334, 358, 360–61
Bentley, Elizabeth, 282–84, 286, 320, 323, 369–70
Bergery, Gaston, 190
Bergmanis, Augusts, 384–85
Beria, Lavrenti Pavlovich, 267
  Abakumov and, 341, 416, 420
  arrest and execution of, 423–25
  atomic project under control of, 376–78
  depravity of, 167–68, 424–25
  as MVD head, 420
  as NKVD head, 167–68, 170, 171, 243, 272–73
    combined sigint unit split by, 238
    1946 replacement, 341
    purge of foreign commissariat, 246
  on Rákosi, 358
  at Stalin's death, 419–20
  supporters of, 244, 258, 383, 416
  supposed negotiation between Himmler and, 644
  Vyshinsky and, 383
Berkis, Vitolds, 385, 386
Berle, Adolf, 280
Berlin. *See* East Germany; Germany; West Germany
Berling, Zygmunt, 347
Berlin Wall, 444
Bernstein, Sidney, 190
Berzin, Eduard, 56–58, 61, 62, 238, 239
Berzin, Yan Kalovich, 158, 173–75
Beshchastnov, Aleksei Dmitrievich, 416–17
Besprisorniki, 310–11
Bessedovsky, Grigori, 463
Bettaney, Michael, 598–99, 604
Bevin, Ernest, 369
Bialek, Robert, 437
Big Bird satellite, 529–30
Bil'ak, Vasili, 486, 487, 490
BimBom (clown), 45
Bingham, David, 518
Bint, Henri, 24
Birch, Frank, 7, 292
Birk, Roman, 85, 98
Bishop, Maurice, 561–62
Biulletin Oppozitsii (Trotskyist publication), 129, 157, 165, 166
Black chambers, 26–30
Blackjack bomber, 622
Blaikie, Derek, 212
Blake, George, 8, 403–4, 437–39
Bletchley Park, 292, 300, 302, 303, 306, 307
  Cairncross at, 304–6
Blitz (magazine), 504
Blyumkin, Yakov, 49–50, 54, 155, 168
Blue (operation), 276–77
Blunt, Anthony, 7, 184, 197, 207–10, 215–17, 220, 294, 298–302, 329, 398–400, 435
  retirement of, 368
Blunt, Arthur Vaughan Stanley, 207
Blunt, Christopher, 298
Blunt, Hilda, 207
Blunt, Wilfrid, 207
Bobkov, Filipp Denisovich, 588
Bocharov, Boris, 14–15, 499
Bodnaras, Emil, 354
Boeing VC-14, 622
Boetzel, Fritz, 278
Bogdanov, Radomir Georgievich, 502–3, 644
Bohlen, Charles ("Chip"), 226–28, 333, 349, 452, 453
Bohr, Niels, 377
Boky, Gleb Ivanovich, 89, 174, 225
Bokov (NKVD officer), 170
Bokr, Jan, 483
Bolaños Hunter, Miguel, 562
Boldin (Soviet general), 268
Bolshakov, Georgi Nikitovich, 470–73
Bolsheviks. *See* Communist Party
Bombay *Free Press Journal,* 503
Bonch-Bruyevich, Vladimir, 53
Bondarenko, Aleksandr Ivanovich, 517–18
Bondarev, Anatoli Petrovich, 616
Bonn. *See* West Germany
Born, Max, 313
Borodin, Mikhail Markovich
  at Amsterdam conference (1920), 67
  jewels lost by, 70
Borovik, Genrikh, 629
Bossard, Frank, 517
Botha, P. W. ("Pik"), 560, 630
Bovin, Aleksandr, 551
Bowles, Chester, 503
Bowra, Maurice, 206, 209
Boyarinov (KGB colonel), 575
Boyarsky, Vladimir, 412, 415, 416, 709
Boyce, Christopher, 530
Boyce, Ernest, 51, 53, 59, 61, 62, 100
Bracken, Brendan, 326–27, 329
Brandler, Heinrich, 71
Brandt, Willy, 450, 514
Brankov, Lazar, 411
Branting, Georg, 190
Brest-Litovsk, Treaty of (1918), 44, 46, 47, 49, 51, 54
Bretton Woods Conference (1944), 335
Brezhnev, Leonid Ilyich, 583, 623
  Afghan invasion and, 573
  attempted assassination of, 546
  death of, 587
  last illness of, 579, 581, 584
  in 1968 Czechoslovak crisis, 482, 485

Brezhnev *(cont.)*
  as Soviet leader, 478, 480–81
  Third World policy of, 497, 506, 543–44, 548
  U.S. visit of, 536
Brezhnev Doctrine, 489, 490, 511, 543, 639
Briand, Aristide, 122
Bright, Joan, 335
Britain
  ANC paid by KGB residency in, 558–59
  atomic bomb constructed by, 377
  blood donors in, 589, 592–93
  books read by officers posted to, 615–16
  Cambridge Five (Soviet moles), 1, 4–7, 184–85, 193, 290–302, 390–402, 437. *See also* Blunt, Anthony; Burgess, Guy; Cairncross, John; Fifth Man; Maclean, Donald; Philby, Kim
  Cheka's secret source on, 73–76
  as "chief enemy" of Soviet Union, 113
  conspiracy theory of politics in, 586
  Falklands War of, 586
  Gorbachev's 1984 visit to, 4, 8, 606
  KGB in
    business enterprises, 440
    Cohens' spy ring, 442–43
    Gordievsky's residency, 3
    list of residents, 659–60
    assistance by other Soviet Bloc agencies, 515, 518–22
    M.P.s recruited as spies, 519–22
    1937 departure of NKVD residency, 225
    1960s-1970s KGB operations in, 514–18
    1971 mass expulsion, 511, 523–24
    sabotage plans, 523
  Libyan embassy incident in, 632
  "Lockhart plot" and, 50–63
  MI1c operations of, 51–54, 59–62
  Moscow missions of
    British Military Mission, 297, 302, 303, 305
    Cheka storming of embassy, 59
    intimidation of employees, 85–87
    Lockhart's, 50–53, 55–63
    proposed drugging of delegation head, 85–86
    SAM Mission of SOE, 55, 321–22, 324–25
  1927 OGPU spy discoveries in, 111–12
  1931 rout of Labour Party in, 185, 197
  NKVD propaganda effort in, 325–30
  Okhrana actions against embassy of, 28–29
  Okhrana surveillance of émigrés in, 24
  security leaks at missions of, 88
  sigint of
    doctored telegrams and Nazi-Soviet 1939 negotiations, 246–47
    German codes cracked, 238
    1920s, 76–79, 111–13
    pre-1951 codes compromised, 391
    pre-World War I, 26–27
    Soviet bribing of code clerks, 181–84
    Ultra intelligence, 262, 278, 300, 302–6
  Soviet intercepts of messages of, 455
  Soviet relations of
    1927 breaking of relations, 112, 113
    1929 resumption of relations, 121
    Soviet Union recognized, 76
    trade agreement (1921), 72–73, 75, 76–78
    trade embargo after engineers' trial, 125
  supposed German blackmailing of sexual perverts in, 118–19
  Third World War expected by, 395
  Trotsky as supposed agent of, 142
  White Russians aided by, 95
  Woolwich Arsenal spy ring in, 217, 223–24
British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC), 220, 328–29
British Communist Party, 68, 78, 295
  Zinoviev letter and, 92–93
British Control Commission Fishery Protection Service, 385
Britten, Douglas, 517–18, 528
Browder, Earl, 286
Brown Book on the Hitler Terror and the Burning of the Reichstag, 187–89
Buber-Neumann, Margarete, 249
Budanov (Soviet Counterintelligence colonel), 11–12
Buikis, Yan, 55, 56, 58
Bukashev, Yakov Konstantinovich. *See* Lukasevics, Janis
Bukharin, Nikolai Ivanovich, 76, 119, 129, 213
  1938 trial of, 142
  NKVD clearance of, 135
  Yagoda and, 110
Bukovsky, Vladimir, 539
Bulganin, Nikolai Aleksandrovich, 382, 456, 502
  in Beria's downfall, 423, 424
Bulgaria
  KGB assassination of émigré from, 644–65
  1984 terrorist bombings in, 633–34
  OSS-NKVD agreement on, 324
  Stalinization of, 355
Bullitt, William C., 226, 228, 280
Bunakov, Boris, 100
Bunakov, Nikolai, 100
Bundulis, Alberts, 386
Burgess, Guy, 5–6, 184, 195–97, 204–15, 217, 220, 291–93, 334, 369, 391–94, 435, 521
  in BBC, 220, 328–29
  defection of, 397–401
Burtsev, Vladimir, 25
Bush, George, 603
Belkin, Fyodor, 409, 410, 418
Bykov, Boris (*alias* Peter), 230
Byrnes, James F., 349
Byron, Lord, 195

Cadogan, Sir Alexander, 337
Caillaux, Joseph, 30
Cairncross, Alec, 216
Cairncross, John
  background of, 216–17
  end of spy career of, 400
  in Foreign Office, 217, 219
  at GC & CS, 304–6
  as private secretary to Hankey, 279
    atomic-bomb intelligence, 311
    "tons of documents" provided, 261–62
  recruitment of, 217
  search for Fifth Man, 7–8, 216, 665–66
  in SIS, 305
  in Treasury, 219–20, 247, 369, 399–400
  usefulness of work of, 298
  after World War II, 368–69
Cajander, A. K., 242–43, 250
Calic, Edouard, 189
Cambridge University
  the Apostles at, 205, 208, 220, 402
  five Soviet moles from, 1, 4–8, 184–85, 193, 290–302, 390–402, 437. *See also* Blunt, Anthony; Burgess, Guy; Cairncross, John; Maclean, Donald; Philby, Kim
  sympathy for Communism at, 185, 192–93, 210
Cambridge University Socialist Society (CUSS), 197
Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND), 585, 604
Campbell, Sir Ronald, 318
Camp David agreement, 544–45
Canada
  atomic-bomb espionage in, 316–18
  Gouzenko's defection in, 300–302, 317, 370–71, 373, 377
    list of KGB residents in, 665–66
Canadian Communist Party, 317
Canaris, Wilhelm, 278, 296
Cannibalism (in famine), 128
Cánovas del Castillo, Antonio, 24
Carey-Foster, George, 391–92
Carlos the Jackal, 546–47
Carnot, Sadi, 24
Carr, E. H., 463
Carr, Harry, 384, 389–90
Carr, Sam, 317
Carrington, 6th Baron, 548
Carter, Jimmy, 538–39, 582
  Middle Eastern policy of, 544–45
Carter, Rosalynn, 539
Casey, William, 630
Castro, Fidel, 466–68, 473, 509–13, 554, 561, 562, 642
Castro, Raúl, 466, 467
Catrin Electronic Battlefield Communications System, 623
Catto, Henry E., Jr., 596
Ceauşescu, Nicolae, 354, 481, 545–46
Cecil, Robert, 297, 298, 319, 394
Central Intelligence Agency (CIA)
  Albanian operations of, 389
  Allende destabilized by, 512
  assassination of Castro attempted by, 510
  cooperation on terrorism of KGB and, 635–37
  East German tunnel planned by, 437
  economic intelligence in Soviet Union desired by, 607
  establishment of, 381
  estimates of Soviet forces by, 459
  in India, 508
  KGB deception of, 448
  KGB's recent forgeries of documents of, 630
  KGB's traditional demonization of, 637–38
  MGB's Polish deception of, 387–89
  Moscow station of, 452
  Nicaraguan harbors mined by, 563
  Penkovsky and, 476
  Philby no longer acceptable to, 401
  Polish mole of, 443
  Soviet penetration of, 367
  Soviet security defections to, 425–27
  Ukrainian operations of, 389
  UNITA funding by, 554
Černík, Oldřich, 485
Chalfont, Baron, 591
Chamberlain, Sir Austen, 112
Chamberlain, Neville, 214, 219, 291
  mythical plot against Soviet Union by, 244–45
Chambers, Whittaker, 229–32, 280–81, 285, 286, 369
Chandra, Romesh, 504–5, 629
Chaplin, Georgi, 56
Chebotok, Stanislav, 591
Chebrikov, Viktor Mikhailovich, 9, 10, 480
  on Dzerzhinsky, 42
  as KGB head, 588
    Cuba visit, 642
    elected full Politburo member, 608
    imperialist "ideological subversion" attacked by, 624–25
Cheka
  agent penetration by, 45–46
  anti-émigré operations of, 93–99
  in Civil War, 48–50
  counterespionage department of (KRO), 49, 85–86, 97–98
  counterespionage section of, 54
  Foreign Department of (INO), 72, 79–81
  founding of, 38
  full name of, 40
  hostage taking by, 93
  idealism of, 140
  in Kronstadt manifesto, 71–72, 74
  Left Socialist Revolutionaries in, 44–45
  "Lockhart plot" uncovered by, 50–63
  1917-21 executions by, 64
  residents of, 79–80
  in Russo-Polish War (1920), 63

Cheka *(cont.)*
  terror of, 44–45, 50
  total supervision of society by, 63–64
Chemical warfare, Penkovsky's intelligence on, 470
Chernenko, Konstantin, 584
  death of, 608
  as secretary general, 602, 603
Chernov, J., 417
Chernov, Vladimir, 10
Chervonenko, Stepan Vasilyevich, 487
Cherny, Vadim Ivanovich, 555, 591
Chervenkov, Vulko, 355
Chiang Kai-shek, 111
Chibás, Eduardo, 466
Chichayev, Ivan Andreevich (*alias* Tikhonov), 322, 324, 359, 360
Chicherin, Georgi Vasilyevich, 51, 76, 87, 89, 227
Childs, Sir Wyndham, 92
Chile, Allende's presidency in, 512
China
  border clashes between Soviet Union and, 493–94
  cooperation between EC and, 564, 565
  Cultural Revolution in, 491–93
  intelligence analysis of Soviet aid to, 393
  intelligence from Australia on, 611
  KGB in, 491–94
  MGB receives intelligence from, 404
  1927 raid on Soviet Embassy in, 87–89, 110, 111, 113
  North Korea supplied arms by, 552
  nuclear tests of, 494
  Pakistan supported by, 506
  rapprochement between U.S. and, 494
  Sorge's spy network in, 175–76
  Soviet containment of, 552
  Vietnam invasion of (1979), 554
Chisholm, Janet, 474
Chizov, Mikhail Timofeevich, 515
Christophorovich (NKVD man), 140
Chun Byung-In, 595
Churchill, Sarah, 335
Churchill, Winston, 53, 73, 75, 78, 96, 219, 288, 289
  at Teheran Conference, 332–34, 337
  in World War II, 119, 279, 294, 326
    passes Ultra intelligence to Soviet Union, 302
    Stalin warned of Nazi attack, 261, 262, 266
  at Yalta Conference, 336, 337, 339
CIA. *See* Central Intelligence Agency
Citadel (operation). *See* Kursk offensive
Civil War (1918-20), 46–50, 93
  Allied intervention during, 56
  Cheka in, 48–50, 109
  Red Army atrocities in, 199–200
Clark, William, 319–20
Class war
  Cheka's use of terrorism in, 44–45, 50
  détente and, 539
  of "international capital against Soviet power," 118
  Lenin on, 43–44
  in Soviet-occupied Poland, 248–49
  Stalin's, 108, 119, 130
Clausen, Max, 264, 265
Clemenceau, Georges, 67
Clemens, Hans, 406
Clementis, Vladimir, 412
CND (Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament), 585, 604
Cobbett, Edith, 196
Cockburn, Claud, 210
Cockcroft, John, 316
Cohen, Lona (*alias* Helen Kroger), 442–43
Cohen, Morris (*alias* Peter Kroger), 442–43
Collins, Henry H., 229
Colossus (first electronic computer), 307
Colville, Sir John, 219, 400
Combined Policy Committee, 319
Cominform
  first meeting of, 364
  SIS questionnaire to Tito on, 392–93
Comintern (Communist International), 65–70
  congresses of
    First, 66
    Second, 68
    Third, 94
  dissolution of, 330–31
  embezzlement by officials of, 91, 93
  executive committee of (ECCI), 65, 68
    on Trotskyism in Spain, 158
  forged documents of, 91–92
  instructions to member parties by, 68, 92–93
  jewels smuggled by, 69–70
  last secretary-general of, 355
  1930s purges of, 141
  OMS of, 81–82, 93, 175, 190, 235
  radio school of, 93
  representatives of ("eyes of Moscow"), 68–69
  Russian patriotism expected from, 68
  stealing clothes of delegates of, 90–91
  Western European Secretariat (Bureau) of, 67–68, 191
  Western penetration of secrets of, 90
Committee of Information (KI), 381–83
  French espionage of, 405
  reintegration into MGB, 416, 450
  sequence of chairmen of, 706
Communist Party (Soviet Union)
  congresses of
    Tenth, 71–72
    Seventeenth, 131, 140
    Eighteenth, 140
    Nineteenth, 419
    Twentieth, 428, 431
    Twenty-third, 509
  FCD officers abroad as full members of, 615
  Khrushchev's reorganizations of, 477, 478

  Left Opposition in, 115–16, 129–30, 133–35, 156
  Mercader turned down for membership in, 172
  Okhrana penetration of, 32–35
  Right Opposition in, 110, 119, 135
  Twenty-Fourth, 497
Communist parties. *See also specific parties by country, e.g., German Communist Party*
  members, Soviet decision not to recruit, 402
Computer technology, 307, 451, 609, 622, 642
Confessions of political prisoners, 123, 125, 133, 135, 136, 144
  in Czechoslovakia, 417
  in Hungary, 411
Connally, Tom, 331
Constituent Assembly (1918), 40, 46
Contra guerrillas, 562
Conway, Geoffrey, 516
Copenhagen. *See* Denmark
Cornford, John, 209
Cot, Jean-Pierre, 1049
Cot, Pierre, 447
Counter-Trial, 190–92
Courtauld Institute, 208, 368, 400, 435
Coverdale, Garrison B., 459
Cowgill, Felix, 296, 297
Cowley, James, 432
CPUSA. *See* American Communist Party
Cremet, Jean, 111
Criminal Code (1845), 19
Criminal Code (1960), 19
Cripps, Sir Stafford, 190, 261, 262
Cromie, F. N. A., 55, 59
Cryptanalysis. *See also* Sigint
  assistance from espionage to, 225
  cracking of German codes, 238
  "one-time pad" cipher system in, 112, 238, 373
  U.S. cipher machines, 459
Cuba
  Angola war of, 554–55
  Ethiopia intervention by, 558
  Gorbachev's "new thinking" and, 642
  intelligence advisers for ZAPU from, 557
  KGB forbidden to spy in, 561
  KGB-GRU sigint base in, 563
Cuban Communist Party (PSP), 466, 467
Cuban missile crisis (1962), 468–73, 477, 509
Cumming, Sir Mansfield, 52, 53, 62, 96, 99
Curiel, Henri, 404
Currie, Jack, 297
Currie, Lauchlin, 284
Curzon, 1st Marquis, 73, 75, 76, 78, 79
Czechoslovakia
  anti-Zionist show trial in, 415–17
  Egyptian arms sales of, 495
  government-in-exile of, 322, 334
  intelligence service of. *See* Státní Bezpečnost
  Israel supplied arms from, 413
  1968 crisis in, 3, 482–90
    Castro's backing of Soviet Union, 511
  OSS-NKVD agreement on, 324
  Soviet Union's 1935 treaty with, 234
  Stalinization of, 358–61
  Sudetenland surrendered to, 241, 243
  White Russians aided by, 95
Czechoslovakian Communist Party, 69
Czechoslovak Legion, 46

Dadoo, Yusuf, 558–59
Daily Herald (London), 78
Daily Mail (London), 78
Daily News (London), 73
Daily Telegraph (London), 548
Daladier, Édouard, 215, 291
Dalton, Hugh, 294
Daniel, Yuli, 479
Danish Socialist People's Party, 553
Daoud, Mohammed, 573
Dardel, Guy von, 643
Dashichev, Vyacheslav, 260
Davidson, Basil, 295
Davies, Joseph E., 147, 227
Dead-letter boxes (DLBs), 474, 476, 517, 526–28
Deane, John R., 324
Decembrist Rising (1825), 18
Décsi, Gyula, 409
De Gaulle, Charles, 405, 406, 444, 446, 447
Dejean, Maurice, 453
Dekanozov, Vladimir Georgievich, 244, 246, 252, 259
  as ambassador to Germany, 253–55, 263–64
  found guilty with Beria, 424
Deksnys, Jonas, 386
Delcassé, Théophile, 26, 32
Delmer, Sefton, 7
Deng Pufang, 493
Deng Xiaoping, 493
Denikin, Anton Ivanovich, 47, 151, 153
Denmark, KGB in
  Gordievsky's tours of duty, 3
  list of residents, 663
  spying on North Korea, 553–54
Denniston, A. G., 112
Deryabin, Pyotr, 342, 422–23, 425, 427, 455
de Silva, Peer, 452
détente, U.S.-Soviet Union, 536–41, 543, 573, 582
Deterding, Sir Henry, 122
Deutsch, Arnold (*alias* Otto), 201–4, 212–15, 217, 220, 223–25, 685, 687
Deutsch, Josefine, 203, 224
Deutsch, Ninette Elizabeth, 203
Deutscher, Isaac, 126, 167
de Vittorio, Giuseppe (*alias* Nicolette), 159
DGI. *See* Dirección General de Inteligencia
Dimitrov, Georgi, 191, 192, 355
Dirección General de Inteligencia (DGI, Cuba), 509, 511–12

Directorate of Intelligence (UK), 74
Djilas, Milovan, 361, 362, 364, 365
  Stalin's conversations with, 343–44, 366
Dobb, Maurice, 192–93, 195, 197, 198, 205
Dobrynin, Anatoli Fyodorovich, 537, 538
Doctor Zhivago (Pasternak), 479
Dolbin, Grigori Grigoryevich, 375, 381, 382
Dollfuss, Engelburt, 200
Donbass miners, 116–18
Donovan, William J., 284–85, 373
  in collaboration with NKVD, 322–24
Dostoevsky, Fyodor Mikhailovich, 193
Doubeck, Bohumil, 415
"Double Cross" system, 386
Driberg, Tom, 521
Drozdov, Yuri Ivanovich, 634–35
Drtina, Prokop, 360
Drugging
  of diplomats, 85
  of Gordievsky, 11–14
Dubček, Alexander, 482–88, 490
Dubinsky, David, 280
Dublin. *See* Irish Republic
Duebendorfer, Rachel, 277
Dukes, Sir Paul, 75
Dulles, Allen, 408, 411
Dunlap, Jack E., 459–60, 527–28
Duranty, Walter, 128, 148
Dzerzhinsky, Feliks Edmundovich, 40–45, 74, 173, 384, 613, 624
  background of, 41
  as chairman of Supreme Council of the National Economy, 108
  cult of, 40, 42–43, 342, 613, 701
  death of, 42, 107–8
  death penalty abolished by, 63
  as Internal Affairs Commissar, 64
  on Kronstadt rebellion, 72
  "Lockhart plot" and, 55, 57, 61
  LSR rising and, 50
  Reilly's supposed appeal to, 101
  specialists protected by, 124
  White Russian and, 93–94, 152
Dzhirkvelov, Ilya, 381, 382, 415, 454
Dzhunkovsky, V. F., 34

East Germany
  expendable agents allowed to be captured by, 406
  first elections in, 353
  help to Ethiopia by, 558
  HVA agency of, 449–50, 513–14
  map of Karlshorst center in, 448
  1953 workers' revolt in, 423
  Reichstag fire forgeries of, 189
  SIS-CIA plans for tunnel into, 437
  State Security Police (SSD) in, 353, 556
  tension between KGB and Honecker in, 640–41
EC. *See* European Community
ECCI. *See* Comintern, executive committee of
Eccles, J. E., 211
Economist (periodical), 436, 617
Economist Foreign Report (periodical), 618–19
Egypt
  Camp David agreement by, 544–45
  Soviet break-in at embassy of, 454
  Soviet influence in, 495–501
  wars between Israel and, 498–99, 543
Egyptian Communist Party, 496
Eichmann, Adolf, 644
Einstein, Albert, 187–88
Eisenhower, Dwight D., 469
Eismontas, Eduardas, 642
Eitingon, Nahum (Leonid) Aleksandrovich, 155, 168, 169, 171, 309
Elizabeth (Empress of Austria), 24
Elli (code-name), 301, 370–71
Elliott, Nicholas, 436
El-Sheikh, Ahmed, 501
Émigrés from Russia
  Okhrana's attack on, 22–23
  from Soviet Union. *See* Ukrainian émigrés; White Russians
England. *See* Great Britain
Enigma ciphers, 238, 300, 302–7
Epstein, Schachno, 161
Erban, Vojtěch, 359
Erdberg, Aleksandr, 255, 256
Erdei, Ferenc, 358
Erglis, Jan, 386
Estonia
  attempted 1924 Communist revolution in, 673
  Cheka's winning over of diplomat of, 85, 98
  Soviet annexation of, 248, 252–53, 259
Ethiopia, 554, 558
Étienne. *See* Zborowski, Mark
European College (Bruges), 565
European Community (EC), 563–66
European Institute (Amsterdam), 565
European Parliament, 564, 565
  heckling of Reagan at, 629
European University (Florence), 565
Evensen, Jens, 568
Exchange Telegraph Company, 326

Fadeykin (Soviet general), 423
Falin, Valentin Mikhailovich, 581
Falklands War, 586
Famines in Soviet Union, 81, 126–30
Farewell (French mole), 11, 622, 726
Farjan, Enrique Lister, 467
Farkas, Vladimir, 410
Fascism
  sexual repression as paving way for, 202, 204
  Soviet Union thought to be only bulwark vs., 184, 186–87, 230
Fatherland Front (Bulgaria), 355
Faymonville, Phillip R., 227, 290
FBI. *See* Federal Bureau of Investigation
FCD. *See* First Chief Directorate
February Revolution (1917), 35–37

Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI)
  Bentley as double agent for, 320
  British embassy "charladies" investigated by, 396
  1940 inspection of Moscow embassy by, 228
  NKVD Washington mission opposed by, 324
  plain-text Soviet telegrams captured by, 373
  Soviet spy networks and, 280–81, 285
Fedichkin, Dmitri Georgievich, 354–55
Fedorchuk, Vitali Vasilyevich
  on dissenters, 489
  as KGB head, 584, 588
Fedotov, Pyotr Vasileevich, 382, 383
Feklisov, Aleksandr Semyonovich (*alias* Fomin), 473
Felfe, Heinze, 406, 448–49
Female agents, 68, 85, 89, 442, 452, 566–67
Fetterlein, Ernst ("Fetty"), 77, 79
Field, Noel Haviland, 407–9, 411
Fifth Man. *See* Cairncross, John
Fikhner, Andrei, 152
Fimmen, Edo, 93
Finder, Pavel, 345
Finkelsztein, Mojzesz, 579
Finland
  Boyce as SIS station chief in, 100
  Cheka harassment of couriers of, 85
  double agent of, 99, 101
  KGB meetings with agents in, 528, 569
  1980s KGB assets in, 571–72
  NKVD code book captured by, 284, 373
  NKVD residency in, broken by Great Terror, 241–42
  Soviet agent as president of, 432–35, 571
  Soviet fear of German foothold in, 241–43
  war between Soviet Union and, 190, 250–51
  White Russians aided by, 153–54
  World Peace Council in, 504
Finnish Communist Party, 69
First Chief Directorate (FCD)
  beginning officers at, 614–16
  contemporary active measures policy of, 626–32
  continuing expansion of, 611
  Directorate RI of, 620
  Directorate T, 403, 515–16, 621–23
    French mole in, 11, 622, 726
  disinformation section of, 463–64
  Dzerzhinsky cult in, 43
  Group North in, 540–41
  individual seals of officers of, 617
  list of heads of, 649
  Memory Room of, 4, 80, 85, 139, 168, 173, 198, 201, 203, 223, 225, 259, 309, 322, 355, 390, 432, 443
  methods of contacting agents by, 619
  new headquarters of (1972), 532–33
    diagrams, 654–655
  organizational chart of, 652–653
  reports from residencies of, 617–18
  as "second directorate" (1953-1954), 710
  secret in-house history of, 2, 7, 85, 150, 174–75, 184, 241, 251, 325, 679
  Shebarshin on main function of, 620–21
  Third Department, 7, 8
  Third Directorate, 525
  three "lines" in residencies of, 617, 621
  women in, 616
  working routine abroad in, 617–19
Fitin, Pavel Mikhailovich, 259, 260, 265–66, 283, 285, 299, 368, 382
  OSS collaboration by, 323, 324
Fletcher, Yvonne, 632
Floradora code, 238
Flynn, Edward F., in Stalin's conspiracy theory, 339
Flyorov, G. N., 312
FNLA (National Front for the Liberation of Angola), 554
Fomichov, Ivan, 96
Fomin, Fyodor Timofeevich, 41, 107–9
Footman, David, 220, 291, 369, 392–93
Ford, Gerald, 538
Foreign Excellent Raincoat Company, 238
Foris, Stefan, 354
Forsyth, Frederick, 634
Fort Detrick (Maryland), 630, 631
Fort Meade. *See* National Security Agency
France. *See also* French Communist Party
  Allied invasion of, 333
  British bugging of embassy of, 455
  Burgess visits homosexual brothel in, 215
  Directorate T penetrated by Farewell from, 11, 622, 726
  economic war between Soviet Union and, 121–22
  KGB in
    classified material from Orly, 461–62
    list of residents, 661–62
    penetration of air ministry, 446–47
  MGB Cold War penetration in, 405–6
  in 1918 Moscow plot, 57, 59, 62
  in occupation of Germany, 338
  Okhrana's Foreign Agency in, 23–25, 32
    bomb "plot," 25
  pre-World War I alliance of Russia and, 26
  Russian pre-World War I loans of, 31–32
  pre-World War I cryptanalysis by, 28, 29–30
  Soviet penetration of intelligence agency of, 445–46
  Soviet penetration of Moscow embassy of, 453, 455
  Soviet Union's 1935 treaty with, 234
  Sûreté of
    cooperation with Okhrana, 23–25
    cryptanalysis, 28–30
    1927 OGPU spy arrests, 110–11
  Trepper's intelligence network in, 257, 266
  Trotsky in exile in, 154, 157
  White Russians aided by, 95

France *(cont.)*
  White Russians in, 97–98, 100, 150–54, 163–64
Franco, Francisco, 158, 160
  NKVD assassination plot against, 221–23, 687
  Philby awarded medal by, 222
Frankfurter, Felix, 280
Frankfurter, Gerda, 218
Free Germany Committee, 297
Freeman, John, 503
Freemasons, as part of Zionist conspiracy, 22
FRELIMO. *See* Front for the Liberation of Mozambique
French Communist Party, 57, 69, 111, 405
Friedman, William, 77
Friends of the Soviet Union, 328
Frinovsky, Mikhail, 138, 139
Frolik, Josef, 515, 518–22
Front for the Liberation of Mozambique (FRELIMO), 556, 557
Front organizations, 81, 187, 504–5, 718
Frossard, Louis-Oscar, 66
Frunze, Mikhail, 78
Fuchs, Klaus, 312–15, 377, 379, 398
Fundo, Lazar, 365
Fünfergruppen, 193–94, 200, 210, 212, 213
Fyodorov, A. P., 96

Gaitskell, Hugh, 294
Galdins, Andrei, 385, 386
Galicz, Janos (*alias* Gall), 158
Galkin (MGB officer), 417
Gall (Janos Galicz), 158
Gallacher, Willie, 222
Galleni, Hans, 182–83
Gallo (Luigi Longo), 159
Gambling losses, 85
Gandhi, Indira, 506–8
Gandhi, Mohandas K. (Mahatma), 501
Gandhi, Rajiv, 507, 508, 630
Gardner, Meredith, 373, 374, 379
GCHQ (Government Communications Headquarters, UK), 455
GC & CS. *See* Government Code and Cipher School
Gedye, Eric, 201
Gee, Ethel, 442–43
Geheimschreiber messages, 307
Gehlen, Reinhard, 406, 448
Gehrts, Erwin, 256
Geminder, Bedřich, 415–16
Geopress (firm), 239
George V (King of England), 192
George Washington (submarine), 622
German Communist Party, 68
  British underground of, 313
  in Comintern-planned revolutions, 70–71, 82–84
  Fünfergruppen in, 193–94, 200
  intelligence activities of, 235–38
  members of, given to SS under Nazi-Soviet Pact, 249
  Nazis not fought strongly by, 177, 193
  1919 defeat of, 66
  1945 return of, 352
  Rote Fahne of, 188
German Democratic Republic. *See* East Germany
German Federal Republic. *See* West Germany
Germany
  Anti-Comintern Pact between Japan and, 180–81
  Brest-Litovsk Treaty of, 44, 46, 47, 49, 51, 54
  Burgess's visits to, 212–13, 215
  Cheka assassination of ambassador of, 49–50
  list of Catholic activists of, said to have been given by Philby to NKVD, 297
  Nazi
    German Communist resistance to, 193–94, 200
    Leipzig trial, 190–92
    Nazi-Soviet Pact, 245–47, 253–54, 333, 447
    "Night of the Long Knives," 213, 234
    Soviet Union's early complacency about, 177
    Soviet Union thought to be only bulwark vs., 184, 186–87
    Soviet wartime intelligence networks in, 238–39
    in Spanish Civil War, 160
    Stalin's desire for agreement with, 234–35
    supposed Red Army conspiracy with, 139
    Trotsky and Zinoviev alleged to have joined forces with, 135, 137
    West thought to want war between Soviet Union and, 243–45
    whether war with Soviet Union planned by, 230, 234
    World War II resistance groups, 274–77
  occupation currency for, 336–37
  occupation of
    French Zone, 338
    Soviet zone, 352–53
  Okhrana surveillance of émigrés in, 24
  Philby's 1933 trip to, 197
  Reichstag Fire in, 187, 189–91
  reparations from, 336
  sigint in
    Enigma code, 238, 300, 302–7
    Geheimschreiber messages, 307
    pre-World War I ciphers, 30
    Soviet air and naval signals decrypted, 302
    at Tannenberg, 31
Gerő, Ernő, 428, 429
Gestapo, forged Tukhachevsky documents by, 139
Gheorghiu-Dej, Gheorghe, 354, 355, 481
Gielgud, John, 328

Ginsburg, Evgenia, 133, 147
Gisevius, Hans Bernd, 278
Gjinishi, Mustafa, 365
GKNT (State Committee for Science and Technology), 622
Glading, Percy, 223–24
Glazkov, Ivan Petrovich, 517
Glemp, Jozef, 580
Godlevsky (MVD officer), 426
Goebbels, Joseph, 176, 189, 221
Goerdeler, Carl, 278
Goering, Hermann, 189, 191
Gold, Harry (*alias* Raymond), 314–16
Gold (operation), 437
Goldberger, Sandor (*alias* J. Peters), 229–31, 281
Goldstein, Gordon, 503–4
Goldwater, Barry, 591
Goleniewski, Michal, 439, 443
Golf (operation), 587
Golikov, Filipp Ivanovich, 257–60, 267
Golitsyn, Anatoli, 433, 436, 445–46, 465, 585
Gollnow, Herbert, 256
Golos, Jacob (*alias* Timmy), 282, 284, 286, 320, 323
Golovin, Igor, 376
Goltsman, E. S., 129
Goltz, Count Rüdiger von der, 242
Golubev (Chekist agent), 45
Golubev, Sergei Mikhailovich, 11–14, 499, 645
Golushkevich, V. S., 274
Gómez, General. *See* Zaisser, Wilhelm
Gomulka, Wladyslaw, 249, 345–46, 348
Goold-Verschoyle, Brian (*alias* Friend), 218
Gorbachev, Mikhail Sergeevich, 605, 606
  Afghan invasion and, 575
  elected general secretary, 608
  Katyn Forest documents given to Poland by, 643
  1984 trip to Britain by, 4, 8, 606
  on truth, 631
  two KGB priorities of, 620–23
Gordievsky, Oleg
  Andrew's collaboration with, 1–2
  on atomic espionage, 318
  as British agent in KGB, 2, 329
  defection of, 1, 15–16
    FCD active measures after, 629
  on FCD expansion, 507
  informs MI5 of employee's attempted contact with KGB, 599
  KGB career of, 3
  Molody's talks with, 440–41
  Philby and, 4–6
  recalled by KGB from London under suspicion, 8–15, 645
  Savinkov's murder site pointed out to, 97
  warnings about spies in Norway by, 567, 570
Gordievsky, Vasilko Antonovich, 483, 486
Gore-Booth, Paul, 396
Goriev, Vladimir, 158
Gorky, Maxim, 123, 142
Gorokhov, Mikhail, 148
Gorskaya, Lisa, 155
Gorsky, Anatoli Borisovich (*alias* Anatoli Gromov), 293–94, 296–97, 299, 301, 304, 305, 318, 320, 327, 368, 403
Go Spy the Land (Hill), 54
Gottfried, Harold, 514
Gottwald, Klement, 360–61, 409, 412, 415, 416
Government Code and Cipher School (GC & CS, UK), 77, 79, 112–13, 292. *See also* Bletchley Park
Government Communications Headquarters (GCHQ, UK), 7, 455
Gow, Andrew, 7
Grand, Laurence, 292
Graudenz, Johann, 256
Graur, Andrei, 283
Great Britain. *See* Britain
Great Depression, 121, 176
Great Terror, 136–49, 167
Greenglass, David, 315–16, 377, 380
Greenglass, Ruth, 315–16
Grenada, 561–62, 599
Grenard, Fernand, 55, 57, 62
Grey, Olga, 223–24
Gribanov, Oleg Mikhailovich, 453, 474–76
Gribin, Nikolai Petrovich, 10, 11, 13, 14, 607, 611, 633
Grigorenko, Grigori Fyodorovich, 118
Grigorenko, Petro, 120
Grinievsky, Oleg Alekseevich, 548, 551
Grishin, Viktor, 480
Grol, Milan, 363
Gromov, G., 417
Gromyko, Andrei Andreevich, 285, 339, 383, 413, 423, 433, 485, 499, 506, 538, 544, 643
  on human rights campaign as "ideological subversion," 539
  on KAL 007 incident, 597, 598
Gross, Babette, 81, 188
Grossin, Paul, 445
Grossvogel, Leon, 238
Groza, Petru, 354
GRU (Soviet military intelligence agency), 173
  atomic-bomb espionage of, 313–14, 316–17
  in Berlin after Nazi-Soviet Pact, 254–56
  Brezhnev era expansion of sigint network of, 609
  CIA mole in, 437–38
  Comintern's OMS controlled by, 93
  in Ethiopia, 558
  French air ministry penetrated by, 446–47
  German codes not broken by, 238
  Golikov as director of, 257–60
  KI formed from, 381, 382
  1940 purge of residencies of, 257–58
  1960s-1970s British operations of, 515, 517, 518, 523–24

GRU *(cont.)*
  warnings of surprise German attack by, 260, 262
  World War II intelligence of, 278–79, 305–9
Gruenfeld (OGPU officer; *alias* Bruno), 237
Grunwald Patriotic Association, 579
Grushko, Viktor Fyodorovich, 3–4, 11, 13, 14, 565, 641, 646
Guevara, Che, 466, 468, 509, 510
GUGB (Main Administration of State Security)
  establishment of, 131
  Foreign Department of (INO), 138, 217, 225, 259
Guibaud, Louis, 453
Guillaume, Guenther, 449–50, 514
Guk, Arkadi Vasilyevich, 585–86, 588–89, 592, 594, 598–99, 601, 603, 604, 634
Gulag. *See* Labor camps
Guzenko, Igor, 300–302, 317, 370–71, 373, 377
Guzovsky, Aleksandr, 405

Haavik, Gunvor Galtung, 566–68, 608
Haig, Alexander, 582
Haig, Douglas, 47
Haile Selassie (Emperor of Ethiopia), 554
Haldane, J. B. S., 187
Halifax, 1st Earl of, 291
Halperin, Israel, 317
Hambleton, Hugh, 445
Hamburg Seamen and Transport Workers' Union, 93
Hamilton, Victor Norris, 460
Hankey, 1st Baron, 261–62, 279, 311, 692
Hardinge, Sir Charles, 28
Harnack, Arvid, 255, 256, 265, 274–76
Harriman, Averell, 323, 343, 349
Harting (Foreign Agency head), 25
Harvey, Bill, 437
Hassan, Hani, 546
Hauptverwaltung Aufklärung (HVA), 449–50, 513–14, 640, 642
Haushofer, Karl, 263
Hays, Arthur Garfield, 190
Hays, Wayne, 458
Heath, Edward, 522, 523
Hebrang, Andriya, 363–65
Heilmann, Horst, 256
Helmers, Carl, 450
Helsinki. *See* Finland
Helsinki Final Act (1975), 537
Hemingway, Ernest, 161
Henderson, Arthur, 190
Henderson, Loy W., 290
Henk, Johann, 514
Henri, Ernst. *See* Rostovsky, Semyon Nikolayevich
Herriot, Édouard, 128
Herrnstadt, Rudolf, 240, 256–57, 353
Hersh, Seymour, 597
Herzen, Alexander, 19, 22, 488
Hess, Rudolf, 263, 294, 692
Hewit, Jack, 399
Hicks (British captain), 58, 59
Hilger, Gustav, 263
Hill, Christopher, 329
Hill, George A., 54–55, 61, 62, 321–22, 324–26
Hill, Jim, 374
Himmler, Heinrich, 644
Hirota, Koki, 179, 180
Hiss, Alger, 229–31, 280, 285, 287
  trial of, 370
  at Yalta Conference, 334, 338
Hiss, Donald, 229
Hitler, Adolf, 160, 167, 177, 213
  conspiracy theory of, 114
  Nazi-Soviet Pact and, 247
  Soviet Union attacked by, 253, 272, 273
  Stalin's approval of methods of, 234
  war against Soviet Union always desired by, 233
Hitler Over Europe? (Henri), 194, 195
Hodgson, Robert, 76, 85–87
Hodos, George, 344
Hoffmann, Max, 31
Hollis, Sir Roger, 7–8, 216, 301, 374, 446, 666
Holsti, Rudolf, 242, 243
Homosexuality
  of Blunt, 207–9
  of Burgess, 204–7, 209
  of Driberg, 521
  of Mintkenbaugh, 461
  of Redl, 30–31, 32
  of Vassall, 438–39
Honecker, Erich, 640–41
Honka (Finnish politician), 434
Hoover, J. Edgar, 280
  NKVD Washington mission opposed by, 324
Hopkins, Harry
  death of, 351
  last mission to Moscow of, 349–51
  1941 visit to Soviet Union by, 287–90, 695
  at Teheran Conference, 332–34
  whether NKVD agent, 287, 350
  at Yalta Conference, 334, 338
Hopkins, Robert, 287
Hornbeck, Stanley K., 285
Houghton, Harry, 442–43
House Committee on Un-American Activities (HUAC), 370
Houska, Josef, 483, 484, 487
Howard, Brian, 195
Hoxha, Enver, 365–66, 490, 493
Huidt, Valdemar, 190
Hull, Cordell, 290, 333
Human rights, 537–39
Humint (human intelligence), 31, 90, 451
Hungary
  imaginary Jewish doctors' plot in, 418–19
  1956 revolution in, 427–32, 481, 502
  soviet republic in, 67

  Stalinization of, 355–58
  U.S. embassy in, penetrated, 454
Husák, Gustáv, 412, 488, 490
Hussein (King of Jordan), 546
HVA. *See* Hauptverwaltung Aufklärung

IADL (International Association of Democratic Lawyers), 631
Ibn Saud (King of Saudi Arabia), 197
Ignatyev, Semyon Denisovich, as MGB head, 416, 420
Imelianov (KGB general), 428
India
  British, 90
  KGB in, 502–3, 507–8, 620, 644
    list of residents, 668
    meetings with agents, 528
  1985 spy scandal in, 508
Indian Communist Party
  instructions from Moscow to, 501–2
  Roy as leader of, 91
Indra, Alois, 490
Industrial Party trial, 122–24
Information Research Department (IRD, UK), 392
Inner Mongolia, Red Guards of, 493
"Innocents' Clubs," 82, 187, 504
INO (Soviet security foreign department), 72, 79–81, 138, 174–75, 217, 225, 243–44
  becomes INU directorate, 259
International Association of Democratic Lawyers (IADL), 631
International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, 335–36
International Committee for Scientific Research on the Causes and Consequences of the Second World War, 189
International Committee of Jurists, 190–91
International Institute for Peace (Austria), 504
International Monetary Fund, 335, 370
International Workers' Aid (IWA), 81–82
Iran (Persia), 547, 549
  KGB in, 620
  Soviet break-in at embassy of, 454
  Soviet 1927 burning of embassy archives, 112
  Soviet penetration of British consulate in, 87
Iran-Contra scandal, 563
Iraq, 496, 571
  KGB and, 549, 552
  war between Iran and, 549
Iraqi Communist Party, 549
IRD (Information Research Department, UK), 392
Irish Republic, 528, 611, 633
  list of KGB residents in, 661
Ismay, Hastings Lionel, 332
Israel, 495
  Camp David agreement by, 544–45
  change in Soviet policy toward, 413–14
  cooperation on hijacking with Soviet Union by, 635
  Soviet breaking of relations with, 498
  war between Egypt and, 498–99, 543
Italian Communist Party, 69
Italy
  list of KGB residents in, 662–63
  leaks from British embassy in, 88
  Okhrana surveillance of émigrés in, 24
  Soviet intercepts of messages of, 455
  Soviet technological espionage in, 623
  in Spanish Civil War, 160
Ivanov, Boris Semyonovich, 576
Ivanov, Feliks Aleksandrovich, 462
Ivan the Terrible (Tsar), 17
IWA (International Workers' Aid), 81–82
Izvestia (newspaper), 61, 252, 460, 551, 179

Jackson, Henry ("Scoop"), 591
Jacson, Frank. *See* Mercader, Ramón
Jagielski, Mieczyslaw, 578
Jalloud, Abdul Salam, 550
Janda, František, 359
Japan
  Anti-Comintern Pact between Germany and, 180–81
  KGB in, 611
    list of residents, 668–69
    technological espionage, 623
  1938 border clash between Soviet Union and, 240
  sigint in
    Soviet breaking of codes, 271–72, 454, 455
    U.S. breaking of codes, 180
  Soviet agents vs., 174
    Sorge, 175–78, 239–40, 264–65, 270–72
  Soviet break-in at embassy of, 454
  Stalin agrees to entry into war vs., 338, 339
  Trotsky alleged to have joined forces with, 137
  war between China and, 177–79, 230–31
  whether war with Soviet Union planned by, 176–79, 230–31, 234, 240, 270–72
Jaruzelski, Wojciech, 580–81, 639, 640, 643
Jehovah's Witnesses, 631
Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee (Soviet Union), 414, 420
Jewish Bund, 22
Jewish Defense League, 585
Jews. *See* Anti-Semitism
JIC (Joint Intelligence Committee), 266
Joad, Cyril, 69–70
John, Otto, 448
John Paul II (pope), 639–40
Johnson, Lyndon B., 506
Johnson, R. W., 597
Johnson, Robert Lee, 460–62
Joint Broadcasting Committee (Britain), 291
Joint Intelligence Committee (JIC), 266
Jordan, 498

Joseph, J. Julius (Joe), 282–83
Joynson-Hicks, Sir William, 111
Jurgens, Anatoli Vladimirovich, 86

Kádár, János, 409–12, 429–31, 481
Kaganovich, Lazar, 127, 143–44, 690
Kainz, Ludwig, 257
KAL 007 shot down, 593–99
Kalamatiano, Xenophon de Blumental, 57–58, 63
Kaledin, Aleksei Maksimovich, 45
Kalinin, Mikhail Ivanovich, 362
Kalugin, Oleg Danilovich, 483–84, 527, 535, 542, 543, 637–38, 665, 727
Kamenev, Lev, 33, 78, 110, 417
  expelled from party, 130
  1935 trial of, 132–33
  1936 trial of, 135
Kampiles, William, 530
Kandelaki, David, 235
Kania, Stanislaw, 579–80
Kapitsa, Pyotr, 376–77
Kaplan, Fanya (Dora), 57–59
Kaplan, Karel, 359, 360, 484
Karakhan, Lev Mikhailovich, 79
Karjalainem, Ahti, 571–72
Karmal, Babrak, 573, 575, 577, 578
Károlyi, Countess Catherine, 191
Károlyi, Count Mihály, 187
Karpekov, Nikolai Prokofyevich, 403, 516
Kartseva, Evdokia, 174
Kasahara, Yukio, 178–80
Kasparov (Soviet cryptanalyst), 271
Katyn Forest massacre (1939), 249, 319, 330, 334, 643
Katz, Otto (*alias* André Simone), 188, 190–91
Kaul, T. N., 506
Kaunda, Kenneth, 557
Kawabe, Torashiro, 180
Kedrov (Russian general), 163
Kedrov, M. S., 85
Kekkonen, Urho Kaleva
  retirement of, 571
  as Soviet agent, 432–35
Kennan, George, 226, 713
  Moscow embassy security and, 451–52
Kennedy, John F., in Cuban missile crisis, 469–73
Kennedy, Robert, 471
Kent, Tyler G., 226, 688
Keppert, Andrej, 415
Keyhole satellite, 530
Keynes, 1st Baron, 335
KGB (Komitet Gosudarstvennoy Bezopasnosti). *See also previous names:* Cheka *(1917–1922);* GPU *(1922–1923);* GUGB *(1934–1941, 1941–1943);* MGB *(1946–1953);* MVD *(1953–1954);* NKGB *(1941, 1941–1943);* NKVD *(1922–1923, 1934–1941, 1941–1943);* OGPU *(1923–1924)*
  in Afghan War, 577–78
  Andropov Institute, 7, 94, 98, 391, 399, 523, 541, 545, 551, 555, 556, 558
    description of, 612–14, 616, 621
  anti-Semitism of, 22, 418, 420, 612
  assassinations by, 464–65
    Bulgarian émigré, 644–65
    planned for future times of crisis, 523
  bogus memoirs sponsored by, 463
  Burgess-Maclean documents section of, 391
  candlelit vigil at headquarters of, 646
  Chekist tradition in, 38
  CIA penetration of, 501
  Directorate of Intelligence Information, 22
  Dzerzhinsky cult in, 40, 42–43, 342, 613
  emblems of, 38
  establishment of, 427
  evolution of names of, ix
  Faculty Number Two (Counterintelligence), 7
  female recruitment banned, 442, 613, 616
  Fifth Directorate, 489, 636
  First Chief Directorate of. *See* First Chief Directorate
  Gorbachev's two priorities for, 620–23
  Gordievsky in. *See* Gordievsky, Oleg
  honorary knighthood to officer of, 335
  human-rights groups opposed by, 538, 539
  international grain markets monitored by, 477
  Latvian deception operation of, 384–87
  list of chairmen of, 647–48
  list of residents of, in major capitals, 656
  London businesses run by, 440
  Main Adversary Groups in residencies of, 540–41
  1956 Hungarian revolution and, 427–32
  1959 conference of, 464
  in 1968 Czechoslovak crisis, 482–88
  1980s size of, 610
  NSA penetration of, 457–60
  nuclear first-strike plans sought by. *See* RYAN
  organizational chart of, 651
  organization chart of a residency of, 656
  psychiatrists of, 489
  public relations campaign by, 627–28
  Red Books of decrypts of, 455
  sanatoriums of, 14–15
  Second Chief Directorate of, 118
    blanket surveillance of foreign embassies by, 474
    Burobin employment agency of, 451
    Cheka ancestor of, 49
    as "first directorate" (1953–1954), 710
    1950s upgrading of personnel, 456–57
  some minorities banned from, 612–13
  special-operations school of, 545–47, 575
  special wives' courses in, 613, 616
  Supreme Soviet's current supervision of work of, 627

- total supervision of society by, 63–64
- Western agents not trusted by, 5–6

KGB Today, The (film), 627
KHAD (Khedamat-e Etela'at-e Dawlati), 577
Kharkevich, P., 174, 225
Khazyanov (Soviet security adviser), 359, 360
Khedamat-e Etela'at-e Dawlati (KHAD), 577
Khokhlov, Nikolai, 309, 426, 464, 522, 585
Khrushchev, Nikita Sergeevich, 250, 251, 341, 444, 623
- advisers in China recalled by, 491
- anti-Semitic witch hunt ended by, 420
- on Beria at Stalin's death, 419–20
- in Beria's downfall, 423–24
- Cuban missile crisis and, 467–69, 471–73, 477
- downfall of, 477–78, 497
- as first secretary, 424
- KGB and
  - assassinations authorized, 464
  - cleaner KGB image desired, 455–56
  - Eastern European policy, 481
  - Moscow embassy raids personally approved, 454
  - Orly operation, 462
- on 1956 Hungarian revolution, 429
- on Serov, 427
- on Soviet 1939 annexation of Poland, 248
- on Stalin, 114, 132, 146, 364, 414, 418, 419, 709
  - "secret speech," 428, 431
- Third World policy of, 496, 497, 502
- troops withdrawn from Rumania by, 481–82

Khrushchev, Sergei Nikitovich, 477, 716
KI. *See* Committee of Information
Kiernan, V. G., 197
Kim Il Sung, 552–54, 591
Kim Jong Il, 553, 554
King, John Herbert, 183–84, 217, 218, 225, 247
King, W. L. Mackenzie, 370
Kippenberger, Hans, 235, 237, 238
Kirichenko, Aleksei Illarionovich, 464, 540
Kirkpatrick, Jeane, 587, 596
Kirov, Sergei, 130, 131
- assassination of, 131–33, 135, 136, 142

Kirpichenko, Vadim Vasilyevich, 496–97
Kislitsyn, Filip Vasilyevich, 391
Kislov, Valeri Aleksandrovich, 542
Kissinger, Henry, 537, 538
Kleber, Emilio (Lazar Stern), 158
Klement, Rudolf, 164, 166
Kluggers (Cambridge student), 211
Klugmann, Norman John (James), 209, 211, 212, 295, 368
Klyshko, N. K., 72, 74, 78
Knightley, Phillip, 5, 6
Kobolov, Amyak Zakharovich, 254
Koch, Erich, 309
Koch, Theresa, 86
Kodo-ha faction (Japanese army), 177–80
Koenen, Heinrich, 276
Koestler, Arthur, 82, 187, 188, 193
Kohlmann, Gisella, 198
Kohlmann, Israel, 198
Koivisto, Mauno, 572
Kolarov, Vasili, 90
Kolchak, Aleksandr Vasilyevich, 47
Kolkhozes (collective farms), 126
Kollwitz, Käthe, 82
Komissarov (Okhrana official), 21, 28–29
Komsomol, new blood in KGB from, 456–57
Kondrashev, Sergeii Aleksandrovich, 403, 437
Konev, Ivan Stepanovich, 158
Konoye, Prince Fumimaro, 178
Kopácsi, Sándor, 428–29, 431
Kopelev, Lev, 126
Kopinić, Josip, 361
Kopřiva, Ladislav, 415
KOR (Workers' Defense Committee), 579
Korean Air Lines (KAL) 007 shot down, 593–99
Korean War, 393–95
- Blake interned during, 404
- "germ war" allegations in, 504

Kornilov, Lavr Georgievich, 151
Kornienko, Georgi, 597
Korotkov, Aleksandr Mikhailovich ("Sasha"), 413–14
Kosarev, Aleksandr ("Sasha"), 146
Kostov, Vladimir, 645
Kosygin, Aleksei Nikolayevich, 485, 499–500
Kotelnikov (Soviet cryptanalyst), 271
Kotov (alias of Eitingon), 168, 309
Kotov (Soviet general), 482–83
Kovács, Béla, 357
Kozlov, Albert Ivanovich, 4, 8
Kozlov, Vladimir, 566–67
Kramer (Krevitsky), Charles, 229
Krasin, Leonid, 72, 73, 78, 96
Krasny Terror (periodical), 44
Krassovski, N. N., 324–25
Kravchenko, Viktor, 148
Kremer, Siman Davidovich (*alias* Alexander), 313–14
Krestinsky, N. N., 245
Krivitsky, Walter, 137, 139, 161–65, 180, 181, 235, 396, 407, 447, 680
- MI5 debriefing of, 221

Krivokhizha, Vasili Iosifovich, 584
KRO (Soviet counterespionage department), 49, 85–86, 97–99
- Artuzov succeeds Trilisser as head of, 110

Krokhin, Aleksei Alekseevich, 405
Kronstadt rebellion (1921), 71–72, 74
Krotov, Boris Mikhailovich, 368, 369, 371, 390, 391, 399, 403
Krotov, Valeri Aleksandrovich, 411
Krueger, Ivar, 153

Kruglov, Sergei Nikiforovich
  in Beria's downfall, 423
  as MVD head, 425
  as NKVD head, 341
  at Yalta Conference, 335
Krylov, Ivan, 463
Krylov (Russian admiral), 150
Kryuchkov, Vladimir Aleksandrovich, 9, 10, 13, 53–54, 534–36, 540–41, 543, 560, 569, 573, 581, 597, 619
  circular telegram on Bulgarian bombings sent by, 633–34
  EC penetration directed by, 564, 566
  with Gorbachev in U.S., 625
  as KGB head, 534, 620
    assassination of Bulgarian émigré, 644–65
    cooperation with CIA on terrorism, 635–37
    opposition to terrorism, 635
    public relations campaign, 627–28
    relic of the past, 646
    warning on nuclear terrorism, 636
  1988 address by, 625–27
  1956 Hungarian revolution and, 427
  openness policy attempted by, 541
  Operation RYAN and, 583, 593, 602, 604, 626
Kuczynski, Juergen, 313, 314
Kudryavtsev, Sergei, 255, 468
Kuibyshev, V. V., 142
Kukin, Konstantin Mikhailovich, 322, 390
Kulaks
  liquidation of, 120, 125–26
  sabotage charged to, 127–28, 130
Kulik, Grigori Ivan, 158
Kulikov, Viktor, 581
Kumanev, Georgi, 263
Kun, Béla, 70–71
Kurchatov, Igor Vasilyevich, 376–78
Kuron, Jack, 579
Kursk offensive (1943), 277, 304–8, 310
Kusonsky (Soviet general), 163, 164
Kutepov, Aleksandr, 97, 98, 100, 104–6, 150–53
Kuusinen, Aino, 69, 90, 92
Kuusinen, Otto, 69, 84, 91, 250, 251, 255
Kuzichkin, Vladimir, 574, 576
Kuzmin, L. T., 518
Kuzmin, Nikolai, 152
Kuznetsov, Nikolai, 309

Labanowski, Jierek, 351
Labarthe, André, 446
Labor camps (gulag)
  Baltic States' citizens sent to, 252–53, 259
  executions in, 140–41
  1935-40 number of deaths in, 140
  OGPU development of, 121
  portrayed as idealistic experiment, 325–26
  repatriated prisoners sent to, 343
Lacroix, Henri, 156
Lagergren, Nina, 643
Lamb, Lady Caroline, 195
Lamond, James, 505
Lampe, Alfred, 346
Lamphere, Robert, 373
Lampson, Sir Miles, 87–88
Lamsdorf, Count Vladimir Nikolaievich, 29
Landau, Kurt, 160
Landezen (agent provocateur), 25
Lane, Arthur Bliss, 347, 351
Lange, David, 611–12
Latsis, Martyn Ianovich, 44, 63–64
Latvia
  Kirov's murder and, 132
  MGB-KGB deception operation in, 384–87
  Soviet annexation of, 252–53, 259
Latvian fraction, 173
Lavergne (French general), 57, 59
Lawford, Valentine, 209
Lawrence of Arabia (T. E. Lawrence), 122
Lazarev, Anatoli Ivanovich, 445, 640
Lazebny, Yevgeni Ivanovich, 524
League Against Imperialism, 192
League of Nations, Soviet Union's entry into, 234
Lebanon, 547, 548, 551, 600
  Philby in, 435–36
Lebedev (MGIMO rector), 612
Lee, Andrew Daulton, 530
Lee, Duncan Chaplin, 284
Left Socialist Revolutionaries (LSRs), 39, 44–45, 49–50
Leith (businessman), 75
Lenin, Vladimir Ilyich
  Cheka and
    establishment, 38–39
    magnets for searches advocated, 50
    Ransome's opinions and, 75–76
    threat of Russian émigrés, 93–94
    tribute to work in Civil War, 48
  on Civil War, 46–47
  Comintern and, 67, 68
    1921 German action, 70
  conspiracy theory of, 144–45, 149
  death penalty abolished and restored by, 63
  execution of brother of, 21
  Kronstadt rebellion and, 72
  last illness of, 83, 84
  Malinovsky's deception of, 33–34
  in Okhrana's files, 32–33
  police terrorism advocated by, 43–44, 64
  Reilly's plan to remove trousers of, 61
  shooting of, 57
  Stalin supported by, 34–35
  State and Revolution, 39
  world revolution hoped for by, 65–66, 70
Leningrad, siege of, 310
Leonov, Nikolai Sergeevich, 466, 509, 510, 561, 562
Le Troquer, André, 69
Lettish troops, 55, 57, 59, 60, 63

Levchenko, Lev, 611
Levchenko, Stanislav, 615
Levi, Paul, 68, 71
Levit, Wolf, 218
Levitskaya, Tatiana Romanovna, 87
Lewis, Flora, 407
L'Humanité (newspaper), 32
Libya, 547, 550–51, 632–33
  KGB in, 551, 552
Liddell, Guy, 7, 298
Liebknecht, Karl, 66
Likhachev (Soviet general), 409, 412
Lindsay-Hogg, Lady Frances ("Bunny"), 222
Lipton, Marcus, 435
Literaturnaya Gazeta (periodical), 597, 630
Lithuania
  Dzerzhinsky's revolutionary activity in, 41
  KGB archives in, 642
  Soviet annexation of, 252–53, 259
Litvinov, Maksim Maksimovich, 76, 78, 86, 177, 181, 234, 243, 244, 690
  dismissal of, 245–46
  forged book supposedly by, 463
Liu Shaoqi, 492–93
Lloyd George, David, 53, 67, 73, 75, 78, 96, 99
Lockhart, Robert Bruce, 50–53, 55–63
Loewenstein, Prince Hubertus von, 432
Loktionov, A. D., 273
London. *See* Britain
Lonetree, Clayton J., 610
Long, Leonard Henry ("Leo"), 220, 300–302, 368, 371
Longo, Luigi (*alias* Gallo), 159
Lonsdale, Gordon Arnold. *See* Molody, Konon
Lopatin, Aleksandr, 569, 571
Lopatin, Mikhail Ivanovich, 515
Los Alamos laboratory, 315–16, 377, 380
Loubet, Émile, 26
Louis, Victor, 494
Lozovsky, A., 246
Lubyanka (Soviet secret security headquarters), 41, 45
  Chekists' Study Room in, 384
  murder of prisoners in, 97
  1918 LSR seizure of, 50
  Yezhov's office in, 146–47
Luca, Vasile, 354
Lucy. *See* Roessler, Rudolf
Lüdke, Hermann, 514
Ludo, Anastas, 365
Lui, Vitali Yevgenyevich. *See* Louis, Victor
Lukacs (Mate Zalka), 158
Lukasevics, Janis (*alias* Yakov Konstantinovich Bukashev), 384–87, 524, 585
Luns, Joseph, 591
Lunts, D. R., 489
Luxemburg, Rosa, 41, 66
Lyalin, Oleg Adolfovich, 522–23, 574
Lyons, Eugene, 117
Lysenko, Nikolai, 444
Lyubimov, Mikhail Petrovich, 522, 535, 541–43, 553, 614, 637

MI5 (British security service)
  attempted contact with KGB by employee of, 598–99
  Australian penetration investigated by, 374–75
  Black List of, 190
  Blunt debriefed by, 400
  Blunt in, 298–302, 368
  Comintern documents intercepted by, 90
  Driberg as double agent for, 521
  judicial inquiry of Philby by, 401–2
  KGB's ability to identify vehicles of, 515
  and Maclean-Burgess defection, 397–99
  Molody ring captured by, 442–44
  1960s shortage of resources of, 515
  NKVD agent in SOE discovered by, 295–96
  prosecution of technological espionage by, 516
  Soviet penetration of, 4–8
  Watson investigated by, 403
  Woolwich Arsenal spy ring and, 223–24
MacArthur, Douglas, 393, 395
MacCargar, James, 401
McCarthy, Joseph R., 119, 380
McConville, Maureen, 4
MacDonald, Ramsay, 76, 121, 185, 191, 197, 211
Machel, Samora, 556
Machray, Cyril, 371
Mackenzie, Bobby, 396
McKinley, William, 24
Maclean, Donald, 6, 184, 210–14, 218–19, 247, 316, 318–20, 334, 369, 377, 391, 435
  defection of, 395–401
  1950 breakdown of, 393–94
Maclean, Sir Fitzroy, 143, 324
Maclean, Melinda, 6, 318, 398–99
McMahon Act, 377
Macmillan, Harold, 396, 435
Macnamara, J. R. J. ("Jack"), 214–15
MacNeice, Louis, 207, 208
McNeil, Hector, 369, 392
Magnificent Seven, The (movie), 4, 184
Magnitogorsk, 121
Mahgoub, Abdel, 501
Main Adversary
  U.S. as, 367
  whether China qualified as, 494
Main Adversary Groups, 540–41
Maisky, Ivan, 288, 327, 336, 418
Makarov, Leonid, 591
Makarov, Semyon, 374, 409, 412
Malenkov, Georgi Maksimilianovich, 131, 257, 273
  anti-Semitic witch hunt ended by, 420
  in Beria's downfall, 423, 424

Malenkov *(cont.)*
  as first secretary and prime minister, 423
  as prime minister alone, 424
Maléter, Pál, 430
Malik, Yakov Aleksandrovich, 383
Malinovsky, Rodion Yakovlevich, 158
Malinovsky, Roman, 33–34
Malta, 611, 613
Maly, Teodor, 183, 198–201, 213, 217–19, 221–24, 325
Manchester *Guardian,* 74
Manchurian Incident (1931), 176–79
Mandelstam, Nadezhda, 140
Mandelstam, Osip, 140
Mann, Wilfred, 7
Manuilov (acting head of Foreign Agency), 29
Manuilsky, Dmitri, 84, 141
Mao Zedong, 404, 490
  cult of, 491
  on nuclear war, 494
Mapam Party (Israel), 413
March, Danielle de, 631
Marchand, René, 57, 59, 60
Markov, Georgi, 644, 645
Marković, Sima, 141
Marley, 1st Baron (Dudley Leigh Aman), 187, 188, 190
Martelli, Giuseppe, 516
Martin, Kingsley, 194
Martin, William H., 458–59
Martov, Yuli, 34
Marty, André, 159, 161
Mary, Queen (consort of George V), 207
Maslov, Igor Vasilyevich, 528
Mas Martin, Luis, 467
Massing, Hede, 175, 178, 200, 217–18, 407
Massing, Paul, 407
Mastny, Vojtech, 349, 350
"Maud" Committee (UK), 311
Maudling, Reginald, 591
Maxis (bogus partisan group), 386
Maxse, Marjorie, 292–93
May, Allan Nun, 316–17, 370, 377
Mayhew, Christopher, 392
Mazowiecki, Tadeusz, 581
Mazzini, Giuseppe, 27
Medved, Filipp, 132
Medvedev, Roy, 456
Medvedev, Zhores, 480
Medyanik, Yakov Prokofyevich, 507, 508
Mein Kampf (Hitler), 233
Meir, Golda, 414, 544
Melnikov (Soviet general), 347, 352
Memory Room (FCD), 4, 80, 85, 139, 168, 173, 198, 201, 203, 223, 225, 259, 309, 322, 355, 390, 432, 443
Méndez Cominches, José, 512
Mengistu Haile Mariam, 558
Mensheviks, 33–35
Menzhinsky, Vyacheslav Rudolfovich
  background of, 108–9
  death of, 131, 142
  found guilty with Beria, 424
  as OGPU head, 108, 109, 116
    on specialist baiting, 124
Menzies, Sir Stuart, 296, 302
Mercader, Ramón, 167–72, 681
Mercader del Río, Caridad, 168, 171
Meretskov, K. A., 250, 273
Merkulov, Vladimir, 591
Merkulov, Vsevolod Nikolayevich, 253
  background and personality of, 258–59
  as MGB head, 341
  as NKGB head, 258, 260, 265
Metropolitan Special Branch (UK), 72, 74, 111, 118, 224, 398
  KGB's ability to identify vehicles of, 515
Metropolitan-Vickers Company, 124–25
Mexico, Trotsky in exile in, 154, 157, 164, 167
  assassination, 168–72
Meyerhold, Vsevolod Emilievich, 133
Meynell, Francis, 69–70
Mezentsov (Tsarist gendarme chief), 20
MGB (Ministry of State Security)
  in Albania, 365–66
  anti-Zionist Czechoslovak show trial set up by, 416–17
  Blake recruited in China as prisoner by, 404
  establishment of, 341–42
  French espionage of, 405
  German operations of, 406
  Hungarian show trial organized by, 409–11
  Jews purged from, 418, 420
  KI formed from parts of, 381–83
  Latvian deception operation of, 384–87
  Polish deception operation of, 387
  in postwar Czechoslovakia, 359
  in Soviet zone, 352–53
MGIMO (Moscow State Institute for International Relations), 612
MI1c, 51–54, 59–62
Michael (King of Rumania), 354
Michnik, Adam, 579
Mielke, Erich, 640–41
Mihailovich, Draza, 295, 363
Mikhail, Grand Duke, 36
Mikhoels, Solomon Mikhailovich, 414, 420
Mikolajczyk, Stanislaw, 333, 350
Mikoyan, Anastas, 243, 263, 416, 428, 429
Military Industrial Commission (VPK), 621–22
Miller, Yevgeni Karlovich, 153–54, 163–64
Milner, Ian, 375
Mintkenbaugh, James Allen, 461
Mirbach, Count Robert, 49–50
Mirbach, Count Wilhelm, 49–50, 155
Mironov, Nikolai Romanovich, 455
Mitchell, Bernon F., 458–59
Mitchell, Graham, 7
Miyake, Hanako, 264–65
Mkrtchyan (KGB officer), 613
Mobutu Sese Seko, 556

Modin, Yuri Ivanovich (*alias* Peter), 391, 392, 395, 397–400, 403, 435–38, 503, 523, 614
Molnar, Bohumil, 487
Molody, Konon (*alias* Gordon Arnold Lonsdale), 6, 440–44, 614
Molojec, Boleslaw, 345
Molotov, Vyacheslav Mikhailovich, 122, 268, 273, 332, 419
  arrest of Jewish wife of, 414, 420
  atomic project under control of, 376
  in Beria's downfall, 423, 424
  as foreign commissar (minister), 245–47, 250, 251, 253, 261, 262, 323
    clash with Truman, 349
    dismissed by Stalin, 383, 414
    Hopkins's reassurance on Japan, 695
    KI formed under, 381, 383
    at Yalta Conference, 336, 351
Monarchist Association of Central Russia (MOR), 97, 98
Monkevitz (Russian general), 150
Montebello, Marquis de (Gustave Louis Lannes), 26
Monument to the "unknown intelligence officer," 532
MOR (Monarchist Association of Central Russia), 97, 98
Moran, 1st Baron (Charles McMoran Wilson), 333
Moravec, František, 322
Morgenthau, Henry, 282, 335, 336
Mornard, Jacques. *See* Mercader, Ramón
Morning Post (London), 78
Moro-Giafferi (French lawyer), 190
Morozov, G., 417
Morrison, Herbert, 398
Mortin, Fyodor Konstantinovich, 533–35
Moscow House of Trade Unions (former Nobles' Club), 116–17, 122, 125
Moscow News (periodical), 637, 643
Moscow State Institute for International Relations (MGIMO), 612
Motinov (Soviet GPU officer), 317
Mott, Sir Nevill, 313
Moynihan, Daniel Patrick, 508
Mozambique, 555–56
Mozambique National Resistance (RENAMO), 556
MPLA. *See* Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola
Mugabe, Robert, 557
Muggeridge, Malcolm, 186
Muhammad, Ali Nasser, 550
Mukhin, A. P., 96
Mulligan, Timothy, 309
Mullik, B. N., 501
Munich conference (1938), 241, 243
Munteanu, Constantin, 545
Münzenberg, Willi, 81–82, 164, 187–95, 198, 216, 235, 680
Muraviev, Count Mikhail Nikolayevich, 26
Murphy, David, 446
Murphy, Robert, 333
Muzalyov, Viktor Ivanovich, 542
MVD (Ministry of the Interior)
  attempted assassination by, 426
  East German personnel recalled by Beria, 422–23
  establishment of, 341
  KGB removed from, 427
  MGB consolidated into, by Beria, 420
  1954 defections from, 426–27

Nagy, Ferenc, 356, 358
Nagy, Imre, 428–32, 490
Najibullah, Mohammed, 577–78
Nasser, Gamal Abdel, 495–99, 502, 545
National Association of Evangelicals, 590
National Front for the Liberation of Angola (FNLA), 554
National Labor Alliance (NTS, Ukraine), 389, 426, 464
National Security Agency (NSA, US), 373, 451
  KGB penetration of, 457–60, 610
NATO. *See* North Atlantic Treaty Organization
Nazi-Soviet Pact (1939), 245–47, 258, 333, 447
Nechayev, Sergei, 193
Negrín, Juan, 160–61
Nehru, Jawaharlal, 494, 501–2
Nenni, Pietro, 339
NEP (New Economic Policy), 72, 119
Neruda, Pablo, 170
Netherlands, Western Bureau (of Comintern) in, 67
Neto, Agostinho, 554–55
Neues Deutschland (newspaper), 240, 485
New Economic Policy (NEP), 72, 119
New Statesman (periodical), 194, 195, 587
Newsweek (magazine), 489
New York *Herald Tribune,* 331, 464
New York Times, The, 128
New Zealand, KGB in, 611–12
  list of residents, 667
Neyland, N. V., 572–73
Nicaragua, 562–63, 599, 642
Nicaraguan Communist Party, 562
Nicholas, Grand Duke, 151
Nicholas I (Tsar), 18, 19
Nicholas II (Tsar), 21, 26, 36, 37, 77
Nicolette (Giuseppe de Vittorio), 159
Nikitenko, Leonid Yefremovich, 8, 599, 604
Nikoforov, Valentin Mikhailovich, 643–44
Nikolayev, Leonid, 131–32
Nin, Andreu, 158, 160
Nixon, Richard M.
  China policy of, 494
  Soviet Union visited by, 536
NKGB (People's Commissariat of State Security)
  atomic-bomb espionage of, 314–21
  cipher directorate of, 271–72

NKGB *(cont.)*
  establishment of, 258–59
  foreign directorate of (INU), 259
  MGB established from, 341
  in postwar Czechoslovakia, 359
  reabsorbed into NKVD, 272–73
  in Tito's Yugoslavia, 362–63
  U.S. decrypting of messages of (Venona), 373–74, 379, 381, 393, 395–98, 446, 447, 694
Nkomo, Joshua, 557
NKVD (Internal Affairs Commissariat, *later* Ministry)
  Administration of Special Tasks, 157–58
  agent penetration by, 46
  collaboration with OSS by, 322–24
  confessions extracted by, 133, 135, 136, 144
  death penalty authorized for, 132
  evacuated to Kuibyshev, 273
  Field's career with, 407–8
  foreign assassinations of, 161–64
    Klement, 166
    Trotsky, 168–72
  GPU placed under (1922), 64
  Kamera medical section of, 166
  maxim of sycophants of, 242, 243, 254, 259, 268
  1930s purges of
    individual officers, 80, 89, 132, 140, 173, 223, 225, 238
    statistics, 140
  1930s show trials of, 112, 132–38, 142–43, 147–48, 190, 245
  1946 change in status of, 341
  partisan warfare led by, 309–11, 321
  plots and conspiracies prosecuted by
    after Kirov's murder, 132–33
    in NKVD itself, 137–38
    in Red Army, 139
  poisoning by, 138
  police powers consolidated into, 131
  in postwar Poland, 346–51
  residencies of, disrupted by Great Terror, 225, 241–44, 291, 293
  in Soviet-occupied Poland, 248–49
  in Soviet zone of Germany, 352–53
  Spanish Civil War and, 158–61
  terrorism of, 46
  Western opinion influenced by, 325–31
  World War II troops of, 309, 321
Non-Aligned Movement, 502, 506
  1973 conference of, 513
  1979 Havana conference of, 561
North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO)
  KGB intelligence on, 444–45, 462, 520, 569, 570
  1983 exercises of, 599–601
  Soviet campaign to promote conflict between U.S. and, 628–29
  World Peace Council's denunciation of, 504
North Korea, 552–54
Norway
  KGB in, 566–71, 608
    list of residents, 664
  Trotsky in exile in, 154, 157
Nosenko, Yuri, 382, 384, 453–57, 462, 585
Novgorod, 1570 massacre of, 17
Novosti Press Agency, 502, 559, 628
Novotný, Antonin, 482
Nowotko, Marceli, 345
NSA. *See* National Security Agency
NSZRiS (People's Union for Defense of Country and Freedom), 94–95
NTS. *See* National Labor Alliance
Nuclear first-strike plans, KGB's search for (operation RYAN), 2, 583–85, 588–89, 592–93, 598–606, 624, 626
Nuclear missiles
  London 1982 demonstration vs., 585
  1987 treaty on reduction of, 625
  Soviet
    installed in Cuba, 469, 470
    Penkovsky's intelligence on, 470
  U.S., Soviet intelligence on, 462
Nuclear terrorism, 634, 636
Nuclear war, Mao's approval of, 494
Nyaradi, Nicholas, 259, 343, 356

Observer (periodical), 436
October Revolution (1917), 39, 40, 46
O'Dean (marine sergeant), 226
Office of Strategic Services (OSS)
  collaboration with NKVD by, 322–24
  end of, 367
  Soviet penetration of, 284–85
Ogarkov, Nikolai, 595, 597, 605
OGPU (Obyeddinenoye Gosudarstvennoye Politicheskoye Upravlenie)
  Comintern's OMS controlled by, 93
  confessions extracted by, 123, 125
  counterespionage department of (KRO), 110
  establishment of, 64
  foreign department of (INO), 174–75
  judicial collegium of, 64
  labor camps of. *See* Labor camps
  Left Opposition quashed by, 115–16
  1927 overhaul of security of, 112–13
  plots and conspiracies prosecuted by
    during 1932-33 famine, 127–28
    British engineers' trial, 124–25
    falsifiers of weather forecasts, 127
    Industrial Party trial, 122–24
    Ryazantsev food plot, 122
    Shakhty miner's trial, 116–18
  Reilly captured by, 99–102
  residents of, 80, 112
  sigint section (Spets Otdel) of, 89, 174
  socialist-legality movement to limit powers of, 130–31
  Stalin and. *See* Stalin, Joseph—OGPU and
  transformed into GUGB, 131
Okhrana
  anti-Semitism of, 21–22

  Bolsheviks penetrated by, 32–35
  cryptanalysis and theft of papers by, 26–30
  destruction of, 36
  establishment of, 20–21
  February Revolution predicted by, 35–36
  Foreign Agency of, 23–25, 29, 32
  newspapers subsidized by, 31–32
Okhrannoye Otdelenie, 20
Okolovich, Georgi Sergeevich, 426, 464
Oldham, Ernest Holloway, 181–83, 225
Olivier, Laurence, 328
Ollenhauer, Erich, 353
OMS (Otdel Mezhdunarodnykh Svyazey), 81–82, 93, 175
O'Neill, Con, 217
"One-time pad" cipher system, 112
Opperput, Aleksandr Eduarovich, 95, 98, 103, 105, 106
Oprichnina, 17
Ordzhonikidze, Sergo, 124
Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC), kidnapping of ministers of, 547
Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (OUN), 389, 464
Orlov, Aleksandr, 115, 131, 139, 155, 158, 164, 198, 675
Orlov, Count Aleksei, 19
Orlov, Mikhail, 19
Orwell, George, 328
Oshima, Hiroshi, 180, 267
Osipov, A. P., 321, 323–25
Oslo. *See* Norway
Osobyi Otdel, 20
OSS. *See* Office of Strategic Services
Oster, Hans, 278
Otrashchenko, Andrei Mikhailovich, 413, 414
Ott, Eugen, 178, 239
OUN (Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists), 389, 464
Outer Mongolia, 1939 Japanese violations of frontier of, 240
Ovakimyan, Gaik Badalovich, 169, 170, 281
Ovchinnikov (*Pravda* correspondent), 616
Overlord (operation), 333, 334
Owen, Will, 519–20
Ozaki, Hotsumi, 175, 178, 240, 270

Paasikivi, Juho, 434
Pablo (Dmitri Pavlov), 158
Pabón, Benito, 160
Pacepa, Ion, 546
Paclik, Jan (*alias* Novak), 519
Page, C. H., 371
Pakaslahti, Johannes, 629
Pakistan, 502, 506
Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO), 545–48
Pálffy, György, 411
Palme, Olof, 572–73
Panama, 630
Panin, N. P., 27
Panyushkin, Aleksandr Semyonovich, 381, 382
  career of, 425–26
  as Foreign Directorate chief, 425–26, 432
Pâques, Georges, 405–6, 444–46, 449, 568
Pares, Sir Bernard, 148
Paris. *See* France
Paris Commune (1871), 43
Parker, R. H., 327–28
Parlanti, Conrad, 183
Parshin, Lev, 585
Partido Obrero de Unificación Marxista (POUM), 158, 160
Pascal, Roy, 192–93
Passports
  Pass-Apparat's manufacture of, 235–37
  from Spanish Civil War, 159
Pasternak, Boris, 479
Patil, S. K., 503
Patriot (newspaper), 630
Patterson, Geoffrey, 398
Pauker, Ana, 354
Pavel, Josef, 483, 484
Pavlenko, Nikolai, 273
Pavlov, Dmitri (*alias* Pablo), 158
Pavlov, V. N., 263
Pavlovsky, Sergei, 96–97
PDRY. *See* Yemen, People's Democratic Republic of
Peierls, Sir Rudolf, 7, 313, 314
Peking. *See* China
Pekkala, Salme, 69
Pelton, Ronald William, 610
Penkovsky, Oleg, 1, 470, 473–76
People's Union for Defense of Country and Freedom (NSZRiS), 94–95
People's Will, 20, 25, 193
Perlo, Victor, 229, 284
Persia. *See* Iran
Pervukhin, M. G., 311–12
Péter, Gábor, 356–57, 409, 410, 418
Peters, Yakov Khristoforovich, 44, 58, 60, 61, 74
Peters, J. *See* Goldberger, Sandor
Petersen, Arne Herlov, 591–92, 629
Peter the Great (Tsar), political police of, 17–18
Petrov, Vladimir, 168, 171, 244, 375, 391, 405, 427, 435
Petrova, Evdokia, 405, 427, 435, 463
Petrović, Dušica, 363
Pfeiffer, Édouard, 215, 291
Philby, Eleanor, 436
Philby, Harold Adrian Russell ("Kim"), 4–7, 184, 185, 196–204, 212, 213, 220, 325, 576, 614
  defection of, 435–36
  on Hill, 54, 55, 321
  KGB consultation of, 541–43, 567
  on Latvian television, 387
  and Maclean-Burgess defection, 397–401
  Molody's book and, 443

Philby *(cont.)*
  as NKVD agent in Spanish Civil War, 221–23, 295
  in SIS, 292–94, 295–98, 374, 389–90, 395–97, 400–401
  in SOE, 294–95
  Volkov's attempted defection and, 371–72
Philby, Harry St. John, 196–97
Philby, Litzi, 198, 203
Philby, Rufa, 6, 541
Photography of all KGB correpondence, 617
Photography of documents
  by KGB van at meetings, 445
  by NKVD in London, 218, 224
  by Okhrana, from British embassy, 29
  on Petrograd-Moscow line, 85
  in Soviet embassy in Paris, 462
  in wartime Washington, 283
Pyatakov, Yuri, 83, 120, 136
Pyatnitsky, Iosif Aronovich, 82, 84, 93, 175, 213, 255
Pieck, Henri Christian (Han), 183, 217, 218
Pieck, Wilhelm, 265, 352
Pigou, Arthur, 7
Piklovich, Andrei, 237
Pilgrimage to the People (1874), 20
Piller Commission, 485
Pilsudski, Józef, 103–4
Pincher, Chapman, 7, 8
Piñeiro Losado, Manuel, 511, 512
Pipes, Richard, 19
Pirozhkov, Valentin Mikhailovich, 643–44
Plaček, Štěpán, 359
Plehve, V. K., 24, 33, 51
Plevitskaya, Nadezhda, 152, 163
PLO. *See* Palestine Liberation Organization
Podgorny, Nikolai Viktorovich, 485, 499, 500
Pohl, Inge, 465
Poincaré, Raymond, 60, 122
Pokorný, Bedřich, 359
Poland
  British-French guarantee to, 241
  Catholic Church in, 351
  Enigma code first broken by, 306
  government-in-exile of, 319, 333
  Hopkins-Stalin agreement on, 350
  Katyn Forest massacre in, 249, 319, 334, 643
  MGB's WiN deception in, 387–89
  Nazi-Soviet invasion of, 247–49
  1927 OGPU spy ring in, 110
  1945 show trial in, 351
  OGPU harassment of diplomats of, 87
  Solidarity in, 578, 579, 581, 639–40
  Soviet ambassador shot in, 112
  Soviet mobilization plan sought by, 103–4
  Soviet spy in embassy of, 240–41
  Stalinist takeover of, 345–52
    election fraud, 351
    Lublin government, 337, 346, 349
  Teheran Conference discussion of, 333–34, 337
  under Tsarist Russia
    Dzerzhinsky's revolutionary activity in, 41
    sentences for Polish patriots, 19
  war between Soviet Union and, 63, 94
  wartime Home Army (AK) in, 345–47, 387
  White Russian agents aided by, 95, 98, 99
  Yalta Conference agreement on, 337, 339
Polish Communist Party. *See also* Polish United Workers' Party
  dissolved by Comintern, 345
  1930s purges of, 141
  1941 revival of, 345
Polish fraction, 173
Polish United Workers' Party (PZPR), 351
  founding of, 351
  Solidarity and, 578–80
Polish Workers' Party (PPR), 345–48
Pol Pot, 591
Ponomaryov, Vitali, 635
Pontecorvo, Bruno, 317–18, 379
Poole, DeWitt, 57
Poole, Frederick, 56, 58
Popieluszko, Jerzy, 640
Poporolui, Sigurantei, 354
Popov, Pyotr, 437–38, 474, 712
Popov, Viktor Ivanovich, 9, 592, 603
Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA), 554–55, 557
Populists, 20, 22
Poremsky, Vladimir, 464
Poretsky, Elizabeth, 223
Poretsky, Ignace (*alias* Ludwig, Reiss), 148, 162, 164, 168, 407
Poskrebyshev, Aleksandr, 131, 378, 419
Postyshev, P. P., 130
Potapov, Nikolai, 98
Potsdam Conference, 335, 351
POUM (Partido Obrero de Unificación Marxista), 158, 160
Povetshy, Ignace, 183
Powers, Gary, 459, 469
Poyntz, Juliette Stuart, 161
PPR (Polish Workers Party), 345–48
Prager, Nicholas, 518–19
Prague Spring, 482–90
Pravda (newspaper), 124, 126, 263, 418, 420, 478, 484, 486, 545, 595, 628, 632
Preobrazhensky Prikaz, 17–18
Pressman, Lee, 229
Prime, Geoffrey Arthur, 524–26, 528–31
Printsipalov, Aleksandr Kirillovich, 567
Pritt, D. N., 190, 191
Private Eye (periodical), 617
Prokoviev, Georgi, 133, 136
Protocols of the Elders of Zion, The, 25–26
Provisional IRA, Qaddafi's supply of weapons to, 633
Public opinion, monitoring of, 18
Puzitsky, Sergei, 151, 153

Qaddafi, Muammar al-, 547, 550–51, 591, 632–33

Rabcors, 235–37
Rabinovich, Gregor, 237
Rachkovsky, Pyotr, 23, 25, 26, 28
Radek, Karl, 68, 83, 84, 136, 417
Radio Free Europe, 432
Radkiewicz, Stanislaw, 346–48
Rado, Alexander, 239, 277–78, 306
Raffalovich, Artur, 32
Rajk, László
  arrest and show trial of, 408–11, 417
  posthumous rehabilitation of, 428
Rákosi, Mátyás, 356–58, 408–11, 427–28, 430, 481
Rakowski, Mieczyslaw, 580
Ranković, Aleksandar-Leka, 362–63, 365
Ransome, Arthur, 73–76, 90, 672
Rapallo Pact (1922), 233
Rastvorov, Yuri, 426
Rataev (Foreign Agency head), 25
Reagan, Ronald
  Andropov's final denunciation of, 598
  FCD organization of heckling of, 629
  forged letter of, 630
  KGB campaign vs. reelection of, 589–90
  Nicaraguan policy of, 562–63
  Qaddafi and, 632
  Soviet Union denounced by, 581–83, 590, 596
  "Star Wars" plan of, 590–91, 607
Rebet, Lev, 464–65
Recruiting of agents, Soviet instructions on, 88–89
Red Air Force (Soviet Union)
  air reconnaissance by, 308
  greatest operation of, 304–5
  Korean airliners shot down by, 593–99
  technological espionage and, 622
Red Army (Soviet Union). *See also* GRU
  in Afghanistan, 574–78
  Czechoslovakia invaded by, 486–87
  Ethiopia advisers of, 558
  Fourth Bureau (Department) of General Staff, 93, 173, 174, 181, 238–40
  Hopkins's belief in potential of, 290
  London celebration of twenty-fifth anniversary of, 328
  1930s purges of
    number executed or imprisoned, 140
    supposed Tukhachevsky plot, 139
  in 1956 Hungarian revolution, 429, 430
  North Korea and, 554
  pillage and rape by, 347, 352–53
  purge continues while Germans advance on Moscow, 273
  in Winter War, 250–51
"Red Casanova," 450
Red Cross parcels, 432
Red Hundreds (Germany, 1923), 83–84
Redl, Alfred, 30–31, 32
Red Navy (Soviet Union)
  fear of Svalbard monitoring of, 566
  in Middle East, 499
  U.S. code possessed by, 531
Rees, Goronwy, 205–7, 209, 212, 214, 291, 392, 393
Reich, Wilhelm, 202–4
Reich, Yakov (Comrade Thomas), 67–70
Reichstag Fire (Feb. 27, 1933), 187, 189–91
Reicin, Bedřich, 359
Reilly, Pepita, 98, 100, 102–6
Reilly, Sidney, 52–55, 57–62, 97–102
Reiners, Hans, 236
Reiss, Ignace, 148, 218, 223, 244
Remarque, Erich Maria, 494
RENAMO (Mozambique National Resistance), 556
Renán Montero, 562
Retz, Cardinal de, 269
Review of Reviews (periodical), 203, 220
Rewinkel, Milton C., 503
Rhein, Marc, 160
Rhine (operation), 426
Rhodesia. *See* Zimbabwe
Rhyolite satellite, 530
Ryazantsev, Aleksandr, 122
Ribbentrop, Baron Joachim von, 180, 221, 247, 270, 271
Ricin, 645
Roberts, Alfred, 516
Roberts (bogus partisan group), 386
Robertson, Dennis, 203
Robertson, Donald, 203
Robertson, "Tar," 368
Robinson, Henry, 446
Robles, José, 160
Rodin, Nikolai Borisovich (*alias* Korovin), 390, 397, 403, 438–40
Roessler, Rudolf, 277–78, 305–6
Röhm, Ernst, 234
Rokossovsky, Konstantin Konstanovich, 158
Roller (Chekist), 86
Rome. *See* Italy
Romkowski, Roman, 347
Roosevelt, Elliott, 289
Roosevelt, Franklin D.
  attitude toward espionage, 280, 285
  NKVD Washington mission disapproved by, 324
  Soviet cooperation policy of, 289–90
  at Teheran Conference, 332–34, 337
  at Yalta Conference, 334, 336–39
Rose, Fred, 317
Rosenberg, Ethel, 379–81
Rosenberg, Julius, 315–16, 379–81
Rosenberg, Marcel, 158
Rosengolts, Arkadi, 112
Rosmer, Alfred, 166, 169
Rosmer, Marguerite, 169
Rossi, Roland François (*alias* Abiate), 162, 168

Rostovsky, Semyon Nikolayevich (*alias* Ernst Henri, Henry, Ghenri), 194–96, 200, 204, 210, 241, 263–64
  BBC talk by, 329
Rote Drei, 277–78, 306
Rote Kapelle, 255, 276–77
Rothschild, 3rd Baron (Nathaniel Mayer Victor Rothschild), 7, 214, 298
Rouvier, Maurice, 29
ROVS (Russian Combined Services), 97, 150–54, 163–64
Roy, M. N., 91
RPC (Russian Political Committee), 94
Rubak, Mikhail, 426
Rumania
  Ceauşescu's leadership of, 481
  democratic revolution in, 641
  OSS-NKVD agreement on, 324
  Stalinization of, 354–55
Rumanian Communist Party, 353–54
Runciman, Steven, 208
Rusakov, Anatoli Aleksandrovich, 482, 486
Rusk, Dean, 473
Russia. *See* Soviet Union; Tsarist Russia
Russian Combined Services. *See* ROVS
Russian People's Army (1920), 94
Russian Political Committee (RPC), 94
Russia Today (periodical), 328
Russia Today Society, 328
Russo-Polish War (1920), 63, 94
Rust, Mathias, 594
Rutgers, Sebald, 67
RYAD computers, 622
RYAN (operation), 2, 583–85, 588–89, 592–93, 598–606, 624, 626
Ryasnoy, Vasili Stepanovich, 422, 425
Rybkin, Boris Nikolayevich (*alias* Yartsev), 241–42, 250, 251
Rybkina, Zoya Nikolayevna (*alias* Yartseva), 241–42, 442
Rykov, Aleksei Ivanovich, 135, 142
Ryumin, M. D., 418, 420
Ryutin, Mikhail, 129–30, 136

Saar, Pass-Apparat in, 237
Sabry, Ali, 497, 500
Sadat, Anwar el-, 499–501, 543–45
Saddam Hussein, 549, 551
Sakharov, Andrei, 488, 538, 644
Sakharov, Vladimir Nikolayevich, 501
Sakharovsky, Aleksandr Mikhailovich
  as FCD head, 432, 435, 457, 481, 533
Šalgovič, Viliam, 483
SALT treaties, 536, 539, 582
Samoylenko, Vasili Fyodorovich, 545
Sampson, Anthony, *Anatomy of Britain,* 616
Sánchez, Ilich Ramírez. *See* Carlos the Jackal
Sandinistas, 562–63, 599, 642
Sanko, Vasili Fyodorovich, 479
Sapphire Ring (France), 445–46
"Sasha" (code name of U.S. officer), 476, 716
Satellites, 469
  Soviet, 609
  stabilizing influence of, 637
  U.S., KGB espionage on, 529–30
Saudi Arabia, 498, 547
  British classified documents passed to, 197
Savchenko, Sergei Romanovich, 383
Savin, Vladislav, 515
Savinkov, Boris, 51, 55, 58, 94–97, 99, 100, 153
Savinsky, Aleksandr, 28
Sayre, Francis B., 230, 231
Sazhin, A. I., 607
Scali, John, 473
Scheliha, Rudolf von, 240–41, 255, 256, 276
Schenk, Hans, 514
Schildbach, Gertrude, 162
Schlick, Moritz, 202
Schmegman, Maria Nikolayevna, 86–87
Schmidt, Vassya, 83
Schneider, Christian, 277
Schönbrunn, Reinhold, 255
Schroeter, Gerda, 514
Schulenberg, Count Frederic Werner von der, 246–47, 251, 254, 261
  Soviet Union warned of surprise attack by, 263–64
Schultz, Irene, 514
Schulze-Boysen, Harro, 255–56, 265, 274–77
Schulze-Boysen, Libertas, 275
Scientific Advisory Committee (UK), 311
Scott, Nicholas, 522
SDECE (Service de Documentation Extérieure et de Contre-Espionage), 445–46
SDI. *See* Strategic Defense Initiative
Seale, Patrick, 4
Second Brown Book of Hitler Terror, The, 191
"Secretaries offensive," 450, 514
Secret diplomacy, Trotsky on, 39
Secret Intelligence Service (SIS, UK)
  Albanian operations of, 389
  attempted penetrations of Soviet Union by, 384–87
  Blake as Soviet agent in, 403–4, 437
  Boyce as SIS Helsinki station chief of, 100
  Burgess in, 220, 291–94
  Cairncross in, 305
  Gordievsky's work for, 2, 3, 15
  Penkovsky as agent of, 469–70, 475, 476
  Philby in, 292–94, 295–98, 374, 389–90, 395–97, 400–401
  Polish station chief of, 95
  predecessor of (MI1c), 51–52
  Ransome and, 74
  Reilly and, 52–55, 57–62, 99, 100
  Soviet penetration of, 4–8
  in Soviet Union in World War II, 55
  station commanders of, 80
  Ukrainian operations of, 389
Secret Service: The Making of the British Intelligence Community (Andrew), 1

SED (Socialist Unity Party), 353
Sedlaček, Karel, 278
Sedov, Jeanne, 165, 166
Sedov, Lev (Trotsky's son), 116, 129, 135, 157, 164–66
Segal, Jacob, 630, 631
Seina, Violetta, 610
Seleznyov, Aleksandr, 457
Selyaninov, Pavel Ivanovich. *See* Opperput, Aleksandr Eduardovich
Selivanowski (Soviet general), 347
Selves, Justin de, 30
Semichastny, Vladimir Yefimovich
  as KGB head, 456
    dismissed, 479–80
    Soviet dissidents attacked, 479
  in Khrushchev's downfall, 477–78
Semmelmann, Georg, 237
Semyonov, Viktor, 511–12
Sergei Aleksandrovich, Grand Duke, 24, 51
Serov, Ivan Aleksandrovich, 425
  as GRU head, 456
    Penkovsky case, 470, 474, 476
  as KGB head, 427
    attitude to use of women, 442
    dismissed, 455–56
    in 1956 Hungarian revolution, 428–31
  as NKVD chief in Eastern Europe, 346, 347, 352
  suicide of, 355, 476
Serrati, Giacinto, 69
Service de Documentation Extérieure et de Contre-Espionage (SDECE), 445–46
Servicio de Investigación Militar (SIM), 161
Ševčik, Ján, 359
"Sex-pol" movement, 202–4
Sexual attitudes of agents, 441–42
Sexual seduction
  of Afghan ambassador, 89
  of CIA and U.S. embassy personnel, 452, 453
  of couriers, 85
  of French ambassador and air attaché, 453
  of secretaries, 450, 514
  in Stonehouse's novel, 521
  of Swedish embassy nightwatchman, 454
  of U.S. marine guard at Moscow embassy, 610
Shackley, Theodore, 530–31
Shakhty coal mines, 116–18
Shalyapin, Mikhail Aleksandrovich, 476
Shapiro (Soviet sigint head), 225
Shaposhnikov, Aleksandr Aleksandrovich, 611
Shaposhnikov, Boris Mikhailovich, 250
Sharaf, Sami, 496–98, 500, 501
Shatilov (Russian general), 153
Shatskikh, Nikolai Aleksandrovich, 611
Shaw, George Bernard, 128
Shcharansky, Anatoli, 539
Shchekoldin, Aleksei, 382
Shcherbak, Fyodor, 636
Shchirov, Sergei, 681
Shebarshin, Leonid Vladimirovich, 628
  as KGB head, 620
Shehu, Mehmet, 366
Shelepin, Aleksandr Nikolayevich
  demotion of, 480
  as KGB head, 455–56, 457, 462–65
  in Khrushchev's downfall, 477–78
Shelest, Pyotr Yefimovich, 485
Sherstnev, Lev Nikolayevich, 515
Sheshenya, L. D., 96
Shevardnadze, Eduard, 575, 635
Shevchenko, Arkadi Nikolayevich, 537, 538
Shevelyov (Soviet general), 450–51
Shishkin, Ivan Aleksandrovich, 7, 523, 614
Shishlin, Nikolai Vladimirovich, 549, 555, 603
Shitov, Aleksandr Ivanovich (*alias* Alekseev), 467–68, 473, 509, 510
Shitov, Aleksei Aleksandrovich (*alias* Alekseev), 510–11
Shlyapnikov, Rudolf Petrovich, 510, 511
Sholokhov, Mikhail, 127–28
Shpigelglas, Mikhail, 139, 161–62, 244
Shreider, Mikhail, 143–44
Shultz, George, 570, 582, 596, 598
Shumilin, Boris, 431
Shumski (Soviet linguist), 271
Shuster, Aron Vaclavovich, 217
Sidiqi, Aziz, 544
Sigint (signals intelligence). *See also* Cryptanalysis; *specific countries*
  in Cold War, 450–55, 457
  in 1920s, 76–79, 89–90, 112–13
  1930s Soviet advances in, 173–74, 178–82
    disrupted by Great Terror, 225–26
  Soviet advances in, during Brezhnev era, 524–31, 609–10
  before World War I, 26–31
Sigurnost, Durzharna, 644
Sikorski, Wladyslaw, 319
Sillitoe, Percy, 374
Silver (operation), 437
Silverman, George, 229, 230, 281, 284
Silvermaster, Nathan Gregory, 281–84, 286, 336
SIM (Servicio de Investigación Militar), 161
Simex (firm), 257
Simexco (firm), 257
Simone, André (Otto Katz), 188, 190
Sindikat (operation), 94–97
Singh, S. Nihal, 507
Sinyavsky, Andrei, 479
Sipyagin, D. S., 24
Siqueiros, David Alfaro, 170
Sirena II (operation), 587
SIS. *See* Secret Intelligence Service
Sislov, Mikhail Andreevich, 485
Six Days War, 498–99
Skoblin, Nikolai, 152–54, 163
Slánský, Rudolf, 412, 415–17
Šling, Otto, 415
Slovo, Joe, 558, 560

Slutsky, Abram, 138–39, 140, 148–49, 160, 163, 198, 217, 237, 244
Smersh, 342–43
Smilie, Bob, 160
Smith, Edward Ellis, 452
Smith, Ian, 557
Smith, Walter Bedell, 401
Smolett, H. Peter (H. P. Smolka), 325–28, 330, 331, 368, 417–18
Sneevliet, Henryk, 161, 166
Soble, Jack, 154–55
Soblen, Richard, 156
Sobolev, Vladimir, 571
Sobolevicus brothers, 154–55, 156
Social Democratic Party of the Kingdom of Poland and Lithuania (SKDPiL), 41
Social Democratic Workers' Party, 22
Socialist legality, 130–31
Socialist Revolutionary Party, 22, 33, 35,39
Socialist Unity Party (SED), 353
SOE. *See* Special Operations Executive
Sokolov, Georgi Aleksandrovich, 375, 382, 425
Sokolov, Sergei, 605
Soldatov, Aleksandr, 510
Solidarity (Poland), 578–81, 639
Solodovnikov, Vladimir Grigoryevich, 557
Solomon, Flora, 436
Solzhenitsyn, Aleksandr, 479, 488, 489
Somalia, 558
Sorensen, Theodore, 472
Sorge, Richard, 175–78, 239–40, 264–65, 270–72
Sotskov, L. F., 628
Soupert, Jean-Paul, 516
South Africa
  agreement between Mozambique and, 556
  economic contacts between KGB and, 560
  UNITA and, 555
South African Communist Party (SACP), 558–60
South Korea
  airliner of, shot down by Soviet Union, 593–99
  North Korea's attempted destabilization of, 553
  Soviet technological espionage in, 623
Sovetskaya Kultura (periodical), 488
Soviet News (London), 196
Soviet Union
  agricultural collectivization in, 125–30
  anti-Semitism in. *See* Anti-Semitism, in Soviet Union
  armed forces of. *See* Red Air Force; Red Army; Red Navy
  atomic bomb of, 378–79
  Blunt's 1935 trip to, 215
  British Military Mission in, 297, 302, 303, 305
  Burgess's 1934 visit to, 213
  Civil War in. *See* Civil War (1918-20)
  collective security policy of, 234, 245
  détente between U.S. and, 536–41, 543, 573, 582
  famines in, 81, 126–30
  Five-Year Plans of, 196
    First, 120–23, 125, 126, 185
    Second, 133
  forced emigration from, 489
  foreign missions in
    blanket surveillance begun, 474
    Burobin employment agency, 451
    intimidation of Russian employees, 86–87
    methods of contacting agents in Moscow, 474, 476
    penetration, 84–86, 90, 226–28
  German invasion of
    Far Eastern divisions shifted to west, 271, 272
    German deceptions to conceal preparations, 253, 263, 264
    government evacuated to Kuibyshev, 272, 273
    Hitler's directive on, 253
    State Defense Committee, 273
    warnings of, 257–69
  human rights in, 537–39
  Jewish emigration to Israel from, 413–14
  light plane penetrates air defenses of, 594
  myth image of, 185–86, 458
  "new thinking" of Gorbachev era in, 623–24
  1920s trade agreements of, 72–73, 75, 76–78
  1927 war scare in, 113–14
  1930s show trials in, 112, 122–24, 132–38, 142–43, 147–48, 190, 245
  office of procurator of, 130–31
  psychiatric abuse in, 489
  repatriated prisoners of, 342–43
  sigint in
    in Brezhnev era, 524–31, 609–10
    British diplomatic traffic decrypted, 371
    in Cold War, 450–55, 457
    Cuban listening base, 563
    disrupted by Great Terror, 225–26
    Enigma decrypted, 306–7
    future of Cuban and Nicaraguan stations, 642
    German codes not broken, 238
    Japanese codes broken, 271–72
    1920s, 76–77, 89–90, 112–13
    1930s advances, 173–74, 178–82
    in 1968 Czechoslovak crisis, 483
    NKVD code book captured, 285, 373
    special-purpose radio battalions, 307–8
    Ultra intelligence received, 302–4
    World War II exchange with British, 303–4
  Smolett's 1937 book on, 325–26
  Stalinist transformation of economy of, 119–21
  State Committee for Science and Technology (GKNT), 534

  as terrorist target, 633–36
  U.S. overflights of, 458, 459, 469
  weakness of economy of, 607–8, 621
  Western grain bought by, 477
Soviet Weekly (periodical), 525
Spanish Civil War, 309
  Maclean's intelligence on, 218
  Philby as NKVD agent in, 221–23
  Soviet Union and, 158–61, 168
Spanish Communist Party, 156
Speakes, Larry, 599
Special Branch. *See* Metropolitan Special Branch
Special Operations Executive (SOE, UK)
  Klugmann in, 295
  Moscow mission of, 55, 321–22, 324–25
  Philby in, 294–95
  Uren discovered as NKVD agent in, 295–96
  winding up of, 368
Spectator, The (periodical), 215
Spellman, Francis Joseph, 339–40
Spiridonova, Maria, 44
Spitzbergen, 566
Springer, Axel, 591
Springhall, Douglas, 295–96
Spring Rice, Cecil, 28–29
Sprogis, Yan, 55, 56, 58
Stalin, Joseph, 623
  agricultural policy of, 125–27, 130
  atomic bomb and, 311–12, 376, 378–79
  China policy of, 111
  on Comintern's abolition, 330–31
  conspiracy theory of, 114, 143–46, 243–44, 339–40
  cult of, 131, 428
  in Czechoslovak takeover, 359
  death of, 419–20, 709
  Eastern European policy of, 337, 339, 343–45, 351
  fear of poisoning by, 147
  Finnish War of, 250, 251
  forged books about, 463
  on German Communism, 352
  Great Patriotic War and
    negotiated peace sought, 272–73
    stays in Kremlin, 272
    warnings of German attack rejected, 259–69
  Hopkins's last mission to, 349–51
  Hopkins and, 287–90
  industrialization program of, 119–21
  irreverence toward, 196, 213
  Khrushchev on, 114, 132, 146, 364, 414
  Kirov murder and, 132–33
  Kutepov's kidnapping ordered by, 151
  as "Leader" (Vozhd), 131
  Lenin's support of, 34–35
  Nazi agreement desired by, 234–35
  Nazi-Soviet Pact and, 245–47, 253–54, 333, 447
  1913 arrest of, 33
  1930s purges of, 133–44
    secret security officials, 80, 89, 132, 140, 173, 225, 238
    show trials, 112, 122–24, 132–38, 142–43, 147–48, 190, 245
    Stalin's personal interest, 143–44
    total number of victims, 139–40
  1934 party opposition to, 131
  NKVD and
    death for terrorism authorized, 132
    NKVD as directly answerable, 131
    Yezhov's dismissal, 167
  OGPU and, 108–10
    supposed miners' conspiracy, 116–18
    used by Stalin against fellow Communists, 108, 114–15
  in Okhrana's files, 32–33
  Oprichnina praised by, 17
  personal secretariat of, 131, 677
  on the pope's divisions, 639
  Brezhnev era's return to, 479
  Ryutin platform's denunciation of, 129
  in Slánský case, 415–16
  Smersh founded by, 342
  Spanish Civil War and, 159
  specialist baiting condemned by, 124
  suspicious personality of, 146
  at Teheran Conference, 332–34
  Third World War feared by, 395
  Tito and, 362–65
  Trotsky and Trotskyists pursued by, 156–57, 165, 167, 171
  as witchfinder-general, 119
  at Yalta Conference, 334, 337–40
Stalin, Svetlana. *See* Alliluyeva, Svetlana
Stalingrad, battle of, 276–79, 304, 306–7, 312, 329–30
Starhemberg, Prince Ernst Rüdiger von, 200
Stashinsky, Bogdan, 465, 522
State Committee for Science and Technology (GKNT), 622
Státní Bezpečnost (StB), 358–60, 417, 483, 484, 487, 518–22, 588
StB. *See* Státní Bezpečnost
Steifon (Russian general), 151–52
Steinhardt, Laurence A., 228, 288–90
Stern, Lazar (*alias* Emilio Kleber), 158
Stettinius, Edward, 284–85, 338–39
Stöbe, Ilse, 256, 276
Stockholm Conference on Vietnam, 505
Stolypin, P. A., 24
Stomonyakov, Boris Spiridonovich, 245
Stonehouse, John, 520–21
Stoph, Willi, 640
Stotenov (Bulgarian ambassador), 273
Straight, Michael, 215–16, 220, 286
Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI), 590–91, 607
Strauss, Franz-Josef, 591
Stross, Sir Barnett, 522
Štrougal, Lubomir, 490
Struve, Peter, 21
Sturm (German Communist), 144
Styrne, Vladimir Andreevich, 81

Subašic, Ivan, 362
Submarine detection systems, 402
Sudanese Communist Party, 500–501
Sudoplatov, Pavel Anatolyevich, 309
Suez Canal, 495
Sunday Express (newspaper), 630
Supreme Monarchist Council (VMS), 97
Susloparov (Soviet general), 266
Suslov, Mikhail Andreevich, 429
Sutterlein, Heinz, 514
Sutterlein, Leonore, 514
Suwalki, 253
Šváb, Karel, 359, 360, 412
Svalbard, 566, 568
Sveics, Vidvuds, 385
Sverdlov, Yakov, 33
Svetanko, Dmitri Andreevich, 8, 216, 261
Svoboda, Ludvik, 358, 490
Sweden, 572–73
  ANC office in, 559
  list of KGB residents in, 664–65
  Wallenberg case and, 643–44
Swierczewski, Karol (*alias* Walter), 158
Switzerland
  1927 OGPU spy ring in, 110
  Okhrana in
    printing press blown up, 25
    surveillance of émigrés, 24
  Soviet deposit for spy in bank of, 240
  World War II intelligence network in, 239, 277–78, 305–6
Syria, 496, 498, 499, 543, 549
  KGB in, 550, 552
  Lebanon invaded by, 547–48
  Soviet break-in at embassy of, 454
Szász, Béla, 410
Szönyi, Tibor, 411
Szücs, Ernö, 409, 412

Táborský, Václav, 521
Talebov, Mikhail, 574
Tannenberg, Battle of (1914), 31
Tanner, Väinö, 242
Tanzania, 559
Taraki, Noor Mohammed, 573
Tarnavsky, Ninel Andreevich, 579
Teheran conference (1943), 290, 322, 332–34, 337
Teller, Edward, 315
Terrorism
  of Kim Il Sung, 553
  nuclear, 634, 636
  Qaddafi and, 551
  Soviet Union and, 546–47, 632–36
Thatcher, Margaret, 586, 603, 606, 629
  KGB's attempt to oust, 591–92
Third Section of the Imperial Chancellery, 18–20
Thomas, Comrade. *See* Reich, Yakov
Thomson, Sir Basil, 74, 118
Thornhill, C. J. M., 56
Tiebel, Erwin, 449
Tikhonov. *See* Chichayev, Ivan Andreevich
Tikhonov, N. A., 566
Tildy, Zoltán, 356
Timashuk, Lydia, 418
Time magazine, 280, 489
Times, The (London), 75, 78, 194, 221, 222, 292, 325, 326, 503
Timofeev (NKGB adviser), 362–63
Timoshenko, Semyon Konstantinovich, 260, 267, 268
Tindemanns, Leo, 563–65
Tito (Josip Broz), 141, 295, 324, 361–64, 408, 490
  Albania and, 365–66
  break with Stalin by, 295, 364–65, 392–93
    interpreted as part of imperialist conspiracy, 407, 410–12
  first official Soviet military mission to, 700
  imaginary correspondence between Stalin and, 463
  Khrushchev's partial reconciliation with, 502
Titov, Gennadi Fyodorovich, 568–71
Titov, Igor Viktorovich, 8
Tobias, Fritz, 189
Todt Organization, 257
Tofte, Ørnulf, 571
Togliatti, Palmiro, 90–91
Tolstoy, S., 226, 271
Tomsky, Mikhail Pavlovich, 135
Tomsons, Eriks, 385
Tosei-ha faction (Japanese army), 177
Toye, Eleanor, 99
Toynbee, Philip, 394
Trades Union Congress (TUC, UK), Zinoviev letter investigation by, 92–93
Treholt, Arne, 568–71, 601
Trepper, Leopold, 238–39, 255, 257, 266, 276–77
Trest (operation). *See* Trust
Tretyakov, Sergei (*alias* Ivanov), 154, 163–64
Trishin, Aleksei Fyodorovich, 445
Trilisser, Mikhail Abramovich, 80–82, 110, 155
Trotsky, Leon, 36, 71, 74, 83, 417
  in exile, 154–57
    assassination, 168–72, 681
    as "chief of vanguard of bourgeois counterrevolution," 133
    Étienne's deception, 166
    his overestimation of his support, 129–30, 133–34, 167
    on Industrial Party trial, 124
    Kirov murder linked to Trotsky, 132
    mentioned in show trials, 135, 137, 142
    Mexico City demonstration against, 168
    in supposed Red Army conspiracy, 139
  expelled from party and exiled, 115–16
  as Foreign Commissar, 39
  on Menzhinsky, 109
  Polish Communist support of, 141
  Reilly's plan to remove trousers of, 61

- as War Commissar, 47, 54
    - Czechoslovak Legion revolt, 46
    - Lockhart and, 51

Trotskyists
- Chebrikov's recent mention of, 624–25
- Fourth International of, 164, 166–67
- NKVD pursuit of, 164–67
    - liquidation policy adopted, 157–58
    - Spanish Civil War, 158–61, 223
- publication of, 129, 157
- in Soviet Union, won over by Stalin's economic vision, 120

"Trotskyists-Zinovievites," 115–16, 129–30, 133–35
Trubetskoi, Prince, 25
Truman, Harry S
- clash between Molotov and, 349
- Hopkins sent to Stalin by, 349–51
- on use of atomic bomb, 394–95

Trust (operation), 85, 94, 97–106, 110, 150, 151
- as model for later operations, 384, 386

Tsarist Russia
- alliance of France and, 26
- anti-Semitism in. *See* Anti-Semitism, in Tsarist Russia
- emancipation of serfs in, 20
- French loans to, 31–32
- jewels of, smuggled by Comintern, 69–70
- Marxism in, 22
- penalties for political dissent in, 19
- political police in, 17–20. *See also* Okhrana
- sigint in, 26–31, 77
- terrorism in, 20

Tsvigun, Semyon Konstantinovich, 480
Tsymbal, Mikhail Stepanovich (*alias* Rogov), 445
Tube Alloys project, 311, 313–14, 316, 319
Tudor-Hart, Edith, 224
Tukhachevsky, Mikhail Nikolayevich, 139
Turchak, Mikhail Markovich, 493
Turkey
- 1927 OGPU spy ring in, 110
- Philby as SIS station commander in, 389
- Soviet break-in at embassy of, 454
- Trotsky in exile in, 116, 154–57
- Volkov's attempted defection in, 371–72

"Twenty-five thousanders," 126
Typhoon (operation), 272
Tyulenev, I. V., 267

U-2 flights, 459, 469, 470
UB. *See* Urzad Bezpieczeństwa
Ukraine
- 1932-33 famine in, 126–30
- SIS and CIA operations in, 389, 390
- in World War II, 706

Ukrainian émigrés, Soviet policy of assassination of, 426, 464–65, 644–45
Ulbricht, Walter, 159, 352, 640
Ultra intelligence, 262, 278, 300, 302–6
Ulyanov, Aleksandr, 21
Umberto I (King of Italy), 24
Union for the Total Liberation of Angola (UNITA), 554, 555
Union of Struggle against the Bolsheviks, 45
UNITA (Union for the Total Liberation of Angola), 554, 555
Unitarian Service Commission (USC), 408
United Kingdom. *See* Britain
United Nations
- KGB personnel in delegations to, 540, 570
- largest missions to, 561
- Yalta Conference agreement on, 338

United States. *See also specific U.S. government agencies and presidents*
- atomic-bomb espionage in, 314–16
- détente between Soviet Union and, 536–41, 543, 573, 582
- "ethnic weapon" supposed to be developed by, 631–32
- KGB in
    - list of residents, 657–58
    - 1970s growth, 539–40
- McCarthyism in, 119
- Maclean at British embassy in, 319–20
- as "Main Adversary" to Soviet Union, 367, 539
- Moscow embassy of
    - bugging of unfinished embassy, 452–53
    - in Cold War, 451–53
    - marines as guards, 226
    - in 1930s, 226–28
    - 1986 Soviet penetration of, 524–31, 609–10
    - Soviet personnel withdrawn (1985), 608–9
- 1918 Moscow agent of, 57, 58, 63
- NKVD murder in, 161
- packet thrown on Soviet embassy grounds in, 540
- Philby as SIS representative in, 389–90, 395–96, 400–401
- Prague Spring reported to be surprise in, 483–84
- recent KGB forgeries of documents of, 630
- sigint in
    - in Cold War, 451
    - Japanese codes broken, 180
    - NKVD code purchased from Finns, 284–85, 373
    - pre-1951 codes compromised, 391
- Soviet belief in secret control of, 536–37
- Soviet intelligence gathering in, 228–32, 279–88
    - telephone intercepts, 475
    - from U.S. military intelligence officer, 475–76
    - technological espionage, 622
- Soviet intercepts of messages of, 455
- supposed "baby parts" butchery in, 631

Unshlikht, Iosif Stanislavovich, 68, 74, 83, 84
Uren, Ormond, 295–96

Uritsky, M., 57, 59, 61
Urzad Bezpieczeństwa (UB), 346–48, 351, 387–89
  CIA mole in, 443
Urzhumov, Vitali Sergeevich, 461–62
USC (Unitarian Service Commission), 408
U.S.S.R. at War (film), 328
Ustinov, Dmitri Fyodorovich, 583, 584, 605

Vaculik, Ludvǐk, 488
Väha, Toivo, 99, 101
Valdes, Ramiro, 467
van der Lubbe, Marinus, 189–91
Vannikov, Boris Lvovich, 273, 376
Varentsov, Sergei Sergeevich, 470
Vasilyev, A. T., 21, 27, 36
Vassall, John, 438–39
Väyrynen, Paavo, 572
Venezuela, 561
Venona (NKGB messages), 373–74, 379, 381, 393, 395–98, 446, 447, 694
Vermeylen, Pierre, 190
Vertement, Henri de, 57, 59, 62
Vertiporokh, Vladimir, 413
Veselý, Jindřich, 359, 409
Vetrenko, Daniel, 110
Vetrov, Vladimir, 622, 726
Vienna University, 201–2
Vietnam War
  Afghan invasion compared to, 576
  enemy foreknowledge of B-52 strikes in, 530–31
  Palme's opposition to, 572
  U.S. "germ warfare" alleged in, 503–4
  world opinion opposed to, 505
  on world TV, 506
Vinogradov (Stalin's physician), 419
Vivian, Valentine, 297
Vladimirov, Viktor Mikhailovich, 433, 571, 572
Vladykin, Nikolai Alekseevich, 382
Vlasik, Nikolai, 419
Vlasov, Andrei, 343, 463
Vlasov, Vasili, 444
Vlasov, Yuri, 642
VMS (Supreme Monarchist Council), 97
Voikov, Pyotr, 112, 113
Volkogonov, Dmitri, 259
Volkov, Konstantin, 371–72
Volodya, Dyadya, 413
Voronin, Yuri Nikolayevich, 486, 524, 515
Voronov, N. N., 267
Voroshilov, Kliment Efremovich, 131, 139, 251, 273, 419
Voynovich, Vladimir, 182
VPK (Military Industrial Commission), 621–22
Vyshinsky, Andrei Yanuarievich, 125, 142, 252, 262, 313
  as foreign minister, 383

Waddams, Frank, 364
Wadleigh, Julian, 229–31
Walesa, Lech, 578, 580, 599
Walker, John Anthony, 525–31
Wallenberg, Raoul, 643–44
Wallenius, Allan, 91, 93
Walter (Karol Swierczewski), 158
Warburg Institute, 220
Ware, Harold, 229
Warner, Fred, 392
Washington *Post,* 540, 541
Watergate scandal, 536, 541
Waterhouse, Ellis, 210
Watson, Alister, 208, 212, 402–3
Watt, Donald Cameron, 246
Waugh, Evelyn, 195
Webb, Beatrice, 128, 148
Webb, Sidney, 128, 148
Webster, William, 623, 638
Weisband, William, 374, 375
Wells, H. G., 191
Wendland, Horst, 514
Western European Secretariat (or Bureau; of Comintern), 67–68, 191
West Germany
  AIDS disinformation in, 631
  bugging of Moscow embassy of, 453
  East German penetration of, 449–50, 513–14
  KGB in
    agents to commit anti-Semitic acts, 463–64
    list of residents, 662
  Soviet intercepts of messages of, 455
  Soviet penetration of, 406, 448–49
White, Sir Dick, 299, 436
White, Harry Dexter, 229, 230, 278, 281–82, 286, 370
  death of, 370
  samples of occupation currency given to NKVD by, 336
  at Yalta Conference, 335–37
White, William C., 186
White Russians (White Guards). *See also* Civil War (1918-20)
  conspiracy figures accused of collaboration with, 116–18, 123
  given to Soviet Union under 1939 Nazi-Soviet Pact, 249
  hostage taking of relatives of, 93
  Left Opposition accused of collaboration with, 115
  Soviet secret police operations vs., 93–106, 122, 132, 150–54
  Trotsky alleged to have joined forces with, 135
  Western support of, 95, 113
Whitworth, Jerry Alfred, 528, 530
Who Dares Wins (film), 634
Wildprett, Wolfgang, 464
Williams, Harold, 75
Willsher, Kay, 301
Winant, John G., 288
Winchell, Walter, 280
Winter War (1939-40), 250–51

Wisner, Frank, 388
Witt, Nathan, 229
Wohlgemuth, Wolfgang, 448
Wolf, Irwin, 160
Wolf, Markus Johannes (Mischa), 449–50, 514, 640–41
Wolność Iran (Persia) Niepodleglość (WiN), 387–89
Wolton, Aubrey, 318
Women. *See also* Female agents; Sexual attitudes of agents; Sexual seduction
  in First Chief Directorate, 616
  KGB ban on recruitment of, 442, 613, 616
  KGB special wives' courses, 613, 616
Woodfield, Bill, 296
Woolwich Arsenal spy ring, 217, 223–24
Workers' Defense Committee (KOR), 579
World Committee for the Relief of the Victims of German Fascism, 187–89, 198, 216
World Peace Council (WPC), 434, 504–6, 629
World revolution, Lenin's hopes for, 65–66, 70
World War I
  German 1918 offensive in, 47–48
  MI1c in, 51–52
  sigint in, 31
  spy fever during, 118–19
World War II
  Anti-Soviet Russian army in, 343
  Korea in, 552
  Kursk offensive in, 277, 304–8, 310
  opening of, 247–48
  Soviet children in, 310–11
  Soviet partisans in, 309–11, 321
  Soviet supplies for German Blitzkrieg in, 251
  Soviet Union's fear of separate peace in, 296
  Soviet wartime intelligence networks in, 238–40
  spy mania in, 119
  Ultra and the tank batttles in, 303–6
Worsthorne, Peregrine, 522
WPC. *See* World Peace Council
Wrangel, Baron Ferdinand Petrovich von, 78–79, 151
Wright, Peter, 8, 301, 401, 403, 446, 455
Wynne, Greville, 475

Xoxe, Koci, 365–66

Yagoda, Genrikh Grigoryevich, 106
  denounced by Yezhov, 137–38
  1938 trial of, 142
  as NKVD head, 131
    Kamera medical section, 166
    Kirov murder, 132–33
    removed by Stalin, 135–36
    Stalin's criticism, 133
  as OGPU head, 131
    under Menzhinsky, 109–10
Yakovlev, Aleksandr Nikolayevich, 624
Yakovlev, Anatoli, 316
Yakshyants, Pavel, 635
Yakushev, Aleksandr, 97–98, 100, 101, 103–4, 106
Yakushkin, Dmitri Ivanovich, 536, 539, 540
Yalta Conference, 334–40
Yamchenko (radioman), 79
Yardley, Herbert, 180
Yeaton, Ivan D., 227–28, 289
Yekimenko, Aleksandr Fyodorovich, 559
Yeliseev, Pyotr Nikolayevich, 461
Yeltsin, Boris, 627–28
Yemen, People's Democratic Republic of (PDRY), 550, 552, 721–22
Yerokhin, Dmitri Aleksandrovich, 503, 507
Yesikov (MGB officer), 417
Yevdokimov, Y. G., 116
Yezhov, Nikolai
  conspiracy theory of, 144, 146–47
  as NKVD head, 131, 136–47
    agreement with Nazi Germany desired, 235
    dismissal, 167
    Franco assassination plot, 221
    liquidation of Trotskyists, 157–58
Yezhovshchina, 136, 139–40, 149
Yom Kippur War, 543
Yudenich, Nikolai Nikolayevich, 47
Yugoslav Communist Party, 1930s purges of, 141–42
Yugoslavia
  German 1941 attack on, 253–54
  Klugmann and, 295
  NKVD officer parachuted into, 324–25
  after World War II, 348, 361–65
Yurchenko, Vitali Sergeevich, 528, 610

Zabotin, Nikolai, 317
Zaire, 556
Zaisser, Wilhelm (*alias* Gómez), 353
Zaitsev, Leonid Sergeevich, 403, 508, 621
Zakharchenko-Schultz, Maria, 98, 100, 102–6
Zakharov (Soviet ambassador), 433
Zakharov, Matvei, 499
Zalka, Mate (*alias* Lukacs), 158
Zambia, 557, 559
Zamorin, V. K., 618
Zamoysky, L. P., 22
Zande, Rihards, 385
ZANU (Zimbabwe African National Union), 557
Zaporozhets, I., 132
ZAPU (Zimbabwe African People's Union), 557
Zarubin, Vasili Mikhailovich (*alias* Zubilin), 155, 447
Zavarzin, P., 27
Zborowski, Mark (*alias* Étienne), 157, 161, 165–67

Zhdanov, Andrei, 136, 241, 252, 407, 416
Zhdanov, Viktor M., 631
Zhenikhov (KGB resident), 433
Zhivkov, Todor, 644, 645
Zhizhin, Vladimir Ivanovich, 568–71
Zhou Enlai, 492
Zhukov, Georgi Konstantinovich, 260, 272–74, 305, 308, 352, 353
  in Beria's downfall, 423, 424
Zimbabwe, 557–58
Zinoviev, Grigori Evseevich, 33, 61, 76, 83, 417, 673
  expelled from party but recants, 115
  expelled from party finally, 130
  1935 trial of, 132–33
  1936 trial of, 135
  as president of Comintern, 67, 71
Zinoviev letter, 92–93
Zionist conspiracies, supposed, 407, 413–19, 420–21, 498
  Camp David agreement, 544–45
  in 1968 Czechoslovakia, 483
  Qaddafi and, 550
  Solidarity in Poland, 579, 599
  in Watergate affair, 536
Zöld, Sándor, 412
Zorin, Valerian A., 360, 383
Žujović, Streten, 363–65
Zvezdenkov, Valentin, 636
Zybin, Ivan, 27

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THE MITROKHIN ARCHIVE AND THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE KGB

By the Authors of THE WORLD WAS GOING OUR WAY

CHRISTOPHER ANDREW
AND VASILI MITROKHIN

Table of Contents

BY CHRISTOPHER ANDREW
Title Page
Dedication
ABBREVIATIONS AND ACRONYMS
THE EVOLUTION OF THE KGB, 1917-1991
THE TRANSLITERATION OF RUSSIAN NAMES
Foreword
Introduction

ONE - THE MITROKHIN ARCHIVE

TWO - FROM LENIN’S CHEKA TO STALIN’S O GPU

THREE - THE GREAT ILLEGALS

FOUR - THE MAGNIFICENT FIVE

FIVE - TERROR

SIX - WAR

SEVEN - THE GRAND ALLIANCE

EIGHT - VICTORY

NINE - FROM WAR TO COLD WAR

TEN - THE MAIN ADVERSARY

ELEVEN - THE MAIN ADVERSARY
APPENDIX - SOME FAVORITE KGB YAVKAS (MEETING PLACES) IN THE 1960’S

TWELVE - THE MAIN ADVERSARY

THIRTEEN - THE MAIN ADVERSARY

FOURTEEN - POLITICAL WARFARE

FIFTEEN - PROGRESS OPERATIONS

SIXTEEN - PROGRESS OPERATIONS

SEVENTEEN - THE KGB AND WESTERN COMMUNIST PARTIES

EIGHTEEN - EUROCOMMUNISM

NINETEEN - IDEOLOGICAL SUBVERSION

TWENTY - IDEOLOGICAL SUBVERSION

APPENDIX - THE INTERROGATION OF YURI ORLOV ON DECEMBER 29, 1977

TWENTY-ONE - SIGINT IN THE COLD WAR

TWENTY - TWO - SPECIAL TASKS
APPENDIX 1 - INSTRUCTIONS FOR DISARMING THE MOLNIYA [“LIGHTNING”) EXPLOSIVE DEVICE
APPENDIX 2 - EXAMPLE OF BOOBY-TRAPPED RADIO CACHE PUT IN PLACE BY THE BERNE RESIDENCY
APPENDIX 3 - EXAMPLES OF RADIO CACHES PUT IN PLACE BY THE ROME RESIDENCY

TWENTY - THREE - SPECIAL TASKS
APPENDIX - “SPECIAL POLITICAL ACTION” PROPOSED BY THE ATHENS RESIDENCY TO THE ...

TWENTY - FOUR - COLD WAR OPERATIONS AGAINST BRITAIN

TWENTY - FIVE - COLD WAR OPERATIONS AGAINST BRITAIN

TWENTY - SIX - THE FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF

GERMANY

TWENTY - SEVEN - FRANCE AND ITALY DURING THE COLD WAR

TWENTY - EIGHT - THE PENETRATION AND PERSECUTION OF THE SOVIET CHURCHES

TWENTY - NINE - THE POLISH POPE AND THE RISE OF SOLIDARITY

THIRTY - THE POLISH CRISIS AND THE CRUMBLING OF THE SOVIET BLOC

CONCLUSION: FROM THE ONE-PARTY STATE
APPENDIX A - KGB CHAIRMEN, 1917-91
APPENDIX B - HEADS OF FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, 1920-99
APPENDIX C - THE ORGANIZATION OF THE KGB
APPENDIX D - THE ORGANIZATION OF THE KGB FIRST CHIEF DIRECTORATE (FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE)
APPENDIX E - THE ORGANIZATION OF A KGB RESIDENCY
NOTES
BIBLIOGRAPHY
INDEX
Copyright Page

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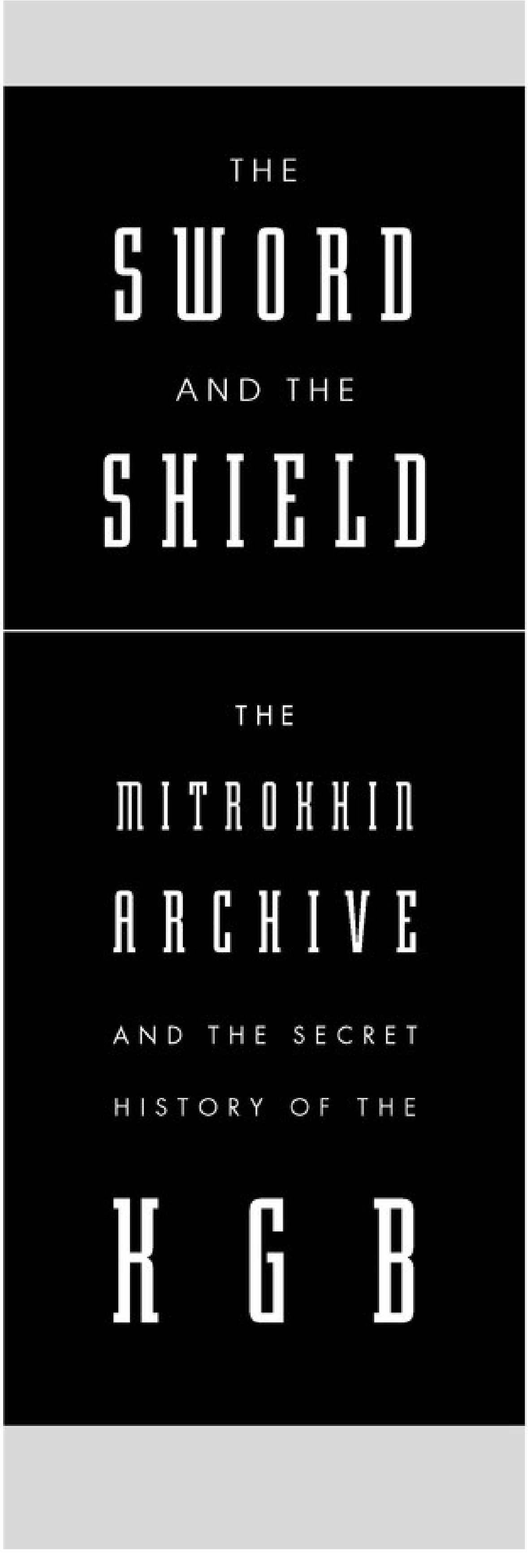

THE SWORD AND THE SHIELD

THE MITROKHIN ARCHIVE AND THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE KGB

IN MEMORY OF “MA”

ABBREVIATIONS AND ACRONYMS

AFSA	Armed Forces Security [SIGINT] Agency [USA]
AKEL	Cyprus Communist Party
Amtorg	American-Soviet Trading Corporation, New York
ASA	Army Security [SIGINT] Agency [USA]
AVH	Hungarian security and intelligence agency
AVO	predecessor of AVH
BfV	FRG security service
BND	FRG foreign intelligence agency
CDU	Christian Democratic Union [FRG]
Cheka	All-Russian Extraordinary Commission for Combating Counter-Revolution and Sabotage: predecessor KGB (1917-22)
CIA	Central Intelligence Agency [USA]
COCOM	Coordinating Committee for East-West Trade
Comecon	[Soviet Bloc] Council for Mutual Economic Aid

Comintern	Communist International
CPC	Christian Peace Conference
CPC	Communist Party of Canada
CPCz	Communist Party of Czechoslovakia
CPGB	Communist Party of Great Britain
CPSU	Communist Party of the Soviet Union
CPUSA	Communist Party of the United States of America
CSU	Christian Social Union [FRG: ally of CDU]
DCI	Director of Central Intelligence [USA]
DGS	Portuguese security service
DGSE	French foreign intelligence service
DIA	Defense Intelligence Agency [USA]
DLB	dead letter-box
DRG	Soviet sabotage and intelligence group
DS	Bulgarian security and intelligence service
DST	French security service
F Line	“Special Actions” department in KGB residencies
FAPSI	Russian (post-Soviet) SIGINT agency
FBI	Federal Bureau of Investigation [USA]
FCD	First Chief [Foreign Intelligence] Directorate, KGB
FCO	Foreign and Commonwealth Office [UK]

FRG	Federal Republic of Germany
GCHQ	Government Communications Head-Quarters [British SIGINT Agency]
GDR	German Democratic Republic
GPU	Soviet security and intelligence service (within NKVD, 1922-3)
GRU	Soviet Military Intelligence
GUGB	Soviet security and intelligence service (within NKVD, 1943-43)
Gulag	Labour Camps Directorate
HUMINT	intelligence from human sources (espionage)
HVA	GDR foreign intelligence service
ICBM	intercontinental ballistic missile
IMINT	imagery intelligence
INO	foreign intelligence department of Cheka/GPU/OGPU/ GUGB, 1920-1941; predecessor of INU
INU	foreign intelligence directorate of NKGB/GUGB/MGB, 1941-54; predecessor of FCD
IRA	Irish Republican Army
JIC	Joint Intelligence Committee [UK]
K-231	club of former political prisoners jailed under Article 231 of the Czechoslovak criminal code

KAN	Club of Non-Party Activists [Czechoslovakia]
KGB	Soviet security and intelligence service (1954-1991)
KHAD	Afghan security service
KI	Soviet foreign intelligence agency, initially combining foreign intelligence directorates of MGB and GRU (1947-51)
KKE	Greek Communist Party
KKE-es	breakaway Eurocommunist Greek Communist Party
KOR	Workers Defence Committee [Poland]
KPÖ	Austrian Communist Party
KR Line	Counter-intelligence department in KGB residencies
LLB	live letter box
MGB	Soviet Ministry of State Security (1946-54)
MGIMO	Moscow State Institute for International Relations
MI5	British security service
MI6	alternative designation for SIS [UK]
MOR	Monarchist Association of Central Russia (“The Trust”)
N Line	Illegal support department in KGB residencies

NATO	North Atlantic Treaty Organization
NKGB	People’s Commisariat for State Security (Soviet security and intelligence service, 1941 and 1943-6)
NKVD	People’s Commisariat for Internal Affairs (incorporated state security, 1922-3, 1934-43)
NSA	National Security [SIGINT] Agency [USA]
NSC	National Security Council [USA]
NSZRiS	People’s [anti-Bolshevik] Union for Defence of Country and Freedom
NTS	National Labour Alliance (Soviet émigré social-democratic movement)
Okhrana	Tsarist security service, 1881-1917
OMS	Comintern International Liaison Department
OSS	Office of Strategic Services [USA]
OT	Operational Technical Support (FCD)
OUN	Organisation of Ukrainian Nationalists
OZNA	Yugoslav security and intelligence service
PCF	French Communist Party
PCI	Italian Communist Party
PCP	Portuguese Communist Party
PFLP	Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine
PIDE	Portuguese Liberation Organization

PLO	Palestine Liberation Organization
POUM	Workers Unification Party (Spanish Marxist Trotskyist Party in 1930s)
PR Line	political intelligence department in KGB residences
PSOE	Spanish Socialist Party
PUWP	Polish United Workers [Communist] Party
RCMP	Royal Canadian Mounted Police
ROVS	[White] Russian Combined Services Union
RYAN	*Raketno-Yadernoye Napadenie* (Nuclear Missile Attack)
SALT	Strategic Arms Limitation Talks
SAM	Soviet surface-to-air missile
SB	Polish Security and intelligence service
SCD	Second Chief [Internal Security and Counter-Intelligence] Directorate, KGB
SDECE	French foreign intelligence service; predecessor of DGSE
SDI	Strategic Defense Initiative (‘Star Wars’)
SED	Socialist Unity [Communist] Party [GDR]
SIGINT	intelligence derived from interception and analysis of signals
SIS	Secret Intelligence Service [UK]
SK Line	Soviet colony department in KGB residencies
SKP	Communist Party of Finland

SOE	Special Operations Executive [UK]
SPD	Social Democratic Party [FRG]
Spetsnaz	Soviet special forces
SR	Socialist Revolutionary
S&T	scientific and technological intelligence
Stapo	Austrian police security service
Stasi	GDR Ministry of State Security
Stavka	Wartime Soviet GHQ/high command
StB	Czechoslovak security and intelligence service
SVR	Russian (post-Soviet) foreign intelligence service
TUC	Trades Union Congress [UK]
UAR	United Arab Republic
UB	Polish security and intelligence service; predecessor of SB
UDBA	Yugoslav security and intelligence service; successor to OZNA
VPK	Soviet Military Industrial Commission
VVR	Supreme Military Council [anti-Bolshevik Ukranian underground]
WCC	World Council of Churches
WPC	World Peace Council
X Line	S&T department in KGB residencies

THE EVOLUTION OF THE KGB, 1917-1991

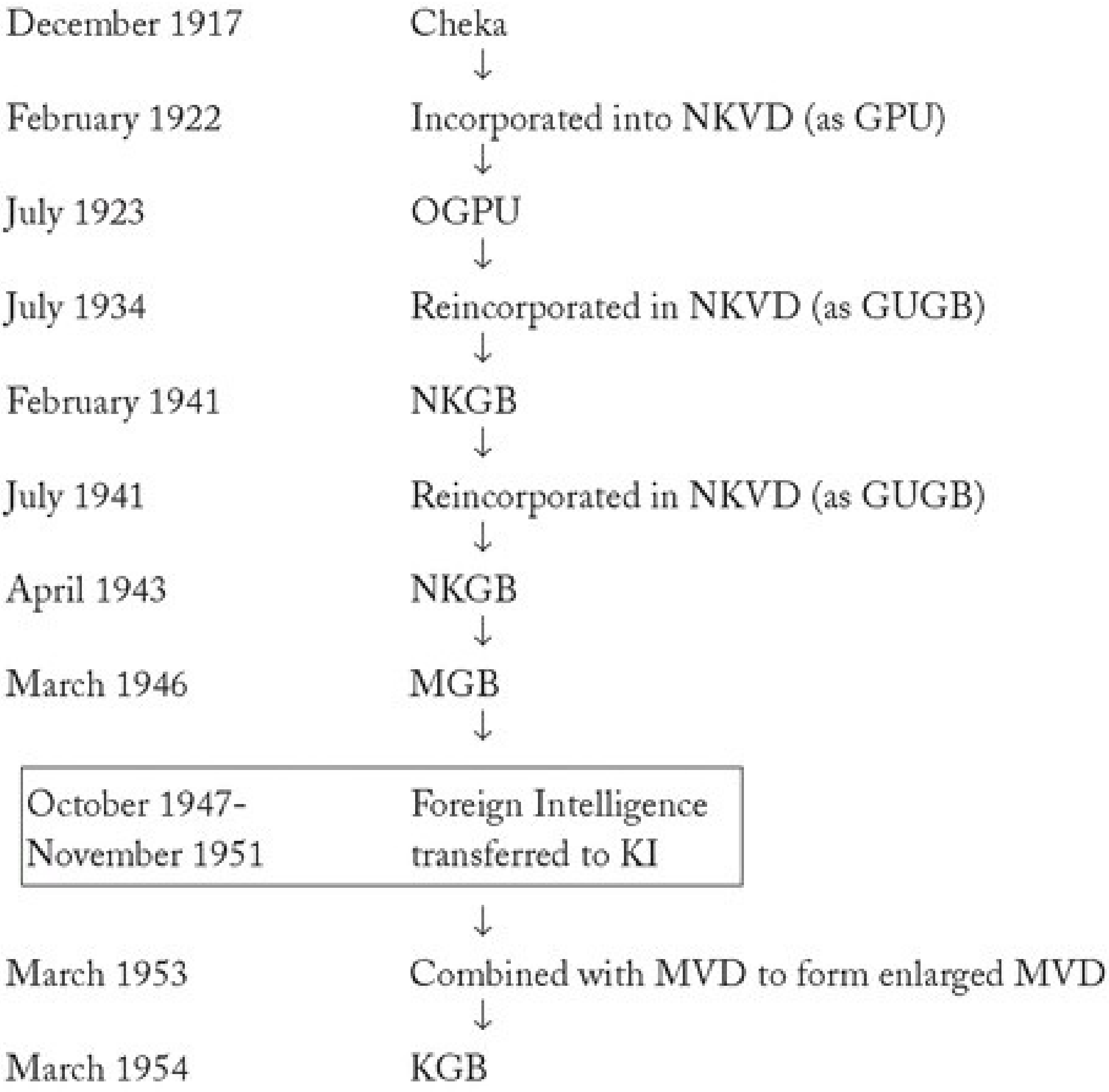

December 1917	Cheka
February 1922	Incorporated into NKVD (as GPU)
July 1923	OGPU
July 1934	Reincorporated in NKVD (as GUGB)
February 1941	NKGB
July 1941	Reincorporated in NKVD (as GUGB)
April 1943	NKGB
March 1946	MGB
October 1947- November 1951	Foreign Intelligence transferred to KI
March 1953	Combined with MVD to form enlarged MVD
March 1954	KGB

The term KGB is used both generally to denote the Soviet State Security organisation throughout its history since its foundation as the Cheka in 1917 and, more specifically, to refer to State Security after 1954 when it took its final name.

THE TRANSLITERATION OF RUSSIAN NAMES

We have followed a simplified version of the method used by the U.S. Board on Geographic Names and BBC Monitering Service. Simplifications include the substitution of “y” for “iy” in surnames (Trotsky rather than Trotskiy) and of “i” for “iy” in first names (Yuri rather than Yuriy). The “y” between the letters “i” and/or “e” is omitted (for example, Andreev and Dmitrievich—not Andreyev and Dmitriyevich), as is the apostrophe used to signify a soft sign.

In cases where a mildly deviant English version of a well-known Russian name has become firmly established, we have retained that version, for example: Beria, Evdokia (Petrova), *Izvestia,* Joseph (Stalin), Khrushchev, Nureyev and the names of Tsars.

FOREWORD

I have written this book in consultation with Vasili Mitrokhin, based on the extensive top secret material (described in Chapter 1) which he has smuggled out from the KGB foreign intelligence archive. For the past quarter of a century, Mitrokhin has passionately wanted this material, which for twelve years he risked his life to assemble, to see the light of day. He wished to reveal "how thin the thread of peace actually was during the Cold War." From that passion this book has been born. I have felt it my duty to ensure that this material, which offers detailed and often unique insights into the workings of the Soviet State and the history of the Soviet Union, achieves the level of public awareness and recognition that it deserves.

Like all archives, those of the KGB require interpretation in the light of previous research and related documents. The end notes and bibliography provide full details of the additional sources used to place Mitrokhin's revelations in historical context. These sources also provide overwhelming corroborative evidence for his genuineness as a source.

Codenames (also known as "worknames" in the case of KGB officers) appear in the text in capitals. Many KGB codenames were used more than once. In such cases, the text and index make clear which individual is referred to. It is also important to note that, although certain individuals were targeted by the KGB, and may have been given codenames, this does not mean that the persons named were conscious or witting agents or sources—or even that they were aware that they were being targeted for recruitment or political influence operations. Similarly, the fact that an individual may have endorsed a position that was favorable to the Soviet Union does not necessarily mean that this person was working as an agent, or agent of influence, for the KGB. The KGB frequently gave prominent policymakers codenames in order to protect the identity of their targets, and to order recruited KGB agents to target such individuals.

For legal reasons, some of the Soviet agents identified in KGB files can be referred to in this book only by their codenames. In a limited number of cases, chiefly because of the risk of prejudicing a possible prosecution, no reference can be made to them at all. These omissions do not, so far as I am aware, significantly affect the main conclusions of any chapter.

Christopher Andrew

INTRODUCTION TO THE PAPERBACK EDITION

On October 17, 1995, I was invited to the post-modern London headquarters of the Secret Intelligence Service (better known as SIS or MI6) at Vauxhall Cross on the banks of the Thames to be briefed on one of the most remarkable intelligence coups of the late twentieth century. SIS told me how in 1992 it had exfiltrated from Russia a retired senior KGB archivist, Vasili Mitrokhin, his family and six large cases of top-secret material from the KGB's foreign intelligence archive. Mitrokhin's staggering feat in noting KGB files almost every working day for a period of twelve years and smuggling his notes out of its foreign intelligence headquarters at enormous personal risk is probably unique in intelligence history. When I first saw Mitrokhin's archive a few weeks after the briefing, both its scope and secrecy took my breath away. It contained important new material on KGB operations around the world. The only European countries absent from the archive were the pocket states of Andorra, Monaco and Liechtenstein. (There was, however, some interesting material on San Marino.) It was clear that Mitrokhin had had access to even the most highly classified KGB files – among them those which gave the real identities and “legends” of the Soviet “illegals” living under deep cover abroad disguised as foreign nationals.[1]

Soon after my first examination of the archive, I met Vasili Mitrokhin over tea in a conference room at SIS headquarters and discussed collaborating with him in a history based on his material. Mitrokhin said little about himself. Indeed it later required some persuasion to convince him that it was worth including his own story at the beginning of our book. But Mitrokhin was passionate about his archive and anxious that as much of it as possible be used to expose the record of the KGB.

Early in 1996 Mitrokhin and his family paid their first visit to Cambridge University, where I am Professor of Modern and Contemporary History. I met them outside the Porters’ Lodge at Corpus Christi College, of which I’m a Fellow, and we had lunch together in a private room overlooking the medieval Old Court (the oldest complete court in Cambridge). After lunch we went to the College Hall to look at what is believed to be the only surviving portrait of the College’s first spy and greatest writer – the Elizabethan dramatist Christopher Marlowe, who had been killed in a pub brawl in 1593 at the age of only twenty-nine, probably while working for the secret service of Queen Elizabeth I. Then we walked along the Backs through King’s and Clare colleges to visit Trinity and Trinity Hall, the colleges of the KGB’s best-known British recruits, the “Magnificent Five,” some of whose files Mitrokhin had noted.[2] Mitrokhin had long ago mastered the art of being inconspicuous. The friends and colleagues whom we met as we walked round Cambridge did not give him a second glance.

In March 1996 the then Foreign Secretary, Malcolm Rifkind, gave approval in principle (later confirmed by his successor, Robin Cook) for me to write a book based on Mitrokhin's extraordinary archive.[3] For the next three and a half years, because the archive was still classified, I was able to discuss none of it with colleagues in Corpus Christi College and the Cambridge History Faculty-or even to reveal the nature of the book that I was writing. In Britain at least, the secret of the Mitrokhin archive was remarkably well kept. Until *The Mitrokhin Archive* went to the publishers, who also successfully avoided leaks, the secret was known, outside the intelligence community, only to a small number of senior ministers and civil servants. Tony Blair was first briefed on Mitrokhin while Leader of the Opposition in January 1995. Three years later, as Prime Minister, he endorsed the publication project.[4]

The secret of the Mitrokhin archive was less rigorously preserved by some of Britain's allies. But though there were a few partial leaks by foreign governments and intelligence agencies which had been given access to parts of the archive, none had much resonance in Britain. In December 1998, I received out of the blue a phone call from a German journalist who had discovered both the codename by which Mitrokhin was known in Germany and the contents of some fragments of Mitrokhin's German material. He told me he knew I was completing a first volume based on the Mitrokhin archive and had already planned a second. For the next few months I expected the story to break in the British press. Somewhat to my surprise, it did not do so.

On Saturday, September 11, 1999, after three and a half years of secrecy and silence, *The Mitrokhin Archive* suddenly became front-page news when serialization began in *The Times*. Between Friday night and Saturday morning I moved from a long period in which I had not talked at all about *The Mitrokhin Archive* in public to a month in which I seemed to talk about little else. Unsurprisingly, the revelations which captured media attention were human-interest stories about Soviet spies in Britain rather than the more important but less parochial disclosures about KGB operations against NATO as a whole and against democratic dissent within the Soviet Bloc. Hitherto the media stereotype of a major Soviet spy in Britain, modeled on Kim Philby and his friends, had been of a bright but subversive Cambridge graduate, preferably from a good public school and with an exotic sex life. In September 1999 the stereotype changed almost overnight with Mitrokhin's unmasking of Melita Norwood, an 87-year-old great-grandmother from Bexleyheath memorably described by *The Times* as "The Spy Who Came In from the Co-op" (where, for ideological reasons, she does most of her shopping), as the longest-serving of all Soviet spies in Britain.

A *Times* reporter was with Mrs. Norwood early on the morning of September 11 as she listened to John Humphrys on the *Today* program first recount some of the contents of her KGB file noted by Mitrokhin, then interview myself and Ann Widdecombe. “Oh dear!” she told the *Times* reporter. “This is all so different from my quiet little life. I thought I’d got away with it. But I’m not that surprised it’s finally come out.” Within a few hours, a media scrum had gathered expectantly outside Mrs. Norwood’s end-of-terrace house, interviewing friends and neighbours about how she drank tea from a Che Guevara mug, put “Stop Trident” posters in her window, sold home-made chutney in aid of Cuban support groups, and delivered more than thirty copies of the *Morning Star* every Saturday morning to veterans of the Bexleyheath Old Left. Mrs. Norwood behaved with extraordinary composure when she emerged later in the day to face the media for the first time in her life. The image of the greatgranny spy walking down her garden path between well-tended rose bushes to make a confession of sorts to a large crowd of reporters caught the imagination of millions of television viewers and newspaper-readers. “I’m 87 and unfortunately my memory is not what it was,” Mrs. Norwood began. “I did what I did not to make money but to help prevent the defeat of a new system which had, at great cost, given ordinary people food and fares which they could afford, given them education and a health service.”

As well as being a media sensation, Mrs. Norwood’s guarded public confession was a remarkable historical document. What had captured her imagination before the Second World War, like that of most other Soviet agents of the time, was not the brutal reality of Stalin’s Russia but the idealistic myth-image of the world’s first worker-peasant state which had abolished unemployment and for the first time enabled working people to realize their full potential – the “new system” nostalgically recalled by Mrs. Norwood when she spoke to reporters. In the mid 1930s that myth-image was so powerful that, for true believers who, unlike Melita Sirnis (as she then was), were able to go on pilgrimage to the Soviet Union, it survived even the contrary evidence of their own eyes. Malcolm Muggeridge, probably the best of the British journalists then in Moscow, later wrote of the British pilgrims he encountered:

> Their delight in all they saw and were told, and the expression they gave to that delight, constitute unquestionably one of the wonders of our age. There were earnest advocates of the humane killing of cattle who looked up at the massive headquarters of the OGPU [later the KGB] with tears of gratitude in their eyes, earnest advocates of proportional representation who eagerly assented when the necessity for a Dictatorship of the Proletariat was

> explained to them, earnest clergymen who reverently turned the pages of atheistic literature, earnest pacifists who watched delightedly tanks rattle across Red Square and bombing planes darken the sky, earnest town-planning specialists who stood outside overcrowded ramshackle tenements and muttered: “If only we had something like this in England!” The almost unbelievable credulity of these mostly university educated tourists astounded even Soviet officials used to handling foreign visitors...[5]

When Melita Sirnis became a Soviet agent in 1937, the Soviet Union was in the midst of the Great Terror – the greatest peacetime persecution in modern European history.[6] Mrs. Norwood, however, still does not seem to grasp the depravity of the Stalinist regime into whose service she entered. “Old Joe [Stalin],” she acknowledges, “wasn’t a hundred percent, but then the people around him might have been making things awkward, as folks do.” At the end of her press statement, she was asked if she had any regrets about her career as a Soviet agent. “No,” she replied, then went back inside her house. In another interview she declared, “I would do everything again.”[7]

Another former Soviet spy identified in *The Mitrokhin Archive* who made front-page news in Britain was ex-Detective Sergeant John Symonds. Like Norwood, Symonds gave a number of interviews. Symonds confessed to being, as Mitrokhin's notes reveal, probably the first British "Romeo spy" recruited by the KGB. He said that he had admitted as much almost twenty years earlier to MI5 and Scotland Yard but had been disbelieved. Though Mitrokhin's notes give no statistics of the number of women seduced by Symonds during his career as a KGB illegal, Symonds claims that there were "hundreds" of them. Initially the KGB decided that his sexual technique was deficient and, to his delight, sent "two extremely beautiful girls" to act as his instructors. Symonds's recollection of his subsequent career as a Romeo spy is rather rosier than suggested by his KGB file:

> I just had a nice life. I'd say join the KGB, see the world – first class. I went all over the world on these jobs and I had a marvellous time. I stayed in the best hotels, I visited all the best beaches. I've had access to beautiful women, unlimited food, champagne, caviar, whatever you like, and I had a wonderful time. That was my KGB experience.

"The only people I hurt," Symonds now claims, "was the Metropolitan Police."[8] Many of the women he seduced on KGB instructions would doubtless disagree.

Media reaction to Mitrokhin's revelations was as parochial in most other countries as it was in Britain. The public appeal of the Russian agents identified by

Mitrokhin is curiously similar to that of Olympic medal-winners. In espionage as in athletics, most of the world's media are interested first and foremost in the exploits of their own nationals. The human-interest stories which aroused most interest in the United States were probably the KGB "active measures" designed to discredit the long-serving Director of the FBI, J. Edgar Hoover, and the great civil rights leader Martin Luther King. The KGB was among the first to spread stories that Hoover was a predatory homosexual. King, whom the KGB feared might avert the race war it hoped would be ignited by the long hot summers which began in 1965, was probably the only American to be the target of both KGB and FBI active measures.

The topic in *The Mitrokhin Archive* (published in the USA as *The Sword and the Shield*) which attracted most attention in Congress concerned KGB preparations for sabotage operations against American targets during the Cold War. On October 26, 1999, I gave televised testimony on these preparations to a packed hearing of the House of Representatives Armed Services Committee. Mitrokhin's material identifies the approximate locations of a number of the secret sites in the United States selected for KGB arms and radio caches for use in sabotage operations. On present evidence, it is impossible to estimate the number of these caches which were put in place. However, the former KGB general Oleg Kalugin, who was stationed in New York and Washington during the 1960s and early 1970s, has confirmed the existence of some KGB arms caches in the United States.[9] As in Europe, some caches were probably booby-trapped and may now be in a dangerous condition. For reasons of public safety, *The Mitrokhin Archive* gave no clues to the location of any of the American sites selected for KGB arms caches. ABC TV News, however, revealed that one of the sites is located in the region of Brainerd, Minnesota.[10] Later press reports, citing "congressional sources," claimed that the FBI had carried out a search of the Brainerd area.[11]

In western Europe, *The Mitrokhin Archive* generated more front-page stories in Italy than it did even in Britain – though almost all the stories, unsurprisingly, were on Italian topics. In October 1999 an Italian parliamentary committee released 645 pages of reports (codenamed IMPEDIAN) on the Italians mentioned in the Mitrokhin archive which had been supplied several years earlier by SIS to Italian intelligence. Most KGB contacts were identified in the reports by name as well as codename. The Italian Foreign Ministry was said to be investigating the cases of thirty employees referred to in Mitrokhin's notes. Much of the furore aroused by *The Mitrokhin Archive* in Italy, however, consisted of a revival of Cold War points-scoring which produced more political heat than historical light. Opponents of the government headed by the former Communist Massimo D'Alema seized on the references to Armando Cossutta, leader of the Communist PDCI which was represented in D'Alema's coalition government. The Left retaliated by pointing to the identification in an IMPEDIAN report of a senator of the right-wing *Forza Italia*. The debate became further confused by conspiracy theorists on both right and left. A cartoon in *La Repubblica*, which D'Alema denounced as libellous, showed him blanking out a series of (presumably left-wing) names from the IMPEDIAN reports before their release. *L'Unità*, by contrast, claimed that left-wing ministers were increasingly convinced that the reports were the result of a plot by MI5 (which it apparently confused with SIS): "What has arrived is not a dossier *from* the KGB but one *about* the KGB constructed by British counter-espionage agents based on the confession of an ex-agent, if there is one, and 'Mitrokhin' is just a codename for an MI5 operation."[12]

The political controversy provoked in Britain by the publication of *The Mitrokhin Archive* centred chiefly on the behaviour of ministers and the intelligence community. Why, it was asked, had Melita Norwood not been prosecuted when her treachery had been known at least since Mitrokhin's defection in 1992? And why had ministers not been better briefed about her and other traitors identified in the Mitrokhin archive by the intelligence and security agencies? It emerged, to my surprise, that I had known about the Norwood case for considerably longer than either the Home Secretary or the

Prime Minister. Jack Straw was informed in December 1998 that Mitrokhin's information might lead to the prosecution of "an 86-year-old woman who spied for the KGB forty years ago," but was not told her identity until some months later. Tony Blair was not briefed about Mrs. Norwood until shortly before her name appeared on the front page of *The Times*.[13]

The failure to prosecute Mrs. Norwood combined with the delays in briefing ministers aroused deep suspicion in some of the media. The *Express* denounced "an appalling culture of cover-ups and incompetence in Britain's secret services." The *Guardian* suspected an MI5 plot:

> We need to know whether Melita Norwood made a deal with the security services. Remember Blunt.[14] Was the decision not to prosecute her based on compassion, or a desire to cover up security service incompetence?

Less than a decade earlier there would have been no mechanism for investigating these charges capable of inspiring public and parliamentary confidence. Until 1992 successive British governments refused even to admit SIS's existence on the extraordinary, though traditional, grounds that such an admission would put national security at risk. Had SIS still been officially taboo seven years later, no official inquiry could possibly have produced a credible public report on the handling of the

Mitrokhin archive. In 1999, however, there was an obvious body to conduct an inquiry: the Intelligence and Security Committee (ISC), established under the Intelligence Services Act of 1994 to examine "the expenditure, administration and policy" of the intelligence and security agencies.

Since it began work in 1994, the ISC has been a largely unsung success story.[15] Though not technically a parliamentary committee, since it reports to Parliament only through the Prime Minister, eight of its nine members are MPs. (The ninth is a member of the House of Lords.) Under the chairmanship of the former Conservative Defense Secretary, Tom King, its membership spans the political spectrum. Its founder members included Dale Campbell-Savours, previously a leading Labour critic of the intelligence community, who still serves on it. Largely because its members have failed either to divide on party lines and fall out among themselves or to find evidence of major intelligence abuses, the ISC has attracted relatively little media attention. Its generally positive reports on the performance of the intelligence community, however, have inevitably been dismissed by some conspiracy theorists as evidence of a cover-up.

On Monday, September 13, 1999, only two days after *The Times* had begun serialization of *The Mitrokhin Archive*, Jack Straw announced in a statement to the Commons that the ISC had been asked to conduct an inquiry into “the policies and procedures adopted within the Security and Intelligence Agencies for the handling of the information supplied by Mr Mitrokhin.” Over the next nine months the ISC heard evidence from Jack Straw, Robin Cook and four former Conservative ministers, from the heads and other senior officers of MI5 and SIS, from the previous head of MI5, and from the Cabinet Secretary, Permanent Under Secretaries at the Home and Foreign Offices and other officials. Among the final witnesses were Mitrokhin and myself, who gave evidence to the ISC in the Cabinet Office at 70 Whitehall one after the other on the morning of March 8, 2000. While writing *The Mitrokhin Archive*, I had wrongly assumed that the Committee had been informed about the project. Some of the confusion which followed publication might well have been avoided if the ISC had been properly briefed well beforehand.

The ISC report in June 2000 identified a series of administrative errors which, as usual in Whitehall, had more to do with cock-up than with conspiracy. The first “serious failure” identified by the ISC was the failure of the Security Service to refer the case of Mrs. Norwood to the Law Officers in 1993:

> This failure... resulted in the decision whether or not to prosecute Mrs. Norwood effectively being taken by the Security Service. The Committee is concerned that the Service used public interest

> reasons to justify taking no further action against Mrs. Norwood, when this was for the Law Officers to decide. We also believe that the failure of the Security Service to interview Mrs. Norwood at this time prevented her possible prosecution.

For the next five years, owing to "a further serious failure by the Security Service," the Norwood case "slipped out of sight."[16] MI5 may not deserve a great deal of sympathy for its oversight, but it does deserve some. The first priority of any security service are actual, followed by potential, threats. Among the mass of material provided by Mitrokhin in 1992, the case of the eighty-year-old Mrs. Norwood, who had last been in contact with the KGB over a decade earlier and no longer posed any conceivable danger to national security, must have seemed a very low priority – particularly given the strain on MI5's resources caused by cutbacks at the end of the Cold War and the threat from Irish terrorist groups.

Arguably, however, MI5 underestimated Mrs. Norwood's past importance. In evidence to the ISC, the Security Service concluded that her "value as an atom spy to the scientists who constructed the Soviet bomb must have been, at most, marginal."[17] That was not the view of the NKGB (as the KGB was then known) in the final months of the Second World War. In March 1945 it described the atomic intelligence she had provided as "of great interest and a valuable contribution to the development of work in this field."[18] Though Mrs. Norwood was not, of course, an atom spy in the same class as Ted Hall and Klaus Fuchs, both of whom provided intelligence from inside the main nuclear laboratory at Los Alamos, the NKGB and the Soviet scientists with whom it was in close touch plainly regarded her intelligence as somewhat better than "marginal." The intelligence she was able to provide on uranium fuel cladding and post-irradiation corrosion resistance was probably applicable to weapons development as well as to the construction of nuclear reactors.[19] Until the final months of the War, the NKGB rated the atomic intelligence obtained in Britain almost as highly as that from the United States.[20]

As Jack Straw told the Commons when announcing the ISC inquiry, "There is no reason to doubt... that the KGB regarded Mrs. Norwood as an important spy." Nor is there reason to doubt that she was both the KGB's longest-serving British agent and its most important female British spy. From early in her career, the KGB had high expectations of her. It maintained contact with her in 1938-39 at a time when the shortage of foreign intelligence officers, many of whom were executed during the Terror, led it to lose touch with many other agents – including some of the Magnificent Five. Since the publication of *The Mitrokhin Archive*, Viktor Oshchenko, a former senior officer in the KGB scientific and technological intelligence (S&T) directorate, has kindly given me his recollections of the Norwood case. While stationed at the London residency in 1975, Oshchenko recruited Michael Smith, the KGB's most important British S&T agent during the later Cold War.[21] He remembers Mrs. Norwood's career as a Soviet agent as "a legendary case in the annals of the KGB – an important, determined and very valuable agent," and was deeply impressed both by her ideological commitment and by her remarkable access to her boss's papers. Among the intelligence which Oshchenko believes Mrs. Norwood supplied were "valuable papers relating to the materials involved in missile production."[22] Details of the use made of Mrs. Norwood's intelligence within the Soviet Union, however, remain scarce. Mitrokhin's notes from her file, though giving precise information on Mrs. Norwood's controllers and other operational matters, give little indication of the doubtless complex intelligence she supplied in the course of her long career as a Soviet agent. It is highly unlikely that the SVR will reveal any details of this intelligence until after Mrs. Norwood's death.

As well as criticizing MI5 for allowing the Norwood case to "slip out of sight," the ISC also considered it "a serious failure of the Security Service not to refer Mr. Symonds' case to the Law Officers in mid-1993." This too was plainly the result of cock-up rather than conspiracy – probably somewhere in MI5's middle management. Even the Director-General of the Security

Service from 1992 to 1996, Stella Rimington, was not informed by her staff of either the Norwood or the Symonds case, and was thus unable to brief Michael Howard, Home Secretary in the Major government, and his Permanent Under Secretary. Further confusion arose as a result of the fact that the "interdepartmental working group" in Whitehall responsible for monitoring the progress of the publication project was itself "unaware of the significance of [Mitrokhin's] UK material until late 1998."[23] My own direct contact with the working group was limited to an enjoyable lunch with its Chairman shortly before Christmas 1998. I was asked, when giving evidence to the ISC, whether, while writing *The Mitrokhin Archive*, I would have liked greater contact with the group. I would indeed.

The ISC's Mitrokhin inquiry found much to praise as well as criticize:

> Carrying the initial contact with Mr. Mitrokhin right through to his and his family's successful exfiltration together with all his material represents a major achievement by SIS. In addition the management of the material and its dissemination, as appropriate, to foreign liaison [intelligence] services was well handled. The Committee wish to pay tribute to this outstanding piece of intelligence work.[24]

I was heartened by the ISC's endorsement of the 1996 decision to authorize me to write *The Mitrokhin Archive* in collaboration with Mitrokhin, as well as by the Committee's conclusion (which I hope it is not too immodest to quote) that the book is "of tremendous value, as it gives a real insight into the KGB's work and the persecution of the dissidents."[25] The ISC's greatest praise was, quite rightly, reserved for Vasili Mitrokhin:

> The Committee believes that he is a man of remarkable commitment and courage, who risked imprisonment or death in his determination that the truth should be told about the real nature of the KGB and their activities, which he believed were betraying the interests of his own country and people. He succeeded in this, and we wish to record formally our admiration for his achievement.

The ISC report regrets that "poor media handling [presumably by Whitehall] of the publication of *The Mitrokhin Archive*, which allowed the emphasis to fall on the UK spies, detracted from the brave work of Mr. Mitrokhin and the importance of the revelations about the KGB's work he wanted to expose."[26] In the initial media coverage, there was little mention of the fact that vastly more of the book is devoted to the KGB's war against the dissidents and its attempts to stifle dissent throughout the Soviet Bloc than to the careers of Melita Norwood and

John Symonds.

The chief problem in understanding both Mitrokhin and his archive, which was evident in much of the media coverage, is that neither is truly comprehensible in Western terms. The very notion of the hero, familiar to all other cultures and all previous Western generations, arouses greater scepticism in the early twenty-first century West than at any other time or place in recorded history. For those whose imaginations have been corroded by the cynicism of the age, the idea that Mitrokhin was willing to risk his life for twenty years for a cause in which he passionately believed is almost too difficult to grasp. Almost equally hard to comprehend is Mitrokhin's willingness to devote himself throughout that period to compiling and preserving a secret archive which he knew might never see the light of day. For any Western author it is almost impossible to understand how a writer could devote all his or her energy and creative talent for many years to secret writing which might never be publicly revealed. Yet, as Chapter 1 seeks to show, some of the greatest Russian writers of the Soviet era did precisely that.[27] No biography of any Western writer contains any death-bed scene comparable to the description by the widow of Mikhail Bulgakov of how she helped him out of bed for the last time so that he could satisfy himself before he died that his great, unpublished masterpiece, *The Master and Margarita*, arguably the greatest novel of the twentieth century, was still in its hiding place. *The*

Master and Margarita survived to be published a quarter of a century later. It is a sobering thought, however, that for every forbidden masterpiece of the Soviet era which survives, there must be a larger number which have failed to survive or which, even now, are mouldering in their forgotten hiding places – as the Mitrokhin archive might well have done if Mitrokhin and SIS had not succeeded in removing it to Britain.

The Mitrokhin archive is no more comprehensible in purely Western terms than Mitrokhin himself. The commonest error in interpreting the KGB is to suppose that it was roughly equivalent to its main Western rivals. There were, of course, similarities in the operational techniques employed by intelligence agencies in East and West, as well as in the importance which each side attached to the other as an intelligence target. The fundamental difference between the Soviet one-party state and the Western democracies, however, was reflected in fundamental differences between their intelligence communities.

The differences were greatest in the Stalinist era. At the outbreak of the Second World War, Stalin regarded the NKVD's pursuit in Mexico of the great, though harmless, heretic, Leon Trotsky, as a higher priority than collecting intelligence on Adolf Hitler. In the middle of the War, the paranoid strain which regularly distorted Soviet intelligence assessment persuaded Soviet intelligence chiefs – and no doubt Stalin himself – that the

Magnificent Five, probably its ablest group of foreign agents, were part of a gigantic British intelligence deception. During his final years Stalin was sometimes obsessed with the hunting down of often imaginary Titoists and Zionists. His chief foreign policy objective at the end of his life may well have been the plan for an MGB (later KGB) illegal to assassinate Marshal Tito, who had succeeded Trotsky as the leading heretic of the Soviet Bloc. Stalin once called Lavrenti Beria, the most powerful of his intelligence chiefs, "my Himmler." But there was no Western intelligence chief with whom Beria – or Himmler, the head of the SS – could be credibly compared.

Even after Stalin's death and Beria's execution in 1953, there remained basic differences between intelligence priorities in East and West. Perhaps the simplest way of judging whether any intelligence report is of critical importance is to ask the question: If it arrives in the middle of the night would you wake the relevant government minister? The answer to that question in Moscow was often quite different from that in Western capitals. On October 27, 1978, for example, the KGB resident in Oslo, Leonid Makarov, rang Mikhail Suslov, the member of the Politburo chiefly responsible for ideological purity, in the early hours. Why? Not to tell him that some great international crisis was about to break but to report that the Russian dissident Yuri Orlov had failed to win the Nobel Peace Prize. The Oslo residency was warmly congratulated for its supposed “operational effectiveness” in achieving this entirely predictable result.[28] It is simply not possible to imagine any Western minister being woken for any comparable reason.

The KGB’s domestic obsession with the detection and suppression of “ideological subversion” spilled over into its foreign operations. It sought to impress the Party leadership by its zeal in discrediting dissidents abroad as well as at home. In the summer of 1978 the KGB First Chief (Foreign Intelligence) and Fifth (Ideological Subversion) Directorates jointly arranged the secret screening in Moscow to an audience of KGB and Party notables of the commencement address by the dissident writer Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn at Harvard University. The purpose of this extraordinary (by Western standards) evening was to seek to demonstrate that, thanks to the efforts of the KGB, Solzhenitsyn was now a largely discredited figure in the United States.[29] The KGB’s mission to discredit dissidents who had emigrated to the West extended even to dissident ballet dancers, musicians and chess players.

For Western media used to interpreting the secret Cold War in terms of spy versus spy, Mitrokhin’s material on the KGB’s war against ideological subversion, unlike the revelations about individual spies, had little interest. There was, predictably, greater interest in this material in the countries of the former Soviet Bloc – reflected, for example, in the number of translations of *The Mitrokhin*

Archive into Eastern European languages. The priority given by the KGB to maintaining the ideological orthodoxy of the Soviet Bloc was reflected by the fact that it deployed more of its elite group of illegals to Czechoslovakia during the Prague Spring of 1968 than, so far as is known, were ever used in any operation against a Western target.

The Cold War chapters of *The Mitrokhin Archive* give equal weight to KGB operations against the United States and to those against ideological subversion. Mitrokhin smuggled out of the KGB foreign intelligence headquarters important material on operations against some of the leaders of the struggle for democracy within the Soviet Bloc whose extraordinary moral courage eventually prevailed over the immense coercive force of the KGB and its allies. Two examples stand out. The first is the great Russian dissident and nuclear scientist Andrei Sakharov, dubbed “Public Enemy Number One” by Yuri Andropov (successively KGB Chairman and Soviet leader), who survived persecution and internal exile by the KGB to become, in Gorbachev’s words, “unquestionably the most outstanding personality” at the 1989 Congress of People’s Soviets. One of the most striking visual images of the crumbling of the Soviet system, which deserves to be as well known as the destruction of the Berlin Wall, is of Gorbachev and other members of the Politburo standing bareheaded by Sakharov’s open coffin after his sudden death in

December 1989.

The second outstanding case is that of Cardinal Karol Wojtyła, Archbishop of Kraków, whom the KGB seems to have identified in the early 1970s as its most dangerous opponent in the Soviet Bloc. Wojtyła, however, was protected by his moral authority and eminence. The KGB, like the Polish SB, shrank from the immense public outcry which his arrest would provoke. Seen in hindsight, Wojtyła's election in 1978 as Pope John Paul II marked the beginning of the end of the Soviet Bloc. Though the Polish problem was, with difficulty, contained for the next decade, it could not be resolved.

The organization which has studied *The Mitrokhin Archive* with the closest attention since its publication is the SVR, which is deeply concerned by its contents. No intelligence agency can expect either to recruit new agents or to maintain the loyalty of its existing agents unless it can convince them that it can keep their secrets indefinitely. The SVR is now ill-placed to do so. Thanks to Mitrokhin, no one who spied for the Soviet Union at any period between the October Revolution and the eve of the Gorbachev era can now be confident that his or her secrets are still secure. Mitrokhin's material also contains information on Cold War operations conducted by the current head of the SVR, Vyacheslav Trubnikov, and other former senior KGB officers. Volume Two will contain a chapter on KGB activities in India, where Trubnikov made his reputation. If the past secrets of the

SVR leadership have proved insecure, SVR agents may well conclude that theirs are also.

From the moment the Mitrokhin archive arrived in Britain, SIS realized that its contents were "of exceptional counter-intelligence significance, not only illuminating past KGB activity against Western countries but also promising to nullify many of Russia's current assets." The CIA similarly found the archive "the biggest CI [counter-intelligence] bonanza of the post-war period." The FBI agreed. As the ISC report reveals, other Western intelligence agencies have also been "extremely grateful" for the numerous CI leads provided by the Mitrokhin archive.[30]

Some insight into the turmoil inside the SVR which must have been provoked by the publication of *The Mitrokhin Archive* is provided by the file (noted by Mitrokhin) on the book on the KGB published by the American journalist John Barron a quarter of a century ago. KGB headquarters ordered no fewer than 370 reports in an attempt to assess the damage to its interests caused by various sections of Barron's book.[31] Mitrokhin's revelations have doubtless led to even more damage assessments than Barron's. There is already unattributable evidence of efforts by the SVR to ensure that no archivist ever again has the unrestricted access to files enjoyed by Mitrokhin.

Like the KGB First Chief Directorate, the SVR contains an "active measures" section, Department MS, specializing in disinformation, which was inevitably instructed to try to undermine the credibility of *The Mitrokhin Archive*.[32] On two occasions since the publication of the book, it has sent apparent Russian defectors to Western intelligence agencies, each with the same story about *The Mitrokhin Archive*. The SVR, claimed the "defectors," had decided on a massive clear-out of redundant and retired agents which it had inherited from the KGB, and had therefore chosen a retired KGB archivist – Vasili Mitrokhin – to transmit their names to the West.[33] This poorly conceived active measure proved counter-productive for two reasons. First, a series of Western intelligence agencies had already been able to establish that Mitrokhin's material was far too valuable to them for the SVR to have willingly made it available. Secondly, both the bogus "defectors" were quickly and conclusively exposed as SVR plants. The whole episode has merely served to underline the SVR's deep anxiety at the damage to its agent operations caused by Mitrokhin's material. Its mood will not have been lightened by the knowledge that there are many more revelations still to come in Volume Two. Mitrokhin's ambition – unchanged for almost thirty years – remains to publish as much as possible of the top-secret material which he risked his life to collect.

NOTES

[1] By the time I gained access to the archive, the greater part had been translated and carefully checked by SIS officers working in close collaboration with Mitrokhin. The Security Service and US intelligence officers also assisted in the translation. The translated archive was made available to me in an SIS office both in hard copy and on a computer database with sophisticated indexing and search software. While I was writing the book, Mitrokhin worked three days a week with an SIS officer completing the translation and checking process.

[2] On the Magnificent Five, see below, Chapter 4.

[3] Intelligence and Security Committee, *The Mitrokhin Inquiry Report*, Cm 4764, June 13, 2000, pp. 44-5, 47. The authorization doubtless had something to do with the fact that I had earlier written a KGB history and edited two volumes of KGB documents (listed in the Bibliography) with Oleg Gordievsky, a former KGB colonel who for eleven years had been one of the most important SIS agents of the Cold War.

[4] Some details of the briefing of senior ministers and civil servants are given in Intelligence and Security

Committee, *The Mitrokhin Inquiry Report*, Annex E.

5 Hollander, *Political Pilgrims*, p. 102.

6 See below, Chapter 5.

7 David Rose, "'I would do everything again,' says the agent from suburbia," *Sunday Telegraph*, September 12, 1999. While interviewing Mrs. Norwood on August 10 for a BBC2 documentary based on *The Mitrokhin Archive*, Rose had obtained the first confession that she had been a Soviet spy.

8 John Symonds (interviewed by David Rose), "I told you I was a spy," *Guardian (G2)*, September 14, 1999. Cf. below, pp. 559-63.

9 Interview with Oleg Kalugin on ABC *Nightline*, September 9, 1999.

10 ABC News report by John McWethy, September 9, 1999.

11 *New York Post*, 7 November 1999. *Philadelphia Daily News*, 8 November 1999.

12 For a selection of Italian newspaper articles, see: *Dossier Stampa: L'Affare Mitrokhin* (Rome: Camera dei Deputati, Ufficia Stampa, October 22, 1999). Some of the IMPEDIAN reports are published in the Italian edition of *The Mitrokhin Archive: L'Archivio Mitrokhin* (Milan: Rizzoli, 1999), Appendix F.

13 Intelligence and Security Committee, *The Mitrokhin Inquiry Report*, pp. 48, 52-5.

14 In 1963, after a long investigation had failed to find enough usable evidence to secure a conviction, the Soviet

spy Sir Anthony Blunt had been offered immunity from prosecution in return for a full confession (not a bargain he seems to have completely honoured). It was later alleged, on no adequate evidence, that the real reason for the decision not to prosecute had been an establishment or MI5 coverup.

15 In stating this conclusion, I should perhaps declare an interest. Since the late 1970s I had argued the case for the establishment of a parliamentary intelligence committee with roughly the role of the present Intelligence and Security Committee. (See, for example, the introduction to Andrew and Dilks [eds.], *Missing Dimension*, and the conclusion to Andrew, *Secret Service*.) The proposal was initially given a frosty reception in Whitehall.

16 Intelligence and Security Committee, *The Mitrokhin Inquiry Report*, p. 12.

17 Intelligence and Security Committee, *The Mitrokhin Inquiry Report*, p. 69.

18 See below, p. 168. It is difficult to see how Mrs. Norwood could have provided atomic intelligence of such "great value" in March 1945 if, as claimed by Phillip Knightley, she did not return to work in the British Non-Ferrous Metals Research Association (BN-FMRA) after extended maternity leave until 1946 (Knightley, "Norwood: the spy who never was," *New Statesman*, December 13, 1999). MI5 evidence to the ISC confirms that in 1945 Mrs. Norwood was secretary to the Chairman of the BN-FMRA (Intelligence and Security Committee,

The Mitrokhin Inquiry Report, p. 67).

[19] This is the view of a government scientist who prefers not to be identified. Precise details of the atomic intelligence provided by Mrs. Norwood are unavailable. Not until they have been carefully analyzed and compared with the other atomic intelligence obtained by Soviet intelligence will it be possible to form a final judgement on the importance of her role as an atom spy. Atomic intelligence provided by Mrs. Norwood *after* 1945 was irrelevant to the construction of the Soviet bomb which, thanks chiefly to Hall and Fuchs, was an exact replica of the American – not the British – bomb. It remained, however, of some significance. Probably the most important secret in post-war Britain – a secret so sensitive that Prime Minister Clement Attlee withheld it from most of his cabinet – concerned the construction of the British atomic bomb. Mrs. Norwood's intelligence must have provided some insight into the highly classified progress of British atomic scientists. (See below, pp. 518-19.)

[20] According to a file noted by Mitrokhin (vol. 7, ch. 2, item 19), up to November 1944 the NKGB obtained 1,167 documents on "nuclear secrets" from the USA and UK. Of these 88 from the USA and 79 from the UK were rated as "very valuable." Mitrokhin's notes contain no similar statistics for the period after November 1944. Further atomic intelligence was received from the GRU.

[21] See below, pp. 550-53, 567-8.

[22] In 1992, while head of Line X (S&T) at the Paris

residency, Oshchenko defected to Britain, where he now lives.

23 Intelligence and Security Committee, *The Mitrokhin Inquiry Report*, pp. 13, 20, 26.

24 Intelligence and Security Committee, *The Mitrokhin Inquiry Report*, p. 4.

25 Intelligence and Security Committee, *The Mitrokhin Inquiry Report*, pp. 4, 16. The government's response welcomed the ISC's endorsement.

26 Intelligence and Security Committee, *The Mitrokhin Inquiry Report*, p. 4.

27 See below, pp. 13-14.

28 See below, pp. 429-30.

29 See below, pp. 418-19.

30 Intelligence and Security Committee, *The Mitrokhin Inquiry Report*, p. 4.

31 See below, p. 25.

32 The KGB had similarly sought to discredit Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB: The Inside Story*, after its publication in 1990, by claiming that its best-publicized revelation - the identification of John Cairncross as the "Fifth Man" and the first agent to provide warning of plans to build the atomic bomb – was wrong. The SVR now acknowledges that the identification was correct on both counts.

33 In devising this ill-advised active measure, Department MS may have been encouraged by the fact that two somewhat similar suggestions had surfaced independently

in the Western media. A writer in *Le Monde* had suggested that "...The Mitrokhin archive operation was organized in Moscow either by an undisciplined Stalinist faction in the KGB or by the provisional leadership of the [intelligence] agencies between November 1991 and February 1992." ("Voyages en mémoire soviétique," *Le Monde*, November 5, 1999.) In her review of *The Mitrokhin Archive* in *The Times Literary Supplement* (November 26, 1999), Dr. Amy Knight also could not "help but wonder whether [Mitrokhin] had a little help from his former employers in making known the KGB's archival secrets." "This," she added, "is by no means a farfetched suggestion." Dr. Knight's earlier review of my book with Oleg Gordievsky, *KGB: The Inside Story*, had included the eccentric suggestion that I might not have written the lengthy introduction (*TLS*, December 7, 1990). My own review of Dr. Knight's book, *Spies Without Cloaks*, makes clear my respect for her research on Russian intelligence. There is, however, occasionally a mild element of conspiracy theory in her work – as evidenced, for example, by her suggestion in *Spies Without Cloaks* that Gorbachev was complicit in the attempted coup against him in August 1991.

ONE

THE MITROKHIN ARCHIVE

This book is based on unprecedented and unrestricted access to one of the world's most secret and closely guarded archives—that of the foreign intelligence arm of the KGB, the First Chief Directorate (FCD). Hitherto the present Russian foreign intelligence service, the SVR (*Sluzhba Vneshnei Razvedki*), has been supremely confident that a book such as this could not be written. When the German magazine *Focus* reported in December 1996 that a former KGB officer had defected to Britain with "the names of hundreds of Russian spies," Tatyana Samolis, spokeswoman for the SVR, instantly ridiculed the whole story as "absolute nonsense." "Hundreds of people! That just doesn't happen!" she declared. "Any defector could get the name of one, two, perhaps three agents—but not hundreds!"[1]

The facts, however, are far more sensational even than the story dismissed as impossible by the SVR. The KGB defector had brought with him to Britain details not of a few hundred but of thousands of Soviet agents and intelligence officers in all parts of the globe, some of them “illegals” living under deep cover abroad, disguised as foreign citizens. No one who spied for the Soviet Union at any period between the October Revolution and the eve of the Gorbachev era can now be confident that his or her secrets are still secure. When the British Secret Intelligence Service (SIS) exfiltrated the defector and his family from Russia in 1992, it also brought out six cases containing the copious notes he had taken almost daily for twelve years, before his retirement in 1984, on top secret KGB files going as far back as 1918. The contents of the cases have since been described by the American FBI as “the most complete and extensive intelligence ever received from any source.”

The KGB officer who assembled this extraordinary archive, Vasili Nikitich Mitrokhin, is now a British citizen. Born in central Russia in 1922, he began his career as a Soviet foreign intelligence officer in 1948, at a time when the foreign intelligence arms of the MGB (the future KGB) and the GRU (Soviet military intelligence) were temporarily combined in the Committee of Information.[2] By the time Mitrokhin was sent on his first foreign posting in 1952,[3] the Committee had disintegrated and the MGB had resumed its traditional rivalry with the GRU. His first five years in intelligence were spent in the paranoid atmosphere generated by the final phase of Stalin’s dictatorship, when the intelligence agencies were ordered to conduct witch-hunts throughout the Soviet Bloc against mostly imaginary Titoist and Zionist conspiracies.

In January 1953 the MGB was officially accused of "lack of vigilance" in hunting down the conspirators. The Soviet news agency Tass made the sensational announcement that for the past few years world Zionism and Western intelligence agencies had been conspiring with "a terrorist group" of Jewish doctors "to wipe out the leadership of the Soviet Union." During the final two months of Stalin's rule, the MGB struggled to demonstrate its heightened vigilance by pursuing the perpetrators of this non-existent plot. Its anti-Zionist campaign was, in reality, little more than a thinly disguised anti-Semitic pogrom. Shortly before Stalin's sudden death in March 1953, Mitrokhin was ordered to investigate the alleged Zionist connections of the *Pravda* correspondent in Paris, Yuri Zhukov, who had come under suspicion because of his wife's Jewish origins. Mitrokhin had the impression that Stalin's brutal security supremo, Lavrenti Pavlovich Beria, was planning to implicate Zhukov in the supposed Jewish doctors' plot. A few weeks after Stalin's funeral, however, Beria suddenly announced that the plot had never existed, and exonerated the alleged conspirators.

By the summer of 1953 most of Beria's colleagues in the Presidium were united in their fear of another conspiracy—that he might be planning a *coup d'état* to step into Stalin's shoes. While visiting a foreign capital in July, Mitrokhin received a top secret telegram with instructions to decipher it himself, and was astonished to discover that Beria had been charged with “criminal anti-Party and anti-state activities.” Only later did Mitrokhin learn that Beria had been arrested at a special meeting of the Presidium on June 26 after a plot organized by his chief rival, Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev. From his prison cell, Beria wrote begging letters to his former colleagues, pleading pathetically for them to spare his life and “find the smallest job for me”:

> You will see that in two or three years I’ll have straightened out fine and will still be useful to you... I ask the comrades to forgive me for writing somewhat disjointedly and badly because of my condition, and also because of the poor lighting and not having my pince-nez.

No longer in awe of him, the comrades simply mocked his loss of nerve.

On December 24 it was announced that Beria had been executed after trial by the Supreme Court. Since neither his responsibility for mass murder in the Stalin era nor his own record as a serial rapist of under-age girls could be publicly mentioned for fear of bringing the Communist regime into disrepute, he was declared guilty instead of a surreal plot “to revive capitalism and to restore the rule of the bourgeoisie” in association with British and other Western intelligence services. Beria thus became, following Yagoda and Yezhov in the 1930s, the third Soviet security chief to be shot for crimes which included serving as an (imaginary) British secret agent. In true Stalinist tradition, subscribers to the *Great Soviet Encyclopedia* were advised to use “a small knife or razor blade” to remove the entry on Beria, and then to insert a replacement article on the Bering Sea.[4]

The first official repudiation of Stalinism was Khrushchev’s now-celebrated secret speech to a closed session of the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (CPSU) in February 1956. Stalin’s “cult of personality,” Khrushchev declared, had been responsible for “a whole series of exceedingly serious and grave perversions of Party principles, of Party democracy, of revolutionary legality.” The speech was reported to the KGB Party organization in a secret letter from the Central Committee. The section to which Mitrokhin belonged took two days to debate its contents. He still vividly recalls the conclusion of the section’s chairman, Vladimir Vasilyevich Zhenikhov (later KGB resident in Finland): “Stalin was a bandit!” Some Party members were too shocked—or cautious—to say anything. Others agreed with Zhenikhov. None dared ask the question which Mitrokhin was convinced was in all their minds: “Where was Khrushchev while all these crimes were taking place?”

In the aftermath of the secret speech Mitrokhin became too outspoken for his own good. Though his criticisms of the way the KGB had been run were mild by Western standards, late in 1956 Mitrokhin was moved from operations to the FCD archives, where his main job was answering queries from other departments and provincial KGBs.[5] Mitrokhin discovered that Beria's personal archive had been destroyed on Khrushchev's orders so as to leave no trace of the compromising material he had collected on his former colleagues. Ivan Aleksandrovich Serov, chairman of the KGB from 1954 to 1958, dutifully reported to Khrushchev that the files had contained much "provocative and libelous" material.[6]

Mitrokhin was an avid reader of the Russian writers who had fallen out of favor in the final years of Stalinist rule and began to be published again during the mid-1950s. The first great literary event in Moscow after Stalin's death was the publication in 1954, for the first time since 1945, of new poems by Boris Pasternak, the last leading Russian author to have begun his career before the Revolution. Published in a literary magazine under the title "Poems from the Novel *Doctor Zhivago,*" they were accompanied by a brief description of the epic but still unfinished work in which they were to appear. However, the completed text of *Doctor Zhivago,* which followed the meandering life of its enigmatic hero from the final phase of Tsarist rule to the early years of the Soviet regime, was judged far too subversive for publication and was officially rejected in 1956. In the novel, when Zhivago hears the news of the Bolshevik

Revolution, "He was shaken and overwhelmed by the greatness of the moment, and thought of its significance for the centuries to come." But Pasternak goes on to convey an unmistakable sense of the spiritual emptiness of the regime which emerged from it. Lenin is "vengeance incarnate" and Stalin a "pockmarked Caligula."

Pasternak became the first Soviet author since the 1920s to circumvent the banning of his work in Russia by publishing it abroad. As he handed the typescript of *Doctor Zhivago* to a representative of his Italian publisher, Giangiacomo Feltrinelli, he told him with a melancholy laugh: "You are hereby invited to watch me face the firing squad!" Soon afterwards, acting on official instructions, Pasternak sent a telegram to Feltrinelli insisting that his novel be withdrawn from publication; privately, however, he wrote a letter telling him to go ahead. Published first in Italian in November 1957, *Doctor Zhivago* became a bestseller in twenty-four languages. Some Western critics hailed it as the greatest Russian novel since Tolstoy's *Resurrection,* published in 1899. Official outrage in Moscow at *Doctor Zhivago*'s success was compounded by the award to Pasternak of the 1958 Nobel Prize for Literature. In a cable to the Swedish Academy, Pasternak declared himself "immensely thankful, touched, proud, astonished, abashed." The newspaper of the Soviet Writers' Union, the *Literaturnaya Gazeta,* however, denounced him as "a literary Judas who betrayed his people for thirty pieces of silver—the Nobel Prize." Under immense official pressure, Pasternak cabled Stockholm withdrawing his acceptance of the prize "in view of the significance given to this award in the society to which I belong."[7]

Though Pasternak was not one of his own favorite authors, Mitrokhin saw the official condemnation of *Doctor Zhivago* as typifying Khrushchev's cultural barbarism. "The development of literature and art in a socialist society," Khrushchev boorishly insisted, "proceeds... as directed by the Party." Mitrokhin was so outraged by the neo-Stalinist denunciations of Pasternak by Moscow's literary establishment that in October 1958 he sent an anonymous letter of protest to the *Literaturnaya Gazeta.* Though he wrote the letter with his left hand in order to disguise his handwriting, he remained anxious for some time that his identity might be discovered. Mitrokhin knew from KGB files the immense resources which were frequently deployed to track down anonymous letter-writers. He was even worried that, by licking the gum on the back of the envelope before sealing it, he had made it possible for his saliva to be identified by a KGB laboratory. The whole episode strengthened his resentment at Khrushchev's failure to follow his secret speech of 1956 by a thoroughgoing program of de-Stalinization. Khrushchev, he suspected, had personally ordered Pasternak's persecution as a warning to all those inclined to challenge his authority.

As yet, however, Mitrokhin pinned his faith not on the overthrow of the Soviet regime but on the emergence of a new leader less tainted than Khrushchev by his Stalinist past. When, late in 1958, Serov was replaced as KGB chairman by one of his leading critics, Aleksandr Nikolayevich Shelepin, Mitrokhin believed that the new leader had emerged. Aged only forty, Shelepin had made his reputation as a guerrilla commander during the Second World War. As head of the Communist Youth League (Komsomol) from 1952 to 1958, he had mobilized thousands of young people from Khrushchev's "Virgin Lands" campaign to turn vast areas of steppe into arable farmland. Though many of the new collective farms were later ruined by soil erosion, in the short term the campaign seemed a spectacular success. Soviet newsreels showed endless lines of combine-harvesters as they advanced through prairies rippling with grain and stretching as far as the eye could see.

As Mitrokhin had hoped, Shelepin rapidly established himself as a new broom within the KGB, replacing many veteran Stalinists with bright young graduates from Komsomol. Mitrokhin was impressed by the way that when Shelepin gave televised speeches, he looked briefly at his notes, then spoke directly to the viewer—instead of woodenly reading from a prepared text like most Soviet leaders. Shelepin sought to give the KGB a new public image. "Violations of socialist legality," he claimed in 1961, "have been completely eliminated... The Chekists [KGB officers] can look the Party and the Soviet people in the eye with a clear conscience.” Mitrokhin also remembers Shelepin for an act of personal kindness to a close relative.

Like Beria before him and Andropov after him, Shelepin’s ambitions stretched far beyond the chairmanship of the KGB. As a twenty-year-old university student, he was once asked what he wanted to become. According to the Russian historian Roy Medvedev, he instantly replied, “A chief!”[8] Shelepin saw the KGB as a stepping stone in a career which he intended to take him to the post of First Secretary of the CPSU. In December 1961 he left the KGB but continued to oversee its work as chairman of the powerful new Committee of Party and State Control. The new KGB chairman was Shelepin’s youthful but less dynamic protégé, thirty-seven-year-old Vladimir Yefimovich Semichastny. On Khrushchev’s instructions, Semichastny resumed the work of pruning the archives of material which too vividly recalled the Presidium’s Stalinist past, ordering the destruction of nine volumes of files on the liquidation of Central Committee members, senior intelligence officers and foreign Communists living in Moscow during the Stalin era.[9]

Mitrokhin continued to see Shelepin as a future First Secretary, and was not surprised when he became one of the leaders of the coup which toppled Khrushchev in 1964. Memories of Beria, however, were still too fresh in the minds of most of the Presidium for them to be prepared to accept a security chief as Party leader. For most of his colleagues, Leonid Ilich Brezhnev, who had succeeded Khrushchev as First (later General) Secretary, was a far more reassuring figure—affable, lightweight and patient in reconciling opposing factions, though skillful in outmaneuvering his political rivals. By 1967 Brezhnev felt strong enough to sack the unpopular Semichastny and sideline the still-ambitious Shelepin, who was demoted from heading the Committee of Party and State Control to become chairman of the comparatively uninfluential Trade Union Council. On arriving in his spacious new office, Shelepin found that his predecessor, Viktor Grishin, had what Medvedev later euphemistically described as "a specially equipped massage parlor" in an adjoining room. Shelepin took revenge for his demotion by circulating stories about Grishin's sexual exploits around Moscow.[10]

The main beneficiary of the downfall of Semichastny and the sidelining of Shelepin was Yuri Vladimirovich Andropov, who became chairman of the KGB. Andropov had what some of his staff called a "Hungarian complex." As Soviet ambassador in Budapest during the Hungarian Uprising in 1956, he had watched in horror from the windows of his embassy as officers of the hated Hungarian security service were strung up from lampposts. Andropov remained haunted for the rest of his life by the speed with which an apparently all-powerful Communist one-party state had begun to topple. When other Communist regimes later seemed at risk—in Prague in 1968, in Kabul in 1979, in Warsaw in 1981—he was convinced that, as in Budapest in 1956, only armed force could ensure their survival.[11] Since leaving Hungary in 1957 Andropov had been head of the Central Committee Department responsible for relations with Communist parties in the Soviet Bloc. His appointment in 1967 as the first senior Party official brought in to head the KGB was intended by Brezhnev to secure political control of the security and intelligence systems. Andropov went on to become the longest-serving and most politically astute of all KGB chiefs, crowning his fifteen years as chairman by succeeding Brezhnev as General Secretary in 1982.

THE FIRST GREAT crisis of Andropov's years at the KGB was the attempt by the Czechoslovak reformers of the Prague Spring to create what the Kremlin saw as an unacceptably unorthodox "socialism with a human face." Like Khrushchev's Secret Speech, the invasion of Czechoslovakia by the forces of the Warsaw Pact in August 1968 was an important staging post in what Mitrokhin calls his "intellectual odyssey." Stationed in East Germany during the Prague Spring, Mitrokhin was able to listen to reports from Czechoslovakia on the Russian-language services of the BBC World Service, Radio Liberty, Deutsche Welle and the Canadian Broadcasting Company, but had no one with whom he felt able to share his sympathy for the Prague reforms. One episode about a month before Soviet tanks entered Prague left a particular impression on him. An FCD Department V ("special tasks") officer, Colonel Viktor Ryabov, said to Mitrokhin that he was "just off to Sweden for a few days," but made clear by his expression that Sweden was not his real destination. A few days after Ryabov's return, he told Mitrokhin there would be an interesting article in the following day's *Pravda,* implying that it was connected with his mission. When Mitrokhin read the report the next day that an "imperialist arms dump" had been discovered in Czechoslovakia, he realized at once that it had been planted by Ryabov and other Department V officers to discredit the reformers.

Soon after the crushing of the Prague Spring, Mitrokhin heard a speech given by Andropov in the KGB's East German headquarters at Karlshorst in the Berlin suburbs. Like Shelepin, Andropov spoke directly to the audience, rather than—like most Soviet officials—sticking to a prepared platitudinous text. With an ascetic appearance, silver hair swept back over a large forehead, steel-rimmed glasses and an intellectual manner, Andropov seemed far removed from Stalinist thugs such as Beria and Serov. His explanation for the invasion of Czechoslovakia was far more sophisticated than that given to the Soviet public. It had, he insisted, been the only way to preserve Soviet security and the new European order which had emerged from the Great Patriotic War. That objective political necessity, Andropov claimed, was accepted even by such unorthodox figures as the great physicist Pyotr Kapitza, who had initially shown some sympathy for the Prague revisionists. Mitrokhin drew quite different conclusions from the Warsaw Pact invasion. The destruction of Czechoslovak “socialism with a human face” proved, he believed, that the Soviet system was unreformable. He still vividly recalls a curiously mythological image, which henceforth he saw increasingly in his mind’s eye, of the Russian people in thrall to “a three-headed hydra”: the Communist Party, the privileged *nomenklatura* and the KGB.

After his return to Moscow from East Germany, Mitrokhin continued to listen to Western broadcasts, although, because of Soviet jamming, he had frequently to switch wavelengths in order to find an audible station. Often he ended up with only fragments of news stories. Among the news which made the greatest impression on him were items on the *Chronicle of Current Events,* a samizdat journal first produced by Soviet dissidents in 1968 to circulate news on the struggle against abuses of human rights. The *Chronicle* carried on its masthead the guarantee of freedom of expression in the United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights, daily abused in the Soviet Union.

As the struggle against “ideological subversion” intensified, Mitrokhin saw numerous examples of the way in which the KGB manipulated, virtually at will, the Soviet justice system. He later copied down the sycophantic congratulations sent to Andropov by A. F. Gorkhin, chairman of the Soviet Supreme Court, on the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Cheka in December 1967:

> The Soviet Courts and the USSR Committee of State Security [KGB] are of the same age. But this is not the main thing which brings us together; the main thing is the identity of our tasks ...
>
> We are glad to note that the State Security agencies and the Courts solve all their complicated tasks in a spirit of mutual understanding and sound professional relations.[12]

Mitrokhin saw mounting evidence both in the classified in-house journal, *KGB Sbornik,* and in FCD files of Andropov's personal obsession with the destruction of dissent in all its forms and his insistence that the struggle for human rights was part of a wide-ranging imperialist plot to undermine the foundations of the Soviet state. In 1968 Andropov issued KGB Chairman's Order No. 0051, "On the tasks of State security agencies in combating ideological sabotage by the adversary," calling for greater aggression in the struggle against both dissidents at home and their imperialist supporters. [13] One example of this greater aggression which left Mitrokhin, as an ardent admirer of the Kirov Ballet, with a sense of personal outrage was the plan which he discovered in FCD files to maim the ballet's star defector, Rudolf Nureyev.[14]

By the beginning of the 1970s Mitrokhin's political views were deeply influenced by the dissident struggle, which he was able to follow both in KGB records and Western broadcasts. "I was a loner," he recalls, "but I now knew that I was not alone." Though Mitrokhin never had any thought of aligning himself openly with the human rights movement, the example of the *Chronicle of Current Events* and other samizdat productions helped to inspire him with the idea of producing a classified variant of the dissidents' attempts to document the iniquities of the Soviet system. Gradually the project began to form in his mind of compiling his own private record of the foreign operations of the KGB.

Mitrokhin's opportunity came in June 1972 when the First Chief (Foreign Intelligence) Directorate left its overcrowded central Moscow offices in the KGB headquarters at the Lubyanka (once the pre-Revolutionary home of the Rossiya Insurance Company) and moved to a new building south-east of Moscow at Yasenevo, half a mile beyond the outer ringroad. Designed by a Finnish architect, the main Y-shaped seven-story office building was flanked on one side by an assembly hall and library, on the other by a polyclinic, sports complex and swimming pool, with pleasant views over hills covered with birch trees, green pastures, and—in summer—fields of wheat and rye. To the other KGB directorates, most of which worked in cramped conditions in central Moscow, Yasenevo was known—with more envy than condescension—as “The Woods.”

For the next ten years, working from private offices both in the Lubyanka and at Yasenevo, Mitrokhin was alone responsible for checking and sealing the approximately 300,000 files[15] in the FCD archive prior to their transfer to the new headquarters. While supervising the checking of files, the compilation of inventories and the writing of index cards, Mitrokhin was able to inspect what files he wished in one or other of his offices. Few KGB officers apart from Mitrokhin have ever spent as much time reading, let alone noting, foreign intelligence files. Outside the FCD archives, only the most senior officers shared his unrestricted access, and none had the time to read more than a fraction of the material noted by him.

Mitrokhin’s usual weekly routine was to spend each Monday, Tuesday and Friday in his Yasenevo office. On Wednesdays he went to the Lubyanka to work on the FCD’s most secret files, those of Directorate S which ran illegals—KGB officers and agents, most of Soviet nationality, working under deep cover abroad disguised as foreign citizens. Once reviewed by Mitrokhin, each batch of files was placed in sealed containers which were transported to Yasenevo on Thursday mornings, accompanied by Mitrokhin who checked them on arrival.[16] Unlike the other departments, who moved to the new FCD headquarters in 1972, Directorate S remained based in the Lubyanka for a further decade.

Mitrokhin thus found himself spending more time dealing with the files of Directorate S, the most secret in the FCD, than with those of any other section of Soviet foreign intelligence. The illegals retained a curious mystique within the KGB. Before being posted abroad, every illegal officer was required to swear a solemn, if somewhat melodramatic, oath:

> Deeply valuing the trust placed upon me by the Party and the fatherland, and imbued with a sense of intense gratitude for the decision to send me to the sharp edge of the struggle for the interest of my people... as a worthy son of the homeland, I would rather perish than betray the secrets entrusted to me or put into the hand of the adversary materials which could cause political harm to the interests of the State. With every heartbeat, with every day that passes, I swear to serve the Party, the homeland, and the Soviet people.[17]

The files showed that before the Second World War the greatest foreign successes had been achieved by a legendary group of intelligence officers, often referred to as the “Great Illegals.” After the Second World War, the KGB had tried to recreate its pre-war triumphs by establishing an elaborate network of “illegal residencies” alongside the “legal residencies” which operated under diplomatic or other official cover in foreign capitals.

The records of Directorate S revealed some remarkable individual achievements. KGB illegals successfully established bogus identities as foreign nationals in a great variety of professions ranging from Costa Rican ambassador to piano tuner to the Governor of New York. Even in the Gorbachev era, KGB propaganda continued to depict the Soviet illegal as the supreme embodiment of the chivalric ideal in the service of secret intelligence. The retired British KGB agent George Blake wrote in 1990:

> Only a man who believes very strongly in an ideal and serves a great cause will agree to embark on such a career, though the word “calling” is perhaps appropriate here. Only an intelligence service which works for a great cause can ask for such a sacrifice from its officers. That is why, as far as I know, at any rate in peacetime, only the Soviet intelligence service has “illegal residents.”[18]

The SVR continues the KGB tradition of illegal hagiography. In July 1995, a month after the death of the best-known American-born illegal, Morris Cohen, President Yeltsin conferred on him the posthumous title of Hero of the Russian Federation.

The files of Directorate S noted by Mitrokhin reveal a quite different kind of illegal. Alongside the committed FCD officers who maintained their cover and professional discipline throughout their postings, there were others who could not cope when confronted by the contrast between the Soviet propaganda image of capitalist exploitation and the reality of life in the West. An even darker secret of the Directorate S records was that one of the principal uses of the illegals during the last quarter of a century of the Soviet Union was to search out and compromise dissidents in the other countries of the Warsaw Pact. The squalid struggle against “ideological subversion” was as much a responsibility of Directorate S as of the rest of the FCD.

MITROKHIN WAS UNDERSTANDABLY cautious as he set out in 1972 to compile his forbidden FCD archive. For a few weeks he tried to commit names, codenames and key facts from the files to memory and transcribe them each evening when he returned home. Abandoning that process as too slow and cumbersome, he began to take notes in minuscule handwriting on scraps of paper which he crumpled up and threw into his wastepaper basket. Each evening, he retrieved his notes from the wastepaper and smuggled them out of Yasenevo concealed in his shoes. Gradually Mitrokhin became more confident as he satisfied himself that the Yasenevo security guards confined themselves to occasional inspections of bags and briefcases without attempting body searches. After a few months he started taking notes on ordinary sheets of office paper which he took out of his office in his jacket and trouser pockets.

Not once in the twelve years which Mitrokhin spent noting the FCD archives was he stopped and searched. There were, however, some desperately anxious moments. From time to time he realized that, like other FCD officers, he was being tailed—probably by teams from the Seventh (Surveillance) or Second Chief (Counter-intelligence) Directorates. On one occasion while he was being followed, he visited the Dynamo Football Club sports shop and, to his horror, found himself standing next to two English visitors whom his watchers might suspect were spies with whom he had arranged a rendezvous. If he was searched, his notes on top secret files would be instantly discovered. Mitrokhin quickly moved on to other sports shops, hoping to convince his watchers that he was on a genuine shopping expedition. As he approached his apartment block, however, he noticed two men standing near the door to his ninth-floor flat. By the time he arrived, they had disappeared. FCD officers had standing instructions to report suspicious incidents such as this, but Mitrokhin did not do so for fear of prompting an investigation which would draw attention to the fact that he had been seen standing next to English visitors.

Each night when he returned to his Moscow flat, Mitrokhin hid his notes beneath his mattress. On weekends he took them to a family dacha thirty-six kilometers from Moscow and typed up as many as possible, though the notes became so numerous that Mitrokhin was forced to leave some of them in handwritten form. He hid the first batches of typescripts and notes in a milk-churn which he buried below the floor.[19] The dacha was built on raised foundations, leaving just enough room for Mitrokhin to crawl beneath the floorboards and dig a hole with a short-handled spade. He frequently found himself crawling through dog and cat feces and sometimes disturbed rats while he was digging, but he consoled himself with the thought that burglars were unlikely to follow him. When the milk-churn was full, he began concealing his notes and typescripts in a tin clothes-boiler. Eventually his archive also filled two tin trunks and two aluminum cases, all of them buried beneath the dacha.[20]

Mitrokhin's most anxious moment came when he arrived at his weekend dacha to find a stranger hiding in the attic. He was instantly reminded of the incident a few years earlier, in August 1971, when a friend of the writer Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn had called unexpectedly at his dacha while Solzhenitsyn was away and surprised two KGB officers in the attic who were probably searching for subversive manuscripts. Other KGB men had quickly arrived on the scene and Solzhenitsyn's friend had been badly beaten. Andropov cynically ordered Solzhenitsyn to be "informed that the participation of the KGB in this incident is a figment of his imagination."[21] The incident was still fresh in Mitrokhin’s mind when he arrived at the dacha because he had recently noted files which recorded minutely detailed plans for the persecution of Solzhenitsyn and the “active measures” by which the KGB hoped to discredit him in the Western press. To his immense relief, however, the intruder in the attic turned out to be a homeless squatter.

During summer holidays Mitrokhin worked on batches of his notes at a second family dacha near Penza, carrying them in an old haversack and dressing in peasant clothes in order not to attract attention. In the summer of 1918 Penza, 630 kilometers southeast of Moscow, had been the site of one of the first peasant risings against Bolshevik rule. Lenin blamed the revolt on the *kulaks* (better-off peasants) and furiously instructed the local Party leaders to hang in public at least one hundred of them so that “for hundreds of kilometers around the people may see and tremble...”[22] By the 1970s, however, Penza’s counter-revolutionary past was long forgotten, and Lenin’s bloodthirsty orders for mass executions were kept from public view in the secret section of the Lenin archive.

One of the most striking characteristics of the best literature produced under the Soviet regime is how much of it was written in secret. “To plunge underground,” wrote Solzhenitsyn, “to make it your concern not to win the world’s recognition—Heaven forbid!—but on the contrary to shun it: this variant of the writer’s lot is peculiarly our own, purely Russian, Russian and

Soviet!"[23] Between the wars Mikhail Bulgakov had spent twelve years writing *The Master and Margarita,* one of the greatest novels of the twentieth century, knowing that it could not be published in his lifetime and fearing that it might never appear at all. His widow later recalled how, just before his death in 1940, Bulgakov "made me get out of bed and then, leaning on my arm, he walked through all the rooms, barefoot and in his dressing gown, to make sure that the manuscript of *The Master* was still there" in its hiding place.[24] Though Bulgakov's great work survived, it was not published until a quarter of a century after his death. As late as 1978, it was denounced in a KGB memorandum to Andropov as "a dangerous weapon in the hands of [Western] ideological centers engaged in ideological sabotage against the Soviet Union."[25]

When Solzhenitsyn began writing in the 1950s, he told himself he had "entered into the inheritance of every modern writer intent on the truth":

> I must write simply to ensure that it was not forgotten, that posterity might some day come to know of it. Publication in my own lifetime I must shut out of my mind, out of my dreams.

Just as Mitrokhin's first notes were hidden in a milk-churn beneath his dacha, so Solzhenitsyn's earliest writings, in minuscule handwriting, were squeezed into an empty champagne bottle and buried in his garden.[26] After the brief thaw in the early years of "de-Stalinization" which made possible the publication of Solzhenitsyn's story of life in the gulag, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich,* he waged a timeconsuming struggle to try to prevent the KGB from seizing his other manuscripts until he was finally forced into exile in 1974.[27] It did not occur to Mitrokhin to compare himself with such literary giants as Bulgakov and Solzhenitsyn. But, like them, he began assembling his archive "to ensure that the truth was not forgotten, that posterity might some day come to know of it."

THE KGB FILES which had the greatest emotional impact on Mitrokhin were those on the war in Afghanistan. On December 28, 1979 Babrak Karmal, the new Afghan leader chosen by Moscow to request "fraternal assistance" by the Red Army which had already invaded his country, announced over Kabul Radio that his predecessor, Hafizullah Amin, an "agent of American imperialism," had been tried by a "revolutionary tribunal" and sentenced to death. Mitrokhin quickly discovered from the files on the war which flooded into the archives that Amin had in reality been assassinated, together with his family and entourage, in an assault on the Kabul presidential palace by KGB special forces disguised in Afghan uniforms.[28]

The female clerks who filed KGB reports on the war in the archives after they had been circulated to the Politburo and other sections of the Soviet hierarchy had so much material to deal with that they sometimes submitted to Mitrokhin thirty files at a time for his approval. The horrors recorded in the files were carefully concealed from the Soviet people. The Soviet media preserved a conspiracy of silence about the systematic destruction of thousands of Afghan villages, reduced to forlorn groups of uninhabited, roofless mud-brick houses; the flight of four million refugees; and the death of a million Afghans in a war which Gorbachev later described as a "mistake." The coffins of the 15,000 Red Army troops killed in the conflict were unloaded silently at Soviet airfields, with none of the military pomp and solemn music which traditionally awaited fallen heroes returning to the Motherland. Funerals were held in secret, and families told simply that their loved ones had died "fulfilling their internationalist duty." Some were buried in plots near the graves of Mitrokhin's parents in the cemetery at Kuzminsky Monastery. No reference to Afghanistan was allowed on their tombstones. During the Afghan War Mitrokhin heard the first open criticism of Soviet policy by his more outspoken colleagues at Yasenevo. "Doesn't the war make you ashamed to be Russian?" an FCD colonel asked him one day. "Ashamed to be Soviet, you mean!" Mitrokhin blurted out.

When Mitrokhin retired in 1984, he was still preoccupied with the Afghan War. He spent the first year and a half of his retirement sorting through his notes, extracting the material on Afghanistan, and assembling it in a large volume with a linking narrative. Despite Gorbachev's call for *glasnost* after he became Party leader in 1985, Mitrokhin did not believe the Soviet system would ever allow the truth about the war to be told. Increasingly, however, he began to think of ways of transporting his archive to the West and publishing it there.

One novel method suggested itself on May 28, 1987, when a single-engine Cessna piloted by a nineteen-year-old West German, Matthias Rust, crossed the Finnish border into Soviet airspace and flew undetected for 450 miles before landing in Red Square. After an hour of confusion, during which Kremlin security guards wondered whether Rust was an actor in a film, he was taken away to the KGB's Lefortovo Prison. Mitrokhin briefly considered but quickly abandoned the idea of using a microlite from a KGB sports club to fly with his archive in the opposite direction to Finland.

The most practical of the various schemes considered by Mitrokhin before the collapse of the Soviet Union was to get a position on the local Party committee which issued permits for foreign travel, obtain permits for himself and his family, then book reservations on a cruise from Leningrad to Odessa in the Black Sea. At one of the cruise's West European ports of call, Mitrokhin would make contact with the authorities and arrange to leave his archive in a dead letter-box near Moscow for collection by a Western intelligence agency. He eventually abandoned the idea because of the difficulty of separating himself from the Soviet tour group and the ever-watchful group leaders for long enough to tell his story and arrange the hand-over.

As the Berlin Wall came down in November 1989 and the Soviet Bloc began to disintegrate, Mitrokhin told himself to be patient and wait for his opportunity. In the meantime he carried on typing up his handwritten notes in his Moscow flat and at the two family dachas, assembling some of them in volumes covering the FCD’s chief target countries—first and foremost the United States, known in KGB jargon as the “Main Adversary.” He shared the relief of most Muscovites at the failure of the hardline coup in August 1991 to depose Gorbachev and reestablish the one-party Soviet state. It came as no surprise to Mitrokhin that the chief ringleader in the failed coup was Vladimir Aleksandrovich Kryuchkov, head of the FCD from 1974 to 1988 and chairman of the KGB from 1988 until the coup.

Though Kryuchkov proved better at public relations than most previous KGB chairmen, he had long represented much of what Mitrokhin most detested in the FCD. As a young diplomat at the Soviet embassy in Budapest, Kryuchkov had caught the eye of the ambassador, Yuri Andropov, by his uncompromising opposition to the “counter-revolutionary” Hungarian Uprising of 1956. When Andropov became KGB chairman in 1967, Kryuchkov became head of his personal secretariat and a loyal supporter of his obsessive campaign against "ideological subversion" in all its forms. The files seen by Mitrokhin showed that, as head of the FCD, Kryuchkov collaborated closely with the KGB Fifth (Ideological Subversion) Directorate in the war against dissidents at home and abroad.[29] He had made a senior member of the Fifth Directorate, I. A. Markelov, one of the deputy heads of the FCD with responsibility for coordinating the struggle against ideological subversion.[30] The failed coup of August 1991 marked an appropriately discreditable end to Kryuchkov's KGB career. Instead of shoring up the Soviet Union and the one-party state, it served only to hasten their collapse.

On October 11, 1991, the State Council of the disintegrating Soviet Union abolished the KGB in its existing form. The former FCD was reconstituted as the SVR, the foreign intelligence service of the Russian Federation, independent of the internal security service. Instead of repudiating its Soviet past, however, the SVR saw itself as the heir of the old FCD. Mitrokhin had seen the FCD file on the SVR's newly appointed head, Academician Yevgeni Maksimovich Primakov, previously Director of the Institute of World Economics and International Relations and one of Gorbachev's leading foreign policy advisers. The file identified Primakov as a KGB co-optee, codenamed MAKSIM, who had been sent on frequent intelligence missions to the

United States and the Middle East.[31] Primakov went on to become Boris Yeltsin's Foreign Minister in 1996 and Prime Minister in 1998.

IN THE FINAL months of 1991, the breakup of the Soviet Union and the relative weakness of frontier controls at the new borders of the Russian Federation at last opened the way to the West for Mitrokhin and his archive. In March 1992 he boarded an overnight train in Moscow bound for the capital of one of the newly independent Baltic republics.[32] With him he took a case on wheels, containing bread, sausages and drink for his journey on top, clothes underneath, and—at the bottom—samples of his notes. The next day he arrived unannounced at the British embassy in the Baltic capital and asked to speak to "someone in authority." Hitherto Mitrokhin had had an image of the British as rather formal and "a bit of a mystery." But the young female diplomat who received him at the embassy struck him as "young, attractive and sympathetic," as well as fluent in Russian. Mitrokhin told her he had brought with him important material from KGB files. While he rummaged at the bottom of his bag to extract his notes from beneath the sausages and clothes, the diplomat ordered tea. As Mitrokhin drank his first cup of English tea, she read some of his notes, then questioned him about them. Mitrokhin told her they were only part of a large personal archive which included material on KGB operations in

Britain. He agreed to return to the embassy a month later to meet representatives from the Secret Intelligence Service.

Emboldened by the ease with which he had crossed the Russian frontier in March, Mitrokhin brought with him on his next trip to the Baltic capital 2,000 typed pages which he had removed from the hiding place beneath his dacha near Moscow. Arriving at the British embassy on the morning of April 9, he identified himself to the SIS officers by producing his passport, Communist Party card and KGB pension certificate, handed over his bulky typescript and spent a day answering questions about himself, his archive and how he had compiled it. Mitrokhin accepted an invitation to return to the embassy about two months later to discuss arrangements for a visit to Britain. Early in May the SIS Moscow station reported to London that Mitrokhin planned to leave Moscow on an overnight train on June 10. On June 11 he arrived in the Baltic capital carrying a rucksack containing more material from his archive. Most of his meeting with SIS officers was spent discussing plans for him to be debriefed in Britain during the following autumn.

On September 7, escorted by SIS, Mitrokhin arrived in England for the first time. After the near chaos of post-Communist Moscow, London made an extraordinary impression on him—“the model of what a capital city should be.” At the time, even the heavy traffic, dotted with the black cabs and red doubledecker buses he had seen only in photographs, seemed but proof of the capital's prosperity. While being debriefed at anonymous safe houses in London and the countryside, Mitrokhin took the final decision to leave Russia for Britain, and agreed with SIS on arrangements to exfiltrate himself, his family and his archive. On October 13 he was infiltrated back into Russia to make final arrangements for his departure.

On November 7, 1992, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, Mitrokhin arrived with his family in the Baltic capital where he had first made contact with SIS. A few days later they arrived in London to begin a new life in Britain. It was a bittersweet moment. Mitrokhin was safe and secure for the first time since he had begun assembling his secret archive eighteen years previously, but at the same time he felt a sense of bereavement at separation from a homeland he knew he would probably never see again. The bereavement has passed, though his attachment to Russia remains. Mitrokhin is now a British citizen. Using his senior citizen's railcard to travel the length and breadth of the country, he has seen more of Britain than most who were born here. Since 1992 he has spent several days a week working on his archive, typing up the remaining handwritten notes, and responding to questions about his archive from intelligence services from five continents. Late in 1995 he had his first meeting with Christopher Andrew to discuss the preparation of this book. Though

The Sword and the Shield could not have been written in Russia, Mitrokhin remains as convinced as he was in 1972 that the secret history of the KGB is a central part of the Soviet past which the Russian people have the right to know. He also believes that the KGB's worldwide foreign operations form an essential, though often neglected, part of the history of twentieth-century international relations.

NO WORD LEAKED out in the British media about either Mitrokhin or his archive. Because material from the archive was passed to so many other intelligence and security services, however, there were, unsurprisingly, some partial leaks abroad. The first, slightly garbled reference to Mitrokhin's archive occurred in the United States nine months after his defection. In August 1993 the well-known Washington investigative journalist Ronald Kessler published a bestselling book on the FBI based in part on sources inside the Bureau. Among his revelations was a brief reference to a sensational "probe by the FBI into information from a former KGB employee who had had access to KGB files":

> According to his account, the KGB had had many hundreds of Americans and possibly more than a thousand spying for them in recent years. So specific was the information that the FBI was quickly able to establish the source's credibility... By the summer of 1993, the FBI had mobilized agents in most major

> cities to pursue the cases. A top secret meeting was called at Quantico [the FBI National Academy] to plot strategy.[33]

Kessler did not name any of the "many hundreds of Americans" identified by the defector. An unnamed "US intelligence official" interviewed by the *Washington Post* "confirmed that the FBI had received specific information that has led to a 'significant' ongoing investigation into past KGB activities in the United States," but declined to be drawn in on "how many people are implicated."[34] *Time* reported that "sources familiar with the case" of the KGB defector had identified him as a former employee of the First Chief Directorate, but had described Kessler's figures for the number of "recent" Soviet spies in the United States as "highly exaggerated."[35]

Mitrokhin's notes do indeed contain the names of "many hundreds" of KGB officers, agents and contacts in the United States active at various periods since the 1920s. Kessler, however, wrongly suggested that this number applied to "recent years" rather than to the whole history of Soviet espionage in the United States. Though his figures were publicly disputed, the suggestion that the KGB defector had gone to the United States rather than to Britain went unchallenged.[36] When no further information on the unidentified defector was forthcoming, media interest in the story quickly died away.

There was no further leak from Mitrokhin's archive for over three years. In October 1996, however, reports in the French press alleged that Charles Hernu, Defence Minister from 1981 to 1985, had worked for Soviet Bloc intelligence services from 1953 until at least 1963, and that, when informed by the French security service, the DST, President François Mitterrand had hushed the scandal up.[37] *Le Monde* reported that from 1993 onwards British intelligence had passed on to the DST "a list of about 300 names of diplomats and officials of the Quai d'Orsay alleged to have worked for Soviet Bloc intelligence."[38] In reality, French diplomats and Foreign Ministry officials made up only a minority of the names in Mitrokhin's notes supplied by the SIS to the DST. Charles Hernu was not among them.[39] None of the media reports on either side of the Channel related the SIS lists of Soviet agents in France to Kessler's earlier story of a defector with extensive access to KGB files.

In December 1996 the German weekly *Focus* reported that, according to "reliable sources," SIS had also provided the BfV, the German security service, with the names of several hundred German politicians, businessmen, lawyers and police officers who had been involved with the KGB. On this occasion the SIS source was identified as a Russian defector who had had extensive access to the KGB archives. A later article in *Focus* reported:

> The Federal Prosecutor has been examining numerous detailed new leads to a hitherto undiscovered agent network of the former Soviet secret service, the KGB, in Germany. The researchers in Karlsruhe are primarily concentrating on Moscow sources who were taken on by the successors to the KGB and have probably been reactivated since the end of the Cold War.
>
> The basis for the research is extensive information on agents which a Russian defector smuggled into London from the Moscow secret service. After intensive analysis, the British secret service passed all information on KGB connections in Germany to the BfV in Cologne in early 1996.[40]

In July 1997 another leak from Mitrokhin's archive occurred in Austria. Press reports quoted a KGB document giving directions for locating a secret arms dump of mines, explosives and detonators, codenamed GROT, hidden in a dead letter-box near Salzburg in 1963, which had been intended for use in sabotage operations:

> Leave the town of Salzburg by the Schallmoser Haupstrasse leading to Highway No. 158. At a distance of 8 km from the town limit, in the direction of Bad Ischl-Graz, there is a large stone bridge across a narrow valley. Before reaching this bridge, leave the federal highway by turning right on to a

> local road which follows the valley in the direction of Ebenau; then go on 200 meters to the end of the metal parapet, which stands on the left-hand side of the road. On reaching the end of the parapet, turn left at once and follow a village road leading in the opposite direction. The DLB is located about 50 meters (60 paces) from the turn-off point leading from the main road on to the village road ...[41]

Though the Austrian press did not mention it, the document came from Mitrokhin's archive, which also revealed that in 1964 road repair works had covered the entrance to the DLB, raised the ground level, and changed the layout of the surrounding area. The KGB had decided not to try to recover and relocate the GROT arms dump. Attempts by the Austrian authorities to find the dump in 1997 also failed.[42] Mitrokhin's notes reveal that similar KGB arms and radio caches, some of them booby-trapped, are scattered around much of Europe and North America.[43]

The press leak which came closest to revealing the existence of Mitrokhin's archive was a further article in the German weekly *Focus,* in June 1998. *Focus* reported that a colonel in the FCD registry with access to "all the files on Moscow's agents" had smuggled handwritten copies of them out of KGB headquarters to his dacha near Moscow. In 1992 he had defected to Britain and, according to *Focus,* SIS agents had brought the “explosive” notes hidden in the dacha back to London.[44] Four years later, in an operation codenamed WEEKEND, SIS had allegedly briefed the BfV on the German material in the archive. According to *Focus,* “The defector has presented the BfV with hundreds of leads to Moscow’s spy network in the Federal Republic of Germany.” A “high-ranking BfV official” was said to have commented, “We were quite shocked at how much [the defector] knew. Moscow clearly possesses tons of blackmail material.” The BfV was reported to have received new leads on fifty espionage cases and to have begun twelve new investigations.[45]

The *Focus* article, however, inspired widespread skepticism—partly because the story of a top secret KGB archive exfiltrated from a Russian dacha seemed inherently improbable, partly because the only detailed example given by *Focus* of the intelligence it contained was the sensational allegation that the former Chancellor, Willy Brandt, “the icon of Germany’s Social Democrats,” had been a Soviet spy during the Second World War. The Brandt story was instantly dismissed as “completely absurd” by Yuri Kobaladze, head of the SVR press bureau. When asked why in this instance the SVR was abandoning its usual practice of not commenting on individuals alleged to be Russian spies, Kobaladze replied:

> It would naturally be very flattering to have such a

> high-ranking politician on our list of credits, but in the interests of preserving historical truth we felt it necessary to reject this fiction, which could be misused for political purposes.

Kobaladze also dismissed the story of the secret archive in a KGB colonel's dacha as a myth. The source of the Brandt story, he insisted, could only be a former KGB major in the Oslo residency, Mikhail Butkov, who had defected to Britain in 1991.[46]

Though wrong about the secret archive, Kobaladze was right to reject the allegation that Brandt had been a Soviet spy. Mitrokhin's notes reveal that the KGB archives do indeed contain a file on Brandt (codenamed POLYARNIK), which shows that while in Stockholm during the Second World War he passed on information to the NKVD residency. But, as the file makes clear, Brandt was also in touch with British and American intelligence officers—as well as with the Norwegian former secretary of Leon Trotsky, regarded by the NKVD as the greatest traitor in Soviet history.[47] Brandt's overriding motive was to provide any information to all three members of the wartime Grand Alliance which might hasten the defeat of Adolf Hitler. In the case of the Soviet Union, he calculated—accurately—that his best channel of communication with Moscow was via the Stockholm residency. The real embarrassment in the POLYARNIK file concerns the role not of Brandt but of the KGB. In 1962, almost certainly with Khrushchev's personal approval, the KGB embarked on an operation to blackmail Brandt by threatening to use the evidence of his wartime dealings with the Stockholm residency to "cause unpleasantness" unless he agreed to cooperate. The attempted blackmail failed.[48]

LIKE THE BFV and Austrian counter intelligence, a number of other security services and intelligence agencies around the world from Scandinavia to Japan have been pursuing leads from Mitrokhin's archive for several years—usually unnoticed by the media. Most of the leads have been used for counterintelligence purposes—to help resolve unsolved cases and neutralize SVR operations begun in the KGB era—rather than to mount prosecutions. There have, however, been a number of convictions which derive from Mitrokhin's evidence.

On one occasion, Mitrokhin himself was almost called to give evidence in court. The case concerned Robert Lipka, an army clerk assigned in the mid-1960s to the National Security Agency (NSA, the US SIGINT service), whom Mitrokhin had identified as a KGB agent.[49] In May 1993 FBI agent Dmitri Droujinsky contacted Lipka, posing as "Sergei Nikitin," a GRU officer based in Washington. Lipka complained that he was still owed money for his espionage over a quarter of a century earlier, and was given a total of $10,000 by "Nikitin" over the next few months. He appeared confident that he could no longer be prosecuted. “The statute of limitations,” he told “Nikitin,” “has run out.” “Nikitin” corrected him: “In American law the statute of limitations for espionage never runs out.” Lipka replied that, whatever the legal position, he “would never admit to anything.” After a lengthy FBI investigation, Lipka was arrested in February 1996 at his home in Millersville, Pennsylvania, and charged with handing classified documents to the Soviet Union.[50]

Since Lipka denied all charges against him, Mitrokhin expected to give evidence at his trial in the U.S. District Court, Philadelphia, in May 1997. But, in what the *Philadelphia Inquirer* termed “a surprising turnaround” in the courtroom, Lipka “exploded into tears as he confessed that he had handed over classified information to KGB agents.” Lipka had been persuaded by his lawyer, Ronald F. Kidd, to accept a prosecution offer of a plea bargain which would limit his sentence to eighteen years’ imprisonment with time off for good behavior, rather than continue to plead not guilty and face the prospect of spending the rest of his life in jail. Though Mitrokhin’s name was never mentioned in court, it was the evidence he had obtained from KGB files which seems to have prompted Lipka’s change of heart. “We saw how significant the evidence was,” his lawyer told reporters. “But the government also realized they couldn’t go through a full trial and not have the mystery witness exposed.” The “mystery witness” was Mitrokhin. After

Lipka's confession, U.S. Assistant Attorney Barbara J. Cohan admitted, "We had a very sensitive witness who, if he had had to testify, would have had to testify behind a screen and under an assumed name, and now we don't have to surface him at all."[51] "I feel like Rip Van Spy," said Lipka when he was sentenced in September 1997. "I thought I had put this to bed many years ago and I never dreamed it would turn out like this." As well as being sentenced to eighteen years' imprisonment and fined 10,000 dollars, Lipka was ordered to repay the further 10,000 dollars from FBI funds given him by "Nikitin."[52]

There are many other "Rip Van Spies" whose memories of Cold War espionage are likely to be reawakened by Mitrokhin's archive. Some will recognize themselves in the pages which follow. About a dozen important cases which are still being actively pursued—including several in leading NATO countries—cannot be referred to for legal reasons until they come to court. Only a small minority of the Soviet agents whose codenames appear in this volume, however, are likely to be prosecuted. But, as the SVR embarks on the biggest and most complex damage assessment in Russian intelligence history, it has to face the unsettling possibility that some of the spies identified by Mitrokhin have since been turned into double agents.

After each of the revelations from Mitrokhin's archive mentioned above, the SVR undoubtedly conducted the usual damage assessment exercise in an attempt to determine the source and seriousness of the leak. Its official statement in 1996 (effectively reaffirmed as recently as June 1998), which dismissed as “absolute nonsense” the suggestion that the names of several hundred Soviet agents could possibly have been given by a defector to any Western intelligence agency, demonstrates that the conclusions of these exercises were very wide of the mark. Not until the publication of this book was announced in 1999 did the SVR seem to begin to grasp the massive hemorrhage of intelligence which had occurred.

SOME OF THE files noted by Mitrokhin give a vivid indication of the ferocity with which the Centre (KGB headquarters) has traditionally responded to intelligence leaks about its past foreign operations. The publication in 1974 of John Barron’s *KGB: The Secret Work of Soviet Secret Agents,*[53] based on information from Soviet defectors and Western intelligence agencies, generated no fewer than 370 KGB damage assessments and other reports.The resident in Washington, Mikhail Korneyevich Polonik (codenamed ARDOV), was instructed to obtain all available information on Barron, then a senior editor at *Reader’s Digest,* and to suggest ways “to compromise him.”[54] Most of the “active measures” used by the KGB in its attempts to discredit Barron made much of his Jewish origins, but its fabricated claims that he was part of a Zionist conspiracy (a favorite theme in Soviet disinformation) appear to have had little resonance outside the Middle East.[55]

The active measures employed against some of the journalists who wrote articles based on Barron's book were more imaginative. Doctored versions of blank "information cards" from the Austrian Stapo (security police) registry previously obtained by KGB agents were used to compromise Austrian journalists judged to have used material from *KGB: The Secret Work of Soviet Secret Agents* to undermine the "peaceloving" policies of the USSR. Fabricated entries on the cards prepared by Service A, the FCD active measures specialists, purported to show that the Stapo believed the journalists concerned to be hand-in-glove with the CIA. Photocopies of the cards were then circulated among the Austrian media. The files noted by Mitrokhin list other KGB countermeasures against Barron's book in countries as far afield as Turkey, Cyprus, Libya, Lebanon, Egypt, Iran, Kuwait, Somalia, Uganda, India, Sri Lanka and Afghanistan.[56]

The other study of the KGB which did the most to arouse the ire of the Centre was the history published in 1990 by Christopher Andrew and Oleg Gordievsky, *KGB: The Inside Story of Its Foreign Operations from Lenin to Gorbachev,* which drew on KGB documents and other information obtained by Gordievsky while working as a British agent inside the KGB from 1974 to 1985.[57] The Centre predictably responded with active measures against both the book and its authors.[58] (Some indication of its continuing hostility to Gordievsky is provided by the fact that, at the time of this writing, he is still under sentence of death in Moscow.) There was, however, one important new element in the reaction of the KGB, and of its chairman Kryuchkov in particular, to the publication of the history by Andrew and Gordievsky. In a top secret "Chairman's Order" of September 1990 emphasizing the importance of influence operations and other active measures ("one of the most important functions of the KGB's foreign intelligence service"), Kryuchkov instructed that "wider use should be made of archive material" to publicize a "positive" image of the KGB and "its more celebrated cases."[59]

The first approach to a Western writer offering material from KGB archives intended to create this "positive" image was to the mercurial John Costello, a freelance British historian who combined flair for research with a penchant for conspiracy theory.[60] In 1991 Costello published a book on the mysterious flight to Britain fifty years previously of Hitler's deputy Führer, Rudolf Hess, which drew on KGB records selected by the SVR as well as Western sources, and argued (implausibly, in the view of most experts on the period) that the key to the whole affair was a plot by British intelligence.[61] Two years later, in collaboration with the SVR consultant (and former FCD officer) Oleg Tsarev, Costello published a somewhat less controversial biography of the inter-war Soviet intelligence officer Aleksandr Orlov which was described on the dustjacket as “The first book from the KGB archives—the KGB secrets the British government doesn’t want you to read.” The book began with tributes to the disgraced former chairman of the KGB, Vladimir Kryuchkov, and the last head of the FCD, Leonid Vladimirovich Shebarshin, for initiating the project. Costello added a note of “personal gratitude” to the SVR “for the ongoing support that they have given to this project which has established a new precedent for openness and objectivity in the study of intelligence history, not only in Russia, but the rest of the world.”[62]

The Costello-Tsarev combination set the pattern for other collaborations between Russian authors selected or approved by the SVR and Western writers (who have included both well-known historians and a senior retired CIA officer): a project initially sponsored, but later abandoned, by Crown Books in the United States. For each volume in the series, which covers topics from the inter-war period to the early Cold War, the SVR has given the authors exclusive access to copies of previously top secret documents selected by it from KGB archives. All the books published so far have contained interesting and sometimes important new material; several are also impressive for the quality of their historical analysis. Their main weakness, for which the authors cannot be blamed, is that the choice of KGB documents on which they are based has been made not by them but by the SVR.[63]

The choice is sometimes highly selective. During the 1990s, for example, the SVR has made available to Russian and Western authors four successive tranches from the bulky file of the KGB's most famous British agent, Kim Philby.[64] In order to preserve both Philby's heroic image and the reputation of Russian foreign intelligence, however, the SVR has been careful not to release the record of Philby's final weeks as head of the SIS station in the United States (the climax of his career as a Soviet spy), when money and instructions intended for Philby were mislaid, and he fell out with his incompetent controller who was subsequently recalled to Moscow in disgrace. Mitrokhin's notes on those parts of the Philby file still considered by the SVR unsuitable for public consumption reveal this farcical episode for the first time.[65]

The SVR has publicly denied even the existence of some of the files which it finds embarrassing. While writing a history of KGB-CIA rivalry in Berlin before the construction of the Wall, based partly on documents selected by the SVR, the Russian and American authors (one of them a former deputy head of the FCD) asked to see the file of the KGB agent Aleksandr Grigoryevich Kopatzky (alias Igor Orlov). The SVR replied that it had no record of any agent of that name. Its only record of

“Igor Orlov” was, it claimed, of a visit made by him to the Soviet embassy in Washington in 1965, when he complained of FBI harassment and enquired about asylum in the USSR.[66] Though still officially an unperson in the SVR version of Russian intelligence history, Kopatzky was in reality one of the KGB’s most highly rated agents. His supposedly non-existent KGB file, noted by Mitrokhin, reveals that he had no fewer than twenty-three controllers.[67]

As well as initiating an unprecedented series of collaborative histories for publication in the West, the SVR has produced a number of less sophisticated works for the Russian market. In 1995, to mark the seventy-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Soviet foreign intelligence service, of which it sees itself as the heir, the SVR published a volume on the careers of seventy-five intelligence officers—all, it appears, *sans peur et sans reproche*—which differs little from the uncritical hagiographies of the KGB era.[68] In 1995 the SVR also began the publication of a multi-volume official history of KGB foreign operations which by 1997 had reached the beginning of the Great Patriotic War.[69] Though a mine of mostly reliable factual information, it too presents a selective and sanitized view of Soviet intelligence history. It also preserves, in a mercifully diluted form, some of the traditional conspiracy theories of the KGB. The literary editor of the official history, Lolly Zamoysky, was formerly a senior FCD analyst, well known within the Centre and foreign residencies for his belief in a global Masonic-Zionist plot.[70] In 1989 he published a volume grandly entitled *Behind the Façade of the Masonic Temple,* which blamed the Freemasons for, *inter alia,* the outbreak of the Cold War.[71]

The underlying rationale for the SVR's selection of topics and documents for histories of past operations is to present Soviet foreign intelligence as a dedicated and highly professional service, performing much the same functions as its Western counterparts but, more often than not, winning the contest against them.[72] Even under Stalin, foreign intelligence is presented as the victim rather than the perpetrator of the Terror[73]—despite the fact that during the later 1930s hunting down "enemies of the people" abroad became its main priority.[74] Similarly, the SVR seeks to distance the foreign intelligence operations of the FCD during the Cold War from the abuse of human rights by the domestic KGB. In reality, however, the struggle against "ideological subversion" both at home and abroad was carefully coordinated. The KGB took a central role in the suppression of the Hungarian Uprising in 1956, the crushing of the Prague Spring in 1968, the invasion of Afghanistan in 1979, and the pressure on the Polish regime to destroy Solidarity in 1981. Closely linked to the persecution of dissidents within the Soviet Union were the FCD's PROGRESS operations against dissidents in the rest of the Soviet Bloc and its constant harassment of those who had taken refuge in the West.[75] By the mid-1970s the FCD's war against ideological subversion extended even to operations against Western Communist leaders who were judged to have deviated from Moscow's rigid Party line.[76]

On these and many other operations, Mitrokhin's archive contains much material from KGB files which the SVR is still anxious to keep from public view. Unlike the documents selected for declassification by the SVR, none of which are more recent than the early 1960s, his archive covers almost the whole of the Cold War. Most of it is still highly classified in Moscow. The originals of some of the most important documents noted or transcribed by Mitrokhin may no longer exist. In 1989 most of the huge multi-volume file on the dissident Andrei Sakharov, earlier branded "Public Enemy Number One" by Andropov, was destroyed. Soon afterwards, Kryuchkov announced that all files on other dissidents charged under the infamous Article 70 of the criminal code (anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda) were being shredded.[77] In a number of cases, Mitrokhin's notes on them may now be all that survives.

Vasili Mitrokhin has thus made it possible to extend what John Costello praised in 1993 as the "new precedent for openness and objectivity in the study of intelligence history" set by Kryuchkov and his SVR successors far beyond the limits any of them could have envisaged.

TWO

FROM LENIN'S CHEKA TO STALIN'S O GPU

For most of Mitrokhin's career in the KGB, the history of its domestic operations was something of an embarrassment even to its own historians. During the late 1930s the KGB (then known as the NKVD) had been the chief instrument of Stalin's Great Terror, the greatest peacetime persecution in European history. The KGB officers club in the Lubyanka, its Moscow headquarters, lacked even the usual boardroom photographs of past chairmen; most were more suited to a chamber of horrors than to a hall of fame. Three had been shot after being found guilty of horrific crimes (some real, others imaginary): Genrikh Yagoda in 1938, Nikolai Yezhov in 1940 and Lavrenti Beria in 1953. A fourth—Ivan Serov—blew his brains out in 1963. KGB historians in the post-Stalin era tended to take refuge from the blood-stained reality of their Stalinist past and homicidal former chairmen by returning to an earlier, mostly mythical, Leninist golden age of revolutionary purity.

The KGB traced its origins to the foundation on December 20, 1917, six weeks after the Bolshevik Revolution, of the Cheka, the first Soviet security and intelligence agency. Throughout Mitrokhin's career, KGB officers styled themselves Chekists (Chekisty) and were paid their salaries not on the first but on the twentieth of each month ("Chekists' Day") in honor of the Cheka's birthday. The KGB also adopted the Cheka symbols of the sword and the shield: the shield to defend the revolution, the sword to smite its foes. Outside the Lubyanka, the KGB's Moscow headquarters, stood a huge statue of the Polish-born head of the Cheka, Feliks Dzerzhinsky, venerated in countless official hagiographies as the selfless, incorruptible "Knight of the Revolution" who slew the dragon of counter-revolution which threatened the young Soviet state. He had been a professional revolutionary for over twenty years before the Revolution, spending eleven of those years in Tsarist prisons, penal servitude or exile. KGB training manuals quoted his description of the Chekist as a man with "a warm heart, a cool head and clean hands." Like Lenin, he was an incorruptible workaholic, prepared to sacrifice both himself and others in the defense of the Revolution.[1] In the headquarters of the KGB First Chief (Foreign Intelligence) Directorate at Yasenevo, the main object of veneration was a large bust of Dzerzhinsky on a marble pedestal constantly surrounded by fresh flowers.

The KGB's effusive public tributes to its saintly founding father concealed the degree to which Dzerzhinsky derived his intelligence tradecraft from the Cheka's much smaller Tsarist predecessor, the Okhrana. The Bolsheviks had extensive first-hand experience of the Okhrana's expertise in the use of penetration agents and *agents provocateurs.* In July 1913 Lenin had discussed the difficult problem of Okhrana penetration with two of his chief lieutenants, Lev Kamenev and Grigori Zinovyev, and the leader of the Bolshevik deputies in the Duma, Roman Malinovsky. All were agreed that there must be an unidentified Okhrana agent in close contact with the Bolshevik deputies. The agent was in even closer contact than Lenin realized. It was Roman Malinovsky. After Okhrana files later revealed his identity, he was shot in the Kremlin gardens on the first anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution.[2]

The Cheka's success in penetrating its opponents derived in large part from its imitation of the techniques employed by Malinovsky and other Tsarist agents. Dmitri Gavrilovich Yevseyev, the author of two of the Cheka's earliest operational manuals, *Basic Tenets of Intelligence* and *Brief Instructions for the Cheka on How to Conduct Intelligence,* based his writings on detailed study of Okhrana tradecraft. Though the Cheka was "an organ for building the dictatorship of the proletariat," Yevseyev insisted—like Dzerzhinsky—that it must not hesitate to learn from the experience of "bourgeois" intelligence agencies.[3]

The Cheka's early priorities were overwhelmingly domestic. Dzerzhinsky described it as "an organ for the revolutionary settlement of accounts with counterrevolutionaries," [4] a label increasingly applied to all the Bolsheviks' opponents and "class enemies." Within days of its foundation, however, the Cheka had also taken its first tentative steps in foreign intelligence collection. The career of the first agent sent on a mission abroad, Aleksei Frolovich Filippov, was sadly at variance with the heroic image which KGB historians struggled to maintain in their descriptions of the Leninist era. Born in 1870 and trained as a lawyer, Filippov had made a career before the Revolution as a newspaper publisher. At the end of 1917 he was recruited by Dzerzhinsky to go on intelligence assignments to Finland under cover as a journalist and businessman. Before departing on his first mission in January 1918, Filippov gave a written undertaking "on a voluntary basis, without receiving payment, to pass on all the information which I hear in industrial, banking and particularly in conservative [nationalist] circles."[5]

On January 4 Lenin publicly recognized the independence of Finland, formerly part of the Tsarist Empire, then immediately set about trying to subvert it. A putsch at the end of the month by Finnish Communists, supported by the Russian military and naval garrison in Helsinki, seized control of the capital and much of southern Finland. The Communists were quickly challenged by a defense corps of Finnish nationalists led by the former Tsarist officer General Karl Mannerheim.[6] Filippov's main Cheka assignment was to report on Mannerheim, his dealings with the Germans, and the mood of the sailors who had supported the putsch. Early in April 1918, however, German forces intervened in Finland, and by the end of the month both the Communist putsch and Filippov's brief career as the first Soviet foreign agent were at an end.[7]

DURING THE CIVIL war, which began in May 1918 and continued for two and a half years, the Bolshevik regime had to fight for its survival against powerful but divided White Russian armies. Behind all the forces arraigned against them, the Bolshevik leaders saw a vast conspiracy orchestrated by Western capitalism. "What we are facing," declared Lenin in July, "is a systematic, methodical and evidently long-planned military and financial counter-revolutionary campaign against the Soviet Republic, which all the representatives of Anglo-French imperialism have been preparing for months."[8] In reality, though the young Soviet regime had many enemies both at home and abroad, there was no carefully planned, well coordinated imperialist plot to bring it down. The illusion that such a plot existed, however, helped to shape the Cheka's early operations against its imperialist foes.

In the course of the civil war, the Cheka claimed to have uncovered and defeated a series of major conspiracies by Western governments and their intelligence agencies to overthrow the Bolshevik regime. The first such conspiracy in the summer of 1918 was the “envoys’ plot,” also known as the “Lockhart plot” (after its instigator, Robert Bruce Lockhart, a junior British diplomat). According to a KGB history published in 1979, “One could say without exaggeration that the shattering blow dealt by the Chekists to the conspirators was equivalent to victory in a major military battle.”[9] That is what the Cheka had claimed in 1918 and what most of Mitrokhin’s colleagues continued to believe over half a century later. In reality, however, the “envoys’ plot” was mounted not by a coalition of capitalist governments but by a group of politically naive Western diplomats and adventurous secret agents who were left largely to their own devices during the chaotic early months of the Bolshevik regime and became involved in farcically inept attempts to overthrow it. The best-known of the secret agents was Sidney Reilly of the British Secret Intelligence Service (then known as MI1c), whose exploits oscillated between high adventure and low farce, and whose increasing tendency to fantasy later led to his exclusion from SIS. Reilly announced his arrival in Moscow on May 7, 1918 in bizarre but characteristic fashion by marching up to the Kremlin gates, announcing that he was an emissary from the British prime minister, Lloyd George (who had probably never heard of him), and unsuccessfully demanding to see Lenin.

By far the most sophisticated part of the "envoys' plot" was devised not by the envoys themselves or their secret agents but by the Cheka, possibly at Lenin's suggestion, as a trap for Western conspirators. In August 1918 the Cheka officer Yan Buikis, posing as an anti-Bolshevik conspirator named Shmidkhen, succeeded in persuading Lockhart, Reilly and the French consul-general that Colonel Eduard Berzin, commander of a Latvian regiment in the Kremlin (in reality a Cheka *agent provocateur*), was ready to lead an anti-Bolshevik rising. To finance Berzin's proposed coup, Reilly gave him 1,200,000 roubles which Berzin promptly passed on to the Cheka.[10] Reilly's schemes for the coup varied. At one point he imagined himself leading a detachment of Latvian troops on to the stage of the Bolshoi Theatre during the Congress of Soviets, seizing Lenin, Trotsky and other Bolshevik leaders, and shooting them on the spot.[11] However, Reilly was also attracted by an alternative scheme not to execute Lenin and Trotsky, but instead to remove their trousers, parade them in their underpants through the streets of Moscow, and so "hold them up to ridicule before the world."[12]

Reilly's fantasies however were overtaken by events. On August 30 the head of the Petrograd Cheka, Moisei Solomonovich Uritsky, was assassinated by a former member of the moderate Workers' Popular Socialist

Party, Leonid Kannegiser.[13] In an unrelated attack on the same day, Lenin was shot and seriously wounded by the Socialist Revolutionary, Fanya (Dora) Kaplan. “I shot Lenin because I believe him to be a traitor [to Socialism],” Kaplan told her Cheka interrogators.[14] In the aftermath of both shootings, Dzerzhinsky decided to wind up the “envoys’ plot,” which the Cheka itself had been largely responsible for orchestrating. On September 2 it was announced that the Cheka had “liquidated... the conspiracy organized by Anglo-French diplomats... to organize the capture of the Council of People’s Commissars and the proclamation of military dictatorship in Moscow; this was to be done by bribing Soviet troops.” Predictably, the statement made no mention of the fact that the plan to bribe Soviet troops and stage a military coup had been devised by the Cheka itself and that the diplomats had been drawn into the conspiracy by *agents provocateurs* relying on Okhrana tradecraft. On September 5 Dzerzhinsky and Zinovyev, the Petrograd Party boss, issued a further statement declaring that the Anglo-French conspirators had been the “organizers” of the attempt on Lenin’s life and the “real murderers” of Uritsky. Dzerzhinsky did not, however, reveal Reilly’s plan to remove Lenin’s and Trotsky’s trousers. Though happy to publicize, or invent, Western involvement in assassination plots against Lenin, the Cheka dared not disclose a plot to hold him up to ridicule.[15]

The attempt on Lenin's life, the killing of Uritsky and the announcement of the "liquidation" of "the envoys' plot" were quickly followed by the declaration of the Red Terror. With the Bolsheviks engaged in a bitter civil war against their White enemies, the Cheka set out to terrorize the regime's opponents. Lenin himself, only three weeks before the attempt on his own life, had written to the Bolsheviks in Penza, and probably elsewhere, urging them to organize public executions to make the people "tremble" "for hundreds of kilometers around." While still recovering from his wounds, he instructed, "It is necessary secretly—and *urgently*—to prepare the terror." [16] On October 15 Uritsky's successor in Petrograd, Gleb Ivanovich Boky, proudly reported to Moscow that 800 alleged counterrevolutionaries had been shot and another 6,229 imprisoned. Among those arrested, and probably executed, in Petrograd was the Cheka's first foreign agent, Alexei Filippov. His liquidation was due, in all probability, not to the failure of his Finnish missions but to his "bourgeois" origins, which marked him down as an enemy of the people in the paranoid atmosphere of the Red Terror.[17] Twenty years later Boky was himself to fall victim to the even greater paranoia of Stalin's Terror.[18]

Berzin and Buikis, the Cheka *agents provocateurs* who had helped orchestrate the "envoys' plot," subsequently became victims of their own deception. Berzin's career initially prospered. He was awarded the Order of the Red

Banner for his role as *agent provocateur,* joined the Cheka and later became head of a forced labor camp in the Kolyma goldfields which had one of the highest death rates in Stalin’s gulag. In 1937, however, he was arrested and shot as an enemy of the people.[19] The exact charges leveled against Berzin are not known, but it is likely that they included accusations that he had actually collaborated with Western plotters in 1918. In the somewhat paranoid Stalinist interpretation of the “envoys’ plot,” his collaborator Buikis (alias “Shmidkhen”) was portrayed as a covert counter-revolutionary rather than a Cheka officer carrying out his orders. That remained the accepted interpretation even in classified KGB histories during Mitrokhin’s early career. Buikis survived the Terror only by concealing his identity. Not until the mid-1960s did research in the KGB archives reestablish “Shmidkhen’s” true identity and his real role in 1918.[20]

Throughout Mitrokhin’s career, KGB historians continued to interpret all plots and attacks against the young Soviet regime as “manifestations of a unified conspiracy” by its class enemies at home and the “imperialist powers” abroad.[21] The reality was very different. Had there been “a unified conspiracy,” the regime would surely have lost the civil war. If two or three divisions of Western troops had landed in the Gulf of Finland in 1919, they could probably have forced their way to Moscow and overthrown the Bolsheviks. But in the aftermath of the First World War not even two or three divisions could be found. Those American, British, French and Japanese troops who intervened against the Red Army served mainly to discredit the White cause and thus actually to assist the Bolsheviks. They were too few to affect the military outcome of the civil war but quite sufficient to allow the Bolsheviks to brand their opponents as the tools of Western imperialism. Most Bolsheviks were, in any case, sincerely convinced that during the civil war they had faced a determined onslaught from the full might of Western capitalism. That illusion continued to color Soviet attitudes to the West throughout, and even beyond, the Stalin era.

THE CHEKA'S INTELLIGENCE operations both at home and abroad were profoundly influenced not merely by the legacy of the Okhrana but also by the Bolsheviks' own pre-Revolutionary experience as a largely illegal clandestine underground. Many of the Bolshevik leadership had become so used to living under false identities before 1917 that they retained their aliases even after the Revolution: among them the Russian nobleman Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov,[22] who kept the pseudonym Lenin, and the Georgian Joseph Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili, who continued to be known as Stalin. Both Lenin and Stalin retained many of the habits of mind developed during their underground existence. On highly sensitive matters Lenin would insist no copy be made of his instructions and that the original either be returned to him for destruction or destroyed by the recipient. Happily for the historian, his instructions were not always carried out.[23]

Stalin continued to doctor his own pre-Revolutionary record during the 1920s, changing even the day and year of his birth; the correct date (December 6, 1878) was not made public until 1996.[24] During a visit to the secret section of the Moscow Main Archives Directorate (Glavarkhiv), Mitrokhin was once shown an Okhrana file on Dzhugashvili. The file cover and title followed standard Okhrana format, but, on looking inside, Mitrokhin discovered that the contents had been entirely removed. The probability is that the Okhrana had compromising materials on the young Dzhugashvili, and that at the first opportunity Stalin arranged for the file to be gutted. In typical Soviet bureaucratic fashion, however, the cover was preserved since the existence of the file was indelibly recorded in the secret registers. Mitrokhin suspects that whoever emptied the file, presumably on Stalin's instructions, was later eliminated to preserve the dark secret of its missing contents.[25] What Stalin was most anxious to destroy may well have been evidence that he had been an Okhrana informer. Though it falls well short of conclusive proof, a possible trace of that evidence still survives. According to reports from an Okhrana agent discovered in the State Archive of the Russian Federation, Baku Bolsheviks before the First World War “confronted Dzhugashvili-Stalin with the accusation that he was a provocateur and an agent of the Security Police. And that he had embezzled Party funds.”[26]

From almost the beginning of the civil war in 1918, in keeping with the Bolshevik tradition of operating under false identities, the Cheka began sending officers and agents under various disguises and pseudonyms behind enemy lines to gather intelligence. By June 1919 the number of these “illegals” was sufficiently large to require the foundation of an illegals operations department (later to become Directorate S of the KGB First Chief Directorate).[27] KGB classified histories note that henceforth “illegal” operations became “an inseparable part of foreign intelligence.” On December 20, 1920, the third anniversary of the Cheka’s foundation, a new foreign department (Innostranyi Otdel or INO) was set up to direct all operations beyond Soviet borders. During the early years of Soviet Russia, when the Communist regime remained an international pariah, it had few official missions abroad capable of providing official cover for “legal” intelligence stations (“residencies” in Cheka jargon) and thus relied chiefly on illegals. As diplomatic and trade missions were established in foreign capitals, each was given a “legal residency” headed by a “resident” whose identity was officially communicated only to the ambassador or head of the mission. Illegals, sometimes grouped in “illegal residencies," operated without the benefit of diplomatic or official cover and reported directly to INO in Moscow.[28]

During the civil war of 1918-20, foreign intelligence collection was of minor importance by comparison with the Cheka's role in assisting the victory of the Red Army over its White enemies. Like the KGB later, the Cheka liked to quantify its successes. In the autumn of 1919, probably the turning point in the civil war, it proudly claimed that during the first nineteen months of its existence it had discovered and neutralized "412 underground anti-Soviet organizations."[29] The Cheka's most effective method of dealing with opposition was terror. Though its liking of quantification did not extend to calculating the number of its victims, it is clear that the Cheka enormously outstripped the Okhrana in both the scale and the ferocity of its onslaught on political opposition. In 1901, 4,113 Russians were in internal exile for political crimes, of whom only 180 were on hard labor. Executions for political crimes were limited to those involved in actual or attempted assassinations. During the civil war, by contrast, Cheka executions probably numbered as many as 250,000, and may well have exceeded the number of deaths in battle.[30]

At the time of the October Revolution, it had never occurred to Lenin that he and the Bolshevik leadership would be responsible for the rebirth of the Okhrana in a new and far more terrible form. In *The State and*

Revolution, which he had almost completed in the summer of 1917, he had claimed that there would be no need for a police force, let alone a political police, after the Revolution. Though it would be necessary to arrange for “the suppression of the minority of exploiters by the majority of wage slaves of yesterday,” such suppression would be “comparatively easy.” The “proletarian dictatorship” which would preside over the rapid destruction of the bourgeois order would require a minimum of rules, regulation and bureaucracy. Lenin had never foreseen the possibility of mass opposition to a revolution carried out in the name of the people.[31] But, once in power, he used whatever methods were necessary to retain it, claiming always that the Bolsheviks were defending “the people’s power” and refusing to accept the reality that he had made himself the infallible leader (*Vozhd*) of the world’s first one-party state.

APPROPRIATELY, THE MEMORIAL erected next to the Lubyanka in the closing years of the Soviet era to commemorate “the victims of totalitarian repression” consists of a large block of granite taken not from Stalin’s gulag but from a concentration camp established by Lenin on the shores of the White Sea in the autumn of 1918. Many Chekists regarded brutality against their class enemies as a revolutionary virtue. According to a report from the Cheka in Morshansk:

> He who fights for a better future will be merciless towards his enemies. He who seeks to protect poor people will harden his heart against pity and will become cruel.[32]

Even at a time when the Soviet regime was fighting for its survival during the civil war, many of its own supporters were sickened by the scale of the Cheka's brutality. A number of Cheka interrogators, some only in their teens,[33] employed tortures of scarcely believable barbarity. In Kharkhov the skin was peeled off victims' hands to produce "gloves" of human skin; in Voronezh naked prisoners were rolled around in barrels studded with nails; in Poltava priests were impaled; in Odessa, captured White officers were tied to planks and fed slowly into furnaces; in Kiev cages of rats were fixed to prisoners' bodies and heated until the rats gnawed their way into the victims' intestines.[34]

Though Lenin did not approve of such sadism, he was content to leave "excesses" to be corrected by Dzerzhinsky. Brushing aside complaints of Cheka brutality, he paid fulsome tribute to its role in helping to win the civil war. The Cheka, he claimed, had proved a "devastating weapon against countless conspiracies and countless attempts against Soviet power by people who are infinitely stronger than us":

> Gentlemen capitalists of Russia and abroad! We

> know that it is not possible for you to love this establishment. Indeed, it is not! [The Cheka] has been able to counter your intrigues and your machinations as no one else could have done when you were smothering us, when you had surrounded us with invaders, and when you were organizing internal conspiracies and would stop at no crime in order to wreck our peaceful work.[35]

Some of the most secret documents in Dzerzhinsky's archive carry a note that only ten copies were to be made: one for Lenin, the rest for Cheka department chiefs.[36] Lenin's absorption in the affairs of the Cheka extended even to operational detail. He sent Dzerzhinsky advice on how to carry out searches and conduct surveillance, and instructed him that arrests were best carried out at night.[37] Lenin also took a somewhat naive interest in the application of new technology to the hunt for counterrevolutionaries, telling Dzerzhinsky to construct a large electromagnet capable of detecting hidden weapons in house-to-house searches. Though the experiment was tried and failed, Dzerzhinsky had some difficulty in persuading Lenin that, "Magnets are not much use in searches."[38]

Far more important than Lenin's sometimes eccentric interest in intelligence techniques and technology was his belief in the central importance of the Cheka to the defense of the Bolshevik one-party state against imperialism and counter-revolution. The extent of Lenin's and Dzerzhinsky's fear of imperialist subversion is well illustrated by their deep suspicion of the aid which they felt forced to accept in August 1921 from the American Relief Association (ARA) to feed millions of starving Soviet citizens. Lenin was convinced that the ARA was a front for United States intelligence, and ordered the closest surveillance of all its members. Once the ARA began work, he was equally convinced that it was using food as an instrument of subversion. He complained to Dzerzhinsky's deputy, Iosif Stanislavovich Unshlikht, that foreign agents were "engaged in massive bribery *of hungry and tattered Chekists* [Lenin's emphasis]. The danger here is extremely great." Lenin insisted that urgent steps be taken to "*feed and clothe* the Chekists" in order to remove them from imperialist temptation.[39]

Though the United States still had no peacetime espionage agency, the Cheka reported that over 200 of the 300 ARA staff, who were devoting all their energies to dealing with one of the most terrible famines in modern European history, were in reality undercover intelligence officers who "could become first-class instructors for a counter-revolutionary uprising." The Cheka also alleged that the ARA was building up a large food supply in Vienna so that "in the event of a coup [it] could provide immediate support to the White government."[40] Lenin was far more exercised by the ARA's non-existent intelligence operations than by the approximately five million Russians and Ukrainians who starved to death. Without the massive aid program of the ARA, which in 1922 was feeding up to eleven million people a day, the famine would have been far worse. Even after the ARA had departed, however, Soviet intelligence remained convinced that it had been, first and foremost, an espionage rather than a humanitarian agency. A quarter of a century later, all surviving Russian employees of ARA were made to sign confessions that they had been American spies.[41]

The priorities of Soviet intelligence under Lenin, and still more under Stalin, continued to be shaped by greatly exaggerated beliefs in an unrelenting conspiracy by Western governments and their intelligence agencies. To understand Soviet intelligence operations between the wars, it is frequently necessary to enter a world of smoke and mirrors where the target is as much the product of Bolshevik delusions as of real counter-revolutionary conspiracy. The Soviet propensity to conspiracy theory derived both from the nature of the one-party state and from its Marxist-Leninist ideology. All authoritarian regimes, since they regard opposition as fundamentally illegitimate, tend to see their opponents as engaged in subversive conspiracy. Bolshevik ideology further dictated that capitalist regimes could not fail to be plotting the overthrow of the world's first and only worker-peasant state. If they were not visibly preparing an armed invasion, then their intelligence agencies must necessarily be secretly conspiring to subvert Soviet Russia from within.

INO'S FIRST TWO heads served between them for a total of barely eighteen months. The first foreign intelligence chief to make his mark was Mikhail Abramovich Trilisser, appointed as head of INO in 1922—undoubtedly with Lenin's personal approval. Trilisser was a Russian Jew who had become a professional revolutionary in 1901 at the age of only eighteen. Like Dzerzhinsky, he had spent much of his early career in exile or in Tsarist prisons. Before the First World War, he had specialized in tracking down police spies among Bolshevik émigrés. While serving with the Cheka in 1918, he was reputed to have been caught by "bandits" and hung from a tree, but to have been cut down just in time by Red forces who successfully revived him. Unlike any of his successors, Trilisser sometimes traveled abroad to meet INO agents.[42] At least until Lenin was incapacitated by his third stroke in March 1923, he continued to take an active, though sometimes ill-informed, interest, in INO reports. He noted, for example, that somewhat inaccurate information received in 1922 from one of the Cheka's few early British sources, the journalist Arthur Ransome (later famous as a children's novelist), was "very important and, probably, fundamentally true."[43]

The early priorities of INO foreign operations, approved by Lenin, were:

> the identification, on the territory of each state, of counter-revolutionary groups operating against the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic;
> the thorough study of all organizations engaged in espionage against our country;
> the elucidation of the political course of each state and its economic situation;
> the acquisition of documentary material on all the above requirements.[44]

The "counter-revolutionary groups" which were of most immediate concern to Lenin and the Cheka after the civil war were the remnants of the defeated White armies and the Ukrainian nationalists. After the last White forces left Russian soil late in 1920, they stood no realistic chance of mounting another serious challenge to Bolshevik rule. That, however, was not Lenin's view. "A beaten army," he declared, "learns much." He estimated that there were one and a half to two million anti-Bolshevik Russian émigrés:

> We can observe them all working together irrespective of their former political parties... They are skillfully taking advantage of every opportunity in order, in one way or another, to attack Soviet

> Russia and smash her to pieces ... These counter-revolutionary émigrés are very well informed, excellently organized and good strategists.[45]

In the early and mid-1920s INO's chief target thus became the émigré White Guards, based mainly in Berlin, Paris and Warsaw, who continued to plot—far less effectively than Lenin supposed—the overthrow of the Bolshevik regime.

The other "counter-revolutionary" threat which most concerned Lenin and the Bolshevik leadership came from Ukrainian nationalists, who had fought both Red and White forces in an attempt to win their independence. In the winter of 1920 and the spring of 1921 the entire Ukrainian countryside was in revolt against Bolshevik rule. Even after the brutal "pacification" of Ukraine by the Red Army and the Cheka, partisan groups who had taken refuge in Poland and Romania continued to make cross-border raids.[46] In the spring of 1922 the Ukrainian GPU received intelligence reports that Simon Petlyura's Ukrainian government-in-exile had established a "partisan headquarters" under General Yurko Tutyunnik which was sending secret emissaries to the Ukraine to establish a nationalist underground.[47]

The GPU was ordered not merely to collect intelligence on the émigré White Guards and Ukrainian nationalists but also to penetrate and destabilize them.[48] Its strategy was the same against both opponents—to establish bogus anti-Bolshevik undergrounds under GPU control which could be used to lure General Tutyunnik and the leading White generals back across the frontier.

The first step in enticing Tutyunnik back to Ukraine (an operation codenamed CASE 39) was the capture of Zayarny, one of his "special duties" officers, who was caught crossing the frontier in 1922. Zayarny was successfully turned back by the GPU and sent to Tutyunnik's headquarters with bogus reports that an underground Supreme Military Council (Vysshaya Voyskovaya Rada or VVR) had been established in Ukraine and was anxious to set up an operational headquarters under Tutyunnik's leadership to wage war against the Bolsheviks. Tutyunnik was too cautious to return immediately but sent several emissaries who attended stage-managed meetings of the VVR, at which GPU officers disguised as Ukrainian nationalists reported the rapid growth of underground opposition to Bolshevik rule and agreed on the urgent need for Tutyunnik's leadership. Like Zayarny, one of the emissaries, Pyotr Stakhov, a close associate of Tutyunnik, was recruited by the GPU and used as a double agent.

Attempts to persuade Tutyunnik himself to return to Ukraine finally succeeded on June 26, 1923.[49] Tutyunnik, with his bodyguard and aides, arrived at a remote hamlet on the Romanian bank of the river Dniester, where Zayarny met him with the news that the VVR and Pyotr

Stakhov were waiting on the other side. At 11 p.m. a light from the Ukrainian bank signaled that it was safe for Tutyunnik and his entourage to cross the river. Still cautious, Tutyunnik sent his bodyguard to make sure that no trap had been laid for him. Stakhov returned with the bodyguard to reassure him. According to an OGPU report, Tutyunnik told him, “Pyotr, I know you and you know me. We won’t fool each other. The VVR is a fiction, isn’t it?” “That is impossible,” Stakhov replied. “I know them all, particularly those who are with me [today]. You know you can rely on me...” Tutyunnik got into the boat with Stakhov and crossed the Dniester. Once he was in the hands of the OGPU, letters written by Tutyunnik or in his name were sent to prominent Ukrainian nationalists abroad saying that their struggle was hopeless and that he had aligned himself irrevocably with the Soviet cause. He was executed six years later.[50]

OPERATIONS AGAINST THE White Guards resembled those against Ukrainian nationalists. In 1922 the Berlin residency recruited the former Tsarist General Zelenin as a penetration agent within the émigré community. A later OGPU report claimed, possibly with some exaggeration, that Zelenin had engineered “a huge schism within the ranks of the Whites” and had caused a large number of officers to break away from Baron Peter Wrangel, the last of the White generals to be defeated in the civil war. Other OGPU moles praised for their work in disrupting the White Guards included General Zaitsev, former chief of staff to the Cossack Ataman A. I. Dutov, and the ex-Tsarist General Yakhontov, who emigrated to the United States.[51]

The OGPU's greatest successes against the White Guards, however, were two elaborate deception operations, codenamed SINDIKAT ("Syndicate") and TREST ("Trust"), both of which made imaginative use of *agents provocateurs*.[52] SINDIKAT was targeted against the man believed to be the most dangerous of all the White Guards: Boris Savinkov, a former Socialist Revolutionary terrorist who had served as deputy minister of war in the provisional government overthrown in the Bolshevik Revolution. Winston Churchill, among others, was captivated by his anti-Bolshevik fervor. "When all is said and done," Churchill wrote later, "and with all the stains and tarnishes there be, few men tried more, gave more, dared more and suffered more for the Russian people." During the Russo-Polish War of 1920, Savinkov was largely responsible for recruiting the Russian People's Army which fought under Polish command against the Red Army. Early in 1921 he founded a new organization in Warsaw dedicated to the overthrow of the Bolshevik regime: the People's Union for Defence of Country and Freedom (NSZRiS), which ran an agent network inside Soviet Russia to collect intelligence on the Bolsheviks and plan uprisings against the regime.

The first stage of the operation against Savinkov, SINDIKAT-1, successfully neutralized the NSZRiS agent network with the help of a Cheka mole within his organization. Forty-four leading members of the NSZRiS were paraded at a show trial in Moscow in August 1921.[53] SINDIKAT-2 was aimed at luring Savinkov back to Russia to star in a further show trial and complete the demoralization of his émigré supporters. Classified KGB histories give the main credit for the operation to the head of the OGPU counter-intelligence department, Artur Khristyanovich Artuzov (later head of INO), the Russian son of an immigrant Swiss-Italian cheesemaker, assisted by Andrei Pavlovich Fyodorov and Grigori Sergeyevich Syroyezhkin.[54] Though SINDIKAT-2 made skillful use of *agents provocateurs,* however, KGB records fail to acknowledge how much they were assisted by Savinkov's own increasing tendency to fantasize. During a visit to London late in 1921 he claimed improbably that the head of the Russian trade delegation had suggested that he join the Soviet government. Savinkov also alleged that Lloyd George and his family had welcomed him at Chequers by singing "God Save the Tsar"; in reality, the song was a hymn sung in Welsh by a Welsh choir at a pre-Christmas celebration. In July 1923 Fedorov, posing as a member of an anti-Bolshevik underground, visited Savinkov in Paris, where he had installed his headquarters after the collapse of the NSZRiS, and persuaded him to send his aide, Colonel Sergei Pavlovsky, back to Russia with Fedorov for secret talks with the non-existent underground. Once in Moscow, Pavlovsky was turned in by the OGPU and used to lure Savinkov himself to Russia for further talks. On August 15 Savinkov crossed the Russian border with some of his supporters and walked straight into an OGPU trap. Under OGPU interrogation Savinkov's resistance swiftly collapsed. At a show trial on August 27 Savinkov made an abject confession of his counter-revolutionary sins:

> I unconditionally recognize Soviet power and no other. To every Russian who loves his country I, who have traversed the entire road of this bloody, heavy struggle against you, I who refuted you as no one else did, I tell you that if you are a Russian, if you love your people, you will bow down to worker-peasant power and recognize it without any reservations.[55]

The deception of Savinkov continued even after he was sentenced to fifteen years in jail. He failed to realize that his cellmate, V. I. Speransky, was an OGPU officer, later promoted for his success in gaining Savinkov's confidence and surreptitiously debriefing him over a period of eight months.[56] Savinkov did not long survive Speransky's final report on him. KGB files appear to contain no contemporary record of how he met his death. According to the SVR's implausible current version of events, Savinkov fell or jumped from an upper-story window after a congenial “drinking bout with a group of Chekists”—despite a heroic attempt to save him by Grigori Syroyezhkin.[57] It seems more likely that Syroyezhkin pushed him to his death.[58]

Even more successful than SINDIKAT was operation TREST, the cover name given to a fictitious monarchist underground, the Monarchist Association of Central Russia (MOR), first invented by Artuzov in 1921 and used as the basis of a six-year deception.[59] By 1923 the OGPU officer Aleksandr Yakushev, posing as a secret MOR member able to travel abroad in his official capacity as a Soviet foreign trade representative, had won the confidence during visits to Paris of both Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolayevich, cousin of the late Tsar Nicholas II, and General Aleksandr Kutepov of the [White] Russian Combined Services Union (ROVS). The leading victim of the deception, however, was the former SIS agent Sidney Reilly, an even greater fantasist than Savinkov. Reilly had become a tragicomic figure whose hold on reality was increasingly uncertain. According to one of his secretaries, Eleanor Toye, “Reilly used to suffer from severe mental crises amounting to delusion. Once he thought he was Jesus Christ.” The OGPU, however, failed to grasp that Reilly was now of little significance, regarding him instead as a British masterspy and one of its most dangerous opponents. On September 26, 1925 it succeeded in luring him, like Savinkov a year before, across the Russian frontier to a meeting with bogus MOR conspirators.[60]

Reilly's resistance after his arrest did not last much longer than Savinkov's. His KGB file contains a letter, probably authentic, to Dzerzhinsky dated October 30, 1925, in which he promised to reveal all he knew about British and American intelligence as well as Russian émigrés in the West. Six days later Reilly was taken for a walk in the woods near Moscow and, without warning, shot from behind. According to an OGPU report, he "let out a deep breath and fell without a cry." Among those who accompanied him on his final walk in the woods was Grigori Syroyezhkin, the probable assassin of Savinkov a year earlier. Reilly's corpse was put on private display in the Lubyanka sickbay to allow OGPU officers to celebrate their triumph.[61] Appropriately for a career in which myth and reality had become inextricably confused, rumors circulated for many years in the West that Reilly had escaped execution and adopted a new identity. The TREST deception was finally exposed in 1927, to the embarrassment of the intelligence services of Britain, France, Poland, Finland and the Baltic states who had all, in varying degrees, been taken in by it.[62]

AS WELL AS engaging in permanent conflict with counter-revolution, both real and imagined, Soviet intelligence between the wars also became increasingly successful in penetrating the main imperialist powers. It had two major operational advantages over Western intelligence agencies. First, while security in Moscow became obsessional, much Western security remained feeble. Secondly, the Communist parties and their "fellow travelers" in the West gave Soviet intelligence a major source of ideological recruits of which it took increasing advantage.

While operation TREST was at its height, INO, the OGPU's foreign intelligence service, succeeded in making its first major penetration of the British foreign service. The penetration agent was an Italian messenger in the British embassy in Rome, Francesco Constantini (codenamed DUNCAN), who was recruited in 1924 by the OGPU residency with the help of an Italian Communist, Alfredo Allegretti, who had worked as a Russian embassy clerk before the Revolution. Despite his lowly status, Constantini had access to a remarkable range of diplomatic secrets.[63] Until the Second World War, the Foreign Office did not possess a single security officer, let alone a security department. Security in many British embassies was remarkably lax. In Rome, according to Sir Andrew Noble, who was stationed at the embassy in the mid-1930s, it was "virtually non-existent." Embassy servants had access to the keys to red boxes and filing cabinets containing classified documents, as well as—probably—the number of the combination lock on the embassy safe. Even when two copies of a diplomatic cipher were missing in 1925, it did not occur to British diplomats that they might have been removed by Constantini—as they almost certainly were.[64]

For more than a decade Francesco Constantini handed over a great variety of diplomatic documents and cipher material. Probably from an early stage he also involved his brother, Secondo, who worked as an embassy servant, in the theft of documents. In addition to despatches on Anglo-Italian relations exchanged between London and the Rome embassy, Constantini was often able to supply the "confidential print" of selected documents from the Foreign Office and major British missions designed to give ambassadors an overview of current foreign policy.[65] By January 1925 he was providing, on average, 150 pages of classified material a week. Constantini made no secret of his motives. The Rome residency reported to the Centre, "He collaborates with us exclusively for money, and does not conceal the fact. He has set himself the goal of becoming a rich man, and that is what he strives for." In 1925 the Centre pronounced Constantini its most valuable agent. Convinced of a vast, nonexistent British plot to destroy the Soviet state, it counted on agent DUNCAN to provide early warning of a British attack, and instructed the Rome residency:

> England is now the organizing force behind a probable attack on the USSR in the near future. A continuous hostile cordon [of states] is being formed

> against us in the West. In the East, in Persia, Afghanistan and China we observe a similar picture ... Your task (and consider it a priority) is to provide documentary and agent materials which reveal the details of the English plan.

The Rome residency's pride in running the OGPU's leading agent is reflected in its flattering descriptions of him. Constantini was said to have the face of "an ancient Roman," and to be known to his many female admirers as "the handsome one."[66] By 1928 the OGPU suspected him—accurately—of also supplying documents to Italian intelligence. Despite suspicions about Constantini's honesty, however, there was no mistaking the importance of the material he supplied. Maksim Litvinov, who by the late 1920s was the dominating figure in the People's Commissariat for Foreign Affairs, pronounced it "of great use to me."[67]

THE OGPU'S FIRST successful penetration of the British foreign service was overshadowed in 1927 by an embarrassing series of well-publicized intelligence failures. The security of the rapidly expanding foreign network of OGPU and Fourth Department (Military Intelligence) residencies was threatened by the vulnerability of early Soviet cipher systems to Western cryptanalysts, by the inexperience of some of the first generation of INO officers, and by errors in the selection and training of foreign Communists as agents. The International Liaison Department (OMS) of the Communist International provided a ready pool of enthusiastic volunteers for Soviet intelligence operations. Some, such as the German Richard Sorge, were to be numbered among the greatest spies of the century. Others ignored orthodox tradecraft and neglected standard security procedures.

In the spring of 1927 there were dramatic revelations of Soviet espionage in eight different countries. In March a major OGPU spy ring was uncovered in Poland; a Soviet trade official was arrested for espionage in Turkey; and the Swiss police announced the arrest of two Russian spies. In April a police raid on the Soviet consulate in Beijing uncovered a mass of incriminating intelligence documents; and the French Sûreté, arrested members of a Soviet spy ring in Paris run by Jean Crémet, a leading French Communist. In May Austrian foreign ministry officials were found passing classified information to the OGPU residency, and the British Home Secretary indignantly announced to the House of Commons the discovery of "one of the most complete and one of the most nefarious spy systems that it has ever been my lot to meet."[68]

Following this last discovery, Britain—still regarded in the Soviet Union as the leading world power and its most dangerous enemy—formally broke off diplomatic relations, and senior ministers read out to the Commons decrypted extracts from intercepted Soviet telegrams. To tighten the security of Soviet diplomatic and OGPU communications after the dramatic revelation of British codebreaking successes, the laborious but virtually unbreakable “one-time pad” cipher system was introduced. As a result, Western cryptanalysts were able to decrypt almost no further high-grade Soviet communications until after the Second World War.[69]

THE MOST WORRYSOME as well as the most plentiful foreign intelligence in 1927 concerned Japan. Since 1925 INO had been able to intercept the secret communications of both Japan’s military mission and its consulate-general in the northeast Chinese city of Harbin. Remarkably, instead of using diplomatic bags and their own couriers, Japanese official representatives in Harbin corresponded with Tokyo via the Chinese postal service. The OGPU recruited the Chinese employees who were used to take Japanese official despatches to the Harbin post office, and sent expert teams of letter-openers to examine and photograph the despatches, before sending them on their way in new envelopes with copies of Japanese seals. Professor Matsokin, a Japanese specialist from Moscow,[70] was employed by INO in Harbin to peruse the despatches and send translations of the most important promptly to the Centre. There was ample evidence in the intercepts forwarded to Moscow of designs by the Japanese military on China and the Soviet Far East. But the most troubling document, intercepted in July 1927, was a secret memorandum written by Baron Gi-ishi Tanaka, the Japanese prime minister and foreign minister, which advocated the conquest of Manchuria and Mongolia as a prelude to Japanese domination over the whole of China, and predicted that Japan "would once again have to cross swords with Russia."[71]

A second copy of the memorandum was obtained in Japanese-occupied Korea by the residency at Seoul, headed by Ivan Andreevich Chichayev (later wartime resident in London). A Japanese interpreter, codenamed ANO, recruited by the INO residency, succeeded in extracting the document, along with other secret material, from the safe of the Japanese police chief in Seoul.[72] A copy of the Tanaka memorandum was later leaked by INO to the American press to give the impression that it had been obtained by an agent working for the United States.[73] As recently as 1997 an SVR official history continued to celebrate the simultaneous acquisition of the memorandum in Harbin and Seoul as "an absolutely unique occurrence in intelligence operations."[74] Though somewhat exaggerated, this judgment accurately reflects the enormous importance attached at the time to the discovery of Tanaka's prediction of war with Russia.

The acute anxiety in Moscow caused by the breach of diplomatic relations with Britain and the apparent threat from Japan was clearly reflected in an alarmist article by

Stalin, published a few days after he received the Tanaka memorandum:

> IT IS HARDLY open to doubt that the chief contemporary question is that of the threat of a new imperialist war. It is not a question of some indefinite and immaterial “danger” of a new war. It is a matter of a real and material threat of a new war in general, and war against the USSR in particular.[75]

The fact that Constantini had failed to provide anything remotely resembling a British version of the Tanaka memorandum did not lead either Stalin or the conspiracy theorists of the Centre to conclude that Britain had no plans to attack the Soviet Union. They believed instead that greater efforts were required to penetrate the secret councils of the Western warmongers. Stalin, who had emerged as the clear victor in the three-year power struggle which followed Lenin’s death, demanded more intelligence on the (mostly imaginary) Western plots against the Soviet Union which he was sure existed.

In an effort to make Soviet espionage less detectable and more deniable, the main responsibility for intelligence collection was shifted from “legal” to “illegal” residencies, which operated independently of Soviet diplomatic and trade missions. In later years the establishment of a new illegal residency became an immensely timeconsuming operation which involved years of detailed training and the painstaking construction of “legends” to give the illegals false identities. The largely improvised attempt to expand the illegal network rapidly in the late 1920s and early 1930s, without the detailed preparation which later became mandatory, brought into OGPU foreign operations both unconventional talent and a number of confidence tricksters. Among the secret scandals discovered by Mitrokhin in KGB files was that of the illegal residency established in Berlin in 1927 with the Austrian Bertold Karl Ilk as resident and Moritz Weinstein as his deputy. A later investigation concluded that the Centre should have noted the “suspicious speed” with which the Ilk-Weinstein residency claimed to be expanding its agent network. Within two months it was reporting operations in Britain, France and Poland as well as in Germany. Ilk refused to provide more than sketchy information on his agents’ identity on security grounds. His failure to supply detailed biographies was reluctantly accepted by the Centre, which was still reeling from the widespread unmasking of OGPU networks in the spring of 1927. It gradually became clear, however, that the core of the Ilk-Weinstein illegal network consisted of their own relatives and that some elements of it were pure invention. Its agent operations in Britain and France were discovered to be “plain bluff,” though an effective way of obtaining funds from the Centre for Ilk and Weinstein. The network in Germany and Poland, while not wholly fictitious, was under surveillance by the local police and security services. The Centre closed down the entire residency in 1933, though without attracting the publicity occasioned by the intelligence failures of 1927.[76]

THE MAIN INFLUENCE on the evolution of the OGPU and its successors during the Stalinist era was the change in the nature of the Soviet state. Much of what was later called “Stalinism” was in reality the creation of Lenin: the cult of the infallible leader, the one-party state and a huge security service with a ubiquitous system of surveillance and a network of concentration camps to terrorize the regime’s opponents. But while Lenin’s one-party state left room for comradely debate within the ruling party, Stalin used the OGPU to stifle that debate, enforce his own narrow orthodoxy and pursue vendettas against opponents both real and imagined. The most vicious and long-lasting of those vendettas was against Leon Trotsky, Lenin’s former Commissar for War.

In its early stages at least, the OGPU’s campaign against Trotsky and his supporters was characterized by a bizarre combination of brutality and farce. When Trotsky refused to recant and admit his “crimes against the Party,” he was sent into internal exile at Alma-Ata, a town in a remote corner of Kazakhstan on the Chinese border. The OGPU detachment which came to his Moscow flat on the morning of January 17, 1928 to take him into exile found Trotsky still in his pajamas. When he refused to come out, the OGPU broke down the door. Trotsky was surprised to recognize the officer leading the detachment as one of his former bodyguards from the civil war. Overcome with emotion at the sight of the ex-Commissar for War, the officer broke down and sobbed, “Shoot me, Comrade Trotsky, shoot me.” Trotsky calmed him down, told him it was his duty to obey orders however reprehensible, and adopted a posture of passive resistance while the OGPU removed his pajamas, put on his clothes and carried him to a car waiting to transport him to the Trans-Siberian Express.[77]

Save for a few hunting trips, Trotsky spent most of his time in Alma-Ata at his desk. Between April and October 1928 he sent his supporters about 550 telegrams and 800 “political letters,” some of them lengthy polemical tracts. During the same period he received 700 telegrams and 1,000 letters from various parts of the Soviet Union, but believed that at least as many more had been confiscated en route.[78] Every item in Trotsky’s intercepted correspondence was carefully noted by the OGPU, and monthly digests of them were sent both to Vyacheslav Rudolfovich Menzhinsky (Dzerzhinsky’s successor) and to Stalin.[79] Stalin, who never failed to overreact to opposition, cannot but have been unfavorably impressed by letters which regularly described him and his supporters as “degenerates.”

OGPU reports on Trotsky and his followers were written in a tone of selfrighteous outrage. No counter-revolutionary group since the October Revolution, it declared, had dared to behave "as insolently, boldly and defiantly" as the Trotskyists. Even when brought in for interrogation, Trotsky's supporters refused to be intimidated by their interrogators. Most declined to reply to questions. Instead they submitted impudent written protests, such as: "I consider the struggle I am engaged in to be a Party matter. I shall explain myself to the Central Control Commission, not to the OGPU." Early in 1928 the OGPU carried out its first mass arrests of Trotskyists, incarcerating several hundred of them in Moscow's Butyrka prison. The Butyrka, however, had not yet descended into the brutal squalor for which it became infamous during the Great Terror a decade later, nor had the spirit of Trotsky's followers been broken. On their first night in prison the Trotskyists staged a riot, kicking down doors, breaking windows and chanting politically incorrect slogans. "Such," reported the OGPU indignantly, "was the behavior of the embittered enemies of the Party and Soviet power."[80]

The liquidation of the Trotskyist heresy and the maintenance of ideological orthodoxy within the Communist one-party state required, in Stalin's view, Trotsky's removal from the Soviet Union. In February 1929 the great heretic was deported to Turkey and given 1,500 dollars by an OGPU escort to enable him to "settle abroad."[81] With Trotsky out of the country, the tone of

OGPU reports on the destabilization and liquidation of his rapidly dwindling band of increasingly demoralized followers became more confident. According to one report, “a massive retreat from Trotskyism began in the second half of 1929.” Some of those who recanted were turned into OGPU agents to inform on their friends.The same report boasts of the subtlety of the methods used to undermine the credibility of the “counter-revolutionary” hard core. Individual Trotskyists were summoned to OGPU offices from their workplaces, left standing around in the corridors for several hours, then released without explanation. On returning to work they could give no credible account of what had happened. When the process was repeated their workmates became increasingly suspicious and tended to believe rumors planted by the OGPU that they were employed by them as informers. Once the “counter-revolutionaries” were discredited, they were then arrested for their political crimes.[82]

Stalin, however, was far from reassured. He increasingly regretted the decision to send Trotsky abroad rather than keep him in the Soviet Union, where he could have been put under constant surveillance. One episode only six months after Trotsky was sent into exile seems to have made a particular impression on Stalin. In the summer of 1929 Trotsky received a secret visit from a sympathizer within the OGPU, Yakov Blyumkin. As a young and impetuous Socialist Revolutionary in the Cheka in 1918, Blyumkin had assassinated the German ambassador in defiance of orders from Dzerzhinsky. With Trotsky's help, however, he had been rehabilitated and had risen to become chief illegal resident in the Middle East. Blyumkin agreed to transmit a message from Trotsky to Karl Radek, one of his most important former supporters, and to try to set up lines of communication with what Trotsky termed his "cothinkers" in the Soviet Union.[83] Trilisser, the head of foreign intelligence, was probably alerted to Blyumkin's visit by an OGPU agent in Trotsky's entourage. He did not, however, order Blyumkin's immediate arrest. Instead he arranged an early version of what later became known as a "honey trap." Trilisser instructed an attractive OGPU agent, Yelizaveta Yulyevna Gorskaya (better known as "Lisa," or "Vixen"),[84] to "abandon bourgeois prejudices," seduce Blyumkin, discover the full extent of his collaboration with Trotsky, and ensure his return to the Soviet Union. Once lured back to Moscow, Blyumkin was interrogated, tried in secret and shot. According to the later OGPU defector Aleksandr Mikhailovich Orlov, Blyumkin's last words before his execution were, "Long live Trotsky!" Soon afterwards "Lisa" Gorskaya married the OGPU resident in Berlin (and later in New York), Vasili Mikhailovich Zarubin.[85]

As Stalin became increasingly preoccupied during the early 1930s with the opposition to him within the Communist Party, he began to fear that there were other, undiscovered Blyumkins within INO. But Trotsky himself had not yet been targeted for assassination. The main "enemies of the people" outside the Soviet Union were still considered to be the White Guards. General Kutepov, the head of the ROVS in Paris, was brave, upright, teetotal, politically naive and an easy target for the OGPU. His entourage was skillfully penetrated by Soviet agents, and *agents provocateurs* brought him optimistic news of a nonexistent anti-Bolshevik underground. "Great movements are spreading across Russia!" Kutepov declared in November 1929. "Never have so many people come from 'over there' to see me and ask me to collaborate with their clandestine organizations." Unlike Savinkov and Reilly, however, Kutepov resisted attempts to lure him back to Russia for meetings with the bogus anti-Communist conspirators. With Stalin's approval, the OGPU thus decided to kidnap him instead and bring him back for interrogation and execution in Moscow.[86]

Overall planning of the Kutepov operation was given to Yakov Isaakovich ("Yasha") Serebryansky, head of the euphemistically titled "Administration for Special Tasks."[87] Before the Second World War, the administration functioned as a parallel foreign intelligence service, reporting directly to the Centre with special responsibility for sabotage, abduction and assassination operations on foreign soil.[88] Serebryansky later became a severe embarrassment to official historians anxious to distance Soviet foreign intelligence from the blood-letting of the late 1930s and portray it as a victim rather than a perpetrator of the Great Terror. An SVR-sponsored history published in 1993 claimed that Serebryansky was “not a regular member of State Security,” but “only brought in for special jobs.”[89] KGB files show that, on the contrary, he was a senior OGPU officer whose Administration for Special Tasks grew into an élite service, more than 200-strong, dedicated to hunting down “enemies of the people” on both sides of the Atlantic.[90]

Detailed preparations for the kidnaping of Kutepov were entrusted by Serebryansky to his illegal Paris resident, V. I. Speransky, who had taken part in the deception of Savinkov six years earlier.[91] On the morning of Sunday, January 26, 1930 Kutepov was bundled into a taxi in the middle of a street in Paris’s fashionable seventh *arrondissement.* Standing nearby was a Communist Paris policeman who had been asked to assist by Speransky so that any bystander who saw the kidnaping (one did) would mistake it for a police arrest. Though the Centre commended the kidnaping as “a brilliant operation,” the chloroform used to overpower Kutepov proved too much for the general’s weak heart. He died aboard a Soviet steamer while being taken back to Russia.[92]

The Kutepov operation was to set an important precedent. In the early and mid-1930s the chief Soviet foreign intelligence priority remained intelligence collection. During the later years of the decade, however, all other operations were to be subordinated to “special tasks.”

THREE

THE GREAT ILLEGALS

On January 30, 1930 the Politburo (effectively the ruling body of both the Party and the Soviet Union) met to review INO operations and ordered it to increase intelligence collection in three target areas: Britain, France and Germany (the leading European powers); the Soviet Union's western neighbors, Poland, Romania, Finland and the Baltic states; and Japan, its main Asian rival.[1] The United States, which established diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union only in 1933, was not mentioned. Though the first Soviet illegal had been sent across the Atlantic as early as 1921,[2] the USA's relative isolation from world affairs made American intelligence collection still a secondary priority.[3]

On Politburo instructions, the main expansion of INO operations was achieved through increasing the number of illegal residencies, each with up to seven (in a few cases as many as nine) illegal officers. By contrast, even in Britain and France legal residencies operating under diplomatic cover in Soviet embassies had three officers at most and sometimes only one. Their main function was to provide channels of communications with the Centre and other technical support for the more highly regarded illegals.[4] During the 1920s both legal and illegal residencies had had the right to decide what agents to recruit and how to recruit them. On succeeding Trilisser as head of INO in 1930, however, Artur Artuzov, the hero of the SINDIKAT and TREST operations, complained that the existing agent network contained "undesirable elements." He decreed that future agent recruitment required the authorization of the Centre. Partly because of problems of communication, his instructions were not always carried out.[5]

The early and mid-1930s were to be remembered in the history of Soviet foreign intelligence as the era of the "Great Illegals," a diverse group of remarkably talented individuals who collectively transformed OGPU agent recruitment and intelligence collection. Post-war illegals had to endure long training periods designed to establish their bogus identities, protect their cover and prepare them for operations in the West. Their pre-war predecessors were successful partly because they had greater freedom from bureaucratic routine and more opportunity to use their own initiative. But they also had to contend with far softer targets than their successors. By the standards of the Cold War, most inter-war Western security systems were primitive. The individual flair of the Great Illegals combined with the relative vulnerability of their targets to give some of their operations a much more unorthodox, at times even eccentric, character than those of the Cold War.

Some of the ablest of the Great Illegals were not Russians at all, but cosmopolitan, multilingual Central Europeans who had worked in the Comintern underground before joining the OGPU and shared a visionary faith in the Communist millennium.[6] Arnold Deutsch, the chief recruiter of students and young graduates at Cambridge University (discussed in chapter 4), was an Austrian Jew. The most successful of the Fourth Department (Military Intelligence) illegals was the German Richard Sorge, later described by one of his Comintern admirers as a “startlingly good-looking ... romantic, idealistic scholar,” who exuded charm.[7] While Sorge’s main successes were achieved posing as a Nazi journalist in Japan, those of the OGPU/NKVD illegals mostly took place in Europe.

Though the Great Illegals are nowadays best remembered, particularly in Britain, for their recruitment of young, talented, ideological agents, their first major successes were the less glamorous but scarcely less important acquisition of diplomatic ciphers and documents from agents motivated by money and sex rather than ideology. Codebreaking is often supposed to depend on little more than the cryptanalytic genius of brilliant mathematicians, nowadays assisted by huge networks of computers. In reality, most major twentieth-century codebreaking coups on which information is available have been assisted—sometimes crucially—by agent intelligence on code and cipher systems. Tsarist codebreakers had led the world chiefly because of their skill in stealing or purchasing the codes and ciphers of foreign powers. Ten years before the First World War the British ambassador in St. Petersburg, Sir Charles Hardinge, discovered that his head Chancery servant had been offered the then enormous sum of 1,000 pounds to steal the embassy's main cipher. Though the Okhrana failed on this occasion, it succeeded on many others. Hardinge was disconcerted to be told by a Russian statesman that he "did not mind how much I reported in writing what he had told me in conversation, but he begged me on no account to telegraph as all our [ciphered] telegrams are known!" The Okhrana became the first modern intelligence service to make one of its major priorities the theft of foreign ciphers to assist its codebreakers. In so doing it set an important precedent for its Soviet successors.[8]

Research on the making of Stalin's foreign policy has, as yet, barely begun to take account of the large volume of Western diplomatic traffic which the Great Illegals and the codebreakers were instrumental in providing.

THE DOCUMENTS OBTAINED from Francesco Constantini in the British embassy in Rome from 1924 onwards included important cipher material.[9] KGB records, however, give the main credit for the OGPU's early successes in obtaining foreign diplomatic ciphers to the most flamboyant of the Great Illegals, Dmitri Aleksandrovich Bystroletov, codenamed HANS or ANDREI, who operated abroad under a series of aliases, including several bogus titles of nobility. His was one of the portraits of the leading heroes of foreign intelligence later chosen to hang on the walls of the secret "memory room" at the KGB First Chief (Foreign Intelligence) Directorate in Yasenevo (now the headquarters of the SVR). Bystroletov was a strikingly handsome, multilingual extrovert, born in 1901, the illegitimate son of a Kuban Cossack mother and—Bystroletov later persuaded himself—the celebrated novelist Aleksei Tolstoy.[10]

A hagiography of Bystroletov's career published by the SVR in 1995 unsurprisingly fails to mention either his fantasy about the identity of his father or the fact that one of his first claims to fame within the OGPU was the seduction of female staff with access to classified documents in foreign embassies and ministries:[11] a technique later employed on a larger scale by Soviet Bloc intelligence agencies in operations such as the "secretaries offensive" in West Germany. A report noted by Mitrokhin quaintly records that Bystroletov "quickly became on close terms with women and shared their beds." His first major conquest for the OGPU occurred in Prague, where in 1927 he seduced a 29-year-old woman in the French embassy whom the OGPU codenamed LAROCHE.[12] Over the next two years LAROCHE gave Bystroletov copies of both French diplomatic ciphers and classified communications.[13]

Bystroletov's unconventional flamboyance may help to explain why he never achieved officer rank in Soviet intelligence and remained simply an illegal agent,[14] attached in the early 1920s and late 1930s to the illegal Berlin residency of Boris Bazarov (codenamed KIN).[15] Unlike Bystroletov, more conventional OGPU officers missed a number of opportunities to recruit agents with access to diplomatic ciphers. One such opportunity, which later led to a personal rebuke by Stalin to the OGPU personnel responsible, occurred in Paris in August 1928. A stranger, later identified as the Swiss businessman and adventurer Giovanni de Ry (codenamed ROSSI), presented himself at the Soviet embassy and asked to see the military attaché, or the first secretary.[16] According to a later account by Bystroletov based on an embassy report, de Ry was a short man whose red nose contrasted colorfully with his yellow briefcase. [17] He allegedly told the OGPU resident, Vladimir Voynovich:[18]

> This briefcase contains the codes and ciphers of Italy. You, no doubt, have copies of the ciphered telegrams of the local Italian embassy. Take the briefcase and check the authenticity of its contents.

> Once you have satisfied yourself that they are genuine, photograph them and give me 200,000 French francs.

De Ry also offered to provide future Italian diplomatic ciphers for a similar sum. Voynovich took the ciphers into a back room, where they were photographed by his wife. He then returned the originals to de Ry, denounced them as forgeries, ordered him out of the embassy and threatened to call the police. Though the Centre later changed its mind, at the time it commended Voynovich for his astuteness in obtaining Italian ciphers at no cost to the OGPU.[19]

Exactly a year later, in August 1929, there was another, similar walk-in at the Paris embassy. On this occasion the visitor was a cipher clerk from the Foreign Office Communications Department, Ernest Holloway Oldham, then accompanying a British trade delegation in Paris. Voynovich seems to have tried to repeat the deception practiced on de Ry a year earlier. Oldham, however, was more cautious than de Ry, brought no cipher material with him, tried to prevent his identity being discovered and sought to limit his contact with the OGPU to a single transaction. He identified himself only as "Charlie," misled Voynovich by claiming to work in the Foreign Office printing department, and announced that he could obtain a copy of the British diplomatic cipher. Oldham asked for 50,000 pounds, Voynovich beat him down to

10,000 pounds and they agreed on a meeting in Berlin early the following year.[20]

Before that meeting took place, the work of the Paris embassy and OGPU residency was disrupted by the defection of the Soviet chargé d'affaires, Grigori Besedovsky, in October 1929. Accused of counter-revolutionary "plotting," Besedovsky made a dramatic escape over the embassy wall, pursued by OGPU guards who had orders to return him to Moscow for interrogation and, almost certainly, execution. Besedovsky's memoirs, published in 1930, caused outrage in the Centre. They denounced Stalin as "the embodiment of the most senseless type of oriental despotism," and revealed a number of OGPU secrets: among them the offers of Italian and British ciphers to the Paris residency by unidentified walk-ins.[21]

These revelations led to Bystroletov's urgent recall to Moscow. At the Lubyanka, Abram Aronovich Slutsky (later head of foreign intelligence) showed him a copy of Besedovsky's memoirs. Opposite the reference to the deception of de Ry, the unidentified walk-in who had provided Italian ciphers in 1928, the instruction "Reopen!" had been penciled in the margin by Stalin himself. Slutsky instructed Bystroletov to return to Paris at once, discover the identity of the walk-in swindled two years earlier, renew contact and obtain further ciphers from him. "Where can I find him?" Bystroletov asked. "That's your business," Slutsky replied. "You have six months to track him down."[22]

Bystroletov ran de Ry to ground in a Geneva bar. Believing that, after the fraud practiced on him in Paris two years earlier, de Ry might reject an approach from the OGPU, Bystroletov decided to use what later became known as the "false flag" technique and pretended to be working for the Japanese intelligence service. Though de Ry was not deceived for long by the "false flag," he agreed to sell further Italian ciphers which he claimed to be able to obtain from a corrupt Italian diplomat. Future meetings with de Ry usually took place in Berlin, where the diplomat was allegedly stationed. KGB records, possibly incomplete, show that de Ry was paid at least 200,000 French francs.[23]

Bystroletov was also given the task of tracing the unidentified British walk-in (Ernest Oldham) who had offered to sell Foreign Office ciphers to the Paris residency. In April 1930, at the meeting arranged in the previous year, Oldham (codenamed ARNO by the OGPU) handed over only part of a diplomatic cipher, probably as a precaution against being double-crossed, and demanded a 6,000-dollar down-payment before providing the rest. The OGPU tried to locate him after the meeting but discovered that he had given a false address.[24]

Probably soon after his first meeting with de Ry, Bystroletov succeeded in tracking down Oldham in a Paris bar, struck up a conversation with him, won his confidence and booked into the hotel where he was staying. There Bystroletov revealed himself to Oldham and his wife Lucy as an impoverished Hungarian aristocrat who had fallen, like Oldham, into the clutches of Soviet intelligence. With his wife's approval, Oldham agreed to provide Foreign Office ciphers and other classified documents to Bystroletov to pass on to the OGPU. Oldham was given a first payment of 6,000 dollars, a second of 5,000 dollars, then 1,000 dollars a month. Bystroletov portrayed himself throughout as a sympathetic friend, visiting the Oldhams on several occasions at their London home in Pembroke Gardens, Kensington. Oldham's documents, however, were handed over at meetings in France and Germany.

Having originally tried to hold the OGPU at arm's length, Oldham became increasingly nervous about the risks of working as a Soviet agent. In order to put pressure on him, Bystroletov was accompanied to several of their meetings by the head of the illegal residency in Berlin, Boris Bazarov (codenamed KIN), who posed as a rather menacing Italian Communist named da Vinci. With Bazarov and Bystroletov playing the hard man/soft man routine, Oldham agreed to continue but took increasingly to drink. Bystroletov strengthened his hold over Lucy Oldham (henceforth codenamed MADAM) by putting his relationship with her on what an OGPU report coyly describes as "an intimate footing."[25]

Though Bystroletov successfully deceived the

Oldhams, he seems to have been unaware that the Oldhams were also deceiving him. At their first meeting, Oldham explained that he was "a lord, who worked out ciphers for the Foreign Office and was a very influential person," rather than, in reality, a minor functionary. At later meetings Oldham claimed that he traveled abroad on a diplomatic passport illegally provided for him by a Foreign Office friend named Kemp whom he alleged, almost certainly falsely, was in the Secret Intelligence Service. Having helped Bystroletov to acquire a British passport in the name of Robert Grenville, Oldham told him that the passport had been personally issued by the Foreign Secretary, Sir John Simon, who believed it to be for a minor British aristocrat of his acquaintance, Lord Robert Grenville, then resident in Canada. "I didn't know Lord Robert was here in Britain," Simon was alleged to have remarked to Oldham. Mrs. Oldham also specialized in tall stories. She told Bystroletov that she was the sister of an army officer named Montgomery who, she claimed, held the (non-existent) post of head of the intelligence service at the Foreign Office;[26] a later note on the KGB file, probably dating from the 1940s, identified the mysterious and possibly mythical Montgomery as Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein! Expert though Bystroletov proved as an agent controller, his ignorance of the ways of the Foreign Office and the British establishment made him curiously gullible—though perhaps no more so than the Centre, which was also taken in.[27]

De Ry, meanwhile, was providing Bystroletov at meetings in Berlin with a mixture of genuine diplomatic documents (Italian ciphers probably chief among them) and colorful inventions. According to Bystroletov, when asked whether some of his material was genuine, he replied indignantly, “What kind of question is that? Of course they are ... Your Japanese are idiots. Write and tell them to start printing American dollars. Instead of paying me 200,000 genuine francs, give me a million forged dollars and we’ll be quits.” The Centre was taken in by at least some of de Ry’s inventions. Possibly to disguise the fact that he was also trying to sell Italian ciphers to the French and other purchasers, he claimed that Mussolini’s son-in-law, Count Galeazzo Ciano di Cortellazzo (later Italian foreign minister), had organized “an extensive trade in ciphers” and, when a cipher was missing from the Berlin embassy, had ordered the liquidation of an innocent scapegoat to divert attention from himself. Since the OGPU believed that Western intelligence agencies, like itself, organized secret assassinations, it had surprisingly little difficulty in crediting de Ry’s improbable tale.[28] De Ry appears to have tried to deceive the OGPU on two other occasions by putting it in contact with bogus officials who claimed to have German and British diplomatic ciphers for sale. [29]

The Centre attached great importance, however, to an introduction provided by de Ry to his friend the Paris businessman Rodolphe Lemoine, an agent and recruiter of the French foreign intelligence service, the military Deuxième Bureau.[30] Born Rudolf Stallmann, the son of a wealthy Berlin jeweler, Lemoine had begun working for the Deuxième Bureau in 1918 and acquired French citizenship. Intelligence for Lemoine was a passion as well as a second career. According to one of his chiefs in the Deuxième Bureau, "He was as hooked on espionage as a drunk is on alcohol." Lemoine's greatest coup was the recruitment in 1931 of a German cipher and SIGINT clerk, Hans-Thilo Schmidt, whose compulsive womanizing had run him into debt. For the next decade Schmidt (codenamed HE and ASCHE by the French) was the Deuxième Bureau's most important foreign agent.[31] Some of the intelligence he provided laid the foundations for the breaking of the German Enigma machine cipher by British cryptanalysts in the Second World War.[32]

After Bystroletov had made the initial contact with Lemoine (codenamed REX by the Deuxième Bureau and JOSEPH by the OGPU), he was instructed to hand the case over to another, less flamboyant Soviet illegal, Ignace Reiss (alias "Ignace Poretsky," codenamed RAYMOND) so that he could concentrate on running Oldham. At meetings with Lemoine, Reiss posed initially as an American military intelligence officer. Lemoine appeared anxious to set up an exchange of intelligence on

Germany and foreign cipher systems, and supplied a curious mixture of good and bad intelligence as evidence of the Deuxième Bureau's willingness to cooperate. An Italian cipher which he provided in May 1931 seems to have been genuine. In February 1932, however, Lemoine reported the sensationally inaccurate news that Hitler (who became German chancellor less than a year later) had made two secret visits to Paris and was in the pay of the Deuxième Bureau. "We French," he claimed, "are doing everything to hasten his rise to power." The Centre dismissed the report as disinformation, but ordered meetings with Lemoine to continue and for him to be paid, probably with the intention of laying a trap which would end in his recruitment.[33]

In November 1933 Lemoine brought with him to meet Reiss the head of the SIGINT section of the Deuxième Bureau, Gustave Bertrand, codenamed OREL ("Eagle") by the Centre. To try to convince Bertrand that he was an American intelligence officer willing to exchange cipher material, Reiss offered him Latin American diplomatic ciphers. Bertrand, predictably, was more interested in European ciphers.[34] Soon after his first meeting with Bertrand, Reiss informed Lemoine that he worked not for American intelligence but for the OGPU. The Centre probably calculated that it had caught Lemoine in a trap, forcing him either to admit to his superiors that he had been both paid and deceived by the OGPU or to conceal that information and risk being blackmailed into working for the Soviet Union. The blackmail failed.[35] Lemoine had probably realized for some time that Reiss, whom he knew as “Walter Scott,” worked for Soviet intelligence. Reiss had several further meetings with Lemoine and Bertrand, at which they exchanged intelligence on Italian, Czechoslovak and Hungarian ciphers.[36]

WHILE REISS WAS maintaining contact with Lemoine, Bystroletov was finding Oldham increasingly desperate to extricate himself from the OGPU. By the summer of 1932 Bystroletov feared that Oldham’s worsening alcoholism and carelessness at work would attract the attention of MI5. The Centre concluded that Oldham’s increasingly erratic behavior also risked exposing Bystroletov to a terrible revenge from the supposedly ruthless British intelligence services. On September 17, in recognition of his bravery in the face of nonexistent British assassination squads, it presented him with a rifle carrying the inscription “For unstinting struggle against Counter-Revolution, from your colleagues in the OGPU.”[37]

On September 30, 1932, less than a fortnight after Bystroletov received his rifle, Oldham resigned from the Foreign Office, unable to stand the pressures of his double life.[38] To his despair, the OGPU still refused to leave him in peace. Over the next year Bystroletov extracted from him details of all his former colleagues in the Communications Department, hoping to recruit at least one of them as Oldham's successor. As his drinking got further out of control, Oldham became convinced that his arrest was only a matter of time. His wife told Bystroletov that her husband believed that the permanent under-secretary at the Foreign Office, Sir Robert Vansittart, had personally put him under observation and that British intelligence was also on the trail of Bystroletov.[39] Though there was probably no substance to these fears, the Centre took them seriously. The OGPU trouble-shooter and "flying illegal" Teodor Maly reported to the Centre from London on July 6 that Bystroletov was in great danger:

> It is possible that ANDREI [Bystroletov] will be liquidated by the enemy. None the less I have not given an order for his immediate departure. For him to depart now would mean the loss of a source of such importance [Oldham] that it would weaken our defense and increase the power of the enemy. The loss of ANDREI is possible today, as is that of other colleagues tomorrow. The nature of their work makes such risks unavoidable.[40]

The Centre replied on August 10:

> Please inform ANDREI that we here are fully aware of the self-denial, discipline, resourcefulness and courage that he has shown in the very difficult and dangerous conditions of recent days while working

with ARNO.[41]

Bystroletov continued to receive high praise for his skill in outwitting a British version of the Serebryansky Service which existed only in the conspiratorial imagination of the OGPU.

On September 29, 1933, almost a year to the day after his resignation from the Foreign Office, Oldham was found unconscious in the gas-filled kitchen of his house in Pembroke Gardens, rushed to the hospital and pronounced dead on arrival. An inquest found that he had taken his life by "coal gas suffocation" while of "unsound mind."[42] The Centre had no doubt that Oldham had been murdered. Its report on his death concluded: "In order to avoid a scandal the [British] intelligence service had ARNO physically eliminated, making his death appear to be suicide." It believed, however, that Bystroletov had disguised his identity so successfully that the Foreign Office believed Oldham had been working for French rather than Soviet intelligence.[43]

Oldham's suicide did little if anything to alert the Foreign Office to the chronic problems of its own security and that of British embassies abroad.[44] Still concerned by fears that he was being pursued by a secret British assassination squad, however, Bystroletov failed to grasp how relatively unprotected a target the Foreign Office remained. He concluded that a safer recruiting ground was

Geneva, where several of Oldham's former colleagues were working as cipher clerks with the British delegation to the League of Nations. In December 1933 he made contact there with Raymond Oake (codenamed SHELLEY), one of the most promising potential recruits in the communications department identified by Oldham.[45] Oake had good reason to resent his underprivileged status. Since joining the Foreign Office in 1920 he had remained in the lowly rank of "temporary clerk" without pension rights.[46] Bystroletov handed over the cultivation of Oake to the Dutch artist Henri Christian ("Han") Pieck, who operated as an OGPU illegal codenamed COOPER.[47]

Pieck was almost as flamboyant an extrovert as Bystroletov, with a convivial manner which won him a wide circle of friends and acquaintances among British officials and journalists in Geneva. He invited Oake and other cipher clerks to stay at his house in The Hague where he lavished charm and hospitality on them while assessing them as possible recruits. Oake's main service to Soviet intelligence was to provide an introduction to Captain John H. King, who joined the Foreign Office communications department as a "temporary clerk" in 1934[48] and subsequently became a far more important agent than Oake himself. Pieck reported that King had been born in Ireland, considered himself Irish rather than British and, though anti-Soviet, also "hated the English."

Estranged from his wife and with an American mistress to support, he found it difficult to live on his modest Foreign Office salary. Pieck cultivated King with patience and skill. On one occasion he and his wife took King and his lover for an expensive touring holiday in Spain, staying at the best hotels. Mrs. Pieck complained that the whole holiday had been “a real ordeal” and that King and his mistress were “incredibly boring.”[49] The Piecks’ hospitality, however, paid off handsomely. Seven months after his first meeting with Pieck, King (henceforth codenamed MAG) began to hand over large amounts of classified material, including Foreign Office telegrams, ciphers and secret daily and weekly summaries of diplomatic correspondence.[50]

AN ANALYSIS BY the Centre concluded that about 30 percent of King’s material was the same as that provided by Francesco Constantini (DUNCAN), the long-serving OGPU agent in the British embassy at Rome.[51] The overlap was, almost certainly, regarded as useful for checking the authenticity of the documents received from both agents. It was a sign of the importance attached to Constantini’s intelligence that Abram Aronovich Slutsky, who succeeded Artuzov as head of INO in 1934, decided to transfer him from the legal residency in Rome to another of the Great Illegals, Moisei Markovich Akselrod (codenamed OST or OSTO), one of the leading Soviet agent controllers. Born into a Jewish family in Smolensk in 1898, Akselrod had been a member of the Russian branch of the Zionist socialist organization Poale Zion, until its dissolution in 1922. He then joined the Bolsheviks and in 1925 began a career in INO.[52] Like most of the Great Illegals, Akselrod was a remarkable linguist—fluent in Arabic, English, French, German and Italian—and, according to a fellow illegal, a man of "extraordinary culture" with "a fine indifference to risk."[53] In 1934 he traveled to Rome on an Austrian passport to establish a new illegal residency and act as Constantini's controller. He had his first meeting with Constantini in January 1935.[54]

Few—if any—Soviet controllers ever met an agent as frequently as Akselrod saw Constantini. At times they had almost daily meetings. On October 27, 1935 the Centre cabled Akselrod: "Between September 24 and October 14 you met [Constantini] 16 times. There must be no more than two or three meetings a week." It is not difficult to understand Akselrod's enthusiasm for agent DUNCAN. Constantini supplied him with a remarkable range of documents and cipher material from embassy red boxes, diplomatic bags, filing cabinets and—probably—the embassy safe. Far from consisting simply of material on British-Italian relations, the documents included Foreign Office reports and British ambassadors' despatches on a great variety of major international issues, which were sent for information to the Rome embassy. A Centre report noted on November 15, 1935 that no fewer than 101 of the British documents obtained from Constantini since the beginning of the year had been judged sufficiently important to be "sent to Comrade Stalin": among them the Foreign Office records of talks between Sir John Simon, the British Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden, junior Foreign Office minister (who became Foreign Secretary at the end of the year), and Hitler in Berlin; between Eden and Litvinov, the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, in Moscow; between Eden and Joseph Beck, the Polish foreign minister, in Warsaw; between Eden and Edvard Beneš, the Czechoslovak foreign minister, in Prague; and between Eden and Mussolini in Rome.[55]

A striking omission from the Centre's list of the most important Foreign Office documents supplied to Stalin was Eden's account of his talks with him during his visit to Moscow in March 1935—despite the fact that this document was sent to the Rome embassy and was probably among those obtained by Constantini.[56] Since this was Stalin's first meeting with a minister from a Western government, their talks were of unusual significance. The most likely explanation for the Centre's failure to send the British record of the meeting to the Kremlin is that Slutsky feared to pass on to Stalin some of Eden's comments about him. INO would have been unembarrassed to report the fact that Eden was impressed by Stalin's "remarkable knowledge and understanding of international affairs." But it doubtless lacked the nerve to repeat Eden's conclusion that Stalin was "a man of strong oriental traits of character with unshakeable assurance and control whose courtesy in no way hid from us an implacable ruthlessness." The Centre was probably also nervous about reporting some of the opinions attributed by Eden to Stalin—for example, that he was "perhaps more appreciative of [the] German point of view than Monsieur Litvino[v]."[57] There was no more dangerous activity in Moscow than repeating criticisms of Stalin or attributing heretical opinions to him.

The British ambassador in Moscow, Viscount Chilston, optimistically reported that, as a result of Eden's visit, "the Soviet Government appears to have got rid of the bogey in their minds, that we were encouraging Germany against Soviet plans for Eastern security."[58] Stalin, however, rarely—if ever—abandoned a conspiracy theory and remained deeply suspicious of British policy. In a communiqué at the end of his talks in Moscow, Eden had welcomed the Soviet Union's support for the principle of collective security, following its entry the previous year into the League of Nations (hitherto denounced by Moscow as the "League of Burglars"). But Stalin must have learned from Foreign Office documents that Eden was disinclined to involve the Soviet Union in any collective security arrangements designed to contain Nazi

Germany. [59] To Stalin's deeply suspicious mind, this reluctance was further evidence of a British plot to focus German aggression in the east.[60] Though he was content to entrust most day-to-day diplomacy to the efficient and far more pragmatic Litvinov, it was Stalin who determined the strategic thrust of Soviet foreign policy.

The Centre had suspected for some time that its principal source of British diplomatic documents over the last decade, the mercenary agent Francesco Constantini (DUNCAN), had been selling some material to Italian intelligence as well as to the NKVD. It had dramatic confirmation of these suspicions in February 1936, when a British assessment of the Italo-Ethiopian war—purloined by Constantini from the British embassy—was published on the front page of the *Giornale d'Italia.*[61] On being challenged by Akselrod, Constantini was forced to admit that he had supplied some documents to the Italians, but concealed the large scale on which he had done so. Constantini also admitted in 1936 that he had lost his job in the British embassy, though he apparently omitted that he had been sacked for dishonesty. He tried to reassure Akselrod by telling him that he had a former colleague in the embassy who would continue to supply him with classified documents. The colleague was later identified as Constantini's brother Secondo (codenamed DUDLEY), who had worked as a servant in the embassy Chancery for the previous twenty years. [62]

Secondo Constantini, however, took fewer precautions than his brother Francesco. In January he stole a diamond necklace belonging to the ambassador's wife from a locked red box (normally used for diplomatic documents rather than jewelery) which was kept in the ambassador's apartment next to the Chancery. The ambassador, Sir Eric Drummond (soon to become Lord Perth), who had previously dismissed the idea that the British diplomatic documents appearing in the Italian press might have been purloined from his embassy, now began to grasp that embassy security might, after all, require serious attention. Since the Foreign Office had no security officer, it was forced to seek the help of Major Valentine Vivian, the head of SIS counter-intelligence. Vivian modestly disclaimed significant expertise in embassy security but, in view of the even greater lack of expertise in the Foreign Office, agreed to carry out an investigation.[63] Once in Rome, he quickly discovered an appalling series of basic lapses. The embassy files, safe and red boxes were all insecure and "it would not be impossible or even difficult for unauthorized persons to spend long periods in the Chancery or Registry rooms."

Vivian quickly identified Secondo Constantini as the man probably responsible for the theft both of the diamond necklace and of at least some of the documents supplied to Italian intelligence:

> S. Constantini ... has been employed in the Chancery

> for twenty-one years. He might, therefore, have been directly or indirectly responsible for any, or all, of the thefts of papers or valuables which have taken place, or are thought to have taken place, from this Mission. He was, I understand, not quite free of suspicion of being himself concerned in a dishonest transaction for which his brother [Francesco], then also a Chancery servant, was dismissed a short time ago. Moreover, though the Diplomatic Staff at the time did not connect him with the matter, I am clear in my own mind that the circumstances of the loss of two copies of the "R" Code from a locked press [filing cabinet] in the Chancery in 1925 point towards S. Constantini, or his brother, or both, as the culprits.[64]

Though Sir Eric Drummond politely welcomed Vivian's recommendations for improvements in the security of his embassy, he took little action.[65] In particular, neither he nor most of his staff could credit the charges against Secondo Constantini, whom they regarded as "a sort of friend of the family."[66] Instead of being dismissed, agent DUDLEY and his wife were—amazingly—invited to London in May 1937 as the guests of His Majesty's Government at the coronation of King George VI, as a reward for his long and supposedly faithful service. [67]

When Secondo Constantini returned from his expense-paid junket in London, he was able to resume supplying classified British documents to his brother Francesco, who passed them on for copying by both Akselrod's illegal residency and Italian intelligence before returning them to embassy files. The Centre regarded the whole improbable story of Constantini's continued access to embassy files after Vivian's investigation as deeply suspicious. Unable to comprehend the naivety of the British foreign service in matters of embassy security, it suspected instead some deep-laid plot by British and/or Italian intelligence. Regular meetings with Francesco Constantini were suspended in August 1937.[68]

THE CIPHER MATERIAL obtained from the Constantini brothers, Captain King and other agents in Western embassies and foreign ministries was passed to the most secret section of Soviet intelligence, a joint OGPU/Fourth Department SIGINT unit housed not in the Lubyanka but in the Foreign Affairs building on Kuznetsky Bridge. According to Evdokia Kartseva (later Petrova), who joined the unit in 1933, its personnel were forbidden to reveal even the location of their office to their closest relatives.[69] Like most young women in the unit, Kartseva was terrified of its head, Gleb Ivanovich Boky, who had made his reputation first in conducting the "Red Terror" in Petrograd in 1918, then in terrorizing Turkestan later in the civil war.[70] Though in his mid-fifties, Boky still prided himself on his sexual athleticism and arranged group sex weekends at his dacha. Kartseva lived in fear of being invited to the orgies. During the night shift, when she felt most vulnerable, she wore her "plainest and dullest clothes for fear of attracting [Boky's] unwelcome attention."[71]

Despite the personal depravity of its chief, the combined OGPU/Fourth Department unit was the world's largest and best-resourced SIGINT agency. In particular, thanks to Bystroletov and others, it received more assistance from espionage than any similar agency in the West. The records seen by Mitrokhin show that Boky's unit was able to decrypt at least some of the diplomatic traffic of Britain, Austria, Germany and Italy.[72] Other evidence shows that Boky's unit was also able to decrypt some Japanese, Turkish[73] and—almost certainly—American[74] and French[75] cables. No Western SIGINT agency during the 1930s seems to have collected so much political and diplomatic intelligence.

The unavailability of most of the decrypts produced by Boky's unit makes detailed analysis of their influence on Soviet foreign policy impossible. Soviet SIGINT successes, however, included important Japanese decrypts on the negotiation of the Anti-Comintern Pact between Germany and Japan. The published version of the Pact, concluded in November 1936, merely provided for an exchange of information on Comintern activities and cooperation on preventive measures against them. A secret protocol, however, added that if either of the signatories became the victim of "an unprovoked [Soviet] attack or threat of attack," both would immediately consult together on the action to take and do "nothing to ease the situation of the USSR." Moscow, unsurprisingly, read sinister intentions into this tortuous formula, though Japan was, in reality, still anxious not to be drawn into a European war and had no intention of concluding a military alliance. Three days after the signing of the Anti-Comintern Pact, Litvinov publicly announced in a speech to a Congress of Soviets that Moscow knew its secret protocol. His speech also contained a curious veiled allusion to codebreaking:

> It is not surprising that it is assumed by many that the German-Japanese agreement is written in a special code in which anti-Communism means something entirely different from the dictionary definition of this word, and that people decipher this code in different ways.[76]

The success of Boky's unit in decrypting Italian diplomatic traffic probably provided intelligence on Italy's decision to join the Anti-Comintern Pact in the following year.

THANKS TO ITS penetration agents and codebreakers, as well as to primitive Foreign Office security, Soviet intelligence was able to gather vastly more intelligence on the foreign policy of its main Western target, Great Britain, than the much smaller British intelligence community was able to obtain on Soviet policy. Since 1927 British codebreakers had been unable to decrypt any high-level Soviet communications (though they had some success with the less sophisticated Comintern ciphers). SIS did not even possess a Moscow station. In 1936 the British ambassador, Viscount Chilston, vetoed a proposal to establish one on the grounds that it would be "liable to cause severe embarrassment." But without an SIS presence he despaired of discovering anything of importance about Soviet policy-making.[77]

The Soviet capacity to understand the political and diplomatic intelligence it collected, however, never approached its ability to collect that intelligence in the first place. Its natural tendency to substitute conspiracy theory for pragmatic analysis when assessing the intentions of the encircling imperialist powers was made worse during the 1930s by Stalin's increasing tendency to act as his own intelligence analyst. Stalin, indeed, actively discouraged intelligence analysis by others, which he condemned as "dangerous guesswork." "Don't tell me what you think," he is reported to have said. "Give me the facts and the source!" As a result, INO had no analytical department. Intelligence reports throughout and even beyond the Stalin era characteristically consisted of compilations of relevant information on particular topics with little argument or analysis.[78] Those who compiled them increasingly feared for their life expectancy if they failed to tell Stalin what he expected to hear. Their main priority as they trawled through the Centre's treasure trove of British diplomatic documents and decrypts was to discover the anti-Soviet conspiracies which Comrade Stalin, "Lenin's outstanding pupil, the best son of the Bolshevik Party, the worthy successor and great continuer of Lenin's cause," knew were there. The main function of Soviet foreign intelligence was thus to reinforce rather than to challenge Stalin's misunderstanding of the West.

A characteristic example of the Centre's distorted but politically correct presentation of important intelligence was its treatment of the Foreign Office record of the meeting in March 1935 between Sir John Simon, Anthony Eden and Adolf Hitler in Berlin. Copies of the minutes were supplied both by Captain King in the Foreign Office and by Francesco Constantini in the Rome embassy.[79] Nine days before the meeting, in defiance of the post-First World War Treaty of Versailles, Hitler had announced the introduction of conscription. The fact that the meeting—the first between Hitler and a British foreign secretary—went ahead at all was, in itself, cause for suspicion in Moscow. On the British side the talks were mainly exploratory—to discover what the extent of Hitler's demands for the revision of the Treaty of Versailles really was, and what prospect there was of accommodating them. Moscow, however, saw grounds for deep suspicion. While disclaiming any intention of attacking the Soviet Union, Hitler claimed that there was a distinct danger of Russia starting a war, and declared himself “firmly convinced that one day cooperation and solidarity would be urgently necessary to defend Europe against the ... Bolshevik menace.” Simon and Eden showed not the slightest interest in an anti-Bolshevik agreement, but their fairly conventional exchange of diplomatic pleasantries had sinister overtones in Moscow. According to the Foreign Office record, “The British Ministers were sincerely thankful for the way in which they had been received in Berlin, and would take away very pleasant memories of the kindness and hospitality shown them.”[80]

The British record of the talks ran to over 23,000 words. The Russian translation circulated by the Centre to Stalin and others in the Soviet leadership came to fewer than 4,000. Instead of producing a conventional précis the Centre selected a series of statements by Simon, Eden, Hitler and other participants in the talks, and assembled them into what appeared as a continuous conversation. The significance of some individual statements was thus distorted by removing them from their detailed context. Probably at the time, certainly subsequently, one of Simon’s comments was misconstrued as giving Germany *carte blanche* to take over Austria.[81]

Doubtless in line with Stalin’s own conspiracy theories, the Centre interpreted the visit by Simon and Eden to

Berlin as the first in a series of meetings at which British statesmen not only sought to appease Hitler but gave him encouragement to attack Russia.[82] In reality, though some British diplomats would have been content to see the two dictators come to blows of their own accord, no British foreign secretary and no British government would have contemplated orchestrating such a conflict. The conspiracy theories which were born in Stalin's Moscow in the 1930s, however, have—remarkably—survived the end of the Soviet era. An SVR official history published in 1997 insists that the many volumes of published Foreign Office documents as well as the even more voluminous unpublished files in the Public Record Office cannot be relied upon. The British government, it maintains, is still engaged in a conspiracy to conceal the existence of documents which reveal the terrible truth about British foreign policy before the Second World War:

> Some documents from the 1930s having to do with the negotiations of British leaders with the highest leadership of Fascist Germany, including directly with Hitler, have been kept to this day in secret archives of the British Foreign Office. The British do not want the indiscreet peering at the proof of their policy of collusion with Hitler and spurring Germany on to its eastern campaign.[83]

FOUR

THE MAGNIFICENT FIVE

Among the select group of inter-war heroes of foreign intelligence whose portraits hang today on the walls of the SVR's Memory Room at Yasenevo is the Austrian Jew Arnold Deutsch, probably the most talented of all the Great Illegals. According to an SVR official eulogy, the portrait immediately "attracts the visitor's attention" to "its intelligent, penetrating eyes, and strong-willed countenance." Deutsch's role as an illegal was not publicly acknowledged by the KGB until 1990.[1] Even now, some aspects of his career are considered unsuitable for publication in Moscow.

Deutsch's academic career was one of the most brilliant in the history of Soviet intelligence. In July 1928, two months after his twenty-fourth birthday and less than five years after entering Vienna University as an undergraduate, he was awarded the degree of PhD with distinction. Though his thesis had been on chemistry, Deutsch had also become deeply immersed in philosophy and psychology. His description of himself in university documents throughout his student years as an observant

Jew (*mosaisch*)[2] was probably intended to conceal his membership of the Communist Party. Deutsch's religious faith had been replaced by an ardent commitment to the Communist International's vision of a new world order which would free the human race from exploitation and alienation. The revolutionary myth image of the world's first worker-peasant state blinded both Deutsch and the ideological agents he later recruited to the increasingly brutal reality of Stalin's Russia. Immediately after leaving Vienna University, Deutsch began secret work as a courier for OMS, Comintern's international liaison department, traveling to Romania, Greece, Palestine and Syria. His Austrian wife, Josefine, whom he married in 1929, was also recruited by OMS.[3]

Deutsch's vision of a new world order included sexual as well as political liberation. At about the time he began covert work for Comintern, he became publicly involved in the "sex-pol" (sexual politics) movement, founded by the German Communist psychologist and sexologist Wilhelm Reich, which opened clinics to bring birth control and sexual enlightenment to Viennese workers.[4] At this stage of his career, Reich was engaged in an ambitious attempt to integrate Freudianism with Marxism and in the early stages of an eccentric research program on human sexual behavior which later earned him an undeserved reputation as "the prophet of the better orgasm."[5] Deutsch enthusiastically embraced Reich's teaching that political and sexual repression were different sides of the same coin and together paved the way for fascism. He ran the Munster Verlag in Vienna which published Reich's work and other "sex-pol" literature.[6] Though the Viennese police were probably unaware of Deutsch's secret work for OMS, its anti-pornography section took a keen interest in his involvement with the "sex-pol" movement.[7]

Remarkably, Deutsch combined, at least for a few years, his role as an open disciple of Reich with secret work as a Soviet agent. In 1932 he was transferred from OMS to the INO, and trained in Moscow as an OGPU illegal with the alias "Stefan Lange" and the codename STEFAN. (Later, he also used the codename OTTO.) His first posting was in France, where he established secret crossing points on the Belgian, Dutch and German borders, and made preparations to install radio equipment on French fishing boats to be used for OGPU communications in times of war.[8] Deutsch owed his posthumous promotion to the ranks of KGB immortals to his second posting in England.

The rules protecting the identities and legends of illegals in the mid-1930s were far less rigid and elaborate than they were to become later. Early in 1934 Deutsch traveled to London under his real name, giving his profession as "university lecturer" and using his academic credentials to mix in university circles. After living in temporary accommodation, he moved to a flat in Lawn Road, Hampstead, the heartland of London's radical intelligentsia. The "Lawn Road Flats," as they were then known, were the first "deck-access" apartments with external walkways to be built in England (a type of construction later imitated in countless blocks of council flats) and, at the time, were probably Hampstead's most avant-garde building. Deutsch moved into number 7, next to a flat owned by the celebrated crime novelist Agatha Christie, then writing *Murder on the Orient Express.* Though it is tempting to imagine Deutsch and Christie discussing the plot of her latest novel, they may never have met. Christie lived elsewhere and probably visited Lawn Road rarely, if at all, in the mid-1930s. Deutsch, in any case, is likely to have kept a low profile. While the front doors of most flats were visible from the street, Deutsch's was concealed by a stairwell which made it possible for him and his visitors to enter and leave unobserved.[9] Deutsch strengthened his academic cover by taking a postgraduate course in psychology at London University and possibly by part-time teaching.[10] In 1935 he was joined by his wife, who had been trained in Moscow as a radio operator.[11]

KGB files credit Deutsch during his British posting with the recruitment of twenty agents and contact with a total of twenty-nine.[12] By far the most celebrated of these agents were a group of five young Cambridge graduates, who by the Second World War were known in the Centre as “The Five”: Anthony Blunt, Guy Burgess, John Cairncross, Donald Maclean and Kim Philby. After the release of the enormously popular Western *The Magnificent Seven* in 1960, they were often referred to as the “Magnificent Five.” The key to Deutsch’s success was his new strategy of recruitment, approved by the Centre, based on the cultivation of young radical high-fliers from leading universities before they entered the corridors of power. As Deutsch wrote to the Centre:

> Given that the Communist movement in these universities is on a mass scale and that there is a constant turnover of students, it follows that individual Communists whom we pluck out of the Party remain will pass unnoticed, both by the Party itself and by the outside world. People forget about them. And if at some time they do remember that they were once Communists, this will be put down to a passing fancy of youth, especially as those concerned are scions of the bourgeoisie. It is up to us to give the individual [recruit] a new [non-Communist] political personality.[13]

Since the universities of Oxford and Cambridge provided a disproportionate number of Whitehall’s highest fliers, it was plainly logical to target Oxbridge rather than the red brick universities elsewhere. The fact that the new recruitment was based chiefly on Cambridge rather than Oxford was due largely to chance: the fact that the first potential recruit to come to Deutsch's attention, Kim Philby, was a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge. Of the other members of the "Magnificent Five," all recruited as a direct or indirect consequence of Philby's own recruitment, three (Blunt, Burgess and Cairncross) also came from Trinity College and the fourth (Maclean) from the neighboring Trinity Hall.[14]

Deutsch's recruitment strategy was to prove a spectacular success. By the early years of the Second World War all of the Five were to succeed in penetrating either the Foreign Office or the intelligence community. The volume of high-grade intelligence which they supplied was to become so large that Moscow sometimes had difficulty coping with it.

AFTER GRADUATING FROM Cambridge in June 1933 with the conviction that "my life must be devoted to Communism," Philby spent most of the next year in Vienna working for the MOPR (the Russian acronym of the International Workers Relief Organization) and acting as a courier for the underground Austrian Communist Party.[15] While in Vienna he met and married a young Communist divorcee, Litzi Friedman, after a brief but passionate love affair which included his first experience of making love in the snow ("actually quite warm, once you got used to it," he later recalled).[16] The first to identify Philby's potential as a Soviet agent—and probably to draw him to the attention of Arnold Deutsch—was Litzi's friend Edith Suschitsky, who was herself recruited by Deutsch and given the unimaginative codename EDITH.[17]

In May 1934 Kim and Litzi Philby returned to London, arriving some weeks after Deutsch. Several months earlier Edith Suschitsky had also taken up residence in London, marrying another recruit of Deutsch's, an English doctor named Alex Tudor Hart. The newly married couple were given the joint codename STRELA ("Arrow").[18] In June 1934 Edith Tudor Hart took Philby to his first meeting with Deutsch on a bench in Regent's Park, London. According to a later memoir written by Philby for the KGB, Deutsch instructed him, "We need people who could penetrate into the bourgeois institutions. Penetrate them for us!"[19] At this early stage, however, Deutsch did not tell Philby that he was embarking on a career as a Soviet agent. Instead, he gave him the initial impression that he was joining Comintern's underground war against international fascism. Philby's immediate task, Deutsch told him, was to break all visible contact with the Communist Party and to try to win the confidence of British pro-German and pro-fascist circles.[20] As was not uncommon at this period, Philby's first codename, given him immediately after his meeting with Deutsch, had two versions: SÖHNCHEN in German or SYNOK in Russian—both roughly equivalent to "Sonny" in English.[21]

Half a century later, Philby still remembered his first meeting with the man he knew as "Otto" as "amazing":

> He was a marvelous man. Simply marvelous. I felt that immediately. And [the feeling] never left me ... The first thing you noticed about him were his eyes. He looked at you as if nothing more important in life than you and talking to you existed at that moment ... And he had a marvelous sense of humor.[22]

It is difficult to imagine any other controller in the entire history of the KGB as ideally suited as Deutsch to the Cambridge Five. Though four of the Five graduated from Cambridge with first-class honors,[23] Deutsch's academic career was even more brilliant than theirs, his understanding of human character more profound and his experience of life much broader. He combined a charismatic personality and deep psychological insight with visionary faith in the future of a human race freed from the exploitation and alienation of the capitalist system. His message of liberation had all the greater appeal to the Cambridge Five because it had a sexual as well as a political dimension. All the Five were rebels against the strict sexual mores as well as the antiquated class system of inter-war Britain. Burgess and Blunt were homosexuals, Maclean a bisexual and Philby a heterosexual athlete. Cairncross, a committed heterosexual, later wrote a history of polygamy which concluded with a quotation from George Bernard Shaw: “Women will always prefer a 10 percent share of a first-rate man to sole ownership of a mediocre man.”[24] Cairncross plainly considered himself first-rate rather than mediocre. Graham Greene was charmed by Cairncross’s book. “Here at last,” he wrote to Cairncross, “is a book which will appeal strongly to all polygamists.”[25]

During almost four years as an illegal controlling British agents, Deutsch served under three illegal residents, each of whom operated under a variety of aliases: Ignati Reif, codenamed MARR; Aleksandr Orlov, codenamed SCHWED (“Swede”); and Teodor Maly, successively codenamed PAUL, THEO and MANN. By 1938 all three were to become victims of the Terror. Reif and Maly were shot for imaginary crimes. Orlov defected just in time to North America, securing his survival by threatening to arrange for the revelation of all he knew about Soviet espionage should he be pursued by an NKVD assassination squad.[26] Somewhat misleadingly, a KGB/SVR-sponsored biography of Orlov published in 1993 claimed that he was “the mastermind” responsible for the recruitment of the Cambridge agents.[27] There are probably two reasons for this exaggeration. The first is hierarchical. Within the Soviet *nomenklatura* senior bureaucrats commonly claimed, and were accorded, the credit for their subordinates' successes. The claim that Orlov, the most senior intelligence officer involved in British operations in the 1930s, "recruited" Philby is a characteristic example of this common phenomenon.[28] But there are also more contemporary reasons for the inflation of Orlov's historical importance. It suits the SVR, which sees itself as the inheritor of the finest traditions of the KGB First Chief Directorate, to seek to demonstrate the foolishness of Western intelligence and security services by claiming that they failed for over thirty years to notice that the leading recruiter of the Cambridge Five and other agents was living under their noses in the United States. For several years before his death in 1973, the KGB tried to persuade Orlov to return to a comfortable flat and generous pension in Russia, where he would doubtless have been portrayed for propaganda purposes as a man who, despite being forced to flee from Stalin's Terror, had—like Philby—"kept faith with Lenin's Revolution" and used his superior intelligence training to take in Western intelligence agencies for many years.[29]

In reality, Orlov spent only just over a year in London—ten days in July 1934, followed by the period from September 1934 to October 1935.[30] During that period Deutsch, who was subordinate in rank to Orlov, had to seek his approval for his intelligence operations. On occasion Orlov took the initiative in giving instructions to

Deutsch. But the files noted by Mitrokhin make clear that the grand strategy which led to the targeting of Philby and other young Cambridge high-fliers was devised not by Orlov but by Deutsch.[31] And, as Philby himself acknowledged, no other controller equaled Deutsch's tactical skill in implementing that strategy.

Philby's first major service to Soviet intelligence was to direct Deutsch to two other potential Cambridge recruits, Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess.[32] If not already a committed Communist by the time he entered Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in 1931, Donald Maclean became one during his first year. As the handsome, academically gifted son of a former Liberal cabinet minister, Maclean must have seemed to Deutsch an almost ideal candidate to penetrate the corridors of power. On his graduation with first-class honors in modern languages in June 1934, however, Maclean showed no immediate sign of wanting a career in Whitehall. His ambition was either to teach English in the Soviet Union or to stay at Cambridge to work for a PhD. In the course of the summer he changed his mind, telling his mother that he intended to prepare for the Foreign Office entrance examinations in the following year.[33] That change of heart reflected the influence of Deutsch. The first approach to Maclean was made through Philby in August 1934. Deutsch reported that Philby had been instructed to meet Maclean, discuss his job prospects and contacts and ask him to open contact with the Communist Party and begin work for the NKVD. Maclean agreed. For the time being, however, the Centre refused to sanction meetings between Deutsch and Maclean, and contact with him for the next two months was maintained through Philby. Maclean's first codename, like Philby's, had two versions: WAISE in German, SIROTA in Russian—both meaning "Orphan" (an allusion to the death of his father two years earlier).[34]

For some months Guy Burgess, then in his second year as a history research student at Trinity College preparing a thesis he was never to complete, had been enthused by the idea of conducting an underground war against fascism on behalf of the Communist International. Ironically, in view of the fact that he was soon to become one of the Magnificent Five, he seems to have been inspired by the example of the *Fünfergruppen,* the secret "groups of five" being formed by German Communists to organize opposition to Hitler. Maclean was, very probably, among the Communist friends with whom he discussed the (in reality rather unsuccessful) German groups of five.[35] When Maclean admitted, against his instructions, that he had been asked to engage in secret work,[36] Burgess was desperate for an invitation to join him.

In December 1934 Maclean arranged a first meeting between Deutsch and Burgess. [37] Deutsch already knew that Burgess was one of the most flamboyant figures in

Cambridge: a brilliant, gregarious conversationalist equally at home with the teetotal intellectual discussions of the Apostles, the socially exclusive and heavy-drinking Pitt Club and the irreverent satirical revues of the Footlights. He made no secret either of his Communist sympathies or of his enjoyment of the then illegal pleasures of homosexual “rough trade” with young working-class men. A more doctrinaire and less imaginative controller than Deutsch might well have concluded that the outrageous Burgess would be a liability rather than an asset. But Deutsch may well have sensed that Burgess’s very outrageousness would give him good, if unconventional, cover for his work as a secret agent. No existing stereotype of a Soviet spy remotely resembled Burgess.[38] When invited to join the Comintern’s underground struggle against fascism, Burgess told Deutsch that he was “honored and ready to sacrifice everything for the cause.” His codename MÄDCHEN[39] (“Little Girl,” by contrast with Philby’s codename “Sonny”) was an obvious reference to his homosexuality.

Deutsch initially told both Maclean and Burgess, like Philby, that their first task was to distance themselves from the left and conform to the ideas of the establishment in order to penetrate it successfully.[40] Maclean successfully persuaded his mother, Lady Maclean, that he had “rather gone off” his undergraduate flirtation with Communism. In August 1935 he passed the Foreign Office exams with flying colors. When asked about his "Communist views" at Cambridge, Maclean decided to "brazen it out":

> "Yes," I said, "I did have such views—and I haven't entirely shaken them off." I think they must have liked my honesty because they nodded, looked at each other and smiled. Then the chairman said: "Thank you, that will be all, Mr. Maclean."[41]

In October 1935, as a new member of His Majesty's Diplomatic Service, Maclean became the first of the Magnificent Five to penetrate the corridors of power.

Burgess went about burying his Communist past with characteristic flamboyance. Late in 1935 he became personal assistant to the young rightwing gay Conservative MP Captain "Jack" Macnamara. Together they went on fact-finding missions to Nazi Germany which, according to Burgess, consisted largely of homosexual escapades with like-minded members of the Hitler Youth. Burgess built up a remarkable range of contacts among the continental "Homintern." Chief among them was Edouard Pfeiffer, chef de cabinet to Edouard Daladier, French war minister from January 1936 to May 1940 and prime minister from April 1938 to March 1940. Burgess boasted to friends that, "He and Pfeiffer and two members of the French cabinet ... had spent an evening together at a male brothel in Paris. Singing and dancing, they had danced around a table, lashing a naked boy, who was strapped to it, with leather whips."[42]

In February 1935 there was a security alert at the London illegal residency. Reif, operating under the alias "Max Wolisch," was summoned for an interview at the Home Office and observed a large file in the name of Wolisch on his interviewer's desk. Orlov reported to the Centre that the British authorities appeared to have been "digging around but could not come up with anything and decided to get rid of him." Reif obeyed Home Office instructions to arrange for his prompt departure. Orlov feared that MI5 might also be on the trail of Deutsch and announced that as a precaution he was taking personal control of Philby, Maclean and Burgess, by now sometimes referred to as the "Three Musketeers." Orlov believed that his own cover as an American businessman selling imported refrigerators from an office in Regent Street was still secure. In October, however, there was another security alert when he accidentally encountered a man who, some years earlier, had given him English lessons in Vienna and knew his real identity. Orlov made a hasty exit from London, never to return, leaving Deutsch to resume the running of the Cambridge recruits.[43]

Under Deutsch's control, Philby, Maclean and Burgess rapidly graduated as fully fledged Soviet agents. They may not have been told explicitly that they were working for the NKVD rather than assisting Comintern in its underground struggle against fascism, but they no longer needed formal notification. As Deutsch wrote later in a report for the Centre, “They all know that they are working for the Soviet Union. This was absolutely understood by them. My relations with them were based upon our Party membership.” In other words, Deutsch treated them not as subordinate agents but as comrades working under his guidance in a common cause and for the same ideals. Later, less flexible controllers than Deutsch were unhappy that Philby, Burgess and Maclean appeared to consider themselves as officers, rather than agents, of Soviet intelligence.[44] It came as a considerable shock to Philby after his defection to Moscow in 1963 to discover that, like other foreign agents, he did not possess, and would never be allowed to acquire, officer rank—hence his various attempts to mislead Western journalists into believing that he was Colonel, or even General, Philby of the KGB.[45] In his memoirs, published in 1968, Philby repeated the lie that he had “been a Soviet intelligence *officer* for some thirty-odd years.”[46]

AFTER THE SECURITY scares of 1935, Deutsch and the illegal residency took increased precautions to evade MI5 and Special Branch surveillance. Before preparing for a meeting with an agent, usually in London, Deutsch would be driven out of town, watching carefully to see if the car was being followed. Once satisfied that he was not being tailed, he returned to London by public transport, changing several times en route. During his travels Deutsch concealed film of secret documents inside hairbrushes, travel requisites and household utensils. Reports to the Centre were usually sent in secret ink to an address in Copenhagen for forwarding to Moscow.[47]

Though the KGB and SVR released interesting material in the early 1990s on the “Three Musketeers,” they avoided any reference to Norman John (“James”) Klugmann, recruited by Deutsch in 1936.[48] Klugmann and the young Marxist poet John Cornford, “James and John,” were the two most prominent Communist Party activists in Cambridge. Though Cornford was killed in the Spanish Civil War in 1937, just after his twenty-first birthday, Klugmann went on to become head of the Party’s Propaganda and Education Department, a member of the political committee (in effect its Politburo) and the Party’s official historian. He had become a Communist at Gresham’s School, Holt, where he had been a friend and contemporary of Donald Maclean. Klugmann won an open scholarship in modern languages to Trinity College, Maclean a slightly less prestigious exhibition to the neighboring Trinity Hall. Both graduated with first-class honors. Like Maclean, Anthony Blunt’s conversion to Communism owed something to Klugmann’s influence. Blunt found him “an extremely good political theorist” who “ran the administration of the Party with great skill and energy ... It was primarily he who decided what organizations and societies in Cambridge were worth penetrating [by the Communists].”[49] Klugmann had an unshakable conviction that British capitalism was close to collapse. “We simply *knew,* all of us, that the revolution was at hand,” he later recalled. “If anyone had suggested it wouldn’t happen in Britain for say thirty years, I’d have laughed myself sick.”[50]

Since Klugmann was one of Britain’s most active young Communists, there was little prospect that, like the Five, he could convincingly distance himself from the Party and penetrate the “bourgeois apparatus.” Deutsch saw another role for Klugmann: as a talent-spotter for the NKVD, capable, when necessary, of persuading Communist students to engage in underground work rather than conventional Party militancy. Before Deutsch recruited Klugmann, the NKVD obtained the approval of the British Party leadership. There was never any likelihood that the British general secretary, Harry Pollitt, would object. Like most Western Communist leaders he believed that the interests of the Communist International required unconditional support for the Soviet Union, whatever the twists of policy in the Kremlin. With Pollitt’s consent, Klugmann was recruited by Deutsch as agent MER.[51] The refusal by the SVR until 1998 to admit Klugmann’s recruitment was due to the involvement of the British Communist Party.[52] One of the KGB's most closely guarded secrets was the extent to which, as late as the 1980s, it expected the leaders of "fraternal parties" in the West to assist in the recruitment of agents and the fabrication of "legends" for its illegals.[53]

IN THE SPRING of 1936 the Centre appointed another of the Great Illegals, Teodor Maly (codenamed MANN), head of the illegal London residency.[54] Like Deutsch, Maly was later included among the intelligence immortals whose portraits hung on the walls of the First Chief Directorate Memory Room. Hungarian by birth, Maly had entered a Catholic monastic order before the First World War but had volunteered for military service in 1914.[55] He was taken prisoner while serving as second lieutenant in the Austro-Hungarian army on the Russian front in 1916, and spent the rest of the war in a series of POW camps. Maly later told one of his agents:

> I saw all the horrors, young men with frozen limbs dying in the trenches ... I lost my faith in God and when the Revolution broke out I joined the Bolsheviks. I broke with my past completely ... I became a Communist and have always remained one.[56]

Maly was originally posted to London in January 1936 to run the Foreign Office with cipher clerk Captain King (previously controlled by Pieck), to whom he introduced himself as an executive of the fictitious Dutch bank which King believed was paying him for classified documents. In April Maly was appointed illegal resident and henceforth shared with Deutsch in the running of the Cambridge agents. Like Deutsch, he impressed them with both his human sympathy and his visionary faith in the Communist millennium.[57]

During the early months of 1937 Deutsch and Maly completed the recruitment of the Magnificent Five. At the beginning of the year, Burgess, by then a producer at the BBC, arranged a first meeting between Deutsch and Anthony Blunt, French linguist, art historian and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.[58] Though the title of "Fourth Man" later accorded Blunt was a media invention rather than a KGB sobriquet, he was both the fourth of the Five to be recruited and, over forty years later, the fourth to be publicly exposed. Until the war Blunt's chief role for the NKVD was that of talent-spotter. His first recruit, by agreement with Deutsch, was a wealthy young American Communist undergraduate at Trinity, Michael Straight (codenamed NIGEL).[59] Shortly after his own first meeting with Deutsch, Blunt invited Straight to his elegant rooms in Trinity. Straight was still shattered by the news a fortnight earlier that his close friend, John Cornford, had died a hero's death in the Spanish Civil War. "Our friends," Blunt told him, had been giving much thought to his future. “They have instructed me to tell you ... what you must do.” “What friends?” Straight asked. “Our friends in the International, the Communist International,” Blunt replied. The “friends” had decided that Straight’s duty was to break all overt connection with the Party, get a job in Wall Street after his graduation later that year and provide Comintern with inside information. Straight protested. Cornford had given his life for the International. “Remember that,” Blunt told him. A few days later, Straight agreed. “In the course of a week,” Straight wrote later, “I had moved out of the noisy, crowded world of Cambridge into a world of shadows and echoes.” His only meeting with Deutsch, whom he mistook for a Russian, took place in London just after his graduation. Deutsch asked him for some personal documents. Straight gave him a drawing. Deutsch tore it in two, gave him one halfback and told him the other half would be returned to him by a man who would contact him in New York. [60]

The last of the Magnificent Five to be recruited, and later the last to be publicly exposed, was the “Fifth Man,” John Cairncross, a brilliant Scot who in 1934 had entered Trinity at the age of twenty-one with a scholarship in modern languages, having already studied for two years at Glasgow University and gained a *licence ès lettres* at the Sorbonne.[61] His passionate Marxism led the *Trinity Magazine* to give him the nickname “The Fiery Cross,” while his remarkable facility as a linguist led the same magazine to complain, “Cairncross ... learns a new language every fortnight.” [62] Among his college teachers in French literature was Anthony Blunt, though Cairncross later claimed that they never discussed Communism.[63] In 1936, after graduating with first-class honors, Cairncross passed top of the Foreign Office entrance examinations, one hundred marks ahead of the next candidate (though he did less well at the interview).[64]

After Blunt had acted as talent-spotter, the initial approach to Cairncross early in 1937 was entrusted by Deutsch to Burgess[65]—much as Philby had made the first recruitment overture to Maclean in 1934. The actual recruitment of Cairncross shortly afterwards was entrusted to James Klugmann.[66] On April 9 Maly informed the Centre that Cairncross had been formally recruited and given the codename MOLIÈRE.[67] Had Cairncross known his codename, he might well have objected to its transparency but would undoubtedly have found appropriate the choice of his favorite French writer, on whom he later published two scholarly studies in French. For reasons not recorded in KGB files, the codename MOLIÈRE was later replaced by that of LISZT.[68] In May Klugmann arranged Cairncross’s first rendezvous with Deutsch. According to Cairncross’s admittedly unreliable memoirs, the meeting took place one evening in Regent’s Park:

> Suddenly there emerged from behind the trees a short, stocky figure aged around forty, whom Klugmann introduced to me as Otto. Thereupon, Klugmann promptly disappeared ...[69]

Deutsch reported to Moscow that Cairncross "was very happy that we had established contact with him and was ready to start working for us at once."[70]

Among the pre-Second World War Foreign Office documents available to both Maclean and Cairncross, and thus to the NKVD, were what Cairncross described as "a wealth of valuable information on the progress of the Civil War in Spain."[71] Only in a few cases, however, is it possible to identify individual documents supplied by Maclean and Cairncross which the Centre forwarded to Stalin, probably in the form of edited extracts.[72] One such document, which seems to have made a particular impression on Stalin, is the record of talks with Hitler in November 1937 by Lord Halifax, Lord President of the Council (who, three months later, was to succeed Eden as Foreign Secretary).[73] Halifax's visit to Hitler's mountain lair, the "Eagle's Nest" at Berchtesgaden, got off to a farcical start. As the aristocratic Halifax stepped from his car, he mistook Hitler for a footman and was about to hand him his hat and coat when a German minister hissed in his ear, "*Der Führer! Der Führer!* [74] The Centre, however, saw the whole meeting as deeply sinister. The extracts from Halifax’s record of his talks with Hitler, tailored to fit Stalin’s profound distrust of British policy, emphasized that Britain viewed Nazi Germany as “the bastion of the West against Bolshevism” and would take a sympathetic view of German expansion to the east.[75] Though Halifax’s assessment of Hitler, whom he regarded as “very sincere,” was lamentably naive, his record of his comments on Germany’s role in defending the West against Communism were much more qualified than the Centre’s version of them. He told Hitler:

> Although there was much in the Nazi system that offended British opinion (treatment of the Church; to a perhaps lesser extent, the treatment of Jews; treatment of Trade Unions), I was not blind to what he had done for Germany and to the achievement from his point of view of keeping Communism out of his country and, as he would feel, of blocking its passage West.

Halifax also said nothing to support German aggression in eastern Europe. His aim—unrealistic though it was—was to turn Hitler into “a good European” by offering him colonial concessions in order to persuade him to limit his European ambitions to those he could achieve peacefully. Halifax made clear, however, that Britain was prepared to contemplate the peaceful revision of Versailles:

> I said that there were no doubt ... questions arising out of the Versailles settlement which seemed to us capable of causing trouble if they were unwisely handled, e.g. Danzig, Austria, Czechoslovakia. On all these matters we were not necessarily concerned to stand for the status quo as today, but we were concerned to avoid such trouble of them as would be likely to cause trouble. If reasonable settlements could be reached with the free assent and goodwill of those primarily concerned we certainly had no desire to block them.

Such statements were music to Hitler's ears—not because he was interested in the peaceful revision of Versailles, but because he interpreted Halifax's rather feeble attempt at conciliation as evidence that Britain lacked the nerve to fight when the time came for him to begin a war of conquest.[76] Stalin, characteristically, saw a much more sinister purpose behind Halifax's remarks and persuaded himself that Britain had deliberately given the green light to Nazi aggression in the east. The Foreign Office documents supplied by Maclean and Cairncross which recorded British attempts to appease Hitler were used by the Centre to provide the evidence which Stalin demanded of a deep-laid British plot to turn Hitler on the Soviet Union.

THOUGH KIM PHILBY ultimately became the most important of the Magnificent Five, his career took off more slowly than those of the other four. He abandoned an attempt to join the civil service after both his referees (his Trinity director of studies and a family friend) warned him that, while they admired his energy and intelligence, they would feel bound to add that his "sense of political injustice might well unfit him for administrative work." His only minor successes before 1937 were to gain a job on an uninfluential liberal monthly, the *Review of Reviews,* and become a member of the Anglo-German Fellowship, contemptuously described by Churchill as the "Heil Hitler Brigade." As Philby later acknowledged, he would often turn up for meetings with Deutsch "with nothing to offer" and in need of reassurance. The outbreak of the Spanish Civil War gave him his first important intelligence mission. He eventually persuaded a London news agency to give him a letter of accreditation as a freelance war correspondent and arrived in Spain in February 1937. "My immediate assignment," he wrote later in his memoirs, "was to get first-hand information on all aspects of the fascist war effort." As usual, his memoirs fail to tell the whole truth.[77]

A few weeks after Philby's departure, the London illegal residency received instructions, undoubtedly approved by Stalin himself, to order Philby to assassinate General Francisco Franco, leader of the nationalist forces.[78] Maly duly passed on the order but made clear to the Centre that he did not believe Philby capable of fulfilling it.[79] Philby arrived back in London in May without even having set eyes on Franco and, Maly told the Centre, "in a very depressed state." Philby's fortunes improved, however, after he was taken on by *The Times* as one of its two correspondents in nationalist Spain.[80] At the end of the year he became a minor war hero. Three journalists sitting in a car in which he had been traveling were fatally injured by an artillery shell. Philby himself was slightly wounded. He reported modestly to *Times* readers, "Your correspondent ... was taken to a first aid station where light head injuries were speedily treated." "My wounding in Spain," wrote Philby later, "helped my work—both journalism and intelligence—no end." For the first time he gained access to Franco, who on March 2, 1938 pinned on his breast the Red Cross of Military Merit. Then, as Philby reported, "all sorts of doors opened for me."[81]

The doors, however, opened too late. By the time Philby gained access to Franco, the NKVD assassination plot had been abandoned. Since the spring of 1937 the Centre had been increasingly diverted from the war against Franco by what became known as the civil war within the Civil War. The destruction of Trotskyists became a higher priority than the liquidation of Franco. By the end of 1937 the hunt for "enemies of the people" abroad took precedence over intelligence collection. The remarkable talents of the Magnificent Five had yet to be fully exploited. INO was in turmoil, caught up in the paranoia of the Great Terror, with most of its officers abroad suspected of plotting with the enemy. The age of the Great Illegals was rapidly drawing to a brutal close.

FIVE

TERROR

Though “special tasks” only began to dominate NKVD foreign operations in 1937, the problem of “enemies of the people” abroad had loomed steadily larger in Stalin’s mind since the early 1930s as he became increasingly obsessed with the opposition to him inside the Soviet Union. The most daring denunciation of the growing brutality of Stalin’s Russia was a letter of protest sent to the Central Committee in the autumn of 1932 by a former Party secretary in Moscow, Mikhail Ryutin, and a small band of supporters. The “Ryutin platform,” whose text was made public only in 1989, contained such an uncompromising attack on Stalin and the horrors which had accompanied collectivization and the First Five Year Plan over the previous few years that some Trotskyists who saw the document believed it was an OGPU provocation.[1] It denounced Stalin as “the evil genius of the Russian Revolution, motivated by vindictiveness and lust for power, who has brought the Revolution to the edge of the abyss,” and demanded his removal from power: “It is shameful for proletarian revolutionaries to tolerate any longer Stalin's yoke, his arbitrariness, his scorn for the Party and the laboring masses."[2]

At a meeting of the Politburo Stalin called for Ryutin's execution. Only Sergei Mironovich Kirov dared to contradict him. "We mustn't do that!" he insisted. "Ryutin is not a hopeless case, he's merely gone astray." For the time being Stalin backed down and Ryutin was sentenced to ten years in jail.[3] Five years later, during the Great Terror, when Stalin had gained the virtually unchallenged power of life and death over Soviet citizens, Ryutin was shot.

During the early 1930s Stalin lost whatever capacity he had once possessed to distinguish personal opponents from "enemies of the people." By far the most dangerous of these enemies, he believed, were the exiled Leon Trotsky (codenamed STARIK, "Old Man," by the Centre)[4] and his followers. "No normal 'constitutional' paths for the removal of the governing [Stalinist] clique now remain," wrote Trotsky in 1933. "The only way to compel the bureaucracy to hand over power to the proletarian vanguard is by force." Henceforth Stalin used that assertion to argue that the Soviet state was faced with a threat of forcible overthrow, which must itself be forcibly prevented.[5]

Opposition to Stalin resurfaced at the 1934 Party Congress, though in so muted a form that it passed unnoticed by the mass of the population. In the elections to the Central Committee, Stalin polled several hundred votes fewer than Kirov, who was assassinated, probably on Stalin's orders, at the end of the year. What increasingly obsessed Stalin, however, were less the powerless remnants of real opposition to him than the gigantic, mythical conspiracy by imperialist secret services and their Trotskyist hirelings. Though the paranoid strain in what Khrushchev later called Stalin's "sickly suspicious" personality does much to explain his obsession with conspiracy theory, there was an impeccable Leninist logic at the heart of that obsession. Stalin claimed Lenin's authority for his insistence that it was impossible for the imperialists *not* to attempt to overthrow the world's first and only worker-peasant state:

> We are living not only in a State, but in a system of States, and the existence of the Soviet Republic side by side with imperialist States is in the long run unthinkable. But until that end comes, a series of the most terrible clashes between the Soviet Republic and bourgeois States is unavoidable.

It was equally inevitable, Stalin argued, that the enemies without would conspire with traitors within. Only "blind braggarts or concealed enemies of the people," he declared, would dispute this elementary logic.[6] Those who disagreed thus automatically branded themselves as traitors.

Despite Stalin's increasing obsession during the 1930s with Trotskyist conspiracy, Trotsky never really represented any credible threat to the Stalinist regime. He spent his early years in exile trying vainly to find a European base from which to organize his followers. In 1933 he left Turkey for France, then two years later moved on to Norway, but his political activity in all three countries was severely restricted by the reluctant host governments. In 1937, having finally despaired of finding a European headquarters, Trotsky left for Mexico, where he remained until his assassination three years later. The chief European organizer of the Trotskyist movement for most of the 1930s was not Trotsky himself but his elder son, Lev Sedov, who from 1933 was based in Paris. It was Sedov who, until his death in 1938, organized publication of his father's *Bulletin of the Opposition* and maintained contact with Trotsky's scattered supporters. Sedov's entourage, like his father's, was penetrated by the OGPU and NKVD. From 1934 onwards his closest confidant and collaborator in Paris was an NKVD agent, the Russian-born Polish Communist Mark Zborowski, known to Sedov as êtienne and successively codenamed by the Center MAKS, MAK, TULIP and KANT. Sedov trusted "Étienne" so completely that he gave him the key to his letterbox, allowed him to collect his mail and entrusted him with Trotsky's most confidential files and archives for safekeeping.[7]

AS THE CHIEF headquarters of both the Trotskyist movement and the White Guards, Paris became for several years the main center of operations for the NKVD Administration for Special Tasks, headed by “Yasha” Serebryansky, which specialized in assassination and abduction. Serebryansky’s illegal residency in Paris had other targets, too. The most prominent was the mercurial Jacques Doriot, a rabble-rousing orator who during the early 1930s was considered a likely future contender for the leadership of the French Communist Party.[8] In the early months of 1934, he aroused the ire of Moscow by calling on the Party to form an anti-fascist Popular Front with the socialists, still officially condemned in Moscow as “social fascists.” Doriot was summoned to Moscow to recant but refused to go. He was expelled from the Party for indiscipline in June 1934, ironically at the very moment when the Communist International, in a rapid volte-face instantly accepted by the French Communist Party, decided in favor of a Popular Front policy.

Doriot responded with a series of increasingly bitter attacks on both Stalin’s “oriental” despotism and the French Communist leadership, whom he derided as “Stalin’s slaves.” The Centre, fearing the effect of Doriot’s impassioned and now subversive oratory on the French left, ordered Serebryansky to keep him under continuous surveillance. In 1935, after almost the whole non-Communist press had publicized Doriot’s revelation that the French Communist Party received secret instructions and funds from Moscow, the Centre instructed Serebryansky to draw up plans for his liquidation.[9] The order to go ahead with the assassination seems never to have been given, perhaps because of the triumph of the Popular Front in the 1936 elections and Doriot's foundation soon afterwards of the neofascist Parti Populaire Français. Doriot's public vindication of the Communist charge that he was a fascist collaborator provided the Centre with a propaganda victory which his assassination would have spoiled rather than enhanced.[10]

Among other assassinations which Serebryansky was ordered to organize was that of the leading Nazi Hermann Goering, who was reported to be planning a visit to Paris. The Administration for Special Tasks ordered its Paris residency to recruit a sniper and find a way of infiltrating him into the airport, probably Le Bourget, at which Goering was expected to land.[11] Goering, however, failed to visit France and the sniper was stood down. The files seen by Mitrokhin give no indication of the Centre's motive in ordering an assassination which was undoubtedly authorized by Stalin himself. The probability is, however, that the main objective was to damage relations between France and Germany rather than to strike a blow against Nazism. The assassination on French soil in 1934 of the President of the Republic and the King of Yugoslavia by a non-Communist assassin doubtless encouraged the Centre to believe that it could avoid responsibility for the killing of Goering if an opportunity arose.

Despite the numerous other duties of Serebryansky's Paris residency, its main task remained the surveillance and destabilization of French Trotskyists. Until 1937 Lev Sedov, thanks to his misplaced but total confidence in "Étienne" Zborowski, was such an indispensable source on the POLECATS (as the Trotskyists were codenamed by the Centre) that he was not marked down as a target for liquidation.[12] In the autumn of 1936 Zborowski warned the Centre that, because of his financial problems, Trotsky was selling part of his archive (formerly among the papers entrusted by Sedov to Zborowski for safekeeping) to the Paris branch of the International Institute of Social History based in Amsterdam. Serebryansky was ordered to set up a task force to recover it, codenamed the HENRY group. He began by renting the flat immediately above the institute in the rue Michelet in order to keep it under surveillance. On Serebryansky's instructions, Zborowski, then working as a service engineer at a Paris telephone exchange, was ordered to cause a fault on the Institute's telephone line in order to give him a chance to reconnoitre the exact location of the Trotsky papers and examine the locks. When the Institute reported the fault on its line, however, one of Zborowski's colleagues was sent to mend the fault instead. Zborowski promptly put the Institute's phone out of action once again and on this occasion was called to make the repair himself. As he left the Institute, having mended the fault and closely inspected the locks to the front and back doors, he was given a five franc tip by the director, Boris Nikolayevsky, a prominent Menshevik émigré classed by the NKVD as an "enemy of the people."[13]

Serebryansky fixed the time for the burglary at two o'clock on the morning of November 7, 1936, and ordered it to be completed by 5 a.m. at the latest. Since his agents were unable to find keys to fit the Institute locks, he decided to cut them out with a drill powered by an electric transformer concealed in a box filled with sawdust and cotton wool to deaden the sound.[14] The burglars broke in unobserved and left with Trotsky's papers. Both Sedov and the Paris police immediately suspected the NKVD because of both the professionalism of the burglary and the fact that money and valuables in the Institute had been left untouched. Sedov assured the police that his assistant "Étienne" Zborowski was completely above suspicion, and in any case kept the main archive, which had not been stolen, at his home address. Ironically, Sedov suggested that the NKVD might have learned of the transfer of a part of the archive as the result of an indiscretion by the Institute director, Nikolayevsky.[15]

The extraordinary importance attached by the Centre to the theft of the papers was demonstrated by the award of the Order of the Red Banner to the HENRY group.[16] The operation, however, was as pointless as it was professional. The papers stolen from the Institute (many of them press cuttings) were of no operational significance whatever and of far less historical importance than the Trotsky archive which remained in Zborowski's hands and later ended up at Harvard University.[17] But by the mid-1930s Stalin had lost all sense of proportion in his pursuit of Trotskyism in all its forms, both real and imaginary. Trotsky had become an obsession who dominated many of Stalin's waking hours and probably interfered with his sleep at night. As Trotsky's biographer, Isaac Deutscher, concludes:

> The frenzy with which [Stalin] pursued the feud, making it the paramount preoccupation of international communism as well as of the Soviet Union and subordinating to it all political, tactical, intellectual and other interests, beggars description; there is in the whole of history hardly another case in which such immense resources of power and propaganda were employed against a single individual.[18]

The British diplomat R. A. Sykes later wisely described Stalin's world view as "a curious mixture of shrewdness and nonsense."[19] Stalin's shrewdness was apparent in the way that he outmaneuvered his rivals after the death of

Lenin, gradually acquired absolute power as General Secretary, and later out-negotiated Churchill and Roosevelt during their wartime conferences. Historians have found it difficult to accept that so shrewd a man also believed in so much nonsense. But it is no more possible to understand Stalin without acknowledging his addiction to conspiracy theories about Trotsky (and others) than it is to comprehend Hitler without grasping the passion with which he pursued his even more terrible and absurd conspiracy theories about the Jews.

GENRIKH GRIGORYEVICH YAGODA, head of the NKVD from 1934 to 1936, was far less obsessed by Trotsky than Stalin was. Stalin's chief grudge against him was probably a growing conviction that he had been deliberately negligent in his hunt for Trotskyist traitors.[20] His nemesis arrived in September 1936 in the form of a telegram from Stalin and his protégé, Andrei Zhdanov, to the Central Committee declaring that Yagoda had "definitely proved himself incapable of unmasking the Trotskyite- Zinovyevite bloc" and demanding his replacement by Nikolai Ivanovich Yezhov.

As head of the NKVD for the next two years, Yezhov carried through the largest scale peacetime political persecution and blood-letting in European history, known to posterity as the Great Terror.[21] One NKVD document from the Yezhov era, which doubtless reflected—and probably slavishly imitated—Stalin's own view, asserted that “the scoundrel Yagoda” had deliberately concentrated the attack on the “lower ranks” of “the right-wing Trotskyite underground” in order to divert attention from its true leaders: Zinovyev, Bukharin, Rykov, Tomsky, Kamenev and Smirnov. Yagoda, it was claimed, had either sacked or sidelined NKVD staff who had tried to indict these former heroes of the Leninist era for their imaginary crimes.[22] All save Tomsky, who committed suicide, were given starring roles in the show trials of 1936 to 1938, gruesome morality plays which proclaimed a grotesque conspiracy theory uniting all opposition at home and abroad by the use of elegantly absurd formulae such as: “Trotskyism is a variety of fascism and Zinovyevism is a variety of Trotskyism.” In the last of the great show trials Yagoda, despite a plea for mercy written “on bended knees,” was himself unmasked as a leading Trotskyist conspirator. The chief author of the gigantic conspiracy theory, which became undisputed orthodoxy within the NKVD and provided the ideological underpinning of the Great Terror, was Stalin himself.[23] Stalin personally proofread the transcripts of the show trials before their publication, amending the defendants’ speeches to ensure that they did not deviate from their well-rehearsed confessions to imaginary conspiracies.[24] NKVD records of the period proclaim with characteristic obsequiousness that, “The practical organization of the work exposing the right-wing Trotskyite underground was supervised personally by Comrade Stalin, and in 1936-8 crippling blows were delivered to the rabble."[25]

"Crippling blows" against both real and imaginary Trotskyist "rabble" were struck outside as well as inside the Soviet Union. The beginning of the Spanish Civil War in July 1936 opened up a major new field of operations for Serebryansky's Administration for Special Tasks and for INO as a whole. The struggle of the Spanish republican government to defend itself against the nationalist rebellion led by General Francisco Franco fired the imagination of the whole of the European left as a crusade against international fascism: 35,000 foreign volunteers, most of them Communist, set out for Spain to join the International Brigades in defense of the republic. In October 1936 Stalin declared in an open letter to Spanish Communists: "Liberation of Spain from the yoke of the Spanish reactionaries is not the private concern of Spaniards alone, but the common cause of all progressive humanity." From the outset, however, the NKVD was engaged in Spain in a war on two fronts: against Trotskyists within the republicans and the International Brigades, as well as against Franco and the nationalist forces. The former illegal resident in London, Aleksandr Orlov, sent to Spain as legal resident after the outbreak of the Civil War, confidently assured the Centre in October, "The Trotskyist organization POUM [Partido Obrero de Unificacion Marxista] can be easily liquidated."[26]

WHILE ORLOV COORDINATED the NKVD's secret two-front war within Spain, Serebryansky conducted operations from abroad. Serebryansky organized training courses in Paris for saboteurs from the International Brigades, run by GIGI, a French Communist mechanic who usually worked without pay, FRANYA, a female Polish student paid 1,500 francs a month, and LEGRAND, on whom no further details are available. The greatest sabotage success reported by Serebryansky was the claim by the ERNST TOLSTY group of illegals, based in the Baltic and Scandinavia, to have sunk seventeen ships carrying arms to Franco.[27] One of the leading saboteurs was a young German Communist, Ernst Wollweber, who twenty years later was to become head of the Stasi in East Germany.[28] An NKVD inquiry after the Civil War concluded, however, that some of the reports of sinkings were fabrications.[29]

The main NKVD training grounds for guerrillas and saboteurs were within Spain itself at training camps supervised by Orlov at Valencia, Barcelona, Bilbao and Argen. Orlov later boasted of how his guerrilla platoons succeeded in blowing up power lines and bridges and in attacking enemy convoys far behind the nationalist lines. As an SVR-sponsored biography of Orlov acknowledges, his larger purpose was "to build up a secret police force under NKVD control to effect a Stalinization of Spain." The chief Soviet military adviser in republican Spain, General Jan Berzin, formerly head of Red Army intelligence, complained that Orlov and the NKVD were treating republican Spain as a colony rather than an ally.[30]

In the spring of 1937 Orlov and Serebryansky were ordered to move from the surveillance and destabilization of Trotskyist groups to the liquidation of their leaders. While Serebryansky began preparing the abduction of Sedov,[31] Orlov supplied the republican government with forged documents designed to discredit POUM as "a German-Francoist spy organization." On June 16 the head of POUM, Andreu Nin, and forty leading members were arrested, its headquarters closed and its militia battalions disbanded. Less than a week later Nin disappeared from prison. An official investigation announced that he had escaped. In reality, he was abducted and murdered by a "mobile squad" of NKVD assassins, supervised by Orlov. Nin was one of many Trotskyists in Spain, both real and imagined, who met such fates. Until Orlov defected to the United States in 1938, fearing that he too had been placed on an NKVD death list, he lived in some luxury while organizing the liquidation of enemies of the people. A young volunteer in the International Brigades summoned to his presence was struck by how strongly he reeked of eau de cologne, and watched enviously as he consumed a large cooked breakfast wheeled in on a trolley by a whitecoated servant. Orlov offered none of it to the famished volunteer, who had not eaten for twenty-four hours.[32]

Though unusually forthcoming about Orlov, who, because of his defection, never qualified for the KGB Valhalla, the SVR has been much more reluctant to release material on the Spanish Civil War which might damage the reputation of the traditional heroes of Soviet foreign intelligence: among them Hero of the Soviet Union Stanislav Alekseyevich Vaupshasov, long celebrated for his daring exploits behind enemy lines during the Second World War. With four Orders of Lenin, two Orders of the Great Patriotic War and a chestful of other medals, Vaupshasov was probably the Soviet Union's most profusely decorated intelligence hero. As recently as 1990 he was honored by a commemorative postage stamp. Vaupshasov's murderous pre-war record, however, is still kept from public view by the SVR. In the mid-1920s he led a secret OGPU unit in numerous raids on Polish and Lithuanian border villages, dressed in Polish and Lithuanian army uniforms. In 1929 Vaupshasov was sentenced to death for murdering a colleague, but managed to have the sentence commuted to ten years in the gulag. He was quickly released and resumed his career as one of the NKVD's leading experts in assassination. Among Vaupshasov's duties in Spain was the construction and guarding of a secret crematorium which enabled the NKVD to dispose of its victims without leaving any trace of their remains. Many of those selected for liquidation were lured into the building containing the crematorium and killed on the spot.[33]

The NKVD agent in charge of the crematorium was José Castelo Pacheco (codenamed JOSE, PANSO and TEODOR),[34] a Spanish Communist born in Salamanca in 1910, who was recruited by Orlov's deputy resident, Leonid Aleksandrovich Eitingon, in 1936.[35] In 1982, some years after Castelo's death, the KGB received a letter from a female relative appealing for a pension and claiming that he had told her before his death, "If you have any problems and there is no other way out, I mean only in extreme circumstances, then contact my Soviet comrades." Though Castelo's file showed that he had promised never to reveal any details of his work as a Soviet agent, there was an obvious risk that his relative had discovered his work in the NKVD crematorium. The Centre therefore concluded that to refuse her request might have "undesirable consequences." In January 1983 she was summoned to the consular department of the Soviet embassy in Madrid by the resident and told that, though she had no legal right to a pension, it had been decided to make her an *ex gratia* payment of 5,000 convertible roubles, then the equivalent of 6,680 US dollars. No reference was made to Castelo's work for the NKVD.[36]

REMARKABLY, MANY OTHERWISE admirable

studies of the Stalin era fail to mention the relentless secret pursuit of "enemies of the people" in western Europe. The result, all too frequently, is a sanitized, curiously bloodless interpretation of Soviet foreign policy on the eve of the Second World War which fails to recognize the priority given to assassination. Outside Spain, the main theater of operations for the NKVD's assassins was France, where their chief targets were Lev Sedov and General Yevgeni Karlovich Miller, Kutepov's successor as head of the White Guard ROVS. In the summer of 1937 Serebryansky devised similar plans to liquidate both. Sedov and Miller were each to be kidnapped in Paris, smuggled on board a boat waiting off the Channel coast, then brought to the Soviet Union for interrogation and retribution. The first stage in the abduction operations was the penetration of their entourages.

Like Sedov's assistant "Étienne" Zborowski, Miller's deputy, General Nikolai Skoblin, was an NKVD agent. Probably unknown to Skoblin, Serebryansky also used an illegal, Mireille Lyudvigovna Abbiate (codenamed AVIATORSHA, "aviator's wife"), to keep Miller under surveillance. Abbiate was the daughter of a French music teacher in St. Petersburg, born and brought up in Russia. When her family returned to France in 1920, she had stayed in Russia and married the aviator Vasili Ivanovich Yermolov (hence her later codename). In 1931, when she traveled to France to visit her parents, she was recruited by the NKVD. During her visit she recruited her brother, Roland Lyudvigovich Abbiate, who also became an illegal with the codename LETCHIK (“pilot”). AVIATORSHA rented a flat next to General Miller, secretly forced an entry, stole some of his papers and installed a hidden microphone which enabled her to bug his apartment.[37] On September 22, 1937, like Kutepov seven years earlier, Miller disappeared in broad daylight on a Paris street. The Sûreté later concluded that Miller had been taken to the Soviet embassy, killed and his body placed in a large trunk which was then taken by a Ford truck to be loaded on a Soviet freighter waiting at Le Havre. Several witnesses reported seeing the trunk being loaded on board. Miller, however, was still alive inside the trunk, heavily drugged. Unlike Kutepov in 1930, he survived the voyage to Moscow, where he was interrogated and shot. Skoblin, who fell under immediate suspicion by Miller’s supporters, fled to Spain.[38] Mireille Abbiate, whose role went undetected, was awarded the Order of the Red Star, then reassigned to the operation against Sedov.[39]

Planning for the abduction of Sedov was at an advanced stage by the time Miller disappeared. A fishing boat had been hired at Boulogne to take him on the first stage of his journey to the Soviet Union.[40] The operation, however, was aborted—possibly as a result of the furor aroused in France by the NKVD’s suspected involvement in Miller's abduction. A few months later Sedov met a different end. On February 8, 1938 he entered hospital with acute appendicitis. "Étienne" Zborowski helped to persuade him that, to avoid NKVD surveillance, he must have his appendix removed not at a French hospital but at a small private clinic run by Russian émigrés, which was in reality an easier target for Soviet penetration. No sooner had Zborowski ordered the ambulance than, as he later admitted, he alerted the NKVD. But, for alleged security reasons, he refused to reveal the address of the clinic to French Trotskyists. Sedov's operation was successful and for a few days he seemed to be making a normal recovery. Then he had a sudden relapse which baffled his doctors. Despite repeated blood transfusions, he died in great pain on February 16 at the age of only thirty-two. The contemporary files contain no proof that the NKVD was responsible for his death.[41] It had, however, a sophisticated medical section, the Kamera, which experimented with lethal drugs and was capable of poisoning Sedov. It is certain that the NKVD intended to assassinate Sedov, just as it planned to kill Trotsky and his other leading lieutenants. What remains in doubt is whether Sedov was murdered by the NKVD in February 1938 or whether he died of natural causes before he could be assassinated.[42]

Sedov's death enabled the NKVD to take a leading role in the Trotskyist organization. Zborowski became both publisher of the *Bulletin of the Opposition* and Trotsky's most important contact with his European supporters. While unobtrusively encouraging internecine warfare between the rival Trotskyist tendencies, Zborowski impeccably maintained his own cover. On one occasion he wrote to tell Trotsky that the *Bulletin* was about to publish an article entitled "Trotsky's Life in Danger," which would expose the activities of NKVD agents in Mexico. In the summer of 1938 the defector Aleksandr Orlov, then living in the United States, sent Trotsky an anonymous letter warning him that his life was in danger from an NKVD agent in Paris. Orlov did not know the agent's surname but said that his first name was Mark (the real first name of "Étienne" Zborowski), and gave a detailed description of his appearance and background. Trotsky suspected that this letter and others like it were the work of NKVD *agents provocateurs.* Zborowski agreed. When told about one of the accusations against him, he is reported as having given "a hearty laugh."[43]

Following the death of Sedov, the NKVD's next major Trotskyist target in Europe was the German Rudolf Klement, secretary of Trotsky's Fourth International, whose founding conference was due to be held later in the year.[44] On July 13, 1938 the NKVD abducted Klement from his Paris home. A few weeks later his headless corpse was washed ashore on the banks of the Seine. The founding conference of the Fourth International in September was a tragicomic event, attended by only twenty-one delegates claiming to represent mostly minuscule Trotskyist groups in eleven countries. The Russian section, whose authentic members had probably been entirely exterminated, was represented by Zborowski. The American Trotskyist Sylvia Angeloff, one of the conference translators, was accompanied by her Spanish lover, Ramón Mercader, an NKVD illegal posing as a Belgian journalist who was later to achieve fame as Trotsky's assassin in Mexico City.[45]

BY 1938 SEREBRYANSKY'S Administration for Special Tasks was the largest section of Soviet foreign intelligence, claiming to have 212 illegal officers operating in sixteen countries: the USA, France, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Germany, Latvia, Estonia, Poland, Romania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia and China. After Trotskyists, the largest number of "enemies of the people" pursued abroad by the NKVD during the Great Terror came from the ranks of its own foreign intelligence service.[46] When receiving reports from Moscow of show trials and the unmasking of their colleagues as agents of imperialist powers, intelligence officers stationed abroad had to pay careful attention not merely to what they said but also to their facial expressions and body language. Those who failed to respond with sufficiently visible or heartfelt outrage to the non-existent conspiracies being unveiled in Moscow were likely to have adverse reports sent to the Centre—frequently with fatal consequences.

After the trial of Lenin’s former lieutenants Zinovyev, Kamenev and other “degenerates” in August 1936, the Centre received an outraged communication from the Paris legal residency regarding the unsatisfactory level of indignation displayed by the military intelligence officer Abram Mironovich Albam (codenamed BELOV):

> BELOV does not appear to feel a deep hatred or a sharply critical attitude towards these political bandits. During discussions of the trial of the Trotskyite-Zinovyevite bandits, he retreats into silence. BELOV was hoping that the sixteen convicted men would be shown mercy, and, when he read about their execution in the newspaper today, he actually sighed.[47]

Albam’s subversive sigh helped to convict not merely himself but also a number of his colleagues of imaginary crimes. His file lists thirteen of his acquaintances who were subsequently arrested; at least some, probably most, were shot. Albam’s wife, Frida Lvovna, tried to save herself by disowning her arrested husband. “The most horrible realization for an honest Party member,” she wrote indignantly to the NKVD, “is the fact that he was an enemy of the people surrounded by other enemies of the people.”[48]

Both at home and abroad the Great Terror favored the survival of the most morally unfit. Those who were quickest to denounce their colleagues for imaginary crimes stood the greatest chance of being among the minority of survivors. The fact that Yakov Surits, ambassador in Berlin at the beginning of the Great Terror, was one of the few senior diplomats to survive may well have owed something to his expertise in denunciation. Surits sought to head off denunciation by the head of the legal residency in his embassy, B. M. Gordon, by denouncing Gordon first. At the outset of the Terror, Surits drew to the attention of the Centre that a Soviet diplomat with whom Gordon was on friendly terms was a former Socialist Revolutionary who frequently visited relatives in Prague "where other SR émigrés reside."[49] After the show trial of the "Trotskyite-Zinovyevite Terrorist Center" in January 1937, Surits reported disturbing evidence of Gordon's Trotskyite sympathies:

> On February 2 a Party meeting was held in the Berlin embassy. Gordon, B. M., the resident and Communist Party organizer, delivered a report on the trial of the Trotskyite Center.
>
> Gordon did not say a word about the fact that his rabble of bandits had a specific program of action; he did not say why this scum hid its program from the working class and from all working people; why it led a double life; why it went deeply underground.
>
> He did not dwell on the reasons why after all the enemies managed to cause damage for so many

> years.
>
> He did not deal with the question why, despite wrecking, sabotage, terrorism and espionage, our industry and transport constantly made progress and continue to make progress.
>
> He did not touch on the international significance of the trial.[50]

Surits, however, was unaware that he was himself being simultaneously denounced for similar failings by one of his secretaries, who wrote virtuously to the Centre:

> To this day the office of Comrade Surits is adorned with a portrait of Bukharin with the following inscription: “To my dear Surits, my old friend and comrade, with love—N. Bukharin.” I deliberately do not take it down, not because I greatly enjoy looking at it, but because I want to avoid the cross looks which Comrade Surits gave me when I removed the portrait of Yenukidze.
>
> I am waiting for him to remove it himself, since if Bukharin was indeed once his close friend, he must now be his enemy, as he has become the enemy of our Party and of the whole working class. The portrait should immediately have been thrown into the fire.
>
> That, really, is all that I considered it my Party duty to report to you. After the adoption of the Stalin

> Constitution [of 1936] which has granted us great rights and put us under great obligations, calling us to exercise discipline, honest work and vigilance, I could not remain silent about these facts.[51]

In 1937-8, following the recall and liquidation of all or most of their officers, many NKVD residencies ceased to function. Though the residencies in London, Berlin, Vienna and Tokyo did not close, they were reduced to one or, at the most, two officers each.[52] Most of the Great Illegals were purged with the rest. Among the first to fall under suspicion was the London head of probably the NKVD's most successful illegal residency, Teodor Maly, whose religious background and revulsion at the use of terror made him an obvious suspect. He accepted the order to return to Moscow in June 1937 with an idealistic fatalism. "I know that as a former priest I haven't got a chance," he told Aleksandr Orlov. "But I have decided to go there so that nobody can say: 'That priest might have been a real spy after all.' "[53] Once in Moscow he was denounced as a German spy, interrogated and shot a few months later. Moisei Akselrod, head of the illegal residency in Italy and controller of DUNCAN, the most productive source of intelligence on Britain during the previous decade, was also recalled to Moscow. After a brief period in limbo, he too was executed as an enemy of the people.[54]

Amid the paranoia of the Great Terror, Arnold Deutsch's Jewish-Austrian origins and unorthodox early career made him automatically suspect in the Centre. After the recall of Maly, Akselrod and other illegals, he must have feared that his own turn would not be long in coming. In an effort to extend his visa he had recently contacted a Jewish relative in Birmingham, Oscar Deutsch, president of a local synagogue and managing director of Odeon Theatres. Arnold sometimes visited his Birmingham relatives for Friday night sabbath dinners, and Oscar promised to provide work to enable him to stay in Britain.[55] These contacts doubtless added to the suspicions of the Centre.

Remarkably, however, Deutsch survived. He may well have owed his survival to the defection in July 1937 of a Paris-based NKVD illegal, Ignace Poretsky (alias Reiss, codenamed RAYMOND). Poretsky was tracked down in Switzerland by a French illegal in the "Serebryansky Service," Roland Abbiate (alias "Rossi," codenamed LETCHIK), whose sister Mireille, also in the "Serebryansky Service," was simultaneously preparing the abduction of General Miller in Paris.[56] To lure Poretsky to his death, Abbiate used one of his friends, Gertrude Schildbach, a German Communist refugee who was persuaded to write to Poretsky to say that she urgently needed his advice. Schildbach refused a request to give Poretsky a box of chocolates laced with strychnine (later recovered by the Swiss police), but enticed him into a side-road near Lausanne where Abbiate was waiting with a machine-gun. At the last moment Poretsky realized that he was being led into a trap and tried to grab hold of Schildbach. His bullet-ridden body was later discovered, clutching in one hand a strand of her greying hair.[57]

The NKVD damage assessment after Poretsky's defection concluded that he had probably betrayed Deutsch, with whom he had been stationed in Paris a few years earlier, to Western intelligence services.[58] Deutsch's classification as a victim of Trotskyite and Western conspiracy helped to protect him from charges of being part of that conspiracy. He was recalled to Moscow in November 1937, not, like Maly, to be shot, but because the Centre believed he had been compromised by Poretsky and other traitors.

The liquidation of Maly and recall of Deutsch did severe and potentially catastrophic damage to the NKVD's British operations. All contact was broken with Captain King (MAG), the cipher clerk in the Foreign Office recruited in 1935, since the NKVD damage assessment absurdly concluded that Maly "had betrayed MAG to the enemy."[59] The files noted by Mitrokhin do not record what the damage assessment concluded about the Cambridge recruits, but, since Maly knew all their names, there were undoubtedly fears that they too had been compromised. Those fears must surely have been heightened by the defection in November of Walter

Krivitsky, the illegal resident in the Netherlands. Though Krivitsky seems not to have known the names of any of the Cambridge Five, he knew some details about them, including the fact that one of them was a young journalist who had been sent to Spain with a mission to assassinate Franco.[60]

After Deutsch's recall to Moscow, the three members of the Five who remained in England—Burgess, Blunt and Cairncross—were out of direct contact with the Centre for nine months. They were so highly motivated, however, that they continued to work for the NKVD even as the illegal residency which had controlled them was disintegrating. Burgess, who had been allowed by Deutsch and Maly to consider himself an NKVD officer rather than an agent wholly dependent on instructions from his controller, continued recruiting agents on his own initiative. He saw himself as continuing and developing Deutsch's strategy of recruiting bright students at Oxford as well as Cambridge who could penetrate Whitehall.

Burgess intended his chief talent-spotter at Oxford to be Goronwy Rees, a young Welsh Fellow of All Souls and assistant editor of the *Spectator.* Rees had first met Burgess in 1932 and, though resisting Burgess's attempt to seduce him, had none the less been deeply impressed by him: "It seemed to me that there was something deeply original, something which was, as it were, his very own in everything he had to say."[61] It was probably a book review by Rees late in 1937 which persuaded Burgess that he was ready for recruitment. The misery of mass unemployment in south Wales, wrote Rees, was

> misery of a special and peculiar kind ... and to many people it implies a final condemnation of the society which has produced it ... If you tell men and women, already inclined by temperament and tradition to revolutionary opinions, that their sufferings are caused by an impersonal economic system, you leave them but one choice. Lenin could not do better.

One evening, probably at the beginning of 1938, sitting in Rees's flat with, as usual, a bottle of whiskey between them, Burgess told him that his *Spectator* review showed that he had "the heart of the matter in him." Then, according to Rees, he added with unusual solemnity, "I am a Comintern agent and have been ever since I came down from Cambridge."[62] In later years Rees was to try to give the impression that he did not agree to become an agent. His KGB file makes clear that he was recruited—though it confirms that Burgess asked him not to work for the NKVD but "to help the Party."[63] As an NKVD case officer with whom Burgess made contact later in the year reported to the Centre, he regarded Rees (henceforth codenamed FLEET or GROSS) as a key part of his Oxbridge recruitment strategy:

> The kind of work which he would do with great moral satisfaction and with absolute confidence in its success and effectiveness is the recruitment by us of young people graduating from Oxford and Cambridge Universities and preparing them to enter the civil service. For this kind of work he has such assistants as TONY [Blunt] in Cambridge and GROSS [Rees] in Oxford. MÄDCHEN [Burgess] always returns to this idea at every meeting ...[64]

Though unhappy with Burgess's undisciplined recruiting methods, the Centre regarded Rees as potentially an important agent. Three of Britain's leading appeasers—Lord Halifax, the Foreign Secretary; Sir John Simon, then Home Secretary; and Geoffrey Dawson, editor of *The Times*—were nonresident Fellows of All Souls. The Center attached exaggerated importance to the fact that Rees met all three from time to time on high table. It also overestimated the influence of Rees's friend Sir Ernest Swinton, a retired major-general who had been Chichele Professor of Military History since 1925 and was referred to by the Centre as "General Swinton."[65]

WHILE BURGESS WAS pressing ahead enthusiastically with his Oxbridge recruitment strategy, INO was in turmoil. On February 17, 1938 its head, Abram Slutsky, was found dead in his office, allegedly from a heart attack. But at his lying in state in the NKVD officers' club, his senior staff noticed on his face the tell-tale signs of cyanide poisoning.[66] Yagoda, meanwhile, was confessing at his trial to working for the German, Japanese and Polish intelligence services, to poisoning his predecessor, Menzhinsky, and to attempting to poison his successor, Yezhov.[67] By the end of the year, Slutsky's two immediate successors as head of INO, Zelman Pasov and Mikhail Shpigelglas, had also been shot as enemies of the people.[68] INO collapsed into such confusion during 1938 that for 127 consecutive days not a single foreign intelligence report was forwarded to Stalin.[69] In December Yezhov was replaced as head of the NKVD by Lavrenti Pavlovich Beria; a few months later he was accused of treasonable conspiracy with Britain, Germany, Japan and Poland.[70] As NKVD officers went home in the evening, each one must have wondered whether the knock at the door in the early hours would signal that his own doom was nigh.

Most of the INO officers who were interrogated and brutally tortured during the late 1930s in the name of the vast conspiracy theories of Stalin and his NKVD chiefs did not live to tell the tale. One of the few who did was the first of the Great Illegals, Dmitri Bystroletov. In 1937 Bystroletov had been sent on a mission to Berlin to contact a Soviet agent on the Reichswehr general staff. He later claimed that, before he left, he was embraced by Yezhov. "Be proud that we have given you one of our best sources," Yezhov told him. "Stalin and your fatherland will not forget you."[71] Early in 1938, however, Bystroletov was suspended from duty and transferred to the Moscow Chamber of Commerce, where he worked until his arrest in September.[72] During Bystroletov's interrogation by Colonel Solovyev, Yezhov entered the room and asked what he was accused of. When told he was charged with spying for four foreign powers, Yezhov replied "Too few!", turned on his heels and left.[73]

When Bystroletov refused to confess to his imaginary crimes, Solovyev and his assistant, Pushkin, beat him with a ball-bearing on the end of an iron rope, breaking two of his ribs and penetrating a lung. His skull was fractured by one of the other instruments of torture, a hammer wrapped in cotton wool and bandages, and his stomach muscles torn by repeated kicks from his interrogators. Convinced that he would die if the beating continued, Bystroletov signed a confession dictated to him by Solovyev. For most INO officers, torture and confession to imaginary crimes were followed by a short walk to an execution chamber and a bullet in the back of the head. Bystroletov, however, survived to write an account of his interrogation. Though sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment in 1939, he was rehabilitated during the Second World War. By the time he was released, his wife, Shelmatova, sent to the gulag as the spouse of an enemy of the people, had killed herself by cutting her throat with a kitchen knife. His elderly mother poisoned herself.[74]

AFTER THE DISINTEGRATION of the London illegal residency following the liquidation of Maly and the recall of Deutsch, the Centre planned to hand over the running of its main British agents to the legal residency at the Soviet embassy in Kensington. In April 1938 a new resident, Grigori Grafpen (codenamed SAM), arrived to take charge.[75] The massacre of many of the most experienced INO officers had a dramatic effect on the quality of NKVD tradecraft. Deutsch, Orlov and Maly had taken elaborate precautions to avoid surveillance before meeting their agents. But an inexperienced emissary from the Centre who came to inspect Grafpen's residency had so little idea about tradecraft that he assumed it was safe to operate in the immediate environs of the embassy. He reported naively to Moscow, "Next to the Embassy there is a park [Kensington Gardens] which is convenient ... for holding meetings with agents, as one can simply give the appearance of having gone out for a walk in this park."[76]

Grafpen's first priority was to renew contact with Donald Maclean, then the most productive of the Cambridge Five and able to smuggle large numbers of classified documents out of the Foreign Office. On April 10 a young and apparently inexperienced female NKVD officer, codenamed NORMA, met Maclean in the Empire Cinema in Leicester Square. A few days later Maclean came to NORMA's flat with a large bundle of Foreign Office documents which she photographed, before giving the undeveloped film to Grafpen for shipment to Moscow. Either on that occasion or soon afterwards, the young British agent and his Soviet case officer followed the photography session by going to bed together. In defiance of her instructions, NORMA also told Maclean, probably in bed, that his current codename (which he was not supposed to know) was LYRIC.[77]

In September 1938 Maclean left for his first foreign posting as third secretary in the Paris embassy, preceded by an effusive testimonial from the Foreign Office personnel department:

> Maclean, who is the son of the late Sir Donald Maclean ... has done extremely well during his first two years here and is one of the mainstays of the Western Department. He is a very nice individual indeed and has plenty of brains and keenness. He is, too, nice-looking and ought, we think, to be a success in Paris from the social as well as the work point of view.[78]

As Maclean was leaving for Paris, the Munich crisis was reaching its humiliating climax with the surrender of the Czech Sudetenland to Nazi Germany. On September 30 the British prime minister, Neville Chamberlain, returned to a hero's welcome in London, brandishing the worthless piece of paper bearing Hitler's signature which, he claimed, meant not only "peace with honor" but "peace for our time." For the Cambridge Five, incapable of imagining that less than a year later Stalin would sign a pact with Hitler, Munich was further confirmation of the justice of their cause.

During the Munich crisis Cairncross had access to Foreign Office files containing what Burgess described as "the very best information imaginable" on British policy, which he passed to the NKVD via Klugmann and Burgess.[79] Cairncross's documents on the attempted appeasement of Germany, which reached its nadir with the Munich agreement, were used by the Centre to provide further evidence for the conspiracy theory that the secret aim of British foreign policy, supported by the French, was "to lure Germany into an attack on Russia." Though the chief advocate of this theory was Stalin, it was also fervently espoused by INO. Throughout the Cold War, the claim that Britain's aim at Munich had been not merely to appease Hitler but also to drive him into a conflict with the Soviet Union remained unchallenged orthodoxy among KGB historians. As late as the mid-1990s, Yuri Modin, the post-war controller of the Five, was still insisting that, "This claim was neither propaganda nor disinformation but the unvarnished truth, proven by the documents obtained for us by Burgess" (chiefly, no doubt, from Cairncross).[80]

After Maclean's posting to Paris during the Munich crisis, Cairncross was intended by the Centre to succeed him as its chief source within the Foreign Office. The London resident, Grafpen, bungled the transition. Cairncross's prickly personality and lack of social graces had not won the same encomiums from his colleagues or the Foreign Office personnel department as Maclean's more patrician manner. In December 1938 he moved to the Treasury.[81] At almost the same moment as Cairncross's departure for the Treasury, though for unconnected reasons, Grafpen was recalled to Moscow. Given the atmosphere of the time, he may actually have been relieved, after being "unmasked" as a Trotskyist on his arrival, to be sentenced to only five years in a labor camp rather than being led to an execution cellar in the Lubyanka basement.[82] En route for Moscow in December 1938, Grafpen accompanied NORMA (renamed ADA since her earlier indiscretion) to Paris where she was due to resume contact with Maclean. ADA reported that Maclean was having an affair with an American student at the Sorbonne, Melinda Marling, whom he was later to marry. She also discovered that Maclean, now drinking heavily, had admitted that while drunk he had told both his mistress and his brother that he was working for Soviet intelligence.[83] ADA remained in Paris, filming the documents provided by Maclean from embassy files, then passing the film to an illegal codenamed FORD for transmission to the Centre.[84]

The news in December 1938 of Maclean's drunken security lapse was balanced by a spectacular success. In the same month Burgess reported, probably via Paris, that he had succeeded in joining the Secret Intelligence Service. He had been taken on by SIS's newest branch, Section D, founded earlier in the year to devise dirty tricks ranging from sabotage to psychological warfare (delicately described as ways of "attacking potential enemies by means other than the operations of military force") for use in a future war.[85] Instead of being elated by the news, however, the Centre appeared almost paralyzed by fear and suspicion.

THE EXPOSURE OF two London illegal residents, Reif and Maly, and the legal resident, Grafpen, as imaginary enemy agents, combined with the defection of Orlov, put the entire future of intelligence operations in Britain in doubt. The illegal residency had been wound up and, with one exception, the staff of the legal residency were recalled to Moscow.[86] The only remaining INO officer in London, Anatoli Veniaminovich Gorsky, was poorly briefed about even the most important British agents. In the summer of 1939, when Philby was due to return to London after the end of the Spanish Civil War, Gorsky told the Centre, "When you give us orders on what to do with SÖHNCHEN, we would appreciate some orientation on him, for he is known to us only in the most general terms."[87]

An assessment in the Centre concluded that intelligence work in Britain "was based on doubtful sources, on an agent network acquired at the time when it was controlled by enemies of the people and was therefore extremely dangerous." It concluded with a recommendation to break contact with all British agents—the Five included.[88] Though contact was not yet broken, the Five seem to have been held at arm's length for most of 1939. Intelligence from them was accepted, often without any visible interest in it, while the Centre continued to debate the possibility that some or all were *agents provocateurs.* ADA reported that Philby "frequently" complained to Maclean about the NKVD's lack of contact with, and interest in, him.[89] Litzi Philby (MARY) and Edith Tudor Hart (EDITH), who were used by Burgess and others as couriers to make contact with the NKVD in Paris in 1938-9, grumbled that their expenses were not being paid. Gorsky reported to the Centre in July 1939:

> MARY announced that, as a result of a four-month hiatus in communications with her, we owe her and MÄDCHEN £65. I promised to check at home [the Centre] and gave him £30 in advance, since she said they were in material need ... MARY continues to live in [France] and for some reason, she says on our

> orders, maintains a large flat and so on there.

The Centre replied:

> At one time, when it was necessary, MARY was given orders to keep a flat in Paris. That is no longer necessary. Have her get rid of the flat and live more modestly, since we will not pay. MARY should not be paid £65, since we do not feel that we owe her, *for anything.* We confirm the payment of £30. Tell her that we will pay no more.[90]

To a remarkable degree, however, the ideological commitment of the main British agents survived the turmoil in the Centre. In 1938 Burgess recruited one of his lovers, Eric Kessler, a Swiss journalist turned diplomat on the staff of the Swiss embassy in London. Later codenamed OREND and SHVEYTSARETS ("Swiss"), Kessler proved a valuable source on Swiss-German relations.[91] Probably in 1939, Burgess recruited another foreign lover, the Hungarian Andrew Revoi, later leader of the exiled Free Hungarians in wartime London. Codenamed TAFFY ("Toffee"), he was described in his KGB file as a pederast; the same source also claimed that he had "had homosexual relations with a Foreign Office official." Ironically, in 1942 Burgess was also to recruit Revoi as an MI5 source.[92]

Kim and Litzi Philby, still good comrades according to

KGB files though they both now had different partners, made a probably even more important recruitment in 1939: that of the Austrian journalist H. P. Smolka, whom Litzi had known in Vienna. Soon after the Nazi Anschluss, which united Austria with Germany in 1938, Smolka became a naturalized British subject with the name of Peter Smollett. Codenamed ABO by the Centre, Smollett later succeeded in becoming head of the Russian section in the wartime Ministry of Information.[93]

The signature of the Nazi-Soviet Non-Aggression Pact in Moscow on August 23, 1939 was an even bigger blow to the morale of the NKVD's British agents than the turmoil in the Centre. Exchanging toasts with Hitler's foreign minister, Joachim von Ribbentrop, Stalin told him, "I can guarantee, on my word of honor, that the Soviet Union will not betray its partner." The ideological agents recruited during the 1930s had been motivated, at least in part, by the desire to fight fascism. Most, after varying degrees of inner turmoil, overcame their sense of shocked surprise at the conclusion of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. Over the previous few years, they had become sufficiently indoctrinated, often self-indoctrinated, in Stalinist double-think to perform the intellectual somersaults required to sustain their commitment to the vision of the Soviet Union as the world's first worker-peasant state, the hope of progressive mankind.

A minority of the ideological agents in the West, however, were so sickened by the Nazi-Soviet Pact that they ended their connection with the NKVD. The most important of those who broke contact in Britain was FLEET, Goronwy Rees. During a visit to Moscow in 1993, Rees's daughter Jenny was informed, accurately, during a briefing by an SVR representative that Rees had refused to cooperate after the Pact: "We hear no more of him after that." At the end of the briefing, Jenny Rees asked perceptively: "You know something else, do you, about Rees that you are not going to tell me?"[94] The SVR did indeed. The most important of the secrets that the SVR was unwilling to reveal was that Burgess, by now an SIS officer, panicked when Rees decided to break away, sent an urgent message to the Centre warning that Rees might betray both himself and Blunt, and asked for Rees to be assassinated. The Centre refused. Rees's KGB file, however, records that he did not betray Burgess and Blunt because of his "old friendship" with Burgess. In an attempt to make betrayal less likely, Burgess told Rees that he too had been disillusioned by the Nazi-Soviet Pact and had ended illegal work for the Communist Party.[95] Maclean was also deeply worried by Rees's "defection." Years later, as he was beginning to crack under the strain of his double life as British diplomat and Soviet agent, he spat at Rees: "You used to be one of us, but you ratted!"[96]

The doubts about Moscow felt by some of the NKVD's British agents after the Nazi-Soviet Pact were more than matched by the Centre's doubts about its agents. The

Center launched an investigation into the possibility that Philby was either a German or a British agent.[97] Since Philby had provided the original leads which led to the recruitment of Burgess and Maclean, and ultimately to all the Cambridge recruits, doubts about him reflected on the whole British agent network. The lowest point in the history of NKVD operations in Britain came at the beginning of 1940 when Gorsky, the last member of the London legal residency, was withdrawn to Moscow, leaving not a single NKVD officer active in Britain. A file in the KGB archives records, “The residency was disbanded on the instruction of Beria [head of the NKVD].”[98] Beria’s reasons are not recorded, at least in the files examined by Mitrokhin, but chief among them was undoubtedly the recurrent fear that the British agent network was deeply suspect. In February 1940 the Centre issued orders for all contact with Philby to be broken off.[99] Contact with Burgess was terminated at about the same time.[100]

DURING THE LATER 1930s the hunt for “enemies of the people” replaced intelligence collection as the main priority of NKVD foreign operations. The NKVD’s most active foreign intelligence agency was Serebryansky’s Administration for Special Tasks, whose persecution of INO officers steadily diminished the flow of foreign intelligence and degraded its analysis at the Center. Even the executioners abroad, however, were not immune from the Terror at home. Serebryansky himself became one of the victims of his own witch-hunt. Though he held the Order of Lenin for his many victories over enemies of the people, he was recalled to Moscow in November 1938 and exposed as "a spy of the British and French intelligence services." An inquiry later concluded that his network contained "a large number of traitors and plain gangster elements." Though the allegations of espionage for Britain and France were absurd, the charge that Serebryansky had inflated both the size of his illegal network and the scale of its accomplishments in reports to the Centre was probably well founded.[101]

Serebryansky's successor was Pavel Anatolyevich Sudoplatov, who a few months earlier had assassinated the émigré Ukrainian nationalist leader Yevkhen Konovalets with an ingeniously booby-trapped box of chocolates. In March 1939 Sudoplatov became deputy head of foreign intelligence, thus bringing "special tasks" and INO into closer association than ever before.[102] He was personally instructed by Stalin that his chief task was to send a task force to Mexico to assassinate Leon Trotsky. The killing of Trotsky, codenamed operation UTKA ("Duck"), had become the chief objective of Stalin's foreign policy. Even after the outbreak of the Second World War in September 1939, discovering the intentions of Adolf Hitler remained a lower priority than arranging the liquidation of the great heretic.

Sudoplatov's task force was composed of Spanish and Mexican NKVD agents recruited during the Civil War, supervised by his deputy, Leonid Eitingon, whose long experience of "special actions" included the liquidation of "enemies of the people" in Spain.[103]

The task force consisted of three groups. The first was an illegal network headed by the Spanish Communist Caridad Mercader del Rio (codenamed MOTHER), who was both recruited and seduced by Eitingon, one of the NKVD's most celebrated womanizers.[104] The most important agent in Caridad Mercader's group was her son Ramón (codenamed RAYMOND),[105] who traveled on a doctored Canadian passport in the name of Frank Jacson (an eccentric NKVD spelling of Jackson). Like Eitingon, Ramón Mercader employed seduction as an operational technique, using his affair with the American Trotskyist Sylvia Ageloff to penetrate Trotsky's villa near Mexico City. His opportunity came when Ageloff began work as one of Trotsky's secretaries early in 1940. Each day Mercader drove her to Trotsky's villa in the morning and returned to collect her after work. Gradually he became a well-known figure with the guards and some of Trotsky's entourage, who, in March 1940, allowed him into the villa for the first time. Mercader's role at this stage was still that of penetration agent rather than assassin, with the task of reporting on the villa's defenses, occupants and guards.[106]

The attack on the villa was to be led by a second group of agents drawn from veterans of the Spanish Civil War, headed by the celebrated Mexican Communist painter David Alfaro Siqueiros (codenamed KONE),[107] who was animated by an exuberant ideological mix of art, revolution, Stalinism and exhibitionism. Both Mercader and Siqueiros were later to become well known for their involvement in operation UTKA. KGB files, however, also reveal the involvement of a shadowy third group of assassins headed by one of the most remarkable of all Soviet illegals, Iosif Romualdovich Grigulevich (then codenamed MAKS and FELIPE), who had taken a leading role in liquidating Trotskyists during the Spanish Civil War, as well as training saboteurs and arsonists to operate behind Franco’s lines.[108] It is a measure of Grigulevich’s skill in assuming false identities that, though born a Lithuanian Jew,[109] he was to succeed, a decade later, in passing himself off as a Costa Rican diplomat.[110] Early in 1940 he recruited Siqueiros’s former pupil, the painter Antonio Pujol (codenamed JOSE), whom he later described as lacking in initiative but “very loyal, exceptionally reliable and quite bold,” to act as Siqueiros’s second-in-command in the assault on Trotsky’s villa.[111] Grigulevich’s other recruits included his future wife and assistant, the Mexican Communist Laura Araujo Aguilar (codenamed LUISA).[112]

A key part of the assault plan was the infiltration in

April 1940 of a young American agent, Robert Sheldon Harte (codenamed AMUR), posing as a New York Trotskyist, as a volunteer guard in Trotsky's villa. Harte's role was to open the main gate when the assault group staged its surprise attack in the middle of the night.[113] Though enthusiastic, he was also naive. Grigulevich decided not to brief him on what would happen after he opened the villa gate.

KGB records identify Grigulevich as the real leader of the assault on Trotsky's villa.[114] Grigulevich's role in the attack was two-fold: to ensure that Siqueiros's assault group gained entrance to the villa compound, and to try to inject some element of discipline into the attack. Left to his own devices, Siqueiros would have led the assault with all guns blazing but probably have made few attempts to cover his tracks. On the evening of May 23, 1940 Siqueiros and a group of about twenty followers put on a mixture of army and police uniforms and armed themselves with pistols and revolvers. As they did so, according to one of their number, they "laughed and joked as if it were a feast day."[115] Then, with Pujol carrying the only machine-gun, Grigulevich and the assault group set off to assassinate Trotsky.[116]

On arriving at the villa in the early hours of May 24, Grigulevich spoke to the American volunteer guard, Harte, who opened the gate.[117] The assault group raked the bedrooms with gun fire to such effect that the

Mexican police later counted seventy-three bullet holes in Trotsky's bedroom wall. Remarkably, however, Trotsky and his wife survived by throwing themselves beneath their bed. Though an incendiary bomb was thrown into the bedroom of their small grandson, he too escaped by hiding under his bed.[118] Harte was shocked by the attack—particularly, perhaps, by the attempt to kill Trotsky's grandchild. He angrily told the assault group that, had he known how they would behave, he would never have let them in. To prevent Harte revealing what had happened, he was taken away and shot.[119] A few months later, Siqueiros was tracked down and arrested.[120] Grigulevich, however, managed to smuggle himself, Pujol and Laura Araujo Aguilar out of the country without his identity being discovered by the Mexican police. From 1942 to 1944 he ran an illegal residency in Argentina which, according to KGB files, planted more than 150 mines in cargoes and ships bound for Germany.[121]

The failure of the attack on Trotsky's villa, followed by the dispersal of Siqueiros's gunmen, led to the promotion of Ramón Mercader from penetration agent to assassin. Mercader succeeded partly because he was patient. Five days after the raid he met Trotsky for the first time. Amiable as ever, he gave Trotsky's grandson a toy glider and taught him how to fly it. Over the next three months he paid ten visits to the villa, sometimes bringing small presents with him and always taking care not to overstay his welcome. Finally, on August 20, he brought an article he had written and asked for Trotsky's advice. As Trotsky sat reading it at his study desk, Mercader took an icepick from his pocket and brought it down with all the force he could muster on the back of Trotsky's skull.[122]

Mercader had expected Trotsky to die instantly and silently, thus allowing him to make his escape to a car nearby where his mother and her lover, Eitingon, were waiting. But Trotsky, though mortally wounded, let out "a terrible piercing cry." ("I shall hear that cry all my life," said Mercader afterwards.) Mercader was arrested and later sentenced to twenty years in jail.[123] Eitingon persuaded his mother to flee with him to Russia, promising to marry her if she did so. In Moscow Señora Mercader was welcomed by Beria, received by Stalin in the Kremlin and decorated with the Order of Lenin. But within a few years, abandoned by Eitingon and denied permission to leave Russia, she was consumed with guilt at having turned her son into an assassin and then leaving him to languish in a Mexican jail.[124]

Ramón Mercader kept the Stalinist faith throughout his twenty years in prison. History, he claimed, would see him as a soldier who had served the cause of the working-class revolution by ridding it of a traitor. KGB files reveal (contrary to most published accounts) that when Mercader was finally released and traveled to Moscow in 1960, he was awarded the title Hero of the Soviet Union, along with a general’s pension and a three-room apartment, and was personally congratulated by Khrushchev. Twenty years after the assassination of Trotsky, the liquidation of enemies of the people abroad still remained, on a reduced scale, a significant part of KGB foreign operations.[125]

SIX

WAR

During the later months of 1940, with Trotsky dead and the worst of the blood-letting inside INO at an end, the Centre sought to rebuild its foreign intelligence network. Until the Great Terror, all new recruits to INO had been trained individually at secret apartments in Moscow and kept strictly apart from other trainees. By 1938, however, so many INO officers had been unmasked as (imaginary) enemies of the people that the Centre decided group training was required to increase the flow of new recruits. NKVD order no. 00648 of October 3 set up the Soviet Union's first foreign intelligence training school, hidden from public view in the middle of a wood at Balashikha, fifteen miles east of the Moscow ringroad. Given the official title Shkola Osobogo Naznacheniya (Special Purpose School), but better known by the acronym SHON, it drew its recruits either from Party and Komsomol members with higher education or from new university graduates in Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev and elsewhere.[1]

Since most of the new recruits had experienced only the cramped, squalid living conditions of crowded city apartment blocks, collective farms and army barracks, an attempt was made to introduce them to gracious living so that they would feel at ease in Western “high society.” Their rooms were furnished with what an official history solemnly describes as “rugs, comfortable and beautiful furniture, and tastefully chosen pictures on the walls, with excellent bed linens and expensive bedspreads.”[2] With no experience of personal privacy, the trainees would have been disoriented by being accommodated separately even if space had allowed, and so were housed two to a room. The curriculum included four hours’ teaching a day on foreign languages, two hours on intelligence tradecraft, and lectures on the CPSU, history, diplomacy, philosophy, religion and painting—an eclectic mix designed both to reinforce their ideological orthodoxy and to acquaint them with Western bourgeois culture.[3] There were also regular musical evenings. Instructors with experience living in the West gave the trainees crash courses in bourgeois manners, diplomatic etiquette, fashionable dressing and “good taste.”[4] During its first three years, SHON taught annual intakes totalling about 120 trainees—all but four of them male.[5]

The most successful of SHON’s first intake of students was Pavel Mikhailovich Fitin, whose early career had been spent in an agricultural publishing house. In February 1938 he had been recruited by the NKVD’s internal training school to fill one of the many vacancies caused by the liquidation of “enemies of the people” within its ranks. In October he was transferred to SHON, where, according to an official hagiography, his “high intellect and outstanding organizational ability” made an immediate impression. After only a few months, with his training still incomplete, he was drafted into foreign intelligence. In May 1939 he was appointed head of INO. At age thirty-one, Fitin was both the youngest and most inexperienced foreign intelligence chief in Soviet history. At the time of his sudden promotion his prospects must have seemed poor. During the chaotic previous fifteen months three of his predecessors had been liquidated and a fourth transferred.[6] Fitin, however, proved remarkably tenacious. He remained head of INO for seven years, the longest period anyone had held that office since the 1920s, before losing favor and returning to provincial obscurity.[7]

Towards the end of 1940, four INO officers were despatched to London on Fitin’s orders to reopen the legal residency. The new resident was Anatoli Veniaminovich Gorsky (codenamed VADIM), the last intelligence officer to be withdrawn from London before the residency had closed that February.[8] Gorsky was a grimly efficient, humorless, orthodox Stalinist, a far cry from the Great Illegals of the mid-1930s. Blunt found him “flat-footed” and unsympathetic.[9] Another of his wartime agents described him as “a short, fattish man in his mid-thirties, with blond hair pushed straight back and glasses that failed to mask a pair of shrewd, cold eyes.”[10] Like Fitin, Gorsky owed his rapid promotion to the recent liquidation of most of his colleagues.

Gorsky returned to London, however, far better briefed than during his previous tour of duty, when he had been forced to ask the Centre for background material on Kim Philby.[11] On Christmas Eve 1940 he reported that he had renewed contact with SÖHNCHEN. The Centre appeared jubilant at Gorsky’s report. In the summer of 1940 Burgess had succeeded in recruiting Philby to Section D of SIS, which soon afterwards was merged into a new organization, the Special Operations Executive (SOE), instructed by Churchill to “set Europe ablaze” through subversive warfare behind enemy lines. Following the six-week defeat of France and the Low Countries, the Prime Minister’s orders proved wildly optimistic. The Centre, however, warmly welcomed Gorsky’s report that Philby “was working as a political instructor at the training center of the British Intelligence Service preparing sabotage agents to be sent to Europe.” There was, however, one major surprise in Philby’s early reports. “According to SÖHNCHEN’s date,” Gorsky informed the Centre, “[SOE] has not sent its agents to the USSR yet and is not even training them yet. The USSR is tenth on the list of countries to which agents are to be sent.” Wrongly convinced that the Soviet Union remained a priority target, a skeptical desk officer in the Centre underlined this passage and placed two large red question marks in the margin.[12]

Early in 1941, the London residency renewed contact with the other members of the Five. Maclean continued to provide large numbers of Foreign Office documents. Unlike Philby, Burgess had failed to secure a transfer from Section D of SIS to SOE and had returned to the BBC. Blunt, however, had succeeded in entering the Security Service, MI5, in the summer of 1940. As well as providing large amounts of material from MI5 files, Blunt also ran as a sub-agent one of his former Cambridge pupils, Leo Long (codenamed ELLI), who worked in military intelligence.[13] Among the early intelligence provided by Blunt from MI5 files was evidence that during the two years before the outbreak of the Second World War the NKVD had abandoned one of its best-placed British agents. In the summer of 1937, at the height of the paranoia generated by the Great Terror, the Centre had jumped to the absurd conclusion that Captain King, the Foreign Office cipher clerk recruited three years earlier, had been betrayed to British intelligence by Teodor Maly, the illegal resident in London. Blunt revealed that King had gone undetected until his identification by a Soviet defector at the outbreak of war.[14]

Cairncross too had succeeded in occupying what the

Centre considered a prime position in Whitehall. In September 1940 he left the Treasury to become private secretary to one of Churchill's ministers, Lord Hankey, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Though not a member of the War Cabinet (initially composed of only five senior ministers), Hankey received all cabinet papers, chaired many secret committees and was responsible for overseeing the work of the intelligence services.[15] By the end of the year Cairncross was providing so many classified documents—among them War Cabinet minutes, SIS reports, Foreign Office telegrams and General Staff assessments—that Gorsky complained there was far too much to transmit in cipher.[16]

During 1941 London was easily the NKVD's most productive legal residency. According to the Centre's secret statistics, the residency forwarded to Moscow 7,867 classified political and diplomatic documents, 715 on military matters, 127 on economic affairs and 51 on British intelligence.[17] In addition it provided many other reports based on verbal information from the Five and other agents. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that, until the Soviet Union entered the war, most of this treasure trove of high-grade intelligence was simply wasted. Stalin's understanding of British policy was so distorted by conspiracy theory that no amount of good intelligence was likely to enlighten him. Despite the fact that Britain and Germany were at war, he continued to believe—as he had done since the mid-1930s—that the British were plotting to embroil him with Hitler. His belief in a non-existent British conspiracy helped to blind him to the existence of a real German plot to invade the Soviet Union.

THE LEGAL RESIDENCY in the Berlin embassy resumed work in 1940 at about the same time as that in London. The NKVD had lost touch with its most important German agent, Arvid Harnack (codenamed CORSICAN), an official in the Economics Ministry, in June 1938. Early on the morning of September 17,1940 contact was resumed by the newly arrived deputy Berlin resident, Aleksandr Mikhailovich Korotkov (alias "Erdberg," codenamed SASHA and DLINNY). The fact that Korotkov simply knocked on Harnack's door and arranged their next meeting in the Soviet embassy is evidence both of the decline in tradecraft caused by the liquidation of most experienced INO officers and of the fact that the Gestapo was at this stage of the war far less omnipresent than was widely supposed.

A fellow member of the German Communist underground, Reinhold Schönbrunn, later recalled:

> Harnack ... had little sense of humor, and we, his colleagues, did not feel at ease in his presence. There was something of the puritan in the man, something narrow and doctrinaire. But he was extremely

> devoted.

Like Burgess and Philby, Harnack was so highly motivated that he had carried on recruiting intelligence sources even during the two and a quarter years that he was out of contact with the Centre. Korotkov reported that Harnack was in touch with a loose network of about sixty people, although he could not "personally vouch for every person":

> CORSICAN's description of the way that they camouflage their operations is that, while not all of the members of the circle know one another, something of a chain exists. CORSICAN himself tries to remain in the background although he is at the heart of the organization.[18]

The most important of the sources cultivated by Harnack was a lieutenant in the Luftwaffe intelligence service, Harro Schulze-Boysen, codenamed STARSHINA ("Senior"), whose dynamic personality provided a striking contrast with that of the dour Harnack. Leopold Trepper, who knew them both, found Schulze-Boysen "as passionate and hot-headed as Arvid Harnack was calm and reflective." His tall, athletic frame, fair hair, blue eyes and Aryan features were far removed from the Gestapo stereotype of the Communist subversive. On March 15, 1941 the Centre ordered Korotkov to make direct contact with Schulze-Boysen and persuade him to form his own network of informants independent of Harnack. Schulze-Boysen needed little persuasion.[19]

Even a more experienced intelligence officer than Korotkov would have found Harnack, Schulze-Boysen and their groups of agents difficult to run. Both networks put themselves at increased risk by combining covert opposition to the Nazi regime with espionage for the Soviet Union. Schulze-Boysen and his glamorous wife, Libertas, held evening discussion groups for members of, and potential recruits to, an anti-Hitler underground. Libertas's many lovers added to the danger of discovery. As young resisters pasted anti-Nazi posters on Berlin walls, Schulze-Boysen stood guard over them dressed in his Luftwaffe uniform, with his pistol at the ready and the safety catch off.[20]

The most important intelligence provided by the Harnack and Schulze-Boysen networks in the first half of 1941 concerned Hitler's preparations for operation BARBAROSSA, the invasion of Russia. On June 16 Korotkov cabled the Centre that intelligence from the two networks indicated that "[a]ll of the military training by Germany in preparation for its attack on the Soviet Union is complete, and the strike may be expected at any time."[21] Similar intelligence arrived from NKVD sources as far afield as China and Japan. Later KGB historians counted "over a hundred" intelligence warnings of preparations for the German attack forwarded to Stalin by Fitin between January 1 and June 21.[22] Others came from military intelligence. All were wasted. Stalin was as resistant to good intelligence from Germany as he was to good intelligence from Britain.

The Great Terror had institutionalized the paranoid strain in Soviet intelligence assessment. Many NKVD officers shared, if usually to a less grotesque degree, Stalin's addiction to conspiracy theory. None the less, the main blame for the catastrophic failure to foresee the surprise attack on June 22 belongs to Stalin himself, who continued to act as his own chief intelligence analyst. Stalin did not merely ignore a series of wholly accurate warnings. He denounced many of those who provided them. His response to an NKVD report from Schulze-Boysen on June 16 was the obscene minute: "You can send your 'source' from the German air force to his whore of a mother! This is not a 'source' but a disinformer. J. Stalin."[23] Stalin also heaped abuse on the great GRU illegal Richard Sorge, who sent similar warnings from Tokyo, where he had penetrated the German embassy and seduced the ambassador's wife. Sorge's warnings of operation BARBAROSSA were dismissed by Stalin as disinformation from a lying "shit who has set himself up with some small factories and brothels in Japan."[24]

Stalin was much less suspicious of Adolf Hitler than of Winston Churchill, the evil genius who had preached an anti-Bolshevik crusade in the civil war twenty years earlier and had been plotting against the Soviet Union ever since. Behind many of the reports of impending German attack Stalin claimed to detect a disinformation campaign by Churchill designed to continue the long-standing British plot to embroil him with Hitler. Churchill's personal warnings to Stalin of preparations for BARBAROSSA only heightened his suspicions. From the intelligence reports sent by the London residency, Stalin almost certainly knew that until June 1941 the Joint Intelligence Committee (JIC), the body responsible for the main British intelligence assessments, did not believe that Hitler was preparing an invasion. It reported to Churchill as late as May 23 that "the advantages ... to Germany of concluding an agreement with the USSR are overwhelming."[25] The JIC assessments were probably regarded by Stalin as further proof that Churchill's warnings were intended to deceive him. Stalin's deep suspicions of Churchill and of British policy in general were cleverly exploited by the Germans. As part of the deception operation which preceded BARBAROSSA, the Abwehr, German military intelligence, spread reports that rumors of an impending German attack were part of a British disinformation campaign.

By early June, reports of German troop movements toward the Soviet frontier were too numerous to be explained, even by Stalin, simply as British disinformation. At a private lunch in the German embassy in Moscow, the ambassador, Count von der Schulenberg, revealed that Hitler had definitely decided on invasion. "You will ask me why I am doing this," he said to the astonished Soviet ambassador to Germany, Vladimir Georgyevich Dekanozov. "I was raised in the spirit of Bismarck, who was always an opponent of war with Russia." Stalin's response was to tell the Politburo, "Disinformation has now reached ambassadorial level!"[26] On June 9, or soon afterwards, however, Stalin received a report that the German embassy had been sent orders by telegram to prepare for evacuation within a week and had begun burning documents in the basement.[27]

Though Stalin remained preoccupied by a non-existent British conspiracy, he increasingly began to suspect a German plot as well—though not one which aimed at surprise attack. As it became ever more difficult to conceal German troop movements, the Abwehr spread rumors that Hitler was preparing to issue an ultimatum, backed by some display of military might, demanding new concessions from the Soviet Union. It was this illusory threat of an ultimatum, rather than the real threat of German invasion, which increasingly worried Stalin during the few weeks and days before BARBAROSSA. He was not alone. A succession of foreign statesmen and journalists were also taken in by the planted rumors of a German ultimatum.[28]

Beria sought to protect his position as head of the

NKVD by expressing mounting indignation at those inside and outside the NKVD who dared to send reports of preparations for a German invasion. On June 21, 1941 he ordered four NKVD officers who persisted in sending such reports to be “ground into labor camp dust.” He wrote to Stalin on the same day with his characteristic mix of brutality and sycophancy:

> I again insist on recalling and punishing our ambassador to Berlin, Dekanozov, who keeps bombarding me with “reports” on Hitler’s alleged preparations to attack the USSR. He has reported that this attack will start tomorrow ... But I and my people, Iosif Vissarionovich, have firmly embedded in our memory your wise conclusion: Hitler is not going to attack us in 1941.[29]

Also in jeopardy for providing intelligence on the forthcoming German invasion was the senior INO officer Vasili Mikhailovich Zarubin, later chief resident in the United States.[30] Early in 1941 Zarubin was sent to China to meet Walter Stennes, German adviser to the Chinese nationalist leader Chiang Kai-shek. Stennes had once been deputy head of Hitler’s stormtroopers, the Sturmabteilung, but developed a grudge against him after being sacked in 1931. In 1939 Stennes was approached by the NKVD Chungking residency and agreed to supply intelligence on Hitler. In February 1941 Zarubin reported to the Centre that a visitor from Berlin had secretly assured Stennes that "an attack against the USSR by the Germans ... was being planned for the end of May this year" (the original date set by Hitler but later postponed).[31] Zarubin cabled on June 20: "The FRIEND [Stennes] repeats and confirms categorically—based on absolutely reliable information—that Hitler has completed preparations for war against the USSR."[32] Fitin outraged Beria by taking these and similar warnings seriously. An SVR official history concludes, probably correctly, "Only the outbreak of war saved P. M. Fitin from the firing squad."[33]

The devastating surprise achieved by the German invasion in the early hours of June 22 was made possible both by the nature of the Soviet intelligence system at the time and by the personal failings of the dictator who presided over it. In Whitehall the patient, if uninspired, examination of intelligence reports through the committee system eventually turned the belief that Germany saw the "overwhelming" advantages of a negotiated settlement with Russia into recognition that Hitler had decided to attack. In Moscow the whole system of intelligence assessment was dominated by the fearful sycophancy encapsulated in the formula "sniff out, suck up, survive," and by a culture of conspiracy theory.

Stalin had institutionalized both a paranoid strain and a servile political correctness which continued to distort in greater or lesser degree all intelligence assessment even after the outbreak of the Great Patriotic War in 1941. From 1942 to 1944 the Cambridge Five, probably the ablest group of Soviet wartime agents, were to be seriously suspected by the Centre of being double agents controlled by British intelligence simply because their voluminous and highly classified intelligence sometimes failed to conform to Stalin's conspiracy theories.[34] The responsibility, however, did not rest with Stalin alone. Some degree of distortion in intelligence assessment remained inherent in the autocratic nature of the Soviet system throughout the Cold War. The Centre always shrank from telling the Kremlin what it did not want to hear. The last head of KGB foreign intelligence, Leonid Shebarshin, confessed in 1992 that until Gorbachev introduced a measure of *glasnost,* the KGB "had to present its reports in a falsely positive light" which pandered to the predilections of the political leadership.[35]

IN THE EARLY months of the Great Patriotic War, while the German forces advancing into Russia were sweeping all before them, Stalin faced the even more terrifying prospect of a two-front war. Ribbentrop instructed the German embassy in Japan, "Do everything to rouse the Japanese to begin war against Russia ... Our goal remains to shake hands with the Japanese on the Trans-Siberian Railway before the beginning of winter." Opinion in Tokyo was initially divided between those who favored the “northern solution” (war with the Soviet Union) and the supporters of the “southern solution” (war with Britain and the United States). Sorge, deeply distrusted by Stalin, sought to provide reassurance from Tokyo that the advocates of the “southern solution” were gaining the upper hand. But on October 18 Sorge was arrested and his spy ring rapidly rounded up.

SIGINT was more influential than Sorge in persuading Stalin that there would be no Japanese attack. Late in 1938 the combined NKVD/Fourth Department SIGINT unit had been broken up. The NKVD section moved into the former Hotel Select on Dzerzhinsky Street, where it concentrated on diplomatic traffic; most, but not all, military communications were the responsibility of the cryptanalysts of the GRU (successor to the Fourth Department). In February 1941 the NKVD cryptanalysts had been integrated into a new and enlarged Fifth (Cipher) Directorate, with, at its heart, a research section responsible for the attack on foreign codes and ciphers. The chief Japanese specialist in the section, Sergei Tolstoy, went on to become the most decorated Soviet cryptanalyst of the war, winning two Orders of Lenin. In the autumn of 1941, a group led by him replicated the success of American codebreakers a year earlier in breaking the main Japanese diplomatic cipher, codenamed by the Americans and since known to Western historians as PURPLE. The teetotal American codebreakers had celebrated their success by sending out for a case of Coca-

Cola. Tolstoy is unlikely to have had time to celebrate at all. The Japanese diplomatic decrypts which he provided, however, were of enormous importance. Japan, they made clear, would not attack the Soviet Union.[36]

The reassurance about Japanese intentions provided by SIGINT enabled Stalin to shift to the west half the divisional strength of the Far Eastern Command. During October and November 1941, between eight and ten rifle divisions, together with about a thousand tanks and a thousand aircraft, were flung into the fight against Germany. These forces, together with other Red Army divisions which had been held in reserve, may well have saved the Soviet Union from defeat. As Professor Richard Overy concludes in his study of the eastern front, "It was not the tough winter conditions that halted the German army [in December 1941] but the remarkable revival of Soviet military manpower after the terrible maulings of the summer and autumn."[37]

As well as providing reassurance that Japan did not propose to attack the Soviet Union, SIGINT also gave indications of its move towards war with Britain and the United States, though the diplomatic decrypts contained no mention of plans for a surprise attack on Pearl Harbor. A decrypted telegram from Tokyo to its Berlin embassy (probably copied to the Moscow embassy) on November 27, 1941, ten days before Pearl Harbor, instructed the ambassador:

> See Hitler and Ribbentrop, and explain to them in secret our relations with the United States ... Explain to Hitler that the main Japanese efforts will be concentrated in the south and that we propose to refrain from deliberate operations in the north [against the Soviet Union].[38]

Soviet cryptanalysts, however, were unable to match the success of the British wartime SIGINT agency at Bletchley Park in breaking the main high-grade ciphers used by the German armed forces. They failed to do so partly for technological reasons. Soviet intelligence was unable to construct the powerful electronic "bombs," first constructed at Bletchley Park in 1940 to break the daily settings of the German Enigma machine cipher. It was even further from being able to replicate COLOSSUS, the world's first electronic computer used by Bletchley from 1943 to decrypt the *Geheimschreiber* messages (radio signals based on teleprinter impulses enciphered and deciphered automatically) which for the last two years of the war yielded more operational intelligence than the Enigma traffic. But there was a human as well as a technological explanation for the inferiority of Soviet to British SIGINT. The Soviet system would never have tolerated the remarkable infusion of unconventional youthful talent on which much of Bletchley's success was built. Alan Turing—the brilliant eccentric who buried his life savings (converted into silver ingots) in the Bletchley

Woods, forgot where he had hidden them, but went on to be chiefly responsible for the invention of COLOSSUS—was one of many British cryptanalysts who would surely have been incapable of conforming to the political correctness demanded by the Stalinist system.[39] Some British ULTRA—the SIGINT derived from decrypting high-grade enemy traffic—was, however, passed officially to Moscow in a disguised form, and in an undisguised form by several Soviet agents.[40]

JUST AS THE KGB later sought to take refuge from the horrors of its Stalinist past by constructing a Leninist golden age of revolutionary purity, so it also sought to reinvent its record during the Great Patriotic War of 1941-5 as one of selfless heroism—best exemplified by its role in special operations and partisan warfare behind enemy lines. According to Pavel Anatolyevich Sudoplatov, head of the wartime NKVD Directorate for Special Tasks and Guerrilla Warfare, "This chapter in NKVD history is the only one that was not officially rewritten, since its accomplishments stood on their own merit and did not contain Stalinist crimes that had to be covered up."[41] In reality, the NKVD's wartime record, like the rest of its history, was extensively doctored.

Among the best-publicized examples of the NKVD's bravery behind enemy lines were the heroic deeds of its detachment in the Ukrainian Black Sea port of Odessa during the 907-day occupation by German and Romanian forces. The detachment based itself in the catacombs there, a maze of underground tunnels used to excavate sandstone for the construction of the elegant nineteenth-century buildings which still line many of Odessa's streets and boulevards. With over a thousand kilometers of unmapped tunnels as well as numerous entrances and exits, the catacombs made an almost ideal base for partisan warfare. In 1969, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of VE Day, a section of the catacombs on the outskirts of Odessa was opened as the Museum of Partisan Glory, which throughout the remainder of the Soviet era received over a million visitors a year.[42]

After the Second World War, however, the sometimes heroic story of the struggle to liberate Odessa from enemy occupation was hijacked by the KGB to refurbish its dubious wartime record. Pride of place in the Museum of Partisan Glory is given to the exploits of the NKVD detachment headed by Captain Vladimir Aleksandrovich Molodtsov, who was posthumously made a Hero of the Soviet Union and suffered the indignity of having his whole life transformed into that of a Stalinist plaster saint. The origins of Molodtsov's heroism were officially traced back to selfless devotion in overfulfilling his norms as a miner during the first Five Year Plan. "What a wonderful thing it is," he was said to have declared in 1930, "not to notice or watch the time during the working day, not to wait for the end of the shift but to seek to prolong it, to run behind the [coal] trolley, to be bathed in sweat and at the end of the shift to emerge victorious in fulfilling the plan!”[43]

The Museum of Partisan Glory contains a “reconstruction” of the NKVD detachment’s underground headquarters, complete with dormitories, ammunition depot, workshops, fuel store, kitchen and meeting room with—inevitably—a portrait of Lenin (but not of Stalin) on the wall.[44] Nearby is a vertical shaft 17 meters long linking the headquarters to the surface, through which it received messages and food from its agents in Odessa. During the Soviet era numerous films, books, magazine and newspaper articles, many promoted by the KGB, celebrated the heroic feats of the NKVD detachment in holding at bay thousands of German and Romanian troops in Odessa before giving their lives in defense of the fatherland.

Mitrokhin owed his discovery of the true story of the catacombs to a colleague in the FCD Illegals Directorate S, who borrowed the multi-volume Odessa file and, when he returned it, told Mitrokhin he might find it interesting. The file began by recording the despatch of Molodtsov’s detachment of six NKVD officers to Odessa shortly before it fell to the Germans in October 1941, with orders to establish an underground residency which would organize reconnaissance, sabotage and special operations behind the German lines. In Odessa they were joined by thirteen members of the local NKVD Special Department, commanded by Lieutenant V. A. Kuznetsov. According to the official version of events, the two groups held a Party/Komsomol meeting on the evening of October 15 immediately before going down into the catacombs to set up their base. What actually took place, according to the KGB file, was a raucous dinner party and heavy drinking which ended in a fight between the Moscow and Odessa NKVD detachments. The next day the two groups entered the catacombs still at daggers drawn, with Molodtsov and Kuznetsov each claiming overall command. Over the next nine months Muscovites and Odessans combined operations against the Germans and Romanians with internecine warfare among themselves.[45]

Molodtsov's end may well have been genuinely heroic. According to the official Soviet version, he was captured by the enemy in July 1942 but refused to beg for his life, courageously telling his captors, "We are in our own country and will not ask the enemy for mercy."[46] The rest of the history of the Odessa catacombs, however, was an NKVD horror story. After Molodtsov's execution, Kuznetsov disarmed his detachment and put them under guard inside the catacombs. All but one, N. F. Abramov, were executed on Kuznetsov's orders on charges of plotting against him. As conditions in the catacombs deteriorated, the Odessans then proceeded to fall out among themselves. The dwindling food supply became moldy; and, with their kerosene almost exhausted, the detachment was forced to live in semidarkness. On

August 28 Kuznetsov shot one of his men, Molochny, for the theft of a piece of bread. On September 27 two others, Polschikov and Kovalchuk, were executed for stealing food and “lack of sexual discipline.” Fearing that he might be shot next, Abramov killed Kuznetsov a month later. In his notebook, later discovered in the catacombs and preserved in the KGB Odessa file, Abramov wrote:

> The former head of the Third Special Department of the Odessa district of the NKVD, State Security Lieutenant V. A. Kuznetsov, was shot by me with two bullets in the temple in the underground “Mirror Factory” [the base in the catacombs] on October 21, 1942.

By this time, following several other deaths at the hands of the enemy, only three NKVD officers remained alive in the catacombs: Abramov, Glushchenko and Litvinov. Abramov and Glushchenko together killed Litvinov, then began to eye each other suspiciously in the semi-darkness.

Glushchenko wrote in his diary that Abramov wanted to surrender: “We are beaten. There is no victory to wait for. He told me not to be frightened of committing treason or being shot as he has friends in German intelligence.” On February 18, 1943, apparently suffering from hallucinations, Glushchenko wrote, “[Abramov] was bending over, attending to his papers. I took my pistol from my belt and shot him in the back of the head.” Over the next few months Glushchenko spent much of his time outside the catacombs in his wife's Odessa flat, finally abandoning the underground base on November 10, 1943. After the liberation of Odessa by the Red Army in April 1945 Glushchenko returned with members of the Ukrainian NKVD to collect equipment and compromising papers from the catacombs, but was fatally wounded when a grenade he picked up exploded in his hands.[47]

For almost twenty years, the Centre believed that no survivor of the Odessa catacombs remained to cast doubt on the heroic myth it had constructed. In 1963, however, the KGB was disconcerted to discover that Abramov had not been killed by Glushchenko after all, but had escaped and was living in France. His father, who may also have known the true story of the Odessa catacombs, was reported to have emigrated to the United States. Abramov's supposed widow, Nina Abramova, who had been working in the KGB First Chief Directorate, was quietly transferred to another job. The myth of the NKVD heroes of the Odessa catacombs was left undisturbed.[48]

According to statistics in KGB files, the NKVD ran a total of 2,222 "operational combat groups" behind enemy lines during the Great Patriotic War.[49] Mitrokhin found no realistic appraisal, however, of the effectiveness of partisan warfare. Contrary to the claims of post-war Soviet hagiographers, the combat groups seem only rarely to have tied down German forces larger than themselves.[50] Because about half of all partisans were NKVD personnel or Party officials, they were frequently regarded with acute suspicion by the peasant population on whom they depended for local support. The virtual collapse of partisan warfare in the western Ukraine, for example, was due largely to the hostility of the inhabitants to the Party and the NKVD. Though partisan warfare became more effective after Stalingrad, there were important areas—notably Crimea and the steppes—where it never became a significant factor in the fighting on the eastern front.[51]

OUTSIDE EUROPE, THE NKVD's most successful attacks on German targets were mounted by an illegal residency in Argentina,[52] headed by Iosif Romualdovich Grigulevich (codenamed ARTUR), a veteran both of sabotage operations in the Spanish Civil War and of the first attempt to assassinate Trotsky in Mexico City.[53] In September 1941 an official Argentinian inquiry reached the hysterical conclusion, endorsed by the Chamber of Deputies but rejected by the government, that the German ambassador was the head of over half a million Nazi stormtroopers operating under cover in Latin America.[54] During the months after Pearl Harbor, Argentina and Chile were the only Latin American states not to break off diplomatic relations with Germany and Japan. The rumors of Nazi plots among Argentina's quarter of a million

German speakers, pro-German sympathies in its officer corps, and the presence of an Argentinian military purchasing mission in Berlin until 1944, helped to persuade the Centre that Argentina was a major Nazi base. Though this belief was greatly exaggerated, it was shared by OSS, the US wartime foreign intelligence agency, which reported that Dr. Ramón Castillo, president of Argentina from 1941 to 1943, was in the pay of Hitler.[55] Such reports, passed on to the Centre by its agents in OSS and the State Department,[56] doubtless reinforced Moscow's suspicions of Nazi plots in Argentina.

After the outbreak of war the German merchant navy was unable to run the gauntlet of the Royal Navy and enter Argentinian ports. Grigulevich's residency, however, reported in 1941 that copper, saltpetre, cotton and other strategic raw materials were being exported from Argentina in neutral vessels to Spain, whence they were being secretly transported overland through France to Germany. To disrupt this export trade, Grigulevich recruited a sabotage team of eight Communist dockyard workers and seamen, headed by a Polish immigrant, Feliks Klementyevich Verzhbitsky (codenamed BESSER), who in December 1941 obtained a job as a blacksmith in the port of Buenos Aires. The first major exploit of Verzhbitsky's group was to burn down the German bookshop in Buenos Aires, which Grigulevich regarded as the main center of Nazi propaganda.

Thereafter it concentrated on planting delayed-action incendiary devices on ships and in warehouses containing goods bound for Germany.[57] Grigulevich also ran smaller sabotage and intelligence networks in Chile and Uruguay. The approximately seventy agents in his far-flung illegal residency were to remain the basis of Soviet intelligence operations in Argentina, Uruguay and—to a lesser extent—Chile during the early years of the Cold War as well as the Second World War.[58]

Between the beginning of 1942 and the summer of 1944, according to statistics in KGB files, over 150 successful incendiary attacks were mounted by Grigulevich's agents against German cargoes, and an unspecified number of Spanish, Portuguese and Swedish vessels sunk. One, probably exaggerated, assessment by the Centre claims that the attacks succeeded early in 1944 in halting German exports from Buenos Aires.[59] A more serious problem for Germany than Soviet sabotage, however, was the change of government in Argentina. A military coup in the summer of 1943, followed by the uncovering of a Nazi espionage network, led Argentina to sever diplomatic relations with Germany in January 1944.[60]

For most of the war communications between Grigulevich's residency and the Centre were slow and spasmodic, depending on occasional couriers between Buenos Aires and the New York residency.[61] In the summer of 1944, shortly after the NKGB had established a legal residency in Uruguay, Grigulevich was summoned to Montevideo to give a detailed report on his intelligence operations, finances and agent networks since the beginning of the Great Patriotic War. The Centre had become alarmed at the scale of his incendiary attacks on neutral shipping and feared that his cover might be blown. In September it ordered him to suspend sabotage operations and limit himself to intelligence collection in Argentina, Brazil and Chile.[62] Once instructed to stop work by Grigulevich, Verzhbitsky began making grenades for the underground Argentinian Communist Party but was seriously injured in October by an explosion in his workshop which cost him his left arm and the sight in one eye. Grigulevich reported that he behaved with great bravery during police investigation, sticking to a prepared cover story that a personal enemy had planted explosives on him, hidden in a packet of dried milk. In 1945 Verzhbitsky was smuggled out of prison and exfiltrated by the Argentinian Communist Party across the border into Uruguay, where he lived on a Party pension.[63]

Remarkable though they were, the sabotage operations run from Buenos Aires had no perceptible influence on the course of the Great Patriotic War. Once the alarmism of the summer of 1944 had died down, however, they greatly enhanced Grigulevich’s reputation in the Centre as saboteur and assassin. His successes in wartime Argentina help to explain his later selection for the most important assassination mission of the Cold War.[64] By contrast, Grigulevich's chief saboteur, Verzhbitsky, was regarded as an embarrassment because of his disablement. His request to emigrate to the Soviet Union in 1946 was brusquely turned down. In 1955, however, when Verzhbitsky, by then completely blind, applied again, his application was accepted—possibly for fear that he might otherwise reveal his wartime role.[65] On arrival in the Soviet Union, Verzhbitsky was awarded an invalidity pension of 100 roubles a month, but his application for membership of the Soviet Communist Party was turned down.[66]

DESPITE INDIVIDUAL ACTS of heroism, the NKVD and NKGB (as its security and intelligence components were renamed in 1943) deserve to be remembered less for their bravery during the Second World War than for their brutality. After the forcible incorporation into the Soviet Union of eastern Poland in September 1939, followed by the Baltic states and Moldavia in the summer of 1940, the NKVD quickly moved in to liquidate "class enemies" and cow the populations into submission.[67] On June 25, 1941, three days after the beginning of Hitler's invasion, the NKVD was ordered to secure the rear of the Red Army by arresting deserters and enemy agents, protecting communications and liquidating isolated pockets of German troops. In August 1941 Soviet parachutists disguised as Germans landed among the villages of the Volga German Autonomous Region and asked to be hidden until the arrival of the Wehrmacht. When they were given shelter, the whole village was exterminated by the NKVD. All other Volga Germans, however loyal, were deported by the NKVD to Siberia and northern Kazakhstan, with enormous loss of life.[68]

When the Red Army took the offensive in 1943, the NKVD followed in its wake to mop up resistance and subversion. Beria reported proudly to Stalin at the end of the year:

> In 1943, the troops of the NKVD, who are responsible for security in the rear of the Active Red Army, in the process of cleaning up the territory liberated from the enemy, arrested 931,549 people for investigation. Of these, 582,515 were servicemen and 394,034 were civilians.

Of those arrested, 80,296 were “unmasked,” in many cases wrongly, as spies, traitors, deserters, bandits and “criminal elements.”

Stalin used the NKVD to punish and deport entire nations within the Soviet Union whom he accused of treachery: among them Chechens, Ingushi, Balkars, Karachai, Crimean Tartars, Kalmyks and Meskhetian Turks. In response to Stalin’s instructions to reward “those who have carried out the deportation order in an exemplary manner," Beria replied:

> In accordance with your instructions, I submit a draft decree of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR on decorations and medals for the most outstanding participants in the operation involving the deportation of the Chechens and Ingushes. 19,000 members of the NKVD, NKGB and Smersh took part, plus up to 100,000 officers of the NKVD forces ...

As on this occasion, many of the NKVD and NKGB personnel decorated during the war received their medals not for valor against the enemy but for crimes against humanity.[69]

THE WARTIME RECORD of Soviet intelligence on the eastern front was patchy. Up to the end of 1942 the main espionage system providing intelligence from Nazi Germany and occupied Europe was a loosely coordinated GRU illegal network linked to the NKVD Harnack and Schulze-Boysen groups, codenamed the *Rote Kappelle* ("Red Orchestra") by the Abwehr. The "musicians" were the radio operators who sent coded messages to Moscow; the "conductor" was the Polish Jew Leopold Trepper, alias Jean Gilbert, known within the network as *le grand chef.* The *Rote Kappelle* had 117 agents: 48 in Germany, 35 in France, 17 in Belgium and 17 in Switzerland.[70] The network was gradually wound up during the later months of 1942 as German radio direction-finding tracked down the “musicians.” Trepper himself was captured as he sat in a dentist’s chair in occupied Paris on December 5. According to the Abwehr officer who arrested him, “For a second he was disturbed; then he said in perfect German, ‘You did a fine job.’ ” Only Rado’s GRU illegal residency in Switzerland, known as the Rote Drei after its three main radio transmitters, which was out of reach of German intelligence, continued work for another year until it was shut down by the Swiss.[71]

Though both Trepper and Rado were sentenced to ten years’ imprisonment in Moscow after the war, it was later alleged by Soviet historians that intelligence from the *Rote Kappelle* had been of enormous assistance to the Red Army. In reality, intelligence did not begin to have a significant influence on Soviet military operations until after Trepper was arrested and most of his network wound up. Military intelligence failed to detect the sudden German turn south which captured Kiev in September 1941, and was taken aback by the intensity of the October assault on Moscow. The loss of Kharkov in May 1942 was due partly to the fact that the Stavka (a wartime combination of GHQ and high command) was expecting another attack on the capital. The Wehrmacht’s move south in the summer again took the Stavka by surprise. Throughout the German advance to Stalingrad and the Caucasus, Soviet forces were constantly confused about where the next blow would fall. When the Red Army encircled Axis forces at Stalingrad in November 1942, it believed it had trapped 85,000 to 90,000 troops; in reality it had surrounded three times as many.[72]

The NKVD's main role at Stalingrad was less in providing good intelligence than in enforcing a ferocious discipline within the Red Army. About 13,500 Soviet soldiers were executed for "defeatism" and other breaches of military discipline in the course of the battle, usually by a squad from the NKVD Special Detachment. Before execution, most were ordered to strip so that their uniform and boots could be reused. The NKVD postal censorship seized on any unorthodox or politically incorrect comment in soldiers' letters to their families as evidence of treachery. A lieutenant who wrote "German aircraft are very good ... Our anti-aircraft people shoot down only very few of them" was, inevitably, condemned as a traitor. In the 62nd Army alone, in the first half of October 1942, the NKVD claimed that "military secrets were divulged in 12,747 letters."[73] The great victory at Stalingrad, sealed by the surrender of the German Field Marshal Friedrich Paulus, twenty-two generals and 91,000 troops early in 1943, was achieved in spite of, rather than because of, the contribution of the NKVD.

Stalingrad was followed by a major improvement in the quality of Soviet military intelligence on the eastern front, made possible in part by massive supplies of radio equipment from the Americans and the British.[74] At the end of 1942 the Stavka established special-purpose radio battalions, each equipped with eighteen to twenty radio-intercept receivers and four direction-finding sets. The result, according to a Soviet historian given access to the battalions' records, was "a qualitative jump in the development of radio-electronic combat in the Soviet army." Though Soviet cryptanalysts lacked the state-of-the-art technology which enabled Bletchley Park to decrypt high-grade Enigma and Geheimschreiber messages, they made major advances during 1943—reluctantly assisted by German cipher personnel captured at Stalingrad—in direction-finding, traffic analysis and the breaking of lower-grade hand ciphers. In 1942-3 they also had the benefit of Luftwaffe Enigma decrypts supplied by an agent inside Bletchley Park.

All these improvements were evident during the battle of Kursk in the summer of 1943 when the Red Army defeated the last great German offensive on the eastern front. Intelligence reports captured by the Wehrmacht from the Red Army during the battle revealed that Soviet SIGINT had located the positions and headquarters of the 6th, 7th and 11th Panzer Divisions, II and XIII Panzer Corps, and Second Army HQ. Aerial reconnaissance before and during Kursk was also on a larger scale and more successful than ever before.[75]

Victory at Kursk opened the way to an almost continuous advance by the Red Army on the eastern front which was to end with Marshal Zhukov accepting the surrender of Berlin in May 1945. With a four-to-one superiority in men over the Wehrmacht, large amounts of military equipment from its Western allies and growing dominance in the air, the Red Army, though suffering enormous losses, proved unstoppable. In the course of its advance, the Red Army sometimes captured lists of the daily settings for periods of up to a month of the Wehrmacht's Enigma machines, as well as some of the machines and their operators. During the final stages of the war these captures sometimes enabled Soviet cryptanalysts to decrypt spasmodically a still unknown number of Enigma messages.[76]

Despite the improvements after Stalingrad, however, the quality of Soviet intelligence on the eastern front—in particular the SIGINT—never compared with the intelligence on Germany available to their Western allies. The ULTRA intelligence provided to British and American commanders was, quite simply, the best in the history of warfare. The Soviet Union's most striking intelligence successes during the Great Patriotic War, by contrast, were achieved not against its enemies but against its allies in the wartime Grand Alliance: Britain and the United States.

SEVEN

THE GRAND ALLIANCE

For most of the inter-war years the United States had ranked some way behind Britain as a target for INO operations. Even in the mid-1930s the main Soviet espionage networks in the United States were run by the Fourth Department (Military Intelligence, later renamed the GRU) rather than by the NKVD. Fourth Department agents included a series of young, idealistic high-flyers within the federal government, among them: Alger Hiss and Julian Wadleigh, both of whom entered the State Department in 1936; Harry Dexter White of the Treasury Department; and George Silverman, a government statistician who probably recruited White.[1] Like the Cambridge Five, the Washington moles saw themselves as secret warriors in the struggle against fascism. Wadleigh wrote later:

> When the Communist International represented the only world force effectively resisting Nazi Germany, I had offered my services to the Soviet underground in Washington as one small contribution to help stem

> the fascist tide.[2]

The main NKVD operations in the United States during the mid-1930s were run by an illegal residency established in 1934 under the former Berlin resident, Boris Bazarov (codenamed NORD), with Iskhak Abdulovich Akhmerov (YUNG), a Soviet Tartar, as his deputy.[3] Bazarov was remembered with affection by Hede Massing, an Austrian agent in his residency, as the warmest personality she had encountered in the NKVD. On the anniversary of the October Revolution in 1935 he sent her fifty long-stemmed red roses with a note which read:

> Our lives are unnatural, but we must endure it for [the sake of] humanity. Though we cannot always express it, our little group is bound by love and consideration for one another. I think of you with great warmth.

Though Akhmerov, by contrast, struck Massing as a "Muscovite automaton," he was less robotic than he appeared.[4] Unknown to Massing, Akhmerov was engaged in a passionate love affair with his assistant, Helen Lowry, the cousin of the American Communist Party leader, Earl Browder, and—unusually—gained permission from the Centre to marry her.[5]

Bazarov's and Akhmerov's recruits included three agents in the State Department: ERIKH, KIY and "19."[6] Probably the most important, as well as the only one of the three who can be clearly identified, was agent "19," Laurence Duggan, who later became chief of the Latin American Division.[7] To Hede Massing, Duggan seemed "an extremely tense, high-strung, intellectual young man." His recruitment took some time, not least because Alger Hiss was simultaneously attempting to recruit him for the Fourth Department. In April 1936 Bazarov complained to the Centre that the "persistent Hiss" showed no sign of abandoning the attempt.[8] A year later, in the midst of the Moscow show trials, Duggan told Akhmerov that he was afraid that, if he "collaborated" with Soviet intelligence, he might be exposed by a Trotskyite traitor. By the beginning of 1938, however, Duggan was supplying Akhmerov with State Department documents which were photographed in the illegal residency and then returned. In March Duggan reported that his close friend Sumner Welles, under-secretary at the State Department from 1938 to 1945, had told him he was becoming too attracted to Marxism and had given him a friendly warning about his left-wing acquaintances.[9] Duggan's future in the State Department, however, seemed as bright as that of Donald Maclean in the Foreign Office.

The Centre also saw a bright future for Michael Straight (codenamed NOMAD and NIGEL), the wealthy young American recruited shortly before his graduation from Cambridge University in 1937.[10] Its optimism sprang far more from Straight's family connections than from any evidence of his enthusiasm for a career as a secret agent. Straight's job hunt after his return to the United States began at the top—over tea at the White House with Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt. With some assistance from Mrs. Roosevelt, he obtained a temporary, unpaid assignment in the State Department early in 1938. Soon afterwards, he received a phone call from Akhmerov, who passed on "greetings from your friends at Cambridge University" and invited him to dinner at a local restaurant. Akhmerov introduced himself as "Michael Green," then ordered a large meal. Straight watched as he ate:

> He was dark and stocky, with broad lips and a ready smile. His English was good; his manner was affable and easy. He seemed to be enjoying his life in America.

Ahkmerov seemed to accept that it would be some time before Straight had access to important documents, but was evidently prepared to wait. Before paying the bill, he delivered a brief lecture on international relations. Straight was "too stunned to think clearly." Though Straight claims that he was "unwilling to become a Soviet agent in the Department of State," he plainly did not say so to Akhmerov. The two men "parted as friends" and Straight agreed to continue their meetings.[11]

With the approach of war in Europe, the Centre's interest in the United States steadily increased. In 1938 the NKVD used the defection of the main Fourth Department courier, Whittaker Chambers, as a pretext for taking over most of the military intelligence agent network, with the notable exception of Alger Hiss.[12] In the United States, as elsewhere, however, the expansion of NKVD operations was disrupted by the hunt for imaginary "enemies of the people." Ivan Andreyevich Morozov (codenamed YUZ and KIR), who was stationed in the New York legal residency in 1938-9, sought to prove his zeal to the Centre by denouncing the Resident, Pyotr Davidovich Gutzeit (codenamed NIKOLAI), and most of his colleagues as secret Trotskyists.[13] In 1938 both Gutzeit and Bazarov, the legal and illegal residents, were recalled and shot.[14] Morozov's denunciation of the next legal resident, Gayk Badalovich Ovakimyan (codenamed GENNADI), was less successful and may have prompted Morozov's own recall in 1939.[15]

Bazarov was succeeded as illegal resident by his former deputy, Iskhak Akhmerov, who henceforth controlled most political intelligence operations in the United States.[16] Mitrokhin noted the codenames of eight rather diverse individuals in whom the Centre seemed to place particularly high hopes on the eve of the Second World

War:[17] Laurence Duggan (agent “19,” later FRANK) in the State Department;[18] Michael Straight (NIGEL), also in the State Department; Martha Dodd Stern (LIZA), daughter of the former US ambassador to Germany, William E. Dodd, and wife of the millionaire Alfred Kaufman Stern (also a Soviet agent); Martha’s brother, William E. Doss, Jr. (PRESIDENT), who had run unsuccessfully for Congress as a Democrat and still had political ambitions; Harry Dexter White in the Treasury Department (KASSIR, later JURIST); an agent codenamed MORIS (probably John Abt) in the Justice Department”;[19] Boris Morros (FROST), the Hollywood producer of Laurel and Hardy’s *Flying Deuces* and other box-office hits;[20] Mary Wolf Price (codenamed KID and DIR), an undeclared Communist who was secretary to the well-known columnist Walter Lippmann; and Henry Buchman (KHOSYAIN, “Employer”), owner of a women’s fashion salon in Baltimore.[21]

In August 1939, however, political intelligence operations in the United States, as in Britain, were partially disrupted by the signing of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. Laurence Duggan broke off contact with Akhmerov in protest.[22] Others who had serious doubts included Michael Straight. At a meeting in October in a restaurant below Washington’s Union Station, Akhmerov tried to reassure him. “Great days are approaching!” he declared. With the beginning of the Second World War, revolution would spread like wildfire across Germany and France.[23] Straight was unimpressed and failed to attend the next meeting.[24] Duggan and Straight are unlikely to have been the only agents to break contact, at least temporarily, with the NKVD.

Further disruption to NKVD operations in the United States followed Akhmerov's recall, soon after his last meeting with Straight, to Moscow where he was accused by Beria of treasonable dealings with enemies of the people.[25] Though, for unknown reasons, the charges were dropped, Akhmerov was placed in the NKVD reserve and remained under suspicion for the next two years while his record was thoroughly checked. For the first time, the center of NKVD operations in the United States was moved, after Akhmerov's recall, to the legal residency headed by Gayk Ovakimyan, later known to the FBI as the "wily Armenian." Ovakimyan found himself terribly overworked, all the more so since he was also expected to take an active part in the complex preparations for Trotsky's assassination in Mexico City. He would sometimes return home exhausted after meeting as many as ten agents in a single day.[26]

Ovakimyan's main successes were in scientific and technological (S&T), rather than political, intelligence. He was unusual among INO officers in holding a science doctorate from the MVTU (Moscow Higher Technical School) and, since 1933, had operated under cover as an engineer at Amtorg (American-Soviet Trading Corporation) in New York. In 1940 he enrolled as a graduate student at a New York chemical institute to assist him in identifying potential agents.[27] Ovakimyan was the first to demonstrate the enormous potential for S&T in the United States. In 1939 alone NKVD operations in the United States obtained 18,000 pages of technical documents, 487 sets of designs and 54 samples of new technology.[28]

Ovakimyan was probably also the first to suggest using an INO officer, under cover as an exchange student, to penetrate the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The first such "student," Semyon Markovich Semyonov (codenamed TVEN), entered MIT in 1938. The scientific contacts which he made over the next two years, before changing his cover in 1940 to that of an Amtorg engineer, helped to lay the basis for the remarkable wartime expansion of S&T collection in the United States. One of his colleagues in the New York residency was struck by Semyonov's "large eyes which, while he was talking to somebody, [revolved] like parabolic antennae."[29] By April 1941 the total NKVD agent network in the United States numbered 221, of whom forty-nine were listed in NKVD statistics as "engineers" (probably a category which included a rather broad range of scientists).[30] In the same month the Centre for the first time established separate departments in its major residencies to specialize in scientific and technological intelligence operations (later known as Line X), a certain sign of their increasing priority.[31]

According to an SVR official history, the sheer number of agents with whom Ovakimyan was in contact "blunted his vigilance." In May 1941 he was caught by the FBI in the act of receiving documents from agent OCTANE, briefly imprisoned, freed on bail and allowed to leave the country in July.[32] But for the remarkably lax security of the Roosevelt administration, the damage to NKVD operations might have been very much worse than the arrest of Ovakimyan. On September 2, 1939, the day after the outbreak of war in Europe, Whittaker Chambers had told much of what he knew about Soviet espionage in the United States to Adolf Berle, Assistant Secretary of State and President Roosevelt's adviser on internal security. Immediately afterwards, Berle drew up a memorandum for the President which listed Alger Hiss, Harry Dexter White and the other leading Soviet agents for whom Chambers had acted as courier. One of those on the list was a leading presidential aide, Lauchlin Currie (mistranscribed by Berle as Lockwood Curry). Roosevelt, however, was not interested. He seems to have dismissed the whole idea of espionage rings within his administration as absurd. Equally remarkable, Berle simply pigeon-holed his own report. He did not even send a copy to the FBI until the Bureau requested it in 1943.[33]

IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and Hitler's declaration of war on the United States in December 1941, Vassili Zarubin (alias Zubilin, codenamed MAKSIM) was appointed legal resident in New York. Already deeply suspicious of British commitment to the defeat of Nazi Germany, Stalin also had doubts about American resolve. He summoned Zarubin before his departure and told him that his main assignment in the United States was to watch out for attempts by Roosevelt and "US ruling circles" to negotiate with Hitler and sign a separate peace. As resident in New York, based in the Soviet consulate, Zarubin was also responsible for subresidencies in Washington, San Francisco, and Latin America.[34] Though fragmentary, the evidence suggests that Stalin continued to take a direct personal interest in overseeing intelligence operations against his allies.

A brief official SVR biography portrays Zarubin's wartime record in New York (and later in Washington) as one of unblemished brilliance.[35] In reality, his abrasive personality and foul-mouthed behavior caused immediate uproar. Zarubin's preference for the operations officers whom he brought with him (among them his wife, Yelizaveta Yulyevna Zarubina)[36] and his unconcealed contempt for existing residency staff led to open rebellion. Two of the operations officers whom he insulted, Vasili Dmitryevich Mironov and Vasili Georgyevich Dorogov, went to the remarkable lengths of reporting “his crudeness, general lack of manners, use of street language and obscenities, carelessness in his work, and repugnant secretiveness” to the Centre, and asking for his recall along with his almost equally unpopular wife. Feuding within the residency continued throughout the Second World War.[37]

Zarubin’s recruitment strategy was simple and straightforward. He demanded that the leaders of the Communist Party of the United States (CPUSA) identify supporters and sympathizers in government establishments suitable for work as agents.[38] When Zarubin arrived in New York, the CPUSA leader Earl Browder (codenamed RULEVOY—“Helmsman”) was serving a prison sentence for using a false passport during his frequent secret journeys to the Soviet Union. His first contact was therefore with Eugene Dennis (born Francis X. Waldron, codenamed RYAN), a Moscowtrained Comintern agent who later succeeded Browder as CPUSA general secretary. Dennis reported that a number of Communists (mostly secret Party members) were joining the first professional American foreign intelligence agency, the Office of the Coordinator of Information, reorganized in June 1942 as the Office of Strategic Services (OSS). Shortly before the foundation of OSS, Browder left prison to resume the Party leadership. He was, Dennis told Moscow, “in a splendid mood.”[39]

Among the first Soviet agents to penetrate OSS was Duncan Chaplin Lee (codenamed KOCH), who became personal assistant to its head, General “Wild Bill” Donovan. Donovan had a relaxed attitude to the recruitment of Communists. “I’d put Stalin on the OSS payroll,” he once said, “if I thought it would help us defeat Hitler.” Throughout the Second World War the NKVD knew vastly more about OSS than OSS knew about the NKVD.[40]

Browder’s recruitment leads also included foreign Communists and fellow travelers who had taken refuge in the United States. Among the most important was the French radical politician Pierre Cot, six times Minister of Air and twice Minister of Commerce in the short-lived governments of the prewar Third Republic. Cot had probably been recruited by the NKVD in the mid-1930s, but seems to have drifted out of touch during the chaotic period which followed the purge of much of Soviet foreign intelligence and had condemned the signing of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. Rebuffed by General Charles de Gaulle, the leader of the Free French after the fall of France in 1940, Cot spent the next few years in the United States.[41] In November Browder reported to Moscow: “Cot wants the leaders of the Soviet Union to know of his willingness to perform whatever mission we might choose, for which purpose he is even prepared to break faith with his own position.”[42] Probably a month or so after his arrival in New York, Zarubin approached Cot and, with his habitual brusqueness, pressed Cot to begin active work as a Soviet agent forthwith. Cot’s KGB file records that he was taken aback by the peremptory nature of Zarubin’s summons and insisted that one of the leaders of the French Communist Party exiled in Moscow give his approval.[43] On July 1 Zarubin reported to the Centre “the signing on of Pierre Cot” as agent DAEDALUS.[44] In 1944 Cot was to be sent on a three-month mission to Moscow on behalf of de Gaulle’s provisional government. He concluded the report on his mission: “Liberty declines unceasingly under capitalism and rises unceasingly under socialism.”[45]

Though the Centre was plainly impressed by the quality of Communist recruits talent-spotted by Browder, it cautioned Zarubin against over-reliance on them:

> We permit the use of the Communist [Party members’] illegal intelligence capabilities ... as a supplement to the Residency’s operations, but it would be a mistake to turn these capabilities into the main basis of operations.[46]

At almost the same moment in December 1941 when Zarubin arrived in New York as legal resident, Iskhak Akhmerov (successively codenamed YUNG and ALBERT) returned to reestablish the illegal residency, also based in New York, which he had been ordered to abandon two years earlier. Though he had previously used Turkish and Canadian identity documents, on this occasion he carried a doctored US passport which he had acquired in 1938.[47] Unlike Zarubin, Akhmerov avoided all contact with Browder—despite the fact that his wife and assistant, Helen Lowry (codenamed MADLEN and ADA), was Browder's niece.[48] In March 1942 the Akhmerovs moved from New York to Baltimore, a more convenient location from which to run agents based in Washington. There Akhmerov, whose stepfather had been a furrier, opened a fur and clothes business in partnership with a local Soviet agent, KHOSYAIN, to give himself a cover occupation.[49]

Michael Straight (NIGEL), in whom Akhmerov had placed such high hopes before the Second World War, refused to resume work as a Soviet agent. Straight had one last meeting with Akhmerov in Washington early in 1942, declined any further meeting, shook hands and said goodbye.[50] Most other pre-war agents, however, were successfully reactivated, among them Laurence Duggan (FRANK)[51] and Harry Dexter White (JURIST).[52] Henry Wallace, vice-president during Roosevelt's third term of office (1941 to 1945), said later that if the ailing Roosevelt had died during that period and he had become president, it had been his intention to make Duggan his Secretary of State and White his Secretary of the

Treasury.[53] The fact that Roosevelt survived three months into an unprecedented fourth term in the White House, and replaced Wallace with Harry Truman as vice-president in January 1945, deprived Soviet intelligence of what would have been its most spectacular success in penetrating a major Western government. The NKVD succeeded none the less in penetrating all the most sensitive sections of the Roosevelt administration.

Akhmerov's most productive Washington network was a group of Communists and fellow travelers with government jobs run by Nathan Gregory Silvermaster (successively codenamed PAL and ROBERT), a statistician in the Farm Security Administration, later seconded to the Board of Economic Warfare.[54] "Greg" Silvermaster retained the untarnished idealism of the revolutionary dream. A chronic sufferer from bronchial asthma, which often left him gasping for breath, he believed that, "My time is strictly limited, and when I die I want to feel that at least I have had some part in building a decent life for those who come after me."[55]

Akhmerov believed, probably correctly, that, despite the security risks involved in Silvermaster's unorthodox tradecraft, he was able to obtain far more intelligence from his increasing number of sources than if each of them was run individually by a Soviet controller. Silvermaster himself disdained the NKVD's bureaucratic "orthodox methods." Though most of his sources must have been aware of the ultimate destination of their intelligence, the network was run under what Akhmerov termed "the Communist Party flag." Informants regarded themselves as helping the CPUSA, which would in turn assist its Soviet comrades.[56]

To limit the security risks, Akhmerov placed two cut-outs between himself and the Silvermaster group. The first was a courier, Elizabeth Bentley (codenamed MIRNA, then, more condescendingly, UMNITSA—"Good Girl"), a Vassar graduate who in 1938, at the age of thirty, had been persuaded to break her visible links with the CPUSA in order to work for the NKVD. Every fortnight Bentley collected classified documents microfilmed by Silvermaster and his wife in her knitting bag. She reported not to Akhmerov himself but to another Soviet illegal in his residency, Jacob Golos (ZVUK—"Sound"), whom she knew as "Timmy." Golos broke NKVD rules by seducing Bentley during a New York snowstorm. According to Bentley's enthusiastic description of the seduction, she felt herself "float away into an ecstasy that seemed to have no beginning and no end." Encouraged by Golos's unprofessional example, Bentley mixed friendship and espionage in a way which would have horrified the Centre. Each Christmas she used NKVD funds to buy carefully chosen presents, ranging from whiskey to lingerie, for the agents in Silvermaster's group. These, she said later, were "the good old days—the days when we worked together as good comrades."[57]

Like Zarubin’s, Akhmerov’s illegal residency recruited non-American as well as American agents. Among the most important was the British journalist and wartime intelligence officer Cedric Belfrage (codenamed CHARLIE), who joined British Security Coordination (BSC) in New York shortly after the United States entered the war.[58] Directed by the SIS head of station, Sir William Stephenson, for much of the war, BSC handled intelligence liaison with the Americans on behalf of MI5 and SOE as well as SIS.[59] Belfrage volunteered his services to Soviet intelligence. Like a number of other American agents in the United States, he made his initial approach to Earl Browder, who passed him on to Golos.[60] Given the unprecedented number of wartime secrets exchanged by the British and American intelligence communities, Belfrage had access to an unusually wide range of intelligence.

The rolls of microfilm forwarded by Akhmerov’s illegal residency to the Centre via the legal residency in New York increased almost four-fold in the space of a year, from fifty-nine in 1942 to 211 in 1943. Zarubin none the less regarded Akhmerov’s refusal to have direct dealings with the CPUSA leadership and his roundabout methods of controlling the Silvermaster group as feeble and long-winded. Akhmerov himself, Zarubin complained, had a “dry and distrustful” manner—which may well have been true as far as his relations with

Zarubin were concerned. Zarubin had a much higher opinion of Akhmerov’s wife, Helen Lowry, whom he regarded as more quick-witted, more business-like in manner, and—because of her American upbringing—better able to make direct contact with US agents.[61]

THERE WAS THUS a breathtaking gulf between the intelligence supplied to Stalin on the United States and that available to Roosevelt on the Soviet Union.[62] Whereas the Centre had penetrated every major branch of Roosevelt’s administration, OSS—like SIS—had not a single agent in Moscow. At the Tehran Conference of the Big Three in November 1943—the first time Stalin and Roosevelt had met—vastly superior intelligence gave Stalin a considerable negotiating advantage. Though there is no precise indication of what intelligence reports and documents were shown to Stalin before the summit, there can be no doubt that he was remarkably well briefed. He was almost certainly informed that Roosevelt had come to Tehran determined to do his utmost to reach agreement with Stalin—even at the cost of offending Churchill. FDR gave proof of his intentions as soon as he arrived. He declined Churchill’s proposal that they should meet privately before the conference began, but accepted Stalin’s pressing invitation that—allegedly on security grounds—he should stay at a building in the Soviet embassy compound rather than at the US legation. It seems not to have occurred to Roosevelt that the building was, inevitably, bugged, and that every word uttered by himself and his delegation would be recorded, transcribed and regularly reported to Stalin.[63]

Stalin must also have welcomed the fact that Roosevelt was bringing to Tehran his closest wartime adviser, Harry Hopkins, but leaving behind his Secretary of State, Cordell Hull. Hopkins had established a remarkable reputation in Moscow for taking the Russians into his confidence. Earlier in the year he had privately warned the Soviet embassy in Washington that the FBI had bugged a secret meeting at which Zarubin (apparently identified by Hopkins only as a member of the embassy) had passed money to Steve Nelson, a leading member of the US Communist underground. [64] Information sent to Moscow by the New York residency on the talks between Roosevelt and Churchill in May 1943 had also probably come from Hopkins. [65] There is plausible but controversial evidence that, in addition to passing confidences to the Soviet ambassador, Hopkins sometimes used Akhmerov as a back channel to Moscow, much as the Kennedys later used the GRU officer Georgi Bolshakov. Hopkins's confidential information so impressed the Centre that, years later, some KGB officers boasted that he had been a Soviet agent.[66] These boasts were far from the truth. Hopkins was an American patriot with little sympathy for the Soviet system. But he was deeply impressed by the Soviet war effort and convinced that, “Since Russia is the decisive factor in the war she must be given every assistance and every effort must be made to obtain her friendship.”[67] “Chip” Bohlen, who acted as American interpreter, later described Hopkins’s influence on the President at the Tehran summit as “paramount.”[68]

It was at Tehran, Churchill later claimed, that he realized for the first time how small the British nation was:

> There I sat with the great Russian bear on one side of me, with paws outstretched, and on the other side the great American buffalo, and between the two sat the poor little English donkey ...[69]

Despite the closeness of the British-American wartime “special relationship” and Roosevelt’s friendship with Churchill, his priority at Tehran was to reach agreement with Stalin. He told his old friend, Frances Perkins, the Secretary of Labor, how

> Winston got red and scowled, and the more he did so, the more Stalin smiled. Finally, Stalin broke out into a deep, hearty guffaw, and for the first time in three days I saw light. I kept it up until Stalin was laughing with me, and it was then that I called him “Uncle Joe.” He would have thought me fresh the day before, but that day he laughed and came over

> and shook my hand.
>
> From that time on our relations were personal ... We talked like men and brothers.[70]

In the course of the Tehran Conference, Hopkins sought out Churchill privately at the British embassy, and told him that Stalin and Roosevelt were adamant that Operation OVERLORD, the British-American cross-Channel invasion of occupied France, must take place the following spring, and that British opposition must cease. Churchill duly gave way. The most important political concession to Stalin was British-American agreement to give the post-war Soviet Union its 1941 frontier, thus allowing Stalin to recover his territorial gains ill-gotten under the Nazi-Soviet Pact: eastern Poland, the Baltic states and Moldova. The Polish government-in-exile in London was not consulted.

Stalin returned to Moscow in high spirits. The United States and Britain seemed to have recognized, as a Russian diplomat put it privately, Russia's "right to establish friendly governments in the neighboring countries."[71] Roosevelt's willingness to go so far to meet Stalin's wishes at Tehran had derived chiefly from his deep sense of the West's military debt to the Soviet Union at a time when the Red Army was bearing the overwhelming brunt of the war with Germany. But there is equally no doubt that Stalin's negotiating success was greatly assisted by his knowledge of the cards in

Roosevelt’s hand.[72]

Despite the considerable success of the legal and illegal American residencies in penetrating the Roosevelt administration, however, they had failed totally in one important respect. Part of Zarubin’s original brief from the Centre had been to recruit agents from among the large German-American community who could be used against Germany. In the end he recruited not a single one. When asked to explain this omission, he told the Centre that most German-Americans were Jews and therefore unsuitable.[73] The Centre, like Zarubin, had become so engrossed in the intelligence offensive against its allies that it appears to have judged leniently his failure against the enemy.

WARTIME INTELLIGENCE GATHERING continued to expand in Britain as well as the United States. At the beginning of 1942 a second legal residency began to operate in London under Ivan Andreyevich Chichayev (JOHN) alongside that of Anatoli Gorsky (successively HENRY and VADIM). Unlike Gorsky, who remained in charge of the agent network, Chichayev announced his presence in London to the authorities and was responsible for intelligence liaison with both the British and allied governments-in-exile.[74] Chichayev also ran an agent network of émigré officials from central and eastern Europe who kept him informed of British negotiations with the Polish government-in-exile, the Czechoslovak president, Edvard Beneš, King Peter of Yugoslavia and his prime minister, Ivan Subǎs.[75]

The Cambridge Five, meanwhile, continued to generate a phenomenal amount of intelligence. For 1942 alone Maclean's documents filled more than forty-five volumes in the Centre archives.[76] Philby too was providing large quantities of highly classified files. Since September 1941 he had been working in Section V (Counter-intelligence) of SIS. Though Section V was then located in St. Albans, rather than in SIS London headquarters at Broadway Buildings, it had the advantage of being next door to the registry which housed SIS archives. Philby spent some time cultivating the archivist, Bill Woodfield, with whom he shared a common appreciation of pink gin. As Philby later recalled, "This friendly connection paid off."[77] Over a period of months, Philby borrowed the operational files of British agents working abroad and handed them to Gorsky in batches to be photographed.[78] Early in April 1942 the Centre completed a lengthy analysis of the SIS records removed by Philby up to the end of the previous year. Though praising SÖHNCHEN for "systematically sending a lot of interesting material," it was puzzled that this material appeared to show that SIS had no agent network in Russia and was conducting only "extremely insignificant" operations against the Soviet Union. Centre analysts had two reasons for disputing these entirely accurate conclusions. First, though at least partly aware that the evidence used to convict some of their liquidated predecessors of working for British intelligence was fraudulent, they remained convinced that SIS had been conducting major operations against the Soviet Union, using "their most highly skilled agents," throughout the 1930s. The reality—that SIS had not even possessed a Moscow station—was, so far as the Centre was concerned, literally unbelievable. The Centre refused to believe that the Soviet Union was a smaller priority for British intelligence (which was, in truth, almost wholly geared to the war effort) than Britain was for Soviet intelligence:

> If the HOTEL [SIS] has recruited a hundred agents in Europe over the past few years, mainly from countries occupied by the Germans, there can be no doubt that our country gets no less attention.[79]

Such reports merely echoed Stalin's own acute suspicions of his British allies.

The intelligence from the London residency during the first year of the Great Patriotic War which ultimately had the greatest impact on both Stalin and the Centre came from Cairncross. On September 25, 1941 Gorsky telegraphed Moscow:

> I am informing you very briefly about the contents of

> a most secret report of the Government Committee on the development of uranium atomic energy to produce explosive material which was submitted on September 24, 1941 to the War Cabinet.[80]

The secret committee which produced the report was the Scientific Advisory Committee, chaired by Lord Hankey, whose codename BOSS reflects the fact he was Cairncross's employer.[81] The report which Cairncross gave Gorsky was the first to alert the Centre to British plans to build the atomic bomb.[82]

Vitally important though that report, and others on the atomic bomb despatched from London over the next few months, proved to be, they had a delayed impact in Moscow. When Cairncross's first report arrived, Stalin and the Stavka were preoccupied by the German advance which in October 1941 forced them to evacuate the capital. It was not until March 1942 that Beria sent Stalin a full assessment of British atomic research. The British high command, he reported, was now satisfied that the theoretical problems of constructing an atomic bomb had been "fundamentally solved," and Britain's best scientists and major companies were collaborating on the project.[83] At Beria's suggestion, detailed consultations with Soviet scientists followed over the next few months.[84]

In June 1942 President Roosevelt ordered an all-out effort, codenamed the MANHATTAN project, to build an

American atomic bomb. Though it was another year before British participation in the project was formally agreed, the NKVD discovered that Roosevelt and Churchill had discussed cooperation on the building of the bomb during talks in Washington on June 20.[85] On October 6, following extensive consultations with Soviet scientists, the Centre submitted the first detailed report on Anglo-American plans to construct an atomic bomb to the Central Committee and the State Defence Committee, both chaired by Stalin.[86] By the end of the year, Stalin had decided to begin work on the construction of a Soviet atomic bomb.[87] In taking that momentous decision in the middle of the battle of Stalingrad, the main turning point in the war on the eastern front, Stalin was not thinking of the needs of the Great Patriotic War, since it was clear that the bomb could not be ready in time to assist in the defeat of Germany. Instead, he was already looking forward to a post-war world in which, since the United States and Britain would have nuclear weapons, the Soviet Union must have them too.[88]

For most of the Great Patriotic War Moscow collected more atomic intelligence from Britain than from the United States. In December 1942 the London residency received a detailed report on atomic research in Britain and the United States from a Communist scientist codenamed “K.” Vladimir Barkovsky, head of scientific and technological intelligence (S&T) at the residency, later reported that “K” “works for us with enthusiasm, but ... turns down the slightest hint of financial reward.” With the help of a duplicate key personally manufactured by Barkovsky from a wax impression provided by “K,” he was able to remove numerous classified documents from colleagues’ safes as well as his own. The most valuable, in the Centre’s view, were those on “the construction of uranium piles.” At least two other scientists, codenamed MOOR and KELLY, also provided intelligence on various aspects of TUBE ALLOYS, the British atomic project.[89]

The most important of the British atom spies, the Communist physicist Klaus Fuchs, a naturalized refugee from Nazi Germany, was initially a GRU rather than an NKVD/NKGB agent. Fuchs was a committed Stalinist who was later to take part in the construction of the first atomic bomb. Before the war he had been an enthusiastic participant in dramatized readings of the transcripts of the show trials organized by the Society for Cultural Relations with the Soviet Union, and impressed his research supervisor, the future Nobel Laureate Sir Neville Mott, with the passion with which he played the part of the prosecutor Vyshinsky, “accusing the defendants with a cold venom that I would never have suspected from so quiet and retiring a young man.” Late in 1941, Fuchs asked the leader of the German Communist Party (KPD) underground in Britain, Jürgen Kuczynski, for help in passing to the Russians what he had learned while working on the TUBE ALLOYS project at Birmingham University. Kuczynski put him in touch with Simon Davidovich Kremer, an officer at the GRU London residency, who irritated Fuchs by his insistence on taking long rides in London taxis, regularly doubling back in order to throw off anyone trying to tail them.[90]

In the summer of 1942 Fuchs was moved on to another and more congenial GRU controller, SONYA (referred to in KGB files under the alternative codename FIR),[91] who he almost certainly never realized was the sister of Jürgen Kuczynski. They usually met near Banbury, midway between Birmingham and Oxford, where SONYA lived as Mrs. Brewer, a Jewish refugee from Nazi Germany. SONYA remembered the material she collected from Fuchs as "just strings of hieroglyphics and formula written in such tiny writing that they just looked like squiggles:"

> Klaus and I never spent more than half an hour together when we met. Two minutes would have been enough but, apart from the pleasure of the meeting, it would arouse less suspicion if we took a little walk together rather than parting immediately. Nobody who did not live in such isolation can guess how precious these meetings with another German comrade were.[92]

SONYA later became the only woman ever to be made an honorary colonel of the Red Army, in recognition of her remarkable achievements in the GRU[93] But though it has been publicly acknowledged that she ran other agents besides Fuchs during her time in Britain, both the SVR and the GRU have gone to some pains to conceal the existence of the most important of them: Melita Stedman Norwood, née Sernis (codenamed HOLA). Norwood's file in the Centre shows her to have been, in all probability, both the most important British female agent in KGB history and the longest-serving of all Soviet spies in Britain.[94]

HOLA was born in 1912 to a Latvian father and British mother, joined the Communist Party of Great Britain (CPGB), married another Party member employed as a mathematics teacher in a secondary school, and from the age of twenty onwards worked as a secretary in the research department of the British Non-Ferrous Metals Association. Talent-spotted in 1935 by one of the CPGB's founders, Andrew Rothstein, she was recommended to the NKVD by the Party leadership and recruited two years later. Like the Magnificent Five, Norwood was a committed ideological agent inspired by a myth-image of the Soviet Union which bore little relationship to the brutal reality of Stalinist rule. Her forty-year career as a Soviet agent, however, nearly ended almost as soon as it began. She was involved with a spy ring operating inside the Woolwich Arsenal, whose three leading members were arrested in January 1938, tried and imprisoned three months later. MI5 failed, however, to detect clues to her identity contained in a notebook taken from the ringleader, Percy Glading (codenamed GOT), and after a few months "on ice" she was reactivated in May 1938. It is a sign of the Centre's high opinion of Norwood that contact with her was maintained at a time when it was broken with many other agents, including some of the Five, because of the recall or liquidation of most foreign intelligence officers.[95]

Contact with Norwood was suspended, however, after the temporary closure of the London residency early in 1940. When reactivated in 1941, she was for unexplained reasons handed over to SONYA of the GRU rather than to an NKVD controller. Her job at the Non-Ferrous Metals Association gave her access to extensive S&T documents which she passed on to SONYA and subsequent controllers. By the final months of the war Norwood was providing intelligence on the TUBE ALLOYS project. According to Mitrokhin's notes on her file, she was assessed throughout her career as a "committed, reliable and disciplined agent, striving to be of the utmost assistance."[96]

By the beginning of 1943, aware of American plans to build the first atomic bomb, the Centre was even more anxious to collect atomic intelligence in the United States than in Britain. One certain indication of the importance attached by the Centre to monitoring the MANHATTAN project was the dispatch of its head of scientific and technological intelligence, Leonid Romanovich Kvasnikov (ANTON), to New York where he became deputy resident for S&T in January 1943.[97] Igor Vasiliyevich Kurchatov, the newly appointed scientific head of the Soviet atomic project, wrote to Beria on March 7:

> My examination of the [intelligence] material has shown that their receipt is of enormous and invaluable significance to our nation and our science. On the one hand, the material has demonstrated the seriousness and intensity of the scientific research being conducted on uranium in Britain, and on the other hand, it has made it possible to obtain important guidelines for our own scientific research, by-passing many extremely difficult phases in the development of this problem, learning new scientific and technical routes for its development, establishing three new areas for Soviet physics, and learning about the possibilities for using not only uranium-235 but also uranium-238.[98]

While Beria was reading the report, a new top-secret laboratory was starting work at Los Alamos in New Mexico to build the first atomic bomb. Los Alamos contained probably the most remarkable collection of youthful talent ever assembled in a single laboratory. A majority of the scientists who worked on the bomb were still in their twenties; the oldest, Robert Oppenheimer, the head of the laboratory, was thirtynine. Los Alamos eventually included twelve Nobel Laureates.

In April 1943, a month after the opening of Los Alamos, the New York residency reported an important source on the MANHATTAN project. An unknown woman had turned up at the Soviet consulate-general and delivered a letter containing classified information on the atomic weapons program. A month later the same woman, who again declined to give her name, brought another letter with details of research on the plutonium route to the atomic bomb. Investigations by the New York residency revealed that the woman was an Italian nurse, whose first name was Lucia, the daughter of an anti-fascist Italian union leader, "D." At a meeting arranged by the residency through the leaders of the Friends of the USSR Society, Lucia said that she was acting only as an intermediary. The letters came from her brother-in-law, an American scientist working on plutonium research for the Du Pont company in Newport while completing a degree course in New York, who had asked his wife Regina to pass his correspondence to the Soviet consulate via her sister Lucia. The scientist—apparently the first of the American atom spies—was recruited under the codename MAR; Regina became MONA and Lucia OLIVIA.[99]

In June the New York residency forwarded intelligence on uranium isotope separation through gaseous diffusion from an unidentified agent codenamed KVANT

("Quantum") working for the MANHATTAN project. KVANT demanded payment and was given 300 dollars.[100] On July 3, after examining the latest atomic intelligence from the United States, Kurchatov wrote to the NKVD (probably to Beria in person):

> I have examined the attached list of American projects on uranium. Almost every one of them is of great interest to us ... These materials are of enormous interest and great value ... The receipt of further information of this type is extremely desirable.[101]

As yet, however, atomic intelligence from the United States was less detailed than that obtained from Britain in 1941-2.[102] Among those who supplied some of the further intelligence requested by Kurchatov was MAR, who in October 1943 was transferred to the Du Pont plant in Hanford, Washington State, which produced plutonium for the MANHATTAN project. He told his controller that his aim was to defeat the "criminal" attempt of the US military to conceal the construction of an atomic bomb from the USSR.[103] Other sources of atomic intelligence included a "progressive professor" in the radiation laboratory at Berkeley, California,[104] and—probably—a scientist in the MANHATTAN project's metallurgical laboratory at Chicago University.[105] The mercenary

KVANT seems to have faded away, but by early 1944 another agent, a Communist construction engineer codenamed FOGEL (later PERS), was providing intelligence on the plant and equipment being used in the MANHATTAN project.[106] There is, however, no reliable evidence that Soviet intelligence yet had an agent inside Los Alamos.[107]

The penetration of the MANHATTAN project was only the most spectacular part of a vast wartime expansion of Soviet scientific and technological espionage. S&T from the United States and Britain made a major contribution to the development of Soviet radar, radio technology, submarines, jet engines, aircraft and synthetic rubber, as well as nuclear weapons.[108] Atomic intelligence was codenamed ENORMOZ ("Enormous"), jet propulsion VOZDUKH ("Air"), radar RADUGA ("Rainbow"). [109] A. S. Yakovlev, the aircraft designer and Deputy Commissar of the Aviation Industry, paid handsome, though private, tribute to the contribution of S&T to the Soviet aircraft which bore his name.[110] Political and military intelligence from inside all the main branches of the Roosevelt administration also continued to expand, thanks chiefly to the increasing activity of Akhmerov's Washington networks. The rolls of film of classified documents sent by his illegal residency to Moscow via New York increased from 211 in 1943 to 600 in 1944.[111]

THE QUALITY OF political intelligence from Britain probably exceeded even that from the United States, partly as a result of the greater coordination of British government and intelligence assessment through the War Cabinet and the Joint Intelligence Committee (of which there were no real equivalents in the United States, despite the existence of bodies with similar names). The wartime files of the London residency contain what Mitrokhin's summary describes as "many secrets of the British War Cabinet," correspondence between Churchill and Roosevelt, telegrams exchanged between the Foreign Office, the embassies in Moscow, Washington, Stockholm, Ankara and Tehran, and the minister-resident in Cairo, and intelligence reports.[113] From the summer of 1942 to the summer of 1943, the intelligence reports included ULTRA decrypts direct from Bletchley Park, the main wartime home of the British SIGINT agency, where John Cairncross spent a year as a Soviet agent. His controller, Anatoli Gorsky, whom, like the rest of the Five, he knew as "Henry," gave him the money to buy a second-hand car to bring ULTRA to London on his days off.[113] Because of the unprecedented wartime collaboration of the Anglo-American intelligence communities, the London residency was also able to provide American as well as British intelligence.[114]

The problem for the professionally suspicious minds in the Centre was that it all seemed too good to be true. Taking their cue from the master conspiracy theorist in the Kremlin, they eventually concluded that what appeared to be the best intelligence ever obtained from Britain by any intelligence service was at root a British plot. The Five, later acknowledged as the ablest group of agents in KGB history, were discredited in the eyes of the Centre leadership by their failure to provide evidence of a massive, non-existent British conspiracy against the Soviet Union. Of the reality of that conspiracy, Stalin, and therefore his chief intelligence advisers, had no doubt. In October 1942 Stalin wrote to the Soviet ambassador in Britain, Ivan Maisky:

> All of us in Moscow have gained the impression that Churchill is aiming at the defeat of the USSR, in order then to come to terms with the Germany of Hitler or Brüning at the expense of our country.[115]

Always in Stalin's mind when he brooded on Churchill's supposed wartime conspiracies against him was the figure of Hitler's deputy Führer, Rudolf Hess, whom, he told Maisky, Churchill was keeping "in reserve." In May 1941 Hess had made a bizarre flight to Scotland, in the deluded belief that he could arrange peace between Britain and Germany. Both London and Berlin correctly concluded that Hess was somewhat deranged. Stalin, inevitably, believed instead that Hess's flight was part of a deeply laid British plot. His suspicions deepened after the German invasion in June. For at least the next two years he suspected that Hess was part of a British conspiracy to abandon its alliance with the Soviet Union and sign a separate peace with Germany.[116] At dinner with Churchill in the Kremlin in October 1944 Stalin proposed a toast to "the British intelligence service which had inveigled Hess into coming to England:" "He could not have landed without being given signals. The intelligence service must have been behind it all."[117] Stalin's mood at dinner was jovial, but his conspiracy theory was deadly earnest. If his misunderstanding of Hess's flight to Britain did not derive from Centre intelligence assessments, it was certainly reinforced by them. As late as the early 1990s the same conspiracy theory was still being publicly propounded by a KGB spokesman who claimed that in 1941 Hess "brought the Führer's peace proposals with him and a plan for the invasion of the Soviet Union." That myth is still, apparently, believed by some of their SVR successors. [118]

On October 25, 1943 the Centre informed the London residency that it was now clear, after long analysis of the voluminous intelligence from the Five, that they were double agents, working on the instructions of SIS and MI5. As far back as their years at Cambridge, Philby, Maclean and Burgess had probably been acting on instructions from British intelligence to infiltrate the student left before making contact with the NKVD. Only thus, the Centre reasoned, was it possible to explain why both SIS and MI5 were currently employing in highly sensitive jobs Cambridge graduates with a Communist background. The lack of any reference to British recruitment of Soviet agents in the intelligence supplied either by SÖHNCHEN (Philby) from SIS or by TONY (Blunt) from MI5 was seen as further evidence that both were being used to feed disinformation to the NKGB:

> During the entire period that S[ÖHNCHEN] and T[ONY] worked for the British special services, they did not help expose a single valuable ISLANDERS [British] agent either in the USSR or in the Soviet embassy in the ISLAND [Britain].

There was, of course, no such "valuable agent" for Philby or Blunt to expose, but that simple possibility did not occur to the conspiracy theorists in the Centre. Philby's accurate report that "at the present time the HOTEL [SIS] is not engaged in active work against the Soviet Union" was also, in the Centre's view, obvious disinformation.[119]

Since the Five were double agents, it followed that those they had recruited to the NKVD were also plants. One example which particularly exercised the Centre was the case of Peter Smollett (ABO), who in 1941 had achieved the remarkable feat of becoming head of the Russian department in the wartime Ministry of

Information. By 1943 Smollett was using his position to organize pro-Soviet propaganda on a prodigious scale. A vast meeting at the Albert Hall in February to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Red Army included songs of praise by a massed choir, readings by John Gielgud and Laurence Olivier, and was attended by leading politicians from all parties. The film *USSR at War* was shown to factory audiences of one and a quarter million. In September 1943 alone, the Ministry of Information organized meetings on the Soviet Union for 34 public venues, 35 factories, 100 voluntary societies, 28 civil defense groups, 9 schools and a prison; the BBC in the same month broadcast thirty programs with a substantial Soviet content.[120] Yet, because Smollett had been recruited by Philby, he was, in the eyes of the Centre, necessarily a plant. His apparently spectacular success in organizing pro-Soviet propaganda on an unprecedented scale was thus perversely interpreted as a cunning plot by British intelligence to hoodwink the NKVD.[121]

Even the hardened conspiracy theorists of the Centre, however, had some difficulty in explaining why the Five were providing, along with disinformation, such large amounts of accurate high-grade intelligence. In its missive to the London residency of October 25, the Centre suggested a number of possible answers to this baffling problem. The sheer quantity of Foreign Office documents supplied by Maclean *might* indicate, it believed, that, unlike the other four, he was not *consciously* deceiving the NKVD, but was merely being manipulated by the others to the best of their ability. The Centre also argued that the Five were instructed to pass on important intelligence about Germany which did not harm British interests in order to make their disinformation about British policy more credible.[122]

The most valuable "documentary material about the work of the Germans" in 1943 was the German decrypts supplied by Cairncross from Bletchley Park. A brief official biography of Fitin published by the SVR singles out for special mention the ULTRA intelligence obtained from Britain on German preparations for the battle of Kursk when the Red Army halted Hitler's last major offensive on the eastern front.[123] The Luftwaffe decrypts provided by Cairncross were of crucial importance in enabling the Red Air Force to launch massive pre-emptive strikes against German airfields which destroyed over 500 enemy aircraft.[124]

The Centre's addiction to conspiracy theory ran so deep, however, that it was capable of regarding the agent who supplied intelligence of critical importance before Kursk as part of an elaborate network of deception. It therefore ordered the London residency to create a new independent agent network uncontaminated by the Five. But, though the Five were "undoubtedly double agents," the residency was ordered to maintain contact with them.

The Centre gave three reasons for this apparently contradictory decision. First, if British intelligence realized that their grand deception involving the Five had been discovered, they might well intensify their search for the new network intended to replace them. Secondly, the Centre acknowledged that, despite the Five's "unquestionable attempts to disinform us," they were none the less providing "valuable material about the Germans and other matters." Finally, "Not all the questions about this group of agents have been completely cleared up." The Centre was, in other words, seriously confused about what exactly the Five were up to.[125]

To try to discover the exact nature of the British intelligence conspiracy, the Centre sent, for the first time ever, a special eight-man surveillance team to the London residency to trail the Five and other supposedly bogus Soviet agents in the hope of discovering their contacts with their non-existent British controllers. The same team also investigated visitors to the Soviet embassy, some of whom were suspected of being MI5 *agents provocateurs.* The new surveillance system was hilariously unsuccessful. None of the eight-man team spoke English; all wore conspicuously Russian clothes, were visibly ill at ease in English surroundings and must frequently have disconcerted those they followed.[126]

The absurdity of trailing the Five highlights the central weakness in the Soviet intelligence system. The Centre's ability to collect intelligence from the West always comfortably exceeded its capacity to interpret what it collected. Moscow’s view of its British allies was invariably clouded by variable amounts of conspiracy theory. The Soviet leadership was to find it easier to replicate the first atomic bomb than to understand policy-making in London.

EIGHT

VICTORY

Given the closeness of the British-American "special relationship," the Centre inevitably suspected that some of the President's advisers sympathized with Churchill's supposed anti-Soviet plots.[1] Suspicions of Roosevelt himself, however, were never as intense as those of Churchill. Nor did the Centre form conspiracy theories about its American agents as preposterous as those about the Cambridge Five. Perhaps because the NKVD had penetrated the OSS from the moment of its foundation, it was less inclined to believe that United States intelligence was running a system of deception which compared with the supposed use of the Five by the British.The CPUSA's assistance in the operation to assassinate Trotsky, combined with the enthusiasm with which it "exposed and weeded out spies and traitors,"[2] appeared to make its underground section a reliable recruiting ground. Vasili Zarubin's regular contacts with the CPUSA leader, Earl Browder, plainly convinced him of the reliability of those covert Party members who agreed to provide secret intelligence.

By the spring of 1943, however, the Centre was worried about the security of its large and expanding American agent network. Zarubin became increasingly incautious both in his meetings with Party leaders and in arranging for the payment to them of secret subsidies from Moscow. One of the files noted by Mitrokhin records censoriously, “Without the approval of the Central Committee, Zarubin crudely violated the rules of clandestinity.” On one occasion Browder asked Zarubin to deliver Soviet money personally to the Communist underground organization in Chicago; the implication in the KGB file is that he agreed. On another occasion, in April 1943, Zarubin traveled to California for a secret meeting with Steve Nelson, who ran a secret control commission to seek out informants and spies in the Californian branch of the Communist Party, but failed to find Nelson’s home. Only on a second visit did he succeed in delivering the money. On this occasion, however, the meeting was bugged by the FBI which had placed listening devices in Nelson’s home.[3] The Soviet ambassador in Washington was told confidentially by none other than Roosevelt’s adviser, Harry Hopkins, that a member of his embassy had been detected passing money to a Communist in California.[4]

Though Zarubin became somewhat more discreet after this “friendly warning,” his cover had been blown. Worse was yet to come. Four months later Zarubin was secretly denounced to the FBI by Vasili Mironov, a senior officer in the New York residency who had earlier appealed unsuccessfully to the Centre for Zarubin's recall.[5] In an extraordinary anonymous letter to Hoover on August 7, 1943, Mironov identified Zarubin and ten other leading members of residencies operating under diplomatic cover in the United States, himself included, as Soviet intelligence officers. He also revealed that Browder was closely involved with Soviet espionage and identified the Hollywood producer Boris Morros (FROST) as a Soviet agent. Mironov's motives derived partly from personal loathing for Zarubin himself. He told Hoover, speaking of himself in the third person, that Zarubin and Mironov "both hate each other." Mironov also appears to have been tortured by a sense of guilt for his part in the NKVD's massacre of the Polish officer corps in 1940. Zarubin, he told Hoover, "interrogated and shot Poles in Kozelsk, Mironov in Starobelsk." (In reality, though Zarubin did interrogate some of the Polish officers, he does not appear to have been directly involved in their execution.) But there are also clear signs in Mironov's letter, if not of mental illness, at least of the paranoid mindset generated by the Terror. He accused Zarubin of being a Japanese agent and his wife of working for Germany, and concluded bizarrely: "If you prove to Mironov that Z is working for the Germans and Japanese, he will immediately shoot him without a trial, as he too holds a very high post in the NKVD."[6]

By the time Mironov's extraordinary denunciation reached the FBI, Zarubin had moved from New York to Washington—a move probably prompted by the steady growth in intelligence of all kinds from within the Roosevelt administration. As the senior NKVD officer in the United States, Zarubin retained overall control in Washington of the New York and San Francisco residencies; responsibility for liaison with the head of the CPUSA, Browder, and with the head of the illegal residency, Akhmerov; and direct control of some of his favorite agents, among them the French politician Pierre Cot and the British intelligence officer Cedric Belfrage, whom he took over from Golos.[7]

With his cover blown, however, Zarubin found life in Washington difficult. One of his most humiliating moments came at a dinner for members of the Soviet embassy given early in 1944 by the governor of Louisiana, Sam Houston Jones.[8] After dinner, as guests wandered round the governor's house in small groups, a lady who appeared to know that Zarubin was a senior NKGB officer, turned to him and said, "Have a seat, General!" Zarubin, whose fuse and sense of humor were both somewhat short, took the seat but replied stiffly, "I am not a general!" Another guest, who identified himself as an officer in military intelligence, complimented the lady on her inside knowledge. He then caused Zarubin further embarrassment by asking for his views on the massacre of 16,000 Polish officers, some of whose bodies had been exhumed in the Katyn woods. Zarubin replied that German allegations that the officers had been shot by the NKVD (as indeed they had) were a provocation intended to sow dissension within the Grand Alliance which would deceive only the naive.[9]

Zarubin subsequently sought to persuade the Centre that his humiliating loss of cover was due not to his own indiscretion but to the fact that the Americans had somehow discovered that he had interrogated imprisoned Polish officers in Kozelsk. The Centre was unimpressed. In a letter to the Central Committee, the NKGB Personnel Directorate reported that his period as resident in the United States had been marked by a series of blunders.[10] Mironov not long before had informed on Zarubin to Hoover, now appears to have written to Stalin, accusing Zarubin of being in contact with the FBI.[11] In the summer of 1944, both Zarubin and Mironov were recalled to Moscow. Anatoli Gorsky, who until a few months earlier had been resident in London, succeeded Zarubin in Washington.[12]

Once back in Moscow, Zarubin quickly succeeded in reestablishing his position at the expense of Mironov and was appointed deputy chief of foreign intelligence. By the time he retired three years later, allegedly on grounds of ill health, he had succeeded in taking much of the credit for the remarkable wartime intelligence obtained from the United States, and was awarded two Orders of Lenin, two Orders of the Red Banner, one Order of the Red Star, and numerous medals.[13] Mironov, by contrast, was sentenced soon after his return to Moscow to five years in a labor camp, probably for making false accusations against Zarubin. In 1945 he tried to smuggle out of prison to the US embassy in Moscow information about the NKVD massacre of Polish officers similar to that which, unknown to the Centre, he had sent to the FBI two years earlier. On this occasion Mironov was caught in the act, given a second trial and shot.[14]

Even after the recall of Zarubin and Mironov, feuding and denunciations continued within the American residencies. As with Mironov's bizarre accusations, some of the feuds had an almost surreal quality about them. In August 1944 the newly appointed resident in San Francisco, Grigori Pavlovich Kasparov, telegraphed to the Centre a bitter denunciation of the resident in Mexico City, Lev Tarasov, who, he claimed, had bungled attempts to liberate Trotsky's assassin, Ramón Mercader, and had adopted a "grand lifestyle." As well as renting a house with grounds and employing two servants in addition to the staff allocated to him, Tarasov was alleged to be spending too much time breeding parrots, poultry and other birds.[15] The fate of Tarasov's denounced parrots is not recorded.

There was dissension too in New York, where the inexperienced 28-year-old Stepan Apresyan (MAY) had been appointed resident early in 1944, despite the fact that he had never previously been outside the Soviet Union. His appointment was bitterly resented by his much more experienced deputy, Roland Abbiate (alias "Vladimir Pravdin," codenamed SERGEI), whose previous assignments had included the liquidation of the defector Ignace Poretsky. Operating under cover as the Tass bureau chief in New York, Abbiate had a grasp of American conditions which greatly exceeded Apresyan's, but his career continued to be held back by the fact that, although he had been born in St. Petersburg in 1902, his parents were French and had returned to France in 1920. Abbiate had returned with them, living in France until his recruitment by the OGPU as an illegal in 1932.[16]

As a stop-gap measure to compensate for Apresyan's now visible incompetence, the Centre gave Abbiate virtually equal status with Apresyan in the autumn of 1944 in running the residency. Abbiate responded by telegraphing to Moscow a scathing attack on Apresyan, whom he condemned as "incapable of dealing with the tasks which are set him" or of gaining the respect of his staff:

> MAY [Apresyan] is utterly without the knack of dealing with people, frequently showing himself excessively abrupt and inclined to nag, and too rarely finding time to chat with them. Sometimes our operational workers ... cannot get an answer to an urgent question from him for several days at a time

> ... A worker who has no experience of work abroad cannot cope on his own with the work of directing the TYRE OFFICE [New York residency].

The real responsibility, Abbiate clearly implied, rested with the Centre for appointing such an obviously unsuitable and unqualified resident.[17] The civil war between the resident and his deputy continued for just over a year before ending in victory for Abbiate. In March 1945 Apresyan was transferred to San Francisco, leaving Abbiate as resident in New York.[18]

WHILE THE WASHINGTON and New York residencies were both in some turmoil in the summer of 1944, sanity was returning to London. The Magnificent Five were officially absolved of all suspicion of being double agents controlled by the British. On June 29 the Centre informed the London residency, then headed by Konstantin Mikhailovich Kukin (codenamed IGOR),[19] that recent important SIS documents provided by Philby had been largely corroborated by material from "other sources" (some probably in the American OSS, with whom SIS exchanged many highly classified reports):[20] "This is a serious confirmation of S[ÖHNCHEN]'s honesty in his work with us, which obliges us to review our attitude toward him and the entire group." It was now clear, the Centre acknowledged, that intelligence from the Five was "of great value," and contact with them must be maintained at all costs:

> On our behalf express much gratitude to S[ÖHNCHEN] for his work ... If you find it convenient and possible, offer S[ÖHNCHEN] in the most tactful way a bonus of 100 pounds or give him a gift of equal value.

After six years in which his phenomenal work as a penetration agent had been frequently undervalued, ignored or suspected by the Centre, Philby was almost pathetically grateful for the long overdue recognition of his achievements. "During this decade of work," he told Moscow, "I have never been so deeply touched as now with your gift and no less deeply excited by your communication [of thanks]."[21]

High among the intelligence which restored the Centre's faith in Philby were his reports, beginning early in 1944, on the founding by SIS of a new Section IX "to study past records of Soviet and Communist activity." Urged on by his new controller, Boris Krötenschield (alias Krotov, codenamed KRECHIN), Philby succeeded at the end of the year in becoming head of an expanded Section IX, with a remit for "the collection and interpretation of information concerning Soviet and Communist espionage and subversion in all parts of the world outside British territory." As one of his SIS colleagues, Robert Cecil, wrote later, “Philby at one stroke had ... ensured that the whole post-war effort to counter Communist espionage would become known in the Kremlin. The history of espionage records few, if any, comparable masterstrokes.”[22]

At about the same time that Philby was given his present, Cairncross was belatedly rewarded for his contribution to the epic Soviet victory at Kursk. Krötenschield informed him that he had been awarded one of the highest Soviet decorations, the Order of the Red Banner. He opened a velvet-lined box, took out the decoration and placed it in Cairncross’s hands. Krötenschield reported to the Centre that Cairncross was visibly elated by the award, though he was told to hand it back for safekeeping in Moscow.[23] The award came too late, however, to achieve its full effect. In the summer of 1943, exhausted by the strain of his regular car journeys to London to deliver ULTRA decrypts to Gorsky, and probably discouraged by Gorsky’s lack of appreciation, Cairncross had left Bletchley Park. Though he succeeded in obtaining a job in SIS, first in Section V (Counterintelligence), then in Section I (Political Intelligence), his importance in the Centre’s eyes now ranked clearly below that of Philby.[24] Unlike Philby, Cairncross did not get on well with his SIS colleagues. The head of Section I, David Footman, found him “an odd person, with a chip on his shoulder.”[25]

Encouraged by the Centre's new appreciation of their talents, the other members of the Five—Maclean, Burgess and Blunt—became even more productive than before. In the spring of 1944 Maclean was posted to the Washington embassy, where he was soon promoted to first secretary. His zeal was quickly apparent. According to one of his colleagues, "No task was too hard for him; no hours were too long. He gained the reputation of one who would always take over a tangled skein from a colleague who was sick, or going on leave, or simply less zealous." The most sensitive, and in the NKGB's view probably the most important, area of policy in which Maclean succeeded in becoming involved by early 1945 was Anglo-American collaboration in the building of the atomic bomb.[26]

Burgess increased his usefulness to the NKGB by gaining a job in the Foreign Office press department soon after Maclean was posted to Washington. Claiming no doubt that he required access to a wide range of material to be adequately informed for press briefings, Burgess regularly filled a large holdall with Foreign Office documents, some of them highly classified, and took them to be photographed by the NKGB. The holdall, however, was almost his undoing. At a meeting with Krötenschield, Burgess was approached by a police patrol, who suspected that the bag contained stolen goods. Once reassured that the two men had no housebreaking equipment and that the holdall contained only papers, the patrol apologized and proceeded on its way. Though Burgess may subsequently have used a bag which less resembled that of a housebreaker, his productivity was unaffected. According to one of the files examined by Mitrokhin, of the Foreign Office documents provided by Burgess in the first six months of 1945, 389 were classified “top secret.”[27]

Blunt’s productivity was prodigious too. In addition to providing intelligence from MI5, he continued to run Leo Long in military intelligence, and in the crucial months before D-Day gained access to Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force (SHAEF), not far from MI5 headquarters.[28] Part of Blunt’s contribution to NKGB operations in London was to keep the residency informed of the nature and extent of MI5 surveillance. Intelligence which he provided in 1945 revealed that MI5 had discovered that his Cambridge contemporary, James Klugmann, was a Communist spy. In 1942 Klugmann had joined the Yugoslav section of SOE Cairo, where his intellect, charm and fluent Serbo-Croat gave him an influence entirely disproportionate to his relatively junior rank (which eventually rose to major). As well as briefing Allied officers about to be dropped into Yugoslavia, he also briefed the NKGB on British policy and secret operations. In both sets of briefings he sought to advance the interests of Tito’s Communist partisans over those of Mihailovich’s royalist Chetniks. For four months in 1945 he served in Yugoslavia with the British military mission to Tito's forces. Blunt was able to warn Krötenschield that MI5 listening devices in the British Communist Party headquarters in King Street, London, had recorded a conversation in which Klugmann boasted of secretly passing classified information to the Yugoslav Communists.[29]

WITH THE EXCEPTION of the Five, potentially the most important Soviet spy in Britain was the nuclear physicist Klaus Fuchs, recruited by the GRU late in 1941.[30] When Fuchs left for the United States late in 1943 as part of the British team chosen to take part in the MANHATTAN project, he was—though he did not realize it—transferred from GRU to NKGB control and given the codename REST (later changed to CHARLES).[31] Earlier in 1943, the Centre had instructed its residencies in Britain and the United States that "[t]he brain centers [scientific research establishments] must come within our jurisdiction." Not for the first time, the GRU was forced to give way to the demands of its more powerful "neighbor."[32] In 1944 Melita Norwood, the long-serving Soviet agent in the British Non-Ferrous Metals Association, ceased contact with SONYA of the GRU and was given an NKGB controller. [33] In March 1945, after her employer won a contract from the TUBE ALLOYS project, Norwood gained access to documents of atomic intelligence [34] which the Centre described as "of great interest and a valuable contribution to the development of work in this field." She was instructed to say nothing about her espionage work to her husband, and in particular to give no hint of her involvement in atomic intelligence.[35] Atomic intelligence from London and the American residencies was complementary as well as overlapping. According to Vladimir Barkovsky, head of S&T at the London residency, "In the USA we obtained information on how the bomb was made and in Britain of what it was made, so that together [intelligence from the two countries] covered the whole problem."[36]

On February 5, 1944 Fuchs had his first meeting in New York's East Side with his NKGB controller, Harry Gold (codenamed successively GOOSE and ARNO), an industrial chemist born in Switzerland of Russian parents.[37] Fuchs was told to identify himself by carrying a tennis ball in his hand and to look for a man wearing one pair of gloves and carrying another.[38] Gold, who introduced himself as "Raymond," reported to Leonid Kvasnikov, head of S&T at the New York residency (later known as Line X), that Fuchs had "greeted him pleasantly but was rather cautious at first."[39] Fuchs later claimed, after his arrest in 1949, that during their meetings "the attitude of 'Raymond' was at all times that of an inferior." Gold admitted, after his own arrest by the FBI, that he was overawed by the extraordinary intelligence which Fuchs provided and had found the idea of an atomic bomb "so frightening that the only thing I could do was shove it away as far back in my mind as I could and simply not think on the matter at all."[40]

On July 25, 1944 the New York residency telegraphed the Centre: "Almost half a year of contact established with REST [Fuchs] has demonstrated the value of his work for us." It asked permission to pay him a "reward" of 500 dollars. The Centre agreed, but, before the money could be handed over, Fuchs had disappeared.[41] It was over three months before Gold discovered that Fuchs had been posted to Los Alamos, and he did not renew contact with him until Fuchs returned to the east coast on leave in February 1945.[42]

During 1944 Kvasnikov's responsibilities were extended: he was given the new post of S&T resident for the whole of the United States—a certain indication of the increasing priority of atomic espionage.[43] Late in 1944 Kvasnikov was able to inform the Centre that, in addition to Fuchs, there were now two more prospective spies at Los Alamos.

The first, David Greenglass, was recruited through a group of S&T agents run by Julius Rosenberg (codenamed successively ANTENNA and LIBERAL), a 26-year-old New York Communist with a degree in electrical engineering. Like Fuchs, the members of the Rosenberg ring, who included his wife Ethel, had been rewarded with cash bonuses in the summer. The ring was producing so many classified documents to be photographed in Kvasnikov's apartment that the New York residency was running dangerously short of film. The residency reported that Rosenberg was receiving so much intelligence from his agents that he was finding it difficult to cope: "We are afraid of putting LIBERAL out of action with overwork."[44]

In November 1944 Kvasnikov informed the Centre that Ethel Rosenberg's sister, Ruth Greenglass (codenamed WASP), had agreed to approach her husband, who worked as a machinist at Los Alamos.[45] "I was young, stupid and immature," said David Greenglass (codenamed BUMBLEBEE and CALIBRE) later, "but I was a good Communist." Stalin and the Soviet leadership, he believed, were "really geniuses, every one of them:" "More power to the Soviet Union and abundant life for their peoples!" "My darling," Greenglass wrote to his wife, "I most certainly will be glad to be part of the community project [espionage] that Julius and his friends [the Russians] have in mind."[46]

The New York residency also reported in November 1944 that the precociously brilliant nineteen-year-old Harvard physicist Theodore Alvin ("Ted") Hall, then working at Los Alamos, had indicated his willingness to collaborate. As well as being inspired by the myth-image of the Soviet worker-peasant state, which was an article of faith for most ideological Soviet agents, Hall convinced himself that an American nuclear monopoly would threaten the peace of the post-war world. Passing the secrets of the MANHATTAN project to Moscow was thus a way "to help the world," as well as the Soviet Union. As the youngest of the atom spies, Hall was given the appropriate, if transparent, codename MLAD ("Young"). Though only one year older, the fellow Harvard student who first brought Hall into contact with the NKGB, Saville Savoy Sax, was codenamed STAR ("Old").[47] Hall himself went on to become probably the youngest major spy of the twentieth century.

THE PENETRATION OF Los Alamos was part of a more general surge in Soviet intelligence collection in the United States during the last two years of the war, as the NKGB's agents, buoyed up by the remorseless advance of the Red Army towards Berlin and the opening of a second front, looked forward to a glorious victory over fascism. The number of rolls of microfilm sent by Akhmerov's illegal residency to Moscow via New York grew from 211 in 1943 to 600 in 1944 and 1,896 in 1945.[48] The Centre, however, found it difficult to believe that espionage in the United States could really be as straightforward as it seemed. During 1944-5 the NKGB grew increasingly concerned about the security of its American operations and sought to bring them under more direct control.[49] Among its chief anxieties was

Elizabeth Bentley's habit of socializing with the agents for whom she acted as courier. When Bentley's controller and lover, Jacob Golos, died from a sudden heart attack on Thanksgiving Day 1943, Akhmerov decided to dispense with a cut-out and act as her new controller. Bentley's first impressions were of a smartly dressed "jaunty-looking man in his mid-thirties" with an expansive manner. (Akhmerov was actually fortytwo). She soon realized, however, that "despite the superficial appearance of a boulevardier, he was a tough character."[50] For the next six months, though Bentley continued to act as courier for the Silvermaster group in Washington, she felt herself under increasing pressure.

In March 1944 Earl Browder passed on to her another group of Washington bureaucrats who had been sending him intelligence which he had previously passed on to Golos.[51] Bentley regarded Victor Perlo (RAIDER), a government statistician who provided intelligence on aircraft production, as the leader of the group—probably because he acted as spokesman during her first meeting with them.[52] Akhmerov, however, believed that the real organizer was Charles Kramer (LOT), a government economist, and was furious that the Perlo/Kramer network had been handed over by Browder not to him but to Bentley. For over a year, he told the Centre, Zarubin and he had wanted to make direct contact with the group, but Browder had failed to arrange it. "If we work with this group," Akhmerov added, "it will be necessary to remove [Bentley]."[53]

Bentley appealed to Browder for support as she struggled to remain the courier for the Washington networks. "Night after night, after battling with [Akhmerov]," wrote Bentley later, "I would crawl home to bed, sometimes too weary to undress." Eventually, Bentley agreed to arrange a meeting between Akhmerov and Silvermaster (PAL). Soon afterwards, according to Bentley, Akhmerov told her, "almost drooling with arrogance:" "Earl [Browder] has agreed to turn Greg [Silvermaster] over to me ... Go and ask him." "Don't be naive," Browder told Bentley the next day. "You know that when the cards are down, I have to take my orders from them."[54] Akhmerov reported to the Centre that Bentley had taken her removal from the Silvermaster group "very much to heart ... evidently supposing that we do not trust her. She is offended at RULEVOY [Browder] for having consented to our liaison with PAL."[55]

Bentley was also removed from contact with the Perlo/Kramer group. Gorsky tried to placate her by inviting her to dinner at a waterfront restaurant in Washington. He made a bad start. "I hope the food is good," he said. "Americans are such stupid people that even when it comes to a simple matter like cooking a meal, they do it very badly." "Ah, yes," he added, seeing Bentley's expression change. "I had forgotten for the moment that you, too, are an American.” Gorsky went on to tell her that she had been awarded the Order of the Red Star (“one of the highest—reserved for all our best fighters”) and showed her a facsimile: “We all think you’ve done splendidly and have a great future before you.” GOOD GIRL was not to be placated.[56] A year later she secretly began telling her story to the FBI.

The Centre was also worried by increased FBI surveillance of the New York Soviet consulate, which housed the legal residency, and by a warning from Duncan Lee (KOCH) in September 1944 that the OSS Security Division was compiling a list of Communists and Communist sympathizers in OSS.[57] The Centre’s nervousness was shared by some of its best agents. Bentley found Lee himself “on the verge of cracking up ... so hypercautious that he had taken to crawling around the floor of his apartment on hands and knees examining the telephone wires to see if they had been tampered with.”[58] Another highly placed Soviet agent, the senior Treasury official Harry Dexter White (JURIST), told his controller that, though he was unconcerned for his own personal security and his wife had prepared herself “for any self-sacrifice,” he would have to be very cautious because of the damage to the “new course” (the Soviet cause) which would occur if he were exposed as a spy. He therefore proposed that in the future they have relatively infrequent meetings, each lasting about half an hour, while driving around in his car.[59]

There was a further alarm in November which, according to Bentley, followed an urgent warning from an agent in the White House, Roosevelt's administrative assistant Lauchlin Currie. Currie reported that "the Americans were on the verge of breaking the Soviet code."[60] The alarm appears to have subsided when it was discovered that Currie had wrongly concluded that a fire-damaged NKGB codebook obtained by OSS from the Finns would enable Soviet communications (which went through a further, theoretically impenetrable, encipherment by "one-time pad") to be decrypted.[61] (Given the phenomenal success of Anglo-American codebreakers in breaking the highest grade German and Japanese ciphers, Currie's mistake is understandable.) At Roosevelt's insistence, Donovan returned the NKGB codebook to the Soviet embassy. A doubtless bemused Fitin sent Donovan his "sincere thanks."[62]

DESPITE ALL THE Centre's anxiety that Soviet espionage was about to be exposed, and despite all the confusion in the residencies, the NKGB's eager American and British agents continued to provide intelligence remarkable for both its quantity and quality. The NKGB proudly calculated after the war that the grand total of its wartime agents and informers ("confidential contacts") around the world had been 1,240, who had provided

41,718 items of intelligence. Approximately 3,000 foreign intelligence reports and documents had been judged important enough to be sent to the State Defense Committee and the Central Committee. Eighty-seven foreign intelligence officers were decorated for their wartime work.[63]

Moscow made far better use of S&T than of its political intelligence, which was always likely to be ignored or regarded with suspicion when it disagreed with Stalin's conspiracy theories—or with those of the Centre, which were closely modeled on his. S&T from the West, by contrast, was welcomed with open and unsuspicious arms by Soviet scientists and technologists. A. F. Ioffe, the director of the USSR Academy of Sciences Leningrad Physics and Technological Institute, wrote of wartime S&T:

> The information always turns out to be accurate and for the most part very complete ... I have not encountered a single false finding. Verification of all the formulae and experiments invariably confirms the data contained in the materials.[64]

The most valuable S&T concerned the atomic program. Kurchatov reported to Beria on September 29, 1944 that intelligence revealed the creation for the MANHATTAN project of "a concentration of scientific and engineering-technical power on a scale never before seen in the history of world science, which has already achieved the most priceless results."[65] According to NKGB calculations, up to November 1944 it had acquired 1,167 documents on nuclear research, of which 88 from the United States and 79 from Britain were judged of particular importance.[66] The most important, however, were yet to come.

On February 28, 1945 the NKGB submitted to Beria its first comprehensive report on atomic intelligence for two years—also the first to be based on reports from inside Los Alamos. Five months before the successful test of the first atomic bomb at Alamogordo in southern New Mexico, the Centre was informed of all the main elements in its construction. The information which Fuchs had passed to Gold on the east coast in mid-February arrived too late to be included in the Centre's assessment. The report passed to Beria was, almost certainly, based chiefly on intelligence from the nineteen-year-old Theodore Hall and technical sergeant David Greenglass. There can be little doubt that Hall's intelligence, delivered to the New York residency by his friend, Saville Sax, was the more important. It was probably Hall who first revealed the implosion method of detonating the bomb, though a more detailed report on implosion by Fuchs reached Kurchatov on April 6.[67]

In the spring of 1945 Sax was replaced as courier between Hall and the New York residency by Leontina ("Lona") Cohen, codenamed LESLIE. "Lona" had been recruited in 1941 by her husband Morris (codenamed LUIS), who had become a Soviet agent during the Spanish Civil War while serving in the International Brigades. The couple, later to figure among the heroes of Soviet intelligence, were collectively codenamed the DACHNIKI ("Vacationers"), but their careers as agents were interrupted by Morris's conscription in 1942. "Lona" was reactivated early in 1945 to act as a courier to both Los Alamos and the Anglo-Canadian atomic research center at Chalk River, near Ottawa, which was also penetrated by Soviet agents. While she made contact with Hall, Gold acted as courier for Fuchs and Greenglass. Each of the three Soviet agents was completely ignorant of the espionage conducted by the other two.[68]

It is probable that both Fuchs and Hall independently furnished the plans of the first atomic bomb, each of which the Centre was able to crosscheck against the other.[69] Fuchs and Hall also independently reported that the test of the first atomic bomb had been fixed for July 10, 1945,[70] though in the end weather conditions caused it to be postponed for six days. A month later the Pacific War was at an end. Following the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki on August 6 and 9, Japan surrendered.

Lona Cohen spent the final dramatic weeks of the Pacific War in New Mexico, waiting for Hall to deliver the results of the Alamogordo test. After missing rendezvous in Albuquerque on three consecutive Sundays, Hall finally handed a set of highly classified papers to his courier, probably soon after the Japanese surrender.[71] On catching the train back to New York, Lona Cohen was horrified to see military police on board searching passengers' luggage. With remarkable presence of mind she thrust Hall's documents inside a newspaper and gave it to a policeman to hold while she opened her purse and suitcase for inspection. The policeman handed the newspaper back, inspected her purse and suitcase, and Mrs. Cohen returned safely to New York.[72]

Thanks chiefly to Hall and Fuchs, the first Soviet atomic bomb, successfully tested just over four years later, was to be an exact copy of the Alamogordo bomb. At the time, however, the Centre found it difficult to believe that the theft of two copies of perhaps the most important secret plans in American history could possibly escape detection. The sheer scale of its success made the NKGB fear that the penetration of the MANHATTAN project would soon be uncovered by the Americans.

The NKGB officer in charge of intelligence collected from Los Alamos in 1945 was Anatoli Antonovich Yatskov (alias "Yakovlev," codenamed ALEKSEI), an engineer recruited by the NKVD in 1939 who succeeded Kvasnikov as S&T resident in the United States.[73] He is nowadays remembered as one of the heroes of Russian foreign intelligence.[74] At the time, however, the Centre was bitterly critical of him. In July 1945 it concluded that his carelessness had probably compromised MLAD, and denounced his "completely unsatisfactory work with the agents on ENORMOZ [the MANHATTAN project]."[75] At the very moment of Soviet intelligence's greatest ever triumph in the United States, the acquisition of the plans of the first atomic bomb, the Centre wrongly feared that the whole ENORMOZ operation was in jeopardy.

The GRU, as well as the NKGB, had some striking successes in the wartime United States. Though Soviet military intelligence had been forced to surrender both Fuchs and the majority of its more important pre-war American agents to the more powerful NKGB, it had succeeded in retaining at least one of whom the Centre was envious in 1945. Gorsky reported to the Centre a conversation between Akhmerov and ALES (Alger Hiss), who had been working for the GRU for the past ten years.[76] Though Hiss was a senior diplomat, Akhmerov said that the GRU had generally appeared little interested in State Department documents, and had asked Hiss and a small group of agents, "for the most part consisting of his relations," to concentrate on military intelligence.[77] Late in 1944, however, Hiss's role as a Soviet agent took on a new significance when he became actively engaged in preparations for the final meeting of the wartime Big Three at Yalta in the Crimea in February 1945.

Yalta was to prove an even bigger success for Soviet intelligence than Tehran. This time both the British and the American delegations, housed respectively in the ornate Vorontsov and Livadia Palaces, were successfully bugged. The mostly female personnel used to record and transcribe their private conversations were selected and transported to the Crimea in great secrecy. Not till they arrived at Yalta did they discover the jobs that had been assigned to them.[78] The NKGB sought, with some success, to distract both delegations from its surveillance of them by lavish and attentive hospitality, personally supervised by a massive NKGB general, Sergei Nikiforovich Kruglov. When Churchill's daughter, Sarah, casually mentioned that lemon went well with caviar, a lemon tree appeared, as if by magic, in the Vorontsov orangery. At the next Allied conference, in Potsdam, General Kruglov was rewarded with a KBE, thus becoming the only Soviet intelligence officer to receive an honorary knighthood.

Stalin was even better informed about his allies at Yalta than he had been at Tehran. All of the Cambridge Five, no longer suspected of being double agents, provided a regular flow of classified intelligence or Foreign Office documents in the runup to the conference, though it is not possible to identify which of these documents were communicated to Stalin personally. Alger Hiss actually succeeded in becoming a member of the American delegation. The problem which occupied most of the time at Yalta was the future of Poland. Having already conceded Soviet dominance of Poland at Tehran, Roosevelt and Churchill made a belated attempt to secure the restoration of Polish parliamentary democracy and a guarantee of free elections. Both were outnegotiated by Stalin, assisted once again by a detailed knowledge of the cards in their hands. He knew, for example, what importance his allies attached to allowing some "democratic" politicians into the puppet Polish provisional government already established by the Russians. On this point, after initial resistance, Stalin graciously conceded, knowing that the "democrats" could subsequently be excluded. After first playing for time, Stalin gave way on other secondary issues, having first underlined their importance, in order to preserve his allies' consent to the reality of a Soviet-dominated Poland. Watching Stalin in action at Yalta, the permanent under-secretary at the Foreign Office, Sir Alexander Cadogan, thought him in a different league as a negotiator to Churchill and Roosevelt: "He is a great man, and shows up very impressively against the background of the other two aging statesmen." Roosevelt, in rapidly failing health and with only two months to live, struck Cadogan, by contrast, as "very woolly and wobbly."[79]

Roosevelt and Churchill left Yalta with no sense that they had been deceived about Stalin's true intentions. Even Churchill, hitherto more skeptical than Roosevelt, wrote confidently, "Poor Neville Chamberlain believed he could trust Hitler. He was wrong. But I don't think I'm wrong about Stalin."[80] Some sense of how Moscow felt that good intelligence had contributed to Stalin's success at Yalta is conveyed by Moscow's congratulations to Hiss. Gorsky reported to the Centre in March 1945, after a meeting between Akhmerov and Hiss:

> Recently ALES [Hiss] and his whole group were awarded Soviet decorations. After the Yalta conference, when he had gone on to Moscow, a Soviet personage in a very responsible position (ALES gave to understand that it was Comrade Vyshinsky [Deputy Foreign Minister]) allegedly got in touch with ALES and at the behest of the military NEIGHBOURS [GRU] passed on to him their gratitude and so on.[81]

The NKGB's regret at failing to wrest Hiss from the NEIGHBOURS must surely have intensified in April when he was appointed acting Secretary-General of the United Nations "organizing conference" at San Francisco.[82]

BEHIND THE VICTORIOUS Red Army as it swept into central Europe during the final months of the war came detachments of Smersh (short for *Smert Shpionam,* "Death to Spies!"), a military counter-intelligence agency detached from the NKVD in 1943 and placed directly under the control of Stalin as Chairman of the State

Defense Committee and Defense Commissar.[83] Smersh's main mission was to hunt for traitors and Soviet citizens who had collaborated with the enemy. On Stalin's instructions, it cast its net remarkably wide, screening well over five million people. The million or more Soviet POWs who had survived the horrors of German prison camps were treated as presumed deserters and transported to the gulag, where many died.

In their anxiety to honor obligations to their ally, both the British and American governments collaborated in a sometimes barbarous repatriation. So far as Britain was concerned, the most controversial part of the forced repatriation was the hand-over of Cossacks and "dissident" Yugoslavs from south Austria to the Red Army and Tito's forces respectively in May and June 1945. Most had collaborated with the enemy, though sometimes only to a nominal degree. On June 1 battle-hardened soldiers of the 8th Argylls, some of them in tears, were ordered to break up a Cossack religious service and drive several thousands of unarmed men, women and children into cattle trucks with rifle butts and pick handles. There were similar horrors on succeeding days. Some of the Cossacks killed themselves and their families to save them from torture, execution or the gulag. Most of the 45,000 repatriated Cossacks were Soviet citizens, whom Churchill and Roosevelt had agreed at Yalta to return to the Soviet Union. But a minority, variously estimated at between 3,000 and 10,000 were so-called “old émigrés” who had left Russia after the civil war, had never been citizens of the Soviet Union, and were not covered by the Yalta agreement. They too were repatriated against their will.[84]

Among the “old émigrés” were a group of White generals—chief among them Pyotr Krasnov, Andrei Shkuro and Sultan Kelech Ghirey[85]—whom the NKGB and its predecessors had been pursuing for a quarter of a century. A Smersh detachment was sent to Austria with orders to track them down. Its initial inquiries to the British about their whereabouts met with no response other than the claim that no information was available. After heavy drinking at a dinner for Anglo-Russian troops, however, a British soldier blurted out that, until recently, the generals had been at a camp in the village of Gleisdorf.[86] A group of Smersh officers drove immediately to Gleisdorf where they discovered that, though the generals had left, Shkuro’s mistress Yelena (surname unknown) was still there. Yelena was lured out of the camp on the pretense that she had a visitor. As she approached the Smersh car, she suddenly saw the Russian officers inside and froze with fear. She was quickly bundled into the car and revealed, under no doubt brutal interrogation, that the White generals had appealed for the Supreme Allied Commander, Field Marshal Alexander, for protection. Yelena also disclosed that the generals had with them fourteen kilograms of gold.[87] What happened next is of such importance that Mitrokhin's note on it deserves to be quoted as fully as possible:

> The Chekists [Smersh officers] raised the matter of the generals again at a meeting with ... [a British] lieutenant-colonel. They mentioned where the generals were. The Chekists proposed that they should approach the question of the generals' fate in a business-like way. "What do you mean by that?" asked the Englishman. They explained to him. If the British would hand them over quietly at the same time as the Cossacks were repatriated, they could keep the generals' gold. "If the old men remain with you, you and your colleagues will get no benefit at all. If you accept our alternative, you will get the gold." The lieutenant-colonel thought a while and then agreed. He talked with two of his colleagues about the details of the operation. On the pretext that they were being taken to Alexander's headquarters for talks, the generals were put into cars without any of their belongings and driven to Odenburg [Judenburg] where they were handed over to the Chekists. From the hands of Smersh they were transferred to Moscow, to the Calvary of the Lubyanka.[88]

No corroboration is available from any other source for the claim in a KGB file that a British army officer (and perhaps two of his colleagues) had been bribed into handing over the White generals. Given the failure on the ground to distinguish the minority of non-Soviet Cossacks from the rest, they might well have been surrendered to Smersh in any case. The generals would probably have survived, however, if their petitions had reached Field Marshal Alexander, who might well have granted them. But the petitions mysteriously disappeared en route.[89]

The speed and injustice of the "repatriation" derived chiefly from the desire of military commanders on the spot to be rid of an unwelcome problem as soon as possible, combined with the belief that individual screening to determine which Cossacks were not of Soviet nationality would be a complex, long drawn out, and in some cases impossible task. On May 21 Brigadier Toby Low of 5 Corps, which was in charge of the "repatriation," issued an order defining who were to be regarded as Soviet citizens. The one White Russian group which could be collectively identified as non-Soviet, the Schutzkorps, commanded by Colonel Anatol Rogozhin, was, he instructed, not to be repatriated. But those to be "treated as Soviet Nationals" included the "Ataman Group" (of which General Krasnov was a leading member) and the "Units of Lt.-Gen. Shkuro." Low added that "[i]ndividual cases [appeals] will NOT be considered unless particularly pressed," and that "[i]n all cases of doubt, the individual will be treated as a Soviet National."[90]

When all allowance is made for the difficulties of combining loyalty to allies with respect for the human rights of the Cossacks, the brutality with which the repatriation was conducted remains perhaps the most ignominious episode in twentieth-century British military history. “I reproach myself for just one thing,” the 76-year-old White general Krasnov later told the NKGB. “Why did I trust the British?” On May 27, just before 3 A.M., a time of day much favored by Soviet Security, General Shkuro was awakened by an unidentified British officer, who told him he was under arrest and took him to be held under close guard well away from the Cossack camp. Another, or perhaps the same, British officer later delivered an “urgent,” though bogus, invitation to General Krasnov to a conference with Field Marshal Alexander, his former comrade-in-arms during the Russian civil war. Smersh photographers were waiting to record the historic moment when the NKGB’s oldest enemies were turned over to it.[91] For the British army it was a shameful moment. For Stalin, Smersh and the NKGB, it was a famous victory.

NINE

FROM WAR TO COLD WAR

At the end of the Second World War, the Centre faced what it feared was impending disaster in intelligence operations against its wartime allies. The first major alarm occurred in Ottawa, where relations among NKGB and GRU personnel working under “legal” cover in the Soviet embassy were as fraught as in New York. The situation was worst in the GRU residency.[1] On the evening of September 5, 1945 Igor Gouzenko, a GRU cipher clerk at the Soviet embassy in Ottawa, secretly stuffed more than a hundred classified documents under his shirt and attempted to defect. He tried hard to hold his stomach in as he walked out of the embassy. “Otherwise,” his wife said later, “he would have looked pregnant.”

Defection turned out to be more difficult than Gouzenko had imagined. When he sought help at the offices of the Ministry of Justice and the *Ottawa Journal,* he was told to come back the next day. But on September 6 both the Ministry of Justice and the *Ottawa Journal,* which failed to realize it was being offered the spy story of the decade, showed no more interest than on the previous evening. By the night of September 6 the Soviet embassy realized that both Gouzenko and classified documents were missing. While Gouzenko hid with his wife and child in a neighbor's flat, NKGB men broke down his door and searched his apartment. It was almost midnight before the local police came to his rescue and the Gouzenko family at last found sanctuary.[2]

As well as identifying a major GRU spy ring, Gouzenko also provided fragmentary intelligence on NKGB operations. Some months later Lavrenti Beria, the Soviet security supremo, circulated to residencies a stinging indictment of the incompetence of the GRU and, he implied, the NKGB in Ottawa:

> The most elementary principles of security were ignored, complacency and self-satisfaction went unchecked. All this was the result of a decline in political vigilance and sense of responsibility for work entrusted by the Party and the government. G[ouzenko]'s defection has caused great damage to our country and has, in particular, very greatly complicated our work in the American countries.[3]

The fear of being accused of further breaches of security made the Ottawa residency unwilling to take any initiative in recruiting new agents. According to a later damage assessment, Gouzenko's defection "paralyzed intelligence work [in Canada] for several years and continued to have a most negative effect on the work of the residency right up to 1960." In the summer of 1949 the acting resident in Ottawa, Vladimir Trofimovich Burdin (also known as Borodin), newly arrived from Moscow, wrote to the Centre to complain about his colleagues' inertia:

> The residency not merely lost all its previous contacts in Canadian circles but did not even try to acquire new ones ... The Soviet colony closed in on itself and shut itself off from the outside world, becoming wholly preoccupied with its own internal affairs.

The Centre agreed. The residency, it concluded, had "got stuck in a rut."[4]

For the rest of Gouzenko's life the KGB tried intermittently and unsuccessfully to track him down. In 1975, after a Progressive Conservative MP, Thomas Cossit, requested a review of Gouzenko's pension, the Ottawa residency deduced that Gouzenko lived in his constituency. The residency also reported that Cossit and Gouzenko had been seen together at an ice hockey match during a visit to Canada by the Soviet national team. A KGB officer stationed in Ottawa, Mikhail Nikolayevich Khvatov, sought to cultivate Cossit in the hope of discovering Gouzenko's whereabouts. He had no success and the residency subsequently reported that parliamentary questions by Cossit were "clearly anti-

Soviet in tone." Some years later the KGB began to search for compromising material on Cossit's private life and prepare active measures to discredit him. He died in 1982 before the campaign against him had begun.[5]

Gouzenko's defection in September 1945 also caused alarm at NKGB residencies in Britain and the United States. As head of SIS Section IX (Soviet Counter-intelligence) Philby was kept well informed of the debriefing of Gouzenko and reported "an intensification of counter-measures" against Soviet espionage in London. The Centre responded with instructions for tight security procedures to ensure that "the valuable agent network is protected from compromise." Boris Krötenschield (aka "Krotov"), the controller of the residency's most important agents, was told to hand over all but Philby to other case officers and to reduce the frequency of meetings to once a month: "Warn all our comrades to make a thorough check when going out to a meeting and, if surveillance is observed, not to attempt under any circumstances to evade the surveillance and meet the agent ..." If necessary, contact with British agents was to be temporarily broken off.[6]

Even greater alarm was caused by the attempted defection of an NKGB officer in Turkey, Konstantin Dmitryevich Volkov. On August 27, 1945 Volkov wrote to the British vice-consul in Istanbul, C. H. Page, requesting an urgent appointment. When Page failed to reply, Volkov turned up in person on September 4 and asked for political asylum for himself and his wife. In return for asylum and the sum of 50,000 pounds (about a million pounds at today's values), he offered important files and information obtained while working on the British desk in the Centre. Among the most highly rated Soviet agents, he revealed, were two in the Foreign Office (doubtless Burgess and Maclean) and seven "inside the British intelligence system," including one "fulfilling the function of head of a section of British counter-espionage in London" (almost certainly Philby).[7]

On September 19 Philby was startled to receive a report of Volkov's meeting with Page by diplomatic bag from the Istanbul consulate.[8] He quickly warned Krötenschield.[9] On September 21 the Turkish consulate in Moscow issued visas for two NKGB hatchet men posing as diplomatic couriers. The next day Philby succeeded in gaining authorization from the chief of SIS, Sir Stewart Menzies, to fly to Turkey to deal personally with the Volkov case. Due to various travel delays he did not arrive in Istanbul until September 26. Two days earlier Volkov and his wife, both on stretchers and heavily sedated, had been carried on board a Soviet aircraft bound for Moscow.[10] During the flight back to London Philby drafted a cynical report to Menzies on the possible reasons for Volkov's detection by the NKGB. As he wrote later,

> Doubtless both his office and his living quarters were bugged. Both he and his wife were reported to be nervous. Perhaps his manner had given him away; perhaps he had got drunk and talked too much; perhaps even he had changed his mind and confessed to his colleagues. Of course, I admitted, this was all speculation; the truth might never be known. Another theory—that the Russians had been tipped off about Volkov's approach to the British—had no solid evidence to support it. It was not worth including in my report.[11]

Under interrogation in Moscow before his execution, Volkov admitted that he had asked the British for political asylum and 50,000 pounds, and confessed that he had planned to reveal the names of no fewer than 314 Soviet agents.[12] Philby had had the narrowest of escapes. With slightly less luck in Ottawa a few weeks earlier, Gouzenko would not have been able to defect. With slightly more luck in Istanbul, Volkov would have succeeded in unmasking Philby and disrupting the MGB's British operations.

The Gouzenko and Volkov alarms occurred at a remarkably busy period for the London residency, headed until 1947 by Konstantin Kukin (codenamed IGOR). From September 11 to October 2, 1945 the Council of Foreign Ministers of the five permanent members of the UN Security Council (the United States, Soviet Union, Britain, France and China) held its first meeting in London to discuss peace treaties with defeated enemy states and other post-war problems.The residency's penetration of the Foreign Office gave it an unusually important role. Throughout the meeting, according to KGB files, the Soviet ambassador, Ivan Maisky, placed greater reliance on residency staff than on his own diplomats, forcing them to extend each working day into the early hours of the following morning.[13] The Security Council meeting, however, was a failure, publicly exposing for the first time the deep East-West divisions which by 1947 were to engender the Cold War.

At this and subsequent meetings of the Security Council, Stalin's foreign minister, Vyacheslav Mikhailovich Molotov, depended heavily on the intelligence supplied by the MGB's Western agents. Indeed, he tended to take it for granted. "Why," he roared on one occasion, "are there no documents?" At the London conference which opened in November 1947, he appears to have received some Foreign Office documents even before they reached the British delegation.[14]

The MGB's most important sources during the meetings of the Council of Foreign Ministers from 1945 to 1949 were British. Thanks to the kidnapping of Volkov, four of the wartime Magnificent Five were able to carry on work as full-time Soviet agents after the war. The exception was Anthony Blunt, who was under such visible strain that the Centre did not object to his decision to leave MI5. Shortly before he returned to the art world in November 1945 as Surveyor of the King's Pictures, Blunt made one extraordinary outburst which at the time was not taken seriously. "Well," he told his MI5 colleague Colonel "Tar" Robertson, "it's given me great pleasure to pass on the names of every MI5 officer to the Russians!" The Centre may well have hoped that Leo Long (codenamed ELLI), whom Blunt had run as a sub-agent in military intelligence during the war, would succeed him in the Security Service. Blunt recommended Long for a senior post in MI5 but the selection board passed him over, allegedly by a narrow margin, in favor of another candidate. Long moved instead to the British Control Commission in Germany, where he eventually became Deputy Director of Intelligence. There he resisted attempts to put him in regular contact with a case officer—a recalcitrance which the Centre attributed in part to the fact that Blunt had ceased to be his controller. Among the occasional services which Blunt continued to perform for the Centre were two or three visits to Germany to seek intelligence from Long.[15]

Unlike Blunt, three of the Magnificent Five—Philby, Burgess and Maclean—were all at their peak as Soviet agents, and Cairncross still close to his, when the Cold War began. Philby remained head of SIS Section IX until 1947, when he was appointed head of station in Turkey, a position which enabled him to betray agents who crossed the Russian border as well as their families and contacts inside the Soviet Union. Maclean established a reputation as a high-flying young diplomat in the Washington embassy, where he remained until 1947. In 1946 Burgess, who had joined the Foreign Office in 1944, became personal assistant to Hector McNeil, Minister of State to Ernest Bevin in the post-war Labor government.[16] After the war John Cairncross returned to the Treasury, where the London residency renewed contact with him in 1948.[17] Cairncross's main job at the Treasury over the next few years was to authorize expenditure on defense research. According to his Treasury colleague G. A. Robinson:

> [Cairncross] thus knew not just about atomic weapons developments but also plans for guided missiles, microbiological, chemical, underwater and all other types of weapons. He also needed to know, *inter alia,* about projected spending on aeronautical and radar research and anti-submarine detection, research by the Post Office and other bodies into signals intelligence, eavesdropping techniques, etc. He ... could legitimately ask for any further details thought necessary to give Treasury approval to the spending of money.[18]

Cairncross's controller, Yuri Modin, was, unsurprisingly, "overjoyed by the quality of [his] information."[19]

The new security procedures introduced in the wake of the Gouzenko and Volkov alarms made controlling the London residency's agents far more laborious and timeconsuming than during or before the war. On average, before every meeting with an agent, each case officer spent five hours moving on foot or by public transport (especially the London Underground) between locations he had studied previously in order to engage in repeated checks that he was not under surveillance. Once at the meeting place, both the case officer and the agent were required to establish visual contact and to satisfy themselves that the other was not being watched before they approached each other. If either had any doubts, they would fall back on one of three previously agreed alternative rendezvous. The system pioneered in London was later introduced into other residencies.[20]

The London residency also pioneered the use of radio intercept units to identify and monitor surveillance of its operations by the police and MI5. In addition to the main interception unit in the residency, mobile units were established in embassy cars to check the areas in which meetings took place with agents.[21] However, the Centre's experiment with the eight-man surveillance team sent to London during the Second World War to carry out checks on agents and visitors to the Soviet embassy, as well as to discover the surveillance methods used by British intelligence, was discontinued. A report in KGB archives records that, handicapped by its lack of fluency in

English, the team had “no major successes.”[22] The experiment was probably a total failure.

The London residency’s attempts to enforce the strictest standards of secrecy and security had only a limited effect on Guy Burgess. On one occasion, while coming out of a pub where he had established visual contact with his case officer, he dropped his briefcase and scattered secret Foreign Office papers over the floor. There were frequent complaints that he turned up for meetings the worse for drink and with his clothing in disarray.[23] When George Carey-Foster, head of the embryonic security branch in the Foreign Office, first encountered Burgess in 1947, he was struck by his “disheveled and unshaven appearance. He also smelt so strongly of drink that I enquired who he was and what his job was.” Yet Burgess could still display fragments of the charm and brilliance of his Cambridge years. Late in 1947, probably to get rid of him, Hector McNeil recommended Burgess to the parliamentary under-secretary at the Foreign Office, Christopher Mayhew, who was then organizing the Information Research Department (IRD) to counter Soviet “psychological warfare.” Mayhew made what he later described as “an extraordinary mistake:” “I interviewed Burgess. He certainly showed a dazzling insight into Communist methods of subversion and I readily took him on.” Burgess went the rounds of British embassies selling IRD’s wares while simultaneously compromising the new department by reporting all its plans to Yuri Ivanovich Modin, who became his case officer in 1947 and acquired a reputation as one of the ablest agent controllers in Soviet intelligence. The chorus of protests at Burgess's undiplomatic behavior led to his removal from the IRD and transfer to the Foreign Office Far Eastern Department in the autumn of 1948.[24] Though it disturbed the Centre, Burgess's frequently outrageous conduct paradoxically strengthened his cover. Even to most of those whom he outraged he seemed as unlike a Soviet spy as it was possible to imagine.

Modin was also concerned about Nikolai Borisovich Rodin (alias "Korovin"), who succeeded Kukin as London resident in 1947. Rodin considered himself above the tight security regulations on which he insisted for the other members of the residency. According to Modin, who loathed him personally, Rodin was "known to go to clandestine meetings in one of the embassy cars, and sometimes was foolhardy enough to place direct calls to agents in their offices." But, in the rigidly hierarchical world of Soviet intelligence, Modin felt that "there was nothing I could do about it. It was hardly my place to denounce my superior in the service." As head of Faculty Number One (Political Intelligence) in the FCD Andropov Institute in the early 1980s, Modin was less inhibited. He dismissed Rodin as an arrogant, pretentious nonentity.[25]

THOUGH THE MGB'S most important British agents were still undetected at the end of the 1940s, many of their American counterparts had been compromised. The Centre had complained as early as March 1945 that the membership of the Silvermaster spy ring was an open secret among "many" Washington Communists and that Harry Dexter White's Soviet "connection" had also become known. It denounced "not only the falling off in the [New York] Residency's work of controlling and educating probationers [agents], but also the lack of understanding by our operational workers of the most elementary rules in our work."[26]

The defections later in 1945 of Igor Gouzenko and Elizabeth Bentley confirmed the Centre's worst fears. In September J. Edgar Hoover reported to the White House and the State Department that Gouzenko had provided information on the activities of a number of Soviet spies in the United States, one of whom was "an assistant to the Secretary of State" (almost certainly Alger Hiss). On November 7 Bentley, who had first contacted the FBI six weeks earlier, began revealing what she knew of Soviet espionage to its New York field office. Next day Hoover sent President Truman's military aide a first list of fourteen of those identified by Bentley as supplying information to "the Soviet espionage system:" among them Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Harry Dexter White, OSS executive assistant Duncan C. Lee and Roosevelt's former aide Lauchlin Currie.[27] Bentley's defection, in turn, revived FBI interest in Whittaker Chambers' earlier evidence of pre-war Soviet espionage by Hiss, White and others.[28]

On November 20 Gorsky, the Washington resident whom Bentley knew as "A1," met her for the last time in front of Bickford's cafeteria on 23rd Street and Sixth Avenue in New York. Unaware that they were under surveillance by the FBI, Gorsky arranged their next meeting for January 20. According to Bentley, he told her that she might soon be needed "back in undercover work." By the time the date for their next rendezvous had arrived, however, Gorsky was back in Moscow.[29] His hasty departure was probably due to the discovery of Bentley's defection.[30] A few months later the resident in New York, Roland Abbiate (alias "Pravdin"), whose wife was known to Bentley, was also withdrawn.[31] A damage assessment in the Centre concluded that Bentley did not know the real name, address or telephone number of her previous controller, Iskhak Akhmerov, the illegal resident in the United States. As a precaution, however, he and his wife were recalled to Moscow.[32]

The almost simultaneous recall of Gorsky, Abbiate and Akhmerov left the MGB without experienced leadership in the United States. There were few senior officers at the Centre with first-hand knowledge of North America capable of succeeding them. In any case, as Yuri Modin later acknowledged, "We were leery of sending people out of the Soviet Union for fear of defections. Most of our officers worked in Moscow, with the result that the few men posted in foreign countries had a workload so crushing that many of them cracked under the pressure."[33] Akhmerov was not replaced as illegal resident until 1948.[34] Gorsky's two successors as chief legal resident in the United States both became bywords for incompetence in the Centre. Grigori Grigoryevich Dolbin, who arrived to replace Gorsky in 1946, had to be replaced in 1948 after showing signs of insanity (due, it was rumored in Moscow, to the onset of hereditary syphilis). His successor, Georgi Aleksandrovich Sokolov, was reprimanded by the Centre before being recalled in 1949.[35]

The most effective damage limitation measure taken by the MGB after Bentley's defection was to break off contact with most of the wartime American agents whose identities were known to her. As a result, Bentley's many leads resulted in not a single prosecution. The FBI began its investigations too late to catch any of the spies named by Bentley in the act of passing on classified information, and it was unable to use evidence from wiretaps in court. The Centre, however, failed to grasp the extent of the legal obstacles which confronted the FBI and continued to fear for several years that it would succeed in mounting a major spy trial.

The Centre's fears were strengthened by a major

American codebreaking success, later codenamed VENONA. For its high-grade diplomatic and intelligence communications the Soviet Union had used since 1927 a virtually unbreakable cipher system known in the West as the “one-time pad.”[36] During and immediately after the Second World War, however, some of the one-time pads were reissued, thus becoming vulnerable—though it took several years for American and British codebreakers to exploit the difficult opportunity offered to them by Soviet cryptographic carelessness. Late in 1946 Meredith Gardner, a brilliant cryptanalyst in the US Army Security [SIGINT] Agency, began decrypting some of the wartime messages exchanged between the Centre and its American residencies. By the summer of 1947 he had accumulated evidence from the decrypts of massive Soviet espionage in the wartime United States. In 1948 ASA called in the FBI. From October special agent Robert Lamphere began full-time work on VENONA, seeking to identify the agents (some still active) whose codenames appeared in the VENONA decrypts.[37] Remarkably, however, the Central Intelligence Agency was not informed of VENONA until late in 1952.[38] Even more remarkably, President Truman appears not to have been told of the decrypts, perhaps for fear that he might mention them to the Director of Central Intelligence, head of the CIA, at one of his weekly meetings with him. VENONA showed in graphic detail how OSS, the CIA’s wartime predecessor, had been heavily penetrated by Soviet agents. Both Hoover and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Omar N. Bradley, seem to have suspected—wrongly—that the same was true of the Agency.[39]

The Centre learned the VENONA secret in 1947—five years earlier than the CIA—from an agent in ASA, William Weisband (codenamed ZHORA).[40] The son of Russian immigrants to the United States, Weisband was employed as a Russian linguist and roamed around ASA on the pretext of looking for projects where his linguistic skills could be of assistance. Meredith Gardner recalls Weisband looking over his shoulder at a critical moment in the project late in 1946, just as he was producing one of the first important decrypts—an NKGB telegram of December 2, 1944 which revealed Soviet penetration of Los Alamos.[41]

For the Centre, VENONA represented a series of unpredictable timebombs which threatened to explode over the next few years. It had no means of knowing precisely what NKGB telegrams would be decrypted in whole or part, or which Soviet agents would be compromised by them. Moscow's anxieties were heightened by the public controversy which broke out in the United States in the summer of 1948 over Soviet espionage. In July 1948 Elizabeth Bentley gave evidence in public for the first time to the House Committee on Un-

American Activities and achieved instant media celebrity as the “Red Spy Queen.” In evidence to the committee in early August, Whittaker Chambers identified Hiss, White and others as members of a secret pre-war Communist underground. The Centre wrongly feared that the committee hearings would be the prelude to a series of show trials which would expose its wartime espionage network.

DURING THE LATE 1940s Soviet foreign intelligence operations were further confused by a major reorganization in Moscow, prompted by the American National Security Act of July 1947 which established a Central Intelligence Agency “for the purpose of coordinating the intelligence activities of the several government departments and agencies in the interest of national security.” Though that coordination was never fully achieved, Molotov argued that the unified foreign intelligence apparatus envisaged by the National Security Act would give the United States a clear advantage over the fragmented Soviet system. The solution, he argued, was to combine the foreign intelligence directorates of both the MGB and the GRU under a single roof. Molotov’s proposal had the further advantage, from Stalin’s viewpoint, of weakening the power of Beria, whose protégé, Viktor Semyonovich Abakumov, headed the MGB.[42] In October 1947 the foreign intelligence directorates of the MGB and GRU were combined to form a new unified foreign intelligence agency, the Committee of Information (Komitet Informatsii or KI).[43] Under the new, highly centralized system, even the operational plans for arranging meetings with, and investigating the reliability of, important agents required the prior approval of the KI.[44]

The appointment of Molotov as first chairman of the Committee of Information gave the Foreign Ministry greater influence on foreign intelligence operations than ever before. The first deputy chairman, responsible to Molotov for day-to-day operations, was the relatively pliant Pyotr Vasilyevich Fedotov, who had become the MGB foreign intelligence chief in the previous year.[45] Like most of the Centre management, Fedotov had almost no experience of the West. Roland Abbiate, the former resident in New York and probably the senior intelligence officer best acquainted with the West, was sacked on the formation of the KI. His file records that he was given no explanation for his dismissal and that “it was a terrible blow for him.” Though the reason for the sacking is not recorded, it may well have been related to his foreign Jewish ancestry, which is duly noted in his file. Abbiate was briefly reinstated after Stalin’s death, then sacked again and later committed suicide.[46]

Molotov sought to strengthen Foreign Ministry control of KI operations by appointing Soviet ambassadors in major capitals as “chief legal residents” with authority over both civilian (ex-MGB) and military (ex-GRU) residents. In the jaundiced view of the later KGB defector Ilya Dzhirkvelov:

> This resulted in incredible confusion. The residents, the professional intelligence officers, resorted to incredible subterfuges to avoid informing their ambassadors about their work, since the diplomats had only amateurish knowledge of intelligence work and its methods ...[47]

Some diplomats, however, became directly involved in intelligence operations. After the troubles in the Washington residency which led to the recall of two successive residents in 1948-9, the Soviet ambassador, Aleksandr Semyonovich Panyushkin, took personal charge for a year. He acquired such a taste for intelligence that he later became head of the KGB First (foreign intelligence) Chief Directorate.[48]

In 1949 Molotov, now out of favor with Stalin, was succeeded as both Foreign Minister and chairman of the KI by his former deputy, Andrei Vyshinsky, who had made his reputation as the brutal prosecutor in the prewar show trials. Vyshinsky retained a sycophantic devotion to Beria which showed itself even on the telephone. According to one of his successors, Andrei Gromyko, “As soon as he heard Beria’s voice Vyshinsky leapt respectfully out of his chair. The conversation itself also presented an unusual picture: Vyshinsky cringed like a servant before his master."[49] Unlike Molotov, Vyshinsky had little interest in KI affairs, handing over the chairmanship after a few months to Deputy Foreign Minister Valerian Zorin. Fedotov was succeeded as first deputy chairman in charge of day-to-day operations by the more brutal and decisive Sergei Romanovich Savchenko, like Vyshinsky a protégé of Beria. Savchenko seems to have answered to Beria rather than the Foreign Ministry. [50]

By the time Vyshinsky succeeded Molotov, much of the Committee of Information had unraveled. In the summer of 1948, after a prolonged dispute with Molotov, Marshal Nikolai Aleksandrovich Bulganin, Minister for the Armed Forces, began withdrawing military intelligence personnel from KI control and returning them to the GRU. Probably with the support of Beria, Abakumov then embarked on a long drawn out struggle to recover control of the remnants of the KI. At the end of 1948 all residency officers in the EM (Russian émigré) and SK (Soviet colonies abroad) Lines returned to the MGB. The KI was finally wound up and the rest of its foreign intelligence responsibilities returned to the MGB late in 1951.[51]

THE MAIN LEGACY of the KI period to the subsequent development of Soviet intelligence was a renewed emphasis on illegals who, it was believed, would eventually establish a more secure and better-concealed foundation for foreign intelligence operations than the legal residencies, particularly in the United States. The Fourth (Illegals) Directorate of the KI, formed by combining the illegals sections of the MGB and the GRU, had a total staff of eighty-seven, headed by Aleksandr Mikhailovich Korotkov, who had made his reputation during pre-war missions to assassinate "enemies of the people" on foreign soil. In 1949, by which time military personnel in the directorate had returned to the GRU, forty-nine illegals were in training.[52] Korotkov set up departments specializing in the selection of illegals, their training and the fabrication of documentation to support their legends. By 1952 the documentation department had forged or doctored 364 foreign identity documents, including seventy-eight passports. Illegal support (Line N) officers were sent by the Centre to all major legal residencies.[53]

The first priority of the Fourth Directorate was the creation of a new illegal residency in New York to rebuild its American intelligence operations. The man selected as illegal resident, the first since Akhmerov's departure from the United States at the beginning of 1946, was Vilyam ("Willie") Genrikhovich Fisher, codenamed MARK, probably the only English-born Soviet intelligence officer.[54] Fisher's parents were Russian revolutionaries of the Tsarist era who had emigrated in 1901 to Newcastleon-Tyne, where Vilyam had been born in 1903.[55] In 1921 the family returned to Moscow, where Fisher became a Comintern translator. During military service in 1925-6, he was trained as a radio operator and, after a brief period in the Fourth Department (Military Intelligence), was recruited by INO (OGPU foreign intelligence) in 1927. He served as a radio operator in residencies in Norway, Turkey, Britain and France until 1936, when he was appointed head of a training school for radio operators in illegal residencies.[56]

Fisher was fortunate not to be shot during the Great Terror. His file records that, as well as being automatically suspect because of his English background, he had been "referred to in positive terms" by a series of "enemies of the people," and his wife's brother was accused of being a Trotskyite. Though dismissed by the NKVD at the end of 1938, he survived to be reemployed during the Great Patriotic War in a unit training radio operators for guerrilla and intelligence operations behind German lines.[57]

Fisher's training as an illegal began in 1946 under the personal supervision of Korotkov, the head of the MGB Illegals Department. His legend was unusually complicated. Fisher assumed one identity during his journey to the United States in 1948 and another shortly after his arrival. The first identity was that of Andrei

Yurgesovich Kayotis, a Lithuanian born in 1895 who had emigrated to the United States and become an American citizen. In November 1947 Kayotis crossed the Atlantic to visit relatives in Europe. While he was in Denmark, the Soviet embassy issued a travel document enabling him to visit Russia and retained his passport for use by Fisher. In October 1948 Fisher traveled to Warsaw on a Soviet passport, then traveled on Kayotis's passport via Czechoslovakia and Switzerland to Paris, where he purchased a transatlantic ticket on the SS *Scythia.* On November 6 he set sail from Le Havre to Quebec, traveled on to Montreal and—still using Kayotis's passport—crossed into the United States on November 17.[58]

On November 26 Fisher had a secret meeting in New York with the celebrated Soviet illegal I. R. Grigulevich (codenamed MAKS), who had taken part in the first attempt to assassinate Trotsky in Mexico City and had led a Latin American sabotage group during the war attacking ships and cargoes bound for Germany.[59] Grigulevich gave Fisher 1,000 dollars and three documents in the name of Emil Robert Goldfus: a genuine birth certificate, a draft card forged by the Centre and a tax certificate (also forged). Fisher handed back Kayotis's documents and became Goldfus. The real Goldfus, born in New York on August 2, 1902, had died at the age of only fourteen months. Fisher's file records that his birth certificate had been obtained by the NKVD in Spain at the end of the Spanish Civil War, at a time when it was collecting identity documents from members of the International Brigades for use in illegal operations, but gives no other details of its provenance. According to the legend constructed by the Centre, Goldfus was the son of a German house painter in New York, had spent his childhood at 120 East 87th Street, left school in 1916 and worked in Detroit until 1926. After further periods in Grand Rapids, Detroit and Chicago, the legendary Goldfus had returned to New York in 1947. The legend, however, was far from perfect. The Centre instructed Fisher not to seek employment for fear that his employer would make inquiries which would blow his cover. Instead, he was told to open an artist's studio and claim to be self-employed.[60] As Fisher mingled with other New York artists, his technique gradually improved and he became a competent, if rather conventional, painter. He surprised friends in the artistic community with his admiration for the late nineteenth-century Russian painter Levitan, of whom they had never heard, but made no mention of Stalinist "socialist realism," with which he was probably also in sympathy. Fisher made no secret of his dislike for abstract painting. "You know," he told another artist, "I think most contemporary art is headed down a blind alley."[61]

In 1949, as the basis of his illegal residency, Fisher was given control of a group of agents headed by Morris Cohen (codenamed LUIS and VOLUNTEER), which included his wife Lona (LESLE).[62] Following Elizabeth Bentley's defection, the Centre had temporarily broken contact with the Cohens early in 1946, but renewed contact with them in Paris a year later and reactivated them in the United States in 1948.[63] The most important agent in the VOLUNTEER network was the physicist Ted Hall (MLAD), for whom Lona Cohen had acted as courier in 1945 when he was passing atomic intelligence from Los Alamos.[64] Early in 1948, Hall, then working for his PhD at Chicago University, had joined the Communist Party together with his wife Joan, apparently with the intention of abandoning work as a Soviet agent and working for the campaign of the Progressive candidate, the naively pro-Soviet Henry Wallace, in the presidential election.[65] Morris Cohen, however, persuaded Hall to return to espionage. On August 2, 1948 the Washington residency telegraphed the Centre:

> LUIS has met MLAD. He has persuaded him to break contact with the Progressive organization and concentrate on science. Important information obtained on MLAD's two new contacts. They have declared their wish to transmit data on ENORMOZ [the nuclear program], subject to two conditions: MLAD must be their only contact and their names must not be known to officers of ARTEMIS [Soviet intelligence].[66]

The VOLUNTEER network expanded to include, in addition to MLAD, three other agents: ADEN, SERB and SILVER.[67] Two of these were undoubtedly the two nuclear physicists contacted by Hall. Though their identities remain unknown, the Centre clearly regarded their intelligence as of the first importance. According to an SVR history, "the Volunteer group ... were able to guarantee the transmittal to the Centre of supersecret information concerning the development of the American atomic bomb."[68]

In recognition of the VOLUNTEER group's success, Fisher was awarded the Order of Red Banner in August 1949.[69] A year later, however, his illegal residency was disrupted by the arrest of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, for whom Lona Cohen had acted as courier. Both the Cohens were quickly withdrawn to Mexico, where they were sheltered for several months by the Soviet agents OREL ("Eagle") and FISH—both members of the Spanish Communist Party in exile[70]—before moving on to Moscow. The Cohens were to resurface a few years later, under the names Peter and Helen Kroger, as members of a new illegal residency in Britain.[71] Hall's career as a Soviet spy was also interrupted. In March 1951 he was questioned by an FBI team which was convinced that he was guilty of espionage but lacked the evidence for a prosecution. [72]

Under his later alias “Rudolf Abel,” Fisher was to become one of the best-known of all Soviet illegals, whose career was publicized by the KGB as a prime example of the success and sophistication of its operations in the West during the Cold War. In reality, Fisher never came close to rivaling the achievements of his wartime predecessor, Iskhak Akhmerov. During eight years as illegal resident, he appears never to have identified, let alone recruited, a single promising potential agent to replace the VOLUNTEER network.[73] Unlike Akhmerov, however, he did not have the active and enthusiastic assistance of a well-organized American Communist Party (CPUSA) to act as talent-spotters and assistants. Part of the reason for Fisher’s lack of success was the post-war decline and persecution of the CPUSA.[74]

THE MOST IMPORTANT American agent recruited during the early Cold War, Aleksandr (“Sasha”) Grigoryevich Kopatzky, was a walk-in. Kopatzky had been born in the city of Surozh in Bryansk Oblast in 1923,[75] and had served as a lieutenant in Soviet intelligence from August 1941 until he was wounded and captured by the Germans in December 1943. While in a German hospital he agreed to work for German intelligence. During the last two months of the war he served as an intelligence officer in General Andrei Vlasov’s anti-Soviet Russian Army of Liberation which fought the Red Army in alliance with the Wehrmacht. At the end of the war, Kopatzky was briefly imprisoned by the American authorities in the former concentration camp at Dachau.[76]

Despite his service in the NKVD, Kopatzky's anti-Soviet credentials seemed so well established that he was invited to join the American-supervised German intelligence service established in 1946 at Pullach, near Munich, by General Reinhard Gehlen, the former Wehrmacht intelligence chief on the eastern front.[77] In 1948 Kopatzky further distanced himself from his Soviet past by marrying the daughter of a former SS officer, Eleonore Stirner, who had been briefly imprisoned for her activities in the Hitler Youth. Eleonore later recalled that her husband "drank a lot of vodka. He kissed ladies' hands ... He was very punctual, shined his shoes, did his gymnastics in the morning, had a neat haircut, short hair all his life. And he was a very good shot. Sasha liked to hunt and talked of hunting tigers in Siberia with his father." Many years later, after Sasha's death, it suddenly occurred to Eleonore, while watching a televised adaptation of a John Le Carré novel, that her husband might have married her to improve his cover. That realization, she says, "came like a mountain of bricks on me."[78] By their wedding day Kopatzky was probably already planning to renew contact with Soviet intelligence.

The SVR still regards the Kopatzky case as extremely sensitive. It insisted as recently as 1997 that no file exists which suggests that Kopatzky, under any of his aliases, ever engaged in "collaboration ... with Soviet intelligence."[79] Mitrokhin, however, was able to take detailed notes from the bulky file which the SVR claims does not exist. The file reveals that in 1949 Kopatzky visited the Soviet military mission in Baden-Baden, and was secretly transported to East Berlin where he agreed to become a Soviet agent.[80] Soon afterwards, he infiltrated the anti-Soviet émigré organization Union of the Struggle for Liberation of the Peoples of Russia (SBONR), based in Munich, which had close links with the CIA. In 1951, doubtless to his Soviet controllers' delight, he was recruited by the CIA station in West Berlin as "principal agent."[81] Successively codenamed ERWIN, HERBERT and RICHARD by the Centre, Kopatzky received a monthly salary of 500 marks in addition to his income from the CIA. Among his earliest successes was, on November 5, 1951, to get one of his fellow CIA agents, the Estonian Vladimir Kivi (wrongly described in Kopatzky's file as an "American intelligence chief"), drunk, transport him to East Berlin and hand him over to Soviet intelligence.[82] Though Kopatzky was not a CIA staff officer and never worked at Agency headquarters, he did enormous damage to Agency operations in Germany for more than a decade.[83] According to his file, no fewer than twenty-three KGB legal operational officers and one illegal “met and worked with him”—a certain indication of how highly the Centre rated him.[84]

THROUGHOUT THE COLD WAR, Soviet intelligence regarded the United States as its “main adversary.” In second place at the beginning of the Cold War was the United States’s closest ally, the United Kingdom. In third position came France.[85] Before the Second World War, France had been a major base for NKVD foreign operations. Her crushing defeat in June 1940, however, followed by the German occupation of northern France, the establishment of the collaborationist Vichy regime in the south (later also occupied by the Germans) and Hitler’s invasion of the Soviet Union in June 1941 drastically reduced the scope for Soviet penetration. The NKGB did, however, establish a strong presence within Communist sections of the French Resistance.

There were two main groups of Soviet agents in wartime France: one in Paris of about fifty Communists and fellow travelers headed by LEMOINE (transliterated into the Cyrillic alphabet as LEMONYE), and another of over twenty-five headed by HENRI, based on Toulouse, with, from 1941, a subgroup in Paris. According to KGB records, the LEMOINE group, most of whom believed they were working for the Communist Party rather than the NKGB, “was disbanded because of treachery.” Though six members of the HENRI group (KLOD, LUCIEN, MORIS, ROBERT and ZHANETTA) were caught and shot by the Germans, the core of the group survived. [86]

At the end of the war Soviet intelligence had much greater freedom of action in France than in either the United States or Britain. The *Parti Communiste Français* (PCF) publicly congratulated itself on its undeniably heroic role in the wartime Resistance, proudly termed itself *le parti des fusillés* ("the party of the shot"), and greatly inflated the numbers of its fallen heroes. From August 1944, when General de Gaulle invited the PCF to join the Provisional Government, there were Communist ministers for the first time in French history. According to an opinion poll in May 1945, 57 percent of the population thought that the defeat of Germany was due principally to the Soviet Union (20 percent gave the most credit to the United States, 12 percent to Britain). In the elections of October 1945 the PCF, with 26 percent of the vote, emerged as the largest party in France. By the end of the year it had almost 800,000 members. Though support for the PCF had almost peaked, there were many who hoped—or feared, particularly after de Gaulle's resignation early in 1946—that France was on the road to becoming a Communist-controlled "people's democracy." One socialist minister privately complained, "How many senior civil servants, even at the very top, are backing Communism to win!"[87]

The Centre's first instructions to the newly reestablished Paris residency after the Liberation, dated November 18, 1944, instructed it to profit from the "current favorable situation" to renew contact with the pre-war agent network and recruit new agents in the foreign and interior ministries, intelligence agencies and political parties and organizations. Inspired by the success of scientific and technological intelligence-gathering in Britain and the United States, the Centre sent further instructions on February 20, 1945, ordering the residency to extend its recruitment to the Pasteur and Curie Institutes and other leading research bodies.[88] The appointment of the ardent Communist and Nobel Laureate Frédéric Joliot-Curie as the French government's Director of Scientific Research doubtless delighted the Centre. Joliot-Curie assured Moscow that "French scientists ... will always be at your disposal without asking for any information in return."[89]

During 1945 the Paris residency sent 1,123 reports to Moscow, based on intelligence from seventy sources. Its operational problems derived not from any lack of agents but from a shortage of controllers. Up to February 1945 the residency had only three operational officers.[90] In May MARCEL of the wartime HENRI group was instructed to set up a new group to assist in the penetration of the post-war foreign and domestic intelligence agencies, the foreign ministry and the political parties, and in re-establishing control over agents in the provinces.[91] By November the number of operational officers in the Paris residency had increased to seven, supported by six technical staff, but there was to be no further increase for several years. In addition to recruiting new agents, the residency was ordered to check individually every agent recruited before the war. Unsurprisingly, its 1945 reports were criticized for lack of depth and insufficient attention to the most valuable agents.[92]

The next available statistics on the intelligence supplied by the Paris residency cover the period from July 1, 1946 to June 30, 1947, when it supplied 2,627 reports and documents, well over double the total for 1945. It also had some major recruiting successes. In 1944 WEST, recruited by HENRI from the Resistance in the previous year, joined the newly founded foreign intelligence agency the DGER (from January 1946 the Service de Documentation Extérieure et de Contre Espionnage (SDECE)), working first on the British, then the Italian, desk. His file records that he provided "valuable information on the French, Italian and British intelligence services." Though WEST (later renamed RANOL) was dismissed in 1945 and moved to a career in publishing, he retained contact with some of his former colleagues. RATYEN, the first of his recruits to be identified in the files noted by Mitrokhin, was dismissed from SDECE in 1946. In 1947 WEST recruited two, more important SDECE officers, codenamed CHOUAN (or TORMA) and

NOR (or NORMAN).[93]

Soviet penetration was assisted by the chronic infighting within SDECE. In May 1946 André Dewavrin (alias "Passy"), de Gaulle's wartime intelligence chief and the first head of SDECE, was arrested on a charge of embezzlement of which he was later found innocent.[94] For the next few years Dewavrin's successor, Henri Ribière, and his deputy, Pierre Fourcaud, were engaged in such bitter feuding that Fourcaud was forced to deny accusations that he had sabotaged the brakes of Ribière's car and caused a near fatal accident. On one occasion, during the fractious daily meeting of SDECE division heads, Ribière drove his deputy out of the room with his walking stick. As one SDECE officer complained, "[D]ivision heads, finding themselves with conflicting orders from their director and his deputy, did not know what to do."[95]

In the year up to June 30, 1947, the Paris residency forwarded to the Centre 1,147 documents on the French intelligence services, 92 on French intelligence operations against the Soviet Union and 50 on other intelligence agencies.[96] The files noted by Mitrokhin record that both CHOUAN and NOR worked on political intelligence (SDECE Section d'études politiques). CHOUAN was employed for a time in the American department of SDECE, but by 1949 was working on Soviet Bloc affairs. NOR specialized in intelligence on Italy.[97] WEST was paid 30,000 francs a month by the Paris residency, and in 1957 was given 360,000 francs to buy a flat.[98] Ivan Ivanovich Agayants, the Paris resident from 1946 to 1948, was fond of boasting of his success in penetrating SDECE. In a lecture at the Centre in 1952 he sneeringly described French intelligence as "that prostitute I put in my pocket."[99]

Penetration of the Foreign Ministry at the Quai d'Orsay proved more difficult. During a visit to Moscow in June 1946, the Communist trade union leader Benoît Frachon reported pessimistically:

> The officials of the Foreign Ministry represent a very closed caste ... well known for their reactionary views. Our situation at the ministry is very precarious. We have only one Party member. This is the private secretary of [Georges] Bidault [the Foreign Minister], who knows that she is Communist —so we do not have total confidence in her. Among the diplomats in foreign postings, only the embassy secretary in Prague is Communist.

The Communist embassy secretary was almost certainly Étienne Manac'h, who went on to become French ambassador in Beijing (1969-75).[100] Manac'h, codenamed TAKSIM, had first made contact with Soviet intelligence while stationed in Turkey in 1942. His KGB file describes him as a confidential contact rather than an agent, who provided information from time to time “on an ideological-political basis” until 1971. His information was clearly valued by the Centre. During his twenty-nine years’ contact with the KGB he had six case officers, the last of whom—M. S. Tsimbal—was head of the FCD Fifth Department, whose responsibilities included operations in France.[101]

The KGB’s most important Cold War agents in the Foreign Ministry were cipher personnel rather than diplomats. Ultimately the most valuable and longest-serving agent recruited by the Paris embassy at the end of the war was probably a 23-year-old cipher officer in the Quai d’Orsay codenamed JOUR (transliterated into the Cyrillic alphabet as ZHUR). The large amount of Foreign Ministry documents and cipher materials provided by JOUR were despatched from Paris to Moscow in what his file describes as “a special container,” and enabled much of the cipher traffic between the Quai d’Orsay and French embassies abroad to be decrypted. In 1957 he was secretly awarded the Order of the Red Star. JOUR was still active a quarter of a century later, and in 1982 was awarded the Order of the Friendship of Peoples for his “long and fruitful co-operation.”[102]

The dismissal of Communist ministers from the French government in May 1947 made further Soviet penetration of the official bureaucracy more difficult. The Centre complained in April 1948 that: the residency had no agents close to the leadership of the Gaullist

Rassemblement du Peuple Français, the Christian Democrat MRP and other "reactionary" political parties; it had failed to penetrate the Soviet section of SDECE; intelligence on the British and American embassies was poor; and inadequate progress had been made in penetrating the Commissariat on Atomic Energy and other major targets for scientific and technological intelligence. [103]

A plan was drawn up to remedy these failings and to promote active measures "to compromise people hostile to the USSR and the French Communist Party." Once again, Moscow was not fully satisfied with the results achieved. In the five-month period from September 1 to February 1, 1949, the Paris residency submitted 923 reports, of which 20 percent were judged sufficiently important to pass on to the Central Committee. The Centre noted, however, that "the requirement set by the leadership with regard to political intelligence had still not been adequately met." During the eleven months from February 1 to December 31 the residency supplied 1,567 reports. Though 21 percent were passed to the Central Committee, the reports were criticized for failing to "reveal the innermost aspects of events" and for "not making it possible to identify the plans of ruling circles in their struggle with democratic [pro-Soviet] forces."[104]

The decline in the number of reports to the Centre during 1949—about forty a month fewer than during the latter months of 1948—was due chiefly to what the files describe as a “deterioration in the operational situation” at the beginning of the year, caused by heightened surveillance by the internal security service, the Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire (DST), and the Sûreté. On March 12, 1949 the Centre warned the Paris residency of the danger of continuing to meet agents on the street or in cafés and restaurants and advised it to make much greater use of dead letter-boxes, messages in invisible ink and radio communication. The residency was also instructed to train its agents to recognize and evade surveillance, and to instruct them on how to behave if questioned or arrested. A month later the residency reported to the Centre that, though it was impracticable to abandon completely street meetings with agents, security had been much improved. Case officers were now forbidden to go directly from the embassy or any other Soviet premises to meet an agent. Before each meeting the officer was picked up by a residency driver at a pre-arranged location and driven to the area of the rendezvous, after elaborate security checks designed to detect surveillance. Following the meeting the case officer would pass on any materials supplied by the agent to another residency officer in a “brush contact” as they walked past each other. Both times and places of meetings with agents were regularly changed, and more rendezvous were arranged in churches, theaters, exhibitions and locations outside Paris.[105]

As a further security precaution, the frequency of meetings with agents was also reduced. The six most valuable were seen twice a month, ten other agents were met once a month and another seven once every two months. Less important agents were either put on ice or contacted by pre-arranged signals only as the need arose. After a year operating the new security procedures, the Paris residency reported that operating conditions had improved. On April 22, 1950 it informed the Centre that it was in contact with almost fifty agents—twice as many as a year before.[106] For most of the next decade the residency was to provide better intelligence than its counterparts in Britain and the United States.[107]

THE ORGANIZATIONAL CONFUSION of Soviet foreign intelligence in the late 1940s was reflected in the running of its three most productive British agents. Remarkably, even Kim Philby had no regular controller during his term as head of station in Turkey from 1947 to 1949. Except during visits to London, he communicated with Soviet intelligence via Guy Burgess. Burgess's behavior, however, was becoming increasingly erratic. To his controller, Yuri Modin, it seemed "that his nerve was going, and that he could no longer take the strain of his double life."[108] A trip by Burgess to Gibraltar and Tangier in the autumn of 1949 turned into what Goronwy Rees called a "wild odyssey of indiscretions": among them failing to pay his hotel bills, publicly identifying British intelligence officers and drunkenly singing in local bars, “Little boys are cheap today, cheaper than yesterday.” Burgess was surprised not to be sacked on his return to London.[109] Once back in the Foreign Office, however, he resumed his career as a dedicated Soviet agent, supplying large quantities of classified papers. On December 7, 1949, for example, he handed Modin 168 documents, totaling 660 pages. KGB files also credit Burgess with using Anglo-American policy differences over the People’s Republic of China, established in October 1949, to cause friction in the “Special Relationship.”[110]

Donald Maclean was under even greater strain than Burgess. His posting to Cairo in October 1948 as counselor and head of chancery at the age of only thirty-five seemed to set him on a path which would lead him to the top of the diplomatic service, or a position close to it. But Maclean became deeply depressed at his insensitive handling by the Cairo residency. The documents he supplied were accepted without comment and no indication was given by the Centre of what was expected of him. In December 1949 Maclean attached to a bundle of classified diplomatic documents a note asking to be allowed to give up his work for Soviet intelligence. The Cairo residency gave so little thought to running Maclean that it forwarded his note unread to Moscow. Incredibly, the Centre also ignored it. Not till Maclean sent another appeal in April 1950, asking to be released from the intolerable strain of his double life, did he attract the

Centre's attention. It then read for the first time the letter he had sent four months earlier.[111]

While the Centre was deliberating, Maclean went berserk. One evening in May, while in a drunken rage, he and his drinking companion Philip Toynbee broke into the flat of two female members of the US embassy, ransacked their bedroom, ripped apart their underclothes, then moved on to destroy the bathroom. There, Toynbee later recalled, "Donald raises a large mirror above his head and crashes it into the bath, when to my amazement and delight, alas, the bath breaks in two while the mirror remains intact." A few days later Maclean was sent back to London where the Foreign Office gave him the summer off and paid for treatment by a psychiatrist who diagnosed overwork, marital problems and repressed homosexuality. In the autumn, apparently back in control of himself, at least in office hours, he was made head of the American desk in the Foreign Office.[112]

The impact of Burgess's and Maclean's intelligence in Moscow was heightened by the outbreak of the Korean War in June 1950. Maclean's deputy on the American desk, Robert Cecil, later concluded that the Kremlin must have found the documents provided by Maclean "of inestimable value in advising the Chinese and the North Koreans on strategy and negotiating positions."[113] In addition to supplying classified documents, Maclean and Burgess also put their own anti-American gloss on them and thus strengthened Soviet fears that the United States might escalate the Korean conflict into world war. For perhaps the first time in his diplomatic career, Maclean showed open sympathy in a Foreign Office minute with the crude Stalinist analysis of the inherently aggressive designs of American finance capital. There was, he said, “some point” to the argument that the American economy was now so geared to the military machine that all-out war might seem preferable to a recession produced by demobilization.[114]

The Centre’s most prized British agent, however, remained Kim Philby, who, it was hoped, would one day rise to become Chief of the Secret Service. In the autumn of 1949 he was appointed SIS station commander in Washington. Philby was exultant. His new posting, he later wrote, brought him “right back into the middle of intelligence policy-making” and gave him “a close-up view of the American intelligence organizations.”[115]

Before his departure for the United States, Philby was “indoctrinated” into the VENONA secret. Though aware of the possibility that one of the decrypts might identify him as a Soviet agent, he was doubtless reassured to discover that VENONA provided comparatively little information on NKGB activities in Britain.[116] The bulk of the Soviet intelligence decrypts concerned operations in the United States. In late September 1949, immediately after the successful test of the first Soviet atomic bomb, Philby discovered during his VENONA briefing that the atom spy CHARLES in Los Alamos had been identified as Klaus Fuchs. The Centre promptly warned those of its American agents who had been in contact with Fuchs that they might have to escape through Mexico.[117] It did not, however, succeed in warning Fuchs, who in April 1950 was sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment.[118]

On his arrival in Washington in October 1949, Philby quickly succeeded in gaining regular access to VENONA decrypts. That access became particularly important after the arrest and imprisonment in the following year of William Weisband, the American agent who had first revealed the VENONA secret to the Centre.[119] Philby's liaison duties with the CIA allowed him to warn the Centre of American as well as British operations against the Soviet Bloc, even enabling him to provide the geographical coordinates of parachute drops by British and American agents.[120] When writing his memoirs later, Philby was sometimes unable to resist gloating over the fate of the hundreds of agents he betrayed. Referring to those who parachuted into the arms of the MGB, he wrote with macabre irony, "I do not know what happened to the parties concerned. But I can make an informed guess."[121]

Philby's success in Washington was achieved despite, rather than because of, the assistance given him by the KI/MGB in Washington. The chaotic state of the Washington residency, which led to the recall of two successive residents in 1948-9,[122] made Philby refuse to have any contact with any legal Soviet intelligence officers in the United States.[123] For almost a year Philby's sole contact with the Centre was via messages sent to Burgess in London.[124]

In the summer of 1950 Philby received an unexpected letter from Burgess. "I have a shock for you," Burgess began. "I have just been posted to Washington." Philby later claimed in his memoirs that he had agreed to put Burgess up in his large neoclassical house at 4100 Nebraska Avenue during his tour of duty at the Washington embassy to try to keep him out of the spectacular "scrapes" for which he was now notorious.[125] The "scrapes," however, continued. In January 1951 Burgess burst in on a dinner party given by the Philbys and drew an insulting (and allegedly obscene) caricature of Libby Harvey, wife of a CIA officer. The Harveys stormed out, Aileen Philby retired to the kitchen and Kim sat with his head in his hands, repeatedly asking Burgess, "How could you? How could you?"[126]

Despite Burgess's scrapes in the United States, he fulfilled an important role as courier between Philby and his newly appointed case officer, a Russian illegal codenamed HARRY (GARRI in Cyrillic transliteration), who had arrived in New York a few months before Burgess began his posting at the Washington embassy. HARRY had been born Valeri Mikhaylovich Makayev in

1918. In May 1947 he had been sent to Warsaw to establish his legend as a US citizen who had lived for some years in Poland. As evidence of his bogus identity the Centre gave him an out-of-date US passport issued in 1930 to Ivan ("John") Mikhailovich Kovalik, born in Chicago to Ukrainian parents in 1917.[127] The real Kovalik, whose identity Makayev assumed, had been taken to Poland as a child by his parents in 1930, later settling in the Soviet Union; he died in 1957 in Chelyabinskaya Oblast.

After two years in Warsaw, Makayev was able to obtain a new US passport in the name of Kovalik with the help of a female clerk at the American embassy. The MGB discovered that in November 1948, without informing the embassy, the clerk had married a Polish citizen with whom she planned to return to the United States after her tour of duty. Anxious to keep her marriage secret, she was pressured by the MGB into swearing under oath that she was personally acquainted with Kovalik and his parents and could vouch for his good character. According to Makayev's file, his application for a new US passport was "processed in an expeditious manner and with significant deviations from the rules." The corrupt embassy clerk received a reward of 750 dollars.[128]

On March 5, 1950 Makayev left Gdynia for the United States on board the ship *Batory.*[129] The Centre concluded that his cover, like Fisher's, could best be preserved within New York's cosmopolitan artistic community. Soon after his arrival, he began an affair with a Polish-born ballerina, codenamed ALICE, who owned a ballet studio in Manhattan. Makayev's gifts as a musician probably exceeded Fisher's as a painter. After a brief period working as a furrier, he succeeded in obtaining a job teaching musical composition at New York University.[130]

The Centre had high hopes of Makayev. He was given 25,000 dollars to establish a new illegal American residency to run parallel with Fisher's. Two other Soviet illegals were selected to work under him: Reino Hayhanen (codenamed VIK), who had assumed a bogus Finnish identity, and Vitali Ivanovich Lyampin (DIM or DIMA), who had an Austrian legend. Two dedicated communications channels were prepared for the new residency: a postal route between agents MAY in New York and GERY in London, and a courier route using ASKO, a Finnish seaman on a ship which traveled between Finland and New York. Makayev impressed the Centre by getting to know the family of the Republican senator for Vermont, Ralph E. Flanders. His main mission, however, was to act as controller of Moscow's most important British agent, Kim Philby.[131]

Burgess's first journey as a courier between Philby in Washington and Makayev in New York took place in

November 1950.[132] The main pretext for his journeys to New York was to visit his friend Alan Maclean (younger brother of Donald), private secretary to the British representative at the United Nations, Gladwyn Jebb.[133] Once the liaison established by Burgess was working smoothly, Philby agreed to meet Makayev himself. Burgess, however, continued to act as the usual method of communication between Philby and his case officer.[134] His visits to Alan Maclean became so frequent that Jebb formed the mistaken impression that the two men "shared a flat." Conversations with Alan doubtless also helped Burgess keep track of Donald Maclean's unstable mental state.[135]

Some of the most important intelligence which Philby supplied to Makayev directly concerned Maclean. The VENONA decrypts to which he had access contained a number of references to an agent codenamed HOMER operating in Washington at the end of the war, but initially only vague clues to his identity. Philby quickly realized that HOMER was Maclean, but was informed by the Centre that "Maclean should stay in his post as long as possible" and that plans would be made to rescue him "before the net closed in."[136] The net did not begin to close until the winter of 1950-1. By the end of 1950 the list of suspects had narrowed to thirty-five. By the beginning of April 1951 it had shrunk to nine.[137] A few days later a telegram decrypted by Meredith Gardner finally identified HOMER as Maclean. It revealed that in June 1944 HOMER's wife was expecting a baby and living with her mother in New York[138]—information which fitted Melinda Maclean but not the wife of any other suspect.

There still remained a breathing space of at least a few weeks in which to arrange Maclean's escape. The search for the evidence necessary to convict him of espionage, complicated by the decision not to use VENONA in any prosecution, made necessary a period of surveillance by MI5 before any arrest. The plan to warn Maclean that he had been identified as a Soviet agent was worked out not by the Centre but by Philby and Burgess.[139] In April 1951 Burgess was ordered home in disgrace after a series of escapades had aroused the collective wrath of the Virginia State Police, the State Department and the British ambassador. On the eve of Burgess's departure from New York aboard the *Queen Mary,* he and Philby dined together in a Chinese restaurant where the piped music inhibited eavesdropping and agreed that Burgess would convey a warning to both Maclean and the London residency as soon as he reached Britain.[140]

Philby was even more concerned with his own survival than with Maclean's. If Maclean cracked under interrogation, as seemed possible in view of his overwrought condition, Philby and the rest of the Five would also be at risk. Mitrokhin's notes on the KGB file record: “STANLEY [Philby] demanded HOMER’s immediate exfiltration to the USSR, so that he himself would not be compromised.”[141] He also extracted an assurance from Burgess that he would not accompany Maclean to Moscow, for that too would compromise him. Immediately after his return to England on May 7, Burgess called on Blunt and asked him to deliver a message to Modin, whom Blunt knew as “Peter.” According to Modin, Blunt’s anxious appearance, even before he spoke, indicated that something was desperately wrong. “Peter,” he said, “there’s serious trouble. Guy Burgess has just arrived back in London. HOMER’s about to be arrested ... Donald’s now in such a state that I’m convinced he’ll break down the moment they question him.” Two days later the Centre agreed to Maclean’s exfiltration.[142]

Meanwhile Burgess had seen Maclean and was worried that, despite (or because of) his nervous exhaustion, he might refuse to defect. He reported to Modin and the London resident, Nikolai Rodin, that Maclean could not bring himself to leave his wife Melinda, who was expecting their third child in a few weeks’ time. When Rodin reported Maclean’s hesitations to Moscow, the Centre telegraphed, “HOMER *must* agree to defect.” Melinda Maclean, who had been aware that her husband was a Soviet spy ever since he had asked her to marry him, agreed that, for his own safety, he should leave for

Moscow without delay.[143] It was clear, however, that Maclean would need an escort. On May 17 the Centre instructed the London residency that Burgess was to accompany him to Moscow. Burgess initially refused to go, recalling his promise to Philby not to defect, and seemed to Modin "close to hysteria." Rodin, however, seems to have persuaded Burgess to go by giving the impression that he would not need to accompany Maclean all the way, and would in any case be free to return to London. In reality, the Centre believed that Burgess had become a liability and was determined to get him to Moscow—by deception, if necessary—and keep him there. "As long as he agreed to go with Maclean," wrote Modin later, "the rest mattered precious little. Cynically enough, the Centre had ... concluded that we had not one but two burnt-out agents on our hands."[144]

Though the Foreign Secretary, Herbert Morrison, had secretly authorized the interrogation of Maclean, no date had been decided for it to begin.[145] The London residency, however, mistakenly believed that Maclean was to be arrested on Monday, May 28, and made plans for his exfiltration with Burgess during the previous weekend. It reported to the Centre that surveillance of Maclean by MI5 and Special Branch ceased at 8 p.m. each day and at weekends. (It may not have realized that there was no surveillance at all of Maclean at his home at Tatsfield on the Kent-Surrey border.) The residency also discovered that the pleasure boat *Falaise* made weekend round-trip cruises from Southampton, calling in at French ports, which did not require passports. Burgess was instructed to buy tickets for himself and Maclean under assumed names for the cruise leaving at midnight on Friday, May 25. That evening Burgess arrived at Tatsfield in a hired car, had dinner with the Macleans, then drove off with Donald to Southampton where they were just in time to board the *Falaise* before it set sail. The next morning they left the boat at St. Malo, made their way to Rennes and caught the train to Paris. From Paris they took another train to Switzerland, where they were issued false passports by the Soviet embassy in Berne. In Zurich they bought air tickets to Stockholm via Prague, but left the plane at Prague, where they were met by Soviet intelligence officers.[146] By the time Melinda Maclean had reported that her husband had not returned home after the weekend, Burgess and Maclean were behind the Iron Curtain.[147]

Once in the Soviet Union, Burgess was told that he would not be allowed back to Britain but would receive an annual pension of 2,000 roubles.[148] Modin later complained that his talents were wasted by the Centre: “He read a lot, walked and occasionally picked up another man for sex ... He might have been very useful to [the KGB]; but instead he did nothing because nothing was asked of him, and it was not in his nature to solicit work."[149] Maclean was rather better treated than Burgess. He settled in Kuibyshev, took Soviet citizenship under the name Mark Petrovich Fraser, was awarded an annual pension twice that of Burgess and taught for the next two years at the Kuibyshev Pedagogical Institute. In September 1953, in an operation codenamed SIRA, his wife and three children were exfiltrated from Britain to join him in Kuibyshev.[150]

THE CENTRE CONGRATULATED itself that the successful exfiltration of Burgess and Maclean had "raised the authority of the Soviet intelligence service in the eyes of Soviet agents."[151] That, however, was not Philby's view. At a meeting on May 24, Makayev had found him "alarmed and concerned for his own security" and insistent that he would be put "in jeopardy" if Burgess as well as Maclean fled to Moscow.[152] The first that Philby learned of Burgess's defection with Maclean was during a briefing about five days later by the MI5 liaison officer in Washington. "My consternation [at the news]," wrote Philby later, "was no pretense." Later that day he drove into the Virginia countryside and buried the photographic equipment with which he had copied documents for Soviet intelligence in a forest—an action he had mentally rehearsed many times since arriving in Washington two years earlier.[153] Just when Philby most needed his controller's assistance, however, Makayev let him down. The New York legal residency left a message and 2,000 dollars in a dead letter-box for HARRY to deliver to Philby. Makayev failed to find them and Philby never received them.[154]

An inquiry by the Centre into Makayev's conduct in New York, prompted by his failure to help Philby, was highly critical. It found him guilty of "lack of discipline," "violations of the Centre's orders" and "crude manners"—a defect blamed on his neglected childhood. Plans for Makayev to found a new illegal residency in the United States were canceled and he was transferred to Fisher's residency so that he could receive expert supervision. His performance, however, failed to improve. While returning to New York from leave in Moscow, he lost a hollow imitation Swiss coin which contained secret operational instructions on microfilm. After a further inquiry at the Centre, Makayev was recalled and his career as an illegal terminated. Attempts to recover 9,000 dollars allotted to him in New York (2,000 dollars in bank accounts and 7,000 dollars in stocks) were unsuccessful and the whole sum had to be written off.[155]

The Centre calculated that since their recruitment in 1934-5, Philby, Burgess and Maclean had supplied more than 20,000 pages of "valuable" classified documents and agent reports.[156] As Philby had feared, however, the defection of Burgess and Maclean did severe, though not quite terminal, damage to the careers in Soviet intelligence of the other members of the Magnificent Five. Immediately after the defection, Blunt went through Burgess's flat, searching for and destroying incriminating documents. He failed, however, to notice a series of unsigned notes describing confidential discussions in Whitehall in 1939. In the course of a lengthy MI5 investigation, Sir John Colville, one of those mentioned in the notes, was able to identify the author as Cairncross. MI5 began surveillance of Cairncross and followed him to a hurriedly arranged meeting with his controller, Modin. Just in time, Modin noticed the surveillance and returned home without meeting Cairncross. At a subsequent interrogation by MI5, Cairncross admitted passing information to the Russians but denied being a spy. Shortly afterwards he received "a large sum of money" at a farewell meeting with Modin, resigned from the Treasury and went to live abroad.[157]

Immediately after the defection of Burgess and Maclean, the Centre instructed Modin to press Blunt to follow them to Moscow. Unwilling to exchange the prestigious, congenial surroundings of the Courtauld Institute for the bleak socialist realism of Stalin's Russia, Blunt refused. "I know perfectly well how your people live," Blunt told his controller, "and I can assure you it would be very hard, almost unbearable, for me to do likewise." Modin, by his own account, was left speechless. Blunt was rightly confident that MI5 would have no hard evidence against him. Soviet intelligence had few further dealings with him.[158]

As Philby had feared, the defection of his friend and former lodger, Burgess, placed him under immediate suspicion. The Director of Central Intelligence, General Walter Bedell Smith, promptly informed SIS that he was no longer acceptable as its liaison officer in Washington. On his return to London, Philby was officially retired from SIS. In December 1951 he was summoned to a "judicial inquiry" at MI5 headquarters—in effect an informal trial, of which he later gave a misleading account in his memoirs. According to one of those present, "There was not a single officer who sat through the proceedings who came away not totally convinced of Philby's guilt." Contrary to the impression Philby sought to create in Moscow after his defection twelve years later, many of his own former colleagues in SIS shared the opinion of MI5. But the "judicial inquiry" concluded that it would probably never be possible to find the evidence for a successful prosecution. Within SIS Philby retained the support of a loyal group of friends to whom he cleverly presented himself as the innocent victim of a McCarthyite witch-hunt. Soviet intelligence had no further contact with him until 1954.[159]

Philby seems never to have realized that Burgess's sudden defection was the result not of his own loss of nerve but of a cynical deception by the Centre, and never forgave Burgess for putting him in jeopardy. By the time Philby himself finally defected to Moscow in 1963, Burgess was on his death bed. He asked his old friend to visit him at the KGB hospital in Pekhotnaya Street. Philby refused to go.[160] His sense of grievance was increased by his own reception in Moscow. Philby had long believed that he was an officer in the Soviet foreign intelligence service and was shocked to discover that, as a foreign agent, he would never be awarded officer rank. Worse still, he was not fully trusted by the leadership either of the KGB or its First Chief (Foreign Intelligence) Directorate. Not until the sixtieth anniversary celebrations of the October Revolution, fourteen years after his arrival in Moscow, was the KGB’s most celebrated Western agent at last allowed to enter its headquarters.[161]

TEN

THE MAIN ADVERSARY

Part 1: North American Illegals in the 1950s

One of the most remarkable public appearances ever made by a Soviet illegal took place on November 6, 1951, when "Teodoro B. Castro" attended the opening in Paris of the Sixth Session of the United Nations General Assembly as an adviser to the Costa Rican delegation. Castro was, in reality, Iosif Romualdovich Grigulevich (variously codenamed MAKS, ARTUR and DAKS),[1] a Lithuanian Jew whose main previous expertise had been in sabotage and assassination. He had trained saboteurs during the Spanish Civil War, taken a leading role in the operations to kill Trotsky in Mexico and had run a wartime illegal residency in Argentina which specialized in the sabotage of ships and cargoes bound for Germany.[2] While in Argentina, Grigulevich had begun to develop an elaborate Latin American legend for use after the war.[3]

Late in 1949, Grigulevich and his wife, Laura Araujo Aguilar (a Mexican illegal agent codenamed LUIZA), set up an illegal residency in Rome. Posing as Teodoro Castro, the illegitimate son of a dead (and childless) Costa Rican notable, Grigulevich established a small import-export business to provide cover for his intelligence work. In the autumn of 1950 he made the acquaintance of a visiting delegation from Costa Rica which included the leading Costa Rican politician of his generation, José Figueres Ferrer, head of the founding junta of the Second Republic which had restored constitutional government and later President of the Republic in 1953-8 and 1970-4. Grigulevich's success in winning Figueres's confidence must have exceeded his wildest expectations. Hoodwinked by Grigulevich's fraudulent account of his illegitimate birth, Figueres told him they were distant relatives. Thereafter, according to Grigulevich's file, he became the friend and confidant of the future president, using the Centre's money to invest with him in an Italian firm importing Costa Rican coffee.[4]

In October 1951, under his cover name Teodoro Castro, Grigulevich was appointed Costa Rica's chargé d'affaires in Rome. A month later he was chosen as an adviser to the Costa Rican delegation to the Sixth Session of the UN General Assembly at its meeting in Paris. During the assembly he was introduced to the US Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, and the British Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden—but not, apparently, to the Soviet Foreign Minister, Andrei Vyshinsky.[5] Vyshinsky's usual oratorical style at international gatherings was tedious and longwinded. On this occasion, however, he arrived with a caged dove, intended to represent the innocent victims of imperialist aggression, then proceeded to speak with the brutal sarcasm for which he had been infamous as prosecutor during the show trials of the Great Terror. Referring to a speech by President Truman on arms limitation, Vyshinsky declared in the course of a lengthy diatribe, "I could hardly sleep all night last night having read that speech. I could not sleep because I kept laughing."[6]

Among the other targets for Vyshinsky's sarcasm was the Costa Rican delegation. One of the motions debated by the General Assembly was the call by the Greek delegation for the return to Greece of the children evacuated to the Soviet Bloc during the Greek civil war. At Acheson's request, the Costa Rican delegation agreed to support the motion. Doubtless to his extreme embarrassment, Grigulevich was chosen to draft a speech in favor of it to be delivered by Jorge Martínez Moreno. He did his best to limit the offense to the Soviet delegation by somewhat vacuous rhetoric which emphasized "the anxiety and the interest with which [the Costa Rican] delegation had always considered any threat liable to endanger the peace of the world," and congratulated the UN Special Committee on the Balkans "for its work of observation and conciliation, thanks to which ... although the Balkans remained a danger, at least world peace had been safeguarded." The Soviet delegation was unimpressed. Probably unaware of Castro's real identity, Vyshinsky condemned the speech as the ramblings of a diplomatic clown.[7]

Vyshinsky's denunciation, however, did nothing to damage Grigulevich's diplomatic career. On May 14, 1952 he presented his letters of credence as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Costa Rica in Rome to the Italian president, Luigi Einaudi. According to his file, Grigulevich was on good terms with the American ambassador, Ellsworth Bunker, and his successor, Claire Boothe Luce, and successfully cultivated the Costa Rican nuncio to the Vatican, Prince Giulio Pacelli, a nephew of Pope Pius XII. Grigulevich had a total of fifteen audiences with the Pope. He also made friends with one of Italy's leading post-war politicians, the Christian Democrat Alcide de Gasperi (Prime Minister, 1945-53), who gave him a camera inscribed "In token of our friendship."[8]

Grigulevich's astonishing transformation from Soviet saboteur and assassin into a popular and successful Latin American diplomat, combined with the initial success of "Willie" Fisher's illegal residency in providing "supersecret" nuclear intelligence from the United States,[9] seemed to vindicate the Centre's early Cold War strategy of attempting to recreate the age of the Great Illegals. The role of the post-war illegals was considered to be potentially even more important than that of their illustrious predecessors. If the Cold War turned into hot war, as the Centre thought quite possible, Soviet embassies and the legal residencies they contained would have to be withdrawn from NATO countries, leaving the illegals to run wartime intelligence operations.

DESPITE THE EARLY Cold War success of Grigulevich and Fisher, the mood in the Centre at the beginning of the 1950s was anything but triumphalist. As a result of the identification of Soviet spies in the VENONA decrypts, following the earlier revelations by Bentley, Chambers and Gouzenko, the Centre had to set about rebuilding almost its entire American agent network while operating under far closer FBI surveillance than ever before.[10] It could no longer count on significant help from the Communist Party of the United States (CPUSA), which during the Second World War had assisted Soviet penetration of the Roosevelt administration, the intelligence community and the MANHATTAN project.[11] In 1949 Gene Dennis, the CPUSA general secretary, and ten other party leaders were tried on charges of advocating the forcible overthrow of the federal government. Dennis and nine of the defendants were sentenced to five years in jail, the eleventh was jailed for three years, and all the defense attorneys were found in contempt of court. After the Supreme Court upheld the sentences in 1951, more than a hundred other leading Communists were convicted on similar charges. For most of the decade the Party was forced into a largely underground existence.[12]

The Centre was also greatly exercised by the unprecedented publicity given to Soviet intelligence operations in the United States. On January 24, 1950 Klaus Fuchs began confessing his wartime espionage at Los Alamos to his British interrogators. The next day, in New York, Alger Hiss was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for perjury in denying espionage charges before a Grand Jury. On February 2 Fuchs was formally charged in London, and the menace of Soviet atomic espionage burst on to the front pages of the American press. A week later the previously little-known Wisconsin senator, Joseph R. McCarthy, falsely claimed to have the names of 205 State Department Communists who were "shaping" American foreign policy. Despite his outrageous inventions and exaggerations, McCarthy rapidly won a mass following. He did so because he succeeded in striking a popular chord. To many Americans the idea of an "enemy within," given plausibility by the convictions of Hiss and Fuchs (followed a year later by those of the Rosenbergs), helped to explain why the United States, despite its immense power, seemed unable to prevent the onward march of world Communism and the emergence of the Soviet

Union as a nuclear superpower. As late as January 1954 opinion polls found 50 percent of Americans with a favorable opinion of McCarthy and only 29 percent opposed to him.

President Truman's claim in 1951 that "the greatest asset that the Kremlin has is Senator McCarthy" was, in the long run, to be proved right. McCarthy ultimately did more for the Soviet cause than any agent of influence the KGB ever had. His preposterous self-serving crusade against the "Red Menace" made liberal opinion around the world skeptical of the reality of Moscow's secret intelligence offensive against the Main Adversary. Even Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, executed one after the other in the same electric chair at New York's Sing Sing Prison in 1953, were widely believed to have been framed. It took some years, however, for the Centre to grasp the enormous propaganda advantages of McCarthyism. At the time the Centre was chiefly concerned by the increased difficulties created by "spy mania" in the United States for its attempts to recruit and run new American agents.

McCarthyism reinforced the Centre's belief in the importance of expanding its illegal presence on the territory of the Main Adversary. While legal residencies based in official Soviet missions were inevitably subject to increasingly sophisticated FBI surveillance, illegal residencies could operate freely so long as they remained unidentified. Since his arrival in the United States in 1947 "Willie" Fisher (MARK) had attracted no suspicion whatsoever—despite the fact that his agent, Theodore Hall, was interrogated by the FBI in 1951 after his identity was disclosed by the VENONA decrypts.[13] The Centre also took seriously the possibility that illegal residencies might have to take over all intelligence operations if war or other crises led to the expulsion of Soviet missions and legal residencies. The preparations for a major expansion of the illegal residencies were enormously detailed. In 1954 the Illegals Directorate drew up plans for a network of 130 "documentation agents" whose sole responsibility was to obtain birth certificates, passports and other documents to support the illegals' legends.[14] Operations officers specializing in illegal documentation were posted in twenty-two Western and Third World residencies, as well as in China and all Soviet Bloc KGB liaison missions.[15]

There were, however, more serious obstacles than the Centre was willing to acknowledge than the expansion of its illegal networks. The age of the Great Illegals—brilliant cosmopolitans such as Deutsch and Maly, able to inspire others with their own visionary faith in the future of the Soviet system—had gone, never to return. Turning Soviet citizens brought up in the authoritarian, intellectually blinkered command economy of Stalin's Russia into people who could pass as Westerners and cope successfully with life in the United States was to prove a daunting, as well as time-consuming, business.

Recruiting high-flying ideologically committed American agents was also vastly more difficult during the Cold War than during the 1930s or the Second World War. The Soviet Union had lost much of its appeal even to young radical intellectuals alienated by the materialism and injustices of American society. It was deeply ironic that when McCarthy's self-serving campaign against the Red Menace was at its height, Soviet penetration of the American government was at its lowest ebb for almost thirty years.

The Centre was further hampered by its own cumbersome bureaucracy, complicated during the final years of the Stalinist era by the rise and fall of the Committee of Information (KI) as the overseer of Soviet foreign intelligence.[16] In the course of the Cold War, the organization of the Illegals Directorate changed eight times, and the role assigned to it was modified on fourteen different occasions.[17] Aleksandr Korotkov, the head of the directorate during the first decade of the Cold War, had no experience of life in the West and little understanding of the problems faced by illegals in the United States. Few of his grandiose plans for illegal operations against the Main Adversary were ever realized.

Throughout the 1950s, the Centre struggled to establish even one more illegal residency in the United States to add to that of Fisher. The first attempt to found a second residency collapsed in ignominious failure, the recall in 1951 of Makayev (HARRY), the intended resident, and the disappearance of 9,000 dollars of KI funds. The next attempt was more cautious. Using a strategy which it was later to repeat, the Centre decided to send a potential illegal resident to Canada, wait until he was well established, and only then move him on to the more difficult terrain of the Main Adversary. The first Soviet illegal to use Canada as a staging post for the United States was the 30-year-old Yevgeni Vladimirovich Brik (codenamed HART), who landed in Halifax, Nova Scotia, in November 1951 with instructions to take up residence in Montreal.

Brik had the great advantage of a bilingual education. From 1932 to 1937 he had been a pupil at the Anglo-American School in Moscow,[18] subsequently spending several years in New York, where his father worked for Amtorg, the Soviet trade mission in the United States,[19] before returning to serve in the Red Army during the Great Patriotic War. In 1948 Brik was instructed to cultivate Western pupils at his old school in order to test his suitability for intelligence work in North America. Having succeeded in that exercise to the Centre's satisfaction, he began a two-year training course in 1949, covering ciphers, secret writing, use of short-wave radio, selection and use of dead letter-boxes, anti-surveillance precautions and methods of intelligence collection. Brik was also taught the trade of a watchmaker in order to enable him to start a small business in Canada. [20]

For his journey to Canada, Brik adopted the identity of a Canadian "live double," Ivan Vasilyevich Gladysh (codenamed FRED), recruited in July 1951 specifically to provide cover for him. On instructions from the Centre, Gladysh crossed the Atlantic to Britain, then traveled through France and West Germany to Vienna, where he met Brik. In Vienna Gladysh briefed Brik on the details of his life in Canada and his journey to Europe, then gave him his Canadian passport. Brik pasted his own photograph in the passport in place of Gladysh's and set off across the Atlantic.[21] After landing at Halifax, Brik took a train to Montreal and went to the station lavatories. On one of the cubicle doors he saw the chalk mark he had been told to expect. He went inside, removed the top of the cistern and found taped to the underside the birth certificate and other documents belonging to another "live double," David Semyonovich Soboloff.[22] Soboloff (codenamed SOKOL) had been born in Toronto in 1919 but at the age of sixteen had emigrated with his family to the Soviet Union. In 1951 he was working as a teacher at the Magnitogorsk Mining and Metallurgical Institute. For the remainder of his time in Canada Brik became David Soboloff. In July he obtained a passport in his name.[23]

Brik succeeded in persuading the Centre that there was no realistic possibility of establishing himself as a watchmaker in Montreal, and that he should open a oneman photographic studio instead. While in Montreal, he was instructed to begin making plans for emigration to the United States.[24] Brik, however, proved an even more disastrous choice than Makayev as the potential head of an illegal American residency. Without telling the Centre, in October 1953 he began a passionate affair with the wife of a Canadian soldier living in Kingston, Ontario.[25] In order not to break contact with her, Brik persuaded the Centre that it would be premature for him to move to the United States. Before long he admitted to his lover that he was a Russian spy living under a false identity and tried to persuade her to leave her husband. She refused but begged him to go to the RCMP (Royal Canadian Mounted Police) and make a voluntary confession.[26]

In November 1953 Brik gave in to his lover's pleas and telephoned the RCMP headquarters in Ottawa. Terry Guernsey, the head of the diminutive B (Counter-intelligence) Branch of the RCMP Security Service, decided to run Brik (codenamed GIDEON by B Branch) as a double agent in order to uncover as much as possible about Soviet intelligence operations in Canada. GIDEON proved unusually difficult to run, particularly when his lover broke off their affair, and his drinking ran periodically out of control. On one occasion, after consuming more than a bottle of Old Tom gin, he rang the Montreal *Gazette* and, to the horror of the RCMP officer monitoring his telephone calls, said in a drunken slur, "I'm a Russian spy. Do you want a story?" Like the

Ottawa Journal which had turned away Gouzenko in September 1945, the *Gazette* failed to realize it was being offered the spy story exclusive of the decade and dismissed the caller as a drunk.[27]

Until the summer of 1955 it did not occur to the KGB that the illegal HART (Brik) might now be a double agent. Once it was satisfied that he had successfully established his bogus identity and cover profession in Montreal, the Centre proceeded to the next stage in his development as an illegal resident whose main role would be as an agent controller. Between 1951 and 1953 the Ottawa legal residency, spurred on by Moscow's criticism of its inertia since the defection of Gouzenko, recruited eleven agents (all apparently fairly low-level) with the assistance of the Canadian Communist Party. Five were Communists and most supplied scientific and technological intelligence.[28] By transferring some of the agents to an illegal controller, the Centre hoped to overcome the problems created by the RCMP security service's surveillance of the Ottawa embassy.

By the time the KGB realized that Brik was under RCMP control, it had put him in touch with five agents. Three were male: LISTER, a Toronto Communist of Ukrainian origin born in 1919; LIND, an Irish-Canadian Communist employee of the A. V. Roe aircraft company, also resident in Toronto; and POMOSHCHNIK, the Communist owner of a radio and television sales and service business in Ottawa.[29] The intelligence supplied by LIND included plans for the CF-105 Avro Arrow, then among the most advanced jet fighter aircraft in the world.[30] Brik also knew the identities of EMMA and MARA, two female agents used as “live letterboxes” (LLBs) for communications with the Centre. EMMA, who had been recruited while studying at the Sorbonne in 1951, took the Canadian External Affairs Ministry entrance examination, but was unsuccessful. In 1954 she opened an arts and crafts shop in Quebec. MARA was a French fashion designer, born in 1939, the co-owner of a furniture shop in Paris who was used as an LLB for KGB communications from Canada.[31]

The Centre later concluded that Brik had betrayed all five of the agents with whom he had been put in contact. He was unaware, however, of the identity of Hugh Hambleton, ultimately the most important of the agents recruited by the Ottawa legal residency in the early 1950s. Hambleton had been born in Ottawa in 1922 and had spent some of his childhood in France, where his father was a Canadian press correspondent. During the Second World War he served as an intelligence officer with the Free French in Algiers and, after the Liberation, in Paris, before becoming French liaison officer with the US army’s 103rd Division in Europe. In 1945 he transferred to the Canadian army and spent a year based in Strasbourg analyzing intelligence on occupied Germany, and interrogating prisoners-of-war. Unsurprisingly, the post-war years seemed dull by comparison. “To be important, to have people pay attention to you,” he once said, “that is what counts in life.”[32] The KGB gave him the recognition which he craved.

Hambleton’s KGB file reveals for the first time that he emerged from the war as a committed Communist and was talent-spotted by the Centre’s “Canadian friends.” Harry Baker, one of the Canadian Communist leaders, picked him out at Party meetings and later vouched for his ideological reliability. Another Party member, codenamed SVYASHCHENIK (“Priest”), carried out background checks on him. In 1952 Hambleton was recruited as a Soviet agent by the Ottawa resident, Vladimir Trofimovich Burdin, and given the codename RIMEN (later changed to RADOV). Two years later Hambleton moved to Paris where he began postgraduate research in economics at the Sorbonne. In 1956 he gained a job in the economics directorate of NATO, whose headquarters were then on the outskirts of Paris. Over the next five years Hambleton handed over what his KGB file describes as “a huge quantity of documents,” most of which were assessed by the Centre as “valuable or extremely valuable in content.”[33] Though Brik was unaware of his existence, Hambleton was eventually betrayed twenty years later by another Soviet illegal.[34]

Early in 1955, probably as part of its preparations to transfer Brik to the United States, the Centre made plans to move another illegal resident, codenamed ZHANGO, to Canada. ZHANGO was a 49-year-old Russian, Mikhail Ivanovich Filonenko, who had been given the genuine birth certificate, and had assumed the identity, of Joseph Ivanovich Kulda. Born on July 7, 1914 in Alliance, Ohio, Kulda had emigrated to Czechoslovakia with his parents in 1922. Filonenko's wife, Anna Fyodorovna (codenamed successively MARTA and YELENA), took the identity of Mariya Navotnaya, a Czech born on October 10, 1920 in Manchuria. Anna was Czech on her father's side; before marrying Filonenko she had spent two years in Czechoslovakia perfecting her grasp of the language and improving her legend. Posing as Czechoslovak refugees, the Filonenkos were initially unsuccessful in their applications for Canadian visas, but with the help of the UN Refugees Commission (later the UNHCR) gained entry to Brazil in 1954.[35] In 1955 the Centre made plans to move Filonenko on to join Brik in Canada, where he was to have the new codename HECTOR. Brik duly informed the RCMP of HECTOR's planned arrival.[36]

The KGB was saved in the nick of time from a major intelligence disaster, which, it believed, would have included the arrest and show trial of Filonenko, by a walk-in to the Ottawa residency. On July 21, 1955 a heavily indebted 39-year-old RCMP corporal, James Morrison, who for some years had taken part in surveillance of the Ottawa embassy, got in touch with

Burdin's successor as resident, Nikolai Pavlovich Ostrovsky (codenamed GOLUBEV), and reported that Brik had been "turned" eighteen months earlier. He was acting, he claimed, out of sympathy for the USSR and a desire to prevent a repetition of the Gouzenko affair which had done so much damage to Soviet-Canadian relations ten years earlier. Morrison's request for 5,000 dollars, however, provides a better indication of his motives.[37] Unknown to Ostrovsky, he had already been caught embezzling RCMP funds with which he hoped to pay off the debts caused by his taste for high living. Remarkably, instead of being sacked, Morrison was allowed to refund the money he had stolen. Ironically, he was to use money from the KGB to repay the RCMP.[38]

The Centre initially suspected that the intelligence from Morrison (later code-named FRIEND) was an elaborate "provocation" by the RCMP, but decided to interrogate Brik in Moscow. Fortunately for the KGB, it had already been decided in June that Brik would travel to the Soviet Union for a holiday and reunite with his wife later in the summer.[39] Though understandably nervous at the thought of returning to Moscow, he appears to have been confident of his ability to continue to outwit the KGB.[40] Before leaving Canada, Brik was briefed by Charles Sweeny of the RCMP and Leslie Mitchell, the SIS liaison officer in Washington, and asked to find out what he could about the fate of Burgess and Maclean, as well as to identify as many KGB officers as possible during his visit. They told him that if he needed assistance in Moscow it would be provided by the British SIS, since Canada had no foreign intelligence service. He was given details of one rendezvous point with an SIS officer, the location of two dead letter-boxes and signal sites to indicate when a DLB had been filled. If it became necessary to arrange an escape, SIS would leave in a DLB a short-wave radio, money, a pistol with silencer, false Soviet passports for himself and his wife, the internal travel documents needed to go to the town of Pechenga near the Soviet-Norwegian border and a map showing where to cross the frontier.[41]

The Centre took great care not to arouse Brik's suspicions before his departure. His first stop, arranged in June, was in Brazil, where he was due to meet Filonenko (HECTOR) on August 7. Filonenko was warned not to attend the meeting, but the prearranged rendezvous was kept under KGB observation. When Brik arrived on August 7, the KGB watchers reported that he had two companions, thus providing strong circumstantial evidence that he was now a double agent. Apparently undeterred by Filonenko's failure to meet him, Brik continued to Moscow via Paris and Helsinki. The residents in both capitals were ordered to give him a friendly welcome and discuss with him the travel arrangements for his return to Canada. A KGB strong-arm man was, however, sent to Finland in case Brik had any last-minute doubts about going to Moscow. If necessary, a Soviet agent in the Finnish police agreed to arrange for his expulsion to the Soviet Union.[42]

On August 19, 1955 Brik arrived at Moscow airport and was immediately arrested. He at first denied that he was a double agent, but his file records that he subsequently broke under "pressure" and "told all."[43] His confession confirmed everything reported to the Ottawa residency by James Morrison (FRIEND), who was then paid the 5,000 dollars he had asked for. Morrison volunteered for further payment what the Centre considered "valuable" information about the organization, personnel and operations of the RCMP and, in particular, its security service.[44]

On September 4, 1956, at a closed session of the Military Collegium of the Supreme Court, Brik was sentenced to fifteen years in prison. The fact that he escaped the death penalty was presumably due to his cooperation in what his file describes as "an operational game." Brik was not allowed to meet any member of the SIS station in the Moscow embassy, probably for fear that he would blurt out what had happened to him, but instructed to arrange a rendezvous which he did not keep. By keeping the rendezvous site under surveillance, the KGB was able to identify Daphne (later Baroness) Park, the member of the British embassy who turned up there, as an SIS officer. During the "operational game" Brik was allowed to live at home with his family in order to try to give SIS the impression that he was still at liberty. The KGB discovered, probably by bugging his apartment, that he tried unsuccessfully to persuade his wife to flee abroad.[45]

Morrison continued for three years to work as a Soviet agent. Including the 5,000 dollars he received for betraying Brik, he was paid a total of 14,000 dollars by the KGB. The Centre, however, became increasingly dissatisfied with the quality of the information he supplied. In September 1955 Morrison was posted to Winnipeg as part of a unit investigating drug smuggling from the United States, and lost much of his previous access to RCMP intelligence. His last meeting with a Soviet controller took place on December 7, 1957. Morrison asked for help in paying off a debt of 4,800 dollars. The deputy resident in Ottawa, Rem Sergeevich Krasilnikov (ARTUR), however, paid him only 150 dollars and told him that he would need to arrange a transfer to Ottawa and get better access to RCMP intelligence if he wished to earn more money. Morrison failed to turn up to his next pre-arranged meeting with Krasilnikov and broke off further contact with the KGB. In 1958 the Ottawa residency discovered from press reports that Morrison had been dismissed from the RCMP and given a two-year suspended sentence for fraud.[46]

Though Morrison's warning in 1955 had helped to contain the damage done to KGB operations by Brik's twenty-one months as a double agent, that damage was none the less considerable. The Centre was forced to abandon its plan for a second illegal residency in the United States based on Brik and Filonenko. In addition to betraying five KGB agents, Brik had also identified to the RCMP a number of KGB officers in the Ottawa legal residency, all of whom were withdrawn from Canada.[47]

ANOTHER PLAN BY the Centre to establish a further illegal residency in the United States also collapsed in the mid-1950s. The intended illegal resident was Vladimir Vasilyevich Grinchenko (codenamed RON and KLOD), who had taken the identity of Jan Bechko, the son of a Slovak father and a Ukrainian mother. Since 1948 Grinchenko and his wife, Simona Isaakovna Krimker (codenamed MIRA), had been based in Buenos Aires, where in 1951 they had gained Argentinian citizenship. In 1954 the Centre planned to transfer them to the United States. At the last moment, however, it was discovered that the FBI had obtained Grinchenko’s fingerprints while he was working as an agent on a Soviet ship visiting North America. Grinchenko was hurriedly redeployed to France, where, a few months later, his career as an illegal was ended by what his file describes as “a gross breach of security.” In August 1955 his Argentinian passport, French residence permit, student card and expense account were all stolen from his hotel room in Paris. So was the photograph of, and a letter in Russian from, another KGB illegal codenamed BORIS. Both Grinchenko and BORIS were hurriedly recalled to Moscow.[48]

Though the Centre did not yet realize it, its one established American residency was by now also in trouble. Unlike Makayev (HARRY), Brik (HART) and Grinchenko (KLOD), "Willie" Fisher (MARK), the illegal resident in New York, was a paragon of both self-discipline and ideological dedication.[49] His chief assistant, Reino Hayhanen, however, was to prove even less reliable than Brik.

Hayhanen had taken the identity of a "live double," Eugene Nikolai Maki, who had been born in the United States in 1919 to a Finnish-American father and a New York mother, and at the age of eight had emigrated with his parents to the Finnish-speaking Soviet Republic of Karelia. In 1938 Maki had been arrested on suspicion of espionage but had been released, given the codename DAVID and employed by the Interior Ministry to inform on the families of other Karelian victims of the Terror. In 1949 Maki surrendered his birth certificate to Hayhanen, who spent most of the next three years in Finland taking over Maki's identity with the help of a Finnish Communist, Olavi Åhman, who had been recruited as a Soviet agent in 1939.[50]

On October 20, 1952 Hayhanen, now codenamed VIK, arrived in New York on board the *Queen Mary,* and spent most of the next two years establishing his new identity, collecting his salary from dead letter-boxes in the Bronx and Manhattan and periodically drawing attention to himself by heavy drinking and violent quarrels with his Finnish wife Hannah.[51] The Centre, doubtless unaware of Hayhanen's disorderly behavior, sent him congratulations on his "safe arrival" in a microfilm message hidden inside a hollowed-out nickel. Like Makayev a year or so earlier, Hayhanen mislaid the nickel, which in the summer of 1953 was used, possibly by Hayhanen himself, to buy a newspaper from a Brooklyn newsboy. The newsboy accidentally dropped the nickel in a stairway and was amazed to see it break in two and a minute microfilm drop out. He handed both the coin and the microfilm to the New York police, who passed them on to the FBI. Though it was some years before the number groups in the microfilm message could be decrypted, the fact that they had been typed on a Cyrillic typewriter helped to alert the Bureau to the presence in New York of a Soviet illegal.[52] It is highly unlikely that VIK informed the Centre that the coin and microfilm were missing.

In the summer of 1954 Hayhanen at last began work as Fisher's assistant. One of his first tasks was to deliver a report from a Soviet agent in the United Nations secretariat in New York, a French economist codenamed ORIZO, to a dead letter-box for collection by the New York legal residency. ORIZO's report probably concerned two American nuclear physicists whom he had been instructed to cultivate.[53] The report, however, never arrived.[54] Doubtless alarmed at this breach of security, ORIZO asked to stop working for the KGB, but was ultimately persuaded to carry on.[55]

Though disturbed by the weakness of Hayhanen's tradecraft, Fisher failed to grasp that he was an alcoholic fraudster who posed a serious threat to the future of his residency. During a visit to Bear Mountain Park in the spring of 1955, Fisher and Hayhanen buried 5,000 dollars which Hayhanen was later supposed to deliver to the wife of Morton Sobell, a convicted Soviet spy and member of the Rosenberg spy ring, who had been sentenced to thirty years in jail. Hayhanen later reported, "I located Helen Sobell and gave her the money and told her to spend it carefully." In fact, he kept the 5,000 dollars for himself.[56]

Early in 1956 the police were called to the home of the "Makis" home at Peekskill in Hudson Valley, where they found both Hayhanen and his wife drunk; Hayhanen had a deep knife wound in his leg, which he claimed was the result of an accident. Later that year he was found guilty of drunken driving and had his license suspended. In January 1957 Hayhanen was due to return to Moscow on leave. Initially, he could not bring himself to go, fabricating a series of stories to justify his delay. He first told Fisher that he was being tailed by three men, then claimed that the FBI had taken him off the *Queen Mary,* on which he had booked a passage.The unsuspecting

Fisher told Hayhanen to leave the country as soon as possible to escape FBI surveillance and gave him 200 dollars for his travel expenses. On April 24 Hayhanen set sail aboard *La Liberté* for France. Arriving in Paris on May Day, he made contact with the KGB residency and was given another 200 dollars to complete his journey to Moscow. Four days later, instead of returning to Russia, he entered the American embassy in Paris, announced that he was a KGB officer and began to tell his story.[57]

Though the KGB did not discover the defection until August, it warned Fisher, probably in late May or early June, that Hayhanen had failed to arrive in Moscow, and instructed him as a precaution to leave the United States, using a new set of identity documents. Fisher disobeyed his orders and stayed.[58] He was arrested early on the morning of June 21 while staying in a New York hotel on East 28th Street and flown to the Alien Detention Facility in McAllen, Texas, for questioning.[59] After a few days spent stonewalling his questioners Fisher finally admitted that he was a Russian who had been living under false identities in the United States, and gave as his real name that of a deceased friend and KGB colleague, Rudolf Ivanovich Abel. The Centre, Fisher knew, would realize what had happened as soon as it saw the name Abel on the front pages of the American newspapers.[60]

FISHER'S ARREST MARKED a major strategic defeat for KGB operations against the Main Adversary. The Centre's early Cold War strategy in the United States had been based on the creation of an illegal network which would run major agents such as Hall and Philby, and eventually penetrate the administration to approximately the level achieved during the Great Patriotic War. Fisher's failure, however, appears to have left the KGB without a single illegal residency in the United States. Instead of adopting a more realistic strategy with far more limited aims, the Centre persisted with its plan to revive the era of the Great Illegals and blamed its initial failure on a series of operational errors.

The Centre's investigations of the cases of Makayev (HARRY), Brik (HART) and Hayhanen (VIK) all revealed flaws in the selection of the first generation of Cold War illegals. Hayhanen's file in the KGB archives contains many warning signs which should have been evident well before he was despatched to the United States in 1952. In both the Soviet Union and Finland he had a record for getting into debt and borrowing money, as well as for unusually complicated sexual liaisons. Though already married in the Soviet Union, Hayhanen entered into a bigamous marriage in Finland—without informing the Centre beforehand—with Hannah Kurikka, with whom he later lived in the United States. The report on Hayhanen prepared for the leadership of the KI in 1949, however, glossed over his character weaknesses and insisted that his operational failings would be rectified during training. Mitrokhin noted after reading Hayhanen's file in the KGB archives:

> It was obvious that the KGB wanted to keep VIK in intelligence work no matter what, regardless of signs that he was in trouble, because they did not want to expose any of their operations, because the training of a replacement would be difficult and time-consuming, and because they regretted wasting so much time and money on VIK.[61]

Hayhanen's Russian wife was informed of his defection, divorced him and went back to her maiden name, Moiseyeva. In 1957 the chairman of the KGB received a letter from a woman named M. M. Gridina asking for news of Hayhanen, who, she said, was the father of her 12-year-old son. The KGB was less frank with Gridina than with Moiseyeva. She was told that the KGB had never employed Hayhanen and did not know his whereabouts, but had heard rumors that he had committed a serious crime against the Soviet state and was wanted by the police. Gridina replied that she would tell her son that his father had been killed fighting the Germans during the Great Patriotic War.[62] In fact, Hayhanen died in the United States in 1961. At the time it was alleged that he had been killed in a car accident on the Pennsylvania turnpike; in reality he seems to have died from cirrhosis of the liver.[63]

On November 15, 1957 the 55-year-old "Rudolf Abel" was sentenced to thirty years in jail. His American lawyer, James Donovan, was struck by "Abel's" "uncanny calm" as he listened to what was, in effect, a life sentence: "This cool professional's self-control was just too much for me."[64] "Abel's" wife, Ilya, who had last seen her husband when he returned on leave to Moscow in the summer of 1955, made less attempt to disguise her feelings. She wrote bitterly to the Centre that it was not simply a question of waiting for twenty-five or thirty years but "I do not know if my husband will ever return." For the past seven years she had worked as a harpist in a circus orchestra; however, when she criticized the KGB after her husband was jailed, she was made redundant on the pretext that the orchestra no longer needed a harpist. The Centre rejected Ilya "Abel's" pleas for help in finding another job, but granted her a pension of 51 roubles a month.[65]

At Atlanta Penitentiary, in Georgia, where "Rudolf Abel" had been sent to serve his sentence, he became friends with two other convicted Soviet spies. He played chess with Morton Sobell, whose wife had failed to receive the 5,000 dollars embezzled by Hayhanen.[66] "Abel" also received a number of small favors from Kurt Ponger, an Austrian-born American in the penitentiary's dental section who had been sentenced in 1953 to a term of five to fifteen years' imprisonment for conspiracy to commit espionage while serving in the US army in Austria. Ponger's file in the KGB archives reveals that he had been a Soviet agent since 1936, but that after his arrest the Centre had wrongly concluded that he was a double agent whose arrest had been deliberately staged by the Americans in order to discredit the Soviet Union in Austrian public opinion. "Abel" had no doubt that Ponger was a genuine Soviet agent and later tried to persuade the KGB to give Ponger financial assistance after he was freed in September 1962.[67]

"Abel" served only just over four years of his sentence. On February 10, 1962 he was exchanged on the Glienicker Bridge, which linked West Berlin with Potsdam, for the shot-down American U-2 pilot Gary Powers.[68] The exchange was treated by the KGB as a major operation, codenamed LYUTENTSIA, coordinated by Vladimir Trofimovich Burdin, the former resident in Ottawa. An undercover KGB group was stationed in West Berlin to watch for signs of American military activity in the area of the bridge. On the bridge itself, hidden in the offices of the East German Customs Service, was a KGB armed operational group. Close at hand, but also out of view from the Western side of the bridge, was another armed group which had accompanied Powers from Potsdam for the exchange. At the Soviet checkpoint, a specially trained officer from the 105th Regiment was put in command of a detail of submachine gunners. The East Germans provided a reserve unit of twenty men armed with submachine guns and grenades.[69]

The Centre congratulated itself on the fact that its absurdly large, concealed military presence had gone almost unobserved.[70] “Abel’s” lawyer was more impressed by the fact that the American guard who accompanied his client on to the bridge was “one of the largest men I have ever seen. He must have been six feet seven inches tall and weighed perhaps three hundred pounds.”[71] After the exchange of “Abel” for Powers, the Glienicker Bridge became famous during the Cold War as the “Bridge of Spies.” The KGB file on operation LYUTENTSIA records that its total nonmilitary cost (food, train tickets, hotel bills, various items for “Abel” and his wife and daughter, and a celebration dinner) came to 5,388 marks 90 pfennigs. Walter Ulbricht, the East German leader, did not share the Centre’s satisfaction at the success of the operation. He complained to the Soviet ambassador, Pervukhin, on February 15 that his government had not been adequately informed and that the failure to include East German police among Powers’s escort showed lack of respect for the sovereignty of the German Democratic Republic. Ulbricht followed his verbal protest with a diplomatic note citing other Soviet slights.[72]

In the United States, “Abel’s” paintings and prints became collectors’ items. The Attorney-General, Robert Kennedy, asked the Soviet embassy to find out whether

"Abel" would be willing to give the US government a portrait of his brother, President Kennedy, which he had painted in Atlanta Penitentiary, and allow it to be hung in the White House. The Centre suspected a plot. The proposal to display "Abel's" portrait in the White House was, it believed, a provocation, though it was not certain what exactly it was intended to provoke. Robert Kennedy's request was turned down.[73]

"Abel" received an unpublicized hero's welcome on his return to Moscow, being received in turn by Vladimir Yefimovich Semichastny, chairman of the KGB, Aleksandr Mikhailovich Sakharovsky, head of the KGB First Chief (Foreign Intelligence) Directorate, and General Pyotr Ivashutin, head of the GRU.[74] At Semichastny's prompting, "Abel" wrote to Khrushchev to thank him personally for the supposed part he had taken in securing his release: "... I am especially touched by the fact that, amidst the great variety of your Party and governmental concerns, you found the time to think about me as well."

Though it suited the Centre, for the sake of its own reputation in the Party hierarchy, to portray "Abel's" mission to the United States as an operational triumph by a dedicated Chekist, brought to a premature conclusion only by an act of treachery for which he bore no responsibility, it was well aware that in reality he had achieved nothing of real significance. He had been arrested in 1957 only because he had disobeyed instructions to leave the country after Hayhanen had failed to return to Moscow.[75]

The Centre took advantage of the fact that "Abel" was portrayed in the American media as a master spy of heroic stature. That impression was strengthened by the sympathetic portrayal of him in *Strangers on a Bridge,* an account by his lawyer of his trial, imprisonment and exchange for Powers published in 1964. Donovan made clear that he "admired Rudolf as an individual," and quoted Allen Dulles, Director of Central Intelligence from 1953 to 1961, as telling him, "I wish we had three or four just like him in Moscow right now ..." He ended his book by printing a letter "Abel" had sent him from Moscow, enclosing two rare, sixteenth-century, vellum-bound Latin editions of *Commentaries on the Justinian Code.* "Please accept them," "Abel" wrote, "as a mark of my gratitude for all that you have done for me."[76]

All this was music to the Centre's ears.[77] The myth of the master spy Rudolf Abel replaced the pedestrian reality of Fisher's illegal residency. The inconvenient lack of heroic exploits to celebrate was glossed over by the assurance that, though there were many of them, they remained too secret to celebrate in public.[78] The real "Willie" Fisher, however, became increasingly disillusioned. After his return to Moscow, he was given a chair in a corner of the FCD Illegals Directorate but was denied even a desk of his own. When a friend asked him what he did, he replied disconsolately, "I'm a museum exhibit.”[79]

ELEVEN

THE MAIN ADVERSARY

Part 2: Walk-ins and Legal Residencies in the Early Cold War

The KGB's chief successes against the Main Adversary during the presidencies of Dwight D. Eisenhower (1953-61) and John F. Kennedy (1961-3) derived not from its grand strategy for new illegal residencies, which collapsed for several years after FISHER's arrest, but from a series of walk-ins. The most important was probably a CIA "principal agent" in West Berlin and Germany, Alexsandr ("Sasha") Grigoryevich Kopatzky, alias "Koischwitz" (successively codenamed ERWIN, HERBERT and RICHARD), who had offered himself for recruitment by Soviet intelligence in 1949.[1] Trained by the KGB in secret writing and microphotography, he was paid a total of 40,000 West German and 2,117 East

German marks during the 1950s, as well as being rewarded for his success with several gold watches.[2]

Kopatzky was employed at one of the focal points of American intelligence operations. The CIA's West Berlin station was situated only a few miles from the greatest concentration of Soviet forces anywhere in the world. One of Kopatzky's chief tasks was to find East German women willing to have sex with Soviet soldiers and act as CIA agents. By taking an active part in the station's attempt to recruit Soviet personnel and encourage defections, he was able to find numerous opportunities to sabotage its operations. Among the wealth of intelligence which Kopatzky provided were the identities of more than a hundred American intelligence officers and agents in East Germany; some were arrested while others were turned into double agents. He also assisted a number of KGB operations to "dangle" bogus agents intended to deceive the CIA station. In 1952 he helped to organize the bogus defection of Soviet agent VIKTOR, who was later employed by the Voice of America radio station and supplied what Kopatzky's file terms "valuable information."[3]

After Kopatzky was briefly imprisoned for drunken driving in 1954, his name was changed by the CIA to "Igor Orlov," so that his criminal record would not appear on his application for US citizenship.[4] In 1957, with his cover as a CIA (but not Soviet) agent largely blown in

Berlin, Orlov was taken to Washington with his family and given further operational training by the Agency. He then returned to Europe to take part in various CIA operations in Germany and Austria.[5] In 1960 the CIA at last began to suspect that "Orlov" was working for the KGB. A later damage assessment at the Centre concluded that the extraordinary number of KGB officers who had been in direct contact with him—over twenty during the last decade—might have helped to place him under suspicion.[6] In order to prevent Orlov defecting before the case against him had been established, the CIA promised him a new job with the Agency in Washington, sacked him on his arrival in January 1961 and began an intensive investigation.[7] Orlov made contact with his new Soviet controller, I. P. Sevastyanov, an operations officer at the Washington residency, got a job as a truck driver and heard nothing for several years from either the CIA or the FBI. In 1964 he bought a picture-framing gallery in Alexandria, Virginia, paid for in part, no doubt, by his earnings from the KGB.[8]

By the time he opened his gallery, Orlov may well have felt confident that the case against him could never be proved. His confidence evaporated in the spring of 1965 when the FBI arrived on his doorstep, spent several days searching his home, questioned his wife Eleonore and summoned him to take a polygraph test. Orlov seems to have panicked. Under surveillance and unable to make covert contact with the KGB, he went into the Soviet embassy on 16th Street through a rear door, vainly hoping to enter unobserved.[9] The Washington residency arranged with him an exfiltration plan which was agreed to by Moscow. Encouraged by “Abel’s” star rating as a master spy and his American lawyer’s affectionate memoir of him, the Centre intended to turn the exfiltration into a publicity stunt. It planned a press conference in Moscow at which Orlov would be presented as a Soviet illegal who had performed heroic deeds behind the German lines on the eastern front during the Second World War and later penetrated the CIA. Orlov would then publish his life story, which would be used as an “active measure” to glamorize the KGB and denigrate its Main Adversary.[10]

The plan, however, had to be called off. Orlov’s wife flatly refused to go to Moscow with their two young sons, so he decided to tough it out in Washington.[11] Though the FBI kept the “Orlov” file open, they were never able to prove a case against him. Their investigation, like that of the CIA, however, was based on one false assumption. After his defection in December 1961, KGB Major Anatoli Golitsyn had provided some clues which helped to confirm suspicions about Orlov. Golitsyn correctly said that a Soviet spy whose real surname began with a K had been active in Berlin and West Germany, but wrongly said that his codename, rather than his real name, was SASHA. The CIA and FBI both wrongly concluded that

Aleksandr (“Sasha”) Kopatzky, alias “Igor Orlov,” was agent SASHA.[12] Orlov’s KGB file shows that he was at various stages of his career successively ERWIN, HERBERT and RICHARD, but never SASHA, and that he remained a Soviet agent until a few years before his death in 1982. After a press article in 1978 claimed that Orlov was a Soviet spy, the KGB broke off contact with RICHARD.[13] In 1992, ten years after Orlov’s death, the Gallery Orlov, run by his widow, was still described by a Washington guide as “a hangout for espionage writers.”[14]

West Berlin and West Germany, where Kopatzky (aka Orlov) had first offered his services to the KGB in 1949, were the KGB’s most successful recruiting grounds for disgruntled US military personnel. The most important was probably Robert Lee Johnson, codenamed GEORGE, a disaffected army sergeant and part-time pimp in West Berlin.[15] In 1953 Johnson and his prostitute fiancée, Hedy, crossed into East Berlin and asked for political asylum. The KGB, however, persuaded Johnson to stay in the West, earn a second salary by spying for the Soviet Union and pay off his old scores against the US army. Despite his involvement in prostitution, alcohol abuse and gambling (not to mention espionage), Johnson succeeded in gaining employment as a guard from 1957 to 1959 at missile sites in California and Texas, where he purloined documents, photographs and, on one occasion, a sample of rocket fuel for the KGB.[16]

Johnson's most productive period as a Soviet agent began in 1961 when he was stationed as a guard in the US Armed Forces Courier Centre at Orly Airport, near Paris, one of the main nerve centers in the classified military communications system. Over the next two years he handed over 1,600 pages of top secret documents to his controller. Among them were ciphers and daily key-tables for the Adonis, KW-9 and HW-18 cipher machines; the operational plans of the US armed forces command in Europe; documents on the production of American nuclear weapons; lists and locations of targets in the Soviet Bloc; US intelligence reports on Soviet scientific research, aviation and missile development; and SIGINT evidence on the state of readiness of the East German Air Force. Collectively the documents provided an extraordinary and highly classified insight both into American forces in Europe and into what they knew about the forces of the Warsaw Pact.[17] Johnson was finally arrested in 1964 after a tip-off from the KGB defector Yuri Nosenko.[18]

IN THE UNITED STATES itself the most remarkable KGB walk-ins during the Eisenhower presidency were two employees of the National Security [SIGINT] Agency, 31-year-old Bernon F. Mitchell and 29-year-old William H. Martin. On September 6, 1960, in Moscow's House of Journalists, Mitchell and Martin gave perhaps the most embarrassing press conference in the history of the American intelligence community. The greatest embarrassment was the public revelation that NSA had been decrypting the communications of some of the United States' allies. Among them, said Martin, were "Italy, Turkey, France, Yugoslavia, the United Arab Republic [Egypt and Syria], Indonesia, Uruguay—that's enough to give a general picture, I guess."[19]

Though the defection of the two NSA employees was a spectacular publicity coup, Mitchell's KGB file reveals that it fell some way short of the Centre's expectations.[20] Somewhat surprisingly, Mitchell had been recruited by NSA in 1957 despite admitting to six years of "sexual experimentations" up to the age of nineteen with dogs and chickens. His gifts as a mathematician were presumably thought more important than his farmyard experiences. During Martin's positive vetting, acquaintances variously described him as irresponsible and an insufferable egotist but—like his friend Mitchell—a gifted mathematician. Politically naive and socially inadequate, Mitchell and Martin were seduced by the Soviet propaganda image of the USSR as a state committed to the cause of peace whose progressive social system could offer them the personal fulfillment they had failed to find in the United States.[21]

In December 1959, Mitchell flew from Washington to Mexico City, in defiance of NSA regulations, entered the Soviet embassy and asked for political asylum in the

USSR, giving ideological reasons as the motive for his action.[22] The KGB residency made strenuous attempts to persuade him to stay on inside NSA as a defector-in-place, but without success. Mitchell agreed to a secret meeting with another KGB officer in Washington but maintained his insistence on emigrating to the Soviet Union with Martin. Once there, however, he promised to reveal all he knew about NSA.

On June 25, 1960, at the beginning of three weeks' summer leave, Mitchell and Martin boarded Eastern Airlines flight 307 at Washington National Airport, bound for New Orleans. There, after a brief stopover, they took another flight for Mexico City, stayed the night at the Hotel Virreyes, then caught a Cubana Airlines plane to Havana.[23] In July they were exfiltrated from Cuba to the Soviet Union. KGB codebreakers were disappointed in the amount of detailed knowledge of NSA cryptanalysis possessed by Mitchell and Martin. Their most important intelligence, in the Centre's view, was the reassurance they were able to provide on NSA's lack of success in breaking current high-grade Soviet ciphers.[24] However, the KGB similarly remained unable to decrypt high-grade US cipher systems.[25]

Security was so lax at NSA's Fort Meade headquarters that no attempt was made to track Mitchell and Martin down until eight days after they had been due to return from their three-week vacation. Inside Mitchell's house

NSA security officers found the key to a safe deposit box, which Mitchell had deliberately left for them to find. Inside the box in a nearby bank they found a sealed envelope bearing a request, signed by both Mitchell and Martin, that its contents be made public. The envelope contained a lengthy denunciation of the US government and the evils of capitalism and a bizarre eulogy of life in the Soviet Union, including the claim that its emancipated women were "more desirable as mates."[26]

By decision no. 295 of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, dated August 11, 1960, Mitchell and Martin were given political asylum and monthly allowances of 500 roubles each—about the same as their NSA salaries and well above Soviet salary scales.[27] In the autumn Mitchell was given a job in the Institute of Mathematics at Leningrad University; Martin began doctoral research at the same institute. Both defectors quickly put their beliefs about the desirability of Soviet mates to the test. Mitchell married Galina Vladimirovna Yakovleva, a 30-year-old assistant professor in the piano music department of the Leningrad Conservatory. Martin, who changed his name to Sokolovsky, married a Russian woman whom he met on holiday on the Black Sea.[28]

Within a few years the Centre found both Mitchell and Martin considerably more trouble than they were worth. Predictably, both defectors rapidly became disillusioned with life in the Soviet Union. Martin, whom the Centre regarded as the more impressionable of the two, was gullible enough to believe a tale concocted by the KGB that they had both been sentenced *in absentia* to twenty years' hard labor by a closed session of the US Supreme Court. He was eventually shown a bogus copy of the judgment in order to persuade him to put all thought of returning home out of his mind. Mitchell was more skeptical and by the 1970s appeared determined to leave. As chairman of the KGB, Yuri Andropov gave personal instructions that under no circumstances was either Mitchell or Martin to be allowed to go, for fear of deterring other potential defectors from the West. In a further attempt to deter Martin he was shown an article by Yuri Semyonov in *Izvestia* claiming that American agents had been found in possession of poison ampoules, and was led to believe that these were intended for Mitchell and himself. Mitchell correctly suspected that the story had been fabricated by the KGB. Galina Mitchell was also anxious to leave, but the KGB put pressure on her mother to persuade Galina to change her mind. After their applications for visas had been rebuffed by Australia, New Zealand, Sweden and Switzerland, as well as the United States, the Mitchells told the Soviet authorities on March 29, 1980 that they had given up their attempts to emigrate.[29] But there were persistent reports afterwards that Mitchell was still trying to leave.[30]

FOR MOST OF the Cold War, the Washington and New

York legal residencies had little success in providing the intelligence from inside the federal government which had been so plentiful during the Second World War. Their limitations were clearly exposed during the two years before the most dangerous moment of the Cold War, the Cuban missile crisis of 1962.

The vacuum left by the lack of KGB high-grade political intelligence from the United States was partly filled by dangerous nonsense from elsewhere, some of which reflected the paranoid strain in Soviet analysis. On June 29, 1960 the KGB chairman, Aleksandr Nikolayevich Shelepin, personally delivered to Khrushchev an alarmist assessment of American policy, based on a misinformed report from an unidentified NATO liaison officer with the CIA:

> In the CIA it is known that the leadership of the Pentagon is convinced of the need to initiate a war with the Soviet Union “as soon as possible” ... Right now the USA has the capability to wipe out Soviet missile bases and other military targets with its bomber forces. But over the next little while the defense forces of the Soviet Union will grow ... and the opportunity will disappear ... As a result of these assumptions, the chiefs at the Pentagon are hoping to launch a preventive war against the Soviet Union.

Khrushchev took the warning seriously. Less than a fortnight later he issued a public warning to the Pentagon "not to forget that, as shown at the latest tests, we have rockets which can land in a pre-set square target 13,000 kilometers away."[31]

Moscow followed the presidential elections of 1960 with close attention. Khrushchev regarded the Republican candidate, Richard Nixon, as a McCarthyite friend of the Pentagon hawks, and was anxious that Kennedy should win. The Washington resident, Aleksandr Semyonovich Feklisov (alias "Fomin"), was ordered to "propose diplomatic or propaganda initiatives, or any other measures, to facilitate Kennedy's victory." The residency tried to make contact with Robert Kennedy but was politely rebuffed.[32]

Khrushchev's view of Kennedy changed after the CIA's abortive and absurdly inept attempt to topple Fidel Castro by landing an American-backed "Cuban brigade" at the Bay of Pigs in April 1961. In the immediate aftermath of the Cuban débâcle, Kennedy despairingly asked his special counsel, Theodore Sorensen, "How could I have been so stupid?"[33] The young president, Khrushchev concluded, was unable to control the "dark forces" of American capitalism's military-industrial complex. [34] At a summit meeting with Kennedy at Vienna in June, Khrushchev belligerently demanded an end to the three-power status of Berlin and a German peace treaty by the end of the year. The two superpowers seemed set on a collision course. Kennedy said afterwards to the journalist James Reston:

> I think [Khrushchev] did it because of the Bay of Pigs. I think he thought anyone who was so young and inexperienced as to get in that mess could be taken, and anyone who got into it and didn't see it through had no guts. So he just beat the hell out of me.[35]

On July 29, 1961 Shelepin sent Khrushchev the outline of a new and aggressive global grand strategy against the Main Adversary designed to "create circumstances in different areas of the world which would assist in diverting the attention and forces of the United States and its allies, and would tie them down during the settlement of the question of a German peace treaty and West Berlin's proposal." The first part of the plan was to use national liberation movements around the world to secure an advantage in the East-West struggle and to "activate by the means available to the KGB armed uprisings against pro-Western reactionary governments." At the top of the list for demolition Shelepin placed "reactionary" regimes in the Main Adversary's own backyard in Central America, beginning in Nicaragua where he proposed coordinating a "revolutionary front" in collaboration with the Cubans and the Sandinistas. Shelepin also proposed destabilizing NATO bases in western Europe and a disinformation campaign designed to demoralize the West by persuading it of the growing superiority of Soviet forces. On August 1, with only minor amendments, Shelepin's masterplan was approved as a Central Committee directive.[36] Elements of it, especially the use of national liberation movements in the struggle with the Main Adversary, continued to reappear in Soviet strategy for the next quarter of a century.

During the Kennedy administration, however, the role of the KGB in Washington was less important than that of the GRU. In May 1961 GRU Colonel Georgi Bolshakov, operating under cover as head of the Washington bureau of the Tass news agency, began fortnightly meetings with the Attorney-General, Robert Kennedy. Bolshakov succeeded in persuading Robert Kennedy that, between them, they could short-circuit the ponderous protocol of official diplomacy, "speak straightly and frankly without resorting to the politickers' stock-in-trade propaganda stunts" and set up a direct channel of communication between President Kennedy and First Secretary Khrushchev. Forgetting that he was dealing with an experienced intelligence professional who had been instructed to cultivate him, the President's brother became convinced that "an authentic friendship grew" between him and Bolshakov:

> Any time that he had some message to give to the President (or Khrushchev had) or when the President

> had some message to give to Khrushchev, we went through Georgi Bolshakov ... I met with him about all kinds of things.[37]

Despite Bolshakov’s success, GRU intelligence assessment of American policy was abysmal. In March 1962 it produced two dangerously misinformed reports which served to reinforce the KGB’s earlier warning that the Pentagon was planning a nuclear first strike. The GRU claimed that in the previous June the United States had made the decision to launch a surprise nuclear attack on the Soviet Union in September 1961, but had been deterred at the last moment by Soviet nuclear tests which showed that the USSR’s nuclear arsenal was more powerful than the Pentagon had realized. The woefully inaccurate Soviet intelligence reports of Washington’s plans for thermonuclear warfare coincided with a series of real but farcically inept American attempts to topple or assassinate Moscow’s Cuban ally, Fidel Castro—actions ideally calculated to exacerbate the paranoid strain in Soviet foreign policy.

In March 1962 Castro urged the KGB to set up an operations base in Havana to export revolution across Latin America.[38] Then, in May, Khrushchev decided to construct nuclear missile bases in Cuba—the most dangerous gamble of the Cold War. He was partly motivated by his desire to impress Washington with Soviet nuclear might and so deter it from further (nonexistent) plans for a first strike. At the same time he intended to make a dramatic gesture of support for the Cuban revolution.[39]

The Soviet gamble was taken in the belief that Washington would not detect the presence of the Cuban missile sites until it was too late to do anything about them. That belief was mistaken for two reasons. First, high-altitude U-2 spy planes were able to photograph the construction of the missile bases. Secondly, American intelligence analysts were able to make sense of the confusing U-2 photographs because they possessed plans of missile site construction and other important intelligence secretly supplied by Colonel Oleg Vladimirovich Penkovsky, a spy in the GRU run jointly by the British SIS and the CIA. All the main American intelligence reports on the Cuban bases during the missile crisis were later stamped IRONBARK, a codeword indicating that they had made use of Penkovsky's documents.[40]

As the construction of nuclear missile bases in Cuba began, Bolshakov continued to provide reassurance, probably as part of a deliberate deception strategy, that Khrushchev would never countenance such an aggressive policy. When U-2 spy planes revealed the existence of the bases in mid-October, while they were still in the course of construction, thus beginning the Cuban missile crisis, Robert Kennedy turned on Bolshakov. "I bet you know for certain that you have your missiles in Cuba," he remonstrated. Bolshakov denied it. According to Sorensen, “President Kennedy had come to rely on the Bolshakov channel for direct private information from Khrushchev, and he felt personally deceived. He *was* personally deceived.”[41]

At the moment in the Cold War when the Kremlin most urgently needed good intelligence from Washington, the KGB residency was unable to provide it. During the Second World War Soviet agents had penetrated every major branch of the Roosevelt administration. The Centre had been better informed on some important aspects of American policy (notably the MANHATTAN project) than Roosevelt’s vice-presidents or most members of his cabinets.[42] During the Cuban missile crisis, by contrast, the Washington residency’s sources were limited to agents and contacts in the press corps and foreign embassies (especially those of Argentina and Nicaragua). Some of the intelligence which Feklisov, the resident, sent to Moscow was simply gossip. He had no source capable of penetrating the secret deliberations of EXCOMM, Kennedy’s closest advisers who assembled in the cabinet room on October 16 and met in daily session for the next thirteen days until the crisis was resolved. Aleksandr Sakharovsky, the head of the FCD, wrote dismissively on several of Feklisov’s telegrams at the height of the missile crisis, “This report does not contain any secret information.”[43]

The relative lack of influence of the KGB on Khrushchev's policy during the crisis also reflected the limitations of its chairman. In December 1961 the influential Aleksandr Shelepin had been succeeded as chairman by his less able protégé, Vladimir Semichastny, who knew so little about intelligence and was so unattracted by the post offered to him that he accepted it only under pressure from Khrushchev. Khrushchev made clear that his main reason for appointing Semichastny was to ensure the political loyalty of the KGB rather than to benefit from his advice on foreign policy. There is no sign in any of the files noted by Mitrokhin that Semichastny ever followed Shelepin's example of submitting to Khrushchev ambitious grand strategies for combating the Main Adversary. During the missile crisis Semichastny had not a single meeting with Khrushchev and was never invited to attend meetings of the Presidium (an enlarged Politburo which for the previous decade had been the main policy-making body).

Nor did Khrushchev ever ask for, or receive from, the KGB any assessment of the likely American response to the placing of nuclear missile bases in Cuba.[44] As foreign intelligence chief, Sakharovsky seems to have had little insight into American policy-making. Though apparently a competent bureaucrat in the Soviet mold, his first-hand experience of the outside world was limited to Romania and other parts of eastern Europe. His melancholy expression was probably, as one of his subordinates has written, “due to the enormous pressures of the job.”[45] Among the pressures was the need to conform to the highest standards of political correctness. The FCD rarely submitted assessments save at the specific request of the Foreign Ministry, the International Department of the Central Committee or the Presidium. Most of what it termed its “analyses” were, in reality, little more than digests of information on particular topics which generally avoided arriving at conclusions for fear that these might conflict with the opinions of higher authority. The supreme authority during the missile crisis was Khrushchev himself rather than the Presidium. To a remarkable degree he both determined Soviet policy and, like Stalin before him, acted as his own chief intelligence analyst.[46]

Intelligence did, however, have some influence on Khrushchev’s policy during the final stages of the crisis. On October 25 he indicated to the Presidium that, in order to resolve the crisis, it might ultimately be necessary to dismantle the missile bases in return for a US guarantee not to invade Cuba. Khrushchev, however, was not yet ready to make such a proposal. He changed his mind during the night of October 25-6 after a GRU report that US Strategic Air Command had been placed on nuclear alert. Hitherto he had hoped to save face by obtaining the removal of US missile bases in Turkey in return for stopping the construction of Soviet missile sites in Cuba. On the morning of October 26, however, wrongly fearing that an American invasion of Cuba might be imminent, he dictated a rambling and emotional plea for peace to Kennedy which asked for a US guarantee of Cuban territorial integrity but made no mention of the Turkish missile bases. Within twenty-four hours, Khrushchev had changed his mind. On October 27, having concluded that an American invasion was not imminent after all, he sent another letter insisting that the Turkish bases must be part of the deal.[47]

Shortly after Khrushchev had sent his second letter, Soviet air defense in Cuba, apparently as a result of a failure in the chain of command, shot down an American U-2 spy plane over Cuba, killing the pilot. Khrushchev panicked. Reports that Kennedy was to make a speech on national television at noon on October 28 wrongly persuaded him that the President might be about to announce an invasion of Cuba. Khrushchev gave in and accepted Kennedy's terms: a unilateral withdrawal of "all Soviet offensive arms" from Cuba. To make sure his message reached Kennedy in time, he ordered it to be broadcast over Radio Moscow.[48]

THE HUMILIATION OF the Soviet climbdown at the end of the missile crisis, which led two years later to Khrushchev's overthrow in a Kremlin palace coup, was strengthened in the Centre by the discovery of a series of penetrations by, and defections to, the CIA. In December 1961 a KGB officer, Major Anatoli Mikhailovich

Golitsyn, walked into the American embassy in Helsinki and was exfiltrated to the United States. In September 1962 the KGB arrested GRU Colonel Oleg Penkovsky, who for the past eighteen months had been providing high-grade intelligence to the British and Americans.[49]

The damage report on Golitsyn produced the usual stereotyped denunciation of his motives. Since it was impossible to criticize either the KGB or the Soviet system, it followed that the basic cause of all defections was the moral failings of the defectors themselves—in particular, "the virus of careerism" unscrupulously exploited by Western intelligence services:

> The treason of Golitsyn, an ambitious and vain man, provides a typical example of a person representing the tribe of careerists. In the mid-1950s he reacted painfully to a demotion in his position: he could not tolerate having his mistakes and blunders pointed out and commented on. Emphasizing his exceptional qualities, he said that only bad luck had prevented him from becoming a highly successful senior officer during the Stalin period. [Late in 1961] Golitsyn made persistent attempts to learn the contents of the evaluation written on him for Moscow, which was negative. The [Helsinki] Residency believes that he succeeded in learning its essence and, knowing from the experience of others that he could expect a serious talk in the personnel

> department and a demotion in rank, he defected to the United States.[50]

Like all defectors, Golitsyn was given an insulting codename—in his case, GOR-BATY ("Hunchback").[51] Measures taken to discredit him included the arrest of a Soviet smuggler (codenamed MUSTAFA), who was persuaded to implicate Golitsyn in contraband operations across the Finnish border. An article in the newspaper *Sovetskaya Rossiya* on September 27, 1962 condemned Golitsyn's (fictitious) involvement with smugglers.[52]

Despite the Centre's attempt to belittle Golitsyn, the damage assessment after his defection concluded that he had been able to betray a wide range of intelligence to the CIA on the operations of most of the "Lines" (departments) at the Helsinki and other residencies, as well as KGB methods of recruiting and running agents.[53] Between January 4 and February 16, 1962 the Centre sent instructions to fifty-four residents on the action required to limit the damage to current operations. For the time being, all meetings with important agents were to be suspended and contact limited to "impersonal means" such as dead letter-boxes.[54]

As well as providing important intelligence on KGB methods and leads to a number of Soviet agents, however, Golitsyn also confused the CIA with a series of increasingly extravagant conspiracy theories. He persuaded the head of the CIA counter-intelligence staff, James Angleton, that the KGB was engaged in a gigantic global deception, and that even the Sino-Soviet split was a charade to deceive the West. Golitsyn was later to maintain that the Prague Spring in Czechoslovakia was also a KGB description.[55] It did not occur to the Centre that Golitsyn's defection, by infecting a small but troublesome minority of CIA officers with his own paranoid tendencies, would ultimately do the Agency more harm than good.

In November 1963 Aleksandr Nikolayevich Cherepanov of the KGB Second Chief Directorate (internal security and counter-intelligence), sent the American embassy in Moscow a packet of highly classified papers dealing with the surveillance and entrapment of diplomats and other foreigners in Russia, together with a note offering his services to the CIA. In the ambassador's absence, the deputy head of mission feared that the documents were part of a KGB provocation. Though the head of the CIA station was allowed to photograph the documents, the originals, despite his protests, were returned to the Russians. Cherepanov fled from Moscow but was arrested by KGB border guards on the frontier with Turkestan on December 17, 1963. He admitted during interrogation that the operational secrets he had revealed to the Americans included the use of "spy dust" (*metka*), special chemicals applied to suspects' shoes to facilitate tracking.

Cherepanov was sentenced to death at a secret trial in April 1964. The Centre's damage assessment of the case concluded:

> It is not possible to determine why the Americans betrayed Cherepanov. Either they suspected that his action was a KGB provocation or they wanted to burden the KGB with a lengthy search for the person who had sent the package to the embassy.[56]

Though the CIA was not responsible for Cherepanov's betrayal, it was shortly to make another, even more serious error. In February 1964 Yuri Ivanovich Nosenko, a KGB officer serving on the Soviet disarmament delegation in Geneva, who had begun working for the Agency in June 1962, defected to the United States. Nosenko's CIA debriefers, however, wrongly concluded that he was a KGB plant.[57]

Unaware of the CIA's horrendous misjudgement, the Centre regarded Nosenko's defection as a serious setback. Its damage assessment began with the usual character assassination, claiming that Nosenko (henceforth codenamed IDOL), had been infected—like Golitsyn—with the "virus of careerism:"

> Nosenko, who lusted for power, did not hide his ambitions and obtained a high position. The leadership of Department 1 at Headquarters will not

> forget Nosenko's hysterical reaction when he was informed of their plans to promote him from deputy chief to chief of section [*otdeleniye*]. "The chief of the directorate has promised that I will replace the head of the department [*otdel*]," he shouted shamelessly. The characteristics of careerism were evident in many curious facets of his life. When he became the deputy chief of another department, Nosenko was ashamed of his rank [KGB captain], which was below that normally associated with his position. He would return unsigned any documents with "Captain" on them, and would only sign documents on which his perceptive subordinates had not indicated his rank.[58]

Throughout the Cold War, the KGB had much greater success in collecting scientific and technological intelligence (S&T) on the Main Adversary than penetrating the federal government. In 1963 the S&T department of the FCD was given enhanced status as Directorate T.[59] Most of its tasking came from the Military—Industrial Commission (VPK), which was responsible for overseeing weapons production,[60] and was obsessed with American armaments and advanced technology—almost to the exclusion of the rest of the world. In the early 1960s over 90 percent of VPK requirements concerned the Main Adversary.[61]

Among the American S&T obtained by the KGB during these years was intelligence on aircraft and rocket technology, turbojet engines (from a source in General Electric), the Phantom jet fighter, nuclear research, computers, transistors, radio electronics, chemical engineering and metallurgy.[62] S&T agents in the United States identified in Mitrokin's notes (though with few details of their accomplishments) include: STARIK and BOR (or BORG), who worked as research scientists for the US air force; URBAN, identified by Mitrokhin as a department head at Kellogg (probably the M. W. Kellogg Technology Company in Houston), who had served as an agent since 1940;[63] BERG, a senior engineer probably employed by Sperry-Rand (UNIVAC);[64] VIL, who worked for the chemical manufacturers Union Carbide; FELKE, an agent in Du Pont de Nemours, the chemical, biomedical and petroleum conglomerate; USACH, of the Brookhaven National Laboratory at Upton, New York, which carried out government research on nuclear energy, high-energy physics and electronics; and NORTON of RCA, which manufactured electronic, telecommunications and defense equipment.[65]

During the Cold War, unlike the Second World War, the dwindling band of American Communists and fellow travelers rarely had access to the S&T sought by the KGB. Most S&T agents recruited in the United States seem to have spied for money. Two such mercenary spies were caught by the FBI during the mid-1960s: John Butenko, who worked for an ITT subsidiary which did classified work for Strategic Air Command, and Colonel William Whalen, who provided intelligence on missiles and atomic weapons.[66] In 1963 the New York residency supplied 114 classified S&T documents, totaling 7,967 pages, and 30,131 unclassified documents, totaling 181,454 pages, as well as 71 "samples" of state-of-the-art technology and other items. Washington sent the Centre 37 classified documents (3,944 pages) and 1,408 unclassified documents (34,506 pages).[67]

Some of the best American S&T, however, came from residencies outside the United States. Possibly the most important was in the field of computer technology, where the Soviet Union had fallen far behind the West. The experimental Soviet BESM-1, produced in 1953, was judged by a Western expert to be "a respectable computer" for its time, with a capability superior to that of the UNIVAC-1 introduced in 1951. The BESM-2, however, which went into production in 1959, was only a third as fast as the IBM-7094, introduced in 1955, and one-sixteenth as fast as the IBM-7090 of 1959. Because of the embargo on the export of advanced technology to the Soviet Union maintained by COCOM (the embargo coordinating committee of NATO members and Japan), the computers legally imported from the West were barely more powerful than their Soviet counterparts.[68] During the 1960s the attempt to catch up with Western computer technology was based largely on espionage.

The KGB's main source of computer S&T was, almost certainly, IBM, which manufactured over half the computers in use around the world in the mid-1960s. Within IBM, the most important KGB agent identified in Mitrokhin's notes was ALVAR, a naturalized French citizen born in Tsarist Russia, whose motives—unlike most Americans in the S&T network—may well have been ideological. Probably the KGB's longest-serving Line X agent, ALVAR had been recruited by the NKVD in 1935. By the 1950s he held a senior post at IBM's European headquarters in Paris, and in 1958 was awarded the Order of the Red Banner for his work as a Soviet agent. ALVAR carried on working for the KGB until his retirement in the late 1970s, when he was awarded a Soviet pension of 300 dollars a month in addition to his company pension—a certain sign of the Centre's appreciation of him.[69]

In the early 1960s the Paris residency supplied intelligence on American transistor manufacture which, according to KGB files, both improved the quality of Soviet transistors and brought forward the start of mass production by one and a half years. It also provided S&T on computer networking systems which were later imitated by the Soviet defense ministry.[70] The most likely source of the intelligence on both transistor production and computer networks was ALVAR. From 1964, however, the Paris residency also had an agent, codenamed KLOD, in Texas Instruments.[71]

Among other agents who provided technology and S&T from IBM was a Nordic national, codenamed KHONG. From 1960 to 1966 KHONG worked for a European affiliate of IBM, and purchased embargoed materials and samples worth 124,000 dollars, which he passed on to the KGB. In both 1961 and 1962 he was questioned by the local US embassy on the reasons for his purchases, but appears to have satisfied the embassy on both occasions. KHONG's motives, unlike ALVAR's, seem to have been mainly financial. He was initially paid 10 percent commission, subsequently raised to 15 percent, on his purchases from IBM. KHONG later worked for the United Nations in a number of countries. The fact that he had a total of twelve controllers during his career as a Soviet agent is evidence that the Centre considered him an important source. By the time contact with him ceased in 1982, a year after his retirement, the KGB had held about 150 meetings with him.[72]

The Soviet Union often found it more difficult to use than to collect the remarkable S&T which it collected from American businesses, most of them defense contractors. In 1965 the Politburo criticized the fact that there was a time lag of two to three years before Soviet industry began exploiting S&T.[73] Even the computer technology stolen by the KGB did no more than, at best, stabilize the striking gap between East and West.[74] The gap was not to be explained by any lack of expertise among Soviet scientists and mathematicians. As one Canadian expert wrote in 1968, “Westerners who know Soviet computer scientists can testify to their competence and their thorough knowledge of the field.”[75] The continued backwardness of the Soviet computer industry, despite the expertise of Soviet scientists and the remarkable S&T obtained by the KGB, reflected the cumbersome inefficiency of the Soviet command economy, in which technological innovation had to run the gauntlet of a complex and unresponsive state bureaucracy.

Rather than accept any share of responsibility for the failure to make efficient use of much of the S&T acquired from the West, the VPK chairman, L. V. Smirnov, blamed the KGB for not obtaining enough of it. In a letter to the KGB chairman, Semichastny, in April 1965, Smirnov complained that over 50 percent of the top priority S&T tasks assigned to the KGB between two and four years earlier had still not been fulfilled. Semichastny replied that steps had been taken to improve the KGB’s ability to meet its assignments, but criticized the VPK for underestimating the current difficulty of collecting S&T from American targets. Since some of the same scientific and technological developments were taking place in Britain, France, Japan and West Germany, the VPK should pay greater attention to targets in these countries.

[76] In the following year groups of Line X officers operating against American targets were stationed in residencies in Argentina, Australia, Brazil, Denmark, Finland, India, Israel, Lebanon, Mexico, Morocco, Norway, Switzerland, Turkey, the United Arab Republic and a number of other Third World countries.[77]

Despite Smirnov's criticisms, the KGB's performance in S&T collection was, on balance, a success story. As Smirnov himself acknowledged, the FCD fulfilled almost half of the VPK's demanding tasks against the Main Adversary with a few years at most. Measured against the spectacular successes of twenty years earlier, however, when the Centre had received the plans of the atomic bomb—the world's greatest scientific secret—from two different agents and important nuclear intelligence from several more, even the successes of the early 1960s were bound to seem somewhat disappointing. The decline was irreversible. Most of the Soviet spies who penetrated every major branch of the Roosevelt administration had been ideological agents, seduced by the myth-image of Stalin's Russia as the world's first worker-peasant state, pointing the way to a new Socialist society. During the early Cold War, even among American radicals, the vision faded. Most of the successors to the wartime ideological moles were mercenary walk-ins and corrupt employees of defense contractors willing to sell their companies' secrets.

Though the KGB could not bring itself to accept it, the golden age of the high-flying American ideological agent had gone, never to return.

APPENDIX

SOME FAVORITE KGB *YAVKAS* (MEETING PLACES) IN THE 1960'S

Baltimore: by the Clayton men's clothing store on North Avenue.
Boston: the music hall; by the State Hilton Hotel.
Chicago: the Chicago Institute of Fine Arts buildings; by the movie theater on State Street; by the Lake State movie theater; and by the men's tie store on Randolph Street.
Cleveland: by the Khipp movie theater.
Indianapolis: by the notice board on Market Street.
Los Angeles: by the newspaper stand "Out of Town Papers" on Las Palmas Avenue; by the entrance to the movie theaters Viltern and Star Theater; by the display windows on Hollywood Boulevard, the furniture store MacMahon Brasses; near the entrance to the Hotel Roosevelt.
Newark: by the Newark train station, on the bench by the monument to Sergeant Donan A. Bazilone.
New Haven: by the Taft Hotel; by the Sherman movie theater.
New York (Bronx)**:** by the David Marcus movie theater;

by the restaurant Savarin; by the display windows of the store Wilma's Party Center; under the awning of the Middletown Inn Restaurant at 3188 Middletown Road.

Philadelphia: by the Randolph and Stanton movie theaters; by the Silvanna Hotel.

Portland: by the parking lot on the main street; by the Parker movie theater.

Rochester: by the Randolph movie theater.

Sacramento: by the Tower movie theater, and near the advertisements at the café Camilia Lodge.

St. Paul: by the display windows of the St. Paul Hotel; by the Strand movie theater.

San Francisco: by the Metro movie theater on Union Street; by Fosters Restaurant, Simms Café, and Comptons Café (in the downtown area); the Canterbury Hotel.

Seattle: by the movie theater Orpheum Cinema on Fifth Avenue; by the City Motel on Queen Anne Avenue.

Syracuse: by the Cates movie theater.

Union City, New Jersey: by the A&P supermarket.

Washington area: the telephone booth by the entrance to the Hot Shoppes Restaurant in the center of Hyattsville, a Washington suburb; by the entrance to the grocery store in the Aspen Hill Shopping Center on Georgia Avenue in Maryland, six miles north of Washington.

TWELVE

THE MAIN ADVERSARY

Part 3: Illegals after "Abel"

In 1966 the lack of high-grade political intelligence from the United States led the KGB Collegium, a senior advisory body headed by the Chairman, to call for a major improvement in intelligence operations against the Main Adversary. The chief method by which it proposed to achieve this improvement, however, was one which had already been attempted unsuccessfully during the 1950s: the creation over the next few years of a network of illegal residencies which would take over the main burden of intelligence operations from the legal residencies in New York, Washington and San Francisco.[1]

Not until six years after the arrest of "Rudolf Abel" in 1957 did the KGB succeed in establishing another illegal residency on the territory of the Main Adversary. Though there were brief missions to or through the United States by a number of illegals, the first to have taken up residence who is recorded in the files noted by Mitrokhin was KONOV, a Muscovite of Greek origin born in 1912, who took the identity of Gerhard Max Kohler, a Sudeten German born in Reichenberg (now part of the Czech Republic) in 1917. KONOV was a war veteran and radio specialist who worked as head of a laboratory in Leningrad until his recruitment by the KGB in April 1955. He spent the next four years in East Germany, working as an engineer, establishing his German cover identity and studying both his next destination, West Germany, and his ultimate target, the United States. The KGB, which specialized in arranged marriages for its illegals, found him a German wife and assistant previously employed by the Stasi, codenamed EMMA, who took the identity of Erna Helga Maria Decker, born on September 2, 1928 near Breslau (now in Poland).[2]

In October 1959, posing as East German refugees, KONOV and EMMA crossed to the FRG, where KONOV found work as a radio engineer. In 1962 he began corresponding with American radio and electronics companies and obtained several job offers. After visiting the United States as a tourist, he accepted employment in a company which in 1963 enabled EMMA and himself to obtain immigrant visas. KONOV seems to have been the first post-war illegal sent to the United States to concentrate on scientific and technological intelligence

(S&T). Specializing in electronic measuring devices, he took part in a number of international exhibitions and—according to his file—made several inventions. KONOV's S&T was so highly rated by the Centre that it won him two KGB awards. On June 20, 1970, after living for seven years in the United States as Gerhard and Erna Kohler, KONOV and EMMA became American citizens, swearing their oaths of allegiance in Newark Courthouse.[3]

By the time KONOV entered the United States in 1963, two other KGB illegals were already established in Canada, both intended by the Centre for subsequent transfer to the Main Adversary. Nikolai Nikolayevich Bitnov (codenamed ALBERT) had arrived in Canada in 1961. The basis of the legend painstakingly constructed for Bitnov was a fabricated version of the life history of Leopold Lambert Delbrouck, who had been born in Belgium in 1899, emigrated to Russia with his family at the age of eight and died there in 1946. In the fictitious version of Delbrouck's career constructed by the Centre, however, Delbrouck had married a Romanian woman, set up home in Gleiwitz in Germany (now Gliwice in Poland) and then moved to Romania, where he died in 1931. While in Gleiwitz, the couple had supposedly had a son, Jean Leopold Delbrouck, whose identity Bitnov assumed. Bitnov's wife, Nina (codenamed GERA), took over the identity of a "dead double," Yanina Batarovskaya, who had been born in France in 1928 and died in Lithuania in

1956.[4]

Early in 1956, now age thirty, Bitnov moved with his wife to Romania to establish his legend with the help of the Romanian intelligence service, the DGSP. In April 1957, using identity documents forged by the Centre, they succeeded in obtaining passports from the Belgian diplomatic mission in Bucharest.[5] Six months later, they moved to Geneva so that Bitnov could enroll in a business school and learn how to operate as a businessman in the West. From late 1958 to the summer of 1961 the couple lived in Liège, establishing Belgian identities and obtaining new passports which, unlike those issued in Bucharest, made no reference to their residence in Romania and were thus less likely to arouse suspicion in North America. In July 1960, the Bitnovs emigrated to Canada.[6]

The Centre probably intended that Bitnov should move on after a few years to the territory of the Main Adversary. Initially, however, he was ordered, like Brik (HART) a decade earlier, to establish himself under business cover in Canada. Despite his course in Geneva, however, Bitnov proved a hopeless businessman. First, he invested 2,000 dollars of KGB funds in a business which bought up land with mineral rights and sold them to mining companies. After two years the company went bankrupt. Then Bitnov spent 2,000 dollars purchasing a directorship in a car dealership which went into liquidation only two months later. Unwilling to pour good money after bad into any more of his investment schemes, the Centre ordered him to look for paid employment. After a period on unemployment benefits, Bitnov found a poorly paid job as a bookkeeper which, he complained, left him little or no time for intelligence work. Having achieved nothing of any significance as an illegal, he was recalled to Moscow in 1969.[7] The following year, he was given a pension and sent into early retirement at the age of only forty-five.[8] The fact that the Centre persevered with Bitnov for so long was further evidence of the strength of its determination to establish a network of illegal residencies in North America.

Bitnov was unaware that in February 1962, only seven months after his own arrival in Canada, another illegal, codenamed DOUGLAS, had landed with his wife and four-year-old son at Montreal airport. DOUGLAS was Dalibar Valoushek, a 33-year-old Czech border guard recruited by the KGB with the assistance of its Czechoslovak counterpart, the StB.[9] He took the identity of a Sudeten German, Rudolf Albert Herrmann, who had died in the Soviet Union during the Second World War. According to Valoushek's legend, Herrmann had survived the war and made his home in East Germany, then taken refuge in the West to escape the Communist regime. His wife, Inga (codenamed GERDA), a Sudeten German whose family had moved to the GDR, took the identity of

Ingalore Noerke, a “dead double” who had been killed during the wartime bombing of Stettin. At the end of 1957 the Valousheks fled to the West, loudly proclaiming their hatred of the East German regime. They spent the next four years strengthening their legends as anti-Communist refugees while Valoushek learned how to run a small business.[10]

Once in Canada, Valoushek proved a much better businessman than Bitnov—though not quite as successful as published accounts of his career (which do not give his real identity) have suggested. Soon after his arrival in Canada he bought Harold’s Famous Delicatessen in downtown Toronto, which he and Inga, as “Rudi” and “Inga Herrmann” made a popular rendezvous for staff from the nearby studios of the Canadian Broadcasting Company. After two years Valoushek sold the delicatessen, got a job as a CBC sound engineer and took courses in film-making. His first major assignment was on a film advertising campaign for the Liberal Party. By the mid-1960s he had a reputation as a popular and successful film-maker. At the 1967 Liberal convention, which elected Pierre Trudeau as party leader, Trudeau leaned off the stage and playfully popped grapes into “Rudi Herrmann’s” mouth.[11] Though Valoushek’s business appeared prosperous, however, his KGB file reveals that the Centre had to provide 10,000 dollars to cover trading losses.[12]

In 1967 Valoushek became the controller of the KGB's most important Canadian agent, Hugh Hambleton (RADOV).[13] After losing his job at NATO on security grounds in 1961 (though without any charges being brought against him), Hambleton had spent the next three years taking a PhD at the London School of Economics, returning to Canada in 1967 to become a professor in the economics department at Laval University in Quebec. Once back in Quebec, Hambleton's contact with the KGB dwindled. He met an officer from the legal residency three times in Ottawa, on each occasion talking to him in a car parked near the main post office. Hambleton, however, disliked his new controller, who tried unsuccessfully to persuade him to apply for a job in External Affairs. After an interval during which Hambleton failed to turn up for meetings in Ottawa, Valoushek was sent to Quebec to renew contact with him. During a congenial dinner at the Cháteau Frontenac overlooking the Saint Lawrence river, the two men established a mutual rapport and Hambleton agreed to resume his career as a Soviet agent.[14] Over the next few years, he traveled to a great variety of destinations, combining research on academic projects with work for the KGB. He remained in touch with Valoushek until 1975, meeting him in Trinidad and Haiti, as well as Canada and the United States. But Hambleton's travels were so far flung that it required a considerable number of

KGB officers to maintain contact with him.[15]

In 1968, a year after becoming Canadian citizens, Valoushek and his family were transferred to the United States to found a new illegal residency in the New York area. His first KGB contact was IVANOVA, a young Russian woman who, having formerly worked as an agent of the KGB Second Chief Directorate inside the Soviet Union, had been allowed (perhaps even encouraged) to marry an American visitor and had moved to the United States. IVANOVA gave Valoushek 15,000 dollars to establish himself and had several further secret meetings with him to pass on instructions from the Centre and letters from his Czech relatives.[16] With the funds provided by IVANOVA, Valoushek made a 12,000 dollar downpayment on a secluded house fifteen miles north of New York, in Hartsdale,[17] joined the New York Press Club and began work as a freelance cameraman and commercial photographer. His first major assignment from the KGB was to penetrate the Hudson Institute, a leading New York think tank. The Centre had been excited by a report from Hambleton giving information on the Institute's members and believed it to be a major potential source of intelligence on American global strategy and defense policy.[18]

IN MAY 1962, three months after Valoushek's arrival, BOGUN, another Soviet illegal, had landed in Canada.

The Centre intended that, after establishing himself in Canada, BOGUN, like DOUGLAS, should transfer to the territory of the Main Adversary. BOGUN was Gennadi Petrovich Blyablin, a 38-year-old Muscovite who had taken the identity of Peter Carl Fisher, born in Sofia in 1929 of a German father and Bulgarian mother. Like Valoushek, he perfected his German legend by living in East Germany, then moved to the West in 1959, posing as a refugee. The Centre allowed him three years to settle, legalize his status and find work in West Germany before sending him to Canada. On March 9, 1961 Blyablin married his KGBAPPROVED partner, LENA, in Hanover. In December they obtained their West German passports before setting off for Canada five months later.[19]

While Valoushek found cover as a film-maker, Blyablin established himself as a freelance press photographer—a profession which provided numerous opportunities and pretexts for traveling around Canada and further afield. In February 1965, following the Centre's instructions, Blyablin and his wife moved to the United States on immigrant visas. His main task over the next three years was photographing and providing intelligence on major military, scientific and industrial targets around the United States.[20]

In 1968, however, Blyablin attracted the attention of the FBI during his investigation of major targets in the United States and had to be hurriedly recalled, together with his wife, to Moscow.[21] It was later discovered that some of his correspondence with the Centre, routed via agent SKIF, had been intercepted. SKIF was Karo Huseinjyan, an ethnic Armenian born in Cyprus in 1919 was Karo Huseinjyan, an ethnic Armenian born in Cyprus in 1919 who owned a jewelry shop in Beirut and provided a forwarding service for a number of illegals. A Centre investigation disclosed that letters from Blyablin, dated April 7 and July 27, 1968, sent via Huseinjyan, had been steamed open.[22]

A year before Blyablin's sudden recall, RYBAKOV, another Soviet illegal, had arrived in the United States. RYBAKOV was Anatoli Ivanovich Rudenko, whose early career was strikingly similar to Blyablin's. Like Blyablin, Rudenko was a Muscovite born in 1924 who had assumed a bogus German identity, spent several years in East Germany working on his legend and then moved to the West. Rudenko was given the identity documents of Heinz Walter August Feder, born in Kalisch on November 6, 1927.[23] While in East Germany he had trained as a piano tuner and repairer. After crossing to West Germany in April 1961, posing as a refugee from Communism, he found a job with the world-famous piano manufacturers Steinway in Hamburg. Though Rudenko was told that his ultimate destination was the United States, in 1964 he was sent to work with a musical instrument company in London, probably in order to accustom him to an English-speaking environment.[24]

Rudenko's period in London almost ended in disaster. Once, while returning from Brussels, where he had received his maintenance allowance from a KGB operations officer, he was stopped at Heathrow and 500 pounds were found on him which he had failed to declare. Rudenko was fortunate to find a sympathetic customs officer. The money, he pleaded, was his life savings, the product of many sacrifices over the years. He was allowed to keep the 500 pounds and no action was taken against him.

In 1966 he went to New York on a tourist visa and visited the Manhattan showrooms of Steinway & Sons on West 57th Street, who offered Rudenko a job with a salary of 80 dollars a week. With Steinway's assistance, he gained a work permit and traveled to the United States on his German passport in July 1967. In New York Rudenko became piano tuner to a series of celebrities—among them Nelson Rockefeller, Governor of New York, unsuccessful candidate for the Republican nomination in 1964 and future vice-president of the United States.[25] Rockefeller was regarded in Moscow as the "patron" of Henry Kissinger, who in January 1969 became President Nixon's National Security Adviser (and later Secretary of State).[26] While professor at Harvard during the 1960s, Kissinger had served as Nelson's paid part-time adviser and speechwriter, receiving a severance pay gift of 50,000 dollars when he joined the Nixon administration. “He has a second-rate mind but a first-rate intuition about people,” Kissinger once said of Rockefeller. “I have a first-rate mind but a third-rate intuition about people.”[27]

To the Centre it must have seemed that Rudenko had penetrated one of the innermost sanctums of the capitalist system, which the Rockefeller family had seemed to epitomize for three generations. Nelson’s second wife, “Happy,” said of him in the mid-1960s, “He believed he could have it all. He always had.” The six square miles of Nelson’s Westchester estate were one of the world’s most valuable properties and contained some of the most spectacular art treasures in any private collection. Theodore White once offered to exchange his Manhattan townhouse on East 64th Street for a single Tong Dynasty horse from the Westchester collection.[28] Though Rudenko’s occasional visits to Westchester impressed the Centre, however, they achieved nothing of significance.

Penetrating the houses of the great and good appears to have become almost an end in itself for Rudenko, even though his access to some of new York’s most distinguished pianos failed to give him any intelligence access. Among the well-known musicians whose pianos he tuned was the world’s most famous pianist, the Russian-born Vladimir Horowitz, who for the past twenty years had lived on East 94th Street near Central Park. In 1965, after a twelve-year hiatus caused by a mixture of psychiatric problems and colitis attacks, Horowitz had returned to the concert platform at the age of sixty-two, becoming, with Luciano Pavarotti, one of the two most highly paid classical musicians in the world. The recital instrument which he chose for his comeback was the Steinway concert grand numbered CD 186, which had to be tuned to an exact 440-A with a key pressure of 45 grams instead of the usual 48 to 52.[29]

Overimpressed by Rudenko's access to the pianos of new York's celebrities, the Centre made detailed plans for him to become head of a new illegal residency whose chief targets would be the US mission to the United Nations and a New York think tank, concentrating on relatively junior employees with access to classified information—in particular, single women whose loneliness made them sexually vulnerable and poorly paid employees with large families who were open to financial inducements.[30]

Just as the new residency was about to be established in New York, however, the Centre noticed what Rudenko's file refers to as "irregularities" and "suspicious behavior" and lured him back to Moscow in April 1970 for what he was probably told were final instructions before beginning work. Exactly what the Centre suspected is not known, but, since Rudenko was interrogated under torture, it may well have feared he was working as a double agent for the FBI. What he revealed was much less serious, but bad enough to end his career as an illegal. Soon after arriving in Hamburg in 1961, Rudenko had met BERTA, a 32-year-old ladies' hairdresser, whom he had suggested recruiting as a Soviet agent. The Centre refused and ordered him to break off all relations with her. During his interrogation in 1970, Rudenko admitted that he had secretly defied his instructions, married BERTA and taken her with him to New York. Worse still, he had taken down radio messages from the Centre and decoded them in her presence. Her parents had discovered that he was a spy, but believed he was working for East Germany. Rudenko also admitted that he was having an affair with a female accountant (codenamed MIRA) in Pennsylvania.[31]

As part of the Centre's damage limitation exercise it instructed Rudenko to write to both BERTA and MIRA letters designed to convince both of them and, if necessary, the FBI that he had left the United States because of the breakdown of his marriage. He told BERTA that he had found it impossible to live with her any longer and urged her not to waste time trying to track him down since she would never find him. In the letter to MIRA, Rudenko was allowed to express his love for her and pain at their separation within what his file quaintly describes as "permissible bounds" and his pain at the separation from her. But, he explained somewhat unconvincingly, his sudden departure from the United States had been the only way to escape from his wife. Both letters were posted by the KGB in Austria, giving no other indication of where Rudenko was living.[32]

THE SUCCESSIVE FAILURES of Makayev (HARRY), Brik (HART), Hayhanen (VIK), Grinchenko (KLOD), Bitnov (ALBERT), Blyablin (BOGUN) and Rudenko (RYBAKOV) underscored the Centre's difficulty in finding illegals capable of fulfilling its expectations in North America. Fisher/"Abel" (MARK) was, in many ways, the exception who proved the rule. He was able to survive, if not actually succeed, as an illegal resident in the United States because of a long experience of the West which went back to his Tyneside childhood, an ideological commitment which probably predated even the Bolshevik Revolution and a thirty-year career as a foreign intelligence officer, most of it under Stalin, from which he had emerged scarred but battle-hardened. Other Cold War illegals in the United States were psychologically less well prepared for the stress of their double lives. All had to come to terms with a society which was strikingly different from the propaganda image of the Main Adversary with which they had been indoctrinated in Moscow. Unlike KGB officers stationed in legal residencies, illegals did not work in a Soviet embassy, where they were constantly subject to the ideological discipline imposed by the official hierarchy. They also had to cope with a much greater degree of personal isolation, which they could diminish only by friendships and sexual liaisons which were liable to undermine their professional discipline. No wonder that some illegals, like Rudenko, had affairs which they tried to conceal from the Centre; that others, like Hayhanen, took to drink and embezzlement; and that others, like Bitnov, found it difficult to survive in an alien market economy.

Illegals had also to face unreasonable, and ultimately impossible, expectations from the Centre. Until almost the end of the Cold War, no post-war Soviet leader, KGB chairman or foreign intelligence chief had either any personal experience of living in the West or any realistic understanding of it. Accustomed to strong central direction and a command economy, the Centre found it difficult to fathom how the United States could achieve such high levels of economic production and technological innovation with so little apparent regulation. The gap in its understanding of what made the United States tick tended to be filled by conspiracy theory. The diplomat, and later defector, Arkadi Shevchenko noted of his Soviet colleague:

> Many are inclined to the fantastic notion that there must be a secret control center somewhere in the United States. They themselves, after all, are used to a system ruled by a small group working in secrecy in one place. Moreover, the Soviets continue to chew on Lenin’s dogma that bourgeois governments are just the “servants” of monopoly capital. “Is not that the secret command center?” they reason.[33]

However much the Centre learned about the West, it never truly understood it. Worse still, it thought it did.

THE CENTRE'S FAITH in the future of illegal operations in the United States was remarkably unaffected by the many failures and disappointments of the 1950s and 1960s. At the beginning of the 1970s the Centre still had high hopes of KONOV and DOUGLAS. It also had remarkably ambitious projects for the next decade. A plan drawn up in the late 1960s envisaged establishing and putting into operation between 1969 and 1975 ten illegal residencies in the United States, two in Canada, two in Mexico, and one each in Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Uruguay and Venezuela. For use in wartime and other major crises it was also planned to create five "strategic communications residencies" to maintain contact with the Centre if legal residencies were unable to operate: two in the United States, one in Canada and two in Latin America.[34]

This visionary program was to prove hopelessly optimistic. The 1970s produced another crop of serious setbacks in illegal operations in the United States—among them the collapse of the illegal residencies of KONOV and DOUGLAS. When KONOV and EMMA swore their oaths of allegiance as American citizens in 1970, their neighbors apparently regarded them as a model married couple. In reality, the increasing friction between them had begun to affect their operational effectiveness. In 1971 they flew to Haiti to be divorced, but informed only the Centre and their New York lawyer. On their return they still contrived to keep up appearances as a married couple by living together in their New Jersey apartment. EMMA, however, asked the Centre to find her a new partner. In October 1972 KONOV was recalled to Moscow, where he died three years later. EMMA was dismissed from the KGB.[35]

Valoushek's career as the illegal DOUGLAS was to end a few years later in even greater ignominy. His first assignment in the United States, to penetrate the Hudson Institute, was wholly unrealistic. As Valoushek later complained, had he been able to use his real identity and mention his postgraduate degrees from Charles University, Prague, and Heidelberg, he might have made contact with senior members of the Institute. But posing as photographer and cameraman without higher education he had no worthwhile opportunity to do so.[36] In 1970, unreasonably dissatisfied with Valoushek's progress, the Centre took him off the Hudson Institute assignment.[37]

The Vaklousheks' elder son, Peter Herrmann, born in 1957, had a brilliant school academic record and was expected to have opportunities to recruit within American universities that his parents did not. In 1972 Valoushek revealed his true identity to Peter, told the Centre he had done so and said that his son was ready to join the KGB.

Moscow accepted the offer and agreed to pay Peter's university fees. In the summer of 1975, shortly before entering McGill University in Montreal, Peter began training in Moscow and started his career as an illegal with the German codename ERBE ("Inheritor"). In 1976 he moved from McGill to Georgetown University, where he was instructed to report on students whose fathers had government jobs (especially if they had character flaws which could be exploited), as well as on "progressive" students and professors opposed to the imperialist policies of the United States. He was also told to try to find a part-time job in the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies, make friends with Chinese students and discover as much as possible about them.[38]

By the end of the academic year, Peter Herrmann's brief career as a teenage illegal was over. Early in May 1977 Valoushek was arrested by the FBI and given the choice of being charged with espionage, together with his wife and son, or of working as a double agent. He later told the espionage writer John Barron that after his arrest he worked as a double agent under FBI control for over two years until the Bureau discontinued the operation. "Rudi [Valoushek] gave us his word and he kept it," the FBI told Barron. "We must keep our word to him." On September 23, 1979 an unmarked furniture van removed all the contents of the "Herrmann" household in Andover Road, Hartsdale. The Valoushek family left to start new lives elsewhere under new identities.[39]

Valoushek's KGB file, however, gives a very different account of his relations with the FBI. For well over a year after his arrest, he included deliberate errors and warning signs in his messages to the Centre as an indication that he was working under instructions from the FBI. The KGB failed to notice that anything was wrong until it was warned by an agent early in October 1978 that Valoushek had been turned. Soon afterwards the Centre summoned him to a meeting in Mexico City with the Washington deputy resident, Yuri Konstantinovich Linkov (codenamed BUROV). The FBI told him to keep the rendezvous in order to continue the double agent deception. Valoushek began his meeting with Linkov by admitting that he and his family had been under Bureau control since the spring of the previous year. He suspected that he had been betrayed by LUTZEN, who had defected in West Germany in 1969.[40] He complained that he had done his best to warn the Centre, but that no one had paid attention to his warnings. A subsequent investigation by the counter-intelligence department of the FCD Illegals Directorate uncovered an extraordinary tale of incompetence. A series of warnings and deliberate errors in Valoushek's communications since May 1977 had been overlooked and messages he had posted to the residencies in Vienna and Mexico City had simply been ignored.[41]

Immediately after Valoushek's warning to the KGB in Mexico City in October 1978, the KGB warned Hambleton that contact with his controller would be temporarily broken for security reasons. Instead of being told that Valoushek had defected, however, he was simply given a vague warning that "progressive" people and organizations were under increased surveillance. He was instructed to destroy all compromising materials and to deny everything if he was questioned. In case of emergency, he was advised to escape to East Germany. Hambleton, however, remained confident that he had covered sufficient of his tracks to prevent a case from being brought against him. In June 1979 he sent a confident message to the KGB in secret writing, saying that there was no cause for alarm.[42]

At 7:15 a.m. on November 4, 1979 RCMP officers arrived at Hambleton's Quebec City apartment with a search warrant. For the next two and a half years there was extensive press speculation and numerous questions about Hambleton in the Canadian parliament, but no Canadian prosecution. On March 3, 1980, the first day of the new Trudeau administration, the FBI made an apparent attempt to force its hand by producing Valoushek (under a pseudonym) for a press conference at Bureau headquarters, where he publicly identified Hambleton as one of his agents. Hambleton shrugged off the charges. Though appearing to revel in detailed descriptions of his secret contacts with Moscow by short-wave radio and other hocus pocus, he insisted that he was not a spy: "A spy is someone who regularly gets secret material, passes it on, takes orders, and gets paid for it. I have never been paid."[43] According to Hambleton's KGB file, however, between September 1975 and December 1978 alone he was paid 18,000 dollars.[44] In May 1980 the Canadian Ministry of Justice, apparently convinced that there was still insufficient evidence, announced that Hambleton would not be prosecuted. Thereafter media interest in the case gradually died down. Two years later, however, Hambleton was arrested during a visit to London, tried under the Official Secrets Act and sentenced to ten years in jail.[45]

Valoushek's intended successor as illegal resident in the United States was probably Klementi Alekseyevich Korsakov, codenamed KIM, born in 1948 in Moscow to a Russian father and a German mother. Korsakov's mother, who died in 1971, had herself been a KGB illegal, codenamed EVA. Korsakov seems to have been selected as a potential illegal while still a child and, like his mother, was given bogus identity documents by the East Germans. According to his legend, Korsakov was Klemens Oskar Kuitan, an illegitimate child born in Dalleghof in 1948. Like many other Soviet illegals, he and his mother posed as East German refugees, entering West Berlin in 1953 and moving to the FRG a year later. In 1967, at the age of eighteen, Korsakov obtained a West German passport. After his mother's death, he spent several years in Vienna, first at an art school, then taking an advertising course, while simultaneously training secretly for illegal intelligence work. In 1978, after two transatlantic trips to familiarize himself with life in the United States, he moved to New York.

Once he had begun work as a KGB illegal, however, Korsakov quickly became disillusioned. In January 1980, while undergoing further training in Moscow, he secretly entered the United States embassy, identified himself as an illegal, gave the identities of a number of other KGB officers (among them Artur Viktorovich Pyatin, head of Line N (illegals support) in Washington) and was debriefed by the CIA station. Since Korsakov was nominally a West German citizen, it was decided to transfer him secretly to the embassy of the FRG to arrange for his exfiltration. Mitrokhin’s notes do not record whether the KGB had observed him entering the American embassy, but they were waiting for him when he arrived at Moscow airport to return to the West. After lengthy interrogation, Korsakov was sent to the Kazanskaya psychiatric hospital, where, like a number of prominent Soviet dissidents, he was falsely diagnosed as schizophrenic.[46]

THIRTY YEARS AFTER the beginning of the Cold War, the Centre’s grand strategy for a powerful chain of illegal residencies running American agent networks as important as those during the Second World War had little to show for an enormous expenditure of time and effort. At the end of the 1970s, following a string of previous failures, Valoushek's illegal residency was under the (albeit imperfect) control of the FBI and Korsakov was preparing to defect.

Particularly galling for the Centre was the fact that probably the most remarkable penetration of the Main Adversary by an illegal during the Cold War was achieved not by the KGB but by its junior partner, the Czechoslovak StB. In 1965 two StB illegals, Karl and Hana Koecher, arrived in New York, claiming to be refugees from persecution in Czechoslovakia. Fluent in Russian, English and French as well as Czech, Karl Koecher found a job as a consultant with Radio Free Europe while studying first for a master's degree at Indiana University, then for a doctorate at Columbia. Among his professors at Columbia was Zbigniew Brzezinski, who later became President Carter's National Security Adviser. All the time, he posed as a virulent anti-Communist, even objecting to the purchase of an apartment in his East Side building in New York by the tennis star Ivan Lendl—simply because of Lendl's Czech origins. In 1969, a year before gaining his PhD, Karl Koecher was appointed lecturer in philosophy at Wagner College, Staten Island. Hana, meanwhile, worked for a diamond business which gave her regular opportunities to travel to Europe and act as courier for the StB. The Koechers may also have been the most sexually active illegals in the history of Soviet Bloc intelligence, graduating from "wifeswapping" parties to group orgies at New York's Plato's Retreat and Hell Fire sex clubs which flourished in the sexually permissive pre-AIDS era of the late 1960s and 1970s.

With the blessing of the StB, the Koechers later revealed some of their colorful careers to the Washington investigative journalist Ronald Kessler.[47] Karl Koecher's KGB file, however, reveals that he withheld important details. In 1970 he was summoned back to Prague to take part in an StB active measure designed to unmask alleged CIA operations using Czech emigrés. Koecher, however, was too attached to his swinging lifestyle to leave New York, refused to return and for the next four years broke off contact with the StB.[48] In 1971 he succeeded in becoming a naturalized US citizen; his wife was granted citizenship a year later.

Karl Koecher seems to have devised a plan to mend his fences with the StB by penetrating the CIA. In 1973 he moved to Washington and obtained a job as translator in the Agency's Soviet division, with a top secret security clearance. His chutzpah was such that only three weeks later he demanded a better job:

> My present position is by no means one which would require a PhD. I am interested in intelligence work, and I want to stay with the agency and do a good piece of work. But I also think that it would only be fair to let me do it in a position intellectually far more demanding than the one I have now ...

Probably as a result of his complaints, Koecher was later asked to write intelligence assessments based on some of the Russian and Czech material which he translated and transcribed from tape recordings.

Sex in Washington struck Koecher as even more exciting than in New York. In the mid-1970s, he later claimed nostalgically, Washington was "the sex capital of the world." The Koechers joined the "Capitol Couples," who met for dinner at The Exchange restaurant on Saturday evenings before moving on for group sex in a hotel or private house, as well as becoming members of a private club of Washington swingers at Virginia's In Place, about ten of whose members worked for the CIA. Hana, blonde, attractive and ten years younger than her husband, later boasted that she had had sex with numerous CIA personnel, Pentagon officials, reporters from major newspapers and a US Senator. The organizer of "Capitol Couples" remembered her as "strikingly beautiful; warm, sweet, ingratiating; incredibly orgasmic." Karl, however, "was a bit strange ... The women he was with said he was a terrible lover, very insensitive. His wife was everything he wasn't."[49]

In 1974, having penetrated the CIA, Karl Koecher renewed contact with the StB, which consulted the KGB about whether to reactivate him. Henceforth he became a KGB agent with the codename RINO, as well as being an StB illegal. The Koechers' adventures in Washington sex clubs are unlikely to have provided the StB and KGB with more than compromising information and gossip about Washington officials, most of it of no operational significance. Far more important was the classified Soviet and Czech material translated by Karl Koecher for the CIA which he forwarded to the KGB. Andropov personally praised his intelligence as "important and valuable."[50] In 1975 Koecher left full-time Agency employment, but continued on contract work, based in New York. Among the subjects of his assessments was the decision-making process in the Soviet leadership.[51]

In 1975 Koecher supplied the KGB's New York residency with highly rated intelligence on CIA operations against the Soviet Union in the Third World. As well as arranging meetings in New York, his KGB case officers also met him in Austria and France.[52] Among his most important counter-intelligence leads was evidence that the CIA had recruited a Soviet diplomat. Following an apparently lengthy investigation, the KGB identified the diplomat as Aleksandr Dmitryevich Ogorodnik, then working in the American department at the Foreign Ministry. Soon after his arrest in 1977, Ogorodnik agreed to write a full confession but complained that the pen given him by his interrogator was too clumsy for him to use. As soon as he was given his own pen back, he removed a concealed poison capsule, swallowed it before the guard could stop him and died in the interrogation room.[53]

In the early 1980s the Koechers were themselves betrayed by a CIA agent in the StB. Arrested in 1984, they returned to Czechoslovakia less than two years later as part of a deal which allowed the imprisoned Russian dissident Anatoli Shcharansky to emigrate to Israel. According to a newspaper report, as they crossed the Glienicker Bridge from West Berlin to East Germany:

> With his moustache and fur-lined coat, Karl F. Koecher looked like nothing so much as a fox. His wife, Hana, wore a mink coat and high white mink hat. Blonde and sexy, with incredibly large blue eyes, she looked like a movie star.

"The KGB thinks highly of me," Karl Koecher later boasted to Ronald Kessler.[54] There was a curious sequel to the Koechers' espionage careers in the West. In 1992 Hana succeeded in obtaining a job in the commercial section at the British embassy in Prague. She was sacked two years later after a Czech journalist revealed her background. [55]

AT THE BEGINNING of the 1980s, despite all the setbacks of the previous thirty years, the Centre's plans for the expansion of illegal networks on the territory of the Main Adversary still remained remarkably ambitious—though not to quite the same degree as a decade earlier.

Instead of the ten illegal residencies which it had intended to establish within the United States by 1975, the Centre planned to have six by 1982. Between them, the six residencies were supposed to have three to four sources in each of a series of major penetration targets: the White House, the State Department, the Pentagon and what were described as "related institutions"—among them the Hudson Institute, the Rand Corporation, Columbia University's School of International Relations, Georgetown University's Center for Strategic Studies and the West German affiliates of Stanford University's Center for Strategy and Research. The Centre also planned the "active recruitment" of students at Columbia, New York and Georgetown Universities.[56]

It is clear that the KGB had some success in deploying illegals against the Main Adversary in the 1980s. For example, Mitrokhin's notes record that in 1983 the illegal couple GORT and LUIZA were operating in the United States, but give no details of their achievements.[57] However, even the KGB's downgraded plan for six illegal residencies, each with agents at the heart of the Reagan administration, was hopelessly unrealistic. The scale of the Centre's ambitious projects for illegal operations against the Main Adversary in the later years of the Cold War reflected not the reality of the 1980s but the spell still cast by the triumphs of the Great Illegals half a century before.

THIRTEEN

THE MAIN ADVERSARY

Part 4: Walk-ins and Legal Residencies in the Later Cold War

Yuri Andropov became KGB chairman in 1967 with extravagant expectations of the potential contribution of political intelligence to Soviet foreign policy, particularly towards the United States. In a report to KGB Party activists soon after his appointment, he declared that the KGB must be in a position to influence the outcome of international crises in a way that it had failed to do during the Cuban missile crisis five years earlier. He ordered the preparation within three to four months of a First Chief (Foreign Intelligence) Directorate report to the Central Committee on the current and future policy of the Main Adversary and its allies. The principal weakness of current operations in the United States, Andropov complained, was the lack of American agents of the caliber of the Britons Kim Philby, George Blake and John Vassall, or the West German Heinz Felfe. Only by recruiting such agents, he insisted, could the FCD gain access to really high-grade intelligence.[1]

Almost from the moment he became a candidate (non-voting) member of the Politburo in 1967, Andropov established himself as a powerful voice in Soviet foreign policy. In 1968 he emerged as the chief spokesman of those calling for "extreme measures" to crush the Prague Spring.[2] During the 1970s he became co-sponsor, with the foreign minister, Andrei Gromyko, of the main foreign policy proposals brought before the Politburo (of which both were full, voting members from 1973). Dmitri Ustinov, who became Defense Minister in 1977, sometimes added his signature to the proposals worked out with Gromyko. According to the long-serving Soviet ambassador in Washington, Anatoli Dobrynin:

> Andropov had the advantage of familiarity with both foreign policy and military issues from the KGB's broad sources of information ... Gromyko and Ustinov were authorities in their respective domains but laid no special claim to each other's fields in the way that Andropov felt comfortable in both.[3]

Under Andropov, the FCD, which had traditionally been wary of taking the initiative in issuing intelligence assessments, for fear that they might contradict the opinions of higher authority, reformed and expanded its analytical branch.[4] On a number of occasions Andropov circulated slanted assessments to the Politburo in an attempt to influence its policy.[5]

Andropov became one of Brezhnev's most trusted advisers. In January 1976, for example, he sent the General Secretary a strictly personal eighteen-page letter, which began sycophantically:

> This document, which I wrote myself, is intended for you alone. If you find something in it of value to the cause, I shall be very glad, and if not, then I ask you to consider it as never having happened.[6]

Though careful not to criticize Brezhnev even in private discussions with senior KGB officers,[7] Andropov was well aware of both his intellectual limitations and declining health, and set out to establish himself as heir-apparent. The General Secretary paid little attention to the details of foreign policy. Dobrynin quickly discovered that what most interested Brezhnev about foreign affairs were the pomp and circumstance of ceremonial occasions:

> ... the guards of honor, the grand receptions for foreign leaders in the Kremlin, the fulsome publicity, and all the rest. He wanted his photo taken for his albums, which he loved to show. He much preferred

> a fine ceremony signing final documents rather than working on them.

During one meeting with Dobrynin, Brezhnev disappeared upstairs and reemerged in field marshal's uniform, his chest clanking with medals. "How do I look?" he asked. "Magnificent!" Dobrynin dutifully replied.[8] From 1974 onwards a series of mild strokes caused by arteriosclerosis of the brain left Brezhnev a semi-invalid. At the rear of the cavalcade of black Zil limousines which accompanied Brezhnev wherever he went was a resuscitation vehicle. By the mid-1970s one of his closest companions was a KGB nurse, who fed him a steady stream of pills without consulting his doctors.[9]

THOUGH ANDROPOV STRENGTHENED both his own influence and that of the KGB in the making of Soviet foreign policy, his ambitious plans for dramatically improved political intelligence on the Main Adversary were never realized. Line PR (political intelligence) in the American residencies failed to live up to his high expectations. In 1968, a scandal arose over the New York resident, Nikolai Panteleymonovich Kulebyakin, a former head of the FCD First (North American) Department. After the Centre had received a complaint against him, probably from within his residency, an enquiry revealed that he had entered the KGB with a bogus curriculum vitae. Contrary to the claims in his CV, he had never completed his school education and had evaded military service. Fearing that Kulebyakin might defect if he were confronted with his crimes in Washington, he was told he had been promoted to deputy director of the FCD and summoned home to take up his new office. On arriving in Moscow, however, he was summarily dismissed from the KGB and expelled from the Communist Party.[10]

Thanks chiefly to two walk-ins, Line PR in Washington performed rather better than New York during the mid- and late 1960s. In September 1965 Robert Lipka, a twenty-year-old army clerk in NSA, caused great excitement in the Washington residency by presenting himself at the Soviet embassy on Sixteenth Street, a few blocks from the White House, and announcing that he was responsible for shredding highly classified documents. Lipka (code-named DAN) was probably the youngest Soviet agent recruited in the United States with access to high-grade intelligence since the nineteen-year-old Ted Hall had offered his services to the New York residency while working on the MANHATTAN project at Los Alamos in 1944. Lipka's file notes that he quickly mastered the intelligence tradecraft taught him by Line PR. Over the next two years he made contact with the residency about fifty times via dead letter-boxes, brush contacts and meetings with a case officer.[11]

The youthful head of Line PR, Oleg Danilovich Kalugin, spent "countless hours" in his cramped office in the Washington residency sifting through the mass of material provided by Lipka and choosing the most important documents for cabling to Moscow.[12] Lipka's motives were purely mercenary. During the two years after he walked into the Washington embassy, he received a total of about 27,000 dollars, but regularly complained that he was not paid enough and threatened to break contact unless his remuneration was increased. Lipka eventually did break contact in August 1967, when he left NSA at the end of his military service to study at Millersville College in Pennsylvania and probably concluded that his loss of intelligence access made it no longer worth his while maintaining contact with the Washington residency. To discourage the KGB from trying to renew contact, Lipka sent a final message claiming that he had been a double agent controlled by US intelligence. In view of the importance of the classified documents he had provided, however, the KGB had no doubt that he was lying. Attempts by both the residency and illegals to renew contact with Lipka continued intermittently, without success, for at least another eleven years.[13]

Only a few months after Lipka ceased working as a Soviet agent, the Washington residency recruited another walk-in with access to SIGINT. The most important Cold War agent recruited in Washington before Aldrich Ames walked in in 1985 was probably Chief Warrant Officer John Anthony Walker, a communications watch officer on the staff of the Commander of Submarine Forces in the

Atlantic (COMSUBLANT) in Norfolk, Virginia. Late in 1967 he entered the Soviet embassy and announced, “I’m a naval officer. I’d like to make some money and I’ll give you some genuine stuff in return.” Despite his junior rank, Walker had access to very high-level intelligence—including the key settings of US naval ciphers. The sample batch of his material, which he brought with him to the embassy, was examined with amazement by Kalugin and the Washington resident, Boris Aleksandrovich Solomatin. According to Kalugin, Solomatin’s “eyes widened as he leafed through the Walker papers. ‘I want this!’ he cried.” Walker, they later agreed, was the kind of spy who turns up “once in a lifetime.” Enabling Soviet codebreakers to crack US navy codes, claims Kalugin, gave the Soviet Union “an enormous intelligence advantage” by allowing it to monitor American fleet movements.[14]

Walker, described in a fitness report from his commanding officer in 1972 as “intensely loyal” with “a fine sense of personal honor and integrity,” found photographing top secret documents and cipher material with a Minox camera in the COMSUBLANT communications center so easy that he was later to claim, “K Mart has better security than the Navy.” He went on to form a spy-ring by recruiting a naval friend, Jerry Whitworth, and his own son and elder brother.[15] For Kalugin the greatest surprise of both the Lipka and Walker cases was their revelation of “how incredibly lax security still was at some of the United States' top secret installations."[16]

After the foundation in 1968 of the ultra-secret Sixteenth Department to handle SIGINT material collected by the FCD, Walker was transferred to its control and thus no longer figured on the Washington residency's agent list.[17] Solomatin, however, was careful to ensure that he retained personal oversight of the running of what became the Walker family spyring throughout the extraordinary eighteen years of its existence.[18] The reflected glory of the Lipka and Walker cases was to win Solomatin the Order of the Red Banner and, later, promotion to deputy head of the FCD. Kalugin's career also benefited; in 1974 he became the FCD's youngest general.[19]

Most walk-ins were less straightforward than Lipka and Walker. During the 1970s KGB residencies, especially that in Mexico City, had to deal with a growing number of "dangles"—double agents controlled by the US intelligence community who offered their services as Soviet agents. One of the most successful dangles was MAREK, a master sergeant of Czech descent at the Fort Bliss army base in Texas, who visited the Soviet embassy in Mexico in December 1966 and offered information on electronic equipment used by the US army. Recruited in June 1968, he had numerous meetings over the next eight years with a grand total of twenty-six case officers in

Mexico, West Germany, Switzerland, Japan and Austria. In May 1976, however, the KGB learned from the former CIA officer Philip Agee (PONT) that MAREK was a US dangle, run in a joint CIA/Defense Intelligence Agency operation of which he had personal knowledge. [20]

By the late 1970s a special Pentagon panel was selecting classified documents which were given to American dangles, mostly non-commissioned officers selected by the DIA to strengthen their credibility as Soviet spies. As well as providing a potential channel for disinformation in a conflict or crisis, large amounts of KGB time and energy were wasted in distinguishing dangles from genuine walk-ins. The most successful of the real Soviet recruits, Aldrich Ames, said later that the refusal of the Red Army to release classified documents made it impossible for Soviet dangles to compete with those of the United States:

> Even if a document were of no real value, no one in the Soviet military was willing to sign off on releasing it, knowing that it was going to be passed to the West. They were afraid that a few months later, they would be called before some Stalin-like tribunal and be shot for treason.[21]

Throughout the Cold War the main weakness of the Washington residency was its inability to recruit agents able to provide high-level political intelligence from within the federal government. At the end of the 1960s, however, it had one non-agent source to which it attached great importance. A line PR officer, Boris Sedov, operating under cover as a Novosti journalist, had succeeded in making contact with Henry Kissinger while he was still a professor at Harvard University. According to Kalugin, “ We never had any illusions about trying to recruit Kissinger: he was simply a source of political intelligence.” When Kissinger became an adviser to Nixon during the 1968 election campaign, he began to use Sedov to pass messages to Moscow that Nixon’s public image as an unreconstructed Cold War warrior was false and that he wanted better relations with the Soviet Union. After Nixon’s election victory, Brezhnev sent personal congratulations to him via Sedov together with a note expressing the hope that together they would establish better US—Soviet relations. While the presidential campaign had been underway, the long-serving Soviet ambassador, Anatoli Dobrynin, had tolerated Sedov’s secret contacts with Kissinger. Once Nixon entered the White House and Kissinger became his National Security Adviser, however, he insisted on taking over the back channel to the Kremlin himself. [22]

When Kissinger took over as Secretary of State in 1973, Dobrynin became the only ambassador in Washington who was allowed to enter the State Department unobserved via the underground garage.[23] The Washington residency complained to the Centre that

Kissinger had forbidden his officials to meet members of the Soviet embassy outside office hours, thus making it impossible for residency officers to develop contacts of their own within the State Department and "check Kissinger's true intentions when negotiating with Ambassador Dobrynin."[24] During his twenty-three years in Washington from 1963 to 1986, Dobrynin's access to a series of major policy-makers from Dean Rusk under Kennedy to George Shultz under Reagan was never equaled by the Washington residency.[25]

Line PR at the New York residency had no success in recruiting "valuable agents" within the US administration either. The United Nations, however, was a much softer target. Of the more than 300 Soviet nationals employed in the UN Secretariat, many were KGB and GRU officers, agents and co-optees. KGB officers operating under diplomatic cover became the trusted personal assistants to successive UN secretaries-general: Viktor Mechislavovich Lesiovsky to U Thant, Lesiovsky and Valeri Viktorovich Krepkogorsky to Kurt Waldheim and Gennadi Mikhaylovich Yevstafeyev to Javier Pérez de Cuéllar.[26] The KGB made strenuous attempts to cultivate Waldheim in particular, arranging for the publication of flattering articles about him in the Soviet press and selecting a painting of Samarkand by a Soviet artist which was personally presented to him by Lesiovsky and Krepkogorsky when he visited the USSR.[27]

According to Arkadi Nikolayevich Shevchenko, the Russian under secretary-general at the UN who defected in 1978, Lesiovsky and Krepkogorsky were given largely routine responsibilities by Waldheim, checking the order of speakers at the General Assembly or representing him at innumerable diplomatic receptions, but were frozen out of sensitive UN business by what they claimed was Waldheim's "Austrian mafia." The UN Secretariat in New York none the less became a much more successful recruiting ground than the federal government in Washington. Shevchenko frequently saw Lesiovsky in the delegates' lounge, "buying drinks for an ambassador, telling amusing stories, procuring hard-to-get theater or opera tickets, name dropping, ingratiating himself."[28] The Secretary-General's KGB personal assistants spent much of their time cultivating and trying to recruit members of foreign missions and the UN Secretariat from around the world.[29]

The Centre, however, frequently expressed disappointment with political intelligence operations by the New York residency outside the United Nations. The residency's work was seriously disrupted in 1973 when it discovered that the FBI had detailed information on the activities of some of its operations officers, as well as of three "developmental" agents (codenamed GREK, BREST and BRIZ).[30] A report at the end of 1974 concluded that Line PR's performance had been unsatisfactory for some time past:

> For a number of years the Residency has not been able to create an agent network capable of fulfilling the complex requirements of our intelligence work, especially against the US We have not succeeded in achieving this goal in 1974, either, although there has been some progress in this line. There have been several recruitments (SUAREZ, DIF, HERMES) and confidential contacts have been acquired. But these results still do not move us any closer to fulfilling our basic task.[31]

None of the three new agents was of major significance. SUAREZ was a Colombian journalist recruited by Anatoli Mikhailovich Manakov, a KGB officer operating under cover as *Komsomolskaya Pravda* correspondent in New York. A few years later SUAREZ succeeded in gaining US citizenship.[32] DIF was a US businessman who provided political and economic assessments.[33] HERMES, potentially the most important of the three new recruits, was Ozdemir Ahmet Ozgur, a Cypriot born in 1929. In 1977, the New York residency was able to arrange through Arkadi Shevchenko for Ozgur to gain a post at the UN Secretariat. When Shevchenko defected in 1978, however, the KGB was forced to break off all contact with HERMES. [34]

DIF, the US businessman, was also included in the

Washington residency's list of its Line PR agents in 1974. Line PR had nine other agents: GRIG, MAGYAR, MORTON, NIK, RAMZES, REM, ROMELLA, SHEF and STOIC.[35] GRIG remains unidentified but is reported as operating in Canada.[36] MAGYAR was a leading peace activist.[37] MORTON was a prominent lawyer recruited in 1970 but taken off the agent list in 1975 because of his advancing years. On his retirement he put the Washington residency in touch with his son, who was also a partner in a well-known law firm.[38] NIK was a Colombian who worked on US—Colombian cultural exchange programs.[39] RAMZES was an American professor with contacts in Congress, academe, the press and Latin America.[40] REM was an Italian employee of the UN Secretariat.[41] ROMELLA was a Latin American diplomat in the UN Secretariat, who made contact with the KGB to seek its help in renewing her contract at the UN before it expired in 1975; she supplied both classified documents and recruitment leads.[42] SHEF was a professor at McMaster University, recruited during a visit to Lithuania in 1974.[43] STOIC was a Latin American diplomat in the UN Secretariat. [44] As in New York, none of the Washington Line PR agents had high-level access to any branch of the federal government.

Though the New York residency had some successes in electronic eavesdropping, in active measures and in scientific and technological intelligence, its Line PR network mostly consisted of agents at the UN and in émigré communities, only a minority of whom had US citizenship.[45] The largest concentration of agents was within the Soviet colony itself, most of whom inhabited the residential complex in Riverdale. According to KGB statistics, in 1975 the colony numbered 1,366 Soviet employees and dependents. Of the 533 employees, seventy-six were officially classed as agents and sixteen as "trusted contacts."[46] Most, however, were chiefly concerned with informing on their colleagues to Line SK (Soviet Colony) in the residency. The Centre's assessment in 1974 stressed the limitations of Line PR's New York agents:

> Not one of these agents has access to secret American information. The basic thrust of operations with this network therefore consists of using it for the collection of information from UN diplomatic sources, and from several American [non-agent] sources.[47]

Lacking any high-level agents in the federal government, Line PR officers in New York and Washington, usually operating under cover as diplomats or journalists, devoted much of their time to collecting insider gossip from well-placed non-agent sources in Congress and the press corps.[48] As head of Line PR in Washington from 1965 to 1970, Kalugin got to know the columnists Walter Lippmann, Joseph Kraft and Drew Pearson; Chalmers Roberts and Murray Marder of the *Washington Post;* Joseph Harsch of the *Christian Science Monitor;* Carl Rowan, former director of the US Information Agency; and Henry Brandon of the London *Times.* Kalugin's role when he called at their offices or lunched with them in Washington restaurants was not that of agent controller or recruiter. Instead, he "would act like a good reporter," carefully noting their assessments of the current political situation: "Rarely did I come up with a scoop for the Politburo, but the reporting of our [PR] section enabled Soviet leaders to have a better sense of American political realities ..." During the 1968 presidential election campaign some of Kalugin's sources provided corroboration for Sedov's reports, based on conversations with Kissinger, that, if elected, Nixon would prove much less anti-Soviet than Moscow feared. One of Kalugin's most important contacts was Senator Robert Kennedy who, but for his assassination just after he had won the California presidential primary, might have won the 1968 Democratic nomination. Before his death Kennedy presented Kalugin with a tie-pin showing the PT-109 torpedo boat which his brother had captained during the war. Line PR officers in Washington also had regular meetings with such leading senators as Mike Mansfield, William Fulbright, Mark Hatfield, Charles Percy, Eugene McCarthy, George McGovern and Jacob Javits. The Centre liked to boast to the Politburo that its assessments of American policy were based on access to the Congressional élite.[49]

Most of the political reporting of the Washington residency was thus based on non-secret sources—to the considerable annoyance of some of the Soviet diplomats whose far smaller foreign currency allowances gave them less freedom to entertain their contacts in Washington restaurants. Despite his insistence on keeping the back channel to himself, Dobrynin took a more benign view of the residency's work, and seemed genuinely interested in what it discovered from both its contacts and agents.[50] "In too many Soviet embassies," Dobrynin complained, "normal personal relations between the ambassador and the KGB resident were the exception rather than the rule." Ambassador and resident frequently became locked in bitter rivalry as each sought "to show who really was the boss in the embassy" and to demonstrate to Moscow the superiority of his own sources of information.[51]

As resident in Washington from 1965 to 1968 Solomatin had got on well with Dobrynin. When he became resident in New York in 1971, however, he quickly began to feud with Yakov Malik, the Soviet representative at the United Nations. Malik strongly objected to Solomatin's attempts to develop contacts whom he wished to cultivate himself—among them David Rockefeller, brother of Nelson and chairman of Chase Manhattan Bank.[52] Malik was fascinated by

Rockefeller's 30,000-name card file of his contacts around the world, cross-indexed by country, city and business. On a visit to the chairman's sprawling seventeenth-floor office at the sixty-story Chase Manhattan building, Malik asked to see a sample from the file. Rockefeller picked out the card for Khrushchev.[53] Malik also vigorously opposed Solomatin's contacts with the veteran diplomat Averell Harriman, regarded in Moscow as one of the most influential American advocates of better relations with the Soviet Union.[54] In co-operation with Dobrynin, Harriman later returned from retirement to act as unofficial channel of communication between Brezhnev and Jimmy Carter during the transition period after Carter's 1976 election victory.[55] Solomatin complained to the Centre that Malik's objections to his attempts to cultivate Rockefeller and Harriman were "characteristic" of his general obstructionism. [56] He failed, however, to tell the Centre that there was not the slightest prospect of recruiting either Rockefeller or Harriman.

In an attempt to improve the quality of agent recruitment in the United States, the director of the Institute of Psychology in the Academy of Sciences, Boris Fyodorovich Lomov, a "trusted contact" of the KGB, was sent in 1975 to advise the New York residency on techniques of cultivation.[57] In 1976 the Centre devised an elaborate incentive scheme to reward successful recruiters, with inducements ranging from medals and letters of appreciation to accelerated promotion, new apartments and cash bonuses in hard currency (which would make possible the purchase of Western consumer goods that could be shipped back to Moscow at the end of the officer's tour of duty).[58]

As chairman of the KGB, Andropov seemed unable to grasp the difficulties of penetrating the US administration. During the mid-1970s he initiated a series of hopelessly impracticable recruitment schemes. Following Nixon's resignation in August 1974 after the Watergate scandal, Andropov instructed the Washington residency to establish contact with five members of the former administration: Pat Buchanan and William Safire, former advisers and speechwriters to Nixon; Richard Allen, Deputy National Security Adviser during the first year of Nixon's administration; C. Fred Bergsten, an economist on the National Security Council (NSC); and S. Everett Gleason, an NSC veteran who died three months after Nixon's resignation. [59] All were wildly improbable recruits. In 1975 Andropov personally approved a series of equally improbable operations designed to penetrate the "inner circles" of a series of well-known public figures: among them George Ball, Ramsey Clark, Kenneth Galbraith, Averell Harriman, Teddy Kennedy and Theodore Sorensen.[60] Somewhat humiliatingly for the FCD, the KGB's most productive agent during the

1976 election campaign was a Democratic activist with access to the Carter camp who had been recruited during a visit to Russia by the Second Chief Directorate.[61]

The KGB's most successful strategy for cultivating American policy-makers was to use the prestigious academic cover of the Moscow Institute of the United States and Canada. The secret 1968 statute of the institute kept at the Centre authorized the KGB to task it to research aspects of the Main Adversary which were of interest to it, to provide KGB officers with cover positions, to invite prominent American policy-makers and academics to Moscow and to undertake intelligence-related missions to the United States. Among the KGB's cover positions at the institute was that of deputy director, occupied by Colonel Radimir Bogdanov (codenamed VLADIMIROV), sometimes described behind his back as "the scholar in epaulets."[62] The KGB's most important agent at the institute was its director, Georgi Arbatov, codenamed VASILI, who built up a large circle of high-level contacts in the United States and was regularly required to cultivate them.[63] According to Kissinger:

> [Arbatov] was especially subtle in playing to the inexhaustible masochism of American intellectuals who took it as an article of faith that every difficulty in US—Soviet relations had to be caused by American stupidity or intransigence. He was endlessly ingenious in demonstrating how American

> rebuffs were frustrating the peaceful, sensitive leaders in the Kremlin, who were being driven reluctantly by our inflexibility into conflicts that offended their inherently gentle natures.[64]

Though Arbatov's access to US policy-makers raised KGB hopes of a major penetration of the federal government, Mitrokhin found no evidence in the files of any significant recruitment which resulted from it. In the Centre's view, Arbatov's most important contact during the 1970s was former Under-Secretary of Defense Cyrus Vance, codenamed VIZIR ("Vizier"). During a visit to Moscow in the spring of 1973, Vance unsurprisingly agreed with Arbatov on the need to "increase the level of mutual trust" in US—Soviet relations. Arbatov reported that he had told Vance—doubtless to no effect—that the majority of the American press corps in Moscow were propagating "a negative propagandistic" image of the USSR at the behest of the Zionist lobby in the United States. In 1976 Arbatov was sent on another mission to the United States. While there he claimed an addition 200 dollars for "operational expenses" from the New York residency for entertaining Vance and others. From such inconsequential meetings the Centre briefly formed absurdly optimistic hopes of penetrating the new American administration after Jimmy Carter's victory in the presidential election of November 1976 and his appointment of Vance as Secretary of State. On December

19 Andropov personally approved operations against Vance which were probably intended to make him at least a "trusted contact" of the KGB. The operations were, of course, doomed to failure. Vance's file records that, once he entered the Carter administration, any possibility of unofficial access to both him and his family dried up.[65] Doubtless to the frustration of the Centre, Ambassador Dobrynin continued to have a private entrée to the State Department via its underground garage, just as he had done during Kissinger's term as Secretary of State, and prided himself on maintaining through Vance the "confidential channel" between White House and Kremlin which the Centre had briefly deluded itself into believing it could take over.[66]

The Centre's early expectations of the Carter administration were so unrealistic that it even devised schemes to cultivate his hardline National Security Adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski. The FCD drew up a plan to send Arbatov's deputy, Bogdanov, whom Brzezinski had met previously, to Washington "to strengthen their relationship and to convey to him some advantageous information." On January 3, 1977 Andropov also approved an operation to collect "compromising information" on Brzezinski as a means of putting pressure on him. Unsurprisingly, as in the case of Vance, the Centre's early hopes of cultivating Brzezinski quickly evaporated, and the Centre concentrated instead on devising "active measures" to discredit him.[67]

KGB Decree No. 0017 of May 26, 1977 declared that there was an urgent need for better intelligence on the Carter administration. The Centre's evaluations of the work of the Washington and New York residencies in both 1977 and 1978 make clear that this requirement was not met. Line PR's agent network in the United States was once again declared incapable of meeting the objectives assigned to it. Not a single agent had direct access to major penetration targets.[68]

Lacking reliable, high-level sources within the administration, the Centre, as frequently happened, fell back on conspiracy theories. Early in 1977 Vladimir Aleksandrovich Kryuchkov, head of the FCD and a protégé of Andropov, submitted to him a report entitled "On CIA Plans to Recruit Agents Among Soviet Citizens," revealing a non-existent CIA masterplan to sabotage Soviet administration, economic development and scientific research:

> ... Today American intelligence is planning to recruit agents among Soviet citizens, train them and then advance them into administrative positions within Soviet politics, the economy and science. The CIA has drafted a program to subject agents to individual instruction in espionage techniques and also intensive political and ideological brainwashing ... The CIA intends that individual agents working in

> isolation to carry out policies of sabotage and distortion of superiors’ instructions will be coordinated from a single center within the US intelligence system. The CIA believes that such deliberate action by agents will create internal political difficulties for the Soviet Union, retard development of its economy and channel its scientific research into dead ends.

Andropov considered this improbable top secret conspiracy theory so important that on January 24, 1977 he forwarded it under his signature to the other members of the Politburo and Central Committee.[69]

THE CENTRE HARBORED far fewer illusions about the incoming Reagan administration in January 1981 than it had done about Carter four years earlier. Any hope that Reagan’s anti-Soviet speeches during the election had been mere campaign rhetoric quickly faded after his inauguration. In April 1981, after a trip to the United States at the Centre’s request, Arbatov sent a report on the new administration to Andropov and Kryuchkov. At a dinner in the White House he had been able to observe Reagan for one and a half hours from a distance of only fifteen meters. Though Reagan seemed to be acting the role of president, he played the part with genuine emotion. Tears came to his eyes when the flags of the four armed services were brought into the room and when he stood up and placed his hand on his heart as the national anthem was played. Nancy Reagan’s eyes never left her husband. Her adoring expression reminded Arbatov of a teenage girl suddenly placed next to her favorite pop star. Though Reagan’s speech to the assembled journalists was “exceptionally shallow,” the President played to perfection the role of “father of the nation,” a great leader who had kept his humanity, a sense of humor and the common touch.[70]

Both the Centre and the Kremlin took a less benign view of Reagan. In a secret speech to a major KGB conference in May 1981 a visibly ailing Brezhnev denounced Reagan’s policies as a serious threat to world peace. He was followed by Andropov, who was to succeed him as general secretary eighteen months later. To the astonishment of most of the audience, the KGB chairman announced that, by decision of the Politburo, the KGB and GRU were for the first time to collaborate in a global intelligence operation, codenamed RYAN—a newly devised acronym for *Raketno-Yadernoye Napadenie* (“Nuclear Missile Attack”). RYAN’s purpose was to collect intelligence on the presumed, but non-existent, plans of the Reagan administration to launch a nuclear first strike against the Soviet Union—a delusion which reflected both the KGB’s continuing failure to penetrate the policy-making of the Main Adversary and its recurrent tendency towards conspiracy theory.[71] “Not since the end of the Second World War,” Andropov informed foreign residencies, “has the international situation been as explosive as it is now.”[72] As Brezhnev’s successor in November 1982, Andropov retained full control over the KGB; his most frequent visitors were senior KGB officers.[73] Throughout his term as general secretary, RYAN remained the FCD’s first priority.

For several years Moscow succumbed to what its ambassador in Washington, Anatoli Dobrynin, fairly described as a “paranoid interpretation” of Reagan’s policy.[74] Most residencies in Western capitals were less alarmist than Andropov and the KGB leadership. When Oleg Antonovich Gordievsky joined the London residency in June 1982 he found all his colleagues in Line PR skeptical about operation RYAN. None, however, were willing to risk their careers by challenging the Centre’s assessment. RYAN thus created a vicious circle of intelligence collection and assessment. Residencies were, in effect, ordered to search out alarming information. The Centre was duly alarmed by what they supplied and demanded more.[75] The Washington resident, Stanislav Andreyevich Androsov, a protégé of Kryuchkov, was at pains to provide it.[76]

The Centre interpreted the announcement of the SDI (“Star Wars”) program in March 1983 as part of the psychological preparation of the American people for nuclear war. On September 28, 1983 the terminally ill Andropov issued from his sickbed a denunciation of

American policy couched in apocalyptic language unparalleled since the depths of the Cold War. "Outrageous military psychosis" had taken over the United States. "The Reagan administration, in its imperial ambitions, goes so far that one begins to doubt whether Washington has any brakes at all preventing it from crossing the point at which any sober-minded person must stop." Alarm within the Centre reached a climax during the NATO exercise "Able Archer 83," held in November 1983 to practice nuclear release procedures. For a time the KGB leadership was haunted by the fear that the exercise might be intended as cover for a nuclear first strike. Some FCD officers stationed in the West were by now more concerned by the alarmism in the Centre than by the threat of a Western surprise attack.[77]

Operation RYAN wound down (though it did not end) during 1984, helped by the death of its two main proponents, Andropov and defense minister Ustinov, and by reassuring signals from London and Washington, both worried by intelligence on Soviet paranoia.[78] The alarmist RYAN reports obediently provided by KGB residencies were merely an extreme example of Line PR's habitual tendency to tell Moscow what it wanted to hear. One political intelligence officer later admitted:

> In order to please our superiors, we sent in falsified and biased information, acting on the principle "Blame everything on the Americans, and everything

> will be OK." That's not intelligence, it's self-deception![79]

During the first Reagan administration, as at other periods, the Centre would have gained a far more accurate insight into American policy by reading the *New York Times* or *Washington Post* than by relying on the reports of its own residencies. One of the most striking signs of Gorbachev's "new thinking" on foreign policy after he became general secretary in 1985 was his early dissatisfaction with the FCD's political reporting. In December 1985 Viktor Mikhailovich Chebrikov, KGB chairman since 1982, summoned a meeting of the KGB leadership to discuss a stern memorandum from Gorbachev "on the impermissibility of distortions of the factual state of affairs in messages and informational reports sent to the Central Committee of the CPSU and other ruling bodies." The meeting sycophantically agreed on the need to avoid sycophantic reporting and declared the duty of all Chekists both at home and abroad to fulfill "the Leninist requirement that we need only the whole truth."[80]

Gorbachev was far more impressed initially by the performance of FCD's Directorate T. Throughout the Cold War the KGB had greater success in collecting scientific and technological intelligence (S&T) than in its political intelligence operations against the Main Adversary. Infiltrating US defense contractors and research institutes proved far easier than penetrating the heart of the federal government. S&T also rarely suffered from the political correctness which distorted the reporting of Line PR in residencies and political intelligence assessments at the Centre. What remained at least partially taboo, however, was the difficulty experienced by Soviet state-run industry in making full use of the extraordinary S&T which it received. In 1971, for example, the defense and electronics industry ministries began a joint project to duplicate Westinghouse cathode-ray tubes. Two years later, because of production problems at the State Optical Institute, little progress had been made.[81] It was ideologically impossible to learn the lessons of failures such as this, for to do so would have involved a recognition of the inferiority of the Soviet command economy to the market economies of the West. FCD reports thus concentrated on the structural contradictions of Western capitalism while glossing over the far more serious economic problems of the Soviet Bloc.[82]

In 1970 the New York and Washington residencies each ran nine Line X agents and five "trusted contacts."[83] In 1973 the new position of head S&T resident for the United States was established in New York, with responsibility for coordinating Line X operations by the three American residencies, as well as attempts to evade the embargo on the export of advanced technology to the

Soviet Union. By 1975 Directorate T had seventy-seven agents and forty-two trusted contacts working against American targets inside and outside the United States.[84]

Mitrokhin's notes identify thirty-two of the S&T agents and trusted contacts active in the United States during the 1970s, mostly recruited in the same decade. A further eight whose espionage is not dated in the notes were also probably active in the 1970s.[85] The companies for which they worked included some of the leading American defense contractors: among them IBM, McDonnell Douglas and TRW.[86] The S&T agent network also contained scientists with access to important defenserelated projects at some of the United States' best-known research institutes: among them MIKE at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology,[87] and TROP in the Argonne National Laboratory at the University of Chicago.[88] In addition to the civilian S&T agent network, there were also KGB agents in the armed forces who provided intelligence on the latest military technology: among them JOE, an army electronics engineer who provided "valuable information" on military communications systems,[89] and NERPA, who in 1977 was engaged in weapons research at the US army's Material Development and Readiness Command (DARCOM).[90]

Though Mitrokhin's information on the extent and targets of the S&T network on the territory of the Main

Adversary is far more extensive than any previously available account, it is not comprehensive.[91] There is, for example, no mention in Mitrokhin's notes of the Californian drug dealer Andrew Daulton Lee, who in 1975-6 provided the KGB residency in Mexico City with the operating manual for the Rhyolite surveillance satellite and technical data on other satellite systems. Lee's source was his friend Christopher Boyce, an employee of Rhyolite's manufacturer, TRW Corporations in Redondo Beach. Among the TRW secrets passed on to the KGB was detailed information on how American spy satellites monitored Soviet missile tests. In 1977 Lee and Boyce were arrested, tried and sentenced to, respectively, life and forty years' imprisonment. Both achieved celebrity status as the subjects of the bestselling book and film *The Falcon and the Snowman.*[92] One of the KGB files noted by Mitrokhin reveals that only a year after the arrest of Lee and Boyce the KGB recruited another, possibly even more important, spy in TRW with the codename ZENIT. While Boyce had been only a clerk (though with access to classified documents), ZENIT was a scientist.[93]

Directorate T was proud of its achievements, particularly against the Main Adversary, and anxious to bring them to the attention of the Soviet leadership. Brezhnev was informed in 1972 that S&T had produced a saving during the past year of over a hundred million convertible roubles.[94] Among the successes singled out for Brezhnev's attention was intelligence on the construction of the American space shuttle and preparations for unmanned flights to Mars. This, he was told, would solve a number of current problems in the development of Soviet space technology. S&T intelligence on the pelletization of seeds, he was further assured (doubtless unrealistically), would increase the Soviet grain harvest by 20 to 30 per cent and shorten growing time.[95] In 1973 Directorate T reported that it had acquired over 26,000 documents and 3,700 "samples." Though only a minority of this material was classified, it included top secret information on the Saturn rocket, the Apollo space missions, the Poseidon, Honest John, Redeye, Roland, Hydra and Viper missiles, the Boeing 747 jumbo jet and computer technology subsequently plagiarized in the construction of the Minsk-32 computer.[96]

The triumphs of S&T collection figured prominently in the Chekist Hall of Fame opened by the FCD at Yasenevo in 1977 to mark the sixtieth anniversary of the October Revolution. Directorate T's exhibit claimed that during the previous fiveyear period it had obtained over 140,000 S&T documents and more than 20,000 "samples." These were alleged to have produced an economic benefit of over one billion roubles for the Soviet economy and to have advanced research work in a number of branches of science and technology by periods of from two to six years.[97]

Leonid Sergeyevich Zaitsev, the dynamic and ambitious head of Directorate T appointed in 1975, argued that it should be allowed to leave the FCD and become an independent directorate within the KGB. It would, he claimed, need a budget of only 1 percent per annum of the value of the S&T which it supplied to Soviet industry and agriculture.[98] The head of the FCD, Kryuchkov, however, was determined not to allow such a prestigious part of his intelligence empire to escape from his control. Despite failing to win its freedom, Directorate T increasingly operated independently from the rest of the FCD. Its new recruits mostly came from scientific or engineering backgrounds, had their own curriculum in the Andropov Institute (the FCD academy) and trained separately from those in other departments. In foreign residencies Line X officers mixed relatively little with their colleagues in other lines.[99]

The Military—Industrial Commission (VPK), which was mainly responsible for overseeing Directorate T, showed greater interest in non-American targets than during the early Cold War.[100] The United States none the less remained a more important S&T target than the rest of the world combined. In 1980 61.5 percent of the VPK's information came from American sources (some outside the USA), 10.5 percent from West Germany, 8 percent from France, 7.5 percent from Britain and 3 percent from Japan.[101] In 1980 the VPK gave instructions for 3,617 "acquisition tasks," of which 1,085 were completed within a year, benefiting 3,396 Soviet research and development projects.[102] Directorate T was its chief collection agency.

Directorate T owed much of its success in meeting so many of the VPK's requirements to its numerous collaborators in the Soviet scientific community, who numbered approximately 90 agent-recruiters, 900 agents and 350 trusted contacts during the mid-1970s.[103] Among these collaborators—probably the largest network of talent-spotters in the history of S&T—were some of the Soviet Union's leading scientists. All Western scientists —particularly in the United States—in fields related to Directorate T's "acquisition tasks" were potential targets for the KGB. The first approach to a targeted scientist usually came from a Soviet colleague in a similar field, who would try to establish cooperation at a personal or institutional level. Directorate T would then seek to recruit the more naive or corrupt of the Western scientists approached in this way as agents or trusted contacts. [104] Among the Directorate's agent-recruiters was the director of the Physics and Energy Institute of the Latvian Academy of Sciences (codenamed VITOS), who in 1973 recruited MIKE, a senior physicist at MIT.[105] SATURN, a department head at McDonnell Douglas, was recruited in 1978 with similar assistance from the Lithuanian Academy of Sciences.[106]

The KGB also took an active part in the selection of Soviet students for academic exchange programs with the United States and trained many of them as talent-spotters. Students were told to seek places at universities and research institutes within easy reach of the residencies at New York (Brooklyn Polytechnic, MIT, Rensselaer Polytechnic and the universities of Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, New York and Princeton), Washington (American, Catholic, Georgetown, George Washington and Maryland Universities) and San Francisco (the University of California at Berkeley and San Francisco, California Institute of Technology, University of Southern California and Stanford).[107]

Directorate T's success in penetrating American targets was greatly assisted by poor security in some of its target companies and research institutes. Appearing in 1985 before a Senate committee investigating security among defense contractors, Christopher Boyce testified that he and colleagues at TRW "regularly partied and boozed it up during working hours with the 'black vault'" housing the Rhyolite satellite project. Bacardi rum, he claimed, was kept behind the cipher machines and a cipher-destruction device used as a blender to mix banana daiquiris and Mai-Tais.[108] Security failures in most other companies probably took less exotic and alcoholic forms.

Since most major American companies operated abroad, they were vulnerable to penetration outside as well as inside the United States. In the mid-1970s seventeen major US companies and research institutes were targeted by KGB residencies in western Europe: among them IBM by the London, Paris, Geneva, Vienna and Bonn residencies; Texas Instruments by Paris; Monsanto by London and Brussels; Westinghouse Electric by Brussels; Honeywell by Rome; ITT by Stockholm; and the National Institutes of Health by Copenhagen.[109] European residencies were assisted by a number of walk-ins. In 1974, for example, a Canadian resident of Los Angeles (later given the codename SPRINTER) entered the Soviet embassy in Helsinki, announced that he worked for an electro-optical company which was developing laser anti-missile systems and infra-red sights for firearms, tanks, ships and aircraft, and offered to sell its secrets.[110] Like SPRINTER, most of the KGB's S&T network in the United States appear to have been mercenary spies.

SIGINT added substantially to the S&T provided by agents. The SIGINT stations within the Washington, New York and San Francisco residencies (whose operations are discussed in chapter 21) succeeded in intercepting the telephone and fax communications of the Brookhaven National Laboratory and a series of major companies. Mitrokhin's notes, however, do not make it possible to assess the proportion of S&T provided by SIGINT rather than HUMINT.

Since before the Second World War S&T had been regarded as an essential means of preventing Soviet military technology and weapons systems from falling behind the West's. According to one report noted by Mitrokhin, over half the projects of the Soviet defense industry in 1979 were based on S&T from the West.[111] Andropov claimed in 1981 that all the tasks in military S&T set for the KGB had been successfully completed.[112] According to an official US report, based largely on documents supplied during the early 1980s by Vladimir Vetrov (codenamed FAREWELL), a French agent in FCD Directorate T:

> The Soviets estimate that by using documentation on the US F-18 fighter their aviation and radar industries saved some five years of development time and 35 million roubles (the 1980 dollar cost of equivalent research activity would be $55 million) in project manpower and other developmental costs. The manpower portion of these savings probably represents over a thousand man-years of scientific research effort and one of the most successful individual exploitations ever of Western technology.
>
> The documentation of the F-18 fire-control radar served as the technical basis for new lookdown/shootdown engagement radars for the latest generation of Soviet fighters. US methods of

> component design, fast-Fourier-transform algorithms, terrain mapping functions, and real-time resolution-enhancement techniques were cited as key elements incorporated into the Soviet counterpart.[113]

Other successful military projects made possible by S&T were the construction of a Soviet clone of the AWACS airborne radar system and the construction of the Blackjack Bomber modeled on the American B1-B.[114]

From the late 1970s onwards increasing emphasis was also put on the contribution of S&T to the Soviet economy. Directorate T calculated that the main branches of civilian industry were ten years behind their Western counterparts.[115] In January 1980 Andropov instructed Directorate T to draw up S&T collection plans designed to resolve current problems in Soviet agriculture, metallurgy, power-generation, engineering and advanced technology.[116] Of the 5,456 “samples” (machinery, components, microcircuits, etc.) acquired by Directorate T during 1980, 44 percent went to defense industries, 28 percent to civilian industry via the State Committee for Science and Technology (GKNT) and 28 percent to the KGB and other government agencies. In the same, possibly exceptional year, just over half the intelligence obtained by Directorate T came from allied intelligence services, chief among them the East German HVA and the Czechoslovak StB.[117]

Among the HVA's greatest S&T successes was its penetration of IBM. According to the head of the HVA, Markus Wolf, the East German microelectronics company Robotron "became so heavily dependent on surreptitiously acquiring IBM's technological advances that it was, in effect, a sort of illegal subsidiary of that company."[118] Though well behind the West, Robotron was rather better than its Soviet equivalents in exploiting IBM computer technology. The KGB's name-trace system SOUD ("System for Operational and Institutional Data") used East German computers.[119]

S&T collection continued to expand during the 1980s. At a meeting of senior FCD staff early in 1984 Kryuchkov reported that, "In the last two years the quantity of material and samples handed over to civilian branches of industry has increased by half as much again." This, he claimed, had been used "to real economic effect," particularly in energy and food production. Kryuchkov characteristically failed to mention that the sclerotic nature of Soviet economic management made it far harder to exploit S&T in the civilian economy than in the imitation of Western armaments. His obsession with operation RYAN also left him dissatisfied with Directorate T's intelligence on the weapons systems at the heart of Reagan's non-existent plans for a nuclear first strike. "As previously," Kryuchkov complained, "we are experiencing an acute shortage of secret information about new types of weapon and their means of delivery."

The FCD "work plan" for 1984 laid down as Directorate T's main intelligence priorities:

> military technology measures taken by the Main Adversary to build up first-strike weapons: the quantitative increase in nuclear munitions and means of delivery (MX missile complexes, Trident, Pershing-2, cruise missiles, strategic bombers); replacement of one generation of nuclear missiles by another (Minuteman, Trident-2), the development of qualitatively new types of weapons (space devices for multiple use for military purposes, laser and pencil beam weapons, non-acoustic anti-submarine defense weapons, electronic warfare weapons, etc.).

The second priority was "information and specimens of significant interest for civilian branches of the USSR's economy."[120]

Like other Soviet leaders, Gorbachev doubtless took it for granted that Soviet military technology required S&T from the West. He was probably more interested, however, in the use of S&T to invigorate the civilian economy. In an address to embassy staff in London on December 15, 1984, three months before he became general secretary, he singled out for praise the achievements of Directorate T and its Line X officers in foreign residencies.[121] It was already clear that Gorbachev regarded the covert acquisition of Western technology and scientific research as an important part of economic *perestroika.*

The dramatic improvement in East—West relations during the later 1980s offered new opportunities for Directorate T, which produced 25-40,000 S&T "information reports" and 12-13,000 "samples" a year. In 1986 it estimated their value at 550 million roubles; in 1988 and 1989 it put the figure at one billion roubles a year.[122] In the later 1980s about 150 Soviet weapons systems were believed by Western experts to be based on technology system stolen from the West.[123]

AS WELL AS being impressed by the achievements of Directorate T, Gorbachev also seems to have revised his initially critical opinion of the political intelligence provided by the FCD. During the early 1980s Kryuchkov had repeatedly berated his subordinates for their lack of success in recruiting important American agents, and demanded "a radical improvement." As late as February 1985 he denounced "the low standard" of operations against the Main Adversary and "the lack of appreciable results" by KGB residencies in recruiting US citizens.[124]

A walk-in to the Washington embassy two months later came as the answer to Kryuchkov's prayers. By the time Aldrich Ames offered his services to the KGB in April 1985 he had been working for the CIA for eighteen years. Within two months he had betrayed twenty Western (mostly American) agents: among them Dmitri Polyakov, a GRU general who had worked for the FBI and CIA for over twenty years; Oleg Gordievsky, a British agent in the KGB who had just been appointed resident in London; Adolf Tolkachev, an electronics expert who had provided high-grade intelligence on the Soviet avionics system; and at least eleven other KGB and GRU officers stationed in various parts of the world. A majority were shot, though Gordievsky made an epic escape from Russia, with SIS assistance, while under KGB surveillance. Collectively, they had represented probably the most successful Western agent penetration of the Soviet Union since the Bolshevik Revolution. Ames's main motive for betraying them was probably greed. By the time of his arrest nine years later, the KGB and its successor agency had paid him almost three million dollars (probably more than any other agent in Russian history) and had promised him another two.[125] As Gorbachev embarked on a new course in policy towards the United States, he was doubtless impressed by the fact that the KGB had, for the first time, recruited a major agent within the CIA. The FCD also appears to have responded to Gorbachev's demand for less crudely biased reporting on the Main Adversary and its allies. According to Leonid Vladimirovich Shebarshin, then one of Kryuchkov's deputies, "the FCD no longer had to present its reports in a falsely positive light,"[126] though many of its officers must surely have found it difficult to throw off the habits of a lifetime.

In December 1987 Gorbachev took Kryuchkov with him on his historic visit to Washington to sign with President Reagan the first arms control treaty to reduce the nuclear arsenals of the superpowers. Never before had a head of the FCD accompanied a Soviet leader on a visit to the West. Gorbachev's confidence in Kryuchkov—which he would later bitterly regret—doubtless reflected his high opinion of the FCD's success both in gathering an unprecedented volume of S&T and in penetrating the CIA. During the visit to Washington Kryuchkov had dinner at the Maison Blanche restaurant, unnoticed by other diners, with the Deputy Director of Central Intelligence, Robert Gates (later DCI). Gates wrote later:

> Looking back, it is embarrassing to realize that, at this first high-level CIA—KGB meeting, Kryuchkov smugly knew that he had a spy—Aldrich Ames—at the heart of CIA, that he knew quite well what we were telling the President and others about the Soviet Union, and that he was aware of many of our human and technical collection efforts in the USSR.[127]

In October 1988 Kryuchkov achieved his ambition of becoming the first foreign intelligence chief to become chairman of the KGB. His valedictory address on leaving the FCD was a remarkable mixture of the old and new thinking. "Democratization and *glasnost* are the motive force of *perestroika,*" he declared, "and we shall not win through without them:”

> Unless we have an objective view of the world, seeing it unadorned and free of clichés and stereotyped ideas, all claims about the effectiveness of our foreign policy operations will be nothing but empty words.

The old suspicions and conspiracy theories about the United States, however, still lurked not far below the surface of Kryuchkov’s address. Without mentioning operation RYAN by name, he sought to justify the principles on which it was based:

> Many of [the FCD’s] former responsibilities have not been removed from the agenda. The principal one of these is not to overlook the immediate danger of nuclear conflict being unleashed.

And he added a warning about what he alleged was the continuing brutality of “provocation operations” by Western intelligence services; he claimed that there had been over 900 such operations during the first half of 1988 alone.[128] Kryuchkov began 1989 with a dramatic demonstration of the new climate of East—West relations, becoming the first chairman in KGB history to receive the United States ambassador in his office. Thereafter he embarked on an unprecedented public relations campaign designed to win over Western as well as Soviet opinion. “The KGB,” he declared, “should have an image not only in our country but worldwide which is consistent with the noble goals I believe we are pursuing in our work.”[129]

After a brief power struggle, Kryuchkov was succeeded as head of the FCD by the 53-year-old Leonid Shebarshin, the first man with experience of working in countries outside the Soviet Bloc to run foreign intelligence since the Second World War.[130] One of Shebarshin’s main jobs at the beginning of the Gorbachev era had been to prepare intelligence reports for the Party leadership. The fact that he leapfrogged several more senior candidates for his new post is a certain indication that his briefing had impressed Gorbachev.[131] Foreign intelligence officers interviewed by *zvestia* after Shebarshin’s resignation in September 1991 described him as “the first really competent head of the FCD in decades.”[132] According to Shebarshin, his main initial brief from Gorbachev was “to ensure the West did not cheat on arms control.” [133]

The tactical victories of the FCD against the Main Adversary which impressed Gorbachev failed to avert strategic defeat. Directorate T’s very success in stealing Western secrets merely underlined the structural problems of the Soviet economy. Despite S&T worth a billion roubles a year and the Soviet Union’s large numbers of scientists and engineers, Soviet technology fell steadily further and further behind the West. Gorbachev's reforms served only to weaken further the command economy, without establishing a market economy in its stead. There was a bread shortage even after the good harvest of 1990.[134] No amount of either economic or political intelligence could stave off the disintegration of the failing Soviet system.

As the Soviet Union's economic problems multiplied during 1990 and separatist movements strengthened, the Centre's traditional suspicions of the Main Adversary revived. Kryuchkov did not place all the blame for Russia's ills on imperialist plots. "The main sources of our trouble, in the KGB's view," he declared, "are to be found inside the country." But he accused the CIA and other Western intelligence services of promoting "anti-socialist" and separatist forces as part of a "secret war against the Soviet state."[135] According to Shebarshin, Gorbachev failed to heed the FCD's warnings. "He and his friends lived in a world of self-delusion . . . We were hitching our wagon to the Western train."[136] With Gorbachev, in the Centre's view, unwilling to offend the Americans, Kryuchkov began to publicize some of the KGB's neglected conspiracy theories. In December 1990 he denounced a (non-existent) Western plot, "akin to economic sabotage," to "deliver impure and sometimes infected grain, as well as products with an above-average level of radioactivity or containing harmful substances."

[137] In February 1991 first Kryuchkov’s deputy, Viktor Fyodorovich Grushko, and then the new prime minister, Valentin Pavlov, denounced an equally imaginary plot by Western banks to undermine the rouble. The fullest public version of the Centre’s theory of a vast American-led conspiracy to subvert the Soviet Union was set out in April 1991 in a speech by the head of KGB assessments, Nikolai Sergeyevich Leonov, formerly deputy head of the FCD, responsible for operations in North and South America. The goal of US policy, he declared, was “to eliminate the Soviet Union as a united state.” Gorbachev, he implied, was refusing to listen:

> The KGB has been informing the leadership of the country about this in time and detail. We would not want a repetition of the tragic situation before the Great Patriotic War against Germany, when Soviet intelligence warned about the imminent attack of Nazi Germany but Stalin rejected this information as wrong and even provocative. You know what this mistake cost us.

Further dramatic evidence of the resurgence of the KGB leadership’s traditional conspiracy theories about the Main Adversary came in a speech by Kryuchkov to a closed session of the Supreme Soviet on June 17. Kryuchkov read out a hitherto top secret FCD report to the Politburo of January 1977, “On CIA Plans to Recruit

Agents Among Soviet Citizens," which denounced an imaginary CIA masterplan to sabotage the Soviet administration, economy and scientific research. This plan, Kryuchkov claimed, remained actively in force.[138] The CIA's most important agent, he solemnly informed Gorbachev, was his own closest adviser, Aleksandr Yakovlev, allegedly recruited while an exchange student at Columbia University over thirty years earlier.[139]

As Kryuchkov later complained, Gorbachev did not take such nonsense seriously. Nor, no doubt, did many FCD officers with the first-hand experience of the West which the KGB Chairman lacked. Kryuchkov was now Gorbachev's most dangerous opponent, convinced that, having tamely accepted the collapse of the Soviet Bloc in 1989, Gorbachev was now presiding over the disintegration of the Soviet Union. In August 1991 he became the chief organizer of the coup which attempted to topple Gorbachev and preserve the Union.

FOURTEEN

POLITICAL WARFARE

Active Measures and the Main Adversary

The philosophers," wrote Marx, "have only *interpreted* the world in various ways; the point, however, is to *change* it."[1] In addition to collecting intelligence and producing politically correct assessments of it, the KGB also sought to influence the course of world events by a variety of "active measures" (*aktivinyye meropriatia*) ranging from media manipulation to "special actions" involving various degrees of violence. Inspired by exaggerated accounts of its heroic defeat of counter-revolutionary conspiracies between the wars and a desire to impress the political leadership, it frequently overestimated its own effectiveness.

Throughout the Cold War the United States was the main target for KGB active measures as well as for intelligence collection. Most were at the non-violent end of the active measures spectrum—"influence operations" designed to discredit the Main Adversary. A conference of senior FCD officers in January 1984 reaffirmed a priority which had remained unchanged since the end of the Second World War: "Our chief task is to help to frustrate the aggressive intentions of American imperialism ... We must work unweariedly at exposing the adversary's weak and vulnerable points."[2] Much of what was euphemistically described as "exposure" was in reality disinformation fabricated by Service A, the active measures branch of the FCD, and spread by Line PR officers in foreign residencies. Line PR officers were supposed to spend about 25 percent of their time on active measures, though in practice some failed to do so.

The wide variation in the sophistication of the disinformation generated by Service A reflected the uneven quality of its personnel. About 50 per cent of its officers were specialists in active measures. Some of the remaining 50 per cent were rejects from other departments. Few of the ablest and most ambitious FCD recruits wanted jobs in Service A; it rarely offered the opportunity of overseas postings and was widely regarded as a career dead end.[3] There were, of course, exceptions. Yuri Modin, the last controller of the Magnificent Five, became an active measures specialist, was appointed deputy head of Service A and subsequently had a successful Line PR posting spreading disinformation in

India before becoming head of political intelligence at the Andropov Institute.[4] Many Service A officers, however, had little, if any, experience of living in the West and relied on crude conspiracy theories about the capitalist and Zionist plotters who supposedly operated a secret "command center" in the United States.[5] Successive chairmen of the KGB and heads of the FCD, none of whom until the late 1980s had worked in foreign residencies, were influenced by the same theories.

IT WOULD HAVE been wholly out of character had the Centre failed to interpret President Kennedy's assassination by Lee Harvey Oswald in Dallas on November 22, 1963 as anything less than conspiracy. The deputy chairman of the KGB reported to the Central Committee in December:

> A reliable source of the Polish friends [the Polish intelligence service], an American entrepreneur and owner of a number of firms closely connected to the petroleum circles of the South, reported in late November that the real instigators of this criminal deed were three leading oil magnates from the South of the USA—Richardson, Murchison and Hunt, all owners of major petroleum reserves in the southern states who have long been connected to pro-fascist and racist organizations in the South.[6]

It was not difficult to find circumstantial "evidence" for this simplistic conspiracy theory, particularly as regards the oil magnate and anti-Communist buffoon H. L. Hunt. "The Communists need not invade the United States," Hunt once preposterously declared. "Pro-Bolshevik sentiment in the US is already greater than when the Bolsheviks overthrew the Kerensky government and took over Russia."[7]

Hunt's son, Bunker, was one of a group of right-wing mavericks who had paid for a full-page advertisement in the Dallas *Morning News* on the day of Kennedy's visit, accusing the President of being a Communist stooge—a charge which prompted Kennedy to say he was "heading into nut country."[8] The Dallas strip-club owner Jack Ruby, who shot and fatally wounded Oswald on November 24, had visited the Hunt offices shortly before Kennedy's assassination.[9]

The KGB reported that a journalist from the *Baltimore Sun* "said in a private conversation in early December that on assignment from a group of Texas financiers and industrialists headed by millionaire Hunt, Jack Ruby, who is now under arrest, proposed a large sum of money to Oswald for the murder of Kennedy." Oswald had subsequently been shot by Ruby to prevent him revealing the plot.[10] Khrushchev seems to have been convinced by the KGB view that the aim of the right-wing conspirators behind Kennedy's assassination was to intensify the Cold

War and "strengthen the reactionary and aggressive elements of American foreign policy."[11]

The choice of Oswald as Kennedy's assassin, the KGB believed, was intended to divert public attention from the racist oil magnates and make the assassination appear to be a Communist plot.[12] The Centre had strong reasons of its own to wish to deflect responsibility for the assassination from Oswald. It was deeply embarrassed by the fact that in 1959 Oswald had defected to Russia, professing disgust with the American way of life and admiration for the Soviet system. Initially the KGB had suspected that he might have been sent on a secret mission by the CIA, but eventually concluded that he was an unstable nuisance and were glad to see the back of him when he returned to Texas with his Russian wife in 1962. After Oswald's return the FBI at first similarly suspected that he might be a Soviet agent but then seems to have made the same jaundiced assessment of him as the Centre.[13] KGB suspicions of Oswald revived, however, when he wrote to the CPUSA in August 1963 asking whether it might be better for him to continue the fight against "anti-progressive forces" as a member of the "underground" rather than as an open supporter of "Communist ideals." Jack Childs (codenamed MARAT), an undeclared member of the CPUSA who acted as one of its main points of contact with the KGB, warned Moscow that Oswald's letter "was viewed as an FBI provocation."

The fact that, unknown to the KGB, Childs was himself an FBI agent renders his warning unusually ironic.[14]

The Warren Commission, appointed by President Lyndon B. Johnson to investigate Kennedy's assassination, reported in September 1964 that it had found "very persuasive" evidence that Oswald had acted alone and none of a conspiracy. Though the report was flawed, its main conclusions are probably accurate.[15] Service A, which may well have been genuinely persuaded that Kennedy was the victim of a right-wing conspiracy, succeeded in sponsoring its first counterblast even before the Warren Report appeared. The publisher was Carl Aldo Marzani (codenamed NORD), an Italian-born American Communist and Soviet agent, probably recruited before the Second World War, who was extensively used by the KGB for active measures.[16] Early in 1960 the New York residency recommended to the Centre that Marzani be given 6-7,000 dollars to enable his Liberty Book Club to continue publishing pro-Soviet material:

> NORD is an extremely energetic person and is quite devoted to his task. Despite his financial difficulties, he is struggling to keep SEVER [North, the Liberty Book Club publishing company] afloat. SEVER, together with its commercial bookselling network, the Prometheus Book Club, has been in existence for fourteen years. During this time it has published and

> distributed more than 200 titles of a progressive nature, by both American and foreign authors. The catalogue of the SEVER publishing firm lists around fifty titles, and the Prometheus Book Club has 7,000 members. Books are also sent to 8,000 addresses on an individual basis.

The international department of the Central Committee was plainly impressed. In May 1960 it approved a secret grant of 15,000 dollars, more than twice the sum suggested by the New York residency.[17]

Marzani's productions during 1960 included his own translation of a rapturous endorsement of the Soviet system by an Italian Communist:

> It is the duty of every Socialist, of every democrat, of every modern man, to deepen his understanding of the USSR ... We are today capable of continuing to transform the world, thanks to the successes of the USSR, thanks to the successes in a series of other countries, thanks to the struggles which we all wage in our own lands. We can, and we will, extend the civilization that was born in October 1917.[18]

In September 1961 the CPSU Central Committee allocated another 55,000 dollars for the next two years to allow Marzani to expand his publications. He was given a further 10,000 dollars a year to cover advertising costs.[19]

When the young KGB officer Oleg Kalugin, stationed in New York in the early 1960s under cover as a Radio Moscow reporter, paid his first visit to one of Marzani's receptions, he found his apartment "filled with a motley assortment of Communists, liberals, and KGB spooks—all of them watched, undoubtedly, by FBI informers in attendance."[20]

Among the books published by Marzani in 1964 was the first volume on the Kennedy assassination to appear in the United States, *Oswald: Assassin or Fall-Guy?* by the German writer Joachim Joesten. At the beginning of the book Joesten expresses his "heartfelt thanks ... to Carl Marzani, a shrewd and hard-hitting publisher in the finest American tradition, who put his whole heart and soul in this book;" Marzani succeeded in publishing it within five weeks of receiving the manuscript. [21] Joesten supported Moscow's line in pinning the blame for the assassination on a conspiracy by right-wing racists, chief among them "oil magnate H. L. Hunt:"

> They all feared that Mr. Kennedy, with his test-ban treaty, his neutralization of Laos, his dislike of Latin-American militarists, and his quiet feelers towards Castro, intended to put an end to the Cold War, cut back the arms budget and bring under control the Warfare State—that "military-industrial complex" which President Eisenhower had excoriated, and warned the nation about, in his farewell address.[22]

According to Joesten, Oswald was “an FBI *agent provocateur* with a CIA background” who had been judged expendable, used as a fall guy and murdered to prevent him giving evidence.[23] *Oswald: Assassin or Fall-Guy?* thus established two themes which were to recur in Soviet and Russian active measures for the next thirty years: a plot by Hunt and other right-wing fanatics; and the involvement of the CIA. At the time, however, Joesten’s book was overshadowed by the publication of the Warren report and further undermined by the publicity given to Joesten’s Communist background.[24]

The KGB correctly identified the New York lawyer Mark Lane as the most talented of the first wave of conspiracy theorists researching the JFK assassination. According to one report made on him, probably by the New York residency:

> Mark Lane is well known as a person with close ties to Democratic Party circles in the US. He holds liberal views on a number of current American political problems and has undertaken to conduct his own private investigation of the circumstances surrounding the murder of J. Kennedy.[25]

Joesten praised Lane as “brilliant and courageous” and dedicated his own book to him: “Neither the ‘police state tactics’ of the FBI—to use [Lane’s] own words—nor the conspiracy of silence of the press magnates, could sway him from doggedly pursuing the truth."[26] Together with student assistants and other volunteers, Lane founded the Citizens' Committee of Inquiry in a small office on lower Fifth Avenue and rented a small theater at which, each evening for several months, he gave what became known as "The Speech," updating the development of his conspiracy theory. "This alternative method of dissent was required," writes Lane, "because not a single network radio or television program permitted the broadcast of a word of divergence from the official view."[27] Though it dared not take the risk of contacting Lane directly, the New York residency sent him 1,500 dollars to help finance his research through the intermediary of a close friend whom Lane's KGB file identifies only as a trusted contact. While Lane was not told the source of the money, the residency suspected that he might have guessed where it came from; it was also concerned that the secret subsidy might be discovered by the FBI.[28]

The same intermediary provided 500 dollars to pay for a trip by Lane to Europe in 1964. While there, Lane asked to visit Moscow in order to discuss some of the material he had found. The Centre regretfully concluded that inviting him to Russia would reveal its hand in too blatant a way and his proposed trip was "tactfully postponed." Trusted contacts were, however, selected from among Soviet journalists to encourage him in his research.

Among them was the KGB agent Genrikh Borovik, who later maintained regular contact with Lane. Lane's *Rush to Judgment,* published in 1966, alleged complicity at the highest levels of government in the Kennedy assassination. [29] It was top of that year's hardback bestseller list and went on to become the bestselling paperback of 1967, as well as enjoying what Lane modestly describes as "enormous success around the world" and causing "a dramatic change in public perception" of the assassination.[30]

During the late 1960s and early 1970s, Lane's success was less enormous. The most popular books on the assassination were now those that exposed some of the excesses of the conspiracy theorists.[31] CPUSA leaders who visited Moscow in 1971, though describing *Rush to Judgment* as "advantageous to the Communists," claimed that Lane's main motive was his own self-aggrandizement.[32] In the mid-1970s, however, the dramatic revelations of real conspiracy in the Nixon White House and of CIA assassination plots against several foreign statesmen gave the conspiracy theorists a new lease on life.[33] The KGB, predictably, was anxious to lose no opportunity to promote active measures which supported the increasingly popular theory that the CIA was behind Kennedy's assassination. Its chief target was the former CIA officer turned Watergate conspirator E. Howard Hunt (sometimes confused with the Texan oil millionaire H. L. Hunt), who had been wrongly accused of being in Dallas on the day of the assassination.

The centerpiece of the active measure against Howard Hunt, codenamed ARLINGTON, was a forged letter to him from Oswald, allegedly written a fortnight before the assassination. The letter used phrases and expressions taken from actual letters written by Oswald during his two years in the Soviet Union, was fabricated in a clever imitation of his handwriting.

> Dear Mr. Hunt,
> I would like information concerning my position.
> I am only asking for information. I am suggesting that we discuss the matter fully before any steps are taken by me or anyone else.
> Thank-you.
> Lee Harvey Oswald[34]

The implication, clearly, was that Oswald wanted to meet Hunt before going ahead with the assassination.

Before being used, the forgery was twice checked for "authenticity" by the Third Department of the KGB's OTU (operational technical) Directorate. In 1975 photocopies of it were sent to three of the most active conspiracy buffs, together with covering letters from an anonymous wellwisher who claimed that he had given the original to the Director of the FBI, Clarence Kelly, who appeared to be suppressing it. The Centre was doubtless disappointed that for almost two years its forgery received no publicity. In 1977, however, the letter was published by Penn Jones, the retired owner of a small Texas newspaper and self-published author of four books about the assassination. The *New York Times* reported that three handwriting experts had authenticated the letter. Oswald's widow also identified her husband's handwriting.[35] Experts summoned by the House Select Committee on Assassinations in 1978 concluded more prudently that they were unable to reach a "firm conclusion" because of the absence of the original document.[36]

The Centre was somewhat put out, however, by the fact that initial press reaction to its forgery centered chiefly on the likelihood of the letter being addressed to the late Texan oil millionaire H. L. Hunt (the central character in its own original conspiracy theory), rather than the KGB's current intended target, the Watergate conspirator Howard Hunt. Service A believed there had been a CIA plot to disrupt its own plot. The KGB reported that an "orchestrated" American press campaign was seeking to divert public attention from Oswald's connections with the American intelligence community by concentrating on H. L. Hunt instead. In April 1977, soon after the publication of the forged letter, the KGB informed the Central Committee that it was launching additional active measures to expose the supposed role of the "American special services" in the Kennedy assassination.[37] By 1980

Howard Hunt was complaining that, “It’s become an article of faith that I had some role in the Kennedy assassination.”[38]

By the late 1970s the KGB could fairly claim that far more Americans believed some version of its own conspiracy theory of the Kennedy assassination, involving a right-wing plot and the US intelligence community, than still accepted the main findings of the Warren Commission. Soviet active measures, however, had done less to influence American opinion than the Centre believed. By their initial cover-ups the CIA and the FBI had unwittingly probably done more than the KGB to encourage the sometimes obsessional conspiracy theorists who swarmed around the complex and confusing evidence on the assassination. Allen Dulles, the recently retired DCI on the Warren Commission, had deliberately not informed the commission that the CIA had plotted the assassination of Castro. On the very day of Kennedy’s assassination, the Agency had supplied an agent with a murder weapon for use against Castro. J. Edgar Hoover too had held back important information. He discovered, to his horror, that Oswald had not been included on the FBI’s security index of potentially disloyal citizens, despite having written a threatening letter to the Bureau after his return from Russia and subsequently making an appointment to see a KGB officer in Mexico City. After reading a report on “investigative deficiencies in the Oswald case,” Hoover concluded that, if it became public, the report would destroy the FBI’s reputation.[39]

The information withheld by Dulles and Hoover would have been most unlikely to undermine the Warren Commission’s conclusion that Oswald had been a lone assassin. But, when it became public in the mid-1970s, it inevitably encouraged the belief that there had been other cover-ups which pointed to the involvement of the intelligence community. The Watergate scandal, and the revelations of intelligence abuses which followed, created a perfect breeding ground for the spread of conspiracy theories.[40] Though most of the major abuses had been ordered or authorized by successive presidents, the belief grew that, in the words of Senator Frank Church, chairman of the Senate Select Committee to Study Governmental Operations with Respect to Intelligence Activities, the CIA had been “behaving like a rogue elephant on the rampage.”[41]

SERVICE A SEIZED eagerly on Church’s ill-chosen metaphor. The KGB’s most valuable asset in its active measures to discredit the Agency was an embittered former CIA operations officer in Latin America, Philip Agee (codenamed PONT),[42] who had been forced to resign in 1968 after complaints at his heavy drinking, poor financial management and attempts to proposition wives of American diplomats.[43] Though he remained in the West, Agee became, in effect, the CIA’s first defector.

In 1973 he approached the KGB residency in Mexico City and offered what the head of the FCD's Counter-intelligence Directorate, Oleg Kalugin, called "reams of information about CIA operations." The suspicious KGB resident, however, found Agee's offer too good to be true, concluded that he was part of a CIA plot and turned him away. According to Kalugin:

> Agee then went to the Cubans, who welcomed him with open arms ... The Cubans shared Agee's information with us. But as I sat in my office in Moscow reading reports about the growing list of revelations coming from Agee, I cursed our officers for turning away such a prize.[44]

In January 1975 Agee published an uncompromisingly hostile memoir of his career in the CIA entitled *Inside the Company: CIA Diary,* which identified approximately 250 Agency officers and agents and claimed that "millions of people all over the world had been killed or had their lives destroyed by the CIA and the institutions it supports."[45] The self-congratulatory KGB file on the book claims, doubtless with some exaggeration, that it was "prepared by Service A, together with the Cubans."[46] Mitrokhin's notes do not indicate exactly what the KGB and its Cuban ally, the DGI, contributed to Agee's text. As Agee himself acknowledged, however: "Representatives of the Communist Party of Cuba [the

DGI] ... gave important encouragement at a time when I doubted that I would be able to find the additional information I needed."[47] While Agee was writing his book in Britain, the KGB maintained contact with him through its co-optee, Edgar Anatolyevich Cheporov, London correspondent of the Novosti news agency and the *Literaturnaya Gazeta.*[48] At Service A's insistence, Agee removed all references to CIA penetration of Latin American Communist parties from his typescript before publication.[49]

Because of legal problems in the United States, *Inside the Company* was first published in Britain, where it was an instant bestseller. The London *Evening News* called it "a frightening picture of corruption, pressure, assassination and conspiracy." The *Economist* commended it as "inescapable reading." Probably most valuable of all, from Service A's viewpoint, was a review in the *Spectator* by Miles Copeland, a former CIA station chief in Cairo, who described *Inside the Company* as "as complete an account of spy work as is likely to be published anywhere." With enthusiastic support from a number of journalists, Agee then set about unmasking the members of the CIA London station, some of whom were surprised emerging from their homes by press photographers. An American theater director staged a production satirizing the Agency in front of a number of CIA officers' houses. "For a while," claimed Agee, "the

CIA in Britain was a laughing stock.” The left-wing Labor MP Stan Newens promoted a Commons bill, signed by thirty-two of his colleagues, calling for the CIA station to be expelled. Encouraged by Agee’s success in Britain, there was a rush by the media in other parts of Europe to expose the CIA stations in their own capitals.[50]

The six-month delay between the publication of the British and American editions of *Inside the Company,* and the associated legal difficulties, merely served to increase media interest in the United States and ensure its place high on the bestseller list. A review of *Inside the Company* in the CIA’s classified in-house journal, *Studies in Intelligence,* acknowledged that it was “a severe body blow” to the Agency: “A considerable number of CIA personnel must be diverted from their normal duties to undertake the meticulous and time-consuming task of repairing the damage done to its Latin-American program ...”[51]

On November 16, 1976 a deportation order served on Agee requiring him to leave England turned his case, much to the delight of the Centre, into a *cause célèbre.* According to one of the files noted by Mitrokhin:

> The KGB employed firm and purposeful measures to force the Home Office to cancel their decision ... The London residency was used to direct action by a number of members of the Labor Party Executive, union leaders, leading parliamentarians, leaders of

> the National Union of Journalists to take a stand against the Home Office decision.[52]

On November 30 the first in a series of well-publicized meetings to protest against the deportation order was held in London, with speakers including Judith Hart, former Labor Minister of Overseas Development, the leading Labor left-winger Ian Mikardo, Alan Sapper of the film and TV technicians union and the distinguished historian E. P. Thompson. An active defense committee[53] based at the National Council of Civil Liberties organized petitions, rallies and pickets of the Home Office. In the Commons Stan Newens sponsored a protest supported by over fifty MPs and led a delegation to see the Home Secretary, Merlyn Rees. Agee addressed sympathetic meetings in Birmingham, Blackpool, Brighton, Bristol, Cambridge, Cardiff, Coventry, London, Manchester and Newcastle. At his appeal against deportation in January and February 1977, Agee's character witnesses included Stan Newens, Judith Hart, former Home Office minister Alex Lyon, former US Attorney-General Ramsey Clark, Kissinger's former aide Morton Halperin and Sean MacBride, Nobel Peace Prize winner and UN High Commissioner for Namibia. Hart and another ex-Labor minister, Barbara Castle, sponsored a motion, supported by 150 MPs, to reform the appeals procedure. According to Agee's KGB file, "Campaigns of support for PONT were initiated in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Holland, Finland, Norway, Mexico and Venezuela." After Agee's appeals had failed, the final act in the long drawn-out protest campaign was a Commons debate on May 3. The *Guardian,* which supported Agee's appeal, commented:

> When Merlyn Rees ... decided that Philip Agee and [American journalist] Mark Hosenball must go, he must equally have known there would be a fuss. But did he realize the endlessly stretching, deeply embarrassing nature of that fuss—the evidence at a length to rival *War and Peace,* the press conferences, the parade of fervent witnesses?[54]

Though Agee was eventually forced to leave England for Holland on June 3, 1977, the KGB was jubilant at the "deeply embarrassing nature of [the] fuss" his deportation had caused. The London residency's claim that it had been able to "direct" the campaign by prominent Labor politicians and others in support of Agee was, however, greatly exaggerated.[55] It doubtless did not occur to the vast majority of Agee's supporters to suspect the involvement of the KGB and the DGI.[56]

After Agee's well-publicized expulsion from Britain, the KGB continued to use him and some of his supporters in active measures against the CIA.[57] Among the documents received by Agee from what he described as "an anonymous sender" was an authentic copy of a classified State Department circular, signed by Kissinger, which contained the CIA's "key intelligence questions" for fiscal year 1975 on economic, financial and commercial reporting.[58] KGB files identify the source of the document as Service A.[59] In the summer of 1977 the circular was published in a pamphlet entitled "What Uncle Sam Wants to Know about You," with an introduction by Agee. While acknowledging that it was "not the most gripping document in the world," Agee claimed that it demonstrated the unfair assistance secretly given to US companies abroad by the American intelligence community.[60]

In 1978 Agee and a small group of supporters began publishing the *Covert Action Information Bulletin* in order to promote what Agee called "a worldwide campaign to destabilize the CIA through exposure of its operations and personnel."[61] Files noted by Mitrokhin claim that the *Bulletin* was founded "on the initiative of the KGB" and that the group running it (collectively codenamed RUPOR), which held its first meeting in Jamaica early in 1978, was "put together" by FCD Directorate K (counterintelligence).[62] The *Bulletin* was edited in Washington by Bill Schaap, a radical lawyer codenamed RUBY by the KGB, his wife, the journalist Ellen Ray, and another journalist, Louis Wolf, codenamed ARSENIO. Agee and two other disaffected former members of the CIA, Jim and Elsie Wilcott (previously employed by the Agency as, respectively, finance officer and secretary), contributed articles and information.[63] There is no evidence in Mitrokhin's notes that any member of the RUPOR group, apart from Agee, was conscious of the role of the DGI or KGB.

The first issue of the *Covert Action Information Bulletin* was launched by Agee and the RUPOR group at a Cuban press conference on the eve of the Eleventh World Festival of Youth and Students, held to coincide with the Havana carnival in the summer of 1978. Agee also produced advance copies of another book, *Dirty Work: The CIA in Western Europe,* coauthored by himself and Wolf, which contained the names and biographical details of 700 CIA personnel who were, or had been, stationed in western Europe. "Press reaction," wrote Agee, "was not disappointing. In the next few days we learned by telephone from friends in the States and elsewhere that most of the major publications carried stories about the *Bulletin* and *Dirty Work.* Perfect."[64]

The Centre assembled a task force of personnel from Service A and Directorate K, headed by V. N. Kosterin, assistant to the chief of Service A, to keep the *Covert Action Information Bulletin* supplied with material designed to compromise the CIA. Among the material which the task force supplied for publication in 1979 was an eighteen-page CIA document entitled "Director of Central Intelligence: Perspectives for Intelligence, 1976-1981." The document had originally been delivered anonymously to the apartment of the Washington resident, Dmitri Ivanovich Yakushkin, and at the time had been wrongly assessed by both the residency and the Centre as a "dangle" by US intelligence.[65] Agee's commentary on the document highlighted the complaint by DCI William Colby that recent revelations of its operations were among the most serious problems the CIA had to face.[66] Kosterin's task force, however, became increasingly concerned about the difficulty of finding enough secret material for the *Bulletin,* and recommended that it look harder for open-source material, ranging from readers' letters to crises around the world which could be blamed on the CIA—among them the Jonestown massacre in Guyana, when 900 members of the American religious cult the "People's Temple" had been persuaded to commit mass suicide or had been murdered.[67]

Following what Service A believed was the success of *Dirty Work: The CIA in Western Europe,* Agee began work with Wolf on a sequel, *Dirty Work II: The CIA in Africa.* Early in 1979 Oleg Maksimovich Nechiporenko of Directorate K and A. N. Itskov of Service A met Agee in Cuba and gave him a list of CIA officers working on the African continent.[68] Shortly before *Dirty Work II* was finished, Agee decided not to be publicly identified as one of the authors for fear that he might lose his residence permit in Germany, where he now lived. He also changed his official role on the *Covert Action Information Bulletin* from editor to “editorial adviser.” “How that would save my residence in Germany,” Agee later acknowledged, “was a little obscure ... but such was my fear that I was barely rational—at least on this point.”[69] Nechiporenko and Itskov agreed with Pedro Pupo Perez, the head of the DGI, that publication of *Dirty Work II* should be timed to coincide with the conference of ninety-two heads of non-aligned nations to be held in Havana, presided over by Fidel Castro, in September 1979.[70]

By Agee’s own count, *Dirty Work II* brought the total number of CIA officials exposed by him and the RUPOR team to about 2,000. For the KGB it had been a remarkably effective active measure. The Senate Intelligence Committee reported in 1980:

> In recent years members of the House and Senate Intelligence Committees ... have become increasingly concerned about the systematic effort by a small group of Americans ... to disclose the names of covert intelligence agents ... Foremost among them has been Philip Agee ... The destructive effect of these disclosures has been varied and wide-ranging ...
>
> The professional effectiveness of officers who have been compromised is substantially and sometimes irreparably damaged. They must reduce or break contact with sensitive covert sources and continued contact must be coupled with increased

> defensive measures that are inevitably more costly and time-consuming. Some officers must be removed from their assignments and returned from overseas at substantial cost, and years of irreplaceable area experience and language skills are lost.
>
> Since the ability to reassign the compromised officer is impaired, the pool of experienced CIA officers who can serve abroad is being reduced. Replacement of officers thus compromised is difficult and, in some cases, impossible. Such disclosures also sensitize hostile security services to CIA presence and influence foreign populations, making operations more difficult.

All thirteen members of the House Intelligence Committee sponsored the Intelligence Identities Protection Bill, popularly known as the “Anti-Agee Bill,” which eventually became law in June 1982. Agee himself had been deprived of his American passport in 1981 and traveled over the next few years on passports issued by, successively, Maurice Bishop’s Marxist-Leninist regime in Grenada and the Sandinista government in Nicaragua. His influence, by now, was in sharp decline. As he complained, “My 1983 call for a continent-wide action front against the CIA’s people in Latin America went nowhere. People had other preoccupations and priorities.”[71]

LIKE THE CIA, the FBI was inevitably a major target of KGB active measures. Until the death of J. Edgar Hoover in 1972, many of these measures were personally directed against the Bureau's long-serving, aging and irascible director. Service A employed three simple and sometimes crude techniques. The first was to portray Hoover as in league with extremists such as the ultra right-wing John Birch Society, whose founder regarded even the former Republican president Dwight D. Eisenhower as "a dedicated conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy." Service A had acquired both some of the society's stationery and samples of its leaders' signatures from its California headquarters to assist it in its forgeries. In November 1965 it fabricated a letter of good wishes from Hoover to the leader of the John Birch Society, reminding him that the FBI funds put at his disposal would enable the society to open several more branches.[72]

A second, more sophisticated form of active measures concerned alleged FBI abuses of civil rights. Operation SPIRT was designed to demonstrate that the head of the Passport Office in the State Department, Frances Knight, was a secret FBI agent whose loyalty was to Hoover rather than to the Secretary of State. In 1967 Service A forged a letter from Ms. Knight to Hoover and arranged for it to be sent to the celebrated columnist Drew Pearson, who published it in the *Washington Post* on August 4.[73] The fabricated letter reported that a situation of "extreme urgency" had arisen as a result of press enquiries about an alleged FBI request to her for information on Professor H. Stuart Hughes, a Harvard critic of American policy in Vietnam:

> I am seriously afraid that this may indicate preparations for a sustained press campaign against us. We have already discussed the attitude of the Secretary of State towards the long-established practice of the department making inquiries at the request of the FBI ...
>
> Forgive me if I sound alarmist, but I am quite certain from what I have heard that a principle of vital importance is at stake which affects the whole conduct of the government and, in particular, the effectiveness of the Bureau.

Ms. Knight told Hoover she was unwilling to commit too much to paper and suggested an urgent meeting with him.[74] Knight and Hoover both dismissed the letter as a forgery, but the fact that neither denied the FBI's contacts with the Passport Office persuaded the KGB that at least some of its mud had stuck.[75]

A third line of attack deployed by Service A against Hoover was to accuse him of being a homosexual.[76] The truth about Hoover's probably severely repressed sexuality is unlikely ever to be known. Later, much-publicized claims that he was a gay cross-dresser whose wardrobe included a red dress and boa, which made him look like “an old flapper,” and a black dress, “very fluffy, with flounces, and lace stockings,” which he wore with a black curly wig, rest on little more than the discredited testimony of a convicted perjurer, Susan Rosenstiel, who claimed to have seen Hoover so attired. Nor is there any reliable evidence that Hoover and his deputy, Clyde Tolson, who shared his house, ever had a homosexual relationship. But attempts to portray him as a heterosexual are also less than convincing. Hoover had no known female liaisons. As his staunchly loyal number three, “Deke” DeLoach, acknowledges, probably the only person he had ever loved was his mother: “Hoover’s capacity to feel deeply for other human beings [was] interred with her in the Old Congressional Cemetery near Seward Square.”[77]

The later commercial success, admittedly in a more prurient period, of fanciful stories of Hoover at gay transvestite parties suggests that in fabricating stories of his homosexual affairs in the late 1960s Service A had hit upon a potentially promising active measures theme. DeLoach was later depressed to discover how readily such stories were accepted as “undeniable truth:”

> “Tell us about Hoover and Tolson,” people would say.
> “Was it obvious?”
> “Did everyone know what was going on?”[78]

As sometimes happened, however, Service A spoiled a plausible falsehood by surrounding it with improbable amounts of conspiracy theory. It sent anonymous letters, intended to appear to come from the Ku Klux Klan, to the editors of leading newspapers, accusing Hoover of personally selecting for promotion in the FBI homosexuals from whom he expected sexual favors. Not content with turning the FBI into "a den of faggots," Hoover had also allegedly been engaged for several decades in a larger gay conspiracy to staff the CIA and the State Department with homosexuals. The national security of the United States, claimed the letters, was now seriously at risk.[79] Service A's belief that major newspapers would take seriously nonsense of this kind, especially emanating from the Ku Klux Klan, was graphic evidence of the limitations in its understanding of American society. The letters had, predictably, no observable effect.

THE MOST CELEBRATED victim of the FBI's own active measures was the great civil rights leader Martin Luther King. Hoover's obsessive belief that King was "a tom cat with degenerate sexual urges" and his simmering resentment at King's criticism of the FBI led him to make the preposterous allegation to a group of journalists in 1964 that "King is the most notorious liar in the country." When his staff urged him to insist that his outburst was off the record, Hoover refused. “Feel free,” he told the journalists, “to print my remarks as given.” The active measures against King were organized, apparently without Hoover’s knowledge, by FBI Assistant Director William C. Sullivan. In December 1964 Sullivan sent King a tape recording of some of his adulterous sexual liaisons which the Bureau had obtained by bugging his room in Washington’s Willard Hotel. With the tape was an anonymous letter which purported to come from a disillusioned former supporter:

> King, look into your heart. You know you are a complete fraud and a great liability to all of us Negroes ... You could have been our greatest leader. You, even at an early age, have turned out to be a dissolute, abnormal moral imbecile ... You are finished. You will find on the record for all time ... your hideous abnormalities ... What incredible evilness. It is all there on the record.[80]

King was probably the only prominent American to be the target of active measures by both the FBI *and* the KGB. By the mid-1960s the claims by the CPUSA leadership that secret Party members within King’s entourage would be able to “guide” his policies had proved to be hollow.[81] To the Centre’s dismay, King repeatedly linked the aims of the civil rights movement not to the alleged worldwide struggle against American imperialism but to the fulfillment of the American dream and “the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence.” He wrote in his inspirational “Letter from Birmingham Jail” in 1963:

> I have no despair about the future ... We will reach the goal of freedom in Birmingham [Alabama] and all over the nation, because the goal of America is freedom ... We will win our freedom because the sacred heritage of our nation and the eternal will of God are embodied in our echoing demands.[82]

Having given up hope of influencing King, the Centre aimed instead at replacing him with a more radical and malleable leader. In August 1967 the Centre approved an operational plan by the deputy head of Service A, Yuri Modin, former controller of the Magnificent Five, to discredit King and his chief lieutenants by placing articles in the African press, which could then be reprinted in American newspapers, portraying King as an “Uncle Tom” who was secretly receiving government subsidies to tame the civil rights movement and prevent it threatening the Johnson administration. While leading freedom marches under the admiring glare of worldwide television, King was allegedly in close touch with the President.[83]

The same operational plan also contained a series of active measures designed to discredit US policy “on the

Negro issue." The Centre authorized Modin:

- To organize, through the use of KGB residency resources in the US, the publication and distribution of brochures, pamphlets, leaflets and appeals denouncing the policy of the Johnson administration on the Negro question and exposing the brutal terrorist methods being used by the government to suppress the Negro rights movement.
- To arrange, via available agent resources, for leading figures in the legal profession to make public statements discrediting the policy of the Johnson administration on the Negro question.
- To forge and distribute through illegal channels a document showing that the John Birch Society, in conjunction with the Minuteman organization, is developing a plan for the physical elimination of leading figures in the Negro movement in the US.[84]

Service A sought to exploit the violent images of the long, hot summers which began in August 1965 with race riots in Watts, the black Los Angeles ghetto, which resulted in thirty-six deaths, left 1,032 injured and caused damage estimated at over 40 million dollars. The Centre seems to have hoped that as violence intensified King would be swept aside by black radicals such as Stokeley Carmichael, who told a meeting of Third World revolutionaries in Cuba in the summer of 1967, "We have a common enemy. Our struggle is to overthrow this system ... We are moving into open guerrilla warfare in the United States." Traveling on to North Vietnam, Carmichael declared in Hanoi, "We are not reformists ... We are revolutionaries. We want to change the American system."[85]

King's assassination on April 4, 1968 was quickly followed by the violence and rioting which the KGB had earlier blamed King for trying to prevent. Within a week riots had erupted in over a hundred cities, forty-six people had been killed, 3,500 injured and 20,000 arrested. To "Deke" DeLoach, it seemed that, "The nation was teetering on the brink of anarchy."[86] Henceforth, instead of dismissing King as an Uncle Tom, Service A portrayed him as a martyr of the black liberation movement and spread conspiracy theories alleging that his murder had been planned by white racists with the connivance of the authorities.[87]

Simultaneously the Centre implemented a series of active measures designed to weaken the internal cohesion of the United States and undermine its international reputation by inciting race hatred. In 1971 Andropov personally approved the fabrication of pamphlets full of racist insults purporting to come from the extremist Jewish Defense League, headed by Meir Kahane, calling for a campaign against the "black mongrels" who, it was claimed, were attacking Jews and looting Jewish shops. Thirty pamphlets were mailed to a series of militant black groups in the hope of producing “mass disorders in New York.” At the same time forged letters were sent to sixty black organizations giving fictitious details of atrocities committed by the League against blacks and calling for vengeance against Kahane and his chief lieutenants. Probably to the Centre’s disappointment, Kahane was assassinated some years later, not by a black militant but by an Arab.

On at least one occasion, the Centre ordered the use of explosives to exacerbate racial tensions in New York. On July 25, 1971 the head of the FCD First (North American) Department, Anatoli Tikhonovich Kireyev, instructed the New York residency to proceed with operation PANDORA: the planting of a delayed-action explosive package in “the Negro section of New York.” Kireyev’s preferred target was “one of the Negro colleges.” After the explosion the residency was ordered to make anonymous telephone calls to two or three black organizations, claiming that the explosion was the work of the Jewish Defense League.[88]

The attempt to stir up racial tensions in the United States remained part of Service A’s stock-in-trade for the remainder of the Cold War. Before the Los Angeles Olympics in 1984, for example, Line PR officers in the Washington residency mailed bogus communications from the Ku Klux Klan to the Olympic committees of African and Asian countries.[89] Among the racial taunts devised by Service A for inclusion in the mailings was the following:

> THE OLYMPICS—FOR THE WHITES ONLY!
> African monkeys!
> A grand reception awaits you in Los Angeles!
> We are preparing for the Olympic games by shooting at black moving targets.
> In Los Angeles our own Olympic flames are ready to incinerate you. The highest award for a true American patriot would be the lynching of an African monkey.
> Blacks, Welcome to the Olympic games in Los Angeles!
> We'll give you a reception you'll never forget!

This and other active measures on the same theme made front-page news in many countries. When Attorney-General William French Smith denounced the letters as KGB forgeries, Moscow predictably feigned righteous indignation at Washington's anti-Soviet slanders.[90]

THE CENTRE'S ASSESSMENT of "anti-Sovietism" in the United States changed radically at the beginning of the 1970s. In 1968 the Kremlin had been so anxious to prevent the election of the veteran anti-Communist Richard Nixon that it had secretly offered to subsidize the campaign of his Democratic opponent, Hubert Humphrey.[91] Once in office, however, Nixon rapidly emerged as the architect of détente. More Soviet-American agreements were signed in 1972-3 than in the entire forty years since the establishment of diplomatic relations between Moscow and Washington. Nixon's resignation in August 1974, under threat of impeachment for his involvement in the Watergate scandal, caused both dismay and deep suspicion in Moscow. Seen from the Kremlin, Nixon's attempts to conceal the use of dirty tricks against his opponents were, as Dobrynin later acknowledged, "a fairly natural thing to do. Who cared if it was a breach of the Constitution?" The conspiracy theorists in the Centre convinced themselves that Nixon's dramatic fall from power was due far less to public indignation over Watergate than to conspiracy by the enemies of détente—in particular the "Jewish lobby," who were campaigning for unrestricted emigration by Soviet Jews to Israel, and the military-industrial complex, which was anxious to prevent lower arms expenditure.[92]

The key figure in holding together the anti-Soviet coalition, in the Centre's view, was the liberal Democrat, Senator Henry "Scoop" Jackson. Kissinger too regarded Jackson as "the indispensable link between the liberals, preoccupied with human rights [in the Soviet Union], and the conservatives, who became anxious about any negotiations with the Soviets." "Jackson," one commentator has written, "was not the type of leader who needed an impassioned aide to tell him what to think, but he had one anyway: Richard Perle, an intense, razor-sharp scourge of the Soviets who, despite his cherubic smile, earned the sobriquet Prince of Darkness from the legions he had engaged in bureaucratic battle." Perle was the leader of what the KGB saw as a particularly dangerous part of the Jewish lobby: an informal group on Capitol Hill which included both paid Israeli lobbyists and congressional staffers.[93]

Jackson was propelled into battle in August 1972 by the Soviet announcement of an exit tax on emigrants, theoretically designed to repay the costs of their statefunded education but whose main practical effect would have been to reduce Jewish emigration to a trickle. In October Jackson introduced an amendment to the Nixon Trade Reform Bill barring the Soviet Union from receiving most-favored nation status and trade credits until it had lifted restrictions on emigration. Though Moscow quickly dropped the exit tax, Jackson maintained his amendment. For the next two years Kissinger conducted a shuttle diplomacy between Moscow and Jackson, trying vainly to obtain enough Soviet concessions on Jewish emigration to persuade Jackson to back down. "For a long time," said Kissinger later, "I did not realize that Jackson could not be placated."[94]

Dobrynin reported to Moscow that Jackson "kept escalating his demands" in order to win the backing of the Jewish lobby for his attempt to win the Democratic nomination at the 1976 election.[95] The New York resident, Boris Solomatin, informed the Centre that Jackson appeared to be in a strong position for the presidential primaries:

> Jackson's strong point is the fact that, during his nearly thirty-five years in Congress, he has never been involved in any sort of political or personal scandal. In the post-Watergate period the personal integrity of a presidential candidate has had exceptionally great significance. It is necessary to find some stains on the Senator's biography and use them to carry out an active measure which will compromise him. We must discuss with the American friends [the CPUSA] the most effective ways and means of opposing Jackson's plans to become president of the USA.

Others in the Centre cynically concluded that Jackson's reticence about his private life "probably points to the existence of compromising information which could be used to discredit him and his family." The KGB's search for "compromising information" was extraordinarily wide-ranging. Despite the fact that Jackson's parents had left Norway as long ago as 1885, the Oslo residency was ordered in 1974 to make a detailed investigation of his Norwegian relatives. As the American residencies examined Jackson's long political career with a fine toothcomb, the most promising area which seemed to emerge was his sexuality. Jackson's file in the Centre records that his marriage at the age of forty-nine "amazed many of his colleagues, who had considered him a confirmed bachelor." Intensive KGB research, however, found no more incriminating evidence of homosexuality than the fact that for many years Jackson had shared an apartment in Washington with a male childhood friend.[96]

Lacking any proof that Jackson had ever been a practicing homosexual, the Centre decided to fabricate it in an active measure codenamed operation POROK. In 1976 Service A forged an FBI memorandum, dated June 20, 1940, in which Hoover reported to the Assistant Secretary of Justice that Jackson was a homosexual. Photocopies of the forgery were sent to the *Chicago Tribune,* the *Los Angeles Times,* the *Topeka Capital* and Jimmy Carter's campaign headquarters. Service A also sought to exploit a number of incidents during the 1976 primary campaign. After an argument with a gay rights activist at a press conference in March, Jackson told him that he did not want his vote. During a television appearance in April, Jackson declared that "homosexuality leads to the destruction of the family." The KGB sent these statements, together with bogus documents purporting to show that Jackson and Perle were members of a gay sex club, to, among others: Senator Edward Kennedy, who was thought "personally hostile to Jackson;" the columnist Jack Anderson; and the magazines *Playboy* and *Penthouse.*

Because of Jackson's continuing influence on the ratification of Soviet-American arms limitation agreements, operation POROK continued long after he had failed to gain the Democratic nomination. One of the aims of the operation during 1977 was to incite the gay press into attacking Jackson as a closet gay who hypocritically attacked homosexuality in public for his own political advantage. Early in May a Service A officer in New York posted a forged FBI document to the California-based magazine *Gay Times* reporting that Jackson had been an active homosexual while working as a state prosecutor in the early 1940s. Handwritten on the forgery was the heading "Our Gay in the US Senate." Like the rest of operation POROK, the forgery had no discernible effect on Jackson's career.

THE CENTRE'S MAIN target within the Carter administration, which took office in 1977, was the Polish-born National Security Adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, previously an ill-chosen KGB target for cultivation.[97] As Brzezinski later acknowledged, he and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance engaged in a "prolonged and intense" debate over policy to the Soviet Union. The result, according to Vance, was an unstable balance between the "visceral anti-Sovietism" of Brzezinski and his own "attempt to regulate dangerous competition" between the superpowers.[98] "When Carter spoke on foreign affairs," complained Dobrynin, the Soviet ambassador, "we tended to hear echoes of the anti-Sovietism of Brzezinski."[99] The aim of Service A was to diminish Brzezinski's influence relative to Vance's and, if possible, to engineer his dismissal.

The Centre ordered its American residencies to begin a trawl for potentially damaging information on Brzezinski as wide-ranging as that which preceded operation POROK. Was Brzezinski concealing Jewish origins? Was he having an affair with the actress Candice Bergen? Was there any compromising material on his relations with, among others, his deputy David Aaron, his special assistant Karl Inderfurth, Ambassador Richard Gardner and the Polish émigré community?[100]

Though muckraking in the United States appears to have proved unproductive, the Centre was supplied with what it believed was sensational evidence of Brzezinski's secret career in the CIA by the Bulgarian intelligence service. Probably under pressure from his interrogators, Henrich Natan Shpeter, a Bulgarian economist who had confessed to working for both American and Israeli intelligence, produced a bizarre account of a visit to Bulgaria in 1963 by Brzezinski, then a professor at Columbia University, as a guest of the Academy of Sciences. Shpeter allegedly claimed that Brzezinski was a CIA officer who contacted him by using a password, received intelligence from him and gave him further instructions for intelligence operations. In addition, even in 1963, according to Shpeter, Brzezinski had a major role in framing US policy towards the Soviet Bloc.

Shpeter's story, in short, was strikingly similar to those expected of defendants in Stalinist show trials. The Centre, however, was easily seduced by attractive conspiracy theories and used Shpeter's bizarre tale as the basis of an active measure code-named operation MUREN. Service A drafted a bogus report on Brzezinski by an Israeli Zionist organization which included allegedly authentic details of his involvement in Shpeter's espionage. The report went on to denounce Brzezinski as "a secret anti-Semite" and declared that the Zionists had compromising information on his private life which would seriously discredit him.

The Centre decided to deliver this bizarre document to the US embassy in Israel, convinced that its contents were so sensational that they would be brought to carter's as well as Vance's attention. On August 20, 1978 the report was inserted through the half-open window of a car parked by an American diplomat on a street in East Jerusalem.[101] In all probability, the US embassy dismissed the document as the work of a mildly deranged conspiracy theorist. Service A, however, persuaded itself that it had succeeded in putting Brzezinski's career in jeopardy. It seized on press articles during and after the negotiation of the Camp David agreement between Egypt and Israel in September 1978—which appeared to show that Vance had established himself as Carter's main foreign policy adviser—as proof that Brzezinski had been demoted. In November 1978 the deputy head of Service A, L. F. Sotskov, proudly reported to Andropov that operation MUREN had been successfully completed. Though the MUREN file fails to mention it, that judgment was doubtless revised the following year. The hardening of Carter's policy to the Soviet Union was evident even before the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan at the end of 1979.[103]

PROBABLY NO AMERICAN policymaker at any time during the Cold War inspired quite as much fear and loathing in Moscow as Ronald Reagan during his first term as president. Active measures against Reagan had begun during his unsuccessful bid for the Republican nomination in 1976. The Centre had no doubt that Reagan was far more anti-Soviet than either the incumbent president, Gerald Ford, or the Democratic contender, Jimmy Carter. As in the cases of Jackson and Brzezinski, Service A was ordered to embark on a remarkably wide-ranging quest for compromising material. The Centre ordered, *inter alia,* an investigation of reports that Reagan's health had been affected by his father's alcoholism.[104] During his childhood Christmases, Reagan later recalled, "there was always a threat hanging over our family. We knew holidays were the most likely time for Jack [Reagan senior] to jump off the wagon."[105] But such painful childhood memories were not the stuff of which successful active measures were made. Apart from confirming Reagan's reputation as a Cold War warrior, Service A seems to have discovered nothing more damaging than alleged evidence of his "weak intellectual capabilities." Service A successfully planted anti-Reagan articles in Denmark, France and India,[106] where they found more fertile soil than in the United States, but it is barely conceivable that KGB active measures had any influence on Reagan's failure to win the Republican nomination in 1976.

The Centre was less involved in trying to influence the 1980 presidential election than it had been four years earlier. Moscow saw little to choose between what it now saw as a Carter administration dominated by Brzezinski's hard line policies and Reagan's long-standing anti-Sovietism. "Fed up with Carter and uneasy about Reagan," wrote Dobrynin, "it decided to stay on the fence." After Reagan's election, Moscow quickly regretted its fence-sitting, convinced that the new administration represented "the most conservative, chauvinist, and bellicose part of American politics ... pressing for the restoration of American world leadership after the defeat in Vietnam." To Dobrynin's dismay, the Kremlin succumbed to a "paranoid interpretation" of Reagan's policy, fearful—particularly during 1983—that he was planning a nuclear first strike. Dobrynin discovered from the Washington resident, Stanislav Andreyevich Androsov, the instructions for the vast

KGB-GRU operation RYAN designed to detect Reagan's non-existent preparations for the surprise attack. But RYAN remained so secret that most Soviet ambassadors were kept in ignorance of it.[107]

It was probably the extreme priority attached by the Centre to discrediting the policies of the Reagan administration which led Andropov to decree formally on April 12, 1982, as one of the last acts of his fifteen-year term as chairman of the KGB, that it was the duty of all foreign intelligence officers, whatever their "line" or department, to participate in active measures.[108] Ensuring that Reagan did not serve a second term thus became Service A's most important objective. On February 25, 1983 the Centre instructed its three American residencies to begin planning active measures to ensure Reagan's defeat in the presidential election of November 1984. They were ordered to acquire contacts on the staffs of all possible presidential candidates and in both party headquarters. Residencies outside the United States were told to report on the possibility of sending agents to take part in this operation. The Centre made clear that *any* candidate, of either party, would be preferable to Reagan. Residencies around the world were ordered to popularize the slogan "Reagan Means War!" The Centre announced five active measures "theses" to be used to discredit Reagan's foreign policy: his militarist adventurism; his personal responsibility for accelerating the arms race; his support for repressive regimes around the world; his administration’s attempts to crush national liberation movements; and his responsibility for tension with his NATO allies. Active measures “theses” in domestic policy included Reagan’s alleged discrimination against ethnic minorities; corruption in his administration; and Reagan’s subservience to the military-industrial complex.[109]

Reagan’s landslide victory in the 1984 election was striking evidence of the limitations of Soviet active measures within the United States. Even on university and college campuses Reagan was surprised by the (admittedly less than unanimous) “outpouring of affection and support:” “These students in the eighties seemed so different from those that I’d dealt with as governor a decade earlier.”[110] Though Service A was never willing to admit it, there was little it could do to undermine a popular president. Its attacks on Reagan fell on much more fertile ground in Europe and the Third World, however, where his populist appeal to the American way was frequently ridiculed.

ACTIVE MEASURES AGAINST the Main Adversary were usually more effective outside than inside the United States. One of Service A’s most successful tactics was its use of forgeries of US documents shown in confidence to Third World leaders to alert them to supposedly hostile operations against them by the CIA and other American agencies. Since most of these forgeries were never made public, the United States was not usually able to challenge their authenticity. One characteristic example in the files noted by Mitrokhin was operation KULBIT in the Republic of Guinea in 1975. The operation was based on three French language leaflets attacking the government of President Sekou Touré, allegedly produced by the CIA station in the Guinean capital, Conakry, but in reality fabricated by Service A in Moscow. To heighten the dramatic impact of the forgeries, the Soviet ambassador in Conakry telephoned the Minister of Security, Mussa Diakite, at 6 p.m. on October 16, 1975 to tell him that a special emissary had arrived from Moscow with top secret information for the President of great importance. At 9 p.m. the ambassador and O. A. Seliskov, deputy head of FCD Directorate K, were ushered by Diakite into the presence of Sekou Touré. Seliskov handed the President the three fabricated CIA leaflets, the first of which began with an attack on the high level of Guinean unemployment. According to the KGB file on operation KULBIT, on seeing the reference to unemployment, Sekou Touré turned to Diakite, waved the pamphlet in his face and angrily exclaimed, “The filthy imperialists!” Seliskov then described various alleged plots by the CIA station to overthrow the President, making the plots appear all the more convincing by incorporating into them various pieces of information which he knew were already known to the Guinean security service. Sekou Touré, by now “in an emotional state,” pounded the table and declared, “We will take decisive action against the US intelligence officers you have identified. They will be expelled within twenty-four hours!” When he calmed down, the President observed, as Service A had intended, that some of Seliskov’s information coincided with intelligence already in the possession of his security service.[111]

Sekou Touré was profuse in his thanks for the KGB disinformation: “We highly appreciate the concern shown by our Soviet comrades. This is not Chile, and we are not going to allow the same events [the overthrow of the President] to happen in our country.” He asked Seliskov how his top secret information on the machinations of the CIA, supposedly obtained from “important and reliable sources in the United States,” should be handled. “At your own discretion,” replied Seliskov graciously. Sekou Touré asked him to convey his “deepest gratitude” to the appropriate Soviet authorities and asked to be kept informed about future imperialist threats to the security of the Guinean Republic.[112]

The fabrication of compromising US documents and imaginary CIA plots continued into the Gorbachev era. In addition to the “silent forgeries” shown privately to Sekou Touré and other gullible political leaders around the world, forgeries were used to promote media campaigns: among them, in 1987, a forged letter from the DCI, William Casey, on plans to overthrow the Indian prime minister, Rajiv Gandhi; in 1988, bogus instructions from

Reagan to destabilize Panama; and in 1989, a fabricated letter from the South African foreign minister, “Pik” Botha, referring to a sinister but non-existent secret agreement with the United States.[113]

Probably the most successful anti-American active measure of the Gorbachev era, promoted by a mixture of overt propaganda and covert action by Service A, was the story that the AIDS virus had been “manufactured” by American biological warfare specialists at Fort Detrick in Maryland. An East German, Russian-born physicist, Professor Jacob Segal, claimed on the basis of “circumstantial evidence” (later wholly discredited) that AIDS had been artificially synthesized at Fort Detrick from two natural viruses, VISNA and HTLV-1. Thus fortified by spurious scientific jargon, the AIDS fabrication not merely swept through the Third World, but took in some of the Western media as well. In October 1986 the conservative British *Sunday Express* made it its main front-page story. During the first six months of 1987 alone, the story received major news coverage in over forty Third World countries.

At the very height of its success, however, the AIDS fabrication was compromised by a combination of Western protests and “new thinking” in Soviet foreign policy. “We tell the truth and nothing but the truth,” Gorbachev proudly proclaimed at a Moscow press conference in July 1987. Faced with official American protests and the repudiation of the AIDS story by the international scientific community, the Kremlin for the first time showed signs of embarrassment at a successful active measures campaign. In August 1987 US officials in Moscow were informed that the story was officially disowned and Soviet media coverage of it came to an abrupt halt.

The AIDS fabrication, however, was swiftly followed by other, equally scurrilous anti-American active measures in the Third World, some of which also seduced sections of the Western media. Among the most successful was the "baby parts" story, alleging that rich Americans were butchering Third World children in order to use their bodies for organ transplants in the United States. In September 1988 a motion in the European Parliament condemning the alleged trafficking in "baby parts," proposed by a French Communist MEP, passed on a show of hands in a poorly attended session.[114]

Even the end of the Cold War did little to diminish the enthusiasm for active measures of both Kryuchkov, who became chairman of the KGB in 1988, and Leonid Shebarshin, who succeeded him as head of the FCD. Shebarshin, who had made his reputation as resident in India from 1975 to 1977 in part by the success of his active measures operations, was wont to speak "nostalgically about the old days, about disinformation—forging documents, creating sensations for the press."[115]

Not all KGB personnel, however, shared their chiefs' continuing enthusiasm for active measures. Kryuchkov complained in September 1990 that some FCD officers in both Moscow and foreign residencies "underestimate the importance and the role of measures designed to promote influence." He issued a formal "Order of the Chairman of the KGB" requiring "refinement of the work of the foreign intelligence service in the field of active measures" and insisting that "their importance in intelligence work is continuing to grow:"

> In effect the joint political and operational scenario and the interests of the Soviet state and its society require the KGB foreign intelligence service to introduce active measures with greater ingenuity, inventiveness and secrecy which will enhance the level of their effectiveness ... Work on active measures is to be considered one of the most important functions of the KGB's foreign intelligence service.

The FCD training school, the Andropov Institute, was instructed to prepare new "specialist courses in active measures." Among the most important "themes" for active measures was to frighten off support by the West—in particular the United States—for nationalist movements in the Baltic republics and other parts of the Soviet Union:

> In Western government and political circles and in influential émigré groups, it is important ... to

> strengthen the conviction that an adventurist gamble on the disintegration of the Soviet Federation and statehood would lead to a disruption of contemporary international relations with the attendant unpredictable consequences.[116]

Amid the active measures promoted by the SVR in the mid-1990s there remained some echoes of its KGB past. Yeltsin’s memoir, *The View from the Kremlin,* published in the West in 1994, ends with an appendix which contains two specially selected examples of KGB documents in the secret archives of the Russian president. One concerns the assassination of John F. Kennedy. The KGB documents on this topic, probably drawn to Yeltsin’s attention by the SVR (then headed by Yevgeni Primakov), support the theory formerly propagated by Service A that Oswald had been selected as the assassin by “a group of Texas financiers and industrialists headed by millionaire Hunt:”

> Oswald was the most suitable figure for executing a terrorist act against Kennedy because his past allowed for the organization of a widespread propaganda campaign accusing the Soviet Union, Cuba, and the US Communist party of involvement in the assassination. But ... Ruby and the real instigators of Kennedy’s murder did not take into account the fact that Oswald suffered from

> psychiatric illness. When Ruby realized that after a prolonged interrogation Oswald was capable of confessing everything, Ruby immediately liquidated Oswald.[117]

No conspiracy theory of the Cold War era seems to have greater staying power than that generated by the death of President John F. Kennedy.

FIFTEEN

PROGRESS OPERATIONS

Part 1: Crushing the Prague Spring

The KGB and its predecessors had played a crucial part in the creation of the Soviet Bloc after the Second World War. Throughout eastern Europe, Communistcontrolled security services, set up in the image of the KGB and overseen—except in Yugoslavia and Albania—by Soviet “advisers,” supervised the transition to so-called “people’s democracies.” Political development in most east European states followed the same basic pattern. Coalition governments with significant numbers of non-Communist ministers, but with the newly founded security services and the other main levers of power in Communist hands, were established immediately after German forces had been driven out. Following intervals ranging from a few months to three years, these governments were replaced by bogus, Communist-run coalitions which paved the way for Stalinist one-party states taking their lead from Moscow.[1]

The German Communist leader Walter Ulbricht announced to his inner circle on his return to Berlin from exile in Moscow on April 30, 1945: “It’s got to look democratic, but we must have everything under our control.”[2] Because a democratic façade had to be preserved throughout eastern Europe, the open use of force to exclude non-Communist Parties from power had, so far as possible, to be avoided. Instead, the new security services took the lead in intimidation behind the scenes, using what became known in Hungary as “salami tactics”—slicing off one layer of opposition after another. Finally, the one-party people’s democracies, purged of all visible dissent, were legitimized by huge and fraudulent Communist majorities in elections rigged by the security services.[3]

During the early years of the Soviet Bloc, Soviet advisers kept the new security services on a tight rein. The witch-hunts and show trials designed to eliminate mostly imaginary supporters of Tito and Zionism from the leadership of the ruling Communist Parties of eastern Europe were orchestrated from Moscow. One of the alleged accomplices of the Hungarian Minister of the Interior, László Rajk, in the non-existent Titoist plot for which Rajk was executed in 1949, noted how, during his interrogation, officers of the Hungarian security service “smiled a flattering, servile smile when the Russians spoke to them” and “reacted to the most witless jokes of the [MGB] officers with obsequious trumpetings of immoderate laughter.”[4]

Even after Stalin’s death, any Soviet Bloc intelligence officer of whom the KGB disapproved became a marked man. Among them was Ernst Wollweber, head of the East German Stasi from 1953 to 1957, whose long connection with Soviet intelligence went back to his years as an NKVD agent in the 1930s, specializing in marine sabotage. Wollweber, however, had come to dislike Moscow’s habit of issuing peremptory orders and resented the fact that the KGB kept him ill-informed on its operations in West Germany. The KGB also distrusted Wollweber’s current mistress, Clara Vater, a German Communist who, like many of her comrades, had been unjustly imprisoned during Stalin’s Terror.[5] Remarkably, it placed both her and her daughter, whom Wollweber had adopted, under surveillance inside East Germany. Wollweber was succeeded in 1957 by the sycophantically pro-Soviet Erich Mielke, who remained in office with Moscow’s blessing until 1989, becoming one of the world’s longest serving intelligence chiefs.[6]

ON EACH OF the three occasions when the Red Army intervened to restore pro-Soviet orthodoxy in a wayward

Communist state—Hungary in 1956, Czechoslovakia in 1968, Afghanistan in 1979—the KGB played a prominent part in what was euphemistically termed the process of “normalization.” When the Hungarian uprising began in October 1956 with mass demonstrations calling for free elections and the withdrawal of Soviet troops, the KGB chairman, General Ivan Aleksandrovich Serov, flew to Budapest to take personal charge of KGB operations. At an emergency meeting of security and police officers in the interior ministry, Serov denounced their reluctance to fire on the demonstrators: “The fascists and imperialists are bringing out their shock troops into the streets of Budapest, and yet there are still comrades in your country’s armed forces who hesitate to use arms!” Sandor Kopácsi, the Budapest chief of police, who was soon to side with the freedom fighters, replied scornfully:

> Evidently the comrade adviser from Moscow has not yet had time to inform himself of the situation in our country. We need to tell him that these are not “fascists” or other “imperialists” who are organizing the demonstration; they come from the universities, the handpicked sons and daughters of peasants and workers, the fine flower of our country’s intelligentsia which is demanding its rights . . .[7]

A quarter of a century later Kopácsi still vividly recalled the long, withering glare in his direction from Serov’s steel-blue eyes. Shortly before Kopácsi escaped to the West, Serov told him, “I’m going to have you hanged from the highest tree in Budapest!” On the evening of November 3, 1956 a Hungarian delegation headed by Pál Maléter, the minister of defense, was invited to Soviet military headquarters at Tokol to discuss final details of the Red Army’s withdrawal from Hungarian soil. At midnight, while toasts were being drunk, Serov, brandishing a Mauser pistol, burst into the room at the head of a group of KGB officers and arrested Maléter and his colleagues. A series of mock executions over the next few hours convinced each member of the Hungarian delegation that all his colleagues had been shot.[8] At 4 a.m. on November 4 the Red Army began the suppression of the Hungarian uprising. Serov and his deputy, KGB General K. Grebennik, who became military commandant of Budapest, stayed on to supervise the “normalization.”[9]

Though it was not until after the Prague Spring of 1968 that the Red Army intervened again to enforce Soviet ideological orthodoxy, Moscow showed growing anxiety during the 1960s at increasing Western influence within the Soviet Bloc. The KGB reported that the West was engaged in wide-ranging “subversive activity in the political and ideological sphere against the socialist countries ... seeking to persuade the population of the superiority of the Western way of life.” The “subversion” took many forms: broadcasting, propagandist publications, information distributed by Western embassies, East-West cultural and scientific exchanges, tourism and letterwriting. In the Centre's view, Western radio stations such as the BBC World Service and Radio Liberty threatened to cause "immense harm" by broadcasting propaganda designed to weaken the fraternal ties between the Soviet Union and the socialist states of eastern Europe.[10] What most worried the KGB was that "the broadcasts were popular with the intelligentsia and young people." According to statistics probably obtained from its Hungarian ally, the AVH, over 20 per cent of young people in Hungary listened to Western radio stations.[11] During 1964 approximately fifty million postal items were exchanged between Hungarian citizens and the West, eight million more than in 1963. The KGB was also exercised by the growth in east European visitors to the West, who were in danger of returning with subversive ideas. In 1964 168,000 Hungarians and 150,000 Czechoslovaks visited Western countries. Worse still, in the Centre's view, many were unsupervised during their visits. The KGB complained that its Polish ally, the SB, had no officers in its foreign residencies who were responsible for monitoring the behavior of Polish tourists and Poles studying abroad. In 1964 34,500 Poles traveled to the West as individuals rather than as members of groups.[12]

The KGB kept somewhat bizarre statistics of "harmful attitudes" and "hostile acts" in the Soviet Bloc, which it tended to lump together: such disparate phenomena as enthusiasm for Western pop music with cases of ideological deviation. In both 1965 and 1966 Hungarian young people were said to have been guilty of approximately 87,000 “harmful attitudes” and “hostile acts.” According to classified official statistics, the figure fell reassuringly, if somewhat surprisingly, to 68,000 in 1968 and remained at about that level for the next decade. Disturbingly, however, about 30 per cent of the cases recorded concerned members of the Communist youth organization, Komsomol.[13]

“The West’s subversive activities,” complained one KGB report, were “harming the cause of Socialist construction” throughout the Soviet Bloc, encouraging nationalist tendencies in the states of eastern Europe and damaging their ties with the Soviet Union. The greatest harm was being done among the intelligentsia and young people. The KGB noted “an unhealthy tendency” among writers towards “ideological co-existence” with the West and a growing belief that literature was no business of the Party. Students showed a worrying tendency to set up independent non-Party organizations for “free discussion on the model of English clubs.” One undated KGB report picked out two subversive texts currently attracting “growing interest:” *The New Class* by the heretical Yugoslav Communist Milovan Djilas, and the works of the late nineteenth-century German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche.[14]

It is easy to see why Djilas's devastating exposé of the Soviet system as a co-optive oligarchy run by a privileged Party *nomenklatura* should have been seen as so subversive. In 1963 the twenty-year-old Russian dissident Vladimir Bukovsky was sent to psychiatric hospital for possessing a copy of it. Even for KGB officers *The New Class* was seen as a potentially dangerous text. When General Oleg Kalugin finally read the book in the KGB library in 1981, twenty-four years after its publication in the West, he found himself secretly agreeing with it.[15] Why Nietzsche should have been mentioned in the same breath as Djilas is more puzzling. His call for a "revaluation of all values" so that the life force of the strongest should not be hampered by the weak, though bearing some relation to the actual practice of Stalinism, was ideological anathema. But the works of Nietzsche, unlike those of Djilas, were scarcely likely to subvert the youth of the Soviet Bloc. The author of the KGB report probably knew no more about the great German philosopher than that he was a well-known enemy of Marxism.

The first stirrings of reform in Czechoslovakia in the mid-1960s, however, caused relatively little concern in the Centre. The chief target of the reformers, the aging and truculent Czechoslovak Communist Party (CPCz) leader, Antonín Novotný, was increasingly regarded in Moscow as a neo-Stalinist nuisance rather than as a bulwark against revisionism. In December 1967 Brezhnev made an unscheduled one-day visit to Prague at the request of Novotný, who was under pressure to relinquish the post of First Secretary, which he had hitherto combined with that of president. Brezhnev refused to intervene, telling Novotný bluntly to deal with the problem himself.[16] Deprived of Soviet support, Novotný gave way to the reformers.

The election of the 46-year-old Alexander Dubček as the new First Secretary on January 5, 1968 initially aroused no disquiet in either the Kremlin or the Centre. Dubček had spent most of his childhood in the Soviet Union, graduating with honors from the Moscow Higher Party School in 1958, and was condescendingly known within the KGB as "Our Sasha." When the Czechoslovak attempt to create "Socialism with a human face" began, the FCD Eleventh (East European) Department at first concluded that "Our Sasha" was being cleverly manipulated by "bourgeois elements" in the CPCz. Once it became clear that Dubček was himself one of the moving forces behind the reforms, the Centre felt a sense of personal betrayal.[17]

Dubček believed, in retrospect, that Moscow took a secret decision to use the Red Army to crush the Prague Spring little more than two months after he succeeded Novotný:

> Under Novotný and his predecessors, the Soviets had been permitted to control the Czechoslovak armed

> forces and secret police in various ways, which included an implicit “right” to approve key appointments. It was apparently not until mid-March that they realized that their proxies might be fired and replaced without their consent and decided to step in.[18]

In reality Brezhnev remained unsure about the wisdom of military intervention until almost the eve of the August invasion. The Soviet prime minister, Alexei Kosygin, shared some of Brezhnev’s doubts.[19] Both, however, gradually gave way to the hardliners in the Politburo.

The case for military intervention was first put at the Politburo meeting on March 21 by the Ukrainian Party secretary, Petr Yefimovich Shelest, who declared that the fate of the whole “socialist camp” was at stake in the Prague Spring. Though it was “essential to seek out the healthy [pro-Soviet] forces in Czechoslovakia more actively,” he argued that “military measures” would also be necessary. Shelest was vigorously supported by the KGB chairman, Yuri Andropov, who called for “concrete measures” to prepare for armed intervention.[20] Though as yet only a candidate (non-voting) member of the Politburo, Andropov became an increasingly influential voice during the Czechoslovak crisis, willing to challenge Kosygin and other more senior figures who appeared reluctant to use force.[21]

As Soviet ambassador in Budapest in 1956, Andropov had played a key role in suppressing the Hungarian Revolution. His insistence that the threat of counter-revolution had reached a critical stage helped to persuade an initially reluctant Khrushchev to agree to military intervention.[22] An admiring junior diplomat in the Soviet embassy later recalled how Andropov had been the first to "see through" the reformist prime minister, Imre Nagy, and had seemed completely in control of events even as Soviet tanks entered Budapest: "He was so calm—even when bullets were flying, when everyone else at the embassy felt like we were in a besieged fortress."[23] As well as being an uncompromising advocate of force, Andropov had demonstrated his mastery of deception, successfully persuading Nagy that the Red Army was being withdrawn while simultaneously plotting his overthrow. When the Hungarian commander-in-chief phoned the Prime Minister's office early on November 4 to report the Soviet attack, Nagy told him, "Ambassador Andropov is with me and assures me there's been some mistake and the Soviet government did not order an attack on Hungary. The Ambassador and I are trying to call Moscow."[24]

In Czechoslovakia in 1968, as in Hungary in 1956, Andropov's strategy was based on a mixture of deception and military might. Among the main instruments of deception during the Prague Spring were KGB illegals, all disguised as Westerners. Their deployment in Czechoslovakia in the first of what were henceforth termed PROGRESS operations marked a major innovation in the KGB's use of illegals. Hitherto illegals had been sent overwhelmingly to the West rather than the East. Most of those deployed within the Soviet Bloc had been sent on missions (codenamed BAYKAL) either to cultivate Western tourists or to monitor contacts between Soviet citizens and Westerners. In 1966 and 1967, for example, a number of illegals were sent to Bulgarian Black Sea resorts to mingle with the growing number of Western holidaymakers and look for possible recruits.[25] The illegal Stanislav Federovich Malotenko visited tourist areas of Ukraine, Bulgaria, Romania and Czechoslovakia posing as a Western visitor in order to investigate, *inter alia,* "how willingly women agents agreed to have intimate relations with foreigners without permission" from the KGB.[26]

During the Prague Spring illegals, posing as Western tourists, journalists, business people and students, were for the first time used in significant numbers in a country of the Soviet Bloc for both intelligence collection and active measures. Czechoslovak counter-revolutionaries, the Centre believed, would be much franker in revealing their subversive designs to those they believed Western sympathizers than to their neighbors in eastern Europe. Even within the FCD the PROGRESS operation in Czechoslovakia was known only to a small circle of senior officers. Initially the PROGRESS file was kept in the office of the head of Directorate S (Illegals), General Anatoli Ivanovich Lazarev, though, as operations in Czechoslovakia expanded, the group within the directorate who were privy to the secret also widened.[27]

Of the first twenty illegals selected by the Centre for PROGRESS operations in Czechoslovakia during 1968,[28] at least five (GROMOV, SADKO, SEVIDOV, VLADIMIR and VLAS)[29] and probably another two (GURYEV and YEVDOKIMOV) [30] posed as West Germans. There were also three bogus Austrians (ARTYOMOVA, DIM and VIKTOR)[31] and three bogus Britons (BELYAKOV, USKOV and VALYA),[32] two fictitious Swiss (ALLA[33] and SEP[34]), one Lebanese (YEFRAT[35]) and one Mexican (ROY[36]).[37] Probably in March, Andropov ordered that by May 12 at least fifteen of the illegals should be deployed in Czechoslovakia—more than had ever been despatched to any Western country in so short a period of time. Each was given a monthly allowance of 300 dollars as well as travel expenses and enough money to rent an apartment.[38]

Andropov also expanded the KGB legal representation in Prague. In addition to the KGB liaison office, headed by M. G. Kotov, which had been operating in the headquarters of the StB (its Czechoslovak equivalent) for the past twenty years, Andropov secretly established an undeclared KGB residency, headed by V. V.

Surzhaninov, which began work in the Soviet embassy on April 26.[39] The deputy head of FCD Directorate S, G. F. Borzov, and another senior Line N officer, V. K. Umnov, were sent to the residency to co-ordinate the work of the illegals.[40] The main task both of the residency's Line PR and of the KGB liaison with the StB was to identify reliable, pro-Soviet members of the CPCz to form a quisling government after a Soviet invasion. At the top of their list the KGB put four hardline members of the CPCz Presidium—Alois Indra, Jozef Lenárt, Drahomir Kolder and Vasil Bil'ak—and a former minister of the interior, Rudolf Barák, who had been dismissed and imprisoned in 1962, officially for embezzlement of Party funds but in reality for using the StB to collect an incriminating dossier on Novotný.[41]

KGB officers in Prague had little difficulty in arranging meetings with Indra, Lenárt, Kolder and Bil'ak, who were regular visitors to the Soviet embassy. It was considered too risky, however, to approach Barák directly after his release from prison early in May. Instead, the KGB residency used a female illegal, Galina Leonidovna Linitskaya (codenamed ALLA), operating with a Swiss passport in the name of Maria Werner, to make the first approach to Barák. For some years the vivacious ALLA had specialized in making contact with Western visitors to the Soviet Union who were of interest to the KGB. Her KGB file primly complains that she was "too sexually stimulated" and, despite having a daughter, "not a family person" (not a criticism which appears in the files of male illegals). ALLA had first met Barák in 1961, when he was minister of the interior, and succeeded in renewing contact with him soon after his release from prison. At ALLA's request, Barák agreed to a meeting with B. S. Ivanov of the KGB residency.[42]

Indra, Lenárt, Kolder and Bil'ak were all to prove stalwarts of the neo-Stalinist regime which later presided over the destruction of "Socialism with a human face." Barák, however, proved far less useful than the Prague residency had hoped, partly because of resentment—even by some pro-Soviet members of the CPCz leadership—at his brutality as minister of the interior when he had been in charge of the StB. He was not fully rehabilitated until 1975, seven years after his release from prison.[43]

THE KGB ILLEGALS deployed in Czechoslovakia had two main tasks: to penetrate the allegedly counter-revolutionary groups springing up during the Prague Spring in order to report on their subversive intentions; and to implement a series of active measures designed to discredit them. The main task of penetration was entrusted to YEFRAT, GURYEV, YEVDOKIMOV, GROMOV and SADKO.[44] Their chief targets were what the Centre saw as the main sources of subversive ideas:

- the Union of Writers (in particular its chairman, Eduard Goldst Åcker, and vice-chairman, Jan Procházka, and the celebrated authors Pavel Kohout and Milan Kundera);

- radical journals which had escaped Communist control such as the Union of Writers' *Literární Listy* and the Socialist Party's *Svobodne slovo,* as well as the increasingly unorthodox Communist Party newspaper, *Rudé právo;*
- leading reformists in television and radio (in particular Jiří Pelikán, the director-general of Czechoslovak television);
- Charles University, especially its philosophy department, which took the lead in pressing for a new law protecting academic freedom, and leading student activists such as Lubomír Holeček and Jiří Måller;
- K-231, a club of former political prisoners who had been jailed under the notorious Article 231 of the Czechoslovak criminal code;
- KAN, the club of non-Party activists, formed in early April to give those who were not Party members the opportunity to participate in public life and share in the building of "a new political system—hitherto never realized in history—democratic socialism;"
- and the Socialist and People's Parties, struggling to recover the independent existence they had lost after the Communist coup in 1948.[45]

One of the defining moments of the Prague Spring, which epitomized the new climate of political freedom and the near-collapse of official censorship, was the May Day procession through the capital, seen on television throughout the country. Instead of the usual tedious display of sycophantic admiration for the Party leadership and platitudinous slogans celebrating friendship with the Soviet Union, there was a spontaneous celebration of popular support for the reform movement combined with irreverent messages for Moscow such as the banners proclaiming "With the Soviet Union for ever—but not a day longer!" and "Long live the USSR—but at its own expense!" Dubček remembered the day "with deep emotion," "truly touched" by the support for him from the former political prisoners of K-231 and the non-Party activists of KAN. For Moscow, however, the day was an outrageous counter-revolutionary provocation which demonstrated that the Czechoslovak one-party state was in mortal danger.[46]

The danger was all the greater because, in the Centre's view, the StB was becoming increasingly unreliable. Probably Moscow's leading *bête noire* in Oldřich Černík's government, which took power in April, was the interior minister, Josef Pavel, who was responsible for the StB. Ironically, the KGB placed much of the blame for Pavel's appointment on Lubomír Štrougal, who later turned against the reformists and played a prominent part in the return to pro-Soviet orthodoxy. According to a report in the KGB files, Štrougal came into Černík's office soon after his appointment as prime minister and, fearing that the office was bugged, asked him to come for a stroll by the river Vltava, which runs through the center of Prague. During their walk Štrougal urged Černík to give Pavel the interior ministry. Because Pavel had spent some years in prison during the early 1950s, Štrougal argued that he could be relied upon to ensure that the police and the StB did not abuse their powers. Čerík allegedly agreed with his arguments.[47] In late April, soon after becoming Interior Minister, Pavel announced that both the ministry and the StB were henceforth to be under government—not Party—control, and that a series of senior officials were to be sacked. Among them was the pro-Soviet head of the StB, Josef Houska, who was dismissed in June. Some weeks before he left, he handed the KGB photocopies of a series of StB personnel files.[48]

On May 10 Aleksei Kosygin, the Soviet prime minister, sent Čerík, his Czech counterpart, an outraged letter complaining, among other things, that "agents and saboteurs" disguised as Western tourists had been able to penetrate Czechoslovakia because of poor border security.[49] What Kosygin predictably failed to mention, however, was that the most active agents and all the saboteurs with Western passports were KGB illegals. On the very day he sent his letter, GROMOV (Vasili Antonovich Gordievsky) and GURYEV (Valentin

Aleksandrovich Gutin), both posing as West Germans, were attempting to kidnap two of the most eloquent tribunes of the Prague Spring.[50] GROMOV had recent experience in kidnapping. Only a month earlier he had been decorated for an assignment in Sweden, which involved exfiltrating another illegal, FAUST, who was considered by the Centre to have developed a persecution syndrome. Once back in the Soviet Union, FAUST had been sent to a psychiatric hospital for a year, then released and sacked from the KGB.[51]

The targets selected for exfiltration by GROMOV and GURYEV in May 1968 were Professor Václav Černý and Jan Prochízka.[52] Václav Černý (codenamed TEMNY),[53] one of Czechoslovakia's leading authorities on Romance literature, had been expelled from his chair at Charles University after the Communist coup in 1948 but re-emerged during the Prague Spring as a founder member of KAN and an eloquent advocate of academic freedom. At the June 1967 Congress of the Writers Union, Jan Prochízka had been one of those who took the lead in denouncing official censorship and demanding "freedom of creativity."[54] Claiming to be concerned for his safety, GURYEV tried to persuade Černý that he was in serious personal danger (presumably from the hardline opponents of reform) and offered to find him a temporary hiding place. GROMOV delivered a similar message to Prochízka. Once persuaded of the need to hide, both

Černý and Prochízka were to be handed over to thugs from Service V (the FCD “special actions” department), who would drive them in a car with CD plates which could cross unchecked into East Germany.[55] If they resisted, Černý and Prochízka were to be subdued with what the operational file euphemistically describes as “special substances.”

The operation, however, was a miserable failure. After the persecution Černý had suffered during the previous twenty years, GURYEV could not persuade him that he was in any greater danger than usual. GROMOV discovered to his dismay that Prochízka had been supplied with a bodyguard by Pavel. The Centre had also overlooked the language problems involved in the operation. Though Černý was a good linguist, Prochízka spoke only Czech. Posing as a non-Czech-speaking West German, GROMOV found it difficult to communicate with him. Though he could probably have made himself understood in Russian, he would have risked revealing his real identity.[56] After a few weeks GURYEV and GROMOV abandoned their kidnap attempts.

In addition to their other missions during the Prague Spring, the illegals were tasked with a series of active measures collectively codenamed KHODOKI (“gobetweens”), which were intended to justify a Soviet invasion by fabricating evidence of a counter-revolutionary conspiracy by Czechoslovak “rightists” and

Western intelligence services.[57] Posing as sympathetic Westerners, the illegals tried to persuade editors and journalists to publish attacks on the Soviet Union and other provocative articles. They also attempted to interest Černý and K-231 in accepting aid from a fictitious underground organization allegedly supplied with arms by the West. Josef Houska, the StB chief sacked by Pavel in June, was secretly informed of operation KHODOKI and agreed to co-operate with it.[58]

By mid-July, as part of KHODOKI, the illegals had succeeded in planting fabricated evidence of preparations for an armed coup. On July 19 *Pravda* reported the discovery of a "secret cache" of American weapons near the West German border, some conveniently contained in packages marked "Made in USA," which had allegedly been smuggled into Czechoslovakia by "revenge seekers and champions of the old order." The Soviet authorities, it claimed, had also obtained a copy of an American "secret plan" to overthrow the Prague regime. The press throughout the Soviet Bloc followed up *Pravda*'s story with reports that hidden Western weapons were being discovered all over Czechoslovakia. Simultaneously bogus intelligence was fed to the StB implicating K-231 and KAN in a counter-revolutionary conspiracy with Western intelligence services.[59]

The Soviet Politburo met to consider its next step in the crisis on the same day that *Pravda* produced its first report on the fictitious counter-revolutionary arms caches. Brezhnev began the meeting by proposing a final meeting with the Czechoslovak leadership to try to reach a negotiated settlement. Only if that failed should they take “extreme measures.” Andropov emerged as the chief spokesman of those who wanted extreme measures immediately. Bilateral talks, he argued, would achieve little, while any delay would increase the threat from “the rightists:” “They are fighting for survival now, and they’re fighting frenziedly ... Both we and they are making preparations, and theirs are very thorough. They are preparing the working class, the workers’ militia [for a conflict].” It was a bad-tempered meeting. Andropov became involved in a furious argument with Kosygin, whom he accused of “attacking” him, presumably because of his call for immediate military intervention. “I am not attacking you,” retorted Kosygin. “On the contrary, it is you who are attacking me!” The only full member of the Politburo who supported Andropov’s opposition to a final meeting with the CPCz leadership was K. T. Mazurov. However, the foreign minister, Andrei Gromyko, like Andropov a non-voting member of the Politburo and later his close ally, probably summed up the majority view when he declared that meeting Dubček and his colleagues was no more than a necessary preliminary to invasion: “Clearly they will not accept our proposals. But then we can move to a decision about taking extreme measures ...”[60]

As Gromyko had predicted, the meeting between the CPCz Presidium and the Soviet Politburo at the border town of Čierní nad Tisou from July 29 to August 1 ended without agreement. After an StB investigation, Pavel reported to the CPCz Presidium that the alleged counter-revolutionary arms caches were a "provocation." Though the weapons themselves were American, of Second World War vintage, some of them were in Soviet-made packaging. Other intelligence linking K-231 and KAN with Western secret services was also discovered to be fabricated.[61] The KGB illegals behind operation KHODOKI, however, went undetected. Mitrokhin's notes on KGB files lend some, though not conclusive, support to the claim by an StB defector that the KGB planned to murder the Soviet wives of a number of Czechoslovak citizens in August and blame their deaths on counter-revolutionaries. The plan was apparently discovered by the StB and aborted.[62]

At a meeting of the CPCz Party committee of the StB early in August, the head of StB foreign intelligence, Shuoj Frouz (codenamed FARKAC), argued that the KGB advisers in the StB were violating the principles of Czechoslovak-Soviet intelligence liaison and should be recalled to Moscow. A report of the meeting, at which other StB officers supported Frouz, was quickly relayed to the KGB.[63] After the Soviet invasion, those who had demanded the recall of the KGB advisers were arrested—

with the significant exception of Frouz, who may well have made the demand on KGB instructions in order to identify the main anti-Soviet elements in the StB in advance of the invasion.[64]

As well as producing fabricated evidence of a Western plot for public consumption, Andropov supplied the Politburo throughout the crisis with slanted intelligence designed to strengthen its resolve to intervene. Probably the most important accurate intelligence on American policy to reach the Centre during the Prague Spring came from the Washington residency, where the dynamic 34-year-old head of Line PR, Oleg Kalugin, gained access to what he reported were "absolutely reliable documents" proving that neither the CIA nor any other agency was manipulating the Czechoslovak reform movement. These documents, however, failed to conform to Andropov's conspiracy theory of an imperialist plot and were thus kept from the Politburo. On returning to Moscow, Kalugin was amazed to discover that the Centre had ordered that "my messages should not be shown to anyone, and destroyed." Instead, on Andropov's orders, "The KGB whipped up the fear that Czechoslovakia could fall victim to NATO aggression or to a coup."[65]

At a meeting in Moscow on August 18, the leaders of the Soviet Union and the other four "reliable" members of the Warsaw Pact—Bulgaria, East Germany, Hungary and Poland—formally agreed on the invasion of Czechoslovakia, the biggest armed action in Europe since the end of the Second World War.[66] At 4 p.m. on August 20 a meeting of "reliable" members of the StB was briefed by Pavel's pro-Soviet deputy, Viliam Šalgovič, on plans for the invasion which was to begin that night and assigned tasks to assist the Warsaw Pact forces. Josef Houska, dismissed by Pavel two months earlier, returned to take charge of the StB.

At about 9 a.m. on the morning of August 21, with Soviet forces already in key positions in Prague, the StB veteran Lieutenant Colonel Bohumil Molnír, who had been given a specially engraved automatic pistol by the former KGB chairman, Ivan Serov, for his assistance in crushing the Hungarian Revolution in 1956, briefed the group of StB officers selected by the KGB to arrest Dubček and the reformist majority on the CPCz Presidium.[67] Escorted by KGB officers, the arrest group proceeded to Dubček's office in the Central Committee building, where one of them announced in what seemed to Dubček the "mechanical voice" of a second-rate amateur actor: "I am placing you in custody in the name of the Workers' and Peasants' Government led by Comrade Indra." He added, after a pause in which he seemed to be remembering his lines, that Dubček and his colleagues would shortly be brought before a revolutionary tribunal, also headed by Alois Indra.[68]

Indra and the other leading members of the quisling government-in-waiting selected by Moscow were already in the Soviet embassy ready to take power.[69] But at this point the invasion plan had to be modified. Indra and his co-conspirators had mistakenly assured Moscow that the invasion would be supported by a majority of the CPCz leadership.[70] The fact that Dubček retained a majority on the Presidium as well as overwhelming popular support forced Moscow to abandon its plan for a puppet regime and bring Dubček and his colleagues to the Kremlin, under KGB escort, to be browbeaten into a degree of submission. Brezhnev stuck to the fabricated KGB story that “anti-socialist” forces had been preparing a coup:

> Underground command posts and arms caches have now come to light. We don’t want to make charges against you personally, that you’re guilty. You might not even have been aware of it ...

As the discussion proceeded over the next few days, however, the Soviet Politburo passed from attempts to justify the invasion and the pretense of comradely solidarity to intimidation and coercion. Dubček felt he had no option but to concede the main Soviet demands: “It could not have been otherwise. We were managing the affairs of an occupied country where the barrel of a Soviet gun was trained on our every move.” On August 26 the Czechoslovak delegation signed a secret protocol accepting a “temporary” occupation by forces of the Warsaw Pact. The decisions of the Extraordinary

Fourteenth Congress of the CPCz hurriedly convened on August 22, which had condemned the invasion, were annulled. Some of the leading reformists in the Party, government, radio and television who had most outraged Moscow were dismissed. [71]

The Kremlin intended the Moscow protocol only as the beginning of a process of "normalization" which would rapidly turn the Prague Spring into winter. As a later official history of the CPCz complained:

> The Right ... still held the decisive positions in the Party, the state apparatus and the mass media ... The Marxist-Leninist forces in the Party and society led a difficult and complicated struggle from August 1968 to April 1969, characterized by the gradual suppression of the Right.[72]

Of particular concern to Andropov was the continued strength of the "Right" in the StB, despite Houska's arrest of some leading reformists. According to KGB reports from Prague, the situation was most serious in foreign intelligence:

> In the [StB] First [foreign intelligence] Directorate nationalist passions were inflamed and there were acts of an anti-Soviet nature: removal of the Soviet flag, [hostile] slogans, attacks on Soviet military units sent to protect the old premises of the First

> Directorate, intelligence officers going underground, handing in their official passes, and stopping work in protest at the arrival of Soviet troops.

The Centre was outraged by a series of resolutions passed by the plenary committee of the StB First Directorate Communist Party:

> 1. Communists of the First Directorate Communist Party Organization welcome the return of the Czechoslovak delegation from Moscow and express their joy that comrades Dubček, Smrkovský, Černík, Kriegel, Svoboda and others will have the possibility of resuming their constitutional and Party duties. [In fact, on Soviet insistence, Kriegel was sacked.]
>
> In expressing their confidence in them, the Communists of the First Directorate Party Organization will continue to give these comrades their full support in implementing the [reformist] action program of the Czechoslovak Communist Party.
>
> 2. The First Directorate Communist Party Organization expresses concern about the contents of the final communiqué on the talks in Moscow, which reflects the fact that the talks were held in conditions of inequality, under pressure and with occupation forces present in the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic.

> 3. The Communists again express their full support for the lawfully elected leadership of the Czechoslovak Intelligence Service and welcome its return to carry out its duties. The Communists demand an urgent investigation into all incidents in which the orders of this leadership, and also the orders of the Minister of Internal Affairs Pavel [sacked at Moscow's insistence], were contravened. In this connection, it is also essential to determine what role was played by officers of the USSR KGB.
>
> The Party Organization recognizes the decisions of the Fourteenth Congress [annulled by the Moscow protocol] as lawful and places responsibility for the crisis on the Soviet troops.[73]

The KGB discovered that the StB resident in New York, codenamed PATERA, was trying vainly to persuade the Czechoslovak foreign minister, Jiří Hájek, to address the United Nations Security Council on the Soviet invasion, in defiance of the Moscow protocol. "If we did not raise the Czechoslovak question in the Security Council," PATERA insisted, "the nation would declare us to be traitors."[74] The StB resident in Washington, his eyes brimming with tears, told Oleg Kalugin, "My children will hate you for what you've done to my country. They will never forgive you for what happened."[75] It took several years for "healthy forces," as the KGB referred to the Soviet loyalists in the StB, to eradicate all trace of revisionism.

After the Soviet invasion KGB illegals remained central to Andropov’s strategy for penetrating and destabilizing “rightist” forces.[76] PROGRESS operations in Czechoslovakia were augmented by other Soviet Bloc intelligence services. On August 25 Mielke, who had deployed East German illegals in Czechoslovakia during the Prague Spring, informed the Centre that he was sending a further contingent to Prague, together with Stasi officers to direct their operations and liaise with the KGB residency.[77] In September Andropov and Sakharovsky, the head of the FCD, traveled to Warsaw and agreed a plan for the SB (the Polish KGB) to use both agents and illegals to penetrate the Czechoslovak “counter-revolutionary underground,” émigré groups and hostile intelligence services.[78]

The most valuable unwitting KGB source among the ranks of Czechoslovak “counter-revolutionaries” identified in the files seen by Mitrokhin was Leo Lappi (codenamed FREDDI), a former political prisoner and founder member of K-231. The fact that, though a Czechoslovak citizen, Lappi was an ethnic German made him far easier to cultivate than the majority of Czechoslovak citizens who were not fluent in Western languages. The first contact with Lappi was made by ALLA, posing as a German-speaking Swiss, in October 1968.[79] After about two months his cultivation was handed over to another female illegal, ARTYOMOVA, who had assumed the identity of an Austrian businesswoman.[80] From February 1969 onwards, Lappi's case officer was FYODOROV, who, using a West German passport in the name of Walter Brade, for the next decade became the leading illegal specializing in Czechoslovak operations. Since ALLA and ARTYOMOVA had reported that Lappi let rooms to foreigners, FYODOROV made initial contact with him on the pretext that he was a businessman looking for accommodation in Prague.[81]

Lappi had no idea that ALLA, ARTYOMOVA and FYODOROV were KGB illegals sent on missions to assist in the destruction of the last remnants of "socialism with a human face." Instead, they successfully persuaded him that they were Western supporters of the Prague Spring, anxious to do what they could to assist in its restoration. Given the almost universal revulsion in the West at the Soviet occupation, Lappi's misplaced trust in his new Swiss, Austrian and German friends was an understandable mistake, cynically exploited by FYODOROV. Lappi's confidence in FYODOROV was so complete that he left him in charge of his flat when he went on holiday to Romania. He introduced FYODOROV both to K-231 activists and to leaders of the Christian Democrat, People's and Socialist Parties, which had tried to re-establish themselves during the Prague Spring. Lappi regularly acted as translator at FYODOROV's meetings with them. Some of FYODOROV's reports on his meetings with the counter-revolutionaries were rated so highly by the Centre that they were forwarded to the Politburo.[82]

What the KGB files do not, of course, report are the feelings of the illegals as they betrayed the sometimes heroic survivors of the Prague Spring. Unlike the leaders of the Soviet Union and the Soviet public, who had no first-hand experience of the world outside the Soviet Bloc, the illegals knew the West and the reality of life in Czechoslovakia too well to have deluded themselves into believing that they were engaged in a moral crusade to defend socialist values against Western imperialism. There were recurrent complaints in FCD Directorate S that after postings abroad illegals sometimes returned with an "incorrect" attitude towards life in the Soviet Union.[83] Occasionally their attitudes were so incorrect that their careers were cut short. In 1966 the KGB liaison office in Budapest virtuously reported to the Centre a series of politically incorrect observations made by the female illegal ERNA while returning from leave in Moscow to her posting in Canada. Among the comments said to have "shocked" her fellow KGB officers were the following:

> In Moscow I was afraid to express my views frankly on certain subjects. After all, I could see that they thought that I had become more than a bit bourgeois.
>
> Why did the Party allow a second cult of

> personality to develop in respect of Khrushchev? I cannot understand how Khrushchev could take decisions on important Party and state matters all on his own. And what were the other members of the Central Committee doing? Were the consequences of the cult of Stalin not still fresh in their minds?
>
> What is the point now of launching so many Sputniks? Would it not be better to attend to more important things on earth? Twenty years have gone by since the end of the war, but people do not have the material goods which they need and deserve, and which the humblest inhabitants of the West have long enjoyed![84]

Very few illegals dared to voice such seditious comments openly. But the fact that some undoubtedly thought such thoughts cannot fail to have bred in them an increasing cynicism, heightened in some cases by their experiences in Czechoslovakia.

Some insight into the attitude of GROMOV, one of the first five illegals assigned to the penetration of "rightist" groups during the Prague Spring, is provided by the recollections of his younger brother, Oleg Antonovich Gordievsky, who worked from 1963 to 1972 in the FCD Illegals Directorate and Line N in the Copenhagen residency. GROMOV had been born in 1933 and, in Oleg's view, "had grown up among boys brutalized by war," becoming a cynical, materialistic adult who much preferred life in the West to the relative privations of Czechoslovakia. When Oleg was informed during his training that he had to choose between learning Czech and Swedish, his brother told him he would be an idiot not to choose Swedish: "If you take Czech, you'll spend the rest of your life sitting in the pathetic consular departments in Prague and Bratislava ... [But] Sweden's a nice country ... From there you can go anywhere in Europe."[85] There are signs of a less blatant cynicism towards the Czechs in FYODOROV's reports to the Centre. He wrote of the role of the Red Army in Czechoslovakia : "The Soviet forces play the role of a policeman standing at a crossroads where there is heavy traffic; everyone notices him and this disciplines the traffic." The Czechoslovak population, in other words, was being cowed into submission.[86]

In the case of a minority of illegals, their Czechoslovak experiences probably had more serious consequences than simply an increased level of cynicism. A few years later ALLA attempted to commit suicide. Though her KGB file attributes the episode solely to the fact that her partner had left her,[87] it is difficult to believe that the betrayal of the Czechoslovaks ALLA had befriended did not add to her emotional scars. A more common reaction by the illegals to their experiences in Czechoslovakia was probably to turn to alcohol. Unable to stop drinking even after he contracted hepatitis B during a mission in south-east Asia, GROMOV died in 1972 at the age of only thirty-nine.[88] Both BOGUN and his wife also became alcoholics. In 1976 he was admitted for "a full course of anti-alcohol therapy" at the Burdenko military hospital, while his wife was treated for alcoholism in the psycho-neurological department of the Central KGB Polyclinic. The previous few years, during which BOGUN had worked extensively on PROGRESS operations in Czechoslovakia and elsewhere in eastern Europe, seem to have taken a much heavier psychological toll than his earlier period as an illegal in the United States.[89]

In the case of one member of the Illegals Directorate there is no doubt about the shattering impact of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. For GROMOV's brother, Oleg Gordievsky, then serving in Copenhagen, "It was that dreadful event, that awful day, which determined the course of my own life." The crushing of the Prague Spring convinced him that the Soviet one-party state was, by its very nature, destructive of human liberties. He spent much of the next few years secretly pondering how to work for its overthrow before taking the decision to become a British penetration agent within the KGB.[90]

SIXTEEN

PROGRESS OPERATIONS

Part 2: Spying on the Soviet Bloc

Dubček later described the eight months after the Soviet invasion as "an organized retreat, in which no inch of territory was given up without calculated resistance."[1] It was a retreat, however, which was doomed to end in defeat. Dubček's position and that of the other leading reformers was steadily undermined by a combination of Soviet pressure, the old guard within the CPCz and former allies who decided to throw in their lot with the invaders to save their own careers.

The immediate pretext for Dubček's removal was the World Ice Hockey Championship in Stockholm in March 1969. On March 21, Dubček later recalled, "The whole country watched [on TV] as Czechoslovakia played the Soviets; it was much more than ice hockey, of course. It was a replay of a lost war ...” The national rejoicings after the Czechoslovak victory led the KGB to prepare, with assistance from its stooges in the StB, an anti-Soviet riot to follow the next match between Czechoslovakia and the USSR on March 28. Shortly before the match a team of police agents disguised as city workers unloaded a pile of paving stones in front of the offices of the Soviet airline, Aeroflot, in Wenceslas Square. Prague police documents show that the whole operation was directly supervised by a Soviet agent in the Czech ministry of the interior.[2] Immediately after the Czechoslovak team had defeated the Soviets for the second time in a week, StB plain clothes personnel mingling with the celebrating crowd began to throw the conveniently placed stones at the Aeroflot office. The office furniture was dragged out on to the pavement and set alight.

Moscow now had the fabricated evidence it required to demand that, “The counter-revolution must be beheaded.” Dubček believed he had no option but to resign. “Otherwise the Soviets would set up another provocation that could lead to further public turmoil and even a bloodbath.”[3] On April 17 he was succeeded as First Secretary of the Czechoslovak Party by the Slovak first secretary, Gustáv Husák. As Dubček broadcast the news of his replacement, he broke down and wept.

PROGRESS operations in Czechoslovakia continued. A senior officer from FCD Directorate S, Dmitri Kirillovich Vetrov, arrived in Prague to supervise and coordinate the work of the illegals as they penetrated the ranks of the unrepentant reformists.[4] Posing as a Swiss sympathizer with the Prague Spring, Galina Vinogradova (ALLA) was instructed to cultivate Ladislav Lebovič (codenamed KHAN), one of the trainers of the victorious Czechoslovak ice hockey team which was viewed with deep suspicion in the Centre.[5] The illegal Yuri Linov (KRAVCHENKO), who pretended to be Austrian, succeeded in gaining the confidence of the international chess grand master and sports columnist Luděk Pachman, one of the organizers of the illegal broadcasts transmitted in the aftermath of the Soviet invasion. As soon as Linov had identified those of Pachman’s friends and associates who were ready to continue “the struggle against the Soviet occupiers,” Pachman himself was arrested and imprisoned.[6]

Though delighted by Dubček’s departure, the KGB liaison office in Prague remained unenthusiastic about his successor, Gustáv Husák, who had been imprisoned in 1952 on trumped-up charges as an alleged Trotskyist and “bourgeois nationalist.” “Spending nine years in prison,” it reported, “has left its mark on Husák’s psychology, in that he shows unwarranted indulgence towards clear adversaries of the Czechoslovak Communist Party line.” The KGB liaison office complained to the Centre that there was “no genuine internal unity” within the CPCz leadership, which was divided between “internationalists” such as Bil’ak and Indra, who had supported Soviet intervention in August 1968, and “realists” led by Štrougal, who had opposed intervention but now accepted it as a fact of life. The two sides were engaged in a power struggle, seeking to gain key positions and place their supporters within the Party apparatus.[7] Over the next year both realists and internationalists had some successes. In January 1970 Štrougal replaced Černík as prime minister. Simultaneously, however, Bil’ak was put in charge of an operation to purge the CPCz of all reformists during the introduction of new Party cards.[8] A fellow hardliner, Miloš Jakeš, head of the Central Committee’s Control and Auditing Committee, became his right-hand man and regularly reported on the progress of the purge to the KGB liaison office.[9] Seventeen years later Jakeš was to succeed Husák as general secretary of the CPCz.

The Centre’s assessment of the work of the KGB liaison office and residency in Prague during 1970 concluded:

> The bloc of revisionist and anti-socialist forces in the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic has suffered a political defeat; the legal ideological centers of the right-wing have been eliminated; the main ideologists of Czechoslovak renewal have been removed from the political arena and expelled from the Party; and measures have been taken to purge the state apparatus of the most active carriers of the

> right-wing danger. However, it would not be right to suppose that with the exchange of Party cards the Czechoslovak Communist Party has totally purged its ranks of hostile and alien elements.[10]

Indra, whom Moscow had originally intended to take power after the invasion at the head of a “Workers’ and Peasants’ Government,” was reported by the liaison office to be “biding his time,” waiting for an opportunity to press his claims as general secretary.[11] His wait was to prove in vain.

KGB agents and Soviet sycophants within the CPCz continued to protest that Štrougal and other former reformists retained far too much influence at the expense of the Soviet Union’s true friends. One informant in the Ministry of the Interior, Jaroslav Zeman, complained that Štrougal was discriminating against the internationalists: “And what sort of person is Štrougal? In 1968 he was preparing to emigrate to the West and had currency and documents ready for his escape.” While turncoats prospered under Štrougal’s patronage, “Officials who cooperate with the USSR are looked down on in the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic; they are kept in the dark, and are not promoted or rewarded.”[12]

By January 1971 310 foreign intelligence officers had been dismissed and 170 expelled from the Party. The whole of the senior staff of the internal StB had been replaced along with many more junior officers.[13] The Centre, however, was not satisfied. The KGB liaison office was instructed during 1971 to press the interior ministry and the StB "in a tactful manner" to carry out a thorough reorganization of Czechoslovak intelligence "in view of the fact that the central apparatus was tainted and the possibility that committed agents of the adversary were present in it." The Centre wished for active assistance from a reformed StB in the collection of scientific and technological intelligence, the deployment of illegals and other FCD operations.[14]

Despite continuing doubts about the reliability of some StB personnel, the KGB liaison office reported that the minister of the interior, Radko Kaska, displayed a satisfactory level of subservient cooperation:

> We have not noticed any unjustified or non-objective information from Kaska. Up to the present he has informed us frankly and in detail about internal political processes in Czechoslovakia and about the situation within the Ministry of Internal Affairs.[15]

The KGB was provided with copies of StB operational orders and reports, and proposed staff changes were submitted for its approval.[16] At Husák's instructions, Kaska began secretly collecting material on "leading right-wing personalities" in order to determine how many could be held to have broken state laws.[17] The KGB was, however, embarrassed to be asked by Kaska in March 1971 whether it had any "adverse information" on past contacts with the West by the chairman of the National Assembly, Dalibor Hanes. The Centre was concerned that, if it replied to Kaska's enquiry, it would give the (perfectly accurate) impression that "the KGB is engaged in collecting information on officials of fraternal Parties in friendly countries." The head of the KGB liaison office in Prague, Ye. G. Sinitsyn, was instructed to reply that it had "no reports of links between Hanes and foreign intelligence," but that, since it followed the principle of not spying on its allies, it would be unable to respond to such requests in future. Sinitsyn was privately informed by the Centre that Bil'ak had complained to the Soviet ambassador that Hanes had "taken up incorrect positions" during the Prague Spring and that his father had been responsible for "crushing workers' demonstrations in Slovakia" between the wars.[18] Soon afterwards Hanes was replaced as chairman of the National Assembly by the impeccably orthodox Indra.[19]

On May 4, 1971 Kaska met Semyon Konstantinovich Tsvigun, KGB deputy chairman, to report on the progress of "normalization."[20] Tsvigun owed his job almost solely to the fact that he was one of Brezhnev's oldest drinking partners. Kalugin found him "downright stupid but relatively harmless."[21] Tsvigun cannot have been wholly reassured by Kaska's briefing. Over the past two years, Kaska told him, about 450,000 CPCz members had left or been expelled, “making contact between the Party and the population more difficult.”[22] With one exception, the heads of all directorates in the interior ministry had been replaced. In all, about 3,000 of its employees in the StB and other agencies had been dismissed. There was, however, still widespread evidence of anti-Soviet feeling. Soviet films and plays were systematically boycotted. At the Czechoslovak premiäre of the film *The Kremlin Chimes* there were only five people in the audience; at the second showing there were only ten. There were numerous anonymous threats, malicious rumors and acts of sabotage on the railways. But there were also successes to report. The StB had succeeded in setting up a bogus organization dedicated to “socialism with a human face,” in order to smoke out secret supporters of the Prague Spring. Finally, Kaska assured Tsvigun that he and his ministry were in close touch with the KGB liaison office and its head, General Sinitsyn.[23]

In the spring of 1972 Andropov had a private meeting with Kaska. His manner was more assertive than that of Tsvigun a year earlier. He insisted that opposition forces were still strong, despite the “stabilization” in Czechoslovakia and the strengthening of the Communist Party’s authority, and that they were being infiltrated by Western intelligence services. Agent penetration of the opposition therefore remained essential. [24] The opposition source to which Andropov attached most importance probably remained Leo Lappi (FREDDI). Still posing as a committed West German supporter of the Prague Spring, the illegal FYODOROV had regular meetings with Lappi in Prague and East Berlin. On January 25, 1972 Fyodor Konstantinovich Mortin, who had succeeded Sakharovsky as head of the FCD, sought Andropov's permission to trick Lappi into becoming a Soviet agent by a "false flag" deception which concealed the role of the KGB. Andropov gave his approval on January 29 and FYODOROV went ahead with the recruitment, claiming to be working for the West German BND. An additional reason for the Centre's interest in Lappi was that his brother Karl was a West German citizen who, according to KGB files, was "close" to two prominent FRG politicians.[25]

Despite Kaska's personal sycophancy towards his KGB advisers and the extensive purge which he had overseen, the Centre remained dissatisfied with the ideological purity of the StB. In August 1972 Andropov reported to the CPSU Central Committee that "internal adversaries" in the StB were striving to prevent the completion of "normalization."[26] A further KGB report to the Central Committee in November cited complaints from its agents and informers within the Czechoslovak Ministry of Internal Affairs that leading posts in the ministry continued to be occupied by "people who do not inspire political confidence."[27] The KGB also received numerous protests from its informants that the disgraced leaders of the Prague Spring and their families were being insufficiently persecuted. Viliam Šalgovič, who had assisted the Soviet invasion in 1968 and had been promoted to the CPCz Central Committee in 1970, complained that the children of "right-wing leaders" were being allowed to enter the universities. Worse still, the children of three disgraced former members of the Presidium—Dubček, Štefan Sádovský and Julius Turček—had been given "excellent marks" in their entrance examinations.[28]

Šalgovič's complaint reflected the self-righteous vengefulness of the Soviet sycophants rather than any failure to purge the universities. In 1969-70 900 out of 3,500 university professors were dismissed. All Czech literary and cultural journals were closed down. Unemployed academics and writers were forced to seek new careers as lavatory cleaners, building laborers and boiler-room stokers. Soon after winning the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1972, Heinrich Böll described Czechoslovakia as "a veritable cultural cemetery."[29]

MANY OF THE reports received by the Centre throughout the period of "normalization" concerned continued covert feuding within the CPCz leadership. In December 1972 Jakeš complained to the KGB liaison office that Husák had ordered the telephones of all Presidium members to be tapped. The working atmosphere within the Central Committee was now, he claimed, so poisonous that the Novotný era appeared, by comparison, a golden age.[30] In February 1973 Jakeš and three other leading Soviet loyalists—Presidium members Karel Hoffmann and Antonín Kapek and party secretary Miloslav Hruškovič—again protested to the KGB about what they claimed were "attempts to squeeze out internationalist Communists from important posts."[31] Among other intrigues within the Party leadership reported by the KGB to Moscow during 1973 was the claim that the realist Prime Minister Štrougal was seeking to ingratiate himself with Husák's internationalist deputy Bil'ak by methods which included giving Bil'ak's daughter a present costing 10,000 crowns, debited to the budget of the Czechoslovak television service.[32]

On February 28, 1973 Kaska was killed in an aircrash while visiting his Polish opposite number and was succeeded as Minister of Internal Affairs by Jaromír Obzina, who promptly gave a sycophantic display of his internationalist credentials. "For the CPSU and for Comrade Brezhnev," he told the KGB liaison, he was "ready to carry out any assignment."[33] Obzina, however, quickly became caught up in Husák's attempts to increase his personal prestige by combining, like Novotný before the Prague Spring, the post of President of the Republic with that of General Secretary of the CPCz. At the end of 1973, probably at Husák's request, Obzina began trying to win over internationalists opposed to his ambitions for the presidency. According to KGB reports from Prague, a group of Soviet loyalists headed by Hoffmann, Indra, Jakeš and Kapek (all in close touch with both the KGB and the Soviet embassy) continued to resist any attempt to combine the two posts.[34] The growing senility of Ludvík Svoboda, who had succeeded Novotný as president in 1968, however, played into Husák's hands. In May 1975 he replaced the by now demented Svoboda as head of state. *Rudé právo* celebrated the occasion by publishing five large photographs of Husák, each showing him in the company of one of the leaders of the five Warsaw Pact countries who had invaded Czechoslovakia in August 1968.[35]

At the time of Husák's apotheosis, Dubček was working as a mechanic with the Slovak Forestry Commission under constant surveillance and frequent harassment by the StB.[36] On October 2, 1975 the Centre reported to Brezhnev that Dubček had sent compromising material on Husák to the Western media. Based on information supplied by Dubček, the West German and Austrian press had reported that during the war Husak had accompanied a group of Nazi journalists to the Katyn Wood near Smolensk, where the Germans had exhumed the bodies of several thousand Polish officers shot by the

NKVD (an atrocity blamed by Moscow on the Germans). Dubček was twice summoned for questioning by the StB at the Slovakian interior ministry. The KGB was deeply dissatisfied by the outcome. "At the interrogation," it informed Brezhnev, "Dubček conducted himself provocatively, categorically refusing to answer questions and declaring that in future he would protest against being subjected to pressure." Dubček refused to sign either a denial that he had provided the information on Husák or a protest at the use of his name by the Western press, and threatened to react "decisively" if "repressive measures" were taken against him. Husák meanwhile wrote to Obzina to protest his innocence of the charges against him.[37]

Despite Husák's success in capturing the presidency, his power was more circumscribed than Novotný's a decade earlier. His second-in-command, the internationalist Bil'ak, enjoyed greater authority and influence than any other deputy in eastern Europe. Having rejected the idea of a regime wholly dominated by notorious hardliners, the Kremlin, with some misgivings, regarded the Husák-Bil'ak combination as the best available. A KGB report from Prague at the end of the decade reported in thinly disguised language that, despite growing friction between Husák and Bil'ak, neither was attempting to topple the other because they knew that Moscow would not allow it:

> Business-like relations between the leaders of Czechoslovakia are being maintained largely because of the fact that Husák Bil’ak and other members of the Presidium of the Czechoslovak Communist Party know that the top leadership of the CPSU gave their full, firm and uncompromising support to Husák and Bil’ak. For both, this is a serious restraining factor for maintaining normal working relations between the two of them, and the situation in the Presidium of the Czechoslovak Communist Party largely depends on their mutual relations.[38]

Despite its jaundiced view of the political leadership, the KGB liaison office in Prague was fully satisfied with the willingness of Obzina and the StB to do its bidding. Obzina, it reported, kept it “objectively informed” both about what took place in the CPCz Presidium and about the activities of each of its members, Husák included.[39] Sinitsyn reported in 1977 that there were “operational contacts” between KGB and StB residencies in twenty-six countries.[40] In 1975 the StB had agreed to a Soviet request to open a residency in Albania, a country which the KGB found hard to penetrate.[41] In 1976, when the StB discovered that Jozef Grohman, editor-in-chief of the state technical literature publishing house and the Czechoslovak representative at UNESCO, was working for West German intelligence, Obzina invited the Centre to send KGB officers to Prague to help in the investigation of the Grohman case at what he deferentially termed “a higher professional level.”[42] Sinitsyn concluded his annual report from Prague in 1977:

> Our friends hand over to us all their cipher traffic with the residencies, whether it is of an information nature or operational; they also hand over telegrams from ambassadors. Our friends keep practically no secrets from us.[43]

The crushing of the Prague Spring and the “normalization” which followed marked a turning point in the KGB’s policy towards eastern Europe. The PROGRESS operations by illegals pioneered in Czechoslovakia were extended to the rest of eastern Europe to monitor the state of public opinion, penetrate subversive groups and watch for signs of “ideological sabotage” by Western intelligence agencies. From 1969 onwards the KGB was also allowed to recruit agents and confidential contacts throughout the Soviet Bloc. In addition to the KGB liaison offices in the countries of the Warsaw Pact, the Centre now established, as in Czechoslovakia, secret residencies operating under diplomatic cover in Soviet embassies.[44]

In March 1968, partly as a result of the Prague Spring, there had been several weeks of confrontation between Warsaw students and the police, during which the aging

Polish leader Władisław Gomułka had seemed in danger of losing control. Gomułka survived in the short term only because of his steadfast backing for intervention in Czechoslovakia and the Kremlin's desire to avoid simultaneous upheavals in another part of the Soviet Bloc. His position, however, was already under threat from his eventual successor, Eduard Gierek. According to reports from the KGB liaison office in Warsaw, the hardline, anti-Semitic minister of the interior, Mieczysław Moczar, who was responsible for the SB (the Polish KGB), feared that his own position would also be threatened under Gierek and began plotting to prevent his succession. Compromising material on Gierek was passed, on Moczar's instructions, to Radio Free Europe via an SB agent. Moczar also ordered the bugging of a series of leading figures in the PUWP, the Polish Communist Party.[45]

Late in 1970 Gomulka's position was fatally undermined by a new round of public protest. On December 14 workers at the Baltic shipyards of Gdańsk, Gdynia and Szczecin struck in protest at a sudden rise in food prices. Clashes next day with security forces left 300 strikers and demonstrators dead.[46] According to KGB reports from Warsaw, the order to open fire on the shipyard workers was given by Zenon Kliszko, Gomułka's closest supporter on the Politburo, and General Grzegorz Korczyński, deputy defense minister and a supporter of Gierek.[47] The KGB also forwarded to Moscow the minutes of the Polish Politburo meeting held to discuss the crisis on December 19. With Gomułka in a Party clinic suffering from nervous exhaustion, the meeting was chaired by the prime minister, Józef Cyrankiewicz, who asked the Minister of Defense, General Wojciech Jaruzelski, to report on the situation.

Jaruzelski's assessment sealed Gomułka's fate. He reported that 350 tanks and 600 troop carriers had been deployed in Gdańsk and Gdynia alone. If unrest on a similar scale occurred in Warsaw, he could not guarantee the security of the capital, though special measures would be taken to protect Party and government buildings. Army morale was seriously affected. On the Baltic coast it was being met with shouts of "Gestapo!" and "Murderers!" Jaruzelski was followed by Moczar, who summarized SB and other reports reaching the interior ministry. The Party, he said, has never found itself so helpless in the face of a crisis. Hitherto, even when times were hardest, Party members had felt they were fighting for "a righteous cause"—but no longer. In Party meetings, when the Politburo letter justifying the price increases was read out, some Communists were reduced to tears and left the room. The rise in family allowances from 15 to 25 zlotys caused derision among rank and file members, stunned by the leadership's incomprehension of ordinary living conditions. After an agitated debate it was agreed that Gomułka should be replaced as first secretary by Gierek.

There was then an acrimonious discussion about who should tell Gomułka to submit his resignation, before it was finally decided to send Cyrankiewicz and the hitherto faithful Kliszko.[48]

Gomułka's downfall marked the first occasion anywhere in Europe since the Second World War when spontaneous working-class protest had brought about a change of political leadership.[49] The Centre was predictably alarmed at the extent and success of the popular revolt and immediately embarked on a PROGRESS operation to assess how far it had been contained. A group of illegals, posing once again as Western visitors, were instructed to investigate the role of the Catholic Church in organizing protest, its attitude towards the Gierek regime and the general mood of the population. [50] Among the illegals was the experienced Gennadi Blyablin (BOGUN), disguised as a West German press photographer, who was given a list of five individuals to cultivate and told to persuade two or three of them to "co-operate under false flag," in the belief that they were supplying information not to the KGB but to West German wellwishers. Probably the most important name on the list was that of Father Andrzej Bardecki, personal assistant to Cardinal Archbishop Karol Wojtyła of Kraków, whom the Centre considered the leading ideological influence on the Polish Church. The KGB doubtless did not foresee that less than eight years later

Wojtyła would become the first Polish pope, but it showed some foresight in identifying him as a potential threat to the Communist regime.[51]

DURING 1971, IN addition to the illegals sent on PROGRESS operations to Czechoslovakia and Poland, thirteen were deployed in Romania, nine in Yugoslavia, seven in East Germany, four in Hungary and three in Bulgaria.[52] Though all had broadly similar objectives, there were also specific causes of KGB concern in each country.[53] The priority given to Romania in 1971 reflected growing Soviet displeasure at the foreign policy of its leader, Nicolae Ceauşescu, who combined a nepotistic version of neo-Stalinism at home with increasing independence from the Warsaw Pact abroad. After condemning the invasion of Czechoslovakia, Ceauşescu was rewarded in the following year by a state visit from Richard Nixon, the first by an American president to Communist eastern Europe. In 1970 Ceauşescu paid the first of three visits to the United States. Moscow showed its displeasure at his visit to Beijing in 1971 by staging Warsaw Pact maneuvers on the Romanian borders.[54]

KGB reports on Romania were written in a tone which combined indignation with deep suspicion:

> Exploiting the anti-Soviet line of the Chinese

> Communist Party and of the Chinese government, the Romanian leadership has set out on the path of so-called autonomy and independence from the Soviet Union ... Nationalism is flourishing in Romania. Its authors and advocates are the very same Party and government leaders.
>
> The Romanian Communist Party leadership does not openly reveal its territorial claims; but it does everything to demonstrate that historically, ethnically and in other ways Moldavia and the Chernovitsy Oblast belong to Romania. The statement made by Mao in conversation with Japanese socialists about the USSR's illegal acquisition of Bessarabia [Moldavia] has been developed in Romania.
>
> The French newspaper *Le Monde* has twice published articles casting doubt on the legality of Bessarabia's inclusion in the [Soviet] Union. It is not impossible that the initiative for publishing the articles came from Romania.[55]

The illegals sent to Romania under Western disguise in 1971 were ordered to collect intelligence on Romanian relations with the United States and China; Romanian claims on Soviet territory in Bessarabia and north Bukovina; the political and economic basis of opposition to the Soviet Union; the position of German and Hungarian minorities; the Ceauşescu cult; and the state of the Romanian Communist Party.[56] The illegals' main sources included staff of the Party newspaper *Scintea* and the German language *Volk und Kultur.*[57]

PROGRESS OPERATIONS IN Yugoslavia during 1971 were prompted chiefly by the most serious internal crisis since Tito's break with Moscow in 1948. The dramatic resurgence of nationalist tensions during the Croat Spring of 1971 culminated at the end of the year with Tito's arrest of the Croat Communist leaders and 400 Croat nationalists and in his resumption of direct control over the Croat secret police. The claim that Yugoslav socialism was resolving ethnic rivalries was exposed as an illusion.[58] The illegals were given a long list of institutions in which they were instructed to "strike up acquaintances:" the Academy of Sciences, the Public Opinion Institute in Belgrade, the editorial offices of *Kommunist, Politika* and *Borba,* the Tanjug Agency, the Institute for International Politics and Economics at Belgrade University, Zagreb University, Yugoslav businesses and the Union of Journalists (in particular, the writer Dobrica Ćosić, who was believed to be close to Tito). Some of the reports sent back to the Centre by illegal courier, radio and the post were judged sufficiently important to be forwarded to Brezhnev.[59]

BY FAR THE largest KGB presence in eastern Europe was in East Germany. Ever since the Second World War there had been a large KGB enclave within the headquarters of the Soviet military administration in the Berlin suburb of Karlshorst. During the period which preceded the establishment of the GDR it had closely monitored political parties, churches, trade unions and public opinion within the Soviet zone of Germany. Though the KGB claimed after the foundation of the GDR that the role of its Karlshorst base was to mount operations against the FRG and other Western countries, as well as to provide liaison with the Stasi, it also continued to monitor developments within East Germany.[60] In 1971 the intelligence personnel stationed at Karlshorst, not including liaison officers, totaled 404, of whom fortyeight were operations officers working under cover. Another forty-seven KGB operations officers were stationed elsewhere in the GDR.[61]

The advent of Willy Brandt's socialist-liberal coalition in West Germany in 1969 offered opportunities for détente which Moscow was more anxious to pursue than Walter Ulbricht, the aging and inflexible neo-Stalinist leader of East Germany. KGB reports from Karlshorst complained that, after the invasion of Czechoslovakia, Ulbricht was posing as the wisest and most far-sighted statesman of the Soviet Bloc, implying (probably correctly) that he had been quicker than Brezhnev to identify the subversive nature of the Dubček regime.[62] Ulbricht's refusal to abandon his commitment to a united "socialist" Germany made him unwilling to consider an agreement with Brandt involving, for the first time, mutual recognition by the FRG and the GDR.[63]

By 1969, if not before, both Willi Stoph, the East German prime minister, and Erich Honecker, who had overseen the building of the Berlin Wall, were fueling Moscow's growing irritation with Ulbricht at meetings with the KGB and the Soviet ambassador, Pyotr Andreyevich Abrasimov. Ulbricht, they reported, had described Soviet cut-price imports of East German uranium as "the plundering of the GDR's natural resources." When Abrasimov suggested that allowance needed to be made for Ulbricht's age (he was seventy-six in 1969), Stoph and Honecker retorted that he should have resigned when he was seventy.[64] In 1971 Ulbricht was kicked upstairs to the newly created post of Party chairman, and succeeded as Party leader by Honecker. In the following year the GDR and FRG formally recognized each other's existence as separate states.

Though bickering continued within the Party leadership, the KGB's main concern was "the impact of the adversary's ideology on citizens of the GDR" through Western broadcasts and visits by West Germans. The Centre calculated in the mid-1970s that "500,000 citizens are hostile to the existing system and the [Western] adversary will for a long time retain a base of support in the GDR."[65] A long-running KGB operation, codenamed

LUCH, monitored opinion within the East German population and Party, contacts between East and West Germans and alleged "attempts by the USA and the FRG to harm the building of socialism" in the GDR. In 1974 the section of the Karlshorst KGB responsible for LUCH was raised in status to a directorate.[66]

The majority of the Centre's intelligence on East Germany, however, came from the Stasi, whose network of internal informers was vastly greater than the KGB's. The GDR had seven times as many informers per head of population as Nazi Germany. [67] In 1975 65 percent of all reports from Soviet Bloc security services received by the Centre came from the Stasi.[68] Some of the reports were, in effect, classified East German opinion polls. In an opinion survey of factory workers in 1974, for example, 20.6 percent of those questioned "considered that friendship with the USSR restricted the GDR's autonomy and brought more benefit to the Soviet Union than to the GDR." A majority, when asked to explain the phrase "achieving working-class power," claimed not to know what it meant. Some of the comments on the phrase, however, were described in the report forwarded to the Centre as "bitter, wounding and vicious." Among them were "Working-class power is all right [in theory], but what is it like in practice?"; "This is just a slogan!"; and "Justice for every worker, not just for a newly created privileged group!" Given the inevitable caution of those questioned in expressing politically incorrect views, the real level of dissatisfaction was probably considerably higher. Both the size of the KGB's Karlshorst base and the volume of intelligence from the Stasi made the Centre less dependent on PROGRESS operations by illegals for intelligence from East Germany than from the rest of eastern Europe.[69]

THE KGB'S MAIN concern in Hungary was the extent of Jewish influence within the Party and the AVH (the Hungarian KGB). Always prone to Zionist and anti-Semitic conspiracy theories, the Centre was deeply disturbed by Hungarian reluctance to agree in 1969 to its suggestion for holding "an anti-Zionist conference in Budapest of progressive Jews opposed to the policy of Israel" or for assisting the KGB in making an anti-Zionist film alleging cooperation between Hitler and Hungarian Zionists. "The Hungarian security agencies," the Centre concluded, "were forced to look over their shoulder when working on the [anti-]Zionist line, as Jewish nationalists within the leadership of the highest Party organs were morbidly cautious with regard to this sector of work." The KGB also looked askance at the number of Jews within the Hungarian interior ministry, among them—it reported—two deputy ministers, the heads of the AVH First and Third Directorates (responsible, respectively, for foreign intelligence and the surveillance of domestic political opposition), the head of the police directorate and the head of military counter-intelligence. The situation was worst of all in foreign intelligence, where, according to KGB calculations, thirteen of the seventeen department chiefs were Jewish.[70]

The illegals sent to Hungary on PROGRESS operations in 1971 posing as Western visitors were sent primarily to investigate the extent of Zionist influence. They were instructed to report on attitudes to Israel and its trade and economic relations with Hungary, "the links of Hungarian organizations and individuals with Zionist circles" and the situation in the Writers' Union and other "creative unions" (where Jewish influence was also believed to be strong). The illegals were also told to "identify anti-Semitic attitudes," presumably in the hope that they would discover popular opposition to the number of Hungarian Jews in high places. According to an alarmist Centre assessment, "Pro-Zionist domination was entrenched in Party, state and public organizations."[71]

DURING 1972 PROGRESS operations were extended to areas of nationalist unrest within the Soviet Union. On October 4, 1972 KGB Directive No. 150/3-10807 instructed the FCD Illegals Directorate to investigate the mood of the population and the activities of Western tourists in the Baltic republics. The Centre's analysis of the reports received from ARTYOM, FYODOROV, SEVIDOV and VLAS was uniformly depressing. Posing as Western visitors, all four illegals noted inefficient administration; an apathetic workforce "just sitting out the appointed [working] hours, with no pride in their profession;" intolerance between ethnic groups; and widespread drunkenness. The population of the Baltic republics were, however, "well informed about events in the West and in the Soviet Union." Letters were taken to the West by foreign tourists, frequently written by people anxious to enter into marriages of convenience with Westerners to provide pretexts for emigration: "Many people of either sex marry ethnic Jews, although they themselves are not Jews; their only aim is to leave the USSR." As frequently occurred with analyses of internal dissidence, the main scapegoats were the Jews. Because they were "conscious of the moral support of Israel and the USA and other Western countries," they were alleged to be even more idle than the rest of the population—admitting to the illegals that "We work just enough to avoid being sacked."[72]

ALL OVER EASTERN Europe the illegals appear to have given franker, and therefore more depressing, assessments of public attitudes than the KGB liaison offices and residencies, who were under pressure to produce flattering accounts of local reaction to dreary set-piece speeches by Soviet leaders. Even in Bulgaria most of the population had lost their traditional sense of Slav kinship with Soviet Russia. According to one report:

> Anti-Sovietism flourishes on Bulgarian television. Though not openly expressed ... it finds a fertile breeding ground. The so-called “spots,” featuring Soviet films about the Soviet Union and Soviet life, cause the population to switch off their television sets.[73]

When the illegal TANOV was sent on a two-month PROGRESS mission to Bulgaria in 1974, posing as a Western journalist preparing travel brochures, he was advised by the Centre to win the confidence of the Bulgarians he talked to by giving them presents. Everywhere he went he found resentment at the low standard of living and the well-founded conviction that Bulgaria was being pressurized by the Soviet Union to squander resources on Cuba and other profligate foreign friends, as well as on a huge police and state security system. From the Centre’s viewpoint, the only silver lining in TANOV’s bleak report was that Bulgarians were too afraid of the DS, their security service, to grumble publicly.[74]

PROBABLY THE MOST depressing intelligence on the Soviet Bloc to reach the Centre during the 1970s came from Czechoslovakia. An illegal reported after a PROGRESS mission in 1976:

> The population of the country hates the Russians.

> The Czechs cannot even make an objective judgment of the skills of Soviet artists performing on tour in Czechoslovakia. The following is a typical comment: “It may be that the artists are performing well professionally, but because they are Russians I can’t bear to watch them.”[75]

Lines in plays which were capable of being interpreted as “negative allusions” to the Soviet Union, such as “Love for the enemy is not love” in Gorin’s *Till Eulenspiegel,* were liable to provoke storms of applause from the audience.[76]

In view of the popular rejoicings after the Czechoslovak defeat of the Russian team in the 1969 World Ice Hockey Championships in Stockholm, there was considerable anxiety before the 1979 world championships which were held in Prague. A special commission headed by one of the leading internationalists on the CPCz Presidium, Antonín Kapek, tried to ensure good crowd behavior by introducing a variety of security measures, arranging for ticket allocations to Party organizations and conducting what was called “educational work” among both players and spectators. Most of its efforts proved in vain.

Throughout the championships, which opened at the end of April, Brezhnev received regular reports from both the KGB and the Soviet embassy in Prague. They made dismal reading. Irrespective of who the Russian team was playing, the Czechoslovak spectators cheered the other side and shouted anti-Soviet insults. The United States, Canadian and West German teams, by contrast, all received a warm reception. The KGB reported that the Soviet defeat of the Czechoslovak team was “greeted coldly” even by Štrougal and other ministers in the government box. After the match senior CPCz officials avoided members of the Soviet embassy.

The KGB did, however, succeed in preventing one potentially acute embarrassment. After the Soviet match against East Germany, a Russian player who had taken proscribed stimulants was summoned to a drug test. Had he failed the test, as no doubt he would have done, the Soviet victory might have been annulled. The KGB reported proudly to Brezhnev that, “as a result of measures taken by the [Prague] residency,” the player concerned was let off the drug test.[77]

KGB reports from Prague complained that, after the Soviet team won the world championship, the medal ceremony was conducted in English and German with no Russian translation. At the gala reception which followed, the Russians were coldshouldered. The Soviet flag was ripped from the team. Even the CPCz newspaper *Rudé právo* paid more attention to the Canadian, Swedish and Finnish teams than to the Soviet world champions.[78]

The KGB was also outraged at the sometimes visible lack of enthusiasm displayed by Czechoslovak representatives at tedious official celebrations in the

Soviet Union. The Centre wrote a damning report on the behavior of Miroslav Vasek, head of a delegation from the Czechoslovak ministry of culture at the Ninth Conference of Ministers of Culture of the Socialist Countries, held in Moscow in July 1978. At the end of this doubtless mind-numbing occasion, Vasek had had the impertinence to leave behind in his room at the Hotel Mir both the souvenir conference folder and a series of probably unreadable volumes solemnly presented to him by the Soviet ministry of culture: *Lenin: Revolution and Art, Brezhnev: A Brief Biography, Sixty Jubilee Years: Facts and Figures about the Achievements of Culture and Art in the Soviet Union* and *Protection of Historical and Cultural Monuments in the USSR*. The KGB report insisted that these valuable items had been deliberately "abandoned, not simply forgotten." The Centre was not prepared for this outrage to be passed over. A full report on it was sent both to Andropov and to the KGB liaison office in Prague.[79]

For all the KGB's dissatisfaction with the state of Czechoslovak public opinion and the fractious leadership of the CPCz, the Communist one-party state in Czechoslovakia was under no visible threat at the end of the 1970s. At the beginning of 1977 a series of small dissident groups came together in "Charter 77," which described itself as "a free, informal, open community of people of different convictions, different faiths and different professions, united by the will to strive, individually and collectively, for the respect of civil and human rights.” Within six months, over 750 courageous individuals had signed the Charter. All endured public vilification and persecution, ranging from attacks on the street to prison sentences and incarceration in psychiatric hospitals. One of the founders, the philosopher Jan Patocka, died after a brutal interrogation by the StB. The power of the StB, the sense of powerlessness induced in the mass of the population by the process of “normalization” and the presence of Soviet troops robbed Charter 77 of any chance of recapturing the mass enthusiasm generated by the promise nine years earlier of “socialism with a human face.”[80]

Throughout the Soviet Bloc the KGB’s east European clones, urged on by the Centre, were among the moving forces during the decade which followed the Prague Spring in the creation of an intellectually monotone and moribund society. Václav Havel, one of the founders of Charter 77 (and later the first president of the post-Communist Czech Republic), wrote later of this period:

> I remember the first half of the 1970s in Czechoslovakia as the time when “history stopped” ... History has been replaced by pseudo-history, with its calendar of regularly returning official anniversaries, Party congresses, festivities and mass sport meetings ... Totalitarian power has brought “order” in the organic “disorder” of history, thereby

> numbing it as history. The government, as it were, nationalized time. Hence, time meets with the sad fate of so many other nationalized things: it has begun to wither away.[81]

The clock which had stopped in eastern Europe with the suppression of the Prague Spring in 1968 was to start again ten years later with the election of a Polish pope.

SEVENTEEN

THE KGB AND WESTERN COMMUNIST PARTIES

The KGB and Western Communist Parties Throughout the Cold War, Communist parties around the world dismissed claims that they were involved in Soviet espionage as crude McCarthyite slander. KGB files, however, give the lie to most of their denials. From the 1920s onwards Western Communists were regularly asked for help in intelligence operations, which they usually considered their fraternal duty to provide. Most leaders of even the largest Western parties equally considered it the fraternal duty of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (CPSU) to provide, via the KGB, annual subsidies whose existence they indignantly denied. Knowledge of the KGB connection in the fields of both espionage and finance was the preserve of small and secretive inner circles within each Party leadership.

In the immediate aftermath of the Second World War, the most active assistance in Soviet agent recruitment came from four Communist Parties which were briefly included in coalition governments: the French Parti Communiste Français (PCF), the Italian Partito Comunista Italiano (PCI), the Austrian Kommunistische Partei Österreichs (KPÖ) and the Finnish Suomen Kommunistinen Puolue (SKP).

AS SHOWN IN chapter 9, the PCF assisted after the Liberation in a major penetration of the French intelligence community which continued for at least a quarter of a century. From July 1, 1946 to June 30, 1947 the Paris residency forwarded to the Centre a total of 1,289 French intelligence documents.[1] By the early 1950s the KGB's chief collaborator inside the PCF was Gaston Plissonnier (codenamed LANG), a life-long Soviet loyalist who had established himself by 1970 as second-in-command to the Party leader.[2] Though little known to the French public and a poor public speaker with a thick regional accent, Plissonnier was a master in the arcane procedures of "democratic centralism" by which the Party leadership imposed its policies on its members.[3] As well as providing inside information on the PCF, he assisted the KGB in identifying potential agents and other intelligence operations.[4] During the later 1970s Plissonnier also passed on reports from an agent in the entourage of President Boumedienne of Algeria.[5]

IN ITALY, AS in France, Communist ministers sat in post-war coalition governments until the spring of 1947. At the end of 1945 the PCI had 1,760,000 members—twice as many as the PCF. All over Italy, photographs of Stalin, affectionately known as *Baffone* ("Walrus moustache"), were pasted on factory walls and stuck to machinery. "We were all under the impression," one of the Communist ministers, Fausto Gallo, later acknowledged, "that the wind was blowing our way."[6] Washington feared that Gallo and his colleagues might be right. The National Security Council concluded in November 1947, "The Italian Government, ideologically inclined towards Western democracy, is weak and is being subjected to continuous attack by a strong Communist Party." The very first CIA covert action was an operation to aid the Christian Democrats against the Communists in the 1948 general election by laundering over 10 million dollars from captured Axis funds for use in the campaign.[7]

As in France, the post-war popularity of the Communist Party and the brief period of Communist participation in government created the best opportunities Soviet intelligence was ever to enjoy in Italy for agent penetration. Like JOUR, probably the most important of the post-war French recruits, DARIO, the longest-serving and probably the most valuable Italian agent, was a foreign ministry employee. Born in 1908, and trained as a lawyer, DARIO worked as a journalist and state official in agriculture during the early years of fascist Italy. In 1932 he was recruited as a Soviet agent on an "ideological basis" but, on instructions from his controller, pretended to be a supporter of Mussolini and in 1937 succeeded in enrolling in the Fascist Party. Before the outbreak of war he obtained a job in the foreign ministry, ironically dealing with Soviet and Comintern affairs and succeeded in recruiting three foreign ministry typists (codenamed DARYA, ANNA and MARTA) who regularly supplied him with what the Centre considered "valuable" classified documents. For almost forty years DARIO was instrumental in obtaining a phenomenal amount of classified foreign ministry material.[8] His remarkable career as a Soviet agent, however, was temporarily interrupted during the war. In 1942, following the discovery by the Italian police of an illegal GRU residency with which DARIO was in contact, he was arrested and imprisoned, surviving a period at the end of the war in a German concentration camp from which he was liberated by the Red Army.[9]

Once back in Italy, DARIO reestablished contact with DARYA and MARTA, both of whom agreed once again to give him foreign ministry documents. Probably on Soviet instructions, instead of joining the PCI he became a member of the Italian Socialist Party led by Pietro Nenni, but was expelled in 1946 after he was denounced as a former fascist and threatened with prosecution. At the request of the Rome residency, the Communist leader, Palmiro Togliatti, secretly interceded with Nenni and

DARIO was given back his Socialist Party membership. Togliatti's intervention, however, leaked out and DARIO was publicly identified as having links with the Soviet embassy. He succeeded, none the less, in recruiting two more foreign ministry typists: TOPO (later renamed LEDA), who for fifteen years provided what the Centre considered "valuable documents," and NIKOL (later INGA), who also supplied "consistently valuable" information. Probably soon after her recruitment under a false flag (not identified in Mitrokhin's notes), TOPO and DARIO were married.[10] In March 1975, forty-three years after DARIO's recruitment, he and his wife were awarded the Order of the Red Star. He finally retired in May 1979 after one of the longest careers as a Soviet agent in the history of the FCD.[11]

In the immediate aftermath of the Second World War the Rome residency also achieved a highly successful penetration of the interior ministry, thanks chiefly to a Communist civil servant, codenamed DEMID, who acted as agent-recruiter. On instructions from the residency, DEMID left the Communist Party immediately after his recruitment in 1944. His first major cultivation inside the ministry was QUESTOR, whom he helped to obtain a job in the cipher department. By 1955 the penetration of the Italian interior ministry, begun by DEMID, was considered so important that control of it was handed over to a newly established illegal residency in Rome, headed by Ashot Abgarovch Akopyan, a 40-year-old Armenian from Baku codenamed YEFRAT.[12]

THE THIRD STATE in which Soviet agent penetration was assisted by Communist participation in post-war coalition governments was Austria. Though placed under joint occupation until 1955 by the Soviet Union, United States, Britain and France (a cumbersome arrangement likened by Karl Renner, the first post-war chancellor, to "four elephants in a rowing boat"), Austria—unlike Germany—was allowed to govern itself. In Renner's provisional government, formed in April 1945, the Communists were given three ministries, including the key post of Minister of the Interior taken by Franz Honner. In the November 1945 elections, however, the Austrian Communist Party (KPÖ), which had expected to do as well as the French PCF, picked up a mere 5 percent of the vote and was given only the comparatively unimportant ministry of electrification in the new coalition. The KPÖ left government altogether two years later, and its two half-hearted attempts to stage a *coup d 'état* in 1947 and 1950 failed to gain serious Soviet support.[13]

Franz Honner used his seven months in 1945 to pack the Austrian federal police force (Bundespolizei) with Communist Party members. Though many were purged or sidelined by Honner's socialist successor, Oskar Helmer,[14] Soviet penetration of the Austrian police, especially its security service (Staatspolizei or Stapo), continued until the 1980s. In an attempt to evade Helmer’s purge, Communists in the police force were instructed to disavow or conceal their Party membership.[15] The files noted by Mitrokhin record the recruitment of a series of major KGB police agents: EDUARD in 1945,[16] VENTSEYEV in 1946,[17] PETER in 1952,[18] two further recruits in 1955, ZAK in 1974[19] and NADEZHDIN in 1978.[20] There may well have been others; Mitrokhin’s list is probably not exhaustive. At least some of them took part in operations (one of them codenamed EDELWEISS) to remove and copy top secret documents held in the safe of the head of the Stapo. In 1973 Andropov personally authorized the payment to one of its Stapo agents of a reward of 30,000 Austrian schillings.[21]

IN THREE OF the four countries of Scandinavia—Denmark, Norway and Finland—Communist ministers also served in post-war coalitions. By far the most influential of the Scandinavian Communist parties was the Finnish SKP.[22] Alone among Germany’s eastern allies, Finland was not forced to become part of the Soviet Bloc. At the end of the Second World War, however, Stalin still kept his options open. In 1945, at Soviet insistence, the SKP was given several key positions within the Finnish government, secretly instructed via a "special channel" on their relations with "bourgeois parties," and held in readiness for a possible *coup d'état.* That Finland was not in the end forced to become a people's democracy was probably due chiefly to memories of the Winter War in 1939-40, when the greatly outnumbered Finns had inflicted heavy casualties on the Soviet invaders. Stalin was well aware that the price of Finnish incorporation in the Soviet Bloc might be another blood bath.[23] Finland was, however, deprived of 12 percent of its territory, forced to pay enormous reparations (five times those of Italy) and required to sign a non-aggression pact in 1948.

In Finland, as in Austria, the Communists succeeded in 1945 in claiming the key post of minister of the interior. But whereas the Austrian Communist Franz Honner left office after only seven months, his Finnish counterpart, Yrjî Leino, continued in power for three years. Leino's aim, like Honner's, was "to deprive the bourgeoisie of one of its most important weapons in supporting reactionary policies, the police force." By the end of 1945 the security police had been purged and reconstituted as a new force, usually known as Valpo. As Leino later acknowledged, "the new recruits were naturally, as far as possible, Communists."[24] The rapidity of the purges and the inexperience of the new recruits, however, led to a good deal of confusion. According to Leino, "Valpo in SKP hands never became the kind of weapon that had been hoped for ... They did not have the skill to use it to advantage in the right way." Leino himself found it increasingly difficult to cope. By 1947 he was drinking heavily and sometimes absent from his office for days on end. At the end of the year he was summoned to Moscow, given a severe dressing down by two senior members of the Politburo, instructed to resign from the Finnish government and told to go for a health cure in the Soviet Union. Though Leino refused to tender his resignation, he was dismissed by President Paasikivi in April 1948 on the grounds that he no longer enjoyed the confidence of Parliament. His dismissal brought to an end Communist participation in the Finnish government.[25] Leino's memoirs, completed ten years later, caused such embarrassment in Moscow that, at the insistence of the Soviet ambassador in Helsinki, the whole edition was destroyed on the eve of publication, leaving only a few copies in private circulation.[26]

THE REMOVAL FROM power by 1948 of all those Western Communist parties which had taken part in post-war coalitions reduced, but did not end, their ability to assist Soviet intelligence penetration of government bureaucracies. By far the biggest disappointment experienced by the Centre at the beginning of the Cold War in its relations with fraternal parties in the West, however, was the dramatic decline in the assistance offered by the Communist Party of the United States (CPUSA). From the mid-1930s to the onset of the Cold

War, Communism had been a major force in the American labor movement, a significant influence on the liberal wing of the Democratic Party and a rite of passage for several hundred thousand young radicals. During the Second World War the Party had played an important part in assisting Soviet penetration of the Roosevelt administration, the MANHATTAN project and the intelligence community.[27] The onset of the Cold War, however, dealt the CPUSA a blow from which it never fully recovered.

In 1949 Gene Dennis, the general secretary, and ten other Party leaders were put on trial for advocating the forcible overthrow of the federal government. Dennis and nine of the defendants were sentenced to five years in jail, the eleventh was jailed for three years and all the defense attorneys were found in contempt of court. After the Supreme Court upheld the sentences in 1951, more than a hundred other leading Communists were convicted on similar charges. For most of the 1950s the Party was forced into a largely underground existence. It was deeply ironic that when McCarthyism was at its height the CPUSA was among those Western parties which were least able to give assistance to Soviet espionage. Not till the Supreme Court backed away from its earlier decision in 1957 was the CPUSA able to regroup. By the time the Party had drawn up a new membership list in 1958, there were only 3,000 open members and a much smaller number of undeclared members left.[28]

What the CPUSA might have achieved during the 1950s had it been less persecuted was well illustrated by the neighboring Canadian Party, which in 1951-3 assisted the Ottawa residency in the recruitment of Hugh Hambleton, probably the most important Canadian agent of the Cold War, and ten other agents.[29] Like most other Western parties, the Canadian Communist Party also provided help in documenting illegals—among them Konon Trofimovich Molody (codenamed BEN), the most celebrated of the Cold War illegal residents in Britain.[30] In 1957, with the help of the Canadian Communist Party, the Ottawa residency succeeded in obtaining a new passport for the illegal resident in the United States, "Willie" Fisher (better known as "Rudolf Abel") in the name of Robert Callan, born on March 10, 1903 in Fort William, Ontario. "Abel," however, was arrested before he could adopt his new identity. The Ottawa residency was subsequently fearful that the clerk who issued the passport might recognize the photograph of "Abel" published in the press after his arrest in June 1957 as that of "Robert Callan." Unsurprisingly, the clerk, who doubtless saw—and paid little attention to—many photographs a day, seems not to have noticed.[31]

One of the rare cases in which the assistance given by Western Communists in fabricating the legend of a Soviet illegal became public was that of Reino Hayhanen (codenamed VIK), who was helped to adopt the identity of the Finn Eugene Maki by the Finnish Communist Olavi Åhman (codenamed VIRTANEN). When Hayhanen defected to the FBI in 1957, Åhman and his wife were secretly taken into hiding in the Soviet Union. For almost twenty years Åhman pleaded to go back to Finland, but the Finnish Communist Party insisted that he stay in Russia for fear that his return would expose it to "anti-Communist propaganda." In 1975 the Party leader, Ville Pessi (codenamed BARANOV), finally relented. Åhman was allowed back home and awarded a KGB pension of 200 roubles a month.[32]

A number of Western Communist parties were also asked to provide various kinds of assistance to KGB illegals. In 1957 a group of undeclared members of the French Communist Party, recommended by the PCF leadership, began training as radio operators for illegal residencies. Initially the new recruits found difficulty in transcribing the coded number groups broadcast in test transmissions from the Centre. By the end of the year, however, some had successfully completed their training course.[33]

The files seen by Mitrokhin give no sense that the Centre's demands on the fraternal assistance of Western Communist parties declined in the course of the Cold War. On the contrary, the KGB's solicitations of its "friends" appear to have been greater during the 1970s than in the previous decade. The increased deployment of experienced illegals in eastern Europe after the Prague

Spring and the difficulty experienced by the FCD in finding enough suitably qualified and well-motivated Soviet replacements led it to seek renewed inspiration from the era of the Great Illegals, some of the greatest of whom—the Austrian Arnold Deutsch and the German Richard Sorge chief among them—had been Communists from other European countries. Deutsch's career, however, still remained top secret, not least because two of his most important recruits, Anthony Blunt and John Cairncross, were still at liberty in the West. Sorge, by contrast, was the best-publicized member of the Soviet intelligence pantheon. he had been posthumously declared Hero of the Soviet Union in 1964 and further honored by the first postage stamps ever issued to commemorate a spy. Sorge's reputation as a romantic heart-throb added to his popular appeal. His was the example chosen by the Centre to inspire a new generation of non-Soviet KGB illegals.[34]

The recruitment campaign began on the eve of the Twenty-fourth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party (CPSU) in April 1971. The FCD took advantage of the presence in Moscow of a large number of leaders of fraternal parties in the West to ask some of them to search out a new generation of Sorges. The files noted by Mitrokhin record meetings between senior FCD officers and six different Western Communist leaders to discuss the recruitment of illegals. There may well have been many more such approaches.

Shortly before the Party congress opened, the former resident in Copenhagen, Leonid Sergeyevich Zaitsev, met Knud Jespersen, the chairman of the Danish Communist Party, at the Sovetskaya Hotel, and asked him to find "two or three" totally reliable, dedicated Communists, loyal to the Soviet Union, who could be trained to become "Danish Richard Sorges." They should be male, between twenty and forty years of age, and preferably undeclared rather than open Party members. If married, their wives would have to meet the same conditions. Potential Danish Sorges would also need to be well educated and in a suitable occupation—such as journalist, businessman or foreign language student. According to Zaitsev, Jespersen responded enthusiastically, saying that he fully understood both the importance and the secrecy of the request, and already had one candidate in mind, whose details he would send to the current resident in Copenhagen, Anatoli Aleksandrovich Danilov.[35]

Meanwhile at the Ukraina Hotel, I. P. Kisliak, a former operations officer at the Athens residency, was asking Kostas Koliannis, first secretary of the Greek Communist Party, to find "one or two" Greek Richard Sorges. Like Zaitsev, Kisliak emphasized that candidates must be "totally reliable ideologically," but added that they also needed "charm."[36] At a subsequent meeting with Ezekias Papaioannou, general secretary of AKEL (the Cyprus Communist Party), Kisliak was slightly less demanding. Though Cypriot candidates would require high moral, political and professional qualities, they need not necessarily be "the equals of Richard Sorge."[37]

While Zaitsev and Kisliak were approaching the heads of the Danish, Greek and Cypriot Parties, Anatoli Ivanovich Lazarev, head of the FCD Illegals Directorate, was engaged in talks with Gaston Plissonnier, the second-in-command of the French Communist Party. Plissonier agreed to select two or three undeclared members of the PCF with the potential to become French Sorges and later suggested two possible candidates. He was also asked to supply the KGB with the names of poorly paid (and, by implication, corruptible) staff in the French foreign ministry whose work included photocopying classified documents.[38]

One of the FCD's approaches to a leading member of a fraternal delegation to the Twenty-fourth Party Congress took place in hospital. Geinrich Fritz of the Austrian Communist Party (KPô) Central Committee suffered an acute attack of sciatica shortly before the congress opened and was taken for treatment to the CPSU Central Committee Polyclinic at Kuntsevo. While undergoing treatment in Ward 103, he was visited by Ivan Alekseyevich Yerofeyev, deputy head of the Fourth (German and Austrian) Department, who raised the question of finding "one or two" Austrian Sorges. Fritz said that the KPô chairman, Franz Muhri, refused to become involved in intelligence matters because of his precarious position within the Party. However, Fritz agreed to find suitable candidates himself and to keep N. V. Kirilenko, head of Line PR at the Vienna residency, informed of his progress.[39]

The most cautious of the Party leaders whose responses to the 1971 illegal recruiting drive were noted by Mitrokhin was the general secretary of the Communist Party of Canada (CPC), William Kashtan. Though a rigidly orthodox pro-Soviet loyalist, Kashtan "made much of the practical difficulties." The CPC had to be particularly careful to avoid any suspicion of involvement with the KGB, he explained, because of memories of the Gouzenko affair in 1945, when the Party's only MP, Fred Rose, and its national organizer, Sam Carr, had both been exposed as Soviet agents. Kashtan was assured that he was expected only to select reliable candidates, provide character references and suggest ways of making contact with them. The KGB would do the rest and ensure that, even in the event of "complications," he would not become involved. Kashtan is said to have replied that this arrangement "suited him completely." [40]

During the Twenty-fourth Party Congress senior FCD officers also held discussions with at least eight leaders of Latin American Communist parties. The aim was not as yet to solicit a new generation of Latin American Sorges, but rather to identify potential agents in registry offices who could supply the documents required to support illegals' legends.[41] Within a year or so, however, the

Centre was actively seeking Latin illegals to operate in North America.[42] In 1975 Kryuchkov personally approached the general secretary of the Argentinian Communist Party, Alvarez Arnedo, to “seek help from our Argentinian friends in building up the illegal agent apparatus of Soviet intelligence.” According to the KGB record of the conversation, Arnedo was “wholly sympathetic.”[43] During 1975 Andropov also gave personal instructions for approaches to Communist Party leaders in Syria, Iraq and Lebanon as part of a quest for Arab illegals.[44]

OVER A QUARTER of a century after the collapse of the post-war coalitions which had given Communists a brief experience of office in France, Italy, Austria and Scandinavia, Communist ministers once again entered a Western government. They did so as a result of the Portuguese Revolution of April 1974, when the so-called Armed Forces Movement of young, radical officers ended over forty years of civilian dictatorship and promised both to restore democracy and to end Portugal’s colonial wars in Africa. Within days the Communist and Socialist leaders, Álvaro Cunhal and Mário Soares, had returned from exile, standing together in front of their delirious supporters jointly clutching the same red carnation. Soares paid tribute to Cunhal, his former teacher, as “a remarkable man, with a luminous, penetrating glance that bespoke great inner strength."[45] But Cunhal was also a hardline Soviet loyalist who in 1968 had been the first Western Communist leader to support the crushing of the Prague Spring. Though the differences between himself and Soares gradually widened, they were to serve together in a series of coalition governments until the summer of 1975.

In June 1974 Portugal and the Soviet Union established diplomatic relations for the first time since the October Revolution. Six months later Cunhal had his first meeting with the KGB resident in Lisbon, Svyatoslav Fyodorovich Kuznetsov (code-named LEONID), who operated under diplomatic cover in the recently established Soviet embassy. Though the meeting took place in a Portuguese Communist Party (PCP) safe house, both men were so fearful their conversation might be bugged that they conducted an entirely silent dialogue with pencil and paper. It was agreed that the KGB would train two reliable Party members to detect eavesdropping equipment so that their future discussions could be by word of mouth. Cunhal also undertook to hand over material on the Portuguese security service, NATO (of which Portugal had been a founder member) and other "matters of interest to the KGB."[46]

Shortly after the revolution of April 1974, a commission of enquiry was given access to the files of the brutal security service of the deposed regime (known successively as the PIDE and DGS), whose vast network of informers had almost rivaled those of the Soviet Bloc. Since the PCP, whose 22-member Central Committee had between them spent 308 years in jail, had been the chief target of the PIDE/DGS, it was, unsurprisingly, well represented on the commission.[47] As well as passing on large numbers of PIDE/DGS documents (some of which concerned collaboration with Western intelligence services), the PCP also provided the Lisbon residency with files from Portuguese military intelligence and the new security service established after the revolution. According to one of the files noted by Mitrokhin, the total weight of the classified material provided by the PCP to the Lisbon residency in the mid-1970s came to 474 kilograms. In January 1976 a special section was created within the FCD Fifth Department to work on the Portuguese documents which in their microfilm version filled 68,138 frames. Mitrokhin's summary of the Centre's report on the material concludes:

> Extremely important information was obtained about the structure, methods of work and agent networks of the Special [intelligence] Services of the USA, France, the FRG and Spain on the territory of Portugal; on their cooperation with and the agent networks of PIDE/DGS in Portugal and its former colonies; on the armed forces of Portugal and of a number of other countries; on the methods of work of the Portuguese Special Services against the Soviet

> Union and other socialist countries; on the agent operational situation in the country and at target establishments of interest to the KGB; [and] on individuals of operational interest to the KGB.[48]

Service A made use of the documents, in both authentic and doctored form, as the basis of active measures designed to discredit the CIA, French and West German intelligence services.[49]

In April 1975, at Portugal's first free post-war elections, the Communists gained only 12.5 percent of the vote—one third of the support won by the socialists under Soares. Cunhal, however, shrugged off the setback, confident that real power would remain with the Armed Forces Movement, which had made the revolution a year before. "The elections," he told an interviewer, "have nothing or very little to do with the dynamics of revolution ... I promise you there will be no parliament in Portugal." Cunhal's prediction proved hopelessly mistaken. His support within the Armed Forces Movement crumbled after the failure of a left-wing coup in November, and new elections in April 1976 gave the Communists only 14.5 percent of the vote, as compared with the socialists' 35 percent. Soares became prime minister and Cunhal led the PCP into opposition.[50]

The PCP leadership continued in opposition to talent-spot for the KGB.[51] During talks in Moscow in July 1977 the FCD asked PATRICK, a member of the PCP Politburo, to identify PCP members suitable for training as illegal agents to operate against NATO. PATRICK saw no difficulty in using experienced Party members for particular intelligence assignments, but was less happy with using them as long-term illegals since this would require them to give up their work for the PCP. Once back in Lisbon, however, PATRICK suggested the names of five possible candidates "without heavy Party responsibilities" and provided blank Portuguese passports and other identity documents to assist in the fabrication of their legends.[52]

While the FCD was holding discussions with PATRICK in July 1977, an almost identical approach was being made to the veteran chairman of the Finnish Communist Party (SKP), Ville Pessi (codenamed BARANOV), then on holiday in the Soviet Union. Pessi agreed to suggest the names of four or five undeclared members of the SKP or trusted fellow travellers to train as illegal agents who could be used against American and NATO targets in the United States, Norway, Denmark or the Low Countries. He was also asked to find another one or two potential agents in registry offices or other locations able to provide the documentation required for the fabrication of illegals' legends.[53] At about the same time that PATRICK and BARANOV were engaged in discussions in Moscow, Andropov authorized an approach in Dublin by the resident, Mikhail

Konstantinovich Shadrin (codenamed KAVERIN), to a leading Irish Communist (codenamed GRUM), who cannot be identified for legal reasons. GRUM agreed that two undeclared members of the Party should be selected for training as the first Irish illegals.[54]

The approaches to Communist Parties outside the Soviet Bloc coincided with a series of exhortations from Kryuchkov, the head of the FCD, to residencies to improve their Line N (Illegal support) performance. Increasingly close surveillance of legal residencies by Western counterintelligence agencies made the expansion of the illegal network of increasing importance. Kryuchkov was not satisfied, however, with the efforts made by residencies to follow up recruiting leads for illegal agents provided by Western Communist Parties and other sources. He complained in a circular of April 1978:

> In a number of residencies Line N work has been only half-heartedly pursued on the part of residents; the deep study of those who could be utilized for illegal espionage, especially as special [illegal] agents, has not been conducted sufficiently purposefully ...[55]

By the mid-1970s most Western, Latin American and some Middle Eastern, North African and Asian Communist Parties had been drawn into the quest for a new generation of illegals.[56] There is, however, no evidence that the almost global recruiting program conducted by the KGB and fraternal parties turned up another Arnold Deutsch or Richard Sorge.[57] So far as the recruiting leads produced by Western Communist leaders are concerned, Mitrokhin's notes reveal no major successes and a number of failures.

The failures included Maria, a Portuguese Communist language teacher recommended as a potential illegal agent by PATRICK of the PCP Central Committee. The Centre planned to recruit Maria as the assistant and wife of an illegal KGB officer, Aleksandr Nikolayevich Kunosenko (codenamed YEFREMOV), who was being trained for work in Brazil. A meeting arranged between YEFREMOV and his proposed bride in East Germany, however, ended in disaster. Maria found Kunosenko physically unattractive and refused to sleep with him; her recruitment was discontinued. Without Maria's assistance, Kunosenko failed to become sufficiently fluent in Portuguese. In 1981 plans for his posting to Brazil were cancelled and he was redeployed in Directorate S headquarters.[58]

Among the more promising illegal agents discovered as a result of leads from Western Communist Parties were a French couple, LIMB and his wife DANA, who were recruited in 1973. LIMB was recommended by the PCF as a man "devoted to Communist ideals" but not to be used against French targets. After two years' training, however, LIMB's first recorded success was talent-spotting a French recruit. MARCEL, LIMB's recruitment lead, worked in the *mairie* of a Paris suburb and was recruited as a KGB agent in 1975, probably to provide documentation for KGB illegals. In December 1975 LIMB (then aged thirty-six) and DANA were deployed to Belgium, where they set up a small business printing invitation and visiting cards near the headquarters of SACEUR (Supreme Allied Commander Europe). But their attempts over the next year to cultivate NATO personnel met with little or no success. By the end of 1976 they had returned to France, settled in the Bordeaux region and abandoned their brief careers as KGB illegal agents.[59]

Thirty or forty years before, the recruiting drive for illegal agents would doubtless have met with much greater success. Its apparent failure in the 1970s reflected the inability of the Soviet Union under Brezhnev's geriatric leadership to recapture the idealism of an earlier generation of ideological agents inspired by the utopian vision of the world's first worker—peasant state. By the mid-1970s most of the leading Western Communist Parties were tainted by what Moscow considered the "Eurocommunist" heresy, which advocated a parliamentary road to socialism within a multi-party system rather than slavish imitation of the Soviet model.[60] Within the new generation of young Western Marxists, unconditional pro-Soviet loyalists were a dwindling breed—if not yet an endangered species.

JUST AS THE Centre expected fraternal assistance from the leaders of Western Communist parties, so the parties themselves depended in varying degrees on subsidies from Moscow secretly delivered by the KGB. The subsidies, like involvement in intelligence operations, were closely guarded secrets within each Party leadership. When stories of "Moscow gold" occasionally leaked out during the Cold War, they were dismissed as McCarthyite disinformation. The Centre, however, was well aware that some details of its secret subsidies were known to Western intelligence agencies. During the late 1970s, for example, the Soviet ambassador in Ottawa, Aleksandr Nikolayevich Yakovlev (later one of Gorbachev's leading advisers), protested to Andropov, Gromyko and Boris Ponomarev, head of the Central Committee's International Department, against the practice of Canadian Communist Party representatives—in particular the Party leader, William Kashtan—of calling at the embassy to collect funds (codenamed "US wheat") from the resident, Vladimir Ivanovich Mechulayev. The residency had already warned Kashtan that he was taking a considerable risk. By 1980 the Centre was convinced that the Canadian authorities were aware that subsidies to the CPC were being funded by the Soviet-owned Ukrainskaya Kniga [Ukrainian Book] Company, based in Toronto. The FCD informed Ponomarev on October 20:

> The Canadian Special [intelligence] Services are carrying out a study of the financial situation of the Communist Party of Canada which it is proposed to complete within 15-18 months. A preliminary report prepared by the federal government quotes data based on the results of an analysis of the channels and size of the financial receipts in the CPC treasury in 1970. The Special Services have only fragmentary information about subsequent years, but these give grounds to suppose that the methods of financing the activities of the CPC remain as before. According to the data of the Special Services, the CPC budget in 1970 amounted to 158,850 dollars (according to unconfirmed reports, in 1979 it was more than 200,000 dollars). This sum is made up of Party membership dues from CPC members (13,500 dollars or 8.5 percent), receipts from legacies from "deceased loyal members of the Party" (the amount cannot be estimated), voluntary payments and also direct transfers of cash by Soviet representatives and contributions to CPC funds from the income of the Ukrainskaya Kniga Company. It is noted that the first three sources of income provide approximately 30-35 percent of the Party's total budget. The remaining part [65-70 percent] comes from the USSR and from Ukrainskaya Kniga. The Special

> Services report concentrates on an analysis of the mechanism for supplying funds along the last two channels. [Canadian] Counter-intelligence concludes that the USSR finances the CPC by means of "physical transfer of cash" by officials of the Soviet embassy in Ottawa, to be put at the disposal of Party functionaries under pretext of covering the expenses of Party activists on the occasion of their journeys to Socialist countries.[61]

The seizure by Boris Yeltsin's government of the archives of the Soviet Communist Party (CPSU) after the failed coup of August 1991 led to the publication for the first time of documentary evidence showing that during the 1980s alone, at a time when the Soviet Union was chronically short of hard currency, the CPSU had distributed over 200 million dollars to fraternal parties outside the Soviet Bloc. The Central Committee's International Department had tried to destroy the records of the payments shortly before the confiscation of its archive, but the metal paper clips which held the documents together jammed the shredding machines and saved some of them from destruction.[62]

THOUGH THE LARGEST Subsidies for most of the Cold War seem to have gone to the French PCF and Italian PCI, the two leading Western Parties, the biggest per capita donations probably went to the Communist

Party of the United States. The disproportionate share of Soviet funds channelled to the CPUSA reflected Moscow's desire to encourage the revival of Communism on the territory of the Main Adversary after the near disintegration of the Party in the mid-1950s. The CPUSA repaid Soviet generosity with an impeccable ideological orthodoxy which became particularly valued in Moscow when the heresy of Eurocommunism later took hold of the major west European Communist Parties.

In April 1958 a veteran member of the CPUSA leadership, Morris Childs (whose aliases included "Morris Summers," "Ramsey Kemp Martin" and "D. Douglas Mozart") was invited to Moscow to discuss financial help for his ailing party. Boris Ponomarev, the head of the Central Committee international department, offered 75,000 dollars for the current year and 200,000 dollars for 1959, initially channelled via the Canadian Communist Party.[63] From 1961 to 1980 the conduits for Soviet subsidies were Childs (codenamed KHAB) and his brother Jack (alias "D. Brooks," codenamed MARAT), an undeclared Communist who had worked for Comintern in the 1930s. Until the late 1970s Morris Childs usually visited Moscow at least once a year to submit the CPUSA budget and request for funds, receive instructions from the International Department and the KGB and take part in discussions on American affairs. Jack acted as the main point of contact for the handover of money in the United States. The normal procedure was for the Centre to send a coded message to a CPUSA radio operator in New York containing details of the next transmission of funds. The message would then be passed to Jack Childs, who would decode it and inform his brother, Gus Hall (leader of the CPUSA from 1959 and codenamed PALM), or Hall's wife Elizabeth that the next delivery was imminent.[64]

From 1968 the CPUSA radio operator who passed messages from the Centre on to Jack Childs was another undeclared party member of Russian descent, Albert Friedman, codenamed FORD, who worked as a salesman in a Manhattan radio store on East 49th Street. Using the alias Weber, Friedman had worked between the wars at Comintern's radio school in Moscow, training other underground radio operators. In January 1969 he travelled to Moscow for further training,[65] but performed so well that his instructor told him, "You know more than I do" and invited him to lunch.[66] Though Friedman paid Party dues, his membership of the CPUSA was known only to the KGB and a small group within the Party leadership.[67] What neither the KGB nor CPUSA leaders knew, however, was that since the end of the Second World War Friedman had been an FBI agent in the Party, codenamed CLIP. He passed every word of the Centre's communications on to the Bureau.[68]

By the late 1960s Soviet subsidies to the CPUSA amounted to well over a million dollars a year; a decade later they were more than two million. Jack Childs

(MARAT) usually took delivery of Soviet subsidies from KGB operations officers during “brush passes” at pre-arranged locations in New York, all at precisely 3:05 p.m. During 1974, for example, money-transfer operations (then codenamed VALDAY) took place at four locations in Lower Manhattan: 10 Pine Street, 10th floor (codenamed DINO); 11 Broadway, 9th floor (FRED); 120 Wall Street, 7th floor (POST); and 81 New Street, 2nd floor (ROLAND). All four addresses were chosen by the New York residency because they had several entrances and exits. MARAT and the KGB operations officer chosen to hand the money over to him entered and left the building selected for their brush contact through different doors. In order to lessen the increasing bulk of the packages of money handed over in brush contacts, the denomination of the bills contained in them was raised in 1974 from 20 dollars to 50 dollars and 100 dollars.[69] On the grounds that it was too dangerous to pass the money to Hall, who was under close surveillance by the FBI, the New York police and the Internal Revenue Service, Jack Childs gave much of it to his brother Morris for safekeeping. [70]

As well as acting as a conduit for Soviet subsidies, Jack Childs also regularly exchanged written messages with the New York residency either through brush contacts or “dead drops.” Like brush contact sites, dead drops were all given codenames; those in use in 1974 were MANDI, LYUSI, OPEY, RIBA and OVERA. Messages were normally sent on undeveloped film from a Minox camera placed in a magnetic container. One of the files noted by Mitrokhin records that between July 1975 and August 1976 MARAT took part in five VALDAY operations and nine to exchange secret messages (five by brush contact, four by dead drop). In an emergency the residency could arrange an urgent meeting with MARAT by ringing a designated telephone number at precisely five minutes past noon and asking for Dr. Albert. On being told, "There is no Dr. Albert here" the residency officer would reply, "Sorry, must have the wrong number." He would then meet MARAT at 3:05 p.m. the same day at a Brooklyn location codenamed ELLIOT, at the entrance to the Silver Road pharmacy on the corner of Avenue J and East 16th Street, next to the subway station. MARAT identified himself by carrying a copy of *Time* magazine and placing a Bandaid on his left hand. The operations officer asked him, "Do you have the time?" When MARAT replied, "It's 3:05 sharp," he produced a business card from one of MARAT's former employers with a note by KHAB, his brother Morris, on the back.[71]

The elaborate security employed by the KGB in contacts with both MARAT and KHAB suffered, however, from one fatal flaw. Since the early 1950s both had been FBI agents.[72] By 1974 the Centre had become suspicious, particularly about KHAB (Morris Childs). He had not been imprisoned during the anti-Communist witch-hunts of the 1950s, nor had he been arrested for travelling abroad on false passports (a fact of which the FBI was believed to be aware). A 1967 report by the Senate Judiciary Committee had referred to him under the names Morris Chilovsky (his name at birth) and Morris Summers (one of his aliases) and mentioned his pre-war links with Soviet intelligence. The Centre also found suspicious KHAB's determination to accompany Gus Hall on all his trips to Russia and his "nervousness" when Moscow bypassed him and his brother and communicated directly with Hall. In March 1974 Vladimir Mikhailovich Kazakov, head of the FCD First (North American) Department, reported to Andropov and the Central Committee:

> Although [Morris] Childs enjoys the trust of Comrade Gus Hall, his direct involvement in the financial affairs of the US Communist Party constitutes a real threat to this special channel [for the transmission of Soviet funds]. In addition, certain doubtful and suspicious elements in M. Childs's behavior lead one to believe that he is possibly being used by US intelligence.

Kazakov also urged that Hall be persuaded to find a substitute for MARAT (Jack Childs), whom he described as absent-minded and in poor health.

At a meeting with Hall in Moscow on May 8, another senior FCD officer, B. S. Ivanov, tried to persuade him that the time had come to retire both the Childs brothers, whose long involvement in secret work placed them under increasing danger of FBI surveillance. Ivanov suggested a number of alternative methods of transferring Soviet funds to the CPUSA, among them opening a Swiss bank account or using a cover business in the United States. But, though Hall said he had found a "reliable comrade" to replace Jack Childs, he took no action and the International Department, which evidently did not take Kazakov's warning very seriously, did not insist.[73]

In 1975 Morris and Jack Childs were awarded the Order of the Red Banner; Morris received his in person from Brezhnev during a Moscow banquet. Back in the United States both brothers lived in some style, embezzling about 5 percent of the Soviet funds sent to the CPUSA as well as receiving a salary from the FBI. Morris posed as a wealthy businessman with a penthouse in Chicago, expensively furnished with antiques, paintings and oriental carpets, as well as apartments in Moscow and New York. Gus Hall, who naively believed both brothers to be independently wealthy, sometimes asked them to buy clothes for his family.[74]

Among the intelligence which the Childs brothers reported to the FBI for more than twenty years were the claims of the CPUSA leadership to influence on the black civil rights movement. In 1958 Jack Childs had reported a boast by James Jackson, Party secretary in charge of "Negro and Southern Affairs," that "most secret and guarded people" were "guiding" the civil rights leader Martin Luther King.[75] According to one KGB file, Dobrynin, the Soviet ambassador, later asked Hall to stop bringing Jackson, whom he described as "poorly trained politically," to meetings with him; he also requested the Soviet mission to the UN (by which he probably meant the KGB New York residency) to break off contact with Jackson.[76]

There was, however, some substance to the claim that the CPUSA had penetrated King's entourage. The Childs brothers reported that one of King's advisers, Stanley D. Levison, a New York lawyer and entrepreneur, was a secret Party member.[77] Levison drafted sections of King's 1958 book, *Stride Toward Freedom,* and helped prepare his defense against trumped-up charges of perjury on his Alabama tax returns in 1960.[78] Levison also introduced into King's entourage a secret black member of the CPUSA, Hunter Pitts "Jack" O'Dell.[79] The FBI, who put Levison under surveillance, reported that he was meeting Viktor Lesiovsky, a KGB officer working as special assistant to the UN Secretary-General, U Thant.[80] It was Levison's alleged influence on King which in 1963 led Attorney-General Robert Kennedy to authorize the bugging of King's hotel rooms. Though the bugs produced recordings of a number of King's sexual liaisons, in which President Lyndon B. Johnson took a prurient interest, they provided no evidence of

Communist influence on him.[81]

At the beginning of the Carter administration in 1977, the CPUSA leadership made exaggerated claims of its influence over King's former executive secretary, Andrew Young (codenamed LUTHER), newly appointed as US representative at the United Nations. According to Hall, "Young himself did not know that several of his close friends in Atlanta were covert Communists, and he listened to them. The Party, while observing the required clandestinity, would cautiously exert an influence on Young in the necessary areas."[82] Lesiovsky's cover as assistant to U Thant gave him a number of opportunities for discussions with Young. Though he claimed to have obtained "important information" from the discussions, he reported—less optimistically than Hall—that, while Young hoped for better US-Soviet relations, his attitude to the Soviet Union was fundamentally "negative."[83]

Though Hall tended to overstate the influence of undeclared members of the CPUSA within the Democratic Party, there was at least one to whom the Centre attached real importance during the 1970s: a Democratic activist in California recruited as a KGB agent during a visit to Russia. The agent, who is not identified by name in the reports noted by Mitrokhin, had a wide circle of influential contacts in the Democratic Party: among them Governor Jerry Brown of California, Senator Alan Cranston, Senator Eugene McCarthy, Senator Edward Kennedy, Senator Abraham Ribicoff, Senator J. William Fulbright and Congressman John Conyers, Jr. During the 1976 presidential election the agent was able to provide inside information from within the Carter camp and a profile of Carter himself, which were particularly highly valued by the Centre since it had so few high-level American sources. On one occasion he spent three hours discussing the progress of the campaign at a meeting with Carter, Brown and Cranston in Carter's room at the Pacific Hotel. His report was forwarded to the Politburo. During the final stages of the campaign the agent had what the KGB claimed were "direct and prolonged conversations" with Carter, Governor Brown and Senators Cranston, Kennedy, Ribicoff and Jacob Javits. Andropov attached such importance to the report on these conversations that he forwarded it under his signature to the Politburo immediately after Carter's election.[84]

IN NOVEMBER 1977 the Centre sent a memorandum to the Central Committee complaining that, despite several requests to Hall to replace the Childs brothers, they were still running the American end of the "covert channel of communication with the US Communist Party." During Jack's illness in August and September, Morris had replaced him as the CPUSA's representative at a meeting with a KGB officer in New York:

> His use in the special channel operation is very risky, since [Morris] Childs is known to the intelligence service—as is evidenced by the US Senate Judiciary Committee's report for 1967, where he is referred to as a person who uses several names and has contact with the KGB. Because of this, one cannot exclude the possibility that the FBI has him under covert surveillance.

On November 10 Kazakov and Ivanov raised the question of replacing the Childs brothers at another meeting with Hall in Moscow. Hall said that he had three candidates in mind as a replacement for Jack Childs—John Vogo and the Applekhoums [? Appleholmes] brothers.[85] He would make his final choice in the near future and announce his decision by a coded telegram to Moscow reporting the completion of a draft article on colonialism. The number of the draft indicated in the telegram (first, second or third) would indicate which candidate he had selected. Jack Child's successor would then apply for a visa at the Soviet consulate in Vienna so that he could receive one and a half to two months of "special training" in Moscow. Hall also suggested that the KGB use the wife of his personal chauffeur and bodyguard as an additional channel of communication in New York. The residency could telephone her at work, identifying itself by using the *parole,* "This is Mr. Budnik calling about the old furniture. My friend from Hoboken suggested contacting you."[86]

Once again, however, Hall delayed taking action. The Childs brothers continued to take part in the "special channel operation" for the remainder of the decade. One of the files noted by Mitrokhin records that during the eight months up to April 1978 Jack Childs conducted nineteen operations: three VALDAY money transfers, two meetings with KGB officers, five dead drops, six brush contacts and three operations to signal contacts.[87] By the spring of 1980, however, the FBI had concluded that the Childs were in imminent danger of being compromised. On May 28, as a pretext for withdrawing from the "special channel," Morris Childs told Hall that unidentified men had been calling on his neighbors making enquiries about him and he feared he might have to go into hiding to avoid arrest. He handed Hall 225,437 dollars in cash, which, he claimed, was all the money from Moscow in his possession. Jack Childs, who had been in failing health for some time, died in a New York hospital on August 12. Morris and Eva Childs retired to a luxurious condominium north of Miami with spectacular views over the Atlantic. In 1987, at a special ceremony at FBI headquarters, Morris was presented by President Reagan with the Presidential Medal of Freedom. He and his brother Jack, who was awarded the same medal posthumously, thus became the only spies ever to be decorated by both the Soviet Union and the United

States.[88]

Throughout the decades when the Childs brothers operated the secret channel to Moscow, the CPUSA had been wholly marginal to American politics. In four presidential elections between 1972 and 1984 Gus Hall never received more than 59,000 votes; after falling to 35,000 in 1984, he decided to support the Democrats in 1988. After dropping well below 10,000 members in the mid-1970s, the Party staged a modest revival but in the later 1980s was only about 15,000 strong.[89] Hall, however, continued to inhabit a fantasy world in which the CPUSA had a major influence on American politics. He wrote to Boris Ponomarev, the head of the International Department, in the autumn of 1981:

> More than at any moment in recent history, I am convinced that our Party can be an important factor in slowing down, stopping and reversing the present reactionary policies of the Reagan administration. Tens of millions have become disillusioned. They are moving towards mass actions, and millions are in ideological flux. Our Party can be an important and even a decisive factor in influencing and moving these masses.

As on this occasion, Hall's fantasy assessments of the CPUSA's growing influence were accompanied by appeals for Soviet subsidies, which for most of the 1980s ran at 2 million dollars a year. In 1987 Hall asked for a large increase:

> I can only argue that because our party works in the decaying heart of imperialism whatever we do in influencing events in the United States has an impact on world developments. And, because of the crisis of the Reagan presidency, which is deep and chronic now, our Party's work has had and continues to have a growing impact on the politics of our country.
>
> Therefore, in the context of the struggle against US imperialism and the policies of the Reagan administration, our party must be seen as an important, and even indispensable, factor.

The CPUSA's subsidy for the following year was put up to three million dollars.[90]

Morris Childs believed that the remarkable generosity of Soviet donations to the CPUSA (200 dollars a member in 1987) was due partly to the fact that the Kremlin took Gus Hall's claims at least semi-seriously and "ludicrously overestimated the influence of the American party."[91] The generosity was also due, however, to the ideological servility of Hall and the CPUSA leadership. According to Dorothy Ray Healey, a prominent party militant for forty-five years:

> Under Gus's leadership the American CP had picked

up the dubious distinction of being the chief ideological sheepdog in the international Communist movement, barking on command when any of the other lambs threatened to stray from the fold. The Soviet leaders would contact Gus and tell him what they wanted him to say, he would say it, and then *Pravda* could run a story saying that embattled American Communists speaking from the heartland of world imperialism had thus-and-such to say about whatever issue was of particular concern to the Soviets at the moment.[92]

EIGHTEEN

EUROCOMMUNISM

A conference of eighty-five Communist parties held in Moscow in 1960 unanimously reaffirmed loyalty to the Soviet Union as an unshakeable article of faith for Communists in both East and West:

> The Communist Party of the Soviet Union has been, and remains, the universally recognized vanguard of the world Communist movement, being the most experienced and steeled contingent of the international Communist movement.

By the end of the decade, however, the CPSU leadership was outraged to find its infallibility being called into question by the emergence of what was later termed "Eurocommunism." The Eurocommunist heresy made its first public appearance after the suppression of the Prague Spring in 1968, when a number of Western parties ventured some, mostly timid, criticisms of the Soviet invasion. The leadership of the PCI (Partito Comunista Italiano), later the dominant force in Eurocommunism, reaffirmed “the profound, fraternal and genuine ties that unite the Italian Communist Party to the Soviet Union and the CPSU,” but denied the right of the Soviet Union to intervene militarily “in the internal life of another Communist Party or another country.”[1]

“The profound, fraternal and genuine ties” which bound the PCI to the Soviet Union even after Soviet tanks had entered Prague had a secret dimension of which very few Italian Communists outside the Direzione were aware. After the Colonels’ coup in Athens in April 1967, the PCI general secretary, Luigi Longo, and other party leaders had become alarmed by the possibility of an Italian military putsch on the Greek model. In the summer of 1967, Giorgio Amendola, on behalf of the PCI Direzione, formally requested Soviet assistance in preparing the Party for survival after a coup as an illegal underground movement. Politburo decision no. P50/P of August 15 authorized the FCD to draw up a program which was intended to give the PCI its own intelligence unit with fully trained staff and a clandestine radio communications system. Details of the program were agreed in talks in Moscow between ANDREA, the head of the PCI’s illegal apparatus, and senior Central Committee officials and KGB officers. Between October 1967 and May 1968 three Italian radio operators completed a four-month KGB training course. Other Party members took courses in producing bogus identity documents, following a syllabus which devoted ninety-six hours to the production of rubber stamps and document seals, six to the art of embossing with synthetic resins, six to changing photographs on identity documents, six to making handwritten entries on documents and twelve to “theoretical discussions.” These and other secret training programs continued at least until the end of the 1970s. The PCI leadership also asked the KGB to check its headquarters for listening devices.[2]

After the immediate PCI protest at the suppression of the Prague Spring in 1968, open criticism quickly subsided. Before the PCI Twelfth Congress in February 1969, both Boris Ponomarev, head of the Central Committee’s International Department, and senior KGB officers put heavy pressure on Luigi Longo and other Party leaders to tone down their comments on Cezchoslovakia in speeches to the conference. In reports to the CPSU Central Committee, Ponomarev and the KGB claimed the credit for the fact that, despite the retention of some “ambiguous phrases,” all references to “intervention” and “occupation” by the Soviet Union and its allies in the Warsaw Pact were removed. Nor was there any call by the PCI for the withdrawal of Warsaw Pact forces from Czechoslovakia.[3] In a private discussion in 1970 with Nikita Ryzhov, the Soviet ambassador, Longo “particularly emphasized that for the Italian Communists friendship with the CPSU and the Soviet Union was not a formality but a real necessity for their existence.”[4]

Longo also depended heavily on Soviet subsidies. He was at his most importunate when a general election was called one year ahead of schedule in May 1972. The original CPSU Politburo allocation for the election year was 5,200,000 dollars—2 million more than in 1971. After a further appeal from Longo, it provided another 500,000 dollars. Longo then wrote another begging letter, to which Brezhnev sent a personal reply, delivered by the Rome resident, Gennadi Fyodorovich Borzov (alias "Bystrov"), on April 4:

> Dear Comrade Longo,
> We have received your letter requesting additional assistance to meet expenses relating to the Italian Communist Party's participation in the electoral campaign.
>
> We well understand the difficult nature of the situation in which this campaign is taking place, and the need for the intense activity which your Party must exert in this connection in order to win the elections and resist the forces of reaction.
>
> As you, Comrade Longo, know, we have already allocated an additional US $500,000 for the Italian Communist Party to take part in the electoral campaign, thus bringing the total [contribution] this year to US $5,700,000.
>
> In the light of your request, we once again carefully studied all the possibilities open to us, and

> decided to give the Italian Communist Party further assistance to the amount of US $500,000. Unfortunately, at the present time, there is no more that we can do.
>
> With Communist greetings,
> [Signed] L. Brezhnev
> General Secretary of the CPSU Central Committee[5]

After handing the letter to Longo, Borzov reported to the Centre:

> The Ambassador [Nikita Ryzhov] declared that as we had gone behind his back he intended to telegraph Comrade Brezhnev about this. Bearing in mind Ryzhov's difficult character, and his extremely sensitive reaction to things of this kind, this particular incident has greatly exacerbated the Ambassador's attitude towards us.

The Centre ordered Borzov to do his best to pacify the Ambassador:

> Tell Ryzhov that you assumed he would be made aware in Moscow of the decision taken by the Instantsiya [CPSU leadership]. On your own behalf, ask Comrade Ryzhov to treat all this with proper understanding and not to attach exaggerated

> importance to what has happened; tell him that our relations with him will continue to be businesslike and that the Ambassador will be fully informed about all our contacts with our friends [the PCI].[6]

In October 1972, Borzov reported that the "friends" had handed back three 100-dollar notes which had, embarrassingly, turned out to be forgeries.[7]

Until 1976 the transfer of funds to the Communist Party was a far more straightforward business in Rome than in the United States or many other parts of the world. Since leading Italian Communists regularly called at the Soviet embassy, it was thought unnecessary to resort to the clandestine rigmarole of brush contacts and dead-drops. The most dependable Soviet loyalist on the PCI Direzione, who was in regular contact with the KGB, simply selected a series of emissaries who drove to the embassy and collected the money, having first checked that their cars were not being followed. The KGB residency's KOMETA radio-listening post simultaneously monitored the wavelengths used by Italian police and security forces in order to detect any signs of surveillance. As an additional precaution, the emissary was followed to and from the embassy by a PCI car.[8] Moscow provided further financial assistance through lucrative contracts with PCI-controlled companies in business ventures ranging from Soviet oil imports to hotel construction in the Soviet Union.[9]

The PCI's fears of a right-wing military coup were revived by the overthrow of President Salvador Allende's Unidad Popular government in Chile by the armed forces in September 1973. In December the PCI took secret delivery from the KGB of three SELENGA radio stations in order to enable Party headquarters to maintain contact with local branches if the PCI was forced underground. Party radio technicians were trained in Russia to operate the new system. In the aftermath of a coup the SELENGA radios would transmit messages to Moscow which would then be retransmitted to local PCI underground groups by powerful Soviet transmitters.[10]

The renewed fear of an Italian putsch, however, also drove the PCI in directions which caused concern in Moscow that the West's largest Communist Party was succumbing to ideological heresy. In a series of articles entitled "Reflections on Italy after the Events in Chile," Enrico Berlinguer (who had succeeded Longo as general secretary in 1972) proposed, in a phrase which became famous, a *compromesso storico* ("historic compromise") with the Socialists and the ruling Christian Democrats.[11] Berlinguer was unlike any previous major Communist leader with whom the Kremlin had had to deal. His wife Letizia was a devout Catholic and he had agreed to their children being brought up in the Catholic faith. Longo had done his best to persuade Moscow that, despite his

Catholic family, Berlinguer was the best available candidate and that his three main rivals, Giorgio Amendola, Gian Carlo Pajetta and Pietro Ingrao, were unsuitable for the post of general secretary. Amendola, according to Longo, “had a great deal of the bourgeois democrat about him and had too often committed revisionist errors;” Pajetta, “whose authority was dwindling, was too short-tempered and would not promote [Party] unity;” Ingrao was “superficial and given to unrealistic theoretical speculation.” Berlinguer, however, represented the new generation of Party leaders who had emerged since the Second World War.[12] Moscow was far from reassured.

Berlinguer’s original proposal for a “historic compromise” was conceived chiefly as a defense against the prospect of a right-wing coup, justified by Lenin’s dictum that revolutionaries must know when to retreat. Gradually, however, the proposal evolved into a more ambitious—and, in Moscow’s view, heretical—strategy, in which Catholic traditions of solidarity would combine with Communist collective action to produce a new political and social order. During 1975 Berlinguer emerged as the chief spokesman of what became known as Eurocommunism. The PCI joined with the Spanish PCE and French PCF in issuing what was, in effect, a Eurocommunist manifesto, distancing themselves from the Soviet model of socialism and committing themselves to free elections, a free press and a parliamentary road to socialism within a multi-party system.[13]

At a secret meeting with Ryzhov on December 12, 1975, a KGB informant on the Direzione accused Berlinguer and the Party leadership of “a cowardly rejection of Leninism” and growing hostility to the Soviet Union. He appealed to the CPSU to issue a public criticism of the PCI line: “This will almost split the party, but it is the only way to save the situation.” The informant also claimed that the PCI leadership was planning to disrupt the conference of European Communist Parties, due to be held in East Berlin in the summer of 1976, by using it as a platform for its revisionist views.[14]

During the preparations for the East Berlin conference the Kremlin issued a series of thinly veiled public warnings to the Eurocommunists not to misbehave. Berlinguer, however, was not to be intimidated. During the Italian election campaign in June, he made what Moscow considered his most outrageous statement yet. Italian membership of NATO, Berlinguer declared, was on balance an advantage: “This guarantees us the kind of socialism that we want—to be precise, socialism in liberty, socialism of a pluralist kind.” The Kremlin responded with a scathing, though secret, letter of protest. Of far more significance so far as most of the PCI Direzione was concerned, however, was the fact that the Party received a record 34.5 percent of the vote (up 7.3 percent since 1972). At the East Berlin conference on June 29-30 the clash between the CPSU and the

Eurocommunists was thinly papered over by a bland communiqué calling for "internationalist solidarity." The speeches of Berlinguer and other leading heretics, which drew attention to flaws in "existing socialism" (in other words, the Soviet model), were published in *Pravda* only in a censored version.[15]

In December 1976 the Bulgarian leader, Todor Zhivkov, always a faithful mouthpiece for the Kremlin, denounced Eurocommunism as one of the bourgeois propagandists' "main lines of ideological subversion against proletarian internationalism."[16] The Kremlin's scope for a direct, frontal assault on Berlinguer, however, was limited by his immense popularity. Instead, Andropov instructed Kryuchkov, the head of the FCD, to prepare active measures to discredit him and other tribunes of Eurocommunism. [17] A report prepared by the FCD for the Central Committee claimed that Berlinguer owned a plot of land in Sardinia, and had been involved in dubious building contracts worth tens of billions of lira.[18]

Remarkably, while hoping to destabilize Berlinguer by leaking evidence of his alleged corruption, Moscow continued to subsidize the PCI. The total subsidy for 1976 was 6.5 million dollars.[19] According to KGB files, however, the "operational situation" for the transfer of money in Rome had become more difficult. The newly appointed resident, Boris Solomatin (previously stationed in New York), concluded in 1976 that handing over money at the embassy was insufficiently clandestine. He agreed with Guido Cappelloni (codenamed ALBERTO), head of the PCI Central Committee administration department, that it would be safest for the money transfers to take place early on Sunday mornings at pre-arranged locations in the Rome suburbs which had been carefully checked beforehand by both the residency and the PCI. The route of the car used by the "friend" who received the money was kept under careful surveillance by PCI members; he then transferred the money to another car which delivered it to a secret Party office.[20]

Despite its hostility to Berlinguer and Eurocommunism, the Soviet Politburo also continued to authorize KGB training in underground operations of specially selected Italian Communists. In 1979, for example, the PCI sent three Party members to Moscow for instruction by the FCD "Illegals" Directorate S. One was trained to act as radio and cipher instructor, another as a disguise specialist and the third in the fabrication of false documents.[21]

Not all the conflicts between the PCI Direzione and the Communist parties of the Soviet Bloc became public. The most serious secret dispute in the late 1970s concerned the covert assistance given by a number of east European intelligence services to terrorist groups in the West. East Germany became, in the words of its last, non-Communist, minister of the interior, Peter-Michael

Diestel, “an Eldorado for terrorists.” [22] What most concerned the leaders of the PCI, however, was support by the Czechoslovak StB for the Italian Brigate Rosse (Red Brigades).[23] Their anxieties reached a peak on March 16, 1978, when the Red Brigades ambushed a car carrying the president of the Christian Democrats, Aldo Moro, in the center of Rome. Moro’s chauffeur and his police escort were gunned down and Moro himself was bundled into a waiting car. For the next fifty-four days, while Moro was held prisoner in a secret hiding place, the nation agonized over whether or not to negotiate with the Red Brigades to save his life.[24]

Though the PCI Direzione publicly maintained that there could be no deals with terrorists, it was privately tormented by the fear that news of the support given to the Red Brigades by the StB would leak out. Speaking for the Direzione, Arturo Colombi complained to the Czechoslovak ambassador in Rome, Vladimir Koucky, that a PCI delegation to Prague had been fobbed off when it had tried to raise the issue of help to the Red Brigades, some of whom, it believed, had been invited to Czechoslovakia. On May 4, 1978 Amendola warned Koucky that, if Moro’s kidnappers were caught and put on trial, the assistance given them by the StB “could all come out.” On this occasion, Rhyzov, the Soviet ambassador, sided with the PCI, telling Koucky “he had warned Czechoslovak representatives about contacts with the Red Brigades, but they would not listen to him." Rhyzov was convinced that the StB residency in Rome was still secretly in touch with the Red Brigades. "You got a pennyworth of benefit [from the Red Brigades]," he told Koucky, "but did a hundred times more damage."[25]

The Italian authorities failed to discover Moro's hiding place in time. On May 9, 1978 he was murdered by his kidnappers and his body left in the boot of a car in the center of Rome, midway between the headquarters of the PCI and those of the Christian Democrats. In the outpouring of grief and soul-searching which followed Moro's assassination there was—to the relief of the Direzione—no mention of the involvement of the StB with the Red Brigades. During the police hunt for terrorist radio stations over the next few years, however, the PCI leadership became increasingly anxious that their own might be discovered. In June 1981 the PCI leadership informed the Rome residency that, for security reasons, the three radio stations installed by the KGB for clandestine Party use eight years earlier had been destroyed.[26]

The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan at the end of 1979 and the imposition of martial law in Poland two years later destroyed any semblance of a reconciliation between Moscow and the PCI. At a meeting of the PCI Central Committee in January 1982, only the KGB's main contact voted against a motion condemning Soviet interference in Polish affairs. Berlinguer declared that the October

Revolution had “exhausted its propulsive force,” implying in effect that the CPSU had lost its revolutionary credentials. The Direzione called on the west European left to work for the “democratic renewal” of the countries of the Soviet Bloc. *Pravda* denounced the PCI’s declarations as “truly blasphemous.” There followed what the Italians called *lo strappo*—a brief but highly polemical breach of relations between the PCI and CPSU.

Within the Italian Party leadership, the hardliner Armando Cossutta was a lone voice in taking Moscow’s side in the quarrel.[27] A decade later, as the Soviet Union was disintegrating, evidence leaked out that Soviet subsidies to the PCI had continued on a reduced scale in the 1980s. But, according to one commentator, “It soon became clear that if Soviet funds had been channelled into Italy, they went through the hands ... of Cossutta, either to shore up a failing newspaper with pro-Soviet sympathies (*Paese Sera*) or to help finance his own activities against the PCI’s leaders.” [28] The final recorded payments—700,000 dollars in 1985, 600,000 dollars in 1986 and 630,000 dollars in 1987—were used solely to provide “material support” to what the CPSU International Department and the KGB (but probably not Gorbachev) considered “the healthy forces in the PCI,” chief among them Cossutta and *Paese Sera.*[29]

BERLINGUER APART, THE Eurocommunist of whom

Moscow was most suspicious was Santiago Carrillo, leader of the PCE (Partido Comunista de España). Even as a teenage militant, Carrillo had shown precocious leadership qualities. In 1936, at the age of only nineteen, mocked by his opponents as "the chrysalis in spectacles," he engineered a fusion between the socialist and communist youth movements and became chairman of the combined organization. During the Spanish Civil War, Carrillo became a close friend of the celebrated NKVD illegal, saboteur and assassin Iosif Grigulevich, whom he subsequently chose as his son's secular "godfather."[30] Taking refuge in Moscow in 1939 after Franco's victory in Spain, Carrillo proved his Stalinist orthodoxy by denouncing his own father, to whom he wrote with self-righteous fanaticism, "Between a Communist and a traitor there can be no relations of any kind." He later claimed, implausibly, "If there was any fear of Stalin in the Soviet Union, I did not see it. For many years only a minority knew about the trials and the purges."[31]

After becoming general secretary of the exiled PCE in 1959, however, Carrillo gradually evolved towards Eurocommunism. In 1968 the PCE executive committee condemned Soviet intervention in Czechoslovakia; its leading Soviet loyalists, Agustín Gómez, Eduardo García and General Enrique Líster, were expelled in 1969-70.[32] In July 1975 the PCI and PCE jointly issued a "solemn declaration that their conception of the march towards socialism in peace and freedom expresses not a tactical attitude but a strategic conviction.” After Franco’s death in November, Carrillo began to plan the PCE’s reemergence as a legal party. Late in 1976, without informing Moscow, he returned secretly to Spain from his French headquarters. On December 6 the Centre sent an urgent telegram to the Madrid residency, telling it to investigate rumors that Carrillo was in Spain and, if so, to find out whether he had returned on his own initiative or after a secret agreement with the Christian Democrat prime minister, Adolfo Suárez.[33]

In fact Carrillo had returned in order to try to force Suárez’s hand. On December 10 he gave a public news conference, thus compelling the Prime Minister to decide whether to risk the wrath of the army and the right by legalizing the PCE or to risk alienating the main democratic parties by refusing to do so. Though Carrillo was arrested on December 22, he was set at liberty a few days later and met secretly with Suárez. The formal legalization of the PCE followed in April 1977.[34]

Just as in Italy, the KGB’s principal point of contact with the PCI was with a Soviet loyalist, so the Madrid residency’s main source within the PCE was the most pro-Soviet member of its executive committee, Ignacio Gallego, codenamed KOBO. Until March 1976 Soviet subsidies to the PCE had been forwarded via the French Communist Party, the PCF. By Politburo decision no. P-1/84 of March 16, however, the KGB was instructed to make payments directly to Gallego. At least some of these payments were intended for Gallego himself, rather than the PCE executive as a whole, so that he could "work on his contacts." On December 6, 1976 the Politburo approved a payment to Gallego of 20,000 dollars (decision no. P37/39-OP) for the purchase of a flat in Madrid. Though his public criticism of Carrillo was muted, the Madrid residency reported that in private Gallego was bitterly critical, denouncing him as "a danger to the Spanish Communist Party and the international Communist movement."[35]

Early in 1977, through his wife LORA, Gallego passed on to the Madrid residency Carrillo's draft of a joint declaration to be issued at a summit meeting of the leaders of the PCE, PCI and PCF, as well as the proofs of Carrillo's forthcoming book, *"Eurocomunismo" y Estado* ("*Eurocommunism*" *and the State*).[36] The Centre was scandalized by the criticisms in both documents of the Soviet Union—though, in the event, Berlinguer and Georges Marchais, general secretary of the PCF, rejected the most trenchant passages of the draft communiqué.[37] Gallego informed the KGB that the left-wing daily *Pueblo* planned to send a correspondent to Moscow to interview Soviet dissidents. Thus forewarned, the Madrid embassy refused the correspondent a visa.[38]

With the restoration of parliamentary democracy for the first time since the Spanish Civil War, the PCE was widely expected—not least by Carrillo—to achieve as dominant a position on the left in Spain as the PCI had in Italy. Its socialist rival, the PSOE, had adapted itself less well both to underground opposition to the autocratic Franco regime and to maintaining party organization during almost forty years of exile. In the 35-year-old Felipe González, however, the socialists had a dynamic, telegenic leader whose youthful appeal to voters was far more effective than Carrillo's. During the campaign for the parliamentary elections of June 1977 the PCE also found it more difficult than the PSOE to free itself of an extremist image. To Moscow's satisfaction, Carrillo's Eurocommunist campaign was at least mildly disrupted by the return from the Soviet Union in May of the 83-year-old president of the PCE, Dolores Ibárruri, whom Carrillo had succeeded as general secretary almost twenty years earlier. Known as *La Pasionaria* ("passion flower"), Ibárruri had been the most charismatic orator of the Civil War, famous around the world for her cries of defiance in the face of fascism: "Better to die on your feet than live on your knees!"; "Better to be the widow of a hero than the wife of a coward!" Franco's supporters spread rumors that she had once cut a priest's throat with her own teeth.[39] Though Ibárruri's appearances during the 1977 election campaign were limited by her age and weak heart, she lost no opportunity to praise the achievements of the Soviet Bloc—"countries where socialism is being built." Carrillo tried to dilute the impact of her speeches by implying that she was out of touch and bound to the Soviet Union by the death of her only son while fighting for the Red Army at Stalingrad.

At the parliamentary elections of June 1977, the first free elections in Spain for forty-one years, the electorate rejected the extremes of both left and right. The PCE won only 9 percent of the vote, as compared with the 34 percent of Suárez's Union of the Democratic Centre and the 28 percent of the socialists. Among the new Communist deputies was Gallego, who became deputy chairman of the PCE parliamentary group. Believing Carrillo's position to be much weaker than Berlinguer's, the Kremlin tried to rally opposition to him in the PCE. Shortly after the election, the Moscow *New Times* published a vituperative review of Carrillo's "*Eurocommunism*" *and the State.* Carrillo, it declared, might appear to be talking simply about differences in tactics and strategy between different Communist Parties, but his real views were "exactly those of the imperialist adversaries of Communism."[40] The CPSU International Department drafted an attack on Carrillo's revisionism, then arranged for its publication under the signatures of three members of the PCE. A letter containing a similar attack, signed by 200 Spanish Communists, was circulated as a leaflet.[41]

During 1978 the public controversy between the PCE and CPSU died down. In private, however, Carrillo was more critical than ever. According to a report from

Gallego forwarded by the Madrid residency, he condemned the Soviet Union in one off-the-record outburst as “a semi-feudal state, dominated by a privileged bureaucracy which is cut off from the people,” with a far less democratic way of life than the United States.[42] After the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan at the end of 1979, Carrillo made some of his criticisms public. In January 1980 he wrote to the CPSU Central Committee attacking the invasion as political adventurism and blaming Soviet as well as American policy for the intensification of the Cold War.[43] Though some local Party organizations supported Soviet intervention, Carrillo was backed by a majority of the PCE executive. Gallego, meanwhile, continued to receive about 30,000 dollars a year from the KGB.[44] The Madrid resident, Viktor Mikhailovich Filippov, reported that though Gallego stuck “as far as possible” to the political line recommended by the residency, there was little he could do to galvanize open opposition without isolating himself on the executive. In Filippov’s view, Carrillo remained in firm control of his party.[45] In reality, torn between Eurocommunists and hardliners, and with the Catalan Communists losing faith in Carrillo’s leadership, the PCE had begun to disintegrate.[46]

There were also divisions within the socialists as Felipe González tried to turn the PSOE into a social democratic party. After a party congress in May 1979 reaffirmed the

Marxist nature of the PSOE, González resigned, only to return in triumph four months later when an extraordinary party congress recognized the non-Marxist as well as Marxist "contributions which have helped to make socialism the great alternative for emancipation of our time." In the 1982 parliamentary elections the PSOE won a sweeping victory. With González as prime minister, the socialists dominated Spanish politics for the next decade. Support for the PCE, meanwhile, was dwindling away. In 1982 it gained only 3.8 percent of the vote—down from 10.5 percent in 1979. Carrillo was forced to resign as general secretary, to be succeeded by Gerardo Iglesias. According to González, "Carrillo managed to accomplish in record time what Franco could not do in forty years of the dictatorship. He has dismembered the Communist Party in Spain."

Moscow also placed much of the blame for the collapse of PCE support on Carrillo personally, though its analysis differed from that of González. A book by the Tass journalist Anatoli Krasikov claimed that Carrillo's Eurocommunism and rejection of Marxism—Leninism had led the Party into "sharp internal strife" and electoral disaster: "Large numbers of activists, including very prominent ones who had struggled against Francoism and fought for the democratization of the country, were driven out of the Party."[47] In a secret report preserved in KGB archives, Boris Ponomarev, the head of the international department, declared early in 1983 that there was no prospect of a PCE revival so long as Carrillo or his protégés retained influence in it.[48]

In January 1984 Moscow supported, and probably financed, the foundation by Gallego of a breakaway Partido Comunista de los Pueblos de España. *Pravda* welcomed Gallego's denunciation of Eurocommunism and his announcement that the new party would be an "integral part" of the international Communist movement.[49] The PCPE, however, never became more than a splinter party. In 1986 the rump of the PCE merged with two smaller left-wing parties to form the Izquierda Unida (United Left).

THE THIRD OF the main Eurocommunist parties in the mid-1970s was the PCF (Parti Communiste Français), led by Georges Marchais, who had previously made a reputation as an uncompromising Stalinist. In 1957 he shouted angrily at a Party militant who dared to express doubts about Stalin's purges and the Soviet suppression of the Hungarian Uprising: "Yes, [the Soviets] arrested people, they imprisoned people! Well, I tell you they didn't arrest enough! They didn't imprison enough! If they had been tougher and more vigilant they wouldn't have got into the situation they find themselves in now!" François Mitterrand once complained, "Insult is [Marchais's] way of saying hello."[50]

As Marchais consolidated his power in the PCF as deputy general secretary in 1970 and general secretary two years later, the Centre grew increasingly suspicious of him. Despite his early Soviet loyalism, the KGB reported to the Central Committee in March 1976 that, according to its informants in "circles close to Marchais," he had been gradually moving away from "the principles of proletarian internationalism" for some time. The KGB's chief informant on Eurocommunist tendencies inside the PCF was Marchais's second-in-command, Gaston Plissonier, who had assisted Soviet intelligence operations since at least the early 1950s.[51] Like his fellow Soviet loyalists in Italy and in Spain, Plissonnier was also the main conduit for Moscow's secret subsidies to the PCF.[52]

In June 1972 the PCF formed an electoral alliance and agreed a "common program of government" with the socialists and left-wing radicals. A few months later, according to the KGB, Marchais told his closest associates (doubtless including Plissonnier) that he condemned both the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 and the continuing persecution of dissidents within the Soviet Union. Marchais was also deeply irritated by the Kremlin's apparent benevolence towards France's Gaullist governments, which, he claimed, "hampered the French Communist Party's revolutionary struggle." Since President de Gaulle had withdrawn France from the integrated NATO command in 1966, Moscow had seen Gaullism as potentially a more disruptive force in western

Europe than a left-wing French government, even one which included Communists. Marchais tried to persuade the Kremlin that its assessment was mistaken. In 1972, doubtless intending his warning to be passed on to Moscow, he secretly threatened the East German leader, Erich Honecker:

> If the Socialist countries [the Soviet Bloc] do not take account of the French Communist Party’s warning that the French government is shifting towards Atlantic [pro-American] positions, and if they do not give the Party the proper assistance in the struggle to overthrow the regime, they would be faced with a refusal by the French Communist Party to support their policy, as happened at the time of the Czechoslovak events [in 1968].

Publicly, the Kremlin appeared to pay little heed. Before the second round of the 1974 French presidential elections, the Soviet ambassador called on the neo-Gaullist candidate, Valéry Giscard d’Estaing, apparently implying that Moscow favored his election rather than that of Mitterrand, who had PCF support.[53] Behind the scenes, however, the KGB was engaged in active measures aimed—unsuccessfully—at securing Giscard’s defeat.[54]

At the beginning of 1976 Marchais privately rebuked the PCF newspaper, *L’Humanité,* for failing to send a correspondent to meet the exiled Russian dissident, Leonid Plyushch, on his arrival in Paris after being freed from incarceration in a Soviet mental hospital. The Centre interpreted Marchais's gradual move towards Eurocommunism less in terms of ideological evolution than personal ambition. Even Berlinguer was reported by the KGB as criticizing Marchais for his narrow nationalism and comparing him to the Romanian autocrat Nicola Ceauşescu. The Centre concluded that Marchais would stop at nothing to satisfy his personal vanity.[55]

The KGB reported to the Central Committee that it was not until the Twentysecond Congress of the PCF in February 1976 that Marchais felt sufficiently confident of support for his increasingly heretical views within the Party hierarchy to dare to express them openly, despite the opposition of Plissonnier.[56] The congress adopted an ambitious Eurocommunist agenda. Marchais took the lead in rejecting the traditional aim of a "dictatorship of the proletariat," in criticizing the "limitations on democracy" in the Soviet Bloc and in committing the PCF to "a democratic road to socialism" which would "foster the free expression of many trends of thought." To scandalized Soviet loyalists within the PCF, the new Eurocommunist platform seemed to "legalize counter-revolution."[57] Over the next eighteen months the CPSU Central Committee sent three angry letters to the PCF complaining about its policies. [58] Behind the scenes the

KGB accompanied such irate correspondence with active measures. Among them was operation YEVROPA, begun in 1977 and based on forged CIA documents which purported to reveal an American plot to destroy the unity of the PCF. The Centre hoped that YEVROPA would set some of the Central Committee against Marchais, presumably by implying that he was playing into the hands of the CIA.[59]

The KGB, however, had misjudged the strength of Marchais's ideological deviations. The PCF's Eurocommunist flirtation had been part of the price it had paid for the alliance with the socialists. The flirtation ended in the summer of 1977 after it became clear that, instead of confirming the Communists as the largest party on the French left, it had led to them being overtaken by the socialists. In September 1977 the left-wing alliance collapsed amid mutual recriminations. Thereafter Marchais and the PCF Central Committee gradually returned to an increasingly uncritical Soviet loyalism.[60] In October 1978 the Centre cancelled an active measure devised by the Paris residency to drive a wedge between the PCF and PCI, probably because it was no longer considered necessary.[61]

The KGB report on Marchais submitted to the Central Committee in March 1976 reported that he had hanging over him the exposure of his war record.[62] Marchais had claimed in 1970 that he had been "requisitioned" in

December 1942 to work in a German factory at Lipheim building Messerschmitt fighter aircraft, but had escaped in January 1943 and returned to France.[63] The Centre, however, claimed to know "from reliable sources" that the French authorities had documents showing that, far from being forced to work in Germany, he had signed a voluntary contract for a job at Lipheim. The KGB report on Marchais was so hostile that in 1976 it may well have contemplated using his war record to discredit him, just as it hoped to use Berlinguer's allegedly shady building contracts to destroy his reputation.[64] It is unclear, however, whether the KGB did anything to bring to light a document, which was published in 1977 by Auguste Lecoeur, a former member of the PCF Politburo, and the right-wing weekly *Minute,* showing that Marchais had voluntarily accepted work in the Messerschmitt factory. Marchais claimed that the document was forged and brought a libel suit against both Lecoeur and *Minute.* At the opening of the trial in September 1977 he burst into tears. He lost both that case and another libel suit in the following year. In March 1980 *L'Express* published a wartime German document which appeared to show not merely that Marchais had gone voluntarily to work in Germany but that he had stayed there until 1944. On this occasion Marchais did not sue but maintained his innocence, declaring that he was the victim of an improbable plot by his rivals in the 1981 presidential elections: "That is why, at the origin of this calumny, there have been successively discovered close collaborators of Giscard d’Estaing, of Chirac, and of François Mitterrand.”[65]

The PCF entered the 1980s in a mood of unswerving loyalty to Moscow. No other leader of a major Western Communist Party matched the zeal with which Marchais defended the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in December 1979. Two years later the PCF sycophantically greeted the outlawing of Solidarity and the declaration of a state of emergency in Poland as a “triumph” for the Polish Communist Party. At the same time, however, the PCF was in steep electoral decline. In the 1981 presidential election Marchais gained only 15 percent of the vote—easily the Party’s worst result since the Second World War. In 1986 the PCF vote fell even more precipitously, to 6.8 percent, in the parliamentary elections.[66]

THE GORBACHEV ERA brought a sea change in the CPSU’s relations with foreign Communist Parties. The PCF and Moscow’s other most faithful Western followers were increasingly outraged to discover that their loyalism was no longer appreciated. Gorbachev himself appeared far more interested in imaginative heresy than in intellectually sclerotic orthodoxy. Eurocommunism seemed to have conquered the Kremlin. As head of the CPSU delegation to Berlinguer’s funeral in June 1984, Gorbachev was deeply impressed by the spontaneous outpouring of grief by a million and a half mourners crowded into Rome’s Piazza San Giovanni.[67] One of the first signs of his “new thinking” when he became CPSU general secretary in March 1985 was the fact that the only European Communist leader included in his meetings with world statesmen after Chernenko’s funeral was Berlinguer’s successor, Alessandro Natta. Ponomarev was visibly shocked. How could it be, he asked his colleagues in the international department, that despite the presence of so many leaders of “good” Communist Parties in Moscow, Gorbachev had bestowed his favor instead on the general secretary of the “bad” PCI?[68]

Over the next five years Gorbachev repeatedly conferred with PCI leaders, praised their policies and used them as sounding boards for his “new thinking” on social democracy and East-West relations.[69] In Spain Gorbachev showed far less interest in the tattered remnants of the PCE[70] than in the ruling Socialist Party. Gorbachev’s press secretary, Andrei Grachev, once asked him which foreign politician he felt closest to. Gorbachev’s reply was unhesitating: Felipe González. According to Grachev, Gorbachev “did not just appreciate ‘Felipe,’ he loved him.”[71]

Dependence on secret Soviet subsidies, however, persuaded some of the affronted hardline foreign Communist leaders to swallow their pride. In June 1987, Marchais sent a groveling message to Gorbachev conveying his “deepest gratitude” for meeting him in May and asking for “emergency financial aid” of 10 million francs (1.65 million dollars) to prepare for the 1988 presidential elections.[72] Noting that the PCF had already received 2 million dollars during 1987, the Politburo none the less agreed to supply another million via the KGB.[73]

For Gus Hall, the hardline leader of the ever-faithful CPUSA, Gorbachev’s “new thinking” proved too much in the end. Goaded for the first time in his career into open disagreement with Moscow, he launched a public attack on Gorbachev’s reforms in 1989, only for his secret Soviet subsidies to be abruptly cut off. The impact on the CPUSA was devastating. Plunged into an immediate financial crisis, it was forced in 1990 first to cut the publication of the Party newspaper, the *People’s Daily World,* from five to two days a week, then to turn it into a weekly.[74] Armando Cossutta spoke for many traditional Moscow loyalists in Western Communist Parties when he declared his disgust after the failure of the August 1991 Moscow coup that “the term ‘Communism’ is now a dirty word even in the land of Lenin.”[75]

NINETEEN

IDEOLOGICAL SUBVERSION

Part 1: The War Against the Dissidents

Soviet "dissidents" made their first public appearance on Constitution Day (December 5) 1965, when a group of about two hundred organized a demonstration in Pushkin Square, Moscow, in support of the authors Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel, who were shortly to go on trial accused of attempting to subvert the Soviet system through their writings. Some of the demonstrators briefly succeeded in unfurling banners reading "Respect the Constitution!" and "We Demand an Open Trial for Sinyavsky and Daniel!", before being frogmarched to the police station by plain clothes members of the KGB. Henceforth the term used to describe democratic and human rights activists in the Soviet Union was the English word "dissidents" rather than its Russian equivalent *inakomysliashchii*—probably as part of an official attempt to portray such people as stooges of the West rather than as the authentic voice of Russian protest.[1]

The KGB had been unusually slow to track the two writers down. Sinyavsky, using the pseudonym "Abram Tertz," had begun publishing his work in the West, initially in Paris, in 1959. His friend Daniel, employing the alias "Nikolai Arzhak," had followed suit in 1961. After extensive analysis of the publications of "Tertz" and "Arzhak" by Soviet writers and literary critics who were KGB agents and co-optees, opinion in the Centre was divided on their real identity. One school of thought claimed that the intimate knowledge of Moscow life displayed by both authors showed that they were living in the Soviet Union and had smuggled their work abroad for publication. This view was supported by the Paris residency, which forwarded a report that the manuscript for "Tertz's" book, *The Trial Begins* (*Sud Idyot*), had reached France from Moscow. Others within the Centre sided with literary analysts who argued that "inaccuracies" in the authors' depiction of Moscow life showed that they were living in the West, and cited other (mistaken) KGB reports that both "Tertz" and "Arzhak" were living in western Europe.[2] The KGB was further confused by the fact that Sinyavsky used a Jewish pseudonym, thus giving rise to the mistaken belief that he was Jewish himself. The official Soviet press later denounced the choice of pseudonym as “a squalid provocation.” According to a writer in *Izvestia:*

> By publishing anti-Soviet tales under the name of Abram Tertz in foreign publications, Sinyavsky was attempting to create the impression that anti-Semitism exists in our country and that a writer with a name such as Abram Tertz has to seek publishers in the West if he wants to write “frankly” about Soviet life.[3]

After several years’ fruitless surveillance of the wrong writers, a KGB agent in the Moscow literary world, codenamed YEFIMOV, reported early in 1964 that an author named Yuli Daniel was in possession of “anti-Soviet material.” Simultaneously the KGB in Yalta sent a report from another agent who claimed that Daniel had the manuscript of “a story for which he could be given fifteen years’ imprisonment.” The surveillance of Daniel quickly led the KGB to Sinyavsky. In May 1964 the Centre began operation EPIGONI to obtain proof that Sinyavsky and Daniel were the authors of the “anti-Soviet” volumes published in the West, to discover where they kept their manuscripts and find out how they smuggled them out of the Soviet Union. The KGB arranged for Sinyavsky’s employer, the Gorky Institute of World Literature, to send him on a business trip away from Moscow. During his absence it conducted a detailed search of his flat and installed bugging devices. Searching and bugging Daniel's apartment proved to be more difficult. His tworoom flat with shared kitchen at 85 Leninsky Prospekt was reported to be "constantly occupied by his family, a friend and a dog." Eventually, a KGB officer, posing as the relative of a neighbor, succeeded in staying in the flat, taking wax impressions of the keys and creating an opportunity for a detailed search.[4]

It took over a year for operation EPIGONI to achieve significant results. Though the KGB lacked proof, it correctly concluded that Sinyavsky's first attempts to smuggle his work to the West had been assisted by Héläne Zamoyska, the daughter of a former French naval attaché, whom he had met while she was studying at Moscow University.[5] In the summer of 1965 the KGB intercepted a letter to Sinyavsky, signed "Alfreda" but giving no return address, inviting him to meet her at the Hotel Bucharest in Moscow. Having discovered that "Alfreda" was Alfreda Aucouturier, a friend of Hécläne Zamoyska, the KGB hoped to catch Sinyavsky in the act of handing over a manuscript to her. Sinyavsky and Daniel were both placed under 24-hour surveillance and a "special operational group" was formed to catch Madame Aucouturier redhanded. Despite bugging a visit made by Madame Aucouturier to Sinyavsky's flat and filming a later meeting between them near the Rechnoy Vokzal metro station, the group failed to detect any manuscript being handed over. It was disappointed again when it searched Madame Aucouturier's luggage at the Russo-Polish frontier on September 8.[6] A long interrogation also failed to produce results. The KGB's unsuccessful attempts to persuade Aucouturier to admit that "Tertz's" real name was Sinyavsky merely made her realize how thin their evidence was against him.[7]

Shortly after Madame Aucouturier was allowed to leave Russia, Sinyavsky and Daniel were arrested and taken to Lefortovo prison in Moscow. Under interrogation both confessed that they had published works under pseudonyms in the West, but denied that they were anti-Soviet. They also refused to admit that Madame Zamoyska had smuggled their manuscripts out of Russia. According to surveillance reports before their arrest, Sinyavsky and Daniel had been suspicious of all new acquaintances, sensibly fearing that they might be KGB agents. In Lefortovo prison, however, Sinyavsky fell for one of the oldest deceptions in the KGB's repertoire. A stoolpigeon codenamed MIKHAILOV (probably the illegal Geli Fyodorovich Vasilyev) [8] was introduced into his cell and succeeded in gaining his confidence. Before MIKHAILOV's "release" in November, Sinyavsky asked him to pass on a series of signs and passwords to his wife to enable her to communicate secretly with him during prison visits. MIKHAILOV's information and surveillance of Sinyavskaya's meetings with her husband provided what the EPIGONI file describes as “invaluable material relating to Sinyavsky’s contacts.” The most important of these contacts was Andrei Remizov, head librarian at the Moscow Library of Foreign Literature.[9]

Remizov confessed during interrogation that, under the pseudonym “Ivanov,” he had published in the West the play *Is There life on Mars?* and the essay “American Pangs of the Russian Conscience,” which had appeared in *Encounter* magazine in 1964.[10] He also admitted that, during a visit to France, he had delivered one of Sinyavsky’s manuscripts to Hélène Zamoyska.[11] The KGB seems to have planned originally to put Remizov on trial with Sinyavsky and Daniel. When Remizov became suicidal, however, the plan changed. It was decided instead to use Remizov primarily as a prosecution witness against Sinyavsky and Daniel. His own case was treated separately and he was placed under 24-hour suicide watch. To prevent further contact with the wives of Sinyavsky and Daniel, who were trying to persuade him not to give evidence, Remizov was sent on official business by the Ministry of Culture to Kursk and Tula, where he remained on suicide watch until the trial. Surveillance of Daniel’s wife showed that she was collecting a dossier of material for publication in the West before the trial. The KGB successfully planted on her an illegal posing as a sympathetic Western businessman who delivered the dossier not to the West but to the KGB.[12]

Though many Soviet writers had been persecuted for unorthodox opinions without due legal process, Sinyavsky and Daniel were the first to be put on trial simply for what they had written. The trial in February 1966 was officially a public one, with both defendants being granted their "full rights." As the *New York Herald Tribune* observed, "These rights included the right to be laughed at by a hand-picked audience of 70 persons ... [and] the right to have only the prosecution side of the case reported in some detail to those who cannot claim access to the "open" trial because they have no passes."[13] The stage-managed proceedings were, however, spoiled by the failure of the defendants to play the roles allotted to them. Against all the traditions of Soviet show trials, Sinyavsky and Daniel refused either to admit guilt or to show contrition.

Despite the sycophantic audience, the prosecution was visibly disconcerted by the courageous and articulate defendants. Sinyavsky exposed the elementary confusion in a prosecution case which identified the opinions of fictional characters with those of their authors. He was also able to refer to the bugging of his flat before he was interrupted in mid-sentence.[14] The state prosecutor, undeterred either by his own mental confusion or by his uncertain grasp of the law,[15] concluded with an absurdly melodramatic denunciation of the two authors' work: "They pour mud on whatever is most holy, most pure—

love, friendship, motherhood. Their women are either monsters or bitches. Their men are debauched.” But the most serious crime committed by Sinyavsky and Daniel was that of ideological subversion:

> The social danger of their work, of what they have done, is particularly acute at this time, when ideological warfare is being stepped up, when the entire propaganda machine of international reaction, connected as it is with the intelligence services, is being brought into play to contaminate our youth with the poison of nihilism, to get its tentacles into our intellectual circles by hook or by crook ...[16]

Sinyavsky was sentenced to seven years in a labor camp, Daniel to five.

The promised official transcript of the trial never appeared—a sure sign of the weakness of the prosecution case. An unofficial transcript, however, assembled by supporters of the defendants, was published in the West. To penetrate the dissidents who had come together in support of Sinyavsky and Daniel, the Centre selected two illegals in their late twenties, Anatoli Andreyevich Tonkonog (code-named TANOV) and his wife Yelena Timofeyevna Fyodorova (TANOVA). Tonkonog reported that the sale of the transcripts of the trial of Sinyavsky and Daniel in the West had been organized by an entrepreneurial KGB agent, Nikolai Vasilyevich

Dyakonov (codenamed GOGOL), who had worked for the Novosti Press Agency in the United States and other Western countries. According to one of Tonkonog's informants, Dyakonov was "a real wheeler-dealer" who dealt in foreign currency and sold Russian abstract paintings and unpublished literary works to Western buyers.[17]

Though the KGB evidently considered that the prosecution of Dyakonov would be too embarrassing, after a long investigation it put on trial in January 1968 four young dissidents who had compiled the transcript and other documents concerning the trial of Sinyavsky and Daniel: Aleksandr Ginzburg, Yuri Galanskov, Alexei Dobrovolsky and Vera Lashkova. Ginzburg and Galanskov had for some years taken leading roles in the production of samizdat journals. Their trial proceeded in much the same manner as that of Sinyavsky and Daniel. The courtroom audience was, once again, picked by the KGB and the defense was prevented from calling most of its witnesses. The two principal defendants, Ginzburg and Galanskov, again refused to contribute to the success of their own show trial and were sentenced to five and seven years in labor camp respectively. Emboldened by the courage of the defendants and the interest of the Western media, Daniel's wife, Larisa Bogoraz, and a fellow dissident, Pavel Litvinov, issued an impassioned denunciation of the conduct of the trial to foreign correspondents, with a request "that it be published and broadcast by radio as soon as possible."[18] Tonkonog later reported that the small demonstration in Red Square in August 1968 against Soviet military intervention in Czechoslovakia was also organized by Larisa Bogoraz. On this occasion Litvinov and other dissidents tried to dissuade her, but ten of them joined her when she insisted on going ahead. The KGB inevitably broke up the demonstration and arrested the demonstrators.[19]

THUS FAR THE writer who most concerned the Soviet authorities, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, codenamed PAUK ("Spider") by the KGB,[20] had escaped arrest. Solzhenitsyn had been saved in part by his celebrity. The labor camp novel *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich,* which changed him almost overnight from an obscure provincial teacher of mathematics and physics into a world-renowned author, had been published in 1962 with the personal blessing of Khrushchev. During a sweep of Moscow dissidents shortly after the arrest of Sinyavsky and Daniel in September 1965, the KGB had discovered and confiscated manuscripts which Solzhenitsyn had left for safekeeping at the home of a friend. The KGB reported to the Central Committee that the manuscripts provided proof that "Solzhenitsyn indulges in politically damaging statements and disseminates slanderous fabrications." Both the KGB chairman, Vladimir Semichastny, and the Public Prosecutor, Roman Rudenko, were, however, uncertain how to proceed against such a celebrated writer, and simply referred Solzhenitsyn’s manuscripts to the Writers’ Union, which did not supply the denunciation expected of it for another eighteen months. By the time the Central Committee considered the matter in March 1967, Solzhenitsyn had sent his latest novel, *Cancer Ward,* to the West and had almost finished *The Gulag Archipelago,* his epic study of the labor camps. Within the Central Committee, the initiative in calling for “decisive measures” to deal with Solzhenitsyn’s “anti-Soviet activities” came from Andropov, who succeeded Semichastny as KGB chairman in the summer of 1967.[21]

For the remaining seventeen years of his life, Andropov remained the dissidents’ most determined opponent within the Soviet leadership. First-hand involvement in crushing the Hungarian uprising, reinforced by second-hand experience of the Prague Spring during his first year as KGB chairman, convinced him that one of the chief threats to the Soviet Bloc was Western-sponsored ideological subversion:

> The enemy gives direct and indirect support to counter-revolutionary elements, engages in ideological sabotage, establishes all sorts of anti-Socialist, anti-Soviet and other hostile organizations and seeks to fan the flames of nationalism. Graphic confirmation of this is provided by the events in Czechoslovakia ... [22]

In the wake of the Prague Spring, Andropov set up a new KGB Fifth Directorate to monitor and crack down on dissent in all its forms. Specialized departments within the directorate were responsible for the surveillance of intellectuals, students, nationalists from ethnic minorities, religious believers and Jews.[23]

Solzhenitsyn increasingly became one of Andropov's personal obsessions. The announcement in October 1970 that the great subversive had won the Nobel Prize for Literature prompted the KGB chairman to submit to the Politburo a memorandum, also signed by Rudenko, enclosing a draft decree to deprive Solzhenitsyn of his citizenship and expel him from the Soviet Union:

> When analyzing the materials on Solzhenitsyn and his works, one cannot fail to arrive at the conclusion that we are dealing with a political opponent of the Soviet state and social system ... If Solzhenitsyn continues to reside in the country after receiving the Nobel Prize, it will strengthen his position, and allow him to propagandize his views more actively.[24]

Andropov, however, did not persuade a majority of the Politburo. Brezhnev showed more sympathy for the contrary views of his crony, Nikolai Shchelokov, the interior minister, who argued in the autumn of 1971 that Solzhenitsyn needed to be won over, not persecuted:

"One of the higher-ups needs to sit down and talk with him, to remove the bitter taste that persecution has, no doubt, left in his mouth." Brezhnev underlined—apparently approvingly—a series of comments in a memorandum by Shchelokov which must have been anathema to Andropov:

> In resolving the Solzhenitsyn question we must analyze past mistakes made in dealing with people in the arts ... The "Solzhenitsyn Problem" was created by literary administrators who should have known better ... In this case what needs to be done is not to execute our enemies publicly but smother them with embraces.[25]

Henceforth Shchelokov, so far as Andropov was concerned, was a marked man. After Brezhnev's death he was charged by Andropov with corruption but committed suicide before going on trial.[26]

In the autumn of 1971, however, Andropov knew better than to attack openly opinions approved by Brezhnev. But he was not prepared to give up. In March 1972 Andropov made a further attempt to persuade the Politburo to expel Solzhenitsyn from the Soviet Union, providing further "indisputable" evidence that "he was deliberately and irrevocably embarked on the path of struggle with the Soviet government and will wage this struggle regardless of everything." Though agreeing that Solzhenitsyn was "a true degenerate," the Politburo—doubtless to Andropov's extreme displeasure—was still not willing to send him into exile.[27]

THE OTHER DISSIDENT who most obsessed Andropov from the early 1970s onwards was the nuclear physicist and Academician Andrei Sakharov, codenamed ASKET ("Ascetic") by the KGB, "father" of the Soviet H-bomb and three times Hero of Socialist Labor. Though out of favor with the scientific establishment, he retained an official dacha in Zhukovka as well as his flat in Moscow. Late in 1970, Sakharov and two fellow physicists, Valeri Chalidze and Andrei Tverdokhlebov, founded the Committee for Human Rights and persuaded Solzhenitsyn to become a corresponding (though not very active) member.[28] Like Solzhenitsyn, Sakharov's international stature made it difficult for the KGB to persecute him as freely as less well-known dissidents. His KGB file makes the absurd claim that Sakharov "used his authority to influence the decisions of the judiciary and create a hullabaloo around the trials of anti-social elements" such as Vladimir Bukovsky, put on trial in January 1972 for compiling evidence about the committal of himself and other dissidents to mental hospitals.[29] The real burden of the KGB complaint was that Sakharov and his committee had some modest success in limiting, though not in preventing, the abuse of the legal process.

In October 1972 the 37-year-old illegal Georgi Ivanovich Kotlyar, codenamed BERTRAND, succeeded in winning Sakharov's confidence and establishing what the Centre considered a "trusted relationship" with him and his wife Elena Bonner. Kotlyar had been born in France and succeeded in passing himself off as one "Alain Boucaut," a French archaeologist who had been working in Mexico for the past decade. His success in maintaining his cover and providing intelligence on Sakharov and Bonner won him high praise from both Filipp Denisovich Bobkov, head of the Fifth Directorate, and his deputy, Nikashin.[30] Attempts were also made to plant agents on Solzhenitsyn, among them the pianist Miroka Kokornaya (transparently codenamed MIROKA), who regularly went on concert tours abroad. A KGB operation in 1973 to persuade Solzhenitsyn to use MIROKA as a courier to the West failed.[31]

In the summer of 1973 the KGB at last succeeded in staging what it considered a successful show trial, during which the defendants incriminated themselves in the best Stalinist tradition, and other dissidents were duly demoralized. The victims of this traditional travesty of Soviet justice were Pyotr Yakir and Viktor Krasin, leading members of the group which produced the samizdat *Chronicle of Current Events.* Yakir was the son of an army commander shot during the Great Terror, and had spent much of his life in prison. At the time of his arrest in June 1972, he was known by other dissidents to be close to breaking point and drinking heavily. After the trial of Bukovsky, the KGB had overheard him saying, “I can’t take it any more. I couldn’t face another sentence myself—I haven’t the strength.” Before his arrest, Yakir circulated a statement saying that any confession extracted from him in jail should be disregarded. [32] Though exhausted by many years of persecution, Yakir somehow found the strength to resist during the early stages of his interrogation before finally breaking under prolonged pressure. In the brutally triumphant words of his chief interrogator, “He began to assess his actions and the contents of the anti-Soviet literature which he had distributed fairly objectively and politically correctly.” Yakir was finally persuaded to put his signature to a formulaic KGB-dictated confession:

> In the course of the investigation, I have come to understand that I committed a whole series of criminal acts: I have signed letters with a defamatory content which asserted that in our country people are sentenced for their beliefs; I have given a number of interviews to foreign correspondents which contained slanderous assertions; I kept, duplicated and distributed documents of similar content; and I frequently passed tendentious information to foreign correspondents who used this for propaganda purposes.
>
> Having grasped the seriousness of what I have

> done, I sincerely repent. Not only will I not do this again in the future, but I shall do my utmost to influence people who are close to me and to demonstrate the error of their positions.[33]

The breaking of Krasin under interrogation caused much greater surprise in dissident circles than that of Yakir. According to his KGB file, “[Krasin] stood out because of the particularly hostile attitude to the Soviet system which he had adopted in his youth, his stubbornness and consistency in his work, and his readiness to see things through to the end, regardless of the obstacles.” He was co-author of the samizdat *Legal Instructions,* which advised all those summoned for interrogation by the KGB to refuse to answer questions. On seven occasions between 1968 and 1972 when he himself had been questioned by the KGB, Krasin had faithfully followed his own advice. After prolonged surveillance, however, the Fifth Directorate concluded that a “polite and calm” interrogation with “absolutely no sneering,” combined with a sympathetic stoolpigeon in his cell, would eventually wear down his resistance. Krasin was known to be willing to disagree with other dissidents, and during 1971-2 had become increasingly despondent about their prospects. There were, he said, “few defenders at the final barricades.”[34]

As expected, Krasin began his lengthy interrogation in defiant mood. When his interrogator, Lieutenant-Colonel

Pavel Aleksandrovsky, asked, “Why do you refuse to say what you have been doing if you do not consider it criminal?” Krasin replied, “I do not consider it criminal, but you do. Therefore, if I were to tell you, I would be giving you incriminating material which I do not want to do.” The first breach in Krasin’s defenses was made by the KGB agent in his cell, who pretended that he had been arrested for dealing in foreign currency and appealed for Krasin’s advice on how to face the charges against him. Instead of simply telling him not to answer questions, Krasin showed him how to frame the best defense during his interrogation. Full of praise for Krasin’s knowledge of the criminal code, the stoolpigeon then urged him to follow his own advice and challenge the charges against him:

> You are very clever. Fancy knowing the law so well! You can stand up to any interrogator. It would be impossible to trick you or frighten you! If you can prove that what you did was not criminal, then you will be helping your friends who are still free!

Krasin’s KGB cellmate claimed to have been converted from his previous political skepticism to Krasin’s dissident opinions, and gradually persuaded him that by standing up for those views during his interrogation he would be continuing his fight for Russian democracy. According to the absurdly stilted language of the interrogation report, “The agent also introduced the beauty of nature and the significance of art and literature into their conversations. This rekindled Krasin’s love of life and made him forget his bitter disenchantment.” Rumors fed to him that Yakir was now talking to his interrogator seem finally to have persuaded Krasin to take his cellmate’s advice. “The idea that Yakir was giving full, true and detailed evidence,” declared his interrogator Aleksandrovsky dramatically, “hung over him like the sword of Damocles.”[35]

Krasin’s early replies to Aleksandrovsky’s questions were extremely cautious. Initially he limited himself to refuting alleged evidence that he had attempted to subvert or weaken Soviet power, refusing to answer anything he considered a leading question. He prepared written answers to those questions he accepted, sometimes preparing and correcting several drafts before handing one of them to his interrogator. This laborious procedure continued for two months, during which Krasin provided what the KGB considered “only worthless information.” Like all good interrogators, however, Aleksandrovsky was patient. “The importance of these first interrogations,” he believed, “was that they enabled psychological contact to be established.”

The first sign of a breakthrough came on September 27, 1972. As usual Krasin insisted that, “The accusation against me is monstrous. I cannot do what is against my conscience. I cannot admit that I am guilty of something that I have not done or repent of crimes which have not been committed.” But, for the first time, he seemed to accept that his career as a dissident was at an end. “I will not,” he announced, “carry on with my work.” Krasin added that he did not believe Aleksandrovsky’s main aim was to sentence him to another term in a labor camp. Henceforth the scope of the interrogation was broadened. Each day Aleksandrovsky allowed Krasin to choose the subject for discussion but tried, when the opportunity arose, to develop their conversation in ways which showed the hopelessness of his position and of the dissident cause. While discussing the fight against counter-revolution in the Dzerzhinsky era, Aleksandrovsky mentioned the case of the arch anti-Bolshevik Boris Savinkov, who had been lured back to Russia in August 1924. Krasin’s KGB cellmate was primed to raise the question of how long Savinkov’s interrogation had lasted. The answer, which Krasin doubtless discovered from a book lent him by his interrogator, was that after only nine days Savinkov publicly renounced his “bloody struggle” against the Bolshevik regime and declared that he unconditionally recognized the Soviet state.[36] When Krasin asked him why Savinkov had recanted, Aleksandrovsky replied that he had seen the hopelessness of his situation, realized that his struggle against Soviet power was doomed to failure and understood that his actions were against the interests of the Russian people.

Whenever Krasin expressed interest in a subject during interrogation, Aleksandrovsky would try to find him relevant books and articles which would have a “positive influence” on him. He was thought to be particularly impressed by the stirring account by the British journalist Alexander Werth in his book *Russia at War* of the endurance and triumph of the Soviet people during the Great Patriotic War. On one occasion Krasin was even given copies of the banned periodical *Posev,* published by the émigré NTS (social democrat organization), which contained articles by himself and Yakir. Krasin was seen to rub his hands with anticipation as he opened the pages of the periodical. After a time, he put the copies of *Posev* down in disgust, declaring that it was “White Guard drivel” and that he had never read “anything so primitive and bereft of ideas.” From his reading of the file, Mitrokhin suspected that Krasin had been given fabricated copies of the periodical specially designed to arouse his indignation.

Krasin’s separation from his wife, Yemelkina, who was banished into internal exile at Yesineysk, was also used to increase the emotional pressure on him. Alexandrovsky noted cynically, “Krasin loved his wife greatly and was ready to do anything for her sake.” On visiting Yemelkina at Yesineysk, he found that she too was desperate to be reunited with her husband. Probably as a condition of being allowed to visit Krasin, Yemelkina agreed to reveal where she had hidden “anti-Soviet literature.” After an emotional reunion with his wife in January 1973, Krasin gave Aleksandrovsky the locations of four hiding places containing sixty allegedly subversive foreign publications and 140 microfilms (totaling 5,000 frames) of other "anti-Soviet texts."[37] Further pressure on Krasin was exerted during visits from his mother and other relatives and friends, all of whom had been expertly intimidated by the KGB.[38]

Even after Krasin had agreed to plead guilty to the charges against him, however, he refused for almost two months to incriminate his friends. Step by step Aleksandrovsky overcame his resistance. First, Krasin agreed to talk about dissidents who had already confessed, then about foreign correspondents who had left Moscow and Soviet émigrés in the USA and Israel who were, as he put it, "beyond the reach of the KGB." Next he identified people who, he said, had not committed any criminal offense but had merely read "anti-Soviet literature" and had been present when foreign correspondents were given the *Chronicle of Current Events*. Then, almost overnight, what remained of Krasin's resistance to informing on his fellow dissidents collapsed. He spent ten days writing by hand a document of over a hundred pages setting out the evidence against dissidents, identifying sixty of them and giving details of numerous incidents previously unknown to the Fifth Directorate—among them the origins of the *Chronicle of Current Events*. To a triumphant Aleksandrovsky it seemed as though Krasin was "unburdening himself of a great weight."

At Aleksandrovsky's prompting, Krasin then spent two months composing an appeal to his fellow dissidents which was read aloud at a meeting in Yakir's flat in April 1973 and, according to a KGB report, "made a strong impact." "We started by demanding that the laws should be observed," declared Krasin, "but ended up breaking them. We forgot the basic truth that we are citizens of the USSR and are bound to respect and keep the laws of our state." Fifty-seven dissidents named by Krasin and Yakir were summoned for interrogation by the Moscow KGB. Some were subjected to emotional confrontations with Krasin and Yakir, who appealed to them to end the dissident campaign. According to KGB records, forty-two capitulated. Another eight "vacillated in evaluating their activities" but "gave assurances that they would not commit any anti-social acts in future." Only seven remained completely unrepentant; all were given official cautions and put under "operational surveillance." During 1973 a total of 154 people associated with the dissident movement were cautioned by the Moscow KGB, eighty of them "for possessing, writing and distributing ideologically harmful material and for anti-social and politically harmful conduct."

The trial of Yakir and Krasin opened in Moscow on August 27, 1973. Solzhenitsyn dismissed it in advance as "a dismal repetition of the clumsy Stalin-Vyshinsky farces:”

> In the 1930s ... these farces, despite the primitive stagecraft, the smeared grease-paint, the loudness of the prompter, were still a great success with “thinking people” among Western intellectuals ... But if no [foreign] correspondents are to be admitted to the trial, it means that it has been pitched two grades lower still.

Western correspondents were, however, invited to a KGB press conference at which Yakir and Krasin paraded their guilt and remorse in front of television cameras.[39] The transformation of Krasin seemed so remarkable that some dissidents wrongly suspected he had been a KGB agent all along.[40]

In the Centre, the show trial was regarded as a triumph. Basking in the approval of their superiors, the case officers of Yakir and Krasin wrote a self-congratulatory article in the classified in-house quarterly, *KGB Sbornik,* explaining how “the detailed tactics worked out for the interrogation of the accused” and the “deeply thought-out cultivation within the [prison] cell” by well-trained stoolpigeons had combined to “determine the positive results which were obtained at the hearing of the case.”[41]

SAKHAROV AND SOLZHENITSYN, however, still remained beyond the punitive arm of the KGB. While the trial of Yakir and Krasin was in progress they raised the stakes in their campaign by publicly criticizing the concessions made by the United States to the Soviet Union in the name of East-West détente. On September 17 Sakharov addressed a public appeal to the US Congress, asking it to support the Jackson-Vanik amendment opposing most-favored nation status for the USSR until it ended restrictions on emigration:

> The amendment does not represent interference in the internal affairs of socialist countries, but simply a defense of international law, without which there can be no mutual trust.[42]

Sakharov's letter, printed in capital letters in the *Washington Post,* was credited with persuading Congress to pass the amendment, despite the opposition of the Nixon administration.

The Politburo reacted with predictable fury. Brezhnev absurdly denounced Sakharov's letter as "not just an anti-State and anti-Soviet deed, but a Trotskyist deed." They had, he declared, tolerated the behavior of Solzhenitsyn and Sakharov for far too long: "We should have stopped them right away." Andropov, now a full (voting) member of the Politburo, sought to maintain the collective outrage of his colleagues by a series of slanted intelligence reports. Solzhenitsyn and Sakharov, he declared, had "stepped up the peddling of their services to reactionary imperialist, and particularly Zionist, circles," and were being manipulated by, or actually colluding with, Western intelligence agencies. On February 7, 1974 Andropov submitted to the Politburo a further draft decree to deprive Solzhenitsyn of his citizenship and expel him from the Soviet Union. Simultaneously, he sent an alarmist personal letter to Brezhnev, implying that there would be serious discontent among senior Party and Military figures unless the decree was approved:

> ... I think it impossible, despite our desire not to harm international relations, to delay the solution of the Solzhenitsyn problem any longer, because it could have extremely unpleasant consequences for us inside the country.

This time the KGB pressure on Brezhnev and his colleagues was successful. On February 11 the Politburo formally approved "the proposals of Comrade Andropov."[43] Three days later, Solzhenitsyn was forcibly put on board an Aeroflot flight to Frankfurt by KGB officers. As the plane took off, he crossed himself and bowed to the homeland he might never see again.[44]

From Frankfurt Solzhenitsyn moved on to Zurich, where he rented a house in the city center. Paradoxically it was easier for the KGB to penetrate his entourage in Switzerland than in Russia. Abroad, among strangers, Solzhenitsyn found it far more difficult than at home to distinguish friend from foe. The KGB was quick to take advantage of his sympathy for the survivors of the Prague Spring by using StB agents in the Czech émigré community to win his confidence. The first to do so was the Russian-born StB officer Valentina Holubová.[45] Though the files noted by Mitrokhin do not record her first meeting with Solzhenitsyn, she seems to have arrived on his doorstep on his first day in Zurich, claiming to be from Ryazan (where he had been a schoolteacher) and bearing a bouquet of roses and lilac. She gave him a note containing an old Ryazan proverb and said the lilac was to remind him of the lilac that bloomed in Ryazan each spring.[46] Within a few weeks, at most, Holubová and her husband, Dr. František Holub (also an StB agent), had succeeded in ensconcing themselves as Solzhenitsyn's unofficial advisers in Zurich, with Valentina also acting as his part-time secretary and spokeswoman.[47]

In March 1974 the Holubs took Solzhenitsyn to see an exhibition of paintings by the artist Lucia Radova at a gallery in the village of Pfúffikon, not far from Zurich, owned by the Czech émigré Oskar Krause. When Krause told him that he too had been a political prisoner, imprisoned in Czech jails, Solzhenitsyn embraced him and burst into tears. The Holubs then introduced him to the young Czech writer Tomáš Řezáč (codenamed REPO), like themselves an StB officer who had penetrated the émigré community posing as a dissident.

Solzhenitsyn later agreed that Dr. Holub should edit the work of the seven translators producing a Czech edition of *The Gulag Archipelago,* while Řezáč would translate the long narrative poem, *Prussian Nights,* which Solzhenitsyn had written in prison in 1949.[48]

Solzhenitsyn thus became the latest in a long line of leading Soviet émigrées, stretching back to the inter-war White Guard and Trotskyist leaders, who unwittingly included Soviet agents among their most trusted advisers.[49] The thought of Holub and Řezáč translating the works of the great heretic was bound to give the Centre some pause for thought. But

> It was deemed to be operationally justified for REPO to translate all Solzhenitsyn's materials, without declining to translate various anti-Soviet texts or attempting to tone them down, since he might otherwise lose Solzhenitsyn's confidence and the texts would in any case be translated by someone else.

Because of the importance of the PAUK (Solzhenitsyn) case, REPO's instructions were personally drawn up, doubtless in consultation with the KGB, by the head of StB foreign intelligence, Hladik, and his deputy, Dovin.[50]

Intelligence from the Holubs and Řezáč allowed the KGB to monitor Solzhenitsyn's contacts with supporters inside the Soviet Union as well as his activities in the

West. Andropov reported to the Politburo on May 2:

> [Solzhenitsyn] is hatching plans to conduct subversive activity against the USSR. Residing in Zurich, he has established, in particular, contacts with representatives of the Czechoslovak émigrés in Switzerland, with the assistance of whom he intends to arrange the illegal delivery of his writings and other material of an anti-Soviet nature to the Soviet Union. Solzhenitsyn stated in a discussion with the Czechoslovak émigrés that his future activities would be subordinate primarily to the interests of the "opposition inside the USSR."

Following usual practice, Andropov did not identify his sources by name; in particular he did not reveal to the Politburo that the main émigrés with whom Solzhenitsyn had had these conversations were StB agents. On July 24 he reported that Solzhenitsyn had set up a "Russian Social Fund," using royalties from his books, to "assist the families of political prisoners detained in Soviet camps." As on other occasions, Andropov also gave a woefully distorted assessment of Solzhenitsyn's influence in exile. "Available information," he informed the Politburo, "... indicates that after Solzhenitsyn's deportation abroad, interest in him in the West is steadily on the decline." At that very moment, volume I of *The Gulag Archipelago* was a runaway bestseller, with a print run of 2 million paperbacks in the USA alone.[51] KGB assessments on Solzhenitsyn, as on some other subjects, were distorted at two levels. First, residencies in varying degrees told the Centre what it wanted to hear. Secondly, Andropov told the Politburo what *he* wanted it to hear—which in the summer of 1974 emphasized the correctness of the decision to send Solzhenitsyn into exile but did not include the phenomenal Western sales figures of his books.

On September 19, 1974 Andropov approved a large-scale, "multifaceted plan" (no. 5/9-16091) to discredit and destabilize Solzhenitsyn and his family and cut his links with dissidents in the Soviet Union. A Fifth Department officer with experience of the PAUK case was sent to Switzerland on long-term assignment to direct a series of operations against Solzhenitsyn.[52] The KGB sponsored a series of hostile books and articles, among them a memoir published under the name of his first wife, Natalia Reshetovskaya, but probably mainly composed by Service A. In 1975 Řezáč suddenly disappeared from Zurich, taking the manuscript of *Prussian Nights* with him, and made his way to Moscow to begin work on a biography intended to destroy Solzhenitsyn's reputation. Shortly afterwards, Solzhenitsyn realized that he had also been betrayed by the Holubs, on whom he had relied ever since he had arrived in Zurich, and broke all contact with them.[53] Andropov gave orders to maintain "an atmosphere of distrust and suspicion between PAUK and the people around him" by feeding Solzhenitsyn constant rumors that others in his circle were KGB agents or deceiving him in a variety of ways.

The plan to destabilize Solzhenitsyn also sought "to create a state of nervousness within his family" through a constant stream of threats against his children and the sending of suspicious packages which looked as if they might contain explosives. [54] The Sakharovs were subjected to similar treatment. Shortly before Elena Bonner was due to have eye surgery, they were sent photographs of eyes gouged out of their sockets and other horrifying eye injuries. At Christmas 1974 they received dozens of envelopes containing photographs of car accidents, brain surgery and monkeys with electrodes implanted in their brains.[55] All such threats, Solzhenitsyn told *Time* magazine, "come from one and the same organization"—the KGB.[56]

What is most striking about the KGB's campaign against Solzhenitsyn during his Swiss exile is the enormous priority and resources devoted to it. The "plan of agent operational measures" to be implemented during 1975 against Solzhenitsyn and the émigrée journal, *Kontinent,* with which he was associated, was jointly agreed late in the previous year by Kryuchkov, Grigorenko and Bobkov (heads of the First Chief, Second Chief and Fifth Directorates). It had nineteen sections, of which the first three alone provided for twenty different hostile operations. [57] The residencies in Berne, Geneva, Karlshorst, London, Paris, Rome and Stockholm were all involved in implementing the "agent operational measures" and a series of joint operations were planned with other Soviet Bloc intelligence agencies.[58] In July 1976 plans for yet more active measures, jointly proposed once again by Kryuchkov, Grigorenko and Bobkov, were approved by Andropov.[59]

The destabilization campaign had some success. Swiss newspapers reported that Solzhenitsyn asked for, but did not receive, police protection. KGB harassment in Zurich was probably at least partly responsible for his decision to move to the United States in 1976.[60] Since his expulsion from Russia two years earlier, Solzhenitsyn had lost some of the immense moral authority he had formerly possessed as a persecuted dissident. Dismayed by what he saw as Western indifference to the Soviet menace, he took to denouncing, sometimes in apocalyptic tones, the moral failings of a West he did not fully understand. After settling in Vermont, he became a virtual recluse on his fifty-acre estate behind an eight-foot-high chainlink fence topped with barbed wire, as he devoted himself to writing a series of historical novels on Russia in the years leading up to the October Revolution.

Solzhenitsyn's life as a recluse (with occasional excursions to deliver the 1978 Harvard Commencement

Address and other solemn pronouncements on East and West) may well have spared him further KGB penetration of his entourage of the kind that had taken place in Zurich. Previously, on August 23, 1975, Andropov had approved a draft directive (no. 150/S-9195), jointly proposed by the heads of the First Chief and Fifth Directorates, Kryuchkov and Bobkov, establishing as the main priority in operations against émigrés the infiltration of at least one illegal into Solzhenitsyn's inner circle. When Solzhenitsyn moved to the United States, L. G. Bolbotenko, a Line KR officer in the New York residency, was put in charge of operations against him. Though there were numerous active measures designed to discredit Solzhenitsyn and embroil him with other émigrés, there is no evidence that any illegal succeeded in gaining his confidence.[61]

Despite failing to penetrate Solzhenitsyn's Vermont fastness, the KGB seems to have been broadly satisfied by the later 1970s that the great writer's reputation in the West had declined dramatically. In the summer of 1978, the FCD and Fifth Directorate jointly arranged the screening of a video of Solzhenitsyn's Harvard Address to a meeting of leading KGB and Party figures. It was an extraordinary moment in Soviet history. Never before, almost certainly, had such an audience gathered together to hear a lecture by a leading opponent of the Soviet system.[62] The Moscow notables watched, probably intently, as Solzhenitsyn gave his Commencement audience in Harvard Yard, while drizzle moistened their academic gowns, an uncompromising "measure of bitter truth." He denounced those in the West whose silence and inertia had made them "accomplices" in the suffering imposed on those who lived under Communist rule. Corrupted by materialism and selfish individualism, the West had become morally impoverished: "Two hundred or even fifty years ago, it would have seemed quite impossible, in America, that an individual be granted boundless freedom with no purpose, simply for the satisfaction of his whims ..." Though many in Harvard Yard were skeptical, and some were probably seething, they dutifully followed tradition and cheered Solzhenitsyn's address.[63]

The KGB screening of the address was followed by commentaries from FCD and Fifth Directorate officers. Though Mitrokhin's brief notes report only their conclusions, they probably cited the hostile reception accorded to Solzhenitsyn's "bitter truth" by *The New York Times* and the *Washington Post.* The *Times* leader writer found "Mr. Solzhenitsyn's world view ... far more dangerous than the easy-going spirit which he finds so exasperating," while the *Post* denounced his "gross misunderstanding of western society." The KGB commentators were agreed that Solzhenitsyn had alienated his American listeners by his "reactionary views and intransigent criticism of the US way of life—a fact which could not fail to have a negative effect on his authority in the eyes of the West and his continued use in anti-Soviet propaganda.” The meeting of KGB and Party notables agreed that no active measures were required to counter the Harvard Address.[64] Solzhenitsyn, they evidently believed, had discredited himself.

TWENTY

IDEOLOGICAL SUBVERSION

Part 2: The Victory of the Dissidents

On August 1, 1975 the Soviet leadership committed what turned out to be a strategic blunder in its war against the dissidents. As part of the Helsinki Accords on Security and Co-operation in Europe, the United States, Canada and all European states save Albania and Andorra agreed to protect a series of basic human rights. Though Andropov warned against the consequences, a majority of the Politburo shared Gromyko's confident view that "We are masters in our house"—that the Soviet Union would be free to interpret the human rights provisions of the Helsinki Accord as it saw fit. In fact, as Zbigniew Brzezinski predicted, the accord "put the Soviet Union on the ideological defensive."[1] Henceforth its human rights critics both at home and abroad could justly claim that it was in breach of an international agreement it had freely entered into.

The most influential of those critics was, increasingly, Andrei Sakharov. From the KGB's viewpoint, both the importance and the difficulty of discrediting Sakharov before world opinion were heightened by his being awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in October 1975. The Oslo residency had been instructed to do all in its power to prevent the award, but was forced to confess that it was powerless to influence the Nobel Peace Prize committee which, it claimed, was wholly composed of "reactionaries"—chief amongst them its chairwoman, the Labor Party deputy Aase Lionaes.[2] Sakharov pronounced the Peace Prize "a great honor not just for me but also for the whole human rights movement":

> I feel I share this honor with our prisoners of conscience—they have sacrificed their most precious possession, their liberty, in defending others by open and non-violent means.[3]

Just over a week after he received news of the award, the first of the "Sakharov Hearings," held in response to an appeal launched by Sakharov and other dissidents a year earlier, opened in Copenhagen to hear evidence of Soviet human rights abuses—almost all of them in breach of the Helsinki Accords.

On November 22 Andropov approved a document entitled “Complex Operational Measures to Expose the Political Background to the Award of the Nobel Peace Prize to Sakharov.” The sheer range and ambitiousness of the active measures proposed indicated Sakharov’s increasing prominence as a KGB target. In collaboration, where necessary, with other KGB directorates, the FCD was instructed:

> • to inspire articles and speeches by public and political personalities in Norway, Finland, Sweden, Denmark, Britain and the FRG, to develop the theme that the award of the Nobel Peace Prize to Sakharov was an attempt by certain political circles to slow down the process of détente . . .
>
> • to organize articles and speeches by representatives of public and political circles through KGB assets in Finland, France, Italy and Britain, to demonstrate the absurdity of attempting to link the award of the Peace Prize to Sakharov to a decision relating to the all-European [Helsinki] Conference ...
>
> • to organize the mailing of letters and declarations protesting about the award of the Peace Prize to Sakharov to the Nobel Committee of the Norwegian Storting [parliament] and to influential press organs in various Western countries ...
>
> • to pass material compromising Sakharov to the Danish, Swedish and Finnish press, hinting at his links with reactionary organizations financed by the CIA and other Western special services;

- to take steps designed to persuade S. Haffner, the leading political observer of the West German *Stern* magazine to make negative comments on the award of the Nobel Peace Prize to Sakharov. Haffner had already made sharp criticisms in the FRG press when Sakharov was put forward for the Peace Prize in 1973;
- to pass information to the "dissident" emigration in western Europe designed to exacerbate relations between Sakharov and Solzhenitsyn ...
- with the help of agents of influence among prominent Chilean émigrés (in Algeria and Mexico), to disseminate the text of a [bogus] telegram of congratulations supposedly sent by General Pinochet [who had led the coup against President Allende] to Sakharov on the occasion of the award of the Nobel Peace Prize;
- to inspire pronouncements by leading Chilean émigrés in Italy, the FRG and France, expressing the outrage of all Chilean patriots at the award of the Nobel Peace Prize to Sakharov, who in 1973 had welcomed the overthrow of the Allende government and in return for this had been awarded the title of "Honorary Citizen" by Pinochet;
- to inspire public statements by public personalities in the Arab countries, condemning the Nobel Committee's decision on Sakharov, presenting this as a deal between Sakharov and the Zionists, in

> return for Sakharov's pronouncements on the question of Jewish emigration from the Soviet Union, as the Zionists had a decisive influence on the Nobel Committee when it awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for 1975. It should be noted that the "Sakharov Hearings" in Copenhagen were also a form of payment to Sakharov by the Zionists in return for his pro-Israel activity;
>
> - to make available through Novosti for publication abroad a series entitled "Who Defends Sakharov?," dealing with [alleged pro-Sakharov] criminals sentenced in the Soviet Union for bribery (Shtern), theft (Leviyev), instigation of terrorism (Bukovsky, Moroz).[4]

The main fabrications intended to discredit Sakharov personally—his links with Western intelligence agencies, his support for the Pinochet regime and his plots with the Zionists—were all further developed in active measures over the next few years.[5] The files examined by Mitrokhin, however, record few immediate successes for the operations approved by Andropov in November 1975. The best the Oslo residency could do to provoke Norwegian opposition to Sakharov's award was to claim the credit for an article submitted to *Dagbladet* ridiculing his wife Elena Bonner, who in December 1975 collected the award in place of Sakharov after he was denied an exit visa. The article [which seems not to have been published] claimed that Bonner, a heavy smoker, was constantly providing "free publicity for the tobacco industry" and should have received a cigarette lighter rather than the Nobel Prize.[6]

In Oslo to see Bonner collect the award on behalf of Sakharov was the Soviet émigré Vladimir Maximov, editor-in-chief of the journal *Kontinent,* which published news of dissidents throughout eastern Europe in Russian, English, French, German and Italian editions. The first issue in September 1974 had opened with a ringing declaration by Solzhenitsyn:

> The intelligentsia of eastern Europe speaks with the united voice of suffering and knowledge. All honor to *Kontinent* if it is able to make his voice heard. Woe (which will not be long in coming) to western Europe if its ears fail to hear.[7]

Kontinent rapidly established Maksimov as second only to Solzhenitsyn in the KGB's list of émigrées enemies. Among the most ingenious of the many active measures used to discredit him in 1976 was one which followed the discovery that a car used by Eduard Mihailovich Serdinov (codenamed TKACHEV), an operations officer in the New York residency, had been bugged by the FBI. It was decided to stage a conversation in the car between Serdinov and a KGB agent from the Soviet community which, it was hoped, would deceive the FBI:

> SERDINOV: By the way, Solzhenitsyn’s chum Maksimov is also becoming more and more insolent. He is turning into an open enemy.
> AGENT: Which Maksimov do you mean?
> SERDINOV: That Parisian one—from the *Kontinent.*
> AGENT: Oh, don’t pay any attention to him! I have heard here from “certain people” ... well, from “them” [i.e. the KGB] ... that he is their agent and that he even underwent special training with them before he left the Soviet Union.

Other active measures were devised to reinforce the impression that Maksimov was a KGB agent.[8] Whether any of them actually succeeded in deceiving the FBI or any other Western intelligence agency remains in doubt.

Doubtless to the intense irritation of the Centre, *Kontinent* was able to publicize the formation during 1976 and 1977 of “Helsinki Watch Groups” in Moscow, Ukraine, Lithuania, Georgia and Armenia to monitor Soviet compliance with the terms of the Helsinki Accords.

At a meeting of the KGB Collegium in 1976, Andropov branded Sakharov “Public Enemy Number One,”[9] a title he retained for the next nine years. The active measures campaign against him continued to expand for several years, with attacks on his wife Elena (codenamed LISA—“Vixen”—by the KGB) forming an increasingly large part of it. A list of current and impending active measures compiled in February 1977 included thirteen “operations to compromise ASKET[Sakharov]”; seven “measures to cut off ASKET and LISA from their close contacts engaged in anti-social activity and to cause dissension in their circle;” eight “measures to hinder the hostile activity of ASKET and LISA;” and four “measures to distract ASKET and LISA from their hostile activity.” Such was the pedantic precision of active measures terminology that “hindrance” operations were carefully distinguished from those whose purpose was merely to “distract.” The main responsibility for directing and coordinating these thirty-two operations fell upon V. N. Shadrin, head of the Ninth Department of the Fifth Directorate.[10] It was a measure of the courage and character of Sakharov and Bonner that their sanity and determination survived the KGB’s best efforts to destroy them.

The thirteen compromise operations were remarkably diverse. As usual, they involved a number of forgeries: among them a bogus State Department evaluation which dismissed Sakharov as a worn-out political dilettante and a fabricated letter from Radio Liberty’s Russian staff denouncing his links with the Zionists. Somewhat more bizarrely, attempts were made to link Sakharov with the gay liberation movement. Letters bearing the forged signatures of Sakharov and a Belorussian “group of homosexuals” were sent to gay rights organizations in Britain and Scandinavia, with the aim of prompting them to send letters in reply.

The Western "bourgeois press" and its Moscow correspondents were fed stories—apparently without much success—claiming that Sakharov's family suffered from hereditary mental illness, which affected both his children and his brother, and that he himself had degenerated into "a tired, weak-willed man," "unable to take independent decisions" because of his domineering wife. Instructions were given for suitably gullible foreign correspondents to be invited to meet the Deputy Procurator-General, S. I. Gusev, who would provide "objective information about the nature of the official warning given to ASKET about his provocative actions."[11]

The most vicious of the active measures were directed against Elena Bonner both because Sakharov's worldwide reputation for integrity made him a less vulnerable target than his less well-known wife, and because attacks on Bonner wounded Sakharov more deeply than those on himself. During Sakharov's fifteen years of persecution, his only resort to physical violence was to slap the face of Nikolai Yakovlev, one of the writers used by the KGB to libel Bonner.[12] The character assassination of Bonner began in earnest with an article entitled "Madame Bonner—Sakharov's Evil Genius?" planted in the New York Russian-language newspaper *Russkiy Golos* (*Russian Voice*) by an agent codenamed YAK, in July 1976.[13]

Simultaneously, Bonner began to receive letters prepared by Service A but purporting to come from one “Semyon Zlotnik,” who claimed to know the secrets of her “dark past” and demanded money with menaces.[14]

The “dark past” fabricated by the KGB over the next few years was an explosive mixture of sex and violence. “In her dissolute youth,” it was claimed, “[Bonner] had developed an almost professional knack for seducing and subsequently sponging off older men of considerable stature.” During the war she had allegedly seduced the poet Vsevelod Bagritsky, then hounded his wife to her grave by bombarding her with obscene telephone calls. Her next victim, according to the KGB libel, was a well-known engineer, “Moisei Zlotnik” (“uncle” of the fictitious Semyon Zlotnik), who was jailed for murdering his wife on instructions from Bonner. To escape justice, Bonner was said to have become a nurse on a wartime hospital train—only to be sacked when her seduction of the elderly doctor in charge was discovered by the doctor’s daughter. Among Bonner’s fictitious post-war conquests was her equally elderly, married French uncle, Leon Kleiman; the affair was said to have continued even after she “ensnared” Sakharov.[15] The KGB went to enormous pains to fabricate this account of Bonner’s supposedly homicidal sexual appetites, even sending an illegal to France in 1977 to recover some of the papers of Leon Kleiman (who had died five years earlier) to assist in the production of Service A's forgeries.[16]

Unsurprisingly, the KGB found considerable difficulty for several years in placing this libellous fiction in the Western "bourgeois press." It eventually appeared as a "world exclusive" in the Sicilian newspaper *Sette Giorni,* whose staff—according to the Rome residency—included a "confidential contact" codenamed KIRILL. [17] On April 12, 1980 *Sette Giorni* printed a sensational story headlined "WHO IS ELENA BONNER? The Wife of Academician Sakharov Perpetrator of Several Murders." An unnamed member of the editorial staff was reported to have met the elusive "Semyon Zlotnik" while on holiday in Paris, and to have learned the story from him. *Sette Giorni* cited at some length a series of Service A forgeries, among them a letter from "Moisei Zlotnik" to Bonner reproaching her for persuading him to murder his wife: "You acted precisely, cold-bloodedly and rationally ... And your demand 'to bump her off' seemed as natural as remembering that I should give you your favorite chocolates on your birthday." The article also cited an equally fraudulent diary supposedly written by Leon Kleiman describing his seduction by Bonner and denouncing her obsession with "subjugating others" to her will.[18] The Rome residency proudly sent fifty copies of the *Sette Giorni* article to the Centre, together with subsequent readers' letters denouncing Bonner, most of which had been written or prompted by the residency itself.[19] When reporting on the operation to the Central Committee, the KGB is unlikely to have mentioned that *Sette Giorni* was a little-known provincial newspaper with a print run of only 20,000.[20]

To increase the pressure on Bonner, and through her on Sakharov, attempts were made to deprive her of the support of family and friends. The first of the active measures devised by the KGB early in 1977 "to cut off ASKET and LISA from their close contacts engaged in anti-social activity and to cause dissension in their circle" listed seven different methods of harassing her daughter from her first marriage, Tanya, and son-in-law, Efrem Yankelevich, in order to force them to emigrate. The harassment succeeded. On September 5, 1977 Bonner said goodbye to Tanya and Efrem at Sheremetyevo airport.

The Centre showed equal ingenuity in attempting to alienate the Sakharovs' friends. Agents in the dissident movement were instructed to "cause dissension between ASKET and LISA on the one hand and their contacts involved in anti-social activity" by circulating disparaging comments about other dissidents supposedly made by Sakharov and Bonner.[21]

The two sets of KGB active measures designed to "hinder the hostile activity of ASKET and LISA" also had the unstated aim of making daily life impossible for both of them. The "hindrance" operations were designed to “create abnormal [living] conditions” in as many ways as possible. Though the KGB did not yet dare to withdraw Sakharov’s driving license, no other member of his or Bonner’s families was allowed to obtain—or retain—a license. An agent codenamed MORVIKOV was instructed to stir up trouble between the couple and Andrei Sakharov’s children. The “distraction” operations included flooding the Sakharovs with bogus requests for help from people who had fallen foul of the Soviet legal system or who simply sought their advice on non-existent problems.[22] The cumulative effect of the KGB’s active measures took an inevitable toll—particularly on the health of Bonner, who was suffering from a heart condition. There were times, she wrote later, “when it was difficult for me to walk even a hundred yards, when even sitting at the typewriter made me break out in a cold sweat.” Simply thinking about the allegations about her private life made her feel sick—or even that she was about to have a heart attack.[23]

THE EXTENT OF the Sakharovs’ covert persecution was due partly to the fact that the KGB did not yet dare imprison them. The president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences solemnly assured his American opposite number that “not one hair of Dr. Sakharov’s head” would be harmed—though, as Bonner wryly remarked, the promise meant little since Sakharov was almost bald.[24] During

1977, however, there was a wave of arrests of other well-known dissidents, among them the two most prominent members of the “Helsinki Watch Groups”: the veteran civil rights campaigner Aleksandr Ginzburg, victim of the botched 1968 show trial, and the physicist Yuri Orlov, founder of the Moscow group. Andropov’s characteristically slanted intelligence reports to the Politburo sought to implicate both in the ideological subversion campaigns allegedly run by Western intelligence agencies:

> The enemy’s special services and ideological centers are applying serious efforts to invigorate and extend the hostile activity of anti-Soviet elements on the territory of the Soviet Union. Especially notable is the effort of Western special services to organize an association of persons opposing the existing state and social order in our country ... The need has thus emerged to terminate the actions of Orlov, Ginzburg and others once and for all, on the basis of existing law ...[25]

Orlov and Ginzburg were arrested in February 1977. A month later it was the turn of the leading Jewish human rights activist and “refusenik” Anatoli Shcharansky. For the next year all three withstood the best efforts of teams of KGB interrogators to cajole and bully them into cooperating in their own show trials. On December 29, 1977 Orlov’s chief investigator, Captain Yakovlev, made what amounted to a formal admission of failure. After Yakovlev showed him the official charge sheet, Orlov took notes of it but “refused to sign it, saying that he wholly rejected the charge.” The record of the interrogation on that day (reproduced as an appendix to this chapter) shows Orlov, ten months after his arrest, obviously getting the better of his interrogator. When asked whether he understood the charge against him, Orlov replied that it was not clear to him, and that he had been shown no “evidence that my actions had the intention of undermining or weakening the Soviet regime.” He put in writing a complaint that “[i]t has never been explained to me precisely and unambiguously what is meant by the words ‘undermining,’ ‘weakening,’ and even ‘Soviet regime.’ ” Interrogator Yakovlev offered no explanation. Orlov went on to complain against the manner of Yakovlev’s interrogation: “You first make an assertion of your own, and then ask whether this is a fact. This is the typical way of putting a leading question.” Orlov claimed that the documents he had circulated on behalf of the Helsinki Watch Group had had a beneficial effect. They had been studied by “progressive forces in the West,” such as the French and Italian Communist parties, “whose criticism has clearly improved certain aspects of human rights in the USSR.” Fewer people were being sent to prison camps or being mistreated in psychiatric hospitals, and fewer children from unregistered Christian sects were being taken away from their parents. Yakovlev, as usual, had no answer. Orlov made a written protest that his previous request for Yakovlev to be taken off his case had been turned down.[26]

The most striking feature of Orlov's trial in May 1978, apart from his own courageous defiance, was the pathetic spectacle of fifteen prosecution witnesses insisting that Soviet citizens enjoyed all the freedoms guaranteed by the Helsinki Accords. For campaigning for those very freedoms, Orlov was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment, followed by five in exile.

Ginzburg, who was tried two months later, knew that, as a re-offender, he was liable to a ten-year sentence. But, to his surprise:

> They played a little game with me. The prosecution told the court that he was only asking for eight years, because I had helped the police in the Shcharansky case. It was a lie, but it was a good piece of character assassination for them to use in their propaganda and to make life hard for me in the camps.[27]

Shcharansky's trial, held at the same time as Ginzburg's, had moments of farce as well as brutality. At one point a witness named Platonov was asked, "What can you tell us about the case of Shcharansky?" "Nothing," he replied. "I'm not familiar with the case."

But Ginzburg, he declared, had behaved very badly. It quickly became clear that Platonov had turned up in the wrong court. The trial ended, however, in a great moral victory for Shcharansky. He declared in his closing address:

> I am proud that I came to know and work with such people as Andrei Sakharov, Yuri Orlov and Aleksandr Ginzburg, who are carrying on the best traditions of the Russian intelligentsia. But most of all, I feel part of a marvelous historical process—the process of the national revival of Soviet Jewry and its return to the homeland, to Israel.
>
> For two thousand years the Jewish people, my people, have been dispersed all over the world and seemingly deprived of any hope of returning. But still, each year Jews have stubbornly, and apparently without reason, said to each other, "Next year in Jerusalem!" And today, when I am further than ever from my dream, from my people and from my Avital [Shcharansky's wife], and when many difficult years of prisons and camps lie ahead of me, I say to my wife and to my people, "Next year in Jerusalem!"
>
> And to the court, which has only to read a sentence that was prepared long ago—to you I have nothing to say.[28]

The KGB's main fear in the aftermath of the show trials of Orlov, Ginzburg and Shcharansky was that Orlov, like Sakharov three years earlier, would be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. The KGB residency in Norway was ordered to give the highest priority to an active measures campaign, personally overseen by Andropov himself, designed to discredit Orlov and ensure that his candidacy failed.[29] On October 27, 1978 the Oslo resident, Leonid Alekseyevich Makarov (codenamed SEDOV), rang Suslov, the Politburo's leading ideologist, in the middle of the night to pass on the good news that the prize had gone instead to the Egyptian and Israeli leaders Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin. Makarov succeeded in claiming more of the credit than he deserved for what was regarded by the KGB as a famous victory. In a notably immodest telegram to the Centre, he reported that the residency had successfully "carried out complex active measures through reliable assets in order to disrupt the anti-Soviet operation" to award the prize to Orlov. It claimed to have brought pressure to bear during conversations with a series of Norwegian political leaders, chief among them Knut Frydenlund, the foreign minister, Reiulf Steen, chairman of the Norwegian Labor Party and of the Parliamentary Foreign Policy Committee, Tor Halvorsen, chairman of the Central Federation of Trade Unions and of the Board of the Norway—USSR Friendship Society, and Trygve Bratteli, a former prime minister and chairman of the Parliamentary Labor Party Group:

> In the course of these conversations, the provocative nature and anti-Soviet bias of the agitation around Yuri Orlov was emphasized ... It was pointed out that the political leadership of Norway needed to show proper responsibility for the state and development of bilateral relations between our countries. The conversations produced the desired response in influential circles of the Norwegian Labor Party. The work that we did exerted useful influence on the foreign policy leadership of Norway and, in our opinion, made it possible for the residency's task to be carried out—to prevent the award of the Nobel Peace Prize to Yuri Orlov and his Committee.[30]

The Centre gave Makarov as much credit as he gave himself. Viktor Fedorovich Grushko, head of the FCD Third Department (whose responsibilities included Scandinavia), telegraphed congratulations on "the determination and operational effectiveness which the residency has shown while carrying out this work."[31]

ANDROPOV REMAINED AS obsessed with ideological subversion during his final years as KGB chairman as he had been at the outset. The war against subversion extended even to abstract painting. A joint report in 1979 by the KGB Moscow Directorate and the Moscow department of the Fifth Directorate proudly reported that, over the past two years, "it proved possible to use agents to prevent seven attempts by avant-garde artists to make provocative arrangements to show their pictures.” Four “leaders of the avant-garde artists” had been recruited as agents. Surveillance of the “creative intelligentsia” was an important part of “the task of the [KGB] agencies to protect the intelligentsia from the influence of bourgeois ideology”:

> Creative workers produce individualistic works; they are cut off from the positive influence of the collective for forming and training their personality; they develop an egocentric attitude towards reality, one that is based on strictly personal perceptions, personal interest, arrogance, ambition and over-estimation of their importance.[32]

Andropov told a Fifth Directorate conference in March 1979 that the KGB could not afford to ignore the activities of a single dissident, however obscure:

> Our enemies—and even certain comrades from Communist Parties in Western countries—often bring up this question: “If, as you say, you have constructed a developed socialist society, then do various anti-social phenomena or the negative activities of an insignificant handful of people really represent a threat to it? Are they really capable of shaking the foundations of socialism?”

> Of course not, we reply, if one takes each act or politically harmful trick individually. But if one takes them all together, combining their content with their purpose as regards ideological sabotage, then every such act represents a danger. And we cannot ignore it. We simply do not have the right to permit even the smallest miscalculation here, for in the political sphere any kind of ideological sabotage is directly or indirectly intended to create an opposition which is hostile to our system—to create an underground, to encourage a transition to terrorism and other extreme forms of struggle, and, in the final analysis, to create the conditions for the overthrow of socialism.

The experience of Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia in 1968 showed that behind the Soviet dissidents were “the main organizers of ideological sabotage—the intelligence services and subversive centers of the imperialist nations. The struggle against them must be decisive, uncompromising, and merciless.” Within the Soviet Union the “twelve-year ideological struggle” of the Fifth Directorate showed that repression worked:

> The Check lists have learned to quash undesirable and hostile phenomena in their initial stages. This is confirmed by the facts. Of the 15,580 people who were suppressed last year, only 107 showed

themselves to be hostile a second time.[33]

In 1980 even Sakharov ceased to be untouchable. While being driven to the Academy of Sciences on January 22 he was arrested, taken to the prosecutor's office and told that he and his wife were to be exiled to Gorky, a city closed to Westerners: "You are forbidden to go beyond the city limits of Gorky. You'll be kept under surveillance, and you are forbidden to meet with or contact foreigners or criminal elements [dissidents].[34] The KGB Fifth Directorate organized a series of workplace meetings in Gorky as well as broadcasts on local radio and television in an attempt to ensure that Sakharov and Bonner were reduced to pariah status throughout their exile. To the KGB's embarrassment, however, Sakharov's banishment to Gorky was quickly followed by an unconnected period of social unrest which it feared would become known in the West. In May there was a strike at the car factory there. In September and October, after a series of four murders in Gorky, rumors spread rapidly round the city that murders were in fact occurring daily but were being officially concealed. In the ensuing panic schools suspended some of their classes and factories canceled night shifts. There were numerous letters to the authorities pleading for the murderers to be caught. To the Centre's relief, however, the mayhem in Gorky passed unnoticed in the West.[35]

During the early 1980s the dissident movement seemed at its lowest ebb since its emergence in the 1960s. Most leading dissidents were in labor camps or exile. Those who remained at liberty were under constant KGB surveillance. Samizdat literature was reduced to a trickle. During the second half of the 1980s, however, the dissidents found themselves, to their great surprise, rapidly transformed from "anti-social elements" into the prophets of *perestroika.* The chief agent of this transformation was Mikhail Gorbachev.

"When I became General Secretary," writes Gorbachev in his *Memoirs,* "I considered it an important task to rescue Academician Sakharov from exile."[36] The record of his statements in both public and private during his first year as Soviet leader, however, tells a more complicated story. At a Politburo meeting on August 29, 1985, Gorbachev announced that he had received "a letter from a certain Mr. Sakharov, whose name will not be unknown to you. He asks us to allow his wife Bonner to go abroad for medical treatment and visit relatives." The KGB chairman, Viktor Chebrikov, reported that Sakharov was in poor health: "He has largely lost his position as a political figure and recently we have heard nothing new from him. So perhaps Bonner ought to be allowed abroad for three months." Chebrikov appeared to believe the propaganda image of Bonner sedulously cultivated by the KGB over the previous decade: "We must not forget that [Sakharov] acts very much under Bonner's influence ... She has one hundred per cent influence over him."

"That's what Zionism does for you!" joked Gorbachev. Chebrikov added that, with Bonner away, Sakharov might even be willing to reach some sort of accommodation. [37] Though he did not tell the Politburo, Chebrikov was doubtless aware from KGB surveillance reports that Sakharov had welcomed Gorbachev's election as general secretary with the comment: "It looks as if our country's lucky. We've got an intelligent leader!"[38]

Aleksandr Yakovlev, the most influential reformer among Gorbachev's advisers, secretly asked two officials of the Central Committee's international information department, Andrei Grachev and Nikolai Shishlin, to prepare a case which would persuade the Politburo to end Sakharov's exile. According to Grachev, both Yakovlev and Gorbachev realized that neither democratic reform nor the normalization of East—West relations could proceed so long as Sakharov's banishment continued. But "the delicacy of the problem was indicated by Yakovlev's conspiratorial tone" as he emphasized the need to avoid attracting the attention of the KGB. Grachev and Shishlin had to conduct an elaborate covert operation even to obtain copies of Sakharov's works without Chebrikov realizing what they were up to. On December 1, 1986 Gorbachev finally considered the time to be ripe to raise the Sakharov question at the Politburo, and gained its approval to end his exile.[39] On December 15 two electricians, escorted by a KGB officer, arrived at

Sakharov's Gorky flat and installed a telephone. At 10 a.m. the next day he received a call from Gorbachev. "You [and Bonner] can return to Moscow together," Gorbachev told him. "You have an apartment there ... Go back to your patriotic work!"[40]

Though Gorbachev probably had in mind Sakharov's work at the Academy of Sciences, by far his greatest impact was on the transition to a democratic political system—in changing the Soviet Union from what the Marquis de Custine, a French visitor to Tsarist Russia over a century and a half earlier, had described as a "nation of mutes." Custine had famously prophesied:

> Nations are mute only for a time—sooner or later the day of discussion arises ... As soon as speech is restored to this silenced people, one will hear so much dispute that an astonished world will think it has returned to the confusion of Babel.[41]

"The day of discussion" arrived in Russia on May 25, 1989, with the opening of the first session of the Congress of People's Soviets, the product of the first contested elections since 1917. Gorbachev later acknowledged that, of all the deputies elected to the congress, Sakharov was "unquestionably the most outstanding personality."[42] At the time, however, Gorbachev viewed Sakharov with a mixture of irritation and admiration. Sakharov wanted the congress to abolish the one-party state, curb the power of the KGB and establish a directly elected office of president. “If only we had listened more carefully to Andrei Dmitriyevich [Sakharov],” Gorbachev said later, “we might have learned something.” But Gorbachev was not ready to end the Communist Party’s monopoly of power. He could not decide, Sakharov complained, whether he was “the leader of the *nomenklatura* or the leader of *perestroika,*” When the popular weekly *Argumenti i Fakti* published a poll showing that Sakharov was by far the most popular politician in the country, Gorbachev was so enraged that he threatened to sack the editor. Tension between Sakharov and Gorbachev renewed at the next session of the congress in December 1989. Gorbachev brushed aside an attempt by Sakharov to present him with tens of thousands of telegrams calling for an end to the one-party state. A few days later, Sakharov died suddenly of a heart attack. At his lying in state, Gorbachev and the Politburo stood bare-headed for several minutes in front of the open coffin of the man once described by Andropov as “Public Enemy Number One.”[43]

Sakharov’s premature death was in all likelihood partly due to the strain of his and Bonner’s earlier persecution, and to the lack of proper medical treatment during their Gorky exile. “The totalitarian system probably killed him,” said the democratic journalist Vitali Korotich. “I’m only glad that before he died Sakharov dealt the system a mortal blow.”[44] In 1990 the text of a long letter (previously available only in samizdat) calling for democratic political change addressed by Sakharov and two other dissidents to the Soviet leadership twenty years earlier was exhumed from the CPSU archives and published for the first time. Since Gorbachev had become general secretary, almost every issue raised in the "subversive" appeal of 1970 had been placed on the political agenda and acted upon.[45] Simultaneously, Solzhenitsyn's works, banned from bookshops and library shelves since 1974, had become bestsellers.

The dissidents were not the main agent for change in Gorbachev's Soviet Union. As at other celebrated turning points in modern Russian history—among them the turn to the West in the early eighteenth century, the end of feudalism in 1861, collectivization and crash industrialization after 1929—change came chiefly from the top. The Soviet system was transformed, and ultimately destroyed, by Gorbachev's courageous but misguided attempt to reform the unreformable. The dissidents, however, played a major role in changing the political consciousness of the Soviet élite. One KGB report of the mid-1970s quotes Solzhenitsyn as saying that the main task of the dissident movement was "a moral and ideological preparation of the Russian intelligentsia to oppose the Soviet regime."[46] Against all the odds, the dissidents largely succeeded in fulfilling that mission. A small and persecuted minority, powerless save for the strength and courage of its convictions, only feebly supported by the West, defeated a determined campaign to silence them by the world's largest and most powerful security and intelligence service. Nowhere in the world during the final third of the twentieth century did a radical intelligentsia make a greater contribution to the destruction of an anti-democratic political system.

APPENDIX

THE INTERROGATION OF YURI ORLOV ON DECEMBER 29, 1977

The Interrogation of Yuri Orlov on December 29, 1977 According to official announcements in Moscow, Fifth Directorate interrogation records of the interrogation of dissidents have been destroyed. Mitrokhin's copy may therefore be the only surviving transcript of Orlov's interrogation. A copy was sent by the Fifth Directorate to the FCD to form part of the dossier being used to prepare active measures to discredit Orlov in the West and prevent him receiving the Nobel Peace Prize. Mitrokhin's growing sympathy for the dissidents is reflected in the fact that he copied the whole of this and some other documents dealing with their persecution, rather than following his usual practice of copying extracts, making notes or writing précis.

The interrogation was conducted by Captain Yakovlev, senior investigator for especially important cases with the investigation department of the KGB Directorate for Moscow and Moscow Oblast under the USSR Council of Ministers, assisted by Assistant Procurator Chistyakov of

Moscow City:

QUESTION: You have been shown the resolution dated December 29, 1977 summoning you as the accused in criminal case No. 474, charged with committing a crime specified in Section 1 of Article 70 of the RSFSR Criminal Code.

Do you understand the nature of the charge?

ORLOV: No, it is not clear to me. I have not been shown evidence that my actions had the intention of undermining or weakening the Soviet regime, or any other evidence; instead of which, as I see it, the charge presented to me contains emotional phrases which obscure the nature of the case.

QUESTION: Do you admit you are guilty of the charge?

ORLOV: No, I do not. I do not see any proof of my guilt; I do not feel guilty, in my own conscience.

QUESTION: Do you admit the facts of preparing, duplicating and disseminating the documents specified in the charge against you?

ORLOV: Since these documents are qualified as deliberately slanderous fabrications, uttered with the intention of undermining or weakening the Soviet regime, I refuse to answer your question.

QUESTION: The investigation has established that you were a direct participant in the preparation, duplication and dissemination of the documents cited in the charge, and in a number of cases you were their author. The contents of these documents, as the materials of the case show, are of a slanderous nature, defaming the Soviet State and social order. What can you say about that?

ORLOV: In answer to that question, I should like to say the same thing as I have said in answer to the previous question, namely that I do not see any evidence, and do not feel guilty in my own conscience.

QUESTION: It has also been established that you acted deliberately to undermine and weaken the Soviet regime. What do you have to say about that?

ORLOV: I do not believe that this has been established. I rely on my own inner conviction, on my experience and on my thoughts.

QUESTION: Do you believe that the imperialist States and their agencies, to which you addressed the majority of the documents which incriminate you, are not interested in weakening and undermining the Soviet regime but in strengthening it? Is that how we must interpret you?

ORLOV: I protest against such a manner of putting questions, when you first make an assertion of your own, and then ask whether this is a fact. This is the typical way of putting a leading question. The very problem set out in your positive assertion derives from the interpretation of general aspects of détente, or, on the contrary, of the Cold War, the mutual interest of the peoples in making common progress and, in particular, progress in the field of human rights or, on the other hand, their mutual interest in internal troubles arising because of the lack of such progress. The problem also derives from the interpretation of what international organizations one may turn to, and to which ones one may not (or, perhaps, one must not approach any international organizations?). It derives from the interpretation of whether international obligations on human rights may be verified at an international level; whether they can be criticized by the international public; when such criticism is permissible, and when it becomes interference in internal affairs; does in general criticism of breaches of human rights in a particular society undermine its structure or improve it; which human rights are organically linked with the regime, and which are not; and the same applies to breaches of the rights. Besides, as is well known, my documents have been used in the West by those progressive forces whose criticism has clearly improved certain aspects of human rights in the USSR. I have in mind statements by Communists in France, Italy and probably others, and also criticism from various left-wingers, their meetings and so forth, and also statements by representatives of Workers' Parties, Socialists and Social Democrats.

One must bear in mind that criticism from hostile forces can be useful for the regime; for example, criticism of capitalism by the USSR has undoubtedly strengthened that system and prolonged its existence. However, I did not appeal to hostile forces, but either to the international pubic as a whole, or to left-wingers, including Communists, or to members of governments irrespective of regime, if it was a question of formal international obligations. All criticism, both internal and external, has led to the following shifts in the field of human rights in the USSR: as the result of the 1977 reforms, the number of people imprisoned in the camps is actually falling; a clause has been introduced in the constitution concerning the unacceptability of persecution for criticism, the very persecution which was one of the reasons why Soviet citizens appealed to Western public opinion; the number of psychiatric repressions has been reduced; there has been a clear reduction, and possibly a total stop, to instances of children being virtually taken away from members of certain religious communities following decisions by the judicial authorities, and so forth. For these reasons, I can consider that your question has no direct relevance to the case.
QUESTION: How do you explain your reluctance to give objective testimony on the substance of the charge?

ORLOV: I ask you to explain the term “objective testimony.” In my view, I have spoken about the very substance of the case.
QUESTION: Do you have anything to add?
ORLOV: I wish to write additional comments in my own hand.

[Written comments by Orlov]

In the first place, I want to add that I did not sign the charge sheet, although I read it, in part because I requested that the investigator who has just put the charge to me be taken off the case, and I do not accept the Procuracy’s rejection of my request.

Secondly, I want to explain further why I do not understand the substance of the charge. The accusation is based on an interpretation of Article 70 of the RSFSR criminal code which is not clear to me: it has never been explained to me precisely and unambiguously what is meant by the words “undermining,” “weakening” and even “Soviet regime,” how the presence or absence of “purpose” is to be interpreted, what is considered as “defamatory” and what is not, and so on.

I have read through the record; my answers have been written verbatim, and I do not have any corrections or observations.

[Signed] Yu. Orlov.[47]

TWENTY-ONE

SIGINT IN THE COLD WAR

One of the largest gaps in histories of Cold War intelligence operations and international relations in both East and West concerns the role of signals intelligence (SIGINT). The role of the ULTRA intelligence generated by British and American codebreakers in hastening victory over Germany and Japan during the Second World War is now well known. Research on post-war SIGINT, by contrast, has barely begun. With the exception of the VENONA decrypts of mostly wartime Soviet communications, British and American SIGINT records for the Cold War remain completely closed. Other declassified files, however, show that SIGINT sometimes had an important influence on British and American policy. An in-house CIA history concludes that during the Korean War SIGINT became "a critically important source of information." During the 1956 Suez Crisis, the British Foreign Secretary, Selwyn Lloyd, wrote to congratulate the director-general of the British SIGINT agency, GCHQ, on the "volume" and "excellence" of the Middle Eastern decrypts it had produced and to say "how valuable” the decrypts had proved to be.[1] In 1992, after the end of the Cold War, President George Bush described SIGINT as “a prime factor” in his foreign policy.[2]

In both Britain and the United States Cold War SIGINT operations were controlled by a single agency. Soviet SIGINT was more fragmented. The GRU had responsibility for intercepting and decrypting military communications, the KGB for diplomatic and other civilian traffic. An attempt early in the Cold War to combine the SIGINT operations of the two agencies was short-lived. Until the late 1960s KGB SIGINT, ciphers and communications were the primary responsibility of the Eighth Chief Directorate.[3] The volume of SIGINT supplied to the Soviet leadership was very large. The KGB annual report sent to Khrushchev early in 1961 reveals that during 1960 the Eighth Chief Directorate decrypted 209,000 diplomatic cables sent by representatives of fifty-one states. No fewer than 133,200 of these intercepts were forwarded to the Central Committee (chiefly, no doubt, to its international department). [4] By 1967 the KGB was able to decrypt 152 cipher systems employed by a total of 72 states.[5] Though the text of all these decrypts remains inaccessible in the archives of the Eighth and Sixteenth directorates, FCD files and other sources contain important information on KGB SIGINT operations and some of the results achieved by them. Both FCD residencies abroad and the Second Chief Directorate (SCD) within the Soviet Union made impressive contributions to these operations.

David Kahn, the leading Western historian of SIGINT, plausibly concludes that, on present evidence, bugs and agent penetration contributed more than cryptanalysis to Soviet SIGINT successes during the Cold War.[6] The SCD had a long tradition of bugging Moscow embassies. For over thirty years after the establishment of Soviet—American diplomatic relations in 1933, the United States embassy was one of its most successful targets. A navy electrician who conducted the first electronic sweep of the embassy in 1944 discovered 120 hidden microphones. For a time, according to a member of the embassy staff, more "kept turning up, in the legs of any new tables and chairs that were delivered, in the plaster of the walls, any and everywhere." [7] The embassy seems to have been lulled into a false sense of security by its failure to find more bugs during the early years of the Cold War. In reality, it remained highly vulnerable to increasingly sophisticated Soviet electronic eavesdropping until at least the mid-1960s.

In 1952 the new American ambassador, George Kennan, ordered a thorough search of both the embassy and his own residence. The security experts sent from Washington asked him to dictate the text of an old diplomatic despatch in his study in order to help them discover any voice-activated listening device. As he continued his dictating, one of the experts suddenly began hacking away at the wall behind a wooden replica of the Great Seal of the United States. Finding nothing in the wall, he then attacked the seal itself with a mason's hammer and triumphantly extracted from it a pencil-shaped bug which had been relaying Kennan's every word (and no doubt those of previous ambassadors) to Soviet eavesdroppers. Next morning Kennan noted a "new grimness" among the Soviet guards and embassy staff: "So dense was the atmosphere of anger and hostility that one could have cut it with a knife."[8]

In 1953 work began on a new US embassy in Tchaikovsky Street. During its construction American security personnel stood guard each day to prevent the installation of listening devices, particularly on the two top floors which were to contain the CIA station, the ambassador's office and the cipher rooms. The day-long security vigil, however, served little purpose since the guards were withdrawn at night, thus allowing KGB personnel ample opportunity to bug the embassy. Charles "Chip" Bohlen, who had succeeded Kennan as ambassador, later blamed the extraordinary decision to leave the new embassy unguarded overnight on "carelessness" (presumably his own) and the desire "to save money."[9] "Carelessness" in matters of security was by now an embassy tradition.

During a heated discussion with US ambassador Foy Kohler in 1962, Khrushchev made clear—to the dismay of the KGB—that he knew the ambassador had personally opposed the supply of steel tubing manufactured in the West for the construction of natural gas pipelines in the Soviet Union.[10] Though Kohler probably deduced that Khrushchev knew the contents of some of his cables to Washington, he seems not to have realized that the information came from the bugging of his own embassy. In 1964, however, acting on intelligence from the KGB defector Yuri Nosenko, the embassy discovered over forty bugs concealed in bamboo tubes built into the walls behind the radiators in order to shield them from metal detectors.[11] Remarkably, most studies of US—Soviet relations take no account whatever of the almost continuous hemorrhage of diplomatic secrets from the United States Moscow embassy for more than thirty years.

FROM THE 1960S onwards the KGB also had a series of successes in bugging American and British embassies in the Third World, as well as the intelligence stations for which they provided diplomatic cover. The planting of listening devices on targets outside the Soviet Union was the responsibility of the FCD OT (Operational Technical Support) Directorate (also known as the Fourteenth Department), whose officers in residencies had a wide range of duties which included providing the equipment for clandestine photography of classified documents, short-range radio communication and the construction of apparently innocent objects (such as hairbrushes and cans of shaving cream) which could be used to conceal film and other espionage paraphernalia. Each of the OT eavesdropping devices, often remote-controlled, was individually constructed in order to assist concealment in the target area, which was always carefully reconnoitered beforehand. The devices were fixed in place either by FCD operations officers or by local agents employed as cleaners, electricians, plumbers, furniture makers and telephone company technicians.[12]

One of the FCD's most successful eavesdropping operations against a British target was directed at the chief SIS station in the Middle East, which was located in the British embassy building in Beirut (codenamed OVRAG, "Ravine").[13] During the early 1960s a Lebanese maid in the embassy, Elizabeth Aghasapet Ghazarian, was talent-spotted by a bishop in the Armenian Orthodox church, codenamed OLAF, who had been recruited as a Soviet agent in 1947.[14] In 1964 Ghazarian was herself recruited as agent ZOLUSHKA ("Cinderella").[15] By January 1966 she had successfully planted a radio microphone (STEREO-1) in the office of the ambassador, Sir Derek Riches. On February 4 ZOLUSHKA succeeded in concealing another radio microphone (STEREO-2), about the size of a matchbox, behind the desk of the Old Etonian SIS head of station, Peter Lunn (codenamed PHOENIX), who worked under diplomatic cover as the embassy first secretary.[16]

The Centre was briefed on Lunn's background and career by his former colleague Kim Philby, who had worked in Beirut as a journalist and SIS agent from 1956 until his defection to Moscow in 1963, soon after SIS obtained proof of his treachery.[17] Lunn was one of Britain's leading skiers; he had been captain of the British team at the 1936 Winter Olympics and was the author of a series of well-known skiing manuals. [18] He and Philby joined SIS at almost the same moment in 1941.[19] After his defection Philby informed the KGB that Lunn had been awarded the CMG (the highest decoration then given to any SIS officer save the Chief) for his success in the planning and operation of a 500-meter tunnel under East Berlin which in 1955-6 tapped Soviet and East German telephone lines. The Centre rather admired Lunn's professionalism and calm, self-assured manner. According to a report on operation RUBIN in 1967:

> Peter Lunn has many agents, who collect information on intelligence services of socialist countries and their representatives in the Middle East, on the activities of the intelligence service of the United Arab Republic [the short-lived union of Egypt and Syria], on oil policy (via a fluctuating agent network), on relations between Arab countries and the USSR and carry out the cultivation of Egyptian

> intelligence officers. In his agent work Lunn shows caution, experience, puts a high priority on security with agent contacts. With those agents who do not know that Lunn works under embassy cover he used the assumed name Joseph and met either at a clandestine rendezvous or at the flat of his secretary ... For meetings with agents who are personally known to Lunn, he used his flat or business premises in the city. Lunn is demanding, strives to give his agents set tasks and to ensure they are carried out clearly. He is very economical when paying rewards to his agents, he adheres strictly to the rule that, firstly, it is only necessary to pay for information when it is unobtainable without paying and, secondly, that payment is only for that information which can be used actively.

Lunn's only major weakness, in the Centre's view, was his relaxed attitude to station security. The KGB eavesdroppers overheard one of his staff suggest extra security measures. They must have been relieved to hear Lunn reply that no further measures were necessary. The bugging of the office of the Beirut head of station, codenamed operation RUBIN, continued for three and a half years after Lunn was recalled to a post at SIS headquarters in November 1967.[20]

The deputy head of the FCD, Mikhail Stepanovich Tsymbal, reported to Andropov in 1967 that RUBIN had identified over fifty British agents in the Middle East and Europe: “Of the greatest interest is the identification of an SIS agent group consisting of a courier and two agents in the highest government circles of Iraq.” SIS was also alleged to have “an important agent” in Egypt “with access to President Nasser,” and “sub-sources” who included the foreign minister of one Middle Eastern country and the army chief-of-staff of another.[21]

Operation RUBIN also revealed that SIS had penetrated the Lebanese Communist Party. Its most important penetration agent was a lawyer who was a member of the Party’s Politburo and a personal friend of its general secretary, Nicolas Chaoui. On September 27, 1967 the Centre informed the Soviet Politburo that, in addition to keeping SIS well informed on the affairs of the Lebanese Communist Party, the lawyer had provided intelligence on contacts between the Party leadership and the retiring Soviet ambassador, and on Soviet involvement in the affairs of the Lebanese and Syrian peace movements and of the Cairo Peace Conference. The Centre, however, was reluctant to warn Chaoui that one of his closest associates was an SIS agent, probably for fear that he would confront the agent, who in turn would alert SIS to the penetration of its operations.

In 1971, a year after SIS had discovered the bugging of its Beirut station, the Soviet Politburo gave permission for Chaoui to be briefed during a visit to Moscow. At a meeting in the international department of the CPSU on

December 25, Pavel Yefimovich Nedosekin, a senior FCD officer, informed Chaoui that the lawyer was regarded by SIS as “one of its very valuable agents” and had given it secret information about the Lebanese Communist Party and two of the most important Soviet front organizations, the World Peace Council and the Afro-Asian Solidarity Committee. Though doubtless somewhat shocked, Chaoui admitted that, as early as 1949, he had received a report of a confidential meeting between the lawyer and a British consul; he added that since 1968 the lawyer had twice been to London, ostensibly for treatment to a cataract. Chaoui acknowledged that he had no intelligence department capable of protecting Party security, and promised to take immediate action to set one up.[22]

Among other unwelcome revelations of operation RUBIN was the discovery that SIS had succeeded in planting six agents in the KGB, the GRU and the Czechoslovak StB. The most important appears to have been SHAUN, the owner of an advertising bureau in Damascus, who was discovered to be a double agent run by Lunn’s deputy, BARITONE. A Centre damage assessment concluded that SHAUN had compromised a series of KGB operations in which he had taken part, among them the recruitment of the Spanish cipher clerk GOMEZ (arrested after his return to Spain); the attempted recruitment of an unidentified member of the West German embassy in Damascus; and contacts between the

Soviet military attaché and the chief of the Syrian general staff. SHAUN had also reported to SIS on an affair between the KGB resident in Damascus and the wife of a Soviet doctor. Andropov was tersely informed that "measures have been taken to neutralize the consequences of SHAUN's treachery."[23]

In January 1967 ZOLUSHKA also succeeded in placing a bug in BARITONE's office in the SIS Beirut station. In addition to running SHAUN, he was discovered to have sixteen agents inside the Lebanese Communist Party and other left-wing organizations. A detailed study of the SIS officers in Lebanon, Jordan, Syria and elsewhere identified through the bugging of the Beirut station led the Centre to draw a number of general conclusions which, surprisingly, it does not seem to have fully grasped before. The report on operation RUBIN concluded, correctly, that the cover posts occupied by SIS officers in British embassies were rarely as high as counselor and never higher; most were first, second or third secretaries, and seldom headed any of the main embassy departments such as trade and information. SIS personnel did not keep to the daily diplomatic routine, spent more time outside the embassy, lived in worse accommodation, drove older cars and gave fewer large receptions at their homes than British diplomats, but had higher expense allowances and arranged more meetings in restaurants and other public places. Philby had doubtless made such points before, but KGB debriefers still tended to seek only detailed classified information from agents and defectors and failed to use them to add to their general understanding of the West. By the late 1960s Philby was, unsurprisingly, deeply depressed and drinking heavily, convinced that the KGB had “no idea” of how to profit from his vast experience.[24]

In 1967 ZOLUSHKA was rewarded for her work as a KGB agent with the secret granting of Soviet citizenship. For the next four years she continued to provide classified documents and other intelligence from the British embassy and the SIS station in Beirut. In 1971, after she had been questioned about the discovery of the radio microphones, she was hurriedly exfiltrated to the Soviet Union, settled in Armenia and given a modest pension of 120 roubles. In 1978, after the Armenian KGB reported to the Centre that the pension was insufficient, Andropov approved an increase to 180 roubles.

BECAUSE OF THE closeness of Anglo-American intelligence cooperation, eavesdropping on the SIS Beirut station also produced intelligence on the CIA. The KGB discovered plans for, and was able to forestall, a joint CIA/SIS operation to bug the Beirut bureau of Novosti.[25] In 1969 the KGB residency began an operation which, it was hoped, would penetrate the CIA station (codenamed OMUT (“Whirlpool”))[26] as successfully as ZOLUSHKA had penetrated that of SIS. On KGB instructions, one of its Lebanese agents, a hotel owner codenamed MARAT, founded an employment agency designed to attract maids and domestic servants who could be used in operations against the Main Adversary. The most promising applicant to the agency was Mary Matrosian (codenamed VERA), a Lebanese maid from an Armenian family living in Syria. Until 1967 she had worked in the American ambassador’s residence in Beirut, but had taken refuge with her family in Syria after the outbreak of the Arab—Israeli Six Day War. On her return to Beirut in 1969, MARAT’s agency found her domestic work with a series of American diplomatic families. VERA was recruited by MARAT under a false flag to provide information on her employers and remove papers from their homes. MARAT told her the information was needed by Armenian community and church leaders in order to keep them informed of potential threats to the security of the Armenian people. In 1971 MARAT handed her over to a controller from the Beirut residency, who posed as a fellow Armenian. With VERA’s (possibly unwitting) help, the KGB succeeded in bugging the apartment of the CIA officer for whom she worked.[27]

KGB files record a number of other KGB attempts to bug CIA stations, though none seems to have been as successful as operation RUBIN. Among the most vulnerable US embassies was that in Conakry, the capital of Guinea. One of the files noted by Mitrokhin contains a brief reference to the successful bugging of an American diplomat’s apartment in Conakry in 1965.[28] Much fuller details are available on the bugging of the Conakry embassy during the 1970s, when sub-Saharan Africa became for the first time a priority area for both Soviet foreign policy and KGB operations.[29] In December 1972 a Guinean employee of the embassy recruited by the KGB (code-named successively RUM and SANCHO) succeeded in installing a radio-operated eavesdropping device in the office of the ambassador, Terence Todman (succeeded in May 1975 by William Harrop). RUM/SANCHO was instructed that, if detected, he was to tell his interrogators that he had been paid to place the bug by a Chinese diplomat whose visiting card he was given. The bug (replaced by an improved version in January 1974) was so well concealed, however, that it went undetected during three annual checks on embassy security. The KGB monitoring post which recorded Todman’s dictation and conversations with embassy and CIA staff (operation REBUS) was situated in an apartment only thirty meters from the ambassador’s office.

The voice-activated bug was sometimes activated by Todman’s engaging habit of bursting into song or whistling cheerfully to himself. In general, however, operation REBUS provided what the Centre considered information “of great operational value” on US policy to African liberation movements as well as on State Department assessments of Soviet-American relations and

Soviet policy in Africa. The volume of intelligence was so large that two English-speaking operations officers, Anatoli Mikhaylovich Zheleznoy and Yuri Yefimovich Tatuzov, were seconded from the KGB residency in Addis Ababa to process it. In July 1975 bugged conversations in the ambassador's office revealed that the embassy was aware there had been a leak in its communications with Washington and had asked the State Department for help in reviewing embassy security. Though strongly tempted to remove the bug, the Conakry residency decided not to do so for fear of compromising RUM/SANCHO. According to a KGB damage assessment, when the bug in the ambassador's office was discovered in September, "suspicion fell entirely on the Guinean Special [Intelligence] Services." RUM/SANCHO went undetected and remained on the embassy staff.[30]

The KGB's most ambitious bugging operation against a US diplomatic mission during the later Cold War was the bugging of a new eight-storey Soviet-built embassy building in Moscow on which construction began in 1979. The CIA was warned in 1980 by a defector from the Eighth Chief Directorate, Viktor Sheymov, that "the KGB was going to make the building itself a giant system of sensors that could pick up virtually anything." Officials in Washington, however, rashly concluded that any sensor installed by the KGB could be detected and removed before it was used. Five years later they discovered they had made an expensive mistake. Further investigation revealed a series of highly sophisticated bugs built into the fabric of the building which made it, according to a member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, “an eight-storey microphone plugged into the Politburo.” Steel-reinforcing rods set into the concrete were designed to serve as antennae. A power source, codenamed BATWING by the CIA, which was discovered embedded in a concrete wall, was estimated to be able to last for a century. One US official, interviewed by the *Washington Post,* commented, “Our technical people were astounded at the level of sophistication. One man from the CIA said, ‘These are the kind of things that are only on the drawing boards here.’ ” For the KGB as well as the State Department, however, the operation ended in expensive failure. The new embassy building was never occupied.[31]

MOST EAVESDROPPING OPERATIONS using bugs planted in foreign embassies or overseas targets were short-term, unlikely to last more than a few years. By the late 1960s the FCD’s most important and long-term SIGINT operations were run by specialized posts within its residencies in foreign capitals which intercepted local telephone and radio communications. The earliest such intercept post appears to have been that set up in the Mexico City residency in 1963. Codenamed RADAR, it was given the task of intercepting the communications of the US embassy and CIA station, but had only limited success.[32] The most successful of the residency posts created to intercept the communications of the Main Adversary were those set up in the United States itself. The first, codenamed POCHIN ("Start" or "Initiative"), started life in 1966 on the top floor of the Soviet embassy on Sixteenth Street in Washington, a few blocks from the White House. In 1967 a similar post, codenamed PROBA ("Test" or "Trial"), was established by the New York residency. There were eventually five POCHIN intercept posts in various Soviet establishments in and around Washington and four PROBA posts in the New York region.[33]

By 1970 POCHIN-1 (at the embassy) and POCHIN-2 (in the embassy residential complex) had transformed intelligence collection by the Washington residency.[34] According to Oleg Kalugin, head of Line PR:

> We were able to overhear the communications of the Pentagon, the FBI, the State Department, the White House, the local police, and a host of other agencies. These communications all were broadcast on open, non-secure channels, but nevertheless a surprising amount of useful material was relayed over the airways.[35]

Among the intelligence which most impressed the Centre was secret data on the vetting of ninety candidates for posts in the first Nixon administration. In 1969-70 twenty-three POCHIN intercepts were considered sufficiently important to be shown to leading members of the Politburo.

During the same period PROBA-1 (in the Soviet mission to the UN) and PROBA-2 (in the large embassy "dacha" at Glen Cove on Long Island) intercepted diplomatic traffic sent and received by the UN missions of Argentina, Brazil, Canada, France, Portugal, Spain and Venezuela, as well as some US military cables and the communications of Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe. According to the PROBA files, the intelligence from these intercepts was given "a high evaluation" by both Foreign Minister Gromyko and the Soviet UN representative, Yakov Malik.[36]

THE KGB'S SIGINT operations against the Main Adversary were greatly assisted by a series of agents and defectors—all of them walk-ins—with access to highly classified intelligence on American cryptanalysis and/or cipher systems. In 1960 two NSA employees, Bernon F. Mitchell and William H. Martin, who had made contact with the KGB a year earlier in Mexico City, were exfiltrated by the FCD to Moscow, where they continued being debriefed for several years.[37] In 1963 Staff Sergeant Jack E. Dunlap committed suicide after several years spent smuggling top secret documents out of NSA headquarters at Fort Meade for the GRU. Shortly before Dunlap's suicide, another NSA defector, Victor Norris

Hamilton, arrived in Moscow. In 1965 Robert Lipka, a young army clerk at NSA responsible for the shredding of highly classified documents, began handing many of them over to the KGB. Lipka is the last KGB agent inside the NSA identified in the files seen by Mitrokhin. (A retired NSA employee, Ronald Pelton, was, however, to provide valuable intelligence to the Washington residency in the early 1980s.) Shortly after Lipka left NSA in 1967, Chief Warrant Officer John Walker, a communications watch officer on the staff of the commander of submarine forces in the Atlantic (COMSUBLANT), began an eighteen-year career as a KGB agent, supplying detailed information on US naval ciphers.[38]

During the late 1960s both the New York and Washington residencies had a series of other striking SIGINT successes. Late in 1969 operation PRESSING, run by the New York residency, succeeded in concealing remote-controlled radio transmitters in UN offices used by the chairman of the Security Council. The devices, hidden in wooden boards, were fixed beneath bookcases and constructed from Western materials to conceal their Soviet origin. Simultaneously, operation KRAB, which almost certainly had to be approved by the Politburo, succeeded in bugging the secretariat of the UN secretary-general, U Thant (codenamed BROD). A radio-controlled eavesdropping device was also concealed in the offices of the Ghanaian mission to the UN.[39]

In 1969 the Washington residency succeeded in concealing a remote-control radio-operated bugging device in the meeting room of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The device, once again constructed from Western materials, continued to function for at least four years. In February 1973 information (which may have been inaccurate) reached the residency from press sources that a bug had been found attached to the underside of the press table in the Foreign Relations Committee room. The KGB was puzzled by the report since its own listening device was fixed beneath the seat of a chair rather than under the table and still appeared to be functioning normally. Expecting its bug to be discovered, Service A prepared a story claiming that it had been placed by the DGSE, the French foreign intelligence service. To the KGB's surprise, however, the media lost interest in the episode and no report of the bug beneath the chair appeared in the press.[40]

EARLY IN 1968 the KGB achieved its most important penetration of British SIGINT operations since John Cairncross had entered Bletchley Park in 1942. Corporal Geoffrey Arthur Prime, then working in the RAF SIGINT station at Gatow in West Berlin, handed a message to a Russian officer at a Soviet checkpoint asking Soviet intelligence to make contact with him. Prime's note was passed not to the FCD but to the comparatively lowly KGB Third Directorate, whose main responsibility was the surveillance and security of Soviet armed forces but which sometimes succeeded in making (usually low-level) recruits among Western troops stationed in Germany. Anxious to steal a march over the more prestigious FCD by gaining the credit for Prime's recruitment, a Third Directorate officer left him a message, inviting him to a rendezvous in East Berlin, in a small magnetic cylinder attached to his car door. At the meeting which followed and at subsequent rendezvous, Prime agreed to work as a KGB agent but explained that his service with the RAF was due to end in August 1968. In agreement with his Third Department case officers he applied, successfully, for a job processing Russian intercepts at GCHQ, the British SIGINT agency.

Prime was a sexual and social misfit who blamed many of his problems on the capitalist system and, as he later acknowledged, developed "a misplaced idealistic view of Russian Communism." He was, however, skillfully handled by his controllers. In September 1968, before taking up his job in GCHQ, Prime spent a week in the KGB compound at Karlshorst in the East Berlin suburbs being trained in radio transmission, cipher communications, microdots, photography of documents with a Minox camera and the use of dead letter-boxes. Before flying to Britain, he was given a briefcase containing a set of one-time cipher pads, secret writing materials and 400 pounds in banknotes. He continued working as a Soviet agent in GCHQ for almost nine years, spending most of his time transcribing and translating intercepts. Among the intelligence supplied by Prime during his final year working for GCHQ in 1976-7 were details of British successes and failures in decrypting Soviet traffic. Though his GCHQ colleagues were struck by his morose appearance, they put it down to his unhappy marriage and failure to be promoted.[41]

The expansion of KGB SIGINT operations during the late 1960s led to a reorganization at the Centre. Hitherto the KGB Eighth Directorate had handled SIGINT as well as ciphers and communications. Probably in 1968 Andropov established a new Sixteenth Directorate,[42] headed by Nikolai Nikolayevich Andreev, to specialize exclusively in SIGINT. Its operations were among the most highly classified in the whole of the KGB. The Sixteenth Directorate worked closely with the Sixteenth Department of the FCD, founded at about the same time, which was given responsibility for residency intercept posts, operations to acquire foreign codes and ciphers and attempts to penetrate other SIGINT agencies.[43] On May 15, 1970 Andropov approved a plan for radio-intercept posts (some were already functioning) in fifteen residencies: Washington, New York, Montreal, Mexico, Tokyo, Peking, Teheran, Athens, Rome, Paris, Bonn, Salzburg, London, Reykjavik and Belgrade. During 1971 these fifteen posts intercepted a total of 62,000 diplomatic and military enciphered cables from 60 countries, as well as more than 25,000 plain text messages. [44]

The most important intercept posts, operated by the Sixteenth Department with the assistance of OT personnel, remained the Washington area POCHIN and New York PROBA stations. The most striking achievement of the POCHIN stations during the 1970s was the interception of many of the messages exchanged between Washington, via Andrews Air Force Base, and the aircraft taking the President, Secretary of State and other senior members of the administration on overseas trips. ANTON, one of the POCHIN operational officers, was awarded the Order of the Red Star for his success in intercepting US communications during Kissinger's visit to London in July 1974 for talks with the British Foreign Secretary (and future prime minister), James Callaghan.[45] The Centre's particular interest in these intercepts doubtless derived from the fact that the main purpose of Kissinger's visit was to brief Callaghan on Nixon's recent visit to Moscow—his last foreign trip before his resignation at the height of the Watergate scandal.[46] Soon afterwards the PROBA stations succeeded in intercepting Kissinger's telephone conversations with Callaghan and the Turkish foreign minister, Professor Turan Gånes, during the crisis caused by the Turkish invasion of northern Cyprus on July 21.[47] The KGB was thus able to monitor the dramatic way in which, as Kissinger later recalled:

> During the night of July 21-22, we forced a cease-

> fire by threatening Turkey that we would move [US] nuclear weapons from forward positions—especially where they might be involved in a war with Greece.[48]

Not all the intercepts of Kissinger's conversations concerned affairs of state. On one occasion he was heard talking to his fiancée, Nancy Maginnes, shortly before their marriage in 1974. According to Kalugin's somewhat censorious recollection:

> He apparently had just given a speech and, in his egotistical way, was asking her what she thought of it. He was saying, in effect, "How did I look? You really thought I sounded well?" The transcript showed Kissinger to be a vain and boastful man.

Word came back from Moscow that Andropov "loved the intercepted conversation." He enjoyed boasting to some of his Politburo colleagues that the KGB was able to eavesdrop on the intimate conversations of the US National Security Adviser.[49]

THE COMPLEX ANTENNAE sprouting on the roofs of Soviet missions gradually alerted Western SIGINT agencies to the presence of the intercept stations within.[50] Though probably unaware the KGB had successfully gained access to his own communications, Kissinger protested to Ambassador Dobrynin on August 15, 1975 at the interception of radio and telephone conversations by the Soviet embassy. The Centre drafted a robust reply:

> It is advisable that, when there is a meeting with Kissinger, if he again raises that issue, the Soviet ambassador should state that the antennae set up on the Soviet embassy's roof are being used on the basis of the principle of [diplomatic] reciprocity to ensure communications with Moscow, as well as to receive general radio and television transmissions. These antennae are in no way a contradiction of the embassy's status. It should be brought to the attention of the Secretary of State that the US government should prevent the installation of equipment, including that on buildings close to the embassy, which would impede the normal operation of the USSR embassy's radio station.[51]

Kissinger was inhibited in pursuing his protest by the knowledge that NSA also ran SIGINT operations from the US embassy in Moscow. In 1971 columnist Jack Anderson had revealed in the *Washington Post* that the embassy had succeeded in intercepting the microwave radio and telephone communications exchanged between the large black ZIL limousines of Politburo members as they sped around Moscow.[52] Kissinger seems, however, to have been genuinely alarmed by the electronic countermeasures taken to frustrate SIGINT operations run from the Moscow embassy. In November 1975 he told Dobrynin that it was believed that the American ambassador, Walter Stoessel, had developed leukemia as a result of prolonged exposure to electromagnetic radiation directed against the embassy. On instructions from Moscow, Dobrynin replied that the electromagnetic field around the embassy did not exceed Soviet health standards. Dobrynin claims that he was privately informed by the State Department during the Carter administration that a study had concluded that there was, in fact, no evidence of damage to the health of embassy personnel.[53]

Kissinger's protests failed to halt the continued expansion of POCHIN and PROBA operations. Summaries and transcripts of POCHIN intercepts grew from 2,600 pages in 1975 to 7,000 in 1976. During these two years 800 reports based on the intercepts were cabled to the Centre from the Washington residency. Among the communications to and from Andrews Airforce Base intercepted during 1976 were important messages dealing with Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld's visits to the NATO Nuclear Planning Group in January and June, and to US armed forces headquarters in Europe in February; and on Kissinger's meetings with British, French, West German and South African leaders.[54] In 1977 POCHIN summaries and transcripts increased again to over 10,500 pages,[55] covering foreign visits by, among others, Vice-President Walter Mondale and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance.[56] For much of the Carter administration the POCHIN posts also intercepted a substantial amount of State Department material; the KGB kept a card file on all the officials mentioned in it.[57]

Given the KGB's lack of high-level penetration agents in Washington during the 1970s, it seems likely that POCHIN and other SIGINT operations were the Centre's most important source of intelligence on the foreign and defense policies of the Ford and Carter administrations. The general effect of this intelligence was probably benign—to limit the natural predisposition of the Centre to conspiracy theories about American policy. During the 1979 crisis caused by American protests at the presence of a Soviet "combat brigade" in Cuba, for example, POCHIN intercepts of Pentagon telephone discussions and other communications enabled the Washington residency to reassure Moscow that the United States had no plans for military intervention. [58]

The most important intelligence provided by the POCHIN stations during the 1970s and early 1980s, however, was probably military. The intercepts provided highly classified information on the Trident, MX, Pershing-2, Cruise and surface-toair missile systems; the F-15, F-16, F-18, B-52 and B-1 aircraft; and the AWACS early warning system. From 1973 onwards the main priority of the New York PROBA stations was also scientific and technical intelligence, particularly in the military field. Its most striking success during the remainder of the decade was the interception of fax communications from the Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island and a series of major companies, among them Boeing, Fairchild, General Dynamics, Grumman, Hughes, IBM, Lockheed and Sperry Rand. Fax intercepts on military projects included important material on the design and development of the A-10, B-1, EF-111A and F-14 aircraft; the anti-missile defense program; and the anti-submarine defense system. By 1976 an intercept post, codenamed VESNA ("Spring"), was operating in the San Francisco residency, successfully intercepting fax and telephone communications of defense contractors and other high-tech companies on the West Coast.[59]

The KGB residencies in New York, Washington and San Francisco also had radio-intercept posts (codenamed, respectively, RAKETA, ZEFIR and RUBIN) which monitored FBI (codenamed FIRMA) communications in order to keep track of surveillance of its operations. In New York during the 1970s the RAKETA post monitored continuously six FBI shortwave radio communications channels.[60] Its eavesdroppers quickly became used to Bureau jargon. According to a report in KGB files:

> FBI look-out posts and surveillance teams

> communicate using simple codes, slang expressions and pre-arranged phrases which are easily deciphered by the RAKETA operator. Conversations between the look-out posts and a surveillance team consist of short dialogues in which the post informs the team of the target's number and the direction he is moving in up to an intersection and beyond.
>
> Daily radio intercept of the operation of the FBI dispatch center provides a picture of the operational environment and the FBI's conduct of operations in the city. Whenever the [KGB] residency is conducting an operation in the city, the RAKETA operator monitors the operation of the FBI's radio center; if necessary, an operations officer can be given a danger signal prior to his going out to the site where an operation is to be conducted, [or told] to back off from an operation if he has been detected by surveillance. The RAKETA post makes note of local citizens who have come to the attention of the FBI, and they are put on file in the KONTAKT system [the FCD's computerized name-trace system].

For several years the New York residency deluded itself into believing that it was able to detect every instance of street surveillance of KGB personnel by the FBI.[61] In 1973, however, it realized that it had been taken in. Having discovered that the FBI was aware of the activities of some of its operations officers, as well as of three “developmental” agents, it finally grasped that the apparent simplicity of FBI surveillance techniques was actually a means of diverting the residency’s attention from far more sophisticated methods which it had failed to detect. The residency’s operations were temporarily disrupted as it tried to come to terms with methods of surveillance it did not fully understand.[62]

THE RUNNING COSTS for the main intercept posts in KGB residencies around the world in 1979 show that the Washington and New York operations were by far the most expensive.[63] The SIGINT post in the Havana residency, the third most expensive, was also focused chiefly on the United States. All other intercept posts were also instructed to give priority, when possible, to the communications of the Main Adversary. The most important of the KGB’s foreign intercept posts targeted on the United States from outside, however, was located not in a residency but in the large SIGINT base set up by the GRU at Lourdes in Cuba in the mid-1960s to monitor US navy communications and other high-frequency transmissions.[64] On April 25, 1975 a secret Soviet government decree (no. 342—115) authorized the establishment of a new KGB SIGINT station (codenamed TERMIT-P) within the Lourdes base, which began operations in December 1976. Run by the Sixteenth Directorate, TERMIT-P had a fixed 12-meter dish antenna and a mobile 7-meter dish antenna mounted on a covered lorry, which enabled it to intercept microwave communications "downlinked" from US satellites or transmitted between microwave towers.[65] Other large GRU/Sixteenth Directorate SIGINT stations established in the late 1970s included those in South Yemen and at Cam Ranh Bay in Vietnam. The biggest, however, remained the Lourdes complex, which continued to grow steadily over the next decade. President Reagan declared in 1983:

> The Soviet intelligence collection facility less than 100 miles from our coast is the largest of its kind in the world. The acres and acres of antennae fields and intelligence monitors are targeted on key US military installations and sensitive activities. The installation, in Lourdes, Cuba, is manned by 1,500 Soviet technicians, and the satellite ground station allows instant communication with Moscow. This 28-square-mile facility has grown by more than 60 percent in size during the past decade.

A joint report by the Departments of State and Defense in 1985 estimated that the total personnel at the Lourdes SIGINT base had increased further to 2,100.[66]

By the early 1980s all KGB residencies possessed an intercept post.[67] Each post was required to submit an annual report to the Centre in November, giving details of encrypted and plain text material intercepted over the past year; the proportion of operationally significant intercepts; newly discovered communications channels of intelligence value; characteristics of the "radio-intelligence environment" in the country concerned; the handling and fulfillment by the intercept post of its SIGINT assignments; measures taken to protect the security and secrecy of its operations; conclusions about past performance and proposals for the future.[68]

In 1980 the Washington area POCHIN posts reported that, as a result of new security precautions, it had become much more difficult to intercept the communications of the federal government.[69] The residency there, however, reported one major new SIGINT success. In September 1980, after two years' planning, in an operation codenamed FLAMINGO, the residency succeeded in bugging the conference room of System Planning Corporation (SPC), a private company in Arlington, Virginia, which did research for the Pentagon. Viktor Vasilyevich Lozenko (code-named MARVIN), a Line X (scientific and technological intelligence) officer under diplomatic cover at the Washington residency, had noticed that the SPC conference room was also used for meetings of the Society for Operational Research, of which he was a member. The day before he left Washington at the end of his tour of duty, he succeeded in fixing the listening device—a battery-powered rod a quarter of a meter long—underneath a table in the room.

The signal from the bug was monitored from a command post in a car with diplomatic number plates, fitted with a T-shaped antenna built into the front windshield, which took up position at one of nine locations situated at distances of 300-500 meters from the SPC offices.

For the next ten and a half months operation FLAMINGO provided what the Centre considered "highly important" intelligence on the current and future deployment of US nuclear weapons in Europe, on American chemical weapons, on the US navy's chances of survival in a nuclear conflict, and on the US position on the SALT-2 talks. On January 27, 1981 a senior Pentagon official presented a classified report at a meeting entitled "Current Status and Trends in the Advancement of the US Nuclear Forces in the Central European Theater of War." Among the issues discussed at the meeting were: American mobilization capabilities; the effectiveness of laser guidance systems; plans for the destruction of 730 tons of chemical weapons which were now unusable; and the extent of US intelligence on, and requirements concerning, Soviet chemical weapons. Other meetings in the bugged conference room, also attended by senior Pentagon officials, discussed the current status and proposed reforms of the US armed forces. The operation came to an end not because the listening device was discovered but because its power supply gradually ran out.[70]

Four of the KGB officers involved in operation

FLAMINGO received the Order of the Red Star: Lozenko, who selected the location and placed the bug; V. I. Shokin, who supervised the operation; the head of the POCHIN station Yuri Nikolayevich Marakhovsky, who played a leading role in collecting and processing the intelligence collected from the SPC conference room; and Yuri Vasilyevich Gratsiansky, head of the residency's Operational—Technical Support section, who was responsible for the technical side of the operation. Three other residency officers received lesser awards.[71]

SOVIEt SIGINT OPERATIONS, like those of the United States, were assisted by allied agencies. The UKUSA Security Agreement concluded in 1948 between the United States, the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia and New Zealand provided for the division of collection tasks and the sharing of the product between their SIGINT services.[72] The KGB, however, was determined to give its allies only limited access to its cryptanalytic secrets. In January 1975 Andropov approved "Regulations on the Principles and Directions of Co-operation with the Security Agencies of the Socialist Countries in Decryption Operations," drafted by the Sixteenth Directorate. Its two guiding principles were, first, that joint operations with the "friends" (allied agencies) were to be under KGB control; second, that cryptographic information supplied to allied agencies "should not disclose the level of the latest [Soviet] achievements in the field of cryptanalysis:"

> Bearing in mind that at the present time the related services of our friends have acquired a certain experience of working on and exploiting [SIGINT] targets by the methods of electronic [computer-based] cryptanalysis, there is some possibility that in future our friends may try to apply these methods independently against other targets as well. In these conditions, it is essential to strengthen further the co-operation between the Sixteenth Directorate and the related services of our friends with a view to exclude uncontrolled operations which could cause irreparable harm to the Sixteenth Directorate with regard to the application of the methods of electronic cryptanalysis.

On no account were the "friends" to learn of the existence of the top secret training school for KGB cryptanalysts; they were to be given the impression that all training took place at the Centre. Though, on occasion, allied agencies could be given cipher communications from shortwave transmissions intercepted by the Sixteenth Directorate, they were never allowed access to SIGINT from residency intercept posts, satellite communications or telegraph lines within the Soviet Union.[73]

Despite the Sixteenth Directorate's reluctance to share most SIGINT secrets with its intelligence allies, it depended on their assistance. With the growing complexity of computer-generated cipher systems, Soviet cryptanalysts were increasingly dependent on the penetration of foreign embassies to steal cipher materials and, when possible, bug cipher machines and teleprinters. During 1974 alone joint operations by the FCD Sixteenth Department and its Soviet Bloc allies succeeded in abstracting cipher material from at least seven embassies in Prague, five in Sofia, two in Budapest and two in Warsaw.[74] Soviet Bloc intelligence services also shared some of their agents in Western embassies and foreign ministries with the KGB. Among those who were particularly highly rated by the KGB Sixteenth Directorate was a Bulgarian agent codenamed EPIR, a security official in the Greek foreign ministry recruited by Bulgarian intelligence in 1966. Over the next ten years he assisted in the removal of over 12,000 classified pages of documents from the ministry.[75]

A conference of the KGB leadership in May 1981 included in its main priorities the recruitment of agents from the cipher personnel of the United States, Britain, France, West Germany and China. Andropov reaffirmed that priority in a special directive issued after he succeeded Brezhnev as general secretary in 1982.[76] He also approved the secret award of the Order of the Friendship of Peoples to the KGB's longest-serving cipher officer agent, JOUR in the French foreign ministry, in recognition of his “long and fruitful co-operation” over the previous thirty-seven years.[77] The FCD Sixteenth Department, headed by A. V. Krasavin, had plans to create another forty or fifty intercept posts in Soviet establishments around the world by the end of the decade. It calculated optimistically that the volume of intercepted communications would increase by five to eight times its present level if the current rate of expansion were maintained.[78]

According to Viktor Makarov, who served in the Sixteenth Directorate from 1980 to 1986, the European states whose diplomatic traffic was decrypted with varying frequency during these years included Denmark, Finland, France, Greece, Italy, Sweden, Switzerland and West Germany. There was, he believes, no penetration of high-grade British cipher systems during that period.[79] An inner circle within the Politburo—consisting, in 1980, of Brezhnev, Andropov, Gromyko, Kirilenko, Suslov and Ustinov—were sent a daily selection of the most important intercepts. A larger selection was forwarded each day to the heads of the First and Second Chief Directorates. [80] Though neither selection is yet available for research, both will one day be sources of major importance for historians of Soviet foreign policy.

In addition to obviously important items such as Kissinger’s and Vance’s meetings with foreign leaders, the intercepts selected for the inner circle of the Politburo undoubtedly also included, whenever possible, Western responses to their public pronouncements. Vyacheslav Ivanovich Gurgenev (alias "Artemov"), deputy head of the FCD, complained publicly in 1991:

> Our service has had enough trouble in the past trying to collect responses to every "brilliant" initiative by our leaders. This kind of work tended to corrupt people who started out with the illusion of doing something useful.[81]

Residencies around the world were expected to provide prompt reports of favorable responses to every major speech by the Soviet leadership. When no such responses occurred, they were commonly invented to avoid the risk of offending the Politburo.[82] Since the Sixteenth Directorate was able, by the later 1960s, to decrypt at least some of the diplomatic traffic of over seventy states,[83] its chances of finding some suitable response among the thousands of decrypts produced each week were much greater than those of even the most active residency.

In the pre-*glasnost* era controversial references to Soviet leaders were routinely edited out of translations of diplomatic decrypts. Makarov recalls seeing an intercepted cable from the Swedish ambassador in Moscow in August 1984 discussing the likely power struggle which would follow the demise of the ailing

Konstantin Chernenko. Among the passages removed or doctored in the Russian translation was a disparaging reference to Gorbachev's wife, Raisa Maximovna. On another occasion Makarov was ordered to remove from a diplomatic telegram he had decrypted the sentence, "Gorbachev is like Andropov." Such excisions were known within the Sixteenth Directorate as "minding the words."[84]

DURING THE 1980s SIGINT agencies in both East and West began to face two formidable new technological challenges: the use of fiber optics in global telecommunications and the greatly increased availability of highly sophisticated encryption systems. Neither the KGB nor any other SIGINT agency seems to have devised a system of intercepting messages which passed along fiber-optic lines as streams of light. In the late 1980s Britain installed a highly secure fiber-optic trunk system, codenamed BOXER, which linked 200 military installations. Simultaneously, the development of Public Key Cryptography by mathematicians at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Weizmann Institute in Israel, and subsequent refinements such as Phil Zimmermann's PGP (Pretty Good Privacy) system, made ciphers which were difficult, if not impossible, for SIGINT agencies to crack, available to anyone with a powerful desktop computer and modem.[85]

The SIGINT-related files seen by Mitrokhin, which end in 1982, do not explain how the KGB sought to respond to these new challenges. It is clear from other evidence, however, that Soviet SIGINT operations continued to expand, at least in volume, during the Gorbachev era. Those of the GRU, targeted chiefly on the armed forces of the United States, NATO and China, were on an even larger scale than the KGB's. By the end of the 1980s the Red Army had 40 SIGINT regiments, 170 SIGINT battalions and over 700 SIGINT companies. Since the launch of *Kosmos 189* in 1967, the GRU Space Intelligence Directorate had put over 130 SIGINT satellites into orbit. More than 60 Soviet surface ships and over 20 different types of aircraft were used for SIGINT collection. The GRU and KGB had between them over 500 SIGINT ground stations in the Soviet Union and around the world. In all, the GRU and KGB SIGINT network probably employed about 350,000 intercept operators, processors, cryptanalysts and other technical specialists, a majority of them military personnel—about five times as many as the NSA and US Service Cryptological Authorities, which together had an estimated 60,000 to 70,000 personnel.[86] According to Vladimir Rubakov, a senior KGB officer interviewed shortly before the reorganization of Soviet intelligence in 1991, SIGINT operations consumed a quarter of the KGB budget.[87]

In December 1991 the former Eighth and Sixteenth Directorates of the KGB were reconstituted as an independent service, the Federal Agency for Government Communications and Information (FAPSI in its Russian acronym), responsible for communications security, ciphers and SIGINT. Russian SIGINT operations today are on a significantly smaller scale than those of the former Soviet Union. One of the least noticed consequences of the disintegration of the Soviet Bloc was the dismantling of the great majority of the 150 ground stations in former Warsaw Pact countries. [88] Some of the most important stations outside the Russian Federation, however, still survive—among them the large SIGINT complexes near Tallinn in Estonia and at Lourdes in Cuba (though the Lourdes personnel was reduced by over half to a total of about 1,000 in 1993).[89] The residencies of the SVR, the Russian foreign intelligence service, continue to contain active intercept posts. Though FAPSI operates with somewhat reduced resources, faces harder targets and probably finds it increasingly difficult to match NSA's state of the art technology, Russian SIGINT still has a global reach.

TWENTY - TWO

SPECIAL TASKS

Part 1: From Marshal Tito to Rudolf Nureyev

Assassination had been an integral part of Stalin's foreign policy. During the late 1930s he had been obsessed with NKVD operations to liquidate Trotsky and his leading foreign supporters. The final act of his foreign policy before he died in 1953 was a plan to assassinate Josip Tito, who had succeeded Trotsky as the leading heretic of the Soviet Bloc.

At the height of the Terror, Tito (born Josip Broz) had, ironically, been one of the few leading Yugoslav Communists (most then living in exile in Moscow) who were trusted by the NKVD. On becoming secretary general of the purged Yugoslav Party in 1937, he had dutifully denounced his persecuted and liquidated comrades, in impeccable Stalinist invective, as

Trotskyists, traitors, factionalists, spies and anti-Party elements. He apologized personally to Stalin for his own lack of vigilance in choosing as his first wife a woman who had since been unmasked as an (imaginary) Gestapo agent. When Tito became wartime leader of the Communist partisans, an NKVD agent, Josip Kopinić, codenamed VAZHDUH ("Air"), acted as his radio link with Moscow.[1] At the end of the war, the NKGB resident, Saveli Vladimirovich Burtakov (codenamed LIST), presented the head of Tito's Bureau of People's Protection, Alexander-Leka Ranković, with a portrait of Stalin. Apparently deeply moved, Ranković (codenamed MARKO by the Centre) replied that it was the most precious gift he could possibly have received.[2] There was no sign yet of the violent confrontation between Tito and Stalin which was to erupt only three years later. Despite his own subsequent loathing for Stalinism, the leading Yugoslav communist Milovan Djilas later acknowledged:

> The fact is that not a single Party leader was anti-Soviet—not before the war, not during, not after . . . Stalin and the Soviet Union were our corner-stone and point of spiritual origin . . . [3]

There were already signs by the end of the war, however, that Tito (codenamed OREL ("Eagle") by the Centre) would be less sycophantic to Moscow than most other leaders of the emerging Soviet Bloc. Unlike other Bloc members, the Yugoslav partisans had defeated the Germans and Italians chiefly through their own efforts rather than the sacrifices of the Red Army. Tito declared ominously soon after VE Day, “We will not be dependent on anyone ever again.” Burtakov reported to the Centre:

> Side by side with his positive qualities—popularity, good looks, an expressive face, spirit and willpower—OREL also has the following negative traits: lust for power, lack of modesty, arrogance and insincerity. He considers himself to be the absolute authority, prefers unquestioning obedience, dislikes an exchange of views and criticism of his orders; he is irritable, hot-tempered and curt; he loves to strike poses.

Burtakov also believed Tito was less than frank about his dealings with Britain, “although outwardly he makes a show of his supposed hostility towards the Allies, especially the British.”[4]

Tito and Ranković, in turn, took a dim view of Burtakov, who became notorious for his habit of looting jewelry, crystal, china and rugs from Yugoslav mansions (a practice he was to repeat when posted to Romania and Czechoslovakia).[5] At the end of 1945 Burtakov was replaced as chief adviser to the Bureau of People’s Protection (OZNA) by Arseni Vasilyevich Tishkov, known to the Yugoslavs as Timofeyev.[6]

The post-war MGB had residencies in Belgrade, Zagreb, Ljubljana and Skopje, as well as four sub-residencies elsewhere in Yugoslavia,[7] whose imperious behavior caused increasing resentment at Soviet intrusion into Yugoslav affairs. An inspection by the Centre reported that MGB advisers "interfered roughshod in the internal affairs of the Bureau of People's Protection, and applied pressure in order to obtain information." Information refused by OZNA's leaders was surreptitiously obtained from its junior officers.[8] What caused most resentment in Belgrade, however, was MGB recruitment of Yugoslav agents. Tito was unaware that two of his own ministers—Andriya Hebrang, minister of industry, and Streten Žujović, finance minister—were among them. He was, however, outraged at a Soviet attempt in 1945 to seduce and recruit Dusica Petrović, the female officer in charge of Yugoslav ciphers. When informed of the case by Ranković, Tito exploded: "A spy network is something we will not tolerate! We've got to let them know right away."[9] Tishkov, however, continued to demand from Tito and Ranković offices for himself and the Soviet "advisers" inside OZNA headquarters, with the right to be informed of all agent files and operations.[10]

Of all Tito's early signs of independence, the one which caused most alarm in Moscow was probably his plan for a Balkan federation—interpreted by Stalin as a potential challenge to Soviet hegemony. In March 1948 the Soviet Union recalled its advisers and angrily denounced the Yugoslav Party as riddled with both ideological heresy and British spies. On June 28 Cominform (the post-war successor to Comintern) expelled the Yugoslavs and appealed to “healthy elements” in the Party to overthrow the leadership. Tito’s flattering secret codename OREL (“Eagle”) was hurriedly downgraded to STERVYATNIK (“Carrion Crow”).[11] Stalin, however, initially overestimated the ease with which “Carrion Crow” could be overthrown. “I shall shake my little finger,” he boasted to Khrushchev, “and there will be no more Tito.” When that failed, “he shook everything else he could shake;” but without success. Tito’s hold over the Party, army and state machinery remained secure.

In the summer of 1948 the MGB and UDBA (OZNA’s successor) began a vicious intelligence war. Hebrang and Žujović, the two Soviet moles in Tito’s cabinet, were arrested. Other Soviet agents were discovered in Tito’s bodyguard, of whom the most senior was Major-General Momo Jurović (codenamed VAL). According to Djilas, the UDBA discovered an MGB plot to wipe out the Yugoslav Politburo with automatic rifles while they were relaxing in the billiards room at Tito’s villa. The UDBA’s use of terror against Cominforn “traitors” rivaled in horror, if not in scale, that of the NKVD against Soviet “enemies of the people” a decade before. Djilas mournfully told Ranković, “Now we are treating Stalin’s followers just as he treated his enemies!” [12] The MGB and its allied intelligence services simultaneously engaged in a purge of mostly imaginary Titoist conspirators throughout the Soviet Bloc. Their most celebrated victims were the Hungarian interior minister, László Rajk, and seven alleged accomplices who confessed at a carefully rehearsed show trial in Budapest to taking part in a vast non-existent plot hatched by Tito and the CIA.[13]

The final, and most ingenious, of the MGB plans to assassinate Tito involved one of the most remarkable of all Soviet illegals, Iosif Grigulevich (at this time codenamed MAKS or DAKS), who had taken a leading part in the first, narrowly unsuccessful, attempt on Trotsky’s life in Mexico City in May 1940, had run a Latin American sabotage network during the Second World War, and in 1951—posing as Teodoro Castro—had become Costa Rican chargé d’affaires (later Minister Plenipotentiary) in Rome.[14] Since Costa Rica had no diplomatic mission in Belgrade, Grigulevich was also able to obtain the post of non-resident envoy to Yugoslavia. The MGB reported to Stalin in February 1953:

> While fulfilling his diplomatic duties in the second half of the year 1952, [MAKS] twice visited Yugoslavia, where he was well received. He had access to the social group close to Tito’s staff and was given the promise of a personal audience with

> Tito. The post held by MAKS at the present time makes it possible to use his capabilities for active measures against Tito.[15]

Grigulevich volunteered for the role of assassin. At a secret meeting with senior MGB officers in Vienna early in February 1953 he suggested four possible ways to eliminate "Carrion Crow:"

> 1. To administer a lethal dose of pneumonic plague from a silent spray concealed in his clothing during a personal audience with Tito. (Grigulevich would be inoculated with an antidote beforehand.)
> 2. To obtain an invitation to the reception for Tito to be given during his forthcoming visit to London by the Yugoslav ambassador, with whom Grigulevich was on friendly terms. Grigulevich would shoot Tito with a silenced pistol, then spray tear gas at the reception to cause panic and assist his escape.
> 3. To use the previous method at a diplomatic reception in Belgrade.
> 4. To present Tito with jewelry in a booby-trapped box which would release a lethal poison gas as soon as it was opened.

Grigulevich was asked to submit more detailed proposals to the Centre, Meanwhile, the MGB assured Stalin that there was no doubt that "MAKS, because of his personal qualities and experience in intelligence work, is capable of accomplishing a mission of this kind."[16]

The use of an accredited Central American diplomat as Tito's assassin was intended to conceal as effectively as possible the hand of the MGB. Using his Costa Rican alias, Grigulevich composed a farewell letter addressed to his Mexican wife to be made public and used to reinforce his Latin American cover if he were captured or killed during the assassination attempt.[17] On March 1, 1953 the MGB reported to Stalin that MAK's attempt to "rub out" Tito had, unfortunately, not yet taken place. This disappointing report, which Stalin read at about midnight, may well have been the last document he saw before he suffered a fatal stroke in the early hours of March 2.[18]

After Stalin's death three days later, plans for the assassination were suspended. That May Grigulevich was hurriedly withdrawn to Moscow when the pre-war Soviet defector Aleksandr Orlov began publishing reminiscences of Stalin and the NKVD in *Life* magazine. The Centre feared that Orlov, who knew of Grigulevich's sabotage missions before and during the Spanish Civil War, might blow his cover—though, in the event, he did not do so.[19] So far as the puzzled Costa Rican foreign ministry and Rome diplomatic corps were concerned, Grigulevich and his wife simply disappeared into thin air. A note on his KGB file in 1980 records that Western intelligence services had, apparently, never identified the missing Teodoro Castro as the Soviet illegal Iosif Grigulevich.

Back in Moscow, Grigulevich had successfully completed a doctoral dissertation, become a senior scientific researcher at the Ethnographic Institute of the Soviet Academy of Sciences in 1958, and thereafter made a new life for himself as a leading writer and academic authority on Latin America, ethnography and religion, becoming vice-president of the Soviet—Cuban and Soviet—Venezuelan Friendship Societies.[20]

UNDER KHRUSHCHEV, PLOTS to assassinate Tito were replaced by attempted conciliation with Belgrade. The public Soviet—Yugoslav conflict was formally concluded during a state visit by Khrushchev to Belgrade in May 1955. Assassination was far less central to Khrushchev's foreign policy than it had been to Stalin's. It remained, however, as it had done throughout the Stalin era, a basic part of Soviet policy for dealing with the leaders of anti-Soviet émigré groups: in particular, the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (OUN) and the rival Social-Democratic National Labor Union (NTS). As Party secretary in the Ukraine, Khrushchev had ordered the secret poisoning by the MGB of, among others, the nationalist Oleksander Shumsky and of Archbishop Romzha of the Uniate (Catholic) church.[21]

The first major foreign assassination target of the post-Stalin era was Georgi Sergeyevich Okolovich, one of the leaders of the NTS organization in West Germany. The training of Okolovich's intended assassin, Nikolai

Khokhlov, was personally overseen by the MGB head of foreign intelligence, Aleksandr Semyonovich Panyushkin. Khokhlov's instructors included Mikhail Rubak, a Soviet judo champion, and Lieutenant-Colonel Godlevsky, winner of five national pistol tournaments. The execution weapon was an electrically operated gun, fitted with a silencer and concealed inside a cigarette packet, which fired cyanide bullets developed in the Centre's secret arms laboratory at Khozyaistvo Zheleznovo. Khokhlov, however, proved to be more squeamish than the assassins of the Stalin era and was at least half-persuaded by some of the NTS publications which he read while plotting Okolovich's assassination. On February 18, 1954 Khokhlov called at Okolovich's flat in Frankfurt. His introduction was somewhat disconcerting. "Georgi Sergeyevich," he told him, "I've come to you from Moscow. The Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union has ordered your assassination." He then informed the startled Okolovich that he had decided not to murder him. Instead, Khokhlov defected to an initially skeptical CIA. On April 20 he gave a sensational press conference at which he revealed the assassination plan and displayed his exotic murder weapon to the world's media. [22]

In April 1955, following a prolonged post-mortem at the Centre in the wake of Khokhlov's well-publicized defection, "special actions" were made the responsibility of the reorganized FCD Thirteenth Department, which was represented in residencies by a newly created Line F. Its duties were to prepare and conduct sabotage in collaboration with the GRU; to carry out other "special actions" involving the use of force, ranging from kidnapping to assassination; and to steal Western military technology (a responsibility later handed over to FCD Directorate T on its foundation in 1963).[23]

SABOTAGE OPERATIONS REPLACED assassination as the most important "special actions" of the Thirteenth Department during and beyond the Khrushchev era. The main priority of these operations consisted of the identification of targets in the West and preparations for their destruction by Soviet sabotage and intelligence groups (*diversionnye razvedyvatelnye gruppy* or DRGs) and the local Communist "resistance" in the event of an East—West conflict. One of Line F's earliest tasks followed the conclusion of the four-power Austrian State Treaty, signed in Vienna in May 1955, which ended the post-war occupation by the wartime allies. Before the withdrawal of the Red Army, the KGB was instructed to select and fill a series of secret arms caches. Among the many sites recorded in the files examined by Mitrokhin were the villages of Mayerling, Mollram, Weinersdorf, Heiligenkreuz and Semmering; the Stift Gîttweig monastery; and two ruined castles, Schloss Starhemberg and Schloss Merkenstein. KGB archives contain detailed plans and written descriptions of these and other locations. The plan of the ruins of Schloss Starhemberg, for example, shows a 7.65 caliber Walter pistol, with a cartridge clip and 21 rounds of ammunition, concealed in a crack in the outer wall at ground level 1.5 meters to the left of an old pine tree; and a 6.35 caliber Walter pistol, with a cartridge clip and 21 live rounds, hidden in the castle courtyard 1.5 meters from an old pear tree. At Schloss Merkenstein a 7.65 caliber Mauser pistol, with cartridge clip and 21 rounds of ammunition, was concealed in a niche underneath a large stone to the left of the gateway arch; a Walter pistol, also with cartridge clip and 25 rounds, was hidden in a crevice in the wall.[24]

In May 1964, the KGB residency in Vienna made a sample check of the second Schloss Merkenstein cache, and was disturbed to discover that the cover in which the arms had been wrapped had rotted away. Four of the twenty-one rounds of ammunition had disappeared and were assumed to have fallen deeper into the crevice; the other seventeen rounds had deteriorated and were no longer safe to use. The Walter pistol, once rust had been removed, as found to be still serviceable. The Centre prudently decided to leave the other caches undisturbed.[25]

Potential sabotage targets and landing sites for Soviet sabotage and intelligence groups (DRGs) are recorded in KGB files with the same meticulous detail as the location of the secret arms caches.[26] By 1959, if not earlier, the most vulnerable points of power-transmission lines, oil pipelines, communications systems and major industrial complexes in most, if not all, NATO countries were being systematically reconnoitered and marked on the Thirteenth Department's maps. In the summer of 1959 a KGB agent obtained a temporary job at an electricity substation near Worms in order to assist the preparation of plans to sabotage electric power lines crossing the Rhine.[27] From October 2 to 30, 1959 a Soviet delegation of energy experts, headed by the deputy minister for the construction of power plants and including a KGB officer, used a visit to the United States to reconnoiter sabotage targets in power stations and electricity lines.

Files on suitable landing sites and bases for the DRGs which would attack these and other targets included detailed information on the terrain, landmarks, climate in different seasons, prevailing winds, populated areas and local customs. Where the DRGs were to land by sea rather than by air, there were further details on the coastline, tides and operating conditions for submarines and motor boats.[28] Much of the information was collected by local agents and by Soviet citizens who were allowed to travel to the West for family reunions. An attempt was also made to recruit illegal agents in the main NATO countries and Japan to assist the DRGs. According to a Thirteenth Department file:

> People who are suitable as special [illegal] agents for Line F operations are 20 to 45 years old. Persons

> from aristocratic and bourgeois-conservative circles are of no interest. Preference is given to the following professions: electricians, mechanics, toolmakers, chemists, qualified engineers, technicians and highly skilled workers—primarily citizens of the United States, France, Canada, Britain, West Germany, Italy and Japan. People who adhere strictly to church dogma and rules are not suitable, nor are people with a tendency towards alcoholism, drug addiction and sexual deviations. In order to provide explanations for the characteristics and routines involved in the operations being carried out, it is desirable to select people who travel frequently around their own country as well as to other countries—people who own houses, second homes, country dachas, farmsteads and plots of land.[29]

The Thirteenth Department's preparations for wartime sabotage operations inevitably overlapped with those of the GRU. The resulting duplication of effort was made worse by the traditional rivalry and distrust between the two agencies. On April 7, 1960 the CPSU Central Committee issued Decision No. P-274-XIVI, calling for closer co-ordination between the KGB and GRU. This and other exhortations, however, had little practical effect. In September 1963 the Centre complained that the leadership of the GRU was making no serious attempt to co-ordinate its operations with those of the KG B. [30]

The KGB found it easier to collaborate with the intelligence agencies of other Soviet Bloc countries, who were usually willing to accept a subordinate role, and sought their help in a number of Line F operations. According to Markus Wolf, head of the HVA (Stasi foreign intelligence) from 1952 to 1986, the Centre offered its allies lethal nerve toxins and poisons which were fatal on contact with the skin for use during "special actions." Wolf claims that he refused all but a small supply of "truth drugs," which he had analyzed by an HVA doctor:

> He came back shaking his head in horror. "Use those without constant medical supervision and there is every chance that the fellow from whom you want the truth will be dead as a dodo in seconds," he said.

In his memoirs Wolf seeks to distance himself from KGB assassination attempts. He claims, for example, that the KGB assassinated Aleksandr Trushnovich, the NTS leader in West Berlin, "while attempting to kidnap him."[31] KGB files tell a rather different story. In April 1954 Heinz Gleske, a Stasi officer operating undercover in West Germany, lured Trushnovich to his home, where he was kidnapped and handed over to the KGB at Karlshorst. Gleske then issued a statement, claiming that Trushnovich had become disillusioned with the West and had “voluntarily” defected to East Germany. The Centre awarded Gleske the Order of the Red Star.[32]

Even with some assistance from its allies, the KGB’s “special actions” against NTS and OUN leaders during the Khrushchev era had a mixed record of success—not least because of the doubts of its assassins. In an attempt to disguise its involvement in an attempt to murder the NTS president, Vladimir Poremsky, the Thirteenth Department hired the services of a German contract killer, Wolfgang Wildprett. Like Khokhlov, however, Wildprett had second thoughts, decided not to go ahead with the “special action” and in December 1955 informed the West German police. In September 1957 a Thirteenth Department attempt to poison Khokhlov himself with radioactive thallium (chosen in the belief that it would degrade and leave no trace at autopsy) also failed.

These failures, however, were followed by the successful assassination of two leading Ukrainian émigrés: the main NTS ideologist, Lev Rebet, in October 1957 and the OUN leader, Stephen Bandera, in October 1959.[33] The Thirteenth Department assassin in both cases, only twenty-five years of age when he killed Rebet, was Bodgan Stashinsky, who operated out of the KGB compound at Karlshorst. His murder weapon, specially constructed by the KGB weapons laboratory, was a spray gun which fired a jet of poison gas from a crushed cyanide ampule and caused death by cardiac arrest. The Centre calculated, correctly, that an unsuspecting pathologist was likely to diagnose the cause of death as heart failure. Stashinsky tested his weapon by taking a dog into a wood near Karlshorst, tying it to a tree and firing at it. The dog had immediate convulsions and died in a few moments. Confident of the deadliness of his spray gun, Stashinsky killed both Rebet and Bandera by lying in wait for them in darkened stairways. In December 1959, he was summoned to Moscow. At a ceremony in the Centre, Aleksandr Nikolayevich Shelepin, chairman of the KGB, read aloud a citation praising Stashinsky "for carrying out an extremely important government assignment" and presented him with the Order of the Red Banner. Stashinsky was told he would be sent on a course to perfect his English before being sent on a three- to five-year assignment in the West to carry out further "special actions."[34]

Like Khokhlov and Wildprett, however, Stashinsky had second thoughts about his career as an assassin, encouraged by his East German girlfriend, Inge Pohl, whom he married in 1960. In August 1961, the day before the Berlin Wall sealed off the escape route from the East, the couple defected to the West. Stashinsky confessed to the murders of Rebet and Bandera, was tried at Karlsruhe in October 1962 and sentenced to eight years' imprisonment. The judge declared that the main culprit was the Soviet government which had institutionalized political murder. Heads were quick to roll within the KGB. According to Anatoli Golitsyn, who defected four months after Stashinsky, at least seventeen KGB officers were sacked or demoted.[35] More importantly, the Khokhlov and Stashinsky defections led both the KGB leadership and the Politburo to reassess the risks of “wet affairs” (assassination attempts). Fearful of attracting more of the worldwide publicity generated by Khokhlov’s press conference and Stashinsky’s trial, the Politburo abandoned assassination as a normal treatment of policy outside the Soviet Bloc, resorting to it only on rare occasions such as in the elimination of President Hafizullah Amin of Afghanistan in December 1979.[36]

Among the chief beneficiaries of the KGB’s declining enthusiasm for assassination plots was probably Nikita Khrushchev. Vladimir Semichastny, then the KGB chairman, claims that he was approached in 1964 by Leonid Brezhnev, the ringleader of the plot to oust Khrushchev, and asked to arrange his “physical elimination.” Semichastny refused.[37] He did, however, agree to bug Khruschchev’s private telephone lines. With the KGB’s assistance, the plotters achieved a substantial element of surprise. When Khrushchev left for a holiday on the Black Sea in the autumn of 1964, he was seen off by smiling colleagues. When he returned on October 13, summoned to attend an urgent meeting of the Presidium, he was met at the airport only by Semichastny and a senior security officer from the KGB. “They’ve all gathered in the Kremlin and are waiting for you,” Semichastny told him. Khrushchev surrendered to the inevitable without a struggle, agreeing to resign on the grounds of “advanced age and poor health.” Thereafter, he was relegated almost to the status of unperson, not mentioned again in the press until *Pravda* published a brief note in 1970 recording his death.[38]

THOUGH ITS ASSASSINATION operations declined, the Centre showed increasing interest during the 1960s and 1970s in collaboration with “anti-imperialist” guerrilla and terrorist groups in the Third World. In January 1961 Khrushchev publicly pledged Soviet assistance for “movements of national liberation.” The abortive, CIABACKED invasion of Cuba at the Bay of Pigs three months later strengthened his determination to do so. On August 3 he told a private meeting of Warsaw Pact leaders in Moscow, “I wish we could give imperialism a bloody nose!”[39] The Centre believed it had devised a way to do so which would conceal the role of the KGB.

The aggressive global grand strategy against the Main Adversary, devised in the summer of 1961 by Shelepin and approved by Khrushchev and the Central Committee, envisaged the use of national liberation movements both in operations against the United States and its allies and in promoting “armed uprisings against reactionary pro-Western governments.” At the top of the list of national liberation movements cultivated by the KGB was the newly founded Sandinista National Liberation Front (FSLN) in Nicaragua, which was dedicated to following the example of the Cuban revolution and overthrowing the brutal pro-American dictatorship of the Somoza dynasty.[40] The FSLN leader, Carlos Fonseca Amador, codenamed GIDROLOG ("Hydrologist"), was described by the Centre as "a trusted agent."[41] Sandinista guerrillas formed the basis for a KGB sabotage and intelligence group established in 1966 on the Mexican US border with support bases in the area of Ciudad Juarez, Tijuana and Ensenada. Its leader, Manuel Ramón de Jesus Andara y Ubeda (codenamed PRIM), traveled to Moscow for training in Line F operations. Among the chief sabotage targets across the US border were military bases, missile sites, radar installations and the oil pipeline (codenamed START) which ran from El Paso in Texas to Costa Mesa, California. Three sites on the American coast were selected for DRG landings, together with large-capacity dead-drops in which to store mines, explosive, detonators and other sabotage materials. A support group codenamed SATURN was given the task of using the movements of migrant workers (*braceros*) to conceal the transfer of agents and munitions across the border. SATURN's headquarters was a hotel belonging to a Russian-born agent, codenamed VLADELETS ("Proprietor"), in Ensenada fifty miles from the US border in the Baja California. VLADELET's two sons, both born in Mexico but assessed by the KGB as "Russian patriots," owned a gas station which was selected as a hiding place for DRGs and their equipment as well as a base from which to conduct sabotage in the United States.[42]

Canada in the north, like Mexico in the south, was intended by the Thirteenth Department (reorganized in 1965 as Department V) as a base for cross-border operations by DRGs against the Main Adversary. In 1967 a number of frontier crossings were reconnoitred: among them areas near the Lake of the Woods and International Falls in Minnesota, and in the region of the Glacier National Park in Montana. The KGB believed that one of its targets in Montana, the Flathead dam, generated "the largest power supply system in the world." Department V identified a point (codenamed DORIS) on the South Fork river about three kilometers below the dam, where it could bring down a series of pylons on a steep mountain slope which would take a lengthy period to repair. It also planned a probably simultaneous operation in which DRG commandos would descend on the Hungry Horse dam at night, take control of it for a few hours and sabotage its sluices.

The state with the largest number of targets, however, was almost certainly New York, where DRG's based along the Delaware river, in the Big Spring Park near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and at other locations planned to disrupt the power supply of the entire state before taking refuge in the Appalachian mountains. In examining the target files of the Thirteenth Department and

Department V, Mitrokhin was invariably struck by the thoroughness with which each target had been reconnoitred. The file on the port of New York (target GRANIT), for example, included details of ships' berths, warehouses, communications systems, port personnel and security procedures. As always, the port's most vulnerable points were carefully marked.[43]

As well as being a base of KGB "special tasks" against the United States, Canada was also an important target in its own right. Operation KEDR ("Cedar"), begun by the Ottawa residency in 1959, took twelve years to complete an immensely detailed reconnaissance of oil refineries and oil and gas pipelines across Canada from British Columbia to Montreal. Each target was photographed from several angles and its vulnerable points identified. The most suitable approach roads for sabotage operations, together with the best getaway routes, were carefully plotted on small-scale maps.[44]

Line F operations in north America were part of a much larger strategy. In the event of war with NATO, Moscow planned a massive campaign of sabotage and disruption behind enemy lines. But sabotage on a more modest scale was also envisaged in crises (not precisely defined in files seen by Mitrokhin) which stopped short of war. Within Europe, residencies in NATO countries and some neutral states (notably Austria, Sweden and Switzerland) were all expected to make detailed plans for the sabotage of four to six major targets a year.[45] In 1964-6, for example, Line F in West Germany planned "special actions" against the Wilhelmshaven-Wesseling oil pipeline; fuel and lubricant depots in Wilhelmshaven and Unterpfaffenhoven; the main electrical substations in Brauweiler and Rommerskirchen and in the hamlet of Feinau; the NATO military transit base in the harbor of Bremerhaven; the FRG government war bunker; the Howaldswerft shipbuilding docks at Kiel and the Weser A G in Bremen; and the main US army arms depot at Misau. On instructions from the Centre, the Bonn residency purchased uniforms and work clothes, used by Bundeswehr soldiers, railway personnel, forestry workers, gamekeepers and roadworkers, to be worn as disguise by DRG saboteurs, for whom landing sites were selected in the Black Forest and Bavaria. Arms and radio equipment for use in the sabotage missions were hidden in dead-drops near the targets.[46] The standard DRG arms package, packed in a container designed for long-term storage, consisted of: equipment for blowing up railway track; one "Cherepakha" (tortoise) mine with 3 additional explosive charges; 4 "Ugolok" devices (purpose not specified in Mitrokhin's notes); explosives designed to destroy the main supports of high-voltage power transmission pylons; 3 6-meterlong detonator fuses; and 2 Karandash ("pencil") detonators with a two-hour delay.[47] Each arms cache might include more than one container. Radio transmitters and receivers were usually concealed in separate caches, sometimes with local currency for use by the DRGs. In August 1965, for example, 10,000 deutschmarks were placed in the TREZUBETS cache near Bonn; several attempts to locate it a decade later all failed and the money was written off.[48]

Italy was divided by the Centre into four main zones of operations, each with two landing sites and bases for DRGs: the foothills of the Alps (with sites near Venice and in the Milan-Turin region), the remainder of the north (with sites in the Arno valley and the Livorno-Pisa-Florence area), the center and the south. Each site for parachute landings by DRGs had to be a level area without buildings of approximately 1 by 1.5-2 kilometers. In each zone, a large arms cache was hidden in land or property belonging to an experienced agent; radio equipment and money were hidden in dead-drops. The Rome residency was instructed to buy samples of the uniforms worn by the armed services, police, *carabinieri,* railway and forestry workers, as well as typical clothing of the local inhabitants near the landing sites. For the use of DRGs in the most northerly region, the residency was asked to acquire badges from Alpine units of the armed services. Line F prepared files on power-transmission lines, oil pipelines, bridges, tunnels and military installations within a 120-kilometer radius of each landing site. A four-volume file was prepared on former members of the Italian wartime resistance who, it was hoped, would assist in sabotage missions.[49]

Similar sabotage plans were made for all Department V’s target countries. Each DRG landing site was known as a DOROZHKA (“runway”), each of its bases as a ULEY (“beehive”).[50] Among the most sinister remnants of the Cold War, still scattered around north America, most of western and central Europe, Israel, Turkey, Japan and some other parts of the world, are the caches of KGB arms and radio equipment intended for use by the DRGs. Mitrokhin’s notes include precise details of their locations in a number of countries. Some are booby-trapped with MOLNIYA (“lightning”) explosive devices designed to destroy their contents if the caches are opened, and are highly dangerous.[51] Indeed, one or more of the caches may already have caused explosions mistakenly attributed to other causes.

LATE IN 1998, the Swiss authorities began removing a radio cache in woods near Berne identified by Mitrokhin,[52] which exploded when fired on by a water-cannon. A spokesman for the Federal Prosecutor’s office issued a warning that if any further caches were discovered, they should not be touched: “Anyone who tried to move the [KGB] container would have been killed.”[53] In Belgium, radio sets were safely removed from three other KGB caches (codenamed ALPHA-1, ALPHA-2 and ALPHA-5).[54] Given the dangerous condition of an unpredictable number of the KGB's Cold War radio and arms caches, the SVR now has no excuse for failing to reveal their exact locations to the governments of all the countries in which they have been hidden.

In addition to using Line F officers in KGB residencies to run or supervise its operations, the Thirteenth Department and its successor also had a small group of illegals, trained in sabotage techniques and other "special actions," who moved around the world from one sabotage target or "wet job" to another.[55] The most active was Igor Vitalyevich Voytetsky (codenamed PAUL), who began training as an illegal in 1956 at the age of twenty-three. Voytetsky's father, Gleb Pavlovich Shlyandin, had committed suicide at the height of the Great Terror in 1937. His mother, Sofya Davidovna Rudnitskaya, who worked as a music teacher, had remarried Vitali Panteleymonovich Voytetsky, a film director in the Gorky Film Studio. According to his legend, Voytetesky was "Emil Evraert," the son of a Belgian father, Ernst Evraert, and a German mother, Hedwig Marta Althammer. Ernst Evraert had lived in Russia since 1933; "Hedwig Althammer" did not exist. However, a KGB agent, codenamed RAG, who worked for the commune of Bellecour in the Belgian province of Hainault, made a bogus entry in the commune records which purported to show that PAUL and his fictitious mother had lived there from October 15, 1943 to December 14, 1944. On the strength of this entry and forged identity documents provided by the FCD Illegals Directorate S, PAUL obtained a Belgian passport in the name of Emil Evraert on November 8, 1962, then crossed the Channel to England.

On January 30, 1963, in Dover Register Office, Voytetsky married another KGB illegal, Yulia Ivanovna Gorankova (codenamed VIRGINIA), who was then able to apply for genuine Belgian identity documents to replace her forged West German passport. Assisted by Gorankova, Voytetsky embarked on a full-time career as an illegal working for the Thirteenth Department.[56] His first assignment was in Northern Ireland, where he selected sites for airborne and maritime landings by DRGs. He then reconnoitred landing sites in Scotland, where he also identified suitable bases for wartime "resistance movements" by Scottish Communists, prepared large dead-drops for sabotage equipment, identified vulnerable sections of oil pipelines and other targets and selected agents for carrying out sabotage operations. Over the next decade, before becoming an illegal trainer in 1975, Voytetsky carried out similar assignments in Austria, Belgium, Canada, France, Greece, Hong Kong, Israel, Italy, Spain, Turkey and the United States—probably the first ever saboteur's world tour.[57]

THOUGH THE FCD greatly expanded its sabotage capability during the 1960s, it became increasingly confused about the traditional speciality of its “special actions” department—the liquidation of “enemies of the people” abroad. The targets of most of the assassination plots during the 1960s and 1970s recorded in the KGB files seen by Mitrokhin concerned the KGB’s own defectors, all of whom were sentenced to death for treason during secret trials held *in absentia.* Despite the risks of further bad publicity in the West if they were hunted down, the Centre was determined not to allow the belief to spread within KGB ranks that traitors could escape their just deserts:

> The KGB must intensify the spirit of hatred towards the enemy and traitors. Significant harm is done by the comforting theory that losses are inevitable in wars between intelligence services. At meetings and in reports, betrayals are sometimes called compromises. Compromises, by which is meant operational failures, are usually provoked by skillful dangles by the enemy. Equating these two concepts usually leads to the moral justification of traitors, and creates an image of them as victims of the intelligence skills of the enemy. Defectors do not go unpunished. Their punishment is described in such proverbs as: “The traitor Judas is hated everywhere.” “A mercenary dog deserves a stake through the heart” and “A traitor is his own murderer.”[58]

Deep concern in the Centre at the damage done by Anatoli Golitsyn's defection from the Helsinki residency in December 1961 strengthened its determination to deter future defectors. Unaware of the confusion caused inside the CIA by Golitsyn's increasingly extravagant conspiracy theories, the KGB regarded his defection as a serious setback.[59] His case prompted a major review by the Centre of its procedures for liquidating traitors outside the Soviet Union. In November 1962 Semichastny, who had succeeded Shelepin as KGB chairman, a year earlier, approved a plan for "special actions" against a group of "particularly dangerous traitors," jointly drawn up by the heads of the First and Second Chief Directorates, Aleksandr Mikhailovich Sakharovsky and Oleg Mikhailovich Gribanov:

> As these traitors, who have given important state secrets to the opponent and caused great political damage to the USSR, have been sentenced to death in their absence, this sentence will be carried out abroad.

The oldest name on the death list was that of the former GRU cipher clerk Igor Gouzenko, who had defected in 1945. The remainder were more recent KGB defectors: Anatoli Golitsyn, Pyotr Deryabin, Yuri Rastvorov, Vladimir and Evdokia Petrov, Reino Hayhanen, Nikolai Khokhlov and Bogdan Stashinsky.[60] The plan approved by Semichastny instructed the Thirteenth Department to train assassins to carry out the death sentences on the traitors. The FCD Counter-Intelligence Department (later Directorate K) was to track them down in their foreign refuges, in collaboration with the Second Chief Directorate, which would maintain surveillance of the traitors' relatives inside the Soviet Union, monitor their correspondence and carry out periodic searches of their homes.[61] In Golitsyn's case it was hoped that he would emerge from hiding to give evidence to a Congressional committee and provide an opportunity for a KGB assassin.[62]

In 1964 reports appeared in the American press that the former illegal Reino Hayhanen, who had betrayed "Willie" Fisher (alias "Rudolf Abel"), had been killed in a road accident. FCD personnel were informed that the "accident" had been arranged by the Thirteenth Department. Though KGB had, in reality, no hand in Hayhanen's death, most foreign intelligence officers were taken in by their chief's disinformation.[63] The truth, which the Centre could not bring itself to admit even to its own officers, was that it rarely succeeded in tracking down any of those on the list of "particularly dangerous traitors" and that, even when it did so, it could not devise methods of assassinating them which did not carry unacceptable risks.

During the 1960s, the names of several further defectors were added to the list of “particularly dangerous traitors” to be liquidated abroad. The first was Yuri Nosenko, a KGB officer who had made secret contact with the CIA in June 1962 while serving on the Soviet disarmament delegation in Geneva and who defected to the United States in January 1964.[64] Unlike any of the other defectors on the 1962 list of “particularly dangerous traitors,” Nosenko was imprisoned, though not executed. By a terrible irony, however, his jailers were not the KGB but the CIA. Golitsyn had claimed that the KGB would send a series of bogus defectors in an attempt to discredit him. Nosenko, he insisted, was one of them. Tragically, Nosenko’s debriefers, like Angleton, the chief of the counterintelligence staff, believed Golitsyn. They paid too much attention to some of the apparent gaps and discrepancies in Nosenko’s story—notably the confusion over his rank. They also wrongly concluded that some of his information was too good to be true—particularly his accurate report in the wake of Kennedy’s assassination that Oswald’s file in the Centre showed that the KGB considered him mentally unstable and had declined to use him as an agent, despite his period in the Soviet Union. And they foolishly regarded as suspicious rather than rational Nosenko’s lack of support for Golitsyn’s conspiracy theories. Pete Bagley, chief of the counterintelligence branch of the CIA’s Soviet Division, complained, “[Nosenko] made everything sound less sinister than Golitsyn. To me, Golitsyn’s version was simply superior.” For four years and eight months Nosenko was imprisoned by the CIA in miserable conditions, without reading material or human contact, while his interrogators insisted he admit that he was a KGB plant. Few cases in American intelligence history have been so appallingly mishandled.[65]

The KGB knew nothing of the CIA’s ill-founded suspicions. Ironically, while Nosenko was languishing in solitary confinement in a prison cell, the Centre was working on a plan for both him and Golitsyn to be assassinated by the illegal PAUL, if they visited the 1967 Montreal World Fair (which, for rather different reasons, neither did).[66]

The Centre’s continuing inability to track down its traitors was well illustrated by the case of the illegal Yevgeni Runge (codenamed MAKS), who defected with his wife Valentina Rush (ZINA) to the CIA in Germany in October 1967. Following the KGB’s traditional practice of using insulting codenames for defectors, MAKS was renamed GNIDA (“Nit”). Like his predecessors, he was secretly condemned to death *in absentia.* Enormous efforts involving several other Soviet Bloc services were devoted to operation TREZOR, the long and unsuccessful attempt to track down and liquidate Runge. More than fifty of the Runges’ friends and relatives in the Soviet Union, East and West Germany were placed under surveillance; every item of their correspondence which passed through the Soviet Bloc was opened and examined; their homes were bugged and secretly searched. The Stasi mounted a support operation, codenamed COBRA, which set out to cultivate Valentina Rush's sister, Renata Ludwig, and one of her relatives, Ernst Buchholz, who lived in West Berlin. After fifteen years of failure, operation COBRA was finally abandoned.

The KGB also sought the assistance of other Soviet Bloc intelligence services in finding an assassin capable of liquidating Runge in north America, where it was assumed he had taken refuge. The Centre's preferred candidate was a Hungarianborn West German criminal, codenamed JAGUAR, who had been recruited by the AVH for "special actions" against anti-Communist Hungarian émigrés. On July 1, 1968 JAGUAR blew up the Danube printing house in Munich, which produced émigré publications. He also set fire to the editorial offices of two Hungarian émigré newspapers, putting one of them out of business. For these operations JAGUAR received 40,000 Hungarian forints and 1,000 West German marks from the AVH. Impressed by his "special actions" in Munich, the KGB decided to employ him for operation TREZOR. JAGUAR was shown photographs of Runge and his wife and agreed to hunt them down. Once he had left for the United States, however, he disappeared without trace—together, presumably, with the operational funds allocated to him by the KGB. Following JAGUAR's disappearance, the Centre asked the East

German Stasi and the Bulgarian DS whether they had contacts among American gangsters or mafiosi who would take out a contract on Runge. Neither was able to suggest a suitable assassin.[67]

AS WELL AS attempting to liquidate major traitors, the Thirteenth Department and Department V were also responsible for administering lesser punishments to other defectors whose crimes were not considered to merit the death penalty. The November 1962 plan for dealing with defectors also specified "special action" against the world-famous ballet dancer Rudolf Nureyev, who had defected at Le Bourget airport in Paris during a tour by the Kirov Ballet in 1961.[68] The KGB had begun a campaign of intimidation immediately after Nureyev's defection. On the night of his first major performance with a Western company, when he was due to dance the part of the Blue Bird in a Paris production of *Sleeping Beauty,* he received emotional letters from both his parents and his former ballet teacher, appealing to him not to betray the fatherland. Having steeled himself to go ahead, Nureyev then found his performance interrupted:

> I had barely come on to the stage . . . when shouting and whistling broke out, almost drowning Tchaikovsky's music. I went on dancing the Blue Bird, but beyond the haze of the footlights . . . I was perfectly aware that some communists were trying to

> sabotage the performance. I could hardly hear the music and I saw pieces of what looked like glass thrown on to the stage at me but I kept on dancing.[69]

The KGB's early attempts at intimidation failed. On February 21, 1962, amid a blaze of publicity, Nureyev made his Covent Garden debut, dancing with Margot Fonteyn in *Giselle.* To those who saw that unforgettable performance and the twenty-three curtain calls which followed, it was already clear that one of the greatest partnerships in the history of dance had been born.[70] The Centre was outraged not merely by the public adulation of a notorious defector but also by Nureyev's publication a few months later of memoirs describing his "leap to freedom" in the West. Though the November 1962 plan of campaign against leading defectors did not specify the nature of the "special action" to be employed against him, it was clear from the context that it would henceforth involve a good deal more than sprinkling broken glass on the stage.[71] Subsequent FCD directives discussed schemes (which were never successfully implemented) to break one or both of Nureyev's legs.[72]

In the summer of 1970 one of Nureyev's best-known near-contemporaries, Natalia Makarova, defected from the Kirov Ballet during a London season at the Royal Festival Hall. The KGB report on the defection predictably condemned her as a "politically immature individual, with low moral qualities."[73] In reality, the main motive for her defection, like Nureyev's, had been the quest for greater artistic freedom. [74] A joint memorandum by the heads of the First and Second Chief Directorates proposed that, if a way could be found to injure Nureyev without the hand of the KGB being obvious, a similar "special action" should be undertaken against Makarova. As usual, the reference in their memorandum to physical injury was expressed in euphemistic bureaucratic prose:

> Depending on the results of special actions taken with respect to Nureyev, aimed at lessening his professional skills, [the KGB] should consider carrying out a similar action with respect to Makarova, in order to localize the negative effect of her forthcoming performances in Britain and the United States. If the British propaganda organs are activated and information provided by her is used to slander Soviet life, additional measures will be devised.[75]

An approach was made by the Centre to the Bulgarian intelligence service to seek the possible assistance of one of their agents in a company where Makarova was due to dance. On one occasion Makarova was slightly hurt in an accident behind the stage caused by a beam falling from the set. The files seen by Mitrokhin, however, do not make clear whether this was the first nearly successful "special action" by the KGB against a defecting ballerina or merely an act of clumsiness by a stagehand.[76]

Since the defection of the reluctant assassin, Bogdan Stashinshky, in 1960, KGB operations against traitors living in the West had been totally unsuccessful. Though enormous amounts of time and resources had been devoted to tracking down defectors and preparing to kill and maim them, the only successful liquidation claimed by the Centre, the assassination of Hayhanen, was entirely fraudulent. It is just possible that the KGB was responsible for the minor injury to Natalia Makarova. But the probability is that its pursuit of traitors during the decade up to 1970 ended in complete failure.

APPENDIX 1

INSTRUCTIONS FOR DISARMING THE MOLNIYA [“LIGHTNING”) EXPLOSIVE DEVICE

Instructions for Disarming the MOLNIYA Explosive DeviceFCD Directorate S guidance to residencies on the correct procedure for removing radio transmitters from booby-trapped caches

1. When digging out the container from the earth, take care not to strike the handle by chance. Dig until the upper surface of the container with the handle comes to light; remove the board and the plywood which cover the container.
2. The handle must only be turned and the container tilted and taken out of the hole after the explosive device has been disarmed.
3. In order to disarm the device, one must have a pocket torch battery of not less than 3.5 volts. Attach two wires of 30-50 cm length to the battery, with sharp probes at the end (a nail or a needle).
4. Without taking the container out of the cache, place one of the battery contacts on the body of the container, and

the other on the left lock fitting, assuming that the lid of the container faces the operator. The contact points must be applied after scratching the paintwork on the body of the container and on the lock fitting.

5. When contact is made with the battery, a "click" should be heard inside the container; this indicates that the explosive device has been disarmed. If there is no "click," check the contact points again and repeat the operation to disarm the device.

6. If when the operation is repeated there is still no "click," it is forbidden to take the container out of the cache and the cache must be filled in. To open the container and remove the electric detonators from the two-way radio:

- remove the padlocks and lift the lid of the container with the key which is inside the container. Unscrew the four screws and remove the metal casing under which the two-way radio is located in the ALIOT packaging;
- cut each of the wires which connect the container with the ALIOT packaging and remove the package from the container.[77]

APPENDIX 2

EXAMPLE OF BOOBY-TRAPPED RADIO CACHE PUT IN PLACE BY THE BERNE RESIDENCY

On May 15, 1966, the KGB residency in Berne, Switzerland carried out an operation to deposit a booby-trapped BR-3U agent radio transmitter no. 624471/2329 in a hiding place codenamed CACHE no. 3. In July 1972, the residency was ordered to check the area where the transmitter had been buried and to devise an operation to remove it. Directorate S sent Berne the following description of the route to the cache and of its location:

Cache No. 3

> Leaving Friburg by the Avenches road. Six kilometers from Friburg, the road goes through the township of Belfaux. There is a farm standing on its own on the right-hand side of the road as you leave Belfaux. About 100 meters beyond this farm, a track on the right-hand side goes up to a wood on a hillock. The entrance to this track is immediately

opposite a railway crossing. Go up this track to the edge of the wood, where there is a large covered chapel with the image of a saint and benches for sitting.

A path passes by the chapel on the edge of the wood. Take 55 steps along the path from the left-hand side of the chapel (as you face it). At that point, on the right-hand side, there is a stone pillar inscribed with the letters F C, and next to it on the left there is a large pine tree (the only one in the sector between the chapel and the little pillar). Start counting steps again from the edge of the path. Proceed at right angles to the path, passing between the pine tree and the little pillar. After taking 36 steps, you will be at the point between two large leafy trees, the only ones in the sector. The distance between the trees is three paces. The area between the trees has been used for the cache.

If no motor car is available, one can reach the cache by rail from Friburg, alighting at Belfaux and proceeding on foot. The distance from the Belfaux railway station up to the cache is about 1,500 m.

There are three containers in the cache: a case, a waterproof package and a stone.

The case container has an explosive device which was made live by means of the MOLNIYA ["Lightning"] system when it was put into the cache.

A board has been put on top of the case container

> in order to protect the handle when the cache is opened.
>
> Close to the center of the cache, a glass jar has been buried 30 cm below the surface, and above the suitcase a 15 cm length of metal piping has been stuck vertically into the earth, the upper end being 5-7 cm below the surface. These items were placed there for the special purpose of indicating whether the cache had been opened by third parties. At the same time, they can act as markers during the excavation. The overall depth of the cache is 1 m. The case contains a BR-3U radio transmitter.

After inspecting the area, the Berne residency reported to the Centre that, because of the lack of leaf cover at the site, it would be difficult to conceal signs of excavation. It would also be difficult to devise a cover story for the presence of operational officers in the area of the cache for one or two hours, which might well attract attention. Directorate S eventually proposed to the leadership of the FCD that the cache be written off, partly because of the difficulties of excavation, and partly because the fact that the shelf life of the MOLNIYA device had expired might make removal of the transmitter hazardous. The proposal was approved.[78]

The cache was eventually emptied in December 1998 by Swiss Federal police using the finding instructions from Mitrokhin's archive reproduced above. The

MOLNIYA device was, as Directorate S had anticipated, dangerously unstable and exploded when fired on by a water cannon.[79] (See illustrations.)

APPENDIX 3

EXAMPLES OF RADIO CACHES PUT IN PLACE BY THE ROME RESIDENCY

Examples of Radio Caches Put in Place by the Rome Residency(a) Description of the Route to the MEZHOZERNY ("Inter-lake") cache and location of the cache

> On April 15, 1962, a BR-3U radio transmitter no. 609072/9126 was placed in a waterproof package in the MEZHOZERNY cache.
>
> The MEZHOZERNY cache is located 30 km from Rome in a wooded area between Lakes Albano and Nemi, 50 m from the Via dei Laghi, on the right-hand side of the road when traveling from Rome to Velletri.
>
> Leave Rome by the Appia Antica, and 17 km later (the lower end of Champino airfield) turn left into the Via dei Laghi, leading to Velletri. Proceed for 13 km along the Via dei Laghi up to the 13 km milestone and continue in the same direction for 120

m beyond the 13 km milestone and at that point a broad path goes off to the right into a wood.

Go along this path for 90 m up to a fork where there are two paths, continue along the path to the right which begins 10 m from four large stones on the main path.

These two paths go round either side of a hillock. After following the right-hand path for 15 m from the point where it branches off, turn left and go up the hill for 7-8 m. On the hill and on its slopes there are holes, apparently left after trees had been uprooted. Among all these holes there is a group of four which are side by side.

The cache in which the load was secreted is a square hole which is next to another large hole of irregular shape like the figure eight.

At the bottom of the hole a chamber has been dug in the direction of the fork in the paths and it is in this that the trunk with the two-way radio has been placed. It is covered with earth and stones to a depth of 55-60 cm. After the case had been covered with 25 cm of earth a first marker was placed: two lengths of green wire were put across the spot diagonally and the case was then covered with another 50 cm of earth, when a yellow wire was also placed diagonally across the spot; this was then covered with a 55-60 cm layer of earth. On the opposite side of the hole there is a large stone.

> The distance from the Via dei Laghi and Ariccia-Rocca di Papa crossroads up to the broad footpath when traveling away from Rome is about 1,450 m.[80]

(THE CACHE WAS emptied by the Rome residency on February 6, 1970, apparently because of concern that the condition of its contents might be deteriorating and becoming unsafe.)[81]

(b) Description of the Route to the MARINO Cache and Its Location

> On September 20, 1962, two containers were placed on the MARINO cache: a notebook with instructions on the removal and packing of the two-way radio, and a capsule containing instructions for operating the two-way radio together with schedules for two-way and one-way communication; all the materials were on soft film in English.
>
> The MARINO cache consisted of a cleft at the foot of an ancient tree which had been expanded into the root system of the tree.
>
> The cache was located at a point 6 km along the Via dei Laghi after leaving Rome. Proceed along the Rome-Albano road, turn left into the Via dei Laghi, and continue for 6.3 km. From the 6 km milestone, the road begins to turn sharply just in face of the Marino hamlet. In the middle of the bend, two

> unmetaled village tracks go off to the left and the right of the road. Between the track to the right of the road and the road itself there is a sector overgrown with tall bushes. Among these bushes there is one ancient tree 25 m from the road. The MARINO cache is at the foot of this tree in the root system on the side opposite to the road, at a depth of 25 cm from the surface.
>
> Two containers are wrapped in cellophane and placed in a metal sweet tin measuring 18 × 10 × 4 cm, the edges of which have been stuck down with insulating tape.
>
> The objects have been covered with earth and a stone placed on top.[82]

(The cache was emptied by the Rome residency on February 7, 1970.)[83]

> FOR REASONS OF public safety it is impossible to publish the locations of any of the KGB radio and arms caches which have not been cleared, since an unknown number are booby-trapped or in otherwise dangerous condition.

TWENTY - THREE

SPECIAL TASKS

Part 2: The Andropov Era and Beyond

On becoming chairman of the KGB in 1967, Andropov immediately announced his intention to revive KGB "special actions" as an essential tool of Soviet policy during the Cold War. The FCD, he declared, "must take the offensive in order to paralyze the actions of our enemies and to get them involved in a struggle in conditions which are unfavorable to them."[1] Two years earlier dissatisfaction with the recent record of the Thirteenth Department, which was responsible for FCD special actions, had led to its reorganization as Department V.[2] Following Andropov's call for a new "offensive to paralyze the actions of our enemies," the main priority of Department V became "special actions of a political nature"—the peacetime use of sabotage and other forms of violence in the furtherance of Soviet policy.[3] Line F officers in residencies were instructed to show greater ingenuity in devising special actions in which the hand of the KGB would be undetectable. All of the newly devised sabotage proposals employed the same standardized coded jargon. Each act of sabotage was termed a “Lily” (*Liliya*), the explosive device a “Bouquet” (*Buket*), the detonator a “Little Flower” (*Tsvetok*), the explosion of the device a “Splash” (*Zaplyv*) and the saboteur the “Gardener” (*Sadovnik*).[4]

The most important special action being planned at the beginning of the Andropov era was in Greece, where a group of army colonels seized power in April 1967, suspended parliamentary government and declared martial law. The Greek Communist Party (KKE) was driven underground and its leaders temporarily lost touch with Moscow. In July 1967 the KGB was formally instructed by the CPSU Central Committee to renew contact with the underground Party (a task it had doubtless already begun) and to give it “political and material assistance.”[5] The “material assistance” included both financial subsidies, usually handed over to Party representatives in Budapest,[6] and help in preparing for guerrilla warfare. The Centre decreed that Department V’s main priority for 1968 should be to set up sabotage and intelligence groups (DRGs) on Greek territory to prepare for an uprising against the military regime.[7] Department V also made preparations for possible guerrilla operations in Italy. The leaders of the PCI were seriously afraid of an Italian military putsch on the Greek model and had requested Soviet assistance in preparing the Party for the possibility that, like the KKE, it would have to transform itself into an illegal underground movement.[8]

In 1968, all KGB residencies were sent operational letters headed "Recommendations for Creating the Necessary Conditions on the Territory of a Potential Adversary for Special Group [DRG] Operations in an Emergency." The letter to the resident in Athens, Ivan Petrovich Kislyak (codenamed MAYSKY), added: "It is not possible that the course of events will in practice require us to assist local progressive forces in the near future, and we must therefore make preparations for this in advance."[9] The Centre issued instructions that all locally recruited DRGs operating in Greece were to be headed by KGB agents, but that this was to be concealed from other members of the groups.[10] In 1968 the illegal PAUL was sent to Greece with orders to select "runways" (*doroshki*) for the landing of airborne Soviet DRGs and bases—"beehives" (*ulya*)—from which to operate, as well as to check the suitability of those sites identified earlier. "Runway ALFA," reconnoitered by PAUL, was located in the southern part of the Thessalia plain, about forty kilometers north-west of the town of Lamia. "Runway BETA" was on the north-west of the Thessalia plain, four or five kilometers south of the Kalambaka settlement. The wooded hilly districts of Belasitsa, Piri and Sengal were chosen as areas suitable for smuggling agents and equipment across the Bugarian—Greek border.[11]

In August 1968 the Bulgarian DS confidently informed the Centre that it was capable of overthrowing the Greek junta with the assistance of one of its agents, whom it identified as the former head of a Greek intelligence agency. The Bulgarian Central Committee had approved the proposed *coup d'état* in Athens and instructed the leadership of its intelligence service to coordinate plans for it with the KGB and the CPSU Central Committee.[12] The KGB files seen by Mitrokhin do not explain why the Bulgarian proposal was turned down. There were, however, at least three probable reasons. The Centre may well have assessed the risks of failure more highly than the Bulgarians. The Politburo, which at almost the moment the Bulgarian proposal reached it was deciding on the invasion of Czechoslovakia, was doubtless disinclined to give its simultaneous approval to a risky coup attempt in Greece. Further complications were caused by the split in the Greek Communist Party which, after the suppression of the Prague Spring, divided into the pro-Soviet KKE and the Eurocommunist KKE-es. Brillakis (codenamed SEMYON), who had hitherto been one of the KGB's chief contacts in the underground Greek Party, refused further meetings with the Athens residency in protest at the Warsaw Pact invasion of

Czechoslovakia.[13]

Though the KGB continued to channel large amounts of money into the KKE,[14] it seems to have made little progress in setting up DRGs on Greek soil. The main material successfully smuggled across the Greek—Bulgarian border was not sabotage equipment into Greece but the archives of the KKE which were taken in the opposite direction. Weighing 14 tons, filling 1,598 packages and four crates, guarded by thirty Greek Communists, they were transported from Bulgaria to Romania and thence to the Soviet Union, where they were deposited for safekeeping in the town of Ivanovo.[15]

AMONG DEPARTMENT V'S most ambitious proposals for special actions during 1968 was an operation to distract Western opinion from the suppression of the Prague Spring by sabotaging a major oil pipeline, codenamed ZVENO ("Link"), near the Austrian end of Bodensee Lake, which was believed by the Centre to carry 10 million tons of oil a year between Italy and West Germany. By breaching the pipeline at the point where it crossed the Rhine canal, Department V calculated that it could pollute the Bodensee, and thus contaminate the main source of drinking water on the West German—Austrian frontier. To carry the explosive, the Vienna residency purchased four Western-manufactured 1-liter thermos flasks, as well as ten ballpoint pens—presumably to conceal the detonators. The scapegoats for the environmental disaster caused by the explosion were to be Italian extremists allegedly retaliating for acts of sabotage carried out by South Tyrol terrorists.

ZVENO set the pattern for most Department V peacetime special actions: immensely laborious and detailed preparations, followed by a reluctant decision not to go ahead because of the political risks involved—in particular, the possibility that, despite all the precautions taken, the hand of the KGB might somehow be discovered. The operation was postponed several times, kept under review for a number of years and finally abandoned.[16]

Many, perhaps most, of the proposed special actions in Europe were intended to cause dissension within NATO. A characteristic example (reproduced at the end of this chapter) was the proposal by the Athens residency in April 1969 for a bomb attack on the Turkish consulate-general in Thessaloniki, which would be blamed on a Greek extremist. Though complimenting the Athens residency on its initiative, the Centre once again dared not take the risk of giving the go-ahead. Instead, on May 12, 1969, it sent a temporizing reply:

> We approve the work carried out by the residency to collect material with the aim of preparing a Lily [sabotage operation] against the YAYTSO [Turkish consulate-general] target. We have put this target on

> file and if the need arises we shall return to the question of carrying out a Lily against it.
>
> We ask you to keep the YAYTSO target under observation as far as possible, in order to collect additional data and to take account of possible changes.[17]

Probably the first Department V plan approved by Sakharovsky, the head of the FCD, for a major special action in Britain was operation EDDING, a scheme to disrupt preparations for the investiture of the 20-year-old Prince Charles as Prince of Wales on July 1, 1969. Security at the ceremony itself in Caernavon Castle, when the Queen presented Prince Charles with the coronet, rod, ring, sword and mantle of his office in front of 4,000 invited guests and a worldwide television audience of 500 million, was expected to be too tight for a special action. Instead, about a month beforehand, Department V proposed to blow up a small bridge on the road from Porthmadog to Caernavon, near the junction of the A487 and the A498, using British-manufactured gelignite. On the eve of the explosion a letter was to be sent to the Welsh Nationalist MP Gwynfor Evans, at the House of Commons, warning him that MI5 and Scotland Yard were planning a "provocation" in order to discredit the Welsh Nationalists and provide a pretext for a major security clampdown in Wales.

When the explosion took place Evans and his colleagues were then expected to unmask the conspiracy by the "British organs of power" against Welsh liberties. Though backed by the FCD, however, operation EDDING was postponed by higher authority—either Andropov or the Politburo (the file does not specify which)—doubtless because of the fear, once again, that KGB involvement might come to light.[18]

A CENTRE REPORT in 1969 subjected the past record of both the Thirteenth Department and Department V to scathing criticism. Only the training of sabotage and intelligence groups (DRGs) was judged reasonably satisfactory. Some special tasks had proved beyond the capacity of both the Thirteenth Department and its successor to implement; others had become redundant. The report argued that there was little point in making elaborate preparations for DRGs to sabotage American and NATO military installations which were also targeted by the considerably more numerous GRU *spetsnaz,* and in many cases by the Soviet nuclear missile strike force. It was noted that, during the previous three years, there had been only one successful "special action of a political nature"—operation PEPEL ("Ashes") in Istanbul (although what this was exactly remains unclear).[19] The report, however, predictably failed to mention that the lack of special actions involving the peacetime use of sabotage and other forms of violence was due chiefly to Andropov's refusal to sanction the proposals put to him.

Andropov’s reluctance to accept the risks of the peacetime special actions for which he had called on becoming chairman forced him to rethink his strategy. Having reassessed the scope for direct involvement by the KGB, he increasingly turned to using terrorist proxies. Among the first opportunities for their use was a new wave of troubles in Northern Ireland. On November 6, 1969 the general secretary of the Irish Communist Party, Michael O’Riordan, a veteran of the International Brigades,[20] forwarded a request for Soviet arms from the Marxist IRA leaders Cathal Goulding and Seamus Costello. According to O’Riordan:

> There has always existed more or less good relations between the IRA and the Irish Communists. We not only conduct a number of public and anti-imperialist activities together, but for more than a year a secret mechanism for consultations between the leadership of the IRA and the Joint Council of the Irish Workers’ Party and the Communist Party of Northern Ireland has existed and is operating. They unfailingly accept our advice with regard to tactical methods used in the joint struggle for civil rights and national independence for Ireland.[21]

The IRA had been widely criticized by its supporters for failing to defend the Catholic community during the Belfast troubles of August 1969, when seven people had been killed, about 750 injured and 1,505 Catholic families had been forced out of their homes—almost five times the number of dispossessed Protestant households. One Catholic priest reported that his parishioners were contemptuously calling the IRA, "I Ran Away."[22] In his message to Moscow, O'Riordan said that during the "August crackdown" the IRA had failed to act as "armed defender" of the nationalist community because "its combat potential was weakened by the fact that it had previously concentrated its efforts on social protests and educational activity." He claimed that there was now a real possibility of civil war in Northern Ireland between the two communities, and of serious clashes between British troops and the Catholics. Hence the IRA's appeal for arms. In a report to the Central Committee, Andropov insisted that, before going ahead with an arms shipment, it was essential to verify O'Riordan's ability "to guarantee the necessary conspiracy in shipping the weapons and preserve the secret of their source of supply."[23] It was more than two and half years before Andropov was sufficiently satisfied on both these points to go ahead with the arms shipment.

While talks were continuing with O'Riordan, the illegal PAUL was instructed to explore the possibility of using extremist Quebec separatists in special actions against the United States.[24] Given the violence of the terrorist methods employed by the FLQ (*Front de Libération du*

Québec) and its apparent interest in Cuban and Soviet Bloc assistance, the hopes placed in it by the Centre were by no means fanciful. In 1969 the FLQ bombed both the home of the Montreal mayor and the National Defense Headquarters in Ottawa. During 1970 it failed in its attempts to kidnap the American and Israeli consuls-general in Montreal, but succeeded in kidnapping British trade official James Cross and Quebec labor minister Pierre Laporte. Cross was eventually released in return for a promise of safe conduct to Cuba for his kidnappers, but Laporte was murdered—strangled by the chain of the crucifix he wore around his neck.[25]

Though PAUL probably succeeded in making at least indirect contact with the FLQ, the Centre almost certainly decided that the risks of establishing a direct KGB—FLQ connection were too great. The KGB did, however, seek to cover its own tracks by circulating forged documents indicating that the CIA was involved with the FLQ. On September 24, 1971 the *Montreal Star* published a photocopy of a bogus CIA memorandum dated October 20, 1970:

> Subject Quebec. Sources advise that urgent action be taken to temporarily break contact with the FLQ militants since the Canadian government's measures may have undesirable consequences.

Questions followed in the Canadian parliament. Prime

Minister Pierre Trudeau declared that if the CIA was operating in Canada, it was “without the knowledge or consent of the government.”[26] Twenty years later the forged memorandum was still being quoted in Canadian publications, even by some academic authorities.[27] Further forgeries suggesting CIA involvement with Quebec extremists were circulated on the eve of the visit to Canada by President Nixon in 1972.[28]

ANDROPOV’S FRUSTRATION AT the difficulty of mounting peacetime special tasks which would leave no trace of the KGB’s involvement was heightened by his mistaken conviction that the CIA was pursuing its own series of special tasks against KGB officers and other Soviet citizens living abroad. In a letter to Brezhnev of May 21, 1970, headed “of special importance,” Andropov gave three instances of actual or attempted “abductions” by the CIA: the unsuccessful attempt to abduct the KGB officer Georgi Petrovich Pokrovsky in Tokyo on March 17, 1966; similarly, Yuri Sergeevich Pivovarov of the GRU in Buenos Aires on March 29, 1970; and the disappearance without trace of a Novosti correspondent in Delhi, Yuri Aleksandrovich Bezmenov, on March 9, 1970.[29]

Andropov’s allegations derived not from any real CIA program of covert action but from his own addiction to conspiracy theory. Pivovarov had been the victim of an attempted kidnap and assassination by the right-wing Argentinian terrorist group Mano (“Hand”), which claimed to be avenging the kidnapping of a Paraguayan diplomat by left-wing terrorists.[30] Most other cases of alleged CIA special actions against KGB officers were in reality cases of actual or attempted defection. Some FCD officers realized—as Andropov did not—that “abductions” were convenient fictions used by residencies to conceal the shameful reality of defection. Such was the case, for example, in the disappearance of Bezmenov. Anxious to save face, the Delhi residency had reported that he had been abducted, and his son (the closest surviving relative) was given financial compensation.[31] In reality, as Bezmenov later admitted:

> I decided to stay in India to become a kind of hippie and get to now the country. Unfortunately, I started reading local newspaper and found out the Indian police were looking for me. I panicked. I tried to make a deal with smugglers to take me out of the country, but they either wanted too much money or didn’t trust me.

Eventually Bezmenov approached the CIA, who exfiltrated him first to Greece, where he was debriefed, then resettled him in Canada.[32] The KGB abandoned the myth of Bezmenov’s abduction after he was seen visiting an exhibition in Montreal in 1974, and ordered his bewildered son to return all the money they had paid to him.[33]

The conspiracy theorists in the Centre, however, remained convinced that the CIA was out to abduct KGB officers, as well as to induce them "to commit treason" (in other words, to defect). That belief survived until the end of the Cold War. When Kryuchkov became the first head of the FCD to visit Washington in 1987, Robert Gates, then deputy DCI, found it impossible to persuade him that a Soviet scientist, Vladimir Valentinovich Aleksandrov, who had gone missing in Spain, had not been physically abducted by the CIA.[34]

In his letter to Brezhnev of May 21, 1970, Andropov insisted that the CIA dared to engage in "brazen" provocations towards the KGB only because of "the lack of appropriate measures on our part." It was, he argued, high time to retaliate in kind and abduct a CIA officer to teach the Americans a lesson. To avoid the risk that a KGB special action might go wrong and become publicly known, Andropov asked Brezhnev's permission to use a proxy.

The precedent set by the previous use of Sandinista guerrillas against American targets in central and north America.[35] encouraged both Andropov and Department V to consider the use of Palestinian terrorists as proxies in the Middle East and Europe. The man chiefly responsible for exporting Palestinian terrorism to Europe was Dr

Wadi Haddad, deputy leader of the Marxist-Leninist Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP), headed by Dr George Habash. In 1968-9 Haddad had attracted favorable attention in the Centre with a spate of aircraft hijackings and attacks on Israeli offices and Jewish businesses in European capitals. In 1970 he was recruited by the KGB as agent NATSIONALIST. Andropov reported to Brezhnev:

> The nature of our relations with W. Haddad enables us to control the external operations of the PFLP to a certain degree, to exert influence in a manner favorable to the Soviet Union and also to carry out active measures in support of our interests through the organization's assets while observing the necessary conspiratorial secrecy.[36]

Andropov sought Brezhnev's approval to use Haddad for a special action against the CIA:

> It appears expedient to carry out an operation to abduct the deputy CIA resident in Lebanon . . . and to have him taken to the Soviet Union both as a retaliatory measure and with the aim of possibly obtaining reliable information [from him] about the plans and specific operations of the USA in the Middle East. It is planned to carry out the operation through a reliable agent of the Beirut residency,

> NATSIONALIST [Haddad], who directs the sabotage operations of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine and is experienced in carrying out aggressive measures.
>
> The essence of the operational plan is that [the CIA officer] would be abducted by NATSIONALIST's reliable fighters in Beirut or its surroundings and would be delivered illicitly to a place which we selected in the Damascus region, where he would be handed over to our operational officers. From Damascus, he would be taken illegally to the USSR on one of our special aircraft or on board ship.
>
> Bearing in mind that the Palestinian guerrilla organizations have recently stepped up their activities in Lebanon against American intelligence and its agents, the Lebanese authorities and the Americans would suspect Palestinian guerrillas of carrying out the above operation. The ultimate purpose of the operation would be known only to NATSIONALIST, on the foreign side, and to the KGB officers directly involved in planning the operation and carrying it out, on the Soviet side.
>
> I request your authority to prepare and carry out the above operation.

Brezhnev gave his consent on May 25, 1970. The Beirut residency then passed on to Haddad a detailed dossier on the CIA officer (codenamed VIR), his home address (a fourth-floor apartment), car (a light blue Ford Comet with diplomatic numberplates), route to and from work at the US embassy and personal habits. It was noted, for example, that VIR regularly went for walks accompanied by his black poodle.

Haddad agreed to select three of the "most experienced and reliable" gunmen to kidnap VIR. As soon as he had been seized, his captors would press over his mouth and nose a mask impregnated with a general anaesthetic supplied by Department V. While VIR was unconscious, he would be given an injection (also provided by the KGB) which would leave him disoriented and unable to resist when he recovered consciousness. The PFLP would then drive VIR, dressed in fedayeen clothes, into Syria along a route carefully reconnoitered by the KGB and hand him over to Line F officers from the Damascus residency in a hamlet near Zabadani. From there he was to be exfiltrated by the KGB to the Soviet Union.[37]

One of Haddad's probable reasons for agreeing to work as a Soviet agent was to obtain arms for the PFLP. In July 1970 Brezhnev agreed to an initial request from Andropov that Haddad be supplied from the KGB arsenal with five RPG-7 handheld anti-tank grenade launchers for terrorist operations. The head of Department V, Nikolai Pavlovich Gusev, and his assistant, Aleksei Nikolayevich Savin, then met Haddad to discuss the handover of further arms supplies which it was agreed to deliver under cover to darkness in an inflatable rubber boat at a pre-arranged spot near Aden. Control of the operation, codenamed VOSTOK ("East"), was entrusted to the deputy head (later head) of Department V, Aleksandr Ivanovich Lazarenko. On the orders of the defense minister, Marshal Ustinov, the arms for Haddad were loaded on an intelligence-gathering vessel of the Pacific Fleet, the *Kursograf,* at Vladivostok. With S. M. Grankin from Department V on board to supervise the handover, the *Kursograf* then set sail for the gulf of Aden to rendezvous with Haddad's motor launch at a point 12°34′ north and 45°12′ east, at 2100 hours local time. As arranged, Haddad signaled his presence with a 360-degree red signal light. The *Kursograf* extinguished its lights, locked on to the launch's radio beacon and signaled its presence with two brief flashes, repeated after a short interval. On receiving the answering signal (four brief flashes) from Haddad, the *Kursograf* launched the rubber boat containing the arms supplies and gave the agreed signal "Load launched" (three brief flashes) twice. Haddad's launch gave the same signal in reply, then made a "dot-dash" signal twice as soon as it had picked up the arms.

The arms supplied to Haddad consisted of 50 West German pistols (10 with silencers) and 5,000 rounds of ammunition; 50 captured MG-ZI machine guns with 10,000 rounds of ammunition; 5 British-made Sterling automatics with silencers and 36,000 rounds of ammunition; 50 American AR-16 automatics with 30,000 rounds of ammunition; 15 booby-trap mines manufactured from foreign materials; and 5 radio-controlled SNOP mines, also assembled from foreign materials. The two varieties of mine were considered some of the most sophisticated small weapons in the Soviet arsenal, and, like some of the silencers given to Haddad, had never previously been supplied even to other members of the Warsaw Pact. The SNOP mines could be detonated by radio signal at distances of up to two kilometers in cities and fifteen to twenty kilometers in the countryside.

The successful completion of operation VOSTOK was greeted in the Centre as a major triumph. On the recommendation of the FCD, and with the approval of Rear Admiral Radchenko, head of the KGB Special Department in the Pacific Fleet, VOSTOK souvenirs (each valued at 600 roubles) and cash bonuses of 600 roubles were awarded to seven of the naval commanders who had taken part: Captain V. P. Lebedev, commander of the *Kursograf;* Captains (First Rank) A. G. Shtyrov and E. P. Lopatin; Captains (Second Rank) G. S. Babkov and V. I. Avramenko; and Lieutenant Commanders A. V. Garnitsky and A. S. Klimchuk. The Centre also sent a formal letter of thanks to the Chief of Naval Staff, Admiral of the Fleet N. D. Sergeyev.

The Centre was to make what it considered successful use of Haddad and the PFLP in a number of special actions in the Middle East, particularly against Israel (which will be covered in the next volume of this book). But operation VINT, the attempt by the PFLP to abduct the deputy head of the CIA station in Beirut, ended in failure. VIR varied his daily routine and Haddad's gunmen found it impossible to implement the original plan for his abduction. During 1971 Department V devised a number of alternative plans to kidnap VIR. One simply proposed that Haddad arrange VIR's assassination. All failed. So did operation INTIKAM, an attempt to use PFLP terrorists to kill two Soviet defectors, P. S. Branzinkas and his son (codenamed PIRATY, "Pirates"), who in 1970 hijacked an Aeroflot aircraft and escaped to Turkey. The operational file records that NATSIONALIST did not realize how difficult the assignment would be, and overestimated his capabilities."[38]

Plans to make larger use of the PFLP to hunt down Soviet defectors were largely abandoned. Andropov's decision to use Haddad for special actions, and Brezhnev's approval for it, none the less marked a turning point in the history of KGB operations. Henceforth, other Soviet Bloc intelligence services were to follow the Soviet lead in using, or conniving in the use of, terrorist groups.[39]

LIKE THE OPERATIONS of the Thirteenth Department during the Khrushchev era, those of Department V were seriously compromised by defections. The most important defector was the Line F officer in the London residency, Oleg Adolfovich Lyalin, an expert in hand-to-hand combat as well as a highly proficient marksman and parachutist who had been recruited by MI5 as a defector-in-place in the spring of 1971. During the six months before he defected in September, Lyalin provided details of KGB sabotage plans in London, Washington, Paris, Bonn, Rome and other Western capitals. In addition to compromising preparations for a number of peacetime special actions, he revealed Department V's hair-raising contingency plans for operations during periods of international crisis or conflict which would be carried out by illegals, local agents and sabotage and intelligence groups (DRGs) who would infiltrate each target country.[40]

In Washington, according to Oleg Kalugin, head of Line PR and deputy resident, Line F "did everything from plotting ways to poison the capital's water systems to drawing up assassination plans for US leaders."[41] Projected sabotage in Britain included plans to flood the London Underground, blow up the early-warning station at Fylingdale, North Yorkshire, and destroy V-bombers on the ground. Some of Department V's schemes were as bizarre as any of those devised by the CIA in its unsuccessful attempts to kill Castro a decade earlier. One plan revealed by Lyalin was for KGB agents posing as messengers and delivery men to scatter colorless poison capsules along Whitehall corridors of power which would kill all those who crushed them underfoot. Though the British government released few details about Lyalin after his defection, the Attorney General told the Commons that he was charged with “the organization of sabotage within the United Kingdom” and “the elimination of individuals judged to be enemies of the USSR.”

The Centre was caught completely off-guard by Lyalin’s defection and the almost simultaneous action against the London residency taken by the British government. On September 24, 1971 the Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign and Commonwealth Office, Sir Denis Greenhill, summoned the Soviet chargé d’affairs, Ivan Ivanovich Ippolitov (a KGB agent), and informed him that 90 KGB and GRU officers stationed in Britain under official cover were to be expelled and another fifteen, then on leave in the Soviet Union, would not be allowed to return, making a grand total of 105 expulsions.[42] Many of the Soviet intelligence officers concerned had been known to MI5 and SIS for some time, but over the past six months Lyalin had confirmed a number of probable identifications and added new names to the list.[43] Preparations for operation FOOT, as the mass expulsion was codenamed in Whitehall, had been under secret discussion throughout that time. In a joint memo to the Prime Minister, Edward Heath, on July 30, the Foreign and Home Secretaries, Sir Alec Douglas Home and Reginald Maudling, argued that the sheer numbers of KGB and GRU officers in London were “more than the

Security Service can be expected to contain."[44] The horrendous nature of some of the Department V sabotage plans revealed by Lyalin added weight to the arguments for expulsion.

Almost immediately after Ippolitov's return from the FCO on Friday September 24, the MI5 surveillance team near the Soviet embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens reported that a KGB officer had been seen sprinting across the road from the residency opposite, no doubt summoned by telephone for an urgent briefing on the mass expulsion.[45] In the short term Lyalin's defection probably caused even greater concern than operation FOOT. Over the weekend the Centre informed the Soviet leadership that Lyalin was likely to compromise Department V operations in other countries. On Monday September 27 Brezhnev cut short a tour of eastern Europe for an emergency meeting of the Politburo in the VIP lounge at Moscow airport. Shortly afterwards most Line F officers were recalled from Western capitals, leaving Department V effectively crippled and unable to fulfill its task of coordinating sabotage operations abroad in time of crisis.[46] The Centre investigation into the London débécle, which, as was traditional, emphasized the alleged personal depravity of the defector, claimed that Lyalin had seduced the wives of a number of his Soviet colleagues in London, and heavily criticized the former resident, Yuri Nikolayevich Voronin, for covering up

Lyalin's misdeeds to avoid a scandal .[47] The head of the FCD Third Department, whose responsibilities included operations in Britain, was among those senior KGB officers who were demoted or sacked as a result.[48]

JUST AS STASHINSKY'S defection in 1961 had made the Centre much more cautious in ordering assassinations, so Lyalin's defection a decade later dealt a further blow to its plans for peacetime sabotage. Department V found itself in limbo pending a reorganization which took three and a half years to complete. The files seen by Mitrokhin record no new schemes for KGB "special political actions" during the few years immediately after Lyalin's "treachery." (It is, of course, possible that some special actions are recorded in files not seen by Mitrokhin.) One example of the Centre's declining enthusiasm for such operations which made a particular impression on Mitrokhin was its response to the defection of another star of the Kirov Ballet, Mikhail Baryshnikov, while on a tour of Canada in June 1974. Baryshnikov's flawless classical style and apparently effortless grace had made him one of Mitrokhin's personal favorites. Among the intercepted messages sent to Baryshnikov after his defection which found their way into his KGB file, Mitrokhin noted one from a female balletomane in Leningrad which told him that he "was, is and forever will be my dear little brother . . . one of the brightest, most beautiful and most notable people I have ever met." Unsurprisingly, the KGB kept

Baryshnikov under close observation after his defection. Its agents included another ballet dancer, codenamed MORIS, who also reported on Nureyev and Makarova. What struck Mitrokhin, however, was the apparent lack of plans to maim Baryshnikov similar to those which had been devised, though not apparently implemented, against Nureyev and Makarova a few years earlier.[49]

Despite the KGB's increased reluctance to take the risks involved in implementing directly special actions in the West, it continued to use—or connive at the use of—terrorist groups as proxies in the struggle against the United States and its allies. The Centre's mood, however, remained distinctly cautious. It was almost three years before the arms requested by the IRA in November 1969 through the intermediary of the Irish Communist leader, Michael O'Riordan, were finally delivered by the KGB. Shortly after the request had been made, the IRA had split into two: the Officials under Cathal Goulding and the Provisionals led by Sean MacStioftin.[50] The sympathies of the KGB were wholly with the Marxist Officials rather than the more nationalist Provisionals. Though Goulding's long-term aim was to create a nonsectarian, non-military, all-Ireland revolutionary movement, the Officials were responsible for some of the bloodiest episodes in the Troubles of the early 1970s. The only answer to the "forces of imperialism and exploitation," Goulding declared in 1971, lay "in the language that brings these vultures to their senses most effectively, the language of the bomb and the bullet.” The Official IRA’s bloodthirsty attempts to upstage the Provisionals ended by alienating some of its own supporters. In February 1972 a bomb planted at the Aldershot headquarters of the Parachute Regiment killed seven people, including a Catholic priest and five women canteen workers. Nationalist anger at the killing of an off-duty British soldier on home leave in Derry on May 21 led the Officials’ army council to announce a ceasefire eight days later. Since the Officials reserved the right to take what they described as “defensive action,” however, the ceasefire had little immediate effect. Though Goulding gradually succeeded in scaling down “military operations,” local militants continued terrorist attacks during the remainder of 1972 and 1973.[51]

On July 3, 1972 the Irish Communist leader, Michael O’Riordan, wrote to remind the CPSU Central Committee that the arms he had first requested on behalf of the IRA in November 1969 had still not been received. Since then, on behalf of the Official IRA, he had held numerous discussions on the means of shipment with the KGB’s “technical specialists:” “The fact that there has not been the slightest leak of information for two and a half years proves, in my opinion, a high level of responsibility with regard to keeping the secret, so to speak.” Andropov agreed. On August 21 he presented to the Central Committee a “Plan for the Operation of a Shipment of Weapons to the Irish Friends,” codenamed SPLASH.

SPLASH was a variant of operation VOSTOK, which had delivered arms to Haddad and the PFLP two years earlier. Once again, the weapons and munitions—2 machine-guns, 70 automatic rifles, 10 Walther pistols, 41,600 cartridges, all of non-Soviet origin to disguise the involvement of the KGB—were transported by a Soviet intelligence-gathering vessel, on this occasion the *Reduktor*. On this occasion, the arms, in waterproof wrapping, were submerged to a depth of about 40 meters on the Stanton sandbank, 90 kilometers from the coast of Northern Ireland, and attached to a marker buoy of the kind used to indicate the presence of fishing nets below the surface. KGB laboratories carefully examined the arms shipment before it left to ensure that there was no trace of Soviet involvement. The Walther pistols were lubricated with West German oil, the packaging was purchased abroad by KGB residencies and it was specified that the marker buoy should be Finnish or Japanese. A few hours after the arms had been deposited on the sandbank, they were retrieved by a fishing vessel belonging to the "Irish friends," whose crew were unaware of their contents.[52] Operation SPLASH was supervised on board the *Reduktor* by an officer from the 8th Department of Directorate S (the successor to Department V). Several further Soviet arms shipments to the Official IRA were delivered by similar methods.[53]

The KGB can have had few illusions about the likely use of the arms it supplied, since the man in charge of their collection from the sandbank was the Officials' most hard-line terrorist, Seamus Costello.[54] Late in 1974, after a dispute with Goulding, Costello was expelled from the Officials and founded a new Trotskyite movement, the Irish Republican Socialist Party (IRSP). The Officials set up four assassination squads to liquidate the dissidents, but came off worse in a series of shoot-outs in the spring of 1975. They had, however, rather the better of a feud later in the year with the Provisionals. The Official IRA eventually succeeded in murdering Costello in 1977.[55] The probability is that some of the arms smuggled into Ireland by the KGB were used in the internecine warfare between republican paramilitaries.

As well as shipping arms to the Official IRA, the KGB also continued to use some Third World terrorists and guerrillas—notably the PFLP and the Sandinistas—as proxies. In Latin America, the KGB found itself—somewhat to its irritation—being upstaged by its Cuban ally, the DGI. By 1970, in the Centre's view, the DGI had effectively "expropriated" the Sandinista ISKRA guerrilla group. In 1969 the DGI financed the guerrilla operation to free the FSLN (Sandinista) leader, Carlos Fonseca Amador (GIDROLOG), from a Costa Rican jail, where he had been imprisoned for bank robbery.[56] Fonseca was recaptured shortly after his jailbreak, but freed again and flown to Cuba after the Sandinista hijack of a plane carrying American executives of the United Fruit

Company, who were released in exchange.[57] The DGI also organized guerrilla training for the Sandinistas in Cuba, and gave them 100,000 dollars to purchase weapons. The head of the DGI, Manuel Piñeiro Losado, whose nickname "Redbeard" reflected his fiery temperament, told the deputy head of the FCD, Boris Semenovich Ivanov,

> Of all the countries in Latin America, the most active work being carried out by us is in Nicaragua. Aid is being given to partisan groups headed by C[arlos] Fonseca. This movement has influence and could go far.

At a meeting with Fonseca in February 1971, Piñeiro restated the conviction of the Cuban leadership that for most Latin American countries armed conflict was the only path to liberation. Though Cuba remained willing to offer the Sandinistas "any kind of support and assistance," they would need to make major changes in their organization if they were to avoid the defeats and heavy losses they had suffered during the past decade. The Centre concluded that future attempts to use the Sandinistas for special actions against United States targets would have to be made in collaboration with the DGI.[58]

The KGB did, however, retain a number of agents within the Sandinistas, among them GRIN (not identified by Mitrokhin's notes), who was used to identify possible operations in which the KGB could make use of the FSLN. In May 1974 a Sandinista delegation visited the Soviet embassy in Havana and delivered a letter to the CPSU Central Committee asking for assistance. The most dramatic Sandinista attack on a United States target was the attempt, assisted by the DGI with the personal blessing of Fidel Castro, to kidnap Turner B. Shelton, the American ambassador in Managua and a close friend of the Somoza family.[59] Remarkably, Shelton and President Anastasio Somoza Debayle appeared together on the 1974 twenty cordoba note, the ambassador's head inclined deferentially towards the president; the note quickly became known as the *sapo* ("toady").[60] The original plan of attack appears to have been for a guerrilla group to force an entry into the US embassy during a diplomatic reception.[61] On December 27, 1974, however, an unexpected opportunity arose during a party in honor of Shelton given by the former minister of agriculture, José Maria (Chema) Castillo. A Sandinista working undercover as a waiter at the reception telephoned the guerrilla group to report that Castillo's house was poorly guarded, providing an excellent opportunity to kidnap the ambassador.[62]

Shelton escaped kidnap by the skin of his teeth. He left the reception minutes before a well-drilled assault group of Sandinistas (ten male, three female) stormed Castillo's mansion at 10:50 p.m. Finding the ambassador gone, they killed his host, held the rest of the guests hostage and demanded that the Archbishop of Managua act as mediator. After several days of tense negotiations, President Somoza released eighteen imprisoned FSLN members, paid a million-dollar ransom for the release of the hostages, agreed to publish a 12,000-word denunciation of himself and US imperialism and provided a plane to fly the Sandinistas to Cuba.[63] On the Sandinistas' arrival at Havana, the Cubans took possession of the million dollars.[64]

Though the FSLN had won an enormous propaganda victory, the period of brutal martial law which followed in Nicaragua led to the death of many of its guerrillas and internal conflict among the Sandinistas over how to wage a victorious guerrilla war.[65] Still in awe of the Russian revolutionary tradition,[66] Fonseca turned to Moscow for advice. On February 14, 1975 he asked the Soviet embassy in Havana to arrange a trip to Moscow for himself and other Sandinistas so that they could study and learn from both Bolshevik experience before the October Revolution and methods of partisan warfare during the Great Patriotic War. He also requested further financial assistance.[67] Late in 1975, probably soon after his return from Moscow,[68] Fonseca traveled secretly to Nicaragua to try to resolve the factional conflict within the FLSN. On November 8, 1976 he was killed in a shoot-out with a

National Guard patrol. After the Sandinista victory in 1979, Fonseca was reburied as a Hero of the Revolution.[69]

IN FEBRUARY 1976 the Politburo approved increase staffing and funding for the FCD Illegals Directorate S. As part of the reorganization of the enlarged Directorate by KGB order no. 0046 of April 12, 1976, the former Department V was formally incorporated into it as Department 8 with, by 1980, 23 operational officers at headquarters out of the total for the directorate of 400.[70] The head of Department 8, Vladimir Grigoryevich Krasovsky, mournfully reflected on the decline of KGB special actions in recent years. His self-image as a man of action was symbolized by the cigarette lighter mounted on a fragmentation hand grenade which he kept on his desk. But, he complained, “We move paper from place to place. That’s all we do!.[71] Department 8’s most basic task—the liquidation of traitors who had fled abroad—was by now an almost hopeless one. But the Centre could not bring itself either to give up the ritual of passing death sentences on KGB defectors or to abandon the pretence that the sentences would one day be carried out.

According to Oleg Kalugin, head of FCD Directorate K (counterintelligence) from 1973 to 1979, the KGB succeeded in tracking down only two post-war defectors, one in Australia (probably Vladimir Petrov) and the other in the United States (probably Pyotr Deryabin)—both of whom had defected in the 1950s. “The hell with them—they’re old men now!” Andropov told Kalugin. “. . . Find Oleg Lyalin or Yuri Nosenko, and I will sanction the execution of those two!”[72] Probably in 1974, Nikolai Fyodorovich Artamonov (codenamed LARK), a former Soviet naval officer working as an analyst in the US Office of Naval Intelligence under the alias “Nicholas Shadrin,” told his KGB controller that he could discover the whereabouts of Nosenko who, he claimed, was living near Washington.[73] In 1975 a KGB agent among the Russian Orthodox clergy in the United States found a gangster willing to take out a contract on Nosenko for 100,000 dollars. But before he could do so, the gangster was arrested for other crimes.[74] Almost simultaneously, Artamonov was discovered to be a double agent working for the FBI. In December 1975, after being lured to Austria, ostensibly to meet a new controller, he was bundled into a car by operations officers from the Vienna residency who intended to exfiltrate him to Moscow for questioning. The sedative injected into Artamonov to stop him struggling in the back seat was so powerful that it killed him. Kryuchkov, however, was delighted that at last a traitor had received his just deserts. “Which medal do you want?” he asked Kalugin. “The October Revolution or the Combat Red Banner?” Kalugin chose the Red Banner.[75]

From 1976 to 1981 the Line KR (counterintelligence) officer E. R. Ponomarev (codenamed KEDROV) was stationed at the Washington residency with the sole task of tracking down defectors and was given the cover post of deputy head of the Consular Department in order to give him a pretext for making enquiries in the Departments of Immigration and Naturalization, as well as in lawyers' offices. Ponomarev also gained access to the file of purchasers at a Russian-language bookshop and cultivated academics thought likely to come into contact with defectors.[76] His five years in Washington appear to have been an expensive waste of time and effort.

Some of the KGB's Soviet Bloc allies, in particular the Bulgarian Durzhavna Sigurnost (DS), were much less cautious than the Centre in their pursuit of defectors. The zeal with which the DS hunted down traitors who had fled abroad owed much to the personal outrage with which the Bulgarian dictator, Todor Zhivkov, the most colorful and grotesque of the rulers of eastern Europe, responded to émigré criticism and mockery. The best known of the émigré writers, Georgi Markov, broadcast regular commentaries on the corruption and excesses of the Zhivkov regime in the Bulgarian-language services of the BBC World Service and Radio Free Europe, ridiculing Zhivkov himself as a man with a "a distastefully mediocre sense of humor," the bullying manner of "a village policeman," a penchant for "pompous phrases" and the deluded conviction that he was a great huntsman.

In 1974 Boris Arsov, another of the defectors who had dared to attack the excesses of the Zhivkov regime, suddenly disappeared from his flat in Aarhus, Denmark, where he had been publishing the Bulgarian émigré newspaper *Levski.* Two months later he resurfaced in Sofia and was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. An official statement during Arsov's trial virtually admitted that he had been kidnapped by the DS:

> Arsov was playing with fire. The timely activity of the State Security stopped his dangerous activity. This only shows that the hand of justice is longer than the legs of the traitor.

In 1975 Arsov was officially declared to have been found dead in his prison cell. At about the same time three Bulgarian exiles who had been helping others to defect—Ivan Kolev, Peter Nezamov and Vesselina Stoyova—were shot in Vienna. The assassin, quickly identified by the Austrian police, was a DS agent who had penetrated the émigré group and escaped to Sofia after the murders.[77]

The KGB eventually became embroiled in DS special political actions. Early in 1978 General Dimitar Stoyanov, Bulgarian interior minister and head of the DS, appealed to the Centre for help in liquidating Georgi Markov, then living in London and accused of "slandering Comrade Zhivkov" in his many radio broadcasts. The request was considered at a meeting chaired by Andropov and attended by Kryuchkov, Vice Admiral Mikhail Usatov (Kryuchkov's deputy) and Oleg Kalugin, head of FCD counterintelligence. Though reluctant to take the risks involved in helping the Bulgarians, Andropov eventually accepted Kryuchkov's argument that to refuse would be an unacceptable slight to Zhivkov. "But," he insisted, "there is to be no direct participation on our part. Give the Bulgarians whatever they need, show them how to use it and send someone to Sofia to train their people. But that's all."

The Centre made available to the DS the resources of its top secret poisons laboratory, the successor to the Kamera of the Stalinist era, attached to the OTU (Operational Technical) Directorate and under the direct control of the KGB chairman. Sergei Mikhailovich Golubev, head of FCD security and a poisons specialist, was put in charge of liaison with the Bulgarians. The murder weapon eventually chosen was concealed in an American umbrella, one of a number purchased at Golubev's request by the Washington residency in order to disguise the KGB connection if the weapon was ever discovered. The tip was converted by OTU technicians into a silenced gun capable of firing a tiny pellet containing a lethal dose of ricin, a highly toxic poison made from castor-oil seeds. On September 7, 1978, while Markov was waiting at a bus stop on Waterloo Bridge, he felt a sudden sting in his right thigh. Turning instinctively, he saw a man behind him who had dropped his umbrella. The stranger apologized, picked up his umbrella and got into a taxi waiting nearby. Though Markov felt no immediate ill effects, he became seriously ill next day and died in hospital on September 11. During the autopsy a tiny pellet was recovered from Markov's thigh, but the ricin, as Golubev had calculated, had decomposed. Markov's assassination alerted another Bulgarian émigré, Vladimir Kostov, to the significance of an earlier, unexplained attack he had been subject to in Paris on August 26. Nearly a month later, on September 25, a steel pellet of the kind that had killed Markov was removed, still intact, from Kostov's back. During a visit to Sofia soon afterwards, Kalugin was presented by General Stoyanov with an expensive Browning hunting rifle in gratitude for KGB assistance in the murder of Markov.[78]

THE CHIEF ADDITION to Soviet special tasks capability during the later Cold War was the creation of KGB special forces (*spetsnaz*) with the foundation of the Alpha group in 1974, on Andropov's personal instructions.[79] Intended for foreign operations and initially kept secret from all but a minority of FCD officers, the special forces grew steadily in numbers during the late 1970s. Their first major operation, by far the most important special action of the Andropov era, was the murder of President Hafizullah Amin of Afghanistan, who seized power in a blood-thirsty palace coup in September 1979.[80] Cautious though Andropov had become in ordering assassinations, he convinced himself that in this case he had no option. Amin, he believed, was contemplating ending the Communist regime in Afghanistan and turning to the West. There were even reports, which Andropov appears to have taken seriously, that Amin was plotting with the CIA.[81] As during the Czechoslovak crisis in 1968,[82] Andropov took the lead in insisting on the enforcement of the "Brezhnev doctrine" which asserted Moscow's right to prevent the defection of any member of the Soviet Bloc.

For the first time since its foundation, Department 8 of FCD Directorate S (Illegals) moved into the front line of KGB operations. Its plot to assassinate Amin, operation AGAT ("Agate"), formed part of a larger invasion plan.[83] By late November, after Amin had demanded the replacement of A. M. Puzanov, the Soviet ambassador, Andropov and defence minister Ustinov, the two leading hawks in the Politburo, were agreed on the need for Soviet military intervention as well as the elimination of Amin.[84] Early in December, Andropov sent Brezhnev a handwritten letter, reporting "alarming information [intelligence] about Amin's secret activities, forewarning of a possible shift to the West," bringing with it both the end of Communist rule and a catastrophic loss of Soviet influence.[85] On December 8 Andropov and Ustinov jointly obtained Brezhnev's approval for a draft invasion plan.[86]

While Marshal Akhromeyev and the General Staff operations group in charge of the invasion established their headquarters near the Afghan border in Uzbekistan, the head of Directorate S, Vadim Vasilyevich Kirpichenko, and the head of Department 8, Vladimir Krasovsky, flew secretly into Kabul to supervise the overthrow of Amin. Dayto-day control of operation AGAT was entrusted to Krasovsky's deputy, A. I. Lazarenko. A team from the KGB Seventh (Surveillance) Directorate flew in to monitor Amin's movements. Meanwhile, elaborate attempts were made to avoid arousing Amin's suspicions. His requests for military supplies were granted and two radio stations were constructed for him. On December 23, however, the KGB residency in Kabul reported that Amin's suspicions had been aroused both by Western radio reports of Soviet troop movements and the frequent flights into the Soviet airbase at Bagram, outside Kabul. The main invasion began at 3 p.m. (local time) on December 25.[87]

According to some accounts of the Soviet invasion, Amin was successfully duped into believing that the Red Army was arriving to provide him with "fraternal assistance" against anti-Communist rebels.[88] The Kabul residency thought otherwise. On December 26 it reported to the Centre the publication of an article in the Englishlanguage *Kabul Times* entitled "The Will of the

People will be the Deciding Factor." Though the article made no direct reference to the massive arrival of Soviet troops, it ended with the slogan "Down with the interventionists!" The residency concluded:

> As the Afghan press is subject to strict censorship, the article could not have been published without the sanction of Amin. The time chosen to print the article was not a coincidence. It was printed in an English language newspaper, a language which few Afghans understand. It was clearly intended to turn the pro-Western sections of the population against the Soviet troops and to enable the mass media in the West to make an immediate fuss about the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan. In general the article reflects the ambiguous and cautious attitude of Amin and his entourage towards the increased Soviet military presence in Afghanistan.[89]

The assault on the presidential palace on December 27 was led by 700 members of the KGB Alpha and Zenith special forces, dressed in Afghan uniforms and traveling in military vehicles with Afghan markings. The signal for the attack to begin was the detonation of an explosive device concealed some days earlier beneath a tree in the central square of the capital. The palace guards, however, put up much stiffer resistance than had been expected, and over a hundred of the KGB troops were killed before the palace was taken and Amin gunned down. Among the casualties was the leader of the assault group, Colonel Grigori Boyarinov, commandant of the Department 8 special operations training school at Balashikha.[90]

It was normal KGB procedure for the portraits of officers who fell in combat to be displayed in black frames at the Centre as a sign of mourning. On this occasion, since the fallen heroes of operation AGAT were so numerous, Andropov decided not to put their hundred portraits on display. Some of the survivors, however, were honored for their part in the operation. Kirpichenko was promoted from major-general to lieutenant-general, and soon afterwards made First Deputy Head of the FCD. Lazarenko was promoted from colonel to major-general. Leonid Aleksandrovich Kozlov of Department 8 was made a Hero of the Soviet Union.[91] The head of Line N (Illegals Support) at the Kabul residency, Ismail Murtuza Ogly Aliev, was awarded the Order of the Red Star, as were an unknown number of the members of the assault group who had stormed the presidential palace.[92]

Immediately after the storming of the palace, the exiled Afghan Communist and veteran KGB agent Babrak Karmal, who had been chosen by Moscow to succeed Amin, asked senior KGB officers in Kabul to assure Comrade Andropov that, as president, he would unswervingly follow his advice. He also called for the "severest punishment" of Amin's former associates and all those who had opposed Soviet troops. Karmal was fulsome in his praise for the heroism shown by the KGB and other special forces who had stormed the presidential palace:

> As soon as we have decorations of our own, we would like to bestow them on all the Soviet troops and Chekists [KGB officers] who took part in the fighting. We hope that the government of the USSR will award orders to these comrades.[93]

The long-drawn-out Afghan War (which will be covered in volume 2 of this book) rescued Department 8 from the doldrums into which it had lapsed for most of the 1970s. In 1982 its special operations training school at Balashikha set up a "Training Centre for Afghanistan," headed by V. I. Kikot, previously a Line F officer in Havana, who was well-informed on the Cuban experience of irregular warfare.[94] Department 8 also made an intensive study of the methods used both by the Palestinians against the Israelis and by the Israelis against Palestinian camps in Lebanon.[95] Balashikha made a significant, though unquantifiable, contribution to the increasing use of special forces and methods of terrorizing the population—among them incendiary bombs, napalm, poison gas, tiny mines scattered from the air, even booby-trapped toys which maimed children and so demoralized their parents. But though Soviet forces and the terror campaign drove a quarter of the Afghan population into refugee camps in Pakistan, they failed to win the war.

WITH THE INTENSIFICATION of the Cold War in the early years of the Reagan presidency and fears in the Centre that the new president was planning a nuclear first strike, Andropov became increasingly willing, both as KGB chairman and as Brezhnev's successor from 1982 to 1984, to use, or connive in the use of, terrorism against United States and NATO targets. With Andropov's knowledge (and doubtless his blessing), East Germany became what its last, non-Communist, interior minister, Peter-Michael Diestel, later called "an Eldorado for terrorists." Among East Germany's favorite terrorist groups was the West German Red Army Faction (RAF). Contemptuous of working-class reluctance to make a revolution and inspired by slogans such as "Don't argue—destroy!," the well-educated members of the RAF saw themselves as the militant vanguard of the deplorably inert proletariat, committed to the destruction of the "bourgeois power structures" of both the FRG and NATO. After a series of successful terrorist attacks in the mid-1970s, however, a grand offensive planned by the RAF in 1977 failed, and four of its leaders committed suicide in prison.

Thanks to the sanctuary offered by East Germany to its main surviving activists from 1977 onwards, the RAF was able to regroup. With training, weapons, funds and false identity documents provided by the Stasi, the Red Army Faction launched a new offensive during the early 1980s. In August 1981 a car bomb attack on the European headquarters of the US airforce at Ramstein in West Germany injured seventeen people; a month later RAF terrorists made an unsuccessful rocket attack in Heidelberg on the car of General Frederick Kroesen. During another terrorist offensive in 1984-5, the RAF attempted to blow up the NATO school at Oberammergau, bombed the US airbase at Frankfurt/Main, and attacked American soldiers at Wiesbaden. The Stasi also connived in the bombing of the La Belle discothèque in West Berlin, helping to transport the explosives which killed an American sergeant and a Turkish woman and wounded 230 people, including fifty US servicemen. Other Stasi contacts included the Provisional IRA, the Basque ETA and Carlos the Jackal.[96]

In 1983, at the height of operation RYAN (the combined KGB/GRU attempt to find (nonexistent) evidence of US and NATO plans for a surprise nuclear attack), Andropov ordered preparations by Department 8 for terrorist attacks on British, American and NATO targets in Europe. Plans were made for a campaign of letter bombs to be sent to Mrs. Thatcher's office at 10 Downing Street and to a series of prominent US and NATO representatives.[97] At about the same time the KGB organized a series of dead drops in bars and restaurants near American bases in West Germany, intended to conceal explosives which could be detonated in a manner that would give the impression of terrorist attacks. The dead drop sites included behind a vending machine, in a ventilation cavity under a sink, on a wooden beam over a lavatory and underneath a paper-towel dispenser. By the time the sites were discovered by the CIA in 1985, however, operation RYAN was winding down and plans for a KGB terrorist campaign against NATO targets had been shelved.[98]

In August 1983, while RYAN was still in full swing, the Centre instructed the main residencies in European NATO countries to step up their search for NATO preparations for

> the secret infiltration of sabotage teams with nuclear, bacteriological and chemical weapons into the countries of the Warsaw Pact; [and] the expansion of the network of sabotage-training intelligence schools and increase in the recruitment of émigrés from the socialist countries and persons who know the language of these countries, and the creation of émigré military formations and sabotage and intelligence teams.[99]

Though, as with most of the requirements for operation RYAN, there was no such intelligence to collect, the Centre's instructions give an important insight into

Moscow’s contingency plans for the role of Department 8 and its DRGs in an attack on NATO.

THE DECLINE AND fall of the Cold War brought a further decline in KGB special actions. The last major special action of the Soviet era was directed not against the traditional Main Adversary and its NATO allies, but against the reformers within the Soviet Union. On December 8, 1990 Kryuchkov, who had become KGB chairman two years earlier, summoned to his office in the Lubyanka his former chief-of-staff, Vyacheslav Zhizhin, now deputy chief of the FCD, and Alexei Yegorov of Counter-intelligence. There he instructed them to prepare a report on the measures needed to “stabilize” the country following the declaration of a state of emergency—in other words, the “special” and other actions required to preserve one-party rule and a centralized Soviet state.

Over the next eight months Kryuchkov repeatedly tried and failed to persuade Gorbachev to agree to the declaration of a state of emergency and the “stabilization” of the Soviet Union. The point of no return for himself and his co-conspirators was the agreement on July 23, 1991 of the text of a new Union Treaty which would have transferred many of the powers of central government to the republics. On August 4 Gorbachev, whom Kryuchkov had placed under close surveillance some months earlier as SUBJECT 110, left for his summer holidays in a luxurious dacha at Foros on the Crimean coast, intending to return to Moscow for the signing of the Union Treaty on August 20. The day after Gorbachev's departure, Kryuchkov and his fellow plotters—chief among them the defence and interior ministers, Dmitri Yazov and Boris Pugo (former head of the Latvian KGB)—met at OBJECT ABC, a KGB sanatorium equipped with swimming pool, saunas, masseuses and cinema. There they secretly constituted themselves as the State Committee for the State of Emergency, and met over the next fortnight to make preparations for a coup which would forestall the signing of the Union Treaty. The committee ordered the printing of 300,000 arrest forms and the supply by a factory in Pskov of 250,000 pairs of handcuffs. Kryuchkov called all KGB personnel back from holiday, placed them on alert and doubled their pay. Two floors of cells in the Lefortovo prison were emptied to received important prisoners and a secret bunker prepared for the committee in the Lubyanka in case the going got rough.

On August 18 the plotters made a final attempt to intimidate Gorbachev into declaring a state of emergency. Having failed, they kept him incommunicado under house arrest in Foros and announced next day that the president was prevented by "ill health" from performing his duties, and that Vice-President Gennadi Yanayev had become acting president (in fact a mere figurehead) at the head of an eight-man State Committee for the State of Emergency. The plotters quickly discovered, however, that the old autocratic machinery of the one-party state was in too serious a state of disrepair for them to be able to turn back the clock. The Alpha group *spetsnaz* was supposed to storm the Moscow White House, the seat of government of the Russian Federation, and arrest its president, Boris Yeltsin, but failed to do either. Not one of the 7,000 reformers on the plotters' detention list was arrested. The coup crumbled farcically and ignominiously in only four days. Pugo committed suicide. "Forgive me," he wrote in a note to his children and grandchildren. "It was all a mistake. I lived honestly, all my life." As Yazov was being led to a prison van, he said to those who arrested him, "Everything is clear now. I am such an old idiot. I've really fucked up." Kryuchkov lacked sufficient self-knowledge to reach a similar conclusion.[100]

The result of the final special action organized by the KGB was thus the precise opposite of what Kryuchkov and his fellow plotters had intended, accelerating both the collapse of the Communist one-party state and the disintegration of the Soviet Union. The coup also ended in unprecedented humiliation for the KGB. On the evening of August 21 a heavy crane arrived in front of the Lubyanka and, before a cheering crowd, hoisted the giant statue of Felix Dzerzhinsky by a noose around his neck, toppled him from his pedestal and dragged him away to a field near the Tretyakov gallery, which became a graveyard for statues of the Soviet regime.

APPENDIX

“SPECIAL POLITICAL ACTION” PROPOSED BY THE ATHENS RESIDENCY TO THE CENTRE IN APRIL 1969

Our operational letter no. 24/[Line]F of April 14, 1969 sets out a draft plan for carrying out a Lily [sabotage operation] against the target codenamed VAZA [“Vase”].

The operation is codenamed YAYTSO [“Egg”].

The aim and purpose of the operation is to cause moral and political damage to the south-east wing of NATO.

Constant disagreements between Greece and Turkey cause great concern to the leadership of the USA and NATO and are a weak link in American policy in the area of southeast Europe.

Carrying out a Lily on the VAZA could exacerbate relations between Greece and Turkey.

The operation would be carried out in the name of a Greek who had come from Turkey and was dissatisfied with the situation of the Greek minority there (there can also be another variant [pretext] for carrying out the sabotage).

VAZA is a two-storey house in Thessaloniki. The house and its annex belong to the Turkish consulate-general . . . There is no furniture, only a table, iron troughs and a cooking stove.

On the upper floor of the house there are displays with Atat;Anrk [the Turkish national hero]'s clothes and a photographic portrait of him. Apart from a desk there is no furniture.

Next to the VAZA, about 15-20 m away, there is the two-storey building of the Turkish consulate-general. This house is also used as living accommodation for consulate officials.

The VAZA and the consulate have a common courtyard. (A detailed description of the layout of the houses and the courtyard is attached.)

The most suitable place for planting a Bouquet [explosive device] is in the bushes growing about one meter from the VAZA.

The VAZA is not open to the general public. It can be visited with the permission of the Turkish consulate; a special official is assigned to watch over the VAZA and to accompany visitors to the VAZA.

The VAZA and the consulate are guarded round the clock by two gendarmes. The guard posts are mobile and the approaches to VAZA are restricted. The most convenient time to approach the target is at nightfall.

Specifications of the Bouquet:

The size and weight of the Bouquet must be related to the results which are desired from the attack on the VAZA. Evidently, there is no point in causing serious damage to the VAZA; it is better to achieve a moral and political effect. When calculating the force of the Bouquet, one must bear in mind that the distance from the Splash [explosion] to the consulate living quarters is 15-20 m.

. . . In order to increase the impact and achieve the desired results, the Bouquet must be wrapped in a newspaper published in Turkey for Greek citizens.

The temperature in Thessaloniki ranges in winter from below zero to 14°C, while in summer it ranges from 24°C upwards. Occasionally there are thick fogs.

The Gardener [saboteur] must be sent to the country as a foreign tourist at the height of the tourist season. The greatest influx of tourists occurs from June to August. According to his identity documents, the Gardener's identity documents must show him to be a citizen of a country friendly to Greece or a neutral state (the USA, Britain, West Germany, Austria, France, Italy, Canada, Libya), excluding the Scandinavian countries, Denmark, Holland and Belgium.

On arriving in Athens the Gardener can hire a motor car, visit historical sites in the south of the country and some of the islands. Simultaneously, the Gardener is acclimatizing himself and becoming fully accustomed to the situation in the country.

After collecting the Bouquet from the residency via a DLB [dead letterbox], the Gardener travels to Thessaloniki by rail.

The estimated time span for carrying out the Lily and for the Gardener’s activities is as follows:

AFTER ARRIVING IN Athens, the Gardener can hire a motor car the next day, spend one or two days in Athens and its suburbs, then travel the following route by car: Athens-Pátrais-Spártia-Návplion-Epidhauros-Kóinthos-Athens. This route will take the Gardener four or five days. On arriving in Athens, the Gardener books into a hotel. The next day he places a signal indicating he is ready to carry out the DLB operation to receive the Bouquet. The DLB operation takes place next day.

After collecting the Bouquet, the Gardener leaves by the next train to Thessaloniki, having previously booked out from the hotel. A train leaves Athens at 11:42, and arrives at Thessaloniki at 19:29; he travels in a first-class compartment.

At Thessaloniki he does not stay at a hotel. In order to acquaint himself with the situation around the VAZA he walks past the VAZA after checking for surveillance.

As darkness falls, the Gardener goes off on a route of his own choice, but at the final stage goes into the old fort, where he inserts the little flower [detonator] into the Bouquet. From the northern gates of the fort, the Gardener goes down Isail Street which leads to the VAZA and comes out on St. Paul Street. This takes 15-20 minutes.

On coming out on to Isail Street, the Gardener goes from the garage towards St. Paul Street. While moving along the [VAZA] fence, the Gardener causes the Splash [explosion]. The Gardener can throw the Bouquet into the bushes which are close to the VAZA fence or he can drop the Bouquet on the ground inside the VAZA fence. (A diagram of the route and of the location of the installations is attached.)

After completing the Splash, the Gardener goes out on Áyios Dhimitrios Street and moves in the direction of the stadium (20-25 minutes walk). In the stadium area there is some waste ground where the Gardener can bury the TWA or BOAC airline bag used for keeping and transporting the Bouquet. From Thessaloniki, the Gardener can go to Athens by train or air (buying the air ticket 5-10 minutes before takeoff, using any surname).

If the situation does not permit the Gardener to put the Bouquet together, then he can get rid of it . . . in the area of the stadium where there is some waste ground. If he attracts the attention of the VAZA security guard, he must say that he is a foreign tourist going from the fort to the Delta Hotel, where he intends to spend the night, but that this is his first visit to the town and he is not sure of the way to the hotel.[101]

TWENTY - FOUR

COLD WAR OPERATIONS AGAINST BRITAIN

Part 1: After the Magnificent Five

Soviet intelligence operations in Britain from the 1930s onward fall into three distinct phases. First, there was a golden age, begun by the Great Illegals, during which the KGB collected better intelligence (even if it did not always understand it) than any other hostile intelligence agency in British history. Next came a silver age during the 1950s and 1960s, which included fewer—though still substantial—intelligence successes. The third phase, in the 1970s and 1980s, qualifies, at best, as a bronze age, successes. The third phase, in the 1970s and 1980s, qualifies, at best, as a bronze age, with few major successes and some spectacular failures.

The golden age of Soviet intelligence operations in Britain came to an end in 1951 with the flight of Burgess and Maclean to Moscow and the recall of Philby from Washington.[1] The files noted by Mitrokhin, however, reveal for the first time that one major ideological agent recruited in the mid-1930s, Melita Norwood (HOLA), continued to operate after the demise of the Magnificent Five.[2] From March 1945 onward, while working in the research department of the British Non-Ferrous Metals Association, she had been able to provide intelligence on the TUBE ALLOYS project to build Britain's first atomic bomb.

After the Second World War there was a recurrence of the wartime rivalry between NKGB and GRU for control of Norwood. Her first post-war controller was an NKGB/MGB officer at the London residency, Nikolai Pavlovich Ostrovsky. During the Committee of Information (KI) period in the early Cold War, however, when the MGB and GRU combined their foreign intelligence services, Norwood had two GRU controllers: Galina Konstantinovna Tursevich and Yevgeni Aleksandrovich Oleynik. In April 1950, following the conviction of the atom spy Klaus Fuchs and the MI5 interrogation of SONYA, the wartime GRU controller of both Norwood and Fuchs, Norwood was temporarily put "on ice" for fear that she might have been compromised. Contact, however, was resumed in 1951. Within about a year, following the demise of the Committee of Information, control of Norwood was reclaimed by the

Centre from the GRU.[3]

In October 1952, a few months after Norwood returned to the MGB, the first British atomic bomb was successfully tested on the Monte Bello islands off the north-west coast of Australia, hitherto known chiefly for their pearl divers and shipwrecks. Stalin had been far better briefed on the construction of the bomb than most British ministers. Attlee never allowed discussion of the TUBE ALLOYS project by his whole cabinet, later claiming censoriously that “some of them were not fit to be trusted with secrets of this kind.” Churchill was amazed, after winning the 1951 election, to discover that Attlee had concealed the 100-million-pound cost of the atomic bomb from both Parliament and most of his ministers.[4]

Over the next twenty years Norwood had seven different controllers: six officers of the KGB London residency (Yevgeni Aleksandrovich Belov, Georgi Leonidovich Trusevich, Nikolai Nikolayevich Asimov, Vitali Yevgenovich Tseyrov, Gennadi Borosovich Myakinkov and Lev Nikolayevich Sherstnev) and one illegal (BEN). For security reasons Norwood actually met her controllers only four or five times a year, usually in the suburbs of south-east London to hand over the documents she had been collecting.[5]

The rivalry between the Centre and the GRU for control of Norwood during the Second World War and the early Cold War—decided in both cases in the Centre's favor—gives a clear indication of her importance as an agent. According to her file, some of the S&T which she supplied "found practical application in Soviet industry." (Mitrokhin's notes, alas, give no further details.) In 1958 HOLA was awarded the Order of the Red Banner. Two years later she was rewarded with a life pension of 20 pounds a month, payable with immediate effect, despite the fact that she was twelve years off from retirement at the Non-Ferrous Metals Association. Norwood, however, was an ideological agent who did not work for money. After her retirement she refused further payment, saying she had enough to live on and did not need it.[6]

Norwood also acted as agent-recruiter. The only recruit identified in Mitrokhin's notes, however, is the civil servant HUNT, whose cultivation Norwood began in 1965. In the fourteen years after HUNT's recruitment in 1967, he provided S&T and intelligence on British arms sales (on which no further details are available). In the late 1970s the London residency gave him 9,000 pounds to found a small business, probably in the hope that he could use it to supply embargoed technology.[7]

SO FAR AS is known, no Soviet agent recruited after the Second World War ever penetrated the British intelligence community quite as successfully as Philby, Blunt and Cairncross. Within a few months of Philby's dismissal from SIS in June 1951, however, the MGB began the recruitment of another SIS officer, the 29-year-old George Blake, né Behar. Blake had been born in Rotterdam of a naturalized British father (by origin a Sephardic Jew from Constantinople) and a Dutch mother who called their son George in honor of King George V. During the Second World War Blake served successively in the Dutch Resistance and in the Royal Navy, before joining SIS in 1944. There was much that SIS had failed to discover about its new recruit, notably the influence on him of his older cousin, Henri Curiel, co-founder of the Egyptian Communist Party, a man—according to Blake—with "immense charm and a dazzling smile [which] made him very attractive, not only to women, but to all who met him." In 1949 Blake was posted by SIS to South Korea, working under diplomatic cover as vice-consul in Seoul. A year later, shortly after the outbreak of the Korean War, he was interned by the invading North Koreans.[8]

In the autumn of 1951 Blake handed his captors a note, written in Russian and addressed to the Soviet embassy, saying that he had important information to communicate. At a meeting with Vasili Alekseyevich Dozhdalev of the KGB, he identified himself as an SIS officer and volunteered to work as a Soviet agent. Following a favorable assessment by Dozhdalev, the London resident, Nikolai Borisovich Rodin (alias "Korovin"), traveled to Korea to complete Blake's recruitment as agent DIOMID, and arranged to meet him in the Netherlands after the end of the Korean War. According to Sergei

Aleksandrovich Kondrashev, who became Blake's controller in Britain in October 1953, the Centre considered him so important that no other member of the London residency was permitted to know either DIOMID's identity or the fact that he worked for SIS.[9]

KGB files give Blake the credit for two major successes during the 1950s. First, his intelligence—together with previous information from Philby and that supplied by Heinz Felfe,[10] a Soviet agent in the West German BND—is said to have made possible the "elimination of the adversary's agent network in the GDR in 1953-5."[11] In his memoirs, published in 1990, Blake claimed that he had betrayed almost 400 Western agents in the Soviet Bloc, but insisted that none had come to any harm—an improbable assertion swiftly denied by, among others, Oleg Kalugin. According to Blake, some of those he betrayed "are today taking an active part in the democratic movements of their respective countries in eastern Europe." Many more, however, were executed in the 1950s.[12]

Blake's second major achievement as a Soviet agent was to alert the Centre to one of the most remarkable Western intelligence operations of the Cold War—the secret construction of a 500-meter underground tunnel from West to East Berlin built to intercept landlines running from the Soviet military and intelligence headquarters in Karlshorst. At a meeting with his controller on the top deck of a London bus in January 1954, Blake handed over a carbon copy of the minutes of an SIS—CIA conference on the tunnel project, codenamed operation GOLD. Blake was posted to the SIS Berlin station in April 1955, one month before the tunnel became operational. The Centre, however, dared not interfere either with the tunnel's construction or with its early operations for fear of compromising Blake, who had established himself as by far its most important British agent.

By the time the KGB staged an "accidental" discovery of the tunnel in April 1956, operation GOLD had yielded over 50,000 reels of magnetic tape recording intercepted Soviet and East German communications. The intelligence yield was so considerable that it took over two years after the end of the operation to process all the intercepts. Though the FCD was able to protect its own communications, it was curiously indifferent to the interception of those of the rival GRU and of Soviet armed forces. There is no evidence to support past claims that the intelligence generated by operation GOLD was muddied by significant amounts of KGB disinformation. CIA and SIS intelligence reports on the operation contained important new information on the improved nuclear capability of the Soviet air force in East Germany; its new fleet of bombers and twin-jet radar-equipped interceptors; the doubling of Soviet bomber strength and the creation of a new fighter division in Poland; over one hundred air force installations in the USSR, GDR and Poland; the organization, bases and personnel of the Soviet Baltic Fleet; and installations and personnel of the Soviet atomic energy program. In the era before spy planes and spy satellites (the first U-2 overflight of the Soviet Union did not occur until July 1956), this intelligence was of particular value to a West still ignorant about much of the capability of the Soviet armed forces.[13]

One of the messages intercepted in the Berlin tunnel revealed the existence of a Soviet agent working for British intelligence in Berlin, but it was not until 1961 that evidence from the Polish SB defector Michał Goleniewski identified the agent as Blake.[14] Blake was sentenced to forty-two years in jail but served only five before escaping from Wormwood Scrubs with the help of three former inmates who had befriended him, the Irish bomber Sean Bourke and the peace protesters Michael Randle and Pat Pottle. On October 22, 1966 Blake knocked a loosened iron bar out of his cell window, slid down the roof outside and dropped to the ground, then climbed over the outer wall with a nylon rope ladder thrown to him by Bourke. Hidden in the Randle family dormobile, Blake was driven to East Berlin, where a fortnight later he was joined by Bourke. Once in Moscow, Blake and Bourke rapidly fell out. Blake writes in his memoirs that, “Arrangements were made for [Bourke] to return to Ireland.”[15] He does not mention, and may not have known, that on the instructions of Sakharovsky, the head of the FCD, Bourke was given before his departure a drug designed to cause brain damage and thus limit his potential usefulness if he fell into the hands of British intelligence. Bourke's premature death in his early forties probably owed as much to KGB drugs as to his own heavy drinking.[16]

WHILE RUNNING BLAKE as an agent inside SIS during the 1950s, the KGB also had ambitious plans to recruit leading British politicians. Among the targets recorded in the files noted by Mitrokhin was Tom Driberg, Labor MP, journalist, member of Labor's National Executive from 1949 to 1974 and party chairman in 1957-8.[17] In 1956, shortly after Burgess and Maclean gave the first press conference since their flight to Moscow, claiming to have come to Moscow "to work for the aim of better understanding between the Soviet Union and the West," Driberg provided the opportunity for his own recruitment by requesting an interview with Burgess.[18] The two men had become friends during the War—brought together by common interests which included, according to Driberg's biographer, "contempt for the bourgeoisie" and "healthy appetites for alcohol and young men."[19] With the approval of the KGB, Burgess agreed to the interview, doubtless informing the Centre that Driberg was one of the most promiscuous homosexuals in British public life.

Whenever it saw an opportunity, the Second Chief Directorate (SCD) went to great pains to compromise foreign diplomats and Western politicians visiting Moscow by using female or male "swallows" to seduce them, photographing their sexual liaisons and then blackmailing them into "cooperation." A year before Driberg visited Moscow, for example, John Vassall, a homosexual clerk in the office of the British naval attaché at the British embassy, had been lured to a party organized by the SCD. Soon afterward, Vassall recalled:

> I was shown a box of photographs of myself at the party . . . After about three photographs I could not stomach any more. They made one feel ill. There I was, caught by the camera, enjoying every sexual activity . . . having oral, anal or a complicated array of sexual activities with a number of different men.

For the next seven years, while working at the Moscow embassy and at the Admiralty in London, Vassall handed over thousands of highly classified documents on British and NATO weapons development and naval policy.[20]

As a compulsive "cottager" in public lavatories, Driberg proved even easier to recruit than Vassall. Instead of being compromised by an elaborate SCD sexual entrapment, Driberg obligingly compromised himself. During his visit to Moscow he discovered, to his delight, “a large underground urinal just behind the Metropole Hotel, open all night, frequented by hundreds of questing Slav homosexuals—standing there in rigid exhibitionist rows, motionless save for the hasty grope and the anxious or beckoning glance over the shoulder—and tended only by an old woman cleaner who never seemed to notice what was going on.”[21] If the cleaner failed to notice the distinguished British visitor to the urinal, the KGB undoubtedly did not. Among Driberg’s sexual partners on that or subsequent evenings in Moscow was an agent of the Second Chief Directorate. Soon afterward, Driberg was confronted with “compromising material” on his sexual encounters (probably photographs similar to those shown to Vassall) and recruited as agent LEPAGE.[22] Somewhat absurdly, in view of the use of blackmail, Driberg’s file alleges that “ideological affinity,” going back to his teenage membership of the Communist Party, played a subsidiary part in his recruitment.

For the next twelve years, Driberg was used both as a source of inside information from the Labor National Executive and to promote active measures.[23] The importance of his role within the Labor Party may well have been exaggerated by the Centre, especially after he became party chairman in 1957. “Even before he held this post, whose nature often misleads foreign observers,” writes the political commentator Alan Watkins, “Driberg was assumed by several Russian politicians to be leader of the Labor Party. This was on account partly of his great episcopal manner, and partly of his ability to get on well with Russians."[24] Driberg was, none the less, wonderfully placed to report to his controller on both the evolution of Labor policy and the rivalries within the Party leadership. His mixture of political information and gossip was so highly rated by the KGB that it was passed on to the Politburo.[25]

Driberg's first active measure as agent LEPAGE was the publication in 1956 of a disingenuous study of Guy Burgess which concluded that he had never been a Soviet agent. At the time Driberg was temporarily out of the Commons, working as a freelance journalist, seriously short of money and being hounded by his bank manager. The book on Burgess brought him more money than anything else in his writing career, including the then-astounding sum of 5,000 pounds for its serialization in the *Daily Mail.*[26] After his initial meeting with Burgess in Moscow, Driberg went back to London, drafted in about a month a short biography entitled *Guy Burgess: A Portrait with Background,* then returned to Moscow to go through the proofs. "Presumably," he wrote later, "Guy had shown each chapter to his colleagues or superiors."[27] The proofs, in other words, had been carefully vetted by the KGB.

Driberg later described how, during their evenings together in Moscow, he had seen Burgess "getting a bit sozzled on vodka." The KGB, however, would tolerate no reference to Burgess's alcoholism. Driberg's biography thus quotes Burgess as saying that, despite his previous heavy drinking in the West, he no longer drank vodka in Moscow except—improbably—as "the best cure for an upset stomach:" "You know, Tom, living in a Socialist country *does* have a therapeutic effect on one." Driberg praised the "passionate sincerity" of Burgess's convictions and "his courage in doing what he thought right" to work for "better understanding between the Soviet Union and the West." Burgess and Maclean, claimed Driberg, had been the victims of British media attacks as outrageous as "the extreme excesses of the McCarthy witch hunt" in the United States:

> That does not mean that I personally agree with the decision that Burgess and Maclean took. As a Socialist, I take the view that, on the whole, one should go on working for Socialism by such means as are available in one's own country—in Britain, specifically, through the Labor Party. But this is a matter on which opinions differ . . .

While it was "silly for Western Socialists to defend every action of the Soviet Government," the achievements of Soviet industrial democracy deserved to be better known in the West. Driberg extolled the example of a Party meeting he had attended in a Moscow machine-tool factory:

> At this meeting a large percentage of those available to attend were present voluntarily to take an active, proud and responsible part in the running of their factory; and they seemed to feel that it was indeed theirs, as the workers at a factory in Dagenham or Coventry or Detroit can never, as things are, feel that the factories in which they work are theirs.[28]

The propaganda impact of Driberg's book was somewhat spoiled by the fact that, just as it was published in November 1956, Soviet tanks entered Budapest to crush the Hungarian Uprising. His KGB file records, however, that he continued to be used for KGB active measures.[29] Though Mitrokhin's summary of the file gives few details, the Centre probably considered Driberg's main use as an agent of influence to support the campaign within the Labor Party for unilateral nuclear disarmament. At the Scarborough party conference in October 1960, the left proved strong enough to pass two unilateralist motions, despite the impassioned opposition of Hugh Gaitskell, party leader, who implored his supporters to "fight and fight and fight again to save the party we love." Doubtless to the Centre's delight, Driberg was made a member of the "Committee of Twelve," appointed by the NEC to draft a new defense policy. Though Gaitskell complained that Driberg was behaving on the committee "like a tired snake," his supporters pushed through a pro-NATO and antiunilateralist policy later adopted by the 1961 party conference, which reversed the vote at Scarborough a year earlier.[30]

It is unlikely that, after the publication of his biography of Guy Burgess, the KGB had any major subsequent influence on Driberg's speeches and articles—though it doubtless tried to claim some of the credit for his denunciation of the British nuclear deterrent and America's role in Vietnam. Driberg's campaigns on these and other left-wing causes sprang from conviction rather than KGB dictation. His main usefulness to the Centre probably lay in enabling it to boast to the Politburo that it had an agent at the heart of the Labor leadership who would probably figure in the next Labor government.

The Centre was doubtless deeply disappointed when there was no place for Driberg in the government formed by Gaitskell's successor, Harold Wilson, after the Labor election victory of 1964. Wilson distrusted him too much to think of making him a minister.[31] Together with Ian Mikardo, Driberg formed the left-wing Tribune Group, which opposed many of Wilson's policies from the back benches. After Wilson won an increased majority in 1966, however, the Tribune Group's protests became less effective. The *Daily Express* compared the impact of a protest organized by Driberg and Mikardo against a proposed wage freeze to that of "a piece of wet cod dropping in a snowdrift."[32] Driberg began to try to distance himself from the KGB, end secret contacts and limit himself to official meetings with Soviet diplomats and intelligence officers under diplomatic cover. When the KGB tried to increase pressure on him, he broke off contact altogether in 1968.[33]

Agent LEPAGE's decision—in KGB jargon—to "refuse to cooperate" may have been related to his worsening health. In January 1968, while on a tour of Cyprus as chairman of the Parliamentary Labor Party, he had a minor heart attack. Though warned that the attack might have been triggered by "overdoing it" sexually, Driberg insisted on inviting Cypriot youths into his hospital bed. Later in the year, after his return to London, he spent several further months in hospital with a detached retina, becoming blind in one eye. At the end of 1970, he decided to retire at the following election.[34]

It is uncertain whether Wilson ever learned from MI5 that Driberg was a Soviet agent. He was, however, informed in the late 1960s that a defector from the Czechoslovak StB, Josif Frolik, had reported that Driberg had been in the pay of the StB.[35] Frolik claimed that the StB had been warned off by the KGB on the grounds that Driberg was "their man."[36] Mitrokhin's brief summary of Driberg's file contains no reference to a Czech connection. But his notes on the file of another agent in the Labor Party, the journalist Raymond Fletcher, who served as MP for Ilkeston from 1964 to 1983, record that he was involved with the StB as well as the KGB.

When Fletcher (codenamed PETER) was recruited by the London residency in 1962,[37] he was preparing a scathing attack on Conservative defense policy, published in the following year under the title *£60 a Second on Defense,* which called for major defense cuts and the abandonment of the British nuclear deterrent. Fletcher ridiculed most of the security measures designed to prevent British defense secrets reaching the Soviet Union. "Classification," he declared, "is more a device for concealing incompetence than for concealing information from a potential enemy:"

> If the object of the deterrent exercise is to convince the Soviet Union that . . . "unacceptable damage" can be inflicted if aggression is embarked upon, why conceal the methods by which it is to be inflicted? We do not, of course. Such is the dismal state of our security procedures that it is a safe bet that more is known about British security procedures in the Kremlin than in the House of Commons.[38]

Shortly before his election as Labor MP in 1964, the Centre learned that Fletcher was also "cooperating" with the StB. On this occasion, instead of warning off the Czechs—as allegedly happened in the case of Driberg—the KGB seems to have broken off contact with Fletcher. The Centre was also disturbed by a report from the Polish SB that a letter in the possession of the British

Communist Party appeared to show (almost certainly wrongly) that Fletcher had been "cooperating" since 1957 with the CIA.[39]

A few months before his death in 1991, Fletcher admitted that during the 1960s he had contacts at the Czechoslovak embassy in London whom "it was later claimed were intelligence personnel," but that he had thought "I was safe because I reported all my contacts to Goronwy Roberts at the Foreign Office." MI5, he implied, thought differently. They were, he declared, "a complete bunch of bastards" who "tried to break my nerve and nearly broke my spirit."[40] If, as Fletcher believed, MI5 did have him under surveillance, his KGB file suggests that they had some reason to do so.

The most important British politician identified in the files noted by Mitrokhin as a target for KGB recruitment was Harold Wilson. Given the extent of his contacts with the Soviet Union, unusual for a Western politician in the early years of the Cold War, Wilson was an almost inevitable target. As President of the Board of Trade and the youngest member of the Attlee cabinet from 1947 to 1951, Wilson had been actively involved in promoting East—West trade. He increased that involvement during Labor's thirteen years in opposition after 1951. His *Tribune* pamphlet *In Place of Dollars,* published in 1952, urged the government to relax controls on "strategic" exports to the Soviet Bloc and ignore the inevitable American protests which would follow. In May 1953, two months after the death of Stalin, he became the first major British politician to visit Moscow since the Berlin crisis five years earlier. There he renewed his acquaintance with Anastas Mikoyan, with whom he had established friendly relations during visits in 1947, and held wide-ranging talks with the Soviet foreign minister, Vyacheslav Molotov. On his return to London, Wilson addressed a special meeting of the Parliamentary Labor Party (PLP) and was congratulated by Attlee on a “magnificent inside report” on post-Stalin Russia.[41] Wilson’s information on British politics seems to have been rated equally highly by the Russians. According to his KGB file, it was passed on to the Politburo.[42] There is, however, no indication that any of Wilson’s conversations with Soviet officials (some, inevitably, undercover KGB officers) was any more confidential than his talk to the PLP.

During his years in opposition Wilson accepted a series of consultancies with firms trading with the Soviet Union, which paid him, on average, about 5,000 pounds a year.[43] According to his KGB file, one of the firms with which Wilson was involved breached the COCOM embargo on “strategic” exports.[44] Wilson’s official biographer, Philip Ziegler, accepts that this was probably the case: “The export of many items was forbidden; inevitably a grey area grew up in which trading might or might not be illegal. Some of Wilson’s associates strayed into that area or even beyond it.”[45] The high value placed by the KGB on Wilson's political gossip, together with the dubious nature of some of his business contacts, probably explain the Centre's decision in 1956 to give him the codename OLDING and open an "agent development file" in the hope of recruiting him. The file records, however, that, "The development did not come to fruition."[46]

Allegations that Wilson was ever a KGB agent derive not from credible evidence but from unfounded conspiracy theories, some of them elaborated by the KGB officer Anatoli Golitsyn, who may have known of the existence of the "agent development file" and claimed after his defection in December 1961 that Wilson was a Soviet mole. When Gaitskell died suddenly in 1963, Golitsyn developed the bizarrely improbable theory that he had been poisoned by the KGB to enable Wilson to succeed him as Labor leader. Sadly, a minority of British and American intelligence officers with a penchant for conspiracy theory—among them James Angleton of the CIA and Peter Wright of MI5—were seduced by Golitsyn's fantasies.[47] Wright went on to devise several conspiracy theories of his own, among them the claim that thirty MI5 officers later conspired against Harold Wilson.[48]

Far from using Wilson as an agent or confidential contact after he became prime minister in 1964, the London residency commissioned articles attacking various of his policies by an agent codenamed DAN, recruited in 1959, who contributed to the left-wing weekly *Tribune.* DAN's file records that he published material given him by the KGB and wrote articles on "theses" devised by Service A, the active measures section at the Centre. Though Mitrokhin's brief notes on the file do not record whether DAN received regular payment, they do mention that in February 1967 he was given a "reward" of 200 pounds.[49]

The most prominent British journalist targeted by the Centre during the early years of the Cold War to be identified in the KGB files noted by Mitrokhin was Edward Crankshaw. From the start of the Cold War until some years after his retirement in 1968, Crankshaw was Britain's most authoritative commentator on Soviet affairs. During the Second World War he had served for two years with the British Military Mission in Russia. In 1947 he was "half-flattered, half-bullied" by the editor of the *Observer,* David Astor, into returning to Moscow as the paper's Russian and East European correspondent. For the next generation, he kept up what he called "a continual running commentary on what I thought the Russians were up to" in the *Observer,* its globally syndicated Foreign News Service, the *New York Times Sunday Magazine* and "lectures and broadcasts all over the place."[50] Crankshaw's voluminous "running commentary," diffused around the world, was a source of continuous annoyance to both the Kremlin and the Centre. "There is only one group of people in the world today," he wrote in 1951, “which is actively and deliberately . . . committed to the downfall of our society: the group of Russians who form the government of the Soviet Union.”[51]

The KGB tried various methods of bringing pressure on Crankshaw to modify his views—all without success. Some of the methods used were attempts to exploit his sexual liaisons in Moscow. Though “slight and gentlemanly in appearance,” according to his entry in the *Dictionary of National Biography,* “Crankshaw controlled a wild and independent nature.”[52] While serving with the wartime military mission, he had lived with the artist T. S. Andreyevskaya and her friend E. S. Rosinevich. In 1948 both were arrested, forced to confess to being British spies and sent to labor camp.[53] Crankshaw was not intimidated, but the fate of the two women may well have inspired a moving description by him in 1948 of others who suffered similar fates:

> Another thing you become aware of in the north, and which dominated your ideas, is forced labor in its many different forms. As you sit at breakfast in your hotel you hear the dreadful sound of a woman wailing, half hysterically, in the street outside. And looking out you see thirty or forty women and girls being marched along the frozen street by guards with fixed bayonets, each woman with a small bundle. You do not know where they are going; but you

> know that they are being marched away against their will, that the call came suddenly and roughly, and that behind them they are leaving homes which are, as it were, still warm, while they trudge through the snow with nothing but their bundles.[54]

In 1959 photographs were taken of Crankshaw while engaged in what Mitrokhin's notes describe as "sexual frolics."[55] If the photographs were shown to Crankshaw, as was usual in such cases, he was, once again, not intimidated—although the episode may have helped to inspire his reminder in the *Observer* that past atrocities committed by the KGB remained "part of the present:"

> Still no voice in the Soviet Union can be heard to say that the collectivization, the mass arrests, the deportations and killings were appalling crimes, past now, but never to be forgotten, and this means in effect that for all the remarkable changes since Stalin, the Khrushchev Government is still condoning those crimes.[56]

Soon after Andropov became KGB chairman in 1967, he gave his approval for an operation designed either to blackmail Crankshaw by using the photographs taken in 1959, and perhaps on other occasions, or to discredit him by sending them to the *Observer*. The operation, however, was abandoned at the urging of the London residency, which no doubt calculated correctly that Crankshaw would not give way to blackmail and that his editor would stand by him.[57]

Though the photographs of Crankshaw's "sexual frolics" were never published, similar pictures were used in an active measure codenamed operation PROBA designed to discredit the Conservative MP Commander Anthony Courtney, who had aroused the ire of the Centre by campaigning against the growing size of the London residency.[58] In 1965 the KGB produced a leaflet containing photographs of Courtney having sex with an unidentified woman, and circulated copies to his wife, other MPs and newspaper editors. Though intended to give the impression that Courtney was having an adulterous affair, the photographs had in fact been taken by the SCD four years earlier during a trip by Courtney, then a widower, to a Moscow trade fair. While in Moscow Courtney had been seduced by an Intourist guide who visited him in a hotel room fitted with a concealed KGB camera. The ensuing scandal, which began with a story in *Private Eye,* was largely responsible for Courtney's failure to hold his seat at the 1965 general election.[59] The KGB file on operation PROBA also claimed the credit for the breakdown of Courtney's marriage and the failure of his business career.[60]

The KGB's main targets for sexual compromise operations throughout the Cold War were foreign embassies in Moscow. The files noted by Mitrokhin suggest that few, if any, embassies escaped some degree of penetration by KGB swallows. The most successful seduction within the British embassy during the Brezhnev era, though it achieved far less than the entrapment of John Vassall, was probably that of a 30-year-old married male diplomat codenamed KAREV, who was seduced by his family's Russian maid, codenamed CH. On KGB instructions, using a stratagem successfully deployed against a number of foreign diplomats, CH pretended to be pregnant and sought KAREV's help in arranging an abortion, for which she claimed to have received help from an embassy protection officer. KAREV was persuaded to show his gratitude by giving some biographical information on embassy personnel, including the identities of SIS officers working under diplomatic cover. To compromise KAREV further, CH then pretended that she was pregnant again and needed help in arranging another abortion. Soon afterward CH was arrested on KGB instructions for being found in possession of Western currency given her by KAREV. On this occasion KAREV sought the help of a Soviet official, whom he probably realized was a KGB officer, both to arrange the second fictitious abortion and to have charges against CH dropped. Since KAREV's tour of duty in Moscow was about to end, he was persuaded to agree to a meeting with a KGB officer during his next posting. Once out of Moscow, however, KAREV succeeded in holding the KGB at arm’s length. On being shown his file, Philby advised against attempting to compromise KAREV publicly, as in the case of Commander Courtney, probably because the hand of the KGB would have been too obvious.[61]

IN BRITAIN, AS in the United States,[62] the Centre’s strategy during much of the Cold War was based on the attempt to establish a network of illegal residencies which would prove more difficult for MI5 to monitor than the legal residency at the Soviet embassy, and which could continue to operate if the Cold War turned into hot war. Its first post-war choice of illegal resident was Konon Trofimovich Molody (codenamed BEN), the son of two Soviet scientists, who seems to have been selected in childhood as a potential foreign intelligence officer. In 1932, at only ten years of age, he was sent, with official approval, to live with an aunt in California and attend secondary school in San Francisco, where he became fluent in English before returning to Moscow in 1938. During the Great Patriotic War he joined the NKVD and, according to a stilted official hagiography, “made frequent sorties into the enemy’s rear . . . brilliantly displaying such qualities as boldness and valor.” After the war Molody took a degree in Chinese and worked as a Chinese language instructor before beginning training as an illegal in 1951.[63]

Like some of the illegals chosen for postings in the United States, Molody began by establishing his cover in Canada, where he arrived in 1954 using the identity of a Canadian Communist "live double." MICK, a member of the Central Committee of the Canadian Communist Party, had persuaded the Party member to give him his passport in the previous year when he discovered that it had never been used for foreign travel. Though the live double was told that his passport would be for Party use, MICK passed it to Vladimir Pavlovich Burdin of the Ottawa residency via a senior member of the Canadian—Soviet Friendship Society codenamed SVYASHCHEN-NIK ("Clergyman").[64] The Centre replaced the photograph on the passport with that of Molody and gave it to him for his journey to Canada. Once in Canada, Molody obtained a new passport in the name of a "dead double," Gordon Arnold Lonsdale (codenamed KIZH), who had been born in Cobalt, Ontario, in 1924, emigrated as a child to the Soviet Union with his Finnish mother and died in 1943.[65] A Canadian Royal Commission later concluded:

> Canada has acquired a dubious international reputation with regard to her passports, and there is evidence that hostile intelligence services have concentrated on the acquisition of Canadian documentation because of this relative ease of procurement.[66]

In March 1955, Molody traveled to London using his new identity as “Gordon Lonsdale” and enrolled as a student on a Chinese course at the School of Oriental and African Studies (SOAS). The Centre selected SOAS for two main reasons. First, since the course taken by Molody did not lead to a degree, he was not asked to provide the documentation on his previous education normally required of British university students. Secondly, as a qualified lecturer in Chinese and the author of a Russian—Chinese textbook, Molody found little difficulty in coping with the course requirements while spending most of his time establishing the KGB’s first post-war illegal residency in Britain. His main problem at SOAS was the need to conceal from his tutors the fact that they had little, if anything, to teach him.[67] Molody’s contact in the legal London residency was the Line N (Illegal Support) officer, V. A. Dmitriyev, who provided him with money and instructions from the Centre, as well as microdot letters from his family in Moscow, delivered via dead letter-boxes and at face-to-face meetings.[68] “When is Daddy coming, and why has he gone away?” asked Molody’s small son Trofim in one letter. “. . . What a *stupid* job Daddy has got.”[69]

While at SOAS, Molody began, with the Centre’s approval, to establish a cover profession as a London businessman. Using KGB funds, he set himself up as the director of several companies operating juke boxes, vending machines and onearmed bandits. According to a KGB file, the vending machines included chewinggum dispensers at no fewer than two hundred different sites, thus offering Molody frequent pretexts for journeys in the Greater London area to meet Dmitriyev, the two other members of his residency and his agents. An electronic locking device produced by one of the firms in which Molody was a partner won a gold medal at the 1960 International Inventors Exhibition in Brussels.[70] In retirement, Molody made the wildly exaggerated claim that he had been the KGB's first multimillionaire illegal resident. He boasted to a Soviet interviewer:

> Let me remind you that all the working capital and profits from my four companies (millions of pounds sterling) which were increasing year by year without any help from me, were "socialist property." Strange but true![71]

The radio operators and technical support team in Molody's illegal residency were the veteran American agents Morris and Lona Cohen (LUIS and LESLEY, collectively known as the DACHNIKI), who had been hastily recalled to Moscow after the arrest of the Rosenbergs.[72] In May 1954 the Cohens were issued with passports in the name of Peter and Helen Kroger by a Soviet agent at the New Zealand consulate in Paris, Paddy Costello (codenamed LONG), who later became professor of Russian at Manchester University.[73] "Peter Kroger's" cover profession in London was that of antiquarian bookseller. Like BEN, LUIS and LESLEY were extroverts with an active social life. One of their friends in the London book trade later recalled many convivial evenings at their house in Ruislip:

> Here you received good food, good wine, and the most wonderful hospitality . . . Peter cultivated the acquaintance of everyone he could, and he and his wife were liked by all. He attended the Bibliomites' darts matches and drank pint for pint. He played for the Guv'nors versus the Bibs, in their annual cricket match, wielding his willow like a baseball bat, and trying to knock home runs, to everybody's amusement.[74]

George Blake, who was to meet Konon Molody while both were imprisoned in Wormwood Scrubs, later eulogized him as "a perfect example of what an 'illegal resident' should be . . . a man who believes very strongly in an ideal and serves a great cause."[75] During his years in London, however, Molody became cynical about the prospects of recruiting a new generation of ideological spies like Blake, inspired by working for a great cause. He later told a Soviet interviewer:

> The average Englishman is apolitical and indifferent.

> He really couldn’t care less who is governing him, where the country is going or whether the Common Market is a good or bad thing. All that interests him is his own wage packet, his job and keeping the wife happy.

Molody also took a jaundiced view of the kind of Cold War recruits on whom he believed the KGB should concentrate in Britain:

> A good agent is one whose vital statistics are the following: he works, for example, in a military department and holds a middle-ranking but key position giving him access to information; he doesn’t aspire to a higher office, has a chip on his shoulder about being a failure (let’s say that ill-health prevented him finishing studies at the general staff college); he drinks (an expensive habit); he has a weakness for the fair sex (which is also not cheap); he is critical of his own government and loyal to the resident’s government.[76]

The accounts of Molody’s career released by the KGB and SVR carefully conceal the fact that late in 1958 he was given control of the KGB’s longest-serving British agent, Melita Norwood (HOLA), whose ideological commitment seems never to have wavered over more than forty years. Molody met Norwood for the first time on

December 23 and received from her the usual batch of documents from the safes of the Non-Ferrous Metals Association. For reasons not recorded in Mitrokhin's notes, however, Norwood was returned only two months later to the control of the legal London residency.[77] Perhaps Norwood was repelled by the signs of Molody's highliving, womanizing lifestyle. Or perhaps Molody simply lacked the ability to control an ideological agent.

The files on the Molody residency seen by Mitrokhin suggest that it successfully ran only two agents: Harry Houghton and his mistress Ethel Gee (codenamed SHAH and ASYA).[78] Houghton, a former NCO in the Royal Navy, closely resembled Molody's jaundiced stereotype of the British agent. He worked as a civilian clerk in the Underwater Weapons Establishment at Portland, where, helped by Gee, who was employed as a filing clerk, he had easy access to top secret information on antisubmarine warfare and nuclear submarines. Houghton's later memoirs provide striking evidence of how successfully his controller concealed his low opinion of him. Though Molody, as his Moscow interviews make clear, regarded agents such as Houghton as mildly contemptible moral inadequates, Houghton was pathetically convinced that, from their first meeting, "[t]here was a real camaraderie between us." Molody deceived Houghton so successfully that he even persuaded him that he regarded going to bed with any of his many girlfriends as “absolutely out.”[79]

Like Blake, Houghton was identified by MI5 as a result of information from the defector Michał Goleniewski. Surveillance of Houghton led to the discovery of “Lonsdale,” who was then followed on a visit to the “Krogers” in Ruislip. A search of the “Krogers’” house uncovered a powerful high-speed radio transmitter used for communications with the Centre and a short-wave radio used for receiving messages from Moscow on high-frequency bands, both hidden in a cavity beneath the kitchen floor; one-time cipher pads hidden in flashlights and a cigarette lighter; a microdot reader concealed in a box of face powder; equipment for microdot construction; a cookery jar containing magnetic iron oxide used for printing high-speed morse messages on to tape; thousands of pounds, dollars and travelers checks; and seven passports. [80] At their trial in 1961 Molody was sentenced to twenty-five years in prison, the Cohens to twenty, Houghton and Gee to fifteen.

Molody was freed in a spy exchange in 1964. His misleading memoirs, published a year later under his alias “Gordon Lonsdale,” with the approval of the CPSU Central Committee, contained a variety of disinformation—including the pretense that the “Krogers” were entirely innocent. The London residency reported a “negative reaction” to the memoirs by the British Communist Party leadership, on the grounds that they amounted to a formal admission that the Soviet Union engaged in espionage against the West.[81] In 1969 the Cohens were exchanged for the imprisoned British lecturer Gerald Brooke. At a dinner in their honor at a KGB dacha on November 25, 1969, Andropov personally presented them with the Order of the Red Star. Other top brass from the Centre present at the dinner included Sakharovsky, the FCD chief, and Lazarev, the head of the illegals directorate. 5,000 roubles were spent furnishing a Moscow apartment for the Cohens on Malaya Bronnaya, where the same KGB top brass attended a flat-warming party in April 1970.[82]

The Centre remained anxious, however, to keep the Cohens away from other Western defectors in Moscow—partly because it clung to the fiction that they were Polish and had gone to live in Poland. On June 7, 1971, while returning to his flat from a shopping expedition, Morris Cohen accidentally bumped into George Blake, whom he had first met several years earlier when they were both imprisoned in Wormwood Scrubs. The KGB file on the meeting notes that both expressed “genuine joy” at their reunion, exchanged telephone numbers and agreed to arrange another meeting. The Centre, however, separately instructed both Blake and the Cohens to devise pretexts to cancel their arrangement. According to the KGB record of a bugged telephone conversation, Cohen rang Blake to tell him that he was about to go on holiday and would, after all, not be able to meet him in the near future. Blake replied that he quite understood and would himself be leaving for his dacha in a few days’ time. The two men never met again.[83] The Cohens, however, retained an honored place in the KGB pantheon. Lona died in 1993 at the age of eighty, Morris two years later at the age of ninety. By order of President Yeltsin, Morris Cohen was posthumously awarded the title of Hero of the Russian Federation.[84]

Molody's career ended less happily. Once back in Moscow, his experience of life in the West made him, like a number of other former illegals, increasingly disillusioned with the Soviet system. According to Blake:

> He was particularly critical of the inefficient and often incompetent way Soviet industrial enterprises were run and international trade was conducted. Being an outspoken man who had the good of his country at heart, he made his views known. Criticism of any kind was not appreciated in those days and he soon fell from favor and found himself relegated to a position of relatively minor importance.[85]

Molody also took to drink. One Saturday in October 1970 he went on a mushroomcollecting expedition near the town of Medyi with his wife and two friends from the air force. Immediately after his second glass of vodka, he suffered a stroke, lost the power of speech and died a few days later in hospital at the age of only forty-eight.[86] He lay in state on a funeral bier in the KGB officers' club while colleagues displayed his large collection of medals on velvet cushions and Andropov and other top brass came to pay their respects.[87] Shortly before his death, a team of writers commissioned by the Centre had completed, with Molody's assistance, a new biography of him entitled *Special Mission,* some extracts of which were published in the Soviet press. In 1972, however, it was decided, with Andropov's approval, not to publish the book abroad and to suspend publication in the Soviet Union for fear that it would "fan the flames of spymania" in the West.[88]

After Molody's death, his long-suffering wife, Galina Ivanovna, who had seen very little of him during his career as an illegal, also took to drink. Over the next few years she was treated several times for alcoholism. In 1976 a monument to Molody costing 2,000 roubles was erected on his grave in Moscow's Donskoy Monastery, next to that of another well known illegal of the 1950s, William Fisher (alias "Abel"). In the same year, the CPSU Central Committee awarded his widow a pension of 120 roubles.[89]

Mitrokhin saw frequent references in KGB files to visits to Britain made by other Soviet illegals during the twenty years after Molody's arrest but found no evidence that any fully functioning illegal KGB residency to replace BEN's was established during that period—though it is possible that such evidence exists in files he did not see. One of the principal candidates chosen to succeed BEN in London appears to have been the comparatively youthful Eduard Ivanovich Koslov (codenamed YEVDOKI-MOV), born in 1934. With the help of the agent RAG, an official in a Belgian commune, [90] Koslov obtained identity documents in the name of the non-existent Jean-Louis de Mol, which he used to obtain a Belgian passport in 1961. Over the next few years, he went through an elaborate acclimatization period to strengthen his cover, studying at a Swiss foreign language school, working as an electronic machine operator in Zurich, then in a Stuttgart insurance company. In 1966 he returned to Belgium, took up residence in Dinant and obtained a new passport valid until 1970. Before he could move on to Britain or the United States, however, Koslov aroused the suspicions of the Belgian security service and was hurriedly recalled to Moscow. At the time of his recall, his account in the Banque de Bruxelles (no. A-04-18295) contained 39,000 Belgian francs; the Centre considered it too dangerous to withdraw the money and wrote it off. Unable henceforth to travel in the West, Koslov worked instead on PROGRESS operations in Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and the Soviet Union, posing as a British, American or Belgian tourist.[91]

DESPITE THE APPARENT failure of its attempts to establish a new illegal residency after the arrest of Molody and the Cohens, the KGB's British operations achieved a series of significant successes during the following decade. The Centre discovered a simple but effective method of making life easier for the London legal residency. Under four successive residents—Nikolai Grigoryevich Bagrichev (1962-4),[92] Mikhail Timofeyevich Chizhov (1964-6), Mikhail Ivanovich Lopatin (acting resident, 1966-7)[93] and Yuri Nikolayevich Voronin (1967-71)—the size of the residency steadily increased. Between 1960 and 1970, KGB and GRU personnel in London grew from about fifty to over 120—more than in Washington or any other Western capital. The intelligence services of other Soviet Bloc countries also rapidly expanded their British operations. The aim, which was partially successful, was to swamp the overstretched MI5 with more intelligence officers than they could hope to keep under effective surveillance.[94]

When the Czechoslovak StB officer Josef Frolik was posted to London in 1964, he was told that "the British service was so short of funds and men that it would be relatively easy to throw off their tails."[95] MI5's job became even harder at the beginning of Voronin's term as resident, in 1967, when one of his operations officers, Aleksei Nikolayevich Savin (codenamed RUSLAN),[96] recruited a clerk in the Greater London Council (GLC) motor licensing department, Sirioj Husein Abdoolcader, who had access to the registration numbers of all Security Service and Special Branch vehicles. A series of sophisticated MI5 mobile surveillance operations was compromised by the ability of the London residency to identify the vehicles used.[97]

The London residency's greatest successes during the Brezhnev era were in scientific and technological intelligence (S&T), particularly in the defense field. In 1967 Lopatin, the residency's main S&T expert in the mid-1960s, became one of the founders of a new FCD Directorate T, specializing in this field and serviced by Line X (S&T) officers in residencies abroad. The head of Line X in London from the beginning of 1968 until his expulsion in the summer of 1971 was Lev Nikolayevich Sherstnev, a tough but amiable engineer who spoke almost flawless English with a Canadian accent and had a passion for Western hi-fi.[98]

In addition to the veteran Norwood, Mitrokhin's notes identify at least ten other Line X agents active in the late 1960s: MERCURY, a chemist recruited in 1958;[99] SAKS, an employee of a British aircraft company, recruited in Germany, probably in 1964, "for material reward;"[100] YUNG, an aeronautical and computer engineer recruited in 1965;[101] NAGIN, a chemical engineer recruited in 1966;[102] ACE, an aeronautical engineer recruited in 1967, who supplied voluminous documentation on aero engines and flight simulators;[103] HUNT, the civil servant recruited by Norwood in 1967;[104] AKHURYAN, a nuclear physicist recruited in 1968;[105] STARIK, an aeronautical design engineer recruited in 1968;[106] DAN, an engineer in the British subsidiary of an American company, recruited in 1969 “for material reward;”[107] and STEP, a laboratory assistant recruited in 1969 for a monthly salary of 150 dollars.[108] Mitrokhin’s notes also identify four further Line X agents operating in the 1970s who may well have been recruited in the 1960s: a virologist, a research scientist in a pharmaceutical laboratory,[109] an engineer at a nuclear reactor,[110] and COOPER, who worked in the new products department of a pharmaceutical company.[111]

MI5 was hampered in its response to the upsurge of KGB and GRU S&T operations not merely by its own overstretched resources but also by the difficulty (which it was, understandably, not anxious to advertise) of bringing successful prosecutions. Unless it could obtain confessions or catch agents in the act of handing over material, it was usually impossible to secure convictions. Its difficulties were exemplified by the trial in 1963 of Dr. Giuseppe Martelli, a 39-year-old Italian physicist employed for the previous year at the Culham Laboratories of the Atomic Energy Authority. Arrested as a result of a lead from a KGB defector, Martelli was found in possession of a record of meetings with Nikolai Karpekov and other KGB officers, a set of partly used one-time pads for cipher communications hidden inside an ingeniously constructed cigarette case, and instructions for photographing documents. But possession of espionage paraphernalia (unlike housebreaking equipment) is not in itself a crime and Martelli had no official access to classified information, though he was in contact with people who had. Martelli admitted meeting Karpekov, but claimed he was engaged in an ingenious scheme to turn the tables on a blackmail attempt by the KGB. He was acquitted.[112]

During the mid- and late 1960s there were only two successful British prosecutions of Soviet spies in Britain. In 1965 Frank Bossard, a 52-year-old projects officer at the Ministry of Aviation was sentenced to twenty-one years in jail for passing top secret details of British guided weapon development to the GRU. An investigation after Bossard's arrest revealed a criminal record which had never been properly investigated. Twenty years earlier he had served six months' hard labor for fraud. In 1968 Douglas Britten, an RAF chief technician, was also sentenced to twenty-one years in jail for giving the KGB highly classified information from RAF signals units in Cyprus and Lincolnshire. A Security Commission inquiry after Britten's conviction disclosed Britten's history of financial problems and his record as an "accomplished liar."[113]

The work of Line X in the London residency was supplemented by KGB officers sent to Britain under cover either as members of trade and scientific delegations or as postgraduate students. Among the KGB postgraduates was A. V. Sharov of Directorate T, who began work for a

PhD in engineering at London University in November 1966 and was awarded his doctorate on October 22, 1969. On KGB instructions, Sharov returned to London to take his degree in person in January 1971 and embark on a lecture tour arranged by the Academy of Sciences which was intended by the Centre to enable him to identify possible recruits in the scientific community.[114]

Probably the most important Line PR postgraduate at a British university in the mid-1960s was Gennadi Fedorovich Titov (codenamed SILIN), who studied at University College, London. Titov went on to become resident in Norway in 1971 at the relatively youthful age of thirty-nine;[115] in 1984 he was promoted to the rank of KGB general, and by the time of the 1991 coup ranked third in the KGB hierarchy. KGB officers and agents disguised as students were also used to uncover links between Western church groups and religious minorities in the Soviet Union. In September 1970 ABRAMOV (not identified in Mitrokhin's notes) enrolled at a Baptist college in England, where he made contacts who revealed plans in Sweden and West Germany to smuggle religious literature into Russia by car, hidden in specially constructed secret compartments.[116]

Since the demise of the Magnificent Five and the arrest of George Blake, the Centre had seen as the main weakness of its British operations its failure to recruit a new generation of young, ideologically committed high-flyers. The simple truth, which the Centre could not bring itself to accept, was that the Soviet Union had lost most of its former ideological appeal. The aging apparatchiks who ruled Brezhnev's Soviet Union lacked the luster of both the interwar myth—image of the world's first worker—peasant state and the far more accurate wartime image of the state which had been chiefly responsible for the defeat of Nazism. Most young Western radicals of the late 1960s were attracted not to ideologically servile Communist Parties but to the libertarian movements of the New Left. Moscow, however, refused to accept that this was more than a passing phase. The Centre sought to use the exploits of Kim Philby to inspire a new generation of radical idealists to follow his example.

On his defection to Moscow in 1963, Philby had been dismayed to discover that he held only agent status in the KGB, did not hold officer rank and was not even to be allowed to set foot inside the Lubyanka. For the first five years of his Moscow exile, however, he was kept occupied by long debriefing sessions, helping to ghostwrite the memoirs of Konon Molody (published under his alias "Gordon Lonsdale") and writing a sprightly but tendentious memoir of his own career as a Soviet agent inside SIS, published in 1968 under the title of *My Silent War*.[117] Philby made no mention of the disappointments of life in Moscow. Instead, he claimed that, "As I look over Moscow from my study window, I can see the solid foundations of the future I glimpsed at

Cambridge." Philby concluded his preface with words which were intended to inspire others:

> It is a sobering thought that, but for the power of the Soviet Union and the Communist idea, the Old World, if not the whole world, would now be ruled by Hitler and Hirohito. It is a matter of great pride to me that I was invited, at so early an age, to play my infinitesimal part in building up that power . . . When the proposition [to join Soviet intelligence] was made to me, I did not hesitate. One does not look twice at an offer of enrollment in an élite force.[118]

Scarcely had *My Silent War* been published than an American high school student, inspired by Philby's example, arrived in Moscow on a tourist visa and offered his services to the KGB. Though aged only sixteen (the youngest Western recruit recorded in the files seen by Mitrokhin), he was signed up in July 1968, with Andropov's personal approval, as agent SYNOK ("Sonny")[119]—the same codename as that which had been given to Philby on his recruitment in 1934.[120] SYNOK's file notes that he came from a well-to-do family, had an idealistic commitment to the Soviet Union and was imbued with a romantic notion of intelligence work. After a second meeting with SYNOK in Mexico on October 19, it was decided to train him as an illegal agent. Over the next few months, however, either SYNOK or his parents had second thoughts and he failed to show up at the next pre-arranged rendezvous in London.

It may be a sign of how few other bright, ideologically committed young Westerners were inspired to follow Philby's example (no others are recorded in Mitrokhin's notes) that the KGB continued intermittently to try to renew contact with SYNOK for more than a decade. In 1978 a KGB officer discovered from SYNOK's father that he was in Mexico, but failed to track him down. Two years later, his mother was tricked into revealing that he was in San Francisco and giving his address. In December 1980 the operations officer who had met him in Mexico twelve years earlier wrote to SYNOK in San Francisco, inviting him to another meeting in Mexico and giving an East German cover address to which to reply. When no reply was received, the KGB seems, at long last, to have given up.[121]

Though a new generation of Philbys failed to materialize, memories of the Magnificent Five continued to enhance the prestige of the London residency. Even in the Gorbachev era, operations in Britain during the Second World War and the quarter century afterward were still held up as a model for young intelligence officers at the FCD training school, the Andropov Institute. The three main faculty heads in the institute had all made their reputations in the London residency. Yuri Modin, who was in charge of political intelligence training, was a former controller of the Magnificent Five.

Ivan Shishkin, head of counter-intelligence, had run Line KR in London from 1966 to 1970. Vladimir Barkovsky, who ran S&T espionage training, had specialized in that field in London from 1941 to 1946.[122]

If the golden age of KGB operations in London had ended with the demise of the Magnificent Five in 1951, the silver age came to an even more abrupt conclusion twenty years later with the defection of Oleg Lyalin and the mass expulsion of 105 KGB and GRU officers.[123] Henceforth MI5 surveillance was no longer swamped by the sheer numbers of Soviet intelligence personnel. Oleg Gordievsky remembers the British operation FOOT as "a bombshell, an earthquake of an expulsion, without precedent, an event that shocked the Centre profoundly."[124] According to Oleg Kalugin, "our intelligence gathering activities in England suffered a blow from which they never recovered."[125] For the remainder of the Cold War the KGB probably found it more difficult to collect high-grade intelligence in London than in almost any other Western capital.

TWENTY - FIVE

COLD WAR OPERATIONS AGAINST BRITAIN

Part 2: After Operation FOOT

Despite Moscow's public expressions of righteous indignation after the expulsion of 105 KGB and GRU officers from London in September 1971, the Centre knew that it had suffered a public relations disaster. The centerpiece of its active measures campaign to turn the tables on British intelligence and discredit the British expulsions was the former rising star of SIS, Kim Philby. Philby, however, was in no fit state to be seen in public. Since the publication of his memoirs in 1968, the KGB seemed to have no further use for him and Philby roamed round Russia on a series of almost suicidal drinking bouts which sometimes left him oblivious of where he was, uncertain whether it was night or day. During the early

1970s he was slowly pulled back from alcoholic oblivion by Rufa, “the woman I had been waiting for all my life.”[1]

Though the Centre judged, no doubt correctly, after operation FOOT that Philby was still in no condition to give a press conference, it used a lengthy interview with him in *Izvestia* on October 1, 1971 to denounce the “slanderous allegations” in the “right-wing bourgeois British press” that the Soviet officials expelled from London had been engaged in espionage. In striking contrast with the far more sophisticated tone of Philby’s memoirs published three years earlier, the interview regurgitates a series of stereotypical denunciations of British “ruling circles:”

> It should be said that spy mania, the fabrication of slanderous inventions in regard to the Soviet Union, is nothing new in the activities of the ruling circles in England. Definite, concrete political aims are always behind such activities.
>
> This time also, the intensive anti-Soviet provocation and the large scale of the false accusations in regard to Soviet officials in London, as well as the timing of this action, reveal the premeditated character of the activities of the Conservatives who now hold power.
>
> These activities are directed at putting the brakes on the process of lessening tension in Europe.
>
> It is no accident that, as was reflected in the

> English bourgeois press, government circles showed evident displeasure at, and I should say fear of, the foreign policy of the Soviet Union, which is directed towards normalization of the international situation.

Philby can scarcely have composed these turgid platitudes himself. The probability is that they were simply submitted to him by the KGB for signature. Philby added to them some personal memories of the anti-Soviet "psychological warfare" conducted by British intelligence—though there was a certain irony to his claim that "SIS did not interrupt their subversive operations against the Soviet Union even at the time of the war against Hitler's Germany."[2] In reality, the lack of evidence of anti-Soviet subversion in the wartime SIS reports provided by Philby had led the Centre to suspect him of disinformation.[3] The fact that Philby identified SIS officers, real and alleged, who had been stationed in the Middle East since he had defected from Beirut in 1963 is further evidence that much, if not all, of his interview was scripted for him by the Centre.[4] Among the British intelligence officers in Beirut identified in his interview was the young David Spedding who, a quarter of a century later, became chief of SIS.[5]

So, far from limiting the damage done by the London expulsions, Philby's interview turned into another public relations fiasco. Tass was promptly sued for libel by four prominent Lebanese citizens named in the interview as British agents: Robert Abella, editor-publisher of the Beirut weekly *Al Zaman;* Dori Chamoun, son of former President Camille Chamoun; Emir Farid Chehab, former Lebanese security chief; and Ahmed Isbir, a deputy in the Lebanese parliament.[6] The Soviet ambassador in Beirut sought to distance his government from the law suit by declaring that the whole affair was "purely journalistic" and that "the Soviet Union as a state had no connection with it." He quickly backtracked, however, when the head of the Tass bureau in Beirut, Nikolai Borisovich Filatov, was included in the law suit, claiming that Tass was "a government news agency" and that Filatov was covered by diplomatic immunity.[7] To make matters worse, the Communist lawyer chosen by the embassy to act for Tass was believed by the Centre to be an SIS agent.[8] Before the case came to trial the Beirut residency withdrew Filatov and his family to Moscow.[9] In May 1972 the Tass Lebanese bureau chief, Raymond Saadeh, who was unable to claim diplomatic immunity, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment and ordered to pay damages of 40,000 Lebanese pounds to each of the plaintiffs—a sentence later reduced on appeal to a fine of 1,000 and damages of 10,000 Lebanese pounds each (a total of about 6,000 pounds sterling). Tass was further humiliated by being ordered to report the judgment against it. The story appeared in *The Times* under the headline, "Tass ordered to pay for libel by Mr. Kim Philby."[10]

The miserable sequel to Philby's *Izvestia* interview did little either to persuade Philby that the KGB any longer had a serious use for his talents or to assist in his rehabilitation. When Oleg Kalugin met him for the first time at the beginning of 1972, a month after Philby's marriage to Rufa, he found "a wreck of a man:"

> The bent figure caromed off the walls as he walked. Reeking of vodka, he mumbled something unintelligible to me in atrocious, slurred Russian.

Over the next few years Kalugin and other Young Turks within the FCD gradually succeeded in rehabilitating Philby, using him to devise active measures and run seminars for young officers about to be posted to Britain, Ireland, Australasia and Scandinavia. Kryuchkov and the FCD old guard, however, remained suspicious of Philby and refused to allow him into Yasenevo.[11] Philby's lack of status continued to rankle with him. He liked to give Western journalists the impression that he was Colonel—or even General—Philby of the KGB. In reality, he remained agent TOM.

IN THE IMMEDIATE aftermath of the mass expulsions of September 1971, most of the London residency's agents were put on ice. The Centre calculated that the residency would be unlikely to resume normal operations, even on a reduced scale, until mid-1974 at the earliest.[12]

The much reduced number of KGB and GRU officers in London found themselves under considerably tighter surveillance. On September 17, 1971, Abdoolcader, the KGB agent in the GLC motor licensing department, was arrested after a tip-off from Lyalin, who had been his case officer for the previous two years. In his wallet was a postcard addressed to Lyalin, giving the latest registration numbers of MI5 surveillance vehicles. Abdoolcader was jailed for three years.[13]

With the previous resident, Voronin, declared *persona non grata* and known intelligence officers refused British visas, a junior Line KR officer, Yevgeni Ivanovich Lazebny, who had the cover position of security officer at the Soviet trade delegation and had somehow escaped expulsion, was made acting resident. During his fourteen months in charge, Lazebny tried to preserve his cover by keeping his office at the trade delegation and visiting the embassy each day to supervise the work of the residency.[14]

Though out of his depth when it came to running intelligence operations, Lazebny insisted on elaborate and time-consuming security precautions which further complicated the life of the residency. No one was allowed to enter the residency wearing an overcoat for fear that it might be used to conceal material being smuggled in or out. Briefcases, bags and packages were also forbidden, and the shoes of operations officers were X-rayed for bugs or any hidden compartments. All mail and furniture bought or repaired locally were also X-rayed. The embassy administrative officer, M. V. Loshkarov, was disciplined for placing a bulk order at a London store for electric lamps which Lazebny feared might be bugged. Oil cans, batteries, even knots in woodwork, were regularly inspected to make sure they contained no bugs or secret compartments.[15]

At the end of 1972 Lazebny was succeeded as resident by the Latvian Yakov Konstantinovich Lukasevics (alias "Bukashev"),[16] who continued to insist on elaborate security procedures. In 1971-2 the residency received agent reports that MI5 had a source either among the officials of the Soviet trade delegation or among the inspectors of industrial equipment. Though a time-consuming hunt for the traitor continued until 1976, it yielded no result. It was eventually concluded that the agent reports might have been planted by MI5 to distract the residency from its operational priorities. The residency's fears of British penetration had, however, some foundation. An extensive network of bugging devices was discovered at the trade delegation, which contained outposts of both the KGB and GRU residencies.[17]

Following the 1971 expulsions, Cuban and east European intelligence services were asked by the Centre to help plug the intelligence gap in London.[18] The KGB also sought to compensate in some degree for its diminished residency by expanding its agent network among the diplomats and staff of the London embassy. By 1973 nineteen members of the embassy were listed in Centre files as KGB agents, among them the ambassador's deputy, Ivan Ippolitov.[19] Some of the KGB officers who were expelled from, or denied entry to, Britain, were redeployed to Commonwealth capitals with substantial British expatriate communities—notably Delhi, Colombo, Dar-es-Salaam, Lagos and Lusaka.[20] The files seen by Mitrokhin record few major recruitments of British agents by the redeployed officers. In 1974, however, three operations officers in an east African residency—S. S. Sarmanov, G. M. Yermolev and N. T. Krestnikov—were given awards for recruiting a British journalist, TOM, and his wife IRENE. TOM and IRENE, however, proved of limited usefulness. Early in 1976 TOM moved to Asia and was briefly used to report on other Western residents. He failed, however, to gain access to any classified information and in April 1976 Kryuchkov decided to break operational contact with him.[21]

THE FIRST SECTION of the London residency to resume something like normal operations after the 1971 expulsions, albeit slowly and on a reduced scale, was Line X (S&T). During 1972 plans were made to renew contact with six of its most highly rated agents: the veteran Melita Norwood (HOLA) in the British Non-Ferrous Metals Association, first recruited in 1937; ACE, an aeronautical engineer; HUNT, a civil servant recruited by Norwood; YUNG, an aeronautics and computer engineer; NAGIN, a chemical engineer; and STEP, a laboratory assistant.[22] Though Mitrokhin's notes give only an incomplete account of how the six agents were reactivated, it is clear that it was a lengthy business, probably preceded by prolonged and painstaking surveillance to ensure that none was under MI5 observation. Contact with HUNT was not re-established until 1975, and even then it was thought safer to use a French agent, MAIRE, rather than an operations officer from the London residency, as his controller.[23]

When contact was renewed with Melita Norwood in London in 1974, it was discovered that she had retired two years earlier. Since she no longer had access to classified material, regular contact was discontinued. HOLA, however, retained a high reputation in the Centre as probably its longest-serving British agent with a highly productive record which included intelligence on the British nuclear program. She seems to have remained throughout her career a true believer in the Soviet Union. During a visit to Moscow with her husband in 1979, forty-two years after her original recruitment, she was offered a further financial reward but declined, saying she had all she needed to live on.[24]

By 1974 Line X at the London residency had nine operations officers (seven fewer than before operation FOOT), headed by the deputy resident, Oleg Aleksandrovich Yakimov, and had successfully resumed contact with most of the Line X agents put on ice in September 1971.[25] The most productive of the reactivated agents was, almost certainly, the aeronautical engineer ACE, recruited in the late 1960s.[26] By the time he died in the early 1980s, ACE's product file consisted of about 300 volumes, each of about 300 pages. Most of these 90,000 pages consisted of technical documentation on new aircraft (among them Concorde, the Super VC-10 and Lockheed L-1011), aero-engines (including Rolls-Royce, Olympus-593, RB-211 and SNEY-505) and flight simulators. ACE's material on the flight simulators for the Lockheed L-1011 and Boeing 747 were the foundation for a new generation of Soviet equivalents. ACE also recruited under false flag (probably that of a rival company) an aero-engine specialist codenamed SWEDE. Remarkably, ACE was paid a monthly salary of only 225 pounds, raised to 350 pounds in 1980.[27]

Despite the exclusion from Britain of known KGB and GRU officers, the KGB was still able to send Line X agents and "trusted contacts" from Soviet universities to Britain on scientific exchanges and for postgraduate or postdoctoral research in engineering and the natural sciences. Most went either to universities and polytechnics in the London area or to Oxford and Cambridge.[28] "Targets of operational interest," where it was hoped that KGB agents and trusted contacts could identify potential recruits, included Churchill College, King's College, St. Catharine's College and Trinity Hall at Cambridge University; Magdalen, Queen's and Trinity Colleges at Oxford; King's College, University College, the London School of Economics, the School of Oriental and African Studies and the School of Slavonic Studies at London University.[29]

Some of the Soviet scientists who came to conduct research in Britain were KGB officers. In May 1975, for example, Dr. Hugh Huxley of the British Medical Research Council's molecular biology laboratory at Cambridge invited Academician Frank, director of the USSR Academy of Sciences Biophysics Institute, to send a member of his institute to carry out research at the laboratory. Unknown to Huxley, the invitation was misappropriated by the KGB. The scientist sent to Cambridge was Valeri Vasilyevich Lednev of Directorate T.[30] At about the time Lednev embarked on his British assignment, the head of Directorate T, Mikhail Lopatin, who had been in charge of S&T collection in Britain in the mid-1960s, arrived in London to advise the residency on the expansion of Line X operations.[31]

Though not comprehensive, Mitrokhin's notes suggest that there were fewer new British Line X recruits during the 1970s than in the decade before operation FOOT. The earliest post-FOOT recruit definitely identified by Mitrokhin is CHRISTINA, who was recruited in 1973—probably in the Soviet Union.[32] It is unclear from Mitrokhin's notes whether four other Line X agents operating in Britain in the early 1970s were recruited before or after the mass expulsion of KGB and GRU officers.[33] Because of the difficult operating conditions in London, at least six (probably more) Line X agents either met their case officers outside Britain or were controlled by other European residencies.[34]

The most important British S&T agent recruited during the decade after operation FOOT was, almost certainly, Michael John Smith (codenamed BORG), a Communist electronics engineer.[35] The secretary of the Surrey Communist Party in the early 1970s, Richard Geldart, recalls Smith as an "out-and-out Tankie"—a hardline supporter of the crushing of the Prague Spring by Soviet tanks: "Not to put too fine a point on it, he was the total nerd. There was socializing going on, but he was not part of it."[36] A Line X officer at the London residency, Viktor Alekseevich Oshchenko (codenamed OZEROV), made initial contact with Smith in a pub near Smith's flat at Kingston-on-Thames after a trade union meeting held in May 1975 before the referendum on British membership of the EEC. On instructions from Oshchenko, Smith left the Communist Party, ceased trade union activity, became a regular reader of the *Daily Telegraph,* joined a local tennis club and—as his operational file quaintly puts it —"endeavored to display his loyalty to the authorities."

In July 1976, helped by bureaucratic confusion in MI5, caused by the remarkable coincidence that the Surrey Communist Party contained another Michael John Smith, he gained a job as a test engineer in the quality assurance department of Thorn—EMI Defense Electronics at Feltham, Middlesex. Within a year he was working on the top secret project XN-715, developing and testing radar fuses for Britain's freefall nuclear bomb.[37] The KGB passed the documents on project XN-715 provided by Smith to N. V. Serebrov and other nuclear weapons specialists at a secret Soviet military research institute codenamed Enterprise G-4598, who succeeded in building a replica of the British radar fuse. Smith's intelligence, however, seemed too good to be true. Serebrov and his colleagues were puzzled as to how Smith had been able to obtain the radio frequency on which the detonator was to operate. This information, they believed, was so sensitive that it should not have appeared even in the top secret documents on the design and operation of the detonator to which Smith had access. Armed with a knowledge of the radio frequency, Soviet forces would be able to create radio interference which could prevent the detonator from operating. One possibility which occurred to the specialists was that the frequency supplied by Smith *might* be merely a test frequency which would not be used in actual military operations. But they remained suspicious of the extent of the detailed highly classified information which Smith had been able to supply.[38]

The Centre also seems to have been suspicious of the ease and speed with which a well-known pro-Soviet Communist had been able to gain access to one of Britain's most highly classified nuclear secrets so soon after going through the motions of leaving the Party and switching from the *Morning Star* to the *Daily Telegraph.* Its suspicions that Smith's intelligence on the radar fuse might have been a sophisticated deception seem to have strengthened when he told his controller in 1978 that he had lost his security clearance and, for the time being, could no longer provide classified information. (Though Smith did not realize it at the time, MI5 had discovered its earlier error and secretly informed Thorn-EMI of Smith's Communist past.)[39]

To try to resolve its doubts the Centre devised a series of tests to check Smith's reliability. The first test, which Smith seems to have passed, was to remove two packets of secret material from a dead letter-box in Spain. The second, more elaborate check on Smith, personally approved by Andropov and termed in KGB jargon "a psycho-physiological test using a non-contact polygraph," was conducted in Vienna in August 1979 by Boris Konstantinovich Stalnov and two OT (operational—

technical support) officers. Stalnov began with a brief prepared speech, duly entered in Smith's file:

> I am personally satisfied with the way things are going and with our mutual relations and I am therefore extremely glad to congratulate you. From today you are a full member of our organization. This means that the organization will take care of you. Believe me, you will have gained friends who are ready to come to your help in any circumstances. Your participation and help to the organization will be duly recognized. The organization is based on two principles: voluntary participation and sincerity.
>
> The first means that, having joined the organization of your own free will, you may leave it at any time if you think it necessary, without any [adverse] consequences for yourself, provided you give prior notice.
>
> As for the second principle, sincerity, you must inform us of all details which directly or indirectly affect the interests of our organization. This is understandable as the security of both sides depends on it. Joining the organization is also in a certain sense a formal act. In connection with this I am required to put a number of questions to you. I regard this as a pure formality. You should do the same.
>
> It will simplify the task and save time if you

> simply answer “yes” or “no.”

Smith was then asked over 120 questions and his replies secretly recorded. Subsequent analysis of the recording and Smith’s response to each question persuaded the Centre—doubtless to its immense relief—that he was not, as it had thought possible, engaged in a grand deception orchestrated by British intelligence. Though Smith had been led to suppose that the “psycho-physiological test” was a routine formality, it had never been used before by the KGB outside the Soviet Union. The Centre was so pleased with its success that it decided to use the same method to check other agents. It none the less decided to give Smith a third (and apparently final) test of his “sincerity” by instructing him to remove a container holding two rolls of film from a DLB in the Paris suburbs and to deliver it to a KGB officer in Lisbon.[40] The KGB would doubtless have been able to detect any attempt by Smith or another intelligence agency to open the container.

From 1979 onward Smith was paid a 300-pound monthly retainer by the KGB. His file also records additional payments for documents supplied by him of 1,600 pounds, 750 pounds, 400 pounds and 2,000 pounds. Though Mitrokhin’s notes do not record the dates of these payments, they probably relate chiefly to Smith’s two years in Thorn—EMI Defense Electronics.[41] The excitement of working for the KGB, copying highly classified documents, emptying DLBs and going to secret assignations with his case officers in foreign capitals seems to have rescued Smith from his earlier existence as a "total nerd." A hint of the exotic began to enliven a previously drab lifestyle. In 1979 he got married, took up flamenco dancing, began experimenting with Spanish and Mexican cuisine, and gave dinner parties at which guests were served his homemade wine.[42]

Smith was so taken with his life as a secret agent that he made strenuous efforts to recover the security clearance he had lost in 1978, even drafting a personal appeal two years later to Margaret Thatcher to intercede on his behalf. "There is a cloud over me which I cannot dispel," he complained to the Prime Minister. "I have been wrongly suspected and have lost my position most unjustly." Though Smith seems never to have posted his letter to Mrs. Thatcher, in June 1980 he succeeded in putting his case to an MI5 officer. Smith began by denying that he had ever been a Communist, was confronted with evidence that he had, then apologized for lying and said he had joined the Party only to find a girlfriend.[43] Amazingly, Smith's campaign to recover his security clearance survived even this setback. More amazingly still, a few years later it succeeded.[44]

In 1980 7.5 percent of all Soviet scientific and technological intelligence came from British sources.[45] As well as providing what it claimed was enormous assistance to Soviet research and development, especially in the military field, Directorate T also prided itself on obtaining commercial secrets which drove down the cost of contracts with Western companies. One British example of which it was particularly proud during the later 1970s was the negotiation of the contract for two large methane production plants with the companies Davy Power Gas and Klîckner INA Industrial Plants.[46] The original price quoted by the British consortium was 248 million convertible roubles, as compared with the 206 million allocated for the project by the Soviet Council of Ministers. An operation conducted in the Peking Hotel, Moscow, on March 23, 1977 by Directorate T with the assistance of the Moscow KGB, probably based on a combination of eavesdropping and the secret photocopying of company documents, obtained commercial intelligence which—according to a report by the Ministry of Foreign Trade—made it possible to negotiate a reduction of 50.6 million roubles on the price of the contract. On October 24, 1977 Andropov formally commended fifteen KGB officers for their part in the operation. Ironically, the British prime minister, James Callaghan, subsequently wrote to his Soviet opposite number, Alexei Kosygin, to thank the Soviet government for awarding the contract to a British firm.[47]

THE PR AND KR Lines at the London residency appear to have had less success during the 1970s than Line X.

The only known Soviet agent within the British intelligence community, Geoffrey Prime of GCHQ, was run not by the residency but by Third Directorate controllers who met him outside Britain.[48] The most highly placed Line PR agent active during the decade after operation FOOT identified in Mitrokhin's notes was WILLIAM, a trade union official and former Communist. WILLIAM was recruited during a visit to the Soviet Union by Boris Vasilyevich Denisov, a KGB officer working under cover as a Soviet trade union (AUCCTU) official, and agreed to provide inside information on the TUC and the Labor Party. After a meeting with WILLIAM in London in December 1975, however, his case officer reported that he had become anxious about his role as a Soviet agent. Though reaffirming his desire to help his Soviet comrades, WILLIAM said that he was distrusted by less progressive trade union officials because of his Marxist views and worried that word of his Soviet connection would leak out and damage his chances of becoming leader of his union.[49] Lacking any really important British agents, Line PR tended to exaggerate the significance of second-rate agents such as WILLIAM and its other sources of inside information on British politics and government policy.

The political contact of which Line PR was proudest was Harold Wilson (codenamed OLDING), who became president of the Great Britain—USSR Association after his resignation as prime minister in 1976. The first secretary at the Soviet embassy responsible for liaison with the association, Andrei Sergeyevich Parastayev, periodically called on Wilson, nominally to discuss its affairs with him. The fact that Parastayev was a KGB agent allowed the residency to claim that it had secured access to the former prime minister. Though not claiming that Wilson was a "confidential contact" (let alone an agent), the residency reported that he freely provided political information.[50] Mitrokhin's notes give no examples of what the information comprised, but if Wilson's observations to Parastayev resembled his private comments to some of his British friends and acquaintances, they would certainly have attracted the attention of the Centre and probably have been passed to the Politburo. Roy Jenkins noted in 1978, for example, that Wilson "did not think there was much future for the [Callaghan] Government, or indeed the Labor Party."[51]

The Centre claimed that disinformation from Service A had been passed to Wilson, probably via Parastayev, with the intention that it should reach the Labor government. [52] It is highly unlikely, however, that the disinformation had any significant influence on Wilson, let alone on the Callaghan government. In retirement, though remaining firmly anchored in the Labor Party, Wilson moved steadily to the right. According to his official biographer, Philip Ziegler, by 1977 his dislike of the far left equaled that of "the most conservative of capitalists."[53] Nor did

Wilson show great sympathy for Soviet foreign policy. His KGB file reports that, after the invasion of Afghanistan, he canceled a visit to the USSR in his capacity as president of the Great Britain—USSR Association.[54]

By the 1970s Line PR in London, as in other residencies, was supposed to spend 25 percent of its time on active measures[55] and send annual statistics to the Centre on the number of its influence operations. These totaled 160 in 1976 and 190 in 1977.[56] During 1977 Line PR officers reported that they had initiated 99 discussions which allegedly "influenced" politicians, journalists and other opinion-formers, and claimed to have successfully prompted 26 public announcements, 20 publications, the sending of more than 20 letters and telegrams, 9 questions in Parliament, 5 press conferences, 4 meetings and demonstrations and 3 television and radio broadcasts. In addition, it had distributed three brochures and one forged document produced by Service A, which was responsible for active measures at the Centre.[57]

In order to gain credit from the Centre, residencies invariably tried to exaggerate the success of their active measures. While working at the Centre, Oleg Gordievsky was told that in 1977 or 1978 the London resident, Yakov Lukasevics, had been asked by Andropov whether his residency possessed the means to influence British policy. "Why yes, we can exert influence," Lukasevics replied.

"We have such channels." "I do not think you can," Andropov told him. "I think you are too hasty in answering that question."[58] The files noted by Mitrokhin confirm Andropov's skepticism.

The KGB's attempts to recruit agents of influence in the British media to use for active measures seems to have met with limited success by comparison with France and some other European countries. The journalist DAN, probably the London residency's most reliable agent of influence during the 1960s,[59] broke contact during the 1970s—probably after he was put on ice in the aftermath of operation FOOT. Several attempts by the residency to reactivate DAN failed and he was eventually written off some time in the early 1980s.[60]

Probably the most ambitious scheme devised by the London residency during the 1970s for the recruitment of a prominent agent of influence was targeted on Dr. Mervyn Stockwood, the socialist Bishop of Southwark.[61] In October 1975 Stockwood delivered a public protest against a "Call to the Nation," jointly issued by Archbishop Donald Coggan of Canterbury and Archbishop Stuart Blanch of York, claiming that it put too much emphasis on the need for individual responsibility and too little on the social injustices which caused so much human misery. The most remarkable feature of Stockwood's protest, however, was that he chose to make it in the pages of the Communist *Morning Star,* and that he included in it an extraordinary tribute to the Soviet Bloc:

> Those of us who have visited Socialist counties in Europe know that if a Communist government were to be established in Britain the West End would be cleared up overnight, and the ugly features of our permissive society would be changed within a matter of days. And heaven help the porn merchants and all engaged in the making of fortunes through the commercial exploitation of sex.[62]

Sixteen Labor MPs signed a motion “marveling at the innocence” of Stockwood’s understanding of Communist regimes. Another fifty backbenchers supported a motion supporting the archbishops against his criticisms. One told the *Guardian,* “The Marxists seem now to have penetrated the higher echelons of the established Church.”[63] The Soviet embassy, possibly on the initiative of the residency, established what a KGB file describes as “close contact” with Stockwood.

Hopes in the residency of the bishop’s potential for active measures reached their peak when he arranged a dinner party with Gordon McLennan, general secretary of the British Communist Party, as guest of honor, to which, apparently, at least one Soviet official (who, unknown to Stockwood, was a KGB officer) was also invited.[64] Though Mitrokhin’s note on the dinner is tantalizingly brief, it seems to have been a boisterous evening. Stockwood frequently drank heavily at dinner parties to the extent that his friend Princess Margaret sometimes feared for the furniture at Kensington Palace.[65] Over dinner Stockwood asked McLennan what the Communist Party thought about the Church of England. McLennan replied that the Church was a "moral force in society," but regretted that, "Unlike before and during the War, we do not see members of the clergy at progressive meetings and demonstrations." Stockwood retorted, "We also don't see you at demonstrations at the Soviet embassy!"[66] The residency seems to have concluded reluctantly that the Bishop's tendency to launch into criticisms of the Soviet Union rendered him unsuitable for active measures.

* * *

THE EXAMPLES OF active measures noted by Mitrokhin suggest that the residency, in its reports to the Centre, sought to inflate a series of mostly modest successes. A characteristic example was its attempt to claim the credit for an article in the *Guardian* by Richard Gott (codenamed RON) attacking the role of the CIA in the overthrow of the Marxist president of Chile, Salvador Allende, in 1973, and denouncing the military junta of General Augusto Pinochet which had seized power after Allende's death.[67] Gott later denied reports that he had been a KGB agent, but acknowledged that after the Chilean coup he had been contacted by Yuri Mikhailovich Solonitsyn (who he later realized was a KGB officer) and had “quite a sort of interesting session” with him on Chile, as well as a series of subsequent meetings with both Solonitsyn and Igor Victorovich Titov (also a KGB officer).[68] While the details of Gott’s articles may sometimes have been influenced by “interesting sessions” with Solonitsyn and Titov, his support for revolutionary movements in Latin America and loathing for American “imperialism” were so well established that he would have required little encouragement from the KGB to denounce either Pinochet or the CIA.[69]

The London residency was equally prone to exaggerate its influence in the House of Commons. It tried to take the credit, for example, for the following parliamentary question put by the Labor MP James Lamond to Fred Mulley, Secretary of State for Defense in the Callaghan government, on February 21, 1978:

> Does my right honorable friend agree that to deploy the neutron bomb in western Europe must lower the threshold of nuclear war? Does he accept that President Brezhnev was in earnest when he said in the Kremlin [*Conservative shouts of* “Were you there?”] that the Soviet Union would develop similar weapons at enormous cost, if the neutron bomb were placed in western Europe? That would be a cost that neither the Warsaw Pact nor NATO could afford and would serve only unnecessarily to increase the enormous arms expenditure of the world.[70]

There is absolutely no evidence that James Lamond had any conscious link with the KGB. He was, however, vice-president of the World Peace Council (WPC) and appears not to have realized that this was the leading Soviet front organization, devoted to pinning all the blame for the nuclear arms race on Western warmongering.[71] Lamond's parliamentary question, which received a noncommittal reply, derived from a much larger WPC campaign against the neutron bomb rather than from a brilliant initiative by the London residency.

The Centre usually responded relatively uncritically to exaggerated claims by residencies of the success of their active measures. It suited the Centre as much as the London residency to be able to inform the Politburo that it was able to inspire questions in the House of Commons and articles in the *Guardian.*

Despite Line PR's attempts to inflate the importance of its active measures, it also had some undoubted successes. The *Observer* and the *New Statesman* were among a number of British print media taken in during the early 1980s by forged anti-American and anti-South African documents fabricated by Service A.[72] The *Observer* printed a bogus memorandum from the Zaire security council under the headline, "US and S. Africa in Angola Plot."[73] The *New Statesman* published a forged letter from South African military intelligence to Jeane Kirkpatrick, US ambassador to the UN, conveying its "gratitude" and referring to a birthday present sent to her "as a token of appreciation."[74] As late as 1986, the conservative *Sunday Express* based its main front page story on reports (also concocted by Service A) that the AIDS virus had originally been developed as part of an American biological warfare program.[75] Claims that KGB active measures had succeeded in producing significant shifts in British opinion, however, were based on little more than wishful thinking.

The KGB's shortage of major agents in the British media helps to explain why it chose a Danish rather than a British journalist, Arne Herløv Petersen (codenamed KHARLEV and PALLE) for its first major active measure against Margaret Thatcher after she became prime minister in 1979. Originally a confidential contact of the Copenhagen residency, Petersen had been invited to Moscow in the mid-1970s to "deepen the relationship."[76] Thereafter he was regularly used as an agent of influence not merely to write articles along lines suggested by his case officers but to publish, also under his own name, articles and pamphlets written in English by Service A. The first of the KGB/Petersen co-productions attacking Thatcher was a 1979 pamphlet, entitled *Cold Warriors,* which gave her pride of place as Europe's leading anti-Soviet crusader. The next Petersen pamphlet ghostwritten by Service A, *True Blues,* published in 1980, was solely devoted to an onslaught on

Thatcher. It made the mistake of attempting satire—a weak area of the KGB's usually heavy-handed active measures—and carried the feeble subtitle "The Thatcher that Couldn't Mend her own Roof." The Service A author had an even feebler grasp of English geography, believing Mrs. Thatcher's birthplace of Grantham in Lincolnshire to be "in the suburbs of London." Though the Centre appears to have been curiously proud of them, both pamphlets (probably intended chiefly for mailing to British "opinion-formers") had negligible influence.[77]

THOUGH MITROKHIN HAD unrestricted access to FCD files, their sheer volume meant that his notes on them are bound to contain significant gaps. The possibility thus remains that the KGB had important Cold War British sources not identified by him. It is unlikely, however, that there were many of them. Oleg Gordievsky has confirmed that during his posting to the London residency from 1982 to 1985, which included two years as head of Line PR and a few months as resident-designate, Line PR and, probably, Line KR were running no British agents of major importance.[78] There remains the possibility of British agents recruited and run by residencies and illegals outside the United Kingdom[79]—a list by Mitrokhin of KGB agents, contacts and "developmentals" (targets under cultivation) includes a tantalizing one-line reference to a British agent run from

Karlshorst whose operational file in 1981 ran to fifteen volumes.[80]

The most remarkable British agent identified by Mitrokhin outside the field of S&T to have been recruited after operation FOOT was also run by Line KR outside the United Kingdom. Given the codename SCOT, he was a bent London copper: Detective Sergeant John Symonds of the Metropolitan Police, who became probably the most peripatetic of all the KGB's British agents.[81] The London residency, however, was able to claim no credit for his recruitment.

On November 29, 1969, the day that *The Times* published photographs of the footprints on the moon of Apollo 12 astronauts, it also carried a front page story headlined "London Policeman in Bribe Allegations. Tapes Reveal Planted Evidence." Conversations secretly recorded by two undercover *Times* reporters were said to prove that Symonds and at least two other detectives were "taking large sums of money in exchange for dropping charges, for being lenient with evidence in court, and for allowing a criminal to work unhindered." Symonds, then aged thirty-three, admitted to the reporters that he was a member of what he called "a little firm in a firm"—corrupt detectives in the pay of criminals such as south London gang boss Charlie Richardson.[82]

While awaiting trial at the Old Bailey in 1972, Symonds went into hiding for several months, then fled abroad. His KGB file reveals that he used a passport obtained in the name of his girlfriend's mentally handicapped brother, John Frederick Freeman, and had his passport photograph authenticated as that of Freeman by the mistress of a member of the Richardson gang. In his absence, the two other corrupt policemen identified by *The Times* were sentenced to six and seven years' imprisonment. In August 1972 Symonds entered the Soviet embassy in Rabat, told his story, said that his money was running out and offered his services to the KGB.[83] To be certain that his story attracted the Centre's attention, he gave the name of a Special Branch officer guarding the defector Oleg Lyalin, and alleged that he was probably corruptible. Symonds also made the dramatic claim that Denis Healey, the Secretary of State for Defense, regularly bribed Chief Superintendent Bill Moody of the Met "to smooth over certain unpleasantness."[84] Though Moody was later convicted of accepting huge bribes from the underworld and sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment, the allegation that Healey was involved in the bribery was wholly fraudulent. The Centre, however, took Symonds's tall story at its improbable face value.[85]

Symonds spent the next eight years as a KGB agent. Noting that he was "of attractive appearance," the Centre decided to use him as its first British "Romeo spy," using seduction and romance, rather than the traditional cruder

KGB techniques of sexual compromise and blackmail, to recruit or obtain classified information from a series of female officials. In 1973 Symonds was posted to Bulgaria in order to cultivate suitable targets at Black Sea resorts popular with Western tourists. Symonds's most important sexual conquest was the wife of an official in an FRG government ministry. Over the next few years he paid a number of visits to Bonn to continue the affair. Intelligence from Symonds's German girlfriend in 1975 was considered so important by the Centre that it was made the subject of a personal report to Andropov.[86]

Symonds was used by the KGB to attempt the seduction of female officials, mostly Western embassy staff, on four continents. His next assignment, after beginning his affair with the woman from Bonn, was to target women at American and British missions in Africa during the latter part of 1973. At the end of the year, however, he fell ill in Tanzania with what his KGB file describes as "tropical fever," and had to travel to Moscow for medical treatment. As soon as he had recovered, Symonds was ordered to cultivate a member of the British embassy staff in Moscow, codenamed VERA, who had been observed going for long solitary walks in her spare time. Posing as Jean-Jacques Baudouin, a Canadian businessman attending the 1974 International Polymer Exhibition in Moscow, Symonds succeeded in staging an apparently chance encounter with VERA and striking up a friendship with her. Though Symonds's file claims that

VERA became “attached” to him and gave him details of her next posting as well as her home address in Britain, there is no indication that she passed on to him any more than unimportant personal gossip about some of her colleagues and superiors in Moscow and London. The Centre, however, considered her a potentially valuable source for identifying other, more vulnerable female targets in the British embassy.[87]

In 1976, on KGB instructions, Symonds set out on a long journey which took him from Bulgaria through Africa and India to south-east Asia. In India he cultivated an English woman (codenamed JILL), an Israeli and at least five American women. In 1977, however, while in Singapore pursuing a secretary at a Western diplomatic mission who had been identified as a target for cultivation by the local KGB residency, Symonds believed that he had come under surveillance, took a flight to Athens and returned to Bulgaria. An assessment by Directorate K of Symonds’s work over the previous five years concluded that he had shown no sign of dishonesty in his dealings with the KGB, had obtained material “of significant operational interest” and—but for the fact that his existing travel documents had aroused the suspicion of Western security services—still had considerable potential as a KGB agent. At the request of Kalugin, the head of Directorate K, Kryuchkov instructed the Illegals Directorate to give Symonds a new identity.[88]

The identity chosen for Symonds was that of a “dead double," Raymond Francis Everett (codenamed FORST), an Australian who had died in childhood during the Second World War.[89] On July 23, 1978 Symonds flew from Moscow to Tokyo *en route* to Australasia, carrying a forged British passport in the name of Everett, a genuine birth certificate in the same name and 8,000 US dollars. Once in Australia Symonds was to abandon the British passport and use the birth certificate to obtain an Australian passport in the name of the dead double. Symonds began by spending several months in New Zealand developing his legend so that, once in Australia, he could pose as an Australian who had spent some years in New Zealand.[90]

In November 1978 SCOT traveled to Australia with a group of rugby supporters and began to cultivate Margaret, the manageress of a small travel agency, in the hope that she would provide the necessary reference for his passport application. Symonds's cynical report on Margaret was probably typical of the way he had sized up the previous women he had been instructed to seduce. Margaret, he claimed, was tall, thin, plain, round-shouldered, had hair on her upper lip and was bound to be flattered by his attentions. Symonds pursued her with flowers, chocolates, presents and invitations to dinner. Unfortunately for Symonds, Margaret was honest as well as unattractive. When he asked her to act as a referee, she refused on the grounds that the law required her to have known him for at least a year. By now Symonds's money had almost run out. Arrangements for him to receive more money via the Canberra residency broke down and his landlord locked him out when he failed to pay the rent. A female schoolteacher whom he persuaded to put him up also threw him out after a fortnight. At one point Symonds was reduced to spending several nights in a Salvation Army hostel. Eventually, with the help of a French bank in Sydney, he was able to withdraw 5,000 US dollars from a bank account he had opened in the name of Freeman (his first alias) in Senegal.[91]

Early in 1979, using a reference he had forged himself, Symonds at last succeeded in obtaining an Australian passport in the name of his dead double, Raymond Everett. Soon afterward, he caught a flight to Rome, from where he traveled to Vienna by train to meet his KGB controller. By now, however, Symonds had become seriously confused by the complications of acquiring a new Australian identity. Unwilling to risk using his new Australian passport, he strapped it to his leg beneath his sock and traveled instead on the bogus British passport he had come to Australia to replace. Once in Vienna, he handed over the new passport to his controller, then returned to Moscow via Belgrade.[92]

After his return to Moscow, Andropov, Kryuchkov and Grigori Fyodorovich Grigorenko (head of the Second Chief Directorate) jointly approved a plan for Symonds to cultivate a secretary at the British embassy, posing once again as a Canadian businessman. His target on this occasion was ERICA, a friend of his earlier target VERA, whom he had first met five years earlier. The operation failed—partly, perhaps, because of Symonds's increasingly run-down appearance. Symonds's file records that "his physical characteristics did not appeal to ERICA."[93]

The failed cultivation of ERICA appears to have been Symonds's last operation as a Romeo agent. His file notes that, since his return from Australia, he had become more and more difficult to handle and resentful of what he claimed was the KGB's lack of trust and interest in him. A medical report on Symonds prepared without his knowledge concluded that he was emotionally unstable, suffering from a psychological disorder and had become hypersensitive and inconsistent in his judgments. In 1980 Symonds left Moscow for Sofia, intending to marry his current girlfriend, "Nellie." The couple, however, soon fell out and Symonds requested permission to leave for western Europe. Before the Centre had replied to his request, Symonds succeeded in making his own way to Vienna and thence to Britain.[94] In April 1980, accompanied by his solicitor, he surrendered himself to the Central Criminal Court, which had issued a warrant for his arrest for corruption eight years earlier.[95]

The Centre's main fear after Symonds's return was that he might reveal his career as a KGB agent. Should he do so, it was decided to dismiss his revelations as fantasy.

The Bulgarian medical authorities were asked to prepare a certificate stating that he was mentally deranged.[96] The certificate, however, was not needed. At his trial, in which he conducted his own defense, former Detective Sergeant Symonds made no reference to his Soviet connection, which remained completely unknown to the prosecution. Instead, he claimed that he had spent eight years on the run from crooked senior detectives who had threatened to kill him if he gave evidence in court. Symonds was sentenced to two years' imprisonment on three charges of corruptly obtaining a total of 150 pounds from a London criminal. The prosecution offered no evidence on five further counts of corruption. Symonds was indignant at the verdict. "I decided to return, hoping to have a fair trial," he told the court. "I have not had a fair trial and that is all I have to say."[97]

AT ALMOST THE moment that Symonds returned to England in 1980 to face trial, Lukasevics left for Moscow at the end of his eight-year term as London resident. The Centre, unimpressed by his performance, concluded that he had made inadequate progress in rebuilding the residency's agent network after the 1971 expulsions and banished him to his native Latvia.[98] Lukasevics's successor, the heavy-drinking Arkadi Vasilyevich Guk (codenamed YERMAKOV), is remembered by Oleg Gordievsky, who served under him, as "a huge, bloated lump of a man, with a mediocre brain but a large reserve of low cunning." He owed his overpromotion to London resident largely to the British policy of refusing visas to known, and more able, Soviet intelligence officers. Guk's naturally suspicious mind gave rise to a number of conspiracy theories: among them the conviction that many of the advertisement hoardings on the London Underground concealed secret look-out posts from which MI5 kept watch for KGB officers and other suspicious travelers.[99]

During Guk's first year as resident, a series of operations officers were sent home in disgrace. In 1980 Yuri Sergeyevich Myakov (codenamed MOROZOV), who had been posted to London three years earlier, was recalled for an allegedly serious breach of security: showing KGB material to the GRU residency without first gaining Guk's approval.[100] In 1981 Guk also insisted on the recall of Aleksandr Vladimirovich Lopukhin, an operations officer working in London under cover as correspondent for *Komsomolskaya Pravda* since 1979, whom he denounced for unsatisfactory performance, keeping himself apart from Soviet colleagues and preferring a Western lifestyle.[101] Also in 1981 the head of Line N (Illegals Support), Anatoli Alekseyevich Zamuruyev (codenamed ZIMIN), who had occupied a cover position in the secretariat of the Cocoa Organization since 1977, was declared to be mentally ill and sent back to Moscow.[102]

When Oleg Gordievsky arrived in London as a Line PR officer in the summer of 1982, he found the residency a "hotbed of intrigue." For the previous eight years he had been SIS's most important penetration agent inside the KGB. His presence in London eventually compromised almost all residency operations. In 1983 Gordievsky was promoted to head of Line PR and deputy resident. On being appointed resident-designate in January 1985, he was able to fill in most of the remaining gaps in his knowledge of the KGB's British operations.

Among the intelligence passed by Gordievsky to MI5 was information on the attempt by one of its own officers, Michael Bettaney, a disaffected alcoholic in the counter-espionage directorate, to volunteer as a Soviet agent. On Easter Sunday 1983 Bettaney put through Guk's letter-box in Holland Park an envelope containing the case put by MI5 for expelling three Soviet intelligence officers in the previous month, together with details of how all three had been detected. Bettaney offered to provide further information and gave instructions on how to contact him. Guk thus found himself presented with the first opportunity for a quarter of a century to recruit an MI5 or SIS officer. His addiction to conspiracy theory, however, persuaded him to look the gift horse in the mouth. The whole affair, he suspected, was a British provocation. The head of Line KR, Leonid Yefremovich Nikitenko, who was reluctant to disagree with the irascible Guk, concurred. Gordievsky said little but informed SIS.

In June and July, Bettaney stuffed two further packets of classified information from Security Service files through Guk's door, unwittingly providing what Guk believed was clinching evidence of an MI5 provocation. Understandably despairing of Guk, Bettaney decided to try his luck with the KGB in Vienna instead. He was arrested on September 16, a few days before he planned to fly out. Guk's reputation never recovered. Shortly after Bettaney was sentenced to twenty-three years' imprisonment the following spring, Guk himself was declared *persona non grata* by the British authorities.[103]

Guk's four, somewhat incompetent years as London resident included the most dangerous phase of operation RYAN. The whole of Line PR in London were skeptical about the Centre's fear that NATO was making plans for a nuclear first strike against the Soviet Union. None, however, were willing to risk their careers by challenging the alarmist assumptions on which RYAN was based. As a result, the residency's chief priority from 1981 until at least the early months of 1984 was the preparation of fortnightly reports on its search for non-existent evidence of NATO preparations for nuclear aggression. The Centre's alarmism reached its peak in November 1983 during the NATO exercise ABLE ARCHER, which it feared might be used to begin the countdown to a first strike. In his annual review of the work of the London residency at the end of 1983, Guk was forced to admit "shortcomings" in obtaining intelligence on "specific American and NATO plans for the preparation of surprise nuclear missile attack against the USSR." During the early months of 1984, helped by reassuring signals from London and Washington, the mood in Moscow gradually lightened. In March Nikolai Vladimirovich Shishlin, a senior foreign affairs specialist in the Central Committee (and later an adviser to Gorbachev), addressed the staff of the London embassy and KGB residency on current international problems. He made no mention of the threat of surprise nuclear attack. The bureaucratic momentum of operation RYAN, however, took some time to wind down. When the London residency grew lax in the early summer of 1984 about sending its pointless fortnightly reports, it received a reprimand from the Centre telling it to adhere "strictly" to the original RYAN directive.[104]

Like his predecessor, Lukasevics, Guk tried to compensate for his residency's failings by exaggerating the success of its active measures. In particular, he sought to take some of the credit for the resurgence of the British peace movement caused by the intensification of the Cold War in the early 1980s. Twenty years earlier, the KGB had been suspicious of the British peace movement, fearing that it might detract from the authority of the World Peace Council.[105] During Guk's years as resident, however, most sections of the peace movement spent more time campaigning against American than against Soviet nuclear weapons. In July 1982 Guk briefed the newly arrived embassy counselor, Lev Parshin, about a mass demonstration in London against the deployment of US cruise missiles. Although a few KGB agents and contacts joined the march, the demonstration had been wholly organized by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND) without any assistance from the residency. Guk, however, assured Parshin, "It was us, the KGB residency, who brought a quarter of a million people out on to the streets!"[106]

The main authentic successes of the London residency during Guk's four years in London were, as during the previous two decades, in scientific and technological intelligence gathering. Between 1980 and 1983 Gennadi Fyodorovich Kotov (codenamed DEYEV), a Line X officer working under cover in the Soviet trade delegation, ran twelve agents and obtained 600 items of S&T information and samples.[107] Another Line X officer, Anatoli Alekseyevich Chernyayev (codenamed GRIN), who operated under diplomatic cover from 1979 to 1983, obtained 800 items of classified information. He was expelled in 1983 during a round of tit-for-tat expulsions. A Centre report concluded that, despite his expulsion, Chernyayev might not have been definitely identified by MI5 as a KGB officer.[108] Its author, however, was unaware that Gordievsky had identified the entire KGB residency.

Following Guk's expulsion in the spring of 1984, Nikitenko, the head of Line KR, was made acting resident. In January 1985 the Centre decided that he was to return to Moscow in the spring and that the post of resident should go to Gordievsky. And so, when Mikhail Gorbachev succeeded Konstantin Chernenko as general secretary in March 1985, the London residency was at its operational nadir, with an SIS agent about to assume command of it.

Only a month later, however, the Washington main residency achieved one of its greatest post-war triumphs. On April 16 Aldrich Ames, a senior officer in the CIA's Soviet division, walked into the lobby of the Soviet embassy on Sixteenth Street and handed a guard a letter addressed to the resident, Stanislav Andreyevich Androsov. Ames claims that his original aim was a one-time scam to extract 50,000 dollars from the KGB by revealing the names of three apparent CIA spies in the Soviet Union whom he knew were really double agents controlled by the Centre. Only later, he insists, did he identify Gordievsky and over twenty other genuine Western agents, a majority of whom were shot. According to Viktor Cherkashin, head of Line KR (counter-intelligence) in Washington, however, Ames's letter of April 16, 1985 included, in addition to the names of the double agents, the identities of two *real* American agents —one of them a colleague of his in the Washington residency. Both were executed. Though Ames insists that he did not betray Gordievsky until June 13, it is quite possible that he did so earlier.[109]

By mid-May 1985 the Centre had reached the alarming conclusion that its resident-designate in London was a British agent—although it remains unclear whether it based that conclusion on intelligence from Ames. On May 17 Gordievsky received a summons to return to the Centre for consultations before formally taking up the post of resident. In Moscow he was drugged and interrogated, but no admission of guilt extracted from him. On May 30 Gordievsky was given a period of leave during which the Centre placed him under constant surveillance, doubtless in the hope that he would be caught making contact with SIS or provide other compromising evidence. He was well aware that, whether or not further evidence was obtained against him, it had already been decided to execute him as a British agent. On July 20, however, Gordievsky was successfully exfiltrated across the Finnish border in the boot of an SIS car—the only escape in Soviet history by a Western agent under KGB surveillance. In October thirty-one Soviet intelligence personnel identified by Gordievsky were expelled from London. Owing to the lack of any more senior candidate, the inexperienced Aleksandr Smagin, formerly KGB security officer at the Soviet embassy, was appointed as the new London resident.[110]

The greatest known success of KGB operations in Britain during the Gorbachev era was the reactivation of Michael Smith, probably the most important British Line

X agent since the retirement of Norwood. When Mitrokhin last saw Smith's file in 1984, he had been trying for six years without success to recover the security clearance which had made him such a valuable agent in the Thorn—EMI Weapons Division in 1976-8. By now, the Centre was close to writing him off. The last contact with Smith noted on his file was in March 1983. In 1984 it was decided to put him "on ice" for the next three years.[111] In December 1985, however, Smith was taken on as a quality assurance engineer by the GEC Hirst Research Centre at Wembley, in north-west London, where seven months later he was given limited security clearance for defense contracts on a need-to-know basis.[112]

In 1990 Line X at the London residency renewed contact with Smith, arranging meetings either in the graveyard of the church of St. Mary at Harrow on the Hill or in the nearby Roxeth recreation park at South Harrow. Security procedures were devised at each site to warn Smith if it was under surveillance. At St. Mary's church he was told to look for a white chalk line on the vicarage wall near a fire hydrant. If the line was uncrossed, it was safe for him to enter the graveyard. He was also told to look at the church noticeboard. A small green dot, usually on a drawing pin, indicated that the meeting with his case officer was still on; a red dot was a warning to leave immediately. Though Smith had originally been an ideological agent, his motives had become increasingly mercenary. At meetings between 1990 and 1992 he was given a total of over 20,000 pounds for material from GEC defense projects, some of which he spent on an expensive flamenco guitar, a musical keyboard and computer equipment. Smith became increasingly confident and careless. When he was arrested in August 1992, the police found documents on the Rapier ground-to-air missile system and Surface Acoustic Wave military radar technology in a Sainsbury's carrier bag in the boot of his Datsun.[113]

IN THE COURSE of the Cold War, there had been a remarkable transformation in the balance of intelligence power between Britain and the Soviet Union. When the Cold War began, at a time when Britain possessed no major intelligence assets in Moscow, the KGB was still running the Magnificent Five (Blunt, admittedly, on a part-time basis) and had other major agents inside the British nuclear project. So far as is known at present, there were no comparable British agents during the closing years of the Cold War, though it is impossible to exclude the possibility (not, however, a probability) that there may have been a British Ames who has so far gone undetected. SIS, by contrast, attracted a series of KGB officers either as penetration agents or as defectors—among them Oleg Gordievsky, Vladimir Kuzichkin, Viktor Makarov, Mikhail Butkov and Vasili Mitrokhin.[114] Other defectors exfiltrated by SIS included the leading Russian scientist Vladimir Pasechnik, who provided extraordinary intelligence on the vast Soviet biological warfare program.[115] There may well have been other agents and defectors whose names have yet to be revealed. On present evidence, during the final phase of the Cold War SIS had clearly the better of its intelligence duel with the KGB.

TWENTY - SIX

THE FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY

The Soviet intelligence offensive against West Germany during the Cold War had three distinguishing characteristics. First, the division of Germany made the Federal Republic (FRG) easier to penetrate than any other major Western state. So many refugees fled to the West from the misnamed German Democratic Republic (GDR)—about three million before the building of the Berlin Wall in 1961—that it was not difficult to hide hundreds, even thousands, of East German and Soviet agents among them. Among the bogus refugees were a series of illegals. Some were KGB officers of Soviet nationality who had spent several years establishing false German identities in the secure environment of the GDR, many of whom moved on to operate against north American and other targets.[1] Others were East German illegal agents recruited and trained by the KGB, most of whom were deployed against targets in the Federal Republic.[2]

Secondly, the FRG was the only Western state on which Moscow received even more high-grade intelligence from an allied agency—the Stasi's foreign section, the Hauptverwaltung Aufklúrung (HVA)[3]—than it did from the KGB. From 1952 to 1986 the HVA was headed by Markus Johannes "Mischa" Wolf, probably the ablest of the Soviet Bloc intelligence chiefs. Wolf was the son of a well-known German Communist doctor and writer who had been forced to flee to Moscow after Hitler's rise to power. He owed his appointment as head of East German foreign intelligence shortly before his thirtieth birthday to his devoted Stalinism and hence the confidence he inspired in the KGB (then the MGB), as well as to his own ability. In 1947 he told his friend Wolfgang Leonhard that East German Communists would have to give up the idea of the "separate German way to socialism" mentioned in their Party program. When Leonhard, who worked in the Party central secretariat, told him he was wrong, Wolf replied, "There are higher authorities than your central secretariat!" Shortly afterward, the "higher authorities" in Moscow did indeed put an end to talk about the "separate German way."[4] Wolf has never suffered from false modesty. "As even my bitter foes would acknowledge," he boasts in retirement, "[the HVA] was probably the most efficient and effective such service on the European continent."[5]

The third distinguishing characteristic of Soviet intelligence operations in West Germany was that, in addition to receiving HVA reports, the KGB's own penetration of the FRG was powerfully assisted by its East German allies. As well as establishing legal residencies in Bonn, Cologne and Hamburg,[6] the KGB was also able to run West German operations from its base at Karlshorst in the Berlin suburbs. This was the largest Soviet intelligence station outside the USSR, using East German illegals and other agents supplied by the Stasi and HVA. Though the KGB was, in principle, responsible for funding its Karlshorst station, in the mid-1970s the GDR was contributing 1.3 million marks a year to its running costs.[7]

The first major recruitments by the Karlshorst KGB in the FRG which are recorded in the files noted by Mitrokhin occurred in 1950. SERGEYEV (also codenamed NIKA), a young West German Communist recruited in that year, was instructed to distance himself from the Communist Party in order to allow him to provide intelligence on the Trotskyists in the FRG, with whom—despite their political insignificance—the Centre remained obsessed for ideological reasons. His file records that early in his career as an agent he provided the intelligence which made possible the abduction of Weiland, a leading Trotskyist, from West Berlin by a special actions snatch squad.[8] SERGEYEV became one of the KGB's longest serving West German agents and by 1963 was receiving a salary of 400 deutschmarks a month. A Centre report on his work claims that, "With his help, in 1951-74, Trotskyist organizations in the FRG and western Europe were cultivated and compromised." Simultaneously, SERGEYEV served for some years as a respected north German *Bürgermeister*. Fearing that he was under surveillance, the KGB broke contact with him in 1981, giving him a final payment of 3,000 deutschmarks.[9]

Karlshorst's main achievement in the early years of the Federal Republic was the penetration of the semi-official West German foreign intelligence agency, the Gehlen Org, which from 1956 was officially attached to the Federal Chancellery as the Bundesnachrichtendienst (BND). In March 1950 Karlshorst recruited "for material reward" an unemployed former SS captain, Hans Clemens (codenamed KHANNI), who in the following year gained a job in the Gehlen Org. Over the next decade he supplied what his file describes as "valuable information" on the FRG intelligence community: "This made it possible to prevent the exposure of valuable agents, and to disrupt operations directed against Soviet missions in the FRG."[10] Clemens's greatest success, however, was to recruit a former SS comrade, Heinz Felfe (codenamed KURT), whom he successfully recommended for a job in the Gehlen Org.[11] With the active assistance of Karlshorst, Felfe rapidly established himself as one of the most successful agents of the Cold War. According to a

KGB report, his intelligence, when combined with that from the British spies George Blake and Kim Philby, made possible “the elimination of the adversary’s agent network in the GDR” during the period 1953 to 1955.[12]

In 1953 Felfe astounded his colleagues in the Gehlen Org by announcing that he had set up an agent network in Moscow headed by a Red Army colonel. Much of the intelligence from the non-existent network—a blend of fact and fiction fabricated by the Centre—was passed on to the West German chancellor, Konrad Adenauer, in Bonn. Simultaneously, Felfe was providing Karlshorst with large numbers of FRG intelligence reports. Urgent reports went by radio; the remainder were despatched in the false bottoms of suitcases, on film concealed in tins of babyfood, via dead letter-boxes, or through a Gehlen Org courier, Erwin Tiebel, who was also working for Karlshorst. By 1958 Felfe had established himself as the German Philby, becoming—like Philby in SIS fourteen years earlier—head of Soviet counter-intelligence in the BND. Unlike Philby, however, his motives had more to do with vanity than with ideology. He was, he told himself, the supreme intelligence professional, recognized as the rising star of the BND yet outwitting it at the same time. Karlshorst was careful to boost his ego, encouraging him to believe that his achievements were eclipsing even those of Richard Sorge. “I wanted,” Felfe said later, “to rank as top class with the Russians.” A CIA officer who served in Germany during the 1950s concluded after

Felfe’s arrest in 1961:

> The BND damage report must have run into tens of thousands of pages. Not only were agents and addresses compromised, but ten years of secret agent reports had to be re-evaluated: those fabricated by the other side, those subtly slanted, those from purely mythical sources.[13]

Soon after Andropov became KGB chairman in 1967, he singled out Felfe—along with Philby, Blake and Vassall—as the kind of past agent whose recruitment was, once again, urgently needed in order to keep the Soviet leadership abreast of the development of Western policy.[14]

THE FRG WAS a major target for KGB active measures as well as intelligence collection. The chief priority of both KGB and HVA influence operations during the 1950s and 1960s was to discredit as many West German politicians as possible as neo-Nazis and “revenge-seekers.” Disinformation almost always works most effectively when it includes a basis of fact. In the early years of the FRG, there was no shortage of real ex-Nazis in positions of power and influence to denounce in active measures campaigns. Among the most effective denouncers was the Reuters correspondent in Berlin, John Peet, who had been recruited as an NKVD agent during the Spanish Civil War. In 1950 Peet defected to East Berlin, somewhat disconcerted by the excessively clandestine preparations made for the defection by his East German case officer. All Peet expected was a phone call inviting him to coffee from an East Berlin professor who frequently visited his West Berlin flat. Instead, the professor rang him and, in what struck Peet as a curiously high-pitched voice, declared, "PRIMROSE has a message for DAFFODIL. 1600 hours on Monday. I repeat, 1600 hours on Monday." Once in East Berlin, Peet announced at a press conference:

> I simply cannot consent to take part any longer in the warmongering which threatens not only the Soviet Union and the People's Democracies, but which is also well on the way to converting my motherland, Britain, into a powerless American colony.[15]

From 1952 to 1975 Peet edited the fortnightly *Democratic German Report,* which spent much of its time denouncing the past records (often supplied by Wolf) of West German politicians, diplomats, industrialists, lawyers, generals and police chiefs. Peet regarded as his "prize exhibit" Adenauer's most important aide, Hans Globke, who had drafted the infamous official commentary on Hitler's 1935 race laws.[16]

Peet's propaganda was powerfully reinforced by the KGB-arranged defection in July 1954 of Otto John, first head of the FRG security service, the Bundesamt für Verfassungsschutz (BfV). Like Peet four years earlier, John gave a press conference at which he denounced the alleged revival of Nazism in West Germany. In December 1955 John reappeared in the West, claiming that he had been drugged by Wolfgang Wohlgemuth, a doctor working for the KGB. The West German supreme court was skeptical. According to other evidence, John was a heavy drinker who had been observed crossing to the East in a “cheerful” rather than comatose condition, after Wohlgemuth had plied him with whisky and played on his fears of a Nazi revival. In December 1959 he was sentenced to four years in jail, but served only eighteen months. Considerable mystery still surrounds the John case. The head of the KGB Karlshorst apparat, Yevgeni Petrovich Pitovranov, reported to the Centre in July 1954 that John had come for discussions in East Berlin because he “wished to maintain contact with us to discuss political problems and joint action against the Nazis of East Germany.” John’s decision to remain in the East, however, was made under KGB pressure. According to one of the KGB officers involved in the John case:

> We wanted to recruit him, but he turned us down. Because it was necessary that John remain in East Berlin, we put a sleeping pill in his coffee . . . After sleeping for about thirty hours, he was worked over by specialists from the KGB with psychological

> pressure. He finally said that he would cooperate with us.

Among the deceptions used to persuade John to remain in the East was a fake Western news broadcast announcing that he had already defected to the GDR.[17]

The HVA and KGB had at their disposal an archive in East Berlin which held Wehrmacht, SS and Nazi records seized by the Red Army. In two large volumes of material on real and alleged war criminals and neo-Nazis, the HVA's active measures department, Abteilung X, combined authentic archival documents and fabricated evidence to form a damning indictment of the West German political, business and military élite.[18] Abteilung X also concocted an additional, highly discreditable chapter to the memoirs of Reinhard Gehlen, first head of the BND, in an imitation of his handwriting.[19]

The most celebrated West German target of the KGB and the HVA was Willy Brandt, codenamed POLYARNIK ("Polar").[20] From the moment Brandt became *Bürgermeister* of Berlin in October 1957, he was the victim of a series of active measures operations designed first to discredit and then to blackmail him. Given Brandt's heroic record of resistance to Hitler, it was plainly unrealistic to include him in the KGB's list of neo-Nazi conspirators. Instead, by distorting his early career and war record, KGB and HVA active measures sought, at various times, to portray him as a Gestapo informer, an anti-German émigré, a collaborator with SIS and the CIA and even as a former Soviet agent.

In 1931, shortly before his eighteenth birthday, Willy Brandt (born Herbert Frahm) had become leader of the youth section of the Sozialistische Arbeiterpartei (SAP), a left-wing breakaway party from the socialist SDP. After Hitler's rise to power in 1933, Brandt went into exile, traveling to Norway carrying only a briefcase containing the first volume of Marx's *Das Kapital,* a few shirts and 100 marks. Once in Oslo he established himself as the SAP representative and began a career as a journalist. In February 1937 he traveled to Spain, ostensibly as a journalist covering the Civil War but also to act as liaison between SAP members of the International Brigades and the neo-Trotskyist POUM militia. Brandt quickly denounced the "blind terror" waged by the Communists, on Soviet instructions, against POUM and other left-wing heretics:

> The truth of the matter is: the Comintern is determined to destroy all forces that refuse to obey its orders. It is for this reason that the whole international labor movement must rise against it.

Brandt in turn was, absurdly, denounced by the Communists as "an agent of Franco" and "a spy of the Gestapo."[21]

The earliest reference to Brandt in his KGB file is a description of him in 1936 as a member of the Danzig Trotskyists. The other reports on Brandt during the late 1930s, all of them hostile, accurately reflect the paranoia of the Great Terror. There are fabricated claims that POLYARNIK had been tasked by the Paris Sñreté to infiltrate POUM, that he had betrayed many members of the SDP to the Gestapo and that he was involved in the murder in Spain of Mark Rein, son of a prominent Russian Menshevik, who had in reality been killed by the NKVD.[22]

After Hitler's invasion of the Soviet Union in June 1941, Brandt's attitude to Moscow changed. The NKVD residency in Stockholm, whither Brandt had moved after the German occupation of Norway, reported that there had been a split in the ranks of "Norwegian Trotskyists." Some, including Brandt, were now willing to cooperate with the Soviet Union to secure the defeat of Hitler. In the autumn of 1941 M. S. Okhunev (codenamed OLEG), an operations officer at the Stockholm residency, called on Brandt but found him out and left his card. The following evening Brandt visited the Soviet embassy and spent three hours talking to Okhunev and the NKVD resident, Mikhail Sergeyevich Vetrov. Brandt said that he ran a news agency whose clients included the American press, was ready to do anything to hasten the destruction of Nazism and would be happy to send stories from "Soviet comrades" to the United States (which had not yet entered the war)—if necessary, disguising their source. Vetrov and Okhunev replied that the most important contribution he could make to the war effort would be to gather intelligence from his Norwegian friends on German forces and operations in Norway. Brandt agreed, and for the next nine months had clandestine meetings once a fortnight with officers from the Stockholm residency. On one occasion he was handed 500 kroner, probably to meet his expenses, and gave a receipt.

Among the intelligence supplied by Brandt from his Norwegian sources was information on the German battleship *Tirpitz,* which left the Norwegian port of Trondheim in March 1942 to attack Arctic convoys. Brandt informed the NKVD that he had passed the same information to the British, who tried and failed to sink it.[23] He also supplied the Stockholm residency with information on German pressure on Sweden to join the Anti-Comintern Pact and on plans (never implemented) to ban the Swedish Communist Party. In the summer of 1942, after the arrest by the Swedish police of two Czech agents of the residency, TERENTY and VANYA,[24] Brandt refused further secret rendezvous with NKVD officers, despite pressure from the residency to continue them. He did, however, agree to come openly to the Soviet embassy, sometimes to meet intelligence officers operating under diplomatic cover.[25]

None of this makes POLYARNIK a Soviet agent. The

Stockholm residency reported in 1943 that Brandt had also been in touch with British and American intelligence officers in Sweden, as well as with Trotsky's Norwegian former secretary, who remained deeply suspect as far as the Centre was concerned.[26] Brandt's overriding motive was to provide any information to all three members of the Grand Alliance which might contribute to the defeat of Hitler. In the case of the Soviet Union, he calculated accurately that his best channel of communication with Moscow was via the Stockholm residency.

The first attempt to discredit Brandt after his election as Berlin *Bürgermeister* in 1957 was a lengthy operation carried out jointly by the KGB and HVA in 1958-9 to use tendentious versions of his wartime record and other fabrications to show him as an agent of British and American intelligence. But, as the file on the operation acknowledges, "This did not produce the desired result, and Brandt's position as a politician was not undermined."[27] Wolf next proposed reviving the old slander that Brandt had been a Gestapo agent during his Norwegian exile, but the East German leadership ordered the plan to be aborted due to lack of credible evidence.[28]

In the 1961 West German elections Brandt stood as the SDP candidate for the chancellorship. The campaign was the dirtiest in the history of the FRG. Brandt was assailed by what he denounced as "a right-wing barrage of mud." The fact that he had spent the Nazi years in exile led to accusations that he was unpatriotic, while his background as a left-wing socialist gave rise to insinuations that he was a crypto-Communist. Brandt was deeply depressed by the "political pornography" used to discredit him. "My opponents," he later admitted, "were sometimes successful to the extent that they kept me from my work for days on end." Sensing his vulnerability, the Stasi gave secret but, in Brandt's view, "vigorous encouragement" to some of the charges fabricated against him.[29]

Though the SDP succeeded in cutting the Christian Democrat majority (thanks largely to the building of the Berlin Wall during the campaign), the Centre decided to threaten Brandt with far more damaging evidence than had surfaced during the elections. On November 16, 1962 Semichastny, the KGB chairman, formally approved a blackmail operation proposed by Sakharovsky, the head of the FCD. Though there is no mention of it in the file seen by Mitrokhin, the operation was also, almost certainly, approved by Khrushchev, still smarting from the humiliating outcome of the Cuban missile crisis in the previous month.[30] The operational plan was for Brandt to be approached by the *Izvestia* correspondent, Polyanov, to whom he had given an interview earlier in the year. On this occasion, Polyanov would be accompanied by an undercover KGB operations officer who would tell Brandt, "We would like to resume our confidential relations with you in order to develop together sensible solutions to the West Berlin question." If Brandt refused, he was to be told, “We have sufficient means to cause you unpleasantness, and therefore assume that you will reconsider your position.” The threat was in fact largely bluff. Sakharovsky had been annoyed to discover that the original documents in Brandt’s wartime operational file had been destroyed in 1959 (an inconceivable action had he actually been an agent), among them such apparently compromising items as his receipt for 500 kroner for the Stockholm residency. Brandt, however, would be unaware of this. The operational plan approved by Semichastny confidently asserts that Brandt must believe that “there are materials in our possession which could compromise him.”[31]

Mitrokhin did not see the report on the meeting with Brandt.[32] It is clear, however, that—if it went ahead—Brandt brushed the attempted KGB blackmail aside. Semichastny and Sakharovsky had almost certainly intended, with Khrushchev’s approval, to soften up Brandt before a meeting with the Soviet leader. In January 1963, while on a visit to East Berlin, Khrushchev duly invited Brandt to a meeting. Already convinced of the need to reach a *modus vivendi* between the FRG and GDR as well as to settle the Berlin question, Brandt was willing to accept. Opposition to the proposed meeting from the Christian Democrats in the ruling West Berlin coalition, however, persuaded him to refuse. According to Brandt:

> Khrushchev must have taken my refusal as an

> affront. Ambassador [Pyotr Andreyevich] Abrasimov later gave me a vivid description of the total dismay that overcame his erstwhile master when the news was communicated to him. Khrushchev, caught in the act of changing, almost dropped his trousers with surprise . . .[33]

Brandt's four and a half years as West Germany's first SDP chancellor, from October 21, 1969 to May 6, 1974, marked the high water mark of the HVA and KGB intelligence offensive in the FRG. Wolf's greatest success was the penetration of the Chancellor's office by Günter Guillaume (codenamed HANSEN). In 1956 Guillaume and his wife Christel, both HVA officers, had staged a carefully orchestrated "escape" from East Germany, set up small businesses in Frankfurt to act as cover for their intelligence work and become active, apparently staunchly anti-Communist, members of the SDP. By 1968 Guillaume had become chairman of the Frankfurt SDP and an elected member of the Frankfurt city council, thus becoming the only HVA officer (as opposed to agent) ever to hold public office in the FRG. In November 1969, three weeks after Brandt became chancellor, Guillaume gained a job in his office, initially as an assistant dealing with trade unions and political organizations. Hardworking and efficient, with a jovial down-to-earth manner, he was promoted in 1972 to become the Chancellor's aide for relations with the SDP, as well as being put in charge of Brandt's travel arrangements. His reports were so highly rated in the Centre that they were personally forwarded by Andropov to foreign minister Gromyko.[34]

The key intelligence requirement placed on Guillaume concerned Brandt's *Ostpolitik,* which he defined as having "a threefold aim: improved relations with the Soviet Union, normal relations with the east European states, and a *modus vivendi* between the two parts of Germany." In his "Report on the State of the Nation" to the Bundestag at the beginning of 1970, Brandt called for "cooperative togetherness" between the FRG and GDR. In the course of the year he became the first chancellor to visit East Germany, and signed treaties with the Soviet Union and Poland.[35] "Through Guillaume's judgments," writes Wolf in his memoirs, "we were able to conclude sooner rather than later that Brandt's new *Ostpolitik,* while still riven with contradictions, marked a genuine change of course in West German foreign policy."[36] Moscow reached the same conclusion. After Brandt's visit to East Germany, however, Karlshorst reported "a noticeable rise in his popularity,"[37] which caused some concern to the GDR leadership. During his visit, as the crowds chanted, "Willy, Willy!," Brandt mischievously asked the East German prime minister, Willi Stoph, whether the name being chanted was spelled with a "y" or an "i." Stoph remained stony-faced.[38]

With the Christian Democrats in open opposition to Brandt's *Ostpolitik,* the Centre was now concerned not to compromise Brandt but to keep him in power. By the spring of 1972 a series of defections from the SDP and its Free Democrat allies had reduced Brandt's majority to four. With more defections in the offing, the fate of *Ostpolitik* hung in the balance. In April 1972, confident of success, the CDU (Christian Democrat) leader, Rainer Barzel, tabled a motion of no confidence.[39] With the blessing of the Centre, Wolf made a possibly critical secret intervention in the Bundestag with the aim of keeping Brandt in power.

Shortly before the crucial vote of confidence, the HVA had recruited a corrupt CDU deputy, Julius Steiner, as an agent with the codename SIMSON.[40] Wolf paid Steiner 50,000 marks to vote for Brandt.[41] Barzel's no confidence motion failed by two votes. At a general election in November, Brandt won a more secure parliamentary majority, with the SDP for the first time beating the Christian Democrats in the popular vote.[42] The HVA continued to run SIMSON as an agent in the new Bundestag. In February 1973 Steiner agreed to a contract with the HVA (euphemistically described as the "Structural Working Group of the GDR Council of Ministers"), under which he was paid a retainer of 3,000 marks a month. Soon afterward (the date is not recorded by Mitrokhin), Wolf reported to the Centre that Steiner was in contact with the BfV, the West German counter-intelligence agency, and thus useless as an agent.[43] In June the Munich weekly *Quick* published a photograph of a bank deposit slip showing that 50,000 marks had been paid into Steiner's account the day after the April 1972 vote of confidence, thus provoking a public scandal which was quickly dubbed "Bonn's Watergate" or "Rhinegate." Steiner acknowledged being recruited as an HVA agent but claimed that he had worked as a double agent with the approval of the BfV, and said that the 50,000 marks had come from the SDP chief whip, Karl Wienand[44]—a charge denied by Wienand (who, it later transpired, was also an HVA agent).[45] A parliamentary inquiry decided that there was no conclusive evidence of bribery.[46]

By the time of Brandt's victory in the November 1972 elections, Guillaume was at the peak of his career as a penetration agent, attending all meetings of the SDP party and parliamentary leadership. On May 29, 1973, however, Günter Nollau, head of the BfV, informed Hans-Dietrich Genscher, the interior minister, that Guillaume was under suspicion of espionage and had been placed under surveillance. (Their recollections later differed over how serious the suspicions reported by Nollau were.)[47] Shortly afterward, alerted—according to Wolf's not wholly reliable account—by the BfV's clumsy surveillance of Guillaume's wife, the HVA ordered both Günter and Christel Guillaume to suspend their intelligence work.[48]

At 6:30 a.m. on April 24, 1974 the Guillaumes were arrested at their Bonn apartment. In a curious breach of espionage tradecraft, Guillaume virtually admitted his guilt. Dressed only in a bathrobe, he declared defiantly, “I am an officer of the [East German] National People’s Army!” According to Genscher, “It was basically only Guillaume’s own declaration which convicted him.”[49]

Wolf now argues that his success in penetrating Brandt’s entourage was “equivalent to kicking a football into our own goal.” The political scandal caused by Guillaume’s arrest was the immediate cause of Brandt’s resignation on May 6, 1974. The HVA, Wolf concludes, “unwittingly helped to destroy the career of the most farsighted of modern German statesmen.”[50]

THE HVA OPERATIONS in West Germany which had had the greatest influence on the KGB’s own methods were probably those of its “Romeo spies (a phrase invented by the Western media but later taken over by Wolf himself).[51] The KGB had specialized in the sexual entrapment of Western diplomats and visitors to Moscow since the 1930s. The entrapment followed a straightforward sequence: the use of attractive female or male swallows as sexual bait, the seduction of the target, the secret photography of the sexual encounter (and, on occasion, the interruption of the encounter by a supposedly outraged “spouse” or “relative”), followed by blackmail.[52] Wolf's tactics were both more subtle and more effective. Love, or a plausible semblance of it, was capable of generating more intelligence over a longer period than brief sexual encounters.[53] The main targets of the Romeo spies were lonely female secretaries, most in their thirties or forties, employed in West German ministries and intelligence agencies.

Beginning in the late 1950s, the KGB base in Karlshorst began imitating the HVA's "secretaries offensive." Indeed, the KGB files seen by Mitrokhin show that some of the "secretary spies" later thought to be HVA agents were in fact working for the KGB. Karlshorst's initial targets were female employees in the Bonn Foreign Ministry identified by a KGB agent in the ministry's personnel department, Gisela Herzog (codenamed MARLENE), recruited in 1954—without, apparently, the use of a Romeo spy. Herzog herself married an official from the French defense ministry in 1958 and moved to Paris. The first victim of the KGB's secretaries offensive was Herzog's friend Leonore Heinz (codenamed LOLA), secretary to a foreign ministry department head. Her seducer was Heinz Sütterlin (codenamed WALTER), a West German from Freiburg recruited by the KGB in 1957, whose first name, confusingly, was identical to Leonore's surname. When Herzog heard in 1958 that the 30-year-old Leonore Heinz had succumbed to Sütterlin's advances, she became consciencestricken. Probably foreseeing Heinz's devastation when she discovered that she had been deceived, Herzog wrote to the Centre, “I should like to say that you should not involve LOLA in co-operation with us through Sütterlin. She would be very disillusioned.” “I do ask you,” she wrote on another occasion, “to please leave LOLA in peace.”[54] The Centre, predictably, paid no attention.

In December 1960 Heinz Sütterlin and Leonore Heinz were married. Over the next year Sütterlin frequently discussed with his wife the danger that the Cold War might turn into hot war. At a time when the West German leadership were building themselves nuclear shelters, he argued that they had to be concerned for their own safety. Leonore agreed to confide in him everything she knew about East—West relations. In 1961, at first unwittingly, she was included in the KGB agent network. Two years later, Sütterlin reported to the Centre that, without mentioning the KGB, he had told his wife he was passing on her information to an organization dedicated to preventing nuclear war:

> I told LOLA that there is one great organization in the world which regards the preservation of peace as its task. This organization requests one great favor from her. She must continue to work in the foreign ministry and report to me everything that she finds out . . . The organization thinks well of her work . . . She has agreed to cooperate in every way she can, and declared that she regards it as the duty of every

> decent person to seek to tie the hands of warmongers. She declined to receive money for her help. I believe that in LOLA we have an assistant on whom one may rely totally.

Though his wife refused payment, Sütterlin received 1,000 marks a month.

From 1964 onward, Sütterlin handed film of documents LOLA had smuggled out of the ministry to the East German illegal Eugen Runge (codenamed MAKS), who was working for the Karlshorst KGB. Runge, in turn, left the film in a dead letter-box which was emptied by the Bonn residency. After Leonore at last realized that she was working for the Soviet Bloc, Runge had a personal meeting with her. He found her unperturbed by her discovery. Leonore said that she trusted her husband absolutely, and that her work in the cause of peace was a job that had to be done. Sütterlin told Runge that Leonore was also motivated by “hatred for the caste of haughty foreign ministry officials” and “derived satisfaction from causing as much damage as she could.”[55] His comment supplies a missing element in traditional explanations of the success of the HVA and KGB secretaries offensive. Though most of the secretaries began spying for love, their espionage was probably sustained, at least in part, by the arrogance of some of their better-educated and better-paid male superiors.

In 1967 Runge defected to the CIA, betraying both

Leonore and Heinz Sütterlin. Runge told his debriefers, “We received [FRG diplomatic] documents before they moved across Leonore’s desk and on to the code room, and we read the reports brought by diplomatic couriers from abroad, mostly even before German Foreign Minister [Gerhard] Schrîder got them.” As her friend Gisela Herzog had feared nine years earlier, Leonore was distraught at the discovery that she had been targeted by a Romeo spy. During her police interrogation, she was confronted with a confession by her husband that he had married her not for love but on orders from the KGB. Soon afterward Leonore hanged herself in her cell.[56]

TWO OF THE other most successful seductions in the KGB’s secretaries offensive recorded in files seen by Mitrokhin—those of DORIS and ROSIE—also involved a false flag recruitment and the use of East German illegals. The false flag, however, differed from that which had deceived LOLA. DORIS and ROSIE believed they were working not for an underground peace movement but for a secret neo-Nazi group.

DORIS was Margret Hîke, a secretary in the office of the West German president, where she worked successively in the mobilization and security departments. Her Romeo spy was the East German illegal Hans-Jurgen Henze (codenamed HAGEN), who assumed the identity of Franz Becker, a West German living in the GDR.[57] Henze discovered the 33-year-old Hîke by chance. One day in 1968, while looking out of the window of his Bonn apartment, he saw a woman who struck him as a possible civil servant going for a walk alone. Henze stood waiting in a telephone kiosk along her route and, as Hîke passed by, asked if she had change for a phone call. Somehow he also managed to strike up a conversation and, on discovering where she worked, arranged another meeting with her. Gradually, according to Hîke's operational file, "She fell seriously in love and was greatly attached to him." Henze explained that he was a postgraduate student writing a dissertation on the work of the president, but needed additional source material before he could complete it. Hîke supplied documents from work to help finish the fictional thesis. Though less infatuated than Hîke, Henze also became emotionally involved in their relationship and for several years "found it difficult to switch to a business footing." Finally in 1971 or 1972 (the date is unclear from the file), hoping to appeal to Hîke's somewhat extreme right-wing views, he told her he belonged to an organization of "German patriots," based in Brazil, who were committed to the cause of national revival and needed inside information on the Bonn government to continue their work.[58]

Hîke said she had guessed something of the sort and agreed to assist the "German patriots." Henze then persuaded her to sign a contract, allegedly drawn up by his "boss," under which she agreed to provide information from the President's office in return for her expenses and

500 marks a month. Among the intelligence she supplied were the mobilization plans of the Chancellor's office and the major Bonn ministries; details on the government war bunker (which were reported to Brezhnev); despatched from FRG ambassadors in Moscow, Washington and elsewhere; the secret weekly reports to the President from the foreign ministry; a dossier on Brezhnev's visit to the FRG; and accounts of the President's meetings with foreign diplomats. Hîke gradually became dependent on the 500 marks she received each month. In order to leave no trace of it in her own financial records, she gave it to her mother to invest on her behalf, telling her that she found it difficult to save herself.[59] With the help of her mother's investments, Hîke was able to buy a new apartment (Apartment 85, House 16, am Baitzaplen 37, Oberkassel).[60]

After Hîke signed her agent contract, she ceased to take the risks of smuggling classified material back to her flat. Instead, Henze taught her how to photograph documents in the President's office with a miniature camera concealed in a tube of lipstick. On one occasion Hîke's boss entered the room just as she was about to use the camera, but—to her immense relief—failed to notice what she was doing.[61] She usually handed over the film either in Cologne or Zürich. The *yavka* (secret rendezvous) in Cologne was at 8:30 p.m. on the first Tuesday of each month in Kîln-Bayenthal, at the end of Bayenthalgürtel, about fifty meters from the Bismarck column, by a telephone kiosk next to an advertising pillar. Hîke was told to have a copy of *Der Spiegel* in her hand if she was ready to go ahead with the meeting; if she needed to give a danger signal, she was to carry a plastic bag instead. The meetings in Zürich took place at 5 o’clock on Saturday afternoons at Rennweg 35, by the window of a china shop.[62]

Henze was twice awarded the Order of the Red Star for his success in running Hîke as an agent. In 1976 he returned to East Germany but continued to meet her regularly in Cologne and Zürich.[63] Hîke was temporarily put on ice in 1979 during a security scare caused by the investigation of another secretary suspected of spying for the East, but was reactivated a year later with the new codename VERA. By 1980 the “product file” of the documents she had provided filled ten volumes.[64] Though Hîke remained in touch with Henze, she also passed on intelligence through RENATA, a female East German illegal working for the KGB.[65] Among the intelligence she supplied during the early 1980s were details of talks in October 1982 between Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher and US Secretary of State George Schultz over the stationing of Pershing II missiles in the FRG. She also took part in two major NATO WINTEX exercises, during which she had been able to provide intelligence on the FRG wartime command and control system, and was able to report on her experience of working inside the secret wartime government bunker in the Eiffel hills near Bonn.

Hîke was arrested in 1985, and quickly confessed. In 1987 she was sentenced to eight years in jail and fined 33,000 marks, the total sum she was believed to have received from the KGB (probably an underestimate). The judge told her that, in passing a relatively lenient sentence, he was taking into account that she had fallen "hopelessly in love" with her recruiter. The British press was curiously divided in its opinion of Hîke. Though the *Daily Telegraph* described her as a "dowdy secretary," she impressed the *Observer* as a "Glamour Spy."[66]

The methods used to recruit Hîke were similar to those employed against Heidrun Hofer (codenamed ROSIE), a secretary in her early thirties in the FRG foreign intelligence service, the Bundesnachrichtensdienst (BND).[67] While serving at the BND Paris station during the early 1970s Hofer was seduced by ROLAND, an East German illegal with a military bearing who, like Henze, claimed to be working for a neo-Nazi group of "German patriots."[68] Hofer's deception was taken one stage further than that of Hîke. On February 26, 1973 at Innsbruch in Austria, ROLAND introduced her to VLADIMIR, telling her that he was one of the leaders of the neo-Nazi underground. Next day VLADIMIR met Hofer alone, telling her that he had known Admiral Canaris, wartime head of the Abwehr (German military intelligence), in which her father had served, and discussed the intelligence which he wanted her to supply. Unknown to Hofer, VLADIMIR was, in reality, a senior KGB illegal, Ivan Dmitryevich Unrau, an ethnic German born in Russia in 1914.[69]

In 1974 Hofer was transferred to BND headquarters at Pullach in Bavaria, where she worked successively for the west European and NATO liaison departments, and became engaged to a BND major.[70] Following the end of her affair with ROLAND, the KGB used two further East German illegals, MAZON (who pretended to be ROLAND's father) and FRANK, to maintain contact with her. Both pretended to be members of the neo-Nazi underground.[71] Hofer appears eventually to have realized that she had been recruited under false flag but to have carried on working as a paid KGB agent. On December 21, 1977, possibly as the result of a tip-off to the BND from the French SDECE, she was arrested while driving across the Austrian border to meet her controller. Next day she confessed to being a KGB agent. Hofer showed little emotion until told that her BND fiancé had broken off their engagement. After bursting into tears, she asked for the window to be opened to give her some air, then suddenly leaped to her feet and threw herself from the sixth floor. Though her fall was partially broken by some bushes, she was critically injured.[72]

Apart from Hîke and Hofer, the most successful KGB recruitment made by an East German Romeo spy during the 1970s appears to have been that of Elke Falk (codenamed LENA). After Falk had advertised in a lonely hearts column, she was contacted by the illegal Kurt Simon (codenamed GEORG), who introduced himself as Gerhard Thieme. It is unclear from Mitrokhin's notes what, if any, false flag Simon employed to recruit her. However, with his encouragement, Falk gained a job in 1974 as a secretary in the Chancellor's office,[73] taking with her to work a miniature camera disguised as a cigarette lighter and a bogus can of hairspray in which to store her films.[74] Like Hîke, Falk was a member of the crisis management team during the WINTEX exercises. In 1977 the Centre awarded Simon the Order of the Red Star. Later Falk was moved to the control of two other illegals, one who used the alias "Peter Muller" and a second who was codenamed ADAM.[75] Falk moved from the Chancellor's office to the transport ministry in 1977, then in 1979 to the economic aid ministry two years later.[76] By 1980, when Mitrokhin saw her operational file, it filled seven volumes.[77] Falk was arrested in 1989 but wrongly described at her trial as an HVA rather than a KGB agent. Though sentenced to six and a half years' imprisonment, she served only a few months before being released as part of an East—West spy exchange. Falk was alleged to have received a total of 20,000 marks for her espionage.[78]

NOT ALL THE Romeo spies, however, achieved results. Among the failures was one of the KGB's East German illegals, Wilhelm Kahle (codenamed WERNER), who assumed the identity of a West German living in the GDR. Kahle's cover occupations included working as a laboratory technician in Cologne and Bonn universities and as a German language teacher in Paris. During the early 1970s he set out to cultivate four FRG foreign ministry and embassy secretaries, a female clerk at an American embassy in Europe, an American student at a German university who invited him to her parents' home in the United States and a British secretary at NATO. Kahle's ten-volume file, however, contains no indication that he obtained significant intelligence from any of them. His main West German cultivation was BELLA, who worked at the FRG embassies in Tehran and, from 1975, in London. According to WERNER's file, his attempts to recruit BELLA during her tour of duty in London showed "insufficient determination" and were hampered by a number of operational errors, such as attracting the attention of the embassy security officer. Kahle became more interested in MONA, a French technical translator for a firm of Swedish paper manufacturers in Paris, where he was based from 1975 onward. His file records that he had "intimate relations" with MONA and wished to marry her. The Centre, however, became understandably skeptical both of MONA's intelligence potential and of

Kahle's motives in pursuing her. The KGB also discovered, through tapping the telephone and intercepting the correspondence of Kahle's mother in East Germany, that he was fearful of being recalled to Moscow and anxious about the fate of his crystal and porcelain collections in Paris, of which the Centre was previously unaware.[79]

In 1978 Kahle was duly summoned back to Moscow and given a lie-detector test—on the pretext that it would be valuable experience if he were subjected to a polygraph during his next posting. As a further method of discovering what WERNER had really been up to, an impeccably ideologically orthodox female agent, ANITA, was planted on him—the only known example of a Romeo agent being targeted by a "Juliet." ANITA's report confirmed the Centre's suspicions. When she asked why he thought he had been recalled, Kahle replied with a grin that he had become "too comfortable" in Paris, had made many friends and acquaintances and had acquired a well-appointed, attractively furnished apartment which he was reluctant to leave. He had also broken KGB regulations by leaving some of his possessions with MONA and by borrowing 3,000 francs from her. ANITA claimed to be shocked by Kahle's "ideological crisis:"

> It would do him no harm to refresh his knowledge of Marxism-Leninism, and especially the course on the political economy of socialism. He was not imbued

> with a class instinct, as he had been brought up in a petty bourgeois environment. Life in the West had left its mark on him; as the saying goes, "dripping water wears away stone." His beliefs could be those of the French Communist Party. The dictatorship of the proletariat was like a red rag to a bull for him; he was not convinced of its necessity and he had little faith in the advantages of the socialist planned economy. WERNER had only encountered the chocolate icing side of the West. He had been in contact with people who were contented, rich and successful. He had not seen unemployment and poverty.[80]

As a result of ANITA's report, Kahle appears to have been sidelined. He was formally removed from illegal work in 1982.[81]

A PART FROM THE secretary spies, the KGB's most productive penetrations of the West Germany bureaucracy during the 1970s were probably two recruits in the intelligence community. One was awarded the Order of the KGB Badge of Honor (*Znak Pochota*) for his "fruitful collaboration."[82] The other, whose recruitment was personally approved by Andropov himself, was ranked by the KGB's Karlshorst base as among its most valuable agents.[83] By the early 1980s, however, both sources seem to have dried up.

HVA penetrations of FRG intelligence agencies were at least as impressive as those by the KGB. In 1973 Gabriele Gast, who had been recruited by an HVA Romeo three years earlier, joined the BND as an analyst and rose to become deputy head of the Soviet Bloc division in 1987, the most highly placed woman in the maledominated West German foreign intelligence agency. Gast's motivation was complex. As well as her emotional involvement with her recruiter, she was suspicious of the FRG political system and deeply fascinated by Markus Wolf. According to Wolf, "She needed to feel wanted by me and I gave her my personal attention . . . Sometimes her messages carried the wounded tone of a lover who feels taken for granted." Wolf met her personally seven times. His attentions were richly rewarded. "Gaby's work for us," he recalls, "was flawless. She gave us an accurate picture of the West's knowledge of and its judgments regarding the entire Eastern Bloc. This proved vitally important to us in handling the rise of Solidarity in Poland in the early 1980s." Some of the intelligence assessments by Gast which so impressed Wolf also landed on the desk of Chancellor Kohl and, almost certainly, on those of Andropov, Chernenko and Gorbachev as well.[84]

In 1981 Klaus Kuron of the BfV offered his services by letter to the HVA residency in Bonn. A senior counter-intelligence officer who specialized in running "turned" HVA agents, Kuron was bitter at having been passed over for the top jobs and now found himself in increasing financial difficulty. He struck Wolf as "unembarrassed about his treachery . . . His was a paradigm of unfulfilled ambitions of a type that fester throughout any civil service." The HVA skilfully pandered to his wounded self-esteem as well as paying him a total of almost 700,000 marks in the last eight years of its existence.[85]

In 1985 Hans-Joachim Tiedge, the BfV's counter-intelligence chief, caused even greater surprise than Kuron with his letter four years earlier by arriving drunk and unkempt at the East German border and demanding to defect. Tiedge was a heavy gambler as well as an alcoholic, who had come close to being charged with manslaughter after the death of his wife in a drunken household brawl. "If a case like mine had been presented to me for analysis," he told the HVA, "I would have recommended that I be fired without delay." The first prostitute summoned by Wolf to entertain Tiedge after his defection took one look at him and ran away. But, claims Wolf, "Tiedge had a memory like a computer for names and connections, and filled in a lot of the blanks for us—though not as many as he thought, since he was unaware that his colleague Kuron was in our pay."[86]

PERHAPS THE MOST complex aspect of HVA operations in the FRG concerned its contacts either directly or through intermediaries with politicians. The great majority of meetings between West German politicians and representatives of the GDR were part of a genuine attempt to establish a dialogue, often necessarily out of public view, between East and West. The fact that the Stasi inevitably took a close interest in these encounters is not sufficient to brand those politicians from the FRG who took part in them as collaborators with the HVA. In a small minority of cases, however, such contacts acted as a cover for espionage or something close to it.

The most notorious case of a West German politician acting as an HVA agent is that of Karl Wienand, an SDP parliamentary whip during the Brandt government and one of the closest colleagues of Herbert Wehner, leader of the parliamentary party. After the collapse of East Germany, evidence emerged from Stasi files that Wienand had been an HVA agent from 1970 until the Berlin Wall came down in 1989. In 1996 he was sentenced to two and a half years' imprisonment and fined a million marks—the total of the payments he had received from the HVA.[87] According to Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher, Wienand was the only person to enjoy the trust of all three members of the triumvirate which ran the SDP after Brandt's resignation: Helmut Schmidt, the new chancellor, Brandt, who remained party chairman, and Wehner.[88] Wolf claims that Wienand, whose motivation was "extraordinarily materialistic," gave him "an enviable insight" into the policies of, and tensions between, the triumvirate at the top of the SDP.

That insight also seems to have impressed the Centre. According to Wolf, the KGB itself made an attempt to "do business" with Wienand, but he "succeeded in dissuading our Soviet colleagues" from doing so.[89]

The most controversial case of a senior West German politician in close contact with the East concerns Herbert Wehner. References to Wehner which have been discovered in Soviet and GDR documents since the fall of the Berlin Wall have led to much speculation as to whether, like his colleague Wienand, he was an agent for the HVA or KGB.[90] The Centre's file on Wehner (codenamed KORNELIS) shows that he was a "confidential contact" of both the KGB and the HVA, but not a fully recruited agent.[91] Wehner's contacts with Soviet intelligence went back to his years as a member of the KPD (German Communist Party) leadership-in-exile in Moscow after Hitler's rise to power. During the Great Terror he had denounced a number of his comrades as traitors,[92] and was considered for recruitment as an NKVD agent. Wehner's KGB file, however, reveals that he himself narrowly escaped execution. One KPD official in exile who denounced Wehner, Heinrich Mayer (codenamed MOST), was executed; another, Erich Birkenhauer (BELFORT), was sentenced to twelve years in the gulag. A third denunciation, by MIRRA, a female NKVD agent among the German Communists, almost led to Wehner's downfall. She reported that Wehner's behavior appeared to indicate that he was “in contact with the Gestapo.” On December 15, 1937, Wehner (then known as Herbert Funk) was summoned to NKVD headquarters for questioning. A subsequent note on his file records that he was to be given the impression that he was being recruited as an NKVD agent but that the real purpose was to gather evidence against him in preparation for his arrest. In 1938, the former secretary of the Berlin-Brandenburg KPD district committee, Theodor Beutming, confessed to being a member, with Wehner, of a (non-existent) “underground German Trotskyist center” in Moscow. On July 22 Yezhov, the NKVD chief, wrote on Beutming’s confession, “Where is the memorandum on the arrest of Funk?” A memorandum sent to Yezhov shortly afterwards listed a series of German Communists who had identified Wehner, under NKVD interrogation, as a Gestapo agent.[93]

Wehner seems to have been saved from execution only by the winding down of the Terror and the disgrace, a few months later, of Yezhov. Early in 1940 Comintern sent him to carry out “illegal work” in Sweden, using identity documents in the name of H. M. Kornelis. In June 1941, shortly before Hitler’s attack on the Soviet Union, the Centre once again considered Wehner as possible NKVD agent material. It was decided not to recruit him, however, when it was discovered that he had included in a report of the previous October an accurate but politically incorrect warning that an attack by Nazi Germany on the Soviet

Union was, sooner or later, inevitable.[94] Wehner was later arrested by the Swedish police and—according to later claims by Markus Wolf—revealed the names of members of the Communist underground in both Sweden and Germany.[95] On emerging from prison Wehner broke away from the Communists and made common cause with the SDP.

Wolf found the post-war Wehner "a person of irreconcilable contradictions." Though playing a major role in turning the SDP from a Marxist into a social democratic party, Wehner remained nostalgic for his Communist roots. In 1973 he had an "intensely emotional" reunion with Ulbricht's successor, Erich Honecker, with whom he had worked as a young Communist in the Saarland almost half a century earlier. Honecker went to enormous pains to arrange the details of the reunion, trying to ensure that a cake prepared for tea at a hunting lodge tasted exactly like one baked for Wehner many years before by Honecker's mother.[96] After Wehner's death in 1990, Honecker claimed that, although he had rejected Communism, "his goal was still the union of the labor movement and the building of a socialist German republic."[97]

According to Wolf, secret contacts with Wehner began in the mid-1950s but were initially regarded with great suspicion by Ulbricht, who absurdly suspected him of being "a British spy." Contact became easier when

Wehner became Minister for All-German Affairs in 1966 and began regular meetings with the East German lawyer Wolfgang Vogel, who negotiated on "humanitarian questions" with West German officials. Vogel took his instructions directly from Erich Mielke, the GDR Minister of State Security, and reported to him after each meeting with Wehner. According to Wolf:

> Mielke alone edited the reports on conversations with Wehner for passing on to Honecker. Since drafting was not his strong point, he often locked himself in his room for a whole day to put the Wehner reports into the proper form. Hardly anything in the GDR was more secret than these reports. Apart from the three copies for Honecker, Mielke and myself, there was also a re-edited and censored version of the reports which was sent to our Soviet colleagues.

Mielke boasted to the Centre that Wehner's regular briefings gave the Stasi a direct line to the heart of the West German power structure.[98] Mitrokhin's notes contain none of these briefings. They do include, however, one example from KGB files of the trust placed in Wehner as a "confidential contact." He was informed in 1973—apparently before the news became public—that the editor of the weekly magazine *Quick,* Heinz Van Nouhuys (codenamed NANT), who had been recruited as an HVA agent, was in fact a double agent working for the BfV.[99]

Brandt later concluded that Wehner had been negotiating with the GDR behind his back.[100] It is unlikely, however, that Wehner ever consciously betrayed what he saw as the interests of the FRG. "From his youth onwards," Wolf argued, "he regarded conspiracy as an instrument of power politics and sometimes physical survival. From his first contacts with us . . . he no doubt felt that he was always the stronger party in the political game."[101]

Though the KGB appears to have left the running of Wienand entirely to the HVA and never regarded Wehner as more than a "confidential contact," during the 1970s it had a hitherto unknown agent, codenamed CARDINAL, an SDP official who had been talent-spotted by another KGB agent, MAVR, a West German film-maker. The intelligence provided by CARDINAL included reports on FRG politicians and industrialists, the issues to be raised by Brandt during his visit to Moscow in 1973, Brandt's resignation in 1974, the subsequent state of the SDP leadership and FRG relations with China, Israel and Portugal. As well as being rewarded with an icon and other gifts, CARDINAL was paid 5,000 dollars in 1974, the same sum in 1976 and 11,635 deutschmarks in 1977. Then the doubts began. A detailed study of his "intelligence" by the Centre revealed nothing of significance which had not also appeared in the West German press—apart from some items which the KGB suspected were disinformation. It was concluded that CARDINAL and MAVR had been seeking to ingratiate themselves with the KGB in the hope of gaining its assistance in winning valuable contracts in the Soviet Union. Contact with both was abruptly broken off.[102]

Mitrokhin's notes on KGB attempts to penetrate the Christian Democrats (CDU) are thinner than those on the SDP. He does, however, identify two agents within the CDU, both recruited in 1972; SHTOLPEN, a party adviser,[103] and RADIST, a member of the West Berlin city assembly.[104] No details are available on the intelligence which they provided. Mitrokhin also identifies a leading member of the Free Democrats (FDP), codenamed MARK, who had been recruited as a Soviet agent in East Germany in 1946 on the basis of what were alleged to be "compromising circumstances" arising from his wartime service in the Wehrmacht. A few years later MARK succeeded in fleeing to the West, where he rapidly embarked on a new career as a politician. In 1956 the KGB resumed contact with him and remained in touch for the next twenty-four years. However, there is no evidence that during that time MARK supplied any significant intelligence. A later Centre assessment concluded that he had passed on information slanted in favor of the political interests of the FDP and had tried to use his contacts with the East to further his own career. In about 1975 one of MARK's parliamentary colleagues told Aleksandr Demyanovich Zakharov, a KGB officer stationed in Karlshorst, that MARK's earlier association with Soviet intelligence had been "a youthful error." In 1980 the Centre finally decided that there was no point in remaining in contact with him.[105]

Both the recycled newspaper stories provided by CARDINAL and the quarter century wasted in trying to extract intelligence from MARK provide further evidence of the limitations of the KGB's political intelligence analysis. Mitrokhin records one occasion on which Andropov issued what amounted to an official rebuke for the poor quality of FCD assessments on the FRG. In October 1977, as part of the preparations for Brezhnev's state visit to West Germany in the following year, Kryuchkov submitted an alarmist report on the likely security problems, claiming that no fewer than 250 terrorist and extremist groups in the FRG were capable of attempting the assassination of the Soviet leader. Andropov replied acerbically:

> Comrade [V. I.] Kevorkov [of the Second Chief Directorate], who has just returned from the FRG, gives a different account of the situation. You should synchronize your watches, as for us this is not a trivial matter.[106]

In the event, Kevorkov's less alarmist assessment proved correct and Brezhnev's visit in May 1978 passed off without incident.[107]

MITROKHIN'S INFORMATION ON the KGB's West German agents, though extensive, is not comprehensive. There is, for example, intriguing evidence in the files seen by Mitrokhin of a KGB agent in the entourage of Egon Bahr, one of Helmut Schmidt's most trusted advisers and a leading architect of *Ostpolitik.* (There is no suggestion that the agent was Bahr himself.) On February 5, 1981 Andropov sent Brezhnev and the CPSU Central Committee an intelligence report (no. 259-A/OV), marked "of special importance," which recounted a telephone conversation on January 27 between Schmidt and Ronald Reagan, whose inauguration as president of the United States had taken place a week earlier, and gave details of Schmidt's subsequent discussions with Bahr and other advisers. To Schmidt's irritation, Reagan asked for a month's delay to the chancellor's visit to Washington, previously arranged for March 3, on the grounds that the President was not yet ready "for a serious discussion of foreign policy problems." Schmidt told his advisers that this was a deliberate delaying tactic by the new Reagan administration "designed to enable Washington to gain time to build up its armaments with the aim of overtaking the USSR in the military field."

The KGB source also reported complaints by Schmidt to Bahr and others that Bonn was flooded with specialists sent by Washington with the aim of halting the growth of commercial contacts between West Germany and the Soviet Union. Schmidt rightly believed that the Reagan administration was out to torpedo the negotiations between Bonn and Moscow on the construction of pipelines to bring natural gas from Siberia to the FRG, which Washington feared would make West Germany dangerously dependent on Soviet energy supplies. Moscow was doubtless delighted by Schmidt's intention to press ahead with the negotiations as quickly as possible in order to present Reagan with a *fait accompli.*[108]

The reliability of the KGB's German source was authenticated in the report sent to Brezhnev and the Central Committee both by Andropov and by Lieutenant-General Kevorkov, then head of the Seventh Department of the KGB Second Chief Directorate (SCD).[109] Kevorkov's involvement indicates that the source was recruited and controlled not by the FCD but by the SCD, perhaps after being compromised during a visit or posting to Moscow (a characteristic form of SCD blackmail).[110]

Despite some lack of enthusiasm for Schmidt, both the Soviet and East German leadership were anxious to prevent a return to power by the Christian Democrats. According to a KGB file, Honecker secretly made known to the Schmidt government in 1978 that East Germany was willing to take action designed to improve the SDP's apparently declining electoral prospects—for example, by easing travel restrictions between the GDR and FRG.[111] There is no evidence of any response from the SDP.

Moscow's particular *bête noire* was the charismatic, right-wing Bavarian CSU leader, Franz-Josef Strauss, who was chosen as the candidate of the CDU and its CSU allies for the chancellorship in the 1980 elections. According to the minutes of a meeting in Moscow in July 1979 between Andropov and Mielke, the GDR interior minister and head of the Stasi, "It was acknowledged that Strauss was a serious opponent to Schmidt at the Bundestag elections in 1980. It was therefore essential to compromise Strauss and his supporters."[112] Among the KGB active measures agreed by Andropov and Mielke was operation COBRA-2, which used information gathered by an HVA agent, Inge Goliath, former secretary to the head of the main CDU foreign affairs think tank, to fabricate sinister links between the CDU/CSU leadership and right-wing elements in the intelligence agencies. A total of 1,587 copies of a booklet alleging that BND officers had conspired with the opposition against the Schmidt government were circulated to politicians, trade union leaders and other opinion-formers in the FRG. According to the KGB file on COBRA-2, some of the disinformation in the booklet reappeared in the West German press and caused Schmidt to order a judicial enquiry.[113]

The KGB, which had a recurrent tendency to exaggerate the success of its active measures in reports to the Politburo, claimed that COBRA-2 had caused great alarm in the CDU/CSU leadership and had "a positive influence" in ensuring an SDP victory at the 1980 Bundestag elections.[114] Though, in reality, Strauss's election defeat probably owed little—if anything—to Soviet and East German active measures, it undoubtedly came as a considerable relief to the Centre. When the SDP finally fell from power in 1983, the new government was headed not by Strauss but by the less flamboyant Helmut Kohl.

The main aim of KGB active measures during the early 1980s was the attempt to exploit the opposition of the large and militant West German peace movement to the deployment of US medium-range missiles in the FRG. Among the most eloquent opponents of the deployment was the *Bürgermeister* of Saarbrucken, Oskar Lafontaine, later an unsuccessful SDP candidate for the chancellorship (and in 1998 briefly a controversial finance minister in the government of Gerhard Schrîder). It would have been wholly out of character had the Centre, which only a few years earlier had formed absurdly unrealistic plans to recruit Harold Wilson and Cyrus Vance, not also targeted Lafontaine. In 1981 the operations officer, L. S. Bratus, was sent to cultivate him and—predictably—failed in the attempt.[115] The KGB seems, none the less, to have tried to take a largely undeserved share of the credit for the decision by an SDP congress eight months after its 1983 election defeat to oppose the stationing of US medium-range missiles on German soil. A CPSU Central Committee document in 1984 claimed complacently, “Many arguments that had previously been presented by us to the representatives of the SDP have now been taken over by them.”[116]

As in other NATO countries, the chief priority of intelligence collection in the FRG during the early 1980s was operation RYAN—the fruitless attempt to discover non-existent Western preparations for a nuclear first strike against the Soviet Union. Markus Wolf and, no doubt, some KGB officers in Karlshorst and West German residencies regarded the whole operation as utterly misconceived. None, however, dared to challenge the paranoid mindset of the Centre. Wolf found his Soviet contacts “obsessed” with RYAN and the threat of a NATO nuclear first strike:

> The HVA was ordered to uncover any Western plans for such a surprise attack, and we formed a special staff and situation center, as well as emergency command centers, to do this. The personnel had to undergo military training and participate in alarm drills. Like most intelligence people, I found these war games a burdensome waste of time, but these orders were no more open to discussion than other orders from above.[117]

Because S&T collection was less distorted by misconceptions of the West than political intelligence, its quality was probably higher. Kryuchkov wrote in a directive to residencies in July 1977:

> Work against West Germany is assuming an increasingly greater importance at the present time in connection with the growth of the economic potential of the FRG and the increase in its influence in the solution of important international issues.
>
> The Federal Republic of Germany is both economically and militarily the leading West European capitalist country. It is the main strategic bridgehead of NATO, where a significant concentration of the adversary's military strength can be observed: the total numerical strength of the forces of the Western allies (including the Bundeswehr) reaches almost a million in the country. This situation distinguishes the FRG from the other European capitalist states and makes it the most important component of the military bloc. Within the FRG, military scientific research studies in the fields of atomic energy, aviation, rocket construction, electronics, chemistry and biology are being intensively pursued.[118]

As Kryuchkov's directive indicates, West Germany, though ranked far behind the United States, had become the chief European target for Line X (S&T) operations. In 1980, 61.5 percent of the S&T received by the Military Industrial Commission (VPK) came from American sources (not all in the United States), 10.5 percent from the FRG, 8 percent from France, 7.5 percent from Britain and 3 percent from Japan. Just over half the intelligence acquired by FCD Directorate T in 1980 (possibly an exceptional year) came from allied intelligence services, the HVA and Czechoslovak StB chief among them.[119]

Among Directorate T's chief targets in the FRG was Germany's largest electronics company, Siemens, whose scientists and engineers included the KGB illegal RICHARD,[120] recruited in East Germany, and at least two other Soviet agents: HELMUT[121] and KARL.[122] HELMUT was unaware that he was a KGB agent and believed that he was working for the HVA.[123]

As in the case of other Western companies, it proved easier to collect S&T from Siemens than to exploit it in the Soviet Union, particularly in the civilian economy. The Centre's paranoid tendencies made it increasingly fearful that the Siemens computers it purloined had been bugged or otherwise tampered with. The FCD's Fifteenth Department (Registry and Archives) planned to use a Siemens computer to store the information on its card files on three million people. Because of the Centre's fear that the computer contained some hidden bug which

Soviet experts had failed to detect, however, it remained unused in a storeroom for five years.[124] Less advanced East German computers were eventually used instead.[125]

As well as benefiting from the HVA's extensive S&T operations in the FRG, the KGB's own Line X agents spanned almost the whole of West German high technology. In addition to those in Siemens, Mitrokhin's notes identify twenty-nine other agents of varying importance, some of them working for such major firms as Bayer, Dynamit Nobel, Messerschmitt and Thyssen.[126]

The great majority of these espionage cases never came to court. One of the few which did was that of Manfred Rotsch (EMIL), who was betrayed by a French agent in Directorate T.[127] As head of the planning department in the FRG's largest arms manufacturer, Messerschmitt—Bîlkow—Blohm (MBB), Rotsch betrayed many of the secrets of NATO's new fighter bomber, the Tornado (built by MMB jointly with British and Italian manufacturers), the Milan anti-tank missile and the Hot and Roland surface-to-air missiles.[128] Rotsch was a highly professional well-trained spy, communicating with his controllers by microdot messages.[129] His cover too was impeccable. While living an apparently conventional family life of almost tedious tranquility in a Munich suburb, he joined the conservative Christian Social Union and stood as a CSU candidate in Bavarian local elections.[130] Mitrokhin's brief note on EMIL indicates that he had already been recruited by the KGB before he left East Germany, ostensibly as a refugee, in 1954.[131] Rotsch thus may well have been the longest-serving KGB agent planted in the FRG with East German assistance. Arrested in 1984, he was sentenced in 1986 to eight and a half years' imprisonment but exchanged a year later for an East Berlin doctor serving a long prison term of solitary confinement. Though housed with his wife in a luxury East German lakeside villa, Rotsch had grown attached to his life in the West. Within a few months, both returned to their house near Munich and a frosty welcome from their scandalized neighbors.[132]

STASI AND HVA offices were full of busts of Lenin and Dzerzhinsky, commemorative plaques embellished with the sword and shield of the Cheka and other trinkets presented at convivial gatherings of GDR and Soviet intelligence officers at which operational successes against the FRG such as the East German Manfred Rotsch's thirty years as a KGB agent were celebrated and toasts were drunk to the future. After the fall of the Berlin Wall in November 1989, however, the near 40-year collaboration between HVA and KGB, the most successful (though characteristically rather one-sided) intelligence alliance in the Soviet Bloc, ended in East German charges of betrayal by Moscow. Most appeals for help to the Centre after the collapse of the GDR by former HVA officers and agents who feared prosecution in the

West were met by an embarrassed silence from the KGB. On October 22, 1990 Wolf wrote to Gorbachev:

> We were your friends. We wear a lot of your decorations on our breasts. We were said to have made a great contribution to your security. Now, in our hour of need, I assume that you will not deny us your help.

Gorbachev, however, did precisely that. Wolf appealed to him to insist on an amnesty for the Stasi and its foreign intelligence service before agreeing to German reunification. Gorbachev refused. “It was,” says Wolf bitterly, “the Soviets’ ultimate betrayal of their East German friends, whose work for over four decades had strengthened Soviet influence in Europe.”[133]

TWENTY - SEVEN

FRANCE AND ITALY DURING THE COLD WAR

Agent Penetration and Active Measures

For much, probably most, of the Cold War, the Paris residency ran more agents—usually about fifty plus—than any other KGB station in western Europe. Its most remarkable achievement during the Fourth Republic (1946-58) was the penetration of the French intelligence community, especially SDECE, the foreign intelligence agency. An incomplete list in KGB files of the residency's particularly "valuable agents" in 1953 included four officials in the SDECE (codenamed NOSENKO, SHIROKOV, KORABLEV and DUBRAVIN) and one each in the domestic security service DST (GORYACHEV), the Renseignements Généraux (GIZ), the foreign ministry (IZVEKOV), the defense ministry (LAVROV), the naval ministry (PIZHO), the New Zealand embassy (LONG) and the press (ZHIGALOV).[1] In 1954 30 per cent of all reports to the Centre from the Paris residency were based on information from its agents in the French intelligence community.[2]

The basis for Soviet penetration of France during the Cold War had been laid at the end of the Second World War. Thanks both to the leading role played by the Communist Party in the French Resistance and the presence of Communist ministers in government until 1947, the few years after the Liberation had been a golden age for agent recruitment.[3] Though the British and American intelligence communities were probably unaware of the identities of most Soviet agents in France, they were acutely conscious of the weakness of post-war French security and—for that reason—cautious about exchanging classified information with the SDECE and the DST. A 1948 assessment by the British Joint Intelligence Committee (JIC), infused by a somewhat absurd sense of ethnic superiority, blamed the success of Soviet penetration on "inherent defects in the French character" as well as "the wide appeal of Communism in France." Soviet intelligence, the JIC concluded, was able to exploit:

> a. A natural garrulous tendency in the French character which makes the temptation to pass on

> "hot" information, albeit in strictest confidence," almost irresistible.
>
> b. A lack of "security consciousness" which leads to carelessness and insufficient precautions to guard classified documents.
>
> c. A certain decline in moral standards in France, which, together with extremely low rates of pay, must contribute to the temptation to "sell" information . . .[4]

The JIC's supreme confidence in the inherent superiority of British over Gallic security was, presumably, at least slightly deflated three years later by the defection of Burgess and Maclean, Philby's recall from Washington and the suspicion which fell on Blunt and Cairncross.

After the compromise of the British Magnificent Five in 1951, France became for the remainder of the decade the KGB's most productive source of intelligence on Western policy to the Soviet Bloc.[5] The KGB defectors Vladimir and Evdokia Petrov reported in 1954 that the Centre "found intelligence work particularly easy in France . . . The French operational section was littered with what looked like photostat copies of original French documents."[6] The Paris residency obtained important intelligence on Western negotiating positions before both the Berlin Conference early in 1954, the first between Soviet, American, British and French foreign ministers since 1949, and the Geneva four-power summit in July

1955, the first meeting of heads of government since the meeting of the Big Three at Potsdam ten years before.[7] Thanks to the diplomatic ciphers provided by JOUR, a cipher clerk in the Quai d’Orsay recruited in 1945, the Centre also seems to have had access to plentiful French SIGINT. In 1957 JOUR was awarded the Order of the Red Star.[8] It was probably largely thanks to JOUR that during the Cuban missile crisis, the KGB was able to supply the Kremlin with verbatim copies of diplomatic traffic between the Quai d’Orsay and its embassies in Moscow and Washington.[9]

During the early Cold War, the Paris residency also appears to have been the most successful promoter of active measures designed to influence Western opinion and opinion-formers. Between 1947 and 1955 the residency sponsored a series of bogus memoirs and other propagandist works, among them: *J’ai choisi la potence* (*I Chose the Gallows*) by General Andrei Vlasov, who had fought with the Germans on the eastern front; the equally fraudulent *Ma carriäre Ö l’êtat-major soviétique* (*My Career in the Soviet High Command*) by “Ivan Krylov;” and bogus correspondence between Stalin and Tito, published in the weekly magazine *Carrefour,* in which Tito confessed to being a Trotskyist. The main author of the forgeries was Grigori Besedovsky, a former Soviet diplomat who had settled in Paris. Some of Besedovsky’s fabrications, which also included two books about Stalin by a non-existent nephew, were sophisticated enough to deceive even such a celebrated Soviet scholar as E. H. Carr, who in 1955 contributed a foreword to *Notes for a Journal,* fraudulently attributed to the former foreign commissar Maksim Litvinov. The resident in Paris from 1946 to 1948, Ivan Ivanovich Agayants, who had launched the Besedovsky frauds, was later appointed head of the FCD's first specialized disinformation section, Department D (subsequently Service A), founded in 1959.[10]

The post-war Paris residency also had what was, in effect, its own weekly newspaper, focusing on international relations: *La Tribune des Nations* (codenamed ÉCOLE). Founded in 1946 by André Ulmann with the help of Soviet subsidies,[11] the *Tribune*'s subscribers included both French government departments and foreign embassies. Publicly, Ulmann disclaimed any connection with the French Communist Party (PCF). According to his friend Pierre Daix:

> There was nothing Stalinist about him. He did not even seem like a Communist. He was a progressive intellectual, but without any of the utopian or idealistic nonsense associated with this expression. His feet were firmly on the ground.[12]

Ulmann's KGB file, however, reveals that he was a secret member of the PCF. Recommended by the Party leadership to the Paris residency, he had been recruited as agent DURANT in 1946. From 1948 onwards Ulmann also worked as an agent of the Polish intelligence service, which gave him the codename YULI and provided monthly subsidies of 200,000 francs to help finance the publication of *La Tribune des Nations.*[13] Between 1946 and his death in 1970, Ulmann received a total of 3,552,100 francs from the Paris residency, as well as an (unidentified) Soviet decoration for his work for the KGB.[14] To at least some Paris journalists, however, Ulmann's cover was somewhat transparent. The historian of the PCF, Annie Kriegel, herself a former *militante,* recalls hearing Ulmann being described by one of her friends as "a secret agent disguised as a secret agent."[15]

Despite the Paris residency's successes during the 1950s, the Centre was dissatisfied with the number of its new recruits. It took Moscow some years to accept that, following the end of Communist participation in government in 1947, the pace of subsequent agent recruitment was bound to be slower. In a despatch to the Paris residency on February 3, 1954, the Centre insisted that it step up its campaign to acquire new agents in the foreign ministry, the cabinet secretariat, the SDECE, the DST, the general staff's Deuxiäme Bureau, the armed forces and NATO. "The residency," it complained, "is living on its old capital and is not taking energetic measures to acquire new, valuable sources of information."[16]

In 1955 the Paris residency recruited a major new agent inside NATO, codenamed GERMAIN, who was controlled by an (unidentified) illegal despatched from the Centre. GERMAIN, like JOUR, was later awarded the Order of the Red Star. His wife NINA trained as a KGB radio operator and was given the medal "For combat services."[17] In 1956 a residency agent, DROZDOV, reported that one of his wife's friends, ROZA, who worked at SDECE headquarters, had become pregnant after a one-night stand with "a chance acquaintance." On instructions from the residency, DROZDOV gave ROZA financial help after the birth of her daughter in the following year in the hope of laying the basis for an eventual recruitment. ROZA's cultivation, however, proceeded slowly. By 1961 the residency had concluded that she would rebuff any direct attempt to turn her into a KGB agent, and decided instead on a false flag recruitment. DROZDOV successfully persuaded her to provide regular intelligence reports to assist a fictitious "progressive organization" of which he claimed to be a member.[18] Other French recruits during the early years of the Fifth Republic, established in January 1959 under the presidency of General Charles de Gaulle, included two cipher clerks (LARIONOV[19] and SIDOROV[20]), two Paris police officers (FRENE[21] and DACHNIK[22]) and two young scientists (ADAM[23] and SASHA[24]). In 1964, like his fellow cipher clerk JOUR seven years earlier, SIDOROV was awarded the Order of the Red Star[25]—a further indication of the success of KGB SIGINT operations in decrypting French diplomatic traffic.

The French embassy in Moscow was also a major KGB target. During the early 1960s both the ambassador, Maurice Dejean, and the air attaché, Colonel Louis Guibaud, were seduced by KGB swallows after elaborate "honeytrap" operations directed by the head of the Second Chief Directorate, Oleg Mikhailovich Gribanov, with the personal approval of Khrushchev. Dejean was beaten up by a KGB officer posing as the enraged husband of the swallow, a Moscow ballerina who had seduced him. Guibaud was confronted with the usual compromising photographs of his sexual liaison. Both seductions, however, failed as intelligence operations. In 1962 Guibaud shot himself with his service revolver. The following year, a defector revealed Gribanov's plan to compromise Dejean, who was recalled to Paris before serious KGB blackmail had begun. De Gaulle welcomed the ambassador home with the now celebrated reproof, "Alors, Dejean, on couche!"[26] The KGB files noted by Mitrokhin reveal for the first time that a third French diplomat in Moscow was successfully targeted by Gribanov. A female member of the embassy staff, codenamed LOUISA, was seduced by a male swallow, confronted with photographs of her seduction and persuaded to work as a Soviet agent. Once back in Paris in the early 1960s, however, she broke off contact with the KGB.[27]

The most successful French recruitment in Moscow recorded in the files seen by Mitrokhin was that of the businessman Franáois Saar-Demichel (codenamed NN) in the 1960s.[28] After fighting in the Resistance, Saar-Demichel had served briefly in the DGER and its successor, the SDECE, before leaving in 1947 to begin a business career. In 1954 he won an exclusive, and lucrative, contract to import Soviet wood pulp for French paper manufacture. A year later, during a visit to Moscow, he was recruited by the SCD as a KGB agent. Acting on instructions from the Centre, Saar-Demichel used his Resistance connections to make contact with some of de Gaulle's leading supporters and contributed almost 15 million francs to the Gaullist cause during the final years of the Fourth Republic.[29]

After the change of regime and de Gaulle's election as President of the Republic, Saar-Demichel succeeded in gaining an entrée to the êlysée and supplied regular reports on his meetings with Soviet leaders during business trips to Moscow. According to Constantin Melnik, security adviser to the first prime minister of the Fifth Republic, Michel Debré, "More than any other political movement, Gaullism was swarming with agents of influence of the obliging KGB, whom we never succeeded in keeping away from de Gaulle." The most important of them may well have been Saar-Demichel. His reports were designed by the Centre to reinforce de Gaulle’s belief that Soviet leaders were guided not by Communist ideology but by traditional Russian interests, and to persuade him that they were genuinely anxious for an understanding with France:

> My Soviet interlocutors [nowadays] make much less use of Marxist-Leninist phraseology . . . They are very open to dialogue and make a clear distinction between propaganda statements and discussions based on precise facts . . . The dead weight of ideology is fading away, particularly among the new generation. Faced with this transformation of public opinion, the leadership is making no attempt to put a stop to it.[30]

During his visits to Moscow, Saar-Demichel also provided the Centre with regular reports on de Gaulle’s foreign policy. He claimed that after the signature of the cooperation treaty between France and West Germany in January 1963, which had been badly received in Moscow, de Gaulle had said privately, “We extended our hand to the Germans so that we could at least be sure they were not holding a knife in theirs.”[31]

AS WELL AS collecting intelligence, the Paris residency continued to be energetically engaged in active measures.

In its annual report for 1961, the residency proudly reported that it had been responsible for inspiring 230 articles in the press, 11 books and pamphlets, 32 parliamentary questions and statements, 9 public meetings and the circulation of 14,000 copies of 10 posters and flysheets.[32] In addition to André Ulmann (DURANT), editor of *La Tribune des Nations,*[33] the residency's agents of influence included at least two socialist politicians, GILBERT and DROM.[34] GILBERT (later GILES), who was reported to be "close" to the future president, Franáois Mitterrand, was recruited by the Czechoslovak StB in 1955 under the codename ROTER. KGB contacts with GILBERT began a year later.[35] DROM was first cultivated by the KGB in 1959, recruited as an agent in 1961 and paid a monthly retainer of 1,500 francs for the next twelve years.[36]

The Paris residency's most ambitious active measure during de Gaulle's decade as President of the Fifth Republic was to fund a new news agency, the Centre d'Information Scientifique, Économique et Politique, founded in 1961 by Pierre-Charles Pathé, a newly recruited KGB agent codenamed PECHERIN (later MASON). The journalist son of the millionaire film magnate who had founded Pathé newsreels, he had first come to the residency's attention two years earlier after publishing a naively pro-Soviet *Essai sur le phénomäne soviétique:*

> The cruelties of Stalinism were only childhood illnesses. The victory of the Soviet Union is that of a correct vision of the march of history. The USSR, this laboratory of new ideas for the most advanced development of society, will overtake the gigantism of the United States.

From 1961 to 1967 the KGB paid Pathé 6,000 francs a month to publish a weekly newsletter (codenamed OBZOR) from his center, which was sold by subscription but sent free of charge to opinion-formers in politics, business, journalism and diplomacy.[37]

The main purpose of the active measures implemented by Pathé and the Paris residency's other agents of influence during the early Fifth Republic was to damage Franco-American relations, encourage a Franco-Soviet *rapprochement* and distance France from NATO.[38] Saar-Demichel reported progress on all three fronts. His finest hour as a KGB agent came during a visit to Moscow to negotiate the sale of the French SECAM color system to Soviet television in March 1965, when he told his controller that de Gaulle wished to visit the Soviet Union in the following year. De Gaulle, he claimed, attached no importance to Franco-Soviet ideological differences and had told him:

> Russia was, is, and would continue to be a great power in Europe. The outstanding qualities of the

> Russian people remained the same whatever the ideology of the Communist government, but at the present time Communist ideology acted as a bond which held together this vast multinational federation. However, it was not ideology but reasons of state which played the main role.

As for the reunification of Germany, to which the Soviet Union was resolutely opposed, de Gaulle wished to postpone it as long as possible: "The later, the better." A doubtless exultant Centre passed on Saar-Demichel's message to the Central Committee.[39]

It remains unclear whether, as the KGB believed, the êlysée had asked Saar-Demichel to sound out Moscow on the question of a state visit—or whether, knowing de Gaulle's wishes, he took the initiative himself. The Centre, however, claimed much of the credit for de Gaulle's decision to distance France from NATO and improve relations with the Soviet Union.[40] In March 1966 France withdrew from the integrated NATO command. Three months later de Gaulle made a triumphal state visit to the Soviet Union. The KGB had, in reality, little influence on either decision. Ever since the United States and Britain had rejected his proposal early in the Fifth Republic to join with France in a three-power directorate at the head of NATO, de Gaulle had been increasingly inclined to distance himself from it. His attempt to use the Soviet Union as a counterweight to American influence in

Europe went back to his wartime years as leader of the Free French, when Roosevelt and Churchill had failed to treat him as an equal. “Ah, Monsieur le Secrétaire Général,” he told Brezhnev during his visit to Moscow, “how happy we are to have you to help us resist American pressure—just as we are pleased to have the United States to help us resist pressure from the Soviet Union!” But if—contrary to the private boasts of the Centre—KGB active measures did not determine de Gaulle’s foreign policy, they played at least a minor role in reinforcing his conviction that the Soviet Union was a traditional great power with an increasingly thin Communist veneer. His report to the French cabinet on his state visit to Russia concurred with the views expressed by Saar-Demichel. The Soviet Union, de Gaulle declared, was “evolving from ideology to technocracy:

> I did not talk to anyone who told me, “I am a Communist militant or a party leader” . . . If one leaves aside their propaganda statements, they are conducting a peaceful [foreign] policy.[41]

KGB active measures may have had a somewhat greater, though doubtless not decisive, influence on the evolution of French public opinion. According to opinion polls after de Gaulle’s state visit, 35 percent of French people held a favorable opinion of the Soviet Union (as compared with 25 percent two years earlier) while only 13 percent were hostile. Those with favorable opinions of the United States fell, partly as a consequence of the Vietnam War, from 52 percent in 1964 to only 22 percent at the beginning of 1967.[42]

After the apparent successes of the previous few years, the Paris residency saw little purpose in continuing to fund Pathé's Centre d'Information Scientifique, Économique et Politique, on which it had spent 436,000 francs since 1961. The center closed and its newsletter ceased publication. Pathé continued, however, to work as an agent of influence, writing regular articles in national newspapers under the pseudonym "Charles Morand." From January 1967 to June 1979, he received a total of 218,400 francs in salary, plus 68,423 francs for expenses and bonuses.[43] In 1969 Pathé was one of the organizers of the Gaullist-dominated Mouvement pour l'Indépendance de l'Europe, which the Centre regarded as a potentially valuable means of destabilizing NATO.[44]

KGB PENETRATION OF the French intelligence community continued during the 1960s. Mitrokhin's notes record that at least four French intelligence officers and one former head of department in the Sñreté Générale were active KGB agents during the period 1963-6, but give few details.[45] In the years after de Gaulle's resignation in 1969, the quality, though not the quantity, of the KGB's French recruits seems to have declined. The total number of agents run by the Paris residency rose from 48 in 1971 to 55 in 1974; in 1974 the residency also had 17 confidential contacts.[46] However, the files seen by Mitrokhin contain no indication that the 1974 agents included any senior civil servants or intelligence officers. The KGB had also lost the services of DROM, one of its two leading agents within the Socialist Party. In 1973 he was given "substantial funds" to pay off his debts. Shortly afterwards, however, DROM was reported to be in contact with the DST.[47]

The best indication of the main strengths of the KGB's French agent network in the mid-1970s is a list of thirteen "valuable agents" of the Paris residency who, with Andropov's personal approval, were given substantial New Year gifts in 1973, 1974 and 1975. In each of these three years JOUR was given a bonus of 4,000 francs; ANDRÉ, BROK and FYODOR received 3,000 francs; ARGUS, DRAGUN, DZHELIB and LAURENT 2,000 francs; NANT and REM 1,500 francs; BUKIN-IST, MARS and TUR 1,000 francs.[48] Two reservations need to be registered about this list. First, it does not include the residency's most important S&T agent, ALAN, who was paid on a different bonus system.[49] (The same may apply to some other Line X agents.) Secondly, three of the agents who received the New Year bonuses were foreign officials stationed in Paris who provided intelligence chiefly on non-French matters. DZHELIB was a staff member of an Asian embassy, who provided ciphers and other classified documents;[50] REM was a Canadian in the Paris headquarters of UNESCO, who acted as an agent-recruiter;[51] BUKINIST worked in a Middle Eastern embassy.[52] The eleven French recruits selected for New Year gifts in 1973-5 do, however, give an important insight into the Centre's and Paris residency's perception of their main French assets.

The most highly rated French agent in the mid-1970s was also the longest-serving: JOUR, the cipher clerk in the Foreign Ministry (codenamed ELITA) recruited thirty years earlier, who was singled out for the largest bonus. During the period 1968-73 he provided intelligence on the cipher machines in the French embassy in Moscow and at NATO headquarters which enabled the Sixteenth (SIGINT) Directorate to decrypt a probably substantial amount of diplomatic traffic. In 1973 JOUR was posted to a French embassy abroad, where contact with him was maintained through dead letter-boxes.[53] Intelligence provided by JOUR probably assisted the bugging of the new teleprinters installed in the Moscow embassy between October 1976 and February 1977. All, remarkably, were left unguarded for forty-eight hours during their journey by rail to Moscow. The bugs secretly fitted to the teleprinters during this period transmitted to the KGB the unenciphered text of all incoming and outgoing embassy telegrams for over six years.[54] The head of the bugging operation, Igor Vasilovich Maslow, was awarded the Order of Lenin and later promoted to head the Sixteenth (SIGINT) Directorate.[55]

Until 1983, thanks to JOUR and Maslov, the Centre had far better information on French policy to the Soviet Union than that of any of France's NATO allies. JOUR simultaneously continued to talent-spot other Foreign Ministry cipher and secretarial personnel. In 1978-9 he cultivated "L" (identified only as a member of the ministry "support staff"), obtained his private address, carried out a background check on his home and facilitated his recruitment by a residency operations officer.[56] During the period 1978-82 no less than six cipher personnel at the Quai d'Orsay were under active KGB cultivation.[57]

A majority of the most highly rated French agents in the mid-1970s (six of the ten who received New Year bonuses in 1973-5: ANDRÉ,[58] BROK,[59] ARGUS,[60] NANT,[61] MARS[62] and TUR[63]) were journalists or involved with the press: a clear indication that, whatever the real effectiveness of KGB disinformation campaigns against French targets, the Centre regarded active measures as one of the main strengths of the Paris residency. Of the three other most valuable French agents, FYODOR held a major position in a foreign policy institute and provided documents on the USA, NATO and China;[64] LAURENT was a scientist in a NATO aeronautical research institute;[65] and DRAGUN was a businessman and agent-recruiter. [66] LAURENT and DRAGUN were probably Line X (S&T) agents. Pathé (MASON), one of the leading agents of influence in the 1960s, had declined in importance and did not figure on the list of most valuable agents in 1973-5. His career, however, was to revive during the second half of the decade.

The Centre's probably exaggerated confidence in the agents of influence run by the PR Line of the Paris residency led it to undertake an ambitious series of active measures throughout the 1970s. According to KGB files, ANDRÉ, a senior journalist, "had access to President Georges Pompidou," who had succeeded de Gaulle in 1969, and to some of his senior ministers, including Pierre Messmer, who became prime minister in 1972, and Foreign Minister Maurice Schumann.[67] Reports from the Paris residency claimed that ANDRÉ was used to pass to Pompidou's office "slanted information" calculated to increase the President's suspicion of the United States.[68] In this, as in most influence operations, it is difficult to estimate the level of success. Given ANDRÉ's access to the highest levels of the Pompidou administration, it is difficult to believe that he was simply ignored. It is equally difficult to credit, however, that he had more than —at best—a marginal influence on French foreign policy. The Centre's reports to the Central Committee tended to claim more credit than it probably deserved for provoking, or worsening, tension within the Atlantic Alliance.

The limitations of KGB active measures in influencing French policy were clearly illustrated by the failure of the LA MANCHE ("English Channel") operation, designed to sow distrust between Pompidou and the British prime minister, Edward Heath, to persuade the President to maintain de Gaulle's veto on British entry into the European Community.[69]

Though the journalist ARGUS appears to have had no direct access to Pompidou, he was in even closer contact than ANDRÉ with Messmer. According to reports from the Paris residency he had regular discussions with the Prime Minister during the campaign for the March 1973 general election and continued to advise him afterwards. The main aim of the KGB disinformation channeled through ARGUS was to damage the electoral prospects of the Gaullist-led ruling coalition by sowing distrust between the Gaullists and their allies. ARGUS falsely alleged to Messmer that Michel Poniatowski, general secretary of the Independent Republicans, and the Reformist Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber had secretly agreed to cooperate in undermining the position of Gaullist candidates. On KGB instructions, ARGUS also planted similar disinformation in the press. Other active measures devised by Service A to damage "Atlanticist" (pro-American) candidates included planting false reports that the campaigns of Servan-Schreiber and the Christian Democrat leader, Jean Lecanuet, were being financed by American money. In Servan-Schreiber's constituency of Meurtheet-Moselle, letters were posted to local notables purporting to come from a neo-Nazi group in the FRG which called on all those "with German blood flowing in their veins" to vote for Servan-Schreiber.[70] While such operations may well have impressed the Centre, it is difficult to believe that they had a significant influence on French voters. Though the vote of the left increased at the general election, the Gaullist-led coalition retained a comfortable majority of seats.

Having greatly exaggerated its success in 1973, the Centre was also confident of its ability to influence the outcome of the May 1974 presidential election. It informed the Central Committee that the Socialist leader, Franáois Mitterrand, standing as the candidate of all the main left-wing parties, had a real chance of victory,[71] and mounted a major active measures campaign against his chief right-wing opponent, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing (codenamed KROT—"Mole"). In one week during the campaign, ten officers of the Paris residency Line PR carried out fifty-six allegedly "significant operational measures."[72]

A leading part in the active measures against Giscard was taken by one of the residency's most highly rated and longest-serving agents, BROK, then a well-connected journalist. Originally recruited as an ideological agent in 1946, BROK had begun working for money within a few years to supplement his income as a journalist and to purchase a Paris apartment. In the mid-1970s he was paid over 100,000 francs a year.[73] As well as having a total of at least ten case officers,[74] BROK was so highly regarded that he had meetings with five heads of the FCD Fifth Department, whose responsibilities included operations in France.[75] During the 1974 presidential election campaign, BROK was provided, on Andropov's personal instructions, with a fabricated copy of supposedly secret campaign advice given to Giscard d'Estaing by the Americans on ways to defeat Mitterrand and Jacques Chaban-Delmas, Giscard's unsuccessful Gaullist rival for the right-wing vote during the first round of the election. The forged document was then shown to Chaban-Delmas and others, doubtless to try to make collaboration between him and Giscard more difficult at the second round, when Giscard was the sole candidate of the right.[76]

The only other operation to discredit Giscard d'Estaing during the 1974 presidential election which is described in detail in Mitrokhin's notes was a somewhat bizarre active measure which reflected the obsession of the KGB's many conspiracy theorists with Zionist intrigues. In France, as in the United States and elsewhere, the Centre believed that a powerful Jewish lobby was at work behind the scenes, manipulating much of the political process.[77]

The KGB decided to exploit the murder of a female relative of Giscard d'Estaing in October 1973 to mount an extraordinary operation designed to embroil him with the Jewish lobby. Service A concocted a forged document supposedly distributed by a (non-existent) French pro-Israeli group, claiming that she had been killed by Zionists in revenge for Giscard's part in the prosecution of Jewish financiers while serving as finance minister some years earlier. The Centre was unaccountably proud of the whole absurd operation.[78] In the second round of the presidential election, Giscard defeated Mitterrand by less than 2 percent of the vote. There is no evidence that KGB active measures had the slightest influence on the result.

IN THE MID-1970S *Le Monde* (codenamed VESTNIK—"Messenger"—by the KGB)[79] became embroiled in a controversy over its alleged left-wing, anti-American bias. The most distinguished of its leading conservative critics, Raymond Aron, contrasted *Le Monde*'s readiness to mention US bombing raids on North Vietnam in the same breath as Nazi wartime atrocities with its reluctance to engage in serious, detailed criticism of Soviet abuses of human rights.[80] Solzhenitsyn, whose *Gulag Archipelago* provided the best-documented evidence of those abuses, received particularly unfair treatment. In July 1975 *Le Monde* used a distorted account of a speech by

Solzhenitsyn in the United States to smear him as a Nazi sympathizer:

> Alexander Solzhenitsyn regrets that the West joined forces with the USSR against Nazi Germany during the last world war.
>
> He is not alone. Westerners of a previous generation like [the leading French collaborator] Pierre Laval had the same ideas, and people like [the French fascists] Doriot and Déat welcomed the Nazis as liberators.[81]

Two months later, *Le Monde* reported—also inaccurately—that Solzhenitsyn had accepted an invitation to visit Chile from the brutal military dictatorship of General Pinochet.[82] There is no proof that either of these smears was planted by the KGB. Both, however, were entirely in line with disinformation which the KGB was seeking to plant on the Western press.[83] In 1976 a former member of *Le Monde*'s editorial staff, Michel Legris, published a detailed analysis of what he claimed was its equally biased reporting in favor of the Portuguese Communists, the Cambodian Khmer Rouge and the Palestinian PLO.[84]

The extent of bias in *Le Monde* reporting during the 1970s still remains controversial, as do claims that it was far readier to condemn American than Soviet policy.[85] KGB files, however, provide some support for the charges of pro-Soviet bias made by *Le Monde*'s critics.

Mitrokhin's brief notes on KGB contacts with *Le Monde* identify two senior journalists and several contributors who were used, in most cases doubtless unwittingly, to disseminate KGB disinformation.[86] During the 1970s and early 1980s the Paris residency claimed to have influenced *Le Monde* articles on, *inter alia,* US policy in Iran, Latin America, the US bicentennial, the dangers of American influence in Europe, the threat of a supranational Europe, US plans for the neutron bomb, causes of East-West tension and the war in Afghanistan.[87] In July 1981 Andropov received a message from the leadership of the French Communist Party, urging him to arrange for an invitation to visit Afghanistan to be sent to a named journalist on *Le Monde,* whose reporting, it claimed, would be "sympathetic."[88] Some years earlier the same journalist had been generous in his praise of Colonel Muhammar Qaddafi. *Le Monde*'s susceptibility to KGB disinformation probably derived chiefly from naivety about Soviet intelligence operations. In the aftermath of Watergate and the revelations of abuses by the US intelligence community, *Le Monde* showed itself—like some other sections of the media—acutely aware of the sins, real and imagined, of the CIA but curiously blind to the extensive active measures program of the KGB.[89]

Unlike *Le Monde,* the main news agency, Agence France-Presse, attracted little public controversy. It was, however, successfully penetrated both in Paris and abroad. Mitrokhin's notes identify six agents[90] and two confidential contacts[91] in the agency recruited between 1956 and 1980. The most senior, LAN, was recruited under false flag by the businessman DRAGUN in 1969 and paid 1,500 francs a month, which he was told came from the Italian company Olivetti, supposedly anxious to have inside information on French government policy.[92]

Perhaps the most ambitious active measure begun by the KGB during the presidency of Giscard d'Estaing was the launching of the fortnightly newsletter *Synthesis* (codenamed CACTUS) by its agent of influence Pierre-Charles Pathé (MASON). The first issue of *Synthesis,* ostensibly left-wing Gaullist in tone, appeared in June 1976 and was sent free of charge to 500 opinion-formers,[93] among them 70 percent of the Chamber of Deputies, 47 percent of the Senate and 41 journalists.[94] The seventy issues published over the next three years, at a cost to the KGB of 252,000 francs,[95] covered a series of well-worn Service A themes. France was portrayed as the victim of an "underhanded" American economic war in which the US balance of payments deficit allowed Washington to act as a parasite on the wealth of other states.

Giscard d'Estaing was portrayed as an "Atlanticist" who was failing to protect French interests against American exploitation. The United States was a sinister "police democracy" which employed systematic violence against its black minority and all others who stood in its way. The assassination of President Kennedy was "an essential aspect of American democracy." By contrast, Pol Pot's massacres were either played down or explained away and the Vietnamese boat people dismissed as middle-class emigrants.[96]

Pathé's downfall began in 1978 when the DST started tailing his case officer at the Paris residency, Igor Aleksandrovich Sakharovsky (alias "Kuznetsov"), son of a former head of the FCD. After Sakharovsky reported his suspicions that he was being followed to his superiors, his meetings with Pathé were temporarily suspended. When they resumed two months later, Sakharovsky inadvertently led his watchers to Pathé. On July 5, 1979 the radio-intercept post in the Paris residency, while listening into a frequency used by a DST surveillance team, heard its leader announce, "The actors are in place. Let's start the show!" Immediately afterwards Pathé was arrested in the act of receiving money and documents from Sakharovsky.[97] In May 1980 Pathé became the only Soviet agent of influence ever convicted in a Western court. He was sentenced to five years' imprisonment but was released in 1981. During his trial Pathé admitted to having received small sums of money for articles written on Moscow's behalf. His KGB file reveals that, in reality, by the time of his arrest he had received a total of 974,823 francs in salary and expenses.[98]

At almost the same time as the *Synthesis* active measure came to an ignominious end, the Paris residency took the decision to cease funding *La Tribune des Nations,* founded by its agent André Ulmann (DURANT) in 1946. Since Ulmann's death in 1970, further KGB subsidies to the *Tribune,* totaling 1,527,500 francs by 1978, had been channeled through agent NANT, a former associate of Ulmann. In the mid-1970s NANT was considered one of the residency's dozen most valuable agents, providing intelligence obtained from his contacts in official circles as well as carrying out active measures. According to his file, from 1970 to 1978 he supplied 119 intelligence reports, published 78 articles on topics devised by Service A and helped to cultivate 12 potential agents. In the late 1970s, however, the KGB began to suspect him of "dishonesty" and of being in contact with the DST. Contact with NANT was broken off in 1980. Thus ended the longest and most expensive active measures operation ever run by the Paris residency. The KGB files on DURANT, NANT and three agents closely associated with them—VERONIQUE, JACQUELINE and NANCY—fill 26 volumes, totaling over 8,000 pages.[99]

Each year the Paris residency, like other KGB stations abroad, sent the Centre somewhat crude statistics on its active measures. Those for 1979 totaled 188 articles in the press (despite the demise of *Synthesis*), 67 "influence conversations;" 19 operations to convey disinformation by word of mouth; 7 operations involving forged documents ; the organization of 2 public meetings; 4 speeches at public gatherings; 2 books; and 4 leaflets.[100] In 1980, largely as a result of the breach with NANT, the number of press articles for which the Paris residency claimed the credit fell to 99. "Influence conversations," however, increased to 79 and operations to convey disinformation verbally to 59. The residency also reported two active measures involving forged documents, and claimed the credit for organizing two public meetings, inspiring sixteen conference speeches and arranging one leaflet distribution.[101]

If Paris residency reports are to be taken literally, the "influence conversations" achieved some striking successes. Several leading French politicians from across the political spectrum as well as a few well-known academics, whom it would be unfair to name, are said to have adopted views on the threat posed by American defense policy, the future of East-West relations and the menace to French national sovereignty from a "supranational Europe." Some of these individuals may well have been imprudent in their contacts with individuals from the Soviet embassy whom they might reasonably have suspected were KGB officers. It seems probable, however, that in many instances the Paris residency merely claimed the credit for policy statements which were relatively favorable to Soviet positions but which it had, in reality, done little to influence. Among the residency's more absurd claims was the boast that KGB active measures "compelled" two of de Gaulle's former prime ministers, Michel Debré and Maurice Couve de Murville, the latter the current head of the Foreign Affairs Commission in the National Assembly, to "defend France's independence from the United States"—a policy to which both were already committed. Though the KGB also claimed to have brought influence to bear on close advisers of the President, Giscard d'Estaing, the Prime Minister, Raymond Barre, the Foreign Minister, Jean Franáois-Poncet, and the Socialist leader, Franáois Mitterrand, this supposed "influence" had no discernible effect on their policies.[102]

KGB policy during the 1981 presidential election campaign was less clear-cut than during the election seven years earlier. At the end of the 1970s the left-wing alliance including both Socialists and Communists, which had supported Mitterrand in 1974, had broken down, and on the first round of the election he had to face opposition from the PCF leader, Georges Marchais, as well as from candidates of the right. Though KGB active measures in 1981 reflected greater hostility to Giscard d'Estaing and the candidates of the right than to Mitterrand, they were no longer, as in 1974, guided by the simple strategy of securing a Mitterrand victory. (It was clear from the outset that Marchais, who won only 15 percent of the vote, had no chance of winning the election.) The individual active measures recorded in the files noted by Mitrokhin suggest that bringing pressure on all the leading candidates was considered a more important objective than ensuring the victory of any one of them. As in 1974, however, the Centre seriously exaggerated its ability to influence the course of events.

In May 1980, Giscard d'Estaing had become the first Western leader to hold talks with Brezhnev since the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, thus helping to rescue the Soviet Union from its pariah status in the West. In preparing for the meeting, Brezhnev's advisers must have been greatly assisted in their continuing access to all the diplomatic traffic exchanged between Paris and the French embassy in Moscow. On Giscard's return to Paris, he announced, perhaps somewhat naively, that the Soviet Union had agreed to withdraw one of its divisions from Afghanistan.[103] Though Giscard's attitude to the Soviet Union subsequently appeared to harden, the Paris residency embarked on active measures designed to persuade him that he would increase his chances of reelection by presenting himself as "the advocate of dialogue with [eastern Europe] against American domination." Disinformation was sent to a member of Giscard's staff which it was hoped would convince him that the most damaging scandal of his presidency, that of the diamonds given him by "Emperor" Jean Bédel Bokassa of the Central African Republic, had been engineered by the CIA.[104] The residency also claimed the credit for “inciting” attacks by the unofficial Gaullist candidate, Michel Debré, on alleged “departures from Gaullist principles” and pro-American tendencies on the part of the official Gaullist candidate, Jacques Chirac. Other active measures included schemes “to expose pro-Atlantic and pro-Israeli elements” in the policies of Mitterrand and one of his future prime ministers, Michel Rocard.[105]

According to an opinion poll during the campaign, 53 percent of Jewish electors intended to vote for Mitterrand as compared with only 23 percent for Giscard d’Estaing.[106] The KGB was predictably suspicious of Mitterrand’s popularity with Jewish voters. As in 1974 the active measures devised by Service A reflected the KGB’s anti-Zionist conspiracy theories, in particular its belief in the power of the French Jewish lobby. The most absurd of the residency’s operations during the election was probably its attempt to “compromise the Zionists” by passing bogus information to the French authorities purporting to show that they were planning “extremist measures” to disrupt the campaigns of Giscard d’Estaing and Debré.[107] It is highly unlikely that this or any other active measure had any significant influence either on the main candidates or on the outcome of the presidential election.

Mitterrand’s success in May 1981 was followed by a landslide Socialist victory in the legislative elections a month later. Though the career of the veteran Socialist

Party agent GILES, recruited a quarter of a century earlier, was by then almost over, he remained in touch with his case officer, Valentin Antonovich Sidak (codenamed RYZHOV), who was stationed in Paris from 1978 to 1983 under diplomatic cover as second secretary at the Soviet embassy. He continued to provide Sidak with what the Centre considered inside information from "the close entourage of F[rançois] Mitterrand."[108]

The arrest of Pathé in 1979 and the decision to break off contact with NANT in 1980 caused a major change of strategy in KGB active measures to influence the French press after Mitterrand's election as president in May 1981. An unusually frank enquiry by the FCD Fifth Department concluded—probably correctly—that *Synthesis, La Tribune des Nations* and other periodicals funded by the KGB had had "practically no influence on public opinion." In future the Paris residency was instructed to concentrate on the cheaper and more productive task of acquiring agents in established newspapers and magazines.[109] The value of some of its existing media agents, however, was called into question—among them BROK, probably the KGB's longest-serving journalist recruit. During the 1970s BROK had been one of the best-paid and most highly regarded French agents. A subsequent review of his work concluded, however, that he was "insincere, untruthful in his contacts with operational officers, exaggerating his information and operational possibilities, inflating the value of his information, and developing mercenary tendencies, lack of discipline and failure to carry out assignments.” In 1981 BROK’s 35-year service as a Soviet agent was abruptly terminated.[110] The Centre continued to seek new agents among French journalists, but concluded that, in a television age, the Western press lacked the influence on public opinion which it had possessed twenty years earlier.[111]

AT THE BEGINNING of the 1980s, partly as a result of the KGB’s declining confidence in its Paris agents of influence, the Centre probably regarded S&T as the most successful part of its French operations. By the mid-1970s (if not sooner), the Paris residency had twice as many Line X officers and agents (over twenty of each) as any other residency in the European Community.[112] Line X operations continued to expand during the late 1970s and —probably—the early 1980s. S&T documents sent to the Centre (835 in 1973, 829 in 1974, 675 in 1975) rose to a record 1,021 in the first half of 1977.[113] A total of 36 Line X officers served in Paris for all or part of the period 1974 to 1979, far more once again than in any other EC country.[114] By 1980, if not before, France had become the KGB’s third most productive source of S&T, providing 8 percent of all S&T received by the Soviet Military Industrial Commission (VPK).[115]

The most important and best-paid French S&T agent during the 1970s identified in the files noted by Mitrokhin was ALAN (also codenamed FLINT and TELON), an employee of a defense contractor (codenamed AVANTGARDE). ALAN was a walk-in. In 1972 he went to the Paris embassy, explained that he was earning 7,000 francs a month, needed extra money to buy a house (possibly a second home) in the 150,000-200,000 francs price range and was willing to sell his firm's secrets. Over the next six years he provided technical documentation and parts of missile guidance systems, laser weapons, detection systems for high-speed low-flying targets and infrared night-vision equipment for tanks, helicopters and other uses. ALAN's file records that his S&T "fully met the requirements of the highest authorities [Politburo]."[116] In December 1974 his controller, Boris Federovich Kesarev, a Line X officer at the Paris residency, was recommended for the Order of the Red Star in a citation signed personally by Andropov.[117] ALAN was paid over 200,000 francs a year,[118] but was dismissed by his firm in 1978 on suspicion of passing its secrets to a Western intelligence service. The KGB appears to have escaped suspicion.[119]

Apart from ALAN's intelligence, the French S&T most highly rated by the Centre probably concerned France's Ariane rocket and its fuel, *Cryogäne.*[120] From 1974 to 1979 a French engineer, Pierre Bourdiol, recruited by the KGB in 1970, was employed on the Ariane project by

SNIAS, the predecessor of the state-owned aerospace group Aerospatiale.[121] Probably in 1979 or 1980, agent KARL, a specialist in electromagnetism, succeeded in obtaining further intelligence on Ariane from an unidentified subsource. KARL was paid a salary of about 150,000 francs a year and received bonuses of over 30,000 francs in 1979 and 1980.[122] In 1982 KARL recruited NIKE, another highly rated Line X agent, who worked in one of the laboratories of the Centre National de Recherches Scientifiques. NIKE was enlisted under false flag, believing he was in the pay of a foreign firm. His file records that his information "satisfied priority requirements" of Directorate T.[123]

Just as Line X operations in France reached their apogee in the early 1980s, they were compromised by a French agent inside Directorate T, Vladimir Ippolitovich Vetrov (codenamed FAREWELL), who had been stationed at the Paris residency from 1965 to 1970. Vetrov was an ardent Francophile, deeply disillusioned with the Soviet system, and resentful at his treatment by Directorate T which had transferred him from operations to analysis. In the spring of 1981 he sent a message, via a French businessman returning from Moscow, to the DST headquarters in Paris, offering his services as a spy. Over the next year Vetrov supplied over 4,000 documents on Soviet S&T collection and analysis. The FAREWELL operation came to an abrupt end after a brutally bizarre episode in a Moscow park in February 1982 whose explanation still remains unclear. While drinking—and probably quarreling—with a KGB secretary with whom he was having an affair, Vetrov was approached by a KGB colleague. Startled, and perhaps fearing that his double life had been discovered, he stabbed his colleague to death. When his lover tried to run away, Vetrov stabbed her too, probably to prevent her revealing what had happened, but she survived to give evidence against him. Though Vetrov began a twelve-year sentence for murder at Irkurksk prison in the autumn of 1981, it was several months before the KGB began to suspect that he was also guilty of espionage. Vetrov wrote his own death sentence with a confession which concluded, "My only regret is that I was not able to cause more damage to the Soviet Union and render more service to France."[124]

Vetrov's documents added enormously to Western intelligence services' knowledge of Soviet S&T operations.[125] In July 1981, two months after he became president, Franáois Mitterrand personally informed Ronald Reagan of the documents being received from FAREWELL. Soon afterwards, Marcel Chalet, the head of the DST, visited Washington to brief Vice-President George Bush, a former Director of Central Intelligence, in greater detail. The first public disclosure of Vetrov's material followed the discovery early in 1983 that bugs in the teleprinters of the French embassy in Moscow had been relaying incoming and outgoing telegrams to the

KGB for the previous seven years. Mitterrand responded by ordering the expulsion from France on April 5, 1983 of forty-seven Soviet intelligence officers—the largest such exodus since operation FOOT in Britain twelve years earlier. Many of those expelled, in particular the Line X officers, had been identified by Vetrov. When the Soviet ambassador, Yuli Vorontsev, arrived at the Quai d'Orsay to deliver an official protest, Foreign Minister Claude Cheysson reduced him to silence by producing one of the KGB documents on S&T operations supplied by Vetrov.[126]

THOUGH THE KGB residency in Rome ran less than half as many agents as its counterpart in Paris (just over twenty in the mid-1970s as compared to about fifty in France),[127] the pattern of agent recruitment in the two countries was broadly similar. Immediately after the Second World War Soviet intelligence succeeded, with the assistance of the Communist Party leadership, in penetrating a number of major ministries in both Italy and France. By the 1970s, however, a majority of the best-paid Line PR agents run by the Rome and Paris residencies were journalists rather than civil servants.

As in France, the post-war popularity of the Communist Party and the brief period of Communist participation in government created the best opportunities Soviet intelligence was ever to enjoy in Italy for agent penetration.[128] Like JOUR, probably the most important of the post-war French recruits, DARIO, the longest-serving and probably the most valuable Italian agent, worked in the foreign ministry, where he had recruited his first three female agents before the Second World War. On his return to the ministry after the war, he recruited two more female typists: TOPO (later renamed LEDA), whom he married, and NIKOL (later INGA).[129]

For most of the next three decades DARIO was instrumental in obtaining a phenomenal amount of classified foreign ministry material.[130] During the mid-1950s he succeeded in recruiting three further female agents: VENETSIANKA, who was on the staff of the Italian embassy in Paris; OVOD, on whom Mitrokhin's notes provide no further information; and SUZA, who worked for the diplomatic adviser to President Giovanni Gronchi and gained access to a wide variety of ambassadors' reports and other classified foreign ministry documents.[131] During the early 1960s DARIO's wife LEDA met her case officer from the Rome residency once a week in cinemas and other locations in the city. As she shook hands with him, she passed over a microfilm of the classified foreign ministry documents she had photographed during the previous week.[132]

In 1968 the Centre decided to put DARIO "on ice," and awarded him a pension for life of 180 hard currency roubles a month. Four years later, however, it reactivated him in order to cultivate a female cipher officer in a foreign embassy and another typist at the Italian foreign ministry, who appears to have been given the codename MARA.[133] In March 1975, forty-three years after DARIO's recruitment, he and his wife were awarded the Order of the Red Star. He subsequently collected his pension at regular intervals by traveling abroad either to the Soviet Union or to some other country.[134]

After the Second World War the Rome residency also successfully penetrated the interior ministry, thanks chiefly to DEMID, a ministry official recruited in 1945 who acted as agent-recruiter.[135] DEMID's first major cultivation inside the ministry was a cipher clerk codenamed QUESTOR, who agreed to supply information on the contents of the classified telegrams which he enciphered and deciphered. QUESTOR, however, believed for several years that his information was being passed by DEMID not to Soviet intelligence but to the PCI, and refused to hand over the ciphers themselves. Late in 1953 the Rome residency decided to force the pace and instructed DEMID to offer QUESTOR 100,000 lire for the loan "for a few hours" of the code and cipher books used by the ministry. QUESTOR accepted. On March 3, 1954 DEMID finally told him that he was working not for the PCI but for the KGB, and obtained a receipt from him for the 100,000 lire. Soon afterwards QUESTOR was handed over to the control of STEPAN, an operations officer at the Rome residency, to whom he supplied a phenomenal range of official ciphers to which he succeeded in gaining access. Among them were those of the prefectures, the finance ministry, central and regional headquarters of the *carabinieri,* Italian diplomatic missions abroad, the Italian general staff and the military-run foreign intelligence service, SIFAR (Servizio Informazioni Forze Armate). QUESTOR also obtained interior ministry lists of Italian Communists, foreign nationals and others who were under surveillance by the Police security service (*Pubblica Sicurezza*).[136]

The Centre considered its penetration of the Italian interior ministry to be so important that in 1955 it handed over control of it to a newly established illegal residency in Rome, headed by YEFRAT ("Euphrates"). YEFRAT was Ashot Abgarovich Akopyan, a 40-year-old Armenian from Baku who had assumed the identity of a live double, Oganes Saradzhyan, a Lebanese Armenian living in the Soviet Union. Like many illegals, he was a gifted linguist, fluent—according to his file—in Arabic, Armenian, Bulgarian, French, Italian, Romanian and Turkish. His wife, Kira Viktorovna Chertenko, an ethnic Russian from Baku, was also an illegal, codenamed TANYA. YEFRAT and TANYA began their careers as illegals in Romania in 1948, obtained Italian visas by bribery and moved to Rome where they acquired passports in the name of Saradzhyan from the Lebanese embassy. YEFRAT's original mission was to prepare the establishment of a new illegal residency in Iran, but in 1952 he and his wife were directed to Egypt instead. In 1954 they were recalled to Rome where YEFRAT was given 19,500 dollars to purchase a business to provide cover for an illegal residency. He was not, however, a successful businessman; an Italian firm with which he was involved went bankrupt.[137]

YEFRAT's residency was given control of DEMID, QUESTOR and a third agent in the interior ministry, CENSOR, who had probably been recruited by DEMID. CENSOR's greatest coup was to abstract top secret documents from the safe of the director general of the security service in the ministry.[138] YEFRAT also succeeded in renewing contact with a former agent, OMAR, who had been sacked from the interior ministry cipher department in 1948 and had obtained a job in what Mitrokhin's notes describe as "a service attached to the American embassy." For unexplained reasons, however, the quantity of high-grade intelligence produced by the agents in the interior ministry declined during the later 1950s. When exhortations by the Centre and a personal meeting between YEFRAT and Lazarev, the head of the Illegals Directorate S, failed to produce results, YEFRAT was recalled and his illegal residency closed. Control of his agents was handed back to the legal Rome residency.[139]

THE ITALIAN EMBASSY in Moscow, like that of France, was a major KGB target. Whereas Second Chief Directorate operations against French diplomats culminated in an embarrassing public scandal, those against the Italian embassy achieved spectacular, unpublicized success. The weapons used against Italian diplomats were the normal stock-in-trade of the SCD: a combination of sexual compromise and blackmail. The SCD's first victim was IKAR ("Icarus"), one of the service attachés in the Italian embassy who was seduced in the late 1950s by a KGB swallow, who then claimed to be pregnant and pretended to have an abortion. IKAR was confronted by an SCD officer, posing as the swallow's enraged husband and signed a document agreeing to become a KGB agent in return for the supposed scandal being hushed up. In addition to providing classified information, IKAR also gave his SCD controller the combination number of his safe and a copy of the cipher he used to communicate with Rome.

IKAR, however, became increasingly anxious at the KGB's hold over him—finally handing his controller a rather pathetic letter, promising to continue work as a Soviet agent but appealing for the undertaking he had signed to be destroyed:

> Beneath your cloak, you are holding a dagger at the ready. The day that you trapped me by using methods which I regard as unworthy of your highly

> respected nation, I tried to convey to you that my attitude to you was friendly. Ignoring these feelings of mine, you have subjected me to various tests. Despite that, you still doubt my loyalty and my good intentions. You continue to hold a gun to my head, while uttering words of friendship and appreciation towards me. If these feelings of yours correspond with reality and are not a mere fiction, then give me some proof—that is to say, the question of destroying the document concerning the circumstances in which I was caught must be resolved between us. If you do not do this, I shall no longer be able to regard you as worthy of my friendship and of my friendly esteem.
>
> I beg you to understand that I need your respect. Therefore, if you think that I am acting under the threat of the materials relating to the circumstances in which I was caught, you judge me wrongly. Find some means of testing my loyalty without threats. I believe that I shall not be found wanting. If you continue to doubt my sincerity, I shall not be able to work while I remain anxious, or continue to respect you.

IKAR was given a copy of his signed undertaking, carefully fabricated to look like the original, and destroyed it with evident relief in the presence of his controller. The original, however, remained in IKAR’s file, together with a Russian translation which was later transcribed by Mitrokhin.[140]

Another member of the Italian embassy staff, codenamed PLATON, was also successfully blackmailed into becoming a KGB agent after falling victim to the same SCD honeytrap. The swallow (codenamed R) planted on him by the SCD moved into his Moscow flat, then pretended that she was pregnant. PLATON paid for her to have a (fictitious) abortion (a criminal act under Italian law), was threatened with exposure and agreed to become a KGB agent. By the time Mitrokhin saw PLATON's file in 1976, he had left Moscow and a plan had been drawn up for Georgi Pavlovich Antonov, an Italian-speaking FCD officer formerly stationed in Rome, to renew contact with him in Belgium.[141] Whether PLATON continued as a KGB agent after 1976 remains unknown.

One senior married Italian diplomat in Moscow was the victim of two honeytraps. When first targeted, ENERO (also codenamed INSPECTOR) was having an affair with a secretary at the French embassy. The SCD concluded that he had an insatiable "appetite for women," selected a swallow, agent SUKHOVA, as his maid and secretly photographed them making love. During a visit to Tashkent, ENERO was seduced by another KGB swallow, Diana Georgiyevna Kazachenko, and further photographs were taken of their lovemaking. A Russian friend of ENERO (who, unknown to ENERO, was a KGB officer) then told him that the KGB had come into possession of photographs of him in bed with SUKHOVA, taken by a criminal gang who were about to stand trial, charged with taking compromising photographs which they intended to use for blackmail and extortion. Almost simultaneously, ENERO was informed that Kazachenko's relatives had lodged an official complaint, accusing him of rape and claiming that he had made Kazachenko pregnant. Kazachenko, it was claimed, was now an invalid as a result of medical complications arising from the abortion.

An SCD operations officer, I.I. Kuznetsov, told ENERO that the Soviet authorities were prepared to hush both matters up if he agreed to "help" them. Though ENERO protested that Kuznetsov's proposal was straightforward blackmail, he quickly gave way to it. According to his file, the intelligence he provided included information that the embassy was illegally smuggling into Moscow by diplomatic bag roubles purchased abroad at a fraction of the official exchange rate. Before leaving Moscow in the early 1970s, ENERO agreed to continue work as a KGB agent on his return to Italy and was given an initial payment of 500 US dollars. Soon afterwards Kusnetsov visited him in Rome to introduce his new case officer from the local residency. A year later, however, the residency reported that ENERO was avoiding meetings with his controller and had changed his private address. In 1979 a residency officer resumed contact but, since ENERO was now retired and in poor health, he was removed from the agent network.[142]

The SCD's greatest triumph in its operations against the Italian embassy in Moscow was the recruitment of a senior diplomat, successively codenamed ARTUR and ARLEKINO ("Harlequin"). ARTUR was first recruited by the Czechoslovak StB in the 1960s, which threatened to expose both his affair with a prostitute and his currency speculation unless he agreed to cooperate. When he was posted to Moscow some years later, control of him was transferred by the Czechs to the SCD. ARTUR's file records that he was rewarded with "valuable presents" and all-expenses-paid hunting expeditions in the Moscow area. After his return to Italy, ARTUR continued to work for the KGB until 1983, several years after his retirement, when his muchreduced access to classified information led to his removal from the agent network.[143]

A number of other Italian embassies around the world also contained KGB agents: among them DENIS, a cipher clerk stationed in the Middle East and recruited in 1961;[144] VITTORIO, a former member of the PCI recruited in Latin America in 1970;[145] and PLEMYANNIK ("Nephew"), a cipher clerk in the Middle East recruited with the help of Bulgarian intelligence in 1977.[146] As well as providing large numbers of documents, the KGB's agents inside the Italian foreign ministry and embassies abroad must also have made a major contribution to the success of the Sixteenth Directorate in decrypting Italian diplomatic telegrams, which continued at least until the mid-1980s.[147] Mitrokhin's notes provide very few details on the content of the remarkable number of diplomatic documents which reached the Centre and nothing on the content of the decrypts. The implications of the KGB files on Italy and France to which he had access are, none the less, very great. So great was the Centre's access to classified French and Italian diplomatic traffic that, at numerous points during the Cold War, both France and Italy were conducting, so far as the Soviet Union was concerned, something akin to open diplomacy.

THOUGH LINE X operations in Italy were on about half the scale of those in France, they included some striking successes. In 1970 the co-owners of a small high-tech company, METIL ("Methyl") and BUTIL ("Butyl"), jointly supplied the KGB with full technical documentation on the production of butyl rubber, which was used in the construction of the Soviet Sumgait rubber factory and led to the redesign of production lines at the Nizhnekama Combine and the Kuybyshev Synthetic Rubber Works. Directorate T calculated that their S&T had produced a saving of 16 million roubles. METIL and BUTIL were paid 50,000 dollars. In the mid-1970s BUTIL provided other highly rated intelligence, some from American sources, on chemical and petrochemical processes.[148]

In 1970 the Rome residency had nine Line X officers who ran about ten agents,[149] composed chiefly of businessmen but including an important minority of academics.[150] There was some expansion of S&T operations during the later 1970s both in Rome[151] and in Milan, where a senior Line X officer, Anatoli Vasilyevich Kuznetsov (codenamed KOLIN), was posted in 1978 under consular cover.[152] Probably the most important Line X agent at the end of the 1970s and beginning of the 1980s was UCHITEL ("Teacher"), who taught at a major university and was controlled by Kuznetsov.[153] Using his wide range of academic and business contacts, UCHITEL provided S&T from a total of eight major companies and research institutes in Italy, West Germany, France and Belgium, and carried out other KGB assignments in the USA and FRG. UCHITEL's most valuable intelligence seems to have concerned military aircraft, helicopters, aero-engine construction and airborne guidance systems. Among the intelligence he supplied was information on NATO's newest combat aircraft, the Tornado, jointly developed by Britain, the FRG and Italy.[154] Doubtless unknown to UCHITEL, at least one of his university colleagues, a nuclear physicist codenamed MARIO, was also a KGB agent.[155] Another academic, KARS, who operated as a Line X agent in both Italy and the United

States, also appears to have been based at the same university.[156]

Though Soviet scientists working as KGB agents or co-optees used a variety of methods to lure their Western colleagues into secret collaboration, they commonly promised both money and privileged access to Soviet research in their fields. A probably typical example was the agreement, dated September 12, 1976, concluded by Professor Georgi Nikolayevich Aleksandrov (agent AYUN) of the Lenin Polytechnic Institute Imeni Kalinin (LPI) with KULON, a senior member of an Italian research institute:

> In view of the importance of the exchange of scientific and technical information and the timeliness of obtaining information on research in other countries, LPI on the one hand, in the person of its pro-rector for scientific contacts with foreign countries, V. A. Serebryannikov, and [the Italian research institute] on the other hand, in the person of the scientific adviser to its director, Professor [KULON], have agreed as follows:
>
> > (1) Professor [KULON] agrees to use his own and LPI's facilities to assist LPI in obtaining scientific and technical information on basic problems of electronics of an applied nature. This scientific and technical information should be in the form of reports and articles

> which have not been published in journals, or of materials put out by firms on the results of studies by firms and scientific institute laboratories in the United States, the FRG, France, the UK and Japan [Directorate T's five main targets]. If the information is of a confidential nature, it will be transmitted to LPI's pro-rector or his representative at personal meetings, which may be held in one of three countries as agreed. The pro-rector's request will be made in the form of a separate list. LPI will pay in any currency for acquisitions . . .
>
> (2) For its part LPI undertakes to assist Professor [KULON] to publish in closed specialized Soviet journals and to arrange for invitations for him to the USSR in order to learn about other institutions in the USSR and to carry out joint studies, and for familiarization with major hydroelectric stations and power transmission lines.

Most meetings between KULON and his KGB contacts took place in Switzerland. [157] Though KULON seems to have remained a confidential contact, similar approaches to other Western scientists sometimes led to their recruitment as agents.

S&T operations in Italy suffered a serious setback on

August 5, 1981 with the unpublicized expulsion of probably the most senior Line X officer, Anatoli Kuznetsov, which caused inevitable KGB anxiety as to whether UCHITEL and his other agents had been detected by Italian counterintelligence. An investigation at the Centre arrived at three possible explanations for the expulsion: that some of Kuznetsov's Line X operations dating from his period at the Paris residency from 1970 to 1975 had come to light; or that his work as security officer for the Soviet colony in northern Italy, which he combined with his Line X work, had blown his cover as consul in Milan; or that his frequent trips from Milan to Turin had aroused suspicion.[158] It does not seem to have occurred to the Centre until its investigation of the FAREWELL case in 1982 that the leak which led to Kuznetsov's downfall might have come from within Directorate T.

BY THE 1970s a majority of the most highly rated Line PR agents run by both the Rome and Paris residencies were journalists. One of the files noted by Mitrokhin contains a list of the thirteen most highly paid political intelligence agents run by the Rome residency at the beginning of 1977.[159] Of the six best-paid, each of whom received 240 hard currency roubles a month, at least three were journalists: FRANK, recruited in 1966, who held a senior position on a major newspaper;[160] POD-VIZHNY

(“Agile”), also a well-known journalist;[161] and STAZHER (“Trainee”), who had been recruited in 1969 and worked in the Rome bureau of a news agency.[162] The other three agents paid 240 roubles a month by the Rome residency were DARIO, the veteran agent-recruiter in the Foreign Ministry; NEMETS (“German”), a well-known left-wing politician; and ORLANDO, who cannot be clearly identified from Mitrokhin’s notes.[163]

The next best-paid agents of the Rome residency at the beginning of 1977 were six who received 170 roubles a month. No information is available on the occupation of one of the six, ACERO; Mitrokhin’s notes reveal his identity and indicate that he was probably recruited not later than 1969, but give no further details.[164] Of the five whose occupations are identified, three—FIDELIO, RENATO and MAVR—were journalists. RENATO, recruited in 1974, was editor of a periodical.[165] FIDELIO, who became an agent in 1975, was director of a press agency.[166] MAVR, a left-wing journalist on a leading Rome daily recruited some years earlier than RENATO or FIDELIO, also acted as agent-recruiter. Among his recruits was ARALDO, a civil servant who, according to MAVR, regarded the whole Italian political establishment as a “den of thieves” and was happy to earn a share of the spoils by selling classified documents.[167]

The other two agents paid 170 roubles a month by the Rome residency were LORETO, a (probably disillusioned) Maoist militant who provided information on China's contacts with its supporters in the European left,[168] and METSENAT ("Patronage"), a corrupt civil servant whose motives were assessed as purely mercenary. [169] The final codename on the January 1977 list of the Rome residency's most valuable agents is that of TURIST, a newspaper publisher who was paid 150 roubles a month.[170] In all, at least seven of the residency's thirteen best-paid recruits, who each received between 150 and 240 roubles a month, were journalists. As in Paris, where a majority of the KGB's most highly rated Line PR agents were also journalists, the Centre's probably exaggerated confidence in their potential as agents of influence led it to undertake an ambitious series of active measures throughout the 1970s.

A Centre report on the Rome residency in August 1977 concluded that it had "an effective and reliable agent network" with sources in the foreign ministry, cabinet office, defense ministry and the main political parties. Each month the residency obtained between 40 and 50 intelligence reports from its agents. It was, however, criticized for its comparative lack of success against American, NATO and European Community targets. The Centre's greatest praise was reserved for the residency's influence operations: "[Its] agents coped successfully with active measures, including those on a large scale." During 1977 operation CRESCENDO, which used forged documents to discredit the human rights policy of the Carter administration, and operation BONZA, targeted against the Chinese, were singled out for particular praise.[171]

The Rome residency's annual statistics for its active measures in 1977 were as follows:

> articles published in the bourgeois press: 43
> materials distributed: 1
> letters drafted: 2
> oral information disseminated: 1
> conversations of influence: 13
> interviews secured: 1
> television appearances: 2
> exhibitions mounted: 1
> parliamentary questions inspired: 2
> appeals inspired: 2[172]

Such statistics, of course, mean relatively little unless it can be demonstrated that the active measures to which they refer had a significant influence on Italian opinion. Nowhere in the files examined by Mitrokhin, however, is there any sign of a serious, critical assessment of what active measures in Italy (or in most other countries) had actually achieved. Instead, any sign that Western opinion was hostile to any aspect of American policy or sympathetic to the Soviet Union was liable to be seized on uncritically as evidence of a successful KGB operation.

Just as it suited the residencies to exaggerate the success of their active measures, so it also suited the Centre to report these successes to the Politburo.

AT LEAST HALF the Rome residency's best-paid Line PR Italian agents in January 1977 were either taken off the KGB payroll or retired over the next five years.[173] The first to go was TURIST. Apparently disillusioned by the evidence of Soviet abuses of human rights, TURIST made various pretexts for declining to co-operate during 1977 and by the end of the year had broken contact. According to his case officer, he "did not correctly understand and interpret the situation of believers and of the Church itself in the USSR, or that of dissidents." In other words, TURIST had been alienated by the persecution of Soviet religious and political dissidents. An examination of TURIST's file led Mitrokhin to doubt whether he had ever been a fully committed KGB agent.[174]

In 1978 FIDELIO was also removed from the agent network after it was discovered that he was in regular touch with—and doubtless receiving money from—Hungarian intelligence, and had also made contact with the Czechoslovak and Polish services.[175] In 1979 DARIO retired, followed by METSENAT in the following year.[176] Simultaneously, RENATO and FRANK—like TURIST—were becoming disillusioned. RENATO was put on ice in 1980, initially for a four-year period;[177] there is no evidence as to whether contact with him was subsequently resumed. FRANK's case officer complained that he was too easily "influenced by anti-Soviet propaganda" following the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in December 1979 and the suppression of Solidarity in Poland two years later. FRANK was also reported to be associated with one of those arrested for involvement with the Red Brigades. He was removed from the agent network in 1982.[178]

The disillusion of FRANK, who a few years earlier had been one of the KGB's most highly paid Italian agents, epitomized the problems faced by Service A as it tried to devise new influence operations in the early 1980s. Though no KGB report dared say so, active measures could not possibly repair the damage done to the image of the Soviet Union by the invasion of Afghanistan and the suppression of Solidarity.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE of the KGB's active measures during the early and mid-1980s in Italy and France, as in western Europe as a whole, were those which exploited popular currents of anti-Americanism and the fear of nuclear war. Though the first step in the renewed nuclear arms race had been the Soviet decision in 1978 to begin the deployment of SS20s (a new generation of intermediate-range ballistic missiles), Western peace movements were far more critical of the subsequent decision by NATO to station Pershing II and cruise missiles in Europe from 1983. As Mitterrand once drily observed, “The missiles are in the East, but the peace protests are in the West.” It is reasonable to assume, but difficult to prove, that the constant stream of Soviet peace propaganda, reinforced by KGB active measures, encouraged—even if it did not cause—the overconcentration by most Western peace activists on the nuclear menace posed by Reagan and his NATO allies rather than on that from the Soviet Union. In February 1984, Kryuchkov reported to a conference of senior FCD officers, when reviewing active measures over the previous two years:

> Considerable work has been done to provide support for unofficial organizations [such as peace movements] in a number of countries abroad in their struggle against implementation of the American administration’s militarist plans.[179]

The Centre’s confidence that it now possessed a nerve-hold on Western public opinion was reflected in the first three priorities which it laid down for active measures in 1984, the year before Gorbachev became Soviet leader:

- counteracting attempts by the USA and NATO to destroy the existing military strategic equilibrium and to acquire military superiority over the USSR; compromising the aggressive efforts of imperialist groups and their plans for preparing a nuclear missile

> war . . .
>
> - deepening disagreements inside NATO . . .
> - exposing before the international community the plans made by the USA to launch a war, its refusal to negotiate in good faith with the USSR on limiting armaments; stimulating further development of the anti-war and antimissile movements in the West, involving in them influential political and public figures and broad strata of the population, and encouraging these movements to take more decisive and coordinated action.[180]

KGB active measures in western Europe were much less successful during the Gorbachev era as a result both of East-West détente and of *glasnost* within the Soviet Union. By 1987 Gorbachev and his advisers were visibly concerned that Western exposure of KGB disinformation might take the gloss off the new Soviet image in the West. The claim that the AIDS virus had been "manufactured" by American biological warfare specialists—one of the most successful active measures of the mid-1980s—was officially disowned by Moscow, though it continued to circulate for several years in the Third World and the more gullible sections of the Western media. During the later 1980s Soviet front organizations were increasingly exposed as frauds. The most important of them, the World Peace Council, lost most of its remaining credibility in 1989 when it admitted that 90 percent of its income came from the Soviet Union.[181]

In September 1990 Kryuchkov acknowledged in an "Order of the Chairman of the KGB" that there had been a serious decline in the effectiveness of active measures—and in the FCD's faith in them:

> There are very limited opportunities for residencies' access to the mass media in the countries of the West, the progress of acquiring new operational sites is progressing slowly, and there is an absence of the necessary cooperation with the other sections of the Soviet KGB and other Soviet ministries and agencies.

Like other members of the KGB old guard, Kryuchkov refused to accept that the end of the Cold War implied any decline in the importance of active measures either in western Europe or elsewhere.[182] That view still appears to be well-represented in the senior ranks of the SVR today.

TWENTY - EIGHT

THE PENETRATION AND PERSECUTION OF THE SOVIET CHURCHES

Though paying lip-service to freedom of religion, the Soviet state was the first to attempt to eradicate the concept of God. Marx had famously denounced religion as “the opium of the people,” but also spoke with some compassion of its role as “the sigh of the oppressed creature, the heart of a heartless world.” Lenin’s denunciation of religion, however, was uncompromisingly venomous:

> Every religious idea, every idea of God, every flirting with the idea of God, is unutterable vileness, . . . vileness of the most dangerous kind, “contagion” of the most abominable kind. Millions of filthy deeds, acts of violence and physical contagions are far less dangerous than the subtle, spiritual idea of a God decked out in the smartest “ideological” costumes.[1]

During the 1930s most priests were condemned to a gulag from which few returned. Most churches, with their religious symbols removed or defaced but their onion domes usually left more or less intact, were turned into barns, cinemas and garages, or given over to other secular purposes. After two decades of brutal persecution which had left only a few hundred churches open for worship, the Russian Orthodox Church was unexpectedly revived as a public institution by Stalin's need for its support during the Great Patriotic War. In 1943, after a gap of seventeen years, the Moscow Patriarchate, the Church's administrative center, was formally reestablished.[2] During the remainder of the decade, Orthodox Christians reclaimed and lovingly restored several thousand of their churches.[3]

The Church, however, paid a heavy price for its restoration. The Council for the Affairs of the Russian Orthodox Church (later the Council for Religious Affairs) worked in close cooperation with the NKVD and its successors to ensure the subservience of Church to State.[4] Both Patriarch Aleksi I and Metropolitan Nikolai of Krutitsky and Kolomna, second in the Orthodox hierarchy, joined the World Peace Council, the Soviet front organization founded in 1949, and were highly valued by the KGB as agents of influence.[5] Aleksi declared in 1955:

> The Russian Orthodox Church supports the totally peaceful foreign policy of our government, not because the Church allegedly lacks freedom, but because Soviet policy is just and corresponds to the Christian ideals which the Church preaches.[6]

The Orthodox Church also took a prominent part in the founding of another front organization, the Christian Peace Conference (CPC), established in 1958 with its headquarters in Prague, in a further attempt to mobilize worldwide Christian support for the “peace policies” of the Soviet Union. At the second conference of the CPC in 1960 delegates from the rest of the world, mostly innocent of its orchestration by Moscow, outnumbered those from the Soviet Bloc.[7]

In 1961, with the KGB’s blessing, the Orthodox Church joined the World Council of Churches (WCC). At that very moment Khrushchev was in the midst of a ferocious anti-religious campaign which closed down many of the reopened churches, monasteries and seminaries and disbanded half the Orthodox parishes. The KGB was simultaneously seeking to strengthen its grip on the churches which remained. According to a secret KGB directive of 1961:

> Up to 600 individuals are studying in the two ecclesiastical academies of the Moscow Patriarchate and the five ecclesiastical seminaries. These must be

> exploited in the interests of the KGB. We must infiltrate our people among the students of these ecclesiastical training establishments so that they will subsequently influence the state of affairs within the Russian Orthodox Church and exert influence on the believers.[8]

The head of the Second Chief Directorate, General Oleg Mikhailovich Gribanov, reported in 1962 that over the previous two years the KGB had infiltrated “reliable agents” into the leading positions of the Moscow Patriarchate, the Catholic dioceses, the Armenian Gregorian Church and other religious groups. These, he predicted, would make it possible to remove remaining “reactionary Church and sectarian authorities” from their posts.[9]

Since the Russian Orthodox delegates to the WCC were carefully selected by the KGB and the Council for Religious Affairs, it is scarcely surprising that they denied—often indignantly—all reports of the persecution of their Church by the Soviet state. According to a KGB report of August 1969:

> Agents ALTAR, SVYATOSLAV, ADAMANT, MAGISTER, ROSHCHIN and ZEMNOGORSKY went to England to take part in the work of the WCC central committee. Agents managed to avert hostile activities [public criticism of Soviet religious

> persecution] . . .[10]

The most important of the agents at the WCC central committee meeting in Canterbury was the leader of the Russian Orthodox delegation, Metropolitan Nikodim (agent ADAMANT),[11] whose meteoric rise through the Church hierarchy was in itself unmistakable evidence of KGB approval. In 1960, at the age of only thirty-one, Nikodim had become the youngest bishop in Christendom. A year later he was put in charge of the Moscow Patriarchate's foreign relations department, and in 1964 was appointed Metropolitan of Leningrad. Nikodim took the lead in ensuring that there was no reference in the WCC central committee's message to member churches either to the invasion of Czechoslovakia or to religious persecution in the Soviet Bloc. According to a report in the *Church Times:*

> Agreement on the text of the message was not without drama . . . The main critic on the Thursday [August 21] when the fifth draft came up for discussion was the Metropolitan of Leningrad, Archbishop Ni[k]odim.
>
> . . . The Russian leader then dropped a bombshell[:] ". . . If certain amendments are not taken into account which are essential to us, we shall have to reject this letter in holy synod and not send it to our Churches. I am sorry to speak in such sharp

> terms."
>
> . . . On Friday morning [after redrafting] there was more sweetness and light, and with the Russian leader obviously mollified, the final draft went through rapidly.

The main initiative agreed by the WCC central committee was a call to member churches to become "as fully engaged as possible in the struggle to eradicate racism in whatever form it appears."[12] While welcoming the campaign against racism, the *Church Times* deplored the failure of the WCC to address "grave breaches of human rights" or to offer help to the oppressed: "Czechoslovakia springs to mind as an obvious instance."[13]

The KGB reported that, at the Canterbury conference, its agents had also succeeded "in placing agent KUZNETSOV in a high WCC post." Agent KUZNETSOV was Alexei Sergeyevich Buyevsky, lay secretary of the Moscow Patriarchate's foreign relations department headed by Nikodim. Since joining the department in 1946, Buyevsky had accompanied all the major Russian Orthodox delegations abroad and had met the most important visitors from foreign churches to Moscow. Throughout the 1970s and 1980s he played an active role in the work of the WCC central committee, helping to draft policy statements on international affairs.[14]

In 1973 the Bishop of Bristol told the *Church Times* that, of the 130 members of the WCC central committee, 42 percent were Westerners, 28 percent Eastern Orthodox (mainly Russian), and 30 percent from the Third World (mainly Africa). The Russian Orthodox and Third World majority saw Westerners "primarily as the representatives of 'colonialism' with all the emotional overtones which that contains."[15] KGB agents on the WCC were remarkably successful in dissuading it from paying serious attention to religious persecution in the Soviet Bloc and in persuading it to concentrate instead on the sins of the imperialist West. The Reverend Richard Holloway of the Scottish Episcopal Church told the Nairobi Assembly of the WCC in 1975:

> I have observed there is an unwritten rule operating that says that the USSR must never be castigated in public. Nevertheless it is well known that the USSR is in the forefront of human rights violations. To mention this fact appears to be unsporting. I think this tradition should end. The USSR should take its place in the public confessional along with the rest of us from white neo-imperialism.[16]

As late as 1989, the Centre claimed that, following the secret implementation of "a plan approved by the KGB leadership," "the WCC executive and central committee adopted public statements (eight) and messages (three) which corresponded to the political direction of Socialist

[Communist] countries."[17]

Members of the Orthodox hierarchy sent on missions to foreign church leaders, doubtless with KGB approval, invariably insisted that believers in the Soviet Union enjoyed freedom of religion. In January 1975 Metropolitan Yuvenali of Krutitsky and Kolomna, who had succeeded his cousin Metropolitan Nikodim as the globetrotting chairman of the Patriarchate's foreign relations department,[18] traveled to Britain for the enthronement of the new Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Donald Coggan. In an interview on the BBC World Service, Yuvenali condemned the tendency of "certain circles" in Britain, including some in the Church of England, to give a biased and one-sided view of the Orthodox Church in Russia. In a private meeting with Dr. Coggan, he attacked the *Church Times* for its "offensive" stories on religious persecution in Russia and denounced Keston College, the world's leading research center on religion in Communist countries, directed by the Anglican priest Michael Bourdeaux, as "anti-Soviet." Though courteous, Dr. Coggan was more robust than most of the Western council members of the WCC. Yuvenali appeared incredulous as the Archbishop patiently defended the independence of the *Church Times* and the fairmindedness of Keston College. During a visit to the Soviet Union two years later Dr. Coggan annoyed his hosts by departing from the prepared itinerary to visit Moscow synagogues and the congregation of the imprisoned Baptist minister, Georgi Vins, in Kiev, where he led the singing of the hymn “He Who Would Valiant Be.”[19]

Among KGB agents in the Patriarchate’s foreign relations department who were regularly used as agents of influence in meetings with Western churches was the monk Iosif Pustoutov, who was recruited in 1970, aged twenty-six, with the codename YESAULENKO. Over the next few years YESAULENKO was sent on missions to the Netherlands, West Germany, Italy and France. In 1976 he was appointed representative of the Moscow Patriarchate of the Russian Orthodox Church at the Prague headquarters of the Christian Peace Conference. In order to raise his standing in the religious community, his case officer at the Prague residency, Yevgeni Vasilyevich Medvedev, arranged for him to be regularly invited to embassy receptions given by the Soviet ambassador.[20]

It would be both simplistic and unjust to see all the KGB’s agents and co-optees in the Orthodox Church and the WCC simply as cynical careerists with no real religious faith—though that may have been true of a minority. Most Russian Orthodox priests probably believed they had no option but to accept some of the demands of state security. One of the best-known dissident priests of the 1970s, Father Dmitri Dudko, later declared:

> One hundred percent of the clergy were forced to

> cooperate to some extent with the KGB and pass on some sort of information—otherwise they would have been deprived of the possibility to work in a parish.

A minority, however, did successfully resist all the pressure placed on them by the KGB. In December 1991, shortly before the dissolution of the Soviet Union, the last deputy chairman of the KGB, Anatoli Oleinikov, told an interviewer that, of the Russian Orthodox priests approached by the KGB, 15 to 20 percent had refused to work for it.[21] The courageous minority who resisted all KGB pressure were inevitably denied advancement. The section of the Orthodox Church most compromised by its association with the KGB was its hierarchy.

It would be wrong, however, to interpret the deference shown by the hierarchy to the KGB simply in terms of the moral inadequacy of individual bishops. The Church was strongly influenced by a centuries-old tradition of Orthodox spirituality which emphasized submission to both God and Caesar. Before the Revolution, obedience to the Tsar had been regarded almost as a religious obligation.The Orthodox Church had traditionally functioned as a department of state as well as a guide to salvation. Metropolitan Nikodim of Leningrad, who headed the Russian Orthodox delegation to the WCC until his sudden death during a visit to the Vatican in 1978, impressed many Western Christians by his deep devotion to the Orthodox liturgy and the apparent intensity of his prayer during church services.[22] Nikodim's admirers included Pope John Paul I, who was with him when Nikodim died of a heart attack and said afterwards that he had pronounced during their meeting "the most beautiful words about the Church that I ever heard."[23] Yet Nikodim was not merely supine in his submission to the Soviet powers-that-be but also a KGB agent.[24] So was his private secretary and confidant, Nikolai Lvovich Tserpitsky, who was recruited in 1971 with the codename VLADIMIR.[25]

A report by the Council for Religious Affairs in 1974 distinguished three categories of Orthodox bishop. The first category

> affirm both in words and deed not only loyalty but also patriotism towards the socialist society; strictly observe the laws on cults, and educate the parish clergy and believers in the same spirit; realistically understand that our state is not interested in proclaiming the role of religion and the church in society; and, realizing this, do not display any particular activeness in extending the influence of Orthodoxy among the population.

Among the bishops in this category were Patriarch Pimen, who had succeeded Aleksi I in 1971, and Metropolitan Aleksi of Tallinn and Estonia, who in 1990 was to succeed Pimen as Patriarch Aleksi II.[26] Both were fulsome in their public praise of Soviet leaders. Pimen even claimed to detect “lofty spiritual qualities” in Andropov, the chief persecutor of religious dissent during his patriarchate. On Andropov’s death Pimen declared that he would always “remember with heartfelt gratitude” his “benevolent understanding of the needs of our Church.”[27]

Like Patriarch Aleksi I, Pimen was used by the KGB to front Soviet “peace” propaganda, paying gushing and sycophantic tribute to Brezhnev’s “titanic work in the cause of international peace.”[28] In February 1976 he, Metropolitan Aleksi and the other metropolitans on the Holy Synod received special awards from the Soviet Peace Fund “for manifold and fruitful activities of the Russian Orthodox Church in the struggle for peace, security and friendship.”[29] A month later the Patriarch was given a similar award by the World Peace Council to mark its twenty-fifth anniversary. [30] In June 1977, Pimen hosted a conference at Zagorsk, organized behind the scenes by the KGB, entitled “Religious Workers for Lasting Peace, Disarmament and Just Relations among Nations,” which attracted 663 delegates from 107 countries, representing all the major world religions.[31] The conference approved a call by Pimen to declare the years up to 2,000 “a period of struggle for peace”—thus, in the KGB’s view, preempting the danger that the

Vatican might take the lead in a similar appeal.[32] A month later Pimen was awarded the Order of the Red Banner "for his great patriotic activities in defense of peace."[33]

The second category of bishops identified by the Council of Religious Affairs in 1974 consisted of those who, though loyal to the state and "correct" in their observance of the laws on religious observance, wished to "heighten the role of the Church in personal, family and public life . . . and select for priestly office young people who are zealous adherents of Orthodox piety." Despite his use as an agent of influence in the World Council of Churches and elsewhere, Metropolitan Nikodim was included in this second category rather than the first—probably because of what was considered his excessive zeal in encouraging religious devotion. The third category of bishops (just under a third of the total) consisted of those "who at different times have made attempts to evade the laws on cults," though without the conspicuous defiance which would have required their removal from office.[34]

The first sign of dissidence within the Orthodox Church to gain worldwide publicity during the Brezhnev era was an appeal to the Fifth Assembly of the World Council of Churches at Nairobi in November 1975 by the banned priest Father Gleb Yakunin and the layman Lev Regelson, who appealed for support for the victims of religious persecution in the Soviet Union—a hitherto taboo subject at WCC meetings. [35] A Swiss delegate was applauded when he proposed that a resolution on “Disarmament, the Helsinki Agreement and Religious Liberty” include the statement:

> The WCC is concerned about restrictions to religious liberty, particularly in the USSR. The Assembly respectfully requests the government of the USSR to implement effectively principle no. 7 [religious and other freedoms] of the Helsinki Agreement.

Metropolitan Yuvenali complained that this proposal offended Christian charity. A KGB agent on the drafting committee, Alexei Buyevsky (KUZNETSOV), working “in the spirit of brotherly love, mutual understanding and the spirit of fellowship,” helped produce a formula which avoided any specific reference to the Soviet Union but “recognize[d] that churches in different parts of Europe are living and working under very different conditions and traditions.” The WCC’s general secretary, the West Indian Methodist Dr. Philip Potter, was asked to prepare a report on religious liberty in all countries which had signed the Helsinki Accords. *The Times* interpreted the WCC resolution as “a sidestep by churches on Soviet curbs.”[36]

There were no such prevarications in the denunciation of Western racism and imperialism. One of the keynote speakers at the assembly, Dr. Robert McAffie Brown of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, confessed that, as a white, male middle-class American, he embodied the sins of "racism, sexism, classism and imperialism." In an attempt to avoid "linguistic imperialism," he then began speaking in Spanish, thus forcing most of his audience to reach for their headsets so that they could hear his address translated back into imperialist English. The WCC's refusal to consider non-white racism, such as the expulsion of Ugandan Asians in 1972, led to protests and a walk-out by some British delegates—prompting the comment by Dr. Potter that, "Wherever the British have gone in the world they have established a racist system."[37] At the end of the conference, lobbying by the Sovietfront Christian Peace Conference helped to ensure the election of Metropolitan Nikodim (agent ADAMANT) as one of the WCC's six presidents.[38]

Had Andropov and the KGB leadership kept any sense of proportion about the threat of "ideological subversion" posed by the few brave dissidents within a generally subservient Orthodox Church, they would have been quite satisfied by the outcome of the Nairobi Assembly. In fact, mild though the WCC response to the appeal from Yakunin and Regelson was, it caused outrage at the Centre.[39] Despite complaints by Dr. Potter's critics in the West that he was "openly anti-Western and anti-capitalist,"[40] the KGB claimed that, in reality, he had “anti-Soviet leanings” and was “known for his provocative statements about the absence of freedom of conscience in the USSR.”[41] Though he had been given a carefully staged-managed tour of Soviet religious institutions two months before the Nairobi Assembly, Potter had failed to defend them against Yakunin’s and Regelson’s outrageously accurate criticisms. Metropolitan Filaret of Kiev and Gallich told a Novosti correspondent after the assembly:

> We deplore the prejudiced conviction held by the WCC leadership about our state and the Russian Orthodox Church. WCC general secretary Mr. Potter, by the way, was my guest last September and saw for himself that churches and monasteries were open. While here he attended divine services and said that he was always filled with joy when visiting this peace-loving country, in the midst of such prayerful and happy surroundings. It seemed strange and surprising to us that at the assembly he said nothing about his visit to the Soviet Union, including the Ukraine.[42]

The Centre organized a flood of letters to the ungrateful Dr. Potter from Russian Orthodox clergy, Baptists and other Soviet Christians, protesting at his alleged hostility towards them. It also sought to orchestrate public criticism of Potter by “prominent religious figures” in

Britain, Syria and Lebanon, as well as in the Soviet Union. Further KGB active measures included the publication in Moscow of an English-language book, *Religion Under Socialism,* and the production of a TV documentary, *Freedom of Religion in the USSR,* both involving a probably English-speaking agent codenamed "K" (not identified in Mitrokhin's notes). Attempts were also made to "compromise" Potter personally in various ways and—probably through KGB agents in the WCC—to suggest his replacement as general secretary. Archbishop Kiprian (agent SIMONOV) from the Moscow Church of the Consolation of All Who Sorrow, gave an interview denouncing "fabrications concerning the so-called persecution of believers in the USSR."[43]

The absurdity of the KGB's overreaction to the temporary embarrassment of the Nairobi Assembly and Dr. Potter's handling of it was well illustrated by his report to the WCC central committee in August 1976 on progress to religious liberty in those countries which had signed the Helsinki Accords. His lengthy address said nothing about religious persecution in the Soviet Bloc, despite extensive, well-documented evidence of it submitted by Keston College and others. Dr. Potter did, however, insist that "it is essential for churches in Europe and north America to be aware of the problems created and maintained by European and American domination of other regions of the world."[44]

The most serious act of public defiance within the

Orthodox Church during the Brezhnev era was, in the Centre's view, the foundation in December 1976 of the Christian Committee for the Defence of Believers' Rights in the USSR by Father Gleb Yakunin, Hierodeacon Varsonofy (Khaibulin) and a layman, Viktor Kapitanchuk. The declared aim of the committee, which worked in consultation with the Helsinki Monitoring Group, was to help believers of all denominations "exercise their rights in accordance with their convictions."[45] "Yakunin and his associates," reported the Centre, "are in practice engaging in a struggle with the existing order in the USSR . . . proclaiming a national religious revival in Russia as an alternative to Marxist-Leninist ideology":

> The committee has an extensive network of correspondents among religious fanatics; they are the main suppliers of information about the situation of believers in the USSR to places abroad.
>
> In order to cause a schism in the Russian Orthodox Church and to set up a new Church organization taking up anti-Soviet positions, the Christian Committee has launched a campaign to compromise clergy loyal to the Soviet state as unfit to defend the interests of the believers.[46]

By 1980—to the consternation of the KGB—eleven volumes of documents totaling 1,189 pages of Russian text, obtained by the Christian Committee, had been published in the West.[47]

The KGB eventually demolished the Christian Committee by its traditional techniques of destabilization, agent penetration and persecution. The Fifth Directorate concluded that the most vulnerable of the committee's founders was Hierodeacon Varsanofy. With the assistance of GALKIN (an unidentified agent in the Orthodox Church), Varsanofy was assigned early in 1978 to a church in Vladimir region whose incumbent, VOLZHSKY, was a long-standing KGB agent. Finding it difficult to stay in touch with Yakunin and Kapitanchuk, Varsanofy resigned from the Christian Committee. According to Varsanofy's file, VOLZHSKY introduced him to a sympathetic psychiatrist (also a KGB agent, codenamed BULKIN), who persuaded him that he was suffering from a nervous illness and should give up membership of the Christian Committee in order to reduce the stress he was under and prevent his illness from getting worse. The KGB claimed the credit for inducing Varsonofy "to abandon political activity and concentrate on research work in the field of theology, using materials from the Oblast archives." While he was working in the archives, another KGB agent, codenamed SPIRANSKY, succeeded in winning his confidence and allegedly "deflected Varsanofy from his obsession of becoming the spokesman of believers in the Soviet Union":

> Finally he was persuaded to send a letter to Patriarch Pimen of All Russia and to senior personalities in the Russian Orthodox Church apologizing for the hurt that he had caused.[48]

On September 28, 1978 the Centre secretly promulgated KGB order no. 00122 on “Measures to Strengthen Agent Operational Work in the Struggle with the Subversive Activity of Foreign Clerical Centres and Hostile Elements among Church People and Sectarians”: a lengthy document which reflected both the KGB’s addiction to conspiracy theory and its obsession with “ideological subversion” of all kinds. It also paid unwitting, if irritated, tribute to the courage of the persecuted believers and the vitality of their faith. Mitrokhin’s notes on order no. 00122 include the following:

> Under the pretense of concern for the freedom of belief and the rights of believers in the USSR, imperialist intelligence services and foreign anti-Soviet centers were organizing ideological sabotage, aimed at undermining the moral and political unity of Soviet society and undermining the basis of the Socialist system; they sought to discredit the Soviet state and social order, incite religious organizations towards confrontations with the state and stimulate the emergence of an anti-Soviet underground among

> sectarians. With encouragement from abroad, hostile elements had launched active organizational and provocational activity aimed at forming illegal groups and organizations within the sectarian milieu, setting up printing presses and establishing contacts with foreign clerical centers.

Following the directives of the May 1975 conference of leading officials of KGB agencies [dealing with religious affairs], it had been possible to carry out measures to strengthen operational positions in international religious organizations, to expose and compromise their leaders, officials and emissaries of clerical centers. Experienced and reliable agents had been infiltrated into the leading circles of some sectarian formations and measures to identify, prevent and terminate the subversive activity of hostile elements among the clerical anti-Soviet underground had become more effective, the further strengthening of the positions of progressive religious figures had been ensured, as well as their active participation in the struggle for peace and other political measures.

Operational work, however, still did not meet present requirements of the present time. The operational situation in a number of sectors of KGB agency work remained tense. The work of disrupting and detaching believers, especially among young people, from the influence of hostile elements was being carried out feebly.

Agent positions in the leading ranks of the dissident Baptists, the Catholic and Uniate priesthood, the Pentecostalists, the Adventists and the Jehovah's Witnesses, and among the irregular Moslem clerics, were weak.

The USSR KGB Collegium decided as follows:

> 1. To raise the level of agent operational work designed to struggle against the subversive activity conducted under the cover of religion by imperialist intelligence services, clerical centers abroad and hostile elements within the country. The basic task was to identify in good time, prevent and put an end to the subversive designs of the adversary to stimulate anti-Soviet activity in the sectarian environment, creating religious formations hostile to the Socialist system and drawing believers into their sphere of influence.
>
> 2. The FCD, the SCD and the Fifth Directorate of the KGB were to identify the foreign anti-Soviet clerical organizations which, evidence showed, were being used by the adversary's special services and were to submit proposals for identifying and cutting off subversive channels, identifying and intercepting communication channels with hostile elements in the sectarian milieu . . .
>
> 3. The Fifth Directorate and the local KGB agencies were to take steps to put an end to hostile activity designed to undermine loyalty to the Soviet

> state and the social order by the largest religious organization in the USSR, namely the Orthodox Church; they were to prevent the penetration of individuals with hostile attitudes in the leading ranks of the Church; in 1978-80, they were to take steps to strengthen the operational positions [i.e. the number and quality of agents] within the structure of the Orthodox Church (in Metropolitan provinces, Eparchies, parishes, monasteries and educational establishments), and to compromise and remove reactionary and anti-Soviet elements . . .[49]

The Christian Committee for the Defence of Believers' Rights sought to protect itself against KGB penetration in part by remaining small, never having more than four members at any one time.[50] In May 1979, however, it was joined by Father Vasili Fonchenkov, unaware that nine years earlier he had been recruited by the Fifth Directorate as agent DRUG ("Friend"). According to his file, "He was involved in the cultivation of specific individuals [in the Orthodox Church], carried out his assignments conscientiously and showed initiative." Since 1972 Fonchenkov had been a lecturer at the Zagorsk theological academy as well as holding a position in the foreign relations department of the Moscow Patriarchate. In 1976-7 he had been the incumbent of the church of St. Sergi in East Berlin and editor of *Stimme der Orthodoxie* (*Voice of Orthodoxy*), the journal of the Patriarchate's central European exarchate.[51] His contacts with foreign churches may well have helped to recommend agent DRUG to his unwitting colleagues on the Christian Committee.

The KGB campaign against public dissent in the Orthodox Church reached its peak in 1979-80, with a wave of arrests of leading dissidents—chief among them Father Gleb Yakunin—who were later imprisoned or persuaded to recant. Probably to protect his cover, Fonchenkov was summoned for interrogation by the KGB and issued a statement saying that he was threatened with arrest, but was never charged.[52] During a visit to West Germany in March 1980 Archbishop Pitirim of Volokolamsk (agent ABBAT)[53] bizarrely declared that there had been "no wave of arrests."[54] The first major success of the KGB campaign was to persuade the charismatic Moscow priest Father Dmitri Dudko, whose offenses included calling for the canonization of Orthodox martyrs of the Soviet era, to make a public recantation on Soviet television in June 1980. Dudko's resistance had been broken by a particularly skillful KGB interrogator, Vladimir Sergeyevich Sorokin, whom he had come to regard as "my own brother." He said later that he had hoped that parts of his confession, such as his condemnation of "the sabre-rattling of the Carter administration," would be recognized as words placed in his mouth by the KGB. His reputation, however, never fully recovered.[55]

There was no prospect of a recantation by Yakunin. Only his wife was allowed to attend his trial. The rest of his family and friends, along with the Western press, were refused admittance, while what one correspondent described as “burly young men in ill-fitting suits,” selected by the KGB, filed into the courtroom. Probably to protect his cover, Fonchenkov was among those who were turned away.[56] Those called to give evidence against Yakunin included several KGB agents inside the Orthodox Church, among them Iosif Pustoutov (YESAULENKO), former representative of the Moscow Patriarchate at the Prague headquarters of the Christian Peace Conference, who testified to the harmful international consequences of the Christian Committee’s work. Yakunin accepted his sentence of five years’ imprisonment, followed by five years’ internal exile, with the words, “I thank God for this test He has sent me. I consider it a great honor, and, as a Christian, accept it gladly.” The British Council of Churches sent an appeal to Brezhnev, urging the court to reconsider its opinion. Attempts to gain the support of the World Council of Churches for a similar appeal met with no response.[57]

A change in WCC rules before its Vancouver Assembly in 1983 ensured that the KGB suffered no repetition of the embarrassment caused by the discussion of the Yakunin and Regelson letter at the previous assembly seven and a half years earlier. Under the new regulations, probably prompted by the KGB agents on the WCC council:

> Appeals from groups or individuals for World Council of Churches intervention cannot be acted on by the assembly without the support of delegates or member churches, but will be followed up by the WCC general secretary.

An open letter from Vladimir Rusak, a Russian Orthodox deacon who had been dismissed for writing an unauthorized history of the Church after the October Revolution, appealed to delegates at Vancouver to "stop treating the propagandistic claims of Soviet delegates as the only source of information" on religion in the Soviet Union. He also urged the assembly to hold a frank debate on religious freedom. The mere discussion of the Yakunin-Regelson letter at Nairobi had "yielded some definite results" by embarrassing the authorities into the "hurried publication" of some copies of the Bible. The assembly also received another letter on behalf of thirty-five imprisoned Soviet Christians and 20,000 persecuted Pentecostalists who wished to emigrate to the West. Unsurprisingly, neither letter received support from Soviet delegates and neither was discussed at the assembly.

The embarrassment of the Afghan War was also successfully contained. Despite the desire of a minority of delegates for “a condemnation of Soviet aggression and the unconditional withdrawal of Soviet troops,” the final compromise resolution called for a Soviet withdrawal only “in the context of an overall political settlement between Afghanistan and the USSR” (conveniently ignoring the fact that the Kabul regime had been installed by the Soviet invaders) and “an end to the supply of arms to the opposition groups from outside” (in other words, the denial of arms to those resisting the Soviet invasion). These were precisely the conditions which the Soviet Union itself laid down for the withdrawal of its troops. Unsurprisingly, the Russian Orthodox delegation praised the final resolution as “balanced and realistic.” The Vancouver Assembly had no such inhibitions in condemning the West. Western capitalism was duly denounced as the main source of injustice in the world, responsible for the evils of sexism, racism, “cultural captivity, colonialism, and neo-colonialism.”[58]

The success, in Moscow’s view, of the Vancouver Assembly, probably helps to explain why the Centre established as one of the priorities for KGB active measures for 1984:

> Exerting influence in our favor on the activity of . . . clerical organizations on the questions of war and peace, and other key contemporary problems.[59]

Looking back on his career in the KGB, Oleg Kalugin concludes that, like “the stranglehold over the Church inside the Soviet Union,” the penetration and exploitation of the Russian Orthodox Church abroad was “one of the most sordid and little known chapters in the history of our organization.”[60] Mitrokhin came to the same conclusion, commenting at one point in his notes that the files contained “a whirlpool of filth.”[61] The KGB used its agents among Russian Orthodox clergy in the West not merely to spy on émigré communities but also to identify possible agent recruits.[62] Though the Russian Orthodox Church in north America was split, the faction which remained loyal to the Moscow Patriarchate was, according to Kalugin, “riddled with KGB agents.”[63] Among the agents identified in the files noted by Mitrokhin was a cleric codenamed PETROV, who was sent to north America in the 1970s. His case officers in north America contacted him by using the passwords “Pyotr Mikhailovich,” the first name and patronymic of his Fifth Directorate controller in Moscow.[64]

The file on Arkadi Rodyonovich Tyshchuk (VORONOV), a priest who was posted to the Nikolsky Russian Orthodox cathedral in New York from 1977 to 1982, contains evidence of a hostility to the United States which may also have helped to motivate other Orthodox priests in the KGB’s north American network. The United States, VORONOV told his KGB case officer, suffered from the sin of pride—“and pride comes before a fall:”

> When a country declares itself to be the most powerful and the richest, and that its government is the smartest and possesses the best weapons—that is not maturity, it is bragging, and is the reason for the downfall of all the powerful nations of the past.

VORONOV usually met his controller from the New York residency either at the Soviet mission to the United Nations, where he went to collect his correspondence from Russia, or on board the ship *Mikhail Lermontov,* which regularly came into port at New York. More difficult to explain than his hostility to the United States was his apparent admiration for the KGB which, according to his file, he bizarrely described as a “good shepherd” and a “true Russian spiritual guardian and shepherd.”[65]

Russian Orthodox priests in the West were also used by FCD Directorate S to collect material for use in devising the well-documented legends of KGB illegals. In the early 1970s, for example, two KGB agents in the Moscow Patriarchate were sent to carry out detailed research on parish registers in Canada. Ivan Grigoryevich Borcha (codenamed FYODOR), who worked as a priest in prairie parishes of Ukrainian and Romanian communities, studied registers in Alberta and Saskatchewan. Viktor Sergeyevich Petlyuchenko (PATRIOT), who was assigned to Orthodox parishes in Edmonton, carried out further research in Alberta.[66]

The Russian Orthodox Church, both at home and abroad, took a prominent part in the Rodina ("Motherland") Society founded as a front organization by the KGB in December 1975 to promote "cultural relations with compatriots abroad," and thus provide new opportunities for agent recruitment among émigré communities. Its vice-president, P. I. Vasilyev, was a senior member of the FCD's Nineteenth (Soviet émigré) Department and headed a secret Rodina intelligence section.[67] Metropolitan Aleksi of Tallinn and Estonia (agent DROZDOV),[68] the future Patriarch Aleksi II, who was made a Rodina council member, told its opening conference, "We are all united by our love for our Socialist motherland." Through its exarchates, dioceses and parishes in Europe, America, Asia and Africa, the Orthodox Church "continued to maintain spiritual ties with our compatriots" and was "doing its best to keep these contacts alive and active."[69] Metropolitan Aleksi is unlikely to have been unaware that these contacts were exploited by the KGB. According to a KGB document of 1988, "An order was drafted by the USSR KGB chairman to award an honorary citation to agent DROZDOV" for unspecified services to state security.[70]

THOUGH NEVER FULLY satisfied by the extent of its stranglehold over the Orthodox Church, the KGB was far more concerned by the “subversive” activities of those Christians over whom it had no direct control. The largest of the underground churches was the Greek Catholic (or Uniate) Church of Ukraine (nowadays the Ukrainian Catholic Church), whose liturgy and structure followed the “Eastern Rite” but which accepted the authority of Rome. Fearful at the end of the Second World War that the Uniate Church would provide a focus for Ukrainian nationalism, Stalin set out to terrorize it into submission to Moscow. In 1946 a mock synod in Lviv cathedral, staged by the MGB with the assistance of a small number of Uniate stooges and the blessing of the Orthodox hierarchy, announced the “reunion” of the Greek Catholics with the Russian Orthodox Church. Greek Catholic Archbishop (later Cardinal) Josyf Slipyj wrote later:

> Our priests were given the choice of either joining the “church of the Regime” and thereby renouncing Catholic unity, or enduring for at least ten years the harsh fate of deportation and all the penalties associated with it. The overwhelming majority of priests chose the way of the Soviet Union’s prisons and concentration camps.

Almost overnight, the four million Uniate Christians became the world’s largest illegal church. All but two of its ten bishops, along with many thousands of priests and believers, died for their faith in the Siberian gulag.[71]

In 1963 Slipyj was expelled to Rome, leaving Bishop (later Archbishop) Vasyl Velychkovsky as effective leader of the underground church. The KGB immediately deployed five agents—TIKHOV, SIDORENKO, ROMANENKO, SOVA and PODOLENIN (none identified in Mitrokhin's notes)—in a series of attempts to discredit Velychkovsky among the persecuted Uniate faithful. TIKHOV, evidently a member of the underground church, periodically sent to Slipyj in the Vatican letters containing disinformation about Velychkovsky fabricated by the Centre. According to KGB files, Slipyj sent his own emissaries to the Ukraine to check the truth of the allegations against his successor, but agents who were planted on them confirmed TIKHOV's fabrications.[72] KGB reports, however, probably overstated the success of their active measures. There is no convincing evidence of a breach between Slipyj and Velychkovsky.

In July 1967 a conference of senior officials of Soviet Bloc intelligence agencies met in Budapest to discuss "work against the Vatican; measures to discredit the Vatican and its backers; and measures to exacerbate differences within the Vatican and between the Vatican and capitalist countries."[73] Two senior KGB officers, Agayants and Khamazyuk, addressed the conference on

"The Hostile Activity of the Vatican and of the Catholic and Uniate Clergy on the Territory of the USSR and the Experience of the [KGB] Agencies in Countering this Activity." A third, Kulikov, spoke on "Some aspects of agent operational work against Vatican institutions." On the proposal of the KGB delegation, all but the Romanian representatives agreed on the need to intensify "work against the Vatican in close relation with the work against the Main Adversary." Andropov, who regarded the Uniates as the spearhead of the Vatican's ideological sabotage offensive in the Soviet Union, wrote to the Central Committee, emphasizing the importance of the conference's conclusions.[74]

Andropov's obsession with ideological subversion by the Holy See was doubtless reinforced by the claim in a 1968 intelligence report that the Vatican's Secretariat of State had devised a masterplan to shatter the unity of the Soviet Union and had given the Deputy Secretary of State, Cardinal Giovanni Benelli, the task of implementing it.[75] A Centre assessment of 1969 repeated the claim that the Vatican was out "to shatter the Soviet Union from within with the help of ideological sabotage":

> Church people were disseminating Church propaganda literature, praising the Western way of life, whipping up nationalist feelings among the population of Soviet Republics and sowing distrust among Soviet people towards Soviet and Party

> agencies.[76]

A professional *antireligioznik* from the Ukraine, speaking at an official conference in 1969, paid unwitting tribute to the continued vitality of the persecuted Uniates:

> Nurturing hopes for the restoration of the Uniate Church, its apologists are working on the clergy who reunited with Orthodoxy, trying to persuade them to repudiate the "Muscovites" and to adopt openly or secretly a Uniate, pro-Vatican line. In some regions of the Ukraine, illegal schools were organized to train new Uniate priests. In a series of localities, the Uniates have willfully opened previously closed churches and have been conducting [unauthorized] religious services . . .[77]

On April 4, 1969 Andropov approved further "measures to intensify the struggle against subversive activity by the Vatican and the Uniates on the territory of the USSR in 1969-70," to be implemented jointly by the FCD, the Fifth (Dissidents and Ideological Subversion) Directorate and local KGBs. The FCD was instructed, somewhat ambitiously, to attempt the agent penetration of all major sections of the Vatican bureaucracy, the Jesuit order, the Russicum and other pontifical colleges training priests for Eastern churches, as well as to make operational contact with three Roman clerics—

codenamed APOSTOL, RASS and SLUGA—who had been born in the Soviet Union.[78] Among the few successes in this ambitious program by the end of 1969 which Mitrokhin found in Centre files was the penetration of pontifical colleges by KGB agents from the legally established Catholic Church in the Soviet Union, particularly the Baltic republics. PETROV and ROGULIN, both agents of the Fifth Directorate, had arrived in Rome in January 1968 to begin three years' study at the Russicum; in 1969 they went on an intelligence-gathering mission to "Catholic centers" in France and Belgium.[79] During 1969, two KGB agents from Lithuania, ANTANAS and VIDMANTAS, were studying at the Gregorian University. [80] Two other Lithuanian agents, DAKTARAS (a bishop) and ZHIBUTE, took part in the working commission for the reform of the Canon Law Codex, held at the Vatican from May 21 to June 11, 1969. DAKTARAS told his case officer that, at a papal audience on June 7, Paul VI had told him, "I remember you in my prayers and hope that God will help the clergy and believers [in Lithuania]."[81]

With the assistance of the Hungarian AVH, the KGB also succeeded in cultivating a member of the Vatican's Congregation for the Eastern Church, Uniate Bishop Dudás, who was resident in Hungary. A Fifth Directorate female agent, POTOCHINA, who had probably infiltrated the underground church in Ukraine, traveled regularly to

Hungary on the pretext of visiting a relative and—according to her file—succeeded in winning Dudás's confidence.[82] Dudás doubtless never suspected that she was a KGB agent, sent to obtain intelligence on the Vatican's secret contacts with the Ukrainian Uniates.

The operations against the Vatican approved by Andropov in April 1969 also included a series of active measures. The KGB was instructed to find ways of creating distrust between émigré clerics in Rome and Uniates and other Catholics in the Soviet Union. The leading KGB agents in the Russian Orthodox Church who were in contact with the Vatican—DROZDOV (Metropolitan Aleksi), ADAMANT (Metropolitan Nikodim), SVYATOSLAV and NESTEROV (both unidentified)—were instructed "to cause dissension between Vatican organizations such as the Congregation for the Eastern Church, the Secretariat for Christian Unity and the Commission for Justice and Peace." In order to put pressure on the Vatican "to cease its subversive activity," ADAMANT was also instructed to tell his contacts in the Roman Curia that the Soviet government was contemplating establishing autonomous Catholic churches in the Baltic republics and elsewhere in the Soviet Union which would be independent of Rome. The Lithuanian bishop DAKTARAS passed on the same message when he attended a bishop's conference in Rome in October 1969.[83] There is no evidence that any of the active measures had a discernible effect on Vatican policy.

As well as giving higher priority to operations against the Vatican, Andropov also stepped up the persecution of the Ukrainian Uniates. In 1969 the head of the underground church, Bishop Velychkovsky, was arrested and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. The KGB reported that his arrest "greatly helped to achieve a psychological breakthrough in the mind of SERAFIM," another leading figure in the Uniate underground, who was recruited as a KGB agent. According to Mitrokhin's notes on his file:

> SERAFIM explained in detail by whom, when and in what circumstances he was tasked to direct monks illegally; he reported incidents of criminal organizational activity by Bishop Velychkovsky and his close contacts; he reported on the situation among underground orders of monks . . . and he drew up a list of Uniate priests operating illegally. SERAFIM's answers were recorded covertly on tape.

Though SERAFIM agreed to "cooperate secretly" with the KGB, he refused to sign the written undertaking required of most informers. His controller did not insist, on the grounds that it would represent too great "a psychological trial for a man of religion" and leave him in fear of "divine punishment in the next world." Another agent, terrified of “being cast into Hell,” had once begged the controller, on bended knee, to return his signed undertaking.[84]

In 1971 the KGB also succeeded in recruiting in Lviv one of the leading members of an underground order of Uniate monks, codenamed IRENEY, who served as one of the main points of contact with the Catholic Church in Poland. The Fifth Department regarded IRENEY as a tough nut to crack. If confronted directly with his “illegal activity,” he would probably be strong enough to withstand the usual uncompromising interrogation. If given too many details of his activities, he would be able to identify members of the underground church who had informed on him. The KGB decided to begin by mounting a major surveillance operation on IRENEY’s sister and “conspiratorial” collaborator, MARIYA. After MARIYA’s sudden death, with IRENEY in deep depression, his case officer judged that the time was ripe for “a complex recruitment operation.” IRENEY was brought in for interrogation and given extensive details of his ministry in the underground church, carefully designed to give the misleading impression that MARIYA had been informing on him for many years. Mitrokhin’s notes give the following summary of the interrogator’s self-congratulatory report:

> The monk lost the power of speech; he was totally stunned by this astonishing thought. His wild eyes,

> trembling hands, and the perspiration which covered his face betrayed his strong spiritual turmoil . . . Judging that denials were useless, [IRENEY] described the membership of the illegal leadership of the monastic order in Ukraine; he named Uniate authorities and monks who had come to Lvov [Lviv] through the tourist channel; and he spoke of his own journey to Poland in 1971 and of the meetings that he had held there. A month later, [IRENEY] was recruited . . . but refused to give a signed undertaking.

IRENEY remained so convinced that his sister had been a KGB agent that, when passing information to his controller, he frequently added the comment, “No doubt my sister told you this.” According to his KGB file, he never ceased to marvel at the way in which sister had succeeded in keeping her KGB connection a secret from him.[85]

In 1972, like Slipyj nine years earlier, Bishop Velychkovsky was deported to the Vatican. A year later the KGB managed to gain access to Slipyj. Cardinal Felici invited to the Vatican a leading Uniate cleric from Czechoslovakia, unaware that he was a KGB agent codenamed PROFESSOR. Originally recruited by the Czechoslovak StB, PROFESSOR had been used by the KGB in 1971 to go on a supposedly “pastoral” visitation of the Redemptorist Order in Ukraine in order to provide intelligence on the activities of the underground church and its links with Rome. In September 1973 he met Slipyj in the Vatican. Plans were made for PROFESSOR to meet the Uniate leadership in Lviv, but Mitrokhin's notes do not record whether this meeting went ahead.[86]

In February 1975 a conference of Soviet Bloc intelligence services considered the coordination of operations against, and agent penetration in, the Vatican.[87] The Polish SB, Czechoslovak StB and Hungarian AVH all reported that they had "significant agent positions in the Vatican." Mitrokhin's notes record no such claim by the KGB. As at the similar conference in 1967, however, a hugely ambitious and unrealistic program for agent penetration was drawn up, which included plans to cultivate the Uniate leadership and no fewer than seven cardinals (Casaroli, Willebrands, Kînig, Samorä, Benelli, Poggi and Pignedoli), as well as an elaborate series of active measures to influence and discredit the Catholic Church.[88]

Among the individual targets for character assassination was Velychkovsky's successor as head of the underground Uniate Church, Bishop (later Metropolitan Archbishop) Volodymyr Sternyuk. Agent NATASHA spread disinformation about Sternyuk's alleged sexual immorality and the same stories were passed by other agents to the Vatican. As a result, according to KGB reports, "he lost the support of a significant part of the Uniates."[89] In reality, despite a new and vicious round of religious persecution in the early 1980s, the KGB lost its war against the Uniates. In 1987 Sternyuk emerged from the underground at the age of eighty-one with the status of a national hero, openly acknowledged by Rome as head of the Catholic Church in Ukraine—to the dismay of both the KGB and most of the Orthodox hierarchy. Metropolitan Filaret of Kiev and Galich insisted as late as October 1989, "The Uniates will never be legalized in our country." They were legalized by the end of the year.[90]

AFTER THE UNIATES and other Catholics, the KGB was most concerned during its war against religious "ideological subversion" in the Soviet Union by the activities of the unregistered Protestant churches and sects, which—like the Uniates—were outside direct state control. In the late 1950s the KGB estimated the membership of what it termed "illegal sectarian formations"—chief among them the Reform Baptists, Pentecostalists, Jehovah's Witnesses and Reformed Adventists—at about 100,000.[91]

The fact that throughout the Brezhnev era the KGB continued, on Andropov's instructions, to spend so much time and effort on groups who represented no conceivable threat to the Soviet system is further evidence of its obsession with even the most harmless forms of dissent.

Andropov made the keynote of his address to an allunion KGB conference in 1975 the claim that anti-Soviet elements were conspiring against the state “under cover of religion.” The first essential in unmasking and defeating the conspiracies was agent penetration:

> This is difficult, since false perceptions of the attitude of the state towards religion which still prevail in their milieu have left a definite mark on the psychology of the believers. Among sectarians there is a prejudice that any assistance to the authorities, including the KGB, is a great sin—treason. There is no trust in the humanism of the Cheka.

Andropov’s complaint that believers failed to trust the “humanism” of the KGB provides further evidence of his limited sense of the absurd. To illustrate the difficulties of agent penetration among the ungrateful sectarians, he gave the example of “one candidate for recruitment, who had almost freed himself from errors with regard to the Cheka, and carried out particular assignments from an operational officer:”

> . . . One day, however, he declared that meetings with his operational officer were sinful. He explained that the Lord God had appeared to him in a dream, had handcuffed him and asked: “Whose servant art

> thou?" Greatly shaken by this dream, the potential recruit interpreted it as a warning from God and stopped meeting the Chekist.[92]

Mitrokhin cannot have been the only KGB officer who, as he listened to such speeches or read articles on operations against believers in the classified in-house journal *KGB Sbornik,* secretly admired their courage and their faith. No hint of that admiration, however, appeared in KGB reports.

By the 1960s the KGB leadership had reluctantly concluded that no amount of persecution would wipe out the sectarians altogether. A conference in March 1959 of senior KGB officers leading "the struggle against Jehovists [Jehovah's Witnesses]" concluded that the correct strategy was "to continue measures of repression with measures of disruption."[93] The KGB set out to divide, demoralize and discredit the sectarians, as well as to arrest their most influential leaders on trumped-up charges.

In 1966 Pastors Georgi Vins and Gennadi Kryuchkov, the leaders of the Reform Baptists, probably the largest sectarian group, were jailed for three years. After their release, both went underground to continue their ministry. In 1974 Vins was caught and rearrested. Despite a major international campaign on his behalf, he was sentenced to a further ten years' imprisonment, but was released in a "spy exchange" in 1979 and expelled to the United States.

Pastor Kryuchkov remained at liberty until 1989, when he dramatically reappeared in public at an emotional Reform Baptist congress. His success in continuing a secret ministry for almost twenty years without being caught by the KGB remains one of the most astonishing achievements in the history of the Soviet religious underground.[94]

Remarkably, however, the KGB was even more concerned by Jehovah's Witnesses, viewed with indifference or suspicion by most governments around the world, than by the Reform Baptists, whose heroic endurance of persecution attracted international sympathy. The head of the Second Chief Directorate, General Oleg Mikhailovich Gribanov, reported in 1962, "The most hostile of the sectarians are the Jehovists."[95] Since their emergence in the United States in the 1870s, no other Christian sect has spent so much of its energies on prophesying the end of the world. Though many of its detailed prophecies have been discredited and the Apocalypse has been repeatedly postponed, the basic millennarian message of Jehovah's Witnesses has never varied: "The end is near. Christ will reveal himself shortly to bring destruction upon the nations and all who oppose is messianic kingdom."[96]

In the course of the twentieth century Jehovah's Witnesses have been persecuted by many authoritarian regimes. Thousands suffered martyrdom in the death camps of the Nazi Third Reich. No major intelligence agency, however, has been quite as concerned as the KGB by the "Jehovist conspiracy." The Jehovist obsession of senior KGB officers was, perhaps, the supreme example of their lack of any sense of proportion when dealing with even the most insignificant forms of dissent.

Until the Second World War there had been no Jehovah's Witnesses in the Soviet Union. The incorporation of eastern Poland, Lithuania and Moldavia in 1939-40, however, turned thousands of Witnesses into unwilling Soviet citizens.[97] Many were deported to Siberia, accused of being "an American sect."[98] In 1968 the KGB put the total number of Jehovah's Witnesses at about 20,000.[99] The fact that the Witnesses had originated in the United States and still had their world headquarters in Brooklyn was regarded as deeply suspicious by the Centre's many conspiracy theorists.[100] The almost surreal outrage of KGB analysts, as they denounced the Witnesses for describing the Soviet state (like states in general) as the work of the Devil, would not be out of place in Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita:*

> The sect of the Jehovah's Witnesses or Students of the Bible is a foreign invention. It is dangerous because it is actively engaged in drawing new members into the sect . . . The sectarians call Communists and the Komsomols "sons of the

> Devil.”
>
> They demonstrate that the Soviet state is founded by Satan. Therefore one must not implement Soviet laws, or take part in elections, and they urge people to refuse to serve in the Soviet army. Jehovists extend assistance of all kind to their co-religionists who are in the [labor] camps or in internal exile, supplying them with money, food and clothing.[101]

The Soviet press, meanwhile, accused the Witnesses’ Brooklyn headquarters of organizing an aggressive crusade against the countries of the Soviet Bloc.[102]

The Centre was disturbed by reports that, even in labor camps, “the Jehovah leaders and authorities did not reject their hostile beliefs and in camp conditions continued to carry out their Jehovah work.” A conference of KGB officers working on operations against Jehovah’s Witnesses met at Kishinev in November 1967 to discuss new measures “to prevent the sectarians’ hostile work” and “ideological subversion:”

> The agencies were to strengthen in every way their agent positions among Jehovah’s Witnesses within the country; they were to collect and build up information about young members of the sect and about the Jehovah authorities for operational purposes, recruitment, compromise and for open countermeasures . . . The conference recognized that

> it was essential to select and promote to leading positions in the sect, with the help of agents, people who were barely literate, who lacked initiative and were unlikely to stimulate the activity of subordinate units.[103]

The seriousness with which the conference discussed the Jehovist menace was, once again, almost surreal. The allegedly dangerous conspiracy which the Centre devoted so many resources to combating amounted to little more than the attempt by small groups to worship together in private, mostly in each others' homes, and their refusal to perform military service. Yet the conspiracy was judged so dangerous that the conference agreed on the need for agent penetration of the Brooklyn headquarters and its west European branches.[104] It was also feared that Brooklyn might correctly identify some Jehovah's Witnesses who had gone long periods without arrest as KGB agents. The conference therefore agreed on the need to "create a reliable reserved of understudy agents" for use if the existing agents were unmasked.[105]

As well as grossly exaggerating the menace of the Jehovah's Witnesses and other sectarians, the *KGB Sbornik* also contained self-congratulatory accounts of the active measures used to destabilize them. One such case study in the mid-1970s concerned the leader of the Jehovah's Witnesses in Khmelnitskaya Oblast, codenamed PAVEL, whose "criminal activities consisted of drawing new members into the sect, conducting illegal gatherings, inducing young believers to refuse to serve in the army, holding and disseminating religious literature." The KGB concocted "well-documented defamatory materials" which were used in a press campaign against him. Even PAVEL's children from his first marriage were persuaded to sign a newspaper article about him. Finally an evening meeting was arranged by the KGB in Shepetovka, attended by local Jehovah's Witnesses, as well as representatives of the Party, provincial administration, collective farms and newspapers, at which PAVEL was subjected to a series of doubtless well-rehearsed denunciations of his alleged indolence, cruelty, egoism and dissolute behavior. The KGB report on the meeting noted with satisfaction that the evening ended in PAVEL's utter humiliation and the "unrestrained sobbing" of his second wife.[106]

Like the other sectarians, Jehovah's Witnesses showed an astonishing capacity to survive persecution. During the Gorbachev era, the KGB's campaign against them gradually disintegrated. In October 1989, doubtless to the outrage of many KGB officers, the head of the European department of the Brooklyn Centre, Willi Pohl, arrived in Moscow as the guest of the Council of Religious Affairs to visit Soviet Witness communities and discuss their future.[107]

DURING THE LATER 1980s the Moscow Patriarchate seemed to be trying neither to fall behind nor to overtake the speed at which the official programs of *glasnost* and *perestroika* were developing. In 1991, a year after succeeding Pimen as Patriarch, Aleksi II, finally dissociated himself and the Russian Orthodox Church from the "declaration of loyalty" to the Soviet system issued by Metropolitan Sergi in 1927. When an interviewer reminded him that, a quarter of a century earlier, the Council for Religious Affairs had classed him as one of those bishops most loyal to the state, the Patriarch asked for forgiveness and understanding of his attitude at the time. As the Soviet Union began to disintegrate in the final months of 1991, Aleksi II declared that "Russia has suffered a severe illness in the form of Communism."[108]

The Russian Orthodox Church, however, continued to be haunted by its past history of KGB penetration. After the failure of the August coup in 1991, the Russian government's Committee on Freedom of Conscience, which included Father Gleb Yakunin, was given access to a section of the KGB archives which showed that some members of the Orthodox hierarchy had been KGB agents. After Yakunin published a selection of the documents, the archives were closed once more; he was accused of having betrayed state secrets to the United States and threatened with a private prosecution. [109] Father Gleb remained defiant. He wrote to the Patriarch in January 1994:

> If the Church is not cleansed of the taint of the spy and informer, it cannot be reborn. Unfortunately, only one archbishop—Archbishop Khrizostom of Lithuania—has had the courage publicly to acknowledge that in the past he worked as an agent, and has revealed his codename: RESTAVRATOR. No other Church hierarch has followed his example, however.
>
> The most prominent agents of the past include DROZDOV—the only one of the churchmen to be officially honored with an award by the KGB of the USSR, in 1988, for oustanding intelligence services—ADAMANT, OSTROVSKY, MIKHAILOV, TOPAZ and ABBAT. It is obvious that none of these or the less exalted agents are preparing to repent. On the contrary, they deliver themselves of pastoral maxims on the allegedly neutral character of informing on the Church, and articles have appeared in the Church press justifying the role of the informer as essential for the survival of the Church in an anti-religious state.
>
> The codenames I discovered in the archives of the KGB belong to the top hierarchs of the Moscow Patriarchate.[110]

The letter to Aleksi II was unprecedented in the history of the Russian Orthodox Church—for, as the Patriarch must surely have been aware, DROZDOV, the most important of the KGB agents discovered by Father Gleb in the KGB archives, was in fact himself.

TWENTY - NINE

THE POLISH POPE AND THE RISE OF SOLIDARITY

For forty years all challenges to the Communist one-party states established in eastern Europe in the wake of the Second World War were successfully contained. Opponents of the regimes usually felt too powerless to organize any visible opposition to them. On the rare occasions when the survival of the one-party state seemed in question—in Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia in 1968—it was swiftly and brutally shored up with an overwhelming show of force. The Polish challenge to the Soviet system, however, eventually succeeded where the Hungarian Uprising and the Prague Spring failed. Though contained for a decade, it was never mastered and eventually began the disintegration of the Soviet Bloc.

The Polish crisis began in a wholly novel and unforeseen way—not, as in Hungary and Czechoslovakia, with the emergence of revisionist governments, but with the election of October 16, 1978 of Cardinal Karol Wojtyła, Archbishop of Kraków, as Pope John Paul II. No

Soviet leader was tempted any longer to repeat Stalin's scornful question at the end of the Second World War, "How many divisions has the Pope?" The undermining of the empire built by Stalin after Yalta was begun not by the military might of the West but by the moral authority of the first Polish Pope, which rapidly eclipsed that of the PUWP (the Polish Communist Party).

Boris Aristov, the Soviet ambassador in Warsaw, reported to the Politburo that the Polish authorities regarded the new Pope as "a virulent anti-Communist."[1] The Centre agreed. Since 1971 Wojtyła had been the target of PROGRESS operations designed to monitor his allegedly subversive role in undermining the authority of the Polish one-party state.[2] The day after Wojtyła's election, the head of the KGB mission in Warsaw, Vadim Pavlov, sent Moscow an assessment of him by the SB, the KGB's Polish equivalent:

> Wojtyła holds extreme anti-Communist views. Without openly opposing the Socialist system, he has criticized the way in which the state agencies of the Polish People's Republic have functioned, making the following accusations:
>
> - that the basic human rights of Polish citizens are restricted;
> - that there is unacceptable exploitation of the workers, whom "the Catholic Church must protect against the workers' government";

> - that the activities of the Catholic Church are restricted and Catholics treated as second-class citizens;
> - that an extensive campaign is being conducted to convert society to atheism and impose an alien ideology on the people;
> - that the Catholic Church is denied its proper cultural role, thereby depriving Polish culture of its national treasures.

In Wojtyła’s view, the concept of the one-party state “meant depriving the people of its sovereignty.” “Collectivization,” he believed, “led to the destruction of the individual and of his personality.” The fact that he dared to say what most Polish Catholics thought seemed to both the KGB and the SB evidence of his commitment to ideological subversion.

The SB report forwarded to the Centre reveals that as early as 1973-4 the Polish Procurator-general had considered prosecuting Wojtyła for his sermons. Three of his homilies—in Warsaw on May 5, 1973, in the Kraków steelmaking suburb of Nowa Huta on May 12, 1973 and in Kraków on November 24, 1974—were judged in breach of article 194 of the Criminal Code, which provided for terms of imprisonment of from one to ten years for seditious statements during religious services. According to an SB informant, Wojtyła had declared during one of his sermons, “The Church has the right to criticize all manifestations and aspects of the activity of the authorities if they are unacceptable to the people."[3] Wojtyła, however, was protected by his eminence. Though the UB (predecessor of the SB) had interned the Polish primate, Cardinal Stefan Wyszýnski, for three years in the 1950s, by the 1970s the Gierek regime no longer dared to arrest a cardinal.The SB thus lapsed into a tone of largely impotent outrage as it denounced Wojtyła's "moral support to the initiatives of anti-socialist elements."

In June 1976 Gierek repeated the mistake which had led to Gomułka's downfall six years earlier and ordered a sudden increase in food prices. After a wave of protest strikes and riots, the price rises were withdrawn. On September 30 Wojtyła set up a fund to assist the families of those in the Kraków archdiocese who had been imprisoned for taking part in the protests or injured in clashes with the riot police.[4] He also took an active interest in the formation after the strike wave of KOR, the Workers Defence Committee, which sought to create an alliance of workers and dissident intellectuals. According to SB surveillance reports, during the autumn of 1976 Wojtyła had a series of meetings with KOR's founders in the apartment of the writer Bohdan Cywiński, later a prominent Solidarity activist.[5] The SB also reported that he met individually KOR militants from a great variety of backgrounds: among them the dissident Communist Jacek

Kurón, the wartime resistance fighter Jan Józef Lipski, the ex-Maoist Antoni Macierewicz and the writer Jerzy Andrzejewski.[6]

Wojtyła rarely read newspapers, listened to the news on the radio or watched it on television. Every fortnight, however, Father Andrzej Bardecki, the Church's liaison officer with the Catholic weekly *Tygodnik Powszechny* (to which Wojtyła was a regular contributor), came to his study in the archbishop's palace at Kraków and gave him a news briefing.[7] Bardecki had been a target of PROGRESS operations by KGB illegals ever since BOGUN, posing as a West German press photographer, had first made contact with him in 1971.[8] In 1977 another illegal, Ivan Ivanovich Bunyk, codenamed FILOSOV ("Philosopher"), who had been instructed by the Centre to develop sources inside the Polish Church, had a series of meetings with Bardecki. Bunyk had been born in France but had emigrated as a teenager with his Ukrainian family to the Soviet Union in 1947. In 1970 he had returned to France as a KGB illegal, trained as a journalist and set himself up as a freelance writer and poet. On his first meeting with Bardecki in 1977, FILOSOV probably presented him with one or more of the books he had published in France with the aid of KGB subsidies. Though the files noted by Mitrokhin do not include FILOSOV 's reports from Poland, there is little doubt that his main priority in cultivating Bardecki was to seek out information on Wojtyła.[9]

SB surveillance reports during 1977 showed Wojtyła aligning himself with a variety of protest movements. On March 23 he received the student organizers of a petition of protest to the authorities and gave them his support.[10] Increasingly he invoked the example of St. Stanisław, the martyred bishop of ancient Kraków whose silver sarcophagus formed part of the high altar in the cathedral, as a symbol of resistance to an unjust state:

> St. Stanisław has become the patron saint of moral and social order in the country . . . He dared to tell the King himself that he was bound to respect the law of God . . . He was also the defender of the freedom that is the inalienable right of every man, so that the violation of that freedom by the state is at the same time a violation of the moral and social order.[11]

It is easy to imagine the rage in the Centre as Wojtyła continued with impunity to defend the rights of the individual against violation by the Polish state.

Among the greatest triumphs of Wojtyła's years at Kraków was the consecration on May 15, 1977 of the great new church at Nowa Huta, constructed after many years of opposition from a regime which had sought to exclude a visible Catholic presence from what it intended as a model "Socialist city."[12] In his sermon to a congregation of over 20,000, Wojtyła gave his blessing to those protesting against the death of a KOR activist, Stanisław Pyjas, who was widely believed—despite official denials—to have been murdered by the SB.[13] That evening a long procession of mourners wound its way through the streets of Kraków to Wawel Castle, where a Committee of Student Solidarity was formed. Similar committees followed in other cities, all independent of the officially sponsored Socialist Union of Polish Students.[14]

As church bells rang out across Poland on October 16, 1978 and the streets filled with excited crowds to celebrate Wojtyła's election as pope, the PUWP Politburo reacted with private shock and alarm. Publicly, the Politburo reluctantly felt compelled to associate itself with the mood of popular rejoicing and sent a lengthy telegram of congratulations to the Vatican, expressing hypocritical joy that for the first time "a son of the Polish nation . . . sits on the papal throne." What particularly disturbed the KGB, however, was the evidence that among many PUWP members, even some senior officials, the joy was genuine.[15] As well as sending official reports on Polish popular rejoicing, KGB officers in Warsaw also unofficially relayed to their colleagues at the Centre some of the political jokes circulating immediately after John Paul II's election. The white smoke from the Vatican chimney, traditionally used to signal the election of a pope, was said to have been followed on this occasion by red smoke; Wojtyła had burned his Party card. According to another satirical account, the new pope had secretly visited the Polish interior minister, who was responsible for the SB, and announced after the election, “Comrade minister! Your important instructions have been carried out!”[16]

Two days after the election, Aristov, the Soviet ambassador, reported to Moscow in more serious vein:

> The leadership of the Polish People’s Republic considers that the danger of Wojtyła’s move to the Vatican is that it will now clearly be more difficult to use the Vatican as a moderating influence on the Polish episcopate in its relations with the state. The Catholic Church will now make even greater efforts to consolidate its position and increase its role in the social and political life of the country.
>
> At the same time, our friends consider that Wojtyła’s departure from the country also has its positive side, since the reactionary part of the episcopate has been deprived of its leader—one who had an excellent chance of becoming Primate of the Polish Catholic Church.

Aristov criticized the Polish Politburo for compromising its ability to resist the Church’s future demands by its past weakness in permitting the construction of new churches, the ordination of more priests and larger print-runs for Catholic publications.[17]

At the time of Wojtyła's election, Poland was probably the world's most Catholic country. The KGB estimated that 90 percent of the population were Catholic.[18] With 569 ordinations in 1978, Poland had the highest ratio of priestly vocations to population anywhere on earth. In total, there were 19,193 Polish priests and 5,325 students in seminaries.[19] Somewhat alarmist KGB assessments put the figures higher still.[20] A steady rise in religious practice continued over the next few years. According to a secret study circulated to the PUWP central committee, "This phenomenon emerged particularly acutely among the intelligentsia, especially among persons with higher education." In 1978 25 percent of those with higher education were reported to engage in private prayer at home; by 1983 the figure had risen to over 50 percent. The central committee study plausibly attributed the increase to the "social-political crisis" and the influence of the Polish Pope.[21] Even many Polish Party officials felt in awe of Wojtyła's intense, mystical spirituality. They reported to Moscow that he often spent six to eight hours a day in prayer. On entering his private chapel, aides would sometimes find him lying motionless on the marble floor, his arms outstretched in the shape of a cross.[22]

The KGB privately denounced some of John Paul II's first acts in the Vatican as "anti-Soviet gestures." Among them was his order on the day after his election that the red *zuchetto*—cardinal's skullcap—which he had worn at the papal conclave should be taken to Lithuania by two priests from the Kraków archdiocese and placed on the altar of the church of the Virgin of Mercy in Vilnius.[23] What most concerned the Centre during the early weeks of the new pontificate, however, was the Pope's evident determination to give the Vatican a major voice in world affairs. Though John Paul II's concerns ranged widely over the problems of peacekeeping and human rights around the globe, his first priority was the situation in Poland and eastern Europe.[24] The Centre was particularly suspicious of the Pope's appointment of the Lithuanianborn Andris Backis as one of his chief advisers on the Vatican's relations with the Soviet Bloc. Backis's father had served as pre-war ambassador of independent Lithuania in Paris, and Backis himself was believed to follow in the same "bourgeois" tradition. His appointment was, in the Centre's view, another "anti-Soviet gesture."[25] On November 5 the Pope made his first official visit outside the Vatican to Assisi, the city of St. Francis, patron saint of Italy. A voice from the crowd urged him to remember eastern Europe: "Don't forget the Church of Silence!" "It's not a Church of Silence any more," replied John Paul II, "because it speaks with my voice."[26]

Among the illegals sent on PROGRESS operations to Poland after Wojtyła's election was Oleg Petrovich Buryen (codenamed DEREVLYOV), who posed as the representative of a firm of Canadian publishers.

DEREVLYOV claimed to be collecting material about Polish missionaries in the Far East and used this as a pretext for contacting a number of prominent Church figures, most of whom recommended him to others. If arrested by the police or SB, he was told to stick firmly to his cover story and insist that he was a Canadian citizen. In case of real emergency, however, he was instructed to ask to see Colonel Jan Slovikowski of the SB, who appears to have acted as a point of contact for KGB agents who found themselves in difficulty with the Polish authorities. Among DEREVLYOV's most prized contacts was one of the Pope's closest friends, Father Józef Tischner, a fellow philosopher who had helped him found the Papal Theological Academy in Kraków.[27] Tischner was a frequent visitor to Rome and one of those chosen by John Paul II to revive his spirits when he felt trapped in the Vatican.[28]

One of John Paul II's chief ambitions during the first year of his pontificate was to return to Poland. Early in 1979, horrified that the PUWP Politburo was prepared to contemplate a papal visit, Brezhnev rang Gierek to try to dissuade him. "How could I not receive a Polish pope," Gierek replied, "when the majority of my countrymen are Catholics?" Absurdly, Brezhnev urged him to persuade the Pope to have a diplomatic illness: "Tell the Pope—he is a wise man—that he could announce publicly that he cannot come because he has been taken ill." When Gierek failed to see the merit of this odd suggestion, Brezhnev told him angrily, “Gomułka was a better Communist [than you] because he wouldn’t receive [Pope] Paul VI in Poland, and nothing awful happened!” The conversation ended with Brezhnev saying, “Well, do what you want, so long as you and your Party don’t regret it later”—at which point Brezhnev put the phone down.[29]

On June 2, 1979 more than a million Poles converged on the airport road, on Warsaw’s Victory Square and in the Old City, rebuilt from the rubble after the Second World War, to welcome John Paul II on his emotional return to his homeland. Over the next nine days at least ten million people came to see and hear him; most of the remaining twenty-five million witnessed his triumphal progress through Poland on television. At the end of his visit, as the Pope bade farewell to his home city of Kraków, where, he said, “every stone and brick is dear to me,” men and women wept uncontrollably in the streets. The contrast between the political bankruptcy of the Communist regime and the moral authority of the Catholic Church was plain for all to see.

The papal visit, the Centre reported to the Politburo, had lived up to its worst expectations.[30] Many Polish Party members, faced with the Pope’s “ideological subversion” of the Communist regime, felt that the ideological battle had been lost. During the visit the KGB mission in Warsaw had even thought it possible that KOR militants and anti-Communist workers in Kraków might try to seize power from the Party. Emergency preparations were also made to evacuate the Soviet trade mission in Katowice, which was headed by a KGB officer, to Czechoslovakia.[31] The Centre believed that John Paul II had set out to challenge the foundations of the whole Soviet Bloc. One KGB report emphasized that he had repeatedly called himself not just the “Polish Pope” but, even more frequently, the “Slav Pope.”[32] In his homilies he had recalled one by one the baptism of the peoples of eastern Europe: Poles, Croats, Slovenes, Bulgarians, Moravians, Slovaks, Czechs, Serbs, Russians and Lithuanians:

> Pope John Paul II, a Slav, a son of the Polish nation, feels how deeply rooted he is in the soil of history . . . He comes here to speak before the whole Church, before Europe and the world, about those oft-forgotten nations and peoples.[33]

A Politburo document concluded that the Vatican had embarked on an “ideological struggle against Socialist countries.” Since the election of John Paul II, papal policy towards Catholic regions of the Soviet Union—especially in Ukraine, Lithuania, Latvia and Byelorussia—had become “more aggressive,” aiding and abetting “disloyal priests.” On November 13 the Central Committee secretariat approved a six-point “Decision to Work Against the Policies of the Vatican in Relation with Socialist States,” prepared by a subcommittee which included Andropov and the deputy chairman of the KGB, Viktor Chebrikov. The KGB was instructed to organize propaganda campaigns in the Soviet Bloc "to show that Vatican policies go against the life of the Catholic Church" and to embark on active measures in the West "to demonstrate that the leadership of the new Pope, John Paul II, is dangerous to the Catholic Church."[34]

One of the chief priorities of SB foreign operations was to build up an agent network among the Poles in Rome and the Vatican. On June 16, 1980 the KGB mission in Warsaw reported to the Centre:

> Our friends [the SB] have serious operational positions [i.e. agents] at their disposal in the Vatican, and these enable them to have direct access to the Pope and to the Roman congregation. Apart from experienced agents, towards whom John Paul II is personally well disposed and who can obtain an audience with him at any time, our friends have agent assets among the leaders of Catholic students who are in constant contact with Vatican circles and have possibilities in Radio Vatican and the Pope's secretariat.

The Centre responded by proposing a series of KGB/SB "joint long-term operations" with the following aims:

- To influence the Pope towards active support for the idea of international détente [as defined by

> Moscow], peaceful co-existence and cooperation between states, and to exert a favorable influence on Vatican policy on particular international problems;
>
> - To intensify disagreements between the Vatican and the USA, Israel and other countries;
> - To intensify internal disagreements within the Vatican;
> - To study, devise and carry out operations to disrupt the Vatican's plans to strengthen the Churches and religious teaching in Socialist countries;
> - To exploit KGB assets in the Russian Orthodox Church, the Georgian and the Armenian-Gregorian Churches; to devise and carry out active measures to counteract the expansion of contacts between these Churches and the Vatican;
> - To identify the channels through which the Polish Church increases its influence and invigorates the work of the Church in the Soviet Union.

Because of the Polish Politburo's anxiety to avoid confrontation with the Catholic Church, however, the Centre had low expectations of what joint KGB/SB operations were likely to achieve:

> In our view, so long as our friends [the SB] remain fearful of damaging the development of relations between the Polish People's Republic and the Vatican and between state and Church, they will not

> display great initiative in implementing the measures which we propose. Officers in our Centre and in the [Warsaw KGB] mission will need to display some tact and flexibility in order to find ways of solving the task before them.[35]

Moscow's fears that the Polish Politburo lacked the nerve to confront the challenge to its authority were heightened by its apparent capitulation to working-class discontent. Sudden rises in food prices in the summer of 1980 sparked off a strike wave which gave birth to the Solidarity trade union movement under the charismatic leadership of a hitherto unknown 37-year-old electrician from Gdańsk, Lech Wałęsa. The interior ministry informed the KGB mission in Warsaw that it had established an operations center, headed by Stachura, the deputy minister, to direct police and SB operations against the strikers, monitor the situation and produce daily reports. To judge from a report forwarded to Moscow, the Center was remarkably pleased with its own performance: "The operational staff displayed a high degree of conscientiousness and discipline, and an understanding of their duties; combat-readiness was introduced; leave was canceled; and round-the-clock work was introduced." While not claiming "complete success," the operations center claimed to have limited the scale of the strike movement by "eliminating" their printing presses and breaking links between protesters in different parts of the country. In addition, “Attempts by anti-Socialist forces to establish contacts with the artistic, scientific and cultural intelligentsia, in order to enlist their support for the demands of the strikers, were cut short.”[36]

The reality, however, was somewhat different. The strikers succeeded in creating inter-factory strike committees to coordinate the protest and dissident intellectuals played an important part in advising them. The final judgment of the KGB mission in Warsaw was in stark contrast to the efforts by the Interior Ministry to defend its performance. The SB, it reported, “did not recognize the extent of the danger in time or the hidden discontent of the working class.” And when the strike movement began, both the SB and the police were unable to control it:

> The blame lay chiefly with the leadership of the Interior Ministry, and in particular with Minister Kowalczyk and his deputy Stachura . . . When the strikes intensified in the coastal region, Kowalczyk simply lost his head . . . In the opinion of the KGB mission, it is time to replace Kowalczyk and Stachura with other officers.[37]

On August 24 Aristov sent Moscow the alarming news that the deputy prime minister, Mieczysław Jagielski, was negotiating with Wałęsa and the strike leaders.[38] Next day, the Soviet Politburo set up a commission headed by

Suslov, its chief ideologist, to monitor the Polish crisis and propose remedies.[39] On August 27, at the Pope's instigation, the Polish bishops approved a document that explicitly claimed "the right to independence both of organizations representing the workers and of organizations of self-government." Confident of the Pope's backing, Wałęsa was now convinced that the government had little choice but to give in.[40]

The Polish government privately agreed. On August 27 the leading members of the Polish Politburo met Aristov to try to persuade him that the partial disintegration of the PUWP and the hostility to it of much of the Polish people had created "a new situation:"

> We must take a step back in order not to fall into the abyss, and agree on the creation of self-governing trade unions. We have no other political means of normalizing the situation, and it is impossible to use force. By staging a [tactical] retreat, we can regroup Party forces and prepare for offensive action.

The Poles went through the motions of seeking "the opinion of Comrade Brezhnev," recognizing that trade unions free from Party control were "not simply a Polish issue but an issue which affects the interests of the entire Socialist community."[41] In reality, however, all alternatives to the legalization of Solidarity had already been ruled out. The Gdańsk Agreement of August 31, which accepted “the formation of free trade unions as a genuine representation of the working class,” made a series of unprecedented political concessions, ranging from the right to strike to an agreement to broadcast Mass every Sunday over the state radio. Wałęsa signed the agreement in front of the television cameras with an outsize, garishly colored pen, which he drew with a flourish from his top pocket. Produced as a souvenir of the papal visit, it had on it a portrait of John Paul II.[42]

THIRTY

THE POLISH CRISIS AND THE CRUMBLING OF THE SOVIET BLOC

In the view of both the KGB and the Soviet Politburo, the Gdańsk Agreement represented the greatest potential threat to the "Socialist Commonwealth" (the official designation of the Soviet Bloc) since the Prague Spring of 1968. On September 3, 1980 the Politburo agreed a series of "theses for discussion with representatives of the Polish leadership"—a euphemism for demands that the Poles recover the ground lost to Solidarity:

> The [Gdańsk] agreement, in essence, signifies the legalization of the anti-Socialist opposition . . . The problem now is how to prepare a counter-attack and reclaim the positions that have been lost among the working class and the people . . . It is necessary to give overriding significance to the consolidation of the leading role of the Party in society.[1]

The principal scapegoat for the success of Solidarity was Edward Gierek, the Polish first secretary, bitterly criticized by the Soviet ambassador, Aristov, among others, for the loss of Party control.[2] The strikers at the Lenin shipyard had greeted Gierek's television appearances with derisive catcalls. Ordinary Poles summed up their feelings in one of the political jokes with which they privately mocked their Communist leaders:

> QUESTION: What is the difference between Gierek and Gomułka [who had been forced to resign as first secretary in 1970]? ANSWER: None, only Gierek doesn't realize it yet![3]

On September 5 Gierek was succeeded by Stanisław Kania, the tough, heavily built and heavy-drinking Party secretary responsible for national security. The KGB in Warsaw reported a satirical comment on the changeover doing the rounds in Poland—"Better Kania than Vanya!" (better, in other words, to put up with an unpopular Polish Communist than have to face a Soviet invasion).[4] It also reported that on September 6 Admiral L. Janczyszyn, the commander-in-chief of the Polish navy, had warned two Soviet admirals that military intervention would end not in "normalization," as in Prague in 1968, but in catastrophe. "If outside troops are brought into Poland," he told them, "there would be a river of blood. You must understand that you're dealing with Poles—not Czechs!"[5]

On September 18 Pavlov, the head of the KGB mission in Warsaw, complained to the Centre that the Kania regime was already repeating the mistakes of its predecessors—looking for compromise with the opposition rather than taking a firm stand against them. The Party rank and file remained demoralized.[6] "The counter-revolution in Poland is in full flood!" Brezhnev dramatically announced to the Politburo on October 29:

> Wałęsa is traveling from one end of the country to another, to town after town, and they honor him with tributes everywhere. Polish leaders keep their mouths shut and so does the press. Not even television is standing up to these anti-Socialist elements . . . Perhaps it really is necessary to introduce martial law.

Brezhnev's assessment was, predictably, strongly supported by Andropov. It was also backed by Mikhail Gorbachev, who had joined the Politburo in the previous year. "We should speak openly and firmly with our Polish friends," he declared. "Up to now they haven't taken the necessary steps. They're in a sort of defensive position, and they can't hold it for long—they might end up being overthrown themselves."[7]

The Politburo was concerned not merely by the situation in Poland itself but also by the contagious effect of Solidarity's success in some parts of the Soviet Union. The PROGRESS operation reports submitted to Andropov in October included one from the illegal

SOBOLEV, who has been sent on a mission to Rubtsovsk in the Altay Kray region of Russia, far from the Polish border. His report made depressing reading:

> The situation in the town of Rubtsovsk is unstable. The population has many grounds to be dissatisfied with the situation in the town, antisocial elements are visibly engaged in provocative action, and there could be uncontrolled disorders . . . Believers [practicing Christians] are also ready to speak up, and the population approves the strikes in Poland.
>
> . . . The basic cause of dissatisfaction is food supplies, especially the lack of meat in the shops, poor living conditions and disgraceful public services. The top people are supplied through special channels, and for this there are special stores of foodstuffs and consumer goods. Theft is rampant, and the biggest thieves are officials of the Party city committee and the Soviet executive committee. There is drunkenness everywhere, and many people suffer from alcoholism.
>
> The Polish events have a negative influence and effect on the local population, suggesting that it is possible to improve living and economic conditions on the Polish model.[8]

Among the most successful illegals selected for PROGRESS operations in Poland itself was FILOSOV, still posing as a French writer and poet. According to his KGB file, he made “numerous contacts within Solidarity.” Perhaps his most important contact was Tadeusz Mazowiecki, editor-in-chief of the Solidarity weekly, *Tygodnik Solidarnóśc,* to whom he was introduced in November by Father Andrzej Bardecki.[9] Nine years later Mazowiecki was to become prime minister of the first Solidarity-led government.

Early in November, Andropov summoned the new, hardline Polish interior minister, General Mirosław Milewski, for talks in Moscow. Milewski reported that lists had been prepared of more than 1,200 of the “most counter-revolutionary individuals,” who would be arrested immediately if martial law were declared. Andropov then launched into an alarmist monologue designed to persuade Milewski that martial law could not be avoided:

> Even if you left Wyszýnski [the Polish primate] and Wałęsa in peace, Wyszýnski and Wałęsa would not leave you in peace until either they had achieved their aim, or they had been actively crushed by the Party and the responsible part of the workers. If you wait passively . . . the situation slips out of your control. I saw how this happened in Hungary [in 1956]. There, the old leadership waited for everything to normalize itself, and when, at last, it was decided to act, it turned out that no one could be

relied upon. There is every reason to fear that the same may happen in Poland also, if the most active and decisive measures are not now taken.

This is a struggle for power. If Wałęsa and his fascist confederates came to power, they would start to put Communists in prison, to shoot them and subject them to every kind of persecution. In such an event, Party activists, Chekists [the SB] and military leaders would be most under threat.

You say that some of your comrades cannot take on the responsibility of taking any aggressive measures against the counter-revolutionaries. But why are they not afraid of doing nothing, since this could lead to the victory of reaction? One must show the Communists, and in the first place the Party activists, the Chekists [the SB] and the military comrades that it is not just a question of defending socialist achievements in Poland, but a question of protecting their own lives, that of their families, who would be subjected to terror by the reaction, if, God forbid, this came to pass.

Sometimes our Polish comrade say that they cannot rely on the Party. I cannot believe this. Out of three million Party members, one can find 100,000 who would be ready to sacrifice themselves. Wyszýnski and Wałęsa have roped in the free trade unions and are securing more and more new positions in various spheres in Poland. There are

> already the first signs that the counter-revolutionary infection is affecting the army.
>
> Comrade Brezhnev says that we must be ready for struggle both by peaceful means and by non-peaceful means.

When Andropov had finished his tirade, Milewski asked him, “You have convinced me, but how am I to convince our comrades back in Warsaw?” Andropov’s reply is not recorded.[10]

On December 5 an extraordinary meeting of Warsaw Pact leaders assembled in Moscow to discuss the Polish crisis. Kania heard one speaker after another castigate the weakness of his policies and demand an immediate crackdown on Solidarity and the Church. Otherwise, he was told, Warsaw Pact forces would intervene. Eighteen divisions were already on the Polish borders and Kania was shown plans for the occupation of Polish cities and towns. The meeting was followed by a private discussion between Kania and Brezhnev. Military intervention, Kania insisted, would be a disaster for the Soviet Union as well as for Poland. “OK, we don’t march into Poland now,” Brezhnev replied, “but if the situation gets any worse we will come.”[11]

Brezhnev’s threat was probably a bluff. With Soviet forces already at war in Afghanistan and the probability that military intervention in Poland would result in a bloodbath, Western economic sanctions and a global public relations disaster, the Kremlin's strategy was to pressure the Poles into using martial law to end Solidarity's challenge to the Communist one-party state. Ultimately the most effective way of exercising pressure was to threaten invasion by the Red Army. Memories of Hungary in 1956, Czechoslovakia in 1968 and Afghanistan in 1979 meant that very few in either Poland or the West failed to take the threat seriously in 1980.

It took over a year of almost continuous pressure, however, before the Polish Politburo, after a series of personnel changes, finally agreed to declare martial law. The KGB mission in Warsaw reported in December 1980 that, although Milewski was ready to go ahead with the "repression of hostile people," most of the Politburo was not:

> Our friends consider Kania an honest Communist loyal to the Soviet Union and CPSU, but none the less one cannot exclude the possibility of a substantial difference between his point of view and ours, especially on the question of taking decisive measures . . . Lately Comrade Kania has tended not to adopt immediately recommendations by Soviet representatives, displaying doubts and not sharing all of our assessments of the situation in the People's Republic of Poland.[12]

The KGB was also deeply concerned at what it believed was the growing Western intelligence presence in Poland. According to data supplied by the SB, of the 1,300 foreign journalists in Poland at the beginning of 1981 about 150 were members or agents of intelligence agencies. NATO intelligence agencies, it was claimed, "were acquiring firm agent positions within Solidarity."[13]

For much of 1981 the PUWP continued to lose ground to Solidarity. On January 15 Wałęsa was received by John Paul II in the Vatican. "The son," he announced reverently to the world's television cameras, "has come to see the father." Increasingly, the Pope and Wałęsa now appeared as the real leaders of the Polish nation.[14] In his conversations with the KGB, Milewski seemed to despair of defeating the challenge from Solidarity without Soviet military intervention. As the news came in of Wałęsa's meeting with the Pope, Milewski told Aristov, "I am beginning to think that order will come only when Poland has a reliable security guarantee in the form of allied troops . . ."[15] Kania admitted to the Soviet ambassador that the PUWP had lost touch with the Polish people: "This is not a Solidarity slogan but a statement of fact, of the bitter truth." The only forces on which he could rely were the army and the SB.[16]

WITH MARTIAL LAW as the only solution favored by the Kremlin to deal with the Solidarity crisis, the role of the Polish army became of crucial importance. On

February 9, probably as a result of Soviet pressure, the minister of defense, General Wojciech Jaruzelski became Polish prime minister. Slim, erect, habitually wearing dark glasses and an inscrutable expression, Jaruzelski was an enigmatic figure for most Poles. But he had a relatively favorable public image due both to the fact that he had refused to use troops against the workers in 1970 and to the reputation of the armed forces as the most trusted state institution. In KGB reports to Brezhnev, however, Jaruzelski had long been described as “a sincere friend of the Soviet Union.”[17] On his instructions, the chief of military intelligence, General Czesław Kiszczak (later interior minister in charge of the SB), had for some time been meeting the KGB mission in Warsaw every two or three days to provide the latest intelligence reports on the crisis from military sources.[18] As Prime Minister, Jaruzelski retained the defense portfolio.

The period up to December 1981 was to be characterized by recurrent Soviet complaints of Polish inaction and Polish attempts to placate the Soviet leadership. During that period the Kremlin was assailed by recurrent doubts as to whether Jaruzelski really possessed the resolve required to enforce martial law. In the end it concluded that no better candidate was available. Soviet doubts about Kania, however, were to prove much more serious.

On March 4 Kania and Jaruzelski were summoned to the Kremlin to be dressed down by Brezhnev and other members of the Politburo. When, the Soviet leaders demanded, would the Polish comrades impose martial law? And how was it that, alone among the Socialist countries, Poland found it so difficult to control the Church?[19] The dressing-down had little effect. A member of the Polish Politburo, Mieczysław Moczar, informed the KGB that Kania had told him, shortly after his return to Warsaw, “In spite of the pressure from Moscow, I don’t want to use force against the opposition. I don’t want to go down in history as the butcher of the Polish people.” According to another of the KGB’s Polish informants, Kania said that neither the Party nor the government was ready for a confrontation with Solidarity—“and I’ll never ask the Russians for military assistance.”[20]

“We have huge worries about the outcome of events in Poland,” Brezhnev told the Politburo on April 2. “Worst of all is that our friends listen and agree with our recommendations, but in practice they don’t do anything. And a counter-revolution is taking the offensive on all fronts!” Ustinov, the defense minister, declared that if Socialism was to survive in Poland, “bloodshed is unavoidable.” “Solidarity,” reported Andropov, “is now starting to grab one position after the other.” The only solution was renewed pressure on the Poles to declare martial law:

> We have to tell them that martial law means a curfew, limited movement in the city streets,

> strengthening state security [the SB] in Party institutions, factories, etc. The pressure from the leaders of Solidarity has left Jaruzelski in terribly bad shape, while lately Kania has begun to drink more and more. This is a very sad phenomenon. I want to point out that Polish events are having an influence on the western areas of our country too . . . Here, too, we'll have to take tough internal measures.

Next day Kania and Jaruzelski were summoned to meet Andropov and Ustinov in the Soviet equivalent of a Pullman railway coach at the border city of Brest-Litovsk. After caviar and a sumptuous buffet, they were seated at a green-baize-covered table and subjected to six hours of recriminations, demands for the declaration of martial law and threats of Soviet military intervention. Kania and Jaruzelski responded by pleading for more time.[21] On April 7, four days after the meeting at Brest-Litovsk, Mieczysław Moczar had another conversation with Kania which he reported to the KGB. Kania clearly believed that the threat of military intervention was in deadly earnest. "There would be a tragedy on a huge scale if Soviet forces intervene," he told Moczar. "It would take two generations of Poles to remedy the consequences."[22]

The Soviet Politburo believed that such a threat of military intervention was the main restraining influence on Polish "anti-Socialist forces." On April 23 it approved a report on Poland which concluded:

> Solidarity has been transformed into an organized political force, which has the capacity to paralyze the activity of the Party and state organs and take *de facto* power into its own hands. If the opposition has not yet done this, that is primarily because of its fear that Soviet troops would be introduced and because of its hopes that it can achieve its aims without bloodshed and by means of a creeping counter-revolution.

The Politburo agreed, “as a deterrent to counter-revolution,” to “exploit to the utmost the fears of internal reactionaries and international imperialism that the Soviet Union might send its troops into Poland.” It also decided to maintain “support for Comrades Kania and Jaruzelski, who, despite their well-known waffling, are in favor of defending Socialism.” They must, however, be put under “constant pressure to pursue more significant and decisive actions to overcome the crisis and preserve Poland as a Socialist country friendly to the Soviet Union.”[23]

On May 13 John Paul II gave his usual Wednesday general audience in St. Peter’s Square. As he was waving to the crowds from his open-topped “Popemobile,” he was shot from a distance of twenty feet by a Turkish would-be assassin, Mehmet Ali Agca. The bullet passed a few millimeters from the Pope’s central aorta; had it hit his aorta, the Pope would have died instantly. John Paul II believed that his life had been saved by a miracle performed by the Virgin of Fatima in Portugal, whose feast day it was. On the first anniversary of the assassination attempt, he made a pilgrimage to Fatima to place Agca's bullet on her altar.[24] If the Pope had died, the KGB would doubtless have been overjoyed. But there is no evidence in any of the files examined by Mitrokhin that it was involved in the attempt on his life.[25]

In the weeks after the assassination attempt, the strongest pressure on Kania and Jaruzelski to declare martial law came from Marshal Viktor Kulikov, the short-tempered commander-in-chief of Warsaw Pact forces. Kulikov accused Jaruzelski of cowardice. "You yourself, Comrade Jaruzelski," he told him, "are afraid of taking decisive action." Though insisting that the time was not ripe for martial law, Jaruzelski accepted Kulikov's insults—according to a KGB report to the Politburo—with remarkable meekness and even offered to resign as prime minister.[26] Kulikov remained deeply suspicious of the motives of both Kania and Jaruzelski, reporting to the Politburo, "It looks as though the leadership of the PUWP and the government is conducting a dishonest political game and is facilitating the accession to power of those backing Solidarity."[27]

The Centre informed the Warsaw KGB mission that the time had come to find both a new first secretary and a new prime minister:

> Kania and Jaruzelski are no longer capable of leading Party and government effectively. They cannot organize the defeat of the opposition, and have been compromised by cooperating for many years with Gierek. There is no doubt that they do not even have the fighting qualities which are essential for political leaders capable of taking decisive measures.

The Centre's preferred candidates on the Polish Politburo to succeed Kania and Jaruzelski were the hardliners Tadeusz Grabski and Stefan Olszowski. Both, it reported, "are imbued with a firm Marxist-Leninist outlook, and are prepared to act decisively and consistently in defense of Socialist interests and of friendship with the Soviet Union."[28] On May 30 Aristov and Pavlov sent a joint telegram to Brezhnev and the Politburo, accusing Kania and Jaruzelski of consistent capitulation to "revisionist elements":

> The present situation requires urgent consideration of the necessity of dismissing [Kania] from his post as first secretary of the central committee and replacing him with a comrade capable of ensuring the survival of the Party's Marxist-Leninist nature and of the Socialist character of the Polish state . . . An analysis

> of the mood of Party activists shows that the most suitable candidate for post of first secretary of the PUWP central committee is Comrade T. Grabski.[29]

Having discovered that the KGB was plotting against him, Kania lapsed into a tone of almost whimpering self-pity. When Pavlov phoned him on June 7 to ask if he proposed to ring Comrade Brezhnev to reply to another letter from Moscow demanding tough action against Solidarity, Kania replied, “There is probably now no point in my telephoning as everything has already been decided without me [being consulted].” Later that night Kania rang Pavlov back at home in order to appeal for sympathy:

> At this very moment your people [the KGB] are saying that it is necessary to speak up at the Plenum [of the PUWP central committee] against Kania and Jaruzelski . . . You do not have, and you never have had, more trustworthy friends than me and Jaruzelski . . . I am amazed at the method you have chosen for dealing with me. I do not deserve this . . . There is no need to mobilize the members of the Central Committee against me. It is clear that I shall be on the side of the CPSU . . . It is very bitter sensation for me to realize that I have lost your trust. I feel hurt that you have chosen such a roundabout way to mobilize opinion for an attack on me at the Plenum. I

> therefore find it difficult to speak to Comrade Brezhnev. What can I say to him?[30]

When Kulikov asked Jaruzelski for his reaction to the latest philippic from Moscow, he replied, “They are hammering me into the ground. I’m a fool for accepting this post [of prime minister].”[31]

During June a group of nine Polish generals approached the KGB with a plan to remove Jaruzelski because of his unwillingness to order martial law and replace him with a new defense minister (presumably one of the plotters), who would arrest the rest of the government, take control of strategic points and seize up to 3,000 counter-revolutionaries who would be deported to elsewhere in the Soviet Bloc. An action group led by the defense minister, containing no members of either the previous government or the Politburo, would then appeal to the rest of the Soviet Bloc for “military assistance to protect Socialism in the Polish People’s Republic.”[32] Moscow’s response to the plan for a military coup is not recorded in the files noted by Mitrokhin. Given its desire to avoid “military assistance” and preserve a semblance of legality, however, it cannot have been attracted by it.

Jaruzelski’s main concern seems to have been less his own personal position than to prevent the disaster of Soviet military intervention. On June 22 he held a meeting with the minister of the interior, General Milewski, whom he knew was trusted by the Kremlin.

How, asked Jaruzelski, could he "regain the trust of our Soviet comrades?" Milewski replied that, though Soviet confidence in the Polish leadership had been severely damaged, it had not been entirely destroyed: "If there had been none at all, they would have stopped talking to us." Jaruzelski complained that, so far as he was concerned, they had indeed stopped talking. Previously, Kulikov had phoned him almost every day and had frequently come to see him. Recently he had broken all contact. Soviet representatives in Warsaw were instructed to tell Jaruzelski that their confidence in him had indeed been shaken and that it would disappear altogether unless he mended his ways.[33]

Centre files record that in the weeks before the opening of the Ninth PUWP Congress on July 14, the Soviet embassy, the KGB mission and Soviet military representatives "worked among the delegates to identify Party members who followed the Marxist-Leninist line, to establish personal contact with them, and through them to influence the course of the Congress."[34] The Suslov Commission, set up by the Politburo a year earlier to monitor the Polish crisis, gave instructions that the threat of military intervention by the other members of the Warsaw Pact must be "a constant factor in the minds of all Polish political forces."[35] On the eve of the congress, the Centre instructed Pavlov, the head of the KGB mission in Warsaw, to have "a straightforward conversation with S. Kania and Jaruzelski on their weak Party and government work, and remind them of their earlier statements of readiness to cede their Party and government jobs if necessary in the interest of saving the Socialist system in Poland and the unity of Socialist cooperation in Europe.” The choice of Kania’s successor, in the Centre’s view, lay among three leading hardliners: Tadeusz Grabski, Stefan Olszowski and Andrzej Zabínski. All other representatives of “healthy forces” in the PUWP lacked the necessary authority to become first secretary. The KGB also drew up a list of those suitable for election to the Politburo and a hit list of moderates to be removed from the government and Party posts. Top of the hit list was the deputy prime minister, Mieczysław Rakowski, who had threatened to inform the leaders of the Italian and French Communist Parties about Soviet interference in the internal affairs of the PUWP. The Centre concluded that, in view of Jaruzelski’s continuing “authority in the country and especially in the army,” it would be unwise simply to dismiss him. Rather, it was hoped to kick him upstairs to the less powerful post of president and harness his personal prestige in support of a hardline government.[36]

So far as Moscow was concerned, however, the Ninth PUWP Congress failed to go according to plan. Faced with a blatant Soviet attempt to unseat Kania, the congress rallied round him. But, taking seriously the threat of Soviet invasion, the congress also retained among the leadership some of the chief supporters of the Soviet campaign of intimidation. And though it gave loud applause to Rakowski's speech, it dared not antagonize the Kremlin by electing him to the Politburo. The main consequence of the contradictory outcome of the congress was a near paralysis of government. Women and children marched through Polish cities banging empty pans to protest against food shortages. Encouraged by Solidarity, industrial workers elected factory councils which claimed the right to choose their managers.[37]

The worsening crisis of central government seems to have convinced Jaruzelski that martial law would soon become inevitable. Detailed plans were agreed with Kulikov early in August. At a meeting with Jaruzelski and senior Polish generals on August 12, Kulikov demanded "firmness and still more firmness."[38] On August 21 the new hardline interior minister, General Czeslaw Kiszczak, formerly head of military intelligence, visited Moscow to report personally to Andropov on secret preparations by the SB and police for the introduction of martial law. Hitherto, he acknowledged, "The Polish leadership has handled Solidarity as if it were an egg which it was afraid to break. We must put a stop to this."[39]

Kiszczak and the SB no longer saw Wałęsa as the main problem. During the previous six months Wałęsa's leadership had become somewhat lackluster as he struggled to recover a clear sense of direction. Solidarity ultimately had to choose between two strategic options: either it had to become a truly revolutionary body capable of overthrowing the Communist one-party state, or it had to accommodate itself to the system and be content with winning a few concessions. Wałęsa found himself unable to opt clearly for either option. He had backed away from a general strike in March when most other leading figures in Solidarity believed the time had come for a showdown. Zbigniew Bujak, chairman of Solidarity in the Warsaw region, concluded that Wałęsa had made a fatal mistake:

> General strikes are like swords—once you take them out of the scabbard and fail to use them, they are no more use than useless hunks of iron. Wałęsa in effect demobilized the union . . . It deprived us of our basic weapon and thus became the source of our subsequent defeat. The authorities counted on this when they prepared the martial law operation of December 13.[40]

Kiszczak told Andropov that, though Wałęsa might use aggressive language to appeal to Solidarity “extremists,” his thinking was relatively moderate. The main danger now came from Bujak, who was both “anti-Socialist and anti-Soviet:” “He is cleverer than Wałęsa and is closely linked with [the KOR leaders] Kurón and Michnik. The task of the [SB] agencies is to discredit him.”

“AT THE PRESENT time,” Kiszczak told Andropov, “the Roman Catholic Church does not represent a threat to the PUWP.” Milewski had devoted “immense efforts” to the agent penetration of the Church, and the SB was now well-informed about its mood and intentions: “Out of seventy bishops, good contacts are maintained with fifty. This makes it possible to bring influence to bear on the Catholic Church and to prevent undesirable moves.”[41] The recent death of the 80-year-old Primate, Cardinal Wyszýnski, a friend of Solidarity and for over a generation a courageous defender of religious freedom, had come as an immense relief to the SB (and doubtless to the KGB):

> The new Primate, [Cardinal Józef] Glemp, is not as anti-Soviet as his predecessor. Wyszyński enjoyed immense authority; his word was law. He was the object of a personality cult and his cult exceeded anything imaginable. Glemp is a different kind of man and there are undoubtedly possibilities of exerting influence on him.

Two problems, however, remained in Church-state relations. The first was the Pope, who—according to Kiszczak—was cleverly exploiting the situation in Poland to advance his anti-Communist policies in eastern Europe. The second problem was the moral authority of the Polish Church. The people looked on the Church, not the Party, as the “standard-bearer of morality.” “In the immediate future,” Kiszczak admitted, “the Party will not be able to change the attitude towards the Catholic Church.”

Andropov seems to have hectored Kiszczak rather less than most other Polish leaders he had met over the previous few years. But he ended their meeting in somber mood:

> The class enemy has repeatedly tried to challenge the people’s power in the Socialist countries . . . But the Polish crisis is the most long drawn out, and perhaps the most dangerous. The adversary’s creeping counter-revolution has long been preparing for the struggle with Socialism.[42]

Solidarity’s first national congress (held in two sessions from September 5 to 10 and from September 26 to October 7) provided further evidence of “creeping counter-revolution.” Its appeal on September 8 “to the working people of eastern Europe . . . who have entered the difficult road to struggle for a free trade union movement” was denounced by the SB as “a brazen attempt to interfere in the internal affairs of Socialist countries.”[43]

Pavlov now seemed satisfied that Jaruzelski was prepared for “decisive measures” to end “the threat from Solidarity.” On September 29 he reported to the Centre that he had “advised” Jaruzelski on the line to follow at the plenary meeting of the Central Committee on October 18.[44] The first priority was to get rid of Kania, who, Pavlov reported, continued to pursue "a policy of conciliation" towards Solidarity. Having failed to secure Kania's dismissal at the July Party congress, Moscow was determined to succeed at the October Central Committee plenum. The Centre must have been particularly outraged by Pavlov's account of a secret briefing on Kania's policy given by his supporter, Deputy Prime Minister Kazimierz Barcikowski, on October 2, 1981. According to Barcikowski, Kania was "disenchanted with the Soviet model of Socialism":

> The Soviet system of Socialism had failed the test. The fact that the USSR was systematically buying grain in the West was an indication of serious errors in the management of agriculture . . . The power of the Soviet regime was maintained only through the army and other agencies of coercion. However, in the last two or three years, the situation had begun to change to the Soviet Union's disadvantage. China was significantly strengthening its military power; its military and economic contacts with the USA were a serious threat to the USSR, and pinned down a large number of troops on the far eastern borders. In the last few months, the situation in Afghanistan had sharply deteriorated. It was now clear that it would be impossible to win this conflict politically without

> the use of mass repressive measures similar to those used by the Americans in Vietnam. If at the present time the USSR still had some strategic advantage over the USA, within three or four years it would lose it, as the Soviet economy would no longer be able to meet the additional expense of developing and producing new types of armaments.

The imposition of the Soviet model of socialism had, Kania believed, "bureaucratized the PUWP" and distorted Leninist principles:

> He regarded it as his main task to do everything to protect the positive processes taking place in Poland, including the Solidarity movement, in order to create a basis for genuine Socialism which, with certain variations, could also find a place in other Socialist countries.[45]

Even Dubček during the Prague Spring had never made such a devastating indictment of the Soviet system.

Pavlov's detailed reports on Kania indicate either that his home had been bugged or that there was an informer in his immediate family. He informed the Centre that on October 5, "Kania came home in a very agitated state and told a narrow circle of his family that the Russian comrades are again plotting to remove him from the post of First Secretary." Kania claimed not to understand why his Soviet “friends” did not tell him frankly that he must resign. If they did so, he would go “without causing a fuss.” According to the KGB, Kania’s wife was deeply disturbed by his state of mind and anxious for him to resign so that he could recover his health and cease to be “a persecuted politician.” But Pavlov did not believe that Kania really intended to go quietly. He reported on October 7 that Kania had instructed Kiszczak to take action against a number of Party members who, he believed (no doubt correctly), were plotting against him.[46] Kiszczak, however, sided with Jaruzelski and the plotters.

Kania’s fate was sealed at a stormy confrontation with Jaruzelski, Kiszczak, Milewski (now secretary of the PUWP central committee) and two other Polish generals. Jaruzelski told him that, unless he agreed to preparations for martial law, they would go ahead behind his back—and “decisive” (but unspecified) action would be taken against him personally.[47] On the morning of October 18, just before the opening of the plenary meeting of the central committee, Aristov informed Kania that it was the “unanimous view” in Moscow that he should be replaced as first secretary by Jaruzelski.[48] The central committee duly did Moscow’s bidding, and Kania gave way without a struggle. According to KGB reports, Kania said after his dismissal that he was still haunted by memories of the shooting of strikers in 1970. If he had remained first secretary, he would never have been able to give the order to open fire again.[49]

Next day, October 19, Brezhnev telephoned Jaruzelski to congratulate him on his appointment as first secretary, while keeping his existing posts as prime minister and defense minister. “Hello, Wojciech,” Brezhnev began. “Hello, my dear, deeply esteemed Leonid Ilyich!” Jaruzelski replied. He maintained the same sycophantic tone throughout the conversation:

> Thank you very much, dear Leonid Ilyich, for the greeting and above all for the confidence you have in me. I want to tell you frankly that I had some inner misgivings about accepting this post and agreed to do so only because I knew that you support me and that you were in favor of this decision. If this had not been so, I would never have agreed to it.

Jaruzelski added that, later in the day, he would be meeting Aristov to discuss the situation in detail and would “be asking for your suggestions on some questions which he, no doubt, will convey to you.” Lying effortlessly, Brezhnev told Jaruzelski that the CPSU Politburo had realized long ago that he was the right man for the job.[50] Predictably, he made no mention of the fact that in the course of the summer the KGB had recommended sacking Jaruzelski as well as Kania. In the end, however, the Politburo had reluctantly concluded that only Jaruzelski possessed the authority to declare martial law.[51]

Soviet doubts about Jaruzelski, however, continued. On November 4 Jaruzelski began talks with Wałęsa and Archbishop Glemp at which he proposed their participation in a Front of National Accord which, while it would have no decision-making powers, would keep open dialogue between the state, Church and unions.[52] Though Pavlov and Aristov were in favor of tactics designed to damp down any suspicion by Wałęsa and Glemp that martial law was imminent, they feared that Jaruzelski would end by making real concessions. On November 13 they sent a joint telegram to the Politburo condemning Jaruzelski's indecisiveness and his attempt to conciliate Wałęsa, and urging that he be pressed yet again to declare martial law without further delay.[53] On november 21 the Politburo approved the text of a personal message from Brezhnev to Jaruzelski, berating him for his inaction:

> The anti-Socialist forces are not only gaining sway in many large industrial enterprises, but are also continuing to spread their influence among ever wider segments of the population. Worse still, the leaders of Solidarity and the counter-revolutionaries are still appearing before various audiences and making openly inflammatory speeches aimed at stirring up nationalist passions and directed against the PUWP and against Socialism. The direct consequence of this is the dangerous growth of anti-

> Sovietism in Poland.
>
> . . . The leaders of the anti-Socialist forces . . . are placing great store by the fact that a new group of recruits will be entering the army who have been worked on by Solidarity. Doesn't this suggest to you that a failure to take harsh measures against the counter-revolutionaries right away will cost you valuable time?[54]

Jaruzelski seems finally to have given way to Soviet pressure at the beginning of December. He told a meeting of the PUWP Politburo on December 5 that, after thirty-six years of the "people's power" in Poland, there sadly seemed no alternative to using "police methods" against the working class. The Politburo unanimously accepted the need to declare martial law.[55] The main details of its implementation were worked out under the supervision of Kiszczak,[56] who briefed Pavlov on December 7. One hundred and fifty-seven SB and other interior ministry personnel had been sent around the provinces in groups of up to five to ensure that preparations had been made to isolate and arrest Solidarity leaders and other "extremists." Pavlov reported to the Centre that the SB had agents "at all levels of Solidarity," and intended that, where possible, these agents should step into the shoes of the arrested activists. Their main task after the declaration of martial law would be to prevent workers from going on strike or taking to the streets.[57] Suspect members of the government and Party leadership were placed under close SB surveillance. Kania's former supporter, Barcikowski, told his friends that the SB followed him wherever he went and recorded all his telephone calls.[58]

On the night of December 8-9 Jaruzelski briefed Marshal Kulikov on the timetable for martial law. Approximately 80,000 personnel had been selected to arrest 6,000 Solidarity activists on the night of either December 11-12 or 12-13. Troops would begin moving from their barracks at 6 a.m. on the morning after the arrests. Though the plans appeared resolute, however, Jaruzelski did not. "During our discussions," Kulikov reported, "W. Jaruzelski's indecisiveness and wavering and his apprehension about the successful implementation of the plan to impose martial law were palpable." The PUWP, Jaruzelski complained, had little authority left. Six to seven hundred thousand of its members were associated with Solidarity, and it was compromised by numerous instances of theft, bribery and other abuses of the people's trust. For martial law to succeed, it might be necessary for him to appeal for assistance from Warsaw Pact forces—though he asked for East German troops not to be used. "I can assure you that you have no need for concern on that score," Kulikov told him. "The question of assisting you in the event that your own resources become exhausted is being addressed at General Staff level."[59]

On December 9 Milewski brought Pavlov further evidence of Jaruzelski's anxious state of mind. Jaruzelski had still not set a date for the introduction of martial law. If the Church opposed martial law, Jaruzelski had told him, Glemp would turn into "a second Khomeini."[60] Next day the CPSU Politburo met in emergency session to discuss the Polish crisis. It began by hearing a report from Nikolai Baibakov of Gosplan, just returned from a visit to Warsaw to discuss Poland's appeal for economic assistance. Jaruzelski, Baibakov reported, had become an "extremely neurotic" wreck, terrified that Glemp would declare a holy war. Though all the Politburo members who spoke after Baibakov made scathing criticisms of Jaruzelski, none suggested trying to replace him. It was plainly too late for that. There was general agreement, too, that Soviet forces must not intervene. Andropov declared bluntly:

> If Comrade Kulikov actually did speak about the introduction of troops, then I believe he did this incorrectly. We can't risk such a step. We don't intend to introduce troops into Poland. That is the proper position, and we must adhere to it until the end. I don't know how things will turn out in Poland, but even if Poland falls under the control of Solidarity, that's the way it will be.[61]

Jaruzelski complained to Milewski and others that, by refusing to allow Warsaw Pact military intervention if Polish security forces proved unable to cope, the Soviet Politburo had let him down:

> They pressed us to take firm and decisive action, and the Soviet leaders promised to provide all the assistance and support needed. But now, when we have made a firm decision to take action and we would like to discuss it with the Soviet leaders, we cannot get a concrete answer from the Soviet comrades.

Jaruzelski was gloomy about the prospects for martial law without Soviet military support. "We're about to go on the offensive," he told Milewski, "but I'm afraid that later on we'll be branded as conspirators and hanged." Milewski rang Andropov to report what Jaruzelski had said.[62]

Until the very last moment Moscow continued to fear that Jaruzelski's nerve would crack. On December 11 Aristov, Kulikov and Pavlov jointly reported to the Politburo that all the preparations for "operation X" (the enforcement of martial law) had been completed. But:

> In view of W. Jaruzelski's inclination toward vacillation and doubt, we can't exclude the possibility that, under pressure from the episcopate

> and other forces, he may refuse to take the final decision and will pursue the line of making concessions and agreements. In the light of the current situation, such a step could prove fatal for the PUWP and for the future of Socialism in Poland.[63]

On Saturday December 12 Jaruzelski telephoned Brezhnev and Suslov, asked for and received their approval for operation X to begin that evening.[64] The KGB mission in Warsaw, however, was still not convinced that Jaruzelski would go ahead. He continued to agonize over whether the loss of life which might be necessary to prevent Solidarity turning Poland into "a bourgeois state" could possibly be justified. And if martial law failed, he was convinced that all those responsible for declaring it would be "physically eliminated." "If we fail," said Jaruzelski, "there will be nothing left for me to do but to put a bullet in my head."[65] Pavlov also reported that if Jaruzelski's nerve failed, Olszowski was prepared to stage a coup—provided he had the backing of Moscow. Olszowski's plan of action included the immediate arrest of Solidarity leaders; the prohibition of strikes and protests; the confiscation of food supplies in the countryside; close "economic cooperation" with the Soviet Union; the enforcement of martial law throughout the country; and the sealing of Polish borders.[66]

To Pavlov's relief, Kiszczak, who was in charge of implementing operation X, appeared much more resolute than Jaruzelski. In the course of Saturday December 12 he provided the KGB with the detailed timetable of the operation. At 11:30 p.m., telephone communications throughout the country would be shut down; all embassies would lose their landline connections; communications abroad would cease; and the borders would be closed. Foreign reporters without permanent accreditation would be expelled. The arrests would begin at midnight. Four thousand two hundred would be detained overnight and another 4,500 placed in "protective custody" on Sunday December 13. Wałęsa would be asked to enter talks with the government and arrested if he refused. In a broadcast at 6 a.m. Jaruzelski would declare martial law and announce the creation of a "Military Council for National Salvation." In order to keep people at home and off the streets on Sunday, church services would—unusually—be televised. If necessary, Monday December 14 would be declared a public holiday. The security forces had orders to open fire if they encountered serious resistance. But, Kiszczak warned, there was no guarantee of success:

> If the operation that we have undertaken fails, if we have to pay with our lives, then the Soviet Union will have to be ready to face a hostile state on its western border, whose leaders will promote nationalism and anti-Sovietism. From the outset they

> will receive energetic assistance from the imperialist states to an extent sufficient for them to sever all ties with Socialist countries. Poland's Socialist development would be put into reverse for a long period.[67]

In the event, the enforcement of martial law went more smoothly than Jaruzelski had dared to hope. Kryuchkov, who had arrived from Moscow to observe operation X at first hand, must also have been pleasantly surprised. Solidarity was caught off-guard, with most of its leading activists asleep in bed when the security forces arrived to arrest them. Zbigniew Bujak, the most senior Solidarity leader to escape arrest and go underground, said later, "The authorities were clearly planning a sizeable operation against the union. But we never thought it would be as serious as this." There had been so much talk about the growing powerlessness of the Polish government that Solidarity had begun to believe its own rhetoric. Poles awoke on Sunday morning to find an army checkpoint at every crossroads and declarations of martial law posted to every street corner. Jaruzelski's 6 a.m. broadcast was repeated throughout the day, interspersed with Chopin polonaises and patriotic music. Television viewers saw Jaruzelski, dressed in army uniform, sitting at a desk in front of a large Polish flag. "Citizens and lady citizens of the Polish People's Republic!" he began. "I speak to you as a soldier and head of government! Our motherland is on the verge of an abyss!”[68] Many interpreted his speech as a warning that only martial law could save Poland from a Soviet invasion.

In the early hours of the morning Wałęsa had been taken by military escort, accompanied by the minister of labor, Stanisław Ciosek, to a villa on the outskirts of Warsaw. Wałęsa later recalled that he was addressed as “Mr. Chairman,” there were apologies for the inconvenience to which he was being put and the razor was removed from the villa’s marble bathroom in case he was tempted to commit suicide.[69] Later in the day Ciosek reported to the PUWP Politburo that Wałęsa was in a state of shock, had said that his role as chairman of Solidarity was at an end and that the union would have to be reorganized. He was also alleged to be willing to cooperate with the government. Kiszczak passed on the good news to the KGB mission.[70] Milewski exultantly told Pavlov and Kryuchkov, “Wałęsa cannot hide his terror!”[71] In reality, though stunned by the suddenness of the declaration of martial law, Wałęsa is unlikely to have panicked. He had been arrested over a dozen times before and his wife Danuta was accustomed to the routine of packing a holdall for him to take to prison.[72]

While Wałęsa was being installed in the government villa, Glemp was being visited by Kazimierz Barcikowski, secretary of the Polish Central Committee and president of the Joint Commission for the State and the Episcopate, and Jerzy Kuberski, Minister of Religious Affairs, to be informed of the impending declaration of martial law. Since no telephones were operating, they had arrived unannounced at 3 a.m. at the archbishop's palace, where a patrolman rang the doorbell repeatedly until at last a light went on inside, Glemp was woken and a nun came to let them in. "The whole thing," said Barcikowski, "was a bit theatrical."[73] Contrary to Jaruzelski's alarmist forecasts, Glemp showed no inclination to declare a holy war and no desire to become "a Polish Khomeini." Milewski informed Kryuchkov and Pavlov that Glemp had reacted calmly, with "a certain degree of understanding." Though the declaration of martial law did not surprise him, he had not expected it to occur until after the Christmas holidays.[74]

The immediate concern of the authorities had been the homily that Glemp was due to give on Sunday afternoon at the Jesuit church of Mary Mother of God in Warsaw's Old City.[75] They need not have worried. The keynote of Glemp's sermon was caution. "Opposition to the decisions of the authorities under martial law," he warned, "could cause violent reprisals, including bloodshed, because the authorities have the armed forces at their disposal . . . There is nothing of greater value than human life." "The Primate's words," writes historian Timothy Garton Ash, "were bitterly resented by many Christian Poles who were, at that moment, preparing to risk their own lives for what they considered greater values." Jaruzelski, by contrast, felt an enormous sense of relief. Glemp's homily was broadcast repeatedly on television, printed in the Party newspaper and put up on the walls of army barracks.[76]

On the first day of martial law, Brezhnev rang Jaruzelski to congratulate him on the beginning of operation X.[77] Kryuchkov, Pavlov and Kulikov jointly telegraphed from Warsaw that the first stages of the operation had been successfully completed. "But the most dangerous days," they believed, "will be Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of the coming week [December 14-16] when Solidarity activists who are still at large will try to spread disorder among workers and students."[78] "During the next two weeks," Jaruzelski told Kryuchkov, "a great deal will depend on the market situation." The best antidote to Solidarity would be well-stocked shelves in Polish shops for Christmas. He appealed to Moscow to send shoes, children's toys and other consumer goods as quickly as possible: "Any material aid now will cost much less than the expenditure required by the Polish situation if the unthinkable began to happen here."[79]

The worst violence after the declaration of martial law took place at a coal mine near Katowice, where more than 2,000 miners began a sit-in. On Tuesday December 15 helicopters dropped tear gas into the mines, while ZOMO paramilitary police from the ministry of the interior, supported by forty tanks, began firing rubber bullets at the miners. The security forces then attacked the doctors and ambulance drivers who came to tend the wounded.[80] Seven miners were killed and thirty-nine injured; forty-one ZOMO policemen were also injured, though none were killed. Overall, however, casualties were much lower than the SB and KGB had expected. The mere threat of Soviet intervention had proved as effective in crushing opposition as the actual Soviet intervention in Czechoslovakia thirteen years earlier. By the year's end organized opposition to martial law had virtually disappeared. Graffiti on the walls of Polish cities proclaimed optimistically, "Winter Is Yours. Spring Will be Ours!" But Spring did not truly return until 1989 with the formation of a Solidarity-led government and the disintegration of the Communist one-party state.

Jaruzelski gave the main credit for the success of operation X to the SB, ZOMO and other interior ministry personnel. At a meeting in the ministry on December 31 he praised the SB's dedication to Socialism and the high moral and political qualities of its operational officers. "You were the defenders of Socialism in Poland," Jaruzelski told them. "The Polish army contributed to the success, but the main work was done by the Interior Ministry." The SB's principal role now was deep penetration of the opposition movement to provide the intelligence necessary "to neutralize the adversary by the swiftest possible means." In answer to a question about the “mildness” of the sentences passed on the strike organizers at Katowice and elsewhere, Jaruzelski said that, though he was personally in favor of more severe punishment, public opinion had to be taken into account: “If we were to impose excessively severe sentences, say ten to twelve years’ imprisonment, people would say that we were taking our revenge on Solidarity. So we have to be content with moderate sentences.” As usual, an account of the meeting was forwarded to the Centre by the KGB mission in Warsaw.[81]

According to self-congratulatory SB statistics supplied to the KGB, during the year after the declaration of martial law, 701 underground opposition groups were identified, 430 of them associated with the now-illegal Solidarity; 10,131 individuals were interned; over 400 demonstrations dispersed; 370 illegal printing presses and 1,200 items of printing equipment confiscated; the distribution of over 1.2 million leaflets prevented; and 12 underground Solidarity radio stations closed down. A total of 250,000 members of the security forces were allegedly deployed on these operations, among them 90,000 members of police reserve units, over 30,000 soldiers and 10,000 members of the volunteer police reserve.[82] The figures for the deployment of security forces, however, are suspiciously high and may well have been substantially inflated in order to impress Moscow. Jaruzelski commended all those who had taken part in the enforcement of martial law as intrepid defenders of Polish

Socialism.

The SB’s biggest problem was Wałęsa, whose worldwide celebrity made it impossible either to subject him to a show trial or to treat him with the casual brutality meted out to less well-known Solidarity activists. (Even Wałęsa’s wife Danuta and their small daughters were subjected to humiliating strip searches.) As the initial shock of internment wore off, however, Wałęsa’s old combative spirit returned and he refused to negotiate with the authorities. The SB’s first tactic was to try to persuade Wałęsa to follow the more accommodating policy of Cardinal Glemp by giving the Primate’s spokesman, Father Alojsy Orszulik, regular access to him.[83] Orszulik was initially accompanied by an interior ministry official later identified as Colonel Adam Pietruszka, deputy head of the SB church department, who three years later was to be implicated in the murder of the Solidarity priest Father Jerzy Popiełuszko. Wałęsa did not take to Orszulik. When urged to give up his resistance to negotiating with the Military Council for National Salvation, Wałęsa shouted, “They’ll come to me on their knees!” Polish Catholics did not normally shout at their priests and Orszulik seems to have been shocked. According to Wałęsa, he “disapproved of my lack of Christian humility, and it too us some time to get used to each other.”[84]

Wałęsa’s clashes with Orszulik had the advantage, so far as the SB was concerned, of alienating Glemp. In January 1982 Kiszczak reported to the KGB, with evident satisfaction and possibly some exaggeration, that Glemp was “completely disenchanted with Wałęsa,” and believed that the leaders of Solidarity “have learned nothing from events and refuse to budge from their previous positions.”[85] The SB also informed the KGB that Orszulik’s visits eventually had a “favorable effect” on Wałęsa.[86] As Wałęsa later acknowledged, he dropped one by one all his conditions for negotiating with the authorities, “finally aligning himself with the church’s position.”[87]

The SB also tried less subtle methods of influencing and discrediting Wałęsa. While working as a shipyard electrician in the early 1970s, Wałęsa had been in contact with the SB. Among the SB files discovered in the early 1990s after the collapse of the Communist regime was one codenamed BOLEK, whose full contents have yet to be revealed and whose authenticity remains to be established, but which is known to contain alleged details of Wałęsa’s role as an SB informer. According to some reports, after seeing a copy of the file in 1992, Wałęsa, by then President of the Polish Republic, began to draft a public statement in which he acknowledged that he had put his signature to “three or four” SB interrogation protocols, but asked for understanding of the difficult position of those pressured by the SB to act as informers in the 1970s. In the end, it is claimed, Wałęsa had second thoughts and scrapped the statement.[88]

The KGB files noted by Mitrokhin do not disclose the exact extent of Wałęsa's cooperation with the SB in the 1970s. But they do reveal that the SB sought to intimidate Wałęsa after his internment by "reminding him that they had paid him money and received information from him." If Wałęsa did indeed act at one stage of his career as a paid informant of the SB, it is easy to imagine the pressure exerted on him to do so, as on the millions of other informers to Soviet Bloc security services. Kiszczak told the KGB that Wałęsa had been confronted by one of his alleged former SB case officers and a conversation between them tape-recorded.[89]

Since the SB did not wish to advertise its vast network of willing and unwilling informers, it made only limited use of Wałęsa's past contact with it in active measures intended to discredit him. Instead, it resorted to a series of fabrications designed to portray Wałęsa as a greedy, foul-mouthed embezzler.[90] To add authentic detail to its forgeries, it stole a tape-recording made by his brother Stanisław during Wałęsa's birthday celebrations on September 29.[91] On November 11, the anniversary of Polish independence, Wałęsa was freed from internment. Moscow was outraged that the news was broadcast in Poland at the same time as the announcement of Brezhnev's death the previous day.[92] Kiszczak sought to reassure Pavlov that, despite Wałęsa's release, active measures were still in hand to compromise Wałęsa.[93]

Jaruzelski told Aristov that the material being assembled to discredit Wałęsa included pornographic photographs (presumably of Wałęsa with a mistress) and would expose him as “a scheming, grubby individual with gigantic ambitions.” Wałęsa, Jaruzelski claimed, had already lost half the popular authority he had possessed before his internment. Though he remained a potential threat, he no longer had his Solidarity base and would be unable to rebuild his previous alliance with the church.[94]

Moscow was far from reassured. Since the unexpectedly successful introduction of martial law, many of its previous doubts about Jaruzelski had resurfaced. A KGB agent in Jaruzelski’s entourage described him as “the offspring of rich Polish landowners” with little sympathy for working people: “His tendency is pro-Western and he surrounds himself with generals who are descendants of Polish landowners and are anti-Soviet in inclination.” The agent (presumably something of an anti-Semite) also reported that Jaruzelski was in contact with “a representative of Polish Zionism”: “One should examine whether he himself is not a Zionist.” By contrast, Jaruzelski “virtually ignored” the advice of the Soviet ambassador.[95]

The reports of both the KGB mission and the Soviet embassy during 1982 repeatedly condemned Jaruzelski’s tolerance of men with revisionist tendencies in the Polish leadership, chief among them Mieczysław Rakowski, whose allegedly defeatist attitude to anti-Socialist forces aroused deep suspicion in Moscow. Rakowski was reported to have told the Council of Ministers in June, “The PUWP is sick. Martial law made it possible to overcome the peak of the opposition, but there is no noticeable change for the better in the attitude of broad layers of the population.” The strength of the Catholic Church meant that a policy of confrontation would be mere “adventurism.”[96] A report by Rakowski on June 22 concluded that there were “100,000 hostile teachers” in Polish schools, but that it was impossible to sack them all.[97] Jaruzelski was alleged to have told Milewski, “I know that Rakowski is a swine, but I still need him.” In a telegram to Brezhnev on June 29, however, Aristov argued that keeping Rakowski and other like-minded individuals in the Polish leadership was “not simply a tactical move, but a strategic line for Jaruzelski, who shares their position on a number of problems”: “It is therefore very important at the present stage to continue to exert influence on Comrade W. Jaruzelski.”[98]

Pavlov and Aristov continued to press for more arrests and trials of counter-revolutionaries. At a meeting with Kiszczak on July 7, Pavlov denounced the policy of the interior ministry and the SB as “weak and indecisive.” Kiszczak replied that there were 40,000 Solidarity activists, and it was impossible to prosecute them all.[99] Four days later Aristov brought Jaruzelski a personal message from Brezhnev and repeated the Soviet demand for more prosecutions. Jaruzelski argued that to try Wałęsa would be impossible because of the international as well as Polish outcry it would produce, and that a trial of leading opposition figures which excluded Wałęsa would lack credibility.[100] The Polish decision in December to suspend (though not yet formally end) martial law caused predictable dismay in Moscow. When pressed by Aristov to keep it in force, however, Jaruzelski delivered something of a lecture, which was duly reported to Moscow:

> We cannot continue martial law as if we were living in a bunker; we want to pursue a dialogue with the people . . . Glemp's latest statements are such that they could even be printed in *Trybuna Ludu* [the Party newspaper]. He appeals for calm, restraint and realism . . . We are, of course, playing a game with the Catholic Church; our aim is to neutralize its harmful influence on the population. The aims of the Church and my aims are still different. However, at this stage we must exploit our common interest in stabilizing the situation in order to strengthen Socialism and the positions of the Party.[101]

Jaruzelski's attitude to Moscow had become visibly less deferential since operation X a year earlier. The KGB mission reported that he had declared on one occasion, "The Soviet comrades are mistaken if they think that the

Polish section of the CPSU Central Committee will make Polish policy as in the days of Gierek. This will not happen. [Those] days are over."[102] Jaruzelski was, initially, favorably impressed by the signs of a new, less hectoring style in the Soviet leadership after Brezhnev's death. He told Kiszczak after a meeting in Moscow with Andropov, Brezhnev's successor, in December 1982:

> This was a genuine conversation on an equal footing between the leaders of the two Parties and countries, not a monologue as was the case earlier with Brezhnev. In a conversation lasting three hours, Andropov said that all Socialist countries must take account of the specific conditions of Poland. The Polish problems were not the concern of one country alone; it was a world problem.

Andropov did, however, express concern about the continued presence of Rakowski and his fellow moderate, Barcikowski, in the Polish leadership. Jaruzelski asked Andropov to trust his judgment on how long to keep them in office. The fact that Andropov appeared so well informed about the Polish situation, Jaruzelski believed, was due chiefly to reports from the KGB mission in Warsaw.[103]

The KGB mission remained deeply suspicious of revisionist tendencies in the Polish leadership. It telegraphed the Centre at the end of 1982:

> Rakowski continues to influence Jaruzelski. They meet constantly to exchange views, not only at work, but also at home, and Rakowski was the first person Jaruzelski met immediately after his return from Moscow.[104]

KGB distrust of Jaruzelski continued to grow during 1983. The Warsaw mission reported that he had given a dangerously defeatist address to the PUWP central committee on January 12:

> Gierek's slogans about the moral and ideological unity of the Poles, the development of Socialism—all this is a fantasy and dreamworld. We have a multiparty system. There is an uneven rate of development of capitalism, but there is also such a thing as the uneven rate of development of Socialism . . . In [the current] situation tactics must prevail over strategy.

Even Lenin, at various moments of his career, had engaged in tactical retreats. Poland, Jaruzelski claimed, must do the same.[105] Pavlov believed that Jaruzelski intended to retreat much too far. The danger that he would do so was greatly increased by the Polish regime's capitulation to Church pressure for a second visit by John Paul II in June. According to Pavlov:

> The episcopate, and right-wing forces within the PUWP and the country at large, seek to influence Jaruzelski and intimidate him with the might of the Church. There are many signs that the right wing and the Church are succeeding in this.[106]

Among other worrying signs of Jaruzelski's susceptibility to right-wing pressure was his willingness to allow family farms and the private ownership of land to be enshrined in the Polish constitution.[107] The Soviet embassy condemned a report presented to the PUWP Politburo on February 1 on "The Causes and Consequences of Social Crises in the History of the Polish People's Republic" as the product of "bourgeois methodology":

> [The report] reduces the essence of the class struggle in the Polish People's Republic to conflicts between the authorities and society, thereby deliberately excluding the possibility of analyzing the actions of anti-Socialist forces, and their connections with the West's ideological sabotage centers. There is not a word about the USSR's help in restoring and developing Poland's economy.

After extensive lobbying by the Soviet embassy, which had received an advance copy, the report was rejected and it was agreed that a revised version should be prepared, emphasizing Poland's supposed achievements in Socialist construction under the leadership of the PUWP.[108] Aristov continued, however, to complain that "ideological work remains a most neglected sector of the PUWP's activity," and that the PUWP leadership was failing to master "the revisionist right-wing opportunist bias in the Party." The press was deeply tainted by revisionism and Eurocommunism, while Polish translations of Soviet textbooks were openly disparaged:

> Currency has been given to the idea that the Soviet model is unsuitable for Poland; the PUWP is incapable of solving contradictions in the interests of the whole of society, and a "third path" needs to be worked out. There is increasing criticism of real Socialism.[109]

As the time for John Paul II's return to Poland approached, the official mood in both Warsaw and Moscow became increasingly nervous. On April 5, 1983 Pavlov forwarded to Viktor Chebrikov, the KGB chairman, a request from Kiszczak for "material and technical assistance in connection with the Pope's visit": 150 rifles of the kind used for firing rubber bullets, 20 armed personnel carriers, 300 cars for transporting plain clothes personnel and surveillance equipment, 200 army tents and various medical supplies.[110] According to Pavlov, Kiszczak was close to panic, declaring that he could no longer “rely on anyone.” SB sources in the Vatican reported that, though statements drafted for John Paul II were usually moderate, he tended to depart from prepared texts, improvise and get carried away. Kiszczak feared that he would do the same in Poland.

The SB’s only ground for optimism was the decline in the Pope’s health since the assassination attempt in the previous year. “At the present time,” said Kiszczak, “we can only dream of the possibility that God will recall him to his bosom as soon as possible.” Kiszczak seized eagerly on any evidence which suggested that the Pope’s days were numbered. According to one improbable SB report, which he passed on to the KGB, John Paul II was suffering from leukemia but used cosmetics to conceal his condition.[111] Two years earlier the KGB had received an equally inaccurate report from the Hungarian AVH which claimed that the Pope was suffering from cancer of the spinal column.[112] About a fortnight after Kiszczak’s appeal for help from the KGB, Aristov reported further evidence that the Polish authorities were wilting under papal pressure. Having at first refused to allow large open-air masses at Kraków and Katowice, they had given way and agreed to both—thus running the unacceptable risk “of inflaming religious fanaticism among the working class.”[113]

On the eve of the Pope’s arrival on June 16, 1983, the underground Warsaw weekly *Tygodnik Mazowsze* expressed the hope that his visit would "enable people to break through the barrier of despair, just as his 1979 visit broke through the barrier of fear." In his first words after his emotional homecoming at Warsaw airport, John Paul II reached out to those imprisoned and persecuted by the regime:

> I ask those who suffer to be particularly close to me. I ask this in the words of Christ: "I was sick, and you visited me. I was in prison and you came to me." I myself cannot visit all those in prison [*gasps from the crowd*], all those who are suffering. But I ask them to be close to me in spirit to help me, just as they always do.[114]

At every stage during the next nine days, as during John Paul II's first visit four years earlier, the gulf between his immense moral authority and the discredited one-party state was plain for all to see. Even Jaruzelski sensed it during his first meeting with the Pope in the ornate surroundings of Belweder presidential palace. Though a nonbeliever, Jaruzelski later admitted that, "My legs were trembling and my knees were knocking together . . . The Pope, this figure in white, it all affected me emotionally. Beyond all reason . . ."[115]

For millions of Poles, the visit was equally unforgettable. Many walked across Poland to see John Paul II, often sleeping by the roadside during their journeys. Wherever the Pope stopped, there were rarely less than half a million people waiting for him.[116] “We have to deal with the most famous Pole in the world,” grumbled Kiszczak, “and, unfortunately, we have to do it here in Poland!”[117] Though the Pope could not meet the leaders of the illegal Solidarity underground during his visit, he had sent an emissary, Father Adam Boniecki, to see them before he arrived and convey his gratitude and admiration to them.[118] At first the authorities refused to allow Wałęsa to meet the Pope; then, on the final day of his visit, they gave way and Wałęsa was flown to a meeting in the Tatra mountains. An underground cartoon of the time showed SB agents disguised as sheep and goats clutching boom microphones as they tried to listen in to the conversation.[119]

The formal ending of martial law a month after the Pope’s visit did little to mend the regime’s tattered reputation. Nor did Rakowski’s visit to address Gdańsk shipyard workers on the third anniversary of the August 1980 accords. Having arrived to proclaim Solidarity dead and Wałęsa a has-been, he found himself upstaged by Solidarity hecklers. Wałęsa, in an admittedly stumbling statement, had the workers on his side when he accused Rakowski and his colleagues of using the 1980 strikes to lever Gierek out of power and advance their own careers. It was probably this débâcle at Gdańsk which finally persuaded the regime to broadcast the libelous video of

Wałęsa concocted by the SB at the end of the previous year. Film footage taken by a hidden SB camera of Wałęsa eating a birthday meal with his brother Stanisław was used as the basis of a bogus “documentary” entitled *Money,* which purported to expose Wałęsa’s greed and corruption. The dialogue was constructed by splicing together some of Wałęsa’s public statements, misleading extracts from the stolen tape-recording of his birthday celebrations and words spoken by a Warsaw actor imitating Wałęsa’s voice.[120]

The Polish files seen by Mitrokhin end just too early to clarify who exactly was involved in the decision to go ahead with an active measure begun over a year earlier. Kiszczak later tried to put the blame on his SB subordinate, Adam Pietruszka, but he must certainly have been among those who authorized the use of the video. The film dialogue included a fabricated exchange about Wałęsa’s supposed fortune in the West:

> LECH WAŁĘSA: You know all in all it is over a million dollars . . . Somebody has to draw it all and put it somewhere. It can’t be brought into the country, though.
> STANISŁAW WAŁĘSA: No, no, no!
> LECH WAŁĘSA: So I thought about it and they came here and this priest had an idea that they would open an account in that bank, the papal one. They give 15 percent there . . . Somebody has to arrange it

> all, open accounts in the Vatican. I can’t touch it though or I’d get smashed in the mug. So you could . . .

Part of the purpose of the SB active measure was to sabotage Wałęsa’s prospect of winning the Nobel Peace Prize. The actor impersonating Wałęsa explains that the prize is worth a lot of money, then complains, “I’d get it if it weren’t for the Church! But the Church is starting to interfere.” “Yeah,” says his brother, “because they’ve put up the Pope again.”[121]

On October 5, however, came the news that Wałęsa had indeed been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. To counter the SB’s attempt to portray him as a corrupt fortunehunter, Wałęsa announced that he was giving his prize money to a Church scheme to help private farmers modernize and mechanize the countryside.[122] Though now terminally ill, Andropov could barely contain his fury. From his sickbed he despatched a furious letter to Jaruzelski:

> The Church is reawakening the cult of Wałęsa, giving him inspiration and encouraging him in his actions. This means that the Church is creating a new kind of confrontation with the Party. In this situation, the most important thing is not to make concessions . . .

Jaruzelski appeared unmoved. A month later he wrote a remarkable letter to John Paul II saying that he still often thought of their conversations during his visit to Poland because, "regardless of understandable differences in assessment, they were full of heartfelt concern for the fate of our motherland and the well-being of man."[123]

In April 1984, two months after Andropov's death, Jaruzelski was summoned to explain himself at another secret meeting in a railway coach at the border city of Brest-Litovsk, this time with foreign minister Gromyko and defense minister Ustinov. Gromyko gave a grim account of the meeting to the Politburo on April 26:

> Concerning the attitude of the Polish Church, [Jaruzelski] described the Church as an ally, without whom progress is impossible. He did not say a word about a determined struggle against the intrigues of the Church.

Andropov's successor, Konstantin Chernenko, declared that the Church was leading a counter-revolutionary offensive in Poland, "inspiring and uniting the enemies of Communism and those dissatisfied by the present system." The comments of Mikhail Gorbachev, who was to succeed Chernenko eleven months later, were curiously prophetic. "It seems to me," he said, "that we don't yet understand the true intentions of Jaruzelski. Perhaps he wishes to have a pluralistic system of government in

Poland."[124]

As in Czechoslovakia during and after the Prague Spring, every stage of the Polish crisis was monitored by illegals on PROGRESS operations. In Poland, as in Czechoslovakia, there are indications that at least a few of the illegals became sympathetic to the reformers. The evidence is clearest in the case of Valentin Viktorovich Barannik (codenamed ORLOV) and his wife, Svetlana Mikhaylovna (codenamed ORLOVA), who, from 1978 onwards, were sent on a series of assignments in Poland using false West German passports. In the summer of 1982, ORLOV despatched to the center a devastating critique of the nature of the Polish one-party state:

> The absence of a legal opposition leads to the fact that only Yes men are successful. Views which are contrary to those of the leadership are not discussed, but suppressed and eliminated.
>
> The whole of the ruling stratum is engaged in a hidden struggle, individually and in groups, for an even higher post, a prestigious appointment and other advantages. Thus, the Party bureaucracy is not in a position to lead the country while taking a comprehensive account of all its problems and needs.
>
> Without creativity and free enterprise, a society is not viable, and it becomes the victim of bureaucracy.[125]

The files noted by Mitrokhin do not record the Centre's doubtless outraged response. There is little doubt, however, that there were other illegals who agreed privately with what ORLOV dared to say openly.

AS EARLY AS 1980 the Soviet Politburo had been forced into the reluctant recognition that the only effective defense against a Polish counter-revolution was the fear of Soviet military intervention. That fear, however, was a dwindling asset based on memories of Budapest in 1956, Prague in 1968 and Kabul in 1979. Once the Politburo secretly turned against the idea of invading Warsaw in 1980, its policy was based on a bluff which could not be sustained indefinitely.

Gorbachev's rise to power in 1985 hastened the moment when the bluff would be called. In some of his first meetings as general secretary with east European leaders, he warned that they could no longer expect the Red Army to come to their rescue if they fell out with their fellow citizens. Gorbachev conveyed the same message more formally at a meeting of Comecon leaders in Moscow in November 1986.[126] Though the east European regimes were, predictably, unwilling to share the secret with their subjects, it was only a matter of time before they discovered it. It did not occur to Gorbachev, however, that he might be opening the way to the end of the Communist era in eastern Europe. He expected the hardliners, when they could hold out no longer, to be succeeded by a generation of little Gorbachevs anxious to emulate the reforms being introduced in Moscow. Few peacetime miscalculations have had such momentous consequences. Once a new crisis arose within the Soviet Bloc and it became clear that the Red Army would stay in its barracks, the “Socialist Commonwealth” was doomed.

The end game began in Poland. By the beginning of 1989, with the economy in dire straits and the return of labor unrest, the Polish Politburo was discussing new austerity measures which threatened to produce an explosion of discontent reminiscent of that in 1980. Jaruzelski refused to consider a return to martial law, convinced that it would lead to much greater loss of life than in 1981. The only option, he believed, was to hold discussions with the still-illegal Solidarity in return for its help in preserving the peace. Though Jaruzelski had the support of Czesław Kiszczak, interior minister in charge of the SB and one of the leading hardliners of 1981, he was able to push his proposal through the Politburo only by threatening to resign. Two months of tortuous negotiations led to Solidarity’s relegalization and to general elections in June under rules which, though calculated to produce a large Communist majority, would give Solidarity a place in parliament. To the stupefaction of both itself and its opponents, however, Solidarity won a sweeping victory. A few months earlier the government spokesman, Jerzy Urban, had dismissed Solidarity as a “non-existent organization” and Wałęsa as a “private citizen" of no political significance. After the Communist defeat he told the outgoing government, "This is not just a lost election, gentlemen. It's the end of an age."[127]

The end came more quickly than anyone thought possible. Any remaining doubts about Moscow's willingness to tolerate the removal of the Communist old guard disappeared during Gorbachev's visit to East Berlin in September to attend the fortieth birthday celebrations of the now-doomed "German Democratic Republic." He told Honecker in a phrase quickly made public by the Soviet delegation, "In politics life punishes severely those who fall behind." Honecker himself fell from power six weeks later. Even when it became clear that the whole Communist order, and not merely the old guard, was at risk in eastern Europe, Gorbachev did not draw back. He sent his close adviser Aleksandr Yakovlev to the capitals of the disintegrating Socialist Commonwealth "to make the point over and over again: We are not going to interfere." Yakovlev said later:

> Please, we told them, make your own calculations, but make sure you understand that our troops will not be used, even though they are there. They will remain in their barracks and will not go anywhere, under any circumstances.[128]

After delirious East German crowds surged through the Berlin Wall on November 9 it took only the last seven weeks of the year for the remaining one-party states to topple like a house of cards.

The Centre accepted the collapse of the Soviet Bloc with far less equanimity than Gorbachev. Though the KGB devised active measures in a desperate attempt to stave off the downfall of the Communist regimes, it was refused permission to implement them. According to the head of the FCD, Leonid Shebarshin, the leaders of eastern Europe were told to fend for themselves. “But,” he complains, “they were educated only to be friends of the Soviet Union; they were never prepared to stand on their own feet. They were just thrown to the wolves.”[129]

CONCLUSION: FROM THE ONE-PARTY STATE

TO THE PUTIN PRESIDENCY

The Role of Russian Intelligence

Most academic historians have been slow to recognize the role of intelligence communities in the international relations and political history of the twentieth century. One striking example concerns the history of signals intelligence (SIGINT). From 1945 onwards, almost all histories of the Second World War mentioned the American success in breaking the main Japanese diplomatic cipher over a year before the attack on Pearl Harbor. British success in breaking German ciphers during the First World War was also common knowledge; indeed one well-publicized German decrypt produced by British codebreakers—the Zimmermann telegram—had hastened the US declaration of war on Germany in 1917. But, until the revelation of the ULTRA secret in 1973, it occurred to almost no historian (save for former intelligence officers who were forbidden to mention it) that there might have been major SIGINT successes against Germany as well as Japan. Even after the disclosure of ULTRA's important role in British and American wartime operations in the west, it took another fifteen years before any historian raised the rather obvious question of whether there was a Russian ULTRA on the eastern front.[1]

At the end of the twentieth century, many of the historians who now acknowledge the significance of SIGINT in the Second World War still ignore it completely in their studies of the Cold War. This sudden disappearance of SIGINT from the historical landscape immediately after VJ Day has produced a series of eccentric anomalies even in some of the leading studies of policymakers and international relations. Thus, for example, Sir Martin Gilbert's massive and mostly authoritative multi-volume official biography of Churchill acknowledges his passion for SIGINT as war leader but includes not a single reference to his continuing interest in it as peacetime prime minister from 1951 to 1955.

There is even less about SIGINT in biographies of Stalin. While there are some excellent histories of the Soviet Union, it is difficult to think of any which devotes as much as a sentence to the enormous volume of SIGINT generated by the KGB and GRU. In many studies of Soviet foreign policy, the KGB is barely mentioned. The bibliography of the most recent academic history of Russian foreign relations from 1917 to 1991 (published in 1998), praised by a British authority on the subject as "easily the best general history of Soviet foreign policy," contains—apart from a biography of Beria—not a single work on Soviet intelligence among more than 120 titles.[2]

Though such aberrations by leading historians are due partly to the over-classification of intelligence archives (worst in the case of SIGINT), they derive at root from what psychologists call "cognitive dissonance"—the difficulty all of us have in grasping new concepts which disturb our existing view of the world.[3] For many twentieth-century historians, political scientists and international relations specialists, secret intelligence has been just such a concept. It is, of course, naive to assume, as some "spy writers" have done, that the most secret sources necessarily provide the most important information. But it is also naive to suppose that research on twentieth-century international relations and authoritarian regimes (to take only two examples) can afford to neglect the role of intelligence agencies. As a new century dawns the traditional academic disregard for intelligence is in serious, if not yet terminal, decline. A new generation of scholars has begun to emerge, less disoriented than most of their predecessors by the role of intelligence and its use (or abuse) by policymakers.[4] A vast research agenda awaits them.

Research on the Soviet era has already undermined the common assumption of a basic symmetry between the role of intelligence in East and West. The Cheka and its successors were central to the functioning of the Soviet system in ways that intelligence communities never were to the government of Western states. The great nineteenth-century dissident Aleksandr Herzen, perhaps the first real Russian socialist, said that what he feared for the twentieth century was "Genghis Khan with a telegraph"—a traditional despot with at his command all the power of the modern state. With Stalin's Russia, Herzen's nightmare became reality. But the power of the Stalinist state was, as George Orwell realized, in large part a secret power. The construction and survival of the world's first one-party state in Russia and its "near abroad" depended on the creation after the October Revolution of an unprecedented system of surveillance able to monitor and suppress all forms of dissent. In *Nineteen Eighty-Four* Orwell depicts a state built on almost total surveillance:

> There was ... no way of knowing whether you were being watched at any given moment. How often, or on what system, the Thought Police plugged in on any individual wire was guesswork. It was even conceivable that they watched everybody all the time. But at any rate they could plug in your wire whenever they wanted to.[5]

Millions in Stalin's Russia felt almost as closely watched as Winston Smith in *Nineteen Eighty-Four.* "Because of the ubiquity of NKVD informers," writes historian Geoffrey Hosking, "... many people had no one whom they trusted completely."[6]

The foundations of Stalin's surveillance state were laid by Lenin, the Cheka's most ardent supporter within the Bolshevik leadership, who dismissed protests at its brutality as wimpish "wailing." With Lenin's personal encouragement, the Cheka gradually permeated every aspect of life under the Soviet regime.[7] When, for example, Lenin sought to stamp out celebration of the Russian Christmas, it was to the Cheka that he turned. "All Chekists," he instructed on December 25, 1919, "have to be on the alert to shoot anyone who doesn't turn up to work because of 'Nikola' [St. Nicholas's Day]."[8] Stalin used the Cheka's successors, the OGPU and the NKVD, to carry through the greatest peacetime persecution in European history, whose victims included a majority of the Party leadership, of the high command and even of the commissars of state security responsible for implementing the Great Terror. Among Western observers of the Terror, unable to comprehend that such persecution was possible in an apparently civilized society, there were some textbook cases of cognitive dissonance. The American ambassador, Joseph Davies, informed Washington that the show trials had provided "proof beyond reasonable doubt to justify the verdict of guilty of treason." The historian Sir Bernard Pares, widely regarded as the leading British expert of his generation on all things Russian, wrote as late as 1962, "Nearly all [those condemned at the trials] admitted having conspired against the life of Stalin and others, and on this point it is not necessary to doubt them."[9]

After the Second World War the NKVD and its successor, the MGB, played a central role in the creation of the new Soviet empire in eastern and central Europe. Their role, according to a sanctimonious Soviet official history, was to "help the people of liberated countries in establishing and strengthening a free domestic form of government"[10]—in other words, to construct a series of obedient one-party states along the Soviet Union's western borders. Throughout the Soviet Bloc, security and intelligence services, newly created in the image of the MGB, played a crucial part in the establishment of Stalinist regimes. Informers in the German Democratic Republic were seven times more numerous even than in Nazi Germany. As in East Germany, many of the leaders of the new one-party states were not merely loyal Stalinists but also former Soviet agents.

Though post-Stalinist enemies of the people were downgraded by the KGB to the category of dissidents and subjected to less homicidal methods of repression, the campaign against them remained uncompromising. In order to understand the workings of the Soviet state, much more detailed research is needed on the KGB's methods of social control. Mitrokhin's notes on documents from internal KGB directorates which found their way into FCD files illustrate the enormous wealth of highly classified material on the functioning of the Soviet system which still remains hidden in the archives of today's Russian security service, the FSB.

Among the KGB's innovations during the Cold War was the punitive use of psychiatry against ideological subversion. The KGB recruited a series of psychiatrists at the Serbsky Institute for Forensic Psychiatry and other institutes who were instructed to diagnose political dissidents as cases of "paranoiac schizophrenia," thus condemning them to indefinite incarceration in mental hospitals where they could be drugged and tranquilized. One "plan of agent operational measures" implemented late in 1975 involved the use of four agents (KRAYEVSKY, PETROV, PROFESSOR and VAYKIN) and six co-optees (BEA, LDR, MGV, MZN, NRA and SAB) in the psychiatric profession.[11] There were, almost certainly, many more. Remarkably, most incarcerated dissidents retained their sanity, even after treatment by KGB psychiatrists. An examination of twenty-seven of them in 1977-8 by Aleksandr Aleksandrovich Voloshanovich, a doctor at the Dolgoprudnaya psychiatric hospital, concluded that none was suffering from any psychological disorder.[12] In 1983 Soviet psychiatrists resigned from the World Psychiatric Association, just in time to avoid expulsion for systematic abuse of their patients.

The KGB's most widely used methods of social control were the simpler, though immensely labor-intensive, techniques of ubiquitous surveillance and intimidation. Andropov's first-hand experience as ambassador in Budapest in 1956, reinforced by the Czechoslovak crisis during his first year as KGB chairman, convinced him that the KGB could not afford to overlook a single instance of ideological subversion. "Every such act," he insisted, "represents a danger."[13] None was too trivial to attract the attention of the KGB. The effort and resources employed to track down each and every author of an anonymous letter or seditious graffito criticizing the Soviet system frequently exceeded those devoted in the West to a major murder enquiry.

Among the many successful operations against such authors which were celebrated in the classified in-house journal *KGB Sbornik* was the hunt for a subversive codenamed KHUDOZHNIK ("Artist"), who in July 1971 began sending anonymous letters attacking Marxism-Leninism and various Party functionaries to CPSU and Komsomol committees. The letters were written in ballpoint pen and signed "Central Committee of the Freedom Party." Forensic examination revealed barely detectable traces on the back of some of the letters of pencil drawings—hence the codename KHUDOZHNIK and the hypothesis that he had studied at art school.

Detailed study of the contents of the letters also revealed that he regularly read *Komsomolskaya Pravda* and listened to foreign radio stations. The fact that some of the letters were sent to military Komsomols led to an immense trawl through the records of people dismissed from military training establishments and the files of reserve officers. The search for KHUDOZHNIK was concentrated in Moscow, Yaroslavl, Rostov and Gavrilov-Yam, where his letters were posted. In all four places the postal censorship service (Sluzhba PK) searched for many months for handwriting similar to KHUDOZHNIK's; numerous KGB agents and co-optees were also shown samples of the writing and given KHUDOZHNIK's supposed psychological profile. An enormous research exercise was undertaken to identify and scrutinize official forms which KHUDOZHNIK might have filled in. Eventually, after a hunt lasting almost three years, his writing was found on an application to the Rostov City Housing Commission. In 1974 KHUDOZHNIK was unmasked as the chairman of a Rostov street committee named Korobov. After a brief period under surveillance, he was arrested, tried and imprisoned.[14] As in many similar cases, the triumphalist KGB report on the lengthy operation to track down KHUDOZHNIK showed no sense of the absurdity of devoting such huge resources to the hunt for an author of "libels against Soviet reality" none of which ever became public.

KGB officers were regularly reminded by articles in

KGB Sbornik and other exhortations that even Western popular music was inherently subversive. Provincial KGBs went to enormous pains to discover the extent of local interest in such music, and were usually disturbed by what they discovered. The KGB in Dnepropetrovsk Oblast, where Brezhnev had begun his career as a party apparatchik, calculated after a presumably lengthy examination of young people's private correspondence in the mid-1970s, that almost 80 percent of the 15-20-year-old age group "systematically listened to broadcasts from Western radio stations," especially popular music, and showed other unhealthy signs of interest in Western pop stars such as trying to obtain their photographs. The almost surreal nature of the report on musical subversion in Dnepropetrovsk Oblast is a reminder of how the hunt for ideological dissidence frequently destroyed all sense of the absurd among those committed to the holy war against it:

> Even listening to musical programs gave young people a distorted idea of Soviet reality, and led to incidents of a treasonable nature. Infatuation with trendy Western popular music, musical groups and performers falling under their influence leads to the possibility of these young people embarking on a hostile path. Such infatuation has a negative influence on the interests of society, inflames vain ambitions and unjustified demands, and can

> encourage the emergence of informal [not officially approved] groups with a treasonable tendency.[15]

Michael Jackson and Pink Floyd, amongst others, were thus identified as potential threats to the Soviet system. The fact that the Communist one-party states felt so threatened by Western pop stars confirmed their status as symbols of youthful rebellion. Even in Albania, after the collapse in 1992 of the last and most isolated Communist regime in Europe (isolated even from Moscow), the elegant tree-lined Bulevard in the center of Tirana was full of young people wearing Michael Jackson (or "Miel Jaksen") T-shirts. The decapitated statue of Stalin was inscribed, in large red characters, with the words "Pink Floyd."[16]

All points of contact between Soviet citizens and Westerners were regarded by the Centre as potential causes of ideological contagion. Foreign residencies had Line SK officers whose chief duty was to prevent such contamination in the local Soviet colony, which invariably contained large numbers of KGB agents and co-optees. In the mid-1970s 15 percent of Soviet employees in New York were fully recruited agents.[17] It has long been known that Soviet groups traveling abroad were always carefully shepherded by KGB officers. What has not usually been appreciated, however, is the large proportion of agents and co-optees in each group (frequently over 15 percent) who monitored the behavior of their fellow travelers. When the Soviet State Academic Symphony Orchestra gave concerts in the FRG, Italy and Austria in October and November 1974, for example, two KGB officers, Pavel Vasilyevich Sobolev and Pyotr Trubagard, posed as members of the orchestra staff. The 122 members of the orchestra also included no less than eight agents and eleven co-optees. In the course of the tour "compromising materials" were obtained on thirtyfive members of the orchestra, including evidence of "alcohol abuse," "speculation" (probably mostly involving attempts to purchase Western consumer goods), and—in the case of the Jewish musicians—"friendly" correspondence with individuals in Israel. Further "compromising" information was obtained on the musicians' families, such as the fact that the wife of one of the violinists (identified by name in Mitrokhin's notes) exchanged birthday greetings with acquaintances in France.[18] The Moscow Chamber Orchestra also traveled to the West in October 1974 under the supervision of Mikhail Aleksandrovich Sizov of the KGB. Of the thirty members of the orchestra, three were agents and five co-optees. The "compromising information" gathered by the eight informers on the other twenty-two which most concerned the KGB was evidence that some of them corresponded with foreign acquaintances.[19]

It was chiefly because of the immense time and effort expended in the war on all fronts against ideological subversion that the KGB was many times larger than any

Western intelligence or security service. One example of the overwhelming concentration by provincial KGBs on cases of ideological subversion is provided by the classified report for 1970 by the KGB directorate for Leningrad and Leningrad Oblast. Not a single case had been discovered of either espionage or terrorism. By contrast, 502 people were given “prophylactic briefings” (warnings) over their involvement in “politically harmful incidents”; forty-one were prosecuted for committing or attempting to commit state crimes (most almost certainly involving ideological subversion); thirty-four Soviet citizens were caught trying to cross the frontier. Extensive work was carried out in institutes of higher education “to prevent hostile incidents.” The postal censorship service intercepted about 25,000 documents with “ideologically harmful contents”; a further 19,000 documents were confiscated at the frontier. One hundred and nine individuals (as compared with ninety-nine in 1969) were identified as distributing subversive leaflets and sending anonymous letters; twenty-seven of the culprits were tracked down. The KGB’s huge agent network was reported to have grown by another 17.3 percent over the previous year. On the debit side the KGB surveillance service was reported to have crashed twenty-seven cars in the course of its operations.[20] Oleg Kalugin, who became deputy head of the Leningrad KGB in 1980, privately dismissed its work as “an elaborately choreographed farce,” in which it tried desperately to discover enough ideological subversion to justify its existence.[21]

As head of the KGB from 1967 to 1982, Andropov sought to keep ideological subversion at the forefront of the leadership's preoccupations. Issues as trivial (by Western standards) as the activities of a small group of Jehovah's Witnesses in the depths of Siberia or the unauthorized publication in Paris of a short story by a Soviet author were liable to reach not merely Andropov's desk but also, on occasion, the Politburo. Though even the leading dissidents had little resonance with the rest of the Soviet population, at least until the Gorbachev era, they occupied many hours of Politburo discussions. Early in 1977 a total of thirty-two active measures operations against Andrei Sakharov, denounced by Andropov as "Public Enemy Number One," were either in progress or about to commence both within the Soviet Union and abroad.[22]

No group of Soviet dissidents during the Cold War could long avoid being penetrated by one or more of the KGB's several million agents and co-optees. Their capacity to make a public protest was limited to the ability to circulate secretly samizdat pamphlets or unfurl banners briefly in Red Square before they were torn down by plain clothes KGB men. Until the final years of the Soviet system, the dissidents were a tiny minority within the Soviet population with very little public support or sympathy. Therein lay much of their heroism, as they battled courageously against what must have seemed impossible odds.

The KGB helped to make the notion of serious political change appear an impossible dream. It simply did not occur to the vast majority of the Russian people that there was any alternative to the Soviet system. Despite grumbles about the standard of living, their almost unquestioning acceptance of the status quo had a profound effect on attitudes in the West, and thus on Western foreign policy. During the Cold War, most Western observers reluctantly assumed that the Soviet system would continue indefinitely. Hence the general sense of shock as well as of surprise when the Communist order in eastern Europe crumbled so swiftly in the final months of 1989, followed two years later by the almost equally rapid disintegration of the Soviet one-party state. Henry Kissinger claimed in 1992, "I knew no one ... who had predicted the evolution in the Soviet Union."[23]

AS WELL AS underestimating the centrality of the KGB's system of social control to the functioning of the Soviet system, Western observers have often underestimated the power and influence of its security and intelligence chiefs.[24] Beria, who became head of the NKVD at the end of the Terror, emerged as the second most powerful man in the Soviet Union—"my Himmler," as Stalin once described him. In 1945 he was put in charge of the construction of the first Soviet atomic bomb. After Stalin's death in 1953, Beria became the first Soviet security chief to make a bid for supreme power. Fear of his ambitions, however, united the rest of the Soviet leadership against him and led to his execution at the end of the year.

It was frequently assumed thereafter that no KGB chief would ever again be given the opportunity by the rest of the Soviet leadership to make a successful bid for power. That assumption proved correct in the case of Aleksandr Shelepin, the dynamic and relatively youthful chairman of the KGB from 1958 to 1961, who made little secret of his desire to become general secretary, but was effectively sidelined after Khrushchev's overthrow by Brezhnev and the other leading plotters.

Yuri Andropov played a much subtler game than Beria or Shelepin in planning his own rise to power during the 1970s. As Brezhnev became progressively feebler, Andropov gradually established himself as heir apparent, succeeding him as general secretary in 1982. There is, however, not a single reference to Andropov either in the 2,000 pages of Henry Kissinger's memoirs of the period 1969-77, or in Cyrus Vance's memoirs on his term as secretary of state, in succession to Kissinger, from 1977 to 1980.[25] Vladimir Kryuchkov was similarly underrated as KGB chairman a decade later. Most Western observers were taken by surprise when he emerged as the ringleader of the abortive coup of August 1991 which sought to topple Gorbachev and install a hardline regime. Like Beria, however, Kryuchkov overreached himself. Though the KGB had hitherto been an indispensable bulwark of the Communist one-party state, Kryuchkov's mistimed attempt to shore it up merely hastened its collapse.[26]

Yevgeni Primakov, first head of the FCD's successor, the SVR, also attracted surprisingly little attention from most Western commentators. A much-praised American study of Yeltsin's Russia, published on the eve of Primakov's appointment as prime minister in September 1998, contained not a single reference to him.[27] By the spring of 1999, though disclaiming any ambition to succeed Yeltsin, Primakov topped opinion polls of potential candidates in the following year's presidential elections. Having apparently concluded that Primakov had become too powerful, Yeltsin sacked him in May 1999.

THE CHEKA AND its successors were central to the conduct of Soviet foreign policy as well as to the running of the one-party state. Kim Philby proudly told a KGB lecture audience in 1980, "Our service operating abroad is the Soviet Union's first line of defense."[28] The failure by many Western historians to identify the KGB as a major arm of Soviet foreign policy is due partly to the fact that many Soviet policy aims did not fit Western concepts of international relations. Surveys of Stalin's foreign policy invariably mention the negotiations on collective security against Nazi Germany, which were conducted by Litvinov and Soviet diplomats, but usually ignore entirely the less conventional operations against the White Guards in Paris, the plan to assassinate General Franco early in the Spanish Civil War, the liquidation of the leading Trotskyists in western Europe in the late 1930s and the plot to kill Tito in 1953—all of which were entrusted to the foreign intelligence service.[29] Even after Stalin's death, much of Soviet foreign policy was not cast in a Western mold.

INO, the interwar foreign intelligence agency, made its initial reputation by defeating a series of counter-revolutionary conspiracies involving anti-Bolshevik émigrés and imperialist intelligence agencies. Though the evidence now available indicates that none of these (in reality, rather trivial) conspiracies had the slightest prospect of success, they bulked large in the imagination of the Soviet leadership. Similarly, INO's liquidation of leading White Guards and Trotskyists outside the Soviet Union was, from Stalin's perspective, a major victory. At the outbreak of the Second World War, Stalin was more concerned by Trotsky than by Hitler.

During the 1930s Soviet foreign intelligence collection, thanks chiefly to the Great Illegals, led the world. The recruitment of the Magnificent Five and other high-flying ideological agents opened up the prospect of penetrating the very heard of imperialist power in Western capitals. The large number of British and other diplomatic documents obtained by INO had an important—though still little researched—influence on the making of Soviet foreign policy. Throughout the Stalin era, the Soviet intelligence contest with both Britain, the chief pre-war target, and the United States, the Main Adversary of the Cold War, was remarkably one-sided. SIS had no Moscow station between the wars; the United States possessed no espionage agency at all until 1941. INO's main pre-war defeats were selfinflicted: chief among them the massacre of many of its best officers who fell victim to the paranoia of the Great Terror.

Soviet intelligence penetration of the West reached its apogee during the Second World War. Never before had any state learned so many of its allies' secrets. At Tehran and Yalta Stalin was probably better informed on the cards in the hands of the other negotiators than any statesman at any previous conference. Stalin knew the contents of many highly classified British and American documents which Churchill and Roosevelt kept even from most of their cabinets. ULTRA, though revealed to only six British ministers, was known to Stalin. So was the MANHATTAN project, which was carefully concealed from Vice-President Harry Truman until he succeeded Roosevelt in April 1945. (Truman was then also informed of ULTRA for the first time.)[30] There is a peculiar irony about Truman's decision at the Potsdam conference in July 1945 to reveal to Stalin that "we had a new weapon of unusual destructive power."[31] Stalin seemed unimpressed by the news—as well he might, since he had known about plans to build the American atomic bomb for fifteen times as long as Truman.

Stalin was also much better informed than most American and British policymakers about the first major American-British intelligence success against the Soviet Union during the Cold War, the VENONA decrypts, which revealed the codenames and clues to the identities of several hundred Soviet agents. Remarkably, Truman seems never to have been informed of VENONA at all. Nor, almost certainly, were more than a small minority of the Attlee cabinet in Britain. Because of internal rivalries within the US intelligence community, even the CIA was not told until late in 1952. The Centre, however, had learned of VENONA by early in 1947 from William Weisband, an agent in the US SIGINT agency, ASA. Thus, amazingly, Stalin discovered the greatest American intelligence secret of the early Cold War over five years before either the president or the CIA.[32]

The Centre's extraordinary successes in penetrating its allies during the Second World War, and the fact that some of its agents remained in place after victory, raised exaggerated expectations of what Soviet intelligence could achieve during the Cold War against the Main Adversary and its NATO allies. KGB post-war strategy was based on an attempt to recreate the pre-war era of Great Illegals, establish a large network of illegal residencies and recruit a new generation of high-flying ideological agents. Alongside the legal residencies in

Washington, New York and San Francisco, the Centre planned as late as the early 1980s to set up six illegal residencies, each running agents at the heart of the Reagan administration. Its plans proved hopelessly optimistic.[33]

Despite some striking tactical successes, the KGB's post-war grand strategy for penetrating the corridors of power in its Main Adversary failed. At least until the early 1960s, its chief source of intelligence on American foreign policy was probably the penetration of the US embassy in Moscow. By the beginning of the Cold War the previously seductive myth-image of Stalin's Russia as the world's first truly socialist worker-peasant state, which had inspired the Magnificent Five and their American counterparts, was fading fast. Most of the idealistic student revolutionaries of the late 1960s, unlike their pre-war predecessors, turned for inspiration not to the old Communist parties but to a new left which seemed deeply suspect to the increasingly geriatric leadership of Brezhnev's Soviet Union.

The marginalization of the post-war Communist Parties in the United States and Great Britain deprived Soviet intelligence of what had previously been a major source of recruits and talent-spotters. Its most fertile Western recruiting grounds in the immediate aftermath of the Second World War were France and Italy, the two west European countries with the most powerful Communist Parties, both of which took part in post-war coalition governments. The longest-serving and probably most productive French and Italian agents identified in the files noted by Mitrokhin, JOUR and DARIO, both entered their respective foreign ministries during these years.[34]

By the 1950s the KGB was probably obtaining more high-grade diplomatic and political intelligence from the main NATO members in continental Europe than from the United States and Britain. As well as generating large numbers of diplomatic documents, the penetration of the French, Italian and other Western foreign ministries and Moscow embassies provided crucial assistance to KGB codebreakers. For most, if not all, of the Cold War the total number of diplomatic decrypts which the Centre considered sufficiently significant to forward to the Central Committee probably never dropped below 100,000 a year.[35] During the Cold War as a whole, as a result of the partition of Germany and the flow of refugees from East to West, the FRG was the major NATO member most vulnerable to agent penetration—though the KGB's successes were exceeded by those of its East German ally. The success of the HVA agent, Gånter Guillaume, in becoming aide to the Chancellor of West Germany at a crucial moment in East-West relations, just as Willy Brandt was beginning his *Ostpolitik,* was one of the greatest intelligence coups of the Cold War.

Though the Centre acquired a considerable volume of high-grade intelligence from NATO countries, it was never satisfied by what it achieved. In Europe, as in north America, it refused to abandon its early Cold War ambition to create a new generation of Great Illegals. During the 1970s it sought and obtained promises of assistance from Communist leaders around the world in finding further Richard Sorges. The files seen by Mitrokhin suggest, however, that few, if any Sorges were discovered. By the mid-1970s the brightest of the young Party members in the few west European countries where Communism remained a powerful force tended to be Eurocommunist heretics rather than blindly obedient pro-Soviet loyalists ready to sacrifice their lives in the service of the Fatherland of the Toilers. Even some Soviet illegals had difficulty in preserving their ideological commitment when confronted with the reality of life in the West. As the Cold War progressed, the KGB's best agents increasingly became mercenary (like Aldrich Ames) rather than ideological (like Kim Philby).

Residencies, however, remained under pressure from the Centre leadership, which had almost no first-hand experience of life in the West, to cultivate major political figures. Hence the hopelessly unrealistic KGB schemes, all doubtless approved by the political leadership, to recruit Harold Wilson, Willy Brandt, Oskar Lafontaine, Cyrus Vance, Zbigniew Brzezinski and other senior Western statesmen. Kryuchkov responded to these and other failures not with a more realistic recruitment policy but with greater bureaucracy, demanding ever longer reports and more form-filling. Residents must have groaned inwardly in April 1985 when they received from the Centre a newly devised questionnaire which Kryuchkov instructed them to use as the basis for reports on politicians and other “prominent figures in the West” being considered as possible “targets for cultivation.” It contained fifty-six questions, many of them highly complex and minutely detailed. Question 14 in section 4 of the questionnaire, for example, demanded information on:

> Life style: hobbies, enjoyments, tastes; books—what writers does he prefer; theater, music, painting, and what he particularly likes; collecting; attitude to sport (riding, hunting, fishing, swimming, chess, football, games, motoring, sailing, etc.), prizes won; hiking; with what kind of environment and what kind of people does he prefer to associate; what kind of cuisine does he prefer, and so on.

The fifty-five other questions contained similarly detailed demands for reports on topics as diverse as “compromising information on subject” and “subject’s attitude towards American foreign policy.”[36] A full answer to the questionnaire on any “prominent figure in the West” would have required months of investigations by residency operations officers.

THE CENTRE'S MAIN weakness in the field of political intelligence was not, as it supposed, in intelligence collection but rather in its ability to interpret what it collected. Under both Stalin and Khrushchev, the Centre forwarded each day to the Kremlin a selection of foreign intelligence reports received from residencies and other sources, but usually shrank from offering more than perfunctory interpretation of the reports for fear of contradicting the views of the political leadership.[37] Both Stalin and Khrushchev acted as their own, ill-qualified chief intelligence analysts. Brezhnev, by contrast, spent little time interpreting intelligence or any other information, thus giving Andropov greater scope than any of his predecessors to submit intelligence assessments.

Intelligence assessment was worst in the Stalin era. Stalin himself bears a large measure of personal responsibility for the failure to heed repeated intelligence warnings of the 1941 German invasion. The institutionalized paranoia of the Stalinist system led to a series of other failures of assessment—among them the deluded belief in the middle of the war that the Magnificent Five, some of the Centre's most gifted and productive agents, were part of an elaborate British deception. Though intelligence analysis after Stalin's death never again descended to quite such paranoid depths, at moments of crisis in the Cold War the KGB tended to substitute conspiracy theory for balanced assessment. Within a year of becoming KGB chairman, Andropov was submitting distorted intelligence assessments to the Politburo designed to strengthen its resolve to crush the Prague Spring by armed force. His obsession with Western attempts to promote ideological sabotage in the Soviet Bloc made him unwilling to consider any evidence which suggested otherwise. In 1968 the Centre destroyed classified US documents obtained by the Washington residency which showed that neither the CIA nor any other American agency was manipulating the reformers of the Prague Spring.[38]

In both the early 1960s and the early 1980s the Centre believed that the United States was planning a nuclear first strike against the Soviet Union. Though some FCD officers in Western residencies, far better acquainted with the West than Soviet leaders and KGB chairmen, privately dismissed such fears as absurd alarmism, they did not dare dispute the Centre's judgment openly. The East German foreign intelligence chief, Markus Wolf, who resented the waste of time caused by KGB demands for HVA assistance in discovering non-existent plans for an American first strike, also knew better than to complain to Moscow. "These orders," he claims, "were no more open to discussion than other orders from above."[39]

The distortion of Soviet intelligence analysis derived, at root, from the nature of the one-party state and its inherent distrust of all opposing views. The Soviet Union thus found it more difficult than its Western rivals to understand, and therefore to use, the political intelligence it collected. Though the Soviet leadership never really understood the West until the closing years of the Cold War, it would have been outraged to have its misunderstandings challenged by intelligence reports. Heterodox opinions within the Soviet system always ran the risk of being condemned as subversive. Those intelligence officers who dared to express them openly during the late 1930s were likely to have their life expectancy dramatically reduced. Even during the post-Stalin era, when their survival was no longer threatened, their careers, like that of Mitrokhin, were almost certain to suffer. Closed or semi-closed societies have an inbuilt advantage over open societies in intelligence collection from human sources, because Western capitals invariably have much lower levels of security and surveillance than their counterparts in Communist and other authoritarian regimes. Equally, however, one-party states have an inherent disadvantage when it comes to intelligence analysis, since analysts usually fear to tell the Party hierarch what it does not want to hear.

Though careful to avoid offending the sensibilities of the political leadership, INO report-writers during the 1930s knew that they were on safe ground if they produced evidence of British anti-Soviet conspiracies. During the Cold War, their FCD successors similarly knew that they were taking no risks if they used the United States as a scapegoat. One Line PR officer, interviewed a few weeks after the abortive 1991 coup, told *Izvestia* that he and his colleagues had spent much of their careers acting on the principle "Blame everything on the Americans, and everything will be OK."[40] The intelligence reports received by the Soviet leadership thus tended to reinforce, rather than to correct, their misconceptions of the outside world.

There is no more convincing evidence of Gorbachev's "new thinking" towards the West during his first year as general secretary than his denunciation of the traditional bias of the FCD's political reporting. The fact that the Centre had to issue stern instructions at the end of 1985 "on the impermissibility of distortions of the factual state of affairs in messages and informational reports sent to the Central Committee of the CPSU and other ruling bodies" is a damning indictment of the KGB's subservience to the standards of political correctness expected by previous Soviet leaders.

For all their distortions, however, intelligence reports are sometimes crucial to an understanding of Soviet foreign policy. Khrushchev's policy towards the United States, in particular the horrendously dangerous gamble of the Cuban missile bases, was heavily influenced by erroneous reports of American preparations for a nuclear first strike. The growing authority of Andropov in the 1970s and his policymaking *troika* with Gromyko and Ustinov is evidence of the influence of the Centre's intelligence assessments during the Brezhnev era. The increasingly apocalyptic language used by Andropov as Brezhnev's successor, culminating in denunciations of the "outrageous militarist psychosis" allegedly imposed on the American people by the Reagan administration, reflected, as in the early 1960s, alarmist Centre assessments of the (non-existent) threat of an American first strike.

Despite Gorbachev's early denunciation of KGB assessments, he came to rely on foreign intelligence in reorienting Soviet foreign policy to the United States. Hence his unprecedented decision to take the head of the FCD with him on his first visit to Washington in 1987 and his disastrous subsequent appointment of Kryuchkov as chairman of the KGB. Kryuchkov's successor as head of the FCD, Shebarshin, insists that foreign intelligence reports were by now free from past, politically correct distortions. As the Soviet system began to crumble in 1990-91, however, some of the old, anti-American conspiracy theories began to resurface. The United States and its allies were variously accused by Kryuchkov and other senior KGB officers of infecting Soviet grain imports, seeking to undermine the rouble, plotting the disintegration of the Soviet Union and training agents to sabotage the economy, administration and scientific research.[41]

THE SOVIET SYSTEM found it far easier to digest scientific and technological than political intelligence.

While Western politics were inherently subversive of the one-party state, most Western science was not. “The achievements of foreign technology” had first been identified as a Soviet intelligence target by Dzerzhinsky in 1925.[42] By the Second World War S&T, particularly in the military sphere, was seen as crucially important. Nothing did more than intelligence on BritishAmerican plans to build the first atomic bomb to bring home to Stalin and the Centre the necessity of S&T in ensuring that Soviet military technology did not fall behind the West. As in the case of nuclear weapons, the early development of Soviet radar, rocketry and jet propulsion was heavily dependent on the imitation of Western technology. Stalin, indeed, had greater confidence in Western scientists than in his own. He did not trust Soviet technological innovation unless and until it was confirmed by Western experience.[43]

The enormous flow of Western (especially American) S&T throughout the Cold War helps to explain one of the central paradoxes of a Soviet state which was famously described as “Upper Volta with missiles”: its ability to remain a military superpower while its infant mortality and other indices of social deprivation were at Third World levels. The fact that the gap between Soviet weapons systems and those of the West was far smaller than in any other area of economic production was due not merely to their enormous priority within the Soviet system but also to the remarkable success of S&T

collection in the West. For most of the Cold War, American business proved much easier to penetrate than the federal government. Long before the KGB finally acquired a major spy in the CIA with the walk in of Aldrich Ames in 1985, it was running a series of other mercenary agents in American defense contractors. Soviet agent penetration was accompanied by interception of the fax communications of some of the United States' largest companies.[44] During the early 1980s probably 70 percent of all current Warsaw Pact weapons systems were based on Western technology.[45] To an astonishing degree, both sides in the Cold War depended on American know-how.

Andropov and, at least initially, Gorbachev, saw greater use of S&T in nonmilitary spheres as one of the keys to the rejuvenation of the Soviet economy as a whole. The real economic benefit of Western scientific and technological secrets, though put by Directorate T at billions of dollars, was, however, severely limited by the structural failings of the command economy. The ideological blinkers of the Soviet system were matched by its economic rigidity and resistance to innovation by comparison with the market economies of the West. Hence the great economic paradox of the 1980s: that despite possessing large numbers of well-qualified scientists and engineers and a huge volume of S&T, Soviet technology fell steadily further behind its Western rivals. Before Gorbachev's rise to power, the extent of that decline was concealed from the Soviet leadership.

Politically correct FCD reports dwelt overwhelmingly on the economic problems of the capitalist West rather than on those of the "Socialist" East. In a biennial report on foreign intelligence operations completed in February 1984, Kryuchkov emphasized "the deepening economic and social crisis in the capitalist world," but made no mention of the far more serious crisis in the Soviet Bloc.[46] Even Gorbachev, in his speech to the Twenty-Seventh Party Congress in 1986 calling for "new thinking" in Soviet foreign policy, claimed that the crisis of capitalism was continuing to worsen.[47]

Until the closing years of the Cold War, there was an extraordinary contrast between the Kremlin's privileged access to the secrets of state-of-the-art Western technology and its failure to grasp the nature and extent of its own economic mismanagement. Gorbachev was the first post-war Soviet leader who gained access to moderately accurate statistics on the performance of the Soviet economy. Abel Aganbegyan, his most influential economic adviser in the early years of *perestroika,* calculated that between 1981 and 1985 there had been "a zero growth rate." The revelation of the extent of Soviet economic stagnation and long-term decline relative to the West had a much more profound effect on Gorbachev's policy than the successes of S&T collection against Western targets which had previously so impressed him. By the end of the decade, he had moved from trying to rejuvenate the command economy to accepting the market as the main economic regulator.[48]

The conclusion of the Cold War, so far from ending Russian S&T operations in the West, created new Line X opportunities through the expansion of East-West scientific exchanges and business joint ventures, which the SVR was eager to exploit. The reactivation in the early 1990s of the leading British Line X agent Michael Smith was one sign among many of the continued priority given to S&T collection in the Yeltsin era.[49] For the SVR, as for the FCD, the main Line X target remained the United States. The relaxation of US security checks, in an attempt to build bridges to Moscow and Beijing, led in 1994 to a dramatic increase in the number of Russian and Chinese scientists allowed to visit the Los Alamos and Sandia nuclear laboratories, as well as other institutes conducting classified research. Line X, however, has found less enthusiasm for its product than during the Cold War. The collapse of the Russian command economy left the military-industrial complex—previously the chief customer for S&T—in disarray. During (and perhaps even before) the Yeltsin presidency, Russian S&T operations seem to have been upstaged by those of the Chinese. A congressional enquiry concluded in 1999 that, over the two previous decades, China had obtained detailed intelligence on every warhead in the US nuclear arsenal.[50] There is little doubt that the phenomenal achievements of Chinese S&T collection were inspired, at least in part, by the Soviet Union's earlier success in copying the first American atomic bomb and in basing the majority of its Cold War weapons systems on Western technology.

IT IS IMPORTANT not to judge the success of KGB foreign operations by purely Western standards. The Centre had, ultimately, an even higher priority than intelligence collection in the West. The Cheka had been founded six weeks after the Bolshevik seizure of power "for a revolutionary settlement of accounts with counter-revolutionaries." In that primary role—to defend the Bolshevik one-party state against dissent in all its forms—the Cheka and its successors were strikingly successful.

From the 1920s onwards the war against "counter-revolution" was waged abroad as well as at home. The FCD's role in combating ideological subversion has given rise, in Yeltsin's Russia, to a curious official amnesia. Like Kryuchkov and some other former senior FCD officers, the SVR maintains that the FCD was not involved in the persecution of dissidents and the abuse of human rights. In reality, it was centrally involved. Within the Soviet Bloc the war against ideological subversion was increasingly coordinated between the internal KGB and its foreign intelligence arm.

In the immediate aftermath of the suppression of the Hungarian Uprising by Soviet tanks in 1956, and again after the destruction of the Prague Spring in 1968, many Western observers doubted whether the genie of freedom could be quickly returned to its bottle. In fact, thanks largely to the KGB and its Hungarian and Czechoslovak allies, one-party states were restored in both Budapest and Prague with remarkable speed and success. From 1968 onwards the state of public opinion in the Soviet Bloc was carefully monitored by experienced illegals posing as Western tourists and business people, who sought out, and pretended to sympathize with, critics of the Communist regimes. In reporting on the results of these "PROGRESS operations," the FCD was franker than it would have dared to be in analyzing, for example, satirical comments by Soviet citizens on Brezhnev's increasing physical decrepitude.

Throughout the Cold War the KGB's war against ideological subversion was energetically waged in foreign capitals as well as on Soviet soil. Residencies in the West had standing instructions to collect as much material as possible to assist the persecution of dissidents, both at home and abroad:

> In order to take active measures against the dissidents, it is important to know of disagreements among them, differences of views and conflicts within the dissident milieu, reasons why they have arisen, and possible ways of exacerbating them; and particulars discrediting the dissidents personally (alcoholism, immoral behavior, professional decline and so forth, as well as indications of links with the

> CIA, Western special [intelligence] services and ideological centers). [51]

Residencies were also required to target many of the dissidents' main supporters in the West. Among the KGB's targets in Britain was the London neurologist Harold Merskey, who had campaigned on behalf of the victims of Soviet psychiatric abuse. On September 20, 1976 the London residency posted a letter to Merskey, purporting to come from an anonymous wellwisher, warning him of an imminent attempt by unidentified assailants to cause him grievous bodily harm. Merskey, it was hoped, would become preoccupied with his own personal safety and spend less time supporting the incarcerated dissidents.[52]

So, far from being a mere adjunct to more conventional foreign intelligence operations, the FCD's war against the dissidents was one of its chief priorities. Among its most important operations in 1978, for example, was the attempt to ensure that the dissident Yuri Orlov did not receive the Nobel Peace Prize—as Sakharov had done three years earlier. The fact that the prize went instead to Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin was claimed by the Centre as a major triumph—though, in reality, it probably owed little to KGB active measures. Suslov, the Politburo's leading guardian of ideological orthodoxy, was woken in the middle of the night by a phone call from the Oslo resident to be told the good news.[53] There are few better indications of the importance attached to a piece of information in any political system than the decision to wake a minister.

Residencies also followed with anxious attention the emergence in some leading Western Communist parties of the Eurocommunist heresy which challenged the traditional infallibility of the Moscow line, and thus qualified as a novel form of ideological subversion. Among the more unusual active measures devised in the later 1970s were those designed to discredit Eurocommunist party leaders.[54]

One of the FCD's chief priorities until the closing years of the Cold War was to seek to prevent *all* Soviet dissidents and defectors achieving foreign recognition—even in fields entirely divorced from politics (at least as understood in the West). Enormous time and effort was devoted by the Centre to devising ways to damage the careers of Rudolf Nureyev, Natalia Makarova and other defectors from Soviet ballet.[55] By the time the great cellist Mstislav Rostropovich (codenamed VOYAZHER, "Traveller") left for the West in 1974, the KGB had ceased to plan operations to cause physical injury to émigrés in the performing arts, but seems to have redoubled active measure campaigns intended to give them bad reviews in the Western media. In 1976, after Rostropovich and his wife, the singer Galina Vishnevskaya, were deprived of Soviet citizenship, the Centre appealed to all Soviet Bloc intelligence services for help in finding agents to penetrate their entourage. It was outraged by Rostropovich's appointment in 1977 as director of the National Symphony Orchestra in Washington—a post he was to retain until his return to Russia seventeen years later—but encouraged by an untypically critical review of his work with the orchestra in the *Washington Post* in May 1978. The Centre circulated the review to Western residencies as an example of the kind of criticism they were to encourage, and demanded that they inspire articles attacking Rostropovich's alleged vanity, failure to live up to Western expectations, and—especially ironic in view of KGB active measures against him—his supposed attempts to manipulate the Western media.[56]

Dissident chess players were also the targets of major KGB operations designed to prevent them winning matches against the ideologically orthodox. During the 1978 world chess championship in the Philippines between the Soviet world champion, Anatoli Karpov, and the defector Viktor Korchnoi, the Centre assembled a team of eighteen FCD operations officers to try to ensure Korchnoi's defeat.[57] KGB active measures may well have determined the outcome of a close and controversial championship. After draws in the first seven matches, during which Korchnoi had the better of the play, Karpov refused to shake hands with his opponent at the start of the eighth. A furious Korchnoi, who was known to play poorly when angry, lost the game. After twelve games the scores were level, with Korchnoi once again appearing in better form. During the next five games, however, Korchnoi was thrown off his stride by the presence in the front of the audience of a Russian hypnotist, Dr. Vladimir Zukhar, who stared intently at him throughout the play. After seventeen games, Korchnoi was three points down. By the end of the match, he had pulled back two of his defeats but lost the championship by a single point.[58] A book remains to be written about the KGB's involvement in Soviet chess.[59]

POTENTIALLY THE MOST troublesome "ideological subversion" with which the KGB had to contend during the Cold War came from organized religion—especially Christianity, which failed to wither away as the Bolsheviks had hoped and expected. Though no other political party was allowed to exist within the Communist one-party state, Soviet rulers felt bound to proclaim a hypocritical respect for freedom of religion. By the end of the Second World War the attempt to eradicate religious practice had given way to subtler forms of persecution designed to ensure its steady decline and to discriminate against the faithful. Within the Russian Orthodox church the KGB was able to rely on an obedient hierarchy permeated by its agents. The Centre's main problems came from other Christian churches and a courageous minority of Orthodox priests who demanded an end to religious persecution. For freedom of religion to make progress within the Soviet Union, however, persecuted Christians required strong support from the worldwide church—in particular from the World Council of Churches. They did not receive it. KGB agents in the WCC were remarkably successful in persuading it to concentrate on the sins of the imperialist West rather than religious persecution in the Soviet Bloc. In 1975 agent ADAMANT (Metropolitan Nikodim) was elected as one of the WCC's six presidents.[60]

The importance attached by the KGB to controlling religious dissent and denying persecuted Soviet Christians support from the West was fully justified by events in Poland, where SB penetration never succeeded in bringing the Catholic Church under political control. By the early 1970s the KGB had already identified Karol Wojtyła, Archbishop of Kraków, as a potentially dangerous opponent, unwilling to compromise on either religious freedom or human rights. Though the SB wanted to arrest him, it dared not risk the outcry which would result in both Poland and the West. Wojtyła's election as Pope John Paul II in 1978 dealt the Polish Communist regime, and ultimately the cohesion of the Soviet Bloc, a blow from which they never recovered. During his triumphant tour of Poland in 1979, the contrast between the discredited Communist regime and the immense moral authority of the first Polish Pope was plain for all to see.[61]

The new freedoms of the Gorbachev era similarly went far to justifying the KGB’s earlier fears of the potential damage to the Soviet regime if political dissidents were allowed to proceed with their “ideological subversion.” In 1989, less than three years after Sakharov was freed from internal exile and allowed to return to Moscow, he established himself, as—in Gorbachev’s words —“unquestionably the outstanding personality” in the Congress of People’s Deputies. Almost all the main dissident demands of the early 1970s were now firmly placed on the political agenda.

Only when the vast apparatus of KGB social control began to be dismantled did the full extent of its importance to the survival of the Soviet Union become clear. The manifesto of the leaders of the August 1991 coup, led by Kryuchkov, which attempted to overthrow Gorbachev, implicitly acknowledged that the relaxation of the KGB campaign against ideological subversion had shaken the foundations of the one-party state:

> Authority at all levels has lost the confidence of the population ... Malicious mockery of all the institutions of state is being implanted. The country has in effect become ungovernable.[62]

What the plotters failed to realize was that it was too late to turn back the clock. “If the *coup d’état* had happened a year and a half or two years earlier,” wrote Gorbachev afterwards, “it might, presumably, have succeeded. But now society was completely changed."[63] Crucial to the change of mood was declining respect for the intimidatory power of the KGB, which had hitherto been able to strangle any Moscow demonstration at birth. Large crowds, which a few years earlier could never have assembled, gathered outside Yeltsin's headquarters in the Moscow White House to protect it from attack, and later circled the Lubyanka, cheering enthusiastically as the giant statue of Feliks Dzerzhinsky was toppled from its plinth.

At the time the speed of the collapse of the Soviet system took almost all observers by surprise. What now seems most remarkable, however, is less the sudden death of the Communist regime at the end of 1991 than its survival for almost seventy-five years. Without the system of surveillance and repression pioneered by Lenin and Dzerzhinsky, without the KGB's immense Cold War campaign against ideological subversion, the Communist era would have been much briefer. The KGB had indeed proved to be "the sword and the shield" of the Soviet system. Its most enduring achievement was to sustain the longest-lasting one-party state of the twentieth century.

WITH THE DISINTEGRATION of the one-party state went most of the KGB's vast system of social control. But though the power of the internal KGB directorates (reorganized successively as a security ministry, a counter-intelligence service and a security service) dramatically declined, the influence of the newly independent successor to the FCD, the Sluzhba Vneshnei Razvedki, quickly recovered. Indeed, the SVR soon became more publicly assertive than the FCD had ever been. In 1993, its head, Yevgeni Primakov, published a report attacking NATO expansion as a threat to Russian security—and he did so at a time when the Russian foreign ministry was taking a much softer and more conciliatory line. On the eve of President Yeltsin's visit to Washington in September 1994, Primakov once again upstaged the foreign ministry by publishing a warning to the West not to oppose the economic and political reintegration of Russia with other states which had formerly been part of the Soviet Union. Primakov's deputy, Vyacheslav Trubnikov, asserted the SVR's right to a public voice, even if it disagreed with the foreign ministry's: "... We want to be heard ... We express our point of view as we deem necessary."[64]

The rivalry between SVR and foreign ministry during Yeltsin's first five years as president ended in decisive victory for the SVR with Primakov's appointment as foreign minister to replace the pro-Western Andrei Kozyrev in December 1996. Probably to the dismay of many Russian diplomats, Primakov took with him to the foreign ministry a number of SVR officers. Both as foreign minister and later as prime minister, Primakov remained in close touch with his former deputy, Trubnikov, who succeeded him as head of the SVR.[65]

The SVR is also more assertive behind the scenes than the FCD dared to be. The FCD regularly swore slavish obedience to the Party leadership—as, for example, in the typically ponderous preamble to its “work plan” for 1984:

> The work of residencies abroad must be planned and organized in 1984 in strict accord with the decisions of the Twenty-sixth Party Congress, the November (1982) and June (1983) plenary sessions of the CPSU Central Committee, and the program directives and fundamental conclusions contained in the speeches of the Secretary General of the CPSU Central Committee, Comrade Yu. V. Andropov, as well as the requirements of the May (1981) All-Union Conference of the leadership of the [FCD].[66]

Today’s SVR has abandoned such bureaucratic sycophancy. It reports direct to the president and sends him daily digests of foreign intelligence somewhat akin to the *President’s Daily Brief* produced by the CIA in the United States. Unlike the CIA, however, the SVR lists policy options and does not hesitate to recommend those which it prefers.[67]

How many SVR reports the ailing Yeltsin bothered to read during the final years of his presidency is uncertain. By the mid-1990s, when presented with his paperwork, he was already said to be frequently telling his long-suffering chief of staff, Viktor Ilyushin, not to bother him with “all that shit."[68] Like Primakov before him, however, Trubnikov had direct personal access to Yeltsin. In 1998 he helped to shape Russian policy during the dispute over UN weapons inspection in Iraq. Soon afterwards he was present at the Moscow talks on Kosovo between Yeltsin and Slobodan Milošević.[69] Unnoticed by the media, Trubnikov also accompanied Primakov on a visit to Belgrade in March 1999 for further discussions with Milošević. Trough the SVR is not a supporter of Saddam Hussein or Milošević, it does not wish either to be defeated by the West.

By the mid-1990s, the internal security service (then the FSK, now the FSB) had recovered some of its former influence, though only a fraction of its previous authority. Sergei Stepashin, who became its chief in 1994, was one of Yeltsin's closest advisers. A centrist politician with reformist credentials, he had declared in 1991, "The KGB must be liquidated." Once head of the FSK, however, he complained that his service had been "castrated" and was demanding greater powers. His influence was clearly evident in the crisis over Chechnya. In the late summer of 1994 Stepashin persuaded Yeltsin that an attack on Grozny, the Chechen capital, would overthrow its rebellious president, Dzhokhar Dudayev, almost overnight and bring Chechnya back under direct control from Moscow. The attack was to be mounted by Dudayev's Chechen opponents, armed and financed by the FSK. When most of the Chechen opposition pulled out of the operation at the last moment in November, however, the FSK went ahead using Russian troops instead—with (as Stepashin later acknowledged) disastrous consequences. Dudayev repulsed the initial attack and paraded captured Russian soldiers before the world's television cameras. Though Grozny later fell to Russian forces, the Chechens mounted a determined resistance from the countryside in a brutal war which, over the next two years, cost 25,000 lives. Yeltsin's reputation never recovered. Stepashin was sacked in June 1995 in an attempt to appease critics of the war in the Duma, but remained close to Yeltsin and was brought back into the government two years later, first as minister of justice, then in March 1998 as minister of the interior. In May 1999 Yeltsin chose him to succeed Primakov as prime minister.[70]

Yeltsin caused further incredulity by declaring that Putin would be the next President. The incredulity swiftly disappeared, however, when Putin launched a brutal, full-scale attack on the breakaway republic of Chechnya which achieved far greater short-term success than Yeltsin's offensive five years earlier. Putin's popularity in the opinion polls soared in only three months from 2 to 70 percent. On New Year's Eve, Yeltsin sprang his final surprise on Kremlin-watchers by stepping down from the presidency before the end of his term and announcing that Putin was succeeding him as acting president. The striking contrast between the infirm and alcoholic leadership of Yeltsin’s final years in office and the tough no-nonsense leadership style successfully cultivated by Putin during his first months in the Kremlin won him victory at the presidential elections in March 2000.

THE SVR AND FSB ARE GUARANTEED powerful roles under the Putin presidency. Neither foresees a return to the Cold War. Both, indeed, now have well-established, though little-advertised, liaison arrangements with the main Western intelligence agencies. The SVR and FSB none the less expect a continuing conflict of interest with the West.

They have good reason to do so. The collapse of the Soviet system has revealed a much older East-West faultline which has more to do with events in the fourth century AD than in the twentieth century. It follows the line not of the Cold War Iron Curtain but of the division between Orthodox and Catholic Christianity which began with the establishment of Constantinople as the New Rome in 330 and was made permanent by the schism between the Orthodox and Catholic churches in 1054. Though the Orthodox East was invaded by Islam and the unity of the Catholic West fractured by the Protestant Reformation, the cultural divide between East and West persisted. “From the time of the Crusades,” writes the historian Norman Davies, “the Orthodox looked on the West as a source of subjugation worse than the infidel.”[71] It is precisely because the faultline is so deeply entrenched that it is so difficult to overcome.[72] Those east European states joining NATO at the end of the twentieth century, those likely to do so early in the twenty-first and the most probable future entrants into the European Union are all on the western side of the divide.[73] There is still no very promising candidate in Orthodox Europe.

To most Russians, the welcome given by Western statesmen in the late 1980s to Gorbachev's ambition of establishing Russia's place in the "common European home" now seems hollow, if not hypocritical. "A Russia shut out and disconnected," argued historian Jonathan Haslam, "will inevitably be troublesome."[74] Despite Russian membership of the Council of Europe, the Russia-NATO Joint Council and other Western attempts to bridge the East-West divide, the enlargement of NATO and the planned expansion of the European Union confirm Russia's relegation to the margins of Europe. The SVR, unsurprisingly, is resolutely opposed to both. Its opposition is strengthened by resentment at Russia's national decline. In the space of a few months in 1989 the revolutions in eastern Europe destroyed the Soviet Bloc. Two years later Russia lost, even more suddenly, almost half the territory previously ruled from Moscow and found itself smaller than in the reign of Catherine the Great. The signs are that some—perhaps many—SVR officers share the belief of the current leader of the Russian Communist Party, Gennadi Zyuganov, in a long-term Western plan first to destroy the Soviet state and then to prevent a revival of Russian power. Russia's historic mission, they believe, is to bar the way to American global hegemony and the triumph of Western values.[75]

The Yeltsin presidency was far too short a period for Russia to adjust to the disappearance of the Soviet Bloc and the break-up of the Soviet Union. Like post-war Britain, post-Communist Russia has, in Dean Acheson's famous phrase, "lost an empire and not yet found a role." But, whereas for Britain the loss of empire came at a time of political stability and economic recovery, in Russia it has been accompanied by economic collapse and political disintegration. Russia is in the unusual position at present of having a national anthem but little prospect of agreeing on words to go with it—one sign among many of its current crisis of national identity.[76]

In the search for its own identity at the beginning of the twenty-first century, the SVR looks back to a heroic, reinvented version of its Soviet past. On December 20, 1995 it celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Cheka's foreign department as its own seventy-fifth birthday, and marked the occasion by publishing an uncritical eulogy of the "large number of glorious deeds" performed by Soviet foreign intelligence officers "who have made an outstanding contribution to guaranteeing the security of our Homeland." The SVR copes with the unfortunate fact that some of its past heroes perpetrated or collaborated in the atrocities of the Great Terror by denying, absurdly, that they played any part in them. In the SVR version of the Terror, the sole involvement of foreign intelligence was to produce martyrs who "perished in the torture chambers of Yezhov and Beria."[77] As head of the SVR, Primakov became "editor-in-chief" of a multi-volume history of Soviet foreign intelligence designed to demonstrate that Soviet foreign intelligence "honorably and unselfishly did its patriotic duty to Motherland and people."[78] Though Primakov's history has yet to reach the Cold War era, it is already clear that there will be no place in it for any account of FCD involvement in the persecution of dissidents and the abuse of human rights.

In 1996 the SVR issued a CD-ROM in both Russian and English, with the title *Russian Foreign Intelligence: VChK* [*Cheka*]-*KGB-SVR,* which claims to give "for the first time ... a professional view on the history and development of one of the most powerful secret services in the world." The aim throughout its multimedia celebration of past successes, such as the recruitment of the Magnificent Five and atomic espionage, is to emphasize the direct links between Soviet foreign intelligence and today's SVR. The cover of the CD-ROM depicts the statue of Dzerzhinsky which the SVR and FSB now hope to see re-erected on its former pedestal outside the Lubyanka. Nothing better illustrates the continuity between the Soviet and Russian foreign intelligence services than the attempt by the SVR to reclaim its KGB past.

APPENDIX A

KGB CHAIRMEN, 1917-91

Feliks Edmundovich Dzerzhinsky (Cheka/GPU/OGPU)	1917-26
Vyacheslav Rudolfovich Menzhinsky (OGPU)	1926-34
Genrikh Grigoryevich Yagoda (NKVD)	1934-6
Nikolai Ivanovich Yezhov (NKVD)	1936-8
Lavrenti Pavlovich Beria (NKVD)	1938-41
Vsevelod Nikolayevich Merkulov (NKGB)	1941 (February-July)
Lavrenti Pavlovich Beria	1941-3

(NKVD)	
Vsevelod Nikolayevich Merkulov (NKGB/MGB)	1943-6
Viktor Semyonovich Abakumov (MGB)	1946-51
Semyon Denisovich Ignatyev (MGB)	1951-3
Lavrenti Pavlovich Beria (MGB)	1953 (March-June)
Sergei Nikiforovich Kruglov (MGB)	1953-4
Ivan Aleksandrovich Serov (KGB)	1954-8
Aleksandr Nikolayevich Shelepin (KGB)	1958-61
Vladimir Yefimovich Semichastny (KGB)	1961-7
Yuri Vladimirovich Andropov (KGB)	1967-82
Vitali Vasilyevich Fedorchuk (KGB)	1982 (May-December)
Viktor Mikhailovich Chebrikov	1982-8

(KGB)	
Vladimir Aleksandrovich Kryuchkov (KGB)	1988-91
Vadim Viktorovich Bakatin (KGB)	1991 (August-December)

APPENDIX B

HEADS OF FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, 1920-99

Yakov Kristoforovich Davryan (Davydov) (Cheka)	1920-1
Solomon Grigoryevich Mogilevsky (Cheka)	1921
Mikhail Abramovich Trilisser (Cheka/GPU/OGPU)	1921-30
Artur Khristyanovich Artuzov (OGPU/NKVD)	1930-6
Abram Abramovich Slutsky (NKVD)	1936-8
Zelman I. Pasov (NKVD)	1938

Sergei Mikhailovich Shpigelglas (NKVD)	1938
Vladimir Georgiyevich Dekanozov (NKVD)	1938-9
Pavel Mikhailovich Fitin (NKVD/NKGB/NKVD/MGB)	1939-46
Pyotr Nikolayevich Kubatkin (MGB)	1946 (June-September)
Pyotr Vasilyevich Fedotov (Deputy Chairman, KI, 1947-9)	1946-9
Sergei Romanovich Savchenko (Deputy Chairman, KI, 1949-51)	1949-52
Yevgeni Petrovich Pitovranov (MGB)	1952-3
Vasili Stepanovich Ryasnoy (MGB)	1953 (March-June)
Aleksandr Semyonovich Panyushkin (MGB/KGB)	1953-6
Aleksandr Mikhailovich Sakharovsky (KGB)	1956-71
Fyodor Konstantinovich Mortin	1971-4

(KGB)	
Vladimir Aleksandrovich Kryuchkov	1974-88
(KGB)	
Leonid Vladimirovich Shebarshin	1988-91
(KGB)	
Yevgeni Maksimovich Primakov	1991-6
(SVR)	
Vyacheslav Ivanovich Trubnikov	1996-
(SVR)	

APPENDIX C

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE KGB

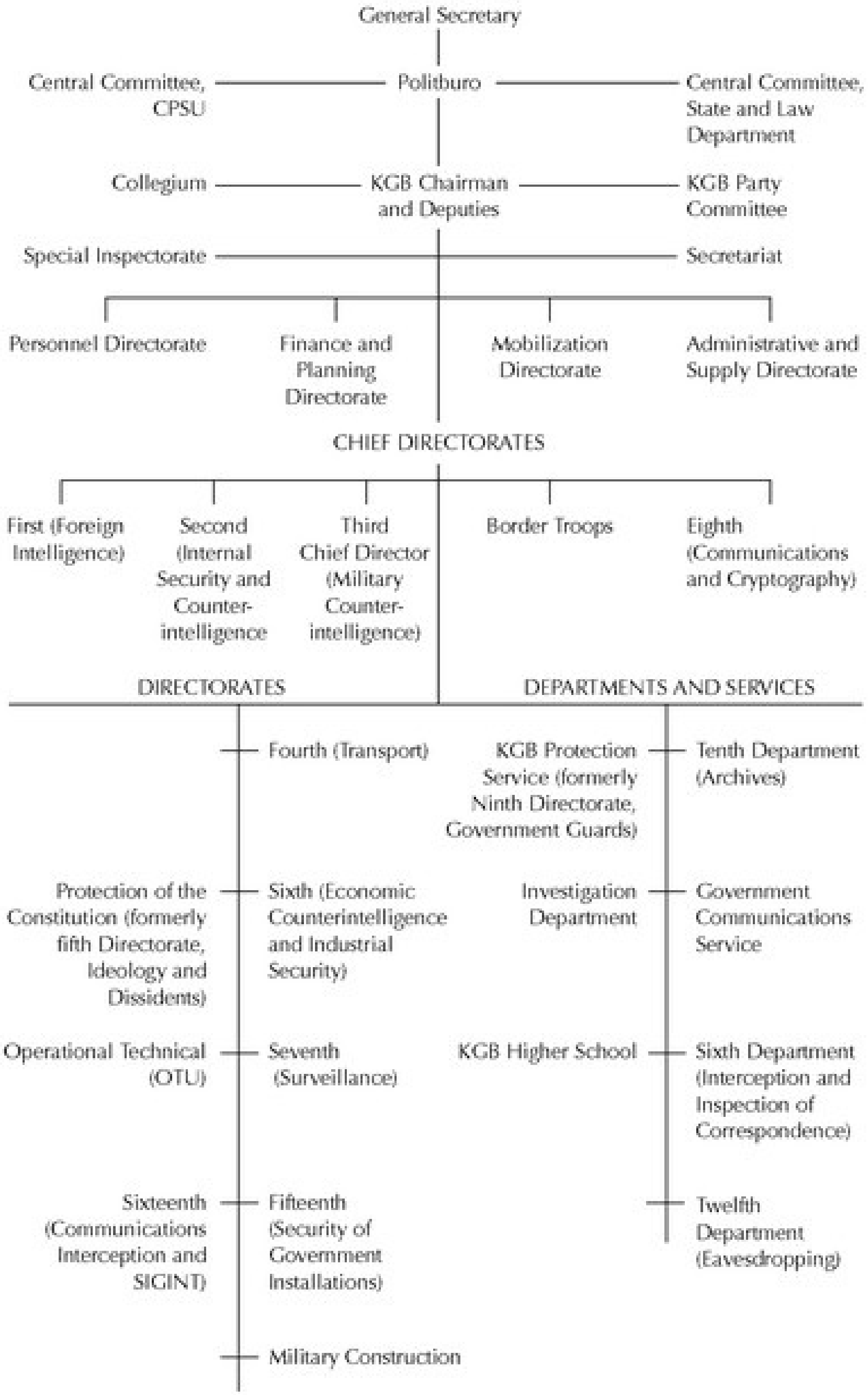
General Secretary
Central Committee, CPSU
Politburo
Central Committee, State and Law Department
Collegium
KGB Chairman and Deputies
KGB Party Committee
Special Inspectorate
Secretariat
Personnel Directorate
Finance and Planning Directorate
Mobilization Directorate
Administrative and Supply Directorate
CHIEF DIRECTORATES
First (Foreign Intelligence)
Second (Internal Security and Counter-intelligence
Third Chief Director (Military Counter-intelligence)
Border Troops
Eighth (Communications and Cryptography)
DIRECTORATES
DEPARTMENTS AND SERVICES
Fourth (Transport)
KGB Protection Service (formerly Ninth Directorate, Government Guards)
Tenth Department (Archives)
Protection of the Constitution (formerly fifth Directorate, Ideology and Dissidents)
Sixth (Economic Counterintelligence and Industrial Security)
Investigation Department
Government Communications Service
Operational Technical (OTU)
Seventh (Surveillance)
KGB Higher School
Sixth Department (Interception and Inspection of Correspondence)
Sixteenth (Communications Interception and SIGINT)
Fifteenth (Security of Government Installations)
Twelfth Department (Eavesdropping)
Military Construction

Source: Desmond Ball and Robert Windren, ‘Soviet

Signals Intelligence (Sigint): Organisation and Management,’ *Intelligence and National Security,* vol. 4 (1989), no. 4; Christopher Andrew and Oleg Gordievsky, *KGB: The Inside Story of Its Foreign Operations from Lenin to Gorbachev,* paperback edition (London: Sceptre, 1991); and Mitrokhin.

APPENDIX D

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE KGB FIRST CHIEF DIRECTORATE (FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE)

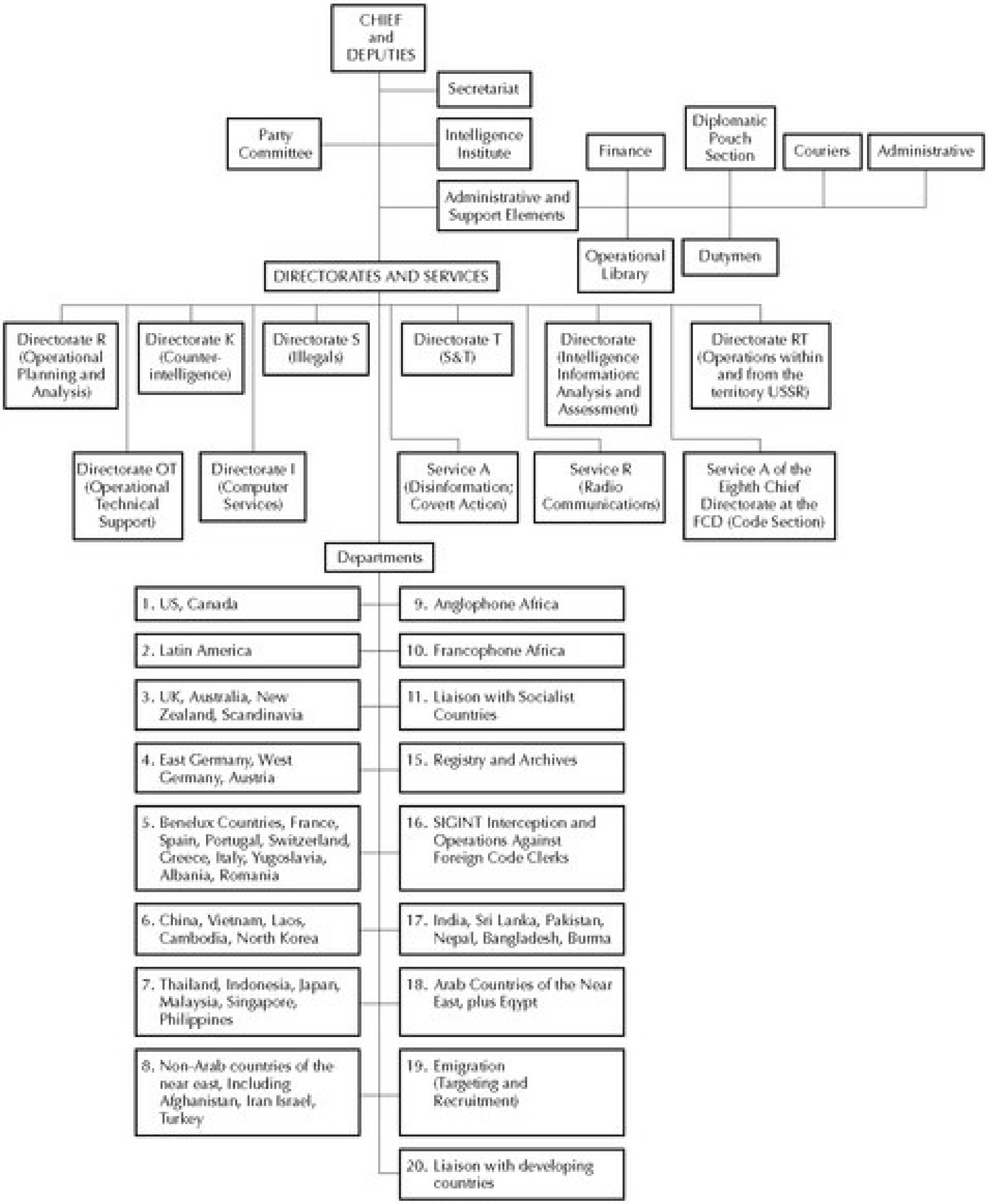
CHIEF and DEPUTIES
Secretariat
Party Committee
Intelligence Institute
Administrative and Support Elements
Finance
Diplomatic Pouch Section
Couriers
Administrative
Operational Library
Dutymen
DIRECTORATES AND SERVICES
Directorate R (Operational Planning and Analysis)
Directorate K (Counter-intelligence)
Directorate S (Illegals)
Directorate T (S&T)
Directorate (Intelligence Information: Analysis and Assessment)
Directorate RT (Operations within and from the territory USSR)
Directorate OT (Operational Technical Support)
Directorate I (Computer Services)
Service A (Disinformation; Covert Action)
Service R (Radio Communications)
Service A of the Eighth Chief Directorate at the FCD (Code Section)
Departments
1. US, Canada
2. Latin America
3. UK, Australia, New Zealand, Scandinavia
4. East Germany, West Germany, Austria
5. Benelux Countries, France, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Greece, Italy, Yugoslavia, Albania, Romania
6. China, Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, North Korea
7. Thailand, Indonesia, Japan, Malaysia, Singapore, Philippines
8. Non-Arab countries of the near east, Including Afghanistan, Iran Israel, Turkey
9. Anglophone Africa
10. Francophone Africa
11. Liaison with Socialist Countries
15. Registry and Archives
16. SIGINT Interception and Operations Against Foreign Code Clerks
17. India, Sri Lanka, Pakistan, Nepal, Bangladesh, Burma
18. Arab Countries of the Near East, plus Egypt
19. Emigration (Targeting and Recruitment)
20. Liaison with developing countries

Source: Desmond Ball and Robert Windren, 'Soviet Signals Intelligence (Sigint): Organisation and Management,' *Intelligence and National Security,* vol. 4

(1989), no. 4; Christopher Andrew and Oleg Gordievsky, *KGB: The Inside Story of Its Foreign Operations from Lenin to Gorbachev,* paperback edition (London: Sceptre, 1991); and Mitrokhin.

APPENDIX E

THE ORGANIZATION OF A KGB RESIDENCY

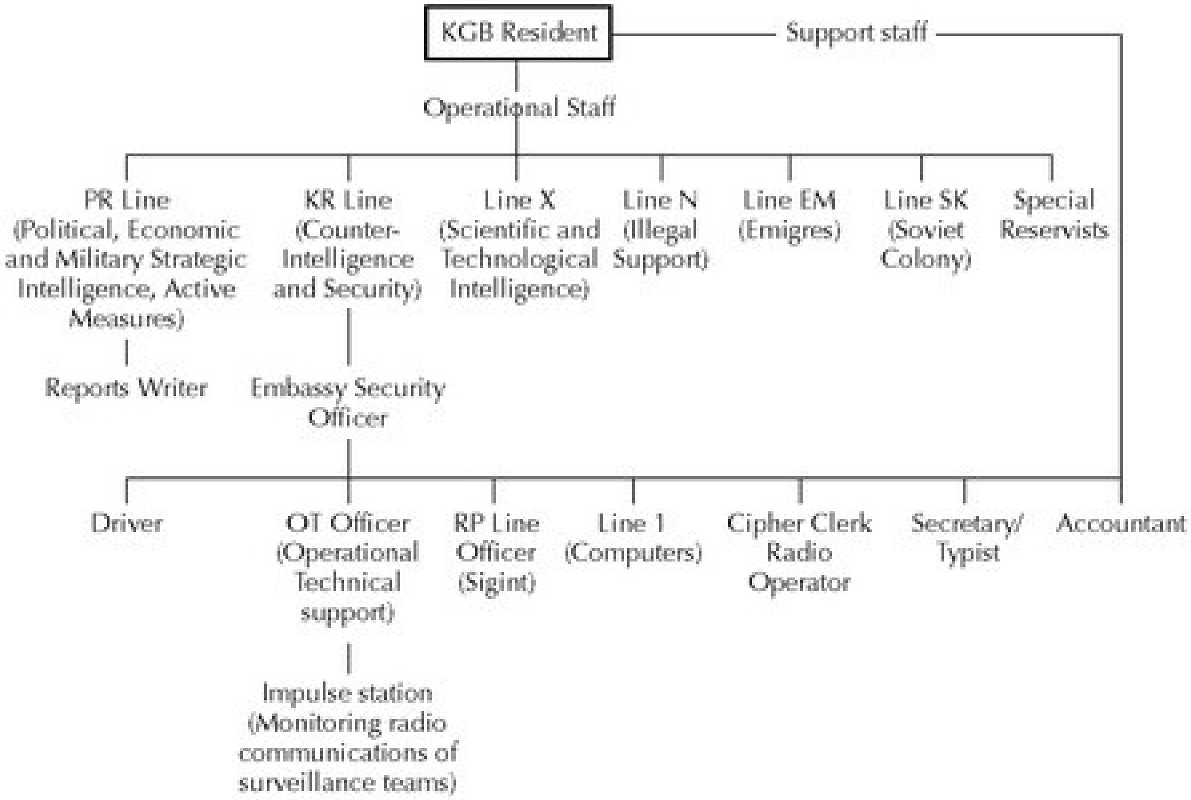
KGB Resident
Support staff
Operational Staff
PR Line (Political, Economic and Military Strategic Intelligence, Active Measures)
KR Line (Counter-Intelligence and Security)
Line X (Scientific and Technological Intelligence)
Line N (Illegal Support)
Line EM (Emigres)
Line SK (Soviet Colony)
Special Reservists
Reports Writer
Embassy Security Officer
Driver
OT Officer (Operational Technical support)
RP Line Officer (Sigint)
Line 1 (Computers)
Cipher Clerk Radio Operator
Secretary/ Typist
Accountant
Impulse station (Monitoring radio communications of surveillance teams)

NOTES

Chapter One The Mitrokhin Archive

1. *Nezavisimaya Gazeta,* December 10, 1996; Reuter reports, December 10, 1996.
2. Unless otherwise indicated, the account of Mitrokhin's career is based on his own recollections. Because of concern for his relatives in Russia, he is reluctant to reveal details of his family background. The SVR is still ferociously hostile to KGB defectors, whatever their motives. Most, even if—like Oleg Gordievsky—they betrayed not Russia but the now discredited Soviet one-party state through ideological conviction, remain under sentence of death. Though their relatives no longer face the overt persecution of the Soviet era, many understandably prefer not to have them identified.
3. For personal reasons, Mitrokhin does not wish to make public the location of this foreign posting, where he operated under an alias.
4. On the fall of Beria, see Moskalenko, "Beria's Arrest"; Volkogonov, *The Rise and Fall of the Soviet Empire,* pp. 185-93; Knight, *Beria,* ch. 9.
5. The FCD Archives, known in 1956 as the Operational Records Department (*Otdel Operativnogo Ucheta*), were

subsequently renamed the Twelfth (later the Fifteenth) Department.

6. Volkogonov, *The Rise and Fall of the Soviet Empire,* p. 194.

7. Fleishman, *Boris Pasternak,* chs. 11,12; Levi, *Boris Pasternak,* chs. 8, 9.

8. Knight, *The KGB,* pp. 64-5.

9. k-9,183.

10. Medvedev, *Andropov,* p. 56.

11. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 434-5, 483-4; Arbatov, *The System,* p. 266; Dobbs, *Down With Big Brother,* p. 13.

12. k-25,1.

13. k-1,191. Because of the dissidents' contacts (both real and imagined) with the West and the expulsion of some of their leaders, FCD archives included material on them from both the Second (internal security) Chief Directorate and the Fifth Directorate, founded by Andropov to specialize in operations by domestic ideological subversion.

14. Mitrokhin later found evidence of similar plans to end the dancing career of another defector from the Kirov Ballet, Natalia Makarova.

15. The approximate size of the FCD archive *c.* 1970 is given in vol. 6, ch. 2, part 1.

16. When FCD Directorate S at the Lubyanka asked to consult one of the files transferred to Yasenevo, Mitrokhin was also responsible for supervising its return.

17. k-16,506.

18. Blake, *No Other Choice,* p. 265.

19. While working on the notes at the dacha, Mitrokhin kept them hidden at the bottom of a laundry basket, then buried them in the milk-churn before he left. He was not the first to bury a secret archive in a milk-churn. In the Warsaw Ghetto in 1942-3 Emanuel Ringelblum buried three churns, rediscovered after the Second World War, which contained a priceless collection of underground newspapers, reports on resistance networks, and the testimony of Jews who had escaped from the death camps. One of the milk-churns is among the exhibits at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington.

20. Mitrokhin's archive is in four sections:

(i) k-series: handwritten material filed in large envelopes

(ii) t-series: handwritten notebooks

(iii) volumes: typed material, mostly arranged by country, sometimes with commentary by Mitrokhin

(iv) frag.-series: miscellaneous handwritten notes

Endnote references to Mitrokhin's archive follow this classification.

21. Solzhenitsyn's letter of complaint to Andropov and Andropov's mendacious report on it to the Council of Ministers are published in Scammell (ed.), *The*

Solzhenitsyn Files, pp. 158-60. See also Solzhenitsyn, *The Oak and the Calf,* pp. 322-3, 497-8; Scammell, *Solzhenitsyn,* pp. 739-43.

22. Pipes (ed.), *The Unknown Lenin,* pp. 48-50.

23. Solzhenitsyn, *The Oak and the Calf,* p. 1.

24. Shentalinsky, *The KGB's Literary Archive,* pp. 80-1. In 1926 the OGPU had confiscated Bulgakov's allegedly subversive diary. Though Bulgakov succeeded in getting it back a few years later, he himself subsequently burnt it for fear that it might provide evidence for his arrest. Happily, a copy survives in the KGB archives.

25. "Some aspects of the political and moral-psychological situation among members of the Moscow Theatre of Drama and Comedy on the Taganka." Report submitted to Andropov in July 1978 (k-25, appendix).

26. Solzhenitsyn, *The Oak and the Calf,* pp. 2-4.

27. See below, chapter 19.

28. The Afghan War will be covered in volume 2.

29. A characteristic example was a plan (document no. 150/S-9195) for agent infiltration into Russian émigré communities to monitor and destabilize dissidents abroad, signed jointly by Kryuchkov and Bobkov (head of the Fifth Directorate), submitted to Andropov on August 19, 1975, and approved by him a few days later; vol. 6, ch. 8, part 6. Kryuchkov now improbably maintains that he "had nothing to do with the struggle against dissent" (Remnick, *Resurrection,* p. 322).

30. vol. 10, ch. 3, para. 23.

31. vol. 6, app. 2, parts 3, 4; k-2,323; k-5,169.

32. Since he does not wish to reveal some details of his departure from the Soviet Union to the present Russian security service, Mitrokhin is unwilling to identify the Baltic republic in which he contacted SIS.

33. Kessler, *The FBI,* p. 433. Despite its limitations, the story confirms Kessler's well-deserved reputation for scoops.

34. Michael Isikoff, "FBI Probing Soviet Spy Effort, Book Says," *Washington Post* (August 18, 1993).

35. "Fun and Games with the KGB," *Time* (August 30, 1993).

36. The British media also assumed that the KGB defector had gone to the United States. See, for example, "Top US Officials 'Spied For KGB,'" *The Times* (August 19, 1993); "KGB Recruited 'Hundreds' of American Spies," *Independent* (August 19, 1993).

37. The first exposure of Hernu's alleged role as a Soviet Bloc agent was the article by Jérôme Dupuis and Jean-Marie Pontaut, "Charles Hernu était un agent de l'Est," *L'Express* (October 31, 1996).

38. "Le contre-espionnage français est convaincu que Charles Hernu a été un agent de l'Est," *Le Monde* (October 31, 1996). For British versions of the Hernu story, see, *inter alia,* the reports in the *Daily Telegraph, Guardian, Independent* and *The Times* on October 31, 1996, and in the *Sunday Times* and *Sunday Telegraph* on November 3, 1996.

39. Since Mitrokhin's notes, though voluminous, are not comprehensive, the absence of any identifiable reference to Hernu is not proof of his innocence, especially as his initial contacts were, allegedly, with Bulgarian and Romanian intelligence. Hernu's family insist that he is innocent of the charges against him.

40. *Focus* (December 1996, March 1997). *Focus*'s report in December 1996 provoked the vigorous SVR denunciation quoted at the beginning of this chapter.

41. Andreas Weber, "Die 'Grot' geschluckt: Die Lagepläne zu den KGB-Waffen- und Spreng-stoffdepots in Österreich sind überaus präzise," *Profil* (May 26, 1997).

42. t-7,65.

43. See below, chapter 22.

44. *Focus* (June 15, 1998). Other errors in the *Focus* story included the claim that the defector had "worked at KGB headquarters until the early 1990s."

45. *Focus* (June 15, 1998). Roger Boyes, "Defector Says Willy Brandt was KGB Agent," *The Times* (June 16, 1998).

46. ITAR/Tass interview with Yuri Kobaladze, June 19, 1998. Butkov's memoirs, so far available only in Norwegian, contain much of interest (including KGB documents) on his career in the FCD from 1984 to 1991, but include no reference to Brandt. In 1998, while living in Britain, Butkov was jailed for three years for his involvement in a confidence trick which persuaded

companies in Russia and Ukraine to pay 1.5 pounds to enrol employees in a bogus business school in California. “Conman from Suburbia is KGB Defector,” *Sunday Times* (April 26, 1998).

47. k-26,88.

48. See below, chapter 26.

49. vol. 6, ch. 11, parts 26, 28, 41.

50. Scott Shane and Sandy Banisky, “Lipka Was Wary of FBI’s Spy Trap,” *Baltimore Sun* (February 25, 1996); William C. Carley, “How the FBI Broke Spy Case that Baffled Agency for 30 Years,” *Wall Street Journal* (November 21, 1996).

51. Julia C. Martinez, “Accused Spy Admits Guilt,” *Philadelphia Inquirer* (May 24, 1997).

52. Joseph A. Slobodzian, “18-Year Sentence for Ex-Soviet Spy,” *Philadelphia Inquirer* (September 25, 1997).

53. The first edition was published in New York by Reader’s Digest Press.

54. vol. 6, ch. 8, part 54.

55. vol. 6, app. 1, part 28.

56. vol. 6, ch. 8, part 4.

57. Some of the KGB documents obtained by Gordievsky, all covering the period 1974 to 1985, were later published in Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre* and *More Instructions from the Centre.*

58. Unattributable information. Since Mitrokhin had retired six years before the publication of the history by Andrew and Gordievsky, he had no access to KGB files

on it.

59. Order of the Chairman of the KGB, no. 107/OV, September 5, 1990.

60. Costello later told Andrew and Gordievsky that he received the first order of KGB material shortly after the press conference to launch their book, at which he made an engagingly boisterous appearance to denounce their identification of John Cairncross as the Fifth Man as a plot by British intelligence. He subsequently changed his mind after seeing material from Cairncross's KGB file which confirmed that identification.

61. Costello, *Ten Days to Destiny.*

62. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* pp. vi-vii. Costello's untimely death in 1996 has been variously attributed by conspiracy theorists to the machinations of British or Russian intelligence. While Costello was somewhat naive in his attitude to the SVR, there is no suggestion that either he or any of the other Western authors (some of them distinguished scholars) of the collaborative histories authorized by the SVR have been Russian agents.

63. The collaborative volumes so far published are, in order of publication: Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions;* Murphy, Kondrashev and Bailey, *Battleground Berlin;* Fursenko and Naftali, "*One Hell of a Gamble*"; West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels;* and Weinstein and Vassiliev, *The Haunted Wood.* Further publication details are given in the bibliography.

64. Extracts from the Philby file appear in Costello, *Ten Days to Destiny;* Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions;* Borovik, *The Philby Files;* West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels.*

65. See below, chapter 9.

66. Murphy, Kondrashev and Bailey, *Battleground Berlin,* p. 248. The authors rightly describe the SVR's claim that it has no file on Kopatzky/Orlov as "obviously disingenuous." The SVR's selection of documents for the most recent of the collaborative histories (on espionage in the USA in the Stalin era) shows some similar signs of archival amnesia on embarrassing episodes. It claims, for example, that "available records" do not indicate the fate of Vasili Mironov, a senior officer in the New York residency recalled to Moscow in 1944 (Weinstein and Vassiliev, *The Haunted Wood,* p. 275). In reality, his fate is precisely recorded in SVR files. After his recall, Mironov was first sent to labor camp, then shot after attempting to smuggle details of the NKVD massacre of Polish officers to the US embassy in Moscow.

67. See below, chapter 9.

68. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii.* The editor, Tatyana Samolis, is spokeswoman for the SVR. One striking example of this volume's reverential attitude towards the pious myths created by the KGB is its highly sanitized account of the frequently unsavory career of Hero of the Soviet Union Stanislav Alekseyevich Vaupshashov.

69. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki.* Three volumes were published between 1995 and 1997. They are based, in part, on formerly classified articles in the KGB in-house journal *KGB Sbornik,* some of which were noted by Mitrokhin.

70. Though the former head of the SVR, Yevgeni Primakov (who in 1998 became Russian prime minister), was given the honorary title of "editor-in-chief" of *Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* his role can scarcely have been much more than nominal. As "literary editor," Zamoysky is likely to have played a much more significant role. During the 1980s he regularly expounded his belief in a global Masonic-Zionist plot during briefing trips to foreign residencies. Oleg Gordievsky heard him deliver a lecture on this subject during his visit to the London residency in January 1985; Zamoysky was then deputy head of the FCD Directorate of Intelligence Information. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 42.

71. "Freemasons," Zamoysky claimed, "have always controlled the upper echelons of government in Western countries ... Masonry in fact runs, 'remotely controls' bourgeois society ... The true center of the world Masonic movement is to be found in the most 'Masonic' country of all, the United States ... Ronald Reagan has been characterized as an 'outstanding' Mason." Zamoysky's explanation of the Cold War was startling in its simplicity:

> The first ever atomic attack on people, the use of atomic weapons for blackmail and the escalation of the arms race were sanctioned by the 33-degree Mason Harry Truman.
>
> The first ever call for the Cold War was sounded by Mason Winston Churchill (with Truman's blessing).
>
> The onslaught on the economic independence of Western Europe (disguised as the Marshall Plan) was directed by the 33-degree Mason George Marshall.
>
> Truman and West European Freemasons orchestrated the formation of NATO.
>
> Don't we owe to that cohort the instigation of hostility between the West and the Soviet Union ...?

(*Behind the Facade of the Masonic Temple,* pp. 6-7, 141.)

An important part of the explanation for the survival of some old KGB conspiracy theories into today's SVR is the continuity of personnel.

72. The third and latest volume of the SVR official history, which ends in 1941, concludes that Soviet foreign intelligence "honorably and unselfishly did its patriotic duty to Motherland and people." Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, conclusion.

73. That is why the SVR selected as the first subject for a collaborative history between one of its own consultants and a Western historian a biography of Aleksandr Orlov, a senior foreign intelligence officer who, despite being

forced to flee to the West from Stalin's Terror, allegedly kept "faith with Lenin's revolution" and used his superior intelligence training to take in Western intelligence agencies for many years. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions*.

74. See below, ch. 5.

75. See below, chs. 15, 16, 19, 20, 29, 30.

76. See below, ch. 18.

77. On the destruction of KGB files, see Knight, *Spies Without Cloaks,* p. 194.

Chapter Two From Lenin's Cheka to Stalin's OGPU

1. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 56-63.
2. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 52-3.
3. vol. 6, ch. 3, part 3, *n.* 2; k-9,218.
4. Leggett, *The Cheka,* p. 17.
5. k-9,67.
6. Pipes, *Russia under the Bolshevik Regime,* 1919-1924, pp. 92-3.
7. k-9,67,204.
8. Tsvigun *et al.* (eds.), *V.I. Lenin i VChK,* no. 48.
9. Ostryakov, *Voyennye Chekisty,* ch. 1.
10. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 69-75. On the evidence for Lenin's involvement, see Brook-Shepherd, *Iron Maze,* p. 103.
11. Brook-Shepherd, *Iron Maze,* p. 107.
12. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 79.
13. Before his execution, Kannegiser was twice interrogated personally by Dzerzhinsky. Though he had formerly been an active member of the Workers' Popular Socialist Party, he claimed—perhaps to protect other

supporters of the Party—that, "as a matter of principle," he was not currently a member of any party. Kannegiser said that he had carried out the assassination entirely on his own to avenge those shot on Uritsky's orders as "enemies of Soviet power." According to his father, one of those shot had been a friend of Kannegiser. The family maid, Ilinaya, claimed that Kannegiser "was linked with some suspicious people who often came to see him, and that he himself would disappear from his house at night, returning only during the day." Rozenberg, another witness interrogated by the Cheka, claimed that Kannegiser had told him of his plan to overthrow the Bolshevik regime. Mitrokhin noted, after reading the Cheka interrogation records, that the conflicts in evidence had not been resolved. vol. 10, ch. 4.

14. The record of Kaplan's interrogation was published in 1923; Pipes, *The Russian Revolution,* p. 807.

15. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 75-81.

16. Pipes (ed.), *The Unknown Lenin,* pp. 48, 54.

17. Though the KGB files examined by Mitrokhin do not record Filippov's fate after his arrest by the Petrograd Cheka, he was never heard of again. k-9,67,204.

18. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 237.

19. Leggett, *The Cheka,* p. 417 *n.* 21. Conquest, *The Great Terror,* pp. 325-7.

20. vol. 7, ch. 1, para. 5. Buikis subsequently wrote two brief memoirs of his early experiences in the Cheka in Rozvadovskaya *et al.* (eds.), *Rytsar Revoliutsii,* and

Lyalin *et al.* (eds.), *Osoboie Zadanie.*

21. See, for example, Ostryakov, *Voyennye Chekisty,* ch. 1.

22. For the text of the official document certifying Ulyanov's "rights to hereditary nobility" (suppressed during the Soviet era), see Pipes (ed.), *The Unknown Lenin,* p. 19.

23. Pipes (ed.), *The Unknown Lenin,* pp. 3-5, 138-9.

24. Radzinsky, *Stalin,* pp. 11-12.

25. vol. 1, app. 3. Cf. Radzinsky, *Stalin,* pp. 12-14.

26. Radzinsky, *Stalin,* pp. 77-9. It is possible that Stalin's determination about changing the day of the month as well as the year of his birth in official records may have reflected the fear that Okhrana records contained some reference which had been overlooked to an agent, otherwise identified only by codename, who had his date of birth.

27. On June 11, 1919 the Central Committee of the Russian Communist Party stated: "[We] have noted Comrade Dzerzhinsky's announcement concerning the necessity of leaving illegal political workers in the areas occupied by the enemy ... It is proposed that: (a) An Illegals Operations Department be created in the organizational office ..." (vol. 6, ch. 5, part 1, *n.* 1).

28. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 1 and *n.* 1; vol. 7, ch. 1.

29. k-27,305.

30. Leggett, *The Cheka,* appendix C.

31. There is little doubt that *The State and Revolution*

represented Lenin's innermost convictions. Had it been otherwise, he would scarcely have chosen to publish it in February 1918, at a time when the Cheka was already in existence and it was only too easy for Lenin's opponents to point to the contradictions between his words and his deeds. Its publication at such a difficult time was an act of faith that the regime's difficulties were only temporary and that he would live to see the fulfillment of his revolutionary dream.

32. Report from the Cheka of the town and district of Morshansk in the first issue of the Cheka weekly, dated September 22, 1918 (k-9,212).

33. Mitrokhin noted the following report (k-9,210) of an inspection by Cheka headquarters of Cheka operations in Dmitrov in 1918:

> Kurenkov, aged 18, operates as the chairman of the Dmitrov town Cheka of Moscow province. All his colleagues are young people, but young people who are competent, battle-tested and who work with energy.
>
> However, the work of the Cheka was carried out in a primitive manner. Searches were carried out without elected observers and without representatives of housing committees being present. Confiscated food stuffs were not handed over to the food department, and inventories were not drawn up.

34. Melgounov, *The Red Terror in Russia.* Figes, *A People's Tragedy,* pp. 646-9. The files for the period noted by Mitrokhin (mostly on foreign intelligence) make only indirect references to the atrocities of the civil war.
35. Speech by Lenin, December 23, 1921; text in Tsvigun *et al., V.I. Lenin i VChK,* pp. 534f.
36. Brovkin, *Behind the Front Lines of the Civil War,* p. 424. The Dzerzhinsky Archive is Fond 76 in the All-Russian Center for the Preservation and Study of Documents of Modern History in Moscow.
37. Volkogonov, *Lenin,* p. 239.
38. Tsvigun *et al* (eds.), *V.I. Lenin i VChK,* no. 198. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 69.
39. Pipes (ed.), *The Unknown Lenin,* pp. 127-9.
40. vol. 6, ch. 1, part 1, *n.* 1.
41. Pipes, *Russia under the Bolshevik Regime,* pp. 416-19.
42. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 99-100; Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 142-3; West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* p. 5.
43. Tsvigun et al (eds.), *Lenin i VChK,* no. 390. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 91-4.
44. West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* p. 5.
45. Tsvigun *et al.* (eds.), *V.I. Lenin i VChK,* no. 437.
46. Brovkin, *Behind the Front Lines of the Civil War,* pp. 334-56. Leggett, *The Cheka,* pp. 334-8, 464-6.
47. k-9,87.
48. The first of five foreign intelligence priorities set out in INO instructions of November 28, 1922 was "The

exposure on the territory of each state of counter-revolutionary groups who are waging both active and passive activity against the interests of the RSFSR and also against the international revolutionary movement." vol. 7, ch. 1.

49. Mitrokhin's handwritten note (k-9,87) makes it difficult to determine whether the date was June 16 or 26. Since Zavarny crossed into Romania on June 15 to negotiate details of Tutyunnik's return with him, it seems highly unlikely, particularly in view of earlier delays, that this could have taken place as early as June 16. Because CASE 39 was run by the internal departments of the OGPU, the file was kept in the special archival collections of the Second Chief Directorate, to which Mitrokhin did not have access. He was, however, able to note a classified history of the operation which was based on, and quoted, the CASE 39 file.

50. k-9,87. During the 1930s an illegal residency in Germany, headed by I. M. Kaminsky (codenamed MOREZ and MOND), specialized in operations against Ukrainian émigrés (vol. 7, ch. 9, paras. 1-2; vol. 6, ch. 5, part 1). The Administration for Special Tasks also carried out the assassination of several leading Ukrainian nationalists (Sudoplatovs, *Special Tasks,* chs. 1, 2).

51. vol. 6, ch. 8, part 6.

52. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 1, *n.* 1. Though Mitrokhin read a number of classified studies of the TREST and SINDIKAT operations, he did not have access to the files

on them. Since the operations were run by the internal departments of the OGPU, their files—like that for CASE 39—were kept in the special archival collections (*spetsfondi*) of the Second Chief Directorate.

53. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 111-12. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* pp. 33-4.

54. vol. 6, ch. 8, part 1. On the previous careers of Syroyezhkin and Fyodorov, see Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 138-40, 147-9.

55. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 112-13.

56. k-4,199.

57. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* p. 35.

58. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 114.

59. The complex use of multiple aliases for the same individual in the 37-volume TREST file, together with the baffling mixture of fact and invention recorded in it, confused a number of the KGB officers and historians who studied it over the years.

60. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 115-17.

61. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* pp. 35-41 (based on partial access to the KGB TREST file); and photograph (following p. 258) of Reilly's corpse on display in the Lubyanka sickbay. Cf. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 2, pp. 121ff. The brief SVR biography of Syroyezhkin identifies him as "especially prominent in the arrests of the subversive White Guard organization of B. Savinkov" and "an active participant in operation TREST during which

the British agent S. Reilly was detained and arrested in September 1925." Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* p. 139.

62. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 118-21; Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* pp. 40-2.

63. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 1. Italian-Soviet diplomatic relations, broken after the Revolution, were not resumed until 1924, when the first legal residency was founded within the newly established Soviet diplomatic mission. The residency officer credited by KGB files with Constantini's recruitment was Sheftel, codenamed DOCTOR. Mitrokhin's notes give no further details on him. In 1997-8 the SVR gave privileged access to selected parts of Constantini's file to the authors of two histories of Soviet intelligence operations: Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, ch. 13; and West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* ch. 5. Primakov *et al.* do not reveal Constantini's real name; West and Tsarev mistakenly refer to him as Costantini.

64. KGB files radically revise previous interpretations of leaks from the Rome embassy. A 1937 inquiry conducted by Valentine Vivian, head of SIS counter-intelligence, considered only leakage of classified documents to Italian intelligence. Though it was later discovered that some information had also gone to the OGPU/NKVD, the Foreign Office seems never to have realized that the original penetration was by the OGPU.

65. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 1.

66. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, ch. 13.

67. West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* pp. 94-9. Though Litvinov did not become Commissar for Foreign Affairs until 1930, *Izvestia* later noted that he had been "*de facto* head of our foreign policy from 1928." Haslam, *Soviet Foreign Policy, 1930-33,* p. 10.

68. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 126. On the Crémet spyring, see Faligot and Kauffer, *As-tu vu Crémet?*

69. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 126-7.

70. Professor Matsokin was succeeded at a date not recorded in Mitrokhin's notes by another Japanese specialist, Kim Roman, an ethnic Korean from Nikolsk-Ussuriysk (k-9,73). Neither is mentioned in the account of the Tanaka memorandum episode in Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 2, ch. 32.

71. k-9,73.

72. k-9,119. The official SVR history does not refer to ANO.

73. k-9,73. On the publication of the Tanaka memorandum, see Klehr, Haynes and Firsov, *The Secret World of American Communism,* pp. 52-3. The published version of the memorandum has been regarded by some scholars, unaware of the OGPU's success at this period in intercepting Japanese communications in Harbin and Seoul, as a forgery fabricated by the OGPU. The KGB record of its interception, however, describes it as

genuine. It is possible, though Mitrokhin discovered no evidence of this, that the published version was doctored to improve its propaganda value.

74. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 2, p. 257.

75. Article by Stalin of July 23, 1927, in Degras (ed.), *Documents on Soviet Foreign Policy,* vol. 2, pp. 233-5. The article also reflected alarm at the massacres of Chinese Communists by their former allies, the nationalist Kuomintang.

76. vol. 7, ch. 9, item 1. There is interesting detail on the Ilk-Weinstein residency in West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* ch. 3. The authors do not, however, appear to have had access to all the files seen by Mitrokhin, and conclude that the residency of Ilk and "Wanshtein" (*sic*—presumably a literal retransliteration from the Cyrillic) was "extremely effective" and pay tribute to "Ilk's great organizational skill." This judgment is somewhat at variance with the authors' acknowledgement that the quality of the residency's abundant British intelligence "left much to be desired"; the documents which they cite on Ilk's attempts to excuse the quality of the intelligence probably deserve a less charitable interpretation. Both Ilk and Weinstein are conspicuous by their absence from the biographies of seventy-five foreign intelligence heroes published by the SVR in 1995 on the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Cheka's foreign department. Since the "Great Illegals" of the inter-war

period are included, the SVR evidently accepts that Ilk and Weinstein were not among them.

77. Trotsky, *My Life,* pp. 539ff; Deutscher, *Trotsky,* vol. 2, pp. 392-4; Volkogonov, *Trotsky,* pp. 305ff.

78. A “special courier,” whom he refused to identify in his memoirs, delivered an additional eight or nine secret batches of correspondence from Moscow which, he claimed, kept him informed of “everything that was going on” in the capital. Trotsky replied to his Moscow informants by the same secret channel (Trotsky, *My Life,* p. 556). The KGB archives identify the “special courier” as a member of the carters’ cooperative which transported freight between Alma-Ata and the nearest railway station in Frunze. OGPU surveillance teams reported that the carter would meet Trotsky’s wife or elder son in the Alma-Ata market place, unobtrusively slip into their shopping baskets messages which had arrived at Frunze by the Trans-Siberian Express and collect the replies. vol. 6, ch. 3, part 1.

79. Volkogonov, *Trotsky,* p. 312. Menzhinsky became head of OGPU on Dzerzhinsky’s death in 1927.

80. vol. 6, ch. 3, part 1.

81. Deutscher, *Trotsky,* vol. 3, pp. 1-3.

82. k-4,198.

83. Ostryakov, *Voyennye Chekisty,* ch. 2. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 170. In this instance, the published KGB version of events (summarized by Ostryakov) agrees with its archival record (vol. 6, ch. 3, part 1).

Volkogonov suggests that Blyumkin “was guilty of nothing more than having visited Trotsky” (*Trotsky,* p. 329), but overlooks the fact that Trotsky himself later acknowledged that Blyumkin was “trying to establish a connection between Trotsky and his co-thinkers in the USSR.” Article signed “G. Gourov” [Trotsky] in *La Voix Communiste,* October 30, 1932; Vereeken, *The GPU in the Trotskyist Movement,* p. 13.

84. There is a sanitized version of Gorskaya’s career in Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 53-5.

85. Agabekov, *OGPU,* pp. 202-3, 207-8, 219-21, 238-40. Poretsky, *Our Own People,* pp. 146-7. Orlov, *The Secret History of Stalin’s Crimes,* pp. 200-3. There are minor discrepancies between these memoirs, based on the authors’ varying personal knowledge of the affair. All agree, however, on Blyumkin’s meeting with Trotsky, Gorskaya’s involvement and Blyumkin’s execution. The records noted by Mitrokhin contain no details of Blyumkin’s recall to Moscow or of his interrogation; they mention only Blyumkin’s attempt to set up “a line of communication for Trotsky with the Trotskyites in Moscow” and his subsequent execution. vol. 6, ch. 3, part 1.

86. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 165-6.

87. k-4,198,206.

88. Sudoplatovs, *Special Tasks,* pp. 32, 58. On its foundation in 1926, the Administration for Special Tasks

had been intended chiefly to prepare for and execute sabotage operations behind enemy lines in time of war. On post-war "special tasks," see chapters 22-3.

89. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* p. 439, *n.* 37.

90. k-4,198,206; the Kutepov operation is referred to in these files as "the liquidation of G."

91. k-4,199.

92. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 166-8.

Chapter Three The Great Illegals

1. vol. 7, ch. 9.
2. vol. 6, ch. 12.
3. In 1930 there was no legal residency in the United States and only one illegal residency, staffed by four OGPU officers and four illegal agents. Much of the Centre's interest in the USA at this stage lay in the possibilities for operations against Germany and Japan offered by its large communities of expatriate Germans and Japanese. vol. 6, ch. 8, part 1.
4. vol. 7, ch. 9. The aim in 1930, never completely fulfilled, was to establish several illegal residencies in every major target country. By contrast, no country in the 1930s contained more than one legal residency.
5. vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 4.
6. vol. 7, ch. 9.
7. The most recent and best-documented biography of Sorge is Whymant, *Stalin's Spy*. Though a Fourth Department (later GRU) illegal, Sorge was still being cited by the KGB in talks with Western Communist leaders during the 1970s as representing the kind of illegal it wished to recruit.

8. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 46-50. See the forthcoming study of Tsarist diplomacy by Barbara Emerson, the first historian to gain full access to the *dossiers secrets* of decrypts in the archives of the Tsarist foreign ministry.

9. See above, chapter 2.

10. As with many other inter-war operations, the record of Bystroletov's foreign intelligence missions is incomplete. The main documents seen by Mitrokhin were a post-war memoir written by Bystroletov, some contemporary correspondence on his operations exchanged between the Center and residencies, and the 26-volume file on one of his leading agents, Ernest Holloway Oldham (ARNO). Though Bystroletov's memoir is colorfully written, some—but not all—of the main events recorded in it can be corroborated from other sources. The SVR has given partial access to its records on Bystroletov for the writing of two books co-authored by the former KGB officer Oleg Tsarev (now an SVR consultant) and Western historians: Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions;* and West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels.*

11. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 19-21. The account of Bystroletov's career in the 1997 SVR official history also omits much that is of importance about it, including the identities of his main British agents. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* ch. 22.

12. vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 16. The file noted by Mitrokhin

identifies LAROCHE, in Cyrillic transliteration, as Eliana Aucouturier, born 1898. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* says simply that Bystroletov "successfully cultivated a secretary at the French embassy who had access to secret correspondence and ciphers of the French foreign ministry" (p. 19), but does not give the secretary's name or codename, or refer to her seduction.

13. vol. 7, ch. 9.

14. The accounts of Bystroletov's career published by the SVR in 1995 and 1997, as well as the material supplied by the SVR for two books co-authored by the former KGB officer Oleg Tsarev and Western historians, do not mention that Bystroletov was not an OGPU/NKVD officer. Mitrokhin discovered, on examining Bystroletov's records, that he was simply an agent (vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 38). Even when fully rehabilitated in 1956, after spending sixteen years in prison from 1938 to 1954 as an innocent victim of the Stalinist terror, Bystroletov was denied a KGB pension on the grounds that he had never held officer rank. Since the SVR now portrays him as one of the main pre-war heroes of Soviet foreign intelligence, it is evidently embarrassed to admit his lowly status.

15. Though based in Berlin, Bazarov's residency operated against a number of countries, including—from 1929—Britain. Other illegals in the residency included Teodor Maly and D. A. Poslendy, vol. 7, ch. 1.

16. vol. 7, ch. 9, paras. 24-30. De Ry later also came to

the attention of the French Deuxième Bureau as "*un trafiquant de codes*" with access to Italian ciphers (Paillole, *Notre espion chez Hitler,* p. 223).

17. vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 26. Though not present at this first encounter with ROSSI, Bystroletov was given details of it by the Paris residency in order to help track him down.

18. In Bystroletov's account (vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 26), the official who spoke to the walk-in at the Paris embassy is identified only as "a senior comrade." Other fragmentary accounts of the same episode indicate that the comrade was Vladimir Voynovich, aka Yanovich and Volovich: Bessedovsky, *Revelations of a Soviet Diplomat,* pp. 247-8; Corson and Crowley, *The New KGB,* pp. 433-5; Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* p. 198.

19. vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 27. The photographer of the ciphers was identified as Voynovich's wife by the defector Grigori Besedovsky, then a senior diplomat in the Soviet embassy. Bessedovsky, *Revelations,* p. 247.

20. vol. 7, ch. 9. Corson and Crowley, *The New KGB,* pp. 140ff confuses the de Ry and Oldham cases, and claims that Oldham too was successfully defrauded. The authors, who had no access to KGB files, do not identify de Ry by name or codename and refer to Oldham as "Scott." Andrew and Gordievsky, (*KGB,* pp. 195-6) identify Oldham but follow Corson and Crowley in suggesting that he was defrauded by Voynovich. Surprisingly, Costello and Tsarev, despite their access to KGB documents, make no mention of de Ry and claim

inaccurately in their paragraph on Oldham that he “was thrown out on his ear” by Voynovich, who “evidently suspected a British provocation plot” (*Deadly Illusions,* p. 198).

21. Besedovsky’s memoirs, *Na Putiakh k Termidoru,* were published in Russian, French and German in 1930; an abridged English translation (in which the author’s name is transliterated as “Bessedovslay”) appeared in 1931. His insulting references to Stalin make the hypothesis that he was a bogus defector planted on the West untenable. There is, however, some indication that in the course of a sometimes bizarre life in exile, Besedovsky did co-operate to some degree with Soviet intelligence after the Second World War.

22. vol. 7, ch. 9.

23. The corrupt Italian diplomat was successively codenamed PATRON, CARTRIDGE and PATTERN by Soviet intelligence; vol. 7, ch. 9.

24. vol. 7, ch. 9.

25. vol. 7, ch. 9.

26. The only real post with which the non-existent position of head of intelligence at the Foreign Office might conceivably have been confused was that of head of political intelligence in SIS and liaison officer with the Foreign Office. The holder of that post from 1921 to early in the Second World War, however, was Major Malcolm Woollcombe.

27. vol. 7, ch. 9.

28. Mitrokhin found no note in the file querying the story.
29. vol. 7, ch. 9.
30. vol. 7, ch. 9, paras. 30-1. French intelligence records provide corroboration of both Lemoine's friendship with de Ry and their common interest in obtaining foreign diplomatic ciphers; Paillole, *Notre espion chez Hitler,* p. 223.
31. On Lemoine's career with the Deuxième Bureau and recruitment of Schmidt, see Paillole, *Notre espion chez Hitler,* p. 223.
32. French cryptanalysts were unable to exploit the intelligence on Enigma provided by Schmidt. The first steps in the breaking of Enigma were made by Polish military cryptanalysts with whom the Deuxième Bureau shared Schmidt's cipher material. The results achieved by the Poles were passed on to the British on the eve of the Second World War, Garlinski, *Intercept,* chs. 2, 3; Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 628-32.
33. vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 30. Neither Lemoine's name nor his codename, JOSEPH, appears in Bystroletov's 1995 SVR hagiography, which, however, confirms that "In the period between 1930 and 1936, whilst working with another agent, Bystroletov ... established operational contact with a member of French military intelligence. He received from him Austrian cipher material and later Italian and Turkish cipher material and even secret documents from Hitler's Germany." (Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* p. 20.) It is clear from

this censored account that Bystroletov's fellow illegal Ignace Reiss (alias Ignace Poretsky), with whom he shared the running of JOSEPH, remains an unperson in SVR historiography because of his later defection; he is referred to only as "another agent." There is no mention of JOSEPH in the account of Bystroletov's career in West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels.*

34. The file noted by Mitrokhin identifies OREL only as Lemoine's boss in the Deuxième Bureau; the Center may not have known his real identity (vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 30). Reiss was known to Lemoine and Bertrand as "Walter Scott." A Deuxième Bureau photograph, almost certainly taken without Reiss's knowledge, shows him at a meeting with Lemoine and Bertrand at Rotterdam in 1935 (Paillole, *Notre espion chez Hitler,* illustration facing p. 161).

35. vol. 7, ch. 9.

36. Paillole, *Notre espion chez Hitler,* p. 132. Which side provided what is generally unclear. Mitrokhin's notes, however, record that OREL (Bertrand) handed Reiss a new Italian cipher in November 1933.

37. vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 18. The decision to award Bystroletov his inscribed rifle is recorded in KGB files as order no. 1042 of September 17, 1932.

38. The date of Oldham's resignation is given in his "Statement of Services" in the 1933 *Foreign Office List.*

39. vol. 7, ch. 9.

40. vol. 7, ch. 11, para. 56.

41. vol. 7, ch. 9.

42. *Foreign Office List,* 1934. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 196.

43. vol. 7, ch. 9.

44. See below, chapter 3.

45. vol. 7, ch. 9.

46. *Foreign Office List,* 1934. Oake's "Statement of Services" underlined his humble position. Whereas such statements for established staff gave full name, date of birth and a career summary, those for "temporary clerks" such as Oake gave only surname, initials and date of entry into the Foreign Office.

47. vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 20.

48. *Foreign Office List,* 1934.

49. Cornelissen, *De GPOe op de Overtoom,* pp. 156-7.

50. vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 22. King may or may not have believed Pieck's story that the money he received for his documents came from a Dutch banker anxious for inside information on international relations; Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 197.

51. West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* p. 94.

52. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 1; k-4,200.

53. Agabekov, *OGPU,* pp. 151-2, 204, 237-40.

54. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 1; k-4,200. Akselrod had previously used an Austrian passport in the name of "Friedrich Keil" (Agabekov, *OGPU,* pp. 240-2) and may well have used the same false identity in Italy. Significantly, the SVR version of Akselrod's early career

omits all mention of his membership of Poale Zion. The KGB tradition that Soviet intelligence heroes were untainted by Zionism appears to be preserved by SVR historians. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, pp. 158-9.

55. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, ch. 13. The original text of the Foreign Office records of the talks with Hitler, Litvinov, Beck, Benes and Mussolini are published in Medlicott *et al.* (eds.), *Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939,* 2nd series, vol. 12, pp. 703-46, 771-91, 803-10, 812-17; vol. 13, pp. 477-84; vol. 14, pp. 329-33. The version of the record of Simon's and Eden's talks with Hitler given to Stalin consisted of translated extracts rather than the full Foreign Office document. The same probably applies to the records given to Stalin of Eden's talks with Litvinov, Beck, Benes and Mussolini, which are not yet accessible.

56. Constantini may well not have been the only source for the document. The Foreign Office record of Simon's and Eden's talks with Hitler, also in March 1935, was provided by both King and Constantini.

57. Eden's meeting with Stalin took place in the Kremlin on March 30, 1935, following his talks with Litvinov during the previous two days. His telegram on the talks to the Foreign Office records that a copy was sent to the Rome embassy. Medlicott *et al.* (eds.), *Documents on British Foreign Policy, 1919-1939,* 2nd series, vol. 12, pp.

766-9.

58. Medlicott *et al.* (eds.), *Documents on British Foreign Policy, 1919-1939,* 2nd series, vol. 12, p. 820.

59. On Eden's policy on the Soviet Union and collective security, see Carlton, *Anthony Eden,* p. 63.

60. See below, chapter 3.

61. The report by a committee headed by Sir John Maffey concluded that British interests in and around Ethiopia were not sufficient to justify opposition to Italian conquest. Mussolini's decision to publish it in February 1936, at a time when the British government was considering oil sanctions against Italy, caused predictable embarrassment in the Foreign Office. Dilks, "Flashes of Intelligence," pp. 107-8. Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 567-8. There is no mention of the Italian publication of the Maffey report in the two accounts of Constantini's career based on authorized access to selected material from his file: West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* ch. 5; Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, ch. 13.

62. According to Mitrokhin's notes on KGB files, Francesco Constantini lost his job at the British embassy in 1936 (vol. 7, ch. 14, item 1). The current SVR version of his career claims that Constantini was sacked in 1931. (West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* ch. 5; Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, ch. 13.) In Mitrokhin's notes Constantini's codename appears as DUDLEN—probably an error of transcription

for DUDLEY.

63. Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 568-9.

64. [Valentine Vivian], "Report on Measures to Enhance the Security of Documents, etc., in H. M. Embassy, Rome (February 20, 1937), PRO FO 850/2 Y775. This report, though not its authorship, was first revealed in Dilks, "Flashes of Intelligence," pp. 107ff. On Vivian's investigation in Rome and his authorship of this report, see Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 568-71, 771 *n.* 102.

65. Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 571-2.

66. Interview by Christopher Andrew with Lord Gladwyn (who, as Gladwyn Jebb, had served at the Rome embassy in the years up to the Ethiopian war), broadcast on *Timewatch,* BBC2 (July 10, 1984).

67. Andrew, *Secret Service,* p. 572.

68. The exact nature of the Centre's confused suspicions about Francesco Constantini at the height of the Great Terror in 1937 are unclear. Mitrokhin's one-sentence summary of the suspicions recorded in DUNCAN's file reads as follows: "He was in contact with the OVRA [Italian intelligence], was engaged in extortion, and the documents were probably supplied by the Special [intelligence] Services" (vol. 7, ch. 14, item 1. Cf. West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* ch. 5; Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, ch. 13).

69. "Mrs. Petrov's Statement Concerning Her Past Intelligence Work" (May 15, 1954), CRS A6283/XR1/14,

Petrov papers, Australian Archives, Canberra.

70. As chairman of the Petrograd Cheka, Boky reported on October 15, 1918 that 800 individuals had been shot and 6,229 arrested. k-9,218.

71. Petrovs, *Empire of Fear,* pp. 129-31.

72. vol. 7, ch. 1, para. 13.

73. An official Soviet collection of intelligence documents for the period 1938 to 1941 includes a limited and far from comprehensive selection of (mainly German, Italian, Japanese and Turkish) intercepts; Stepashin *et al.* (eds.), *Organy Gosudarstvennoi Bezopastnosti SSSR v Velikoi Otechestvennoi Voine: Sbornik Dokumentov,* vols. 1 and 2.

74. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 237-42.

75. British interwar codebreakers were able to break all French diplomatic ciphers until 1935 (Andrew, *Secret Service,* p. 375). Given the classified French diplomatic cipher material supplied to Bystroletov by LAROCHE, it is barely conceivable that Boky's unit was entirely defeated by French diplomatic traffic.

76. Degras (ed.), *Documents on Soviet Foreign Policy,* vol. 3, p. 224. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 194-5. Though unusual, such public allusions to codebreaking were not unknown between the wars. In the 1920s, two British foreign secretaries and several other ministers had referred publicly to British success in breaking Soviet codes. Andrew, *Secret Service,* chs. 9, 10.

77. Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 471, 573.

78. Orlov, *A Handbook of Intelligence and Guerrilla Warfare,* p. 10. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* p. 90. Fursenko and Naftali, “Soviet Intelligence and the Cuban Missile Crisis,” p. 66.

79. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, pp. 6, 161, 245.

80. The Foreign Office record of the meeting, held on March 25-6, 1935, is printed in Medlicott *et al.* (eds.), *Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939,* 2nd series, vol. 12, pp. 703-45. In the course of the meeting Hitler suggested an Anglo-German naval agreement with a 100:35 ratio in favor of the Royal Navy. This formed the basis of an agreement concluded in London on June 18, 1935.

81. The abbreviated Russian translation of the Foreign Office record of the talks is published as an appendix to Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, pp. 461-7. An editorial note (appendix, *n.* 111) asserts that, by his statement on Austria, Simon “opened the path to the *Anschluss.*”

82. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, p. 6.

83. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, p. 155.

Chapter Four The Magnificent Five

1. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 214. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, p. 19.
2. “Nationale für ordentliche Hörer der philosophischen Fakultät”: entries for Arnold Deutsch, 1923-7; “Rigorosenakt des Arnold Deutsch,” 1928, no. 9929, with cv by Deutsch; records of Deutsch’s 1928 PhD examination. Archives of University of Vienna.
3. vol. 7, chs. 9, 10.
4. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 214-15.
5. Sharaf, *Fury on Earth.*
6. Wilhelm Reich, *Sexualerregung und Sexualbefriedigung,* the first publication in the series *Schriften der Sozialistischen Gesellschaft für Sexualberatung und Sexualforschung in Wien,* carries the note “Copyright 1929 by Münster-Verlag (Dr. Arnold Deutsch), Wien II.” When he later wrote a classified memoir for NKVD files, Deutsch seems to have considered it imprudent to mention his previous close association with the sex-pol movement and Reich, who by then was engaged in a somewhat bizarre program of

research on human sexual behavior. There is no mention of Reich either in Mitrokhin's notes on the Deutsch file or in the two works by authors given some access to it by the SVR: Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* and West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels.* The 1997 SVR official history also makes no mention of Deutsch's involvement with Reich or the sex-pol movement in its hagiographic chapter on him; Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, ch. 1.

7. Viennese police reports on Deutsch of March 25 and April 27, 1934, ref. Z1.38.Z.g.p./34, Dokumentationsarchiv des Österreichischen Widerstandes, Vienna.

8. vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 10; ch. 10, para. 1. The illegal resident under whom Deutsch served in France was Fyodor Yakovlevich Karin, codenamed JACK.

9. Deutsch's address and profession as "university lecturer" are given on the birth certificate of his daughter, Ninette Elizabeth, born on May 21, 1936. Further information from residents of Lawn Road Flats.

10. vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 10. London University Archives contain no record of Deutsch as either research student or lecturer, probably because he was involved only on a part-time basis.

11. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 214-15. vol. 7, ch. 9.

12. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 24.

13. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 1. The files noted by Mitrokhin

make clear that Deutsch was the first to devise this recruitment strategy.

14. A similar stroke of chance explains why Cambridge produced more British codebreakers than Oxford in both world wars. The Director of Naval Education in 1914, Sir Alfred Ewing, was a former professor of engineering at Cambridge. He recruited three Fellows of his former college, King's, who themselves became recruiters a quarter of a century later. In the Second World War, one third of the King's fellowship served in the wartime SIGINT agency at Bletchley Park—a far higher proportion than those recruited from any other Oxbridge college.

15. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 2. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 209-13. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* pp. 125-30.

16. Page, Leitch and Knightley, *Philby,* ch. 5; Knightley, *Philby,* ch. 3.

17. vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 11; ch. 10, para. 2. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* fail to identify EDITH as an agent recruited by Deutsch.

18. vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 11. Cf. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* pp. 133-7.

19. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* p. 136.

20. vol. 7, ch. 10.

21. The text of the report on Deutsch's first meeting with Philby, sent to the Center by the London illegal resident, Ignati Reif, is published in Borovik, *The Philby Files,* pp.

38-40. Cf. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* p. 137.
22. Borovik, *The Philby Files,* p. 29.
23. The exception was Philby, whose lack of attention to his studies earned him a third in part I of the Historical Tripos, followed by an upper second in part II Economics. Burgess gained a first in part I History but was ill during part II and awarded an aegrotat (the unclassed honors awarded to those unable to sit their examinations for medical reasons).
24. Cairncross, *When Polygamy was Made a Sin.*
25. Cairncross quotes Greene's letter to him in a postscript to his book *La Fontaine Fables and Other Poems.*
26. vol. 7, ch. 9 confirms the names of the illegal residents identified (with photographs) in Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions.*
27. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* p. 132 and passim.
28. This claim appears in Orlov's file; vol. 5, ch. 7. In reality, Orlov did not meet Philby until Deutsch introduced him in Paris in 1937, a few months before Orlov's defection; West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* p. 110.
29. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* ch. 15. Though containing valuable material from KGB archives on the recruitment of British agents in the 1930s, this SVR-sponsored volume not merely inflates Orlov's importance but is also misleading in some other respects. It omits

James Klugmann (agent MER) from the list of early Cambridge recruits, and even implies that he was not recruited because of his open Party membership. It also wrongly identifies the agent who provided the first intelligence on the plan to build an atomic bomb in 1941 as Maclean rather than Cairncross. (Since Cairncross, alone of the Five, was still alive at the time of publication in 1993, the intention may have been to limit the material on him to aspects of his career already admitted by him. The SVR now acknowledges that the atomic intelligence supplied by the London residency in 1941 came from Cairncross, not Maclean.) Among other examples of misleading mystification is the claim that agent ABO was a Cambridge contemporary of the "Magnificent Five," who had never been identified as a Soviet spy. In reality, ABO was Peter Smollett, who graduated from Vienna, not Cambridge, University; his career as a Soviet agent had already been discussed in Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 334-9.

30. This is acknowledged, though somewhat lost sight of, in Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions.* In a number of respects the detailed evidence advanced by this volume is at odds with its overstatement of Orlov's importance by comparison with Deutsch. The 1997 SVR official history upgrades Deutsch's role to that of "the man who started the 'Cambridge Five' "; Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, ch. 1. Cf. West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* pp. 103ff.

31. West and Tsarev (*The Crown Jewels,* pp. 103ff) give greater emphasis to Deutsch's role by companion with Orlov's than Costello and Tsarev, *Dangerous Illusions.* Their analysis, however, does not take account of the published material on Deutsch derived from the Vienna University Archives, the Dokumentationsarchiv des Österreichischen Widerstandes, the work of Wilhelm Reich published by Deutsch and the information obtained by Oleg Gordievsky during his career in the KGB (see Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* ch. 5).

There is a considerable overlap between the KGB documents on Deutsch noted by Mitrokhin and those cited in West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels.* Each set of documents, however, contains material missing from the other. West and Tsarev do not, for example, appear to have seen Deutsch's important memorandum on the recruitment of student Communists. However, Mitrokhin did not note the interesting documents on Deutsch following his recall to Moscow late in 1937 which are cited by West and Tsarev.

32. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 8.
33. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 223-6.
34. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* pp. 186-8.
35. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 206-8.
36. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* p. 224.
37. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* p. 225.
38. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 216-19.
39. In this, as in other instances in this chapter,

Mitrokhin's notes confirm the codename given by Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions*.
40. vol. 7, ch. 10.
41. Boyle, *The Climate of Treason,* p. 114.
42. Rees, *A Chapter of Accidents,* pp. 122-3; Straight, *After Long Silence,* pp. 94-5, 142.
43. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* pp. 144-5, 159.
44. vol. 7, ch. 10, paras. 8, 9.
45. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 24-6. The only foreigners to achieve officer rank were some central European interwar illegals, such as Deutsch, who were used as agent controllers and recruiters.
46. Philby, *My Silent War,* p. 13. Emphasis added.
47. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 24.
48. vol. 7, ch. 10, app., para. 2. On the misleading references to Klugmann in Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* see above, note 29.
49. Blunt, "From Bloomsbury to Marxism."
50. Boyle, *The Climate of Treason,* p. 72.
51. vol. 7, ch. 10, app., para. 2.
52. The first reference to Klugmann's recruitment based on material made available by the SVR is in West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* pp. 206, 294.
53. See below, chapter 17.
54. Deutsch, who was a decade younger than both Orlov and Maly and had joined the OGPU only in 1932, was evidently considered too junior for the post of resident.
55. Though some of his agents believed Maly had been a

Catholic priest, his operational file shows that he had only deacon's orders when he volunteered for the army. West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* pp. 113-14.
56. Poretsky, *Our Own People,* pp. 214-15; Cornelissen, *De GPOe op de Overtoom,* ch. 11.
57. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 211-13, 229-30. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* pp. 199ff.
58. vol. 7, ch. 10, app., item 3.
59. vol. 7, ch. 10, app., item 6.
60. Straight, *After Long Silence,* pp. 101-3, 120-1. The NKVD officer who met Straight did not identify himself, but Straight's description of him as stocky and dark-haired identifies him as Deutsch rather than the tall Maly, whose height earned him the nickname "*der Lange.*"
61. Details of Cairncross's academic career are in the archives of Glasgow University, Trinity College, Cambridge, and Cambridge University.
62. *Trinity Magazine,* Easter Term 1935 and Easter Term 1936.
63. Cairncross, *The Enigma Spy,* p. 42.
64. Colville, *The Fringes of Power,* p. 30 *n.*
65. vol. 7, ch. 10, item 1.
66. vol. 7, ch. 10, item 23.
67. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* p. 214. West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* p. 207.
68. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 23.
69. Cairncross, *The Enigma Spy,* pp. 61-2. Cairncross's account of the sequence of his initiation into the NKVD in

successive meetings with Burgess, Klugmann and Deutsch agrees with KGB records both as noted by Mitrokhin and in the documents cited in West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels*. *The Enigma Spy* is, none the less, a textbook case of psychological denial. At almost every stage of his career as a Soviet agent (save for a heroic year at Bletchley Park in 1942-3, when he claims that the intelligence he provided on the eastern front was instrumental in "changing the course of World War Two"), Cairncross seeks to diminish or deny the significance of his role. His version of his career as a Soviet agent, save for the year at Bletchley Park, is comprehensively contradicted by the evidence of the KGB files.

70. West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* p. 208.

71. Minute by Cairncross, March 23, 1937, PRO FO371/21287 W7016. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 230-1.

72. There are very few references to such documents either in Mitrokhin's notes or in the material from KGB archives made available by the SVR for West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels.*

73. Though there is no positive evidence that this document was provided by Cairncross or Maclean, other sources can be excluded. The Center had recently broken contact with the two other agents who provided it with Foreign Office documents, Francesco Constantini and Captain John King. Since Halifax's record of his meeting

with Hitler was not apparently sent as a telegram, the NKVD copy of it cannot have been obtained by SIGINT. The text of Halifax's record, together with details of its despatch to the Foreign Office, is published in Medlicott *et al., Documents on British Foreign Policy, 1919-1939,* 2nd series, vol. 19, pp. 540-8.

74. Roberts, "*The Holy Fox,*" p. 70.

75. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, pp. 6, 162.

76. Medlicott *et al., Documents on British Foreign Policy, 1919-1939,* 2nd series, vol. 19, pp. 540-8; Roberts, "*The Holy Fox,"* pp. 70-5; Parker, *Chamberlain and Appeasement,* pp. 98-100.

77. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 216, 232-3.

78. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 233. Borovik, *The Philby Files,* p. 80.

79. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 4.

80. Borovik, *The Philby Files,* pp. 90-2.

81. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 234.

Chapter Five Terror

1. Serge, *Memoirs of a Revolutionary, 1901-1941,* p. 259.
2. For the text of the "Ryutin platform," see *Izvestia* (1989), no. 6; *Ogonek* (1989), no. 15.
3. Volkogonov, *Stalin,* p. 212.
4. k-4,198.
5. Volkogonov, *Trotsky,* p. 343.
6. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* ch. 4.
7. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 171-2; Volkogonov, *Trotsky,* pp. 334-6. Remarkably, a 1997 SVR official history makes a partial attempt to justify the anti-Trotskyist witch-hunt:

> [Trotskyist] criticism, though apparently aimed at Stalin personally, was essentially defamatory of everything Soviet. Largely thanks to the Trotskyists, a phenomenon developed abroad which became known as anti-Sovietism, which for many years hurt the USSR's domestic and foreign policy pursued at that time, as well as the international workers' and communists' movement ... The Trotskyists were a fruitful agent base for the [Western] intelligence

services.
Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, p. 90.

8. k-4,198,206. Doriot's emotionally charged oratory caused him to perspire so profusely that after every major speech he was forced to change not merely his shirt but his suit as well. Brunet, *Jacques Doriot,* pp. 208-9.

9. k-4,198,206. A recent biography of Eugen Fried, the secret Comintern representative in the leadership of the French Communist Party, reveals that Comintern instructions were that the campaign against Doriot should go through three phases: "maneuverer, isoler, liquider." Without access to KGB files, the authors assume—reasonably but wrongly—that only "political," rather than "physical," assassination was intended. Kriegel and Courtois, *Eugen Fried,* p. 228.

10. On Doriot's break with the Communist Party and move to fascism, see Brunet, *Jacques Doriot,* chs. 9-12; Burrin, *La Dérive Fasciste,* chs. 5, 9.

11. k-4,198,206.

12. There are a number of examples in the VENONA decrypts of the use of the KHORKI ("Polecat") codename for the Trotskyists.

13. k-4,206. The codename of the task force appears in vol. 7, app. 3, *n.* 15.

14. k-4,206.

15. Deutscher, *Trotsky,* vol. 3, pp. 348-9.

16. vol. 7, appendix 3, *n.* 15.
17. Deutscher, *Trotsky,* vol. 3, p. 349.
18. Deutscher, *Trotsky,* vol. 3, pp. 125-6.
19. Minute by R. A. Sykes, October 23, 1952, PRO FO 371/100826 NS 1023/29/G.
20. vol. 6, ch. 12.
21. Among the growing number of studies of the Terror, the classic account remains that by Robert Conquest, *The Great Terror: A Reassessment.* There is, however, vigorous controversy over the numbers of the Terror's victims. In 1995 Colonel Grashoven, head of the Russian security ministry rehabilitation team, estimated that in the period 1935-45 18 million were arrested and 7 million shot. Olga Shatunovskaya, a member of Khrushchev's rehabilitation commission, gave the figure of those "repressed" (imprisoned or shot) from 1935 to 1941 as 19.8 million (a statistic also found in the papers of Anastas Mikoyan). Dmitri Volkogonov arrived at a total of 21.5 million (of whom a third were shot) for the period 1929-53. Conquest's own revised estimates are of a similar order of magnitude (Conquest, "Playing Down the Gulag," p. 8). Recent studies based on incomplete official records suggest considerably lower, but still large figures. Stephen Wheatcroft, one of the leading analysts of the official figures, believes it "unlikely that there were more than a million executions between 1921 and 1953. The labor camps and colonies never accounted for more than 2.5 million prisoners." What is striking even in the

official records is the enormous rise in executions during the Great Terror: 353,074 in 1937 and 328,618 in 1938, as compared with a total of under 10,000 for the five year period 1932-6 (Wheatcroft, "The Scale and Nature of German and Soviet Repression and Mass Killings, 1930-45"). Controversy over the level of incompleteness in the official records (which do not, of course, include deaths in the camps or the millions who died from famine) will doubtless continue.

22. vol. 6, ch. 12.

23. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 149-61.

24. Radzinsky, *Stalin,* p. 371.

25. vol. 6, ch. 12.

26. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* p. 281.

27. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 1, *n.* 1; vol. 7, app. 3, n. 15.

28. On Wollweber, see Flocken and Scholz, *Ernst Wollweber.*

29. k-4,206.

30. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* p. 267.

31. See below, chapter 5.

32. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* chs. 10, 11.

33. vol. 5, ch. 7. All these episodes are conspicuous by their absence from the official SVR hagiography: Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 21-4.

34. Castelo's personal file, archive no. 68312, registration no. 66160, once in the files of the FCD Fifteenth Department of the First Chief Directorate was transferred to the Eighth Department of FCD Directorate S. vol. 5,

ch. 7.
35. After the defection of Orlov in July 1938, Eitingon succeeded him as resident.
36. vol. 5, ch. 7.
37. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
38. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 177-8.
39. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
40. k-4,198.
41. There is, however, one later reference to him being "killed"; vol. 6, ch. 12.
42. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 179-80. Volkogonov, *Trotsky,* pp. 359-60. Costello and Tsarev, *Dangerous Illusions,* pp. 282-4.
43. Deutscher, *Trotsky,* vol. 3, pp. 405-10. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* pp. 319-21.
44. vol. 6, ch. 12.
45. Deutscher, *Trotsky,* vol. 3, pp. 407-8, 419-20. Sylvia Ageloff later described how, at an apparently "accidental meeting," the "handsome and dashing" Mercader, posing as a Belgian journalist, had "swept her off her feet with his charm, gallantry and generosity." Hook, *Out of Step,* p. 242.
46. k-4,198,206.
47. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2, *n.* 4.
48. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2, *n.* 4. Albam's file does not record his wife's arrest, so her denunciation of him may have saved her. Acquaintance with Albam was also among the evidence which led to the arrest of the military

intelligence officers who had recruited him some years earlier: S. P. Uritsky and Aleksandr Karin. At the time of their arrest in 1937 they were, respectively, head and assistant head of military intelligence. Both were shot.
49. k-9,75.
50. k-9,76.
51. k-9,83. Bukharin was tried and sentenced to death in the last of the great show trials in February 1938.
52. vol. 6, ch. 8, part 1.
53. Orlov, *The Secret History of Stalin's Crime,* pp. 235-7. Though he had only deacon's orders when he gave up the monastic life, Maly was regarded within the NKVD as a former priest.
54. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 1. Cf. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, p. 166.
55. Information from the son of the late Oscar Deutsch, David Deutsch, who recalls meeting Arnold Deutsch at sabbath dinners in Birmingham.
56. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
57. The two most detailed accounts of the assassination of Poretsky, which disagree on some points of detail, are: Poretsky, *Our Own People,* pp. 1-3, chs. 9, 10; Krivitsky, *I was Stalin's Agent,* ch. 8.
58. vol. 7, ch. 9.
59. vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 22.
60. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 233.
61. Rees, *A Chapter of Accidents,* pp. 110-11.
62. Rees, *Looking for Mr. Nobody,* pp. 87-90.

63. vol. 7, ch. 10, app., item 7.

64. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* p. 245. Blunt had left Cambridge for the Warburg Institute in London, but returned for meetings of the Apostles and other occasions.

65. The files noted by Mitrokhin suggest that the intelligence supplied by Rees was of slender importance —items such as information on the correspondence of the Czech newspaper editor Hubert Ripka (later a member of the Czechoslovak government-in-exile in London) and the unsurprising news that the former British secret agent Sir Paul Dukes was still in touch with SIS. vol. 7, ch. 10, app., item 7.

66. Orlov, *The Secret History of Stalin's Crime,* pp. 237-8. An alternative version has it that Slutsky was smothered in his office; vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 37. The pretense was maintained that he had died from natural causes in order not to alarm other enemies of the people being recalled from foreign postings to retribution in Moscow.

67. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 156.

68. vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 37.

69. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, p. 17.

70. Radzinsky, *Stalin,* p. 417.

71. vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 36.

72. Dates of dismissal and arrest from KGB file cited by Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* p. 459, *n.* 63.

73. vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 36.
74. vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 37.
75. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* p. 207. Mitrokhin's notes mention SAM but do not record the month of his arrival in London.
76. vol. 7, ch. 6, para. 2.
77. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* pp. 208-10.
78. Foreign Office to Sir Eric Phipps (March 11, 1938), Phipps papers PHPP 2/21, Churchill College Archives Center, Cambridge.
79. West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* p. 209. Cairncross claimed in his memoirs (*The Enigma Spy,* p. 69) that, after Deutsch's recall to Moscow, he "provided no further data until after the Germans invaded Russia"—one of numerous falsehoods comprehensively demolished by his KGB file which Cairncross must have supposed would never be revealed.
80. Modin, *My Five Cambridge Friends,* pp. 79-80.
81. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 23.
82. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 23. West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* p. 210.
83. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 15. ADA remained in Paris until Maclean departed with the rest of the British embassy in the summer of 1940, just before the arrival of the victorious German army.
84. vol. 7, ch. 10, paras. 15, 20. Cf. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* pp. 216-17.
85. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 301-2. Costello

and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* pp. 239-40. Cf. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 8.

86. vol. 7, ch. 1, para. 16.

87. Borovik, *The Philby Files,* p. 135.

88. vol. 7, ch. 1, para. 15.

89. Borovik, *The Philby Files,* p. 131.

90. Borovik, *The Philby Files,* pp. 132-3.

91. vol. 7, ch. 10, app., item 8. Cf. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* pp. 241-2.

92. vol. 7, ch. 10, app., item 9. Cf. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* p. 242.

93. vol. 7, ch. 10, app., item 4. On Smollett's wartime career, see Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 334-7.

94. Rees, *Looking for Mr. Nobody,* pp. 273-7.

95. vol. 7, ch. 10, app., item 7.

96. Rees, *A Chapter of Accidents,* p. 191.

97. Borovik, *The Philby Files,* pp. 140-1.

98. vol. 7, ch. 1, para. 16.

99. Borovik, *The Philby Files,* p. 149.

100. Mitrokhin notes that "In 1940, when there was no contact with Burgess, he handed over material for the CPGB through MARY [Litzi Philby] and EDITH [Tudor Hart]"; vol. 7, ch. 10, app., item 4. He appears to have had little success. During a visit to the United States in the summer of 1940 he sought Straight's help in re-establishing contact, telling him, "I've been out of touch with our friends for several months" (Straight, *After Long Silence,* pp. 142-3).

101. Sudoplatos, *Special Tasks,* pp. 58-9. Though sentenced to death, Serebryanksy escaped execution. He was reinstated by the NKVD after the beginning of the Great Patriotic War and given the job of recruiting German POWs. He was re-arrested in 1953 as an alleged co-conspirator with Beria and died in prison in 1956.

102. Sudoplatos, *Special Tasks,* pp. 21-8, 68. Sudoplatov himself narrowly escaped arrest in the winter of 1938-9. His formal appointment as head of the Administration of Special Tasks occurred only in 1941. On the complicated administrative history of “special tasks” during the Second World War, see Sudoplatovs, *Special Tasks,* pp. 126-9.

103. Sudoplatovs, *Special Tasks,* pp. 65-9. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 181-3. The somewhat confused account of the assassination in Volkogonov, *Trotsky,* bizarrely suggests “the possibility that the American special services were following, and perhaps in some sense influencing, events” (p. 454). On the gaps in the KGB files on operation UTKA, see Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, ch. 8.

104. Levine, *The Mind of an Assassin,* p. 221. Though acknowledging Eitingon’s “deserved reputation as a man of many affairs with women,” Sudoplatov argues unconvincingly that his “close” relationship with Caridad Mercader did not involve sex, since this would have been a breach of regulations; *Special Tasks,* p. 70, *n.* 2.

105. On the codenames of Caridad and Ramón Mercader, see Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* ch. 8. After his arrest, Ramón's codename was changed to GNOM; there are a number of references to him under this codename in the VENONA decrypts.
106. Levine, *The Mind of an Assassin,* chs. 1-4. Sudoplatovs, *Special Tasks,* ch. 4.
107. k-2,369; k-16,518.
108. k-4,206; t-7,12; k-16,518. A sanitized account of Grigulevich's career in the Spanish Civil War appears in the 1997 SVR official history of pre-war intelligence operations. No reference, however, is made to his role in the first major attempt to assassinate Trotsky, doubtless for fear of tarnishing his heroic image. Though the chapter on Trotsky's assassination refers to FELIPE, it gives no indication that FELIPE and Grigulevich were one and the same. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* chs. 8, 12.
109. t-7,12.
110. See below, chapter 10.
111. k-16,518.
112. k-2,354.
113. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, pp. 100-1.
114. k-2,369. The head of the Mexican secret police, General Leandro Sánchez Salazar, later reached the same conclusion. Though able to identify Grigulevich only as FELIPE (his codename within the assault group), Sánchez

Salazar described him as “the real instigator of the attack.” Sánchez Salazar believed the multilingual Grigulevich to be “a French Jew,” partly as a result of discovering some of his underwear, which had been purchased in Paris on the Boulevard Saint Michel. Sánchez Salazar, *Murder in Mexico,* pp. 48-9.

115. Sánchez Salazar, *Murder in Mexico,* p. 45.

116. k-2,369.

117. Sudoplatovs, *Special Tasks,* p. 74. Cf. Deutscher, *Trotsky,* vol. 3, p. 488.

118. Deutscher, *Trotsky,* vol. 3, pp. 487-9.

119. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, p. 101.

120. Released on bail, Siqueiros escaped from Mexico with the help of the Chilean Communist poet Pablo Neruda. Sánchez Salazar, *Murder in Mexico,* pp. 211-14.

121. k-2,369,354; vol. 6, ch. 5, part 1.

122. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 183-5.

123. Levine, *The Mind of an Assassin,* chs. 5-9; Deutscher, *Trotsky,* vol. 3, ch. 5.

124. Note by Enrique Castro Delgado, the Spanish Communist Party representative at Comintern headquarters, on a conversation with Caridad Mercader, in Levine, *The Mind of an Assassin,* pp. 216-22.

125. See below, chs. 22, 23.

Chapter Six War

1. k-27,app.
2. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, p. 247.
3. The visiting lecturers included Academicians I. M. Maisky, A. M. Deborin and A. A. Guber, and ambassadors A. A. Troyanovsky, B. Ye. Shteyn and Shenburg. k-27,appendix.
4. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, p. 248.
5. On June 5, 1943 SHON was reorganized as the Intelligence School (RASH) of the NKVD First (Foreign Intelligence) Directorate, and the training course extended to two years. By the end of the war about 200 foreign intelligence officers had graduated from it (k-27,appendix). During the Cold War it was known successively as the Higher Intelligence School (codenamed School no. 101), the Red Banner Institute and the Andropov Institute. In October 1994 it became the Foreign Intelligence Academy of the Russian Federation (Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, ch. 23).

6. Slutsky, Pasov and Shpigelglas had been liquidated during 1938. Beria's acolyte, Vladimir Georgyevich Dekanozov, who briefly succeeded Shpigelglas, became Deputy Foreign Commissar in May 1939.

7. Fitin's career is summarized in Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 153-5, which acknowledges that he owed his promotion to "the acute shortage of intelligence personnel."

8. vol. 7, ch. 2, para. 1. A somewhat inaccurate hagiography of Gorsky's career (which, *inter alia,* attributes intelligence supplied by Cairncross to Maclean) appears in Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 31-2. There is no mention of Gorsky's disgrace in 1953 (Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 304). The SVR historians, however, indirectly give some indication of the extent of the disgrace when they acknowledge that they have been unable to establish the date of Gorsky's death.

9. Interview with Blunt cited in Cecil, *A Divided Life,* p. 66.

10. Bentley, *Out of Bondage,* pp. 173-7.

11. See above, chapter 5.

12. Borovik, *The Philby File,* pp. 153-4, 166-7. On SOE see Foot, *SOE.*

13. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 303-12. Though the identity of ELLI appears not to have been established by British intelligence for many years after the Second World War, it was in fact one of a number of somewhat

transparent Soviet codenames of the period. In Russian ELLI means "Ls," an appropriate codename for Leo Long, whose initials were LL.

14. vol. 7, ch. 9, para. 22. The defector was Walter Krivitsky, codenamed GROLL. On King's arrest, see Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 606-7.

15. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 272.

16. West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* pp. 214-17; Michael Smith, "The Humble Scot who Rose to the Top —But Then Chose Treachery," *Daily Telegraph* (January 12, 1992). Cairncross's KGB file corroborates the recollection of a former head of the Centre's British desk that he provided "tons of documents" (Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 272). Confident that his file would never see the light of day, Cairncross denied that he provided anything of significance to the London residency until after the Soviet Union entered the war. He admitted, however, that he had "no difficulty in having access to the secret papers in Hankey's office" (Cairncross, *The Enigma Spy,* pp. 90-1). When new War Cabinet regulations in June 1941 limited the circulation of diplomatic telegrams to Hankey, Cairncross as well as Hankey complained personally to the Foreign Office. The restrictions were quickly lifted. (G. L. Clutton (Foreign Office) to Cairncross (June 6, 1941); Sir Alexander Cadogan to Hankey (June 17, 1941). Hankey Papers, Churchill College Archives Center, Cambridge, HNKY 4/33.)

17. vol. 7, ch. 2, para. 7.

18. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 63-5. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* pp. 78-81. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 266. (Costello and Tsarev wrongly compute the period when the Center was out of touch with Harnack as fifteen rather than twenty-eight months.)

19. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* p. 64; Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* pp. 82-5; Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 266-7; Tarrant, *The Red Orchestra,* chs. 17-19.

20. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 286.

21. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* p. 64.

22. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* p. 154. Some of the intelligence warnings of the preparations for BARBAROSSA are printed as appendices to Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3.

23. The report and Stalin's comment on it were published in *Izvestia of the Central Committee of the CPSU* (April 1990). Cf. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* p. 86.

24. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 275, 282. Prange *et al., Target Tokyo,* chs. 42-7.

25. JIC(41)218(Final), CAB 81/102, PRO. On Churchill's warnings to Stalin, see Gorodetsky, *Stafford Cripps' Mission to Moscow 1940-42,* chs. 2-4. Exactly which JIC reports reached Stalin, and in what form, cannot be

determined at present. But, given both the volume of highly classified intelligence from London and the numerous JIC assessments which contradicted Churchill's belief that Hitler was planning an invasion of Russia, Stalin must surely have been aware of the JIC view. The files noted by Mitrokhin show that Stalin had access to at least some of the telegrams exchanged between the Foreign Office and the British ambassador in Moscow, Sir Stafford Cripps. vol. 7, ch. 2, para. 10.

26. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 274.

27. vol. 7, ch. 2, para. 11.

28. Whaley, *Codeword Barbarossa,* pp. 223-4, 241-3. An important new study by Gabriel Gorodetsky, *Grand Delusion: Stalin and the German Invasion of Russia,* was published just as this volume was going to press. It performs a valuable service by demolishing the main conspiracy theories (in particular those surrounding Hess's flight to Britain and Stalin's alleged preparations for an attack on Germany) which have confused some recent interpretations of the background of operation BARBAROSSA. Though there are some gaps in his analysis of Soviet intelligence, Professor Gorodetsky also adds much interesting detail from newly accessible Russian archives. His portrait of Stalin as "rational and level-headed" is, however, difficult to reconcile with, *inter alia,* Stalin's obsessive pursuit of Trotsky and his foreign supporters. *Grand Delusion* is, none the less, a major work.

29. Vaksberg, *The Prosecutor and the Prey,* p. 220.

30. One of the files noted by Mitrokhin records that Zarubin had been appointed deputy director of INO in 1937 (vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2). Over the next two years, three successive heads of INO were liquidated, and Zarubin only just escaped a similar fate. It is not clear precisely what position he held in the Center at the beginning of 1941.

31. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. On December 18, 1940 Hitler had ordered the completion of preparations for BARBAROSSA by May 15, 1941.

32. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

33. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* p. 154.

34. See below, chapter 7.

35. Interview with Shebarshin, *Daily Telegraph* (December 1, 1992). Even in the year before the abortive coup of August 1991, both the public rhetoric and inner convictions of the KGB leadership were influenced by crude anti-Western conspiracy theories. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Center,* pp. 218-22. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *More Instructions from the Center,* pp. 125-8.

36. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 249-50, 281-3. Kahn, “Soviet Comint in the Cold War,” pp. 11-13. PURPLE had been introduced in 1939. Soviet codebreakers had also broken the earlier and less complex Japanese RED cipher. On the breaking of PURPLE by US

military cryptanalysts, see Kahn, “Pearl Harbor and the Inadequacy of Cryptanalysis.” Mitrokhin did not have access to the archives of the KGB Sixteenth Directorate, which—together with those of the GRU—contain the main SIGINT files of the Great Patriotic War.

37. Erickson, *The Road to Stalingrad,* p. 329; Overy, *Russia's War,* p. 118.

38. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 282.

39. On recruitment to Bletchley Park, see Hinsley and Stripp (eds.), *Codebreakers;* Andrew, “F. H. Hinsley and the Cambridge Moles”; Smith, *Station X.*

40. See below, pp. 156, 159. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 312-13.

41. Sudoplatovs, *Special Tasks,* p. 130. After the German invasion, Sudoplatov's Directorate for Special Tasks and Guerrilla Warfare (officially entitled Diversionary Intelligence), the successor of the pre-war Administration for Special Tasks, was officially removed from the NKVD First (Foreign Intelligence) Directorate as a new Fourth Directorate. Though the two directorates remained formally independent until April 1943, there was a constant interchange of personnel between them. Murphy, Kondrashev and Bailey, *Battleground Berlin,* pp. 28-9.

42. The official Soviet guide to the Museum of Partisan Glory is Balatsky, *Museum in the Catacombs.* At the time of writing, the Museum is still open daily with guided tours in Russian and Ukrainian catacombs.

43. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* p.

101.

44. For details of the reconstruction, see Balatsky, *Museum in the Catacombs.*

45. vol. 5, sec. 13.

46. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* p. 102-3. This account of Molodtsov's capture and execution is neither confirmed nor contradicted by Mitrokhin's notes on the Odessa file.

47. vol. 5, sec. 13.

48. vol. 5, sec. 13.

49. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 1.

50. Dear and Foot (eds.), *The Oxford Companion to the Second World War,* pp. 1240-1.

51. Dear and Foot (eds.), *The Oxford Companion to the Second World War,* p. 1240. Probably the best study of the eastern front, by Professor Richard Overy, concludes that, "... Where the NKVD did intervene the effect was to wound the war effort, not to invigorate it." One part of the complex explanation for increasing success of the Red Army was the demotion, under the pressure of war, of the political apparatchiks at the front in the autumn of 1942 and the new freedom given to officers to take decisions without being constantly checked for political correctness. Overy, *Russia's War,* pp. 329-30.

52. There was no legal residency in Argentina. At the outbreak of war no Latin American state had diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. In October 1942 Cuba established diplomatic relations with the USSR. By the

beginning of 1945 another eight Latin American republics had followed suit. Argentina did not establish diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union until 1946.
53. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 1. Mitrokhin's notes, which identify ARTUR as Grigulevich, provide the solution to a major unsolved problem in the VENONA decrypts. Though the decrypts contain frequent references to ARTUR, his identity was never discovered by NSA or the FBI (Benson, *VENONA Historical Monograph #5,* p. 5).
54. Humphreys, *Latin America and the Second World War,* vol. 1, pp. 154-6.
55. Macdonald, "The Politics of Intervention"; Newton, "Disorderly Succession."
56. Wartime Soviet agents with access to US policy documents on Argentina included Laurence Duggan, a Latin American expert in the State Department, and Maurice Halperin, chief of the Latin American division in the OSS R&A branch (Peake, "OSS and the Venona Decrypts," pp. 22, 25-6).
57. k-16,477.
58. k-13,370.
59. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 1; k-16,477.
60. Argentina did not declare war on Germany until March 1945.
61. Grigulevich's couriers to New York included the Chilean Communist Eduardo Pecchio and a member of the Latin American section of the Columbian Broadcasting Service, Ricardo Setaro (GONETS).

VENONA decrypt, 2nd release, p. 26; 3rd release, part 2, p. 101.

62. VENONA decrypts, 5th release, pp. 11-12, 14-17, 20-1, 24-6, 31-2.

63. k-16,477.

64. See below, chapter 22.

65. The Center instructed the Montevideo residency on February 4, 1956:

> Do not re-establish contact [with Verzhbitksy]. Arrangements for his entry to the USSR must be made under MFA auspices in the usual way; do not get involved in the process and make no promises, including financial ones. Make a one-time payment of 1,500 pesos and we will then make no further monetary payments.
>
> (k-16,477)

66. k-16,477.

67. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 259-64.

68. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 259-64; Overy, *Russia's War,* pp. 232-3.

69. Volkogonov, *Stalin,* pp. 444-7.

70. k-4,204. The total number of sources was substantially greater than those accorded agent status by the Center. According to KGB files, the nationality of the

agents was: 55 Germans; 14 French; 5 Belgians; 13 Austrians, Czechs and Hungarians; 6 Russians; and 16 others. The principal leaders, according to the same files, were: Belgian section: Leopold Trepper; German section: Harro Schulze-Boysen; French section (except Lyon): Henry Robinson; Lyon: Isidor Springer; Dutch section: Anton Winterinck; Swiss section: Sandor Rado.

71. Central Intelligence Agency, *The Rote Kapelle;* Milligan, "Spies, Ciphers and 'Zitadelle' "; Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 285-9.

72. Glantz, *Soviet Military Intelligence in War;* Jukes, "The Soviets and 'Ultra' "; Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 289.

73. Beevor, *Stalingrad,* pp. 166-75, 201.

74. Under lend-lease agreements with Britain and the United States in 1941, the Soviet Union was supplied with 35,000 radio stations, 380,000 field telephones and 956,000 miles of telephone cable. Overy, *Russia's War,* pp. 193-4.

75. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 315-20; Milligan, "Spies, Ciphers and 'Zitadelle.' "

76. Kahn, "Soviet Comint in the Cold War," p. 14.

Chapter Seven The Grand Alliance

1. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 241-2. At least in the early 1930s, the Fourth Department was probably primarily interested in the United States as a base from which to collect intelligence on Germany and Japan. Mitrokhin did not have access to Fourth Department files on its American agents and did not note references to these agents in KGB files. The case against Hiss, which has been strong but controversial ever since his conviction for perjury in 1951, is now overwhelming as a result of new evidence revealed during the 1990s from the VENONA decrypts, KGB files made available to Weinstein and Vassiliev which refer to his work for military intelligence, and Hungarian interrogation records of Hiss's fellow agent Noel Field. These sources also do much to vindicate the credibility of Hiss's principal public accuser, the former Fourth Department courier Whittaker Chambers. The best accounts of the Hiss case are the 1997 updated edition of Weinstein, *Perjury,* and Weinstein and Vassiliev, *The Haunted Wood,* chs. 2, 12.
2. Wadleigh, "Why I Spied for the Communists," part 7, *New York Post* (July 19, 1949).

3. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2; vol. 6, ch. 8, part 1, *n.* 2.
4. Massing, *This Deception,* p. 155. The fact that Massing defected from the NKVD in 1938 makes her tribute to Bazarov all the more impressive.
5. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
6. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
7. The details in Mitrokhin's notes on "19" (date of birth, work in the Latin American division of the State Department, later transfer to the UN Relief and Rehabilitation Administration) clearly identify him as Duggan; vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. By 1943, at the latest, however, Duggan's codename had been changed to FRENK (or FRANK); *VENONA,* 2nd release, pp. 278-9.
8. Weinstein, *Perjury,* pp. 182-3.
9. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
10. See above, p. 84.
11. Straight, *After Long Silence,* pp. 110, 122-3, 129-36; Newton, *The Butcher's Embrace,* pp. 20-2.
12. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 240-3, 290. On Whittaker Chambers, see his memoir, *Witness,* and the biography by Sam Tanenhaus, *Whittaker Chambers.*
13. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
14. Others recalled from the United States to be interrogated and liquidated in Moscow included the illegal CHARLIE, whose file was destroyed and whose identity is now unknown. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, pp. 180-1.
15. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. Significantly, material on

Morozov's denunciation of two successive residents was among that excluded from the documents selected by the SVR for the recent study of Soviet espionage in the United States in the Stalin era by Weinstein and Vassiliev, *The Haunted Wood.* While obliged to acknowledge the purge of many loyal foreign intelligence officers, the SVR is generally reluctant to reveal cases where they were denounced by their own comrades. Despite such examples of SVR censorship, for which Weinstein and Vassiliev are not, of course, responsible, *The Haunted Wood* is a very valuable contribution to the history of Soviet intelligence operations.

16. It is unclear from Mitrokhin's notes whether or not Akhmerov was given charge of an independent illegal residency *before* Bazarov's recall. However, Hede Massing's memoirs strongly suggest that both Bazarov and Akhmerov were members of the same illegal residency until at least 1937. Massing, *This Deception,* pp. 187-8, 191.

17. vol. 6, ch. 3, part 1. Significantly, the list of names noted by Mitrokhin did not include Samuel Dickstein, a Democratic congressman from Manhattan (codenamed CROOK), who had volunteered his services to the NKVD in 1937 but demanded a high price for his intelligence. Over the next two years, the NKVD oscillated between pride at having an agent in Congress and suspicion that Dickstein was recycling publicly available information. In June 1939 Ovakimyan denounced him in a message to the

Center as "a complete racketeer and blackmailer." Weinstein and Vassiliev, *The Haunted Wood,* ch. 7.

18. On Duggan's codenames, see above, *n.* 7.

19. MORIS is described in Mitrokhin's note as an "archivist" at the Justice Department (vol. 6, ch. 3, part 1); this may, however, mean simply that he had access to department files and archives.

20. On the careers of Morros (who became an FBI double agent early in the Cold War), Martha Dodd Stern and William E. Dodd, Jr. (both of whom failed to live up to the Centre's high early expectations), see Weinstein and Vassiliev, *The Haunted Wood,* chs. 3, 6.

21. KHOSYAIN is identified as Buchman in vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2, but the spelling of his name ("Bukman" in Cyrillic transliteration) is uncertain.

22. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

23. Straight, *After Long Silence,* pp. 143-4.

24. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2; vol. 7, ch. 10, app. 6.

25. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. The claim in an SVR official history that Akhmerov was recalled in mid-1939 is difficult to reconcile with Straight's account of a meeting with him in late October. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, ch. 15.

26. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, ch. 15. On Ovakimyan's role in preparations for Trotsky's assassination, see Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 183-4. The Centre's obsession with the pursuit of Trotskyists in the United States continued

even after Trotsky's assassination.

27. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 135-7. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, pp. 177-8. There were two New York chemical institutes; the SVR histories do not make clear which is referred to.

28. vol. 6, ch. 6.

29. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 169-71; Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, p. 177. Weinstein and Vassiliev, *The Haunted Wood,* p. 173.

30. vol. 6, ch. 3, part 1. The VENONA decrypts of NKVD wartime telegrams from the United States include the codenames of approximately 200 agents (about half of whom remain unidentified). Since these telegrams represent only a fraction of the wartime communications between the Center and its American residencies, the total NKVD network must have been substantially larger. Mitrokhin's notes give no statistics for the size of the network after 1941. The occupational breakdown for the network in April 1941 is highly incomplete. Apart from the forty-nine "engineers," Mitrokhin gives the occupations of only thirty-six others, of whom twenty-two were journalists. Many of the agents were immigrants and refugees. In 1940-1, sixty-six Baltic recruits emigrated to the United States (vol. 6, ch. 3, part 1).

31. Weinstein and Vassiliev, *The Haunted Wood,* p. 173.

32. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei*

Razvedki, vol. 3, p. 178.

33. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 290-1. Weinstein, *Perjury,* pp. 292-3. KGB files cited by Weinstein and Vassiliev (*The Haunted Wood,* pp. 106, 159, 161-2) identify Lauchlin Currie as the agent PAGE referred to in a number of the VENONA decrypts. Mitrokhin's notes do not mention Currie.

34. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* p. 53.

35. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 50-3.

36. In 1929 Zarubina (then Gorskaya) had been used to seduce the pro-Trotskyist illegal Blyumkin and lure him back to execution in Moscow.

37. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

38. vol. 6, ch. 12.

39. vol. 6, ch. 12. Klehr, Haynes and Firsov, *The Secret World of American Communism,* ch. 7.

40. A number of VENONA decrypts refer to Lee's work as a Soviet agent. Other important agents in OSS identified by VENONA include Maurice Halperin (HARE), J. Julius Joseph (CAUTIOUS) and Donald Niven Wheeler (IZRA). (For examples, see *VENONA,* 2nd release, pp. 118, 178-9; 3rd release, part 2, p. 196.) Soviet agents at OSS headquarters were probably well into double figures. Communists (not all of them agents) have been identified in the Russian, Spanish, Balkan, Hungarian and Latin American sections of OSS's R&A

division, and in its operational German, Japanese, Korean, Italian, Spanish, Hungarian and Indonesian divisions. Peake, "OSS and the Venona Decrypts"; Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 294-5; Klehr, Haynes and Firsov, *The Secret World of American Communism,* pp. 276-8.

41. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 450-1.

42. Klehr, Haynes and Firsov, *The Secret World of American Communism,* pp. 234-6.

43. vol. 6, ch. 12.

44. *VENONA,* 2nd release, part 2, p. 58.

45. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 451.

46. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

47. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

48. Akhmerov told the Center in April 1944, "For your information: I have never met RULEVOY [Browder]." *VENONA,* 3rd release, part 1, pp. 26-8.

49. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

50. Straight, *After Long Silence,* pp. 167-8.

51. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. Fearful that State Department security officers had discovered his earlier connection with Soviet intelligence, Duggan was less forthcoming during the war than he had been earlier. In June 1944 he left the State Department to join the newly founded United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration as diplomatic adviser. Weinstein and Vassiliev, *The Haunted Wood,* pp. 16-19.

52. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

53. We are indebted for information on Henry Wallace's

plans for Duggan and White to Professor Harvey Klehr.

54. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

55. Bentley, *Out of Bondage,* pp. 103-4, 115.

56. When Moscow changed control methods later in the War, the New York residency reported to the Center: "In ALBERT [Akhmerov]'s opinion our workers [Soviet intelligence officers] would hardly manage to work with the same success under the FELLOWCOUNTRYMAN [Communist Party] flag. We may possibly set up direct liaison with [members of the Silvermaster group], but it is doubtful whether we could secure from them the same results as ROBERT [Silvermaster], who, constantly dealing with them, has many advantages over us." The residency also reported that Silvermaster "did not believe in our orthodox methods." VENONA decrypts, 3rd release, part 3, p. 2.

57. Bentley, *Out of Bondage,* pp. 68-9, chs. 7, 8. Codenames from vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2 and VENONA decrypts. The sanitized SVR account of Golos's career makes no reference to his sexual indiscretion. "Russian [intelligence] operatives," it concludes, "will always honor and take pride in him." Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoy Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, ch. 16.

58. vol. 6, ch. 12. The VENONA decrypts indicate that Belfrage was also codenamed UCN/9.

59. On BSC, see Andrew, *For the President's Eyes Only,* pp. 96, 102-3, 127-30.

60. vol. 6, ch. 12. The KGB file noted by Mitrokhin

confirms the main features of the account, contested by Belfrage during his lifetime, in Bentley, *Out of Bondage,* pp. 139-40—notably his espionage links with Golos and with V. J. Jerome, a close associate of Browder.

61. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

62. On the woeful limitations of the intelligence on the Soviet Union available to Roosevelt early in the war, see Andrew, *For the President's Eyes Only,* pp. 132-3.

63. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 340-1; Zubok and Pleshakov, *Inside the Kremlin's Cold War,* p. 23.

64. vol. 6, ch. 12. Hopkins had been personally briefed by Hoover on Zarubin's visit to Nelson (Benson and Warner (eds.), *VENONA,* document 9). Hoover would doubtless have been outraged had he known that Hopkins had informed the Soviet embassy.

65. The source of the information on the talks between Roosevelt and Churchill was codenamed "19"—an example of the Centre's confusing habit of sometimes recycling the same codename for different people. Laurence Duggan had formerly been codenamed "19," but by now had the codename FRANK; he cannot, in any case, have provided this information. A detailed, meticulous and persuasive study by Eduard Mark concludes that it is "probable virtually to the point of certainty that Hopkins was *19.*" Mark, "Venona's Source 19 and the 'Trident' Conference of 1943."

66. Andrew, "Anglo-American-Soviet Intelligence Relations," pp. 125-6. Crozier, *Free Agent,* pp. 1-2.

67. Hopkin’s efforts to avoid US-Soviet friction also included securing the removal of officials he judged to be anti-Soviet: among them the US ambassador in Moscow, Laurence A. Steinhardt; the military attaché, Major Ivan D. Yeaton; and Loy W. Henderson, head of the Soviet desk in the State Department. When Soviet foreign minister Molotov visited Washington in May 1942, Hopkins took him aside and told him what to say to persuade Roosevelt of the need for an early second front in order to contradict contrary advice from the American military. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 297-300, 341; Mark, “Venona’s Source 19 and the ‘Trident’ Conference of 1943,” p. 20.

68. Bohlen, *Witness to History 1919-1969,* p. 148.

69. Dilks (ed.), *The Diaries of Sir Alexander Cadogan, OM, 1938-1945,* p. 582.

70. Cited by Kissinger, *Diplomacy,* p. 412. On relations between Churchill and Roosevelt at Tehran, see also Kimball, *Forged in War,* pp. 237-55.

71. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 342.

72. The use made by Stalin of intelligence from Britain during the Tehran Conference remains more problematic, given the Centre’s unwarranted suspicion at that time of its main British sources.

73. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

74. vol. 7, ch. 2, para. 2; appendix 3, *n.* 21.

75. vol. 7, ch. 2, para. 5.

76. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 15.

77. Philby, *My Silent War,* pp. 49-50, 67-8.

78. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 5.

79. Borovik, *The Philby Files,* pp. 196-7. On SIS's lack of a Moscow station in the 1930s, see Andrew, *Secret Service,* p. 573.

80. The text of the report was first published, along with other KGB documents on atomic espionage, in *Voprossi Istorii Estestvoznania i Tekhniki* (1992), no. 3. This issue was withdrawn shortly after publication, but the documents are reprinted in Sudoplatovs, *Special Tasks,* appendix 2. Cf. Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* p. 218.

81. According to the minutes of the Scientific Advisory Committee, Cairncross briefly served as its joint secretary; SAC (DP)(41), CAB 90/8, PRO. In his memorably mendacious memoirs, Cairncross denied that he ever held this post. Even if he is correct in this instance (and Whitehall committee secretaries were, almost invariably, capable of ensuring that their names were correctly recorded), this would not have affected his access to SAC minutes since, by his own admission, he "had no difficulty in having access to the secret papers in Hankey's office." Cairncross, *The Enigma Spy,* pp. 9-10, 88-92.

82. The revelation that Cairncross, thanks to his access to Scientific Advisory Committee papers, was the first to warn the Center of the plan to construct the atomic bomb first appeared in 1990 in Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,*

p. 321. Probably because Cairncross was then still alive, a series of KGB/SVR-sponsored publications suggested that the report of the Scientific Advisory Committee had come instead from Maclean. (See, e.g., Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* p. 218; Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 31, 60.) Following confirmation by Yuri Modin, who was given responsibility for Cairncross's file in 1944 and became his controller in 1947, that the Scientific Advisory Committee report came from Cairncross, the SVR changed its tune. In 1998 it released documents from Cairncross's file proving that he supplied the report and giving further details of his role as the first of the atom spies. West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* pp. 228-9, 234; Michael Smith, "The Humble Scot Who Rose to the Top—But Then Chose Treachery," *Daily Telegraph* (January 12, 1998).

83. The text of Beria's report of March 1942, first published in *Voprossi Istorii Estestvoznania i Tekhniki,* 1992, no. 3, is reprinted in Sudoplatovs, *Special Tasks,* appendix 2, pp. 439-41. On the background see Holloway, *Stalin and the Bomb,* pp. 82-4.

84. Holloway, *Stalin and the Bomb,* pp. 84-9.

85. vol. 6, ch. 6. Roosevelt and Churchill agreed verbally on unrestricted exchange of information on the atomic project, but did not commit the agreement to writing. The Americans in charge of the MANHATTAN project afterwards claimed to be ignorant of the agreement. Not

till the Quebec agreement of August 1943 was “full and effective collaboration” between Britain and the United States agreed in writing.

86. vol. 6, ch. 6.

87. Holloway, *Stalin and the Bomb,* p. 85.

88. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 321-2.

89. West and Tsarev, *Crown Jewels,* pp. 231-3.

90. Fuchs preferred meeting in London Underground stations. He later complained to Markus Wolf that Kremer’s habit of constantly looking over his shoulder to see if he was being followed “seemed to attract more attention to us than simply getting on with it.” Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 322-4; Wolf, *Man without a Face,* p. 230. The best biography of Fuchs is Williams, *Klaus Fuchs, Atom Spy.*

91. The references to FIR in Mitrokhin’s notes, including her involvement with Fuchs, identify her as SONIA (vol. 7, ch. 14, item 17). She is not to be confused with a British NKGB agent also codenamed FIR, an official of the Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East (ECAFE) recruited in China in 1943 (k-24,126).

92. Werner, *Sonya’s Report,* pp. 250-3; Wolf, *Man without a Face,* p. 230.

93. Wolf, *Man without a Face,* p. 229.

94. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 17. It is just possible, though not probable, that an even stronger candidate for either of these titles is identified in files not seen by Mitrokhin. Like most, if not all, British agents recruited in the 1930s

who were still active after the Second World War, Norwood had more than one codename in the course of her career. Though Mitrokhin's notes refer to her only as HOLA, her codename in 1945, shortly after she returned from GRU to NKGB control, was RITA. Extracts from KGB files made available by the SVR to Weinstein and Vassiliev, though not mentioning Norwood by name, identify RITA as an employee of the Non-Ferrous Metals [Research] Association (Weinstein and Vassiliev, *The Haunted Wood,* p. 194; cf. the reference to RITA in VENONA decrypts, 5th release, part 2, p. 247.)

95. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 17.

96. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 17.

97. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 59-61. Cf. vol. 6, ch. 8, part 1.

98. vol. 6, ch. 6. In March 1943 Kurchatov sent similar reports to M. G. Pervukhin, Deputy Prime Minister and commissar of the chemical industry. The text, first published in *Voprossi Istorii Estestvoznania i Tekhniki* (1992), no. 3, is reprinted in translation in Sudoplatovs, *Special Tasks,* appendix 2, pp. 446-53.

99. vol. 6, ch. 6. Mitrokhin's notes do not reveal the identity of MAR.

100. VENONA decrypts, 1st release, pp. 1-4.

101. vol. 6, ch. 6. Mitrokhin's note does not identify the recipient of Kurchatov's top secret report. Given its importance, however, it was probably addressed, like his report of March 7 (also quoted in vol. 6, ch. 6), to Beria.

Cf. Kurchatov’s report to Pervukhin of July 3, 1943 in Sudoplatovs, *Special Tasks,* appendix 2, pp. 454-6.

102. Holloway, *Stalin and the Bomb,* p. 104.

103. vol. 6, ch. 6.

104. VENONA decrypts, 1st release, p. 5. Cf. Holloway, *Stalin and the Bomb,* p. 103.

105. Holloway, *Stalin and the Bomb,* p. 103.

106. There is some indication that later in 1944 FOGEL/PERS was providing intelligence from the Oak Ridge, Tennessee, laboratory of the MANHATTAN project. VENONA decrypts, 1st release, pp. 10, 29. Weinstein and Vassiliev, *The Haunted Wood,* pp. 190-1; Albright and Kunstel, *Bombshell,* p. 319.

107. Suggestions to the contrary derive chiefly from two sources: a fabricated version of the career of PERS (renamed PERSEUS), apparently devised by the SVR for purposes of mystification, perhaps to protect Theodore Hall (cf. Albright and Kunstel, *Bombshell,* p. 271; Weinstein and Vassiliev, *The Haunted Wood,* pp. 190-1*n.*); and the fallible memory of Pavel Sudoplatov, far less reliable on atomic espionage than on the “special actions” to which he devoted most of his career (cf. Holloway, “Sources for *Stalin and the Bomb*”). The New York residency was dismayed to learn early in 1945 that FOGEL/PERS had declined an offer of employment as a construction engineer at Los Alamos, probably owing to a mixture of family pressures and fear of exposure. Weinstein and Vassiliev, *The Haunted Wood,* p. 192.

108. vol. 6, ch. 6.
109. vol. 8, ch. 12, para. 1.
110. vol. 6, ch. 6.
111. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
112. vol. 7, ch. 2, para. 4
113. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 313-14. Pincher, *Too Secret Too Long,* p. 396. Early in the war, Philby had tried and failed to enter Bletchley Park.
114. vol. 7, ch. 2, para. 3.
115. Haslam, "Stalin's Fears of a Separate Peace 1942," pp. 97-9.
116. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 273-4, 305; Schmidt, "Der Hess-Flug und das Kabinet Churchill"; Schmidt, "The Marketing of Rudolf Hess."
117. Record of dinner conversation at the Kremlin, October 18, 1944, FO 800/414, PRO.
118. Some of the Hess conspiracy theories were examined in the BBC2 documentary, *Hess: An Edge of Conspiracy* (presenter: Christopher Andrew; producer: Roy Davies), first broadcast January 17, 1990.
119. Borovik, *The Philby Files,* pp. 216-18.
120. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 334-7.
121. Borovik, *The Philby Files,* p. 216.
122. Borovik, *The Philby Files,* p. 217*n.*
123. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* p. 154. At a meeting with Christopher Andrew in August 1990, Cairncross admitted that he did supply intelligence from Bletchley Park to the NKGB before the battle of

Kursk but declined to give details.

124. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 314; Pincher, *Too Secret Too Long,* p. 396. 125. Borovik, *The Philby Files,* p. 218.

126. vol. 7, ch. 2, para. 1.

Chapter Eight Victory

1. As late as 1990 Valentin Falin, head of the International Department of the Central Committee, which was largely responsible for determining foreign intelligence requirements, claimed that intelligence reports in 1943 showed that some in Washington as well as in London were considering “the possibility of terminating the coalition with the Soviet Union and reaching an accord with Nazi Germany, or with the Nazi Generals, on the question of waging a joint war against the Soviet Union”:

> Therefore when we talk about Stalin’s distrust with regard to Churchill, at a certain stage towards those surrounding Roosevelt, not so much towards Roosevelt himself, we should pay attention to the fact that he based this mistrust on a very precise knowledge of specific facts.

The “facts” produced by the Center were, in all probability, mere conspiracy theories of the kind which, in greater or lesser degree, distorted Soviet intelligence assessment throughout, and even beyond, the Stalinist era. (Interview by Christopher Andrew with Valentin Falin in Moscow for BBC2, December 12, 1990.)

2. On CPUSA operations against Trotskyists and heretics, see Klehr, Haynes and Firsov, *The Secret World of American Communism;* quotation from p. 89.

3. vol. 6, ch. 12. On the FBI bugging of Nelson, see also Klehr, Haynes and Firsov, *The Secret World of American Communism,* pp. 216-17. The disappointingly discreet account of Nelson's career, *Steve Nelson, American Radical,* by Nelson, Barrett and Ruck, makes a brief reference to his work on the secret Party control commission (p. 242).

4. vol. 6, ch. 12. On Hopkins, see above, chapter 7.

5. See above, chapter 7.

6. Benson and Warner (eds.), *VENONA,* p. xviii, *n.* 30 and document 10. The authors suggest the author of the letter to Hoover "might have been" Mironov. One of the files noted by Mitrokhin makes Mironov's authorship virtually certain. While imprisoned by the NKVD in 1945, Mironov tried to smuggle to the American embassy in Moscow information about the massacre of the Polish officer corps similar to that contained in the letter to Hoover in 1943 (vol. 5, section 11). A study of the letter by Ben Fischer, written without access to Mitrokhin's notes on KGB files, seeks to make sense of Mironov's bizarre claim that Zarubin and his wife were working for, respectively, Japanese and German intelligence, as a way

"to grab FBI attention" and ensure that Hoover acted against them. But Mr. Fischer also acknowledges evidence that Mironov "may have been mentally disturbed" (Fischer, " 'Mr. Guver,' " pp. 10-11.). KGB files suggest both an obsessional hostility to Zarubin from Mironov and a determination that the West should learn the truth about the massacre of the Polish officer corps. In the letter to Hoover, Mironov claimed that his real name was Markov; Mitrokhin's notes, however, refer to him as Mironov.

7. Zarubin to Center, June 3, 1943: VENONA decrypts, 2nd release, pp. 157-8. Zarubin moved to Washington during June.

8. Following the corrupt governorships of Huey and Earl Long, Sam Jones established a reputation for scrupulous honesty. On his term as governor, see Dawson, *The Louisiana Governors,* pp. 255-9.

9. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. The US "military intelligence officer" may have had knowledge of the information on Zarubin's involvement in the massacre of Polish officers contained in Mironov's letter to Hoover.

10. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

11. Sudoplatovs, *Special Tasks,* pp. 196-7.

12. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

13. Samolis (ed.) *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 53-5. This SVR hagiography predictably makes no mention of Zarubin's various misadventures in the United States.

14. vol. 5, sec. 11. Sudoplatov wrongly claims that Mironov was simply “hospitalized and discharged from the service” on the grounds of schizophrenia; *Special Tasks,* p. 197.
15. VENONA decrypts, 4th release, part 4, pp. 115-16.
16. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2; vol. 6, app. 2, part 7. Zarubin’s immediate successor as resident in New York in the summer of 1943, probably on a temporary basis, had been Pavel Klarin (codenamed LUKA); VENONA decrypts, 2nd release, pp. 180ff. On Abbiate’s previous career see above, chapter 4.
17. VENONA decrypts, 3rd release, part 2, pp. 205-6.
18. VENONA decrypts, 3rd release, part 3, p. 175. The telegram from the Center appointing Abbiate as resident refers to him by his codename SERGEI, identified in the NSA decrypt as Pravdin (Abbiate’s alias in the USA). Apresyan’s transfer to San Francisco was not necessarily a demotion in view of the forthcoming organizing conference of the United Nations, attended by NKGB agent Harry Dexter White and presided over by the GRU agent Alger Hiss.
19. vol. 7, ch. 2, 1; app. 3, *n.* 21.
20. Among the documents Philby passed to the NKGB were the German foreign ministry documents obtained by OSS in Switzerland and probably also supplied by NKGB agents in OSS. Philby, *My Silent War,* pp. 84-6; Andrew, *For the President’s Eyes Only,* pp. 141-2.
21. Borovik, *The Philby Files,* pp. 232-3.

22. Philby, *My Silent War,* ch. 6; Cecil, “The Cambridge Comintern.” On Krötenschield, see Modin, *My Five Cambridge Friends,* pp. 103-4, 124-5.
23. Modin, *My Five Cambridge Friends,* p. 114. From 1944 to 1947 Modin was responsible for the files of the Five at the Center, before being posted to London to act as their controller.
24. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 314.
25. Pincher, *Too Secret Too Long,* p. 397.
26. Cecil, *A Divided Life,* pp. 74-5.
27. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 9.
28. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 309-12; Cecil, “The Cambridge Comintern.”
29. vol. 7, ch. 10, app., para. 2.
30. See above, chapter 7.
31. There are a number of references to Fuchs’s codenames in the VENONA decrypts. Fuchs said later that he never knew which branch of Soviet intelligence he was working for. During his interrogation after his arrest in 1950 he claimed to have been previously unaware that more than one branch existed. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 323.
32. vol. 6, ch. 6. The GRU did, however, keep control of its agents in the Anglo-Canadian atomic research center at Chalk River; Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 325-6.
33. Norwood ceased contact with SONYA (referred to in KGB files as FIR) in 1944. However, the first contact between Norwood and her new (unidentified) controller

recorded in Mitrokhin's notes took place in 1945. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 17.

34. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 17.

35. VENONA decrypts, 5th release, part 2, p. 249. Norwood's codename at this period was TINA.

36. West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* p. 234.

37. VENONA decrypts, 1st release, pp. 8-9.

38. FBI FOIA 65-58805, file 38, p. 7.

39. VENONA decrypts, 1st release, pp. 8-9.

40. FBI FOIA 65-58805, files 38, 40.

41. VENONA decrypts, 1st release, pp. 25, 27.

42. Gold's evidence to the FBI on renewing contact with Fuchs is reprinted in Williams, *Klaus Fuchs, Atom Spy,* pp. 206-12.

43. vol. 6, ch. 8, part 1.

44. The agents in Rosenberg's ring included the scientist William Perl (GNOME), who provided intelligence on jet engines, and the military electronics engineers Joel Barr (METRE) and Alfred Sarant (HUGHES), both of whom were radar experts; VENONA decrypts, 1st release, pp. 12, 18-19, 47, 51. On the origins of the Rosenberg spyring, run initially - according to Semenov - "on the principles of a Communist Party group," see Weinstein and Vassiliev, *The Haunted Wood,* pp. 177-9.

45. VENONA decrypts, 1st release, pp. 15, 36, 45-6.

46. Radosh and Milton, *The Rosenberg File,* ch. 3.

47. VENONA decrypts, 1st release, pp. 44-5; 3rd release, pp. 255-6, 261-6. Hall explained his belief that his atomic

espionage had been a way “to help the world” in the BBC Radio 4 documentary *VENONA* (presenter: Christopher Andrew; producers: Mark Berman and Helen Weinstein), first broadcast March 18, 1998.

48. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

49. VENONA decrypts, 2nd release, p. 424.

50. Bentley, *Out of Bondage,* pp. 160-1. The first VENONA decrypt in which Akhmerov reports intelligence from Bentley is dated December 11, 1943; VENONA decrypts, 2nd release, pp. 430-1.

51. Bentley, *Out of Bondage,* pp. 163-5. Bentley’s story is, once again, largely corroborated by VENONA and other evidence. Cf. VENONA decrypts, 3rd release, part 1, pp. 26-8; and Klehr, Haynes and Firsov, *The Secret World of American Communism,* pp. 312-15.

52. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. Doubtless through a slip of the pen, Mitrokhin also refers to Perlo in this note as PEL. VENONA and other sources make clear that PEL (also codenamed PAL and ROBERT) was Greg Silvermaster. The other members of Perlo (RAIDER)’s group, all described as Communists, were Charles Kramer, Edward Fitzgerald, Harry Magdoff, John Abt, Charles Flato and Harold Glasser.

53. VENONA decrypts, 3rd release, part 1, pp. 26-8.

54. Bentley, *Out of Bondage,* pp. 166-7. Once again, VENONA confirms the substance of Bentley’s version of events.

55. VENONA decrypts, 3rd release, part 1, p. 272.

56. Bentley, *Out of Bondage,* pp. 173-7.

57. VENONA decrypts, 1st release, part 1, p. 14; 3rd release, part 2, pp. 139, 152, 196.

58. Bentley, *Out of Bondage,* pp. 179-80.

59. VENONA decrypts, 3rd release, part 2, pp. 17-18. In January 1945 White was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

60. Romerstein and Levchenko, *The KGB against the "Main Enemy,"* pp. 111-12. George Silverman, to whom (according to Bentley) Currie rushed to deliver his warning "sort of out of breath," is identified by the VENONA decrypts as a Soviet agent (codenamed ELERON [AILERON]). Currie himself may well be the agent codenamed PAGE to whom there are a number of references in the decrypts. Though denying that he had ever been a Soviet spy, Currie later acknowledged that he been entertained at Gorsky's home. Senior White House officials such as Currie were among the very small group privy to the highly classified information that OSS had obtained a charred NKGB codebook. There is no reference to Currie in Mitrokhin's notes.

61. The senior FBI agent who took part in the early analysis of the VENONA decrypts, Robert Lamphere, wrongly claims in his memoirs (*The FBI-KGB War,* pp. 87ff) that the NKGB codebook was later used to assist the process of decrypting. National Security Agency, *Introductory History of VENONA and Guide to the Translations,* p. 8.

62. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 295.
63. vol. 6, ch. 8, part 1. vol. 7, ch. 2, para. 22.
64. vol. 6, ch. 6.
65. Holloway, "Sources for *Stalin and the Bomb,"* p. 5.
66. vol. 7, ch. 2, para. 19.
67. Albright and Kunstel, *Bombshell,* pp. 121-7.
68. Albright and Kunstel, *Bombshell,* ch. 15. The career of Morris and "Lona" Cohen is summarized in vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
69. Albright and Kunstel, *Bombshell,* pp. 138-9.
70. NKGB report to Beria, July 10, 1945, first published in *Kurier Sovietski Razvedke* (1991); extract reprinted in Sudoplatovs, *Special Tasks,* appendix 4, pp. 474-5 (Sudoplatov misidentifies MLAD as Pontecorvo).
71. The story of Lona Cohen's trip to Albuquerque is briefly told in the short biography of her in Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* p. 71. See also Albright and Kunstel, *Bombshell,* ch. 17.
72. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. Unsurprisingly, this remarkable tale improved with the telling. In some recent Russian versions, Mrs. Cohen hid the documents in a box of Kleenex. The less elaborate account noted by Mitrokhin appears more reliable. He does not, however, identify the Los Alamos scientist who supplied the documents.
73. vol. 6, app. 2, part 5. The first VENONA reference to Yatskov's responsibility for ENORMOZ dates from January 23, 1945; VENONA decrypts, 1st release, p. 60.
74. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp.

169-71.

75. VENONA decrypts, 3rd release, part 2, p. 268.

76. Though Mitrokhin's notes include references to most of the best-known, as well several hitherto-unknown, Soviet spies in the wartime United States, all refer to NKVD/NKGB agents. There is thus no reference to Hiss, who worked for Soviet military intelligence.

77. VENONA decrypts, 3rd release, part 3, p. 207.

78. k-27,appendix, para. 21.

79. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 343-8.

80. Kimball, *Forged in War,* p. 318.

81. VENONA decrypts, 3rd release, part 3, p. 207. A footnote to this decrypt, added by NSA in 1969, identifies ALES as "probably Alger Hiss." The corroborative evidence now available puts that identification beyond reasonable doubt. Of the four Americans (other than US embassy staff) who went on to Moscow after Yalta, only Hiss fits Gorsky's description of ALES (Moynihan, *Secrecy,* pp. 146-8). Gordievsky recalls a lecture in the Centre in which Akhmerov referred to his wartime contact with Hiss. Hungarian intelligence files on the Noel Field case show that Field also identified Hiss as a Soviet agent. Whittaker Chambers, the ex-GRU agent who exposed Hiss, testified that, as indicated by Gorsky's telegram, Hiss first began supplying intelligence to Moscow in 1935. Both Chambers and Bentley, like Gorsky, implicated some of Hiss's family, as well as Hiss himself, in Soviet espionage. Further evidence pointing to

Hiss came from the Soviet defector Igor Guzenko in 1945. Though the statute of limitations prevented Hiss's prosecution for espionage in 1950, the evidence used to convict him of perjury in that year, for lying about providing government documents to a Communist spyring, remains compelling. See, *inter alia:* Breindel, "Hiss's Guilt," *New Republic* (April 15, 1996); Schmidt, "The Hiss Dossier," *New Republic* (November 8, 1993); Weinstein, *Perjury;* Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB*. ALES, in the Cyrillic alphabet, looks like a contraction of "Alger Hiss"—one of a number of Soviet codenames at this period which contain clues to the identity of the agent concerned.

82. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 347. On the basis of Akhmerov's contact with Hiss (very unusual in the case of a GRU agent), Andrew and Gordievsky wrongly deduced that Hiss was by now an NKGB agent, in common with other leading American GRU agents of the late 1930s.

83. vol. 5, sect. 4. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 350-1. In 1946 SMERSH was reorganized on a peacetime basis and returned to the control of the MGB, the post-war successor of the NKVD.

84. Bethell, *The Last Secret;* Tolstoy, *Victims of Yalta;* Tolstoy, *Stalin's Secret War,* ch. 17; Knight, "Harold Macmillan and the Cossacks"; Mitchell, *The Cost of a Reputation,* chs. 1, 3, 5. Tolstoy provides the most detailed and moving description of the forced repatriation

of the Cossacks, but, as Knight demonstrates, exaggerates the personal responsibility of Harold Macmillan, minister-resident in Italy and political adviser to Supreme Allied Commander Field Marshal Alexander. Mitchell also concludes that Macmillan's "responsibility for what ultimately occurred must be adjudged as small." Tolstoy's charge that Lord Aldington (formerly Brigadier Toby Low) had committed war crimes in connection with the repatriation led to the award to Lord Aldington in 1989 of 1.5 million pounds damages for libel.

85. The fourth White general on Smersh's "most wanted" list, Timofei Domanov, was a former Soviet citizen whose fate, unlike that of the other three, had been sealed at Yalta.

86. vol. 5, sect. 4. A senior British officer reported, "All relations with Soviets most friendly with much interchange WHISKY and VODKA"; Knight, "Harold Macmillan and the Cossacks," p. 239.

87. vol. 5, sect. 4, paras. 2-4.

88. For legal reasons, six words have been omitted from the first sentence of Mitrokhin's note; they do not contain the name of the lieutenant-colonel. vol. 5, sect. 4, para. 5. The memoirs of the Deputy Chief of the Red Army, General Sergei Matveyevich Shtemenko, make no reference to bribery but confirm part of the sequence of events in the KGB files: "The Soviet government then made a firm representation to our allies over the matter of Krasnov, Shkuro, Sultan Ghirey, and other war criminals.

The British stalled briefly; but since neither the old White guard generals nor their troops were worth much, they put all of them into trucks and delivered them into the hands of the Soviet authorities" (Tolstoy, *Stalin's Secret War,* p. 298).

89. Alexander instructed on May 22, 1945, "All who are Soviet citizens and who can be handed over to Russians without use of force should be returned by 8th Army. Any others should be evacuated to 12th Army Group." It has been argued that 5 Corps, the section of the Eighth Army which handed over the Cossacks, subsequently concluded that it had none the less been given "freedom of action" to use force if necessary. Controversy continues. Mitchell, *The Cost of a Reputation,* pp. 49-54. Brigadier Low left for Britain on May 22 or 23, some days before the "repatriation" began. There is no suggestion that, if bribery occurred, he was in any way cognizant of it.

90. Knight, "Harold Macmillan and the Cossacks," pp. 248-52.

91. Tolstoy, *Victims of Yalta,* pp. 182, 188, 193, 266-8. The execution of the generals was announced in a brief note in *Pravda* on January 17, 1947.

Chapter Nine From War to Cold War

1. vol. 8, ch. 2.
2. The large literature on the Gouzenko case includes Bothwell and Granatstein (eds.), *The Gouzenko Transcripts;* Granatstein and Stafford, *Spy Wars,* ch. 3; Sawatsky, *Gouzenko;* Brook-Shepherd, *The Storm Birds,* ch. 21. Christopher Andrew interviewed Mrs. Gouzenko and her daughter (both of whom live under other names) in Canada in November 1992.
3. VENONA decrypts, 5th release, part 3, pp. 206-7.
4. vol. 8, ch. 2. Burdin served as resident from 1951 to 1953. In the records of the Canadian Ministry of External Affairs his name is transliterated as Bourdine. In 1952 Burdin recruited Hugh Hambleton, who later became one of the KGB's most important Canadian agents; see below, chapter 10.
5. vol. 8, ch. 10, paras. 7-8.
6. VENONA decrypts, 5th release, part 2, pp. 263-5, 272-3, 275.
7. The most reliable account of this episode is in Brook-Shepherd, *The Storm Birds,* ch. 4, which corrects a number of inventions in Philby's version of events.

8. Philby, *My Silent War,* pp. 114-15.
9. vol. 5, ch. 7.
10. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 379.
11. Philby, *My Silent War,* p. 120.
12. vol. 5, ch. 7.
13. vol. 7, ch. 6, para. 6.
14. Modin, *My Five Cambridge Friends,* pp. 137, 155; Zubok and Pleshakov, *Inside the Kremlin's Cold War,* pp. 86-8.
15. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 375-6.
16. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 377, 396.
17. West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* p. 222.
18. Letters from Geoffrey A. Robinson to Christopher Andrew, October 19, 1997, September 14, 1998. Cairncross's memoirs are as unreliable about his post-war career as about his earlier work as a Soviet agent. He claims that he had virtually no access to secret material in the Treasury (*The Enigma Spy,* pp. 124-7). According to Robinson, though, "That is totally untrue. The TUBE ALLOYS [nuclear weapons] files themselves were many inches thick, let alone all the other Secret and Top Secret files."
19. Modin, *My Five Cambridge Friends,* p. 150. Cf. West and Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* pp. 222-6; Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 406.
20. vol. 7, ch. 6, para. 4.
21. vol. 7, ch. 6, para. 1.
22. Mitrokhin's notes do not give the exact dates of the

surveillance team's presence at the London residency. It arrived late in the war and remained "for several years." vol. 7, ch. 2, para. 1; ch. 6, para. 5.

23. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 11.

24. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 398-9; Boyle, *The Climate of Treason,* pp. 305, 341, 346-8. Mayhew, *Time to Explain,* p. 109.

25. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 397. Modin, *My Five Cambridge Friends,* p. 201. Modin was unable to reveal Rodin's real name and refers to him by his alias "Korovin."

26. VENONA decrypts, 3rd release, part 3, pp. 150, 153.

27. Benson and Warner (eds.), *VENONA,* pp. 61-71. Hoover did not identify Bentley as his source. "At the present time," he wrote, "it is impossible to determine exactly how many of these people had actual knowledge of the disposition being made of the information they were transmitting."

28. Weinstein, *Perjury,* p. 357.

29. Bentley, *Out of Bondage,* pp. 204-7, 266-7.

30. If the Centre believed Gorsky to have been compromised by Gouzenko's defection, he would probably have been recalled earlier. By March 1946 the FBI was convinced that Bentley's defection was known to Silvermaster. Bentley, *Out of Bondage,* p. 267.

31. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. On Bentley's contact with Pravdin's wife, see Bentley, *Out of Bondage,* p. 329.

32. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

33. Modin, *My Five Cambridge Friends,* p. 133.
34. See below, chapter 9.
35. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 383.
36. See above, chapter 2.
37. Benson and Warner (eds.), *VENONA,* introduction. Two further studies of the decrypts were published just as this volume was going to press: Haynes and Klehr, *VENONA*; and West, VENONA.
38. Interview by Christopher Andrew with the late Dr. Cleveland Cram, October 2, 1996. Dr. Cram was one of the first CIA officers to be indoctrinated into VENONA in November 1952. Some of his recollections were included in the BBC Radio 4 documentary *VENONA* (written and presented by Christopher Andrew; producers: Mark Burman and Helen Weinstein), first broadcast on March 18, 1998.
39. Andrew, "The VENONA Secret."
40. Weisband had been recruited in 1934. From 1945 to 1947, however, contact was broken with him as part of the security measures which followed the defection of Elizabeth Bentley. Weinstein and Vassiliev, *The Haunted Wood,* p. 291.
41. Interviews with Cecil Phillips and Meredith Gardner broadcast in the BBC Radio 4 documentary *VENONA* (March 18, 1998).
42. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 388-9; Zubok and Pleshakov, *Inside the Kremlin's Cold War,* pp. 87-8.
43. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 1. Though initially made subordinate

to the Council of Ministers, the Committee of Information was transferred to the Foreign Ministry in 1949; Murphy, Kondrashev and Bailey, *Battleground Berlin,* pp. 40-1.

44. vol. 7, ch. 6, para. 4.

45. The most detailed available account of the organization and development of the KI is a 24-page report based on information obtained during the debriefing of Vladimir and Yevdokia Petrov, following their defection in 1954: "The Committee of Information ('KI') 1947-1951" (November 17, 1954) CRS A6823/XR1/56, Australian Archives, Canberra.

46. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2; vol. 6, appendix 2, part 7.

47. Dzhirkvelov, *Secret Servant,* p. 138.

48. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 389. Panyushkin was ambassador in Washington from 1947 to 1951 and head of the FCD from 1953 to 1956.

49. Gromyko, *Memories,* pp. 318-19.

50. "The Committee of Information ('KI') 1947-1951" (November 17, 1954) CRS A6823/XR1/56, Australian Archives, Canberra.

51. "The Committee of Information ('KI') 1947-1951" (November 17, 1954) CRS A6823/XR1/56, Australian Archives, Canberra. According to vol. 7, ch. 11, para. 7, the GRU illegal section was not withdrawn from the KI until 1949.

52. t-7,187; vol. 6, ch. 5, part 4, *n.* 8; vol. 7, ch. 11, para. 5.

53. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 1; vol. 7, ch. 11, para. 7; vol. 7, app.

3, *n.* 62. On Korotkov’s pre-war career, see Sudoplatovs, *Special Tasks,* p. 48. The official SVR version of Korotkov’s career makes no mention of his post-war role as head of the Illegals Directorate; Samolis (ed., *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 63-5.

54. Officers are not to be confused with agents, such as Philby.

55. His name appears on his birth certificate as Wilhelm August Fisher. His father, though Russian, came from a family with German origins. On the family background, see Saunders, “Tyneside and the Russian Revolution,” pp. 280-4. Fisher’s true identity was not revealed until after his death in 1971, when Western journalists noticed the name carved on his tombstone.

56. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2 and *n.* 6. Cf. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 156-9.

57. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2 and *n.* 6. Fisher’s entry in Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii* (pp. 156-9) refrains from mentioning any of the charges made against him.

58. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

59. vol. 6, ch. 5, parts 1, 2.

60. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

61. Recollections of MARK’s New York friend and fellow artist, Burt Silverman; Bernikow, *Abel,* pp. 7-20.

62. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

63. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 68-70. Albright and Kunstel, *Bombshell,* pp. 179-85.

64. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. (Mitrokhin's note mistranscribes MLAD as MLADA.)
65. Albright and Kunstel, *Bombshell,* pp. 176-8.
66. Tchikov and Kern, *Comment Staline a volé la bombe atomique aux Américains,* p. 205.
67. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
68. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 158-9.
69. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* p. 159.
70. OREL was Sixto Fernandes Donsel; FISH was Antonio Arjonilla Toriblo. vol. 6, app. 1, part 41.
71. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
72. Interviews with Ted Hall and former FBI agent Robert McQueen, first broadcast in the BBC Radio 4 documentary VENONA (written and presented by Christopher Andrew; produced by Mark Burman and Helen Weinstein, March 18, 1998). Albright and Kunstel cite information from "confidential sources" that Hall had four or five meetings in New York with a Soviet agent whom he knew as "Jimmy Stevens" in 1952-3, before finally breaking contact with Soviet intelligence (*Bombshell,* ch. 25). Hall acknowledges that he had several meetings with a Soviet contact, but insists that he provided no information during this period (interview with Christopher Andrew, March 11, 1998).
73. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
74. See below, chapter 17.

75. vol. 6, ch. 11, part 2. Kopatzky later claimed to have been born in Kiev on New Year's Day, 1922 (Wise, *Molehunt,* p. 183).

76. Wise, *Molehunt,* p. 184. Save for recording Kopatzky's date and place of birth, Mitrokhin's notes from his file contain nothing before 1946.

77. vol. 6, ch. 11, part 2.

78. Wise, *Molehunt,* pp. 182-3, 199.

79. Murphy, Kondrashev and Bailey, *Battleground Berlin,* p. 248. The SVR made available to the authors (David Murphy, head of the CIA Berlin station, 1959-61; Sergei Kondrashev, former deputy head of the FCD; George Bailey, former Director of Radio Liberty) a substantial number of files on KGB operations in Berlin before the building of the Wall. Its statement that no Kopatzky file exists—rightly dismissed by the authors as "obviously disingenuous"—is thus all the more extraordinary. The SVR claims that its only record of Kopatzky concerns his visit, under his new name Orlov, to the Soviet embassy in Washington in 1965 when he inquired about possible asylum in the USSR and complained that the FBI was "attempting to obtain an admission that he collaborated with Soviet intelligence while he was in Germany during the 1940s and 1950s."

80. vol. 6, ch. 11, part 2.

81. vol. 6, ch. 11, part 2. On Kopatzky's recruitment by the CIA, see also Murphy, Kondrashev and Bailey, *Battleground Berlin,* pp. 110-12.

82. vol. 6, ch. 11, part 2.
83. See below, chapter 11.
84. Kopatzky’s case officers were Komarov, Galiguzov, Krasavin, V. V. Grankin, Krishchenko, Borisov, Komev, Fedorchenko, Melnikov, Chaikovsky, P. A. Shilov, Govorkov, Ye. P. Pitovranov, V. G. Likhachev, V. M. Biryukov, A. Ya. Zinchenko, Ya. F. Oleynik, M. I. Kuryshev, Yu. I. Arsenev, G. G. Fedorenko, Makarov, Myakotnykh, Sevastyanov, and the illegal DIMA. vol. 6, ch. 11, part 2.
85. Andrei Zhdanov told the founding meeting of Cominform (the post-war successor of Comintern) in September 1947 that “the principal driving force of the imperialist camp is the USA. Allied with it are Britain and France.” Zhdanov, *The International Situation.*
86. k-11,112-13; k-7,84.
87. Buton, *Les lendemains qui déchantent;* Mortimer, *The Rise of the French Communist Party,* chs. 9, 10; Wolton, *La France sous influence,* chs. 1, 2.
88. vol. 9, ch. 1.
89. Zubok and Pleshakov, *Inside the Kremlin’s Cold War,* p. 15.
90. vol. 9, ch. 1.
91. k-11,112-13; k-7,84.
92. vol. 9, ch. 1.
93. vol. 9, ch. 1, para. 86. Mitrokhin’s notes contain very little information on the content of reports from the post-war Paris residency.

94. Dewavrin had resigned as head of SDECE in February 1946.

95. Vosjoli, *Lamia,* ch. 6; Porch, *The French Secret Services,* ch. 11.

96. vol. 9, ch. 1, para. 17.

97. k-6,91. WEST's other "contacts" in the DGER/SDECE, included members of the Italian and Spanish sections, and PASCAL who in 1946 was posted abroad.

98. k-6,92.

99. Recollection of the KGB defector Peter Deriabin: Schecter and Deriabin, *The Spy Who Saved the World,* p. 237*n.*

100. Wolton, *La France sous influence,* pp. 78-9; Buton, *Les lendemains qui déchantent,* p. 259.

101. t-1,24; t-2,25. Manac'h's other case officers were M. M. Baklanov, Tikhonov, Kiselev, Nagornov and S. I. Gavrilov.

102. k-4,32,176,179; t-1,42.

103. vol. 9, ch. 1, para. 6.

104. vol. 9, ch. 1, paras. 18-19.

105. vol. 9, ch. 1, para. 31.

106. vol. 9, ch. 1, para. 51. The Paris residency, however, complained of continuing staff shortages. In 1948 the Paris residency had a total of eighteen operational officers and technical support staff. Nine further intelligence officers whom the Centre had intended to send to Paris were refused visas. Attempts were made, with only

limited success, to make good the shortfall both by setting up a new illegal residency and by coopting residency translators and typists as well as staff from the Soviet embassy, trade and other missions for operational intelligence work. vol. 9, ch. 1, para. 50.

107. See below, chapter 27.

108. Modin, *My Five Cambridge Friends,* pp. 159, 165.

109. Rees, *A Chapter of Accidents,* p. 7; Penrose and Freeman, *Conspiracy of Silence,* pp. 324-7.

110. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 9.

111. vol. 7, ch. 10.

112. Cecil, *A Divided Life,* chs. 6, 7.

113. *The Times* (January 2, 1951).

114. Minute by Maclean (December 21, 1950), PRO FO 371/81613 AU 1013/52.

115. Philby, *My Silent War,* p. 134.

116. Though six telegrams in 1945 referred to Philby under the codename STANLEY, they appear not to have been decrypted until some years later; VENONA decrypts, 5th release, part 1, pp. 263-7, 272, 275-6. A total of thirty telegrams exchanged between the Centre and the London residency, mostly in 1945, were eventually decrypted in whole or in part by Anglo-American codebreakers.

117. Benson and Warner (eds.), *VENONA,* pp. xxvii-xxviii.

118. Fuchs told his interrogator that his last contact with Soviet intelligence had been in February or March 1949.

That may have been his last meeting with his controller. Williams, *Klaus Fuchs, Atom Spy,* p. 186. See also Gorodetsky, *Grand Delusion,* ch. 12.

119. Benson and Warner (eds.), *VENONA,* pp. xxvii-xxviii. The US government lacked the evidence to prosecute Weisband for espionage, but he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for contempt after failing to attend a federal grand jury hearing on Communist Party activity.

120. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 7.

121. Philby, *My Silent War,* p. 146.

122. See above, chapter 9.

123. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. It is unclear from Mitrokhin's notes whether Philby refused contact with the legal residencies from the moment of his arrival in the United States in 1949 or in the following year. Unsurprisingly, Philby made no mention in his memoirs or published interviews of the failings of the American residencies.

124. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. Modin, *My Five Cambridge Friends,* pp. 186-7.

125. Philby, *My Silent War,* pp. 151-2. Burgess arrived at the Washington embassy as second secretary in August 1950. On Philby's house at 4100 Nebraska Avenue, NW, see Kessler, *Undercover Washington,* pp. 93-5.

126. Newton, *The Butcher's Embrace,* pp. 305-11; Knightley, *Philby,* pp. 167-8.

127. According to HARRY's KGB file, the out-of-date passport in the name of Kovalik was no. 214595, issued

by the State Department in Washington on April 29, 1930. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
128. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
129. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. On the use of the *Batory* to transport Soviet agents to the United States, cf. Budenz, *Men Without Faces,* pp. 19, 64, 68.
130. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
131. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. There is no suggestion that either Senator Flanders or his family were aware that HARRY was a Soviet illegal.
132. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
133. Newton, *The Butcher's Embrace,* p. 281.
134. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
135. Newton, *The Butcher's Embrace,* pp. 281-2.
136. Philby, *My Silent War,* pp. 152-4.
137. Cecil, *A Divided Life,* p. 118.
138. VENONA decrypts, 3rd release, part 1, pp. 240-1.
139. This is acknowledged by Yuri Modin (Modin, *My Five Cambridge Friends,* p. 199).
140. Philby, *My Silent War,* p. 156. The KGB claim that the escapades which led to Burgess's recall were pre-planned is not corroborated by Mitrokhin's notes; they were much in line with similar, unpremeditated "scrapes" over the previous few years.
141. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
142. Modin, *My Five Cambridge Friends,* pp. 199-201.
143. Modin, *My Five Cambridge Friends,* pp. 202-3.
144. Modin, *My Five Cambridge Friends,* pp. 203-4;

Costello and Tsarev, *Deadly Illusions,* pp. 338-9.
145. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 404; Cecil, *A Divided Life,* pp. 135ff.
146. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 16.
147. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 17.
148. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 19.
149. Modin, *My Five Cambridge Friends,* p. 251.
150. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 19.
151. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 18.
152. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
153. Philby, *My Silent War,* pp. 157-9.
154. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
155. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. In 1953 the illegal VIK also lost a hollow coin containing a microfilm message.
156. vol. 7, ch. 10, para. 19.
157. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 406; Modin, *My Five Cambridge Friends,* pp. 213-18. Modin is apparently unaware that Colville had recorded his 1939 meetings with Cairncross in his diary, and is wrongly skeptical of his ability to identify Cairncross as the author of a note describing one of those meetings, found in Burgess's flat.
158. Modin, *My Five Cambridge Friends,* pp. 221-4, 229-32; Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 406-7. Blunt finally confessed in 1964 in return for a guarantee of immunity from prosecution. He was not publicly identified as a former Soviet agent until 1979.
159. Philby, *My Silent War,* ch. 12; Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 407-8; Knightley, *Philby,* pp. 147-

8; Modin, *My Five Cambridge Friends,* pp. 224, 228-32.
160. Borovik, *The Philby Files,* p. 284.
161. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 24-6.

Chapter Ten The Main Adversary Part I

1. t-7,12; k-13,267; vol. 6, ch. 5, part 1. Mitrokhin's notes omit to record Grigulevich's alias as a Costa Rican diplomat, but the other details he provides (for example, the fact that on May 14, 1952 Grigulevich presented his letters of credence as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Costa Rica in Rome to the Italian president, Luigi Einaudi) clearly identify Grigulevich as "Teodoro B. Castro." The members of the Costa Rican delegation to the Sixth Session of the UN General Assembly are listed in United Nations, *Official Records of the General Assembly Sixth Session, Plenary Meetings,* p. xiv.
2. See above, chapter 6.
3. k-13,370.
4. k-13,267; k-26,194. The two other leading members of the Costa Rican delegation to Rome were Francisco Orlich, Minister of Public Works, and Daniel Oduber, ambassador in Paris (later president of Costa Rica from 1974 to 1978, and in 1980 deputy chairman of the Socialist International). Grigulevich appears to have won their confidence, too; his wife was received by them when

she visited Costa Rica in 1952. On Figueres's role in restoring constitutional government in Costa Rica, see Bird, *Costa Rica,* ch. 10.

5. k-13,267.

6. Acheson, *Present at the Creation,* pp. 580-1.

7. k-13,267; t-7,12; vol. 6, ch. 5, part 1. United Nations, *Official Records of the General Assembly Sixth Session, Ad Hoc Political Committee,* p. 20.

8. k-13,267.

9. See above, chapter 9.

10. The VENONA decrypts led to very few arrests of Soviet spies, largely because SIGINT was considered too secret to be used in court, even in closed session. Even had it been used, it would have been open to a variety of legal challenges.

11. See above, chapters 7-8.

12. Klehr and Haynes, *The American Communist Movement,* ch. 4.

13. See above, chapter 9.

14. The Illegals Directorate planned a network of 28 "documentation agents" in Austria, 24 in East Germany, 24 in West Germany, 15 in France, 13 in the United States, 12 in Britain, 12 in Italy, 10 in Canada, 10 in Belgium, 9 in Mexico, 8 in Iran, 6 in Lebanon and 6 in Turkey (vol. 6, ch. 5, part 4). The large number of agents in Germany and Austria reflected the high proportion of Soviet illegals posing as refugees from East Germany.

15. Operations officers specializing in illegal

documentation were posted to the legal residencies in New York, Washington, Ottawa, Mexico City, Buenos Aires, London, Paris, Rome, Brussels, The Hague, Copenhagen, Oslo, Stockholm, Helsinki, Vienna, Athens, Istanbul, Tehran, Beirut, Calcutta, Karachi and Cairo. Those posted to New York were M. N. Korneyev, V. N. Danilin and A. M. Tikhomirov. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 4.
16. See above, chapter 9.
17. vol. 7, ch. 11, item 2.
18. vol. 8, ch. 8.
19. Sawatsky, *For Services Rendered,* p. 34.
20. vol. 8, ch. 8, paras. 5-6.
21. vol. 8, ch. 8, para. 7.
22. Sawatsky, *For Services Rendered,* p. 34.
23. Soboloff's father had left Canada to work at Magnitogorsk in 1931. David and his mother followed in 1935. vol. 8, ch. 8, para. 7.
24. Sawatsky, *For Services Rendered,* pp. 38-40.
25. Though the KGB file noted by Mitrokhin names HART's lover, it seems unfair to identify her.
26. vol. 8, ch. 8, paras. 14, 18.
27. Sawatsky, *For Services Rendered,* pp. 44-53, 66-7. Interviews by Christopher Andrew with Terry Guernsey in Toronto, October 1991.
28. vol. 8, ch. 2. On the Centre's criticisms of the Ottawa residency see above, pp. 180-1.
29. vol. 8, ch. 8, para. 9.
30. Sawatsky, *For Services Rendered,* pp. 53-4.

31. vol. 8, ch. 8, para. 9. On EMMA, see also k-8,82.

32. On Hambleton's career prior to his recruitment, see Heaps, *Hugh Hambleton, Spy;* Granatstein and Stafford, *Spy Wars,* ch. 8; Barron, *KGB Today,* ch. 9.

33. vol. 8, ch. 8; vol. 8, app. 1, item 87.

34. See below, chapter 12.

35. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

36. vol. 8, ch. 8; vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

37. vol. 8, ch. 8, paras. 11, 20.

38. Sawatsky, *For Services Rendered,* pp. 64-71.

39. vol. 8, ch. 8, paras. 10,20.

40. Sawatsky, *For Services Rendered,* p. 27.

41. vol. 8, ch. 8, para. 14.

42. vol. 8, ch. 8, paras. 10, 12.

43. vol. 8, ch. 8, para. 13.

44. vol. 8, ch. 8, paras. 15, 20.

45. vol. 8, ch. 8, para. 16. Remarkably, HART survived fifteen years' imprisonment (five in solitary confinement, three in a normal prison cell and seven in labor camp), and was later exfiltrated to the West by SIS. He now lives in Canada.

46. vol. 8, ch. 8, para. 20. In January 1964 a KGB officer traveling to Winnipeg with a scientific and cultural delegation and the Igor Moiseyev Folk Dance Group tried to reestablish contact with Morrison, but without success. An investigation by agent ANTHEA then established that he had moved house. The Centre later planned to involve Morrison in the hunt for two illegals, Yevgeni Runge

(MAKS) and Valentina Rush (ZINA), who defected to the CIA in Berlin in 1967. But though attempts by the Ottawa residency to locate Morrison continued intermittently until 1974 they were unsuccessful (vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5; vol. 8, ch. 8, para. 21). In May 1986 Morrison was sentenced to eighteen months in jail for offenses against the Official Secrets Act (Granatstein and Stafford, *Spy Wars,* p. 149).

47. vol. 8, ch. 8, para. 19.

48. k-4,207; k-11,130. From 1961 to 1964 Grinchenko worked in Cuba as a consultant to the illegals directorate of the DGI; k-11,130.

49. On Fisher, see above, chapter 9.

50. Olavi Åhman (codenamed VIRTANEN) was a veteran of the International Brigades during the Spanish Civil War. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2; k-27,451.

51. Bernikow, *Abel,* chs. 2-3.

52. The message was finally decrypted in 1957, with the assistance of cipher material given by VIK to the FBI and other material discovered by the Bureau in MARK’s flat after his arrest. Lamphere, *The FBI-KGB War,* pp. 270-1, 274-5.

53. k-3,80; k-8,83. ORIZO’s main motivation seems to have been financial. In Paris, he had been paid 40,000 francs a month; Mitrokhin’s notes do not indicate how much he was paid in New York.

54. k-8,91.

55. k-3,80. ORIZO continued work as a Soviet agent until

1980.
56. Bernikow, *Abel,* pp. 171-2.
57. Bernikow, *Abel,* chs. 3-4. Even after his arrest, MARK failed to realize that VIK had never been under surveillance by the FBI. He told his lawyer that “he now believed that Hayhanen had been secretly apprehended in December [1956] by the FBI and had met [him] thereafter on orders from Federal agents” (Donovan, *Strangers on a Bridge,* p. 39).
58. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
59. Bernikow, *Abel,* pp. 86-95.
60. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
61. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
62. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2, *n.* 11.
63. Donovan, *Strangers on a Bridge,* pp. 179-80; Bernikow, *Abel,* pp. 242-4.
64. Donovan, *Strangers on a Bridge,* p. 257.
65. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
66. Bernikow, *Abel,* pp. 223-4.
67. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
68. Also on February 10, 1962 Frederic L. Pryor, a Yale student accused of espionage in East Berlin, was released at Checkpoint Charlie.
69. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
70. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
71. Donovan, *Strangers on a Bridge,* p. 418.
72. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
73. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

74. While in New York "Abel" had sent to Moscow, at the GRU's request, large-scale maps of American cities. Though this was not a very demanding assignment in the United States, similar maps were unobtainable for Soviet cities.

75. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

76. Donovan, *Strangers on a Bridge,* pp. 275, 414.

77. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

78. The SVR, which still propagates the heroic "Abel" myth, claimed in 1995 that, "Secrecy requirements do not yet allow the disclosure of many of the operations in which MARK participated." Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 156-9.

79. Gordievsky, *Next Stop Execution,* pp. 141-2.

Chapter Eleven The Main Adversary Part 2

1. See above, chapter 9.
2. vol. 6, ch. 11, part 2.
3. vol. 6, ch. 11, part 2.
4. Wise, *Molehunt,* pp. 186-7.
5. Murphy, Kondrashev and Bailey, *Battleground Berlin,* pp. 245-6.
6. vol. 6, ch. 11, part 2.
7. Wise, *Molehunt,* pp. 188-9.
8. vol. 6, ch. 11, part 2. The Gallery Orlov, originally in South Pitt Street, Alexandria, later moved to King Street in the Old Town (Kessler, *Undercover Washington,* pp. 125-6).
9. Wise, *Molehunt,* pp. 191-4.
10. vol. 6, ch. 11, part 2.
11. vol. 6, ch. 11, part 2. Mrs. Orlov said later that her husband had told her the Soviet embassy had agreed to his request for asylum for them and their two young sons (Wise, *Molehunt,* p. 192).
12. Wise, *Molehunt,* ch. 13.
13. vol. 6, ch. 11, part 2; vol. 6, app. 1, parts 17, 41.
14. Kessler, *Undercover Washington,* p. 126.

15. k-4,136.

16. Barron, *KGB,* ch. 10. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 464-6.

17. k-4,136.

18. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 465-6.

19. Bamford, *The Puzzle Palace,* p. 144.

20. vol. 6, ch. 11, part 11.

21. Bamford, *The Puzzle Palace,* pp. 134-40.

22. vol. 6, ch. 11, part 11.

23. Bamford, *The Puzzle Palace,* p. 141.

24. vol. 6, ch. 11, part 11. From 1960 to 1963 the GRU had an important agent-in-place at NSA, Staff Sergeant Jack E. Dunlap (like Mitchell and Martin, a walk-in). In 1963 Victor Norris Hamilton, a former employee of NSA who had been forced to resign in 1959 because of mental illness, defected to the Soviet Union and gave a press conference much like Mitchell's and Martin's in 1960. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 462-4. Bamford, *The Puzzle Palace,* pp. 151-4.

25. Fursenko and Naftali, "Soviet Intelligence and the Cuban Missile Crisis," p. 77.

26. Bamford, *The Puzzle Palace,* pp. 142-3.

27. vol. 6, ch. 11, part 11. Mitrokhin's notes on the 500 rouble monthly allowance are taken from Mitchell's file and refer only to him. However, two years later, Martin told a reporter from *The New York Times,* whom he met in a chance encounter in a Leningrad café, that he had been given the same allowance. Theodore Shabad, "Defector

from US Resigned to Soviet Union," *The New York Times* (June 24, 1962). Bamford, *The Puzzle Palace,* p. 148. When Mitchell got a job, he was paid 100 roubles as a monthly salary and another 400 as a subsidy; vol. 6, ch. 11, part 11.

28. Information on Mitchell from vol. 6, ch. 11, part 11; on Martin from Shabad, "Defector from US Resigned to Soviet," *The New York Times* (June 24, 1962).

29. vol. 6, ch. 11, part 11.

30. Bamford, *The Puzzle Palace,* p. 149. Martin died in Moscow of acute leukemia in 1986.

31. The source of the alarmist KGB report of Pentagon plans for a nuclear attack was "a document sent by a[n unidentified] liaison officer with the CIA to his own government" (Fursenko and Naftali, "*One Hell of a Gamble,*" pp. 51-2). Though General Curtis LeMay, the belligerent head of Strategic Air Command, privately used the language of the pre-emptive strike, this never had any prospect of becoming the policy of the Eisenhower administration. Such language, however, caused some concern among the United States' NATO allies. The British JIC, though believing it "highly unlikely that, with her democratic method of government and her close ties with other Western nations, [the USA] would ever provoke a war," concluded in 1954 that it was "just possible that given (a) a more extreme government in the US, (b) increased US lack of confidence in some or all of her Western allies owing to political development in their

countries, (c) some sudden advance in the USA in the sphere of weapons, etc., the counsels of impatience might get the upper hand." JIC(54) 37 (I owe this information to Alex Craig of Christ's College, Cambridge, currently completing a groundbreaking PhD on the JIC in the early Cold War).

Recently declassified US documents indicate that, under specified emergency conditions, senior American commanders had "predelegated" presidential authority to use nuclear weapons (Paul Lashmar, "Dr. Strangelove's Secrets," *Independent,* September 8, 1998). It is possible, but by no means certain, that a report of this from the KGB's source, together with LeMay's apocalyptic rhetoric, fueled the Centre's fear of an American first strike.

32. Feklisov, *Za okeanom i na ostrove,* pp. 199-201. Zubok and Pleshakov, *Inside the Kremlin's Cold War,* pp. 236-40.

33. Andrew, *For the President's Eyes Only,* pp. 257ff.

34. Zubok and Pleshakov, *Inside the Kremlin's Cold War,* p. 242.

35. Andrew, *For the President's Eyes Only,* pp. 267ff.

36. Shelepin to Khrushchev, memorandum no. 1861-Sh (July 29, 1961). Decree no. 191/75-GS. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5. Cf. Zubok, "Spy vs. Spy," pp. 28-30; Zubok and Pleshakov, *Inside the Kremlin's Cold War,* pp. 253-5.

37. Andrew, *For the President's Eyes Only,* pp. 278-9; Dobrynin, *In Confidence,* pp. 52-4.

38. Fursenko and Naftali, “*One Hell of a Gamble,*” pp. 155, 168. On American covert action against Castro, see Andrew, *For the President’s Eyes Only,* pp. 271-2, 274-6, 280.
39. Fursenko and Naftali, “*One Hell of a Gamble,*” ch. 9.
40. Andrew, *For the President’s Eyes Only,* pp. 282-90.
41. Andrew, *For the President’s Eyes Only,* pp. 285-95; Zubok and Pleshakov, *Inside the Kremlin’s Cold War,* pp. 258-66; Dobrynin, *In Confidence,* pp. 52-4.
42. See above, chapters 7, 8.
43. Fursenko and Naftali, “Soviet Intelligence and the Cuban Missile Crisis.” Mitrokhin’s notes add nothing to this admirable analysis, based on privileged access to SVR files, of KGB sources of political intelligence in Washington during the missile crisis. There is no indication in files noted by Mitrokhin to which Fursenko and Naftali did not have access, notably those on illegals, of any significant source which they have overlooked.
44. Fursenko and Naftali, “Soviet Intelligence and the Cuban Missile Crisis,” p. 65.
45. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* pp. 237-8. Sakharovsky’s melancholy expression is clearly evident in the photograph which accompanies his official SVR hagiography (Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 133-5).
46. Fursenko and Naftali, “Soviet Intelligence and the Cuban Missile Crisis,” pp. 66, 75, 85*n.*
47. Zubok and Pleshakov, *Inside the Kremlin’s Cold War,*

pp. 266-7. Fursenko and Naftali, “*One Hell of a Gamble,*” ch. 14. On October 26, Feklisov, the Washington resident, had two, now celebrated, meetings with the ABC diplomatic correspondent, John Scali, whom he knew had good access to the White House, to discuss ways to end the crisis. Kennedy was convinced that Feklisov spoke for Khrushchev personally. The KGB archives, however, show that he did not. Feklisov played no role either in Khrushchev’s proposal on October 26 to resolve the crisis by an American guarantee of Cuban territorial integrity, or in his attempt on October 27 to trade US bases in Turkey for Soviet missile sites in Cuba. It is possible that Shelepin, who—unlike Semichastny—was a member of the Presidium, had encouraged Semichastny to use a meeting between Feklisov and Scali to try to extract a US proposal to settle the crisis which would make the Soviet climbdown less humiliating. Because of the incomplete nature of KGB files on this episode, together with the conflict of oral evidence between Feklisov, Scali and Semichastny, it may never be possible to establish what led up to the meeting on the Soviet side. Fursenko and Naftali, “Using KGB Documents”; Fursenko and Naftali, “Soviet Intelligence and the Cuban Missile Crisis,” pp. 80-3.

48. Zubok and Pleshakov, *Inside the Kremlin’s Cold War,* p. 267. Fursenko and Naftali, “*One Hell of a Gamble,*” pp. 284-6.

49. The fullest account of Penkovsky’s career is Schecter

and Deriabin, *The Spy Who Saved the World.*
50. vol. 6, ch. 1, part 1.
51. vol. 6, ch. 8, part 6.
52. vol. 6, ch. 8, part 6.
53. vol. 6, ch. 1, part 1.
54. vol. 2, app. 3.
55. On Golitsyn's impact on Angleton and the CIA, see Wise, *Molehunt,* and Mangold, *Cold Warrior.*
56. vol. 1, app. 3; vol. 6, ch. 1, part 1. On the US embassy's decision to return Cherepanov's documents, see Wise, *Molehunt,* pp. 121-3.
57. See below, chapter 22.
58. vol. 6, ch. 1, part 1; Nosenko's codename appears in vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5.
59. vol. 2, app. 3.
60. The VPK also tasked the GRU, the State Committee for Science and Technology (GKNT), a secret unit in the Soviet Academy of Sciences and the State Committee for External Economic Relations (GKES). Most of the S&T it received came from the KGB and GRU. Hanson, *Soviet Industrial Espionage;* Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 622-3.
61. k-5,476.
62. k-5,473.
63. URBAN may be a post-war codename for the unidentified wartime agent PERS referred to in the VENONA decrypts. On KGB/SVR attempts to confuse identification of PERS, see Albright and Kunstel,

Bombshell, pp. 156, 271.

64. Mitrokhin's note, in Russian, identifies BERG's employee as "Consolidated Vacuum." This is probably a reference to Sperry-Rand (UNIVAC); it is known that UNIVAC computers were high on the list of S&T targets (Tuck, *High-Tech Espionage,* ch. 11).

65. vol. 6, ch. 6.

66. Romerstein and Levchenko, *The KGB against the Main Enemy,* pp. 266-7; Richelson, *A Century of Spies,* pp. 279-82.

67. vol. 6, ch. 6.

68. Judy, "The Case of Computer Technology."

69. vol. 6, app. 1, part 27.

70. k-5,473.

71. k-5,369.

72. vol. 6, app. 1, part 39.

73. k-5,475.

74. On the time lag between US and Soviet computer technology, see Judy, "The Case of Computer Technology"; and Ammann, Cooper and Davies (eds.), *The Technological Level of Soviet Industry,* ch. 8.

75. Judy, "The Case of Computer Technology," p. 66.

76. k-5,476.

77. vol. 6, ch. 6.

78. vol. 6, ch. 3, part 1; vol. 10, ch. 2, para. 7.

Chapter Twelve The Main Adversary Part 3

1. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 4. The KGB Collegium also proposed establishing networks of illegal residencies to take over the main burden of intelligence operations in Canada, Mexico, West Germany and China.
2. vol. 6, ch. 5, parts 2, 3. Unusually, Mitrokhin's notes from KONOV's file do not record the real name of either himself or his wife.
3. vol. 6, ch. 5, parts 2, 3. No details are available of KONOV's S&T.
4. vol. 8, app. 3a.
5. ALBERT's and GERA's KGB files record that they were issued with Belgian passports nos. 26862/37/41 and 26861/36/41 valid until April 8, 1961. vol. 8, app. 3a.
6. vol. 8, app. 3a.
7. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 3.
8. vol. 8, app. 3, item 7.
9. vol. 6, ch. 13, part 1.
10. Barron, *KGB Today,* pp. 294-320. vol. 6, ch. 13, part 1. During his interview with Barron, Valoushek used the cover name "Zemenek."
11. Barron, *KGB Today,* pp. 320-7; Granatstein and

Stafford, *Spy Wars,* pp. 154-5.

12. vol. 6, ch. 13, part 1.

13. vol. 8, ch. 8, para. 3.

14. Barron, *KGB Today,* pp. 388-90; Granatstein and Stafford, *Spy Wars,* pp. 170-1.

15. vol. 6, ch. 11, part 5; vol. 8, ch. 8, paras. 3, 4. In 1975 alone Hambleton had meetings with Pyatin in Washington, with V. G. Matsenov in New York, with S. S. Sadauskas in Vienna and with A. Rusakov in Prague. His other foreign missions took in Haiti, Saudi Arabia, Egypt and Israel.

16. vol. 6, ch. 13, part 1. Mitrokhin's notes do not give IVANOVA's name.

17. Barron, *KGB Today,* pp. 330-1.

18. vol. 6, ch. 13, part 1; vol. 8, app. 8, item 87.

19. k-8,78; k-19,158; vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. Mitrokhin's notes do not identify LENA.

20. k-8,78.

21. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

22. vol. 6, app. 2, parts 3, 5.

23. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. It is not clear from Mitrokhin's notes whether Feder was a "live" or a "dead double."

24. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

25. vol. 6, ch. 5, parts 2, 3. Like other Steinway customers, Governor Rockefeller can, of course, scarcely be blamed for failing to realize that his piano tuner was a KGB illegal. There is no evidence in Mitrokhin's notes that Rudenko had contact with him.

26. Dobrynin, Anatoly, *In Confidence,* p. 377.
27. Isaacson, *Kissinger,* pp. 90-3.
28. Kramer and Roberts, "*I Never Wanted to be* Vice-*President of Anything!,*" pp. 8-9.
29. Schonberg, *Horowitz,* chs. 15-17. Mitrokhin's notes, probably like the KGB file on which they are based, do not make clear exactly how great a part RYBAKOV played in tuning Horowitz's pianos. The CD 186 was originally tuned by the Steinway chief technician, Franz Mohr.
30. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
31. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2; t-7,304.
32. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. RYBAKOV's file gives his Moscow address as 108 Mir Prospect, apartment 120.
33. Shevchenko, *Breaking with Moscow,* p. 375.
34. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 4. The main regional priorities for the establishment of illegal residencies in the period 1969-75, apart from North America, were the major states of western Europe, China and the Middle East. With the exception of the United States, where it was intended to establish ten residencies, no state was to have more than two.
35. vol. 6, ch. 5, parts 2, 3.
36. Barron, *KGB Today,* pp. 335-6.
37. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 3.
38. Barron, *KGB Today,* pp. 337-41, 349-51. vol. 6, ch. 13, part 1.
39. Barron, *KGB Today,* pp. 355-71.

40. Though not identified by Mitrokhin, LUTZEN was probably the defector Rupert Sigl, who had worked for the KGB in Karlshorst from 1957 to 1969.
41. vol. 6, ch. 13, part 1.
42. vol. 8, ch. 8, para. 3.
43. Granatstein and Stafford, *Spy Wars,* pp. 176, 179-83.
44. vol. 8, ch. 8, para. 4.
45. Granatstein and Stafford, *Spy Wars,* pp. 151-4, 184-5. In June 1986 Hambleton was moved to a Canadian jail and released under mandatory supervision in March 1989.
46. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2; vol. 6, app. 2, part 1; k-16,89.
47. The fullest published account of the Koecher case is in Kessler, *Spy vs Spy* (based in part on interviews with the Koechers after their return to Czechoslovakia in 1986). There are some further details in Earley, *Confessions of a Spy,* ch. 6, and Kessler, "Moscow's Mole in the CIA," *Washington Post* (April 17, 1988). Karl Koecher's early career is summarized in k-8,110.
48. k-19,96.
49. Kessler, *Spy vs Spy,* pp. 52-63. Kessler, *Undercover Washington,* pp. 33-4.
50. k-19, 96. Hana Koecher was given the rather obvious KGB codename HANKA.
51. Kessler, *Spy vs Spy,* pp. 60, 245.
52. vol. 6, ch. 8, part 2; k-8,110.
53. t-7,306; vol. 6, app. 1 (misc.), part 2. Ogorodnik appears to have been recruited by the CIA while serving in Bogotá in 1974, and to have supplied microfilm copies

of hundreds of secret Soviet documents, summaries of which were circulated by the CIA to the White House, the National Security Council and the State Department. Barron, *KGB Today,* pp. 428-9.

54. Kessler, *Spy vs Spy,* pp. 139-44, 152-8, 233-6; Kessler, "Moscow's Mole in the CIA," *Washington Post,* (April 17, 1988).

55. Hana Koecher sued the journalist, Egon Lansky, who had published the story about her and her husband. The case was dismissed and costs awarded against her. Tom Gross, "Spy's Wife Gets a Job with Our Man in Prague," *Sunday Telegraph* (March 5, 1995).

56. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 3.

57. vol. 6, app. 2, part 4.

Chapter Thirteen The Main Adversary Part 4

1. vol. 6, ch. 2, part 1*n.*
2. See below, chapter 15.
3. Dobrynin, *In Confidence,* pp. 209-10, 513. According to Dobrynin, "Andropov was cautious enough not to interfere in Gromyko's everyday management of foreign policy, and Gromyko for his part respected Andropov's growing influence in the Politburo."
4. Fursenko and Naftali, "Soviet Intelligence and the Cuban Missile Crisis," p. 85, *n.* 7. FCD intelligence analysis, however, seems to have remained comparatively undeveloped by the standards of the British JIC, the CIA's Directorate of Intelligence and other major Western assessment agencies.
5. See below, chapters 15 and 19.
6. Volkogonov, *The Rise and Fall of the Soviet Empire,* p. 322. The letter contained simply routine proposals for strengthening the role of the CPSU.
7. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* p. 257. During the final months of Brezhnev's life, however, Andropov began to circulate

stories about the corruption of Brezhnev's family and entourage as part of his strategy to eliminate rivals to the succession. Service, *A History of Twentieth-Century Russia,* p. 426.

8. Dobrynin, *In Confidence,* p. 130.

9. Dobbs, *Down with Big Brother,* pp. 6-8; Chazov, *Zdorov'ye i Vlast,* pp. 115-44.

10. vol. 6, app. 2, part 6.

11. vol. 6, ch. 11, part 3; vol. 6, app. 1, parts 12, 41.

12. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* p. 83. Kalugin does not give Lipka's name or codename and refers to him only as "a 'walk-in' who came to us in the mid-1960s, explaining that he was involved in shredding and destroying NSA documents." A later analysis by the Centre singled out 200 documents from NSA, the CIA, State Department and other federal agencies as of particular value. Mitrokhin's notes, alas, give no details of their contents.

13. vol. 6, ch. 11, part 3; vol. 6, app. 1, parts 12, 26, 28, 41; k-8,78. Lipka's file includes his and his father's addresses during the 1970s, as well as details of his wife's work at St. Joseph's Hospital in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, together with her telephone number at the hospital.

14. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* pp. 84-9.

15. Studies of the Walker case include Barron, *Breaking the Ring;* Blum, *I Pledge Allegiance.*

16. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* p. 83.

17. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* p. 89. The fact that Walker's file was held by the Sixteenth Department, separately from

most other FCD files, explains why Mitrokhin never saw it. There are probably other Sixteenth Department agents of whom he was also unaware.

18. Earley, *Confessions of a Spy,* pp. 7-8.

19. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* p. 89.

20. The KGB officers who took part in running MAREK were P. V. Yatskov, B. P. Kolymakov, Ye. N. Gorlitsyn, V. F. Perchik, Ye. V. Piskarev, G. N. Pustnyatsev, V. M. Bogachev, Ye. A. Belov, V. N. Gordeyev, A. V. Bolshakov, S. V. Sychev, V. N. Melnikov, A. A. Alekseyev, S. Ye. Muzhchinin, V. S. Miroshnikov, V. A. Revin, N. V. Medved, I. K. Baranov, V. I. Kucherov, V. S. Loginov, V. I. Shpakevich, I. S. Pakhmonov, V. V. Makarov, A. M. Gvosdev and L. K. Kostanyan. Even after Agee revealed that MAREK was a plant, some in the Centre did not regard the evidence as conclusive.

21. Earley, *Confessions of a Spy,* pp. 91-2.

22. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* pp. 111-12. Though Mitrokhin does not identify Sedov by name, he confirms the access to Kissinger by an “operations officer.”

23. Schultz, *Turmoil and Triumph,* p. 117.

24. t-7,321.

25. Dobrynin, *In Confidence.*

26. Barron, *KGB,* pp. 25-7. Barron, *KGB Today,* pp. 240-3. vol. 6, ch. 10; vol. 6, app. 1, parts 19, 40.

27. vol. 6, ch. 10; vol. 6, app. 1, part 40. There is no evidence in Mitrokhin’s notes that the cultivation of Waldheim was successful.

28. Shevchenko, *Breaking with Moscow,* pp. 331-2.
29. vol. 6, app. 1, parts 4, 19; t-3,69, k-24,228.
30. vol. 6, ch. 8, part 4, *n.* 1.
31. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 2, *n.* 2.
32. vol. 6, app. 1, parts 3, 41; t-2,258.
33. vol. 6, ch. 3, part 2; vol. 6, app. 1, part 41.
34. vol. 6, app. 1, part 16. The Turkish Cypriot newspaper *Malkin Sesi* reported on May 18, 1985 that, according to intelligence supplied by Washington to the Turkish government, Ozgur had worked as a Soviet spy from 1974 to 1977.
35. vol. 6, ch. 3, part 3.
36. vol. 6, ch. 4; k-8,103,447.
37. vol. 6, app. 1, part 38.
38. vol. 6, app. 1, part 4; t-3,56.
39. vol. 6, app. 1, parts 11, 39; k-22,71.
40. vol. 6, app. 1, part 33.
41. vol. 6, ch. 3, part 2. Mitrokhin does not give REM's identity. As was frequently the case, the same codename was given to several other agents. None of the others seems to fit the Washington REM.
42. k-22,207.
43. t-1,75.
44. vol. 6, ch. 4; vol. 6, app. 1, parts 16, 19.
45. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 2, *n.* 2.
46. vol. 6, ch. 3, part 3.
47. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 2, *n.* 2.
48. vol. 6, ch. 3, part 3.

49. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* pp. 72-5.
50. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* p. 103.
51. Dobrynin, *In Confidence,* p. 355.
52. vol. 6, ch. 3, part 3.
53. Kramer and Roberts, *"I Never Wanted to be* Vice-*President of Anything!,"* p. 23.
54. vol. 6, ch. 3, part 3.
55. Dobrynin, *In Confidence,* pp. 377-8.
56. vol. 6, ch. 3, part 3.
57. In 1977 Lomov returned to New York with his deputy director, Yuri Mikhailovich Zabrodin, for a three-month visit. His main KGB mission on this occasion was to investigate research on interrogation techniques which, the Centre hoped, would cause those it interrogated to have no subsequent memory of their replies to questions. vol. 6, ch. 2, part 1; vol. 6, app. 2, parts 4, 5.
58. vol. 6, ch. 2, part 1; vol. 6, ch. 3, part 3.
59. vol. 6, ch. 2, part 1.
60. vol. 6, ch. 2, part 1.
61. See below, chapter 17.
62. vol. 6, ch. 7. Mitrokhin identifies VLADIMIROV as deputy director of the institute, but does not give his name. Cf. Barron, *KGB Today,* p. 265.
63. vol. 6, ch. 2, part 1; vol. 6, app. 2, parts 4, 6.
64. Kissinger, *White House Years,* p. 112.
65. vol. 6, app. 1, part 6.
66. Dobrynin, *In Confidence,* p. 485.
67. vol. 5, section 10.

68. vol. 6, ch. 3, parts 2, 3.
69. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* pp. 306-7.
70. vol. 6, ch. 2, part 1, *n.* 3.
71. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* ch. 4.
72. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* pp. 302-3. Kalugin considered the tone of Andropov's cable "paranoid."
73. Volkogonov, *The Rise and Fall of the Soviet Empire,* p. 351.
74. Dobrynin, *In Confidence,* p. 523.
75. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 582-603. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* ch. 4.
76. Shvets, *Washington Station,* pp. 29, 74-5. Shvets had access to Androsov's reports as a member of the FCD First (North American) Department from 1982 to 1985, and was then posted to Washington as a Line PR officer in Androsov's residency.
77. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 591-605.
78. Andrew, *For the President's Eyes Only,* pp. 471-7.
79. *Izvestia* (September 24, 1991).
80. Garthoff, "The KGB Reports to Gorbachev," pp. 226-7.
81. vol. 6, ch. 6.
82. See, for example, Kryuchkov's 1984 analysis of "the deepening economic and social crisis in the capitalist world." Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from*

the Centre, pp. 33-4.

83. vol. 6, app. 1, part 41. Mitrokhin did not record the statistics for the San Francisco residency.

84. vol. 6, ch. 6.

85. Mitrokhin's notes give the recruitment dates of fifteen S&T agents who began work for the KGB in the 1970s: ANTON (1975), ARAM (1975), CHEKHOV/YAYKAL (1976), MAG (1974), MIKE (1973), OTPRYSK (1974), SARKIS (1974), SATURN (1978), SOFT (1971), TROP (1979), TURIST (1977), UGNYUS (1974), ZENIT (1978) and two others whose codenames cannot be published (recruited in 1975-6). VIL appears to have been recruited earlier. Other S&T agents active in the USA during the 1970s, whose recruitment dates do not appear in Mitrokhin's notes, were LONG, PATRIOT and RIDEL. Mitrokhin also identifies five trusted contacts recruited during the 1970s: KLARA (1972), KURT (1973), TSORN (1977), VELLO (1973) and VEYT (1973). In the case of a further eight members of the S&T network in 1970s (FOGEL, FREY, IZOLDA, OZON, ROZHEK, SPRINTER, TEP-LOTEKNIK and VAYS), it is unclear from Mitrokhin's notes which were fully recruited agents and which were trusted contacts. The notes give no dates for the activities of another eight S&T agents and trusted contacts probably active in the 1970s: ALGORITMAS, AUTOMOBILIST, CHARLES, KLIM, LIR, ODISSEY, PAVEL and RUTH. Mitrokhin's notes on all those listed above are relatively brief, varying in

length from a few lines to a paragraph. A majority of both agents and trusted contacts are identified by name. vol. 6, app. 1, parts 1, 2, 3, 5, 11, 14, 20, 27, 28, 29, 31, 32, 38, 39; k-14,171; k-18,380-2; t-1,138, 290,294-5,297-301; t-2,109,161-2; t-7,77.

86. FREY was an agent and PAVEL a trusted contact in IBM (vol. 6, app. 1, parts 5, 27). Agent SATURN occupied a senior scientific post in McDonnell Douglas (vol. 6, app. 1, parts 27, 32). Agent ZENIT was a scientist in TRW (vol. 6, app. 1, part 27).

87. vol. 6, app. 1, parts 2, 32.

88. vol. 6, app. 1, part 38. The case of another scientist at one of the best-known US universities cannot be referred to for legal reasons; vol. 6, app. 1, part 32.

89. vol. 6, app. 1, part 33.

90. vol. 6, app. 1, part 31. DARCOM has since become the Army Materiel Command (AMC).

91. The latest date for which Mitrokhin provides statistics on the total numbers of S&T agents run by the New York and Washington residencies is 1970; he provides no statistics on the agents run by the San Francisco residency.

92. Lindsey, *The Falcon and the Snowman.* Boyce escaped from prison in 1980, but was recaptured a year later and sentenced to an additional three years for escaping and twenty-five years for robbing seventeen banks while on the run (Lindsey, *The Flight of the Falcon*).

93. vol. 6, app. 1, part 27. Mitrokhin's brief note on ZENIT's recruitment gives no details of the intelligence he supplied. Other important intelligence on satellite surveillance included the operating manual for KH-11, the most advanced US SIGINT satellite. Early in 1978 William Kampiles, who had been briefly employed by the CIA Watch Center, presented a copy of it to the KGB residency in Athens. He was unaware, however, that the KGB officer who received it, Sergei Ivanovich Bokhan, had been recruited several years earlier by the CIA. Earley, *Confessions of a Spy,* p. 120.

94. This calculation appears to have been based on the estimated saving in imports paid for in hard currency. Brezhnev was informed that the economic benefit of S&T for the Soviet defense industry had not been calculated. vol. 6, ch. 6.

95. Similar reports on S&T successes were sent to Kosygin, the prime minister, and Ustinov, the Defence Minister.

96. vol. 6, ch. 6.

97. t-7,105.

98. vol. 6, ch. 6.

99. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 622.

100. In 1965 the United States had accounted for over 90 percent of the VPK's requirements.

101. Documents supplied by the French agent in Directorate T, Vladimir Vetrov (codenamed FAREWELL); cited by Brook-Shepherd, *The Storm*

Birds, p. 260. On Vetrov, see Andrew and Gordievsky, *Le KGB dans le monde, 1917-1990,* pp. 619-23. For the text of some of Vetrov's documents, see Hanson, *Soviet Industrial Espionage.* Vetrov's documents and Mitrokhin's notes complement each other.

102. Hanson, *Soviet Industrial Espionage,* p. 31.

103. vol. 6, ch. 6. Mitrokhin's notes identify 106 of the KGB's agents within the Soviet scientific community; vol. 6, ch. 5, part 1, *n.* 6.

104. vol. 6, ch. 6.

105. vol. 6, app. 1, parts 2, 32.

106. vol. 6, app. 1, parts 27, 32.

107. vol. 6, ch. 6.

108. Kessler, *Spy vs Spy,* pp. 167-8.

109. Also targeted by western European residencies were the US Atomic Energy Commission, the Battelle Memorial Institute, Dow Chemicals, Dupont de Nemours, GTE, Arthur D. Little Inc., Litton Industries Inc., the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and RCA. Mitrokhin's notes do not indicate which—if any—residencies had particular responsibilities for these targets; k-5,424. The National Institute of Health was targeted because of its research on the effects of chemical and biological warfare; vol. 6, ch. 6.

110. vol. 6, app. 1, part 1; t-7,8,77.

111. vol. 2, app. 3.

112. Volkogonov, *The Rise and Fall of the Soviet Empire,* p. 338.

113. US government, *Soviet Acquisition of Militarily Significant Western Technology*
114. Brook-Shepherd, *The Storm Birds,* p. 260.
115. vol. 2, app. 3.
116. k-5,504.
117. Hanson, *Soviet Industrial Espionage,* pp. 10, 23.
118. Wolf, *Man without a Face,* p. 182.
119. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 641-2.
120. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* pp. 37, 49-50.
121. Recollections by Oleg Gordievsky of Gorbachev's address; Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 621.
122. Garthoff, "The KGB Reports to Gorbachev," pp. 228-9.
123. Brook-Shepherd, *The Storm Birds,* p. 260.
124. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* pp. 40-9, 115-17.
125. The fullest account of the Ames case, and the only one to benefit from interviews with Ames himself, is Earley, *Confessions of a Spy.* On the agents betrayed by Ames, see pp. 143-5. According to the SVR, several of the Western agents named by Ames had already been identified from other leads.
126. Interview with Shebarshin, *Daily Telegraph* (December 1, 1992).
127. Gates, *From the Shadows,* pp. 424-6.
128. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* pp. 212-17. Operation RYAN was not finally

canceled until Primakov became head of foreign intelligence in October 1991; Richelson, *A Century of Spies,* p. 421.

129. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 627-8. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* pp. 217-18.

130. Shebarshin's foreign postings had included a term as main resident in India from 1975 to 1977.

131. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 620-1.

132. "Intelligence Service Divorces from the KGB," *Izvestia* (September 24, 1991).

133. Interview with Shebarshin, *Daily Telegraph* (December 1, 1992).

134. On the Soviet economy in the Gorbachev era, see Brown, *The Gorbachev Factor,* ch. 5.

135. BBC, *Summary of World Broadcasts,* SU/0955 (December 24, 1990), C4/3ff; SU/0946 (December 13, 1990), B/1.

136. Interview with Shebarshin, *Daily Telegraph* (December 1, 1992).

137. BBC, *Summary of World Broadcasts,* SU/0946 (December 13, 1990), B/1. Much the same conspiracy theory had been expounded in a secret circular to residencies almost six years earlier; Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* pp. 152-9.

138. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* pp. 218-22; *More Instructions from the Centre,*

pp. 125-8.

139. Kryuchkov continued to advance this preposterous conspiracy theory and to complain that, though he submitted a file on the case to Gorbachev, he repeatedly reneged on a promise to look into it. Remnick, *Resurrection,* p. 86.

Chapter Fourteen Political Warfare

1. Marx, *Theses on Feuerbach,* no. 11.
2. "Chief Conclusions and Views Adopted at the Meeting of [FCD] Heads of Service," ref. 156/54 (February 1, 1984); Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* pp. 30-44.
3. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 629.
4. On Modin, see chapter 9.
5. See above, chapters 9 and 12.
6. An extract from the report appears in Yeltsin, *The View from the Kremlin,* appendix B, pp. 307-8.
7. Golson (ed.), *The Playboy Interview,* p. 135.
8. Posner, *Case Closed,* p. 371; Summers, *Conspiracy,* p. 36.
9. Hurt, *Reasonable Doubt,* p. 124.
10. Yeltsin, *The View from the Kremlin,* appendix B, p. 308.
11. Dobrynin, *In Confidence,* p. 111.
12. Yeltsin, *The View from the Kremlin,* appendix B, p. 308.
13. The best and fullest account of Oswald's period in the Soviet Union is in Mailer, *Oswald's Tale.* Mailer had

access to many of the voluminous KGB files on Oswald, which include transcripts of conversations in his bugged flat in Minsk and surveillance reports from KGB personnel who followed him wherever he went, even spying on him and his wife through a peephole in the bedroom wall to record their "intimate moments."

14. Childs's warning about Oswald's letter was cited in a report by KGB chairman Semichastny to the Central Committee on December 10, 1963, of which an extract appears in Yeltsin, *The View from the Kremlin,* appendix B, p. 307. Yeltsin identifies the CPUSA informant as "Brooks," but does not reveal that this was the CPUSA alias of Jack Childs. For the text of Oswald's letter to the CPUSA of August 28, 1963, see Mailer, *Oswald's Tale,* pp. 594-5.

15. Posner, *Case Closed,* disposes of many of the conspiracy theories. Norman Mailer, the author of the best-documented study of Oswald, admits that he "began with a prejudice in favor of the conspiracy theorists" but finally concluded both that Oswald "had the character to kill Kennedy, and that he probably did it alone." The most difficult unsolved question is not *whether* Oswald shot the President but *why* he did so. Oswald was both a self-obsessed fantasist and a compulsive liar. There is general agreement, however, that he had no personal hostility to Kennedy himself. The best clue to Oswald's motives is probably that provided by the Intourist guide who first introduced him to Russia. "The most important thing for

[Oswald]," she recalls, "was that he wanted to become famous. Idea Number One. He was fanatic about it" (Mailer, *Oswald's Tale,* p. 321). In Dallas on November 22, 1963 Oswald seized the opportunity to become one of the best-known Americans of the twentieth century.

16. Marzani was born in Rome in 1912 and emigrated with his parents to the United States in 1923. After graduating from Williams College, Mass., in 1935, he worked for a year in publishing, then studied at Exeter College, Oxford, from 1936 to 1938. According to his KGB file, while at Oxford University (perhaps during the 1937 long vacation) he served in an anarchist brigade in the Spanish Civil War, then joined the Communist Party. On his return to the United States (probably in 1938), he became a member of the CPUSA, using the Party alias "Tony Wells." In 1942 Marzani joined the Office of the Co-ordinator of Information (shortly to become OSS, which contained a number of other Communists and Soviet agents). When OSS was closed in September 1945, Marzani's section was transferred to the State Department. According to his KGB file, Marzani was first recommended to the New York residency by its agent, Cedric Belfrage (CHARLIE), who during the Second World War worked for British Security Co-ordination in New York (vol. 6, ch. 14, part 2). On his transfer to the State Department, Marzani signed a sworn statement that he did not belong to, or support, "any political party or organization that advocates the overthrow of the

Government by force or violence.” When later discovered to be a member of the CPUSA (officially considered to advocate that policy), he was sentenced in 1948 to two and a half years’ imprisonment. Marzani gave some details of his pre-war and wartime career in testimony to the Senate Subcommittee to Investigate the Administration of the Internal Security Act and Other Internal Security Laws on June 18, 1953, but cited the Fifth Amendment and declined to answer the main questions put to him.

17. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 2.

18. Boffa, *Inside the Khrushchev Era,* p. 227.

19. The total advertising budget funded by the KGB during the seven-year period 1961-8 was 70,820 dollars. vol. 6, ch. 14, parts 1, 2.

20. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* p. 45. Marzani published over twenty books and pamphlets, written either by himself or by authors he had selected, on subjects chosen by the KGB. Several concerned the Vietnam War. Other active measures organized by Marzani included an attempt to discredit Stalin’s daughter, Svetlana Alliluyeva (codenamed KUKUSHKA), after her flight to the United States in 1967. The KGB helped to refinance Marzani’s publishing house after it was seriously damaged in a fire in 1969. During the early 1970s, however, the KGB became increasingly dissatisfied with Marzani. According to Mitrokhin’s later notes on his file:

> The [New York] Residency began to notice signs of independent behavior on the part of NORD. He began to overestimate the extent to which the Residency depended upon him, and deluded himself in thinking that he was the only person in the country capable of carrying out Soviet intelligence tasks.
>
> Since 1974 NORD has been living in Puerto Rico; it has been difficult to communicate with him there, and he lost many intelligence opportunities.
>
> (vol. 6, ch. 14, part 2)

21. Joesten, *Oswald,* p. 4. (Page references are to the English edition.)
22. Joesten, *Oswald,* pp. 119, 149-50.
23. Joesten, *Oswald,* pp. 143, 145. In the second edition, Joesten acknowledged “substantial aid” from Marzani in the “research and writing” of an appendix criticizing the Warren report (Joesten, *Oswald,* p. 159*n.*).
24. Even the sympathetic Mark Lane later wrote somewhat critically of Joesten’s book: “I had met with Carl Marzani, read proofs of the book at his request, and made some few suggestions. It was a very early work, written before the Warren Commission’s evidence was released; therefore, while timely, it was of necessity somewhat flawed and incomplete” (Lane, *Plausible Denial,* p. 44*n*).

25. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 3.
26. Joersten, *Oswald,* p. 3.
27. Lane, *Plausible Denial,* p. 23.
28. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 3. There is no evidence that Lane did realize the source of the funding.
29. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 3; t-7,102. Borovik doubtless did not identify himself to Lane as a KGB agent.
30. Lane, *Plausible Denial,* pp. 4, 19. Posner, *Case Closed,* pp. 414-15.
31. Posner, *Case Closed,* p. 453.
32. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 3.
33. Posner, *Case Closed,* pp. 454-5.
34. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 3. Mitrokhin gives the text of the forged letter in Russian translation. For the original version, see Hurt, *Reasonable Doubt,* pp. 235-6. On Oswald's dyslexia, see Mailer, *Oswald's Tale,* appendix.
35. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 3.
36. Hurt, *Reasonable Doubt,* p. 236. Hurt refers to the letter as the most "singular and teasing" document to have emerged relating to the period immediately before the assassination.
37. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 3.
38. Lane, *Plausible Denial,* p. 187. KGB active measures probably encouraged, rather than accounted for, the Howard Hunt conspiracy theory.
39. Andrew, *For the President's Eyes Only,* pp. 311-12.
40. Also influential was the report of the House Select Committee on the JFK and King assassinations. Its draft

report in December 1978 concluded that Oswald acted alone. Flawed acoustic evidence then persuaded the committee that, in addition to the three shots fired by Oswald, a fourth had been fired from a grassy knoll, thus leading it to conclude in its final report of July 1979 that there had been a conspiracy. It pointed to mobsters as the most likely conspirators. Posner, *Case Closed,* pp. 475-86, appendix A.

41. Andrew, *For the President's Eyes Only,* pp. 401-7, 410-11, 421. In private Church later admitted that his study of CIA assassination plots convinced him that the real rogue elephants had been in the White House: "The CIA operated as an arm of the presidency. This led presidents to conclude that they were 'super-godfathers' with enforcers. It made them feel above the law and unaccountable."

42. vol. 6, ch. 14, parts 1, 2, 3; vol. 6, app. 1, part 22.

43. On Agee's resignation from the CIA, see Barron, *KGB Today,* p. 228.

44. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* pp. 191-2. The KGB files noted by Mitrokhin describe Agee as an agent of the Cuban DGI and give details of his collaboration with the KGB, but do not formally list him as a KGB, as well as DGI, agent. vol. 6, ch. 14, parts 1, 2, 3; vol. 6, app. 1, part 22.

45. Agee, *Inside the Company,* p. viii. (Page references are to the Bantam edition.)

46. vol. 6, app. 1, part 22.

47. Agee, *Inside the Company,* p. 659.

48. The London residency eventually became dissatisfied with Cheporov, claiming that he "used his co-operation with the KGB for his own benefit" and "expressed improper criticism of the system in the USSR." k-14,115.

49. vol. 6, app. 1, part 22.

50. Agee, *On The Run,* pp. 111-12, 120-1.

51. Agee, *On The Run,* p. 123.

52. vol. 7, ch. 16, para. 46.

53. The defense committee also took up the case of an American journalist, Mark Hosenball, who had also been served with a deportation order. Unlike Agee, however, Hosenball had no contact with the committee and took no part in its campaign. In the KGB files noted by Mitrokhin there is no mention of Hosenball, save for a passing reference to the work of the defense committee.

54. Agee, *On The Run,* chs. 7, 8; Kelly, "The Deportations of Philip Agee"; vol. 7, ch. 16, para. 45.

55. On the residency's tendency to exaggerate in its influence on protest demonstrations, see Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 586.

56. At a private meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party on February 17, 1977, however, the Home Secretary, Merlyn Rees, implied a KGB connection. Tony Benn's diary vaguely records that the gist of Rees's comments was that Agee and Hosenball "had been in contact or whatever with enemy agents or something." According to Benn, Rees "got quite a reasonable hearing from the Party." Benn, *Conflicts of Interest,* pp. 41-2.

57. vol. 6, ch. 14, parts 1, 2, 3; k-8,607.
58. Agee, "What Uncle Sam Wants to Know about You," p. 113. (Page references are to the 1978 reprint in Agee and Wolf, *Dirty Work.*)
59. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 1; vol. 7, ch. 16, para. 46.
60. Agee, "What Uncle Sam Wants to Know about You," p. 114.
61. Agee, *On The Run,* pp. 255, 280-1.
62. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 2.
63. Agee, *On The Run,* p. 255. Codenames of some of the RUPOR group in vol. 6, ch. 14, part 2. Mitrokhin's notes record that the group included "former CIA employees" apart from Agee, but do not identify Jim and Elsie Wilcott by name.
64. Agee, *On The Run,* pp. 276-82.
65. The document was also sent anonymously to the British journal *Leveller,* which published extracts from it in August 1979. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 2.
66. Agee, *On The Run,* p. 304.
67. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 2.
68. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 2.
69. Agee, *On The Run,* p. 306.
70. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 2.
71. Agee, *On The Run,* chs. 13-15.
72. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 1.
73. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 1.
74. "Miss Knight Pens Another Letter," *Washington Post* (August 4, 1966).

75. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 1. On Hoover's contacts with Knight, cf. Gentry, *J. Edgar Hoover,* p. 409.
76. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 1.
77. DeLoach, *Hoover's FBI,* ch. 4.
78. DeLoach, *Hoover's FBI,* p. 62.
79. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 1.
80. DeLoach, *Hoover's FBI,* ch. 9. The expurgated text of Sullivan's anonymous message to King, opened by his wife Coretta, is published in Theoharis, *From the Secret Files of J. Edgar Hoover,* pp. 102-3.
81. See below, chapter 17.
82. King, *Why We Can't Wait;* Colaiaco, *Martin Luther King, Jr.,* ch. 5.
83. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 2. The other civil rights leaders selected as targets for active measures were A. Philip Randolph, Whitney Young and Roy Wilkens.
84. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 2.
85. Colaiaco, *Martin Luther King, Jr.,* p. 183. Moscow disapproved, however, of the Black Panthers (whom Carmichael joined in 1968), the Black Muslims and other black separatist groups who lacked what it believed was a proper sense of solidarity with the worldwide struggle against American imperialism.
86. DeLoach, *Hoover's FBI,* p. 247.
87. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 2.
88. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 2. The file noted by Mitrokhin does not record the outcome of operation PANDORA. On present evidence, it is impossible to be certain which, if

any, of the attacks on black organizations blamed on the Jewish Defense League were actually the work of the KGB.

89. vol. 6, ch. 10; vol. 6, ch. 14, part 1. The Soviet Union boycotted the Los Angeles Olympics in retaliation for the American boycott of the Moscow Olympics four years earlier.

90. US Department of State, *Active Measures,* p. 55.

91. Dobrynin, *In Confidence,* p. 176.

92. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 539. Dobrynin, *In Confidence,* pp. 235-6.

93. Kissinger, *Years of Upheaval,* p. 256; Isaacson, *Kissinger,* p. 612. On the KGB targeting of Jackson and Perle, see vol. 6, ch. 14, part 1.

94. Isaacson, *Kissinger,* pp. 612-15.

95. Dobrynin, *In Confidence,* p. 269.

96. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 1.

97. On the Centre's short-lived hopes of using Brzezinski's Soviet contacts to exert influence on him, see above, chapter 8.

98. Andrew, *For the President's Eyes Only,* p. 433.

99. Dobrynin, *In Confidence,* p. 375.

100. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 1.

101. vol. 5, section 10.

102. vol. 5, section 10.

103. Andrew, *For the President's Eyes Only,* p. 455. Vance resigned as Secretary of State after opposing the unsuccessful mission to rescue the Teheran hostages in

1980. 104. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 1.
105. Reagan, *An American Life,* p. 33.
106. vol. 6, ch. 14, part 1.
107. Dobrynin, *In Confidence,* pp. 459, 470, 523. Cf. above, ch. 8. On RYAN, see Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 583-605, and Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* ch. 4.
108. Order of the KGB Chairman, no. 0066 (April 12, 1982). vol. 4, indapp. 3, item 47.
109. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 590-1.
110. Reagan, *An American Life,* pp. 329-30.
111. vol. 6, ch. 8, part 3. As well as deceiving Sekou Touré, Seliskov also made an unsuccessful attempt to recruit the CIA station chief during his visit to Conakry.
112. vol. 6, ch. 8, part 3.
113. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 630. Active measures in the Third World will be covered in more detail in the next volume.
114. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 630-1.
115. Interview with Shebarshin after his retirement, *Daily Telegraph* (December 1, 1992).
116. Order of the Chairman of the KGB, no. 107/OV. (September 5, 1990).
117. Yeltsin, *The View from the Kremlin,* appendix B, pp. 306-9. Among those former KGB officers who continue to propagate the old JFK conspiracy theories is Oleg Nechiporenko, who twice met Oswald in Mexico City in October 1963 and was later concerned with active

measures involving Philip Agee. After his official retirement from the KGB in 1991, Nechiporenko made a number of appearances on the American lecture circuit, published his memoirs in English and was interviewed by Dan Rather in a CBS special on the JFK assassination. Nechiporenko, however, has become confused by the distinction between the original version of the KGB conspiracy theory of the assassination involving oil magnate H. L. Hunt and a later version which targeted Watergate conspirator E. Howard Hunt. His book, *Passport to Assassination,* which argues that the "billionaire E. Howard Hunt played a special role" in the assassination, confuses the two Hunts. Nechiporenko also claims that the CIA was probably involved. *Passport to Assassination,* p. 135.

Chapter Fifteen Progress Operations Part 1

1. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* ch. 9.
2. Leonhard, *Child of the Revolution,* p. 303. Leonhard accompanied Ulbricht back from Moscow.
3. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* ch. 9.
4. Szász, *Volunteers for the Gallows,* p. 105.
5. Flocken and Scholz, *Ernst Wollweber.*
6. After being expelled from the Party in 1958, Wollweiser lived in obscurity until his death in 1967. Childs and Popplewell, *The Stasi,* pp. 64-5.
7. Kopácsi, *Au nom de la classe ouvrière,* pp. 119-22. Mikoyan and Suslov, who also arrived secretly in Budapest at the beginning of the revolution, reported to Moscow on October 24, "One of the most serious mistakes of the Hungarian comrades was the fact that, before twelve midnight last night, they did not permit anyone to shoot at participants in the riots" ("Soviet Documents on the Hungarian Revolution," p. 29).
8. Kopácsi, *Au nom de la classe ouvrière,* pp. 122, 240-8.
9. The best account in English of the repression of the

Hungarian Revolution, based on full access to Hungarian archives and limited access to Soviet sources, is contained in a volume edited by Professor György Litván, Director of the Institute for the History of the 1956 Hungarian Revolution, *The Hungarian Revolution of 1956.*

10. k-19,136.

11. t-7,299.

12. k-19,136.

13. t-7,299.

14. k-19,136.

15. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* p. 313.

16. Dawisha, *The Kremlin and the Prague Spring,* p. 16. In March 1968 Novotný was also forced to resign as president.

17. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 485-6.

18. Dubček, *Hope Dies Last,* p. 139.

19. Dobrynin, *In Confidence,* p. 179.

20. Pikhoya, "Chekhoslovakiya 1968 god," part 1, pp. 10-12.

21. See below, chapter 15.

22. Litván, *The Hungarian Revolution of 1956,* p. 58.

23. Shevchenko, *Breaking with Moscow,* p. 104.

24. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 434-5.

25. k-16,250. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 1. vol. 7, ch. 7, 68.

26. k-19,299.

27. t-7,280.

28. Their names are listed in k-20,93,94.

29. GROMOV was Vasili Antonovich Gordievsky, who

at different times assumed the identities of Kurt Sandler, Kurt Molner and Emil Frank (t-7,279). SADKO was an Estonian, Ivan Karlovich Iozenson, who posed successively as a Canadian of Finnish origins, Valte Urho Kataja, and as the Germans Hans Graven and Pobbs Friedrich Schilling (vol. 8, ch. 8; k-8,23,167,574). SEVIDOV's real name is not recorded in Mitrokhin's notes. When traveling in the West, he usually carried a West German passport in the name of Heinrich Dremer or Kurt Ernst Tile; he also possessed an Austrian passport in the name of Dremer. At one stage a Swiss passport was also held in reserve for him at the KGB residency in Vienna. When traveling in Poland, he posed as the East German Willi Werner Neumann (k-16,455). VLADIMIR was a Soviet ethnic German, Ivan Dmitryevich Unrau, who obtained his first West German passport under an assumed identity in 1961; he used at least two different names, Hans Emil Redveyks and [first name unknown] Maykhert. His wife Irina Yevseyevna was the illegal BERTA (k-16,61). VLAS was a Soviet Moldavian (real name unrecorded) who posed as the West German Rolf Max Thiemichen. His wife LIRA was also an illegal (k-11,6; k-8,277). The aliases of all five illegals, like others, were noted by Mitrokhin in the Cyrillic alphabet; their retranslation into the Roman alphabet may in some instances produce spelling errors.

30. GURYEV was Valentin Aleksandrovich Gutin, who posed in Czechoslovakia as a businessman (alias not

recorded), probably from West Germany; he accompanied GROMOV to Prague (k-19,655). YEVDOKIMOV's real name is not recorded; he used the alias Heinz Bayer (k-20,94; t-2,65).

31. The first list of illegals selected for postings in Czechoslovakia contains the name of PYOTR, also known as ARTYOM. Later records reveal that his wife ARTYOMOVA, also an illegal, played an active role in Czechoslovakia, but Mitrokhin's notes contain no reference to operations by PYOTR/ARTYOM. ARTYOMOVA was a MGIMO graduate (real name unknown) who held a West German passport in the name of Edith Ingrid Eichendorf, but posed in Czechoslovakia as an Austrian businesswoman (alias unknown) (k-8,44; k-20,176). DIM (or DIMA) was V. I. Lyamin; he traveled to Prague on an Austrian passport (alias not recorded) (vol. 5, sec. 14; k-20,85). VIKTOR was a Latvian, Pavel Aleksandrovich Karalyun, who obtained a Brazilian passport in 1959 and later assumed Austrian nationality (vol. 6, ch. 5, parts 2, 4; k-16,483).

32. Mitrokhin notes that BELYAKOV used British identity documents but does not record either his real or his assumed name (vol. 6, ch. 5, part 4). USKOV was [first name not recorded] Nikolayevich Ustimenko, who used successively Irish and British passports (aliases not recorded). VALYA was USKOV's Norwegian-born wife, Victoria Martynova, who took Soviet citizenship on her marriage in 1961; like her husband, she used a British

passport in Czechoslovakia (vol. 7, ch. 7; k-20,190).

33. ALLA was Galina Leonidovna Vinogradova (later Linitskaya and Kaminskaya), a Yugoslav woman whose first marriage was to a GRU illegal, Vladimir Ivanovich Vinogradov. In 1954 she obtained an Austrian passport in the name of Maria Machek. After her husband was dismissed from the GRU on charges of “political immaturity and ideological instability” in 1955, ALLA married the KGB illegal INDOR, then operating in Switzerland as Waldemar Weber, and acquired Swiss citizenship as Maria Weber. Her marriage to INDOR was dissolved “for operational reasons” in 1957 and she began a relationship with an Egyptian (codenamed PHARAOH) whom she met in Switzerland. Mitrokhin’s notes on ALLA’s bulky file record that she operated in Czechoslovakia in 1968 as Maria Werner. It is unclear whether ALLA had actually changed her alias from Weber or whether the apparent change is due to a clerical error related to the transliteration of her pseudonym to and from the Cyrillic alphabet. vol. 4, indapp. 3; vol. 4, pakapp. 3; k-20,187.

34. SEP was Mikhail Vladimirovich Fyodorov. From 1945 to 1951 he worked in Polish military intelligence under the alias Mikhail Lipsinski. In 1952 he and his wife ZHANNA (also an illegal) obtained Swiss passports. From 1953 to 1968 he was illegal resident in Switzerland; Mitrokhin’s notes do not record his alias. k-20,94,201; vol. 7, ch. 7; vol. 7, app. 3.

35. YEFRAT was a Soviet Armenian, Ashot Abgarovich Akopyan, who assumed the identity of a living Lebanese double, Oganes Saradzhyan, who had migrated to the Soviet Union and obtained, successively, French and Lebanese passports. His wife, Kira Viktorovna Chertenko (TANYA), was also an illegal. k-7,9; k-16,338,419.

36. ROY (also known as KONEYEV) was Vladimir Igorevich Stetsenko, who assumed the identity of a Mexican citizen, Felipe Burns, allegedly the son of a Canadian father and Mexican mother. His wife PAT (also known as IRINA) was also an illegal. vol. 8, app. 3a.

37. The assumed nationality of the illegal JURGEN is not recorded in Mitrokhin's notes.

38. k-20,93.

39. k-19,331.

40. k-20,93.

41. k-20,86. On Bárak's imprisonment in 1962, see Renner, *A History of Czechoslovakia Since 1945,* p. 35.

42. k-20,87,189; vol. 3, pakapp. 3.

43. Gustav Husák, who was to succeed Dubček as First Secretary in April 1969, accused Bárak of personal responsibility for his brutal interrogation and trial on trumped-up charges in 1954. Skilling, *Czechoslovakia's Interrupted Revolution,* p. 380.

44. k-20,93.

45. k-20,96.

46. Dubček, *Hope Dies Last,* p. 150; Skilling, *Czechoslovakia's Interrupted Revolution,* pp. 231, 879.

47. k-20,79. Strougal lost his position in the CPCz secretariat during the April reshuffle. In January 1970 he succeeded ˇCerník as prime minister.
48. August and Rees, *Red Star over Prague,* pp. 126-7; Dubček, *Hope Dies Last,* pp. 145-6; Dawisha, *The Kremlin and the Prague Spring,* p. 63.
49. Dubček, *Hope Dies Last,* p. 160.
50. k-19,655. k-20,95.
51. In April 1968 GROMOV was awarded the "Honoured KGB Officer" badge for his part in exfiltrating FAUST (Yevgeni Ivanovich Ushakov, who had assumed the identity of a "dead double," Olaf Carl Svenson). k-16,501; k-20,94. Cf. Gordievsky, *Next Stop Execution,* p. 188.
52. k-19,655.
53. k-19,655.
54. Skilling, *Czechoslovakia's Interrupted Revolution,* pp. 69, 568, 576, 696.
55. The KGB file noted by Mitrokhin records that the Service V thugs chosen to assist GUREYEV in kidnapping Černý were named Alekseyev and Ivanov; Petrov and Borisov, also from Service V, were to help GROMOV make off with Procházka (k-19,655).
56. k-19,655; k-20,95.
57. k-20,155,156,203.
58. k-20,89.
59. August and Rees, *Red Star over Prague,* p. 129; Valenta, *Soviet Intervention in Czechoslovakia, 1968,* pp.

63-4. k-20,203.

60. Pikhoya, "Chekhoslovakiya 1968 god," part 2, pp. 35ff; Gardner, "The Soviet Decision to Invade Czechoslovakia."

61. August and Rees, *Red Star over Prague,* p. 129; Valenta, *Soviet Intervention in Czechoslovakia, 1968,* pp. 63-4.

62. August and Rees, *Red Star over Prague,* pp. 140-1. Mitrokhin notes that KGB plans "to carry out special assignments on nine people" in Czechoslovakia in August 1968 were canceled by the Centre, but gives no further details (k-20,203).

63. k-19,644.

64. This is the interpretation of Frantisek August, an StB officer who later defected to the West. According to August, Frouz was "a Soviet agent" (August and Rees, *Red Star over Prague,* p. 128).

65. Interviews with Kalugin in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* (June 20, 1990) and *Moscow News,* 1990, no. 25; Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 487-8; Kramer, "The Prague Spring and the Soviet Invasion of Czechoslovakia," part 2, p. 6.

66. The minutes of the Politburo meeting of August 15-17, 1968, which agreed the final details of the invasion, are not yet available.

67. Littell (ed.), *The Czech Black Book Prepared by the Czechoslovak Academy of Sciences,* pp. 64-70; August and Rees, *Red Star over Prague,* pp. 134-5.

68. Dubček, *Hope Dies Last,* p. 183.
69. Littell (ed.), *The Czech Black Book Prepared by the Czechoslovak Academy of Sciences,* p. 70.
70. Kramer, "The Prague Spring and the Soviet Invasion of Czechoslovakia," part 2, p. 3.
71. Dubček, *Hope Dies Last,* chs. 22-25.
72. *An Outline of the History of the CPCz,* p. 305.
73. k-19,644.
74. k-19,644. It is unclear from Mitrokhin's notes whether PATERA was an StB or KGB codename or an alias.
75. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* p. 107. Kalugin was "deeply moved by the resident's words."
76. Fourteen illegals were sent to Czechoslovakia in August 1968 (k-20,182); most had almost certainly been on previous short-term missions during the Prague Spring. The total sent, usually on more than one mission, to Czechoslovakia in 1968-9 was twenty-nine (k-20,203).
77. k-19,246.
78. k-20,181.
79. k-16,329; k-20,150,187.
80. k-16,329; k-20,176.
81. k-16,329; k-19,158.
82. k-16,329; k-19,158.
83. k-19,384.
84. vol. 8, ch. 8 and app. 1. ERNA, previously codenamed NORA, who had been born in France of Spanish parents in 1914, became a Communist militant and commanded a machine-gun company during the Spanish Civil War. In

1939 she moved to Russia, took Soviet citizenship and joined the NKGB in 1941. She worked as an illegal in France (1946-52) and Mexico (1954-57) before moving to Montreal in 1958. Despite her criticisms, ERNA told her shocked comrades in Budapest that she remained a committed Leninist. By the mid-1970s, however, she had become so disillusioned that she broke contact with the KGB.

85. Gordievsky, *Next Stop Execution,* pp. 81-2.

86. k-19,158.

87. vol. 3, pakapp. 3.

88. Gordievsky, *Next Stop Execution,* p. 187.

89. k-8,78; k-19,158,298,415,454; vol. 6, ch. 1, part 1; vol. 6, ch. 5, part 3.

90. Gordievsky, *Next Stop Execution,* pp. 172-3; Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 491-2.

Chapter Sixteen Progress' Operations Part 2

1. Dubček, *Hope Dies Last,* pp. 225-6.
2. The Ministry of the Interior existed at both federal and national levels. There were thus Czech and Slovak ministers in addition to the Czechoslovak minister.
3. Dubček, *Hope Dies Last,* pp. 236-9.
4. k-20,149.
5. k-20,189,177.
6. k-20,154. On Pachman, see Hruby, *Fools and Heroes,* ch. 4.
7. k-19,643.
8. Renner, *A History of Czechoslovakia Since 1945,* p. 98.
9. Jakeš's contact in the KGB liaison office was G. Slavin (first name and patronymic not recorded in Mitrokhin's notes; k-19,575).
10. k-19,552.
11. k-19,643.
12. k-19,615.
13. Mitrokhin's notes do not provide complete statistics for the purge of security and intelligence personnel. In

1970, however, 1,092 officials were dismissed from the central apparatus of the interior ministry and 3,202 individuals deprived of Party membership (k-19,551). During 1970 more than a hundred StB agents defected to the West (k-19,559).

14. k-19,566.

15. The KGB liaison office report cited as an example of the full and frank intelligence provided by Kaska the fact that he "told us all that he knew about Indra's behavior in connection with his visit to the GDR ..." Mitrokhin's notes give no further information on this episode (k-19,645).

16. k-19,555.

17. k-19,576.

18. Sinitsyn reported that both Kaska and Husák had wanted to make further enquiries about KGB records on individuals "whose behavior in 1968-9 gave rise to doubts"; k-19,587.

19. Indra was seen by Husák as a potential rival, and his move in 1971 from his position as Party secretary to the prestigious but not very influential post of chairman of the National Assembly was probably intended to curtail his influence within the CPCz. Renner, *A History of Czechoslovakia Since 1945,* pp. 111-12.

20. k-19,554.

21. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* pp. 157-8.

22. k-19,554. On the problems of calculating the final total of the purge of the CPCz, see Kusin, *From Dubček*

to Charter 77, pp. 85-9.
23. k-19,554.
24. k-19,541. The probable date of the meeting was April 1972.
25. k-16,329. k-19,158. Mitrokhin’s notes do not give FYODOROV’s real identity.
26. k-19,609.
27. k-19,600.
28. k-19,601.
29. Renner, *A History of Czechoslovakia since 1945,* pp. 100-1.
30. k-19,603.
31. k-19,606.
32. k-19,62.
33. k-19,68.
34. k-19,62,92,643.
35. Kusin, *From Dubček to Charter 77,* p. 194.
36. Dubček describes his surveillance and harassment by the StB in *Hope Dies Last,* ch. 29.
37. t-7,272,297. Dubček makes no mention of this episode in his memoirs.
38. k-19,330.
39. k-19,75.
40. k-19,77.
41. k-19,76.
42. The KGB team sent to Czechoslovakia “to help with the investigation of the Grohman case at a higher professional level” consisted of A. A. Fabrichnikov and

V. A. Pakhomov of the Second Chief Directorate, and "others from the KGB Investigation Department." During the investigation, Bil'ak claimed that Grohman "was a close contact of Štrougal." k-19,67. On Grohman's subsequent trial, see: "Former Prague Minister on Spying Charge," *The Times* (January 5, 1977); "Viele Mitarbeiter des BND haben Angst vor Verrat," *Die Welt* (January 27, 1977).

43. k-19,77.

44. t-7,263,280,281. k-19,451.

45. Probably the KGB's main source on Moczar's active measures against Gierek and his bugging of much of the PUWP leadership was Szlachcic, later Polish Minister of the Interior. t-7,243.

46. For an analysis of the December 1970 protests, see Kurczewski, *The Resurrection of Rights in Poland,* ch. 5.

47. k-19,333.

48. k-19,322.

49. Crampton, *Eastern Europe in the Twentieth Century,* pp. 359-60.

50. t-7,243.

51. The other targets of cultivation assigned to BOGUN were W. Klimczak (not identified); the economist G. Nowakowski; the writer K. Busz, described as "leader of the Kraków intelligentsia"; and S. Kozinski, a photographer with "contacts in the Party and state apparatus" (k-19,415). The contact established by BOGUN with Bardecki was later continued by the illegal

FILOSOV. Like others targeted by PROGRESS operations, Bardecki cannot be blamed for speaking to Western visitors whom he had no means of identifying as KGB illegals.

52. In addition to the seven illegals used for operations in East Germany, others were based there but operated elsewhere. k-19,399,415.

53. Mitrokhin's notes do not record the specific objectives of the illegals sent to Bulgaria.

54. Crampton, *Eastern Europe in the Twentieth Century,* pp. 354-5.

55. k-19,487.

56. k-19,455.

57. k-19,415,456.

58. Crampton, *Eastern Europe in the Twentieth Century,* pp. 350-2.

59. k-16,273; k-19,429. Mitrokhin's notes give no details on the content of the reports.

60. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 359-60.

61. k-19,287.

62. k-19,264.

63. Crampton, *Eastern Europe in the Twentieth Century,* pp. 357-8. Garton Ash, *In Europe's Name,* p. 77.

64. k-19,264.

65. k-19,270.

66. t-7,264.

67. Childs and Popplewell, *The Stasi,* p. 82. A KGB file, apparently for the period 1976-7, gives the total size of

Stasi personnel as “over 60,000” (k-19,271). This is consistent with documents in the Gauck [Stasi] Archive, which record a rise from 59,500 in 1975 to 75,000 in 1980.

68. k-19,273.

69. t-7,184.

70. k-19,430.

71. k-19,458.

72. k-27,78.

73. k-19,627.

74. k-27,243.

75. t-7,94.

76. k-19,209.

77. k-26,162. The KGB file on the drug test incident identifies the Soviet player concerned, but, since he was never tested, it is unfair to mention his name.

78. k-26,162.

79. k-19,235.

80. Kusin, *From Dubček to Charter 77,* pp. 304-25; Renner, *A History of Czechoslovakia since 1945,* pp. 128-47; Crampton, *Eastern Europe in the Twentieth Century,* p. 384.

81. Cited in Renner, *A History of Czechoslovakia since 1945,* p. 102.

Chapter Seventeen The KGB and Western Communist Parties

1. vol. 9, ch. 1, para. 17.

2. k-3,65,115. k-8,182. Though the earliest reference in Mitrokhin's notes to Plissonnier's collaboration with the KGB dates from 1952, it may well have begun earlier.

3. Robrieux, *Histoire intérieure du Parti communiste,* vol. 4, pp. 450-2. Bell and Criddle, *The French Communist Party in the Fifth Republic,* pp. 19, 21.

4. k-3,65,115. k-8,182.

5. k-3,65,115. k-8,182. Boumedienne was president of Algeria from December 1976 until his death in December 1978.

6. Ginsborg, *A History of Contemporary Italy,* pp. 84-7.

7. Andrew, *For the President's Eyes Only,* pp. 171-2.

8. Mitrokhin's notes do not include any examples of the intelligence obtained by DARIO and his female recruits from the foreign ministry.

9. At various stages in his career as a Soviet agent, DARIO was codenamed BASK, SPARTAK, GAU, CHESTNY and GAUDEMUS. He appears to have

switched from GRU to MGB control immediately after the Second World War. k-10,109.
10. k-10,101-3,107,109. Mitrokhin's notes imply that in 1956 DARIO was also instrumental in the recruitment of MAGDA, a typist in the foreign ministry press department (k-10,100,103). Mitrokhin's notes also record the recruitment in 1970 of an agent in the Foreign Ministry, codenamed STRELOK, by Georgi Pavlovich Antonov. STRELOK subsequently became "reluctant to cooperate" (k-4,80,158; k-2,221,231,268).
11. k-10,109. See below chapter 18.
12. k-7,4,193; k-16,338,419; k-18,153; k-20,94.
13. Cronin, *Great Power Politics and the Struggle over Austria,* chs. 1-4; Barker, *Austria 1918-1972,* part 3.
14. Barker, *Austria 1918-1972,* p. 178.
15. k-18,52.
16. k-18,52.
17. k-16,214,216; vol. 5, sect. 6, paras. 5,6 and *n.*
18. k-14,722; k-2,175; t-7,1.
19. k-2,81,145,150.
20. k-13,55,61.
21. t-7,1.
22. The SKP fought elections as part of the *Suomen Kansan Demokraattinen Liitto* (SKDL), mainly composed of Communists and fellow travelers.
23. Zubok and Pleshakov, *Inside the Kremlin's Cold War,* pp. 118-19, 131-2.
24. Mitrokhin's notes unfortunately contain nothing on

the Communist role in the post-war coalition governments and little on Finland before the Brezhnev era. Given the willing assistance given to the KGB by the SVK chairman (later honorary chairman), Ville Pessi, in the 1970s (k-26,191,211,228), it is scarcely conceivable that such assistance was not forthcoming earlier. Pessi was already a powerful figure as SVK secretary after the Second World War. The earliest post-war example of SVK assistance to Soviet intelligence operations noted by Mitrokhin was the help given in 1949-51 to the illegal VIK in adopting the identity of the Finn Eugene Maki. The first KGB agent in the Finnish police force referred to in Mitrokhin's notes is ZVEN, a CID officer recruited in 1959 (k-5,309).

25. Upton, *The Communist Parties of Scandinavia and Finland,* part 2, chs. 6, 7. Upton quotes from one of the few surviving copies of Leino's 1958 memoirs, *Kommunisti sisäministerinä,* withdrawn on the eve of publication.

26. Upton, *The Communist Parties of Scandinavia and Finland,* p. 405.

27. See above, chapter 7.

28. Klehr and Haynes, *The American Communist Movement,* ch. 4. This admirable volume omits the role of the undeclared Party members after 1958.

29. See above, chapter 10.

30. See below, chapter 24.

31. Mitrokhin's notes give the names of two Canadians

who assisted in obtaining the passport in the name of "Robert Callan," no. 4-716255. The Centre also doctored a genuine Canadian passport, no. 4-428012, in the name of Vasili Dzogola (?Dzogol), inserting a photograph of "Abel" and changing the eye color and other particulars to match his. Because of "Abel's" arrest, this passport too was never used. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.

32. k-27,451.

33. k-3,122.

34. Since non-Soviet citizens could not normally qualify for officer status in the KGB, it was intended that the new recruits should become illegal agents rather than illegal officers.

35. k-26,331.

36. k-26,332.

37. k-26,333.

38. k-3,65,115; k-8,182.

39. k-26,327.

40. vol. 8, ch. 13. Mitrokhin's note on the meeting with Kashtan does not say explicitly that he was asked to talent-spot *illegal* agents. Given the previous role of the CPC in helping to fabricate illegals' legends, however, it is barely conceivable that Kashtan, unlike the other Western Communist leaders mentioned in the files noted by Mitrokhin, was asked to recommend only conventional agents.

41. k-26,217.

42. KGB Chairman's Decree no. 0099/OV of August 7,

1972, entitled “Measures for the Further Activation of Illegals Intelligence Activity and Increasing Its Role in the Foreign-Political Intelligence System of the KGB Under the USSR Council of Ministers,” envisaged the recruitment of illegal agents recommended by the Communist Parties of the United States, Canada, Mexico, Brazil and Argentina for operations in North America; by the Communist Parties of Belgium, Britain, France, the FRG and Spain for operations in Europe; by the Communist Party of Japan for operations in Asia; and by the Communist Party of Israel for operations in the Middle East. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 4.

43. k-26,227.

44. k-26,94-5,308.

45. Soares, *Portugal’s Struggle for Liberation,* p. 24.

46. k-26,108. In Angola, once the richest of Portugal’s colonies, the end of Portuguese rule was followed in 1975 by full-scale civil war between the Marxist Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA) and the rival, non-Marxist FNLA and UNITA. Cunhal also promised “to do everything possible to give assistance to the MPLA, including using illegal channels to send people drawn from among experienced military cadres,” though the PCP’s assistance was dwarfed by that from the Soviet Union and Cuba. k-26,205,209.

47. Maxwell, *The Making of Portuguese Democracy,* pp. 69-70. According to Maxwell, the PIDE/DGS archives also revealed that “the PCP had some embarrassing

skeletons of its own, not least the secret police informers within its own ranks."

48. k-26,4.

49. k-26,4. For examples of PIDE/DGS documents which appeared in the press, probably as a result of KGB active measures, see Maxwell, *The Making of Portuguese Democracy,* p. 70. Mitrokhin's notes give no details of these active measures. In 1994 the PIDE/DGS archive was opened to researchers, subject to a series of restrictions, at the Lisbon National Archive.

50. Maxwell, *The Making of Portuguese Democracy,* chs. 7-9.

51. Recruitment leads from the PCP leadership during the mid- and late 1970s included: the government lawyers BORETS and ZNATOK (k-16,180,182); the trade union lawyer ZHAK (k-16,179); MARAT, a registrar of births, deaths and marriages who was able to provide documentation for illegals (k-18,345); KAREKA, a newspaper editor used for active measures from 1977 to 1982 (k-14,272); and EMIL, a journalist with the ANOP agency (k-14,404). Some of the other Portuguese cultivations, agents and confidential contacts of which details are given in Mitrokhin's notes probably also stemmed from PCP leads.

52. k-18,345. Cf. k-26,210.

53. Pessi had further discussions on agent recruitment in both Moscow and Helsinki during 1978 and 1979; k-26,211,228,191.

54. k-8,79. Mitrokhin identifies the Dublin resident only by his codename KAVERIN; his real name (Shadrin) is given in Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* appendix D3.
55. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* pp. 53-6. Kryuchkov's circular to residencies of April 6, 1978 referred to previous circulars of March 28, 1975 and June 17, 1976, apparently written in similar vein.
56. k-19,7. The main Asian Communist Parties mentioned in Mitrokhin's notes as taking part in the recruiting drive were those of the Indian subcontinent, Afghanistan and Japan. KGB relations with Third World Communist Parties will be covered in more detail in Volume 2.
57. It is possible, however, that a latter-day Sorge remains concealed in a file not seen by Mitrokhin. It is also possible that one or more of the recruits of the 1970s and early 1980s developed into an illegal of major importance after Mitrokhin ceased to have access to the files.
58. k-27,99. Mitrokhin's notes give Maria's full name, but it seems unfair to identify her.
59. k-14,519; k-18,409. Mitrokhin's notes reveal the identity of LIMB, DANA and MARCEL.
60. See below, chapter 18.
61. The FCD communication to Ponomarev of October 20, 1980 was numbered 2192-A/OV. The basic subsidy paid to Kashtan in the late 1970s was 150,000 US dollars, paid in two annual installments, with some supplements. By the 1980s the CPC had a membership of only about

4,000, and was thus receiving a subsidy of about $40 dollars per member. Subsidies were also paid to the Canada-USSR and Quebec-USSR Societies, and to the *Severny Sosed* ("Northern Neighbour") journal. In addition, subsidies were sometimes channeled through the CPC to the Haitian Communists, and perhaps other Parties. vol. 8, ch. 13.

62. Haynes and Klehr, "'Moscow Gold,' Confirmed at Last?" pp. 281-4; L. Dobbs, *Down with Big Brother,* p. 414. Mitrokhin's notes provide numerous examples of "Moscow gold," especially during the 1970s, but no figures for the total subsidies received by any Communist Party.

63. Barron, *Operation Solo,* ch. 4; the aliases of Morris Childs (born Chilovsky) are given in vol. 6, ch. 12. (On Child's earlier career in the CPUSA, see Klehr, Haynes and Anderson, *The Soviet World of American Communism,* pp. 257-71.) Barron's account is based on interviews and other material from Childs, his wife Eva and FBI agents concerned with his case. *Operation Solo* somewhat exaggerates the importance of the intelligence he supplied to the FBI after his trips to Moscow (see Draper, "Our Man in Moscow," *New York Review of Books* (May 9, 1996)). Mitrokhin's notes from KGB files, however, largely corroborate, as well as making important additions to, Barron's account of Childs's role in channeling Soviet funds to the CPUSA. Mitrokhin, unlike Barron, rarely gives annual totals for the Soviet subsidies.

But those he provides are compatible with, though not identical to, Barron's figures. According to the KGB files noted by Mitrokhin, the "allocations" to the CPUSA were 1.7 million dollars in both 1975 and 1976 (vol. 6, ch. 12). Barron gives figures of 1,792,676 dollars for 1975 and 1,997,651 dollars for 1976 (*Operation Solo,* appendix B); one possible explanation for the discrepancies is that, as sometimes happened, additional allocations were made in the course of the year.
64. vol. 6, ch. 12.
65. vol. 6, ch. 12.
66. The instructor's congratulations were reported by Friedman to the FBI. Barron, *Operation Solo,* pp. 144-5.
67. vol. 6, ch. 12.
68. Barron, *Operation Solo,* pp. 144-5. Mitrokhin's notes and Barron's book neatly complement each other. Mitrokhin summarizes the account of Friedman's career in KGB files (vol. 6, ch. 12); Barron describes his career as known to the FBI, though he omits his real name and identifies him only by his FBI codename, CLIP.
69. vol. 6, ch. 12.
70. Barron, *Operation Solo,* pp. 156-7.
71. vol. 6, ch. 12.
72. Barron, *Operation Solo,* ch. 3.
73. vol. 6, ch. 12.
74. Barron, *Operation Solo,* ch. 3; Draper, "Our Man in Moscow," *New York Review of Books* (May 9, 1996)
75. Barron, *Operation Solo,* p. 263.

76. vol. 6, ch. 12. Instead of Jackson, Dobrynin asked Hall to bring with him to meetings at the embassy Arnold Johnson, director of the CPUSA Information and Lecture Bureau, once improbably eulogized by Lee Harvey Oswald as “the Lenin of our country” (Posner, *Case Closed,* p. 149).

77. DeLoach, *Hoover’s FBI,* pp. 213-14; Barron, *Operation Solo,* pp. 262-3. FBI reports to the White House said that Levison had been identified as a secret CPUSA member by “an informant who has furnished reliable information in the past as a secret member of the Communist Party,” presumably Jack Childs. Friedly and Gallen, *Martin Luther King,* pp. 124, 136-7.

78. Garrow, *FBI and Martin Luther King Jr.,* ch. 1; Friedly and Gallen, *Martin Luther King,* pp. 23-8.

79. Barron, *Operation Solo,* p. 263; DeLoach, *Hoover’s FBI,* p. 214; Friedly and Gallen, *Martin Luther King,* pp. 25-6, 133-5. Though he denied current membership of the CPUSA, O’Dell resigned from King’s Southern Christian Leadership Conference in 1962. Mitrokhin’s notes contain no specific reference to O’Dell but reveal that the magazine *Freedomways,* with which he became actively involved after leaving the SCLC, had been founded with active Soviet support, continued to receive secret Soviet subsidies and was “close” to the CPUSA. vol. 6, ch. 12.

80. Barron, *Operation Solo,* pp. 265-6.

81. DeLoach, *Hoover’s FBI,* p. 214-15; Friedly and Gallen, *Martin Luther King,* pp. 36-43.

82. vol. 6, ch. 12.
83. vol. 6, app. 1, part 34.
84. vol. 6, app. 1, part 4; t-3,76. Mitrokhin had access only to reports in FCD files based on intelligence provided by the agent, not to the agent's file itself—probably because he had been recruited by the Second (rather than the First) Chief Directorate during a visit to the Soviet Union. Within the United States he seems to have been run from the San Francisco residency.
85. The transliteration of these names into the Cyrillic alphabet in the KGB report of the meeting makes identification difficult. vol. 6, ch. 12.
86. vol. 6, ch. 12.
87. vol. 6, ch. 12.
88. Barron, *Operation Solo,* pp. xiii, 312-14, 329-31.
89. Klehr and Haynes, *The American Communist Movement,* pp. 173-4.
90. Haynes and Klehr, "'Moscow Gold,' Confirmed at Last?"; Klehr, Haynes and Anderson, *The Soviet World of American Communism,* pp. 149-64.
91. Barron, *Operation Solo,* p. 300.
92. Healey and Isserman, *Dorothy Healey Remembers,* p. 273. Dorothy Ray Healey left the Party in 1973.

Chapter Eighteen Eurocommunism

1. Urban, *Moscow and the Italian Communist Party,* pp. 254-6.
2. k-26,187,252,288,295,296.
3. k-26,258.
4. k-26,229.
5. k-26,59.
6. k-26,60.
7. The Centre concluded that the forgeries had probably been included in the money handed to the PCI in either April or July 1972. k-26,299.
8. k-26,306. From 1969 to 1976 the PCI emissary most frequently used to collect Soviet subsidies from the embassy was Barontini (codenamed CLAUDIO); other emissaries referred to in KGB files were Marmuggi (codenamed CARO) and Guido Cappelloni (codenamed ALBERTO). k-26,256,267,270,291,300,302, 303,305,306.

Smaller subsidies also went to the Italian Socialist Party of Proletarian Unity (PSIUP) and the San Marino Communist Party. In 1974 the San Marino general secretary sent Brezhnev a Capo di Monte marble clock, via the Rome residency, in gratitude for Soviet financial assistance. k-26,260,283,306.

9. k-26,246.

10. k-26,252,311. The supply of the SELENYA radio system to the PCI by the KGB had been approved in principle by Politburo decision no. P 91/3 of May 17, 1973, but it was agreed that, "The two-way radios must be handed over to our Italian friends [the PCI] only when there is a real need to organize radio communications, bearing in mind that if kept in store for a long period the radio stations require periodic checks, maintenance and repairs."

11. Berlinguer's articles, first published in the autumn of 1973, are reprinted in Valenza (ed.), *Il compromesso storico,* pp. 14-31.

12. k-26,229. Agostino Novella, a veteran member of the PCI Direzione, strengthened the case against Amendola, Pajetta and Ingrao by telling Ambassador Rhyzov that all three had tried to prevent Longo seeking medical treatment in the Soviet Union. k-26,230.

13. Urban, *Moscow and the Italian Communist Party,* ch. 8. Ginsborg, *A History of Contemporary Italy, 1943-1988,* ch. 10.

14. k-26,237.

15. Urban, *Moscow and the Italian Communist Party,* ch. 8.

16. Urban, *Moscow and the Italian Communist Party,* pp. 283-4, 290.

17. k-26,257. The KGB files noted by Mitrokhin do not record what use was made of its intelligence on Berlinguer's allegedly dubious building contracts.

18. k-26,264.

19. k-26,256. Mitrokhin gives no details of payments after 1976.

20. k-26,259,261. In 1998 a receipt by Cappelloni, dated June 27, 1976, for one million dollars from the CPSU for the 1976 election campaign was published in the Italian press. "Pci, ecco le ricevute dei miliardi di Mosca," *Il Giorno* (April 30, 1998).

21. The training was authorized by Politburo decision no. SG 143/8 GS of January 17, 1979. k-26,2.

22. Childs and Popplewell, *The Stasi,* p. 138.

23. k-26,158.

24. Ginsborg, *A History of Contemporary Italy, 1943-1988,* pp. 384-5.

25. k-26,158.

26. The PCI decision to dismantle the radio stations was reported by Kryuchkov to Ponomarev, head of the Central Committee International Department, in a communication of June 22, 1981, published in the Italian press in 1998. "Servizio segreto," *L'Avanti* (May 16, 1998).

27. Urban, *Moscow and the Italian Communist Party,* ch. 9; Cossutta, *Lo strappo;* "Cossutta Sempre Più Isolato," *La Repubblica* (January 2, 1982).

28. Hellman, "The Difficult Birth of the Democratic Party of the Left," p. 81.

29. Though details of the payments to Cossutta and other "healthy forces in the PCI" were passed by Moscow to the Rome Prosecutor's Office in 1992, they were not made public until 1998. "Pci, ecco le ricevute dei miliardi di Mosca," *Il Giorno* (April 30, 1998); "Ecco la Tangentopoli rossa," *Il Tempo* (April 30, 1998).
30. t-7,12.
31. Pike, *In the Service of Stalin,* p. 49; Thomas, *The Spanish Civil War,* p. 535.
32. Mujal-León, *Communism and Political Change in Spain,* pp. 107-9. After their expulsion, Gómez, García and Líster went on to found unsuccessful pro-Soviet splinter groups. Cf. k-3,12.
33. k-3,16.
34. Mujal-León, *Communism and Political Change in Spain,* ch. 6.
35. k-2,65; k-3,13,15,22; k-26,410.
36. k-3,18.
37. Mujal-León, *Communism and Political Change in Spain,* pp. 126-7.
38. k-3,17.
39. Thomas, *The Spanish Civil War,* p. 9.
40. Mujal-León, *Communism and Political Change in Spain,* pp. 127-31.
41. k-3,20.
42. k-5,879.
43. k-26,406.
44. In January, October and December 1980, Gallego was

given payments of 10,000 dollars by the Madrid residency. k-26,405.
45. k-26,407.
46. The anti-Eurocommunist Catalan Communist Party, the PSUC (Partit Socialista Unificat de Catalunya), split away from the PCE.
47. Krasikov, *From Dictatorship to Democracy,* p. 188. His book, originally published in Russian as *Ispanskii Reportazh,* was translated into a number of languages.
48. k-3,98.
49. Urban, *Moscow and the Italian Communist Party,* pp. 337-8.
50. Bell and Criddle, *The French Communist Party in the Fifth Republic,* pp. 19-20; Roy, *Somme tout,* pp. 156-7.
51. k-3,65,115; k-8,182.
52. Bell and Criddle, *The French Communist Party in the Fifth Republic,* p. 240.
53. k-3,140.
54. See below, chapter 27.
55. k-3,140.
56. k-3,140.
57. Adereth, *The French Communist Party,* pp. 208-13.
58. The text of the letters was later published in *Cahiers du Communisme* (October 1991).
59. k-8,148.
60. Bell and Criddle, *The French Communist Party in the Fifth Republic,* pp. 153-4, 164-5.
61. k-3,123.

62. k-3,140.
63. *L'Express* (July 27, 1970).
64. k-3,140.
65. Robrieux, *Histoire intérieure du Parti communiste,* vol. 2, pp. 657-65; vol. 3, pp. 344-5, 406-14.
66. Bell and Criddle, *The French Communist Party in the Fifth Republic,* pp. 154-6, 217-30. Though the Socialists won an overall majority at the 1981 legislative elections and did not depend on PCF support, four Communist ministers served in a Socialist-dominated coalition until 1984.
67. Urban (ed.), *Moscow and the Global Left in the Gorbachev Era,* pp. 5, 52-3.
68. Brown, *The Gorbachev Factor,* p. 75.
69. Urban (ed.), *Moscow and the Global Left in the Gorbachev Era,* ch. 2. While Gorbachev was publicly aligning himself with the PCI's reformist leadership, however, the International Department continued to subsidize the PCI old guard until 1987. In 1989 the PCI, led since 1988 by Achille Ochetto, changed its name to the PDS (Partito Democratico della Sinistra), the Democratic Party of the Left. A breakaway movement established itself in 1991 as the Partito della Rifondazione Comunista.
70. In 1987 the PCE, Gallego's PCPE, the Progressive Federation (founded by another former PCE member, Ramón Tamames), Pasoc (a breakaway Socialist group) and a number of independents combined to form the

Izquierdo Unida; the PCE accounted for about two-thirds of the total membership.

71. Brown, *The Gorbachev Factor,* p. 116; Grachev, *Kremlevskaya Khronika,* p. 247.

72. Marchais's message was delivered by Gaston Plissonnier, who for the past twenty years had been the French conduit for the secret subsidies to the PCF. Dobrynin to Gorbachev (June 20, 1987); text in Stepankov and Lisov, *Kremlevsky Zagovor,* appendix.

73. Politburo decision of July 3, 1987, in Stepankov and Lisov, *Kremlevsky Zagovor,* appendix. Between 1981 and 1991 subsidies to the PCF totaled about 24 million dollars. Burke, "Recently Released Material on Soviet Intelligence Operations," p. 246; Albats, *The State within a State,* p. 222.

74. Haynes and Klehr, "'Moscow Gold,' Confirmed at Last?", p. 283.

75. Hellman, "The Difficult Birth of the Democratic Party of the Left," p. 81.

Chapter Nineteen Ideological Subversion Part 1

1. Scammell, *Solzhenitsyn,* p. 551.
2. vol. 10, ch. 3.
3. Labedz and Hayward (eds.), *On Trial,* p. 91.
4. vol. 10, ch. 3.
5. vol. 10, ch. 3. Cf. Zamoyska, "Sinyavsky, the Man and the Writer," p. 61.
6. vol. 10, ch. 3.
7. Aucouturier, "Andrey Sinyavsky on the Eve of His Arrest," p. 344.
8. Geli Fyoderovich Vasiliev, codenamed MIKHAILOV, had worked abroad as an illegal under the name Rudolf Steiner in Austria and Latin America. On returning to Moscow, apparently unable to stand the strain of life as an illegal, he began work in the Novosti Press Agency (k-16,446). Though the probability is that Vasilyev was the stoolpigeon placed in Sinyavsky's cell, it is just possible that the KGB used another agent with the same codename —though there is no identifiable record of such an agent in Mitrokhin's notes.

9. vol. 10, ch. 3.

10. vol. 10, ch. 3.

11. Mitrokhin's notes record simply that Remizov gave his interrogators "evidence against Sinyavsky." At the trial this evidence included an admission that he had delivered one of Sinyavsky's manuscripts to Hélène Zamoyska. Labedz and Hayward (eds.), *On Trial,* p. 153.

12. vol. 10, ch. 3.

13. Labedz and Hayward (eds.), *On Trial,* p. 306.

14. Labedz and Hayward (eds.), *On Trial,* pp. 196, 198, 209.

15. Asked if he had sent his manuscripts abroad "illegally," Sinyavsky replied, "No, unofficially." Sending manuscripts abroad was not illegal. But in his final address, the state prosecutor again claimed—inaccurately—that the defendants had sent their manuscripts to the West "illegally." Labedz and Hayward (eds.), *On Trial,* pp. 185, 308.

16. Labedz and Hayward (eds.), *On Trial,* pp. 253-4.

17. vol. 10, ch. 3; vol. 7, nzch. TANOV later took part in PROGRESS operations in Albania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, using Austrian and forged Canadian passports, and carried out other intelligence assignments in Pakistan, India, France, the Lebanon, Syria, Kuwait and Spain. In 1982 he was recalled to Moscow on the grounds that he was producing little intelligence and had greatly overspent his budget (vol. 3, pakapp. 3).

18. Scammell, *Solzhenitsyn,* pp. 614-16.
19. vol. 10, ch. 3.
20. k-27,370
21. Scammell (ed.), *The Solzhenitsyn Files,* pp. xxv, 7, 41. This important collection of documents on “the Solzhenitsyn case,” declassified by order of President Yeltsin in 1992, includes a number of KGB reports to the Central Committee and Politburo but not the KGB operational files to which Mitrokhin had access.
22. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 487-8.
23. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 492.
24. Scammell (ed.), *The Solzhenitsyn Files,* pp. 138-41.
25. Scammell (ed.), *The Solzhenitsyn Files,* pp. xxix, 161-3.
26. Andropov instituted judicial proceedings against Shchelokov in December 1982, only a month after Brezhnev’s death. Two years later, before his case had come to trial, Shchelokov committed suicide. Volkogonov, *The Rise and Fall of the Soviet Empire,* pp. 330, 348.
27. Scammell (ed.), *The Solzhenitsyn Files,* pp. 194-210.
28. Scammell, *Solzhenitsyn,* p. 615.
29. k-21,30.
30. k-21,17; vol. 6, ch. 5, part 4. The spelling of Boucaut in the Roman alphabet is uncertain; it appears in Cyrillic transliteration as “Buko.” Mitrokhin’s notes do not identify Nikashin’s first name and patronymic.
31. k-21,114.

32. Sakharov, *Memoirs,* pp. 359, 369-70; Grigorenko, *Memoirs,* pp. 387-8.
33. Article by G. Kizlych and P. Aleksandrov on the Yakir and Krasin cases in the classified in-house quarterly, *KGB Sbornik,* no. 73; k-25,124.
34. vol. 10, ch. 5.
35. Protocols of Krasin's interrogation; vol. 10, ch. 5.
36. On Savinkov, see above, chapter 2.
37. Article by G. Kizlych and P. Aleksandrov on the Yakir and Krasin cases in the classified in-house quarterly, *KGB Sbornik,* no. 73; k-25,124.
38. vol. 10, ch. 5.
39. Scammell, *Solzhenitsyn,* p. 807; Solzhenitsyn, *The Oak and the Calf,* p. 522.
40. Grigorenko, *Memoirs,* p. 388.
41. Article by G. Kizlych and P. Aleksandrov on the Yakir and Krasin cases in the classified in-house quarterly, *KGB Sbornik,* no. 73; k-25,124.
42. Sakharov, *Sakharov Speaks,* pp. 212-15.
43. Scammell (ed.), *The Solzhenitsyn Files,* pp. 256-74, 340-6, 350-3.
44. Solzhenitsyn describes his forced departure from Russia in *The Oak and the Calf,* pp. 383-453.
45. k-21,123.
46. Scammell, *Solzhenitsyn,* p. 886. Though the woman who came to Solzhenitsyn's door on his first day in Zurich has never been identified, her Russian origins and the fact that within a few weeks, if not days, Valentina

Holubová had established herself as his secretary and assistant make it probable that she was the caller. It is unlikely that a genuine native of Ryazan had tracked him down so rapidly. In reality, Holubová came not from Ryazan but from Vladivostok (k-21,123).

47. Scammell, *Solzhenitsyn,* p. 886. The fact that Dr. Frantiˇsek Holub was, like his wife, working for the StB, is implied rather than specifically stated in Mitrokhin's notes. For example, he records that the Holubs jointly recommended to Solzhenitsyn another StB officer posing as a Czech dissident, Tomáš Řezáč (k-21,123). It is inconceivable that the StB or the KGB would have allowed a husband and wife team to operate in this way unless both were working for them.

48. k-21,123,124. On Solzhenitsyn's first meeting with Krause, see Scammell, *Solzhenitsyn,* p. 886.

49. See above, chapters 2, 5.

50. k-21,124.

51. Scammell (ed.), *The Solzhenitsyn Files,* pp. 387-90.

52. k-21,25.

53. Scammell, *Solzhenitsyn,* pp. 887-8, 890-3, 987-90; Scammell (ed.), *The Solzhenitsyn Files,* pp. 431-2, 451-3. Rezác's scurrilous volume, *The Spiral of Solzhenitsyn's Betrayal,* described by the author as "an autopsy of the corpse of a traitor," appeared in Italian in 1977 and Russian in the following year, but failed to find a British or American publisher. While in Russia, Rezác also interviewed Sahkarov, who was unaware of his

background (Sakharov, *Memoirs,* p. 591).
54. k-21,25.
55. Sakharov, *Memoirs,* p. 428.
56. Scammell, *Solzhenitsyn,* p. 890.
57. k-3(b),27. Mitrokhin copied or noted sections 1-5, 8, 9, 11, 16-19 of the 19-point "plan of agent operational measures."
58. k-3(b),27.
59. k-25,212.
60. Scammell, *Solzhenitsyn,* p. 955.
61. vol. 6, ch. 8, part 6.
62. k-25,29.
63. There is a vivid description of Solzhenitsyn's address and its reception in Thomas, *Alexander Solzhenitsyn,* pp. 460-3.
64. k-25,29. *The New York Times* and the *Washington Post* comments on the Harvard Address are quoted in Thomas, *Alexander Solzhenitsyn,* p. 462.

Chapter Twenty Ideological Subversion Part 2

1. Dobrynin, *In Confidence,* pp. 346, 390.
2. k-21,16.
3. Sakharov, *Memoirs,* p. 429. The Nobel Peace Prize, presented in Oslo, is awarded by the Nobel Committee appointed by the Norwegian parliament. The other Nobel prizes, presented in Stockholm, are awarded by Swedish committees.
4. k-21,69. Before being passed for signature to Kryuchkov, head of the FCD, and Andropov, this document (reference no. 155/2422) was initialed by B. S. Ivanov, Kryuchkov's deputy, Oleg Kalugin, head of Counter-intelligence, and V.P. Ivanov of Section A. The alleged "criminals" who supported Sakharov were mostly, if not entirely, dissidents sentenced on trumped-up charges.
5. On the fabricated KGB claim that Sakharov supported the Pinochet regime, see Sakharov, *Memoirs,* pp. 389, 426.
6. k-21,64.

7. Scammell, *Solzhenitsyn,* p. 893.
8. vol. 6, ch. 8, part 6.
9. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* pp. 260-1.
10. k-21,104.
11. k-21,104.
12. Sakharov, *Memoirs,* pp. 585-92. On the KGB's use of Yakovlev to attack Solzhenitsyn, see Scammell (ed.), *The Solzhenitsyn Files,* pp. 394, 398, 409, 426-30.
13. k-21,1. Cf. Bonner, *Alone Together,* p. 46. YAK was used for a variety of active measures. One of the files noted by Mitrokhin records that in 1976 he was paid 500 dollars (probably per month). The same file records that *Russkiy Golos* had a circulation of only 1,500. k-21,106.
14. k-21,1. Bonner, *Alone Together,* pp. 37-8.
15. "CHI E" ELENA BONNER? Artifice di piu assassinii la moglie dell "accademico Sakharov," *Sette Giorni* (April 12, 1980). Cf. Bonner, *Alone Together,* pp. 31-2.
16. k-21,104. Cf. Bonner, *Alone Together,* pp. 37-8.
17. k-6,114; k-21,1,105.
18. "CHI E" ELENA BONNER? Artifice di piu assassinii la moglie dell "accademico Sakharov," *Sette Giorni* (April 12, 1980). k-21,1,82.
19. k-21,1,105; k-6,114. *Sette Giorni* also published an attack on Solzhenitsyn, based on an interview with his first wife (k-21,82).
20. k-21,82.
21. k-21,104.
22. k-21,104.

23. Bonner, *Alone Together,* p. 30.
24. Bethell, *Spies and Other Secrets,* p. 73.
25. Memorandum by Andropov and State Prosecutor Rudenko, no. 123-A (January 21, 1977); Albats, *The State within a State,* pp. 178-9.
26. k-21,153.
27. Bethell, *Spies and Other Secrets,* pp. 98-9.
28. The sentence was thirteen years. Shcharansky, *Fear No Evil,* pp. 205-6, 224-5.
29. k-21,157,159.
30. k-21,164.
31. k-21,156. Makarov was informed that the file recording the residency's success in preventing the award of the prize to Orlov had been passed to Andropov.
32. k-1,98.
33. vol. 6, ch. 1, part 1.
34. Sakharov, *Memoirs,* pp. 510-16.
35. k-21,80.
36. Gorbachev, *Memoirs,* p. 296.
37. Bethell, *Spies and Other Secrets,* pp. 315-16.
38. Brown, *The Gorbachev Factor,* p. 37. In public, in order not to alienate a majority on the Politburo, Gorbachev stuck to the official line. He declared in an interview with *L'Humanité* in February 1986: "Now about political prisoners, we don't have any ... It is common knowledge that [Sakharov] committed actions punishable by law ... Measures were taken with regard to him according to our legislation. The actual state of

affairs is as follows. Sakharov resides in Gorky in normal conditions, is doing scientific work, and remains a member of the USSR Academy of Sciences. He is in normal health as far as I know. His wife has recently left the country for medical treatment abroad. As for Sakharov himself, he is still a bearer of secrets of special importance to the state and for this reason cannot go abroad." Sakharov, *Memoirs,* p. 607.

39. Grachev, *Kremlevskaya Karonika,* pp. 94-104; Brown, *The Gorbachev Factor,* p. 165.

40. Sakharov, *Memoirs,* p. 615.

41. Cited in Dobbs, *Down with Big Brother,* pp. 252-3.

42. Gorbachev, *Memoirs,* p. 295.

43. Dobbs, *Down with Big Brother,* pp. 253-64; Remnick, *Lenin's Tomb,* ch. 19.

44. Remnick, *Lenin's Tomb,* p. 282.

45. Brown, *The Gorbachev Factor,* pp. 7-10.

46. k-21,76.

47. k-21,153.

Chapter Twenty-one SIGINT in the Cold War

1. Andrew, "Intelligence and International Relations in the Early Cold War."
2. Andrew, *For the President's Eyes Only,* seeks to assess the varying interest taken by US presidents in SIGINT.
3. Mitrokhin had no direct access to the files of either the Eighth Directorate or the Sixteenth (SIGINT) Directorate, founded in the late 1960s. He did, however, see some documents from both directorates in FCD files.
4. KGB to Khrushchev, "Report for 1960" (February 14, 1961), in the "special dossiers" of the CPSU Central Committee; cited by Zubok, "Spy vs. Spy," p. 23.
5. Garthoff, "The KGB Reports to Gorbachev," p. 228.
6. Kahn, "Soviet Comint in the Cold War."
7. Samouce, "I Do Understand the Russians," pp. 52-3, Samouce papers, US Army Military Institute, Carlisle Barracks, Pa.; Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 237-40.
8. Kennan, *Memoirs 1950-1963,* pp. 154-7. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 454-6. Kennan was declared *persona non grata* in October 1952, though chiefly for

reasons unconnected with the bugging incident.

9. Bohlen, *Witness to History 1919-1969,* pp. 345-6. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 456-7.

10. Dobrynin, *In Confidence,* p. 357.

11. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 456. Remarkably, Nosenko's information was not sufficient to convince his CIA debriefers that he was a genuine defector.

12. vol. 6, ch. 9. For illustrations of some of the espionage equipment supplied by the FCD OT Directorate, see Melton, *The Ultimate Spy Book.*

13. k-18,342.

14. k-1,160. On KGB penetration of the Orthodox church, see below, chapter 28.

15. vol. 7, ch. 5, para. 44.

16. k-24,299; vol. 7, ch. 5.

17. Philby's career as an SIS officer had ended after his recall from Washington in 1951. Philby's later account to Borovik of his years in Beirut contains a number of inaccuracies, due partly to his attempt to discredit Lunn (transcribed by Borovik as "Lan"—an error derived, as in the KGB files noted by Mitrokhin, from the conversion of "Lunn" into Cyrillic). Philby attributes his successful escape in 1963 largely to Lunn's incompetence and adds that "amazingly, three or four years later [Lunn] received a high honour—the Cross of St. Michael and St. George" (Borovik, *The Philby Files,* p. 354). In reality, as Philby had correctly informed the KGB after his defection, Lunn was awarded the CMG a decade earlier, in 1957 (vol. 7,

ch. 5).

18. Lunn was the author of *High-Speed Skiing* (1935), *A Skiing Primer* (1948) and *The Guinness Book of Skiing* (1983). His father, Sir Arnold Lunn (1888-1974), was one of Europe's leading ski pioneers, as well as a leading Catholic apologist and a vocal opponent of both Nazism and Communism. His 63 books included 23 on skiing and 16 on Christian apologetics (*Dictionary of National Biography, 1971-1980,* pp. 522-3).

19. Lunn's recent *Who's Who* entries give the date of his entry into SIS. Earlier entries make no reference to his intelligence career.

20. Unless otherwise indicated, the account of operation RUBIN is based on k-24,299 and vol. 7, ch. 5.

21. k-26,223.

22. k-26,223.

23. The file noted by Mitrokhin does not reveal what the measures were.

24. On Philby's depression in the late 1960s and partial recovery during the 1970s, see Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 24-6, 544-5, and Knightley, *Philby,* pp. 234-7.

25. One of the CIA officers on whom intelligence was gathered during operation RUBIN was selected by Andropov as the target of an attempted abduction.

26. k-18,342.

27. vol. 6, app. 1 (misc.), parts 1, 4; k-27,242. Mitrokhin's notes give no indication of what intelligence was obtained by bugging the CIA officer's flat. VERA's file records

that the KGB lost contact with her in 1975 as a result of the Lebanese Civil War.

28. k-27,239.

29. KGB operations in Africa will be covered in volume 2.

30. Details of operation REBUS in k-17,49,59,185; vol. 6, ch. 10. On November 16, 1981 operation PHOENIX succeeded in bugging the residence of the US ambassador in Conakry. The agent responsible was a Guinean (probably a domestic servant) codenamed MURAT (k-17,145; k-8,519). The KGB also succeeded in intercepting the communications of US embassies in a number of other African capitals, among them Bamako and Brazzaville (vol. 6, ch. 10; k-17,168).

31. The last, reforming chairman of the KGB, Vadim Bakatin, appointed after the failed coup of August 1991, outraged his staff by giving the American ambassador blueprints of the highly sophisticated bugging system (Albats, *The State within a State,* pp. 311-13). There were several security alerts within the existing US embassy in Moscow during the 1980s. In 1984, however, bugs were discovered in electric typewriters in the US embassy in Moscow which had been in use for some years (Lardner, "Unbeatable Bugs"). In 1986 two marine guards admitted giving KGB agents access to the US embassy. Because of improved security procedures, however, the KGB do not seem to have gained access to the cipher room or other sensitive areas (Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 611).

32. k-22,135,232. The GRU already had posts in a number of its residencies designed to intercept US and NATO military communications.
33. vol. 6, ch. 9.
34. vol. 6, ch. 9.
35. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* p. 92. The POCHIN files noted by Mitrokhin confirm Kalugin's list of intercepted communications (vol. 6, ch. 9).
36. vol. 6, ch. 9.
37. See above, chapter 11.
38. See above, chapter 11.
39. vol. 6, ch. 2, part 2; vol. 6, ch. 9. There was a further operation to bug UN Secretariat offices in 1963 (k-8,138).
40. vol. 6, ch. 2, part 2.
41. After leaving GCHQ in 1977, Prime broke off contact with the KGB for the next three years. He had further meetings with his case officer in Vienna and Potsdam in 1980 and 1981. His work as a Soviet agent came to light after he was arrested for sexually molesting little girls in 1982. He was sentenced to thirtyfive years' imprisonment for espionage and three for sexual assault (Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 526-8, 530-1). A senior GCHQ officer was later quoted as saying, "On the political side, there was a time up to the mid-1970s when we used to get useful [Soviet] political and high-level military communications. But that dried up, partly as a result of Prime." (Urban, *UK Eyes Alpha,* p. 6.) Because Prime was a Third Directorate, not an FCD, agent, Mitrokhin did

not have access to his file. The latest study of Prime, by the detective chief superintendent in charge of his case, is Cole, *Geoffrey Prime.*

42. Mitrokhin's notes do not give the date of foundation of the Sixteenth Directorate, but indicate that it was in existence not later than 1968; k-22,232.

43. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 529. vol. 6, ch. 9.

44. vol. 6, ch. 3, part 3.

45. vol. 6, ch. 9. Mitrokhin's notes do not record ANTON's real name.

46. Kissinger, *Years of Upheaval,* p. 1179.

47. vol. 6, ch. 9.

48. Kissinger, *Years of Upheaval,* p. 1192.

49. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* p. 92.

50. For illustrations of some of the complex antennae on the roofs of Soviet missions in the United States and elsewhere, see Ball, *Soviet Signals Intelligence (SIGINT),* pp. 49-68.

51. vol. 6, ch. 9.

52. Andrew, *For the President's Eyes Only,* p. 359.

53. Dobrynin, *In Confidence,* pp. 357-8.

54. vol. 6, ch. 9.

55. vol. 6, ch. 3, part 2.

56. vol. 6, ch. 9.

57. vol. 6, ch. 2, part 1.

58. vol. 6, ch. 9. On the crisis over the Soviet "combat brigade" in Cuba, see Andrew, *For the President's Eyes Only,* pp. 444-7. Mitrokhin's notes on POCHIN files also

record that "during the crisis in Lebanon the [Washington] residency was able to make a correct evaluation of the unfolding situation and inform the Centre on a timely basis that the United States had no plans for military intervention" (vol. 6, ch. 9). It is unclear which Lebanese crisis is referred to. Since the other material in this section of Mitrokhin's notes deals with the mid-1970s, however, the reference is probably to 1974, when Israel made a series of air attacks against villages in southern Lebanon, which it suspected of harboring terrorists.

59. vol. 6, ch. 9.

60. The FBI shortwave radio communications channels monitored continuously by the RAKETA post during the 1970s were:

- the radio link between surveillance vehicles and the six FBI posts responsible for observing the movements of Soviet personnel (167.4625 megahertz);
- the channel used by surveillance vehicles and observation posts monitoring the movements of members of Middle Eastern and some Western missions to the UN (167.2125 megahertz);
- the channel used for communications between the FBI department investigating bank robberies and surveillance vehicles (167.6887 megahertz);
- the channel used by those investigating other federal crimes (167.3756 megahertz);

- the channel used for communications between the FBI despatch centers in New York and New Jersey (frequency in the 167 megahertz band not recorded);
- the channel used for other communications between the New York dispatch center and FBI vehicles (167.7760 megahertz)

vol. 6, ch. 9).

61. vol. 6, ch. 9.
62. vol. 6, ch. 8, part 4, *n.* 1.
63. The running costs for the main intercept posts in KGB residencies around the world in 1979 were as follows (figures in thousands of hard currency roubles):

Washington (POCHIN): 26.0
New York (PROBA): 29.4
San Francisco (VESNA): 6.7
Ottawa (codename not recorded): figures unavailable (5.8 in 1977)
Montreal (VENERA): 3.3 (plus 3.5 for purchase of motorcar)
Cuba (TERMIT-S): 18.8
Brazil (KLEN): 4.8 (increased to 8.2 in 1980; 13.3 in 1981)
Mexico (RADAR): 3.5 (increased to 4.6 in 1980)
Reykjavik (OSTROV): 2.3

London (MERCURY): 7.1
Oslo (SEVER): 7.2
Paris (JUPITER): 10.1
Bonn (TSENTAVR-1): 11.3
Cologne (TSENTAVR-2): figures unavailable
Salzburg (TYROL-1): 1.3
Vienna (TYROL-2): 3.3
Berne (ELBRUS): 2.8
Geneva (KAVKAZ): 2.3
Rome (START): 15.0
Athens (RADUGA): 4.2
Ankara (RADUGA-T): 9.5 (plus supplementary 2.2)
Istanbul (SIRIUS): 5.3
Teheran (MARS): 5.0
Beijing (KRAB): 4.5
Tokyo (ZARYA): 10.4

vol. 6, ch. 9; 1977 figures for Ottawa from vol. 8, ch. 5)

Because of the KGB's curious accounting methods, these figures doubtless do not represent the full running costs of the intercept posts. They do, however, give an approximate indication of the relative level of activity at each post. Other significant intercept posts, probably less important than those listed above, included Lisbon (ALTAY), Nairobi (KRYM), Cairo (ORION),The Hague (TULIP), Brussels (VEGA), Belgrade (PARUS), Hanoi (AMUR), Jakarta (DELFIN) and Damascus (SIGMA). Mitrokhin's notes do not give the budgets for these posts.

64. Ball, *Soviet Signals Intelligence (SIGINT),* pp. 27-9; Rosenau, "A Deafening Silence," pp. 723-5.
65. vol. 6, ch. 9.
66. Ball, *Soviet Signals Intelligence (SIGINT),* pp. 27-9.
67. vol. 2, app. 3.
68. k-22,136. Shorter reports were submitted by each intercept post at least once a month.
69. vol. 6, ch. 3, part 2.
70. vol. 6, ch. 6.
71. vol. 6, ch. 2, part 3; vol. 6, ch. 6; vol. 6, app. 2, parts 4, 5.
72. On the origins of the UKUSA agreement, see Andrew, "The Making of the Anglo-American SIGINT Alliance"; on its subsequent development, see Ball and Richelson, *The Ties That Bind* and Hager, *Secret Power.*
73. t-7,131.
74. t-7,130.
75. k-19,435.
76. vol. 6, ch. 8, part 5.
77. See above, chapter 6.
78. vol. 2, app. 3. The names of the head and deputy heads of the Sixteenth Department are given in k-22,134.
79. Interview by Christopher Andrew with Viktor Makarov, 1993. When Oleg Gordievsky became resident-designate at the London residency early in 1985, the Sixteenth Department officer told him that there was currently no British source providing high-grade cipher material (Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 610).

80. Interview by Christopher Andrew with Viktor Makarov, 1993; Kahn, “Soviet Comint in the Cold War,” pp. 20-3.

81. Interview with Gurgenev (identified only by his first name and patronymic), *Izvestia* (September 24, 1991).

82. On March 25, 1985, for example, the London residency received an urgent telegram asking for British reactions to Gorbachev’s meeting with the executive committee of the Socialist International. Sooner than report that the event had failed to excite great interest in Britain, the residency simply concocted a favorable reply without contacting any of its limited range of sources. (Recollection of Oleg Gordievsky, then resident-designate.)

83. See above, chapter 21.

84. Interview by Christopher Andrew with Viktor Makarov, 1993; Viktor Makarov, “The West Had No Aggressive Plans against the USSR,” *Express Chronicle* (February 19, 1992), p. 5.

85. Urban, *UK Eyes Alpha,* ch. 19.

86. Ball, *Soviet Signals Intelligence (SIGINT)*. Ball and Windren, “Soviet Signals Intelligence (Sigint).”

87. Rosenau, “A Deafening Silence,” p. 726.

88. Andrew, “The Nature of Military Intelligence,” p. 5.

89. Rosenau, “A Deafening Silence,” pp. 727, 732 *n.* 6.

Chapter Twenty-two Tasks Part 1

1. Djilas, *Tito,* p. 29; Djilas, *Rise and Fall,* pp. 106-7; Radzinsky, *Stalin,* p. 399.
2. k-20,272; Ranković's codename is in k-20,287.
3. Djilas, *Rise and Fall,* pp. 82-3, 105-6.
4. k-20,281.
5. k-20,276.
6. k-20,290,292. Tishkov's cover name (Timofeyev) is given in Djilas, *Rise and Fall,* pp. 82-3, 105-6.
7. k-20,279.
8. k-20,289,290.
9. Djilas, *Rise and Fall,* pp. 84-5, 92, 95, 98-9, 105-6; Dedijer, *Tito Speaks,* p. 268.
10. k-20,292.
11. k-5,707.
12. Djilas, *Rise and Fall,* chs. 14, 15; Djilas, *Tito,* pp. 84-7; Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 371-2. VAL is identified by Sudoplatovs, *Special Tasks,* p. 338.
13. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 415-17.
14. See above, chapters 5, 6, and 10.
15. MGB report to Stalin, first published by Dmitri Volkogonov in *Izvestia* (June 11, 1993); reprinted in

Sudoplatovs, *Special Tasks,* pp. 336-7, and "Stalin's Plan to Assassinate Tito," p. 137.

16. MGB report to Stalin, first published by Dmitri Volkogonov in *Izvestia* (June 11, 1993).

17. "Stalin's Plan to Assassinate Tito," p. 137.

18. Wolff, "Leadership Transition in a Fractured Bloc," p. 1.

19. Sudoplatovs, *Special Tasks,* pp. 335-8.

20. k-13,267. Some examples of Grigulevich's works, published under his own name, the pseudonym I. R. Lavretsky and the hybrid Grigulevich-Lavretsky, are included in the bibliography.

21. Sudoplatovs, *Special Tasks,* pp. 249, 252-3.

22. Khokhlov, *In the Name of Conscience,* part 3; Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 430-1.

23. vol. 3, pakapp. 3.

24. t-7,267.

25. t-7,267.

26. Each target file (*obektovoye delo*) had to give the following information:

> 1. The role of the target in peacetime and wartime, and its place in the enemy's military-industrial capabilities. Documents, photographs, films, maps and diagrams giving details on its location, work schedule, security system, personnel, neighbors, populated areas nearby and methods of approaching the target.
>
> 2. Detailed descriptions of the target's

vulnerable points, methods of attacking each of them, estimates of the likely damage, and the type of personnel to be used in sabotage operations (agents, illegals, etc.).

3. Opportunities to reconnoitre and sabotage the target. This section of the file contains individual reports (*spravki*) on every information source available on the target, and on each combat agent (*agent-boyevik*) selected for operations against it.

4. Details of the special equipment needed for operations against the target, the precise use to be made of it, dead drops, storage arrangements and the role of each of those entrusted with its use.

5. Arrangements for giving instructions to those responsible for attacking the target, together with the codewords for the "special action" to begin. (This part of the file was placed in a sealed package.)

If information on any of the subjects listed above was missing, a note was added to the file on the action being taken to obtain it. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5, *n.* 2.

27. k-16,255.

28. t-7,311.

29. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5.

30. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5.

31. Wolf, *Man without a Face,* pp. 211-12.

32. vol. 6, ch. 1, part 1.

33. Barron, *KGB,* pp. 421-6. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 467.

34. The fullest account of Stashinsky’s career is in Anders, *Murder to Order.*
35. Anders, *Murder to Order,* p. 107.
36. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 468. See below, chapter 15.
37. Richard Beeston, “KGB Refused to Kill Khrushchev” [interview with Semichastny], *The Times* (December 23, 1997).
38. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 481-2.
39. The text of Khrushchev’s secret speech of August 3, 1961 did not come to light until 1993. Zubok and Pleshakov, *Inside the Kremlin’s Cold War,* p. 252.
40. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5.
41. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5. Fonseca was co-founder of the FSLN. Initially it was called the National Liberation Front. “Sandinista” was added, chiefly at Fonseca’s insistence, in 1962 in honor of the “anti-imperialist” hero, General Augusto César Sandino. Volume 2 will give more detail on KGB links with the FSLN and on other operations in Latin America.
42. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5.
43. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5.
44. vol. 8, ch. 10.
45. t-7,173.
46. It was planned to put the Wilhemshaven-Wesseling oil pipeline out of action where it crosses the Lippe river and the Seitenkanal; t-7,277.
47. t-7,65; k-16,380.

48. k-2,186.
49. t-7,163,165,170-2. For examples of radio caches, see this chapter, appendices 2, 3.
50. k-5,483.
51. On the MOLNIYA device, see this chapter, appendix 1. Mitrokhin's notes do not always identify clearly which caches are booby-trapped.
52. See this chapter, appendix 2.
53. Reuter report (January 18, 1999).
54. k-5,382. The Belgian caches turned out not to be booby-trapped.
55. In 1968-9, the Thirteenth Department had one illegal, PAUL, assisted by his wife VIRGINIA, and two pairs of German illegal agents, on whom Mitrokhin's notes give no further details; vol. 3, pakapp. 3. There may have been others in files not noted by Mitrokhin.
56. The fullest account of PAUL's career is in vol. 7, ch. 7; there are a few further details in vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5. On RAG see also k-11,17. PAUL's file, on which Mitrokhin made detailed notes, gives little indication of the nature of the assistance provided by VIRGINIA.
57. vol. 7, ch. 7; vol. 8, ch. 9; vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5. Among other illegals seconded for shorter periods to Thirteenth Department operations was Vasili Gordievsky (GROMOV), who on a mission to Spain in the winter of 1964-5 selected seven landing sites and eight arms caches for DRG operations. Rodin, the head of the Thirteenth Department, requested the Illegals Directorate to give him

an award to mark the success of his mission; t-7,279.
58. vol. 6, ch. 1, part 1.
59. See above, chapter 11.
60. Deryabin and Rastvorov defected in 1954 to the CIA in, respectively, Vienna and Tokyo. In the same year the Petrovs defected in Canberra.
61. vol. 5, sec. 7*n.;* vol. 2, app. 3.
62. vol. 6, ch. 8, part 6.
63. vol. 2, app. 3; vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5.
64. See above, chapter 11.
65. Wise, *Molehunt,* ch. 11; Mangold, *Cold Warrior,* ch. 12.
66. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5.
67. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5. The KGB also sought, unsuccessfully, to use its agent in the Canadian RCMP, Jim Morrison (FRIEND), to track down Runge.
68. vol. 2, app. 3.
69. Nureyev, *Nureyev,* pp. 96-7.
70. Percival, *Nureyev,* pp. 55-6.
71. vol. 2, app. 3.
72. Sheymov, *Tower of Secrets,* pp. 92-3. Probably because of the deep lingering hostility to Nureyev among the KGB old guard, he was not rehabilitated in Russia until September 1998, five years after his death in exile. See "Russia reinstates Nureyev," *The Times* (September 23, 1998).
73. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5.
74. Percival, *Nureyev,* p. 99.

75. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5.
76. vol. 2, app. 3. Both Nureyev and Makarova were also the targets of numerous KGB active measures designed to discredit them.
77. k-10,155.
78. k-10,154.
79. Ministère Public de la Confédération press release (January 18, 1999). The Swiss press release made no reference to the documents from Mitrokhin's archives used to locate the cache.
80. k-5,382.
81. k-10,156.
82. k-10,158.
83. k-10,157.
84. k-10,158.

Chapter Twenty-three Special Tasks Part 2

1. vol. 3, pakapp. 3.
2. The earliest reference to Department V (the letter "V," not the Roman numeral) noted by Mitrokhin was contained in order no. 00197 of October 7, 1965 instructing other FCD departments with agents suitable for use in time of war or international crisis to hand them over to Department V. The Department had probably been founded not long before. vol. 2, app. 3.
3. vol. 3, pakapp. 3.
4. k-16,408.
5. k-26,317.
6. The earliest subsidies recorded by Mitrokhin were 135,000 dollars in February 1968, followed by 100,000 dollars in March. Mitrokhin's notes on Greek Communist Party files for 1967, however, are very thin and it is likely that the first subsidies to the underground Party were handed over in Budapest during the later months of 1967. k-26,319.
7. k-16,69.
8. See above, chapter 18.
9. k-27,61.

10. k-16,69.
11. k-27,61.
12. k-3,28.
13. k-3,23,24,29.
14. k-3,28; k-26,315,318,323,325,326,384,387,390,394.
15. k-26,322. The Iraqi Communist Party also deposited its archives in the Soviet Union for safekeeping; see volume 2.
16. k-14,531. The location for operation ZVENO was studied by the illegal YAKOV and the agent ROBBI of the Vienna residency. YAKOV was Gennadi Mikhailovich Alekseyev, based in Switzerland, who had assumed the identity of a Swiss man, Igor Mürner, who had died in the Soviet Union. In 1973 YAKOV was arrested by the Swiss authorities, who were unable to prove charges of espionage against him. He served two years in prison for using false identity documents (k-5,193; k-24,236). Mitrokhin is unable to identify ROBBI. Other KGB officers (at least three, and possibly all, from Department V) involved in preparations for operation ZVENO were Yu. V. Derzhavin, A. D. Grigoryev, B. N. Malinin, Ye. S. Shcherbanov, B. S. Olikheyko, A. S. Savin, Kovalik, and Ye. A. Sharov (k-14,531).
17. k-16,408.
18. vol. 7, ch. 15
19. vol. 3, pakapp. 3. Vol. 7, ch. 5, para. 35 gives the location of PEPEL as Istanbul, but neither reference identifies the type of special action employed in PEPEL.

Mitrokhin did not see the PEPEL file. The 1969 report also noted that the 1955 requirement for the Thirteenth Department to steal Western military technology was out of date; this had become the primary responsibility of FCD Directorate T (Scientific and Technological Espionage).

20. O’Riordan’s history of the Irish members of the International Brigades, *Connolly Column,* was printed in East Germany (though published in Dublin), and gratefully acknowledged the assistance of the Soviet agent and British defector to East Germany, John Peet.

21. The text of O’Riordan’s appeal for weapons for the IRA is published in the appendix to Yeltsin, *The View from the Kremlin,* pp. 311-16. In December 1969, shortly before the split which led to the emergence of the Provisionals, a secret meeting of the IRA leadership approved a proposal by Goulding to establish a National Liberation Front including Sinn Fein, the Irish Communist Party and other left-wing groups. Coogan, *The Troubles,* p. 95.

22. Bishop and Mallie, *The Provisional IRA,* p. 88.

23. Eight memoranda on the subject by Andropov on the IRA appeal for arms are published, in whole or part, in the appendix to Yeltsin, *The View from the Kremlin,* pp. 311-16.

24. vol. 7, ch. 7; vol. 8, ch. 9; vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5.

25. On the FLQ, see Granatstein and Stafford, *Spy Wars,* pp. 206-10.

26. vol. 8, ch. 14.
27. Even Granatstein and Stafford, two of Canada’s leading historians of intelligence, conclude that the CIA document, “if authentic... does suggest strongly that the CIA was operating in Quebec”; *Spy Wars,* p. 209.
28. vol. 8, ch. 14.
29. k-24,365.
30. “Soviets Protest to Argentina After Envoy Foils Kidnaping,” *Washington Post* (March 31, 1970).
31. vol. 4, indapp. 3.
32. Rob Bull, “Defector Bares ‘Secret’ Past,” *Vancouver Sun* (April 5, 1976).
33. vol. 4, indapp. 3.
34. Interview with Robert Gates by Christopher Andrew (March 14, 1994).
35. See above, chapter 22.
36. k-24,365.
37. k-24,365.
38. k-24,365.
39. See below, chapter 24.
40. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 524-5; Barron, *KGB,* pp. 110, 431ff; Brook-Shepherd, *The Storm Birds,* pp. 197-9.
41. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* pp. 131-2.
42. Bennett and Hamilton (eds.), *Documents on British Policy Overseas,* series 3, vol. 1, pp. 388-9.
43. Gordievsky, *Next Stop Execution,* p. 184.
44. Bennett and Hamilton (eds.), *Documents on British*

Policy Overseas, series 3, vol. 1, pp. 337-43, 359.
45. Bennett and Hamilton (eds.), *Documents on British Policy Overseas,* series 3, vol. 1, p. 389*n.*
46. Barron, *KGB,* pp. 413-15. Kuzichkin, *Inside the KGB,* p. 81.
47. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* pp. 131-2.
48. Gordievsky, *Next Stop Execution,* p. 184.
49. vol. 6, ch. 1, part 1; vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5. It is, of course, impossible to exclude the possibility that plans to cripple Baryshnikov were contained in a file not seen by Mitrokhin.
50. Studies of the split between Officials and Provisionals include Bell, *The Secret Army,* ch. 18; Bishop and Mallie, *The Provisional IRA,* chs. 7-8; Coogan, *The IRA,* chs. 15-17; Coogan, *The Troubles,* ch. 3; Taylor, *The Provos,* ch. 5-6.
51. Smith, *Fighting for Ireland?,* pp. 88-90.
52. O'Riordan's letter to the Central Committee and Andropov's memorandum on operation SPLASH are printed in the appendix to Yeltsin, *The View from the Kremlin,* pp. 314-16. According to Yeltsin, the file on SPLASH in the archives of the General Secretary does not indicate whether it was implemented. The files noted by Mitrokhin, apparently withheld from Yeltsin, show that it was and identify the boat used in the operation. vol. 7, ch. 15, para. 2.
53. vol. 7, ch. 15, para. 2.
54. O'Riordan informed the Central Committee, "I will

take no part in the transport operation, and my role will only involve transferring the technical information about this to Seamus Costello." Yeltsin, *The View from the Kremlin,* p. 314.

55. Bishop and Mallie, *The Provisional IRA,* pp. 221-2; Smith, *Fighting for Ireland?,* p. 90; Coogan, *The Troubles,* pp. 276-80. The Irish National Liberation Army (INLA), founded as the military wing of IRSP, became arguably the most violent of the republican paramilitary groups. Its victims included Airey Neave, MP, Conservative spokesman on Northern Ireland, killed in 1979 by a bomb, activated by a mercury tilt switch, which was planted in his car in the Palace of Westminster car park.

56. k-27,393; vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5.

57. Hodges, *Intellectual Foundations of the Nicaraguan Revolution,* p. 228.

58. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5. On Piñeiro, who in 1974 became head of a new Departamento Americano of the Cuban Communist Party's Central Committee, which took over responsibility for assistance to Latin American revolutionary movements, see Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 514.

59. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5.

60. Pezzullos, *At the Fall of Somoza,* p. 58. Shelton's reports were widely regarded in diplomatic circles as reflecting only Somoza's views. On at least one occasion, his political officer, James R. Cheek, used the State

Department's "dissent channel" to contradict his chief. Jeremiah O'Leary, "Shelton being Replaced as Ambassador to Nicaragua," *Washington Star* (April 19, 1975).

61. Pastor, *Condemned to Repetition,* p. 39.
62. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5.
63. Booth, *The End and the Beginning,* p. 142, Pezzullos, *At the Fall of Somoza,* pp. 116-17. Shelton was replaced as ambassador in April 1975.
64. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 5.
65. On the three main factions within the FSLN which emerged in 1975, see Booth, *The End and the Beginning,* pp. 143-4; Hodges, *Intellectual Foundations of the Nicaraguan Revolution,* pp. 233-55.
66. On Fonseca's link with the USSR, see volume 2.
67. k-27,393.
68. The file seen by Mitrokhin records only Fonseca's request to visit Moscow. Though he saw no file on the trip itself, it is unlikely that the request was rejected.
69. Pezzullos, *At the Fall of Somoza,* pp. 117-19. On KGB relations with the Sandinistas, see volume 2.
70. t-7,135; vol. 2, appendix 3.
71. Kuzichkin, *Inside the KGB,* pp. 111-12.
72. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* pp. 238-9.
73. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* pp. 152-3.
74. vol. 2, app. 3.
75. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* pp. 152-9. Cf. Wise, *Molehunt,* pp. 195-7.

76. vol. 2, app. 3. The Line KR officer Vladimir Nikolayevich Yelchaninov (codenamed VELT), posted to the New York residency in 1978, also spent much of his time trying to track down defectors; vol. 6, app. 2, part 5.

77. Bereanu and Todorov, *The Umbrella Murder,* pp. 34-7, 70-3.

78. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* pp. 178-83; Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 644-5. Bereanu and Todorov, *The Umbrella Murder,* adds usefully to previous accounts of Markov's murder but also introduces some implausible speculation. For an illustration of an earlier version of the weapon used to kill Markov, a KGB poison pellet cane of the 1950s, see Melton, *The Ultimate Spy Book,* p. 152.

79. Interviews with Alpha group veterans, broadcast in *Inside Russia's SAS* (BBC2, June 13, 1999).

80. vol. 1, ch. 4.

81. Westad, "Concerning the Situation in 'A,' " p. 130. Dobbs, *Down with Big Brother,* pp. 11-12.

82. See above, chapter 15.

83. vol. 1, ch. 4. Mitrokhin's account contains only a brief allusion to the attempts to poison Amin's food, which appears to have been the Eighth Department's preferred method of assassination. According to Vladimir Kuzichkin, who defected from Directorate S a few years later, the first choice of assassin was an Azerbaijani illegal, Mikhail Talybov, who was bilingual in Farsi and had spent several years in Kabul with Afghan identity papers forged by the KGB. Equipped with poisons from

the OTU laboratory, Talybov succeeded in gaining a job as a chef in the presidential palace. But, according to Kuzichkin, "Amin was as careful as any of the Borgias. He kept switching his food and drink as if he expected to be poisoned." Kuzichkin, *Inside the KGB,* pp. 314-15; Kuzichkin, "Coups and Killings in Kabul," *Time* (November 22, 1982); Barron, *KGB Today,* pp. 15-16. A further, unsuccessful attempt to poison Amin took place at a lunch given by him for his ministers on December 27 (Dobbs, *Down with Big Brother,* p. 19).

84. Westad, "Concerning the Situation in 'A,' " p. 130.

85. "The Soviet Union and Afghanistan, 1978-1989," p. 159.

86. Westad, "Concerning the Situation in 'A,' " p. 131. The invasion plan was approved by the Politburo on December 12.

87. vol. 1, ch. 4.

88. Dobbs, *Down with Big Brother,* pp. 18-19.

89. vol. 1, ch. 4.

90. vol. 1, ch. 4.

91. vol. 1, ch. 4.

92. vol. 1, app. 2.

93. vol. 1, ch. 4.

94. On Kikot's previous career, see k-24,87,89; k-12,376; k-8,590.

95. vol. 1, app. 3.

96. Childs and Popplewell, *The Stasi,* pp. 138-40, 156-7; Gates, *From the Shadows,* pp. 206-7; Wolf, *Man Without*

a Face, pp. 271-81. On Carlos's contacts with the KGB, see volume 2.

97. vol. 7, ch. 15.

98. Gates, *From the Shadows,* pp. 338-9.

99. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* pp. 82-5. 100. Accounts of the August coup include those in Stepankov and Lisov, *Kremlevsky Zagovor;* Albats, *The State within a State;* Remnick, *Lenin's Tomb;* and Gorbachev, *The August Coup.* Though Kryuchkov and other leading plotters were arrested after the coup, their trial was repeatedly postponed. By early 1993 all had been released. They were given formal amnesties by the Russian parliament elected in December 1993. 101. k-16,408.

Chapter Twenty-four Cold War Operations against Britain Part 1

1. There is no support in any of the files seen by Mitrokhin that for the implausible theory that a major Soviet agent remained at work in MI5 after the demise of the Magnificent Five. Mitrokhin's notes contain no reference to Sir Roger Hollis, director-general of MI5, the most senior of the MI5 officers wrongly accused of being a Soviet agent. The Hollis story is now thoroughly discredited (Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 27).
2. On Norwood's early career, see above chapters 7 and 8.
3. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 17.
4. Hennessy, *Never Again,* p. 269.
5. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 17. Myakinkov's name was wrongly transcribed by Mitrokhin as Mekin'kov. (CBEN)
6. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 17.
7. For legal reasons neither HUNT's real identity nor the government departments for which he worked (included in Mitrokhin's notes) can be identified. HUNT's first controller was V. E. Tseyrov (then also Norwood's controller), followed by B. K. Stolenov and Yu.

Kondratenko. After the mass expulsion of KGB and GRU personnel from London in 1971 HUNT was put on ice for several years as a security precaution. Contact was resumed in 1975 by MAIRE, an agent of the Paris residency. Following MAIRE's death in 1976, the London residency resumed control in 1977. HUNT's last two case officers were V. V. Yaroshenko and A. N. Chernayev. In 1979, following HUNT's establishment of a small business, his wife was recruited as a courier. By 1981, however, the Centre was dissatisfied with the quality of HUNT's intelligence and apparently fearful that he was under MI5 surveillance. Contact with him seems to have been broken at that point. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 16.

8. Blake, *No Other Choice,* chs. 2-5. Cf. Hyde, *George Blake.* Though acknowledging his affection and admiration for Curiel, Blake unconvincingly downplays his influence on him. According to Kalugin, Blake "already held far-leftist views at the outbreak of the Korean War" (Kalugin, *Spymaster,* p. 141.). For examples of other distortions in Blake's memoirs, see Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 755-6, *n.* 117); Murphy, Kondrashev and Bailey, *Battleground Berlin,* pp. 217, 482-3, *n.* 36.

9. Murphy, Kondrashev and Bailey, *Battleground Berlin,* pp. 214-15 (an account based on partial access to KGB files and on the recollections of Kondrashev). Rodin was London resident from 1947 to 1952 and from 1956 to 1961; Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 663.

10. See below, chapter 26.

11. k-9, 65.

12. Blake, *No Other Choice,* pp. 207-8. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* p. 141. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 755-6, *n.* 117.

13. The best account of the Berlin tunnel operation, based both on material made available by the SVR and on newly declassified CIA files, is Murphy, Kondrashev and Bailey, *Battleground Berlin,* ch. 11 and appendix 5, which corrects numerous errors in earlier accounts. Mitrokhin's brief notes on the Berlin tunnel add nothing to *Battleground Berlin.*

14. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 442. On Goleniewski see Murphy, Kondrashev and Bailey, *Battleground Berlin,* pp. 342-6.

15. Blake, *No Other Choice,* chs. 11, 12.

16. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* p. 142.

17. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 3. Driberg had joined the Communist Party while at public school but was expelled in 1941 when, according to his entry in the *Dictionary of National Biography,* the Party leadership "discovered that he was an agent of MI5, to which he had been recruited in the late 1930s" (*Dictionary of National Biography, 1971-1980,* p. 251). Though Driberg undoubtedly gave information to Maxwell Knight, a leading MI5 officer, much remains obscure about the relationship between them. According to Knight's personal assistant, Joan Miller, he was a bisexual who, for a time, was "crazy"

about Driberg. In her view, Driberg was only “a casual agent” who would “turn in a bit of stuff” when Knight put pressure on him. (Interview with Joan Miller, *Sunday Times Magazine* (October 18, 1981); Miller, *One Girl’s War;* Andrew, *Secret Service,* pp. 521-2.

18. Driberg, *Ruling Passions,* pp. 228-9.

19. Wheen, *Tom Driberg,* p. 309.

20. Vassall, *Vassall;* Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 442-4. Andropov considered Vassall one of the KGB’s most valuable agents.

21. Driberg, *Ruling Passions,* p. 235.

22. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 3. Mitrokhin’s notes on Driberg’s file record that he was “recruited in Moscow... chiefly on the basis of compromising material which recorded his homosexual relations with an agent,” but give no further details of the “compromising material.”

23. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 3.

24. Watkins’s comments are quoted in Wheen, *Tom Driberg,* p. 328.

25. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 3.

26. Wheen, *Tom Driberg,* pp. 292-315. Francis Wheen’s very readable and entertaining biography of Driberg dismisses all suggestion that his book on Burgess was influenced in any way by the KGB. Though shocked by the “stench” from the “acrid piss” of stories planted in the press by MI5 and MI6 (*Tom Driberg,* p. 317), Mr. Wheen failed to detect any unwholesome aroma emitting from the vast array of KGB active measures. Despite the SCD’s

addiction to compromise operations, it also does not occur to him that the KGB might have exploited Driberg's sexual adventures in Moscow lavatories.

27. Driberg, *Ruling Passions,* p. 229.

28. Driberg, *Guy Burgess.*

29. According to Mitrokhin's summary of Driberg's KGB file, he was used for "the publication of KGB themes in the British press," and "sent to the United States and other Western countries with a [KGB] brief"; vol. 7, ch. 14, item 3.

30. Wheen, *Tom Driberg,* p. 337.

31. Ziegler, *Wilson,* p. 313.

32. Wheen, *Tom Driberg,* pp. 353-4.

33. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 3.

34. Wheen, *Tom Driberg,* pp. 362-8, 400.

35. Ziegler, *Wilson,* p. 313.

36. Frolik also identified three other Labor MPs whom he claimed had been in the pay of the StB: Will Owen, John Stonehouse and agent GUSTAV (not so far reliably identified); Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 523-4.

37. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 2.

38. Fletcher, £*60 a Second on Defence,* pp. 132-3.

39. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 2.

40. Fletcher claimed that MI5 had shown his wife intercepted letters in 1969 showing that he had had an affair during a visit to Hungary. Dorril and Ramsay, *Smear,* p. 197.

41. Dick Crossmann was less impressed, telling his diary

that Wilson had done “a magnificent job of blowing out his information” in order to pose as a Soviet expert. Ziegler, *Wilson,* pp. 89-94.
42. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 18.
43. Ziegler, *Wilson,* p. 91.
44. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 18.
45. Ziegler, *Wilson,* p. 94.
46. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 18.
47. Wise, *Molehunt,* pp. 97-9. Mangold, *Cold Warrior,* pp. 95-7.
48. Wright, *Spycatcher.* Wright later disowned most of his own conspiracy theory and said in a *Panorama* interview that there had been only one serious plotter (BBC1, October 13, 1988).
49. vol. 7, ch. 16, item 15. In view of the connection of the future Labor leader, Michael Foot, with *Tribune* and the allegations made against him by the *Sunday Times* in 1995, for which he received libel damages, it seems appropriate to add that Mitrokhin’s notes contain no reference to him.
50. Crankshaw, *Putting up with the Russians, 1947-1984,* p. xi.
51. Crankshaw, *Russia by Daylight,* p. 12.
52. *Dictionary of National Biography, 1981-1985,* p. 101.
53. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 42.
54. Crankshaw, *Putting up with the Russians,* p. 13.
55. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 42.
56. Crankshaw, *Putting up with the Russians,* p. 81.

57. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 42.
58. vol. 7, ch. 16, item 17.
59. Barron, *KGB,* pp. 343-5.
60. vol. 7, ch. 16, item 17. The KGB file on operation PROBA disproves suggestions that Courtney was the victim of a plot by MI5 rather than the KGB. Dorril and Ramsay, *Smear,* p. 107.
61. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 13. There is no record in Mitrokhin's notes of any major hemorrhage of information by any seduced member of the British embassy staff after Vassall.
62. See above, chapters 10 and 12.
63. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 103-5. Though the main features of Molody's career as illegal resident in London, much of which came out at his trial in 1961, are already known, the files noted by Mitrokhin add some important details.
64. vol. 8, ch. 8. SVYASHCHENNIK had previously been used to "check" Hambleton before his recruitment by the KGB; vol. 8, app. 1.
65. vol. 8, ch. 8.
66. Granatstein and Stafford, *Spy Wars,* p. 119.
67. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 3.
68. k-11, 19.
69. Microdot letter found in BEN's possession after his arrest in 1961. Bulloch and Miller, *Spy Ring,* ch. 11; West, *The Illegals,* pp. 175-7.
70. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 3.

71. Agranovsky, “Profession: Foreigner.”
72. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
73. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. A KGB file for 1953 describes LONG as a “valuable agent” of the Paris residency; k-4, 99. According to their passports, “Peter Kroger” had been born in Gisborne, New Zealand, on July 10, 1910 and “Helen Kroger” had been born in Boyle, Alberta, on January 17, 1913; vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2. Their colleagues in the British book trade believed both to be Canadian.
74. Snelling, *Rare Books and Rarer People,* p. 208.
75. Blake, *No Other Choice,* p. 265.
76. Agranovsky, “Profession: Foreigner.”
77. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 17.
78. vol. 7, ch. 12.
79. Houghton, *Operation Portland,* Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 446-7.
80. Wright, *Spycatcher,* pp. 137-8; Rositzke, *The KGB,* pp. 76-7.
81. vol. 7, ch. 12.
82. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
83. vol. 6, ch. 5, part 2.
84. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 68-72.
85. Blake, *No Other Choice,* pp. 264-5.
86. vol. 7, ch. 12.
87. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 447-8.
88. vol. 7, ch. 12.
89. vol. 7, ch. 12.

90. RAG had been recruited in 1955; his work as a Soviet agent was known to at least one leader of the Belgian Communist Party. k-11, 17.

91. vol. 7, ch. 13. At the time of Koslov's recall, the Centre does not appear to have decided whether his final destination was to have been Britain or the United States.

92. Bagrichev later became head of the first department in Directorate S; a file noted by Mitrokhin records him as holding that post in 1975. vol. 7, ch. 8, para. 6.

93. Lopatin became acting resident, following Chizhov's sudden recall to Moscow in 1966 after he had apparently suffered a brain hemorrhage; Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 773, *n.* 121. Chizhov appears to have recovered. In the mid-1970s he was resident in Mogadishu. k-12, 452.

94. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 517.

95. Frolik, *The Frolik Defection,* p. 82.

96. From 1964 to 1968 Savin was Lyalin's predecessor as the Thirteenth Department officer at the London residency; he later became head of Line N in Finland. vol. 7, app. 2, paras. 61, 84.

97. West, *A Matter of Trust,* p. 171. Brook-Shepherd, *The Storm Birds,* p. 198.

98. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 517-18. In 1971 sixteen Line X officers were operating under official cover in London: one (Sherstnev) as embassy first secretary; three as third secretaries; one as attaché; eight in the trade mission; one in Mashpriborintorg

(International Machine Tool Trade Organization); and one as a trainee. Additional Line X officers were being selected for positions in the Moscow Narodnyy Bank and in an (unidentified) Anglo-Soviet organization. The number of Line X officers was seriously reduced as a result of the mass expulsion of September 1971. k-2, 124.

99. vol. 7, app. 1, item 65; k-2, 124. For legal reasons, it is not possible to include the names or other identifying details of the Line X agents contained in Mitrokhin's notes.

100. vol. 7, app. 1, item 51.

101. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 24; k-2, 120.

102. vol. 7, app. 1, item 70; k-2, 124.

103. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 4.

104. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 16.

105. vol. 7, app. 1, item 64; k-2, 124

106. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 36; k-2, 124.

107. vol. 7, app. 1, item 69; k-2, 124. The engineer DAN is not to be confused with the *Tribune* journalist with the same codename.

108. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 15; k-2, 124.

109. vol. 7, app. 1, item 96.

110. k-2, 124

111. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 31.

112. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 518; West, *A Matter of Trust,* pp. 115-19.

113. Reports of the Security Commission in June 1965 (Cmnd. 2722) and November 1968 (Cmnd. 3856);

Pincher, *Too Secret Too Long,* pp. 421-3, 463; West, *A Matter of Trust,* pp. 127-9, 161-2.
114. vol. 7, app. 2, item 64.
115. vol. 7, app. 2, item 31.
116. vol. 7, app. 2, item 14.
117. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 24-6. 118. Philby, *My Silent War,* p. 17.
119. vol. 6, app. 1, part 37
120. Philby's original codename had both Russian and German forms, respectively SYNOK and SÖHNCHEN, both meaning "Sonny."
121. vol. 6, app. 1, part 37
122. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 525-6.
123. See above, chapter 23.
124. Gordievsky, *Next Stop Execution,* p. 184.
125. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* p. 131.

Chapter Twenty-five Cold War Operations against Britain Part 2

1. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 24-6. Knightley, *Philby;* pp. 234-7.
2. *Izvestia* (October 1, 1971).
3. See above, chapter 7.
4. SIS officers stationed in Beirut since Philby's defection in 1963 had been identified by the bugging of the British embassy and SIS station in operation RUBIN; vol. 7, ch. 5, para. 38.
5. *Izvestia* (October 1, 1971). Robert G. Kaiser, "Soviets Name 7 Britons as Mideast Spies," *Washington Post* (October 2, 1971).
6. vol. 7, ch. 5, para. 29. *Al Zaman* editorial (May 8, 1972).
7. BBC, *Summary of World Broadcasts,* ME/3823/i (October 27, 1971). *Al Zaman* editorial (May 8, 1972).
8. vol. 7, ch. 5, para. 36.
9. vol. 7, ch. 5, para. 29.
10. *L'Orient-Le Jour* (Beirut) (May 13, 1972); *The Times* (April 7, 1973). When later questioned by Knightley

about the KGB's renewed contact with him in the early 1970s, Philby was "a little vague" (Knightley, *Philby,* p. 237). Philby could scarcely have forgotten the long interview in *Izvestia* on October 1, 1971, which marked his partial return to favor, but plainly preferred not to talk about it.

11. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* pp. 133-41. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 544-5.

12. vol. 7, app. 2, item 82.

13. Brook-Shepherd, *The Storm Birds,* p. 199; West, *A Matter of Trust,* pp. 171-2.

14. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 525-6.

15. vol. 7, ch. 6.

16. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 526.

17. vol. 7, ch. 6, para. 9. Mitrokhin's notes do not record the date at which the bugging of the trade delegation was discovered. In 1989, however, the Soviets publicized their discovery of the bugs some years earlier. Christopher Andrew, Simon O'Dwyer Russell and Robert Porter, "Battle of the Bugs on the Wall," *Sunday Telegraph* (June 4, 1989).

18. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 514.

19. vol. 7, app. 2, item 7. KGB agents in the London embassy on January 15, 1973 were Ivan I. Ippolitov (minister-counselor), Ralf Bernkhardovich Mikenberg (second secretary), V. I. Solovev (third secretary), Andreï Sergeyevich Parastayev (first secretary), Grigori Petrovich Dremlyuga (aide to naval attaché), Andrei

Filippovich Pekhterev (senior assistant military attaché), Nikolai Nikolayevich Pleshakov (interpreter), I. A. Bardeyev, (assistant naval attaché), A. A. Abramov (attaché), I. M. Klimanov, Dmitri Alekhin (duty office keeper), Leonid A. Moskvin (third secretary), Vasili A. Tolstoy (duty office keeper), Viktor Mikhailovich Gribanov (trade attaché), Vladimir Petrovich Molotkov, Stanislav Pokrovsky, Lev. A. Konev, Viktor Mikhailovich Ivanov (trade representative) and Tamara Tikhonovna Nikulina.

20. vol. 7, ch. 3, para. 12; vol. 7, ch. 3, paras. 6-7.
21. vol. 7, app. 3; k-27, 453.
22. k-4, 154.
23. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 16.
24. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 17.
25. k-2, 124.
26. See above, chapter 24.
27. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 4.
28. vol. 7, ch. 3.
29. vol. 7, app. 3, *n.* 8. It does not follow that the KGB succeeded in sending agents or trusted contacts to all these colleges.
30. vol. 7, app. 2, item 77. Because of his difficulty in combining a career as a distinguished research scientist with work as an operational intelligence officer, Lednev was later allowed to leave the KGB, though he was no doubt expected to retain an association with it. According to KGB files, in 1981 he was deputy director of the

Institute of Biological Physics in the city of Pushchino. vol. 6, app. 2, part 5.

31. vol. 7, app. 2, item 4. In 1979 Lopatin was succeeded as head of Directorate T by Leonid Sergeyevich Zaitsev, who had also begun specializing in S&T while at the London residency in the 1960s. vol. 3, pakapp. 3, items 294-5; Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 622.

32. k-2, 124. vol. 7, app. 1, item 66.

33. COOPER, who worked in the new products department of a pharmaceutical company; a virologist; a research scientist in a pharmaceutical company; and an engineer at a British nuclear reactor. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 31; k-2, 124; vol. 7, app. 1, item 96.

34. Meetings between STARIK and his controller took place in Paris, those with DAN in Western Europe. In 1975-6 contact with HUNT was maintained by an agent of the Paris residency. Other cases were run by the Copenhagen and Helsinki residencies (k-2, 124; vol. 6, app. 1, part 39; vol. 7, app. 1, items 65, 68).

35. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 12.

36. John Steele, "25 years for the Spy Who Stayed in the Cold," *Daily Telegraph* (November 18, 1993).

37. Report of the Security Commission (Cm 2930) (July 1995), chs. 2-4.

38. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 12.

39. On the information about Smith passed by MI5 to EMI in 1978, see "Phone Call that Trapped a Spy," *Independent* (November 19, 1993).

40. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 12.

41. The Security Commission later concluded that Smith had held on to some of the classified documents he had obtained at Thorn-EMI and given them to the KGB some time after he lost his security access in 1978. One or more of the payments recorded in his file may thus refer to a period after his loss of access. Since Mitrokhin's notes end in 1984, the details of KGB payments to Smith cannot refer to his later years as a Soviet agent.

42. " 'Boring' Idealist Who Spied for Russia Gets 25 Years," *The Times* (November 19, 1993).

43. Report of the Security Commission (Cm 2930) (July 1995), pp. 8-9. "Dear Maggie, Please Let Me Spy for the KGB!," *Daily Mirror* (September 21, 1993). Laurence Donegan and Richard Norton-Taylor, "Spy Who Slipped Through the Net," *Guardian* (November 19, 1993).

44. See below, chapter 25.

45. Britain ranked fourth in S&T collection.

46. Klöckner INA Industrial Plants Ltd was a British-based subsidiary of the West German firm Klöckner & Co., Kommanditgesellschaft auf Aktien.

47. The KGB officers who received commendations for their part in the operation were A. B. Maksimov, V. G. Goncharov, V. A. Andryevskaya, A. I. Baskakov, A. N. Belov, V. P. Varvanin, A. N. Kosarev, A. V. Smirnov, A. A. Shishkov, S. A. Agafonov, V. K. Gavrilov, S. Yu. Demidov, B. I. Danilin, O. I. Bukharev and V. A. Sedov. vol. 7, app. 3, *n.* 15.

48. See above, chapter 21.
49. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 14.
50. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 18. On Parastayev, see also vol. 7, app. 1, items 7, 42.
51. Ziegler, *Wilson,* p. 503.
52. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 18.
53. Ziegler, *Wilson,* pp. 508-9.
54. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 18.
55. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* p. 129.
56. vol. 7, ch. 16, items 54, 62.
57. vol. 7, ch. 16, item 62.
58. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* pp. 129-30.
59. See above, chapter 24.
60. Information from Oleg Gordievsky.
61. vol. 7, ch. 16, item 50.
62. *Morning Star* (October 31, 1975).
63. De-la-Noy, *Mervyn Stockwood,* pp. 214-15.
64. vol. 7, ch. 16, item 50. Tony Benn was also invited to dinner but declined because "Mervyn Stockwood is such an old gossip that he'd tell everybody that he's had a dinner party for the Secretary of the Communist Party and myself." Benn, *Against the Tide,* p. 482.
65. De-la-Noy, *Mervyn Stockwood,* p. 212.
66. vol. 7, ch. 16, item 51.
67. vol. 7, ch. 16, item 53.
68. Alasdair Palmer, "How the KGB Ran the *Guardian*'s

Features Editor," *Spectator* (December 10, 1994). Interview with Richard Gott, *Guardian* (December 12, 1994).

69. Mitrokhin did not note either Gott's KGB file or references to other *Guardian* articles by him. His notes thus do not clarify the nature of Gott's relationship with the KGB. Gott acknowledges having met KGB officers in London, Moscow, Vienna, Athens and Nicosia, but claims that the only money he received from them was to pay travel expenses to and in the last three locations. Interview with Richard Gott, *Guardian* (December 12, 1994). Cf. Gordievsky, *Next Stop Execution,* pp. 281-2.

70. vol. 7, ch. 16, item 66. *Parliamentary Debates,* 5th series, *House of Commons Official Report,* Session 1977-78, vol. 944, col. 1200.

71. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 506-8.

72. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* pp. 101-2, 138-9.

73. *Observer* duly reported American claims that the document was forged but gave greater weight to evidence for its authenticity (*Observer,* January 22, 1984).

74. "A Girl's Best Friend," *New Statesman* (November 5, 1982).

75. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 630.

76. vol. 6, app. 1 (misc.), part 1; k-12, 51.

77. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* pp. 130-7.

78. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the*

Centre, p. 118.

79. There is, for example, no reference in Mitrokhin's notes to Geoffrey Prime, the agent in GCHQ, who was—unusually—recruited and run outside the UK by the KGB Third Directorate, to whose files Mitrokhin did not have access.

80. vol. 7, app. 1, item 77. There is another tantalizing one-sentence reference to a SIGINT official (apparently British) codenamed ZHUR (JOUR), contacted in 1963 for the first time since 1938. Mitrokhin gives no indication whether or not the contact had any result. It is also possible that the reference was garbled, since the longest-serving agent providing intelligence on cipher systems, an employee of the French foreign ministry, was codenamed JOUR. vol. 7, app. 1, item 122.

81. vol. 5, ch. 14.

82. *The Times* (November 29, 1969, March 31, 1994).

83. vol. 5, ch. 14, para. 1; vol. 7, ch. 7, para. 74.

84. vol. 5, ch. 14, *n.* 4; vol. 7, ch. 7, para. 74.

85. vol. 5, ch. 14, para. 2 and *n.* 4.

86. vol. 7, ch. 7, paras. 73, 74; k-2, 171; vol. 5, ch. 14, paras. 2, 3, 7.

87. vol. 5, ch. 14, paras. 5, 6; vol. 7, ch. 7, para. 75. Since there is no indication that VERA behaved improperly, it would be unfair to reveal her identity or precise job in the Moscow embassy, both of which are recorded in Symonds's file.

88. vol. 5, ch. 14, paras. 7-9.

89. vol. 5, ch. 14, *n.* 6.

90. It was also considered too risky for Symonds to use his forged British passport to apply for an Australian visa; entry to New Zealand did not require a visa. From New Zealand he would need only Everett's birth certificate to gain entry to Australia. Symonds, however, was unable to book a direct flight from Tokyo to New Zealand and was forced to use his bogus British passport as a transit passenger in Sydney. When flying from New Zealand to Australia later in the year, he used the same passport with an Australian visa obtained in Wellington, fearing that if he used Everett's birth certificate an immigration service computer might detect that he had previously possessed a British passport containing the same name and date of birth. vol. 5, ch. 14, paras. 10-11.

91. vol. 5, ch. 14, paras. 12-44.

92. vol. 5, ch. 14, paras. 45-6.

93. vol. 7, ch. 7, para. 76.

94. vol. 5, ch. 14, paras. 51-2.

95. "The Fugitive Detective and His Secret Trips to Britain," *The Times* (April 15, 1981).

96. vol. 5, ch. 14, paras. 53-4.

97. "Bribes Trial Man Says He was Told to Flee," *The Times* (April 7, 1981). "Detective in 'Morass of Corruption' is Jailed," *The Times* (April 15, 1981). "Confessions of a Bent Copper," *The Times* (March 31, 1994).

98. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 526. Lukasevics

was unable to claim credit for Prime and Symonds, two of the KGB’s most notable British agents of the 1970s; both had been recruited abroad.

99. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 585-7; Gordievsky, *Next Stop Execution,* pp. 249-52.

100. vol. 7, app. 2, item 69.

101. vol. 7, app. 2, 71. The file noted by Mitrokhin refers to Guk by his codename, YERMAKOV.

102. Zamuruyev was succeeded as head of Line N by Aleksandr Igorevich Timonov. vol. 7, ch. 7, para. 10; app. 2, para. 50.

103. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 599. Gordievsky, *Next Stop Execution,* pp. 269-70.

104. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 582-605. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* ch. 4.

105. vol. 7, ch. 16, item 19.

106. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 586.

107. vol. 7, app. 2, item 73.

108. vol. 7, app. 2, item 72.

109. Earley, *Confessions of a Spy,* pp. 139-45, 176-9.

110. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 28-35, 609; Gordievsky, *Next Stop Execution,* chs. 1, 14, 15.

111. vol. 7, ch. 14, item 12.

112. Report of the Security Commission (Cm 2930) (July 1995), p. 10.

113. Report of the Security Commission (Cm 2930) (July 1995), pp. 13-14, 32-3. “Phone Call Hoax that Trapped a

Spy," *Independent* (November 19, 1993); "Vital Clues to a Traitor," *Daily Mail* (November 19, 1993).

114. Some indication of the intelligence provided by Kuzichkin and Butkov is provided in their memoirs. On Makarov, see Kahn, "Soviet Comint in the Cold War." Butkov's memoirs have so far appeared only in Norwegian.

115. Pasechnik, one of the scientific directors of Biopreparat, the world's largest and most advanced biological warfare research institute, made contact with SIS during a visit to France in 1989 and was exfiltrated to Britain. Interview with Pasechnik by Christopher Andrew in the 1995 Radio 4 series *New Spies for Old?* (presented by Christopher Andrew; produced by Dennis Sewell).

Chapter Twenty-six The Federal Republic of Germany

1. See above, chapter 12.
2. In 1977 the KGB apparat at Karlshorst was training seven East German illegals and investigating another fifty-two potential recruits, most of whom would probably not make the grade; k-5, 774.
3. On its foundation in 1952, the Stasi's foreign intelligence arm was known as Hauptverwaltung XV (Main Department XV); it was renamed the HVA in 1956.
4. Childs and Popplewell, *The Stasi,* pp. 122-3.
5. Wolf, *Man without a Face,* p. xii.
6. k-16, 522. The residencies in Cologne and Hamburg were subordinate to that of Bonn, whose head had the title of Chief Resident.
7. k-19, 247.
8. The leader of the snatch squad was another German agent, WAGNER (later renamed FLORA). For this and other special actions, he was awarded the Order of the Red Star. While WAGNER was stationed in Belgium

from 1964 to 1967, SERGEYEV acted as courier to him. k-5, 88; k-16, 212.
9. k-5, 88.
10. k-5, 283.
11. k-5, 284.
12. k-9, 65.
13. Höhne and Zolling, *The General was a Spy,* ch. 12. Rositzke, *The KGB,* pp. 189-94. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 412, 452-3; Murphy, Kondrashev and Bailey, *Battleground Berlin,* pp. 430-9. Mitrokhin's brief notes on Felfe contain no detailed examples of the intelligence he provided; they confirm, however, that Felfe's memoirs, *Im Dienst des Gegners,* contains disinformation fabricated by Service A (k-5, 284).
14. vol. 6, ch. 2, part 1, *n.*
15. Peet, *The Long Engagement,* pp. 3, 101-3, 184-5, 229-31.
16. Peet, *The Long Engagement,* ch. 30. Childs and Popplewell, *The Stasi,* pp. 145-6.
17. The best account of the Otto John case is Murphy, Kondrashev and Bailey, *Battleground Berlin,* ch. 10. Mitrokhin saw no file on the case.
18. Nationalrat der Nationalen Front des Demokratischen Deutschland, *Braunbuch* and *Graubuch.*
19. Schmeidel, "Shield and Sword of the Party," pp. 146-7.
20. k-26, 88. The fact that Brandt was given a codename is not, of course, evidence that he was an agent. Even

Churchill and Roosevelt were referred to by codenames in wartime Soviet intelligence cables.
21. Brandt, *My Road to Berlin,* chs. 2-4.
22. k-26, 88. On Rein, see Brandt, *My Road to Berlin,* pp. 79-80.
23. The British also had ULTRA intelligence on the movements of the *Tirpitz.* After several unsuccessful British attacks, the battleship was finally sunk in November 1944 with the loss of 1,204 lives.
24. TERENTY was the Czech Communist journalist Walter Taube. Mitrokhin’s note identifies VANYA as Vanek, a former Czech intelligence officer now working for the British. It is unclear whether “Vanek” is a forename or surname (k-26, 88).
25. k-26, 88.
26. k-26, 88.
27. k-26, 86.
28. Colitt, *Spy Master,* p. 97.
29. Brandt, *People and Politics,* pp. 47-8.
30. Operations against major foreign statesmen normally required the approval of the political leadership.
31. k-26, 88.
32. Mitrokhin’s notes on Brandt’s file go only to 1962. They do, however, include later references to Brandt from other files.
33. Brandt, *People and Politics,* pp. 102-3. Abrasimov, later accused of behaving like a Soviet pro-consul, was ambassador in East Berlin.

34. Wolf, *Man without a Face,* ch. 9; Colitt, *Spy Master,* ch. 4; Murphy, Kondrashev and Bailey, *Battleground Berlin,* p. 300.

35. Probably the best study of *Ostpolitik* is Garton Ash, *In Europe's Name.*

36. Wolf, *Man without a Face,* p. 156.

37. k-19, 248, 250.

38. Prittie, *Velvet Chancellors,* pp. 170-1.

39. Marshall, *Willy Brandt,* pp. 86-7.

40. k-2, 52.

41. Wolf, *Spionagechef im geheimen Krieg,* p. 261.

42. Marshall, *Willy Brandt,* pp. 88-90.

43. k-2, 52.

44. "Bank pay-in Slip Published in Bonn Bribes Scandal," *The Times* (June 20, 1973). "Steiner Tells of Work as an Agent," *Daily Telegraph* (August 8, 1973).

45. Wolf concludes that "it is impossible to establish whether [Steiner] was paid twice over for his services"—by Wienand as well as the HVA directly. Wolf, *Spionagechef im geheimen Krieg,* p. 261.

46. "Bonn Bribery Allegations 'Not Proven,' " *The Times* (March 28, 1974).

47. Genscher, *Erinnerungen,* pp. 197-201.

48. Wolf, *Man without a Face,* pp. 157-65. Wolf identifies a number of boastful inaccuracies in Guillaume's own account of his career.

49. Genscher, *Erinnerungen,* pp. 201-2.

50. Wolf, *Man without a Face,* pp. xi, 171-2.

51. Wolf, *Man without a Face,* p. 124.

52. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 238-40, 442-4, 456-7, 611.

53. The identity of Wolf's first "Romeo spy," codenamed FELIX, who began operations in the early 1950s, remains unknown. Wolf, *Man without a Face,* p. 124.

54. k-5, 30, 31.

55. k-5, 31.

56. Barron, *KGB,* pp. 198-9.

57. k-16, 139. The alias "Franz Becker" is not recorded by Mitrokhin, but was later revealed at Höke's trial.

58. k-10, 56; k-16, 139.

59. k-10, 56; k-16, 139.

60. k-16, 65.

61. k-16, 139; k-5, 19.

62. k-16, 65.

63. k-16, 139; k-5, 19.

64. k-10, 56; k-16, 139.

65. RENATA was married to RYBACHEK, a Czech illegal based in Switzerland, who was also working for the KGB. k-16, 94, 139; k-12, 5; k-8, 25-6; k-2, 46, 84.

66. "Russia May Have Learned War Secrets," *Observer* (September 1, 1985); "Bonn Spy Knew Army Secrets," *Observer* (September 8, 1985); "Glamour Spy's Love Ends in treachery," *Observer* (December 14, 1986); "Spionage: Wie ein Helmspiel," *Der Spiegel* (December 29, 1986); "KGB Lover Led Shy Secretary into Treason," *Daily Telegraph* (September 1, 1987).

67. Mitrokhin's notes on ROSIE do not give her real name. Press reports after her arrest in December 1976 identify her as Heidrun Hofer.

68. k-8, 7, 177; k-18, 385. According to k-8, 177, ROSIE was recruited in October 1971; according to k-16, 108, she was recruited in 1973. The two dates probably refer, respectively, to the point at which she began to supply information to ROLAND, and to her meeting with VLADIMIR in February 1973, after which the importance of her role as an agent appears to have increased.

69. k-16, 61. From 1970 to 1982 VLADIMIR was an illegal trainer based in Karlshorst, who performed various assignments in the GDR, FRG and Austria. His wife, Irina Yevseyevna (BERTA), was also an illegal.

70. "Bettgeflüster Nach Dienstschluss," *Quick* (January 13, 1977).

71. k-5, 20.

72. "Bettgeflüster Nach Dienstschluss," *Quick* (January 13, 1977). "Hat Spionin Hofer den BND auf Jahre gelähmt?," *Die Welt* (January 14, 1977).

73. k-16, 70; k-18, 5, 145. Details of the lonely hearts column and the alias used by GEORG (though not his real identity) were revealed at Falk's trial in 1989. Childs and Popplewell, *The Stasi,* p. 160.

74. Childs and Popplewell, *The Stasi,* p. 160.

75. k-16, 70; k-2, 374.

76. k-19, 357. Childs and Popplewell, *The Stasi,* p. 160.

77. k-18, 145.

78. Childs and Popplewell, *The Stasi,* pp. 160-1.
79. vol. 6, app. 1, part 5; k-14, 747, 748; k-11, 91; k-12, 435.
80. k-14, 747.
81. k-11, 91.
82. t-1, 45, 135; k-5, 193; k-24, 236; vol. 6, app. 2, part 3.
83. k-14, 237; k-8, 72.
84. Wolf, *Man without a Face,* pp. 142-8; Colitt, *Spy Master,* pp. 128-34. Gast was arrested on September 29, 1990, four days before the reunification of Germany, betrayed by a former senior official of the now defunct HVA.
85. Wolf, *Man without a Face,* pp. 188-94; Colitt, *Spy Master,* pp. 197-205, 235-7. In February 1992 Kuron was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment and fined 692,000 marks—his total earnings from the HVA.
86. Wolf, *Man without a Face,* pp. 198-201; Colitt, *Spy Master,* pp. 203-4. Wolf ludicrously maintains that the prostitutes he employed to provide sexual services for Tiedge and other defectors "were not prostitutes but down-to-earth women, Party members and loyal to their country, who were prepared to do this in return for... a preferential flat or an advance up the waiting list for a car."
87. "Wienand zu zweieinhalb Jahren Freiheitsstrafe verurteilt," *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* (June 27, 1996); "Politik: Wegen langjähriger Spionage für die DDR: Karl Wienand zu zweieinhalb Jahren Haft

verurteilt," *Süddeutsche Zeitung* (June 27, 1996); Imre Karacs, "Cold War Agent Jailed," *Independent* (June 27, 1996).

88. Genscher, *Erinnerungen,* p. 188.

89. Wolf, *Spionagechef im geheimen Krieg,* pp. 186-8. After a conversation with the former Soviet ambassador in Bonn, Valentin Falin, in 1992, Brandt wrote, "Since 1975, Karl W[ienand] committed himself to working for the services over there." Falin later denied having made a specific reference to Wienand. Roger Boyes, "Brandt Papers Revive Spy Claims," *The Times* (February 11, 1995). The files seen by Mitrokhin contain no reference to a KGB attempt to recruit Wienand.

90. *Observer* reported from Bonn on July 3, 1994 that Wehner was "now widely suspected of having been a Stasi spy."

91. k-3, 63.

92. Colitt, *Spy Master,* p. 250.

93. k-3, 63.

94. k-3, 63.

95. Wolf, *Man without a Face,* p. 169. Wolf's claims are not confirmed (or denied) by Mitrokhin. Mitrokhin's detailed notes on Wehner's file stop in 1941.

96. Wolf, *Spionagechef im geheimen Krieg,* pp. 185, 210-11. Most of the section of Wolf 's memoirs on Wehner, like much else dealing with German politics, is omitted from the English translation.

97. Garton Ash, *In Europe's Name,* pp. 199, 321-2, 533-4.

98. Wolf, *Spionagechef im geheimen Krieg,* pp. 207, 209.

99. k-2, 53. Wolf then took his revenge on Van Nouhuys by leaking the story to *Quick*'s rival *Stern,* which published it on October 25, 1973. A long court battle followed, eventually decided in favor of *Stern.* Wolf, *Man without a Face,* pp. 237-8.

100. In 1994 Brandt's widow caused a political storm by referring publicly to his suspicions of Wehner.

101. Wolf, *Spionagechef im geheimen Krieg,* p. 218.

102. k-12, 505-6.

103. k-2, 162.

104. k-2, 165.

105. k-2, 179; k-10, 135-6.

106. k-5, 787.

107. Brezhnev's visit, however, led to enormous expenditure of KGB time and effort. Security procedures were overseen by a committee including the heads of no less than seven KGB directorates (Kryuchkov among them). Twenty-nine KGB and GRU operational groups were assigned to supervise Brezhnev's security during the visit. k-5, 788-9.

108. k-8, 104. Soviet-FRG negotiations on the natural gas pipeline from Siberia were successfully concluded in November 1981. According to Sir Percy Cradock, later Mrs. Thatcher's foreign policy adviser, the Reagan administration "found in the Polish crisis [of December 1981] a convenient pretext for sabotaging an agreement they did not like. Their action was at first confined to US

companies, but in June 1982 it was extended, with little thought for the consequences, to US subsidiaries and foreign companies as well." After vigorous protests by Mrs. Thatcher as well as by Schmidt, the United States backed down in November 1982 in return for NATO acceptance of greater restrictions on trade with the Soviet Union. Cradock, *In Pursuit of British Interests,* p. 56.

109. k-8, 104.

110. Mitrokhin did not have access to the SCD files which reveal the agent's name.

111. k-13, 44. Mitrokhin's notes do not record any response by the Schmidt government.

112. k-19, 282. The active measures against Strauss give the lie to Wolf 's suggestions since the publication of his memoirs that Strauss was an HVA informant.

113. k-5, 718, k-19, 282. Inge Goliath had been withdrawn to the GDR in 1979. Mitrokhin's notes summarize, but give few details about, a series of other KGB active measures designed to compromise the BND and BfV: operation JUNGLE, conducted jointly with the HVA from 1978 onwards to discredit the BND and disrupt its relations with other Western intelligence services (k-13, 61, 82, 102-3); operations ZHAK-RUZH, ROZA, BURGUNDER, OSMAN and PANTER (1978), designed, again in co-operation with the HVA, "to expose and impede the activity of the FRG special services in Europe and in the Near East" (k-13, 61); operation ONTARIO (1978), "to cause disagreements between the

CIA, the SDECE and the BND" (k-13, 79); operation JAMES (1980), "to exacerbate disagreements between the BND and the CIA" (k-13, 102); operation KLOP (1981), to discredit the BfV (k-13, 85); operation ORKESTR (1981), to discredit West German journalists who were alleged to be BND officers or co-optees (k-13, 86); and operation DROTIK (1981), to compromise Western businesses allegedly used by the CIA and the BND as cover and for other operational purposes (k-13, 87).

114. k-5, 718, k-19, 282.

115. k-6, 102; k-19, 32.

116. Garton Ash, *In Europe's Name,* p. 320.

117. Wolf, *Man without a Face,* p. 222.

118. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *More Instructions from the Centre,* pp. 38-9.

119. Hanson, *Soviet Industrial Espionage;* US Government, *Soviet Acquisition of Militarily Significant Western Technology;* Brook-Shepherd, *The Storm Birds,* p. 260.

120. RICHARD was first deployed in the FRG in 1964; k-16, 110, 129.

121. k-18, 441.

122. k-10, 39.

123. t-2, 34.

124. vol. 6, ch. 6.

125. Even when restrictions on the export of Western computers were relaxed during the Gorbachev era, fears that they were bugged or deliberately infected with

viruses continued. Nikolai Brusnitsin, deputy chairman of the State Technical Commission, complained in 1990 that the software in a West German computer sold to a Soviet shoe-making factory had been deliberately pre-programmed to self-destruct. There had, he claimed, been a whole series of such incidents. Brusnitsin, *Openness and Espionage,* pp. 28-9.

126. Line X agents identified in the files seen by Mitrokhin include (in alphabetical order) BORIS, the manager of an electronics factory (k-18, 230); DAL, a laser technology and plasma specialist (k-10, 38); DYMOV, a computer programmer at a research center in West Berlin (k-12, 442); EBER, an employee of a major company (k-14, 570); EGON, an East German illegal working as an engineer (k-16, 112, 296); EMIL, an employee of Messerschmitt-Bölkow-Blohm (k-10, 37); ERICH, a chemical engineer (k-5, 232); FOTOGRAF, a scientist employed by the International Atomic Energy Agency (t-2, 54); FRIMAN, a rocket technology specialist (K-10, 32, 47); GUTSUL, the owner of a dye company (k-18, 318); HANS, an agent with access to two large engineering firms (k-14, 698); KARL, an expert in electro-magnetism who for part of his career worked as an agent of the Paris residency against French targets; KERNER, a polymer chemist (k-10, 48; k-12, 414; k-16, 120-1); KEST, head of a research group at a medical institute (k-5, 341); KLEIN, a nuclear physicist (k-14, 429); LEONID, a computer scientist in a multinational

chemical company (k-18, 277; k-27, 323); LETON, a trade official specializing in radio electronics (k-12, 129); LOTTS, who held a senior position in an aerospace research institute (k-10, 41, 44); MORZH, a Yugoslav who supplied embargoed chemical products (k-5, 9); MOST, founder of an electronics company (k-12, 87); PAUL, owner of an electronics company (t-2, 18); RASPORYATIDEL ("Organizer"), a company director who supplied equipment for assembling integrated circuits (k-14, 570); ROBERT, a rocket engineer (k-10, 35); SHMEL, head of a computer company (k-18, 283); TAL, a designer of chemical factories and polymer plants (t-2, 1); TART, who worked for the giant chemical company Bayer (k-14, 670); TSANDER, a polymer chemist (k-10, 48; k-12, 414; k-16, 120-1); VILON, a company director who supplied embargoed goods (k-5, 10); VIN, director of an electronics company (k-5, 216); YUNG, an aircraft computer systems engineer (k-2, 70, 120); WAGNER, an employee of a major petrochemical company (k-10, 33, 46).

127. *Die Welt* (July 17, 1986). 128. "Ex-KGB Agent to Return to West," *Guardian* (November 26, 1987).

129. k-10, 37.

130. "East Seen Escalating Drive for West's Industrial Secrets," *Washington Post* (October 24, 1986).

131. k-10, 37.

132. "Ex-KGB Agent to Return to West," *Guardian* (November 26, 1987). "Red Spy Returns for His

Pension," *Today* (November 26, 1987).
133. Wolf, *Man without a Face,* ch. 1.

Chapter Twenty-seven France and Italy During the Cold War

1. k-4, 91-9, 101. The 1953 list of "valuable agents" in Paris also includes the codename MES, but gives no indication of his or her occupation. The only codenames which can be identified on the basis of information in Mitrokhin's notes are PIZHO (Georges Pâques) and LONG (Paddy Costello). It is quite possible, however, that the other "valuable agents" include some of those recruited under other codenames during the few years after the Liberation. Pâques's most important period as a Soviet agent almost certainly came while he was working at the French general staff from 1958 to 1962.
2. vol. 9, ch. 1.
3. See above, chapter 9.
4. "Security Aspects of Possible Staff Talks with France." (February 24, 1948), JIC(48)5, CAB158/3, PRO. We are indebted for this reference to Alex Craig of Christ's College, Cambridge.
5. During the 1960s the FRG, as a result of penetration by both the HVA and KGB, became an even more important

source of intelligence than France. See chapter 26.

6. “Miscellaneous Soviet Personalities Who Have Served Abroad,” (September 29, 1954), CRS A6283/XR1/144, Australian Archives, Canberra.

7. vol. 9, ch. 1. For other examples of classified French documents on Berlin and the German question obtained by the Paris residency, see Murphy, Kondrashev and Bailey, *Battleground Berlin,* pp. 68-9, 75-7, 82-4, 95, 145. Though the authors were given access to some reports from the Paris residency, they were not allowed to see the files on agent penetration in France noted by Mitrokhin.

8. On JOUR, chapters 9 and 27.

9. Though given to no access to KGB files on JOUR, Fursenko and Naftali confirm KGB access during the Cuban Missile Crisis to diplomatic traffic between the Quai d’Orsay and French embassies in Moscow and Washington; “Soviet Intelligence and the Cuban Missile Crisis,” pp. 70-1.

10. Wolton, *Le KGB en France,* pp. 204-6; Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 466.

11. vol. 9, ch. 6.

12. Wolton, *La France sous influence,* p. 70.

13. vol. 9, ch. 6, para. 47.

14. vol. 9, ch. 6, para. 43. Some doubt remains as to whether the FCD officer who calculated this total took fully into account the transition from “old” to “new” francs.

15. Wolton, *La France sous influence,* p. 70.

16. vol. 9, ch. 1.

17. k-4, 2-4. Mitrokhin’s notes give no details of the intelligence supplied by GERMAIN, but the award of the Order of the Red Star is a reliable indication of its importance.

18. k-7, 178. After her false flag recruitment, ROZA was controlled by a female agent, JEANNETTE, who doubtless posed as a member of the fictitious “progressive” group.

19. LARIONOV joined the foreign ministry from the army in 1960; k-4, 112.

20. k-4,18.

21. FRENE became a *commissaire de police* in Paris in 1960; k-4, 114.

22. DACHNIK was recruited during a visit to the USSR in August 1962 by the Fourteenth Department of the FCD “for material reward”; k-14, 1.

23. ADAM was a chemist at the CNRS (Centre National de Recherches Scientifiques) recruited in 1959; k-4, 25.

24. SASHA was recruited in or before 1960. In that year he went to study electronics in Washington; k-4, 113.

25. k-4, 18.

26. Barron, *KGB,* pp. 169-82. Interview by Christopher Andrew with Yuri Nosenko (November 15, 1987); Wolton, *La France sous influence,* pp. 374-9. Because these were SCD operations, they do not appear in the FCD files seen by Mitrokhin.

27. k-4, 131. The LOUISA case, unlike those of Dejean

and Guibaud, figured in the FCD files seen by Mitrokhin because of the unsuccessful attempt by the Paris residency to renew contact with her.

28. NN's name is not recorded in Mitrokhin's notes but can be identified from the biographical detail contained in them as Saar-Demichel; vol. 9, ch. 6, para. 5. Saar-Demichel later admitted his links with the KGB; Wolton, *La France sous influence,* p. 247. According to Wolton, his original KGB codename was ALEKSEI.

29. Wolton, *La France sous influence,* pp. 247-50.

30. Wolton, *La France sous influence,* pp. 374, 379, 411-12, 416-17, 426*n.,* 437.

31. vol. 9, ch. 6, para. 5.

32. vol. 9, ch. 4, para. 8.

33. vol. 9, ch. 6, paras. 43-5.

34. Mitrokhin's notes contain no reference to the radical (later socialist) politician Charles Hernu, who was to become defense minister from 1981 to 1985. It has been alleged that Hernu was recruited by the Bulgarian DS in 1953, later had contact with the Romanian Securitate and became a KGB agent in 1963. Dupuis and Pontaut, "Charles Hernu était un agent de l'Est."

35. k-6, 80, 128; t-1, 61. For legal reasons GILBERT's identity, though recorded in Mitrokhin's notes on KGB files, cannot be published. There is some indication that at one point GILBERT avoided contact with his case officer.

36. For legal reasons DROM's identity, though recorded in Mitrokhin's notes on KGB files, cannot be published.

His file fills seven volumes. DROM’s controllers were, successively, Spartak Ivanovich Leshchev (codenamed LARIN) from 1960 to 1964; Vladimir Filippovich Yashchechkin (YASNOV) from 1964 to 1967; Yuri Konstantinovich Semyonychev (TANEYEV) from 1967 to 1972; and Anatoli Nikolayevich Tsipalkin (VESNOV) in 1972-3. vol. 9, ch. 6, paras. 30-1; t-1, 58, 68; k-4, 27, 58.

37. vol. 9, ch. 6, para. 33.

38. vol. 9, chs. 2, 4

39. vol. 9, ch. 6, para. 5.

40. Myagkov, *Inside the KGB,* p. 24.

41. In the course of 1965 Saar-Demichel seems to have lost his influence at the Élysée. De Gaulle is reported to have said to a member of his entourage, “Saar-Demichel is a Soviet spy. He doesn’t, of course, steal secrets to hand over to them, but he tells them everything he knows.” Wolton, *La France sous influence,* pp. 382, 424-6.

42. Wolton, *La France sous influence,* p. 426.

43. vol. 9, ch. 6, paras. 33, 40.

44. vol. 9, ch. 2, para. 11.

45. During the period 1963-6 three unidentified French intelligence officers were members of the GRANIT group, and one of the BULAT group. BON, a former head of department at the Sûreté Générale, worked as an agent recruiter; k-27, 242. The latest reference in Mitrokhin’s notes to penetration of SDECE is to the presence there of a KGB agent (not identified) in May 1969; k-4, 81.

46. k-4, 33, 34, 38.
47. vol. 9, ch. 6, para. 30.
48. vol. 9, ch. 6, para. 10. Mitrokhin's notes give few details of the regular (non-bonus) payments to these agents.
49. Mitrokhin's notes on his file do not specify what proportion of the large sums paid to him were in the form of a regular salary or retainer, but they do make clear that he received very substantial bonuses for particularly important items of S&T (k-5, 460).
50. t-1, 47; k-4, 34.
51. k-4, 35, 65; k-14, 93; vol. 6, app. 1, part 33; t-1, 264-5.
52. k-5, 281; k-11, 87; t-1, 266.
53. t-1, 42.
54. Wolton, *Le KGB en France,* pp. 242-3; Favier and Martin-Roland, *La décennie Mitterrand,* vol. 1, pp. 271-2.
55. Kahn, "Soviet Comint in the Cold War," p. 20.
56. k-4, 176.
57. The six cipher personnel under cultivation were codenamed ALMAZOV, GROMOV, GUDKOV, KRASNOV, LAPIN and VESELOV. Mitrokhin gives details of only two. The cultivation of LAPIN began in 1980 and plans were made for it to continue after he was posted abroad in 1982. With the assistance of JOUR, an investigation was undertaken of KRASNOV's finances, home and leisure pursuits, and he was secretly photographed. At the end of 1981 an (unidentified) illegal

began to cultivate him under false flag. Mitrokhin's notes do not record which, if any, of the cultivations ended in recruitment; k-4, 177.
58. t-1, 46; k-7, 145.
59. k-3, 81; t-1, 32.
60. t-1, 34; vol. 9, ch. 6, para. 7.
61. vol. 9, ch. 6, paras. 41-53; k-6, 3-5; t-1, 57.
62. vol. 9, ch. 6, para. 16; k-25, 120.
63. t-1, 27; vol. 3, pakapp. 1, 21.
64. t-1, 43; k-4, 180.
65. t-1, 44; k-14, 100.
66. t-1, 36; k-27, 292.
67. t-1, 46.
68. k-7, 145.
69. vol. 9, ch. 2, para. 17.
70. vol. 9, ch. 6, para. 7.
71. k-7, 145.
72. vol. 9, ch. 6, para. 7. Giscard d'Estaing's codename is given in k-3, 81.
73. For the two years 1976-7, BROK was paid a total of 217,000 francs: 72,000 francs basic salary, 83,000 bonuses, 62,000 expenses. From January to November 1978, the last period for which details of payments to BROK are available, he received a total of 182,000 francs: 55,000 francs salary, 83,000 bonuses, 62,000 expenses. k-3, 81.
74. Mitrokhin does not identify BROK's case officer(s) for the period 1946-51. Thereafter, his controllers were

Ye. R. Radtsig (1951-7); V. K. Radchenko (1957-9); E. N. Yakovlev (1959-63); I. F. Gremyakin (1970-2); L. I. Vasenko (1972); R. F. Zhuravlev (1972-6); R. N. Lebedinsky (1974-5); Ye. L. Mokeyev (1976-8); and Ye. N. Malkov (1978-9). k-3, 81.

75. M. S. Tsimbal, A. I. Lazarev, A. V. Krasavin, V. P. Vlasov and N. N. Chetverikov; k-3, 81.

76. k-3, 81.

77. See above, chapter 12.

78. vol. 9, ch. 3, paras. 5, 6; t-7, 219.

79. vol. 9, ch. 6, paras. 15,24.

80. Raymond Aron, "Il n'y a pas de quoi rire," *Le Figaro* (June 23, 1975). Aron, *Mémoires,* pp. 599-60. Other prominent critics of *Le Monde* included Pierre Nora and Jean-François Revel.

81. *Le Monde* (July 3, 1975).

82. *Le Monde* (September 12, 1975). This claim was subsequently withdrawn, but *Le Monde*'s critics complained that it continued, in its reporting on Solzhenitsyn, to "*prodiguer impunément quelques insultes sous le couvert de l'objectivité.*" Legris, *Le Monde tel qu'il est,* p. 32.

83. A major operational plan for 1975, jointly signed by the heads of the First Chief, Second Chief and Fifth Directorates, aimed "to discredit PAUK [Solzhenitsyn] ... through mass information media abroad." k-3b, 27.

84. Legris, *Le Monde tel qu'il est.*

85. Jacques Thibau's analysis of *Le Monde* in the 1970s

concludes: "*... il repose à la fois sur ce que ses adversaires 'de gauche' appellent l'ordre, et ses critiques 'de droite' la subversion. L'équilibre est difficile à tenir. Il requiert de la prudence et de la pratique de la casuistique, mais globalement il correspond à la fonction du journal.*" Thibau, *Le Monde, 1944-1996,* p. 433.

86. However, at least one regular Paris-based contributor to *Le Monde* in the 1970s, KRON, is identified as a KGB agent (k-24, 153). Mitrokhin's notes also identify MONGO, one of *Le Monde*'s African correspondents, as a KGB agent, but do not give his identity or the dates when he was posted in Africa (k-6, 116).

87. t-1, 46, 58; vol. 9, ch. 6, paras. 15, 24. Most of Mitrokhin's notes on influence operations directed against *Le Monde* are both brief and general. He identifies only two active measures articles by both author and exact date of publication. One is described as "entirely written on KGB themes" by a leading *Le Monde* journalist; the other was an article "using KGB arguments" by a leading socialist politician. Both were published in 1980. vol. 1, ch. 8; vol. 9, ch. 6, paras. 15, 24; k-8, 522; k-24, 153.

88. vol. 9, ch. 2, para. 23.

89. The same disproportion in the treatment of KGB and CIA active measures is evident, on a somewhat smaller scale, in the generally valuable history of *Le Monde* by Jacques Thibau. Thibau concludes, for example, that one notorious forgery published by *Le Monde,* the so-called "Fechteler report," which purported to reveal

outrageously belligerent US designs in the Mediterranean, was almost certainly fabricated by the CIA and French intelligence. He does not consider the far more probable hypothesis that it was a KGB forgery (Thibau, *Le Monde, 1944-1996,* pp. 214-18). For an assessment of the revelations in the mid-1970s of malpractice by the US intelligence community, see Andrew, *For the President's Eyes Only,* ch. 10.

90. SIDOR was recruited in 1956 but later suspected of working for the DST (k-14, 3). JACQUES, an AFP correspondent in a number of Asian countries, was a KGB agent from 1964 to 1973; during that period he had seven different controllers (k-6, 53). MISHA was recruited during a visit to the Soviet Union in 1965; Mitrokhin's notes do not reveal how long his work as an agent continued (vol. 2, app. 1, para. 46; vol. 2, appendix 2, para. 68). LAN was an agent from 1969 to 1979, mostly—if not exclusively—in France (k-4, 85; k-27, 291). MARAT was an agent in Paris and abroad from *c.* 1973 to 1982 (k-6, 42). GRININ was recruited in 1980 (k-14, 379).

91. PIERRE, a confidential contact in the 1960s (k-14, 111, 134), and JOSEPH, a confidential contact from 1974 to 1977 (k-6, 84).

92. k-27, 291.

93. vol. 9, ch. 6, para. 33.

94. Shultz and Godson, *Dezinformatsia,* p. 134.

95. vol. 9, ch. 6, para. 40.

96. Shultz and Godson, *Dezinformatsia,* pp. 135-49.
97. k-5, 560.
98. vol. 9, ch. 6, paras. 37, 39-40. Sakharovsky was referred to at Pathé's trial by his alias, "Kuznetsov." The Paris residency believed that the DST had not succeeded in identifying him as the son of the former head of the FCD; k-5, 560.
99. Like DURANT, NANT, VERONIQUE, JACQUELINE and NANCY are identified in Mitrokhin's notes, but cannot be named for legal reasons; vol. 9, ch. 6, paras. 43-9; k-6, 3.
100. vol. 9, ch. 6, para. 11.
101. vol. 9, ch. 4, para. 33.
102. vol. 9, ch. 6, para. 28; vol. 9, ch. 2, paras. 25-30; vol. 9, ch. 6, paras. 13-15.
103. *L'élection présidentielle, 26 avril-10 mai 1981,* p. 34. Kahn, "Soviet Comint in the Cold War," p. 18.
104. vol. 9, ch. 3, para. 20. The "affair of the diamonds" had begun with the publication by one satirical weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné* on October 10, 1979 of an order placed by Bokassa six years earlier for the purchase of a diamond plaquette for Giscard d'Estaing. The Élysée tried to fend off this and similar stories over the next year and a half until it finally announced on March 23, 1981, just over a month before the first round of the presidential election, that diamonds given to Giscard in 1973, 1974 and 1975 had been valued at 115,000 francs and that this sum had been donated to the Red Cross and other good causes in

the Central African Republic.

105. vol. 9, ch. 2, para. 31.

106. *Le Monde* reported during the campaign, "*C'est incontestablement le parti socialiste qui a la meilleure image de marque dans l'électorat juif.*" L'élection présidentielle, 26 avril-10 mai 1981, p. 73.

107. vol. 9, ch. 2, para. 31.

108. Mitrokhin's notes give no details of the inside information provided by GILES; k-6, 128.

109. vol. 9, ch. 6, para. 3.

110. k-3, 81. BROK was not the only French journalist on whom the KGB radically revised its views. In 1979 the Centre concluded that LAN was providing "material not qualitatively different from material published in the press," and broke off contact with him. k-27, 291.

111. vol. 9, ch. 6, para. 3.

112. The statistics for Line X operations in European residencies in 1975 were as follows (figures for Line X officers certainly refer to 1975; those for agents are for approximately—probably exactly—1975):

Residency	**Line X Officers [k-5, 420]**	**Line X Agents [k-5, 423]**
Belgrade	3	?
Berne	3	?

Bonn	15	9
Brussels	7	4
Copenhagen	6	7
Geneva	3	2
The Hague	3	1
Helsinki	6	2
Lisbon	2	?
London	9	9
Oslo	3	0
Paris	22	22
Rome	9	10
Stockholm	7	1
Vienna	19	29

These statistics were compiled by the Second Department of FCD Directorate T, which was responsible for Line X operations in the residencies listed above. The figures for the Bonn residency account for only a part of Line X operations in the FRG; Line X operations were also run from Cologne. Line X in Karlshorst, which came under a different department of Directorate T, had fifty-nine agents in 1975 (k-5, 416). A probable majority of Line X operations in Vienna (which Mitrokhin's notes do not make it possible to quantify) were directed at non-Austrian targets.

113. k-5, 383, 386, 406. Though Mitrokhin’s notes give no later statistics, it is possible that the 1977 record was subsequently surpassed.

114. Mitrokhin’s notes give the following incomplete statistics of Line X officers stationed in European residencies for all or part of the period 1974-9:

Belgrade	4
Berne	6
Bonn	9
Brussels	10
Cologne	13
Copenhagen	13
Geneva	7
The Hague	6
Helsinki	10
Lisbon	?
London	?
Oslo	?
Paris	36
Rome	17

Stockholm	19
Vienna	38

(k-5, 459)

115. Line X in Paris also succeeded in penetrating an unquantifiable number of US companies and subsidiaries in France.

116. k-5, 460.

117. Though Mitrokhin’s note merely records that Andropov recommended the award of the Order of the Red Star, it is barely conceivable that the recommendation was turned down. Kesarev’s assistant, Yuri Ignatyevich Rakovsky, was recommended for accelerated promotion. k-5, 470.

118. Mitrokhin noted the following payments to ALAN which were recorded in his file: 409,000 francs for the period 1973 to 1976 (probably his basic salary with additional sums for particular items); 100,000 francs (undated) for information on the design of infra-red detectors; 40,000 francs (also undated) for samples of the detectors; 50,000 francs in September 1973 for two samples of missileguidance systems; payments of 71,000 and 100,000 francs in 1974 for technical documentation; 40,000 francs in 1974 or 1975 for unidentified technical samples; 89,400 francs (purpose unspecified) in 1975;

110,000 francs in 1977 for documentation on missile guidance; 60,000 francs and approximately 200,000 francs (30,000 convertible roubles) in December 1977 (purpose unspecified); and 200,000 francs (purpose unspecified) in mid-1978. On the assumptions that these were all separate sums and that there were no other payments unrecorded by Mitrokhin, this would make a grand total of 1,429,400 francs. k-5, 460.

119. k-5, 460.

120. Favier and Martin-Roland, *La décennie Mitterrand,* vol. 1, p. 97.

121. Bourdiol was arrested in 1983 and later sentenced to five years' imprisonment, as a result of intelligence provided by the French agent FAREWELL. Wolton, *Le KGB en France,* p. 245; "Ariane: un ingénieur français incarcéré pour l'espionage," *Libération,* (December 2, 1983); *Early Warning* (March 2, 1984); Reuter reports (June 16, 1987). There is no identifiable reference to Bourdiol in Mitrokhin's notes.

122. Mitrokhin's incomplete notes on payments to KARL record that from January to November 1979 he was paid a monthly salary of 13,200 francs and an additional sum of 32,000 francs; and that from January to October he was paid 12,000 francs a month plus a single payment of 34,000 francs. KARL worked as a KGB agent from 1972 to 1982. k-5, 367-9.

123. k-5, 367.

124. On the FAREWELL case, see Wolton, *Le KGB en*

France, part 5, and Brook-Shepherd, *The Storm Birds,* ch. 17. FAREWELL was first identified as Vetrov in Andrew and Gordievsky, *Le KGB dans le monde,* pp. 619-23.

125. Raymond Nart, head of the DST Soviet section, writing under the pseudonym Henri Regnard, gave the first public account of what had been learned from the FAREWELL operation in December 1983 in an article published in the journal *Défense Nationale.*

126. President Mitterrand, whose mind turned naturally to conspiracy, subsequently began to suspect bizarrely that the FAREWELL information might somehow have been planted on the DST by the CIA "as a way of testing socialist France and me personally," in order to see whether he would hold it back or pass it on to the Reagan administration. Favier and Martin-Roland, *La décennie Mitterrand,* vol. 1, pp. 94-8, 271-3.

127. Mitrokhin's notes contain the following comparative figures for the numbers of agents run by KGB residencies controlled by the FCD Fifth Department:

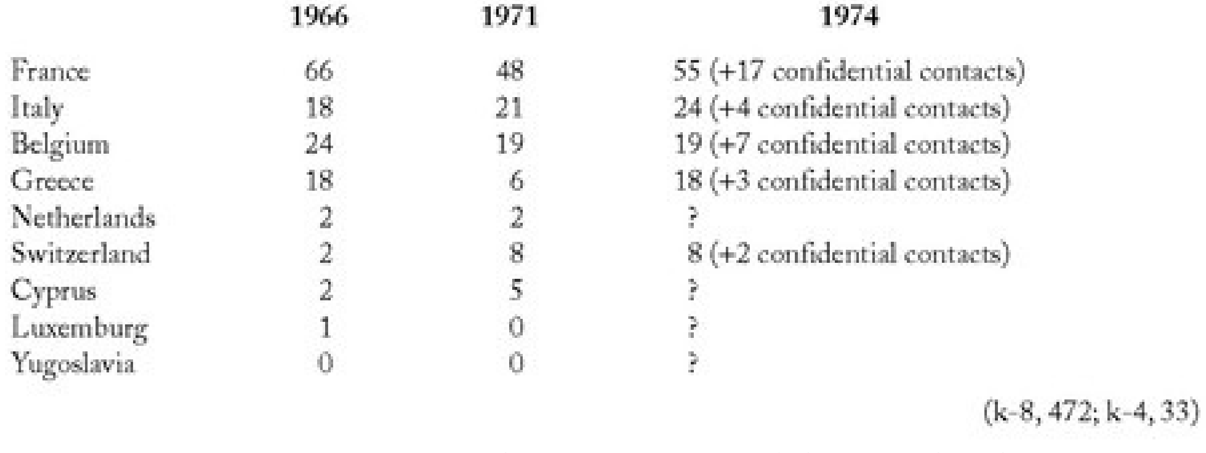

	1966	1971	1974
France	66	48	55 (+17 confidential contacts)
Italy	18	21	24 (+4 confidential contacts)
Belgium	24	19	19 (+7 confidential contacts)
Greece	18	6	18 (+3 confidential contacts)
Netherlands	2	2	?
Switzerland	2	8	8 (+2 confidential contacts)
Cyprus	2	5	?
Luxemburg	1	0	?
Yugoslavia	0	0	?

(k-8, 472; k-4, 33)

On January 1, 1975 the Rome residency had 23 agents

(18 of them active) and 6 confidential contacts, as well as 4 agents in the Soviet community. A year later it had 21 non-Soviet agents (16 active), 7 confidential contacts and 9 Soviet agents (k-13, 135).

128. See above, chapter 17.

129. See above, chapter 17.

130. Mitrokhin's notes do not include any examples of the intelligence obtained by DARIO and his female recruits from the Foreign Ministry.

131. k-10, 101-3, 107, 109. Mitrokhin's notes imply in 1956 that DARIO was also instrumental in the recruitment of MAGDA, an employee of the foreign ministry press department; k-10,100,103. Mitrokhin's notes also record the recruitment in 1970 of an agent in the Foreign Ministry, codenamed STRELOK, by Georgi Pavlovich Antonov. STRELOK subsequently became "reluctant to co-operate" (k-4, 80, 158; k-2, 221, 231, 268).

132. k-16, 285. Mitrokhin notes that by 1965 LEDA "had lost her intelligence access."

133. k-10, 97, 109.

134. k-10, 109.

135. See above, chapter 17.

136. k-10, 63. Mitrokhin's notes do not give the date at which the various ciphers and surveillance lists were handed over by QUESTOR. In view of the Centre's dissatisfaction with the declining amount of intelligence obtained from QUESTOR by YEFRAT in the later 1950s,

however, the bulk of the material was probably handed over in the mid-1950s.

137. Mitrokhin interpreted YEFRAT's file as placing the responsibility for the bankruptcy of the Italian firm on his mismanagement (k-7, 4, 193; k-16, 338, 419; k-18, 153; k-20, 94). In addition to being assisted by his wife TANYA, YEFRAT was given as deputy resident the illegal Aleksandr Vasilyevich Subotin (codenamed PIK), who had gained an Italian passport in the name of Adolfo Tolmer (k-16, 98, 285).

138. YEFRAT also cultivated CENSOR's wife, KAPA; Mitrokhin's notes do not record the outcome of the cultivation (k-16, 419; k-18, 153).

139. YEFRAT later took part in PROGRESS operations. In 1962 DEMID recruited his brother TIBER, who worked in the accounts department of the interior ministry, to act as radio operator for SAUL, a Lithuanian Catholic priest and KGB agent then studying at the Vatican. DEMID, CENSOR and QUESTOR continued to provide intelligence until at least 1963 (k-16, 419; k-10, 63; k-5, 688-91). After YEFRAT's departure, his former deputy, PIK, worked for the legal Rome residency until 1965, acting as LEDA's controller from February 1962 to September 1963 (k-16, 285).

140. k-2, 66. Mitrokhin's notes give no indication of whether IKAR continued to work as a KGB agent after his return to Italy.

141. k-5, 102.

142. k-9, 23; k-10, 126.

143. k-12, 516. IKAR, PLATON, ENERO and ARTUR were not the only SCD recruits in the Italian embassy in Moscow. Mitrokhin's notes also refer to the case of POLATOV (or POLETOV), an assistant service attaché, recruited by the SCD in the late 1970s, but give no details (k-10, 124). There may have been further embassy agents not mentioned in Mitrokhin's notes.

Other Italians recruited by the SCD in Moscow included an official in the legal department of the Italian interior ministry, recruited with the assistance of VERA, a swallow from the Polish SB (k-2, 273); and RITA, a female employee of the Fiat company recruited in 1976 (k-10, 132).

144. k-27, 240.

145. k-22, 72; k-26, 66; t-2, 158.

146. k-5, 256.

147. Cf. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 459.

148. k-14, 262, 383. BUTIL broke contact in 1979 after his firm had failed to win Soviet contracts.

149. k-5, 420, 423.

150. The Italian businessmen identified in Mitrokhin's notes as Line X agents in the 1970s and/or early 1980s were CHIZ (k-14, 567), ERVIN (k-7, 37), KOZAK (k-14, 174), METIL (k-14, 383), PAN (k-12, 593) and TELINI (k-12, 389). It is unclear whether SAUST, a business consultant cultivated by the KGB, was actually recruited (k-14, 568).

151. Mitrokhin’s notes identify a total of seventeen Line X officers stationed at the Rome residency for all or part of the period 1974-9 (k-5, 459).

152. k-5, 353, 425. The Soviet ambassador in Rome, N. S. Rhyzov, had opposed the establishment of a Soviet consulate in Milan in order to provide cover for a KGB residency in northern Italy, but the foreign ministry in Moscow gave way to pressure from the Centre (k-5, 422).

153. k-5, 353, 357.

154. k-5, 357.

155. Mitrokhin’s notes give few details on MARIO save that he was recruited in 1972 and usually met his controller in the Soviet Union (k-6, 192).

156. k-14, 264; vol. 6, app. 1, part 40. As in other countries, Line X agents in Italy were also used to obtain S&T from US sources (k-5, 236).

157. vol. 6, app. 1, part 39. Mitrokhin’s notes identify KULON and his research institute.

158. k-5, 425. Mitrokhin’s notes do not indicate what happened to UCHITEL and Kuznetsov’s other agents after his expulsion. It would have been normal practice for them to have been put on ice.

159. k-2, 415.

160. k-2, 217; k-3, 112.

161. k-2, 225, 243; k-20, 348.

162. k-2, 250, 275; k-4, 71; k-10, 52; vol. 6, app. 1, parts 39, 41.

163. k-2, 230, 242; k-13, 133; k-20, 347; k-21, 34; k-26,

68.
164. k-2, 274. Mitrokhin's notes transcribe his codename alternately as ACHERO and AGERO. The most likely codename is ACERO, pronounced "achero"—the Italian for "steel."
165. k-7, 126.
166. k-7, 48.
167. k-2, 212, 216, 220, 224, 229, 257-8; k-21, 32.
168. k-2, 211, 249.
169. k-2, 240, 271; k-25, 188. METSENAT's controllers in the Rome residency were, successively, Vladimir Yevgenyevich Strelkov, Anatoli Yegorovich Abalin, Valentin Mikhaolovich Yatsura and Konstantin Kazakov.
170. k-1, 1; k-2, 214, 222, 244; k-13, 143; k-14, 687.
171. k-13, 153, 148.
172. k-13, 148. The active measures statistics were much in line with those for the previous two years. In 1975 the Rome residency reported that "3 documentary [forged document] operations were carried out; 10 conversations of influence were held; 1 press conference, 1 conference [were arranged]; 4 oral reports were disseminated; 48 articles were published; 6 questions were asked in Parliament; 1 delegation was assembled and sent out; 4 appeals were drafted; 4 mailing operations were carried out; an Italy-Spain committee was set up; 2 leaflet operations were carried out and 2 anonymous letters were sent out" (k-13, 135). The active measures statistics for 1976 were as follows:

articles placed [in the press]: 63
conversations of influence: 6
appeals made: 9
working group organized: 1
booklet distributed: 1
leaflet operation carried out: 1
anonymous letters distributed: 2
demonstration held: 1
parliamentary questions: 2
question in the Senate: 1
"Round Table" meeting held: 1

Of the total number of articles printed, 28 of the press articles were designed to discredit the Main Adversary; 21 alleged CIA interference in Italian affairs. The residency also claimed to have made "active use" of the "Italy-Spain" committee. Four active measures operations were intended "to discredit Maoism as an anti-socialist tendency." k-13, 151.

173. Mitrokhin's notes probably contain only an incomplete record of new agents recruited by the Rome residency during the period 1977-83. Among them, however, were ARO, who worked for the Ansaldo company in Genoa and was recruited at some point between 1978 and 1981 (k-14, 439); CLEMENT, a member of the international department of the Christian Association of Italian Workers (ACLI), recruited in 1978 but put on ice in 1981 after he had failed to supply

intelligence of much significance (k-14, 395); KARS, an Italian physicist who worked as a Line X agent in both Italy and the United States in the early 1980s (k-14, 264; vol. 6, app. 1, part 40); KOK, a sinologist recruited in 1977 for operations against the PRC (k-13, 153); and KOZAK, the owner of an Italian engineering company, who was recruited not later than 1978 (k-14, 174).

174. k-14, 687.

175. k-7, 48.

176. k-10, 109; k-25, 188.

177. k-7, 126.

178. k-13, 112.

179. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* p. 10.

180. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* pp. 19-20.

181. Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 629-31.

182. “Order of the Chairman of the KGB,” no. 107/OV, September 5, 1990.

Chapter Twenty-eight The Penetration and Persecution of the Soviet Churches

1. Lenin, *Works,* vol. 35, pp. 89-90; Shipler, *Russia,* pp. 270-1. KGB persecution of Islam and Judaism will be covered in volume 2.
2. Stalin may also have been influenced by the desire not to alienate his Anglo-American allies by continued religious persecution at a time when he was pressing them to open a second front. Pospielovsky, "The 'Best Years' of Stalin's Church Policy (1942-1948) in the Light of Archival Documents."
3. The work of Michael Bourdeaux and his colleagues at Keston College has impressively documented the vitality of religious life in the post-war Russian Orthodox Church, despite continued persecution and a mostly subservient hierarchy. See, *inter alia,* Bourdeaux, *Risen Indeed.*
4. Luchterhandt, "The Council for Religious Affairs."
5. vol. 5, sec. 9.
6. Meerson, "The Political Philosophy of the Russian Orthodox Episcopate in the Soviet Period," p. 221.
7. Revesz, *The Christian Peace Conference,* pp. 1-4.

8. k-1, 232.
9. k-1, 214.
10. Harriss, “The Gospel According to Marx,” pp. 61-2.
11. Mitrokhin did not see the file on the 1961 WCC Central Committee meeting. Another file noted by him, however, identifies ADAMANT as Nikodim; vol. 7, ch. 5, para. 28.
12. “WCC Gives Eight-point Lead to Member Churches,” *Church Times* (August 29, 1969).
13. “Elusive Goal” (leader), *Church Times* (August 29, 1969).
14. Harriss, “The Gospel According to Marx,” pp. 61-2. On Buyevsky’s role in the Moscow Patriarchate’s foreign relations Department, see Ellis, *The Russian Orthodox Church,* p. 266.
15. Letter from the Bishop of Bristol to the *Church Times* (September 7, 1973); Smith, *Fraudulent Gospel,* pp. 2-3.
16. Babris, *Silent Churches,* p. 472.
17. Document cited by Harriss, “The Gospel According to Marx,” p. 62.
18. KGB Church records temporarily accessible to journalists after the disintegration of the Soviet Union indicate that, at some stage after Nikodim’s death in 1978, Yuvenali was given his former KGB codename ADAMANT. (It was not unusual for KGB codenames to be recycled.) Michael Dobbs, “Business as Usual for Ex-KGB Agents,” *Washington Post* (February 11, 1992).
19. Pawley, *Donald Coggan,* pp. 244-8.

20. k-1, 24.
21. Polyakov, “Activities of the Moscow Patriarchate in 1991,” p. 152.
22. Ellis, *The Russian Orthodox Church,* pp. 226-9.
23. *Daily American* (September 8, 1978). On September 29, 1978, less than a month after Nikodim’s death in the Vatican, John Paul I also died suddenly, thus becoming the shortest-lived pope since Urban VII died of malaria twelve days after his election in 1590.
24. See above, chapter 28.
25. k-1, 30.
26. Ellis, *The Russian Orthodox Church,* pp. 215-16. On the authenticity of the report, see Oppenheim, “Are the Furov Reports Authentic?”
27. “His Holiness Patriarch Pimen’s Address Before Panikhida in the Patriarchal Cathedral of the Epiphany in Moscow,” *Journal of the Moscow Patriarchate* (1984), no. 3.
28. See, for example, Pimen’s telegram to Brezhnev of December 17, 1976 in *Journal of the Moscow Patriarchate* (1977), no. 2, pp. 3-4.
29. “Soviet Peace Fund Awards,” *Journal of the Moscow Patriarchate* (1976), no. 4.
30. “His Holiness Patriarch Pimen Awarded by the World Peace Council,” *Journal of the Moscow Patriarchate* (1976), no. 6.
31. “World Conference: Religious Leaders for Lasting Peace, Disarmament and Just Relations among Nations,”

Journal of the Moscow Patriarchate (1977), no. 7, pp. 2-3 and no. 8, pp. 17-64.

32. k-1, 23; vol. 6, ch. 10. The Patriarchate was also involved in another KGB-sponsored production in 1982, the World Conference of Religious Workers for Saving the Sacred Gift of Life from Nuclear Catastrophe, which again attracted about 600 participants.

33. "Decree of the Presidium of the USSR Supreme Soviet on Conferring the Order of the Red Banner of Labor upon Patriarch Pimen of Moscow and All Russia," *Journal of the Moscow Patriarchate* (1977), no. 9, p. 3.

34. Ellis, *The Russian Orthodox Church,* p. 217.

35. The full text of the letter from Yakunin and Regelson was published in *Religion in Communist Lands,* vol. 41 (1976), no. 1.

36. Lefever, *Nairobi to Vancouver,* pp. 64-5; Ellis, *The Russian Orthodox Church,* pp. 355-68; Hudson, *The World Council of Churches in International Affairs,* pp. 286-7.

37. Norman, *Christianity and the World Order,* pp. 1-2, 90 *n.* 62.

38. Lefever, *Nairobi to Vancouver,* p. 65; Babris, *Silent Churches,* p. 475.

39. vol. 6, ch. 10.

40. Harriss, "The Gospel According to Marx," p. 63.

41. vol. 6, ch. 10.

42. "Interview Given by Metropolitan Filaret of Kiev and Gallich to a Novosti Press Agency Correspondent,"

Journal of the Moscow Patriarchate (1976), no. 5.

43. vol. 6, ch. 10.

44. Smith, *Fraudulent Gospel,* p. 68.

45. The text of the founding declaration of the Christian Committee was published in *Religion in Communist Lands,* vol. 6 (1978), no. 1. On the work of the committee, see Ellis, *The Russian Orthodox Church,* pp. 373-81.

46. k-21, 203.

47. *Documents of the Christian Committee for the Defense of Believers' Rights in the USSR,* 12 vols. (Vol. 3 consists of English translations; the remainder contain reproductions of the original Russian texts.) See also Scarfe (ed.), *The CCDBR Documents: Christian Committee for the Defense of Believers' Rights in the USSR.*

48. k-1, 65. On Varsonofy's resignation from the Christian Committee, cf. Ellis, *The Russian Orthodox Church,* p. 379.

49. k-27, 488.

50. Ellis, *The Russian Orthodox Church,* p. 379.

51. k-1, 50. On Fonchenkov's public career, cf. Ellis, *The Russian Orthodox Church,* pp. 380-1.

52. Ellis, *The Russian Orthodox Church,* p. 428.

53. Albats, *The State within a State,* p. 46.

54. Ellis, *The Russian Orthodox Church,* pp. 422ff.

55. Ellis, *The Russian Orthodox Church,* pp. 430-9.

56. It is impossible, however, to rule out the possibility,

that Fonchenkov had become genuinely sympathetic towards Yakunin. Mitrokhin's notes on his career as agent DRUG are limited to the 1970s.

57. Ellis, *The Russian Orthodox Church,* pp. 439-41.

58. Lefever, *Nairobi to Vancouver,* pp. 3-5, 67-70, 73, 75, appendix A.

59. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* p. 20.

60. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* p. 197.

61. vol. 6, ch. 10, *n.* 1.

62. Mitrokhin's notes on the file of agent VORONOV, for example, record that during his period in New York State in the late 1970s and early 1980s, he "was tasked to identify among his parishioners people who had a progressive and sympathetic view of the USSR—government workers, political party [members], union members, workers at scientific research institutes, diplomatic personnel, immigration officials, clergymen and church employees who were involved in the registration of births, marriages, and deaths [for assistance in the documentation of illegals] and agents of Zionist and anti-Soviet organizations" (vol. 6, app. 2, part 4).

63. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* p. 197.

64. vol. 6, app. 2, part 4

65. vol. 6, app. 2, part 4.

66. vol. 8, ch. 6, paras. 16-17.

67. vol. 8, app. 3, para. 20.

68. Albats, *The State within a State,* p. 46. Confirmation

of DROZDOV’s identity was provided by the release early in 1999 of a 1958 report on his recruitment, allegedly on “patriotic” grounds, by the Estonian KGB. Though the report refers to the agent only by his codename, his year of birth and career details are identical with those of Aleksi. James Meek, “Russian Patriarch ‘was KGB spy,’” *Guardian* (February 12, 1999).

69. “Metropolitan Aleksiy’s Speech at the Founding Conference of the ‘Rodina’ Society,” *Journal of the Moscow Patriarchate* (1976), no. 2.

70. Albats, *The State within a State,* p. 46.

71. Bociurkiw, “Suppression de l’Église gréco-catholique ukrainienne;” Pelikan, *Confessor between East and West,* ch. 8; Floridi, “The Church of the Martyrs and the Ukrainian Millennium,” pp. 107-11; Tataryn, “The Re-emergence of the Ukrainian (Greek) Catholic Church in the USSR,” pp. 292-4.

72. k-1, 246.

73. The intelligence agencies of the USSR, Bulgaria, the GDR, Hungary, Poland and Romania were represented by heads and deputy heads of directorates (k-1, 106).

74. k-1, 106. Mitrokhin’s notes do not make clear which, if any, of the KGB representatives at the conference came from the FCD.

75. Though seeking confirmation of the report, the Centre took the alleged Vatican conspiracy seriously and drew up plans for a press exposé of it, if further details could be obtained (k-1, 2).

76. k-1, 71.

77. Babris, *Silent Churches,* pp. 149-50.

78. APOSTOL, RASS and SLUGA are not identified in Mitrokhin's notes (k-1, 2).

79. k-1, 3, 110. It is unclear whether the PETROV who studied at the Russicum was the cleric with the same codename later sent to North America.

80. k-1, 81-2, 109. ANTANAS arrived in Rome in January 1968; Mitrokhin does not record the date of arrival of VIDMANTAS.

81. k-1, 83-4. A KGB file also records that in October 1969 DAKTARAS visited Rome to attend "a gathering of bishops" (k-1, 2).

82. k-1, 2. Dudás appears in KGB files, in Cyrillic transliteration, as Dudast.

83. k-1, 2.

84. k-1, 133.

85. k-1, 133.

86. k-1, 36, k-5, 11, k-19, 82.

87. Unlike the similar 1967 conference, the 1975 conference was attended by the Cubans. On this occasion, however, there was no delegation from Romania. k-1, 13.

88. k-1, 13.

89. k-1, 246.

90. Borecky, Bishop Isidore, "The Church in Ukraine-1988;" Tataryn, "The Re-emergence of the Ukrainian (Greek) Catholic Church in the USSR;" Polyakov, "Activities of the Moscow Patriarchate in 1991," p. 152.

91. k-1, 146. The KGB estimate may have been too low. Published estimates for 1990, admittedly at a time when active persecution had almost ceased, were significantly higher; see Ramet (ed.), *Religious Policy in the Soviet Union,* pp. 355-6.

92. k-1, 73.

93. k-1, 146.

94. Ellis (ed.), *Three Generations of Suffering;* Bourdeaux, *Gorbachev, Glasnost & the Gospel,* p. 121.

95. k-1, 214.

96. Penton, *Apocalypse Delayed.*

97. k-1, 241.

98. Recollections of one of the deportees, Vasili Kalin, cited by James Meek, "Cult-busters Fight 'Sins of False Witness,' " *Guardian* (February 12, 1999).

99. k-1, 91.

100. Among the evidence ignored by the KGB conspiracy theorists who saw the Jehovah's Witnesses as vehicles for American ideological subversion was the fact that, from the First World War to the war in Vietnam, they consistently represented the largest group of Americans imprisoned for conscientious objection. In 1918 their leaders were imprisoned for contravening the American Espionage Act, though their sentences were overturned on appeal. Penton, *Apocalypse Delayed,* pp. 55-6, 142. Sadly, some of the conspiracy theories survived the collapse of the Soviet system.

101. k-1, 241. In reality, Jehovah's Witnesses behave in

many ways as model citizens. Since 1962 they have been instructed to obey all human laws not directly in conflict with those of God. Penton, *Apocalypse Delayed,* p. 140.

102. Antic, “The Spread of Modern Cults in the USSR,” pp. 257-8.

103. k-1, 92.

104. k-1, 91. There is no reference in the files noted by Mitrokhin to any successful KGB penetration either of the Jehovah’s Witnesses” Brooklyn headquarters or of its west European offices.

105. k-1, 91.

106. k-1, 73.

107. Antic, “The Spread of Modern Cults in the USSR,” p. 259.

108. Polyakov, “Activities of the Moscow Patriarchate in 1991; p. 147; Van den Bercken, “The Russian Orthodox Church, State and Society in 1991-1993,” p. 164.

109. Walters, “The Defrocking of Fr. Gleb Yakunin,” pp. 308-9.

110. Yakunin, “First Open Letter to Patriarch Aleksi II,” pp. 313-14. Father Gleb was in dispute with the Patriarch over the decision by the Holy Synod in October 1993 that Orthodox clergy would no longer be allowed to stand as candidates for political office. He went ahead with his candidature in the elections two months later, was elected and then defrocked. Walters, “The Defrocking of Fr Gleb Yakunin,” p. 310.

Chapter Twenty-nine The Polish Pope and the Rise of Solidarity

1. k-19, 515.
2. See above, chapter 16.
3. k-19, 516.
4. On the arrests, see Karpiński, *Poland since 1944,* pp. 196-7.
5. Cywiński later read Wałęsa's acceptance speech for the 1983 Nobel Peace Prize at the ceremony in Oslo which Wałęsa was unable to attend.
6. k-19, 516.
7. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* p. 126.
8. See above, chapter 16.
9. k-19, 429. Bardecki cannot, of course, be blamed in any way for receiving, among his Western visitors, two men whom he had no possible means of identifying as KGB illegals.
10. k-19, 516.
11. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* p. 127.
12. Szulc, *Pope John Paul II,* p. 264.
13. k-19, 516.

14. Karpiński, *Poland since 1944,* pp. 200-1.
15. k-19, 473.
16. k-1, 45.
17. k-19, 515.
18. k-19, 506.
19. Szulc, *Pope John Paul II,* p. 289.
20. The KGB claimed in 1982 that there were 26,000 Catholic priests in Poland (k-19, 506).
21. Szulc, *Pope John Paul II,* p. 403.
22. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* p. 321.
23. k-1, 11.
24. Szulc, *Pope John Paul II,* p. 285.
25. k-1, 11.
26. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* p. 184.
27. vol. 8, ch. 8; vol. 8, app. 3. Tischner cannot, of course, be blamed in any way for receiving, among his Western visitors, an apparently well-recommended Canadian publisher seeking his help for a book on Polish missionaries, whom he had no possible means of identifying as a KGB illegal.
28. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* p. 373.
29. Szulc, *Pope John Paul II,* p. 299; Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* p. 191.
30. k-20, 208.
31. k-20, 163.
32. k-20, 211.
33. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* pp. 217-18.
34. Szulc, *Pope John Paul II,* pp. 310-12; Bernstein and

Politi, *His Holiness,* p. 308.
35. k-1, 19.
36. k-20, 245.
37. k-20, 245.
38. k-20, 220.
39. Kramer (ed.), “Declassified Soviet Documents on the Polish Crisis,” p. 116.
40. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* p. 246.
41. k-20, 221.
42. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* p. 246.

Chapter Thirty The Polish Crisis and the Crumbling of the Soviet Bloc

1. Kramer (ed.), "Declassified Soviet Documents on the Polish Crisis," pp. 117, 129-30.
2. k-20, 221.
3. Dobbs, *Down with Big Brother,* pp. 48-9.
4. k-20, 342.
5. k-20, 34.
6. k-20, 35.
7. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* pp. 247-8.
8. k-16, 409.
9. vol. 8, app. 3. Neither Bardecki nor Mazowiecki can be blamed in any way for receiving, among their Western visitors, someone whom they had no possible means of identifying as a KGB illegal.
10. t-7, 156.
11. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* p. 250.
12. k-20, 10, 26.
13. k-19, 29.
14. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* p. 254.
15. k-20, 28.

16. t-7, 154. On January 22 Mikhail Zimyanin returned to Moscow from a fact-finding mission in Poland and gave an equally gloomy report to the Politburo (Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* pp. 255-6).
17. k-19, 511.
18. t-7, 155.
19. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* pp. 271-4.
20. k-20, 309.
21. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* pp. 276-84.
22. k-20, 110.
23. Kramer (ed.), "Declassified Soviet Documents on the Polish Crisis," pp. 130-1.
24. Szulc, *Pope John Paul II,* ch. 24. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* pp. 293-307.
25. At the time, opinions within the Centre were divided on whether the KGB had been involved in the assassination attempt. About half the FCD officers with whom Oleg Gordievsky discussed the attempt were convinced that the KGB would no longer contemplate such a risky special action, even if it were subcontracted to the Bulgarian intelligence service. The other half, however, suspected that Department 8 of Directorate S, which was responsible for assassinations, had been involved; some told Gordievsky they only regretted that the attempt had failed. (Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* p. 639.)
26. k-20, 101, 104.
27. k-20, 104.

28. k-20, 102. Olszowski was regarded as a KGB co-optee (k-19, 26).
29. k-20, 103. On June 7 Aristov, Kulikov and Pavlov telegraphed the Politburo to urge "the necessity of a direct dialogue with S. Kania about his departure from the post of the First Secretary" (k-20, 57).
30. k-20, 105.
31. k-20, 53.
32. k-20, 52.
33. k-20, 55.
34. k-20, 54.
35. k-19, 385.
36. k-20, 54, 102, 112.
37. Boyes, *The Naked President,* pp. 97-8.
38. k-19, 110.
39. k-19, 115.
40. Boyes, *The Naked President,* pp. 94-5.
41. k-19, 115.
42. k-19, 115.
43. k-19, 117.
44. k-19, 113.
45. k-19, 102.
46. k-19, 106.
47. k-19, 105.
48. k-19, 103.
49. k-19, 104.
50. Kramer (ed.) "Declassified Soviet Documents on the Polish Crisis," pp. 132-3.

51. CPSU Secretary K. V. Rusakov told Honecker after Kania's sacking, "We noticed that lately a difference began to appear between Kania and Jaruzelski in their approaches to basic questions. Jaruzelski began to show more and more readiness to accept violent measures in dealing with counter-revolution. We began to work with Jaruzelski. When doing this, we were influenced by the fact that Jaruzelski possessed greater authority in the army and also enjoyed the support of the ministers" (k-20, 338).
52. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* pp. 315-16.
53. k-20, 303.
54. Kramer (ed.), "Declassified Soviet Documents on the Polish Crisis," pp. 133-4.
55. k-20, 311.
56. k-20, 327.
57. k-20, 307.
58. k-20, 304.
59. k-20, 327.
60. k-20, 308.
61. Ustinov denied, not wholly convincingly, that Kulikov had actually referred to the possibility of Soviet military intervention; Kramer (ed.), "Declassified Soviet Documents on the Polish Crisis," pp. 134-7.
62. k-20, 315, 316.
63. k-20, 340.
64. k-20, 315.
65. k-20, 325.
66. k-20, 293.

67. k-20, 324.
68. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* pp. 334, 339.
69. Boyes, *The Naked President,* pp. 106-7.
70. k-20, 329.
71. k-20, 297.
72. Boyes, *The Naked President,* p. 107.
73. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* pp. 336-7.
74. k-20, 297.
75. k-20, 316.
76. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* pp. 337-9.
77. k-20, 323.
78. k-20, 296.
79. k-20, 298.
80. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* pp. 343-4.
81. k-19, 53.
82. k-19, 321.
83. k-19, 23.
84. Boyes, *The Naked President,* p. 108; Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* p. 348.
85. k-20, 249.
86. k-19, 23.
87. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* p. 348.
88. Boyes, *The Naked President,* pp. 307-9.
89. k-20, 249.
90. k-19, 261.
91. Boyes, *The Naked President,* p. 117.
92. k-19, 381.
93. k-19, 380.

94. k-19, 411.
95. k-19, 312.
96. k-19, 252.
97. k-19, 253.
98. k-19, 257.
99. k-19, 258.
100. k-19, 261. Mitrokhin's notes do not record the content of Brezhnev's message to Jaruzelski. On prosecutions after the declaration of martial law, see Swidlicki, *Political Trials in Poland 1981-1986.*
101. k-19, 642.
102. k-19, 311.
103. k-19, 324.
104. k-19, 326.
105. k-19, 328.
106. k-19, 337.
107. k-19, 339.
108. k-19, 128.
109. k-19, 124.
110. k-19, 143. Kiszczak expressed his thanks for material and technical assistance already received; Mitrokhin's notes do not record the nature of this assistance.
111. k-19, 143.
112. k-1, 15.
113. k-19, 135.
114. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* pp. 376-7.
115. Szulc, *Pope John Paul II,* pp. 388-9.

116. Boyes, *The Naked President,* p. 131.
117. k-19, 143.
118. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* pp. 381-2.
119. Boyes, *The Naked President,* pp. 132-3.
120. Boyes, *The Naked President,* pp. 117, 134-6.
121. Boyes, *The Naked President,* pp. 117, 136-7.
122. Boyes, *The Naked President,* pp. 137-8.
123. Szulc, *Pope John Paul II,* pp. 395-6; Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* pp. 387-8.
124. Bernstein and Politi, *His Holiness,* pp. 388-9; Szulc, *Pope John Paul II,* pp. 396-7.
125. k-16, 500.
126. Brown, *The Gorbachev Factor,* p. 249.
127. Dobbs, *Down with Big Brother,* pp. 265-9; Lévesque, *The Enigma of 1989,* ch. 6.
128. Dobbs, *Down with Big Brother,* p. 288.
129. Interview with Shebarshin, *Daily Telegraph* (December 1, 1992).

Conclusion. From the One-Party State to the Yeltsin Presidency

1. Jukes, "The Soviets and 'Ultra.' " Though Jukes's conclusions are debatable, his 1988 article remains a pathbreaking study.
2. Kennedy-Pipe, *Russia and the World, 1917-1991.* Dr. Kennedy-Pipe's otherwise valuable book is only one example of the continuing underestimation of the role of Soviet foreign intelligence even in some of the most recent work by leading Western scholars.
3. The significance of SIGINT was made clear by David Kahn's pioneering *The Codebreakers,* published in 1967. Though a bestseller, however, its contents appeared to stun, rather than to inspire, most historians of international relations.
4. A growing minority of international relations, history and other departments in British universities now offer courses on intelligence, though on a much smaller scale than in north America. There is a flourishing British Study Group on Intelligence, with a largely academic membership, and an increasing number of similar groups

in north America and continental Europe.

5. Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four,* p. 7.

6. Hosking, *A History of the Soviet Union,* p. 219.

7. Two of the leading historians of the Bolshevik Revolution, Orlando Figes and Richard Pipes, agree on describing the Cheka as “a state within a state.”

8. Volkogonov, *The Rise and Fall of the Soviet Empire,* pp. 73-4.

9. Conquest, *The Great Terror,* pp. 468-70. It was a sign of the difficulty encountered by many Western historians in interpreting the Terror that Conquest’s was the only full-scale history of it published during the life of the Soviet Union.

10. Ostryakov, *Voyennye Chekisty,* p. 258.

11. k-25, 78. On the punitive use of psychiatry in the Soviet Union, see Bloch and Reddaway, *Russia’s Political Hospitals.*

12. k-25, 79. There is no suggestion in Mitrokhin’s notes that Voloshanovich was working for the KGB.

13. See above, chapter 20.

14. frag. 1,7. Mitrokhin’s notes give no details of the precise charges leveled against Korobov or of the length of his sentence.

15. k-3b, 136.

16. I am grateful to Dr. Clarissa de Waal of Newnham College, Cambridge, for these recollections of Tirana in 1992.

17. A further 3 percent were KGB co-optees.

18. t-7, 284.
19. t-7, 286. The behavior of the informers should not, in most cases, be harshly judged. Those who refused invitations to inform were likely to incur the ill will of the KGB towards themselves and their families.
20. frag. 5, 3.
21. Kalugin, *Spymaster,* pp. 287-98.
22. See above, chapter 20.
23. Kissinger subsequently acknowledged that Senator Pat Moynihan had been an exception. “Your crystal ball,” he told him, “was better than mine.” Moynihan, *Secrecy,* p. 6.
24. For example, the Russian sections of Eric Hobsbawm’s brilliant history of the twentieth century, *Age of Extremes,* include no mention of any of the heads of the Cheka and its successors, save for a passing reference to Andropov’s career before becoming General Secretary as “chief of the security apparatus” (p. 476).
25. There is, however, a one-line reference to Andropov’s subsequent emergence as Soviet leader in Vance’s reflections on the period after his resignation (Vance, *Hard Choices,* p. 421).
26. Gorbachev, however, acknowledged that, eighteen months or two years earlier, the coup might have succeeded.
27. Remnick, *Resurrection.* The American edition of this generally admirable study appeared in 1997.
28. k-13, 268.

29. Kennedy-Pipe, *Russia and the World, 1917-1991,* is the most recent of the many studies of Soviet foreign policy which make no mention of these aspects of it.
30. Andrew, *For the President's Eyes Only,* pp. 149-52.
31. Truman, *Year of Decisions,* p. 346.
32. *VENONA,* BBC Radio 4 documentary written and presented by Christopher Andrew (producers: Mark Burman and Helen Weinstein), first broadcast March 18, 1998. Andrew, "The VENONA Secret." The Centre received progress reports on VENONA from Weisband until 1950 and from Philby from 1949 to 1951.
33. See above, chapter 9.
34. DARIO had already served in the Italian foreign ministry before the Second World War, and was reemployed there afterwards.
35. See above, chapter 21.
36. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* pp. 29-40.
37. Fursenko and Naftali, "Soviet Intelligence and the Cuban Missile Crisis," pp. 65-6.
38. See above, chapters 6, 7, and 15.
39. See above, chapter 26.
40. *Izvestia* (September 24, 1991).
41. The foreign intelligence reports submitted to Stalin and Khrushchev and the more elaborate assessments supplied to their successors will one day be a major source for the study of Soviet foreign policy. Thus far, however, very few are available for research.

42. k-9, 122; vol. 2, app. 3.
43. Holloway, *Stalin and the Bomb,* pp. 145-7.
44. See above, chapters 11, 13, and 21.
45. Pentagon estimate cited by Tuck, *High-Tech Espionage,* pp. 108-9.
46. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* p. 33.
47. Gorbachev's speech was reported in *Pravda* on March 26, 1986.
48. Brown, *The Gorbachev Factor,* pp. 134-5, 139.
49. See above, chapter 25.
50. Report of the House Committee, chaired by Representative Christopher Cox, of which a declassified version was published as this volume was going to press in May 1999.
51. k-3b, 137. Though this residency circular was sent out in 1977, it merely reiterated priorities formulated in previous instructions from the Centre.
52. k-25, 186.
53. See above, chapter 20.
54. See above, chapter 18.
55. See above, chapter 22.
56. vol. 6, ch. 1, part 1; k-25, 56; k-21, 74, 96, 99.
57. vol. 6, ch. 10. Mitrokhin's notes do not give the names of the operational officers assigned to the Karpov-Korchnoi match. Korchnoi's official "second," the British grandmaster Raymond Keene, believed that the head of the Soviet delegation at the championship, V. D.

Baturinsky, was a KGB colonel (Keene, *Karpov-Korchnoi 1978,* p. 32). Korchnoi gives an account of his defection and career up to the 1978 world championship in his autobiography, *Chess is My Life.*

58. Keene, *Karpov-Korchnoi 1978,* pp. 56, 147-9, 153-4. During the rematch between Korchnoi and Karpov at Merano, Italy, in 1981, the KGB established a dedicated cipher communication circuit to report on the progress of matches and arranged a shuttle service between the Rome residency and the KGB operational group covering the World Chess Championship. No fewer than fourteen active measures were implemented in an attempt once again to ensure Korchnoi's defeat (k-5, 921). The undercover KGB advance party at Merano claimed to be monitoring the drinking water, the climate, noise levels, even levels of radioactivity (Kasparov, *Child of Change,* p. 76). Korchnoi, then past his best and, at fifty, a relatively elderly challenger for the world title, lost by eleven points to seven.

59. Karpov's eventual conqueror in the 1985 world championship, Gary Kasparov, has made much of the obstacles placed in his path by the Soviet establishment. He himself, however, owed much to the support of the head of the Azerbaijan KGB, Geidar Alyev. Lawson, *The Inner Game,* p. 17; Kasparov, *Child of Change,* p. 79.

60. See above, chapter 28.

61. See above, chapter 29.

62. The text of the appeal of the "State Committee for the

State of Emergency," dated August 18, 1991, was published in *The Times* (August 19, 1991).

63. Gorbachev, *The August Coup,* p. 31.

64. Knight, *Spies Without Cloaks,* pp. 130-1. Trubnikov is a former senior FCD officer who made his reputation during operations in India, which will be covered in volume 2.

65. Unattributable information from Russian sources.

66. Andrew and Gordievsky (eds.), *Instructions from the Centre,* p. 17.

67. Unattributable information from Russian sources.

68. Remnick, *Resurrection,* p. 370.

69. Unattributable information from Russian sources.

70. Knight, *Spies Without Cloaks,* pp. 89-91, 106-8. Remnick, *Resurrection,* pp. 276-7. Anna Blundy, "Return to Grace of the Baby-faced Hawk," *The Times* (May 13, 1999). Stepashin is the only one of the original supporters of the war to admit his mistake.

71. Davies, *Europe,* pp. 328-32, 464-5.

72. The classic, though possibly overstated, analysis of the faultlines between cultures is Huntington, *The Clash of Civilizations and the Remaking of World Order.*

73. Pulled westward by a Western-educated élite often out of tune with its own population, Greece remains something of an anomaly as an Orthodox member of NATO and the EU. Stefan Wagstyl, Kerin Hope and John Thornhill, "Christendom's Ancient Split," *Financial Times* (May 4, 1999).

74. Haslam, “Russia’s Seat at the Table,” p. 129.

75. Vujacic, “Gennadiy Zyuganov and the ‘Third Road.’ ”

76. Unusual but not unique. As a result of the divisive legacy of the Spanish Civil War, Spain also has no words to its national anthem. The Soviet Union found itself in a similar situation in 1956 after Krushchev suppressed the existing words to the Soviet national anthem as too Stalinist. New words were not devised until 1977.

77. Samolis (ed.), *Veterany Vneshnei Razvedki Rossii,* pp. 3-4.

78. Primakov *et al., Ocherki Istorii Rossiyskoi Vneshnei Razvedki,* vol. 3, conclusion.

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(ii) t-series: handwritten notebooks containing notes on individual KGB files;

(iii) vol.-series: typed volumes containing material drawn from numerous KGB files, mostly arranged by country, sometimes with commentary by Mitrokhin;

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INDEX

Aaron, David
Abakumov
ABBAT (Archbishop Pitirim)
Abbiate, Mireille Lyduvigovna
Abbiate, Roland Lyudvigovich (Pravdin)
Abdoolcader, Sirioj Husein
Abel, Rudolf (Vilyam Willie Fisher)
Abella, Robert
ABLE ARCHER exercise
ABO (Peter Smollett)
ABRAMOV
Abramov, N. F.
Abramova, Nina
Abrasimov, Pyotr Andreevich
Abt, John
ACE (aeronautics engineer)
Acheson, Dean
ADA (Helen Lowry)
ADA (NKVD officer)
ADAM
ADAMANT (Metropolitan Nikodim)
ADEN

Adenauer, Konrad
Afghanistan invasion (1979)
Afghan War
Afro-Asian Solidarity Committee
AGAT operation
Agayants, Ivan Ivanovich
Agca, Mehmet Ali
Agee, Philip
Ageloff, Sylvia
Ahman, Olavi
AIDS virus
Akhmerov, Iskhak Abdulovich
Akhromeyev, Marshall
AKHURYAN (nuclear physicist)
Akopyan, Ashot Abgarovich
Akselrod, Moisei Markovich
ALAN
Albam, Abram Mironovich
Albania
ALBERT (Iskhak Akhmerov)
ALBERT (Nikolai Bitnov)
ALBERTO (Guido Cappelloni)
Aleksandrov, Georgi Nikolayevich
Aleksandrov, Vladimir Valentinovich
ALEKSEI (Anatoli Yatskov; Yakovlev)

Aleksi of Tallinn, Metropolitan
ALES (Alger Hiss)
Alexander, Field Marshall
Alexandrovsky, Pavel
Algeria
ALICE
Aliev, Ismail Murtuz Ogly
ALLA (Galina Linitskaya)
Allegretti, Alfredo
Allen, Richard
Allende, Salvador
ALPHA (caches)
Alpha group
Althammer, Hedwig Marta
ALVAR (IBM employee)
Amendola, Giorgio
American National Security Act (1947)
American Relief Association (ARA)
Ames, Aldrich
Amin, Hafizullah
AMUR (Robert Sheldon Harte)
Anderson, Jack
ANDRE
Andreev, Nikolai Nikolayevich
ANDREI (Dmitri Bystroletov)
Andrew, Christopher

Andrews Air Force Base
Andreyevskaya, T. S.
Andropov, Yuri Vladimirovich
Andropov Institute
Androsov, Stanislav Andreyevich
Angeloff, Sylvia
Angleton, James
ANITA
ANNA (typist)
ANO (Japanese interpreter)
ANTENNA (Julius Rosenberg)
Anti-Comintern Pact
ANTON (Leonid Kvasnikov)
ANTON (POCHIN operational officer)
Antonov, Georgi Pavlovich
Apresyian, Stepan
Arab-Israeli Six-Day War
Araujo Aguilar, Laura
Arbatov, Georgi
ARDOV (Mikhail Polonik)
Argentina
ARGUS (journalist)
Aristov, Boris
ARLEKINO
ARLINGTON (E. Howard Hunt)

Arnedo, Alvarez
ARNO (Ernest Oldham)
ARNO (Harry Gold)
Aron, Raymond
ARSENIO (Louis Wolf)
Arsov, Boris
Artamonov, Nikolai Fyodorovich
ARTEM
ARTEMIS (Soviet intelligence)
ARTEMOVA
ARTUR
ARTUR (Iosif Grigulevich)
ARTUR (Rem Krassilnikov)
Artuzov, Artur Khristyanovich
ASCHE (Hans-Thilo Schmidt)
Ash, Timothy Garton
Asimov, Nikolai Nikolayevich
ASKET (Andrei Sakharov)
ASKO
Astor, David
ASYA (Ethel Gee)
Attlee, Clement
Aucouturier, Alfreda
Australia
Austria
  Kommunistische Partei Österreichs (KPO)

Austrian Stapo (security police)
AVANTGARDE
AVIATORSHA (Mireille Abbiate)
Avramenko, V. I.
AYUN (Georgi Aleksandrov)

Babkov, G. S.
Backis, Andris
Bagley, Pete
Bagrichev, Nikolai Grigoryevich
Bagritsky, Vsevelod
Bahr, Egon
Baibakov, Nikolai
Baker, Harry
Balkan federation
Ball, George
Bandera, Stephen
Barák, Rudolf
Barannik, Valentin Viktorovich
BARANOV (Ville Pessi)
BARBAROSSA, operation
Barcikowski, Kazimierz
Bardecki, Andrzej
BARITONE (deputy to Peter Lunn)
Barkovsky, Vladimir
Barre, Raymond
Barron, John
Baryshnikov, Mikhail

Barzel, Rainer
Basic Tenets of Intelligence (Yevseyev)
Batarovskaya, Yanina
BATWING (power source)
Baudoin, Jean-Jacques
Bayer
BAYKAL
Bazarov, Boris
Bechko, Jan
Beck, Joseph
Becker, Franz
Begin, Menachem
Behind the Facade of the Masonic Temple (Zamoysky)
BELFORT (Erich Birkenhauer)
Belfrage, Cedric
Belgium
BELLA
BELOV (Abram Albam)
Belov, Yevgeni Aleksandrovich
BEN (Konon Molody)
Benes, Eduard
Bentley, Elizabeth
BERG (senior engineer)
Bergsten, C. Fred
Beria, Lavrenti Pavlovich

Berle, Adolf
Berlinguer, Enrico
Berlin Wall
  fall of (1989)
BERTA (partner of Rudenko)
BERTRAND (Georgi Kotlyar)
Bertrand, Gustave
Berzin, Eduard
Berzin, Jan
Besedovsky, Grigori
Bessarabia
Bessedovsky, Grigori
BESSER (Feliks Verzhbitsky)
Bettaney, Michael
Beutming, Theodor
Bevin, Ernest
Bezmenov, Yuri Aleksandrovich
Bidault, Georges
Bil'ak, Vasil
Birkenhauer, Erich
Bishop, Maurice
Bitnov, Nikolai Nikolayevich
Bitnov, Nina
Blake, George
Blanch, Stuart
Blunt, Anthony

Blyablin, Gennadi Petrovich
Blyumkin, Yakov
Bobkov, Filipp Denisovich
Boeing
Bogdanov, Radimir
Bogoraz, Larisa
BOGUN (Gennadi Blyalblin)
Bohlen, Charles "Chip,"
Bokassa, Jean Bédel
Boky, Gleb Ivanovich
Bolbotenko, L. G.
BOLEK
Böll, Heinrich
Bolshakov, Georgi
Boniecki, Adam
Bonner, Elena
BONZA operation
BOR (research scientist)
Borcha, Ivan Grigoryevich
Borovik Genrikh
Borzov, G. F.
Borzov, Gennadi Gedorovich (Bystrov)
Bossard, Frank
Boumedienne, President
Bourdiol, Pierre

Bourke, Sean
BOXER (fiber-optic system)
Boyarinov, Grigori
Boyce, Christopher
Brade, Walter
Bradley, Omar N.
Brandon, Henry
Brandt, Willy
Branzinkas, P. S.
Brezhnev, Leonid Ilich
Brief Instructions for the Cheka on How to Conduct Intelligence (Yevseyev)
Brik, Yevgeni Vladimirovich
British Non-Ferrous Metals Association
British Secret Intelligence Service (SIS)
British Security Coordination (BSC)
Britten, Douglas
BROD (U Thant)
BROK
Brooke, Gerald
Brookhaven National Laboratory
Browder, Earl
Brown, Jerry
Brzezinski, Zbigniew
Buchanan, Pat
Buchholz, Ernst

Buchman, Henry
Buikis, Yan (Shmidkhen)
Bujak, Zbigniew
Bukharin, N.
Bukovsky, Vladimir
Bulgakov, Mikhail
Bulganin, Nikolai Aleksandrovich
Bulgaria
Bulletin of the Opposition
BUMBLEBEE (David Greenglass)
Bunker, Ellsworth
Bunyk, Ivan Ivanovich
Burdin, Vladimir Trofimovich (Borodin)
Bureau of People's Protection (OZNA)
Burgess, Guy
BURGOV (Yuri Linkov)
Burtakov, Saveli Vladimirovich
Buryen, Oleg Petrovich
Bush, George
Butenko, John
BUTIL
Butkov, Mikhail
Buyevsky, Alexei Sergeyevich
Bystroletov, Dmitri Aleksandrovich

Cadogan, Alexander
Cairncross, John
CALIBRE (David Greenglass)
Callaghan, James
Callan, Robert
Cambridge Five. *se also* Blunt, Anthony; Burgess, Guy; Cairncross, John; Maclean, Donald; Philby, Kim
Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND)
Camp David agreement
Canada
  Communist Party of Canada (CPC)
Canadian Broadcasting Company
Canaris, Admiral
Cancer Ward (Solzhenitsyn)
Capital Couples
Cappelloni, Guido
CARDINAL
Carey-Foster, George
Carmichael, Stokely
Carr, E. H.
Carr, Sam
Carrillo, Santiago

Carter, Jimmy
CASE 39 (capture of Zayarny)
Casey, William
Castelo, Pacheko José
Castillo, José Maria (Chema)
Castillo, Ramón
Castle, Barbara
Castro, Fidel
Castro, Teodoro
  see also Grigulevich, Iosif Romualdovich
Ceausescu, Nicolae
Cecil, Robert
CENSOR
Central Control Commission
Černik, Oldřich
Cerny, Vaclav
CH (Russian maid)
Chaban-Delmas, Jacques
Chalet, Marcel
Chalidze, Valeri
Chamberlain, Neville
Chambers, Whittaker
Chamoun, Camille
Chamoun, Don
Chaoui, Nicolas

CHARLES (Klaus Fuchs)
CHARLIE (Cedric Belfrage)
Charter 77
Chase Manhattan Bank
Chebrikov, Viktor
Chehab, Emir Farid
Cheka
e Cheporov, Edgar Anatolyevich
Cherepanov, Aleksandr Nikolayevich
Cherkashin, Viktor
Chernenko, Konstantin
Chernyayev, Anatoli , Alekseyevich
Chertenko, Kira Viktorovna
Cheysson, Claude
Chiang Kai-shek
, Chichayev, Ivan Andreevich
Childs, Eva
Childs, Jack
Childs, Morris
Chile
Chilston, Viscount
Chirac, Jacques
Chizhov, Mikhail Timofeyevich
CHOUAN
Christian Peace Conference
Christie, Agatha

CHRISTINA
Chronicle of Current Events
Churches
Churchill, Sarah
Churchill, Winston
CIA (Central Intelligence Agency)
Ciosek, Stanisław
Citizens’ Committee of Inquiry
Clark, Ramsey
Clemens, Hans
CLIP (FBI agent)
COBRA operation
COBRA-2 operation
COCOM
Coggan, Donald
Cohan, Barbara J.
Cohen, Leontina (Lona)
Cohen, Morris
Colby, William
Colombi, Arturo
COLOSSUS
Columbia University
  School of International Relations
Colville, John
Comintern

Commander of Submarine Forces in the Atlantic (COMSUBLANT)
Committee for Human Rights
Committee of Information (KI; *Komitet Informatsii*)
Committee of Party and State Control
Committee of Twelve
Communist Party of Canada (CPC)
Communist Party of the Soviet Union (CPSU)
Communist Party of the United States (CPUSA)
Communist Youth League (Komsomol)
COMSUBLANT (Commander of Submarine Forces in the Atlantic)
Congress of the Writers Union
Constantini, Francesco
Constantini, Secondo
Conyers, John, Jr.
COOPER (Hans Christian Pieck)
COOPER (pharmaceuticals employee)
Cornford, John
CORSICAN (Arvid Harnack)
Cortellazzo, Galeazzo Ciano di,
Cossit, Thomas
Cossutta, Armando
Costa Rica
Costello, John
Costello, Paddy

Costello, Seamus
Cot, Pierre
Council of Foreign Ministers
Council of People's Commissars
Courtauld Institute
Courtney, Anthony
Couve de Murville, Maurice
Covert Action Information Bulletin
CPC (Communist Party of Canada)
CPSU (Communist Party of the Soviet Union)
CPUSA (Communist Party of the United States)
Crankshaw, Edward
Cranston, Alan
Crémet, Jean
CRESCENDO operation
Cross, James
Crown Books
Cuba
Cunhal, Alvaro
Currie, Lauchlin
Custine, Marquis de
Cyrankiewicz, Jozef
Cywiński, Bohdan
Czechoslovakia
  Prague Spring (1968)

Czechoslovak StB

DACHNIKI (Lona and Morris Cohen)
DAEDALUS (Pierre Cot)
Daix, Pierre
DAKS (Iosif Grigulevich)
Daladier, Edouard
DAN (engineer)
DAN (journalist)
DAN (Robert Lipka)
DANA
Daniel, Yuli (Nikolai Arzhak)
Danilov, Anatoli Aleksandrovich
DARIO
DARYA (typist)
DAVID (Eugene Maki)
Dawson, Geoffrey
Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich, A (Solzhenitsyn)
Debré, Michel
Decker, Erna Helga Maria
De Gaulle, Charles
Dejean, Maurice
Dekanozov, Vladimir Georgievich
Delbrouck, Leopold Lambert

DeLoach, "Deke,"
DEMID (Communist civil servant)
Denisov, Boris Vasilyevich
Denmark
Dennis, Eugene (Francis S. Waldron)
DEREVLYOV (Oleg Buryen)
Deryabin, Pyotr
Deutsch, Arnold
Deutsch, Josefine
Deutscher, Isaac
Dewavrin, André (Passy)
DEYEV (Gennadi Kotov)
DGI
Diakite, Mussa
Diestel, Peter-Michael
DIF (US businessman)
DIM (Vitali Lyampin)
DIMA (Vitali Lyampin)
DIOMID
DIR (Mary Wolf Price)
Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire (DST)
Dirty Work: The CIA in Western Europe (Agee)
Dirty Work II: The CIA in Africa (Agee and Wolf)
Djilas, Milovan
DLINNY (Aleksandr Korotkov)

Dmitriev, V. A.
Dobrovosky, Alexei
Dobrynin, Antoli
Doctor Zhivago (Pasternak)
Dodd, William E.
Dolbin, Grigori Grigoryevich
Donovan, James
Donovan, "Wild Bill,"
Doriot, Jacques
DORIS
Dorogov, Vasili Georgyevich
DOROZHKA (runway)
Doss, William E., Jr.
DOUGLAS (Dalibar Valoushek)
Dovin
Dozhdalev, Vasili Alekseyovich
DRGs (sabotage and intelligence groups)
Driberg, Tom
DROM
Droujinsky, Dmitri
DROZDOV
DROZDROZ (Aleksei of Tallinn)
DRUG (Vasili Fronchenkov)
Drummond, Eric
Dubček, Alexander
DUDLEY (Secondo Constantini)

Duggan, Lawrence
Dulles, Allen
DUNCAN (Francesco Constantini)
Dunlap, Jack E.
Du Pont de Nemours
DURANT (André Ulmann)
Durzhavna Sigurnost (DS)
Dutov, Ataman A. I.
Dyakonov, Nikolai Vasilievich
Dynomit Nobel
Dzerzhinsky, Feliks
Dzhirkevlov, Ilya
Dzhugashvili, Joseph Vissarionovich. *see also* Stalin, Joseph

East Germany
EDDING operation
EDELWEISS operation
Eden, Anthony
EDITH (Edith Suschitsky Tudor Hart)
EDUARD (KGB police agent)
Egypt
Einaudi, Luigi
Eisenhower, Dwight D.
Eitingon, Leonid Aleksandrovich
ELLI (Leo Long)
EMIL (Manfred Rotsch)
EMMA (Erna Decker Kohler)
EMMA (female agent in Canada)
ENERO
ENIGMA machine
ENORMOZ project. *see also* MANHATTAN project
Enterprise G-4598
EPIGONI operation
ERBE (Peter Herrmann)
ERICA
ERIKH (U.S. State Department employee)

ERNA
ERNST TOLSTY group
ERWIN (Aleksandr Kopatzky; Igor Orlov)
Estonia
Evans, Gwynfor
Everett, Raymond Franci
Evraert, Ernst
EXCOMM

Fairchild
Falcon and the Snowman, The (film)
Falk, Elke
FAREWELL (Vladimir Vetrov)
FAUST
FBI (Federal Bureau of Investigation)
Feder, Heinz Walter August
Federal Agency of Government Communications and Information (FAPSI)
Federal Republic of Germany (FRG)
Federovna, Anna
FEDOR (Ivan Borcha)
FEDOROV
Fedorov, Andrei Pavlovich
Fedotov, Pyotr Vasilyevich
Feklisov, Aleksandr Semyonovich (Fomin)
Felfe, Heinz
FELIPE (Iosif Grigulevich)
FELKE (Du Pont de Nemours employee)
Feltrinelli, Giangiacomo
FIDELIO
Figueres Ferrer, José

Filatov, Nikolai
Filippov, Aleksei Frolovich
Filippov, Viktor Mikhailovich
Filonenko, Mikhail Ivanovich
FILOSOV (Ivan Bunyk)
Finland
  Suomen Kommunistinen Poulue (SKP)
FIR
FIRMA operation
First Five Year Plan
FISH
Fisher, Peter Carl
Fisher, Vilyam (Willie) Genrikhovich
Fitin, Pavel Mikhailovich
Five, The. *see also* Blunt, Anthony; Burgess, Guy; Cairncross, John; Maclean, Donald; Philby, Kim
FLAMINGO operation
Flanders, Ralph E.
FLEET (Goronwy Rees)
Fletcher, Raymond
FLINT
Focus
FOGEL (Communist engineer)
Folik, Josif
Fonseca Amador, Carlos
Fonteyn, Margot

Footman, David
FOOT operation
FORD (Albert Friedman)
Ford, Gerald
FORST (Raymond Everett)
Fourcaud, Pierre
Fourth International
Frachon, Benoît
France
  Parti Communiste Français (PCF)
Franco, Francisco
François-Poncet, Jean
FRANK
FRANK (East German illegal)
FRANK (Lawrence Duggan)
FRANYA (female Polish student)
FRED (Ivan Gladysh)
FREDDI (Leo Lappi)
Freeman, John Frederick
Friedman, Albert
Friedman, Litzi
FRIEND (James Morrison)
Fritz, Geinrich
Frolik, Josef
Fronchenkov, Vasili

FROST (Boris Morros)
Frouz-Farkac
Frydenlund, Knut
FSLN (Sandinista National Liberation Front)
Fuchs, Klaus
Fulbright, William
Funk, Herbert
Fyodorova, Yelena Timofeyevna

Gaitskell, Hugh
Galanskov, Yuri
Galbraith, John Kenneth
Gallego, Ignacio
Gallo, Fausto
Gandhi, Rajiv
Garcia, Eduardo
Gardner, Meredith
Gardner, Richard
Garnitsky, A. V.
Gasperi, Alcide de
Gast, Gabriele
Gates, Robert
Gdánsk Agreement
GEC Hirst Research Centre
Gee, Ethel
Geheimschreiber messages
Gehlen, Reinhard
Geldart, Richard
General Dynamics
GENNADI (Gayk Ovakimyan)
Genscher, Hans-Dietrich

Georg (Kurt Simon)
GEORGE (Robert Lee Johnson)
Georgetown University
Centre for Strategic Studies
George VI, King
GERA (Nina Bitnov)
GERDA (Inga Valoushek)
German Communist Party (KPD)
German Democratic Republic (GDR)
GERY
Ghazarian, Elizabeth Aghasapet
Ghirey, Sultan Kelech
GIDEON (Yevgeni Brik)
GIDROLOG (Carlos Fonseca)
Gielgud, John
Gierek, Eduard
GIGI (French communist mechanic)
GILBERT
Gilbert, Jean
Ginzburg, Aleksandr
Giscard d’Estaing, Valéry
Glading, Percy
Gladysh, Ivan Vasilyevich
Gleason, S. Everett
Glemp, Józef

Gleske, Heinz
Globke, Hans
Glushchenko
GNIDA (Yevgeni Runge)
Godlevsky, General
Goering, Hermann
GOGOL (Nikolai Dyakonov)
Gold, Harry
Goldfus, Emil Robert
GOLD operation
Goldstäcker, Eduard
Goleniewski, Michał
Goliath, Inge
Golitsyn, Anatoli Mikhailovich
Golos, Jacob
Golubev, Sergei Mikhailovich
GOMEZ (Spanish cipher clerk)
Gómez, Agustin
Gomułka, Władisław
González, Felipe
GOOSE (Harry Gold)
Gorankova, Yulia Ivanovna
Gorbachev, Mikhail
Gorbachev, Raisa Maximovna
GORBATY (Anatoli Golitsyn)
Gordievsky, Oleg Antonovich

Gordievsky, Vasili Antonovich
Gordon, B. M.
Gorkhin, A. F.
Gorskaya, Yelizaveta Yulyevna (Lisa)
Gorsky, Anatoli Veniaminovich
GORT
GOT (Percy Glading)
Gott, Richard
Goulding, Cathal
Gouzenko, Igor
GPU
Grabski, Tadeusz
Grachev, Andrei
Grafpen
GRANIT (target)
Grankin, S. M.
Gratsiansky, Yuri Vasilyevich
Great Britain
  Cambridge Five. *see also* Blunt, Anthony; Burgess, Guy; Cairncross, John; Maclean, Donald; Philby, Kim
Great Illegals
  Magnificent Five . *see also* Blunt, Anthony; Burgess, Guy; Cairncross, John; Maclean, Donald; Philby, Kim
Great Patriotic War (1941-1945)
Great Soviet Encyclopedia
Great Terror

Greece
Greek Communist Party
Greene, Graham
Greenglass, David
Greenglass, Ruth
Greenhill, Dennis
Gregennik, K.
Grenville, Robert
Gribanov, Oleg Mikhailovich
Gridina, M. M.
Grigorenko
Grigulevich, Iosif Romualdovich
GRIN (Anatoli Chernyayev)
GRIN (Sandinista agent)
Grinchenko, Vladimir Vasilyevich
Grishin, Viktor
Groesser, Josef
Grohman, Jozef
GROMOV (Vasili Gordievsky)
Gromyko, Andrei
Gronchi, Giovanni
GROSS (Goronwy Rees)
GROT (secret arms dump)
GRU
GRUM (Irish Communist)

Grumman
Grushko, Viktor Fedorovich
Guernsey, terry
Guibaud, Louis
Guillaume, Günter
Guinea, republic of
Guk, Arkadi Vasilyevich
Gulag Archipelago (Solzhenitsyn)
Günes, Turin
Gurgenev, Vacheslav Ivanovich (Artemov)
GURYEV (Valentin Gutin)
Gusev, Nikolai Pavlovich
Gusev, S. I.
Gutin, Valentin Aleksandrovich
Gutzeit, Davidovich
Guy Burgess (Driberg)

Habash, George
Haddad, Wadi
HAGEN (Hans-Jurgen Henze)
Halifax, Lord
Hall, Gus
Hall, Joan
Hall, Theodore Alvin (Ted)
Halperin, Morton
Hambleton, Hugh
Hamilton, Victor Norris
Hanes, Dalibor
Hankey, Lord, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster
HANS (Dmitri Bystroletov)
HANSEN (Günter Guillaume)
Hardinge, Charles
Harnack, Arvid
Harriman, Averell
Harrop, William
HARRY (Valeri Makayev)
Harsch, Joseph
HART (Yevgeni Brik)
Hart, Alex Tudor

Hart, Edith Tudor
Hart, Judith
Harte, Robert Sheldon
Harvey, Libby
Hatfield, Mark
Hayhanen, Reino
HE (Hans-Thilo Schmidt)
Healey, Dennis
Healey, Dorothy Ray
Heath, Edward
Hebrang, Andriya
HECTOR (Ivanovich Filonenko)
Heinz, Leonore
Helmer, Oskar
HELMUT
Helsinki Accord on Security and Co-operation (1975)
Helsinki Watch Groups
HENRI group
HENRY (Anatoli Gorsky)
Henze, Hans-Jurgen
HERBERT (Aleksandr Kopatzky; Igor Orlov)
HERMES (Ozdemir Ozgur)
Hernu, Charles
Herrmann, Peter
Herrmann, Rudolf Albert

Herzog, Gisela
Hess, Rudolf
Hiroshima
Hiss, Alger
Hitler, Adolf
Hitler Youth
Hladik
Hofer, Heidrun
Hoffmann, Karel
Höke, Margret
HOLA (Melita Norwood)
Holeček, Lubomir
Hollaway, Richard
Holub, František
Holubova, Valentina
Home, Alec Douglas
HOMER
Honecker, Erich
Honeywell
Honner, Franz
Hoover, J. Edgar
Hopkins, Harry
Horowitz, Vladimir
Hosenball, Mark
Houghton, Harry
House Committee on Un-American Activities

House Select Committee on Assassinations
Houska, Josef
Hruškovič, Miloslav
Hudson Institute
Hughes
Hughes, H. Stuart
Hull, Cordell
HUMINT
Humphrey, Hubert
Hungarian Uprising (1956)
HUNT (civil servant)
Hunt, Bunker
Hunt, E. Howard
Hunt, H. L.
Husák, Gustáv
Huseinjyan, Karo
Huxley, Hugh
HVA (Hauptverwaltung Aufklürung)

Ibárruri, Dolores
IBM
IDOL (Yuri Nosenko)
Iglesias, Gerardo
IGOR (Konstantin Kukin)
IKAR
Ilk, Bertold Karl
Inderfurth, Karl
India
Indra, Alois
Information Research Department (IRD)
INGA (typist)
Ingrao, Pietro
INO (Innostranyi Otdel)
Inside the Company: CIA Diary (Agee)
INSPECTOR
Intelligence Identities Protection Bill
International Brigades
International Liaison Department (OMS) of Communist International
INTIKAM operation
Ioffe, A. F.

Ippolitov, Ivan Ivanovich
IRA (Irish Republican Army)
IRENE (wife of British journalist)
IRENEY
Irish Republican Socialist Party (IRSP)
IRONBARK
Isbir, Ahmed
Israel
Istkov, A. N.
Italo-Ethiopian war
Italy
  Partito Comunista Italiano (PCI)
ITT
Ivanov, Boris Semenovich
IVANOVA
Ivanova, Galina
Ivashutin, Pyotr

Jackson, Henry “Scoop,”
Jackson, James
Jacson, Frank (Ramón Mercador)
Jagielski, Mieczysław
JAGUAR operation
Jakeš, Miloš
Janczyszyn, L
Japan
Jaruzelski, Wojciech
Javits, Jacob
Jebb, Sir Gladwyn
Jehovah’s Witnesses
Jenkins, Roy
Jespersen, Knud
Jewish Defense League
Jewish lobby
JILL (English woman)
JOE (army electronics engineer)
Joesten, Joachim
JOHN (Ivan Chichayev)
John, Otto
John Birch Society

John Paul I, Pope
John Paul II, Pope
Johnson, Lyndon B.
Johnson, Robert Lee
Joint Intelligence Committee (JIC)
Joliot-Curié, Frédéric
Jones, Penn
Jones, Sam Houston
JOSE (Antonio Pujol)
JOSE (Pacheco José Castelo)
JOUR (cipher office agent)
JURIST (Harry Dexter White)
Jurović, Momo

K (Vladimir Barkovsky)
Kahane, Meir
Kahle, Wilhelm
Kahn, David
Kalugin, Oleg Danilovich
Kamenev, Lev
Kamenev, Zinovyev
Kania, Stanislaw
Kannegiser, Leonid
KANT (Mark Zborowski)
Kapek, Antonin
Kapitza, Pyotr
Kaplan, Fanya (Dora)
KAREV (male diplomat)
KARL
Karmal, Babrak
Karpekov, Nikolai
Kartseva, Evdokia
Kashtan, William
Kaska, Radko
Kasparov, Grigori Pavlovich
KASSIR (Harry Dexter White)

Katyn Wood atrocity
KAVERN (Mikhail Shadrin)
Kayotis, Andrey Yurgesovich
Kazachenko, Diana Georgiyevna
KEDR operation
KEDROV (E. R. Ponomarev)
KELLY (scientist)
Kelly, Clarence
Kemp
Kennan, George
Kennedy, Edward
Kennedy, John F.
Kennedy, Robert
Kerensky
Kesarev, Boris Federovich
Kessler, Eric
Kessler, Ronald
Kevorkov
KGB: The Inside Story of Its Foreign Operations from Lenin to Gorbachev (Andrew and Gordievsky)
KGB: The Secret Work of Soviet Secret Agents (Barron)
KGB Eighth Chief Directorate
KGB Fifth (Ideological Subversion) Directorate
  Ninth Department
KGB First Chief (Foreign Intelligence) Directorate (FCD)
  Department V,

  Directorate K
  Directorate S
  Directorate T
  Eleventh (East European) Department
  Third Department
  Thirteenth Department
KGB Fourth Department (Military Intelligence)
KGB OT (Operational Technical Support) Directorate (Fourteenth Department)
KGB Sbornik (in-house journal)
KGB Second Chief (Counterintelligence) Directorate
KGB Seventh (Surveillance) Directorate
KGB Sixteenth Directorate
KGB Third Directorate
KHAB (Morris Childs)
KHAN (Ladislav Lebovič)
KHANN (Hans Clemens)
KHARLEV (Arne Petersen)
KHODOKI operation
Khokhlov, Nikolai
KHONG (IBM affiliate employee)
KHOSYAIN (Henry Buchman)
Khrushchev, Nikita Sergeevich
Khvatov, Mikhail Nikolayevich
KI (Committee of Information; *Komitet Informatsii*)
KID (Mary Wolf Price)

Kidd, Ronald F.
Kikot, V. I.
KIM (Klementi Korsakov)
KIN (Boris Bazarov)
King, John H.
King, Martin Luther, Jr.
Kiprian, Archbishop
KIR (Ivan Morozov)
Kireyev, Anatoli Tikhonovich
Kirilenko, N. V.
Kirkpatrick, Jeane
Kirov, Sergei Mironovich
Kirov Ballet
Kirpichenko, Vadim Vasilyevich
Kislyak, Ivan Petrovich
Kissinger, Henry
Kissinger, Nancy Maginnes
Kiszczak, Czesław
KIY (U.S. State Department employee)
KIZH (Gordon Lonsdale)
Kleiman, Leon
Klement, Rudolf
Klimchuk, A. S.
Kliszko, Zenon
KLOD (Texas Instruments employee)

KLOD (Vladimir Grinchenko)
Klugmann, Norman John (James)
Knight, Frances
Kobaladze, Yuri
KOCH (Duncan Lee)
Koecher, Karl and Hana
Kohl, Helmut
Kohler, Erna Decker
Kohler, Foy
Kohler, Gerhard Max
Kokornaya, Miroka
Kolder, Drahomir
Kolev, Ivan
Koliannis, Kostas
KOLIN (Anatoli Kuznetsov)
Kommunistische Partei Österreichs (KPÖ)
Kondrashev, Sergei Aleksandrovich
KONE (David Siquieros)
KONOV (Gerhard Max Kohler)
Konovalets, Yevkhen
KONTAKT system
Kopácsi, Sandor
Kopatzky, Aleksandr Grigoryevich (Igor Orlov)
Kopinić, Josip
Korczynski, Grzegorz
Korean War

KORNELIS
Kornelis, H. M.
Korotich, Vitali
Korotkov, Aleksandr Mikhailovich
Korsakov, Klementi Alekseyevich
Koslov, Eduard Ivanovich
Kosterin, V. N.
Kostov, Vladimir
Kosygin, Alexei
Kotlyar, Georgi Ivanovich (Alain Boucaut)
Kotov, Gennadi Fydorovich (DEYEV)
Kotov, M. G.
Koucky, Vladimir
Kovalik, Mikhaylovich (Valeri Makayev)
Kozlov, Leonid Aleksandrovich
KPO (Kommunistische Partei Österreichs)
KRAB operation
Kraft, Joseph
Kramer, Charles
Krasavin, A. V.
Krasikov, Anatoli
Krasin, Viktor
Krasnov, Pyotr
Krasovsky, Vladimir Grigoryevich
Krassilnikov, Rem Sergeevich

Krause, Oskar
KRAVCHENKO (Yuri Linov)
KRECHIN (Boris Krötenschield)
Kremer, Simon Davidovich
Kremlin Chimes, The (film)
Krepkogorsky, Valeri Viktorovich
Krestnikov, N. T.
Kriegel, Annie
Krimker, Simona Isaakovna
Krivitsky, Walter
Kroesen, Frederick
Kroger, Peter and Helen. *see also* Cohen, Leontina (Lona); Cohen, Morris
KROT (Valéry Giscard d'Estaing)
Krötenschield, Boris
Kruglov, Sergei Nikiforovich
Kryuchkov, Vladimir Aleksandrovich
Kuberski, Jerzy
Kuczynski, Jürgen
Kuitan, Klemens Oscar
Kukin, Konstantin Mikhailovich
Ku Klux Klan
KULBIT operation
Kulda, Joseph Ivanovich
Kulebyakin, Nikolai Panteleymonovich
Kulikov, Viktor

KULON
Kunosenko, Aleksandr Nikolayuevich
Kurchatov, Igor Vasilievich
Kurikka, Hannah
Kuron, Klaus
Kursogof (ship)
KURT (Heinz Felfe)
Kutepov, Alexandr
Kuzichkin, Vladimir
KUZNETSOV (Alexi Buyevsky)
Kuznetsov, Anatoli Vasilyevich
Kuznetsov, I. I.
Kuznetsov, Svyatoslav Federovich
Kuznetsov, V. A.
KVANT
Kvasnikov, Leonid Romanovich

L
Lafontaine, Oskar
LA MANCHE operation
Lamond, James
Lamphere, Robert
Lane, Mark
LANG (Gaston Plissonnier)
Laporte, Pierre
Lappi, Leo
LARK (Nikolai Artamonov)
LAROCHE (French embassy employee)
Lashkova, Vera
Latvian troops
Lazarenko, Aleksandr Ivanovich
Lazarev, Anatoli Ivanovich
Lazebny, Yevgeni Ivanovich
League of Nations
Lebanese Communist Party
Lebanon
Lebedev, V. P.
Lebovič, Ladislav
Lecaneut, Jean

Le Carré, John
Lecoeur, Auguste
LEDA (typist)
Lednev, Valeri Vasilyevich
Lee, Andrew Daulton
Lee, Duncan Chaplin
Lefortovo Prison
LEGRAND
Legris, Michel
Leino, Yrjö
LEMOINE
Lemoine, Rodolphe
LENA (Elke Falk)
LENA (partner of Blyablin)
Lenárt, Jozef
Lendl, Ivan
Lenin, V. I. (Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov)
Leonev, Nikolai Sergeevich
Leonhard, Wolfgang
LEONID (Svyatoslav Kuznetsov)
LEPAGE
Lesiovksy, Viktor Mechislavovich
LESLIE (Lona Cohen)
LETCHIK (Roland Lyudvigovich Abbiate)
Levison, Stanley D.

LIBERAL (Julius Rosenberg)
LIMB
LIND
Line F
Line KR (counterintelligence)
Line N (Illegal Support)
Line PR (political intelligence)
Line SK (Soviet Colony)
Line X
Linitskaya, Galina Leonidovna
Linkov, Yuri Konstantinovich
Linov, Yuri
Lionaes, Aase
Lipka, Robert (Sergei Nikitin)
Lippmann, Walter
LISA (Elena Bonner)
LIST (Saveli Burtakov)
LISTER
Lister, Enrique
LISZT (John Cairncross)
Litvinov, Maxim
Litvinov, Pavel
LIZA (Martha Stern)
Lloyd, Selwyn
Lloyd George, David
Lockhart, Robert Bruce

Lockheed
LOLA (Leonore Heinz)
Lomov, Boris Federovich
LONG (Paddy Costello)
Long, Leo
Longo, Luigi
Lonsdale, Gordon Arnold
Lopatin, E. P.
Lopatin, Mikhail Ivanovich
Lopukhin, Aleksandr Vladimirovich
LORA (wife of Ignacio Gallego)
Loshkarov, M. V.
LOT (Charles Kramer)
LOUIS (Morris Cohen)
LOUISA
Low, Toby
Lowry, Helen
Lozenko, Viktor Vasilyevich
Luce, Claire Booth
LUCH operation
Ludwig, Renata
LUIZA
LUIZA (Laura Araujo Aguilar)
Lukasevics, Yakov Konstantinovich
Lunn, Peter

LUTHER (Andrew Young)
Lvovna, Frida
Lyalin, Oleg Adolfovich
Lyampin, Vitali Ivanovich
Lyon, Alex
LYRIC (Donald Maclean)
LYUTENTSIA operation

M15
MacBridge, Sean
Maclean, Alan
Maclean, Donald
Maclean Melinda
Macnamara, Jack
MacStiofin, Sean
MADAM (Lucy Oldham)
MÄDCHEN (Guy Burgess)
MADLEN (Helen Lowry)
MAG (John King)
Magnificent Five. *see also* Blunt, Anthony; Burgess, Guy; Cairncross, John; Maclean, Donald; Philby, Kim
Magnificent Seven (film)
MAGYAR (peace activist)
MAIRE (French agent)
Maisky, Ivan
MAK (Mark Zborowski)
Makarov, Leonid Alekseevich
Makarov, Viktor
Makarova, Natalia
Makayev, Valeri Mikhaylovich (Mikhaylovich Kovalik)

Maki, Eugene Nikolai
MAKS (Eugen Runge)
MAKS (Iosif Grigulevich)
MAKS (Mark Zborowski)
MAKS (Yevgeni Runge)
MAKSIM (Vassili Zarubin)
Maléter, Pál
Malik, Yakov
Malinovsky, Roman
Malotenko, Stanislav Federovich
Maly, Teodor
Manac’h, Êtienne
Manakov, Anatoli Mikhailovich
MANHATTAN project
MANN (Teodor Maly)
Mannerheim, Karl
Mansfield, Mike
MAR (scientist)
MARA
Marakhovsky, Yuri Nikolayevich
MARAT (Jack Childs)
MARAT (Lebanese hotel owner)
MARCEL
Marchais, Georges
Marder, Murray

MAREK (U.S. army sargent)
MARIYA
MARK
MARK (Willie Fisher Genrikhovichl; Rudolf Abel)
Markelov, I. A.
MARKO (Alexander-Leka Rankovic)
Markov, Georgi
MARLENE (Gisela Herzog)
Marling, Melinda
MARR (Ignati Reif)
MARTA (Anna Federovna)
MARTA (typist)
Martelli, Giuseppe
Martin, William H.
Martínez Moreno, Jorge
MARVIN (Viktor Lozenko)
Marx, Karl
MARY (Litzi Philby)
Marzani, Carl Aldo
Maslow, Igor Vasilovich
MASON (Pierre-Charles Pathé)
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Massing, Hede
Master and Margarita, The (Bulgakov)
Matrosian, Mary
Matsokin, Professor

Maudling, Reginald
MAVR
MAXSIM (Yevgeni Primakov)
MAY (Stepan Apresyian)
Mayer, Heinrich
Mayhew, Christopher
MAYSKY (Ivan Kislyak)
MAZON (East German illegal)
Mazowiecki, Tadeusz
Mazurov, K. T.
McCarthy, Eugene
McCarthy, Joseph T.
McCarthyism
McDonnell Douglas
McGovern, George
McLennan, Gordon
McNeil, Hector
Mechulayev, Vladimir Ivanovich
Medvedev, Roy
Melnik, Constantin
Menzhinsky, Vyacheslav Rudolfovich
Menzies, Stewart
Mercador, Ramón
Mercador del Rio, Caridid
MERCURY (chemist)

Messerschmitt
Messmer, Pierre
METIL
METSENAT
Mexico
MGB
MI1c (British Secret Intelligence Service)
MICK
Mielke, Erich
Mihailovich
MIKE (MIT physicist)
MIKHAILOV (Geli Vasilyev)
Mikhaylovna, Svetlana
Mikoyan, Anastas
Milewski, Mirosław
Military-Industrial Commission (VPK)
Miller, Yevgeni Karlovich
MIRA (female accountant)
MIRA (Simona Krimker)
MIREN operation
MIRNA (Elizabeth Bentley)
MIROKA (Miroka Kokornaya)
Mironov, Vasili Dmitryevich
MIRRA
Mitchell, Bernon F.
Mitchell, Galina

Mitchell, Leslie
Mitrokhin, Vasili Nikitich
Mitterrand, François
MLAD (Ted Hall)
Moczar, Mïeczysław
Modin, Yuri Ivanovich
MOLIERE (John Cairncross)
Molnir, Bohumil
MOLNIYA (lightning)
Molodtsov, Vladimir Aleksandrovich
Molody, Konon Trofimovich (Gordon Arnold Lonsdale)
Molotov, Vyacheslav Mikhailovich
MONA
MONA (French translator)
Monarchist Association of Central Russia (MOR)
Mondale, Walter
Monde, Le
Monsanto
Montgomery, Earl
Moody, Bill
MOOR (scientist)
MOPR (International Workers Relief Organization)
MORIS (ballet dancer)
MORIS (John Abt?)
Moro, Aldo

MOROZOV (Yuri Myakov)
Morozov, Ivan Andreevich
Morrison, Herbert
Morrison, James
Morros, Boris
MORTON (lawyer)
MORVIKOV
MOST (Heinrich Mayer)
MOTHER (Caridad Mercador)
Mott, Neville
Muhri, Franz
Müller, Kiři
Mulley, Fred
Munich crisis
Museum of Partisan Glory
Mussolini, Benito
MUSTAFA
M.W. Kellogg Technology Company
Myakinkov, Gennadi Borosovich
Myakov, Yuri Sergeyevich
My Silent War (Philby)

NADEZHDIN (KGB police agent)
Nagasaki
NAGIN (chemical engineer)
Nagy, Imre
NANT (Heinz Van Nouhuys)
Nasser
NATASHA
National Council of Civil Liberties
National Institutes of Health
National Security Agency (NSA)
NATO
NATSIONALIST (Wadi Haddad)
Navotnaya, Mariya
Nazi-Soviet Non-Aggression Pact (1939)
Nechiporenko, Oleg Maximovich
Nedosekin, Pavel Yefimovich
NEIGHBOURS
"NELLIE,"
Nelson, Steve
Nenni, Pietro
NERPA (weapons researcher)
New Class, The (Djilas)

Newens, Stan
New Zealand
Nezamov, Peter
Nicaragua
  FSLN (Sandinista National Liberation Front)
Nicholas II, Tsar
NIGEL (Michael Straight)
NIK (Colombian)
NIKA (West German Communist)
NIKE
Nikitenko, Leonid Yefremovich
Nikitin, Sergei (Robert Lipka)
Nikodim, Metropolitan
NIKOL (typist)
Nikolaevsky, Boris
NIKOLAI (Davidovich Gutzeit)
Nikolayevich, Nikolai
Nin, Andreu
19 (Lawrence Duggan)
Nixon, Richard
NKGB
NKVD
Noble, Andrew
Noerke, Ingalore
Nollau, Günter

NOMAD (Michael Straight)
NOR
NORD (Boris Bazarov)
NORMA (NKVD officer)
Northern Ireland
NORTON (RCA employee)
Norway
Norwood, Melita
Nosenko, Yuri Ivanovich
Nouhuys, Heinz Van
Novotný, Antonín
Nureyev, Rudolf

Obzina, Jarimir
OBZOR
OCTANE
O’Dell, Hunter Pitts “Jack,”
Odessa catacombs
Office of Strategic Services (OSS)
Official Secrets Act
Ogorodnik, Aleksandr Dmitryevich
OGPU
Okhrana
Okhunev, M. S.
Okolovich, Georgi Sergeyevich
OLAF (Armenian Orthodox Archbishop)
Oldham, Ernest Holloway
Oldham, Lucy
OLDING (Harold Wilson)
OLEG (M. S. Okhunev)
Oleinkov, Anatoli
Oleynik, Yevgeni Aleksandrovich
Olivetti
OLIVIA
Olivier, Lawrence

Olszowski, Stefan
Olympics
OMAR
OMUT operation
One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich (Solzhenitsyn)
Oppenheimer, Robert
OREL (Gustave Bertrand)
OREND (Eric Kessler)
ORFEL (Josip Tito)
Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (OUN)
O’Riordan, Michael
ORLOV (Valentin Barannik)
Orlov, Aleksandr Mikhailovich
Orlov, Igor (Aleksandr Grigoryevich Kopatzky)
Orlov, Yuri
ORLOVA (Svetlana Mikhaylovna)
Orszulik, Alojsy
Oshchenko, Viktor Alekseevich
OST (Moisei Akselrod)
OSTO (Moisei Akselrod)
Ostrovsky, Nikolai Pavlovich
Oswald: Assassin or Fall-Guy? (Joesten)
Oswald, Lee Harvey
OTTO (Arnold Deutsch)
Ovakimyan, Gayk Badalovich

OVERLORD operation
Overy, Richard
OVOD
OVRAG (Lebanese SIS station)
OZEROV (Viktor Oshchenko)
Ozgur, Ozdemir Ahmet

Paaskivi, President
Pacelli, Giulio
Pachman, Ludek
Page, C. H.
Pajetta, Gian Carlo
PAL (Nathan Gregory Silvermaster)
PALLE (Arne Petersen)
PALM (Gus Hall)
PANDORA operation
PANSO (Pacheco José Castelo)
Panyushkin, Aleksandr Semyonovich
Paole Zion
Papaioannou, Ezekias
Parastayev, Andrei Sergeyevich
Park, Daphne
Parshin, Lev
Parti Communiste Français (PCF)
Partido Comunista de España (PCE)
Partito Comunista Italiano (PCI)
Pasechnik, Vladimir
Pasov, Zelman
Pasternak, Boris

PATERA
Pathé, Pierre-Charles
Patocka, Jan
PATRICK
PATRIOT (Viktor Petlyuchenko)
PAUK (Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn)
PAUL (Igor Voytetsky)
PAUL (Teodor Maly)
Paulus, Friedrich
Pavarotti, Luciano
PAVEL
Pavel, Josef
Pavlov, Vadim
Pavlov, Valentin
Pavlovsky, Sergei
PCF (Parti Communiste Français)
PCI (Partito Comunista Italiano)
Pearl Harbor
Pearson, Drew
Peet, John
Pelikán, Jičri
Pelton, Ronald
Penkovsky, Oleg Vladimirovich
People's Republic of China
People's Union for Defence of Country and Freedom (NSZRis)

PEPEL operation
Percy, Charles
Perez, Pedro Pupo
Pérez de Cuéllar, Javier
Perkins, Frances
Perle, Richard
Perlo, Victor
PERS (Communist engineer)
Pervukhin
Pessi, Ville
PETER (KGB police agent)
Petersen, Arne Herløv
Petlyuchenko, Viktor Sergeyevich
Petlyura, Simon
Petrov, Vladimir and Evdokia
Petrovic, Dusica
Pfeiffer, Edouard
PGP (Pretty Good Privacy)
Philadelphia Inquirer
Philby, Aileen
Philby, Kim
Philby, Litzi Friedman
PHOENIX (Peter Lunn)
Pieck, Hans Christian
Pietruszka, Adam

Pimen, Patriarch
Piñeiro Losado, Manuel
Pinochet, Augusto
PIRATY (Branzikas and son)
Pitirim, Archbishop
Pitovranov, Yevgeni Petrovich
Pius XII, Pope
Pivovarov, Yuri Sergeevich
PLATON
Platonov
Plissonier, Gaston
Plissonnier, Gaston
Plyushch, Leonid
POCHIN (intercept post)
Pohl, Inge
Pokrovsky, Georgi Petrovich
Poland
POLECATS
Politburo
Polonik, Mikhail Korneevich
Pol Pot
Polyakov, Dmitri
POLYNARIK (Willy Brandt)
POMOSHCHNIK
Pompidou, Georges
Ponger, Kurt

Poniatowski, Michel
Ponomarev, Boris
Ponomarev, E. R.
PONT (Philip Agee)
Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP)
Poremsky, Vladimir
Poretsky, Ignace (Ignace Reiss; Raymond)
POROK operation
Portugal
  Portuguese Communist Party (PCP)
Portuguese Revolution (1974)
Postoutov, Iosif
Pottle, Pat
POUM (Partido Obrero de Unificacion Marxista)
Powers, Gary
Prague Spring (1968)
Pravdin, Vladimir (Roland Lyudvigovich Abbiate)
PRESIDENT (William E. Doss, Jr.)
PRESSING operation
Price, Mary Wolf
PRIM (Manual Ramón)
Primakov, Yevgeni Maksimovich
Prime, Geoffrey Arthur
PROBA (intercept post)
PROBA operation

Procházka, Jan
PROFESSOR
PROGRESS (FCD operations against dissidents)
Protestant churches
Prussian Nights (Solzhenitsyn)
Public Key Cryptography
Pugo, Boris
Pujol, Antonio
PURPLE
Pushkin (assistant to Solovyev)
Pustoutov, Iosif
PUWP (Polish Communist Party)
Puzanov, A. M.
Pyatin, Artur Victorovich

Qaddafi, Muhammar
Quebec separatists
QUESTOR

RADAR operation
Radchenko
Radek, Karl
RADIST
Rado
RADOV (Hugh Hambleton)
RADUGA project
RAIDER (Victor Perlo)
Rajk, László
RAKETA (intercept post)
Rakowski, Mieczysław
Ramón de Jesus Andara y Ubeda, Manuel
RAMZES (American professor)
Rand Corporation
Randle, Michael
Ranković, Alexander-Leka
RANOL
Ransome, Arthur
Rastvorov, Yuri
RATYEN
Ray, Ellen
RAYMOND (Ignace Reiss/Poretsky)

RAYMOND (Ramón Mercador)
RCA
Reader's Digest
Reagan, Nancy
Reagan, Ronald
Rebet, Lev
REBUS operation
Red Army
Red Brigade
Red Terror
Reduktor (ship)
Rees, Goronwy
Rees, Jenny
Rees, Merlyn
Reform Baptists
Reich, Wilhelm
Reif, Ignati
Reilly, Sidney
Rein, Mark
Reiss, Ignace (Poretsky)
REM (Italian employee of UN)
Remizov, Andrei
RENATA (East German illegal)
RENATO
Renner, Karl

REPO (Tomáš Rezác)
REST (Klaus Fuchs)
Reston, James
Revoi, Andrew
REX (Rodolphe Lemoine)
Rezác, Tomáš
Ribbentrop, Joachim von
Ribiäre, Henri
Ribicoff, Abraham
RICHARD
RICHARD (Aleksandr Kopatzky; Igor Orlov)
Richardson, Charlie
Riches, Derek
RIMEN (Hugh Hambleton)
RINO (Karl Koecher)
ROBERT (Nathan Gregory Silvermaster)
Roberts, Chalmers
Roberts, Goronwy
Robertson, “Tar,” 140
Robinson, G. A.
Robotron
Rocard, Michel
Rockefeller, David
Rockefeller, “Happy,”
Rockefeller, Nelson
Rodin, Nikolai Borisovich (Korovin)

Rogozhin, Anatol
ROLAND
Romania
ROMELLA (Latin American diplomat)
Romzha, Archbishop
RON (Richard Gott)
RON (Vladimir Grinchenko)
Roosevelt, Eleanor
Roosevelt, Franklin D.
  MANHATTAN project
Rose, Fred
Rosenberg, Ethel
Rosenberg, Julius
Rosensteil, Susan
ROSIE (Heidrun Hofer)
Rosinevich, E. S.
ROSSI (Giovanni de Ry)
Rote Kappelle (Red Orchestra)
Rothstein, Andrew
Rotsch, Manred (EMIL)
ROVS
Rowan, Carl
Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP)
Rubak, Mikhail
Rubakov, Vladimir

RUBIN operation
RUBY (Schaap)
Ruby, Jack
Rudenko, Anatoli Ivanovich
Rudenko, Roman
Rudinitskaya, Sofya Davidovna
RULEVOY (Earl Browder)
RUM (Guinean embassy employee)
Rumsfeld, Donald
Runge, Eugen
Runge, Yevgeni
RUPOR group
Rusak, Vladimir
Rush, Valentina
Rush to Judgment (Lane)
Rusk, Dean
RUSLAN (Aleksei Savin)
Russia at War (Werth)
Russian Federation
Russian Orthodox Church
Russian People's Army
Russo-Polish War (1920)
Rust, Matthias
Ry, Giovanni de
Ryabov, Viktor
RYAN (Eugene Dennis)

RYAN (*Raketno-Yadernoye Napadenie*)
RYAN operation
RYBAKOV (Anatoli Rudenko)
Rykov
Ryutin, Mikhail
RYZHOV (Valentin Sidak)
Ryzhov, Nikita

Saadeh, Raymond
Saar-Demichel, François
Sadat, Anwar
Šádovský, Stefan
Safire, William
Sakharov, Andrei
Sakharovsky, Aleksandr Mikhailovich
Sakharovsky, Igor Aleksandrovich
SAKS (British aircraft company employee)
Šalgovič, Viliam
Samolis, Tatyana
SANCHO (Guinean embassy employee)
Sandinista National Liberation Front (FSLN)
Sapper, Alan
Sarmanov, S. S.
SASHA (Aleksandr Korotkov)
SATURN (McDonnell Douglas department head)
SATURN (support group)
Savchenko, Sergei Romanovich
Savin, Aleksei Nikolayevich
Savinkov, Boris
Sax, Saville Savoy

Schaap, Bill
Schildbach, Gertrude
Schmidt, Hans-Thilo
Schmidt, Helmut
Schönbrunn, Reinhold
School of Oriental and African Studies (SOAS; London)
Schröder, Gerhard
Schulze-Boysen, Harro
Schumann, Maurice
SCHWED (Aleksandr Orlov)
SCOT (John Symonds)
Scotland
SDECE (*Service de Documentation Ex’trieure et de Contre Espionnage*)
SDI (Star Wars)
SEDOV (Leonid Makarov)
Sedov, Lev
Segal, Jacob
Seimens
Seliskov, O. A.
Semenov, Semen Markovich
Semenov, Yuri
Semichastny, L. V.
Semichastny, Vladimir Yefimovich
Senate Foreign Relations Committee
SERAFIM

SERB
Serdinov, Eduard Mihailovich
Serebrov, N. V.
Serebryansky, Yakov Isaakovich (Yasha)
SERGEI (Roland Lyudvigovich Abbiate)
SERGEYEV (West German Communist)
Sergeyev, N. D.
Serov, Ivan Aleksandrovich
Servan-Schreiber, Jean-Jacques
Service de Documentation Ex'trieure et de Contre Espionnage (SDECE)
Sevastyanov, I. P.
SEVIDOV
Shadrin, Mikhail Konstantinovich
Shadrin, Nicholas
Shadrin, V. N.
SHAH (Harry Houghton)
Sharov, A. V.
SHAUN (advertising bureau owner)
Shaw, George Bernard
Shcharansky, Anatoli
Shcharansky, Avital
Shchelokov, Nikolai
Shebarshin, Leonid Vladimirovich
SHEF (American professor)
Shelepin, Nikolayevich Aleksandr

Shelest, Yefimovich
Shelmatova
Shelton, Turner B.
Shemov, Viktor
Sherstnev, Lev Nikolayevich
Shevchenko, Arkadi Nikolayevich
Shishkin, Ivan
Shishlin, Nikolai Vladimirovich
Shkuro, Andrei
Shlyandin, Gleb Pavlovich
Shmidkhen (Yan Buikis)
Shokin, V. I.
Shokla Osobogo Naznacheniya (Special Purose School; SHON)
Shpeter, Henrich Natan
Shpigelgals, Mikhail
SHTOLPEN
Shtyov, A. G.
Shultz, George
Shumsky, Oleksander
SHVEYTSARETS (Erik Kessler)
Sidak, Valentin Antonovich
SIGINT
SILIN (Gennadi Titov)
SILVER
Silverman, George

Silvermaster, Nathan Gregory
Simon, John
Simon, Kurt
SIMONOV (Archbishop Kiprian)
SIMSON (Julius Steiner)
SINDIKAT (deception operation)
Sinitsyn, Ye. G.
Sinyavski, Andrei (Abram Tertz)
Siqueros, David Alfaro
SIRA operation
SIROTA (Donald Maclean)
SIS (British Secret Intelligence Service)
SKIF (Karo Huseinjyan)
Skoblin, Nikolai
SKP (Suomen Kommunistenen Poulue)
Slipyj, Josyf
Slovikowski, Jan
Slutsky, Abram Aronovich
Smagin, Aleksandr
SMERSH (*Smert Shpionam)*
Smirnov
Smith, Michael John
Smith, Walter Bedell
Smith, William French
Smolka, H. P.

Smollett, Peter
Soares, Mário
Sobell, Helen
Sobell, Morton
SOBOLEV
Soboloff, David Semenovich
Social-Democratic National Labor Union (NTS)
Society for Cultural Relations
Society for Operational Research
SÖHNCHEN (Kim Philby)
SOKOL (David Soboloff)
Sokolov, Georgi Aleksandrovich
Solidarity
Solomatin, Boris Aleksandrovich
Solonitsyn, Yuri Mikhailovich
Solovyev
Solzhenitsyn, Aleksandr
Somoza Debayle, Anastasio
SONYA
Sorensen, Theodore
Sorge, Richard
Sotskov, L. F.
South Africa
Soviet Writer’s Union
Spain
  Partido Comunista de España (PCE)

  Spanish Civil War
Special Operations Executive (SOE)
Spedding, David
Speransky, V. I.
Sperry-Rand (UNIVAC)
SPIRT operation
SPLASH operation
SPRINTER (Canadian resident)
Spy dust (*metka*)
S&T (scientific and technology intelligence)
Stakhov, Petr
Stalin, Joseph (Joseph Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili)
  Great Terror
Stalinism
Stallmann, Rudolf
Stalnov, Boris Konstantinovich
Stanford University
  Centre for Strategy and Research
STAR (Saville Sax)
STARIK (aeronautical design engineer)
STARIK (Leon Trotsky)
STARIK (research scientist)
STARSHINA (Harro Schulze-Boysen)
START (oil pipeline)
Stashinsky, Bodgan

State and the Revolution, The (Lenin)
State Archive of the Russian Federation
State Committee for Science and Technology (GKNT)
Statute of limitations for espionage
Steen, Reiulf
STEFAN (Arnold Deutsch)
Steiner, Julius
Steinway
Stennes, Walter
STEP (laboratory assistant)
STEPAN
Stephenson, William
Stern, Alfred Kaufman
Stern, Martha Dodd
Sternyuk, Archbishop Volodymyr
STERVYATNIK (Josip Tito)
Stirner, Eleanore
Stockwood, Mervyn
Stoessel, Walter
STOIC (Latin American diplomat)
Stoph, Willi
Stoyanov, Dimitar
Stoyova, Vesselina
Straight, Michael
Strangers on a Bridge (Donovan)
Strauss, Franz-Josef

STRELA (Alex/Edith Tudor Hart)
Stride Toward Freedom (King)
Štrougal, Lubomir
SUAREZ (Colombian journalist)
Suárez, Adolfo
Subăs, Ivan
SUBJECT 110,
Sudoplatov, Pavel Anatolyevich
SUKHOVA
Sullivan, William C.
Suomen Kommunistinen Poulue (SKP)
Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force (SHAEF)
Supreme Military Council (*Vysshaya Voyskovaya Rada*; VVR)
Surits, Yacov
Suschitsky, Edith
Suslov
Suslov Commission
Sütterlin, Heinz
SUZA
SVR (*Sluzhba Vnezhney Razvedki*)
SVYASHCHENIK
SWEDE (aero-engine specialist)
Sweden
Sweeny, Charles

Swinton, Ernest
Switzerland
Sykes, R. A.
Symonds, John
SYNOK (Kim Philby)
SYNOK (youngest Western recruit)
Syroyezhkin, Grigori
Syroyezhkin, Grigori Sergeevich
System Planning Corporation (SPC)

TAFFY (Andrew Revoi)
TAKSIM (Êtienne Manac’h)
Tanaka, Gi-ishi
TANOV
TANOV (Anatoli Tonkonog)
TANOVA (Yelena Fyodorova)
TANYA (Kira Chertenko)
Tarasov, Lev
TASS
Tatuzov, Yuri Yefimovich
Tehran Conference (1943)
TELON
TEMNY (Vaclav Cerny)
TEODOR (Pacheco José Castelo)
TERENTY (Czech agent)
TERMIT-P (intercept station)
Texas Instruments
Thatcher, Margaret
THEO (Teodor Maly)
Thieme, Gerhard
Thompson, E. P.
Thorn_EMI Defense Electronics

Three Musketeers
Thyssen
Tiebel, Erwin
Tiedge, Hans-Joachim
Time
Tischner, Józef
Tishkov, Arseni Vasilyevich (Timofeyev)
Tito, Josip (Josip Broz)
Titoist conspiracies
Titov, Gennadi Fedorovich
Titov, Igor Viktrovich
TKACHEV (Eduard Serdinov)
Todman, Terence
Togliatti, Palmiro
Tolkavhev, Adolf
Tolson, Clyde
Tolstoy, Aleksei
Tolstoy, Sergei
TOM (British journalist)
Tomsky
Tonkonog, Anatoli Andreyevich
TONY (Anthony Blunt)
TOPO (typist)
Touré, Sekou
Toye, Eleanor

Toynbee, Philip
Trade Union Council
Treaty of Versailles
Trepper, Leopold
TREST (deception operation)
TREZOR operation
TREZUBET (cache)
Trial Begins, The (Tertz/Sinyavski)
Tribune Group
Trilisser, Mikhail Abramovich
TROP (Argonne National Laboratory researcher)
Trotsky, Leon
Trudeau, Pierre
Truman, Harry S
Trusevich, Georgi Leonidovich
Trushnovich, Aleksandr
TRW Corporation
Tsarev, Oleg
Tserpitsky, Nikolai Lvovich
Tseyrov, Vitali Yevgenovich
Tsimbal, M. S.
Tsvigun, Semyon Konstantinovich
Tsymbal, Mikhail Stepanovich
TUBE ALLOYS project
TULIP (Mark Zborowski)
Turček, Julius

Turing, Alan
TURIST
Turkestan
Turkey
Tursevich, Galina Konstaninova
Tutyunnik, Yurko
TVEN (Semen Semenov)
Tverdokhlebov, Andrei
Tyshchuk, Arkadi Rodionovich

UCHITEL
UDBA
Ukrainian Catholic Church
UKUSA Security Agreement (1948)
Ulbricht, Walter
ULEY (beehive)
Ulmann, André
ULTRA
Ulyanov, Vladimir Ilyich. *see also* Lenin, V. I.
UMNITSA (Elizabeth Bentley)
Union Carbide
Union of the Struggle for Liberation of the Peoples of Russia (SBONR)
Union Treaty
United Fruit Company
United Nations
United States
  Communist Party of the United States (CPUSA)
Unrau, Ivan Dmitryevich
UN Refugees Commission
Unshlikht, Iosif Stanislavovich
Urban, Jerzy

Uritsky, Moisei Solomonovich
USACH (Brookhaven National Laboratory employee)
Usatov, Mikhail
USSR at War (film)
Ustinov, Dmitri
U Thant
UTKA (Trotsky assassination plot)

VADIM (Anatoli Gorsky)
VAL (Momo Jurović)
VALDAY (money-transfer operation)
Valoushek, Dalibar
Valoushek, Nina
Vance, Cyrus
Vansittart, Robert
VANYA (Czech agent)
Vasek, Miroslav
VASILI (Georgi Arbatov)
Vasillyev, Geli Federovich
Vasilyev, P. I.
Vassall, John
Vater, Clara
Vatican, the
Vaupshasov, Stanislav Alekseyevich
VAZHDUH (Josop Kopinić)
Velychkovsky, Archbishop Vasyl
VENETSIANKA
VENONA project
VENTZEYEV (KGB police agent)
VERA

VERA (Mary Matrosian)
Verzhbitsky, Feliks Klementyevich
VESNA (intercept post)
VESTNIK (*Le Monde*)
Vetrov, Dmitri Kirillovich
Vetrov, Mikhail Sergeyevich
Vetrov, Vladimir Ippolitovich
Vietnam
Vietnam War
View from the Kremlin, The (Yeltsin)
VIK (Reino Hayhanen)
VIKTOR
VIL (Union Carbide employee)
VINT operation
VIR (CIA officer)
VIRGINIA (Yulia Gorankova)
VIRTANEN (Olavi Ahman)
VITOS (director in Latvian Academy of Sciences)
Vivian, Valentine
VIZIR (Cyrus Vance)
VLADELET (Russian-born agent)
VLADIMIR
VLADIMIR (Nikolai Tserpitsky)
VLADIMIROV (Radimir Bogdanov)
VLAS

Vlasov, Andrei
Vogel, Wolfgang
Volga German Autonomous Region
Volkov, Konstantin Dmitrievich
VOLUNTEER (Morris Cohen)
Voronin, Yuri Nikolayevich
VORONOV (Arkadi Rodionovich)
Vorontsev, Yuli
VOSTOK operation
Voynovich, Vladimir
Voytetsky, Igor Vitalyevich
Voytetsky, Vitali Panteleymonovich (Emil Evraert)
VOZDUKH project
VPK (Military-Industrial Commission)
VVR (*Vysshaya Voyskovaya Rada*; Supreme Military Council)
Vyshinsky, Andrei

Wadleigh, Julian
WAISE (Donald Maclean)
Waldheim, Kurt
Waldron, Francis S. (Eugene Dennis)
Walker, John Anthony
Wallace, Henry
Wałsa, Lech
WALTER (Heinz Sütterlein)
Warren Commission
Warsaw Pact
WASP (Ruth Greenglass)
Watergate scandal
Watkins, Alan
WEEKEND (SIS operation)
Wehner, Herbert
Weinstein, Moritz
Weisband, William
Weizmann Institute
Welles, Sumner
WERNER (Wilhelm Kahle)
Werth, Alexander
WEST

West Germany
Westinghouse Electric
Whalen, William
White, Harry Dexter
White, Theodore
White Army
White Guards
Wienand, Karl
Wilcott, Jim and Elsie
Wildprett, Wolfgang
WILLIAM (Line PR agent)
Wilson, Harold
Winter War (1939)
Wohlgemuth, Wolfgang
Wojtyła, Karol
Wolf, Louis
Wolf, Markus Johannes (Mischa)
Wolisch, Max (Ignati Reif; MARR)
Wollweber, Ernst
Woodfield, Bill
Workers’ Popular Socialist Party
World Council of Churches (WCC)
World Ice Hockey Championship (1969)
World Peace Council (WPC)
World War II. *see* Great Patriotic War (1941—1945)

Wormwood Scrubs
Wrangel, Peter
Wright, Peter
Wyzýnski, Stefan

Yagoda, Genrikh Grigoryevich
YAK (journalist)
Yakhontov, General
Yakimov, Oleg Aleksandrovich
Yakir, Pyotr
Yakovlev (Anatoli Yatskov)
Yakovlev, A. S.
Yakovlev, Aleksandr Nikolayevich
Yakovlev, Nikolai
Yakovleva, Galina Vladimirovna
Yakunin, Gleb
Yakushev, Aleksandr
Yakushkin, Dmitri Ivanovich
Yalta Conference (1945)
Yanayev, Gennadi
Yankelevich, Efrem
Yatskov, Anatoli Antonovich
Yazov, Dmitri
YEFIMOV
YEFRAT (Ashot Akopyan)
YEFREMOV (Aleksandr Kunosenko)
Yegorov, Alexei

YELENA (Anna Federovna)
Yeltsin, Boris
Yemen
YERMAKOV (Arkadi Guk)
Yermolev, G. M.
Yermolov, Vasili Ivanovich
Yerofeyev, Ivan Alekseyevich
YESAULENKO (Iosif Pustoutov)
YEVDOKIMOV (Eduard Koslov)
YEVROPA operation
Yevseyev, Dmitri Gavrilovich
Yevstafeyev, Gennadi Makhaylovich
Yezhov, Nikolai Ivanovich
Young, Andrew
Yugoslavia
YUNG (aeronautical/computer engineer)
YUNG (Iskhak Akhmerov)
YUZ (Ivan Morozov)

Zabínski, Andrzej
Zaire
Zaitsev, Lev Sergeyevich
ZAK (KGB police agent)
Zakharov, Aleksandr Demyanovich
Zamoyska, Hélène
Zamoysky, Lolly
Zamuruyev, Anatoli Alekseyevich
Zarubin, Vasili Mikhailovich
Zarubina, Yelïzaveta Yulyevna
Zaytsev, Leonid Sergeevich
Zborowski, Mark
ZEFIR (intercept post)
Zelenin, General
Zeman, Jaroslav
ZENIT (Christopher Boyce)
ZHANGO
Zhdanov, Andrei
Zheleznov, Anatoli Mikhaylovich
Zhenikhov, Vladimir Vasilyevich
Zhivkov, Todor
Zhizhin, Vyacheslav

ZHORA (William Weisband)
Zhukov, Yuri
Ziegler, Philip
ZIMIN (Anatoli Zamuruyev)
Zimmermann, Phil
ZINA (Valentina Rush)
Zinovyev, Grigori
Zionist conspiracies
ZOLUSHKA (Elizabeth Ghazarian)
Zorin, Valerian
Zujovic, Streten
Zujović, Streten
ZVENO (oil pipeline)
ZVUK (Jacob Golos)

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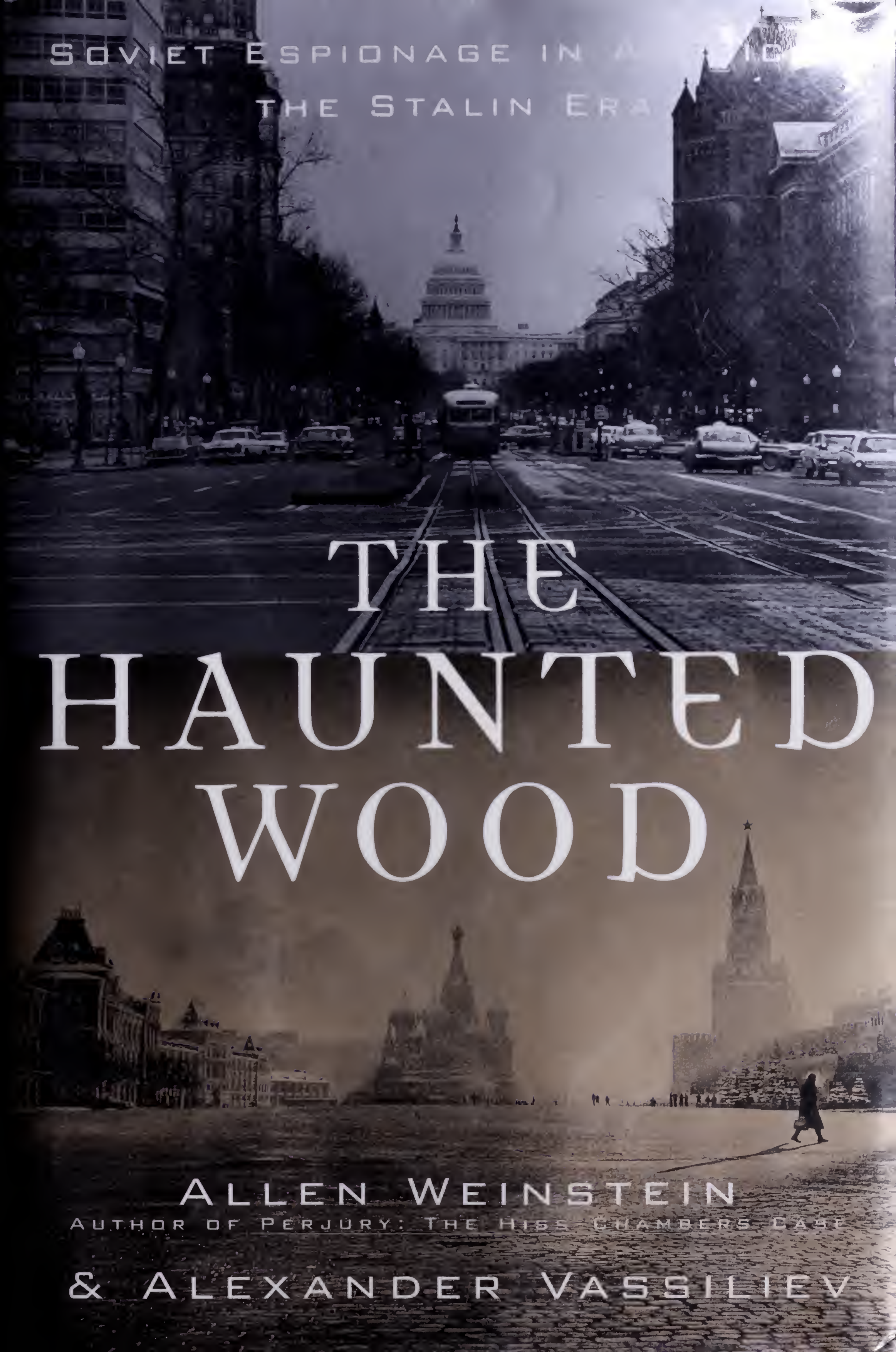

Soviet Espionage in America—
The Stalin Era

THE HAUNTED WOOD

Allen Weinstein
Author of Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case
& Alexander Vassiliev

BASED UPON PREVIOUSLY SECRET KGB records, *The Haunted Wood* reveals for the first time the riveting story of Soviet espionage's "golden age" in the United States throughout the 1930s, World War II, and the early Cold War. Historian Allen Weinstein, author of *Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case,* and Alexander Vassiliev, a former KGB agent–turned–journalist, were provided unique access to thousands of classified Soviet intelligence dispatches that documented the KGB's success in acquiring America's most valuable atomic, military, and diplomatic secrets. *The Haunted Wood* narrates the triumphs and failures of Soviet operatives and their American agents during the 1930s and 1940s, describing as well the compelling human dramas involved.

Reconstructed from Moscow's messages to its operatives and reports from Soviet recruits in America, *The Haunted Wood* describes many previously unknown personal tales: struggles for control among contending Soviet operatives and American agents, love affairs, business ventures, defections, and plotted or actual murders. The authors also detail the remarkable range of classified government documents and information stolen for Soviet intelligence during the 1930s and the war years.

Complementing its use of the KGB archives, *The Haunted Wood* incorporates, also for the first time, a number of the previously classified VENONA cables released in 1995–96 by the CIA and NSA. Among these thousands of translated intercepts sent by Soviet agents in the United States to the USSR during World War II were dozens that matched those found in the Moscow records.

The highly placed Americans who assisted Soviet intelligence operatives during this period included

- the passionate daughter of the U.S. Ambassador to Nazi Germany
- an influential member of the U.S. Congress
- one of President Roosevelt's personal assistants
- key officials of the OSS, America's wartime spy agency
- a flamboyant Hollywood producer-director
- the head of the American Communist Party

Several chapters provide major new accounts from Moscow's own record of its relations with Alger Hiss and atomic spies Klaus Fuchs, Harry Gold, David Greenglass, Theodore Hall, and Julius Rosenberg, among others, along with fresh information on Soviet espionage in the United States by British agents for the Kremlin—Guy Burgess, Donald Maclean, and Harold "Kim" Philby.

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THE HAUNTED WOOD

THE HAUNTED WOOD

◆

Soviet Espionage in America—the Stalin Era

ALLEN WEINSTEIN
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To Adrienne, Dena, Andrew, David, and Alex
and
To Helen and Ken
For their love—and patience

All the conventions conspire
To make this fort assume
The furniture of home;
Lest we should see where we are,
Lost in a haunted wood,
Children afraid of the night
Who have never been happy or good.

—W. H. Auden, “September 1, 1939”

To be excited by the same dispute, even on opposing sides, is still to be alike. This common stamp, deriving from common age, is what makes a generation.

—Marc Bloch, *The Historian's Craft*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The authors are deeply grateful, above all, for the humane balance, insights, and editorial skill of Robert D. Loomis, Random House's executive vice president and senior editor. He read successive drafts of *The Haunted Wood* and significantly improved every page. As a result, he is greatly responsible for the book's strengths, while its flaws remain entirely attributable to the authors.

This narrative history of major Soviet intelligence operations in the United States during the Stalin era, the first to be based upon an examination of files in the KGB archives, began as part of a larger Random House project a half-decade ago. Alberto Vitale, the company's president, negotiated an agreement with the KGB's retired agents' group, as a result of which the Russian Foreign Intelligence Service, a KGB successor agency, allowed a small group of Western and Russian scholars—among them the authors of *The Haunted Wood*—access to previously unavailable Soviet intelligence files. We remain indebted to Mr. Vitale's initiative.

Several authors working under the umbrella of this agreement on other books—the late John Costello, Timothy Naftali, and David Murphy—also participated in an informal dialogue and exchange that provided critical help in developing our book.

At its inception and for several years thereafter, the editorial gadfly and ringmaster of the entire project was James O'Shea Wade, to whom we remain deeply appreciative. Both John Hawkins, representing Alexander Vassiliev, and Bob Barnett, representing Allen Weinstein on this book, have provided timely and sensible counsel.

Without Donna Gold's unstinting efforts in editing and preparing the manuscript, this book might never have been completed. No acknowledgment or expression of thanks can adequately compensate Ms. Gold for the devotion and time she has contributed to *The Haunted Wood*. Our thanks also to production editor Dennis Ambrose for his precise and thoughtful handling of this book on the road to publication. Every page of the book reflects also the sensitive copyediting done by Jane Herman and the proofreading by Adrian Wood.

Strongly supportive of this project from the beginning, though probably not of every specific conclusion in *The Haunted Wood*, were then–Russian Foreign Intelligence Service (SVR) Director Yevgeny Primakov, now Russia's Prime Minister, and two other SVR officials who have contributed to better Russian-American understanding: General Vadim Kirpichenko, who coordinates the senior counselors' group of retired officers within that service, and General Yuri Kobaladze, head of the SVR's press bureau.

The archivists, historians, and officials of the Russian Foreign Intelligence Service, with whom the authors dealt during their research, especially the following (in addition to those previously mentioned), deserve our appreciation for cooperating in this unprecedented opening of materials in the KGB archives for this book: Serguey Guskov, Vladimir Karpov, Boris Labusov, Tatiana Samolis, and Oleg Tsarev. In similar manner, we appreciate the efforts of archivists and historians at the Central Intelligence Agency and National Security Agency—specifically Robert Louis Benson, Brian Latell, Michael Warner, and their colleagues—for their work on processing the VENONA intercepts for release. These two sets of concordant materials—dispatches read first in Moscow from the KGB archives and later found in deciphered versions in the VENONA materials—appear in tandem for the first time in *The Haunted Wood*.

Finally, over the past five years, three young Russians who served as assistants and translators—Julia Astashkina, Alexander Kravtsov, and Sergei Stepanov—helped to bridge the cultural gap between our two societies, for which the American co-author, whom they assisted so ably, will always be grateful.

—Alexander Vassiliev, *Western Europe*
—Allen Weinstein, *Washington, D.C.*

CONTENTS

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS *xi*

INTRODUCTION *xv*

CAST OF CHARACTERS *xxi*

PART ONE: Burden of Innocence: The New Deal Years *1*

1 Communist Romantics, I: The Reluctant Laurence Duggan *3*

2 Creating the Soviet Networks: Hiss, Chambers, and Early Recruits *22*

3 Love and Loyalties, I: The Case of Martha Dodd *50*

4 Communist Romantics, II: The Exuberant Michael Straight *72*

5 Love and Loyalties, II: Elizabeth Bentley and Jacob Golos *84*

6 Double Agent/Hollywood Hustler: The Case of Boris Morros *110*

7 "Crook": A Soviet Agent in Congress *140*

PART TWO: The Third Front: Soviet Espionage in the Second World War *151*

8 Harvest Time, I: The Silvermaster Network in Wartime Washington *153*

9 Atomic Espionage: From Fuchs to the Rosenbergs *172*

10 Harvest Time, II: The Perlo Group *223*

11 OSS and NKGB: Penetration Agents *238*

12 Harvest Time, III: Hiss, Glasser, and Warning Signs *265*

PART THREE: Discovery: Cold War Confrontation 281
13 Flight from Exposure, I: The Washington Sources 283
14 Flight from Exposure, II: The Atom Spies 311

EPILOGUE: Aftermath and Legacy 339

NOTES 345
BIBLIOGRAPHY 377
INDEX 383

INTRODUCTION

Tucked into a quiet side street a few blocks from Moscow's notorious Lubyanka prison and the grimy buildings of the Soviet Union's KGB stands an unmarked four-story house, until recently the Press Bureau of Russia's Foreign Intelligence Service (or SVR). From 1994 to 1996, my Russian co-author, Alexander Vassiliev, and I pursued research on *The Haunted Wood* in this sanctum of secrets through a unique 1993 agreement between Random House and the SVR's "old boy" organization of former KGB agents, the Association of Retired Intelligence Officers (ARIO).

In return for payments made to that group, the SVR agreed to permit Vassiliev, a journalist who had once worked for Soviet intelligence, and me substantial and exclusive access to Stalin-era operational files of the KGB and its predecessor agencies.

Our contract allowed Vassiliev, who had retired from the KGB in 1990 because of his opposition to Soviet leadership, to review archived documents and to make summaries or verbatim transcriptions from the files, including their record numbers. The documentary material, organized into topical areas, was then submitted to a panel of the SVR's leading officials for review and eventual release. Throughout this process, I worked alongside Vassiliev during more than two dozen visits to Moscow: monitoring the information found, prodding the SVR to expedite release of material submitted, and organizing Western primary and secondary research data essential to the book.

As relations between the United States and Russia grew strained, the SVR became less cooperative about providing timely release of the reviewed documentary materials. By late 1995, there were no more releases, and SVR officials had begun to express concern about the extensive and revealing data previously turned over: "The problem is that you know too much," one leading official told me while examining a gift copy of an earlier book of mine, *Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case*. In 1996, Alexander Vassiliev accepted a journalist's assignment abroad and moved with his family to England.

By that time we had received a critical mass of the released KGB material. Using Vassiliev's initial draft and translations while incorporating new Western documentation, I wrote the English-language manuscript, and Vassiliev is now preparing *The Haunted Wood*'s Russian-language edition. The book was not submitted for SVR scrutiny before publication.

During many visits to Moscow, I benefited also from the SVR's hospitality, which increased my knowledge of Soviet intelligence practices. Often, I was hosted in the Press Bureau's plush upstairs dining and reception rooms by General Vadim Kirpichenko, head of the senior officials' influential advisory group to then–SVR Director Yevgeny Primakov (now Russia's Prime Minister) and by General (then Colonel) Yuri Kobaladze, chief of the Press Bureau and Russian intelligence's public relations mastermind. Occasionally, Director Primakov himself would join these luncheons or dinners, which always provoked spirited discussion of current Russian-American relations.

Sometimes there were surprise guests. On one occasion, convicted Soviet agent George Blake, who had escaped from an English jail to KGB sanctuary in Moscow, proved a fluent and gracious dinner partner. On another evening, General Kirpichenko escorted me to a nearby SVR hospital for a rare visit with the aged and ailing Morris Cohen (a.k.a. Peter Kroger) who, along with his wife, Lona Cohen, served Soviet intelligence both in the United States (Lona was a courier in the atom spy ring) and later as an active agent in England. Cohen, who died shortly after this visit, provided fascinating stories of his life as an American Communist.

In 1993, during the brief honeymoon period of Russian-American intelligence relations prior to the exposure of Aldrich Ames, both Kirpichenko and Kobaladze—joined by another Soviet general, Konstantin Gueyvandov, the head of ARIO—visited the United States as my guests. Their meetings included a private talk with then–CIA Director R. James Woolsey at my home; a visit, hosted by former CIA Director William Colby, to the New York office of OSS founder General William "Wild Bill" Donovan (whose personal and agency entanglements with Soviet intelligence are described in these pages); and conversations with leading CIA and FBI counterintelligence officials at the request of those officials.

In Moscow, meanwhile, a great deal of additional and important unreviewed KGB material reached us informally from other, non-KGB sources during our research and has been incorporated into the book. We thank those responsible for this help and have honored their requests for anonymity.

Adding to the SVR's evident distress concerning this book, the release in 1995–96 of the previously classified VENONA cables—2,900 translated intercepts sent by Soviet agents in the United States to Moscow about their intelligence efforts during World War II—allowed us to corroborate further a number of episodes in *The Haunted Wood.* Over forty intercepted VENONA cables that match those found in the KGB archives in Moscow are quoted in text footnotes to allow readers to compare the two versions, and dozens of additional VENONA cables are cited where appropriate in the backnotes. Much of the inside history of Soviet espionage in the United States, until now seen (if at all) through a glass darkly, thus emerges with fresh clarity in these pages.

Readers with an ideological axe to grind regarding Soviet espionage will find little comfort in *The Haunted Wood.* The book neither denounces nor defends Moscow's American espionage in the overheated manner that has characterized much Cold War literature on this subject. Rather, we have tried simply to relate the story found in the KGB archives' documents themselves. The Soviet records are filled with struggles for control among contending operatives, love affairs among the agents, dramatic personality conflicts, and occasionally even vivid accounts of plotted or actual murders. In the end, the underground world that emerges was far more contentious, chaotic, and confused than previous accounts by both Russian and Western writers would suggest.

A small sampling of the Americans who served as Soviet agents and sources during this era, described in these pages, would include:

- the passionate daughter of the American Ambassador to Nazi Germany;
- an influential (and surprising) member of Congress;

- one of President Roosevelt's personal assistants;
- a close family friend of Eleanor and Franklin Roosevelt (who had been recruited for Soviet intelligence by members of England's "Cambridge ring");
- the leader of a group of agents—all U.S. government officials—who shared his wife with one of his sources in a ménage à trois; and
- the head of the American Communist Party, who also served as an agent and recruiter of other covert sources.

Soviet operatives in the United States during these years ranged from many who were highly sophisticated practitioners of tradecraft to bumbling amateurs. One steered Moscow into a Hollywood producer-source's music publishing company while others considered similar "joint ventures" with the producer in various film projects. One hapless Washington station chief spoke almost no English while another operative plotted "cover" identities in the business world and a third worked both as station chief and as Soviet Ambassador to the United States!

But "the haunted wood" normally experienced far more tragedy than comedy. Thus, while hounded by both Soviet and U.S. intelligence operatives, one troubled former American agent of Moscow's jumped (or fell) to his death at his office building. During the bloody 1936–39 purge years in the USSR, several loyal station chiefs and operatives obeyed instructions to return home despite their recognition that arrest, torture, and execution probably awaited them. Others stalled and remained at their posts in the United States, thereby saving their lives. For those, whether in Western Europe or in the United States, who defected from Soviet intelligence and refused to suffer voluntarily Stalin's vengeance, assassins were sent to hunt them down—successfully sometimes, as in the murder of station chief–in–hiding Ignatz Reiss in Switzerland, and sometimes not, as in the failure to eliminate American defectors Elizabeth Bentley and Whittaker Chambers.

Normally, Soviet operatives and their American agent-sources pursued valuable (occasionally breakthrough) information—scientific, technical, military, and governmental—while, on occasion, their assignments approached the bizarre. Stalin was obsessed, for example, with a need to infiltrate every small and pathetic Russian pro-monarchist group in the world two decades after the overthrow of the Romanovs, and years after Soviet intelligence succeeded in killing his arch rival Leon Trotsky, the pursuit of Trotskyists continued unabated.

For the most part, however, Soviet operatives and their American agents collected during the 1930s and 1940s a remarkable range of material on U.S. industrial and military production culminating in the data provided by its sources within the atomic research program during World War II. Moreover, during the New Deal and war years, the Soviets benefited from a voluminous amount of information coming from its key agents in a range of U.S. government agencies, including the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), America's major foreign intelligence agency from 1942 to 1945.

Often the most insightful personal material on its American agents was contained in the "autobiographies" Moscow requested from these individuals for inclusion in their personnel files, and which are quoted throughout this book. The "cast of characters" will provide readers with some indication of the range of remarkable, occasionally improbable, people whose human dramas crowd the following pages. Their intersecting stories, drawn from the archives of the KGB, form the narrative heart of *The Haunted Wood.*

Notwithstanding the significant amount of previously unknown material, this account does not claim to be a definitive history of Soviet espionage in the United States during the Stalin era. That book awaits unlimited access not only to Soviet archives but to still-restricted British and American intelligence files. Only then can a complete, dispassionate, and multiarchival history of the subject be written.

In the end, research for this book benefited enormously from the fact that from 1993 to 1995, before they shut down, Russia's intelligence archivists and officials often released pivotal files that more attentive guardians might have withheld. Fortunately, the archivists who assisted us appeared to be as unfamiliar with the history of Soviet intelligence during the Stalin era as were those FBI agents who reviewed Bureau records at my request in the mid-1970s concerning the Bureau's earlier history. (With help from the American Civil Liberties Union, in 1974, I won the first Freedom of Information Act lawsuit concerning historical records requested from the FBI.)

Or did some historically minded archivists in Moscow actually wish to assist the authors in producing a more complete and accurate account of Soviet intelligence than the one found in the existing literature of both countries? That, after all, has been, from the start, our major reason for writing *The Haunted Wood.*

—ALLEN WEINSTEIN

CAST OF CHARACTERS

In *The Haunted Wood*, readers will encounter a number of people—Americans, Russians, and Western Europeans; many well known, others less familiar. In order to introduce the cast of characters portrayed in the following pages, the authors have provided a listing that includes the real name and (if appropriate) Soviet intelligence code name(s) and a brief description of the individual's role in the book's framework. The listing has been broken down into six categories:

1. American Agents and Sources
2. American Public Figures
3. English/European Agents and Sources
4. Soviet Operatives in the United States and Europe
5. Soviet Operatives in Moscow
6. Soviet Public Figures

Virtually all of the individuals who figure in the story that emerged from our scrutiny of the KGB archives can be found in one of these categories.

I. AMERICAN AGENTS AND SOURCES

"Arena": official of the Civil Service Commission and U.S. Navy, an agent of the New York "illegal" and Washington "legal" stations.

Barr, Joel ("Meter"): a source in Julius Rosenberg's agent group.

Bentley, Elizabeth ("Miss Wise," "Myrna"): courier and group handler in the 1930s and 1940s.

Brothman, Abraham ("Constructor," "Kron"): a scientific-technical source of the New York "legal" station in the 1940s.*

Browder, Earl ("Helmsman," "Shaman"): leader of the U.S. Communist Party and an informal group handler for Soviet intelligence.

"Buck": an official of the War Production Board and the United Nations and a member of Silvermaster's agent group.

Chambers, Whittaker ("Karl"): a group handler in the 1930s, later a defector.

Coe, Frank ("Pick"): a U.S. Treasury official and a source of the New York "illegal" station in the 1940s.

Cohen, Lona ("Leslie"): an agent of the New York "legal" station in the 1940s, wife of Morris Cohen.

Cohen, Morris ("Volunteer"): an agent of the New York "legal" station in the 1930s and 1940s.

Coplon, Judith ("Sima"): a source in the U.S. Justice Department in the 1940s.

Currie, Lauchlin ("Page"): an assistant to President Franklin Roosevelt and a source of the New York "illegal" station in the 1940s.

"Dan": a source in the U.S. War Production Board and the Soviet section of the OSS.

Dickstein, Samuel ("Crook"): U.S. Congressman and agent of the New York "legal" station.

Dodd, Martha ("Liza"): daughter of the U.S. Ambassador to Berlin in the 1930s, an agent from the 1930s to the 1950s.

Dodd, William ("Boy," "President"): Martha Dodd's brother, an agent of the New York "legal" station in the 1930s and 1940s.

Duggan, Laurence ("19," "Frank," "Prince"): U.S. State Department official, a source of the New York "illegal" station in the 1930s and 1940s.

Field, Noel ("Ernst"): U.S. State Department official, a source of the New York "illegal" station in the 1930s.

Fitzgerald, Edward ("Ted"): a source in the OSS.

"Fogel" ("Persian"): a source on atomic problems in the 1940s.

Glasser, Harold ("Ruble"): a source in the U.S. Treasury Department in the 1940s.

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* "Legal" was the term Moscow used in relation to its agents in the United States as journalists or as part of the diplomatic corps. "Illegal" agents were those operating outside of diplomatic or journalistic cover identities.

Gold, Bella ("Acorn"): a U.S. Commerce Department official and a source of the New York "illegal" station in the 1940s.

Gold, Harry ("Goose," "Arno," "Mad," "Raymond"): Soviet source on chemical problems, later handler and courier for Klaus Fuchs.

Gold, Sonya ("Zhenya"): Bella Gold's wife, a U.S. Treasury official and a source of the New York "illegal" station in the 1940s.

Golos, Jacob ("Sound," "John"): Soviet group handler in the 1930s and 1940s in New York.

Greenglass, David ("Bumblebee," "Caliber," "Zinger"): a Soviet source on atomic problems.

Greenglass, Ruth ("Wasp," "Ida"): courier for her husband, David Greenglass.

Gumperz, Hedda ("Redhead"): an operative of the New York "illegal" station in the 1930s.

Hall, Theodore ("Mlad"): a source of the New York "legal" station on atomic problems in the 1940s.

Halperin, Maurice ("Hare"): a source in the Latin American section of the OSS.

Hiss, Alger ("Lawyer," "Ales"): U.S. State Department official, a GRU source in the 1930s and 1940s.

Joseph, Julius ("Careful"): a source in the OSS.

Katz, Joseph ("X"): an agent of the Washington "legal" station in the 1940s.

Kramer, Charles ("Mole," "Lot"): a U.S. congressional staff member and a source of the Washington "legal" station in the 1940s.

Lee, Duncan ("Kokh"): a source in the OSS.

Massing, Paul: Hedda Gumperz's husband, an operative of the New York "illegal" station in the 1930s.

Morros, Boris ("Frost," "John"): Hollywood producer, Soviet agent from the 1930s to 1950s, FBI informer in the 1940s and 1950s.

Neumann, Franz ("Ruff"): a source in the German section of the OSS.

Perlo, Victor ("Eck," "Raid"): an official of the War Production Board and a group handler.

Peter, Joszef ("Storm"): head of the U.S. Communist Party underground network in the 1930s.

Price, Mary ("Dir"): an agent, Duncan Lee's courier and lover.

Rosenberg, Ethel: Julius Rosenberg's wife.

Rosenberg, Julius ("Antenna," "Liberal," "King"): Soviet source on radio-electronics and group handler, later the Greenglasses' handler.

Sax, Saville ("Star"): a courier for Theodore Hall.

Silverman, David ("Eleron"): an official of the U.S. Aviation Department and a member of Silvermaster's agent group in the 1940s.

Silvermaster, Helen ("Dora"): wife of Nathan Gregory Silvermaster and an agent of his group in the 1940s.

Silvermaster, Nathan Gregory ("Pal," "Robert"): a U.S. Treasury official and a group handler in the 1940s.

Slack, Alfred ("Al"): a source of the New York "legal" station on scientific-technical issues in the late 1930s and early 1940s.

"Slava": agent of Jack Soble's "illegal" station in the U.S. State and Defense Departments.

Stern, Alfred ("Louis"): Martha Dodd's husband, agent of the New York "legal" station.

Straight, Michael ("Nigel"): a U.S. State Department official and a source of the New York "illegal" station in the 1930s.

"Tan": an official of the War Production Board and Trade Department and an agent of the New York "illegal" station.

Tenney, Helen ("Muse"): a source in the Soviet section of the OSS.

Ullman, William Ludwig ("Polo," "Pilot"): an official of the U.S. Aviation Department and a member of Silvermaster's agent group in the 1940s.

Weisband, William ("Zhora"): a source in the U.S. Army Signals Security Agency in the 1940s.

Wheeler, Donald ("Izra"): a source in the OSS.

White, Harry Dexter ("Lawyer," "Richard," "Reed"): a U.S. Treasury official and a member of Silvermaster's agent group.

Zelman, Franklin ("Chap"): an agent of the New York "legal" station in the 1930s and 1940s.

II. AMERICAN PUBLIC FIGURES

Barkley, Alben: U.S. Vice President, 1949–53.

Berle, Adolf: U.S. Assistant Secretary of State in the Roosevelt Administration.

Bullitt, William: U.S. Ambassador to France and to the Soviet Union in the 1930s.

Chaplin, Charles: actor

Clay, General Lucius: commander of the American occupation zone in Germany in the 1940s.

Dean, General John: head of the U.S. military mission in Moscow in the 1940s.

Dewey, Thomas: New York Governor, Republican presidential candidate in 1944 and 1948.
Donovan, William: Director of the OSS.
Dulles, Allen: OSS station chief in Switzerland.
Eisenhower, Milton: brother of General Dwight D. Eisenhower.
Harriman, Averill: U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union during the Second World War.
Hemingway, Ernest ("Argot"): writer.
Hoover, Herbert: U.S. President, 1929–33.
Hoover, John Edgar: Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.
Kaufman, Irving: presiding judge at the Rosenbergs' trial.
Knox, Franklin: Secretary of the Navy in the Roosevelt Administration.
McCarthy, Joseph: U.S. Senator.
Morgenthau, Henry ("Nabob"): U.S. Treasury Secretary in the Roosevelt Administration.
Oppenheimer, Robert ("Chester"): American scientist.
Robeson, Paul: singer and Communist Party member.
Roosevelt, Eleanor: wife of Franklin Roosevelt.
Roosevelt, Franklin D. ("Captain"): U.S. President, 1933–45.
Shipley, Ruth: head of the State Department's passport bureau in the Truman Administration.
Spellman, Cardinal Francis: influential Catholic leader from New York City.
Stettinius, Edward: U.S. Secretary of State, 1944–45.
Truman, Harry ("Sailor"): U.S. President, 1945–53.
Truman, Margaret: daughter of Harry Truman.
Wallace, Henry: U.S. Vice President (1941–45), U.S. Secretary of Commerce (1945–46).

III. ENGLISH/EUROPEAN AGENTS AND SOURCES

Blunt, Anthony ("Maurice"): an agent of the London "illegal" station in the 1930s and 1940s.
Burgess, Guy ("Mädchen," "Daughter"): an agent of the London "illegal" station in the 1930s and 1940s.
Cairncross, John ("List"): an NKVD agent in London.
"Eric": a source on atomic problems in London in the 1940s.
Fuchs, Klaus ("Rest," "Charles," "Bras"): Soviet source on atomic problems in Great Britain and the United States.
Kuchinsky, Urgen ("Karo"): Soviet agent in London.

Maclean, Donald ("Homer"): an agent in the British Foreign Office and in the British Embassy in Washington in the 1940s.

Philby, Harold "Kim" ("Söhnchen," "Son"): Soviet agent in London and Washington during the Second World War.

"Tina": a source on atomic problems in London in the 1940s.

IV. SOVIET OPERATIVES IN THE UNITED STATES AND EUROPE

Akhmerov, Itzhak ("Yung," "Bill," "Mer," "Albert," "Michael Green"): New York "illegal" operative and station chief in the 1930s and 1940s.

Barkovsky, Vladimir: London "legal" operative in the 1940s.

Bazarov, Boris ("Nord"): New York "illegal" station chief in the 1930s.

Borodin, Norman ("Granite"): New York "illegal" operative in the 1930s.

Deutsch, Arnold ("Stephan"): London "illegal" operative in the 1930s.

Dolbin, Grigory ("Grigory"): Washington "legal" station chief in the 1940s.

Feklissov, Alexander ("Kalistrat"): an operative of the New York and London "legal" stations.

Gorsky, Anatoly ("Vadim"): Washington "legal" station chief in the 1940s.

Gutzeit, Peter ("Nikolai"): New York "legal" station chief in the 1930s.

Heifetz, Grigory ("Kharon"): San Francisco "legal" station chief in the 1940s.

Krivitsky, Walter ("Enemy"): Soviet operative turned defector.

Krotov, Boris ("Bob"): Washington "legal" operative in the 1940s, New York "legal" station chief in the late 1940s and early 1950s.

Kurnakov, Sergei ("Beck"): a journalist for the *Russian Voice* and an agent of the New York "legal" station in the 1940s.

Kvasnikov, Leonid ("Anton"): scientific-technical station chief in New York in the 1940s, later a leading operative of Soviet scientific-technical intelligence.

Lowry, Helen ("Nelly," "Stella," "Elsa"): wife of Itzhak Akhmerov, New York "illegal" operative in the 1930s and 1940s.

Markin, Valentin ("Davis," "Herbert"): New York "illegal" station chief in the 1930s.

Mally, Theodore ("Man"): London "illegal" station chief in the 1930s.

Ovakimyan, Gaik ("Grigory," "George," "Guennady," "General Alexander Ossipov"): New York "legal" operative in the 1930s, station chief in the late 1930s–early 1940s, leading official of the NKVD intelligence service in the 1940s.

Panyushkin, Alexander ("Vladimir"): Soviet Ambassador to Washington and NKGB Washington "legal" station chief in the late 1940s, head of the KGB intelligence service in the 1950s.

Pastelnyak, Pavel ("Luka"): New York "legal" station chief in the early 1940s.

Pravdin, Vladimir ("Sergei"): New York "legal" station chief in the 1940s.

Reiss, Ignatz ("Raymond"): "illegal" operative in Europe in the 1930s.

Semyonov, Semyon ("Twen"): New York "legal" operative in the 1930s and 1940s.

Soble, Jack ("Abraham," "Czech"): Soviet "illegal" station chief in the 1940s and 1950s.

Soble, Myra: Jack Soble's wife, "illegal" operative.

Vinogradov, Boris ("Alexander"): Soviet diplomat, Martha Dodd's recruiter and lover.

Yatskov, Anatoly ("Alexsey"): New York "legal" operative in the 1940s.

Zarubin, Vassily ("Katya," "Maxim"): "illegal" operative in Berlin in the 1930s, New York "legal" station chief in the 1940s.

Zarubina, Elizabeth ("Vardo," "Helen"): wife of Vassily Zarubin, "illegal" operative in Berlin in the 1930s, "legal" operative in New York in the 1940s.

Zborovsky, Mark ("Tulip"): a Soviet agent in the American Trotskyist groups during the 1940s.

V. SOVIET OPERATIVES IN MOSCOW

Fedotov, Peter: the head of the NKGB intelligence service in the late 1940s.

Fitin, Pavel: the head of the NKVD intelligence service in the 1940s.

Graur, Andrei: the chief of the NKVD intelligence's Anglo-American section in the 1940s.

Korotkov, Alexander: the head of the NKGB intelligence service's "illegal" department in the 1940s and 1950s.

Passov, Zinovy: the head of the NKVD intelligence service in the late 1930s.

Sakharovsky, A.: the head of the KGB intelligence service in the 1960s.

Savchenko, Sergei: the head of the NKGB intelligence service in the early 1950s.

Slutsky, Abram: the head of the NKVD intelligence service in the 1930s.

VI. SOVIET PUBLIC FIGURES

Abakumov, Victor: USSR Minister for State Security.
Beria, Lavrenty: the head of the NKVD (1938–53), Soviet Deputy Prime Minister (1941–53).
Bulganin, Nikolay: USSR Deputy Prime Minister and Defense Minister (1953–55), USSR Prime Minister (1955–58).
Gromyko, Andrei: Counselor at the USSR Embassy in Washington in the early 1940s, USSR Ambassador to Washington (1943–46), USSR Foreign Minister beginning in 1957.
Khrushchev, Nikita: First Secretary of the Communist Party of the USSR (1953–64), Soviet Prime Minister (1958–64).
Litvinov, Maxim: People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs (1930–39), USSR Ambassador to Washington (1941–43).
Lozovsky, Solomon: Chairman of Sovinformbureau in the 1940s.
Malenkov, Georgy: USSR Prime Minister (1953–55).
Merkulov, Vsevolod: People's Commissar for State Security in the 1940s.
Molotov, Vyacheslav: USSR Prime Minister (1930–41), USSR Foreign Minister (1939–49, 1953–56).
Shelepin, Alexander: KGB Chairman (1958–61).
Stalin, Joseph: Secretary General of the USSR Communist Party (1922–53), USSR Prime Minister (1941–53).
Trotsky, Leon ("Tuk," "Old Man"): a leader of the October Revolution in 1917, the leader of the anti-Stalinist opposition abroad (1929–40).
Troyanovsky, Alexander: Soviet Ambassador to Washington in the 1930s.
Umansky, Konstantin: USSR Ambassador to Washington in the early 1940s.
Voroshilov, Kliment: People's Commissar for Defense (1925–41), Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet (head of state) (1953–60).

PART ONE

Burden of Innocence: The New Deal Years

CHAPTER I

Communist Romantics, I: The Reluctant Laurence Duggan

WHO WAS LAURENCE DUGGAN and why was he targeted for recruitment as a Soviet intelligence agent? Officials in Moscow might well have asked that question in 1934 when word came from one of their Washington, D.C., operatives that Duggan had been approached.

He had come to town the previous year along with thousands of other Americans, many—like Duggan—in their twenties, to work in Franklin Roosevelt's "New Deal" government. Most were liberals, committed to the Administration's experimental plans for achieving economic recovery from the catastrophic depression. Some favored a more radical solution comparable to the Communist experiment in state economic management underway in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics since the Bolshevik Revolution.

Soviet intelligence operatives resident in the United States sought to identify and involve in espionage people sympathetic to the USSR and for whom covert activity might seem exciting but who were, at the same time, innocent and morally committed. Especially after Adolf Hitler and his Nazi cohort took power in Germany in 1933, "doing something" concrete (and secret) to help the struggle against fascism, a battle in which the Soviet Union claimed the leadership of "progressive forces," attracted a number of the more adventurous spirits in Washington's new reformist political class.

The professional and social relationships that linked individuals in the New Deal often blurred their political differences. Avowed or covert Communists, democratic socialists, farmer-labor activists, and Roosevelt Democrat loyalists found common ground within the many new agencies and older departments of FDR's government. This intermingling of related but distinct political agendas did not usually trouble the youthful bureaucrats crowding into Washington, which had been until then a far smaller and less-important governmental capital.

Soviet intelligence files document the mixture of accidental encounters, underlying ideological beliefs, romantic antifascist views, and Soviet persistence that led some New Dealers on the Left at the time to become espionage agents. The case of Laurence Duggan illuminates a pattern that affected a number of Soviet sources in the New Deal, including a few of his colleagues. Duggan moved willingly into the Moscow underground during the 1930s only to struggle later and without complete success to free himself from its orbit.

A 1934 memorandum by one Soviet operative urging Laurence Duggan's recruitment described "his character [as that of] a very soft guy . . . under his wife's influence, a very lively, energetic and joyful woman. Laurence is cultural and reserved."[1] Duggan's father headed the prestigious Institute of International Education, a major organizer of teacher and student exchanges. The younger Duggan was an official in the State Department's Latin American Division when he and his wife, Helen Boyd, first attracted Soviet interest. Boyd—described in a station cable to Moscow as an "extraordinarily beautiful woman: a typical American, tall, blonde, reserved, well-read, goes in for sports, independent"—had been cultivated as a friend by the anti-Nazi exile and NKVD agent Hedda Gumperz ("Redhead").[2]

Peter Gutzeit, who ran Moscow's "legal"* cover station from the Soviet Consulate in New York, reported home on October 3, 1934, that he had begun recruiting Duggan, who "is also interesting to us because through him one will be able to find a way toward [Noel] Field . . . of the State Department's European Department with whom Duggan is friendly."[3] (The European Division's information was a priority interest of Moscow's throughout the decade, and Field, too, would later launch a covert career as a Soviet agent through Gumperz.)

Concerned lest a Soviet diplomat be exposed recruiting spies only a year after formal U.S. recognition of the USSR, in 1935, Moscow reassigned contacts with Duggan from Gutzeit to Hedda Gumperz.[4] Throughout 1935 and early 1936, social exchanges and prerecruitment talks on the Soviet Union continued between Gumperz and both Field and Duggan. Both men held key posts at State, a department the NKVD had code-named "Surrogate." Both were considered likely candidates for advancement in rank and responsibilities.

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* "Legal" was the term Moscow used in relation to its agents in the United States as journalists or as part of the diplomatic corps. "Illegal" agents were those operating outside of diplomatic or journalistic cover identities.

In April 1936, however, an encounter occurred involving Noel Field (code-named "Ernst" at the time) that, a decade later, would affect gravely both his life and Duggan's. The story emerged in a memorandum that month from Hedda Gumperz to her superiors concerning her efforts with Field. She informed them that a week before the latter's departure for Europe to attend a London conference representing State, he was approached by another New Deal friend, Alger Hiss,[*] then completing an assignment at the Justice Department and scheduled to join State that fall: "Alger let him know that he was a Communist [Gumperz's memo continued], that he was connected with an organization working for the Soviet Union and that he knew [Field[†]] also had connections but he was afraid they were not solid enough, and probably, his knowledge was being used in a wrong way. Then he directly proposed that [Field] give him an account of the London conference."

Field described himself and Hiss, according to Gumperz's memo, as "close friends," hence Field's willingness to discuss the subject of espionage. (Gumperz used Alger Hiss's actual name in her memo because she obviously did not know his code name.) Noel Field told Hiss that he was already reporting to his *own* Soviet NKVD contacts on the conference.

Hiss was then a member of a Soviet military intelligence (or GRU) network headed by Harold ("Hal") Ware, a group that had been energetic in recruiting new "believers"—especially friends—into its work.[‡] Hiss was not dissuaded by Noel Field's initial refusal to cooperate.

Gumperz's memo chronicled Field's account of the subsequent discussion, which at times seemed almost like a polite debate over joining competing college fraternities:

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[*] See Chapter 2 for a fuller discussion of Alger Hiss's role as a Soviet agent in the 1930s.

[†] Here and throughout the book, the authors have inserted the subject's real name [in brackets] in place of the code names used in the cables.

[‡] On Hiss and the Ware Group, see Chapter 2.

> Alger kept insisting on the report, and [Field] was forced to tell him that he needed to consult his "connections."
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> In the next couple of days, after having thought it over, Alger said that he no longer insisted on the report. But he wanted [Field] to talk to Larry and Helen [Duggan] about him and let them know who he was and give him [Alger] access to them. [Field] again mentioned that he had contacted Helen and Larry. However, Alger insisted that he talk to them again, which [Field] ended up doing. [Field] talked to Larry about Alger and, of course, about having told him "about the current situation" and that "their main task at the time was to defend the Soviet Union" and that "they both needed to use their favorable positions to help in this respect." Larry became upset and frightened, and announced that he needed some time before he would make that final step; he still hoped to do his normal job, he wanted to reorganize his department, try to achieve some results in that area, etc.*
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> Evidently, according to [Field], he did not make any promises, nor did he encourage Alger in any sort of activity, but politely stepped back. Alger asked [Field] several other questions; for example, what kind of personality he had, and if [Field] would like to contact him. He also asked [Field] to help him to get to the State Department. Apparently, [Field] satisfied this request.
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> When I pointed out to [Field] his terrible discipline and the danger he put himself into by connecting these three people, he did not seem to understand it. He thought that just because "Alger was the first to open his cards, there was no reason for him to keep a secret." Besides, Alger announced that he was doing it for "us" and because of the fact that he lived in Washington, D.C. . . . and, finally, [since] I was going to go out of the country for a while, he thought it would be a good idea to establish contact between us.[5]

Since Hedda Gumperz was then trying to cultivate both Laurence and Helen Duggan as well as Noel Field for her NKVD cohort, she was deeply troubled by this apparently casual interlocking of agents from two completely distinct networks (supposedly unfamiliar with each other). Alger Hiss, assigned the code name "Lawyer," had assumed the self-appointed and unwelcome role of recruiter of fellow officials such as Field and Duggan. Gumperz had at once informed her Soviet superior, an "illegal" station chief named Boris Bazarov, who had the unpleasant task of notifying Moscow (in an April 26, 1936, dispatch) that the whole Gumperz-Duggan-Field-Hiss situation had become something of an unseemly tag team match among agents, actual and potential:

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* Other Soviet operatives found Duggan far more restless in his ordinary work at State and, as a result, more strongly motivated to assist in gathering information for them.

> The result has been that, in fact, [Field] and Hiss have been openly identified to [Laurence Duggan]. Apparently [Duggan] also understands clearly [Gumperz's] nature. And [Gumperz] and Hiss several months ago identified themselves to each other. Helen Boyd, [Duggan's] wife, who was present at almost all of these meetings and conversations, is also undoubtedly briefed and now knows as much as [Duggan] himself. . . . I think that after this story we should not speed up the cultivation of [Duggan] and his wife. Apparently, besides us, the persistent Hiss will continue his initiative in this direction. In a day or two, [Duggan's] wife will come to New York, where [Gumperz] will have a friendly meeting with her. At [Field's] departure from Washington, Helen expressed a great wish to meet [Gumperz] again. Perhaps Helen will tell [Gumperz] about her husband's feelings.[6]

NKVD Moscow pressed for continuing efforts to bring the Duggans on board, however, and a May 3, 1936, cable responding to Bazarov complained about Gumperz's handling of the situation (unfairly since Gumperz, too, had protested Hiss's having crossed over to other networks in search of recruits): "We do not understand [Gumperz's] motives in having met with [Hiss]. As we understand, this occurred after our instruction that [Hiss] was 'the neighbors' man' [working with military intelligence], and that one should leave him alone. Such experiments [as Gumperz's meeting] may lead to undesirable results."[7]

Moscow instructed Bazarov to be certain that none of his agents undertook similar meetings across jurisdictional boundaries "without your knowledge," especially not Hedda Gumperz, "knowing that her drawbacks include impetuousness." As for "how to untangle" the interwoven agents, Moscow was similarly practical:

> [Field] left [for Europe], which isolates him to a certain degree, and [Hiss] will gradually forget about him. As for how to save [Duggan] and his wife [completing their agent recruitment], [Duggan] may be of interest to us, taking into account his status in "Surrogate" [the State Department]; his wife, also, taking into

> account her connections. Therefore, we believe it necessary to smooth over skillfully the present situation and to draw both of them away from [Hiss]. As an extreme measure, [Duggan] could tell [Hiss] that "he is helping the local compatriots [the American Communist Party] and that the latter suggested that he not get in contact with anyone else." It is our fault, however, that [Field], who is already our agent, has been left in [Gumperz's] charge, a person who is unable to educate either an agent or even herself.[8]

Another Soviet operative then active in Washington, Itzhak Akhmerov, responded to Moscow's May 3 instructions with his own account of the background of the Gumperz-Hiss meeting that troubled NKVD officials at home. His version was milder than Bazarov's. Akhmerov shed light on Soviet intelligence's sudden embarrassment of American agent riches, a recent bonanza of antifascist romantics that at times caused different networks to stumble across one another:

> [Gumperz] met with [Hiss] only once during her stay in this country [Gumperz herself had left for Europe by then], and it was last winter. She went to this meeting with Comrade [Bazarov's] consent. After you informed us that he had a liaison with the neighbors, we did not meet with [Hiss]. . . . [However, Hiss], after meeting [Gumperz] at the flat of [Noel Field] and his conversation with her, undoubtedly informed his command about this meeting. By an accidental coincidence, a brother organization's worker connected with [Hiss] knew [Gumperz] well. . . . This brother worker,* whom we know as "Peter," . . . at one of his rare meetings with [Gumperz] told the latter: "You in Washington came across my guy [Hiss]. . . . You better not lay your hands on him, etc. . . ."[9]

Before Hedda Gumperz rejoined her husband and fellow agent Paul Massing in Europe, however, Bazarov assigned her to continue cultivating Laurence Duggan and his wife. She held several social meetings with him in May 1936, which appeared to have deepened Duggan's interest in helping.[10] As Bazarov informed Moscow later that spring, Duggan rejected the idea of cooperating with other New Deal radicals (including Frederick Vanderbilt Field—no relation to Noel—whom his friend Alger Hiss had recommended as a contact). Instead,

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* A reference to the Comintern agent Joszef Peter, who crisscrossed the Soviet underground world in America during the 1930s.

Duggan "said he preferred . . . being connected directly with us (he mentioned our country by name) [because] he could be more useful . . . and that the only thing which kept him at his hateful job in the State Department where he did not get out of his tuxedo for two weeks, every night attending a reception (he has almost 20 countries in his department), was the idea of being useful for our cause."*

Duggan defined with some care, according to Bazarov's memo, his conditions for launching an underground liaison: "It is true that he is widely known as a liberal, a typical New Dealer. . . . But that is not a problem. For the sake of security, he asked us to meet with him once a month, and he would like very much if our man knew stenography. He cannot give us documents yet, but later, apparently, he will be able to. . . . He asked us not to tell his wife anything about his work and revealed an understanding of contact technique. . . ."[11]

Bazarov, in turn, assigned a novice Soviet "illegal," Norman Borodin (code-named "Granite"), as Duggan's contact after Hedda Gumperz left for Paris, since Akhmerov was overburdened with other agents to manage.[12] At his initial meeting with Borodin, Duggan continued to be extremely reluctant to cooperate despite his earlier avowals: "his wife was pregnant, and he had to think about his family's well-being," Borodin reported. "Sooner or later . . . the authorities would discover his meetings with me, and then he would be fired from the State Department and blacklisted." Nevertheless, Duggan agreed to further meetings at two-week intervals, "sometimes in his car (we went to the countryside), sometimes at his residence as he was ill several times."[13]

By midsummer, Duggan had begun turning over documents to Borodin at these meetings, and as Borodin reported to Moscow on August 19, 1936: "my relations with [Duggan] have become quite friendly."[14] Initially, the materials received from Duggan were "insignificant" papers on subjects in which the Soviets were utterly disinterested, such as U.S.-Argentina trade relations.[15] Soon, however, he delivered more relevant materials, among them U.S. diplomatic dispatches from European embassies, reports on State Department perspectives on the Spanish Civil War, and a confidential cable from Ambassador Bullitt in Moscow recommending reforms at State in the event of a new world war. "Our relations with [Duggan] continue being friendly," Borodin informed Moscow in mid-October 1936. "He would like very much to give us more urgent stuff, but asks us to recognize his more or less isolated position [at State] with regard to the materials in which we are interested."[16]

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* A different attitude toward his State Department work than the one Duggan had displayed earlier in the year to Hedda Gumperz.

Moscow was patient, instructing Borodin the following month (on November 14) that Duggan should continue collecting documents related to his Latin American responsibilities: "Simultaneously, the goal in developing [Duggan] must be to broaden his possibilities in [State] outside his department and to receive from him the exact scheme of work for all of [State's] stations both inside and outside the country."[17]

Duggan obliged by giving to Borodin a recently issued State Department employee handbook and personnel list, which Bazarov forwarded home, noting Moscow's various agents, including "[Duggan] and many of our 'correspondents.' "[18] The Soviet operative recommended that Moscow dispatch "a proper recruiter" to assist with developing agents at State: "through some of these talent-spottings one can come to valuable people." Bazarov commented on one employee already deeply involved who appeared in the State Department's registry: "There was [Alger Hiss]—but the neighbors stole him according to your information. (Having [Hiss], one does not need others.)"[19]

While Laurence Duggan continued providing State Department documents to the NKVD throughout 1937, as attested by the cable traffic between Moscow and its American stations, a high-ranking defector from Soviet intelligence in Europe threatened to reveal not only Duggan's role as an agent but that of many other operatives and sources throughout Western Europe and the United States. Ignatz Reiss (codenamed "Raymond"), the head of NKVD operations in Europe based in Paris, had broken his ties to Moscow in July 1937 because of the threat to his security and that of his family posed by Stalin's ever-expanding purges in the USSR, which had even reached into the foreign intelligence networks.

Hedda Gumperz and Paul Massing, after leaving the United States, had worked for Reiss. Through their briefings, Reiss had been informed about various American agents of the NKVD. Itzhak Akhmerov responded on August 15, 1937, to his superiors' inquiry about American sources known to Reiss by noting that "[Reiss] knew about [Duggan] and his wife. . . . [Also,] apparently, [Reiss], being at your place at home [NKVD headquarters in Moscow], became acquainted with personnel files of our network." The Reisses, Akhmerov continued, had also socialized with Noel Field and his wife, Herta, in Switzerland through introductions by the Massings: "Also, take into account that [Field] is a friend of [Duggan's]. It is very important to keep [Field] in our hands. If [Field] is compromised in connection with [Reiss's] disclosures, apparently [Duggan] will be frightened and will want to break contact with us. In his time, [Field] recommended [Duggan] to us."[20] Protecting Soviet agents in the U.S. government as well as in Europe, therefore, required killing Ignatz Reiss before he denounced figures such as Duggan and Field.

Shortly before defecting with his wife and children, Reiss had delivered a letter to the Soviet Embassy in Paris addressed to the USSR's Central Committee in Moscow. The defector stated that he was "returning to freedom—back to Lenin, to his teachings and his cause," in short, breaking with Stalin's leadership. It took two months of diligent pursuit before a pair of NKVD assassins caught up with Reiss at a restaurant near Lausanne, Switzerland. On September 4, 1937, Reiss's pursuers seized him, shoved him into their car, and (according to NKVD official Pavel Sudoplatov's later account) promptly ended his life: "Three miles from the restaurant they shot [Ignatz Reiss] and left him on the roadside."[21]

On September 11, 1937, NKVD officials in Moscow informed Akhmerov: "[Reiss] is liquidated, [but] not yet his wife. So far, we do not know to what extent she knows about [Duggan] and what steps she will take in future. Now the danger that [Duggan] will be exposed because of [Reiss] is considerably decreased."[22]

Soviet intelligence had begun to depend upon well-placed agents within the State Department, such as the NKVD's Laurence Duggan and Noel Field and the GRU's Alger Hiss, to provide vital information from America's "neutral" diplomatic outposts regarding the capabilities and intentions of Germany and Japan. The Soviet Union understandably viewed both countries as its potential "main enemies" in an Atlantic-Pacific war, the approach of which Moscow believed probable if not yet inevitable.

Duggan in particular proved extremely helpful at this time. At a March 19, 1937, meeting, he gave Borodin a letter he had received recently from Joseph C. Green, head of State's Office of Arms and Munitions Control, which Green in turn had received from the Navy Department: "This letter said the navy knew that U.S. plants were now receiving large war orders from many countries," Borodin reported to Moscow, "in particular the USSR and Turkey. . . . In principle, the navy does not object to filling the orders . . . but it categorically objects to carrying out war orders for the USSR since it reckons that the latter is a potential enemy."[23]

The following month, Duggan provided information from Green's files on foreign war orders in the United States, which elicited this rare compliment from Moscow: "We can ascertain your success in working with [Duggan],"[24] who by then was becoming fearful of continuing to pursue departmental information in areas other than his direct Latin American responsibilities, as Borodin informed Moscow in late May: "[Duggan] thinks that now trying to acquire similar folders with German, Japanese, and British or Italian orders would be like 'playing with fire.' We'll see in future, but now, in his opinion, Green must be left in peace. We completely approved his point of view. . . ."[25]

That same month, however, Duggan passed other documents to Borodin, including some dealing with arms purchased by Spanish government officials in Mexico and a copy of a U.S. Embassy report from Berlin.[26] He also described confidential discussions of peace prospects undertaken on Roosevelt's and Secretary of State Cordell Hull's behalf in Europe by an American diplomat.[27]

For whatever reason, Moscow decided that same year that its primary sources in the United States—mainly romantic ideologues committed to Communist dogma and the Soviet Union's success—should be rewarded with special gifts. Thus Whittaker Chambers, under instructions from GRU station chief Boris Bykov, acquired and delivered four Bokhara rugs to key operatives in his network, including Alger Hiss. When Soviet intelligence in the spring of 1937 raised the question of a possible monetary payment to Laurence Duggan, however, Bazarov immediately objected and reminded his superiors of Duggan's motives in cooperating:

> You ask whether it is timely to switch him to a payment? Almost definitely he will reject money and probably even consider the money proposal as an insult. Some months ago [Borodin] wanted to give [Duggan] a present on his birthday. He purchased a beautiful crocodile toiletries case with [Duggan's] monograms [engraved]. The latter categorically refused to take this present, stating that he was working for our common ideas and making it understood that he was not helping us for any material interest.[28]

What romantic radicals such as Duggan sought most from their Soviet intelligence contacts was not funds but frankness, not cash but candor. Both were in extremely short supply among Soviet citizens in the 1936–39 purge years, when millions were imprisoned, tortured, and executed. Duggan raised the question of the purges with Norman Borodin on July 2, 1937, according to the latter's memorandum to Moscow on the discussion, which suggested the State Department official's troubled reaction to recent events in the Soviet Union:

"[Duggan] cannot understand events in the USSR . . . the disclosure of Trotskyite-fascist spies in almost all the branches of industry and in the state institutions embarrass him enormously. People he has learned to respect turn out to be traitors to their motherland and to the socialist cause . . . all this seems to him 'a remote, incomprehensible nightmare.' "

Duggan drove the point home, since it directly affected his own willingness to cooperate: "What will happen to him if in the institution to which his information is sent [the NKVD] there is a fascist spy? It seems more than impossible, but two months ago the same could have been said about the nine [arrested Soviet] generals. . . . He repeats again and again: he cannot understand it, he is embarrassed, he cannot sleep." As a result, Duggan proposed breaking off relations with the NKVD and retreating into work with the American Communist Party: "he does not want to work for a country where something happens that he does not understand."[29] After long discussion, however, Borodin persuaded Duggan to continue his work. Nevertheless, he remained anxious that materials he handed over to the Russian might somehow reach "the enemy through the spies"—and his name with it.

Duggan asked to meet with Hedda Gumperz, who had launched his NKVD career, "to discuss all of his doubts with her."[30] But Itzhak Akhmerov, by then station chief and Borodin's superior, strongly opposed reinvolving the mercurial Gumperz in Duggan's life. Duggan was told eventually that such a meeting would compromise his security.[31] By that time, he had become even more important to Moscow. His promotion to head of State's Latin American division meant that Duggan had begun to receive (if only as secondary "information copies") virtually all important cables coming into the department, selections from which he, in turn, agreed to transmit to Borodin: "From the beginning," Akhmerov reported to Moscow on August 15, 1937, "we will be receiving [them] once a fortnight, and then [Duggan] will try to make more frequent our receipt of these cables."[32]

Considering his increased importance to Soviet intelligence, Moscow instructed Duggan's handlers in the United States to redouble their efforts at ideological education, addressing his declared doubts regarding the purges and Soviet leadership: "One must systematize the political work with [Duggan]. All the puzzling questions from [Duggan] must receive exhaustive answers from you. Leave nothing unclear and not satisfied. Always note the issues [Duggan] is interested in and inform us. . . . We cannot lose him for any reason."[33] Throughout these months, Duggan was a reliable source of State Department documents, which his contacts photographed and returned. The procedure was comparable to the one used by GRU courier Whittaker Chambers with *his* State Department sources, Alger Hiss and Henry Julian Wadleigh, during the same period. Still, Moscow pressed for more urgent attention to Duggan's importance: "Cable us his agent information immediately, since all this is exceptionally urgent material."[34] Because Akhmerov and his colleagues had to provide translations into Russian before sending along documents and other information, the process was extremely laborious.

Duggan's new eminence as a Soviet source led Akhmerov to decide it was time he met with him. The meeting took place on August 23, 1937, after which the Russian reported candidly to his superiors:

> Ideologically [Duggan] is not our solidly formed man yet. He lives and circulates in the circle of [State Department] officials who represent a privileged and conservative caste in Washington. He reads mainly newspapers of the anti-Soviet kind and, being exceptionally busy, he cannot read Marxist literature or our brother press. Undoubtedly, these circumstances play a major role in his vacillations, which, thus far, have not disappeared.

Despite his concerns about the relationship, Laurence Duggan continued to meet Akhmerov and hand over documents. At an August 30 liaison, for example, "he passed me [State's] cables for over an hour, approximately 60 pages, which I photographed and include in this mail. The second part of the documents, about 100 pages, he gave me at a third meeting on September 13. . . . Thus far I meet with him to receive documents about once a fortnight." Duggan, according to Akhmerov, gave him not only diplomatic cables but also Navy Department materials, information copies of which had been sent to State.

Akhmerov now pressed Duggan for weekly meetings and additional document deliveries. Duggan refused, explaining that his busy schedule made this impossible since he "cannot be absent from [State] without being noticed": "These materials are in his hands only during the working day. By the end of the day, they return to the chief archivist's office. The Secretary of State or his assistant summon [Duggan] very often, and, also, [Duggan's] working day's schedule is known to the secretary of his department."[35]

When Duggan announced that he was going on a vacation to Mexico in October, Akhmerov pressed him about information that State might have concerning Leon Trotsky ("Tuk"), who was then an exile in that country. Duggan reported that State's files contained nothing but a few stray items. He then stirred Akhmerov's fears by noting that the painter Diego Rivera, "in whose house [Trotsky] lives, is an old friend. Apparently, [Duggan] will go to see Rivera and, possibly, will meet [Trotsky] there." Akhmerov cautioned Duggan against being taken in by the Trotskyist leader. The diplomat brushed aside the idea, changing the subject to some incoming cables he had seen from Ambassador Bullitt regarding a possible French cabinet shake-up that could lead to annulment of the Franco-Soviet mutual assistance pact.[36]

When Duggan returned from Mexico in November, he continued meeting Akhmerov twice monthly, again declining to come weekly because of his workload at State.[37] By year's end, however, Duggan's doubts had reappeared even more strongly. "He claims he cannot digest events in the Soviet Union," Akhmerov cabled Moscow about a January 3, 1938, meeting with Duggan. "He thinks something is fundamentally wrong, since there cannot be so many members of the Right and Left oppositions who became traitors."[38] Duggan knew personally some of the Soviet diplomats who became victims of repression in the purges, he told Akhmerov, and did not question their devotion to the USSR.

Akhmerov's superiors blamed him for the difficulties with Duggan. The deputy chief of the NKVD's foreign department, Michael Spiguelglass, proposed replacing Akhmerov with Arnold Deutsch, a Soviet "illegal" operative, then working with the "Cambridge group" in England.[39] That never happened, nor did Moscow apparently approve Akhmerov's suggestion that, as an act of friendship, he purchase a painting depicting workers' lives to present to Duggan.[40]

Duggan expressed his concerns plainly in meetings with Akhmerov at this time. Above all, he feared exposure and its impact on his family. He pointed out early in March 1938 that the Deputy Secretary of State had summoned him to a meeting and warned him to "be exceptionally careful in your contacts," and using information presumably gathered by a counterintelligence search of Duggan's home, noted that "it does not befit a person of your status to have Marxist books." Security procedures were being tightened at State, Duggan informed his Soviet handler. Above all, Akhmerov relayed to his superiors, Duggan "fears that such traitors as Yagoda [the former head of Soviet intelligence who was executed in the purges] and others could expose his cooperation with us."[41]

Akhmerov agreed to Duggan's insistence on a three-month pause in their contacts, if only to forestall a complete rupture. When they met again on June 1, Duggan wanted to continue the break. He was about to be promoted but felt that this might not happen because of his superiors' concerns over the security situation. Three hours of intense discussion, Akhmerov reported to Moscow, could not change Duggan's mind.[42]

By that time, at the height of the purges, more paranoid figures in the NKVD leadership had concluded that Duggan was a Trotskyist sympathizer, a judgment with which Akhmerov disagreed.[43] Despite his anxieties, in fact, Duggan continued to convey State Department reports to his Russian contact, including two September 1938 cables (one on Nazi and Italian Fascist activity in the American republics) that the NKVD considered important enough to send on to Stalin, Molotov, and Marshall Voroshilov.[44] Duggan's activity as an agent remained sufficiently extensive for Akhmerov to describe their usual contact procedure in a late-1938 memorandum for Moscow:

> I would meet [Duggan] in the evening in a decent quiet bar, or he very often picked me up in his car. We drove to a dark area and talked in the car. [When delivering documents, State's] cables with which you are familiar, he would pass them to me in the afternoon on his way to lunch. I would photograph them in about an hour and a half and pass them back. That was due to the fact that he had to return them to [the State Department] archive on the same day.[45]

By the spring of 1939, Akhmerov and Duggan met less frequently. Duggan informed Akhmerov at a late-April meeting that "materials from other departments were not coming to him anymore, and he was learning about events in Europe and the Far East only from the press and from casual conversations with his colleagues." Still, he turned over at that same meeting a personal briefing on Lawrence Steinhardt, the new U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union.[46]

Five months would pass before the next Duggan-Akhmerov meeting, which took place on October 2, 1939. Duggan appeared extremely shaken: "He came to the meeting without his car, very gloomy and brokenhearted," Akhmerov reported. "He said he left his house through the back door, took a taxi and went to a movie theater before coming to meet me." According to Duggan, a State Department aide to the Department's chief security officer (the latter code-named "Mechanic") had approached him asserting that "[State] had information that he had cooperated with [Soviet intelligence], providing the latter with secret materials and secret information. Further, the assistant claimed that it would be better for him if he found another job. . . . [Moreover, Duggan] said he is absolutely isolated in [State] and put in intolerable conditions. He says he is already looking for another job."*

Duggan blamed Soviet intelligence, and specifically the NKVD, for his problem: "He says that, apparently, someone in our chain turned out to be a traitor, and this traitor reported on him." Although Akhmerov assured Duggan that only a few leading officials, two or three, knew about him and that his name was never used, "he persistently and resolutely asked to break any connection with me." Akhmerov suggested another three-month pause in their meetings, but Duggan continued to insist that, henceforth, he would only work openly within American leftist circles and, therefore, "he was not walking away from the movement forever." Akhmerov appeared genuinely touched by the encounter: "We said goodbye as close friends."[47] Soon afterward, early in 1940, Akhmerov returned to Moscow, while Duggan, despite the threats from State's security section, not only continued to work in the Department but had been appointed a personal adviser for Latin America to Secretary of State Cordell Hull.[48]

When the NKVD learned about Duggan's more prominent post, Moscow promptly assigned a Washington agent to try and resume contact. After some failed attempts, a Soviet operative known in the files only by his code name, "Glan," met with Duggan in 1940 at the latter's suggestion at 10:35 P.M. in that most unsecretive of Washington locations, the Cosmos Club. The two then proceeded to a local restaurant and held an unsatisfactory conversation, which "Glan" reported to his superiors. Duggan stated bluntly that "he had ceased working with us due to the fact that . . . at the office he is not trusted, and his position there is not stable." In his new post, he was detached from the Department's important work and had no staff. Nor did anyone seek his advice, despite his title, or so he informed "Glan," perhaps to dampen his former NKVD associates' interest in him. "Glan's" memo showed that Duggan's position was the same as it had been at his last meeting with Akhmerov:

> He asks us to believe that his attitude toward us has not changed, that he does not mind in principle returning to work, but he states

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* The warning to Duggan had probably come from an aide to Assistant Secretary of State Adolf Berle, who oversaw State Department security matters. Berle had met the previous month, on September 2, with Whittaker Chambers, a GRU courier who had defected the previous year. Chambers had named Duggan, among others—including Alger Hiss—as an active Soviet source within the government. The episode is described in detail in Chapter 2.

> firmly that, to date, he does not see any sense in it, that he cannot be useful and does not want any more meetings, at least for all of 1941. . . . He was disappointed by the fact that when he started work with us he was guaranteed full security, but the time he was summoned to [State's] top brass convinced him that there was a leak somewhere in our line.

Before leaving, Duggan asked "Glan" not to call again. He observed that all Washington telephones were wiretapped—despite the fact that, on counterintelligence issues, FBI agents were like "boys lost in the forest."[49]

In early 1942, the task of bringing Laurence Duggan back into the fold once again fell to Itzhak Akhmerov. On February 25, after his return to the United States, Akhmerov reported to Moscow that he had been in contact with Duggan, who repeated what "Glan" had reported the previous year: that he was ready to help Soviet intelligence but, at present, saw no possibilities for such assistance. The previous month, Duggan told Akhmerov, one of his leading State Department colleagues and a fervent anti-Communist, Assistant Secretary Adolf Berle, a bit drunk at the time, had hinted to him that he recalled his colleague's links to "Left elements," possibly a reference to Whittaker Chambers's naming of Duggan as an active Communist at his 1939 meeting with Berle.[50]

Akhmerov had other sources to supervise in both New York and Washington, but he managed to persuade Duggan to resume regular monthly meetings. Duggan kept deferring the encounters, however, blaming the demands of his job, and the relationship never revived despite the Russian's admiration for his source: "He is a sincerely progressive American, sympathizes with us, understands our role in this war, and, at the same time, is a 100 percent American patriot. . . . Being scalded once, he is inclined to exaggerate the danger considerably. Earlier he brought me piles of the most interesting things from his office. Now, he avoids even referring to the source when he tells me something."[51]

But Akhmerov's Moscow superiors were unimpressed with his handling of Duggan, criticizing his efforts as "unsatisfactory" in a November 26, 1942, cable on the situation. They pointed out that Duggan "undoubtedly has access to many materials of paramount interest for us" and could also provide "valuable oral information" based on discussions with his leading colleagues at State: "You should take a firmer stand toward [Duggan]. Let him understand that he is really our agent, that he has been working with us for several years, that in the past he gave us valuable documentary materials, and we have a right to demand from him at present at least valuable oral information on the most important issues."

Essentially, Moscow demanded that Akhmerov remind Duggan of his "moral commitments" to Soviet intelligence, although, "of course, we do not mean to blackmail him with the fact that in his time he gave us documentary materials."[52] But had Akhmerov followed Moscow's instructions and insisted that Duggan meet weekly and deliver "valuable . . . information," the implied threat to expose him would have been obvious.

Akhmerov was then given a long letter sent from Moscow by Duggan's earliest Soviet handler, Norman Borodin, a not-especially-subtle reminder of his past relationship with Borodin. The letter urged Duggan to resume his covert activities "to help your own country by helping us win the all-out war we are waging."[53]

Akhmerov decided that Borodin's letter would not help persuade Duggan (to whom he now assigned a new code name, "Frank"), reminding Moscow on February 2, 1943: "[I]deological links and personal friendship are the mainsprings in our connections with [Duggan]. . . . Could we scare him and make him work? Of course not. He knows we will never compromise him deliberately. Besides, he knows we have nothing we could compromise him with." Akhmerov continued in his determined campaign of "persistent influence on [Duggan's] conscience so he will help us more actively and developing our personal friendship."[54] In the end, occasional tidbits of State Department information was the most the Soviet operative gained from his rare meetings with Duggan during this period.*

In July 1944, confronted by continuing pressure from the Department's security officials, Laurence Duggan resigned his post at State and joined the newly organized United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration as a diplomatic adviser. In his final memorandum on the subject, on July 10, a surprised Akhmerov advised Moscow that he had not expected this move, although Duggan "told me quite often about his troubles and his status there."†[55]

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* Some of Duggan's information during this period, however, may have proved valuable to Soviet intelligence, as in this June 30, 1943, cable from the New York station to Moscow: "[Laurence Duggan] reports the following: 1. In the near future the [United States] and [Great Britain] will land strong forces in ITALY and on her islands with the aim of seizing the whole of ITALY." The cable provides details of preparations for the landings. Nos. 1025, 1035–36, VENONA files.

† Duggan continued to deliver information to Akhmerov virtually up to the day he left the State Department. See, for example, the following VENONA cables dealing with Duggan's data: March 28, 1944, No. 380; June 28, 1944, No. 916. Zaru-

Nor did Moscow's interest in Duggan (who in addition to "Frank" had also acquired a third code name, "Prince") end there. After the war, Duggan replaced his father as the director of the Institute of International Education (IIE) and became a strong supporter of student exchanges with all major countries including the Soviet Union.[56] His former NKVD handler, Norman Borodin, urged Moscow in a March 1948 memorandum to consider recruiting Duggan for intelligence activities once again through the IIE because of "the possibility of legalizing entry into the U.S. of our illegals from Europe as students and their subsequent legalization in the U.S. and other countries. It seems to me that [Duggan] will not be afraid to resume work with us . . . now that he does not work in a state institution and, therefore, will not be afraid of being identified as a 'disloyal' American, provided of course that a sensible conversation is held with him."[57]

Although Borodin may have had himself in mind as the obvious interlocutor, his superiors recommended instead that their Washington station chief, Ambassador Alexander Panyushkin, use an official meeting with Duggan to clarify their prospects. "One may presume," Moscow informed Panyushkin on May 7, 1948, "that the Institute's activities are guided directly by the State Department and, at the same time, apparently are actively used by American intelligence in its work preparing and sending agents to all the countries it is interested in." Thus, sending a "legal" Soviet operative in Washington, code-named "Saushkin," to see Duggan could determine whether he was willing to resume his work as a Soviet agent, "possibly receiving from him talent-spotting on people working in the State Department, using him to legalize our operatives, and possibly acquiring information about how American intelligence uses student exchanges in its work against us." Nevertheless, Moscow cautioned the ambassador to take into account Duggan's past vacillations "and a persistent urge in the past to break all relations with us" and thus "be very careful with him not to expose our worker ["Saushkin"] or to push [Duggan] away by our sharply expressed interest in him."[58]

A forty-minute meeting between Duggan and "Saushkin" took place at the Institute's offices on July 1, 1948. The Soviet agent's report high-

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bin commented to Moscow in a July 1944 cable of the situation: "[Duggan] will resign from [the State Department] allegedly for 'personal reasons.' Details and prospects for the future are being looked into." July 22, 1944, No. 1015, VENONA files.

lighted Duggan's refusal to be engaged in a compromising conversation: "He received me politely . . . [and] talked in detail about the Institute's work, showed me the office and, having done this, led me to the exit. . . . He did not want to talk about any other issues except the Institute and tried to be official throughout. I got the impression [that] he was on the alert all the time, expecting an unexpected question from me."[59]

On December 11, Duggan was questioned by FBI agents about Whittaker Chambers's allegations concerning Alger Hiss's Communist past, a probe then reaching its climax before a New York grand jury. Four days later, "Saushkin" called Duggan at his office, leaving a message for the absent official that was never answered. On December 20, 1948, Laurence Duggan either jumped or fell to his death from the sixteenth floor of his office building, tragically terminating his long, anguished, and ambivalent association with Soviet intelligence.[60]

Other American sources with whom the NKVD developed relationships in the 1930s proved more compliant and less sensitive to the brutal abuses of Soviet power than had Duggan, cheerfully maintaining covert links to Moscow in the antifascist climate of the depression decade.

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CHAPTER 2

Creating the Soviet Networks: Hiss, Chambers, and Early Recruits

RECOGNITION

IN THE MONTHS FOLLOWING Franklin D. Roosevelt's November 1932 election as President, leaders in Moscow anxiously awaited word that the incoming head of the American government would abandon his predecessors' policy denying formal diplomatic recognition to the Soviet Union. Moscow instructed its few intelligence operatives at the GPU's* New York station to focus on learning Roosevelt's views and his probable course of action. The station responded with a steady flow of published news stories, rumors, and reports of private discussions with pro-Soviet Americans, all of which suggested a likely decision to establish diplomatic ties. Nevertheless, the station cautioned in a January 3, 1933, cable and in other dispatches that nothing was settled: "the activities of the USSR's enemies have intensified at present because of the possibility of Washington's change in policy toward Moscow . . . [after] the change of government in March [1933]."[1]

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* The Soviet Union's state security agency changed names (and acronyms) regularly; hence the varied references in these pages to what would eventually become the KGB. Initially (starting in 1917) the Cheka, it became the OGPU or GPU (1923), the NKVD (1934), the NKGB (1941), and, after several additional adjustments in nomenclature, the KGB in 1954.

Months of secret negotiation between Soviet and American diplomats preceded President Roosevelt's 1933 decision to accord diplomatic recognition to the Soviet Union. Even many U.S. business leaders and conservatives supported the move in that time of high unemployment and collapsing markets, at the virtual trough of the worldwide Great Depression, on grounds that (in historian William Leuchtenberg's words) it "would lead to a revival of trade with the world's largest buyer of American industrial and agricultural equipment." Many within the American labor movement, the Catholic Church, and others remained opposed. But the economic collapse of the Hoover years, which led a million Americans in 1932 to vote for either the Communist or Socialist presidential candidates, had left large numbers agreeing with newspaper tycoon Roy Howard that "the menace of Bolshevism in the United States is about as great as the menace of sunstroke in Greenland or chilblains in the Sahara."[2]

After nine days of negotiations between Soviet envoy Maxim Litvinov and American officials, FDR and Litvinov exchanged documents on November 16, 1933, that accorded diplomatic recognition. In the years ahead, Roosevelt's expectation that his "New Deal" Administration would now enjoy greatly enhanced trade with the USSR did not materialize. For its part, the Soviet government failed to keep its commitment to curb Communist propaganda in the United States. But recognition brought the United States into line with other great powers that had opened diplomatic ties to Moscow years earlier. In one respect, however, Leuchtenberg's dismissal of recognition as "an event of monumental unimportance" proved inaccurate.

Recognition provided the Soviet Union's floundering intelligence-collection efforts in the United States with a number of previously unavailable opportunities. Over fifteen years had elapsed since the October 1917 Revolution brought the Bolsheviks to power. And during this period, Soviet agents in the United States sometimes had to depend upon personal relationships between the USSR's leaders and radical Americans—for example, the father-son team of entrepreneur-agents Julius and Armand Hammer. At other times, the USSR created state-run trading companies—such as AMTORG—that, as in the case of the Hammers, combined legitimate business activity with espionage.

Now, with diplomatic recognition, both wings of Soviet intelligence—the "civilian" GPU and "military" GRU—could function under legal cover through station chiefs in Washington's Soviet Embassy and at Soviet Consulates in New York and San Francisco. Such "legals" could be found in most major-power diplomatic establishments of the era except for those of the United States.

Older anxieties, however, accompanied these new opportunities. Thus, Moscow urged Peter Gutzeit, the GPU's New York station chief, to proceed cautiously: "Taking into account the categorical need to avoid everything that could complicate our relations with the masters of your country, I order [you to] (1) renounce the methods of mass recruitment [of agents]; (2) under no circumstances carry out recruitments without the station chief's sanction."[3] On September 14, 1935, Gutzeit was reminded of a recent directive from the Soviet Communist Party's Central Committee, which

> obliged us not to commit any failure in your country under any circumstances, since the slightest trouble in this direction can cause serious consequences of an international character affecting relations not only between us and the country of your residence. . . . The work demands particular operational characteristics:
>
> a. maximum caution;
> b. observation of the rules of security;
> c. caution and purposefulness in the selection of agents.[4]

Nor were the newly arrived station chiefs especially well-informed about work already being performed by agents recruited by their predecessors or by "the neighbors" (a euphemism used to describe military intelligence—the GRU).[5] During the early years following formal U.S.-Soviet recognition, the USSR's underground operatives in the United States functioned under frequently repeated instructions from Moscow to concentrate on three crucial areas of information collection: scientific and economic secrets from U.S. industries with potential value to the industrialization process under way in the Soviet Union; policy documents related to Japanese and German military threats to the Soviet regime (the "listening post" rewards of American recognition); and information on individuals and groups in the United States supporting either the exiled Soviet leader Leon Trotsky or the various small pro-monarchist organizations of so-called Whites (designated thus, of course, as opponents of the "Reds"). These "anti-Soviet" activists preoccupied Joseph Stalin and the uneasy cabal that supported his leadership in the USSR.

In Washington, beginning in 1934, Soviet operatives and a number of freshly recruited U.S. agents within the New Deal joined existing sources, largely in New York and San Francisco, supplying Moscow's expanding appetite for secret information and documents from America's thoroughly unsecretive society. Gathering scientific and technical data interested Soviet "legal" operatives stationed at the embassy and consulates under diplomatic cover: "Nowhere in the world are techniques in every industry so highly developed as in America," ran one typical Moscow directive. "The scale of manufacturing in America most corresponds to our own . . . ; this makes technical intelligence in the U.S. our main center of work."[6]

ECONOMIC AND MILITARY ESPIONAGE

Goals for economic intelligence were extensive and precise. A 1934 directive specified the information Moscow sought concerning certain major corporations and international markets:

- Standard Oil's global competition and its policies toward the Soviet government and oil products, as well as exposure of Soviet citizens who act as informants for the company;
- General Electric's activities and its Soviet "sources"; and
- the activities of the Chicago Bread [Wheat] Exchange, the furs market, and Soviet trading institutions abroad.[7]

During the years that followed, and based upon instructions such as these, Soviet operatives collected data and documents—whatever their degree of usefulness—from agents in American industries ranging from defense plants to cosmetics firms. Informants were normally paid, not a practice followed with Moscow's more ideologically driven Washington sources of political or governmental data.

Those activities that did not require intelligence cover were still assigned to operatives. For example, the wife of Stalin's close associate Vyacheslav Molotov, one Polina Zhemchuzhina, headed a Soviet state-owned cosmetic company TEZHE. She used a U.S. visit in January 1937 to acquire the formulas for two dozen products made by an American company, shipped to her through the NKVD's New York station![8] Normally, such intelligence probes involved accomplices working in American heavy industries and defense production, with payments for their services amounting to hundreds and sometimes thousands of dollars, a considerable amount in that depression decade.[9] Occasionally, operatives dangled before possible sources offers of trips to the Soviet Union, and in the case of one aviation engineer being cultivated, code-named "Taran," actually arranged an NKVD-sponsored lecture tour of the USSR during which (according to his escort's report) the engineer "apparently liked having a good time with women, mainly young girls."[10]

As the crisis in Europe intensified and war drew closer, understandably the interests of Soviet intelligence focused on defense-related industries. Thus, in 1937, a Moscow cable conveyed to its American stations these instructions on what information or plans to seek out:

1. Aviation: high-speed planes with powerful armaments and the plane's controlling equipment;
2. Navy: high-speed battleships and cruisers, armor, armaments, controlling and navigation equipment, accumulators for submarines;
3. tanks: engines, armor, armaments, equipment;
4. chemistry: new war chemicals;
5. . . . telemechanics; equipment for seeing in the dark.[11]

The responses to such instructions were varied and occasionally even exotic. One agent reported on a new variety of chemical warfare supposedly being developed by Nazi scientists—"parrot illness or so-called psitacosis. . . . The death rate among those contaminated by this microbe is 100%."[12] Of a more practical nature was the work of an operative named Shumovsky (code-named "Blerio"), whose assignment was to obtain aviation industry data and who concentrated on the Northrop and Douglas plants in California. One agent he recruited, Jones Orin York,* a Northrop inventor (code-named "Needle") who needed funds to open his own business, provided Shumovsky in 1935 with plans for a new engine of his own design[13] and, in that same year, with documents on the newest Northrop fighter plane.[14] York's value to Moscow was quickly recognized: "[York's] attitude toward work is excellent," the San Francisco station cabled Moscow in April 1936. "He fulfills all our assignments precisely and accurately."[15] Apparently the inventor continued to produce material of significant value since, in the fall of 1937, Shumovsky's Soviet controllers told him that they planned to create a special research commission in Moscow to study and implement York's various plans.[16] But another Soviet agent reported to Moscow in the summer of 1939 the embarrassing news that York ("according to his former wife") had disappeared with an unknown woman.[17]

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* Jones Orin York ("Needle") told the FBI in 1950 that he had given secrets to Soviet intelligence since the mid-1930s while a West Coast aircraft worker. Robert Louis Benson and Michael Warner, eds., *VENONA: Soviet Espionage and the American Response*, 1939–1957 (Washington, D.C.: National Security Agency & Central Intelligence Agency, 1996), p. xxviii.

Meanwhile, Shumovsky had developed other contacts in the industry but with less productive results. Code-named "Gapon," a Douglas specialist on high-altitude flights tempted the Soviet agent with information and documents related to allegedly "secret" tests, only to suggest that Shumovsky approach Douglas officially if he wished to pursue the relationship.[18] He had similar bad luck with another Douglas employee, a draftsman code-named "Falcon," who promised (but apparently never delivered) "many interesting things for Soviet aviation."[19]

At the Marietta Company in 1936, then producing four-engine "flying boats" under contract to the Soviet Union, Shumovsky met a young engineer code-named "Lever" with whom he became friendly. "Lever" switched employers later that year, transferring to the National Aeronautics Center at Wright Field in Dayton, Ohio. He told Shumovsky that he now enjoyed access to reports from U.S. military attachés in Europe regarding the performance of planes various countries were using in the Spanish Civil War. Pointing to the counterintelligence surveillance of Wright Field employees, however, "Lever" declined the Soviet agent's request for this and other material, postponing another meeting for several months, at which "Lever" continued to refuse Shumovsky's requests for classified information.[20]

In 1938, the NKVD assigned another courier, a young underground operative named Harry Gold (then code-named "Goose"), to meet with the Wright Field engineer. "Lever" later insisted that he had rebuffed all advances made by Gold and other Soviet agents. Their relationship ended in 1940, when "Lever" informed Gold that if Gold had not also been Jewish, he would have told the FBI about him when they first met![21]

Elsewhere, Soviet intelligence appeared more successful, although one valuable source who had been removing secret documents from the Navy Department, described only as "C-II" in the Moscow files, ended her efforts in the summer of 1940 when U.S. counterintelligence inquiries threatened exposure.[22] Another Navy Department source, code-named "Chita," provided documents on various military ships, including submarines, and—according to the NKVD file report on his work—"seriously wants to help us for ideological reasons not having any material interests. The only reward he expects is to move at some point to the Soviet Union to work there . . . he doesn't want to bring up his three sons in the conditions of capitalist America. . . ."[23]

One recruited agent, code-named "Magnate," engaged in defense production work for the U.S. Army and provided samples of armor, armored glass, and armored vests. As early as 1936, "Magnate" described to the NKVD his work on miniature "bugging" equipment that could be concealed in a briefcase. "The results are very good," the station reported to Moscow in January 1937. "We hope to use this apparatus for our work here. We'll send you by the next [diplomatic] post a complete set of blueprints and details. If we are interested in this type of briefcase, we can organize its production in our country. . . ."[24]

The creative "Magnate" also promoted other devices of comparable or even greater interest to his Soviet contacts because of their value to dictatorships, as reported in the same memorandum: "Now 'Magnate' is working on a stationary eavesdropping apparatus for hotels, cells for imprisonment pending trial, etc. . . . Such a device consists of a central station connected by wire with microphones placed in different rooms. An officer on duty can listen to a conversation in any room. If needed, conversations can be simultaneously recorded."[25]

Sources working for Eastman Kodak provided the NKVD's New York station with secret information concerning production of photographic and motion picture film as well as drawings of the latest optical devices being used by the company.[26] Some exchanges transcended espionage and became virtual business agreements. Thus one source, code-named "Frenchman" and known as an inventor of radio equipment, brokered a deal that was negotiated between the NKVD and an interested Soviet ministry to sell plans for a new model teletype. The ministry offered $6,000, but in the end, "Frenchman" struck a deal with the New York station to sell the equipment for only $4,000! The station chief offered the ministry other bargains from this same source: a model of "theater television" (then in its infancy) for which the ministry in question had offered $30,000 but which "Frenchman" would sell to the station for only $9,000, and "television for planes" marked down from $15,000 to $6–7,000. The transactions may not have been concluded.[27]

One invaluable source of information to the Soviets in 1935—on American companies and businessmen involved in illegal economic activities with Nazi Germany—was an American woman code-named "Zero," who worked for a special U.S. Senate committee headed by Gerald Nye, then investigating the American munitions industry. "Zero" passed to her Soviet contact, code-named "Green," secret reports from the U.S. commercial attaché in Berlin and from several consular officials. These reports concerned American companies filling German military orders and memoranda from the U.S. military attaché in Berlin that described German army and industrial efforts.[28] Reporting to Moscow on these documents, Peter Gutzeit praised "Zero's" value: "They also touch upon the war-chemical industry, the division in spheres of influence among the largest international weapons manufacturers, methods of bribery, connections with intelligence services, purely war-technical matters on different kinds of weapons and etc. Plus, they expose ways and methods of the Dupont Company's intelligence service's activities against the USSR."[29]

Because the Nye Committee often subpoenaed classified documents from State, War, Navy, and other governmental departments in connection with its work, "Zero" was an important source for Soviet intelligence. When the committee completed its work, the NKVD tried to arrange for "Zero" to join the State Department. But the effort proved unsuccessful, Gutzeit reported, in part because State tried not to employ Jews.[*][30]

The 1936–39 Great Purge years in the Soviet Union disrupted scientific and technical espionage efforts, along with all other types of intelligence work, in the United States. Thus, one valuable Soviet agent, recruited by the GPU in Germany and married to an American woman, who emigrated with his wife to the United States, could not be used by the New York station because his brother had been arrested as a spy in Moscow.[31]

Steady nerves are a minimal requirement for successful espionage. Soviet operatives in the United States discovered in the 1930s that their most reliable American sources were not those who demanded payment for the theft of specific information or documents, but those individuals driven by an ideological belief in communism and the Soviet experiment. Paid informants worked mainly for U.S. defense-related industries, while many of the "believers" rose steadily through the ranks of the Roosevelt Administration's bureaucracy. Ideological reliability and access to top-secret scientific information, however, converged at times, most notably during the Second World War. Then, a small number of devoted Communist scientists, engineers, and technicians—despite enormous security barriers—gathered information for

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[*] Another Soviet source on the Nye Committee, Alger Hiss, proved more successful in obtaining a State Department post in 1936. See pp. 40–41.

Soviet operatives on the making of the atomic bomb in the program to which Moscow assigned the code-name “Enormoz.”*

THE PURSUIT OF TROTSKYISTS AND MONARCHISTS

At the same time, during the thirties, that Soviet intelligence sought scientific and military secrets in the United States, it also devoted significant time and attention to monitoring, and occasionally trying to infiltrate, groups supporting Leon Trotsky (whose followers called themselves “Trotskyists” while pro-Stalin detractors preferred the supposedly more pejorative “Trotskyites”). “The American Trotskyite organization is the strongest in membership and financing among all the Trotskyite groupings,” NKVD Major Pavel Fitin reported in September 1939 to then–Commissar of Internal Affairs Lavrenty Beria.[32] During the 1930s, Stalin’s obsessive fear of Trotskyist moles in the ranks of the Soviet government saturated communications between Moscow and its field agents, some of whom sought contact with key foreign followers of Trotsky, such as their American leader James Cannon. “Our idea is to watch the Trotskyites through the Socialist Party since we do not have trustworthy agents inside the Trotskyist organization,” Moscow told its New York station in the spring of 1937.[33]

Among those recruited to spy on Cannon was Louis Budenz, the editor of *Labor Age*, a small socialist magazine, who a decade later would describe his involvement in Soviet espionage to the FBI and congressional committees. Other socialist sources also reported on Trotskyist activities during these years to NKVD operatives in New York and San Francisco. One, code-named “Actor,” even managed to gain access to Trotsky’s inner circle and visit Trotsky in Mexico.[34] American agents played a vital role in Stalin’s plans to eliminate his arch rival, which eventually succeeded when Trotsky was assassinated.

Old enemies often prove the most enduring and emotionally essential. Thus, Soviet intelligence, while assiduously probing the ranks of Trotskyists, also spent considerable time and energy focused on a ragtag residue of pro-monarchist groups, “Whites,” who plotted among themselves the unlikely restoration of the Russian monarchy. Writing from

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* Discussed in Chapter 9.

New York in August 1935, Peter Gutzeit tried to explain to a Moscow superior the problems involved in "concrete cultivations" of the "Whites" in America—small, fragmented bands compared to organizations in Europe. Such groups, he wrote, "lacked backbone" and funding, though he would try to add to the two agents already infiltrated into their ranks. Nor had his efforts proved more successful, Gutzeit acknowledged, among Ukrainian separatists in the United States.[35] Although his Moscow correspondent wrote back with requests for more information on some specific leaders, in reality Stalin and his nervous cohort—paraphrasing FDR's inaugural phrase—had "nothing to fear but fear itself" from pro-monarchist enclaves in the United States.

Of more serious concern to Soviet intelligence during this period were the energetic activities of pro-German and pro-Nazi organizations. Reports to Moscow described in detail a number of these groups and their effect upon powerful Americans such as the newspaper publisher William Randolph Hearst, whose antagonism toward the USSR was credited by Soviet intelligence to German influence. "It would be of considerable interest for us to acquire compromising material on Hearst concerning his connection (especially financial) with the Nazis," Moscow instructed its American stations. "It is desirable to acquire an internal source at Hearst's [organization] standing close to the head of this concern."[36] At least one such agent in the newspaper world (though not working for a Hearst paper), a *New York Post* reporter codenamed "Blin," volunteered information about the publisher, allegedly provided by a Hearst journalist.[37] But like so much else in operatives' reports on political surveillance during the 1930s, there was no apparent follow-up.

How seriously Moscow Center believed German influence to be a major threat to Soviet interests in the United States was evident in directions given to its American stations, such as this September 1935 description of goals:

> a. exposure of the Nazis' work directed against our interests with respect both to worsening our relations with your country and intelligence work directed against our institutions in your country and on our territory;
> b. exposure of Nazi agents in the state institutions of your country, first of all in the State Department and intelligence organizations;
> c. exposure of Nazis' work against the fraternal organization of your country [the Communist Party of the United States].

Soviet strategy focused on directing public attention to Nazi anti-Semitism and, as a result, generating in Jewish organizations opposition to the Nazis' U.S. support groups.[38]

PENETRATING THE U.S. GOVERNMENT—EARLY PROBES

The main assignment for Moscow's American stations after diplomatic recognition in 1933 was neither the pursuit of scientific and economic data nor the monitoring of deviant bands of "Whites" or Trotskyists. Far more urgent was the collection of information related to U.S. foreign policy, especially in Europe and the Far East, and gathering American government intelligence data concerning German and Japanese actions that affected the USSR's security.

Launching this new intelligence initiative exposed an urgent and immediate problem for Moscow in early–New Deal Washington: a virtual absence of useful sources. "At present we don't have any agents," began one possibly overstated April 1934 memorandum from the New York station regarding possible contacts in Washington: "It is necessary to start this work with a blank slate. In previous years' archives, we have found some people who were connected to our work, but because of a long break in our activities, the connection with them was lost."[39] By then, however, Moscow had begun to pursue its intelligence-gathering work directly from Washington in addition to its New York–based activities. (The San Francisco station remained primarily a base for gathering information on Japan, as elaborate recruitment instructions given to Soviet agents based in that city in 1934 appear not to have yielded results.)

Soviet intelligence's 1934 directives concerning operations in the United States remained sensitive to the constraints of diplomatic recognition:

> As a basis for our work in the USA we assume the principle of combining legal and illegal work. All the activities on finding useful and interesting people for us are carried out through legal possibilities. . . . Recruitment and working with an agent must be transferred completely to illegals. This dictates the need to have at the station's disposal minimally two illegal recruiters who would carry out the recruitments. [Presently] the station doesn't have people of this sort except for "Brit."[40]

"Brit" would not long remain the sole "illegal" working on recruitment for the NKVD. He was a transitional figure from the mainly economic focus of Soviet intelligence in America during the 1920s to the growing strategic and global political use of its American "listening post" during the thirties.

Originally, "Brit," whose real name was I. V. Volodarsky and whom the FBI knew as Armand Lavis Feldman, was sent to the United States to establish an oil analysis business. Later, he took part in a 1937 scheme by Moscow to purchase ships that could sail under the American flag in European waters, allowing Soviet intelligence another source of contact in the event of war.*[41]

The most effective Soviet operative in the earliest years of the Roosevelt Administration was Valentin Markin, code-named "Davis." Although he was based in New York City, he increasingly focused on an expanding number of Washington sources. It was Markin who established the procedures of that period for receiving newly arrived "illegals" from the Soviet Union. Their initial instructions appear simple in retrospect. In 1934, all Soviet "illegals" reaching New York stayed at the Hotel Taft in the heart of midtown Manhattan. Markin, the station chief, would locate the new arrival at the hotel and approach him with "Greetings from Fanny." If the response was, "Thank you. How is she?," work could begin.[42]

Markin had been one of the few talented professional Soviet intelligence operatives in the United States prior to diplomatic recognition, even managing to recruit agents within the State Department. But his superiors in Moscow questioned whether he could supervise a rapidly expanding set of Washington networks. Thus, in March 1934, one cable to Markin asked "whether you will be able to ensure the service of your clientele with your small apparatus according to the principles of our profession."[43]

Markin's major responsibility was to acquire information about U.S. foreign policy. Soviet intelligence's belief in America's critical global importance probably exceeded even that of the Roosevelt Administration at this time, as seen in these 1934 instructions from Moscow:

> In world politics, the U.S. is the determining factor. There are no problems, even those "purely" European, in whose solution America does not take part because of its economic and financial

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* Volodarsky would later break with the NKVD and cooperate with the FBI.

> strength. It plays a special role in the solution of the Far Eastern problem. That is why America must be well informed in European and Far Eastern matters, and its intelligence service is likely to play an active role. This situation raises the following extremely important problems for our intelligence in the U.S. (especially illegal): It is necessary that the agents we now have or intend to recruit provide us with documents and verified materials clarifying the U.S. position in the matters mentioned above and, especially, the U.S. position on the Far Eastern problem.
>
> Therefore the station's task, besides getting materials from [State Department employees] "Willie" and "Daniel," reports by ambassadors . . . mainly [on] the situation in the countries where those ambassadors are stationed, is to develop means of getting materials reflecting the U.S. position on international questions, especially Japan, such as:
>
> a. directives by the American government to its ambassadors; [and] b. information from navy attachés coming to Washington, especially on Japan and Germany.[44]

These areas of interest for Soviet intelligence would remain constant throughout the decade—from 1934, when its major sources of information at State were supposedly those individuals code-named "Willie" and "Daniel," to the years that followed, when new Moscow operatives would develop their own sources within the Department, including Noel Field, Laurence Duggan, and Alger Hiss.* "Willie" and "Daniel," whose real names were not contained in the Soviet files that discussed their work, were both paid informants. "Daniel" received $500 a month and, according to an exchange between NKVD administrators about "Willie's" stipend, "we propose to pay him $15,000 per year in order to take from him the maximum he can give."[45] In return, "Willie" provided Valentin Markin with numerous ambassadorial, consular, and military attaché reports from Europe and the Far East. "Daniel," who allegedly worked in the same section of State as "Willie," managed to filch transcripts of recorded conversations Secretary of State Cordell Hull and his assistants had with foreign ambassadors. Moscow considered the information "precious," its highest compliment, and instructed Markin to nurture the pair: "These agents ensure considerable acquisition of materials from the State Department. Therefore, we consider inexpedient any further penetration into the State Department either by legal or illegal operatives. The task is to develop the agents we already have."[46]

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* See also Chapters 1 and 4.

Unfortunately for Markin and his superiors, the agent handling "Willie" and "Daniel" was a freelance journalist code-named "Leo," who turned out to be a confidence man, deceiving Soviet intelligence in order to collect monthly stipends. After analyzing material delivered by "Leo" supposedly from "Daniel" and an agent code-named "Albert," Markin reluctantly concluded that virtually all the information and documents involved had actually come from only one source: "Willie." Neither Valentin Markin nor his assistant had ever met "Daniel" or "Albert," and this was reported to Moscow on November 27, 1934: "We assume there is no 'Daniel' or 'Albert' . . . and that [they] were created fictitiously by 'Leo' to increase his remuneration."[47] Moscow agreed and stopped paying both "Daniel's" $500 monthly stipend and "Albert's" $400.[48] Despite this creative concoction of nonexistent agents, however, Soviet intelligence continued to rely on "Leo" for several more years as a paid agent handling the genuine "Willie," though it did not inform him about others at State subsequently recruited.

But Markin's network was not limited to the State Department. In New York, where he continued to live, the station chief had at least four additional major sources, including one, code-named "James," who had served earlier as German consul in the city and was linked to German intelligence. Markin considered "James" a unique source of information about German activities in Europe and America. Two journalists provided economic information, and several others (including a New York City police officer) were included in this amalgam of agents. Among Markin's agent-recruiters was Hedda Gumperz, who, along with her writer-husband, Paul Massing, was actively involved in attracting to covert activity various New Deal officials such as Laurence Duggan and Noel Field.[49]

One later-legendary figure in Soviet intelligence circles entered the United States for the first time in 1934 as one of Valentin Markin's Taft Hotel "illegals." Itzhak Akhmerov, whom Whittaker Chambers later knew under the code-name "Bill," was code-named "Yung" by Markin in 1934. Akhmerov arrived in New York on April 23, 1934, and quickly began tasks for the network while pursuing English language studies at Columbia University.

The KGB archives contain a 1954 lecture delivered by a then-retired Akhmerov to young intelligence officers on the process of blending into an American identity. He noted the ease with which this could be achieved during the 1930s (and perhaps even today) by carefully restricting the number of one's relationships: "Switching from the status of a foreign student to the status of an American in such a large city as New York was not difficult."[50] Akhmerov found love and companionship in his new assignment when, several years later, he met and married Helen Lowry, the niece of American Communist Party leader Earl Browder. Lowry, code-named "Nelly," worked alongside her husband, serving as a courier between "legal" and "illegal" stations while maintaining a Washington residence where Akhmerov met his sources. Lowry secretly took Soviet citizenship and moved to Moscow with Akhmerov in 1939, remaining an NKVD agent.[51]

Only months after Akhmerov's arrival in the United States, in August 1934, Valentin Markin's death in a car accident provoked consternation within Soviet intelligence ranks. Fearful that American counterintelligence agents might stumble upon its covert work, Moscow ordered "illegals" such as Akhmerov to halt their activity and to destroy all documents in their possession.[52] Perhaps most troublesome was the fact that Markin's American partner in the business firm the Soviet operative had used as a cover was privy to his espionage. The partner also knew both Akhmerov and Markin's assistant, a Soviet operative code-named "King."[53] Markin's partner (according to a cable from "King" to Moscow on the situation) "dreams of going to our country" and tried unsuccessfully to persuade Markin's mistress, also an American, to settle in the Soviet Union. Nor did the cleanup problems stop there. Markin kept money in a bank safety-deposit box, the cable continued, and also stored there "his notes, written in Russian."[54]

While "King" and Akhmerov dealt with the aftermath of Valentin Markin's untimely death, they were suddenly confronted with a far more serious threat to the security of their fledgling Washington operation. Akhmerov described the situation in an October 26, 1934, memorandum to Moscow:

> Meeting "Leo" in the center [at the State Department] two weeks ago, "Willie" said that B. [U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union William Bullitt] from your city [Moscow] communicated here to the center that the contents of his reports was known in your city. "Willie" was terribly embarrassed and anxious. "Willie" was ill nervously for a couple of days. The assistant to the Secretary of this firm [Secretary Hull's assistant] questioned . . . "Willie" about the possible leak of these reports here in the center. The assistant to the Secretary charged "Willie" with checking the employees and investigating the department headed by "Willie."

> "Willie" says [thinks] that a corresponding investigation of this case is being carried out by firms of our type.
>
> We ask you to observe maximum caution in sending reports from B. to offices neighboring yours. The cunning of B., his abilities, sociable disposition, and contacts with high-ranking persons in your city give him an opportunity to touch many people. An indirect hint in a conversation may be enough. . . .[55]

Although no response from Moscow to Akhmerov's cable appeared in the NKVD records, within weeks Markin's assistant, "King," had been assigned to another country.[56] A new station chief, a Soviet operative named Boris Bazarov, code-named "Nord," arrived from Moscow in December 1934 with the following priority assignments:

1. to acquire data about the activities of the U.S. State Department (incoming and outgoing documents on important countries);
2. to organize acquisition of information on the War and Navy Departments as well as on the aviation ministry [*sic*] . . . ;
3. to acquire scientific-technical documentation about production by the Dupont Company.[57]

By that time, a number of radical New Deal officials were being recruited for Soviet espionage in Washington, some by Harold Ware, an American official in the Agriculture Department. Although Ware's group had been operating without connections to Valentin Markin's agents, one agent recruiter, Whittaker Chambers, briefly served as a link between the two networks.

Meanwhile, the new NKVD station chief in New York, Bazarov, had his hands full reorganizing Markin's tightly centralized group of sources; his courier, Chambers, knew all the various agents. "We have a situation in which a failure at one point in the organization will cause a failure of the entire organization," Moscow informed Bazarov, a problem that would recur in future years among Soviet intelligence's American networks.[58] Nor was Moscow pleased with the information being provided by "James," the German operative, whom it ordered cut adrift.[59] Bazarov sought to reorganize his unit's work, cooperating closely with Gutzeit's "legal" station and others (for example, in the recruitment of a U.S. Congressman, described elsewhere in these pages). At least one of Bazarov's assigned agents was later denounced by Moscow as a Trotskyist and "people's enemy,"[60] charges that would await Bazarov himself upon his return to the Soviet Union several years later.[61]

Although plagued by these signs of internal dissension, by mercenary American sources, and by bad luck—such as Valentin Markin's untimely death—within a year or two after diplomatic recognition, Soviet intelligence had built a solid foundation for its U.S. networks. Its most productive American agents in the years to come would be drawn primarily from the ranks of adventurous antifascists and doctrinaire Communists, often with the overt assistance of American Communist Party leadership.

HISS, CHAMBERS, AND THE WARE GROUP

Competition was keen among Soviet operatives in 1934 to establish an agent beachhead within the Roosevelt Administration. One of the most effective early efforts was spearheaded by Joszef Peter, a Hungarian-born spymaster who worked closely with Earl Browder and the Communist Party of the United States (CPUSA) as well as with the Comintern's intelligence units. Peter (also known as "J. Peters" and a variety of other underground pseudonyms)* shifted Whittaker Chambers ("Karl") in August 1934 from his previous duties in New York City to a new assignment in Washington, where he began working as a courier between Peter and Harold Ware's group of covert sources:

> I understood that most of the members of this group were employed in "New Deal Agencies" [Chambers later recalled]. According to what Peters [Joszef Peter] told me, it was his "dream" to penetrate the "old line agencies," such as the Navy, State, Interior, etc. I was to learn the setup and the personnel of the present apparatus [Ware's recruits] and attempt to build a parallel apparatus . . . using certain members of the Ware Group at first and then branching out. Consequently, about the end [of summer] or

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* Joszef Peter was deported to Hungary in 1949 after extensive questioning by the FBI about his underground involvement. He subsequently became a leading official of the Hungarian Communist Party and government. When Allen Weinstein interviewed the aged Peter in Budapest in 1975, Weinstein asked him whether he had ever thought of returning to the United States. "Once," Peter responded, laughing. "The fellows in the party wanted to throw me an eightieth birthday dinner. I went to the American Consulate and began filling out the application for a visa. Then I came to a question on the form about whether I had ever used an alias and, if so, to list all aliases. I put down the form and walked out."

> in the fall of 1934, I made my first trip to Washington, D.C., where I met Harold Ware by prearrangement.[62]

Chambers later identified as members of the group a small coven of New Deal officials, most then working for the Agricultural Adjustment Agency (AAA), among them—in addition to Harold Ware and Alger Hiss—John Abt, Henry Collins, John Herrmann, Victor Perlo, Lee Pressman, Nathaniel Weyl, and Nathan Witt.* Most had abandoned positions in the private sector to become New Dealers in Washington. (After breaking with communism, several members of the group, including Pressman though not Alger Hiss, would acknowledge their earlier Communist Party membership, recalling that their activities included collecting CPUSA dues while discussing Marxist theory and current issues.) Gradually, in 1934, various participants, including Hiss, added the theft of government documents to their agenda, materials that Chambers would convey to Joszef Peter and other Soviet operatives in New York.[63]

One non-Communist witness to these activities, writer Josephine Herbst, who was married at the time to Ware Group member John Herrmann, later provided confirmation, as did Chambers and another former member, Nathaniel Weyl, of its activities. Interviewed in 1949, Josephine Herbst described her husband as "a member of a group headed by Mr. Harold Ware . . . of people holding small and unimportant positions in various branches of the Government and . . . organized for the purpose of collecting information for the use primarily of the Communist Party in New York City." Those involved, Herbst recalled, "took great pride in their sense of conspiracy," and the CPUSA's "ultimate purpose . . . in setting up 'cells' of this kind . . . was to provide for an organization capable of using influence and obtaining information in the event of a world or national crisis. . . . On one occasion, I saw in my apartment certain documents that had been taken from Government offices by members of the 'cell' . . . for transmission to New York."[64]

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* On Alger Hiss, see also Chapters 1, 4, and 12. On Victor Perlo and his later "group," see Chapter 10. The Ware Group itself disbanded in 1935 after Harold Ware died in an automobile accident. Most of its members remained actively involved as Communist sources within the government but in other venues, a number closely linked to the CPUSA. Among many other sources on the Ware Group, see Earl Latham's balanced assessment in *The Communist Controversy in Washington* (New York: Atheneum paperback, 1969).

Chambers was introduced by John Herrmann to Herbst "simply as Karl" in the summer of 1934—"a heavy, tall, thickset man with a heavy opaque face, thick skin and mournful eyes . . . not too carefully groomed . . . kindly, but rather melancholy"—and she was unaware of Chambers's relationship to Soviet intelligence beyond the Ware Group's links to the CPUSA. Sharing a common interest in literature and writing, Herbst and Chambers became friends: "[H]e spoke to me of his difficulties and he told me that his wife and child lived in New Jersey. . . . He always seemed to be in anxiety and fear and always on the run. . . . [H]e was a courier and . . . his job was to make contacts high within the United States government."[65]

Josephine Herbst also confirmed that Alger Hiss became a person of considerable interest to "Karl" at this time. She recalled, as did Chambers and (at times) Hiss, that the two men first met in August 1934 shortly after Chambers began his work as a Soviet courier in Washington: " 'Karl' told me of such a meeting . . . everything I know about [Alger and Priscilla Hiss] was told to me by 'Karl,' Harold Ware or someone else," presumably John Herrmann. The reason that Chambers and Herrmann considered Hiss valuable, Herbst recalled, was obvious: "Chambers and John [Herrmann] . . . regarded Hiss as an important prospect to solicit for the purpose of getting papers. This was a task that was to be handled by Chambers because it was his function to make contacts with more important people in the Government service."[66]

What made Hiss distinctive among the Ware Group's dozen or more members was the fact that, in July 1934, he left the AAA to assume a new position on the legal staff of the Nye Committee, a special congressional investigating body established under the leadership of Senator Gerald Nye to probe the impact of foreign and domestic munitions makers on U.S. policy during and after the First World War. Employees at the AAA had access only to materials within that agency's limited domestic mandate. However, the Nye Committee—where Chambers and Hiss met barely a month after the latter began his work there—received a voluminous mass of past and current classified documents from the State, War, and Navy Departments (among other sources) dealing with munitions and foreign policy questions of major interest to the Soviet Union. Josephine Herbst later recalled, as did Chambers, that the latter, to take advantage of Hiss's new responsibilities, had discussed recruiting Hiss away from the Ware Group to become the first member of a new "parallel apparatus" of Soviet agents within the American government. Moscow acknowledged receiving deliveries of documents from a source or sources within the Nye Committee, one of whom was Alger Hiss, who began at this time his half-decade relationship with the Communist writer-courier-agent handler whom he knew as "Karl."*[67]

SOURCE AND COURIER: THE HISS-CHAMBERS RELATIONSHIP

Hiss and Chambers worked together as Soviet source and courier from late 1934 until the latter's defection from the underground in 1938, and despite extraordinary differences in background, careers, and interests, they (and their wives) developed a personal bond. Alger Hiss was born into a prominent Baltimore family, disrupted at an early age by his father's suicide. Even as a young man, Hiss impressed others as intelligent, handsome, and extremely well mannered. He excelled both as an undergraduate at Johns Hopkins University and in his studies at Harvard Law School, where he became a protégé of Professor (and later Supreme Court Justice) Felix Frankfurter. Through Frankfurter, Hiss obtained a coveted clerkship with the Court's aging eminence Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. By then, Hiss had married a New York writer and art historian, Priscilla Fansler, who later assisted in his Soviet underground work by retyping State Department documents for transmission. Alger Hiss worked for several years after his clerkship at a prominent New York law firm before heading to Washington and a post with the AAA in 1933, and both he and Priscilla were also active members of various radical groups. Because of this background, the Hisses later mixed easily with New Dealers of their own generation and with older, more influential figures in the Roosevelt Administration.[68]

Prior to meeting Alger Hiss, Whittaker Chambers's life had been much less charmed and far more turbulent. He, too, had lacked a stable paternal relationship—his father was a minor journalist who was frequently absent from home and, when there, frequently drunk. From his earliest schooldays, Chambers displayed an unusual ability as a writer and linguist, and while attending Columbia College during the 1920s, he cultivated a circle of friends largely focused on literary and artistic careers. But Chambers dropped out of college to lead a bohemian existence in and around New York City for several years until he gravitated toward membership in the CPUSA during the mid-1920s. There, he found a niche as a journalist, writing first for the *Daily Worker* and then for the *New Masses*, and marrying Esther Shemitz, another young radical and an aspiring artist.

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* For the complete story of the Hiss-Chambers relationship and its aftermath from the 1930s to the present, see Allen Weinstein, *Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case*, rev. ed. (New York: Random House, 1997) and Sam Tanenhaus, *Whittaker Chambers: A Biography* (New York: Random House, 1997).

In the spring of 1932, Chambers was recruited for "secret work" by a leading party official, Max Bedacht, a member of the CPUSA's Central Committee, who instructed him, with Chambers's acquiescence, to leave the *New Masses*'s staff, where Chambers had become a well-known "proletarian writer" and translator* and to disappear from other "open" Communist circles. Bedacht led Chambers to a meeting with an old friend from the *Daily Worker*, John Loomis Sherman, who was already involved in covert activities. Sherman, in turn, introduced Chambers that same day to Valentin Markin ("Herbert"), a Russian operative with whom he worked as an agent until Markin's death in August 1934. The subsequent disbanding of Markin's network led Joszef Peter that same month to identify a replacement assignment for Chambers as a Washington–to–New York courier.[69]

After their initial meeting, Hiss and Chambers, source and courier, developed a measure of rapport not unlike the personal link between Laurence Duggan and Itzhak Akhmerov. During the summer of 1935, for example, Chambers ("Karl" to the Hisses) lived for several months in an apartment rented by Hiss, and on other occasions, Esther and Whittaker Chambers and their infant son stayed with the Hisses while looking for their own apartment. At one point, Hiss even transferred to Chambers title to an old automobile he was no longer using, and several years later made Chambers a loan to buy another car.

Both Hiss and Chambers would later recall their various meetings, sometimes including wives, although the two men differed in recalling their number and meaning.† Chambers even purchased in Westminster, Maryland, farm property where he lived for the remainder of his life—the same property on which Hiss had previously placed, and then withdrawn, a deposit! Overwhelming evidence supports Chambers's account of a deepening friendship and intimacy between the two families grounded in Alger Hiss's involvement in the Communist underground. Had they known of this blatant indifference to normal, cautious rules of tradecraft related to meetings between couriers and sources, Chambers's Soviet overseers would have been appalled at the strong personal friendship.[70]

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* Chambers's translations included the American edition of Felix Salten's children's classic *Bambi*, which appeared in 1928.

† When confronted in 1948 with Chambers's description of his involvement in Soviet espionage, Hiss asserted, despite a considerable body of evidence, that he had known Chambers only briefly during the mid-1930s, not as a collaborator in Communist espionage but innocently as a freelance journalist.

The cross-cutting relationship among distinct Soviet intelligence units in the United States was illustrated vividly by Whittaker Chambers's six-year journey (1932–38) through the Communist underground. Chambers, recruited initially by CPUSA official Max Bedacht, first worked for New York's GPU station chief Valentin Markin. But he also maintained close contact with another Soviet "illegal" in New York, military intelligence (GRU) station chief Alexander Ulanovski ("Ulrich"), who returned to the Soviet Union in 1934, the year Markin died.* Then, in August 1934, Joszef Peter, who maintained close links to both the Comintern and CPUSA networks, brought Chambers to Washington. There he began an association with Harold Ware's group, which, in the New Deal's politically relaxed environment, operated as both a Marxist study group and a transmission belt for stolen government documents.[71]

When the group disbanded after Ware's death the following year, its members scattered among various party cells. Chambers continued to receive pilfered material from Hiss and other Washington sources, delivering it in 1935–36 to at least two different individuals: Joszef Peter (CPUSA and Comintern) and Itzhak Akhmerov (NKVD), whom Chambers knew as "Bill." Peter even suggested at one point, according to Chambers, that American Communist agents such as himself *sell* documents to Soviet operatives, using the funds to finance CPUSA activities, a suggestion Akhmerov promptly rejected.[72]

In 1936, Chambers changed units a final time when he began working primarily for the newly arrived head of Soviet military intelligence (GRU) in the United States, Colonel Boris Bykov, with whom Chambers would deal until his defection two years later. By then, Alger Hiss had concluded a rapid, upwardly mobile career climb from the AAA (1933) to the Nye Committee (1934) to a brief (1935–36) stint at the Justice Department (thus his underground code name "Lawyer") and, in the fall of 1936, to a new post as aide to Assistant Secretary of State Francis B. Sayre. While still at Justice, Hiss unknowingly crossed Soviet intelligence's jurisdictional lines and attempted to recruit for his GRU unit a friend and colleague, Noel Field, who was already involved with Hedda Gumperz in "secret work" for the NKVD, generating a flow of embarrassed explanatory cable traffic by Gumperz, Akhmerov, and other Soviet operatives.* Shortly after Hiss's arrival at State in 1936, Bykov instructed Chambers to purchase Bokhara rugs for Hiss, Harry Dexter White, and two other government sources as tokens of appreciation from Moscow, the type of tangible gift Akhmerov had declined to make to Laurence Duggan when urged to do so. Meanwhile, Chambers and his wife continued their social relationship with the Hisses, and Alger Hiss, after arriving at State, began to convey classified documents and information to "Karl" on subjects of interest to Soviet intelligence.[73]

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* When Allen Weinstein interviewed her in Israel in 1977, Ulanovski's widow, Nadya Ulanovskaya, confirmed Chambers's account of Soviet intelligence operations in the United States during the 1931–34 period. Weinstein, *Perjury*, pp. 105–10.

DEFECTION

In late 1937, Chambers began planning to abandon his work as a GRU courier and defect. For several months, he held back from Bykov a number of State Department items he had received from Hiss—specifically four handwritten notes, sixty-five crowded, single-spaced pages of retyped cables, and three rolls of microfilm—as (in his phrase) "life preservers," to be used to warn his Communist associates not to seek retribution lest he reveal the material to American authorities. The Hiss materials Chambers retained included a mass of important information related to major European and Far Eastern developments of obvious concern and interest to Moscow.† Hiss knew nothing of "Karl's" plans, obviously, nor did another of Chambers's major government sources, Treasury Department official Harry Dexter White, from whom Chambers had received (and kept) four pages of handwritten notes on important Treasury and State Department business. Finally, Chambers squirreled away two rolls of microfilmed documents from the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, courtesy of yet another source.[74]

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* See Chapter 1 for a complete account of this episode.

† For an extended analysis of the contents of Chambers's documentary cache, see Weinstein, *Perjury*, pp. 204–35. Prior to release of the VENONA documents in 1995–96 and publication of this book, the documents saved by Whittaker Chambers represented the most extensive tangible evidence of Soviet espionage within the U.S. government during the Stalin era outside of Soviet intelligence archives. Since military intelligence (GRU) archives were not available for this or any other book, we have been able to further clarify Alger Hiss's role as a Soviet agent only through his occasional appearance in NKVD/NKGB archives as cited in Chapters 1, 4, and 12.

Whittaker Chambers defected on or about April 10, 1938, when he and his family left their Baltimore apartment to go into hiding in a Daytona Beach, Florida, bungalow. He and his wife, Esther, took turns on nighttime guard duty, fearing pursuit, and during the days Chambers worked on a commissioned translation he had obtained through a sympathetic publisher.

Although Chambers's defection may have been partly provoked by disaffection from Communist dogma and Soviet practice, survival, as his letters to friends at the time and their recollections confirm, was uppermost in his mind. In July 1937, Chambers had been instructed by his GRU superiors to travel to Moscow, supposedly to brief military intelligence officials. Since the previous year, rumors were widespread among agents about the purges underway within the USSR, including both the NKVD and GRU. Chambers decided, as did several leading Soviet operatives in the United States at the time, to stall and disregard the summons to return to certain arrest and (minimally) imprisonment.

During these months, he watched his friend and fellow agent John Sherman prepare and execute *his* defection, which appears to have served as Chambers's model. Beginning in December 1937, "Karl" began holding back his "life preservers" while also approaching several trusted anti-Stalinist friends (including art critic Meyer Schapiro and writer Robert Cantwell) to ask their help in his flight. American newspapers had begun reporting the defection or disappearance of other Soviet operatives, and in mid-April 1938, Chambers and his family left Baltimore and quietly moved to Daytona Beach without informing family, friends—or his underground associates.[75]

In the months that followed Chambers's disappearance, several family members and friends whom the defector contacted told him of visits from Communists acting on behalf of Joszef Peter and Boris Bykov and seeking his whereabouts. Bykov himself came to see Chambers's literary agent, Maxim Lieber, urging Lieber "to go and find Chambers." While in hiding, fear gave way to reflection, and what had begun for Chambers as an attempt to escape Stalinist retribution now became a review of—and rejection of—his commitment to communism.

In the early fall, Chambers transferred his "life preserver" documents for safekeeping to his wife's nephew in Brooklyn, with instructions to turn the package over to U.S. government authorities in the event of his death. He even appeared at an October 1938 gathering in New York of former anti-Stalinist radical friends and acquaintances—among them the critic Lionel Trilling and philosopher Sidney Hook—but since the group did not know of his break with communism, and many believed him to be an active Soviet agent, an abashed Chambers departed quickly. One leading Comintern agent, Otto Katz, known for his role in tracking down and assisting in the murder of key Soviet intelligence defectors in Europe, visited several of Chambers's friends seeking information on his whereabouts, further confirming the latter's fear of reprisal. After learning about Katz's inquiries, Chambers wrote Meyer Schapiro that he had been in touch with his former underground colleagues, warning them against continuing their pursuit:

> I wrote them through Washington that [Katz's] hunt amused me. . . . I sent them some photographic copies of handwritten matters the appearance of which would seriously embarrass them. . . . I said that at the first sign of monkey-business on their part, I would seek protection *bei einem amerikanischen Festungsgefaengnis, hostet was das persoenlich mag, denn wir haben eine Krise der Verzweiflung erreicht* [in an American prison, whatever the personal cost, given the crisis of despair involved].[76]

In December 1938, Chambers visited his friend journalist Herbert Solow, an anti-Stalinist, who had been urging Chambers without success to tell his full story to U.S. government officials or, at least, to write about it. In a memo written later that day, Solow noted of Chambers: "He also feels hesitant about breaking his story open because he does not wish to cause trouble to some agent whom he regards as a sincere and devoted person." During the Christmas season, however, Chambers paid a visit to that friend and his wife, Alger and Priscilla Hiss, with results that apparently ended his reticence over full public disclosure. "Happy New Year, and how!" he wrote Solow the following month. "Remember I told you I didn't have stomach for [disclosure] when I last saw you. Since then I've seen two old friends: do you know that everything is going right along the way I left it? These encounters gave me back the necessary iron."[77]

That same month, Chambers wrote Meyer Schapiro describing in more detail his meeting with the Hisses:

> We were very close indeed. Recently the wife told me that my occasional comments (the only form of letting off steam I dared

> risk) on the Soviet Union were "mental masturbation"—the rank obscenity of cultured women! I was more shocked to hear her use such an expression than at the charge. Further, she said she had just read over the minutes of the [Moscow purge] Trials and anybody who could doubt they were guilty . . . The husband told me that the world is tottering on the verge of proletarian revolution. . . . Well, that's the type I meant.

Chambers also paid visits during this period to three other government sources for whom he had served as courier—Harry Dexter White, A. George Silverman, and Henry Julian Wadleigh—also apparently not persuading any of them to sever relations with Soviet intelligence.[*][78]

In 1939, Chambers wrote and tried, with Solow's assistance, to sell several articles on the Communist underground in America and his work in it. He was not successful. That year, Solow introduced him to another anti-Communist journalist, Isaac Don Levine. He, in turn, brought Chambers to meet Walter Krivitsky, a high-ranking Soviet intelligence officer who had defected in Western Europe and was now, also fearful of retribution, living in hiding near Washington. The two men talked through the night about their respective underground experiences and became close friends.[†][79]

In April 1939, a year after he ceased work as a courier, Chambers began a new life as a staff writer for *Time*. His friend Robert Cantwell, who worked for the magazine, had been describing the talented defector's break with communism to *Time* editor T. S. Matthews, who met Chambers and offered him a position. For the next few months, Chambers settled into his new routine. After the Nazi-Soviet Pact was signed on August 23, 1939, however, Isaac Don Levine visited him with news that Krivitsky had begun informing U.S. and British authorities about Soviet agents within the two governments. Levine urged Chambers to step forward also and to expose the sources whom he had known in the government. Fearing his own arrest on espionage charges, however, Chambers agreed to do so on condition that he meet personally with President Roosevelt and receive a guarantee of immunity from prosecution. Levine took this proposal to FDR's appointments secretary, Marvin McIntyre, who suggested instead that the defector meet with the President's chief adviser on internal security matters, Assistant Secretary of State Adolf A. Berle, Jr., a proposal Levine persuaded the reluctant Chambers to accept.

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[*] After the Hiss-Chambers case broke in 1948, Chambers described to the FBI and other investigators his visit to the Hisses. At a pretrial deposition for a slander suit filed against him by Hiss, he recalled of this last encounter: "Mrs. Hiss was extremely unfriendly and referred to my doubts about Communism as mental masturbation." Wadleigh also confirmed his unexpected visit from Chambers. (Weinstein, *Perjury*, p. 234n.)

[†] On Krivitsky's activities in the United States, see Chapter 7.

The three men—Levine, Chambers, and Berle—met at the latter's home on the evening of September 2. Levine introduced Chambers only as "Mr. X," a former courier for Soviet intelligence. After their conversation ended, Berle drafted extensive notes of Chambers's statements, having assured his visitors that the memorandum would be sent directly to Roosevelt.[80]

Berle titled his memo "Underground Espionage Agent," and Levine, returning to his hotel, outlined his own recollections of those whom Chambers had named. Both Berle's memo and Levine's list included (quoting Levine): "[Laurence] Duggan, Hiss [Alger's brother, Donald, whose first name Levine had forgotten], Alger Hiss, [Noel] Field, [Julian] Wadley [*sic*] . . . Nat Witt, [Lee] Pressman, *Treasury*-Frank Coe (A. Gross), Mr. [Harry Dexter] White . . . John Abt . . . Peters [Joszef Peter], Lockwood Curry [Lauchlin Currie]." Berle's more carefully drafted notes proceeded name by name, department by department, referring specifically and repeatedly to "underground" spying rather than simply secret Communist associations. One long passage describes "Peters" (Joszef Peter) as "responsible for Washington Sector" and "after 1929—head of CP Underground." Noel Field is described, correctly, as one of Hedda Gumperz's contacts and both Field and Duggan as Communists, although "Duggan's relationship was casual."[81]

Chambers described a far more than "casual" involvement in the case of Alger Hiss, however, as Berle's memorandum noted:

> *Alger Hiss*
> Ass't. to Sayre—CP—37
> Member of the Underground Com.—Active . . .

Although in the years that followed, Berle and his staff, based on Chambers's information, tried and eventually succeeded in pressuring Laurence Duggan into leaving the State Department, no similar persuasion was used with Alger Hiss for reasons that remain obscure. Berle delayed checking on the accuracy of his visitor's allegations against Hiss until 1941, when the latter's friend Dean Acheson, himself a leading official at State, and Felix Frankfurter both assured Berle that "Mr. X's" allegations were groundless.[82]

Alger Hiss continued to rise in importance at the State Department, untroubled by the charges that would effectively sidetrack his friend Laurence Duggan's career, while Whittaker Chambers's talents brought him promotions and growing influence as a writer and then editor at *Time.* The two former co-conspirators and friends, source and courier respectively of confidential State Department documents, did not meet again for almost a decade after their unsatisfactory Christmas 1938 encounter. When they finally did, it would be as historic and implacable adversaries.

CHAPTER 3

Love and Loyalties, I: The Case of Martha Dodd

CONSIDER THIS IMPLAUSIBLE PLOT for a spy novel: President Franklin Roosevelt sends to Hitler's Germany as U.S. Ambassador in 1933 an old friend, a well-known historian and vocal opponent of the Nazi regime. The Ambassador's daughter—young, beautiful, bored, and bitterly anti-Nazi—begins a love affair with a handsome Soviet diplomat in Berlin.

The Ambassador's daughter then volunteers her services to Soviet intelligence. These include access to secret embassy and State Department business, friendships with President Roosevelt and First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt as well as with a number of other highly placed Americans, and entry into German and American power elites. Because of her devotion to the Soviet diplomat and to communism, our would-be Mata Hari even launches love affairs with leading Nazis and other notables. She pleads for official Soviet permission to marry her reluctant lover but never learns that his entire intimate relationship with her has been guided by Moscow intelligence officials.

The Ambassador's daughter returns to the United States at the conclusion of her father's service in Germany. She continues to spy for the Soviets, however, even after her lover's departure for Moscow. Knowledge of his execution during the purges of the late 1930s is kept from her by NKVD operatives in America. Although still in love with the diplomat, she marries a wealthy American Communist whom she involves in her espionage activities. In this, they are joined by yet another Communist family member, her brother, whose long-shot race for Congress is encouraged and funded by Soviet intelligence.

During the 1950s, with Cold War tensions at their height, the Ambassador's daughter and her husband seek sanctuary in the Communist bloc from an indictment brought by a Red-hunting congressional committee. Unable to adjust to the post-Stalin Soviet Union, however, the couple live out their lives in Prague.

Much of this story was alleged or suspected by FBI counterintelligence agents and by McCarthy-era House and Senate investigators. But the remarkable tale of Martha Dodd, the daughter of U.S. Ambassador to Germany William Dodd, has emerged fully only from her Soviet intelligence file in Moscow.

Surviving NKVD records do not describe the initial contacts between Dodd and her diplomat-lover Boris Vinogradov. But their romance had matured sufficiently by late March 1934 for Moscow to dispatch the following set of instructions to its Berlin station chief:

> Let Boris Vinogradov know that we want to use him for the realization of an affair we are interested in. . . . According to our data, the mood of his acquaintance (Martha Dodd) is quite ripe for finally drawing her into our work. Therefore we ask Vinogradov to write her a warm friendly letter [and] to invite her to a meeting in Paris where . . . they will carry out necessary measures to draw Martha into our work.[1]

The lovers met in Paris and, that summer, again in Moscow where Martha traveled as a tourist.[2] They saw each other regularly after that in Berlin. "Currently the case with the American (Martha Dodd) is proceeding in the following way," Vinogradov wrote to Moscow on June 5, 1935: "Now she is in Berlin, and I received a letter from her in which she writes that she still loves me and dreams of marrying me. It is possible to work with her only with help from [our] 'good relations.' "[3]

Dissatisfied with Vinogradov's progress in preparing Dodd for agent work, the NKVD recalled the diplomat to Moscow shortly thereafter and assigned as Dodd's contact a Berlin correspondent for the newspaper *Izvestia*, Comrade Bukhartsev. At a diplomatic reception he introduced himself to Martha Dodd, who was given the code name "Liza." According to "Emir" (Bukhartsev's code name), she pledged to cooperate in passing along information.[4] An internal NKVD memorandum in Moscow written during this period described Dodd's commitment to the cause:

> Martha argues that she is a convinced partisan of the Communist Party and the USSR. With the State Department's knowledge, Martha helps her father in his diplomatic work and is aware of all his [ambassadorial] affairs. The entire Dodd family hates National Socialists [Nazis]. Martha has interesting connections that she uses in getting information for her father. She has intimate relations with some of her acquaintances. . . . Martha claims that the main interest of her life is to assist secretly the revolutionary cause. She is prepared to use her position for work in this direction, provided that the possibility of failure and of discrediting her father can be eliminated. She claimed that a former official of the Soviet Embassy in Berlin—Boris Vinogradov—has had intimate relations with her.[5]

Under Bukhartsev's supervision, Martha Dodd plunged into secret work, even relating to her Soviet contact (among other things) Ambassador Dodd's private conversations. Meanwhile, her absent lover, Boris Vinogradov, had been reassigned to diplomatic duties in Bucharest. Martha's devotion and future expectations, mingled with acknowledgment of a more recent love affair, emerged in this October 1936 letter to Vinogradov:

> Boris, this week it was a year since I saw you last. On the 8th I gave you a farewell kiss at the railway station, and since then we haven't seen one another. But I never, not for a minute, forgot you and everything you gave me in my life. This week, every night I thought about you—every night, and about that night we had such a stupid and mean quarrel—do you forgive me? I was scared and in a wild condition that night because I knew that I wouldn't see you for so long. I strongly wanted you to stay with me that night and forever, and I knew that I would never be able to have you. What have you been doing all this time? Have you been thinking about me and asking yourself how my personal life has gone?
>
> From various sources I know that soon you will go home. Will you go via Berlin? Write me and let me know your plans. I would like to see you once more.
>
> On December 8 I will be at home all night. Won't you call me, won't you talk to me from Bucharest—I want so much to hear your voice again—and on the 8th it will be the anniversary of our folly. We should blame our cowardice for this absence. Please, call me that night.

> You may have heard about me indirectly. I have lived and thought many things since I saw you last time. You must know about it.
>
> Armand is still here—but you must know that he means nothing to me now—as long as you are still alive—nobody can mean anything to me as long as you are alive.[6]

Martha's active personal life did not prevent her from focusing attention on her new career as a Soviet agent, as Bukhartsev reported to Moscow in January 1936:

> For the last 2–3 weeks, I met with [Dodd] several times. At the first meeting, she told me about Bullitt's [U.S. Ambassador to France William Bullitt] swinish behavior during his sojourn in Berlin. According to her, Bullitt severely scolded the USSR in the American Embassy, arguing that in the next few months the Japanese would capture Vladivostok and the Russians would do nothing against it. . . . All of this exasperated the American Ambassador Dodd, who reported [the talks in a] letter to Washington. . . .
>
> During previous meetings [Martha Dodd] frankly expressed her willingness to help the Soviet Embassy with her information. Now she is studying hard the theory of communism [and] "Matters of Leninism" by Stalin. Her teacher is [Arvid] Harnack* to whom she goes often. According to her, she now has to hide her Communist convictions due to her father's official status. This year her father will retire, and then she will be able to conduct Communist activities more openly.
>
> However, this circumstance does not prevent her from maintaining rather intimate relations with Louis-Ferdinand, the Crown Prince's son. According to [Dodd], this is a perfect disguise, because those who earlier treated her suspiciously because of her open relations with Vinogradov now consider her previous passion "hearty" rather than "political."[7]

Martha continued to mingle her roles as courtesan, agent, and student of communism in her relationship with Bukhartsev. Thus she reported to the Russian in March 1936 the German industrialist Krupp's conversation with the American Consul in Cologne while, at the same time, requesting some English-language volumes of Lenin's works.[8] That September, Bukhartsev was recalled to Moscow. He was replaced as her Berlin contact by another Soviet operative, one Gnedin (code-named "Pioneer"). Subsequently, the NKVD files note that Martha Dodd was informed of Bukhartsev's execution in February 1937 as "a Gestapo agent."[9]

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* Harnack, recruited in Berlin in August 1935, later headed the important Soviet espionage ring *Rote Kapelle* (Red Orchestra) in Nazi Germany during World War II.

One of the NKVD's more prudish Moscow officials, after reading Dodd's October 1936 love letter to Vinogradov, noted on the document: "This amorality must be stopped."[10] In late October 1936, the NKVD's Berlin station reported Martha Dodd's willingness to follow all directives from Soviet intelligence, agreeing even to remain in Berlin as an agent after her father's departure the following year.[11]

Like other Western Communist agents, however, Dodd knew of the purges under way in the Soviet Union but was confused over their meaning and extent. Had Vinogradov fallen victim to repression? Finally, she heard from him. The KGB archives have preserved this January 29, 1937, letter from Martha to the Soviet diplomat, responding to his letter from Poland, his latest assignment:

> Honey, I'm so glad to get news from you and to know that you are finally in Warsaw. . . . You can't imagine, honey, how often you were with me, how I have been constantly thinking about you, worrying about you and craving to see you, how I adjusted to the inevitable when I heard the first news* and how I was glad to know the truth. I want to see you so much, honey. Couldn't I come before the end of the month? I would like to come on February 6, I think . . . and to stay for about a week. It is extremely important for me to see you and I promise to do it as soon as possible. I would like to stay in a small hotel not far from you, and I want nobody to know I'm there because I don't want to be entertained. I only want to see you as much as possible incognito. Probably, we'll be able to leave from Warsaw to the countryside for one or two days. I will come alone. After all, my parents quite agree that I do what I want. I am 28 and very independent![12]

Reverting to her agent's role, Dodd then requested NKVD permission to travel to Moscow via Warsaw for several days to discuss her future work for Soviet intelligence, whether in Germany or the United States.[13] Boris Vinogradov was then the USSR's chargé d'affaires in

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* A report of Vinogradov's arrest, later denied.

Poland, and on March 9, 1937, after the couple's romantic interlude in the Polish capital, he briefed his Soviet intelligence supervisors:

> Today [Martha Dodd] left for Moscow. Since her father will retire sooner or later, she wants to work in her motherland. She established a connection with Browder [Earl Browder, the leader of the American Communist Party and an active Soviet agent] who invited her to work for him. She also established a connection (through her brother) with "The World Committee of Struggle for Peace" in Geneva and became close friends with Comintern workers Otto Katz and Dolliway. An authoritative comrade [in Moscow] must talk to her and convince her to stay in Europe and work only for us.[14]

But Dodd had a more personal agenda uppermost in her mind when she arrived in the Soviet Union. On March 14, 1937, she wrote a "Statement to the Soviet Government": "I, Martha Dodd, U.S. citizen, have known Boris Vinogradov for three years in Berlin and other places, and we have agreed to ask official permission to marry."[15]

The NKVD's top leadership, however, had other ideas. In Moscow, Martha met with Abram Slutsky, then head of its foreign department, who (on March 28) reported their discussion to Nikolay Yezhov, People's Commissar for Internal Affairs: "Some time ago, Martha Dodd, daughter of the American Ambassador in Germany, was recruited by us. We used her short-term trip to the USSR for detailed negotiations with her and established that she has very valuable possibilities and may be widely used by us."[16]

The value of Dodd's "possibilities" emerged in an extraordinary memorandum for NKVD leadership that she prepared at Slutsky's request, describing "her social status, her father's status, and prospects of her further work for us." Few such narratives by Western agents have surfaced from Soviet intelligence archives and none that address with such detail and candor the matters contained in Martha Dodd's statement:

> It goes without saying that my services of any kind and at any time are proposed to the party for use at its discretion.
>
> Currently, I have access mainly to the personal, confidential correspondence of my father with the U.S. State Department and the U.S. President.
>
> My source of information on military and naval issues, as well as on aviation, is exclusively personal contact with our embassy's

staff. I lost almost any connection with the Germans except perhaps for casual, high-society meetings which yield almost nothing.

I still have a connection to the diplomatic corps but, on the whole, it doesn't yield great results. I have established very close connections to journalists.

Germans, foreign diplomats, and our own personnel treat us suspiciously, unfriendly, and (as far as the Germans are concerned) insultingly. Is the information which I get from my father, who is hated in Germany and who occupies an isolated position among foreign diplomats and therefore has no access to any secret information, important enough for me to remain in Germany? Couldn't I conduct more valuable work in America or in some European organization such as the International Conference for Peace . . . ?

In America, I am suspected of nothing, except for the Germans, and I have countless valuable connections in all circles. In other words, is my potential work valuable enough to stay in Germany even for the [remaining] term of my father's sojourn there?

I have done everything possible to make my father remain in Germany. I'm still going to do everything I can in this direction. However, I'm afraid he will retire this summer or fall. He was of great benefit to the Roosevelt administration, contributing an anti-Nazi view. In any case, this was with regard to [Secretary of State Cordell] Hull and Roosevelt. Most State Department officials work with the Nazis, for example, Dunn, chief of the European department; Phillips, currently in Rome; Bullitt; and others. My father tried to prevent trade agreements [with Germany]; he refused to cooperate with bankers, businessmen, etc.

Recently he cabled to Hull and Roosevelt concerning a supposed loan to Germany which is supported by Bullitt and Blum [Leon Blum, Prime Minister of France], Davis, Phillips and England. . . . Except for Roosevelt and Hull, the State Department, representatives of American business circles, and the Germans all wish to remove my father. He personally wants to leave. Shouldn't he arrange his resignation with a provocation once he decides the question of timing? Shouldn't he provoke the Germans to make them demand his recall or create a scandal, after which he could speak openly in America both orally and in the press. . . . To resign and to publish a protest? He could be convinced to do it if it had significance for the USSR.

> Roosevelt will be giving diplomatic posts to many capitalists who financed him.* . . . Having little experience with respect to European politics, Roosevelt will appoint . . . people or groups who will be dangerous now and in time of war.
>
> Nevertheless, my father has great influence on Hull and Roosevelt, who are inclined to be slightly anti-Fascist, and thus could influence a new appointment without [Hull and Roosevelt] suspecting the underlying reasons for my father's behavior, who would be an advocate of my instructions.
>
> Have you got anybody in mind who would be at least liberal and democratic in this post [Dodd's replacement in Germany]? . . . If there is information concerning our candidates, it would be important to know whose candidacy to the post [of U.S. Ambassador] in Germany the USSR would like to promote. If this man has at least a slight chance, I will persuade my father to promote his candidacy.[17]

Dodd's memo then reviewed her options for future service to Soviet intelligence. She offered to come to the Soviet Union, remain in Europe, travel to the Far East under cover as a journalist, or return to the United States, leaving the decision up to Abram Slutsky and his NKVD superiors in Moscow.

They, in turn, considered Dodd so significant an agent that they bucked the decision on how best to use her directly to Stalin. "TOP SECRET. Only personally. To the Secretary of the Central Committee of the All-Union Communist Party, Comrade Stalin," began Commissar Yezhov's March 29, 1937, memorandum. "The 7th department of the . . . NKVD recruited Martha Dodd, daughter of the American Ambassador in Berlin, who came in March 1937 to Moscow for business negotiations. She described in her report her social status, her father's status, and prospects of her further work for us. Forwarding a copy of the latter, I ask instructions about Martha Dodd's use."[18] Stalin's response, if he ever made one, did not survive in the NKVD records. Nevertheless, steps taken immediately after Dodd's visit to Moscow indicate her Soviet hosts' recognition of the care and sensitivity with which they should manage this valuable but emotionally volatile young American.

A memo in Dodd's file written shortly after her departure from Moscow instructed her handlers to route all correspondence between

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* Dodd then mentions various "capitalists" rumored for diplomatic assignments.

Martha and Boris Vinogradov through the NKVD, which would intercept her love letters and compose his replies. The couple was also instructed to stop using ordinary postal services to send letters and to end all telephone contact. Martha would have been pleased with one portion of the memo: "In principle there is no objection (on our part) to Vinogradov's marriage to 'Liza.' However, this question will be resolved much later. For the present, in the interests of business, 'Liza' ceases even meetings with Vinogradov for six months. . . ."[19]

Nor did the NKVD wish the flamboyant Martha to maintain "any connections with members of Communist parties as well as with antifascist people and organizations. The connection will be maintained only with us." Furthermore, she was ordered to "take every measure to prolong Ambassador Dodd's sojourn in Berlin as much as possible." In one respect, Martha's memorandum had the desired impact in Moscow, since the NKVD respondent approved her suggestion that Ambassador Dodd's departure be accompanied by a public confrontation with the German government "in order to create strained relations between the American and German governments." Moreover, if the Ambassador left Germany, the instructions continued, his daughter should choose and recommend to Moscow the name of a potential successor while Moscow would conduct its own search for this person.

Most important, perhaps, there followed this NKVD directive for the remaining months of Ambassador Dodd's tenure: "In the nearest future [Martha] checks Ambassador Dodd's reports to Roosevelt in the archive and communicates to us short summaries of the contents, whose numbers we gave to her. She continues providing us with materials from the American Embassy, trying mainly to get data about Germany, Japan, and Poland."[20] Her NKVD mentors then reported giving her "200 American dollars, 10 rubles, and gifts bought for 500 rubles."

Soviet intelligence also kept Martha's erstwhile lover, Boris Vinogradov, busy during this period with several tasks. He referred to Dodd in a March 21 memo to his superiors as "Juliet #2," indicating that Vinogradov, as the Russian "Romeo," also provided simultaneous solace to an unidentified "Juliet #1":

> With Juliet #2 everything was all right, and I think that you, having sanctioned her arrival in Moscow, did a good thing. But I don't quite understand why you have focused so much on our wedding. I asked you to point out to her that it is impossible in general and, anyway, won't happen in the next several years. You

> spoke more optimistically on this issue and ordered a delay of only 6 months or a year. We keep our promises.
>
> I assured her in Warsaw before the trip to Moscow that, if she was told "yes," so it would be, as she was dealing with very authoritative people.
>
> If "no," it would mean "no." Six months will pass quickly, and who knows? She may produce a bill that neither you nor I is going to pay. Isn't it better to soften slightly the explicitness of your promises if you really gave them to her? You can point to the interests of business and the necessity of *konspiratsia* [maintaining the security of covert operations].[21]

Plainly, Vinogradov, although delighted to pursue his dalliance with Martha Dodd, either feared being ordered by the NKVD to live an unwanted permanent relationship or had been instructed to maintain Martha's hopes while other Soviet operatives used her services as an agent.

He returned to the problem in subsequent correspondence with his superiors as in this November 5, 1937, report: "[Martha Dodd] again writes me in a letter about marriage. When she was leaving for Moscow, I wrote you asking that you not give this type of promise. Nevertheless, such a promise was given to her, and now she expects its fulfillment. Her dream is to be my wife, at least virtually, and that I will come to work in America and she would help me."[22]

Martha may not have told Boris in her letter that Ambassador Dodd had scheduled his departure from Berlin the following month. Determined to wed Vinogradov, she traveled once more to Warsaw shortly after sending her last letter, an encounter duly reported to Moscow in Vinogradov's November 12 memo:[23]

> The meeting with [Martha] went off well. She was in a good mood. On December 15, she leaves for New York where a meeting with her is fixed [with NKVD operatives in that city].
>
> [She] is still busy with [our] marriage plans and waits for the fulfillment of our promise despite her parents' warning that nothing would come of it.
>
> Not unknown to you, journalist Louis Fischer proposed to her. She did not accept since she hopes to marry me. But if we tell her that I will by no means and never marry her, she will accept Fischer's proposal.
>
> I think that she shouldn't be left in ignorance with regard to the real situation, for if we deceive her, she may become embit-

> tered and lose faith in us. Now she agrees to work for us even if it turns out that I won't marry her.
>
> I proposed giving money to [Dodd], but she turned me down.[24]

After their brief encounter in Warsaw, Martha Dodd never saw Boris Vinogradov again. She returned to the United States with Ambassador Dodd the following month, where the NKVD's leading "illegal," Itzhak Akhmerov, received the following directive:

> We inform you that our source "Liza"—Miss Martha Dodd, daughter of the former American Ambassador in Germany Dodd—is currently in your city.
>
> You should contact her after receiving a special cable. Her address: Irving Place, New York City. You should come to her early in the morning between 8 and 9 A.M. and say: "I want to give you regards from Bob Norman."[25]

After Martha Dodd's departure, Vinogradov evidently was no longer of any use to the NKVD, and he returned to Moscow where he was arrested and denounced as "a people's enemy."[26] But NKVD officials feared informing Martha of his fate.

In New York, another NKVD operative, "Igor," contacted Martha on June 15, 1938. "What happened to Vinogradov? Is he arrested?" she demanded to know, according to "Igor's" memo to Moscow. He replied that Vinogradov was working in Moscow, but Martha complained inaccurately that she had not heard from him for more than a year. Since Vinogradov had promised to marry her as soon as he received permission from his superiors, she awaited word. After consulting with the Soviet Embassy's Counselor, Konstantin Umansky, who had told her he didn't think Vinogradov could marry her, Martha abruptly made other, more achievable plans, as this report to Moscow indicated:

> At present she has a fiancé. . . . If Vinogradov reiterates his promise she will wait for him and reject the other man. Her fiancé is [Alfred] Stern, 40 years old, Jew, a man with an independent material status [who] stayed in Germany a couple of years ago and helped the Communist Party financially. . . . She doesn't think her marriage would prevent her from working with us, though she doesn't understand completely what she should do. . . .[27]

"Igor" advised Martha to pursue contacts with officials at the State Department, which she had been doing while her father was in Germany. That September, she passed to "Igor" a letter from Claude Bowers, the U.S. Ambassador in Spain, which created great enthusiasm among her NKVD contacts because it showed that Martha was still engaged in work for them despite her shifting personal scene.[28]

Prior to his execution, Vinogradov was forced to compose a letter to his lover, pretending that nothing in his life had changed except for a new Moscow posting. Martha responded on July 9, 1938, with the extraordinary news that, during the intervening half-year since her return to America, although protesting her continued passionate love for the Russian, she had fallen in love *again* and been married!

> Boris, dear! Finally I got your letter. You work in the press office, don't you? Are you happy? Did you find a girl you can love instead of me?
>
> Did you hear that my mother died in late May totally unexpectedly? You can imagine how tragic it was for me. Surely, you know better than anybody else how we loved each other and how close we were in everything.
>
> The three of us spent time together perfectly, and I remember how sweet she was to both of us when you were in Berlin.
>
> Mother knew very well how deep our love was and understood all the meaning that you had and will have in my life. She knew that I loved nobody before and thought that I would never love again but hoped that I would be happy anyway.
>
> You haven't had time yet to know that I really got married. On June 16, I married an American whom I love very much. I wanted to tell you a lot, but I will wait until our meeting. We are supposed to be in the USSR in late August or early September this year. I hope you'll be there or will let me know where I can meet you.
>
> You know, honey, that for me, you meant more in my life than anybody else. You also know that, if I am needed, I will be ready to come when called.
>
> Let me know your plan if you get another post. I look into the future and see you in Russia again. Your Martha.[29]

By the time news of Martha Dodd's wedding reached NKVD headquarters in Moscow, Boris Vinogradov had joined the millions executed in Stalin's purges. As for Mrs. Martha Dodd Stern, the NKVD's New York station reported to Moscow on December 1, 1938: "Since 'Liza' became the wife of a millionaire, her everyday life has changed considerably. She lives in a rich apartment on 57th Street, has two servants, a driver, and a personal secretary. She is very keen on her plan to go to Moscow as the wife of the American Ambassador." Although Alfred Stern was prepared to contribute $50,000 to the Democratic Party if promised the post, the cable continued, "his chances are still very weak."[30]

The Soviets nevertheless considered Martha's prospects in the American government—as the wealthy daughter of a highly regarded American statesman—far more promising. One January 1942 NKVD cable from Moscow to its New York station described her potential:

> A gifted, clever and educated woman, she requires constant control over her behavior. . . . Let [Dodd] move in the circles interesting to us rather than in circles close to the Trust [the Soviet Consulate where she had inquired concerning Vinogradov]. . . . It is necessary to continue activating her activities as a successful journalist. She should also be guided to approach and [deepen her relationship with] the President's wife, Eleanor, through different social organizations, committees, and societies. Here, the special interest of the Roosevelts in China and everything connected with it must be used. [Dodd] can play on this factor. Let her approach Eleanor through the committee on help to China. . . .[31]

Although Martha Dodd enjoyed, because of her father, Ambassador Dodd, a social friendship with the President and First Lady, her Soviet handlers' expectations of "Liza's" potential as an agent were not realized during the war years.

Still unaware of Vinogradov's fate, Martha wrote Konstantin Umansky asking for help in acquiring an entry visa to visit her former lover in Moscow. Umansky informed Moscow that he had declined Dodd's request but had told her of Vinogradov's arrest: "We try to convince [Martha] that her trip to the USSR is not expedient from the perspective of our work," a reference to her budding involvement with Soviet intelligence efforts in the United States. "[But] she continues insisting and demanding cogent motives [for our position]. She and her husband should be refused permission to enter the USSR."[32]

By this time, most of the Soviet operatives who had dealt with Martha Dodd, including Vinogradov, had been either imprisoned or executed. Their replacements in the NKVD at times seemed more concerned with Martha's morality than with her usefulness: "She considers herself a Communist and claims to accept the party's program," ran one such skeptical Soviet dispatch. "In reality, 'Liza' is a typical representative of American bohemia, a sexually decayed woman ready to sleep with any handsome man."[33]

One hapless NKVD agent in New York, an American technical specialist named Franklin Zelman (code-named "Chap") was assigned the task of listening to Martha's complaints about the continued denial of a Soviet visa. Instructed to question her closely about her acquaintances in Germany (in an interview only months after the German invasion of the Soviet Union had begun), Zelman reported to Moscow a September 24, 1941, discussion with Dodd about her affair with Vinogradov.

When last in Moscow, Martha had written, at her lover's request, two letters to Stalin, described in Zelman's memorandum as "Uncle Joe," which indicated that, by then, Vinogradov feared for his future and sought an American escape with Martha: "Vinogradov told Martha to describe her life and contacts to Stalin; that marriage with Vinogradov shouldn't be considered impossible since they would be a good couple in the United States." At least that was Martha Dodd's version of the situation; it may have contained more wishful thinking than truth, given Vinogradov's constant evasion of marriage when they were together.

Zelman's memo goes on to record a dialogue with Dodd that might have been transcribed verbatim from the pages of a "true confessions" magazine:

> MARTHA: I have a weakness for the Russians.
> I: Why for the Russians?
> MARTHA: I don't know. There is something in them. Maybe it's because I have such a passionate nature. I react easily.
> I: Sometimes we have to discipline ourselves . . . not to let feelings interfere with our relationships.
> MARTHA: Why? What's wrong with it?
> I: It may be demoralizing. The work may suffer. Relations suffer because they become too intimate. Lovers chatter too much, especially in bed.
> MARTHA: Yes, maybe so.[34]

By this time it was evident even from Zelman's reports to superiors that Martha had made yet another conquest. His queries had plainly "become too intimate," as in this report on their October 1, 1941, meeting:

> Bluntly but frankly, I asked [Martha] if her sexual relations with her husband were satisfactory. She, of course, asked "Why?" . . . I

> explained that I was interested because she had twice remarked that she would divorce her husband if she stood in . . . the way of his political development. I suggested that one does not talk of divorce quite so casually unless one wanted a divorce. Martha explained: She loved her husband very much. Their relationship was quite satisfactory in every way. She loved him, not the wild love she felt for Boris Vinogradov, but still a satisfactory love.
>
> Having once started, Martha, as in the past, talked quite freely. . . . Martha's life in Berlin can be summed up in one word—"sleep." Seemingly, she spent most of her time in bed. In addition to the Russian or Russians, she had slept with a full-blown fascist—General Ernest Udet, second in command (after Goering) of the German air force; Louis Ferdinand, grandson of the Kaiser; and some guy at the French Embassy in Berlin. (A real internationalist!)[35]

This conversation took place, Zelman's memo continued, during a heavy drinking session with Dodd while scanning her diary, which fascinated him: "Perhaps I should look over the diary for other 'contacts.' Surely there must be other countries represented in this International Brigade—including Scandinavia."

Why, Zelman asked, had Martha slept with General Udet? Her response was that "she learned much from him, [and] Vinogradov had not been in Berlin" at the time. When she told him about the liaison, "he did not object."

Martha then raised the obvious question with her NKVD interlocutor: "She asked me if it was now a rule that people in our work were not to have a sexual life." Of course not, Zelman responded, presumably thinking by then of his own possible relationship with this attractive woman:

> We are interested in personal morals only when they reach the political plane. There followed a discussion of when and when not morals were to be considered political. . . . I lectured on middle-class morals, proletarian morals, when sex is permissible in our kind of work, when not, we discussed hormones and sheep ovarian extract's influence on humans, etc. I lectured on more than I knew.

Martha's response was that of a deferential pupil to a patient teacher: "I should have been told these things in Berlin. Nobody taught me anything there." She promised "not to have a sexual affair in the Soviet

Union" if told not to, bringing the conversation around again to her desire for a visa. The conversation ended with this instructive colloquy: "Martha made the remark that all men were vulnerable somewhere. Does this mean, I asked her, that you feel that you could sleep with almost any man if you chose to? 'Yes,' she said, and then: 'It might be advantageous at times.' " Her possible intimate—Franklin Zelman—concluded his memo to Moscow with, "This Martha meant in terms of political work."[36]

Frustrated by both Soviet and American official impediments in her quest for a return visit to Moscow while still holding out hope that Vinogradov was alive, Martha turned her energies to assisting the NKVD station in identifying potential recruits from among her numerous friends in Europe and the United States. In a December 26, 1941, letter to an NKVD contact, for example, she recommended various associates who should be approached as possible agents, including her husband, millionaire Alfred Stern.[37]

"In regard to my husband," who was then seeking a U.S. diplomatic post, she wrote her Soviet contacts on February 5, 1942, ". . . I think it would be a great mistake if he were not obtained for our work."[38] By then, under Martha's tutelage, Stern had become an active and visible member of the Communist Party and Communist-front organizations, so his suitability for secret intelligence work was questioned by her Soviet contacts. Still, she pressed the point with growing vehemence. "I must again insist that my husband be taken into our work," she wrote Vassily Zarubin, the NKGB's New York station chief, that same month. "If he is not seen, I must resign, since he is exposing both of us" because of his open fidelity to Communist causes. Apparently, Stern was not yet aware of his wife's work with the NKGB, a fact that greatly troubled Dodd: "If he did know what I was doing and would be doing the same work, he would be a highly disciplined person and of infinite value to us."[39]

By the following month, Martha's persistence had been rewarded with Soviet approval. After "a long weekend in the country" with her husband, she gained his agreement to join in her covert efforts. Alfred Stern, Martha wrote the station, "wanted to do something immediately. . . . He felt he had many contacts that would be valuable in this sort of work, if we were given time to develop them."[40]

Despite continuing discussions with Martha over the scope of his potential activities on behalf of Soviet intelligence and of hers, conversations she chronicled at length for her patient associates at the NKGB station, Alfred Stern's career in espionage was limited mainly to his role in organizing a music publishing house (code-named "Chord") to serve as a cover for Soviet "illegals" working in the United States and other countries. Stern's partners in the effort were New York NKGB station chief Vassily Zarubin, who supported the venture but did not contribute funds to it, and a flamboyant minor Hollywood producer, Boris Morros (code-named "Frost" and, later, "John"), who, while still working for the NKGB, was recruited as a "double agent" by the FBI. The business quickly lost money and, in any case, Zarubin's Moscow NKGB superiors may have wondered why otherwise-sensible station chiefs would spend time on such strange shadow enterprises. (Morros would assert in 1957 that he and Alfred Stern had fallen out because Stern detested the title of a popular song, "Chattanooga Choo Choo," later a hit record, which the publishing house had considered acquiring!)*[41]

Beyond Martha Dodd's occasional help as a "spotter," identifying potential agents from among her circles of radical friends, and Alfred Stern's cheerful willingness to invest and lose personal funds in an NKGB cover business, Moscow now found little of value in Stern (known as "the Red millionaire") and his socially active spouse. Martha combined NKVD service with work as a journalist and author, publishing in 1939 a European memoir, *Through Embassy Eyes.* The memoir focused mainly on Germany but was also filled with euphoric commentary on the Soviet Union, observations made during her trip around the country with Boris Vinogradov (though discreetly omitting any mention of him). Martha also co-edited with her brother William, another convert to communism, a popular 1941 book entitled *Ambassador Dodd's Diary, 1933–1938,* a vigorous account of the Ambassador's difficult years as an anti-Nazi Jeffersonian Democrat confronting the ugly realities of life in Hitler's Germany.

By that time, William Dodd (code-named first "Boy" and then "President") had also become deeply engaged in the covert family business of cooperating with Soviet intelligence. According to NKVD records, William began his efforts, as his sister had, while in Berlin, passing along modest tidbits of embassy scuttlebutt in 1936 and 1937.[42] Back in the United States, in 1938, William Dodd decided to run for Congress as a Democrat, and Peter Gutzeit promptly advised Moscow: "We think that now, before he is elected (it will be difficult afterwards), it is necessary to recruit him and help him with money for his election campaign. He may not be elected, but that is a risk we must take."[43]

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* See Chapter 6 for a fuller account of "Chord" and the Morros-Stern partnership.

As a result, William was recruited by his sister, Martha, that same year and received from the New York NKVD station both an unsolicited $1,000 contribution to his congressional campaign and a new code name, "President."[44] Although Dodd lost his bid, he remained an active source in the years that followed, providing the Soviets with information gathered from his discussions with leading Washington Congressmen, Senators, and government officials.[45] He also passed along documents from his father's private correspondence. Among William's contacts was a Justice Department employee named Helen Fuller, who conveyed to him in 1937 allegations about FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, the accuracy of which was confirmed for the most part in later years:

> Hoover is keeping files on almost all major political figures: Congressmen, Senators and businessmen. He gathers compromising material on everybody and uses it for blackmail. In the course of the latest hearings on financing the FBI, Hoover blackmailed those Congressmen who tried to stand against [full funding]. . . . He used against some of them even cases of casual sex. . . . We settled with [William] that he would try to get closer to [Helen Fuller] in order to get regular information from her.[46]

After being turned down for a post at the Interior Department, William Dodd decided to purchase a small weekly newspaper in Virginia. He lacked funding, and, again, Moscow came to his rescue. "We think it necessary to give him 3–4 thousand dollars for the mentioned purpose," the NKVD station wrote its superiors.[47] William received $3,500 to purchase the *Blue Ridge Herald*. He asked the Soviets for another $5,000, though it is unclear whether they provided the money, however pleased they were with their direct influence on this modest and minor publication: "The direction of the newspaper will depend completely on us," the station informed Moscow in December 1939, hoping to exploit not the paper's own limited influence but its "direct connection with liberal Washington journalists."[48]

Like his sister, Martha, however, William Dodd remained a disappointment to the NKVD; promise again far exceeded performance as a Soviet agent. Thus, in January 1942, Moscow wrote Vassily Zarubin about these underachieving siblings: "For the last two years, we have been making unsuccessful attempts to use [William Dodd] in different areas of work. Now the most urgent task in the further use of these probationers is to split them and to use separately what represents considerable difficulty and requires major educational work on your side."[49]

The following year, William Dodd was investigated by the FBI for Communist activities and, therefore, compromised as an agent.[50] The NKGB lost all further interest in him, though not in Martha Dodd, who did not yet have a public reputation as a "Red."[51] By 1945, William had taken a post with the TASS news agency's New York office, run at that time by the NKGB station chief. After Martha complained to Soviet operatives that her brother's work at TASS was interfering with her and Alfred Stern's ability to pursue covert activities, and despite William's protests, he was fired by TASS in July 1945 and cut off from further contact with Soviet intelligence.[52]

With the death of Franklin Roosevelt, the end of World War II, and the rapid postwar collapse of America's wartime alliance with the Soviet Union, Communist enthusiasts such as Martha Dodd, Alfred Stern, and William Dodd confronted a decidedly chillier political climate in New York and Washington. After the defection in late 1945 of key NKGB agent and courier Elizabeth Bentley, Soviet intelligence agents in the United States were instructed to halt operations while awaiting the FBI's counterintelligence assault on those with whom Bentley had worked.* There were to be no meetings by NKGB operatives with the Sterns and other Soviet agents for two years.

In January 1948, "progressive" writers—a number of them Communists, including Martha Dodd and Alfred Stern—met with a Soviet propagandist named Valentin Sorokin to discuss issues such as the emerging third-party drive by former Vice President Henry Wallace, who preached a conciliatory policy toward the Soviet Union. Martha proposed to Sorokin that she and Alfred resume underground work and suggested a later meeting using code names and other precautions, persuaded that the FBI was monitoring their calls.[53]

When informed by Sorokin of Martha's proposal, Alexander Panyushkin, who then played a bizarre dual role as Soviet Ambassador to the United States and NKGB station chief in Washington, asked Moscow for instructions.[54] The response urged Sorokin to study Dodd carefully, determine her views on the Soviet Union, and consider her potential as a talent-spotter.[55]

Officials in Moscow apparently were still intrigued with the notion of Martha—if not Alfred—resuming efforts on behalf of Soviet intelligence, as indicated by this 1948 memorandum: " 'Liza' didn't provoke suspicions either in her political or social activities as well as in her work with us. It is necessary to keep in mind that during the period of her work with us, she maintained intimate relations with some of our operatives. Besides our operatives, she lived in Berlin with some Germans and French diplomats. . . . She was passing us political information in Berlin."[56]

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* See Chapter 5 for a discussion of Bentley's defection.

Sorokin met the Sterns again on March 18, 1948, in New York and sparred with the couple, who were concerned lest he prove to be not a genuine Soviet agent but an impostor from American counterintelligence. Their conversation focused on the Wallace campaign. Martha and Alfred, apparently unaware of the various Communist links to Wallace's staff and advisers, urged that the Soviet Union become actively involved in supporting the campaign. Subsequent meetings with the couple fell flat since neither of the Sterns trusted Sorokin, though they continued private talks with the Soviet official.[57]

By then Ambassador/station chief Panyushkin reported to Moscow in August 1948 that (according to Martha Dodd Stern) Henry Wallace had asked her to be his speechwriter, a dubious assertion. Dodd asked, again via Sorokin, for the Soviets to provide her with basic points she could use in her draft speeches.[58] NKGB authorities in Moscow responded two days later that they opposed her working for Wallace.[59] Specifically, the cable stated, they objected to Martha Dodd's maintaining open relationships with U.S. Communist Party officials and similar representatives of Eastern European Communist governments in New York. Moreover, Moscow found her to be a "blabbing, not serious nor a conspiratorial enough" person.

Why, they wondered, did Dodd insist that both she and her husband resume their roles as Soviet agents? Considering its concerns regarding FBI counterintelligence activities at the time, the NKGB felt it wise to keep the enthusiastic Sterns at a distance. Martha's insistence that Moscow resume the secret activities of "our group," therefore, was obviously an unwanted risk for Soviet intelligence.[60] The couple was passed from Sorokin's responsibility in 1949 to that of a New York agent code-named "Kostrov," who approached the Sterns asking them to acquire political information from various pro-Soviet public figures. The assignment remained unfulfilled because Martha was ill at the time and Alfred deeply involved in radical Vito Marcantonio's unsuccessful race for New York mayor.[61] After that, contacts between the NKGB and the Sterns were halted.

By the time they resumed six years later, in March 1955, the Sterns had fled U.S. government investigation to take up residence in Mexico.[62] After several attempts to correspond with friends in Moscow—including one letter from Martha to a journalist-friend asking him to find out what had happened to Boris Vinogradov after his arrest—Soviet intelligence instructed its Mexico station to establish contact with the couple to determine whether they were still of any value as agents.[63]

Since Martha and Alfred had already received several subpoenas to testify in cases involving alleged espionage then underway in the United States, the couple was in no position to resume active work as agents. At a June 18, 1956, meeting, the Sterns told "Ostap," the Mexico City KGB station chief, that they wanted to live in the Soviet Union but, if that was not possible, in Czechoslovakia, China, or the German Democratic Republic. They claimed to have a million dollars in a Mexican bank that they were transferring to Switzerland. (Their lawyer, Paul O'Dwyer, had informed them that Jack Soble, a government witness and former Soviet agent, had told the FBI about the publishing firm Stern had developed with Boris Morros to assist Soviet "illegals."[64]) On July 20, 1956, naturalized with Paraguayan citizenship and passports in exchange for a $10,000 bribe to an Paraguayan Embassy official in Mexico (the American government having canceled their U.S. passports), the couple left for Amsterdam. There, a Czech official met them and handed over airline tickets to Prague.[65]

The Sterns learned in 1957 that they had been fined in the U.S. courts for refusing to testify before a congressional investigating committee, which had heard their old colleague and friend Boris Morros state flatly that Martha and Alfred were Soviet agents.[66] They tried one final time to gain Soviet citizenship, offering their Mexican home and several paintings to the USSR.[67] The Soviets, however, preferred that the Sterns remain in Czechoslovakia, though the KGB did dispatch a Colonel Korneev to Prague to discuss their application for Soviet citizenship, which was turned down.[68]

There the matter remained until August 12, 1957, when Boris Morros, the Sterns' vocal nemesis, testified that he had served for the past twelve years as a double agent under FBI as well as Soviet instruction.[69] Within days, on August 28, the KGB recommended to the Central Committee of the Communist Party that Martha and Alfred Stern be allowed to settle in the USSR.[70] The Sterns arrived in Moscow the following month, at the same time an American court found them guilty in absentia of espionage on behalf of the Soviet Union.[71]

The post-Stalin "thaw" in Soviet life encouraged under Nikita Khrushchev's leadership was in full swing. The Sterns declined a KGB request to denounce Boris Morros's testimony as false.[72] They concluded, also, that their inability to speak Russian (and possibly their unwillingness to live under direct KGB supervision) made it difficult for them to remain in the Soviet Union. Seeking counsel from others who had defected to the East, they requested but were denied a meeting with Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, the British agents who had fled for sanctuary to Moscow years earlier.[73] In October 1957, the Sterns formally asked for asylum in Czechoslovakia, where they proposed starting new careers, Martha as an editor of English-language books and Alfred in the export-import field.[74] The following January the couple returned to Prague.[75]

But an October 1975 memo from a KGB official in Prague noted that the Sterns had lived in Fidel Castro's Cuba from 1963 to 1970 and returned to Czechoslovakia only that summer. Apparently, even Havana, the newest of "New Jerusalems" for a couple perpetually suffused with Communist idealism, did not measure up to their hopes. During the 1970s, monitored by the KGB, American lawyers for Martha and Alfred began negotiating with the FBI for their return to America without prosecution or imprisonment for espionage.[76] The KGB did not object to their departure, according to an October 14, 1975, memo: "Data that the Sterns have about the activities of Soviet intelligence are obsolete and mainly known to the adversary from the traitor 'John's' [Boris Morros's] testimonies."[77]

The negotiations proved unsuccessful, however, and Martha Dodd and Alfred Stern spent their remaining years in the Democratic Socialist Republic of Czechoslovakia—unable to adjust to life in the Soviet Union, to which they had devoted their adult lives, and wanted in their native country as convicted and escaped traitors.

CHAPTER 4

Communist Romantics, II: The Exuberant Michael Straight

MOSCOW'S INITIAL INTEREST in Martha Dodd during the 1930s stemmed in part from the fact that she was acquainted with President Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt, and other prominent Americans. But if Soviet intelligence had awarded a prize at the time to its best-connected American recruit, the winner would not have been Dodd but Michael Straight, a wealthy young convert to communism cultivated for secret work while studying at Cambridge University. Straight's parents had begun their friendship with the Roosevelts at the time they founded the *New Republic* magazine earlier in the century. The President and First Lady retained a keen interest in young Straight's career and future, which they would display upon his return from England to the United States.

Moscow's file on Straight was opened in January 1937 with a memorandum from NKVD "illegal" London station chief Theodore Mally (code-named "Man"). Mally was responsible for cultivating at Cambridge a flock of talented young recruits willing to engage in covert activities on behalf of the Soviet Union, among them Donald Maclean, Guy Burgess, Harold "Kim" Philby, Anthony Blunt—and Michael Straight. "[I] draw your attention to Michael Straight . . . son of an American millionaire, devoted and ardent compatriot," Mally wrote Moscow. He proposed recruiting Straight and, "after this, he may be used either here or in America. But I have not decided this question yet. Let us study him further for the moment."[1]

Mally assigned Guy Burgess the task of approaching Straight, since Burgess had known the American in "open" Communist Party activities at Cambridge over the previous two years. Burgess promptly sent this assessment to Mally, the first of two that eventually entered Straight's NKVD file:

> Michael, whom I have known for several years, . . . is one of the leaders (as a person he is not an organizer) of the [Communist] party at Cambridge. He is the party's spokesman and also a first-class economist. He is an extremely devoted member of the party. . . . Taking into account his family connections, future fortune and capabilities, one must suppose he has a great future, not in the field of politics but in the industrial and trading world. . . . [O]ne may reckon he could work on secret work. He is sufficiently devoted for it, though it will be extremely difficult for him to part with his friends and his current activities. . . .[2]

Burgess had no idea how difficult, since Straight's unabashed Communist involvements (Mally noted in a February 16 memo to Moscow) were not only "well known in Cambridge . . . [but] in London," where Michael was "a friend of [Harry] Pollitt's," the leader of the British Communist Party. Straight also had been providing the *Daily Worker*, the Communist newspaper, "with a sum of about 1,500 pounds a year" for the past several years.

Straight's "status in the party and his social connections are very significant," Burgess's memo observed. "The question was whether to begin to act, when and how." It was not every day that the NKVD found as a potential recruit someone whose father was prominently linked to American banking interests and whose mother, then still part owner of the influential *New Republic*, was "on very friendly terms with the Roosevelts." Other relatives of Michael, Burgess noted, were comparably well connected, including some in the American aviation industry, which remained of utmost concern to the Soviet Union.[3]

Burgess instructed Anthony Blunt to persuade Straight to resign from the British Communist Party and to sever all links with Communist organizations in order to clear the way for intelligence work. By then, Burgess had concocted the code name "Nigel" for Straight. Blunt, in turn, undertook a series of successful talks on the matter with Straight. "I would not have instructed A.B. to set to work without consulting you beforehand," Burgess informed Mally, "if only [Straight's] departure from open work had not been so complicated and we had not had to use immediately a helpful circumstance, the death of John Cornford."[4] Cornford, another Cambridge Communist and Straight's closest friend, had been killed in action during the Spanish Civil War. His death left Michael distraught and prepared the ground for his recruitment by Soviet intelligence.

Using Blunt as intermediary, Mally and his conspiratorial cohort convinced Straight to begin the process of detaching himself from Cambridge and organizing his return to the United States. Presumably encouraged by his NKVD associates, Straight began to express publicly his admiration for FDR and the New Deal. In late March, he left for a brief vacation in the United States, still uncertain as to whether he had been accepted for an agent's role there. Meanwhile, Mally obtained Harry Pollitt's approval for shifting Straight from open to covert Communist activity, since Pollitt believed Straight could continue to subsidize his newspaper even in his new role.[5]

When he returned to England the following month, Straight provided Mally with a report on his contacts, employment prospects, and operational potential. In seeking a job, Michael had gone directly to the top, discussing his interests with Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt. The First Lady suggested that Michael take an agricultural credit post in the Administration, which he rejected as useless to his Soviet friends. He preferred Treasury or the Federal Reserve Board: "In those places," Michael wrote Mally, "possibilities are great because of the influence on Roosevelt. . . . Treasury has great significance. Its head is Henry Morgenthau, who knows my parents well."[6]

Straight proposed another daring and very attractive option: an appointment as one of FDR's personal secretaries through his social links to the President ("My parents know Roosevelt well."). But the commander-in-chief had another slot in mind for his young friend at a central planning group called the National Resources Board: "Roosevelt himself picked out this job for me as the most important among those I could get and where I could be close to him."

Straight's memo also noted that Harry Hopkins, the President's closest aide, Secretary of Agriculture Henry Wallace, and Henry Morgenthau were among his more influential New Deal connections: "It means I can easily find any job." Straight had a sardonic response for Mally concerning his efforts to counter the impression among those American friends who knew him best that he had become a Communist:

> All my relatives treat me negatively, since they think I was in Spain. Now I try to dispel this impression by the following means:
>
> a. I use brilliantine and keep my nails clean;

b. by ardent speeches against the Reds in some places; in other places, I present myself as a radical.

His annual income, Straight noted, was then $50,000, a huge sum at the time, and would increase shortly to $75,000.[7]

By this time, Mally and the NKVD had come to a conclusion about Straight, outlined in Mally's June 9, 1937, memo to Moscow shortly before Michael's graduation from Cambridge. He "is to return to the U.S. where, at our instruction, he will join the National Resources Board. He leaves in July." Mally believed Straight an "unripe man" politically, requiring ideological bolstering. Moreover, he doubted that Moscow's available operative on the East Coast, Itzhak Akhmerov, was "fit for this job."[8]

To prepare Straight for his covert responsibilities, therefore, Mally and the London station arranged for another talented Soviet "illegal," Arnold Deutsch (code-named "Stephan"), to meet with the American recruit several times in June and July. Deutsch, accustomed to the British manners and character of the other agents in the Cambridge network, was singularly unimpressed with Straight and shared his impressions with Moscow:

> He differs very much from those people we dealt with before. He is a typical American, a man of wide-ranging enterprise who thinks he can do everything himself. . . . He is full of enthusiasm, well-read, very intelligent, and a perfect student. He wants to do much for us and, of course, has all possibilities for this . . . but he also gives the impression of being a dilettante, a young guy who has everything he wants, more money than he can spend, and therefore in part who has a restless conscience. . . . I think, under experienced guidance, he could achieve a lot. However, he needs to be educated and to have control over his personal life. It is precisely contact with people in his future profession which may turn out dangerously for him. So far, he has been an active member of the party and constantly surrounded by his friends.[9]

It was Straight's exuberance that most troubled Deutsch, who provided Moscow with an additional report of their final meeting in early August: "Tomorrow he is leaving for America. . . . He has very little experience and sometimes behaves like a child in his romanticism. He thinks he is working for the Comintern, and he must be left in this delusion for a while."[10]

Straight had not forgotten his commitment to the *Daily Worker* and gave Deutsch 500 British pounds for the newspaper, a sum he proposed transferring every three months through NKVD contacts in America. Thus, even after being recruited for Soviet intelligence work, far from breaking with all of his "open" party efforts, Michael proposed maintaining at least one of his earlier radical obligations, a symptom of the "romanticism" about which Deutsch complained—yet tolerated: "In my opinion, it is very important to take this money from him, since in his eyes, it speaks to his contact with the party which is [still] very important for him." Within a month of reaching the United States, Michael had been contacted by Akhmerov but in a botched manner that suggested the confusion that lay ahead. Deutsch told Straight before his departure that he would be sent a letter at his mother's apartment stating: "Dear Friend. I just arrived and would like to see you next week. Yours, Anthony." His visitor would state that he came from Anthony, who sends his greetings, to which Straight would respond: "Is he still at Cambridge?"[11] Unfortunately, a second note written by Straight and given to Deutsch to pass back to Straight through Akhmerov, to confirm the new courier's legitimacy, never reached the New York station.

On September 11, 1937, Moscow sent Itzhak Akhmerov instructions to contact Straight and described him as someone who under "experienced guidance will lead us to sources of exceptional importance and value."[12] Although given the contact passwords, his NKVD superiors forgot to give their Soviet operative the expected letter, which seemed to unnerve Straight who kept asking for it.[13] Akhmerov also sensed some ideological hesitation on the American's part, which Moscow believed was a reflection of links to certain Trotskyist friends. Nevertheless, his superiors reminded Akhmerov that nurturing Straight as an agent was his "main task."[14]

Although in time Akhmerov (whom Straight knew as "Michael Green") came to believe that the two had "struck up a friendship" and that Straight "listens readily and follows all my advice," he complained that Michael Straight's non-Communist liberal friends also continued to affect his views: "His milieu at the *New Republic* exerts a not-very-healthy influence on him. A liberal like Roger Baldwin, outwardly a friend of the USSR but in his soul and in fact its enemy with great sympathy for Trotsky, . . . cannot help but exert a negative influence on him."

Straight's wealth and cheerful self-confidence made him a most unusual Soviet source. For one thing, he continued his practice, begun in England, of *offering* money to his Communist associates rather than *asking* for some. Akhmerov informed Moscow about a conversation on this subject during the fall of 1937:

> [Straight] claimed that he has $10,000–12,000 in spare money and does not know what to do with it. He asked whether I need money; he could give it to me. This is his spare pocket money. I said that I do not need money personally; let him keep it or put it in a bank. As for his previous regular donations, I will take them and pass them along accordingly.* At another meeting, he gave me $2,000 as his quarterly Party fee and claimed he would be giving more in future.[15]

Moscow conveyed the $2,000 to the Comintern Executive Committee for the British Communist Party[16] and instructed Akhmerov: "With [Straight], return to the discussion about his pocket money (the $12,000). Receive this money from him and send it to us."[17] The episode afforded a unique illustration of the classic Marxist precept: "From each according to his means."

After several months spent leisurely adjusting himself to the American scene, Michael Straight resumed his remarkable job search. Akhmerov reported to Moscow in mid-November that Straight did not want to join the State Department and thereby risk assignment to some distant post. Rather, he sought a career in business or finance and was considering going to work for General Motors in Detroit for a few months. Akhmerov approved this plan but was overruled by his NKVD superiors, who insisted that the Soviet operative persuade Straight to work for State.[18]

In a January 25, 1938, memorandum to Moscow, Akhmerov reported success:

> [Straight] managed to join the State Department, where he works as an assistant to the Department's counselor on international economic problems. . . . Now he has been assigned to write a paper on international armaments. From [NKVD agent] "11's" department, he receives reports on this issue by Ambassadors and, when the paper is finished, promises to give us a copy. Reading the Ambassadors' reports, he will remember the important items and pass them to me at our meetings. I send his first notes from the reports he read.

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* Presumably a reference to the funds Straight continued to provide for the British *Daily Worker.*

With Michael Straight now working at the State Department, a problem emerged. How was he to be kept from socializing with other Soviet agents in the department, among them Laurence Duggan and Alger Hiss? Akhmerov reported in his January 25 memorandum that Roger Baldwin had already introduced Straight to Laurence Duggan and recommended Straight as a fellow "progressive." Akhmerov told Straight to keep Duggan at a distance lest his own career be damaged.[19]

Straight's continued involvement in "open" Communist activities after his return to America compounded the problem. Thus, Akhmerov warned on February 18, 1938, that "local workers of the brother [party] have begun cultivating [Straight] in order to draw him into [their] work. [Sol] Adler from Treasury met with him. [Straight] declined the offer, claiming that he has nothing to do with this movement." Rather, Straight informed Adler that he was "a liberal with progressive ideas and nothing more."[20]

To end such complications, the NKVD's top officials in Moscow decided to instruct Earl Browder personally to avoid any CPUSA contact with Straight.[21] Closer to home, Akhmerov lectured Michael on the dangers of even casual encounters with known Communists: "All the time, I explain to [Straight] that by no means should he let people recognize that he is a compatriot. I recommend that he settle down in society as a liberal with some progressive ideas within the framework of the American Democratic Party. It is important for his career."[22]

Meanwhile, Moscow had become impatient for more important "deliverables" from Straight than he had yet provided, informing Akhmerov on March 26 that since Michael "may be a very valuable source, he must be taken care of and, most important, EDUCATED, made our man, have his brains rebuilt in our manner." Specifically,

> Teach him to collect the material we are interested in. As [Straight] does not deliver genuine materials [documents] yet, but only his notes, he must put the date, the number of the document he describes, as well as from where the documents come (author) and where it is sent. Lacking this data, the value of his agent information is lost . . . work on his material as well as on him. . . . Besides, [Straight's] material sent with this mail is old. What has he got on his desk? Only last year's material?[23]

Unfortunately for the NKVD, Straight's work on international economic issues did not generate much classified material, and Moscow urged Akhmerov to press Straight to transfer, if possible, to the European Bureau in whose work it was more urgently interested. Also, Akhmerov's superiors wanted Straight engaged in "talent-spotting" among his colleagues for other potential recruits.[24] But Michael continued to disappoint Moscow: "Ascertain with regret that thus far no success has been achieved in developing [Straight's] work," Akhmerov reported on May 24. "Meet with him every week. Talk for hours about the work and political topics but, so far, no results. I hoped to send his report on armaments, but unexpectedly he fell ill and failed to finish it." Straight was evidently troubled by the demand that he filch classified documents for his Soviet friends, pleading that he no longer received ambassadorial reports and that most of what he did read came from published sources.[25] Nevertheless, in June, he finally delivered his armaments report to Akhmerov, and, the following month, the Russian noted that Straight had passed on a report from the American consul in London about British war reserves of raw materials.[26]

During this same period, however, Moscow's earlier request that Straight serve as a "talent-spotter" threatened not only his own exposure but that of the Soviets' two most valuable agents in the State Department. In early spring, Michael had provided Akhmerov with a list of "progressives" at State, among them Laurence Duggan, whom Straight had heard was "very close to us ideologically."[27] At the time, he knew nothing about Duggan's link to the NKVD.

In June, however, Straight met another politically sympathetic State Department colleague who had been recruited years earlier by Soviet military intelligence (GRU)—Alger Hiss. Akhmerov described the situation in a June 28, 1938, memorandum to Moscow:

> According to the conditions of work, [Straight] established contact with Hiss.* [Straight] mentioned him to me earlier, indicating that he was an interesting person who occupied a responsible position, etc. He also said that ideologically Hiss was a very progressive man. I didn't show my interest in him, but, on the other hand, I can't tell him to stop seeing Hiss. If I tell him that, he might guess that Hiss belongs to our family. There is another danger: *bratskiy* [American Communist Party's underground agents] or Neighbors' [Soviet Military Intelligence] resident (I am not quite sure who Hiss is connected to) may ask Hiss to start working on [Straight's] recruitment.

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* Evidently lacking knowledge of Alger Hiss's code name or even with which other branch of Soviet intelligence he was connected, Akhmerov referred directly to "Hiss" in this dispatch, an unusual practice in Soviet tradecraft at the time.

Apparently, Straight's own involvement in Soviet espionage was not known to Hiss, who, two years earlier, had displayed keen interest in recruiting Noel Field and possibly other department colleagues. Akhmerov's memo continued:

> I am sure that [Straight] would refuse to cooperate with them if they try to recruit him,* but in this case [Straight] would find out Hiss's nature. . . . I am writing about all this as a possibility that you should take into consideration and, if you have an opportunity, influence the Neighbors' resident if he starts to recruit [Straight] through Hiss. . . .[28]

The following month, on July 31, 1938, Akhmerov clarified his understanding of Alger Hiss's role in the Soviet underground in this memorandum to Moscow:

> "Storm" [code name then used by Joszef Peter, *a.k.a.* "J. Peter," head of the U.S. Communist Party's own underground network] let out a secret during one of our conversations. Hiss used to be a member of *bratskiy* organization [the Ware Group period from 1934 to 1936] who had been routed into [the State Department] and sent to the Neighbors [GRU] later. He [Peter] told me about it when I was hunting for Hiss. In one of our discussions, "Nikolai" told me that it was possible that at the time [1935–36] the Neighbors were not connected with Hiss, most likely because of some organizational difficulties.[29]

Alger Hiss was presumably cautioned by his own controllers in Soviet military intelligence to avoid association with Straight, and Straight's personal NKVD file does not mention further contact with his State Department colleague, who had already been long involved in Soviet intelligence work.

Once it became clear to Akhmerov's superiors in Moscow that Michael Straight's limited access at State precluded him from obtaining valuable troves of secret documents and information, their focus shifted to advancing Straight's career as an agent in place. Thus, when Akhmerov reported that Thomas Corcoran, a key Roosevelt aide, had asked Straight to become his secretary, a post from which he might more easily transfer to the President's secretariat, Moscow was intrigued. Nevertheless, Straight was urged to remain at State unless an opportunity arose to work directly in the White House for FDR.[30]

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* A reference to Soviet military intelligence, the branch with which Alger Hiss was associated.

The NKVD was evidently prepared to be patient with this extremely well-connected operative, cautioning Akhmerov: "[Straight] is a big agent in perspective, and burning him . . . is not our intention. It is better not to receive this or that nonurgent material or to communicate its approximate contents than to expose to needless risk our work and the relations between our countries. You must always keep this in mind."[31]

Moscow's interest was in maintaining a long-term relationship with the wealthy acolyte. Thus, after Straight received a letter that month from "Anthony" in London (presumably Anthony Blunt) requesting funds for Spanish refugees, Akhmerov cautioned Moscow that such contacts jeopardized Michael's reputation in Washington as a non-Communist "progressive." "If you have a chance," Akhmerov asked, "take all measures to make the brother workers in London [British Comintern agents], particularly Anthony, forget about [Straight]."[32] At that time, significantly, Michael Straight still believed that Akhmerov ("Michael Green") was an agent of the Comintern, the international Communist movement, and not the Soviet NKVD, a distinction important to many of the USSR's most energetic Western agents drawn to the cause by their antifascist beliefs.[33]

For that reason, the signing of the Nazi-Soviet Pact on August 23, 1939, was a watershed event in Straight's life as it was for other Western intellectuals who had been devoted to world communism and the Soviet Union. Although Akhmerov was successful in persuading other American sources in his networks to accept this bewildering shift in Soviet policy, he informed Moscow on September 8 that Straight "openly expressed his disappointment at the Soviet Union [and] sharply criticized Soviet policy as well as the policy of the American Communist Party."* [34]

Straight angrily rejected the various American Communist *apologias* for the Pact in discussions with Akhmerov over the next month. Despite the latter's disingenuous memorandum to Moscow on October 25, 1939, asserting that he had "managed to . . . put [Straight] on the right path; now he agrees with all my arguments," Akhmerov earlier admitted that Straight "had not been coming to meetings for a month." Michael Straight's infatuation with international communism was drawing to a close, doubtless accelerated by his recent marriage. Straight confided to Akhmerov, as had Laurence Duggan at virtually the same time, his constant fear of exposure: "he was not afraid of prison, etc., but he did not want to damage the future of his bride."[35]

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* Straight's eloquent memoir described this sense of disillusionment. Michael Straight, *After Long Silence*, pp. 143–44.

Straight's newfound personal happiness, combined with political discontent over Moscow's policy shift, led to his break with Soviet intelligence. Itzhak Akhmerov's departure for the Soviet Union in late 1939 completed the separation process. Although the NKVD then assigned Straight to "Igor," an operative of Washington's "legal" station, he no longer delivered information or material from State and avoided contact with his designated controller.[36]

When another Soviet agent from the NKVD's "legal" station in New York met with Straight on July 15, 1941, Michael informed him that he was then working at the *New Republic* magazine. He had resigned from State, he explained, because of boredom with his work and because he had failed to receive an expected posting to the U.S. Embassy in London.[37] Decades later, in his memoirs, Straight credited his departure to an unwillingness "to be a Soviet agent in the Department of State" and called it "a welcome escape . . . an escape from the trap that had held me captive."[38] All of these factors probably figured in Michael Straight's decision to abandon an increasingly uncomfortable role as a source of information for Soviet intelligence as they did in Laurence Duggan's comparable disengagement.

The NKVD made one final effort to regain Straight's cooperation when Itzhak Akhmerov returned to the United States in 1942 for a second tour of duty. After restoring contact, "Michael Green" urged Straight to use his still-close association with the Roosevelts and other key Washington figures on behalf of the Soviet Union, a request that Straight firmly rejected. Describing the encounter in a June 3, 1942, memorandum to Moscow, Vassily Zarubin, the station chief in New York at the time, called Straight:

> ideologically demoralized: his anti-Soviet statements prove it. For instance, he claims that in the war against Germany, the USSR defends narrow national interests and that the world Communist movement has no meaning for the USSR. In his view, one should render assistance to the Soviet Union only as long as the war which the USSR wages is advantageous for England and the U.S.[39]

It was another Soviet master-operative, Yuri Modin, one of the "Cambridge group's" controllers, who later described the end of the association:

> In 1942 [Straight] decided to make a clean break. He relayed this decision to his handler [Akhmerov], though at the same time, he gave his word to keep secret the small amount of work he had done for the Russians. [Akhmerov] did not object.
>
> We never spoke to Straight again, and he kept his side of the bargain scrupulously. He never uttered a word to anyone about Burgess or Blunt. In my opinion, he was scared of them. He must have believed that if he denounced Blunt and his friends they would find some way to exact revenge. Only after Burgess's death in 1963 did Michael Straight confess. . . . His thirty-year silence was motivated above all by his fear of the KGB. . . .[40]

Straight (according to his NKVD file) did meet once or twice with Burgess after his break and once with Burgess and Blunt in London in May 1946, where Straight had journeyed to visit his ailing mother. Michael Straight told his former Cambridge friends, the pair responsible for his original recruitment, what he had told Itzhak Akhmerov in 1942. He had broken all links to Soviet espionage because, although remaining an American liberal, he had abandoned belief in the progressive nature of communism or the Soviet Union.[41] Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt's former protégé, Michael Straight, now considered those convictions to have been tragically naive and false.

CHAPTER 5

Love and Loyalties, II: Elizabeth Bentley and Jacob Golos

THE AFFAIR was an unlikely one from the start: Jacob Golos, a fifty-year-old Russian Jew who coordinated an underground Communist network involving dozens of Washington and New York sources, and his lover, Elizabeth Bentley, an old-family American and a Vassar graduate, two decades younger, and Golos's most trusted courier. Their liaison lasted from 1938 until Golos died on November 25, 1943. Within two years of his death, Bentley had shifted her allegiance from the Soviets to the FBI. Her defection compelled Soviet intelligence immediately to shut down virtually all of its underground operations in the United States.

Both before and after Golos's death, the tale of Elizabeth Bentley ("Miss Wise," a code name later changed to "Myrna") and Jacob Golos (code-named "Sound") also involved dozens of other Soviet agents and their American sources in the United States, including Earl Browder, the leader of the American Communist Party. Under the code name "Helmsman," Browder, too, was deeply enmeshed in "secret work" during these years.

To protect the identity of their American sources and control them personally, in one of the most unusual efforts of its kind by leading Soviet operatives, Golos struggled prior to his death (and Bentley thereafter) to prevent other Soviet intelligence operatives from meeting directly with the American agents in government and industry whom they had cultivated. As a result, many of those who cooperated with Soviet intelligence, ideologically committed Communists, often believed (or professed to believe) that the information and documents they provided were actually sent via Golos to the American Communist Party or the Comintern, and not directly to the NKVD in Moscow.

JACOB GOLOS

Golos's background was summarized by a 1939 Comintern memo requested by the NKVD: "Golos, Jacob—member of the CPUS [Communist Party of the United States]. Born April 30, 1890, in Russia. Jewish. U.S. citizen. Worker. Lower education. Knows English and Russian."[1] By that time, he had already developed the habit of working simultaneously with several distinct Soviet intelligence components.

Other NKVD documents provided further details of Golos's background. He spent two years in Siberia after his arrest in 1907 for operating a clandestine Bolshevik printing house. Golos escaped first to Japan, then to China, and in 1910 arrived in America.[2] Several years later, he became an early organizer of the U.S. Communist Party and a member of its "Russian bureau." After holding a series of posts within the party during the 1920s, Golos returned to the USSR in 1926.[3] The then-secretary of the U.S. Communist Party, Jay Lovestone, formally requested his transfer back in 1928 because "Comrade Golos has considerable influence among Russian laboring masses in the United States,"[4] a request probably encouraged by Golos himself.

By 1930, Jacob Golos had begun a new career in Soviet intelligence work as a GPU operative in New York, devoted at first largely to acquiring American and other passports for the U.S. Communist Party and the Comintern. Such passports were critical to assuring easy international movement by "illegals" and others. His major contact in the United States (after 1933) was a consular official and Soviet operative in New York, Gaik Ovakimyan. Through bribes, Golos developed a network of foreign consular officials and U.S. passport agency workers who supplied him not only with passports but also naturalization documents and birth certificates belonging to persons who had died or had permanently left the United States.[5]

Golos also continued to maintain links during the mid-1930s with "open" Communist Party organizers. This was unavoidable because his primary cover involved management of a Comintern-owned business called World Tourist, essentially a full-service travel agency for party members and other "progressives" planning trips to the Soviet Union.

Golos, long-married, arranged in 1935 for his wife and son to return to Moscow, supposedly to allow his son to attend a Soviet school.[6] In an autobiography written in 1944 at the request of the NKVD, after Golos's death, Elizabeth Bentley explained her lover's tangled personal life. Although, according to Bentley, Golos had asked her to marry him,

> [h]e explained to me that he was in a very complicated situation. At the beginning of the 1920s, he was asked to declare as his wife a woman from his party cell who needed a passport to enter and leave the [United States]. He didn't marry her formally but slept with her. She, in turn, against his wish, gave birth to a son. . . . He said that to get a divorce he needed to return home [to the Soviet Union] in order not to disclose the entire affair. Therefore, he asked me to live with him and wait to marry until everything was arranged.[7]

Golos's most important visit to Moscow occurred in November 1937, when Peter Gutzeit took him to meet Abram Slutsky, then the Soviet intelligence chief. Slutsky told Golos that, in addition to his main task of locating useable passports, he should begin to recruit Communist sailors in American ports, to be used as international couriers for the NKVD.[8]

By this time, Golos had expanded his passport production contacts to Canada. (One NKVD file noted in 1938 that a Soviet operative named "Norma," who became both mistress and courier for Donald Maclean in London that year, received her passport in Toronto with Golos's assistance!)[9] World Tourist, meanwhile, had taken on a new assignment. In addition to expediting politically correct tourists to the Soviet Union along with Comintern agents or CP officials, it also produced documents needed by American volunteers traveling to Spain to fight in the Communist-dominated International Brigades. So extensive were his activities and those of World Tourist that an NKVD agent in the Justice Department turned over FBI reports in spring 1937 that identified Golos as someone under Bureau scrutiny as "a Comintern agent" known to have organized travel by American volunteers into the Spanish Civil War zone. World Tourist became a genuine moneymaker for Communist causes during the late 1930s.[10] By that time, Golos also had become primary assistant to a leading NKVD "illegal" in New York named Rabinovich (code-named "Harry"), who noted in a report to Moscow on 1938–39 activities that he had met with Golos some 500 to 600 times during this period, often two or three times a day.[11]

The Justice Department began a formal investigation of Golos and his company in 1939, which resulted in his arrest and trial on various violations of America's espionage and neutrality laws. The USSR's People's Commissar for Internal Affairs, Lavrenty Beria, was sufficiently concerned over the episode that he forwarded a report to the Soviet Union's leadership troika—Stalin, Molotov, and Voroshilov—on March 5, 1940, the same day the NKVD's station chief in New York wrote to Moscow: "[Today] trial hearings are starting on the case of 'World Tourist' . . . accused of military espionage on behalf of foreign states and of violating the registration law. At one time, this office was being used by the Comintern to transfer money for the American Communist Party. Golos (manager of World Tourist), Brodsky (lawyer for the Communist Party), and others were summoned to trial."[12]

Ten days later, after negotiations between attorneys for the government and the defendants, Golos plea-bargained to a lesser charge and was sentenced to four to twelve months probation and a $1,000 fine.[13] Bentley noted in her December 1944 NKGB* "autobiography" that the guilty plea incensed Golos because it stemmed from a deal by his attorney with prosecutors that if one of the Communist organizations (his) pleaded guilty the others would be left alone. A leadership meeting of the U.S. Communist Party, in which Golos did not take part, decided that he should undertake the possible jail-time assignment. An angry Golos agreed but complained "that it was the worst thing that ever happened to him—pleading guilty at a bourgeois trial."[14]

ELIZABETH BENTLEY AND JACOB GOLOS

By 1940, Golos and Bentley had lived together for two years, an arrangement Bentley described candidly in her December 1944 NKGB memoir:

> In addition to a strong physical attraction to [Golos] as well as a strong feeling of camaraderie—since we had common ideas and worked for one cause—I admired him as a hero, since for me he was the best kind of revolutionary.
>
> For the first years of our relationship, [he] deliberately trained me a great deal, stating that I was like a soldier at the front and I must work hard and produce good results. He claimed that, be-

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* As the NKVD had become by this time, later changed to the KGB.

> cause of his love for me, he wanted to be proud of me and my work. He supported me in moments of fatigue and disappointment.[15]

Elizabeth Bentley took seriously Moscow's request for a complete account of her life and background. She described the family genealogy, which began allegedly with ancestors who had arrived on the *Mayflower.* Her mother's forebears had fought in the Revolutionary War, according to Bentley, and one of them—Roger Sherman—even signed the Declaration of Independence as a Connecticut delegate.[16] In short, she was, as NKGB station chief Gaik Ovakimyan informed Moscow, "a genuine American Aryan."[17] Because of the anti-Semitism still prevalent in American government and society at the time, Soviet intelligence considered non-Jewish agents in the United States such as Elizabeth Bentley especially useful.

Born on January 1, 1908, in New Milford, Connecticut, she recalled a lonely childhood spent, primarily, reading books and comparatively isolated teenage years, since "my mother didn't allow me to be friendly with girls of my age who drank, smoked and visited nightclubs."[18] After attending and graduating from Vassar College, Bentley studied at Columbia University (1932–33) and briefly in Italy. Although drawn to the theater, she held a variety of jobs after graduation as a saleswoman, librarian, teacher, and secretary.[19]

Bentley also provided the NKGB with an intimate glimpse into her love life. Thus, in college, "I was shy and a virgin," and her first "very youthful" romance was in 1929 with a British engineer as they sailed for Europe on the same ship. Two years later, she lived with a much older Hungarian officer in Italy. Before meeting Golos in 1938, she had two other affairs, one with an Iraqi student at Columbia and another with a Greek worker and fellow member of the New York City Communist cell she had joined in January 1935.[20] Another educated and free-spirited woman, Juliette Stuart Poyntz, steered the footloose Bentley toward deeper engagement with the party ("Friends began calling me 'Red' when, in fact, I knew nothing about either socialism or communism").[21]

Poyntz, a party member and underground agent, tried to persuade Bentley to travel to Italy as a new recruit, according to Bentley's 1944 memoir, stating that she would have to sleep with men to gain information. Bentley refused, and after discussing the matter with Communist Party officials at Columbia, Poyntz was told to keep away from the new recruit.

A confrontation followed. Poyntz, according to Bentley, came to her apartment a few days later, called her a Trotskyist, and threatened to kill her.[22] That was the last time Bentley saw Poyntz, whom Soviet intelligence archives describe as a member of a "special operations" group working in the United States beginning in the early 1930s under the supervision of one Jacob Serebryansky. Poyntz disappeared in New York in June 1937 under mysterious circumstances and was never seen again.[23] At the time, veteran NKVD, GRU, and Comintern agents were finding it increasingly difficult to escape the vengeance of Stalin's virtually indiscriminate purges. Most of Poyntz's friends and some Soviet agents—Whittaker Chambers among them—assumed, correctly or not, that she had been murdered at Moscow's instructions. By then, 1938, another Communist Party official had introduced Elizabeth Bentley to Jacob Golos, and the couple remained inseparable from that first encounter until Golos's death five years later.

The years of the Great Purge in the Soviet Union, 1936–39, provoked Moscow's suspicious scrutiny of many Soviet intelligence operatives abroad, including Golos. Because of his long-standing Communist involvement, both open and secret, begun before the Bolshevik Revolution, Golos's independent habits were well known within his circle of associates. Some thought him too casual to manage a growing network of agents and sources in both New York and Washington. Others believed his obvious visibility to American counterintelligence after his conviction a matter of grave concern. Still others accused him of being a Trotskyist.

Moscow began trying as early as the fall of 1939 to bring the maverick Golos back to the Soviet Union: "It is too late [for him] to run away, but possible," Gaik Ovakimyan cautioned his NKVD superiors on October 21, 1939.[24] His "disappearance will inflict damage on the compatriots." Supported by Earl Browder, Golos opposed returning at that moment. (In any case, after Golos's conviction, several attempts on his part to obtain an American passport for a Moscow trip were rejected by American authorities.)[25] Throughout the late 1930s, Peter Gutzeit and other NKVD operatives in the United States had to defend Golos periodically against allegations of Trotskyist sympathies. Even after Gutzeit himself was recalled to Moscow in 1938 and arrested as "a people's enemy," he persisted at his Lubyanka interrogation in supporting Golos's loyalty as an operative: "[He] never provoked any suspicions or doubts."[26]

For two years, the NKVD debated whether to recall, arrest, or execute Jacob Golos, based less on concrete evidence of disloyalty than on the pervasive paranoia in Moscow at the time. Several arrested anti-Bolshevik agents (one, a scientist named Ilya Durmashkin, who "confessed" before his execution to having worked over three decades as a spy in turn for the Czarist Okhrana, the Mensheviks, the Trotskyists, and the Nazis!) implicated Golos in one or another of these alleged conspiracies, sometimes several. In September 1939, for example, an NKVD official in Moscow filed a memo with his superiors stating categorically that "[Golos] may by no means remain in the list of agents in the U.S. Since he knows a great deal about the station's work, I would consider it expedient to bring him to the Soviet Union and arrest him."[27]

That same month, Major Pavel Fitin of State Security wrote Lavrenty Beria proposing the recall from America of two "illegals" suspected of being "people's enemies" who, in addition to relationships with other executed former NKVD agents, had been "exposed to the agent [Golos], who is strongly suspected of Trotskyite activities."[28] As late as July 1940, yet another Moscow NKVD memo stated that there was "every ground to assert that Durmashkin's statements about [Golos] are corroborated." The memo implicated Golos in relationships with "persons who turned out to be Trotskyites, English and German spies": "On the grounds of all this material, it is necessary to isolate [Golos] urgently from all affairs at the [New York] station and to recall him immediately to the Soviet Union. Further, [Golos's] sojourn in the U.S. endangers all of our work due to an absolutely inadmissible situation that, in fact, he knows more than the station chief."[29]

Moscow's madness over "people's enemies" in its American ranks did not stop with Golos, since "the station chief" mentioned in this memo, Gaik Ovakimyan, was under similar suspicion. And his recall to Moscow was ordered in 1939. Like Golos, however, Ovakimyan stayed alive by remaining in New York.[30]

Although shielded in America from Moscow's vengeance, Golos's colleagues discussed a more immediate danger to their personal security posed by his very presence. The start of the Second World War led to increased activity by U.S. counterintelligence organizations, including the FBI. The Bureau already kept Golos under constant surveillance after his conviction. Nevertheless, with Earl Browder's consent, in 1940, Golos added important Washington bureaucrats in the Roosevelt government to his numerous agents and sources. These included "Pal" (code name for Nathan Gregory Silvermaster, who coordinated a group of Communist agents in important Administration posts), "Richard" (Harry Dexter White), and others.[31] The NKVD's New York station considered Silvermaster's network, whose oversight Golos acquired in 1940, a major source of political information in Washington during the war.*

One New York–based agent, Pavel Pastelnyak ("Luka"), wrote Moscow in April 1940 complaining about Golos's presence and that of another agent who was also under FBI surveillance:

> If something happens to them, much of what has been created will be reduced to ashes. Some operatives believe that [Golos] has become a virtual station chief in the U.S. He provides people for different kinds of services and missions in every field of our work. [Yet Golos] . . . is on the books of American [counter]intelligence as a major NKVD agent. . . . [Therefore] his presence in the station becomes dangerous for business. . . .[32]

In fact, Golos was being monitored by at least one individual at the time, a Soviet agent by the name of "Armand Lavis Feldman," a pseudonym for I. V. Volodarsky, who also reported to the FBI. Feldman reported on both Golos and Ovakimyan to the Bureau.† The NKGB discovered this only in 1945, when another of its sources, Judith Coplon ("Sima"), then working at the Justice Department, acquired Volodarsky's file from the New York FBI office. The dossier showed FBI knowledge of meetings between Golos and Ovakimyan in 1941 where envelopes were exchanged and also identified Elizabeth Bentley as Golos's courier.[33]

The prewar purges within the USSR's intelligence community and virtually every other area of Soviet life had receded by this time, as Stalin and his associates sought to rally a demoralized citizenry against the invading Nazi armies. Moscow no longer considered Golos to be a "people's enemy," nor were his superiors overly sensitive to the problem of FBI monitoring. What ensued instead was a struggle between Golos and several professional Russian agents, recent Soviet arrivals, for control of Golos's vast network of sources. Golos considered the new arrivals "operational youngsters," culturally unprepared to work with his covert American contacts, some of whom he had been cultivating since the mid-1930s.

Bentley's 1944 NKGB memoir described the physical and emotional strains involved in this process:

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* Chapter 8 describes the Silvermaster Group's activities.

† "Feldman's" activities are also discussed in Chapter 2, p. 33.

> At the beginning of spring 1941, [Golos] and I began working with a large number of people from the U.S. Communist Party, and I received my first people in Washington. [Golos] instructed me to treat them as Communists, gather dues, and educate them, in addition to receiving information from them. [Golos] also insisted that I should make copies of their materials since he wanted to keep them in order to show [Earl Browder] when the latter leaves jail. Before that, I never made copies.

Plainly, Browder's imprisonment had led to the urgent transfer to Golos's oversight of underground contacts the American Communist leader had previously personally supervised. The strain of this additional work and responsibility took its toll on Golos, according to Bentley, who called the period from spring 1941 to spring 1942 a "very unfavorable" year for her lover: "His heart attack was progressing, . . . [Browder] was in prison, and [Golos] couldn't get along with CP functionaries downtown."[34]

Germany's attack on the Soviet Union in June 1941 led to a general acceleration of effort throughout its American intelligence networks. Frustrated with his NKVD colleagues, Golos began to talk about leaving the United States to fight alongside his son in the Soviet army. Although Browder was released from prison in the spring of 1942 and Golos's relationships with the Communist Party appeared to improve as a result, "his heart condition worsened [according to Bentley], and his physical and mental decline began."

At this time, Jacob Golos began quarreling fiercely and constantly with various Russian operatives with whom he worked. He told Bentley that "they were young and inexperienced, didn't work hard, and were not careful. He told me all the time that [Browder] was his only friend, the only man who understood him." Golos's complaints intensified along with his physical suffering during these months: "He told me," Bentley later wrote, "that Russians didn't understand Americans, that they treated him badly, and that he was the only man in the organization who was able to deal with Americans."[35]

The final straw for Golos was an instruction from his Soviet superiors in New York and Washington to turn over to their direct control various American sources whose information and documents he had been receiving. He traveled to Washington to protest directly, but unsuccessfully, to NKVD station chief Vassily Zarubin. Golos's world was collapsing around him, since even Bentley obeyed instructions other than his own. Zarubin had instructed Bentley to turn Golos's Washington network over to the control of recently arrived Soviet operative Itzhak Akhmerov. As a result, Golos "got completely upset. He complained that, not limiting themselves to taking his best people from him, they were also taking his assistant and that was the last straw. When I began delivering materials to [Akhmerov, Golos] warned me that Russians were rude people and that I should be firm dealing with them if I wanted to get along."

During his last months, Bentley recalled in 1944, Golos's "only bright moment seemed his friendship with [Browder]. When [Browder] passed him a new group [of sources, Golos] said to me bitterly: 'He is the only man who trusts me.' . . . He said that if something happened to him, I should go on working in his place. Then, he said bitterly that he didn't know what would happen to me when he was dead—that I was completely unprepared for working with 'rude Russians.' "[36]

What Golos chose to ignore in his final years was that, especially since his arrest and conviction, he himself was the most vulnerable link in the NKGB's U.S. operations. Golos posed to any American he contacted the threat of identification by FBI surveillance and possible exposure.

His May 1, 1943, letter to an old friend, Pavel Fitin, at NKGB headquarters in Moscow was a last "official" effort to protect his elaborate American franchise against a home office takeover. Describing "numerous" counterintelligence inquiries in progress throughout the U.S. government against "all liberal and progressive people," Golos pointed to all of the various problems he confronted in attempting to manage his intelligence work. Despite the obstacles, he asserted that "we are producing quite a lot" and promised even better results in future.[37] Perhaps in an attempt to placate the still-useful Golos, on November 24, 1943, Fitin recommended that he receive the Order of the Red Star in recognition of his work over many years as "a talent-spotter, personal data gatherer, group controller and recruiter, who drew a number of valuable sources to our work."[38]

The following day, November 25, Golos and Bentley met for lunch at the London Terrace restaurant in New York and later went to Bentley's apartment. A tired Golos slumped into an armchair to take a nap. Several minutes later, Bentley heard him cough heavily and then stop breathing. By the time an ambulance arrived, he was dead. Police questioned Bentley for six hours before releasing her.[39] Golos's Moscow superiors, when informed of his death, decided not to award his medal posthumously.[40]

"I think Golos's great misfortune," Bentley speculated the following year, "was that he worked mainly as an individualist from the first days we met." Other than accusing him of having been a "people's enemy," Bentley could have made a no more damning accusation against a Soviet operative. She continued:

> On the basis of his experience both at home and in this country, he reckoned that he was the only one who knew how to behave in various situations. This concerned both his firm [World Tourist] and his work for the organization. He ran the firm as a one-man business neither giving power to others nor preparing them for it. He also acted this way in the organization's affairs, the major part of whose work he did himself. He was very secretive and told very little to others about his moves. Only when he fell ill did he provide me, out of pure necessity, with many details. This is how I now evaluate [Golos]. I don't know; maybe I am wrong. Until recently, I was not able to assess him without bias, partly because of my love for him and partly because I knew little about his activities in our organization and the CP.[41]

One 1945 NKGB report on Golos's work concluded that he should never have remained a visible functionary of the American Communist Party while also engaged in espionage; it drew U.S. counterintelligence attention to him. Nor, without knowing more about his agents and operating methods, should Golos have been allowed to become "the main pillar of our intelligence work in the U.S."[42]

ELIZABETH BENTLEY

Jacob Golos's death resulted in greater attention by Soviet operatives in New York and Washington to his mistress, who knew much more about his work than any of the Russians. Golos, Vassily Zarubin informed Moscow, had given him "the impression that [Bentley] was only a courier. As it turns out, she was his closest assistant from whom he had no secrets." Even Bentley acknowledged that typically Golos did not tell his closest colleagues—herself included—the names and personal data of his American agents and sources. Thus, initially he did not even report Bentley's involvement to Moscow, and she entered the NKVD's files only in 1939.[43] Later, because of the FBI's close monitoring of Golos, he delegated Bentley to serve as the contact for Silvermaster and other Washington sources from whom she collected materials once or twice a month.[44]

When questioned by Itzhak Akhmerov and his wife, Helen Lowry, on November 29 about Golos's death, Bentley blurted out one important piece of news. He had told her shortly before his demise that, if anything happened to him, she should destroy immediately a sealed envelope kept in his safety-deposit box. Following his instructions to the letter, the next day Bentley removed the envelope and destroyed it unopened. Akhmerov was skeptical of this in his report to Moscow: "She seems a very careful and accurate person. Strange that she destroyed [Golos's] envelope without opening it. . . . Personally, for me, this kind of psychology is incomprehensible."[45]

During their November 29 meeting, Bentley rejected Akhmerov's request that she introduce him to Silvermaster on the grounds that he and other members of Golos's network were afraid of direct contact with Russians. "Here," Akhmerov reported to Moscow, "undoubtedly she expressed [Golos's] psychology. . . . [Nevertheless,] she made a good impression on me. Intelligent, sober-minded, and a quiet woman . . . a sincere person. Surely the late [Golos's] psychology is inserted into her psychology also. I hope we'll get along with her in a spirit essential to [our work]."[46]

Although Bentley recognized that she (and Golos) were working with and for the NKGB, in order to gain control of his agents, she exploited the distinction, crucial to a number of cooperating sources, between delivering material to Americans such as herself and Browder, on the one hand, and working directly for the Soviet Union. (For years, even Browder's close relationship to Soviet espionage had not been shared with Bentley.) For months following Golos's death, Bentley conducted a skillful campaign, occasionally helped by Browder, to prevent the various Soviet operatives from gaining control of Golos's networks.*

At times, Elizabeth Bentley appeared to have inherited her late lover's intensely negative attitude toward the NKGB operatives with whom she worked. For example, although she agreed to arrange a

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* Two partially deciphered December 11, 1943, cables from New York station to Moscow attest to Soviet intelligence's interest in Elizabeth Bentley immediately following Golos's death. "[Bentley] has twice seen [Earl Browder], who . . . [undeciphered] more precise picture. We will advise the results." The deciphered portions of the second December 11 cable read as follows: "On 6th December [Bentley] advised that . . . [undeciphered] . . . continue work." Nos. 1139–40, VENONA files.

Washington meeting between Nathan Gregory Silvermaster and Akhmerov in March 1944, the following month she raised a variety of objections to the Soviet operative's request that Silvermaster come to New York for a second talk. Instead, she informed Akhmerov—nominally her superior within Soviet intelligence—that Silvermaster would be unable to travel to New York until the end of summer, a delay the Russian found unacceptable. He appealed to Moscow once again to persuade Browder to transfer Silvermaster's group entirely to his control, given Bentley's potentially dangerous habit of meeting with as many as a half dozen or more sources, sometimes in small groups, on each trip to Washington.[47]

Pressure on Earl Browder by Akhmerov and New York station chief Zarubin, reflecting Moscow's instructions, led Browder to instruct Bentley on June 6 that, in future, Silvermaster would deal directly with Akhmerov.[48] Browder recognized, however, that with such transfers of agents from Bentley to direct Soviet control, his authority declined along with hers. Basically, after Jacob Golos's death, the NKGB's New York station tried to compartmentalize his network as quickly as possible while transferring agent management from Bentley to more professional Soviet operatives.

If Earl Browder could give up old sources, he could also replace them with newer ones. Thus, he instructed Bentley in April 1944 to contact another group of American Communist agents working in U.S. government posts in Washington, a network that included Victor Perlo ("Raid"), Charles Kramer ("Mole" or "Lot"), and others who wished to pass information to Soviet intelligence. Browder intended that Bentley act only as a courier with the group, whose efforts had been neglected by various Soviet operatives. However, she held a number of longer meetings with its members before complaints about her intrusiveness again came from the NKGB stations in Washington and New York.*[49]

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* The Perlo Group is discussed in Chapter 10. On Earl Browder's instructions to Elizabeth Bentley to meet with Victor Perlo and other agents in his group, see also the following 1944 VENONA cable: "On 27th April [Bentley] reported as follows: 'After [Jacob Golos's] death, [Earl Browder] . . . [undeciphered] . . . on [Browder's] instructions, [Golos] [undeciphered] . . . [Silvermaster] used to meet [Browder] before meeting me. In future if [Browder] permits my meeting with [Silvermaster]. . . . Even [Golos] used not to meet [Silvermaster] more often than once in six months.' Possibly she is making this up and exaggerating. At least . . . [undeciphered] exclusive control of the [agents] and expressed . . . fear

Although Akhmerov and other Soviet agents liked Elizabeth Bentley personally, the NKGB professionals were still concerned that she was more knowledgeable than they were about Soviet intelligence operations in the United States:

> She is a rather complicated and controversial character [Akhmerov wrote Moscow]. . . . she knows perfectly well that she is working for us. She, as a rule, carries out my instructions gladly and reports everything about our people to me. However, her behavior changes when I ask her to organize a meeting with [Silvermaster] for me or to connect some of the [American] probationers with our operative. She becomes an absolutely different person and . . . claims that she is not our operative, that she works for [Browder]. . . . Sometimes, by her remarks, I can feel that at heart, she doesn't like us [i.e., Russians]. She is inclined to distinguish us from compatriots [i.e., American Communists] and bitterly notices only our professional interest in different questions. She says that all of us [personally] care little about Americans, that the USSR is the only country we love and work for. I tried to explain that she is mistaken. . . .[50]

Akhmerov tried to defend the "dual loyalties" of Soviet agents such as Silvermaster and Perlo, but the native-born Bentley contemptuously dismissed both as more Russian than American. After the death of her Russian-born lover, in short, cultural tensions reinforced Elizabeth Bentley's growing alienation from Soviet espionage.

Although the gentle Akhmerov, always fascinated with American folkways, continued to trust Bentley—"I think she is undoubtedly one hundred percent our woman . . . [and] with a tactful attitude, friendly treatment, and firm businesslike relations, it is possible to correct her behavior,"[51] he wrote Moscow that spring—Pavel Fitin at NKGB headquarters was less certain: "It is necessary to take into consideration

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[that] we will contact them direct. It is essential that [Zarubin] or I should see [Browder] and come to an agreement: that the whole group and [Bentley] [undeciphered]. . . . I recommend [asking] . . . [undeciphered]. . . . For more than a year [Zarubin] and I tried to get in touch with PERLO and FLATO. For some reason or other [Browder] did not come to the meeting and has just decided to put [Bentley] in touch with the whole group. If we work with this group it will be necessary to remove her and [undeciphered]. . . ." Itzhak Akhmerov to Moscow, April 29, 1944, No. 588, VENONA files.

[her] unbalanced state and inconstancy (today, she says one thing; tomorrow another)."[52]

Eventually Akhmerov grew concerned over what he called Bentley's "morbid feelings" toward, and "bad and morbid remarks" about, her Soviet colleagues and their country. But he assured Moscow on June 25 that Bentley had changed her tune: "Now she tells me that her life is connected with us, that she doesn't have any other interests besides her work, and that she loves our country more than anything else . . . her entire life for the past years has been devoted to our work . . . and her life will lose its meaning without this work . . . except for us, she has nobody she can share her feelings and thoughts with. . . ."*

After having failed to prevent Akhmerov's takeover of many of her Washington sources, Bentley now reversed course and insisted "she wanted to be connected to a Soviet operative rather than to an American Communist" such as Browder, gaining Akhmerov's agreement to link her to one of "our senior operatives." Bentley even told her Russian supervisor that she wished to become a Soviet citizen and became for the moment "completely obedient."[53]

At that point, Akhmerov briefly abandoned his responsibilities as a spymaster for the role of matchmaker, informing Moscow:

> I would like to resolve [Bentley's] personal problem. As I wrote you, she is a rather attractive person. The major part of her personal time is devoted to our work. She is alone in her personal life. . . . If I could, I would give her in marriage to one of our operatives. If there is no one [here], why not send somebody from home? Send him as a Polish or Baltic refugee to South America or Canada. We'll arrange the rest. It will bring great happiness . . . for our operative.

Nor did Akhmerov lack specifications for the role: "He must be 35–45 years old, single. Think this proposal over. Maybe, you will approve the idea." An apparently interested Pavel Fitin in Moscow responded: "The question of a husband for her must be thought over."[54]

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* See also a July 11, 1944, cable on the situation from New York station to Moscow: "By post No. 5 of 7th July there was sent to you a detailed communication of [Akhmerov's] about [Bentley]. Here are the contents: [Bentley] is very much taking to heart the fact of [Akhmerov's] direct contact with [Silvermaster], evidently supposing that we do not trust her. [She is] offended at [Browder] for having consented to our liaison." No. 973, VENONA files.

Although some NKGB operatives by this time had become enamored of Elizabeth Bentley, both personally and professionally, her old protector Earl Browder now urged her separation from Soviet intelligence work. Browder was primarily concerned that Bentley's continued activity in managing not only World Tourist but yet another firm begun by Golos, the U.S. Shipping Corporation (which mailed packages to the Soviet Union), would bring increased FBI surveillance upon himself, Bentley, and all of their associates. Either she should continue working for Soviet intelligence, Browder argued, and sever her links to the companies, or she should focus on the "business" role alone, abandoning her work as an underground courier.*[55]

Earl Browder's complaint about Elizabeth Bentley backfired, leading to growing Soviet distrust of Browder, not Bentley. She encouraged this process by reporting to the NKGB in October 1944—falsely perhaps—that Browder had changed his view of Soviet intelligence and now called Bentley's work "dirty blackmail," urging American Communists to keep their distance from Russian operatives. Moreover, according to Bentley, Browder had complained that although he had rendered great assistance to Soviet intelligence, the USSR's operatives had done nothing for him.[56] Whether or not linked to this latest turn in Bentley's loyalties, Washington station chief Anatoly Gorsky informed her in November that she had been decorated with the Order of the Red Star. In response to the news, Gorsky informed Moscow, "she expressed cordial gratitude and assured me that she would work indefatigably to justify the reward."[57]

By the following month, however, Bentley's emotional restlessness resurfaced dramatically. In a meeting with Gorsky where they exchanged Christmas presents, Bentley informed her Russian colleague that he reminded her of Jacob Golos. It was difficult for a young and lonely woman to live without a man, she told him, noting that she thought more and more often about having a family. A flustered Gorsky, plainly hoping to avoid entanglement, immediately cabled Moscow stating that it was urgent to find a husband for Bentley. He repeated the concern expressed by Akhmerov six months earlier: "Think over the issue of [Bentley's] marriage," Gorsky told his superiors.[58]

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* "The People's Commissariat of Foreign Trade has already asked the [Amtorg Trading Corporation] three times about the expediency of continuing the contract with [Bentley's] firm and at the same time proposes to recommend it to other firms." New York station to Moscow, December 21, 1944, No. 1802, VENONA files.

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San Jose, California

Complaints about Elizabeth Bentley's tradecraft had increased by then, especially her intermingling of public and secret activities. In December 1944, Moscow learned from other American agents that Bentley's associates in the U.S. Shipping Corporation knew of her intelligence work, that she failed to recognize other Soviet agents following her, and that she was dangerously careless in her work: "Sometimes [Bentley] used her apartment for meetings with agents, and some . . . have her home telephone number."[59] Because the members of her network knew one another, "the entire organization is in such a state now that, if somebody began even a very superficial investigation, the entire group with its direct connections would be unmasked immediately," one of her adversaries wrote the station.[60] Virtually all of the professional operatives who dealt with her had come by then to similar conclusions.

Such inattention to the crucial details of her responsibilities as a courier may have reflected the primacy of personal matters for Bentley during the spring of 1945. Elizabeth's NKGB associates discovered that she had found a new lover, an American named Peter Heller. At the same time, Bentley pursued a second liaison with a female acquaintance. "Some time ago," Anatoly Gorsky reported to Moscow on June 27, " 'Irma' [a woman employed at the U.S. Shipping Corporation] told us indignantly about [Bentley's] proposal that she become her lover . . . [and] establish an intimate liaison with her 'despite the fact that she already has a male lover.' "

In conversations with NKGB supervisors, Bentley continued to complain about her "lack of a male friend to satisfy her natural needs." When confronted with "Irma's" assertions, Bentley told Gorsky (in his words) the following story: "At the beginning of May this year at her hotel, she became acquainted with a man [Peter Heller] waiting for a room there. That very day, they had intimate relations, and she began seeing him from time to time. [Bentley] showered compliments on the man and claimed that he would be an ideal husband for her." Gorsky continued questioning her about Heller, and Bentley "told us a number of details about her lover which left no doubts that he was an agent of the 'Hut' [the FBI] or one of 'Arsenal's' [the U.S. War Department's] counterintelligence." Gorsky urged Bentley to halt the romance and take a vacation, which she apparently did, "but it is difficult to say to what degree she left her lover."[61]

Bentley's own description of Peter Heller confirmed Gorsky's worst fears. Heller described himself as a lawyer and National Guard reserve officer who worked as an investigator for the government, verifying the qualifications of people recommended for promotion in the U.S.

Army—in other words, a military intelligence operative. "Overall now," Gorsky informed Moscow, "[Bentley] is a serious and dangerous burden for us here. She should be taken home [to the Soviet Union], but how to do it, frankly speaking, I don't know since she won't go illegally."

Even Bentley had concluded by then that Heller had worked for the FBI at some point, telling her that he had taken part in investigations of Communists and knew the Russian language.[62] As the romance continued, so did planning by her NKGB colleagues for Bentley's imminent (if involuntary) departure from the United States. "Some time ago," Gorsky reported to Moscow on September 10, "we began preparing her for removal from New York to another city or country to continue work for us there." Gorsky suggested that Bentley relocate "in a country where entry visas for Americans are not needed—Canada, Mexico, Brazil, etc. She has refused to leave New York illegally."[63]

Bentley told Gorsky that she wanted only to return to work at the U.S. Shipping Corporation, which she had left earlier that year. But Gorsky still believed that she should be taken to the Soviet Union. (Wartime restrictions precluded any obvious "legal" means of removing Bentley to the USSR.) Moscow responded on September 14, again urging Gorsky to convince Bentley to end her affair with Heller, but cautioned against further discussion with her about leaving America: "She understands what this is all about."

By that time, the NKGB believed (correctly, as it turned out) that Bentley "is evidently being actively cultivated" by U.S. counterintelligence agents and therefore Gorsky should not meet with her as frequently. Despite the warning signs, Moscow's response to the situation remained surprisingly paternal, suggesting that Bentley be offered another position and, if necessary, financial help: "After she is back from vacation, use her only on new talent-spottings and recruitments. . . . It is important for us to load [Bentley] up so much that she has no time to think too much [and] no time to practice romance, etc. Try to avoid using her for contact with old agents known to her and valuable to us. It would be good to give her in marriage, even with the help of [known] Communists."[64]

The situation did not improve. Gorsky reported on September 27 that Bentley had returned from vacation and met with him "semi-drunk." She declined Gorsky's suggestion that they meet at a later time and stated that "if I broke up the meeting, we would never see her any more . . . [and] that she drank in order to tell in a drunken state that which she did not dare discuss sober."[65]

Bentley demanded that either Gorsky provide new financing for her troubled U.S. Shipping Corporation or she would break off relations with her Soviet contacts. She expressed a willingness to testify before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, which was then about to question Earl Browder. She spoke incoherently about never dealing with Russians again since "all of them are gangsters and care only about Russia" and said that "she had hated us for ten years." At one point, Bentley even told Gorsky that "some time ago Heller made her an indirect proposal to become an FBI agent. . . . She allegedly turned down the proposal." As for the American Communist Party, she called it "a gang of foreigners." Regarding her beloved Golos, "only death prevented him from taking a most important decision all the nation would know about," presumably meaning his defection and exposure of his Soviet network. She claimed that one Soviet operative—Akhmerov—"tried to rape me," and, referring to another one, "as soon as I see him, I will kill him." Gorsky ended the conversation as quickly as possible and fixed their next meeting for the beginning of November.

In evaluating the confrontation for Moscow, Gorsky concluded that Bentley, "although working with us for a long time, is an alien and hostile to us personally. Judging by her behavior, she hasn't betrayed us yet, but we can't rely upon her. Unfortunately, she knows too much about us." His conclusion: "Taking into account that [Bentley] won't go anywhere voluntarily and she may damage us here very seriously, only one remedy is left—the most drastic one—to get rid of her."[66]

Moscow responded to this proposal to kill Bentley with more cautious counsel in an October 11 letter from the NKGB's Vsevolod Merkulov to Gorsky, who had traced Bentley's erratic behavior to "oddities of her character, shattered nerves and [an] unsettled private life."[67] Merkulov discounted the idea that Bentley would soon betray her associates, although "undoubtedly, her threats to communicate information about our work to American authorities known to her are a real danger." He urged Gorsky not to wait until November to meet Bentley again but, instead, to arrange an immediate "friendly" meeting: calm her down, remind her of past services, and offer her "necessary financial help (up to $3,000)" to end her complaints about being mistreated at the U.S. Shipping Corporation.

Merkulov also wrote that for Bentley to inform U.S. authorities about her Soviet intelligence links "is not only disadvantageous but also dangerous . . . [and] will harm her personally and [other] Americans." In addition, "take all necessary precautions with regard to yourself and other agents known to [Bentley]." He proposed reducing "as much as possible" her involvement in further secret work while keeping her under Soviet influence, maintaining "an appearance of our complete confidence in her and friendly interest in her private life."

Gorsky followed each point in Merkulov's instructions and reported on October 29 that Bentley had arrived completely sober for their next meeting, apologizing for her previous behavior. Gorsky gave her $2,000 at the meeting. Bentley expressed concern over the recent defection of Louis Budenz, an American Communist journalist, who had known Golos and been involved in Soviet intelligence efforts. She explained that after Golos's death she had occasionally met with Budenz until October 1944. Budenz knew not only her name and place of business but also about her involvement in Soviet espionage. Bentley asked for advice if questioned by the FBI about Budenz's defection and received Gorsky's instructions on this. Nevertheless, Gorsky reported to Moscow his surprise that Budenz's defection and his knowledge of Bentley's complicity did not seem to make her nervous.[68] The reason for this would become clear to the Soviet operative later that month: Elizabeth Bentley had already begun cooperating with the FBI.

Gorsky next met Bentley on November 21, at a New York restaurant. The subject turned first to the disputed ownership of the shipping company: Did it belong to the NKGB or to the American Communist Party, one of whose leading functionaries had visited Bentley to discuss the problem? Bentley seemed to be asking leading questions of Gorsky involving the relationship between the NKGB and the American Communist Party (Gorsky denied any), the Budenz situation, and the fate of other agents. Gorsky, in turn, asked Bentley about her liaison with Peter Heller, whom she claimed not to have seen recently, after discovering that he had a wife and two children. Nothing was said about Heller's background as an investigator.

After a long and relaxed discussion, Bentley and Gorsky left the restaurant, agreeing to meet again the following January. A few minutes later, Gorsky realized that he was being followed by three men in a car. He broke away from them and fled into a nearby subway station. Since Gorsky was certain that he had arrived at the meeting without surveillance, he concluded that Bentley had been followed to the restaurant.[69]

DEFECTION

On his return to Washington the next day, Gorsky received a cable from Moscow citing reliable information that Elizabeth Bentley had defected, instructing NKGB operatives in the United States to take appropriate precautions and not to meet with her again.[70] The New York station chief, Vladimir Pravdin, received the same cable.[71] Moscow's informant was Harold "Kim" Philby (code-named "Söhnchen" at the time), who told the NKGB's London station about the defection on November 20.

Philby was then privy to a great deal of U.S. intelligence material because of his responsibilities within British intelligence. He described exchanges among American, British, and Canadian security chiefs over common measures to be taken in response to information provided by Igor Gouzenko, a Soviet code clerk who had defected earlier that year in Canada. J. Edgar Hoover, according to Philby, asked that joint measures be postponed since the FBI had not yet completed its scrutiny of the Soviet agent network in the United States. According to Philby's cable, Hoover informed William Stephenson, British station chief in the United States, about Bentley:

> In early November 1945, Elizabeth Terrill Bentley came to the FBI and reported about her work at Global Tourist corporation in New York. The owner of this agency until 1943 was Jacob Golos. This agency and "The United States Shipping Corporation" were being used by Soviet intelligence for espionage activities. Cultivation of Golos's network by the Federal Bureau of Investigation revealed that Golos's agents penetrated into government circles. The FBI assumes that the network is controlled by the NKVD. It succeeded in spotting 30 Soviet agents at present, whose names the FBI [has] not yet given Stephenson.[72]

Philby's devastating information concerning Bentley's defection could not be kept from the Soviet Union's leadership for long. On November 24, the NKGB's Vsevolod Merkulov sent a carefully designed report to Stalin, Molotov, and Beria. Its first part concerned information on the aftermath of Gouzenko's defection, which had been known previously.* The next section, however, traced the major consequence in the United States of the Gouzenko episode—intensified FBI surveillance of Soviet citizens and American Communists suspected of intelligence involvement. The recent embarrassing defection of Louis Budenz, then editor of the *Daily Worker,* was duly noted along with his link to Golos's network from 1940 to 1943. As for Golos,

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* Gouzenko's defection on September 5, 1945, provoked intense concern by Soviet intelligence chiefs in Moscow over protecting their agent networks not only in Canada and the United States but in England. Several September 1945 cables from Moscow to the NKGB's London station describe the situation, including this September 18 instruction to one London-based operative: "As I am thinking of relieving you of the burden of meetings with the valuable agent network, thus ensuring that it is protected from compromise (this is because of . . . the disruption

> he coordinated a large number of informers, members of the CPUSA, working in various American institutions. Golos, using this group, whose composition he kept secret from our U.S. station until 1943, passed us various [items of] secret information. In November 1943, Golos died, and the management of both his organization, World Tourist, and of Golos's information network passed to his closest assistant, Elizabeth Bentley.[73]

Merkulov's memo went on to describe Bentley as "from 1936 to 1938, agent of the Main Intelligence Directorate of the General Staff of the Red Army," the GRU, before being transferred "with [Browder's] permission" to Golos's operation as its courier.* After explaining the steps taken by operatives in the United States to shift to direct Soviet control Bentley's "large group of informers whose identities were unknown to us," Merkulov speculated that "Bentley's betrayal might have been caused by her fear of being unmasked by the renegade Budenz who . . . knew about [her] participation in Soviet intelligence work in the U.S."

Considering the dangers posed by Elizabeth Bentley's cooperation with the FBI, Merkulov informed Stalin and his associates that all station chiefs of the NKGB in America had been instructed "to cease immediately their connection with all persons known to Bentley in our work [and] to warn the agents about Bentley's betrayal. . . ." The Soviet operatives with whom Bentley had dealt were recalled to the Soviet Union.[74] Understandably, Merkulov neglected to inform Stalin about

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in our work [in Canada] and the intensification of counter-measures against us which is being carried out in [Great Britain]), do you not consider that it would be advisable to transfer 'JOHNSON' to 'BORIS's' control [both names unidentified] and leave you only with 'STANLEY' ["Kim" Philby's new code name] and 'HICKS' [Guy Burgess]?" No. 47. See also Moscow to London station, September 17, 1945, No. 46; September 21, 1945 (2), Nos. 34, 43; VENONA files.

* Since no information corroborates Merkulov's assertion that Bentley—and Golos—had links to the GRU at any point, the statement may have been an attempt to share with "the neighbors" in military intelligence the responsibility (and blame) for Bentley's defection.

the November 21 meeting, stating instead that a late October meeting had been the last with Bentley. He also chose not to describe his response to Gorsky's suggestion earlier that fall that Bentley be removed to the Soviet Union because of the dangers of defection, a proposal with which Merkulov had disagreed.

Because of her extensive knowledge of the Soviet agent networks that she and Golos had coordinated, Elizabeth Bentley managed virtually overnight to freeze all active NKGB intelligence activity in the United States, a condition confirmed by Moscow's November 23 instructions to Anatoly Gorsky:

> 1. To cease connection with "Ruble," "Mole," "Izra," "Raid," "Sid," "Tan," "Page," "Gore," "Muse," "Hare," "Adam," "Arena," "X."*
>
> 2. To communicate to "X," "Mole," "Ruble," "Raid," and "Adam" under strict secrecy that halting all contact was caused by [Bentley's] betrayal. To warn them that, if American counterintelligence summoned them or took measures against them (interrogation, threats, arrest, etc.) they should deny their secret connections with [Bentley], stating that her testimony was a lie and provocation by the authorities. As counterintelligence may have arranged some meetings with [Bentley], they shouldn't deny simply being acquainted with her.
>
> 3. The aforementioned sources should cease all connections with their subsources; [but] they should not inform them about the real reason for halting contact. Mention, instead, intensified counterintelligence activity against Communists and progressive elements in the U.S.
>
> 4. Documents from American government institutions [and] other documents and notes which could compromise agents and their subsources should not have been kept at their homes. If they existed, they should be destroyed immediately. Personal meetings should be minimized.

The memorandum also instructed Soviet operatives to cease temporarily connection with other functioning agents, in addition to those mentioned specifically, and to provide those agents receiving salaries with their stipends for the next three to four months. Moreover, "all the files and notes in the station should be reviewed, and unnecessary ones should be destroyed personally by [Anatoly Gorsky]," who, the memo concluded, was asked "what measures could be taken with regard to [Bentley]?"[75]

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* The references are code names for the following Soviet agents: "Ruble" (Harold Glasser), "Mole" (Charles Kramer), "Izra" (Donald Wheeler), "Raid" (Victor Perlo), "Sid" (Allen Rosenberg), "Tan" (name omitted), "Page" (Lauchlin Currie), "Gore" (unknown), "Muse" (Helen Tenney), "Hare" (Maurice Halperin), "Adam" (Eva Getsov), and "X" (Joseph Katz).

Similar instructions were sent to the New York station chief Vladimir Pravdin ("Sergei") as well as to Itzhak Akhmerov, whose sources—"Art," "Berg," "Echo," and "Robert"—should also "have been informed about Bentley's betrayal."* Nathan Gregory Silvermaster (whose code name had been changed in 1944 from "Pal" to "Robert"), coordinated a number of other American informants within the government and was specifically instructed to "cease getting information from his subsources and minimize ordinary meetings with them without explaining the real reason." Bernard Schuster, also, was to be told the truth about Bentley's defection, which Moscow blamed on Budenz's earlier betrayal. Moreover, "[Schuster] should have let Earl Browder know about it."[76]

Both Akhmerov and Pravdin were ordered home once these instructions had been fulfilled. On November 26, Moscow sent Anatoly Gorsky, who had met frequently with Bentley, a cable ordering him back to the Soviet Union for "vacation leave."

Because his NKGB superiors assumed that FBI agents had photographed Gorsky's last meeting with Bentley, the November 26 cable stated also that Moscow's most important concern was to avoid exposing its British agent "Homer" (Donald Maclean), then stationed in Washington, to American counterintelligence: "All meetings with him should have stopped, and both password and conditions of a future meeting been arranged."[77]

From his London post, Philby continued to be an invaluable source of information on these North American matters. Thus he reported to Moscow on November 26 that, despite pressure from British intelligence, the Canadians had held back arresting Soviet agents in their country until the FBI completed its interrogation of Elizabeth Bentley.[78] Merkulov also conveyed to Stalin, Molotov, and Beria another Philby contribution, the draft text of the statement to be made by Canadian Prime Minister Mackenzie King at the time of these arrests.[79]

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* "Art" (unknown), "Berg" (Alexander Koral), "Berg's" wife (Helen Koral), and "Echo" (Bernard Schuster).

The following day, Anatoly Gorsky responded to his superiors' request for a recommendation regarding Elizabeth Bentley. Although he urged her "liquidation," Gorsky could not think of an immediate method of killing her. Since Gorsky's memo described her daily routine in great detail, an NKGB operative may have been following her even before the FBI began doing so.

Gorsky discussed and rejected in his November 27 memo a variety of options: shooting Bentley (too noisy), arranging a car or subway accident (too risky), and faking a suicide (too chancy). In connection with the last option, Gorsky noted that he had selected agent "X" (Joseph Katz) for the task of eliminating Bentley. However, organizing a phony suicide would prove difficult because the intended victim was "a very strong, tall and healthy woman, and 'X' was not feeling well lately." In the end, Gorsky decided that a slow-acting poison should be administered to Bentley, something "X" could place on a pillow or handkerchief or in her food.[80] Again, as earlier that year, Vsevolod Merkulov exerted Moscow's restraint upon Gorsky's exuberant plans, cautioning in response to his "liquidation" letter: "No measures should be taken with regard to [Bentley]. It is arranged with Comrade Beria."[81] In short, the NKGB's leadership had its own plans for the latest defector.

Meanwhile, Philby continued to monitor the situation for Moscow from London as a one-man damage control unit. He evaluated Bentley's interviews with the FBI and even reported on December 4 the list of forty-one Soviet agents and their American sources whom Bentley had identified for the FBI.[82]

Somehow her designated executioner, Joseph Katz ("X") escaped mention on that list and left shortly thereafter for a new European assignment. Over the next several years, Elizabeth Bentley would testify before congressional committees and government agency security hearings regarding her relationships as a Communist agent and courier. NKGB leaders had not given up, however, on the idea of somehow eliminating this pivotal former participant in their American espionage networks. On August 16, 1947, Moscow asked the Paris NKGB station chief to meet with Joseph Katz to review the prospects for eliminating Bentley, fearful especially of her testimony in any court trials of American agents that might be held. The Paris station reported back on August 25 that Katz was prepared to undertake the assignment. Again, however, Moscow backed down and urged that the matter be studied further before a final decision was taken.[83]

The KGB archives mention an unsuccessful search for Elizabeth

Bentley's whereabouts as late as 1955.[84] By that time, however, Bentley had long abandoned her turbulent years as Jacob Golos's lover and courier for a more public afterlife of congressional hearing and trial witness, lecturer, and memoirist as America's notorious "Red Spy Queen."

CHAPTER 6

Double Agent/ Hollywood Hustler: The Case of Boris Morros

IF A PRIZE had been awarded to Soviet intelligence's longest-serving American agent during the Stalin era, undoubtedly it would have gone to Boris Morros, a minor Hollywood producer-director and the owner of a failed record company, whose career began in 1934 and ended in the mid-1950s. Morros spent the last decade of his work for Soviet intelligence doubling as an agent for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He gained notoriety in 1957, at the age of sixty-two, when he went public with "revelations" of Soviet espionage in appearances before congressional Red-hunting committees, media interviews, press conferences, and in a melodramatic memoir—*My Ten Years as a Counter-Spy.* He also served as chief prosecution witness that same year, helping to convict three associates on charges related to spying for the Soviet Union.

Morros became involved with Soviet intelligence almost by accident, after a May 1934 meeting at the Soviet Consulate in New York with Peter Gutzeit on a family matter. Morros had brought his father, then visiting the United States, to the consulate, and Gutzeit, in his cover role as diplomat, discussed items that the senior Morros was allowed to bring with him on returning to the USSR. Boris asked Gutzeit's assistant, an operative code-named "Ossip," to facilitate his father's return through Soviet diplomatic channels.[1]

Born in St. Petersburg in 1895, the younger Morros had immigrated to the United States while most of his family remained in Russia. He explained to Gutzeit that he was a movie director at Paramount Pictures in Hollywood, offering to assist Soviet organizations in the United States. But the creative Gutzeit envisioned a more important service for Morros to perform, describing it in a memo to Moscow: "During a conversation with [Morros], I got the impression that he might be used to place our operatives in Paramount offices situated in every country and big city."

Gutzeit assigned "Ossip" to sound Morros out on whether he would assist a Soviet operative in finding employment using an overseas Paramount office as a cover identity. "Ossip" found Morros favorably inclined, "pointing out that now we knew him well, that we trusted him, that we knew about his brothers—senior officials in the USSR. Apparently, he was flattered and claimed he was trustworthy."[2]

"Ossip" learned that Paramount was opening an office in Berlin and asked Morros to place an NKVD operative in that pivotal office: "[Morros] claimed absolutely calmly that . . . he was ready to arrange this when there was an opportunity . . . [and] that he would recommend this man as his good acquaintance. . . ." At a subsequent meeting on August 21, 1934, Morros informed "Ossip" that Paramount's Berlin office would be opened shortly. Through a company friend who managed its foreign department he would assist in placing an operative there on condition that the person not be Jewish, know some German, and "understand and know something" about the motion picture industry. Morros also asked to meet the designated agent before he traveled to Berlin.[3]

Using an American motion picture company as foreign cover for "illegals" corresponded with the priorities of Soviet espionage in and from the United States during this period. The United States was not the major target of NKVD attention but a listening post for gathering especially governmental and military information on threats to the USSR from Germany and Japan, paying close attention also to American foreign policy toward these countries. Gutzeit's Moscow superiors responded enthusiastically to the notion of infiltrating someone into Paramount's Berlin office: "We are attracted to the possibility of placing our illegals in capitalist firms [especially in Europe and the Far East]."[4] The Center assigned a leading operative to the Berlin post: Vassily Zarubin (then code-named "Katya"), accompanied by his wife and NKVD colleague, Elizabeth.

The Zarubins traveled to the United States to meet with Morros, and Gutzeit then cabled Moscow: "There is neither vacillation nor fear on [Morros's] part, though he knows and understands that this is not a usual service [performed for] a Soviet official. . . ."[5] Until Zarubin had taken up his post, the New York station chief rejected Moscow's request that he talk to Morros about placing additional agents elsewhere in Europe. Gutzeit cautioned his colleagues that they would have to begin to prepare carefully for such a new cover assignment:

> . . . [It] is necessary to teach the film industry to those comrades selected for this cover, so that placing [them] in the firm is not fictitious but real. The man working at the firm [Paramount] must know either the production, mechanical, or commercial part; otherwise, he will not make it. . . .
>
> I think this is a good form of preparation for our illegal cadre. The man will be well trained in production [and] find himself in a situation providing an opportunity . . . to know and study the language [and] make connections and acquaintances that he can count on later, which is very important for every illegal. . . . I would recommend using Paramount as a cover [also] for our Far Eastern operatives.[6]

Through Boris Morros's intervention, by autumn 1934, Vassily Zarubin was working at Paramount's Berlin office. Gutzeit's Moscow colleagues were extremely pleased with the development, cabling him on October 5: "We consider the matter with [Zarubin] settled. Now we are interested in the possibility of placing our operatives at Paramount, first of all in Harbin, China, and Japan. You are absolutely right that one shouldn't press too much on [Morros], for he may get scared. Anyway, he is a valuable acquisition who must be taken care of."[7]

Boris Morros had already begun the practice with Soviet intelligence, which he would continue in the two decades ahead, of exaggerating his position and relationships. He informed the New York station that he had been promoted to "director of the firm's entire production in Hollywood." Quick to seize upon this announcement, Gutzeit reported to Moscow that "we asked [Morros] about taking one or two people for training in his studios. He agrees, but . . . [at the moment] can't tell exactly how he will be able to achieve this in practice."[8] Although Morros (to whom the NKVD assigned the code name "Frost") continued to discuss the possibility of using Paramount Studios as a training program for Soviet "illegals," he never implemented the proposal. Instead, he spent much of the following year visiting his dying mother in the USSR, a trip organized by his new NKVD associates.[9]

Gutzeit and his colleagues reassessed their fascination with Boris

Morros after a New York station operative ("Archimedes") paid a surprise visit to Paramount Studios in December 1935. The agent had been sent to Hollywood to give Morros cash to be forwarded to Vassily Zarubin in Berlin and to conclude an arrangement for NKVD "apprentices" to be placed in other positions at Paramount.

"Archimedes's" trip report, however, was discouraging. He tried to contact Morros at the studio for several days, only to be turned away by his secretary. Phone calls also proved futile. Finally, when he suggested an NKVD connection by telling Morros's secretary that he "had come from New York with regards from [Boris's] close relatives," Morros took the agent's call and agreed to a meeting: "By his tone of voice," "Archimedes" wrote Gutzeit, "I felt he was not very pleased about my arrival."[10]

Morros agreed to forward the funds to Zarubin. As for placing additional NKVD operatives at Paramount, he said that it would be difficult to respond immediately "since I don't know how to do it," promising an answer the following day. Meanwhile, in checking for a studio phone number, "Archimedes" discovered that Morros was simply "a director of the musical subdepartment of the firm's production department," not, as he had claimed, Paramount's top director. To avoid embarrassing Morros, the New York operative did not confront him on this deception.

At a subsequent meeting, Morros admitted to his actual subordinate role at Paramount and blamed that for his inability to place NKVD "apprentices" at the studio. He promised to meet in New York several months later to review the situation, but by then "Archimedes" had become thoroughly skeptical of the man's reliability. How would Morros use Paramount to send funds to Zarubin if he was only a minor functionary? Morros asked that the station warn him by letter nearly a week in advance before coming to see him again.[11]

Peter Gutzeit was livid when he received "Archimedes's" report, which (he wrote Moscow) "makes our relations with [Morros] absolutely clear. . . . [If] all his machinations since his return from the Soviet Union were not evidence of his desire to break with us, now it has become a fact. . . . Anyway, we are not going to leave him, and in 2–3 months will meet with him again and seek the contribution he promised."[12]

Another New York station operative ("Tan") met next with Morros in California, this time mainly to transfer additional funds to Vassily Zarubin in Berlin. After returning to New York, "Tan" reported his shock at discovering that Morros's secretary "is aware of all his negotiations with our people." Apparently, she knew of his involvement in Zarubin's placement with Paramount: "[Zarubin's] file . . . is kept by that secretary. She knows the name under which [Zarubin] is there. The file contains all the letters [from Morros] to [Zarubin] about money transfers, etc." When "Tan" berated him for working in this transparent manner, Morros responded: "The more open, the better."[13]

Despite his refusal to infiltrate Paramount's Hollywood studios with Soviet operatives, for the next several years Morros continued to serve as a liaison for money transfers and possibly other tasks related to Zarubin's important "cover" posting in Berlin. Those in the New York station critical or skeptical of his sincerity as an agent, including Peter Gutzeit, had returned to, and been purged in, the Soviet Union by 1938, while Morros retained one influential supporter then rising in NKVD ranks.

After his return to Moscow in June 1938, Vassily Zarubin wrote to his superiors about the Berlin assignment, defending Morros's important contribution to his work: "For all this time, [Morros] worked exceptionally carefully and fulfilled all of our operative's* instructions and directives to the smallest details, not once allowing a break in supplying money or in maintaining business correspondence, providing our operative with additional documents of his firm as we needed these."[14] Zarubin's memorandum, which blamed the New York station's handlers for not recognizing the value of Morros's relationships, laid the groundwork for greater future effort to cultivate him:

> [Morros] has a colossal circle of acquaintances and connections both in the U.S. and in Europe, but being out of touch with our guidance and excessively busy with his firm's work, he could not develop and give these connections to us.
>
> We never paid much or even sufficient attention to [Morros]. Since he has been living far from our centers of work, [NKVD operatives] met very rarely with him and were not concerned with his education.

Zarubin believed that, if cultivated appropriately, Morros

> may and must be used mainly as a man who can provide legalization to our people—or rather, supply them with documents confirming that this or that operative is involved in his firm's busi-

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* Zarubin wrote about himself in the third person, a normal style in official NKVD correspondence.

> ness. As the practice [in Berlin] showed, those documents are so good that they are quite sufficient for settling and receiving a residence permit under the most difficult conditions of our underground work.

Morros's role in sending funds to him in Germany supposedly from Paramount, Zarubin argued, demonstrated that he can further legitimize Soviet agents by providing them with sources of income. This could be done, Zarubin concluded, in "all the countries of the world," although it might be more difficult in particularly small nations. As for the United States, he still believed that Morros—if energized—could find work for "illegals" at Paramount and help others with entry visas.

Zarubin had persuaded himself that Morros was a prominent figure in his industry and in the United States. His memorandum asserted inaccurately that "in the movie business, [Morros] is a man with a world name." Nor, in the antifascist climate of the decade, did his reputation as a liberal openly sympathetic to the USSR hinder "his status in the firm and in society."

As for Morros's secretary handling his affairs with Soviet intelligence, Zarubin did not object but supported the practice "since it legalizes our people even more, because everything is being done not in secret but fully, or three-quarters, officially." The secretary in question had worked for Morros for ten years, was used mainly for administrative tasks, but had "never been let into the essence of the matter." The process did not disturb Zarubin, who had remained in Berlin from 1934 to 1938 living undetected as a Paramount employee, and his enthusiastic endorsement of Morros concluded: "Everything this man says or promises he always does. This is confirmed by having worked with him for almost four years."[15]

During an interrogation at Lubyanka Prison late that year, Peter Gutzeit—perhaps after Zarubin's memo had been read to him—provided a more restrained but still positive endorsement of the value of Boris Morros as an agent:

> [He] considers himself a political friend of the USSR and is ready to render any help he can. He was never paid. Due to the character of his work, [Morros] could be used as a talent-spotter for recruiting people he knows in Hollywood, who could be useful in [our] work and for providing covers for our illegals working in other countries. . . . [He] has exceptionally wide connections among actors and movie people in Hollywood, but these were not

> used because in the West [western USA] the station had no constant base. Developing . . . [Morros's] connections may yield interesting results.[16]

Perhaps the only episode that might have changed Gutzeit's skeptical attitude toward Morros involved a Hungarian composer named George Sebastian, who lived in the USSR for a long time but settled in Hollywood in 1937. Morros provided the New York station with a report on the "dreadful stories about horrors in the USSR" that Sebastian told his movie industry friends. The report was much appreciated in Moscow (as indicated in a late-November 1937 cable) during the height of the purge hysteria, when the pursuit of "people's enemies," "Trotskyites," and "foreign spies" preoccupied Soviet authorities.

The NKVD's conclusion, in response to Morros's report—"We have grounds to believe that Sebastian is a German spy and has many connections in the Soviet Union"—did not bode well for Sebastian's longevity upon his scheduled return to the USSR (as it turned out, Sebastian was denied reentry).[17] Peter Gutzeit was executed the following year as an "enemy of the people" and, in 1940, Morros's brother Alexander was arrested and put to death "for taking part in a counterrevolutionary Trotskyite terrorist organization."[18] Even Morros's father was threatened with arrest in March 1940 on similar charges.[19]

But the hustler's luck held (as in the case of Zarubin's fortuitous return to Moscow and praise of Morros two years earlier), and his prestige within the NKVD suddenly was enhanced again due to a completely unforeseen occurrence. Stalin's closest associate in supervising the ongoing purge of Soviet life, Lavrenty Beria, informed his underlings in Soviet intelligence that he remembered having worked for the Cheka in Azerbaijan when (in his words) it "exported oil and imported sugar" through Boris Morros!*[20] What greater "legitimization" short of Stalin's own imprimatur could the Hollywood producer have received from the Soviet hierarchy?

Later that year, Moscow instructed the New York station chief, Gaik Ovakimyan, to contact Morros. The two met in New York on November 2, 1940, and Ovakimyan reported that "[Morros], as before, treats us well." Morros expressed his regret that the NKVD had been out of touch for the past two years and noted that, during this period, he had launched an independent motion picture company in Los Angeles. The station proposed several ideas for activating Morros's immediate involvement in its work, which he rejected.[21]

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* Although Beria most likely confused Morros with someone else, Boris Morros (who was told of Beria's comment by an NKVD operative in the United States) would boast in the years ahead about his friendship with the fearsome Beria.

Only after his friend and former associate, Vassily Zarubin (now code-named "Maxim"), arrived in the United States in December 1941 did Moscow develop plans for utilizing Morros's services that appealed to him. During a New York rendezvous, the two agreed that Morros would organize covers for two Soviet "illegals" in Switzerland. One would be assigned to negotiate the removal of a Swiss ban on a recent movie produced by Morros (*Flying Duo*), proscribed at the request of the French Embassy because the movie satirized the French Foreign Legion. Thus did Morros launch a pattern of promoting his own interests while assisting Soviet intelligence. The second "illegal" would be placed as a diamond trader with a Swiss friend of Morros's. In addition, he agreed to provide a Los Angeles cover identity for an "illegal" code-named "Nora" and, at Zarubin's request, to try and establish yet another cover identity for Itzhak Akhmerov upon his return to the United States.[22]

Morros, in turn, exacted from Zarubin and other NKVD officials their promise to assist his relatives who were now refugees from advancing German troops in the city of Omsk. At his request, Soviet intelligence arranged for better housing and food as well as a monthly stipend. Mendel Moroz, Boris's father, was issued a rare wartime exit permit, allowing him to come to the United States in September 1942.[23]

Later news of the Moroz family, learned from Zarubin, included word of the arrest and imprisonment (in 1943 and 1944) of Boris's two brothers, Yuli and Savely, on charges similar to those that had led to the execution of his brother Alexander in 1940. In both cases, the NKGB intervened. Yuli and Savely were released from prison to Red Army units; they subsequently became decorated soldiers.[24]

Concerned that the persistent harassment of his family members might affect Boris's attitude toward the Soviet Union, Vassily Zarubin monitored his friend closely: "I got the impression," Zarubin wrote Moscow, "that these affairs did not move [Morros]. He remained a man devoted to us. He may be relied on." True to form, Morros had other things on his mind.

"Some months ago," Zarubin reported in 1943, Morros "put forward to me a commercial proposal. . . ." Before passing along the proposal to Moscow, however, Zarubin had wanted to be certain of Morros's loyalty to the Soviet Union; now convinced, he strongly supported the idea.[25]

Using funds provided by the NKGB, Morros would establish a music publishing house in the United States—a business that could also serve as a cover for Soviet "illegals." Since Moscow could not provide funds for such a project at the time, Zarubin approached "the Red millionaire," Martha Dodd's husband, Alfred Stern ("Louis"). Zarubin's superiors in Moscow endorsed the project and assigned the code name "Chord."

Soviet intelligence's adventure in the American commercial music industry was launched at a September 1944 meeting of Morros and Stern brokered by Zarubin. The enterprise that unfolded resembled the classic film comedy *The Producers*, substituting for that movie's famous song line ("Springtime for Hitler and Germany") a chorus of "Autumn for Stalin and Motherland." Zarubin described the venture's opening phase to Vsevolod Merkulov in Moscow: "At the first meeting . . . we discussed all the questions of principle. I repeated once more that [Stern] wouldn't have the right to interfere in ["Chord's"] operational and commercial essence. . . . Afterward, the lawyers drew up an agreement."[26]

The New York station chief became enmeshed in the project's "operational and commercial essence." Zarubin told Merkulov that plans for the company already underway, led by the energetic Boris Morros, included contests involving South American composers, with the winners and best works signed to contracts, and negotiations with well-known conductors Leopold Stokowski and (in Paris) Serge Koussevitzky for purchasing their works. Morros had already acquired record production equipment for a Los Angeles plant he intended to purchase. In addition, he had already begun to promote the new company to broadcasting networks, orchestras, and motion picture studios:* "In fact," Zarubin proudly informed his Moscow colleague, " 'Chord' has already begun practical activities. . . . Financially, it will be ready this winter for use as a cover but, if we needed [it] even earlier . . . , we could send people under 'Chord's' flag right now."[27]

Only one problem related to the new company's "commercial essence," Zarubin informed Merkulov, remained unresolved: "Our judicial rights and interests in 'Chord' are not insured. We can trust [Morros]. He will not run away with money, but [if he died], all rights to this business would fall into his heirs' hands. . . . [But] at the moment, we have no people to put into 'Chord' as joint owners."

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* "On one of his previous visits to Los Angeles [in the late 1930s or early 1940s], [composer Igor] Stravinsky had been escorted around the Paramount lot by music chief Boris Morross [*sic*], who was ardently campaigning for the studio to hire contemporary composers for contemporary pictures." Gary Marmorstein, *Hollywood Rhapsody: Movie Music and its Makers, 1900–1975* (New York: Schirmer Books, 1997), p. 88; see also p. 109.

Zarubin's detailed memorandum also alerted Moscow to Morros's new NKGB handler, Jack Soble ("Abraham"), who was assigned to oversee the Hollywood entrepreneur in the early spring of 1944. Zarubin's account states plainly how the station tried to develop careful cover stories (or "legends") for such relationships:

> [Soble's] wife [Myra Soble, another Soviet citizen and NKVD operative like her husband, Jack] wrote some music and sent it for [Morros's] approval. In reality, the music was written by [Morros], but in ["Chord's"] files there is special correspondence with [Soble's] wife. Hence, they cover their acquaintanceship further by alleging that on one of [Morros's] trips to [New York], [Soble] and his wife visited him to find out the fate of her work and, in that way, they met.

Nevertheless, Zarubin concluded, it would be risky to make Jack Soble a co-owner of "Chord" since he was a Soviet citizen. This could draw additional attention from the FBI, which, apparently, had already indicated its interest in Boris Morros.[28]

As station chief, Vassily Zarubin felt especially troubled by Morros's improbable account of recent possible FBI scrutiny, as reported to Moscow later that year:

> On [Morros's] last trip to [New York] last July [1944], he did not come to a rendezvous with [Soble] because he spotted a surveillance on him. In [his] words, the story of this surveillance is the following. [Morros] has friendly relations with "Captain's" deputy.* Flying out to us [on Wallace's trip to the USSR] and China, [Wallace] stopped off in San Francisco, phoned [Morros], and asked him to come see him. [Morros] went immediately and spent some hours with [Wallace] at his hotel. After returning to [Los Angeles] . . . , [Morros's] son noticed a car following them. . . . On his latest visit to [New York], [Morros] again spotted surveillance on him.

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* "Captain" was an NKGB code name for President Roosevelt, and the "deputy" was probably a reference to Vice President Henry Wallace.

> There may be several reasons for this surveillance. The competitors could have begun cultivating him in connection with his father's arrival from the USSR, but I am inclined to think—and [Morros] shares this opinion—that just meeting with [Wallace] was the reason for surveillance.
>
> When [Morros] once came to [Alfred Stern's] apartment with a certain artist wearing glasses, upon leaving . . . [Stern] was warned by the doorman that his guests were being followed. The doorman had been approached by an [FBI] agent and asked where a short fat man and the other one in glasses had gone.[29]

Despite his professional experience, Zarubin had succumbed in this instance to a condition that normally affected only his junior colleagues. His judgment was impaired by personal devotion to an agent. Three and a half years as the American contact for Zarubin during his sojourn in Berlin, Morros's protestations of devotion to the Communist cause, and his nonstop name-dropping of prominent American figures as friends or acquaintances all captivated Zarubin. The station chief abandoned his normal vigilance and placed his trust in "the short fat man's" unlikely explanation of Bureau surveillance.

Zarubin left the United States in August 1944, and both Boris Morros and the "Chord" project continued without NKGB supervision or attention in the year that followed. Only in the spring of 1945 did Jack Soble resume contact with Morros in Los Angeles, spending ten days inspecting the troubled business. Alfred Stern joined them to review his $130,000 investment. The visit was duly reported to the New York station and, from there, to Moscow.*[30]

At one point, Morros and Stern argued vehemently about how Zarubin's original proposal to Stern had been altered: "The initial idea was to publish music, not to build a record [producing] plant." Morros then tried to explain the economics of the music industry, that the "popularization of any song or dance music is currently accomplished with recordings, not through music [publishing]." But Soble recognized (as did Stern) that Morros was attempting to subvert the raison d'être of the scheme:

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* "[Akhmerov] sent a confidential memorandum from [Alfred Stern] that was handed over to [Akhmerov] through [Boris Morros's] wife. [Stern] is complaining about [Morros and] emphasizes that unless prompt drastic measures of reorganization are taken, the whole business is doomed to failure. To the memorandum are attached a series of corroborating documents. Advise whether to telegraph the contents of the memorandum in more detail and what instructions to give [Akhmerov]. Take into account that I am not abreast of the scheme." New York station to Moscow, December 27, 1944, No. 1824, VENONA files. An entire series of cables from New York to Moscow regarding Stern's complaints about the music company followed. See New York station to Moscow, January 3, 1945, Nos. 4–5; January 4, 1945, No. 11; and Nos. 18–19; VENONA files.

> . . . Boris, having fallen for music [Soble reported to Moscow], almost forgot about the main idea, i.e., that . . . music is only a means of fulfilling our central goal, that is penetration [by providing "cover" identities to Soviet operatives] into a number of countries neighboring the U.S. Publishing music would require an insignificant financial investment, and we could open branches wherever we need.[31]

Morros opposed his visitors' suggestion that he resume the initial plan for a music *publishing* company, first making it successful in the United States before expanding abroad.

"Chord" was close to collapse at the time of Soble's 1945 inspection. Of Alfred Stern's $130,000 investment, only $6,500 remained in a New York bank account. Morros also claimed that he had put $62,000 of his own funds into the enterprise, and he had a simple if brazen solution to the cash-flow problem: Moscow should provide "an immediate investment of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars"!

Alfred Stern provided the NKGB with his own proposal for rescuing the business, which involved replacing Morros as the head of "Chord" with an "impartial administrator" who also worked for Soviet intelligence. Stern wanted nothing more to do with Boris Morros. Soble, on the other hand, was more directly critical of Vassily Zarubin for "having blindly entrusted Boris with such a huge fortune" (in 1997 dollars, Stern's $130,000 investment was the equivalent of over $1.2 million) and for having agreed to Morros's demand that, despite his investment, Stern not participate in managing the business.

Soble was also angered by Boris Morros's obsessive commercialism, and his irritation increased when Morros proposed that Moscow immediately invest $150,000 in his company. In addition, Boris wanted his $62,000 investment back because he needed money for a movie. "This is strange and incomprehensible," Soble's memo to Moscow observed, "because Boris considers himself a comrade, is deeply devoted to our cause, and allegedly believes strongly in the future success of the firm."[32]

Under the circumstances and despite Morros's schemes for promoting the company—for example, bringing conductor Leopold

Stokowski to Leningrad to perform and record Tchaikovsky's symphonies with that city's orchestra—Soble considered further investment in the company "an illusion." Nor was Soble impressed by another of Morros's alleged projects, a nine-record set of the Vatican Chorus performing in the United States, arranged through a niece of New York's politically influential Cardinal Francis Spellman.

In the end, Soble urged that the New York station remove Morros as manager of "Chord," that the record plant be sold, and that Alfred Stern's money be repaid from the proceeds. Especially troubling to Soble was Morros's operational carelessness in their contacts. He reported that on several occasions, Boris had held conversations with him in his Los Angeles apartment, which would have revealed to the FBI—if it had been listening—their real connection. Apparently, by that time, Morros had begun playing his double game: identifying for American counterintelligence a key Soviet operative such as Soble, while demanding additional funds from Moscow and continuing to interest the NKGB with his alleged influential contacts.

Beginning in 1945, when the supportive Vassily Zarubin was replaced as Morros's Soviet contact by a skeptical but less-sophisticated Jack Soble, Boris's name-dropping increased dramatically. And with the onset of his years of dual collaboration with Soviet intelligence and American counterintelligence, Boris exploited the NKGB's fascination with relationships (real or imagined) that he claimed to enjoy. Thus Morros described for Soble his link to Lavrenty Beria and asserted, also, that while Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov was in New York, Zarubin had brought them together for a forty-minute talk.[33]

After his trip to Hollywood, Soble was transferred to the NKGB's Washington station, then headed by Anatoly Gorsky. He, in turn, informed Moscow in early June 1945 of Soble's account of Boris's indiscreet behavior: ". . . [Morros] knows for what organization he works, does not mind boasting of it, and sometimes, absolutely out of place, mentions his acquaintance with Comrade Pavel [Lavrenty Beria]. . . . At the same time, he has wide connections, mainly in the artistic world. . . ."[34]

Moscow responded quickly and skeptically to Gorsky's memo. He was told to "conserve" Morros and to end any contact between Morros and Soble, who was instructed to refuse contact if Morros attempted it. But Alfred Stern, who had offered to invest another $250,000 in an NKGB-sponsored enterprise—but only if not connected to Morros—and his wife, Martha Dodd, were to remain under Soble's supervision. Moscow decided to accept Morros's promise to return $100,000 of the

"Chord" investment to Stern, with the remainder to be written off as a business loss.[35]

Boris Morros was not as easily sidelined as Moscow had hoped, however, according to a mid-December 1945 memorandum from Jack Soble. Morros had contacted him in New York with news of the record company and a provocative, even cheeky, offer for Soviet intelligence:

> He let me know that he had sold 75% of the record plant's shares . . . and that his son Richard . . . was [now] a partner in the firm.
>
> Personally, [Morros] had returned to the movie industry. He is preparing to release four films next year.
>
> If we want to work with him, he is ready to set up together with us a movie firm in the "Federal Film" system, which will produce these movies. $200,000 is needed for this. (Personally, I am sure that it can be done for an investment of $100,000.) This firm could open branches in any country for distributing these films, not drawing suspicion from authorities, since his name is sufficiently known both here and abroad. He has proposed me as a candidate for manager of the New York office since I know languages and foreign countries and come from a capitalist environment.
>
> He guarantees this business will be a success since movies are his craft. He is ready to give a guarantee that in due course money invested in this business will be returned with interest.
>
> He laid down two conditions: 1. Without [Stern] (he will not take him as a partner). 2. To give him an answer within a month. If there is no answer by the middle of January, he will consider himself free.[36]

One NKGB reader in Moscow underlined the last phrase of this memorandum in red with an exclamation point. Agents, such as Boris Morros, normally do not give an ultimatum to their superiors with such evident impudence. Further reflection might have led Soviet intelligence supervisors to ask themselves who approved Jack Soble's decision to disobey a clear instruction *not* to make contact with Boris Morros again, and, once having met, how Soble could present with such apparent enthusiasm this latest scheme (which, incidentally, included a post for Soble that seems to have interested him)? Morros's talent for salesmanship had once again affected the judgment of a Soviet operative.

As a double-agent, Morros reported to the FBI meetings such as his

December 16 encounter with Jack Soble, so there was little risk attached to his proposal. If Moscow agreed to become a partner and investor in his film company, the Bureau could only be impressed at his skill in building a credible relationship. If, on the other hand, Soviet intelligence refused his time-urgent demand, then Morros could simply back down from the ultimatum.

As things turned out, the 1945 defections of Elizabeth Bentley and Igor Gouzenko persuaded Moscow to temporarily halt virtually all its contacts with American agents and sources. Eighteen months passed before Boris Morros resumed his complicated dialogue with Jack Soble on espionage and motion picture production. By then, Soble had lost his sympathy toward Alfred Stern and had shed his contempt for Boris Morros, as this August 18, 1947, report indicated:

> One has to be an iron man to tolerate Alfred Stern in a commercial affair, especially in America, where risk, broad scope, and timeliness are the basic elements in any commercial enterprise. . . . [But] certainly, Boris Morros is a talented, energetic, and enterprising man. Undoubtedly, he can keep a secret and wants and is ready "to do business" with us. But his problem is . . . living in a Hollywood environment in conditions of luxury and abundance . . .
>
> Strong hands are needed to keep him within budgetary limits. Strict . . . and constant financial controls are necessary. But . . . he is an honest man and obeys our decisions. When I suggested that he return Alfred's money, without hesitation, he . . . liquidated [$100,000 of] this debt within three months.

Soble described Morros's continuing interest in "partnering" with Soviet intelligence to produce films, especially those that might target the postwar European audience. Soble again endorsed the alliance, pointing out that Morros's film *Carnegie Hall* was playing throughout the United States and Western Europe where "he met important political and public figures . . . provided with a personal letter from Cardinal Spellman, asking all the Catholic organizations to render him every assistance." Morros renewed his 1945 proposal through Soble, offering the NKGB a partnership in his new film company in exchange for $250,000. The eager Soble thought "he will agree to a lesser sum—$150,000."[37]

Apparently, it did not puzzle the credulous Jack Soble that while American grand juries, congressional investigating committees, and the FBI all pursued alleged Communists and pro-Communists in a bitterly anti-Soviet atmosphere, somehow a Russian-American producer and friend of the USSR, Boris Morros, appeared unaffected by the internal security probes then swirling through Hollywood, Washington, and most of the United States. Thus, when Morros renewed his offer of a film company partnership early in 1948, Soble wrote to Moscow in March:

> Boris is not under suspicion, although as you know, there is an incredible "purge" of Reds going on in Hollywood now. . . . He travels everywhere, is on friendly terms with Cardinal Spellman, meets with the biggest cinema stars, [and] has countless acquaintances all over the world, but . . . is doing nothing [with Soviet intelligence] . . . and will be doing nothing if we don't take him into our hands.[38]

Soble's superiors in Moscow were more cautious and, after the record company experience, lacked interest in the latest scheme for a joint venture film company. Meanwhile, Soble continued to meet Morros in Paris, New York, and Hollywood. A May 4 memorandum to Moscow reiterated Morros's offer "to work with us . . . on *direct and systematic* liaison" while insisting that "the changed situation in the U.S. doesn't allow 'boys' (literally), ignorant of the country, language, customs, etc., etc., to control him." Morros complained to Soble about having been visited at Paramount Studios years before by such inexperienced operatives demanding money and jeopardizing his security: "Not for this was I transferred from Soviet Russia thirty years ago," ran Boris's flamboyant, if fabled, assertion of veteran agentry duly transcribed by Soble, by this time Morros's devoted Boswell: "I was sent by Lavrenty Pavlovich [Beria], and I want at least to talk with the heads of Soviet power. If they don't want to work with me henceforth, let them say 'no,' but if they want to work, let it be in a systematic form with directions and instructions."

Soble urged Moscow to renew the connection with Morros and argued that his influential friends and acquaintances—Cardinal Spellman foremost among them—justified a new initiative. Almost as if the NKGB handler had become a Hollywood publicist, Soble filled pages with recitations of Morros's self-described achievements and relationships. Nor had Morros forgotten his earlier promise to control finances, recounted by Soble in the same memorandum:

> He proposes that I personally become a partner in his firm heading the administrative sector. . . . I am prepared to take this on but

> only on condition [that] . . . we explain to Boris that he answers to me in financial matters. Without this control, he will waste money right and left . . . he must understand that this is working money, not his personally, that it is meant only for our cause.[39]

Soble insisted that an NKGB operative meet with Morros during a forthcoming trip to Europe because without such a meeting "he is lost to us."[40]

Morros (with a new code name, "John") continued to fascinate Moscow if only because of his apparent association with the influential Cardinal Spellman and other professed acquaintances. These included Milton Eisenhower (newly important in Washington because of his brother, the General) and a variety of other political and military figures who may or may not have ever really met the FBI-controlled Morros. He even claimed a friendship with former New York Governor and Republican presidential candidate Thomas E. Dewey, which allegedly developed when Morros and a music teacher friend tried to help Dewey correct a lisp that affected his radio speeches. Morros now also renewed his offer from Paramount days to provide, through his new film company, cover identities for Soviet operatives in the United States and Europe.[41]

While the impressionable Jack Soble continued to serve as Morros's unpaid NKGB press agent, alerting Moscow (for example) to the film producer's interviews with French actresses, Morros renewed his demand for a meeting with a high-ranking official of Soviet intelligence.[42] He offered to travel to Moscow under the guise of negotiating Soviet distribution of his new movie *Carnegie Hall*. The NKGB's station chief in Paris reported Soble's endorsement of the idea: "According to [Soble], such an open trip to the Union will not draw suspicion, since he traveled around every European country for his music business. Besides, [Morros] refers to his close acquaintanceship with Prokofiev and Khachaturian." Reading this report, Peter Fedotov, then-head of Soviet intelligence, wrote on the document: "Comrade Korotkov. I do not fully believe in [Morros's] unselfishness in terms of cooperating with us. Nevertheless, he is not a man to be rebuffed."[43] Colonel Alexander Korotkov was in charge of the NKGB "illegals" department and decided to clarify Boris Morros's intentions himself.

An additional report from Soble relayed Morros's assertion that he had become acquainted with the wife of General Lucius Clay, then in command of the American occupation zone in Germany. A mid-July 1948 dispatch from Moscow to the Paris station demanded additional details on the relationship. Morros, in turn, promised to send the information in September, when he would meet with the Clays while shooting his new film in Berlin.[44]

But Korotkov decided not to wait that long. Through Jack Soble, he arranged a meeting in Bern, Switzerland, traveling in August as a diplomatic courier to the Soviet delegation at a United Nations conference then in progress.[45] Korotkov questioned Morros about his background, past work for Soviet intelligence, and future interest in such involvement, terminating the discussion without any future assignment though agreeing to meet again.

Korotkov's report on the meeting mentioned Morros's alleged links to Spellman, Dewey, and other dignitaries such as California's Governor Earl Warren, noting Boris's various offers: "If we are interested, he can use Spellman's recommendations to arrange an audience with the Pope, be a guest of the Spanish Foreign Minister, whom he met during his recent trip to Spain, where he was also introduced to Franco, [and] he can go to Berlin and be [General] Clay's guest. . . ."

Morros raised directly with Korotkov his proposal that the NKGB join him as partner in a company to produce and distribute films (mainly musicals) for movie theaters and (a new suggestion) television. ("This idea of his," Korotkov noted, "to transmit films this way [for television] is not done yet but, undoubtedly, it will find a very favorable . . . reception in America.") Morros now upped the ante to $300,000, half to be returned within six months. Korotkov asked Morros, in turn, to clarify his request to be "dismissed" from NKGB service if Soviet intelligence had no interest in the film project. Responding with "evident disappointment and confusion," Morros stated that he was still "ready, of course, to carry out our instructions without it, but he wouldn't have the same opportunities and freedom of action."

Soble lobbied Korotkov the following day, urging acceptance of the film partnership. But the NKGB official's report to Moscow recommended against approving the proposal while holding out the possibility of future involvement. Korotkov urged that, instead, Morros be used to gather information about his various high-level friends and acquaintances, even proposing to cover his expenses while continuing to check "all the obscure episodes in his biography." Most important, "his work for us in the past doesn't give grounds for considering him closely connected to our intelligence service, the more so since he has never done for us anything directed against the U.S."[46]

Moscow attributed its caution regarding Boris Morros to the Russian-American entrepreneur's evident passion for collecting Soviet money and not American secrets.[47] Korotkov never even bothered to ask Morros why he expressed so little anxiety about meeting a Soviet operative despite the growing pursuit of alleged "subversives" within his own industry. Korotkov pursued his discussion with Morros on August 27. At this meeting, Morros accused Vassily Zarubin, once his friend and former NKVD handler, of breaking his promise that Soviet intelligence "would cover the entire world with a network of commercial enterprises that would be used as covers" for operatives. Korotkov remained skeptical.[48]

Jack Soble, however, was torn between obligation as a Soviet operative to oversee Morros and enthusiasm for a new (and more lucrative) role as partner in Boris's proposed film company. He sent long and emotionally engaged memos to Moscow about his discussions with Morros. Never was a Soviet handler more fascinated with his source. In the end, though, Soble supported Korotkov's strategy and urged Morros to cooperate and to set aside, for the moment, his dream of an NKGB-backed motion picture company.

Morros persisted in tantalizing Soble (and Moscow) with his alleged contacts, this time shortly after the Bern meetings with Korotkov. He described to Soble a September meeting with the Pope (arranged, naturally, by Cardinal Spellman) and another longer meeting with leading Vatican aide Count Enrico Galeazi. Morros offered Soble, who duly reported to Moscow, an almost-verbatim account of his purported half-hour talk with the Pope, mainly about Russian literature![49]

Despite this ecclesiastical first—an account of a papal meeting transcribed for the NKGB files—and despite Morros's aggressive campaign for acceptance, he remained for Soviet intelligence an exotic figure, forever pursuing personal financial gain. Not surprisingly, after the president of the Motion Picture Association, Eric Johnston, visited Moscow in the fall of 1948 to sign a distribution agreement for American films, potentially worth $5 million, Morros complained of Soviet neglect to Jack Soble. In a report to Moscow, Soble parodied his friend Boris: "Why can the reactionary Johnston visit Moscow, talk to Comrade Molotov, and sell films to the USSR? Why can't [Morros] do it with his film *Carnegie Hall*?"[50]

But Morros would surpass even his papal-visit story the following February with his account of an alleged visit to the White House, supposedly invited to dinner by President Truman's aspiring singer-daughter, Margaret, who (according to Morros) hoped for a part in one of his future films or television programs. "At the dinner," Jack Soble recounted in society column style, "her mother (Madame Truman) was present and, later, Truman himself came. The basic topic at the dinner was music, films, and television." But then, Soble's memo recorded possibly the most politically relevant information—if real—ever conveyed by Morros to Soviet intelligence:

> . . . after the parents left, Margaret . . . told [Morros] about an important conference in which Truman, [Vice President] Barkley, [Secretary of State] Acheson, [Charles] Bohlen, Bernard Baruch, and Eisenhower took part (this information Margaret got from her mother).
>
> At this conference, Eisenhower and Bernard Baruch, whose opinions the President takes very much into consideration, insisted that Truman free himself from the tutelage of reactionary-inclined generals and reactionary Wall Street businessmen, and staff his cabinet with people willing to talk to the Soviet Union in "an honest commercial language." Eisenhower, banging his fist on the table, called . . . General Clay . . . "a protégé of German Fascists."[51]

Soble's report then had Truman and the conferees discussing names of possible future ambassadors and agreeing to meet more frequently to discuss world economic issues—the importance of "markets and world trade"—a point stressed especially by Bernard Baruch. Margaret, Morros went on, lamented her father's heavy burden, "to organize peace between nations in a period of history when communism has grown into such a gigantic force. [She railed against] American reaction, racist persecutions . . . against blacks in the U.S., the avidity of big landlords, Wall Street machinations, the Un-American Activities Committee, and those 'black reactionary forces' in the U.S. against whom her 'poor father' had to struggle." At this point, according to Morros, the conversation ended, and he promised to keep Margaret in mind for future musical film productions.

This improbable discussion reflected either the FBI's view of what might make Boris Morros more credible to Soviet intelligence or Morros's own invention to increase NKGB interest in him as an agent—or both. Soble's memo went on to report other alleged recent conversations of Boris's with Vice President Alben Barkley (also portrayed falsely as pro-Soviet), Averill Harriman ("who commissioned [Boris] to make a documentary about the Marshall Plan in Europe"), and a range of other Supreme Court Justices, cabinet members, leading Senators and Congressmen, Generals and Admirals.

At a time when Soviet intelligence anywhere in the United States had few if any cooperating sources, influential or otherwise, Boris Morros presented himself to Moscow as an apparently successful interlocutor with America's power elite: "[Morros] mentions all these previously named persons," Soble wrote, "wishing to know your instructions on which of them to concentrate more of his attention." The memorandum did not stint, either, in conveying Morros's fervent hope that the NKGB would see *Carnegie Hall* at a European showing and arrange for him to visit Moscow, both to negotiate the film's Soviet release and to pursue his earlier dream of an NKGB-Morros film partnership.[52]

The attractive bait dangled before Moscow brought instructions that the producer be assigned to gather detailed information on the "private life, commercial and official connections, financial situation, backstage person, commercial and official activities of . . . the Trumans, Cardinal Spellman, General Eisenhower, [Earl] Warren, and [Averill] Harriman." Even more important for Morros, Moscow instructed Soble to obtain from him "a concrete and detailed proposal on organizing, filming and distributing Soviet composers' music through a television network in the U.S."[53]

In September 1949, the NKGB arranged for Morros to meet with the Soviet Ambassador to France and to show two of his films, *Carnegie Hall* and *Manhattan Fairy Tales*, at the embassy.[54] Meanwhile, Soble reported on yet another deal being organized by Morros in Paris for a film production arrangement with Sergey Rachmaninoff's son-in-law and urged NKGB support.[55] Morros's new scheme apparently involved persuading Soviet intelligence that its propaganda goals could be advanced by using Russian and Soviet musical classics in American films and television. Boris prepared a long memo for the NKGB analyzing in detail the value of this approach, stressing especially the importance of television—then a new medium—in spreading Moscow's message.[56]

This proposal persuaded Peter Fedotov, head of the intelligence service, to arrange for Morros's long-hoped-for trip to Moscow, nominally invited by officials in charge of Soviet film but covertly by the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the USSR. Though Soviet officials were intrigued by the energetic American's proposals, they remained cautious until he had clarified the practical issues involved in co-production.[57] Moreover, Fedotov and his colleagues intended to question Morros closely about his efforts to gain information on U.S. government leaders.[58]

In January 1950, Boris Morros reached Moscow, officially the guest of SOVEXPORTFILM, previewing *Carnegie Hall* finally and, on January 20, meeting with the NKGB's Alexander Korotkov, who criticized Morros's fitful efforts to send useful data on the various leaders he had been assigned to monitor.[59] Morros pleaded inexperience at such agent tasks. Korotkov in turn asked especially that Morros use his friendship with Cardinal Spellman and his relationship with Margaret Truman to place illegal Soviet operatives in "cover" positions.[60] As a token of his commitment, Morros delivered a detailed memo about Cardinal Spellman filled with insiders' political gossip concerning Spellman's highest-level political contacts and most intimate personal ones.[61]

In the days ahead, Boris Morros met with several other NKGB operatives, whose growing skepticism concerning their American informant was barely concealed. Thus, on February 4, one raised the delicate question of "whether he had been given tasks of an intelligence character by Comrade Beria," as Morros had alleged. The report of the meeting noted that Boris "felt quite uncomfortable and didn't give an intelligible answer. . . . [I]t was clear to me that [he] had not been given any special tasks and that he reported it to us earlier for the purpose of raising his authority in our eyes."[62] Yet Morros continued to name influential Americans from whom he could gain information; former President Herbert Hoover now joined the small army of influential Morros relationships, along with the previously mentioned Dewey and Warren![63]

Morros left Moscow with the NKGB's renewed interest. Fedotov and his colleagues provided him with a detailed assignment regarding the specific data it wanted on President Truman, Cardinal Spellman, Secretary of State Dean Acheson, and a range of other influential Americans.[64] Alexander Korotkov was especially fascinated with Spellman's role in encouraging the Vatican's anti-Soviet activities, including training Russian-speaking Roman Catholic priests for potential use in a religious underground within the USSR—efforts that apparently loomed larger in Kremlin fantasies than in papal policy.[65]

As for Boris Morros, he returned home believing that the government overseers of the Soviet film industry would soon conclude profitable deals for him to distribute their movies in the United States while also co-producing musical films for American television. Apparently, the Deputy Chairman of the Council of Ministers, Kliment Voroshilov, had agreed to the proposal, awaiting only the approval of Stalin, the country's premiere moviegoer.[66] Alexander Panyushkin, the USSR's Ambassador and station chief in Washington, was asked to provide detailed information about Morros's firm and its financial prospects as well as the viability of the agreement, given the current anti-Soviet mood in the United States.[67]

The Ambassador's response undoubtedly cooled Soviet support for the deal:

> Comrade Panyushkin reports that the firm, "Federal Films," owned by B. Morros, belongs to "independent cinema companies." The firm doesn't have its own means of producing [or distributing] films. The firm produced only *Carnegie Hall*, released in 1947, an average American film distributed through United Artists.
>
> Comrade Panyushkin believes there is no need to produce special musical films for the U.S. since, if our own film industry can release more musicals, such pictures can be shown in the U.S.[68]

Panyushkin considered it "inexpedient to grant one man a monopoly for distributing Soviet films in the U.S. and Europe" and dismissed the notion that the USSR needed Morros's services at all: "In the current political conditions in the U.S., he would be unable to do more [than existing Soviet film distributors]."

At that point, Morros bid for U.S. rights to a single Russian film, *Child of the Danube*, appealing directly to top NKGB figures such as Alexander Korotkov and Vsevolod Merkulov.[69] But on August 10, 1950, the station chief in Vienna, "Ostap," whom Morros had cultivated, was instructed to tell him that he had yet to fulfill the intelligence-gathering promises he had made while in Moscow.[70] Boris responded a week later, avowing another highest-level American associate.

Morros claimed an allegedly "close friend" from his years at Paramount had recently been appointed chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. Boris offered to seek information from the man in addition to the others previously discussed in Moscow.[71] He also offered to recruit his son to work for Soviet intelligence.[72] The NKGB in Moscow discussed this proposal with Leonid Kvasnikov,* still a leading scientific intelligence operative, who believed that if the offer was genuine, Boris Morros, Jr., should be placed at the General Electric Company's plant then studying the feasibility of atomic-powered battleships.[73]

Commercial to his core, however, Boris Morros had not offered his son's services for nothing, but in exchange for the rights to distribute

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* For Kvasnikov's leading role as New York station chief dealing with atomic espionage during the war years, see Chapter 9.

Child of the Danube! This ploy proved too outrageous even for the most gullible NKGB officials in Moscow. The intelligence service's head, Sergei Savchenko, responded angrily to a cable from the Vienna station outlining the proposal: "These speculators deceive us, extort money from us, and don't want to work. One must put an end to this situation."[74]

By the following month, Moscow had calmed down and wrote Vienna that Morros's offer to place an NKGB agent or his own son on the AEC staff "deserves serious attention" once it had been judged a "real" possibility. The memorandum also asked that Morros provide detailed information on the chairman.[75] Apparently, it never occurred to Soviet intelligence that Boris Morros was once again merely tempting it, this time with the outlandish suggestion that his son, an untrained amateur, could play an agent's role close to America's overseer of atomic energy. Adding to the incredible nature of this idea is the fact that it came at the height of the Second Red Scare. When Morros made his offer concerning the chairman of the AEC, Klaus Fuchs and Harry Gold were already in prison, and David Greenglass and the Rosenbergs were under arrest. Yet in an ongoing exchange of memoranda with operatives who met with Boris Morros, Moscow treated seriously the bizarre notion that his show-business son, politics unknown, could be transformed overnight into a inside source of American atomic secrets. Raising the ante still further, Morros now dangled the name of physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer for his Soviet associates.[76]

By the following year, Morros had backed away from his suggestion that his son could enter a high-security post for the Atomic Energy Commission—an idea even his FBI handlers undoubtedly believed to exceed the bounds of credibility. Sergei Savchenko wrote in a cable concerning this issue: "As usual, [he] interested us but then did nothing."[77] Going on the attack against complaints from his Soviet contacts that he had produced no valuable information, Morros demanded "more concrete tasks" as well as the long-sought liaison with a new Soviet operative in the United States (obviously of interest to his FBI handlers), which Moscow continued to reject in an April 14, 1951, set of instructions to New York.[78] By this time, the NKGB was interested only in his tidbits of inside information, not in using the unreliable Morros as a source of cover identities for "illegals." This memorandum also reiterated Moscow's refusal to provide the $50,000 requested earlier for Morros's television production venture.[79]

Moscow's impatience produced results. At Morros's next meeting with “Ostap” in Vienna, he delivered written accounts of alleged meetings with Cardinal Spellman, Herbert Hoover, and others. This transcription of the Cardinal’s supposed table talk did not differ markedly from the public record of this deeply conservative, anti-Communist cleric.[80] But the quotations from Herbert Hoover’s alleged comments might have been transcribed from a “B-movie” script: “That idiot (throughout the evening Hoover never once called [President] Truman by name) is not selling America. He’s simply betraying it. The biggest criminal is the idiot’s brains—[Dean] Acheson. . . . From top to bottom, the State Department is filled with pederasts and quasi-Reds.”[81]

Moscow did not think much of Morros’s memos but encouraged him to continue providing accounts of such meetings with dignitaries.[82] Morros also reported that his government friend, even while serving as head of the AEC, had agreed to become “chief consultant” to his television company![83]

By then, Soviet intelligence’s interest in Morros finally appeared to be waning. In December 1951, Sergei Savchenko and his colleagues decided to recall Boris’s pliable handler Jack Soble to Moscow, after deciding that this veteran operative’s effort had become “pointless and doesn’t correspond to the interests of our work since it does not yield practical results.”[84] An operative code-named “Yakov” met with Boris Morros in Vienna on January 23, 1952—this time to question him about Soble, whom Morros had not encountered for some time.

Morros, of course, came prepared with still another business proposal, and although Moscow privately rejected the new proposal, “Yakov” was encouraged to string the American along in hopes of gaining useful information on Jack Soble. Apparently, Soble, in an effort to disengage from Soviet espionage or out of fear, had informed Moscow in August 1950 that “he was being cultivated,” presumably by Western counterintelligence agents. Soble asked to be left alone in the months ahead, and Moscow’s curiosity was aroused.

The NKGB now proposed that “Yakov” persuade Boris Morros, who had been a double agent now for six years and had exposed Soble to the FBI, to renew contact with his former NKGB liaison.[85] Morros had begun meeting with Soble in New York and Paris, conveying Moscow’s instructions and letters from Alexander Korotkov that demanded Soble’s return to the USSR.[86] But Jack Soble had other plans.

Ironically, it was the fiercely anti-Communist head of the State Department’s Passport Bureau, Ruth Shipley, who helped to persuade Soble to leave France and return to the United States. According to

Morros, Shipley's assistant was an old friend of Boris's wife, and she and the Soviet operative met to discuss renewing Soble's passport. Shipley informed her visitor "that she didn't consider his occupation in Paris so important and remarkable [to allow a five-year passport renewal if he continued living there], gave him a lecture on American patriotism, [and] slightly rebuked him for leaving the U.S. and moving to France several months after becoming a U.S. citizen. . . ." Shipley recommended that Soble sell his small factory in Paris and move with his family back to America.

Amazingly, no negative reference appeared in Soble's file, according to Morros, who persuaded Shipley's assistant to check out the dossier: "She let me know there was nothing political, no 'Red' suspicions about him."[87] Meanwhile, Moscow continued its complaints about Soble's lack of responsiveness. His French factory had been started when (according to a September 1951 Moscow cable) "the intelligence service invested $57,000" in the enterprise. The NKGB now demanded its money back, but Soble refused to return to France and opened a factory in New York, apparently fearful of Soviet vengeance for having "defected" to a career in business.[88]

Recognizing that the uncommunicative Soble was "on alert," Moscow decided to kidnap him. It would tempt him back to Europe under the guise of negotiating his future, where it would secretly "carry out his kidnap and removal to the USSR." Moscow directed that this "principal task" be achieved by any possible means. But Boris Morros was not to be trusted as an accomplice in this scheme, at least according to a November 11, 1952, memo from Moscow, which noted: "We finally were convinced that he is not interested in our work; he tries to maintain liaison with us only for his selfish ends, seeking to arrange his business affairs with our help."

By then, the NKGB had finally realized that Morros's demand for a Soviet contact other than Soble may have had an ulterior purpose: "[W]e don't trust [Morros] and don't intend to use him in our affairs, especially in connection with [Soble's] case." Savchenko and his colleagues suspected that Morros was simply fishing for information to pass along to his old friend but, nonetheless, instructed a New York NKGB operative code-named "Old" to meet only with Morros. Moscow had finally taken a decision that could only have pleased Morros's FBI controllers, who had urged this course for years—direct contact with its double agent.[89]

The assignment was not an enviable one: The NKGB operative in New York, at a time of maximum American counterintelligence activity, was to contact an American agent of questionable loyalty (Morros) to determine the location of Soble, a reluctant Soviet operative in hiding. A January 7, 1953, meeting was arranged, but Morros never showed up. He was actually in Vienna at the time, where he told that station's operative, "Yakov," of meeting Soble in New York. Soble had professed amazement at Moscow's concern over his loyalty, but he declined the trip to Europe because he believed that American counterintelligence agents were following him and, besides, his U.S. passport had expired. Soble claimed to have met with a Soviet operative in Switzerland the previous year to straighten out relations, but Moscow denied such a meeting had occurred. Morros gave Soviet intelligence his friend's New York address.[90]

Whatever the truth of these accounts, one of the ironies of the situation was that an FBI double agent was now the only channel between NKGB headquarters in Moscow and an "illegal" station chief in New York. Jack Soble was certainly aware by the summer of 1953 that his life was in danger from Soviet intelligence. His anxieties increased later that summer when Martha Dodd—whom, along with her husband, Alfred Stern, Soble had supervised—made headlines as a possible target of Senator Joseph McCarthy's Red-hunting probe. Soble fretted, according to Morros's account to Moscow, that Dodd could identify and name him and had "become cowardly."[91] In mid-December, however, Morros wrote Moscow that the McCarthy committee had begun to investigate Soble's activities in France but had failed to discover any incriminating evidence.[92]

The NKGB had by then become hopelessly confused over the divided loyalties of both Soble and Morros: "Examine these letters," Alexander Korotkov observed of Morros's latest communications. "The [Service's] aim is the same—how to get these rascals."[93] But Moscow's judgment in the matter was so clouded by anger at Soble's adamant refusal to climb into its European net that it avoided focusing on the greater betrayal by that "rascal" Boris Morros.

Morros had begun trying to persuade his Soviet contacts that he could oversee the small number of alleged U.S. government sources whom Soble had previously handled. He also reinforced Moscow's suspicion of his former friend by describing him as leading a prosperous life, thus contradicting Soble's complaints about his financial difficulties in letters to Korotkov.[94] The NKGB's Vienna station followed up on June 1 with a report to Moscow that supported Morros's efforts to supplant Soble as an agent handler: "In [Morros's] words, he would like to get exact instructions regarding [Soble's] further work. In particular, he expressed a wish that, if needed, he could take all of [Soble's] people as he thought he was beyond suspicion. . . ."

Morros lobbied his Soviet friends, when it was clear that Soble would not return to Europe for the meeting, to allow him to replace Soble in handling the latter's other American sources.[95] A July 1954 report from a Moscow operative, V. Pavlov, to the then-head of the intelligence service, Alexander Panyushkin, displayed more confidence in Morros than in Soble but argued that only if the producer assumed Soble's $50,000 debt to the NKGB—"pay-per-spy," in short—should he be assigned the latter's sources.[96]

But the indefatigable Morros had an even more audacious proposal for Moscow in the wings. He wrote the NKGB in Vienna on June 18, 1954, proposing that he "organize a trip for ten of the most popular figures in the United States to live permanently in [the Soviet Union] with their families—ten literary, scientific, and artistic world figures." The group would include comedian Charlie Chaplin, already being hounded by American authorities for his radical political views, singer Paul Robeson (a committed Communist), Ira Gershwin, and seven others: "I have already talked with Chaplin," Morros noted.[97]

By reminding Moscow of his links to famous Americans, Morros sidetracked for the moment the NKGB's suspicions regarding his loyalties. Thus, in fall 1954, Moscow dispatched N. Aksenov ("Semyon") to Vienna especially to work with Morros, not to recruit his musical or artistic friends for residence in the Soviet Union but on an even more extraordinary mission, as Aksenov's instructions indicated: "Can [Morros] meet with 'Chester' [J. Robert Oppenheimer] and find out his opinion in principle about leaving for the Soviet Union? Won't [Morros] propose other similar candidates among scientific workers and his plans for their use on the spot or [their] removal to the USSR?"[98] The NKGB had been speculating since 1945 (without evidence) that Oppenheimer, under pressure from U.S. Administration security officers and congressional investigators, might be preparing to leave for the Soviet Union to assist in atomic research.

At their first meeting, on November 5, 1954, Aksenov did not discuss the Oppenheimer issue but asked Morros about Jack Soble. According to Morros, Soble had lost his American citizenship and moved to Canada, where he was engaged in business. Again, Boris asked to be assigned an NKGB liaison in America and also for some "large concrete task."[99] A few days later, prodded by Moscow, Aksenov steered the conversation to the AEC chairman and nuclear scientists. He reported that Morros (presumably coached by the FBI) was "receptive."

Boris soon shifted the discussion to yet another commercial proposal, this time a new firm he was organizing in Liechtenstein where, he assured his NKGB contact, citizenship for several Soviet operatives could be acquired for a price! When brought back to the subject of Oppenheimer, Morros claimed to be "acquainted with" him. Asked if he could arrange to bring him to the USSR, Morros "said that in about three months he would give us . . . a detailed plan . . . , and he was going to consider [this] his principal task." Aksenov also urged him to seek others for similar emigration, and Boris agreed to do so.[100] Then, Morros again asked NKGB permission to shift the remaining agents in Soble's group to his control. Aksenov demurred, expressing a wish to hear from Soble himself on the matter. Back to business, Morros then requested permission to stage Sergey Prokofiev's opera *War and Peace* in the United States, a proposal to which Soviet authorities subsequently agreed.[101]

Despite all evidence to the contrary, a March 30, 1955, dispatch from the Vienna KGB station suggests that Moscow retained its faith in Morros's loyalty and credibility. Morros had described at a meeting with the Vienna station chief his contacts with several of Soble's other sources, pursuing his earlier request to be assigned oversight of these individuals. The Vienna station scheduled a follow-up meeting with Boris Morros for April 6, 1955, and asked for instructions from Moscow.[102] But Morros didn't appear at this or any subsequent meetings with KGB operatives.

Boris Morros was in Munich in January 1957 when the FBI cabled him a one-word coded message—"CINERAMA"—apparently a warning that he was in imminent danger. Morros left immediately for New York. Based on his testimony to a federal grand jury, Jack Soble, Myra Soble, and Jacob Alben, another confederate, were indicted for espionage and subsequently convicted. Morros wrote a melodramatic memoir, *My Ten Years as a Counter-Spy*, and almost immediately began negotiating film rights for the story of his career as a double agent.

The producer's long involvement in the entertainment industry had nurtured a talent for public relations and self-promotion that he evidenced during the late 1950s while marketing his experiences as both a Soviet and American agent. "I hated everything the Communists stood for," he explained to interested journalists, "[and] had to play a role more difficult than any of my actors played in movies which I shot in Hollywood."[103]

Perhaps. But Boris Morros managed, even before he began his association with the FBI, to make his connection with Moscow not only manageable but profitable. Continuously searching for a featured role that never materialized, both as a covert agent and as a businessman, Morros was the longest-serving and possibly most flamboyant American ever involved with Soviet intelligence. He died on January 8, 1963.

CHAPTER 7

"Crook": A Soviet Agent in Congress

THE MOST DEVOTED and reliable American sources recruited by Soviet intelligence during the 1930s were more often than not radical ideologues, performing "secret work" because of their commitment to the triumph of communism over both fascism and capitalism. They worked for little or no pay. Some of them—for example, Michael Straight and members of Washington's Ware Group—even paid dues and contributed funds to the Communist Party. One notable exception to this band of believers was a Soviet agent whose career in national government was in the legislative and not executive branch, U.S. Congressman Samuel Dickstein.

A Lithuanian Jew born in 1885, Dickstein immigrated to the United States with his parents when he was six. His family settled in one of Manhattan's Lower East Side tenements, a neighborhood Dickstein would later represent in Congress. The elder Dickstein became cantor of the Orthodox Norfolk Street synagogue. After receiving a law degree from New York Law School in 1906, Samuel Dickstein served as a Deputy State Attorney General and then became a member of the New York City Board of Aldermen in 1917. Two years later, he was elected Assemblyman in the New York State Legislature and in 1923 won a Democratic seat in the U.S. House of Representatives, where he would serve eleven terms over the next two decades.[1]

Dickstein's congressional focus throughout his career concerned immigration issues, since he represented a largely foreign-born constituency. During the mid-1930s, however, Dickstein's major interest turned to investigating the network of pro-Nazi and fascist groups in the United States at a time when Jewish persecution in Hitler's Germany had become a prime concern of American Jews. In 1934, Dickstein drafted and gained House support for a resolution appointing a special committee to probe Nazi and other subversive activities in the United States. He was appointed its vice chairman. The committee chairman, John McCormack of Massachusetts, later became Speaker of the House. The McCormack-Dickstein Committee concentrated in its brief—1934–35—history on exposing American Nazis and their supporters, though it also took extensive testimony on the international Communist movement. Perhaps the most important of its recommendations to be enacted was a pioneering law that required registration of foreign agents.[2]

The liberal Dickstein introduced several subsequent resolutions to create a continuing committee to investigate so-called un-American activities. When the coalition of Republicans and southern Democrats that controlled the House after the 1936 election finally authorized a successor to McCormack-Dickstein in May 1938 by a 191 to 41 vote, however, his colleagues awarded the chairmanship to conservative Democrat Martin Dies of Texas. Dickstein did not manage even to gain a seat on the new committee. Despite this setback, "no cause took more of [Dickstein's] energies or his passion," Walter Goodman, the committee's leading scholar wrote, "than the creation of a committee to investigate subversive activities. If any man deserves the title of Father of the Committee, it is Representative Dickstein. He earned the distinction by relentlessly trying [to create such a committee] from 1933 to 1938 and had the rest of his life to regret it."[3]

We can only speculate on the factors that tempted Samuel Dickstein to launch a covert arrangement with Soviet intelligence. The first contact came on July 8, 1937, when an Austrian "illegal" agent for the Soviets, seeking help to become an American citizen, came to the New York law offices shared by the Congressman and his brother.[4] Samuel Dickstein informed the agent, code-named "Buby," that the 1937 quota for Austrian immigrants was only 1,413, but that he could obtain visas for the visitor and his wife in Montreal where the U.S. Consul was a friend. He asked "Buby" for $3,000 to be given to "Canadian authorities" as a guarantee that he would not become a public burden there, with the money to be returned at some unspecified future time. He assured his visitor that he had "settled dozens like you" who went on to become U.S. citizens.[5]

"Buby" returned the following day "after having discussed the matter in the New York NKVD station," bringing only $1,000, which Dickstein agreed to accept but charged the Austrian an additional $200 for the service: "Others take huge money for these things and become millionaires," he told "Buby," according to the NKVD memo on the meeting, "and I, Samuel Dickstein, am a poor man."[6] Writing later about this initial contact, the NKVD's New York station chief Gaik Ovakimyan took a less sympathetic view of the matter, describing Dickstein to Moscow as "heading a criminal gang that was involved in shady businesses, selling passports, illegal smuggling of people, [and] getting the citizenship. . . ."[7]

Dickstein visited Soviet Ambassador to the United States Alexander Troyanovsky in Washington in December 1937, after which the following report was sent to Moscow: "Congressman Dickstein—Chairman of the House committee on Nazi activities in the U.S.— . . . came to the Ambassador and let him know that while investigating Nazi activities in the U.S., his agents unmasked their liaison with Russian Fascists living in the U.S." Complaining that "Congress didn't allocate credits for investigation of activities by [Russian Fascist leader] Vonsyatsky's group," Dickstein, who professed "a friendly attitude toward the Soviet Union," offered to pass to the Ambassador information on the Vonsyatsky group that his own investigators would cultivate and for which "he would need 5–6 thousand dollars."[8]

Both Troyanovsky and the NKVD's Washington agents, although interested, were initially skeptical of Dickstein's proposal. Nonetheless, they received personal instructions from Nikolay Yezhov, then People's Commissar for Internal Affairs, to proceed.[9] The NKVD station still managed to make clear its own view of the new recruit by assigning Dickstein the code name "Crook." Troyanovsky met with the Congressman several months later—on April 20, 1938—and assigned his personal secretary ("Igor") to conduct subsequent business, which appears to have begun with two meetings that week.

Although Dickstein and his Soviet handler agreed to exchange secret information for money, they disagreed vehemently on price. This argument over fees would continue throughout the Congressman's relationship with the NKVD. "Igor" rejected the initial materials provided by "Crook" as "widely known" and, therefore, without value.[10] Dickstein demanded $2,500 a month for his work but was initially offered only $500. Igor raised the monetary ante in order to nurture the relationship, hoping that "in a certain period of time" Dickstein could be asked "questions more urgent for us."[11]

On May 9, 1938, shortly after the House of Representatives had approved creation of a Committee on Un-American Activities (HUAC), Dickstein informed “Igor” that he hoped to gain membership in the body in order to probe fascist organizations, whether German or Russian, on behalf of his new paymasters. That day, also, Dickstein agreed to a compromise monthly payment of $1,250 in exchange for his assistance, which, he reiterated, came only “out of sympathy toward the Soviet Union.”[12]

Later that month, on May 18, “Igor” and Dickstein agreed on details of the relationship, which the embassy conveyed to Moscow in this cable:

> 1. [Dickstein] will get for us documentary materials about fascist work—both from the government organs and private intelligence organizations he is connected with.
> 2. [Dickstein] agreed to provide us with supplemental data answering our questions following from these materials.
> 3. [Dickstein] agreed to guide actively the committee’s attention to those facts of fascist and White Guard activities we would point [out] to him.
> 4. [Dickstein] gets $1,250 from us every month. The first monthly pay was given to him that very day and a corresponding receipt was given by him. . . .[13]

Peter Gutzeit wrote a long memo to his Moscow superiors on May 25 justifying this delicate and unusual relationship on the grounds that Dickstein could provide extremely useful material regarding American “fascists” of all descriptions, a category that, for Stalin’s agents, included not only Russian monarchists, Nazis, Ukrainian nationalists, and Japanese operatives but, also, supporters of Leon Trotsky. Gutzeit, however, remained cautious about his congressional catch:

> We are fully aware whom we are dealing with. “Crook” is completely justifying his code name. This is an unscrupulous type, greedy for money, consented to work because of money, a very cunning swindler. . . . Therefore it is difficult for us to guarantee the fulfillment of the planned program even in the part which he proposed to us himself.

The NKVD station chief pledged to monitor closely Dickstein’s promise and his actual performance.[14]

When the House leadership failed to appoint Dickstein to HUAC the following month, his value declined considerably in the view of his NKVD handlers. As a result, they informed Moscow, “he won’t be able to carry out measures planned by us together with him." This cable cited as one example Dickstein's inability to obtain grand jury interrogations of suspected German agents.[15] Nevertheless, according to a June 1939 memo to Moscow from then-NKVD station chief Gaik Ovakimyan, the documents that the Congressman did hand over after he began working for the Soviets included, in addition to Dies Committee transcripts and lists of American Nazis, "materials on the war budget for 1940, records of conferences of the budget subcommission, reports of the war minister, chief of staff and etc."[16]

On the whole, however, the information Dickstein conveyed to "Igor" in June 1938, according to his Russian contacts, did not justify his monthly payments. This led to several fierce arguments with the Congressman: "He blazed up very much, claimed that if we didn't give him money he would break with us . . . that he is employing people and he must pay them, that he demands nothing for himself."

The dialogue between "Igor" and Dickstein reached comparative shopper's status in a June 23 discussion at the latter's New York office, when he again threatened to break off the relationship because too much was expected of him while the Soviets still mistrusted his efforts:

> . . . if there was no trust, it was impossible to work. For illustration he told that for some years he had worked for Poland and everything was OK. He was paid money without any questions. A couple of years ago he worked for the English [and] was paid good money without any questions. Everything was delicate and on the sly. Our case is only trouble. . . . Apparently, he really managed to fool the Poles and the English—i.e., to promise something substantial and to limit himself to rubbish.[17]

Dickstein's audacious assertion that his Soviet deal was merely the third in a series of apparently lucrative agreements with foreign intelligence agencies made little impression upon the Soviet operative, who reminded the Congressman that his other arrangements involved only money while with the NKVD "he is guided by ideological considerations, by [the] necessity of struggling against [a] common enemy—fascism." The two men then bickered about Dickstein's understandable concern over signing receipts for money received. Again, his Soviet handler rejected any compromise. Finally the two agreed to meet at Dickstein's Washington office the following week, on June 27.

After this meeting, Peter Gutzeit reported to Moscow on issues that went well beyond future dealings with the Congressman. He outlined a more general strategy for NKVD operations in the United States to maximize Soviet political influence. Even granting Dickstein's tendency to exaggerate the importance of information he was providing, Gutzeit urged his superiors nonetheless to consider not only spending the $15,000 or more annually to maintain Dickstein on the payroll (with receipts) but also "probably . . . to throw him a round sum for the reelection campaign."

His rationale for this arrangement might well have been written by certain foreign intelligence operatives in America during the 1990s:

> In this connection we put forward a general matter of a necessity to have several people of ours among Congressmen and even Senators if we decided to penetrate seriously and actively into the politics of this country. It is necessary to decide this question on principle as very big money will be needed for this purpose. . . . Helping during the elections with money means to define relations with a future Congressman or Senator, possibly, for some years. It doesn't mean that they should be obligatorily recruited by all traditional rules (some could be recruited), but it does mean that we create a group of our people in the legislative bodies, define their political positions, and insert [them] there to actively influence [events].[18]

Gutzeit's Moscow superiors approved his proposal and even expanded it to include funding American journalists as well as politicians. They instructed the Soviet agent to begin immediate work on the plan. Gutzeit responded to Moscow with this blunt August 2, 1938, memorandum:

> The realization of the scheme following from the tasks formulated by you in your latest letter will demand, as it has been already said, huge means. Amounts of these means can't be compared with the expenditures we currently have.
>
> Financing of Congressmen's election campaigns, paying journalists, maintenance of newspapers—all this means expenditures that are impossible to tally beforehand. For instance, expenditures on Congressmen may vary in different cases. It is impossible to say beforehand for what sum we'll manage to buy the pens of popular journalists. It is very difficult to define even approximately the sum necessary for buying newspapers. Besides, the character of all this work is such that it is impossible to know beforehand the limits of expenditures and impossible to say beforehand whether we need one journalist or ten, whether we need one newspaper or two, etc.

> Therefore, I frankly claim that I find much difficulty in defining even an approximate estimate of forthcoming expenditures. Proceeding from considerations stated above, I can't say whether these expenditures will be $500,000 or $1,000,000 per year.
>
> The decision of this question must be up to you. It is necessary to [decide] how much will be allocated on this work for our country [the United States]. And then, proceeding from this sum, we'll build all our calculations. Or according to this decision, we'll get the expenditures right depending on practical necessities. Surely, in all cases, the expenditures will be carried out with the Center's permission.
>
> It should be taken into account that, if you wish, expenditures for buying a newspaper can be returned without difficulty, though definitely with some losses. It doesn't represent any major difficulty, either, to protect ourselves from any surprises on the part of the so-called newspapers' owners. Controlling shareholdings of these newspapers can be easily reregistered to a Soviet citizen and kept in the [Soviet] Union.
>
> Congressmen's work must be appraised according to their activity in the directions you pointed out to us (antifascist activities, anti-Japanese position, anti-isolationist, [and] favoring rapprochement with us). We shouldn't demand more from the Congressmen.
>
> We are going to pay journalists for their positive stands also on the same questions. Certainly, it doesn't rule out using this one or that one among them outside the framework of this scheme.[19]

No response to Gutzeit's detailed memo could be found in the NKVD files, and the station chief's subsequent recall to the Soviet Union marked the end of this grandiose scheme.

As for continuing to use Congressman Samuel Dickstein's services, Moscow responded to Gutzeit's earlier inquiry by sounding a note of extreme caution. Further dealings with the Congressman, a July 15 cable noted, represented a "danger" because "this type . . . is not simply a crook but a mercenary of many intelligence services."[20]

Meanwhile, Dickstein carried on his modest efforts for the NKVD. In response to Peter Gutzeit's request in September 1938, the Congressman publicly denounced the Dies Committee's focus on Communist groups and their allies. Dickstein also provided his Soviet associates with the names of several informants within the ranks of fascist organizations in the United States whom he argued could provide useful information. He even turned over transcripts of alleged tape-recorded hotel room conversations between American Nazi leader Fritz Kuhn and his mistress, the latter a Dickstein snitch. By then, the New York Democrat had begun to speak out in favor of terminating the Dies Committee.[21]

NKVD operations in America had been hurt at this time by arrests in Moscow of key intelligence agents during Stalin's purges. One of those imprisoned and later executed after answering a summons home was Peter Gutzeit, who cautioned his interrogators in Lubyanka Prison that Samuel Dickstein's professed antifascism was a sham justification for his continued work with the NKVD: "Money brought him to cooperation with the USSR."[22]

The NKVD decided to make one last effort to persuade the Congressman to be of greater use to them. One of its leading officials, Zinovy Passov, took the unusual step of writing Dickstein a long letter on April 14, 1939, reviewing their sixteen months of "joint activities in exposing fascism." The Soviets even agreed to provide Dickstein his payments without demanding receipts. They asked him generally to provide "information about all the important political questions regarding your country and its relations with other countries," while also identifying others who "could be of use to us." Passov asked also that Dickstein seek to penetrate U.S. intelligence agencies to obtain information "about our enemies."[23]

After four months, Dickstein replied evasively, noting mainly that he was on the job already and that any attempt to obtain intelligence information would require additional funds from the Soviets.[24] He raised the question of this payment again when the NKVD station in Washington reinforced Passov's letter with a specific request that Dickstein penetrate the FBI for information on Soviet, German, and Italian citizens resident in the United States. Although the Congressman claimed that he had an FBI source willing to assist, his Soviet handlers counterproposed, offering only $300–$400 for "concrete stuff plus a receipt." That ended the discussion.[25]

By the time Dickstein's response reached Moscow, Passov, too, had been arrested. An internal NKVD memorandum expressed regrets that some of the Congressman's Soviet handlers had turned out to be "people's enemies."[26]

No matter. Purge trials or not, Dickstein countered as usual with a request for additional tens of thousands of dollars, supposedly to pay a lawyer to defend Moscow's interests before a commission that had been established in July 1939 to address issues of American financial claims against the Soviets. Again the NKVD declined to fund his proposed services.[27]

Not until late 1939 did the Soviets contact Dickstein, this time in connection with the appearance before the Dies Committee in executive session of a major Soviet defector, Walter Krivitsky (code-named "Enemy"), who in 1941 would be found dead in a Washington hotel room. His handlers asked Dickstein to provide them, as apparently he had on earlier occasions, with transcripts of Krivitsky's testimony to Dies and his colleagues. What the Soviets received instead was a short memo purportedly summarizing Krivitsky's testimony, which the Congressman (who was not present for the interrogation) described as helpful to the Soviet Union because Krivitsky had presented no concrete evidence of espionage on its part in the United States.

The NKVD agents, however, found Dickstein's memo suspicious when they recognized that portions of it strongly resembled news accounts and Krivitsky's public speeches: "We treated ["Crook's"] report very distrustfully," the Washington station reported on November 5, 1939.[28]

Nor was Dickstein successful in responding to another urgent petition from his Soviet handlers to arrange for Krivitsky's deportation from the United States. The request had come directly from NKVD officials in Moscow in July 1939.[29] Despite Dickstein's efforts to question U.S. immigration authorities concerning Krivitsky's visa, the Dies Committee was able to forestall the defector's deportation.[30]

Nor did Dickstein's accounts of his alleged discussions with leading State Department officials impress his NKVD handlers. A January 1940 memo to Moscow from the New York station concluded that Dickstein's *only* possible future use was in giving speeches in Congress under NKVD direction, receiving for each from $500 to $1,000.[31]

As it turned out, one of Dickstein's first speeches to follow that suggestion was given on January 16, 1940, in support of increased appropriations for J. Edgar Hoover's FBI, which had begun modest if ineffectual counterintelligence efforts directed against Soviet agents in the United States.[32] The NKVD arrived at the inescapable conclusion that, even as a designated speaker, Samuel Dickstein was simply not worth the effort and money that had been spent in cultivating him. "According to all data," observed a February 27, 1940, report to Moscow, "this source can't be a useful organizer who could gather around him a group of liberal Congressmen to exercise our influence and, alone, he doesn't represent any interest. On the other hand, [Dickstein] refuses to give documentary materials and refused to switch to per-piece pay [i.e., for speeches] and we are not going to pay thousands for idleness. Therefore, we decided to break with [Dickstein]."[33] By then, Soviet intelligence operatives had paid over $12,000 to Samuel Dickstein for his various services, a sum equivalent in 1997 dollars to more than $133,000.

Although his NKVD overseers had long since decided that Samuel Dickstein was "a complete racketeer and a blackmailer"[34] (in the words of Gaik Ovakimyan's June 1939 memo to Moscow), that characterization fails to acknowledge also the genuine antifascist sentiment typical of Americans in that generation who cooperated with the Soviets. That dollop of antifascism doubtless reinforced Dickstein's evident and overriding concern for the money involved.

Possibly the keenest insight into the potential uses of such influential "agents in place" in the United States came from Peter Gutzeit, who, before returning to Moscow, sent his superiors a memorandum in June 1938 regarding "our work here [in America] in the field of big politics." Gutzeit had been in the country for five years, unusually long for Soviet intelligence chiefs in that decade. He recognized the amounts other major countries, but not the Soviet Union, were spending in the United States "on propaganda" to influence American policies, public opinion, and the press "as well as [on] bribing political figures in the government, Senate, and Congress. . . . We are shocked [that Dickstein worked for the Poles and English as well as for the Soviets], but here it is normal."

Gutzeit's memo did not advocate bribing key figures (as in Dickstein's case) or stealing documents, but rather spending significant funds to shape the attitudes of sympathetic political and public sectors toward Soviet interests. In an assessment decades ahead of his time, Gutzeit tried to persuade his superiors in Moscow that such efforts would help to produce within the Roosevelt Administration, Congress, and the American public "a certain number of people (ours) who by their speeches and all their work would influence U.S. policy."[35]

As for Samuel Dickstein, his brief adventure in the spy trade left no visible mark on his public career at the time. Other than his efforts first to help create and then to oppose the House Committee on Un-American Activities, the veteran Dickstein was best known for his expertise while serving as chairman of the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization. He ran successfully for the New York State Supreme Court in 1945 and served as a justice from 1946 until his death on April 22, 1954.[36]

But even long after Dickstein and the Soviets had parted company, he managed to rankle them. In a famous incident in 1948, Dickstein, while serving as a judge, ordered Soviet officials to produce in court a

Russian citizen and schoolteacher of diplomatic children who was being held against her will in the USSR Consulate in New York. Hours later, Mrs. Oksana Kasenkina, who had refused a Moscow order to return home, made a daring and successful "leap to freedom," as media throughout the world described her bruising jump from an upper-floor window ledge at the consulate into the courtyard below. It was Soviet Consul-General Jacob Lomakin's disobedience of Dickstein's court order, however, that outraged the once-friendly former-Congressman-turned-jurist. "I will compel him to obey," Samuel Dickstein exclaimed. "I am not going to let him ignore the law."[37]

The irony of Dickstein's declaration would not have been lost on any Soviet intelligence official in Moscow whose case file included an earlier encounter with "Crook."

PART TWO

The Third Front: Soviet Espionage in the Second World War

CHAPTER 8

Harvest Time, I: The Silvermaster Network in Wartime Washington

RETURN OF THE OPERATIVES

THE 1936–39 PURGE YEARS in the Soviet Union affected every institution in the country, including its intelligence service. A number of foreign operatives from the NKVD and the GRU were summoned home to face arrest, interrogation, torture, and often death. Stalin and his inner circle were especially suspicious of those who had served in Western countries where anti-Soviet, Trotskyist, and even czarist influences found free expression. Operatives who defected from intelligence assignments abroad, such as Ignatz Reiss and possibly Walter Krivitsky, were tracked down when possible and murdered. Others—among them Elizabeth Bentley, Whittaker Chambers, and Alexander Orlov—through careful preparation managed to escape retribution after leaving their covert assignments.

Several key NKVD figures were recalled from the United States in 1938 to face imprisonment and execution, including New York station chief Peter Gutzeit.[1] In 1939 and 1940, another seven Russian agents in the United States were summoned home.[2] As a result—although Soviet intelligence had cultivated a broad network of American sources within the government and in other key posts by the late 1930s—there were virtually no NKVD (or GRU) operatives left to supervise their work. This led to a significant break in contact between handlers and sources from 1938 to 1941, lamented in later NKVD memoranda:

> In spite of the fact that among older agents in our American station there were a number used by us in political and diplomatic work, and many agents from European stations have come to the U.S. because of the war (forced to leave occupied territories), we didn't have the ability to use . . . the presence of a large network of [Soviet] agents to organize proper work in this field . . . operatives who could direct the activities of the above-mentioned agents. . . . Unfortunately, the American station for the past several years has suffered an acute crisis in operatives. . . . Thus, [despite] breakthroughs in the most important sectors of our intelligence work, we were obliged to put on conservation [to halt all contact with] a large number of agents and . . . to carry out work on a minimal scale.[3]

Nor, because of poor training and limited background, could the few existing Soviet intelligence operatives in the United States from 1939 to 1941 meet the NKVD's primary goal of acquiring American agents close to the White House and President Roosevelt:

> Difficulties in this work [ran one candid internal assessment] rest on the lack of corresponding cadre in our station, qualified workers [NKVD-trained Soviet operatives] capable of ensuring the handling of prominent and respectable agents surrounding Roosevelt or such persons as [Harry] Hopkins. Therefore, qualified intelligence officers with high culture and horizon, experienced in politics, knowing English and conditions in the U.S., must be sent to the station for political and diplomatic work. The success of our work in such an important sector depends on it to a considerable degree.[4]

Gaik Ovakimyan wrote Moscow in September 1938 asking for funds to maintain two very nervous "illegals," code-named "Yuz" and "Smith," despite "the uncertain situation"; fearing recall, "Smith" had suffered a heart attack.[5] However, because of the continuous purges, no one at NKVD headquarters had been there even a few years earlier. Moscow instructed Ovakimyan to recall the two operatives "since [they were] not known to anybody in the section and were sent abroad for the mission by enemies" already purged from the Service.[6] Only Ovakimyan's subsequent arrest by the FBI rescued him from accepting a similarly perilous summons home.[7]

The NKVD made one attempt in 1941 to bolster its thin red line of operatives in the United States. One of its Moscow department chiefs, Pavel Fitin, wrote Lavrenty Beria asking approval to set up a new "illegal" station in New York and to send as station chief Arnold Deutsch ("Stephan"), who had been working effectively in Great Britain, where he recruited (among others) Harold "Kim" Philby. The New York "illegal" station, in addition to the effort at reestablishing relationships with sources, was given two additional assignments: "Organizing new recruitments especially in defense industries and in [government] ministries that are impossible to penetrate through the legal station; . . . [and] organizing recruitment of agents for transfer to Europe."[8] But Deutsch never reached the United States. His ship was sunk in the mid-Atlantic by a German submarine.

After Deutsch's death, designating the new "illegal" station chief was made more urgent by Germany's June 1941 attack on the Soviet Union. The NKVD assigned Itzhak Akhmerov (now code-named "Mer"), who returned to the United States in December 1941 with his wife, Helen Lowry ("Nelly"), Earl Browder's niece. The couple settled in New York, where Akhmerov developed a cover identity as both an accountant and a partner (with another NKVD agent) in a furrier's shop.[9] Such small businesses were favorite cover enterprises for Soviet "illegals," producing a credible public identity or "legend" while also serving as a source of revenue. (A famous KGB tale in later decades concerns one such successful factory entrepreneur-operative who returned home after years spent abroad. Invited to speak about his business experiences to an audience of workers at a Moscow factory, after briefly inspecting the plant, the "illegal" began his speech by announcing: "If this were my company, I would fire all of you immediately!")

So fascinated had Itzhak Akhmerov become with American business that he easily might have been that speaker. Soon after reaching New York and assuming his nominal role as a furrier, he expanded the shop and increased its profits. Emboldened by his success, Akhmerov proposed to his Moscow superiors that he be allowed "with a small [amount of] capital . . . to establish connections with a solid banking firm on Wall Street" or to invest in the stock market, pointing out to his undoubtedly puzzled Soviet colleagues that "there are about 13 million [stock] shareholders in the U.S." Akhmerov claimed that his wealthy American source, Michael Straight, had offered to help him organize a new "cover" identity as an international banker! Alternatively, Akhmerov wrote Moscow, he wished to open a "small fashionable fur shop" in the high-rent district on Madison Avenue in midtown Manhattan with his wife running the business. Despite the operative's accurate description of the status and benefits involved—"In the U.S., the more one is involved in . . . trade and business affairs, the more respected he is and better social status he has. Here, a semi-literate merchant looks down on a professor."—his superiors firmly rejected this most-un-Bolshevik plan of action.[10]

Getting down to real business, Akhmerov spent a great deal of time in the months after his return to America trying unsuccessfully to revive earlier cooperation from sources he had known in Washington during the 1930s. Despite both Laurence Duggan's and Michael Straight's willingness to accept personal relationships with Akhmerov (whom Straight knew as "Michael Green"), Straight would not resume his earlier work for Soviet intelligence, and Duggan cooperated only fitfully.* Nor did Akhmerov's attempt in 1942 to recruit for his network several active NKGB sources in government posts—including Victor Perlo ("Eck") and Charles Kramer ("Lot")—prove successful. Their agent group reported directly to Jacob Golos in the New York NKGB station.[11]

Hoping to explain his singular lack of success as a returning "illegal," Ahkmerov described for Moscow in August 1942 the wartime constraints on meeting potential sources:

> Conditions for such meetings in Washington become very complicated. It is almost impossible to talk about business matters in restaurants . . . [which] are always overcrowded, and every delicate conversation draws the attention of surrounding people. To sit whispering scares the interlocutor. Counterintelligence here has become very flexible and far-sighted. Recently, the FBI issued an order to fire all the Washington waiters who are not American citizens. Hundreds of policemen and FBI cars are circulating around the city.[12]

Although Akhmerov may have exaggerated the extent of counterintelligence activity, plainly the additional dangers of exposure helped to persuade both Duggan and Straight to remain cautious in their contacts with him. Akhmerov turned to business for one of his few 1942 initiatives, recruiting an American Communist Party member ("Bark") to open a "night café-restaurant for officials and political figures" in Washington. The enterprise opened but quickly closed without explanation in the report received by Moscow.[13]

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* Akhmerov's efforts are described in Chapters 1 and 4.

SILVERMASTER AND FRIENDS

Akhmerov's luck improved (and his workload increased) in November 1943, after Jacob Golos's death and the NKGB's decision to transfer, over Elizabeth Bentley's objections, a significant group of Washington sources directly to Akhmerov's control, especially a network of government officials run by economist Nathan Gregory Silvermaster. In January 1942, long before Golos's death, NKGB leadership believed that the group's importance to Soviet intelligence collection required stricter individual oversight by a professional, not Golos's practice of casually mingling "open" U.S. Communist Party associates and covert Washington sources.

"It is necessary to break the group into separate links," Moscow had instructed Golos in January 1942, "with a view toward its most effective use and guidance as well as ensuring *konspiratsia* [observing the rules of agent security] and removing complexity from the entire system." Initially, Moscow proposed a modest reorganization of Golos's operations, allowing him to continue working with Silvermaster, who, in turn, would maintain control of *his* various sources. One of these was Treasury official Harry Dexter White (code-named "Lawyer" at the time), whom Moscow understandably considered "one of the most valuable probationers [agents]." In time, the NKGB leadership would want White transferred to Akhmerov's direct supervision. Meanwhile, the January 1942 instructions continued, Silvermaster should also maintain contact with at least one other close associate in the network, William Ludwig Ullman ("Polo"), while both continued their recruitment of an even more important figure, White House adviser Lauchlin Currie ("Page").[14]

Assisted by Elizabeth Bentley, Golos viewed his work as a cooperative effort with CPUSA head Earl Browder. He rejected efforts at direct supervision by Soviet NKGB "illegals" such as Akhmerov. Often this plethora of overseers led to confusion among Golos's sources concerning whether their material went to the American Communist Party, the Comintern, the NKGB in Moscow—or all three.

Through Earl Browder, Jacob Golos's contact with Nathan Gregory Silvermaster had begun in 1940, possibly even earlier. Silvermaster spoke Russian, which made him a popular figure among Soviet operatives. Born in Odessa in 1899, Silvermaster and his family had reached the United States in 1914. After spending his postcollege years from 1920 to 1935 as an active Communist on the West Coast, he came to

Washington to work at various New Deal agencies before settling at Treasury. He had met Earl Browder and served as his courier during the 1934 "general strike" in San Francisco. It was through Browder that Silvermaster was introduced to Golos and the Soviets' East Coast intelligence network. Silvermaster's wife, Helen, a distant relative of the famous czarist Prime Minister Count Witte, shared her husband's enthusiasm for assisting the NKVD.

Because of his relationship with Golos, in 1941–42, Silvermaster became the coordinator of several other Soviet sources—economists like himself—within the wartime U.S. government: Frank Coe ("Pick"), William Ludwig Ullman ("Polo"), and David Silverman ("Eleron").[15] Others would follow, including Treasury's Harry Dexter White, who had been involved during the 1930s with the GRU network for which Whittaker Chambers had been a courier.* "According to our information," Moscow cabled New York station chief Vassily Zarubin in November 1942, "at one time [White] was a probationer of the neighbors," confirming his earlier role. Moscow advised "singling out a special 'illegal' to work with him," considering White's special importance.[16]

The "Silvermaster Group," as it was called by American counterintelligence experts once it was exposed, was actually an untidy assemblage of agents and sources with little "group" identity. Thus, one member—Frank Coe—complained frequently to handlers that his agent work was hindering his "official" career. Another—Solomon Adler ("Sax")—had actually left Washington for duties in China, though Moscow still counted him in Silvermaster's conspiratorial cohort.[17] Even Harry Dexter White, a veteran Soviet source, was a reluctant recruit: agitated constantly over the possibility of exposure, concerned with career advancement within Treasury, and generally (in Zarubin's words) "a very nervous and cowardly person."[18]

Despite the organizational disarray, Silvermaster and his associates produced for the NKVD the most valuable information then being generated from its American stations. Immediately after Germany's invasion of the Soviet Union in June 1941, for example, Silvermaster delivered to Golos and other Soviet operatives documents from the U.S. military attaché's office in London and elsewhere containing recent data on the German armed forces and its deployment in Germany and various occupied countries.[19] He also turned over information on U.S. military-industrial plans and on the views held by leading American policymakers concerning developments on the Soviet-German front, much of which presumably reached Silvermaster (a mid-level bureaucrat) from his more highly placed friend Harry Dexter White. Accurate or otherwise, such opinions held great interest for Stalin and his closest colleagues.

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* See Chapter 2 for Chambers's relationship with White and others during this period.

Often the information conveyed was especially timely and came directly from the top. Thus, on August 5, 1941, the New York station learned from Silvermaster that at a July 31 luncheon, Navy Secretary Frank Knox had offered to bet that the Germans would capture Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, and Odessa within a month. Treasury Secretary Henry Morgenthau took the bet and shared this news with Silvermaster and other key staff members.[20] Moscow concluded that Morgenthau sympathized with the USSR's plight and could help influence FDR's aid policies.[21] Presidential adviser Harry Hopkins's confidential report to Roosevelt on his summer 1941 trip to Moscow also reached the NKVD, probably via another FDR counselor, Lauchlin Currie, by that time a colleague in Silvermaster's network.[22] That fall, even before Averill Harriman left for Moscow to lead the U.S. delegation to a trilateral conference on Anglo-American financial assistance to the USSR, Soviet intelligence had received a briefing on the Roosevelt cabinet's discussion of this issue.[23]

Despite the vital material from Silvermaster and his group, NKGB leadership in Moscow continued to complain about its lack of focus on questions of priority interest to the Soviet Union. "Left to their own resources," ran one June 1942 dispatch to Vassily Zarubin, the American agents "often give either out-of-date or completely unfit materials. . . . [Silvermaster's] materials represent in essence an incidental motley collection of information [ranging] from those which we sent in part to the Instance [the Soviet leadership] to those which have no value."*[24]

This same cable outlined the type of information Moscow sought, such as whether the American government was implementing its latest pacts with the USSR, including the Lend-Lease agreement, and who, if anyone, opposed such support. Had preparations begun to open a second front in Europe and, if so, "when and in what place"? Moreover, who favored and who opposed the second front? "What questions did Churchill discuss with Roosevelt . . . at their last meeting in June? What are the divergences between the English and Americans on the main matters of the war?" Turning to postwar Europe, the NKGB wanted to know how America's "leading circles" felt about the "frontiers of our country" and about "reestablishment of the independence of small countries bordering with us." This extensive list of priorities concluded with queries about the extent of "fifth column" sabotage in the United States—by which the NKGB meant the work of isolationist and pro-Nazi groups—and about the actions of U.S. counterintelligence against Soviet operatives.[25]

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* The VENONA intercepts contain a number of reports based on classified U.S. government and military documents turned over by Silvermaster and his associates. See, for example, New York station to Moscow, May 21, 1943, Nos. 732, 735; May 25, 1942, Nos. 746–48; May 28, 1943, Nos. 794–99; June 9, 1943, No. 888; June 22, 1943, No. 977; June 29–30, 1943, Nos. 1017, 1022; July 3, 1943, Nos. 1061–63; July 20, 1943, Nos. 1176–78; July 21, 1943, No. 1189.

Nor did Soviet intelligence's hunger for secret information from the United States stop there. During the 1930s, neither the NKVD nor the GRU had displayed much interest in (or knowledge of) the close connections between America's domestic politics and its foreign policy. All that changed, however, after Hitler's armies began slicing through the USSR in June 1941. A precise understanding of U.S. intentions and perspectives—such as Silvermaster's August 5, 1941, account of the cabinet luncheon discussion—became a priority for Stalin and his colleagues, who turned to their intelligence networks in America, as this April 6, 1942, dispatch from Moscow indicated:

> We are interested in the [U.S.] government's plans for the country's foreign and domestic policy, all machinations, backstage negotiations, intrigues, all that is done before this or that decision of the government becomes known to everybody. . . . The task is to penetrate into those places where policy is born and developed, where discussions and debates take place, where policy is completed.[26]

The NKGB leadership's practical instruction accompanying this general mandate was to coordinate regular receipt of crucial secret information from all major sources within the government—the State Department and other cabinet ministries as well as the OSS, FBI, and other intelligence or counterintelligence bodies—but especially the White House. Moscow believed, correctly, that where possible, Roosevelt avoided using official government channels for fear of leaking information and losing control of policy. Thus, the April 6, 1942, memorandum concluded that "penetrating the surroundings of Roosevelt himself is the goal that we seek in our everyday work."[27] In practice, this meant seeking access to a small circle of the President's closest friends and associates such as Harry Hopkins and Treasury Secretary

Henry Morgenthau (hence the crucial importance of sources such as Lauchlin Currie and Harry Dexter White).

The activities of Silvermaster and his associates were disrupted for a time in the spring of 1942 by four separate investigations of the economist's links to the Communist Party. Silvermaster informed Jacob Golos at a March 26 meeting that the House Committee on Un-American Activities had listed him among a hundred government officials suspected of being Communists, in Silvermaster's case because of his activities in California during the mid-thirties. At this time, the FBI also began to probe the same information, contacting a number of friends (including Harry Dexter White) who promptly informed Silvermaster.[28] Shortly thereafter, a separate extensive investigation by the Civil Service Commission could not confirm Silvermaster's Communist associations nor could an Office of Naval Intelligence inquiry.[29]

Moscow ordered a two-month break in acquiring materials from Silvermaster and his group while these inquiries were in progress, assigning Elizabeth Bentley to maintain contact with the agent himself.[30] A number of the letters exchanged between Silvermaster and his U.S. government superiors (most of whom believed his disavowals of Communist links) were later sent by Golos to Moscow. The Treasury official's interrogators did not ask whether he had committed espionage or had links to any Soviet intelligence organization.[31]

At the insistence of Naval Intelligence, however, Silvermaster was discharged from the Treasury Department in June 1942 only to be hired soon afterward by the Farm Security Administration.[32] Since Silvermaster met his various sources away from their places of employment, his change in venue did not noticeably interfere with his ability to continue collecting government documents and information for Jacob Golos. Nor did a renewed probe of Silvermaster the following year by the Justice Department interfere with normal covert business.

This time, his friend and fellow-agent Lauchlin Currie used his White House post to help quash the inquiry, as Zarubin reported to Moscow in October 1943:

> Recently [Silvermaster] told us that [Currie] made every effort to liquidate his case: when [Silvermaster's] case was given for examination to the committee [presumably White House security personnel] . . . attached to "Captain" [the President], [Currie] managed to persuade the majority of members of this committee

> to favor repealing this investigation. . . . [He] believes that the investigation will be stopped.*[33]

Zarubin, Akhmerov, and the other Russian operatives at the NKGB's New York station were persuaded that their major problem with Silvermaster and his group was not exposure by American counterintelligence but Jacob Golos's deficiencies as a supervisor. At this time, the NKGB still did not know the real names of various members of the group nor many details of Golos's oversight. They contented themselves with receiving the information but brooded about their lack of control over the process. Thus, Zarubin complained to Moscow in October 1942 that although "[Silvermaster] and his people" were productive sources, much more could be done with the group: "We already receive from them, especially from [Silvermaster], valuable materials. . . . One could satisfy one's self with it. However, if . . . one can count on them as a serious base now and in future, they must be taught our work, included in our network, and attached to us. The connection of [Golos] with [Silvermaster] will not ensure this, since he is against such an approach."[34]

Akhmerov's takeover was confirmed at a December 19, 1943, meeting between Earl Browder and Elizabeth Zarubina, wife of the NKGB's New York station chief and herself an experienced agent handler.[35] When Akhmerov finally met Silvermaster on March 15, 1944, his initial impression was highly favorable (as reported in a March 20 dispatch to Moscow). Silvermaster was "a man sincerely devoted to the party and the Soviet Union . . . politically literate, knows Marxism, a deeply Russian man . . . known in Washington as a progressive liberal . . . [and] understands perfectly that he works for us."[36]

Silvermaster's major government sources also remained faithful. William Ludwig Ullman had been in Silvermaster's CPUSA cell and lived in his apartment. Ullman collected information and, according to KGB records, also photographed documents for transmission to the Soviets.[37] Frank Coe also provided valuable material but believed that his data went to Earl Browder rather than directly to Soviet intelligence. David Silverman, another clandestine CPUSA member, was a third source, cautious and never asking to whom Silvermaster gave his material. Silvermaster's wife, Helen, code-named "Dora," assisted her husband's secret efforts. Finally, Treasury Department official Harry Dexter White remained an ongoing source of information, documents, and policy assistance, using his friend Silvermaster as a conduit to Soviet intelligence throughout the war years.*[38]

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* "[Jacob Golos] has reported that the [FBI] has resumed investigation of the case of [Nathan Gregory Silvermaster]. A few days ago, two representatives of the [FBI] visited [Lauchlin Currie] and began to [ask] about [Silvermaster], in particular is he a [Communist Party member]. [Currie] apparently replied that he knows [Silvermaster] . . . [undeciphered]. . . ." New York station to Moscow, September 1, 1943, No. 1431, VENONA files.

Moscow instructed Akhmerov to organize more regular deliveries of information, instruct the group's members in tradecraft, and shift several to direct contact with other Soviet operatives, thereby "compartmentalizing" the group.[39] More effective training was obviously essential: Over half the photographed documents in one batch submitted by Ullman in the summer of 1944, for example, were unreadable.[40]

Untimely translation was another source of complaint from Moscow. Pavel Fitin's memorandum to Vsevolod Merkulov in July 1944 expressed his displeasure about the belated arrival of certain materials from Silvermaster and his colleagues but also confirmed their first-rate quality:

> The New York station is systematically delaying the processing of acquired documentary and agent materials; in particular, materials from [Silvermaster's] group. Consequently, much important data . . . comes to us with a long delay, thereby losing its value to some extent.
>
> For example, by Post #2, which we received on May 25 this year, the station sent, among other materials, [the following documents, which had been received by the station in February or March]:
>
> 1. draft of a four-page agreement between the U.S. and England about lend-lease;
> 2. a 41-page Treasury Department memorandum on postwar financial and trade relations between the USSR and the U.S.;
> 3. a three-page draft memorandum composed by [Harry Dexter] White for [Secretary Henry] Morgenthau about

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* Information also came regularly from FDR's close aide Lauchlin Currie ("Page"), as in this important June 1944 cable: "According to [Currie's] information, [Roosevelt's] reluctance to recognize [General DeGaulle's] government is explained by the fact that he is striving to compel the French to take a more liberal position with respect to the colonies. [Currie] expresses his certainty that [Roosevelt] considers the USSR's conditions for the Polish-Soviet border to be acceptable. . . ." New York station to Moscow, June 24, 1944, No. 900, VENONA files.

> amendments to the Soviet-American agreement on lend-lease and about granting a loan to the Soviet Union for reconstructing the national economy, etc.
>
> Timely receipt by us of these materials could turn out to be very useful for the Instance [Stalin and Soviet leaders] and, particularly, for our delegation to the international currency-financial conference that is now taking place in the U.S. [the crucial Dumbarton Oaks Conference in Washington on postwar monetary policies].
>
> Also, a 12-page secret document of the Foreign Economic Administration about the future of Germany. . . . This material would be of major interest to our leading government organizations, representatives in the European Consultative Commission.
>
> [We recognize the] considerable overload for station operatives because of agent work.[41]

Fitin then asked Merkulov's consent to transfer a Soviet operative, code-named "Julia," from Los Angeles to the New York station to assist in expediting document processing and transfer.

The Silvermasters' troubled marital relations also disrupted the group's cohesion, although, at first, without noticeable impact on its remarkable delivery of top secret U.S. government data. Akhmerov informed Moscow that Helen Silvermaster and William Ludwig Ullman (who lived in the couple's apartment) had become lovers, apparently with her husband's consent, a ménage à trois known to other members of the group. "Surely these unhealthy relations between them cannot help but influence their behavior and work with us negatively," Akhmerov complained to his superiors. He suggested (correctly) that Silvermaster's leadership of the group had been jeopardized.[42] Nevertheless, Akhmerov assured Silvermaster, while confronting the pressures of security investigations, that if fired he would receive a monthly stipend from Moscow.[43] At one point in 1944, the NKGB even offered to put a $6,000 down payment on a farm the Silvermasters were thinking of purchasing as a base of operation in the event he became unemployed.*[44]

Adding to the station's troubles at this time was a confirmed report during the summer of 1944 that the FBI had installed wiretaps in every

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* In the end, after several cables from Akhmerov detailing Silvermaster's request for such a loan, Moscow agreed to provide half the amount: "[Akhmerov] has handed three thousand dollars to [Silvermaster], who was very satisfied as a

Soviet organization in the United States, through which they had learned the code names of a number of NKGB sources. Moscow ordered an immediate and massive change in code names, generating great confusion in its American networks. Thus, "Mer" (Akhmerov) became "Albert"; his wife "Nelly" (Helen Lowry) "Elsa"; "Pal" (Silvermaster) "Robert"; "Polo" (Ullman) "Pilot"; and "Lawyer" (Harry Dexter White) "Richard," later changed to "Reed."*[45]

On balance, however, Moscow was extremely pleased with the work done by Akhmerov and others at the New York station in gaining such valuable materials from the Silvermaster network and praised them for having begun to professionalize Golos's "clumsy and disorganized" group of American agents. Compartmentalization, however, remained a problem for Akhmerov. Silvermaster continued to resist strenuously any attempt to reduce his influence over his sources, including his wife's lover.†[46]

Nonetheless, Akhmerov's labors earned him a Red Banner decoration in 1944, while his wife, Helen, received the lesser Red Star honor. Silvermaster, too, was decorated. However, his award, in keeping with custom, was shown to him by Akhmerov but returned to the station lest it be discovered.[47] The medals were well earned from Moscow's perspective. Pavel Fitin reported to Vsevolod Merkulov in August 1944 that, since the beginning of the year, Silvermaster's group had placed in NKGB hands 386 important U.S. government documents on a wide range of issues.[48]

Throughout this period, despite the enormous value of the information delivered by his sources, Silvermaster's behavior continued to pose difficulties and even dangers for Soviet intelligence. Akhmerov characterized him "as a man wholly devoted to us but exceptionally self-

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result." New York station to Moscow, December 20, 1944, No. 1798, VENONA files.

* To compound the confusion, during the mid-1930s, Alger Hiss, who reported, while a Ware Group member, to Joszef Peter's Comintern network and then to the GRU, was also assigned the code name "Lawyer" for a time. See Chapters 1 and 2.

† "It is possible that [Silvermaster] thought we wanted to take away some of his people counting on getting better results and concluded from this that we were not altogether satisfied with his achievements. . . . [Silvermaster] reacted very unfavorably saying that before [Akhmerov's] time somebody else tried to part him and [Ullman]. . . ." New York station to Moscow, January 4, 1945, Nos. 12–15, VENONA files, a long cable devoted to the difficulties within Silvermaster's group.

willed, stubborn, confident of his superiority over all others and behaving with respect to other [agents] as a dictator or 'fuhrer.' " He provided his superiors with documentation of this character sketch, including a dubious story, told to him by Silvermaster, about a meeting with the confidential secretary to Treasury Secretary Henry Morgenthau (whom the NKGB dubbed "Nabob," and the secretary "Mora"). This woman, according to Silvermaster, had had an earlier affair with Morgenthau that produced a then-teenaged daughter. Impressed by Silvermaster's ideas and background, "Mora" urged the Secretary to offer him a counselor's post in the Department. Although he claimed that Morgenthau proceeded to do so, when Silvermaster urged Harry Dexter White to support his candidacy, White objected and pointed out that the obligatory FBI investigation would threaten his own future and that of Henry Morgenthau. A shouting match ensued, with Silvermaster complaining that White objected only because of personal jealousy. The new position never materialized.[49]

Deeply troubled by this irascible independent streak, Akhmerov's supervisor, New York station chief Vladimir Pravdin, complained that he remained too passive when Silvermaster, the group's nominal head "over organizational and operational matters[,] presented him with a fait accompli." Akhmerov responded bluntly to Pravdin's demand that he discipline Silvermaster more effectively: "The main thing is the results. For twenty-five years, we couldn't get information about the politics of this country. Now [Silvermaster] is carrying out enormous work and giving our government a complete picture of [American] politics on all questions." Pravdin's reaction was conciliatory: "Without belittling [Silvermaster's] work, we tried to prove . . . that this work could be much more valuable if it is organized properly."[50]

In this exchange, an older tradition of Soviet espionage involving ideologically committed local Communist agents collided directly with the increasingly professionalized imperatives of the USSR's wartime intelligence service. Itzhak Akhmerov, like Jacob Golos and Gaik Ovakimyan before him, demanded concrete results in the form of vital secret government information from his often sensitive and troubled sources. To achieve this goal, Akhmerov did not object even to assuming a deferential, subordinate role when dealing with arrogant sources such as Silvermaster. During the 1940s, however, the new NKGB sought both greater respect for professional tradecraft (*konspiratsia*) from its operatives and their sources as well as subordination of often-individualistic agents such as Silvermaster to Moscow's discipline.

The Akhmerov-Silvermaster relationship suffered also from the fact that the latter did not know that his contact was a Soviet intelligence officer. He believed that Akhmerov, who spoke fluent English, was a U.S. citizen and a Communist businessman code-named "Bill" who, like himself, cooperated voluntarily with the NKGB—in short, an equal and not a superior. In the spring of 1945, Akhmerov even refused a suggestion from Pravdin, who worked under a cover identity as the Soviet Information Bureau head, that he reveal his true identity to Silvermaster.[51]

By this time, Silvermaster's obnoxious personal style had thoroughly alienated Harry Dexter White and David Silverman, both of whom declined to supply him with further information. Because of "his hot temper [and] sharpness," Pravdin cabled Moscow, only William Ludwig Ullman and a pair of new married recruits—Bella Gold ("Acorn") in Commerce and Sonya Gold ("Zhenya") at Treasury—continued to supply data to Silvermaster. Contributing to the latter's difficulties throughout the 1944–45 period was a chronic and intensifying asthmatic condition.*[52]

Whatever the reasons, from Moscow's perspective the disarray of the Silvermaster Group could not have occurred at a worse time. A new and potentially more hostile American President, Harry S Truman, had entered the White House after the mid-April 1945 death of Franklin Roosevelt. The need for accurate intelligence on Truman's perspectives and those of his closest advisers regarding a postwar settlement became the Soviet leadership's most urgent preoccupation, as Moscow wrote to Pravdin on June 1:

> Currently, studying Truman's surroundings has exceptional importance. This is one of the main tasks of the station. Determine the relations between Morgenthau and Truman, whether he influences Truman, etc. Also, try to use [Harry Dexter White] to cultivate (through his connections) leaders of the State Department and other government institutions. . . . Charge [Silvermaster], besides leading the group, with explaining [former Vice

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* Beginning in the fall of 1944, a number of cables to Moscow from Soviet operatives in the United States such as Akhmerov dealt with the internal strife within the Silvermaster Group, for the most part inconclusively. See, for example, New York station to Moscow, August 31, 1944, No. 1243; October 1, 1944, Nos. 1388–89; and January 4, 1945, Nos. 12–15; VENONA files. See also Moscow to New York station, March 20, 1945, No. 253, VENONA files.

> President Henry] Wallace and his relations with Truman. . . . Besides studying political, social, and military figures of interest to us, you must direct the [agents] to study Truman himself, his intentions, politics, etc . . . [based] on conversations with high-ranking officials, etc.*[53]

After Truman replaced Roosevelt, the attitude toward the Soviet Union emanating from the White House and major federal government departments quickly became distinctly less friendly. Lauchlin Currie was forced to leave his post as presidential adviser and Harry Dexter White, under threat of imminent dismissal, prepared to shift from Treasury to a job at the World Bank.[54] Silvermaster tried to talk White, with whom he had apparently patched up relations, into remaining at Treasury.[55] By the fall of 1945, however, it was clear that Truman's new Secretary of the Treasury, Fred Vinson, did not share Morgenthau's confidence in White's abilities: "Although [Vinson] outwardly treats him in a friendly manner," Pravdin wrote Moscow on October 29, "[White] is convinced that the question of his dismissal is a matter of weeks or months. [Vinson] . . . never consults him, etc." White had concluded, correctly, that he had no alternatives left for employment in the Truman Administration and that maintaining his credibility required prompt departure for one of the recently created international financial institutions such as the World Bank.†[56]

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* Several key members of Silvermaster's group apparently served as sources of inside information on U.S. policy at the founding conference of the United Nations in San Francisco that April: "Tell [Akhmerov] to make arrangements with [Silvermaster] about maintaining contact with [White] and [Ullman] in [San Francisco]." New York station to Moscow, April 6, 1945, No. 328, VENONA files. White proved a voluble informant for the Soviets at San Francisco. One May 4 cable transmitted "the contents of a prolonged conversation" with him while a May 13 dispatch described in detail White's account of the Conference's issues, procedures, and cloakroom conversations. San Francisco station to Moscow, May 4, 1945, No. 230, and May 13, 1945, No. 259, VENONA files.

† Even while Roosevelt was President, White was extremely nervous about his personal contacts with Soviet operatives. At a July 31, 1944, meeting with a Moscow operative named Koltsov, White declared himself "ready for any self-sacrifice; he himself does not think about his personal security, but a compromise would lead to a political scandal . . . and [the discredit] of all supporters of the new course. Therefore he would have to be very cautious." Although White agreed to meet again in mid-August, he "proposes infrequent conversations lasting up to half an hour while driving in his automobile" rather than meeting at his apartment. New York station to Moscow, August 4–5, 1944, Nos. 1119–21, VENONA files.

At this moment of declining prospects for Nathan Gregory Silvermaster's previously productive group, Pravdin finally succeeded in achieving Moscow's technical goal of compartmentalizing the various sources. Akhmerov arranged a meeting for his station chief with Silvermaster on September 2 that lasted for nine hours. Later, Pravdin described for Moscow the American's "antagonism to all our measures" as a reflection of "petty-bourgeois proprietary ideology that, together with purely American anarchism, is one of the most typical features of a very large number of local compatriots."[57]

Pravdin traced Silvermaster's often-hysterical arguments with members of his group to the emotional impact of his worsening asthmatic condition. (Akhmerov reported that Silvermaster had been subject to fainting spells. He had even stopped breathing on one occasion, and these near-death moments apparently generated his dramatic mood swings in dealing with members of the network.) Silvermaster, in turn, pleased to be meeting finally a bona fide Soviet operative such as Pravdin (Akhmerov had still not revealed his identity), complained that except for Ullman, who still shared bed and board with the Silvermasters, "nobody among the other [agents] wanted to work." Frank Coe failed to carry out promised assignments to acquire information and was now "hiding from him." David Silverman "without consulting him" had taken a better-paying post in the private sector. Even Harry White "doesn't pass information or documents," believing that his major role for the Soviet Union now was "to give advice on major political and economic matters."[58] By then, Pravdin had begun meeting Harry Dexter White directly, keeping this fact from Silvermaster, who would have objected vehemently.[59]

Confronted with total disarray, Pravdin tried to salvage at least one of Silvermaster's previous contacts, instructing Akhmerov to organize a meeting (which took place on October 1) with David Silverman, who complained that neither he nor his colleagues in the group understood why Silvermaster had been chosen as their leader: "they had been working for us much longer than [he had]." A "group," as such, did not really exist any longer, Silverman pointed out, and he demanded that Pravdin organize a new and more effective network, with a different leader, before he would resume work. Such participatory management of a Soviet espionage cohort was hardly what Pravdin had sought from the meeting.[60]

The station chief's immediate response to the collapse of Silvermaster's network in the more hostile climate of Truman's Washington was petty but understandable. He complained to Moscow about his colleague Akhmerov, urging that he be sent "back home to work in the central apparatus" because of his supposed failure to display "a proper understanding of our work."[61] The request was granted. In December 1945, Itzhak and Helen Akhmerov returned to the Soviet Union, leaving behind a greater record of achievement than that of other Soviet operatives in the United States. Although he failed to persuade Laurence Duggan and Michael Straight to resume agents' roles, Akhmerov nurtured the volatile Nathan Gregory Silvermaster and his comparably temperamental band of sources while they delivered a remarkably rich harvest of wartime documents and information to Moscow.

Shortly before Akhmerov's return to Russia, he told Silvermaster that Elizabeth Bentley had defected, another reason for the Russian's hasty departure. Although Bentley knew and might expose her former associate, Silvermaster responded calmly: "He said all this was very sad and serious, but he was not scared or excited at all." He refused to believe that Bentley would cooperate with the FBI and name co-conspirators, given her own prominent role. Nevertheless, preparing for the worst, Silvermaster and Akhmerov discussed what his responses would be to counterintelligence agents who might question him about his covert activities: "Naturally [he] will deny completely any allegations about his connection and cooperation with us," Akhmerov reported. Still, Silvermaster expected to lose his current government position once a probe began and speculated about moving to the Soviet Union or some other country to continue his work.

Akhmerov, in turn, told the American that he might not be meeting with him again and arranged contact procedures for a future operative's meeting. Because of Bentley's defection, the two men agreed for the present "to stop our work totally."[62] When Soviet agents next located Silvermaster in July 1947, he was living in New Jersey with a Russian friend.[63] By then, both FBI and congressional probes had begun based on Bentley's identification of Silvermaster as a Soviet agent. Periodic attempts by Soviet operatives in New York and Washington to monitor Silvermaster's activities in the years that followed—his career as an espionage agent having concluded in 1945—produced one NKGB report that he and his faithful housemate, William Ludwig Ullman, had become by 1951 prosperous home builders on the New Jersey shore.[64]

As for Akhmerov, during the late 1940s and early 1950s, he finally achieved (at least publicly) his earlier dream. While working as a KGB "illegal" in Switzerland, he chose a cover identity as a successful American businessman! Later, the Akhmerovs returned to Moscow. There, Helen taught English to young Soviet “illegal” operatives while Itzhak instructed them in tradecraft’s most difficult lesson: leading a humane life amid the unpredictable hurly-burly of secret work, sometimes in a thoroughly individualistic society such as the United States.[65]

CHAPTER 9

Atomic Espionage: From Fuchs to the Rosenbergs

On November 24, 1941, the NKVD's New York station chief Pavel Pastelnyak (code-named "Luka") cabled Moscow that three American scientists—one the well-known physicist Harold Urey—had left for London to work on "an explosive of enormous force." According to information collected by the station, the scientists were studying the possible harnessing of an explosive force that would allow a bomb dropped from a plane to spread its impact over more than two hundred miles.[1] Moscow instructed its London station to verify this report through a source in British intelligence, John Cairncross ("List"), and speculated that the New York cable referred to Uranium-235.[2] The London station chief, Anatoly Gorsky ("Vadim"), reported that Pastelnyak was wrong. Urey and his colleagues had already left England and returned to America. He could discover nothing about the purpose of their visit.[3]

In this muddled and unsatisfactory manner, Soviet intelligence began what would become its obsessive pursuit of information about "Enormoz," the apposite code name it assigned to nuclear research and production in the United States, England, and Canada.

THE XY LINE

In 1941 and 1942, at a time when German armies approached the gates of Moscow and other major cities in the USSR, atomic research was only one of several Western defense industries of interest to Soviet agents. In early April 1941, NKVD leadership divided its operatives into separate "political" and "scientific-technical" fields rather than mixing assignments, and one of the new breed of Soviet "scientific-technical" agents was Semyon Semyonov ("Twen").[4] He had come to America in January 1938 for advanced studies at MIT, where, two years later, he received a graduate degree. "I did not regard studying [there] as a goal per se," Semyonov wrote in a November 1944 report to Moscow, "but as a way of preparing for intelligence work, learning the country [and] the language and increasing [my] general technical knowledge."[5]

Semyonov would prove one of Moscow's most effective operatives during the war years. "Short, with a duck nose and big eyes which, while he was talking to somebody, [revolved] like parabolic antennas," Alexander Feklissov ("Kalistrat") later wrote, "he was quick [at] getting along with people . . . and could easily be taken for a middle-level American businessman."[6]

More experienced operatives at the NKVD's New York station such as Gaik Ovakimyan privately complained about the unruly manners displayed by Semyonov and others in a small group of Soviet student-spies shifted during the late 1930s and early 1940s to scientific and technical assignments, known as "XY line" work (three others, code-named "Lavr," "Kurt," and "Glan," are mentioned in the Moscow records). "Unfortunately," Ovakimyan wrote in one letter to a Moscow colleague who evidently had been involved in training the new agents, "I have to report that you spoiled the guys and didn't orient them correctly on some matters. Most of them don't like working properly (I mean, for the moment, studying), [and] their academic preparation turned out rather weak. Besides, there is no Bolshevik modesty. . . . Surely, these people are unripe and conceited."[7]

Similar complaints about scientific arrogance, conceit, and unwillingness to submit to discipline were reported during this same period by General Leslie Groves about the *American* scientists transported from university careers to work on the U.S. wartime atomic energy program.

Soviet scientific and technical espionage in the United States halted briefly on May 5, 1941, when Gaik Ovakimyan was arrested. By mid-

June, however, Soviet agents had reestablished their American contacts and resumed acquiring material.[8] One August memo reported restoring contact with an entrepreneur-chemist ("Talent") who offered to work with the station to establish companies that could patent products and inventions of use to the USSR.[9] In the end, Moscow declined the offer.

One of "Talent's" subsources, "Tal-1," however, had already opened such a firm. Concerned about security, Moscow cautioned its New York station in June 1942:

> In the report of a stranger—Julius Rosenberg—about the firm of "Tal-1," received through [Jacob Golos], it is said that "Tal-1" introduced "Talent" as one of the backers who had contact with Mikhael Kaganovich [then the Soviet's People's Commissar for the aviation industry]. Thus, with creation of his very first firm, "Talent" became known as an agent of the Soviet Union to people who were not connected with us.[10]

Golos had evidently reported a warning by his source, Julius Rosenberg, at that time still "a stranger" to the NKGB in Moscow. Rosenberg's secret work on behalf of the USSR was then coordinated by Golos, but he would not remain "a stranger" in the years that followed.

The German invasion of the Soviet Union in June 1941 had led to accelerated efforts by "XY line" agents and sources to supply Moscow with information on advanced nonatomic American defense production. Thus, on November 5, 1941, the station forwarded to Moscow plans "about [an] anti-tank weapon which is called here a 'Molotov cocktail,' " provided to Jacob Golos by the same Communist physician (Dr. Emil Connison) who had been told of Harold Urey's secret visit to London.[11] Semyonov received from a chemist-bacteriologist ("Cherny" or "Black") secret data on penicillin, then in an experimental stage.[12] One valuable source in the aviation industry, Jones Orin York ("Needle"), who had cooperated with the NKVD in California and New York in the 1930s,* reappeared in New England to provide highly valuable material until his courier was identified by American counterintelligence agents and broke off contact.[13]

The New York station noted this increased surveillance in a revealing late-July 1942 memorandum to Moscow:

> Since the beginning of the war in Europe, but especially after December 7, 1941, when America actively entered the world war,

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* See Chapter 2 for a discussion of York's covert work during the 1930s.

conditions of work on the "XY line" have changed radically in comparison with prewar times. This change is shown mainly in the following factors:

> 1. As always in wartime, patriotic feelings have grown . . . greatly. We have to take this factor into account not only while cultivating new candidates . . . but also in working with older agents.
>
> 2. One highly important factor is the considerable increase in counterintelligence and police activity. This involves increased vigilance of average Americans as a result of propaganda by the press, cinema, and radio against the activities of foreign agents. . . . Workers and employees . . . in defense enterprises are being screened meticulously by the FBI and counterintelligence organizations.
>
> 3. Possibilities for traveling around the country are considerably more complicated. Surveillance has increased so much that travel to such cities [with military installations] as San Diego, Los Angeles, Norfolk, etc. without an official reason is totally excluded . . . [and] all passengers are screened thoroughly.[14]

Another problem for Soviet intelligence in America during the war years was a perpetual shortage of ready cash. Even during the thirties, a number of "XY line" sources in defense industries, unlike Washington's ideologically committed agents, worked on a strictly "cash-and-carry" basis. The situation did not change during the war. When Moscow instructed Semyonov to see if a chemist ("Solidny" or "Solid"), who had received $350 monthly in the late 1930s and now had joined U.S. government service, would help the USSR without pay, the chemist's answer came back "no"—as Semyonov reported to Moscow in a February 1943 letter.[15] After resuming cash payments to "Solid," however, Semyonov received valuable data concerning Japanese chemical plants and chemical production in Germany and in German-occupied countries, all duly recorded in the NKGB files.[16]

But even the "XY line" had its doctrinaire Communists, as Semyonov discovered when he tried to offer another source, Alfred Slack ("Al"), a $150 bonus for a particularly useful bit of work. Slack declined, suggesting instead that the funds be sent to the USSR to help finance the highly publicized "Joseph Stalin tank column." Semyonov followed the suggestion and asked that Moscow provide a receipt for Slack's records![17]

Slack was one of a group of sources within the Eastman Kodak Company, where he procured important data on the chemical composition and production details of photo and movie film. Slack had been associated with Soviet intelligence since 1938 and was regarded as a valuable agent,[18] run directly by station chief Gaik Ovakimyan ("Guennady"), whom Slack knew as "George."[19] In August 1941, after Ovakimyan's arrest, Slack was assigned a new controller—a fellow-chemist and fellow-American named Harry Gold.

ENTER HARRY GOLD AND JULIUS ROSENBERG

Harry Gold began his long career in Soviet intelligence, like so many other American Communist sympathizers, in the mid-1930s. Initially, he provided economic information from his manufacturing company to an agent ("Black") in New York. "Black" described Gold's background in an August 1935 report, calling him "absolutely trustworthy."[20] In an account of his life written later for the NKVD, Gold wrote: "I was born on December 18, 1910, in Bern, Switzerland. My mother moved to Switzerland from France, where she had to move from Russia because of her revolutionary activities there. My father fled from Russia in 1903 to escape being drafted into military service."[21] Gold's family came to the United States when he was an infant. His profile was typical of many Soviet intelligence recruits in the United States during the 1930s, from Russian or Eastern European immigrant parents and boasting a radical family tradition.

Gold's initial assignment—he had earned a degree in chemistry and was working at a sugar by-product processing plant in Pennsylvania—barely foreshadowed his later importance to the Soviets: He filched a dry-ice process that prevented ice cream from melting![22] Because of Gold's dedication and technical skill, which increased after the Soviets paid for his graduate studies, he was given more important assignments as a courier.[23]

Throughout Gold's early years as a Soviet courier, he dealt with sources at various sensitive locations.[24] Acting as Alfred Slack's contact beginning in 1941 was an important task for Gold, since Slack not only provided his own data but served as a "talent-spotter" for other sources.[25] Gold was also assigned another contact, a chemical engineer named Abraham Brothman ("Constructor").[26] By the spring of 1942, Harry Gold had become someone Moscow considered a "very valuable worker" for Soviet intelligence, running his own small agent group.[27]

Gold had become too busy and too useful as a courier to hold down his day job as a chemist. In the summer of 1942, the station began paying him $100 monthly to supplement his income. Semyon Semyonov now met with Gold once or twice weekly to coordinate his tasks as a courier for Slack, Brothman, and other sources.[28] In June 1943, Gold was assigned the additional job of running an operation code-named "Sulpho," aimed at acquiring materials on biological warfare.[29] Moscow noted its interest in the operation in a memo to the New York station on July 1, 1943: "At this decisive stage of the war, acquiring information about the preparations and intentions of the enemy (the Axis countries and its vassals), as well as details about the achievements of the Country [the United States] and the Island [Great Britain] in both their means of defense and possible means of assault, should receive special importance."[30]

The number of scientific and technical agents controlled by Semyon Semyonov and his colleagues had increased dramatically by 1943. In a report to Moscow on May Day that year, New York's station reported managing twenty-eight agents on the "XY line," twenty-one controlled directly by Semyonov. Eleven sources dealt with various problems of chemistry and bacteriology, six with radio equipment, and five with aviation issues, including one code-named "Gnome" who focused on jet-propelled aircraft research.[31]

Several sources were provided by an American Communist Party cell supervised by Jacob Golos in 1941 through a party functionary, Bernard Schuster ("Echo").[32] Golos informed his sources that they were supplying information for CPUSA leaders, a comforting fiction for the more nervous among them. In fact, without identifying his agents by name, Golos delivered their material directly to Soviet NKVD operatives. But Moscow's files show that the leader of this party cell—a radio engineer ("Antenna") who collected both information and party dues from four colleagues, Communists and engineers like himself—understood that the materials were going to the Soviet Union. "Antenna" (a code name later changed to "Liberal") was Julius Rosenberg.[33]

Because Golos had virtually no scientific or technical knowledge, though he was controlling dozens of sources providing information in these fields, it was difficult for him to supervise Rosenberg's group. Therefore, even before Jacob Golos's death in 1943, station chief Vassily Zarubin reassigned Julius Rosenberg and his colleagues to Semyon

Semyonov's control.[34] Semyonov described the process in a November 1944 report:

> In 1942, I learned that [Golos] was working with a group of local compatriots in the field of technical intelligence. From the [Moscow] Center's letters, one could conclude that nothing was known about the group and that it was providing desultory materials rated low in importance. Having fragmentary data about this group, nevertheless, I determined that it had great potential possibilities in the field of radio-engineering and aviation. Therefore, I brought the station chief's [Zarubin's] attention to the matter of giving me [Rosenberg] with his group, which was done despite a certain resistance on [Golos's] part. In the person of [Julius Rosenberg], I found a young party member willing to render technical help to our country using channels of the fraternal organization [CPUSA]. He was absolutely unripe in matters of working as an agent, our demands regarding the type of materials we acquire, and elementary rules of *konspiratsia.* His group worked on the principles of a Communist party group, and [Rosenberg] ran it as a party organizer.[35]

Semyonov was pleased with his training of Rosenberg and his colleagues, and the New York NKGB station reported to Moscow in fall 1942 that "the group has begun working in a more organized and purposeful way and has given us a number of valuable materials. [Rosenberg] is content with [his] transfer to direct connection with us."[36]

In 1942, Semyonov focused Julius Rosenberg and his colleagues on "XY line" interests in radio engineering and aviation. At about the same time—March 27, 1942—however, Moscow sent to the New York station possibly its first atomic-related assignment: "Currently, they are working extremely hard in England, Germany, and the U.S. on the problem of extracting Uranium-235 and its use as an explosive to produce bombs of enormous destructive force. Therefore, the problem seems close to practical solution. We need to take up this problem with all seriousness."[37]

Soviet operatives in the United States had begun to collect information on scientists at Columbia University, MIT, and other research centers already at work on atomic energy. Several early attempts to recruit scientists involved in this research had led nowhere, as Soviet agents desperately sought ways to tap into the complex research program then underway in the United States, Canada, and the United Kingdom designed to produce an atomic bomb.

THE "RADIO-ACTIVE" BOMB: EARLY WARNINGS

A chance meeting in March 1942 between an agent of the NKGB's New York station, Franklin Zelman ("Chap"), and a Communist acquaintance, Columbia University chemistry professor Clarence Hiskey, produced tantalizing gossip about the atomic research project. Zelman visited the academic seeking a recommendation for postdoctoral research, and after a brief talk, Hiskey accompanied Zelman to the subway.[38] As they walked, Hiskey described a hypothetical situation, which the Soviet agent immediately reported to his superiors: " 'Imagine [Hiskey began] a bomb dropped in the center of this city which would destroy the entire city.' I scoffed at that . . . [which] seemed to make him angry, with the result that he said more than he intended to say. 'There is such a bomb,' he stated very emphatically. 'I'm working on it.' "

But Zelman was skeptical and asked "if it was a 'death ray' or gas," to which Hiskey replied that "it was a radio-active bomb":

> Talking very rapidly now, he told me plenty:
>
> The essential points are as follows.
>
> 1. That the Germans were far ahead on this bomb.
> 2. That his [researchers], together with a number of leading chemists and physicists, were working with desperate haste.
> 3. The radio-active bomb had not been perfected in their laboratory, but considerable progress has been made.
> 4. The Germans may be advanced sufficiently to be ready to use it.[39]

In fact, however, much of Hiskey's "inside" information was inaccurate: The Germans were not close to being "ready to use" any superbomb, nor were his American colleagues making "considerable progress" at this early stage.

Hiskey also confided to Zelman that "scientists in the Columbia research lab have advanced far enough to be planning to try it out in some vast desert area . . . , [and] a great fear exists among those who know of the bomb that it might truly destroy millions of people at a crack." By then, Hiskey expressed his regret at having "told me about this and swore me to silence. I said that I hoped the Soviets knew about this. He said he hoped so, too."[40]

Vassily Zarubin cabled the report to Moscow, expressing his intention to try and recruit Hiskey through his association with Zelman.[41] Moscow responded on April 15, 1942, presumably after consulting with Soviet scientific experts on atomic energy, such as the NKGB's Leonid Kvasnikov, with a detailed outline of its research needs:

> The report . . . from Hiskey on the matter of major American work on Uranium-235 is correct, though strongly exaggerated regarding achievements. They work intensively on the matter in England, Germany, and the U.S.
>
> The problem of using uranium energy for military purposes is of great interest for us. We need the following data on the matter:
>
> 1. Isolation of the main source of uranium energy—Uranium-235 from uranium. Achievements of the Americans on this matter. Laboratory and factory methods of isolation. Industrial equipment for the isolation process.
> 2. At what stage of development is current research on the use of uranium energy in bombs?
> 3. By whom and where is work carried out on elaborating the uranium bomb's shell?
> 4. The way to produce the uranium bomb's explosion—i.e., fusion.
> 5. Methods and protective measures from uranium radioactivity in the process of production.
> 6. What is known about the Germans' work on the uranium bomb, and what are their advantages in comparison with American work, as Hiskey says?
> 7. What is known about [the] factory production of laboratory work on the uranium bomb?[42]

Like other atomic scientists at the time, Leonid Kvasnikov had become interested in the 1930s in the theoretical prospects for creating an atomic weapon. By autumn 1940, Moscow had instructed several stations abroad—though not in the United States—to identify local scientific centers working on the military use of nuclear energy and to acquire information about them. Another Soviet agent, Vladimir Barkovsky, assigned to acquire atomic secrets in Great Britain during the early 1940s, recently told Alexander Vassiliev that the first reliable information about work in this field was received by the NKVD's London station in autumn 1941. At that time, Soviet operatives acquired information on a meeting of the British Uranium Committee and a subsequent session of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Committee where nuclear issues were discussed.

In March 1942, Lavrenty Beria agreed to present Stalin with a proposal from the NKGB's scientific and technical officials to create a special scientific advisory body at the State Defense Committee to coordinate work on atomic energy in the USSR. This led to the Kremlin's decision two months later to establish a special wing ("Laboratory #2") of the Academy of Sciences as the central body to work on developing an atomic weapon, which began under Igor Kurchatov's direction in the spring of 1943.

Meanwhile, information on research in the West trickled in slowly from various sources, including Clarence Hiskey, who continued to meet with Zelman socially. Hiskey proposed that Zelman apply for a job on his research project before realizing that the obligatory FBI background check would expose Zelman's Communist background and spill over into a possible inquiry into Hiskey's own radical associations. Even if Zelman managed to obtain a position involving atomic research, Hiskey told him, he "would not see the results. Only the leading personnel get to see the results."[43]

NKGB officials in Moscow became increasingly concerned with their lack of knowledge regarding the American atomic research program. "We attach great importance to the problem of Uranium-235 (we call it 'ENORMOZ')," began one November 26, 1942, cable. "[Although we are] having some rather good opportunities to cultivate agents working on the problem in the U.S., we haven't yet begun such cultivation." At the same time, however, some sources had been indiscreet. The unidentified agent-scientist code-named "Talent," for example, who reported on efforts to meet "with a number of people working on the problem of 'Enormoz,' " had apparently been especially brazen in his inquiries of Harold Urey and other American scientists. Therefore, the NKGB instructed its American operatives and (in a November 28 cable to London) its British agents, then led by Anatoly Gorsky, to redouble their efforts to acquire atomic research information but, at the same time, to avoid exposure through dangerous initiatives.[44]

AN ENGLISHMAN NAMED "ERIC"

The most useful Soviet source on "Enormoz" in 1943 was in England, not the United States. A young Communist physicist code-named "Eric" provided Vladimir Barkovsky with detailed reports on research dealing with the military use of nuclear energy. "Eric" also had access to American data that reached England as a result of scientific cooperation between the two countries. "In the field of their work," "Eric" informed the Soviet operative, "the Americans are far ahead . . . and the information ["Eric"] passes to us reflects American achievements in this field along with English ones."[45]

Moscow was furious at the New York station's inability to provide similarly knowledgeable sources. A July 1, 1943, cable complained that, at a time when over five hundred people were already involved in "Enormoz" with many millions being spent on the project and with "research grandiose in scale and depth being carried out near to you, the prolonged pace of agent cultivation in the U.S. is particularly intolerable."[46]

The NKGB had learned that much of the British research staff and equipment by then had been transferred to Canada, making it even more urgent to obtain reliable inside sources since "contact in work between the English and the Americans will be even closer." Later that month, on July 27, Vassily Zarubin received from Moscow a list of the major research groups the NKGB wished to penetrate, names compiled mainly on the basis of information received from "Eric" in England:

1. A group of Professor A. [Arthur] Compton's, who headed the project in the Research Committee of National Defense . . . ;
2. the Columbia group, first of all, Professors Dunning and Urey;
3. the Chicago group;
4. the California group;
5. the Kellogg firm.[47]

Zelman's efforts to recruit Clarence Hiskey (now code-named "Ramzai")[48] also persisted. In October 1943, Zarubin cabled Moscow about Hiskey's latest information: "Recently to direct [work] on the problem of 'Enormoz,' a committee was set up consisting of five directors: a mechanic, a physicist, a chemist ('Ramzai'), and a biologist, headed by the president of MIT with its Center at the University of Chicago, where works and equipment are being moved from Columbia University. . . . 'Ramzai' is leaving for Chicago, where he [was] granted the right to select workers." Unfortunately, Zarubin continued, strenuous counterintelligence efforts were directed toward preventing both German and Soviet agents from penetrating the research site.[49]

NKGB Intelligence Service Director Pavel Fitin complained in an August 11, 1943, memorandum to his superior, the USSR's head of state security, Vsevolod Merkulov, about the existing duplication of effort between his agency and Soviet military intelligence (the GRU). Both tried to recruit agents linked to the atomic energy program in America and England. Fitin called "the state of agent cultivation on this problem and its prospects . . . unsatisfactory, especially in the U.S."[50] (Three months later, all "Enormoz" agents within the GRU were transferred to NKGB supervision to help coordinate information on the project more effectively.)

Elaborate plans were developed by various Soviet operatives and station chiefs—Grigory Heifetz in San Francisco, Zarubin, Semyonov, and others—to recruit at least one leading American scientist involved in the program: Hiskey, Enrico Fermi, J. Robert Oppenheimer, and others were mentioned as prospects. Extensive preparations—also unrealized—were made to study "the progress of construction of an 'Enormoz' plant in the vicinity of Knoxville, Tennessee [the Oak Ridge facility], and to acquire data on the technological process . . . in 'Camp Y' in the Santa Fe, New Mexico, area [Los Alamos]."[51] But material concerning research at these facilities, at the University of Chicago, and elsewhere continued to reach Moscow most dependably in 1943 and into 1944 from Barkovsky's British source, "Eric," who recycled information he culled from documents provided by U.S. researchers.[52]

THE ELUSIVE OPPENHEIMER

The hunt for a major cooperative American scientist willing to share with Soviet intelligence secrets of the atomic bomb project continued throughout the war, and "Enormoz's" scientific coordinator, J. Robert Oppenheimer, became a primary if elusive target of the pursuit through various Communist friends and associates. Oppenheimer had been involved in a range of radical causes prior to the Second World War, and NKGB memoranda in 1942 and 1943 urged that he be "cultivated" by American operatives since its military intelligence "neighbors" were rumored to have already made contact with him.[53]

In the end, the rumors proved unfounded. Even after the NKGB, under Pavel Fitin, won the bureaucratic turf battle to consolidate under its auspices all Western agents engaged in atomic research, the effort to recruit Oppenheimer proved difficult, if for no other reason than the security cordon that surrounded him.

A report sent to Vselovod Merkulov in Moscow in February 1944 about Oppenheimer (who was assigned the code name "Chester") documented both the NKGB's hopes and frustration concerning the physicist:

> "Chester"—Oppenheimer, Robert, born in 1906, American Jew, *secret member of the compatriot organization [the American Communist Party],** professor at the University of California, works on "Enormoz" in the field of rapid neutrons, directed the construction of the California cyclotron. In connection with the special significance and importance of his work, [he] is allegedly under special guard in consequence of which the compatriot section [the Communist cell to which Oppenheimer had belonged prior to beginning his work on the project] received from its center an instruction to cease relations with "Chester" to avoid compromising him.
>
> [Oppenheimer] represents a very large interest for us. *His membership in the compatriot organization** and friendly attitude toward our country provide grounds for counting on a positive result of his cultivation.
>
> According to data we have, [Oppenheimer] has been cultivated by the "neighbors" [GRU] since June 1942. In case [Oppenheimer] is recruited by them, it is necessary to have him passed to us. If the recruitment is not realized, we must get from the "neighbors" all materials on [Oppenheimer] and begin his active cultivation through channels we have . . . [including Oppenheimer's] brother, "Ray" [Frank Oppenheimer], also a professor at the University of California and a member of the compatriot organization but politically closer to us than [Robert Oppenheimer].[54]

The assertion in the memo to Merkulov and in other NKGB documents that Robert Oppenheimer was a "secret member" of the American Communist Party cannot be independently corroborated. If true, it would explain the high hopes Soviet intelligence had throughout the war and thereafter for his eventual recruitment. The fact that station chief Grigory Heifetz was recalled to Moscow in 1944 because of his failure to bring any of "Enormoz's" scientists into the fold suggests, however, that Oppenheimer never agreed to become a source of information for the Soviets, as some recent writers have asserted.[55]

In 1945, an NKGB informant on Senator Harley Kilgore's staff, Charles Kramer ("Mole"), met with Oppenheimer several times in Washington, also without evident result. In Kramer's report to Washington station chief Anatoly Gorsky (conveyed to Moscow on October

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* Italics added.

19, 1945), on his discussions with Kilgore, Oppenheimer emerges as a visionary seeking international agreement on atomic energy matters, and not as a potential agent. Atomic secrets should be "disclosed," he told Kilgore and Kramer, "only when there is political cooperation among the countries." Naturally, he hoped that the United States would pursue such cooperation for atomic energy's peaceful uses, but Kramer's report described the scientist as a "liberal" and not a covert Communist. Nor did Gorsky, in sending Kramer's report to Moscow, describe Oppenheimer as a source.[56]

Although Oppenheimer eluded Soviet efforts to recruit him, the NKGB was more successful with another leading physicist among the scientists working on "Enormoz," initially in Great Britain. In November 1943, however, this important agent was one of a group of researchers transferred to America as the project moved toward conclusion. Soon finding himself enmeshed in an often-unsatisfactory relationship with his newly assigned courier, Harry Gold, the German-born physicist and covert Communist Klaus Fuchs ("Rest"), a Soviet agent since 1941, reached the United States.

ENTER KLAUS FUCHS

The NKGB's London station first noticed Fuchs on a list of people working on "Enormoz" in 1943 and cabled Moscow to check him out in "the neighbors'" files,[57] an inquiry to which the GRU responded in late November of that year:

> Klaus Fuchs has been our source since August 1941,* when he was recruited through the recommendation of Urgen Kuchinsky [a leading economist and exiled German Communist resident in Great Britain]. In connection with the laboratory's transfer to America, Fuchs's departure is expected, too. I should inform you

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* Remarkably, the probable earliest Soviet cable dealing with Klaus Fuchs's recruitment as an agent emerged, deciphered, in the VENONA files in 1996. An August 10, 1941, cable from the GRU's London station "to DIRECTOR," Moscow (No. 2227) states: "On 8th August BARCH [Soviet operative Simon Davidovich Kremer] had a meeting with [a former acquaintance], Doctor KLAUS FUCHS, who . . ." [undeciphered except for references to "all the material will be sent to CANADA for industrial production," "Professor HEISENBERG" (the German atomic scientist), and "1000 tons of dynamite"]. In context, the cable probably refers to the atomic energy project ("Enormoz").

> that measures to organize a liaison with Fuchs in America have been taken by us, and more detailed data will be conveyed in the course of passing Fuchs to you.[58]

A subsequent memorandum noted that the GRU had received materials from Fuchs twice in September 1941 and five times in 1943.[59] "While working with us," the January 21, 1944, memo noted, "Fuchs passed us a number of theoretical calculations on atomic fission and creation of the uranium bomb. . . . [His] materials were appraised highly." Nor did Fuchs spy for money, the GRU reported; he was a devout Communist "whose only financial reward consisted of occasional 'gifts.' "[60]

Fuchs's arrival in America was a boon to the New York NKGB station's frustrated quest for information on "Enormoz." A Moscow memorandum had defined the station's responsibility: "[Fuchs] is an important figure with significant prospects and experience in agent's work acquired over two years spent working with the neighbors. After determining at early meetings his status in the country and possibilities, you may move immediately to the practical work of acquiring information and materials."[61]

The elaborate procedure for Fuchs's meetings worked out by GRU operatives in London provoked understandable criticism from the NKGB in Moscow. Beginning in January 1944, Fuchs was instructed to come on the first and third Saturdays of every month at 4 P.M. to the entrance of the Henry Street settlement on New York's Lower East Side and to stand there holding a green book and tennis ball in his hands. He would await a man wearing gloves, who would also be holding a third glove. The contact would ask directions to Chinatown, and Fuchs would respond: "I think Chinatown is closed at 5 P.M." Although too late to be changed, Moscow thought the arrangement ridiculous: "Periodic appearances at the appointed days while waiting at the same place for a man, [holding] unusual objects such as those described, could easily draw everyone's attention."

The backup procedure was simpler. If Fuchs did not appear before April 1, his courier Harry would travel to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to visit Fuchs's sister, whom Moscow described as an American Communist Party member, to try and locate the man. Again, the passwords evoked a mediocre spy movie: Gold: "I bring you regards from Max." Sister: "Oh, I heard he had twins." Gold: "Yes, seven days ago."[62]

The NKGB had chosen Gold, an experienced group handler, as Fuchs's contact on the grounds that it was safer than having him meet directly with a Russian operative, but Semyon Semyonov was ultimately responsible for the Fuchs relationship.[63] First contact between Gold and Fuchs came on February 5, after which Gold filed this report:

> The following developed about K. [Klaus]: He obviously has worked with our people before and he is fully aware of what he is doing. . . . He is a mathematical physicist . . . most likely a very brilliant man to have such a position at his age (he looks about 30).
>
> We took a long walk after dinner and he explained the "factory" [code name for "Enormoz" used between Gold and Fuchs] setup: He is a member of a British mission to the U.S. working under the direct control of the U.S. Army. . . .
>
> The work involves mainly separating the isotopes of "factory" and is being done thusly: The electronic method has been developed at Berkeley, California, and is being carried out at a place known only as "Camp Y"—K. believes it is in New Mexico. . . . Simultaneously, the diffusion method is being tried here in the East. . . . Should the diffusion method prove successful, it will be used as a preliminary step in the separation, with the final work being done by the electronic method. They hope to have the electronic method ready early in 1945 and the diffusion method in July 1945, but K. says the latter estimate is optimistic. All production will be done in the U.S.; only preparatory work is being carried on in England. K. says that the work is being done in "watertight" compartments, but that he will furnish us with everything in his and [Rudolph] Peierles's divisions and as much of the other as possible; Peierles is K.'s superior, but they have divided the work between them.
>
> The two countries had worked together before 1940, and then there was a lapse until 1942. Even now, K. says there is much being withheld from the British. Even Niels Bohr, who is now in the country incognito as Nicholas Baker, has not been told everything.
>
> We made careful arrangements for meeting next in two weeks, when K. will have information for us.*[64]

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* "On 5 February, a meeting took place between [Harry Gold] and [Klaus Fuchs]. Beforehand [Gold] was given a detailed briefing by us. [Fuchs] greeted him pleasantly but was rather cautious at first . . . with discussion [Gold] satisfied himself that [Fuchs] was aware of whom he was working with. [Fuchs] arrived in the [United States] in September [1943] as a member of the [British] mission on

After Gold's second meeting with Fuchs on February 25, the station reported to Moscow that Fuchs had turned over material dealing with his personal work on "Enormoz."[65] At a third rendezvous on March 11, he delivered fifty additional pages,[66] and Gold's report to Semyonov discussed his exchange with Fuchs about the material previously delivered:

> He asked me how his first stuff had been received, and I said quite satisfactorily but with one drawback: references to the first material, bearing on a general description of the process, were missing, and we especially needed a detailed schema of the entire plant. Clearly, he didn't like this much. His main objection, evidently, was that he had already carried out this job on the other side [in Great Britain], and those who receive these materials must know how to connect them to the scheme. Besides, he thinks it would be dangerous for him if such explanations were found, since his work here is not linked to this sort of material. Nevertheless, he agreed to give us what we need as soon as possible.

On March 28, Fuchs complained to Gold that "his work here is deliberately being curbed by the Americans, who continue to neglect cooperation and do not provide information." As a result, he might return to England by July or be sent to "Camp Y" in New Mexico. If Fuchs went back, "he would be able to give us more complete general information but without details."*[67]

The meetings continued into May, with Fuchs providing Gold both information on "Enormoz" and gossip concerning those working on it, especially what the scientist perceived as an ongoing Anglo-American competition to dominate the project.[68]

ENORMOZ. According to him, the work on ENORMOZ in the [United States] is being carried out under the direct control of the [United States] Army. . . . The whole operation amounts to the working out of the process for the separation of isotopes of ENORMOZ. The work is proceeding in two directions: the electron method by Lawrence . . . [seventy-one groups unrecoverable] separation of isotopes by the combined method, using the diffusion method for preliminary and the electron method for final separation." Kvasnikov to Fitin, February 9, 1944, No. 195, VENONA files.

* "[Fuchs] advises that the work of the Commission of [the British] in the United States is not meeting with success in view of the unwillingness of workers of the United States to share secrets with the [British]. It will be proposed to [Fuchs] that he should either return to [England] or work at the special laboratory-camp. . . ." New York station to Moscow, May 8, 1944, No. 645, VENONA files.

Harry Gold was transferred in mid-1944 from Semyon Semyonov's oversight to that of Anatoly Yatskov ("Alexsey") because "Semyonov was being followed closely by the FBI and thus compelled to miss a number of meetings with his many agents."[69] Returning to Moscow, Semyonov described in a November 1944 memorandum the difficulties of evading U.S. counterintelligence. He complained that "a considerable intensification of counterintelligence work [is directed] against us. In particular, this is reflected in extremely intense surveillance of the consulates, the embassy, and trade organizations. Cases of systematic surveillance of Soviet citizens are also known."[70] Semyonov never returned to the United States; according to Alexander Feklissov's memoirs, Semyonov was removed from Soviet intelligence during an anti-Semitic purge in the years prior to Stalin's death.[71]

Although Gold and Fuchs continued to meet throughout late spring and early summer 1944, Moscow's annoyance at the casual nature of their contacts reached Yatskov in this July 28 memorandum:

> At one time, when we instructed [Gold] to establish contact with [Fuchs], we drew special attention to the need for detailed accounts of [Fuchs's] work. After establishing his liaison with [Fuchs], we receive his information with every mail, but we do not have a single report from [Gold] about his work with [Fuchs] or about [Fuchs] himself. Missing also are precise data about where [Fuchs] works, his address, how and where meetings take place, [Gold's] impressions of [Fuchs], etc. Nor do we have the conditions of meeting [Fuchs] adopted by himself and [Gold in case of] sudden loss. . . . [This, too,] is unknown.[72]

In this curious mixture of informality and secrecy, Harry Gold followed closely the style of an earlier Soviet associate, Jacob Golos. But with "Enormoz," the stakes were significantly higher.

Moscow's fear of losing contact with Klaus Fuchs was realized the following month when he failed to show up for a scheduled August 5 meeting with Gold. At their next scheduled rendezvous, it was Harry Gold, who also served as courier to Alfred Slack and Abraham Brothman, who did not appear. Gold was reprimanded for this breach. When Fuchs failed to appear for a third scheduled meeting, Gold turned to their backup plan and traveled to Cambridge to meet with Fuchs's sister, who was out of town. A neighbor confirmed for Gold, however, that Fuchs had paid a farewell visit to his sister before departing for England.*[73]

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* "In July, when it became known that [Klaus Fuchs] might be leaving for [England], instructions were given to [Anatoly Yatskov], and by the latter to [Harry

Moscow's anger over the abrupt loss of Klaus Fuchs's services focused on the single meeting that Gold had missed. But even before Fuchs's disappearance, complaints had reached the New York station (for example, in this June 30, 1944, memorandum) concerning its supposed ineffectiveness in producing valuable sources on atomic research: "For all the period of our work on 'Enormoz,' despite our constant reminders about realizing one or another operation and many concrete reminders—where to work, on which questions—except for 'Fogel,' we have nothing. [Fuchs] doesn't count since he was passed to you in finished form. We cannot consent further to such a situation."[74] Losing Fuchs without prior warning merely compounded Moscow's irritation.

"PERSIAN" AND "PERSEUS"

Who was the otherwise unidentified "Fogel" (a code name later changed to "Persian"), the remaining hope of New York's NKGB station to run its own agent within the "Enormoz" program?* He was a young U.S. engineer and Communist Party member whose father was a close friend of Earl Browder's.[75] Seeking employment that would benefit the party during the war, he consulted a CP member who, in turn, talked to Semyon Semyonov. Semyonov urged "Fogel" to apply for a job at the Kellogg Construction Company, which was a major object of NKGB interest because of its work on "Enormoz."

"Fogel" found a job with a Kellogg subcontractor, Kellex, and began to deliver information on the plant structure and equipment being

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Gold] to arrange a password for a meeting with [Fuchs] in case he was leaving. On August 5 [Fuchs] did not appear at the meeting and [Gold] missed the next meeting, pleading pressure of work. [Fuchs] was not at the following control meeting. When he checked on [Fuchs's] apartment, [Gold] was informed that [Fuchs] had left for [England]. In order to recheck, I sent [Gold] to [Fuchs's] sister. . . ." New York station to Pavel Fitin, Moscow, August 29, 1944, No. 1233, VENONA files.

* During the 1990s, the Russian Foreign Intelligence Service (SVR) created the code name "Perseus," which resembles "Persian," in an apparent effort to confuse those who worked on the NSA/CIA's "VENONA" deciphering project. An aged and carefully briefed Morris Cohen informed American and Russian journalists that he had handled an unknown atomic masterspy named "Perseus." The truth of the NKGB's relationship to "Persian" was more mundane. Although the SVR's motives remain unclear, it seems to have hoped that Western scholars would credit the still-undetected "Perseus" with mysterious and still-unrevealed Soviet

used in the "Enormoz" project's New York facilities.*[76] " 'Fogel' knows that he is working for the USSR," Semyonov reported in November 1944. "From the very beginning of his activities, he proved to be an able, resourceful agent."[77] Moreover, despite the increase in U.S. counterintelligence activities, Semyonov noted that "the agent situation for developing work on technical intelligence in America [is] more favorable than at the beginning of the war."

Several factors, Semyonov concluded, accounted for this change in intelligence climate. These included support for the Soviet Union as an ally "among a wide strata of American engineer-technical workers," the ability of "progressive elements" to gain employment in sensitive war industries that could not be penetrated prior to the war, and the growth of new industries involved in military production with "little experience of counterintelligence work or of protecting secret drawings, specifications, and documents." As for "Enormoz," specifically, "the agent situation is [even] more favorable because the circle of scientists, engineers, and technicians admitted to this work grows daily, making [American] counterintelligence work more complicated."[78]

That "complication" did not apply to Semyonov himself, who experienced active FBI surveillance in the spring of 1944. For that reason, he had transferred both "Fogel" and Julius Rosenberg to the supervision of another Soviet operative, Alexander Feklissov ("Kalistrat").[79]

Feklissov arrived in New York on February 27, 1941,[80] and went to work at the Soviet Consulate in New York as his cover.[81] Assigned to develop radio contact between the NKVD station and Moscow, Feklissov set up his equipment in the consulate's upper floor where, with the help of a technically skilled American agent, "Condenser,"† he built a new radio transmitter. Earl Browder had originally recruited "Condenser" in 1939, and he had spent some weeks in Moscow learning aspects of tradecraft. The Feklissov transmitters were discovered by American authorities, or so Soviet intelligence believed, in 1943, and Feklissov was transferred to "XY line" activities, including "Enormoz."[82]

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espionage triumphs. The best account of this disinformation effort can be found in Joseph Albright and Marcia Kunstel, *BOMBSHELL: The Secret Story of America's Unknown Atomic Spy Conspiracy* (New York: Times Books, 1996), Chapter 28, "The Perseus Myth," pp. 267–77.

* "By the same post were dispatched two secret plans of the layout of the ENORMOZ plant received from FOGEL." New York station to Moscow, June 16, 1944, No. 854, VENONA files.

† His real name, like "Fogel's," is unknown.

"Fogel's" cultivation, meanwhile, slowed considerably because, despite the new agent's enthusiasm, his work brought him only to the periphery of what (by then) was referred to, among the involved U.S. government officials, as "the Manhattan Project." "In August [1944], we didn't receive any materials from 'Fogel,' " the station reported to Moscow the following month. "He informs us that his enterprises are moving indecisively forward. The construction of 'Enormoz's' experimental plant is proceeding slowly as if by its own momentum. They say this happens because great changes and alterations in the plant's initial construction are expected."[83]

Once again, as in the case of other American sources (for example, Laurence Duggan), a troubling combination of family pressures and fear of exposure dampened "Fogel's" enthusiasm for continuing "secret work." Thus, the NKGB's New York station learned in February 1945 that "Persian" ("Fogel's" new code name) had declined his company's invitation to transfer to an "atomic" camp (presumably Los Alamos) as a construction engineer. When pressed by Feklissov to change his mind, "Persian" offered as many excuses as a student with an unfinished homework assignment: No one had told him what his work would be at the camp. There was no housing for his family there, and "Persian" had a wife, a small child, and a comfortable apartment. He had begun a new business with another Communist and invested $20,000, which would be lost if he left.

Frustrated by the self-absorption of American agents such as "Persian" in declining an assignment of such critical importance to the Soviet Union, Moscow instructed Feklissov and his colleagues to impress upon their reluctant recruit his obligation to "our common cause." They also promised a sizable cash payment if he left a relative in charge of his business and traveled West.[84]

But nothing would budge the obstinate "Persian." When Anatoly Yatskov met with him on March 11, 1945, a new problem was his wife's illness. Also, his company had not renewed its earlier proposal that he work in the "atomic" camp. "Persian" feared that suddenly volunteering to go would invite suspicion, since most of his cohorts tried to avoid transfer. Although "Persian" sought to console his Soviet supervisors by continuing to deliver material throughout the spring, only in May did he provide some drawings and plans directly linked to "Enormoz."[85] By that time, the station had turned elsewhere in its pursuit of a reliable source inside one of the major "atomic" camps.

One mysterious but helpful episode related to atomic espionage had occurred the previous year. Although never explained, it brought an unexpected intelligence bonanza to the USSR. In the summer of 1944, a stranger delivered a package containing top secret materials on the atomic project to the Soviet Consulate in New York. Rather than being pleased with this unexpected turn of events, however, Moscow was furious, rebuking the station in this August 28 memorandum:

> The receipt of material on "Enormoz" from a source unknown to you, first of all, reflects your unsatisfactory work on this subject, with available possibilities neither being discovered nor used by you, letting the cultivation of this primary problem drift.
>
> The tranquillity or indifference with which you reported to us about this material and the circumstances of its receipt . . . surprised us very much. If somebody dared to make such a risky move, to bring this most secret document to the Plant [the Soviet Consulate], how could you . . . not take every step to determine who the unknown person was?
>
> We attach great importance to this event: The stranger's material is exceptionally interesting, and our data, received from other sources, support its contents. Therefore, take every measure to locate this person. Report the results immediately.[86]

The Soviets' mysterious benefactor was never found. The "other sources" mentioned in the angry cable from Moscow referred mainly to Klaus Fuchs and to "Eric," whose deliveries of documentary material (the NKGB's London station reported in August 1944) had become even more valuable. One of "Eric's" colleagues had provided him with a key to the laboratory's library, where reports on the "Enormoz" project were kept:

> We decided to make a copy of the key for "Eric" [the cable to Moscow continued] and worked out liaison arrangements that gave us the possibility of contacting him three times a week without preliminary arrangements. . . . As a result, we managed to receive from "Eric" all the available American materials . . . and other interesting materials on "Enormoz." . . . ["Eric"] continues to decline the slightest hint at material reward. . . .[87]

Nor was "Eric" the only reason Moscow considered its resources in England more productive than those in the United States on atomic problems throughout the war years. Thus, Pavel Fitin reported to Vsevolod Merkulov in August 1945:

> Valuable information on "Enormoz" is coming from the London station. The first materials on "Enormoz" were received in late

> 1941 from our source "List" [John Cairncross], containing valuable and absolutely secret documents both on the substance of the "Enormoz" problem and on measures by the British government to organize and develop work on the problem of atomic energy in our country. In connection with American and Canadian work on "Enormoz," . . . materials describing the state and progress of work in three countries—England, the U.S., and Canada—are [all] coming from the London station.[88]

Still another agent, code-named "Tina," surfaced in London only in May and June 1945. "Tina" was a secret member of the British Communist Party, recruited for intelligence work by the GPU in 1935. She worked for the British Association on Non-Ferrous Metals and provided on several occasions in 1945 all of the up-to-date research for the "Enormoz" project in the metallurgical field.*[89]

Until late 1944, as Pavel Fitin's gloomy November 5 report made clear, American sources on atomic research remained disappointing:

> Despite participation by a large number of scientific organizations and workers on . . . the problem of "Enormoz" in the U.S., mainly known to us by agent data, their cultivation develops poorly. Therefore, the major part of data on the U.S. comes from the station in England. On the basis of information from the London station, [Moscow] Center more than once sent to the New York station a work orientation and sent a ready agent, too [Klaus Fuchs]. The New York station didn't use those opportunities completely. For the entire period of cultivating agents on "Enormoz," it drew only one agent—"Persian"—not having great possibilities.[90]

Frustrated in its lack of success in the United States, Moscow decided in October 1944 to establish a separate "XY line" NKGB station in New York and assigned Leonid Kvasnikov ("Anton") as its head.[91] Both Yatskov and Feklissov were among those operatives designated to work under Kvasnikov's direction. Initially, the new station's head was not particularly pleased with either Yatskov's or Feklissov's work, as he reported to Moscow.[92] Nevertheless, the following month, all three and others involved in the pursuit of "Enormoz," including Harry Gold and Semyon Semyonov, received medals for their strenuous efforts if not yet for their achievements.[93]

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* Soviet intelligence's Moscow headquarters cabled the London station concerning "Tina's" work in mid-September 1945: "We agree with your proposal about working with 'Tina.' At the next meeting tell her that her documentary material on ENORMOZ is of great interest and represents a valuable contribution to the development of the work in this field . . . instruct her not to discuss her work with us with her husband and not to say anything to him about the nature of the documentary material which is being obtained by her." September 16, 1945, No. 1413, VENONA files.

ENTER THEODORE HALL

At that moment, however, several newly acquired American agents finally emerged. Kvasnikov's recently inaugurated station in New York informed Moscow on November 12, 1944, that an agent-journalist for the *Russian Voice* named Sergei Kurnakov ("Beck") received a report on Santa Fe's "Camp 2" from a young physicist who also provided the names of those who led the work on "Enormoz." Apparently, the physicist, Theodore Hall, had run into difficulty seeking a Soviet intelligence contact. Ted Hall ("Mlad") was a member of the Young Communist League, and it was through the mother of a mutual friend in the League, Saville Sax ("Star"), himself a party member, that Hall met Kurnakov.[94] The journalist's report to the NKGB described Hall vividly:

> Rather tall, slender, brown-haired, pale and a bit pimply-faced, dressed carelessly, boots appear not cleaned for a long time, slipped socks. His hair is parted and often falls on his forehead. His English is highly cultured and "rich." He answers quickly and very fluently, especially to scientific questions. Eyes are set closely together; evidently, neurasthenic. Perhaps because of premature mental development, he is witty and somewhat sarcastic but without a shadow of undue familiarity and cynicism. His main trait—a highly sensitive brain and quick responsiveness. In conversation, he is sharp and flexible as a sword. . . . He comes from a Jewish family, though doesn't look like a Jew. His father is a mere [*sic*] furrier; his mother is dead. . . . He is not in the army because, until now, young physicists in government jobs at a military installation were not being drafted. Now, he is to be drafted but has no doubts that he will be kept at the same place, only dressed in a military uniform and with a correspondingly lower salary.[95]

Kurnakov probed Hall's attitude toward the Soviet Union's various policy twists and a range of other safe subjects in an apparent attempt to discover why Hall had sought him out. Kurnakov's memorandum recounts the transition to more confidential subjects:

> As the conversation went on, [Hall's] nervousness grew . . . he began biting his nails. I took out a clipping from the *Times* with a story about the U.S. preparing "flying bombs" similar to the German ones, and said, "Perhaps you are disturbed by that?" Then he gave a deep sigh and said: "No, it's much worse."
>
> He told me that a new secret weapon represents an "atomic bomb" with a colossally destructive impact. I interrupted: "Do you understand what you are doing? Why do you think it is necessary to disclose U.S. secrets for the sake of the Soviet Union?" He answered: "There is no country except for the Soviet Union that could be entrusted with such a terrible thing. But, since we can't take it [away] from other countries, [we should] let the USSR know about its existence and be aware of the progress of experiments and construction. Then, at a peace conference, the USSR—on which my generation's fate depends—won't find itself in the position of a blackmailed power. . . . All the outstanding physicists of the U.S., England, Italy and Germany (immigrants), and Denmark are working on this thing." The list of physicists is on the last page of [Hall's] report.* "We know that both Germany and the USSR are working on a [bomb] whose action is based on fission of the atom of some elements (uranium and another element, which we call plutonium and which is the 94th element) [*sic*]. However, there are few doubts that the U.S. is ahead of the rest, since all of Europe's brains, except the Russians, are concentrated in this country, and billions are being spent. Besides, we have four (or more) cyclotrons, and in other countries, according to data we have, there are no more than two in any country."

Hall then provided Kurnakov with a summary explanation of the principles of the atomic bomb before handing over his report, where the matter was described in detail. "He proposed organizing meetings, if needed," Kurnakov's report continued, "to inform [us] about the progress of experiments, for he considers this most important: i.e., the principle itself is not important, since it is known to everyone, but the stage at which practical experiments on explosion and its control, the [bomb] shell's construction, etc., are important."[96]

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* Hall gave Kurnakov a written report on his work and the entire project at this first meeting.

AMERICAN AGENTS, I

Laurence Duggan *(right)*, then-director of the State Department's Latin American section, is shown being presented an award by Undersecretary Edward Stettinius. Duggan provided information to Soviet intelligence during his years at State.

THROUGH EMBASSY EYES (HARCOURT, BRACE, 1939)

Martha Dodd, daughter of the U.S. Ambassador to Germany, was a Soviet agent throughout the 1930s and 1940s, even recruiting her husband, wealthy businessman Alfred Stern (known as the "Red millionaire") for secret work. Dodd is pictured boarding a plane to fly to the Soviet Union.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Noel Field—working at State and for various international agencies—was another Soviet agent during the 1930s and World War II. He is pictured here with his wife, Herta.

AMERICAN AGENTS, II

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Beginning with his involvement in the "Ware Group" of New Deal officials in 1934–35, Alger Hiss worked mainly for Soviet military intelligence networks for the next decade, while rising to prominence in the State Department.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Whittaker Chambers, among his other underground duties as an agent handler, became Hiss's courier and main link to Soviet intelligence until Chambers defected in 1938.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Elizabeth Bentley served as courier for Jacob Golos, her lover and a Soviet operative. Bentley's defection in 1945 forced Moscow to halt most espionage activity in the United States for fear that, as an FBI informant, she endangered many Soviet operatives and American agents.

SOVIET OPERATIVES, I

Three of Moscow's most effective station chiefs in the United States during the 1930s were Boris Bazarov, Peter Gutzeit, and Gaik Ovakimyan.

RUSSIAN FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE SERVICE

Bazarov, pictured here in a rare candid shot reading *The New York Times*, had to untangle the embarrassing Hedda Gumperz–Noel Field–Alger Hiss encounter (Chapter 2).

The astute Gutzeit devised a never-implemented scheme for Soviet intelligence to buy influence among members of the U.S. Congress and media (Chapter 7).

RUSSIAN FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE SERVICE

RUSSIAN FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE SERVICE

Back in Moscow by then, Ovakimyan helped negotiate the wartime agreement between the OSS and NKGB (Chapter 11).

SOVIET OPERATIVES, II

The three wartime station chiefs pictured here—Itzhak Akhmerov, Jacob Golos, and Vassily Zarubin—all began their involvement with American agents during the preceding decade.

RUSSIAN FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE SERVICE

Akhmerov worked with Laurence Duggan and other Roosevelt Administration officials before and during World War II.

RUSSIAN FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE SERVICE

Golos sheltered his many agents and sources within the U.S. government from contact with other Soviet operatives until his death in 1943. Then Moscow ordered Elizabeth Bentley—Golos's chief aide—to turn agent supervision over to Akhmerov (Chapter 5).

RUSSIAN FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE SERVICE

In 1934, long before he reached the United States in late 1940 as station chief, Zarubin had been provided by Hollywood producer (and Soviet agent) Boris Morros with a "cover" post working for Paramount Pictures in Nazi Germany (Chapter 6).

AGENT-ENTREPRENEURS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Most Americans who spied for Moscow during the 1930s were antifascist admirers of the Soviet Union whose involvement in espionage had ideological roots. There were two notable exceptions, one a U.S. Congressman (Chapter 7) and the other a Hollywood producer (Chapter 6). Samuel Dickstein *(above)* and Boris Morros—although both antifascists—offered their services as Soviet agents with a price tag.

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SOVIET ESPIONAGE IN WARTIME WASHINGTON, I

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Nathan Gregory Silvermaster coordinated one of the most active and successful networks of Soviet agents within the U.S. government in wartime Washington (Chapter 8). He is shown here being sworn in at a 1948 congressional hearing at which he called this accusation "false and fantastic."

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Earl Browder, leader of the "open" Communist Party of the United States, was at the same time an active agent and agent handler for Moscow throughout the 1930s and World War II until his expulsion from the party at the war's end.

RUSSIAN FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE SERVICE

The single most valuable Soviet intelligence agent in the American capital during the closing years of the war was probably the British diplomat Donald Maclean, then posted to his embassy in Washington (Chapter 12).

SOVIET ESPIONAGE IN WARTIME WASHINGTON, II

Three high-ranking Soviet agents in policy-making positions in the wartime Roosevelt Administration—Lauchlin Currie, Alger Hiss, and Harry Dexter White—all provided Moscow with crucial documents and information on a range of major U.S. actions and policies.

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Currie, a chief aide to President Roosevelt, is pictured here *(center)* receiving a cigarette case upon retiring in 1945 as president of the federal government employees' association (Chapter 8).

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Hiss *(second from right)*, who coordinated for the State Department American organization of the United Nations' inaugural meeting in San Francisco in April 1945, stands in this photo (taken at the meeting) between then–U.S. Secretary of State Edward Stettinius *(to his right)* and then–Soviet Ambassador to the United States, Andrei Gromyko (Chapter 12).

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

White remained a key Treasury Department official throughout the war, providing Soviet intelligence with valuable information on Roosevelt Administration policies.

THE SOVIET SNITCH

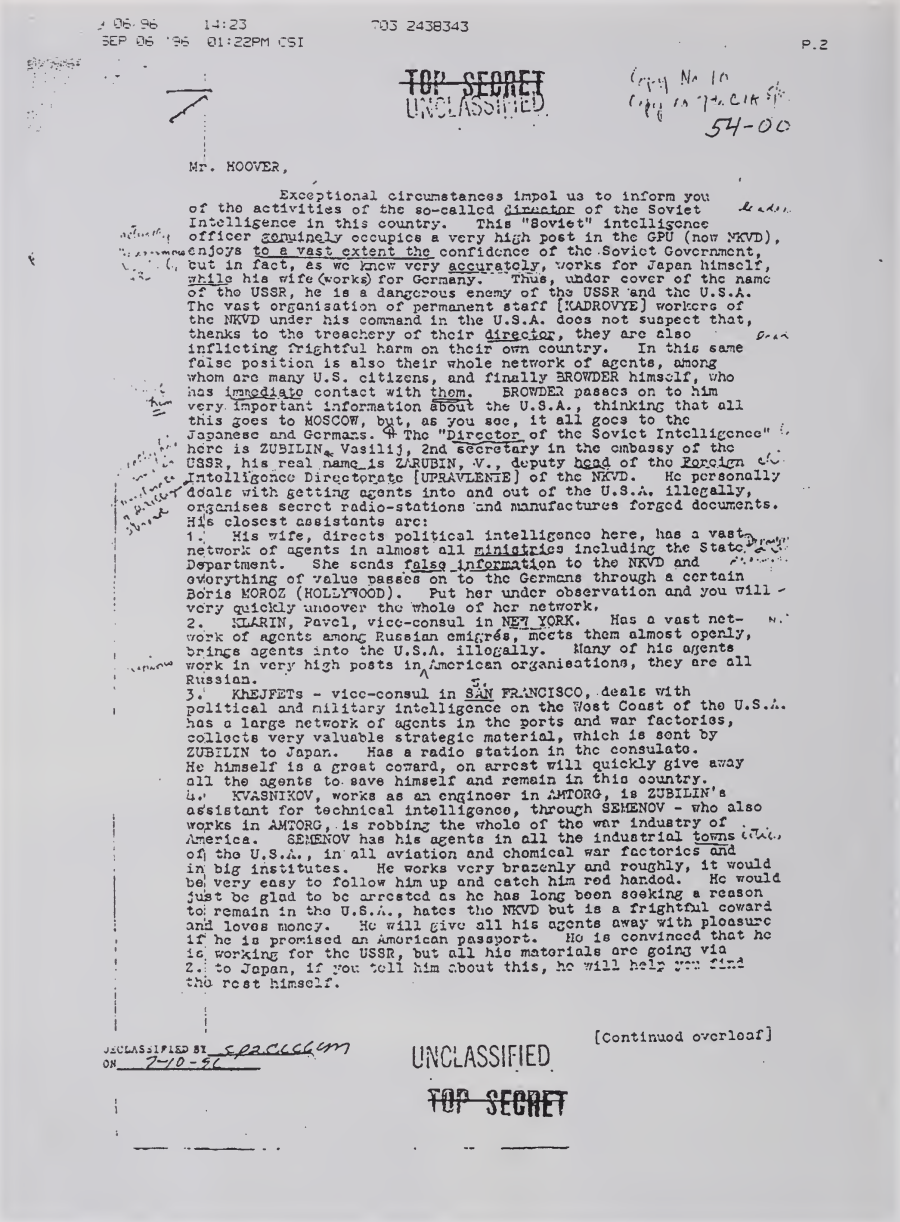

06.96 14:23 703 2438343
SEP 06 '96 01:22PM CSI P.2

~~TOP SECRET~~
UNCLASSIFIED

Copy No 10
Copy to the CIA
54-00

Mr. HOOVER,

Exceptional circumstances impel us to inform you of the activities of the so-called director of the Soviet Intelligence in this country. This "Soviet" intelligence officer genuinely occupies a very high post in the GPU (now NKVD), enjoys to a vast extent the confidence of the Soviet Government, but in fact, as we knew very accurately, works for Japan himself, while his wife (works) for Germany. Thus, under cover of the name of the USSR, he is a dangerous enemy of the USSR and the U.S.A. The vast organisation of permanent staff [KADROVYE] workers of the NKVD under his command in the U.S.A. does not suspect that, thanks to the treachery of their director, they are also inflicting frightful harm on their own country. In this same false position is also their whole network of agents, among whom are many U.S. citizens, and finally BROWDER himself, who has immediate contact with them. BROWDER passes on to him very important information about the U.S.A., thinking that all this goes to MOSCOW, but, as you see, it all goes to the Japanese and Germans. The "Director of the Soviet Intelligence" here is ZUBILIN, Vasilij, 2nd secretary in the embassy of the USSR, his real name is ZARUBIN, V., deputy head of the Foreign Intelligence Directorate [UPRAVLENIE] of the NKVD. He personally deals with getting agents into and out of the U.S.A. illegally, organises secret radio-stations and manufactures forged documents.
His closest assistants are:

1. His wife, directs political intelligence here, has a vast network of agents in almost all ministries including the State Department. She sends false information to the NKVD and everything of value passes on to the Germans through a certain Boris MOROZ (HOLLYWOOD). Put her under observation and you will very quickly uncover the whole of her network.
2. KLARIN, Pavel, vice-consul in NEW YORK. Has a vast network of agents among Russian emigrés, meets them almost openly, brings agents into the U.S.A. illegally. Many of his agents work in very high posts in American organisations, they are all Russian.
3. KhEJFETs - vice-consul in SAN FRANCISCO, deals with political and military intelligence on the West Coast of the U.S.A. has a large network of agents in the ports and war factories, collects very valuable strategic material, which is sent by ZUBILIN to Japan. Has a radio station in the consulate.
He himself is a great coward, on arrest will quickly give away all the agents to save himself and remain in this country.
4. KVASNIKOV, works as an engineer in AMTORG, is ZUBILIN's assistant for technical intelligence, through SEMENOV - who also works in AMTORG, is robbing the whole of the war industry of America. SEMENOV has his agents in all the industrial towns of the U.S.A., in all aviation and chemical war factories and in big institutes. He works very brazenly and roughly, it would be very easy to follow him up and catch him red handed. He would just be glad to be arrested as he has long been seeking a reason to remain in the U.S.A., hates the NKVD but is a frightful coward and loves money. He will give all his agents away with pleasure if he is promised an American passport. He is convinced that he is working for the USSR, but all his materials are going via Z. to Japan, if you tell him about this, he will help you find the rest himself.

[Continued overleaf]

DECLASSIFIED BY [illegible]
ON 7-10-96

UNCLASSIFIED

~~TOP SECRET~~

COURTESY NSA/CIA VENONA TRANSCRIPTS

In August 1943, a disgruntled intelligence official at the Soviet Union's New York consulate mailed a letter to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover purporting to identify various Soviet operatives and American agents operating in this country. The FBI found it difficult to confirm the information, which it translated from the original Russian.

CHANGING THE COVER NAMES

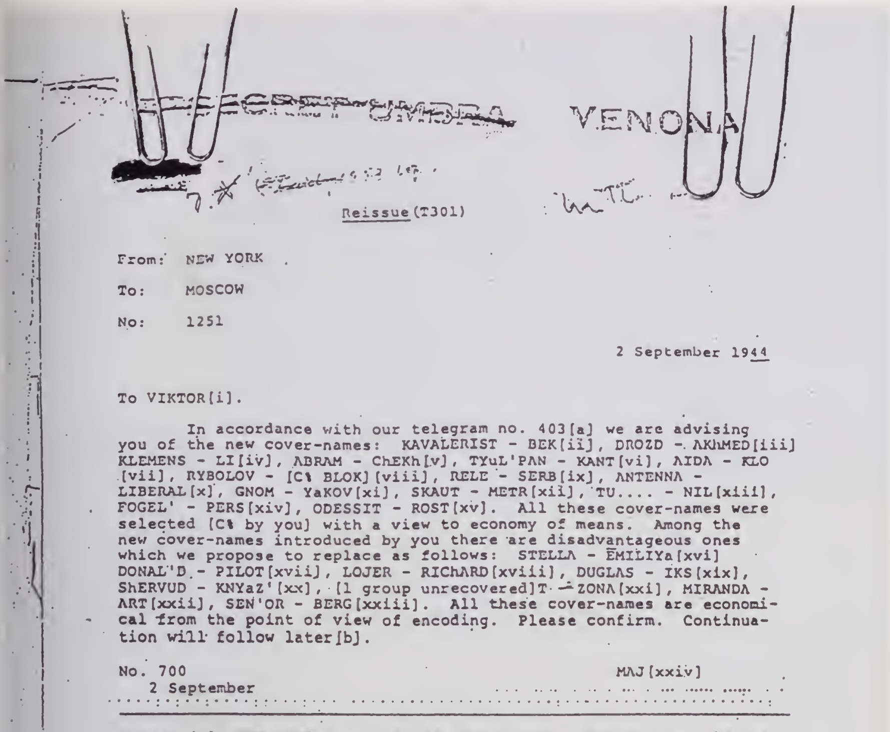

~~SECRET UMBRA~~ VENONA

Reissue(T301)

From: NEW YORK

To: MOSCOW

No: 1251

2 September 1944

To VIKTOR[i].

In accordance with our telegram no. 403[a] we are advising you of the new cover-names: KAVALERIST - BEK[ii], DROZD - AKhMED[iii] KLEMENS - LI[iv], ABRAM - ChEKh[v], TYuL'PAN - KANT[vi], AIDA - KLO [vii], RYBOLOV - [C% BLOK][viii], RELE - SERB[ix], ANTENNA - LIBERAL[x], GNOM - YaKOV[xi], SKAUT - METR[xii], TU.... - NIL[xiii], FOGEL' - PERS[xiv], ODESSIT - ROST[xv]. All these cover-names were selected [C% by you] with a view to economy of means. Among the new cover-names introduced by you there are disadvantageous ones which we propose to replace as follows: STELLA - ĒMILIYa[xvi] DONAL'D - PILOT[xvii], LOJER - RIChARD[xviii], DUGLAS - IKS[xix], ShERVUD - KNYaZ'[xx], [1 group unrecovered]T - ZONA[xxi], MIRANDA - ART[xxii], SEN'OR - BERG[xxiii]. All these cover-names are economical from the point of view of encoding. Please confirm. Continuation will follow later[b].

No. 700 MAJ[xxiv]
2 September

Notes: [a] NEW YORK's no. 744 of 25 May 1944. However, no. 744 has nothing to do with the subject of this message so must be an incorrect reference.
[b] See NEW YORK's no 1403 of 5 October 1944

Comments:
[i] VIKTOR: Lt. Gen. P.M. FITIN.
[ii] KAVALERIST - BEK: i.e. CAVALRYMAN - BECK, Sergej Nikolaevich KURNAKOV.
[iii] DROZD - AKhMED: i.e. THRUSH - AKhMED, unidentified.
[iv] KLEMENS - LI: i.e. CLEMENCE - LEE, unidentified.
[v] ABRAM - ChEKh: i.e. ABRAM - CZECH, Jack SOBLE.
[vi] TYuL'PAN - KANT: i.e. TULIP - KANT, Mark ZBOROWSKI.
[vii] AIDA - KLO: Esther Trebach RAND.
[viii] RYBOLOV - BLOK: i.e. OSPREY - BLOCK, unidentified. BLOK is repeated as GE. There is no other occurrence of eithe
[ix] RELE - SERB: i.e. RELAY - SERB. RELE has been tentatively identified as Morton SOBELL. However, the only other reference to SERB is in NEW YORK's no. 50 of 11 January 1945 and would not appear to refer to SOBELL.
[x] ✓ANTENNA - LIBERAL: Julius ROSENBERG.
[xi] GNOM - YaKOV: i.e. GNOME - YaKOV, William PERL (originally MUTTERPERL).

1/1

~~TOP SECRET UMBRA~~ VENONA

Concerned over reports of expanded FBI surveillance, Moscow instructed its station chiefs in the United States to provide new cover names identifying American agents and sources. The NKGB's New York station complied with the instruction in this September 2, 1944, memorandum, deciphered in the VENONA program (Chapter 12).

COURTESY NSA/CIA VENONA TRANSCRIPTS

THE OSS AND THE NKGB

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RUSSIAN FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE SERVICE

With the Soviet Union and the United States cooperating as wartime allies, General William "Wild Bill" Donovan—head of the OSS—and his counterpart at the NKGB, General Pavel Fitin, agreed that their two services would share vital intelligence information.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, more suspicious of Soviet intentions than Donovan, maneuvered successfully in Washington to quash the agreement (Chapter 11).

THE "ALES" MEMORANDUM: ALGER HISS IN MOSCOW

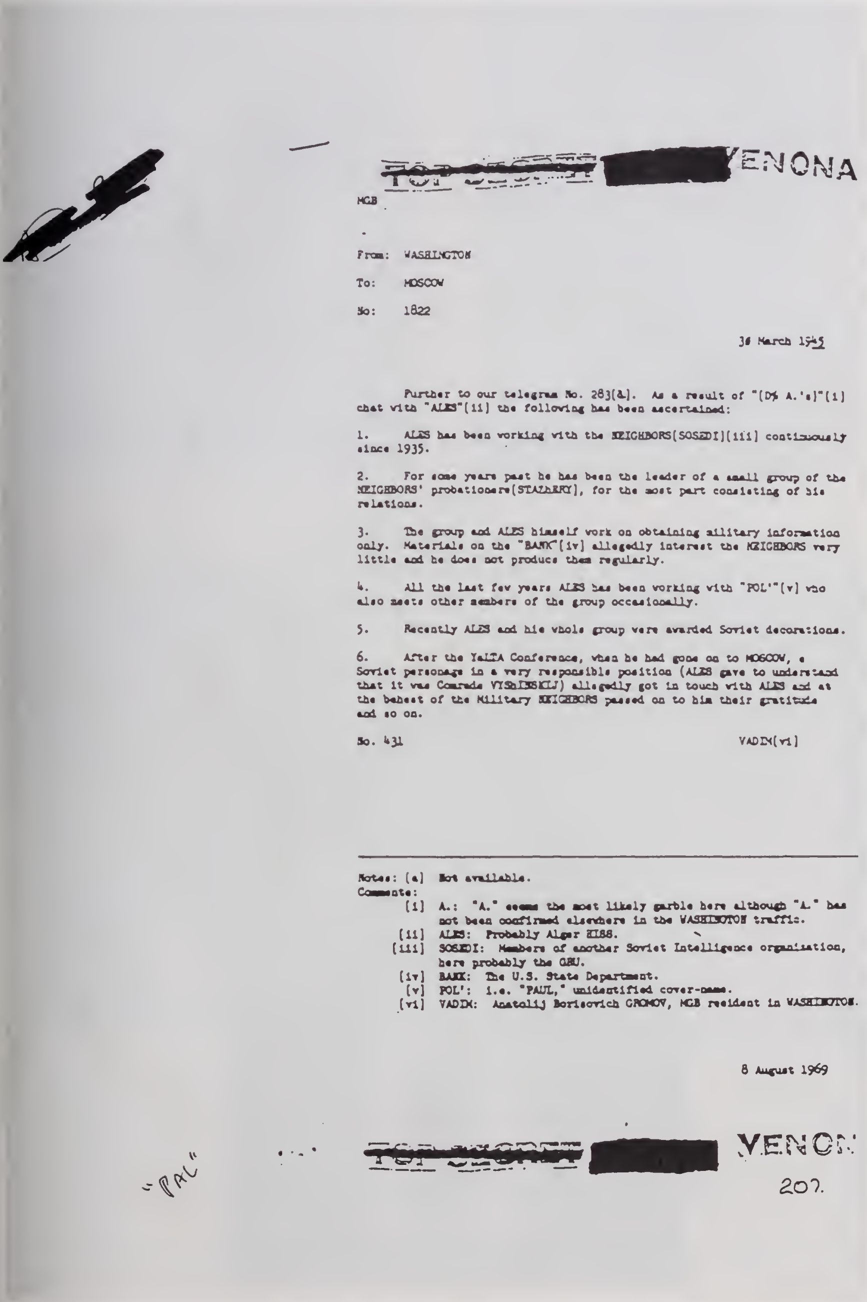

~~TOP SECRET~~ [redacted] VENONA

MGB

From: WASHINGTON

To: MOSCOW

No: 1822

30 March 1945

Further to our telegram No. 283[a]. As a result of "[D% A.'s]"[i] chat with "ALES"[ii] the following has been ascertained:

1. ALES has been working with the NEIGHBORS[SOSEDI][iii] continuously since 1935.

2. For some years past he has been the leader of a small group of the NEIGHBORS' probationers[STAZhERY], for the most part consisting of his relations.

3. The group and ALES himself work on obtaining military information only. Materials on the "BANK"[iv] allegedly interest the NEIGHBORS very little and he does not produce them regularly.

4. All the last few years ALES has been working with "POL'"[v] who also meets other members of the group occasionally.

5. Recently ALES and his whole group were awarded Soviet decorations.

6. After the YaLTA Conference, when he had gone on to MOSCOW, a Soviet personage in a very responsible position (ALES gave to understand that it was Comrade VYShINSKIJ) allegedly got in touch with ALES and at the behest of the Military NEIGHBORS passed on to him their gratitude and so on.

No. 431 VADIM[vi]

Notes: [a] Not available.

Comments:

[i] A.: "A." seems the most likely garble here although "A." has not been confirmed elsewhere in the WASHINGTON traffic.

[ii] ALES: Probably Alger HISS.

[iii] SOSEDI: Members of another Soviet Intelligence organization, here probably the GRU.

[iv] BANK: The U.S. State Department.

[v] POL': i.e. "PAUL," unidentified cover-name.

[vi] VADIM: Anatolij Borisovich GROMOV, MGB resident in WASHINGTON.

8 August 1969

"PAL"

~~TOP SECRET~~ [redacted] VENON

207.

COURTESY NSA/CIA VENONA TRANSCRIPTS

This March 1945 cable from Soviet intelligence in Washington to Moscow described a leading American agent, code-named "ALES," whom VENONA project analysts determined was "probably Alger Hiss." Other Soviet cables at the time that mentioned "ALES" confirm the identification (Chapter 12).

ATOMIC ESPIONAGE AGENTS, I

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LOS ALAMOS NATIONAL LABORATORY

Two of the Soviet Union's critical sources on the Western Allies' atomic energy program were both based at Los Alamos in 1944–45: Klaus Fuchs, *(left)* a distinguished German exile physicist working for the British government, and Theodore Hall, a young American scientist. Both were devoted communists and responsible for transmitting extremely valuable data on the atomic bomb project to Soviet operatives.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Harry Gold, a chemist, served as a courier for Fuchs and other Americans working for Moscow (Chapter 9).

ATOMIC ESPIONAGE AGENTS, II

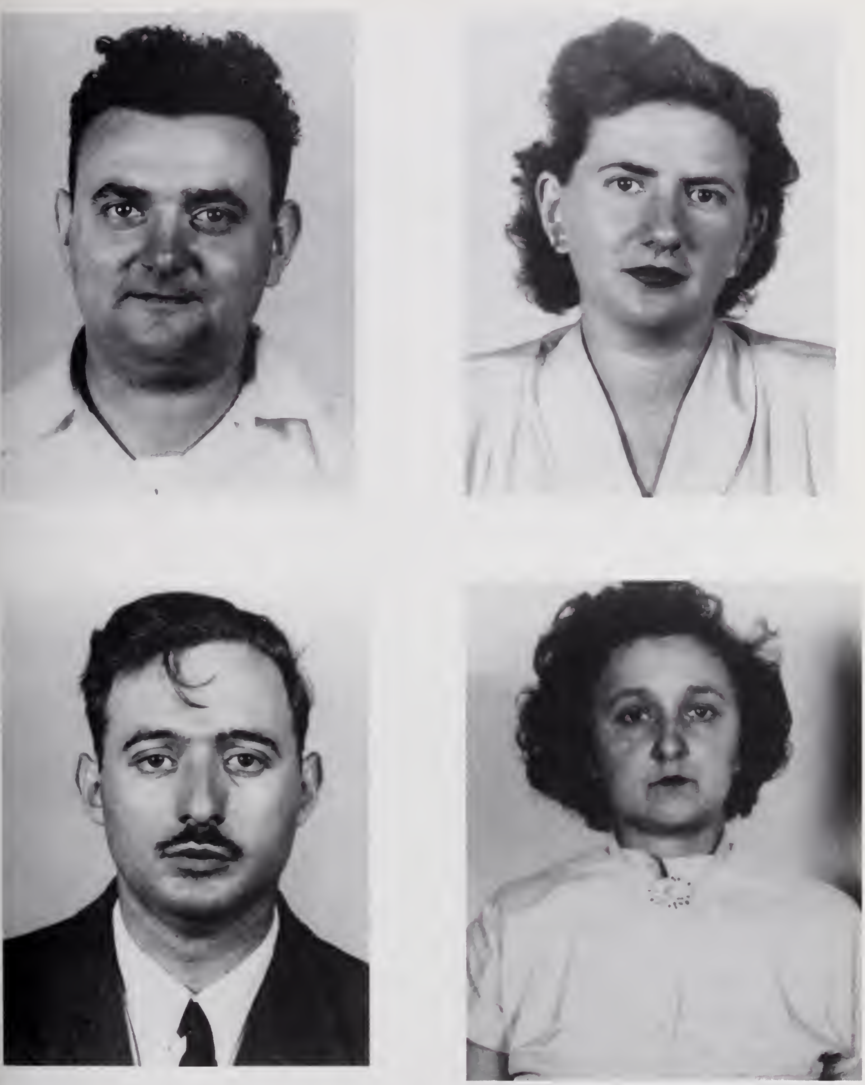

ALL PHOTOS NATIONAL ARCHIVES

A young technical worker named David Greenglass *(top left)* was also at Los Alamos. Greenglass agreed, after discussions with his wife, Ruth *(top right)*, to provide Soviet intelligence with valuable data on the atomic bomb project. David's brother-in-law, Julius Rosenberg *(bottom left)*, was a veteran Soviet agent and agent handler who persuaded Ruth Greenglass to recruit her husband. Ethel Rosenberg's active involvement in espionage—if any—was minimal.

ATOMIC ESPIONAGE—THE SOVIET OPERATIVES

RUSSIAN FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE SERVICE

RUSSIAN FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE SERVICE

The Soviet intelligence operatives who focused on gathering information on the atomic bomb project in the United States and England were experienced and skillful. Two key operatives in this process were Leonid Kvasnikov *(left)* and Alexander Feklissov.

RUSSIAN FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE SERVICE

Four major former Soviet operatives involved in atomic espionage met for a recent group photo in the History Room at Yasenevo (Russian Foreign Intelligence Service headquarters), with the atomic bomb display in the background. From left to right: Anatoly Yatskov, Leonid Kvasnikov, Vladimir Barkovsky, and Alexander Feklissov.

HENRY WALLACE MEETS THE STATION CHIEF

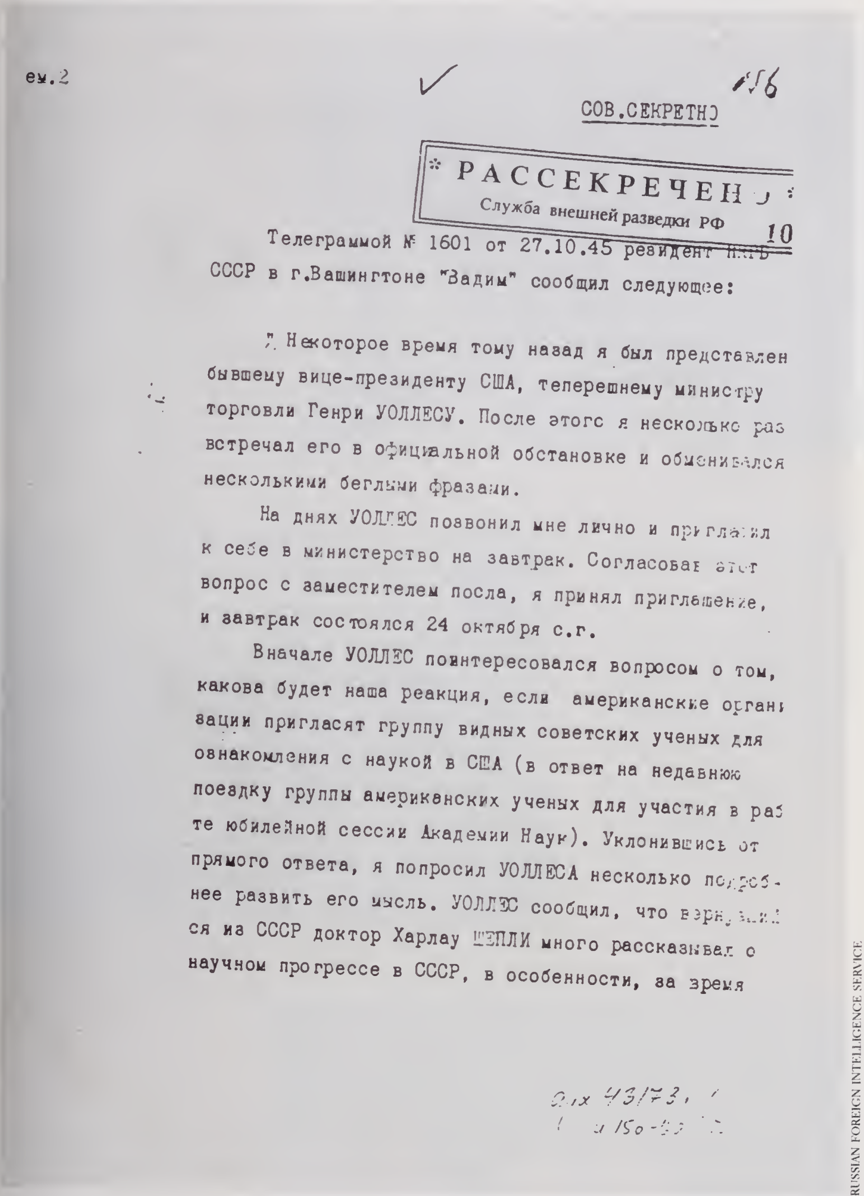

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✓ 156

СОВ.СЕКРЕТНО

* РАССЕКРЕЧЕНО *
Служба внешней разведки РФ
10

Телеграммой № 1601 от 27.10.45 резидент НКГБ СССР в г.Вашингтоне "Вадим" сообщил следующее:

"Некоторое время тому назад я был представлен бывшему вице-президенту США, теперешнему министру торговли Генри УОЛЛЕСУ. После этого я несколько раз встречал его в официальной обстановке и обменивался несколькими беглыми фразами.

На днях УОЛЛЕС позвонил мне лично и пригласил к себе в министерство на завтрак. Согласовав этот вопрос с заместителем посла, я принял приглашение, и завтрак состоялся 24 октября с.г.

Вначале УОЛЛЕС поинтересовался вопросом о том, какова будет наша реакция, если американские организации пригласят группу видных советских ученых для ознакомления с наукой в США (в ответ на недавнюю поездку группы американских ученых для участия в рабте юбилейной сессии Академии Наук). Уклонившись от прямого ответа, я попросил УОЛЛЕСА несколько подробнее развить его мысль. УОЛЛЕС сообщил, что вернувшийся из СССР доктор Харлау ШЕПЛИ много рассказывал о научном прогрессе в СССР, в особенности, за время

Арх 43173,
л 150-

On October 24, 1945, President Truman's Secretary of Commerce, former Vice President Henry Wallace, sat down for a breakfast meeting that he requested with Anatoly Gorsky, the Soviet intelligence station chief in Washington. At this extraordinary session, Wallace urged Moscow to provide support for leading Americans such as himself who opposed the emerging postwar confrontation between the two countries. Gorsky described the talk in his report to Moscow several days later, the first page of which is reprinted here.

RUSSIAN FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE SERVICE

THE AUTHOR AND THE POST–SOVIET INTELLIGENCE WORLD

COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Allen Weinstein *(left)* at an exclusive 1995 interview with Morris Cohen, a Soviet agent for over a quarter century in the United States and Europe, held at the Russian Foreign Intelligence Service's hospital in Moscow.

Allen Weinstein *(far left)* and three key Russian Foreign Intelligence Service officials were guests of former CIA director William Colby *(third from right)* in 1993 in the New York law office of the late General William Donovan. At the far right is a representative of the OSS's retired agents group.

COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Allen Weinstein *(center)* meets in 1995 with General Yuri Kobaladze *(left)*, head of the Russian Foreign Intelligence Service's (SVR) Public Affairs and Press Bureau, and General Vadim Kirpichenko, chairman of the SVR's senior consultants' group at the Press Bureau offices in Moscow.

The meeting took place in New York City while Hall was on leave from Los Alamos. Toward the end of their talk, the young physicist noted that it was time for him to return to Santa Fe. "I asked him (semijokingly)," Kurnakov observed in his report, "why he didn't fear that I would betray him. He answered, 'About half a million readers and everyone in the progressive movement knows you. If you can't be trusted, nobody can.' "* Hall asked Kurnakov to introduce him immediately to a Soviet operative, but the Russian remained cautious. Hall later handed Sax a copy of the report he had given to Kurnakov, with a request that his friend deliver it to the Soviet Consulate.

Sax turned the report over to Anatoly Yatskov on October 25, and the pair met the following day so that Yatskov could review the situation.[97] At that point, Yatskov asked for a report from Kurnakov, although he subsequently received instructions from Moscow to stop using the journalist and begin training Sax to serve as Hall's contact.[98] Ted Hall was told in November that he would be drafted but kept at the same work. Now, however, as a soldier, he could leave the camp only with special permission.†[99]

Hall was not the only new Soviet recruit at New Mexico's "Camp 2" during the fall of 1944. In September, Julius Rosenberg (whose code name had been changed recently from "Antenna" to "Liberal"), by then a veteran NKGB agent previously supervised by Jacob Golos, approached Feklissov and told him about his wife's brother and sister-in-law, both of whom had backgrounds in the American Communist Party. For several years, Rosenberg had been a trusted agent and supervisor of other agents (or "probationers" as the Soviets referred to their American sources), specializing in scientific and defense plant secrets. "We consider it necessary to organize the filming of [Julius Rosenberg's] probationers' materials by [Rosenberg] himself" at the apartment of a Soviet operative, the New York station informed Pavel Fitin in Moscow in a May 22, 1944, cable. By June, Moscow was told that photographing the Rosenberg group's material had shifted to the apartment of Leonid Kvasnikov ("Anton"), the Soviets' scientific-technical station chief in New York. Feklissov had good reason to be struck by Rosenberg's report that his brother-in-law, David Greenglass, had been drafted into the army and now worked at one of the major Santa Fe installations involved with "Enormoz."

---

* "[Kurnakov] visited Theodore Hall, 19 years old, the son of a furrier. He is a graduate of Harvard University. As a talented physicist he was taken on for government work. He was a [member of the Young Communist League]. . . . According to [Kurnakov's] account, Hall has an exceptionally keen mind and a broad outlook and is politically developed. At the present time H. is in charge of a group at 'CAMP-2' [Santa Fe]. He handed over to [Kurnakov] a report about the CAMP and named the key personnel employed on ENORMOZ. He decided to do this on the advice of his colleague Saville Sax, a [member of the Young Communist League] living in [New York City]. Sax's mother is a [Communist Party member] and works for Russian War Relief. With the aim of hastening a meeting with a competent person, [Hall] on the following day sent a copy of the report by [Sax] to the [Soviet Consulate]. [Yatskov] received S. [Hall] had to leave for CAMP-2 in two days' time. He was compelled to make a decision quickly. . . . [He] gave [Kurnakov] consent to feel out [Hall], to assure him that everything was in order and to arrange liaison with him. [Hall] left his photograph and came to an understanding with [Kurnakov] about a place for meeting him. . . . We consider it expedient to maintain liaison with [Sax] and not to bring in anybody else. . . . We shall send the details by post." New York station to Pavel Fitin, Moscow, November 12, 1944, No. 1585, VENONA files.

† Joseph Albright and Marcia Kunstel's *BOMBSHELL* provides a thorough and reliable account of Ted Hall's brief but important career as a Soviet source.

ENTER THE GREENGLASSES

On September 21, 1944, the station requested Moscow's permission to recruit the Greenglasses, with David's wife, Ruth, to serve as a courier for information to be provided by her husband during authorized spousal visits to Santa Fe.*[100] The Center agreed on October 3, assigned code names to the couple—"Wasp" for Ruth and "Bumblebee" (later "Caliber") for David—and recommended that they be handled directly by Harry Gold.[101] The Greenglasses, Feklissov later would report in Moscow after returning in October 1946 from his long mission in America, "are young, intelligent, capable, and politically developed people, strongly believing in the cause of communism and wishing to do their best to help our country as much as possible. They are undoubtedly devoted to us."[102]

---

* "Lately the development of new people . . . [Julius Rosenberg] recommended the wife of his wife's brother, Ruth Greenglass. . . . She is 21 years old, an [American citizen], a [member of the Young Communist League] since 1942. . . . [Rosenberg] and his wife recommend her as an intelligent and clever girl. . . . [Ruth] learned that her husband was called up by the army but he was not sent to the front. He is a mechanical engineer and is now working at the ENORMOZ plant in Santa Fe, New Mexico." New York station to Pavel Fitin, Moscow, September 21, 1944, No. 1840, VENONA files.

When David Greenglass was told in November 1944 that he would receive a two-week vacation from his duties, he asked Ruth to join him in New Mexico the following month. Before she left New York, Julius Rosenberg led Ruth through a series of instructions on how to persuade her husband, who apparently had not yet been informed of the new secret role for which his brother-in-law had volunteered him, to provide materials on his work.[103] On December 5, Julius drafted a remarkable third-person account of the discussion, which Feklissov duly forwarded to Moscow:

> The following is a record of the conversation held by Julius, Ethel, and Ruth.
>
> First of all, Julius inquired of Ruth how she felt about the Soviet Union and how deep in general her Communist convictions went, whereupon she replied without hesitation that, to her, socialism was the sole hope of the world and the Soviet Union commanded her deepest admiration.
>
> Julius then wanted to know whether she would be willing to help the Soviet Union. She replied very simply and sincerely that it would be a privilege; when Ethel mentioned David, she assured us [Julius and Ethel] that [in] her judgment [this] was also David's understanding.*
>
> Julius then explained his connections with certain people interested in supplying the Soviet Union with urgently needed technical information it could not obtain through the regular channels and impressed upon her the tremendous importance of the project in which David is now at work. Therefore, she was to ask him the following kinds of questions:
>
> 1. How many people were now employed there?
> 2. What part of the project was already in operation, if any; were they encountering any difficulties and why; how were they resolving their problems?
> 3. How much of an area did the present setup cover?
> 4. How many buildings were there and their layout; were they going to build any more?
> 5. How well guarded was the place?

---

* "[Ruth Greenglass] has agreed to cooperate with us in drawing in [David Greenglass] with a view to ENORMOZ. On summons from [David] she is leaving on November 22 for the CAMP-2 area. [David] will have a week's meeting. Before [Ruth's] departure [Julius Rosenberg] will carry out two briefing meetings." Kvasnikov to Fitin, November 14, 1944, No. 1600, VENONA files.

> Julius then instructed her that under no circumstances should they discuss any of these things inside a room or indeed anywhere except out-of-doors and under no circumstances to make any notes of any kind. She was simply to commit to memory as much as possible. Ethel here interposed to stress the need for the utmost care and caution in informing David of the work in which Julius was engaged and that, for his own safety, all other political discussion and activity on his part should be subdued.
>
> At this point, we asked Ruth to repeat our instructions, which she did satisfactorily.[104]

The station informed Moscow separately on December 7 that "[Julius Rosenberg] held a conversation with [Ruth Greenglass] about her assistance to us. She agreed to carry out assignments that would come from [Rosenberg], and, as [Rosenberg] has done, expressed confidence that [David Greenglass] would agree to help." Julius Rosenberg, the station's memorandum continued, had met with Ruth Greenglass three times before her departure "and held a briefing corresponding to our instructions," the discussion described in the December 5 report.[105]

The recruitment of David Greenglass thus posed no special problems. When Ruth returned from New Mexico in mid-December, she informed Julius that David agreed that data concerning the atomic bomb should not be held secretly by the United States. He would begin immediately to assist the Soviet Union in acquiring information, while cautioning Ruth that security measures at Camp 2 were extremely strict.

Greenglass also told his wife that he would travel to New York in mid-January, and Rosenberg suggested to Ruth that a Soviet operative should contact him directly because he (Julius) was not familiar with the technical details of "Enormoz." Rosenberg then told Feklissov that he believed Greenglass would welcome such a meeting.*[106]

---

* "[Ruth Greenglass] has returned from a trip to see [David Greenglass]. [David] expressed his readiness to help in throwing light on the work being carried on at CAMP-2 and stated that he had already given thought to this question earlier. [David] said that the authorities of the Camp were openly taking all precautionary measures to prevent information about ENORMOZ falling into Russian hands. This is causing serious discontent among the progressive [workers]. . . . [I]n the middle of January, [David Greenglass] will be in [New York City]. [Julius Rosenberg], referring to his ignorance of the [atomic energy] problem, expresses the wish that our man should meet [David Greenglass] and interrogate him personally. He asserts that [Greenglass] would be very glad of such a meeting. Do you

True to his brother-in-law's word, when Greenglass returned to New York the following month, he brought with him materials on "Camp 2" and news that work there was far behind schedule; the documents and information he gave to Julius Rosenberg were, in turn, passed along to Soviet operatives. He confirmed the presence of J. Robert Oppenheimer and George Kistakowsky among the leading scientists at the camp. He noted at one point in his debriefing that a visiting army colonel at the facility had exclaimed: "If we work this slowly in future, the Germans and the Russians may be the first to use the bombs while we still don't have them."[107] The comment undoubtedly reinforced the views held by many Soviet operatives that Americans viewed the Soviet Union, despite wartime cooperation, as a potential adversary.

Prior to Greenglass's arrival in New York, Moscow had provided its station there with a list of questions for him:

1. Data on Camp 2: location, [machine] shops and their purpose, ways of communicating, power engineering, supplies, buildings, internal regulations?
2. Data about workers at Camp 2 known to [Greenglass]: names, posts, character of work, living conditions, etc. Indicate separately who belongs to the sector of progressive people whom [Greenglass] mentions?
3. Data about work at Los Alamos, 40 miles from Camp 2.[108]

In early January 1945, Julius Rosenberg and David Greenglass met for a discussion that preceded David's delivery of the new material. Feklissov provided Moscow with an account of the talk:

> [Julius Rosenberg] and [David Greenglass] met at the flat of [Greenglass's] mother . . . [Rosenberg's] wife and [Greenglass] are sister and brother. After a conversation in which [Greenglass] confirmed his consent to pass us data about work in "Camp 2" known to him, [Rosenberg] discussed with him a list of questions [those previously described] to which it would be helpful to have answers . . . general questions clarifying the kind of work done there.
>
> [Greenglass] has the rank of sergeant. He works in the camp as a mechanic, carrying out various instructions from his superiors.

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consider such a meeting advisable? If not, I shall be obliged to draw up a questionnaire and pass it to [Rosenberg]. Report whether you have any questions of priority interest to us." Kvasnikov to Fitin, December 16, 1944, No. 1773, VENONA files.

> The place where [Greenglass] works is a plant where various devices for measuring and studying the explosive power of various explosives in different forms (lenses) are being produced. Experimental explosions are being carried out in proving grounds ([Greenglass] calls them "sites"). To be admitted to a proving ground, one must have a special pass. [Greenglass] says that he noticed there were at least four proving grounds where they were sending various materials and things. . . . As far as we understand, research and selection of explosives for imparting a necessary speed to "Enormoz's" neutrons to get fission (explosion) are being executed in those proving grounds. It seems to us that [Greenglass] doesn't know all the details of the project. At the end of his report, he lists people whom he considers progressive and pro-Soviet.*[109]

Feklissov, Kvasnikov, Yatskov, and the other Soviet operatives in New York were delighted with David and Ruth Greenglass and not simply because of their willingness to cooperate. Just as important, the Greenglasses represented a turnkey, "ready-to-spy" agent group, a source and his courier, husband and wife. Moreover, Ruth intended to move to New Mexico, which would provide her with daily access to her husband's work. The station enthusiastically reported this news to Moscow:

> In late February, as soon as she receives a railroad ticket, [Ruth Greenglass] will go to live in Albuquerque, where most wives of camp workers live. . . . She intends to live there for 6–7 months and then return to [New York] to give birth to a child. Before her departure, we will ask her to give us material and verbal passwords in case we need to restore contact with her. After . . . finding an apartment, she will give us her address in a letter to her mother-in-law. We assume that [Ruth's] stay in Albuquerque will allow us to study better the working procedures and people at the

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* "[David Greenglass] has arrived in [New York City] on leave. He has confirmed his agreement to help us. In addition to the information passed to us through [Ruth Greenglass], he has given us a hand-written plan of the layout of CAMP-2 and facts known to him about the work and the personnel. The basic task of the camp is to make the mechanism which is to serve as the detonator. Experimental work is being carried out on the construction of a tube of this kind and experiments are being tried with explosive. . . ." Kvasnikov to Fitin, January 8, 1945, No. 28, VENONA files.

> camp and, in case [David] has valuable data, she can come to [New York] to inform us.[110]

With the Greenglasses, Ted Hall and his friend Saville Sax, "Persian," and reports that Harry Gold had picked up Klaus Fuchs's trail, the New York "XY line" station began 1945 confident of its immediate and future potential.

Harry Gold's remaining link to the British physicist was through Fuchs's sister in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Mrs. Heineman, whose friendship Gold (now code-named "Arno") cultivated. Moscow even proposed bringing the woman* into their network, a notion promptly rejected by Leonid Kvasnikov. Nevertheless, when Gold visited her in Cambridge in early November 1944, she reported that her brother had phoned from Chicago. Fuchs was now stationed in New Mexico and promised to visit his sister for two weeks over Christmas.[111] At a subsequent December meeting with Mrs. Heineman, Gold gave her a small piece of paper with the telephone number of a Yatskov agent code-named "Guron" whom Fuchs should phone.†[112]

For whatever reason, Fuchs did not make contact over Christmas. It was only two months later that Yatskov learned from "Guron" of a stranger's call inviting someone named "Raymond" (the name by which Fuchs knew Gold) to visit him at his sister's home.[113] (At this time, Yatskov proposed—and Moscow rejected—the notion that the NKGB find a woman who could double as Fuchs's courier and lover!)[114]

Gold finally renewed his relationship with Fuchs on February 21, 1945, in Cambridge, initially under the guise of a good friend visiting both the physicist and his sister, even bringing gifts for her and her children. Fuchs explained that he had not received an expected leave at Christmas, hence the delay in reaching the Boston area. Later that day, Fuchs finally told his story, as reported by Harry Gold:

> K. outlined the setup at the camp to me:
>
> a. When he went there in August there were only 2500 to 3000 people. Now it has expanded to 45,000!

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* Code-named "Ant" but whom Gold called "Mrs. D." in his memos to NKGB operatives.

† "On [Gold's] last visit to [Fuchs's] sister it became known that [Fuchs] has not left for [England] but is at [Los Alamos]. He flew to Chicago and telephoned his sister. He named the state where the camp is and promised to come on leave for Christmas. He is taking steps to establish liaison with [Gold] while he is on leave." New York station to Moscow, November 16, 1944, No. 1606, VENONA files.

b. The work being carried on is the actual production of "factory" bombs. Employed there are physicists, mathematicians, chemists, engineers—civil, mechanical, electrical, chemical—and many other types of technical help, as well as a U.S. Army Engineer Detachment.

c. They are progressing very well and are expected to go into full-scale production in about three months—but K. was hesitant about this date and said he would not like to be held to it.

d. The area is about 40 miles N.W. of Santa Fe and covers the grounds of Los Alamos Ranch, a former Ranch School. K. is allowed only one day a month off to go shopping in Santa Fe (as are all others), and we made a date for the first Saturday [there]. I am to get off at the bus station at Shelby and set my watch by the large clock on San Francisco. Then I am to meet him at 4 P.M. on the Castillo St. Bridge crossing the Santa Fe River. The waiting time is 10 minutes. If we do not meet, the same procedure is to be repeated month after month. Should a substitute have to come (though he would very much prefer me) he is to be identified as follows: The man will have a yellow pencil between two blue ones in his lapel and he will be carrying a copy of Bennett Cerf's *Try and Stop Me.* K. will say to him, "How is your brother Raymond?" and the answer will be "Not well, he has been in the hospital for two weeks." Final identification is to be by means of two [halves] of a paper torn in a jagged pattern, one of which K. has. K. was really prepared and gave me a bus schedule and a map of Santa Fe—he advises me not to go directly there but to a nearby city such as Albuquerque. He also gave me the material I submitted, and we parted at 3:30 P.M.

My attempt to give him money was unsuccessful—but I did not offend him as I led up to the subject very delicately. He says that he is making all he needs. K. does, however, want one thing: When we enter Kiel and Berlin in Germany, he wants the Gestapo headquarters there searched and his dossier (which is very complete) destroyed before it falls into other hands. This, I told him, we would try to do if at all possible.[115]

Fuchs also expressed to Harry Gold concern about protecting his father, who was then being held in a concentration camp in Germany "and may be in a territory occupied by the Red Army. In case [Fuchs's] father is found among prisoners in a concentration camp, we would have to pay special attention to him. Inform us about his liberation, so we can pass the news to [Fuchs]."[116] Moscow especially appreciated Fuchs's rejection of money payments—in this case, the $1,000 offered by Gold: "He wants to save the clean idealism of his relations with us and doesn't want to bring an element of material interest into them."*[117]

What a difference a few months had made. After years of having been berated by Moscow for nonperformance on "Enormoz," Kvasnikov dispatched a February 1945 report outlining what he viewed as his station's successes in various fields of scientific and technical espionage:

> Currently the network of [agents] is mainly rather efficient and . . . highly qualified technically. [Most agents] are people with great technical erudition and knowledge of their business. Mainly there are engineers with a layer of scientific workers. [Most] . . . work with us not for selfish ends but on the basis of a friendly attitude toward our country on an ideological basis. There are many compatriots [members of the CPUSA] among our [agents]. . . .[118]

Despite this recent record of achievement, Kvasnikov and his colleagues expressed concern about the growing vigilance of American counterintelligence, directed (or so they believed) against Soviet operatives and agents.[119] Of particular concern to them was Julius Rosenberg, who had been fired from his plant because of Communist Party membership. Thus, Moscow wrote Kvasnikov on February 23, 1945:

> The latest events with [Julius Rosenberg], his having been fired, are highly serious and demand on our part, first, a correct assessment of what happened, and second, a decision about [Rosenberg's] role in future. Deciding the latter, we should proceed from the fact that, in him, we have a man devoted to us, whom we

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* But Moscow had not yet received the report of Gold's February 23, 1945, meeting with Fuchs when it fired off this anxious February 27 inquiry to the New York station: "Advise forthwith: Exactly where and in what capacity [Fuchs] is working in [Los Alamos]; the object of his trip to CHICAGO [and] whom he met there; what he has been doing since August; why did he not have a discussion . . . [undeciphered] . . . [Gold] about [Fuchs's] arrival, how in detail their meeting went off; what materials were received [from Fuchs]." No. 183, VENONA files.

> can trust completely, a man who by his practical activities for several years has shown how strong is his desire to help our country. Besides, in [Rosenberg] we have a capable agent who knows how to work with people and has solid experience in recruiting new agents.
>
> One must suppose that, besides the motive stated when sacking [Rosenberg] of his belonging to the compatriots, the competitors [the FBI] may have other data compromising him, including information on his liaison with us. Proceeding precisely from this, we think that [Rosenberg] shouldn't start any legal actions to restore his job, leaving this matter to the trade-union, which must do what is being done for other members of the trade-union in this sort of case. There shouldn't be pressure from [Rosenberg] on this matter.
>
> Though we don't have any documentary data, saying that the [FBI is] aware to an extent of his connection with us, we, nevertheless, must take into account the circumstances preceding [Rosenberg's] sacking—his extremely active work, especially in the first period working with us, and his certain haste in the work. We consider it necessary to take immediate measures to secure both [Rosenberg] and the agents with whom he was connected.
>
> Before ceasing direct connection with [Rosenberg], it is necessary to explain to him the need to halt personal contact and to instruct him about the need to be careful, to look around himself. One should continue paying him maintenance. Warn him not to take any important decisions about his future work without our knowledge and consent. In our current relations with him, it must be explained that his fate is far from indifferent to us, that we value him as a worker, and that he, undoubtedly, may and must rely on assistance from our side.[120]

Moscow's NKGB leadership thus focused intensely on Julius Rosenberg's past, present, and future role in its American network. The same February 23, 1945, letter instructed the New York station to secure his safety without completely severing relations. On February 16, another Moscow memorandum had reached New York that detailed the measures to be taken. It ordered Rosenberg released from his duties as a group handler, directed that all his sources (including the Greenglasses, presumably) be transferred to other controllers, and instructed Alexander Feklissov to stop meeting Rosenberg. This cable also ordered future contact between Julius and Feklissov to be made through a courier. Moscow recommended Lona Cohen ("Leslie") for this role, herself an agent for the past three years and the wife of Morris Cohen ("Volunteer"), a long-term NKGB agent.[121]

Morris Cohen* had become a Communist as a young man during the early 1920s, he claimed, after listening to the journalist-revolutionary John Reed speak in his Lower East Side neighborhood. Cohen joined the Abraham Lincoln Battalion during the Spanish Civil War and was recruited for Soviet intelligence work in 1938 by Alexander Orlov, then an NKVD general but soon to become one of its leading defectors.

Upon returning to the United States from Spain, Cohen reported to Semyon Semyonov, who described him, in a report to Moscow, as "exceptionally honest, developed, politically literate, [and] ready to devote his life to our work."[122] Drafted into the U.S. Army in 1942, Cohen fought in Europe for the remainder of the war before returning to his duties for the NKGB. Meanwhile, his wife, Lona, also had been drawn into NKGB service, prior to Morris's departure for the army. She, too, Semyonov wrote Moscow, is "devoted to us . . . [and] may work as a courier. [She should] maintain a secret address. Subsequently, she must work as [her husband's] assistant."[123]

But Moscow's instructions regarding the reorganization of Julius Rosenberg's agent network required *immediate* use of Lona Cohen's services rather than waiting for Morris's return at war's end. In February 1945, Moscow told New York that "a number of instructive conversations about prudence and *konspiratsia* in our work should be held with [Lona]. She should also be taught a number of practical methods for checking oneself when going to and departing from a meeting."[124] By then, Anatoly Yatskov had begun preparing Lona Cohen for her new assignment.[125]

At this time, the New York station's preparations for future meetings continued on other fronts as well. The next scheduled contact between Klaus Fuchs and Harry Gold, fixed for the first Sunday in June 1945, suddenly involved Lona Cohen as well. But why? Why, Moscow asked its New York operatives, should Fuchs now have to send a prearranged letter to Lona's address in case of unexpected changes? Why not continue to use his sister as a contact? And why such a long period between meetings?[126]

Kvasnikov responded on March 2 with logical answers to these complex questions. Fuchs himself had requested the "long breaks between meetings [held] in the 'Nature Reserve' region [apparently a reference to the New Mexico atomic "camps"] for security purposes and because, by that time, [he] will have at his disposal the results of work on preparing 'Enormoz' equipment for a test that is to be carried out in a different place [apparently a reference to the first atomic bomb detonated in the desert later that year]." As for using Lona Cohen's address instead of Mrs. Heineman's as they had done earlier, the Cambridge woman intended to divorce her husband—or so Kvasnikov had been told. Frequent trips by Gold to Cambridge at this time, therefore, could compromise Fuchs's sister.[127]

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* Allen Weinstein interviewed Morris Cohen in 1995 at his KGB hospital-nursing home in Moscow. He died in 1996.

Nevertheless, Harry Gold and not Lona Cohen remained Klaus Fuchs's courier. He would also become, briefly, the NKGB liaison to David and Ruth Greenglass as well. Only Theodore Hall, among the group of sources being tapped by Soviet operatives in New Mexico, continued his link to the NKGB along less traditional lines, in this case through his young Communist friend Saville Sax. In March 1945, Hall wrote Sax asking him to come to Albuquerque.[128] But it was May before his friend was able to make the trip. Sax traveled by bus and was stopped on arrival in Albuquerque by immigration agents interested in his citizenship, his draft document, and his reason for being there. Sax explained that he was considering transfer to a local university, where he eventually spent several days attending lectures to burnish his alibi.

Hall had smuggled a number of manuscripts out of his installation, which he rewrote with milk on a newspaper (evidently an available variant of "invisible ink"), burning the originals.[129] Yatskov spent much time developing and processing the material once Sax had returned with it on May 11: "With our workload, this method of conveying material is extremely undesirable," the station complained to Moscow. "We couldn't discern several words in the report, but there were not many such words; the material generally is highly valuable."[130] Hall had passed on data concerning the design of the atomic bomb.*[131]

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* "[Theodore Hall's] material contains: (a) A list of [eight] places where work on ENORMOZ is being carried out . . . (b) A brief description of the four methods of production of 25—the diffusion, thermal diffusion, electromagnetic, and spectrographic methods. The material has not been fully worked over. We shall let you know the contents of the rest later." Kvasnikov to Fitin, May 26, 1945, No. 799, VENONA files. Nor were the materials Harry Gold obtained from Klaus Fuchs in February unappreciated by those working on the Soviet atomic bomb project, as an April 10, 1945, cable from Moscow to the New York station indicated: "[Fuchs's] information . . . on the atomic bomb . . . is of great value. Apart from the data on the atomic mass of the nuclear explosive and on the details of the explosive

It was Hall himself who suggested to Sax, after hearing of his interrogation at the bus terminal, that Soviet intelligence send a female courier to him in future. This would appear more natural, and the opening was soon filled by Lona Cohen.[132]

Sax also reported (to Kvasnikov) Hall's indiscretion in a talk with a Los Alamos colleague in early 1945. The other scientist had expressed irritation that the American and British governments were not sharing atomic secrets with the Soviet Union. If he had an opportunity, Hall's associate insisted, he would inform the Russians about the project. Hall responded that he had already taken steps in this direction and began encouraging his colleague to do the same. At that time, his fellow-"progressive" backed down, denied any intent to spy, and thereafter avoided Hall. Yet Hall believed that he would not be reported to security personnel because of his colleague's apparent political views.

After reviewing Sax's report, Kvasnikov decided to continue young Hall's education in tradecraft through future contact directly with a Soviet agent. He dispatched Lona Cohen to Denver in mid-July and told her to await further instructions, without discussing the purpose of the trip.[133] Moscow approved Lona's new role as Hall's courier. However, it forbade any meeting between Hall, an indiscreet source, and an actual Soviet NKGB operative.[134]

As early as March 1945, the New York station began preparing for Harry Gold's visit with Klaus Fuchs in June. Yatskov informed Moscow that Gold, who had "troubles with his throat constantly," would identify a resort or sanitarium in New Mexico's dry climate where he could spend time, nominally on vacation, while arranging his meetings. Gold proposed taking his mother, "who also needed treatment and rest." With Moscow's approval, the pair left for Colorado, after which Gold would travel to Albuquerque for scheduled meetings with Fuchs and the Greenglasses.[135]

While awaiting additional materials from American and British scientists working on "Enormoz," the First and Second Directorates of the NKGB prepared to celebrate the 220th anniversary of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR (known, prior to 1917, as the Russian Academy of Sciences). Semyon Semyonov was assigned the task of developing

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method of actuating [the bomb], it contains information received for the first time from you about the electromagnetic method of separation of ENORMOZ." No. 349, VENONA files.

personal links to key American scientists who would be invited to the festivities in Moscow and Leningrad.[136] However, at this delicate stage in work on the atomic bomb, none of the American invitees—Ernst Lawrence, Arthur Compton, Enrico Fermi, and others—were given permission by the U.S. government to attend.*

From London, on June 12, Guy Burgess informed Moscow that Prime Minister Winston Churchill had forbidden a delegation of eight British scientists to travel to Moscow for the event. Apparently, Soviet intelligence in both America and England had nurtured the naive hope that the anniversary celebration could reap a scientific bonanza through Western participation. Instead, the Anglo-American rebuff reinforced the views of those in the USSR who believed that, after Hitler's defeat, Western hostility would quickly replace wartime cooperation with the Soviet Union.[137]

But Harry Gold's visit to Klaus Fuchs and the Greenglasses in early June 1945 produced a rich harvest of fresh information and material from the heart of the "Enormoz" project. Returning to New York on June 11, Gold handed Anatoly Yatskov materials received from Fuchs and Greenglass on the design of the atomic bomb.[138]

Gold first visited David and Ruth Greenglass at their Albuquerque home on June 3. "I proved my credentials," he wrote in his report for Yatskov, "and they received me very well. D. asked me to return that afternoon as he had very important material for me. He said they had expected me two weeks later, but that he could prepare the stuff within a few hours since it had been organized. I left them a considerable sum of money which both were very glad to receive." Greenglass turned over his material to Gold later that day.[139]

Yatskov and his colleagues were not entirely impressed with the data: "[Greenglass's] material, though it gives some data, is low in quality and far from processed," the station informed Moscow on June 26. "We suppose this is due to the insufficient qualifications of [Greenglass], on the one hand, and to [Gold's] sudden arrival, on the other, when he had no prepared materials."[140]

Klaus Fuchs conveyed a more extensive and valuable batch of material at his meeting with Harry Gold. The project was obviously entering its final stage, Fuchs noted, with people at his camp working eighteen- to twenty-hour-a-day shifts. Fuchs also informed the courier

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* NKGB headquarters cabled its New York station a list of dozens of such scientists "expected to come to MOSCOW" for the celebration, few of whom, if any, actually attended. April 3, 1945, Nos. 311, 314, VENONA files.

(inaccurately, as it turned out) that the atomic bomb's first test would take place soon at a spot he knew only as "I," with the bomb (he had been told) somehow placed inside a B-29 on the ground. Fuchs was certain that it would be impossible to hide the explosion from anyone within a radius of several hundred miles. Somewhat more accurately, Fuchs added that, if this test went well, the second test would be carried out in battle conditions in the South Pacific very soon.[141] (In the end, the Japanese city of Hiroshima, and not some Japanese-occupied Pacific atoll, was chosen as the atomic bomb's first overseas target.) Additional information provided by Greenglass and Hall during this period expanded Soviet knowledge of the weapon being tested in the desert.[142]

The test finally occurred on July 16, one day before the opening of the Potsdam Peace Conference, where Truman told Stalin of the new weapon. Stalin's calm and lack of surprise, when informed of this super-bomb with massive destructive force to be used shortly against Japan, was understandable given the constant flow of information Soviet scientists were receiving from their intelligence service throughout the war years. Nonetheless, even before leaving Potsdam, Stalin instructed Igor Kurchatov, the physicist in charge of the USSR's atomic project, to accelerate work on the Soviet bomb.[143]

"ENORMOZ" IN THE POSTWAR WORLD

Nor did the bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, followed rapidly by Japan's surrender and the end of the war, dull Moscow's hunger for more information on "Enormoz." Kvasnikov received an impatient communique from NKGB headquarters on August 18 reminding him that it awaited data on the two recent atomic blasts. Moscow was puzzled by his silence.[144] Kvasnikov had expected a report from Lona Cohen, who had gone to New Mexico to meet with Hall. Unfortunately, Hall had postponed the meeting.[145] Finally, on August 25, Kvasnikov responded that the station had not yet received agent reports on the explosions in Japan. As for Fuchs and Greenglass, their next meetings with Gold were scheduled for mid-September.[146]

Moscow found Kvasnikov's excuses unacceptable and reminded him on August 28 of the even greater future importance of information on atomic research, now that the Americans had produced the most destructive weapon known to humankind:

> In the light of statements by representatives of the American government about the successful creation of the atomic bomb and its use in battle conditions, we are faced with an absolutely urgent task of intensifying and expanding our work on "Enormoz" . . . which must be regarded as of paramount importance in the work of your station. The station chief is personally responsible for this area. . . .
>
> We consider the agent situation in the Country [the United States] exceptionally favorable in this direction. A number of facts known to us prove that: for instance, an unknown person bringing to the consulate an important document on "Enormoz," motivated by the wish to inform our country; [Hall's] coming to us; the successful recruitment of [David Greenglass] and "Persian," as well as agents' reports that among workers taking an active part in "Enormoz's" work, there are people who openly manifest sympathy for us and express the opinion that our country should be informed about the results achieved. . . .
>
> Statements by Truman and Churchill, relating to the atomic bomb, state clearly that all work on "Enormoz" is being carried out in strict secrecy from the rest of the world, including our country, and that this policy will remain in the future. This circumstance should be skillfully used as an argument while recruiting agents among scientists, willing to help us but having the illusion that there are no secrets from our country.[147]

Moscow demanded that its Soviet operatives in America develop new recruits and more information on "Enormoz" immediately after the war's end. NKGB cables even suggested that couriers establish their own base camps in mid-American cities such as Chicago, Cincinnati, and Denver rather than traveling from New York to New Mexico for every meeting with a source.[148] Thus, Pavel Fitin wrote Vsevolod Merkulov, setting out the task that lay ahead:

> Practical use of the atomic bomb by the Americans means the completion of the first stage of enormous scientific-research work on the problem of releasing intra-atomic energy. This fact opens a new epoch in science and technology and will undoubtedly result in rapid development of the entire problem of "Enormoz"—using intra-atomic energy not only for military purposes but in the entire modern economy. All this gives the problem of "Enormoz" a leading place in our intelligence work and demands immediate measures to strengthen our technical intelligence.[149]

In this report, Fitin singled out the Soviets' main "atomic sources" in the United States: Klaus Fuchs, Theodore Hall, David Greenglass, and Alfred Slack. The first three agents were all at "Camp Y" in Los Alamos, New Mexico ("Camp 2"). Slack, at the station's instruction, had acquired a job in "Camp 1" beginning in December 1944, but, as Fitin noted, "because of especially difficult conditions and despite constant attempts, contact with [Slack] failed to be established."[150]

Ruth and David Greenglass traveled to New York in mid-September 1945, where David met with Anatoly Yatskov, whose cable to Moscow reported:

> The meeting was quite short, since [Greenglass] had to remain at home that afternoon (it was on the eve of his departure) and broke out [to meet only] for a short while. In our conversation, it was established that [Greenglass] worked in secondary workshops of the "Nature Reserve" [the New Mexico atomic camps], producing tools, instruments for the "Nature Reserve," and sometimes details for the balloon [the atomic bomb]. Thus, for example, detonators for the fuse of the balloon's explosive were made in their workshop, and [Greenglass] passed to us a cartridge for such a detonator. [He] doesn't have access to the balloon itself or the main shops. Information about the balloon he is giving us comes from stories of friends who work in the "Nature Reserve" and refers to personnel having access to scientific materials (the so-called red button personnel. [Greenglass] refers [also] to "blue button personnel," i.e., auxiliary personnel).
>
> [Greenglass] was assigned to gather detailed characteristics on people he considered suitable for drawing into our work.
>
> In addition, [he was given] the task of gathering samples of materials used in the balloon, such as tube alloy, explosives, etc. Materials sometimes come to [Greenglass's] workshop.[151]

It would have been preferable, in Yatskov's opinion, to send Lona Cohen to Albuquerque to collect this material on December 21, the assigned date for the next meeting with David Greenglass.[152] Instead, Ruth Greenglass was told to receive all of it from David. NKGB headquarters in Moscow gave its New York station permission to pay the Greenglasses $300 for services rendered.[153]

David Greenglass's technical limitations and restricted access to major sectors of the Los Alamos project made him an important but not pivotal figure in NKGB intelligence collection. The same could not be said of the Soviets' invaluable insider, Klaus Fuchs, who continued his meetings with Harry Gold in Santa Fe on September 19.[154] Again, Gold took his mother on the mission, nominally to relax at an Arizona resort before moving on to Albuquerque, changing buses there for Santa Fe and the rendezvous with Fuchs.[155] Gold's detailed report, written after his return to New York, was not conveyed to Moscow until October 26:

> For the first time since I have known him, [Fuchs] was late—by fifteen minutes. He came with a car and picked me up. We drove out into the mountains beyond S.F., and he explained the reason for his tardiness by saying that he had great difficulty in breaking away from his friends at the "Zapovednik" ["Reserve"]. He said further that we had made an error by choosing to meet in the evening. It would have been better to come together in the afternoon when everyone was busy shopping. In fact, [Fuchs] said, it was very bad for me to come to S.F. in any case but that we could not have foreseen this since the last meeting. He was very nervous (the first time I have seen him so), and I was not too calm myself inwardly.
>
> His first remark was "Well, were you impressed?" I answered that I was even more than impressed and was even somehow horrified. [Fuchs] said that the test shot had far exceeded expectations but that these had been purposely toned down because the results of the calculations showed them to be so incredible. [Fuchs] had been present at the test shot, some 20 miles away.
>
> Regarding the future, [Fuchs] says that a research institute will be established in [Great Britain], but that he will most likely be here until at least the beginning of the year. He agreed, however, that it was a good idea to make an arrangement to meeting in [Great Britain]. The city is London; the place Mornington Crescent, along the Crescent; the date is the first Saturday of the month after he returns. So, on the first Saturday of each month thereafter, the time 8 o'clock in the evening. [Fuchs] is to carry a copy of *Life* magazine. Our man is to carry three books tied together with a stout twine and held by a finger. [Fuchs's] remark will be: "Can you tell me the way to Harvard Square?" ([Fuchs] is to speak first). Our man's remark is: "Yes, but excuse me a minute—I have an awful cold" (and our man is to blow his nose into a handkerchief).
>
> [Fuchs] gave me material that is excellent and fully covers everything. He dropped me off in the outskirts of S.F. The next

> meeting will be in [Cambridge, Massachusetts], probably in November or December. I am to keep in touch with his sister so as to be advised when.
>
> After a few bad moments of waiting for the bus, I left S.F. with no mishaps. S.F., incidentally, is very well watched, and when I came in, I purposely got off the bus about one-half mile from the station.[156]

Upon Gold's return from New Mexico, he informed Yatskov that security surrounding the atomic camps was "much tougher than it was during his visit there in June. Local residents . . . treat outsiders very suspiciously."[157]

In addition to the technical data, Fuchs gave Gold a copy of a memorandum sent by a number of scientists at Los Alamos to the American government, signed by the majority of prominent scientists at the camp and, according to Fuchs, expressing the virtually universal views of scientific and technical personnel at the facility. An October 29, 1945, Moscow memorandum summarized its contents, at least from a Soviet perspective:

> This memorandum assesses the balloon [the atomic bomb] as a super-destructive means of war and expresses certainty in the possibility of exercising international control over the [bomb's] production. It urges creation of an international organization to control the use of atomic energy and proposes to let other countries know about secrets connected with the [bomb's] production. It also emphasizes the role of the USSR in solving political and economic problems and talks about the need for agreement among the USSR, France, the U.S., England, and China.
>
> The memorandum underlines that within a few years other countries, one way or another, will be producing the [bombs] and points out that competition in their production will yield most disastrous results.
>
> [Fuchs] points out that the memorandum is being examined currently by the President, and the association has not received an official answer yet. However, unofficially, the secretary of the government committee on "Enormoz" stated the government's complete agreement with the memorandum's ideas. But there was opposition from some people in Washington, who argued that in the contemporary "delicate domestic and international situation," accepting those proposals could cause damage to the country. Many in the association take the afore-cited unoffi-

> cial declaration by the government with great skepticism, and [Fuchs] points out that feelings of distrust toward the government are very strong in it.
>
> [Harry Gold] points out that in [Los Alamos] and [Santa Fe], watchfulness over inhabitants is noticeable and that the number of agents, checking out all the newcomers, has increased considerably. One concludes from this an intensification of the U.S. War Department's effort to keep secret the work on "Enormoz."[158]

Both increased postwar American counterintelligence activity and Elizabeth Bentley's defection in November 1945 quickly undermined the entire fabric of Soviet intelligence work on "Enormoz" and numerous other projects in the United States. Even before Bentley had begun to cooperate with the FBI, tensions that affected NKGB operations had increased between the United States and the USSR in the first months of the Truman presidency. When FBI agents in October 1945 briefly detained one of Anatoly Yatskov's agents, "Guron," Moscow ordered Yatskov to halt indefinitely all meetings with agents.[159]

That same month, on October 26, 1945, New York's "political" station received word from one of its key sources, Justice Department employee Judith Coplon ("Sima"), that the FBI had been listening to Robert Oppenheimer's telephone conversations. Beginning as early as 1941, Oppenheimer had been a constant, if unsuccessful, target for recruitment. Coplon handed over an excerpt from a May 10, 1943, FBI memo on the practice: "Eavesdropping on the telephones of Professor Haakon Chevalier . . . and Professor J. Robert Oppenheimer . . . through a secret informer SF-25 shows that they called to Thomas Addis. . . . Chevalier called the subject on August 13, 21 and 29, 1941. . . . Chevalier and Oppenheimer have a reputation as extremely liberal and are suspected of belonging to the Communist Party."[160]

Although interesting to review, Coplon's material was not of immediate concern to the NKGB since Oppenheimer was not a Soviet agent. Julius Rosenberg was, however, and at this time Leonid Kvasnikov and his colleagues at the NKGB's New York technical station were deeply concerned with Rosenberg's situation. After he was fired on security grounds, the station had instructed him to halt all active intelligence work. Although Rosenberg found other employment, he wished to resume his work as an agent. Thus, the station wrote Moscow on June 26, 1945: "[Rosenberg] is slightly pained [and] suffers from the fact that he is left without people but fully understands the correctness of our plan to compartmentalize his group. The main thing he can't reconcile himself to is his relative inactivity. At every meeting, he asks us to allow him to bring materials out of the plant and thus benefit us."[161]

The NKGB station and Moscow controllers admired Rosenberg's zealousness but, at the same time, feared his potential for damaging the entire network. For example, during one of their 1945 meetings, Feklissov noted that Rosenberg was under surveillance, presumably by the FBI.[162] Nevertheless, he was one of the few American sources whom Soviet operatives told about Elizabeth Bentley's November 1945 defection. Feklissov arranged an urgent meeting with Rosenberg through another source, Joel Barr ("Meter"), on December 15. The meeting procedure specified that Ethel Rosenberg visit the drugstore on their street to indicate that it was safe to proceed. Without approaching Feklissov, she was to buy something and then return home. Five minutes later, Feklissov would come to their apartment.

That afternoon, Feklissov left his home and checked for surveillance. He went first to the Brooklyn maternity hospital where his wife was awaiting the birth of their child; he then spent time at a Turkish bath. For a professional operative, all of this amounted to standard procedure to detect possible surveillance. Finally, Feklissov entered the drugstore at 11 P.M. and noticed Ethel making a purchase. After spotting the Russian, Ethel left. He, in turn, made a purchase and went directly to the Rosenberg home,[163] describing their conversation in a later report for the station:

> We went to the kitchen and immediately began talking. I asked [Rosenberg] did he know some of [Jacob Golos's] friends. He replied he knew only [Golos] and [Bernard Schuster]. To my question as to whether he knew any woman [friends], at first he answered negatively but then added that he had an agreement with [Golos]. Every time he urgently needed to see [Golos], [Rosenberg] had to call him from a telephone booth and tell his secretary that he wanted to see him. To that secretary, he always gave only his first name, Julius. He never met her personally. But he said he had passed to [Golos] personal data on himself, "Yakov," "Meter," and "Nil." Those data were typed and therefore, perhaps, didn't fall into [Elizabeth Bentley's] hands. You must find those data in 1941–42 correspondence and compare the print of the typewriter they were typed on with one of the typewriters [Bentley] worked on. . . .
>
> At the end of the conversation, I let [Rosenberg] know that [Golos's] secretary (I didn't name her) had betrayed us and that in this connection we worried very much about him. I instructed

> him on how to behave if summoned to the Hut [the FBI]. We decided he must deny belonging to the compatriots [CPUSA] because he already did so both in 1941 and 1945. If he doesn't deny it again now, as you suggest in your cable, it will be illogical. He will also deny his connections with [Golos] and [Schuster]. In case he is asked to name his friends, he will name [Joel Barr] and "Nil," who are his old friends. He will also deny all the photos and other documents of this sort, where he is shown with me, [Golos], or [Schuster]. I ordered him very strictly to burn all notes with addresses of probationers [agents] and materials that could serve as evidence of his belonging to the compatriots.
>
> I agreed with [Rosenberg] that our connection with him would cease for three and a half months. The next meeting is fixed for the third Sunday in March 1946 at 8 P.M. at the Colony Theater, 79th Street and Second Avenue. I warned him that, possibly, another man would come to that meeting instead of me. Therefore I asked him to come to the meeting with the *Post* newspaper. Our man must have a *Reader's Digest* in his left hand. Having come up to [Rosenberg], our man must ask him: "Aren't you waiting for Al?" [Rosenberg] will answer, "No, I'm waiting for Helen." Our man must then say: "I am Helen's brother. She asked me to tell you something."[164]

In late 1945, Anatoly Yatskov and his Soviet colleagues were particularly worried not only about the exposure of Julius Rosenberg but, also, about their most important "atomic" courier, Harry Gold. By this time, Elizabeth Bentley's defection in the United States and Igor Gouzenko's in Canada had led Moscow to order the freeze of virtually all intelligence activities by the NKGB in North America, a pause that lasted until late 1947. Nevertheless, Yatskov received authorization to meet with Gold on December 19, 1945. According to Yatskov's information, Bentley had told the FBI about another major source initially coordinated by Bentley and Golos—Abraham Brothman ("Kron"). Yatskov's report of the conversation with Gold was reassuring:

> I asked [Gold] under which name [Brothman] knew him, whether he knew his place of work, address, etc. He told me the following:
>
> 1. [Brothman] knows [Gold] under the name "Frank Kessler."
> 2. [Brothman] is aware that [Gold] lives in the Philadelphia area but doesn't know his address.

> 3. [Brothman] thinks [Gold] is married and has two children (in reality, however, he is still a bachelor).
>
> Gold took the news that [Brothman] was exposed to the [FBI] with visible interest but without much anxiety. I said that . . . in case [Brothman] confessed about [Gold's] existence and described . . . [what] he knew about him, the [FBI] would try to find him. [Gold] should know that these links to him come only from [Brothman] and must not worry, since the [FBI] knows nothing about him and his work. Other connections to him are not affected, and nothing can prove his association with us. However, [Gold] must be on the alert and demonstrate tenfold prudence and attentiveness in everything.[165]

Those connected with atomic espionage at this time, in fact, were relatively safe compared with other Soviet networks in the United States because most lacked any connection to the Golos-Bentley network. Neither Earl Browder's domestic Communists nor Bentley's contacts (except for Brothman) had any links to Yatskov's "XY line" station.

After his meeting with Gold, Yatskov focused again on Klaus Fuchs, his chief source within Los Alamos. Fuchs was scheduled to deliver fresh material for Gold by leaving a package at his sister's Cambridge home.[166] Reluctant to contact Gold again so soon after their previous meeting, considering Moscow's instructions to avoid all encounters, Yatskov delayed scheduling another one until the end of 1946. He traveled to Philadelphia for the talk on December 26. Yatskov had not seen Gold for an entire year. By the time they concluded their conversation, the Soviet operative undoubtedly regretted his neglect.

Gold had been fired from his job as a chemist at a sugar plant in March 1946 when the company laid off a number of employees because of business losses. He remained unemployed until May, when Abe Brothman hired him as a chief chemist in his company. In short, the NKGB's chief courier in America now worked daily for one of his own leading sources!

Worse, still, Gold and Brothman apparently had become good friends. Gold not only confessed to his employer that he had lied about having a wife and children but told him his real name (and, presumably, his real address). Moreover, both men crossed the line between espionage and risky public activity, a perennial difficulty for Soviet networks in the United States during the 1930s and 1940s. In June and again in August, Brothman's firm fulfilled orders from the Soviet Purchasing Commission in New York, assisting in developing a plant in the USSR to produce vitamins B_1 and B_2. On several occasions, Brothman and Gold visited the Commission's headquarters to negotiate with Soviet officials.

Yatskov was outraged and rebuked Gold angrily for having violated the rules of tradecraft with his new and open relationship with Brothman. If Gold wished to go into business, the Russian observed, he should leave Brothman and start his own enterprise. "He realizes he committed a grave mistake," Yatskov reported, "and is ready to correct it at any cost."[167] As for Klaus Fuchs, Gold informed Yatskov that he had visited his sister the previous April. Fuchs had not left any materials and now lived in England. In fact, Gold recalled having read a story with an English dateline in a July 1946 *Herald Tribune* describing Fuchs's arrest for espionage.[168] That no such story had been printed was Yatskov's only consolation after this troubling discussion with a courier who came in from the cold.

When the NKGB leadership finally decided to resume intelligence activities in the United States in late 1947, their priority remained "Enormoz" and the "XY line," gathering data on nuclear research. Nowhere was this more precisely expressed than in a directive Moscow sent to its American operatives in October 1948:

> The policy being carried out by the Alpinists [the Americans] on this question proves plainly their firm intention to maintain a complete monopoly on "Enormoz" and to use the [atomic bomb] for aggressive purposes against us. According to the data we have, the [Americans] are carrying out a wide program of scientific and theoretical research on "Enormoz" and conducting feverish work on perfecting already existing types of [bombs] and creating new samples. However, this important area of work has not been fully developed by us during the period of conservation [1946–47, when Soviet agents in the U.S. were inactive and thus being "conserved"]. Neither has it been developed up to now.[169]

As part of this expanded effort, Moscow ordered the New York station to determine the address, telephone, and business situation of Abraham Brothman's firm and to restore its connection with Harry Gold.[170] Unaware of the FBI's parallel interest in him by then, NKGB operatives asked Gold to check with Brothman, especially whether he had been questioned in connection with Elizabeth Bentley's allegations. If Brothman was not aware that Bentley had exposed his secret activities, then Gold was ordered to warn him to deny everything if interrogated. The FBI had no evidence against Brothman—or so the station believed.[171] Also, the operatives were to inform Gold that Klaus Fuchs had not been compromised or arrested.[172] He was continuing secret work from Harwell, his research laboratory in the United Kingdom.

David and Ruth Greenglass also attracted renewed NKGB interest at this time. After leaving the United States in February 1947, Alexander Feklissov, in a Moscow memorandum summarizing his work, had suggested using the Greenglasses actively as couriers and "group handlers,"[173] roles similar to those previously performed by Julius Rosenberg. Moscow signified agreement with this idea the following year, especially considering David's modest scientific abilities: "[Greenglass], although he has the possibility of returning to work at an extremely important institution on 'Enormoz,' Camp 2, because of his limited education will not be able to obtain a position in which he could become an independent source of information in which we are interested."[174]

The New York station had followed Greenglass's movements since his 1945 meeting with Harry Gold. It knew that he had been demobilized from the army in March 1946 and had returned to New York with his family. He then worked at a small firm launched by Julius Rosenberg. For some reason, Greenglass awaited advice from his Soviet associates on where he should continue his education (at least according to their report).[175] The NKGB learned, also, in July 1948 that Greenglass had kept a small piece of plutonium in a lead box as a souvenir after leaving Los Alamos but eventually threw it into the East River.[176] He also kept a sample of Uranium-238, which the station sent on to Moscow on December 18, 1948.[177]

In its role as David's educational counselor, the station recommended that Greenglass enroll for studies at the University of Chicago, where at least four of his Camp 2 scientific colleagues now either studied or taught. Greenglass had suggested all four as possible recruits for the station, and they were duly assigned code names awaiting David's further cultivation.[178]

Moscow also ordered the New York station in April 1948 to reestablish connections with Morris and Lona Cohen in order to reach Theodore Hall through them.[179] It turned out, however, that the Cohens had not maintained contact with either Hall or Saville Sax during the 1946–47 "conservation" period. The station received a report that Hall had recently resumed his studies in Chicago and joined the American Communist Party, making it even more likely that he was already under FBI surveillance.[180]

One New York station NKGB operative, “August,” resumed contact with Julius Rosenberg in May 1948. It turned out that Rosenberg (according to “August’s” report of their meeting and despite Yatskov’s and Feklissov’s instructions to the contrary) had in 1946–47 “continued fulfilling the duties of a group handler, maintaining contact with comrades, rendering them moral and material help while gathering valuable scientific and technical information.”[181]

As in the past, “August” and other New York station operatives remained gravely concerned with Rosenberg’s security. Moscow warned the station in December 1948:

> We have special concern provoked by the fact that possibly [Julius Rosenberg] is still engaged in conversations with the athletes [Rosenberg’s sources] on the issues of our work at his apartment. We have exact information that the competitors [the FBI] use technical means to listen into apartments of people whom they [then] take into cultivation. Therefore, it is necessary once more to warn [Rosenberg] categorically about the inadmissibility of [continuing] such conversations at his apartment or at some of the athletes’ [apartments].[182]

Julius Rosenberg’s disregard of cautious tradecraft procedure was only one of the factors that would soon lead to exposure of the Soviets’ network of American agents and sources on “Enormoz,” with disastrous results for virtually all concerned.

CHAPTER 10

Harvest Time, II: The Perlo Group

One major group of American sources for Soviet intelligence had become a "lost tribe" for a time during the late 1930s and early 1940s. Some of its members, including John Abt and Victor Perlo, had taken part during the thirties either in Harold Ware's (GPU) or Whittaker Chambers's (GRU military intelligence) Washington networks or both. Chambers's defection in 1938 and the consequent fear of exposure doubtless caused several in the group to curtail cooperation for a time.

A shortage of Soviet operatives in the United States during this period coincided with the purges underway in the USSR. The result was an unusual situation: a significant number of American sources pursuing a tiny cadre of professional Soviet intelligence operatives. In 1939–40 alone, Moscow recalled seven experienced case officers from the United States, leaving a number of highly placed intelligence sources within the government without couriers or contacts.[1] Until the German invasion of the USSR in June 1941, moreover, the few Soviet operatives still on U.S. soil were more likely to be pursuing Trotskyists and Nazi-fascist agents in their own midst than Roosevelt Administration secrets.

With the emergence of an anti-Nazi wartime alliance of the United States, England, and the Soviet Union beginning in the summer of 1941, NKVD and GRU interest in classified materials related to the war effort increased dramatically.

Initially, many of these sources developed links to Jacob Golos's network, often steered in that direction by Golos's friend and collaborator, CPUSA head Earl Browder. Golos shared the information conveyed by his sources with his Soviet colleagues but not their identities.

This element of secrecy was quite frustrating for professional Soviet operatives such as Itzhak Akhmerov. After Golos's death in 1943, however, Akhmerov, with Browder's support and Elizabeth Bentley's reluctant cooperation, gradually became the group's primary contact in Soviet intelligence. The process took months, but by the following spring, Akhmerov was able to report to Moscow (on May 13, 1944) that all members of the group "are reliable compatriots, highly developed politically, [and] have a desire to help us with information. According to them, they were abandoned, and nobody was interested in their possibilities. In all, there are eight Communists in their group, with [Browder's] organization [the CPUSA] connected through [John] Abt."*[2]

The group's members included attorney John Abt, economist Victor Perlo, Edward Fitzgerald, Charles Kramer, Nathan Witt, Henry Collins, and several other figures. For the moment, Elizabeth Bentley remained as coordinator, reporting to Akhmerov. "They come to New York in turn once a fortnight," Akhmerov informed Moscow on May

* The May 13, 1944, cable from Akhmerov to Moscow received this partial deciphering in the VENONA release: "On [Browder's] instructions [Bentley] contacted through [Abt] a new group [in Washington]: [undeciphered sentences] . . . MAGDOFF—'KANT.' [Bentley's] impressions: They are reliable [Communist Party members], politically highly mature; they want to help with information. They said that they had been neglected and no one had taken any interest in their potentialities . . . [undeciphered] . . . [Perlo], [Kramer], [Fitzgerald], and [Magdoff] will go to [New York] once every two weeks in turn. [Kramer] and [Fitzgerald] know [Silvermaster]. We shall let you have identifying particulars later. [Akhmerov]." May 13, 1944, No. 687, VENONA files. An earlier cable sent from Akhmerov to Moscow the previous month also described the situation: ". . . group:—KRAMER, PERLO, FLATO, GLASSER, EDWARD FITZGERALD, and others in a group of 7 or 8 [Communist Party members]. [Bentley] talked with [John Abt] and PERLO. They told her that this group was neglected and that nobody was interested in them. KRAMER is the leader of the group. All occupy responsible posts in [Washington]. . . . For more than a year [Zarubin] and I tried to get in touch with PERLO and FLATO. For some reason or other [Browder] did not come to the meeting and has just decided to put [Bentley] in touch with the whole group. If we work with this group it will be necessary to remove her and [undeciphered]. . . . Recently I met PERLO by chance in [Mary Price's] apartment. For your information: I have never met [Browder]. . . ." April 29, 1944, No. 588, VENONA files.

30, "passing the materials to [Bentley]. [Perlo] asks her every time to make certain his materials are sent to Comrade Stalin."*[3]

The following month, Moscow sent new instructions on handling the group. Bentley was removed as coordinator, and her future role was restricted to that of courier. The number of meetings with Soviet agents was reduced, and material delivered was limited to essential information (apparently the group had been passing along a great deal of low-quality data). Finally, fearing surveillance by the FBI, Joszef Peter, who ran a separate CPUSA intelligence network linked to Browder, was cautioned *not* to resume contacts either with Soviet operatives or members of this group.[4]

Akhmerov's own description of the participants' working procedures, in a September 17, 1944, memorandum to Moscow, suggested its intrinsic amateur character regarding basic tradecraft, which would remain a problem in the months ahead. Bentley met with Perlo, Fitzgerald, and Kramer once every two to three weeks in the New York apartment of another agent: "Each time someone among the three brings notes, information, and other material compiled by the entire group," Akhmerov wrote. "They type their notes themselves or, they say, their wives do it. They do not have a camera." Ironically, Akhmerov noted, their most valuable information source, Donald Wheeler ("Izra"), worked for the OSS and normally did not come to such meetings.[5]

Nor did what became known as "the Perlo Group" lack its own domestic problem, one far more dangerous than the personal rivalries that beset Nathan Gregory Silvermaster and his colleagues. Akhmerov described the dilemma to Moscow in his September 17, 1944, dispatch:

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* A late-May 1944 cable from Akhmerov to Moscow described the variety of talents and complicated relationships among the "Perlo group's" members: "The probationers of the new group have given the following personal histories of themselves: 1. [Edward Fitzgerald], AN OLD [Communist Party member], capable, reliable, works in the Civilian Allocation Division of the [War Production Board]. 2. [Harry Magdoff] became a [Communist Party member] a long time ago . . . works in the Machine Tool Division of the [WPB]. 3. [Victor Perlo], an old [Communist Party member], reliable, capable; works in the Aeroplane Allocation Division of the [WPB]. 4. [Charles Kramer], an old [Communist Party member], reliable, works on the KILGO[RE] Committee. . . . [Donald Wheeler] has been a [Communist Party member] for several years . . . capable, works in the Labor Division, Research and Analysis Branch of [the OSS]. . . . [Unidentified person] maintains a close friendship with [Helen Tenney] and has repeatedly tried to marry her. . . . Harold GLASER [*sic*], an old [Communist Party member]. Temporarily abroad. . . . Concerning the remaining members of this group we will advise shortly." May 30, 1944, Nos. 769, 771, VENONA files.

> Some months ago you wrote to me to stop the connection with [Perlo] for a while, because his ex-wife threatened in a letter to compromise him. I cannot afford to cease the connection with him because . . . it will be next to impossible to organize the group's work and to establish the connection with its valuable members without his active help . . . he settles everything. . . . He is undoubtedly the most active one in the group.[6]

The crisis in question involved Perlo, then chief of the Aviation Section of the War Production Board, and his former spouse, Katherine Wills Perlo, who in previous years had worked for Soviet intelligence along with her husband. Following a bitter divorce and custody dispute, Perlo had remarried, and his former wife had moved to Texas with their daughter. Perlo was able to gain custody of their child, and following a painful encounter with her ex-husband, the emotionally distraught Katherine Perlo wrote him. She warned Victor that she had sent President Roosevelt a letter exposing his unit's underground activities, mentioning Perlo and his colleagues by name.[7] Fortunately for Perlo, his former wife's letter would be ignored both by those in the White House assigned to security matters and by American counterintelligence agents until Elizabeth Bentley's defection provided vivid corroboration of Mrs. Perlo's allegations.*

Since Soviet operatives both in the USSR and in the United States could not be certain that Mrs. Perlo's letter had been disregarded, however, they took special measures to protect themselves from possible fallout.[8] Akhmerov instructed Bentley in mid-September 1944 to prevent Perlo from traveling to New York with government data for the next several months: "He must not realize that we are removing him from work for some time. He will be very upset by it. He is a hypochondriac and a very nervous man. . . . We should not mention that we are doing this because of his ex-wife."[9] When, in late 1944, Bentley and the entire Perlo Group came under the direct control of Washington's

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* The flow of information from Perlo and his colleagues to the Soviets ended in late 1945. The question of whether the former Mrs. Perlo had actually sent the 1944 letter denouncing Victor and others as "members of an illegal Communist Party group" was settled to Moscow's satisfaction only years later. Its New York NKGB station reported on December 27, 1948, that a Soviet source within the Justice Department, Judith Coplon ("Sima"), had confirmed the letter's receipt.

"legal" NKGB station headed by Anatoly Gorsky, he issued even more stringent instructions. Bentley was not to meet at all with Perlo for several months. Moreover, Perlo was forbidden to accept documents and other written material from group members, an assignment now given to Edward Fitzgerald ("Ted"), who would serve as courier between Perlo and Bentley.[10] Victor Perlo's insulation was complete.

He remained important to the group, however, as a source of information and (Moscow believed) its "ideological leader." Perlo's NKGB file in Moscow observed of his work at the War Production Board (WPB) that he "has access to the minutes of the WPB and its different committees, to interdepartmental economic summaries . . . and to different documents on war industry."[11] Also, despite his ex-wife's letter threatening the entire group's safety, Perlo remained its acknowledged leader, hence the importance Gorsky placed on his continuing involvement in Soviet espionage.

Not that Perlo and his colleagues ever absorbed any of the lessons regarding compartmentalization and basic tradecraft that first Akhmerov and then Gorsky tried to teach them. A number of the sources in Perlo's network were close personal friends, as were their wives. The working environment that resulted resembled a type of informal espionage commune. "The group seems to have worked absolutely as a compatriot cell," Joseph Katz ("X") reported to Gorsky in January 1945. "They gathered at meetings in each other's homes, and their wives typed the reports. Then [Perlo] received the material from them and passed [it along] further. Taking into account the state of *konspiratsia*, one cannot do much. I am persuading [Perlo] to stop holding the meetings so regularly and to work individually as much as possible."[12]

Gorsky's anguish reflected both his chagrin at the amateur style of the Perlo Group and his awareness that Moscow had assigned an incredibly ambitious espionage agenda for which these American sources appeared singularly unsuited. The NKGB's August 1944 memorandum of instruction to Gorsky stated the challenge plainly:

> First of all, the station must ensure receipt of interesting information about activities of the following institutions and organizations:
>
> a. the State Department;
> b. the Senate and the Congress, in particular, the Committee on Foreign Affairs;
> c. the Interior, Treasury, and Justice Departments;

d. the UNRRA [United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration];
e. the national committees of the Republican and Democratic parties;
f. the Department of War Production;
g. the department for economic activities in foreign states;
h. the OSS;
i. the FBI and immigration intelligence . . . ;
j. trade unions;
k. foreign embassies and missions.[13]

In addition, Gorsky was ordered "to enter one of the respectable clubs visited by state officials and diplomats to widen [your] outward connections."[14] As a result, this Soviet intelligence operative, as his financial records for Moscow demonstrated, discovered the pleasures of dining out in Washington: "January 1, 1945—lunch with Ch. [Charles] Bohlen, Assistant Secretary of State (8 dollars); January 7—dinner with D. Fry, president of the TWA air-company (10 dollars). . . ."[15]

The lack of reality in Moscow's expectations, however, was plain even in its August 6 instructions to Gorsky. These identified Michael Straight and Martha Dodd as people who would serve as main sources.[16] Straight had long since broken with the Communist Party and, by then, Dodd had little if any access to either Franklin or Eleanor Roosevelt. As early as September 1943, Gorsky's colleague, New York station chief Vassily Zarubin, had noted the problem, which his superiors apparently chose to ignore:

> Despite increase of our probationer [agent] network in government institutions and penetration into the intelligence organizations during the war, nevertheless our [agent] prospects do not satisfy the demands nor assure acquiring full, up-to-date information necessary for our country in wartime. We don't have any probationers in Congress* and very weak probationer possibilities in the "Temple" [the White House], executive organs of President Roosevelt, the State Department, various ministries, intelligence centers and new wartime institutions, etc. . . . The major gap at our [station] is the lack of probationers with distinguished status capable not only of explaining matters in which we are interested but influencing affairs in a direction desirable for us.[17]

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* Samuel Dickstein ("Crook") ended his cooperation in 1940.

Among existing Soviet sources within the government, concern for security was almost nonexistent. Thus, Gorsky and his Soviet colleagues were appalled not only by the Perlo Group's casual disregard of basic precautions but by a general indifference to normal intelligence methods among virtually all the Washington sources whom Soviet operatives cultivated during World War II. Gorsky reported to Moscow in March 1945 that "all of them know each other as compatriot-informers [Communists and sources of information] as well as being aware of what work every one of them carries out."[18]

To illustrate the point, Gorsky noted that while an agent named Joseph Katz was passing along to "Tan," another Perlo Group agent, an assignment on oil information, "Tan" responded that still another Soviet source, Silvermaster Group member Frank Coe, could fulfill this task better since he had materials on the issue:

> One could extend the list of examples. As we reported earlier, in a conversation with me, [Harold Glasser] named more than a dozen names [of those] who are known to him as informers [sources of information]. [Victor Perlo] gave us a list including fourteen men definitely connected with the groups. . . . Once in a conversation with me, [Katz] claimed that from discussions with [Perlo, "Tan,"] and others, he got the impression that there are about a hundred such illegal informers in Washington, knowing each other and about each other.[19]

Gorsky pointed out that, when Perlo's group had reported to Golos through Browder's CPUSA links, all of its members would meet each week in their apartments. They discussed which materials should be passed along to Bentley or her predecessors and designated a different courier at each meeting. Unaccustomed to American informality, such collective espionage unnerved Soviet professionals.

Nor did the security lapses stop there. Gorsky provided Moscow with this 1945 Washington example: "Recently ["Tan"] told us that a certain Irving Kaplan from 'Bill's' group had invited him to come to a meeting of some 'group collecting information for the Russians.' Of course, we forbade him from going to such meetings." Gorsky concluded that the situation, though not hopeless, required "much time, patience, [and] prudence" in training sources in basic tradecraft, and he outlined a series of steps to achieve such "reeducation."[20]

Moscow responded to these concerns on March 28, 1945, with general advice to *reduce* the number of its many active wartime sources of information in the American government! Rather, it proposed identifying and nurturing one or two key informants "in the main institutions of the country (State Department, Foreign Economic Administration, War Production Board, FBI, OSS, War Department [and] Justice Department) having chosen the most valuable of them" and to concentrate "on educating these remaining sources completely in our spirit."[21]

One model for the type of Western agent Soviet intelligence hoped to cultivate in postwar Washington was already being handled by Gorsky, though with fewer problems than those Victor Perlo and his colleagues presented. Donald Maclean ("Homer") had worked for Soviet intelligence along with others—Blunt, Burgess, Cairncross, and Philby—recruited at Cambridge in the late 1930s. In his current wartime post at the British Embassy in Washington, Maclean delivered to Gorsky a number of official documents sent by Lord Halifax, the British Ambassador, to Prime Minister Churchill in London containing detailed and up-to-date information on American domestic and foreign policy.

Receiving materials directly from Maclean troubled the cautious Gorsky, however, especially considering the evident strengthening of U.S. counterintelligence in the latter years of the war. He urged Moscow to identify an American to serve as the British diplomat's courier, perhaps even Maclean's wife, Melinda.[22] Station chief Vladimir Pravdin ("Sergei"), who had met Maclean in New York in 1944, expressed the general view of the man held by NKGB officials with whom he dealt during this period:

> [Maclean] impressed one as a man of great initiative who does not need to be prompted in his work. He also orients himself very well to the international situation and understands what questions represent our major interests. I do not feel a desire on his part to evade working with us. Instead, he thinks that meeting too infrequently does not give him an opportunity to pass along operational information in a timely way.[23]

Nevertheless, Moscow plainly did not share its operatives' enthusiasm for Maclean's efforts at this point. They complained in 1945 about the substance of Halifax's cables, noting that the British Ambassador might not be an objective observer: "He looks at these problems through the eyes of an Englishman and, besides, of a reactionary . . . a highly typical representative of the bourgeois world."[24] Thus, although Maclean's (and Philby's) material was sent regularly to Stalin and his closest associates, some in Soviet intelligence at the time believed that the two highly placed British officials were actually double agents.

NKGB officials in Moscow were more concerned at this time with the Perlo Group's work, or so a May 29, 1945, cable to Gorsky would indicate. It expressed "interest" in the materials Perlo had conveyed but concluded that "he obviously cannot cope with the role of group handler." Fitzgerald, Kramer, and Magdoff were among those who had complained about the quality of Perlo's leadership. Moscow recommended compartmentalizing future contact with group members, the same solution it had provided for comparable problems that confronted Nathan Gregory Silvermaster and *his* associates.[25]

Like Silvermaster, Perlo now also faced troubling personal circumstances: a new baby, an ill wife, and a need for extra cash. Gorsky arranged a $500 "bonus" after consulting with Moscow.[26] Later that year, Elizabeth Bentley's defection led to renewed interest by American counterintelligence agencies in Katherine Wills Perlo's earlier letter. As a result, the Perlo Group was closed down, along with other Soviet wartime networks in Washington by the final weeks of 1945. Reinforced security regulations put in place by the Truman Administration and the war's end also contributed to its demise. A cursory review of some major documents passed by group members to Soviet operatives in 1945 indicates, however, that Victor Perlo and the others remained a prime source of information for Soviet intelligence up to the very end.[*]

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[*] The Soviet archives credit the Perlo Group's members with having sent, among others, the following 1945 U.S. government documents to Moscow:

February

- Contents of a WPB memo dealing with apportionment of aircraft to the USSR in the event it declared war on Japan;
- WPB discussion of the production policy regarding war materials at an Executive Committee meeting;
- Documents on future territorial planning for commodities in short supply;
- Documents on a priority system for foreign orders for producing goods in the United States after the end of the war in Europe;
- Documents on trade policy and trade controls after the war;
- Data on arms production in the United States in January 1945;

March

- A WPB report on "Aluminum for the USSR and current political issues in the U.S. over aluminum supplies" (2/26/45);

April

- Documents concerning the committee developing plans for the U.S. economy after the defeat of Germany, and also regarding war orders for the war against Japan;
- Documents on the production of the B-29 bomber and the B-32;

A CONGRESSIONAL SOURCE

All but one member of Victor Perlo's group, like Perlo himself, were middle-level officials in the Roosevelt Administration. The sole exception worked in the U.S. Congress. Charles Kramer's Russian-Jewish immigrant family background resembled that of others in the group, and he had labored for Communist causes since 1931 before actually joining the CPUSA two years later. Kramer had married another committed Communist in 1934, a native-born southerner from a poor farm family, who served during the thirties as a courier for the NKVD's New York station. An autobiography, prepared for Soviet intelligence in 1945, described Kramer's work during the 1930s at different minor government posts but, also, as an investigator of antiunion violence for a U.S. Senate committee before becoming a union organizer.[28]

In 1942, Kramer joined the staff of the Senate's Kilgore Committee, which was focused on wartime economic mobilization. Following this appointment, Kramer resisted Perlo's continuing pressure to intensify his collection of information and documents for Soviet intelligence, pointing out that much of his free time was spent preparing a book on postwar issues for West Virginia senator Harley Kilgore, a project that took precedence over other obligations.[29]

- Tactical characteristics of various bombers and fighters;
- Materials on the United States using Saudi Arabian oil resources;

June

- Data concerning U.S. war industry production in May from the WPB's secret report;
- Data concerning plans for 1945–46 aircraft production from the WPB;
- More data on specific aircrafts' technical aspects;

August

- Data concerning the new Export-Import Bank;
- Data concerning supplies of American aircraft to the Allies in June 1945;
- Data from the top secret WPB report on U.S. war industry production in June;

October

- Detailed data concerning the industrial capacities of the Western occupation zones of Germany that could be brought out as reparations;
- Information on views within U.S. Army circles concerning the inevitability of war against the USSR as well as statements by an air force general supporting U.S. acquisition of advanced bases in Europe for building missiles.[27]

Kramer also disliked Perlo's role as the group's leader and, by 1945, was delivering mainly innocuous public record documents. One clue to Kramer's disaffection was an argument he had with Perlo in mid-1945 after Truman became president. Perlo asserted that "people in our situation [Communists] cannot influence politics." Kramer disagreed, pointing out that continuing to place Communist supporters in key government agencies could lead to effective postwar economic policies related to full employment.[30]

But the NKGB was not interested in Kramer's views on curing unemployment in the postwar period unless they affected American foreign policy toward the Soviet Union. Nevertheless, as Moscow reminded Anatoly Gorsky on April 14, 1945, Charles Kramer ("Mole") was still the only source in his station who could systematically pass data concerning the policy and views of U.S. Senators and Congressmen: "Therefore, one must take necessary measures to educate [Kramer] properly and place him firmly in [Perlo's] group. [Kramer] must be made to understand that he is working for us. Therefore, his information must satisfy all our demands." But Kramer continued to avoid giving confidential information to Perlo, prompting Moscow's complaint in the April 14 cable: "[Kramer's] survey . . . is just a shallow compilation of official material on this issue. Nor are we satisfied with his data about different Senators, since they [are] commonly known [and do not] concern the background work of these individuals."

Of particular interest to the NKGB at the time, understandably, were the views of different key House and Senate members on major issues of the postwar settlement: "U.S. policy [toward] . . . the treatment of Germany, in particular, the dismembering of Germany, economic actions, reparations . . . [U.S. policy] toward the Balkan nations and Poland . . . [toward] relations between the United States and Great Britain . . . [and, finally, toward] relations between the U.S. and the USSR, both in the period right after the end of the war and thereafter."[31]

In response, Kramer promised a Soviet operative that he would design his work "according to what is best in our opinion."[32] He would even satisfy the NKGB's curiosity concerning "the concrete connections of different influential Congressmen with industrial and financial interests."[33]

Gorsky met with Kramer for dinner at a Washington restaurant on June 13, where Kramer informed him that he had left Kilgore to become the staff director of a committee headed by another liberal Democrat, Senator Claude Pepper of Florida. Gorsky had brought another Soviet operative to the meeting—"Bogdan," who became Kramer's sole contact.[34] Thus, the NKGB's "man in Congress" effectively terminated his relationship with Gorsky and Victor Perlo's group.

Kramer briefed "Bogdan" on June 19 regarding Truman's instruction to his Treasury Secretary. Morgenthau, an advocate, like the Soviet government, of a strongly punitive economic and political peace settlement with defeated Germany, was told not to raise these issues before Truman, Stalin, and Churchill had discussed them privately at the forthcoming Potsdam Conference. Kramer also briefed "Bogdan" on the likely appointment of Senator James Byrnes of South Carolina, a conservative anti-Soviet Democrat, as Stettinius's replacement as Secretary of State, information he had obtained from other Senators.[35]

At this and subsequent meetings, despite conveying a range of inside gossip, Kramer still deflected Moscow's requests for written summaries on U.S. policy matters or profiles of key Senators. Thus "Bogdan's" June 27 report: "Concerning Truman's stand on Far and Middle East issues at the forthcoming [Potsdam] conference of the three leaders, [Kramer] could not find out anything."[36] The American did report at a July 6 meeting the unhappy news that "lately the FBI has begun an intensified scrutiny on a wide scale of 'Reds' (Communists) working in the U.S. government. In particular, they [are watching Lee] Pressman intensively. . . ."

Otherwise, Kramer simply recounted familiar Washington news of the day: Fred Vinson, who was accompanying Truman to Potsdam, was the likely new Treasury Secretary; Secretary of State Byrnes "is hostile toward the Soviet Union and . . . is also a champion of a soft peace with Germany"; and similar items well known to informed Washingtonians if not to Soviet operatives. Nevertheless, the station's view of Charles Kramer's potential remained optimistic and, as his next assignment, never fulfilled, Kramer was to "compose by our next meeting a report about Truman's connections, activities, and feelings."[37]

These chatty, covert colloquies continued until Elizabeth Bentley's November 1945 defection. Then, when the 1946 congressional elections produced Republican majorities in both the House of Representatives and Senate, Kramer lost his position as staff director among other displaced Democratic appointees. He briefly remained an adviser to Senator Pepper before seeking employment outside of Congress.[38]

The Soviet NKGB station chief in Washington at the time, Ambassador Alexander Panyushkin, reported to Moscow in early March 1948 that Kramer had begun working as a speechwriter for former Vice President Henry Wallace, then gearing up his third-party, pro-Soviet

"Progressive Party" campaign.[39] By that time, Kramer's name and background had reached Administration and congressional investigators through the testimony of Elizabeth Bentley and Whittaker Chambers.

A TRIO OF SOURCES

Often, even minor sources provided extremely important information to their Soviet handlers. The case of a Communist economist code-named "Buck" illustrates the point. In 1943, "Buck" became deputy director of a division of the new United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. Jacob Golos had cultivated him as an agent and then turned him over to Silvermaster's group, where David Silverman managed contact with him.[40] As with other relationships in the group, the line between overt involvement in CPUSA activities and covert efforts on behalf of Soviet intelligence was often perilously thin. Thus, "Buck" paid his party dues directly to Silverman.

In the fall of 1943, "Buck" began passing on confidential materials, including a sixty-five-page report on the U.S. machinery industry.[41] But the high point of his career as a Soviet source came in late June 1945, when he conveyed to a Soviet operative code-named "Konstantine" information on issues that would be discussed at the forthcoming Potsdam Conference.[42] After the war—and with espionage halted temporarily because of Elizabeth Bentley's defection—"Buck" settled into a comfortable sinecure as director of an economic development department in the United Nations secretariat.[43]

Another relatively obscure agent code-named "Arena" began working with Soviet operatives, including Itzhak Akhmerov, in the late 1930s. Again, in a common circumstance among agents of the period, "Arena" retained close links with and membership in the CPUSA.[44] In several 1937–38 memoranda, Moscow chided Akhmerov for allowing this interconnection of "open" Communist involvement and secret work, but to no avail.[45] "Arena" had provided his Soviet contacts from 1937–39 with material from the Civil Service Commission, where he worked, including crucial "lists with schemes and detailed description of the kind of work by officials of the American secret police, military and naval intelligence, Secret Service . . . the State Department and other significant state institutions," noted a November 14, 1940, NKVD dispatch to Moscow.[46]

Contact with "Arena" was lost for a time when Akhmerov left for the Soviet Union in December 1939 and restored only when Akhmerov returned to America in April 1942.[47] "Arena" joined the Navy Department in July 1943[48] and was passed from Akhmerov to Anatoly Gorsky's supervision. Victor Perlo also figured in managing "Arena," who assisted in photographing materials taken by Perlo and other members of his group. Later, "Arena" became a source for information on radar, sonars, and other naval equipment.[49] Quite unexpectedly, "Arena's" wife, "Rina," also a party member, found occasion to acquire strategically important materials concerning Japan. Thus, Joseph Katz ("X") wrote Gorsky on November 16, 1944:

> It seems to me that "Arena's" job at present is not of any interest for us, whereas his wife's job is of enormous interest. She works in the Military Intelligence section of the War Department. This institution belongs to the General Staff and is located in the Pentagon. Her group is composed of only 10 people and apparently is considered very important since the head of Military Intelligence (G-2) Bissell personally visits this group and follows its work. The group is busy mainly with defining types, quantity, etc. of Japanese radio and radar equipment, different kinds of electrical mechanisms and all the ground equipment on the basis of captured documents and other sources. Supposedly the results of this research must be passed also to the English, but in her opinion, it will not be done. . . . I explained to her that, in my opinion, her place of work was of enormous interest and assured her that we would take all possible precautions to guarantee her personal security and the security of the work itself. She claimed that she did not have a typewriter, and I promised to get her one.[50]

Whatever the relative importance of "Arena's" thefts for Soviet intelligence compared to materials provided by his wife, he remained an active agent until war's end. On June 1, 1945, "Arena" met with Perlo to express an interest in appointment as an officer in the U.S. Army. But Perlo told him that "all of us, because of our special work, are incomparably more useful here than we could possibly be at the front."[51] Certainly "Arena" was vital to his Soviet handlers, conveying to them later that year issues of the secret military journal, "Combat Information Center," for July and August 1945. Colonel Vassilevsky, chief of a section of the NKGB's First Directorate, called the journal quite helpful: "Contains data on operational and tactical use of radio-location means in the Second World War, which are of great value."[52]

"Arena" passed on several other secret publications from the Navy Department in September, with Colonel Vassilevsky, now an avid secret "subscriber" to these journals, requesting the latest issues. Unfortunately, like other Soviet sources in the United States, "Arena" and his wife were abandoned by their Soviet handlers after Elizabeth Bentley's defection in late 1945.[53] Joseph Katz was instructed to restore contact with "Arena" in 1948 but could not locate him.[54]

Katz himself was another little-known but interesting American agent who left for Europe after the war and (among other assignments) tried at various times to organize for the NKGB the retributive murder of arch-defector Elizabeth Bentley. It was Katz, in discussing the always delicate question of whether stolen materials were being given "merely" to Earl Browder's CPUSA or directly to Soviet intelligence operatives, who wrote Gorsky in January 1945 this piquant notation on a conversation he had had with another American member of the Perlo Group:

> By the way, he told me that [Perlo] had told him some time ago that he was not passing materials to [Browder] anymore but was passing them to us. I answered nothing to this, but ["Tan"] apparently was very proud of this fact, which contradicts [Bentley's] opinion that everyone will immediately stop working if they find out about the connection with us. Seemingly, one way or another, they already know about it.[55]

By then, a majority of those involved in Soviet intelligence's Washington networks clearly knew that their information and documents were being sent directly to Moscow. That knowledge, which had been a source of pride during the war years, now became, after Bentley's defection, a matter of anxiety and concern.

CHAPTER 11

OSS and NKGB: Penetration Agents

DONOVAN AND THE NKGB

On several occasions, during the Second World War, some high-level officials in the Roosevelt Administration sought to create an informal relationship between Soviet and American foreign intelligence services. The effort succeeded finally in 1944, when the NKGB and the new U.S. wartime intelligence service, the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) led by General William J. ("Wild Bill") Donovan, concluded an agreement to exchange information and establish close liaison. The attempt to implement this agreement exposed the deep and mutual suspicions between the services in spite of the Soviet-American wartime alliance. Both sides were prepared for disappointment, and neither side was surprised, at war's end, by the agreement's collapse.

The effort began in July 1941 at a time when the United States had already become deeply engaged in supplying first England and then the Soviet Union (after the German invasion) through Lend-Lease and other assistance programs. That month, the USSR's Ambassador to the United States, Konstantin Umansky, informed the NKVD of a recent private conversation with Treasury Secretary Henry Morgenthau. He quoted Morgenthau, an FDR confidant, as asking "not on behalf of the American government but on my personal behalf to give me and Roosevelt the heads of German agents in the U.S., since the FBI works poorly today . . . leaving the core of Nazi leaders in the U.S. free and still carrying on their undermining work." (The NKVD official who read Umansky's dispatch was so struck by this remarkable request that he scrawled several exclamation and question marks over it.)[1]

Several months later, in February 1942, Assistant Secretary of State Adolf Berle, the official responsible for security issues at State, made the same request of the newly designated Soviet Ambassador, Maxim Litvinov. The USSR's Deputy Commissar for Foreign Affairs, Vladimir Dekanozov, described the meeting in a February 23 memorandum to then-NKGB head Vsevolod Merkulov:

> According to Comrade Litvinov's information, one of U.S. Secretary of State Hull's assistants, Berle, declared to Comrade Litvinov that the Americans would like to organize a meeting between representatives of the American and Soviet intelligence services to exchange information about the "fifth column."* To Comrade Litvinov's remarks about the difficulty in arranging such a meeting in view of the fact that Soviet intelligence is in the USSR, Berle stated significantly that he was aware of the presence of Soviet intelligence in the U.S.[2]

Since Berle was (in Litvinov's words) "known for his hostility toward the USSR," the Soviets viewed the request with suspicion, as having "a clearly provocative character." Fueling this caution was a recent related inquiry to the embassy by yet another anti-Soviet official at the State Department. Loy Henderson (a senior diplomat known for his knowledge of, and hostility toward, the Soviet Union) contacted Andrei Gromyko, who then held the rank of Counselor, "asking several times about the whereabouts of Comrade Zubilin," the pseudonym of Vassily Zarubin, nominally the embassy's Third Secretary and attached to the Soviet Consulate in New York, who served at the time as NKGB station chief.

American officials evidently wished to develop some pattern of official cooperation between the NKGB and, at least, the State Department's intelligence bureau while, at the same time, recognizing covert Soviet activities and personnel in the United States. Gromyko sought Moscow's advice: "I ask you to consult Comrade Beria and communicate the response you consider desirable for our embassy to give regarding the questions they touch on, particularly, your decision concerning the [future] residence of Comrade Zubilin."[3] The embassy (and the station) received Moscow's dismissive response in early March:

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* The phrase "fifth column" was popularized in the late 1930s in Ernest Hemingway's play of the same name about the Spanish Civil War. The title referred to the fact that four fascist armies were encircling Republican Madrid from every direction while within the city a "fifth column" of fascist agents and sympathizers undermined morale and spied for the enemy. The phrase was widely applied at the time in antifascist countries to possible Nazi or fascist sympathizers.

> The proposal made by Berle [for] a meeting between representatives of American and Soviet intelligence services . . . is unacceptable, and the NKVD of the USSR is not interested in establishing this liaison. As far as . . . Comrade Zubilin's residence is concerned, . . . we are interested in his remaining in New York. This circumstance can be explained to the Americans by the need to help the New York Consul General due to the large amount of work.[4]

The Soviet memorandum did not attempt to explain further the decision to reject cooperation with American intelligence.

One factor influencing the USSR's attitudes toward an exchange of secret information may have been the Soviet effort, already underway, to infiltrate the OSS, America's newest and most important foreign intelligence unit. The NKGB's 1942 activities plan for the United States stated this goal explicitly: "Donovan's committee . . . created under the President's direct leadership, is now . . . creating a powerful centralized intelligence apparatus, drawing to its work different U.S. government and private institutions. Using this organizational period, our task is to insert there our people and carry out cultivation with their help." Although the NKGB had no agents in the OSS at the start of 1942, within months that situation changed.[5]

After Moscow's firm rebuff, Berle and his State Department colleagues dropped all interest in a formal liaison with Soviet intelligence. The idea reemerged only in December 1943, when General Donovan, after obtaining support from President Roosevelt and the Joint Chiefs of Staff, flew to Moscow to raise it directly with Soviet leaders. Donovan proposed far more than joint cooperation in exposing German agents in the United States. He discussed with Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov a comprehensive plan for sharing military and political intelligence on Germany. Molotov quickly agreed to the proposal. By then, the NKGB had undoubtedly briefed the Foreign Minister on its agents within the OSS who could inform Soviet intelligence if the Americans attempted to use the arrangement unfairly.

To discuss implementing this exchange, Donovan and General John Dean, head of the U.S. military mission in Moscow, met on December 27 with NKGB head Pavel Fitin and a second official introduced as "General Alexander Ossipov."[6] Any experienced FBI counterintelligence operative could have told the unsuspecting Donovan and Dean that "Ossipov" was actually former station chief Gaik Ovakimyan, a veteran of NKGB penetration in the United States.

At Fitin's request, Donovan briefed his Soviet counterparts on the work of the OSS: how it operated on enemy territory, how liaison was maintained between the various OSS-infiltrated groups and their home bases, and how agents were trained. Fitin was especially interested in whether the Americans could assist Soviet agents operating in countries like France and western Germany. Donovan offered to help.

The OSS director proposed cooperating with the NKGB in a wide range of activities: exchanging information, consulting on needed sabotage activities against the Germans, and coordinating work on infiltrating agents in the occupied countries. Donovan also suggested exchanging formal representatives—an NKGB liaison in Washington and an OSS agent in Moscow—to coordinate cooperation while maintaining links between the two services in neutral countries such as Turkey and Switzerland (where Allen Dulles already directed OSS activities).

Donovan then offered an immediate test of the new relationship, reviewing with NKGB officials the reliability of OSS sources in pro-German Bulgaria. Pavel Fitin listened politely to this extraordinary recitation of possible joint ventures but responded simply that an exchange of information seemed possible.[7] He awaited a final decision on the issue by Soviet leaders.

Bad winter weather kept Donovan's plane in Moscow for another ten days.[8] Shortly before leaving, he received a 2 A.M. phone call from Gaik Ovakimyan ("General Ossipov"), who informed him that the Kremlin had officially consented to contacts with the OSS. Donovan persuaded Ovakimyan to come to the American Embassy immediately for a middle-of-the-night meeting with him and Colonel John H. F. Haskell, whom Donovan presented to the Russian as the OSS's designated man in Moscow.

Despite the hour, Donovan was full of ideas for launching the new cooperative arrangement, especially in the Balkans. He and Ovakimyan agreed that tangible pressure should be applied to the Bulgarian government to force that country's withdrawal from the war as a German ally. Donovan proposed coordinating bombings and sabotage activities in Bulgaria and asked for Moscow's data on its key government officials. He described an OSS group already working on Bulgaria from Turkish territory.[9]

Nor did the discussion stop there. Donovan also informed Ovakimyan about the OSS's relationship with the partisan leader Tito in Yugoslavia, whom his operatives helped to supply with weapons. He proposed that the OSS and NKGB work together in that country and in Greece with the various guerrilla groups, painting an attractive picture of Soviet-American cooperation against both the Germans and the British! "General Donovan underlines especially the fact of the gradual retreat from Yugoslavia and Greece by the English and simultaneous reinforcement of American positions in those countries," Ovakimyan wrote in his report of the meeting. "By this, in particular, he explained the American interest in cooperating with us."[10]

An exuberant Donovan asked for the accelerated dispatch of NKGB operatives to the United States to act as the intelligence service's official representatives. He guaranteed that they would visit OSS bases to learn about the organization's training and activities. Donovan invited "General Ossipov" personally to Washington, still unaware of his true identity and background, and the visitor managed to leave the U.S. Embassy meeting only at 4 A.M. He returned later that day with Pavel Fitin and Andrei Graur, chief of the NKGB's Anglo-American section, who had been assigned to work as chief NKGB "official" representative in the United States. They continued to discuss possible joint efforts until Donovan's departure from Moscow that evening.

The OSS director was sincere in his hopes for close wartime and postwar collaboration with the USSR. Moscow would soon receive confirmation of this from an important aide to Donovan, Duncan Lee, who moonlighted as an NKGB agent ("Kokh"). "During his trip to Moscow," Lee reported in a January 17, 1944, memorandum to Soviet operatives, "Donovan . . . asserts that he made no effort to deceive the Russians—he spoke with total frankness to them."[11] Another detailed NKGB report prepared at this time and based on Lee's conversations with his boss confirmed that judgment:

> Donovan was very pleased that he and Moscow agreed to exchange missions and information. . . . [But] there are strong objections to allowing the NKVD an official mission in the U.S. Donovan's adversary is E. Hoover (the FBI head) who particularly objected to this exchange. He sent a memorandum to Roosevelt in which he pointed out that it would be too dangerous to

> have an NKVD mission in the country [and] that American public opinion would perceive this move very negatively.
>
> When this memorandum was shown to Donovan, he called Hoover a fool and said if [Hoover] thought the NKVD didn't [already] have its representatives in the U.S., he was deeply wrong. When Amtorg arrived in the U.S. [during the 1920s], the NKVD started to function, too. His opinion is as follows: "If the NKVD is to have its representatives in the U.S., whether we like it or not, it would be better if there was an official mission to have the possibility of controlling their activities." . . .
>
> The Soviet government made an enormous impression on Donovan, and he is fascinated by it. He considers Stalin the most intelligent person among all [those] heading today's governments. . . .[12]

Turf battles between the FBI and OSS directors, the memo continued, also helped to explain the bitter, mutual hostility between Hoover and Donovan: "Sometimes Donovan's and Hoover's interests clash, since Hoover wants to control some directions of Donovan's work while the latter, in turn, intends to penetrate Hoover's field of activity."

Within months of the OSS director's return from Moscow, however, J. Edgar Hoover had clearly won his bureaucratic battle on the issue of exchanging OSS and NKGB official representatives. On March 3, 1944, Itzhak Akhmerov reported to Moscow that Hoover had sent FDR's closest aide, Harry Hopkins, a strong letter objecting to the Donovan-Fitin agreement. Hoover argued—correctly—that Soviet intelligence's main goal was to penetrate American state secrets, and he urged the White House to stop the deal.

Hopkins gave Hoover's letter to Roosevelt (it probably reached Akhmerov through Lauchlin Currie, the only presidential aide then also working for Soviet intelligence). Roosevelt, in turn, told the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral William D. Leahy, of Hoover's concerns and instructed Leahy to discuss the proposal with the Joint Chiefs. In another memo, which also reached the Joint Chiefs (and Soviet intelligence), Hoover accused the NKGB of seeking highly confidential War Department secrets (presumably a reference to the atomic bomb project). He again cautioned, on internal security grounds, against allowing an official NKGB presence in Washington.[13]

Despite these objections, a majority of the Joint Chiefs supported Donovan's proposal but urged that they all discuss the idea further with

FDR before it was implemented. The White House decided finally in mid-March to reject a formal OSS-NKGB link, fearing conservative Republican attacks abetted by J. Edgar Hoover in the midst of the 1944 presidential election campaign more than Soviet spying. If ideological factors conditioned Roosevelt's decision, historian Bradley Smith observed, "the ideology was less a fear of communists than of anticommunists."

For his part, Donovan viewed the White House's retreat as tactical and temporary. He cabled General Dean in Moscow the following month that both the President and the Joint Chiefs approved the agreement but asked for time to implement it. After a conversation on this cable by Dean and the NKGB's Pavel Fitin on April 7, Gaik Ovakimyan reported that the delay was "caused by political considerations and connected with the election campaign. . . . Donovan thinks that [as soon as] the election campaign is over, it will be possible to exchange representatives."[14]

Of greater interest to Moscow's intelligence chiefs was Donovan's readiness—reported by Dean to the Soviets—"to give any information on our request or respond to any question we are interested in." Thus began the period of informal cooperation between the OSS and the NKGB. Each side delivered to the other, in the months that followed, a broad range of highly classified material.

General Dean, evidently following instructions from Donovan, expressed "hopes for the activation of . . . cooperation before the exchange of representatives, and . . . declared that he was ready to give intelligence information not only from the OSS files but also from Army, Navy and other intelligence organizations as well as to start an exchange of samples of sabotage equipment." Based on these assurances and backed by confirmation from their covert operatives at OSS headquarters in Washington, Fitin and Ovakimyan agreed to begin immediate cooperation while postponing the exchange of representatives.

Other U.S. intelligence agencies, however, shared the U.S. State Department's view, as reported to the NKGB in spring 1944 by a source in the OSS's Russian section (code-named "Yasha"), that such cooperation was both dangerous and ludicrous. State especially opposed providing entry visas for NKGB operatives and feared that the OSS, in the USSR, would interfere with the activities of accredited American diplomats in Moscow.[15]

Nor did NKGB sources within the OSS think much of the organization's operatives, most of whom lacked professional training and experience. "The main principle of the entire OSS is the principle of amateurism," one NKGB source code-named "Z" reported in late July 1944.

> In reality, the OSS is an organization which doesn't know what it will be searching for, doesn't know where to begin, and what is wanted from it. The OSS cadre is poorly trained. . . . The OSS is the Cinderella of the American secret services: the FBI seriously hates them, suspecting that the OSS wants to take away the FBI monopoly on Western Hemisphere security. Nor is it liked at the War and Navy Departments. The OSS owes its existence only to General Donovan's personal popularity and not to its work.[16]

Although Fitin and his colleagues agreed with this critical assessment of their American intelligence associates, the cooperation pact had less to do with acquiring information—which, after all, their sources inside OSS could do for the NKGB—than with furthering U.S.-USSR political and military cooperation against the Nazis. The Soviet goal was to encourage the earliest possible opening of a "second front" in Western Europe to relieve German military pressure on the Soviet Union.

During the spring of 1944, despite Soviet reservations and Roosevelt's personal reticence, the NKGB and General Dean's military mission in Moscow began passing intelligence information from one country to the other. The process got underway in March when the Soviets forwarded a memorandum dealing with Bulgaria, a prime subject during Donovan's visit.[17] Both sides transferred data concerning Germany and its allies as well as on German-occupied countries.[18]

Pavel Fitin, in June 1944, drafted a summary report assessing the materials received from the OSS, dividing them into two categories. One category contained information about Germany and occupied countries of primary interest to the Red Army's GRU intelligence (which received it, in turn). A second category, much more valuable to the NKGB, included reference manuals written by the OSS's analytic section based on information provided by field agents. Understandably, Fitin supported continuing the exchange of information.[19]

The previous month, General Donovan had asked for data on the sabotage methods used by the NKGB against their German enemies.[20] The material was provided by a department head, Pavel Sudoplatov,[21] who in August 1944 received in exchange an illustrated catalog of American special weapons and mechanisms for such purposes.[22] Earlier that year, Dean had informed Ovakimyan that OSS operatives had captured German intelligence (Abwehr) agents in Turkey, transferring them to Cairo for questioning. The NKGB submitted a list of questions concerning German intelligence efforts against the USSR to be posed to the captured agents, the answers to which Dean conveyed to his Soviet colleagues in late March.[23]

Such cooperation sometimes involved complex policy issues. Thus on April 23, three days before U.S. Ambassador Averill Harriman was scheduled to leave Moscow for London to brief Secretary of State Edward Stettinius on Soviet views of Poland's status, General Dean met with Gaik Ovakimyan. Dean wished to know whether Soviet units on the Ukrainian front had really agreed to joint military activities with paramilitary Polish nationalist groups as some Western papers had reported. The United States maintained contact with some of these groups through the OSS. "The Americans don't quite trust these clandestine military organizations," Ovakimyan reported Dean's remarks, "and therefore didn't supply much help . . . despite the Polish government's persistent pressure for such help."[24]

Ovakimyan went on to report that, despite the Polish government-in-exile's request from London for weapons delivery via transport planes to these bands of resistance fighters inside Poland, "the Americans don't quite trust the Polish government." Nor do they know "the real intentions and goals of these combatant groups and reckon that [they] exist mainly on paper," thereby denying them major weapons assistance.[25] Ovakimyan's report on his conversation with Dean went directly to Stalin, Molotov, and Beria.[26] It undoubtedly influenced Soviet attitudes toward the Polish resistance, helping to explain the passivity displayed by Soviet forces surrounding Warsaw later that same year when the aborted anti-Nazi uprising occurred in that city.

Donovan also attempted to interest the NKGB in developing a quasi-official exchange of information and contacts in Stockholm and London, but representatives of both services met only in London.[27] OSS agent John Haskell regularly sent a range of material to the Soviet military attaché in London, but the NKGB continued to pass its information only through General Dean in Moscow.[28] Several times in the fall of 1944, as Soviet forces advanced through Czechoslovakia and other German-occupied territories and Nazi armies continued their retreat, OSS units lost contact with their controllers. Donovan then requested Fitin's assistance in determining his agents' fate. The NKGB chief normally proved obliging, providing when possible names and locations of OSS agents whom Soviet troops encountered or whose deaths could be confirmed.[29]

Despite this informal pattern of cooperation, Donovan recognized the potential for postwar conflict between the two countries. Thus, in late 1944, when anti-Soviet Finnish intelligence sources offered the OSS mission in neighboring Sweden over 1,500 pages of Soviet codes, including the cipher keys to NKGB and GRU intelligence agency transmissions, Donovan jumped at the opportunity to acquire the material. By that time, however, the Soviets had discontinued use of these codes, aware that they had been compromised.

Donovan briefed Roosevelt concerning the acquisition, which he recommended keeping and using. Instead, the President instructed the OSS director to return the codes to the Russians without making any copies. Secretary of State Stettinius had urged this approach on FDR, and Roosevelt ordered both Donovan and Stettinius to inform Moscow of the situation immediately. General Dean had received a cable about the codes from Donovan on January 5, 1945. Sometime before February 15, when the 1,500 pages involved were handed over to Andrei Gromyko, the Soviet Ambassador to the United States, NKGB officials learned of Donovan's action.[30] What they did not learn at the time was that Donovan had disobeyed FDR's explicit instruction and ordered the entire cache reproduced secretly before being given to Gromyko.*

Despite his actions in connection with the Soviet codes, Donovan continued to honor his commitment to share crucial intelligence information with the NKGB. He passed on to Fitin in late December 1944, for example, several long memoranda from Allen Dulles, the OSS director in Switzerland, distilling Dulles's private discussions with German officials, as well as other information on the political situation and plans within the Nazi leadership.[31] Soviet officials remained suspicious of these informal contacts between Americans such as Dulles and German military officials or civilians, fearing that they foreshadowed efforts (about which Stalin and his associates fretted constantly) to generate a separate Anglo-American peace agreement with Nazi Germany aimed against the Soviet Union. Several of Fitin's memos to Soviet leaders concern such German-American exchanges, usually initiated by the Germans, reports Donovan dutifully forwarded to the NKGB.[32]

Nor did the German surrender in Europe end Moscow's contacts with the OSS. On July 23, 1945, General Fitin received from John Dean's successor, Colonel M. W. Pettigrew, acting head of the U.S.

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* These intelligence codes would prove extremely valuable in later years in assisting the FBI, Army Signal Corps, and others involved in the "VENONA" project to decipher intercepted Soviet transmissions.

Military Mission in Moscow, a remarkable letter from the faithful Donovan offering to turn over to the NKGB an entire captured German intelligence unit commanded by the Gestapo's deputy foreign intelligence chief, Dr. William Hoettl. Donovan's concern over Soviet suspicions of America's postwar intentions emerges in Pettigrew's letter:

> I have just been advised by General Donovan that Dr. William Hoettl, former Chief of the organized German intelligence network in the Balkans, is now in American custody. . . . Hoettl claims he operated his intelligence network against the Soviets. . . .
>
> Motivated, in General Donovan's opinion, by a desire to create dissension between the Soviets and Americans, Hoettl has expressed a willingness to turn the entire network over to United States forces with the assumption that it might be useful against Soviet interests. General Donovan states that Hoettl's claims concerning the network's existence have been substantiated by the receipt of various messages and recognition signals.
>
> General Donovan not only feels that you should have this information but that it would be most desirable for American and Soviet representatives on the spot to discuss ways and means of eliminating Hoettl's entire organization. . . .[33]

After verifying the situation (Generals Eisenhower and Marshall were both irritated at Donovan's decision to hand over the Hoettl network without first consulting American military authorities in Europe), Fitin, along with Lavrenty Beria and Vsevolod Merkulov, wrote Stalin in September 1945 about their plan to dismantle (or acquire) Hoettl's agent organization.[34] By that time, William Donovan had already decided to retire, although he could not have anticipated President Truman's decision to disband the OSS on October 1, 1945.

The death of Franklin Roosevelt that April presaged the political demise of his longtime friend and associate. Donovan doubtless valued, more than many of the Truman Administration's more fervently anti-Communist leadership, Pavel Fitin's condolence letter regarding FDR's death.[35] That fall, all official contact between the OSS and Soviet intelligence ceased, only weeks before Elizabeth Bentley began to brief the FBI about Soviet agents within the OSS. Her information could only have delighted J. Edgar Hoover, providing further confirmation of his view that Donovan had been too trusting in his dealings with Soviet intelligence.

SOVIET AGENTS IN THE OSS

After the United States entered the war, it became more difficult for Soviet operatives in America to maintain links with countries in Europe. Therefore, the NKGB found the OSS an especially vital location for its agents both in Washington and in the field. Using channels provided by the CPUSA, the NKGB managed to plant in various OSS special missions—according to Moscow's records of the effort—at least a dozen agents in countries such as England, Spain, and Yugoslavia where the OSS was active. However, it was possible to maintain regular contact only with those in England.[36]

Yet penetrating the OSS was less focused on stations abroad than on that supposedly secret agency's more accessible Washington headquarters. The NKGB's 1942 plan of action for the United States stressed using the time during the OSS's initial organizational period "to insert our people there and carry on cultivation with their help."[37] Among the matters of critical importance to Soviet leadership, those for which OSS sources might provide useful information, none ranked higher than efforts by anti-Nazi Germans to negotiate a separate peace with the United States and England.

Franz Neumann

One refugee economist working in the OSS's German section, Franz Neumann ("Ruff"), had been recruited initially for Soviet intelligence by Hedda Gumperz and her husband, Paul Massing. The couple, like Neumann, former socialists in pre-Hitlerian Germany, had begun working for Moscow in the mid-1930s both in Europe and in the United States, broke during the purges, but apparently continued to render modest assistance during the war years.

Neumann had fled Nazi Germany for England, where he graduated from the London School of Economics before moving to the United States in 1936. He worked for a time teaching, was a government consultant, and published a book on the German economy. In February 1942, Neumann joined the OSS.[38] Gumperz and Massing reported to Moscow in August on a valuable study of the Soviet economy by the OSS's Russian department, which Neumann had brought to their attention.[39] His more active assistance to the NKGB began the following spring. Elizabeth Zarubina, wife of the Soviet station chief in New

York and herself an experienced operative (using the code name "Vardo" but known to her sources as "Helen"), then established contact with him.[40] On April 3, 1943, the New York station informed Moscow: "[Zarubina] met for the first time with [Neumann] who promised to pass us all the data coming through his hands. According to [Neumann], he is getting many copies of reports from American ambassadors . . . [and] has access to materials referring to Germany."

That same day, Neumann conveyed to Zarubina detailed information from OSS files regarding various subjects: conversations between U.S. Cardinal Francis Spellman and the Pope, with Spellman trying to bring the Pontiff toward a more supportive public role on behalf of the Allies; official Spanish talks with German and Italian generals and industrialists on prospects for overthrowing Hitler; secret official OSS exchanges in Mexico while recruiting German immigrants (including Communists); and others.[41]

Although Neumann had promised to cooperate fully during his initial meeting with Zarubina, after becoming a naturalized American citizen later that year he appeared to avoid contact. One memorandum sent to Moscow in early January 1944 described a conversation between Neumann and his friends Gumperz and Massing, in which they "directly asked him about the reasons for his inability to work" and tried to determine whether he had changed his mind about cooperating. Neumann responded: "I did not change my mind. If there is something really important, I will inform you without hesitation," though he claimed he had nothing valuable to talk about at present.[42]

Soon, however, he did. Shortly before the unsuccessful attempt on Hitler's life by dissident German officers on July 20, 1944, Neumann described in detail for the NKGB the negotiations between German opposition groups and OSS representatives in Switzerland led by Allen Dulles. Based on Neumann's information, Vassily Zarubin sent several memoranda to Moscow that month.[43] Neumann's reports fit squarely into a continuing pattern of inquiry begun in fall 1941.

At that time, Moscow had cabled its New York station "to get documentary material that elucidated proposals for peace by fascist Germany and English attempts on this matter." This cable mentioned a former League of Nations official, then working for the International Red Cross, who had visited Berlin and London to explore such proposals.[44] Still, almost three years later, no rumor regarding talks that might lead to a separate Anglo-American peace agreement with Nazi Germany was too vague or unsubstantiated to be ignored by Stalin and other Soviet leaders.

Franz Neumann lost his NKGB courier in July 1944 when Elizabeth Zarubina left the United States. Apparently, the link to Neumann was not picked up by another station operative, and the German refugee scholar turned U.S. citizen had no further contact with Soviet intelligence. The following year, Neumann left for London to work on war crimes issues at the headquarters of chief U.S. prosecutor General Robert Jackson.[45]

Julius Joseph

Since Hedda Gumperz and Paul Massing did not work directly for Jacob Golos during the war years, their recruitment of Neumann evolved from prewar association as anti-Nazi exiles. Others among Golos's contacts and sources, however, did find their way into OSS ranks, and both he and Elizabeth Bentley supervised these agents. One of them, Julius Joseph ("Careful"), even had a friend and confidant who worked at the FBI when Golos recruited him and his wife ("Colleague") in 1941.[46] First Mrs. Joseph (as a typist)[47] and then Julius (as an analyst) joined the OSS in 1943.[48] Mr. Joseph became a prime source on a range of subjects of interest to the Soviets—among them U.S. policy toward China, Japan, and Korea and the personal characteristics of certain OSS officials.[49] Mrs. Joseph, on the other hand, launched a love affair with another man that same year and, despite Jacob Golos's best efforts as an informal marriage counselor, divorced Julius.[50] Fortunately, and unlike Katherine Perlo, the former Mrs. Joseph chose not to expose her husband to American authorities. He continued working for the OSS (and the NKGB) for the remainder of the war.

Donald Wheeler

So effective was Julius Joseph that, in May 1945, Moscow proposed assigning him to supervise two other Soviet sources within the OSS: Donald Wheeler ("Izra") and Helen Tenney ("Muse").[51] Wheeler, the more important of the two, had worked with the GRU earlier in his career. After Golos's death, his Soviet link shifted to the NKGB through the combined efforts (according to its files) of Vassily Zarubin, Earl Browder, and Elizabeth Bentley. Throughout this process, Wheeler remained closely linked to Victor Perlo's covert circle of Washington bureaucrats moonlighting for Moscow.[52]

The Soviets considered Wheeler easily the most valuable of all the agents associated with Victor Perlo's group, as Itzhak Akhmerov confirmed for Moscow in this September 17, 1944, memorandum:

> As you know, [Wheeler] passed to us more interesting materials than anybody else from this group. Three weeks ago [Bentley] met with him for the first time. He made a very good impression on her. I asked [Bentley] to be very prudent and to do everything possible to fortify his position in the [OSS]. He seems to be very brave and does not care about his situation. He says it makes no sense to be afraid: a man dies only once. He treats his [OSS] colleagues very critically and considers them all empty-headed.[53]

Unlike many of the sources linked to Soviet intelligence elsewhere in the government, Wheeler was neither Jewish nor a first- or second-generation American. "My father's people were originally Puritan," began the autobiography he prepared in January 1945 for the NKGB's Moscow personnel file; "they came to this country in the Great Migration of the 1630s and settled in Massachusetts. At the time of the Revolution, they were farmers in upstate New York and, in the 1830s, they moved to Wisconsin when the state was first being settled. . . ." Wheeler's father, a skilled bricklayer, held radical views derived from American Populist and Christian Socialist traditions and became an early and constant supporter of the Bolshevik Revolution: "He has never been disturbed by purges, by pacts, or by any of the aspects of Soviet policy which have upset so many middle-class liberals," his son Donald wrote.

Born on his parents' farm in the state of Washington, Donald Wheeler was a bona fide member of the "agrarian proletariat" from birth, living "in a tent house . . . [with] neither electricity, nor running water, nor telephone . . . [and little] heat in winter." He escaped from family poverty through a Rhodes Scholarship to Oxford in 1935, where he excelled before returning in 1938 to work at a series of federal government posts before going to work in October 1941 "for the Coordinator of Information, now the OSS."

Politically, Wheeler's life followed a familiar arc among the romantic, radical Americans who volunteered their service to Soviet intelligence, from milder reform traditions into communism, though in his case, family background dictated a wider range of involvement. Thus, Wheeler explained in his NKGB memoir that his "childhood political development"—presumably preadolescent—"was a curious mixture of agrarian radicalism, utopian socialism (from books mainly), and faith in militant trade unionism." His pantheon of heroes included "Eugene Debs along with John Brown, Lincoln, and Lenin. But on the issues of the day, I was naturally rather confused."[54]

After supporting the Progressive Party candidate in 1924—at age eleven!—Wheeler turned Socialist by 1932. While at Oxford, he completed his political odyssey in 1935 by joining the Communist Party of Great Britain (as another American, Michael Straight, did at Cambridge, also in the mid-1930s). After several years in England and France assisting in "political work" for the International Brigades that fought in Spain, Wheeler returned to the United States where, as a Communist, he became a union organizer in government agencies.

Although Donald Wheeler worked in the OSS from its earliest days on German manpower problems, only upon joining Victor Perlo's group in 1943 did he begin to deliver a steady flow of material to Soviet intelligence. "He has access to excellent material," Perlo wrote his Soviet supervisors in January 1945, "and once given an explanation of what was wanted, worked hard and bravely to get it. . . . He has not been reckless but has gotten materials regularly under security conditions more difficult than those faced by most others [in the group]."[55]

Wheeler's 1945 NKGB autobiography described more precisely the areas in which his information could prove useful to the Soviet Union:

> Up to the present, the work of my section has been mainly strategic analysis and estimating population and manpower factors of strategic importance to the enemy's position. In particular, we have worked on the German civilian manpower situation, military manpower, the strength and disposition of enemy forces, and enemy losses. A sideline has been the analysis of European population movements, contributing to the appraisal of the Axis' food situation and, later, to planning for military government.[56]

Beginning in 1944, virtually the entire range of OSS analytic and planning documents on Nazi Germany and its postwar prospects flowed continuously from General Donovan's Washington headquarters through Donald Wheeler to Pavel Fitin's offices in Moscow. After receiving ten documentary reports on Germany in July 1944, for example, the chief of the NKGB's Eighth Department of the First Directorate, one Colonel Allakhverdov, called them all valuable and organized their distribution elsewhere in the Soviet government: "The materials are being used by us in our work as rich reference material on the economic situation in Germany." Wheeler's deliveries also included reports on the losses of the German armed forces and on "comparative capabilities of the sides on the Eastern front," which went directly to the GRU, the Foreign Ministry, and other departments.[57] The NKGB leadership acknowledged directly in September 1944 that "we have received very valuable materials, especially on the Soviet Union and Germany" from Wheeler.[58]

Penetration of the OSS by Soviet intelligence was extensive and reached across various departments in the organization. Thus, even before approaching Donald Wheeler through Victor Perlo, information on his potential value had been received from other OSS officials working for the Russians, including Franz Neumann (who described Wheeler as "a calm and progressive man") and, most important, from Donovan's aide Duncan Lee ("Kokh"), who had befriended Wheeler and his wife.[59]

Through Duncan Lee, Moscow learned in mid-September 1944 that the OSS's internal security branch had composed a list of "Reds" within its ranks, dividing them into three categories:

1. known members of the Communist Party (Wheeler was listed among them);
2. non-members of the CPUSA who hold Communist views;
3. "progressive liberals" on the Left.

Lee's associates among OSS security personnel, evidently not suspecting his own Communist ties, told him that measures would be taken against the agency's "Reds" if they were found to have passed information to the Russians or in the event of a future American conflict with the USSR.[*][60]

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[*] "According to [Duncan Lee's] advice, a list of 'reds' has been compiled by the Security Division of [the OSS]. The list contains 4 surnames of persons who are supplying information to the Russians. One of them sounds like JIMENEZ. The list is divided into two categories: 1. Open [Communist Party members] (among them [Donald Wheeler]) and 2. Sympathizers, left-wing liberals, etc. (among them [Maurice Halperin]). [Lee] is trying to get the list." New York station to Moscow, September 15, 1944, Nos. 1325–26, VENONA files. A week later, New York station sent Moscow the following cable: "Further to [the above cable]. On the Security Division of [the OSS's] list of [Communist Party members] are [the following]: . . . Donald WHEELER. [A number of other names are blacked out.] . . . included in a list of persons 'concerning whom it is known that they give information. . . .' " September 22, 1944, No. 1354, VENONA files. A third cable that week indicated Moscow's deep concern over the situation: ". . . tell [Bentley] temporarily to cease liaison with [Wheeler]. . . . In future liaison may be re-established only with our permission. Give [Lee] the task of compiling a report on the Security Division of [OSS]." September 20, 1944, No. 954, VENONA files.

Despite this evident threat of personal exposure, Donald Wheeler continued to cooperate with Soviet intelligence. One of his 1945 assignments was to identify individual OSS agents in Europe operating under cover. Wheeler responded with alacrity, fingering among others a *Life* magazine correspondent.[61] One of his most useful reports, recounting a conversation with an OSS paratrooper lieutenant named Buchbinder who had just returned from a secret mission behind Soviet lines in Germany, was sent by Anatoly Gorsky to Moscow in May 1945. Buchbinder described his OSS effort to monitor the Soviet transfer of plants and equipment out of Germany into its direct control, an assignment that indicated Donovan's concern over the USSR's postwar intentions.[62]

After the war's end, Wheeler continued to pass a significant number of documents and information to the NKGB, including among his October/November 1945 collection alone the following:

- an August 1945 OSS report on Polish immigration in France;
- a report on the Italian domestic political situation on the eve of elections in that country;
- the monthly confidential report of the military governor in the U.S. occupation zone of Germany;
- OSS reports [Numbers NN1785.49 and 1785.52] about current political events in the USSR;
- correspondence between OSS representatives in Germany and OSS leaders in Washington on a range of issues;
- OSS weekly reports on political events in Europe;
- a State Department intelligence report on the Middle East.[63]

Presumably Wheeler conveyed to Soviet intelligence anything of interest that came to his attention at the OSS.

Nor did Wheeler's assistance end there. Sometime in late 1945, he managed to expand his acquisitions to include documents related to military projects, summarized in a belated October 1946 Moscow memorandum from Lieutenant Colonel Leonid Kvasnikov (who earlier had overseen the theft of atomic secrets from his post at the NKGB's New York station during the war) to a colleague. This data had arrived earlier in the year from the files of American military intelligence's joint technical subcommittee, also credited in Kvasnikov's memo: "The source 'Izra' [Wheeler's code name], mail . . . for 1945. The material is of interest." The reports formed an impressive collection, covering:

1. German guided missiles . . .
2. Description of the German missile X-4 . . .
3. Sound-absorbing covers for submarines . . .
4. Trends in German tank projectiles.[64]

These deliveries may have been Wheeler's last. By then, President Truman had disbanded the OSS and transferred many of its units and staff to other government intelligence agencies. Wheeler and his OSS colleagues now found themselves, temporarily, an unwelcome addition in a hostile State Department. Elizabeth Bentley's defection had placed him in immediate jeopardy, as it did all those with connections to Victor Perlo's group. Other Americans who had served Soviet intelligence within the OSS found themselves similarly imperiled.

Duncan Lee

Several Soviet sources at the OSS who had reported to Jacob Golos—including Helen Tenney ("Muse"), an employee of the agency's Soviet section—believed at first that their materials were being delivered to Earl Browder for use by the CPUSA.*[65] Only after Golos's death, when the OSS sources began dealing directly with Soviet operatives, did the actual destination of documents and information become clear to some of them.

One source, "Yasha," who worked on Soviet economic problems for the OSS, and a few others would brief their NKGB contacts but refused to pass written material.[66] Another, who worked in the Latin American section, Maurice Halperin ("Hare"), sometimes conveyed documents, but Moscow criticized the paucity of information he delivered.[67] Nor did Soviet intelligence always know the actual source of data, a recurrent problem for the NKGB and its major complaint about Golos's OSS contacts. One exasperated dispatch from Moscow headquarters expressed irritation that "every cable [from OSS sources] begins approximately the same way: 'A man of the OSS in Berne. . . .' Obviously, the names of OSS representatives in these countries are of considerable interest to us and are indicated in the originals of these cables"—but were not being identified by NKGB sources such as "Yasha" and "Hare."[68]

* One barely deciphered 1944 cable from the New York station to Moscow detailed some of "Muse's" data: "According to [Tenney's] information the [OSS]. . . ." May 27, 1944, No. 756, VENONA files. On Tenney's reporting to the NKGB, see also July 4, 1944, No. 940, VENONA files.

The basic reason for this reticence may have stemmed from the fact that Jacob Golos encouraged among his American sources at OSS the naive belief that their information went to CPUSA leaders, not to Soviet intelligence. In that case, presumably Earl Browder did not need to know the name and post of an OSS officer in Switzerland! Even the OSS's most senior official who spied for the NKGB, Duncan Lee, while working for Golos, conveyed the contents of OSS reports from Moscow without indicating their authors or other information of the highest value to Soviet intelligence.[69] Later, supervising Lee's covert life became the responsibility of more experienced Russian operatives, and throughout the war he proved to be a valuable but difficult source.

While Donald Wheeler traced his American roots to Puritan New England forebears, Duncan Lee was a product of the Old South and a descendant of Confederate General Robert E. Lee. He was born in China, where his father was a missionary, and first traveled to the United States as a teenager. After graduating from the University of Virginia and studying at Cambridge in England, he returned to the United States to earn a law degree at Yale in 1939. He immediately went to work at the New York firm of Donovan & Leisure, where he became a protégé of General Donovan's. Three months into this job, Lee transferred to Donovan's staff first at the Coordinator of Information's office (COI) and, after its founding, at the OSS.[70]

Jacob Golos wrote Moscow about Lee on September 8, 1942, extolling the potential of Donovan's talented assistant, who had just received a captain's commission in the U.S. Army while continuing to work at OSS:

> [Lee] works on issues of guerrilla movement, sabotage, and "commandos" (knows about training camps in the United States). Cables coming to the State Department go through his hands. He collects them and shows them to Donovan at his discretion. All the agent information from Europe and the rest of the world also comes through his hands. He joined the party at Yale University in 1939; his wife joined the party at the same time. . . . Thanks to his appointment [assisting Donovan at COI and OSS], he was withdrawn from the [party] group and made an illegal member. [Lee] wants to work with us and pass to us information he is able to acquire. He can bring no documents out of his department but will remember them as much as possible, then make notes and pass them to "Dir" [another radical activist, Mary Price].[71]

Despite Lee's reluctance to hand over documents, limiting himself to briefings for couriers such as Mary Price or Elizabeth Bentley, his Soviet overseers were not displeased: "For the period of contact with us," observed one mid-May 1943 NKGB memorandum, "[Lee] has given [us] much interesting information which speaks to his great possibilities in the field of valuable information."* According to this document, Lee had described OSS cables discussing such vital matters as Chinese Nationalist leader Chiang Kai-shek's intention to hold a conference at Xian with Communist Party leaders to discuss relations between their forces; a report from the American Ambassador to the USSR about rumors in Moscow that Churchill had told Stalin no second front would be opened until the Soviet Union initiated war against Japan; and a range of reports concerning European political and diplomatic events.[72]

Although it received these useful tidbits, Moscow did not initially consider Duncan Lee a full-fledged source: "[He] needs everyday guidance and education," the May memorandum concluded. ". . . So far there is no data from the station that his recruitment is completed." Jacob Golos had informed Moscow earlier in 1943 that Lee was traveling to London, Cairo, and the Chinese city of Chintsin, making constant supervision by Soviet operatives impossible.[73] The New York station informed Moscow on September 1 that, on the flight to China, Lee's plane had crashed into the Burmese jungle; he was injured but rescued. After Lee returned to the United States at the end of October, the station wrote Moscow that his "wanderings in Burma's jungles frayed him very much, and one will need some time to draw him back into active work with us."[74]

By the following month, however, Lee had resumed the practice of relating interesting items to his Soviet intelligence contacts—though never in writing or through stolen documents. He would not accept assignments from the NKGB but maintained the Russians' interest with news of OSS stations abroad, German peace feelers, and descriptions of the political situation in various European countries.[75] Of paramount importance, Lee reported on March 3, 1944, that movements among high-level U.S. generals suggested that "the second front will be opened between mid-May and the beginning of June,"[76] a clever and, it turned out, accurate conclusion regarding the Allied armies' invasion of occupied France.

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* "[Duncan Lee] reports that at the [Roosevelt]-[Churchill] conference . . . [remainder of sentence undeciphered]. . . . In the middle of June [Lee] is going . . . to CHUNGKING to acquaint himself there with the work of the [OSS] group. . . . We discussed with [Lee] the question of his removing documents for photographing. [Lee] said that in some cases he [agrees] to do this, but as a rule he considers it inexpedient." New York station to Moscow, May 26, 1943, No. 782, VENONA files.

Lee was also extremely useful in warning the NKGB about security investigations of possible Communist informers within the OSS, including the persistent probe of Donald Wheeler. “About ten days ago,” Itzhak Akhmerov reported in September 1944, “[Lee] told us very unpleasant news concerning [Wheeler’s] situation . . . he is included on the list of officials who allegedly provide us with information . . . from their department. [Bentley] says [Lee] is one of the senior people in the department in charge of checking the officials, etc.” Lee also said that, if the OSS decided to fire the suspected Communists (including his “old friend,” Donald Wheeler), he might have to perform the task personally.[77] Wheeler and Lee had become friends while both attended Yale University. But Wheeler did not know, according to a memorandum he gave the NKGB, that Lee had also become a Soviet source within OSS.[78] Nor did Lee know of Wheeler’s involvement, or so Elizabeth Bentley informed Moscow at this time.[79]

Meanwhile, Lee continued his conversational involvement with the NKGB, mentioning in September 1944 that he had been appointed to an even more important operational post as chief of the OSS’s Japanese section.[80] The New York station informed Moscow the following month on various matters related to Asian agents—Chinese, Japanese, and Korean. It also noted, turning to Europe, that the OSS was becoming increasingly concerned about the future of its operatives in territories occupied by the Red Army—especially in Bulgaria, which had also been of focal interest in General Donovan’s discussions in Moscow.[81]

In late 1944, Duncan Lee’s family troubles began to plague his efforts on behalf of Soviet intelligence, as was the case with other agents (such as Perlo and Silvermaster) at this time. Anatoly Gorsky reported to Moscow on November 2 that, based on information provided by Elizabeth Bentley, Lee and his sometime-courier Mary Price had become lovers, which posed an obvious problem for Lee’s marriage. “[Price] established an intimate relationship with [Lee], and she did not tell us about it until recently.” Interweaving espionage and lovers’ liaisons posed problems for both activities, which Gorsky went on to describe: “[Lee] and [Price] met in two places, at her flat and at his. The meetings were held in the presence of [Lee’s] wife, who was aware of her husband’s secret work.”

When Lee’s wife discovered her husband’s love affair and complained in a series of jealous scenes, Price stopped serving as his courier. But she continued the love affair, hoping that Lee would divorce his wife and marry her.[82]

Distraught over his deteriorating marriage, the pressures of the love affair, and intensified security probes at the OSS, Duncan Lee, by late 1944, had become an extremely reluctant Soviet source. Moreover, he distrusted Elizabeth Bentley, who now acted as his primary courier and contact with Soviet intelligence.

Throughout his final series of bi-monthly meetings with Bentley, Lee claimed to have little interesting information. The pair would meet at carefully designated locations, Bentley wrote Moscow at the time,

> . . . and he never brings material since he fears writing down information. . . . He tells me the information he has, and I remember it. A long time ago, I had to promise him that I would not write down data communicated by him. Therefore, I have to remember his data, until I am elsewhere and can write it down. . . . At present, [Lee] has access only to reports on Japan which, according to him, are of no interest. . . . At present [Lee] has nothing very valuable for us. However, one must maintain the connection with him, since he has very solid status at the OSS, has friendly relations with Donovan, and can be useful to us in future. [Lee] needs special guidance—he is one of "the weakest of the weak sisters," nervous and fearing his own shadow. This, as well as his personal troubles . . . considerably hamper working with him at present.[83]

Early in 1945, troubled by Bentley's reports, Anatoly Gorsky assigned another agent, Joseph Katz ("X") to meet with Duncan Lee. But after a February 3 meeting, Katz's report reinforced Bentley's earlier analysis:

> Saw [Lee] last night. After beating his chest about what a coward he is, how sorry he feels about it, etc., he told me he must stick to his decision to quit. Though I agreed to meet again in case of necessity, in my opinion, there is no sense in using him. He is totally frightened and depressed. He suffers from nightmares where he sees his name on the lists [presumably of accused Communists within OSS], his life is destroyed, etc.[84]

Lee had begun to believe that Donovan and others at OSS suspected him. He recalled for Bentley a March 1944 episode in which OSS representatives had discussed a group of its agents in Bulgaria with Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov in Moscow. Molotov apparently knew about the group and could even name one of its key agents, signaling an obvious Soviet intelligence source within OSS's highest ranks.[85]

Lee met twice more with Joseph Katz in March 1945, and Gorsky reported to Moscow that he "came so scared to both meetings that he could not hold a cup of coffee since his hands trembled." Basically, Lee met with Katz to plead for his complete release from Soviet intelligence involvement. The station chief's account of the discussions with Katz left no room for argument:

> [Lee] said the work of gathering information for the compatriots, and possibly for us, filled him with horror. He has terrible dreams every night. He cannot believe for a minute that the FBI does not know . . . all the American informer-compatriots, but due to the fact that the general situation does not [warrant] taking strong measures, [the FBI] undertakes no action for the time being. . . . In the end, [Lee] asked us to leave him in peace . . . and explained his decision to stop working for us with the fact that he cannot have "a double life," that his conscience is "not clean" because he "deceived the U.S.," that there is a constant struggle in his soul. . . .[86]

Moscow responded to Gorsky in April 1945, recognizing the obvious, that "it seems impossible to use [Lee] for getting materials." But NKGB leaders encouraged his continued use as a "talent-spotter" and informant on security investigations within the OSS.[87] Concurrently, however, its New York station received news from Judith Coplon in the Justice Department that the FBI would soon begin investigating every Soviet organization in the United States and pursuing all previous leads on Communist sources within the government. As a result, Moscow instructed Gorsky on April 7 to cease all contact with Duncan Lee and to place him, along with other American recruits, "on conservation."[88] This left Lee still burdened by a jeopardized career, an eroded marriage, and an anguished conscience.

Fitzgerald and "Dan"

For every troubled and ambivalent source within OSS, for every Franz Neumann or Duncan Lee, Soviet intelligence operatives during the war could point out those who were untroubled and cheerfully compliant: sources such as Donald Wheeler, Helen Tenney, and at least two others—Edward Fitzgerald and "Dan."

Fitzgerald ("Ted") came from a New York working-class, once-Republican family that, during the 1930s, had shifted political allegiance to the Communist Party! As the autobiography he provided to

Moscow indicated, not only Fitzgerald but his mother, sister, wife, and two cousins were all members of the CPUSA during this period.[89] About his work for the party, Fitzgerald wrote, in his sketch for the New York station in February 1945, "Member last 10 years. Always in closed groups under Peters in NY, Philadelphia and Washington.* No mass organization work, no bad record. . . ."[90]

After holding a series of posts in various wartime agencies, Fitzgerald went to work for the OSS in 1943. He passed material to Nathan Gregory Silvermaster at least twice, until Elizabeth Bentley informed Silvermaster that she considered Fitzgerald incautious and advised that he not be used as a source. Silvermaster stopped meeting Fitzgerald. He never learned that Fitzgerald had apparently belonged at the same time both to his own group of sources *and* to Victor Perlo's, which Bentley discovered once she established contact with the Perlo Group in the spring of 1944.[91] Most of the information conveyed by Fitzgerald concerned European economics: food supplies, Swiss government reluctance to cooperate with the Allies in locating and confiscating German investments, and other data on Nazi properties.[92] Edward Fitzgerald remained a minor and occasionally used NKGB source at OSS.

More important to Soviet intelligence was a government economist code-named "Dan," who was an active source for the Perlo Group of economic information from the War Production Board, where "Dan" worked throughout much of the war. In one memorandum, which reached Moscow through Itzhak Akhmerov, "Dan" complained about the methods allegedly being used by senior officials at the Board "to sabotage the fulfillment of USSR orders."[93] This news undoubtedly fueled Stalin's already keen suspicion of America's postwar intentions toward the Soviet Union.

"Dan" was born in New York in 1918, the son of a successful Russian immigrant businessman. He joined the Communist Party in 1935.[94] Known to the New York station as an intelligent and loyal source of data during his tenure at the War Production Board, "Dan" attracted even greater interest when he was recruited by OSS in the summer of 1945 to work in its Russian section (as Anatoly Gorsky promptly informed Moscow). "Dan" was ordered to leave for London where his responsibilities for the soon-to-be-disbanded OSS involved gathering information on the Soviet Union.

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* A reference to his involvement in secret CPUSA cells run by Joszef Peter, a.k.a. "J. Peters."

His instructions from OSS higher-ups were extensive and of considerable interest to Soviet intelligence: to collect data on the USSR's transportation network; the military potential of the Trans-Siberian and Baikal-Amur railroads; Soviet machine-building industries and that country's metallurgy, mining, rubber, and chemical industries; human losses in the war and the Soviet health system; the location of Red Army units in the Far East; and Soviet policy toward liberated countries. These were all among "Dan's" broadly based fields of research interest. Again, Soviet anxieties over American and British postwar policies seemed more realistic when viewed against the backdrop of the OSS's intelligence-gathering agenda.

Even before leaving the United States, "Dan" began to collect data from OSS files for his Soviet contacts. In August, Gorsky reported that "Dan" had found a detailed fall 1943 summary report on the Baikal-Amur railway, information Gorsky passed along to Soviet navy counterintelligence. "Dan" also provided a memorandum on the activities and operatives of the OSS's Russian department.[95]

Once in London, "Dan" almost immediately reestablished contact with the NKGB through an operative code-named "Allen." "Dan" pointed out to his contact that his main purpose in accepting the OSS posting to England was to help Soviet intelligence: "If I hadn't met with you, there wouldn't have been any sense in coming here." By that time, President Truman had issued his September decree ordering the termination of the OSS on October 1 and the shift of several agency units to the State and War Departments. "Dan" had already learned that his stay in London would soon end.[96]

To a second meeting with "Allen," "Dan" brought various documents, informing his contact: "Basically everything is clear here. I had to reproduce by memory part of the information since it passed through my hands a long time ago." Moscow officials were especially irritated at "Dan's" report that American and British intelligence officers had interrogated Soviet prisoners of war who had been liberated by Western troops.

"Dan" indicated that, on his return to America, "the comrade who connected us . . . his personal friend"—Victor Perlo—"would reestablish there without any problems."[97] "Dan" described in detail the contents of OSS files to which he had access, including a number from British intelligence, but (according to "Allen") "claims this material is too old and not of interest . . . however, if it is needed, he will try to do something to acquire it. . . . I concluded that the risk connected with obtaining it is not worth the material itself."[98]

"Dan" and "Allen" had five meetings, according to the reports filed by the Soviet operative,[99] before the OSS agent returned to the United States that fall.[100] Because of Elizabeth Bentley's defection, however, and Soviet fears of intensified U.S. counterintelligence inquiries, "Dan" was not approached again for several years and then unsuccessfully.

In the decades that followed, Soviet intelligence operatives made a variety of efforts to restore their link to "Dan." But he had long since left government employ, only to find himself under periodic but persistent investigation—as did other Soviet sources within OSS during World War II—by the FBI and other American government agencies.

As late as September 1958, the chief of a major KGB department wrote a memo to his superior proposing a meeting with "Dan"—"a prominent economist with rich experience working in U.S. federal organizations"—to determine his ability to publish writings "advantageous to us as well as [other] possibilities for cooperation. . . ." Although the KGB memorandum apparently was never acted upon, it reflected the long institutional memory of a Soviet operative who may not have met "Dan" personally in the United States during the Second World War but who read carefully the files of that period. The memorandum's author was Colonel Alexander Feklissov.[101]

Throughout its brief history, the OSS provided Soviet intelligence with a harvest of vital information on virtually every topic related to the European war effort. Some of this material reached Moscow through the legitimate, if naive, efforts of Donovan and his colleagues to cooperate with the NKGB on matters of mutual concern related to defeating the Axis powers. More extensive still were the contributions of such figures as Donald Wheeler, Duncan Lee, and others within the OSS who betrayed their country's trust through misguided devotion and loyalty to the Soviet Union.

CHAPTER 12

Harvest Time, III: Hiss, Glasser, and Warning Signs

GLASSER AND HISS

Soviet agents within the U.S. government during the New Deal era and the Second World War were sufficiently numerous and active that often, as in meetings between Alger Hiss and other sources (among them Noel Field, Laurence Duggan, and Michael Straight), it was not unusual for entirely unrelated operatives and agents to run into one another. Thus, NKGB's Washington station chief Anatoly Gorsky reported to Moscow in December 1944 about an accidental encounter while on official business with an extremely important Treasury Department agent, Harold Glasser, code-named "Ruble":

> On December 9 . . . [Soviet Ambassador to the U.S. Andrei] Gromyko charged me with meeting "Richard" [Harry Dexter White] for the purpose of receiving additional explanations from Morgenthau's department about German postage-stamps prepared by him. On the same day, [White] phoned me and asked me to come and get the information Gromyko was interested in. On December 11, I went to Morgenthau's department. [White] was not in the office, but one of his secretaries showed me to his assistant, on whose office door was written: Assistant to the Director of the Division of Monetary Research. [White's] assistant

> turned out to be [Harold Glasser]. We have tried to organize [Glasser's] work through [Elizabeth Bentley, Victor Perlo,] and others . . . [but] these circumstances may be used to develop this official acquaintance in order to switch then to direct connection [with a Soviet operative].[1]

Moscow agreed with Gorsky's suggestion and recommended that he try to establish personal operational contact with Glasser, using his previous password at an arranged meeting. The intimate bond between top CPUSA leaders and Soviet intelligence was again apparent here: The password was "Greetings from Gene Dennis," a key official of the American Communist Party.*[2] Gorsky informed Moscow on December 24 that contact with Glasser had been made and that a second meeting would be held shortly.[3]

In August 1944, prior to establishing a direct link to Gorsky, Glasser had handed over government materials to Silvermaster.[4] That fall, he also used Perlo and Bentley to convey information to the NKGB.[5] After talking to Glasser, Gorsky concluded that the Treasury official understood that he worked for Soviet intelligence; in Glasser's words, "[I am] not a child [and] realize exactly where and to whom [my] materials have been going for several years."[6]

Glasser's personal background resembled that of a number of others involved in Soviet espionage in America during these years. He described it in a December 1944 handwritten autobiography for Moscow. The son of Lithuanian-Jewish immigrants, Glasser was born in Chicago in 1905 and studied economics at the University of Chicago. He joined the Communist Party in 1933. Glasser joined the Treasury Department in 1936 and developed a pattern of clandestine meetings with various Soviet and American operatives that, largely because of Harry Dexter White's strong support, survived a 1940 FBI background inquiry.[7] Although his friendship with White became strained, according to Glasser because of a quarrel between their wives, nevertheless White remained a strong backer. He assisted Glasser in obtaining posts and promotions at Treasury while aware of his Communist ties.[8]

Several networks competed for Glasser's services in the war's closing year. Still "officially" attached to Victor Perlo's group, Glasser, though now privy to numerous State and War Department secret cables on postwar planning as well as Treasury's own documents, apparently declined to give these to Perlo or his colleagues. This caution extended to Silvermaster, who schemed with evident success to prevent Glasser from obtaining a sought-after promotion at Treasury.[9] Considering Silvermaster's difficulties with his existing network of sources, Moscow turned down his request (via Akhmerov) for Glasser's transfer to him from Perlo's oversight.*[10]

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* "Further to our [cable] No. 665[a], [Harold Glasser] advises that . . . [undeciphered section] first name and surname—Dennis, on whose behalf one should get in touch." New York station to Moscow, July 22, 1943, No. 1206, VENONA files.

Rejected for promotion at Treasury, Glasser considered for a time accepting an invitation from a friend at State to take over an important post there. For a variety of reasons, however, including a fear of renewed security inquiries by a less-friendly State Department, Glasser accepted Gorsky's strong recommendation (backed by Pavel Fitin at NKGB headquarters in Moscow) that he remain at Treasury.[11]

Glasser brought urgent but discomfiting news to his Soviet handlers in April 1945. He summoned Anatoly Gorsky, in his Soviet consul's "cover" role, to his office on April 2 nominally to continue their earlier "official" discussions on Treasury's plans to use new postage stamps in occupied territories. At this apparently normal meeting and with another Treasury official present, Glasser, while shaking hands, slipped a note to Gorsky that contained this warning:

> An FBI agent communicated to [Secretary of State Edward] Stettinius that one of their agents had seen a bundle of documents which had been brought in a briefcase to New York for photographing. After that, they were returned within 24 hours to Washington. A political report and important cables were among these documents. Judging by the character of the documents, only three people had access to them. One of these people is "Ales" [Alger Hiss]. . . . According to Stettinius, the FBI agent told him such operations with documents had already gone on for 18 months, that in this manner, "hundreds and hundreds" of documents were withdrawn. Stettinius asked the FBI agent whether these documents were going to *PM* [a radical New York daily newspaper], to which the latter answered: "No, much lefter

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* "According to [Silvermaster's] report, he may be presented with an opportunity of obtaining from [Harry Dexter White] [Harold Glasser's] appointment to [White's] post as the latter will soon be appointed assistant secretary. . . . [Silvermaster] has repeatedly suggested that [Glasser] be turned over to him. . . . [Silvermaster] does not want to promote [Glasser] to [White's] post unless he takes him into his group. . . ." New York station to Moscow, January 18, 1945, No. 79, VENONA files.

> than this." Concluding his conversation with [Hiss] about it, Stettinius told him: "I hope it is not you."[12]

Since Glasser's source for this information could hardly have been either Stettinius or the FBI agent, it was evidently his friend and fellow-agent Alger Hiss who had informed him of the episode.

Gorsky had tried the previous month, through Glasser but without success, to make contact with the Soviet agent "Ales" at the State Department in order to receive information on U.S. foreign policy. The process was frustrating, since both Glasser and Hiss were often abroad during this period on government business (Gorsky would learn only weeks later that Hiss reported to the GRU, which normally precluded cooperating with competing NKGB operatives). "Concerning [Hiss], we spoke to [Glasser] several times," Gorsky informed Moscow on March 5, 1945:

> As we have already written, [Glasser] gives to [Hiss] an exceptionally good political reference as a member of the Communist Party. [Glasser] tells us that [Hiss] is a strong, determined man with a firm and resolute character, who is aware that he is a Communist with all the consequences of illegal status. Unfortunately, he evidently understands the rules of security as his own [business] as [do] all local Communists.[13]

In short, Alger Hiss declined Glasser's request to meet with Gorsky, leading the station chief to suspect—correctly—that he was already associated with another Soviet operative.

Whatever excellent credentials Hiss might have had as a Soviet agent, so impressive were Glasser's own document deliveries that, on April 25, 1945, Pavel Fitin, then head of the NKGB's First Directorate, recommended to Vsevolod Merkulov that their American source be decorated with the Order of the Red Star. This memorandum sheds light on the underground careers of both Harold Glasser and Alger Hiss:

> Our agent [Glasser], drawn to working for the Soviet Union in May 1937, has been passing (with short breaks caused by business trips) initially through the military "neighbors" and then through our station, valuable information on political and economic issues. Since the beginning of 1945 alone, from reports based on his information and cabled to the station, 34 special reports were sent [by the NKGB information department] to the "Instance" [Stalin and other top leaders]. [Glasser] also gave us talent-spottings on

> valuable people . . . who are now being cultivated by us; communicated data about the trip to the USSR by regular officers of the Office of Strategic Services under cover of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow, etc. He gives much attention and energy to our work [and] is a devoted and disciplined agent.
>
> According to data from [Gorsky], the group of agents of the military "neighbors" whose member [Glasser] had been earlier, was recently decorated with USSR orders. About this fact, [Glasser] learned it from his friend [Hiss] who is the leader of the mentioned group.* Taking into account [Glasser's] devoted work for the USSR for 8 years and the fact that as a result of transfer to our station, [he] was not decorated together with other members of [Hiss's] group, [we] consider it expedient to recommend him for the decoration with the Order of the Red Star. Ask your consent.[14]

Merkulov agreed and informed Washington that Glasser had been recommended for the award, pointing out: "At present, [Glasser] is one of the principal sources of information in your station." Moscow recommended maintaining the cultivation of Glasser, encouraging him to continue passing along documents on U.S. foreign financial and economic policy but, even more important, to penetrate Secretary Morgenthau's "financial intelligence service, which is of great operational interest for us."

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* "As a result of [unidentified] chat with [Alger Hiss], the following has been ascertained:

1. [Hiss] has been working with the [GRU] continuously since 1935.
2. For some years past he has been the leader of a small group of the [GRU's] probationers, for the most part consisting of his relatives.
3. The group and [Hiss] himself work on obtaining military information only. Materials on the [State Department] allegedly interest the [GRU] very little and he does not produce them regularly.
4. All the last few years [Hiss] has been working with "Pol" [Paul] who also meets other members of the group occasionally.
5. *Recently [Hiss] and his whole group were awarded Soviet decorations.* [italics added.]
6. After the YALTA Conference, when he had gone to MOSCOW, a Soviet personage in a very responsible position ([Hiss] gave to understand that it was Comrade Vyshinskij) allegedly got in touch with [Hiss] and at the behest of the Military [GRU] passed on to him their gratitude and so on.

Anatolij Borisovich Gromov [*aka* Anatoly Gorsky]" Washington station to Moscow, March 30, 1945, No. 1822, VENONA files.

One measure of Harold Glasser's importance as an agent at this time can be seen in a 1945 NKGB file. It reported that, during the first five months of that year, based on materials provided by Glasser, its Moscow headquarters had sent seventy-four memoranda on to Stalin and other Soviet leaders.[15]

The material Harold Glasser conveyed to Soviet intelligence in 1945 alone covered an extraordinary range of important subjects, including wartime and postwar economic and international financial issues and political, military, and intelligence information—all of critical interest to the leadership of the USSR.*

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* A partial list of the 1945 material forwarded by Glasser includes the following:

January

- Treasury draft on Allied policy toward neutral countries;
- Cable by General Eisenhower on treatment of persons deported forcibly to Germany during the war;
- London discussions by U.S. Treasury and Polish advisers on postwar Polish-German and Polish-Soviet relations;
- Talks on London draft directive removing German personnel from the German financial system;
- Draft directives by the American commander-in-chief concerning control over German finances (11/22/44);
- Memorandum on Allied military administration's attitude toward German participation in international cartels (11/21/44);
- Draft directives on disbanding the Nazi party and purging Nazi personnel (10/13/44).

February

- Memorandum by Secretary Morgenthau to President Roosevelt concerning a possible $10 billion loan to the USSR and possibilities of repayment;
- Memorandum by Treasury to State concerning postwar policies toward Germany to prevent another world war;
- Memoranda on U.S.-USSR negotiations concerning lend-lease protocol;
- Cables by U.S. Ambassador to London Winant concerning postwar policies toward Germany;
- Conversations between Morgenthau and State Department official Will Clayton concerning postwar loan to the Soviet Union;
- Contents of the OSS memorandum about the economic consequences of stripping Germany of its heavy industry.

March

- Memo on forthcoming trip by presidential envoy Samuel Rosenman to probe financial situation of European countries;
- Cable from the U.S. Ambassador to London to State concerning England-USSR negotiations regarding postwar credits;
- Memorandum from Morgenthau to Roosevelt (3/20/45);

Glasser remained incredibly valuable to Soviet intelligence at his Treasury post in 1945. But Gorsky reported to Moscow on October 18 that the State Department had proposed sending him to Japan to serve as General MacArthur's chief adviser on all financial and economic matters, representing both State and Treasury with the rank of ambassador. Gorsky noted that Glasser was prepared to follow Soviet instructions on whether to accept the post if offered, but "his refusal of such a big promotion both by the State Department and [the new Treasury Secretary Fred] Vinson will look absolutely inexplicable." Both Gorsky and Pavel Fitin agreed that Glasser must accept the new assignment, which, in the end, was never offered.[17]

After Elizabeth Bentley's defection later that year, Harold Glasser's services to Soviet intelligence were "conserved" (as Soviet officials re-

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- Extracts from the FBI's confidential report, its "General Intelligence Survey" of the United States (12/44);
- Extracts from secret U.S. government interdepartmental economic bulletins on "Oil," "Copper," and "Goods" (2/3/45).

April

- Internal memorandum from Treasury concerning conferences at State on postwar reparations (4/7 and 4/16/45);
- Draft instruction from Treasury for the U.S. delegation to the Moscow reparation commission;
- Extracts from the memorandum concerning the Anglo-American financial agreement signed in London (3/7/45);
- Contents of Morgenthau memorandum on the situation in the U.S. occupation zone of Germany (4/20/45);
- Contents of top-secret directives from the commander-in-chief of Allied forces to the commander of the 12th Army Group (4/19/45).

May

- Internal memorandum by Treasury concerning lend-lease policy toward the Soviet Union (5/9/45).

June

- Morgenthau's memorandum to President Truman on postwar lend-lease policy in Europe (5/9/45);
- Draft directives by the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff on locating and detaining suspected war criminals;
- Contents of the cable by the U.S. Ambassador in Moscow to State about Soviet losses in the war (5/20/45). ["[Harold Glasser's] material. We transmit a telegram of the Ambassador of the [United States] in [Moscow] number 1818 of 30 May 1945 addressed to the [State Department]. . . . The fact that the Russians' estimate of their war losses will of course be astronomical (see Embassy telegram number 1230 of 18 April 1945) is merely confirmed by the figure of 100 milliard [*sic*] dollars quoted above." Washington station to Moscow, June 21, 1945, No. 3598, VENONA files.]

ferred to such an operational halt) on November 23, thus ending his remarkable deliveries of policy documents from State and Treasury at a pivotal moment in postwar relations between the U.S. and the USSR.[18]

THE TROTSKYIST OBSESSION

Even after his death, the "Old Man," as Leon Trotsky was known to friends and adversaries alike in the years prior to his assassination in 1940, remained a fearsome—if spectral—presence to Soviet operatives abroad. Throughout the World War II years, therefore, one of Soviet intelligence's major interests in the United States and Western Europe remained the struggle to infiltrate or eliminate the dwindling organizational remains of Trotskyism. Thus, his Moscow superiors wrote Gaik Ovakimyan, New York station chief, on January 27, 1941 (Trotsky died from wounds inflicted by an NKVD-trained assassin in Mexico on August 21, 1940), about the need "to activate the struggle against

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July

- Memorandum on issues the American delegation would raise at the Potsdam Conference concerning a major credit to the Soviet Union;
- Contents of War Department directives concerning locating and detaining suspected war criminals and their trials;
- Contents of the message from Prime Minister Churchill to President Truman concerning reduction of American deliveries to England (5/28/45);
- Contents of the draft cable by Truman to Churchill, drafted by State, concerning changes in postwar lend-lease policy.

September

- Memoranda on sales of surplus American war supplies;
- Treasury Department views concerning the loan to the Soviet Union.

October

- Contents of the memorandum by Treasury Secretary Vinson to President Truman concerning the policy of loans to Belgium, France, and the USSR (a memorandum approved by Truman);
- Contents of the draft economic directives to General MacArthur for Japan's occupation (9/4/45);
- Contents of the draft economic directives to General MacArthur for Korean postwar occupation (9/9/45);
- Contents of the protocol at State's interdepartmental conference on issues related to Germany's reparations obligation (9/25/45);
- Memorandum on the conditions of the American loan to England.[16]

Trotskyites using the disorder among [them] after the 'Old Man's' death. . . . Communicate your concrete proposals for possible recruitments and penetration."[19]

Even dead, Trotsky remained in the minds of Stalin and his associates a figure of incalculable potential disruption within the Soviet Union, despite the horrendous purge years that decimated virtually any possible source of opposition to the regime. Years later, the obsession with Trotskyist views persisted, as in this October 1, 1948, NKGB memorandum concerning a world-famous writer (code-named "Argot") to whom the Soviets had unsuccessfully sought access for years: "He is said to adhere to Trotskyites and has leveled attacks on the Soviet Union," the dispatch from the NKGB's Washington station observed of Ernest Hemingway.[20]

The NKVD made efforts to acquire Trotsky's remaining archives, where they hoped to find leads to the "Trotskyite underground" that Stalin firmly believed still existed in the USSR awaiting its moment to strike. Thus an agent code-named "Satyr" conveyed to the New York station a list of Trotsky's documents held at a bank in that city: "If there is an opportunity," Moscow responded to a report from Ovakimyan on this information, "it is useful to obtain these archives. As far as the archives at Harvard University are concerned, we need to recruit a man there who could photograph them."[21]

Such a person reached the United States specifically to infiltrate the ranks of leading Trotskyists, Mark Zborovsky, a trained NKVD agent code-named "Tulip" and a resident, until then, of Paris. Born in 1908, Mark Zborovsky, a Russian Jew whose parents had left the USSR in 1921 for Poland, joined the Young Communist League in 1926 and the Polish Communist Party in 1934. Jailed for strike activity in 1931, Zborovsky escaped to Germany and later to France, where he was recruited by the NKVD in 1934 to infiltrate the ranks of Trotsky's followers, who were extremely active in French radical circles. Zborovsky eventually became a trusted assistant to Trotsky's son, Lev Sedov, and an active figure in the movement. "With [Zborovsky's] active participation," reads the NKVD's biographical description prepared when Zborovsky was transferred to the United States, "we obtained the entire secret archive of the [Trotskyists'] International Secretariat, Sedov's entire archive, and a considerable portion of the 'Old Man's' archives."[22] After reaching the United States, Zborovsky spent the war years cultivating American Trotskyists and their international associates (to all of whom the NKVD gave the generic code name "polecats").[23] Other agents also reached America during the war, assigned specifically to the apparently unending task of guarding against Leon Trotsky's machinations even from his grave.

THE FBI'S ANONYMOUS LETTER

Similar neurotic preoccupation reached into the heart of Soviet intelligence's American operations in 1943. An anonymous, unsigned August 7 letter from an apparent Soviet operative in the United States to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover named NKGB station chief Vassily Zarubin (Gaik Ovakimyan's replacement) and ten other NKGB officers in North America plus two American assets, including a "high-level agent in the White House" (unnamed but presumably a reference to Lauchlin Currie). The Soviet whistle-blower portrayed internecine bickering within the spy network and, most extraordinary of all, alleged that his evident superior, station chief Zarubin, actually "works for Japan . . . while his wife [Elizabeth Zarubina, another Soviet operative] works for Germany." Such an accusation in the middle of World War II was indeed startling.

The writer went on to describe a large network of Soviet agents, "among whom are many U.S. citizens," mentioning by name CPUSA head Earl Browder.* Tart commentary on his Soviet NKVD colleagues suggested the author's inside status. He described one colleague, for example, as "a great coward [who] on arrest will quickly give away all the agents to save himself and remain in this country." Although the FBI increased its surveillance on Zarubin and other Soviet operatives mentioned in the letter, the Bureau never learned the writer's identity. Soviet intelligence was apparently more efficient, at least according to former KGB official Pavel Sudoplatov's 1994 memoir. Sudaplatov credits a disgruntled embassy aide to Zarubin (whose official rank was Second Secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Washington), one Lieutenant Colonel Mironov, as the author of the anonymous letter. Mironov, according to Sudoplatov, also wrote Stalin to denounce the Zarubins as Axis agents, an act of bravado that led to his recall to the Soviet Union and eventual confinement in a mental hospital.

Apparently, Mironov was joined in his charges by another Soviet operative at the New York station who, in 1944, raised the same allegations stated in the previous year's anonymous letter to Hoover. In March 1944, Pavel Fitin, chief of the NKGB's First Directorate, investigated the charges and reported to Commissar of State Security Vsevolod Merkulov that the entire affair was "a far-fetched false provocation" whose initiators "used their official position . . . and rudely violated basic rules of security and Service secrecy." Fitin proposed firing both accusers, sending one to work in a remote area of the Soviet Union for five years while his colleague—more ominous still—would be dispatched as a soldier to the front.[24] Available records do not indicate whether the severe punishments—or others, such as confinement to a mental hospital, as Sudoplatov recalled—were actually carried out.

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* The August 7, 1943, letter was released along with other Soviet intelligence dispatches as part of the VENONA program's recent distribution of previously classified cables. See Robert Lewis Benson and Michael Warner, eds., *VENONA: Soviet Espionage and the American Response, 1939–1957*, pp. 51–55, for its text.

SIGNS OF DISCOVERY

Alexander Feklissov, one of the NKGB's most experienced operatives in the United States during World War II (and during the Kennedy Administration, in meetings with American journalist John Scali, he played a role in the Cuban missile crisis), enjoyed regaling his colleagues in Soviet intelligence with the story of his meeting with then–People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs Vyacheslav Molotov in the fall of 1940. Feklissov was about to leave for the United States. During their talk, Molotov discovered that the agent was unmarried and asked: "How can you be a bachelor, my dear friend? We don't send single people abroad, especially to the U.S. They will immediately find a beautiful blonde or brunette for you—and then a provocation will happen." An official accompanying Feklissov reassured Molotov that the Soviet organizations in New York had many eligible women, and a wife for the operative would be found among them.[25]

Whatever the FBI's experience with beautiful blondes or brunettes may have been during this period, Feklissov did not mention such "provocation" in his 1994 memoir. He did comment disparagingly on the Bureau's ineptitude in dealing with Soviet intelligence activity in the United States during the war years:

> In 1943, there were a number of young, inexperienced officers working in [the FBI's] surveillance brigades whom our intelligence officers spotted easily using simple methods. Evidently, these sleuths were found among young men from small towns who, after two or three months of preparation, started working

> against us. We could see at once that they were provincials: their clothing style, guilty-thievish glances, and clumsy manners. When they realized that we noticed them, they would lose self-control and did not know what to do, turning away and looking aside or quickly entering the first available building.[26]

Similar reports were given to Moscow superiors by Feklissov, Gorsky, Zarubin, and other Soviet operatives, despite the FBI's success in gathering evidence that led to the expulsion first of Gaik Ovakimyan and then, in 1944, of Vassily Zarubin, who left for the USSR after being declared persona non grata.[27]

In Zarubin's case, as Mironov's letter indicated, there were complaints from inside the NKGB concerning his practices as a station chief. Not all of them were as improbable as Mironov's allegation that he had been a Japanese agent while his wife worked for the Germans. Even before Zarubin arrived in Moscow, his superiors had begun investigating security violations at the New York station under his leadership. Information emerged that "illegals" coming to the United States were being housed in apartments belonging to "legal" case officers (attached to the Soviet Embassy in Washington or the consulate in New York), that operatives knew the real names and code names of American sources being handled by other operatives (as noted earlier) and, in fact, that at least once Zarubin had organized a meeting where such names (actual and code) were announced.

The luckless station chief, moreover, was called on the carpet in Moscow for other practices, among them addressing all of his subordinates by their code names and not their real ones in the presence of unwitting diplomats. In one reported instance, Zarubin shouted from the third floor to the fifth floor of the Soviet Consulate, "Leonid, come here!," after which the ordinary consular staff called a diplomat whose real name was Alexsey by his code name, "Leonid."[28] Such deviations from proper tradecraft suggested to at least some highly ranked NKGB officials in Moscow that Zarubin and perhaps other operatives in America had adapted the casual style of their American sources.

There was worse to come in the summer of 1944 when the NKGB received reliable information that the FBI had planted microphones in key Soviet locations, including the embassy and consulates, and had learned the names and code names of many operatives and sources. It was that warning which led to the change of virtually every existing agent's code name between August and October 1944.* Thus, the

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* "In accordance with our telegram no. 403 we are advising you of the new cover-names . . . [list of cover-name changes follows]. All these cover-names are

USSR's head of state security, Merkulov, wrote Anastas Mikoyan, the Commissar for Foreign Trade, on September 9, 1944:[29]

> According to reliable data received by us, American counterintelligence has planted microphones in all Soviet institutions in America as well as in cars belonging to Soviet citizens and garages where these cars are parked. A reminder, then, from the NKGB about the need to observe maximum caution when speaking on the telephone indoors and in the cars. . . .[30]

Merkulov asked Mikoyan to convey the same instruction to representatives of the foreign trade ministry in the United States.

The source of this "reliable data" was probably Judith Coplon (codenamed "Sima"), who worked at the Justice Department and was first drawn to Soviet intelligence by a CPUSA member whom we know only by the code name "Zora." Initially, according to a memorandum in Coplon's NKGB operational correspondence file, "Zora" did not explain to "Sima" that her information was going directly to Soviet operatives.[31] In January 1944, however, the NKGB acted swiftly through "Zora" to sidetrack Coplon's expressed interest in joining the Communist Party.[32]

Coplon had told her friend repeatedly that she was interested in establishing closer links to American Communist leaders, and operatives at the New York station had requested Moscow's permission to recruit her formally.[33] On January 4, 1945, New York station chief Vladimir Pravdin finally met with Coplon, who impressed him as a "very serious, shy, profound girl, ideologically close to us." Based on that meeting, the station reported to Moscow:

> We have no doubts about the sincerity of her desire to work with us. In the course of conversation [Coplon] underlined how much she appreciated the credit we gave to her and that, now knowing for whom she was working, she would redouble her efforts. At the very first stage of her work with "Zora," [Coplon] thought she was helping the local compatriots [the CPUSA]. Later, from conversations with "Zora" and by the character of the stuff she was asked for,* she

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economical from the point of view of encoding. . . . Continuation will follow later." New York station to Moscow, September 2, 1944, No. 1251, VENONA files. See also New York station to Moscow, October 5, 1944: "Further to our no. 700. Herewith are changes in cover-names. . . . Continuation later." No. 1403, VENONA files.

* This statement suggests Coplon's involvement with Soviet intelligence during 1944. Further confirmation comes from the VENONA cables, for example:

> guessed that this work bore a relationship to our country. To [Pravdin's] question as to how she came to such a conclusion, [Coplon] responded that she knew about "Zora's" previous connections with the consulate; besides, she thought the stuff acquired by her couldn't represent an interest to the compatriots but could for an organization like the Comintern or another institution bearing a relationship to us. She added that she hoped she was working specifically for us, since she considered it the highest honor to have an opportunity to provide us with her modest help.*[34]

Shortly before this meeting with Pravdin, Coplon was transferred to Washington by the Justice Department, though she continued coming to New York for subsequent meetings with Pravdin.† He urged her to temper her enthusiasm with caution, though to little avail (according to subsequent reports sent to Moscow):

> In particular, [Coplon] was forbidden at initial stages from bringing out documents before she was completely certain that she was trusted [at Justice]. Unfortunately, [Coplon] didn't follow this instruction and at the first opportunity brought out secret material

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"[Coplon] works for the Economic Section of the Military Department of the Ministry of Justice. . . . If we are interested in the materials of [Coplon's] office then it is necessary to put through her recruitment. We have checked [Coplon] on the [preliminary] matters and again request your sanction for her recruitment. Telegraph a decision." New York station to Moscow, July 20, 1944, No. 1014, VENONA files. By November 1944, Coplon was complaining in discussions with a Soviet operative about her lack of supervision in the relationship. New York station to Moscow, November 12, 1944, No. 1587, VENONA files.

* "[Pravdin's] conversation with [Judith Coplon] took place on [January 4]. [Coplon] gives the impression of being a serious person and is politically well developed and there is no doubt about her sincere desire to help us. She had no doubts about whom she is working for and said that the nature of the materials in which we are interested pointed to the fact that it was our country which was in question. She was very satisfied that she was dealing with us and said that she deeply appreciated the confidence shown in her and understood the importance of our work." New York station to Moscow, January 8, 1945, No. 27, VENONA files.

† "[Judith Coplon] has got work in the Registration of Foreign Agents Branch of the War Office Division of the Department of Justice." New York station to Moscow, December 31, 1944, No. 1845, VENONA files.

> from her office.* According to her, there is no surveillance on employees in her institution and many materials are scattered without any registration on shelves and in boxes at the archive.[35]

By this time, Coplon discovered, countersubversive activity at the FBI and Justice Department had shifted its focus from Nazis and fascists to Communists: "In a conversation with her, one of the senior officials said that the 'Club' [the military intelligence liaison at the Justice Department] also is charged with exposure of 'Right' movements but hinted that she shouldn't reveal an excessive zeal in that direction, pointing out that recently one employee had been fired because she was pursuing only those on the 'Right.' "[36]

Coplon had become one of the NKGB station's most valued sources by then, displaying a measure of devotion bordering on obsession: "She treats very seriously and honestly our tasks and considers our work the main thing in her life. Her serious attitude is demonstrated by her decision not to marry her former fiancé because, otherwise, she couldn't continue working with us."[37]

Judith Coplon's attention was focused on the main Justice Department counterintelligence archive that collected information from the various government agencies—the FBI, OSS, and naval and army intelligence—involved in this effort. She passed to her Soviet handlers in October 1945 a number of documents from this archive, including FBI materials on Soviet organizations in the United States, on Trotskyist groups, and on individual Communist leaders (including information on the late Jacob Golos).[38] A review of this data shocked Soviet operatives at the New York station who had previously dismissed the various U.S. counterintelligence efforts as amateurish: "The materials show how thoroughly the smallest facts from conversations, correspondence, and telephone talks held by our organizations, individual representatives, and workers in this country are recorded. We observed [also] how numerous is the 'Hut's' [FBI's] cadre involved in the [activities] described."[39]

Responding to this depressing news from New York and to the several known or rumored defections from their ranks in North America,

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* "After [Coplon's] transfer to [Washington, D.C.], she was instructed to refrain from [removing] documents until she was quite sure that she was trusted." New York station to Moscow, June 26, 1945, No. 992, VENONA files. On Coplon's later arrest and trial, see Robert J. Lamphere and Tom Schachtman, *The FBI-KGB War . . .*, pp. 98–123.

NKGB officials in Moscow on September 10, 1945, instructed their stations in the United States and Canada to maximize their vigilance:

> Every meeting with agents must be thoroughly prepared. Operatives shouldn't meet with agents more often than 2–3 times per week. Work with agents should be organized in a way that operatives' work doesn't differ from the work of other members of the Soviet community.
>
> Identify authoritative and trustworthy group handlers from among local citizens and serve agents through them. Leading operatives should meet group handlers as rarely as possible and only to instruct and discuss tasks. . . .
>
> Pay attention to the personal lives of the workers. Take preventive measures to remove all difficulties (dissatisfaction with work, family problems, etc.). In case of need, address the Center for help.[40]

In short, even before NKGB operatives in the United States confronted the defection of Elizabeth Bentley that November, they had begun preparing for the worst in a postwar era of anticipated Soviet-American confrontation. Ironically, the clearest warnings of increased counterintelligence activity in America had come from Judith Coplon, an enthusiastic, recently recruited brunette Soviet agent at Justice, while within weeks of the NKGB's mid-September instructions to operatives, the defection of Elizabeth Bentley—a veteran American blond agent—would shut down the networks completely. Vyacheslav Molotov, at least, would not have been surprised (as he had once cautioned Alexander Feklissov in Moscow) that "then a provocation will happen."

PART THREE

Discovery: Cold War Confrontation

CHAPTER 13

Flight from Exposure, I: The Washington Sources

THE MONTHS IMMEDIATELY following the end of World War II brought disappointment and danger to Soviet intelligence operatives in the United States. The new Administration under President Harry S Truman, who was inexperienced in the nuances of U.S.-USSR relations during the war years and instinctively anti-Communist, threatened to expose Soviet sources within the U.S. government. Expanded FBI and military counterintelligence efforts were aided by the defections of Igor Gouzenko in Canada and Elizabeth Bentley in the United States. Each provided detailed information that precluded continuing the operations of NKGB networks in both countries. Moreover, the Western powers had produced an atomic bomb while—even with help from the vital covert contributions of Fuchs, Hall, "Eric," Greenglass, and others—Soviet scientists were still years away from creating a similar weapon.

BREAKFAST WITH THE STATION CHIEF

Against this uncertain backdrop of postwar Soviet-American relations, there occurred one of the more remarkable and unexpected meetings of the period: an October 24, 1945, breakfast session between former U.S. Vice President (now Truman's Secretary of Commerce) Henry A.

Wallace and Anatoly Gorsky, the NKGB's Washington station chief. More remarkable still, it was Wallace, undoubtedly familiar with Gorsky's profession, who had arranged the meeting. The results (duly reported in Gorsky's memo to Moscow) reached Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov, who in turn wrote Gorsky's superior a terse instruction: "Comrade Merkulov! It must be sent to Comrade Stalin!"[1]

That Wallace had chosen the Soviet intelligence chief in Washington as his conduit to the USSR leadership testified to the daring (and recklessness) of the man whom FDR had removed from the Democratic ticket in 1944 in favor of the more conservative Truman. Wallace's proposal, considering the Truman Administration's cooler relations with the USSR in past months, was also startling. He asked Gorsky how Moscow would respond if the U.S. government invited a group of Soviet scientists to visit the United States to witness the achievements of their American colleagues, especially in the field of atomic energy. President Truman personally, Wallace continued, would like Professor Peter Kapitza to join the delegation, given his well-known efforts on "the atomic project" in the Soviet Union. (No confirmation exists of Wallace's dubious claim to have been speaking on behalf of Truman.)

The conversation then turned to a discussion of U.S. secrecy concerning the atomic bomb and how this was viewed by the USSR. Gorsky reported: "Keeping technical data about this matter in the U.S., according to Wallace, not only leads to further worsening of already extremely tense Soviet-American relations but creates in the rest of the world an impression of the United States as the most obvious possible aggressor on earth." If nothing else, the Commerce Secretary's remarks were extraordinarily indiscreet:

> Wallace claimed that he was trying in the [U.S.] government to have control of the use of atomic energy for military purposes transferred to the U.N. Security Council, but so far all his efforts had failed. Wallace characterized [Senator Edwin] Johnson's bill on this matter, proposed for discussion in Congress, as a reactionary attempt by the War Department inspired by representatives of big industrial capital: DuPont, General Electric, Union Carbide. . . .

The apparently bemused Gorsky, no stranger to Washington's (or Moscow's) factional infighting, asked how Wallace explained the difference between his point of view and Truman's statements on the subject: "Wallace faltered a bit and then claimed that Truman was a petty *politico* who got his current post by accident. He often has 'good' intentions but too easily falls under the influence of people around him."

The former Vice President identified two such groups "fighting for Truman's 'soul' (his literal expression)," a small group of which he was a member and another more influential cluster that included Attorney General Tom Clark and Secretary of State James F. Byrnes. Those who joined with Wallace "reckon that there are only two super-powers in the world, the USSR and the U.S., [and that] the well-being . . . of all mankind depends on good relations between them." The second group, however, was extremely anti-Soviet, according to Wallace, "and advances an idea of a dominating Anglo-Saxon bloc consisting mainly of the U.S. and England" confronting an "extremely hostile Slavic world" led by the Soviet Union. Wallace's table talk then reached beyond the fragile boundaries of discretion by urging direct Soviet support for the efforts of those who shared his views in Washington: " 'You (meaning the USSR) could help this smaller group considerably, and we don't doubt . . . your willingness to do this.' Wallace did not elaborate on this statement, and it was not appropriate for me [Gorsky] to insist."[2]

Wallace continued with a description for his NKGB guest of Anglo-American economic negotiations and, at the conclusion of their talk, volunteered his view that "U.S. Congressmen spread lots of anti-Soviet lies here." Even Soviet intelligence recognized that Wallace's views were those held by only a small and isolated minority within the Truman Administration. Thus, there appears to have been no follow-up to Wallace's apparently self-generated proposal for a visit by Soviet atomic scientists or to his plea for the support of politicians such as himself friendly toward the Soviet Union.

THE BELEAGUERED STATION CHIEFS

At that moment, Anatoly Gorsky and his colleagues had a sufficiently full plate protecting their personal security without plunging into U.S. national politics. Only three days before the Wallace breakfast, Gorsky had received a cable from Moscow describing the chaotic situation of NKGB agents in Canada after Igor Gouzenko's defection. The NKGB leadership's preliminary order—soon to be superseded, following Elizabeth Bentley's defection, by a blanket instruction to Soviet operatives to halt all contact with sources—was to meet only once or twice a month with the most important sources. And, at all costs, they were to protect from disclosure such valuable agents as Donald Maclean ("Homer"), Harold Glasser ("Ruble"), Donald Wheeler ("Izra"), and one previously unmentioned in these pages, William Weisband ("Zhora").[3]

Weisband, a cipher clerk for the U.S. Army Signal Security Agency, had worked for Soviet intelligence throughout the war. Born of Russian parents in Egypt, he had immigrated to the United States in the 1920s and become a U.S. citizen in 1938. After military service in North Africa and Italy, Weisband was transferred to the Washington area where he joined other Russian specialists in 1945 in efforts to decipher and analyze intercepted Soviet cipher messages in the so-called VENONA program.*

By the time Moscow learned from Weisband about VENONA, the NKGB had replaced Gorsky in Washington (fearing repercussions from Bentley's defection). Its New York station chief, Vladimir Pravdin ("Sergei"), also departed on March 11, 1946, aboard the Soviet vessel *Kirov* without first having read the vital message his superiors had sent both to him and to Gorsky on March 5. The letter contained instructions based on Moscow's awareness that Soviet codes, although replaced by then, had been broken by American government analysts:

> During the war, there was an extensive quantity of ciphered cable correspondence between your office and [Moscow] Center. No doubt, the [American] intelligence organizations systematically determined the quantity of data, outgoing and incoming ciphered cables from Soviet representatives in your country. Using this data, [U.S.] intelligence could determine without difficulty which organizations are writing the ciphered cables and in what amount. A sharp reduction of ciphered correspondence in connection with events in the U.S. and Canada cannot escape notice by intelligence organizations.[4]

The NKGB's solution to this dilemma was both practical and pathetic. The station's remaining "skillful operatives" were instructed "every week, [to] compose summary reports or information on the basis of press and personal connections, to be transferred to the Center by telegraph."[5] Soviet intelligence's once-flourishing American networks, in short, had been transformed almost overnight into a virtual clipping service, now that the NKGB had to rely on publicly available information in order to provide useful data to Moscow. Considering the near-impossibility of recruiting new agents after the Gouzenko and Bentley defections, compounded by the VENONA revelation, the NKGB turned in near-desperation to the most readily accessible, comprehensive, and continuous source of reliable information on major developments in the United States—the media.

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* VENONA is described elsewhere in this chapter.

Not that Gorsky's replacement as Washington station chief, Grigory Dolbin, lacked covert interests. Without a network of American agents and sources to supervise, Dolbin instead probed other Soviet officials in Washington and the embassy environment from his "cover" identity as a "diplomatic aide." Thus, he reported to Moscow on conflicts between Soviet Ambassador Andrei Gromyko and Dolbin's nominal boss at the embassy, Kiril Novikov.[6] He noted that District of Columbia workers were digging trenches in front of the 16th Street embassy and concluded that the purpose must be to install a powerful U.S. counterintelligence listening system.[7] Dolbin even found time in 1947 to complain to Moscow about the anti-Soviet comedy *Ninotchka* being shown in local movie theaters. He noted especially "a scene in which the Soviet consul is beaten by a visitor who was refused a visa." This suggested to an agitated Dolbin the need for a diplomatic protest "to make American authorities responsible for an undisguised instigation to the beating of Soviet officials."[8]

Despite his inexperience, the station chief had cause for concern. Moscow had instructed Dolbin to examine closely the changing nature of U.S. domestic and foreign policy: "Unfortunately, in the current conditions of counterintelligence measures against us and a bitter anti-Soviet campaign in the country, we cannot thus far give you our agents and let you use them to fulfill present tasks. Reestablishing connection with important [American] agents can lead to fatal consequences."[9] His superiors provided him little support but nonetheless expected significant results.

Moscow urged Dolbin to cultivate, through his legal cover, politicians and organizations still willing to meet with Soviet officials. The NKGB provided him with the usual "wish list" of desired contacts, among them the White House, Congress, State, the political parties, the National Association of Manufacturers, and the Council of Foreign Relations. Within Congress, Dolbin was urged to seek relationships with those who remained strong "Roosevelt Democrats." At the cabinet level, he was asked to pursue discussions with Henry Wallace, whose views obviously fascinated Moscow, and with former Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes, from whom the NKGB hoped to gain insight into the influence of energy companies on U.S. foreign policy.[10]

Moscow instructed Dolbin to redouble his efforts to collect "inside" information of all types from Washington policymakers "despite the temporary lack of ready-to-work agents." Persistent demands fell upon the new station chief to fulfill the NKGB's hunger for highest-level news about the new American Administration by "using properly your legal connections," developing them "in order to be ready to convert these connections into agents any time that the situation allows it." The hapless Dolbin was further instructed to focus on U.S. citizens and not immigrants in his work.[11]

While Moscow insisted that Dolbin create a new network of informants through openly cultivating powerful Washingtonians, his station was being stripped of other Soviet operatives. Virtually all were recalled home in 1945 and 1946. "I ask for only one thing," a despairing Dolbin wrote his superiors in August 1946. "Send me people. Without people, the work won't improve, the amount of information won't increase, and its quality won't be raised. Only the number of remarks that 'such a situation can't be tolerated' will increase."[12]

By the fall of 1946, Dolbin had been left completely alone: "The departure of technical workers has led me to a situation in which I am everything from the typist to the cipher officer," he cabled Moscow.[13] But NKGB Center remained unsympathetic and furious in its complaints over the quality of Dolbin's effort:

> For the six months of your stay in the country (from March to August 1946), only fifteen information [cables] have been received from you, among which eleven were reviews of newspapers or short summaries of articles, and only four contained information received from official channels. . . . But [even] the contents of this information was not satisfactory.[14]

By March 1947, Moscow added linguistic insult to injury, humiliating Dolbin in a merciless cable: "In conclusion, it is worth noting that all of your work is full of grammatical mistakes and inaccurate formulations, which are the result of insufficient knowledge of the facts and incorrect understanding of current events."[15]

In the end, the NKGB's disappointment with Dolbin's performance remains more of an implicit commentary on the obtuseness of its Moscow leadership than on its beleaguered Washington station chief. Beyond the hostile environment and isolation in which Dolbin dwelled—lacking Soviet operatives and American sources, who were being pursued relentlessly by the FBI and other U.S. counterintelligence agencies at a time of growing tension with the Soviet Union—he confronted one additional problem in seeking to cultivate fresh recruits in the nation's capital: Dolbin did not speak English.

He had been chosen for the U.S. assignment only two days before a scheduled departure for Japan. Dolbin's entire NKGB briefing prior to his being rerouted to America had consisted of two brief conversations with Center operatives, one of them the experienced Gaik Ovakimyan, in which they described the general situation in the United States.[16] Nor was Dolbin told about Elizabeth Bentley's defection, which he only learned accidentally through correspondence with Moscow in the summer of 1947, more then a year after he arrived in Washington. Dolbin's frustration emerged clearly in his summary report of "progress" in the U.S. assignment:

> Now, after a year, I feel that my knowledge of English has sharply improved. I read American newspapers almost without a dictionary, translate serious articles from English into Russian, and can talk with an American about any subject. Still, I consider [my knowledge of English] insufficient, especially in fluent conversation on everyday topics.[17]

Moscow finally replaced Dolbin in December 1947, first assigning him a role as deputy to his successor, Alexander Panyushkin ("Vladimir"), who doubled as Soviet Ambassador to the United States.[18] Recalled to the Soviet Union early in 1948, Grigory Dolbin had become mentally unstable by then, possibly as a direct consequence of his American experiences.

An ambassador functioning also as NKGB station chief was an unusual experiment in mixing public and covert roles that Soviet authorities were conducting in several countries during the postwar decade. Generally, the experiments were short-lived and unsuccessful. However, much was expected in Moscow of Panyushkin in his new assignment, given his background and experience, having served as the USSR's Ambassador to China from 1939 to 1944. At the time, this was perhaps the most delicate post in the Soviet diplomatic world due to Moscow's need to maintain decent relations *both* with Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist government and its main foes, Mao Tse-tung's Communist insurgents, who controlled a significant portion of the country. Panyushkin was also, from 1944 to 1947, a high-ranking official in the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.[19]

In addition to the seriously troubled Dolbin, Panyushkin inherited two other Soviet operatives—Boris Krotov ("Bob") and Yuri Bruslov

("Pavel")—on the NKGB station's roster. Both were kept busy accumulating public information on U.S. political developments for transmission to Moscow.[20] In March 1948, Moscow cabled Panyushkin, in his dual capacity, demanding that he assess the reliability of information being received from other stations describing reports of allegedly urgent American military preparations against the Soviet Union.[21] Considering the complete absence of such preparations, Panyushkin's task in this instance proved manageable, without turning to American agents or sources.

Yet so concerned was Panyushkin with the absurdity of relying on only a pair of overworked Soviet operatives that he petitioned Moscow to review the post-1945 shutdown of its existing networks: "Since we have connections now only with a very small number of masters,* I ask you to reexamine our network of old masters in order to determine the possibility of resuming contact with some of them."[22]

Moscow then tried to determine, without a coherent plan, which previous sources had *not* been exposed to American counterintelligence by Elizabeth Bentley, Whittaker Chambers, or other defectors.

Among the few still functioning in Washington and in contact with the NKGB was British diplomat Donald Maclean. He began reporting in December 1947 to Boris Krotov, who had handled the so-called Golden Five (Maclean, Philby, Burgess, Blunt, and Cairncross) in London from 1944 to 1947.[23] Maclean was assigned to explain Anglo-American relations from his insider's vantage point. In the process, he provided data on all intelligence and counterintelligence officers working at the British Embassy in Washington and, at the NKGB's request, recommended one of the British diplomats for recruitment by the Soviets.†[24]

Krotov found himself under FBI surveillance while approaching a scheduled June 26, 1948, meeting with Maclean and broke off contact. The station then instructed Maclean to pass all his material—a constant and invaluable collection of information—through dead-letter drops, a method Maclean found unsatisfactory, preferring direct contact despite the risk involved.[25] Finally, Maclean and Krotov agreed to a schedule of personal meetings every third week, but twice between meetings, Maclean's data would be delivered at dead-letter drops.[26]

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* The new code name for agents.

† For several years, beginning in the last months of World War II, Maclean served as an invaluable source of information for Soviet intelligence in Washington, passing on a voluminous amount of material dealing with top-secret Anglo-American discussions. See, for example, Washington station to Moscow, August 2–3, 1944; March 29, 1945 (3 cables); March 30, 1945 (3 cables); March 31, 1945, Nos. 1105–10, 1791, 1793, 1808–1809, 1826; VENONA files.

THE "VENONA" WHISTLE-BLOWER

One of the few American agents who provided information to Soviet intelligence during this period was William Weisband ("Zhora"), who worked on cipher analysis at the U.S. Army Signal Security Agency. As with other American sources, contact with Weisband, initially recruited by the NKVD in 1934, had been broken off between 1945 and 1947. Moscow apparently approved Panyushkin's request to restore communication with this "old master," carried out by Yuri Bruslov in February 1948. A memorandum concerning Weisband's work, drafted later that year, indicates the importance of his contribution:

> For one year, a large amount of very valuable documentary material concerning the work of Americans on deciphering Soviet ciphers, intercepting and analyzing open radio-correspondence of Soviet institutions [the "VENONA" project], was received from [Weisband].* From these materials, we came to know that, as a re-

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* In February 1943, the U.S. Army Signal Intelligence Service (later the Army Security Agency) began a secret program to intercept and analyze encrypted Soviet diplomatic telegrams exchanged between Moscow and Soviet missions in the United States and various other countries in the Western Hemisphere and Europe. By 1945, over 200,000 messages had been transcribed, and progress had been made in "decrypting" the cables, many of which turned out to be reports from Soviet intelligence station chiefs and instructions from their superiors in the Soviet Union. The program was assigned the code name "VENONA," and the process of analyzing and deciphering the cables continued for decades at a Virginia headquarters known as "Arlington Hall." One of VENONA's chief analysts, Meredith Gardner, had broken the code sufficiently by late 1946 to expose the Soviet penetration of the atomic energy program at Los Alamos. By 1948, Soviet intelligence had learned of VENONA through Army Security Agency cipher clerk William Weisband. "What seems increasingly clear," the recent Commission on Protecting and Reducing Government Secrecy concluded, "is that the entire VENONA project was kept secret from [President] Harry S Truman and his Attorney General, Tom Clark." In 1995–96, over 2,990 fully or partially decrypted Soviet intelligence cables from the VENONA archives were declassified and released by the Central Intelligence Agency and the National Security Agency. See *SECRECY: Report of the Commission on Protecting and Reducing Government Secrecy* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1997), Appendix, pp. A33–A34.

> sult of this work, American intelligence managed to acquire important data concerning the stationing of the USSR's armed forces, the productive capacity of various branches of industry, and work in the field of atomic energy in the USSR. . . . On the basis of [Weisband's] materials, our state security organs carried out a number of defensive measures, resulting in the reduced efficiency of the American deciphering service. This has led to the considerable current reduction in the amount of deciphering and analysis by the Americans.[27]

Weisband passed documents to Yuri Bruslov at personal meetings regularly between February and August 1948, then switched primarily to dead-letter drops. (The August opening of hearings by the House Committee on Un-American Activities, where Elizabeth Bentley and Whittaker Chambers were major witnesses, may have led to Bruslov's sudden measure of caution.) Beginning that month, Bruslov met with Weisband only every six to eight weeks after extremely careful preparations to avoid FBI surveillance, mainly to provide Weisband with instructions regarding information wanted by the NKGB.[28]

Weisband was increasingly concerned over his own possible exposure by then and asked Bruslov to request asylum for him in the USSR.*[29] Weisband received occasional monetary payments of $600 for his efforts in 1948, plus a onetime $400 for repairs on his automobile.[31]

By mid-1949, Weisband was meeting his handler once a month at a restaurant near Washington.[32] Replacing Bruslov as NKGB contact was one of the half-dozen new operatives assigned to the Washington station in response to Panyushkin's desperate 1948 cable, one Nikolai Statskevich ("Larry"), who, in addition to Weisband, specialized in handling diplomats from Eastern Europe.[33]

Despite the difficult environment, Weisband continued his work. On meeting days, he smuggled documents out of his army facility under his shirt, once during the lunch break and again at the end of the day, placing the material in the trunk of his car prior to delivering them to Statskevich. Weisband asked the NKGB operative to provide him with a camera in order to avoid transporting documents. The station declined, however, fearing that he would be detected more easily while taking photos.[34] At a mid-July meeting, Weisband reported that the U.S. military had suddenly lost the ability to read Soviet cables, and the head of the deciphering service was concerned that a Communist might have penetrated its ranks. Weisband asked that his Soviet friends refrain from changing ciphers too quickly lest he be exposed.[35] That exposure actually came from other quarters in mid-December 1949, when the FBI established permanent surveillance of Statskevich and, apparently, observed his meeting with Weisband.[36]

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* Moscow finally consented to his request in April 1950, though Weisband never actually fled the United States.[30]

The NKGB's Washington station proposed in March 1950 that Weisband be assigned to an "illegal" operative, unlike Statskevich who worked "legally" under diplomatic cover, but no appropriate person was available for the task.[37] At the same time, Moscow warned the station that Weisband was known to a number of other Soviet sources, including at least one defector, Alexander Koral, then testifying before congressional committees. Therefore, Moscow cautioned: "Working with [Weisband], it is necessary to assume the worst possibility, not excluding variants, for instance, recruitment of [Weisband] by [American] counterintelligence after showing him compromising materials that prove his connection with us."[38]

From that moment, Statskevich and his colleagues prepared, at least temporarily, to sever their links to Weisband. At an April 10, 1950, meeting, Weisband was given $1,694 in cash and a permanent password should he be contacted at some future date by an unknown operative:[39] "[Operative]: Do you know that Jerusalem is occupied by the Chinese? [Weisband]: Do you know that the Chinese bombed New York?"[40] Shortly thereafter, Soviet contact with William Weisband came to an end, and the password was never used.[41]

BLEAK TIMES

Nikolai Statskevich was not the only Soviet diplomat targeted by American counterintelligence in the late forties. In an October 1948 cable to Moscow, written as Ambassador, Panyushkin noted that the FBI and other agencies were "hunting" Soviet citizens (including diplomats), and establishing permanent surveillance on them, including eavesdropping devices in their apartments.[42]

The American scene rendered NKGB leaders in Moscow pessimistic and suspicious. They recalled "Stepan," their acting station chief in New York, that same year on the grounds that he was "preparing to betray the Motherland." In addition, seven other NKGB operatives were ordered home because of a decision to close the USSR's

Consulate in New York. "The stations in the U.S. in 1948 didn't recruit any valuable agent," Moscow concluded. "Moreover, no station acquired prospective talent-spottings for later work with them."[43]

In the absence of concrete plans either to revive the work of "old masters" other than William Weisband or to identify new American sources, Panyushkin spent some time in late 1948 concocting a scheme to discredit Whittaker Chambers. At this time Chambers faced a possible grand jury indictment for initially lying about his relations with Alger Hiss and for his work as a Communist courier. Panyushkin, a station chief then managing a largely defunct agent network, cabled his Moscow superiors in December with a bizarre proposal to launch a disinformation campaign "exposing" Chambers as a former Nazi, not a Communist, agent:

> As "Karl" [Chambers's primary underground pseudonym while a Soviet agent] is of German origin [and] lived and studied for some time in Berlin, [we could] "find" in German archives "Karl's" file from which it would become clear that he is a German agent who by Gestapo instructions was carrying out espionage work in the U.S. and penetrated into the American Communist Party. If we claim it in our press and publish some "documents" which could be produced at home, the effect of this will be very great. This information will be snatched not only by foreign Communist parties but by the progressive press in all countries, and, as a result, positions of the Committee on Un-American Activities, the grand jury [then considering testimony from Hiss, Chambers, and others on the matter] and other organs will be strongly undermined.
>
> It can be also claimed that "Karl" is well known to the Committee and grand jury and other American organs as a Gestapo agent, but heads of these institutions being vehement haters of the USSR, the Communist Party, and the progressive movement in general, presented the case as if "Karl" and others supposedly spied for the USSR and not for Germany.[44]

Panyushkin's proposal did not receive Moscow's support and for the perfectly sensible reasons outlined in its immediate response:

> The station's proposal to produce and publish in our press "documents" stating that the traitor Chambers was a German agent, by Gestapo instructions carried out espionage work in the U.S., and by German instructions penetrated into the CPUSA cannot be

> approved. Certainly publication of such "documents" will affect extremely negatively our former agents exposed by Chambers for knowing that they worked for us after "converting" [them] into German agents. [As a result] these people may . . . cooperate with authorities, giving frank testimonies and so forth. Besides, transformation of these individuals from supposed agents of Soviet intelligence into determined agents of a country that fought against the U.S. by no means can help them from the juridical point of view.[45]

Nonetheless, Moscow was intrigued by another element in Panyushkin's plan: "The station's proposal about production and publication of documents exposing some leaders of the Committee on Un-American Activities and the federal jury as Gestapo agents must be carefully examined and weighed." Neither was there follow-up to this clumsy disinformation proposal.

The station made one further foolish attempt to restore contact with an "old master," the reluctant Laurence Duggan, who, after cooperating with Soviet intelligence during the 1930s, had resisted a series of NKVD attempts to keep him involved during the war years. Duggan, now head of the International Institute for Education, was even given the new code name "Prince." Panyushkin received instructions to try once more but to avoid pursuing Duggan too aggressively "in order not to expose our operative . . . by our sharply manifested interest in him."[46] A renewed Soviet courtship, however, combined with the FBI's simultaneous interest in his previous covert efforts, apparently proved too much for Laurence Duggan to endure.

Panyushkin's analysis of what followed, contained in a December 25, 1948, cable to Moscow, reflected not only his assessment of the Duggan affair but a reversal of his earlier view that contacting former sources would benefit the station:

> To continue the work with old agents and talent-spottings in such conditions gives American counterintelligence an opportunity to cultivate even more deeply our connections and ourselves. Besides, by contacting old agents . . . the station may collide with new cases similar to [that of Duggan] who, being under surveillance by [American] counterintelligence, was interrogated on December 11. The station, unaware that he had been summoned for interrogation . . . attempted to reestablish a connection with him [and] charged "Saushkin" with calling on [Duggan] on December 15, i.e., four days after his interrogation. Evidently,

> "Saushkin" ran into [American] counterintelligence and, in that way, gave supplementary material against [Duggan] to the Americans. I do not exclude [the possibility] that, to some extent, this promoted his decision to commit suicide. We can cause great damage to our country by striving to get information from old agents who, as experience shows, are exposed, and information acquired from them . . . has no value.[47]

Panyushkin now urged that the NKGB concentrate on recruiting new agents in the United States, increasing activities by Soviet "illegals" in America, and approaching Americans in other countries, all of which made sense under conditions prevalent at the time.[48]

A debate among NKGB leaders in Moscow ensued after receiving these recommendations. In the end, Panyushkin, whose main career was in diplomacy and, as such, was hardly an NKGB insider, found his views rejected by Moscow: "In our opinion," a memorandum on the Ambassador's proposal observed, "this is equivalent to halting all intelligence work in the U.S., since the station did not acquire new talent-spottings and, even more, new valuable agents in the main U.S. institutions. . . . We cannot agree with [Panyushkin's] sweeping denial of all our old agents and our talent-spottings. We consider it necessary to continue working with them, attentively weighing all the details of every agent's work in the past and his current usefulness for resolving our tasks."[49]

Such ridiculous instructions to resume contact with former agents at a time when most were under FBI investigation and surveillance did nothing to change the bleak prospects described by Panyushkin. This was confirmed the following year by yet another analysis of Soviet intelligence's prospects in the United States filed in Moscow by the knowledgeable Anatoly Gorsky: "[The Washington station] practically stopped work on finding recruiters and new agents since the middle of 1949. . . . In its practical work, the station followed the line of least resistance, either drawing to our work people largely known by their connections with the U.S. Communist Party . . . or trying to use as agents officials from 'People's Democracy' [Eastern European] countries sympathizing with us but not having access to information interesting to us."[50]

Even Gorsky, who should have known better, now joined in criticizing the Washington station for not reestablishing links with older agents who might have been exposed by Bentley or other defectors. In fact, no NKGB operatives, whether in Moscow or the United States, could state with confidence which of their sources had been identified.

Gorsky criticized the appointment of nonprofessionals such as Panyushkin to the post of station chief—as someone kept "busy on his main job [and, therefore, who] cannot go deeply into all operational matters"—but reserved his major complaints for the deputy station chief, Gyorgi Sokolov ("Fyodor"), whom he blamed for the recruiting failure.[51]

Sokolov, a skilled professional, admitted that his poor knowledge of English hindered his work in America as did FBI harassment. But he rejected Gorsky's primary complaints about his "cowardice, laziness, [and] inability to organize the station's work." His response was blunt: "I left for Washington in October 1948 with good references; in February 1950 . . . I was given a [poor] reference* [and unfairly] was transformed by the people who composed it into a good-for-nothing shit."[52] As for Alexander Panyushkin, his failures in Washington apparently were overridden by his status in the Communist Party hierarchy. Three years after this admittedly unsuccessful station chief left Washington, he was appointed the head of Soviet intelligence!

The most candid commentary on the problems confronted by the NKGB in postwar America, specifically how the achievements by American agents and sources during the New Deal and war years had been so quickly overtaken by the collapse of networks and defection of key agents, was provided in a mid-March 1950 memorandum from Sergei Savchenko, then head of the NKGB intelligence service. The document approved a new plan to resume activities in the United States.

Savchenko began with a standard early–Cold War Soviet political assessment, which blamed "American imperialism" and its post–World War II expansionist policies as primarily responsible for the U.S.'s growing obsession with internal security issues: "Preparing for a new world war, America's expansionist circles are . . . [attempting] to strangle inside the country any possible resistance to its external ventures . . . set[ting] middle-class Americans against the USSR and people's democracies with the help of . . . anti-Soviet, anti-Communist propaganda through the press, radio, cinema, and church."

Savchenko credited Igor Gouzenko's defection in Canada with "American counterintelligence intensifying their work against us, managing to inflict serious blows to our agent network in the U.S." The worst wounds, however, came from an American defector: "The most tangible blow to our work was inflicted by the defection of our former group-leading agent [Elizabeth Bentley] in November 1945, who gave away more than 40 most valuable agents to American authorities. . . . The majority of agents betrayed by [Bentley] worked at key posts in leading state institutions: the State Department, organs of American intelligence, the Treasury Department, etc." Other defectors, Savchenko continued, added to the debacle:

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* Gorsky's critiques.

> Besides [Bentley's] treachery, at the same period of time—i.e., since the end of 1945—there were failures of four agent groups (working independently from the agent network headed by [Bentley]) that followed [according to] testimony given to the Federal Bureau of Investigation by former agents of the MGB,* and the GRU—traitors "Berg" [Alexander Koral], "Buben" [Louis Budenz], "Karl" [Whittaker Chambers], and "Redhead" [Hedda Gumperz]. There were more than 30 valuable agents in these four groups, including former officials of the State Department, Treasury Department, Interior Department, etc.
>
> The last link in this chain of failures was the arrest of [Valentin] Gubitchev and [Judith] Coplon, which took place on March 4, 1949, and their trial, which ended in March 1950. Thus, as a result of all these failures, we lost an agent network that had been in operation for many years and was a source of valuable political and economic information for us.[53]

Despite his bleak assessment of the disarray among Soviet intelligence networks that these defections had provoked and the bitter anti-Soviet public mood in the United States, Savchenko remained confident that a rebuilding process could begin under his direction. He proposed penetrating the State Department and American intelligence community with newer agents to probe mainly for information on U.S. foreign policy toward the Soviet Union and the pro-Soviet "people's democracies" of Eastern Europe, China, and Germany. A first step would be to recruit so-called agent-spotters: "These recruiters must be people indebted and devoted to us, politically literate, and brave." Nor would the previous generation's collection of largely immigrant-background agents suffice. The new breed, Savchenko believed, "must be chosen first of all from American citizens having connections necessary for us (among officials of state institutions, American representatives abroad, and students of privileged American universities). . . ."[54]

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* The name in 1950 for what had been the NKVD and then the NKGB.

Savchenko's strategy was based on an impossibly naive assessment of current American reality. Nonetheless, Moscow instructed all of its stations in Western countries on March 27, 1950, to focus on recruiting either Americans or foreigners capable of recruiting American citizens. It also asked the intelligence services of Eastern Europe's "people's democracies" to help.[55] So demanding were the cables pushing for immediate action to re-create the earlier networks that, in October 1950, Alexander Panyushkin, still in Washington, lost his patience and fired back this memorandum:

> Instead of blowing up at us in every letter, the authors of this severe and biting correspondence should come here themselves and show by personal example how to acquire people working in the State Department and other governmental institutions in the current fascist atmosphere in the U.S. To yell, reproach, and shift the blame onto others is easy, but to resolve a concrete matter is much more difficult. Thus, for example, the Center has not helped the station for the past two years by sending any "illegals" here or transferring agents here from European or other countries.
>
> It should not be forgotten that we work here in the period of unfinished investigations of cases involving almost 50 agents exposed long before us. . . .
>
> As far as I am personally concerned, I persistently ask you to send me a replacement as soon as possible, probably from among those nimble authors of loud letters who can demonstrate their complete understanding of tasks while fulfilling them with ability and courage.[56]

This dismal state of affairs could not be resolved in the pre–Cold War manner of recruiting dedicated Communists or other radical supporters of the Soviet Union, whose numbers had been reduced dramatically and whose future remained perilous in a time of anti-Communist purges. By February 1951, the Washington station had only one agent, code-named "Jack," a member of the "open" U.S. Communist Party who spent his time writing books on the threat to world peace posed by "American imperialism."[57] Even by the following year, a March 1, 1951, memorandum from the KGB's "Information Committee" could point with pride only to the recruitment of local citizens in Australia and France working for American agencies—but none within the United States. Nevertheless, the memo argued that even this modest foreign effort "against the main adversary . . . is evidence that with efficient organization of business and proper purposefulness, it is possible to carry out this work successfully and achieve positive results."

Any coldly rational Soviet intelligence operative would have marveled at the bombast and self-deception inherent in this claim, considering that the cable continued with this admission:

> The most serious drawback in organizing [Soviet] intelligence in the U.S. is first of all the lack of agents in the State Department, intelligence service, counterintelligence service, and the other most important U.S. governmental institutions as well as in the so-called business circles virtually defining U.S. foreign and domestic policy.
>
> Our U.S. stations did practically nothing to acquire agent-recruiters. Nor did stations in other capitalist countries accomplish the Information Committee's instructions on this matter. [They] acquired no agent-recruiters for work in the U.S.[58]

In addition to admitting its record of recent failures in the United States, this March 1, 1951, memorandum is the earliest document released from Soviet intelligence archives in which the United States is described as the USSR's "main adversary."

BROWDER—FROM SPYMASTER TO PUBLISHER

One element of the collapse of Moscow's American networks after the Second World War occurred as the result of Stalin's decision in 1945 to remove Earl Browder as leader of the Communist Party of the United States. His downfall as a trusted associate of Soviet leadership can be traced both to his personal actions and to the policy shift in relations between the United States and USSR from wartime allies to postwar adversaries.

Browder had been an eager and productive participant in a range of Soviet espionage efforts during the 1930s and throughout the war years as the "Helmsman" (his code name), recruiting from his "open" Communist cadres a significant number of those who later became prominent NKVD agents and sources within the American government. After a 1940 conviction for using a false passport during a trip he made to Spain during the Civil War, he served only fourteen months of a four-year prison sentence, freed after being granted amnesty by President Roosevelt.

At a party congress in May 1944, Browder had mobilized a majority of delegates in favor of disbanding the U.S. Communist Party, creating in its place a Communist Political Association. He was convinced that the period of "class cooperation" within the United States that characterized the war years would continue after the war. But following a campaign against his leadership—designed and encouraged by Moscow but publicly spearheaded by French Communist Jacques Duclos—a majority of American Communist leaders reversed their long record of support and drove Earl Browder from the CPUSA during the summer of 1945. One reason for Elizabeth Bentley's alienation from Soviet intelligence was Browder's expulsion after years of their close collaboration on underground matters.

Despite Browder's removal, he continued to enjoy significant personal allegiance among rank-and-file party activists. Thus, Soviet operative Alexander Feklissov, after returning home from the United States, noted in February 1947 that the American source code-named "Condenser" "respects and is very devoted to [Browder]. . . . Therefore, it was a powerful blow to him when, in 1945, [Browder] was expelled from the party for his politics of reconciliation with capitalism, which resulted in the slackening of class struggle in the U.S. . . ." Feklissov found "traces of dissatisfaction" in "Condenser" because of the action taken against Browder, and he underscored the fact that his source would continue to cooperate with the NKGB only if Browder remained on good terms with Soviet leaders.[59]

Earl Russell Browder was born in 1891 in Wichita, Kansas. He was an active member of the Socialist Party; convicted of taking part in antiwar demonstrations related to U.S. involvement in the First World War, Browder served a prison term until 1920. He became a member of the CPUSA's Central Committee in 1921 and the party's head in 1930 after protracted factional struggles within its leadership. Browder ran unsuccessfully for the American presidency as the Communist candidate in both 1936 and 1940.[60]

His second wife, who was also a party member and agent, was Russian-born Raissa Berkman; they married in 1926.[61] Browder's sister, too, apparently, was involved with Soviet intelligence, at least financially. Shortly after Germany's invasion of the Soviet Union in June 1941, Jacob Golos delivered $2,000 to her, responding to an extraordinary request made earlier that month. Golos, then the most active figure in the NKVD's New York station, informed the station (which cabled Moscow) after a meeting with the lady: "Browder's sister, to whom we pay a certain amount of money every month, asks for two thousand

American dollars to start her own business—trading in antiques. She is sure that the business will be a success and that she will return the money fully."[62] The files are silent on the matter of later repayment.

Even while orchestrating Browder's expulsion as leader of the American Communist Party, Moscow conceded his value in assisting with the expansion of its intelligence operations in the United States. Much less would have been accomplished, a detailed and candid 1945 NKGB memorandum acknowledged, without Browder's constant and comprehensive involvement in "secret work":

> The use of [Browder's] . . . leadership of the compatriot organization [the CPUSA] by our stations in the U.S. began approximately in 1933. It was organized through particularly trusted persons specially appointed personally by [Browder] with whom the heads of our stations at different times maintained an illegal connection. . . . Joszef Peter [who led "illegal" CPUSA intelligence gathering in the 1930s], [Browder's] brother "Bill," and [Jacob Golos] were these entrusted representatives.
>
> a. [Peter] was used by our stations occasionally until 1936. Afterwards, he was released by [Browder] from this work. To a greater degree, he was used very actively by operatives of the GRU. [Peter] had his own group of agents [composed of] illegal compatriots working in various state institutions through whom he obtained information both for [Browder] and the GRU.
> b. "Bill" was used sporadically as a connection with [Browder] in 1936–1937 and in 1942–1944, only by our station chief [Zarubin].
> c. [Golos], being our important group handler for a large number of agents made up of local citizens, was the main person entrusted for a connection with [Browder] from 1937 to 1940. But he had no relation to the GRU operatives and met none of them.
>
> The heads of our stations were receiving, through [Browder's] trusted representatives, the following:
>
> 1. Verified persons from the local compatriots for use as agents, illegal couriers, and illegal group handlers;
> 2. Personal data on people interesting to us (being cultivated) with a view to their recruitment;

> 3. Talent-spottings with a view to recruitment of so-called illegal compatriots working in various state institutions, private firms, defense plants, and laboratories.
>
> The trusted persons recommended by the compatriots' leadership were being used by the stations for various intelligence purposes: to penetrate local Trotskyite organizations, as illegal couriers, owners of secret addresses, group handlers, to acquire passports and other documents showing citizenship, directly as agents, and, finally, to fulfill various special tasks.
>
> Through these trusted representatives, the stations also sporadically received information, various documents, and other intelligence materials.
>
> Note: Sometimes, the heads of our station—with Moscow's special permission—met personally with [Browder] in especially secret conditions for important conversations.[63]

Considering Earl Browder's deep and personal engagement in Soviet intelligence activities in the United States from 1933 to 1945, described in this and other memoranda, the loss of his services was a major blow.

Because of Browder's personal stature and special role linking "open" and secret party activities in the United States, he traversed the normal demarcation lines within the Soviet intelligence world. He saw little difference between assisting the NKGB and helping the Communist International (Comintern) agent network run by Bulgarian Communist Georgy Dimitrov. For example, Browder informed Elizabeth Zarubina at a December 1943 meeting where extreme security precautions were observed that Dimitrov had asked him to send to Moscow monthly reports containing information on U.S. political events—but through NKGB channels. Any *secret* data for Dimitrov, however, would be sent only via Elizabeth Bentley or Bernard Schuster ("Echo"), a CPUSA official and another approved NKGB courier.[64]

As a result of this unusual arrangement, Browder himself acted as a direct channel for conveying intelligence materials from the CPUSA's American sources to Moscow, bypassing the normal agent networks. Often, this resulted in delays for material sent to the Soviet Union, thereby reducing its value. Thus, in early February 1944, Browder passed to the New York NKGB station obviously obsolete "secret" material from OSS sources on the September 1943 losses by the German armed forces.[65] Similarly, other documents from his OSS contacts obtained in November 1943 reached Soviet hands too late to be helpful.[66] Despite these delays and occasional confusion, Browder's involvement proved crucial in 1943 and 1944 in helping to persuade a reluctant Elizabeth Bentley to transfer key government sources from Jacob Golos's American agent network to direct oversight by Soviet operatives such as Itzhak Akhmerov. Browder's role in Soviet intelligence and his knowledge of its covert efforts was uncommon among leaders and most ordinary members of the CPUSA. Only a handful of party officials served as Soviet sources, couriers, and group handlers, virtually all—except for those involved in atomic espionage—handpicked by Browder himself and not by NKGB operatives.

Under these circumstances, intelligence officials in Moscow responded cautiously to Browder's expulsion, awaiting word on how to deal with those of his devoted American partisans who also served as NKGB sources. Station chiefs in the United States were told to halt temporarily all contact with agents whom Browder had recommended.[67] At the same time, Soviet operatives sought out CPUSA members close to its former head but willing to inform on him, as Anatoly Gorsky reported to Moscow in July 1945 of a conversation with one member: " 'Reina' says that currently Browder . . . lives in the countryside. . . . He refuses to receive anyone but reckons that, within less than a year, the Communist Party will call him back to its leadership. . . ."[68]

Browder and his family used his special relationships with Soviet operatives during this period to try and maintain back-channel contact with the USSR's leadership. In August of that year, Itzhak Akhmerov ran into Browder's brother, who asked whether Earl could send a letter to Moscow through the New York station. On September 1, station chief Vladimir Pravdin asked special permission from his superiors for an unusual procedure: The expelled former leader of the CPUSA wished to reach Stalin and his associates through Soviet intelligence to express complaints about his treatment and his successors![69] On September 11, Moscow responded to the request with a curt memo from Alexander Panyushkin (who, two years later, would be Ambassador and station chief in Washington): "You should not take a letter from Browder."[70]

Browder persisted in his plan to regain leadership of the CPUSA by gaining the support of Soviet leaders. Thus, a November 2, 1945, memorandum from the New York station to Moscow reported that in another conversation with "Reina," Browder said he planned to travel to Moscow: "He still believes that his position was incorrectly understood and interpreted [and] that he will be understood in Moscow, where he is considered the only well-prepared Marxist outside the Soviet Union."[71]

A subsequent February 7, 1946, dispatch from the NKGB's Pavel Fitin to Alexander Panyushkin, then working in the Soviet Communist Party's Central Committee, reported yet another conversation with Browder. A Communist "illegal" named "B. Josephson," who managed the Café Society cabaret in New York (whose revenues, according to this report, went toward financing the CPUSA), had heard Browder reiterate his intention to "unmask" the new party leadership and its chief, William Z. Foster, by traveling to the USSR. He demanded that Josephson support his family using Communist Party funds during his absence. More ominously, according to Fitin's cable, Browder claimed that he knew where $540,000 in secret party funds were being kept and would "do everything necessary in order to assure that the party couldn't use them."[72]

Soviet intelligence operatives found themselves, in short, caught in the middle of an internecine struggle between Browder and his CPUSA successors, which could only increase exposure of Moscow's most secret efforts in America. When one of William Z. Foster's supporters expressed concern about Browder's impending trip to the USSR and asked that an NKGB operative code-named "Nazar" transmit a brief concerning Browder to Moscow from the new CPUSA leaders, Pavel Fitin sternly warned the New York station in May 1946: "We have nothing to do with compatriots' affairs and can't take the brief."[73]

The Browder dilemma, quite appropriately, was kicked upstairs for Stalin's personal review, given the Soviet dictator's personal involvement in the process that had led to Earl Browder's removal as American Communist Party leader. Vsevolod Merkulov summarized the problem posed by Browder for Soviet intelligence in an extremely candid April 1946 memorandum for Stalin, which contained the background and significance of this previously revered figure who now bore the stigma of a "capitalist collaborator":

> On February 12, 1946, the National Committee of the American Communist Party . . . expelled Earl Browder . . . for "a gross violation of party discipline and decisions . . . and defection to the side of class enemy—American monopoly capital. . . ."
>
> In this connection, the NKGB of the USSR considers it necessary to communicate to you the following:
>
> Starting in 1933 and into 1945, Browder rendered the NKGB . . . and the GRU . . . help, recommending to our representatives in the U.S. a number of illegal members of the U.S. Communist Party for agent work.

> At Browder's recommendation, eighteen people were drawn to agent work for the NKGB and . . . [number missing] people [for the GRU]. In addition, through the Central Committee's functionaries controlling illegal party groups, Browder knew about illegal members of the U.S. Communist Party working for the Soviet Union [through] the NKGB of the USSR—more than twenty-five people [and for] the GRU of the General Staff of the Red Army . . . [number missing] people.
>
> In connection with the Canadian case [Igor Gouzenko's defection] and betrayal by an agent of the NKGB . . . in the U.S. that was reported to you on November 14, 1945, by [message] #7698 [Elizabeth Bentley's defection], we temporarily halted agent work in America and conserved the main group of agents who became known to American authorities due to this agent's betrayal. Among the agents conserved, the majority were recommended to us either personally by Browder or were known to him as working for us through top-level functionaries of the Central Committee [of the CPUSA].
>
> The link to Browder in our work from 1933 to 1945 was maintained occasionally by senior operatives of the NKGB of the USSR. Three Soviet citizens from the NKGB in the United States were known to him. . . .
>
> The NKGB of the USSR believes that Browder's expulsion from the party may lead him into a transition toward extreme means of struggle against the Communist Party and may inflict damage to our interests. Therefore, the NKGB of the USSR considers it expedient to allow Browder's arrival in the Soviet Union. [We should see] if it is possible to recommend . . . to the Executive Committee of the American Communist Party that Browder be reestablished in the party under a convenient pretext and [that the CPUSA adopt] a more tactful line of behavior with regard to him.[74]

By the time Earl Browder arrived in Moscow on May 6, 1946, the NKGB's arguments for "a more tactful line of behavior with regard to him" had the approval of Soviet leaders. Hours after he arrived at the Moskva hotel, Browder was visited by two key figures in Soviet intelligence, Vassily Zarubin and Gaik Ovakimyan—both old friends and associates. They questioned Browder about his family, the situation in the CPUSA, how he had managed to obtain a passport for travel to the USSR, and older matters still puzzling to them. How, for example, had

Browder managed to obtain President Roosevelt's amnesty and release from prison? Understandably, Zarubin and Ovakimyan were particularly interested in information Browder might have about American sources and agents with whom he had maintained contact in earlier years. He reassured the anxious NKGB officials that he did not meet with those people any longer.[75]

The following day, Browder met with another old friend, a venerable Comintern official named Solomon Lozovsky, who was then chairman of Sovinformbureau, the Soviet news agency. Lozovsky had been sent by Stalin personally to meet with Browder and then to brief Stalin on the discussion. Shortly thereafter, Lozovsky talked to NKGB officials, who filed a report on the conversation:

> Comrade Lozovsky stated that he reported to Comrade Stalin on the "Helmsman" affair and mainly one question was discussed: whether [Browder] would defect to the enemy's side. Comrade Lozovsky, having known [Browder] for more than 20 years, believes that [he] became entangled but did not become a renegade. In this connection, Comrade Lozovsky received instructions* to maintain [Browder] financially for the first year until [his] commercial enterprise was able to provide for him. It was decided to give [Browder] $300 a month for one year.[76]

Browder's new business involved five-year exclusive contracts with a number of Soviet publishing houses to publish their books in the United States. The NKGB memo noted that Browder "is bringing two photocopies of these agreements to present to the State Department."

Responding to the NKGB officials' obvious question, Lozovsky stated that he had not discussed internal U.S. Communist Party politics with Browder, despite the former leader's attempts to open up the subject. Rather, Lozovsky had simply criticized Browder's "non-Marxist point of view concerning the progressiveness of American capitalism." Browder acknowledged only that "some of his formula may have been wrong."

Asked by the NKGB whether their officials should meet with Browder before his departure to discuss "the issue of his behavior, Comrade Lozovsky thought such a conversation would be necessary":

> In [Lozovsky's] opinion, it is necessary in a friendly way to let [Browder] understand a desirable line for his behavior in his

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* Presumably from Stalin.

> country, but to do it in a way that does not thrust our opinion on him.*
>
> . . . In conclusion, Comrade Lozovsky claimed that the main task was maintaining [Browder] for the forthcoming year, giving him a possibility in connection with publishing activities to consolidate his positions in [the] wider democratic circles of his country and, if he behaved properly, ensuring him in future an opportunity to correct his mistakes.†[77]

Joseph Stalin's direct instructions to Lozovsky governed the official Soviet reaction to Earl Browder's apostasy: combining a potentially lucrative publishing carrot with the threatened stick of continued expulsion from CPUSA ranks.

Ovakimyan and Zarubin held a final meeting with Browder on June 18, 1946, prior to his departure. Pavel Fitin immediately reported on the meeting to Victor Abakumov, the USSR's then-Minister for State Security:

> Meeting with Comrades Ovakimyan and Zarubin, [Browder] proposed using both himself and his connections in our work. We consider it inexpedient to use him in agent work, [however,] taking into account the special situation of [Browder] in his country due to his political position [expelled from CPUSA ranks] and the notorious [Bentley] case in which he must appear as the main figure. Consequently, competitors in the country [the FBI and other U.S. counterintelligence agencies] will inevitably hold him under their meticulous observation. However, we consider it expedient to consult him on issues of the general political, external, and internal situation of his country while passing him money. . . .[78]

When he left Moscow the following day to return to the United States, Browder had good reason to feel pleased with the overall bargain he had struck in the Soviet Union, thanks to Stalin's direct involvement.[79] He had come to Moscow a despised "renegade" from CPUSA ranks. He returned (in exchange for his political silence) as the designated representative of major Soviet publishing houses and—as in the past, though in a more limited format—with his special relationship to key Soviet intelligence operatives substantially intact.

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* That Browder should stop criticizing Foster and other CPUSA leaders.

† For example, to return to the party organization.

During the late 1940s, contact with Browder was maintained by both Soviet Information Bureau officials and NKGB operatives. Occasionally, he turned over long written assessments of American political conditions and, also on occasion, he received special funds from Soviet agencies—for example, $1,500 from Sovinformbureau to help pay for his wife's medical treatment in 1948. "Helmsman," no longer at the CPUSA helm, also received a new code name, "Shaman," but the old Communist sorcerer could no longer sustain his hold on Soviet intelligence.[80]

Moscow came to the conclusion in January 1949 that Browder's writings, despite his pledge to abjure such commentary, reflected the same political perspectives that had alienated Stalin years earlier and were aimed at discrediting the current American Communist leadership.[81] By then, the new leaders of the CPUSA had confronted trial and conviction, charged under the Smith Act with advocating the violent overthrow of the U.S. government. Compounding the irony of this senseless prosecution, had Stalin chosen in 1946 to reinstate Earl Browder as a CPUSA member (even if not again as its leader), he would have joined the imprisoned ranks of his former colleagues and comrades. Instead, he continued to lead an unfettered, if not especially profitable, private life.

Curious about Browder in June 1949, Soviet First Deputy Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko instructed Ambassador and NKGB station chief Alexander Panyushkin to determine his current attitudes without making direct contact. Panyushkin responded on July 5:

> In the opinion of the Embassy's friends, Browder's official connection with Soviet publishing houses restrains him from anti-Soviet statements and the disclosure of secrets known to him. Our friends do not rule out, [however,] that if we break officially with Browder, it might push him to the side of reaction and complete betrayal.[82]

Panyushkin recommended continuing the publishers' arrangement with Browder until (as he vainly hoped) the campaign against Soviet agents had receded.

Soviet intelligence, however, would soon lose any remaining confidence in Browder. Eighteen months after Panyushkin sent his memorandum to Gromyko, the KGB received a report, which it appeared to credit, that Browder had offered his services to the anti-Soviet "renegade" Communist government of Yugoslavia and had expressed a willingness to work with its nationalist leader, Marshal Tito.[83] Earl Browder, who had been a pivotal figure—indeed a linchpin—of Soviet espionage in the United States from 1933 to 1945, now served as yet another reminder to Moscow of the extent to which its once-successful structure of intelligence networks in America now lay in total ruin.

CHAPTER 14

Flight from Exposure, II: The Atom Spies

After the war's end, the key agents involved in providing information to Soviet intelligence on the atomic bomb project—Klaus Fuchs, David Greenglass, Ted Hall, and others—left their well-guarded enclaves to pursue new careers and opportunities. Harry Gold went into a business partnership with another Soviet source, Abraham Brothman. Greenglass prepared to continue his education while working for his brother-in-law, Julius Rosenberg, who in turn impatiently awaited a signal to resume fully his activities as a Soviet agent handler. Theodore Hall launched a teaching career. None appeared to be as concerned as their NKGB supervisors with the danger posed by the Anglo-American-Canadian counterintelligence effort mounted against Soviet espionage following the 1945 defections of Igor Gouzenko and Elizabeth Bentley.

FUCHS AND FEKLISSOV

The most important Soviet source of atomic information in the West, Klaus Fuchs ("Charles"), had been out of touch with his courier, Harry Gold, for more than two years before contact with another Soviet operative was restored in England. The NKGB was able to confirm Fuchs's whereabouts only in autumn 1946. It learned then that Fuchs, after leaving the United States in late 1945, had been trying unsuccessfully to resume his link to Moscow, working through old associates in the German Communist Party.

One of these, Hans Sibert, a leading German Communist exile in London at the time, had been introduced to Soviet agents by another party member, Urgen Kuchinsky ("Karo"). Kuchinsky's wife (Sibert told the NKGB operatives) had been approached by another German exile named Fuchs, a scientist recently returned from the United States, who asked for help in establishing contact with Soviet intelligence.[1] Considering the haphazard contacts between Harry Gold and Fuchs in the United States, such difficulty in restoring a link to NKGB couriers seems less surprising.

When told of Fuchs's request and the German Communist intermediaries involved, however, Moscow responded cautiously, concerned that British counterintelligence might be monitoring Fuchs. Nor was the NKGB enthusiastic about using "open" party members to rendezvous with the atomic physicist, especially not Kuchinsky's wife, since her husband was no longer trusted in the USSR.[2]

A 1945 Moscow memorandum on Urgen Kuchinsky noted that he had worked for American military intelligence in 1944–45, holding the rank of lieutenant colonel in the U.S. Army. Assigned to Berlin with U.S. occupation troops in a military intelligence unit in July 1945, Kuchinsky requested demobilization but remained with American forces there as an adviser. When the NKGB's Berlin station restored its connection with this former agent in December 1945, at first Kuchinsky declined to cooperate. Only after significant pressure did he agree to renew his old ties, but after doing so, he failed to provide significant information. Thus, Moscow remained suspicious of utilizing Kuchinsky or his wife to contact the valuable Fuchs. The NKGB's Berlin station severed relations with Kuchinsky in August 1946.[3]

Devising a method to contact Klaus Fuchs without resorting to German Communist intermediaries was complicated by the trust Fuchs had in his former comrades. He had joined the German Communist Party as a student in 1931. After going underground, Fuchs maintained these connections as a student and teacher in Paris and later in Edinburgh.[4] In the end, it was through this German Communist network that contact was eventually restored with Fuchs on July 19, 1947.

Briefed beforehand by NKGB personnel, a German party member named Hanna Klopshtock met Fuchs in London's Richmond Park. He was informed that a subsequent meeting with NKGB operatives would take place in two months on September 27 in a bar opposite the Wood

Green tube station. The following dialogue was to confirm the designated contact's identity:

CONTACT: Stout is not so good. I generally take lager.
FUCHS: I think Guinness is the best.

The two would then leave the bar, and the dialogue would continue:

CONTACT: Your face looks very familiar to me.
FUCHS: I think we met in Edinburgh a year ago.
CONTACT: Do you know big Hannah?[5]

The meeting could then begin, with Fuchs carrying a copy of the *International Herald Tribune* and his contact holding a book with a red cover.

Alexander Feklissov ("Kalistrat"), who had left the United States for Moscow in October 1946 and had remained under "legal" cover as a diplomat, was the experienced operative assigned to handle Klaus Fuchs. In Feklissov's new role, he served as London's deputy station chief for scientific and technical intelligence. He prepared for his meeting with Fuchs with briefings from a Soviet specialist in atomic problems, who introduced the operative to the bomb's basic structure and terminology while developing detailed questions to be discussed at their first meeting.[6]

The NKGB station deployed several operatives to watch the meeting venue in order to assure itself that the pub was not under surveillance by British counterintelligence. Once satisfied, Feklissov entered the building where Fuchs was already waiting. After the exchange of passwords, Feklissov began a discussion of the health of the scientist's family and, finally, of his work. According to Fuchs, the atomic research taking place in England was insignificant, but a major conference in the United States on problems in the field was scheduled for mid-November. Fuchs had been appointed to the British delegation for the five-day conference, a point stressed in Feklissov's report: "We think the fact that [Fuchs] was included in the delegation proves that [he] enjoys the skiers'* trust."

After the arrest in Canada of another NKGB agent among the scientists, Allan Nunn May, however, Fuchs hesitated when asked to communicate while in the United States with Soviet intelligence couriers, as he had done in the past:

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* The new NKGB code name for the British.

> To the question of whether he will be able to meet with our man in Tyre [New York], while staying in the [United States], [Fuchs] said that he would like to . . . during this short trip. He expressed apprehension that, after May's case, the [Americans] would watch intensively all the scientist-specialists in "Enormoz" coming to them from the island [Great Britain]. Nor is he certain that he will be able to contact his sister during this trip. Therefore, we didn't arrange for him to pass us any materials through [her].[7]

Fuchs explained to Feklissov the principle of the hydrogen bomb on which, according to Fuchs, Professors Fermi and Teller were then working at the University of Chicago.

When the conversation concluded, the reason behind Feklissov's earlier discussion of the Fuchs family became apparent. The Soviet operative wrote in his report:

> [I] thanked him once again for helping us and, having noted that we know about his refusal to accept material help from us in the past, said that now conditions had changed: his father was his dependent, his ill brother [who had tuberculosis] needed his help . . . therefore we considered it imperative to propose our help as an expression of gratitude.

Feklissov then handed over two packets containing one hundred British pounds each, which Fuchs accepted. After a brief pause, the scientist responded (according to the report): "We were given the [Allan Nunn] May file to read, where it said that Soviet spies always tried to give money to foreigners who passed them information, in order to commit them morally to work for them later. But I am not afraid of this. On the contrary, I will take the money you propose to prove my devotion to you." Fuchs then asked how much Feklissov had given him. When told the sum, Fuchs returned one packet on the grounds that he could not explain the sudden appearance of the entire two hundred pounds.[8]

Fuchs attended the Anglo-American scientific conference in November 1947 that he had described to Feklissov. He apparently skipped their scheduled December meeting, however, since only in mid-March 1948 did he pass along important conference information dealing with the design of various bombs (including the H-bomb then being developed).[9]

Twice that year, Moscow feared that Fuchs had been exposed as a Soviet agent. Both proved to be false alarms. On April 5, an NKGB official in Moscow added a handwritten warning to Feklissov on an operational memo: "Comrade Kalistrat! Just now, I learned some unpleasant news. The athlete [source] who in her time drew [Fuchs] to our work [apparently a reference to Ursula Kuchinsky] was interrogated by the competitors [FBI]. They allege that she told them nothing. When she was interrogated, under what circumstances, and other details are not yet known to me."[10]

The second episode was more serious. In May 1948, Klaus Fuchs disappeared or, at least, failed to appear for his scheduled and backup tri-monthly meetings in London, a fact of sufficient concern for NKGB intelligence chief Peter Fedotov to report directly to Molotov and Beria. On March 23, London's *Daily Express* had reported that British counterintelligence was investigating three (unnamed) scientists who worked at the same research center as did Fuchs—all suspected of Communist Party membership. Fedotov promptly informed his superiors but was unable to shed much light on the situation:

> We don't yet know the real reasons that [Fuchs] failed to come to the meetings, but we suppose that he—knowing about the purge of his co-workers—decided not to meet with us out of caution.
>
> It cannot be ruled out that [Fuchs] also could be subjected to verification [investigated] and, in this case, he undoubtedly will be barred from participating in secret scientific research work on the atomic problem, thus losing the possibility of passing further information to us on this issue.
>
> [However,] being a prominent specialist, participating directly in research work on the atomic problem, [Fuchs] is well informed about the latest achievements in this field and, staying in the USSR, could be a great benefit [to us] due to his knowledge.
>
> [Therefore,] we take into account the possibility of losing [Fuchs] as an agent and . . . ask you to settle the question of bringing [him] to the USSR to [work] on the atomic problem in one of our scientific-research institutions.[11]

This question was never answered, since Klaus Fuchs appeared on July 10, 1948, for his next scheduled meeting with Alexander Feklissov. He had failed to come to the earlier one because his institute was preparing for some top-secret experiments, and all personnel had been instructed not to leave the premises on those days. He confirmed that three Communist scientists had been fired but believed that personally he remained beyond suspicion.[12]

Each encounter between operative and source followed an identical procedure. Soon after the meeting began, Fuchs would hand over any materials he had brought. Feklissov would leave the meeting briefly to give the material to a waiting colleague for delivery to the station and then return immediately to continue his discussion with Fuchs.

At this meeting, for some reason, Feklissov raised the same question that Anatoly Yatskov had raised three years earlier regarding Fuchs's relationship with women, producing this response: "No changes have happened in [Fuchs's] private life. He is still a bachelor. When [Feklissov] asked whether changes in his 'bachelor status' might be expected, [Fuchs] responded that in his situation he didn't consider it necessary to change this status, adding jokingly that 'therefore, I avoid falling in love deeply.' "[13]

At their next meeting in late October, Fuchs alerted Feklissov to some surprising information about Soviet atomic development, described to Moscow in this report:

> In early October, [Fuchs] saw a British intelligence service report on a Soviet atomic center near Sukhumi. . . . It described the construction of the center and a list of incoming equipment. [Fuchs] concludes that the report had not been written by a scientist since it says nothing about the progress of scientific work.*[14]

At the February 12, 1949, meeting, the physicist provided the startling news that British intelligence had contacted a Soviet scientist and tried to persuade him to spy on the atomic research effort in the USSR. Fuchs identified his informant simply as "Herbert Skinner," but in response to Feklissov's question stated that he had not personally seen any Soviet scientific material. A hurried memorandum from the London station reported:

> To [Feklissov's] request to find out where and with whom among the Soviet scientists the English had made contact, as well as what materials they receive from the Soviet Union, [Fuchs] replied that, in his opinion, revealing an interest in this matter while conversing with his colleagues would be unwise. However, he assured [Feklissov] he would let us know everything he saw or heard on this matter.[15]

The possible existence of a Western "mole" among Soviet scientists provoked Fuchs's anxiety about his own safety:

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* A more detailed account of Fuchs's postwar relations with Soviet intelligence, also based on the KGB files, is in Nigel West and Oleg Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels,* pp. 239–55.

> [Fuchs] asked [Feklissov] to pass on his request that his materials be shown only to trustworthy people to avoid his [exposure], which would follow if the English got his materials. [Feklissov] answered that [his] materials were being used . . . only by trustworthy people.
>
> When questioned whether the person whom the English intended to use to receive data on Soviet atomic work was the source who passed information to the English about Sukhumi, [Fuchs] responded that, from Skinner's information . . . , it wasn't the same person and that the new source was a scientist.[16]

Western counterintelligence, meanwhile, seemed more energetic than ever, and in one instance this directly affected Feklissov's meetings with Fuchs. The FBI had arrested Justice Department employee Judith Coplon and her Soviet handler, U.N. official Valentin Gubitchev, on a New York street on March 4, 1949. Coplon had top-secret U.S. government documents in her purse at the time. Eight days later, Moscow sent its London station the following cautionary letter:

> In connection with the latest events in [New York] and in order to avoid repetition of such cases in other places, it is necessary to revise urgently and most carefully the practice of holding meetings with the athletes [Soviet agent-sources] and of receiving materials from them.
>
> The practice by some [stations] of meeting in the street is blamed [by the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union] as an ignorant method of work, not guaranteeing security for our people and the athletes. We ask you to revise, together with [Feklissov], all methods for carrying out meetings, especially with [Fuchs]. It is necessary to stop having meetings with him in the street, since this is very risky. Now, the risk grows because the police have begun practicing spot-checks of people's documents, especially on lonely streets, for the purpose of fighting crime. Even an accidental check of [Fuchs's] and [Feklissov's] documents will lead immediately to disclosure of our liaison with [Fuchs].[17]

Moscow proposed several procedural options for meeting with Fuchs. It recommended that Fuchs purchase a secondhand car with the station's funds and meet with Feklissov either in the car or at a girlfriend's apartment once or twice a year. The last option was questionable since it involved a third person in the encounter. In any case, Feklissov learned from Fuchs at their next meeting on April 1, 1949, that no such person existed. Fuchs admitted that he spent time with "various girls," but Feklissov "concluded that those were prostitutes" and, therefore, there was no possibility for using any of their apartments for meetings. After passing on some information verbally, Fuchs promised to bring his notes to the next scheduled meeting with Feklissov.[18]

The two never met again; Fuchs failed to appear on June 25 and at the scheduled backup meeting on July 2.[19] Fuchs's absences deeply troubled Feklissov and his NKGB colleagues. Earlier in June, the American press had prominently featured stories mentioning six Soviet agents named by Elizabeth Bentley, including Abraham Brothman. Brothman's exposure, beginning with Bentley's earliest 1945 testimony to the FBI, had not overly disturbed Moscow since he was no longer an active agent. Moreover, his handler had been Harry Gold, whom Brothman initially knew under the name "Frank Kessler." Then, Gold joined Brothman's firm in 1946 and told him his real name. Since Brothman could identify Gold as a Soviet courier and Gold, in turn, could incriminate Klaus Fuchs (whose name and working history he knew), the NKGB took immediate steps to contact Gold, whose last meeting with a Soviet operative had taken place three years earlier.

GOLD AND FUCHS

The NKGB's New York station decided to arrange a meeting with Gold for several reasons at this point: to confirm his loyalty but, also, to inform him that Fuchs was safe; to discuss his response to possible FBI interrogation; and to suggest that he consider going underground or, at least, moving to a remote state where he could live undetected.[20] Gold received a coded letter on July 18, 1949: "Dear Harry, Just got back to New York and am going to stay here for about three weeks. Will be very glad to see you if you suggest when you can come. Yours sincerely, John."[21] Based on three-year-old instructions, that note alerted Gold to a meeting scheduled for July 25. But he never appeared for the rendezvous with a Soviet operative named Kamenev ("Photon"), nor did he make a backup meeting.[22] Finally, on September 10, Kamenev traveled to Philadelphia and found Gold at his home.

Harry Gold had received the letter but claimed to have forgotten the conditions for a meeting (more likely, he was trying to avoid the encounter). Gold informed the Soviet visitor that he now worked with radioactive isotopes on heart research at Philadelphia's General Hospital. In July 1948, he had left Brothman's firm after an argument and had not seen him since. Most troublesome to Kamenev, as he later reported, was evidence that Gold (as well as Brothman) had attracted the attention of American counterintelligence.[23]

In April or May 1947, Gold told the Soviet operative, Brothman was summoned before a federal grand jury and shown a photo of Gold and Jacob Golos. (Evidently, Brothman had recounted this episode to Gold before their rupture.) Although the prosecutor overseeing the grand jury told Brothman they knew "everything about their [covert] activities" and urged him to confess, the engineer denied any involvement with Golos's work and claimed to have met him only once or twice. When asked who had introduced him to Golos, Brothman named Gold.

Gold told Kamenev that following Brothman's grand jury appearance, two FBI agents visited him, asking what secret materials Brothman had given to him. He showed them around his house and insisted that, although he worked for Brothman's firm, he did not have access to secret materials. The agents left, but on July 30, 1949, Gold informed the operative, he was summoned before the New York grand jury investigating subversive activities.

Gold testified that he and Brothman had met Golos as professional chemists seeking jobs in a new firm Golos claimed he was launching. (Gold insisted to Kamenev that he did not share Abraham Brothman's nervousness about future interrogation.) After Kamenev learned additional details of Gold's grand jury appearance at a subsequent meeting, the New York station informed Moscow that Gold remained a loyal agent, "devoted to us . . . but, taking into account everything that has happened to him lately, it is difficult to foresee how he will behave at an interrogation if the [FBI] undertakes further inquiry of the case."[24]

Moscow then ordered the station to prepare Harry Gold for possible departure for Europe.[25] But Gold insisted that the FBI no longer had any interest in him and "expressed his desire to [resume] active work with us."[26] At an October 24 meeting, although Kamenev urged him to be ready to flee, Gold was reluctant, concerned that, as a result, his brother would be fired from a navy post as a security risk and his aging father left without support. Kamenev assured him that his father would be provided for, and the two began exploring escape routes, including the possibility of Gold's joining a Quaker medical commission leaving soon for China.[27]

The discussions proved timely. Only months later, on February 3, 1950, British newspapers reported the arrest of Klaus Fuchs, charged with passing atomic secrets to the Soviet Union both in the United States and England.[28] The New York station had a meeting with Harry Gold scheduled for February 5 but was instructed by Moscow, considering Fuchs's arrest, to determine first whether Gold remained free. An operative unknown to Gold was sent to the meeting place, armed with a photograph, to check simply whether the chemist showed up.[29] Fuchs's arrest clearly had provoked panic within the NKGB leadership, since another cable soon followed forbidding *any* operative to appear at the meeting place. But the order arrived too late. A Soviet operative who drove to the site of the scheduled rendezvous with Gold found him waiting patiently for Kamenev. Nothing appeared suspicious.[30]

News of Klaus Fuchs's arrest reached Joseph Stalin that same day, February 5, in a report on Fuchs's recruitment and work for Soviet intelligence. The report stressed that, in the United States, Fuchs had supplied information on the atomic bomb's design and assembly. While in London, in 1948–49, he had passed to Feklissov valuable material on several subjects: planning for the hydrogen bomb, English atomic stockpiles, the process of isolating plutonium, data on American atomic stockpiles and types of bombs, the tests at Eniwetok atoll, theoretical calculations of explosions, and other data. The report also concluded, erroneously, that although Harry Gold had denied testifying against anyone to the FBI, examining the circumstances surrounding Fuchs's arrest and Gold's behavior at his meetings with Kamenev suggested strongly that he had probably betrayed Fuchs.[31]

Throughout the months that followed, the NKGB presumed that Gold's treachery had caused Fuchs's arrest. On February 23, Moscow provided instructions to the New York station based on this belief:

> Analysis of the data we have on [Fuchs's] case . . . leads us to highly serious suspicions toward [Gold].
>
> To analyze his real role in this case, we have to continue maintaining relations with [Gold] and not reveal our suspicions to him. . . .
>
> [Moreover,] the matter of [Gold's] departure from the country can be used as a touchstone in determining his real attitude toward us and [American] counterintelligence.
>
> To protect against a possible trap, restoring connection with [Gold] must be carried out by contacting him on his daily trip to the office or from the office back home, not by calling him to a meeting at a site known to him beforehand.[32]

Moscow hoped that its operatives could determine Gold's "real feelings . . . [and] attitude toward the matter of leaving for abroad." Under the circumstances and reflecting its barely contained fury, Moscow also assigned Gold a new code name: "Mad" (as in "Angry," not "Crazy").

The NKGB's New York station chief Boris Krotov ("Bob") disagreed vehemently with Moscow's instructions. In his view, "in case [Gold] is involved in [Fuchs's] collapse, no conversations with [Gold] can possibly determine where he really stood on the matter of treason." He would be coached by U.S. counterintelligence and might even agree to leave the country, if that corresponded with the plans of those now supervising him. On the other hand, "in case [Gold] is innocent, one may assume that [Fuchs] has given him away, and that now he is under active cultivation [by the FBI], including surveillance." Either way, in Krotov's opinion, Moscow's proposal would "disclose one of its operatives to counterintelligence with all the consequences that may proceed from that."[33] Krotov's arguments persuaded Moscow, and he was instructed to investigate whether Gold would come to scheduled meetings.[34] One operative drove by the site for an April 2 rendezvous; Gold never appeared.[35]

The arrest of Klaus Fuchs and his subsequent confession to British and American interrogators greatly troubled Soviet intelligence. The NKGB investigated not only Harry Gold as a possible informant but a number of others related to Fuchs's recent relationships in London, especially those German Communists who had known of Fuchs's link to the NKGB, almost all of whom now lived in the Soviet occupation zone in Germany.[36]

Fuchs's British interrogators gained admissions of his espionage activities on behalf of Soviet intelligence, and at a two-day trial that ended on March 1, 1950, Klaus Fuchs was convicted and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment. The USSR's TASS News Agency published on March 8 an official "refutation" of Fuchs's confession that he had passed atomic secrets "to agents of the Soviet government," declaring "this statement . . . a rude falsehood, since Fuchs is unknown to the Soviet government and no 'agents' of the Soviet government had any relation to Fuchs."[37]

Of greater concern to the NKGB at the time, however, was the potential effect of Klaus Fuchs's swift exposure, interrogation, trial, and sentencing upon still-undiscovered agents in England and the United States. Soviet intelligence flagged especially a portion of Fuchs's confession stating that lately he had begun to doubt the correctness of the USSR's policies. Moscow concluded in an April 6 memorandum to its London station that this "undoubtedly . . . was done by direct instruction of Anglo-American intelligence organizations . . . to sow confusion in the minds of our active agents and to shake their devotion to our cause."

The NKGB leadership believed that some of their agents and sources might "change their political views" because of the growing public anti-Soviet campaign in the West. They suggested that Soviet operatives inform English sources "that the Americans deliberately created the 'Fuchs case' so that they could refuse to provide the British with information on atomic matters." The tone and content of these memoranda revealed Moscow's anxieties about persuading its English and American agents—in the midst of Eastern European repression, new purge trials, and the Berlin blockade—that the USSR remained "a real fighter for peace and defense of working peoples' interests all over the world."[38]

Obsessed with determining how Fuchs had been discovered and which agents, in turn, he had named, NKGB operatives in Moscow developed elaborate if unworkable plans to use Fuchs's father (who lived in the Soviet occupation zone of Germany) to spearhead an aggressive and uncooperative defense. But Fuchs's rapid confession, arraignment, and trial ended such schemes and brought Soviet intelligence back to its major preoccupation—damage control.[39]

The task was eased substantially when, in March 1950, the NKGB acquired a ten-page memorandum prepared by MI-5 for French counterintelligence that summarized the Fuchs case.[40] Based largely on analysis of this memo, Moscow informed its London station on April 6 that Fuchs had testified candidly, giving away much operational data that he could easily have withheld. This "leads us to a firm conviction that [Fuchs] confessed passing us material and gave away to [British] counterintelligence all the data he knew about our work and our people connected to him by this work."[41]

The MI-5 memorandum, remarkable even today for its meticulous description of Fuchs's career and involvement in Soviet espionage, also explained to Moscow why the British had launched its investigation of Klaus Fuchs:

> In late August 1949, the Security Service received information from the Federal Bureau of Investigation which indicated in some detail that, during the war, there had been a leak to the Russians relating to the work of a British Atomic Energy Mission in the United States. Research into British files of that period, combined with the Federal Bureau of Investigation's research and investigation in the United States, showed that Dr. Emil Julius

> Klaus FUCHS fit such facts as were known; intensive investigation into FUCHS' career and current activities began at once, while research into war-time records was continued in order to establish that no other person also fit the known facts.[42]

Although by December 1949, MI-5 had concluded after three months of investigation that Fuchs and only Fuchs "fit the information received from the FBI," ironically, British counterintelligence agents were (incorrectly) "satisfied that they had found no evidence to suggest that FUCHS was currently engaged in espionage."

The problem confronted by MI-5, "therefore, became one primarily of preventive security." Although Fuchs would have to be removed from top-secret research at his institute, Harwell, "equally clearly, his dismissal would greatly decrease the prospects of obtaining evidence of current espionage; moreover, there was the further danger that to dismiss him summarily might lead to his defection to the Russians."

Klaus Fuchs resolved the dilemma himself by volunteering information to security officers at Harwell that his father had been offered a chair at Leipzig University in the Soviet zone of Germany, "which, he explained, might become embarrassing to him [Klaus] in view of the secrecy of his work." He proposed resigning if British authorities felt the situation too awkward and submitted himself for interrogation on the matter. Whatever the outcome of his questioning, the British had already decided at its conclusion to dismiss Fuchs from his post.

Thus began several intensive rounds of interrogation in December 1949 and January 1950. Initially, Fuchs acknowledged youthful Communist associations but flatly denied having committed espionage. His questioners described Fuchs's behavior at his initial interview on December 21 as "both friendly and composed," giving "every appearance of innocence" through four hours of close questioning. On December 30, they informed Fuchs that he would have to resign but would be helped in finding another position elsewhere in England.

Fuchs asked to meet with his chief interrogator on January 23, 1950. An MI-5 report described the encounter: "Under considerable mental strain and moved by a series of complex psychological factors, he was this time persuaded to make a full confession that for seven years he had been passing top secret information to the Russians. The prosecution of Klaus FUCHS was sustained solely on his own admissions."

The memorandum outlined in detail the procedures used by Fuchs in England after his active espionage career began in 1942. Once he left for the United States in 1944, "he was met by a man who remained his contact for the next two years, first in New York, then in Boston, and finally in Santa Fe. On his return to the U.K. in 1946, contact was resumed with another man, probably a Russian, the last meeting being in February or March 1949 (six months before investigation by the Security Service began)." Fuchs admitted the £100 payment he accepted in 1946, which he described as "a symbolic payment signifying his subservience to the cause."

He had become a Communist initially, Fuchs said, because of his disgust at the failure of socialist resistance to Hitler and his belief that only the Communists could effectively oppose the Nazi regime. In the statement read out at his trial, Fuchs described a type of psychological strategy—which he called controlled schizophrenia—that allowed him to lead an effective double life as devoted British scientist and loyal Soviet agent.

The formula was applicable in some measure to a number of the other English and American antifascist romantics who served Soviet intelligence from the 1930s through World War II:

> I used my Marxist philosophy to establish in my mind two separate compartments. One compartment in which I allowed myself to make friendships, to have personal relations, to help people, and to be in all personal ways the kind of man I wanted to be and the kind of man which, in a personal way, I had been before with my friends in or near the communist party. I could be free and easy and happy with other people without fear of disclosing myself because I knew that the other compartment would step in if I approached the danger point. I could forget the other compartment and still rely on it. It appeared to me at the time that I had become a "free man" because I had succeeded in the other compartment to establish myself completely independent of the surrounding forces of society. Looking back at it now, the best way of expressing it seems to be to call it a controlled schizophrenia.

Fuchs informed his interrogators that after returning to England in 1946 and despite his renewed involvement with the NKGB through his London contact, Alexander Feklissov, he had begun having doubts about Soviet foreign policy similar to those he had felt during the period of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. Should he continue to supply information while feeling uncertain about the legitimacy of his Communist cause? New friendships with colleagues at Harwell only increased the pressures bearing down on him. He avoided one scheduled 1949 meeting with Feklissov prior to contacting the Harwell security officer concerning his father's new Soviet zone posting. "In his groping toward escape from the doctrine which his mind now rejected," the MI-5 report concluded, "FUCHS had set in train the last stage in the uncovering of his tragic career. 2nd March 1950."[43]

Thus did the NKGB learn the basic facts surrounding the arrest and confession of Klaus Fuchs. Once caught, he cooperated completely with British counterintelligence, displaying the same candor and selflessness that he had shown previously to Soviet intelligence, in both cases because of his personal reckoning of moral responsibility.

Although the MI-5 document told a great deal about the scientist's activities as a Soviet agent, it failed to make clear what FBI data, passed to the British in August 1949, initiated the probe of Klaus Fuchs. The answer to this puzzle came in a May 29, 1950, report, which followed shortly a memo from New York station chief Boris Krotov to Moscow, describing Harry Gold's arrest in Philadelphia.[44] The May 29 report, delivered directly to Stalin, set to rest any remaining suspicions in Moscow that Gold may have been the informant who identified Fuchs:

> As a result of verification and examination of the circumstances surrounding the collapse of our agent "Charles" (former head of the theoretical physics department of the English atomic center in Harwell, Klaus Fuchs), the following was established:
>
> The American deciphering service [the "VENONA" project] worked for a long time on one of the telegrams from the New York station, referring to 1944–1945 when [Fuchs] was in the U.S. Having failed to decipher this telegram completely in late 1949, the Americans passed it to British counterintelligence, which managed to decipher it to the end and to find out that [Fuchs] was an agent of Soviet intelligence, passing us important data about the work of the American and English atomic centers where he worked. . . .
>
> The verification showed that, in the war years, there had been an extensive telegraph-ciphered correspondence on matters of intelligence work by [Fuchs] between our station in New York and [Moscow]. Short excerpts of materials on the atomic bomb, received from him, had been passed, and in one of the telegrams his family name and detailed data about him were even mentioned.
>
> Our specialists admit the possibility of the English deciphering our telegram, processed by a used table of reciphering gamuts.
>
> From documents acquired by us through agents . . . it is

> known that [Fuchs], having been arrested by the English, confessed to cooperating with Soviet intelligence, told the main things about the work with us in the U.S. and England, and testified about his intelligence connections. . . .
>
> On May 24 of the current year in the city of Philadelphia, USA, through [Fuchs's] testimony, Harry Gold, our old agent "Arno," who received from [Fuchs] materials on the atomic bomb in 1944–45 and whose [work] . . . was stopped by us in December 1945, was arrested.
>
> To prevent compromising [NKGB] operatives . . . , an operative of the London station, Feklissov, who controlled [Fuchs], as well as an operative of the New York station, Kamenev, who controlled the agent [Gold], were recalled by us to the USSR in early 1950.
>
> Currently there are no Soviet operatives in England or the U.S. whom these agents could know.
>
> Measures to bring out of the U.S. four agents previously connected with [Gold], facing a threat of exposure in case of the latter's confession, were also taken.*[45]

According to the American media, Gold had been exposed through information provided by Fuchs. But a full account of how the FBI came to identify Gold reached Soviet intelligence only upon Fuchs's release from prison in 1959, after serving nine years of his fourteen-year sentence.

Klaus Fuchs promptly left England for citizenship and a prestigious research post in Communist East Germany. There, the forty-eight-year-old physicist soon married.[46] Because of Moscow's continuing interest in "the circumstances and possible reasons for his arrest," Alexander Shelepin, then Chairman of the KGB, arranged Fuchs's invitation to join a scientific delegation from the German Democratic Republic to the USSR's Joint Institute for Nuclear Research.[47]

During the visit to the Soviet Union in June 1960, Fuchs's translator was actually a KGB operative named Starikov. Although the physicist used most of his time to familiarize himself with new developments in Soviet atomic research and design, facing the past was also on the Moscow agenda. At a private meeting there, two KGB scientist-operatives familiar with Fuchs's past assistance, Leonid Kvasnikov and

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* The agents referred to were undoubtedly the Greenglasses and the Rosenbergs.

D. Pronsky, introduced themselves to Fuchs "as representatives of the organization he had cooperated with." They expressed appreciation for his earlier efforts and regret over his arrest and imprisonment.[48]

Fuchs, in turn, apologized for admitting to British interrogators "serious . . . doubts concerning the rightness of the Soviet Union's policy." He blamed this lapse on "the influence of bourgeois propaganda and his isolation from sources of accurate information. . . . His opinion that his cooperation was a mistake resulted from these erroneous views." Fuchs acknowledged that the British had not coerced his confession; it was made voluntarily. Questioned by the two Russians about others involved in espionage with him whom Fuchs may have exposed:

> [Fuchs] claimed the only man was Gold. In the course of investigation, [Fuchs] was shown two American motion picture films of Gold. In the first, Gold was shown on an American city street and impressed [Fuchs] as a man in a state of nervous excitement being chased. After seeing the film, [Fuchs] didn't confess that he knew Gold. In the second film, Gold was already in prison. . . . After seeing that, [Fuchs] identified Gold and gave testimony about him.[49]

Fuchs's memory played tricks on him here since Gold was not yet in prison when Fuchs identified him in the film, an action that played a crucial role in making the FBI's case against Harry Gold.

Questioned on the information he had revealed to his interrogators, Fuchs confirmed for the Russians that he had given "detailed testimony about . . . material passed to us, except materials on the H-bomb." After Fuchs's imprisonment, American intelligence officers had visited him seeking data "mainly on the Soviets' working methods [and the] scientific and technical issues on which Soviet intelligence officers sought to acquire information. . . ."[50]

GREENGLASSES AND ROSENBERGS

Klaus Fuchs's confession and the subsequent identification and arrest of his American courier, Harry Gold, led both the NKGB and the FBI to New York City. There, others involved in atomic espionage—including David and Ruth Greenglass—nervously awaited events.

Throughout the first half of 1949, NKGB operatives in New York tried to persuade David Greenglass to return to his studies and to focus on atomic research. They urged him to apply to the University of

Chicago, where he could renew friendships with scientists he had known at Los Alamos while seeking useful data and potential new agents for Soviet intelligence. The NKGB offered to pay his tuition and living expenses at Chicago, but the university turned down Greenglass's application.[51] At the same time, his wife, Ruth, then expecting their second child, insisted that she would not leave her family doctor in New York.[52]

Greenglass continued to work as a mechanic at a Brooklyn company that assembled radar stabilizers for tank guns—"The idea of this device is that it must keep the gun constantly directed at the target regardless of the tank's vibrations while moving during battle" (the station wrote on January 13, 1950).[53] David's Soviet handlers rejected as too dangerous his offer to take a camera into the top-security plant to photograph drawings. Instead, they asked him (as in the case of the atomic bomb's triggering mechanism) simply to make sketches of the process from memory.[54]

The New York station reported to Moscow in February 1950 that "in late January, agents of American counterintelligence" had visited Greenglass first at his plant and then at his apartment "under the pretext of investigating uranium thefts from [Los Alamos] in the past." Greenglass had previously stolen such samples (according to his file in the KGB archives), but he denied it to the agents.[55] Reassured by his evident refusal to cooperate with the American agents, but fearful that Harry Gold might expose David, Moscow ordered the New York station in April 1950 to discuss with the Greenglasses their departure from the United States. By then, new code names had been assigned to both David ("Zinger") and Ruth ("Ida"). Moscow's concern was evident in its memorandum to New York:

> In the case of [David] and [Ruth], the competitors have not only a clear and (for them) unquestionable association with our work but the fact of [their] having passed to us secret materials on the atomic bomb. On these grounds, the competitors will exert strong pressure on [David] and [Ruth], threatening and using other measures right up to their arrest, and in the end will force them to testify with all the consequences proceeding from this for "King" [Julius Rosenberg's new code name], his group, and all of our work in the country.[56]

Once more, however, as so often in the history of Soviet intelligence operations in the United States during this era, Moscow's plans were sidetracked by the inconvenient and unexpected realities of its agents' daily lives. In the Greenglass case, brother-in-law Julius Rosenberg served as the major source of news, reporting to NKGB operative "August" (who in turn wrote to his Moscow superiors) on April 25:

> [Julius] informed [me] that currently [David's] departure is . . . difficult for family reasons. First, his wife is due to bear a child in a month. Second, about two and a half months ago, [Ruth] was passing by a gas cooker and her dress accidentally caught fire. [Ruth] was heavily burned and spent about ten weeks in a hospital, returning home only a week ago. In the hospital, she was given nearly forty blood transfusions, so serious was her condition. Since her blood type turned out to be very rare, [David] made a speech on the radio with an appeal to donate blood to save her. The campaign to help [Ruth] was also backed by the Red Cross . . . [and] some time ago, I saw a story in the *Post* about this accident; however, not then knowing [David's] exact name, I didn't pay attention to it. [Julius] also told me that this story had been described in the *Post*. Thus [Julius] thinks that [David] will be unable to leave the country in the near future. Undoubtedly, this case drew public attention to [David], and we don't rule out that sometime an idle reporter might come to their apartment for an interview.[57]

"August" asked Rosenberg to inform Greenglass that Soviet intelligence would assume all expenses connected with his departure if he agreed to leave the country. Also, it would resettle him in a new country and assume the care of those relatives remaining in America:

> After [I said] this, [Julius] remarked: "If he goes there, make a good Communist out of him." I asked [Julius] immediately whether he considered [David] a bad Communist. He answered that recently [David] had hardly read any party publications, and, naturally, his education must be supplemented.[58]

To the NKGB, an itinerary for the Greenglasses meant traveling to Czechoslovakia via France as "tourists."[59] But both David and Julius believed that any departure, because of Ruth's physical condition, could occur only in the fall. The station informed Moscow on May 23: "About ten days ago, [Ruth] gave birth to a girl, and . . . is still not sufficiently recovered from the illness she had . . . and, naturally, she can't undertake a trip now."[60]

David objected to the Paris-Prague proposal. He argued that, in addition to accumulated debts of over $3,000 that had to be paid, applying for a passport to travel to Europe (given his "Manhattan Project" background) would surely attract the FBI's attention. If they had to flee, David urged that their destination be Mexico.[61] Moscow agreed, and Harry Gold's arrest on May 23 accelerated the timetable for departure.

The following day, New York NKGB station chief Boris Krotov proposed to his superiors that the Greenglasses leave for Mexico within two to three weeks and received Moscow's immediate approval.[62] Soviet officials acknowledged that if the Greenglasses remained in the United States, this would "inevitably lead to their arrest." They also suggested that if David could not take his entire family with him on short notice, then he should leave only with his wife and newborn child or, worst-case scenario, even without them. The same strictures applied to Julius Rosenberg: "[Julius, David,] and their wives must be told that counterintelligence may use blackmail, invent various stories about the fate of those who left and [those who] remained, referring to their alleged confessions. Therefore, they shouldn't believe in these stories but stand firmly on their positions."[63]

It is evident from the cables sent by the NKGB's leadership that, after Klaus Fuchs's confession and Harry Gold's arrest, Moscow had begun to prepare for—and to expect—the worst regarding its remaining American atomic spies. The NKGB instructed its New York station immediately to provide Rosenberg and the Greenglasses with $10,000 to be used for their departure, while taking photos of all family members for the production of false passports in Mexico. The May 25 cable stressed the extraordinary nature of the situation and cautioned Krotov that the entire future of Soviet intelligence work in the United States depended on the successful evasion of arrest by the Greenglasses and the Rosenbergs.[64]

That same day, Moscow asked its Mexico City station to determine what documents Americans would need to live in Mexico and to leave the country for Europe. It also asked the station to identify a secure location for hiding two families with children. The Stockholm station was told to determine urgently if there were any passenger ships traveling directly between Mexico and Sweden, how often the ships left, and their names.[65] The following day, May 26, Moscow asked the New York station to discuss with Julius Rosenberg the possibility that he and David Greenglass might go underground if they were unable to leave the United States almost immediately.[66] On June 1, David told Julius that his family would be prepared to leave on June 15.[67]

But on June 9, a Soviet operative code-named "Kirillov" met with Julius Rosenberg and filed the following report:

> I saw no surveillance during the meeting and afterwards, despite checking [this] out for three hours following the meeting. [Julius] came to the meeting very agitated and immediately proposed that we leave the meeting place quickly. We walked about two blocks from the meeting place, and then [Julius] told me about the circumstances that had disturbed him. . . .[68]

While approaching David Greenglass's apartment building on Wednesday afternoon, June 7, Rosenberg noticed a car parked directly across the street with three men inside who stared at the entrance. Rosenberg assumed Greenglass was under FBI surveillance but nevertheless entered the building. As the two men conversed, David passed Julius a note which confirmed that the apartment had been watched constantly by these strangers all day long.

Julius left the apartment and, rounding the corner, noted a van with "Acme Construction Company" labeled on its sides. To confirm that David was being monitored, Julius returned to the building that evening. He found the same car and van where they had been parked earlier and saw two men leave the car and enter the back of the van. Julius also noticed four men, one standing on each of the four corners near the Greenglass apartment. He assumed that these, too, were American counterintelligence agents.

In discussions that day about the dangers of arrest, Rosenberg had cautioned Greenglass against revealing any of his operational activities if taken in for questioning. Greenglass insisted that under no circumstances would he become an informant. They both concluded, after observing the strict surveillance around the building, that, for the moment, escape was out of the question. Rosenberg suggested that Greenglass remain at home and await further word on preparations for his departure for Mexico, which "would depend now on the [continued] presence of surveillance."

"Kirillov," the operative who received Julius Rosenberg's report of the FBI's watch on David Greenglass, agreed with Julius that he must not visit David again. Instead, Ethel Rosenberg should visit her brother and take back all but $1,000 of the money previously given to him for his trip. (Should he be arrested, it would be difficult to explain the larger sum.)[69] The following week, on June 15, 1950, the FBI arrested David Greenglass and charged him with espionage. In Boris Krotov's June 17 cable reporting this event, he added the even more disturbing news that Greenglass apparently intended to plead guilty and cooperate with the government.[70]

Almost from the start of interrogation, David Greenglass acknowledged his complicity in atomic espionage and named Julius Rosenberg as the person who had recruited him for Soviet intelligence work in 1944. Greenglass's main goal, from the moment of arrest, was to persuade the U.S. government not to indict his wife as an accomplice and co-conspirator. His subsequent testimony against Julius and Ethel Rosenberg apparently reflected David's wish to protect Ruth far more than an effort on his part to avoid a long prison sentence, which he seemed to expect. When Greenglass was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment on April 6, 1951, Leonid Kvasnikov observed in a handwritten notation on a cable to Moscow from the NKGB's New York station that the sentence demonstrates "a clear tendency to show that those who contribute to the court's work are being spared by it."[71]

The FBI questioned Julius Rosenberg on the day following David's arrest and continued to gather evidence from the Greenglasses' statements and other sources. Rosenberg was arrested finally in July and charged with conspiracy to commit espionage with Greenglass and Harry Gold in 1944 and 1945. Other alleged co-conspirators were then taken into custody, including Ethel Rosenberg (on August 11) and Morton Sobell (on August 18), Julius's friend and former college classmate.

Morton Sobell, like the Rosenbergs, avowed his innocence. He had fled to Mexico with his family but was delivered to the FBI by Mexican police at the Texas border, an indication of the Greenglasses' probable fate had they attempted the plan to seek temporary Mexican asylum. Ethel Rosenberg and Morton Sobell were also charged with conspiracy to commit espionage as members of what the American media by the fall of 1950 had labeled the "Rosenberg spy ring."[72]

The trial of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg before Judge Irving R. Kaufman began in New York in March 1951. The chief witnesses for the prosecution were David Greenglass, who had pleaded guilty the previous October, and his wife, Ruth. Greenglass testified that he had given Harry Gold (once) and the Rosenbergs (several times) diagrams and other information concerning the lens mold, firing mechanism, and internal structure of the atomic bomb. Gold, who had pleaded guilty at a separate trial in December 1950 and had been sentenced to a thirty-year prison term, corroborated Greenglass's statements about their meeting but testified that he had never met the Rosenbergs.

The government's case against Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, therefore, relied largely upon the testimony of Ethel's brother and their sister-in-law. Similarly, the case against Morton Sobell depended almost entirely upon the testimony of another alleged co-conspirator, a former friend and fellow Communist named Max Elitcher who charged that Sobell had tried to recruit him into the espionage ring.

Defense lawyers ridiculed the evidence provided by confessed co-conspirators, but in cross-examination they dealt ineffectually with the testimony of Greenglass and Elitcher. (Gold was not cross-examined.) The Rosenbergs' decision to testify on their own behalf also proved unhelpful. Ethel Rosenberg, under cross-examination, chose to plead self-incrimination when questioned about her Communist affiliations.* On March 29, 1951, all four defendants (the Rosenbergs, Sobell, and Greenglass) were found guilty. While Judge Kaufman sentenced David Greenglass to a fifteen-year and Morton Sobell to a thirty-year prison term, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were both sentenced to death.†

Judge Kaufman set their execution for the week of May 21, 1951, but a series of legal appeals prevented the sentence from being carried out for more than two years. Meanwhile, a campaign to obtain clemency for the pair was mounted both in the United States and abroad. The movement, which included many non-Communist dignitaries, was spearheaded by Communist-dominated "defense committees."

Even the NKGB became involved. Within weeks of the trial verdict, on April 14, the New York station sent Moscow a plan on behalf of the Rosenbergs to "organize a powerful campaign in our and especially the foreign press. It is desirable to place articles about the trial, first of all in the non-Communist press." For Soviet writers, the station suggested eighteen separate themes for articles related to the case, including the fact that "the mother of two children is sentenced to execution in the electric chair . . . by the slanderous denunciation of her scoundrel-brother." Interestingly, although the first theme was that "espionage mania has reached its highest degree" in America with the Rosenberg trial, the station did not focus on arguing Julius's innocence. The eighteenth and last theme essentially accepted David Greenglass's guilt:

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* "Information on [Julius Rosenberg's] wife. Surname that of her husband, first name Ethel, 29 years old. Married five years. Finished secondary school. A [member of the Communist Party] since 1938. Sufficiently well developed politically. Knows about her husband's work and the role of METRE and NIL. In view of delicate health does not work. Is characterized positively and as a devoted person." Kvasnikov to Fitin, November 27, 1944, No. 1657, VENONA files.

† Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were executed on June 19, 1953, after the U.S. Supreme Court vacated in a 6–3 decision the stay of execution granted two days earlier by Justice William O. Douglas.

"The fact that [Greenglass], who allegedly passed 'secret' materials on the atomic bomb and is on substance the main accused person, got a relatively light sentence, tells us that this trial was a frame-up for certain goals."

The station's other proposal, beyond a media campaign to compel reduced sentences for the Rosenbergs, was to pressure Greenglass to recant his trial testimony against Julius and Ethel. A letter, supposedly written by David's friends, was to be passed personally to Ruth Greenglass or one of their relatives. The station cautioned that the document "by its form should give no hints that it could have been written by operatives of the station or members of the U.S. Communist Party." Essentially a threatening letter, it would claim to have been written "by American friends of [David Greenglass] who can turn into his deadly enemies. . . ."[73]

This sophomoric strategy to belatedly transform Greenglass's essentially accurate testimony against his sister and brother-in-law concluded with an absurd plea to those who might implement the plan, an impossible scheme at a time when the NKGB station had no American agents and sources: "[We] underline [the fact] that nobody should know about the letter, that it must be recited to [Greenglass], that his lawyer shouldn't know about it." The New York station, which, in earlier and more productive times, had been home to the most creative practitioners of Soviet intelligence tradecraft—among them Gutzeit, Ovakimyan, Yatskov, Kvasnikov, and Feklissov—had been reduced by the early 1950s to concocting doltish media campaigns and poison pen letters.

MOSCOW MEMORIES—1953–88

Even these proposed projects paled, however, when compared with the falsehood developed by Joseph Stalin's closest colleagues and heirs in 1953 following the dictator's death that March. Fearing a coup d'état in which virtually the entire Soviet leadership would be arrested and shot at the direction of Lavrenty Beria and his associates in the state security services, the Politburo's major figures—Bulganin, Malenkov, Khrushchev, Zhukov, and others—quickly arrested Beria and his major supporters. After a secret trial, all were executed by year's end on fictitious charges of plotting to overthrow the regime and to restore capitalism. (One of those who died with Beria was former NKVD head Vsevolod Merkulov.)

One of the charges against Beria on which even his main accusers disagreed was the extraordinary assertion that he had cooperated with British intelligence since the Revolution and may have been linked to the exposure of Klaus Fuchs and others who had engaged in atomic espionage. "Traitors Beria, Merkulov, [and others] during their work at leading posts in the state security organizations had been systematically informed about all the valuable materials on atomic energy . . . as well as data about the sources of this information," noted one December 1953 KGB document prepared for the "trial." "In particular, they were aware of agents' names and biographic data."[74]

A decade later, by which time the Soviet Union had moved from the terror of Stalin's last years to Nikita Khrushchev's "thaw," Colonel Alexander Feklissov suggested to the agency's head, A. Sakharovsky, in 1965 (the twentieth anniversary of Hitler's defeat) that the KGB urge the government to award Klaus Fuchs a medal honoring "his help to the USSR . . . in the struggle against fascism and imperialism . . . taking into account Fuchs's essential contribution to strengthening the USSR's military power." Feklissov proposed to decorate Fuchs with a high government medal and make him an honorary member of the Soviet Union's Academy of Sciences. The Academy's head, however, opposed the award, apparently believing that such an action would minimize the role played by Soviet physicists in creating their own country's atomic weapons.[75]

Klaus Fuchs did not remain insensitive to such slights. For example, in 1971 he protested directly to the chief of East Germany's Ministry for State Security, Erich Mielke, who in turn complained to Moscow, when Harold "Kim" Philby's memoir *My Secret War* referred in disparaging terms to Fuchs's behavior under interrogation.[76] Fuchs died in 1988 and, posthumously, Soviet intelligence officials decided to urge their government to award his long-deferred official decoration.[77] Appropriately, it was Fuchs's postwar courier, Alexander Feklissov, who flew to East Berlin for the presentation ceremony.

After visiting Fuchs's gravesite, Feklissov went to Dresden to present the Order of People's Friendship directly to the physicist's widow, Margaret Fuchs, who, despite the honor, was not pleased. "Why did you come so late?" she demanded of Fuchs's Soviet admirer. "Klaus waited for you for twenty-five years. In the last years, he thought there were no Soviet comrades left alive who knew him."[78] The complaint, although delivered unfairly to Feklissov, who for decades had urged such recognition, was justified. It was also bittersweet, coming as it did in the waning months of the Communist world to which—like so many Soviet operatives, agents, and sources of an earlier generation—Klaus Fuchs had devoted his life.

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Few of those in the West known to have delivered atomic secrets to Soviet intelligence escaped postwar pursuit and punishment. Klaus Fuchs, after serving his prison sentence, found a new life in Communist East Germany. Donald Maclean escaped certain arrest and imprisonment by fleeing, in 1951, to the Soviet Union, where he lived out his days. Harry Gold and David Greenglass, after completing their jail sentences, disappeared from public view. Greenglass had successfully negotiated his trial testimony against the Rosenbergs in exchange for the U.S. government's agreement not to prosecute his wife, Ruth. His sister and brother-in-law proved less fortunate in the prevailing anti-Communist mood of the times. Despite numerous appeals for clemency from around the world, the Rosenbergs went to their deaths in 1953.

Others avoided detection. The British scientist known by the code name "Eric," who proved so helpful to the NKVD during the war years, successfully protected his anonymity, as did the American engineer "Persian." Theodore Hall faced an FBI interrogation at the time of the atom spy trials, but it failed to turn up adequate evidence against him—including several incriminating cables decrypted in the VENONA program—until years later. Nonetheless, Hall left his U.S. teaching career and settled in England, where he abandoned atomic physics to pursue a distinguished career as a microbiologist at Cambridge University. Only after the VENONA materials were released in 1995–96 did Hall acknowledge his covert assistance to the NKVD during the war years.

Unabashed even today, however, Ted Hall concluded in a recently published *apologia* that as a young scientist delivering Western atomic secrets to Soviet intelligence, he had "the right end of the stick. I am no longer that person; but I am by no means ashamed of him."[79] A half-century earlier, the Soviet operative-journalist Sergei Kurnakov had asked Hall at their first encounter: "Do you understand what you are doing? Why do you think it is necessary to disclose U.S. secrets for the sake of the Soviet Union?" Hall responded: "There is no country except for the Soviet Union which could be entrusted with such a terrible thing."[80]

This blind faith in the superiority of a Communist society, whose norms differed so greatly from those of his own country, led Hall and other Americans who delivered secrets to Soviet intelligence in the 1930s and 1940s to an interlude of profound betrayal. Markus Wolf, the talented East German Communist spymaster, described figures like Hall—and other Western spies for the USSR—as believing that leading covert lives secured their admission to "an elite . . . secretive club fighting for a noble ideal."[81]

Moscow could rely for an entire generation upon this varied collection of American and British espionage agents and sources, only a handful of whom ever defected or renounced their earlier treachery. Even during the murderous purge era, Soviet communism retained for some in the West a power to illuminate action and induce devotion that would persist until Cold War confrontation and the venomous final years of Joseph Stalin's rule combined to extinguish the flame.

Epilogue: Aftermath and Legacy

As he lay seriously ill in Moscow during the late 1960s, following years of incarceration in the Gulag, Alexander Ulanovski, Soviet military intelligence's U.S. station chief from 1931 to 1934, read his wife's Russian translation of Robert Conquest's extraordinary book on the 1936–39 Soviet purge years, *The Great Terror.* (A samizdat translation was then being distributed secretly among other dissidents.) "Now I can die in peace," Ulanovski announced. "The story is known and it will survive."*[1]

But when does a chronicle survive, fully and persuasively, as a work of history? Surely the operatives, agents, and sources described in *The Haunted Wood* (and others still unrevealed) deserve a more complete narrative than the one provided by the authors' partial access to KGB archives.

For now, we have to accept the illuminating but incomplete scrutiny of Soviet records available for this book, supplementing its mosaic of evidence with the VENONA cables, the published literature, and private sources. If the present guardians of intelligence files in Russia, the United States, and Great Britain are among our readers, however, perhaps this effort to dispassionately describe Soviet espionage in the

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* Nadya Ulanovskaya described her husband's deathbed statement in a 1977 interview with Allen Weinstein.

United States during the Stalin era will encourage expedited review and release of even more materials under their control.

As for the entire effort to penetrate key American institutions by Moscow's intelligence operatives in the 1930s and war years, "by the onset of the Cold War [as Daniel Patrick Moynihan wrote recently] the Soviet attack in the area of espionage and subversion had been blunted and turned back":

> There would be episodic successes in the years to come, but none equal to earlier feats. New York of the 1930s. Los Alamos. Some unions. The State Department. The Treasury Department. By the close of the 1940s, Communism was a defeated ideology in the United States, with its influence in steep and steady decline, and the KGB reduced to recruiting thieves as spies.[2]

Moynihan might have added the OSS and several other wartime government agencies to his roster of Soviet "successes." But he is correct in believing that the end of World War II's Soviet-American alliance and the defections of Gouzenko and Bentley combined to end most of the spying that had provided the USSR's leaders with a cornucopia of policy and technical secrets from the United States during the war.

Soviet intelligence largely contented itself in the half-century of Cold War confrontation that followed with the gleanings of traitors-for-hire, paid informants such as the later-convicted members of the Walker family and Aldrich Ames. Such mercenaries existed also among agents and sources in America during the Stalin era, especially in the 1930s. But they were dwarfed in number and importance by antifascist believers in Communist ideology, who risked their careers to hand over material. By the time a far-reaching "culture of secrecy" (in Moynihan's phrase) had swept through U.S. society in the Truman-Eisenhower years, the dangers of an "American Communist underground" had become the stuff of both history and myth—but no longer a reality.

In the aftermath of Soviet espionage's "golden age," 1933–45, Moscow operatives in the United States who survived execution during the purge years (such as Itzhak Akhmerov, Alexander Feklissov, Anatoly Gorsky, and others) were not compelled to suffer the indignity experienced by many of their key American agents and sources who followed Soviet instructions* and lied about their past involvement at congressional hearings, government security inquiries, and criminal trials. By breaking completely with the Communist underground, a few defecting agents—notably Elizabeth Bentley and Whittaker Chambers—escaped this moral dilemma only to assume another, that of bearing witness against their former friends and colleagues. The testimony of defectors provoked criticism not only from those who had remained Communists but also from a significant portion of the non-Communist American intelligentsia.

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* For example, those given to Nathan Gregory Silvermaster.

A number of Soviet agents, despite the evidence, persisted in denying their covert deeds—Alger Hiss, Duncan Lee, Julius Rosenberg, Nathan Gregory Silvermaster, and Harry Dexter White, to name a few—even though, for some, the Stalinist "god" had long since failed.

Based on the available evidence, nor were the Russian operatives assigned to the United States during this generation as emotionally troubled and, in some cases, as unhinged as some of their American agents and sources. No hint of personal scandal, despite one or two divorces, ever attached itself either to married operatives, such as Itzhak Akhmerov and Helen Lowry or Vassily Zarubin and Elizabeth Zarubina, or to most of the other major station chiefs and operatives of that era—Alexander Feklissov, Anatoly Gorsky, Peter Gutzeit, Leonid Kvasnikov, Gaik Ovakimyan, Alexander Panyushkin, Vladimir Pravdin, Anatoly Yatskov, among others. With a few exceptions, although the word would trouble them, they and their colleagues appeared thoroughly bourgeois in personal habits and lifestyle.

For many of their American associates, however, covert activity referred not only to underground work but also to personal habits that often threatened their exposure. Moscow complained on several occasions about Martha Dodd's numerous liaisons, and Nathan Gregory Silvermaster solved his household tensions by devising a ménage à trois for himself, his wife, and another agent in the group. The domestic quarrels of Victor and Katherine Perlo led to her incriminating letter to American authorities, just as Elizabeth Bentley's troubled years following the death of her lover, Jacob Golos, finally led to her break with Communist espionage. A married Whittaker Chambers collected documents from Washington sources in the evenings during the mid-1930s while (by his own later confession) he roamed the streets of Baltimore and New York seeking male companionship. In addition, confidence men like Samuel Dickstein ("Crook") and Boris Morros professed ideological devotion even as they continually raised the monetary stakes for their services. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that Soviet operatives valued so greatly those Americans whose devotion even in adversity—Earl Browder (until his expulsion from the CPUSA), Alger Hiss, and Julius Rosenberg among them—was rock-solid.

From a half-century's perspective, one remarkable achievement by Soviet intelligence in the mid-1940s was to keep American counterintelligence ignorant of the dramatic manner in which its networks were swiftly dismantled after the Gouzenko and Bentley defections. During the years that followed, testimony by Elizabeth Bentley and Whittaker Chambers was crucial in the FBI's pursuit of individuals who had served earlier as Soviet agents and sources. Moreover, without Klaus Fuchs's confession, which led to the arrests of Harry Gold and David Greenglass and to their subsequent cooperation with the government, all of those involved in atomic espionage might have escaped arrest (as some, including Theodore Hall, "Eric," and "Persian," actually did).

In at least one case, punishment far exceeded the crimes. Even most of those who were persuaded that Julius Rosenberg had recruited his brother-in-law, David Greenglass, to commit atomic espionage, and that Rosenberg had been a longtime Soviet agent and agent handler, believe that his death sentence should never have been issued or carried out. As for Ethel Rosenberg, the material drawn from KGB archives for this book, along with previously available information, suggests that although she knew of her husband's long and productive work for Soviet intelligence, at most she played only a minor supporting role in that work. In a less-pressured legal and political environment, her actions might have led only to a brief jail term, perhaps not even to her arrest. The couple became the focus of a worldwide clemency campaign, especially after publication of their *Death House Letters.*[3] Ethel and Julius Rosenberg were executed in 1953, recognizing that they had become, for their supporters, mythic figures in an iconography that dramatized the larger symbolism of their situation through these "open letters" from prison.[4]

The other major case related to Soviet espionage that became a public drama during this period involved Whittaker Chambers's allegations, and evidence, against Alger Hiss. The complex facts of the Hiss-Chambers relationship, like those in the Rosenberg case, were reduced by partisans to competing images. In both cases, almost from the moment they began, the facts became the subject matter for simple morality tales. The protagonists assumed the status of icons in the demonologies and hagiographies of their opposing camps.

Republicans invoked Hiss's presumed treachery to indict the Democratic Party for allegedly tolerating large numbers of Soviet agents in the federal government during the Roosevelt presidency. For many liberals and radicals, on the other hand, the nature of Hiss's main accusers—a Communist defector (Chambers), an ambitious Congressman (Richard Nixon), and a Red-hunting FBI director (J. Edgar Hoover)—was enough to persuade them, erroneously, that Hiss had been an innocent victim of perjured testimony and concocted evidence. The assault on Alger Hiss, his defenders argued, foreshadowed a larger effort by Republicans to discredit New Deal liberalism and bipartisan internationalism. On both sides, issues of evidence blended into a defining argument over political beliefs.

Thus the question of whether Alger Hiss had committed perjury by denying that he had spied for the Soviets became entangled in a larger set of public issues: the meaning and merit of the Cold War, the treatment of domestic Communists, the response by intellectuals to their own radical pasts, the true extent of Communist infiltration into the U.S. government during the New Deal and war years, and the proper role of congressional committees in probing subversion. The facts that might have established Alger Hiss's *legal* guilt or innocence became absorbed in this debate over the broader meaning of the case.[5]

Hiss's conviction, in turn (as historian Earl Latham observed), "revolutionized public opinion" on the question of Soviet espionage in the American government. "Without the Alger Hiss case," Latham noted of the postwar spy probes, "the six-year controversy that followed might have been a much tamer affair, and the Communist issue somewhat more tractable."[6] Instead, within a month of the jury verdict against Hiss, Klaus Fuchs was arrested, opening the investigation that led to the Rosenbergs, and Senator Joseph McCarthy journeyed to Wheeling, West Virginia, to make his maiden speech on Communist subversion in America. The new era of anti-Communist politics quickly acquired its leading figure—and its name.

Despite later denials, the truth is that a number of American agents and sources, some from doctrinal devotion and others for cold cash, carried on espionage for Soviet operatives throughout the New Deal and war years. Because of their work, Russian intelligence agencies received substantial and sometimes critical information (including many classified documents) concerning U.S. government policies on highly sensitive subjects, its confidential negotiating strategies, and secret weapons developments, including essential processes involved in building the atomic bomb. Moscow's American surrogates, in short, turned over, especially during the war, a voluminous collection of classified materials to Soviet operatives. In addition to the material from KGB archives quoted in the preceding pages, the authors collected—but have not cited—150 single-spaced pages of confidential letters, cables, and other documents taken by Moscow's American agents and sources, a fraction of the total amount actually transmitted.*

This data was the tangible and hurtful legacy left by those who volunteered for membership in that "secretive club" described by Markus Wolf, however tarnished Soviet communism might have become for some of them in the wake of the Moscow purge trials and the Nazi-Soviet Pact. Few joined Bentley and Chambers in defecting or, like Duggan and Straight, in distancing themselves. Most continued their involvement in espionage until Moscow itself terminated its American networks in 1945.

At the same time, the personal legacy left by many of Soviet intelligence's American confederates was mainly one of anguish and bitterness. The Rosenbergs' execution, jail sentences for Alger Hiss and others, Laurence Duggan's suicide, and the exiled wanderings of Martha Dodd and Alfred Stern highlighted the underlying sense of frustration and grief that also affected others who, earlier, had enjoyed the secret life's psychic rewards. After Alger Hiss's conviction, for example, Whittaker Chambers wrote a friend concerning his testimony against Hiss that he felt "it was all for nothing, that nothing had been gained except the misery of others."[7]

Even those Americans who, unlike Chambers, had not turned against communism may have shared in the "misery." Certainly, none wrote and published in the following years a proud memoir of his (or her) achievements as a Soviet intelligence agent comparable to Kim Philby's *My Secret Life* or John Cairncross's recent posthumous autobiography. Nor did an aspiring Herodotus, a participant-historian, emerge from among them to record their motives and actions, as that first historian wrote of his age, "in the hope of preserving from decay the remembrance of what men have done . . . of preventing [their] great and wonderful actions . . . from losing their due meed of glory; and withal to put on record what were their grounds of feud."[8] In the end, the enduring legacy of those Americans who sacrificed country for cause in "the haunted wood" remains one of inglorious constancy to a cruel and discredited faith.

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* Some of the American material was actually stolen by British agents—Burgess, Maclean, and Philby—while in Washington or in London.

NOTES

Chapter 1. Communist Romantics, I: The Reluctant Laurence Duggan

1. File 36857, Vol. 1, pp. 11–13, KGB Archives, Moscow. Hereafter, all materials from these archives will be denoted by the introductory file, volume, and page numbers as above.
2. Ibid., p. 19.
3. Ibid., p. 14.
4. Ibid., pp. 17, 20.
5. Ibid., p. 23.
6. Ibid., p. 22.
7. Ibid., p. 24.
8. Ibid.
9. Ibid., p. 25.
10. Ibid., p. 27.
11. Ibid., p. 30.
12. Ibid., pp. 30–31.
13. Ibid., pp. 258–60.
14. Ibid., p. 36.
15. Ibid., p. 40.
16. Ibid., pp. 42–44.
17. Ibid., p. 46.
18. Ibid., p. 49.
19. Ibid., p. 51.

20. Ibid., pp. 84–85.

21. Pavel Sudoplatov and Anatoli Sudoplatov, *Special Tasks: The Memoirs of an Unwanted Witness—A Soviet Spymaster* (New York: Little, Brown, 1995), p. 47.

22. File 36857, Vol. 1, p. 87.

23. File 3587, Vol. 1, p. 227.

24. File 36857, Vol. 1, p. 67.

25. Ibid., pp. 68–69.

26. Ibid., pp. 70–71.

27. File 3587, Vol. 1, pp. 231–32.

28. File 36857, Vol. 1, pp. 71–72.

29. Ibid., pp. 74–75.

30. Ibid.

31. Ibid., p. 80.

32. Ibid., p. 86.

33. Ibid., pp. 87–88.

34. Ibid.

35. Ibid., pp. 90–93.

36. Ibid., pp. 94–95.

37. Ibid., p. 100.

38. Ibid., p. 102.

39. Ibid., p. 101.

40. Ibid., pp. 103, 106.

41. Ibid., pp. 108–109.

42. Ibid., pp. 114, 116–22.

43. Ibid., pp. 123–24.

44. File 3587, Vol. 7, pp. 36, 154.

45. File 36857, Vol. 1, p. 137.

46. Ibid., pp. 140, 143.

47. Ibid., pp. 156–58.

48. Ibid., p. 167.

49. Ibid., pp. 170–78.

50. Ibid., p. 185.

51. Ibid., pp. 192–93.

52. Ibid., pp. 196a–98.

53. Ibid., p. 200 (in the envelope).

54. Ibid., pp. 201–205.

55. Ibid., p. 229. "[Duggan] has been appointed . . . Assistant Diplomatic Advisor of the [UNRRA]. . . . According to [Akhmerov], [Duggan] even before this, was announcing that his position in the [State Department] was precarious. . . ." New York station to Moscow, August 4, 1994, No. 1114, VENONA files.

56. File 36857, Vol. 1, p. 246.

57. Ibid., p. 262.

58. Ibid., pp. 263–64.
59. Ibid., pp. 271–72.
60. Ibid., p. 284.

Chapter 2. Creating the Soviet Networks: Hiss, Chambers, and Early Recruits

1. File 17517, Vol. 3, pp. 70–72.
2. William E. Leuchtenburg, *Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal* (New York: Harper & Row, 1963), pp. 205–207.
3. File 17407, Vol. 1, p. 116.
4. Ibid., p. 22.
5. Ibid., pp. 9–12.
6. Ibid., pp. 75–76.
7. Ibid., pp. 67–68.
8. File 3465, Vol. 1, p. 28.
9. File 3460, Vol. 1, pp. 42, 59.
10. File 3464, Vol. 1, pp. 176–78.
11. Ibid., p. 29.
12. Ibid., p. 31.
13. File 3461, Vol. 2, pp. 176–77.
14. File 3463, Vol. 1, p. 90.
15. Ibid., p. 236.
16. File 3464, Vol. 1, p. 217.
17. File 40594, Vol. 2, pp. 230–31.
18. File 3461, Vol. 1, pp. 56–57.
19. Ibid., pp. 57–58.
20. File 3465, Vol. 1, pp. 45–47.
21. Ibid., pp. 290–92; File 40594, Vol. 4, pp. 167–68.
22. File 40594, Vol. 4, pp. 144–45.
23. File 3463, Vol. 2, p. 183.
24. File 3463, Vol. 1, p. 57.
25. File 3465, Vol. 1, p. 39.
26. File 40594, Vol. 1, pp. 110–11.
27. File 3461, Vol. 1, pp. 32–33.
28. File 3463, Vol. 2, pp. 71–72.
29. File 3461, Vol. 1, p. 156.
30. File 3465, Vol. 2, pp. 78–79.
31. File 17407, Vol. 1, p. 76.
32. File 35112, Vol. 1, p. 5.
33. File 3464, Vol. 1, pp. 113–14.
34. Ibid.
35. File 17690, Vol. 1, pp. 5–7, 90–93.

36. File 3460, Vol. 2, pp. 32–33.
37. File 3463, Vol. 1, p. 285.
38. File 3460, Vol. 2, p. 39.
39. File 17407, Vol. 1, pp. 70, 73.
40. Ibid., pp. 76–77.
41. File 3464, Vol. 1, p. 133.
42. File 17643, Vol. 1, p. 24.
43. Ibid., p. 17.
44. Ibid., p. 20.
45. Ibid., p. 42.
46. Ibid., pp. 20–21.
47. Ibid., pp. 39–41.
48. Ibid., p. 42.
49. Ibid., pp. 21–22.
50. A. Vassiliev and A. Koreshkov, *Station Chief Gold* (Moscow: Andropov Red-Banner Institute, 1984), pp. 31–32.
51. Ibid., pp. 50–51.
52. File 17643, Vol. 1, p. 29.
53. Ibid., p. 30.
54. Ibid., pp. 33, 38.
55. Ibid., pp. 53–54.
56. Ibid., p. 51.
57. Ibid., p. 64.
58. Ibid., p. 69.
59. Ibid., p. 70.
60. File 3464, Vol. 1, p. 76.
61. File 43173, Vol. 5, p. 266.
62. Allen Weinstein, *Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case* (New York: Knopf, 1968), p. 114. See also Sam Tanenhaus, *Whittaker Chambers: A Biography* (New York: Random House, 1997).
63. Weinstein, *Perjury*, passim.
64. Ibid., p. 121; see also pp. 120–24.
65. Ibid., p. 122.
66. Ibid., p. 123.
67. Ibid., pp. 120–24.
68. Ibid., especially pp. 116–20.
69. Ibid., pp. 98–99.
70. Ibid., especially pp. 192–203.
71. Ibid., pp. 114–15, 124–25.
72. Ibid., pp. 124–27.
73. Ibid., pp. 189–235.
74. Ibid., pp. 204–35.
75. Ibid., pp. 272–80.
76. Ibid., pp. 280–87.

77. Ibid., pp. 233–35, 287–90.
78. Ibid., p. 234.
79. Ibid., p. 291.
80. Ibid., pp. 291–92.
81. Ibid., pp. 292–93.
82. Ibid., pp. 55–59, 293–94.

Chapter 3. Love and Loyalties, I: The Case of Martha Dodd

1. File 14449, Vol. 1, p. 13.
2. Ibid., p. 25.
3. Ibid., p. 15.
4. Ibid., p. 16.
5. Ibid., p. 25.
6. Ibid., p. 27.
7. Ibid., pp. 17–18.
8. Ibid., pp. 20–21.
9. Ibid., pp. 24, 31.
10. Ibid., p. 27.
11. Ibid., p. 28.
12. Ibid., p. 30.
13. Ibid., p. 35.
14. Ibid., p. 36.
15. Ibid., p. 37.
16. Ibid., pp. 38–44.
17. Ibid.
18. Ibid., p. 48.
19. Ibid., pp. 33–34.
20. Ibid.
21. Ibid., pp. 45–46.
22. Ibid., p. 50.
23. Ibid., p. 51.
24. Ibid., pp. 33–34.
25. Ibid., p. 52.
26. Ibid., p. 14.
27. File 35112, Vol. 5, p. 45.
28. Ibid., p. 102.
29. File 14449, Vol. 1, p. 56.
30. File 35112, Vol. 5, pp. 117–18.
31. File 35112, Vol. 6, pp. 98–99.
32. File 14449, Vol. 1, p. 57.
33. Ibid., p. 61.

34. Ibid., pp. 70–72.
35. Ibid., pp. 75–77.
36. Ibid.
37. Ibid., pp. 106–107.
38. Ibid., pp. 118–21.
39. Ibid., pp. 124–25.
40. Ibid., pp. 122–23, 126–28.
41. File 14449, Vol. 2, p. 231.
42. File 3463, Vol. 2, pp. 40–41.
43. File 35112, Vol. 5, p. 37.
44. File 43173, Vol. 5, pp. 101, 103.
45. File 35112, Vol. 5, pp. 166–67.
46. Ibid., pp. 186–87.
47. Ibid., pp. 169, 267.
48. File 35112, Vol. 5a, pp. 452–55.
49. File 35112, Vol. 6, pp. 96–97.
50. File 35112, Vol. 7, pp. 438–39.
51. File 43173, Vol. 5, p. 103.
52. File 35112, Vol. 7, pp. 73, 94; File 43173, Vol. 1, p. 126. See also New York station to Moscow, May 26, 1944, No. 748, VENONA files.
53. File 14449, Vol. 2, pp. 21–24.
54. Ibid., p. 17.
55. Ibid., pp. 18, 25.
56. File 43173, Vol. 5, p. 102.
57. File 14449, Vol. 2, pp. 29, 31, 22–34, 62–63, 71–72, 79.
58. Ibid., p. 76.
59. Ibid., p. 77.
60. Ibid., p. 78.
61. Ibid., pp. 100, 105.
62. Ibid., p. 129.
63. Ibid., pp. 130–33, 137.
64. Ibid., pp. 144, 150.
65. Ibid., pp. 153, 158–59.
66. Ibid., pp. 160, 164.
67. Ibid., pp. 170–71.
68. Ibid., pp. 173–74, 186, 188.
69. Ibid., p. 190.
70. Ibid., pp. 210–11.
71. Ibid., pp. 227, 241–43.
72. Ibid., pp. 265–66.
73. Ibid., pp. 244, 263.
74. Ibid., pp. 276–77.
75. Ibid., p. 325.
76. Ibid., pp. 362–63.
77. Ibid., p. 365.

Chapter 4. Communist Romantics, II: The Exuberant Michael Straight

1. File 58380, Vol. 1, p. 13.
2. Ibid., p. 12.
3. Ibid., pp. 14–17.
4. Ibid.
5. Ibid., pp. 19, 21, 25.
6. Ibid., pp. 28–32.
7. Ibid., p. 157.
8. Ibid., p. 26.
9. Ibid., pp. 33–34.
10. Ibid., pp. 39, 158.
11. Ibid., p. 39.
12. Ibid., p. 40.
13. Ibid., p. 46.
14. Ibid., p. 43.
15. Ibid., p. 46.
16. Ibid., p. 49.
17. Ibid., p. 48.
18. Ibid., pp. 44–45.
19. Ibid., p. 53.
20. Ibid., p. 51.
21. Ibid., p. 52.
22. Ibid., pp. 56–57.
23. Ibid., p. 59.
24. Ibid., pp. 60–62.
25. Ibid., p. 67.
26. Ibid., pp. 71, 81.
27. Ibid., p. 62.
28. Ibid., pp. 73–74.
29. Ibid., p. 83.
30. Ibid., pp. 92, 96.
31. Ibid., p. 113.
32. Ibid., pp. 118, 120–22.
33. Ibid., p. 147.
34. Ibid., p. 142.
35. Ibid., pp. 143–44, 146–47.
36. Ibid., pp. 148, 158, 162.
37. Ibid., pp. 165–67.
38. Michael Straight, *After Long Silence* (New York: William Morrow, 1983), pp. 130, 135.
39. Ibid., p. 207.

40. Yuri Modin, *My Five Cambridge Friends: Burgess, Maclean, Philby, Blunt and Cairncross* (New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1994), p. 76.
41. Ibid., p. 214.

Chapter 5. Love and Loyalties, II: Elizabeth Bentley and Jacob Golos

1. File 70994, Vol. 1, p. 127.
2. Ibid., pp. 7, 127.
3. Ibid., pp. 105, 127–28.
4. Ibid., p. 10.
5. Ibid., pp. 8, 12–14, 21.
6. Ibid., p. 30.
7. File 70545, Vol. 1, p. 233.
8. File 70994, Vol. 1, pp. 71, 83, 98.
9. Ibid., pp. 86, 98.
10. Ibid., pp. 36, 97, 392.
11. Ibid., pp. 141, 241.
12. Ibid., p. 155.
13. Ibid., p. 161.
14. File 70545, Vol. 1, p. 279.
15. Ibid., pp. 277–78.
16. Ibid., pp. 212–13.
17. File 35112, Vol. 5a, p. 420.
18. File 70545, Vol. 1, p. 229.
19. Ibid., pp. 224–27.
20. Ibid., pp. 230–32.
21. Ibid., pp. 235–36.
22. Ibid., pp. 239–41.
23. Ibid., p. 208.
24. File 70994, Vol. 1, p. 130.
25. Ibid., pp. 146, 173, 272.
26. Ibid., pp. 48, 98–99.
27. Ibid., pp. 101–102, 120–25, 181–82, 188.
28. File 35112, Vol. 1, p. 8.
29. File 70994, Vol. 1, pp. 235–36.
30. File 32428, Vol. 1, p. 266.
31. File 70994, Vol. 1, p. 339.
32. Ibid., p. 171.
33. Ibid., pp. 338, 367–68, 371.
34. File 70545, Vol. 1, pp. 280–82.
35. Ibid.

36. Ibid. Browder used Golos, among others, to convey his information to Soviet intelligence. See, for example, New York station to Moscow, July 18, 1943, Nos. 1163 and 1164; and May 26, 1943, No. 784, all VENONA files.

37. File 70994, Vol. 1, pp. 296–98.

38. Ibid., pp. 307, 312.

39. Ibid., p. 324; File 70545, Vol. 1, p. 65.

40. File 70994, Vol. 1, p. 310.

41. File 70545, Vol. 1, p. 283.

42. File 70994, Vol. 1, pp. 352–53.

43. File 70545, Vol. 1, p. 9.

44. Ibid., pp. 19–22.

45. Ibid., pp. 48–49; File 70994, Vol. 1, p. 325.

46. File 70545, Vol. 1, pp. 32, 35–36.

47. Ibid., pp. 79–80.

48. Ibid., p. 97. "The [Silvermaster/Ullman] material goes through [Bentley]. . . . Most of the material received . . . has been processed by [Akhmerov]. . . ." New York station to Moscow, February 23, 1944, No. 278, VENONA files.

49. File 70545, Vol. 1, pp. 83–84, 88–89. Browder also worked directly, when he chose to, with Soviet operatives. New York station to Moscow, February 9, 1944, No. 196, VENONA files.

50. File 70545, Vol. 1, pp. 95–99.

51. Ibid., p. 100.

52. Ibid., p. 103.

53. Ibid., pp. 105–12.

54. Ibid., pp. 128–29.

55. Ibid., p. 114; File 70994, Vol. 1, p. 339.

56. File 70545, Vol. 1, pp. 253–54.

57. Ibid., pp. 168–69.

58. Ibid., p. 249.

59. Ibid., p. 184.

60. Ibid., pp. 288–94.

61. Ibid., pp. 338–340.

62. Ibid., pp. 340–48.

63. Ibid., p. 359.

64. Ibid., pp. 360–62.

65. Ibid., pp. 363–67.

66. Ibid.

67. Ibid., pp. 368–71. Merkulov's caution probably reflected recognition of the fact that, despite her erratic behavior, Elizabeth Bentley continued to provide valuable information to Soviet intelligence at this time. For example, one October 1944 cable described Bentley's identification of a new OSS employee whom she believed would be willing to work with the NKGB. New York station to Moscow, October 14, 1944, No. 1464, VENONA files.

68. File 70545, Vol. 1, pp. 387–90.
69. Ibid., pp. 410–14.
70. Ibid., p. 402.
71. Ibid., p. 403.
72. Ibid., pp. 393–96.
73. Ibid., pp. 397–401.
74. Ibid., p. 212.
75. Ibid., pp. 405–406.
76. Ibid., pp. 407–408.
77. Ibid., p. 415.
78. Ibid., p. 416.
79. Ibid., pp. 439–40.
80. Ibid., pp. 420–22.
81. Ibid., pp. 423–24.
82. Ibid., pp. 446–48.
83. Ibid., pp. 472–74.
84. Ibid., pp. 551–52.

Chapter 6. Double Agent/Hollywood Hustler: The Case of Boris Morros

1. File 30595, Vol. 1, pp. 13, 17.
2. Ibid., p. 13.
3. Ibid., pp. 14–15.
4. Ibid., p. 18.
5. Ibid., p. 16.
6. Ibid.
7. Ibid., p. 21.
8. Ibid., p. 26.
9. Ibid., p. 27.
10. Ibid., pp. 36–38.
11. Ibid.
12. Ibid., p. 35.
13. Ibid., p. 39.
14. Ibid., pp. 44–47.
15. Ibid.
16. Ibid., p. 48.
17. Ibid., pp. 40, 42–43.
18. Ibid., pp. 57, 114.
19. Ibid., p. 58.
20. Ibid., p. 52.
21. Ibid., pp. 62, 64, 76–77.
22. Ibid., pp. 65–67.

23. Ibid., pp. 66, 71, 74, 77, 89.
24. Ibid., pp. 79, 113, 114, 126.
25. Ibid., p. 82.
26. Ibid.
27. Ibid.
28. Ibid.
29. Ibid., pp. 93–98.
30. Ibid., p. 101.
31. Ibid., pp. 101–106.
32. Ibid.
33. Ibid., pp. 101–108.
34. Ibid., pp. 109–10.
35. Ibid., p. 111.
36. Ibid., p. 112.
37. Ibid., pp. 119–23.
38. Ibid., p. 129.
39. Ibid., pp. 133–38.
40. Ibid., p. 131.
41. Ibid., pp. 146–48.
42. Ibid., p. 152.
43. Ibid., pp. 156–57.
44. Ibid., pp. 158–59.
45. Ibid., p. 163.
46. Ibid., pp. 166–74.
47. Ibid., p. 176.
48. Ibid., pp. 180–86.
49. Ibid., pp. 195–99.
50. Ibid., pp. 199–200.
51. Ibid., pp. 206–11.
52. Ibid.
53. Ibid., p. 213.
54. File 30595, Vol. 3, p. 42.
55. Ibid., p. 43.
56. Ibid., pp. 20–29.
57. File 30595, Vol. 1, pp. 238–40.
58. File 30595, Vol. 3, p. 37.
59. Ibid., p. 60.
60. Ibid., pp. 63–65.
61. Ibid., pp. 86–92.
62. Ibid., pp. 95–96.
63. Ibid., pp. 101–106.
64. Ibid., pp. 98–99.
65. Ibid., p. 155.
66. Ibid., pp. 196–98.
67. Ibid., p. 194.

68. Ibid., p. 199.
69. Ibid., pp. 178, 180, 185, 211.
70. Ibid., p. 219.
71. Ibid., pp. 230, 260.
72. Ibid., pp. 248–49.
73. Ibid., p. 252.
74. Ibid., p. 249.
75. Ibid., pp. 263–64, 266.
76. Ibid., p. 342.
77. File 30595, Vol. 4, pp. 8, 11.
78. Ibid., p. 17.
79. Ibid., pp. 29–31.
80. Ibid., pp. 34–37.
81. Ibid., pp. 39–40.
82. Ibid., p. 48.
83. Ibid., pp. 44–45.
84. Ibid., p. 84.
85. Ibid., pp. 88–89, 90–93.
86. Ibid., pp. 110–11, 119.
87. Ibid., pp. 124–29.
88. Ibid., pp. 130–31.
89. Ibid., pp. 142–49.
90. Ibid., pp. 151, 153–54, 157.
91. Ibid., p. 210.
92. Ibid., p. 230.
93. Ibid., p. 232.
94. Ibid., p. 235.
95. Ibid., p. 254.
96. Ibid., pp. 269–71.
97. Ibid., pp. 266–67.
98. Ibid., pp. 289–91.
99. Ibid., p. 293.
100. Ibid., pp. 320–25.
101. Ibid., pp. 298–99.
102. File 30595, Vol. 5, pp. 43–45.
103. Ibid., pp. 78–81.

Chapter 7. "Crook": A Soviet Agent in Congress

1. *New York Times,* April 23, 1954.
2. Walter Goodman, *The Committee* (New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1968), pp. 10–12.
3. Ibid., p. 3.

4. File 15428, Vol. 1, pp. 54, 56.
5. Ibid., pp. 58–60.
6. Ibid., pp. 61–63.
7. File 35112, Vol. 5, pp. 269–70.
8. File 15428, Vol. 1, pp. 1–2.
9. Ibid.
10. Ibid., p. 9.
11. Ibid., p. 5.
12. Ibid., pp. 6, 10–11.
13. Ibid., p. 11.
14. Ibid., pp. 12–14.
15. Ibid., pp. 17–18.
16. File 35112, Vol. 5, pp. 136–37, 108, 238.
17. File 15428, Vol. 1, pp. 18–22.
18. Ibid.
19. File 32428, Vol. 1, pp. 183–85.
20. File 15428, Vol. 1, p. 23.
21. Ibid., pp. 27–29, 31–33, 37–38.
22. Ibid., p. 83.
23. Ibid., pp. 90–91.
24. Ibid., p. 93.
25. File 35112, Vol. 5a, pp. 434–35; File 35112, Vol. 1, p. 84.
26. File 15428, Vol. 1, p. 147.
27. Ibid., pp. 104–105.
28. Ibid., pp. 123–24.
29. File 35112, Vol. 5, pp. 329–30.
30. Ibid., p. 369.
31. File 15428, Vol. 1, p. 143.
32. Ibid., pp. 143–44.
33. Ibid., p. 145.
34. File 35112, Vol. 5, pp. 269–70.
35. Ibid., pp. 33–36.
36. *New York Times*, April 23, 1954.
37. Oksana Kasenkina, *Leap to Freedom* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1949), p. 293.

Chapter 8. Harvest Time, I: The Silvermaster Network in Wartime Washington

1. File 9995, Vol. 1, pp. 43, 48; File 43173, Vol. 10, p. 112.
2. File 35112, Vol. 1, p. 69.
3. File 43173, Vol. 1, pp. 32–33.
4. Ibid., pp. 41–42.

5. File 35112, Vol. 5, p. 105.
6. File 35112, Vol. 1, p. 8.
7. File 32428, Vol. 1, pp. 3–6, 234–35, 266, 354.
8. File 35112, Vol. 1, p. 38.
9. Ibid., pp. 415–17.
10. File 35112, Vol. 7, pp. 107–108.
11. File 35112, Vol. 1, pp. 413, 419.
12. File 35112, Vol. 7, pp. 109–10.
13. File 35112, Vol. 8, p. 68.
14. File 35112, Vol. 6, pp. 100–102.
15. File 55298, Vol. 1, pp. 253–54.
16. File 35112, Vol. 6, p. 314.
17. File 35112, Vol. 7, pp. 95–96.
18. Ibid., pp. 180, 207.
19. File 35112, Vol. 4a, pp. 408–409, 419.
20. Ibid., pp. 411–12.
21. Ibid., p. 416.
22. Ibid., p. 421.
23. Ibid., p. 625.
24. File 35112, Vol. 6, p. 176.
25. Ibid., p. 177.
26. File 43173, Vol. 1, p. 8.
27. Ibid. Lauchlin Currie's ("Page's") role in conveying information from the White House to Soviet intelligence was also vital during these years. See, for example, New York station to Moscow, August 10, 1943, No. 1317, VENONA files.
28. File 55298, Vol. 1, pp. 29–33.
29. Ibid., pp. 66–67.
30. Ibid., p. 50.
31. Ibid., pp. 72, 74–78, 369 (in the envelope).
32. Ibid., pp. 106–107.
33. File 35112, Vol. 7, p. 471a.
34. File 55298, Vol. 1, pp. 116–17.
35. File 43173, Vol. 3, p. 23.
36. File 55298, Vol. 1, pp. 133–35.
37. File 35112, Vol. 7, p. 259.
38. File 35112, Vol. 1, pp. 400–401.
39. Ibid., p. 421.
40. File 35112, Vol. 2, p. 18a.
41. Ibid., pp. 31–32. Harry Dexter White's ability to tap discussions among Roosevelt cabinet members had a special interest for Soviet intelligence: "According to [White's] data, [Secretary of State Cordell Hull] in a conversation with [Vice President Henry Wallace] touched upon the question of giving us a 5 billion dollar loan. The idea appealed to [Wallace]. . . ." New York station to Moscow, April 29, 1944, No. 500, VENONA files.

42. File 35112, Vol. 9, pp. 108, 110.

43. File 55298, Vol. 1, p. 139.

44. Ibid., pp. 168–73, 181, 201. "In [Akhmerov's] opinion, [Silvermaster] should be assisted in acquiring the firm since the presence of such a [words unrecovered] can continue our work with certain changes in the group's structure. [Akhmerov] requests us to advise as quickly as possible whether we approve [Silvermaster's] proposal and whether we are ready to give him financial support." New York station to Moscow, October 18, 1944, Nos. 1481–82, VENONA files.

45. File 35112, Vol. 2, pp. 38, 54. The new code names are also outlined in two summary cables: New York station to Moscow, September 2, 1944, No. 1251, and October 5, 1944, No. 1403, VENONA files.

46. File 35112, Vol. 9, pp. 164–65.

47. Ibid., p. 182.

48. File 55298, Vol. 1, p. 158.

49. File 35112, Vol. 9, pp. 28–31.

50. Ibid.

51. Ibid., p. 81.

52. Ibid., p. 31. Despite the group's internal strife, Silvermaster continued in 1944 and 1945 to provide extensive and extraordinary classified documents and information to Soviet intelligence. Among other deliveries, see the following: May 9, 1944, No. 655; June 7, 1944, No. 827; June 28, 1944, No. 918; July 1, 1944, No. 927; July 18, 1944, No. 1003; October 17, 1944, No. 1469; October 18, 1944, No. 1483; November 21, 1944, No. 1635; December 1, 1944, No. 1691; December 13, 1944, Nos. 1751–53; December 19, 1944, Nos. 1787, 1789; December 20, 1944, No. 1798; December 26, 1944, No. 1821; January 15, 1945, No. 55; January 18, 1945, No. 83; and February 10, 1945, No. 205. Silvermaster's housemate, Ludwig Ullman, was productive in his own right with secret military data: December 8, 1944, Nos. 1721–28; December 27, 1944, No. 1822; December 29, 1944, No. 1836; February 10, 1945, Nos. 210–12; and March 28, 1945, No. 289; VENONA files.

53. File 35112, Vol. 2, p. 135. A shift in Soviet focus by 1944 to concerns over postwar settlement issues can be seen in various materials delivered by Silvermaster and other American agents of Soviet intelligence at this time. One November 1944 dispatch regarding Silvermaster's information, for example, contains this nugget: "[The OSS] has passed to the army a list of 20,000 'reliable Germans' with whom [OSS] considers it safe to have dealings. It is impossible to obtain the list here at the moment. Perhaps it could be procured in [London]. An analogous list of Austrians has been compiled by the [British]." New York station to Moscow, November 21, 1944, No. 1635, VENONA files.

54. File 35112, Vol. 9, p. 33.

55. Ibid., p. 32.

56. Ibid., pp. 142–43.

57. Ibid., p. 109.

58. Ibid., pp. 112–14.

59. File 55298, Vol. 1, pp. 280–88.
60. Ibid., pp. 295–301.
61. File 35112, Vol. 9, p. 145.
62. File 55298, Vol. 1, pp. 312–15.
63. Ibid., pp. 318–20.
64. Ibid., pp. 366–67.
65. A. Vassiliev and A. Koreshkov, *Station Chief Gold*, pp. 68, 86–87.

Chapter 9. Atomic Espionage: From Fuchs to the Rosenbergs

1. File 82702, Vol. 1, p. 25. Two magnificent works of history provide both general readers and specialists with a comprehensive portrayal—among other subjects—of the role played by Soviet espionage in aiding development of that country's atomic bomb: Richard Rhodes, *Dark Son: The Making of the Hydrogen Bomb* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1995), passim., and David Holloway, *Stalin and the Bomb* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1994), especially pp. 82–95, 102–108, 222–23, 296–97, and 310–12.
2. Ibid., p. 26.
3. Ibid., p. 27.
4. File 40159, Vol. 3, p. 43.
5. File 40129, Vol. 3a, p. 202.
6. Alexander Feklissov, *Behind the Ocean and on the Island* (Moscow: DEM, 1994), p. 56.
7. File 32428, Vol. 1, p. 53.
8. File 40594, Vol. 2, p. 122.
9. Ibid., pp. 134, 201. The VENONA project identified "Talent" as one William Maries Malisoff. By that time, the NKGB's scientific operatives in the United States were focused on the priority of obtaining atomic research information, and "Talent" complained about a lack of support for the data he offered to provide. May 4, 1944, Nos. 620, 622, VENONA files.
10. File 40159, Vol. 3, pp. 169–70.
11. File 40594, Vol. 6, p. 166.
12. File 40129, Vol. 3a, p. 210.
13. File 40129, Vol. 4, pp. 256–58.
14. File 40594, Vol. 4, p. 251.
15. File 40594, Vol. 6, pp. 43–44. Semyonov had another source in New York, code-named "Kvant" ("Quantum") who delivered information on "Enormoz" but expected from Soviet intelligence "recompense for his labor—in form of a financial reward," for which Semyonov "was given 300 dollars" for "Quantum." New York station to Moscow, June 21, 1943, No. 961, VENONA files. See also New York station to Moscow, June 22–23, 1943, Nos. 972, 979, 983, VENONA files.

16. File 40129, Vol. 3a, p. 208.
17. File 40594, Vol. 6, p. 118.
18. File 40594, Vol. 7, p. 14.
19. File 86194, Vol. 1, p. 272.
20. Ibid., pp. 16–17.
21. Ibid., p. 25.
22. Ibid., p. 135.
23. Ibid., p. 140.
24. Ibid., p. 132.
25. Ibid., pp. 263, 350.
26. Ibid., p. 290.
27. Ibid., p. 344.
28. Ibid., p. 348.
29. File 40159, Vol. 3, p. 285.
30. Ibid., p. 283.
31. File 40594, Vol. 6, pp. 134, 310.
32. File 40159, Vol. 3, p. 195; File 40594, Vol. 6, p. 143; File 35112, Vol. 1, p. 407.
33. File 35112, Vol. 7, p. 98. On Rosenberg's recruitment of Alfred Sarant, see New York station to Moscow, May 5, 1944, No. 628, VENONA files. On Rosenberg's recruitment of another radical friend, Max Elitcher, see New York station to Moscow, July 26, 1944, No. 1053, VENONA files. On bonuses paid to Rosenberg's agent-group for handing over valuable material, see New York station to Moscow, September 14, 1944, No. 1314, and March 6, 1945, No. 200, VENONA files. By late 1944, Rosenberg's group was in full swing: "[He] has on hand eight people plus the filming of materials," New York station reported to Moscow, December 5, 1944, No. 1715, VENONA files. See also New York station to Moscow, December 13, 1944, Nos. 1749, 1750, VENONA files.
34. File 35112, Vol. 1, p. 407.
35. File 40129, Vol. 3a, pp. 205–206.
36. File 35112, Vol. 1, pp. 407–408.
37. File 40159, Vol. 3, p. 160.
38. File 82702, Vol. 1, pp. 32, 69.
39. Ibid., p. 70.
40. Ibid.
41. Ibid., p. 32.
42. Ibid., p. 34.
43. Ibid., p. 72.
44. Ibid., pp. 77–79.
45. File 40159, Vol. 3, pp. 222–23; File 82702, Vol. 1, p. 37.
46. File 40159, Vol. 3, pp. 275–79.
47. Ibid., pp. 313–14; File 82702, Vol. 1, p. 93.
48. File 40159, Vol. 3, p. 223.

49. File 82702, Vol. 1, p. 96.
50. Ibid., pp. 192–93.
51. Ibid., p. 146.
52. Ibid., p. 158.
53. Ibid., p. 54.
54. Ibid., p. 143.
55. File 25748, Vol. 2, pp. 116, 148.
56. File 82702, Vol. 1, pp. 422–23, 496–98.
57. File 84490, Vol. 1, p. 17.
58. Ibid., p. 22.
59. Ibid., p. 26.
60. Ibid., pp. 26–27.
61. File 82702, Vol. 1, p. 121.
62. File 40159, Vol. 3, pp. 355–56.
63. File 40129, Vol. 3a, p. 212.
64. File 84490, Vol. 1, pp. 31–32.
65. File 82702, Vol. 1, p. 150.
66. Ibid., p. 154.
67. File 84490, Vol. 1, p. 48.
68. Ibid., p. 49; File 82702, Vol. 1, p. 171.

69. File 40594, Vol. 6, p. 285. "For the time being [Kvasnikov] and [Semyonov] are not being shadowed anymore but shadowing of [Fomin] has started. One is forced to the conclusion that the [FBI] is carrying out 'trial' surveillance." New York station to Moscow, April 29, 1944, No. 586, VENONA files.

70. File 40129, Vol. 3a, pp. 219–20.

71. Feklissov, *Behind the Ocean and on the Island*, pp. 57–58.

72. File 40159, Vol. 3, p. 416. See also the account of a mid-June meeting between Fuchs and Gold. New York station to Moscow, June 15, 1944, No. 850, VENONA files.

73. File 40129, Vol. 3a, p. 154. On Gold's September visit to Fuchs's sister, see New York station to Moscow, September 22, 1944, No. 1345, VENONA files.

74. File 40159, Vol. 3, p. 404. On "Fogel," see also New York station to Moscow, February 11, 1944, No. 212, and June 16, 1944, No. 854, VENONA files.

75. File 40594, Vol. 7, pp. 24–25.
76. File 40594, Vol. 6, p. 240.
77. File 40129, Vol. 3a, p. 208.
78. Ibid., pp. 218–19.
79. File 40129, Vol. 4, p. 354.
80. Ibid., p. 353.
81. Feklissov, *Behind the Ocean and on the Island*, pp. 21–22.
82. File 40129, Vol. 4, pp. 353–54, 377–78.
83. File 82702, Vol. 1, p. 210.

84. Ibid., p. 284.

85. Ibid., p. 310.

86. Ibid., p. 190.

87. Ibid., pp. 215–17.

88. Ibid., p. 380.

89. Ibid., p. 358.

90. Ibid., pp. 224–25.

91. File 40129, Vol. 3a, p. 174.

92. Ibid., p. 177.

93. Ibid., p. 190.

94. Ibid., p. 237.

95. Ibid., pp. 287–89.

96. Ibid.

97. Ibid., pp. 290–91. See also New York station to Moscow, December 2, 1944, No. 1699, and January 23, 1945, No. 94, VENONA files.

98. File 40129, Vol. 3a, p. 237.

99. Ibid., p. 291.

100. Ibid., p. 168.

101. Ibid., p. 169.

102. File 40129, Vol. 4, p. 377.

103. File 86192, Vol. 1, p. 21.

104. File 86191, Vol. 1, p. 16.

105. Ibid., p. 15.

106. File 86192, Vol. 1, p. 20.

107. Ibid., p. 26.

108. Ibid., p. 23.

109. File 40594, Vol. 7, p. 48.

110. Ibid., p. 49.

111. File 84490, Vol. 1, p. 69. Gold had traveled to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to visit Fuchs's sister earlier that fall, but apparently no contact had been made. New York station to Moscow, October 4, 1944, No. 1397, VENONA files.

112. File 84490, Vol. 1, p. 71.

113. Ibid., p. 74.

114. File 40594, Vol. 7, pp. 81–82.

115. File 84490, Vol. 1, pp. 79–82.

116. File 40594, Vol. 7, p. 75.

117. File 84490, Vol. 1, p. 73; File 40594, Vol. 7, p. 79. The sudden availability of information on "Enormoz" not only from Fuchs but also from Hall and Greenglass was a source of keen interest in Moscow. See, for example, the evaluation by Soviet atomic scientists of Fuchs's and Hall's data, discussed in a single cable: March 31, 1945, No. 298, VENONA files.

118. File 40594, Vol. 7, p. 13.

119. Ibid., pp. 8–10.

120. File 40159, Vol. 3, pp. 472–74.

121. Ibid., p. 473.

122. File 40129, Vol. 3a, pp. 212–13.

123. File 40159, Vol. 5, pp. 107, 208; File 40129, Vol. 3a, p. 213.

124. File 40159, Vol. 3, p. 474.

125. File 40594, Vol. 7, p. 83.

126. File 84490, Vol. 1, p. 73.

127. Ibid., p. 74. Soviet intelligence considered information received from both Fuchs and Hall during this period, once evaluated, of "substantial interest." Moscow to New York station, March 31, 1945, No. 298, VENONA files.

128. File 82702, Vol. 1, p. 298. See also New York station to Moscow, January 23, 1945, No. 94, VENONA files.

129. File 82702, Vol. 1, p. 309.

130. File 40594, Vol. 7, p. 130.

131. File 84490, Vol. 1, p. 91. See also New York station to Moscow, May 26, 1945, No. 799, VENONA files.

132. File 40594, Vol. 7, p. 214.

133. Ibid., p. 342.

134. Ibid., p. 343.

135. File 84490, Vol. 1, pp. 76, 84, 90; File 40129, Vol. 3a, p. 380. Soviet atomic scientists were still digesting the important information Fuchs had given Gold at their February 1945 meeting when Moscow sent this cable to its New York station in mid-April: "[Fuchs's] information . . . on the atomic bomb . . . is of great value. Apart from the data on the atomic mass of the nuclear explosive and on the details of the explosive method of actuating [the bomb] . . . it contains information received for the first time from you about the electro-magnetic method of separation of ENORMOZ." April 10, 1945, No. 349, VENONA files.

136. File 82702, Vol. 1, pp. 325–29.

137. Ibid., pp. 333, 339.

138. File 84490, Vol. 1, p. 91.

139. Ibid., p. 92.

140. File 40594, Vol. 7, p. 131.

141. File 82702, Vol. 1, p. 363.

142. File 84490, Vol. 1, p. 91.

143. Andrei Gromyko, *Memorable*, Vol. 1 (Moscow: Politizdat, 1988), p. 221.

144. File 82702, Vol. 1, p. 362.

145. Ibid., p. 350.

146. Ibid., p. 367.

147. File 40159, Vol. 3, pp. 548–50.

148. Ibid., p. 551.

149. File 82702, Vol. 1, pp. 375–76.

150. Ibid., pp. 377–80.

151. File 40594, Vol. 7, pp. 250–51.

152. Ibid., p. 251.
153. File 40129, Vol. 3a, p. 468.
154. File 84490, Vol. 1, pp. 97, 99.
155. Ibid., p. 106.
156. Ibid., pp. 104–105.
157. File 40594, Vol. 7, pp. 251–52.
158. File 84490, Vol. 1, p. 98.
159. File 82702, Vol. 1, pp. 427–28.
160. Ibid., p. 320.
161. File 40594, Vol. 7, p. 134.
162. Ibid., pp. 297–99.
163. Ibid., pp. 352–53.
164. Ibid., p. 355.
165. File 86194, Vol. 2, pp. 79–80.
166. Ibid., pp. 89–90.
167. Ibid., pp. 113–14. Gold's dream of setting up a private laboratory had emerged even during the war years, when he discussed it with Soviet operatives. New York station to Moscow, December 20, 1944, No. 1797, VENONA files.
168. File 86194, Vol. 2, pp. 113–14.
169. File 40159, Vol. 5, p. 238.
170. Ibid., p. 37.
171. Ibid., p. 229.
172. Ibid., p. 232.
173. File 40129, Vol. 4, p. 377.
174. File 40159, Vol. 5, p. 282.
175. File 86192, Vol. 1, p. 46.
176. Ibid., p. 55.
177. Ibid., p. 58.
178. Ibid., pp. 59–61.
179. File 40159, Vol. 5, pp. 107, 118.
180. Ibid., pp. 208–209.
181. Ibid., pp. 148, 173.
182. Ibid., p. 300.

Chapter 10. Harvest Time, II: The Perlo Group

1. File 35112, Vol. 1, p. 69.
2. File 45100, Vol. 1, p. 14.
3. Ibid., p. 17.
4. Ibid., pp. 18–19.
5. Ibid., p. 28.

6. Ibid.
7. Ibid., p. 21.
8. Ibid., p. 160.
9. Ibid., pp. 28–29.
10. Ibid., p. 32.
11. Ibid., pp. 44–45.
12. Ibid., p. 80.
13. File 43173, Vol. 1, pp. 55–56.
14. Ibid., p. 58.
15. Ibid., p. 73.
16. Ibid., pp. 8–8a.
17. File 35112, Vol. 1, p. 226.
18. File 45100, Vol. 1, pp. 100–102.
19. Ibid. The problem of casual security and open knowledge of one another's agent-links affected the Silvermaster group and other American sources as well. Moscow to New York station, February 25, 1945, Nos. 179–80, and March 29, 1945, No. 292, VENONA files.
20. File 45100, Vol. 1, pp. 100–102. Despite the security lapses, Perlo remained a continuing and important source of information for Soviet intelligence throughout this period. Washington station to Moscow on the following dates, for example: March 30, 1945, Nos. 1823–25; June 24, 1945, No. 3707; and June 29, 1945, Nos. 3708 and 3713–15; VENONA files.
21. File 45100, Vol. 1, p. 107.
22. File 43173, Vol. 1, p. 95.
23. File 35112, Vol. 8, p. 154.
24. File 43173, Vol. 1, p. 128.
25. File 45100, Vol. 1, p. 119. Despite Moscow's grousing, any objective reader of Maclean's cables from Washington, whether Soviet or Western, would acknowledge their policy importance and broad-ranging scope. See, for example, the following transmissions: New York station to Moscow, September 5, 1944, No. 1263; September 9, 1944, Nos. 1271–74; Washington station to Moscow, March 29, 1945, Nos. 1788, 1791, 1793; March 30, 1945, Nos. 1808–1809, 1815; and March 31, 1945, No. 1826; VENONA files.
26. File 45100, Vol. 1, pp. 113–14.
27. Ibid., pp. 207–209.
28. File 55302, Vol. 1, pp. 35–43.
29. Ibid., pp. 29–30.
30. Ibid., pp. 50–51.
31. Ibid., p. 52.
32. Ibid., pp. 55–60.
33. Ibid., p. 52.
34. Ibid., p. 68.
35. Ibid., pp. 70–71.
36. Ibid., pp. 72–73.

37. Ibid., pp. 74–77. See, for example, Kramer's innocuous report to Soviet intelligence on a visit by Senator Kilgore to London. Washington station to Moscow, June 22, 1945, No. 3612, VENONA files. Also see June 23, 1945, No. 3640, and June 29, 1945, Nos. 3709–10, VENONA files.
38. File 55302, Vol. 1, p. 103.
39. Ibid., p. 116.
40. File 55205, Vol. 1, p. 11.
41. Ibid., p. 12.
42. Ibid., p. 20.
43. Ibid., pp. 28–29.
44. File 59264, Vol. 1, p. 9.
45. Ibid., pp. 15a–16.
46. Ibid., p. 30.
47. Ibid., pp. 31, 45.
48. Ibid., p. 44.
49. Ibid., p. 53.
50. Ibid., pp. 57–58.
51. Ibid., p. 49.
52. File 59264, Vol. 2, p. 22.
53. File 59264, Vol. 1, p. 53.
54. Ibid., p. 81.
55. File 40623, Vol. 1, p. 22.

Chapter 11. OSS and NKGB: Penetration Agents

1. File 35112, Vol. 4, p. 567.
2. File 35112, Vol. 5, p. 192.
3. Ibid.
4. Ibid., p. 193.
5. File 43173, Vol. 1, p. 9.
6. File 28612, Vol. 1, p. 36.
7. Ibid., pp. 1–9.
8. Ibid., p. 10.
9. Ibid., pp. 20–21.
10. Ibid., p. 22.
11. Ibid., p. 209.
12. Ibid., p. 210.
13. Ibid., p. 43.
14. Ibid., pp. 117–19.
15. Ibid., p. 122.
16. Ibid., p. 232.
17. Ibid., pp. 44–45.

18. Ibid., pp. 125, 160–65, 183.
19. Ibid., p. 184.
20. Ibid., p. 136.
21. Ibid., pp. 186–87.
22. Ibid., pp. 273–74.
23. Ibid., pp. 36, 99, 109.
24. Ibid., pp. 123–24.
25. Ibid.
26. Ibid., p. 127.
27. Ibid., pp. 214–15.
28. Ibid., p. 235.
29. Ibid., pp. 321–22, 358–59, 386; File 28612, Vol. 2, pp. 28, 49–50.
30. File 28612, Vol. 2, pp. 3, 15, 17.
31. File 28612, Vol. 1, pp. 401, 429–31.
32. Ibid., pp. 299–300.
33. File 28612, Vol. 2, p. 89.
34. Ibid., p. 113.
35. Ibid., p. 63.
36. File 35112, Vol. 1, pp. 235–36, 383–84. New York station to Moscow, April 29, 1943, No. 592, VENONA files.
37. File 43173, Vol. 1, p. 98.
38. File 28734, Vol. 1, pp. 7, 28.
39. Ibid., p. 8.
40. Ibid., p. 14.
41. Ibid., p. 15.
42. Ibid., p. 20.
43. Ibid., p. 23.
44. File 35112, Vol. 1, p. 133.
45. File 28734, Vol. 1, p. 28.
46. File 35112, Vol. 4a, pp. 549–50.
47. File 35112, Vol. 7, p. 308.
48. File 35112, Vol. 1, p. 404. On Helen Tenney, see also New York station to Moscow, May 27, 1944, No. 756, and July 4, 1944, No. 940, VENONA files. On Wheeler and Tenney, see New York station to Moscow, May 30, 1944, Nos. 769, 771, VENONA files. The latter memo also discusses the agent involvement of, among others, Edward Fitzgerald, Charles Kramer, and Harold Glasser.
49. File 43173, Vol. 3, p. 65.
50. File 35112, Vol. 7, p. 419.
51. File 43173, Vol. 3, p. 65.
52. File 35112, Vol. 1, pp. 413–14.
53. File 45049, Vol. 1, p. 22.
54. File 45049, Vol. 2, pp. 33–37.
55. Ibid., p. 32.

56. Ibid., p. 40.
57. Ibid., p. 8.
58. File 45049, Vol. 1, p. 16.
59. Ibid., pp. 9, 12.
60. Ibid., p. 18.
61. File 45049, Vol. 2, p. 11.
62. Ibid., p. 10.
63. Ibid., pp. 17–19, 21, 25–28.
64. Ibid., p. 20.
65. File 43173, Vol. 3, p. 65; File 35112, Vol. 1, p. 406. See also New York station to Moscow, September 23, 1944, No. 1352, VENONA files.
66. File 43173, Vol. 3, p. 53.
67. File 35112, Vol. 1, p. 405; File 35112, Vol. 6, p. 313.
68. File 35112, Vol. 8, p. 97. See also New York station to Moscow, June 8, 1943, No. 880, and June 9, 1943, No. 887, VENONA files.
69. File 35112, Vol. 8, p. 98. New York station to Moscow, June 9, 1944, No. 830, VENONA files.
70. File 40457, Vol. 1, pp. 7–8, 41v.
71. Ibid., pp. 7–8.
72. Ibid., p. 20.
73. Ibid., p. 23.
74. Ibid., pp. 24–25. A belated September 23, 1944, cable from New York advised Moscow about Lee's impending trip "to INDIA or CHINA for 5–6 months," though the trip had actually started weeks earlier. New York station to Moscow, September 23, 1944, No. 2353, VENONA files.
75. File 40457, Vol. 1, pp. 8, 26.
76. Ibid., p. 9.
77. Ibid., pp. 43–44.
78. Ibid. (in the envelope at the end of the file).
79. Ibid., p. 41e.
80. Ibid., p. 35.
81. Ibid., p. 37.
82. Ibid., p. 38. Earlier that year, Bentley told Akhmerov of Earl Browder's concern that Mary Price's "nerves had been badly shaken" and recommended that her work as a courier be halted. New York station to Moscow, July 28, 1944, No. 1065, VENONA files.
83. File 40457, Vol. 1, pp. 41a–41g. "[Donovan] has appointed [Lee] chief of the Japanese section. . . ." New York station to Moscow, October 10, 1944, No. 1437, VENONA files.
84. File 40457, Vol. 1, p. 45.
85. File 40457, Vol. 2, pp. 9, 49–50.
86. Ibid., pp. 54–55.
87. Ibid., p. 56.
88. Ibid., p. 57.

89. File 40624, Vol. 1, pp. 31, 36.
90. Ibid., p. 37.
91. Ibid., p. 28.
92. Ibid., p. 50.
93. File 61512, Vol. 1, pp. 13, 157 (in the envelope).
94. Ibid., pp. 16–18, 82.
95. Ibid., p. 19.
96. Ibid., pp. 27–29.
97. Ibid., pp. 32–33.
98. Ibid., pp. 34–35.
99. Ibid., pp. 38, 40, 156.
100. Ibid., p. 45.
101. File 61512, Vol. 2, pp. 88–89.

Chapter 12. Harvest Time, III: Hiss, Glasser, and Warning Signs

1. File 43072, Vol. 1, p. 38.
2. Ibid., pp. 11, 36, 39.
3. Ibid., p. 54.
4. Ibid., p. 37.
5. Ibid., p. 35.
6. Ibid., pp. 55–60.
7. Ibid., pp. 49–50.
8. Ibid., pp. 55–60. New York station to Moscow, July 21, 1943, No. 1195, VENONA files.
9. File 43072, Vol. 1, p. 66.
10. Ibid., p. 69.
11. Ibid., pp. 70–72.
12. Ibid., pp. 81–82.
13. File 43173, Vol. 1, pp. 88–89.
14. File 43072, Vol. 1, pp. 96–97. See also Washington station to Moscow, March 28, 1945, No. 1759; June 21, 1945, Nos. 3598, 3600; June 23, 1945, No. 3645; and June 28, 1945, No. 3688; VENONA files.
15. File 43072, Vol. 1, p. 86.
16. Ibid., pp. 134–54.
17. Ibid., p. 101.
18. Ibid., p. 128.
19. File 35112, Vol. 4, pp. 66–67.
20. File 43173, Vol. 12, p. 193.
21. File 35112, Vol. 4, p. 117.
22. File 35112, Vol. 6, pp. 280–81.
23. Ibid., p. 507.

24. File 35112, Vol. 1, pp. 310–11.
25. Alexander Feklissov, *Beyond the Ocean and on the Island* (Moscow: DEM, 1994), p. 15.
26. Ibid., p. 61.
27. Ibid., p. 53.
28. File 35112, Vol. 1, pp. 357–66.
29. File 35112, Vol. 2, pp. 38, 54.
30. Ibid., p. 56.
31. File 35112, Vol. 7, p. 469.
32. File 35112, Vol. 8, p. 112.
33. Ibid., p. 179.
34. File 35112, Vol. 9, p. 5. See also New York station to Moscow, October 1, 1944, No. 1385, VENONA files.
35. File 35112, Vol. 9, p. 12.
36. Ibid., p. 13.
37. Ibid., p. 62.
38. Ibid., p. 138.
39. Ibid., p. 131.
40. File 43173, Vol. 1, p. 144.

Chapter 13. Flight from Exposure, I: The Washington Sources

1. File 43173, Vol. 1, p. 155.
2. Ibid., pp. 156–60.
3. Ibid., p. 162.
4. File 43173, Vol. 2, pp. 9–10.
5. Ibid.
6. Ibid., p. 11.
7. Ibid., pp. 41a, 67, 69.
8. Ibid., p. 299.
9. Ibid., p. 25.
10. Ibid., pp. 27–30.
11. Ibid., pp. 30–31.
12. Ibid., p. 78.
13. Ibid., p. 91.
14. Ibid., p. 84.
15. Ibid., pp. 128–30.
16. Ibid., p. 135.
17. Ibid.
18. Ibid., p. 330.
19. Diplomatic Dictionary. Moscow, "Science," 1986, Vol. 2, p. 338.
20. File 43173, Vol. 4, pp. 22–23; File 43173, Vol. 2v, p. 18.

21. File 43173, Vol. 10a, pp. 647–49.
22. File 43173, Vol. 4, p. 24.
23. Ibid., p. 27.
24. Ibid., p. 271.
25. Ibid., pp. 198, 270.
26. Ibid., p. 350.
27. File 43173, Vol. 2v, pp. 25–27.
28. Ibid.
29. File 43173, Vol. 4, p. 230.
30. File 43173, Vol. 11, p. 87.
31. File 43173, Vol. 7, p. 18.
32. File 43173, Vol. 2v, p. 27.
33. Ibid., pp. 18, 29.
34. File 43173, Vol. 7, p. 114.
35. Ibid., p. 85.
36. File 43173, Vol. 11, p. 11.
37. Ibid., p. 51.
38. Ibid., p. 52.
39. File 43173, Vol. 12, p. 101.
40. Ibid., p. 51.
41. File 43173, Vol. 2v, p. 272.
42. File 43173, Vol. 4, pp. 421–22.
43. File 43173, Vol. 2v, pp. 41–42.
44. File 43173, Vol. 4, p. 479.
45. Ibid., p. 203.
46. File 43173, Vol. 5, p. 276.
47. File 43173, Vol. 4, pp. 477–78.
48. Ibid., pp. 479–80.
49. File 43173, Vol. 2v, pp. 33, 43.
50. Ibid., pp. 46–47.
51. Ibid., p. 47.
52. Ibid., pp. 309–10.
53. Ibid., pp. 71–87.
54. Ibid.
55. File 43173, Vol. 14, pp. 24–25.
56. File 43173, Vol. 12, pp. 201–203, 216.
57. File 43173, Vol. 2v, p. 239.
58. File 55951, Vol. 1, pp. 301–306.
59. File 40129, Vol. 4, pp. 378–79.
60. File 70548, Vol. 1, p. 86.
61. Ibid., pp. 3–6.
62. File 35112, Vol. 4, pp. 350, 357.
63. File 70548, Vol. 1, pp. 149–50. Earl Browder's role in—and value to—Soviet intelligence activities in the United States is also documented in Harvey Klehr, John Earl Haynes, and Fridrikh Igorevich Firsov, *The Secret World*

of American Communism (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1995), especially pp. 231–48.

64. Ibid., pp. 31–33. For example: "We are transmitting information written down by [Browder] after a conversation with [Schuster]. . . ." New York station to Moscow, May 2, 1944, Nos. 598–99, VENONA files.

65. File 70548, Vol. 1, p. 41a. On disconnecting Soviet intelligence's links to agents closely associated with Earl Browder, see, for example, New York station to Moscow, January 4, 1945, No. 14, VENONA files.

66. Ibid., p. 42.
67. Ibid., p. 69.
68. Ibid., p. 65a.
69. Ibid., pp. 73–74.
70. Ibid., p. 75.
71. Ibid., p. 77.
72. Ibid., p. 81.
73. Ibid., p. 119.
74. Ibid., pp. 152–54.
75. Ibid., pp. 156, 163.
76. Ibid., pp. 170–72.
77. Ibid.
78. Ibid., pp. 175–76.
79. Ibid., p. 203.
80. Ibid., pp. 272, 300, 375.
81. Ibid., p. 323.
82. Ibid., p. 344.
83. Ibid., p. 379.

Chapter 14. Flight from Exposure, II: The Atom Spies

1. File 84490, Vol. 1, p. 126. The most thorough account of Klaus Fuchs's relationship with Soviet intelligence operatives in England after his return from the United States is provided by another book whose authors had access to the SVR archives in Moscow comparable to that of this book's authors. Nigel West and Oleg Tsarev, *The Crown Jewels: The British Secrets at the Heart of the KGB Archives* (London: HarperCollins, 1998), see especially Chapter X, "Atomic Secrets," pp. 227–55.

2. File 84490, Vol. 1, p. 128.
3. Ibid., pp. 140–42.
4. Ibid., pp. 131–32.
5. Ibid., p. 235.
6. Alexander Feklissov, *Beyond the Ocean and on the Island* (Moscow: DEM, 1994), pp. 112–15.

7. File 84490, Vol. 1, pp. 264–71.
8. Ibid.
9. Ibid., p. 384.
10. Ibid., p. 316.
11. Ibid., pp. 336–37.
12. Ibid., p. 343.
13. Ibid., p. 345.
14. Ibid., p. 356.
15. Ibid., p. 393.
16. Ibid.
17. Ibid., pp. 408–409.
18. Ibid., pp. 424–26.
19. Ibid., p. 468.
20. File 86194, Vol. 2, p. 169.
21. Ibid., pp. 157, 185.
22. Ibid., pp. 188, 190.
23. Ibid., pp. 219–22, 237.
24. Ibid., p. 232.
25. Ibid., pp. 227–28.
26. Ibid., p. 252.
27. Ibid., pp. 246, 252.
28. File 84490, Vol. 2, p. 60.
29. File 86194, Vol. 2, p. 257.
30. Ibid., p. 260.
31. File 84490, Vol. 3, pp. 27–30.
32. File 86194, Vol. 2, pp. 263–64.
33. Ibid., p. 266.
34. Ibid., p. 272.
35. Ibid., p. 392.
36. File 84490, Vol. 2, pp. 151–53, 171–72.
37. Ibid., p. 245.
38. Ibid., pp. 288–90.
39. File 84490, Vol. 3, pp. 46–50.
40. File 84490, Vol. 2, p. 280.
41. Ibid., p. 292.
42. File 84490, Vol. 3, p. 190 (in the envelope). Photostats of the original MI-5 document are contained in an envelope attached to p. 190 of this file.
43. Ibid.
44. File 86194, Vol. 2, p. 301.
45. File 84490, Vol. 3, pp. 129–30.
46. File 84490, Vol. 6, p. 20.
47. Ibid., p. 31.
48. Ibid., pp. 38–41.
49. Ibid., pp. 43–47.

50. Ibid.
51. File 86192, Vol. 1, p. 70.
52. Ibid., p. 71.
53. Ibid., pp. 77, 82, 85.
54. Ibid., p. 86.
55. Ibid., p. 92.
56. Ibid., p. 97.
57. Ibid., p. 103.
58. Ibid., p. 107.
59. Ibid., p. 104.
60. Ibid., p. 109.
61. Ibid., pp. 109–10.
62. Ibid., p. 113.
63. Ibid., p. 114.
64. Ibid., pp. 114–15.
65. Ibid., p. 116.
66. Ibid., p. 118.
67. Ibid., p. 121.
68. Ibid., pp. 130–31.
69. Ibid., p. 131.
70. Ibid., p. 132.
71. Ibid., p. 159.
72. The most thorough and accurate account of the Rosenberg case is found in Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton, *The Rosenberg File*, rev. ed. (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1997).
73. File 86192, Vol. 1, pp. 163–65.
74. File 84490, Vol. 5, pp. 329–30.
75. File 84490, Vol. 6, pp. 71–72.
76. Ibid., pp. 75–76.
77. Ibid., pp. 77, 79, 80.
78. Feklissov, *Beyond the Ocean and on the Island*, p. 177.
79. Joseph Albright and Marcia Kunstel, *BOMBSHELL: The Secret Story of America's Unknown Atomic Spy Conspiracy* (New York: Times Books, 1997), p. 289.
80. File 40129, Vol. 3a, pp. 287–88.
81. Markus Wolf, *Man Without a Face* (New York: Times Books, 1997), p. 146.

Epilogue: Aftermath and Legacy

1. Allen Weinstein, *Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case* (New York: Knopf, 1968), pp. 105–10, 171, 204, 281.

2. Commission on Protecting and Reducing Government Secrecy, *Report of the . . .* , Appendix A, p. 37.

3. Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton, *The Rosenberg File* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1997), p. 472.

4. Allen Weinstein, "The Symbolism of Subversion: Notes on Some Cold War Icons," *Journal of American Studies*, vol. 6, no. 2 (August 1972): 170–74.

5. Ibid., pp. 165–70; Weinstein, *Perjury*, pp. 450–513.

6. Earl Latham, *The Communist Controversy in Washington* (New York: Atheneum, 1966), p. 10.

7. Quoted in Weinstein, *Perjury*, p. 473.

8. Herodotus, *The Persian Wars* (New York: Random House, Modern Library, 1942), p. 3.

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INDEX

AAA (Agricultural Adjustment Administration), 39–41, 43
Abakumov, Victor, 308
Abraham (code name). *See* Soble, Jack
Abt, John, 39, 48, 223, 224
Academy of Sciences, 181, 209–10, 335
Acheson, Dean, 48, 129, 131, 134
Acorn (code name). *See* Gold, Bella
Actor (code name), 30
Adam (code name), 106
Addis, Thomas, 216
Adler, Solomon, 78, 158
Agriculture Department, U.S.: early Soviet probes into, 37. *See also* AAA
Akhmerov, Helen. *See* Lowry, Helen
Akhmerov, Itzhak, 117, 236, 340, 341; agents' relationships with, 166; and Arena, 235; and Bentley/Golos, 93, 95, 96–98, 99, 102, 107, 157, 170, 224, 226; on blending into American identity, 35–36; and Browder, 95, 96–97, 304; and Chambers, 43; code names for, 35, 43, 156, 165; cover identity for, 155–56, 170–71; and Dan, 262; and Dodd case, 60; and Duggan, 8, 9, 13, 14–17, 18–19, 42, 44, 82, 156, 170; and early probes into U.S. government, 36–37; entry into U.S. of, 35; and Field, 44; and Glasser, 267; and Hiss, 79, 80; and ideology versus professionalized imperatives, 166; Mally's opionion of, 75; and Markin's death, 36; and Morros, 120; and OSS-NKGB cooperation, 243; and Perlo Group, 95, 96–97, 156, 224–25, 226; personal life of, 36, 341; recall to Moscow of, 17, 36, 82, 107, 170, 171, 235; and reestablishment of U.S. networks, 155–56, 157; and Reiss's threats to reveal U.S. agents, 10, 11; and selling of documents, 43; and Silvermaster, 96, 98, 157, 162, 163, 164–66, 167, 168, 169, 170; Soviet opinions about and honors for, 165; and Soviet penetration of OSS, 252; and Stern, 120; and Straight, 76–82, 83, 156, 170; as survivor, 340; and Ware Group, 80; and Wheeler, 259

Aksenov, N., 137–38
Al (code name). *See* Slack, Alfred
Alben, Jacob, 138
Albert (code name). *See* Akhmerov, Itzhak
Ales (code name). *See* Hiss, Alger
Alexsey (code name). *See* Yatskov, Anatoly
Allakhverdov, Colonel, 253
Allen (code name), 263, 264
American Communist Party (CPUSA). *See* Communist Party of the United States
Ames, Aldrich, 340
Amtorg Trading Corporation, 23, 99, 243
Ant (code name). *See* Heineman, Mrs.
Antenna (code name). *See* Rosenberg, Julius
Anti-Semitism, 32, 88
Anton (code name). *See* Kvasnikov, Leonid
Archimedes (code name), 113
Arena (code name), 106n, 235–37
Argot (code name), 273
Arno (code name). *See* Gold, Harry
Art (code name), 107
Atomic bomb: exploding of, 211. *See also* Atomic research
Atomic Energy Commission (AEC), 132–33, 134
Atomic research: anonymous material delivered to Soviets about, 193; characteristics of agents involved with, 29–30; early Soviet information about, 172, 178, 179–81; and exploding of atomic bomb, 211; and Gorsky-Wallace meeting, 284; and Great Britain, 178, 180, 181–83, 188, 193–94, 209, 214, 313; memo from scientists to American government about, 215–16; and Morros, 132–33, 137, 138; in postwar world, 211–22; Soviet coordination of work on, 181; Soviet penetration of U.S., 340; Soviet priority for information about, 181; in Soviet Union, 211, 283, 316–17, 335; and Soviet-U.S. relations, 284; VENONA project exposes Soviet penetration of, 291, 325; and XY Line, 173–76, 177, 178, 191–92, 194–95, 203, 219, 220. *See also* Fogel; Fuchs, Klaus; Greenglass, David; Hall, Theodore; Rosenberg, Julius
August (code name). *See* Rosenberg, Julius

Baker, Nicholas (*aka* Niels Bohr), 187
Baldwin, Roger, 76, 78
Balkans, 241–42, 248
Bark (code name), 156
Barkley, Alben, 129
Barkovsky, Vladimir, 180, 181, 183
Barr, Joel, 217, 218, 333
Baruch, Bernard, 129
Bazarov, Boris, 8, 9, 10, 12, 37
Beck (code name). *See* Kurnakov, Sergei
Bedacht, Max, 42, 43
Bentley, Elizabeth: and Akhmerov, 96–98, 99, 102, 107, 157, 224, 226; alienation from Soviet espionage of, 97; and American Communist Party, 92; attitude about NKGB of, 95–96; biography of, 88; and Browder, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 102, 105, 107, 224, 301, 304, 308; code names for, 84; criticism of Golos by, 93–94; defection of, 68, 84, 103–9, 124, 170, 216, 217–18, 220, 226, 234, 235, 237, 256, 264, 271, 280, 283, 285, 286–87, 289, 296, 298, 306, 311, 318, 340, 341, 342, 344; and Dimitrov, 303; and FBI, 84, 91, 99, 100, 102, 103–9, 216, 218, 248; and Glasser, 266; Golos' relationship with, 84, 86, 87–94, 99, 102, 103, 157, 341; and Gorsky, 100–102, 103–4, 106–7, 108; and Heller, 100–101, 102, 103; and HUAC, 292; importance of, 84; memoir of, 88; and Merkulov, 102–3, 104–6, 107, 108; moral dilemma of, 341; and OSS list of

communists, 254; and Perlo Group, 96–97, 224–25, 226, 227, 229, 237, 262; personal life of, 98, 99, 101–4; post-Golos career of, 94–109; proposed recall to Moscow of, 106; and Silvermaster, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 157, 161, 170, 262; Soviet honors for, 99; Soviet opinions about, 97–98, 99, 100–101, 102–3; and Soviet penetration of OSS, 251, 252, 254, 257, 259, 260, 262; Soviet proposals killing of, 102–3, 108; style of, 84–85; unknown whereabouts of, 109; and Zarubin, 96, 97

Berg (code name). *See* Koral, Alexander

Beria, Lavrenty: arrest and execution of, 334–35; and atomic research, 181; and Bentley defection, 108; as Commissar of Internal Affairs, 30; and Fuchs's exposure, 335; and Golos, 87, 90; and Hoettl case, 248; and Morros, 116, 122, 125, 131; and OSS-NKGB cooperation, 240, 246, 248; Philby's material sent to, 107; and reestablishment of U.S. networks, 155; and Trotskyites, 30

Berkman, Raissa, 301

Berle, Adolf, 17, 18, 48, 239, 240

Bill (code name). *See* Akhmerov, Itzhak

Bissell (U.S. official), 236

Black (code name), 174, 176

Blerio (code name Shumovsky), 26

Blin (code name), 31

Blum, Leon, 56

Blunt, Anthony, 72, 73, 74, 81, 83, 230, 290

Bob (code name). *See* Krotov, Boris

Bogdan (code name), 234

Bohlen, Charles, 129, 228

Bohr, Niels, 187

Bokhara rugs: as gifts to Soviet agents, 12, 44

Boris (code name), 105

Borodin, Norman, 9–10, 11, 12, 13, 19, 20

Bowers, Claude, 60–61

Boy (code name). *See* Dodd, William (brother)

Boyd, Helen, 4, 6, 7–8, 9, 10

Brit (code name), 32–33

British intelligence, 104, 107, 315, 322–23, 335

Brodsky (lawyer for Communist Party), 87

Brothman, Abraham, 176, 177, 189, 218–21, 311, 318, 319

Browder, Bill, 302, 304

Browder, Earl: activities and responsibilities of, 302–3; and Akhmerov, 95, 96–97, 304; and atomic espionage, 190, 191; Bentley's relationship with, 84, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 102, 105, 107, 224, 301, 304, 308; biography of, 301; code names for, 84, 309; and Dodd case, 55; expulsion of, 300–301, 302, 304, 305–6, 341; and FBI, 99, 308; and FBI's anonymous letter, 274; and Feklissov, 301; Golos's relationship with, 84, 89, 90, 92, 93, 95, 157, 224, 256, 257, 301–2, 304; and HUAC, 102; and intelligence operations, 302–4, 305–6, 309; Lowry as niece of, 36, 155; Moscow trip of, 305, 306–8; motivation of, 341; payments to, 301–2, 309; and Perlo Group, 96–97, 224, 229, 237; and Peter, 38, 225, 302; plan to regain CPUSA leadership of, 304–5; as possible informant, 304; in prison, 92, 300, 301; as publisher, 307, 308, 309; and reform of CPUSA, 301; Roosevelt amnesty for, 300, 306–7; and Silvermaster, 96, 158, 162; Soviet opinions about, 99, 302–3, 309–10; and Soviet penetration of OSS, 251, 256, 257; and Straight, 78; and Zarubin, 96, 302. *See also* Communist Party of the United States (CPUSA)

Bruslov, Yuri, 289–90, 291, 292

Buben (code name). *See* Budenz, Louis

Buby (code name), 141–42
Buchbinder, 255
Buck (code name), 235
Budenz, Louis, 30, 103, 105, 107, 298
Bukhartsev (Soviet agent), 51, 52, 53–54
Bulgaria, 245, 259
Bullitt, William, 9, 15, 36–37, 53, 56
Bumblebee (code name). *See* Greenglass, David
Burgess, Guy, 71, 72, 73, 83, 105, 210, 230, 290, 344
Bykov, Boris, 12, 43, 44, 45
Byrnes, James F., 234, 285

C-II (code name), 27
Cairncross, John, 172, 194, 230, 290, 344
Caliber (code name). *See* Greenglass, David
Cambridge University, 15, 72, 73, 75, 76, 82–83
Camp 1 (code name), 213
Camp 2 (code name), 195, 197, 199, 200, 202, 213, 221
Camp Y (code name). *See* Los Alamos, New Mexico
Cannon, James, 30
Cantwell, Robert, 45, 47
Captain (code name). *See* Roosevelt, Franklin D.
Careful (code name). *See* Joseph, Julius
Chambers, Esther Shemitz, 42, 44, 45
Chambers, Whittaker, 153, 223; with AAA, 40; and Akhmerov, 35; and Bentley, 89; Berle's meeting with, 17, 18; biography of, 41–42; code names for, 39, 48, 294; contact procedures used by, 14; as courier, 37, 38–41, 158; defection of, 17, 43, 44–49, 223, 235, 298, 341, 344; and early Soviet probes into U.S. government, 37; and FBI, 47, 342; and gifts to key Soviet operatives, 12; and Herbst, 40; and Hiss, 14, 21, 38–44, 294, 342, 344; and HUAC, 292; as informant, 17, 18; legacy of, 342–43, 344; moral dilemma of, 341; and Nye Committee, 40–41; and Panyushkin's disinformation proposal, 294–95; personal life of, 341; recruitment of, 42, 43; Soviet career of, 43; and Wadleigh, 14; and Ware group, 38–41
Chap (code name). *See* Zelman, Franklin
Chaplin, Charlie, 137
Charles (code name). *See* Fuchs, Klaus
Cherny (code name), 174
Chester (code name). *See* Oppenheimer, J. Robert
Chevalier, Haakon, 216
Chicago Bread Exchange, 25
Child of the Danube (film), 132–33
China, 258, 289
Chita (code name), 27–28
Chord (music publishing house) (code name), 66, 70, 118–19, 120–23
Churchill, Winston, 160, 210, 212, 230, 234, 258, 272
Civil Service Commission, 161, 235
Clark, Tom, 285, 291
Clay, Lucius, 126–27, 129
Clayton, Will, 270
Code names, change in Soviet, 276–77
Codes, Soviet, 247, 286, 291–93
Coe, Frank, 48, 158, 162, 169, 229
Cohen, Lona, 207, 208, 209, 211, 213, 221
Cohen, Morris, 190, 207, 221
Colleague (code name), 251
Collins, Henry, 39, 224
Columbia University, 35, 41, 178, 179, 182
Comintern, 38, 43, 55, 75, 85, 86, 87, 157, 165, 278, 303
Communist Party of the United States (CPUSA): Browder's plans to regain leadership of, 304–5; Browder's proposal for reform of, 301; dues for, 39; and early Soviet probes into U.S. government, 38; exposure of Nazis' activities

against, 31; financing of, 43; and intelligence operations, 8, 13, 87, 235, 249, 256, 257, 266, 300, 302–4, 305–6; and OSS list of communists, 254; and Smith Act, 309; and Ware group, 38, 39, 40. *See also* U.S. Shipping Corporation; *specific person, especially* Browder, Earl
Compton, Arthur, 182, 210
Condenser (code name), 191, 301
Congress, U.S., 227. *See also* Dickstein, Samuel; HUAC; Kramer, Charles
Connison, Emil, 174
Conquest, Robert, 339
Constructor (code name). *See* Brothman, Abraham
Coplon, Judith, 91, 216, 226, 261, 277–79, 280, 298, 317
Corcoran, Thomas, 80
Cornford, John, 73–74
Cosmos Club, 17
Council of Foreign Relations, 287
CPUSA. *See* Communist Party of the United States
Crook (code name). *See* Dickstein, Samuel
Cuban missile crisis, 275
Currie, Lauchlin, 48, 106, 157, 159, 161–62, 163, 168, 243, 274

Daily Worker, 42, 76, 77, 105
Dan (code name), 261, 262–64
Daniel (code name), 34–35
Davis (code name). *See* Markin, Valentin
Davis (U.S. official), 56
Dean, John, 241, 244–47
DeGaulle, Charles, 163
Dekanozov, Vladimir, 239
Dennis, Gene, 266
Deputy (code name). *See* Wallace, Henry
Deutsch, Arnold, 15, 75, 76, 155
Dewey, Thomas E., 126, 127, 131
Dickstein, Samuel, 140–50, 228, 341
Dies, Martin, 141
Dies Committee, 144, 146, 147, 148
Dimitrov, Georgy, 303
Dir (code name). *See* Price, Mary
Dodd, Martha, 122, 136, 341; and Akhmerov, 60; and Bentley defection, 68; and Browder, 55; code name for, 51; defection of, 69–71; and Dodd case as fiction, 50–51; and elections of 1948, 68–69; exile of, 71, 344; and FBI, 51, 68, 69, 70, 71; as guilty of espionage, 70; handling of, 57–58, 59–60; material provided to Soviets by, 53–54, 58, 66; Soviet memo of, 55–57, 58; Soviet opinions about, 62, 68–69, 72, 228; Soviet recruitment of, 51–52, 57; and Stern, 60, 61–62, 63–64, 65–66, 68–71; studies of communism by, 53–54; and Vinogradov relationship, 51–53, 54–55, 57–60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 70; Zelman memo about, 63–65
Dodd, William (brother), 66–68
Dodd, William (father), 51, 52, 53, 56–57, 58, 59, 60, 62, 66, 67, 68
Dolbin, Grigory, 287–89
Dolliway (Comintern worker), 55
Donovan, William J.: concerns about Soviet postwar activities of, 255; Lee as protegé of, 257, 259; and Lee's fears of exposure, 259; and OSS-NKGB cooperation, 238, 240–49, 259, 264; on Stalin, 243
Dora (code name). *See* Silvermaster, Helen
Douglas, William O., 333
Douglas Aircraft Corporation, 26–27
Duclos, Jacques, 301
Duggan, Helen. *See* Boyd, Helen
Duggan, Laurence, 34, 42, 265; and American Communist Party work, 8, 13; code names for, 19, 20, 295; concerns about events in Soviet Union of, 12–14, 15, 21; death of, 21, 344; exposure of, 10–11, 15, 16–17, 18, 19, 48, 49, 82, 192; and FBI, 18, 21, 295–96; Field's relationship with, 4–8; as Hull aide, 17; material provided to Soviets by, 9–10, 11–12, 14–15,

Duggan, Laurence *(cont'd)*:
    16, 19–20; motives for cooperation of, 4, 12–13, 19, 20; payments for, 12, 44; re-recruitment of, 18–19, 20, 156, 170, 295–96; recruitment of, 3, 4–8, 35; resignation from State Department of, 19, 20, 48, 49; Soviet opinion about, 11, 13–14, 15, 16, 18–19; and Straight, 78, 79; UN position of, 19
Dulles, Allen, 241, 247, 250
Dumbarton Oaks Conference, 164
Dunn (U.S. official), 56
Dunning, Professor, 182
Dupont Company, 29, 37, 284
Durmashkin, Ilya (Soviet agent), 90

Eastman Kodak Company, 28, 176
Echo (code name). *See* Schuster, Bernard
Eck (code name). *See* Perlo, Victor
Economic espionage, 24, 25–30
Eisenhower, Dwight D., 126, 130, 248, 270
Eisenhower, Milton, 126, 129
Election campaigns: Soviet contributions to, 145
Eleron (code name). *See* Silverman, David
Elitcher, Max, 333
Elsa (code name). *See* Lowry, Helen
Emir (code name). *See* Bukhartsev
Enemy (code name). *See* Krivitsky, Walter
Enormoz (code name). *See* Atomic research
Eric (code name), 181–83, 193, 283, 336, 342
Ernst (code name). *See* Field, Noel
Export-Import Bank, 232

Falcon (code name), 27
Farm Security Administration, 161
FBI (Federal Bureau of Investigation):
    anonymous letters to, 274–75; appropriations for, 148; and Chord venture, 119; Coplon's materials about, 278; and Fuchs's arrest, 322–23, 325; Heller as agent for, 100–101, 102, 103; as high Soviet priority for information, 228, 230; increased counterintelligence activity by, 175, 261, 275–80, 283, 287, 293–300; Justice Department's files about, 278; Kramer's information about, 234; Morgenthau's views about, 239; OSS's relationship with, 242–43, 245; and Soviet attempts to reestablish U.S. networks, 156; and Soviet codes, 247; and Soviet coordination of information, 160; Soviet views about, 275–76. *See also* Hoover, J. Edgar; *specific agent*
Fedotov, Peter, 126, 130, 131, 315
Feklissov, Alexander, 264, 280, 334, 340, 341; and atomic espionage, 189, 191–92, 194–95, 198, 199–200, 201–2, 206, 221; and Browder, 301; cover for, 191; and FBI increased counterintelligence activity, 275; and Fuchs, 313–18, 320, 324, 326, 335; and Rosenberg's security, 217, 222; on Semyonov, 173; and Soviet penetration of OSS, 264; views about FBI of, 275–76
Feldman, Armand Lavis (aka I. V. Volodarsky), 33, 91
Fermi, Enrico, 183, 210, 314
Field, Frederick Vanderbilt, 8
Field, Herta, 10
Field, Noel, 4–8, 10–11, 34, 35, 44, 48, 80, 265
"Fifth column," 239
Finnish intelligence, 247
Fischer, Louis, 59
Fitin, Pavel: and atomic espionage, 182–83, 188, 190, 193–94, 197, 198, 199, 200–201, 208, 212–13; and Bentley, 97–98; and Browder's expulsion, 305, 308; Donovan passes Soviet codes to, 247; and FBI's anonymous letter, 275; and Glasser, 267, 268, 271; and Golos, 90, 93; and Hoettl

case, 248; and OSS-NKGB cooperation, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247–48; and possible German and Anglo-American peace agreement, 247; and reestablishment of U.S. networks, 155; on Roosevelt's death, 248; and Rosenbergs, 333; and Silvermaster, 163–64, 165; and Soviet penetration of OSS, 253; and Trotskyites, 30
Fitzgerald, Edward "Ted," 224, 225, 227, 231, 261–62
Flato, 97, 224
Fogel (code name), 190–91, 192, 194, 203, 212, 336, 342
Foreign agents: registration of, 141
Foster, William Z., 305, 308
France, 163, 241, 258, 272, 299
Frank (code name). *See* Duggan, Laurence
Frankfurter, Felix, 41, 48
Frenchman (code name), 28
Frost (code name). *See* Morros, Boris
Fry, D., 228
Fuchs, Klaus: arrest and confession of, 320–27, 330, 335, 342, 343; "arrest" of, 220, 221; biography of, 312; code names for, 311; controlled schizophrenia of, 324–25; death of, 335; in East Germany, 326, 335, 336; in England, 184–85, 189–90, 193, 220, 221, 311–18, 320–26; exposure of, 320–23, 325–26, 335; and Feklissov, 313–18, 320, 324, 326; and German Communists, 312, 321; and Gold, 186–88, 189–90, 203–5, 207–9, 210–11, 213–15, 318, 320–21, 325–26, 327; importance of, 185, 213–14; as informant, 326, 327; materials passed by, 185, 188, 193, 214–16, 219, 313, 315–16, 317, 320; meetings with, 186–88, 189, 190, 207–8, 210–11, 214–15, 312–13, 314–16, 317–18; motivation of, 324; in New Mexico, 203–4, 205, 208, 210–11, 213–15, 219; payments for, 204, 205, 313, 324; personal life of, 316, 326; in postwar world, 211, 213–16, 219, 220, 221, 311–18, 326–27; recruitment of, 185; and Semyonov, 187, 188; sentence of, 321; Soviet honors for, 335; Soviet misinformation about, 321–22; Soviet opinions about, 185, 187, 188, 190, 208–9, 214; Soviet visit of, 326–27; Soviets restore relationship with, 311–13; and Yatskov, 316
Fuchs, Margaret, 335
Fuller, Helen, 67
Fyodor (code name). *See* Sokolov, Gyorgi

Galeazi, Enrico, 128
Gapon (code name), 27
Gardner, Meredith, 291
General Electric Company, 25, 132, 284
General Motors Corporation, 77
George (code name). *See* Ovakimyan, Gaik
German Communists, 312, 321
Germany: allegations about Zarubina working for, 274; atomic research in, 179; Dickstein's interest in Nazi, 141; future of, 164; Glasser material about, 270, 271, 272; invasion of Soviet Union by, 158–60, 174, 223; occupation zones of, 232, 271; and OSS-NKGB cooperation, 238–39, 241, 242, 245–46, 247; possible Anglo-American peace agreement with, 247, 249, 250; and Soviet penetration of OSS, 250, 253–54, 255, 256, 262; Soviet priority for information about, 24, 28–29, 31–32, 34, 175, 233; surrender of, 247–48. *See also* Dodd, Martha
Gershwin, Ira, 137
Gestapo, 204, 294–95
Getsov, Eva, 106
Glan (code name), 17–18, 173
Glasser, Harold, 106, 225, 229, 265–72, 286

Global Tourist, 104
Gnedin (Soviet agent), 54
Gnome (code name), 177
Göering, Hermann, 64
Gold, Bella, 167
Gold, Harry: arrest and sentence of, 325–26, 330, 332, 342; biography of, 176; and Brothman, 218–20, 311, 318, 319; code names for, 321, 326; as courier, 176–77; exposure of, 218–20, 326, 327; and FBI, 219, 220, 319; and Fuchs, 185, 186–88, 189–90, 203–5, 207–9, 210–11, 213–15, 318, 320–21, 325–26, 327; and Golos, 319; grand jury appearance of, 319; and Greenglasses, 198, 208, 209, 210, 211, 328, 332; importance of, 176; as informant, 320–21, 325–26, 328, 332, 333, 342; initial assignment of, 176; and military espionage, 27; payments to, 177; post-imprisonment years of, 336; in postwar world, 211, 216, 218–20, 311, 318–20, 325–27; in prison, 133; proposed flight plans of, 319, 321; restoration of connection with, 220; restoration of relationship with, 318–19; and Semyonov, 177; and Slack, 176, 177, 189; Soviet honors for, 195; Soviet opinions about, 176–77, 320–21; and Sulpho operation, 177; Yatskov as controller of, 189
Gold, Sonya, 167
Golos, Jacob: and Akhmerov, 157, 224; and American Communist Party, 92; arrest and conviction of, 87, 89, 93; and atomic espionage, 174, 177, 178; Bentley's relationship with, 84, 86, 87–94, 99, 102, 103, 157, 341; biography of, 85–87; and Browder, 89, 90, 92, 93, 157, 224, 256, 257, 301–2, 304; and Buck, 235; and Budenz, 103; code names for, 84; death of, 84, 89, 93–94, 95, 96, 97, 102, 103, 157, 177, 224, 256; and FBI, 86, 90, 91, 93, 94, 104, 278; and Gold, 319; health of, 92; and ideology versus professionalized imperatives, 166; and Ovakimyan, 85, 89; and Perlo Group, 156, 229; proposed recall of, 89–90; and Rosenberg, 174, 177, 197, 217, 218; and Silvermaster's network, 91, 94, 157, 158, 161, 162; Soviet honors for, 93; Soviet monitoring of, 91; Soviet opinions about, 89–90, 94, 105, 165; and Soviet penetration of OSS, 251, 256, 257, 258; style of, 84–85, 189; vulnerability of, 93; World Tourist as cover for, 84–86, 87, 94
Goodman, Walter, 141
Goose (code name). *See* Gold, Harry
Gore (code name), 106
Gorsky, Anatoly, 285, 340, 341; and Arena, 236; and atomic espionage, 172, 181, 184–85; as Bentley handler, 99, 100–102, 103–4, 106–7, 108; and Browder, 304; and FBI, 107; and freezing of operations, 296–97; and Glasser, 265–66, 267, 268, 269, 271; and Hiss background, 269; and Kramer, 233–34; and Maclean, 230; and Morros, 122; Panyushkin criticized by, 297; and Perlo Group, 227, 228, 229, 231, 237; recall to Moscow of, 107; and Soviet penetration of OSS, 255, 259, 260–61, 262, 263; and U.S. breaking of Soviet codes, 286; views about FBI of, 276; Wallace's meeting with, 283–85
Gouzenko, Igor, 104–5, 124, 218, 283, 285, 287, 297, 306, 311, 340, 342
GPU, 22, 23–24, 43, 85, 194, 223. *See also specific agent*
Granite (code name). *See* Borodin, Norman
Graur, Andrei, 242
Great Britain: and atomic research, 178, 180, 181–83, 188, 193–94, 209, 214, 313; Glasser material

about, 270, 271, 272; intelligence in, 263; and OSS-NKGB cooperation, 242; possible German and American peace agreement with, 247, 249, 250; and Soviet penetration of OSS, 249; Soviet relations with, 210, 263, 270
Greece, 242
Green (code name), 28–29
Green, Joseph C., 11, 12
Green, Michael (code name). *See* Akhmerov, Itzhak
Greenglass, David: arrest and trial of, 327–34; code names for, 328; and FBI, 330, 331; and Fuchs, 326; guilt of, 333–34; as informant, 331–32, 342; materials passed to Soviets by, 328; in New Mexico, 199–203, 206, 208, 209, 210; payments for, 331; post-imprisonment years of, 336; in postwar world, 211, 212, 213, 221, 311, 327–34; proposed flight of, 328–31; recruitment of, 198–99; and Rosenberg, 132, 311, 329, 330–31, 332, 333, 336; sentence of, 333; Soviet reaction to trial of, 333–34
Greenglass, Ruth, 198–203, 206, 208, 209, 210, 213, 221, 326, 327, 328, 329, 332, 334, 336
Gromov, Anatolij Borisovich, 269
Gromyko, Andrei, 239, 240, 247, 265, 287, 309
Gross, A., 48
Groves, Leslie, 173
GRU (Soviet military intelligence): and Bentley defection, 105; lack of availability of archives of, 44; legal covers of agents for, 23–24; and OSS-NKGB cooperation, 245; priority of intelligence for, 160; and Soviet penetration of OSS, 254; and U.S. recognition of Soviet Union, 23–24. *See also specific agent*
Gubitchev, Valentin, 298, 317
Guennady (code name). *See* Ovakimyan, Gaik
Gumperz, Hedda, 4–10, 13, 35, 44, 48, 249, 250, 251, 298
Guron (code name), 203, 216
Gutzeit, Peter, 24, 29, 334, 341; and Dickstein, 143, 144–45, 147, 149; and Dodd case, 66–67; and Duggan's recruitment, 4, 5; and early Soviet probes into U.S. government, 37; and Golos, 86, 89; and monarchists, 31; and Morros, 110, 111–13, 114, 115–16; purging of, 114, 147, 153; recall to Moscow of, 89, 114, 146

Halifax, Lord, 230
Hall, Theodore, 195–98, 203, 208–9, 211, 212, 213, 221, 283, 311, 336–37, 342
Halperin, Maurice, 106, 254, 256
Hammer, Armand, 23
Hammer, Julius, 23
Hare (code name). *See* Halperin, Maurice
Harnack, Arvid, 53
Harriman, Averill, 129, 130, 159, 246
Harry (code name). *See* Rabinovitz
Harvard University, 41, 197, 273
Haskell, John H. F., 241, 246
Hearst, William Randolph, 31
Heifetz, Grigory, 183, 184
Heineman, Mrs. (Fuchs's sister), 203, 207, 208, 219, 220, 313
Heisenberg, Professor, 185
Helen (code name), 250
Heller, Peter, 100–101, 102, 103
Helmsman (code name). *See* Browder, Earl
Hemingway, Ernest, 239, 273
Henderson, Loy, 239
Herbert (code name). *See* Markin, Valentin
Herbst, Josephine, 39–40
Herrmann, John, 39, 40
Hicks (code name). *See* Burgess, Guy
Hiroshima, Japan, 211
Hiskey, Clarence, 179–80, 181, 182, 183
Hiss, Alger: and AAA, 39, 41, 43; biography of, 41; and Chambers, 14,

Hiss, Alger *(cont'd)*:
  17, 21, 38–44, 46–47, 48–49, 294, 342, 344; code names for, 43, 165; denial of covert deeds by, 341; and Duggan, 21, 265; and FBI, 21, 267–68; and Field, 5–8, 44, 80, 265; and Glasser, 267–69; in Justice Department, 5, 44; legacy of, 342–43; motivation of, 341; Nye connections of, 29, 40–41, 43; and Peter, 8, 38, 80, 165; sentence for, 344; Soviet activities of, 269; Soviet gifts to, 12, 44; Soviet honors for, 269; Soviet opinion about, 10, 11, 40; as State Department employee, 29, 44, 48–49, 267–68, 269; and Straight, 78, 79–80; and Ware group, 38–41, 80, 165
Hiss, Donald, 48
Hiss, Priscilla, 40, 41, 44, 46–47
Hitler, Adolph, 3, 118, 141, 160, 210, 250, 324
Hoettl, William, 248
Hollywood: purge of communists in, 125. *See also* Morros, Boris
Homer (code name). *See* Maclean, Donald
Hook, Sydney, 46
Hoover, Herbert, 131, 134
Hoover, J. Edgar, 67, 104, 148, 242–43, 244, 248, 274, 275, 343
Hopkins, Harry, 74, 154, 159, 160, 243
Howard, Roy, 23
HUAC (House Committee on Un-American Activities), 102, 129, 143, 149, 161, 292, 294, 295
Hull, Cordell, 12, 17, 34, 36, 56, 57, 239
Hut (code name). *See* FBI
Hydrogen bomb, 313, 327

Ickes, Harold, 287
Ida (code name). *See* Greenglass, Ruth
Igor (code name), 60–61, 82, 142, 143, 144
Industrial espionage, 24, 235
Institute of International Education (IIE), 4, 20–21, 295
Intelligence agents, Soviet: as anonymous writers to FBI, 274–75; bleak times for, 293–300; change in code names of, 276–77; characteristics of, 29–30; covers for, 23–24, 155–56; and CPUSA, 8, 13, 87, 235, 249, 256, 257, 266, 300, 302–4, 305–6; effects of defections on, 105–6, 216, 217–18, 235, 237, 256, 264, 271, 285, 286–87, 289, 290, 296, 298, 306, 311, 340, 342; freezing of operations of, 218, 280, 285–86, 287, 293–300; and ideology versus professionalized imperatives, 166; and increase in U.S. security, 175, 205, 215, 216, 261, 275–80, 283, 287, 293–300; instructions for passing materials to, 317; and legacy of "Golden Era," 339–44; "legality" of, 4, 23–25, 32; and media as source of information, 286–87; mercenaries as, 340; and misinformation, 190–91; moral dilemma of, 340–41; motivations of, 29–30, 76, 324–25, 336–37, 340; OSS cooperation with, 238–49; OSS list of, 254; Panyushkin's proposals concerning, 290, 291, 295–96; and political and scientific-technical separation, 173; priority of information gathered by, 24, 25–30, 220, 223, 227–28, 230, 287–88; recruitment of, 3–4, 298–300, 322; Savchenko's proposals for, 297–99; shortage of cash for, 175; shortage of, 153–55, 227–29, 286–89, 298–300; and Stalin's purges, 89, 153–54, 189, 223; and U.S. recognition of Soviet Union, 4, 23–25, 32. *See also specific person or organization*
Interior Department, U.S., 227
International Brigades, 64, 86, 253
Irma (code name), 100
Italy, 19, 255
Izra (code name). *See* Wheeler, Donald

Jack (code name), 299
Jackson, Robert, 251

James (code name), 35, 37
Japan, 24, 32, 34, 211, 258, 259, 271, 272, 274, 275
Jimenez (code name), 254
John (code name). *See* Morros, Boris
Johnson (code name), 105
Johnson, Edwin, 284
Johnston, Eric, 128
Joint Chiefs of Staff, U.S., 180, 240, 243–44, 271
Joseph, Julius, 251
Josephson, B., 305
Journalists, 145, 146
Julia (code name), 164
Juliet #1 (code name), 58
Juliet #2 (code name). *See* Dodd, Martha
Julius, Emil, 322
Justice Department, U.S.: Golos inquiry by, 87; as high Soviet priority for information, 227, 230; Hiss in, 44; Silvermaster investigation by, 161–62. *See also* Coplon, Judith; FBI; Hiss, Alger

Kaganovich, Mikhael, 174
Kalistrat (code name). *See* Feklissov, Alexander
Kamenev (Soviet agent), 318, 319, 320, 326
Kapitza, Peter, 284
Kaplan, Irving, 229
Karl (code name). *See* Chambers, Whittaker
Karo (code name). *See* Kuchinsky, Urgen
Kasenkina, Oksana, 150
Katya (code name). *See* Zarubin, Vassily
Katz, Joseph, 106, 108, 227, 229, 236, 237, 259, 260–61
Katz, Otto, 46, 55
Kaufman, Irving R., 332–33
Kellex, 190–91
Kellogg Construction Company, 182, 190–91
Kessler, Frank (code name). *See* Gold, Harry
KGB: *See also* Cheka; GPU; NKGB; NKVD; OGPU
Khrushchev, Nikita, 70, 334, 335
Kilgore, Harley, 184–85, 232
King (code name). *See* Rosenberg, Julius
King, Mackenzie, 107
Kirillov (code name), 330–31
Kistiakowsky, George, 201
Klopshtock, Hanna, 312–13
Knox, Frank, 159
Kokh (code name). *See* Lee, Duncan
Koltsov (Soviet agent), 168
Konstantin (code name), 235
Koral, Alexander, 107, 293, 298
Koral, Helen, 107
Korneev, Colonel, 70
Korotkov, Alexander, 126, 127, 128, 131, 132, 134, 136
Kostrov (code name), 69
Koussevitzky, Serge, 118
Kramer, Charles, 96, 106, 156, 184–85, 224, 225, 231, 232–35
Kremer, Simon Davidovich, 185
Krivitsky, Walter, 47, 148, 153
Krotov, Boris, 289–91, 321, 325–26, 330, 331
Kuchinsky, Urgen, 185, 312
Kuchinsky, Ursula, 312, 315
Kuhn, Fritz, 147
Kurchatov, Igor, 181, 211
Kurnakov, Sergei, 195–97, 336
Kurt (code name), 173
Kvasnikov, Leonid, 334, 341; and atomic espionage, 180, 188, 194–95, 198, 199, 200–201, 202, 203, 205, 207–8, 209, 211; and Fuchs, 326–27; on Greenglass's sentence, 332; and Rosenbergs, 216–17, 333; and Soviet penetration of OSS, 255

Laboratory #2 (Soviet Union), 181
Larry (code name). *See* Statskevich, Nikolai
Latham, Earl, 39, 343
Lavr (code name), 173
Lawrence, Ernst, 210
Lawyer. *See* Hiss, Alger; White, Harry Dexter
Leahy, William D., 243
Lee, Duncan, 242, 254, 257–61, 264, 341

Lend-Lease agreement, 159–60, 163, 164, 270, 271, 272
Lenin, V. I., 11, 253
Leo (code name), 35–36
Leonid (code name), 276
Leslie (code name). *See* Cohen, Lona
Leuchtenberg, William, 23
Lever (code name), 27
Levine, Isaac Don, 47–48
Liberal (code name). *See* Rosenberg, Julius
Lieber, Maxim, 45
Lisa/Liza (code name). *See* Dodd, Martha
List (code name). *See* Cairncross, John
Litvinov, Maxim, 23, 239
Lomakin, Jacob, 150
Los Alamos, New Mexico: early information about, 183; and Fogel, 192; Soviet penetration of, 340; VENONA project exposes Soviet penetration in, 291. *See also* atomic research; Fuchs, Klaus; Greenglass, David; Greenglass, Ruth; Hall, Theodore
Lot (code name). *See* Kramer, Charles
Louis (code name). *See* Stern, Alfred
Lovestone, Jay, 85
Lowry, Helen, 36, 95, 155, 165, 170, 171, 341
Lozovsky, Solomon, 307–8
Lubyanka Prison, 89, 115, 147
Luka (code name). *See* Pastelnyak, Pavel

MacArthur, Douglas, 271, 272
McCarthy, Joseph, 136, 343
McCarthy committee, 136
McCormack, John, 141
McIntyre, Marvin, 48
Maclean, Donald, 71, 72, 86, 107, 230, 286, 290–91, 336, 344
Maclean, Melinda, 230
Mad (code name). *See* Gold, Harry
Magdoff, Harry, 224, 225, 231
Magnate (code name), 28
Mally, Theodore, 72–75
Man (code name). *See* Mally, Theodore
Manhattan Project, 192, 330. *See also* Atomic research
Marcantonio, Vito, 69
Marietta Company, 27
Markin, Valentin, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 42, 43
Marshall, George, 248
Marshall Plan, 129
Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT), 178, 181, 182
Massing, Paul, 8, 10, 35, 249, 250, 251
Matthews, T. S., 47
Maxim (code name). *See* Zarubin, Vassily
May, Allan Nunn, 313
Mechanic (code name), 16
Media: as source of Soviet information, 287
Mensheviks, 90
Mer (code name). *See* Akhmerov, Itzhak
Merkulov, Vsevolod: arrest and execution of, 334, 335; and atomic espionage, 182–84, 193–94, 212–13; and Bentley case, 102–3, 104–6, 107, 108; and Browder's expulsion, 305–6; and Chord venture, 118; and Glasser, 268, 269; and Gorsky-Wallace meeting, 284; and Hoettl case, 248; and increased FBI counterintelligence activity, 276–77; and Morros, 132; and OSS-NKGB cooperation, 239; and Silvermaster, 163, 164, 165
Meter (code name). *See* Barr, Joel
Mielke, Erich, 335
Mikoyan, Anastas, 277
Military espionage, 25–30
Mironov, Colonel, 274, 276
Misinformation, 190–91
Mlad (code name). *See* Hall, Theodore
Modin, Yuri, 82–83
Mole (code name). *See* Kramer, Charles
Molotov, Vyacheslav, 16, 25, 87, 104, 107, 122, 128, 240, 246, 259, 275, 280, 284
Monarchists, 30–31, 153

Mora (code name), 166
Morgenthau, Henry, 74, 234; and Glasser's activities, 265, 269, 270, 271; and Silvermaster Group, 159, 161, 163–64, 166, 167, 168; views about FBI of, 238–39
Moroz, Alexander, 116
Moroz, Mendel, 117
Moroz, Savely, 117
Moroz, Yuli, 117
Morros, Boris: and Akhmerov, 120; and atomic energy, 132–33, 137, 138; biography of, 110–11; and Chord venture, 66, 70, 118–19, 120–23; code names for, 66, 112, 126; death of, 139; and Dodd case, 66, 70, 71; as double agent, 70, 110, 122, 123–24, 134, 136, 138; and FBI, 66, 70, 110, 119–20, 122, 126, 133, 135, 136, 137, 138; film company partnership proposed by, 123–26, 127, 128, 131–32, 133; and Gutzeit, 110, 111–13, 114, 115–16; indictment of, 138; memoir of, 138; in Moscow, 130–31; motivation of, 341; with Paramount, 111–15, 125, 132; payments to, 341; recruitment of, 110–12; and Soble, 120, 121–22, 123–27, 128–29, 130, 134, 135, 136–37, 138; Soviet opinions about, 113, 114–15, 116, 127–28, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136; and Stern, 118, 120–21, 122–23, 124; and world figures in Soviet Union proposal, 137; and Zarubin, 111, 112, 113–15, 117–18, 119–20, 121, 122, 128
Morros, Boris Jr., 132–2
Morros, Richard, 123
Moynihan, Daniel Patrick, 340
Mr. X (code name). *See* Chambers, Whittaker
Mrs. D. (code name). *See* Heineman, Mrs.
Muse (code name). *See* Tenney, Helen
Myrna (code name). *See* Bentley, Elizabeth
Nabob (code name). *See* Morgenthau, Henry
Nagasaki, Japan, 211
National Association of Manufacturers, 287
National Resources Board, 75
Navy, U.S.: Arena passes information about, 235–36; and Chambers's defection, 45; and Duggan as agent, 11; early Soviet probes into, 37; Justice Department's files about, 278; and OSS-NKGB cooperation, 245; as Soviet priority, 26, 27–28; and Ware group, 38
Nazar (code name), 305
Nazi-Soviet Pact (1939), 81
Needle (code name). *See* York, Jones Orrin
Nelly (code name). *See* Lowry, Helen
Neumann, Franz, 249–51, 254, 261
New Deal agencies: as attraction for romantics, 3–4; early Soviet probes into, 32–38; efforts to discredit, 343; Soviet intelligence agents in, 29–30; and Straight, 74; and Ware group, 38. *See also specific agency*
New Masses, 42
New Republic, 72, 73, 76, 82
Nigel (code name). *See* Straight, Michael
Nil (code name), 217, 218, 333
Nixon, Richard, 343
NKGB: and Bentley defection, 105–7; Bentley's attitude about, 95–96; opinion about FBI of, 244–45; OSS cooperation with, 238–49; and OSS list of communists, 254; penetration of OSS by, 240, 248, 249–64
NKVD: and Chambers's defection, 45; effect of purge on, 153–54; Reiss as head of European operations of, 10. *See also specific agent*
Nora (code name), 117
Nord (code name). *See* Bazarov, Boris
Norma (code name), 86

Norman, Bob, 60
Northrop Corporation, 26
Novikov, Kiril, 287
Nye, Gerald, 28, 40, 43
Nye Committee, 28–29, 40–41, 43

Oak Ridge facility, 183
O'Dwyer, Paul, 70
OGPU, 22
Okhrana (Czarist), 90
Old (code name), 135
Old man (code name). *See* Trotsky, Leon
Oppenheimer, Frank, 184
Oppenheimer, J. Robert, 133, 137, 138, 183–85, 201, 216
Orlov, Alexander, 153, 207
OSS (Office of Strategic Services): creation of, 240; FBI's relationship with, 242–43, 245; Glasser material about, 269, 270; investigations of Soviets within, 259; Justice Department's files about, 278; NKGB cooperation with, 238–49; NKGB opinions about, 244–45; Soviet codes passed to, 247; and Soviet coordination of information, 160; Soviet penetration of, 225, 240, 248, 249–64, 303; as Soviet priority for information, 228, 230; Truman disbands, 248, 256, 263. *See also specific person*
Ossip (code name), 110, 111
Ossipov, Alexander (code name). *See* Ovakimyan, Gaik
Ostap (code name), 70, 132, 134
Ovakimyan, Gaik, 154, 166, 334, 341; arrest of, 154, 173, 176; and Bentley, 88; and Browder, 306–7, 308; and Dickstein, 142, 144, 149; and Dolbin's appointment, 289; expulsion of, 276; and FBI, 91, 154, 276; and Golos, 85, 89; and Morros, 116; and OSS-NKGB cooperation, 241, 242, 244, 245–46; on Semyonov, 173; and Slack, 176; suspicions of, 90; and Trotskyites, 272–73
Page (code name). *See* Currie, Lauchlin
Pal (code name). *See* Silvermaster, Nathan Gregory
Panyushkin, Alexander: and Browder, 304, 305, 309; Chambers's disinformation proposal of, 294–95; and Dodd case, 68–69; and Duggan, 20, 295; Gorsky criticism of, 297; as head of Soviet intelligence, 297; and increased FBI counterintelligence efforts, 293; and Kramer, 234–35; and Morros, 131–32, 137; personal life of, 341; and proposals for recruitment of agents, 290, 291, 295–96; on Savchenko's proposal, 299; and Soble, 137; as U.S. ambassador, 289–90; as Washington station chief, 289–90
Paramount Pictures, 111–15, 125, 126, 132
Passov, Zinovy, 147
Pastelnyak, Pavel, 91, 172
Pavel (code name). *See* Bruslov, Yuri
Pavlov, V., 137
Peierles, Rudolph, 187
Pepper, Claude, 233, 234
Perlo Group: and Akhmerov, 95, 96–97, 156, 224–25, 226; and Bentley, 96–97, 106, 224–25, 226, 227, 229, 237, 262; and Browder, 96–97, 224, 229, 237; and Chambers's defection, 223; closing down of, 231; freeze on operations of, 226–27; and Golos, 156, 229; and Gorsky, 227, 228, 229, 231, 237; members of, 224–25; priority of information gathering for, 227–28, 230; Soviet opinions about, 225, 227–28, 229–30, 231; and Soviet penetration of OSS, 251, 252, 253, 254, 256, 262, 263; style of operations of, 227, 229, 231, 233
Perlo, Katherine Wills, 226–27, 231, 251, 341

Perlo, Victor, 39, 223, 225, 226–27, 231, 232–33, 236, 259, 266, 267, 341. *See also* Perlo Group
Perseus (code name), 190–91
Persian. *See* Fogel
Peter, Joszef: and Browder, 225, 302; and Chambers, 42, 45, 48; codes names of, 39; deportation of, 38; and FBI, 38, 225; and Hiss, 8, 38, 80, 165; and Soviet penetration of OSS, 262; and Ware group, 38–39, 42; Weinstein's interview of, 38
Pettigrew, M. W., 247–48
Philby, Harold "Kim," 72, 104–5, 107, 108, 155, 230, 290, 335, 344
Phillips (U.S. official), 56
Photon (code name). *See* Kamenev
Pick (code name). *See* Coe, Frank
Pilot (code name). *See* Ullman, William Ludwig
Pioneer (code name), 54
Pol (code name), 269
Poland, 246, 255, 270
Polecats (code name), 273
Political funding, 145
Pollitt, Harry, 73, 74
Polo (code name). *See* Ullman, William Ludwig
Potsdam Conference (1945), 211, 234, 235, 272
Poyntz, Juliette Stuart, 88–89
Pravdin, Vladimir: and Bentley defection, 104, 107; and Browder, 304; and Coplon, 277–78; and Maclean, 230; personal life of, 341; recall to Moscow of, 107, 286; and Silvermaster, 167–68, 169–71; and White, 169
President (code name). *See* Dodd, William (brother)
Pressman, Lee, 39, 48, 234
Price, Mary, 224, 257, 259
Prince (code name). *See* Duggan, Laurence
Pronsky, D., 326–27

Rabinovich (Soviet agent), 86
Rachmaninoff, Sergey, 130
Raid (code name). *See* Perlo, Victor
Ramzai (code name). *See* Hiskey, Clarence
Ray (code name). *See* Oppenheimer, Frank
Raymond (code name). *See* Reiss, Ignatz
"Red Spy Queen." *See* Bentley, Elizabeth
Redhead (code name). *See* Gumperz, Hedda
Reed (code name). *See* White, Harry Dexter
Reed, John, 207
Reina (code name), 304
Reiss, Ignatz, 10–11, 153, 203
Rest (code name). *See* Fuchs, Klaus
Richard (code name). *See* White, Harry Dexter
Rina (code name), 236–37
Robert (code name). *See* Silvermaster, Nathan Gregory
Robeson, Paul, 137
Romanticism, 76, 324–25
Roosevelt, Eleanor, 50, 62, 72, 74, 83, 228
Roosevelt, Franklin D.: and Browder's amnesty, 300, 306–7; Chambers requests meeting with, 47–48; code name for, 119; Currie's information about, 163; death of, 167, 248; and Dodd case, 50, 56, 57, 72, 228; Duggan provides Soviets with materials about, 12; and elections of 1944, 284; Glasser material about, 270; and leaks, 160; Morgenthau as influence on, 159; and OSS-NKGB cooperation, 238–39, 240, 242–44, 245, 247; and Silvermaster Group, 160; on Soviet codes, 247; Soviet need for information about, 154, 160–61; and Soviet penetration of OSS, 258; and Straight, 72, 74, 81, 82, 83; and threats to expose Perlo, 226; and U.S. recognition of Soviet Union, 22, 23; and Wallace, 284. *See also* New Deal agencies

Rosenberg, Allen, 106
Rosenberg, Ethel, 217, 326, 331, 332–33, 336, 342, 343, 344
Rosenberg, Julius: arrest and trial of, 133, 332–33, 343; and Bentley's defection, 217–18; code names for, 177, 197, 328, 329; death sentence for, 333, 336, 342, 344; denial of covert deeds by, 341; exposure of, 222, 326; and FBI, 206, 217, 222; and Feklissov, 191, 217–18; freezing of activities of, 206–7, 216–17, 222; and Golos, 174, 177, 197, 217, 218; and Greenglasses, 198–202, 206, 221, 311, 329, 330–31, 332, 333, 336; at Los Alamos, 197–98; motivation of, 341; in postwar world, 216–17, 222; proposed flight of, 330; and Semyonov, 177–78; Soviet opinions about, 198, 205–6, 217; Soviet reaction to trial of, 333–34; on Tal-1 agent, 174; and Zarubin, 177–78
Rosenman, Samuel, 270
Rote Kapelle ring, 53
Ruble (code name). *See* Glasser, Harold
Ruff (code name). *See* Neumann, Franz
Russian Foreign Intelligence Service (SVR), xv–xix, 190–91

Sakharovsky, A., 335
Satyr (code name), 273
Saushkin (code name), 20–21, 295–96
Savchenko, Sergei, 133, 134, 135, 297–99
Sax (code name). *See* Adler, Solomon
Sax, Saville, 195, 197, 203, 208, 209, 221
Sayre, Francis B., 44, 48
Scali, John, 275
Schapiro, Meyer, 46–47
Schuster, Bernard, 107, 177, 217, 218, 303
Scientific espionage, 24. *See also* Atomic research
Sebastian, George, 116
Sedov, Lev, 273
Semyon (code name). *See* Aksenov, N.
Semyonov, Semyon, 173, 174, 175, 177, 178, 183, 187, 188, 189, 190–91, 195, 207, 209–10
Serebryansky, Jacob, 89
Sergei (code name). *See* Pravdin, Vladimir
Shaman (code name), 309
Shelepin, Alexander, 326
Sherman, John Loomis, 42, 45
Shipley, Ruth, 134–35
Shumovsky (code name Blerio), 26–27
Sibert, Hans, 312
Sid (code name). *See* Rosenberg, Allen
Silverman, David, 158, 162–63, 167, 169, 235
Silverman, A. George, 47
Silvermaster, Helen, 158, 163, 164, 341
Silvermaster, Nathan Gregory: and Akhmerov, 96, 98, 157, 162, 163, 164–66, 167, 168, 169, 170; and Bentley, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 107, 157, 161, 162, 170, 262; biography of, 157–58; and Browder, 96, 158, 162; code names for, 90, 107, 165; denial of covert deeds by, 341; with Farm Security Administration, 161; and FBI, 161, 162, 164–65, 170; and German invasion of Soviet Union, 158–60; and Glasser, 266, 267; and Golos, 94, 157, 158, 161, 162; investigations of, 161, 170; payments to, 164–65; and Perlo Group, 224; personal life of, 164, 167, 169, 226, 231, 259, 341; and Pravdin, 167–68, 169–71; Soviet opinions about, 91, 157, 159, 162, 163–64, 165, 166, 167–68; and Soviet penetration of OSS, 262; Treasury Department discharges, 161; and Zarubin, 158, 159, 161–62
Sima (code name). *See* Coplon, Judith
Skinner, Herbert (code name), 316, 317

Slack, Alfred, 175–76, 177, 189, 213
Slutsky, Abram, 55, 57, 86
Smith, Bradley, 244
Smith (code name), 154
Smith Act, 309
Sobell, Morton, 332–33
Soble, Jack: code name for, 119; and Dodd, 70, 136; and FBI, 134; indictment of, 138; "kidnapping" of, 135–36; leaves France, 134–35; McCarthy investigation of, 136; and Morros, 120, 121–22, 123–27, 128–29, 130, 134, 135, 136–37, 138; Soviet opinions about, 135–36
Soble, Myra, 119, 138
Söhnchen. *See* Philby, Harold "Kim"
Sokolov, Gyorgi, 297
Solid (code name), 175
Solidny (code name), 175
Solow, Herbert, 46, 47
Sorokin, Valentin, 68–69
Sound (code name). *See* Golos, Jacob
Soviet Union: atomic research in, 211, 283, 316–17, 335; British relations with, 210, 263, 270; coordination of atomic espionage in, 182–83; Donovan receives codes of, 247; German invasion of, 158–60, 174, 223; "mole" in, 316–17; OSS information about activities in, 255, 263; and possible German and Anglo-American peace agreement, 247, 249, 250; purges in, 10, 12–13, 15, 16, 29, 54, 89, 91, 114, 147, 189, 223, 273, 339, 340; U.S. document about inevitability of war with, 232; U.S. loan to, 270, 271, 272; U.S. as main adversary of, 300; U.S. recognition of, 22–25, 32–33; U.S. relations with, 168, 210, 216, 224, 248, 262, 263, 283, 284, 285, 300; and World War II, 91, 92, 271
Sovinformbureau, 307, 309
Spain, 9, 12, 27, 74, 86, 239, 249, 253, 300
Spellman, Francis (Cardinal), 122, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 130, 131, 134, 250
Spiguelglass, Michael, 15
Stalin, Joseph: and atomic research, 181, 211; and Browder's expulsion, 300, 304, 305–6, 307, 308, 309; death of, 334; and Dodd case, 57, 63; Donovan's views about, 243; and Fuchs's arrest, 320; and German reparations, 234; and Golos, 87; and Gorsky-Wallace meeting, 284; and Gouzenko's defection, 104; and Hoettl case, 248; materials given to, 16, 107, 159, 225, 230, 268, 270; Mironov's letter to, 274; and monarchists, 31; and motivation of intelligence agents, 337; and OSS-NKGB cooperation, 246, 247, 248; and possible German and Anglo-American peace agreement, 247, 250; and Potsdam Conference, 211; and Reiss's defection, 11; timely forwarding of information to, 164; and Trotskyites, 24, 30, 273; and U.S.-Soviet relations, 262. *See also* Soviet Union
Standard Oil Corporation, 25
Stanley (code name). *See* Philby, Harold "Kim"
Star (code name). *See* Sax, Saville
Starikov (Soviet agent), 326
State Department, U.S.: and Chambers's defection, 45; code name for, 5, 7; Dickstein's attempts to infiltrate, 148; Duggan's activities known to, 16–17; early Soviet probes into, 33, 34–35, 37; European Division of, 4; exposure of Nazi agents in, 31; Glasser's materials about, 266–68, 270, 271, 272; Latin American Division of, 4, 9–10, 13; Markin as recruiter within, 33; NKGB cooperation with, 239–40; and OSS-NKGB cooperation, 244; and Soviet coordina-

State Department, U.S. *(cont'd)*:
tion of information, 160; and Soviet penetration of OSS, 255, 256, 257, 263; as Soviet priority for information, 227, 230; Soviet retreat from recruitment of agents within, 34–35; and Ware group, 38. *See also* Daniel; Dodd, Martha; Duggan, Laurence; Field, Noel; Hiss, Alger; Straight, Michael; Willie
Station chiefs: beleaguered, 285–91. *See also specific person*
Statskevich, Nikolai, 292, 293
Steinhardt, Lawrence, 16
Stepan (code name), 293
Stephan (code name). *See* Deutsch, Arnold
Stephenson, William, 104
Stern, Alfred: and Akhmerov, 120; and Dodd case, 60, 61–62, 63–64, 65–66, 68–71; exile of, 71, 344; and FBI, 120; and McCarthy committee, 136; and Morros, 118, 120–21, 122–23, 124
Stettinius, Edward, 246, 247, 267–68
Stokowski, Leopold, 118, 121–22
Storm (code name). *See* Peter, Joszef
Straight, Michael, 72–83, 140, 155, 156, 170, 228, 253, 265, 344
Stravinsky, Igor, 118
Sudoplatov, Pavel, 11, 245, 274, 275
Sulpho (operation code name), 177
Surrogate. *See* State Department, U.S.
SVR (Russian Foreign Intelligence Service), 190–91
Sweden, 247, 330

Taft Hotel (New York City), 33, 35
Tal-1 (code name), 174
Talent (code name), 174, 181
Tan (code name), 106, 113–14, 229, 237
Tannenhaus, Sam, 41
Taran (code name), 26
TASS News Agency, 68, 321
Ted (code name). *See* Fitzgerald, Edward
Teller, Edward, 314
Tenney, Helen, 106, 225, 251, 256, 261
TEZHE (Soviet cosmetics firm), 25
Tina (code name), 194
Tito, Marshall, 242, 310
Treasury Department, U.S.: and Chambers's defection, 45; as high Soviet priority for information, 227; information forwarded to Soviets about, 163. *See also* Adler, Solomon; Glasser, Harold
Trilling, Lionel, 46
Trotsky, Leon, 14–15, 24, 30, 76, 143, 272–73, 274
Trotskyists, 30, 37, 76, 89, 90, 116, 153, 223, 272–74, 278, 303
Troyanovsky, Alexander, 142
Truman, Harry S: and atomic research, 211, 212, 215; and German reparations, 234; Glasser material about, 271, 272; and Gorsky-Wallace meeting, 284–85; Kramer's information about, 234; and Morros, 128–29, 131; OSS disbanded by, 248, 256, 263; and Perlo Group, 233; and Potsdam Conference, 211, 234; Soviet need for information about, 167–68; and U.S.-Soviet relations, 283; and VENONA project, 291
Truman, Margaret, 128, 129, 131
Tuk (code name). *See* Trotsky, Leon
Tulip (code name), 273
Turkey, 11, 241, 245–46
Twen (code name). *See* Semyonov, Semyon

Ulanovski, Alexander, 43, 339
Ulanovskaya, Nadya, 339
Ullman, William Ludwig, 157, 158, 162, 163, 164, 165, 167, 169, 170
Ulrich (code name). *See* Ulanovski, Alexander
Umansky, Konstantin, 60, 62, 238, 239
Union Carbide Corporation, 284
United Nations, 168, 235, 284
United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA), 19, 228, 235

University of California, 182, 184, 187
University of Chicago, 182, 183, 221, 313, 314, 327–28
Urey, Harold, 172, 174, 181
U.S. Shipping Corporation, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104

Vadim (code name). *See* Gorsky, Anatoly
Vardo (code name), 250
Vassilevsky, Colonel, 236
Vassiliev, Alexander, 180
VENONA program, 286, 287, 291–93, 325, 336, 339
Vinogradov, Boris, 51–53, 54–55, 57–60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 70
Vinson, Fred, 168, 234, 271, 272
Vladimir (code name). *See* Panyushkin, Alexander
Volodarsky, I. V., 32–33, 91. *See also* Feldman, Armand Lavis
Volunteer (code name). *See* Cohen, Morris
Vonsyatsky (Russian Fascist leader), 142
Voroshilov, Kliment, 16, 87, 131
Vyshinskij, Andrei, 269

Wadleigh, Henry Julian, 14, 47, 48
Walker family, 340
Wallace, Henry A., 68–69, 74, 119, 120, 168, 234–35, 283–85, 287
War Department, U.S.: and atomic research, 284; early Soviet probes into, 37; Glasser's materials about, 266–67, 272; and OSS-NKGB cooperation, 245; Soviet agents in, 236; and Soviet penetration of OSS, 263; as Soviet priority for information, 230
War Production Board, 227, 228, 230, 231, 232, 262. *See also* Perlo, Victor
Ware Group, 38–41, 43, 80, 140. *See also specific member*
Ware, Harold (Hal), 5, 37, 38, 39, 40, 43, 140, 223
Warren, Earl, 127, 130, 131
Wasp (code name). *See* Greenglass, Ruth
Weisband, William, 286, 291–93, 294
Weyl, Nathaniel, 39
Wheeler, Donald, 106, 225, 251–56, 257, 259, 261, 264, 286
White, Harry Dexter: and Akhmerov, 157; and Chambers's defection, 44, 47, 48; code names for, 90, 157, 165; denial of covert deeds by, 341; and FBI, 161; fears of exposure of, 158, 168; and Glasser, 265–66, 267; importance of, 161, 169; material forward to Soviets by, 163–64, 168; and Morgenthau, 166; and Silvermaster, 157, 158, 159, 163, 166, 167, 168; Soviet gifts to, 44; Soviet opinions about, 157, 158, 167; with World Bank, 168; and Zarubin, 158
"Whites." *See* Monarchists
Willie (code name), 34–35, 36–37
Winant, Joseph, 270
Wise, Miss (code name). *See* Bentley, Elizabeth
Witt, Nathan, 39, 48, 224
Wolf, Markus, 337, 344
World Bank, 168
World Tourist, 85–86, 87, 94, 99, 105
World War II: Soviet intelligence agents in, 29–30; Soviet losses in, 271; Soviet Union during, 91, 92; U.S. counterintelligence during, 90. *See also* Germany; *specific agent*

X (code name). *See* Chambers, Whittaker; Katz, Joseph
XY Line, 173–76, 177, 178, 191–92, 194–95, 203, 219, 220

Yakov (code name), 134, 136, 217
Yalta Conference, 269
Yasha (code name), 244, 256
Yatskov, Anatoly, 222, 316, 334, 341; and atomic espionage, 189–90, 192, 194–95, 197, 202, 203, 208, 210, 213, 215, 216, 218, 219; and Gold's security, 218–19, 220
Yezhov, Nikolay, 55, 57, 142
York, Jones Orin, 26–27, 174

Young Communist League, 195, 197, 198
Yugoslavia, 249, 309–10
Yung (code name), 35
Yuz (code name), 154

Z (code name), 245
Zarubin, Vassily: anonymous letters about, 274–75, 276; and atomic espionage, 177–78, 179–80, 182, 183; and Bentley, 96, 97; and Browder, 96, 302, 306–7, 308; and Chord venture, 66, 118–19; code names for, 111, 117, 239; and Dodd case, 65–66, 67–68; expulsion of, 276; and FBI, 276; and Golos, 92–93, 94; and Morros, 111, 112, 113–15, 116, 117–20, 121, 122, 128; and Perlo Group, 224, 228; personal life of, 341; and possible State Department–NKGB cooperation, 239–40; and Silvermaster, 158, 159, 161–62; and Soviet penetration of OSS, 250, 251; and Straight, 82; style of, 276; views about FBI of, 276; and White, 158
Zarubina, Elizabeth, 162, 249–50, 251, 274, 276, 303, 341
Zborovsky, Mark, 273
Zelman, Franklin, 63–65, 179, 180, 181, 182
Zero (code name), 28–29
Zhemchuzhina, Polina, 25
Zhenya (code name). *See* Gold, Sonya
Zhora (code name). *See* Weisband, William
Zinger (code name). *See* Greenglass, David
Zora (code name), 277–78
Zubilin (code name). *See* Zarubin, Vassily

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ABOUT THE TYPE

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ALLEN WEINSTEIN *(left)* is founder and president of The Center for Democracy. His books include *Freedom and Crisis: An American History,* and *Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case.* He lives in Washington, D.C.

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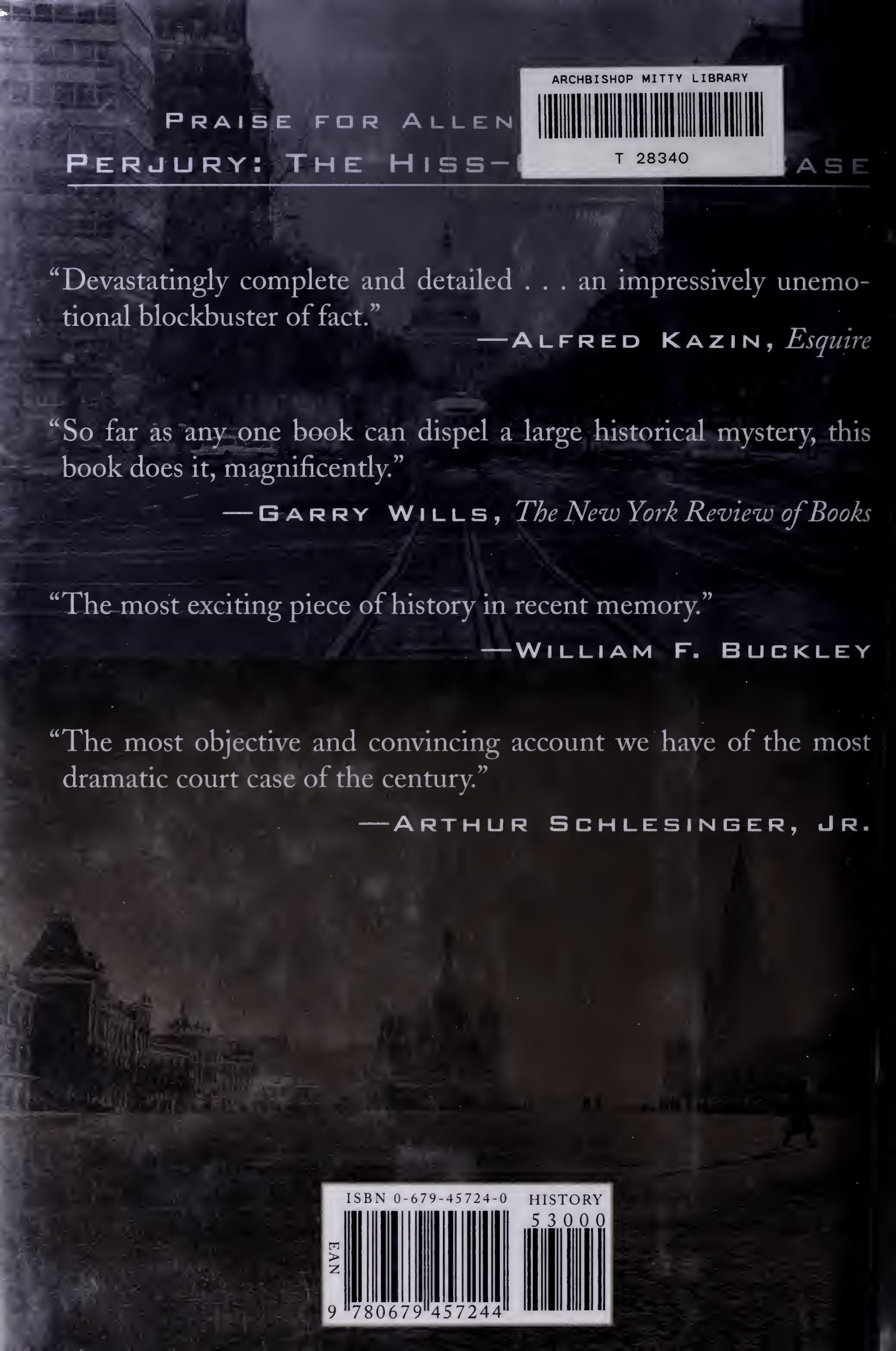

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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MOLEHUNT

The Secret Search for Traitors That Shattered the CIA

◆

DAVID WISE

Random House New York

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TO MY BROTHER, BILL

Contents

1 Escape from Helsinki ■ 3
2 The Principal Suspect ■ 10
3 AELADLE ■ 19
4 Molehunter ■ 30
5 The Moscow Station ■ 49
6 Contact ■ 65
7 Closing In ■ 81
8 Roadshow ■ 96
9 CHICKADEE ■ 116
10 "Give Me Your Badge" ■ 124
11 AEFOXTROT ■ 130
12 Molehunt ■ 157
13 Sasha ■ 180
14 Trinidad ■ 200
15 Murphy's Law ■ 210
16 Downfall ■ 233
17 Aftermath ■ 250
18 The Mole Relief Act ■ 264
19 Son of Sasha ■ 273
20 Triumph ■ 283
21 The Legacy ■ 292
Epilogue ■ 301
Author's Note ■ 305
Index ■ 311

MOLEHUNT

Chapter 1

Escape from Helsinki

It was early evening, ten days before Christmas of 1961, and the snow, crisp and white, had covered Helsinki. Frank F. Friberg, the chief of station of the Central Intelligence Agency, was shaving, getting ready for a holiday cocktail party, when the doorbell rang at his home in Westend, a suburb four miles west of the Finnish capital.

Since few people knew where the CIA station chief lived, it was with some puzzlement, mixed with caution, that he went to the door and opened it. A short, thickset man stood there in the snow with a red-haired woman and a little girl, who clutched a doll. A Russian fur hat covered most of the man's dark hair.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked.

Friberg said he did not.

"I am Anatoly Klimov."

The CIA man opened the door wider and quickly motioned the family in. He knew the name Klimov well; a KGB officer working under diplomatic cover in the Soviet embassy in Helsinki. Friberg had even studied Klimov's picture; but he had not recognized him bundled up in an overcoat and a fur hat, standing in the darkness on his doorstep.

In the living room, the two men struggled to overcome a formidable language barrier. The Russian kept repeating a single word: it sounded to Friberg like "asool." Friberg was bilingual in English and Finnish—his parents had emigrated to America from Finland, settling in the heavily Finnish community of Westminster, in north-central Massachusetts, where he was born—but he spoke no Russian. The KGB man in turn spoke no Finnish and only broken English.

Finally, Friberg handed the Russian a pencil and a piece of paper, and Klimov wrote the letters "asyl."

Now there could be no mistake. Major Anatoly Klimov of the KGB was trying to write the word "asylum" in English.

Friberg, alone in the house—his wife was on a visit to the States—had suddenly acquired a Soviet defector and his entire family. Not merely a defector but a KGB walk-in, the dream of every CIA officer. There was no talk of Klimov's remaining as an agent-in-place, reporting to the CIA from inside the KGB; the Russian, frightened for his life, gave Friberg two hours to get him out of Helsinki. After that, Klimov warned, the KGB would notice his absence and try to block his escape.

The Russian also told the CIA man his true name. It was not Klimov, he revealed. It was Anatoly Mikhailovich Golitsin.

When Golitsin walked in, Frank Friberg had been working for the CIA for ten years. The station chief was a man of medium build, with blue eyes and brown hair—an ordinary-looking man but for a sizable fencing scar on his left cheek, earned at Harvard. He had worked for the agency under commercial cover in Sweden and traveled all over Europe, posing as a sales representative for a manufacturer. In 1957, the agency had sent him to Finland under diplomatic cover. He had been promoted to chief of station earlier in 1961.

Thus, at the age of forty-nine, Friberg toiled in the shadows in an unglamorous agency outpost, a station that gained what importance it had by virtue of its geographic location on the periphery of Soviet power. The defection of Anatoly Golitsin was the major event of his espionage career, and years later, he had no difficulty recalling every detail.

"I knew he was a good-sized catch," he said. "We hadn't had one of his stature since Deriabin in 1954.[1] We'd been in touch with Golitsin," Friberg added. It was, after all, the height of the Cold War, and the CIA was always alert for potential Soviet recruits. "We had someone dealing with him on visa matters, to get a better assessment of him. We knew he was KGB, but he was a hard-liner, and we thought there was no chance of getting him to defect. In fact, we thought he would be the last one to defect."

---

[1] Peter Deriabin, a KGB major, had defected in Vienna that year.

Now Golitsin explained his motive to Friberg. He said he was fed up with the KGB. He had been feuding with his boss, V. V. Zenihov, the KGB resident in Helsinki. "Golitsin was a CI [counterintelligence] officer," Friberg explained. "His task was to work against the principal enemy, the U.S.A., England, and France. He told me, 'Zenihov just doesn't understand CI. And now my defection serves him right.' He wanted so much to get even with the KGB that it dominated his entire existence.

"He said he had planned this far in advance, a year to a year and a half before he actually took the step. He didn't even tell his wife until six months before, and they agreed to wait until their daughter could come to visit them. She had been in school in Moscow."

The CIA station chief had to move fast. There was an eight-o'clock flight for Stockholm that night. Friberg telephoned Stephen Winsky, a young CIA officer, who sped to the house, picked up the Golitsins' passports, returned to the consulate, and stamped in American visas. That was easy for Winsky to do; his cover was embassy vice-consul.

"As we were getting ready to leave for the airport," Friberg said, "Golitsin ran to the side of the driveway near the street and dug a package out of the snow." Golitsin told him that the package, which he had buried before ringing Friberg's doorbell, contained documents that he had managed to take when he left the Soviet embassy. But Golitsin kept the package with him constantly, and he never showed the contents to the station chief.

On the way to the airport, Friberg rendezvoused with Winsky, who handed him back the passports. Golitsin was growing increasingly nervous. "We got him out in a little over two hours," Friberg said. "I got tickets on the commercial flight. I took him out under the name of Klements, using his Russian passport with the U.S. visa. No one questioned it, because it was so close to his 'real' name, Klimov."

Friberg had, of course, alerted CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia, where the word of the impending arrival of a high-ranking Soviet defector was electrifying, and badly needed, news. Only eight months earlier, the CIA, after riding high in the fifties under the avuncular, pipe-smoking spymaster Allen W. Dulles, had been devastated by the spectacular failure at the Bay of Pigs.

The CIA's bungled operation on the beaches of Cuba had not only failed to overthrow Fidel Castro but ended in the death of 114 Cuban exiles and the capture of most of the rest of the almost 1,500-man brigade. It had proved a vast embarrassment to President John F. Kennedy, after only three months in office. Kennedy had inherited the covert operation from his predecessor, Dwight D. Eisenhower, but he had given the go-ahead for the Cuban invasion and took responsibility for its failure. The setback put Kennedy at a terrible disadvantage at his summit meeting in Vienna in June with Soviet leader Nikita S. Khrushchev, who bullied the young President.

Only three weeks before Golitsin appeared on Frank Friberg's doorstep in Helsinki, Kennedy had replaced Dulles with John A. McCone, a millionaire businessman from California. Richard M. Bissell, Jr., the architect of the Cuban invasion, who headed the CIA's Directorate of Plans, still lingered on as the DDP, but was soon to be replaced by his deputy, Richard M. Helms.[2]

Although headquarters eagerly awaited the defector's arrival, a series of misadventures lay ahead for Friberg and the Golitsins as they set out for Washington. They made the 8:00 P.M. flight to Stockholm, only to discover that they would have to shuttle to another airport, north of the Swedish capital, for the connecting flight to New York. Golitsin, petrified at the possibility of being grabbed by the KGB, refused to set foot in another international airport. The next flight out originated in Helsinki, and Golitsin feared the KGB might be aboard.

While the station chief pondered his next move, he and his charges went to ground in a safe house in Sweden for the better part of two days. Finally, Friberg arranged to borrow the American air attaché's plane to fly Golitsin and his family to Frankfurt. Meanwhile, the CIA's Office of Security dispatched a three-man team, headed by Stanley C. Lach, to guard the defector. By the time Golitsin reached Frankfurt, the OS men, although unseen by Friberg, were discreetly in place.

In Frankfurt, Friberg and the Golitsins boarded an Air Force plane for the States. But it was an unpressurized World War II Liberator bomber, and after half an hour, at 8,000 feet, Golitsin's daughter, who was sensitive to the altitude, began to choke. Friberg ordered the plane back to Frankfurt, where he booked a commercial flight on Pan Am to London and New York. There was another day of delay while the CIA arranged a new passport for Golitsin under yet another alias.

---

[2] The Directorate of Plans became the Directorate of Operations in 1973. Inside the CIA, both the directorate and its chief, the deputy director for plans, were known as the DDP, later the DDO. In recent years, CIA officials have tended to refer to the Directorate of Operations, more logically, as the DO and to its chief as the DDO. To make matters even more confusing, the Directorate of Operations is also known as the Clandestine Services, or as some prefer, the Clandestine Service.

Friberg and the Golitsins then flew to London. No sooner had they landed than British security agents swarmed over the plane, investigating a rumor that a bomb was aboard. Friberg managed to persuade the British to leave the Golitsins on the plane as all the other passengers were evacuated. The airliner eventually took off for New York, but the defector's odyssey, and Friberg's, was not over yet. A dense fog had rolled in over New York, and the flight was diverted to Bermuda. More CIA security agents were rushed to the island, where Golitsin remained overnight.

The next day, Friberg and the Golitsins finally flew to New York. "He'd had enough of planes by that time," Friberg said. "We went to Penn Station and took the train to Washington."

A familiar face was waiting. "We were met at Union Station by Steamboat Fulton, a case officer who knew Golitsin. His real name was Robert. He had worked with me for two years in Helsinki. He had met Golitsin at a couple of diplomatic receptions." The Russian and his family were whisked to a safe house in northern Virginia. Friberg, exhausted, checked into the Key Bridge Marriott.

The station chief's job was simply to get Golitsin safely out of Helsinki and away from the KGB. But inevitably, during their seemingly endless four-day journey to Washington, the two men talked. Golitsin's English, although still halting, was improving with practice.

What Golitsin said was only a tiny blip on the screen, but it was a harbinger of things to come. In Bermuda, Golitsin indicated that Golda Meir, then Israel's foreign minister and later prime minister, was a KGB agent. "He said an Israeli VIP had been in the Soviet Union in 1957, and he had got the impression this Israeli was a KGB agent. He came up with Golda Meir, because that was the only Israeli who had been there about that time."

Friberg understandably concluded that Golitsin had a tendency to see spies everywhere, although he was, perhaps, not as vigilant as the KGB man who served as security chief of the Soviet embassy in Helsinki. "Golitsin told me the head of security was suspicious of a cat that kept coming through the ironwork grille on the windows. The guy thought somehow the cat was being used to penetrate their security."[3]

The Helsinki station chief noticed something else during the four days he traveled with Golitsin. "He would sometimes confuse names. For instance, he gave me the name of a fairly prominent Finn whom he confused with a hard-line Finnish Communist. They had exactly the same last name, Tuominen. Poika Tuominen was scheduled to be premier of Finland after the Soviets invaded in the winter war in 1939, but he couldn't stomach it and he defected to Sweden. Erikki Tuominen had been head of the Finnish security police and he was a Communist. He was ousted around 1949, as a Soviet informant. Golitsin was saying that Poika was the bad one. Well, it was Erikki."

From the start, Golitsin proved difficult to handle. "He was stubborn," Friberg said, "and he did not like to be disagreed with. He insisted he didn't want to meet with anyone who spoke Russian. He was inordinately afraid of anyone who spoke Russian."

Clearly, Friberg had private misgivings. But once Golitsin arrived at the safe house in Virginia, the Russian was treated royally. As befit a source of major importance, senior officials came to call. Early in Golitsin's debriefing, McCone's deputy, General Charles P. Cabell, arrived, accompanied by John M. Maury, Jr., the chief of the Soviet Russia (SR) division.

The Soviet division initially took charge of Golitsin, as was normally the case when the agency got a Soviet defector. But from the start, the debriefing of Anatoly Golitsin was closely monitored by James J. Angleton, the chief of the CIA's Counterintelligence Staff, who had full access to the tapes and transcripts. Eventually, in fact, the defector was turned over by the Soviet division to Angleton—a decision that was to have enormous consequences for the CIA and the future of American intelligence.

The reason for Angleton's consuming interest in Golitsin was evident. It was the primary job of the counterintelligence chief to prevent any KGB moles from burrowing into the CIA. When a Soviet defector arrived at Langley, the first question put to him was always the same: did he know of any penetrations inside the CIA?

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[3] On the other hand, the suspicious Soviet security man may have been on to something. The CIA did experiment with implanting microphones in cats, so that the household pets could be used to eavesdrop on the agency's unsuspecting targets. The CIA's scientists realized that machines cannot easily discriminate among sounds, tune out background noises, and listen only to conversation. But they reasoned that a cat, if properly trained, could do so.

If the KGB had succeeded in planting a mole at a high-enough level within the CIA, the agency's secret operations would be known in advance by Moscow. The CIA, without realizing it, would be controlled by the KGB. This was the nightmare that Angleton and other CIA officials feared the most.

And Golitsin fed into their fears. Friberg recalled, "He said he had seen some material at KGB headquarters that could only have come from a very sensitive area of the agency. From someplace high inside the CIA."

The implication was plain, and frightening. If Golitsin was right, the KGB had an agent inside the CIA. Pressed for a name, a description, a clue—anything—Golitsin could only provide tantalizing fragments.

The mole, he told his CIA interrogators, was someone of Slavic background whose name might have ended in "-sky." He had been stationed in Germany. His KGB code name was Sasha.

And there was something else, Golitsin said. The mole's true last name began with the letter K.

Chapter 2

The Principal Suspect

■

In the James Bond movies, the armourer who outfits the fictional spy with his exotic gadgetry is known simply as Q.

In real life, if anyone inside the CIA came close to the description of the American Q, it would almost certainly have been S. Peter Karlow. Karlow had served with distinction in the Office of Strategic Services, the wartime forerunner of the CIA. After the war, he joined the new Central Intelligence Agency. For Karlow and so many others who had fought a secret war in the OSS, the pull of the new CIA—a place to continue the same clandestine struggle in the Cold War—was almost irresistible.

Although not trained as a scientist or engineer, Karlow had always been drawn to technical problems. He realized that the fledgling intelligence agency lacked the sophisticated equipment needed to support its spies. Bugs, cameras, tape recorders, radios—all were huge and bulky. In particular, the CIA lacked state-of-the-art eavesdropping devices. Something would have to be done, Karlow realized, to bring America's espionage organization into the modern age.

With that goal in mind, Karlow had approached the agency soon after it was created in 1947. The CIA's leaders found his arguments persuasive. "I said that during World War II, we had mostly relied on British tools. Why is it that we, as the world's greatest technological society, couldn't make our own?" Karlow suggested a crash program to develop high-tech gadgetry.

"I was set up as chief of the Special Equipment Staff. We got into problems such as bouncing sound off a windowpane. In those days, we couldn't do it. The state of technical equipment for surveillance was pathetic. Case officers were being sent abroad with little or no technical training. It was an exercise in frustration."

Karlow's efforts to improve the CIA's technical capabilities ran into the usual bureaucratic obstacles until 1949, when he received help from an unexpected quarter. On a visit back to CIA headquarters, Peter Sichel, the chief of the Berlin base, later to become famed as a wine expert and producer, asked the agency's technical people to make up hollow bricks that could be used as dead drops, the hiding places that spies often use to communicate with their agents.[1]

"The technical people asked what German bricks looked like," Karlow recalled. "We should have known exactly the size and shape of German bricks. Sichel hit the ceiling." The incident proved Karlow's broader point—that the CIA needed better technical support for all of its clandestine operations. "And that's when Helms said, 'Go to Germany and set up a lab.' " At the time, Richard Helms was chief of Foreign Division M, which became the agency's Eastern European (EE) division.[2]

Karlow was delighted. Although born in New York City, he had spent part of his childhood years in Germany and spoke the language fluently. Soon after New Year's of 1950, he reported in to the CIA station in Karlsruhe, south of Frankfurt. Within six months, he had set up his laboratory in what looked like an innocent group of row houses in Höchst, a suburb of Frankfurt.

"Dick sent me to Germany to see what was needed to send agents into Eastern Europe," Karlow said. At the time, the Eastern European division was attempting to infiltrate agents into Soviet-bloc countries. The CIA's Soviet Russia (SR) division mounted a parallel operation to parachute agents into Soviet territory. "We dealt with guns, locks, paper. We made the tools you needed to send people into denied areas," Karlow said. "Clothing with correct labels, identity papers, union membership cards, employment documents, ration cards."

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[1] The Berlin base chief came from a family of generations of winemakers from Mainz, near Frankfurt. He left the CIA in 1959, after serving as station chief in Hong Kong, and became perhaps best known as the producer of Blue Nun wine.

[2] To avoid confusion, Foreign Division M (FDM) will be referred to here by its later and better-known name, the Eastern European or EE division.

The CIA got many of its documents from refugees from the East who had turned in their identity papers. Karlow altered the documents, making what he called "new originals." For cover purposes, the CIA designated Karlow's staff of forgers and printers as the "7922d Technical Aids Detachment of the United States Army." The unit also manufactured documents, using the same German paper stock that the Eastern European countries imported and used. "For documents, we had to know when they changed paper color, rubber stamps, and so on. We aged documents by walking on them with our bare feet, carrying them in our back pockets. It was all stage-prop stuff. That's what I did. Stage props."

Some of the problems confronting Karlow seemed insoluble. For example, there were times when the CIA's agents in the field needed to develop a roll of film without access to a darkroom. Could it be done? Karlow went to the Polaroid Corporation, whose founder, Edwin H. Land, helped to develop the U-2 spy plane and its cameras for the CIA. Karlow outlined the problem, and the Polaroid technicians came up with a simple answer. "They said to take the two chemical packs that come with Polaroid film, go into a dark area, and run the strip of undeveloped film between the packs. It worked!"

Not everything did. In 1952, according to Peter Sichel, "we got the order to steal a MiG from the Russians." The priority request had come to the CIA from the Air Force, which badly wanted to acquire the latest-model MiG fighter plane, the MiG-15. To do the job, the CIA recruited an agent who was an experienced pilot but had never flown a MiG.

"The agent was a Czech with a withered hand," Karlow said, "and we promised him hand surgery."

Karlow was assigned to provide technical support for the scheme. The CIA's plan was to steal the MiG-15 from East Germany and fly it across the border to a West German airfield, where the U.S. Air Force had a plane hidden and a crew ready to take the MiG apart, load it aboard, and fly it to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, in Ohio. "We found a vulnerable East German airfield, but the Czech agent would have to cut through electrified barbed wire. We designed noiseless cutters that would allow him to get through without being electrocuted or causing the wires to twang when they were cut. On each side of the cutter blade, we put screw clamps that held the wire in place as it cut. We also equipped him with a silenced Luger pistol."

To help train the Czech agent, Karlow was asked to build a mock MiG cockpit. At first Karlow had to guess where the various handles and levers would go. "Then they gave me more data, and we changed the handles. We had to know what the cockpit looked like, because our agent would have thirty seconds to fly it out."

But first the agent was taken to an airfield in the British zone of Germany "and tested on a Vampire that he had never seen before." The agent took off and flew the plane successfully.

The plot to steal the MiG was ready to go, according to Karlow, when General Walter Bedell Smith, the director of the CIA, called the case officers in charge back to Washington. "Beedle" Smith asked where the pilot had been trained for the mission. "When told that he was trained at an American air base in Germany," Karlow said, "Smith canceled the operation. Nobody had stopped to consider that stealing a Russian plane might start World War III. If the pilot were caught, the first thing he would be asked is where he was trained. It would tie it right to the United States."

Karlow spent six years in Germany, returned to headquarters, and was assigned to work for Helms in a psychological warfare unit of the Eastern European division. Later, after the Hungarian revolt of 1956, he was named deputy chief of the Economic Action Division, another psywar unit in the Directorate of Plans.

Three years later, he finally had a chance to push for miniaturization of cameras, transmitters, and other spy equipment. "Why can't we have a transmitter in the onion in a martini?" Karlow asked.[3] His pleas were heard, and that year Karlow organized and, with the title of secretary, headed the CIA's Technical Requirements Board.

The board worked on methods to bug electric typewriters so the words being typed could be captured electronically from some distance away, and it helped to develop a tiny transmitter that could be placed behind the dashboard of a car to enable it to be followed at a distance.

But the CIA's technical boffins worked hardest of all at playing catch-up with the KGB: they were trying desperately to reproduce an unusual, highly sophisticated bug that the Soviets had used against the United States with devastating effect. The bug employed a technology that had not been encountered before, and CIA scientists were having trouble figuring it out.

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[3] Karlow was speaking figuratively. But a microphone disguised as the olive in a martini was actually displayed at a Senate wiretap hearing in February 1965. What appeared to be a green olive stuffed with pimiento was really a tiny transmitter that could pick up a conversation whether or not it was submerged in gin and vermouth, the senators were told. The "toothpick" sticking up from the olive acted as an antenna.

In 1945, the Soviets had presented to Ambassador Averell Harriman in Moscow a carved replica of the Great Seal of the United States. The hollow wooden seal had decorated the wall of four U.S. ambassadors before the listening device it concealed was discovered by the embassy's electronic sweepers in the early 1950s.[4]

"We found it and we didn't know how it worked," Karlow recalled. "There was a passive device inside the seal, like a tadpole, with a little tail. The Soviets had a microwave signal beamed at the embassy that caused the receptors inside the seal to resonate." A human voice would affect the way the device resonated, allowing the words to be picked up. "Technically it was a passive device, no current, no batteries, an infinite life expectancy."

The effort to copy the Soviet bug that had been discovered inside the Great Seal was given the code name EASY CHAIR by the CIA. The actual research was being performed in a laboratory in the Netherlands in two supersecret projects code-named MARK 2 and MARK 3.

Unknown to Karlow and the CIA, British intelligence had succeeded in replicating the Soviet bug, which MI5, the British internal security service, code-named SATYR. In his book *Spycatcher*, former MI5 official Peter Wright said he first thought the device was activated at 1,800 megahertz, but then tuned it down to 800 MHz and it worked.[5] But, according to Karlow, the British did not share their secret with the CIA.[6]

Karlow's work on EASY CHAIR was to have unexpected consequences. When Anatoly Golitsin dug his package out of the snowbank in front of Frank Friberg's house in Helsinki, one of the papers it contained was a KGB technical document warning that the CIA was working on an eavesdropping system to match the Soviet bug.

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[4] The United States kept the embarrassing discovery secret for almost a decade. But in late May 1960, after the Soviets shot down the CIA's U-2 spy plane, Washington tried to counter international criticism by going public with the Soviet eavesdropping device. Henry Cabot Lodge, the U.S. ambassador to the United Nations, opened up and displayed the Great Seal and its tiny bug at the UN Security Council.

[5] Peter Wright, *Spycatcher* (New York: Viking, 1987), pp. 19–20.

[6] In his book, Peter Wright indicated that he had perfected SATYR by 1953 and shared the device with U.S. intelligence. But Karlow says the CIA was not told. "It's obvious Wright knew about SATYR, and I didn't," Karlow said. "It was still a requirement to me in 1959. We had no indication there was a working model of SATYR."

"Golitsin said it was a KGB requirements circular that came from headquarters in Moscow to Helsinki," a CIA officer recalled. "The document said to be on the alert for any information about the joint American-British research effort. It was detailed enough to lead the CIA to conclude that this referred to the project we were working on with the Brits." Although the eavesdropping device had not yet been perfected, the document said, the system was a potential threat. The KGB seemed to know about EASY CHAIR.

And EASY CHAIR was a project of the Technical Requirements Board. The Counterintelligence and Security staffs of the CIA immediately swung into action. To the agency's sleuths, it seemed logical to start at the top. They zeroed in on the secretary of the board.

If Peter Karlow had not existed, James Angleton would have had to invent him. "Sasha," Golitsin's mole, had spent time in Germany. Karlow had run the laboratory in Höchst. Sasha had a Slavic background, and a name that might have ended in "-sky." When the CIA's investigators pulled out Karlow's file, they discovered that his name at birth was Klibansky, and that his father at times had claimed to have been born in Russia. And Sasha's name, according to Golitsin, began with a K.

To top it off, there was the apparent leak from the CIA's eavesdropping and countereavesdropping unit. By January 15, 1962, wiretaps had been secretly installed at Karlow's home on Klingle Street in Northwest Washington. In the thick, secret CIA dossiers that began to build as the counterintelligence and security staffs hunted for the elusive Sasha, one phrase appeared repeatedly in the documents dealing with Karlow. He was, the CIA files made clear, the "principal suspect."[7]

It did not stop with Karlow. On the basis of Golitsin's vague and fragmentary information, the CIA's Counterintelligence Staff and the Office of Security began searching through the files of all CIA officers in the Clandestine Services whose names began with the letter K.

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[7] For example, a memo labeled "Espionage" from Sheffield Edwards, director of the CIA's Office of Security, to J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, begins: "Mr. Peter Karlow, principal suspect in the subject case . . ." Memorandum, Edwards to Hoover, February 19, 1963.

More than one loyal CIA officer was to find his career sidetracked—or ended—merely because he had the misfortune to have a name beginning with the eleventh letter of the alphabet.

Within three weeks of Golitsin's arrival at the safe house in northern Virginia, the mole hunt that was to corrode the CIA for almost two decades had begun.

Peter Karlow had not intended to become a war hero. He was a student on a full scholarship at Swarthmore College in the summer of 1941. "I saw war coming and wanted to get into intelligence," Karlow said. He filled out several applications, and in July 1942 he was commissioned an ensign in the U.S. Navy and assigned to the OSS. By February 1944, he was stationed on Corsica, working with PT Boat Squadron 15, a Navy unit that supported OSS operations.

The OSS maintained a fifteen-man radar intercept station, known as a listening post (LP), on Capraia, a small island north of Elba. The intercept station was a vital link, because it was used to spot German planes flying in low to bomb the U.S. air base on Corsica. "The LP was manned by OSS uniformed guerrillas, all Italian-speaking Americans," Karlow said. "The Germans attacked, landed a raiding party, and destroyed the radar set and other equipment."

As the duty officer that day, Karlow's job was to get the LP operating again. By this stage of the war, Italy had declared war on the Nazis and joined the Allies. "I ran around trying to find replacement equipment and a boat to bring it in. There was no U.S. boat available, so I got hold of an Italian PT boat. I rounded up the Italian crew from the local bars and found the captain and we went out. We reached the island, made contact with the radar detachment, unloaded the equipment, and got out."

But the Germans had planted trip mines in the shallow harbor of Capraia, rigged to go off after a ship passed over them a certain number of times. As Karlow's boat edged gingerly out of the harbor on February 20, one of the mines exploded in ten feet of water. The ship blew up.

"I was standing on the port side, the mine was on the starboard side. I was blown out into the water." In the explosion, Karlow smashed his knee on the torpedo tube. Italian fishermen pulled him out of the sea, but he developed gangrene from the polluted water. He was taken to a field hospital in Corsica, then flown to Sardinia, where surgeons amputated his left leg above the knee.

Of the twelve-man crew—ten Italians, including one officer; Karlow; and one British officer who went along as an observer—all but Karlow and two enlisted men died. Karlow was the sole surviving officer.

At the age of twenty-two, he had given his left leg for his country. Karlow was fitted with an artificial limb, and learned to walk again, to swim, drive a car, and live a close-to-normal existence. Indeed, so determined was he to overcome his disability that few who met him in later life even realized he had lost a leg in the war.

Back in Washington in the fall of 1944, Karlow was greeted by General William J. "Wild Bill" Donovan, the head of the OSS. And Donovan, who later pinned a Bronze Star on Karlow for the action at Capraia, had good news. "When I reported back to the OSS buildings on E Street, Donovan came out, put his arm around me, and said, 'Peter, welcome back, I've got a job for you.' Then he was gone in an instant. That's the way he was—he moved fast but took a personal interest in his men."

The job was to serve as a member of Donovan's personal staff for the rest of the war. Then, in 1946, Karlow was assigned to write, with the help of Kermit Roosevelt, a classified history of the OSS in World War II. The study was later declassified and published.[8]

In the new CIA, Karlow's vision and his technical skills won him steady advancement and the support of the influential Richard Helms. It was to Karlow that Helms turned in 1961 after the agency was rocked by the failed invasion at the Bay of Pigs.

Helms, then the deputy director for plans, called Karlow in and gave him a special assignment. President Kennedy, Helms said, wanted to establish a single place within the government to handle foreign policy crises; he had ordered Dean Rusk, the Secretary of State, to set up an operations center at the State Department, with an officer assigned from each military service and agency of the government involved in national security. Karlow would be the CIA representative. "In the summer of 1961," he said, "I reported to the State Department."

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[8] *War Report of the OSS,* with a new introduction by Kermit Roosevelt (New York: Walker and Company; Washington, D.C.: Carrollton Press, 1976). As Karlow had done, "Kim" Roosevelt, grandson of President Theodore Roosevelt, moved from the OSS into the CIA. He ran the CIA operation in Iran in 1953 that overthrew Mohammed Mossadegh and restored the Shah to the throne.

It was a prestigious post, representing the CIA in a presidentially created center within the State Department, but it was outside the agency, and it was not the job that Karlow wanted. What he hoped for, he had told Helms, was to be appointed chief of the CIA's Technical Services Division, which developed and controlled all of the agency's gadgetry, from exotic weaponry to wigs, from voice alteration devices to the latest bugs and eavesdropping gadgets. By background and experience, Karlow felt he was qualified to run TSD, a post that would truly and finally make him the American Q. Helms had been noncommittal, but Karlow came away from the meeting with the impression that he might yet get the TSD job after his tour at the State Department.

Within six months he would instead become the prime suspect in the CIA's frantic search for a traitor within its ranks. In the prevailing climate of suspicion, bordering on panic, the agency's highest officials would succumb to the fear that Peter Karlow, winner of a Bronze Star, was a Soviet mole.

And no one would tell him.

Chapter 3

AELADLE

For its code names, the CIA uses combinations of two letters, known as digraphs, to indicate geographic or other subjects. Soviet defectors or agents-in-place were given the digraph AE, followed by a code name. Anatoly Golitsin was christened AELADLE.[1]

From the start, AELADLE was trouble. Some of his information, it is true, was to prove valuable to the CIA. But Golitsin made it clear to his handlers that he considered himself a man of supreme importance who was almost alone in fully understanding the nature of the Soviet menace. He had little patience for dealing with underlings.

To a degree, all defectors are troublesome. Cut off from their homeland, their culture, their language, and often their families, Soviet and other defectors from Eastern Europe frequently had understandable psychological difficulties in adjusting to their new environment. In some cases, they were unstable, or impulsive to begin with, or they might not have taken the usually irrevocable and often dangerous step of changing sides in the Cold War. Their motives were varied. Many were seeking a way out of failed marriages. Others left for ideological reasons. Some were frustrated in their careers—the motive that Golitsin gave—and still others were simply attracted to the affluent lifestyle of the West. More often than not, defectors came over for a mixture of these or other reasons. And almost none were free of complaints, problems, and demands.

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[1] For a new identity to enable Golitsin to start life in America, the CIA also gave Golitsin the name John Stone. His British code name was KAGO.

Having said that, by all accounts Anatoly Golitsin was in a class by himself. Early on, he demanded to see President Kennedy, who declined. Golitsin also demanded, unsuccessfully, to deal directly with J. Edgar Hoover.

Although blocked in his efforts to gain access to the Oval Office, Golitsin wrote a letter to President Kennedy and insisted that it be delivered to the Chief Executive. To pacify Golitsin, the CIA assigned its most celebrated Russian-speaking operative, George G. Kisevalter, to meet with the defector. A huge man, well over six feet, built like a linebacker, Kisevalter was nicknamed "Teddy Bear" inside the CIA. Born in St. Petersburg, the son of the Czar's munitions expert, Kisevalter had the deceptively innocent face of a friendly bartender. His appearance and demeanor concealed a quick mind, combined with an encyclopedic memory and a distaste for pretension in any of its forms. Among the Soviet division's field operators, Kisevalter was first among equals. He was the CIA case officer who handled the agency's two premier spies: Lieutenant Colonel Pyotr Popov of the GRU (the Soviet military intelligence service), who was the first Soviet intelligence officer ever recruited by the CIA, and GRU Colonel Oleg Penkovsky, whom Kisevalter had personally met and debriefed during Penkovsky's three trips to the West in 1961.[2]

Howard J. Osborn, then head of the Soviet division, called Kisevalter in to give him his delicate assignment. "They didn't want the letter to go to the President," Kisevalter said. "Golitsin was a loose cannon; nobody knew what he would say or do. It was embarrassing to have him write to the President. They sent me to accept the letter; I was authorized to promise to deliver it to the President." But Kisevalter's real mission was to find out what was in the letter "and if it was not innocuous, to stop it."

Kisevalter met Golitsin at an unmarked CIA building on E Street, across from the State Department. Golitsin was already seated at a desk when the CIA man arrived, and he sat down across from the defector. "I was acting friendly," Kisevalter related. " 'Let's speak Russian,' I said. 'Let me see your letter.' " Golitsin handed it across the desk.

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[2] Kisevalter's prestige within the agency was so great that it probably saved him from becoming a suspect himself. His name, after all, began with K, he had a Slavic background, and he had served in Germany.

"The letter said, 'In view of the fact that the President who has promised me things through his brother, Robert, may not be President in the future, how can I be sure the United States government will keep its promises to me for money and a pension?' " Kisevalter glared at Golitsin.

"I said, 'You S.O.B. You're a first-class blackmailer. This is *shantazh*! [the Russian word for blackmail]' "

Shaken by Kisevalter's reaction, Golitsin changed his mind and demanded the letter back.

Oh, no, Kisevalter said. You want it delivered to the President, I'll deliver it. Kisevalter grinned as he recalled the moment. "Golitsin jumped up on top of the desk and then jumped down on my side and we began wrestling for the letter. I let him win."[3]

Anatoly Golitsin had first come to the attention of the CIA seven years before he defected in Helsinki. In 1954, when the KGB officer Peter Deriabin had defected in Vienna, he had named Golitsin as someone who might be vulnerable to recruitment by the CIA. At the time, Golitsin was a young counterintelligence officer working in Vienna. Deriabin was said to have told his debriefers that Golitsin had an exaggerated idea of his own importance and was disliked by his colleagues.

The two KGB men were to meet again, under unusual circumstances. For security reasons, the CIA goes to great lengths to keep Soviet defectors apart in the United States. But sometimes things go wrong. "Golitsin's safe house was out in the woods," George Kisevalter recounted. "He needed a haircut, so they took him into town. Golitsin is walking down the street in Vienna, Virginia, toward a barber shop on Maple Avenue and Deriabin comes out of the barber shop and greets him like a long-lost friend. The security people almost died."[4]

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[3] Although the President did not see Golitsin, his brother, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, did meet with him. George Kisevalter heard the tape of part of the conversation between Robert Kennedy and Golitsin. "I needed a translator for Bobby Kennedy," Kisevalter said. "His Boston accent was impossible to decipher. Golitsin was claiming, 'I was made promises in the name of the President.' Robert Kennedy said he would tell his brother."

According to biographical details released by the CIA and by British intelligence, Anatoly Golitsin was born near Poltava, in the Ukraine, in 1926, but moved to Moscow seven years later. At the age of fifteen, while a cadet at military school, he joined the Komsomol, the Communist youth organization. In 1945, the year World War II ended, Golitsin joined the Communist Party and transferred from an artillery school for officers in Odessa to a military counterintelligence school in Moscow. He was graduated in 1946, joined the KGB, and while working at headquarters attended night classes to earn a college degree in 1948. He took advanced intelligence courses for two years, then worked for about a year in the KGB section that dealt with counterespionage against the United States.

He was posted to Vienna by the KGB in 1953, under diplomatic cover as a member of the staff of the Soviet High Commission. He targeted Soviet émigrés for a year, then worked against British intelligence. When he returned to Moscow in 1954, he attended the KGB Institute for four years and earned a law degree. For a year, he worked in the KGB's NATO section. Then, in 1960, he was assigned to Finland.[5]

"He caused trouble for the KGB before he ever defected," according to Don Moore, a former senior FBI counterintelligence official. Tall, white-haired, genial, and shrewd, Moore headed the FBI's Soviet counterintelligence operations for seventeen years. Golitsin, Moore said, had wanted to reorganize the KGB, "and he tried the same thing with us. He would have liked to have run the FBI, the CIA, and the NSA, too, if we'd let him."

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[4] After the chance meeting, Golitsin and Deriabin wanted to see each other, so the CIA arranged a meeting in a motel between Deriabin, Golitsin, and Golitsin's wife, Irina. The CIA bugged and taped the meeting, but didn't learn much. According to Kisevalter, Golitsin asked Deriabin, "How much are you getting?" Irina Golitsin "complained we lost everything we owned" and Deriabin angrily reprimanded her for voicing such material concerns.

[5] These details of Golitsin's background are set forth in his book, *New Lies for Old,* in the introduction signed by four American and British intelligence officers who had worked closely with Golitsin: Stephen de Mowbray, of MI6, the British external spy agency; Arthur Martin, the Soviet counterintelligence chief of MI5, the British internal security service; Vasia C. Gmirkin of the Soviet division of the CIA; and Newton S. "Scotty" Miler, who was chief of operations of the CIA's Counterintelligence Staff under James Angleton. See Anatoliy Golitsyn, *New Lies for Old* (New York: Dodd, Mead, 1984), pp. xiii–xvi.

When Moore met Golitsin for the first time, it was just after the CIA's U-2 spy pilot Francis Gary Powers, who had been captured and jailed by the Russians, was traded for the imprisoned Soviet spy Rudolf Abel on a bridge in Berlin on February 10, 1962. Abel, a full colonel in the KGB, was an "illegal," a spy who operates without benefit of diplomatic cover. He had worked as an artist and photographer in Brooklyn. Arrested after his alcoholic assistant turned himself in to the CIA, Abel had been serving a thirty-year sentence in the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary.[6]

As the FBI's top counterspy against the Soviets, Moore wanted to meet Golitsin, the defector who had so impressed the CIA. Moore asked Sam Papich, the longtime FBI liaison man at the CIA, to accompany him to a hotel in downtown Washington that the agency had chosen as the site for the secret meeting. "The CIA brought Golitsin to a room in the Mayflower," Moore said. "He was stocky, gruff, shorter than I am, about five foot nine or ten. He was convinced we didn't release Abel for Powers unless we had doubled Abel. We hadn't. 'When he gets back over, the KGB will turn him,' Golitsin said."

Moore, who respected Abel as a clever, case-hardened professional, knew there was no chance in the world that Abel would ever become a double agent and work for American intelligence as the price of his release. But in the Mayflower meeting, the FBI man had gained some insight into Golitsin's conspiratorial thinking. Not only was the Russian convinced that Abel had been doubled against the Soviets, but he was sure that the KGB would discover this and play him back against the CIA.

"His messages to you—give them to me and I will tell you what they mean," Golitsin told Moore.

"How can you tell?" Moore asked, playing along.

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[6] I interviewed Moore in his home in northern Virginia. At one point, he led me down to the basement, where he showed me a black-and-white sketch hanging on the wall, entitled "Smith's Bottom, Atlanta." It portrayed a group of poor black women hanging out wash from the back porches of their row houses on a laundry line strung across their yards. The artist was Rudolf Abel. "He could see the scene from his prison windows," Moore said. After the spy trade, a prison official presented the sketch to Moore as a souvenir.

"Oh, I can tell."

Remembering the encounter, Moore smiled and said: "That was typical Golitsin."

For the CIA's Soviet division and the Counterintelligence Staff, however, the problems of handling Golitsin were less significant than assessing the substance of his information. Golitsin might have an overblown idea of his own importance, he might demand to see the President and J. Edgar Hoover, but that could be managed. After all, a previous defector, Michal Goleniewski, had provided what proved to be extremely valuable information to the CIA, even though he eventually became persuaded that he was the czarevich, the Grand Duke Alexei, son of Czar Nicholas II, and, as such, the last of the Romanovs and heir to the crown of Imperial Russia.[7]

Two years before Golitsin's defection in Helsinki, the CIA station in Bern, Switzerland, received a series of letters, fourteen in all, from someone who appeared to be a Soviet-bloc intelligence officer. The letters were signed "Sniper." Late in 1960, Sniper defected in West Berlin and identified himself as Michal Goleniewski, an officer in the Polish intelligence service.

The information he provided in his letters enabled the British to arrest Gordon Lonsdale, a KGB agent posing as a Canadian jukebox salesman in England, who had recruited Henry Frederick Houghton and his spinster girlfriend, Ethel Elizabeth Gee, both of whom worked at the Portland Naval Base, near Southampton, a center for antisubmarine research. MI5 had trailed Lonsdale to suburban Ruislip, where two Americans, Morris and Lona Cohen, who were living in England under the names Peter and Helen Kroger, used a high-frequency transmitter to send the naval secrets to Moscow.[8] The Cohens, too, were arrested, and all five went to prison.[9]

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[7] In the mid-1960s Goleniewski began writing open letters to CIA director Admiral William F. Raborn and to Richard M. Helms, Raborn's successor, which appeared in fine print as paid advertisements in the *Washington Daily News.* In the ads, Goleniewski explained that he was the czarevich. All of this was very awkward for the CIA.

[8] As Peter Kroger, Cohen had become well known in London's antiquarian book trade, operating from a room in the Strand. The Cohens had been in contact with Rudolf Abel in New York, but disappeared in 1950, turning up four years later in England.

[9] The FBI established that Lonsdale was really Conon Trofimovich Molody, who was born in Moscow but brought up in Berkeley, California, by an aunt who passed him

Goleniewski has also been credited with providing the information that led the British to unmask and arrest George Blake, an MI6 agent working for the Soviets who had served time in a North Korean prison camp, then worked for British intelligence in Berlin.[10] Goleniewski is said to have provided additional leads that led to the arrest in 1961 of yet another top Soviet agent, Heinz Felfe, the head of Soviet counterespionage for the West German Federal Intelligence Agency (BND). Felfe was a key subordinate of the BND's chief and founder, the reclusive ex-Nazi general Reinhard Gehlen.

Since this deluge of counterintelligence information had come from a single Polish defector only a year before Golitsin's arrival, the CIA was understandably eager to hear every scrap that Golitsin, an actual KGB defector—not merely an officer of a satellite service—could summon up from his memory. Beginning, of course, with his warning of a mole inside the CIA itself.

But his charges went far beyond that. Other Western services, he warned, were a Swiss cheese of Soviet penetration, being nibbled away from within by KGB moles. In time, Golitsin claimed that, in addition to the United States, the Soviets had penetrated the intelligence services of Britain, France, Canada, and Norway.

In the beginning, the Soviet division interrogated Golitsin, as was the normal practice when the agency acquired a KGB defector. But there was constant friction. Golitsin, for example, clashed bitterly with Donald Jameson, one of the officers in the division who spoke fluent Russian and specialized in working with Soviet defectors. By October 1962, it was clear that Golitsin had become totally disenchanted with his handlers. For one thing, the division had declined to

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off as her son. In 1938, at age sixteen, he returned to Moscow. On April 22, 1964, he was exchanged at the Heerstrasse checkpoint in West Berlin for Greville Wynne, an MI6 agent who had served as a courier for Oleg Penkovsky.

[10] So extensive was the damage done by Blake to British and U.S. intelligence that he was sentenced in 1961 to forty-two years in prison, one of the longest sentences ever given in British legal history. In 1966, he escaped from Wormwood Scrubs prison to Moscow, where he took a Russian wife, Ida, fathered a son, Mischa, and was given a dacha by the KGB. In 1989, Blake asserted what Western intelligence had long suspected—that he had betrayed Operation Gold, the Berlin tunnel the CIA and MI6 had dug in 1955 to wiretap Soviet and East German communications in East Berlin. The tunnel operated for more than a year, until April 1956, but it harvested little information of value. Blake apparently had told the Soviets about it before the excavation began.

accede to his demand that he be given millions of dollars to run counterintelligence operations against the Soviet Union.

"Golitsin said to me and to others that he wanted ten million," Jameson recalled. "He said NATO was incapable of protecting itself from Soviet penetration. The only way it could be protected would be to create a special security service that he would run, reporting essentially to nobody. To do that he wanted this sum, ten million. The money was to ensure his independent control over this thing."[11]

According to Pete Bagley, who was in charge of counterintelligence for the Soviet division, the decision was finally made to turn Golitsin over to James Angleton, the CIA counterintelligence chief. "Jim got Golitsin about October of '62, around the time I was coming into the division," Bagley said. "Golitsin's demands exceeded what the division could do for him. He wanted to see the President. I suppose we could have recruited Jack Kennedy, but he had other jobs to do. As a last resort he [Golitsin] was turned over to the CI staff. And also because his statements were all about penetration, not only of the U.S., but of Britain, France, Norway. And CI staff was responsible for liaison with those services."

It was finding the mole supposedly burrowing inside the CIA itself, however, that became the primary preoccupation—obsession might be a more apt word—of James Angleton. The debriefings of Golitsin were intense, and went on for months. As the investigation grew and spread far beyond Peter Karlow to include literally dozens of suspects, the demands on Angleton's staff, and that of the Office of Security, were overwhelming. By 1964, Angleton realized he needed more manpower just to handle the "Golitsin serials," as he called the burgeoning files created by the debriefings of the KGB man.

Angleton brought in Newton S. Miler, who was then the CIA station chief in Ethiopia, to help run the mole hunt. It was not his first assignment for Angleton; he had worked on the CI staff, dealing with Soviet counterintelligence, from 1958 to 1960.

A tall (six foot one), tough-looking man, with a deliberate manner, "Scotty" Miler had blunt, thick features and the face of a county sheriff or a motorcycle cop, which was deceptive, because he was a thoughtful man with a good deal more depth than his roughhewn appearance might suggest. The son of a meat-packer in Mason City, Iowa, Miler had joined the Navy's V-12 program during World War II at Dartmouth, where he graduated with a degree in economics in 1946. He joined the Strategic Services Unit (SSU), a forerunner of the CIA, which sent him to China. When the agency was created by Congress in 1947, Miler was absorbed into it. He worked as a case officer overseas for thirteen years, in Japan, Thailand, and the Philippines.

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[11] Jameson remembered Golitsin asking for $10 million. Other former CIA officers thought the figure was even higher. According to one published account, the defector, in his meeting with Robert Kennedy, had asked for $30 million, a request that the Attorney General turned down. See David C. Martin, *Wilderness of Mirrors* (New York: Harper & Row, 1980), p. 109.

When Angleton brought Miler in from Addis Adaba, he assigned him the title of deputy chief of "special investigations," the euphemism that Angleton gave to the mole hunt. The work was carried out by a unit of the Counterintelligence Staff known as the Special Investigations Group, or SIG.[12] While the term "special investigations" included other, unspecified "sensitive matters," Miler said, "the main thing we were doing was the search for penetrations. That was the primary thing."

By 1990, many years after he had retired from the CIA, Scotty Miler was living in Placitas, New Mexico, in a home that he and his wife had built in a remote area of the rolling, dry hill country north of Albuquerque. He had long since tried to put the mole hunt behind him. But, once found, he was willing to talk about it, and about the nature of counterintelligence, at length, and in considerable detail. He chain-smoked constantly as he talked.

Was it really true that Golitsin tried to identify the mole by a letter of the alphabet? As was his style before responding to most questions, Miler took a drag on his filter cigarette, paused, and looked off into the distance for a moment. "Yes," he replied. "He said the man's name began with the letter K."

But Golitsin had offered more detail than that, Miler continued. "He said Sasha had operated primarily in Berlin. But also in West Germany, and other areas of Western Europe. He did not know whether Sasha was a [CIA] contract officer or a staff officer. He also said the penetration had a Russian or Slavic background.[13] He gave other indications of operations that had been compromised. So we began going through the files, who was involved in what and where. Putting the pieces of the jigsaw together."

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[12] The SIG dated back to 1954, when the CI Staff was created. Initially, according to CIA records, the name of the mole-hunting group was the Special Investigation Unit. But no one ever referred to it that way. "We always called it the Special Investigations Group," Miler said. Eventually that became official; the name was changed to the Special Investigations Group (SIG) in 1973.

But Golitsin, according to Miler, did not confine himself to the clues about the elusive Sasha. He also provided other indications that the CIA might harbor a mole. Golitsin told the CIA of a visit to the United States in 1957 by V. M. Kovshuk, the head of the KGB's American embassy section.[14] As the name implied, the section's target was the U.S. embassy in Moscow.

"Golitsin said Kovshuk would only have come to meet a high-level penetration in the United States government, possibly in the agency. Golitsin was able to identify a photo of Kovshuk." Checking its files, the FBI confirmed that Vladislav Mikhailovich Kovshuk, using the name Vladimir Mikhailovich Komarov, had indeed been assigned to the Soviet embassy in Washington for ten months, from early in 1957 to the fall of that year.[15] Moreover, Golitsin warned, the KGB—knowing that he had defected and that he knew of Kovshuk's mission to America—would attempt to deflect the CIA from the true purpose of the visit.

It might seem entirely plausible that there could be other explanations for the visit to America of the mysterious V. M. Kovshuk. As a specialist in running operations against Americans, he might, for example, simply have wanted to travel to the United States, to increase his knowledge of the country that was his target. A Washington assignment was also attractive for obvious reasons. Even for a ranking KGB official, a trip to the West was a plum, a chance to get out of the oppressive atmosphere of Moscow and see the world, and, not incidentally, to shop for luxuries unavailable in the Soviet Union.

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[13] There was, Miler explained, a certain ambiguity to Golitsin's claim that the mole had something Slavic in his background. It could mean that "the person himself had a Slavic background, or it could also mean he worked in Soviet operations," Miler said. "In the early days of the mole hunt, because Golitsin had said Sasha had a Slavic background, we confined the search to case officers with Slavic backgrounds. But his [Golitsin's] bona fides had not yet been established, and there was a question of whether he had his information right, so you had to look beyond Slavic case officers. The interpretation we put was he [the mole] had himself a Slavic background but you couldn't rule out the other interpretation."

[14] The section was a unit of the American department of the KGB's Second Chief Directorate, which watches Soviet citizens and foreigners in the Soviet Union.

[15] The FBI takes clandestine photographs of known or suspected Soviet intelligence officers in the United States, and in any case has copies of photos of all Soviet embassy employees from the visas they must obtain to enter the country. Golitsin would have been shown an FBI "mug book" in order to identify Kovshuk/Komarov. In Washington, "Komarov" moved into an apartment building on upper Connecticut Avenue. He had the title of first secretary at the Soviet embassy.

But to the CIA counterintelligence officers, prompted by Golitsin, the Kovshuk trip took on a much more sinister connotation. It could, after all, mean a mole. That possibility could not be ignored. To the trained counterintelligence mind, every fragment, every detail, no matter how tiny or trivial, may have possible significance in unraveling a larger deception by the enemy. Sometimes, of course, the CI officers turn out to be right. Sometimes they are wrong. Often, they never know.

On just such gossamer threads, the Counterintelligence Staff gradually wove the full-blown theories of a penetration—or worse yet, penetrations—of the CIA that were to consume the agency over two decades.

And no one was better at spinning and weaving the most intricate patterns, at detecting the complex plots of a clever and relentless Communist foe, at perceiving the delicate strands and synapses that might be invisible to the less experienced eye, than the chief of the Counterintelligence Staff himself, James Jesus Angleton.

Chapter 4

Molehunter

■

In the early 1950s, Tom Braden was a young assistant to Allen W. Dulles, the CIA's deputy director for plans, the head of the agency's clandestine arm. As Braden recalled it, he and his wife were in their bedroom one evening when Braden relayed some office gossip.

"Beedle doesn't like Allen," he told her. Mrs. Braden understood the remark; it meant that General Walter Bedell Smith, the formidable director of the CIA, did not care for Dulles, the famed World War II spymaster who was eventually to succeed him as director. Braden thinks he added some comments about how the dreaded Smith, whom Winston Churchill compared to a bulldog, was mistreating Dulles.

"The next day," Braden said, "Dulles called me in. He asked, 'What's this about Bedell and me?' "

Adopting an innocent expression, Braden professed not to know what Dulles meant. "I might have given him a less than candid answer," Braden admitted. "He repeated the conversation word for word, and I didn't deny it the second time. It was so accurate."

"You'd better watch out," Dulles warned him. "Jimmy's got his eye on you." Braden said he drew the obvious conclusion: James Angleton had bugged his bedroom and was picking up pillow talk between himself and his wife, Joan.[1] But Braden said he was only mildly surprised at the incident, because Angleton was known to have bugs all over town.

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[1] Braden, who recounted the incident to friends, later heard that "Angleton denied that story about the bug. He never denied it to me but to friends of mine who knew

"Angleton would come into Allen's office first thing in the morning and report what his bugs had picked up the night before. He used to delight Allen with stories of what happened at people's dinner parties. One house he bugged was Mrs. Dwight Davis. Her husband had been Secretary of War in the Coolidge cabinet.[2] In the early 1950s she was a much-sought-after Washington hostess, a dowager lady who had senators and cabinet members to her table. Jim used to come into Allen's office and Allen would say, 'How's the fishing?' And Jim would say, 'Well, I got a few nibbles last night.' It was all done in the guise of fishing talk."

Braden said he had personal knowledge of these conversations in Dulles's office, because "I was present and heard this, and not just on one occasion. Angleton would report that people said this, and people said that. Some were derogatory remarks about Allen, which Allen enjoyed. I presumed that they came from a bug.

"It seemed to me scandalous. Everybody assumed he bugged CIA staff officers too, not just dowager ladies. I think most people assumed he was doing it." At a bugged dinner party, Braden said, "some senator or representative might say something that might be of use to the agency. I didn't think that was right. I think Jim was amoral."[3]

Angleton and liked him. Angleton said to tell me that the story was simply not true." But was it true? "Yes," Braden replied, "that's what Angleton did." Braden left the agency four months before Angleton became the first chief of the newly created, centralized Counterintelligence Staff on December 20, 1954. But prior to that date, Angleton headed one of several smaller covert staffs then in existence and designated with the letters A through D. "He was there," Braden said. "He was doing the bugging while I was there. Titles didn't matter much in those days."

[2] Although Secretary of War, an Army major general, and an investment banker, Dwight F. Davis was better known as the man who donated the Davis Cup to international tennis. He was himself three times national doubles champion. He died in 1945. His second wife, Pauline, the Washington hostess, was the daughter of President Theodore Roosevelt's Secretary of the Navy. Mrs. Davis died in 1955.

[3] Braden served in the CIA for five years, from 1949 to 1954, rose to a division chief, and later became well known as a newspaper columnist, television host (of CNN's *Crossfire*), and author. As chief of the agency's International Organizations division, he channeled CIA money to a broad range of anti-Communist cultural groups overseas, and, through the AFL-CIO, into labor unions in Europe. Later, a book he wrote about his large family, *Eight Is Enough* (New York: Random House, 1975), became the basis for a television series in the 1970s and 1980s.

Robert T. Crowley, a former CIA officer who had worked with Angleton, said the CI chief did not arrange wiretaps on his own. "Jim didn't have the resources to do anything like that," he said. "If the director approved, OS [the Office of Security] would do it. Jim would be the beneficiary. He would get the take. But Jim had no technical support of his own."

Nevertheless, stories such as Braden's—and they are legion—helped to make Angleton a sinister and mysterious figure inside the CIA, and in the tight social circles in Washington in which he moved.

His nicknames reflected this. In the CIA, his agency pseudonym—used in cable traffic—was Hugh Ashmead. But his colleagues referred to him variously as "the Gray Ghost," "the Black Knight," "the Orchid Man," "the Fisherman," "Jesus," "Slim Jim," or, less flatteringly, "Skinny Jim" or "Scarecrow."[4] In the dull bureaucracy of Washington, and even in the secret intelligence bureaucracy, few officials had such colorful sobriquets.

But it was more than that. James Angleton's hobbies, his background, his style, his whole life, fit the popular conception of what a CIA chief of counterintelligence *ought* to be like. The image and the man were made for each other; James Angleton could have stepped right out of Hollywood's Central Casting.

There was, for example, his legendary skill as a fly-fisherman, his well-documented prowess as a grower of, and expert on, orchids, his avocation as a collector of semiprecious gems. To his many admirers, these were not accidental interests; rather they were extensions of his brilliance as a counterintelligence officer. The same patience that was required to land a brook trout in a mountain stream was necessary to reel in a Soviet spy, a false defector, or a double agent of the KGB. It took years, as well as great patience, to grow an orchid, and this too was pure Angleton. One cannot see him in his black homburg bowling with the boys for relaxation. In the same way, the gemstones that he found in the caves and crannies of the Southwest, polished to perfection, and fashioned into cuff links or other gifts for his friends, these, too, were akin to the nuggets of counterintelligence information that he could pan from the river of cables, reports, and debriefings that crossed his desk. The key fact that when placed in context would shine as brightly as any topaz. Or so his admirers saw it.

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[4] Despite a widely believed myth to the contrary, one name that Angleton was *not* known by was "Mother." The first use of that term occurred in a two-part series in the *National Review* in 1973 written by Miles Copeland, a former CIA officer, that described in fanciful terms a spooky agency character named "Mother," who resembled Angleton. Miles Copeland, "The Unmentionable Uses of a CIA," *National Review,* September 14, 1973, and "There's a CIA in Your Future," October 26, 1973. In his book *Without Cloak and Dagger* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1974), Copeland elaborated on his conceit, describing "Mother" flanked by two greyhounds in an office at CIA styled like a hunting lodge with a twenty-foot-high beamed ceiling. Then author Aaron Latham wrote a novel about Angleton entitled *Orchids for Mother* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1977). Copeland confirmed that his use of the name "Mother" was entirely fictional: "You are right about my use of 'Mother' as a nickname for Jim Angleton. This name, along with a lot of other things I've said in books and articles, was hokum to ease problems I was having in getting past the mental defectives who used to be in charge of clearing manuscripts of loyal alumnae [*sic*]." Letter, Miles Copeland to author, October 10, 1990. Copeland, seventy-seven, died January 14, 1991, in Oxfordshire, England.

And the fisherman, like the spycatcher, must understand lures. Angleton studied them carefully. One of his fishing partners was Sam Papich, a tall, tough Serb from Butte, Montana, who had worked in the copper mines like his father before him and who was the FBI liaison man with the CIA for nineteen years. The two men were close, J. Edgar Hoover's ambassador to the CIA and the chief of the CI Staff.

"Jim had the hands of a surgeon, and he made beautiful trout flies," Papich recalled. "Sometimes we'd go fishing together. Jim would walk up and down for quarter of a mile studying the water, vegetation, the insects. Then he'd decide what to do. He could give you a lecture on the life of the mayfly from the larval stage up until time it's a fly. I'm a trout fisherman, too, but he was a master at it. He usually released the fish he caught. To him, it was the challenge."

If Angleton fished for trout with Hoover's man, at the same time quietly strengthening his lines into the bureau, the flowers, too, were intertwined with his life as a counterspy. Merritt Huntington, the owner of Kensington Orchids, in suburban Maryland, knew Angleton for years and admired him both as a spy and as a horticulturist. "Angleton was a typical spook, America's number one spook, a real patriot," he said. "He used orchids as a cover. He had a brilliant, photographic memory. His knowledge of orchids was very extensive."

He used orchids as a cover? "Yes," Huntington said, "he would travel as an orchid-grower. He knew every orchid-grower in Europe. We always knew when big shots from Israel were coming, because Jim would need a bunch of orchids. Cut flowers for the Israelis."

"He was a breeder. He bred and named a couple of orchids. He named one for his wife. A cattleya called 'Cicely Angleton.'[5]

"Jim used to sit for hours and talk about orchids. He never talked about his work. I knew who he was, but he never talked politics. He could disappear for six months, but when he was around he would call. He was never without his trench coat."

Angleton was once quoted as saying that of all the orchids, "the lady slipper is my favorite because it's the hardest to grow."[6]

Sam Papich talked about the flowers, too, and the gemstones. "Jim would often send an orchid to a lady he met; he'd meet a lady, and next day she'd get an orchid, not from the flower shop, but from Jim's nursery. His clothes were usually rumpled. But all the women liked him. He made them all feel very important and beautiful. He wasn't a BS artist but he had a knack of bringing up subjects that were interesting and made people feel at home.

"He went to Tucson and collected stones and made beautiful jewelry. He made rings, bracelets, necklaces." Papich paused. "He had tremendous intellectual curiosity. He worked hard. He did most of his work at night."

It was somehow fitting that a mole hunter should be a nocturnal creature, a man who preferred to work in the dark. And Angleton's physical appearance was part of his mystique—tall, thin to the point of looking emaciated, dressed in black, conservative clothes.

"He always wore three-piece suits," recalled former FBI counterintelligence man Don Moore. "He didn't even take off his coat and tie to play poker."

A CIA officer who knew Angleton well described him this way: "He was about six feet, with a hawk nose, dark shadows under his eyes, rather pale skin. Like someone who hadn't been in the sunlight very much. He was slightly stooped over. He would have been tall if he stood straight. Fairly large ears, graying hair, parted in the middle and combed straight back." Angleton wore thick horn-rimmed glasses, but his most interesting feature by far was his extraordinarily wide mouth, set in an angular jaw. Oddly, it almost made him resemble one of the fish he might have pursued, perhaps a bass, or a pike. It was a mouth that often wore a small, mysterious smile, the smile of a man who had a secret he would not share.

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[5] "Wait a minute," Huntington offered, "and I'll look it up for you in the registry of the Royal Horticultural Society. That's the international registry for plants. It's in London. The RHS volumes are published every five years." He rummaged around for a moment, got out the latest volume, and opened it. "Let's see, yes, 'Cicely Angleton' is the name of a cattleya registered with the Royal Horticultural Society in London. It was registered in 1973. Yep, here he is: 'James Angleton, 4814 33d Road, North Arlington, Virginia.' " *Cattleya,* a genus of orchids native to tropical America, is named for William Cattley of Barnet, England, the nineteenth-century patron of botany. With their large, bright flowers, cattleyas are the most popular of orchids. There are about sixty species.

[6] Aaron Latham, "Poet, Florist, Angler, Spy," *Washington Post,* May 20, 1987, p. C1. Latham had interviewed Angleton shortly after he was dismissed as CI chief in December 1974.

"He had a large office in Langley," Angleton's colleague recalled, "a desk covered with objets d'art, dark furniture. A little spooky? Not necessarily, but Jim did nothing to dispel that. Jim always looked buried behind a pile of documents all covered with restricted-access labels. He was soft-spoken but his voice carried conviction. He was definite about everything he said. And what he said was the voice of God."

Despite a serious bout with tuberculosis, the counterintelligence chief chain-smoked cigarettes. "He must have smoked three or four packs a day," a colleague remembered. "I've been in a car with him and he could hardly breathe. He'd turn on the air conditioner to try to get his breath."

And he drank. Espionage is a stressful profession, and a lot of CIA officers have problems with alcohol. "Jim would go to lunch about twelve-thirty, and have plenty to drink," one former colleague remembered. "He came back and was very voluble. He never did any work after lunch."

Angleton was a poet, or at least he had been deeply involved in poetry at Yale, an admirer of T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound, and this aesthetic side, combined with the enormous secret power he wielded, made him a unique figure in the CIA and added to the ominous shadow he cast. For it was precisely this blend of poet and spy, of art and espionage—a craft with a suggestion of violence always present just below the surface—that added to the hint of menace in Angleton's persona. As a literary intellectual, he must have appreciated the delicious dramatic irony that he embodied.[7]

[7] In a British television interview, Angleton once referred to "a wilderness of mirrors," a phrase taken from T. S. Eliot's poem "Gerontion" and applied, as an apt descrip-

In a city in which information is power, secret information is the most valuable of all. And it was the belief within the CIA that Angleton possessed more secrets than anyone else, and grasped their meaning better than anyone else, that formed the basis of his power. Angleton understood this very well, and he cultivated an aura of omniscience.

"Angleton would walk around with his briefcase," George Kisevalter recalled. "He'd say, 'I have incredible material here from the bureau.' 'What is it?' 'I can't discuss it here.' If you can't discuss it in the DDO, where can you discuss it? It was ridiculous." But Kisevalter knew that Angleton's power rested on secrecy. "The key was knowing things and keeping the information to himself."

On one occasion, the CI chief buttonholed Kisevalter in an elevator at CIA.

"You've got to see this film," Angleton said. "It bears out my thinking."

"What film?" Kisevalter asked.

"The Manchurian Candidate."[8]

The secrets that Angleton did not share not only enhanced his power within a secret agency, they gave him the advantage in bureaucratic infighting. Secrecy served as an unassailable fallback position in any argument.

A CIA case officer who had worked closely with Angleton understood this. "When I was sent to London, Angleton was one of those who approved," he said. "You weren't going to go unless Jim also anointed you. But as time went on I just began to think that his conclusions were wrong. I'd listen to all his convoluted theories and say, 'But Jim, that is not in accord with the facts.' Jim would say, 'There are certain things I can't tell you.' I always felt it was because he couldn't justify his case."

Although wary of Angleton, Tom Braden understood the wellsprings of his power. "Angleton had the charm of Sherlock Holmes,"

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tion of counterintelligence itself, by author (and later CBS correspondent) David C. Martin, who used it as the title of his book about Angleton's search for KGB spies, *Wilderness of Mirrors* (New York: Harper & Row, 1980).

[8] The plot of *The Manchurian Candidate,* a 1962 film based on a novel of the same title by Richard Condon, supposes that the North Koreans have brainwashed an American prisoner of war and programmed him to return to the United States and assassinate a presidential nominee.

he said. "The detective. Someone who knew something you didn't."

If Angleton cloaked himself in an air of mystery and intrigue, if he was the most sharp-witted merchant in the bazaar of CIA secrets, there was one truth he could not escape for all of his power. His job was unenviable.

It was James Angleton's *job* to suspect everyone—and he did. That is the road to insanity, and there are those former colleagues who thought that he was indeed mad at the end. But these are clinical conclusions that should not be lightly or casually rendered, even by those who knew and worked with him. It is much easier to conclude that somewhere along the line, a lifetime of suspicion had corroded his judgment.

But it should also be said that suspicion is a necessary evil, or at least a necessary function, in an intelligence agency. The CIA and its operations are obvious targets for penetration by opposition intelligence services. Thus, there must be, within the CIA, a mechanism for defending against Soviet penetration of CIA operations and of the agency itself. That effort is called counterintelligence.

Practitioners of CI argue endlessly, in Talmudic fashion, over the precise and best definition of their art. From their debates, however, some general agreement has emerged. Perhaps the most succinct definition has been offered by Raymond G. Rocca. A tall, thin, scholarly man with gray hair and a goatee, he served as Angleton's deputy both in the OSS in Italy and in the CIA. "Counterintelligence," he said, "deals with the activities of other intelligence services in our own country or against our country abroad. In other words, CI is precisely what it says: counter intelligence. The term defines itself."

Scotty Miler, who, like Rocca, served as Angleton's deputy, agreed. "The goal of CI is to protect your institutions and operations from penetration, including deception," he said.[9]

Since Miler was Angleton's deputy chief of the Special Investigations Group (SIG), it was his job, of course, to ferret out the penetration in the CIA, whose existence the CI Staff did not doubt once Golitsin had defected and warned of "Sasha." And a major task of counterintelligence, under any definition, was first and foremost to detect and apprehend any mole or moles inside the agency.

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[9] In its final report in 1976, the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, headed by Senator Frank Church, D., Idaho, defined counterintelligence as "an intelligence activity dedicated to undermining the effectiveness of hostile intelligence services." It defined counterespionage as an aspect of counterintelligence that attempts "to detect and neutralize foreign espionage." "Foreign and Military Intelligence," Book 1, *Final Report of the Select Committee to Study Governmental Operations with Respect to Intelligence Activities,* United States Senate, 94th Congress, 2d Session, April 26, 1976, pp. 163, 620.

The CI Staff was responsible not only for identifying Soviet agents planted inside headquarters in Langley, but for protecting CIA operations in the field from KGB penetration. If a case officer in the field proposed to recruit an agent, the geographic division responsible for the country involved would check the CIA's files for any information about the person. The CI Staff would request such "traces" from the files of other U.S. intelligence agencies; in rare cases it might discreetly request information from other, friendly intelligence services. The name traces might result in information that would discourage a planned recruitment.

There is a shibboleth in the intelligence world that case officers fall in love with their agents. The case officers want to believe in the people they have recruited and the information the agents provide. The CI Staff are professional skeptics. They are paid to doubt.

Robert Crowley, a former clandestine operator for the CIA, an iconoclast, and a man of great wisdom with a gift for metaphor, compared the role of the Counterintelligence Staff to that of a credit manager in a a large company. "The salesmen, who are the case officers, want to advance their careers by racking up big sales. They're aggressive, work on commission, and are eager for new business. The credit manager takes a hard look at the customer, checks his balance sheet and his credit reference, and says: 'Don't ship.' Naturally, the salesmen don't like it."

For this reason, there was an inbuilt tension between the CI Staff and the operating divisions of the Directorate of Operations, or Clandestine Services. The divisions divided the world into geographic areas. Although the names of the divisions have changed over time, the CIA's clandestine directorate has traditionally had a Soviet division and other geographic divisions for Europe, the Middle East, Africa, Asia, and Latin America.

In theory, a division chief outranked a staff chief, but the division chiefs were reluctant to test their power against Angleton's, because they knew his was greater.[10] Angleton made up for whatever rank he lacked on the organization chart by his close bond with the CIA directors under whom he worked, in particular Dulles and Richard Helms. Like the two directors, Angleton had served in the OSS, and those roots ran deep in the agency.[11] The CI chief was a charter member of the Ivy League "Old Boys" who ran the CIA like a private club well into the 1970s. By wartime service, social background, schooling, and temperament, the Ivy Leaguers were drawn together and, with some exceptions, were the key decision-makers in the agency. They were comfortable with each other.

Beyond the natural friction between the geographic divisions—the operators—and the CI Staff chief, a larger issue lurked just below the service: the mole hunt. As the search for traitors intensified in the early 1960s, the atmosphere of mistrust, particularly within the Soviet division, which bore the brunt of the investigations, became pervasive. No one knew where suspicion would strike next.

And this, of course, raised a puzzling, troublesome issue inside the CIA. Any organization rests on trust, perhaps the more so in a secret agency engaged, at times, in dangerous work. Yet the counterintelligence function is a necessary check against penetration by an opposition service. How can the two needs be reconciled? What would happen over time to an agency that simultaneously required institutional trust and institutional suspicion?

It is unlikely that these questions ever surfaced within the CIA during the era of the mole hunt. The Clandestine Services and the CI Staff were run by hard-eyed men (and very few women) who were busy dealing with day-to-day practical problems. The search for penetrations coincided with the height of the Cold War, a time of maximum activity by the CIA. And if anyone did take the time to ponder these philosophical questions, he would not have dared to raise them with the Scarecrow.

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[10] The divisions and the CI Staff were subordinate to the Directorate of Plans (which became the Directorate of Operations in 1973). The CI Staff, therefore, was a staff of the DDP, the deputy director for plans (the DDO since 1973), and not of the Director of Central Intelligence (DCI), which is the formal title of the director of the CIA.

[11] So close were Dulles and Angleton that after Dulles died in 1969, his sister, Eleanor Lansing Dulles, asked Angleton to give away his pipes to Dulles's best friends in the secret world. Don Moore, the Soviet counterintelligence chief for the FBI, who had worked for many years with both the CIA director and Angleton, got two of Dulles's favorite briars. "I chose them because they came in a leather case that had the initials 'A.W.D.' on the side," Moore said.

James Jesus Angleton was born in Boise, Idaho, on December 9, 1917, eight months after the United States entered World War I. His father, James Hugh Angleton, had served in the Army in Mexico under General John J. "Black Jack" Pershing, chasing Pancho Villa, and had married a seventeen-year-old Mexican woman, Carmen Moreno. (Angleton was baptized a Catholic and named Jesus after his maternal grandfather.) James had a younger brother and two younger sisters. The family lived in Boise, and later in Dayton, Ohio, where the senior Angleton was an executive of the National Cash Register Company. In 1933, when James Angleton was a teenager, his father took the family to Italy, where he had bought the NCR franchise, and in time he became president of the American Chamber of Commerce in Rome.[12] The Angletons lived well, much of the time in a palazzo in Milan.

James Angleton spent his summers in Italy and attended Malvern College, a British preparatory school. In 1937, he entered Yale, where he served on the editorial board of the Yale literary magazine, and with E. Reed Whittemore, Jr., who was to become a well-known poet, he launched *Furioso,* a poetry journal that had a considerable impact. While a student at Yale, Angleton also came to know, and admire, Ezra Pound.[13] Angleton was graduated from Yale in 1941, and in 1943, while serving in the infantry, he was recruited by the OSS. Sent to London, he worked in counterintelligence for the first time in the X-2 section, where his boss was his former Yale professor Norman

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[12] For biographical details on Angleton, see Tom Mangold, *Cold Warrior: James Jesus Angleton: The CIA's Master Spy Hunter* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1991), the first comprehensive biography of the counterintelligence chief; Robin W. Winks, "The Theorist," an illuminating chapter on Angleton and his intelligence career, in Winks, *Cloak and Gown: Scholars in the Secret War, 1939–1961* (New York: Morrow, 1987), pp. 322–438; and Seymour M. Hersh, "Angleton: The Cult of Counterintelligence," *New York Times Magazine,* June 25, 1978.

[13] Pound, the controversial poet and Fascist sympathizer, was, like Angleton, a native of Idaho. He moved to Italy in 1924, and during World War II he broadcast propaganda, directed at Allied troops, for the Mussolini government. Indicted for treason and brought back to the United States for trial, he was judged mentally incompetent and confined to St. Elizabeths Hospital in Washington for twelve years. He returned to Italy after his release and died there in 1972 at the age of eighty-seven.

Holmes Pearson. That same year, Angleton married Cicely d'Autremont of Tucson, Arizona, the daughter of a wealthy Minnesota mining family; Angleton had met her while she was a student at Vassar.

Angleton rose rapidly in the OSS, and after the Allied landing, he was sent to Rome, where, by the end of the war, he had become chief of counterintelligence in Italy. One of his jobs was to help the Italians rebuild their own intelligence services. The extensive contacts he made in Italy during the war were to serve him well when he joined the CIA in 1947.

The following year, he was involved in the CIA's massive effort to influence the 1948 Italian elections. The agency poured millions into the operation to defeat the Communists and support the Christian Democrats, who won.

But Angleton's primary interest, his real love, was counterintelligence, and in 1954 he was authorized by Dulles to set up and head the CI Staff. Part of the Angleton mystique was that he was seldom seen, even by members of his own staff. So reclusive a figure was Angleton that during his reign as CI chief, a standard joke arose about him in the agency. In a crowded elevator at headquarters, if the door opened and closed and no one could be seen getting on or off, the other riders would look at each other, nod knowingly, and say: "Angleton."

And, in truth, the CI chief preferred the seclusion of his office, Room 43 in the C corridor on the second floor of the headquarters building. From that power base, Angleton was to become the dominant figure in CIA counterintelligence for twenty years.

But under Dulles, he added another string to his bow. In an unusual arrangement, he was placed in charge of the "Israeli account," so that operations and intelligence involving the Mossad, or the other Israeli spy agencies, were channeled solely through Angleton.

If Angleton did not trust the pro-Arab case officers in the CIA's Near East division, there is evidence that he also distrusted Jews as biased in favor of Israel. George Kisevalter tells of a revealing incident that took place in 1970, when he was teaching a senior intelligence course at "Blue U," the CIA's school for spies in Arlington, Virginia.[14] In the course, Kisevalter was explaining the workings of foreign intelligence services to a class of CIA, military, and foreign service officers who were preparing to go overseas. He wanted an expert on Israeli intelligence, so he asked for John Hadden, who had recently completed a six-year tour as CIA station chief in Israel. "I sent a request in writing to Hadden," Kisevalter said. " 'Office of Training requests you deliver lecture on Mossad.' Angleton initialed it. Hadden delivered a gorgeous lecture on the Mossad. At the next course for senior officers I requested Hadden again. Angleton said 'No, come see me.' So I did. Angleton said, 'I won't allow this. We are not going to do it in-house.' "

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[14] "Blue U" was the informal name given to an eight-story two-tone-blue office building, designed with an unusual concave front, at 1000 North Glebe Road in Arlington, a northern Virginia suburb of Washington. Courses were given there in locks and

"I protested. I asked, 'Why not?' Angleton replied: 'How do you know how many Jews are in there?' 'What difference does it make?' I asked. 'Are you going to throw them out of the agency?' I went to Jocko Richardson, who was chief of training. Richardson said, 'What the hell's the matter with him?' But there was no lecture on the Mossad."

For Angleton, counterintelligence remained the major concern, and even the Israeli account was a means to that end. John Denley Walker, who succeeded Hadden as station chief in Israel, said, "Angleton was indeed in charge of Israeli affairs, but his major interest was CI. He wanted Israeli intelligence to spot possible Soviet plants among Jewish émigrés from the Soviet Union."

Once Golitsin arrived on the scene, talking of a mole, and with specific, albeit fragmentary, clues to his identity, the search for penetrations became Angleton's overriding goal. In Golitsin, Angleton had found a soulmate. Here at last was a man, fresh from the KGB, who played a precise counterpoint to Angleton's fugue.

To Angleton and his large CI Staff, it made perfect sense to assume that the KGB had succeeded in planting a mole or moles inside the CIA. Logically, in the presumption of moles in the agency there was an analogy to the argument that life must occur elsewhere in the universe. Those who posit the existence of extraterrestrial beings point to the statistical improbability that in the boundless expanse of space, life should exist only on the planet Earth. In much the same fashion, the CI Staff argued that the intelligence services of other nations—

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picks, flaps and seals (how to open letters clandestinely), and photography, among others.

notably the British—had been penetrated by the Soviets. Why should the CIA be exempt? Just as the federal government has its massive radio telescope in Green Bank, West Virginia, listening for radio signals from other worlds that may or may not exist, so the CIA's Counterintelligence Staff watched and waited and listened for the faint sound of burrowing moles. It was only sensible to assume they were there.

Angleton also had personal reasons to press the search for penetrations with such ferocity. He had been taken in by the supreme mole of the century, Kim Philby, and he was not about to make the same mistake twice.

Harold Adrian Russell "Kim" Philby had joined MI6, the British Secret Intelligence Service, in 1940, and by the end of the war he had risen to chief of the Soviet section of MI6, which meant that Moscow knew everything of importance that the British secret service was doing or planning to do against the Soviet Union. In 1949, Philby was assigned to Washington as the MI6 liaison with the CIA. Angleton dined regularly with Philby at Harvey's, a downtown restaurant in the capital also much favored by J. Edgar Hoover. The CIA's ace counterintelligence chief never once suspected that the man sitting across the table and exchanging secrets with him was in fact a dedicated Soviet agent from the start.

In May 1951, Philby's recent houseguest in Washington, Guy Burgess, fled to Moscow with Donald Maclean, a fellow official of the British foreign office, and Philby was suspected as "the third man" who had tipped off the two Soviet spies. But the British could not prove their case against Philby, and were reluctant to press charges against a member of Britain's Old Boy establishment. It was not until late January 1963 that Philby, realizing the net was closing in at last, bolted from Beirut to the safety of Moscow.[15]

To Angleton, the Philby debacle was a humiliating experience, and it had an enormous, wrenching impact upon him. Although much has been made of the effect of Philby's treachery on Angleton, there were

[15] Like George Blake, Philby took a Russian wife, Rufa, was given the rank of general in the KGB, and lived comfortably in an apartment in Moscow, where he was interviewed by author Phillip Knightley four months before Philby's death in May 1988. See Phillip Knightley, *The Master Spy: The Story of Kim Philby* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1989).

at least two cases in the CIA itself, never publicly disclosed by the agency, that convinced the CI chief that he had reason to be concerned about turncoats.

One was the mysterious affair of Bela Herczeg, who had been born in Hungary and served in the OSS and then in the CIA as a case officer in Vienna and Munich. Herczeg vanished in 1957, and Angleton was certain that he had defected to the Mossad. The CIA case officer's disappearance was doubly embarrassing for Angleton, since the counterintelligence chief handled Israeli affairs for the CIA.

Herczeg, who was Jewish, had gotten out of Hungary before World War II and come to the United States. He was down South training as an Army paratrooper in 1943 when Nicholas R. Doman, an OSS officer in charge of operations against Hungary, spotted his name on a list. Doman, who had met Herczeg in Hungary before the war, was looking for agents; he cut orders to have him brought to Washington and recruited him into the OSS. He sent Herczeg to Bari, Italy.

"He was being trained as part of a team of agents to be dropped into Slovakia," Doman said, "but he got sick, and it saved his life. He never made the jump. All but two or three of the team were mopped up by the SS and executed."

After the war, Herczeg was assigned to a U.S. intelligence team that was tracking down Nazis. He interrogated Ferenc Szálasi, the notorious Fascist Prime Minister of Hungary, who was executed. Herczeg later joined the CIA and worked for the agency from 1952 to 1957 in Austria and Germany. But friction soon developed between him and his superiors.

George Kisevalter remembered Herczeg. "I had met him in Vienna when he was stationed there, working against the Hungarians. We had dinner once in a restaurant around the corner from the CIA station on the Mariahilfer Strasse. He was an ex-Hungarian, socially prominent, a fine horseman. A big, burly individual. He insisted I try the *fogas,* a wonderful fish from Lake Balaton, he said. He was on leave in West Germany around 1957 and defected to the Israeli service.

"In 1958, Joe Bulik, a case officer, comes to see me in Berlin on official business from headquarters. He says, 'Angleton wants me to ask you whatever you know about Herczeg. He's gone.' Angleton knew he'd gone over to the Israelis. Angleton wanted to know did I know how he went, and where. I knew nothing. There was nothing much I could tell Bulik. Angleton was upset, of course. It's a friendly service, but people don't just switch intelligence services."

Angleton's deputy, Scotty Miler, also said that Herczeg had defected to the Israeli intelligence service. "The Mossad admitted this to the agency," Miler said. "It was, of course, of especial concern to Angleton, since he handled Israeli affairs. And also there were worries about Soviet penetration of the Mossad. Angleton briefed me about the case in general terms, just so I'd be aware of it."

I tracked down Bela Herczeg in Budapest in 1990. He was seventy-eight and in poor health, but he confirmed that he had vanished from the Vienna station more than forty years before. He denied he had gone to work for the Mossad, however. "I disappeared," he said. "I never got in touch with the agency." He declined to say why he had vanished, although he made a veiled reference to "policy differences" with his CIA superiors. "I did not work for the Israelis," he said.

While Angleton was scouring the world looking for him, Herczeg had returned quietly to the United States, he said, where he worked as a money trader in New York, then as a Toyota salesman for several years in Coral Gables, Florida. He moved back to Hungary around 1982.

Nicholas Doman, who remained in touch with his old OSS colleague, said Herczeg had in fact gone to Israel, and then to Australia "after he quit the agency." But he said Herczeg had never spoken of working for the Mossad. "He was generally frank with me because of our OSS connections. He never told me that." He confirmed, however, that Herczeg "had a falling-out with the CIA and he had always bitterly complained about the agency."

If Angleton was upset by the Herczeg affair, which the agency managed to keep secret, he had even more cause for alarm in the case of Edward Ellis Smith, the first CIA man ever stationed in Moscow. Smith, who was born into a solid Baptist family in Parkersburg, West Virginia, and grew up there, was graduated from the University of West Virginia in 1943, during World War II. He joined the Army, served in Europe during the war, and earned three Bronze Stars for valor. After the war, he worked in Washington in G-2, the Army intelligence branch, and learned Russian at the Naval Intelligence School. In 1948 he went to Moscow for two years as an assistant military attaché. By September 1950, he was back in Washington, assigned now to the CIA.

In 1953, the CIA's Soviet division arranged for the first time to send a man to Moscow. With his knowledge of the Russian language, intelligence training, and previous posting in the Soviet capital, Smith, then thirty-two, was an obvious choice. He left the Army, and the agency dispatched him to Moscow under diplomatic cover, as an attaché in the Foreign Service.

Smith had a specific assignment. A year earlier, Pyotr Popov, the GRU lieutenant colonel, had contacted the agency in Vienna. He was being run for the Soviet division by George Kisevalter. Popov, code-named GRALLSPICE, was the CIA's first asset inside Soviet intelligence. The acquisition of an agent-in-place within the GRU, the Soviet military intelligence service, was a major event at Langley. To provide support for the Popov operation, a special unit was created inside the Soviet division, designated SR-9.[16] It was Edward Ellis Smith's task to select dead drops in Moscow to allow the CIA to communicate with Popov, in the event that he was sent back to GRU headquarters from Vienna.[17]

"Smith was looking for drop sites and setting up for Popov," Kisevalter confirmed. "His selection of dead drops was terrible. Popov did not like the sites Smith chose. 'They stink,' he complained. Smith, thank God, didn't know it was Popov he was setting up for."

On a trip back to Moscow, Popov had checked out the dead drops selected by Smith. When he returned to Vienna and met with the CIA at a safe house, he was upset. "What are you trying to do, kill me?" he asked. Popov complained that the drops were inaccessible; it would have been suicide to use them.[18]

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[16] At the time, the division was called the Soviet Russia division (SR), hence SR-9. Later the name was changed to the Soviet Bloc division (SB). There were other changes and consolidations. In recent years, the division has been known as the Soviet/East European division (SE).

[17] Dead drops are hiding places where an agent can leave rolls of film or documents to be retrieved at a later time by a case officer. The drop sites must be easily accessible but not so obvious that a janitor or children playing in a park would stumble upon them by accident. Typically, the CIA used spaces behind radiators in building lobbies, or hollow bricks, or a nook behind a loose stone in a wall.

[18] Popov's complaints about the dead drops are described in an autobiography by Peer de Silva, the CIA officer who ran the support operation for the GRU agent. But de

Smith was fired by the CIA, but the case, although hushed up, involved a good deal more than the discontent over the drop sites. According to Kisevalter and other former CIA officials, Smith was sexually compromised by his maid, who was a "swallow," a female agent of the KGB.

"The KGB called him 'Ryzhiy,' the redhead," Kisevalter said. "That was their crypt. He had light red hair, reddish. Not flaming red. The redhead's girl was Valya, the maid. He was bragging about his maid making good martinis, and we didn't like it one bit. They [the KGB] forced one meeting with Smith. We don't know what he gave them at the first meeting. They were setting up for a second meeting. They attempted to make other meetings."

But Smith, realizing he was in deep trouble, confessed to his superiors that he had fallen into a KGB "honey trap." According to Pete Bagley, who was later in charge of counterintelligence for the Soviet division, "Smith reported the approach by the KGB in 1956 and was brought back and they questioned him and were not happy with his answers and they fired him."

No word of the disaster in Moscow leaked out. The CIA was able to keep the lid on the fact that the first officer it ever sent to Moscow had been ensnared by the KGB. The agency, however, had not heard the last of the Smith case, as will be seen.

Edward Ellis Smith moved to San Francisco and built a distinguished career as a bank executive, author, and Soviet expert, his indiscretion in Moscow a secret that remained buried in the past. His books included a study of the Okhrana, the czarist secret police, and a biography of Stalin's early years.[19] Ironically, Smith concluded that Stalin had been a czarist police agent inside the Russian revolutionary movement.

Smith was elected to the board of governors of the exclusive Commonwealth Club in 1972. Ten years later, a few minutes after midnight on Saturday, February 13, 1982, Smith was killed in Redwood City by

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Silva did not identify Smith as the man who chose the drop sites. Peer de Silva, *Sub Rosa: The CIA and the Uses of Intelligence* (New York: Times Books, 1978), p. 69.

[19] See Edward Ellis Smith, *"The Okhrana": The Russian Department of Police* (Palo Alto: Hoover Institution, 1967), and *The Young Stalin: The Early Years of an Elusive Revolutionary* (New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1967).

a hit-and-run driver in a white Corvette that witnesses said roared through a red light at high speed. Police said Smith carried a briefcase containing notes for a book with references to the CIA and the KGB, but a police spokesman said there was no reason to think that the death was anything but accidental. "There's nothing clandestine involved," he said. The next day, the driver, Donald Peck, thirty, who had served two prison terms for burglary, turned himself in. A witness said Peck was drunk, but no blood-alcohol tests were available, since he had waited a day to surrender. He later pleaded no contest to hit-and-run driving in return for dismissal of vehicular-manslaughter and drunken-driving charges. On November 3, Peck was fined $750 and sentenced to one year in jail.

The CIA's Counterintelligence Staff had been dismayed by the KGB's entrapment of Edward Ellis Smith. "The problem was more serious than we ever resolved," said Scotty Miler. "He admitted he had been compromised. But he did not make full admission of what he might have given the Soviets."

To James Angleton, the Smith case only proved the point. The agency had already been penetrated, its first man in Moscow compromised. The counterintelligence chief did not need to be convinced there were moles. The problem was to find them.

Chapter 5

The Moscow Station

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Paul Garbler knew there would be a lot of drinking at his bon voyage party in 1961. For one thing, it was an exciting moment in the history of the CIA: he had just been chosen as the first chief of the Moscow station.

For another, the host of the party was the legendary William King Harvey, whose Falstaffian figure attested to his fondness for booze. Behind his ample back, Harvey was known as "the Pear," for his shape. A crew-cut former FBI agent, Harvey was a colorful, tough character who always packed a gun, drank three martinis for lunch, and had a disconcerting habit of falling asleep at meetings.[1] It was Harvey, over drinks one night in Berlin seven years earlier, who had persuaded Garbler, a Navy pilot, to resign his commission and join the CIA. "And when you were drinking with Harvey, you were drinking a lot," Garbler recalled.

In less than a decade, Garbler had risen from a case officer in Berlin, where he had served under Harvey, to the man selected to head the most important field station in the CIA. Garbler had every reason to be proud of his achievement.

The other guests at Harvey's party were Richard M. Helms, then the assistant deputy director for plans; Thomas H. Karamessines, a senior official of the DDP; Eric Timm, chief of the Western European division; and James Angleton. It was this small group of senior agency officials who had made the decision late in 1960 to establish the CIA's first station in the Soviet capital.

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[1] Within the agency, Harvey became notorious for slumbering through staff meetings. At one such meeting at the CIA station in Frankfurt, Harvey started nodding off as usual, and gradually his jacket opened, exposing his gun in its holster. Someone wrote a sign and placed it on his potbelly: "Fattest gun in the West."

Garbler's principal mission, indeed the major reason for the decision to open the Moscow station, was to provide a means of clandestine communication with the agency's premier spy in the Soviet Union, Colonel Oleg Penkovsky of the GRU. "What we had up to then was singletons going into Moscow under various kinds of cover," Garbler explained. There was no station, he said, and therefore no chief of station. "I was the first legitimate COS in Moscow."

So there was a great deal to celebrate. "Everybody drank a lot of booze. It got pretty wild. Helms left early. Angleton backed me into a corner. He said, 'I've been working with FBI. We've got a couple of cases where the source has returned to the Soviet Union and we want to maintain contact. I'll let you know details tomorrow and you tell me if you can handle it.' The next day Angleton told me where the dead drop was." Garbler agreed to run Angleton's agent in Moscow.

Garbler, a tall, rugged, and handsome man, had the face of a Western cowpuncher but had been born in Newark, New Jersey, and grew up in south Florida, where his father was a successful builder. Garbler joined the Navy a few months before Pearl Harbor, and while training as an aviation cadet in Jacksonville he met Florence Fitzsimmons, an attractive Army nurse from Bayside, Queens. They were married in the midst of the war. Florence served in the Italian campaign, landing at Salerno with the Fifth Army and working her way up through Italy. Paul was a dive-bomber pilot flying from carriers in the Pacific, so they did not see each other for two and a half years, until the war ended. Garbler flew in the first and second battles of the Philippine Sea and at Chichi island, and won three Distinguished Flying Crosses and eight Air Medals.

After the war, the Navy sent Garbler to Washington to learn Russian and receive training in intelligence. He shipped out to Seoul, South Korea, in 1948, and served as President Syngman Rhee's personal pilot. He was in Korea in June 1950 when the North Koreans invaded.

The Navy sent Garbler back to Washington, and a year later he was assigned to the CIA and trained as a spy. In 1952, although still in the

Navy, he began a three-year tour in Berlin base for the CIA. Using the alias Philip Gardner, Garbler took over as the case officer handling Franz Koischwitz, a principal agent whose target was the Soviet military establishment at Karlshorst, in East Berlin. It was while in Berlin that Garbler accepted Harvey's invitation to leave the military and join the CIA.

He returned to headquarters in 1955 and was sent to Stockholm the following year as deputy chief of station. By 1959, he was back in Washington, working in the Soviet division, an assignment that helped to put him on the short list for chief of the Moscow station.

On November 30, 1961, Garbler reported in to the American embassy in the Soviet capital, under cover as the assistant naval attaché. In Moscow, Garbler's small CIA station operated under the handicap of massive KGB surveillance of embassy employees. The station was so clandestine that even the distinguished American ambassador, Llewellyn E. Thompson, a kindly but shrewd career diplomat, was not sure which members of his staff might be spooks. Because of KGB bugs, sensitive conversations inside the embassy had to take place in "the bubble," a secure room-within-a-room.

"Tommy's first question in the bubble after I arrived," Garbler recalled, "was, who was here for the CIA other than me?" There were not many names that Garbler could provide; the station was so small that Garbler had only a few officers on his staff.[2]

Within a few months, he was joined by his wife, Florence, who taught at the Anglo-American school and helped him in his espionage work. "She had no operational training or tasks. But she accompanied me on some visits to help screen me. If I had to empty a drop in Gorky Park, I'd have no reason to be there. But if Florence was with me, we'd be strolling around together, I'd point things out to her, and eventually we'd sit on a bench. That would be the dead drop. Or marking a signal site with chalk at a theater, she would screen me from the view of casual passersby. She was a big help to me."

[2] In most stations, the CIA is housed in one area of the embassy. For security reasons, the handful of CIA officers in Moscow were scattered around the building. Garbler had to arrange meetings with them through an elaborate system of signals. "Making contact in the embassy with station officers was a lot like setting up a clandestine meeting with an agent in, say, Paris. I used different signals and signal sites with each officer. In Moscow it sometimes took two days to meet a station officer. All the meetings were in the bubble."

The month after Garbler arrived in Moscow, Anatoly Golitsin defected in Helsinki. Garbler had no reason to pay much attention to that at the time, since he was concentrating on his primary mission of monitoring clandestine contacts with Oleg Penkovsky, whom the CIA regarded as its most important asset inside the Soviet Union.[3]

"We were able to do quick brush contacts with Penkovsky at social affairs," Garbler said. "For example, an embassy official would give a cocktail party, Penkovsky was invited. On his trips to the West, Penkovsky had been shown photographs of people who might give him something or take his film. He would know that somebody was going to brush him at this party. One or two times we did this. At different locales, including Spaso House, the ambassador's residence."

Garbler met Penkovsky only once. "It was at a reception at Spaso House. Penkovsky did not have my picture, and did not know who I was." Garbler, living his cover as assistant naval attaché, was in uniform at the reception. As far as Penkovsky knew, he was having a pleasant chat with an American naval officer; he had no idea he was talking to the chief of the CIA station.

Oleg Vladimirovich Penkovsky, the CIA's most celebrated spy, was born in 1919 in Ordzhonikidze, in the northern Caucasus, the son of a White Russian army officer who was killed battling the Bolsheviks at Rostov during the Russian civil war. Young Oleg was raised by his mother, who, to protect her son's future, claimed that his father had died of typhus.[4] Oleg went to artillery school in Kiev. After the Soviets attacked Finland in 1939, Penkovsky's rifle division was sent to the front. Assigned to duties in Moscow the following year, Penkovsky met Vera Gapanovich, the daughter of a powerful Soviet general.

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[3] Golitsin defected only two weeks after Garbler got to Moscow. "I heard about it," Garbler said. "A cable from headquarters arrived. It said that there had been a defection in Helsinki and the KGB was digging through the city, looking for the guy. We used to make occasional shopping trips to Helsinki, and the cable said it wouldn't be good to go at this time. I replied I wasn't planning to go to Helsinki."

[4] The family was divided. Penkovsky's great-uncle, General Valentin Antonovich Penkovsky, had joined the Red Army. He was caught in Stalin's purges, jailed but not executed, and fought with valor against the Nazis in World War II, becoming the wartime commander for the Far East military district. He rose high in the Soviet military and earned three Orders of Lenin. He met his nephew Oleg once in Moscow and, in a secret reunion over tears and vodka, promised never to report Oleg's White Russian father.

When the Germans attacked the Soviet Union in 1941, Oleg was sent to the Ukraine, where he earned eight decorations but was hit by shrapnel, was knocked unconscious, and lost four teeth. In the hospital back in Moscow, Penkovsky met General (later Marshal) Sergei S. Varentsov, who had been injured in a jeep accident.

Varentsov took a liking to the young artillery officer, and made him his aide on the spot. And he soon had an assignment for Penkovsky. Varentsov's daughter, Nina, the apple of his eye, had married a Jew, a Major Loshak, who got in trouble with the authorities for selling cars and parts on the black market. He was arrested in Lvov and sentenced to be shot. The marshal sent Penkovsky to intercede, but he arrived too late. "After her husband had been executed," said George Kisevalter, the CIA case officer who handled Penkovsky, "Nina Varentsov pulled a pistol from an officer and blew her brains out. Penkovsky spent his own money to give them a decent burial. When he reported back to a tearful Varentsov, the marshal said, 'You're like a son to me. You did everything you could. You did what I would have done.' "[5]

The episode cemented the personal bond between the powerful marshal and his young aide. Varentsov got Penkovsky into the prestigious Frunze Military Academy and persuaded him to go into intelligence work. Penkovsky married Vera Gapanovich, and his star was on the rise. In 1955, he was sent to Turkey as the acting GRU resident in Ankara. Six months later, a GRU general, Nikolai Petrovich Rubenko, whose real name was Savchenko, arrived in Ankara to take over as the resident. Tension soon developed between Penkovsky and his bullying boss, a much older man. Penkovsky also disliked a rival GRU officer in Ankara, Nikolai V. Ionchenko, later an adviser to Ho Chi Minh in Hanoi.[6]

[5] Many details of Penkovsky's background and his espionage career for the CIA were provided to the author by George Kisevalter in a series of interviews at Kisevalter's home near Washington. Kisevalter had been told of these events by the Soviet spy in the course of many hours of debriefings during the GRU colonel's three trips to the West in 1961. Kisevalter's account went beyond the version published in *The Penkovskiy Papers* (New York: Doubleday, 1965), a memoir ostensibly written by Penkovsky and smuggled out of the Soviet Union but in fact prepared with material provided by the CIA from the spy's debriefings in the West.

[6] The trouble came to a head when the GRU resident received an order from Moscow. As George Kisevalter recounted it, "A cable came in—lay off operations because the Shah of Iran was paying a state visit. Every hostile intelligence service in world will

Penkovsky returned to Moscow in 1956 and was preparing to be sent to India when the KGB at last unearthed the fact that his father was a White Russian army officer. He was eventually cleared but downgraded and assigned to a selection board for GRU trainees. By this time Penkovsky was becoming increasingly frustrated in his career. In November of 1960, he was transferred to the State Committee for Science and Technology, which meant that he would deal with foreign businessmen and officials and be able to travel abroad. But even before this opportunity presented itself, Penkovsky had already reached a momentous decision.

Three months earlier, in August 1960, Penkovsky made the first of four attempts to offer his services to the West. The GRU colonel was returning home from summer leave in Odessa when his train stopped in Kiev, so that cars from another train from the Caucasus could be attached. As he walked on the platform, he noticed two American college students speaking Russian. In Moscow the next day, Penkovsky spotted the same two students in Sokolniki Park, followed them toward the Hotel Ukraina, and approached them. He handed them a package and begged them to deliver it to the American embassy.

"They took the package," Kisevalter said. "The Marine guard lectured the students, don't take things from Russians. I was at headquarters when the package came in by courier. My God, we grabbed our heads and went crazy. Everything was typed in Russian. The first letter was an invitation to dance. 'I'm an intelligence officer. My people are suffering. Khrushchev will plunge the world into a third world war. I want to offer my services. I realize this letter is not enough. On page three and four you'll find a sketch of a dead drop and a signal site elsewhere to indicate a message has been placed. I want

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be there, don't get caught. Despite the orders from Moscow, Ionchenko wanted to keep a meeting with a Turkish agent who had U.S. Air Force maps. Penkovsky called Turkish security and they nailed Ionchenko, who was expelled. They shot the Turk. Penkovsky was assigned to escort Ionchenko out. Rubenko made life so impossible that Penkovsky cabled Moscow, using KGB channels. This hit the central committee. Khrushchev called in both Rubenko and Penkovsky. The general was censured and thrown out of the GRU. Penkovsky was rewarded for vigilance and reassigned."

But he was a marked man for having opposed his boss, a general. It took the intervention of Marshal Varentsov to get Penkovsky a new assignment to the Dzerzhinsky artillery school in Moscow for a nine-month course in missiles.

precise instructions of how I can securely deliver to you a package which contains all details of the entire Soviet arsenal of rocketry, conventional and nuclear.' "

Kisevalter was animated as he spoke of what was surely one of the most electric moments of his espionage career. Penkovsky's letter, he said, "contained a most unbelievable list of incoming candidates for the military-diplomatic academy, which is their highest intelligence school, and backgrounds of the candidates, their assignments after graduation, and languages." It was an intelligence bonanza such as the CIA had never seen.[7]

"But we didn't have assets in Moscow," Kisevalter lamented. "We didn't respond to Penkovsky's letter." Incredible as it may seem, the CIA did not have anyone in the Soviet capital who could reply to Penkovsky's overture. There was no CIA station in Moscow.

"About October of 1960, we get a cable from MI6," Kisevalter said. "It reports that two British businessmen said some nut named Penkovsky in civilian clothing had wined and dined them in Moscow. Penkovsky asked them to take a package to the American embassy. They refused. 'Will you take my card?' They agreed. It listed Penkovsky's office on Gorky Street. On the back he wrote, 'Please call this number,' his home number, 'at ten A.M. on any Sunday from a pay booth.'

"Another month goes by and we try to get a guy into Moscow. We had no one Russian-speaking there. We had no one to run, no agents, so there was no one there. We sent one of our people in as an assistant supply officer." The CIA man moved into America House, a Moscow apartment building catering to foreigners but staffed by Soviets.

"Meanwhile, we're trying to figure out about Penkovsky. We don't understand how a military intelligence officer could walk around Moscow in civilian clothes." Eventually, the CIA learned the answer: Penkovsky had been assigned to the civilian scientific committee.

About this time, a Canadian diplomat, William Van Vliet, recently

[7] Of the names on the list, Kisevalter said, "one quarter were to be especially trained as illegals. These were starred. One French-speaking agent going to Lebanon, one English-speaking agent going to Israel, and so on." To confirm the validity of Penkovsky's list, ten CIA case officers were assigned to analyze all that the agency knew about the GRU officers. File traces were run, and the CIA was able to identify about forty of the sixty names on the list. "We had photos of about twenty-five," Kisevalter said. "Those with no record had never been outside the USSR."

returned from Moscow, flew to Washington from Ottawa to see Kisevalter. In all likelihood, Van Vliet was acting for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP), then in charge of that country's counterintelligence. Penkovsky, Van Vliet said, had approached him and James Harrison, another Canadian official, at the National Hotel in Moscow and turned over his business card and a sealed envelope that Penkovsky said contained drawings of Soviet ballistic missiles. Once again, Penkovsky asked that the package be delivered to the Americans. Harrison, Van Vliet told Kisevalter, was greatly distressed that Canada had been ensnared in what appeared to be an American spy operation. "I thought he was going to have apoplexy," Van Vliet said.

The Canadians kept the package overnight, Kisevalter related. "Then they called Penkovsky, called him back, and said, 'Here, take your package.' " The documents were returned to Penkovsky unopened.[8]

Penkovsky had now made three attempts to communicate with the CIA, and had nothing to show for it. What happened next would have discouraged a less persistent spy. "Our guy is now in place in Moscow," Kisevalter said. "We sent him a message for Penkovsky—'Please don't contact anyone else, don't deliver the package for your own security, be patient, we will contact you.' The case officer knows he's surrounded by Soviets in America House and starts drinking heavily. He doesn't find a phone booth until eleven A.M., an hour late, and then he improvises. The message he gave Penkovsky was a senseless garble. He was drunk. He now teaches school in West Virginia."

In April 1961, Carlton B. Swift, Jr., the CIA operations chief in London station, the millionaire scion of the meat-packing family, reported that a British businessman, Greville Wynne, had met Penkovsky in Moscow. "Penkovsky took him to parties," Kisevalter said. "When it was time for Wynne to leave, Penkovsky pulls out an envelope and says please deliver these to the American embassy in London."

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[8] Official documents released by the Canadian government early in 1991 placed the date of Penkovsky's approach at the National Hotel as January 9, 1961. Blair Seaborn, the Canadian chargé d'affaires in Moscow, had approved the decision to rebuff Penkovsky. He was later overruled by a new ambassador, Arnold Smith, who arranged to put Penkovsky in touch with MI6, according to the documents. See Dean Beeby, Canadian Press, "We Nearly Did It Again," *Ottawa Citizen*, March 1, 1991, p. A2.

MI6 had already recruited Wynne, who traveled frequently to the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, to serve as Penkovsky's courier. He took the envelope back to London. And finally, later in April 1961, the CIA had its first face-to-face meeting with Oleg Penkovsky, who traveled to London as the leader of a Soviet trade delegation. Kisevalter and another case officer, Joseph J. Bulik, flew to London and met with Harold Shergold and Michael Stokes of MI6 in what now became a joint British-U.S. operation. They set up in London's Mount Royal Hotel, near Marble Arch, where Penkovsky's delegation was being wined and dined on another floor by a group of British steel executives. Kisevalter sent a note to Penkovsky asking him to come to Kisevalter's room, using an interior fire escape.

"We waited. There was a knock on the door. There's Penkovsky, in civilian clothes. 'We're the ones you wrote to,' we said." To prove it, the CIA officers showed Penkovsky a copy of his original letter.

"Penkovsky took off his jacket," Kisevalter continued. "From under the lining he removed a package and handed it to us. 'You don't know much about me,' he said. He then told his life story. 'Do you have time?' he asked. We had time."

It was the first in a series of intensive debriefings of Penkovsky that summer in England and France. From London, the CIA-MI6 team followed Penkovsky to Birmingham and Leeds, meeting with him clandestinely seventeen times in fifteen days in the three cities.

During one of these meetings, Penkovsky made a startling proposal: in the event that war was imminent, he would, if the CIA and MI6 wished him to do so, hide miniature atomic bombs at strategic locations around Moscow to destroy the Soviet capital.

"He had twenty-nine critical places in Moscow," Kisevalter said. "He described each of the locations, all significant from a military point of view. The primary headquarters of the Moscow military command, an emergency secondary military headquarters, underground in an abandoned Moscow subway, the headquarters of the artillery command. We let him continue, rather than cut him off, because for us it was useful to get a list of these strategic locations.

"He wanted us to provide the bombs, each small enough to fit in a suitcase. His idea was to go around town in a taxi with the bombs in suitcases and put them in garbage cans or alleys or other places to conceal them." How would the nuclear weapons have been triggered? "They would have been time bombs," Kisevalter said. "All would be triggered to go off at the same moment. Giving him a chance to get away." Penkovsky's scheme to launch World War III with a taxi and suitcases struck the CIA and MI6 officers as impractical, but they did not want to discourage his cooperation. "We told him we didn't have such weapons available," Kisevalter recalled, "but if and when we had such bombs and if a need arose, we would be in touch." Kisevalter smiled. "And we got the twenty-nine locations."

In Leeds, a Keystone Cops episode nearly resulted in Kisevalter's arrest. "Headquarters said I had to go to England as a Scotsman, Mr. McAdam. I registered in a hotel in Leeds. It was pouring cats and dogs. I had just met Penkovsky on the street. 'Can we talk?' I asked. 'Yes, I'm free for two hours.' We went to my hotel. There were a lot of people in the lobby. 'I'll go in, you follow me,' I said. I go through the revolving door into the lobby. He doesn't come in. I think maybe he's misunderstood me. I go out through the revolving door. As I go out, he comes in. Everybody in the lobby is looking over their newspapers. Who are these clowns?"

Matters rapidly got worse; Kisevalter walked back inside into the arms of the police. "I got arrested in the lobby. Detained, anyway. The police said, 'Mr. McAdam, what are you doing? This is the Queen's own.' Queen's own? I had no idea what they were talking about. Turns out it was the census, every ten years, and if you are traveling during that period, you have to register with the police, and I hadn't. There was no way I could fill out the form. I didn't even know my 'father's' name in Scotland. I went to MI6 and they nearly died laughing and then they filled out the form."

Before leaving England, Penkovsky was given a sophisticated camera, fabricated by MI6 technicians, to photograph documents. It looked like a Minox but was specially designed for its task, and used extremely sensitive film.[9]

In July, Penkovsky returned to London with a delegation of Soviet technical experts. He handed over a large group of films and documents to Wynne, and met with the four-man CIA-MI6 team again.

The joint MI6-CIA team worked out procedures for Penkovsky to continue passing secrets when he returned to Moscow. His contacts would be Wynne and Janet Ann Chisholm, who had once been Shergold's secretary and was the wife of the MI6 station chief in Moscow, Roderick "Ruari" Chisholm. She was flown in from Moscow and met Penkovsky so he would know what she looked like.

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[9] The camera had a fixed f-stop of f8 and a fixed shutter speed of 1⁄100th of a second. Penkovsky was instructed to use a light source of between 60 and 100 watts. He was told that 17.5 by 21 inches was the maximum-size document that could be photographed in one shot. Any document bigger than that required two frames.

Penkovsky was given a CIA communications plan code-named Yo-Yo 51, which consisted of a one-time pad in Cyrillic that he would use to decipher coded messages broadcast to him in Moscow by shortwave radio from Frankfurt.[10] In Penkovsky's case, the CIA broadcast a dummy tape with "cut numbers," a form of altered Morse code. The dummy tape sounded like Morse, but was really a continuous but apparently meaningless stream of dots and dashes. Penkovsky was instructed to don earphones and listen at midnight on Saturday and Sunday on a $26 Sony radio that Kisevalter had bought for him. A five-number group, Penkovsky's call number, would be broadcast at midnight, followed by a dummy group, the last three letters of which would tell him how many real coded groups to expect in the message that followed. If the KGB was listening, the message would sound no different from the dots and dashes that preceded it; only Penkovsky could decipher the text with his one-time pad.

Penkovsky brought with him a long shopping list from Soviet officials. First on the list was a request from the chief of the GRU, Ivan Alexandrovich Serov, who had also formerly headed the KGB. "Penkovsky says Serov wants a garden swing, he wants bees for rheumatic treatment," Kisevalter said. "And Penkovsky brought with him outlines of many women's feet for shoes for wives of the top brass. 'How do you expect to get this stuff home?' I asked. 'Wynne's going back with ten suitcases. The swing can go by boat—we have a boat on the Thames.' So we had a shopping expedition. We had to get a present for Varentsov's birthday—Khrushchev would be there. At Harrods, I got a sterling-silver rocket that dispatched cigarettes and cigars. Just the thing for the marshal. And a watch, but we didn't have a cleared engraver, so we couldn't engrave it. And a sixty-year-old bottle of cognac, which we got by having [CIA] case officers scouring France. They did find a cleared dentist, who replaced Penkovsky's missing teeth."

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[10] A one-time pad is a tiny booklet containing groups of random numbers that an agent uses to decode the messages received. The only other copy is retained by the intelligence service that is controlling the agent. As the name implies, each page of the pad is used only once, then destroyed. Sometimes the pads are made of edible paper. Because only two copies of the pads exist, it is impossible to break the code.

As busy as Penkovsky was, leading his double life, he found time while in London to visit the grave of Karl Marx in Highgate. "He found it covered with garbage," Kisevalter said. "He photographed it, reported to Moscow what a bunch of lemons were in our embassy here, they weren't even taking care of the grave. He was commended."

In September, Penkovsky flew to Paris and stayed for almost a month, meeting with Kisevalter, Shergold, and the two other team members in a British safe house near the Etoile. He returned to Moscow on October 16, 1961. He was never to visit the West again.

With Penkovsky back in Moscow, it had been arranged that he would make contact in an emergency through a dead drop, a hiding place behind a radiator in the lobby of an apartment building at No. 5–6 Pushkin Street. Penkovsky would leave his message in a matchbox, which he would wrap in wire and hang on a hook behind the radiator. The drop, according to Kisevalter, was to be used only in extraordinary circumstances, "for a warning, in the event of a planned surprise attack by the Soviets, or in case of a drastic change in operational procedure. Suppose Penkovsky was unexpectedly transferred out of Moscow, for example. He had to have some way to get word to us." If Penkovsky left anything in the drop he was to signal the CIA by marking a circle in charcoal on lamppost No. 35 near a bus stop on Kutuzovsky Prospekt. The lamppost was checked each day by Captain Alexis H. Davison, the assistant air attaché and embassy doctor, who had been recruited by the CIA for that single task. Davison could do so without attracting attention; he drove by the lamppost every day on his normal route commuting between his home and the embassy.[11]

Late in 1961, the CIA decided to check the drop, even though it had not received a signal from Penkovsky. Headquarters wanted to make sure that the door to the lobby was unlocked, the drop accessible, and everything in working order.

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[11] In addition, Penkovsky was instructed to telephone Hugh Montgomery, Garbler's deputy chief of station, at Moscow 43 26 87 to alert him to the chalk mark. "There was no voice conversation," Kisevalter said. "After three rings, Penkovsky would hang up."

The agency persuaded John V. Abidian, the embassy's security officer, to perform that risky task. Although a State Department employee, Abidian needed little persuasion. "The job was there and needed to be done," he said.

A tall, darkly handsome New Englander with striking features, Abidian was particular about his appearance. "I had a mania for having a decent haircut," Abidian said. When he had arrived in Moscow the previous year, he had gone to great lengths looking for a good barber. "I finally found one. Near the barber there was a bookshop. It just so happens that the lobby on Pushkin Street was near the bookshop, around the corner. I was able to get my haircut while I knew surveillance was sleeping, or smoking. Then I went into the bookstore in one door and went out the other door." Abidian turned the corner and slipped into the lobby, a dimly lit place with a pay phone along one wall. "I remember the stairwell, the radiator on the right side, a very small lobby." Abidian double-checked, just in case Penkovsky had left something hanging behind the radiator. "But there was nothing there. It was late afternoon, and dark in the lobby." Although Abidian does not remember doing so, he may have lit a match to inspect the drop. "I put my hand down as far as I could—it would take a very skinny hand to get down further."

Since the drop appeared to be empty, Abidian duly reported this back to the CIA. He recalled checking the Pushkin Street drop again, at least once. But, ducking from the barber shop to the bookstore to the dead drop, Abidian was confident that he had not been observed by the KGB.

Six weeks after Penkovsky returned to Moscow from Paris, Garbler was in place in the Soviet capital. Although busy with the Penkovsky case, he was developing other assets for the Moscow station. One was a diplomat of another country who was cooperating with the CIA. Garbler invited several guests, including the diplomat, to his apartment one night to view a film. In the darkness, he slipped a small device to the man which had a sharp point at one end and a hollow container for a message.

"It was to be planted near a pole on the highway and used as a drop," Garbler said. "The man didn't plant it. He claimed he had been under surveillance and decided he'd better not." Garbler asked for the device back, and the diplomat returned it to him a week later at another film night in the station chief's apartment.

Garbler put it in his pants pocket and then under his pillow that night. He shipped it back to CIA headquarters, where it was analyzed by the Technical Services Division. To his horror, "TSD told me it was radioactive," Garbler said. "The Soviets had apparently broken into the man's embassy safe and planted an isotope in the device." Garbler was told this had been done to make it easier for the Soviets to find it.

"I thought back on the fact that for six hours I had it in my pants pocket, near my vital organs," Garbler related, "not to mention under my pillow." The episode left no permanent ill effects but impressed Garbler on the lengths to which the Soviets would go to counter the CIA.

Meanwhile, he waited for a signal from Angleton. Although Garbler had agreed, at the farewell party at Bill Harvey's house, to handle the counterintelligence chief's agent in Moscow—one did not lightly say no to Angleton—Garbler and the CI official were not the warmest of colleagues. It went back to an incident in 1956 when Angleton had visited the Stockholm station. At the time, Garbler was the deputy COS.

Angleton met with Garbler and Paul Birdsall, the chief of station. The counterintelligence chief made some small talk; he was enjoying the weather, having a nice time in Stockholm. Then he stood up, took off his jacket, removed a belt, and from a hidden compartment inside it extracted a code pad.

"I'd like to send a message," Angleton announced.

"Does it have to do with something happening in Sweden?" Garbler asked politely.

"Sure."

"We're responsible for what happens here. Would we know what you're reporting?"

"No way." Since Angleton traveled with his own codes, they could not be read by the local station. Garbler turned to Birdsall. "Paul," he said, "I don't think we should let him send the message. Let him send it by Western Union if he wants to." Birdsall, a mild-mannered Harvard man who had no stomach for confrontation, overruled his deputy and told Angleton to go ahead and send the message.

Now, after several months in Moscow, Garbler received an eyes-only message from Angleton at headquarters. The CI chief had set up a communications procedure for his agent. When the dead drop, located in Gorky Park, was ready to be cleared, the agent would send an innocuous postcard to an accommodation address abroad. Angleton would be informed when the postcard arrived and would send a code word to Garbler in Moscow, a signal to unload the drop.

When the signal came, Garbler, accompanied by his wife, Florence, went to Gorky Park. The drop was a hollow rock. If it was there, that meant there was a message inside. The rock was where Angleton had said it would be. After making sure they were not under surveillance, Garbler picked it up and walked away.

Back at the embassy, Garbler opened the rock and found a long message inside, encoded in a series of five-digit groups. That created a problem for the station chief. In sending code, the procedure was to spell out the digits in letters. The number "6," for example, became "six," and then the text was encoded again. Even though the agent's code used only numbers under ten, Garbler estimated that each group of five digits would require three or more groups of five letters, spelled out. But this would create an unusually long message.

From the length of the material in the rock, Garbler calculated it would take several "operational immediate" messages to send the entire contents to Angleton. Since all traffic went through the Soviet telegraph system, this extraordinary traffic would alert and possibly alarm the Soviets. Was World War III coming? Garbler cabled Angleton, outlining his dilemma and asking for instructions. Did the counterintelligence chief *really* want the message by cable? The reply came back: "Send as agreed."

The communications room had feeble air conditioning and was hot and stuffy. Garbler, stripped down to his undershirt, sat in the commo room for four hours, painstakingly using one-time pads to reencode the contents of the rock. He had sent four operational messages when headquarters cabled him: "Stop! Send rest by routine precedence," the lowest and least urgent level of communication.

Garbler never knew the identity of the agent, or what the message in the rock said, and he never heard another word from Angleton. But the Moscow station chief may have hoped that, having serviced Angleton's agent, the CI chief might forget, or at least forgive, the incident in Stockholm. As the first chief of the Moscow station, Garbler's future seemed bright, and Angleton was not a good man to cross.

Garbler never confided in John Maury, the chief of the Soviet division, that he had agreed to unload Angleton's rock. The counterintelligence chief had made it clear when he approached Garbler that the operation was to be handled with the utmost secrecy.

And Garbler may have had another sound reason for not telling his division chief. He knew that Maury was not one of Angleton's admirers. The head of the Soviet division, an affable, pipe-smoking Virginia gentleman not normally given to harsh judgments, had made his view on that subject graphically clear, on more than one occasion.

"Maury used to say of Angleton," Garbler remembered, "that if you cut his head off, he won't stop wiggling until after sunset."

Chapter 6

Contact

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Early in June of 1962, Yuri Ivanovich Nosenko, a thirty-five-year-old KGB officer serving on the Soviet disarmament delegation in Geneva, approached an American diplomat and asked for a private talk. The diplomat notified the CIA station in Bern, the Swiss capital, and Pete Bagley, an officer specializing in Soviet operations, immediately left by train for Geneva.

There, Bagley and Nosenko met at a CIA safe house. Nosenko, apparently very nervous, drank during the interview. He told Bagley he had been drinking before the meeting as well.[1] The encounter proceeded with some difficulty; Bagley spoke little Russian, and Nosenko's English was limited. A Russian-speaking CIA man was clearly needed on the scene.

Headquarters was alerted. As soon as the cable from Switzerland arrived in Langley, George Kisevalter was told to fly to Geneva. Not only was Kisevalter fluent in Russian, he had handled the agency's two most important Soviet cases, first Pyotr Popov, then Penkovsky. He was the logical choice to meet Nosenko.

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[1] The amount of alcohol flowing at this and subsequent meetings in Geneva later became an issue in the Nosenko case. "It was not a boozing party," Bagley said. "He wasn't drunk at any of the meetings." But Nosenko later claimed he had been drunk during his conversations with the CIA. John L. Hart, a CIA witness to a House committee, said Nosenko had "four or five" Scotch and sodas before the meetings and that the Russian blamed alcohol for his having given answers that exaggerated his importance in the KGB. ". . . At all these meetings I was snookered . . . I was drunk," Hart quoted Nosenko as saying. *Investigation of the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy,* Hearings, Select Committee on Assassinations of the U.S. House of Representatives, Vol. II, 1978, p. 491.

It was a time of intense activity inside the CIA. Six months earlier, Anatoly Golitsin had defected in Helsinki, and his warnings about "Sasha," a penetration of the CIA whose name began with the letter K, had launched the secret mole hunt in Angleton's counterintelligence staff. Wiretaps were in place on Peter Karlow, who remained unaware that he was the principal suspect. In Moscow, Paul Garbler continued to monitor contacts with Penkovsky, who was still transmitting Soviet military secrets to the West, although he was increasingly nervous that the KGB might have discovered his espionage activities.

Now, Yuri Nosenko had offered his services. He was, in time, to become the most controversial defector in the history of the CIA.

"Bagley met the plane and took me to the safe house," Kisevalter said. "Nosenko would be coming over." But first, certain preparations had to be made. "We bugged the place," Kisevalter said. "I put in hidden microphones hooked up to a tape recorder." That done, Kisevalter and Bagley settled down to wait.

It is doubtful that the CIA, had it tried, could have found two more disparate officers to assign to the same case. In style, personality, background, and appearance, the two men were a study in contrast.

George Kisevalter was a big, shaggy sheepdog of a man, irreverent of authority, street-smart, a field operator at heart, and, deep down, resentful of the clubbish atmosphere of an agency that would, he felt, deny him top rank because he would always be an outsider, a foreigner at birth, born in czarist Russia.

Kisevalter, the older of the two officers, was born in St. Petersburg in 1910. His father, the Czar's munitions expert, had been sent to Vienna in 1904 to oversee production of shells for the war with Japan. There he met a French woman from Dijon, a schoolteacher who returned to Russia and married him. When World War I broke out, the senior Kisevalter was sent to the United States to oversee a munitions plant near Chester, Pennsylvania, that was manufacturing three-inch shells for the Czar.

After the Russian revolution, he took his wife and child to New York, where he made aircraft pontoons. The Kisevalters became U.S. citizens. Their son, George, was graduated from Dartmouth with a bachelor's degree in 1930 and, a year later, with a master's degree in civil engineering.

Fresh out of Dartmouth, Kisevalter went to work for the New York City Parks Department, where he helped to build the Children's Zoo in Central Park.[2] After that, Kisevalter joined the Army. When World War II broke out, the Army, learning that Kisevalter spoke Russian, sent him to Alaska as a liaison officer with Soviet pilots who were ferrying some twelve thousand warplanes to the Soviets through Fairbanks. In Alaska, the planes were refitted with Soviet markings, red star decals on both sides of the fuselages. Halfway through the war, Kisevalter ran out of red stars, and, improvising, bought a supply of Texaco decals from the local gas station. "I bought the stars," he said, "we put them on, and said to the Russian pilots, 'Go ahead and fly Texaco.' They did."

At the end of the war, Kisevalter was serving in G-2, Army intelligence in Germany. For two years, he worked with General Reinhard Gehlen, who had headed Foreign Armies East (Fremde Heere Ost), the branch of the German general staff that gathered intelligence on the Soviet Union. Kisevalter debriefed Gehlen, whom the CIA was to set up as head of West German intelligence, "on everything he knew about the Soviet army."

Then Kisevalter left the Army and intelligence work for Nebraska, where for five years he grew alfalfa.[3] Kisevalter's farm-belt career was short-lived. In 1951, he joined the CIA, establishing the reputation that led him, a decade later, to the safe house in Geneva.

Tennent Harrington "Pete" Bagley had arrived in Switzerland by a more conventional route. Bagley was handsome, cultivated, buttoned-down, and ambitious, with a quick, analytical mind and social and family credentials rooted in the Navy and Princeton. Then thirty-six, he had been born in Annapolis, the son of a vice-admiral. Two brothers also became admirals, one serving as vice-chief of naval operations, the other as commander of U.S. naval forces in Europe. His great-uncle Admiral William D. Leahy had served as President Franklin D. Roosevelt's wartime chief of staff.

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[2] Kisevalter's zoo phase gave rise to tales, still believed by some inside the CIA—but untrue—that he had designed the bear cages at the Bronx Zoo.

[3] Kisevalter, even in 1990, talked enthusiastically about the virtues of alfalfa. "We would heat it with gas drums, grind it into a powder, and extract vitamin A," he reminisced. "Mixed with corn, it is invaluable for poultry as chicken feed. Vitamin A is the vital thing a chicken needs. Chickens used to taste fishy because they were fed cod liver oil. But chickens that are fed alfalfa meal don't taste fishy. It's excellent for dogs and cats too. Alfalfa is no longer needed, of course; now they use synthetic vitamin A for chickens."

Instead of following family tradition, Bagley joined the Marines on his seventeenth birthday in 1942. After the war, he attended Princeton, but he got his bachelor's degree at the University of Southern California, and a doctorate in political science at the University of Geneva, Switzerland. He joined the CIA in 1950, worked in Vienna for four years in the early fifties—that was when he escorted Soviet defector Peter Deriabin back to Washington—and was near the end of a four-year tour in Bern, where he had handled the Goleniewski letters, when Nosenko made contact in Geneva.

Kisevalter and Bagley did not have to wait very long. "About two days after I arrived in Geneva," Kisevalter said, "Nosenko walks in one afternoon. He's in his thirties, nice-looking, brown hair, about five-ten, fairly muscular. He's very nervous, and starts drinking."

The KGB man offered to sell information to the CIA for 900 Swiss francs, claiming he needed the money to replace KGB funds he had spent on a drinking bout. Later, Nosenko admitted he invented this story; he said he feared that an offer to give away information for nothing would be rejected as a provocation, as had sometimes happened in the past when KGB officers, acting under instructions, approached the CIA.

Nosenko was not talking about defecting. "He wanted to go back home," Kisevalter said. "His daughter, Oksana, had a serious asthmatic condition, and the Kremlin clinic to which he had access told him the Soviets didn't have the medication that was needed. We called back to headquarters. There was none in the U.S. Finally, we found that there was some in Holland. We hired a pilot who flew to Geneva with the medication. Two years later, he claimed it saved her life."

Belting straight Scotch, Nosenko began talking, disclosing information that he hoped would establish his bona fides with the two CIA officers. Early on, he revealed that Boris Belitsky, a prominent correspondent for Radio Moscow then being run as an agent by the CIA under the code name AEWIRELESS, was actually a double agent under KGB control. The revelation stunned Kisevalter, because he knew that only two years earlier, Belitsky had passed a CIA lie-detector test in a London safe house with flying colors. "The polygraph operator said Belitsky was absolutely okay," Kisevalter recalled. "He said, 'He could sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner' through his asshole.' "

Armed with that kind of unqualified reassurance, the CIA had been taking Belitsky's information at face value.[4] The correspondent had been recruited in 1958 at the Brussels World's Fair by George Goldberg, a CIA man who had been born in Latvia and spoke fluent Russian. By 1962, AEWIRELESS was being run by two case officers, Goldberg and Harry F. Young.[5] To prove his point, Nosenko was able to name both CIA men to Kisevalter and Bagley.

"Belitsky was in Geneva covering the disarmament meetings," Kisevalter recounted. "Nosenko said, laughing, 'You're not going to do anything about Belitsky because if they find out anything, I'm dead. If they even find out I'm here, I'm dead."

For a time, Goldberg and Young were not told that their agent had been doubled, lest by a slip of the tongue or even by intonation or manner they tip off AEWIRELESS to the fact that the CIA now knew he was under KGB control.

Boris Belitsky, by 1962 already a leading correspondent for Radio Moscow, was a slightly balding man of medium build who dressed like an English gentleman and spoke excellent English with an American accent. His father had been an overseas official of Amtorg, the Soviet trade agency, and Boris was educated in New York City.[6]

Geneva was getting crowded. While Kisevalter and Bagley were meeting with Nosenko, Bruce Solie of the CIA's Office of Security, who was working closely with the Counterintelligence Staff in the mole hunt, flew in, hoping to ask Nosenko about penetrations. Kisevalter, fearing too many cooks, said he would do the asking, and he kept Solie out of the safe house.

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[4] There were doubts about Belitsky in some quarters, however, despite his remarkable performance in London. For example, the reports officer in the Soviet division who handled the take from the Russian concluded he was a plant. Within the division, Belitsky remained a controversial asset.

[5] Young left the CIA in 1965, became a history professor at the University of Indiana, and later wrote *Prince Lichnowsky and the Great War* (Athens, Ga.: University of Georgia Press, 1977), a book about Karl Max Furst von Lichnowsky, the German ambassador to London who tried to prevent the outbreak of World War I.

[6] By 1989, Belitsky was deputy chief of Radio Moscow's department that broadcast to Great Britain and North America. Belitsky spent considerable time in England and was a well-known figure on British television. In 1965, he came up with a wildly improbable explanation of Britain's 1963 "Great Train Robbery." The $7.8 million heist, Belitsky said in a broadcast from Moscow, had been carried out not by common criminals, but by the British secret service to finance its clandestine operations.

Kisevalter and Bagley knew nothing of Anatoly Golitsin's warnings about moles in the CIA and his specific allegations about "Sasha." Both CIA officers, however, said they remembered Solie passing along questions for Nosenko.

"Solie gave me a whole shopping list of what to ask," Kisevalter recalled, "including several questions about Sasha. I met him in a bistro, an outdoor café, more than once. I told him whatever Nosenko had said on the subjects he was interested in."

According to Bagley, Nosenko said he had no information about a KGB mole in the CIA named Sasha. Nosenko's interrogators pressed him as well on the matter of Vladislav Mikhailovich Kovshuk, the official of the KGB's Second Chief Directorate who had served in Washington in 1957 under the name of Vladimir Mikhailovich Komarov. Golitsin had claimed that Kovshuk was of such senior rank that he could only have come to the United States to meet a high-ranking penetration.

Could Nosenko shed any light on the Kovshuk mission? Nosenko said he could, that Kovshuk had been sent to Washington to contact a KGB source code-named ANDREY. But Nosenko described ANDREY as a low-level source, a noncommissioned officer who had worked at the American embassy in Moscow, had since returned to the United States, and lived in the Washington area.

Even as Nosenko revealed the truth about AEWIRELESS, George Goldberg was meeting secretly with Belitsky in another safe house in Geneva, still blissfully unaware of what was going on. Belitsky passed what he claimed was classified information to Goldberg during a total of eighteen hours of debriefings in Geneva over a period of several days.

Goldberg was finally told his agent had been compromised. Even after Nosenko's disclosure, the agency continued to run Belitsky, in part because the CIA considered it valuable during the Cuban missile crisis that October to see what kind of skewed information Belitsky was passing.

But AEWIRELESS may have provided good information for two or three years after he was recruited. According to Goldberg, "Belitsky didn't report his CIA recruitment [to the KGB] until 1961 or 1962." He knew this, Goldberg said, because "Nosenko said Belitsky told him he was recruited by the CIA in England in 1961"—three years *after* his apparent recruitment by Goldberg in Brussels.

As Nosenko continued to talk, he revealed other even more unsettling information: the case of the handsome Armenian. The KGB, he revealed, had followed someone from the American embassy in Moscow and had observed him checking a dead drop in an apartment lobby. "The Soviets called him the handsome Armenian," Kisevalter said. "But they knew his name. Nosenko also told his name. Abidian."

Kisevalter immediately suspected, correctly, that the emergency drop of the CIA's most important agent had been compromised. He assumed that the hiding place that Nosenko was talking about was the Pushkin Street drop that had been set up for Oleg Penkovsky. As the case officer handling Penkovsky, Kisevalter knew the significance of Nosenko's disclosure, and was dismayed. Since the emergency drop in the building lobby on Pushkin Street had never been used, Kisevalter concluded the KGB did not yet know it was meant for Penkovsky. But the drop was now contaminated; the KGB knew its location. Kisevalter said nothing to Nosenko, of course, but in dispatches to the CIA from Geneva, he warned headquarters that the drop had been detected.

"Abidian was cockier than he should have been," Kisevalter said. "He wanted to look at this place at night. An apartment lobby. But Abidian, unbeknownst to him, was under heavy surveillance. It was very dark. The lights were out or dim. They saw the Armenian nosing around. He was lighting matches, looking for the dead drop. That made it twice as suspicious. He came back and said, 'Yes, it's there.' "

"The KGB elaborately staked out the lobby for six months. Workmen building false walls. Nosenko told me they watched it for six months. I asked him, 'What happened?' Nosenko replied, 'They ran out of powder.' In Russian, it means there were no results, the troops ran out of gunpowder. In other words, after a while they got tired of staking it out."[7]

[7] Bagley insisted that Nosenko did not mention the dead drop in these initial meetings in Geneva in 1962 but only at a later meeting in 1964, by which time Penkovsky had been arrested. Kisevalter was equally adamant that Nosenko had revealed the KGB's knowledge of the drop in 1962. Nosenko himself appeared unable to resolve the matter. Former CIA officer Donald Jameson, who discussed the question with Nosenko in June 1991, said Nosenko remembered that the drop had been under KGB

Nosenko also warned the CIA men that the walls of the American embassy in Moscow were honeycombed with forty-two microphones. "And he told us enough to find them," Kisevalter said. Golitsin had also spoken of microphones in the embassy; eventually the State Department announced that forty had been found.[8]

As Nosenko talked about eavesdropping in the Moscow embassy, his own words, of course, were being picked up by Kisevalter's concealed microphones and tape-recorded. The two CIA officers held a series of meetings with Nosenko in the safe house over a period of several days. Kisevalter, because he was fluent in Russian, conducted the questioning. Bagley, although his Russian was limited, took notes. All of this was an elaborate charade; Nosenko undoubtedly assumed he was being taped, but the note-taking was designed to reassure him that he was not.

As Nosenko's story emerged, it became clear that he was a product of the Soviet elite. His father, Ivan Isiderovich Nosenko, was Nikita Khrushchev's minister of shipbuilding. Yuri Nosenko was born in Nikolayev, a river port near the Black Sea, not far from Odessa, on October 30, 1927. His father was a self-made man who worked in the Odessa shipyards, studied at night, and became an engineer. His mother, the daughter of an architect, had more of an upper-class, intellectual background. In 1934, Nosenko's father moved the family to Leningrad, where he supervised a shipbuilding plant. Five years later, the family moved to Moscow, where the father had risen to minister of shipbuilding at the time of his death in 1956. But the senior Nosenko's career had been dealt a devastating blow two years earlier when Khrushchev scrapped the huge naval fleet that Stalin had ordered built. Two keels had already been laid for aircraft carriers. The construction program made little sense; the ships would have been

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surveillance twenty-four hours a day. "But he said, 'I honestly don't remember whether I mentioned it in '62 or '64. It was something I knew about before '62, and logically I would have mentioned it, but I don't recall.' " There was no conflict, however, over the substance of Nosenko's disclosure; both Kisevalter and Bagley agreed that Nosenko said that the KGB had spotted Abidian at the drop.

[8] The microphones looked like wheels from a roller skate, and were painted gunmetal gray. In the center of each, a tube about the size of a drinking straw projected outward to just behind the plaster to funnel the sound to the microphones. In some cases, pinholes had been made in the plaster to enhance the transmission of sound. The State Department announced the discovery of the microphones on May 19, 1964. Presumably, they had been uncovered some time earlier.

obsolete, and no match for the U.S. Navy. Khrushchev's cutback left Ivan Nosenko with little to do. His father, Yuri Nosenko said, was so depressed that he spent the last months of his life on a couch, able only to sleep and sigh.

But his son, with a high official for a father, had risen rapidly inside the Soviet intelligence hierarchy. In 1942, during World War II, Yuri Nosenko was sent to a naval preparatory school, and then to the naval academy, where he proceeded to shoot himself in the foot to avoid military service, according to a former CIA official.[9] He was nevertheless able to switch to Moscow's prestigious Institute of International Relations, and was recruited into the GRU, which sent him to the Far East as a Navy intelligence officer. In 1953, he joined the KGB and took a wife, Ludmilla, the daughter of a prominent Communist family.

Nosenko claimed to Kisevalter and Bagley that he now held the rank of major in the KGB. He also said that after joining the KGB, he was assigned to the Second Chief Directorate, which is responsible for internal security and operations against foreigners in the Soviet Union.[10] More specifically, Nosenko said he was put to work in the First Department, which was responsible for surveillance of the American embassy and recruitment of its personnel. In 1955, he said, he was transferred to the Seventh Department, specializing in tourists. He said he was transferred back to the First Department in 1960 and then in 1962 was bounced back to the Seventh Department, the tourist section. He traveled to London in 1957, as a security officer escorting a group of Soviet athletes, and to Cuba in 1960.[11]

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[9] Leonard V. McCoy, "Yuriy Nosenko, CIA" (Fort Myer, Va.: *CIRA Newsletter,* Volume XII, No. 3, Fall 1987, published by Central Intelligence Retirees' Association), p. 19. Nosenko gives a different version of the incident. In 1991 he told Donald Jameson, another former CIA official, that he shot himself in the left hand while playing with a pistol and was soon afterward dismissed as a naval cadet. Nosenko claimed the shooting was accidental.

[10] Nosenko was on temporary duty in Geneva to keep an eye on the members of the Soviet disarmament delegation. Normally, he was assigned to the KGB's Second Chief Directorate, and would seldom have had reason to travel outside the Soviet Union. "After Golitsin defected," Kisevalter said, "the Soviets said that any group of five or more traveling abroad will have a watchdog from the Second Chief Directorate. Nosenko told us that."

[11] For additional details about Nosenko's background, see Gordon Brook-Shepherd, *The Storm Birds: Soviet Post-War Defectors* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1988), pp. 179–83, and *Investigation of the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy,*

Nosenko offered no explanation of what had impelled him to contact the CIA, other than his story about the missing Swiss francs, which he later admitted was untrue. But whatever his motive, he had more information to impart. The KGB, he revealed, had penetrated British intelligence in Switzerland. Nosenko had a rather personal reason for knowing about this, according to Kisevalter. "It came about this way. Nosenko is playing around with a British secretary in Geneva who worked for MI5.[12] Yuri Ivanovich Guk, a KGB man who is in Geneva, runs into Nosenko. They are good friends. Nosenko tells Guk, 'She'd be a good piece of tail.' 'For chrissakes, Yuri,' Guk says, 'stay away from her, she's in British intelligence. What will happen when *our* man in MI5 reports back to Moscow that you're fooling around with her?' We didn't tell the British," Kisevalter said resignedly, because they would have insisted on knowing the source. "What could we say without blowing Nosenko inside out?"

But the CIA did share news of another British penetration. A year earlier, Anatoly Golitsin had spoken of a Soviet spy in the British Admiralty. The ensuing investigation had narrowed the field of suspects, but had not pinpointed the mole. Now, Nosenko provided additional details that enabled the British, three months later in September of 1962, to arrest William John Vassall, a thirty-eight-year-old clerk in the Admiralty.[13]

In 1954, Vassall had been sent to Moscow as clerk to the naval attaché, who reported his work satisfactory despite "an irritating effeminate personality." Although his fellow employees called him "Vera" behind his back, apparently hardly anyone except the KGB realized he was a homosexual who could be blackmailed. In a statement to Special Branch, Vassall remembered being plied with brandy

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Hearings, Select Committee on Assassinations of the U.S. House of Representatives, Vol. II, 1978, pp. 439–43.

[12] MI5, the British security service, is responsible for internal security but does have representatives abroad, although far fewer than MI6, the British secret intelligence service. MI5 is roughly equivalent to the FBI and MI6 to the CIA.

[13] Members of the Counterintelligence Staff discounted the value of Nosenko's leads in the Vassall case. "Golitsin gave us information on Vassall," Angleton's deputy, Scotty Miler, said. "Nosenko's information put the final nail in the coffin. They almost had him. He would have been caught anyway."

and photographed naked in bed with "two or three" male friends, he was not quite sure how many, in "several compromising sexual actions." The Russians used the photos to force him to spy, both in Moscow and later in London. When he wanted to get in touch with his Soviet contacts in London, he was told, he was to draw a circle on a tree with pink chalk.

According to Kisevalter, what Nosenko knew was that "the man was in the Admiralty and that he was a homosexual. He explained to me how he found out. A Soviet case officer had returned home from England and received awards in Moscow. There was so much fanfare—and jealousy—that everybody speculated that man had had a big hit. Nosenko learned why, he picked it up in the corridors."

Kisevalter questioned Nosenko in an effort to learn more about how much damage had been done by Edward Ellis Smith, the CIA's first man in Moscow, who had been ensnared by his KGB maid and fired. Nosenko, according to both Kisevalter and Bagley, confirmed that Smith had been compromised. In fact, Nosenko said, since he had worked in the KGB section that targeted the American embassy, he had personally handled the Smith case. "Nosenko was running the girl, Valya," Kisevalter said. It was Nosenko who revealed that the KGB had code-named Smith "Ryzhiy," for his red hair.

The KGB, as Kisevalter related it, forced one meeting with Smith and tried to set up another one. "Nosenko said Smith was reluctant to come to a second meeting. Nosenko asked the girl, 'Is he coming to the meeting?' Nosenko said she replied that 'he [Smith] was acting like Hamlet' about whether or not to come to the meeting."

There were other disclosures. Golitsin had warned the CIA that a Canadian ambassador to Moscow was a homosexual. Now, Nosenko confirmed that the gay ambassador was John Watkins, a distinguished academic who had served in Moscow in the mid-1950s. According to Kisevalter, Nosenko told how Watkins and the Canadian foreign minister, Lester Pearson, had attended a dinner party at Nikita S. Khrushchev's dacha in the Crimea in 1955. As the vodka flowed, the Soviet leader began needling Watkins. "Khrushchev was plastered and made wise remarks about Watkins," Kisevalter continued. "He said, 'Not everybody here likes women.' " Among the guests was General Oleg Mikhailovich Gribanov, head of the KGB's Second Chief Directorate, which targeted foreigners in the Soviet Union.

"Gribanov was running Watkins and was ready to blow his stack," Kisevalter said.[14]

Nosenko also described the KGB's operations in Geneva, an important intelligence base because of the frequent international meetings held there, many under the auspices of the United Nations units headquartered in that city. "Nosenko told us how many case officers they had in Geneva, how they operated in Geneva, the computers they used for surveillance. They monitored all police channels. And he told us they had a system of using rental cars in Geneva to avoid their own cars being spotted."

In his meetings in the safe house in Geneva, Nosenko also revealed that the Soviets had penetrated a CIA operation against a KGB officer. The operation had begun when a woman agent working for the CIA in Vienna confessed to her handlers that she was having a dangerous love affair. "She had fallen in love with a Soviet KGB officer whom she met in the Soviet Union," Kisevalter said. "She told us of the love affair. The officer left Moscow and went by ship from Odessa to Piraeus to meet the girl in Vienna. The idea was to compromise the KGB officer. But since Nosenko knew of it, it meant the Soviet officer was under control." To Kisevalter, the case was yet another disclosure that "helped prove Nosenko's bona fides."

One of Nosenko's allegations was too hot to handle, even for the CIA. According to Kisevalter, Nosenko told him that the Soviets "had the goods" on columnist Joseph Alsop, "a homosexual, and they have photos and if he gets out of line they can blackmail him if he doesn't write what they want. 'There is a sword over his head,' Nosenko said. So I went to Tom K. [Thomas H. Karamessines, at the time the CIA's assistant deputy director for plans]. He said cut it out of the tape and don't write it up. Because Alsop was a good friend of the President. He told me to cut it out of the tape, and I did."

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[14] When the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) later interrogated Watkins, who had retired from the foreign service, he said he was gay and had engaged in homosexual liaisons in the Soviet Union, but denied he had given secrets to the KGB or favored the Soviet Union, either as ambassador or later as assistant undersecretary for external affairs in Ottawa. The interrogation of Watkins began in Paris, where he was living, and continued in London and Canada. It was winding down when on October 12, 1964, he died suddenly of a heart attack in his Montreal hotel room in the presence of his two RCMP interrogators. The CIA had little doubt, but no proof, that he had been compromised. For a detailed account of the Watkins case, see John Sawatsky, *For Services Rendered* (Ontario, Canada: Penguin, 1986), pp. 172–83.

Alsop, one of Washington's most influential syndicated columnists, was not only a friend of President Kennedy but of many other prominent political figures. Urbane and erudite, he was also an art collector, art historian, and author. Whether or not the Soviets thought they could bring pressure on him, their efforts could hardly have been a success—Alsop was a hard-line anti-Communist and severe critic of the Soviets in all of his writings.[15] He constantly warned that the Soviets were ahead of the United States militarily, and that Washington faced a "missile gap." He died in August 1989 at his Georgetown home at the age of seventy-eight.[16]

Nosenko also talked about the KGB's "litra" system, the use of certain chemicals in secret operations. "Nosenko said Soviet counterintelligence used litra to mark people's mail or their location," Kisevalter said. "An embassy employee is waiting for a light to cross the street. A nice old lady is standing next to him, also waiting to cross. She presses a button on a vial and a little stream of liquid hits his shoes. Later on, dogs—collies and shepherds—follow the man, they can pick up his trail."[17]

[15] It was not only the Kremlin that took notice of Alsop's sexual preference, whatever it might have been. The Eisenhower White House as well was interested in the columnist's private life. In December 1959, on the eve of Eisenhower's state visit to India, his press secretary, James C. Hagerty, took a colleague of Alsop's aside during a reception at the White House. Hagerty was enraged. "I'm taking Alsop off this trip," he told the correspondent. "Did you see that piece he wrote? I'm going to lift his White House pass. He's a damn fairy. The FBI knows about him."

[16] Friends of Alsop, even those who knew him for a long time, could shed little light on the subject. Tom Lambert, a foreign correspondent and colleague of Alsop's on the *New York Herald Tribune,* said he had heard the story about Alsop and the Russians. "I heard the Russians had the pictures, that they caught him with some young man," Lambert said. Lambert was covering the Korean War for the Associated Press when he first met Alsop, and although he knew the columnist well for some forty years, he had no idea whether Alsop was gay. "If he was, Joe certainly never spoke of it." Don Cook, the *Trib*'s correspondent in Paris for many years, said, "My own guess is he [Alsop] was really pretty asexual. He was so self-centered he just couldn't fit a relationship with a woman into his life. I don't know how active he was pursuing women, but he certainly didn't pursue men. And he was married for several years to Susan Mary Patten." But, Cook added, he didn't really know.

[17] As Kisevalter explained it, litra was a precursor of the "spy dust" that the KGB employed to track Western diplomats and journalists and their contacts. The disclosure by the United States in August 1985 that the Soviets were using the spy dust caused a furor at the time. The chemical, nitrophenylpentadienal (NPPD), was an invisible powder that the Soviets sprinkled on the steering wheels or doorknobs of American diplomats—presumably including CIA officers in the Moscow station—so

As the conversations with Nosenko in Geneva neared their end, the CIA men worked out a plan for future meetings. "He agreed to recontact," Kisevalter said. "He insisted that there be no recontact in the Soviet Union," where surveillance by his own KGB officers made such an attempt highly dangerous. "Five or six agents, Russians working for the CIA, had been lost as a result of recontact in the Soviet Union," Kisevalter said.

"Now we had to set up a commo plan for Nosenko. Before I left Geneva, I contacted the OS [Office of Security] and got some high-security addresses and cable routes in New York. The address we used was in Manhattan. A person who was an agency asset. With these commo plans, I made arrangements with Nosenko to recontact us from anywhere in the free world to the New York address by cable or mail." Nosenko was instructed to sign his message "Alex."

"Three days after he sent the cable, we'd meet at seven P.M. under the marquee of a movie house with a name that began with the highest [closest to the letter A] letter in the alphabet in the city the cable was sent from."[18]

And so they parted. "We gave Nosenko a bolt of cloth, for his wife to make a dress. We had done that before with other walk-ins. He said thank you for the medicine, and yes he had memorized the address in New York."

Kisevalter and Bagley were taking no chances on losing the record of Nosenko's debriefings. "We left Geneva on different planes," Kisevalter said. "One of us took the notes and one took the tapes."

Both Bagley and Kisevalter returned to Langley believing they had pulled off a major coup—a KGB officer was spilling secrets in profusion, and, rare among Soviet intelligence officers, had agreed to re-

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that tiny traces would be left on the hands or clothing of Soviet citizens with whom they came in contact. U.S. government scientists analyzed and tested the substance for six months and concluded early in 1986 that in the levels used by the Soviets, the spy dust "does not pose a health hazard." The tests also found that luminol, a second tracking chemical used by the KGB, was not dangerous to humans.

[18] If Nosenko chose to recontact the CIA by letter or postcard, the procedure varied slightly, since there was no way to judge how long it would take for the mail to reach Manhattan. So if Nosenko recontacted by letter or card, he was instructed to date the letter several days later than the day on which he actually mailed it. The meeting would take place three days after the false date he wrote on the letter.

main as an agent-in-place of sorts. While he had ruled out any contact in Moscow, he had agreed to an eventual recontact with the CIA. While it is always vastly more desirable from Langley's viewpoint for an agent-in-place to continue to feed information from within the KGB, Nosenko met the CIA halfway; he would be back, which was preferable to what happened in the case of most walk-ins, such as Golitsin, who insisted on defecting to the West immediately. Defectors could be debriefed and milked for all they knew, but there came a time when they wound down and ran out of information. To the CIA, an agent-in-place, even one on a hold button like Nosenko, was a far better asset.

The two case officers were excited about the take: AEWIRELESS, the revelation that Boris Belitsky had been doubled against the agency and would not, after all, be singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" in the unusual manner suggested by his polygraph operator; the case of the handsome Armenian, and the grave danger that Kisevalter felt it posed for the Penkovsky operation; the microphones in the walls of the American embassy in Moscow; the penetration of British intelligence in Switzerland; the information that was to lead to the arrest of William John Vassall, the clerk in the British Admiralty; the new detail about the sexual compromise of Edward Ellis Smith, the CIA's first man in Moscow; the Soviet penetration of the CIA's efforts to turn the supposedly lovestruck KGB officer in Vienna; the KGB's rental cars and other tradecraft in Geneva; the litra system—the list was impressive.

Bagley was walking on air as he reported to James Angleton on his meetings in Geneva with Nosenko. Angleton greeted him with all the enthusiasm of a father whose small son had triumphantly dragged home a dead alley cat.

There was room in Angleton's pantheon of defectors for only one god. Anatoly Golitsin had predicted this; he had warned that other defectors or agents would be dispatched to deflect from his warnings of a mole in the CIA. To the counterintelligence chief, Nosenko had done just that by his explanation of Kovshuk's visit to Washington, and by his insistence that he knew of no Soviet agent code-named Sasha working for the CIA.

"When I came back I thought we had a genuine one," Bagley said. "I was enthusiastic about Nosenko. Angleton said, 'Before your next meeting I'd like you to see the file on another defector. Golitsin.' I read the file, and I came out and said, 'There's something wrong. I think we've got a bad one.' "

Later, it was said that Angleton had used all of his formidable powers of persuasion to influence Bagley and convert the younger man to his view. It did not happen in precisely that way, according to Bagley. "There was no Svengali," Bagley said. But it was Angleton who had turned him around? "No," Bagley replied. "The information turned me around."[19]

A hairline fault had opened within the CIA that in time was to become a cataclysmic earthquake. From that moment on, a faction within the CIA, led by Angleton, with Bagley at his side, was to hew to the unshakable conviction that Yuri Ivanovich Nosenko was a plant under KGB control. The "war of the defectors" had begun.

But in a real sense, the war was not about the conflict over the bona fides of Anatoly Golitsin and Yuri Nosenko, although that was the battleground on which it was so bitterly fought. The war was really about moles.

[19] As Bagley was later to testify to a House committee, "Alone, Nosenko looked good to me . . . seen alongside [Golitsin] whose reporting I had not seen before coming to headquarters after the 1962 meetings with Nosenko, Nosenko looked very odd indeed." *Investigation of the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy,* Hearings, Select Committee on Assassinations of the U.S. House of Representatives, March 1979, Vol. XII, p. 594.

Chapter 7

Closing In

Peter Karlow still had no idea yet that both the CIA and the FBI now suspected that he was Sasha, the elusive Soviet mole whose true name, according to Anatoly Golitsin, began with the letter K.

Karlow was reporting to work at the State Department each day as the CIA's representative in the operations center. By early in 1962, the entire, massive security apparatus of the United States government had targeted Karlow, who had become a goldfish in a bowl. The case was considered so important that J. Edgar Hoover, the FBI director, had been alerted, and CIA director John A. McCone was being kept fully informed of the progress of the highly secret investigation.

The first inkling Karlow had that something might be wrong had initially caused him only a vague sense of unease, as one might experience in the stillness before a summer storm. It had occurred, that tiny harbinger, late in 1962 when he was told to report to an unmarked CIA building at 1717 H Street in downtown Washington. There two FBI agents were waiting.

"They were two routine-looking dark suits," Karlow remembered. "White shirts, dark ties, brown hair. The two agents asked me about a German forger whom I'd worked with. He was an ethnic German who had grown up in Russia, but he had made his way through the lines to Germany during the war. They told me he wanted to defect to the Soviets. They said this particular guy, the old forger, who was living in Bethesda, had an aunt who was urging him to return to the

Soviet Union. I knew that was the last thing he would do. The forger was working as a private engraver in Washington—I had seen him from time to time. Ostensibly, they wanted me to assess the chances he would redefect. I told them there was no way he was going back. I knew this was a cock-and-bull story. He had nothing to gain by going back.

"I realized something was wrong, but I didn't know what. My reaction was, how could the two FBI agents be so far off the mark, and why me? Looking back on it, it was a pretext interview to have an excuse to meet me." The FBI agents wanted to get a closer look at the man they had been told might be a Soviet spy. But at the time, Karlow did not dwell on the incident. He wrote an "eyes-only" memo to Richard Helms, the DDP, reporting on his odd FBI interview, and put it out of mind.

A few weeks later, another small blip crossed Karlow's radar screen. Two other FBI agents showed up at Karlow's home on Klingle Street in Northwest Washington, where he lived with his wife, Libby. "They said there was a suspicious couple down the street who are German, but may be spies for a hostile country. Could they use my garage to set up listening equipment? The next morning my phone sounded tapped." Karlow, after all, was a technical expert for the CIA, and knew the signs. "There was a slow response on the dial tone, because the tap puts additional drain on the line. The phones were just not behaving right."[1]

By now, Karlow knew he was the target of some sort of investigation, but he was not overly worried. He still hoped that after his tour at the State Department ended Helms would appoint him head of the Technical Services Division. Perhaps the FBI visits were simply part of an unusually thorough security vetting for that sensitive post.

Even so, the weird encounters with the FBI were unnerving. Karlow was getting jumpy. He looked out the window one morning and saw a man working on a telephone pole outside his home. "I called the phone company and they said, 'There is no work order for your street.' "

Soon afterward, a fourth strange incident took place. "A company arrived to clean our furnace for free, courtesy of Washington Gas Light. I told them I'd just had it cleaned. They cleaned it anyway."

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[1] At the time, Karlow said, "my wife was chairman of a Smith College benefit in honor of Helen Hayes and the phone calls were pouring in. In retrospect, it amused me to think of all the conversations that the FBI had to monitor."

Backstage, inside the security apparatus, a hidden drama was unfolding. A number of factors had combined to make Karlow the prime suspect in the mole hunt almost immediately after Golitsin's arrival in Washington. There was, first, the document the Soviet defector had brought out; it suggested the KGB knew about the CIA's attempt to copy the Soviet bug that had been discovered inside the Great Seal in the American embassy in Moscow. And that in turn had led the sleuths to focus on Karlow, whose Technical Requirements Board was working on EASY CHAIR, the effort to develop the device. Since, in addition, Karlow's name began with the letter K, he had served in Germany, and his name at birth sounded Slavic—elements that seemed to fit Golitsin's profile of Sasha—the CIA's investigators were sure that the mole was within their grasp.

On January 9, 1962, only a little more than three weeks after Golitsin defected, Sheffield Edwards, the director of the CIA's Office of Security, decided that the Karlow case was of sufficient gravity that the FBI would have to be alerted and its help enlisted.[2] That would have been a natural enough decision by Edwards, since the security chief was widely considered to be Hoover's man inside the CIA. By January 15, government records show, "installation of [deleted] coverage on the Subject" was in place, a clear reference to the wiretaps on Karlow.[3]

Three days later "the FBI was formally advised of the agency concern that KARLOW could be identical to the [deleted]," an obvious reference to Sasha.[4]

On February 5, Sheffield Edwards met with Sam Papich, Hoover's liaison to the CIA, and briefed him and another FBI agent on the Karlow case. Ominously, Edwards told the FBI men that "certain meetings . . . had been held in the recreation room in the basement of the home of the Subject." The CIA security chief was right, although the irony escaped him; Karlow and his wife had hosted a German beer and wurst party in their basement to mark the tenth anniversary of the agency's Technical Aids Detachment that Karlow had set up in Germany on orders from Richard Helms. The guests were all present or former CIA technical people.

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[2] CIA Memorandum for the Record, January 13, 1975. What happened inside the CIA and the FBI can be pieced together from heavily censored secret documents declassified and made available many years later by the CIA, and additional material obtained from the FBI under the Freedom of Information Act. This account draws in part on those materials.

[3] FBI Headquarters memorandum, January 15, 1962.

[4] CIA Memorandum for the Record, January 13, 1975.

According to a CIA memorandum of Edwards's meeting with Papich, the FBI was informed that "Subject is still at the Operations Center, Department of State, but that plans are being made for a transfer of the Subject." The CIA, Edwards told Papich, "desired that the FBI conduct a full covert investigation of the subject." The CIA "would give any and all assistance possible."

There is always an inbuilt tension between the two agencies in cases of suspected espionage. The CIA, as an intelligence agency, wants to assess damage, and if possible, to make operational use of what it learns. The FBI, as an arm of the Justice Department, wants to put spies in prison. These two objectives conflict, a point that the CIA tried to finesse as it asked the FBI for help in the Karlow investigation. At the meeting, the FBI representatives noted that "the general aim of the FBI was, of course, prosecution if a criminal case can be established." The CIA, Edwards smoothly assured the FBI agents, had an "open view" in regard to criminal prosecution, although "the primary interest of this Agency, of course," was to determine whether Peter Karlow was a Soviet spy, "and if so what Agency information has been compromised by Subject."

Four days later, on February 9, "Mr. Papich advised that the matter had been brought to the attention of Mr. Hoover and a decision made that the FBI would investigate the Subject case in full."[5]

Not satisfied with the pace of the FBI probe, the agency urged that the bureau conduct a "pretext interview" of Karlow. J. Edgar Hoover did not at all like to be told how to run the FBI, especially by the CIA. On March 6, Hoover frostily advised McCone, the CIA director, that the FBI had decided to conduct a "discreet investigation" of Karlow's "background and present activities." Hoover added: ". . . accordingly, we do not intend to approach him for interview at this time." But during the course of the FBI investigation, Hoover added, "Karlow will be appropriately interviewed" and the CIA advised of the results.[6] Karlow was placed under heavy surveillance, his every move closely watched for one year.

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[5] The account of the February 5 CIA-FBI meeting and Hoover's agreement to conduct a full investigation of Karlow are from "CIA Memorandum to File, February 14, 1962." The signature on the document was blanked out by CIA censors, but it is almost certainly that of Sheffield Edwards, the director of the CIA's Office of Security.

When Karlow traveled to Philadelphia, carrying a large box, FBI agents trailed him, hoping this might be the big break in the case. He was seen entering a building and emerged three hours later without the box. To the watching FBI agents, Karlow's actions appeared sinister, the more so because they were unable to peer inside the building. The FBI surveillance report described the problem:

"Observation at 1127 South Broad by a special agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation revealed that this was a three-story row brick structure. . . . It is noted that nothing can be observed within the business establishment inasmuch as Venetian blinds extend across the entire window in the front of the store and are kept tightly closed." If the FBI men thought that Karlow had delivered a box full of CIA secrets to a Soviet installation, they would have been disappointed to learn the truth. Karlow had gone to Philadelphia to be fitted for a new artificial limb to replace the one he was wearing. "It was my leg man," Karlow explained. "And the sign right on the front of the building said 'B. Peters & Company, Orthotics and Prosthetics.' " He paused, and added: "My leg was in the box."

There is a strong streak of nativism among many counterintelligence and security officials, a presumption that what is alien may well be traitorous, and at the very least, un-American. So when the CIA's Office of Security, the CI Staff, and the intelligence division of the FBI began digging into Karlow's background, they found enough alarming material to reinforce their natural xenophobia.

To begin with, Karlow's name at birth, and until he was sixteen, wasn't Karlow, it was Klibansky. Not only did his original name begin with the letter K, it was Slavic as well. It takes little imagination to picture how the same sleuths whose suspicions were aroused when a war hero carried his artificial leg in a box to Philadelphia would have reacted to the discovery of his family's Russian-sounding name. This was, after all, the era of J. Edgar Hoover.

And in fact, when Karlow was finally confronted by the FBI and interrogated, more than a year after the CIA had launched the secret investigation, the bureau's agents questioned him repeatedly about his father's background and nationality, and about the conflict over his father's birthplace in various documents that Karlow had filled out.

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[6] Memorandum, Hoover to McCone, March 6, 1962.

Sergei Klibansky was born on April 18, 1878, in Frankfurt, Germany. He was a singer and voice coach, and by age thirty was the youngest director of a major Berlin music conservatory. Karlow's mother, Ferida Weinert, came from an affluent family that owned a textile mill in Silesia. In 1910, Sergei and Ferida Klibansky came to New York, where Karlow's father had been offered a position as a singing instructor.

"They were adopted by a very fast social set," Karlow said, "patrons of the opera, people like George Washington Hill. Then the war broke out." The Klibanskys remained in the United States.

They became naturalized American citizens in 1921, the same year that their son, Serge Peter, was born. His father, although German, had sometimes claimed to have been born in Russia. "In World War I, it was better to be a Russian than a German," Karlow said. He speculated that his father, moving in a musical world, may also have thought it was better for his career to be a Russian. Whatever the reasons, Sergei Klibansky could not have divined that his minor rewriting of his past was, almost half a century later, to cause major difficulties for his son.[7]

Sergei's career prospered. "He taught stars at the Met, Geraldine Farrar and others," Karlow said. And in the roaring twenties, the Klibanskys lived a glittering life among the international set, plying the Atlantic first class on ocean liners and dividing their time between Berlin and an apartment on Manhattan's West Side. "My parents went back to Germany every year or two. By the time I was fourteen, I'd crossed the ocean fourteen times. I was in grade school in Berlin for a year, in the first grade."

It all came crashing down in the Depression. "My father had everything on ten percent margin," Karlow said. Early on the morning of

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[7] When Karlow was born on March 5, 1921, his birth certificate listed his father's birthplace as Russia. But the following month, in April, his father correctly listed Germany as his country of birth on his naturalization papers. The FBI went to the trouble of confirming this by locating Sergei Klibansky's birth certificate in Frankfurt am Main.

September 17, 1931, while Karlow, his older sister, and his mother slept in the adjoining room of their apartment, his father went into the kitchen and turned on the gas oven. Within a few moments, at the age of fifty-three, he was dead.

Peter was graduated from McBurney Prep in 1937, the same year that the family legally changed its name to Karlow. He won a scholarship to Swarthmore, and when war came, joined the Navy and the OSS. In 1947, when the newly created CIA heeded Karlow's arguments for developing more sophisticated spy gadgetry, he joined the agency. He ran the Special Equipment Staff, tinkering with bugs and other espionage devices, until Richard Helms sent him to Germany in 1950 to set up his lab outside Frankfurt.

In 1952, while stationed in Germany, Karlow married Elizabeth "Libby" Rausch, who had joined the agency not long after she was graduated from Smith College, and had been sent to Höchst to work in Karlow's technical detachment. She later worked in counterintelligence in the Soviet division in Frankfurt and Munich, but left the agency around the time their first child was born in 1953. Karlow's mother also worked for the CIA for a time, in the Office of Training and later as a part-time language instructor in German and Italian.

Karlow returned to headquarters in 1956; his jobs in the Eastern European division and as deputy chief of the Economic Action Division followed. In 1959, he organized and became secretary of the Technical Requirements Board, the CIA unit that, among other projects, was attempting to copy the bug in the Great Seal. In the summer of 1961, Helms sent him to the operations center at State. Six months later, Golitsin defected, and Karlow, who had risen to senior positions in the CIA, was suddenly, and without his knowledge, suspected of being a Soviet spy and a traitor to his country. In the climate of the time, it seemed to matter not in the least that he had nearly died defending it.

In the summer of 1962, Karlow went to see Helms and asked out of the State Department. "I asked to be relieved because my career was going nowhere. The job I wanted was chief of the Technical Services Division. Helms didn't turn me down, but didn't offer the job either." To Karlow, Helms seemed to leave the door open. "But Helms said, 'In the meantime, clean up some things for me. Go back to the Economic Action Division.' " The CIA's deputy director for plans did not spell things out, but Karlow felt that Helms was tacitly suggesting that some of the unit's operations, if not the entire division, be phased out. It was a delicate mission, since Karlow had worked in the division several years earlier. Now he would be coming back to wield the ax for Helms. It was not a role likely to make him very popular with his former colleagues in the division.

When Karlow reported in to his old shop, he found himself confronted with a zany agency operation that might have come straight out of a novel by Evelyn Waugh. The target was the West African nation of Guinea. "A businessman from Brooklyn was being paid to buy a freighter and import products from Guinea, to show the Guineans the beauty of the free market," Karlow recalled. "He had managed to buy a shipload of bananas from Guinea. They were green with black spots. He was trying to sell them to Gerber, the baby-food company. Someone from Gerber didn't think they were just what they wanted. He ended up selling the shipload of bananas to Poland at a loss, which the agency paid for."

Not only did Gerber not want green bananas with spots for its baby food, there was a small fiscal problem as well. "There was one hundred thousand dollars unaccounted for in that Guinea trader operation. I recommended that the operation be closed down, which the people in the division thought I was doing out of malice. But I found there were already three major American companies established in Guinea. I questioned the premises of the operation."

By early fall, Karlow had wound up his work in the Economic Action Division and was marking time. "I was on ice. I had no reason for knowing I was under suspicion. I felt there was a lingering vendetta against me by the EAD people. So when my career started to go badly I thought maybe it was a result of this internal feud."

Still, when the strange visits from the FBI and the furnace cleaners began occurring, Karlow was briefly encouraged to think his fortunes were improving. They might be checking him out for the Technical Services Division job after all.

By Christmas, however, Karlow had received devastating news. He had been turned down for the position of chief of TSD. "I blew my fuse and went to see Helms," Karlow said. Having worked with Helms for years, Karlow decided he knew him well enough to call on the deputy director for plans at his home. On a Sunday evening early in the new year, Karlow drove to Helms's house on Fessenden Street, in Northwest Washington.

Confronting the DDP, Karlow demanded to know what was going on.

" 'Okay,' Helms said, 'you'll hear on Monday.' " Helms did not elaborate, but Karlow left that evening feeling that at least some sort of new assignment was in the offing. And sure enough, on Monday, Karlow got a call from Howard Osborn of the CIA's Office of Security. "Osborn said they'd cleared it with Helms that I should work on a sensitive security case." He would be doing the work, Karlow was told, in the Washington Field Office of the FBI in the Old Post Office Building on Pennsylvania Avenue.

"I called Helms, who was out of town. I reached Tom K., his deputy, who said yes, go ahead and do that."[8] What Karlow did not realize was that *he* was the sensitive security case.

On Monday, February 11, Karlow reported in to the FBI field office. Two agents, Aubrey S. "Pete" Brent and Maurice A. "Gook" Taylor, were waiting.

"They said to me, 'You have the right to remain silent.' "

The words struck like a thunderbolt.

Now Karlow knew that his worst suspicions were true. The man on the pole, the pretext interview about the German forger, the furnace cleaners, the slow dial tone on his telephone—everything he had tried not to face was now a reality.

For Karlow, a veteran of American intelligence for twenty-one years, the moment was surreal. Like a character in a Kafka novel, he groped to find out what he was being accused of and why. The FBI agents would not tell him.

"What is this about?" Karlow demanded. Silence. That, the agents said, would emerge in their meetings. Karlow asked if he was entitled to counsel. And if so, how could a lawyer who was not in the CIA be cleared?

Karlow asked the agents to let him make a telephone call to Lawrence R. Houston, the agency's general counsel, who was also a close friend. He reached the CIA attorney. "I asked him, 'Who shall I get as a lawyer? Can you assign me one of your people?' He couldn't. He advised me to answer the questions, and if I couldn't to say nothing and call him back. Larry was in a double position—he was a friend, and he was the agency's counsel."

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[8] Thomas H. Karamessines, then the CIA's assistant deputy director for plans, was universally known inside the agency as Tom K.

So, without benefit of a lawyer, Karlow's interrogation began. It was to last five days.

Karlow again asked the agents to explain the subject of the interrogation. Was it about him? If so, he would be glad to help in any way. He had nothing on his conscience. But the agents would not reveal their purpose.

In the classic "good cop, bad cop" ploy, one agent was friendly, the other hostile. The atmosphere in the room grew tense. "You're playing games and wasting time," Karlow snapped at one point. If there was something wrong, something that had been misinterpreted in his background, he was anxious to get it cleared up.

Stone-faced, the agents told Karlow to come back the next day.

On Tuesday, Karlow said, the interrogation went this way:

FBI: What is your name?
PK: Serge Peter Karlow.
FBI: Is that how it was always spelled?
PK: You mean, on my birth certificate, it's Sergei.
FBI: That's two different names.
PK: No, it's the same name. In Germany, for example, it would be spelled Sergei. In France, Serge.

The FBI men questioned Karlow in endless detail about members of his family, every place he had lived, every school he had attended, every job he had held. Karlow pointed out that all of this information was on the record; since he had worked for OSS and the CIA for more than two decades, with frequent review for security clearances, it was all in the files.

We want to get it all straight, the FBI agents replied. And on they went for hours, examining Karlow's entire life in microscopic detail. "I asked again and again what the purpose was, we could save time if they stopped playing games. No reaction."

On Wednesday, it was back to his family. What were the names of his father's parents? If his grandfather's name was Michael, why had he sometimes listed it as Misha? Karlow explained the names were the same, it was like John and Jack.

The FBI agents pounced again.

FBI: What was your grandmother's maiden name?
PK: Von.
FBI: No, it was Vou.

Karlow was incredulous. "I laughed when I realized what had happened. They'd found my father's birth certificate in Frankfurt and couldn't read Gothic. In the zigzag, handwritten old German, which was dropped between the wars, the letter 'u' has a line over it. Without a line, it's an 'n.' There was no line over the 'u' but the FBI couldn't read it."

More detailed questions about schools, and political groups Karlow had joined at Swarthmore. Then back to his father. Was he born in Germany, or Russia?

The agents began questioning Karlow about people he had known over a lifetime, every name he had listed on the Personal History Statement he had filled out when he joined the CIA, every name he had mentioned in agency memos, former CIA employees, even that of Richard Helms. "They went alphabetically through everyone I knew. Friends, colleagues, relatives, and for each they asked, 'Was he a homosexual?' 'Did you know Jones? Was he a homosexual? Did he make any advances to you? Is Helms a Communist?' I said, 'I'm not going to answer that, it's too ridiculous.' "

On Thursday, the FBI men began interrogating Karlow in detail about CIA operations to penetrate the Soviet Union. "They were particularly interested in my knowledge of bugging devices."

The agents pressed Karlow on the code name for the CIA project to replicate the bug in the Great Seal. Karlow refused to yield up the name EASY CHAIR. "The FBI asked if I gave the Soviets any information on American knowledge of this gadget. My answer was no. The total of my information was that R&D work was continuing and involved a technician in Holland."

At CIA, Karlow had also worked on the development of "a non-detectable car bug that could be quickly planted. The idea was to take a tiny unit and plant it behind the dash of a car. It would allow you to follow the car and listen to conversation at a discreet distance. It would be powered by self-contained batteries." In the course of his research, Karlow had visited an electronics laboratory at Montauk, on the tip end of Long Island, that was conducting similar research for the FBI. As a result, Karlow was also aware of the bureau's own efforts to eavesdrop on cars.

Now Karlow's interrogators turned to that subject. "They asked me about the bugging of automobiles that were supposed to have been delivered to the Soviets in Mexico City. I knew about it."

It had been a joint operation. "The FBI and the CIA had bugged four Fords which were to be delivered to the Soviet embassy in Mexico City in 1959. To install the bugs, the FBI stripped the cars down to the chassis, so the bugs were theoretically not findable, yet the Soviets knew right away. So the FBI pointed the finger at me. The FBI said, 'You were the guy who leaked that information to the Soviets.' It was nonsense, of course."

The FBI seemed fully aware of the operation involving the Brooklyn businessman who had tried to off-load the CIA's spotted bananas on the Gerber baby-food company. "They insisted on knowing the name of the agent—the businessman—and the extent of the money unaccounted for, which was over a hundred thousand dollars."

The FBI agents pressed Karlow repeatedly on how many times he had been to East Berlin. Karlow thought two or three times, at most, and always on CIA orders.

The agents appeared convinced that the CIA harbored homosexuals. They kept coming back to that subject. "The FBI asked about why there were so many 'queers' in the CIA's German stations in the early 1950s."

Next, the agents grilled Karlow about secret inks. When Karlow was in Germany, headquarters had asked for secret writing inks for use in Eastern Europe and sent along two samples. "We had them analyzed and found one was aspirin and one was vinegar. Both can be used. We ran an investigation and found that the best stuff around for secret writing was being used by the Russians. I said we needed something better than aspirin. We came up with secret writing formulas in Germany."

The FBI wanted to know about Karlow's formulas. Why had he developed the new inks?

"They seemed to be trying to put an interpretation on it that I was coming up with secret writing methods that were better than anything Washington had but that I was also giving them away to the Russians."

Karlow was told to come back on Friday. He was to be "fluttered"—given a lie-detector test.

On Friday morning, facing the polygraph, Karlow again demanded an explanation.

PK: Now will you tell me what this is about?

FBI: Yes, we will. You're under direct suspicion of being a Soviet spy, a Soviet agent working in the CIA.

"I couldn't believe it. I laughed and said, I thought I had done something serious, like leaving a safe open." But Karlow's bravado masked a terrible realization. "I knew right there my career was over. 'This ends my career,' I told them. 'If you want my badge, you're welcome.' "

Stunned by the accusation, outraged and angry, stricken by what it meant to his future, Karlow pressed the FBI agents for details. "What was I supposed to have done and where? The FBI said, 'We ask the questions—you'll have plenty of time to find out.' "

Karlow was wired to the polygraph machine. The operator strapped a corrugated rubber tube around his chest, a pneumograph that would expand and contract to measure his respiration rate. An inflatable pressure cuff, called a cardiosphygmomanometer, was wound around Karlow's arm, to record his blood pressure and pulse. Finally, the most scary object of all, a pair of metal electrodes were attached to his palm with surgical tape. The device, a psychogalvanometer, would measure Karlow's galvanic skin response (GSR) to electric current. The reading would vary with how much he perspired as he was questioned. All of these instruments were hooked up to a recording device that would measure his responses as squiggly lines on a roll of moving graph paper.

"The polygraph cuff was making my arm turn blue. They kept pushing on how many times I had been in East Berlin. Was my Soviet case officer so-and-so? It was a woman's name, I'm not sure of what name it was, I think they said Lydia." From the line of questioning, it appeared that the FBI believed that Karlow had met with "Lydia" in East Berlin. "They asked about addresses in East Berlin. They wanted to see my reaction, did I know those addresses. I said no to all of them."

The most dramatic moment of the lie-detector test was now at hand.

"You are supposed to answer questions yes or no," Karlow explained. "They asked, 'Do you know Sasha?' I said yes, and the needle jumped. Because I was thinking of Sasha Sogolow. In Berlin in the 1950s, Sasha to me was only one person—Sasha Sogolow. A big booming Russian type. He'd always say, 'I'm Russian and a Jew and they [the Soviets] love me.' He'd go with a case officer to meet an agent. He'd be the 'chauffeur.' And he'd come back and say, 'The KGB chauffeur was Colonel so-and-so.' I would meet with Sasha Sogolow often. He was in Berlin. We fixed him up with a fake driver's license."[9]

Karlow could see the flurry of excitement among the FBI agents when he reacted to the name Sasha. He was not sure why. "I was thinking of Sasha Sogolow. But that wasn't the Sasha they were thinking of," as Karlow later learned.

"They never asked any motivational questions. I finally said, 'Why would I want to be a Soviet spy? I've got a great wife, two gorgeous children, and a good job.' " The FBI agents did not answer his question.

It was Friday afternoon before the polygraph test was over. Karlow had been grilled for five days.

"Afterward, I went tearing over to Houston's house in Georgetown. 'What's going on?' Larry said, 'Well, it's a difficult case.' " The CIA general counsel, Karlow said, asked him to "write a report of everything you can think of" that might have caused his security problem.

"Monday, I went steaming into Helms's office. He greeted me, as usual, as 'Sergeyevich.' Helms always called me Sergeyevich [son of Sergei]. This time I said maybe the humor of the nickname is no longer appropriate under the circumstances."

Helms, too, asked Karlow to write a report "of everything I could think of." Having been accused as a Soviet spy, and a traitor to his country, Karlow was now being asked by the agency's senior officials to provide the reasons, a twist that, again, could have been crafted by Kafka.

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[9] Sogolow, who was born in Kiev, joined the CIA in 1949 and served as a CIA case officer in Germany and in the Soviet division at headquarters. He died in 1982.

"Helms said, 'Consider yourself under Larry Houston's authority.' I said, 'Well, this means the end of my career. So this is goodbye.' But I told Helms, 'I'm going to do everything I can to get this cleared up.' "

Karlow had one more stop on his rounds. He went down to the second floor, to the Counterintelligence Staff, and called on James Angleton.

Angleton, chain-smoking as usual, sitting stooped over his desk, had a warning for Karlow. He spoke deliberately.

"This is a very uncertain and highly dangerous situation," he said. "There is more that goes on here than I can possibly explain to you. It has to do with a Russian defector."

Angleton leaned forward and added: "Please don't discuss this with anyone."

It was dizzying. Not only had Karlow been accused of high treason, and then asked to explain why, he was now being ordered to remain silent. The counterintelligence chief had made it clear: the fact that Karlow had been accused as a mole, his career destroyed, and his life all but ruined was a CIA secret.

Chapter 8

Roadshow

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By the fall of 1962, Anatoly Golitsin had worn out a succession of case officers in the Soviet division; it was one reason he was turned over to James Angleton.

"The division got tired of him," said Scotty Miler, Angleton's former deputy, in explaining the decision. According to another former CIA officer, the feeling was mutual. "Golitsin was furious at the Soviet division. They were pushing him hard. He'd run out of gas and they kept pushing him."

As Pete Bagley, the former Soviet division counterintelligence officer, noted, yet another reason for the switch was the nature of what Golitsin was saying; there were moles not only in the CIA, the Soviet defector charged, but in other Western services as well. And it was the CI Staff that had responsibility for liaison with those foreign services.

Since Golitsin alleged that British intelligence had been penetrated, Angleton some months earlier had invited Arthur Martin, a senior MI5 counterintelligence officer, to visit Washington and interview the former KGB man. Martin was not only impressed with Golitsin, he eventually persuaded him to come to England.

According to a veteran CIA officer who had served in London, "The real romance began in England. The man who started it all was Arthur Martin. He became infatuated with Golitsin's ideas. Arthur took the entire family over to England—Golitsin, his wife, and daughter. He said to Angleton, 'I guarantee this man's security.' " Angleton may not have bargained for Golitsin's departure, but it would have been awkward to say no, given the long-standing, if sometimes strained, "special relationship" between U.S. and British intelligence. And Angleton did not want to cross Golitsin; if he stood in Golitsin's way, he might risk losing him for good.

In Britain, Golitsin acquired his British code name, KAGO. He was handled by Martin; Peter Wright, later to achieve worldwide fame by selling MI5's secrets in his book *Spycatcher;* and Stephen de Mowbray, an MI6 officer. Golitsin arrived in England in March 1963, shortly after Harold Wilson had become the leader of the opposition Labor Party.

It was a time of enormous political upheaval in England, and spies were at the root of the trouble. In January, Kim Philby had confessed in Beirut to being a Soviet agent, and then fled to Moscow, providing dramatic public confirmation of what the British government had consistently denied—that he was a Soviet mole in MI6. The government of Prime Minister Harold Macmillan was reeling from the Profumo scandal, in which it was revealed that Christine Keeler, a call girl, had shared her favors with John D. Profumo, the secretary of state for war (who was married to actress Valerie Hobson), and with Captain Eugene Ivanov, the assistant Soviet naval attaché, who was in reality an agent of the GRU. It mattered not that Profumo would hardly have been interested in discussing military secrets in bed with Keeler, who in turn would supposedly whisper them to Ivanov. It was a marvelous scandal, involving a naked swimming party at Cliveden, Lord Astor's estate (where Profumo first glimpsed Keeler *au naturel*), "society doctor Stephen Ward," another call girl named Mandy Rice-Davies, and, of course, the cabinet minister and the spy. Fleet Street fulfilled to the maximum its solemn obligation to keep the British public informed; the London newspapers overlooked no detail of the Profumo scandal.

But all of this threatened to be topped when Anatoly Golitsin blew into town. With the encouragement of his British counterintelligence handlers, he concluded that Harold Wilson was a Soviet mole.

Scotty Miler confirmed that Golitsin had dropped this bombshell after arriving in Britain. "Golitsin would not tell us what he told the British. But yes, that was what Golitsin said, that Wilson was a Soviet agent."

Golitsin appears to have reached this startling conclusion about the leader of the British opposition party by a chain of reasoning that was, to say the least, indirect. Shortly before Golitsin's arrival in England, Hugh Gaitskell, then the head of the Labor Party, had died prematurely. Some six weeks earlier, Gaitskell had called on the Soviet embassy in London about a visa for a pending trip to the Soviet Union. He was offered, and drank, a cup of coffee.

Peter Wright has said that Arthur Martin told him Gaitskell had died of a mysterious virus diagnosed as lupus, a tropical disease rare in temperate climes. Wright said that he went to Porton Down, Britain's chemical and biological warfare laboratory, to investigate whether the KGB might have poisoned the British political leader. He also consulted with Angleton, who sent him a translation of an obscure Soviet scientific paper which reported that the Russians had developed a chemical to induce lupus in experimental rats. But Wright concluded that Gaitskell, not being a laboratory rat, would have had to have ingested an enormous quantity of the chemical to have contracted the disease, unless, of course, the Soviets had developed a more powerful drug since the publication of the Soviet paper seven years earlier.[1]

When Golitsin learned of the suspicions in MI5 over Gaitskell's death, he put it together with gossip he said he had heard inside the KGB before he defected, rumors that the KGB's Department 13, its gruesomely named Department of Wet Affairs, was planning to assassinate a Western leader in order to get its own agent in place as his successor. Wilson had been elected Labor's leader on February 14, less than a month after Gaitskell's death. To Golitsin, it was all clear.

The British had very likely implanted the idea of Wilson's treachery with Golitsin, according to another former CIA officer. "I think the British tried out a lot of ideas on him. 'Would you think it possible Wilson was a spy?' they asked, and they linked it to the Gaitskell business. Golitsin when he came to us was a very ignorant man, but he learned. He sucked things up. He would say, 'That's very likely.' 'I think I heard something about this.' He picked up these ideas and embroidered them."

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[1] Peter Wright, *Spycatcher,* pp. 362–63. Other published accounts say that a postmortem examination of Gaitskell showed he was not a victim of lupus, the full name of which is lupus erythematosus, but of "an immune complex deficiency," the symptoms of which had begun a year before his death on January 18, 1963, and many months before he drank the celebrated cup of coffee at the Soviet embassy. See David Leigh, *The Wilson Plot: How the Spycatchers and Their American Allies Tried to Overthrow the British Government* (New York: Pantheon, 1988), pp. 82–83.

Golitsin's speculations were to have repercussions in England for more than a decade. Harold Wilson was elected Prime Minister in 1964, and some time afterward, according to Peter Wright, Angleton made a special trip to London to see Edward Martin Furnival Jones, MI5's counterespionage chief, to warn him that "Wilson was a Soviet agent."[2] Angleton would not name his source, but the allegation was filed by MI5 under the code name OATSHEAF. Wilson was defeated in 1970 but reelected to a second term as Prime Minister early in 1974. It was then, according to Wright, that unnamed colleagues in MI5 tried to enlist him in a plot to leak information from the files of the security service to the press in order to oust Wilson from office. Wright said he refused to participate in the attempted coup against the Prime Minister.

That may be, but it is clear that MI5 extensively investigated both Wilson and his associates. Beginning in 1953, Wilson had made several trips to the Soviet Union, representing various British business interests. These visits had not escaped the notice of British intelligence.

According to Don Moore, who headed Soviet counterintelligence for the FBI at the time, "Golitsin's theory was anyone who spent a lot of time in the Soviet Union had to have been recruited. Wilson spent time in the Soviet Union. But you must differentiate between Golitsin's theories and what he knew. What he knew was solid and useful. His theories were something else."

MI5 investigated two of Wilson's political supporters, Rudy Sternberg and Joe Kagan, both Jews of Central European origin who had come to England and made their fortunes. Sternberg, an Austrian by birth, imported fertilizer and other products from East Germany. Kagan, a Lithuanian, was a raincoat manufacturer from Huddersfield whom MI5 suspected of leaking secrets he had gleaned from Wilson to a Soviet intelligence officer in London. After only eighteen months in office during his second term, Wilson suddenly resigned in March 1976. His decision, according to the British journalist David Leigh, came after a "blazing confrontation" with Sir Michael "Jumbo" Hanley, the head of MI5, in which Wilson correctly accused the security service of plotting against him.[3]

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[2] Peter Wright, *Spycatcher,* p. 364.

Did MI5, spurred by Golitsin and Angleton, ultimately succeed in driving a British Prime Minister from power? The picture is fuzzy, but enough evidence has emerged to suggest that something very much like that may have happened. The story gained enough currency that, thinly disguised, it was even turned into a television drama.[4]

But quite aside from the Wilson plot, Golitsin's trip to England in the spring of 1963 was even more memorable for helping to trigger Britain's own mole hunt, which became much more highly publicized than the CIA's search for traitors, although it was ultimately to prove as inconclusive.

The first tallyho in the British mole hunt had sounded earlier in the year after Philby's dramatic escape to Moscow. On a trip to Washington in January 1963, not long before Golitsin's departure for England, Arthur Martin met with the FBI's Don Moore and Anthony Litrento, a street-smart agent who was the bureau's leading expert on Soviet illegals. Martin announced portentously that he had just received word that Philby had confessed in Beirut.

Moore recalled Litrento's reaction. " 'Do you have him in custody?' Tony asked. 'I don't know,' said Martin. 'If you don't, he'll be gone tomorrow,' said Litrento. And by God he was."

In the wake of the Philby disaster, Golitsin told the British that he had heard talk in the KGB of a "Ring of Five," a group of Soviet spies inside British intelligence. The first four members of that notorious group were easy enough to identify. All had gone to Cambridge University, where they were presumably recruited. Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean had fled to Moscow in 1951, Kim Philby had followed suit early in 1963, and Anthony Blunt, a former MI5 officer, was already under suspicion as the fourth man.[5] But who was the fifth man?

[3] David Leigh, *The Wilson Plot,* p. 234.

[4] In 1988, American public television broadcast a British TV play starring the late Ray McAnally as Harry Perkins, a blue-collar Yorkshireman who becomes Prime Minister of England and the target of schemers in the security service who plot to overthrow him. The play, *A Very British Coup,* was, of course, fictional, but it was obviously modeled on MI5's efforts against Harold Wilson.

[5] Blunt, an art expert and curator of the Queen's paintings, confessed in 1964, in exchange for immunity from prosecution, but had been suspected and questioned by MI5 for many years before that. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher confirmed Blunt's

Arthur Martin and Peter Wright were convinced at first that the mole was Graham Mitchell, the deputy director of MI5. Later, the two counterintelligence officers decided the mole was none other than Sir Roger Hollis, the director-general of MI5.

The former CIA officer who served in the London station had no doubt of Golitsin's key role in all this. "The British mole hunt was a direct result of Golitsin," he said. "Golitsin said there was a mole at a high level in British intelligence. Graham Mitchell was the first person Golitsin fingered."

MI5 secretly installed a closed-circuit television camera and wiretaps in Mitchell's office and observed him for weeks. As a suspect, he was given the code name PETERS. During the investigation, Arthur Martin, the British equivalent of Angleton, flew to Washington to coordinate MI5's mole hunt with the FBI and the CIA.

"Arthur came over," said a former high-ranking U.S. intelligence official who met with Martin. "It was very hush-hush. He would only talk one-on-one. At the time they were analyzing Graham Mitchell. Mitchell was under surveillance and would sometimes sit with his head on his desk. Arthur thought that meant he was a spy, sitting and thinking, 'Oh my God, they know about me.' For chrissake, the guy was just taking a nap after lunch!"

Mitchell, fifty-seven when he became the target of his own security service, was an upper-class Englishman, educated at Winchester and Oxford, who limped from an encounter with polio but was a superb yachtsman and chess champion. He had worked closely with Hollis in MI5 during the war, and when Hollis became the director in 1956, Mitchell was appointed as his deputy.

After fifteen months, the mole hunters had come up empty-handed. Mitchell retired, and his case was closed, for the moment. But the problem remained; was there a mole in the house? If not Graham Mitchell, might it be the director himself?

To investigate these sensational suspicions, a joint MI5-MI6 unit, the oddly named FLUENCY committee, was created, with Arthur Martin as its chairman.[6] Its members toiled in secrecy for five years but

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identity, and his espionage for the Soviets, in a statement to Parliament in November 1979. Blunt was stripped of his knighthood and died in 1983 at the age of seventy-five.

[6] Intelligence code names, like tropical storms, are usually chosen in order from a

failed to prove that their own boss, Roger Hollis, or his former deputy, Graham Mitchell, was a Soviet spy.

Hollis, who was a month younger than Mitchell, was the son of the bishop of Taunton, and also Oxford-educated. In his youth, he had spent several years working for a tobacco company in China in the 1930s before joining MI5, a fact that gave the mole seekers endless grounds for speculation and suspicion. Shanghai was known to be a nest of Communist spies between the wars. Perhaps Hollis had been recruited in China by the Soviets. Perhaps, like Philby, he was a long-term Soviet penetration agent in British intelligence. But none of this could be proven.

In 1965, Hollis retired, but the investigation only intensified. He was given the code name DRAT, which may have unintentionally reflected the frustration of the mole hunters over their inability to prove their case.

It never seemed to end. Mitchell was hauled out of retirement, interrogated, and cleared again. In 1970, MI5 renamed its counterespionage arm K Branch, and the mole hunters were placed in a new section designated K7. That same year, Hollis was brought back for interrogation at a safe house in London as Peter Wright, in another building, listened in on headphones.

Both the CIA and the FBI were informed of the progress of the British mole hunt. "We were kept reasonably well privy to what they were finding," the CIA's Scotty Miler said, "because it had a direct bearing on the security of U.S. intelligence. We were aware the British investigations were going on. Angleton worked with [Maurice] Oldfield, Wright, Hanley, Dick White, whoever was in charge."

The difficulty was, MI5 wasn't finding very much. Sir Roger Hollis died of a stroke in 1973, along with his secret, if he had one. In 1981, when the fact of the Hollis investigation became public, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher made a statement in Parliament gingerly clearing Hollis.[7] Graham Mitchell died in 1984, by which time his private ordeal as PETERS had also become public knowledge.

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prepared list. As a rule, therefore, they have no particular relevance to their subject matter.

[7] While the investigation "did not conclusively prove his innocence," Mrs. Thatcher said, leaving herself an escape hatch, ". . . no evidence was found that incriminated him, and the conclusion reached . . . was that he had not been an agent of the Russian intelligence service." Statement to Parliament by the Prime Minister, March 26, 1981.

If no fifth man could be positively identified, some of the mole hunters had nevertheless believed that he was John Cairncross, a former MI6 officer who had confessed years earlier to having been a Soviet agent during World War II. Cairncross was allowed to resign and not prosecuted. But it was an unrepentant Anthony Blunt who had named Cairncross to MI5 interrogators, and there was doubt that Blunt would have revealed the name of a high-level spy. Moreover, Cairncross left the government after he fell under suspicion in 1951. In 1990, he denied that he was the so-called Fifth Man, but a year later he said that he was.[8]

The Soviet defector Oleg Gordievsky, who had been named the KGB resident in London, added a postscript to the British mole hunt in 1990. He reported that two of the KGB's senior British specialists—who were presumably in a position to know the identity of their agents in England—had dismissed the reports about Hollis as untrue.[9]

Anatoly Golitsin had succeeded in turning British intelligence upside down, and in the process helped to create a cottage industry of mole hunters in England, whose books have been published, and eagerly read, on both sides of the Atlantic. If he was a boon to publishers, he was, in the end, less valuable to British intelligence.

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[8] Most of the details of Britain's long-running mole hunt have surfaced because of the work of British journalists, academics, and authors. The suspicion of Hollis was first publicized by Chapman Pincher, a leading British journalist specializing in intelligence, in his book *Their Trade Is Treachery* (London: Sidgwick & Jackson, 1981), and a later work, *Too Secret Too Long* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1984). As it later emerged, Pincher's source was the former MI5 mole hunter Peter Wright, who had been introduced to Pincher by Victor Rothschild, of the banking family, also a former MI5 officer. Then Wright himself wrote about the search for penetrations, as well as other matters, in *Spycatcher.* Anthony Blunt was identified by Mrs. Thatcher only after the publication of Andrew Boyle's book *Climate of Treason,* published in the United States as *The Fourth Man* (New York: Dial, 1979), which pointed to Blunt without naming him. Blunt's career was chronicled in depth in John Costello's *Mask of Treachery* (New York: William Morrow, 1988), which nominated Guy Liddell, a former deputy director of MI5, as the unknown Soviet mole. Rupert Allason, a Conservative member of Parliament who writes under the name Nigel West, is the author of several informative books dealing with the period, including *Molehunt: Searching for Spies in MI5* (New York: William Morrow, 1989). British historian Christopher Andrew and the Soviet defector Oleg Gordievsky kept the controversy going by naming Cairncross as the Fifth Man in their book *KGB: The Inside Story* (New York: HarperCollins, 1990). Cairncross, then seventy-six and retired in France, denied it. "I am not the Fifth Man," he said (*Washington Post,* October 18, 1990, p. A38). But in 1991, Cairncross reversed himself. "I was made one of the five during the war," *The Mail* quoted him as saying. "I hope this will finally put an end to the 'Fifth Man' mystery." (*New York Times,* September 23, 1991, p. A8.)

[9] Andrew and Gordievsky, *KGB,* pp. 7–8.

But a major reason that Golitsin's charges could not simply be ignored was the awful truth of the Philby case. Philby had, after all, at one time been head of the Soviet section of MI6. That being so, it was surreal, but not impossible, to believe that even the head of MI5 could have been a traitor.

Although Golitsin is sometimes credited with providing leads that confirmed Kim Philby's role as a high-level Soviet mole, Philby had fled to Moscow weeks before Golitsin's arrival in London. Golitsin, it is true, had warned CIA in 1962 of moles in the British intelligence services, but by that time, Philby had already been under suspicion for more than a decade. As a result, Golitsin's contribution to the Philby case, if any, remains marginal at best.

But whatever high drama surrounded Golitsin's sojourn to England took an unexpectedly farcical turn in July 1963. It began when the London *Daily Telegraph* learned of the presence in England of an important Soviet defector. John Bulloch, a reporter for the newspaper, attempted to check the story with the government, thereby alerting British officials. Next, a "D notice" was issued on the evening of July 11 requesting that the press refrain from mentioning the defection.

A peculiarly British institution, the D notice system has no equivalent in the United States. Under it, the Defence, Press and Broadcasting Committee, a joint government-press group, issues advisory warnings to the British press that news about certain kinds of information—military secrets, intelligence, codes, and communications intercepts, for example—may be protected under Britain's Official Secrets Act. The notice, therefore, can be disregarded at the risk of breaking the law.[10]

What was unusual about the D notice issued in this instance, however, was that it named the defector—or purported to—thereby alerting all of Fleet Street to the story. But the notice, in what appeared to be a half-baked attempt at throwing the hounds off the scent, gave the defector's name as "Anatoli Dolnytsin."

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[10] As the system worked in 1991, eight standing D notices dealing with broad categories of defense and intelligence information had been issued to the British news media and were kept in a "black folder" by each news organization. In the past, D notices were frequently issued to try to prevent the publication of specific stories. Although that can still be done, no specific D notice had been issued in more than ten years. British journalists and writers often consulted the secretary of the committee, Rear Admiral William A. Higgins, about whether a contemplated article or book might violate the law. So, while the system had evolved and changed, the D notice machinery remained very much in place.

On Friday, Tom Lambert, the *New York Herald Tribune* correspondent in London, learned the name, now circulating among British reporters. When the newspaper's Washington bureau sought to check further, the CIA urgently requested that the story be killed. It was too late to stop the flood tide. In London, John Bulloch and his editors decided to go with the story, despite the D notice, and published it on July 13, using the defector's altered name as it had been given in the notice.[11] The other London papers wrote the story as well, and the wire services spread it around the globe.

In Washington, CIA officials were thunderstruck by the British leak. They angrily accused the British of deliberately floating the story by means of the D notice in order to divert attention from the Profumo sex scandal. Dismayed and angered by the uproar in London, Golitsin packed his bags and took the first available flight back to Washington. British security officials immediately suspected that the original leak to the *Daily Telegraph* had been "put out by the Americans" to force Golitsin back to Langley.[12]

The entire episode did nothing to strengthen relations between MI5 and the CIA. But the upshot was that James Angleton had his prize defector back in his hands.

Before Golitsin captivated Arthur Martin and helped to launch the mole hunt in England, he had warned his CIA handlers of penetrations inside French intelligence as well. The French security services were a fertile ground for his charges. The word "byzantine" does not do justice to the complex and checkered history of the French spy agencies.

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[11] The British intelligence services, as part of their apparent attempt to sow confusion, may have chosen the name Anatoli Dolnytsin not only thinly to mask Anatoly Golitsin's true identity but in the hope that the press would assume the defector was Anatoly A. Dolnytsin, who had been stationed in the Soviet embassy in London for three years until September 1961. The *Daily Telegraph* reported that this Dolnytsin might be the defector, which seemed logical until a Soviet embassy spokesman announced two days later that the staff member in question was a protocol clerk who had not defected and was, at that very moment, back in Moscow at his desk in the foreign ministry. Embarrassed British intelligence officials later put it about that an error had led to the release of the false name, Dolnytsin, in place of the defector's true name. The explanation was implausible, since the real Anatoly Dolnytsin had not defected.

[12] Gordon Brook-Shepherd, *The Storm Birds: Soviet Post-War Defectors* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1988), p. 172.

French intelligence had a reputation for dirty tricks and even criminal activity long before the French secret service blew up the *Rainbow Warrior,* a Greenpeace ship, in New Zealand in 1985, killing a photographer. The ship, which had planned to protest French nuclear tests at a South Pacific atoll, was sunk by the French external service, the Direction Générale de la Sécurité Extérieure (DGSE). The service acquired that name under President François Mitterrand, but it had been known before that as the Service de Documentation Extérieure et de Contre-espionnage (SDECE). Most French people know it better as "la Piscine," or the swimming pool, the nickname for its headquarters in northeast Paris.[13]

To American intelligence officials, the SDECE was known in shorthand as "S-deck." The French spy agency was involved in the 1950s and 1960s in a series of murders in Algeria of supporters of the independence movement. The agents recruited by French intelligence officers around the world were traditionally known as "honorable correspondents," but many were anything but honorable, including gangsters, ex-convicts, and mercenaries among their ranks. One unit of the SDECE, the Service Action, functioned as a hit squad.

The Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire (DST) is responsible for internal security and counterintelligence, and is roughly equivalent to the FBI. Its headquarters, too, are in Paris, at 7 Rue Nelaton not far from the Eiffel Tower.

Golitsin warned that Soviet moles had burrowed into the French secret service and the French government, possibly even into the cabinet of President Charles de Gaulle. The warning was taken seriously enough that President Kennedy sent a letter to de Gaulle to alert him to the charges. De Gaulle dispatched General Jean-Louis de Rougemont, of the Deuxième Bureaux, the French military intelligence service, as a special envoy. He flew to Washington, met with Golitsin, returned to Paris, and reported to the Elysée Palace. As a result of his mission, the head of the SDECE, General Paul Jacquier, and the director of the DST, Daniel Doustin, sent a joint team of debriefers to Washington to meet with Golitsin, to whom the French gave the cryptonym MARTEL.

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[13] The DGSE headquarters is located in a ten-story office building with a checkerboard exterior at 141 Boulevard Mortier, part of the complex formed by the old Tourelles military barracks. The headquarters is just to the south of the Georges Vallerey public swimming pool—named for France's 100-meter 1948 Olympic swimming champion—which is on the Avenue Gambetta where it intersects the Rue des Tourelles. The spy agency's location close by the swimming pool explains its nickname.

Golitsin claimed that there was, within the SDECE, a ring of half a dozen Soviet spies, code-named SAPPHIRE. He seemed to have considerable knowledge of the organization and operations of the French service.

"Golitsin was a pro-French Soviet," said a former CIA officer familiar with the defector's charges. "He had a kind of affection for the French, although he'd never lived there. He had a large list of twenty-five or thirty leads, not names, but very thin leads. And he kept talking about how a senior KGB official had referred to their agents in France as sapphires, in other words, a collection of jewels."

The allegations about SAPPHIRE did not improve the already rather brittle relations between the French service and the CIA. The agency's counterintelligence officers were dismayed at the thought that CIA secrets shared with the SDECE might have seeped back to Moscow through the French. As the French CI officers continued to debrief Golitsin, the impression grew within the CIA that French intelligence was shot through with Russian spies.

"The whole French thing was a mess," the former CIA man said. "Some of the leads pointed to personalities in S-deck who'd been involved in operations with us and about whom there had been some suspicion, but no proof. Jim [Angleton] weighed in against these people, and it caused a lot of friction. Golitsin was saying there were moles in the Elysée, in the French government, and in French intelligence, who could influence French policy."

From Angleton's vantage point, the French services did not seem to be moving aggressively to weed out Golitsin's supposed nest of spies. The CIA suspected the French were more interested in covering up the potential political scandal than in finding and punishing the moles.

But in France, Golitsin's allegations did lead to accusations against two prominent political figures, Jacques Foccart and Louis Joxe, and a diplomat, Georges Gorse. Foccart, who became a member of de Gaulle's inner circle during the general's exile in London during World War II, was a member of the French cabinet and a high-level adviser to de Gaulle on intelligence affairs when he fell under suspicion as a result of Golitsin's warnings. In the press, Foccart was accused of having organized the *barbouzes,* the bearded ones, a shadowy group of criminals who carried out the terrorist attacks in Algeria, and of being the Soviet mole described by Golitsin. Foccart denied the charges, sued several newspapers, and won. He continued to serve as a minister under de Gaulle and then under President Georges Pompidou.

Louis Joxe, the second Frenchman to fall under the long shadow cast by Golitsin, had served as ambassador to Moscow in the early 1950s and held a high post in the French government under de Gaulle. As the minister in charge of Algeria, he had been instrumental in settling the conflict there and establishing Algerian independence in 1962, a fact that made him unpopular among the right wing and may have also explained why he became a target of the French mole hunters. But as in the case of Foccart, when the smoke had cleared, there was no evidence against Joxe, who continued to enjoy the trust of de Gaulle.[14] The diplomat investigated by the French mole hunters, Georges Gorse, had served on missions to the Soviet Union and as ambassador to Tunisia.

Golitsin also said that aside from extensive penetration of the French government, the KGB had a highly placed spy in NATO, who was able to give Moscow instant access to classified documents, even those marked "Cosmic," the highest category. The information Golitsin provided has been credited with unmasking Georges Pâques, a Soviet spy inside NATO headquarters, which was located at the time in Paris. When arrested in August 1963, Pâques was deputy head of the press department. He was convicted of treason and sentenced to life imprisonment, a term later reduced to twenty years.

As the French writer Thierry Wolton has pointed out, Pâques could not have been the spy inside NATO whom Golitsin described. Golitsin defected in December 1961 and Pâques did not go to work for NATO until October 1962.[15] However, Pâques had passed secrets to the Soviets for many years and had previously worked for the defense ministry, where he had access to NATO documents.

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[14] Officials in the SDECE itself also fell under suspicion as a result of Golitsin's charges. Among them were Colonel Leonard Houneau, the deputy chief of the spy agency, and Georges de Lannurien, a high-ranking official.

[15] Thierry Wolton, *Le KGB en France* (Paris: Bernard Grasset, 1986), p. 123.

If not Pâques, who was the spy in NATO? Almost two decades later, although not as a direct result of Golitsin's information, a Soviet spy in NATO was unmasked. He was Hugh George Hambleton, a Canadian economics professor who had worked for NATO from 1956 to 1961. In 1977, the FBI caught and "turned" a KGB illegal, a Czech named Ludek Zemenek, who had entered the United States from Canada and was using the name Rudolph A. Herrmann. He agreed to act as a double agent for the FBI. He revealed to the FBI that one of his contacts was Professor Hambleton, whom the Canadians chose not to prosecute. But Hambleton, who held dual Canadian-British citizenship, unwisely flew to London in 1982, where he was promptly arrested, convicted, and sentenced to ten years in prison.[16]

For many years a dramatic story has circulated inside American intelligence agencies of a spy, in addition to Pâques, who jumped out the window to his death while being questioned as a result of information supposedly provided to the French by Golitsin. Despite the persistent reports to the contrary, however, the files of the CIA do not reflect that Golitsin provided the information that led to the spy's capture.

There actually was such a spy. Colonel Charles de Jurquet d'Anfreville de la Salle "was an agent of the Rumanian secret service and then of the GRU," according to Marcel Chalet, the former head of the DST.[17] Colonel de la Salle was a retired top air force officer, a hero of a joint French-Russian air wing in World War II. In part as a result of his wartime experience, he remained sympathetic to the Soviets. In May 1965, at the Brasserie Lipp, the famed café on the Left Bank, de la Salle's girlfriend introduced him to Ion Iacobescu, a spy for the Rumanian secret service, who had a cover job at UNESCO. De la Salle had contacts in electronics firms and was recruited by the Rumanian, to whom he passed along data about French military aircraft. In time, de la Salle was run jointly with the Rumanians by Vladimir Arkhipov, a Soviet diplomat in Paris who was really an officer of the GRU.

Facing a recall to Bucharest, Iacobescu defected to England and turned in de la Salle, who was arrested in Paris in August 1969. When questioned at DST headquarters, de la Salle confessed to spying for the Rumanians. He made no mention of the Russians. He asked to return to his apartment to get a file, and two DST officers accompanied him to his home at Ivry-sur-Seine, a Paris suburb. "Going up to his apartment," a former FBI counterintelligence agent said, "a French officer asked him about his Soviet connections. 'I didn't know you knew about that,' de la Salle replied. He went to get a drink or left the room for a minute and jumped out of the kitchen window, landing on a DST car." De la Salle's death was listed as a suicide. The defector who turned him in was Iacobescu, not Golitsin.

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[16] For the most detailed account of the Herrmann-Hambleton case, see John Barron, *KGB Today: The Hidden Hand* (New York: Reader's Digest Press, 1983).

[17] Letter, Marcel Chalet to author, July 19, 1990.

For the most part, Golitsin's sweeping charges of Soviet infiltration of the French secret service and of the de Gaulle government had few visible results. In 1968, however, the French connection erupted into a major scandal.

At its center was Philippe Thyraud de Vosjoli, who had served as the SDECE's liaison officer in Washington from 1951 until he resigned abruptly in October 1963. De Vosjoli had escaped from Nazi-occupied France during World War II. He made his way over the Pyrenees to Spain and joined de Gaulle's Free French intelligence service in London.

In Washington, de Vosjoli, whose SDECE code name was LAMIA, established close relations with the CIA, and with its director of counterintelligence, James Angleton. But as the questioning of Golitsin proceeded, the case began to drive a wedge between the two intelligence services. The S-deck team would obtain fuzzy descriptions of moles from Golitsin, then comb its files in Paris to try to find names to fit the defector's leads. The French would then try out the names in the next session with Golitsin in Washington. "The problem," de Vosjoli wrote, ". . . lay in the fact that each session with Martel [Golitsin's French cryptonym] was also attended by American representatives, and each time our people dropped a name in front of Martel, that person automatically became suspect to the Americans."[18] De Vosjoli said his contacts with American intelligence began to dry up. "The word seemed to be out not to take any chances with the French."[19] In the meantime, during 1962 de Vosjoli set up a

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[18] P. L. Thyraud de Vosjoli, *Lamia* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1970), p. 307.
[19] *Ibid.*

French spy network in Cuba, which was feeding information to him in advance of the Cuban missile crisis.

In December, de Vosjoli was called back to Paris by the SDECE and, by his account, ordered to set up a network to obtain military and nuclear secrets in America. De Gaulle, increasingly isolated from the United States, wanted his own nuclear weapons, the *force de frappe.* Moreover, de Vosjoli asserted, he was accused of having fed false information to France reporting that the Soviets had introduced offensive missiles in Cuba, a fact he said the French refused to believe. Golitsin's charges, according to de Vosjoli, were seen by his superiors as part of an American plot to embarrass France.

Dismayed by this turn of events, de Vosjoli resigned on October 18, 1963, with a stinging letter to General Jacquier, his chief. Claiming that he feared for his life, he went into hiding.

He later told his story to the novelist Leon Uris, who based his best-selling novel *Topaz* on the affair.[20] In France, the SDECE regarded de Vosjoli as a double agent who had "defected" to the Americans. U.S. intelligence officials do not deny they protected him when he resigned.

"De Vosjoli asked for asylum," a former FBI counterintelligence agent said. "S-deck suspected he was already working for Jim Angleton. That may not be far from the truth. Of course he would have worked closely with Angleton, that was his job. Somewhere along the line his allegiance was transformed. He came to realize his own service was unreliable. It stirred up a storm. There was a long inquiry in France."

According to a retired CIA officer, "De Vosjoli tried to argue the Angleton case with S-deck. He told them that the agency thinks Golitsin is a reliable defector, and gradually he became the advocate of Angleton and Golitsin, in the view of the French. Later on, Golitsin went over and dealt personally with the French. Met with them on some islands in the Caribbean or somewhere. But that was years later."

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[20] Leon Uris, *Topaz* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1967). In the novel, Golitsin is "Boris Kuznetov," and de Vosjoli is "André Devereaux." The following year, de Vosjoli told his story in *Life* magazine. He appeared on the cover of the issue of April 16, 1968, photographed from the rear, wearing dark glasses and a homburg that made him look not unlike James Angleton. In the movie version of *Topaz,* directed by Alfred Hitchcock and released in 1969, a French spy for the Soviets goes out the window to his death and lands on a car. This scene, which in some respects closely paralleled the death of Colonel de la Salle, may have helped to reinforce the belief in U.S. intelligence circles that Golitsin was somehow linked to the de la Salle case.

Angleton's deputy, Scotty Miler, said that the order to gather American secrets was what precipitated de Vosjoli's break with the French service. "De Vosjoli defected from S-deck when he was instructed to begin spying on the United States," Miler said. "Golitsin's information had uncovered Pâques and some others. De Vosjoli suspected there was a Soviet penetration in the French service who had influenced them to target S-deck against the U.S. De Vosjoli said he would have no part of that."

A French official with knowledge of the affair insisted that de Vosjoli's fears for his safety were justified. "De Gaulle decided to kill de Vosjoli and sent Service Action to kill him. De Vosjoli was tipped off and escaped to Mexico." Later, he moved to south Florida.

In time, the mole hunt spread to Canada as well. Golitsin had only vague leads to Soviet penetration of the Canadian intelligence service, but the Mounties eventually—and with prompting from the CIA—focused on their own chief of Soviet counterespionage, Leslie James Bennett.

The son of a South Wales coal miner, Bennett had worked in British communications intelligence, and while in Istanbul after World War II, he had met Kim Philby. He emigrated to Canada in 1954, joined the RCMP Security Service, and rose to a position of power that roughly paralleled that of James Angleton in the CIA.[21]

During the 1960s, a number of Canadian operations against the Soviets went sour, and Bennett, in an investigation code-named Operation Gridiron, was placed under surveillance for two years. According to one former CIA officer who knew Bennett well and was familiar with the case, "Golitsin was shown Bennett's file, or information about him, and he said, 'Yes, I think he's a Soviet agent.' That was a very powerful factor."

Equally important were the suspicions of Bennett voiced by one of

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[21] At the time, the RCMP was responsible for counterintelligence and counterespionage in Canada, much as the FBI is in the United States. In 1984, responsibility for security and intelligence was transferred from the RCMP to the new Canadian Security Intelligence Service (CSIS). Although the CSIS had some liaison officers stationed overseas, Canada had no formal external intelligence agency.

Angleton's officers, Clare Edward Petty, who was a member of the SIG, the mole-hunting arm of the Counterintelligence Staff. Petty's reason was labyrinthine. Bennett had asked the CIA to place surveillance on a Soviet KGB man stationed in Canada who was traveling to South America. Soon after, Heinz Herre, the liaison man in Washington for the BND, the West German intelligence service, visited Bennett in Ottawa and mentioned he had recently taken a trip to South America. According to Petty, Bennett remarked that Herre might have run across the KGB man, who was there at the same time. At that, Petty said, "Herre turned white as a sheet," or so Bennett reported back to the CIA. "Bennett had the feeling that Herre was guilty, that maybe Herre and the KGB man had met or traveled together."

The CIA, Petty said, "gets hot and bothered and puts Herre under surveillance. A few months later, in the summer, Herre goes to Jackson Hole on vacation and two KGB guys go on the same trip." As Petty saw it, the KGB was trying to frame Herre by sending its officers out wherever Herre was traveling. "It was to make Herre look bad. This technique had happened two or three times with different members of the Gehlen organization." Leslie James Bennett, Petty decided, was part of the KGB plot. "We would not have known anything about Herre's South America trip if Bennett had not informed us," Petty said.

It was a dizzying, mind-bending exercise, but according to the former CIA man familiar with the episode, "The Herre incident is what triggered the Bennett case. Jim Angleton played a powerful role. He said push on, press forward. Angleton used all his devious methods to charm the Canadians with long lunches and lots of booze."

Bennett was an easy target in part because he was a civilian in a paramilitary organization. He almost always wore the same old tweed jacket with suede elbow patches, and he had long hair, which annoyed the spit-and-polish Mounties. With the CIA, the British, and the French busily conducting their own mole hunts, it was almost as if Canada did not want to be left out. By 1970, Bennett had become the target of the RCMP mole hunt.

The Canadian surveillance teams feared that Bennett was using carrier pigeons to communicate with the KGB. They trailed him repeatedly from his home to a wooded area where he removed a wire cage from his car trunk. The watchers dared not get close enough to see what Bennett was releasing from the cage, but they feared the worst. It was a hilarious example of how far afield suspicion can lead counterintelligence sleuths; in fact, Bennett was trapping black squirrels in his garden and, kindly, releasing them far from his home.

Undaunted, the Mounties tried to spring a clever trap of their own, informing Bennett that a Soviet defector was coming to Montreal for a meeting. It wasn't true, so if the KGB showed up at the meeting site to learn the identity of the defector, it would mean that Bennett had tipped off the Russians, since no one else had been told of the notional meeting. The mole hunters were foiled by a blizzard that hit Montreal that night; in the blinding snow, no one could tell if the Soviets had turned up or not.

The RCMP finally confronted Bennett in 1972, subjecting him to a harsh interrogation that proved nothing. Although Bennett passed a polygraph test and maintained under oath that he was never a Soviet agent, he was forced out after eighteen years and moved to Australia.[22]

The former CIA officer who knew Bennett said, "This was a Canadian tragedy. A terrible thing was done to this man. He was fired and his wife left him. His life was virtually ended at that point. He was completely innocent."

When Golitsin flew back to Washington from London, after the D notice disaster had surfaced him, he requested and got a private audience with John McCone, the director of the CIA.

"He told McCone a number of things," a former CIA officer said. "One thing he said was that Wilson was a spy and Gaitskell had been murdered by the KGB. And other fantastic things. McCone was astonished. He sent off a cable to Hollis." The CIA director asked what on earth was going on.

McCone's cable went to Archibald B. Roosevelt, the London station chief, and was taken around to Leconfield House, on Curzon Street, then MI5's headquarters, by Cleveland C. Cram, the deputy chief of station.

"Hollis sent back a cable saying, in effect, it's all a lot of baloney," the CIA officer continued. "Hollis said, 'We have no evidence to support these things.' But Angleton kept pounding on the theme that Wilson was a spy."

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[22] In 1977, a Canadian journalist, Ian Adams, wrote a best-selling novel entitled *S, Portrait of a Spy* (Agincourt, Ontario: Gage Publishing, 1977), about a Soviet mole inside the RCMP. Because of the apparent similarity to his own case, Bennett sued Adams and his publisher and won.

By then, Hollis himself had become a suspect inside MI5, and the British mole hunt was careening out of control. Golitsin's roadshow had been brief, but the effect on British intelligence was devastating, and would reverberate for years.

In the CIA, the hunt was gathering momentum.

Chapter 9

CHICKADEE

In Moscow in 1962, Oleg Penkovsky was passing detailed information to the West on Soviet rocket strength and strategic planning, information that was to assist President Kennedy that October in his handling of the world's first nuclear confrontation, the Cuban missile crisis.

At the CIA's Langley headquarters, Penkovsky's top-secret information on Soviet missiles was given a special code name, CHICKADEE. The "bigot list"[1] that controlled who had access to CHICKADEE material was highly restricted, as befitted data flowing from what one official study called "the single most valuable agent in CIA history."[2]

The CIA designated with the code name IRONBARK all material from Penkovsky that dealt with subjects other than Soviet missile strength.[3] Together, CHICKADEE and IRONBARK were among the most closely guarded secrets of the United States government.

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[1] "Bigot list" is the CIA term for a list of persons with access to a specific sensitive operation or to a type of special intelligence.

[2] Anne Karalekas, "History of the Central Intelligence Agency," Book IV, *Final Report of the Select Committee to Study Governmental Operations with Respect to Intelligence Activities, United States Senate* (Washington: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1976), p. 58. Other studies have disputed the value of Penkovsky's reports, arguing that they were not crucial in shaping U.S. policy during the Cuban missile crisis. For example, one analysis by a former CIA Soviet specialist said that while Penkovsky provided a "tremendous amount" of important military information, he "had not been aware" that the Soviets had placed medium- and intermediate-range missiles in Cuba. Raymond L. Garthoff, *Reflections on the Cuban Missile Crisis* (Washington, D.C.: Brookings Institution, rev. ed., 1989), p. 63.

Penkovsky passed his rolls of film, containing photographs of secret Soviet documents, to both Greville Wynne and Janet Ann Chisholm, the attractive, dark-haired wife of the MI6 station chief in Moscow. Sometimes, Penkovsky met Chisholm in a park while her small children played nearby, and on at least one occasion he handed her films concealed in a box of candy. Usually, Penkovsky would meet Chisholm on a Friday or Saturday near the Arbat, a boulevard in the center of Moscow. She would follow him to a side street, where he would pass the films.

But there were growing signs that Penkovsky's spying had been detected. As early as January 1962, while meeting Janet Chisholm, Penkovsky spotted a small brown car driving slowly by and moving the wrong way on a one-way street. Two weeks later, the same car appeared at another meeting with Chisholm. By July 5, when he met Wynne at the Peking restaurant, the KGB surveillance had become unmistakable. At the airport the next day Penkovsky told Wynne he would, as a soldier, continue to do his job for the West, despite the obvious and increasing dangers.

Penkovsky attended a reception at the British embassy on September 6. Then he seemed to disappear off the screen.

Paul Garbler was nervous. The CIA's premier agent in the Soviet Union had vanished.

"We were really sweating, because we hadn't seen or heard from Penkovsky," Garbler recalled. Then, on November 2, the signal came. A chalk mark appeared on lamppost No. 35 on Kutuzovsky Prospekt, the lamppost that was checked daily by Captain Alexis Davison, the assistant air attaché. And, as prearranged, the telephone rang three times in the apartment of Hugh Montgomery, the deputy chief of station.

To the CIA, the signals meant that Penkovsky had placed something in the dead drop behind the radiator in the lobby of the apartment building at No. 5–6 Pushkin Street. Just to be sure, Garbler got in his car and drove by the lamppost on Kutuzovsky Prospekt. There could be no question about it; the chalk mark was there.

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[3] The British, who were jointly running Penkovsky with the CIA, used the designation ARNIKA for all of his data. They did not distinguish between the missile material and the other kinds of information he was providing.

Perhaps because Penkovsky had not been seen for almost two months, perhaps because Garbler knew the drop was to be used only in case of emergency—whatever the reason, the station chief had a sense of foreboding. But the drop would have to be cleared.

For that task, he selected Richard C. Jacob, a twenty-four-year-old CIA case officer from Egg Harbor, New Jersey, listed on the embassy rolls as an "archivist." For Jacob, it was the moment of truth. He was a spy in Moscow, which might be glamorous on paper, but now he was facing the real thing, a mission that might be dangerous.

Garbler took pains to prepare him. "I spent about an hour in the secure room with the young guy being sent out to clear the drop," Garbler recalled. "I can't explain why I took him into the bubble and spent that much time with him getting him ready, other than instinct. It was my gut that made me go through everything and tell him what to do if anything happens."

"What do you mean if anything happens?" Jacob had asked nervously.

"The message has to be in a matchbox," Garbler replied. "Hold it in your hand until you get out on the street, and if you're jumped, drop it, try to drop it in the gutter, the sewer if you can. Don't have it."

Jacob nodded, and Garbler went on, "They'll try to sweat you. Don't admit anything about clearing a drop. Demand to call the embassy."

When Jacob arrived at the Pushkin Street drop, the KGB was waiting. He had walked straight into a trap, just as Garbler had feared.[4]

Penkovsky had been arrested two weeks earlier, on October 22, and was under Soviet control when the signal appeared on the lamppost. Analyzing what had happened, the CIA concluded that Penkovsky, under duress, had revealed both the location of the drop and the chalk signal to activate it. At that point, if the Soviets had not already suspected it, they would have realized that the drop where Abidian had been observed was for Penkovsky.[5] The KGB then activated the drop by marking the lamppost, and the CIA fell into the trap.

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[4] Jacob managed to get rid of the matchbox as he was detained by the KGB. He was taken to a police station, and, as instructed, insisted on calling the embassy. He was released after Richard Davies, an embassy officer, was dispatched to prove to the KGB that Jacob had diplomatic immunity.

While under control, Penkovsky—or the KGB—sent another, extraordinary signal, the meaning of which was debated inside the CIA for years afterward. According to Garbler, Penkovsky had been told that if he learned the Soviets were about to unleash a nuclear missile attack against the United States, he was to go to a pay phone, call Captain Davison, and blow three times into the mouthpiece. "It meant that this was it. The balloon was going up. And he did it."[6]

There were several possible explanations, Garbler said. Penkovsky may have revealed the signal to the KGB, "and they may have done it to shake us up." Could Penkovsky have disclosed the signal to his captors, but dissembled about its meaning? "It could be," Garbler said. Knowing he was doomed, Oleg Penkovsky may have tried to strike a last blow against his country by triggering a nuclear Armageddon. If so, it would have been consistent with his earlier offer to plant miniature nuclear bombs in various locations around the Soviet capital.

Penkovsky's contact Greville Wynne was arrested in Budapest on November 2, brought to Moscow, and imprisoned in Lubianka. Both men were placed on trial in May 1963, and pleaded guilty.[7] Penkovsky was convicted of high treason and sentenced to death. On May 16, TASS announced he had been executed. Wynne was sentenced to eight years in prison, but traded for the Soviet spy Gordon Lonsdale the following April.

On May 13, after the conclusion of the Penkovsky trial, Richard

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[5] John Abidian, "the handsome Armenian," was unaware he had been observed at the drop, or that Yuri Nosenko had revealed that fact to the CIA, until he was interviewed by the author on January 13, 1990. A pleasant man living in retirement in Belgium, Abidian had served in Rio de Janeiro and Paris after Moscow, held a top State Department security post in Washington, and then for nine years was NATO's director of security in Brussels. The CIA never told him that on his one espionage mission for the agency, he had been seen by the KGB.

[6] The Pushkin Street drop could have been used to warn of a Soviet attack, but it could also have been used for other emergency messages as well. The telephone call, silent except for Penkovsky blowing three times into the receiver, would obviously provide a quicker warning of a nuclear attack than would a message left in the dead drop.

[7] The CIA must have taken a special interest in the translator for the court. It was Boris Belitsky, the Radio Moscow correspondent who was run by the CIA as AEWIRELESS but who in reality, as Yuri Nosenko had revealed to the agency in his secret debriefing in Geneva a year earlier, was a double agent under KGB control.

Jacob and four other Americans were declared *persona non grata* and expelled from Moscow.[8]

The Penkovsky case, despite its apparent success, had ended in spectacular failure, the announced execution of the Soviet colonel, and the expulsion of ten Westerners.

But why did the CIA send an officer to the Pushkin Street drop if five months earlier, in Geneva, as George Kisevalter maintained, Yuri Nosenko had revealed that John Abidian, "the handsome Armenian," had been spotted at the drop? The answer is not clear, but Kisevalter maintained that he had immediately reported Nosenko's warning to headquarters.[9]

After Penkovsky's arrest, Kisevalter, furious that the operation might have been endangered, said he complained bitterly that Abidian, who was not even a CIA officer, had been sent to check the drop.[10] He said he voiced his complaint to Joseph J. Bulik, the chief of SR-9, the headquarters unit in charge of operations in Moscow, and the official in charge of the Penkovsky case. Back at Langley, Kisevalter said, "I talked to Bulik in the halls one day at headquarters, in late '62 after Penkovsky was wrapped up. I said, 'Why didn't you tell me the Armenian went to this particular drop?'

"I raised hell about it," Kisevalter said. "Bulik confirmed that the drop checked by the Armenian and the Penkovsky drop were one and the same. Bulik told me, 'Well, we figured it was safe to use him [Abidian] because his tour was up and he's been transferred out of Moscow.' Yes, the horse was already out of the barn."

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[8] Besides Jacob, the other Americans expelled were Hugh Montgomery, the CIA's deputy chief of station under Garbler; Captain Davison, the lamppost checker; Rodney W. Carlson, a CIA case officer listed as an "assistant agricultural attaché"; and William C. Jones III, an embassy second secretary. One of the telephone numbers Penkovsky had been given in case he needed to contact American intelligence was of an apartment occupied successively by Jones and Montgomery. Five British officials, including Roderick Chisholm, the MI6 station chief, were also expelled. Both Chisholm and his wife, Janet Ann, had been named in the trial.

[9] Pete Bagley, insisting that Nosenko had not revealed the KGB's knowledge of the drop until 1964, said, "The idea that we would have gone ahead and let Penkovsky use a drop that had been compromised was incredible on the face of it. It is not likely that it would have been used."

[10] Since the KGB had, some months earlier, given up its stakeout at the Pushkin Street location—that fact had also been revealed by Nosenko in Geneva—the failure of CIA headquarters to warn the Moscow station that the drop had been discovered by the KGB did not lead to Penkovsky's capture. But it caused unnecessary international embarrassment for the CIA and for the United States.

In the event, no one ever told the Moscow station chief that the drop was contaminated. Garbler didn't know. Why hadn't headquarters told him? "I don't know," Garbler said. But he added that Bulik, the head of SR-9, was notoriously secretive and extremely careful about what he told anyone, even close CIA colleagues.

Had he been informed that the KGB knew the location of the drop, Garbler said, he would never have sent Richard Jacob to clear it. And he would have tried to warn Penkovsky that the drop could no longer be used. The Soviets would not have caught a CIA case officer in the act of conspiring with Oleg Penkovsky.

The long and short of it was that headquarters told the chief of the Moscow station almost nothing about what was happening in the Penkovsky operation. It was only years later that Garbler would find out the startling reason why he may have been kept in the dark.

CHICKADEE was over, but in the fall of 1963 Garbler was plunged into a new crisis. In the annals of the CIA, the case has become known as "the Cherepanov papers."

Aleksandr Nikolaevich Cherepanov was an officer of the KGB's Second Chief Directorate, whose targets included foreigners and diplomats. The trouble began, according to Paul Garbler, when an American couple came to the embassy with a package of documents. Garbler recalled the pair. "One was a librarian, they were both from Indiana, and they had been dealing with a guide who was taking them to libraries in Moscow. The guide's name was Cherepanov." He had handed them the package with a plea that it be taken to the American embassy.

The couple went to the consulate on the first floor of the embassy on Tchaikovsky Street. They turned the papers over to an American officer who gave them to Malcolm Toon, the counselor for political affairs under Ambassador Foy Kohler.

"The agreement I had," Garbler said, "was that if we got a walk-in, I would be notified as soon as possible and certainly within a few hours. It was not until the day after the papers arrived that I was called into the bubble by Toon and Walter Stoessel, the deputy chief of mission. Kohler was out of town and Stoessel was the chargé."

The two diplomats told Garbler about the papers and argued they were probably a provocation. They pointed out that in Warsaw the week before, someone had handed a U.S. military attaché a diagram showing the location of missile sites. The attaché was accused of espionage and expelled.

Garbler could hardly believe his ears. Documents, apparently removed from the KGB's files, had made their way to the embassy and the diplomats wanted to return them to the Russians. " 'We've decided to give the stuff back,' they said. 'Okay,' I said, 'but don't give it back until I can review the documents and photograph them.'

"The papers were about an inch thick," Garbler continued. "They gave them to me reluctantly. They said, 'You can look, but we've made an appointment to give them back.' So I took the papers off to my little hutch on the tenth floor and photographed the documents. I had a couple of hours—they had an appointment at the foreign ministry at noon."

The documents, seemingly from the American department of the KGB's Second Chief Directorate, went into great detail about the drinking and sexual habits of a number of employees of the U.S. embassy. "They were doing surveillance, and it was dirty stuff. Such as 'The assistant military attaché drinks and we're going to catch him in the act.' The papers showed them in the posture of blackmail. If I were the KGB I would not use that kind of information as a provocation. I would use missile information. I thought the material was authentic."

Garbler went back downstairs, returned the papers to Stoessel, but asked to meet with him again in the bubble. Garbler insisted that the embassy keep the papers. "I said, 'Walter, you're making a mistake.' I assumed the stuff had to have come out of the KGB files. I said, 'This isn't the kind of stuff they would use in a provocation. This is the kind of stuff that would come from a KGB man who wants to get in touch with us.' Toon joined us, and I argued that if the papers were returned, it would take the KGB no more than an hour to find the source. I said, 'In effect, what you're doing is killing this man.' "

Toon's reply infuriated the station chief. "Mac said, 'Well, you guys kill people every day in your organization, so what difference does it make if you kill one more?' Toon said, 'Besides, it's too late, we've already returned them.' "

Garbler leaped to his feet. "Is the officer taking material back still in the building?" he asked.

"Probably not," Toon replied.

"It was now eleven-fifty A.M." Garbler said, "and the appointment at the foreign ministry was at noon. I left the secure room, went to the nearest window that overlooked the courtyard, and saw the fellow standing by the car getting ready to leave. I went to the elevator, and it was slow coming up. I ran down the nine flights of stairs and went out in the courtyard."

Tom Fain, the American consul, was about to depart for the foreign ministry. Garbler grabbed the papers from his hands and went back up to Stoessel. "I said, 'Walter, I'll risk my life and career on this. Don't give these papers back. A man's life is at stake.' "

Stoessel refused to budge; the Cherepanov papers had to go back to the Russians. Garbler, outranked, had no choice but to give in. "I said, 'Okay, you're wrong, wrong, wrong, but if this is what you want to do, I guess you must.' I went downstairs and gave the papers back to the officer, who was still in the courtyard. He thought I was a lunatic."[11]

The papers went back to the KGB, but, thanks to Garbler, the CIA at least had copies. And sooner than it expected, the CIA was to hear more about Cherepanov.

With Penkovsky shot, and the CHICKADEE and IRONBARK material cut off as a result, Garbler's tour in Moscow was coming to an end. Not long after the confrontation over Cherepanov, however, an event took place that was to change the world—and directly affect the mole hunt secretly under way at CIA headquarters.

Lee Harvey Oswald had arrived in the Soviet Union in October 1959. He left, after more than two and a half years, in June 1962, about six months after Garbler arrived in Moscow. In Dallas, on November 22, 1963, Oswald, firing his rifle from the sixth-floor corner window of the Texas School Book Depository, assassinated President John F. Kennedy.

[11] Walter Stoessel died in 1986. Malcolm Toon, who later returned to Moscow as the U.S. ambassador from 1976 to 1979, remembered the incident, but said he could not recall the details; he had indeed worried about a possible KGB provocation, but had not objected to the CIA's copying the documents before they were returned.

Chapter 10

"Give Me Your Badge"

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Once he had been interrogated by the FBI, Peter Karlow knew his career in the CIA was finished.

What he did not know was that Sheffield Edwards, the CIA's director of security, had been out to get him, evidence or no evidence. The fact that there was none did not deter Edwards in the least. In January 1963, three weeks before the FBI interrogation, the CIA security chief called in the bureau's representatives to discuss Karlow, who was still regarded as the "principal suspect" in the mole hunt.

"Individuals present at the conference," Edwards wrote in the wonderfully stilted language of officialdom, "recognized the distinct possibility that a definite case cannot be made against [Karlow] since there is a possibility that [Karlow] is not identical to [Sasha]. The Director of Security indicated that this Agency desired that the other areas of a personnel and/or security nature in the . . . case be fully developed during the interview with [Karlow] since it is the opinion of the Office of Security . . . that [Karlow] whether or not he is identical to [Sasha] should be terminated from Agency employment."[1]

Nothing could be clearer. If the CIA could not prove Karlow a mole, it would find some other reason to fire him. Karlow's continental manner and educated airs obviously annoyed Edwards, a former Army colonel, a slender man of military bearing who kept his gray hair close-cropped. His dislike for Karlow was transparent and permeates the secret memos he wrote at the time, many of them heavy with sarcasm. At the meeting, Edwards fretted that Karlow might not agree to the FBI interview. "However, the general opinion of individuals at the conference," the security chief concluded, "was that [Karlow], who appears to have a very high regard of his own intellect, will, whether he is [Sasha] or not, go ahead with the FBI interview."[2]

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[1] CIA Memorandum to File, January 25, 1963. The document was heavily censored by the CIA before its release, but the words that can, from the context, logically be assumed to be missing have been inserted by the author.

On February 19, the week after the FBI interrogation, Karlow called on Edwards. It was a nasty confrontation.

"You're a traitor!" Edwards barked. "It's just a question of whether we fire you or let you resign."

"And you are a fool," Karlow rejoined.

After a further exchange of pleasantries, the CIA security chief informed Karlow that a decision would be made in a week on whether he would be permitted to resign without prejudice.

Karlow protested that he was innocent. It was obvious, he added, that Edwards did not believe him. "He was not disabused of this fact," Edwards wrote.[3]

Two days later, Karlow sent a memo to Richard Helms, as the deputy director for plans had requested. "I wish to help the FBI in any way that I can," he wrote, "both to resolve the case and to clear my name. I have nothing to confess and nothing to conceal. I realize that, through an incredible error . . . I have come so deeply under suspicion of treason that my career in CIA is ended." Karlow added: "I intend to fight any suspicions or allegations of disloyalty or indiscretion in any way that I can, inside and outside CIA and the government, until any personal implication or blemish on my record is removed."[4] He attached a statement explaining the conflict over his father's birthplace in the forms he had filled out over the years, an inconsistency that the Office of Security had now seized upon, along with minor security violations by Karlow—he had once left classified waste in a coffee can, for example—as the club to drive him from the CIA.

The next day, Karlow once more called on Helms, whom he regarded as his friend. This time, he told Helms he was planning to resign. Helms, the quintessential bureaucrat, and a man of icy composure, smoothly noted that the case was now out of his hands and under the jurisdiction of the FBI. But Karlow, Helms thought, ought to try to correct "certain discrepancies" that had been found in his personal records.

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[2] *Ibid.*, p. 2.

[3] Memorandum, Edwards to Hoover, February 19, 1963.

[4] Memorandum, Karlow to Helms, February 21, 1963.

Karlow did not realize that mole suspects have no friends. In his own memorandum to the files, Helms wrote that he had urged Karlow to clear up any contradictions in the FBI records, or "he was running the risk of having his children live under a cloud as far as any type of government employment was concerned, including a commission in the armed services." Helms added: "I went down this track, because it seems to me that the only leverage one has on Karlow to get any possible admissions from him is to make him concerned not so much as to his own future, but that of his children and other members of his family." Helms concluded: "I gave him no solace. . . ."[5]

At this point Karlow was not trying to save his job. All he could do was to keep battling to clear his name. "When I was finally accused on the fifth day of the FBI interrogation," Karlow said, "I felt relief. There was no way they could prove I was a Russian spy. The accusation was so preposterous. But I didn't want to leave with a cloud over my head."

Karlow kept pressing his accusers for specifics. If he was a Soviet spy, which he knew he was not, what was he supposed to have done, when, and where? He pushed Lawrence Houston, the agency's general counsel, for details of his supposed crimes.

"Finally, they came up with two dates. On January 6, 1950, and August 24, 1951, I was supposed to have been in East Berlin being briefed by my [KGB] case officer," the mysterious "Lydia."

But Karlow was able to find records demonstrating that he was elsewhere on both dates. As it happened, Karlow had a book inscribed, "To my dear friend Peter Karlow, Rouen, the 6th January, 1950"—the very day Karlow was accused of being in East Berlin—which had been given to him by one of France's World War II heroes, Captain Jean L'Herminier. "He was captain of a submarine, the *Casabianca,* that landed one hundred and four French Moroccan commandos on Corsica the night before the island's liberation in 1943."

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[5] Richard Helms, Memorandum for the Record, February 25, 1963.

Karlow had something in common with the French hero; the captain had lost both legs in the war.

Karlow had met L'Herminier at the Philadelphia Naval Hospital, where both men had been sent for treatment and to be fitted with artificial limbs. A member of the hospital staff asked Karlow if he spoke French, because there was another patient who spoke no English. Karlow went to the room. "I saw a photo of the sub on the side of the bed and immediately knew in whose presence I was," Karlow remembered. The two men became good friends.

At the end of December 1949, Karlow sailed on the *Ile de France* for Le Havre, en route to Germany to take up his new post in Karlsruhe, where he had been sent to set up the technical laboratory for Richard Helms. "We celebrated New Year's Eve on the *Ile de France,*" Karlow remembered. From Le Havre, Karlow took the boat train to Paris, and then another train to Rouen, where he stayed overnight and visited L'Herminier. The Frenchman gave Karlow the book, which was entitled *Casabianca,* and written by the former captain to describe the exploits of his famed submarine during the war.

And, as it happened, Karlow was also able to reconstruct where he had been on the other date questioned by the CIA. On August 24, 1951, Karlow, his mother, and his future wife, Libby, were staying in Berchtesgaden at the Berchtesgadener Hof Hotel. "It was when I proposed to my wife. They found our names in the hotel registry."

Karlow was never told how the CIA came up with the two specific dates. But he was incredulous at the reaction of the agency's Office of Security when, after considerable time and effort, he produced the evidence indicating he was not in East Berlin on the dates in question. Karlow spoke with Robert L. Bannerman, the deputy director of the Office of Security, who was to succeed Sheffield Edwards as director. "Bannerman said, 'You must be a high-level spy because you're so well documented.' " When Karlow was *not* well documented, when the multitudinous application forms he had filled out over the years differed slightly, this was taken as evidence of his guilt. It was an impossible Catch-22.

On March 12, Karlow wrote another memo to Helms. A new CIA team was reviewing his case, but two of its members were from Edwards's staff. Since Edwards "believes me guilty," how could he get a fair hearing? "I am at home on admin leave," Karlow told Helms, "but my 'cover' vis-à-vis my friends in CIA is wearing thin. This case has dragged on far too long already."[6] Helms wrote back a terse note suggesting Karlow take up his problems with Houston.[7]

Three weeks later, however, on April 3, Karlow was able to get a telephone call through to Helms, who reported the conversation in a classified memorandum to the CIA's deputy director, Lieutenant General Marshall S. Carter. Karlow, Helms said, "felt a web had been woven around him based on circumstantial evidence and that he was finding it extremely difficult to untangle the web and come to grips with the exact nature of his alleged derelictions."[8]

By now, however, the web had completely enveloped Karlow. Two weeks later, General Carter brought down the ax. "I have come to the decision that we can no longer employ Mr. Karlow with the Central Intelligence Agency and that he should be authorized to resign," Carter wrote.[9]

But Karlow had already offered to resign. He knew he was powerless to stop the glacial movement of the bureaucracy. But he was able to win one concession. Houston wrote a memorandum for the record stating that the CIA and FBI investigation of Karlow's "security case" had not shown "that he was involved . . . in any way." But the memorandum also noted that the case "remains open in the FBI." It was the best Karlow could do; he gave a copy for safekeeping to a former high CIA official as insurance that it would not be "lost" in the agency's files.

"My name was dragged into this through no action of mine," Karlow said. "Like a chimney pot falling off a rooftop. There was absolutely nothing I could do about it. So I resigned." At age forty-two, Karlow's career in the CIA had ended.

Years later, Karlow could still remember the anger, frustration, and despair he felt during those days in the spring and early summer of 1963. "It was a very difficult period. It was demoralizing, trying to figure out what happened. I had to explain to my family that I wasn't a Russian spy. To my wife, my mother, and my sister."

On July 5, 1963, Karlow left the CIA headquarters building for the last time.

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[6] Memorandum, Karlow to Helms, March 12, 1963.
[7] Memorandum, Helms to Karlow, March 12, 1963.
[8] Memorandum, Helms to Carter, April 3, 1963.
[9] Memorandum, Carter to Houston, April 18, 1963.

He met in Lawrence Houston's office on that day with Robert Bannerman, Edwards's deputy in the Office of Security.

"Bannerman said, 'Give me your badge.' "

Karlow wore his laminated plastic identification badge on a chain around his neck. He took it off and handed it to the OS man. "Bannerman escorted me out of the building." Karlow's white Packard convertible was waiting in the parking lot.

Karlow said he did not have any "sentimental thoughts" of the past as he walked out of Langley headquarters that day with Bannerman. "I never had any attachment to that building," he said. "I still believed in a small agency, confused, scattered around the city, hard to find. The headquarters building was Dulles's dream. Things changed after we moved there. It was impersonal after that. I didn't have any feeling about the building."

But as the two men walked through the vast lobby, Karlow pointed to the inscription on the marble wall: "And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free. John VIII-XXXII."

He looked at Bannerman, and said, "I hope you read it sometime."

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Chapter 11

AEFOXTROT

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George Kisevalter had greased the line.

The address in Manhattan that he had given to Yuri Nosenko before they parted in Geneva in 1962 belonged to an agency asset. If anything came in to that address from abroad, signed by "Alex," it would mean that Nosenko was trying to recontact the CIA.

But Kisevalter did not trust even the best communications arrangements. He tested the link from time to time. They might never again hear from Nosenko, but if he did send a cable, a postcard, or a letter to the Manhattan address, it had to work.

"We had the line greased. I would send a cable to COS, Copenhagen. 'Send cable to following address in New York.' I sent periodic messages from Copenhagen, Geneva, and other places to keep the line activated. And to time it—how soon would we know the message had arrived?" The timing was important, because the CIA was to meet Nosenko, in whatever city he was, under the movie marquee beginning with the highest letter of the alphabet three days after he sent the cable to the New York address.

At Langley, there had been changes since Nosenko's first meeting with the CIA in June 1962. Howard Osborn, who had replaced Jack Maury as chief of the Soviet division, had in turn been succeeded in 1963 by David E. Murphy. In the fall of 1962, Pete Bagley had come back from Switzerland and joined the division as a counterintelligence officer. Having been shown the Golitsin file by Angleton, he was now persuaded that Nosenko was a plant, a dispatched agent of the KGB.

Late in January 1964, Yuri Nosenko returned to Geneva with the Soviet disarmament delegation. "A cable came in to New York," Kisevalter said. "I found out within hours. I flew to Geneva and Bagley flew in separately."

"Bagley met him [Nosenko] under the marquee of the movie theater in Geneva.[1] He gave Nosenko a note with the address of the safe house. We went to a different safe house from the one we used in 1962."

And so the first of half a dozen meetings in the new safe house began. Nosenko did not know, of course, that one of the two CIA case officers he was meeting with—Pete Bagley—now believed him to be a Soviet plant.

It was only two months after the Kennedy assassination. Lyndon Johnson was in the White House, and the Warren Commission, which Johnson had appointed to investigate the murder of President Kennedy, was about to begin hearing the first of 552 witnesses.

The tragedy in Dallas was on everyone's mind, but what Nosenko now told Kisevalter and Bagley staggered the two CIA men. He had, he assured them, personally handled Lee Harvey Oswald's case when the former Marine arrived in Moscow and asked to remain in the Soviet Union.

"Oswald came up almost immediately," Kisevalter recalled. "We questioned Nosenko about every detail on Oswald." What Nosenko told the two CIA men was that the KGB had decided it had no interest in Oswald. And Nosenko added that he was the official who ordered that Oswald be told he would have to leave when his visa expired.

When Oswald then attempted suicide, Nosenko continued, his decision to order Oswald to leave the Soviet Union was overruled by other officials outside the KGB who had decided it would be best, under the circumstances, to let Oswald stay. According to Kisevalter, when Nosenko was asked why the Soviets had reversed themselves, he replied: "Because he tried to commit suicide. There would only be adverse publicity if he tried it again." As Nosenko later explained it to a congressional committee, the Soviets concluded that if Oswald did succeed in killing himself, the reaction in the press would harm "the warming of Soviet-American relations."[2]

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[1] Bagley was not sure of the movie theater marquee he stood under in Geneva that night, but "I think it was ABC. There was such a theater in Geneva at the time."

After Kennedy was shot, Nosenko said, General Oleg Gribanov, Nosenko's boss as head of the Second Chief Directorate of the KGB, had ordered Oswald's file rushed from Minsk by military plane. Nosenko said he had examined the KGB file on Oswald and found it to be a routine record of Oswald's stay in Minsk, with references to his wife, Marina. There was, Nosenko said, no indication at all that the KGB had ever approached Oswald for operational purposes.

The two CIA officers in Geneva quickly relayed Nosenko's account to Langley headquarters. As might be imagined, the KGB man's statements caused great controversy within the CIA and later created a problem as well for the Warren Commission, which had to decide whether to give credence to his story.

In the 1964 Geneva meetings, Nosenko also ranged over a wide variety of other subjects. The recent capture of Oleg Penkovsky also loomed large on the minds of his questioners. Nosenko provided the first account of how Penkovsky was caught.

According to the KGB man, Penkovsky's downfall had begun almost by chance. George Kisevalter summarized Nosenko's story. "Penkovsky had one weakness that all Soviet intelligence officers have who work for the army," he said. "They do not appreciate the lengths to which the KGB can go. Internal surveillance is directed against the Russians. In Leningrad [now St. Petersburg], there is an excellent KGB school for surveillance. A Seventh Directorate School. Leningrad is a cosmopolitan city, with a variety of ethnic types. The candidates for the school are chosen from Leningrad or elsewhere, then assigned to Moscow. If they came from Moscow, there's a chance they would be spotted by friends or relatives, so they select them from Leningrad."

In Moscow, Kisevalter explained, the KGB maintains "light surveillance" even on the wives of diplomats. One of the women being watched was Janet Ann Chisholm, the wife of the MI6 station chief. "One person trained in Leningrad and now in Moscow says, 'I think this woman reacts to a Russian.' 'Who's the Russian?' 'I don't know. He disappears.' So they assign a more experienced officer. They watch Janet Ann Chisholm.

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[2] *Investigation of the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy,* Hearings, Select Committee on Assassinations of the U.S. House of Representatives, March 1979, Vol. XII, p. 490.

"From ballet school she walks to get the bus. She walks by a commission shop, where Soviets bring icons and other objects for sale. She browsed in the store and she'd see Penkovsky walk by. She would leave and would follow him to the end of the block where there was an arcade with shops, and steps going down. Out of sight, he could pass films without looking at her. It was an alternate to the park.

"There were eleven meetings with Chisholm, all told, at the park or the arcade. The park was near the British residences. It was a very small, triangular park. Three streets led into it and he could come from any direction, and drop candy or cassettes into her shopping bag.

"When the KGB spotted her, an artist is called in and the two KGB guys describe how the man was dressed. They dress a guy like Penkovsky. They tell him, 'You are to walk in front of the woman, but don't turn your head so she can see your features.' They inserted him in front of Ann and she turned to follow him.

"Now the Sovs are sure that Chisholm is in contact with the as yet unknown Soviet. They call out the brigades, little girls bouncing balls, helicopters to read invisible X's on top of embassy cars, an army of surveillance agents. They spot Penkovsky being followed by Ann and locate who he is and where he lives. It's an apartment house on an island in the middle of the Moscow River.

"It presents surveillance problems. The closest apartment house is half a mile away on the other side of the river. The KGB said, 'We've got to get him out of there,' to search Penkovsky's apartment. Penkovsky often goes for lunch at a fast-food shashlik place near Gorky Street. He goes to lunch as usual and has violent stomach pangs. Penkovsky has been poisoned.

"A friendly old gentleman happens to be next to him and says, 'I'm a doctor.' The doctor happens to have an ambulance around the corner which takes Penkovsky to the Kremlin Polyclinica inside the Kremlin. They pump his stomach while the KGB searches the apartment. They find nothing. This was September-October, after the last meeting with Penkovsky. The KGB searched carefully so as not to tip off Penkovsky they had been there.

"The reason they didn't find anything is that Penkovsky had a desk drawer he had built with a trick way to open it. All of his spy paraphernalia was in the desk drawer."

The KGB, according to Nosenko's account, now decided to place Penkovsky and the apartment under round-the-clock surveillance. "They checked on the people upstairs," Kisevalter continued. "A big steel trust executive. They got his boss to call him in and give him a trip to the Caucasus with his wife. For many years of service to the state, fulfilling the plan, et cetera. 'Who, me?' the guy says. But the steel executive is pleased. Then the boss says, 'I have a newly married nephew coming to Moscow. You know how it is to get permission for an apartment. Can I have the key while you're gone?' The executive was hardly in a position to say no.

"The 'nephew' and his 'wife' move into the apartment. There are geraniums all over in window boxes. Penkovsky's wife, Vera, and Galina, the daughter, are visiting Varentsov. They are out at the marshal's dacha. Penkovsky is alone in his apartment. The KGB is watching with binoculars from their LP [listening post] across the river. They relay word to the 'nephew,' Penkovsky is doing something in his desk. On a signal from the LP, down comes a huge pot of geraniums on a cable. It has a hidden camera that is silent. The pictures are developed and they see on the film how to open the desk drawer. *Again* they poison him, go in, and this time they find the material in the desk, the one-time pad, the camera. It was Nosenko who told me this story."

During most of the Nosenko debriefings in 1964, Kisevalter said, Serge Karpovich, a CIA case officer, was present. "He was working for Bagley, who wanted his own man along, and was concerned I would not go along with him on Nosenko's bona fides, which Bagley did not believe." To bug the sessions, Kisevalter said, "Karpovich was trying to use electric wave pulsation recording. You use ordinary household current to bug a room. It didn't work worth a damn. So we just brought in an ordinary tape recorder."

As in 1962, Nosenko had a lot of other cases and more information to impart. He revealed that the KGB had an important source in Paris who was transmitting American and NATO military secrets to the Soviets. He did not know the name of the spy. But he disclosed that the KGB had a portable X-ray machine that could read combination locks, a device that, as it turned out, had been used to penetrate a vault in Paris that held the secrets.

Ten months later, in the fall of 1964, Robert Lee Johnson confessed to the FBI that while an Army sergeant stationed in Berlin in 1953, he had contacted the KGB, which recruited him as a spy. Johnson in turn recruited his best friend, Sergeant James Allen Mintkenbaugh. Johnson was later assigned to the Armed Forces Courier Center at Orly Airport, a heavily guarded communications center for top-secret and other highly sensitive material. In the fall of 1962, he used the KGB X-ray device to read the combination of the vault. Seven times, he removed secret documents and drove to a rendezvous with KGB agents, who photographed the material so that Johnson could replace it in the vault before dawn.

Nosenko, Kisevalter said, described a bizarre group of KGB technical experts who had developed and worked with the hazardous X-ray machine. "He told us about the KGB squad called 'the toothless ones,' so called because they had been exposed in their training to radiation by the very instrument used in Paris to read the combination of the lock. The X-ray machine had two parts which had to be put together. There were about fifteen in this high-tech group. They all had false teeth, metal teeth, I think. One of the toothless ones came to Paris to show Johnson how to use it."[3]

In the Geneva safe house, Nosenko also talked about Aleksandr Cherepanov, the KGB man whose controversial packet of papers Paul Garbler had managed to copy, only three months earlier, before diplomats in the American embassy in Moscow had insisted on giving them back to the Soviets. The papers had contained reports of KGB surveillance of American diplomats.

"When we asked him about the Cherepanov papers," Kisevalter recalled, "he said, 'These are my operations.' " The case officers pressed Nosenko. If Cherepanov was a legitimate KGB officer, what was his motive for turning over the papers to the couple from Indiana who brought them to the embassy?

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[3] According to Kisevalter, Nosenko's leads enabled the FBI to identify Johnson, but not to arrest him, since the bureau lacked proof of his espionage. Back in the United States, and employed at the Pentagon, Johnson went AWOL in 1964 after his wife threatened to expose him as a Soviet spy. When FBI agents called on her to investigate his disappearance, she told them the truth, and implicated Mintkenbaugh. Johnson surrendered in Reno, Nevada, late in November and confessed. He and Mintkenbaugh pleaded guilty in 1965 and were each sentenced to twenty-five years in federal prison. Johnson died in prison in May 1972 after being stabbed by his son, Robert, who was visiting him at the federal penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania.

"Cherepanov resented being treated by the KGB as a stooge," Kisevalter said. "He and another officer signed off to destroy papers at the KGB. He managed to keep the material from going in the burn bag."

Paul Garbler, if Nosenko's account was accurate, was correct in fearing that Stoessel and Toon, by returning the papers, had sealed Cherepanov's fate. Nosenko not only claimed that the operations described in the papers were his, he said he had participated in a nationwide manhunt to track down the errant KGB man. "Nosenko went north chasing Cherepanov," Kisevalter said. "But they caught him in the south. They nailed him on the Iranian border and executed him."

During the clandestine meetings with the CIA officers, Nosenko provided the first hint that he was toying with the idea of defecting to the West. "We talked about his future," Kisevalter said. "He was expecting a letter from his wife. 'By mail?' I asked. 'No, from Guk. He's coming from Moscow.' " Yuri Ivanovich Guk was the KGB colleague whom Nosenko had talked about in 1962; it was Guk who Nosenko said had warned him to stop seeing the British secretary who worked for MI5 in Geneva.

"Guk brings the letter," Kisevalter continued. "Nosenko comes early one day and reads it to me alone. He's upset. It was an intimate, sentimental letter with news of his family. He's saying, 'They may not send me out again. Maybe I should stay.' He said, 'Maybe I'll never see her again.' " To Kisevalter, Nosenko was struggling with his emotions and the pull of his family.

Even so, the case officers were stunned, "stupefied," as Bagley put it, when on February 4, Nosenko dropped a bombshell. He said he had decided to defect, because he had received a cable recalling him to Moscow. He asked for the protection of the CIA.

"He said, 'I've been ordered home,' " Kisevalter recalled. "Bagley ran for the cable room and told headquarters of the recall." Despite Bagley's conviction that Nosenko was a KGB plant, he urged that Langley agree to take him. Nosenko's information about Oswald was so potentially explosive it overrode the CIA officer's objections. Recalling Bagley's action, Kisevalter said, "He recommended we accept him in view of the Kennedy assassination, and what Nosenko had said about Oswald. Of course, the answer came back, grab him. If it comes out that we sent him home we're in trouble."

Nosenko had said in 1962 he did not want to defect. He had changed his mind, he said now, because he feared the KGB suspected him, he might never be able to leave the Soviet Union again, and he wanted to build a new life. Much later, Nosenko admitted that his story of a recall cable was false; he said he had made it up to convince the CIA to accept him.

"For reasons best known to the Soviet division," Kisevalter said, on instructions from headquarters "we spent days in Geneva on the organization chart of the KGB, including every individual he [Nosenko] could remember. Had we known he would defect, we would have got that information later."

On February 4, Nosenko was given American identity documents and driven across the Swiss border to Germany in civilian clothes. After a week, he was flown from Frankfurt to Andrews Air Force Base outside Washington, arriving on February 11. "He was kept in a safe house in northern Virginia," Kisevalter said. "A man-and-wife CIA team acted as cook and housekeeper and security." He was christened AEFOXTROT.

For Nosenko, his new life in the United States quickly turned into a nightmare that was to continue not for months, but for years. Angleton and Bagley viewed Nosenko's mission as twofold: to deflect from Golitsin's leads to moles inside the CIA, and to convey a message to the West that the KGB was innocent of involvement with Lee Harvey Oswald, and therefore had no link to the assassination of President Kennedy.

On the face of it, Nosenko's assertion that the KGB had no interest in Oswald seemed to defy logic. As a former Marine, Oswald presumably had at least some information that the KGB might want to know. Moreover, Oswald had been stationed at Atsugi, Japan, a base for the U-2 aircraft. Since 1956, the CIA spy planes had been overflying the Soviet Union to collect intelligence data; and to the CIA it seemed improbable that the KGB would not want to debrief Oswald about the U-2.[4]

[4] In 1978, when Nosenko testified to the House Select Committee on Assassinations, he said the KGB was unaware of any knowledge Oswald might have had about the U-2 because it had not questioned him. Asked why Oswald, a radar operator at Atsugi, had not been interrogated about the U-2, Nosenko replied that the KGB "didn't know that he had any connection with U-2 flights." Testifying to the same committee, former CIA director Richard Helms said he found Nosenko's testimony

Yet Nosenko held to his account; the KGB had not debriefed Oswald and had not recruited Oswald. The reason Nosenko gave, in effect, was that Oswald was too flaky for the KGB to want to deal with him. On March 3, 1964, a month after Nosenko defected, he was interviewed by the FBI. He said he had made the decision to turn down Oswald's original request to remain in the Soviet Union because Oswald did not appear "fully normal."[5] When Oswald's file was rushed from Minsk to Moscow after the assassination, Nosenko added, he had read a summary memo in the file written by Sergei M. Fedoseev, chief of the First Department of the KGB's Second Chief Directorate. As the FBI report put it, Nosenko "recalled that it contained the definite statement that from the date of OSWALD's arrival in the USSR until his departure from the USSR, the KGB had no personal contact with OSWALD and had not attempted to utilize him in any manner."[6]

Nosenko had even more surprising news about Oswald for the FBI. From the file, Nosenko said, he knew that Oswald had a gun in the Soviet Union and "it was used to shoot rabbits. NOSENKO stated that Western newspaper reports describe OSWALD as an expert shot; however OSWALD's file contained statements from fellow hunters that OSWALD was an extremely poor shot and that it was necessary for persons who accompanied him on hunts to provide him with game."[7]

But rabbits and spy planes were peripheral to the central problem faced by the CIA as a result of Nosenko's statements about Oswald. Boiled down, it came to this: if Nosenko was a true defector, his information was of great importance because it could be taken as strong evidence that the Soviets had no connection to Kennedy's

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on this point "quite incredible" and added that he had been unable "to swallow" it.

On May 1, 1960, six months after Oswald arrived in the USSR, the Soviets shot down the CIA U-2 piloted by Francis Gary Powers. Much of the plane remained intact. From that date on, the Soviets had less need to question anyone about the U-2; they had one. *Investigation of the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy,* Hearings, Select Committee on Assassinations of the U.S. House of Representatives, March 1979, Vol. XII, p. 479, and September 1978, Vol. IV, p. 179.

[5] FBI report of March 5, 1964, in *Investigation of the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy,* Hearings, Select Committee on Assassinations of the U.S. House of Representatives, March 1979, Vol. XII, p. 509.

[6] *Ibid.,* p. 512.

[7] *Ibid.,* p. 513.

murder. But if Nosenko was a dispatched agent of the KGB, and not a true defector, did that mean that Oswald was acting for the Soviets when he shot the President?

Richard Helms, the deputy director for plans, fell into that trap. When he testified to the House Assassinations Committee in 1978, Helms, by now a former CIA director, said that if Nosenko fed the CIA false information about Oswald's KGB contacts, "it was fair for us to surmise that there may have been an Oswald-KGB connection in November 1963, more specifically that Oswald was acting as a Soviet agent when he shot President Kennedy."[8]

But if Nosenko was indeed carrying a message, other, less chilling explanations were possible. Oswald had lived in the Soviet Union, and had killed an American president. If he acted entirely on his own, it would not be hard to envision the Soviet leadership panicking after Dallas, and sending someone to reassure the United States that the Soviets had no connection to the assassination. But Helms was right about one thing—it was of "the utmost importance to this Government to determine the bona fides of Mr. Yuri Nosenko."[9]

The questions over Nosenko's authenticity were to split the CIA down the middle, with Angleton, Bagley, and their adherents on one side of the chasm and most of the agency's officials on the other. While many members of Angleton's staff believed, with their boss, that Nosenko was "bad" or "dirty"—the shorthand terms favored inside the CIA for false agents—most officials of the Soviet division, and the agency's leaders, eventually concluded he was what he said he was, a genuine defector. The debate over Nosenko, however, has continued to this day, particularly among former CIA officers.

But in the beginning, the doubters prevailed. There was, to start with, the matter of Nosenko's rank. According to Bagley, "He was a major in 1962 and a lieutenant colonel, he said, when he came out in 1964. Then he admitted he was a captain." But defectors before Nosenko had been known to inflate their rank and puff their importance in an effort to impress their new best friends.

Intriguingly, however, the debate over Nosenko's rank tied in with the Cherepanov papers. Nosenko produced a KGB travel document that he said he had carried in 1963 when he participated in the manhunt for the traitorous Cherepanov, a document that showed his rank as lieutenant colonel. The CIA debriefers raised all sorts of questions about the document—why did Nosenko still have it, why did it show a higher rank than captain, which he later admitted was his true rank? The CI Staff believed that the KGB had provided Nosenko with a phony document to support his claims of higher rank. "Why was he traveling to Geneva with an internal travel document, anyway?" asked Scotty Miler.

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[8] *Ibid.,* September 1978, Vol. IV, p. 21.

[9] *Ibid.*

"There was an explanation," a former high official of the CIA said. "He *was* a captain. Whenever they sent KGB officers out of Moscow they gave them the temporary rank of major or lieutenant colonel on the temporary ID card. Nosenko's expecting a promotion but he defects before it's finally signed. He thinks of himself as having been promoted."

Nosenko's debriefers turned to the subject of "Sasha." Two years earlier, Anatoly Golitsin had warned of a mole in the CIA with that KGB cryptonym. Peter Karlow, the principal suspect, had been forced out of the CIA, but the gumshoes had been unable to prove that Karlow was Sasha, or even that there was a penetration of the agency. Did Nosenko know of a mole named Sasha?

"We drew a blank from Nosenko on the name Sasha in '62," Bagley said. "In '64 he volunteered the name Sasha and said it was a U.S. Army officer in Germany. You'd think since it was only a year and a half before, he would have remembered that he didn't know about any Sasha." Bagley said that the Army officer's identity was established with the help of a later Soviet walk-in, whom U.S. intelligence code-named KITTY HAWK.

Angleton's deputy, Scotty Miler, confirmed that "some of Nosenko's information was valuable." For example, Miler said, his leads also helped to narrow down the search for the Army officer. "Nosenko knew his Sasha had served in Berlin. He knew the time frame. The FBI located him. Sasha turned out to be an Army major. He was not prosecuted. He confessed and was used as a double. The bureau turned him." The Army officer, who needed money to pay for a German mistress, had been recruited by the KGB in Germany in 1959. He later returned to Washington and provided low-level intelligence to the Soviets during the Cuban missile crisis.

James E. Nolan, Jr., a former deputy assistant director of the FBI for counterintelligence, believed the case had even more ramifications than met the eye. By the time that KITTY HAWK, whom Nolan regarded as a KGB plant, although others do not, had provided additional information that led to the major, "he was no longer in the Army. He was given immunity in exchange for his cooperation. Nosenko's Sasha was used briefly as a double when the Soviets showed some new interest in him. We let it run for a little while."

Nolan said he believed that the Soviets recontacted this Sasha "to build up KITTY HAWK's bona fides, because KITTY HAWK had provided information that led us to the Army major. So recontact would prove the major was indeed a Soviet agent, and thus underscore KITTY HAWK's bona fides."

The case of the Army major, while not very important in itself in the annals of the Cold War, illustrates the complexity of the world of counterintelligence. Golitsin warned of a Sasha in the CIA, Nosenko spoke of a Sasha in the military, who was identified with the help of a third Soviet KGB officer whose provenance remains unresolved to this day.

Nosenko's debriefers questioned him as well, as they had in 1962, about Vladislav Kovshuk, the high-ranking KGB official who had visited Washington in 1957 under an alias. Golitsin had speculated that Kovshuk was so important that he must have come to the United States to meet a mole inside the American government, perhaps in the CIA.

Nosenko repeated that Kovshuk had been dispatched to Washington to meet a KGB source code-named ANDREY. According to Bagley, Nosenko provided enough information to lead U.S. intelligence to a noncommissioned officer who had worked at the American embassy in Moscow, had since returned to the United States, and lived in the Washington area. By most accounts, ANDREY was a sergeant who had worked in the embassy motor pool. "ANDREY knew nothing, and was not prosecuted," Bagley said. Kovshuk did meet with ANDREY near the end of the Russian's tour in Washington, Bagley added. "He made the contact, turned ANDREY over to the residentura, and then left. What was he doing the rest of the time? Nosenko did not know. 'He was hunting for him,' Nosenko said. We asked, 'A chief of section hunting for a source?' Nosenko said, 'It took all that time to find him.' But he was in the phone book in Washington, we pointed out. Nosenko had no answer."

Bagley's comments on Kovshuk's mission capture the flavor of his view of Nosenko, and Angleton's, and of the interrogation that began in 1964. Virtually all of Nosenko's statements and explanations were met with a deep, pervasive suspicion. As a result, nothing Nosenko could say was accepted at face value.

"Nosenko was a plant, is a plant, and always will be," Bagley said.[10] In this fixed view of Nosenko as a KGB plant, the leads the defector provided were either yielding up spent assets, spies whose value was long past, or were designed to deflect from the real mole or moles in the CIA whom Golitsin was trying to uncover.

Golitsin said Sasha was a CIA penetration. Nosenko said Sasha was an Army officer. Golitsin said Kovshuk came to America to meet a high-level mole. Nosenko said Kovshuk came to meet ANDREY, who turned out to be an Army sergeant.

"He was pointing away from the Golitsin leads to penetrations," Bagley said. "My test for defectors is, do they provide current access to previously unknown information? Nosenko didn't." But Nosenko seemed to have revealed a great number of cases. For example, what about his leads to Robert Lee Johnson, who cracked the safe containing NATO secrets in Paris? "Robert Lee Johnson had lost his access and was a burned-out case," Bagley replied.

On April 4, less than two months after the defector had arrived in the United States, the CIA began what its officials euphemistically referred to as the "hostile interrogation" of Yuri Nosenko. Although he had chosen to live in a free society, Nosenko was confined by the CIA for the next four years and eight months. For more than two years of this period, he was isolated in a concrete cell under brutal conditions. Later the conditions improved, but his movements were still restricted. Nosenko, to put it simply, had become a prisoner of the CIA, lost in an American gulag.

Former CIA director Stansfield Turner has blamed Angleton for the decision to imprison Nosenko, a view bitterly disputed by Angleton loyalists. "Angleton . . . decided that Nosenko was a double agent, and set out to force him to confess," Turner wrote. ". . . Angleton's counterintelligence team set out to break the man psychologically."[11]

Responsibility for the decision to incarcerate Nosenko and place

[10] Bagley stated this with utter conviction, and an almost religious faith, during an interview with the author early in 1990, twenty-six years after Nosenko's defection.

[11] Stansfield Turner, *Secrecy and Democracy: The CIA in Transition* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1985), p. 44.

him under harsh interrogation was shared with Angleton by Helms; David E. Murphy, the head of the Soviet division; and Bagley, the division's counterintelligence officer. Murphy minced no words in telling Helms that Nosenko "must be broken" if the CIA was to learn the truth, although the agency's desire for more information, he admitted, "may conflict with the need to break Subject."[12]

When questioned by a congressional committee about his own role, Helms waffled. The decision, he said, "was jointly arrived at." He added: "I don't know who exactly made the final decision. . . . I was a party to the decision. . . . I don't want to duck anything. . . . I was there. It would not have been my final decision to make."[13] In testimony to the same committee, Murphy was asked if he had "primary responsibility for what happened to Nosenko." He replied: "I was responsible for the case."[14]

However, according to Bagley, "The decision to start hostile interrogation was made by David Murphy, Helms, and me. Angleton did agree to the incarceration. It was unthinkable that he didn't. Angleton agreed to the hostile interrogation, along with Helms and Murphy. Angleton never opposed the incarceration."[15]

A former CIA officer who closely studied this period of the agency's history, however, had no doubt that "Angleton was the bottom line on incarcerating Nosenko. Absolutely. Murphy did it? Horseshit! Sure, Soviet division had responsibility for Nosenko, but it could not have happened unless Jim signed off on it, unless he agreed."

The CIA officer then made a startling disclosure: "What Jim really wanted to do with Nosenko was send him back to the Soviet Union.

[12] Memorandum, Murphy to Helms, February 17, 1964, in *Investigation of the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy,* Hearings, Select Committee on Assassinations of the U.S. House of Representatives, September 1978, Vol. IV, p. 87.

[13] *Investigation of the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy,* Hearings, Select Committee on Assassinations of the U.S. House of Representatives, September 1978, Vol. IV, p. 103.

[14] *Ibid.,* March 1979, Vol. XII, p. 531.

[15] For the most detailed examination of Angleton's role, see Samuel Halpern and Hayden Peake, "Did Angleton Jail Nosenko?" in *International Journal of Intelligence and Counterintelligence,* Vol. 3, No. 4 (Winter 1989). The article, although an apologia for Angleton, does demonstrate that other CIA officials were involved. However, the study also quotes Bagley, in a footnote, as saying that the decision was "taken jointly" by the CIA officials involved, "*including Angleton*" (italics added).

Helms would have no part of it. And rightly so. Then the idea arose, let's start this harsh interrogation."

One of the problems faced by later investigators was that it was almost impossible to find traces of Angleton's role in the affair. "I never saw a document he signed off on," the CIA man said, "but he didn't object. Jim's fingerprints were never on anything. He was the artist of all time. Nosenko was confined for three years. But in three years, Angleton never objected. There is no shred of evidence that Angleton ever complained to Helms."

For almost a year and a half, beginning on April 4, 1964, Nosenko was confined under harsh conditions in an attic room of a safe house outside Washington. He had been told that day that he was being taken there for a physical and a polygraph test. He later described what happened. "After finishing the test an officer of CIA has come in the room and talked with a technician. [The CIA officer] started to shout that I was a phoney and immediately several guards entered in the room. The guards ordered me to stand by the wall, to undress and checked me. After that I was taken upstairs in an attic room. The room had a metal bed attached to the floor in the center of this room. Nobody told me anything, how long I would be there or what would happen to me."[16] Some days later, the interrogations began.

Nosenko had no access to television, radio, or newspapers, his food was subsistence-level—for many months it consisted mainly of weak tea, watery soup, and porridge—and he was under constant observation. He was also denied cigarettes. "I was smoking from fourteen years old, never quitted. I was rejected to smoke. I didn't see books. I didn't read anything. I was sitting in four walls . . . I was hungry . . . I was thinking about food because all the time I want to eat. I was receiving very small amount, and very poor food."[17]

Washington is brutally hot in the summer, and attic rooms unbearable. Nosenko told what it was like: "I was sitting in some kind of attic; it was hot, no air conditioning, cannot breathe; windows—no windows, closed over. I was permitted to shave once a week, to take showers once a week. From me were taken toothpaste, toothbrush. The conditions were inhuman. . . ."[18]

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[16] Affidavit of Yuri Nosenko, August 7, 1978, in *Investigation of the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy,* Hearings, Select Committee on Assassinations of the U.S. House of Representatives, September 1978, Vol. IV, pp. 106–8.

[17] *Investigation of the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy,* Hearings, Select Committee on Assassinations of the U.S. House of Representatives, March 1979, Vol. XII, pp. 524–25.

As the days marched by, Helms had a problem: what, if anything, to tell the Warren Commission, which was pressing to complete its report. Helms met with former Chief Justice Earl Warren, the commission chairman, and informed him that the CIA had been unable to establish Nosenko's bona fides and could not vouch for the truth of his story. The commission never questioned Nosenko, and its final report, issued on September 27, contained no reference to Nosenko.

It is doubtful that Helms remembered to tell the former Chief Justice, whose Supreme Court promulgated strict standards to protect the rights of criminal suspects, that Nosenko was confined in an airless attic. But as bad as it was, Nosenko's quarters and the conditions under which he was held were luxurious compared to what awaited him. While the Russian was locked up in the attic, the CIA's Office of Security was constructing a special prison cell for him on the Farm.

All CIA trainees go through courses at the Farm, a school for spies in Virginia near Colonial Williamsburg. The CIA base is under military cover as the "Armed Forces Experimental Training Activity, Department of Defense, Camp Peary." Armed guards protect the installation, which stretches over ten thousand acres along the York River. The heavily wooded site is, of course, closed to outsiders and surrounded by a chain link fence. During World War II, it was a prisoner-of-war camp for captured German soldiers.

Blindfolded and handcuffed, Nosenko was taken there in August of 1965 and placed in a twelve-by-twelve-foot windowless concrete cell in a house deep in the woods on the CIA base. Nosenko was watched day and night by a television camera. To occupy his mind, he secretly made a chess set from threads, but it was seen and confiscated by the guards. In an effort to keep track of time, he also fashioned a calendar out of lint from his clothing.

He was desperate for something to read. He was given toothpaste, but it was taken away when he tried, under a blanket, to read the writing on the tube. Nosenko was held, interrogated, and polygraphed in this cell for more than two years.

More than a year went by after Nosenko arrived at the Farm before he was allowed to get any fresh air and exercise. He was taken from his cell for thirty minutes a day to a fenced-in exercise pen, from where he could only see the sky.

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[18] *Ibid.*, p. 525.

It was "deplorable," Helms later told congressional investigators, but the CIA was in a position where it risked criticism for holding Nosenko too long, but would have been "damned the other way" if it had not "dug his teeth out to find out what he knows about Oswald." The cell on the Farm, Helms tried to persuade the House committee, was therapeutic for Nosenko, almost a Virginia branch of Alcoholics Anonymous. "Mr. Nosenko, at the time he defected and before, was a very heavy drinker. One of the problems we had with him during his first period of time in the United States was he didn't want to do anything except drink and carouse. We had problems with him in an incident in Baltimore where he starting punching up a bar and so forth. One of the reasons to hold him in confinement was to get him away from the booze and settle him down and see if we could make some sense with him."[19]

Nosenko was convinced he was given drugs, including "hallucination drugs," during his confinement. The CIA has denied this, claiming that Nosenko was given only necessary medications.[20] Helms testified that he turned down a request to administer "truth drugs, such as, I believe, sodium pentothal." Another CIA witness said the proposed truth serum was sodium amytal.[21] In his memoir, Stansfield Turner said Nosenko was given "one or more of four drugs on seventeen occasions."[22]

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[19] *Ibid.,* September 1978, Vol. IV, p. 31.

[20] According to CIA records, however, Nosenko was given Thorazine, a powerful drug used to control psychotic disorders and manic depression. Other drugs administered were Zactrin, also known as Zactirin, a mild tranquilizer and aspirin combination no longer produced; Donnatal, an antispasmodic drug for indigestion; tetracycline, a common antibiotic; and antihistamines and cough syrup. Nosenko told a congressional committee in 1978 that he had been given a hallucinogenic drug, and speculated more recently that it was LSD. *Investigation of the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy,* Hearings, Select Committee on Assassinations of the U.S. House of Representatives, September 1978, Vol. XII, pp. 521, 525, and 543; and Tom Mangold, *Cold Warrior: James Jesus Angleton: The CIA's Master Spy Hunter* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1991), p. 188.

[21] *Investigation of the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy,* Hearings, Select Committee on Assassinations of the U.S. House of Representatives, September 1978, Vol. IV, p. 116, and September 1978, Vol. II, p. 532.

[22] Turner, *Secrecy and Democracy,* p. 45. When questioned by the author, Turner said he did not recall the source of this information in his memoir. However, since Turner did not identify the drugs in his book, his assertion that Nosenko was given drugs

Other psychological pressures were applied. For example, just before he was flown to the Farm, Nosenko was told by his CIA interrogators that he would be held for more than ten years. While confined, Nosenko was polygraphed three times. But the first two lie-detector tests were rigged, designed to break Nosenko and persuade him to confess that he was a dispatched agent of the KGB. The first time, the CIA man giving the lie-detector test was instructed to tell Nosenko he had flunked, regardless of the outcome. Nosenko was also told that the polygraph could read his brainwaves, which was not true. The results of a second polygraph—actually a series of polygraphs over ten days—suggested Nosenko was lying about Oswald, but the CIA later said the test was invalid. And small wonder; Nosenko was wired to the machine for seven hours for one test, and while his interrogators took their lunch breaks, he was left strapped to the chair so he could not move. One such "lunch break" lasted for four hours. The polygraph operator also harassed Nosenko, warning that there was no hope for him, and that he might well go crazy. Nosenko passed a third polygraph, which included two questions about Oswald, and the CIA considered this test to be the only one that was valid.

Bagley personally handled the Nosenko interrogation by closed-circuit television that linked the special prison on the Farm to Langley headquarters. Three interrogators on the scene questioned Nosenko.

Bagley contended that the CIA had not, at the outset, planned to incarcerate Nosenko for so long. "We expected it to be ten days, two weeks, to confront him with the holes in his story." Why, then, had it lasted more than four and a half years? "He dug himself deeper with new contradictions," Bagley said. "He clearly had not held the jobs he claimed. And he said he had participated in operations against the U.S. embassy that he didn't take part in. His statements were designed to hide something."

Guided by Bagley, the interrogators pounced on any conflicts in Nosenko's story. For example, Nosenko had claimed that in Geneva in 1962, he personally participated in the operation against Edward Ellis Smith, in which the CIA's first officer in Moscow had been sexually compromised by his KGB maid. Smith's entanglement with

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seventeen times is not necessarily in conflict with the CIA's official position that Nosenko was given only normal prescription drugs, no truth serums.

the KGB swallow was discovered in 1956.[23] Nosenko said he had been transferred to the Seventh Department, handling tourists, in 1955. "During the hostile interrogation of Nosenko," Bagley said, "he was confronted with the fact that he said he handled Smith, but how could he have handled Smith if he was already transferred to the tourist department? 'Who's Smith?' Nosenko asked. Upon which we played back the tapes of the '62 meeting in Geneva in which he talked about Smith. The tapes were loud and clear. He listened to them, and he said"—here Bagley grimaced, imitating Nosenko—" 'Mr. Bagley got me drunk.' "

It was, of course, entirely possible that Nosenko was puffing when he claimed to have entrapped Smith, but he surely would have known of the operation. The successful ensnarement, in bed, of the CIA's first man in Moscow would undoubtedly be the subject of considerable corridor gossip, and much snickering, inside the Second Chief Directorate. And it was also possible that the maid had been planted on Smith as early as 1955, before Nosenko transferred to the tourist branch. As with so much in the world of counterintelligence, almost every event can have an explanation that is either sinister or innocent, depending on one's viewpoint.

James Angleton, for example, made much of the fact that the premier FBI source in New York City, a KGB officer code-named FEDORA by the bureau, had vouched for Nosenko's bona fides. This, Angleton believed, proved that FEDORA himself was a plant, since the FBI source had assured the FBI that Nosenko was a real KGB defector.

It was a line of reasoning for which an undergraduate in a beginning college course in logic would be flunked. In the first place, Nosenko might be a real defector; the comments of the FBI's Soviet asset in New York would then be accurate. But even if Nosenko was assumed to be a plant, as of course Angleton believed, there were several alternative explanations for FEDORA's statements, including the obvious possibility that the Soviet source in New York had not been told by the KGB that Nosenko had been sent. Or if Nosenko was real and FEDORA a plant, FEDORA might still support Nosenko to shore up his own credibility. The permutations and combinations were, in fact,

[23] The KGB prefers to call an agent used as a seductress a "sparrow." The CIA uses the term "swallow." The reasons for these ornithological differences are not clear.

endless. FEDORA's comments about Nosenko really proved nothing about either man.

A former high-ranking FBI official disputed Angleton's conclusion that FEDORA had vouched for Nosenko in the first place. "FEDORA was simply reporting overhearing a conversation about Nosenko in which two Soviets at the UN mission, probably both KGB, were saying, 'Oh, it's terrible about Nosenko.' " He pointed out that the *New York Times,* on February 11, had carried a front-page article from Geneva reporting Nosenko's defection. It would have been read, of course, by Soviet diplomats in New York. "FEDORA wasn't confirming Nosenko's bona fides at all. He was reporting a conversation, and he had no knowledge of whether what he overheard was true. But to the Scotty Milers and other people in Angleton's shop, the information from FEDORA was just what they were looking for."

Angleton had one reason to doubt FEDORA that was more persuasive. "FEDORA said a cable had been received from Moscow about Nosenko's defection," a former CIA counterintelligence officer said. "We ran all sorts of NSA tests and couldn't find any evidence such a cable existed." The National Security Agency, the nation's code-breaking arm, might not be able to read the Soviet code, but from information provided by FEDORA, it could perform traffic analysis that might indicate whether a cable was sent on the date, and at the time, that he said it was. NSA was not infallible, however, and it could not always pinpoint a particular message.

FEDORA, code-named SCOTCH by the CIA, was Aleksei Isidorovich Kulak, a KGB officer under cover at the United Nations, first as an employee of the secretariat and then as a scientific attaché in the Soviet mission to the UN. He began feeding information to the FBI early in 1962, only a few months after he arrived in the United States to begin work on November 29, 1961, as a consultant to the UN Scientific Committee on the Effects of Atomic Radiation. Kulak, then thirty-nine, married and accompanied by his wife in New York, was a short, stocky man whose name, of course, meant "wealthy farmer" in Russian. "We called him Fatso," said an FBI man who worked the case.[24]

[24] FEDORA was later erroneously identified in some published reports as Victor M. Lessiovski, a KGB officer who held a high rank in the UN. Lessiovski was rumored to be the KGB resident in New York City. FEDORA told the FBI that Lessiovski was indeed a top KGB agent, an important man, but not the resident. A short, plump man

Kulak was no run-of-the-mill KGB man. He was a spy who specialized in collecting scientific and technical secrets. He had a doctorate in chemistry and had worked as a radiological chemist in a Moscow laboratory.[25] As winter turned to spring in 1962, Kulak had walked into the FBI office on Manhattan's East Side one day and offered his services. He said he was disgruntled about lack of progress in his KGB career. The Soviet system, he said, had not recognized his abilities. But either Kulak or the FBI building might have been watched by the Soviets. Eugene C. Peterson, who served fifteen years in FBI counterintelligence, and became chief of the Soviet section, agreed that if FEDORA was genuine, he was taking a chance in the way he made the initial contact. "It was risky," he said. "It raised questions."

Peterson, a tall, husky, balding man with clear blue eyes and a skeptical, streetwise face, added: "FEDORA provided a paucity of CI information. He did not identify any penetrations." Mostly, he said, FEDORA identified who was who in the KGB residentura in New York.

J. Edgar Hoover had total faith in FEDORA, but it was always possible that the doubts at the working level never got up the line to Hoover. And the doubts did exist. "There were questions, right from the start," Peterson said. "And certainly for the last four to six years."

On the other hand, a former high-ranking CIA official insisted that FEDORA had provided the United States with valuable information. He was convinced that the KGB man was a valid source, for several reasons. "There were a whole series of things," he said. "His attention to details about surveillance and countersurveillance. You surveil the individual and when he comes to the meeting you see if he is taking precautions, whether he is worried about being followed. FEDORA was worried about surveillance. If he walks out of his office and goes straight to the safe house, you know something is wrong. Then, there

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who walked his wife's pet poodle every night near their home in Manhattan, Lessiovski served as personal assistant to UN Secretary-General U Thant of Burma for eight years. The KGB man moved in the highest social circles in Manhattan. He was so well connected, in fact, that when Pope Paul VI visited New York in 1965, it was Lessiovski who arranged for Jacqueline Kennedy to meet the pontiff. The former First Lady was amused that she had been introduced to the Pope by the KGB. Lessiovski left New York in 1971 and returned to the Soviet Union.

[25] Although a consultant, Kulak was an employee of the UN secretariat for two years, attached to the Office of the Undersecretary for Special Political Affairs. He held the highest professional rank at the UN below that of a director.

was his willingness to disclose information about KGB officers. Which he did. They don't like to give away identities of officers."

Above all, the CIA man said, FEDORA had revealed to the United States what the KGB had tasked him to collect in the area of science and technology. "He gave us their S&T requirements. A KGB wish list. Identifying factories where military equipment was being manufactured. Everything he wanted was military. Tanks, missiles, everything. He was a very useful source, given the paucity of our access in those days."

To make Kulak look valuable to the KGB, the FBI provided him with "feed material," genuine U.S. secrets cleared by the CIA and other American intelligence agencies and passed to FEDORA for transmittal to Moscow. "It was low-grade stuff," the CIA man said, "but not phony."

The periodic clandestine meetings between Kulak and the FBI were videotaped. "I saw videos of FEDORA being debriefed," the CIA official related. "Chunky guy, typical Russian. These were New York FBI agents debriefing him, in English. With a big bottle of Scotch from which all were drinking."

In February 1963, Kulak left the UN secretariat and switched over to the Soviet mission to the United Nations. In 1967, Kulak told the FBI he had been recalled to Moscow on normal rotation. When he returned in 1971, again as a scientific attaché, he resumed his relationship with the bureau. But FEDORA's position, if he was a true agent-in-place, became more and more tenuous. News accounts, including one by Seymour M. Hersh in the *New York Times,* suggested that the FBI had penetrated a Soviet diplomatic mission in the United States. Hersh reported that one of the reasons that President Richard Nixon had established the secret White House plumbers unit was ostensible concern that "a highly placed Soviet agent of the KGB . . . operating as an American counterspy would be compromised" by the Watergate inquiries.[26]

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[26] Seymour M. Hersh, "The President and the Plumbers: A Look at 2 Security Questions," *New York Times,* December 9, 1973, p. 1. To test whether FEDORA was in jeopardy as a result of the published reports, a former FBI counterintelligence agent said, the CIA gave one of the news stories to a low-level analyst. Within a few hours, he claimed, the analyst had pinpointed Kulak as the likely FBI source. But Hersh's story did not indicate whether the KGB man was based in New York or Washington. It did say that the source had been a double agent "for nearly ten years," but other

In 1971, during the furor over the Pentagon Papers, the classified history of the Vietnam War leaked to the *New York Times* by Daniel Ellsberg, Kulak reported that a set of the papers had been delivered to the Soviet embassy. The CIA scoffed at the report. In a meeting with David R. Young, one of the chiefs of the White House plumbers, CIA director Richard Helms said he discounted the report because "we know the fellow who has been giving us these reports and we have our doubts about them."[27]

In all, Kulak/FEDORA served two years in New York with the UN secretariat, beginning in 1961, and then two tours with the Soviet mission between 1964 and 1977, with a four-year break in between when he was called back to Moscow.[28] Despite the doubts about Aleksei Kulak, KGB walk-ins are hard to come by; over this sixteen-year period, the FBI paid him approximately $100,000.

"In 1977 when FEDORA was getting ready to go back for the last time," Peterson said, "we pointed out the articles that had been published. We told him, 'Your life is in jeopardy.' 'Oh, I can handle that,' he said. My own view is that if he wasn't a plant, he would have been executed."

After passing information to the FBI for more than a dozen years, Kulak/FEDORA returned to Moscow for the last time in 1977 and was subsequently seen there by the CIA, alive and well. That, of course, did not prove he was genuine. It either meant that Kulak was a true spy for the United States who had escaped detection, or a double agent for the KGB all along. "He would have been under surveillance in Moscow," Peterson said, "and when he met with the CIA, they would have moved in and rolled him up."

In 1978, the writer Edward Jay Epstein revealed the code name

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Soviet diplomats had been assigned in this country for that long. Told that the FBI had been concerned that his story might unmask FEDORA, Hersh laughed. "The source came from high up in the FBI," he said.

[27] David Young, "Memorandum of Conversation, July 21, 1971," in *Statement of Information Submitted on Behalf of President Nixon,* Hearings, House Committee on the Judiciary, May–June 1974, Book IV, p. 107.

[28] Oddly, Kulak's name varied slightly on each tour. In *Permanent Missions to the United Nations,* the official diplomatic list of the UN, the name "Alexei Sidorovich Kulak" appears for the first time in January 1964, with the title "First Secretary" of the Soviet UN mission. From January 1968 through May 1971, he drops off the list. He reappears in September 1971, this time as "Aleksei Isidorovich Kulak," with the new title "Counsellor." He drops off the list for the last time in February 1977.

FEDORA, describing him as a KGB officer at the UN collecting data on "science and technology."[29] U.S. intelligence officials were shaken by the disclosure, because the description of the Soviet asset was so specific that they assumed he was a dead man. "We estimated that after the Epstein book, he [FEDORA] was through," a former senior CIA official said. "There is no way he could have survived."[30] But, oddly, nothing happened to FEDORA, as far as the CIA could learn.

Boris A. Solomatin, who served as the KGB's New York resident from 1971 to 1975, during Kulak's second tour in Manhattan, offered one possible explanation. In an interview with the author in Moscow in September of 1991, Solomatin, although declining to refer to FEDORA by his true name, said: "There were circumstances that deflected suspicion. He was a Hero of the Soviet Union during the war, and it diverted suspicion."

The debate over FEDORA's bona fides has never subsided. The CIA accepted him as genuine in 1975 (after Angleton's departure).[31] The FBI has had more difficulty making up its mind, and has flip-flopped back and forth on the question. In 1967, the FBI seemed to accept FEDORA as bona fide.[32]

But a later secret study supervised by James E. Nolan, Jr., the deputy assistant FBI director for counterintelligence, and completed in March 1976, concluded that FEDORA was a plant, a view said to have been modified by the FBI again in the early 1980s. By 1990, the CIA had learned that Kulak had died of natural causes.

At the same time that FEDORA was active, the FBI and later the CIA were receiving information from another Soviet source in New York City, Dimitri Fedorovich Polyakov, an officer of the GRU, Soviet military intelligence. He was code-named TOPHAT by the bureau and BOURBON by the CIA, which preferred liquor over headgear. In intelligence circles, the names FEDORA and TOPHAT became inextricably intertwined, like ham and eggs. In 1966, Polyakov was sent to Burma, and in the early 1970s he was posted to India, where Paul L. Dillon served as his CIA case officer. Back in Moscow after that, he continued to send information to the CIA, using a burst transmitter provided by the agency. The Soviets announced in 1990 that TOPHAT had been caught. They later said he had been executed on March 15, 1988.[33]

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[29] Edward Jay Epstein, *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald* (New York: Reader's Digest Press/McGraw-Hill, 1978), p. 20.

[30] The counterspies were almost equally appalled by the apparent origin of the disclosure. It was well known in intelligence circles that Epstein's major source had been James Angleton. The former CIA counterintelligence chief, officials concluded, had deliberately blown FEDORA, whom Angleton considered a plant.

[31] The CIA decision was based on a study by Benjamin Franklin Pepper, an officer in the Soviet division, who concluded that FEDORA was authentic.

[32] Under the cryptonym VUPOINT, an FBI study that year of FEDORA and other Soviet assets suggested that Kulak was a legitimate source.

But FEDORA and TOPHAT were sideshows. At Langley, it had become increasingly clear that the Nosenko interrogation was a disaster. Moreover, it was one that carried a potential for scandal if the public should learn that the CIA had imprisoned a defector. Whether Angleton and other CIA officials even stopped to consider the catastrophic effect on other potential defectors should the Soviets find out about Nosenko's ordeal is not known.

But something had to be done. In 1967, Helms, by now the director of the CIA, ordered Bruce Solie, of the Office of Security, to review the question of Nosenko's bona fides. On October 28, Nosenko was finally taken from his cell and shifted to the first of three safe houses in the Washington area. Conditions improved considerably, but his movements were still restricted, and he was not a free man.[34] Not until March 1969 did the CIA finally allow Nosenko a two-week vacation in Florida. In a memo to Helms, Howard J. Osborn, the director of the Office of Security, wrote: "Nosenko is becoming increasingly restive and desirous of obtaining freedom on his own. After nearly five years of varying degrees of confinement, this desire, including that for feminine companionship, is understandable."[35]

Bagley clearly saw the potential for scandal. He sent a letter to Angleton warning of the "devastating consequences" if Nosenko was set free. Taking pencil to paper, he wrote down a list of possible "actions" to handle the Nosenko problem. Option number 5 was "Liquidate the man," number 6 was "Render him incapable of giving coherent story (special dose of drug etc.). Possible aim, commitment to loony bin," and number 7 was "Commitment to loony bin *without* making him nuts."[36]

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[33] In his book *Spycatcher,* published in 1987, former MI5 official Peter Wright wrote that TOPHAT had provided information that led to the arrest in 1965 of Frank C. Bossard, a forty-nine-year-old employee of the British Aviation Ministry who was photographing documents about American missile guidance systems on his lunch hour. Bossard was sentenced to twenty-one years in prison. In fact, the FBI intelligence division had misled MI5, wrongly attributing these leads to TOPHAT in order to protect another GRU source in New York, code-named NICKNACK.

[34] In all, from April 4, 1964, to August 13, 1965, Nosenko was confined to a safe house near Washington. From August 14, 1965, to October 27, 1967, he was imprisoned in the cell at the Farm. From October 28, 1967, to December 1968 he was held at three safe houses in the Washington area.

[35] Memorandum, Osborn to Helms, March 24, 1969, in *Investigation of the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy,* Hearings, Select Committee on Assassinations of the U.S. House of Representatives, September 1978, Vol. IV, p. 41.

But Bagley, who had risen to deputy chief of the Soviet division by 1966, never sent his list of chilling options to anyone, and it was obviously not meant to see the light of day. It became public only because in 1976, Angleton's successor as CI chief, George T. Kalaris—with the approval of then CIA director George Bush—named John L. Hart, a former station chief, to conduct another review of the Nosenko case. Hart discovered Bagley's penciled list in the files and told Congress about it.

Bagley, ambushed by Hart, was furious. The options on his list, he said, were "never proposed, it was a thought process: here we sit with this guy and what do about it? These were handwritten notes in pencil, never shown to anyone else, never intended for anyone else."

Had he really contemplated murdering Nosenko? "Of course not," Bagley replied. "I wouldn't permit it and it was not agency policy. There wouldn't be any thought of it. I might add it's my own policy as well. I don't go around killing people. And Hart knew it." But the thought *had* occurred; "liquidate the man" was one of the ghastly options on Bagley's list.

In October 1968, Bruce Solie submitted his report to Helms, clearing Nosenko.[37] On the basis of the report, the KGB man was rehabilitated, hired as a consultant by the CIA, and given $137,052 in lost pay and resettlement expenses.[38]

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[36] *Investigation of the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy,* Hearings, Select Committee on Assassinations of the U.S. House of Representatives, September 1978, Vol. II, pp. 519, 525, 536. Some of the words in Bagley's jottings were abbreviated but are spelled out here for clarity.

[37] A 900-page summary of the agency's file on Nosenko, prepared by Bagley, later cut by him to 447 pages, and submitted in February 1968, reached an opposite conclusion. It argued that Nosenko had lied on every major point about his KGB background. A decade later, the House Assassinations Committee also concluded that "Nosenko lied about Oswald." But the committee noted that the defector's imprisonment "virtually ruined him as a valid source of information on the assassination." *The Final Assassinations Report: Report of the Select Committee on Assassinations, U.S. House of Representatives* (New York: Bantam, 1979), p. 114. All other CIA studies supported Nosenko's bona fides. In addition to the Solie report, there were two later internal reviews of the Nosenko case, one by John Hart in 1976, while George Bush headed the CIA, and one in the spring of 1981, by Jack J. Fieldhouse,

Helms did not have an easy time of it when he tried to explain the Nosenko affair to Congress. Representative Harold S. Sawyer, a Michigan Republican, asked the former CIA director whether he knew that what had been done to Nosenko, holding him without trial, subjecting him to "physical and mental torture," broke the law. Helms wasn't sure; he thought Nosenko's legal status fell into a "gray area." The congressman did not buy it:

Mr. Sawyer: Well, he was a human being, wasn't he?
Mr. Helms: I believe so.
Mr. Sawyer: You know in most states even treating an animal like this will land you in jail.

Helms did not reply.

As for Yuri Nosenko, he summed up his experience succinctly. "I passed through hell," he said. "I was true defector."

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a CIA officer, undertaken at the request of CIA director William J. Casey. Both reports, as well as Solie's study, concluded that Nosenko was what he said he was—a KGB officer who changed sides and defected to the CIA.

[38] Other Soviet intelligence officers who came over to the West in the years since Nosenko's arrival have said he was, as far as they knew, a bona fide defector. For example, Victor Gundarev, a KGB colonel who defected in Athens in 1986, told me in July 1989: "Nosenko was real. I was a student at the KGB Higher School in 1964. They talked about him as a traitor. Of course it could be a cover story, I don't know." It is true that other defectors might not have valid or detailed knowledge about Nosenko. On the other hand, according to former senior CIA officials, no defector subsequent to Nosenko has provided information that casts doubt on his bona fides.

Chapter 12

Molehunt

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By the late summer of 1963, the mole hunt at the CIA was in full cry.

Golitsin's sojourn to England had temporarily slowed it down, but after the defector's abrupt return from London, the search for penetrations gained new momentum. The mole hunt was directed by James Angleton, who now began showing Golitsin classified CIA files so that the defector could comb through the agency's secrets, looking for clues and likely suspects.[1]

In July, the same month that Golitsin returned to Langley, Peter Karlow, the first suspect, had resigned. But nothing had been proved against him. If Karlow was not the mole, then who was? Nor could it be assumed that there was only one traitor in the ranks. The CI Staff did not, in fact, confine itself to searching for a single Soviet agent inside the CIA. The agency might be honeycombed with moles. As the investigation grew, its target expanded, following a familiar rule of bureaucracy.[2]

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[1] It was very odd indeed to allow a Soviet, and a former KGB officer, to read secret CIA files. In defense of the practice, Scotty Miler, a key former member of Angleton's staff, said that Golitsin was not shown raw files but "sanitized" versions from which some sensitive material had been deleted. However, Miler said that it was only in 1969—after the mole hunt was long under way—that he had been instructed "to sanitize the files," and began doing so. "Up to that time I had not been involved in it," Miler said. "I don't know what happened before."

To conduct the mole hunt, Angleton had turned to the Special Investigations Group (SIG) within the Counterintelligence Staff.[3] Its chief at first was Birch D. O'Neal, a courtly Georgian with a syrup-thick Southern accent, who had joined the FBI in 1938 and later switched over to the CIA. A portly, florid-faced man, O'Neal, as befitted his position, was extremely secretive. "Nobody had the vaguest notion of what Birch was doing," said a former colleague in the SIG, "to the point where you sometimes wondered whether he did either."

But if O'Neal, then fifty, and already looking toward his retirement, presided over the hunt, the master of the hounds was Scotty Miler, whom Angleton handpicked and brought in from Ethiopia, where he was station chief, to join the SIG and the search for penetrations. Angleton named him deputy chief of the SIG.

Miler, an old Far East hand, slow-spoken and tough, had a natural bent for counterintelligence work. In his view, every possible suspect had to be scrutinized, for a mole could be anyone, anywhere. Every lead had to be followed up meticulously. The security of the agency might depend upon it. And Miler had a system. If a CIA colleague fell under suspicion, he would draw up a list of every questionable item in the man's personal background or arising out of the operations in which he had been involved. Then, one by one, plodding through the files, he would eliminate those points for which, after further investigation, he had satisfied himself there were benign explanations. When this laborious process had been completed, if there were still items left on Miler's list, then the suspect would be marked down as a possible security risk. Not necessarily guilty, but a risk. Agency officials at a higher level would have to decide what to do about the suspect; that was not Miler's responsibility. Sometimes Miler would have dealings with the very people he was secretly investigating, or he would run into them in the halls. It made him feel uncomfortable. It was a difficult job, mole hunting, but someone had to do it.

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[2] The term "mole" as a description of a penetration agent placed inside an opposition intelligence service or government was popularized by John le Carré in his spy novels, and to some extent filtered into the vocabulary of real spies. Most CIA officers prefer the term "penetration." The first use of the word in an intelligence context has been traced to Sir Francis Bacon's history of the reign of King Henry VII, published in 1622: "He was careful and liberal to obtain good intelligence from all parts abroad. . . . As for his secret spials which he did employ both at home and abroad, by them to discover what practices and conspiracies were against him, surely his case required it: he had such moles perpetually working and casting to undermine him." Francis Bacon, *The History of the Reign of King Henry the Seventh,* F. J. Levy, ed. (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1972), p. 243. Bacon, however, appears to have used the word "moles" in the sense of "dissidents" or "opponents"; in the modern usage it means a person reporting back to a foreign intelligence service.

[3] Inside the CI Staff, the SIG was pronounced not as an acronym, but with each letter enunciated. It had always had the responsibility for detecting penetrations in the agency, among its other duties, but the search for moles became its principal function after Golitsin defected.

Half a dozen other CIA officers were assigned to the SIG, including Jean M. Evans, an ultraconservative former OSS counterintelligence officer, bilingual in French, who concentrated on analyzing Golitsin's leads.[4] A spare, slender man of medium height, with thinning hair, Evans wore glasses perched on a sharp nose that gave him a rather birdlike appearance. He seldom talked about himself. A New Englander, with a laconic, Yankee manner, Evans had been an Army colonel before joining the CIA and had worked for the agency in Munich. In Munich, he had headed counterespionage at the CIA's Pullach base, which operated in tandem with General Gehlen's organization.[5] Like Miler, Evans was a meticulous man; no detail escaped his eye. But then, as CI officers are fond of saying, counterintelligence is in the details.

Clare Edward Petty, another member of the SIG, was an Oklahoman, a trim, gray-haired, square-jawed man with a friendly, somewhat professorial air. He had joined the CIA after the war and worked in Germany with the Gehlen organization for eight years. He took pride in having fingered Heinz Felfe of the West German Federal Intelligence Agency (BND) as a possible Soviet spy even before the defector Michal Goleniewski provided the leads that led to Felfe's arrest in 1961. Petty joined the SIG in 1966. In time, he was to become its most controversial member, because of the astonishing conclusion he reached about the identity of the senior CIA mole.

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[4] Because of Evans's fluent French, Angleton often used him as an intermediary in dealing with Marcel Chalet, the head of the DST, the French internal service.

[5] The CIA had two bases in Munich at the time: the Pullach base at the headquarters of General Reinhard Gehlen, whom the CIA had set up as chief of an independent intelligence organization that became West Germany's BND, and the Munich operations base, headed by David Murphy, which conducted operations independent of the Gehlen organization.

One of the SIG's tasks was to analyze a windfall of coded Soviet wireless traffic that had been acquired by Western intelligence during World War II and given the cryptonym VENONA. Only tantalizing bits of the code had been broken. The traffic included code names of Soviet agents in the West, but not their true identities. The SIG pored over the material, hoping for new leads to moles. Birch O'Neal eventually came to be responsible for the VENONA material, and for the collection abroad of "collateral," information such as travel records, shipping schedules, and so on, that might help to decrypt the Soviet traffic.

Another SIG member, Albert P. Kergel, also worked on the VENONA traffic and coordinated closely with the National Security Agency in the search for penetrations. A slender, balding man, well over six feet tall, Kergel was originally from New York State, a historian by training and a graduate of Columbia University whose specialty was the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. John D. Walker also worked on the VENONA intercepts for the SIG during a brief period between assignments as station chief in Israel and Australia.

There were a few others who came and went: Charles Arnold, a six-foot officer with a Dick Tracy profile and a perpetually worried expression, joined the SIG but quickly became known as a naysayer. "He was the one who'd say, 'You don't have a case,'' a former CIA officer recalled. "Arnold became very skeptical of the whole thing and wrote a lot of papers urging his fellow mole hunters to get back on track." With that sort of attitude Arnold was not destined to last long on the SIG; he soon left the agency and retired to a small town in the Virginia Tidewater. William F. Potocki, part of a husband-and-wife CIA team, also worked closely with the mole hunters. A big, blond-haired career officer from Chicago, he had worked in the Berlin base for Bill Harvey before joining Angleton's staff in 1958.

The SIG's offices were on the second floor of CIA headquarters, overlooking a low roof and just around the corner from Angleton's own office in Room 2C43 on the same floor. Indeed, from his office Angleton could look across the way to the SIG offices in the D corridor, located in a wing at right angles to his own. Just by glancing out the window, he could reassure himself that the mole seekers were hard at work.

The mole hunt was given the code name HONETOL.[6] It was to last almost two decades, and before it petered out, the search for penetrations had investigated more than 120 CIA officers. But the mole hunt was not limited to the CIA.

"We were investigating everyone in the United States government," said a former senior member of the CI Staff. "We had files on people in USIS, Commerce, and other agencies. We had newspaper people. Newspaper cases were in the files."

If the mole hunters ranged far afield, the main arena for their efforts was nevertheless the CIA itself. For it was the agency, obviously, that offered the most tempting target to the KGB.

A mole in the CIA could tell the KGB about the agency's ongoing operations and its plans for future operations. He or she could give the Soviets the names of CIA officers under cover around the globe and of key officials at Langley. And, perhaps even more important, a Soviet mole inside the CIA would be well placed to detect whether the KGB itself had been penetrated.

The real danger, from the CI Staff's viewpoint, was not a low-level Soviet agent at Langley. Because of the compartmentalization that intelligence agencies practice, with varying degrees of success, a low-level traitor would probably have access only to a limited amount of classified material in his or her own section. The real danger would be a mole high enough up in the Clandestine Services to have access to a wide array of CIA operations and plans.

Ideally, the KGB would have liked to recruit the director of the CIA, or failing that, his deputy, or the deputy director for plans, the chief of the Soviet division of the DDO, or the chief of counterintelligence. Recruitments at that level would be rather difficult for the Soviets to achieve. And it would have been an awkward and delicate matter for Angleton and his mole hunters to investigate themselves or their own superiors. As a result, the CI Staff tended to look downward, and to concentrate its search for penetrations in the Soviet division, a choice dictated by both logic and discretion.

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[6] Pronounced ha-nuh-toll (the first syllable spoken as in the name Hans), the cryptonym sounded like a cold remedy but apparently was a sort of acronym. A former CIA officer said: "Jim was trying to win over the FBI and particularly Hoover to cooperate in the mole hunt. He came up with the idea of HONETOL because it incorporated the first two letters of Hoover's name with some of the letters of Golitsin's name, Anatoly." According to Miler, the cryptonym was used jointly with the British, who, of course, were hard at work looking for their own moles.

Because the target of the CIA's Soviet division was the Soviet Union itself, and because the division spent a great deal of its time trying to recruit Soviet intelligence officers, it was reasonable to assume that a high priority for the KGB would, in turn, be the recruitment of a CIA case officer inside the Soviet division. The case officer would have access to a broad range of operations, and beyond his own knowledge he would hear gossip in the corridors about other CIA assets and intelligence successes.

If the mole was not Peter Karlow, no matter; the list of CIA officers whose names began with K was long enough to provide ample fodder for the SIG for years. In July 1964, Golitsin, poring over the CIA's files, triumphantly pointed to a new candidate. This time, he was sure, he had found the penetration.

The officer's name began with the requisite letter. He had a Slavic background, since he was of Serbian descent, and he had served in Berlin. He thus fit Golitsin's mole "profile."

Richard Kovich was known as Dushan to his intimates. He was a seasoned officer who had handled half a dozen of the CIA's most sensitive cases. He supported George Kisevalter in the running of Pyotr Popov, the GRU colonel who was the first major CIA penetration of Soviet intelligence. He was the case officer for Mikhail Federov, whose CIA code name was UNACUTE, a GRU illegal whom Kovich had recruited in Paris. With the knowledge and consent of the Norwegian secret service, he ran Ingeborg Lygren, a Norwegian woman who worked in her country's embassy in Moscow but reported through Kovich to the CIA. And he was the first case officer for Yuri Loginov (code name AEGUSTO), a celebrated KGB illegal whose fate, along with Lygren's, became a major embarrassment to the agency.

In 1964, when his trouble began, Kovich was thirty-seven and had worked for the CIA for fourteen years, having joined the agency straight out of the University of Minnesota. A handsome man of six feet, Kovich was an extrovert with a sense of humor and a self-assurance that often made him speak up when others were silent.

He was born Dushan Kovacevich in Hibbing, Minnesota, the son of Serbian immigrants. His father, who was totally illiterate, ran electric shovels, digging iron ore from the Mesabi Range. It was a tough, polyglot town, where thirty-seven languages were spoken, and Kovich got out by joining the Navy at age seventeen.

The CIA assigned him to the Soviet division from the beginning. He started out with the agency in Japan, targeting Soviets, helped Kisevalter on the Popov case in Austria in 1953, then ran the defector shop in Washington for a while. (At the Farm, Kovich was known for putting the initials KTIP on the blackboard when he lectured to trainees about defectors; it meant Keep Them in Place.) In 1955, operating from headquarters, he supported Kisevalter again for three years on the long-running Popov operation.

By now, Kovich was a "third national officer" for the division, which meant he recruited people in other countries to work in Moscow. One of his recruits was Ingeborg Lygren, the secretary to Colonel Wilhelm Evang, the chief of the Norwegian military intelligence, who had sent her to Moscow in 1956 to work as the secretary to the Norwegian ambassador, Erik Braadland. Evang's service was the Norwegian equivalent of the CIA, and Lygren became Kovich's asset with Evang's blessing. As a NATO ally, Norway was happy to share with the CIA whatever information Lygren might pick up on the diplomatic gossip circuit. For three years, under the cryptonym SATINWOOD 37, she reported to Kovich from Moscow.

Per Hegge, a foreign correspondent for *Aftenposten,* the leading morning paper in Norway, remembered Lygren. He had met her by chance at Oslo University in the early 1960s. "She was taking Russian courses, after she had returned from Moscow," he said. "Perhaps she wanted to keep up with her Russian, I don't know." Lygren, he said, was an unlikely spy. "She was a gray mouse, very ordinary-looking, five-seven, maybe forty-five at the time. She grew up in Stavanger in southwest Norway where people have a strong regional accent that makes it very hard for them to pronounce Russian words, and she had a terrible accent."

Once Golitsin got to read Kovich's file, he must have seen the name Ingeborg Lygren and remembered that during the 1950s the KGB had a source in Moscow who was a Norwegian woman. That was it, Golitsin said, the big breakthrough; Lygren was a Soviet spy, and Kovich had run her for the CIA! He had probably used Lygren as a communications channel to his KGB masters, or so Golitsin speculated.

In the career of Dushan Kovich, the CI Staff clearly had discovered a rich tapestry, with threads that led off in a dozen directions. One can almost hear the members of the SIG licking their chops. Here, at last, was Sasha. They were wrong, and their mistake shattered several lives and in the end cost the CIA—and the American taxpayers—a great deal of money, but that is getting ahead of the story.

Angleton was ecstatic. Now the mole hunt was getting somewhere. In the fall of 1964, the CIA decided to tip off the Norwegians, but Angleton did not tell Evang. After all, if Lygren was a mole, her boss might be a supermole, working for the Soviets, hand in glove with Richard Kovich.

Instead, the CIA warned Norway's civilian surveillance police, a hush-hush agency headed by Asbjørn Bryhn, a tough character who had been a hit man in the Norwegian resistance, killing Nazis during the occupation, never sleeping in the same place twice. Alerted by the CIA, the surveillance police watched Lygren for months. Their reports noted that she led a remarkably ordinary life and engaged in no suspicious activities. Nevertheless, acting on the CIA's information, they arrested her in September 1965 and began a series of harsh interrogations.

At the time, Lygren was back in Oslo at her old job, working for Evang in military intelligence. But when the surveillance police arrested her they didn't tell Evang for several days. "She just didn't show up for work one day," Per Hegge said. "Of course, Evang was furious. He and Bryhn didn't speak to each other, even before the Lygren affair. The friction went back to World War II, when Bryhn was living in the woods on the run against the Nazis and Evang was with the Norwegian exiles in London, living well. There was a lot of animosity between London and the groups that were in the woods."[7]

Lygren was imprisoned for almost three months. The Norwegian press had a field day with the case. It looked as though a Russian spy was working in the very heart of Norwegian intelligence. The headlines trumpeted the spy case for weeks. Evang in particular came under heavy fire, but his offer to resign was turned down by the defense minister. One report suggested that Evang had sent Lygren to Moscow to approach the Soviets in the risky role of a double agent.

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[7] There was more than wartime rivalry involved, according to Hegge. "Bryhn mistrusted Evang, who had been a member of a radical student group, the Mot Dag [Toward the Dawn], and considered him a Soviet mole. This greatly distressed the Prime Minister at the time, Per Borten, of the Center Party, a sort of Harry Truman without the brains, a gregarious man who could not stand the fact that his two intelligence chiefs didn't even speak to one another. And of course the case caused a considerable scandal for his government at the time."

All the while, the surveillance police were grilling Lygren relentlessly, trying to force her to admit she was a Soviet spy, which she was not. One interrogation report was seized upon by Bryhn's staff as amounting to a "confession." Then, abruptly, in mid-December, the state's attorney decided there was insufficient evidence to prosecute. The case against Lygren was dropped. She was reinstated in her job, but, devastated by her ordeal, she eventually retired and left Oslo.

Parliament named a special panel, the Mellbye Commission, to investigate the war between the two intelligence agencies, and another official board, the Committee of Justice, to probe the Lygren case itself.[8]

Despite the fact that the Norwegian government had dropped the espionage charges against Lygren, Angleton remained convinced she was guilty. In March 1968, Bryhn's successor as head of the surveillance police, Gunnar Haarstad, came to Washington to meet with high officials of the CIA and the FBI. Angleton and his deputy, Ray Rocca, took the Norwegian police chief to a small restaurant in Georgetown for a pleasant lunch that Haarstad said "had very little to do with anything other than flies used when fishing for salmon. The Lygren case was not touched upon at all. . . . However, when we stood up from the lunch table in Georgetown, Angleton took me a bit to one side, removed a piece of paper from his pocket, and asked me to read it." The note Angleton handed to him, he wrote, was a brief summary of Golitsin's information about Lygren. "Angleton wanted the paper back, but by quickly scrutinizing it, I could see that it contained nothing more than what I already knew from before." Haarstad realized that his American colleagues regarded the case against Lygren as "hard as a rock." Haarstad added: "Angleton let me understand, quite cryptically, that he was convinced that Golitsin's information and judgment were correct, and that it was a mistake for the Norwegian authorities to drop the case against Lygren."[9] Despite Angleton's view, a few months later, in July, the Norwegian parliament voted to award Lygren $4,200 as compensation for her unjustified arrest and suffering.

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[8] The Mellbye Commission was headed by Jens Christian Mellbye, a public defender who later became a member of Norway's supreme court. As a result of the Lygren case, the commission became a permanent watchdog body for the country's intelligence agencies.

Frustrated in their efforts to nail Kovich over the Lygren case, the mole hunters turned their attention to UNACUTE, the GRU illegal whom Kovich had run in the midst of Lygren's tour in Moscow. Soviet illegals are trained to spy abroad without the benefit of diplomatic cover and immunity. They are difficult to spot, because, chameleonlike, they blend in with the populace of their target country. Typically, they open a small business as cover.

Mikhail Federov—whose true name, Kovich believed, was Alexei Chistov—was a GRU illegal who traveled to Switzerland with a Mexican passport and ended up in France. In Paris, Federov posed as a studio photographer. He had a little shop on the Right Bank where customers could have their portraits made. A short, lean man of military bearing, Federov dressed well, and with his black hair and dark complexion he could easily have passed for a Frenchman or a Spaniard. Certainly no one would have taken him for a Russian. In 1957, he contacted the American embassy and volunteered his services to the CIA. But walk-ins are not always taken seriously. A Mexican photographer claiming to be a Russian spy?

Kovich, overseas on another operation, was told that some screwball had come into the U.S. embassy in Paris claiming he was a Soviet intelligence officer. Kovich hurried to Paris. It took him about seven minutes to conclude that first, Federov wasn't crazy, and second, he was a genuine GRU illegal.

Kovich recruited him. At first, Federov, who was fluent in French and Spanish, wanted to defect. Kovich, following his own "KTIP" principle, worked hard to keep him in place. Finally, Federov agreed. The CIA digraph for France was UN, and Mikhail Federov became, in the agency's files, UNACUTE.

The take was impressive. In April 1958, Kovich met UNACUTE at the Hotel Crillon in Paris. Seven months earlier, in October 1957, the Soviets had stunned the world by launching Sputnik, the first space satellite. Now Federov told Kovich that another rocket launch would take place the following month, on May 15. Moreover, Federov added, in late August the Russians would put dogs into canisters and launch them into space.

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[9] Gunnar Haarstad, *In the Secret Service: Intelligence and Surveillance in War and Peace* (Oslo: Aschehoug, 1988), pp. 247–50.

On May 15 precisely, just as UNACUTE had predicted, the Soviets launched Sputnik III, and a triumphant Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev jibed at the smaller U.S. satellites then circling the earth as "oranges."[10] On August 29, Kovich met with Federov again, this time in a safe house in Berlin. The second launch was supposed to occur, and they were listening to Radio Moscow. Suddenly, the announcer broke in to say that the Soviets had put two dogs into space and parachuted them safely to earth.

Federov chuckled. "What do you think of my information?" he asked Kovich. The CIA man thought it was pretty good. For three years, Kovich ran Federov, but the CI Staff at headquarters was skeptical. UNACUTE, despite a wealth of information that he transmitted to the CIA, was labeled as a probable Soviet plant.

Federov moved around a lot; over a period of three years, Kovich met him in Paris, Nice, Bern, Geneva, and Berlin. Early on, they had met on the French Riviera, and it was there that Golitsin, analyzing Kovich's file, pronounced that the Soviets must have recruited the CIA officer.

In the atmosphere of the time, it was hard to find any Soviet source whom the CI Staff accepted as genuine. Even decades later, these beliefs ran deep. Scotty Miler never changed his mind about Federov. "Federov was a plant who led him [Kovich] on a chase through Europe," Miler said. "There were indications that Federov was out to make a recruitment or reestablish contact with someone who had been recruited."

Perhaps so, but both Kovich and George Kisevalter were convinced that he was a genuine and valuable CIA asset. On one of Federov's trips to the West, Kisevalter recalled, "he went through Berlin and I met him." Kovich had brought Federov to a CIA safe house, and Kisevalter was there, posing as a Frenchman.

"He doesn't know how to drink vodka," Federov said to Kovich. "We'll teach him." Since Kisevalter had been born in St. Petersburg and had a native Russian's familiarity with vodka, he had some difficulty keeping a straight face as Federov explained that it was necessary to eat something first, a piece of bread or some olive oil, and only then, down the hatch.

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[10] "Soviet Satellite Weighing 1.5 Tons Fired into Orbit," *New York Times*, May 16, 1958, p. 1.

"We were trying to find out where the dead drops were in Karlshorst," Kisevalter said. "Federov had buried some documents in a dead drop, not at Soviet headquarters, of course. He had hidden them somewhere near the train station. He told us where to find the documents. A German CIA agent was practically a real mole, digging up the tracks for miles, looking for the drop, but he never found it."[11]

Despite the CI Staff's suspicions, CIA director Allen Dulles considered Kovich's agent so valuable that the agency took an extraordinary step. Soviet defectors or agents often ask to meet the President or the director of the CIA, to reassure themselves of their own importance and to confirm that their information is appreciated at the highest levels of the United States government, but those requests are rarely granted. Federov had asked to meet personally with Dulles. In an unusual move, he was flown in "black," that is, secretly, to Washington, where he met not with Dulles, who was out of the country, but with General Charles P. Cabell, the deputy director of the CIA. According to Kisevalter, Cabell, an Air Force general, "put on his uniform to impress Federov."

It was Kovich who accompanied his prize asset on the flight from Berlin in September 1958. The CIA man had hoped to borrow Dulles's own plane for the trip, but the director was using it on his travels, so Kovich had to scrounge up an Air Force C-54, a four-engine prop plane, for the long trip to Washington. Federov got to see CIA headquarters, met with Cabell, and was hidden in a safe house in northern Virginia for about a week.[12]

After meeting the CIA's deputy director, Federov flew back to Berlin. Some months earlier, in March, Federov had returned to Moscow, but came out again. Now he informed the CIA that he had been called back to Moscow once more. In October 1958, he left Berlin and the West for the last time.

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[11] Soviet illegals often communicate with Moscow through dead drops. In this case, Federov said he remembered roughly where the drop was but no longer possessed the piece of paper that gave its precise location.

[12] A GRU officer under diplomatic cover could not slip away from his post for such a trip. But as an illegal, Federov could disappear for ten to twelve days and no one would miss him. The CIA had a "window of opportunity" in September when the trip could be scheduled, and it was.

UNACUTE was never seen again. After three years as the Russian's case officer, Kovich lost contact. Federov had disappeared. George Kisevalter was convinced that an error by the CIA had led to his capture. "Some jerk in headquarters decided to send a letter to Federov using the Soviet internal mail. It was sent to Moscow by pouch and then remailed in the Soviet Union. They thought the internal mail was too complicated to monitor, but one way the KGB could do it was to spot the guy who mailed it. The letter was intercepted."[13]

Two years after Federov vanished, Kisevalter received information from Oleg Penkovsky suggesting that Federov was indeed a genuine CIA source who had been been detected by the Soviets. It was April 1961 and Kisevalter was meeting Penkovsky in London's Mount Royal Hotel. "Penkovsky tells me, 'I graduated from the rocket academy. One of the generals, General Borisoglebsky, said on graduation day, hey, let's have a drink. It was May. He, the general, said, life is not a bowl of cherries. Not long ago, he said, I was chairman of a court-martial committee and we condemned a GRU officer to be shot for treason.' "[14]

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[13] The KGB, Kisevalter added, had successfully trailed at least one embassy officer who had mailed letters in Moscow, with disastrous results. George Payne Winters, Jr., a State Department officer working for the CIA as a "co-optee," was fired because of it, he said. In that instance, the letter, addressed to Pyotr Popov, the GRU colonel working for the CIA, was not supposed to have been mailed. The letter was addressed to Popov at his home in Kalinin. Winters misunderstood his orders and mailed the letter anyway, Kisevalter said; the KGB fished the letter out of the mailbox, and Popov, the first important penetration of Soviet intelligence, was doomed.

According to Kisevalter, it was Popov himself who was able to warn that he had been caught by the mailing of the letter. Although under observation by the KGB in his final meeting with CIA officer Russell Langelle, "Popov slipped him a note. He cut himself deliberately and used a strip of paper to write on, underneath the bandage. In the men's room of the Aragvi restaurant, he slipped off the bandage and passed the note. There were KGB observers behind the wall of the men's room. I translated the message, in which he said he was being tortured and was under control, and how they got him."

Several published accounts have suggested that in Geneva in 1962, Yuri Nosenko said the shoes of the American diplomat who mailed the letter to Popov had been dusted by a maid with a chemical that enabled the KGB, perhaps with the aid of a dog, to trail him to the mailbox. Kisevalter and Bagley, who debriefed Nosenko, agree that although Nosenko talked about the KGB's use of tracking chemicals, he never said anything about spy dust having been sprinkled on anyone's shoes in the Popov affair. The Cherepanov papers also referred to the KGB's use of spy dust, and some members of the CIA's Counterintelligence Staff believed that the references to tracking chemicals by both Nosenko and Cherepanov were somehow part of an effort to imply that these techniques—rather than a mole in the CIA—were responsible for the capture of Popov.

Although General Borisoglebsky had not disclosed the name of the GRU officer, Penkovsky said the general mentioned that the traitor had been secretly flown to CIA headquarters to meet a high official. Since Federov had been flown in black to meet General Cabell, there was no question that the person Penkovsky was talking about was Federov.

Kovich, too, was later told that Federov had been executed, but that his death had been even more gruesome than Penkovsky had related. The KGB has been known to go to great lengths to discourage Soviet intelligence officers from spying for the West. In the 1980s, Kovich was informed, a Soviet defector to the CIA said that during his training he had been shown a movie of Federov being thrown in an oven alive.

A former CIA officer with knowledge of Federov's fate said, "I know someone who has witnessed films of the execution. One of their favorite ways of doing this was to cremate some guy alive. They'll do it and film it and show it to others and say, 'This is what happens when you go over to your friends at Langley.' "

If Federov had indeed been executed, whether shot or cremated, it would constitute rather persuasive evidence that he was a real agent for the CIA. In 1964, when Kovich fell under suspicion, the mole hunters knew Penkovsky's account of Federov's fate, since Kisevalter had reported it, but it did not slow them down. Kovich's phone was wiretapped by the CIA, and his mail was intercepted.

For there was a third case that Kovich had handled that appeared even more sinister to the CI Staff. In May 1961, only months before Golitsin had defected, the Helsinki CIA station got a Soviet walk-in. Frank Friberg was the station chief, the same COS who later that year found Golitsin on his doorstep in the snow and escorted him to

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[14] The story rang true, because General Viktor V. Borisoglebsky was a military lawyer and judge, and a high-ranking Communist Party official who had presided in August 1960 over the trial of Francis Gary Powers, the CIA U-2 pilot who had been shot down over Sverdlovsk earlier that year. Ironically, he also presided over the trial of Oleg Penkovsky in May 1963 and sentenced him to be executed.

Washington. Now, in the spring, Friberg reported the approach of the walk-in who had contacted the embassy.

Kovich, then stationed in Vienna, was dispatched to Helsinki. He met with the Soviet, who said his name was Yuri Nikolaevich Loginov, and who identified himself as a KGB illegal in Helsinki posing as an American tourist named Ronald William Dean. The KGB man said he wanted to defect and go to the United States; he had one foot on the plane. Patiently, following his and the CIA's rule, Kovich persuaded Loginov to remain in place, where of course he could be much more valuable to the West. Then, at some later date, the CIA would spirit him to safety.

Kovich was in Helsinki for about ten days, and while he was there, Loginov kept a scheduled meeting with two other KGB agents, one of whom was none other than Golitsin, using his cover name Anatoly M. Klimov. Loginov met in front of the Astra theater with a KGB man who introduced himself as Nikolai A. Frolov and led him to a parked car, where Golitsin was waiting. A driver took them to the outskirts of the city while Loginov, who was on his initial trip to the West as an illegal, explained some difficulties he had experienced in Italy, the first country he had traveled to after leaving the Soviet Union. Soon after, Loginov met again with his two KGB colleagues and Frolov and Golitsin told him that Moscow Center had accepted his explanations. They gave him a visa to return to Moscow.

Before leaving Helsinki, Loginov reported the meetings to Kovich and agreed to remain as an agent-in-place. The CIA gave him the code name AEGUSTO.

Seven months later, one of first things Golitsin revealed to the CIA was the existence of Yuri Loginov, a KGB illegal who spoke fantastic English. Golitsin had great praise for Loginov's abilities. Since Loginov was now being run by the CIA, it is unlikely, although not impossible, that Golitsin, a defector, would have been told that Loginov had been recruited by the agency. If Golitsin was told, it would have violated all the rules of espionage tradecraft.

But in 1964, Golitsin was shown Kovich's file, and if he saw that Kovich was in Helsinki in mid-May, at the very time that Golitsin met with Loginov, he would have smelled a connection. Golitsin would almost certainly have guessed that Kovich's presence in Helsinki was linked to Loginov.

The story of Yuri Loginov is one of the most controversial in the history of the CIA. It is a case that the agency long attempted to suppress. But the endgame would not be played out for another five years.

Loginov grew up in Kursk, an industrial city south of Moscow, and then in Tambov, the son of a Communist Party apparatchik. During World War II, the family moved to Moscow, where at school Loginov demonstrated his aptitude for foreign languages. In his early twenties he was recruited by the KGB and trained as an illegal. After Helsinki, he traveled to Paris, Brussels, Austria, Germany, Beirut, and Cairo in a series of trips to the West.

By the time Golitsin was shown Kovich's file in the summer of 1964, other case officers, first Edward S. Juchniewicz, then Peter Kapusta, had taken over Loginov's handling. Kovich had become known as a sort of headhunter, an experienced CIA officer on standby who could be sent anywhere in the world to make a pitch to a Soviet. In Berlin, he had married Sara Arthur, a secretary in the Berlin base. Now in 1964, winding up a three-year tour in Vienna, Kovich and his wife returned to headquarters.

He was not promoted, as he had expected to be, and his career seemed stalled. He did not know, of course, that the mole hunters on the second floor had targeted him as the new chief suspect. But he did feel that something was wrong. It was to be more than a decade before he learned officially that he was a suspected Soviet agent. As the CIA would find out in due course, Richard Kovich was not a person to be swept aside and forgotten.

There were others, many others. One of those placed under the counterintelligence microscope was Alexander Sogolow, a large and boisterous Russian-born case officer from Kiev who had the misfortune to be known throughout the agency by the name Sasha.

It was Sogolow whom Peter Karlow had been thinking of when the polygraph operator asked him about "Sasha," making the needle jump and putting Karlow deeper into the quagmire. In Russia, many names have diminutives, affectionate nicknames that friends and family use in place of the more formal given name. For Alexander, the diminutive is always Sasha.

Assigned to headquarters in the early 1960s after a tour in Germany, Sogolow got wind of the fact that the mole hunters in Langley were looking for "Sasha." On a trip to Vienna, he unburdened himself to Kovich, who was then serving in the Vienna station.

"They're going to come after me," Sogolow bemoaned. "I'm in trouble. They say his name is Sasha."

"Hell," Kovich assured him, "relax. There are eighteen million Sashas in the Soviet Union." Ironically, it was the first that Kovich had heard about the search for penetrations back at headquarters. He didn't know that he himself was a suspect.

Sasha Sogolow was born in czarist Russia in 1912, the son of a wealthy Jewish businessman who supplied uniforms for the Russian army. Sogolow used to tell the story of how, when the revolution came, the family fled to Germany, their jewels hidden in a toy cane that was given to him. The family made it safely to Germany, but little Sasha lost the cane. At least that is how Sogolow liked to tell the tale.[15]

The Sogolows immigrated to New York in 1926, where Sasha graduated from City College and St. John's University Law School. It was the Depression, and Sogolow, according to a CIA colleague, "worked for a while selling chicken-plucking machines, until he was beaten up by a bunch of manual chicken-pluckers."[16] During World War II, he was an Army intelligence officer, acting as an interpreter for General Eisenhower and General Patton, and then working for the High Command in Berlin. He joined the CIA in 1949 and was sent to Germany.

Since the Soviet Union was the main target of the CIA, the agency needed Russian-speakers. Like Sogolow, many officers in the Soviet division inevitably had Russian backgrounds, which to the mole hunters made them all the more suspect.

And Sogolow, despite Kovich's ironic reassurances, *was* under suspicion by the SIG. He had a Slavic background and had served in Berlin. It was true that his name did not begin with the letter K, but by now, the CI Staff was not wedded to that detail of the mole profile. The search for penetrations had begun to spread to other letters of the alphabet.

Worst of all for Sogolow, his name was Sasha. On the face of it, it seemed unlikely that the KGB would use the code name Sasha for someone who really was called Sasha. But it was not impossible, and in the atmosphere of the time, the CI Staff was leaving nothing to chance.

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[15] It made a nice story, but it seemed improbable that the jewels would have been entrusted to a five-year-old. Within the Sogolow family, the accepted version was that the jewels had been smuggled out of Russia in the heel of the shoe worn by Sasha's older sister.

[16] David Chavchavadze, *Crowns and Trenchcoats: A Russian Prince in the CIA* (New York: Atlantic International Publications, 1990), p. 154.

"We looked at his file," Miler recalled. "We went over operations he was involved in in Germany, where he had been." The SIG, Miler said, was particularly interested in Sogolow's "proximity" to Igor Orlov, a Russian-born CIA contract agent who had worked for Sogolow in Frankfurt in the late 1950s, and who was emerging as the newest suspect.

As for Sogolow, Miler said, "nothing was found." He was not transferred to a lesser job, Miler insisted, nor placed in the limbo that awaited other targets of the mole hunters in the D corridor. But Sogolow was never to reach the level he had hoped for within the agency.

The SIG also turned its attention to George Goldberg, a tough, street-smart Latvian who got out of Riga with his father just ahead of the Soviet army. The rest of his family, his mother and sister, died at the hands of the Nazis. Goldberg, a stocky, muscular man, drove a taxi in Chicago, went into France on a glider with the 101st Airborne Division on D-day, was wounded in the head, and with blood streaming down his face suddenly found himself staring at the barrel of a 9mm Schmeisser submachine gun.

"They weren't taking prisoners after three days," Goldberg recalled. "I said in German, 'What do you want to shoot me for?' In that moment the young soldier was transformed into a human being. 'You're bleeding to death,' he said. 'Here, hold my gun and let me bandage you.'

"My war lasted three days. I spent the rest of the war in Stalag 4B near Leipzig." Liberated from the German prison camp by the Russians, Goldberg was briefly pressed into service by the Soviet army as a Russian and German translator. He was with the Soviet troops when they linked up with the Americans at the Elbe.

After the war Goldberg worked for Army intelligence, served in Korea, and joined the CIA in 1954. During the 1960s, he was stationed in Munich and Bonn under Army cover. But back at headquarters, the SIG began investigating him, unbeknownst to Goldberg.

"Goldberg had been in Germany," Miler said. "He was also a defector.[17] He came from the Soviet Union. It was not directly the result of Golitsin's leads, but he was examined in the light of Golitsin's leads to see if there was any connection." Beginning in 1958, Goldberg had recruited and, with Harry Young, run Boris Belitsky, the Radio Moscow correspondent code-named AEWIRELESS, later revealed by Nosenko to be a double agent under Moscow's control.

Was that why Goldberg was a suspect? "His handling of the Belitsky case was one of the reasons," Miler said. "Goldberg had been in Germany. There were other things, operations that went sour."

All during this time, Goldberg was a contract agent, denied the full status as a staff officer that he desired. In 1969, he went to Chicago with the agency's Domestic Operations Division, recruiting foreign students. "By 1970, I should have made permanent staff, because I was acting chief of base in Chicago," Goldberg said. "I might have, but for the trouble." Goldberg was told by the head of domestic operations that his promotion had been blocked "by someone from outside the division." Goldberg, his career thwarted, retired in 1975 to Colorado.

Typical of the targets of the SIG during this period was Vasia C. Gmirkin, a case officer in the Soviet division. Gmirkin's colorful background was unusual even for the division, many of whose officers had roots that reached back to the turmoil of the Russian revolution. He was born in China in 1926, where his father had been the czarist counsel in Urumchi, in Sinkiang province, which borders Russia. Young Vasia grew up speaking Russian and Chinese. When the revolution began, his father returned to Russia to fight with the Cossacks against the Bolsheviks. His unit was pushed back into China. The governor of the province knew and liked him and made him a Chinese citizen and a general. In 1934, Gmirkin's father sent his wife, daughter, and two sons to the safety of Tientsin, near Peking. Soon after, the Soviets marched in, took over, and executed Gmirkin's father. In 1941, at age fifteen, Vasia and the rest of his family managed to get out and immigrate to San Pedro, California. He enlisted in the Navy and returned to China as an interpreter for the Marines. In 1951, he joined the CIA. He worked in Los Angeles for four years and was then transferred to the Soviet division at headquarters. Under State Department cover, one of his jobs for the agency was to escort visiting Soviet farmers around the United States.

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[17] Goldberg was not a defector in the accepted sense of the term. The label "defector" is normally applied to Soviet intelligence officers or other officials from the Soviet Union or Eastern Europe who have sought refuge in the West. Goldberg got out of Latvia before it was overrun by the Soviet army.

Working in Africa and the Middle East, including Baghdad, Gmirkin had some impressive successes, including the recruitment of an opposition intelligence agent. By 1968, he was a branch chief in the Soviet division. But that year, David Murphy, the head of the Soviet division, left to become chief of station in Paris. He was replaced as the Soviet division chief by Rolfe Kingsley, a Yale man and veteran clandestine operator.

By now, virtually everyone of Russian origin in the division was under suspicion, and Kingsley told Gmirkin to clean out his desk; he was through as branch chief. In seventeen years, Gmirkin never got a promotion. He would be recommended by his superiors, and then, he was told, it would be vetoed by the CI Staff.

Gmirkin's final years with the CIA embodied the ironies of an entire era. For Gmirkin, although a victim of the mole hunt, ended up his career as the case officer for Anatoly Golitsin. He served as Golitsin's handler from 1976 until he retired three years later. Although he did not accept Golitsin's theories, he grew personally close to the defector, helped to edit Golitsin's book, and was one of two CIA officers who signed the preface. The other was Scotty Miler.

One of the more bizarre episodes in the annals of the SIG was the investigation of Averell Harriman, whose long and distinguished career included the posts of ambassador to the Soviet Union, under secretary of state, cabinet member, and governor of New York. But to the CI Staff, Harriman was a possible Soviet mole, code-named DINOSAUR.[18]

The investigation of the multimillionaire diplomat began, not surprisingly, with Golitsin. "As a result of Golitsin's allegations," Scotty Miler confirmed, the SIG had decided that "certain things that had occurred when Harriman was active in Soviet affairs ought to be looked at." When Harriman had served in Moscow the Soviets had presented him with the Great Seal of the United States that contained the eavesdropping device. Could that be one reason he was suspected?

[18] The SIG used a separate code name for each person it investigated.

"Yes," Miler said, "the fact he accepted the bugged seal was a minor part of it."

But another former member of the SIG was able to shed more light on the matter. "Harriman had been in the Soviet Union early on, helping them build factories and things like that," he said. "Golitsin had a story that a former U.S. ambassador to the Soviet Union had an affair with a Soviet woman, the fruit of which was a son. And that Harriman was still attached to the son and was, as a result of the affair, recruited by the KGB. When this agent, presumably Harriman, went back to the Soviet Union on a visit, they had a play written by a well-known playwright called *The Son of the King* and this was actually produced in Moscow. Harriman attended the premiere and it was so obviously about him that Harriman complained bitterly and got the whole thing taken off the stage.

"Golitsin even came up with an identity for the son. Harriman had written a book in 1956 about a trip to the Soviet Union and acknowledged the assistance of the companion the Soviets had given him, and Golitsin concluded this companion was the son. It's in Harriman's book."[19] In Angleton's *Alice in Wonderland* world, the fantasy of Operation DINOSAUR took on a life of its own.

The investigation was pursued, even though Ed Petty, a member of the SIG, established that Harriman was not in Moscow on the days the play was performed. These were not details that Angleton wanted to hear. DINOSAUR was fed as well by the fact that Harriman had two Soviet cryptonyms in the intercepted VENONA code traffic. "One of them was CAPITALIST," the former mole hunter recalled. "But that proves nothing. It doesn't prove a thing. The Soviets gave crypts to everybody and his brother."

In fact, all of Golitsin's leads, no matter how preposterous, were carefully investigated by the staff of the SIG. Its members were undaunted by the fact that, according to the testimony of John L. Hart, Golitsin, their prime source, had been diagnosed as paranoid. "In the course of his dealings with the Central Intelligence Agency," Hart testified to Congress, "he was diagnosed by a psychiatrist and separately by a clinical psychologist as a paranoid. And I am sure that everyone knows what a paranoid is. This man had delusions of grandeur. He was given to building up big, fantastic plots. . . ."[20]

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[19] Harriman did write a book about a trip he took to the Soviet Union in the late spring of 1959: *Peace with Russia?* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1959). In the acknowledgments, Harriman thanked two senior Soviet officials, Anastas Mikoyan and Georgi Zhukov, and added: "I am grateful also to my numerous guides and interpreters, including Mr. Zhukov's assistant, Vasili V. Vakrushev, who accompanied me throughout my travel and contributed much to its interest."

Perhaps Golitsin's most farfetched view was that the Sino-Soviet split that emerged in the late 1950s was nothing more than a KGB deception. When Angleton proposed to convene a meeting of academics to hear Golitsin's theory, it was immediately dubbed "the Flat Earth Conference."[21] In Golitsin's opinion, the Soviet-Yugoslav split was another massive KGB plot, as was Alexander Dubcek's "Prague Spring," the abortive revolt that ended only when Soviet tanks rolled into Czechoslovakia in 1968. Angleton believed most of these harebrained theories.

At a dinner party, for example, Angleton remarked to the columnist Stewart Alsop that the Sino-Soviet split was merely a KGB invention. Alsop, skeptical, asked for proof. Angleton said he had some, and they arranged to have lunch. "Well, at lunch," said a friend to whom Alsop later related the story, "Angleton produced shards of information that to him indicated a pattern of cooperation between the two countries. For example, Aeroflot, the Soviet airline, still had an agent in Peking, whom Angleton assured Alsop was a KGB man. The Russians were building a railroad on the Chinese border. It was all meaningless to Alsop and reaffirmed his suspicions about Angleton's paranoia."

Don Moore, the veteran FBI Soviet counterintelligence chief, liked Angleton personally but was highly skeptical of the unusual theories advocated by the CIA man and Golitsin. For some reason, Angleton thought that Moore's attitude would change if only the FBI official would socialize with the defector and his wife. Moore declined, but Angleton persisted, bringing up the idea repeatedly. "If you went out with Mrs. Golitsin and Anatoly, you'd have a better opinion," he told Moore. The unlikely foursome never went to dinner, but at some point Moore did meet Irina Golitsin. It did not change his view of her husband's theories.

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[20] *Investigation of the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy,* Hearings, Select Committee on Assassinations of the U.S. House of Representatives, September 1978, Vol. II, p. 494.

[21] David C. Martin, *Wilderness of Mirrors* (New York: Harper & Row, 1980), p. 203.

Through it all, the staff of the SIG toiled away, following each of Golitsin's leads, poring through the files, analyzing old cases, hoping that the elusive penetration might yet be caught. And now, in 1964, three years after Golitsin's arrival, the mole hunters thought they had, at last, unearthed Sasha.

Chapter 13

Sasha

He was a little man, no more than five foot five, strikingly handsome, with a flower tattooed on his left hand in the fleshy web between his thumb and forefinger and the letter A, his blood type, tattooed in the same place on his right hand.

He had been a Soviet intelligence officer in World War II fighting against the Nazis, and later a German intelligence officer fighting against the Soviets, so the tattoo of the blood type was understandable, but he never explained the flower to anyone, not even to his wife. His background was equally mysterious. At various times, he had used at least four different names.

To his customers in the successful picture-framing gallery that he and his wife, Eleonore, operated in Alexandria, Virginia, just across the Potomac from Washington, he was known as Igor Orlov. To his wife and friends, he was Sasha. Very few of his customers knew that he had worked as a CIA agent in Germany for thirteen years.

Paul Garbler called him "the little man."

When Garbler had reported in to the Berlin base in 1952 to work for Bill Harvey, he had been introduced to Orlov, who would be his principal agent. In running Orlov, Garbler did not use his real name. He was Philip Gardner.

And Orlov, too, was using an operational name that had been given to him by the CIA. In Berlin, he was Franz Koischwitz.

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"Orlov was already recruited and working when I arrived in Berlin," Garbler recalled. Who had recruited him? "That's kind of murky," Garbler said. "By 1952, when I arrived, he had been there for a couple of years as a principal agent for the base. Wolfgang Robinow handled Orlov before me. He was a case officer, born in Germany and spoke German fluently. I took over the little guy from Robinow. He took me to a safe house and introduced me to Orlov." At the time, of course, Garbler did not know his new agent as Orlov, a name he had not yet been given by the CIA. He knew him only as Franz Koischwitz.

"He was little, a china doll of a man, with dark brown hair parted on the side, slicked back. A very natty dresser. He had a wife who was much taller than he was. He was almost obsessively clean. His hands were always well manicured.

"My agent ran eleven whores and a one-armed piano player," Garbler said. "The girls and the piano player worked in a bar in the Soviet sector where a lot of Russian soldiers hung out. The piano player was named Willi. Orlov never told the girls he was working for the Americans, of course."

The primary purpose of the operation, Garbler said, was to try to persuade one of the Soviet military men who patronized the bar to cross over to West Berlin, and then to recruit him. But as a subsidiary target, Orlov/Koischwitz reported any gossip of military or intelligence interest that the women might pick up in the saloon. "If they heard the fifteenth division was moving, they reported," Garbler said. "They gave the little man every single piece of gossip they got."

And Garbler, with Orlov's help, made what appeared to be a Soviet recruitment. "One of the girls, a shapely redhead named named Trudy, brought a Russian enlisted man into West Berlin. We led him to believe he was in touch with a West German university professor, who wanted to know what was going on in the Soviet Union, availability of food, gasoline, et cetera." A CIA contract agent played the part of the professor. The meeting with the Soviet enlisted man took place in an elegant CIA safe house, decorated to look like the home of the professor, whom the hooker introduced as her uncle.

"Wally Driver was the photographer," Garbler said. "When the Soviet came up out of the U-bahn underground station, he was photographed through a peephole in a van. The Russian wore a khaki shirt and jacket, but he was not in uniform. In the house, we were taking pictures as the enlisted man talked with the CIA man posing as the professor, and the whore. Wally Driver put a camera in a cuckoo clock, wrapped it in cotton to silence it, and ran a wire to the professor. The professor was to take the pictures by pressing the button. To conceal the noise from the Russian, our guy had to cough each time he took the picture. We got some real good pictures."

The Soviet enlisted man, according to Garbler, agreed to remain in touch with the "professor." "He did stay in touch. There was communication. He sent at least one letter while I was still there, maybe more.

"It was not all that successful," Garbler admitted, "but looked at then, it seemed fine. It was typical of the wild-ass things we were doing in those days."

Munich, 1947. Eleonore Stirner, then twenty-three, had survived the war and the Allied bombing raids that had badly damaged the city. She remembered people taking shoes off the corpses in Munich after the air raids.

On this winter day in February, she was riding on streetcar No. 8 to Schwabing, a Bohemian section of Munich. "I was delivering food to a professor who was an artist, in his atelier," she said. "I had laryngitis and couldn't speak. Sasha and a tall friend, Boris, got off at the same stop, and it turned out we were going to the same apartment house. They helped me carry the potatoes upstairs to the top floor. The professor whispered, 'They are foreigners, let's invite them in and maybe they have sugar.' That's how I met my husband."

Sasha and Eleonore were married in July, 1948. It was an unlikely match, a former Soviet intelligence officer and the daughter of a Nazi Party member, but in war-torn Germany, Eleonore Stirner was happy to have found a husband. There were not many young men left. "All my friends were dead," she said frankly, "or I never would have married a Russian."

Interviewed in her spacious frame shop and art gallery in Alexandria's Old Town, Eleonore Orlov proved an intelligent woman of boundless energy, her occasional moments of melancholy tempered by a strong sense of humor. She spoke at length about her own past in Nazi Germany, her later dealings with the CIA and the FBI, and the enigma of the man to whom she was married for thirty-four years. Sasha Orlov had died at age sixty in May 1982, leaving his wife and two grown sons, Robert and George.

Eleonore Stirner was born in Munich on March 10, 1923, the daughter of Joseph and Rosa Stirner. "I joined the Hitler Youth at age sixteen," Eleonore Orlov said. "I was head of water sports, canoeing, and so on, for all of Bavaria. It was like the Girl Scouts. It was the only fun we had in life. Everybody liked Hitler." Her father, a six-foot-six SS man, fought in Poland, the Soviet Union, and Italy, where he was captured and held as a POW for two years. "After the war, we lost our apartment because the neighbors saw the black uniform and the boots and threw us out."

Because of her own membership in the Hitler Youth, she was sent to Dachau in 1945, where she served a prison term of five months, working in the fields of the former Nazi concentration camp, weeding and harvesting, and picking the bugs off potatoes. "Polish officers who had been prisoners were in charge," she said. Released in 1946, she was working as a secretary in a medical supply house when she met and married Sasha Orlov.

At the time, he called himself Alexander Kopatzky. He told his wife that he had taken the Polish-sounding name to avoid being sent back to the Soviet Union. He was born, according to Eleonore, on January 1, 1922, in Kiev. He had never revealed his true name to her, she said, although she thought that once, on an official form, he might have listed his parents' name as Navratilov.

He was trim as a gymnast and a man of continental manners, when sober. "He drank a lot of vodka. He kissed ladies' hands. He went to military school in Novosibirsk or somewhere in Siberia. He was definitely an officer. He was very punctual, shined his shoes, did his gymnastics in the morning, he had a neat haircut, short hair all his life, proper dress. And he was a very good shot. Sasha liked to hunt and talked of hunting tigers in Siberia with his father. He was an intelligence officer for the Soviets. In 1944, he was badly wounded in the neck and the calf as he parachuted into Germany. He was captured, nursed back to health in a German field hospital, and recruited as liaison between Vlasov's army and the German army. This was in 1944, a brutal winter."[1]

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[1] Eleonore Orlov provided me with a one-page biography that Orlov wrote in his own hand. Bearing in mind that Orlov was a spy for three countries, and that the CIA concluded he was a double agent for the Soviets, the dates and details in the document nevertheless appear to coincide with what is known of his background from various

General Andrei A. Vlasov was a Soviet lieutenant general captured with most of his troops by the Germans in July 1942. The Germans allowed Vlasov, who was strongly anti-Soviet, to form a Russian Army of Liberation (ROA), enlisting Russian prisoners of war to join the Nazi war effort and fight the Red Army.[2]

After recovering from his wounds in a German hospital, Orlov joined forces with his captors. By his own account, he served for almost a year as a German intelligence officer before joining General Vlasov's intelligence service. After the war he was imprisoned by the American authorities in Dachau, at the same time that Eleonore was there, although they did not then know each other.

When they did meet, in 1947, Orlov was already working for the CIA in Pullach, outside Munich, where the agency had set up General Reinhard Gehlen and his German intelligence network.

Orlov told his wife very little about his work for the CIA. But according to one former SIG member, in 1948–49, "Orlov had worked in Ukrainian ops in the Munich area for the [CIA's] Munich operations base. He worked for Dave Murphy."

Eleonore Orlov looked back on those early months of their marriage as an idyllic period in her life. The young couple went for picnics in the Bavarian countryside. "I rode my bicycle along the Isar. It was a very happy time."

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other sources. By Orlov's account, however, he was captured in December 1943, rather than in 1944, as Eleonore remembered the date.

The handwritten biography reads:

> Igor Gregory Orlov, born 1-1-1922 in Kiev, Sov. Union. Naturalized Sept. 6, 1962 in Alexandria Va. Naturalization # 8240855.
>
> Military or Government services
> August 1941–Dec. 1943 Lt. in Sov. Intelligence Service,
> Dec. 43–April 1944, Prisoner of war in German Hospital.
> April 1944–March 1945—Lt. in German Intelligence Service, "Staff Valy."
> March 1945–May 1945, Intelligence Service ROA (Vlasov Army)
> 1946–1948—U.S. Intelligence Service
> 1950–1961—CIA "operatives"

[2] In May 1945, Vlasov and one of his divisions marched into Prague, switched sides, and fought the SS garrison. What happened next is disputed; by some accounts, Vlasov surrendered to the American forces, only to be handed over to the Russians. Other versions claim he was captured by the Soviet army. In 1946, the Russians announced that Vlasov and six other generals had been found guilty of treason and hanged.

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THE DEFECTOR:

A previously unpublished photograph of Anatoly Mikhailovich Golitsin, the KGB officer who defected in Helsinki in 1961, touching off the hunt for Soviet moles inside the CIA that lasted for almost two decades. This photo is the first to show Golitsin as a KGB officer before he defected to the CIA. In Helsinki, Golitsin posed as a Soviet diplomat and used the alias "Anatoly Klimov."

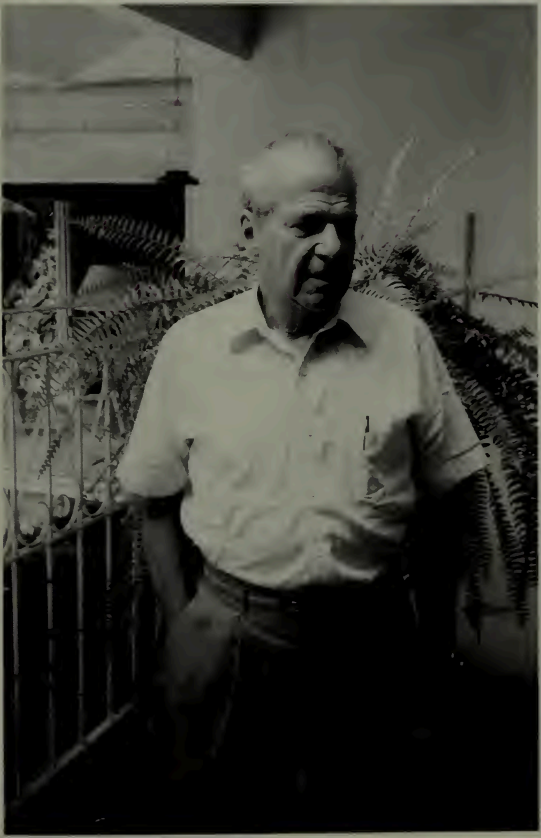

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THE SUSPECTS:

S. Peter Karlow, a war hero and OSS veteran, was a respected CIA officer and an expert on espionage gadgetry for the agency when he mistakenly became the "principal suspect" in the mole hunt as a result of Golitsin's information. Karlow, investigated and polygraphed by the FBI, then fired from the CIA in 1963, fought for twenty-six years to clear his name.

Karlow receiving a bronze star for valor from General William J. "Wild Bill" Donovan, the director of the wartime OSS, for a daring mission off the Italian coast in 1944. Karlow lost his left leg when his PT boat tripped a Nazi mine and exploded, killing most of the crew.

A Navy dive bomber pilot in the Pacific during World War II, Garbler, below, right, face partially hidden, served as personal pilot to South Korea's President Syngman Rhee, center, before joining the CIA.

© DAVID WISE

Paul Garbler with his Doberman, Magic. The first CIA chief of station in Moscow, Garbler was also suspected as a Soviet spy and exiled to a Caribbean isle. The CIA never told him why. Garbler's innocence was belatedly acknowledged when Congress in 1980 passed the little-known "Mole Relief Act," and the CIA awarded him a substantial settlement.

AP/WIDE WORLD

The CIA sent Garbler to Moscow in 1961 to monitor contacts with Colonel Oleg Penkovsky, the CIA's most celebrated spy in the Soviet Union. But Penkovsky's "dead drop" in Moscow had been discovered by the KGB.

ACHTUNG!
WEST-BERLIN

"Sasha" Sogolow at the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin. The Russian-born CIA officer became a mole suspect because, to his misfortune, his nickname was the same as the code name of the supposed Soviet mole.

George Goldberg became a suspect after Boris Belitsky, a top Radio Moscow correspondent whom he recruited for the CIA, turned out to be a double agent for the KGB. Innocent, but unaware that he had become a target of the mole hunters, Goldberg was puzzled that the CIA did not promote him.

Goldberg, captured by the Nazis during World War II, was liberated by Soviet troops and pressed into service as their interpreter when the Russians and Americans linked up at the Elbe River in 1945. Goldberg, center, is the man in the wool cap.

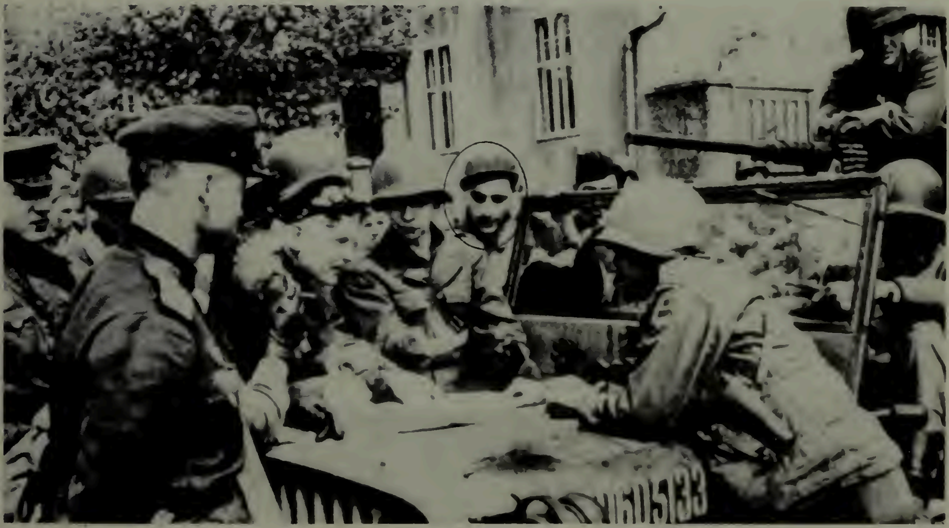

Vasia C. Gmirkin, a veteran CIA officer, was one of dozens of officers in the Soviet division who came under suspicion because they spoke Russian. Although he had an outstanding career, he failed to receive a promotion for seventeen years.

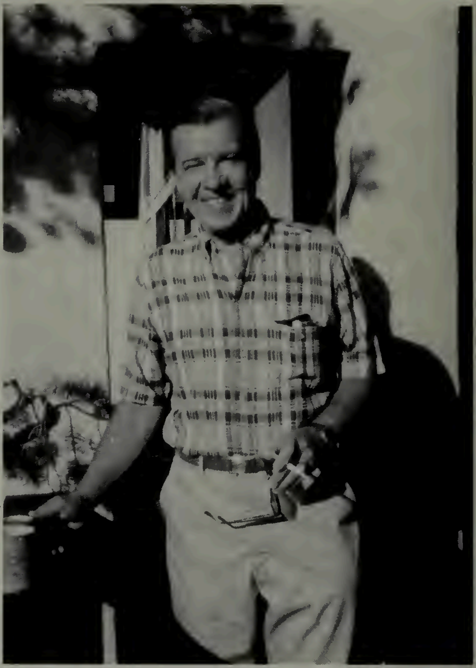

Arseny "Andy" Yankovsky. The Special Investigations Group, the CIA's mole-hunting unit, suspected that Yankovsky had betrayed his own agents behind the lines during the Korean War. David Murphy, the chief of the CIA's Soviet division, fell victim to the mole hunters himself because he had helped to recruit Yankovsky into the CIA two decades earlier.

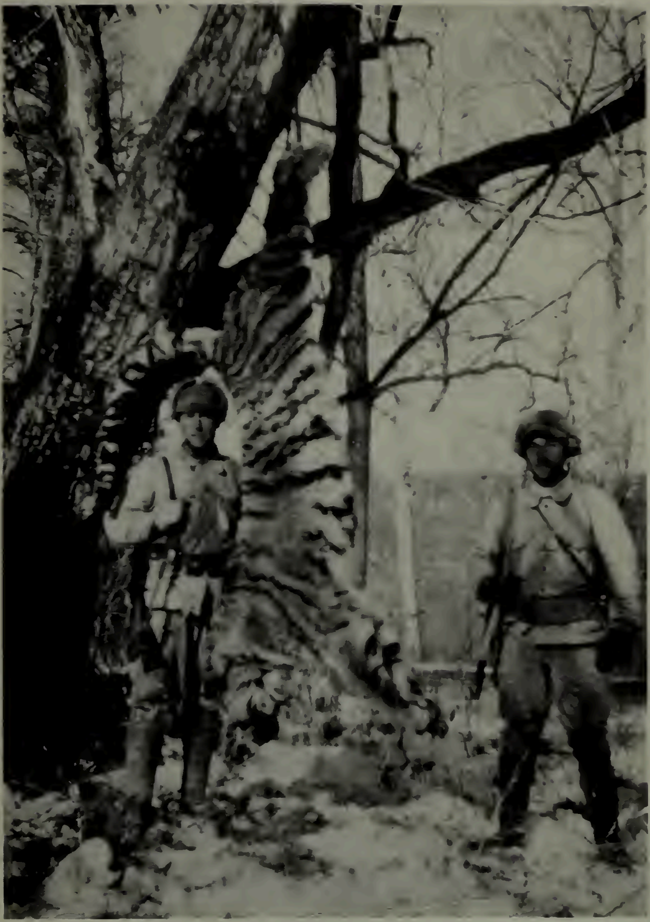

Yankovsky, right, with his older brother Valery, and a tiger they bagged in North Korea about 1942. The Yankovskys were White Russians who fled the Soviet Union and settled in an enclave in North Korea.

Edgar Snow, a CIA officer who married Yankovsky's step-daughter, Nata, was fired by CIA director Allen W. Dulles, along with Yankovsky and another CIA case officer, Vivian L. Parker. Dulles considered Snow's dismissal a "tragedy," and helped him find a job after he was forced out of the CIA.

“Trouble is, it was the wrong woman.” Ingeborg Lygren, an employee of the Norwegian intelligence service, was falsely accused as a Soviet spy because of erroneous information provided by Anatoly Golitsin and James Angleton. The real spy was caught twelve years later.

AP/WIDE WORLD

The CIA mole hunt spread to England as well. There, Sir Roger Hollis, the head of MI5, the British security service, was investigated by British mole hunters for years. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher said “no evidence” was found to incriminate him.

THE HUNTERS:

AP/WIDE WORLD

James J. Angleton, the reclusive chief of the CIA's Counterintelligence Staff, became obsessed with finding the Soviet mole who he was convinced had burrowed deep inside the CIA.

Poets and Spooks: Angleton helped to found a poetry journal at Yale and his friends included a number of poets. In this rare and previously unpublished photo, Angleton, standing, second from left, is shown during a lighter moment at a private party in Washington in the spring of 1966. Others (standing) are, from left, Ambrose Gordon, poet, professor, and contemporary of Angleton's at Yale; Howard Nemerov, poet and novelist; William R. Johnson, a CIA officer and member of Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff; and (seated), left, John Pauker, poet and official of the United States Information Agency; and Reed Whittemore, poet and Angleton's former roommate at Yale.

PAMELA PAUKER

© DAVID WISE

Newton S. "Scotty" Miler ran the mole hunt for Angleton and later became his chief of operations. This photo was taken at his home in New Mexico in 1989.

Clare Edward Petty in Helsinki in 1981 in front of a statue of the Finnish composer Jean Sibelius. A member of the CIA's Special Investigations Group that conducted the search for penetrations, Petty concluded that James Angleton himself was the Soviet mole.

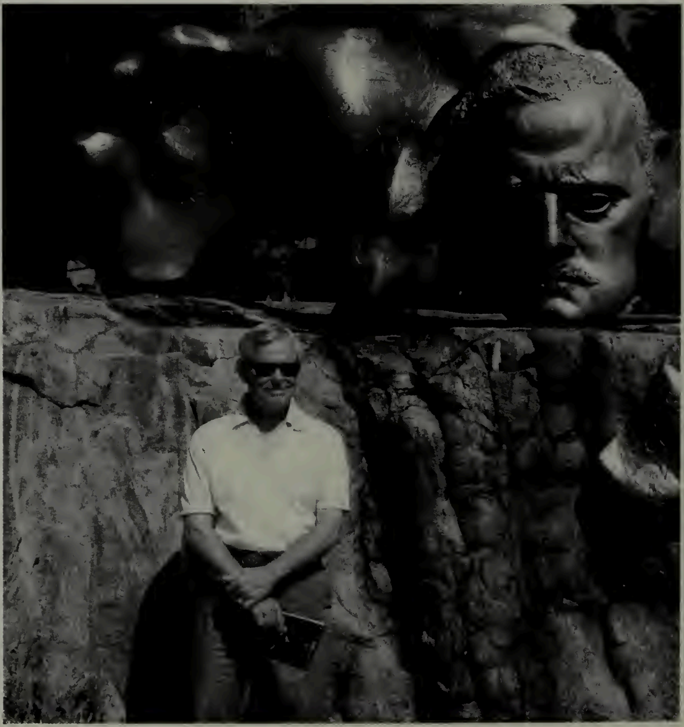

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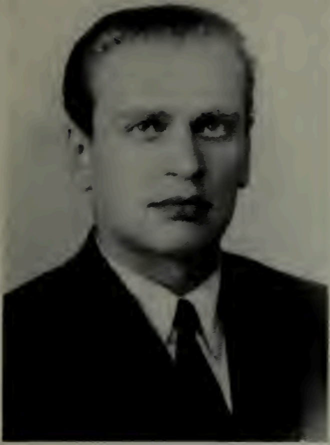

THE SOVIETS:

Yuri Ivanovich Nosenko as a young KGB officer before he defected to the CIA in Geneva early in 1964. This photograph, obtained by the author, is the first ever published of Nosenko. A photograph identified as Nosenko and widely distributed by wire services when the KGB officer defected was actually of another member of the Soviet disarmament delegation, V. V. Shustov.

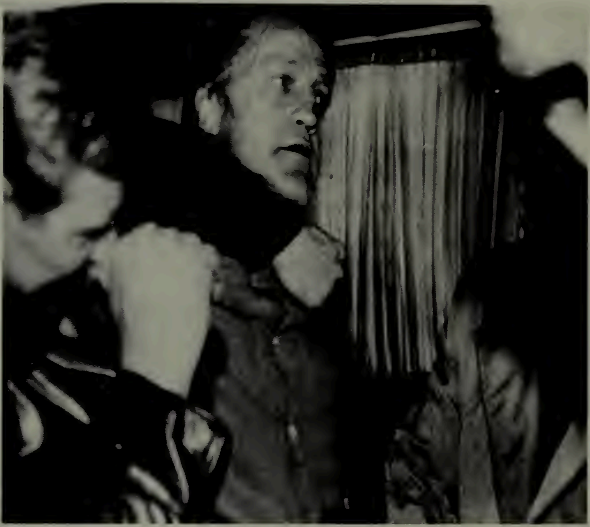

Adolf G. Tolkachev is arrested by agents of the KGB in 1985. For almost a decade, during the Carter and Reagan administrations, Tolkachev was Washington's most valuable spy in the Soviet Union. But an overly suspicious CIA had turned him away three times. The Soviets announced his execution in 1986.

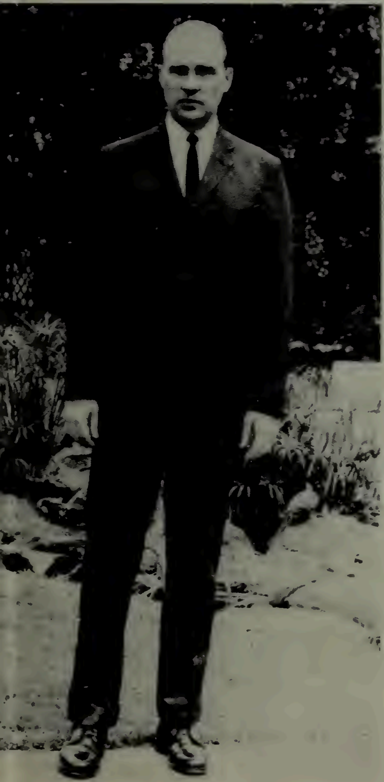

Yuri Loginov, code name AEGUSTO, the KGB "illegal" who passed information to the CIA for six years in the 1960s. When the CIA's Soviet division and Angleton became persuaded that he was a plant, Loginov was betrayed by the agency, arrested in South Africa, and forced to return to the Soviet Union. Later defectors said he had been executed.

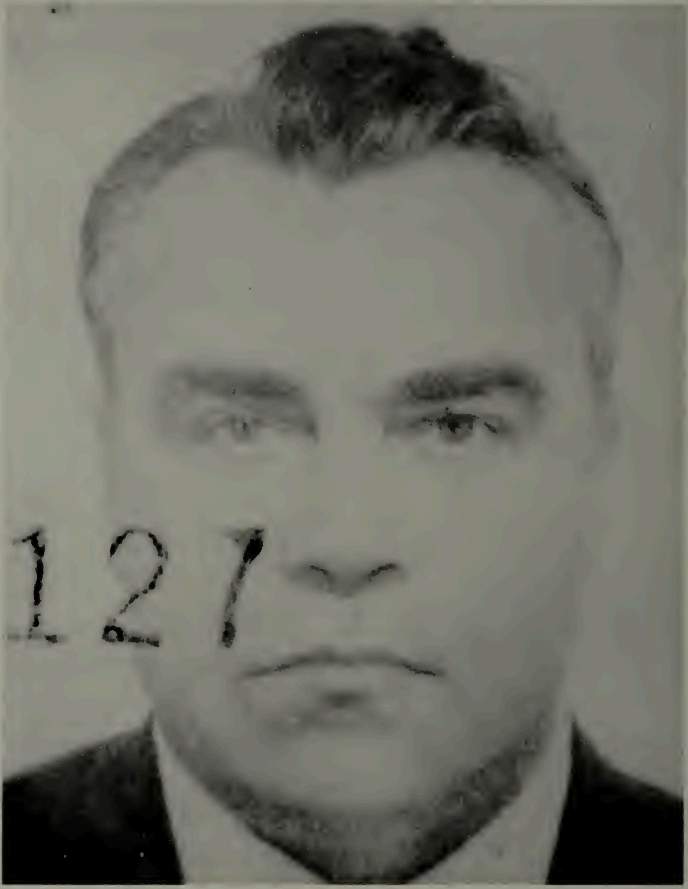

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The first published photograph of Aleksei Isidorovich Kulak, code name FEDORA, the KGB officer at the United Nations in New York who became a legend of the Cold War. Over a period of sixteen years, FEDORA passed Soviet secrets to the United States. J. Edgar Hoover considered him his best spy and the FBI paid him $100,000. The CIA did not trust him.

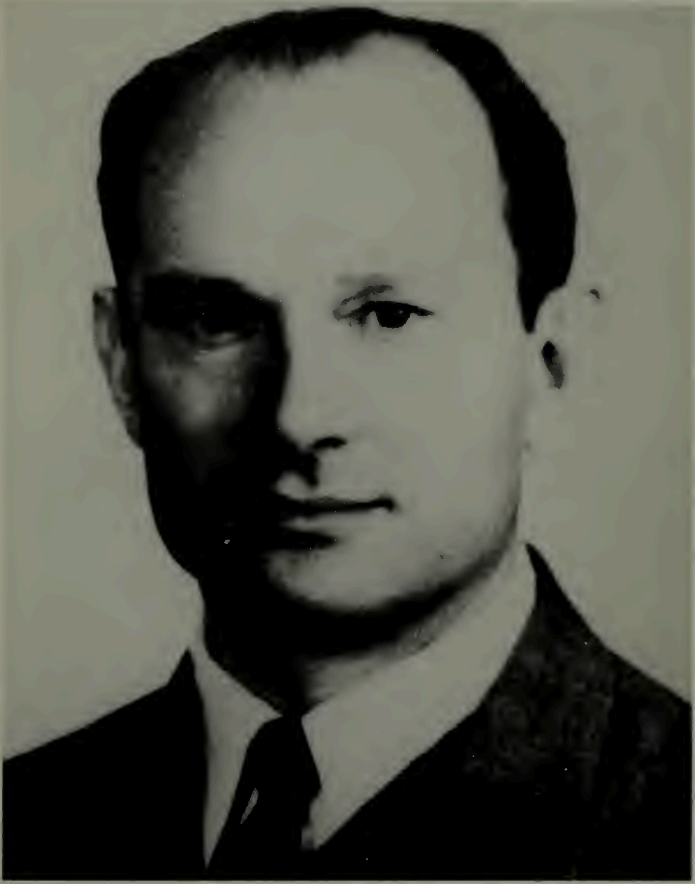

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The first published photograph of TOPHAT, Dmitri Fedorovich Polyakov, another famous FBI source in New York. The Soviets announced that TOPHAT, an officer of the GRU, Soviet military intelligence, had been caught and executed for espionage on March 15, 1988.

THE AGENCY:

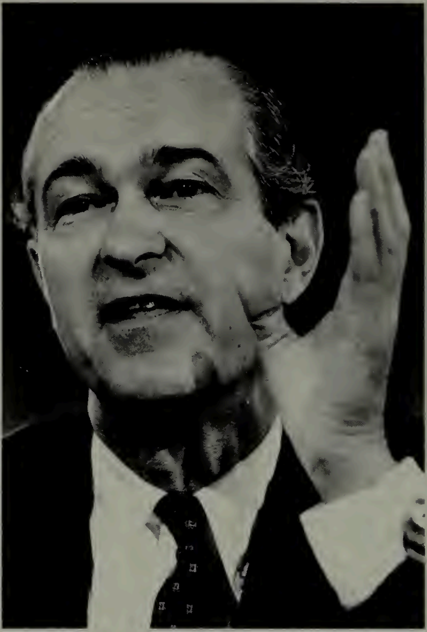
AP/WIDE WORLD

During the era of the mole hunt, Richard M. Helms ran the CIA's clandestine directorate and then served as CIA director. A strong supporter of counterintelligence chief James Angleton, he defended the need for a mole hunt. The possibility of a Soviet spy inside the CIA, Helms said, was "one of the real nightmares" he faced as director.

CIA director William E. Colby fired Angleton in 1974.

AP/WIDE WORLD

All of that changed abruptly in 1949, during the Berlin airlift. "We lived a quiet life until one day an American knocked on the door and said, 'We need you in Berlin.'

"In Berlin, he changed his name to Franz Koischwitz. The Americans gave the name to us. I was Ellen Koischwitz. I insisted the name begin with a K because of my linens. My linens said EK, for Eleonore Kopatzky. My mother sent them from Munich."

As Franz Koischwitz, Orlov remained in Berlin for seven years. "I didn't work for the CIA in Berlin, but I typed my husband's weekly reports," Eleonore said. "So I knew the work he was doing."

What Orlov was doing was enrolling women for his network. "He went every night to bars, lots of nightspots. Telephone bars, where you can just pick up the telephone and speak to someone at a table across the room. Sometimes he recruited girls at Resi, a telephone bar in Hasenheide, a section of Berlin that means 'rabbit's meadow.' "

He was also drinking. Paul Garbler had good reason to remember that. "Three times," Garbler said, "I had to bail him out of the slammer. Orlov was a terrible driver. Used to scare the shit out of me driving around Berlin with me. Most Russians are terrible drivers. They don't learn when they're little kids, like we do. He would run red lights, back up in the middle of the street, with cars whizzing around.

"When he talked about something sad, like when one of his girls got the clap, he would cry. His eyes would fill with tears. I never asked his background and he never asked mine."

Tears came to Orlov's eyes again in 1955, when it was time for Garbler to leave Berlin after three years. The CIA man and his agent had their last meeting in a safe house. Orlov presented Garbler with an inscribed book of photographs of Berlin.[3] It was signed, "Franz Koischwitz with Ellen and Robert June 1955."

A year later, the CIA transferred the Koischwitzes from Berlin to

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[3] Garbler had it still, almost thirty-five years later. When I interviewed him at his home in Tucson, where he retired with his wife after leaving the CIA, he walked over to a bookcase that covered an entire wall of his study, reached up to a high shelf, and took it down. It was entitled *Berlin: Symphonie einer Weltstadt* (Symphony of a Metropolis) and had been published in Berlin in 1955 by Ernst Staneck Verlag. The inscription, in German, said: "Berlin! Only a tiny stone in the mosaic of your travels through the world. This book may help you when you think occasionally of the city, your work, and the people you have become acquainted with. With many good wishes we say goodbye to you once again."

Frankfurt, largely because Eleonore had rebelled against their life on the move in furnished rooms, which they switched every few months to preserve security. Their son Robert had been born in 1954. As Eleonore put it, "I wanted out of Berlin. There I was with a baby, and no home. I was like a bag lady."

In Berlin, close to the border and Soviet headquarters, a CIA agent was at risk, Eleonore said. In Frankfurt, deep inside West Germany, there would be no need to move all the time. Moreover, the agency offered to give the Koishwitzes American passports.

"We went to the American consulate to start our citizenship papers.[4] Then we ran into trouble. Franz Koischwitz had been imprisoned for a traffic violation. So the Americans changed our name to Orlov. We had to go to the consulate and swear we were Igor and Eleonore Orlov." Because they had been told they could take only small airline bags on the flight to Frankfurt, she said, before they left Berlin she had given away their few possessions, including her linens monogrammed EK. So it no longer mattered to her whether their new name began with a K.

In Frankfurt, Mrs. Orlov worked for the CIA, screening and translating photocopies of letters intercepted in the mail flowing between the Soviet Union and West Germany. Her husband, she said, "traveled a lot, to Hamburg, Cologne, all over West Germany in a black Opel Kapitan. I know now what he did in Frankfurt. I put it together. We three ladies in the censorship office saw all letters to and from the Soviet Union. My husband visited the people in Germany who wrote those letters to the East. He was trying to recruit people who had contact with Russia."

Eleonore's office was "on an unmarked floor, thirteenth floor of the I. G. Farben building. We looked for letters of intelligence interest, and would put those aside to translate. For example, if someone's aunt in the Soviet Union said they didn't have fish anymore, it might mean a big power plant was being built.

"I even got a letter from Boris Pasternak, a thank-you letter to one of his admirers in Germany for *Doctor Zhivago.* I swindled it, put it in my pocketbook and kept it like an autograph. No one ever missed it. I put it in my copy of *Doctor Zhivago.*"

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[4] Technically, Eleonore Orlov said, both were stateless persons. "I had German citizenship," she said, "but I lost my citizenship on the day I married Igor, a foreigner. He had no citizenship. I was listed as a 'homeless foreigner,' and had to report to the police every year."

In April 1957, the CIA flew the Orlovs to America so that Eleonore, who was pregnant, could have her child in the United States, and to allow the Orlovs to establish a residence to become citizens. First, the Orlovs were taken to Ashford Farm, a CIA safe house on the Choptank River, on Maryland's Eastern Shore.

Later, to have her baby they were moved to another safe house in the Georgetown section of Northwest Washington at 3301 O Street.[5] Her physician at Georgetown University Hospital was Dr. John W. Walsh, who that same summer was caring for Jacqueline Kennedy, whose daughter, Caroline, was born in November.[6]

While waiting for her baby to arrive, Mrs. Orlov said, "a CIA guide took us to the White House, the museums. He tried to give us a taste of America." The Orlovs' second son, George, was born on August 9. "Then back to Frankfurt, and we started a new life with legitimate papers and PX privileges. Sasha got a car and we had a wonderful life."

It was wonderful except for Orlov's relations with his CIA colleagues. In Frankfurt, friction had quickly developed between Orlov and Nicholas Kozlov, another ex-Soviet working for the CIA. Much of the trouble began in 1959 when Orlov went on a trip to Vienna. "For the trip, they gave him elevated shoes to be taller, colored his hair pitch black, and gave him horn-rimmed glasses with no prescription," Eleonore said. When Orlov returned to Frankfurt, he was convinced that his safe had been rifled. "The safe had an outside combination and two unlocked compartments inside and Kozlov had the combination," she said. Before leaving for Vienna, Orlov had put pieces of mica in his part of the safe and found them on the floor when he returned. According to Eleonore, he complained to his superior, Sasha Sogolow—who was later to become a mole suspect in part because of his association with Orlov—but Sogolow dismissed the incident.

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[5] Few of the Orlovs' neighbors realized that the CIA operated a safe house in the heart of Georgetown, one of Washington's most elegant residential areas. Real estate records of the District of Columbia list "John M. Boothby" as the owner of the corner house at 3301 O Street from 1947 to 1965, but no trace of such a person could be found. He was not listed at the time in the telephone book, which showed "Cortlandt E. Parker" and later "Samuel S. Ingraham" at that address. Virginia Erwin Page Gore bought the house in February 1965 for $63,000 but never met the seller, "Mr. Boothby." She sold the property a few weeks later to Richard and Lillian Borwick for $75,000. The Borwicks, who were living in the house in 1990, said they were aware that their home had been a safe house used by the CIA. Mrs. Borwick said Mrs. Gore bought the house "from the government." She added: "I knew it was a safe house because every [interior] door had a lock on it. The basement was soundproofed and that's where people were interrogated. There was a single light bulb hanging down from the ceiling." Neighbors told her they saw a lot of foreigners go in and out of the house, she added.

[6] Three years later, Dr. Walsh delivered John F. Kennedy, Jr., at Georgetown.

The trouble was not over, however, for either Orlov or his wife. CIA security officers investigating the alleged break-in found a postcard in the safe addressed to Eleonore Orlov from an admirer, which her husband had intercepted and placed there. The CIA men grilled Eleonore about the card, accusing her of black market dealings.

"In Frankfurt I had Georgie in the carriage," Mrs. Orlov said. "I met a man in the park. He gave me opera tickets to the Frankfurt Opera House, he was the stage director, and I gave him gin from the PX. This came out in my lie-detector test. The postcard said something like 'If I don't see you I will fall in love with the entire corps of ballet girls.'

"They asked, 'Why did I give him the gin? Did I pay him with cigarettes to make love to me?' I said, 'You're crazy. If I wanted to have a man, I can have one.' I was in trouble because bartering was against the law. I was dismissed from my job."

Eleonore Orlov said she never saw the postcard but that her husband confronted her about it before he left for Vienna. "He was extremely jealous. In Berlin he held a gun to my head several times. Because he smelled cigarettes, and I didn't smoke. I said yes, I was in the subway. I had to sit in the smoking car."

As Mrs. Orlov tells it, her husband's decision to report the alleged break-in of the safe destroyed his relationship with the CIA. "Mr. Sogolow was a good friend of the Kozlovs, so he couldn't possibly do anything," she said. "When he [Orlov] complained about Kozlov, that was the end of our career."

The Orlovs were not told that, however. Igor was promised a new job in the United States, and in January 1961, the Orlovs sailed for New York on the S.S. *America.* On the day before President Kennedy's inauguration, they drove in a snowstorm to northern Virginia. Orlov called a number he had been given to contact the CIA, only to find it had been disconnected.

"Eventually he made contact and was told there was no work for him," Eleonore said. "We had to live. In the summer of 1961 he went to work driving a truck for the *Washington Post.* We had no citizenship papers. We had a green card, but no passports.

"He did not accept the Berlitz course offered by CIA, but we did get some money, about twenty-seven hundred dollars. It was CIA money. I was ready to leave for good. We argued. I said, 'What do you do in this country? What is there here for me? Being the wife of a truck driver?" Mrs. Orlov withdrew $1,800 of the CIA money. "I bought three tickets on the S.S. *Bremen* to go to Germany. I took the children, my books, my feather bed. I went to my mother and she threw me out on the first day. 'I told you not to marry this foreigner. And I know now he's a spy. People here ask me about him.'

"I stayed nine months in Munich, rented an apartment, and Igor sent me every month one hundred dollars. He sold his TV to have money to send me, his typewriter. He only earned sixty dollars a week. I couldn't find a job, I had no papers. Who is Eleonore Orlov? Where did you go to school? What have you done for the last five years?"

In 1962, Eleonore Orlov brought the children back to Washington and rejoined her husband. By 1964, the Orlovs had saved enough money to open a picture-framing gallery on South Pitt Street in Alexandria. A few miles away at CIA headquarters, the mole hunters were closing in.

Scotty Miler had joined the Special Investigations Group in October 1964, and the Orlov case was virtually the first to land on his desk. "Golitsin said Sasha had operated primarily in Berlin, but also in West Germany," he said. "So we began going through the files, who was involved in what and where. Putting the pieces of the jigsaw together. It took three years to focus on Orlov as a candidate, in 1964," Miler said. "Orlov's diminutive was Sasha. He had worked in Germany. There were other people known as Sasha. We started by asking how many people we know were known as Sasha. That's the first layer of investigation. Second, does anyone have a true name beginning with a K? Or an operational name."

Orlov's name did not begin with the letter K, but one can visualize the excitement on the second floor when the mole hunters opened his dossier and saw that before it was Orlov, his name had been Alexander Kopatzky, and then Franz Koischwitz, and that he was called Sasha.

But would the KGB really use a code name that was also a person's nickname? "Unlikely, but not unknown," Miler replied.

After analyzing Orlov's file, and the cases he had handled in Germany, Miler said, the Counterintelligence Staff became "absolutely" convinced that it had uncovered solid evidence against him. Several other former CIA officers interviewed also said they believed that Orlov had been a double agent for the KGB. "He [Orlov] fit the indicators, and his operations went bad," said Pete Bagley.

Within the CIA, it was Bruce Solie of the Office of Security who was given credit for cracking the Orlov case. Solie was the principal officer in OS who had worked on the mole hunt from the start. Tall, thin, and bespectacled, given to long pauses between sentences, Solie grew up on a dairy farm in rural Wisconsin, served as an Air Force navigator in the European theater during World War II, earned a law degree after the war, and in 1951 joined the CIA, where his entire career was spent in the Office of Security.

In addition to the basic profile of Sasha that Golitsin had provided—a name beginning with K, active in Germany, a Slavic background—the defector had provided another fragment of information. Sasha, he said, had given the KGB information about military identity documents that would be carried by agents whom the CIA was sending into the Soviet Union. Solie searched the files but could find no operation that fit Golitsin's description.

But Solie made an interesting discovery: the CIA, more than a decade earlier, had indeed planned to send in an agent with military ID and had been looking for such documents. It was Orlov who had provided them, explaining that he had obtained the documents from a Soviet source. "Orlov came up with three," a CIA officer recalled. "But that wasn't enough. Four were required. So they [the CIA] gave up on it."

Solie went back to Golitsin. Something wasn't right, he said. Golitsin thought about it some more. Maybe, he said, it had been the other way around; that is, Sasha had not passed information to the KGB about identity papers—the KGB had given documents to Sasha to plant on the CIA. To Solie, the case now made sense. Golitsin had originally gotten it backward, but even so, the defector's lead had allowed Solie to pinpoint Orlov. The three documents provided by Orlov, Solie concluded, would have been booby-trapped by the KGB, altered in some tiny detail, so that any agent attempting to use them in the Soviet Union would have been immediately detected.

None of this business about the documents was hard evidence that might stand up in a court of law, but it was enough to allow the agency to ask for a criminal investigation. By mid-1964, the CIA had referred the Orlov case to the FBI.

"It was in the afternoon," Mrs. Orlov said, that the FBI came calling for the first time. "One day early in March of 1965. Six guys rang the bell and said, 'We'd like to search your house. Espionage.' It was after school, about five P.M. Sasha said, 'Can my wife go to a movie with the children?' The FBI agents said okay. He brought me my coat and we went away.

"They were still there when I came back. All the drawers on the floor, every piece of paper photographed. Even from my handbag. I had to leave my purse. They stayed until close to midnight. They said Sasha has to come to the FBI office in the morning after he finished his truck route. They told him to report to the Old Post Office Building in Washington.[7]

"There was no search warrant. At this time we didn't know the word 'search warrant.' The next day an FBI agent, Bert Turner, and another gentleman came to the gallery, where we also lived upstairs, and asked about Berlin, about Germany. They asked me, 'Why do you write to Switzerland so much?' I said, 'This is my aunt.' 'We also know you write to Australia. Who is that?' 'It's my former maid in Germany.' 'And to Montevideo?' 'My aunt, too.' My mother had five sisters. It made me furious. I said, 'Look, it's a free country.'

"They came and came and came every day for days. They asked me to take a lie-detector test and I refused. My husband said, 'They will put you in prison if you don't.' But I didn't. Sasha took an FBI lie-detector test. He passed. He welcomed it.' "

At the FBI, the Orlov case had landed on the desk of Courtland J. Jones, a tall, soft-spoken Virginia gentleman from Lynchburg who had joined the bureau out of law school in 1940. In the fall of 1964,

[7] At the time, the building housed the FBI's Washington Field Office.

when Jones got the case, he was a counterintelligence supervisor at the Washington Field Office.

"The Orlov case was called UNSUB[8] SASHA," Jones said. The FBI had opened the file early in 1962, right after Golitsin's arrival. Each suspect for Sasha, beginning with Peter Karlow, went into the UNSUB SASHA file. "There were five or six serious candidates for Sasha in the file," Jones said, "and maybe some name checks in addition."

Whatever the results of Orlov's polygraph, the FBI agents kept the pressure on. The interrogations at the Washington Field Office continued. The gallery was under constant surveillance. "He was desperate," Mrs. Orlov said, in explaining what happened next.

The *Washington Post* backs up on the rear of the Soviet embassy, and one day in April, Orlov, who was still driving a truck for the newspaper, slipped into the embassy through a rear door. "He came home in the afternoon," Eleonore Orlov recounted, "and said, 'I was in the Soviet embassy and asked for my mother's address. I asked for help because the FBI said they will do something nasty to my mother if I don't say I'm a double agent. And I don't even know if she's living.' "

At first, Eleonore said, it seemed as though Orlov's purpose in visiting the embassy was to find out whether his mother was still alive, or dead and beyond the reach of the FBI. But he quickly made it clear that he had much more in mind. He was planning their escape. "He was so afraid they would arrest both of us. Who would take care of the children? We were living on sixty dollars a week." Her husband revealed, Eleonore said, that he had asked the Soviets for asylum for himself, for her, and their two sons. The embassy had agreed, he said.

"The Soviets told him, tomorrow after school go to the parking lot of a shopping center in Arlandria [a section of Alexandria], not with your car, but in a taxi. In front of the bowling alley there will be a car. You and your wife and children will be picked up." Orlov, she said, ordered her to take the children by taxi to the parking lot the next day; it was not clear, she said, whether he would be there as well.

Eleonore Orlov had no desire to flee to the Soviet Union. "I was frantic," she said. "I called my pastor. He came, he went down on his knees and prayed with me. He said, 'Don't go to the Russians, don't do this.' I called a friend. I asked her, 'If something happens to me, will you take care of my children?' I thought I had two choices: to jump from the Wilson Bridge or to go to the parking lot. I was not allowed to bring anything with me, just my driver's license and the car keys."

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[8] In FBI parlance, the term stood for "unknown subject."

The next day, Eleonore drove her husband into Washington for another FBI interrogation. She went back to the house. "I went to the basement and discovered one of my cats had given birth to four kittens. That did it. I couldn't leave the house. I just couldn't. So I stayed home. I knew at five o'clock my husband would come home from the interrogation. I just sat there and waited. He came and said, 'Guess what? They let me go. They apologized and said I can go on with my life. Tomorrow we are free. But you did not obey me.' He was very angry. He was even thinking I am working with the FBI. It was a big argument. Very big.

"The FBI had asked him, 'Where were you yesterday?' 'I was in the Russian embassy.' 'Yes, we know.' 'I tried to ask for my mother's address.' If my husband was a Russian spy he wouldn't have to go to the embassy. He would have some way to contact them safer than going in. Maybe he bluffed them [the FBI], but you don't play with your life."

But if Orlov thought his troubles were over, he was wrong. To the mole hunters at Langley, Orlov's visit to the Soviet embassy was final proof that he was a Soviet spy. To his wife, it was the act of a desperate man who feared arrest and hoped to protect his family.

Convinced that Golitsin's Sasha had been run to ground, James Angleton constantly questioned the FBI about the case. "Jim never let it go," said James E. Nolan, Jr., the former FBI counterintelligence official. "He'd ask, 'Have you cracked the Orlov case? What's new on Orlov?' Angleton used the case to keep the bureau on the defensive. "If he had nothing else to throw at us," Nolan said, "he'd beard us about Orlov."

The pressure from the CIA went down the line. Supervised by Courtland Jones, FBI agents kept the Orlovs under surveillance for years.

Suddenly, after Orlov's last interrogation, a parade of new customers began visiting the Gallery Orlov. Some openly identified themselves as FBI agents. They were led by Joseph D. Purvis, the special agent in charge (SAC) of the Washington Field Office. "Mr. Purvis came to have a picture framed with Hoover shaking hands with some guy, with a flag and a big seal in the background," Eleonore recalled. "Then came Mr. Jones. Several FBI agents came.[9]

"Mr. Jones came every year to bring us a basket full of Stayman apples. He sent us Christmas cards for quite a while.

"Mr. Purvis had a gray poodle. It was a toy poodle, he kept it on his arm. The cats would try to jump on the poodle to defend their territory. Once, we framed for Mr. Purvis a portrait of his wife. We framed several pictures of Hoover shaking hands with agents."

Perhaps one of the more bizarre by-products of the entire era of the mole hunt was that great numbers of photographs of J. Edgar Hoover, the director of the FBI, and a symbol of staunch anti-Communism in America for decades, were framed for the FBI by the man whom both Hoover and Angleton suspected to be a Soviet spy, the legendary Sasha.

Another FBI agent, Fred A. Tansey, became a particularly good customer and befriended the family. "He gave us two doors and a finial for the banister, beautiful things he would find for the house. He always found an excuse to visit us."[10]

The FBI agents were there for a reason, not only to keep an eye on the gallery and Igor Orlov, but to gauge the amount of actual business conducted there. James Nolan, who rose to number two in the FBI's intelligence division, confirmed the bureau's motive.

"For a brief period I had the Orlov case," he said. "I got all the receipts [from the FBI men who had pictures framed at the gallery]. That's why the agents were in there all the time. To see how much business they had and whether the shop was a front."

In the spring of 1966, a year after the FBI had searched the Orlovs' gallery, there was a new and startling development in the case. A Soviet KGB officer, who came to be code-named KITTY HAWK, contacted the CIA and offered, among other wares, fresh information about Orlov. The KITTY HAWK case was, and remains, one of the most controversial of the Soviet cases during the entire era.

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[9] "Over a period of time I took quite a few watercolors and other pictures to be matted and framed," Jones said. He displayed a watercolor of a boater on a river, framed by the Orlovs. Jones spent time at the gallery, he explained, because he wanted to get a firsthand impression of the Orlovs. "I have a strong investigative background," he said. "I always felt the more you know about your opponent, the better. I got to know his boys, I got to know Ellie."

[10] Tansey, who retired in 1980, insisted that he was not on assignment for the FBI when he visited the Orlovs. "My relationship with the Orlovs was strictly with regard to their business," he said. "I was a customer and a friend. I was in the intelligence division at headquarters but had no responsibility for this case." Asked whether he did not worry that his close association with a suspected Soviet spy under investigation by his own division might be misinterpreted, Tansey replied: "I don't comment on things like that."

Igor Petrovich Kochnov, who was KITTY HAWK, arrived in Washington late in March 1966 on temporary duty as a Soviet diplomat.[11] About a week later, he telephoned the home in Northwest Washington of Richard Helms, then deputy director of the CIA. Helms was out, and Kochnov got Helms's then wife, Julia, heiress to the Barbasol shave cream fortune. Kochnov said he had information that would be of interest to the CIA.[12]

When CIA officials met with Kochnov as a result of his phone call, he had a suggestion that, on the face of it, was outrageous. He had been sent to the United States, he said, to try to find and contact Nicholas Shadrin, a Soviet defector whose real name was Nikolai Fedorovich Artamonov. In 1959, Artamonov, the youngest destroyer captain in the Soviet navy, had sailed across the Baltic Sea to Sweden in a small boat with his Polish girlfriend, Ewa Gora, who was now his wife.[13] If the CIA would help him fulfill his mission, Kochnov said, his KGB career would skyrocket, and he would work as an agent-in-place for the CIA. Since the CIA protects defectors, often—as in this instance—changing their names, Kochnov's request was bold, to say the least.

But both the CIA and the FBI went along with the operation. Courtland Jones talked it over with Elbert T. "Bert" Turner, who was assigned as Kochnov's FBI case agent. The decision was made, along with the CIA, to put Kochnov in touch with Artamonov and see where it led. "We put him into play and gave him feed material," Jones said. "Turner and I felt it had to be done, and what do we have to lose? I was about to go to the Outer Banks on vacation and Bill Branigan, the section chief, called over and one of us said, 'What are we going to call this operation?' Both Bill and I had vacationed on the Outer Banks. I said, "Bill, I'm going to Kitty Hawk tomorrow. Shall we call it KITTY HAWK?' He said, 'Why not?' "

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[11] Some published accounts have referred to KITTY HAWK as "Igor Romanovich Kozlov," or "Igor Kozlov." But Kochnov never used that name, either in Washington or in his previous posting at the Soviet embassy in Karachi, Pakistan.

[12] There was no mystery to how Kochnov obtained Helms's home telephone number. "I've always been listed in the phone book," Helms said. "My home then was on Fessenden Street."

[13] As it happened, when Artamonov and Ewa reached Stockholm, the CIA officer in the American embassy who received them when they appealed for assistance was Paul Garbler. Garbler, the deputy COS, helped to set in motion the arrangements for their asylum in the United States.

KITTY HAWK, according to several former FBI agents, told U.S. intelligence that Orlov had worked for the Soviets. The KGB man, Courtland Jones said, also told the FBI that Orlov had visited the Soviet embassy, which he had, in 1965. According to another former FBI man close to the case, "KITTY HAWK said that when Orlov went into the embassy, he said he was being interviewed at the time by the FBI, and asked for suicide pills in the event he needed them. And when we asked Orlov about that, he said, no, no, he went to the embassy to ask about relatives."

The KITTY HAWK operation ended in disaster. Kochnov contacted Shadrin, who worked at the time for the Defense Intelligence Agency. Under FBI control, Shadrin pretended to switch loyalties and fed Kochnov information prepared by U.S. intelligence. After several months, Kochnov announced that he had to go back to the Soviet Union, but he turned Shadrin over to other KGB handlers. Shadrin met with the Soviets for several years, once in Vienna.[14] Then in December 1975, he went back to Vienna, accompanied by Bruce Solie, of the CIA's Office of Security, and Cynthia J. Hausmann of the Counterintelligence Staff. On the night of December 20, Shadrin kept an appointment with a Soviet agent on the steps of the Votivkirche, a church on the Rooseveltplatz, not far from the American embassy. He was not seen again.[15]

[14] Although Kochnov's call to the Helms residence had set the KITTY HAWK case in motion, Helms insisted that he had not approved any aspect of the operation. "There was never the slightest intent on my part that Shadrin would go out of the country and meet any Soviet," Helms said. "Whoever manhandled that case, it was not I. I don't recall being asked is it okay to put this guy [KITTY HAWK] in touch with Shadrin. I have no recollection of anyone asking me to make such a decision. It doesn't make sense. I would not have approved it."

[15] The FBI and CIA officials who handled KITTY HAWK do not agree on whether Kochnov was a plant or a genuine agent. James Nolan, the FBI counterintelligence official, who closely studied the case, came away convinced that KITTY HAWK was a fake, in part because he never reappeared as a CIA source. "My view is that if KITTY HAWK was genuine, they [the Soviets] would never have taken him out of the United States," Nolan said. "Or he would have been back here right away. Look, you've got two hundred KGB officers in the U.S., and they can't find Shadrin. He goes and finds

A decade later, the Soviet defector Vitaly Yurchenko provided a postscript to the Shadrin case. Before redefecting to the Soviet Union, Yurchenko told the CIA that KGB agents in Vienna had kidnapped Shadrin. As he struggled in the backseat of a car that was spiriting him out of Austria, Yurchenko said, the KGB agents gave him too much chloroform, and he died.

In 1978, the Orlovs moved their gallery and home to King Street, in Alexandria's Old Town. The FBI's periodic surveillance continued for fifteen years, to no avail.

"We were unable to establish that Orlov was Sasha," Jones said. "Orlov said no, he wasn't, and there you are. What could we do?"

The bureau kept at it, however, not only because of pressure from the CIA, but because the FBI worried that Orlov, even if no longer active as a Soviet spy, might be a "sleeper" agent, to be activated at some unknown time in the future. "In any such investigation," Jones said, "we would consider was he a sleeper, is he going to be contacted by mail, telephone, radio?"

Although Angleton, Miler, and many other CIA officers remained convinced that Orlov was a Soviet agent, that opinion was not universally held, even within the agency. A high-ranking former CIA official familiar with the case concluded: "We did not think that Orlov had ever been under the control of the KGB. My overall impression is we really didn't have a case against Orlov. A lot of suspicions, but no case."

On May 2, 1982, at the age of sixty, Igor Gregory Orlov died of cancer at his home above the gallery. "Two days before he died," his wife said, "one of our former customers, a priest, came in, and asked, 'Can I pray for you?' Igor said it isn't necessary, but if you think it's

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him in twelve hours, singlehanded. What two big residencies in New York and Washington couldn't do. He's demonstrated he is a brilliant operator in the United States. So he should have come back [to the U.S.], and he didn't. He floated around in Moscow and other places, he was visible, seen, but never so you could talk to him. That ought to tell you after a while that something's wrong. He should have had a red star pinned on him and be sent back here as deputy resident. He wasn't." However, Vasia C. Gmirkin, who wrote a still classified study of the Shadrin case for the CIA's Counterintelligence Staff in the late 1970s, after James Angleton had gone, concluded that both KITTY HAWK and Shadrin were bona fide. By 1990, the CIA had received intelligence that KITTY HAWK had died, of natural causes.

good you can say a few words. The priest said, 'Life is like a river; we people on the banks go into the river and swim a little bit and then we go back to the bank again.' Igor said, 'Yes, you are right. But I would really like to have my ashes in Russia, not in America.' Then he turned to me and said, 'Cremate me and bring the ashes to the Soviet embassy and they know what to do.' I looked at the priest. He said, 'Mrs. Orlov, this is quite natural. All my friends from the East, when it's time to die, they like to be buried in their homeland.'

"The boys were with Sasha all night long. He slipped into a coma and died Sunday morning. Mr. Tansey made the funeral arrangements. There were no services when he died. Monday he was cremated."

Eleonore Orlov did not follow her husband's instructions. "His ashes are upstairs on the mantel," she said. "In a box decorated with a Russian eagle."

Despite Orlov's last wish, and his earlier request for asylum in the Soviet Union, in their thirty-four years together, Eleonore Orlov said, her husband had never expressed any sympathy for the Soviet system, or dropped the slightest hint that he might have worked for the Russians. Rather the opposite, she insisted. "He was very careful in his dealings with anyone of Russian background. He never let anyone in the house. He was afraid to be poisoned by the Russians."

In Berlin, she said, "we were scared to death of the Russians. He was afraid they would kill him. First because of Vlasov, and now because he was working for the Americans. He was poisoned by an East German doctor in West Berlin, poisoned with mushrooms. Not enough to kill him, but perhaps they had planned to bring him over the line to the Russians. It was the time of the *Menschenraub,* the kidnappings on both sides in Berlin."

Why had she never pressed her husband to reveal his true background, his name at birth, for example? Mrs. Orlov smiled and said, "You know the legend of Lohengrin. You know what happened to Elsa."[16] She did ask, once, about the tattoo of the flower on his left hand. "None of your business," he said.

Did Eleonore Orlov believe her husband was a Soviet spy? She did not believe it, she said, nor did she want to believe it. “Deep in my mind I don’t know. I asked the FBI to let me talk to Golitsin. They laughed in my face. ‘Out of the question.’ I’d like to know how he knows about ‘Sasha’ and the letter K.”

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[16] In Richard Wagner's opera, based on the medieval German story, Lohengrin is a knight of the Holy Grail who rescues Princess Elsa from an unwanted suitor. He is led to her by a swan. She is forbidden to ask his identity, but curious, one day she does, and Lohengrin must leave.

Even to entertain the possibility that her husband was a spy hurts her deeply, she said. “For seven years he drove a delivery truck for the *Washington Post* at two A.M. and ran the gallery by day. He worked 2 A.M. to 9 A.M. and then every Monday all day he had to collect from the drugstores and places that sold the paper.” If Sasha Orlov had money from spying, she asked, would he have done that?

No, she could not believe he was a spy. “I don’t believe he was. There is not a shred of proof. If he did that”—there were tears in her eyes now—“it would be very low. I can’t believe a man could lie to his family for thirty years and not help us in our struggle. When we bought the house it was in terrible shape. I worked for a year, tearing off the plaster, stripping it down. I worked as hard as anyone in the gulag. If he let me do that, if he really was a spy . . .” Her voice trailed off.

She composed herself. “If Igor worked for the Russians all his life and took his family for cover, I would not like to sleep at night anymore,” she said. “At the end of John le Carré’s *A Perfect Spy,* he writes to his wife, I’m sorry. I married you only for cover. I saw the last episode on TV at a friend’s home. It came like a mountain of bricks on me. *I said, my God, that could be me.*”

Chapter 14

Trinidad

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As the first chief of the Moscow station, Paul Garbler had every reason to believe that headquarters was pleased with his performance. He had handled the contacts with Penkovsky as instructed, managed to keep a low profile, and had the wit to copy the Cherepanov papers before they were politely handed back to the KGB.

Midway through his tour, he received word that he had been promoted. Garbler and his wife, Florence, celebrated with champagne and caviar.

In February 1964, as his assignment in the Soviet Union was winding down, Garbler flew out of Moscow to meet with David Murphy, the chief of the Soviet division, who was on a trip to Western Europe. Murphy offered him a top job back at headquarters as deputy chief of the division. But he would start out, temporarily, as chief of operations. Garbler accepted on the spot.

With a few days of holiday on his hands, he went skiing alone in Zürs, Austria, early in March. Although an accomplished skier, Garbler lost his balance and took a spill, suffering a head injury that left him with headaches and partial paralysis on his left side, in his arm and leg. He was taken to a hospital in Wiesbaden, West Germany.

In the hospital, he was visited by Hugh Montgomery, who had been his deputy COS in Moscow but had been expelled the previous year in the fallout over the Penkovsky case. "Montgomery didn't come to Wiesbaden to wish me well," Garbler said. "There was none of that.

I sensed that Hugh was there to see if I was rational, since I had landed on my head. And he said, 'Dave Murphy doesn't want you to go back to Moscow. Why don't you just come home?' I said I walked into the Moscow job and I intended to walk out, not on a stretcher." Garbler soon recovered and returned to his post in Moscow.

In June, he flew back to Langley to take up his new job as operations chief in the Soviet division. But he harbored lingering suspicions about the accident. "I was in good health, I played on the embassy hockey team. I thought somebody had slipped me something." Garbler wondered whether the somebody might have been General Gribanov, the chief of the KGB's Second Chief Directorate, who had the responsibility of watching and compromising U.S. diplomats stationed in Moscow.

"I knew Gribanov had been traveling," Garbler said. "I checked carefully on the movements of General Gribanov. We found he had traveled to Innsbruck and St. Anton, Austria, less than three weeks before I got to Zürs." The CIA was not able to determine what the KGB general was doing in Austria. And there the trail ended; Garbler could not establish that he had been drugged.

And he had other problems to deal with. Almost from the start, things did not go well back at headquarters. Garbler did not slip easily into the role of a gray bureaucrat. He clashed with Pete Bagley, the division's counterintelligence officer. As a former chief of station in Moscow, Garbler did not hesitate to voice his opinions.

Late one evening, there was a flare-up with another officer in the Soviet division over a cable being prepared to alert some thirty CIA stations around the globe. The cable said that the KGB had approached the CIA to work in tandem against the Chinese. Garbler challenged the accuracy of the cable and asked to see the evidence. The officer who prepared it said "the best report came from Rocky Stone in Katmandu." He handed Garbler the transcript of a bugged conversation between Howard E. "Rocky" Stone, the station chief in Nepal, and the KGB resident.

"I read the transcript. The Soviet KGB man says, 'Your Scotch is great, Chivas Regal, the best.' The CIA man says, 'The *zakuski* are wonderful—what about working with us against the Chinese?' The Soviet ducks any response. I was appalled. This was the evidence!"

Garbler went back to the officer. "I asked, 'Is this the best you have?' He said yes. I said, 'That's terrible, there's nothing to it.' He said, 'You haven't been here long enough. That's what Dave wants. Don't make waves.'

"The next day I said to Dave Murphy, 'Do you really want to send this?' Murphy replied, 'It's just possible I made a mistake, you don't belong on my team.' I was out. Pete Bagley had a straight line to be deputy chief and I was looking for a job." In time, as it turned out, Bagley did become deputy chief of the Soviet division.

It seemed to Garbler that there was "something weird" about his rapid fall from grace in the Soviet division, but he chalked it up to normal bureaucratic infighting. And, after all, he quickly moved to another assignment, with Murphy's help. "To give Dave his due, he got me a good job as chief, foreign intelligence, Western European division." In 1965, after Garbler had worked in his new post for several months, a major reorganization took place inside the DDP. The Central and Western European divisions were merged into a new European division (EUR), headed by Rolfe Kingsley, a senior officer who had been chief of station in Copenhagen and Ottawa.

Early in 1966, Kingsley selected Garbler to be chief of operations in the new division. He sent the nomination up to Desmond FitzGerald, the deputy director for plans. Two weeks later, Garbler said, Kingsley called him into his office, all smiles. He showed him the memorandum he had sent to the DDP. It had come back with a notation penciled on the margin by FitzGerald: "Excellent choice, I agree."

For Garbler, it was a prestigious new job at the center of the agency's operations in Europe. He put the unfortunate experience in the Soviet division behind him and settled into his new post. Three weeks later, on a Friday evening, a shaken Kingsley summoned Garbler to his office. "He told me Tom K. wanted to see me right away." Thomas H. Karamessines was FitzGerald's deputy.

It was late, and Garbler remembered his steps echoing in the almost deserted building as he made his way to Karamessines's office. What could Tom K. possibly want?

Karamessines, a short, stocky man with black horn-rimmed glasses, was ill at ease. But he came quickly to the point. He and FitzGerald had been talking about it most of the afternoon, and they had reached a decision. The agency had a new responsibility for Garbler, Karamessines said. "We're sending you down to the Farm."

The Farm! Garbler was staggered; Karamessines might as well have said Siberia.

It made no sense; Garbler pointed out that the DDP had just agreed to his appointment as chief of operations for all of Europe.

"We need someone with your operational experience to motivate the trainees," Karamessines replied smoothly. "We're lucky to have you."

Garbler managed to ask how soon he was needed at the Farm.

"Within a week," Karamessines said.

Garbler, years later, still remembered the anger that rose within him. "I asked myself, what the hell was going on? What about my family? We'd bought a house believing we would be in the Washington area for at least three years. My wife was deep in plans for decorating it. My daughter had just been placed in school. What was I to tell them?"

Garbler argued with Karamessines for an hour. His demand to see either FitzGerald or the director of the CIA was turned down. He could refuse the assignment, Karamessines finally told him, only if he resigned.

After fifteen years in the CIA, Garbler had too much of a career investment to quit. Dutifully, but puzzled, he went off to Williamsburg, where he spent the next two years as deputy director of the Farm, working with young trainees. All the while, he kept expecting word from headquarters that a terrible mistake had been made.

The other CIA officers on the staff at Camp Peary were quick to realize that something odd was going on with Garbler, and they shunned him, lest something rub off on them. "It was as if I had contracted leprosy," Garbler remembered.

Two years to the day, Garbler was back in the office of Karamessines, who was by now the DDP. The chief of clandestine operations was upbeat; he had discussed Garbler's next assignment with Richard Helms, the new CIA director. Garbler was really going to like his new job.

"Great," said Garbler. With his background as chief of station in Moscow, perhaps he had been selected for COS in one of the major Eastern-bloc countries. Or maybe a senior post had opened up back in the Soviet division.

"We're sending you to Port-of-Spain, Trinidad," Karamessines said.

Garbler was stunned.

Karamessines, like a travel agent selling passage on the *Titanic,* cheerily extolled the advantages of Garbler's new post. The situation in the Caribbean was "very bad." Dick Helms was greatly concerned. The agency needed a reliable, experienced man as station chief in Trinidad.

Garbler was incredulous. "I couldn't believe this was happening," he said. He had visited the island once, years before, on an aircraft carrier, and knew that the major preoccupation of the residents was the annual carnival. "I had worked for years to learn my trade in Soviet operations. What was I going to do in Trinidad?"

Outraged, Garbler protested the decision, marshaling all his arguments, demanding to know the real reason for his exile. In return, Karamessines provided only soothing replies. Garbler was being assigned to one of the agency's most important nerve centers in the Caribbean. Helms wanted him there. Once again, Karamessines reminded Garbler that he could always resign if he did not want the assignment.

By now, Garbler was sure there was a conspiracy against him in the agency, although he did not suspect the reason. When he left Karamessines, he went directly to the office of Howard J. Osborn, the chief of the Office of Security. An old friend of Garbler's, Osborn said yes, he knew of the appointment. The security chief admitted, Garbler said, that sending him to Trinidad was a bit like "assigning Dick Helms to run the incinerator." He laughed and bantered with Garbler. But he shed no light on what was really going on.

At age fifty, Paul Garbler, former dive-bomber pilot, Berlin operative at the height of the Cold War, and the first CIA chief of station in Moscow, swallowed his pride and went off to Trinidad for four years.

Midway through his tour, Garbler finally learned the truth. A DDP officer who was an old and close friend arrived in Trinidad on agency business and stayed with Garbler at his home. After dinner, Garbler invited his colleague into the study, which had been swept for electronic bugs only a few days earlier by CIA technicians. Garbler turned up the stereo anyway.

After several cognacs, the visiting CIA man put security aside and confided in his old friend.

Headquarters wanted Garbler out of the way, he said, because he was suspected of being a spy for the Soviet Union. He was believed to be a Soviet mole inside the CIA. He had been sent to Trinidad so he would be cut off from access to secret operations and classified documents involving the Soviets.

There was a moment during World War II that Garbler often remembered. He was flying his Navy Helldiver in terrible weather on a mission to Japanese-held Chichi Island, in the far Pacific, and Grafton B. "Soupy" Campbell, the squadron leader, was having trouble finding a way through the thick cloud cover. The planes were running low on fuel, and if they did not attack soon, they would not make it back to the carrier. Suddenly there was an opening in the clouds below, and Garbler and all the other pilots got on the radio at the same instant. In unison, they yelled, "Dammit, Soupy, dive!"

Now, almost thirty years later, with the carnival music of Trinidad blaring on his hi-fi, the clouds had parted once again for Garbler. Finally, he understood.

At the time, Garbler was unaware that an intense hunt for penetrations was underway within the CIA. Nor did he yet know how or why the agency had come to focus on him as a major suspect.

The key, of course, was Igor Orlov, whom Garbler had called "the little man" when he had run him in Berlin almost two decades earlier. But how did the mole hunters get from Orlov to Garbler?

Garbler, after all, did not have a name that began with the letter K. Ed Petty, a former member of the Special Investigations Group, explained what had happened.

Within the SIG, he said, there was general agreement that Orlov was Golitsin's "Sasha." Bruce Solie had reached that conclusion after studying the Berlin operational files. "But there was a problem. They went to Golitsin. 'You said it was a staff penetration,' they said. 'This guy [Orlov] was never a staff officer.' Golitsin came up with this theory. 'The Russians are running Orlov, and doubling the agents run by Orlov, and their real target is your staff officers. You can be sure among officers who ran Orlov you will find one or more serious penetrations. The Russians will have gone to them, the CIA staff officers, and said, "We control your network, you had better cooperate with us or your careers go down the drain." ' I could never understand how Angleton or anybody bought the logic.[1]

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[1] Some former CIA officers thought that Golitsin had not warned of moles in the CIA when he defected, but only about two years later. Donald Jameson, for example, who

"Upwards of a dozen case officers had handled Orlov and they all came under suspicion. They were all gone over with a fine-tooth comb."

Scotty Miler, Angleton's former deputy and a key member of the SIG, defended the decision to broaden the investigation. "You have to make a presumption that if Igor Orlov was a spy, he in turn would recruit some of the people he was associated with," Miler said. "From a CI point of view you have to assume one spy may recruit another."

Not only were all of the case officers who ran Orlov investigated, he continued, "but also other agency people he might have known or socialized with."

But Miler insisted that the mole hunt was not solely the responsibility of the SIG. Others played a part as well. "The Counterintelligence Staff," he said, "did not do the investigations. We did the research. OS [the Office of Security] did the investigation if it became a good case. OS, the DCI [the Director of Central Intelligence], chief of CI, and the DDP would know about it. In almost every instance of a referral to the FBI the DCI gave the approval."

It was through Orlov, therefore, whose previous operational names had begun with the letter K, that the mole hunters made the quantum leap to the first chief of the Moscow station. Like an electric current that arcs between electrodes, the mole hunters had moved from Orlov, whom they were convinced was Sasha, to every case officer, secretary, or other CIA employee who had ever had any contact with him.

Once the SIG had focused on Garbler, the counterintelligence men dug into his file and found additional information to feed their grow-

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had been an officer in the Soviet division, remembered taking Golitsin to dinner in August 1962 at the home of former CIA director Allen Dulles in Georgetown. "Dulles said, 'The thing that interests me most is, do you know of any penetrations in the CIA?' Golitsin said no. Dulles knocked on wood, on the table, and Golitsin did, too." But Golitsin was telling his CIA debriefers a different story. The evidence is clear that Golitsin spoke of moles from the start. Even before he arrived in Washington, he told Frank Friberg that he had seen information that had leaked from "high inside the CIA." At the outset, he warned of a penetration named Sasha. And he disclosed that the KGB knew about the CIA's effort to copy the Soviet bug in the Great Seal. By January 15, 1962, within four weeks of Golitsin's defection, and as a result of his leads, wiretaps were in place on Peter Karlow, and a full-fledged FBI and CIA investigation of Karlow was under way. The mole hunt reached an even greater level of intensity in 1963 and afterward as it spread from Orlov, and beyond Karlow to other staff officers.

ing suspicion. In Korea, for example, where Garbler had served as assistant naval attaché and as President Rhee's pilot, he had played tennis, the mole hunters triumphantly discovered, with George Blake. Blake, who was captured and imprisoned under harsh conditions when the North Koreans overran Seoul, was later unmasked as a Soviet agent inside MI6.

As the "evidence" mounted against Garbler—including the discovery that his father had emigrated from Russia and his mother from Poland—the CI Staff became persuaded that the former chief of the Moscow station was a Soviet spy. The CIA referred the Garbler case to the FBI.

In Trinidad, after Garbler had learned he was a suspected Soviet mole, there was little he could do except serve out the rest of his tour. Stuck in Port-of-Spain, more than two thousand miles from headquarters, he could not even begin the process of trying to clear his good name.

There was time to brood and think, time to despair. Although he now knew why he had been sent to the Caribbean, he tried to make the best of it. Trinidad was, after all, an island paradise. Rum and sunshine were abundant. Garbler liked the people; he found them hedonistic and unpredictable, but also generous and kind. Among them he made many lasting friends, both black and white.

But for the better part of nine years, he now realized, he had been shunted into blind alleys, cut off from the mainstream in the CIA, and finally isolated under the coconut palms, a suspected traitor to the country he loved and had served all of his adult life.

Garbler reviewed the last half-dozen years, reevaluating events in the light of what he now knew. What might have seemed bureaucratic errors or innocent events took on new meaning. It was like seeing a movie over again, this time knowing the plot.

He thought back to Moscow. Was it possible that the agency's suspicions, of which he had still not officially been informed, had begun there? In Moscow, Garbler had been told almost nothing by headquarters about developments in his most important case, that of Oleg Penkovsky. If he was already under suspicion, headquarters would have told him as little as possible.

He remembered when he was recovering from his ski accident in the hospital in Wiesbaden and Hugh Montgomery, his deputy chief of station in Moscow, had paid him a visit. At the time, he had thought that Montgomery had been sent by David Murphy, the division chief, "to report to Murphy whether I had enough marbles left to return to Moscow and run the station." But in retrospect, Garbler wondered whether Montgomery's true purpose was "to see if I was carrying KGB money in my pajamas."

Garbler had been determined to return to his post in Moscow. "The bunglers at headquarters may have thought my insistence on returning was linked to my need to see my KGB handler one more time, if for no other reason, to get instructions for future contact in the U.S. Murphy would infer from my position that I had to go back and satisfy the people who were controlling me from the other side."

In 1972, when his tour in Trinidad ended, Garbler returned to headquarters and immediately made an appointment with William V. Broe, the CIA inspector general. A complaint to the inspector general, Garbler knew, would earn him the displeasure of Karamessines, the deputy director for plans, but at this point, Garbler had nothing to lose.

Garbler told his story to Broe, whom he was certain already knew it. He had achieved senior status in the DDP at age forty-five, Garbler said, and could normally have looked forward to another fifteen years of increased responsibility. Instead, he had been sidetracked, the victim of invisible charges that he had never been told about officially. Garbler demanded to know why, if he was a suspect, he had not been informed.

Broe did not respond, but promised to talk to Karamessines, who then wrote a memorandum praising Garbler's sterling performance in Trinidad, but making no mention of the mole charge. But Garbler's protests had some effect; after nine years as an unperson in the CIA, he was partially rehabilitated and in 1973 sent to Stockholm for three years as chief of station.

The knowledge that he had been suspected by his own service of committing espionage for the Soviet Union had placed a terrible strain on both Garbler and his wife, Florence, and their daughter. In the midst of Garbler's fight to clear his reputation he was awakened one night from a deep sleep by his wife.

"Paul," she said, "I've never asked you this, and I know it's not true. But now I want to hear it from you. Did you ever spy for the Russians?"

"Christ, hell no, you know I didn't," Garbler said.

Garbler had still not been told officially that he was a suspected mole. He had never been given a chance to confront his faceless accusers. Sweden was a pleasant assignment, but Garbler was not ready to give up. In December 1976, after he returned from Stockholm, he wrote to the inspector general again.

This time, he demanded an inquiry.

Chapter 15

Murphy's Law

By the mid-1960s, the CIA's Soviet division was in turmoil. The division, staffed as it was by so many Russian-speakers and persons of Russian origin, had become the primary target of the mole hunt triggered by Golitsin.

Literally dozens of its officers were under suspicion, and many were being actively investigated by the SIG, the Office of Security, and in some cases the FBI. Down on the Farm, Yuri Nosenko was being held incommunicado, a ticking time bomb for the agency. Paul Garbler, the first chief of the Moscow station, had been exiled to Trinidad, an unwitting suspect. All of the other case officers who had run Igor Orlov were also under investigation.

Because Golitsin had predicted that any defector who followed him would be a plant, virtually all of the cases being run by the division were viewed as bad by the CI Staff. The Soviet division was supposed to be recruiting Soviet intelligence officers around the world, but what was the point if the powerful counterintelligence officials at headquarters regarded every new recruit or walk-in as an agent sent by the KGB?

The result was that the CIA's Soviet operations had ground to a halt. At the time, during the height of the Cold War, the CIA existed primarily to gather intelligence on the Soviet Union; other targets were secondary. Now the mole hunt had paralyzed the Soviet division and thereby the CIA itself.

While some agency officials dispute this, it was precisely the conclusion reached by William E. Colby, the director of the CIA from 1973 to 1976. "From the mid-1960s on," Colby said, "Soviet operations came to a dead halt. Helms and Karamessines had launched a program we called hard targets. 'Let's recruit hard targets. Soviet. Chinese. That's what we're in business for.' It wasn't happening.

"As I understood it, it was because of the high degree of suspicion that was exhibited about any operational opportunities. The insistence of CI that defectors be looked at as probable fakes. There was an awful impasse between the CI staff and the Soviet division."

A former high-ranking official of the agency said the problem went far beyond the Soviet division. "The Soviet division had people in stations all over the world," he said, "but they were not the only ones who could recruit Soviets. Other officers in the stations could recruit Soviets as well.[1] The divisions went ahead and tried to recruit people, but they were constantly getting into disputes with Angleton because he claimed that anyone we recruited was being sent to manipulate us. Angleton believed everyone was bad. We kept on working, we kept on recruiting, but it was totally undermined by the CI Staff."

According to one former senior CIA officer, Angleton tried to persuade the British to reject Yuri Krotkov, the first Soviet defector to vouch for Nosenko. A Moscow filmmaker, Krotkov had defected in London in the fall of 1963. "Krotkov was a KGB co-optee," the CIA man said. "He gave us a lot of information about Soviet dissidents. He was a tremendous source of interesting information. All scoffed at by Angleton. All throwaway, Angleton said—who cares about a bunch of dissidents?"

Nosenko had defected early in 1964. "Krotkov was immediately asked if he knew Nosenko, and yes he knew him, and verified that Nosenko was an officer in the Second Chief Directorate. That sealed his doom. Jim said, send him up to Scotland and put him in a castle and let him rot there for a couple of years. The Brits wouldn't do it. Then he said, send him back. Dick White [the chief of MI6] said, 'Send him back, are you mad? We'll never get another Soviet defector.' White was horrified. The Brits intervened and Krotkov was allowed to stay. He lives in California now."[2]

[1] There was one major exception. In the Soviet Union only officers of the CIA's Soviet division could recruit a Russian. Any recruitment of a Soviet, regardless of the country where it was taking place, required approval of Langley headquarters.

[2] Krotkov revealed to Western intelligence that one of his successful missions for the

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Murphy's Law states that if anything can possibly go wrong, it will. And as it happened, during this tumultuous and difficult period in the 1960s, when so much in the CIA went wrong, the Soviet division was presided over by David E. Murphy.

Tall and bespectacled, with a high forehead and a shock of gray hair that contrasted with his blue eyes, Murphy was square of jaw and rather distinguished-looking, with a faint resemblance to the actor William Holden. At CIA headquarters Murphy looked like a man who was always in a hurry, a slightly stooped figure striding rapidly down the corridors. He gave the impression of a high-powered executive who thought fast and acted fast.

To most of his colleagues, Murphy was an Irishman from Syracuse, in upstate New York. "Of course he was Irish," said one ex-CIA officer. "I was in his house, there were shillelaghs on the wall." But considerable mystery surrounded his roots. Wild rumors persisted in the agency that Murphy was an orphan, that he was adopted, that he wasn't really Irish, that his true name was Moscowitz, and that he might even have had a Russian background. Some of this chatter may have stemmed from the fact that Murphy's first wife, Marian Escovy, was a White Russian. Or perhaps from the fact that Murphy was fluent in Russian, as well as in German and French.[3]

Second Chief Directorate had compromised the French ambassador to Moscow, Maurice Dejean. Krotkov had introduced him to a beautiful young actress, a KGB "swallow" with whom Dejean had an affair. The story is related in John Barron, *KGB: The Secret World of Soviet Secret Agents* (New York: Bantam Books, 1974), pp. 170–92. Krotkov later wrote a book about his life, *I Am from Moscow* (New York: Dutton, 1967).

[3] Murphy, retired for more than a decade, was living in McLean, Virginia, in the shadow of the CIA, in 1991. He declined to be interviewed, although we spoke by telephone and he agreed at first to answer written questions subject to review—and deletions—by the agency. After reading the questions, he declined to answer any. Much of the information circulating about his background, he said, was "garbled or in some cases untrue. . . . The 'Murphy is a White Russian syndrome' is a good example. There is no way I could respond to such garbage about my background in a manner which would satisfy those who have spread those falsehoods. In a way I'm reminded of the Polish rabbit joke. It was on the Polish-Soviet frontier during the great purges of the thirties. A Polish rabbit's solitude was shattered when a Soviet rabbit came tearing across the border in obvious panic. 'What's your hurry?' asked the Polish rabbit. 'They're killing camels back there,' gasped the Soviet rabbit. 'But

What little is in the public record about Murphy reveals that he was born on June 23, 1921, in New York State, was graduated from State Teachers College in Cortland, New York, south of Syracuse, in 1942, and served in the Army during World War II. After that, the official biography lists him as a "consultant" to the "Department of Defense." In fact, Murphy served with Army intelligence in Korea and Japan, then joined the CIA. By 1949, or soon after, he was chief of the agency's Munich operations base.

In 1953, Murphy came to Berlin to be deputy chief of base under Bill Harvey. In Berlin, his backyard adjoined that of Paul Garbler, who was there running "Franz Koischwitz," later to be known as Igor Orlov. By 1959, Murphy had briefly succeeded Harvey as chief of base, and in 1963 he was promoted to chief of the Soviet division at headquarters. As such, he was at the center of the period of the mole hunt, the intense conflicts over Golitsin and Nosenko, and the freeze in Soviet operations.

Murphy was a senior player in the agency, and his career advanced rapidly, but along the way he got into some highly publicized scrapes. In Vienna, CIA legend has it, Murphy wound up in a barroom brawl with a KGB man and had to escape, ignominiously, out the men's-room window. Scotty Miler recalled that something like that happened. "Apparently he went to a beer hall or bar after receiving an indication that this KGB guy could be recruited. Dave made his pitch and then the guy blew up, threw beer in his face, and started yelling 'American spy!' "

In 1966, while serving as chief of the Soviet division, Murphy starred in another Keystone Cops episode, this time in Japan. It made headlines around the world, although Murphy was described in the news stories as a "tourist."

The trouble began when Murphy flew into Tokyo to try to recruit the KGB resident, Georgy P. Pokrovsky, who was there under cover as first secretary of the Soviet embassy in Tokyo. It was unusual for a division chief personally to participate in a high-risk field operation, but Murphy was not one to shy away from danger or intrigue.

George Kisevalter remembered the episode. "As chief of SR [Soviet

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you're not a camel,' answered the Polish rabbit. 'Try proving that to them!' sadly replied the Soviet rabbit." Letter, David E. Murphy to author, January 7, 1991.

Russia] division," he said, "Murphy went to Japan using his true name. To show the boys how to do it. He took with him a case officer who got hit in the head with an umbrella. It was a scandal and got into the press."

Indeed it did, and the news stories centered on some odd goings-on at the Clean Breeze apartments in Tokyo on the night of St. Patrick's Day. Pokrovsky, according to the published accounts, returned to his residence at the Clean Breeze to find a Colombian neighbor, one José Miguel Moneva Calderón, seemingly ill in the lobby. The Colombian asked Pokrovsky to help him to his apartment to get some medicine. The Russian obliged. Who was waiting in a nearby stairwell but the two American "tourists," Murphy, whose residence was given as McLean, Virginia, and Thomás A. Ryan, of Vienna, Virginia. A scuffle ensued. Pokrovsky got away, but returned with Soviet reinforcements. The KGB goon squad encountered the two Americans outside the apartment, and a free-for-all took place. Pokrovsky hit Ryan with the umbrella and one of the CIA men had his glasses broken.

Pokrovsky charged that the Americans had tried to kidnap him. The Japanese police smoothed over the affair, calling it merely "a quarrel with two Americans and a Colombian." In Washington, Robert J. McCloskey, the State Department spokesman, was asked whether there were "any American government representatives involved in this."

"No, sir," he replied sturdily.

And it was under Murphy that the Soviet division ran, and then began to suspect, the KGB illegal Yuri Loginov, code name AEGUSTO. Loginov, it will be recalled, had been recruited in Helsinki in 1961 by Richard Kovich, who later became one of the CI Staff's prime mole suspects as a result of Golitsin's analysis of his career. Kovich not only had a name that began with the letter K, a Slavic background, and service in Germany, he had handled Ingeborg Lygren, the Norwegian CIA agent, Mikhail Federov, the GRU illegal, and Loginov.

Although Loginov was run in the field by a succession of CIA officers after Kovich, the case was supervised at headquarters from the start by Joseph C. Evans, a counterintelligence officer who worked for Murphy and Bagley in the Soviet division. A short, stocky, compact man who chain-smoked filter cigarettes, Evans was a former newspaper reporter who had edited a weekly in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. He joined the agency and was sent to London in the 1950s to analyze traffic from the Berlin tunnel that the CIA had dug to wiretap the Soviets. Back at headquarters in 1959, he concentrated on a narrow specialty, Soviet illegals. A thoughtful man with an analytical turn of mind, he had faith in Loginov, at first.

Evans took part in the debriefing of Golitsin. "I debriefed him thoroughly on Loginov," he said. It was in May 1961, while Kovich was in Helsinki, that Golitsin and another KGB officer had met there with Loginov. "Golitsin said the other officer from Moscow was from the illegals directorate and was shepherding Loginov and 'staging' him—the term they use is *stazhirovka,* a familiarization test before a final mission." At the time, Evans said, "I was quite apprehensive about Loginov returning to Soviet hands," since he was now ostensibly a double agent for the CIA.

Loginov flew to Paris in the fall of 1962. In the spring of 1964, he arrived in Brussels on his third trip to the West. He traveled to Germany, then left for Beirut in June, went on to Cairo, posing as a Canadian, and later returned to Moscow. In January 1967, the KGB dispatched Loginov to Antwerp on his fourth trip to the West. He was instructed to go to several countries and finally to the United States, his main target.

Although Richard Kovich continued to believe in Loginov, there were growing suspicions about the KGB illegal in the Soviet division and the CI Staff. To Bagley and Evans, the counterintelligence officers for the Soviet division, the *stazhirovka* process appeared endless. "He never seemed to handle anybody," Bagley said. "Here we had an illegal who spent all his time documenting himself. Most illegals handle cases, like Lonsdale.

"There were several other reasons," Bagley added. "Specific reasons. Not just that he was unproductive. There were concrete points. He made a mistake about a radio transmission. He knew something he hadn't yet received from Moscow. His legend didn't check out. He was always being promised he would handle important assignments, but it never happened." By about 1965, the decision had been reached: Loginov was a plant.

Joseph Evans said that "the decision was made because of two reasons. One was, we despaired of getting to the bottom of the story. We questioned him about contradictions and gaps in his story. Here was someone who could infer from the types of questions that clearly we doubted his story and never a reaction of anger and surprise. And, two, we had a loose cannon. If we break off and let run free a man who has a passport, we don't know where he's going to go."

If Loginov came to the United States, his ultimate target, he would be under FBI surveillance. But the CIA's concern, Evans said, was that "this man was capable of changing identities and disappearing. We'd lose him."

"Loginov gave us nothing of CI value," Evans insisted. "He gave us no illegals or agents. His false documentation never led to any illegal support apparatus, no accommodation addresses of [Soviet] agents, which illegals have, nothing."

Loginov's failure to identify illegal support agents was significant, Evans insisted, because "if they support one, they could support others. He identified none who could lead to other illegals." Loginov's real mission, Evans believed, was "to find out how much we knew about illegals and how they operated."

To be sure, Evans said, Loginov had turned over his codes to the CIA. " 'This is my cipher system,' he said. So yes, we were able to read his traffic. But were there other systems? Were there two? He had one-way communication from the [Moscow] Center by radio, unreadable unless you had the cipher system. We were able to listen—he told us frequencies, times—and confirm his messages." But, Evans repeated, Loginov might have been getting radio messages the CIA didn't know about.

Another reason for the CI Staff's conclusion, Evans said, was that Loginov never explained his motive for volunteering his services to the CIA. "I never sensed a hatred of KGB or of his assignments. Nor was he doing it for the excitement of being a double agent. He said he liked to work for the Americans, but he never displayed the counter feeling of animosity to the Soviet system. 'I just want to work for the Americans,' Loginov said."[4]

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[4] In a series of interviews, Evans said he could not reply to some questions because they involved classified information. I put these queries in writing, and Evans submitted a four-page reply to the CIA, which deleted almost two pages—his entire answer to the question asking him to list in detail the reasons why he doubted Loginov. In their initial response in December 1990, the CIA's censors left only one answer of any substance. I had asked Evans whether the CIA had officially taken the position that Loginov was a plant. The agency let stand his reply: "The official CIA position was

As Evans recalled it, "I reached the decision he was bad and I was supported in this decision by Dave Murphy and Pete Bagley. They felt as I felt on the same grounds—that something was wrong."

One thing that was wrong, of course, was that Loginov had backed up the bona fides of Yuri Nosenko. At the time, Nosenko was imprisoned by the CIA, and the agency, in David Murphy's blunt language, was attempting to "break" him. The CIA case officers in contact with Loginov were ordered to question him about Nosenko. Loginov's answer, that Nosenko was a genuine defector, would, by itself, have been enough to cast doubt on Loginov. "Loginov supported the bona fides of Nosenko and that was what got him in trouble," said one former agency officer.

Meanwhile, Loginov was maintaining contact with the CIA. He had arrived in South Africa late in January 1967. In May, he flew to Kenya, where he was met by a CIA case officer, and the following month he was back in Johannesburg, traveling on a Canadian passport as Edmund Trinka.[5] He moved into an apartment on Smit Street.

Now, at CIA headquarters, an extraordinary decision was made. Convinced that Loginov was a plant, the agency decided to "burn" its own agent. It tipped off the South African intelligence service to the fact that Yuri Loginov, a Soviet illegal, was in Johannesburg, living as Edmund Trinka.

In July 1967, agents of the South African security service raided Loginov's apartment and arrested him. He was jailed and a long series of interrogations began.

If the CIA was right, it was turning the tables on the KGB and putting a Soviet spy out of action. If the agency was wrong, it was causing the arrest and imprisonment of one of its own agents. It might even be placing his life in jeopardy. As might be imagined, it was not a decision that most CIA officials want to talk about, even today.

Pete Bagley, careful to note that by 1967 he had left his job as deputy chief of the Soviet division to become chief of station in

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that Loginov had not established his bona fides." Evans appealed, and in June 1991 the CIA permitted him to reply in writing, but only in generalities, to the core question of why Loginov was suspect.

[5] For this purpose, the KGB, as it usually does in such cases, used the identity of a real Canadian who had returned to Lithuania and died. The real Edmund Trinka was born on January 16, 1931 in Fort Whyte, Manitoba.

Brussels, said: "Loginov was arrested with the approval of the division and Angleton. It was Dave Murphy's decision and Jim's. He was exposed to the South Africans. We gave him to the South Africans."

The South African intelligence service was told that the CIA had been running Loginov as an agent, but that the CIA had been unable to establish Loginov's bona fides and suspected he was a KGB plant.

Joseph Evans said the decision to expose Loginov was a "collective recommendation; what should we do? We discussed the alternatives. Dave Murphy signed off on that, and Angleton, maybe. I assume it was cleared with the DDP and discussed with Angleton, but I don't know that."[6]

Another senior former CIA officer, a retired station chief, had no doubt that Angleton was at the heart of the decision. "He was the master figure behind the scenes who moved the puppets around, whether the puppet was young Bagley, who thought he was smarter than everyone else, or some old buddy like Kingsley, who was unsure of himself, or Tom K. The point is that Jim never made overt power moves. But as chief of CI, Angleton got every piece of eyes-only traffic. He saw it all. Any exposure of Loginov would not have taken place without his permission. It couldn't."

On September 9, the South African security police announced that Yuri Loginov had confessed to espionage in that country and twenty-three other nations. Major General H. J. van den Bergh, the chief of the security police, released a long list of Soviet diplomats in other countries whom he said Loginov had identified as KGB agents.

Evans, posing as a South African security official, met and questioned Loginov after his arrest. "He admitted to me in South Africa that he had not told us everything about his relationship with the KGB," Evans said. But Loginov would not say more. Evans reported to the CIA that Loginov had teetered on the edge of admitting he was a dispatched agent, but never did. Convinced, nevertheless, that Loginov was a fake, the CIA allowed him to languish in a South African prison, which was, of course, where it had put him.

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[6] Desmond FitzGerald was the deputy director for plans (DDP) from mid-1965 until July 23, 1967, when he collapsed on a tennis court at his country home in The Plains, Virginia, and died. The South Africans arrested Loginov that same month.

The mole hunt was not going well. Karlow had been forced out, Garbler shunted aside, the career of Richard Kovich stalled, and countless other officers investigated, and in some cases, transferred to less sensitive work. But no moles had been found, unless one counted Igor Orlov, who admitted nothing. In any case, Orlov had never been a CIA officer, only a contract employee in Germany.

But in the late 1960s, the Special Investigations Group began focusing on a new and astonishing target. This time it was no low-level agent running hookers out of bars in Karlshorst. This time it was the head of the Soviet division himself, David Murphy.

To begin with, Murphy was accused as a possible Soviet agent by Peter Kapusta, one of his own officers (who had handled Yuri Loginov). William R. Johnson, a former senior member of Angleton's staff, recalled the episode. Johnson, a trim, pipe-smoking man with the manner and mustache of a British regimental colonel, went to Yale with Angleton, who recruited him into the agency and sent him to Vienna. Later, Johnson served all over the Far East for the agency, ending as chief of base in Saigon.

According to Johnson, Kapusta went to Sam Papich, the FBI's veteran liaison man with the CIA, and voiced his allegations about Murphy. It was an unusual and rare move for a CIA officer to go outside his own agency to the FBI.

Papich had good reason to remember the accusation against Murphy. "Kapusta called in the middle of the night," he said. "It was one or two o'clock in the morning." But, Papich added, "The FBI did not investigate. From the beginning, the bureau looked at the Murphy matter strictly as an internal CIA problem. We received certain information, including Kapusta's input. By our standards, based on what was available, FBI investigation was not warranted."

William Johnson said, "I never could figure out why he [Kapusta] accused Murphy. I could not follow his reasoning. It involved the fact that Murphy and Blake were in Berlin together. I wrote a report and fired it off to Helms. I was in shock. I saw Sam [Papich] a couple of days later. He couldn't make head or tail of it, either."

Since Papich and the FBI had declined to take up the case, that might have been the end of it, but for the fact that the SIG was investigating Murphy. That meant that Angleton, too, had become suspicious of David Murphy, one of his closest colleagues and the senior CIA official in charge of operations against the Soviet Union. The mole hunt had now taken a mind-boggling twist: the chief of counterintelligence suspected the chief of the Soviet division.[7]

Scotty Miler confirmed that the SIG had conducted a full-dress investigation of Murphy while he headed the Soviet division. The Murphy investigation, he said, was "not directly in connection with Sasha. Just a series of failures, things that blew up in his face. Odd things that happened. The scrapes in Japan and Vienna. They [the KGB] may have been setting up Murphy just to embarrass CIA. But you have to consider these incidents may have been staged to give him bona fides."

Miler lit a cigarette and slowly exhaled. "Maybe Murphy was like Joe Btfsplk. He may have just been unlucky."[8] Then, too, Miler said, Murphy had been in Berlin at the same time as Orlov. "Orlov and Murphy overlapped in several places."

And Murphy's family could not be ignored, Miler added. "Murphy's wife was a White Russian from China who emigrated to San Francisco. It was a factor, just as in the investigation of anyone of that White Russian background. There were a lot of salted émigrés, particularly coming out of China. So, yes, that had to be looked at."

But, Miler finally conceded, the beer hall and umbrella-bashing scrapes, Murphy's overlaps in Berlin with Igor Orlov and George Blake, his wife's background, were not really the root cause. What really led the Counterintelligence Staff to suspect Murphy, who headed all CIA operations against the Soviet Union at a critical time, was his link to a White Russian whom the mole hunters believed was a KGB agent. The background and activities of the man who cast a shadow over Murphy's career is one of the most intriguing, and previously untold, stories of the Cold War.

"Murphy was instrumental in getting him into the agency," Miler said. "It was like Ivory Soap that he was a spy.

"The man was not a staff employee, he was contract. And he was let go. And some things went very badly wrong when he worked for us. We lost some agents. It was during the Korean War. This chap was managing agents working behind the lines in North Korea who were lost. The suspicion was this wasn't just incompetence, but he betrayed these agents."

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[7] Asked to comment on the investigation of him by the SIG as a suspected Soviet mole, Murphy chuckled and replied: "I know who I am." He made it clear he did not wish to be interviewed about his own turn as a mole suspect, or about any other aspect of his long and somewhat stormy career.

[8] Joe Btfsplk, as every fan of Al Capp's comic strip *L'il Abner* knows, had the misfortune to go through life with a black raincloud hovering over his head.

The man whom Miler was talking about was a character who might have stepped from the pages of a le Carré novel, or more likely one by John Buchan. His name was Arseny "Andy" Yankovsky.

He was born in 1914 in Vladivostok, Russia, into a landed family of the czarist aristocracy. The Yankovskys had a coat of arms, a huge estate, cattle and horses. They were, in fact, famous for breeding horses. When the revolution came in 1917, Andy's father, George, joined the White Russian forces and fought against the Red Army. Three years later, the Yankovskys were driven from their estate. George, his two brothers, Andy, and about two dozen other family members, along with the best of their cattle, fled Russia, crossed the border into North Korea, and settled in Chongjin. They later bought land in the mountains near Chuŭl and built their homes there.[9]

George Yankovsky had been a famed hunter in Russia, and in North Korea, he and his three sons hunted wild boar, leopards, and Korean tigers, which are bigger, and said to be fiercer, than the tigers of India. He sold furs, and trapped tigers for zoos. The Yankovskys also sold powdered reindeer antlers, much prized as an aphrodisiac throughout Asia. An accomplished lepidopterist, George had twenty species of butterflies named for him.[10]

In this exotic if rugged environment, Andy Yankovsky grew up speaking Russian, Korean, and Japanese. Other White Russians joined the colony in North Korea, and in 1934, young Andy took a bride, Olga Sokolovskaya, the divorced mother of two young children. They had met during her summer vacation trips to the colony. Like many White Russians, Olga had made her way to Harbin, Manchuria, where her daughter, Anastasia (Nata) Sokolovskaya was born in 1925. The same year the family moved to Shanghai, where a son, Rostislav, known as Slava, was born about 1930. But when Olga married Andy Yankovsky, her children were separated; Slava remained in Shanghai with his father and Nata lived with her mother and her new stepfather in North Korea.

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[9] At the time, all of Korea was occupied by Japan, which annexed the country in 1910 and called it Chosun. In Potsdam in 1945, the United States and the Soviet Union divided Korea at the 38th parallel. Russian troops entered North Korea in August 1945, and U.S. troops moved into the south the following month.

[10] Including *Saturnia jankowskii, Marumba jankowskii,* and *Actias jankowskii,* as well as a swan, *Cygnus jankowskii,* and a beetle, *Captolabrus jankowskii.*

By 1947, the good life the Yankovskys had lived in Chuŭl was over. The Soviets, who had occupied North Korea, rounded up most of the White Russian colony, including Andy, his two brothers, and his father. "The Soviets marched in and arrested everybody," said Andy Yankovsky's stepdaughter, Nata. "The army troops were everywhere. They arrested men only. Andy was arrested. He escaped, and got out on foot. They walked across the 38th parallel, Andy and Olga."

At the time, Nata, twenty-two, was in Chongjin. "I got out on a fishing tug in 1947, in the hold with smelly fish," she said. She joined her mother and stepfather in Seoul. But Andy's father and two brothers were sent to a labor camp in Siberia, she said, where his father soon died. In the meantime, she said, her brother Slava in Shanghai, lured by Soviet promises, boarded a ship and returned to the Soviet Union, where he was promptly imprisoned in the gulag for ten years.

In Seoul, American intelligence was looking for recruits among the White Russian refugees. "David Murphy is the first one who interviewed us," Nata said. "He interviewed Andy and then me. He [Murphy] was stationed in Seoul. We were interrogated endlessly."

For a year, Nata worked in Seoul as a typist for the Army. Then the Yankovskys were transferred to Tokyo. Andy Yankovsky went to work for the CIA. By 1949, Nata had also been hired by the agency as a translator and interpreter in Yokosuka.

That's where she met Ed Snow.

Edgar Snow (no relation to the well-known writer) was a Russian-speaking case officer for the CIA, a six-foot-tall, blue-eyed, personable man whom women found attractive. Andy Yankovsky, as a contract agent, worked for Snow, as did Nata.

Snow's background was almost as colorful as Andy Yankovsky's. He was born in Seattle in 1922, the son of Nikolai Snegerieff, a Russian from Novosibirsk who had fought in the White Army. After the defeat at Irkutsk, Snow's father remained in that city and met and married Snow's mother, then sixteen. He and his wife, then pregnant with Ed, escaped from Russia and made their way to Canada and then to Seattle, where the family name was changed to the more manageable Snow.

The senior Snow was offered a job with Continental Can in Japan, and young Ed went to the American School there and learned Japanese. The family returned to the United States when Ed was ten, living first in Los Angeles and then in Phoenix, where he worked as a disk jockey while still in high school. He joined the Navy, got into intelligence work, and was an observer at the atomic tests on Bikini Atoll. After the war he finished college at UCLA, approached the CIA with some ideas about Soviet operations, and was hired. In 1948, the agency sent him to Japan under military cover.

There he ran Andy Yankovsky, who was building a network of agents in North Korea. And when the agency took on Yankovsky's stepdaughter as a translator, Snow was attracted to her. At twenty-seven, Nata was petite and vivacious, with long sandy hair in curls. They were married in 1954.

According to Scotty Miler, the agency had hired Yankovsky after David Murphy had recommended him. The Korean War broke out in June 1950, and in time almost all of Yankovsky's agents in the north were caught, Miler continued.

"Yankovsky was running agents from South Korea and training them to go into North Korea, infiltrate across the border, some by boat, some in air drops. To gather military intelligence. A lot of his agents were rolled up. The vast majority. Somewhere between two dozen and fifty.

"Snow was in Soviet operations in Japan. He was running his father-in-law, in essence. His wife was a White Russian. Snow had permission to marry her, since normally you can't marry a foreign national. And then it turned out later she had relatives behind the Curtain."

Nata Sokolovskaya insisted that she had fully disclosed her background to the CIA from the start. "Not only my brother, but also my other relatives in the gulag. They knew about him as they knew about every single relative. If they were so upset about my brother, why did they recruit us in the first place? Why did they grant permission to marry Ed? Of course, when I got the job I told them about Slava. With lie detectors. I don't remember whether I put it on written forms or not, but I told them."

Edgar Snow and Nata returned to CIA headquarters from Tokyo in 1954, soon after they were married. By that time, pregnant with a daughter born later that year, Nata had left the CIA.

Snow rose within the Soviet division to the key post of chief of operations. In 1959, he was slated to go to Berlin to work with George Kisevalter on the Popov case.

By this time, however, the CI Staff and the Office of Security had been turned loose on the Snow-Yankovsky case, the problem of the lost agents in Korea, and Nata's relatives behind the Iron Curtain. A major mole hunt now took place inside the agency, two years *before* Golitsin defected and triggered the larger search for penetrations. In a very real sense, the great mole hunt had begun in 1959 with the investigation of Ed Snow, his wife, and his father-in-law.

"There were horrible interrogations," Nata said. "For years I had nightmares. They called me in. There was a big room, a lot of officers, a huge table, everybody glaring at you. But the questions are all the same. Helms was there, I think, and Dulles, too. All during the summer of '59. They mainly asked me about the two years we spent under Soviet occupation in North Korea, from 1945 to 1947."

Snow and his wife were interrogated separately. Also drawn into the case was Vivian L. Parker, a British-born CIA case officer who immigrated to America and became a naturalized citizen in 1942 at the age of thirty-four. The CIA sent Parker to India in the mid-1950s, to Madras and Calcutta, and he had the misfortune to have met and married Andy Yankovsky's cousin, Marianne. Now the mole hunters had *two* case officers linked by marriage to Yankovsky.

According to George Kisevalter, CIA director Allen Dulles summoned Snow to his office at the end of the investigation and fired him. Kisevalter said Dulles told Snow, "We have a tragedy here, your security is shot. We have to let you go." At the age of thirty-seven, having achieved a senior position in the division, Snow was through.

"Dulles personally got him a job," Kisevalter continued, "and then he became vice president of Litton Industries, thanks to Dulles. Dulles acted very kindly, because he felt Snow had been mousetrapped and the agency had done him an injustice. But it ruined his whole life."[11] Vivian Parker and Yankovsky were fired as well, along with Ed Snow.

Andy Yankovsky, his stepdaughter insisted, "was the most loyal person to this country. We thought we had found our haven." She was still bitter, even thirty years later, about what the CIA had done. Her husband, her stepfather, and Parker, all three men, had been fired on the same grounds, she said, "relatives behind the Iron Curtain. Relatives dying of starvation and freezing to death in the gulag.

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[11] The strains told on Snow's marriage; three years later he and Nata were separated, and in 1968 they were divorced. After Andy Yankovsky left the CIA, he was hired by TRW, the aerospace firm, and worked as the company's public relations man for the Far East. He had homes in Tokyo and in San Francisco, where he died on February 13, 1978. Ed Snow died in Los Angeles on April 1, 1990, at the age of sixty-seven.

"Both Andy's and my family have fought Communism for three generations, and lived in exile as stateless White Russian immigrants. In the eyes of the Soviet government, we were their worst enemies. We were all on the list for deportation to Siberian labor camps. If we had known, all of us would have tried to make it across the 38th parallel. We had no great plans or ambitions, we 'just wanted to live,' as Dr. Zhivago said in Pasternak's book. If we had outlived our usefulness to the CIA, we should have been dismissed in a more humane manner. We were totally defenseless and devoted to this country. We have served this country well."

Mole hunters have long memories. The books were never closed with the dismissals in 1959, and less than a decade later, the Snow-Yankovsky-Parker case rose up to haunt David Murphy, the chief of the Soviet division. It was, as Miler confirmed, one of the major threads of the SIG's investigation of Murphy himself. As farfetched as it might seem in retrospect, the mole hunters were trying to find out whether Murphy, by helping to recruit Yankovsky, was somehow responsible for the loss of CIA agents in the Korean War.

Ed Petty was one of the members of the SIG who had investigated Murphy. Angleton not only considered Murphy a prime suspect, but, according to Petty, "even stated outright on certain occasions that Murphy was a KGB agent." After studying the files, Petty wrote a long paper concluding that Murphy was not a mole, after all. But with the suspicions of treason swirling around Murphy, his days as chief of the Soviet division were numbered.

In 1968, a major upheaval took place within the division. Murphy was forced out—replaced as head of the Soviet division and sent to Paris as chief of station. At first, William Colby was in line to succeed him. But President Johnson reached down into the agency's ranks and plucked Colby out to go to Vietnam. As a result, Rolfe Kingsley succeeded Murphy.

According to Miler, not only the suspicions of Murphy played a part in his departure, "but also the decision to incarcerate Nosenko. And the whole Nosenko case." It was Murphy who had played a primary role in subjecting Nosenko to his terrible ordeal. Helms had by now demanded that the issue of Nosenko's bona fides be resolved; the case had gone on too long. The Soviet division was an obvious target. "It was decided a change was needed, new management, new style," Miler said.

Just how far Angleton had turned against the former division chief soon became clear in startling fashion. On a trip to Washington, Count Alexandre de Marenches, the three-hundred-pound director of the SDECE, the French intelligence service, was buttonholed by Angleton. The counterintelligence chief warned de Marenches that David Murphy, the new chief of station in Paris, was a Soviet mole.

William Colby said that he learned of Angleton's astonishing warning about Murphy several years later. It happened, Colby said, when he visited Paris a few months after he had been appointed director of the CIA. "De Marenches drew me aside and said, 'Did you know that Angleton told me that Murphy was a Soviet agent?' "

Colby said de Marenches had good reason to be upset. "He meant, 'You've got to get your agency under control. You shouldn't be speaking with two voices.' " As soon as Colby returned to Langley, he said, "I read the files on Murphy. There were allegations, the thing had been looked at." In his memoir, without naming Murphy or de Marenches, Colby said that the files revealed that the officer, "a brilliant and effective one at that, was given a totally clean bill of health. But our counterintelligence had never accepted the conclusion."[12]

After reviewing the file, Colby recalled, "I wrote a memo saying there should be no suspicion of this man." Moreover, Colby gave Murphy an important assignment coordinating the agency's technical operations with human intelligence. "I called him after I reviewed the file. I said, 'I want you to know this is over.' I was taking a chance, putting him into a highly sensitive activity. I did it deliberately."

The story of Angleton's warning about Murphy to the French has circulated for years in the murky world of counterintelligence. But members of Angleton's inner circle refused to believe it. "Colby is the only source for that," Scotty Miler said.

However, Alexandre de Marenches himself confirmed that Angleton had warned him that Murphy was a Soviet spy. An urbane aristocrat who speaks colloquial English without a trace of an accent, de Marenches said he remembered the conversation very well. "Around '71 I was in Washington," he said. "To be told that the liaison officer with me [Murphy] was a Russian agent was a bit of a surprise, to put it mildly." And Angleton had told him that? "Yes, Angleton told me this. It was flabbergasting."[13]

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[12] William Colby and Peter Forbath, *Honorable Men: My Life in the CIA* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1978), p. 365.

Even before Colby learned of Angleton's suspicions about Murphy, de Marenches had alerted a senior CIA official to Angleton's warning about the Paris station chief. According to a former agency officer, "De Marenches said to the official, 'My dear friend, why does the CIA send me a Soviet spy as chief of station?' This was a conversation in Paris. The CIA man said, 'I don't believe it.' De Marenches said, 'It comes from your Monsieur Angleton.' "

When the incredulous CIA man got back to Langley, "he asked Jim for an explanation and got a three-page memo giving all the reasons that Dave Murphy was a spy. When you read the three pages you realize Angleton was really off the wall. Angleton wanted Helms to send a letter incorporating the material in the three pages. Helms ducked it. Instead, the senior official wrote back a nice letter to the French saying there's nothing to support it."

Richard Helms insisted he could not recall the incident and had been unaware of the suspicions about Murphy. But then Helms found it difficult to remember almost any controversial matters that occurred on his watch. He could not remember who had made the decision to imprison Nosenko; he had never approved the Shadrin operation. Interviewed in his office on K Street in Washington, where the former CIA director was an international business consultant, Helms at seventy-seven was a symphony in gray--gray hair, gray suit, and shades of gray as he talked about his years as head of the CIA and the need for a delicate balance between intelligence and counterintelligence. He was tall, slim, elegant, and relaxed; in contrast to years past, he agreed to be quoted.

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[13] De Marenches said he had no memory of having told Colby of Angleton's warning. "It was not Colby," he said, "it was Helms." He said he had informed the CIA director of Angleton's warning about Murphy during the same visit to Washington. "I saw Helms in his office," he said. But, de Marenches added, "During my eleven years [as head of the SDECE] I saw six directors of CIA." Richard Helms said he did not remember "de Marenches coming to my office in Langley and telling me my station chief in Paris is any Soviet agent."

"I don't recall Jim coming to me and saying anything about a problem with David Murphy," he said. "I heard about this later, after I left the agency. My best recollection is that at the time I sent David Murphy to Paris I wasn't aware of Angleton's suspicions. I never believed it. I had no reason to doubt Dave Murphy's loyalty."

But Angleton did. And what makes Angleton's warning to the French even more bizarre is that Howard J. Osborn, head of the CIA's Office of Security, had cleared Murphy of the mole charges before he ever went to Paris, according to a former senior agency officer. "When Murphy was about to go to Paris he was under suspicion," he said. "Helms would not send a COS to Paris under a cloud. He insisted it be resolved. Osborn gave Murphy the toughest interrogation he ever ran, and a long polygraph. It was nasty. And Dave Murphy came up absolutely clean. It was negative all the way."

Angleton, the former CIA officer said, "not only warned de Marenches personally but also Marcel Chalet, then head of the DST [the French counterespionage service]. I'm convinced he gave Chalet a message similar to one he gave to de Marenches. Poor Murphy. It's a wonder he was able to go to the bathroom while he was in Paris. It was the most egregious, outrageous conduct I've ever heard of."

But there is an unknown sequel to the story. According to a former high-ranking CIA counterintelligence officer, Angleton also voiced the same warning about Murphy's successor as COS in Paris, Eugen F. Burgstaller. "It happened around 1974," the CIA man said. "Angleton said Burgstaller was a Soviet agent, too. It didn't convince the French. By that time, Angleton had less and less credibility. He warned Chalet, and I think he went over and saw Chalet."[14]

Marcel Chalet declined to comment on whether Angleton had warned him that two successive CIA station chiefs in Paris were Soviet agents, although he did not deny it, either.[15]

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[14] Burgstaller, who served as chief of station in Paris for five years, beginning in 1974, was startled to be told of his colleague's assertion. "I must say I never have heard that," he said. "And I never got any indication from any of the senior people [in French intelligence] that they had received such a warning."

[15] "You won't be surprised that I prefer not to answer questions relating to David Murphy, Eugen Burgstaller, and James Angleton dealing with the internal problems of the American services," he said. "Somehow, to be precise I must tell you that the first two men cited were and are my friends and that James Angleton has served his country well. This said, you know as well as I do that the job that was theirs exposed them to controversy." Letter, Chalet to author, July 19, 1990.

Rolfe Kingsley, the new head of the Soviet division, had been chief of the European division and before changing jobs had approved Murphy's assignment to Paris. Kingsley was not aware until after he took over the Soviet division that Murphy had been a mole suspect.

Murphy, as matters turned out, was only the first to go. According to a senior former officer in the Soviet division, when Kingsley came in, "the division was cleaned out. Literally hundreds of people, all of the Russian-speaking officers, were transferred without being asked to other divisions. The Soviet division had hundreds of people and most were Russian-speakers. Most were children of Russians, some were born in Russia. Virtually the whole division was transferred. It was all designed to cleanse the division of a possible mole."

If the Counterintelligence Staff couldn't find the mole, he said, then the transfers meant that at least the suspected penetration would in all probability no longer be in the Soviet division. It was a new approach; instead of pinpointing the penetration, which it could not do, the SIG had cast its net wide in an attempt to scoop up the mole along with everyone else.

The former officer said most of those transferred never knew what hit them. "The excuse given was we were not successful in recruiting Soviets. Each person developed an individual rationale for being transferred. No one realized it was because we were *all* suspect. Angleton decided to freeze everyone of Russian origin."

To staff the depleted Soviet division, he said, the agency turned to officers from the old Eastern European division, which had been absorbed into the Soviet division two years earlier. "EE would take over, they knew how. Hundreds of people were affected by the search for the mole," he concluded, "because hundreds were transferred out of the division."

Another former officer of the Soviet division said, "I think Kingsley permanently injured the clandestine capability." He added, "I don't know if he was under orders or setting policy."

Donald F. B. Jameson, who served in the Soviet division at the time, confirmed that "there were a substantial number of changes" as officers were shifted out of the division. "It was related to their affiliation with Murphy. And, as it now appears, there was the presumption that they were all spies."

Kingsley strongly disputed these accounts of a wholesale purge. Asked whether hundreds of Russian-speaking officers had been transferred, he said: "That's a lot of baloney." Kingsley declined, however, to say how many officers he *had* removed.

Richard Helms, the CIA director at the time, could not remember mass transfers. "That's nonsense," Helms said. "It never happened as far as I'm concerned. It's simply untrue." Was Helms aware of any transfers from the division for security reasons? "No, I was not," he responded. But Scotty Miler thought that perhaps "fifty, plus or minus," had been transferred. "Out of maybe three hundred people in the division."

Whatever the totals, among the officers who remained, those under suspicion were secretly identified to Kingsley by Thomas Karamessines, the DDP. In addition, Kingsley sat on a hush-hush committee of three, consisting of himself, Angleton, and a representative of the Office of Security. The secret committee kept Kingsley abreast of the latest suspicions of the SIG.

Kingsley was not, he later claimed, much impressed with the evidence that was presented to him in the arcane committee of three. He realized he had stepped into a can of worms; morale in the Soviet division was at a low ebb, operations had ceased, everyone was looking under the chair for moles. The division, Kingsley felt, had lost sight of its purpose, to penetrate the Soviet Union.

But with Murphy gone, Kingsley was soon caught up in the endgame of the Loginov case. The decision to betray Loginov to the South Africans, after both Angleton and the Soviet division decided he was a fake, had taken place before Kingsley headed the division. But Kingsley shared the prevailing view that Loginov was not genuine; he had never produced what the agency wanted.

To this day, many former CIA officers consider what happened next one of the worst blots on the agency's record. With the approval of the CIA, South Africa traded Loginov back to the Soviet Union in a three-cornered swap for some half-dozen West German agents imprisoned by East Germany.

According to George Kisevalter, Angleton was the key figure in arranging the trade of Loginov. "Angleton decided he was a plant and engineered the swap with the East Germans to release the West Germans in return for Loginov, who was then given back to the Soviets."

"Angleton," said one former CI officer, "would have to have been consulted every inch of the way." Even though Loginov was suspected by the CIA to be a plant, no one was *sure,* and to trade him back to the KGB might be signing his death warrant if the agency was wrong.

After Loginov's arrest in Johannesburg in 1967, the South Africans had announced the Soviet spy had revealed the names of KGB officers all over the world. Asked how Loginov could have been a plant, given the large numbers of KGB officers he exposed, Pete Bagley replied: "He named his Soviet handlers in Africa, Kenya, and Belgium. But those were giveaways. Loginov gave away the names to deceive us on the rest."

In fact, the KGB officers' names had been provided to the South African security service by the CIA, and had been culled from the agency's files. They did not come from Loginov at all. The release of the names, according to one CIA officer, was designed to put Loginov in the worst possible light with the KGB. But Loginov's "confession," although bogus, might nevertheless have endangered his life if he was sent back to the Soviet Union.[16]

When South Africa, before agreeing to the swap, asked the CIA whether it was sure it did not want Loginov, Rolfe Kingsley said he did not. Angleton agreed; the CIA had no further use for Yuri Loginov.[17]

A CIA officer familiar with the Loginov case explained what then occurred. "Loginov was taken from South Africa to West Germany, and the arrangements were made for him to be pushed back by Jim. When Loginov arrived in Germany and realized fully the horror of his situation, he was scared to death and resisted very strongly being sent back. The story at the frontier is pretty sad. He literally had to be pushed across. Into the hands of the KGB, who took him away."

This account, related as well by several other CIA sources, was disputed by Bagley, who claimed that Loginov was "happy" to go back. "At the reunion with the Soviets, they fell into each other's arms. It is unthinkable we would have thrown anyone over the line against his will." The fact that Loginov provided information to the

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[16] Joseph Evans, the headquarters officer in charge of the case, denied that the provision of the names to the South Africans by the CIA would have jeopardized Loginov. The KGB, he argued, knew that as an illegal, Loginov did not have access to the names.

[17] On a decision of this importance, with its potential for opening the agency to criticism, logically the director of the CIA, Richard Helms, would have to have approved. But Helms said, "I have no recollection of the case whatever." Could he explain why Loginov was traded back? Helms put up his thumb and forefinger, forming a zero. "That's what I recall," he said. "I have no memory of it."

South Africans proved he was not a true illegal, Bagley argued. "Illegals like Abel keep their mouths shut. Illegals don't talk."

Evans, too, clung to the hope that he and the other CIA officers who swung against Loginov had not made a terrible, fatal mistake. He was not persuaded that Loginov had been sent to his death. But the CIA, according to several knowledgeable sources, obtained information from later defectors that Loginov had been executed. Richard Kovich, the man who recruited Loginov, learned of his agent's fate when he was called back to the CIA as a consultant some years after he had retired; by that time the agency had a Soviet defector who said he had attended Loginov's funeral.

George Kisevalter had heard much the same. "A later defector came with the story that Loginov had been shot," Kisevalter said.

"He was sent back to goodbye."

Chapter 16

Downfall

■

John Denley Walker, the station chief in Israel, knew that a visit from a senior official at headquarters always meant a certain amount of extra preparation and effort. The VIP would have to be entertained and looked after.

But he was not prepared for what happened when James Angleton arrived on one of his periodic trips to Israel. The visit had come soon after Walker had taken up his duties as station chief in 1967.

At the time, Angleton was drinking heavily. The counterintelligence chief asked Walker to arrange to have a case of whiskey delivered to his hotel room.

After it arrived, Angleton told Walker he suspected the bourbon had been poisoned by the KGB. Walker tried to explain that he had bought the whiskey at the embassy commissary and had delivered it himself, but to no avail. Angleton would not be dissuaded.

To Walker, Angleton looked exhausted. The CIA station chief feared that the chief of counterintelligence was on the edge of a nervous breakdown.

"I'm sending you home," he said.

Angleton was enraged. "You can't do that," he replied.

When Walker insisted, Angleton warned angrily of retribution; he would see to it that Walker never got another decent job in the CIA. But the conversation had its effect; Angleton took some time off to rest. He went, not back to Washington, but to Elat, on the Gulf of Aqaba.

By this time, Angleton's power was beginning to unravel. His warning to the French that David Murphy was a Soviet agent had not been taken seriously by the SDECE, and eventually boomeranged to undermine the counterintelligence chief. In addition, Angleton had lost Pete Bagley, one of his closest allies and strongest supporters in the Soviet division.

CIA director Richard Helms had decided it was time for a change in the leadership of the Soviet division. Early in 1967, Bagley, then the deputy chief of the division, was offered the post of chief of station in Brussels. By September, he was in place. Bagley's exit was soon followed by David Murphy's departure for Paris.

But no one was safe from the suspicion pervading the CIA. Now, Bagley himself became a target of Angleton's mole hunters. Ed Petty, a member of the SIG, began digging into his background.

Petty fastened on an episode that had taken place years earlier, when Bagley had been stationed in Bern, handling Soviet operations in the Swiss capital. At the time, Bagley was attempting to recruit an officer of the UB, the Polish intelligence service, in Switzerland. Petty concluded that a phrase in a letter from Michal Goleniewski, the Polish intelligence officer who called himself Sniper and who later defected to the CIA, suggested that "two weeks after approval of the operation by headquarters," the KGB had advance knowledge of the Swiss recruitment attempt—advance knowledge that could only have come from a mole in the CIA.

Bagley said it proved nothing of the sort. "I was running the correspondence phase of Sniper in Switzerland," he said. "We wrote a letter to a Polish security officer when I was in Bern station." The letter, an attempt to recruit the Pole to work for the CIA, "mentioned the man's boss. Some time later, Goleniewski wrote again, mentioning the name of the UB chief in Bern, 'whose name you already know,' which meant that Goleniewski knew of our letter. But that doesn't mean there was a mole in CIA. It means the target turned the letter in to his service and our guy [Sniper] was high up enough to know it."

Bagley said that Petty had interpreted the episode to mean that "the UB knew of the recruitment attempt in advance, which is quite different." Petty, nevertheless, wrote an analysis of the Swiss recruitment episode, and of Bagley's file, and concluded that "Bagley was a candidate to whom we should pay serious attention." The study gave Bagley the cryptonym GIRAFFE. Petty said he submitted his paper "with some trepidation" because "I was well aware that Bagley had long been a protégé of Jim Angleton."

Petty turned in his report to James Ramsay Hunt, Angleton's deputy. "Hunt said, 'This is the best thing I've seen yet.' " But, Petty added, he heard nothing from Angleton.

"The Bagley report stewed in Angleton's in box for a considerable time," Petty said. "Then one day he called me in to discuss the Nosenko case. He brought up some of the points in Bagley's nine-hundred-plus-page study. And I said, 'If there is a penetration, then Nosenko could not have been genuine.' " A mole in the CIA, Petty argued, would have told the KGB of Nosenko's initial contact with the agency in 1962, and, Nosenko, had he been a true asset, would never have come back in 1964. "I said to him, 'You don't need all these points in Bagley's nine-hundred-pager—it's much simpler than that.' "

"Angleton sat there and mulled this point over for some time. Then he said to me, 'Pete is not a Soviet spy.' "

At that moment, Petty saw the light, like Saint Paul on the road to Damascus. It suddenly hit him; not Bagley but Angleton himself was the mole. "I was flabbergasted," Petty said. "Because the subject of my paper about Pete had not arisen. It was at that point that I decided I'd been looking at it all wrong by assuming Golitsin was good as gold. I began rethinking everything. If you turned the flip side it all made sense. Golitsin was sent to exploit Angleton. Then the next step, maybe not just an exploitation, and I had to extend it to Angleton. Golitsin might have been dispatched as the perfect man to manipulate Angleton or provide Angleton with material on the basis of which he [Angleton] could penetrate and control other services."

Angleton himself must be the traitor, Petty decided. "Angleton made available to Golitsin extensive sensitive information which could have gone back to the KGB. Angleton was a mole, but he needed Golitsin to have a basis on which to act."

Petty was now sure he had unlocked the key to everything that had been going on inside the agency for the past decade. "Golitsin and Angleton. You have two guys absolutely made for each other. Golitsin was a support for things Angleton had wanted to do for years in terms of getting into foreign intelligence services. Golitsin's leads lent themselves to that. I concluded that logically Golitsin was the prime dispatched agent."

The more Ed Petty thought about it, the more convinced he became that Angleton had been the mole all along. Angleton had extraordinary access, after all. "The only place in the CIA besides the cable room where there was total access was on James Angleton's desk. From the indications we had, the penetration had to be at a high and sensitive level, and long-term. You could say the director's desk fit that description, but there were several directors. All the operational cables went through Angleton."

By now, the mole hunt had run out of control. Like a Frankenstein monster, it had finally attacked its own creator.

In 1971, Petty said, "I started working on it. Putting stuff on index cards, formulating my theory." He did not dare to discuss what he was doing with Jean Evans, then his boss. Instead he went to a close friend, a senior officer, and told him what he was thinking. "I said, 'I can't do this without some backstop.' He said he would take it to the director and a few days later he came back and told me go ahead. He said he had talked to Helms."

Helms denied that while CIA director he knew that his counterintelligence chief had himself become a mole suspect. "I never heard about it when I was in the agency," he said. "I knew Ed Petty—he'd worked for me years before." But no one "ever told me that Petty's study was under way." Petty's conclusion that Angleton was the mole, Helms added, "didn't make any sense to me."

The senior officer to whom Petty had confided was James H. Critchfield, who had been Petty's boss in Munich years earlier and rose to head the Eastern European and Near East divisions. Critchfield said he was indeed aware of Petty's investigation, and Petty had discussed it with him. But, Critchfield added, he never told Helms about it until after he and the CIA director had both left the agency.[1]

Petty's belief that his mentor had seen the director was not far off the mark, however. For in 1974, Critchfield, as it turned out, had informed William Colby, then the CIA director, about Petty's investigation of Angleton. Critchfield was about to retire. "I conveyed that Ed Petty had told me of possible security problems in the CI Staff. Of course I mentioned Angleton. I did not want to walk out the door without bringing it to the attention of the director."[2]

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[1] Petty kept Critchfield informed. "He used to stop by my office from time to time," Critchfield said, "and tell me about fragments of information that led him to believe there was a penetration. Angleton was one of the common denominators that ran through the cases. I listened because it seemed important and because of my respect for Ed Petty, who had been one of my two chief analysts."

Petty worked in absolute secrecy, never revealing to anyone except Critchfield that he was gathering information to accuse his own boss, James Angleton, as a Soviet spy. By the spring of 1973, after toiling for some two years, Petty felt he could not develop his theory any further. He decided to retire.

"I told my intermediary, 'I'm going to retire.' He said, 'You've got to have a talk with somebody.' By now Colby was director, but he was not available. I finally saw the assistant DDO, David Blee. I told my story and he said, 'We would like you to stay.' The clear implication was 'Keep doing what you're doing.' So I stayed and kept at it. I stayed another year."

In 1974, Petty said, he reached a firm decision to retire. Blee, he said, urged him to prepare a report on Angleton.[3] "I said, 'It's only on cards.' So they sat me down with a senior officer, James Burke, and I talked to him on tape for twenty-six hours. Plus I turned over two safe drawers full of collateral material. On the tapes, I said quite clearly, to my best hypothesis, Angleton had to be the person. The penetration. We didn't say moles. I didn't say he's the only possibility. But he's the only one who has been here all that time and has seen it all. I said they should get rid of Angleton. Fire him."

Even before William Colby became director of the CIA, he had begun zeroing in on Angleton's counterintelligence turf. After Colby returned from Vietnam in 1971, Helms had named him executive director of the agency.

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[2] Colby said he did not specifically remember Critchfield's visit, but had been told of the Petty study by William E. Nelson, the DDO, after it was finished. "I said, 'Aw, c'mon. It was nonsense.'' The Petty study, Colby said, was a "nonstarter" and did not affect his later decision to dismiss Angleton.

[3] Blee, who was later to head the Counterintelligence Staff, regarded Petty's study of Angleton as a serious effort that would have to be carefully considered, not simply filed and forgotten. Without taking a position on whether Petty's conclusion about Angleton was valid, he moved to make sure that the study was preserved.

When President Nixon, in the midst of the Watergate scandal, appointed Helms ambassador to Iran, Colby, in February 1973, became the DDO under James R. Schlesinger, the new CIA director.

"I'd had minimum contact with the CI Staff," Colby said. "I knew they were highly secretive and a separate power. I'd had one contact with Angleton in Rome, in the mid-fifties. The CI Staff was running an agent, and eventually I took over the agent. I had my doubts that was the way to run a railroad." The clash in Rome was not very important, but it planted the seed in William Colby's mind that counterintelligence had become too much a law unto itself.

Colby and Angleton did not often cross paths again until 1967, when Colby was asked to take over the Soviet division, a job that David Murphy got instead when Colby was unexpectedly sent to Vietnam. During the period when Colby was preparing for what he thought would be the post of Soviet division chief, Angleton asked to see him. "Jim invited me down for 'the Briefing.' I went through several hours of his briefing. The KGB was everywhere, it was penetrating Americans, foreign political leaders. The presumption was that the agency was the main target. Being a lawyer, I wanted to hear evidence. There wasn't any."

When Colby became the DDO under Schlesinger, he was now in charge of counterintelligence—and had suddenly become Angleton's boss. "I began to look at it and found the CI Staff had several hundred people. I was under pressure to reduce. That seemed an awful lot of personnel slots."

Colby was DDO for only a couple of months, but in that period, he also found out that Angleton had a hammerlock on anything to do with Israel. "I discovered the Israel account was being run through the CI Staff, and to my amazement I learned that the chief of station Cairo could not communicate with the COS Israel. Everything had to go through the CI Staff."

Colby also discovered that the agency had for twenty years been opening first-class mail in violation of the law. During most of that period, Angleton and the CI Staff intercepted letters between the United States and the Soviet Union and other Communist countries. "I got into the mail-opening thing and wrote a memo saying it should be terminated," Colby said. "The Post Office guy running it was getting scared. I couldn't find it had produced anything. Angleton objected. Schlesinger cut the baby in half and said, 'Let's suspend it but not terminate it.' "[4]

In May, Colby was promoted to director of the CIA. "I began to talk to Jim about these things shortly after I took over," he said. "I raised taking away the Israel account several times and he had resisted it. I did not want to push it through. I can tell you the reason now, since he is no longer living. He was so intense I was really worried that if I got rid of him he would have done harm to himself."

Colby feared that Angleton would commit suicide?

"Yeah. So I was trying to ease him out." As part of his campaign to get rid of Angleton, Colby gradually began dismantling pieces of the CI Staff. Up to then, the Counterintelligence Staff had exclusively handled liaison with the FBI. That meant that often Sam Papich, Hoover's man, dealt directly with Angleton, with whom he had developed a close personal friendship.

"I put liaison with the FBI under the DDO," Colby said. "Nobody could tell what the CI Staff was doing. Yet the FBI relationship was important. So I designated a guy on the DDO's personal staff who became liaison with FBI."

Methodically, Colby took other steps to chip away at Angleton's power. Until then, no proposed clandestine operation anywhere in the world could take place without approval of the CI Staff. Colby decided that division chiefs should make those decisions; the CI Staff "should give advice, not have a veto or approval of the operation." The Counterintelligence Staff was reduced to running name checks on people proposed to be used in operations. "They could give a clearance that there was nothing bad on someone," Colby said, "but they didn't approve the overall operation."

With operational approval removed from Angleton's domain, Colby next took away Angleton's power to review operations already in progress. According to Colby, the CI Staff and several other CIA units engaged in these periodic reviews. To an extent, he said, "these

[4] The Post Office, however, refused further complicity in the illegal program, and on February 15, 1973, the mail-opening program in New York, the largest of four such programs run by the CIA over the years, was shut down. During the twenty years from 1953 to 1973 that the CIA opened first-class mail, under the code name HTLINGUAL, 28 million letters were screened, 2.7 million envelopes were photographed, and 215,000 were opened in New York City alone.

staffs had developed an operational function and were running their own operations. I thought that was a mistake. A division should run operations." Now the CI Staff was out of the business of project review.

In addition, Colby removed the small international Communism unit from Angleton's fiefdom. As each of these offices were plucked out, the size of Angleton's staff dwindled from hundreds to some forty people.

"Taking away FBI liaison and the other units was designed to lead him to see the handwriting on the wall," Colby said. "He just wouldn't take the bait."

Angleton, of course, realized what was happening, as did Scotty Miler. Colby did not explain his changes, Miler said, "but it was clear why. He felt CI approval for each operation was inhibiting ops. It got rid of people looking over the operators' shoulders. There was nobody second-guessing them. To use extreme language, it got rid of the Gestapo.

"There was a direct connection between Colby's dislike of the mole hunt and his decision to break up CI in 1973," Miler continued. "Colby didn't understand CI. And he said every case officer will be his own CI officer. Jim's reaction? 'There goes counterintelligence.'

"We knew the handwriting was on the wall," Miler went on. "Jim and I talked about it. This was the first step toward firing Jim. I saw little future for CI. At age forty-eight I presumably had some places to go. But we certainly realized that CI as Jim conceived of it, and as I did, could not function under the reorganization."

When Colby had finished, Angleton and his staff had little to occupy themselves. "We were left with penetrations and double agents, a few of which CI ran," Miler said, "and we were left with approval of double-agent operations, and day-to-day oversight. Maybe a couple of dozen such operations. We were turning more to research and analysis, and we reexamined the penetration cases to see if we had missed anything."

Recalling the curtailment of Angleton's power, Colby was frank about what he had done and why. "As DDO and then as director, I sliced into his empire. He'd developed a direct relationship with Dulles, Helms, and McCone. He tried it with Schlesinger." It had not worked under Schlesinger, and Angleton knew there was no hope of maintaining the same kind of clout under Colby.

"I determined a long time ago I had to get rid of him and the question was how," Colby said. "I thought it essential to run a clear-cut organization where different parts worked together. His idea was to be totally secretive and cross lines all over the place. Second, I found several hundred people in there. I honestly couldn't figure out what the devil they were doing. What benefits was this giving us? I couldn't find any.

"I finally decided if I was to be responsible for CI, I had to have control over it. And I didn't have confidence I had control with him there. Counterintelligence needed a sweeping with a good new broom."

In Colby's view, the mole hunt had hobbled CIA operations and all but destroyed its main mission at the time, spying on the Soviet Union. "I couldn't find we'd identified any penetrations. And I concluded his work had hampered our recruitment of real agents. I'd be happy to get two false agents if I could get three real ones. We weren't recruiting any because of the negative effect of the super-suspicion. I said that has to stop. We've got to get agents. We've got to recruit Soviets. That's what the agency's in business for."

Angleton, Colby concluded, had stopped the agency dead in its tracks. "The big factor was what he was doing was counterproductive. If you find a reason to reject everyone you want to recruit, you don't have ops. Jim thought the fact you can get at a potential Soviet agent means he's being manipulated from the other side. The most important thing was the lack of agent recruitment, and from a discipline point of view the way he worked in total secrecy. I thought his fixation on the wily KGB was exaggerated and out of the real world. We shouldn't have anything as important as this in the hands of anybody so intense. And then, there was the question of fairness to my officers. I couldn't accept that they be placed under suspicion for inadequate reasons."

Finally, there was the embarrassment of the David Murphy episode. When Alexandre de Marenches took him aside and said Angleton had warned that David Murphy was a Soviet spy, Colby said, "I was infuriated. How can a service operate if a man is sent as COS Paris and another man goes over and tells the French he is a Soviet agent?"

For Colby, it was the last straw. "I had already come to a decision we had to make a change, and this was one other factor, a big one. It was another indication that Jim seemed totally out of control. By then it was a question of how to do it."

While Colby was pondering how to get the reluctant Angleton to walk the plank, the problem solved itself in the person of Seymour M. Hersh. A brilliant and tireless former police reporter from Chicago in the tradition immortalized in *The Front Page,* Hersh had come to national prominence in 1969 when he broke the story of the My Lai massacre in Vietnam for an obscure news service, for which he won the Pulitzer Prize. He then joined the *New York Times,* where his reporting on Watergate in the early 1970s helped that newspaper to keep up with, and occasionally even surpass, the stories broken day after day by Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein in the *Washington Post.*

While covering Watergate in 1973, Hersh said, "somebody I was dealing with told me there was a big problem inside the agency. Muskie had hearings on reorganizing the intelligence community in the fall of '74. There was a witness there and I was talking to him afterwards. I said to him, 'What the hell is the problem inside the agency?' I started meeting this person."

That was when Hersh learned about the Family Jewels.

In May of that year, Schlesinger—shocked by the wigs, spy gadgets, and other support that the CIA had given to Nixon's White House plumbers—issued a decree forbidding illegal activities by CIA employees, and requiring that they report any knowledge of past or present violations of the agency's charter. Thus was born the "Family Jewels," an agency euphemism for a 693-page compilation of the worst skeletons in the CIA's closet. The list included assassination plots against foreign leaders, drug tests on unsuspecting Americans, mail intercepts, and Operation CHAOS, a program of domestic spying on Americans opposed to the war in Vietnam.

Hersh soon heard of this extraordinary list and managed to learn part of its contents. "I eventually got in contact with someone who had access to the Family Jewels," he said. "I got hard numbers on how many mail openings, wiretaps, unauthorized break-ins there were, and, of course, the domestic spying. I remember talking to Angleton, and he initially said he had nothing to do with it."

Angleton also cast a lure in front of Hersh, with no effect. "Angleton said, 'Look, forget what you're working on, I have a better story for you.' And he told me about two [espionage] nets, in North Korea and a net in Moscow. 'Trap lines' he had laid in Moscow. I called Colby and told him what Angleton had said, and I thought I heard him gasp, suck in his breath. That Angleton would say that on an open phone line.

"By the time I got ready to see Colby I had hard numbers. I called up Colby and he agreed to see me on a Friday morning at the agency, and I laid out what I knew. I just came off a very hot year, all of Watergate, and Colby had sat down with me on the *Glomar Explorer,* and we held it, which by the way was not my decision.[5]

"He simply reviewed my domestic spying story with me. I said there were so many mail openings, so many break-ins, and he went over the numbers, in general reducing them. The big number was the ten thousand files—I said they were dossiers—on American citizens. He said, 'Sy, they were more like files.' If I said there were sixty-two break-ins he said, 'No, there were nineteen.' From his point of view it was damage limitation. But he was also confirming everything."

As soon as he got out of the building, Hersh telephoned Abe Rosenthal, his editor at the *New York Times.* "I said, 'Abe, I got it. I don't have him on the record but he confirmed it.' I remember being amazed I got that detail out of him. I went into the office on a Friday and wrote it and they ran it on Sunday."

Colby described how, in his meeting with Seymour Hersh, he had tried his best to downplay the CIA's role. "He came to me with what he said was a story bigger than My Lai. That we were engaged in a massive domestic intelligence operation. I said, 'Sy, you've got it all wrong.' He asked me about wiretaps. I said we weren't wiretapping a lot of people, a few cases of CIA employees or ex-employees who were suspect. He said we were opening the mail. I said it was very, very limited. Just a small amount of mail to and from Moscow."

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[5] The *Glomar Explorer* was a CIA ship operating under cover as a Howard Hughes mining vessel supposedly searching for minerals in the deep ocean floor. Its true purpose was to recover a Soviet submarine that had sunk in the Pacific. The CIA had named the supersecret operation Project Jennifer. In February 1974, Colby learned that Hersh was investigating Project Jennifer. He went to the *New York Times* Washington bureau and met with Hersh and Robert H. Phelps, the *Times* Washington editor, pleading with them to wait. Colby was given no commitment ("We didn't offer any promise whatsoever," Phelps said), but Hersh, busy covering Watergate, did not yet have enough information to write about the submarine project anyway. A year later, after the story briefly peeped out in the *Los Angeles Times,* Colby, on grounds of national security, asked the *New York Times* (as well as several other newspapers and television stations) to hold off on further coverage. The *Times* agreed, but Hersh, who by now had prepared his story about Project Jennifer, protested vigorously. All the news media went along with the CIA request until columnist Jack Anderson broke the story on his national radio program on March 18, 1975.

Colby realized that he had not succeeded in throwing Hersh off the scent—an impossible task, in any event. "I had a sense he was going to run with something," Colby said laconically. With one of the CIA's most onerous cats about to poke its whiskers out of the bag, Colby determined he could delay his dismissal of Angleton no longer.

"Some time before," Colby said, "I had pointed out to Angleton that if he left before a certain day, he would get a better pension arrangement. He said no the first time I raised it. It came up again in December of 1974, before I saw Sy. I had a session with him a few days or maybe a week before. I pointed out it was time to go on, and if he didn't want to retire I had this other job of writing a history of his contribution to the agency. It was a way to keep him gainfully employed. He turned me down on that, too. I said, 'Well, think about it, Jim.' I said I wanted him to leave by the end of December."

With the Hersh story about to explode, Colby telephoned Angleton and told him that the *Times* was on to Operation CHAOS, the domestic surveillance program, and other potentially embarrassing secrets. "I called Jim up. I said, 'I'm sorry this has happened. It really doesn't relate to our discussions. You and I know we've had these discussions over a long period of time. But I insist you go now.' I wasn't going to go into the uproar that was coming with Jim there and have to defend him and work with him. Because some of the Jewels were things he did, like the mail opening. I said, 'There's not a person in the world going to believe us, Jim, that it wasn't caused by Sy.' "

But, in retrospect, Colby agreed that the "precise timing" of his dismissal of Angleton was indeed a result of Hersh's story in the *Times*. He had, after all, fired Angleton in anticipation of its appearance.[6]

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[6] Hersh suspected that Angleton's indiscretion in telling him about CIA networks in North Korea and Moscow was the real reason that Colby finally dismissed the counterintelligence chief. Remembering Colby's gasp when he related this conversation to the CIA director, Hersh said: "I think *that's* why he fired Angleton." *Time* magazine reported that Angleton himself claimed that "his resignation was solely because of an indiscretion in the course of an interview with the *Times* that could have jeopardized a U.S. agent in Moscow." However, Colby said he had no memory of

Hersh's story led the paper on Sunday, December 22, 1974, under a four-column headline: "HUGE CIA OPERATION REPORTED IN U.S. AGAINST ANTIWAR FORCES, OTHER DISSIDENTS IN NIXON YEARS." The *Times* story reported that the CIA, in violation of its charter, had conducted "a massive illegal domestic intelligence operation" against the antiwar movement, and had engaged in break-ins, wiretaps, and "the surreptitious inspection of mail."[7]

Hersh's story set off a political chain reaction. President Gerald R. Ford, skiing in Vail, Colorado, announced he would tolerate no illegal spying and ordered Colby to prepare a report on the CIA operation. Colby ordered the DDO, William E. Nelson, to draft it. "By eight A.M. Monday," Miler said, "I had been advised I was to stand by to review some material being prepared by Nelson's office for the White House about the Hersh article. We had to review the Family Jewels report about mail opening and other things for the report that Colby flew out to Vail. Then I was told to be in Nelson's office at seven o'clock that night.

"During the day Jim called in me and Ray Rocca, and explained he was retiring." Rocca was the deputy chief of the CI Staff. Also present at the meeting in Nelson's office that night, Miler said, were Angleton; Nelson, slim, blond, well-tailored and smooth of manner; and Nelson's deputy, David Blee.

"Nelson explained Jim was retiring, they were making big changes in CI, Rock [Raymond Rocca] and I were no longer to be in CI. Then he turned to me and said, 'What are you going to do?' 'I guess I'll retire.' 'Good.' He turned to Rock and he said, 'I guess I'll retire.' That was it."

Two days later, Hersh reported the resignation of James Angleton, and soon after, of Rocca, Miler, and William J. Hood, another Angleton deputy and a thirty-year veteran of the OSS and the CIA. Hood, a latecomer to Angleton's inner circle—he had joined the staff as

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Hersh telling him about Angleton's lapse. "Maybe he did," Colby said. "But it wasn't a factor in firing Angleton. I determined a long time ago I had to get rid of him and the question was how."

[7] Colby's adversaries in the intelligence community later launched a whispering campaign that the CIA director had leaked the mail-opening program to Hersh to torpedo Angleton. Both Hersh and Colby firmly denied it.

executive officer only in 1973—had planned to retire anyway, Miler said, but was caught up in the mass departures.

On the day that Angleton's dismissal became known, Daniel Schorr of CBS News received a telephone call from his office at 6:00 A.M. A camera crew was on the way to Angleton's home in Arlington, and Schorr was instructed to meet it there. Schorr vividly recalled what turned into an off-camera interview that lasted four hours. "I arrived, he opened the door, sleepy-looking, wearing a robe over pajamas. He invited me in. He sat down and we talked for a long time. 'I've been up all night,' Angleton said. 'My family is away, but I can offer you apple juice or Sanka.'

"He was emaciated-looking, and his glasses came down over his nose, and he sometimes tended to look over them. He was soft-spoken. He talked at enormous length about Yasir Arafat. How Arafat went to Moscow and laid a wreath on Lenin's tomb. He showed me a photograph of a beaming Arafat at the tomb. 'The man standing next to Arafat at Lenin's tomb is his KGB case officer,' Angleton said. 'Petrovakov. He was head of KGB headquarters in Karlshorst when Blake was in Berlin.' "

No pictures, Angleton told Schorr; the camera crew would have to remain outside. "He said, 'You've blown my cover. I sent my family to several states, they're scattered all over, because of the story. It's caused me a lot of trouble. If my picture is taken, my wife will be killed. My wife of thirty-two years is gone, and here I am.' He went on, bewailing his troubles. Then back to Arafat again."

Angleton rambled on circuitously, the conversation disjointed. He had been to Israel thirty times. He had never met Howard Hunt, the Watergate burglar. Then a long dissertation on how Georgi Malenkov had taken over in Moscow, and other Kremlin maneuvers, all controlled by the KGB. Dzerzhinsky ran four thousand agents, Stalin changed the OGPU to a terror organization.

"He talked about Watergate," Schorr said. "He said, 'When Watergate occurred, Helms was deeply victimized. Helms was set up as the scapegoat for President Nixon.' " Angleton was disturbed by détente. " 'Public opinion favors détente, everything swirls around détente, which is just another word for peaceful coexistence, used by Stalin. The Nixon-Kissinger détente bothers me deeply.'

" 'For twenty-two years I handled the Israeli account. Israel was the only sanity in the Middle East. They wanted to transfer this account—that was unacceptable.' Colby was planning a trip to Israel, and Kissinger forbade him to go to East Jerusalem, because it would recognize Israeli control, and Colby canceled it. Angleton was furious at this.

"Angleton said the Yugoslav break with the Soviet Union was false, as was the Sino-Soviet split—neither happened, it was all part of KGB disinformation designed to mislead us. They remained under central control. That's when I decided he was really crazy. I said, 'Mr. Angleton, do you really *believe* that?' He didn't answer, and went on speaking almost as though I wasn't there. He was talking as though he was looking into his own mind.

"Then Angleton said he was leaving. I said, 'Mr. Angleton, you realize there are sixteen cameras out there. You've just told me if your picture is taken your family will be killed.' He went out anyway and seemed mesmerized by the cameras. He spoke for some time. Then he got into his blue Mercedes and drove away."

Colby's broom had now made a clean sweep of the leadership of the Counterintelligence Staff. But the fallout from Hersh's story was just beginning. President Ford named an eight-member commission headed by Vice President Nelson A. Rockefeller to investigate the charges. By early in 1975, a full-dress inquiry had begun in the Senate under Frank Church, the Idaho Democrat. In the House, a similar investigation was conducted by Representative Otis G. Pike, a Democrat from Long Island.[8]

James Angleton reluctantly emerged from the shadows for a memorable appearance before Senator Church's Senate Select Committee on Intelligence. It was the first time he had ever testified in public. As the cameras clicked and whirred, the tall stooped figure was sworn in at the witness table under the bright lights of the chandeliered Senate caucus room.

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[8] The Rockefeller Commission and the two congressional committees reported widespread abuses by the CIA and other intelligence agencies, including assassination plots by the CIA against foreign heads of state. As a result of these investigations, Congress belatedly established permanent intelligence committees in the Senate and House to watch over the CIA and the other intelligence agencies. And the President was required to inform Congress of covert operations. Efforts to pass broader "charter" legislation, defining the tasks of the spy agencies and setting strictly defined limits on their activities, failed to pass, however. Despite this, the myth arose that the Church committee and other investigations had somehow hobbled the intelligence agencies.

After some initial sparring between Angleton and Church, Senator Richard Schweiker, a Pennsylvania Republican, began questioning the former counterintelligence chief. At an earlier, executive session, the senator pointed out, Angleton had been asked why the CIA had failed to comply with a presidential order to destroy the deadly shellfish toxin that it used to coat the microscopic missiles fired by its dart guns.

Angleton had replied: "It is inconceivable that a secret intelligence arm of the government has to comply with all the overt orders of the government." Had Angleton really said that? Schweiker asked. "Well, if it is accurate, it shouldn't have been said," Angleton replied.

That wasn't enough for Schweiker. Did Angleton believe the CIA had to obey the President or didn't he? The remark was "imprudent," Angleton said; he wished to withdraw it.

Senator Church joined the questioning. "Did you not mean it when you said it the first time?" he asked.

"I do not know how to respond to that question," Angleton replied. "I said that I withdrew the statement."

"But you're unwilling to say whether or not you meant it when you said it?"

"I would say the entire speculation should not have been indulged in."

Senator Robert Morgan of North Carolina was troubled by Angleton's answers. He wanted to know how "the actions of that Central Intelligence Agency can be monitored in such a way as to protect the fundamental rights of the American citizens of this country? . . . How can we act if . . . the intelligence agencies refuse to obey the guidelines? . . . what assurances do we have that an intelligence agency would follow any mandate of the Congress or the President?"

"I have nothing to contribute to that, sir," said James J. Angleton.

In the days immediately before the fall, Miler said, "Jim was very discouraged. What was going to happen to CI? What was going to happen to efforts to keep the government from being penetrated? There were many nights we would go to the Shanghai for dinner, out on Lee Highway. Or Jim would go to La Niçoise, a restaurant in

Georgetown."[9] Over lunch there the two men would talk about the dim future of counterintelligence.

"He was very concerned we hadn't found the mole," Miler said. "He asked me, 'Where should we be looking? What should we be doing? Did we miss something? What were we doing wrong?' "

[9] La Niçoise, where Angleton lunched regularly, was notable for the odd fact that in the evening the waiters wore roller skates.

Chapter 17

Aftermath

The Norwegian counterintelligence man was puzzled. He had spotted a KGB officer in Oslo and followed the Soviet to a resort. What puzzled him was the woman the Russian had met there. She was older than might have been expected, in her mid-sixties perhaps, not the sort of young lovely a KGB man might choose for a weekend tryst.

A former FBI counterintelligence agent told what happened next. "Norwegian security identified her, and then, 'Oh my God, she had worked in Moscow.' She fit Golitsin's case."

It was the late seventies, more than ten years after Ingeborg Lygren had been arrested and grilled—and eventually released for lack of evidence—as a result of Anatoly Golitsin's identification of her as a Soviet spy. Angleton had warned the Norwegians about Lygren and had continued to insist on her guilt, even after her release.

The woman at the resort was Gunvor Galtung Haavik, sixty-five, who had been a secretary at Norway's embassy in Moscow for nine years before Lygren had served there.[1]

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[1] The Soviet defector Oleg Gordievsky, a KGB officer who began working for British intelligence in Copenhagen in 1974, has said that in the mid-1970s he warned MI6 about a Soviet agent in the Norwegian foreign ministry. But he did not indicate whether he was able to identify Haavik by name, nor is it known whether the British passed along the information to Norway. Christopher Andrew and Oleg Gordievsky, *KGB: The Inside Story* (New York: HarperCollins, 1990), p. 567. A former high-

By 1977, Gunvor Haavik was assigned to trade and political matters in the Norwegian ministry of foreign affairs in Oslo. Checking their records, Norwegian security found that she had worked in the Moscow embassy from 1947 to 1956.

"The original Golitsin story," the FBI counterintelligence man went on, "was that the KGB had targeted the Norwegian embassy in Moscow, decided that the woman who turned out to be Haavik was lonely, and sent a handsome officer to sit next to her at the opera. It worked."

James E. Nolan, Jr., an FBI counterintelligence official in the Soviet section at headquarters when Haavik was spotted, explained how the case had gone awry. "Golitsin talked about a Norwegian woman recruited in a Moscow honey trap who was an important KGB source in the Norwegian foreign service. That was absolutely, totally accurate. The agency with the help of the Norwegians came up with five or six candidates and showed him the files. 'This is the woman,' Golitsin said. They arrested her. Big stink. Trouble is, it was the wrong woman."

Once they had picked up Haavik's trail, Norwegian security police followed her for months. On January 27, 1977, she was under surveillance as she rode a streetcar to a rendezvous with Aleksandr K. Printsipalov, a KGB man listed as a third secretary in the Soviet embassy. She got off the streetcar, met the Soviet intelligence officer, and handed over documents. At that point, a group of police dressed as joggers closed in, arrested her, and held Printsipalov until he could prove his diplomatic status, at which point he had to be let go.

During interrogations and in court hearings, Haavik admitted she had handed over stacks of secret documents to the KGB, first in the Moscow embassy and then for nineteen years as an employee of the ministry in Oslo. The KGB had equipped Haavik with a special Russian-made bag with secret pockets, the better to take documents from the ministry. She delivered the documents to her KGB controllers at outdoor meetings in the Oslo area, at which she was paid.

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ranking CIA counterintelligence official doubted that a tip from Gordievsky had resulted in Haavik's detection. "To protect Gordievsky, the Brits would absolutely not pass it on to Norway," he said. "Gordievsky was too valuable to the Brits to risk passing on this little tidbit."

Haavik was run by Gennady F. Titov, a KGB officer stationed in Oslo who was later promoted to general.[2] One day after Haavik's arrest, Norway expelled five Soviets for espionage, including Printsipalov and an embassy driver, S. Z. Gromov, both of whom were accused of receiving classified material from Haavik. Titov was in Moscow on leave at the time, but the Norwegian government made it clear he would not be allowed to return.

According to correspondent Per Hegge, of Oslo's *Aftenposten,* there was more to the story. The Soviets had a personal hook into Haavik. The KGB agent whom Golitsin said had been placed next to her at the opera in Moscow was a man she already knew. "In 1945," Hegge said, "Haavik had served as an interpreter for a Norwegian physician, who was trying to improve health conditions in the camps of Soviet war prisoners whom the Germans had sent to Norway, and who were being repatriated. She struck up a friendship, a romance perhaps, with a Soviet soldier. He, unlike the others, was not sent to Siberia when he returned to the Soviet Union. He wrote to her. They used him to control her; if she didn't cooperate, something dreadful would happen to her Soviet soldier friend. I'm told he was let out of prison to see her. And if she didn't cooperate, he would go back."

The full details of the case were never made public in court. On August 5, 1977, six months after her arrest and before she could be brought to trial, Gunvor Galtung Haavik died in jail of congestive heart failure.

Just after Christmas in 1974, Colby called George T. Kalaris home from Brasilia, where he was chief of station, and appointed him chief of counterintelligence to replace James Angleton.

Kalaris, the son of Greek immigrants who owned restaurants in Billings, Montana, had joined the agency in 1952. He had served for the most part in the Far East, where he had been deputy COS in Laos and chief of station in the Philippines. There he had gotten to know Colby, who headed the Far East division. Kalaris was part of the "FE Mafia," the Asian hands whom Colby had brought in to staff a number of high-level positions in the agency.

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[2] Titov, who was known in the KGB as "the Crocodile," also ran Arne Treholt, a high-level Soviet spy in the Norwegian diplomatic corps. In 1984, Norwegian police arrested Treholt at Oslo's airport as he was about to leave for Vienna to meet General Titov. He carried a briefcase containing sixty-six classified documents. Treholt was convicted and sentenced to twenty years. Early in 1991, Titov was named chief of counterintelligence of the KGB. He was dismissed in the aftermath of the failed coup in August against Soviet President Mikhail S. Gorbachev. All of the KGB's top leaders were fired in the wake of the coup, which had been led by KGB chairman Vladimir A. Kryuchkov.

As one of his first acts when he took over the CI Staff, Kalaris assigned William E. Camp III, a CIA officer who had served in Oslo at the time of Lygren's arrest and whom Kalaris had recruited for the CI Staff, to do a study of the case. Camp concluded, even before Haavik's arrest, that the CIA—relying on Golitsin's information—had bungled, alerting Norway to arrest the wrong woman.

Mortified, Kalaris felt the agency should express its regret to Norway for the false imprisonment of Lygren. In 1976, Camp was dispatched to Oslo with a letter from the CIA, signed by Kalaris, apologizing to the government of Norway for the monstrous error in the Lygren affair. Camp, accompanied by Quentin C. Johnson, the CIA's Oslo station chief, called on the Norwegian authorities and delivered the letter and a verbal apology as well. The CIA also offered Lygren money, in addition to the small compensation she had received from her own government, an offer that the Norwegians turned down.

Kalaris also took steps to ensure that Lygren herself was made aware of the agency's contrition. But the official CIA apology to the government of Norway was never made public. By that time, Ingeborg Lygren had retired into obscurity near her native Stavanger, in southwest Norway, her telephone unlisted, her only wish to live out her days quietly and unnoticed.

On January 22, 1991, it was disclosed through an item inserted in the Oslo paper by her family that Ingeborg Lygren had died in Sandnes, a suburb of Stavanger, at the age of seventy-six.

George Kalaris, the new chief of counterintelligence, was a tall, thin man with a quick mind and no social pretensions. In an agency run largely by Ivy Leaguers, Kalaris was an anomaly. Whereas many of his colleagues were Easterners who communicated in the languid accents of Groton and Andover, Kalaris grew up in Billings, Montana; in appearance and style, he was faintly reminiscent of Jimmy Durante. His prep school was the streets of Nazi-occupied Athens.

When Kalaris was eleven, his mother took him and his two brothers to Greece to be educated there. His father would come to visit every year. World War II broke out, and Kalaris and his mother and brothers were caught in Athens during the Nazi occupation. The family acquired false identity cards in their true names and posed as Greeks. Kalaris's ID card said that he had been born in Athens. During the war, Kalaris attended law school at the University of Athens. In 1944, Greece was liberated and the American embassy reopened. When an eager Kalaris contacted the embassy, an official told him cheerfully: "We're holding something here for you." It was his draft notice. Kalaris returned to the United States in April 1945 and was inducted in August, just after the war's end. He served two years in the Army, finished law school at the University of Montana, and earned a master's degree in labor law at New York University. He worked as a lawyer for the National Labor Relations Board, then joined the CIA in 1952.

The CI Staff, having been whittled down by Colby, was already small when Kalaris was summoned back from Brazil to run it. Kalaris decided to keep it that way. As his deputy he brought in Leonard V. McCoy, who had been a reports officer in the Soviet division. Reports officers do not run agents, but they write up and evaluate the information flowing in from case officers in the field. McCoy had written the reports, among other major cases, on Penkovsky and Nosenko. A big, balding, slow-spoken man, McCoy was appalled as he read the files of the Angleton era, to which he now had access. Strongly pro-Nosenko, and a bitter foe of Angleton, he became even more outraged when he realized the full extent of what had been going on behind the closed doors of the CI Staff and the SIG.[3]

A former colleague of McCoy's sketched in the background. "As a relatively junior officer in the reports section, McCoy wrote a memo to Helms at the height of the Nosenko controversy and said Nosenko was bona fide, and the whole treatment of Nosenko was wrong. Helms sent the memo to Angleton for comment. McCoy became a marked man. He damn near lost his job. Bagley and Angleton came down on him like a ton of bricks. You could hear the spatter for a block. Boy, he [McCoy] was put in the back room and given a dressing down by Bagley.

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[3] For example, a 1987 article by McCoy in the CIA retirees' newsletter was a stinging indictment of the Angleton era and its devastating effect on CIA operations. Leonard V. McCoy, "Yuriy Nosenko, CIA," *CIRA Newsletter,* Vol. XII, No. 3 (Fall 1987), published by Central Intelligence Retirees' Association, p. 20. The unpublished portions of McCoy's manuscript are if anything even stronger in their criticism of Angleton. In the longer version, McCoy defended Paul Garbler and Richard Kovich, as well as Peter Karlow, who is not mentioned by name, and said all three were completely innocent of charges that were "dredged from Golitsyn's imagination" and given "monstrous life" by Angleton.

"The memo so angered Angleton that I think he put McCoy on the suspect list. That was what he frequently did. If someone was difficult to deal with, Angleton concluded he was under Soviet instructions to frustrate the mole investigation." The colleague shook his head. "But when he became deputy for counterintelligence McCoy had the misfortune to get involved in the Shadrin business, and that didn't do his career any good." Shadrin was the Soviet destroyer captain who defected in 1959 and disappeared in Vienna in 1975 after American intelligence played him back against the KGB.

As his other deputy, Kalaris appointed Lawrence M. Sternfield, a tough, heavyset CIA veteran who had worked for the agency in Chile, Brazil, and Bolivia and then handled Cuban operations in Miami. Under Kalaris, the CI Staff had but two components, Research and Analysis, headed by McCoy, and Operations, headed by Sternfield.

Sternfield was astonished to learn that Golitsin had agency files in his possession, files that had been shown to the defector by Angleton during the height of the mole hunt. By now the CIA had stashed Golitsin on a farm in upstate New York. Quietly, Sternfield began recovering the CIA's files. Every weekend for weeks, he sent a station wagon to the farm; it would come back to Langley loaded with documents. Ernest J. Tsikerdanos, a CIA officer on the Counterintelligence Staff, was at the wheel.

The Special Investigations Group was still going strong, looking for penetrations. Kalaris placed the SIG under McCoy. But after fourteen years, the SIG had not uncovered any moles inside the agency, and Kalaris ordered that it spend no more time chasing Golitsin's leads.

The new CI team was later criticized by Angleton's former aides as lacking counterintelligence experience. Perhaps so, but Kalaris had the wit to try to find out what Angleton had been doing for the past twenty years. To that end, he commissioned a series of classified studies. Some dealt with major Soviet cases, such as Nosenko, Orlov, Loginov, and Shadrin. But the most important study of all was a massive, detailed history of the CI Staff itself under Angleton.

To undertake this gargantuan task, Kalaris turned to Cleveland C. Cram. A rotund, friendly man with a scholarly manner, Cram had impressive qualifications for the job—he was a Ph.D. Harvard historian, of which the Clandestine Services did not have large numbers, and a former station chief. Moreover, as a liaison man in London between the CIA and British intelligence, he had lived through the British mole hunt and was already familiar with Golitsin's charges.

A farmer's son from Waterville, Minnesota, Cram was educated at St. John's University, a Benedictine school in Minnesota. He earned a master's degree in European history at Harvard, served four years in the Navy in the South Pacific during World War II, and returned to Harvard for his Ph.D. Cram had looked forward to teaching in some lovely small college and spending the rest of his life in an ivory tower. But the CIA offered him a job. Cram accepted it, and never looked back. In 1953 he went off to London, where he stayed five years and met Kim Philby. He ran the British desk at headquarters after that, returned to London for a second tour, then served as chief of station in Holland and in Ottawa.

In 1975, after twenty-six years in the agency, Cram had retired. In the fall of 1976, he was attending a cocktail party in Washington given by Harry Brandes, the representative of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the Canadian security service. Theodore G. Shackley, the assistant DDO, called over Kalaris, and the two CIA men cornered Cram.

"Would you like to come back to work?" he was asked. The agency, Cram was told, wanted a study done of Angleton's reign, from 1954 to 1974. "Find out what in hell happened," Cram was told. "What were these guys *doing*?"

Cram took the assignment. For the duration, he moved into a huge vault down the hall from what had been Angleton's office. It was a librarylike room with a door that had to be opened by a combination lock. There many of the materials he needed were at hand—the vault, for example, contained thirty-nine volumes on Philby alone, all the Golitsin "serials," as Angleton had called the leads provided by his prize defector, and all of the Nosenko files.

But even this secure vault had not been Angleton's sanctum sanctorum. Inside the vault was another smaller vault, secured by push-button locks, which contained the *really* secret stuff, on George Blake, Penkovsky, and other spy cases deemed too secret for the outer vault.

Kalaris thought Cram's study would be a one-year assignment.

When Cram finally finished it in 1981, six years later, he had produced twelve legal-sized volumes, each three hundred to four hundred pages. Cram's approximately four-thousand-page study has never been declassified. It remains locked in the CIA's vaults.[4]

But some of its subject matter can be described. Cram obviously spent a substantial amount of time reviewing the history of the mole hunt that pervaded the era he studied. In doing so, he had considerable difficulty. The names of the mole suspects were considered so secret that their files were kept in locked safes in yet another vault directly across from Angleton's (then Kalaris's) office.

Even though Cram had carte blanche to conduct his study, he had trouble at first gaining access to this most sensitive material. In part, he was hampered as well by the chaotic and often mysterious nature of Angleton's files.

Eventually, Cram got access to the vaulted files on individuals kept in the locked safes. But among Kalaris and his staff, Cram detected an edginess that Angleton, in Elba, might somehow return and wreak vengeance on those who had dared to violate his files by reading them.

Even with access, it was hard for Cram to tell which of the penetration cases were most important and which were less important. The files were shrouded in ambiguity.

One former agency officer familiar with the secret study described the nature of what Cram must have grappled with as he toiled for years, like the Benedictines who had taught him, in the CIA's secret vaults.

"Angleton might be discussing a division chief's plan to send a man as station chief overseas," the ex-CIA man said. "Angleton would say, as an aside, 'I wouldn't assign that man.' 'Why not?' the division chief would ask. Jim would pull out a pack of Marlboros or whatever, light one, and say 'Sorry, I can't discuss that with you.' Well, that was enough."

The numbers were hard to pin down. But after analyzing all the files, Cram concluded that there had been roughly fifty suspects.[5] Of those, about sixteen or eighteen fell into the category of serious, major suspects who were subject to massive and detailed investigations, first by the Counterintelligence Staff, which had the task of pinpointing possible Soviet moles, and then by the Office of Security, which was responsible for further investigation.

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[4] Cleveland C. Cram, "History of the Counterintelligence Staff 1954–1974," classified unpublished study (Langley, Va.: Central Intelligence Agency, 1981).

[5] The SIG initially screened more than 120 suspects, a much higher figure. The total of fifty arrived at by Cram probably represents those officers who were subject to further and more intensive investigation.

As his study progressed, one thing became clear to Cram: an officer could easily be hurt once he was placed on the list of fifty, even if he wasn't on what Angleton's mole hunters had called the "hard core" list. Careers had been damaged simply because a man had been placed on the longer list.

A former officer who was aware of Cram's study said it must have been a challenge. "People just didn't know what the hell Jim and company were doing," he said. "Angleton was a little like the Wizard of Oz. There wasn't anything there. But he made a lot of trouble."

The former CIA man paused as though wondering if he should go on. Then he took the plunge. "The place was a morass of irrationality. You can use the word 'crazy.' These people were a little bit crazy. Not a little bit. Quite crazy. Jim was a tortured, twisted personality. Oh, he could be charming, and pleasant, but at bottom, he was a son of a bitch. He was a bad man."

Other studies commissioned by Kalaris were in progress. Cram would often ride to work with Jack J. Fieldhouse, a Yale man by way of Ohio, who had worked for the agency in Vienna. Fieldhouse, who was working on a study of the Loginov case, was appalled by what he found in the agency's files on the KGB illegal. The Fieldhouse report remains classified in the agency's vaults, but it concluded that Loginov was genuine and had been traded back to the KGB against his will.[6]

Later, in the spring of 1981, after William J. Casey had become CIA director, Fieldhouse wrote a study of the Nosenko case. Again, it concluded that Nosenko was a bona fide defector.

Kalaris commissioned yet another study in an effort to clear the mists that had enveloped the CI Staff. Early in the spring of 1975, he called in Bronson Tweedy, a retired, British-born CIA veteran who had twice served as London station chief. Kalaris had Golitsin on his mind. He turned to Tweedy because he wanted a dependable person outside the agency.[7]

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[6] As already noted, in other studies conducted for Kalaris, Vasia C. Gmirkin concluded that both Shadrin and KITTY HAWK were genuine CIA assets, William E. Camp III determined that the CI Staff had made a terrible mistake in the Lygren case, and John L. Hart concluded that Nosenko was bona fide and had been horribly mistreated by the agency.

Kalaris told Tweedy to study the entire Golitsin case; he wanted to know how much reliance he could put on anything Golitsin had said. Tweedy worked for months and produced the first study on Golitsin, a ninety-page report that he handed in to Kalaris later that year. It concluded that Golitsin was indeed a bona fide defector but that his value to the agency had been far less than his supporters claimed. With prompting from the Counterintelligence Staff, the idea had gained currency that somehow Golitsin had exposed vast numbers of spies and penetrations in allied intelligence services. In fact, the report found, Golitsin had furnished information that led to the arrest of Georges Pâques, the Soviet spy in France; he gave the first lead on William Vassall, the spy in the British Admiralty; and he had supplied some leads in Finland. That, Tweedy concluded, was about all. Despite Tweedy's findings, in 1987 the CIA awarded Golitsin a medal for outstanding service.

Kalaris also pressed Tweedy into service to conduct yet another, lesser-known study. The new CI chief had been left an irksome problem in the form of the Petty report, the reels of tape, index cards, and bulging file cabinets in which the former SIG member had accused Angleton himself of being the Soviet mole in the CIA. Kalaris could hardly overlook the possibility, however farfetched, that his predecessor had been a traitor. Again, Tweedy produced a written study that dismissed the charges against Angleton as illusory.[8]

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[7] Tweedy was certainly dependable. As chief of the Africa division, he had been asked to explore the feasibility of assassinating Patrice Lumumba, the first Prime Minister of the Congo, who was inconveniently opposing the CIA's handpicked leaders in that country. Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, the CIA biochemist respected for his expertise in such matters, suggested that a lethal biological agent—a disease indigenous to Africa—be placed on Lumumba's toothbrush. Lumumba eluded Langley's dentifrice but was captured and killed in January 1961 by the troops of Joseph Mobutu. Although Tweedy's role in the Lumumba assassination plot became embarrassingly public during the Church committee's investigation, he was well regarded inside the agency as an objective and honest officer. The son of a prominent American banker in London, he was educated in England and then at Princeton, class of '37. In an agency of Ivy Leaguers with a strong streak of Anglophilia, Tweedy, for his time, was almost the perfect specimen of an upper-echelon officer.

[8] According to a former CIA official, "There was a joke going around the agency at one point that Angleton thought *he* might have been the mole. That he had a dual personality and suspected himself. Of course, it was only a joke."

Although Angleton was now cleared of the charge that he, the prime mole hunter, was himself the head mole, from exile he fought back. The chosen instrument of his battle was the author and journalist Edward Jay Epstein. With Angleton playing the role of Deep Throat, Epstein in 1978 published his book *Legend,* which for the first time revealed the war of the defectors, the backstage clashes between Golitsin and Nosenko, Angleton's conviction that Nosenko had lied about Lee Harvey Oswald, and J. Edgar Hoover's faith in FEDORA.[9] Angleton emerged in the book as Epstein's hero, a master counterspy with "prematurely silver hair and a finely sculptured face," a "superbly patient" fisherman who "played defectors much like trout."[10]

At the time the book appeared, it was widely assumed in Washington that Angleton was Epstein's source, an assumption that Epstein himself confirmed in a later book.[11] He had, Epstein disclosed, conducted a series of interviews with Angleton for a decade, beginning in 1977. In the second book, Angleton is quoted directly and admiringly.

Angleton had extensive connections in the press, and he managed, through Epstein and others, to air his grievances and his unique worldview. After the fall, he became a celebrity of sorts, a subject of endless fascination for journalists, writers of nonfiction books, novelists, and filmmakers.

But exile proved frustrating for the old CI chief. Stung by John Hart's testimony to the House Assassination Committee about the handling of Nosenko—Hart had called it "an abomination"—Angleton in 1978 sued Stansfield Turner, the director of the CIA, to try to gain access to his own former files, in order to prepare a rebuttal. Claiming he needed to review the files of the Nosenko case to complete his own testimony to the committee, Angleton got only two; but in a settlement that must have been bittersweet, he was eventually allowed to go back into the CIA headquarters, where he had once wielded so much power, and read more of the secret documents. He had to wear a visitor's badge.[12]

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[9] Edward Jay Epstein, *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald* (New York: Reader's Digest/Press McGraw-Hill, 1978).

[10] *Ibid.,* pp. 26, 31.

[11] Edward Jay Epstein, *Deception: The Invisible War Between the KGB and the CIA* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1989).

[12] On Angleton's visit to CIA headquarters, which took place on March 29, 1979, the

With no agents to run and no Counterintelligence Staff at his beck and call, Angleton nevertheless fought back in other ways, applying the operational skills he had honed over more than three decades. It began to be whispered around Washington that Colby was the mole. But somehow the rumors could never be tied to Angleton directly. The former counterintelligence chief took a "Who, me?" attitude if questioned about the whispering campaign against the man who had fired him.

Colby himself, when asked if Angleton had accused him of being a mole, replied: "I've never heard him quoted as saying that. I've heard that some of his aides said it.[13] I'd heard rumors that members of Angleton's staff were saying I was a mole. Or it may have been in the vein of 'Colby couldn't have done more harm to the agency if he were a mole.'

"Several years later I got a call from Jim. 'How are you?' I asked. 'I'm not feeling very good.' 'What do you mean?' '*The New Republic* says this week that I said you were a Soviet mole.' I said, 'Jim, as I understand it, you have not said that, but some of your [former] assistants have made that statement.' He said, 'That's right.' I said, 'What do you want me to do?' He wasn't very responsive. I said, 'I'll write a letter to *The New Republic* saying it's my understanding you've never said that.' So I did, and they ran it.[14] I often wondered what his problem was, and I suspect he may have been afraid of a libel suit."

And what was Colby's response to the rumors about him that floated around the capital? "I've said I am not a mole," he replied. "There's nothing to it. I don't fudge around on that one. I hit it right on the head."

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former counterintelligence chief was accompanied by his lawyer, Philip L. Chabot, Jr. It was Angleton's last hurrah, and Chabot remembered the scene vividly. "I sat nearby and he reviewed documents from the file. He was in there for more than four hours." Soon afterward, Angleton completed his classified testimony to the committee, Chabot said.

[13] In an interview in *New York* magazine in 1978, author Epstein was asked if Angleton knew the identity of the mole in the CIA. His published reply: "Angleton refuses to say, but one of his ex-staff members told me with a wry smile, 'You might find out who Colby was seeing in Rome in the early 1950s.' " "The War of the Moles: An Interview with Edward Jay Epstein by Susana Duncan," *New York*, February 27, 1978, p. 28.

[14] *New Republic*, February 21, 1981, p. 7.

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When Paul Garbler returned from Sweden in 1976, he had demanded an official inquiry into the shadowy accusations against him. No one had ever confronted the former Moscow station chief. But he now knew informally that for close to a decade he had lived under a secret stigma as a suspected Soviet penetration of the CIA, a suspicion that explained his exile to Trinidad for four years when his career in Soviet operations should have blossomed.

In a letter to the agency's inspector general, Garbler wrote: "I found myself the victim of a charge against which I was never given the opportunity to defend myself. . . . I felt a strong sense of personal outrage at what had been done to my family and myself." Without an inquiry, Garbler wrote, the security charge might never be resolved. "I would like finally to defend myself and clear my name."[15]

Eight months later, in August 1977, Garbler received a letter from John F. Blake, the CIA's acting deputy director, reporting that the "security issue has been fully resolved in your favor." It was the first time that the CIA had informed Garbler that there had been a security charge against him. Blake went on to acknowledge that the spy charge had indeed had an "adverse effect" on Garbler's career. "Your feelings of frustration and bitterness are understandable," Blake added, "and I am only sorry that there is no way to turn back the clock."[16]

Was the agency's apology enough? After thinking about the question for several months and talking it over with his family, Garbler decided it wasn't. He wrote to Stansfield Turner, the director, asking for compensation "for my family and myself for nine lean and unhappy years." The charges, Garbler wrote, had called into question "my loyalty to the Agency, the government, and the country." His friends and colleagues had shunned him, he wrote. "I became a person one dealt with warily, a kind of pariah."[17]

Garbler had chosen his words with precision. For years, he had read distrust in the eyes of his associates at the CIA. "People I worked with turned over the papers on their desks when I entered the room," he recalled. "If I was walking down the hall and a group of my colleagues were chattering away, they would see me approach and quickly dis-

[15] Letter, Garbler to Inspector General John H. Waller, December 8, 1976.
[16] Letter, Blake to Garbler, August 3, 1977.
[17] Letter, Garbler to Turner, November 29, 1977.

perse. Friends turned their backs to me at cocktail parties. Even people who knew me well would sometimes stop in midsentence, to make sure they didn't say too much."

Late in December, three days before Garbler was due to retire, he received a reply from Turner, who said he found the "spurious security charge against you abhorrent." At the same time, Turner said there was nothing he could do about it. There was no way Garbler could be compensated, Turner wrote, unless Congress passed a private bill for that purpose. An "injustice" had been done, Turner added, yet the agency appreciated his many years of fine service.[18] It amounted to a hearty handshake, but no cash.

More than two decades later, Garbler was living in Tucson, to where he had retired with his wife, Florence. He spoke without rancor.

"I retired on December 31, 1977," Garbler said, "and got the usual retirement party on the seventh floor. Turner did not appear. Helms did not appear. Angleton did not appear."

Ten days after he retired, Garbler received a routine letter from Stansfield Turner expressing the director's sincere appreciation for "the important work you have done and my warmest hopes that you will find full enjoyment in the years ahead."

What did Garbler think that wintry day when the farewell party was over, he had cleaned out his desk, and he walked out of the building for the last time? "I looked back a lot that day," Garbler said, "but I thought the Lord had been good to me. I had an unfortunate time in my life. Nine years out of my life, but that all in all, it had been worth it. I would always be proud of the fact that I had served with the CIA.

"I did feel I would like very much to be able to refute what people thought about me and what this small group of people had tried to do to me." Then he remembered something. "At the farewell ceremony, they gave me a little CIA seal in plastic."

Garbler, standing now, turned and stared out the picture window of his study for a long moment. "No medals," he said. "No apologies."

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[18] Letter, Turner to Garbler, December 26, 1977.

Chapter 18

The Mole Relief Act

In 1964, even though Richard Kovich realized his CIA career had mysteriously stalled, he dutifully continued to work as an agency "headhunter," a Russian-speaking officer who could fly anywhere on a moment's notice to make a recruitment pitch to a KGB man.

In the fall of 1966, Kovich was assigned to the Farm to teach agency trainees the skills he had acquired. After three years, he returned to headquarters, did some lecturing and training, but seemed to be marking time. By the beginning of 1974, at age forty-seven, it was clear he was going nowhere. In February, "Dushan" Kovich decided to pack it in.

By now he was aware that Ingeborg Lygren (SATINWOOD 37), Mikhail Federov (UNACUTE), and Yuri Loginov (AEGUSTO), three of his important agents, were suspect. But he did not know that he himself had come under intense investigation as a presumed Soviet mole.

At Kovich's retirement ceremony, William Colby presented him with a CIA medal and two other awards he had earned in his twenty-four years of distinguished service with the agency.[1] With his wife, Sara, Kovich disappeared into a life of retirement. Or so he thought.

Soon afterward, Kovich got a telephone call from a CIA colleague.

[1] Normally, CIA officers receive medals during the course of their careers for particular operations. Checking the files, someone in the bureaucracy noticed that Kovich had received none. Colby remedied the oversight.

Could he get on a plane and go and meet someone? Kovich protested that he was retired. But, like an old firehorse, he responded to the call and by 1975 was back globe-trotting for the agency on contract, making his recruitment pitches as of old.

Early in March 1976, Kovich was finally told that he had been suspected of working for the Soviets. Three aides on the staff of John H. Waller, the CIA's inspector general, met with Kovich and broke the news. Kovich was also informed that he was no longer under suspicion. By now, Colby had fired Angleton and himself been dismissed by President Ford in the wake of the various investigations into the intelligence agencies touched off by Seymour Hersh's story about CIA domestic spying in the *New York Times*.[2] But before Colby left, he ordered that Kovich be allowed to see his files.

As he read the files, Kovich's hair stood on end. He had not realized the enormity of the charges against him. He had not known it was a cause for suspicion to have a name that began with the letter K. It was like watching his life through the wrong end of the telescope. The mole hunters in SIG, the gumshoes in OS, had really thought he was a traitor. To Kovich, it was unbelievable.

He discovered that in December 1965, after Ingeborg Lygren's false arrest, the CIA was so worried that Kovich might bolt that it asked the FBI to prevent him from entering any Soviet installation in the United States. Kovich had laughed bitterly when he saw that in the files; he had never had any intention of fleeing to the Soviets, of course, he was a loyal CIA officer, but he knew that the FBI had no blanket authority to stop anyone from entering a Soviet building. The FBI knew it, too, and had rejected the CIA request.

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[2] Colby was dismissed by Ford in November 1975 but agreed to remain on until George Bush could be sworn in to succeed him as CIA director on January 30, 1976. Colby thought he knew the immediate cause of his dismissal; he was convinced that he was done in by the CIA poison dart gun he had produced at the demand of the Church committee. Chairman Frank Church had waved the gun at a Senate hearing, and the resulting photograph made front pages around the world. It was too much for the White House, which already felt that Colby had been excessively candid with the investigating panels. At one point, Vice President Rockefeller, whose commission was supposed to be uncovering the abuses of the intelligence agencies, drew Colby aside and asked: "Bill, do you really have to present all this material to us?" In the White House situation room, during a meeting to map strategy to deal with the investigations, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, aware that Colby was a practicing Roman Catholic, turned to him and said: "The trouble with you, Bill, is that whenever you go up on the Hill, you think you're going to confession."

After reading the files, Kovich realized he could no longer work for the CIA, and he so informed George Bush, the new director. In a letter to Bush in July, Kovich summarized the false accusations that had destroyed his career. Soon afterward, Bush wrote back, expressing regret for what had happened. He hoped, Bush added, that Kovich might take some comfort from the fact that he had been cleared.[3] In the fall, after winding up the project he was working on, Kovich retired from the agency again, this time for good.

Kovich was determined to remove any doubts about his loyalty, however, and if possible to receive compensation. He contacted Stanley H. Gaines, a former CIA colleague who had also retired from the agency and was practicing law. It wasn't the money primarily, Kovich told Gaines. He had given his best for his country, and now he wanted his good name restored and a terrible injustice rectified.

Gaines and Kovich opened discussions with the CIA's inspector general and with its Office of General Counsel. Around the same time, Robert B. Barnett, an attorney for Paul Garbler, had also contacted the agency for the same reason. By now, President Carter had been elected and had appointed Stansfield Turner as CIA director.

Just as Paul Garbler had been told by Admiral Turner he would need an act of Congress to be compensated, Kovich was informed that a law would have to be passed. "We couldn't find any specific authority we could fit this kind of relief into," a representative of the CIA's Office of General Counsel recalled. "What this required was legislation on the Hill to grant relief by the agency to people whose careers had been damaged by unfounded mole allegations. The inspector general explored this with us—he said, 'We think this is a case where some injustice was done. What can we do for these people?' That's when we decided we needed legislation, which we supported."

Although the CIA attorney, who had reviewed the files at my request, thought the agency had given its backing to remedial legislation, initially, at least, that was not the case.

In a letter to Paul Garbler's attorney in 1978, Anthony A. Lapham, then the CIA's general counsel, wrote: "I continue to feel that any tangible damages suffered by Mr. Garbler are speculative at best."

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[3] Because Bush's letter mentioned some of the sensitive cases Kovich had handled, Kovich could not hang it on the wall or show it to anyone. He had to read the original in a special room at headquarters; later he was given a copy to keep.

While Garbler's career had without question been "sidetracked," Lapham argued, there was no guarantee that he would have been promoted anyway. It would not be "appropriate for the Agency to initiate or formally support" legislation to redress Garbler's misfortunes, Lapham wrote, but "neither would we oppose such a measure."[4]

Stansfield Turner's general counsel was saying that the agency would not back a private bill to help Garbler, although it would not stand in his way. A private bill applies only to one individual, a public law to whole classes of people. Now with Kovich pushing for action, the agency was saying it could not compensate anyone without a public law that would apply to all those who had been wronged by the search for moles. Within the CIA, however, there were strong pockets of resistance to the idea.

The reason for the agency's ambivalence was easy to see. A law giving the director of the CIA power to pay victims of the agency's own mole hunt might slip through unnoticed by the press, but there was always a chance that an alert reporter would spot the provision, that the law would attract unfavorable publicity, leading to all sorts of questions. It was, after all, a breathtaking concept: a secret agency that had wronged its own officers was being asked to turn around, admit its mistakes, and compensate those injured. No bureaucracy, let alone a powerful secret agency, likes to admit error.

Moreover, the CIA feared that a law providing compensation for victims of the mole hunt might be opening up a Pandora's box. The agency had visions of dozens, even hundreds, of ex-officers filing claims running into millions of dollars.

But Kovich, acting as the point man, kept plugging away. In 1977 he wrote to Senator Daniel K. Inouye, Democrat of Hawaii, the chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, and in August 1978 he testified to the senators for several days in closed session.

William Green Miller, the powerful staff director of the permanent Senate Intelligence Committee, was impressed by Kovich's arguments. Senator Birch Bayh, who had succeeded Inouye as chairman of the intelligence panel, and Senator Charles McC. Mathias, Jr., the Maryland Republican, supported the idea of legislation. Kovich met with Daniel B. Silver, who had replaced Lapham as general counsel of the CIA in 1979, and with Ernest Mayerfeld, another CIA lawyer and a former clandestine officer for the agency. The House Intelligence Committee joined with its Senate counterpart in supporting the bill.

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[4] Letter, Anthony A. Lapham to Robert B. Barnett, December 6, 1978.

"The issue," Miller said, "was how do you compensate for a mistake that jeopardized, harmed an individual personally or inflicted mental distress? The reason for the legislation was to make clear in law the right to rectify. There was an earnest desire by the CIA to resolve the issue in a fair way."

The CIA's desire was perhaps more earnest because by now Miller, Birch Bayh, and the Senate and House intelligence committees were breathing down its neck. On September 30, 1980, Congress passed the Intelligence Authorization Act for fiscal 1981. Tucked away in its pages was an obscure clause, Section 405 (a). In its entirety, it read:

"Whenever the Director of Central Intelligence finds during fiscal year 1981 that an employee or former employee of the Central Intelligence Agency has unfairly had his career with the Agency adversely affected as a result of allegations concerning the loyalty to the United States of such employee or former employee, the Director may grant such employee or former employee such monetary or other relief (including reinstatement and promotion) as the Director considers appropriate in the interest of fairness."

On October 14, 1980, the bill was signed by President Carter and became Public Law 96-450. Within the CIA, the law became known as "the Mole Relief Act."[5]

The following month, Ronald Reagan was elected President and named his campaign manager, William J. Casey, as the new CIA director. Both Kovich and Paul Garbler had been told they would receive compensation under the Mole Relief Act. On February 3, 1981, Garbler received a check from the United States Treasury, under the new law. In the spring, Kovich received a letter of apology from the CIA, and by July, he, too, had received his settlement. Although neither former CIA officer wished to discuss the amount

[5] See, for example, "Serge Peter Karlow—Request for Relief Under Section 405 of Public Law 96-450 ('Mole Relief Act')," memorandum, Stanley Sporkin, CIA general counsel, to Director of Central Intelligence William J. Casey, August 21, 1981, declassified and approved for release February 5, 1987. Although many CIA officers disdain the word "mole" as an invention of John le Carré, life imitates art, and the term, as noted earlier, has crept into the vocabulary of real spies.

he received, intelligence sources said one payment was more than $100,000, the other somewhat lower.

Four other former CIA officers, including Peter Karlow, applied for compensation under the 1980 act. They were all turned down. But Karlow resolved to continue his fight.

There was a catch to the Mole Relief Act, however. The provision was good for just one year. It opened up a window for the victims of the mole hunt, but only if they knew about it and could persuade the agency of the merits of their case before the law expired.[6]

From the CIA's viewpoint, everything was being managed well, that is, quietly. The agency was pleased that the number of mole victims who actually came forward was low. It was pleased as well that the press, except for one article in *Newsweek,* had missed the extraordinary story.[7] A secret government agency had falsely accused its own officers and was now paying them large sums of money under an act of Congress of which the public was, for the most part, unaware.

The CIA today refuses officially to confirm the names of the officers compensated under the Mole Relief Act, or the amounts paid out, or even the total amount of the payments it made to victims of the mole hunt. "Under the terms of the settlement I'm not at liberty to disclose the amounts," the attorney in the CIA's Office of General Counsel said. "They didn't all get the same amount." But it was, nevertheless, an astonishing story, even if the CIA had been able largely to keep the lid on it.

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[6] For some reason, most of those who brought about the passage of the Mole Relief Act were reluctant to discuss it. Almost all of the CIA and congressional officials whom I was able to interview appeared to have suffered severe memory lapses about the legislation they helped to create. For example, Daniel B. Silver, Admiral Turner's general counsel when the bill was enacted and a participant in the discussions that led to the passage of the measure, professed to have almost no memory of it and said he could find no one else who knew anything about it. Silver said he had checked with some former members of his staff but could not shed any light on the legislation. The conversation then went this way:

Q: Is there anyone who served on Turner's staff who would know about this?
A: I can't recall anyone.
Q: Well, it wasn't every day that the CIA handed out millions or at least hundreds of thousands of dollars to its former officers. I can't believe that it was done casually or that no one on Turner's staff would be aware of it.
A: [Grunts] I can't help.

[7] The article, by Tom Morganthau with David C. Martin, of the magazine's Washington bureau, appeared on August 11, 1980.

The fact that many former CIA officers, including those whose careers were affected, were not aware that the law existed in part explains the low numbers of those who came forward during the one-year window. An example was Stephen Roll, who spent twenty-six years as a CIA officer but strongly suspected Angleton had blocked his promotions because of suspicions of his Slavic background. "In 1980, I didn't know about the law," he said. "I heard about it much later through the grapevine." By then it was too late.

Roll was born in central Pennsylvania, and both his parents were Ukrainians. His father worked as a track repairman for the Pennsylvania Railroad. Roll went to college, learned Russian, did graduate work at Yale, and joined the CIA in 1949. He worked in Munich as chief of counterintelligence, parachuting émigrés into the Ukraine in the CIA's ill-fated Red Sox operation, then moved to the Soviet division as a counterintelligence officer. After serving as a chief of base in Libya, he applied for an opening on Angleton's staff. Given his strong counterintelligence background, he expected to get the job, but was rejected without explanation.

Roll remembered what he had been told by Peer de Silva, a fellow officer in the Soviet division. De Silva had sat on a promotion board that considered the name of Richard Kovich. There were comments around the table. When it was Angleton's turn to speak, de Silva said, he turned thumbs down on Kovich, saying: "We can't trust these Slavs."

Roll had realized that something was wrong. "I asked myself, why didn't I get better jobs? Why wasn't I given a promotion? Why was I rejected for the job on Angleton's staff? I can only assume it was because of Angleton, given his attitude toward Russian-speakers. They needed us, but didn't want us to get too high."

Other case officers despaired of proving that their careers had been affected by the search for penetrations. They may have suspected what went on, but producing the evidence was like chasing a will-o'-the-wisp.

Angleton loyalists made the opposite argument—that it was easy for mediocre officers whose careers had fizzled to blame it on the mole hunt. "Everybody denied a promotion said the mole hunt was the reason," Scotty Miler, Angleton's former deputy, contended.

But the fact remained that it was difficult to prove harm, and years later to pinpoint decisions made by unidentified bureaucrats whose reasons for shunting aside some officers may never have been committed to paper.

There was another even more basic problem that prevented many agents from taking advantage of the Mole Relief Act: most CIA officers placed on the SIG's list of "hard core" suspects were unaware of that fact. They did not realize that their careers were affected, because they were never told. Still others chose not to reopen old wounds; they had retired and did not care to fight the agency, or to go to the expense of hiring a lawyer to present their cases.

In the months of maneuvering that led to his financial settlement, Paul Garbler was also determined to find out more about how and why he had come under suspicion as a traitor. He understood that the main reason for his years of exile was the fact that he had been Sasha Orlov's case officer in Berlin—and that the mole hunters suspected that Orlov had recruited him.

But he could hardly believe the file of CIA documents, several inches thick, that he ultimately received from the agency under the Freedom of Information Act. Garbler was astonished to discover from the documents that he had also become a suspect because he had played tennis with George Blake.

"When I lived in Korea," Garbler said, "there was a British legation active until June of 1950. The minister was Sir Vivian Holt, one of few living holders of the Victoria Cross. Florence and I became friendly with Holt, who was an eccentric bachelor. He had two officers working for him, Sidney Faithful and George Blake. Up pops the devil. My next-door neighbor was an army major, and he and I played doubles with Faithful and Blake. When the North Koreans came south, Holt said, 'I'm not leaving; this is my legation and British soil. If I have to, I'll fight them with my sword.' He kept a sword over the mantel and brandished it frequently. So he and Faithful and Blake were taken and imprisoned. At least theoretically, that's when Blake was turned."[8]

To the counterintelligence mind, the fact that Garbler had been a tennis partner of George Blake took on ominous significance. The CI men, after all, were paid to perceive sinister patterns. Their occupational weakness was that they might see those patterns even, as in Garbler's case, where they did not exist.[9]

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[8] "When Holt was released," Garbler said, "he came through Berlin, and Florence and I went out to Tempelhof to meet him. He was just passing through. He cried when he saw us. We cried a little bit. He told us Faithful and Blake were alive and well. Or as well as he was. He'd lost about fifty pounds; he looked haggard and wan."

To his dismay, Garbler also discovered from the documents that the CIA had asked the FBI to investigate him, his sex life, his bank accounts, even his parents. "The FBI never called me in," Garbler said. He no longer has his file. "After I got the documents from the CIA, I burned them in disgust around 1979 or 1980. I was made quite nauseous."

As he thought back on his case, Garbler was disturbed by the role of Richard Helms. Admittedly, Garbler had little use for Helms. He would see him in the basement gym where both went to run. Helms nodded but never spoke.

But why, Garbler wondered, had Helms never tried to help? "He must have known I was a loyal and capable officer. He should have known that I was a case officer who just wanted to serve the company and his country." But Helms had never intervened, Garbler said. "He left me swinging in the wind."

Late in 1977, Helms had been convicted in federal court of misleading Congress about the CIA's role in Chile. But to the agency's old boys, Helms was a hero for stonewalling. Like many former CIA officers, Garbler was a member of the Association of Former Intelligence Officers, based in McLean, Virginia. At an association lunch at nearby Fort Myer some months after Helms's court appearance and around the time Garbler got his CIA file, "when Helms walked in everyone rose and applauded. Some had tears in their eyes. The entire room was on their feet applauding for Helms." But not Paul Garbler.

"Why should I?" he asked. "He left me out there to rot."

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[9] As it happened, George Blake had almost derailed Garbler's career for another, unrelated reason. In 1961, as Garbler was getting ready to go to Moscow, the CIA learned that Blake, who had been arrested in April, told British authorities that he had rifled the files of the MI6 officers who had talked with Garbler and other CIA representatives some months earlier about a CIA program to debrief tourists who traveled behind the Iron Curtain. The worldwide CIA operation was known as the "legal travel program." Blake, the CIA was told, transmitted all the information to the Soviets. Garbler recalled a confrontation with Sheffield Edwards, the director of the Office of Security at the time. "Sheff Edwards said, 'Y-y-you can't go to Moscow, you are known to the Soviets.' Sheff stuttered. Jack [Maury] and I argued with him. I said I'd waited all my life to go to Moscow. Also that the Blake operation would be so highly compartmented it would not circulate within the KGB. He finally gave in."

Chapter 19

Son of Sasha

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In mid-April 1987, James Angleton had only a month to live when he granted an interview to David Binder of the *New York Times.* The former counterintelligence chief had been diagnosed as having lung cancer five months earlier, but he smoked filter cigarettes throughout the interview.[1]

Although Angleton had told the newspaper he would not discuss intelligence matters, he could not stay away from the subject of moles. It was clear that with time running out, Angleton consoled himself with the belief that he had at least identified one mole.

Although he did not reveal the man's name, it was equally clear that he was talking about Igor Orlov, who Angleton was convinced was Golitsin's "Sasha." There was a case, Angleton told Binder, where the Soviets had infiltrated a man into the CIA.

The article, paraphrasing Angleton's words, said, "In an elaborate ruse in WWII, he was parachuted behind German lines. . . . The Germans picked him up and made him into a double agent. But his true loyalty had remained with the Russians. After the war, he was employed by the C.I.A., working under cover in Soviet émigré organizations based in Berlin and was eventually taken on"—and here the article quoted Angleton directly—" 'as a full-fledged intelligence officer.' "[2]

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[1] David Binder, "A Counterspymaster's View: Assessing Intelligence Breaches," *New York Times,* April 10, 1987, p. A18.

Referring to Golitsin without naming him, Angleton said that a high-level KGB man had defected and alerted American counterintelligence, which became convinced that the CIA operative in question was a Soviet agent. Again paraphrasing Angleton, the interview continued: "Ultimately, through a number of clumsy bureaucratic actions, the suspect was able to avoid prosecution and, as far as Mr. Angleton knew, lived quietly in the Washington area. 'The man was a genius,' Mr. Angleton recalled with genuine professional respect."

The reference to "clumsy bureaucratic actions" may have been Angleton's way of saying that the FBI had been unable to build a case against, or arrest, Igor Orlov. Angleton's conviction of Orlov's guilt was undoubtedly reinforced by information provided to American intelligence in 1985 by the controversial defector Vitaly Yurchenko.

Yurchenko, a high-ranking KGB man in charge of operations in the United States and Canada, defected in August 1985. Before he redefected in November he provided a great deal of information to the CIA and the FBI, some of which proved accurate. Yurchenko identified Orlov as a Soviet agent. Moreover, in a statement that threw both agencies into a tailspin, he announced that Orlov had recruited one or more of his sons as a Soviet spy.

On Saturday, January 9, 1988, a whole new generation of FBI agents, none of whom remembered the investigation twenty-three years earlier, descended on the Gallery Orlov in Alexandria. Simultaneously, other FBI agents in Chicago and Boston fanned out and called on Orlov's two sons, George and Robert, in their suburban homes.

George Orlov, the younger of the two Orlov sons, remembered the agents coming to his home in Hinsdale, Illinois, that afternoon. A physicist and a nuclear engineer who once held a "Q" clearance, Orlov was working as a private consultant on nuclear power plants when the FBI came calling.

"They knocked on the door—the bell doesn't work—in the early afternoon," he said. "There were two agents, Vincente M. Rosado, he is Cuban, an ex-state trooper out West, and Steven Vass. They flash their ID, and announce, 'FBI. We'd like to talk to you.' "

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[2] Orlov was never a CIA officer. He was always a contract employee of the agency.

"I've been expecting you," Orlov replied.[3]

"I invited them in and they said, 'We'd like to ask a few questions, but we'd rather not do it here. We have a place we'd like to take you.' We hop into their little blue Celica, drive to the Hyatt Regency in Oak Brook, and go to this nice suite. They had rented several suites.

"At the hotel they say they think I'm a Soviet agent. I said, 'Why am I working as a management consultant instead of in the technical field, missiles, something the Russians would be interested in?' " Both George and his brother, Robert, a computer expert, had graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but in 1988 neither was engaged in defense work.

The FBI continued to question George Orlov. "They offer me lunch, I ordered up a Cobb salad. They say, 'There's something we have to show you.' So they showed me a transcript and said it was Yurchenko. They said it was a transcript of Yurchenko saying that my father had recruited my brother and myself.

"It was about five pages long. It said there's a Russian agent working for us, his name is Igor Orlov, he has a frame shop, he has two sons, both of whom went to schools in the Northeast, the sons are technically oriented, he recruited them, they're working for us. He gave vague descriptions of what Robert did and I did. He said that I travel a lot.[4]

"Then they played the tape. He [Yurchenko] spoke in broken English, very halting English, that's why they gave me the transcript, so I could hear it and follow along at same time. I don't know if it was Yurchenko, but they said it was.

"I don't know if my jaw dropped, but mentally my jaw dropped. I looked at them in disbelief. I said this guy is confused, this is a mistake. I'll do anything I can to clear it up."

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[3] Orlov said he had been expecting the FBI because "they left a trail." The FBI ran a credit check, he said, and he discovered that when he applied for a mortgage; and "one day my mail came along with a Xerox copy of two pieces of mail addressed to me. So it was obvious somebody was copying my mail. Then two days later the actual pieces of mail came in. The third clue was my brother had noticed he was being followed. He ran a check on the license plates and found they were FBI vehicles. This was just a few weeks before."

[4] Igor Orlov had died six years earlier, and Yurchenko should have known this. Had he really spoken of Orlov as a current agent? "He said they have an agent in the U.S. with an art gallery," George Orlov replied, "but I don't remember whether he used the past or present tense. There was no doubt he was talking about us. I remember he did not say my father was no longer alive, he made no reference to that. He definitely did not say he is no longer working for us, or he has died. His grammar was not the best in the world, so it could be that explains it."

The FBI agents then asked George why Yurchenko had made these statements. There were "maybe a couple of reasons," George told the FBI men. "To keep the FBI busy investigating a family that wasn't agents. Maybe to divert from real spies. I'd read a little bit about Angleton in the sixties, and I knew how a couple of words could tie us up in knots.

"They had questions. 'Why did I go to Canada in 1978?' 'To plan an experiment on a research reactor.' 'Why did I go running at the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton?' I was visiting my in-laws—they live in Princeton—in the mid-eighties. Apparently they followed me and found red and blue nylon strings tied to a fence post along the trail."

The FBI suspected that the nylon strings were signals that George Orlov had left for a Soviet agent. "They asked, 'You didn't put them there?' 'No.' 'You didn't know there was a Soviet scholar named so-and-so in one of the compounds?' 'No.' They said when I went for a run near Hinsdale, I crossed a bridge over a little creek, and they found some white chalk marks on the bridge. They had it chemically analyzed and figured it was surveyor's chalk, and since I was working on a construction site at the time at a nuclear power plant, they figured it was me. Of course, our surveyors use paint."

That was about the point in the interview when the FBI accused George of having received "the sign of life" from a KGB agent. It had happened when George came East and visited his mother. "I went running in Washington, and afterward I went up to the third floor of the gallery. They saw I came to the window wearing the same red jogging suit. They said they had traced some Russian spy out of the embassy who was walking up and down across the street and making the 'sign of life.' I said, 'What does that mean?' They explained that a sign of life was letting me know, 'We're around, we're still here.' They showed me the Russian's picture—had I ever seen him before? No. They thought my driving habits were suspicious. They thought that I kept losing them, a technique used by people who are professionally trained to lose tails. At the time I had a 911 Porsche Carrera and I was driving it fast. I was not aware that I was being followed.

"They asked me if my father was a spy. I said I didn't know. They showed me a lot of pictures of people they believed had come into the gallery—did I know these people? I said no."

More than two decades after the FBI had first searched the gallery, "they were still trying to uncover people who had visited the gallery. They asked, 'Who were his friends, who were his acquaintances?' Basically, they said they are still looking today for people who might have been associated with my father or who my father might have converted, turned. They firmly believed I was a Russian agent. My father had converted me."

The FBI also questioned George Orlov about a trip he had made to San Diego, the headquarters of Science Applications, Inc., where he had worked seven years earlier. "They do management of defense contracts. They were prime contractors for SDI, the Star Wars program, in the early 1980s."

The FBI had little choice, of course, but to take Yurchenko's information seriously. An important defector, the KGB official in charge of North America, had said that Igor Orlov, the man at the very heart of the CIA mole hunt two decades earlier, was a Soviet agent and had recruited one or more of his sons. Once Yurchenko had made that statement, the FBI was obliged to follow up by interviewing Orlov's sons.

Nor was the FBI's concern about George Orlov's previous work surprising, since after graduating from MIT in 1977 he worked for a time for a defense contractor who was developing instruments to measure the accuracy of ballistic missiles.[5]

After playing the Yurchenko tape and questioning George Orlov, the FBI agents asked if he would be willing to take a lie-detector test. Orlov agreed. "We went into another room, where they bring out two experts from Washington. They hooked me up and started asking questions. Did I speak Russian? I said, '*Da, nyet,* maybe *do svidaniya.*' I don't speak Russian at all. They asked eight questions over and over again in various order. 'Is your name George Orlov? Are you working for the Soviet government? Did you ever give secrets to the Russians?'

[5] "We were looking for ways to measure the ablation of nose cones as they reentry," he said. "The burning off of the nose cone material. You want to know the shape of the nose cone because it will tell you the course of the reentry vehicle. You will know your CEP [Circular Error Probable, a measure of ballistic-missile accuracy]. The better you know the shape, the more accurate the reentry vehicle."

'No.' One question I took issue with: 'Did your father recruit you?' They asked me that over and over again. I said, 'No.' It took an hour and a half. They told me I passed on seven of the eight questions. They got an anomalous response on 'did my father recruit me.' I told them the question was insulting to me. My father wouldn't do that, if he loved me, he obviously wouldn't do that. He had always told me, 'Don't get involved with the government, with the CIA. The American CIA are a bunch of no-good, unprofessional people.' He said they are a bunch of kids right out of prep school, 'cowboys without honor.' When he found I had applied to the Defense Intelligence Agency after college, he said, 'You don't want to work for them, or any of the intelligence services.'

"Recruiting me—you can't be a loving father if you recruit your own children and put them in harm's way. It pissed me off. [FBI agent] Rosado had told me his father escaped Castro's Cuba. I said to him, 'How would you like it if I told you your father was a Commie and said your father recruited you to work for Castro.' He said, 'I'd be pretty pissed off.' They said they would take the results back to Washington and they would be in contact.

"We went to dinner that night. They were playing good guy, bad guy. Rosado was the good guy, he seemed honestly friendly. After all the things they thought I was doing, I think they realized I wasn't a big bad Soviet agent. At first, they were ready to lock me up and throw away the key."

His father, George Orlov said, "voted for Nixon. He was a conservative as far as conversation around the dinner table went. He worked twelve to sixteen hours a day. He believed people should work for what they get, no handouts. How Republican can you get? My wife is a Harvard-educated liberal and I'm a conservative. I'm to the right of Attila the Hun."

Igor Orlov, George said, had never spoken to him of the Soviet Union. "He never talked about his life there, or about the war. To this day I don't know who my grandparents were on my father's side. I haven't seen it, but my mother told me I have a false birth certificate, doctored by the CIA. That I was born under a false name.

"I'm not going to tell you my father is or isn't a spy, but I don't know. In 1963 I was six years old and had no reason to believe he was a spy. I had no reason to believe he was a spy anytime after that. He seldom left the shop, he never met with anyone. I know he had very few friends—he was almost a recluse. I didn't see him recruiting people, I didn't see him trying to cultivate people."

Robert Orlov, who lived with his wife in Sudbury, Massachusetts, declined to comment on the FBI interview, but Richard Laurent, a close friend who grew up in Alexandria with him, said he had visited Robert around the time of the FBI inquiry. He described Robert as "pretty mad" because the investigation was taking up a lot of time and energy.

He remembered that Robert Orlov had been suspicious of a nearby vacant house, apparently believing he was being watched from it. Laurent said Robert turned up the stereo so they could talk. "He thought they might have a directional mike."

Robert Orlov told him some of the questions the FBI had asked, Laurent said. " 'Isn't it true you're a photographer?' 'Yes.' 'Isn't it true you're a pilot?' 'Yes.' 'Then what's to stop you from taking pictures over Portsmouth Naval Base in New Hampshire?'

"They kept asking him the same questions over and over again. At one point, he told them, 'It's no wonder the Walkers and the Pollards did so well, because you wasted this time going after me instead of the real spies.' "

For Eleonore Orlov, the FBI visit in 1988 was, in the immortal words of Yogi Berra, *déjà vu* all over again. By now, she was an experienced hand at FBI investigations. "They came on Saturday, January 9, 1988, about five P.M.," she said. "There were two FBI agents, they gave me their cards, Stephanie P. Gleason and Charles K. Sciarini. The woman was twenty-five and the man was maybe twenty-nine. There were very young, friendly. They showed up and said what Yurchenko said, and I couldn't believe it. They had no warrant. They asked to search the house." The agents, she recalled, said they were looking for "a lot of money, and some equipment. A shortwave radio transmitter. I said the only radio we had was a Grundig and it was burned in the fire. We had a fire in January of 1987.

"They tried to dig up the backyard. They asked, 'Did your husband ever dig in the backyard? What did he dig for?' I said by a tree, for burying our cat. 'Where?' I said, 'Look, it's just a dead cat.' It was already eleven o'clock at night. They searched for five hours, opened all the drawers, found his wallet, credit cards, and took everything with them. They took a binder with my husband's English lessons. A grammar book. They left at midnight."

Her son George had called from Chicago the next morning to report his FBI visit. "Georgie said, 'Tell them everything you know about Papa. You know what they can do with me. They can put me in prison and throw away the key for twelve years and no one would ever hear from me.'

"When the FBI came to see Robert," Mrs. Orlov continued, "he said, 'Do you guys have a warrant? No? Make an appointment.' 'We can come in now,' they said, 'it's a matter of national security.' They stopped him outside his house. 'Let's call my congressman,' he said. No answer. He had just come back from sledding with his daughter."

On Sunday morning, Eleonore Orlov called her old friend Fred Tansey, the former FBI agent. "I called Mr. Tansey and said, 'I don't think these people are for real—can you find out if they are real FBI agents?' He was here in five minutes. He said, 'Come in my car.' We drove for two hours in his car. He said, 'The best thing is to call the two agents and talk more. You have to convince them the children are not agents. Forget your husband, whatever he did he paid ten thousand times.' He called the FBI on his car phone. It was Sunday and he asked for Gleason and Sciarini. Both were in church, but they were beeped and called him back, and he said, 'I'm a friend of Eleonore Orlov and I'm sitting here in the parking lot of the courthouse in Alexandria in a black car. Please meet me there. And show me your ID.'

"In half an hour, Sciarini came in a big station wagon with the baby seat still there. He got out and said, 'I'm Sciarini and I'm working for the FBI.' Tansey said, 'If you ever go in their house, she will sue you. You ruined their business. You did this twenty-five years ago. If you would like to talk to Mrs. Orlov, go to a hotel or anyplace, but not her house.'

"They made a reservation for the Holiday Inn. I went to the hotel. Gleason and Sciarini met us there and they started asking me about Berlin, who I met, and they started showing me pictures. They showed me a lot of pictures of people, did you meet this guy or that guy. They showed me pictures of both Kozlov and Mrs. Kozlov. After all those years I didn't recognize them. I had worked with her in the censorship office, but that was thirty years ago. They wanted to know a lot about Kozlov. I only knew my husband hated him, that's all I could say.

"They came back on Tuesday to the basement and went through the children's things. They came back in blue jeans—I warned them the basement was full of soot and oil, from the fire. They went through games, toys. They packed everything in big cartons. I'm a citizen since '76. Sasha became a citizen in 1971, approximately. They said, 'We don't need a search warrant. This is a matter of national security.'

"It was eerie. It was like a bad dream. They asked if my husband did carpentry during the restoring of the house. He could have put in some secret compartments. I asked, 'Could he? For what?' 'For the money he got from the Russians.' They said they were looking for a place where Sasha could hide hundreds of thousands of dollars. I said, 'Let's search for it. May I help you? For whom did he hide it? He would have told me, he knew he was dying.'

"They came to the gallery twice a week for three months. The FBI found no money, no secret compartments, no clues. Finally, I agreed to a polygraph. They got me—they said, 'If you do a lie-detector test for us we will leave your boys alone for twenty years.' 'And if I don't?' They just smiled. But I got the message.

"Thirty years ago, when I took the polygraph in Germany, before I started the letter-translating business they gave me one. It was the first time I worked for the CIA. The CIA asked sex questions which bothered me. So I made one condition, no sex questions."

The polygraph took place in the Morrison House, an Alexandria hotel. "There was a polygraph operator from New York and Gleason and Sciarini. The polygraph took place in the bedroom, five hours, from six to eleven P.M. Gleason and Sciarini were in the living room. They asked twenty-seven questions. 'Was your husband a spy for Soviets? Did he have connections with KGB?' And so on. 'Why did Robert take flying lessons?' I said, 'He liked it.' "

And then, as suddenly as it had begun, it was over. The FBI faded away, and the Orlov sons resumed their normal lives. Eleonore went back to running the gallery. It kept her busy, but sometimes at dusk, when the last customer had gone, and there were only the cats to keep her company, she had time to wonder whether she would ever know the truth about the man she had met on streetcar No. 8 in Schwabing a lifetime ago.

James Angleton never lived to see the second unsuccessful investigation of Sasha, his nemesis. On the morning of May 11, 1987, he died of lung cancer at Sibley Memorial Hospital in Washington at the age of sixty-nine.

He was mourned by his friends, if not by his enemies. But even those who admired him the most, and there were many, seemed to realize that his obsession with moles and his fascination with Anatoly Golitsin had become a fatal flaw.

Rolfe Kingsley, who had taken over the Soviet division at the height of the mole hunt, had valued his close relationship with Angleton and admired him personally as a Renaissance man. But even Kingsley saw Angleton's limits. "Jim was one of the most brilliant officers I've ever worked with until Golitsin appeared," he said. "I won't say any more."

Mrs. Angleton shared Kingsley's view. She told a former CIA station chief, who had known her husband well, that in part she blamed Richard Helms: "The worst thing that happened to Jim was Golitsin. Why didn't Dick take him away from him?"

They held the memorial service on Friday, May 15, at the Rock Spring Congregational Church in Arlington. There were hymns and scripture readings, and the poet Reed Whittemore, Angleton's old friend and Yale roommate, gave a reading from T. S. Eliot. The closing hymn was "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Daniel Schorr, who had interviewed Angleton for four hours thirteen years earlier and had had some contact with the former counterintelligence chief since then, decided to attend the service. He was struck by the fact that no one had spoken about Angleton's life and work.

Walking up the aisle afterward, Schorr remarked, to no one in particular, "Gee, there was no eulogy."

Someone in front of Schorr turned around and snapped: "It's classified."

Chapter 20

Triumph

■

Peter Karlow never gave up hope.

Although forced out of the CIA at the age of forty-two, his intelligence career destroyed by the mole hunt, he continued to try to clear his name. It was a slow and frustrating process, and he received no encouragement from Langley.

In the 1970s, Karlow had several conversations with James Angleton after the counterintelligence chief had been fired. Karlow believed that James Angleton held the key; if he could somehow get Angleton to open up, some of the mists might clear away. Twice he had been able to speak with Angleton when they were both still in the agency. It was in Angleton's office that the counterintelligence chief had warned Karlow not to discuss his case with anyone. In a later encounter in the hall, Karlow tried again.

"I said, 'I've been asking more and more questions about this and there is nothing that ties what this defector said to me.' Angleton reacted strongly and said, 'Don't talk to anybody about this—it's too secret.' I said, 'I'm keeping my own bigot list of who I have talked to, and you're welcome to see it.' He said okay. But he never asked for it."

Soon after Angleton was dismissed in 1974, Karlow encountered him at a Georgetown cocktail party. The two men chatted about the past. "At the party, he said I was the prime suspect." Karlow saw

Angleton again at a reception at the embassy of South Africa. Karlow suggested lunch, and somewhat to his surprise, Angleton agreed.

They met at L'Escargot, a small, out-of the-way French restaurant on upper Connecticut Avenue that was one of Angleton's favorites. "He said to me again, 'You were the prime suspect.' I said, 'How is it possible for a Soviet defector to knock out a staff officer of the CIA? Why don't we do something like that to the KGB? With a simple rumor.' I assumed Golitsin was running down and came up with me. Something to keep interest alive in him."

To Karlow, Angleton appeared to have a guilty conscience, but he admitted nothing. "Angleton never expressed any regret. He took the position it wasn't his doing. He said he never recommended my being fired. It was not something he had control over. He explained it was better from a CI viewpoint not to fire a suspect, but to keep him in place. He said the problem was I had become a security case."

This was pure double-talk, since the counterintelligence chief and the Office of Security worked hand in glove. OS had seized upon trivial security violations to make a case against Karlow because Angleton suspected he was a Soviet agent. If the CIA could not prove Karlow a spy, they would push him out the door on lesser grounds. He would be hung for a sheep.[1]

Karlow's meetings with Angleton were extraordinary, mole hunter and quarry, both fired by the CIA, sparring over the *pâté maison.* But this was no Stockholm syndrome at work; Karlow had known Angleton for years, and had tried to help him develop ways of detecting Soviet bugging devices. One night in the late 1950s, Angleton had come to Karlow's house for dinner to discuss espionage equipment. Karlow's wife, Libby, gave up at midnight and retired, but Karlow and Angleton kept at it until four in the morning, when the counterintelligence chief finally went home.

By questioning Angleton, Karlow was trying to gather evidence to help his case; perhaps somehow he could still clear his name. At a second lunch at a restaurant in Alexandria, Virginia, "we went further into the same thing. We were talking like two ships that cross in the night. I was interested in getting a handle on this thing for my purposes and Jim was providing me with nothing that I felt I could use.

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[1] A former CIA officer familiar with the case speculated that Karlow had been dismissed on "security" grounds because the agency had feared embarrassment if it became known publicly that Karlow had been wiretapped without cause. "They had a tap on Karlow," he said, "and it was alleged he and his mother talked about classified matters. But this was stuff they didn't want to bring into a court of law. The legal department stonewalled and didn't want any of this aired. They never had anything against Peter except these minor indiscretions, the telephone chatter."

"Angleton confirmed the business about letter K. He told me it was logical that I was the person—I was in Germany, my name began with K, I'd been in East Berlin, I had access to just about everything."

But there was one key fact that Angleton neglected to disclose. Karlow did not know that he had also come under suspicion of leaking to the Soviets the CIA's efforts to copy the bug found in the seal in the American embassy in Moscow. Nor did he know that Angleton had been informed by Peter Wright, of MI5, that the source of that leak was George Blake. The information from MI5 would have exonerated Karlow of this allegation, but Angleton never disclosed it, at the lunch or any other time.[2]

Karlow pressed the former CI chief. How could it all have happened? How could so many officers have fallen under false suspicion? "He said, 'There was literally panic when Golitsin said there was a mole. We were under so much pressure after Burgess and Maclean.' "[3]

At the time of these encounters with Angleton, Karlow was back in Washington as international affairs director for Monsanto. At first, after he was fired by the CIA, it had not been easy for Karlow, who had a wife and two children to support. Often it is difficult for officers in the Clandestine Services to make the transition to the private sector. Since their work has been secret, there is the delicate problem of what to put down on their résumé.

[2] After Blake confessed, Sir Dick White, the head of MI6, came to Washington with a damage report on the Blake case that omitted the fact that Blake had told the Soviets about the work on the bug by the CIA and the British. But later Peter Wright tipped off Angleton that Blake had confessed to this. The CIA believed that the KGB requirements circular that Golitsin brought with him when he defected, and which revealed Soviet knowledge of the CIA research, was based on the information Blake gave to the KGB. A former CIA man who knew the story said, "Jim had knowledge it was Blake, not Karlow. He acquired this information from Peter Wright *after* Karlow had been fired and sat on the information and never revealed it. The horrific thing was, Jim knew that Karlow had been wrongly treated and suppressed that information and didn't do anything about it."

[3] Interestingly, Angleton, in explaining the pressure, never mentioned Philby, who was far more important than Burgess or Maclean. It may have been too painful, since Philby had been Angleton's regular luncheon partner in Washington but was never detected as a Soviet agent by the CIA counterintelligence chief.

"After scratching around for a year, I got a job with Monsanto," Karlow said. "The job paid better than the government, there were stock options, promotion after six months." Karlow worked for Monsanto in St. Louis for several years, and in 1970 the company sent him to Washington. As an executive of a Fortune 500 company, Karlow prospered.

But the improvement in his bank account hardly erased the painful memory of his departure from the CIA. His wife, Libby, had died in 1976, not knowing how the story would end.

Karlow retired from Monsanto but stayed on in Washington as an international business consultant. Determined to clear his name, he began talking to lawyers, including an old friend from the OSS, Edwin J. "Ned" Putzell, Jr. "I had to get at the root of what happened," Karlow said. "Who had it in for me, what had really gone on."

In September 1980, Karlow applied for his entire CIA file under both the Privacy Act and the Freedom of Information Act. When the Mole Relief Act passed in October, Karlow got wind of it. Two months later, on December 18, Putzell wrote to Admiral Turner formally filing a claim under the new law. And Karlow and his attorney met with CIA officials to press his case.

But, as it happened, the one-year window that opened in October 1980 for claimants under the Mole Relief Act spanned two administrations. In January 1981, with the inauguration of President Reagan, a new team took over the CIA. Karlow's case ended up on the desk of William J. Casey.

The new CIA director asked his general counsel, Stanley Sporkin, to check into the matter. Secretly, a special three-man panel was convened, including Sporkin, to review the case. In a memorandum to Casey, Sporkin concluded that the facts placed Karlow's case "on a different footing" from those of Kovich and Garbler, who had been granted compensation.[4]

The Sporkin memo went on to review what supposedly had occurred. In December 1961, the memo said, a KGB defector—Golitsin—had reported that the Soviets had penetrated the CIA. "The defector was not able to provide a positive identification of this 'mole,' but the descriptive data provided by the defector fit Mr. Karlow to such an extent that he came under serious suspicion and an extensive investigation of Mr. Karlow followed. The investigation did not result in the conclusion that Mr. Karlow was the mole. . . ."

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[4] "Serge Peter Karlow—Request for Relief Under Section 405 of Public Law 96-450 ('Mole Relief Act')," memorandum, Stanley Sporkin, CIA general counsel, to Director of Central Intelligence William J. Casey, August 21, 1981.

Then came the bombshell in the secret memo. Since Karlow had not been proved to be the mole, Sporkin wrote, it might appear he was entitled to compensation. "However, information developed during the course of the investigation of Mr. Karlow led to the decision that he must be dismissed on security grounds quite apart from the fact that he had been accused . . . of being the mole."[5] The panel, Sporkin added, had concluded that Karlow's claim should be denied.

The agency had trotted out the same old shopworn goods—Karlow had been unclear about his father's birthplace, he had been vague about where he had traveled on certain dates, he had left his safe open, and so on.

But official records often fail to give a complete picture. For Sporkin and the other CIA officers reviewing the files almost two decades later, it may have been difficult to grasp the truth—that once Karlow was tarred as a mole suspect, the agency had been determined to get rid of him come what may. If it could not prove he was a traitor, then other grounds would do. A senior CIA officer who knew what had happened in 1963 declared, "They used the security material to frame Karlow with this chickenshit stuff."

Karlow as yet knew nothing of the Sporkin memo. In October 1981, after the one-year window had slammed shut, Casey wrote to Karlow explaining why his claim had been turned down. Karlow remarried that year—his new wife, Carolyn, was a respected college administrator—and he engaged Stanley Gaines, who had successfully represented Richard Kovich, to carry on the fight.

Gaines tried to convince the Senate Intelligence Committee that justice had miscarried in Karlow's case, but he was too late; the agency had persuaded the committee's staff that there were sound, albeit murky and elusive, reasons for rejecting his client's claim.

Karlow, normally a temperate man, now let his frustration boil over. "There is a deliberate concealment or frame-up here," he told

[5] *Ibid.*

Gaines. The agency, Karlow added, was "making me a scapegoat for something."[6]

In October 1986, Karlow got his first break. By now, he and Carolyn had moved to northern California, where he continued to work as an international business consultant. Back in Washington to attend an OSS symposium, Karlow gave a speech to his wartime colleagues. So did Casey, who had served in the OSS in London.

Afterward, the two men had a chance to chat. "Casey came up to me and we talked," Karlow remembered, "and he said, 'What the hell is going on with your case?' "

Volatile, quick-tempered, and mercurial, Casey was nevertheless an approachable man, and for all of his flaws, he did not have a closed mind. Within days of his conversation with Karlow, Casey personally ordered the case reopened. He telephoned Karlow in California and asked him to work with the agency's new general counsel, David Doherty, to prepare new recommendations to compensate Karlow. At the same time, the floodgates opened; more than 150 documents dealing with his case were suddenly declassified and released to Karlow.

But there was one crucial fact that the CIA had never disclosed to Karlow, and it dared not reveal it now. In 1963, Peter Karlow had been cleared by the FBI.

The former FBI agent in charge of the investigation confirmed this. "The agents who questioned Karlow," said Courtland J. Jones, "felt he was not the person described by Golitsin. Both FBI men who questioned him were top-notch." Maurice "Gook" Taylor and Aubrey "Pete" Brent had been tough and unrelenting in their five-day interrogation. But they came away convinced of Karlow's innocence. Jones was sure of it because he remembered Taylor's reaction. "I recalled Gook saying how good he felt that he had cleared a man who had been painted guilty." Jones added: "Our inquiry cleared Karlow."[7]

According to Jones, a report would normally have been sent by the

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[6] Letter, Peter Karlow to Stanley H. Gaines, September 23, 1982.

[7] Not only was Karlow cleared by the FBI, he passed the polygraph test that the bureau had administered during his five days of interrogation. Alexander W. Neale, Jr., the case agent who handled the Karlow inquiry, said, "The results of the polygraph did not reveal any facts that would indicate the man's guilt." So the lie-detector test showed that Karlow was innocent? "You can take it a step farther," Neale replied, "and say he was innocent."

Washington Field Office of the FBI, which conducted the interview, to headquarters, and from there to the CIA. And was that done in the Karlow case? "Of course," Jones replied. No such document was ever released to Karlow by either agency.

Under the Freedom of Information Act, Karlow did finally obtain Sporkin's memo, which shocked him when he was finally able to read it. It was the first he had learned of the CIA's spurious claim that he had been forced out for any reason other than the mole charges. The 1963 memo written by Lawrence R. Houston, the CIA's lawyer, when Karlow was pushed out, said just the opposite—that although Karlow had not been shown to be the mole, his usefulness was over because of that accusation. To Karlow's dismay, the CIA initially could not even find Houston's memo. It was lost in a sea of paper.

At the request of the general counsel, Karlow wrote a detailed rebuttal of the Sporkin memo and the old charges. As the CIA lawyers went over the case once more, they quickly perceived that the minor "security" matters that had been developed during the course of the mole investigation were not, in fact, the real reason that Karlow had been asked to resign. The agency had made a mistake, it now realized, in rejecting Karlow's claim under the Mole Relief Act.

But there was a problem: the one-year law had expired five years earlier. The CIA had no legal authority to compensate Karlow.

Moreover, Karlow's case was soon swept aside by the tidal wave of Iran-Contra. In the very month that Casey had ordered the Karlow case reopened, the arms-for-hostages scandal was coming down around his ears. By November, the incredible facts had emerged: Ronald Reagan, staunch opponent of Iran and the Ayatollah Khomeini, had secretly provided arms to that country in the hope of gaining the release of American hostages, and millions in profits from the arms sales had been illegally diverted to support the Contras in Nicaragua. White House aide Oliver North, the Marine lieutenant colonel at the center of the scandal, became a household name. For the Reagan administration, Casey, and the CIA, it was a disaster.

Casey was in his office on December 15 preparing for another appearance on Iran-Contra before the Senate Intelligence Committee when he suffered a seizure. He was operated on for a malignant brain tumor and never returned to work. He died on May 6, 1987, five days before the death of James Angleton.

Robert M. Gates, the deputy director of the CIA, had become acting CIA director when Casey underwent surgery, and on February 2, Reagan nominated him to be director. But Gates, who had also played a role in the arms-for-hostages scandal—and had helped to keep Congress in the dark about it—faced a bruising confirmation fight in the Senate. In March, Gates withdrew and Reagan nominated FBI director William H. Webster as the new CIA chief.[8]

For Karlow, the chain of events touched off soon after his promising encounter with Casey at the OSS meeting in October must have had a why-do-these-things-happen-to-me? impact. The timing of Iran-Contra was a cruel joke. "They were going to make a settlement with me," Karlow said. "After Casey died, Gates didn't want to pick it up. Webster stalled."

But after Webster, a former federal judge, had settled into the CIA, he took another look. "Webster brought a group of aides from the FBI," Karlow said. "They went over my case and Webster agreed I'd been screwed."

The agency's lawyers worked out an amount of damages that they felt Karlow was owed for having his career unjustly destroyed twenty-five years earlier. And they solved the problem of how to pay the money. They would quietly ask Congress to pass the Mole Relief Act all over again, just for Peter Karlow.

On September 15, 1988, the House and Senate passed the Intelligence Authorization Act for fiscal 1989. Buried in its provisions was Section 501 (a), which contained language identical to that of the 1980 Mole Relief Act. Two weeks later, President Reagan signed the bill.[9] The Mole Relief Act of 1988 was now law.

The press failed to notice the obscure provision or to uncover for whom the law had been passed. Since the CIA did not provide any public notice of the new law, or attempt to contact ex-employees who might have been affected, no other victim of the mole hunt came forward.

William Webster approved the settlement. Early in 1989, Peter Karlow flew to Washington. At CIA headquarters, in the general counsel's office, he was handed a check for close to $500,000.

Karlow declined to discuss numbers; all he would say was: "It was under a million." Karlow drove back to downtown Washington to try to find a bank where he could deposit the check. Ironically, perhaps, he found himself on K Street, the city's main business thoroughfare.

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[8] President Bush nominated Gates on May 14, 1991, to succeed Webster. The Senate, after lengthy hearings and renewed controversy over Gates, confirmed him on November 5.

[9] Public Law 100-453, signed by the President on September 29, 1988.

"It was a funny feeling to stand on K Street at three P.M. with a check that size in your hand and what do you do with it?" Karlow found a bank. "Fortunately," he said, "it was open until four P.M." The bank was happy to take the money.

The payment was nice, but, Karlow said, "There is no way to compensate for being called a traitor, and kept in that position for twenty years." He wanted something "to hang on the wall," some visible symbol of his vindication. Webster agreed. Karlow was invited to come back to Langley in the spring.

The CIA wanted to give him a medal.

Chapter 21

The Legacy

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As he looked back on the era of the mole hunt, Richard Helms had no regrets. It was warm in his office in downtown Washington, but he preferred to keep on the jacket of his exquisitely tailored suit as he talked.

Angleton may have been the point man, but it was Helms who had presided over the period of the mole hunt, first as the deputy director for plans from 1962 and then as the Director of Central Intelligence from 1966 to 1973. Little of importance could have occurred during that period without his personal approval. Helms knew.

In retrospect, what did he think of the handling of the mole investigation? It had to be done, Helms said. "One of the real nightmares the DCI lives with is that someone is going to walk into his office and say, 'We found a penetration.' Any director worthy of his stripes is bound to pay attention to allegations and to try to run them down. We had to check these things out. I felt it then, and now.

"When I was director, I refused to sign off on getting rid of anybody until it was clearly demonstrated that they were indeed a penetration." But, he conceded, some officers had been "put on a siding while the allegations were being checked out.

"What are you going to do with these people in the meantime? You can't hang them from the ceiling. When these cases came forward it was Angleton who raised the possibilities, but investigations had to be conducted by OS, not by Angleton."

How many CIA officers had been investigated? "I don't know the numbers," Richard Helms said.

And no one was found?

"Not that I'm aware of."

Any large organization rests on trust, or it could not function. Among its members, there is a presumption of loyalty to the organization, to their common goals, and to each other. As Robert T. Crowley, the veteran Clandestine Services officer, put it graphically, "In operations you have to ask, 'Would I want this guy on my air hose at two hundred feet?' "

The CIA, too, rests on trust, but assumes betrayal. That is its continuing dilemma.

The era of the mole hunt brought into sharp relief the potential threat posed to any organization that has built into its basic structure a powerful unit in charge of suspecting everyone. A Department of Paranoia, as it were.

James Angleton, who directed the agency's counterintelligence for two decades, devoted the last thirteen years of his career to finding "the mole" or moles in the agency. Angleton was the CIA's Captain Ahab, endlessly pursuing the great white whale. He never even got close enough to throw a harpoon.

It is tempting but too easy to say that Angleton was paranoid. By the dictionary definition, a paranoid is "characterized by oversuspiciousness, grandiose delusions, or delusions of persecution."[1]

Yet it is hard, and perhaps unfair, to make the case that Angleton was paranoid. His suspicions had a rational basis. There *were* moles and traitors in other intelligence agencies, notably MI6. Even in the CIA, moles and traitors would surface (although none of the CIA cases took place, or at least were discovered, until after Angleton left the agency). Some cases may remain unpublicized, because the CIA preferred it that way, but the known list is long enough:

Edwin Gibbons Moore II, a former CIA officer who had hundreds of classified documents in his home, and offered them to the Soviets for $200,000. Convicted and sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment in 1977.

[1] *Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language,* Second College Edition (Cleveland: William Collins Publishers, 1980), p. 1030.

William P. Kampiles, a former CIA watch officer, who received $3,000 from the Soviets for a copy of the manual for the KH-11 spy satellite. Convicted and sentenced in 1978 to forty years.

David Barnett, a former CIA case officer in Indonesia, who sold agency secrets to the Soviets for $92,600. Pleaded guilty to espionage in 1980 and sentenced to eighteen years.

Karl F. Koecher, a CIA contract employee who worked as a translator from 1973 to 1975 while an agent of Czech intelligence. Arrested in 1984, pleaded guilty to espionage, and traded in an East-West exchange of prisoners in 1986.

Sharon M. Scranage, a CIA clerk in Ghana, who passed agency secrets to her lover, an agent of the Ghanaian intelligence service. Arrested in 1985, pleaded guilty to revealing classified information, and sentenced to five years.

Larry Wu-Tai Chin, a former CIA broadcasting analyst who passed secrets to Chinese intelligence for thirty-three years, for which he received about $140,000. Arrested in 1985, convicted the following year, and committed suicide in February 1986 while in jail and awaiting sentence.

Edward Lee Howard, a CIA case officer about to be sent to Moscow when he failed a polygraph test and was fired. Howard then sold the secrets of the CIA's operations in Moscow to the KGB and put the money he received in a secret Swiss bank account containing upwards of $150,000; he buried an additional $10,000 in the New Mexico desert. Escaped from the FBI in 1985 and was granted asylum in the Soviet Union.

The list is sufficient evidence that moles and traitors exist, and logically must be pursued and, if at all possible, detected. "Today," Sam Papich insisted, "we have moles in every agency, including the FBI. We'd be stupid if we don't think so."

But like so much in a democratic system, rooting out spies requires a delicate balance between security and liberty. The CIA is not exempt from due process. It is part of the American government. The agency is free to practice its full range of black arts against other nations, subject to certain minimal presidential and congressional restrictions, but logically it cannot—at least when dealing with its own officers—operate outside the democratic norms of the system it professes to defend. It cannot, without great cost, trample on the values it was created to protect.

If Angleton was brilliant, as his admirers claim, he was also warped, as his detractors maintain, a tortured and twisted man who saw conspiracy and deception as the natural order of things. His mind, and his universe, was a hopeless bramble of false trails and switchbacks, an intricate maze to nowhere. He was, in the end, truly lost in a "wilderness of mirrors."

A former case officer, a white-bearded, wise old owl who left the agency years ago to settle in the foothills of the Colorado Rockies, perhaps put it best:

"The wilderness? More people found their way into it than out of it. There is something inhuman about the CI mind, and the manipulation of human beings. It's always tempting for a counterintelligence officer to take a case and double it back. That leads you into the wilderness."

The old case officer added: "Much of the trouble we get into is due to stupidity rather than to evil design, sabotage, or treason. Normally it's stupidity.

"If you have good control over CI, and it works, that's fine. If it doesn't, it ought to be stopped. I'm not even saying that it should be stopped if it damages careers. Those are casualties of war."

He gazed out the window, toward the nearby mountains. A breeze was rippling the trees. "There must be control over Angletons," he said. "We can't afford to run the risk of getting the whole outfit screwed up. Angleton went over the line."

A former chief of the Soviet division, although he had admired Angleton personally, agreed. Guarding against penetration was "absolutely basic," he said, but it was a question of the methods used. "It's a matter of dealing with facts, not theories. If you're going to move, you have to have hard evidence."

But the basic conflict between trust and betrayal that gave rise to the mole hunt inside the CIA was larger than any one individual. The problem was, and is, endemic.

Angleton, after all, exercised great power under five directors—Walter Bedell Smith, Allen Dulles, John McCone, William Raborn, and Richard Helms. Angleton could not have amassed and wielded that power unless the CIA as an institution wanted him to do so. Angleton operated in a supportive environment, not in a vacuum.

The mole hunt in the CIA destroyed the careers of loyal officers, shattered lives and families, and paralyzed the agency, bringing to a halt its operations against the Soviet Union at a time—during the height of the Cold War—when those operations were the CIA's *raison d'être.*

Leonard V. McCoy, the reports officer in the Soviet division who later became deputy chief of the reorganized CI Staff, said as much in an article circulated privately among former CIA employees. He wrote: "The negative effect of the Golitsyn era on our Soviet operational management was in fact devastating—the inevitable culmination of a long-standing belief that CIA could not have a *bona fide* Soviet operation. Potential cases were turned down, ongoing operations were judged to be deception operations (including Penkovskiy), and defectors who gave information supporting Nosenko . . . were judged to have been dispatched by the KGB."[2]

Another veteran CIA officer, F. Mark Wyatt, in a review of a BBC film about the Nosenko case, put it even more succinctly: "Because of this case and its many ramifications, careers had been ruined, operations against the Soviet Union paralyzed, and relations with several friendly intelligence services crippled."[3]

The mole hunt spread to several other Western allies, touching off a particularly destructive and inconclusive search for traitors at the top levels of British intelligence. It claimed innocent victims in other countries, such as Norway's Ingeborg Lygren. And it created a climate of fear in the CIA.

It was not an unfamiliar atmosphere. Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's hunt for Communists in the American government flourished in the early 1950s. What happened inside the CIA in the 1960s paralleled the McCarthyism that had taken poisonous root in America a decade earlier. That in itself was ironic, since the CIA had been one of the Wisconsin senator's targets in his destructive witch-hunt. It was almost as though the CIA, insulated by its walls of secrecy, was caught in a time warp, experiencing its own witch-hunt several years after that in the larger society.[4]

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[2] Leonard V. McCoy, "Yuriy Nosenko, CIA," *CIRA Newsletter,* Vol. XII, No. 3 (Fall 1987), published by Central Intelligence Retirees' Association, p. 20.

[3] Mark Wyatt, "Yuri Nosenko, KGB," *CIRA Newsletter,* Vol. XI, No. 4 (Winter 1986/1987), p. 11.

[4] It is perhaps of passing historical interest to note that Senator McCarthy was condemned by the Senate, 67–22, on December 2, 1954, eighteen days before James J. Angleton became chief of counterintelligence.

Like a speeding locomotive with no brakes, the mole hunt had gathered a momentum of its own until, inevitably, it went completely off the rails.

The "war of the defectors," the conflict over Golitsin and Nosenko, a central event of the mole hunt, split the agency into two camps, creating scars that had yet to heal decades later.

The harm done was so great that the agency even agreed to an act of Congress to compensate the victims of the mole hunt, although it did not take the initiative in seeking to redress the wrongs it had committed. But the payments to Karlow, Garbler, and Kovich, substantial though they were, did not make up for the harm done to them, and to dozens of other loyal officers, some of whom to this day do not even realize that they were victims.

Like a snake eating its tail, the mole hunters eventually devoured each other. The mole hunt turned on itself, and led to the spectacle of the chief of the Soviet division, the chief of counterintelligence, even the director of the CIA being accused. David Murphy, James Angleton, and William Colby—all were touched by the corrosive finger of suspicion. The Soviet division's operations virtually ground to a halt.

In the greatest irony of all, as a direct consequence of the mole hunt, counterintelligence within the CIA was also diminished, its size, influence, and effectiveness greatly reduced. When William Colby took over as CIA director in 1973, he was rightly convinced that Angleton had become a destructive force within the CIA. The belief of the Counterintelligence Staff that all Soviet defectors or volunteers were plants and that the agency itself was deeply penetrated had frozen the CIA's operations against the Soviet Union around the world. Determined to change this and to maneuver Angleton out of the agency, Colby dismantled his empire. The pieces were never put back together.[5] "CI," said Sam Papich, "has never been reconstructed."

With his excess of zeal, Angleton had succeeded in destroying all that he had worked for. The world of counterintelligence is rather like a cave, so deep, so dark, that no one can fully see into all of its crevices. But the basic task of CIA counterintelligence is to prevent penetrations within the agency and to help detect foreign spies.

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[5] There was one exception, however. The power of the Counterintelligence Staff to approve clandestine operations—such as the recruitment of an agent—in advance was restored by Angleton's immediate successor, George T. Kalaris. Operational approval was one of the functions that had been removed by Colby.

While the work of counterintelligence—precisely because it is carried on in secret—is difficult to measure, one reasonable yardstick is the number of espionage cases that surface in a given period. And the proliferation of spy cases in the mid-1980s, from Edward Lee Howard in the CIA, to Ronald Pelton in the NSA, to John A. Walker, Jr., and his confederates in the Navy, to Richard W. Miller in the FBI, and to the Army's Clyde Lee Conrad, all suggest that something had gone very wrong with U.S. counterintelligence.

Indeed, more than one official study reached the same conclusion. In 1988, a subcommittee of the House Intelligence Committee investigated the nation's counterintelligence agencies. The panel directed its heaviest criticism at the way the CIA had handled the case of Edward Lee Howard, the agency's first defector to the Soviet Union. In its report, the House committee called the case "one of the most serious losses in the history of U.S. intelligence."[6] It published excerpts from secret testimony by Gardner R. "Gus" Hathaway, then the CIA's counterintelligence chief, who admitted for the first time that "what Howard did to us was devastating," and that Howard had revealed to the Russians "some of the most important operations we have ever run in the Soviet Union." Hathaway also conceded that in the Howard case "the agency did not do its job properly."[7] Reviewing the counterintelligence problems facing the United States, the House committee concluded that "something is fundamentally wrong."[8]

That same year, a Senate-House conference report found "basic flaws" in the nation's security apparatus. It called the intelligence community "poorly organized, staffed, trained and equipped to deal with continuing counterintelligence challenges."[9]

So many espionage cases broke in 1985 that it became known as "the Year of the Spy." In the wake of these cases, and the defection and redefection of the KGB's Vitaly Yurchenko, CIA director William Webster quietly reorganized the agency's Counterintelligence Staff, replacing it with a new Counterintelligence Center and upgrading its director to the level of associate deputy director for operations for counterintelligence. Whether the changes would prove to be more than a bureaucratic shuffle remained to be seen.

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[6] "U.S. Counterintelligence and Security Concerns: A Status Report," Report of the Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence, House of Representatives, Subcommittee on Oversight and Evaluation (Washington: U.S. Government Printing Office, October, 1988), p. 15.

[7] *Ibid.*, pp. v, 15.

[8] *Ibid.*, p. 19.

[9] *Congressional Quarterly Weekly Report,* August 20, 1988, p. 2345.

Scotty Miler, Angleton's former deputy, lamented what he saw as the demise of counterintelligence in the wake of Angleton's dismissal and his own departure. But Miler, who spent years in the SIG looking for moles, and never found any—except, perhaps, Igor Orlov—was aware that counterintelligence was an inexact science. He liked to quote a remark by the CIA's former deputy director for plans: "Desmond FitzGerald once said CI is nothing but a couple of guys in the back room examining the entrails of chickens."

In the end, Angleton had self-destructed. He had mesmerized a succession of CIA directors, but the Wizard of Oz analogy was apt. With the agency tied up in knots, he could no longer maintain the mystique.

As John Denley Walker, the former station chief who had clashed with Angleton in Israel, put it: "Angleton became like the spider king and he never knew what was in the web. Colby was pretty nearly right."

David H. Blee, one of Angleton's successors as chief of counterintelligence, grasped the problem very well. Blee headed the CI Staff for seven years. "In counterintelligence," he said, "we're all paranoid. If we weren't, we couldn't do our jobs."

Another former CIA counterintelligence chief did not want to be identified, but he was astonishingly frank about the hazards. "You go berserk in this job," he said. "You lose your orientation completely. You become demented. You're looking for spies everywhere." It might be a good idea, he added, if the CIA's counterintelligence chief were limited to a term of one year.

Angleton's deep-seated belief that Soviet walk-ins or defectors after Anatoly Golitsin were all plants died hard, even after Angleton himself had gone. Some former CIA officers insist that the agency had recovered rapidly from this mind-set.

But in 1976, two years after Angleton's departure, Adolf G. Tolkachev, a Soviet defense researcher working on Stealth technology for aircraft, began leaving notes in the cars of U.S. diplomats near the American embassy in Moscow. Tolkachev, fearing KGB surveillance, did not dare to approach the embassy itself. The CIA's Moscow station relayed these approaches to Langley.

Three times, it can be revealed, Tolkachev was turned away by the CIA, which feared he might be a plant. Finally, the agency decided to take a chance and began accepting material from the Soviet defense researcher. For almost a decade, Tolkachev proved to be the CIA's most valuable asset inside the Soviet Union, his existence a closely guarded secret. Because of the agency's initial suspicion, it had come close to losing his rich haul of Soviet secrets. Tolkachev was finally caught, betrayed, almost certainly, by Edward Lee Howard.[10]

In the end, it all came back to betrayal. The need for trust, the reality of betrayal, transcend the dilemma faced by the CIA and the mole hunters of the 1960s. They are at the core of every human relationship.

On one level, James Angleton's obsessive quest for the mole was a search for the evil within. The parallel to the human condition is obvious. In a sense, Angleton and his band of mole hunters were exorcists. Ultimately, they had about as much success as others who have attempted to ply that difficult trade.

John Denley Walker, who saw it all from the inside but managed to keep a sense of balance, summed up: "The mole hunt," he said, "probably did more to protect the Soviet agent, if there was one, than to unmask him. While everyone was being investigated and accused, the real mole was sitting back laughing."

[10] On June 14, 1985, Tolkachev was arrested in Moscow during a meeting with his CIA case officer, Paul M. Stombaugh, Jr., who was expelled for espionage. On October 22, 1986, TASS, the Soviet news agency, announced that Tolkachev had been tried, convicted, and executed. When I interviewed Edward Lee Howard in Budapest in June 1987, he admitted that Tolkachev "could very well have been one of the assets I would have handled." Asked if he had betrayed Tolkachev, Howard said: "I don't believe I did that." David Wise, *The Spy Who Got Away* (New York: Random House, 1988), pp. 261–62.

Epilogue

■

On May 26, 1989, Peter Karlow, accompanied by his wife, Carolyn, drove to CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia, for the ceremony.

It took place in a briefing room on the seventh floor, near the office of William H. Webster, the Director of Central Intelligence. Webster looked on as Richard F. Stolz, Jr., the DDO, presented the agency's Intelligence Commendation Medal to Karlow.

Stolz, the chief of all clandestine operations for the CIA, was an ordinary-looking man with heavy horn-rimmed glasses. In his dark blue suit and red tie, he might have been an insurance executive presenting an employee with a gold watch at a retirement party.[1]

In addition to the small bronze medal, Karlow also received a large blue leatherette binder with the gold seal of the CIA on the front. Inside was a two-page citation that went with the medal. "THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA," it began, above the CIA seal with eagle and shield, "To all who shall see these presents, greeting: This is to certify that the Director of Central Intelligence has awarded the Intelligence Commendation Medal to Serge Peter Karlow for especially commendable service." The text said the medal was awarded to Karlow

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[1] Stolz himself retired in December 1990. He was replaced, on January 1, 1991, by Thomas A. Twetten, former head of the CIA's Near East division and one of the officials involved in the events that led to the Iran-Contra scandal.

"in recognition of his more than twenty-two years of devoted service to the Central Intelligence Agency. He distinguished himself in a series of increasingly responsible assignments both at Headquarters and overseas. Mr. Karlow demonstrated inspired leadership, operational wisdom, and good judgment throughout his career, reflecting credit upon himself, the Central Intelligence Agency, and the Federal service."

The citation was signed by William Webster.

Karlow remembered Stolz: "He was a junior officer when I was in Germany." And although Stolz was never photographed in public, a CIA photographer was on hand this day to record the presentation. Later, Stolz inscribed a copy of the color print: "For Peter Karlow, in small recognition for an outstanding professional career of a great gentleman, Dick Stolz, May 26, 1989." Karlow hung it on the wall.

Except for Stolz, there was a new cast of characters at the CIA. None of the officials who had driven Karlow from the agency twenty-six years before attended the ceremony. They were all long gone.

But one of Angleton's successors as chief of counterintelligence, Gardner R. "Gus" Hathaway, came to the presentation. "I guess he wanted to get a look at me," Karlow said. "I had a brief chat with Gus. I had mixed feelings about having him there."[2]

There was a party afterward, at the International Club of Washington, on K Street, and many of Karlow's old friends and retired colleagues came. Trapper Drum was there, from the Technical Services Division, Reid Denis from Berlin base, Peter Heimann from Bonn. And Richard Helms.

"Everyone there was relieved," Karlow said. Many of his former colleagues had refused to believe he was anything but a loyal American, but until the director of the CIA ordered that Karlow be given a medal, the doubts had lingered.

Smiling, one of the CIA men raised a glass and said to Karlow: "You've won, you beat 'em."

[2] Hathaway retired in March 1990 after five years as chief of counterintelligence. He was replaced by his deputy, Hugh E. "Ted" Price, fifty-two, a short, sandy-haired man who favored tweeds and fiddled constantly with a pipe. Price, a Far East hand who spoke Mandarin Chinese, switched over to the job of assistant deputy director for operations early in 1991. His successor as CIA chief of counterintelligence was James Olson, a six-foot, slender, blond Iowan who several years earlier had served in the Moscow station.

But Karlow didn't really feel that way. He was not bitter, or angry, but he had waited twenty-six years for this day. When he left the CIA in 1963, he was forty-two. When he returned in 1989, he was a sixty-eight-year-old man. Certainly, he had done well in the private sector, and there was the compensation from the agency.

But the mole hunt had robbed him of a lifetime. It had destroyed his career. It had accused him of treason. It had taken him away from doing the work he loved, for his country. He had already given his left leg, but it wasn't enough. Peter Karlow also had to give his reputation, and his best years.

There is an emptiness to the New Mexico landscape. The rolling high desert north of Albuquerque has a special beauty, but it is the beauty of desolation, the barren hills relieved only by the occasional juniper or prickly pear cactus.

Scotty Miler, living there, far from Langley, had plenty of time to look back. He lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply. "I wish there was some way the government could lay all this to rest, because it's unfair," he said. "If you go into intelligence you have to expect you will be investigated, that there may be allegations about you."

It had not been so easy for the mole hunters, either, he said. "Even while I was investigating these people I was obliged to deal with them on a day-to-day basis." That had created "a certain uneasiness."

And what was his view, in retrospect, about the lives and careers that were damaged, that had been in his hands?

"Regrettable. You're concerned—have you been fair? It's regrettable that it has to happen. But you have to have a system if there is sufficient cause for suspicion. . . . You're trying to protect something larger than an individual. If there is one thing that you learn, it's that there are no certainties about who's going to be a spy."

Miler stubbed out his cigarette and looked up. "As far as we know, none of these people we investigated turned out to be spies."

Did that mean there was no mole?

"No, I didn't say that," Miler replied. "It means we didn't find one."

Scotty Miler's rear porch faced west, toward Arizona. To the north, the Sangre de Cristo mountains darkened the distant horizon. With his wife, Miler had come to New Mexico from Washington in 1976, "to get away from the long arm of the investigating committees."

The Milers had set out hummingbird feeders on the porch, filled with sugar water. They loved to watch the aerial acrobatics of the tiny creatures, swooping and buzzing around the porch. But Miler's wife had died in 1988, and he was alone in the house with his memories, and the hummingbirds.

There were fewer hummingbirds now, but they still came to feed. "On a good day," he said, "you can see twenty-five."

Author's Note

Almost ten years ago I had lunch in Washington, at an appropriately inconspicuous restaurant, with a former officer of the CIA's Clandestine Services whom I had come to know and like. I respected this man for many reasons, not the least of which was that he had never told me anything that proved to be untrue.

But that day I thought his record of verity might be strained to the limit. In the course of our lunch he told me that a Soviet defector had said there was a penetration in the CIA whose name began with the letter K, and that this had cast a shadow on many officers, including one who was forced out.

A CIA man dismissed because his name began with the letter K?

My friend nodded. Clearly he was serious. And just as clearly, I knew it was a story I had to write. In a low voice, he confided the man's name: Peter Karlow.

Other projects intervened, but I was determined to return one day to the subject of the mole hunt that had taken place inside the CIA and to find the man whom I had begun to think of as Mr. K. It was almost five years later that I found him. He had been working for most of that time in Washington, ironically in an office on K Street. He had moved to California but agreed to meet with me on his next trip back East.

A few weeks later, on a sunny spring day, I was sitting opposite Peter Karlow at an outdoor restaurant in the capital. The story I had heard about him was true, he said. He might be willing to tell it to me.

But Karlow, it became clear, was a modest man, and he did not want a book written only about him. He pointed out that what had happened was part of a much larger pattern.

And I knew he was right. I had by now read David C. Martin's ground-breaking book *Wilderness of Mirrors,* and from that and other sources, I was well aware that the mole hunt that had paralyzed the CIA was intertwined with the "war of the defectors"—the clash over Anatoly Golitsin and Yuri Nosenko—and with dozens of secret operations that the United States and the Soviet Union had mounted against each other during the height of the Cold War.

I had stepped into a maze, and friends in the intelligence world warned me that I might become lost in the wilderness. In truth, the paths and byways seemed to lead in a hundred directions. The story *was* complex, but not, as it turned out, beyond reach.

Around the same time that I had met Peter Karlow, I had also begun conversations with Paul Garbler. At first, I was puzzled. He, too, had been a major suspect, but his name did not begin with a K.

I was interviewing Garbler in his study in Tucson when a moment of revelation came. I knew that Igor Orlov, whose wife still ran the picture-framing gallery in Alexandria, was a key to the mystery, but where did he fit? When Garbler revealed that the agent he had run in Berlin was Orlov, I realized with mounting excitement that I was getting close. Then he walked over to the bookcase, reached up, and took down the book that Orlov had inscribed and presented to him in Berlin as a farewell gift thirty-three years earlier. It was signed "Franz Koischwitz."

Orlov's operational name had begun with the letter K! That was the nexus, the missing link that explained how the mole hunt had spread far beyond Karlow. The pieces began to fall into place.

To research this book, I conducted 650 interviews with more than two hundred persons. Although my interest in the mole hunt extended over a decade, most of my effort was concentrated in the last two years. While much of the research was based on the interviews, there are additional references to books, congressional hearings, and other documentation, including CIA and FBI files, and these sources are cited in the footnotes included in the text.

A book about secret operations and agencies presents special problems of attribution. Wherever possible, sources are identified by name and quoted directly. But the book also contains some information attributed to former intelligence officers who, given the nature of their work and having been anonymous all their lives, preferred to remain so. I have respected their wishes.

Every writer wrestles with this problem. On balance, it seemed more important to me to use the material from former CIA and FBI officers, and to let them speak in their own voices, than to sacrifice the information because they declined to be identified. Many of these former officers believed the facts should come out, but did not want to open themselves to criticism by their colleagues for breaking the code of silence. All of these men and women have my thanks and deep appreciation. They know who they are.

Many former and some present intelligence officers and officials, as well as other sources, were willing to be interviewed on the record. While the list is too long to permit me to mention everyone, I am especially grateful to a number of former CIA officers, including S. Peter Karlow, Paul Garbler, George Kisevalter, Newton S. Miler, Robert T. Crowley, Tennent H. Bagley, William E. Colby, Richard M. Helms, John Denley Walker, George Goldberg, Donald F. B. Jameson, Frank F. Friberg, Clare Edward Petty, Joseph C. Evans, William R. Johnson, F. Mark Wyatt, Thomas W. Braden, Stephen Roll, Peter M. F. Sichel, Eugen F. Burgstaller, George L. Cary, David H. Blee, James H. Critchfield, Rolfe Kingsley, Anthony A. Lapham, Bela Herczeg, and Stanley H. Gaines; and to Joseph R. DeTrani, director, and E. Peter Earnest, deputy director, of the CIA's Office of Public Affairs.

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A special word of appreciation must go to Carol Monaco, who conducted the research for this book with great patience and with resourcefulness that enabled her to overcome many of the obstacles we encountered along the way. I am grateful as well to William A. Wise, who provided additional research assistance, and to whom this book is dedicated. My thanks also go to Kate Sawyer, who cheerfully helped me to keep my newspaper files current.

None of the former and present CIA and FBI officials or other individuals thanked here are in any way responsible for the conclusions reached in this book, which are, of course, entirely my own.

Those who must live with writers are indeed noble, and my family is no exception. Without their love and support, I would hesitate to try to navigate the deep and murky waters I encountered in bringing forth *Molehunt.* I am, as always, indebted the most to Joan, Christopher, and Jonathan.

David Wise
Washington, D.C.
June 19, 1991

Index

Abel, Rudolf, 23, 23*n,* 24*n,* 232
Abidian, John V., 61, 71, 72*n,* 118, 119*n,* 120
Adams, Ian, 114*n*
AEFOXTROT, *see* Nosenko, Yuri Ivanovich
AEGUSTO, *see* Loginov, Yuri
AELADLE, *see* Golitsin, Anatoly Mikhailovich
AEWIRELESS, *see* Belitsky, Boris
agent-in-place, 4, 19, 46, 79, 171
"Alex," *see* Nosenko, Yuri Ivanovich, CIA code name for
Allason, Rupert (Nigel West), 103*n*
Alsop, Joseph, 77
  and FBI, 77*n*
  and Nosenko's claims about, 76
  and White House interest in, 77*n*
Alsop, Stewart, 178
Anderson, Jack, 243*n*
Andrew, Christopher, 103*n,* 250
ANDREY, 70, 141, 142
Angleton, Cicely d'Autremont, 41, 282
Angleton, James Hugh, 40
Angleton, James Jesus, ("Hugh Ashmead," "the Gray Ghost," "the Black Knight," "the Orchid Man," "the Fisherman," "Jesus," "Slim Jim," "Skinny Jim," "Scarecrow"), 22*n,* 29, 29*n,* 30, 30*n,* 31, 33, 35*n,* 36, 37, 39, 39*n,* 42, 43, 50, 96, 97, 105, 110, 112, 158, 160, 162, 164, 205, 219, 233, 243, 247, 270, 276, 285*n,* 292, 293, 295, 296, 297, 299
  appears before Senator Church's Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, 247, 248
  background of, 40
  and Pete Bagley, 79, 80, 235
  and belief that Soviet defectors were plants, 211
  CIA pseudonym of, 32
  and William Colby, 238, 239, 240
  Colby feels CIA was paralyzed by, 241
  death of, 281, 289
  and decision to betray Yuri Loginov to South African intelligence, 218
  and Philippe Thyraud de Vosjoli, 110, 111, 111*n*
  dismissal of, 244, 244*n,* 245, 245*n,* 246, 265
  and Allen Dulles, 39, 39*n,* 240, 295
  and Edward J. Epstein, 260, 260*n,* 261*n*
  and FBI investigation of Igor Orlov, 193–194, 197, 274
  and FEDORA, 148
  and fishing skills of, 32, 33, 165, 260
  and "the Flat Earth Conference," 178
  and Paul Garbler, 50, 62, 63, 64, 263
  and gemstones, 33, 34
  and Anatoly Golitsin, 8, 26, 42, 66, 79, 80, 96, 97, 100, 105, 111, 131, 157, 157*n,* 165, 166, 178, 193, 235, 255, 282
  and Richard Helms, 21, 39, 240, 295
  and Bela Herczeg, 44, 45
  Seymour Hersh on Colby's firing of, 244–245*n*
  and imprisonment of Nosenko by CIA, 142, 143, 143*n,* 144, 154
  investigated by Ed Petty as suspected mole, 235, 236, 236*n,* 237, 237*n,* 259
  and Peter Karlow, 15, 95, 283, 284, 285
  and Richard Kovich, 270
  and Ingeborg Lygren, 164, 165, 166
  and John McCone, 240, 295
  and Leonard McCoy, 254, 254*n,* 255
  and mole hunt in Britain, 101, 102
  and mole hunt in Canada, 113
  and mole hunt in France, 107
  nicknames of, 32, 32*n,* 40
  and Yuri Nosenko, 9, 80, 131, 137, 139, 142, 143, 143*n,* 144
  on not finding the mole, 193, 248, 249

Angleton *(cont'd)*
  and Operation DINOSAUR, 177
  and orchids, 33, 34, 34*n*
  and Igor Orlov, 193, 273, 274, 281
  power in CIA diminishes, 234–244
  psychological makeup of, 258, 293, 295
  and purge of Soviet division in search for mole, 230
  reported bugging and wiretapping by, 30, 30*n*, 31, 31*n*, 32
  and rumors in Washington that William Colby was a mole, 261
  and James Schlesinger, 240
  and Nicholas Shadrin case, 196–197*n*
  and SIG investigation of David Murphy, 225, 226, 227, 228, 228*n*, 229
  and Edward Ellis Smith, 48
  and Walter Bedell Smith, 295
  succeeded as chief of counterintelligence by George Kalaris, 252
  sues Stansfield Turner, 260
  supported by CIA during mole hunt; 295
  and supposed nickname, "Mother," 32*n*
  and suspicions of Harold Wilson as Soviet agent, 99, 100, 115
  and suspicions KGB poisoned Hugh Gaitskell, 98
  and trade of Yuri Loginov to the Soviets, 230, 231
  and whether paranoid, 293
Arafat, Yasir, 246
Arkhipov, Vladimir, 109
ARNIKA, 117*n*
Arnold, Charles, 160
Artamonov, Nikolai Federovich (Nicholas Shadrin), 196–197, 197*n*,
  alias of, 195
  and Paul Garbler, 195*n*
  and Cynthia Hausmann, 196
  and Igor Kochnov (KITTY HAWK), 195
  and Leonard McCoy, 255
  and Bruce Solie, 196
  and Vitaly Yurchenko, on fate of, 197
Artamonov, Ewa Gora, 195, 195*n*

Bacon, Sir Francis, 158*n*
Bagley, Tennent Harrington "Pete" (GIRAFFE), 26, 47, 214, 218
  and James Angleton, 79
  background of, 67, 68
  becomes target of Angleton's mole hunters, 234
  and Peter Deriabin, 68
  and Goleniewski letters, 68
  and Golitsin's warnings about mole in CIA, 70, 96
  and imprisonment of Nosenko by CIA, 143, 143*n*, 147, 148, 154, 155
  and Yuri Loginov, 215, 217, 231, 232
  and Leonard McCoy, 254, 255
  and Moscow dead drop for Oleg Penkovsky, 71*n*, 72*n*, 120*n*
  and Yuri Nosenko, 65, 71*n*, 72, 73, 78, 80*n*, 130, 131, 131*n*, 134, 136, 137, 139, 140, 141, 142, 142*n*, 155*n*, 235
  and Igor Orlov, 190
  on Edward Ellis Smith, 75
  transferred from Soviet division to Brussels, 234
Bannerman, Robert L., 127, 129
Barnett, David, 294
Barnett, Robert B., 266, 267*n*
Barron, John, 109*n*, 212*n*
Bay of Pigs, 5, 6, 17
Bayh, Birch, 267, 268
Beeby, Dean, 56
Belitsky, Boris (AEWIRELESS), 70, 71, 79, 119*n*
  background of, 69
  CIA doubts about, 69*n*
  as double agent under KGB control, 119*n*
  and George Goldberg, 175
  and Yuri Nosenko, 68, 69
  and Harry Young, 69
Bennett, Leslie James
  suspected as mole in Canada, 112, 113, 114, 114*n*
Bernstein, Carl, 242
Binder, David, 273, 273*n*
Birdsall, Paul, 62
Bissell, Richard M., Jr., 6
"black,"
  meaning of in CIA, 168
Blake, George, 25, 25*n*, 43*n*, 246, 256, 271*n*, 272*n*, 285, 285*n*
Blake, John F., 262, 262*n*
Blee, David H., 237, 237*n*, 245, 299
"Blue U," *see* Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), "Blue U"
Blunt, Anthony, 100, 100*n*, 101*n*, 103, 103*n*
Bond, James, 10
Boothby, John M., 187*n*
Borisoglebsky, Viktor V., 169, 170
  and Mikhail Federov, 169, 170, 170*n*
  and trial of Oleg Penkovsky, 170*n*
  and Francis Gary Powers, 170*n*
Borten, Per, 164*n*
Borwick, Lillian, 187*n*
Borwick, Richard, 187*n*
Bossard, Frank C., 154
BOURBON, see Polyakov, Dimitri Fedorovich
Boyle, Andrew, 103*n*
Braadland, Eric, 163
Braden, Tom, 30, 30*n*, 31, 31*n*, 36
Brandes, Harry, 256
Branigan, Bill, 196
Brent, Aubrey S. ("Pete"), 89, 288
Britain
  mole hunt in, 26, 96–105, 114–115
British intelligence, 256
  and SATYR, 14
  see also MI5, MI6; Britain, mole hunt in
Broe, William V., 208
Brook-Shepherd, Gordon, 73*n*, 105*n*
Bryhn, Asbjørn, 164, 164*n*
Btfsplk, Joe, 220, 220*n*
bugging and wiretapping, 13, 13*n*
  and James Angleton, 30, 30*n*, 31, 31*n*, 32
  CIA and FBI bugs in cars delivered to Soviet embassy in Mexico, 92
  Great Seal bugging device, 15, 91
Bulik, Joseph J., 44, 45, 57
  and Oleg Penkovsky's dead drop, 120, 121
Bulloch, John, 104, 105
Burgess, Guy, 43, 100, 285, 285*n*

Burgstaller, Eugen F., 228, 228*n*
Burke, James, 237
Bush, George, 155, 155*n*, 265*n*, 266, 266*n*, 290*n*

Cabell, Charles P., 8, 168, 170
Cairncross, John, 103, 103*n*
Camp, William E. III, 253, 258*n*
Campbell, Grafton B. "Soupy," 205
Canada
  and mole hunt in, 112–114
Canadian Security Intelligence Service (CSIS), 112*n*, 256
CAPITALIST, *see* Harriman, Averell, and Soviet cryptonym for
Carlson, Rodney W., 120*n*
Carter, Jimmy, 266, 268
Carter, Marshall S., 128
Casey, William J., 156*n*, 258, 268, 268*n*, 286, 286*n*, 287, 288, 289, 290
Castro, Fidel, 6
cats
  and CIA use in eavesdropping, 8*n*
Cattley, William, 34*n*
Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), 3, 10, 12, 17, 19*n*, 20, 22, 25, 32, 35, 36, 38, 42, 43, 44, 49, 51, 52, 62, 66, 75, 78, 80, 84, 85, 89, 90, 91, 93, 94*n*, 109, 115, 117*n*, 124, 124*n*, 125, 127, 128, 130, 138, 142, 148, 157, 158, 159, 159*n*, 161, 163, 164, 165, 169, 170, 173, 176, 185*n*, 190–191, 201, 205, 207, 213, 215, 218, 219, 220, 222, 223, 224*n*, 225, 226, 227, 227*n*, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 239*n*, 247, 248, 253, 256, 261*n*, 263, 265, 266, 267, 272, 272*n*, 273, 274, 278, 283, 284, 285*n*, 289, 290, 294, 295, 298, 302
  apologizes to Paul Garbler, 262
  assistant deputy director for operations, 49, 76, 302*n*
  awards Peter Karlow a medal, 291, 301, 302
  and Bay of Pigs, 5
  and "Blue U," 41*n*
  and bugging devices, 14, 82
  Central and Western European divisions merged into European division, 202
  and the "Cherepanov papers," 123
  compared to MI6, 74*n*
  and counterintelligence 8, 15, 16, 37, 159
  Counterintelligence Center of, 298
  Counterintelligence Staff (CI Staff) of, 38, 39, 39*n*, 41, 42, 43, 48, 69, 74*n*, 85, 95, 96, 113, 140, 158, 158*n*, 161, 162, 164, 167, 169*n*, 170, 174, 190, 196, 196–197*n*, 207, 210, 211, 215, 218, 220, 224, 229, 237, 237*n*, 238, 239, 240, 241, 245, 247, 253, 254, 255, 258, 258*n*, 259, 261, 295, 296, 297, 297*n*, 298
  defection of Anatoly Golitsin, 4, 7, 9, 66
  deputy director for operations, 6*n*, 17, 30, 39*n*, 88, 89, 125, 127, 139, 168, 208, 218*n*, 262, 289, 302*n*
  deputy director for plans; *see* deputy director for operations
  and Philippe Thyraud de Vosjoli (LAMIA), 110
  and digraphs in code names, 19, 166
  Directorate of Operations, 6, 6*n*, 13, 36, 38, 39, 39*n*, 50, 89, 161, 202, 218, 218*n*, 230, 237*n*, 238, 239, 240, 245, 256, 285
  and Director of Central Intelligence (DCI), 39*n*, 206, 240, 268, 268*n*, 292, 301
  Domestic Operations Division, 175
  and domestic surveillance program (Operation Chaos), 244, 245
  Eastern European (EE) division (formerly Foreign Division M) 11, 11*n*, 87, 229, 236
  Economic Action Division, 13, 87, 88
  European Division of, 202, 229
  Far East division, 253
  and FEDORA, 149–153
  and Mikhail Fedorov, 166, 168, 168*n*
  and Michal Goleniewski, 24, 24*n*, 234
  Anatoly Golitsin first came to attention of, 21
  and Golitsin's warnings about moles in, 9, 70, 81, 104, 205–206*n*
  imprisonment of Yuri Nosenko, 142, 143, 143*n*, 144, 144*n*, 146, 146*n*, 147, 147*n*, 148, 154, 154*n*, 155, 156, 156*n*, 210, 217, 258*n*
  and Ivy League "Old Boys," 39
  and KGB knowledge of Oleg Penkovsky's dead drop, 118, 119, 119*n*, 120, 120*n*
  and leak of Golitsin's presence in Britain, 105
  and "legal travel program," 272
  and Yuri Loginov, 171, 172, 216–217, 217*n*, 231, 231*n*
  and Ingeborg Lygren, 162, 163, 253
  mail-opening program (HTLINGUAL), 238, 239, 239*n*
  and mole hunt in Britain, 101, 102, 105, 114, 115
  and mole hunt in Canada, 112–114
  and mole hunt in France, 105–112
  and mole hunt in Norway, 163–166, 253, 296
  and mole hunt in U.S., number of suspects screened in, 157, 161, 257, 257*n*, 258
  mole hunt paralyzes, 210, 211, 212, 297
  Near East division, 236, 301*n*
  never told Peter Karlow he had been cleared by FBI, 288
  and 1953 covert operation in Iran, 17*n*
  and Nixon's White House plumbers, 242
  and Yuri Nosenko, 65–80, 130–156
  Office of General Counsel, 266, 269
  Office of Security (OS), 6, 16, 32, 69, 78, 83, 84*n*, 85, 89, 127, 145, 154, 190, 196, 204, 210, 224, 228, 230, 258, 265, 272*n*, 284, 286, 292
  Office of Training, 87
  and Eleonore Orlov, 182, 185, 186, 187, 281
  and Igor Orlov, 189–193
  and Oleg Penkovsky, 53*n*, 55, 55*n*, 56, 57, 60
  and Pyotr Popov, 20, 46, 46*n*, 66, 162, 163, 169*n*, 224
  Research and Analysis, component of CI Staff, 255

Central Intelligence Agency *(cont'd)*
  refuses to confirm names of officers compensated under the Mole Relief Act, 269, 269*n*, 270
  and resistance to the idea of the Mole Relief Act, 267
  and SAPPHIRE, 107
  and Shadrin case, 197
  Soviet division, 8, 11, 20, 22*n*, 24, 25, 26, 38, 46, 46*n*, 47, 64, 69*n*, 96, 104, 130, 143, 153, 155, 162, 163, 176, 200, 201, 202, 203, 210, 211, 211*n*, 213, 215, 217, 219, 220, 225, 229, 230, 234, 238, 270
  Soviet Russia division, *see* Central Intelligence Division (CIA), Soviet division
  SR-9, 46, 46*n*, 120–121
  Technical Requirements Board, 13, 15, 83, 87
  and Technical Services Division, 18, 62, 82, 87, 88, 302
  and UNACUTE, 167
  and the "war of the defectors," 80, 260, 297
  Western European division of, 50, 202
Chabot, Philip Jr., 260–261*n*
Chalet, Marcel, 109, 109*n*, 159*n*
  and SIG investigation of David Murphy, 228, 228*n*
Chavchavadze, David, 173
Cherepanov, Aleksandr Nikolaevich, 121, 123, 135, 136, 139, 140
  and spy dust, 169*n*
"the Cherepanov papers," 121, 123, 135, 200
  and Yuri Nosenko, 139, 140
  and spy dust, 169*n*
CHICKADEE, 116, 117, 121, 123
Chin, Larry Wu-Tai, 294
Chisholm, Janet Ann, 59, 117, 120*n*, 132, 133
Chisholm, Roderick "Ruari," 59, 120*n*
Chistov, Alexei, *see* Federov, Mikhail, supposed real name
Church, Frank, 37*n*, 247, 248, 265*n*
Churchill, Winston S., 30
CI, *see* Counterintelligence; Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), Counterintelligence Staff (CI Staff) of
Clandestine Services, *see* Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), Directorate of Operations
Cohen, Lona ("Helen Kroger"), 24
Cohen, Morris ("Peter Kroger"), 24
Colby, William E., 225, 247, 261*n*, 297, 297*n*
  appointed CIA executive director, 237
  appointed DDO Under James Schlesinger, 238
  appointed Director of Central Intelligence, 239
  and CIA domestic surveillance program, 245
  on CI Staff's investigation of David Murphy, 226, 226*n*, 227, 227*n*
  decides to dismiss James Angleton, 241, 242
  dismissed by President Ford, 265, 265*n*
  dismisses James Angleton, 244–245*n*
  and Seymour Hersh 242–246
  and investigation of James Angleton as possible mole, 237, 237*n*, 238
  on mole hunt paralyzing CIA Soviet operations, 211
  and Project Jennifer, 243*n*
  reduces power of CI Staff, 239, 240,
  replaces James Angleton with George Kalaris as chief of counterintelligence, 252, 253
  and retirement of Richard Kovich, 264, 264*n*
  and rumors he is a mole, 261
Condon, Richard, 36*n*
Conrad, Clyde Lee, 298
Cook, Don, 77*n*
Copeland, Miles 32*n*
Costello, John, 103*n*
Counterintelligence, 5
  definition of, 37, 37*n*
Counterintelligence Staff, *see* Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), Counterintelligence Staff of; Special Investigations Group (SIG)
Cram, Cleveland, C., 114, 255
  background of, 256
  and *History of the Counterintelligence Staff 1954–1974*, 256, 257, 257*n*, 258
Critchfield, James H., 236, 236*n*, 237
Crowley, Robert T., 32, 38, 293

D notice, 104, 104*n*, 105, 105*n*
Davies, Richard, 118*n*
Davis, Dwight F., 31*n*
Davis, Pauline, 31*n*
Davison, Alexis H.
  expelled from Soviet Union, 120*n*
  and Oleg Penkovsky, 60, 117
dead drops, 11, 168, 168*n*
DDO, *see* Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), Directorate of Operations
DDP, *see* Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), Directorate of Operations
Deep Throat, 260
defector
  definition of, 175*n*
Defense Intelligence Agency, 196
de Gaulle, Charles, 106, 107, 111, 112
Dejean, Maurice, 212*n*
de Jurquet d'Anfreville de la Salle, Charles, 109, 110, 111*n*
de Lannurien, Georges, 108
de Mowbray, Stephen, 22*n*, 97
Denis, Reid, 302
deputy director for operations, *see* Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), deputy director for operations
deputy director for plans, *see* Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), deputy director for operations
Deriabin, Peter, 4, 4*n*, 21, 22*n*, 68
de Marenches, Count Alexandre
  and SIG investigation of David Murphy, 226, 227, 227*n*, 241
de Rougemont, Jean-Louis, 106
de Silva, Peer, 46*n*, 270
de Vosjoli, Philippe Thyraud (LAMIA), 110, 110*n*, 111, 111*n*
Dillon, Paul L., 154

DINOSAUR, *see* Harriman, Averell, and code name DINOSAUR
Direction Générale de la Sécurité Extérieure (DGSE), 106, 106*n; see also* Service de Documentation Extérieure et de Contre-espionnage (SDECE); "la Piscine"
Directorate of Operations, *see* Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), Directorate of Operations
Directorate of Plans, *see* Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), Directorate of Operations
Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire (DST), 106, 107, 109
Director of Central Intelligence (DCI), *see* Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), Director of Central Intelligence (DCI)
DO, *see* Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) Directorate of Operations
Doherty, David P., 288
"Dolnytsin, Anatoli," *see* Golitsin, Anatoly Mikhailovich, D notice name of
Dolnytsin, Anatoly A., 105*n*
Doman, Nicholas R., 44, 45
Donovan, General William J. "Wild Bill", 17
Doustin, Daniel, 107
DRAT, 102
Driver, Wally, 181–182
Drum, Trapper, 302
Dulles, Allen W., 5, 6, 30, 40
  and James Angleton, 39, 39*n*, 240, 295
  and Bay of Pigs, 5
  and Mikhail Federov, 168
  and Golitsin on whether moles in CIA, 205–206*n*
  and Ed Snow, 224
  and Nata Sokolovskaya, 224
Dulles, Eleanor Lansing, 39*n*
Duncan, Susana, 261

EASY CHAIR, 14, 15, 83, 91
Edwards, Sheffield, 15*n*, 83, 84, 84*n*, 124, 125, 125*n*, 127, 272*n*
Eisenhower, Dwight D.
  and Bay of Pigs, 6
Eliot, T. S., 35, 282
Ellsberg, Daniel, 152
Epstein, Edward J., 152, 153*n*,
  and James Angleton, 260, 260*n*, 261*n*
Evang, Wilhelm, 163, 164*n*, 165
Evans, Jean M.
  background of, 159
  and Ed Petty, 236
Evans, Joseph C.
  background of, 214–215
  decides Yuri Loginov is a plant, 218, 231*n*
  on Yuri Loginov, 216, 216–217*n*, 232

Fain, Tom, 123
Faithful, Sidney, 271, 271*n*
Family Jewels, the
  definition of, 242
  and Seymour Hersh, 242
Farm, the (Camp Peary), 202, 203, 255
  and imprisonment of Nosenko at by CIA, 145, 146, 147, 154*n*, 210
FBI, 23, 39*n*, 50, 83, 84, 89, 91, 99, 109, 158, 165, 194, 207, 219, 265, 290, 298
  and Joseph Alsop, 77*n*
  and CI Staff, 239
  compared to MI5, 74*n*
  and Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire (DST), 106, 107, 159*n*, 228
  and FEDORA, 149, 149*n*, 153
  and HONETOL, 161*n*
  investigates Soviet division for moles, 210
  and Robert Lee Johnson, 135, 135*n*
  and Peter Karlow investigation, 81, 82, 82*n*, 83*n*, 85, 86*n*, 88, 91, 93, 124, 125, 126, 128, 205–206*n*, 288
  and KITTY HAWK, 140
  and V. M. Kovshuk, 28
  and mole hunt in Britain, 101, 102
  and Yuri Nosenko, 138
  and Eleonore Orlov, 182, 191, 199
  and George Orlov, 275, 275*n*, 276
  and Igor Orlov, 191–195, 197, 274, 277, 281
  and Robert Orlov, 280
  and Sasha case, 192
  Washington Field Office of, 193, 289
FEDORA, *see* Kulak, Aleksei Isidorovich
Federov, Mikhail (UNACUTE), 162, 166, 167, 168*n*, 264
  and Charles P. Cabell, 168, 170
  and CIA, 166, 168, 168*n*
  disappears, 169
  and Allen Dulles, 168
  and George Kisevalter, 167, 168, 169
  and Richard Kovich, 162, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 214
  Scotty Miler on, 167
  and Oleg Penkovsky, 169
  reported execution of, 169, 170
  and Sputnik III, 167
  supposed real name, 166
Fedoseev, Sergei M., 138
"feed material," 151
Felfe, Heinz, 25, 159
"FE Mafia," 253
Fieldhouse, Jack J.
  and Cleveland Cram, 258
  and investigation of Igor Orlov case, 191–195, 197
  and study of Loginov case, 258
  and study of Nosenko case, 155*n*, 156*n*
FitzGerald, Desmond, 202, 203, 218*n*
  on counterintelligence, 299
"Flat Earth Conference," 178
FLUENCY committee, 101
Foccart, Jacques, 107
Forbath, Peter, 226*n*
Ford, Gerald R., 245, 247, 265, 265*n*
France
  and Golitsin's warnings about moles in, 106
  mole hunt in, 26, 105–112, 296
Friberg, Frank F., 3, 4,
  and defection of Anatoly Golitsin 4, 5, 7, 8
  and Golitsin on moles in CIA, 205–206, 206*n*
  and Yuri Loginov, 170, 171
Frolov, Nikolai A., 171
Fulton, Robert "Steamboat," 7

Gaines, Stanley H., 266, 287, 288, 288*n*
Gaitskell, Hugh, 98, 98*n*, 114
Garbler, Florence Fitzsimmons, 50, 63, 200, 208, 209, 263, 271, 271*n*
Garbler, Paul (Philip Gardner), 49, 51*n*, 52, 62, 120*n*, 180, 205, 209, 213, 219, 266, 286, 297
  and James Angleton, 50, 62, 63, 64
  and Nikolai Artamonov, 195*n*
  asks Stansfield Turner for compensation, 262, 262*n*
  background of, 50
  and George Blake, 207, 271, 272*n*
  and "Cherepanov papers," 122, 123, 135, 136
  CIA alias of, 51
  CIA apologizes to, 262
  clashes with Pete Bagley, 201, 202
  clashes with Dave Murphy, 202
  compensated by CIA for damage to his career, 268, 269, 297
  as deputy director of the Farm, 203
  and Sidney Faithful, 271, 271*n*
  fall from grace of, in Soviet division, 202
  as first chief of station in Moscow, 50
  and Thomas Karamessines, 203, 208
  learns that FBI investigated him, 272
  learns he is mole suspect, 204
  and Leonard McCoy, 254*n*
  and the Mole Relief Act, 266, 267, 268, 270
  and Hugh Montgomery, 200–201
  and no knowledge Penkovsky dead drop contaminated, 121
  and Igor Orlov, 180, 181, 185*n*, 270
  and Oleg Penkovsky, 61, 117, 118, 200
  receives apology but no compensation from Stansfield Turner, 263
  rehabilitated within CIA and transferred to Stockholm, 208
  retirement of, 263, 263*n*
  and skiing accident in Austria, 200–201
  as Soviet division operations chief, 200–202
  transferred to the Farm, 202
  transferred to Trinidad, 203–204, 210
  transferred to Western European division, 202
Gardner, Philip, *see* Garbler, Paul, CIA alias of
Garthoff, Raymond, L., 116*n*
Gates, Robert M., 289, 290, 290*n*
Gee, Ethel Elizabeth, 24
Gehlen, Reinhard, 25, 66, 67, 159*n*, 184
GIRAFFE, *see* Bagley, Tennent Harrington "Pete"
Gleason, Stephanie P., 279, 280, 281
Glomar Explorer, 243, 243*n*
Gmirkin, Vasia C., 22*n*
  background of, 175
  CIA career of, 176
  as CIA mole suspect, 175, 176
  and Anatoly Golitsin, 176
  and Nicholas Shadrin case, 196–197*n*
  and studies of Shadrin and KITTY HAWK, 258n
Goldberg, George, 69, 70, 71
  background of, 174
  and Boris Belitsky, 175
  career of, 174, 175
  as CIA mole suspect, 174
  Scotty Miler on, 175
  and Harry Young, 175
Goleniewski, Michal ("Sniper"), 24, 24*n*
  and arrest of George Blake, 25
  and Pete Bagley, 234
  and Heinz Felfe, 25
  and Portland naval secrets case, 24
Goleniewski letters, 24, 68
Golitsin, Anatoly Mikhailovich (AELADLE, KAGO, MARTEL, "Anatoly Klimov," "John Stone") 8, 15, 20, 21, 22*n*, 23, 26, 26*n*, 38, 42, 52, 80, 96, 97, 104, 107, 109, 110, 111, 111*n*, 114, 157*n*, 158*n*, 199, 213, 215, 224, 258, 259, 274, 284, 285*n*, 297, 299
  aliases of, 3, 4, 5, 19*n*
  and James Angleton 8, 26, 157, 282
  background of, 22, 22*n*
  British code name for, 19*n*
  and bugs in American Embassy in Moscow, 72
  charges that Harold Wilson was a Soviet agent, 92, 100
  and CIA agents' Soviet military identity documents, 190–191
  CIA alias of, 19*n*
  CIA code name for, 19
  and claims about SAPPHIRE, 107
  defection of, 5, 6, 7, 8, 16, 52*n*, 83, 87, 170
  and demand to deal directly with J. Edgar Hoover, 20
  and D notice name of, 105
  first came to attention of CIA, 21
  and Gunvor Haavik, 251–252
  and Donald Jameson, 25
  and Peter Karlow, 15, 18, 26, 288
  and meeting with Robert Kennedy, 21*n*
  and Richard Kovich, 162
  and V. M. Kovshuk's visit to United States, 28, 29
  and letter to President Kennedy, 21
  and Ingeborg Lygren, 163
  and Scotty Miler, 28, 96, 97, 157*n*, 176, 189
  and mole hunt in Soviet division, 210
  motive for defection of, 5
  and Yuri Nosenko, 73*n*, 260
  on Igor Orlov as Sasha, 205
  and Georges Paques, 108, 109, 112, 259
  and Kim Philby, 104
  in possession of CIA files, 255
  as possible mole sent by Soviets to manipulate James Angleton, 235, 236
  and stay in Britain, 100–105
  suspects KGB poisoned Hugh Gaitskell, 98
  and William Vassall, 259
  warns of mole in British intelligence, 100, 101, 103
  warns of mole in Canadian intelligence service, 112
  warns of mole in the CIA, 9, 15, 26, 27, 28, 28*n*, 38, 42, 66, 70, 74, 75, 79, 81, 96, 97–99, 140–142, 157, 162, 163,

175–177, 190, 192, 205–206, 206*n*, 210, 257–259, 274, 285, 286
  warns of moles in France, 106
  warns of moles in Norway, 163
  warns of spy in British Admiralty, 74, 74n
  and Watkins case, 75
Golitsin, Irina, 22*n*, 178
"Golitsin serials," 26
Gorbachev, Mikhail S., 252*n*
Gordievsky, Oleg, 103, 103*n*, 250*n*, 250–251*n*
Gore, Virginia Erwin Page, 187*n*
Gorse, Georges, 107
Gottlieb, Sidney, 259*n*
GRALLSPICE, *see* Popov, Pyotr
Grand Duke Alexei, 24
Great Seal bugging device, 14, 14*n*, 87, 206
Gribanov, Oleg Mikhailovich, 75
  and Paul Garbler suspicious of being drugged by, 201
  and Lee Harvey Oswald, 132
  and John Watkins, 76
Gromov, S. Z., 252
GRU, 20, 46, 50, 53*n*, 59, 97, 109, 153
Guk, Yuri Ivanovich, 74, 136
Gundarev, Victor, 156*n*

Haarstad, Gunnar, 165, 166
Haavik, Gunvor Galtung, 250, 250*n*, 251
  gives secret documents to KGB, 251
  run by Gennady Titov, 252
Hadden, John L., 42
Hagerty, James C., 77*n*
Halpern, Samuel, 143*n*
Hambleton, Hugh George, 109
Hanley, Michael ("Jumbo"), 100, 102
Harriman, Averell (DINOSAUR)
  and Anatoly Golitsin, 177
  and Great Seal bugging device, 14, 176, 177
  and code name DINOSAUR, 177
  and SIG investigation of, 176, 177
  and Soviet cryptonym for, 177
  supposedly recruited by KGB, 177
  and Vasili V. Vakrushev, 177n
Harrison, James, 56
Hart, John L., 65*n*, 155, 155*n*, 177
Harvey, William King ("the Pear"), 49*n*, 160
  and Paul Garbler, 49
  and David Murphy, 213
  and Igor Orlov, 180
Hathaway, Gardner R. "Gus," 298, 302, 302*n*
Hausmann, Cynthia J., 196
Hayes, Helen, 82*n*
Hegge, Per, 163, 164, 164*n*
Heimann, Peter, 302
Helms, Julia, 195
Helms, Richard M., 6, 24*n*, 49, 50, 82, 89
  and James Angleton, 21, 39, 224, 240, 295
  and CIA career of Peter Karlow, 11, 13, 17, 18, 82, 84, 87, 89, 94, 95, 124, 125, 125*n*, 126, 126*n*, 127, 128, 238, 302
  defends mole hunt, 292, 293
  and FEDORA, 152
  and Paul Garbler, 203, 204, 263, 272
  and imprisonment of Nosenko by CIA, 143, 143*n*, 144, 145, 146, 154, 154*n*, 155, 156, 226, 227
  and KITTY HAWK case, 196*n*
  launches hard target program, 211
  and Loginov case, 231*n*
  and Leonard McCoy, 254
  and Yuri Nosenko, 137*n*, 139
  and Nicholas Shadrin, 196*n*, 227
  and SIG investigation of David Murphy, 219, 227, 227*n*, 228
  and Soviet division, denies accounts of mass transfers from in blanket search for mole, 230
  transfers Pete Bagley from Soviet division to Brussels, 234
  whether authorized Ed Petty to investigate Angleton as mole, 236
Herczeg, Bela, 44, 45
Herre, Heinz, 113
Herrmann, Rudolph A., 109
Hersh, Seymour M., 40*n*, 151, 151*n*, 152*n*
  and Angleton's dismissal by Colby, 242–246
  background of, 242
  and the Family Jewels, 242, 243, 244
  reports resignation of James Angleton, 245
Higgins, William, 104*n*
Hill, George Washington, 86
Hitchcock, Alfred, 111*n*
Hobson, Valerie, 97
Ho Chi Minh, 53
Hollis, Roger (DRAT), 101, 102, 103, 103*n*, 104, 114, 115
Holt, Sir Vivian, 271, 271*n*
HONETOL, 161, 161*n*
  and FBI, 161*n*
  and J. Edgar Hoover, 161*n*
  and Scotty Miler, 161*n*
honey trap, 47, 251
Hood, William J., 245
Hoover, J. Edgar, 24, 43, 85, 193, 194
  and FEDORA, 150
  and HONETOL, 161
  and Peter Karlow investigation, 15*n*, 81, 84, 85, 85*n*, 125
Houghton, Henry Frederick, 24
Houneau, Leonard, 108*n*
House Intelligence Committee, 268
Houston, Lawrence R., 89, 95, 126, 128, 289
Howard, Edward Lee, 294, 298, 300, 300*n*
HTLINGUAL, *see* Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), mail-opening program
Hunt, Howard, 246
Hunt, James Ramsay, 235
Huntington, Merritt, 33, 34*n*

Iacobescu, Ion, 109, 110
illegal, 55*n*, 100, 109, 162, 166, 168*n*, 171, 214, 215, 216, 217, 231*n*, 232, 258
  defined, 23
Ingraham, Samuel S., 187*n*
Inouye, Daniel K., 267
Intelligence Authorization Act for fiscal 1981 (Mole Relief Act), 268, 269, 269*n*, 286, 286*n*, 289, 297
Intelligence Authorization Act for fiscal 1989 (Mole Relief Act of 1988), 290
Ionchenko, Nikolai V., 53, 54*n*
Iran-Contra scandal, the, 289, 290, 301*n*

IRONBARK, 116, 117, 123
Ivanov, Eugene, 97

Jacob, Richard, C., 118, 118*n*, 120, 121
Jacquier, Paul, 107, 111
Jameson, Donald F. B., 25, 26, 26*n*, 71*n*, 73*n*, 205*n*, 206*n*, 229
Johnson, Lyndon Baines, 131, 225
Johnson, Robert Lee, 135
  and Yuri Nosenko, 142
Johnson, Quentin C., 253
Johnson, William R., 219
Jones, Courtland J., 288, 289
  background of, 191
  and FBI ivestigation of Igor Orlov, 193–194*n*, 197
  and Igor Kochnov (KITTY HAWK), 195
Jones, Edward Martin Furnival, 99
Jones, William C., III, 120*n*
Joxe, Louis, 107

K, the letter, 20*n*, 162, 205, 206, 265
  and Anatoly Golitsin's warning about, 27, 66
  and Peter Karlow, 15, 85
  and Richard Kovich, 162, 214
  and Sasha, 9, 15, 27, 189, 199
  and significance in mole hunt of, 9, 81
Kafka, Franz, 95
Kagan, Joe, 99
KAGO, *see* Golitsin, Anatoly Mikhailovich
Kalaris, George T., 155, 252, 255, 256, 257, 297*n*
  background of, 252, 253, 254
  and Cleveland Cram's *History of the Counterintelligence Staff 1954–1974*, 255–258
  commissions other studies of CI Staff operations, 253, 255, 258, 258*n*
  and Bronson Tweedy's study of Anatoly Golitsin, 259
Kampiles, William P., 294
Kapusta, Peter, 219
Karalekas, Anne, 116*n*
Karamessines, Thomas H. ("Tom K."), 50, 76, 89, 89*n*, 211, 218, 230
  sends Paul Garbler to the Farm, 202, 203
  transfers Paul Garbler to Trinidad, 203–204
Karlow, Carolyn, 287, 288, 301
Karlow, Elizabeth "Libby" Rausch, 82, 87, 127, 284, 286
Karlow, Serge Peter, 11, 15, 15*n*, 26, 82, 82*n*, 83*n*, 89, 92, 93, 94, 95, 219, 285*n*, 302, 303
  and James Angleton, 15, 95, 283, 284, 285
  awarded CIA's Intelligence Commendation Medal, 291, 301, 302
  background of, 85–87
  career with Monsanto, 286
  childhood of, 11, 86
  CIA never told him he was cleared by the FBI, 288, 288*n*, 289
  as CIA representative to State Department crisis center, 18
  clears his name with CIA, 283
  compensated by CIA for destruction of his agency career, 290, 291, 297
  dismissed by CIA, 128, 129, 283–289
  and Economic Action Division, 13, 87, 88
  and Sheffield Edwards, 124, 125
  and Great Seal bugging device, 14, 285
  and hope to be chief of CIA's Technical Services Division, 18, 82
  investigated by FBI, 81, 82, 82*n*, 83*n*, 85, 86*n*, 88, 91, 93, 124–126, 128, 205–206, 206*n*, 288
  and laboratory in Höchst, 12
  and the letter K, 15, 85, 285
  and Jean L'Herminier, 126, 127
  and Leonard McCoy, 254*n*
  and Mole Relief Acts, 268*n*, 269, 286–290
  name at birth (Klibansky), 15, 85
  and plan to steal MiG from Russians, 13
  as principal suspect in CIA mole hunt, 15, 66, 81, 82, 83, 84, 84*n*, 85, 86, 86*n*, 90, 91, 124, 125*n*, 126, 128, 129, 140, 162, 192, 205–206*n*
  and psychological warfare unit of Eastern European division, 13
  and Sasha, suspected as, 81, 83, 94, 124–125, 192
  and SATYR, 14*n*
  and similarity to "Q," 10
  and Technical Requirements Board, 13, 87
  as war hero in OSS, 16, 17
  and wiretaps of, 15, 284*n*
Karpovich, Serge, 134
Keeler, Christine, 97
Kennedy, Caroline, 187
Kennedy, Jacqueline, 150*n*, 187
Kennedy, John F., 17, 20, 26, 77
  assassination of, 123, 131, 132, 137, 139
  and Bay of Pigs, 6
  and Cuban missile crisis, 116
  and moles in France, 106
Kennedy, John F., Jr., 187*n*
Kennedy, Robert F.
  and Anatoly Golitsin, 21, 21*n*, 26*n*
Kergel, Albert P., 160
KGB, 14, 22, 23, 33, 42, 43, 47, 79, 137*n*, 138, 148*n*, 149, 150*n*, 151, 161, 201, 220, 233, 234, 241, 246, 252*n*, 255, 272*n*, 284, 285*n*, 294, 296
  American embassy section, 28, 73
  and bug in Great Seal of the United States, 14, 205–206*n*
  and "Cherepanov papers," 121–123, 200
  and defection of Anatoly Golitsin 4, 5, 6, 7, 52*n*
  Department 13, 98
  Department of Wet Affairs, 98
  efforts to discourage defectors, 170
  and FEDORA, 148
  First Department, 73, 138
  and Golitsin's claim of spy in NATO, 108
  and Robert Lee Johnson, 135
  and KITTY HAWK, 140
  and knowledge of EASY CHAIR, 15
  and "litra system," 77, 77*n*, 79
  and Yuri Loginov, 171, 172, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 230–232
  and Ingeborg Lygren, 163
  and mole hunt in Canada, 113, 114

  and Yuri Nosenko, 131, 137, 139, 140, 235
  and Igor Orlov, 190–191, 197, 281
  and Lee Harvey Oswald, 131, 132, 137, 137*n*, 138, 139, 146, 147, 155*n*
  and Oleg Penkovsky's dead drop, 71, 71*n*, 72, 118, 118*n*, 119, 119*n*, 120, 120*n*, 121
  and possible mole in the CIA, 9, 151, 161, 234, 284, 296
  and recruitment targets in CIA, 161, 162
  and Ring of Five, 100
  Second Chief Directorate, 28*n*, 70, 73, 73*n*, 75, 121, 122, 132, 138, 148, 201, 211, 212*n*
  Seventh Department, 73, 148
  Seventh directorate, 132
  and Edward Ellis Smith, 48, 75
  and surveillance of Oleg Penkovsky, 132–134
  suspected of poisoning Hugh Gaitskell, 98
  and technical espionage equipment, 14
Khomeini, Ayatollah, 289
Khrushchev, Nikita S., 6, 54, 72, 167
  and insulting remarks about John Watkins, 75
  and Oleg Penkovsky, 54*n*, 59
Kingsley, Rolfe, 176, 202, 218
  on James Angleton, 282
  disputes accounts of wholesale purge of Soviet division in search of mole, 230
  position on trade of Loginov to the Soviets, 231
  replaces David Murphy as chief of Soviet division, 225, 229
Kisevalter, George G. ("Teddy Bear"), 20*n*, 21, 21*n*, 22*n*, 46, 58, 67*n*, 79, 169*n*
  and James Angleton, 36, 41, 42
  on James Angleton's role in trade of Loginov to Soviets, 230
  background of, 20, 66, 67, 67*n*
  and Boris Belitsky, 69
  and Aleksandr Cherepanov, 135, 136
  and Mikhail Federov, 167, 168, 169
  and Reinhard Gehlen, 67
  and Golitsin's warnings about mole in CIA, 70
  and Bela Herczeg, 44
  and KGB bugs in American embassy in Moscow, 72
  and KGB knowledge of Oleg Penkovsky's dead drop, 71, 71*n*, 72*n*, 120
  on KGB's litra system, 77, 77*n*
  and Robert Kennedy tape, 21*n*
  and Richard Kovich, 162, 163
  on Yuri Loginov, 232
  meeting with Anatoly Golitsin, 20
  on David Murphy, 213
  and Yuri Nosenko, 65, 66, 68, 73, 74, 75, 78, 130, 131, 137
  and Oleg Penkovsky, 53, 53*n*, 54, 55, 55*n*, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 60*n*, 66, 133, 135, 135*n*
  and Pyotr Popov, 20, 46, 66, 224
  on Edward Ellis Smith, 47
  and Edgar Snow, 224
  on John Watkins, 76
Kissinger, Henry A., 247, 265
KITTY HAWK, *see* Kochnov, Igor Petrovich
Klements, *see* Golitsin, Anatoly Mikhailovich, aliases of
Klibansky, Sergei, 86
Klimov, Anatoly, *see* Golitsin, Anatoly Mikhailovich, aliases of
Knightley, Phillip, 43*n*
Kochnov, Igor Petrovich, (KITTY HAWK), 140, 195*n*, 196, 197, 197*n*
  and CIA, 195
  code name for, 195
  and Richard Helms, 195
  and Igor Orlov, 195, 280
  and James Nolan, Jr., 141, 196*n*
  and Nicholas Shadrin, 196
Koecher, Karl F., 294
Kohler, Foy, 121
Koischwitz, Franz, *see* Orlov, Igor, CIA operational name of
Komarov, Vladimir Mikhailovich, *see* Kovshuk, Vladislav Mikhailovich
Kopatzky, Alexander, *see* Orlov, Igor, aliases of
Kovich, Richard "Dushan," 162, 166, 214, 219, 266*n*, 286, 287, 297
  and James Angleton, 270
  background of, 162, 163
  and CIA career of, 163, 164, 264
  compensated under Mole Relief Act, 267, 268
  at the Farm, 163, 264
  and Mikhail Federov, 162, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170
  and George Kisevalter, 162, 163
  and KTIP (Keep Them In Place) rule about defectors, 163
  and the letter K, 162, 214, 265
  and Yuri Loginov, 162, 171, 232
  and Ingeborg Lygren, 162–164, 214
  and Leonard McCoy, 254
  name at birth, 162
  nickname of, 162
  and Pyotr Popov, 162
  realizes he can no longer work for CIA, 266
  retirement of, 264, 264*n*
  suspected of working for Soviets, 163–164, 166–167, 170–172, 264–265
  works for CIA on contract, 264–265
Kovich, Sara Arthur, 172, 264
Kovacevich, Dushan, *see* Kovich, Richard, name at birth
Kovshuk, Vladislav Mikhailovich (Vladimir Mikhailovich Komarov), 28, 28*n*, 29, 70, 141, 142
Kozlov, Nicholas, 187, 188
Kroger, Peter, *see* Cohen, Morris
Kroger, Helen, *see* Cohen, Lona
Krotkov, Yuri, 211
  compromises French ambassador to Moscow, 211*n*
Kryuchkov, Vladimir A., 252*n*
Kulak, Aleksei Isidorovich (FEDORA, SCOTCH, "Fatso"), 150*n*, 151, 152, 152*n*, 153, 153*n*, 154
  background of, 150
  and CIA, 149, 151, 151*n*, 152, 153
  CIA code name for, 149
  death of, 153

Kulak *(cont'd)*
  and Edward J. Epstein, 152–153, 153*n*, 260, 260*n*
  and FBI, 149, 151, 151*n*, 152, 153
  and FBI nickname for, 149
  and Seymour Hersh, 151*n*, 152*n*
  and J. Edgar Hoover, 150, 260
  and KGB, 152
  and Victor Lessiovski, 149*n*
  and James Nolan, Jr., 153, 251
  and Yuri Nosenko, 149
  and UN Scientific Committee on the Effects of Atomic Radiation, 149
  see also VUPOINT
Kulak, Alexei Sidorovich, *see* Kulak, Aleksei Isidorovich

Lach, Stanley C., 6
Lambert, Tom, 77*n*, 105
LAMIA, *see* de Vosjoli, Philippe Thyraud
Land, Edwin H., 12
Langelle, Russell, 169*n*
Langley, Virginia (CIA headquarters), 5, 9, 35, 38, 46, 65, 78, 79, 105, 116, 120, 129–130, 132, 136, 147, 154, 157, 161, 170, 172, 173, 193, 201, 211, 211*n*, 226, 227, 227*n*, 255, 257*n*, 259*n*, 283, 291, 299, 301, 303
Lapham, Anthony A., 266, 267, 267*n*
"la Piscine," 106, 106*n*
  see also Direction Générale de la Sécurité Extérieure (DGSE); Service de Documentation Extérieure et de Contre-espionnage (SDECE)
Latham, Aaron, 23*n*, 34*n*
Laurent, Richard, 279
Leahy, William D., 68
le Carré, John, 158*n*, 268*n*
Leigh, David, 98*n*, 99, 100*n*
Lessiovski, Victor, 150*n*
  erroneously identified as FEDORA, 149*n*
  and Jacqueline Kennedy, 150*n*
L'Herminier, Jean, 126
Liddell, Guy, 103*n*
Litrento, Anthony, 100
Lodge, Henry Cabot, 14*n*
Loginov, Yuri (AEGUSTO, Ronald William Dean, Edmund Trinka), 214, 215, 216, 219, 255, 264
  aliases of, 171, 217
  background of, 172
  Pete Bagley on, 217, 231
  betrayed to South African intelligence by CIA, 217, 218, 218*n*, 230, 231*n*
  and CIA, 171, 172, 216, 216–217, 217*n*, 231, 231*n*
  CIA code name for, 171, 214
  Joseph Evans on, 216–218
  and Anatoly Golitsin, 171
  as an illegal, 172, 216
  and Edward S. Juchniewicz, 172
  and Peter Kapusta, 172
  and the KGB, 171, 172, 214–218, 230–232
  and Richard Kovich, 162, 171
  David Murphy's view of, 217
  reported executed by Soviets, 232
  supports Nosenko's bona fides, 217
  as suspected KGB plant in CIA, 215–216, 216–217*n*, 217, 217–218*n*
  traded back to Soviet Union, 230–232
Lonsdale, Gordon (Conon Trofimovich Molody), 24, 24*n*, 215
  traded for Greville Wynne, 119
Loshak, Major, 53
LP (listening post), 16
Lumumba, Patrice, 259*n*
"Lydia," 93, 126
Lygren, Ingeborg (SATINWOOD 37), 250–252, 264, 296
  and James Angleton, 164, 166
  apology to Norway over, by George Kalaris of the CIA, 253
  arrest of, 164
  background of, 163
  CIA code name for, 163
  compensated by Norwegian government for false arrest, 166
  and Anatoly Golitsin, 163
  and the KGB, 163
  and Richard Kovich, 162–164, 214

MacLean, Donald, 43, 100, 285, 285*n*
Macmillan, Harold, 97
Malenkov, Georgi, 246
Mangold, Tom, 40*n*, 146*n*
MARK 2, 14
MARK 3, 14
MARTEL, *see* Golitsin, Anatoly Mikhailovich
Martin, Arthur, 22*n*, 101
  and Anatoly Golitsin, 96, 97, 98, 100, 105
  and FLUENCY committee, 101
Martin, David, C., 36*n*, 178*n*, 269*n*
Marx, Karl, 60
Mathias, Charles McC., 267
Maury, John M., Jr. "Jack," 8, 272
Mayerfield, Ernest, 268
McAnally, Ray, 100*n*
McCarthy, Joseph R., 296*n*
McCloskey, Robert J., 214
McCone, John A., 6, 81, 84, 85*n*
  and James Angleton, 240, 295
  and Anatoly Golitsin, 114
McCoy, Leonard V., 73*n*, 254, 254*n*, 255, 296, 296*n*
Meir, Golda, 7
Mellbye Commission, 165, 165*n*
Mellbye, Jens Christian, 165*n*
Menschenraub, 198
MI5 (British internal security service), 98, 100, 103*n*, 136, 285
  duties of, 74*n*
  and Anatoly Golitsin in Britain, 96–105, 114–115
  and Roger Hollis, 102, 104, 115
  investigates Harold Wilson, 99–100, 100*n*
  and Graham Mitchell, 101, 102
  and Yuri Nosenko, 74
  and OATSHEAF, 99
  and SATYR, 14
  and TOPHAT, 154*n*
MI6 (British secret intelligence service), 43, 97, 207, 285*n*, 293
  and Janet Ann Chisholm, 132
  duties of, 74*n*
  and Oleg Gordievsky, 250*n*

and Oleg Penkovsky, 55, 56, 57, 58
and Kim Philby, 104
MiG-15, 12
Mikoyan, Anastas I., 177*n*
Miler, Newton S. "Scotty," 22*n*, 26, 27, 28, 37, 270
background of, 27
and Colby's reduction of power of CI Staff, 240
and Philippe Thyraud de Vosjoli, 112
and the Family Jewels, 245
and Mikhail Federov, 167
and FEDORA, 149
and George Goldberg, 175
and Anatoly Golitsin, 28, 96, 97, 157*n*, 176, 189
on Golitsin and William Vassall, 74*n*
and Averell Harriman, 177
and Bela Herczeg, 45
and HONETOL, 161
laments state of CIA counterintelligence after Angleton's dismissal, 299
on David Murphy, 213
and Yuri Nosenko, 140
on not finding the mole, 248–249
and Igor Orlov, 189, 190, 197
oversees mole hunt, 26–29, 102, 158, 159
retirement of, 245, 246
on SIG investigation of David Murphy, 219–229
and Edward Ellis Smith, 48
and Alexander Sogolow, 174
on transfers from Soviet division in search of mole, 230
and Arseny Yankovsky, 221, 223
Miller, Richard W., 298
Miller, William Green, 267, 268
Mintkenbaugh, James Allen, 135, 135*n*
Mitchell, Graham (PETERS), 101–102
Mitterrand, François, 106
Mobutu, Joseph, 259*n*
"mole"
definition of, 158*n*
and John le Carré, 158*n*
mole hunt, 157–179, 257, 257*n*, 258; *see also* Angleton, James Jesus; Central Intelligence Agency (CIA); HONETOL; individual countries by name; individual suspects by name; Special Investigations Group (SIG)
Mole Relief Act, the, 268, 269, 269*n*, 286, 286*n*, 289, 297
and many CIA officers unaware they were suspects, 271
passed again by Congress to compensate Peter Karlow, 290
Molody, Conon Trofimovich, *see* Lonsdale, Gordon
Montgomery, Hugh, 117, 120*n*, 200, 208
Moore, Don, 22, 23, 23*n*
on James Angleton, 34, 39*n*,
and Anatoly Golitsin, 24, 99, 100, 178
Moore, Edwin Gibbons, II, 293
Moreno, Carmen, 40
Morgan, Robert, 248
Morganthau, Tom, 269*n*
Mossadegh, Mohammed, 17*n*
Mot Dag (Toward the Dawn), 164*n*
Murphy, David E., 130, 159*n*, 200, 214, 230, 238, 297
attempt to recruit Georgy Pokrovsky, 213, 214
background of, 212, 213
and George Blake, 219, 220
CIA career of, 213
decision to betray Yuri Loginov to South African intelligence, 218
and Paul Garbler, 201, 208
investigated by SIG as suspected mole, 219–229
and Yuri Loginov, 217
and Igor Orlov, 184, 220
replaced as head of Soviet division, 176
and role in Nosenko's imprisonment, 143, 143*n*, 225
and Andy Yankovsky, 222, 223, 225
Murphy, Marian Escovy, 212
"Murphy's Law," 212
Muskie, Edmund, 242

National Security Agency (NSA), 23, 160, 298
and FEDORA, 149
NATO
and Golitsin's claim of KGB spy in, 108, 109
Neale, Alexander W., Jr., 288*n*
Nelson, William E., 237, 245
NICKNACK, 154
Nixon, Richard M., 151, 238, 278
Nolan, James E., Jr.
and FBI investigation of Igor Orlov, 193–194, 274
on FEDORA, 153
and KITTY HAWK, 140, 141, 196–197*n*
North, Oliver, 289
Norway
mole hunt in, 26, 163–166, 250–253, 296
Nosenko, Ivan Isiderovich, 72, 73
Nosenko, Ludmilla, 73
Nosenko, Oksana, 68
Nosenko, Yuri Ivanovich ("Alex," AEFOXTROT), 65*n*, 66, 68, 70, 76, 78, 80, 80*n*, 116, 139, 140, 175, 213, 254, 255, 297
and Joseph Alsop, 76
and ANDREY, 70, 141
on assassination of John F. Kennedy, 131, 132, 132*n*, 136, 137*n*, 138, 138*n*, 139, 146, 147, 155*n*, 260
background of, 72
and Pete Bagley, 65, 71*n*, 72, 73, 78, 80*n*, 130, 131, 131*n*, 134, 136, 137, 139, 140, 141, 142, 142*n*, 155*n*, 235
and Boris Belitsky, 69, 119*n*
and Aleksandr Cherepanov, 136
and CIA, 65–80, 136, 139
CIA code name for, 78, 130
contacts CIA, 65, 65*n*, 79
and debriefing by CIA, 65–80, 131–148, 154–156
defection of, 137
dispute over rank held by, 73, 139, 140
and FEDORA, 148–149
and Goleniewski letters, 68
and Golitsin, 260

Nosenko *(cont'd)*
  and Victor Gundarev on, 156*n*
  and John Hart, 260
  imprisonment by CIA, 142, 143, 143*n,* 144, 144*n,* 146, 146*n,* 147, 147*n,* 148, 154, 154*n,* 155, 156, 156*n,* 210, 217, 258*n*
  and KGB bugs in American embassy in Moscow, 72
  on KGB operations in Geneva, 76
  and George Kisevalter, 73, 75
  and Kovshuk mission, 70, 141
  and "litra" system, 77
  and Moscow dead drop for Oleg Penkovsky, 71, 72*n,* 119*n,* 120*n*
  and David Murphy, 225
  and Lee Harvey Oswald, 137*n,* 138, 260
  recruited into GRU, 73
  and Sasha, 70, 140–142
  shoots himself, 73, 73*n*
  and Edward Ellis Smith, 75, 147, 148
  on spy dust, 169
  on "toothless ones," 135
  and Vassall case, 74, 74*n*
  and Warren Commission, 145
  and Watkins case, 75, 76, 76*n*

OATSHEAF, 99
Office of Strategic Services (OSS), 10, 17, 17*n,* 37, 39, 41, 45, 87, 159, 245, 288, 290
  and James Angleton, 40
  and Bela Herczeg, 44
  and Peter Karlow, 16, 90, 286
Oldfield, Maurice, 102
Olson, James, 302*n*
O'Neal, Birch D., 158, 160
"one-time pad," 59, 59*n,*
Operation Gold
  and George Blake, 25*n*
Operation Chaos, *see* Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), domestic surveillance program
Orlov, Igor "Sasha," ("the little man," Franz Koischwitz, Alexander Kopatzky) 174, 180, 184, 184*n,* 186*n,* 187–199, 205–206, 210, 213, 219–220, 255, 271, 273–278, 299
  aliases of, 180, 181, 183, 185, 190
  and James Angleton, 273, 274, 281
  background of, 183, 183*n,* 184, 184*n*
  and Pete Bagley, 190
  and CIA agents' Soviet military identity documents, 190–191
  and CIA career of, 184–189
  death of, 198
  and drinking, 185
  and FBI code name for Orlov case, 192
  and FBI investigation of, 191–195, 197, 274, 277, 281
  and Paul Garbler, 51, 180, 181, 182, 213
  and Courtland Jones, 191–192, 197
  and KITTY HAWK, 196
  and Nicholas Kozlov, 187, 188
  and legend of Lohengrin, 198
  marries Eleonore Stirner, 182
  and mole "profile," 180, 186
  and David Murphy, 184, 220
  parents' last name, 183
  recruitment by CIA, 181
  and Wolfgang Robinow, 181
  and Sasha, suspected as, 180–187, 203–206, 273
  and service in Germany, 180, 181, 182
  SIG investigates case officers who worked with, 210
  and Alexander Sogolow, 188
  and Bruce Solie, 190–191
  as spy for three countries, 183*n*
  and visit to Soviet embassy, 192
  and Vlasov army, 184
  and work with prostitutes in Berlin, 181, 185
  and Vitaly Yurchenko, 275, 275*n*
Orlov, Eleonore, 186, 188, 192, 194, 280, 281
  background of, 183
  and CIA, 182, 185, 186, 187, 188
  and death of Igor Orlov, 198
  and FBI, 182, 193, 279
  and Georgetown safe house, 187, 187*n*
  and Hitler Youth, 183
  andIgorOrlov,182,183*n,* 184, 186
  second FBI investigation of, 274–281
  as stateless person, 186*n*
  and Bert Turner, 191
  and John Walsh, 187
Orlov, George, 182, 187
  FBI investigation of, 274–281
Orlov, Robert, 182, 186,
  FBI investigation of, 274–281
OS, *see* Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), Office of Security
Osborn, Howard J., 20, 89, 130
  and imprisonment of Nosenko by CIA, 154, 154*n*
  and SIG investigation of David Murphy, 228
OSS, *see* Office of Strategic Services (OSS)
Oswald, Lee Harvey, 138*n*
  and assassination of John F. Kennedy, 123, 131–132, 132*n,* 137–139, 155*n,* 260
  and KGB, 131, 132, 137–139
  and Yuri Nosenko, 136, 137, 137*n,* 138, 146, 147, 155*n,* 260
  and speculation over possible role as Soviet agent, 139
Oswald, Marina, 132

Pancho Villa, 40
Papich, Sam J., 23, 33, 34, 83, 84, 219, 239, 294, 297
Paques, Georges, 108, 108*n,* 109, 112, 259
Parker, Cortlandt E., 187
Parker, Vivian L., 224, 225
Patten, Susan Mary, 77*n*
Peake, Hayden, 143*n*
Pearson, Norman Holmes, 41
Pearson, Lester, 75
Peary, Camp (the Farm), *see* Farm, the (Camp Peary)
Peck, Donald, 48
Pelton, Ronald, 298
"penetration," 9, 25–29, 37–39, 42–43, 45, 66, 70, 74, 79, 102, 105–106, 108, 112, 140, 142, 150, 157, 158, 158*n,* 160–162,

169*n,* 173, 179, 205, 206, 224, 229, 235–236, 236*n,* 237, 240–241, 257, 259, 262, 270.
Penkovsky, Galina, 134
Penkovsky, Oleg Vladimirovich, 20, 21, 54, 59, 60*n,* 71, 254, 256, 296
  and John Abidian, 61
  and ARNIKA, 117*n*
  arrest of, 71*n*
  and attempts to approach Western intelligence, 54–57
  background of, 52, 53
  and CHICKADEE, 116
  and Janet Ann Chisholm, 59, 117, 133
  and Roderick Chisholm, 59
  and CIA, 53*n,* 55, 55*n,* 56, 57, 60
  and Cuban missile crisis, 116*n*
  and dead drop in Moscow, 71, 71n, 72, 72*n,* 118, 119, 119*n,* 120, 120*n,* 121
  disappearance of, 117, 118
  executed by KGB for spying, 123
  and Mikhail Federov, 169, 170
  and Paul Garbler, 50, 52, 61, 200, 207
  and IRONBARK, 116
  KGB detection of, 132–134
  and George Kisevalter, 53, 53*n,* 54, 55, 55*n,* 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 60*n,* 66
  Yuri Nosenko on, 132–34
  and request for miniature nuclear bombs, 57–58
  and warning of Soviet nuclear attack, 119*n*
  and Greville Wynne, 25, 25*n,* 27, 56, 57, 58, 59, 117
Penkovsky, Vera Gapanovich, 52, 53, 134
Penkovsky, Valentin Antonovich, 52*n*
Pepper, Benjamin Franklin, 153*n,*
Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence, House of Representatives, Subcommittee on Oversight and Evaluation, 298*n*
Peterson, Eugene C.
  and counterintelligence, 150
  and FEDORA, 150, 152
Petty, Clare Edward "Ed," 113
  background of, 159, 160
  and James Critchfield, 236, 236*n,* 237
  and DINOSAUR investigation, 177
  on Paul Garbler as suspected mole, 205
  investigates James Angleton as mole suspect, 235–237, 237*n,* 259
  investigates Pete Bagley, 234
  and David Murphy, 225
Pershing, John J. "Black Jack," 40
Phelps, Robert H., 243
Philby, Harold Adrian Russell "Kim," 43, 97, 100, 102, 104, 112, 256, 285*n*
Philby, Rufa, 43*n*
Pike, Otis G., 247
Pincher, Chapman, 103*n*
Pokrovsky, Georgy P., 213, 214
Polaroid Corporation, 12
Polyakov, Dimitri Fedorovich (TOPHAT, BOURBON), 153, 154
  CIA code name for, 153
  and Paul Dillon, 154
  FBI code name for, 153
  and NICKNACK, 154*n*
  Soviets announce execution of, 154
  and Peter Wright, 154*n*
Pope Paul VI, 150*n*
Popov, Pyotr (GRALLSPICE), 20, 46, 46*n,* 224
  and George Kisevalter, 66
  and Richard Kovich, 162, 163
  and George Payne Winters, Jr., 169*n*
Potocki, William F., 160
Pound, Ezra, 35, 40
Powers, Francis Gary, 23, 138*n*
Price, Hugh E. "Ted," 302*n*
Printsipalov, Aleksandr K., 251, 252
Profumo, John D., 97
Project Jennifer, 243
Purvis, Joseph D., 193–194
Putzell, Edwin J. "Ned," 286

"Q," 10
  and Peter Karlow, 10, 18

Raborn, William F., 24*n,* 295
RCMP Security Service, 112
Reagan, Ronald, 268, 286, 289, 290
Rhee, Syngman, 50
Rice-Davies, Mandy, 97
Richardson, John H. "Jocko," 42
Robinow, Wolfgang, 181
Rocca, Raymond G., 37, 165, 245
Rockefeller, Nelson R., 247, 265*n*
Rockefeller Commission, 247*n*
Roll, Stephen, 270
Roosevelt, Archibald B., 114
Roosevelt, Kermit "Kim," 17
Rosado, Vincent M., 274, 278
Rosenthal, Abe, 243
Rothschild, Victor, 103*n*
Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP), 56, 112*n,* 114, 114*n,* 256
Rubenko, Nikolai Petrovich, *see* Savchenko, Nikolai Petrovich
Rusk, Dean, 17
"Ryzhiy" (the redhead), *see* Smith, Edward Ellis, KGB code name for

SAPPHIRE, 107
Sasha, 28, 38, 79, 83, 173, 179, 193, 220
  and James Angleton, 15, 273
  and CIA agents' Soviet military identity documents, 190–191
  and FBI, 81–83, 191–197, 199, 206–209
  and Paul Garbler, 206–209, 271
  and George Goldberg, 174–175, 175*n*
  Golitsin's warnings to CIA about, 9, 15, 28, 38, 66, 70, 142, 205–206, 206*n*
  Peter Karlow as principal suspect, 81, 83, 94, 124–125
  and Richard Kovich, 164
  and Vladislav Kovshuk, 141–142
  and the letter K, 9, 15–16, 27, 66, 81, 85, 162, 173, 186, 189, 190, 199, 205–206, 214, 265, 285
  and Scotty Miler, 27, 189
  and Yuri Nosenko, 70, 79, 140–141
  and Igor Orlov, 180–187, 197, 203–206, 273
  possible subjects as, in FBI files, 192
  service in Germany of, 9, 15, 20*n,* 27–28, 83, 140, 162, 173–175, 189–191, 214, 285

Sasha *(cont'd)*
  Slavic background of, 9, 15, 20*n,* 28, 28*n,* 83, 85, 162, 173, 180, 190, 214, 270
  and Alexander Sogolow, 172–174
  see also Orlov, Igor
SATINWOOD 37, *see* Lygren, Ingeborg, CIA code name of
SATYR, 14, 14*n*
Savchenko, Nikolai Petrovich, 53, 54*n*
Sawatsky, John, 76
Sawyer, Harold S., 156
Schlesinger, James R., 238
  and James Angleton, 240
  forbids illegal activities by CIA, 242
  suspends CIA mail opening operation, 239
Schorr, Daniel, 246, 247, 282
Sciarini, Charles K., 279, 280, 281
SCOTCH, *see* Kulak, Aleksei Isidorovich
Scranage, Sharon M., 294
Schweiker, Richard, 248
Seaborn, Blair, 56*n*
"S-Deck," *see* Service de Documentation Extérieure et de Contre-espionnage
Senate Intelligence Committee, 267, 287, 289
7922nd Technical Aids Detachment, 12, 84
Serov, Ivan Alexandrovich
  and Oleg Penkovsky, 59
Service de Documentation Extérieure et de Contre-espionnage (SDECE), 106, 107, 111, 112, 227*n,* 234
  and CI Staff's investigation of David Murphy, 226
  and Philippe Thyraud de Vosjoli, 110–112
  and Georges Paques, 108*n*
  and SAPPHIRE, 107
  Service Action, 106, 112
  see also Direction Générale de la Sécurité Extérieure (DGSE); "la Piscine"; "S-deck"
Shackley, Theodore G., 256
Shadrin, Nicholas, *see* Artamonov, Nikolai Federovich, alias of
Shah of Iran, 17*n,* 53*n*
Shergold, Harold, 57, 60
Sichel, Peter, 11, 11*n,* 12
SIG, *see* Special Investigations Group (SIG)
"sign of life," 276
Silver, Daniel B., 267, 269*n*
Smith, Arnold, 56*n*
Smith, Edward Ellis, 79
  first CIA man in Moscow, 45, 46, 47, 47*n,* 48
  KGB code name for, 47, 75
  Nosenko on, 75, 147, 148
Smith, Walter Bedell "Beedle," 30, 295
  and plan to steal MiG from Russians, 13
Snegerieff, Nikolai, 222
"Sniper," *see* Goleniewski, Michal
Snow, Edgar "Ed,"
  background of, 222, 223
  CI Staff investigation of, 224
  Allen Dulles fires, 224
  and Nata Sokolovskaya, 223, 224*n*
  and Andy Yankovsky, 223
  and Olga Yankovsky, 223
Snow-Yankovsky mole hunt, 224
Sokolovskaya, Anastasia ("Nata"), 221, 222
  CI Staff investigation of, 224
  and Allen Dulles, 224
  and Richard Helms, 224
  and Edgar Snow, 223, 224*n*
Sokolovskaya, Rostislav ("Slava"), 221, 222
Sogolow, Alexander "Sasha," 94, 94*n,* 172
  background of, 173
  and CI Staff, 173
  investigated by SIG, 173, 173*n,* 174
  and Peter Karlow, 172
  and Richard Kovich, 173
  and Igor Orlov, 174, 188
Solomatin, Boris A.
  and FEDORA, 153
Solie, Bruce
  background of, 190
  concludes Igor Orlov is Soviet agent, 190–191, 205
  and imprisonment of Nosenko by CIA, 154, 155
  and Yuri Nosenko, 69, 70
  and Nicholas Shadrin, 196
Soviet Bloc division (SB), *see* Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), Soviet division
Soviet division, *see* Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), Soviet division
Soviet/East European division (SE), *see* Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), Soviet division
Soviet Russia division (SR), *see* Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), Soviet division
"sparrow" (KGB female agent), 148*n*
"special investigations," 27
Special Investigations Group (SIG), 27, 27*n,* 38, 113, 158, 158*n,* 160, 164, 173, 174, 175, 179, 234, 254, 255, 265, 299
  and code names of mole suspects, 176
  investigates Averell Harriman, 176
  investigates David Murphy, 219–229
  investigates Soviet division for moles, 210, 229
  Scotty Miler joins, 189
  number of mole suspects screened by, 157, 161, 257, 257*n,* 258
  and purge of Soviet division in search for mole, 230
  suspects Orlov to be Sasha, 205
Special Investigation Unit, *see* Special Investigations Group (SIG)
Sporkin, Stanley, 268*n,* 286, 286*n,* 287
"spy dust," 77*n,* 78*n,* 169*n*
Stalin, Josef, 47, 47*n,* 72, 246
Stazhirovka (staging)
  defined, 215
Sternberg, Rudy, 99
Sternfield, Lawrence M., 255
Stirner, Joseph, 183
Stirner, Rosa, 183, 189
Stoessel, Walter, 121, 122, 123, 123*n,* 136
Stokes, Michael, 57
Stolz, Richard F., Jr., 301, 301*n,* 302
Stombaugh, Paul M., Jr., 300*n*
Stone, John, *see* Golitsin, Anatoly Mikhailovich
Stone, Howard E. "Rocky," 201

"swallow" (KGB female agent), 47, 212*n*
Swift, Carlton B., Jr., 56
Szálasi, Ferenc, 44

Tansey, Fred A.
  and FBI investigation of Igor Orlov, 194, 194*n*, 198, 280
Taylor, Maurice A. ("Gook"), 89, 288
Thatcher, Margaret, 100*n*, 102, 102*n*, 103*n*
Thompson, Llewellyn, E., 51
Timm, Eric, 50
Titov, Gennady F. ("the Crocodile"), 252, 252*n*
Tolkachev, Adolf G., 299, 300, 300*n*
Toon, Malcolm, 121
  and "Cherepanov papers," 122, 123*n*, 136
"the toothless ones," 135
TOPHAT, *see* Polyakov, Dimitri Fedorovich
Treholt, Arne, 252*n*
Trinka, Edmund, *see* Loginov, Yuri, aliases of
Trinka, Edmund (real person), 217*n*
Truman, Harry S, 164
Tsikerdanos, Ernest J., 255
Tuominen, Erikki, 8
Tuominen, Poika, 8
Turner, Elbert T. "Bert," 191, 195
Turner, Stansfield, 142*n*, 266
  apologizes to Paul Garbler for spurious security charge, 263, 263*n*
  appointed as Director of CIA by Jimmy Carter, 266
  is asked by Paul Garbler for compensation, 262, 262*n*
  and Peter Karlow, 286
  on Nosenko's imprisonment by CIA, 142, 146, 146*n*
  sued by James Angleton, 260
Tweedy, Bronson, 258, 259*n*
  and study of Golitsin, 259
  and study of Petty report on Angleton, 259
Twetten, Thomas A., 301*n*

UB (Polish intelligence service), 234
UNACUTE, *see* Federov, Mikhail
UN Scientific Community on the Effects of Atomic Radiation
  and FEDORA, 149
United States, mole hunt in, *see* mole hunt; Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), and mole hunt in U.S.
UNSUB SASHA, 192
Uris, Leon, 111, 111*n*
U-2 spy plane, 12
U Thant, 150*n*

Vakrushev, Vasili V., 177*n*
Valya, 47, 75
van den Bergh, H. J., 218
Van Vliet, William, 55, 56
Varentsov, Nina, 53
Varentsov, Sergei S.
  and Oleg Penkovsky, 53, 54*n*
Vass, Stephen, 274
Vassall, William John, 74, 74*n*, 75, 79, 259
VENONA
  definition of, 160
  and Averell Harriman, 177
  and Birch O'Neal, 160
"Vera," *see* Vassall, William John
Vlasov, Andrei, 184, 184*n*
von Lichnowsky, Karl max Furst, 69*n*
VUPOINT, 153*n*

Walker, John A., Jr., 298
Walker, John Denley, 42, 160, 233, 299, 300
Waller, John H., 262, 265
Walsh, John W., 187, 187*n*
Ward, Stephen, 97
Warren, Earl
  and Yuri Nosenko, 145
Warren Commission, 131, 132
  and imprisonment of Nosenko by CIA, 145
Watkins, John, 75, 76, 76*n*
Webster, William H., 290, 290*n*, 291, 301, 302
  reorganizes CI Staff, 298
Weinert, Ferida, 86
West German Federal Intelligence Agency (BND)
  and Heinz Felfe, 159
  and Heinz Herre, 25
West, Nigel, *see* Allason, Rupert
White, Dick Goldsmith, 102, 211, 285*n*
Whittemore, E. Reed, Jr., 40, 282
Wilson, Harold, 97, 98, 99, 100, 100*n*, 114
Winks, Robin W., 40*n*
Winsky, Stephen, 5
Winters, George Payne, Jr., 169*n*
Wise, David, 300*n*
Wolton, Thierry, 108, 108*n*
Woodward, Bob, 242
Wright, Peter, 99, 99*n*, 101, 285*n*
  and Hugh Gaitskell, 98*n*
  and Anatoly Golitsin, 97, 98
  and Roger Hollis, 102, 103*n*
  and Peter Karlow, 285
  and SATYR, 14
  and TOPHAT, 154*n*
Wyatt, F. Mark, 296, 296*n*
Wynne, Greville
  arrest of by Soviets, 119
  and Oleg Penkovsky, 25, 25*n*, 27, 56, 57, 58, 59

Yankovsky, Arseny ("Andy")
  background of, 221, 222
  is fired from CIA, 224, 224*n*
  and Scotty Miler, 221, 223
  and David Murphy, 222, 223, 225
  and Edgar Snow, 223
  and Marianne, cousin of, 224
Yankovsky, George, 221
Yankovsky, Olga Sokolovskaya, 221, 222
  and David Murphy, 222
Yo-Yo, 51, 59
Young, David R., 152, 152*n*
Young, Harry F., 69, 69*n*
Yurchenko, Vitaly
  defection and redefection of, 298
  and Igor Orlov, 274, 275, 276, 277
  and the Shadrin case, 197

Zemenek, Ludek (Rudolph A. Herrmann), 109
Zenihov, V. V., 5
Zhukov, Georgi, 177*n*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

David Wise is America's leading writer on intelligence and espionage. He is coauthor of *The Invisible Government,* a number one best-seller that has been widely credited with bringing about a reappraisal of the role of the CIA in a democratic society. He is the author of *The Spy Who Got Away, The American Police State,* and *The Politics of Lying,* and coauthor with Thomas B. Ross of *The Espionage Establishment, The Invisible Goverment,* and *The U-2 Affair.* Mr. Wise has also written three espionage novels, *The Samarkand Dimension, The Children's Game,* and *Spectrum.* A native New Yorker and graduate of Columbia College, he is the former chief of the Washington bureau of the *New York Herald Tribune* and has contributed articles on government and politics to many national magazines. He is married and has two sons.

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CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE
ВЧК КГБ

MILT BEARDEN
AND JAMES RISEN

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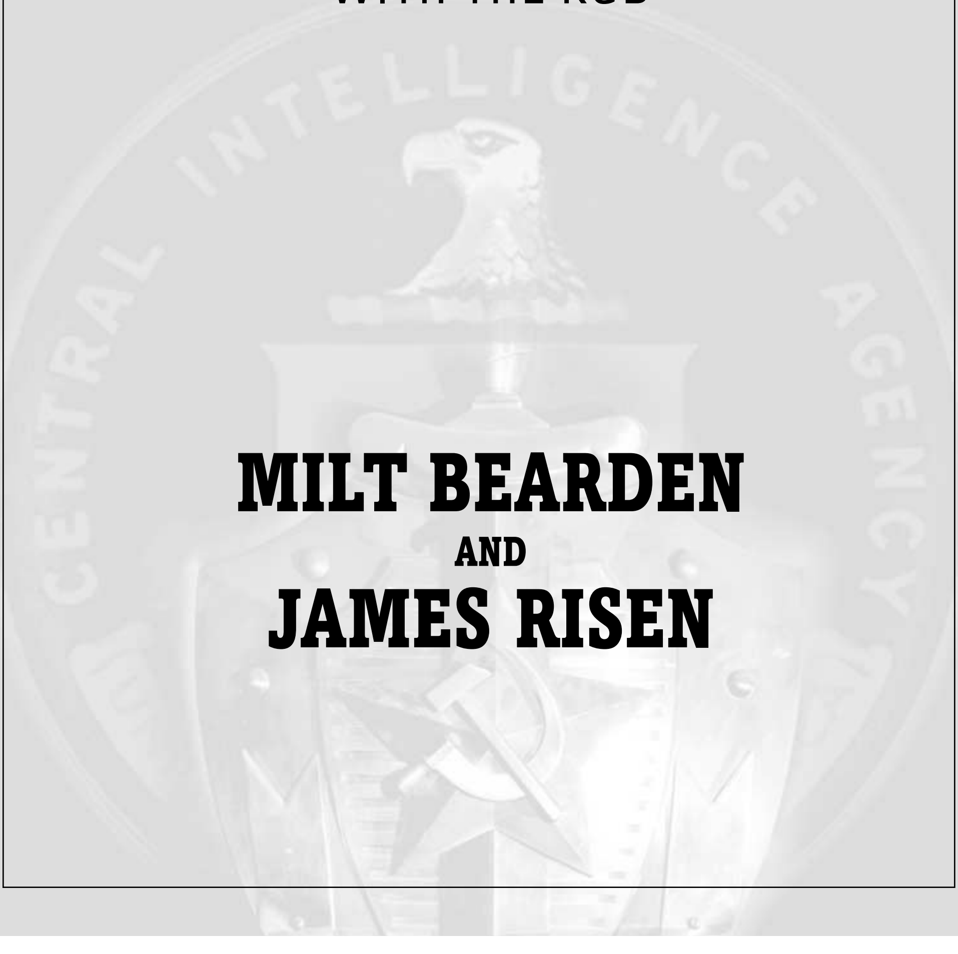
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To Marie-Catherine

To Penny

FOREWORD

The Main Enemy is the first comprehensive history of the climactic secret battles between the CIA and the KGB in the closing days of the Cold War, when the Berlin Wall fell and the Soviet Union imploded. Beginning with the watershed "Year of the Spy" in 1985 and following through to the collapse of the Soviet Union, the book chronicles the major espionage engagements between the CIA and KGB through the eyes of the spies who fought them.

This is the story of the lives and careers of the generation trained as spies in the shadow of the Cuban missile crisis, who took charge at the CIA and KGB just as Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev rose to power in the 1980s and then suddenly found themselves at the center of a maelstrom of historic change. Many of the CIA and KGB officers who faced off in the Cold War have returned to civilian life. And like their fathers, the combat veterans of Normandy and Stalingrad, they have much to remember.

The Main Enemy is the product of a unique experiment, an effort by a CIA insider and an outside journalist to combine forces to write a more revealing and human narrative than either could on his own. This truly was a collaborative project, but the authors also adhered to a strict division of labor in order to abide by certain rules imposed by the CIA on its former officers. As required under CIA regulations, Milt Bearden submitted his portion of the manuscript to the CIA for prepublication review, and then he made redactions requested by the agency. Those redactions were modest and did not affect the story being told.

James Risen did not submit his portion of the book to the CIA for prepublication review. In order to provide a consistent narrative tone, Milt Bearden is referred to in the first person throughout the book, even in those sections of the book written by James Risen.

The book is based on hundreds of interviews conducted over the course of three years with dozens of CIA and KGB officers on either side of the divide. Where there is dialogue in the book, it corresponds to the specific recollections of one or more of the people present in the room. Beyond this, we have taken the liberty of reconstructing several CIA cables. With the exception of an excerpt from one, these are not actual cables but are reconstructions by Milt Bearden based on his thirty years of reading and writing CIA cables; they are similar in tone and language to the real cables sent in each instance.

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To all of the men and women who fought the battles described in these pages, we are in your debt. Many of you could not be named because the job is not yet done; others wished not to be named, and we have honored that wish. But your anonymity does not diminish your contribution.

We also owe an enormous debt to our editor at Random House, the matchless Joy de Menil. *The Main Enemy* is infused with her energy and vision.

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We wish to thank Jill Abramson, the Washington bureau chief of *The New York Times,* who has been a steadfast friend throughout the years of work on *The Main Enemy.*

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CONTENTS

Foreword / vii
Acknowledgments / ix

PART ONE
The Year of the Spy / 1

PART TWO
The Cold War Turns Hot in Afghanistan / 205

PART THREE
Endgame / 369

Epilogue / 525
A Note on Sources / 537
Select Bibliography / 539
Index / 543

PART ONE

THE YEAR OF THE SPY

1

Washington, D.C., 1830 Hours, June 13, 1985

There was nothing more he could do, Burton Gerber told himself again. The run had been choreographed like a ballet, of this he was certain. He had imposed his own iron discipline on the night's operation and had personally signed off on every detail, every gesture. Now that the route had been selected, he could close his eyes and visualize each intersection.

Gerber knew Moscow as well as any American, and from the Central Intelligence Agency's headquarters half a world away, he routinely insisted on approving each turn to be followed on the operational run from Moscow's city center through the bleak outer neighborhoods. Night after night during his own years in Moscow, he had taken his wife, Rosalie, to obscure Russian theaters in distant parts of town rarely frequented by foreigners. His knowledge of Russian and his reputation as a movie buff had served him well. A good case officer has to learn his city, he told himself.

From his office in Langley, Virginia, Gerber had approved the script for the conversation that was to take place at the end of tonight's run, during the ten-minute meeting in the shadows of the Stalinist apartment blocks on Kastanayevskaya Street that was the sole object of the operation. Finally, Gerber had demanded that rigorous rehearsals be conducted inside the cramped working spaces on the fifth floor of the U.S. embassy in Moscow before the run was launched.

A wraith-thin Midwesterner, Jesuitical in his approach to his work, Gerber was one of the most demanding spymasters the CIA had ever sent against its main enemy, the Soviet Union's KGB. As chief of the

CIA's Soviet/East European Division for the past year, he had made his mark. His exacting attention to the details of espionage tradecraft and his impatience with those who failed to meet his standards were legendary. Some critics called him a screamer who berated subordinates, but most respected his single-minded devotion to his job and, in an old-fashioned sense, to duty. Gerber was a complex man who evoked a jumble of emotions from those who worked for him. Longtime Soviet/East European hands studied him with the same intensity they brought to their analysis of the Soviet leaders in the Kremlin. What were they to make of a man whose greatest avocation was for the care, feeding, and preservation of wild wolves?

The truth was that Burton Gerber was a deeply spiritual man, a Roman Catholic who felt a moral obligation to the Russian agents he and his case officers were running. He lit a candle at Mass for each one of his agents unmasked and arrested by the KGB. He had come home from serving as station chief in Moscow three years earlier, so he understood the dangers of operating inside the Soviet bloc better than most at CIA headquarters. He believed that nothing less than perfection was owed to America's Russian agents, and if he yelled at case officers who failed to meet his standards, so be it. Cable traffic between Langley and Moscow was frequently dominated by a tense running debate between Gerber and his Moscow station chief, Murat Natirboff, over the minutiae of operations. There were some in SE Division who whispered that Natirboff was miscast as Moscow station chief, and it was increasingly clear that Gerber didn't trust him to get things done right. He seemed to believe he had to run Moscow operations himself—so much so that to some within SE Division, it sometimes felt as if Burton Gerber had never left Moscow.

But at some level, beneath the rigorous precision so necessary to a successful spy, Gerber also believed in both faith and fate. And so, after he signed off on the night's run, he closed the door to his fifth-floor office at CIA headquarters and smoothly turned his mind to other duties.

It was almost perfect late spring weather in Washington. The day was ending quietly as Gerber left for his home in a graceful old apartment building in Washington's Kalorama neighborhood. He had planned a modest dinner that night, after which he had promised to join a night training exercise.

At the very moment one of his officers would be winding his way through Moscow to meet the CIA's most valuable Soviet spy, Gerber would be watching green trainees playacting espionage on the streets of Washington. Better, he thought, that he devote his time to making certain that the next crop of officers be properly schooled than waste his energy fretting over details of a run he could no longer control. Gerber willed himself to stop worrying, to move on.

This was no routine training course, to be sure. Like the Navy's famed Top Gun school for fighter pilots, the CIA's "Internal Operations" course was the most arduous training program the agency had to offer. It was restricted to a handpicked elite—case officers slated for assignments in Moscow, Warsaw, Prague, and other capital cities in the Soviet empire. These were among the most difficult jobs in the CIA. The physical and mental stresses that came with the constant surveillance, the threat of exposure and arrest, meant that "inside work" was a young case officer's game.

After searching for some time for new tactics to defeat the KGB's suffocating surveillance in Moscow, the agency hit upon the idea of adding some green officers to the Moscow pipeline, recruits who wouldn't be easily recognized from other tours of duty. The decision to send rookies to Moscow placed an added burden on the IO course. It had to provide the most realistic training possible for officers who had never before faced a hostile opposition, much less the professional spy catchers of the KGB's Second and Seventh Chief Directorates.

Run by Jack Platt, a gruff ex-Marine and longtime Soviet targets officer, the six-week course simulated "Moscow Rules." The new case officers had to pass messages and receive documents from "spies" even as they were being trailed through Washington by teams of FBI agents playing the part of a hostile counterintelligence service. The FBI agents played hard—because the course kept them sharp for following real Soviet spies. Still, the best-trained CIA officers in the course could defeat the FBI, often through the use of sophisticated electronic devices, such as burst transmission equipment, that allowed them to pass messages without face-to-face contact.

But the FBI always had a lesson in store. The trainees—often with their spouses in tow—would go out on what they thought was an ordinary operation and walk into an explosive surprise arrest. They'd be roughed up and charged with drug dealing by FBI agents who were totally convincing in making it seem as though the bust had nothing to do with the IO course. After a few hours of questioning, only the most controlled students had the will to hold back their CIA connections. Invariably, some would try to talk their way out by explaining that there had been some horrible mistake: *You see, Officer, I was loitering on a deserted street corner late at night with this woman, who happens to be my wife, as part of a CIA training exercise, not to sell drugs.*

Gerber had invited Jim Olson, who had served with him in Moscow, to join him for dinner before they both went and played their parts in the training exercise. Olson, chief of internal operations for the Soviet Division, had amassed a remarkable record in Moscow and was now one of Gerber's most trusted lieutenants. But when he arrived at Gerber's apartment, Olson brought devastating news: Paul Stombaugh had been arrested in Moscow.

Olson's words hit Gerber like a gut shot. He knew instinctively what Stombaugh's arrest meant: The CIA's most important spy in twenty-five years had been rolled up by the KGB. It meant that Adolf Tolkachev, the billion-dollar agent, code-named GTVANQUISH, the man Stombaugh was supposed to meet, had been fatally compromised.

Typically, when an operation was carried off successfully in the heart of Moscow, right in the middle of a rolling sea of KGB surveillance, Langley wouldn't hear about it until the next morning. To keep the KGB from guessing that an important operation was under way, case officers returning from a late-night run would simply "get black," disappear into the city, and wait until the next morning to reinsert themselves into their cover jobs at the embassy. So only when the officer reported to work the next day would he go through a thorough debriefing, while the tape recordings of his brief encounter with the agent were transcribed.

That was when a flurry of messages would come pulsing into Langley, providing the details of how the run had unfolded the night before. Adrenaline would be pumping across the cable traffic, and well into the next day it would infect the small circle in the SE Division managing the case. Days later, the tape recordings of the agent meeting would arrive by diplomatic pouch, allowing senior SE Division managers to hear the tense voices and feel the strained emotions of the Moscow street encounter for themselves. They could then try to gauge the state of mind of an agent most of them had never met, as well as the performance of a case officer trying to ask all the right questions while constantly scanning his surroundings for signs of the KGB.

Success took a while to percolate through the system. But word of failure came quickly. It would originate in Moscow in the middle of the night, a clipped cable chasing the sun and arriving in Washington in the early evening. The first sign of trouble might come from the wife of a Moscow officer, signaling that her husband had failed to return home on schedule. A few hours later, confirmation would come that the officer had been arrested and that a consular officer from the embassy had been dispatched to secure his release from the KGB's Lubyanka Center at #2 Dzerzhinsky. Tonight's message, Gerber knew, meant that Stombaugh, a young former FBI agent now on his first CIA tour, had been ambushed while tracing the run that he had choreographed so carefully.

Gerber made a few quick calls back to headquarters, to make sure that Clair George, Deputy Director for Operations, and others on the seventh floor knew what was going on. After that, he sat down for dinner, determined to go through with his plans to participate in the IO exercises. But even the steel-willed Gerber couldn't keep his mind from wandering back to Stombaugh and to Tolkachev.

He could only imagine how the night's drama had played out eight time zones away in Moscow.

2

Moscow, 2010 Hours, June 13, 1985

The headset crackled with a one-word message: "*Narziss.*"

In the darkened rear compartment of an unmarked, windowless KGB van, Major General Rem Sergeyevich Krassilnikov, white haired and imperturbable, shifted slightly in his seat. Krassilnikov knew that the young CIA officer code-named *Narziss*—the pretty one—was about to fall into his trap.

The CIA had tried to fool him, to lull his watchers, Krassilnikov thought. They had wanted him to believe that this was down time for the Main Enemy. The CIA's Moscow chief had just departed the capital with great operational clatter on a trip to the North Caucasus. He had applied well in advance for permission to travel and had provided a thorough itinerary to the Foreign Ministry, who passed it to #2 Dzerzhinsky. He had also "talked to the walls" in his apartment, giving his KGB monitors the clear impression that mid-June, with the chief away, was going to be a slow period for CIA watchers in Moscow. Was this trip to the Caucasus another trick? Krassilnikov could only wonder what kind of a special services chief left his post at such a time. A clever one, possibly.

But Krassilnikov was confident that the bait for tonight's trap would be irresistible. The KGB had found a ringer for Adolf Grigoryevitch Tolkachev, and his job tonight was to walk a few dozen yards carrying a book with a white cover, a mere fifty paces, in Tolkachev's shoes. Nothing complicated. From a hundred feet away, his CIA contact would catch a glimpse of a man he would conclude was Adolf

Tolkachev being arrested and dragged into a van. It would be just enough for him to report back to Langley that Tolkachev had been free until that awful moment, sowing seeds of doubt as to when and how the KGB had discovered the spy.

Adolf Tolkachev had been a devastating spy, but he hardly looked the part. A slightly built scientist in his late fifties, Tolkachev worked quietly at a top-secret aviation design bureau in the heart of Moscow. He had been spying for the CIA for the past six years, long enough to have accumulated two code names, CKSPHERE and GTVANQUISH. (GT was a CIA digraph, two successive letters placed before a code name to identify the geographic region of an agent or operation. GT had only recently replaced an earlier Soviet digraph, CK.) Tolkachev had eluded the KGB long enough to deliver tens of thousands of pages of secret documents to the CIA, looting his design bureau's classified library.

But now he was in the Lefortovo investigative and pretrial prison, undergoing enforced "cooperation" with KGB interrogators while he awaited the inevitable—trial, conviction, and certain execution. The KGB had patiently pieced together Tolkachev's communications plan—how he would signal for meetings with the CIA or, conversely, warn his American handlers of trouble. Krassilnikov and his Second Chief Directorate, the KGB's counterintelligence watchdogs, had carefully triggered the communications plan calling the CIA out for tonight's scheduled meeting. As Stombaugh approached the meeting site, Krassilnikov was certain the CIA didn't have a clue that its prized agent was in prison.

Tolkachev's capture some two months earlier had been brutally efficient. A team from the KGB's Seventh Chief Directorate, led by the short fireplug Vladimir Sharavatov and backed up by the elite Group Alfa special commando unit, had arrested the scientist on the lonely Rogachevskoye Shosse near his dacha twenty-five kilometers outside Moscow.

There had been no resistance. The CIA's superagent had gone limp, his knees buckling under him. In those first seconds, Tolkachev's arms were pinned to his sides and Sharavatov deftly forced a thick rope between his teeth to prevent him from swallowing or biting down, in case he had a suicide pill hidden in his mouth. His jacket and shirt were roughly stripped from his shoulders, in case a poison pill had been sewn into his collar. He was then dragged to a windowless bus, where he was expertly stripped, with gloved hands probing his body cavities, and dressed in a blue KGB running suit.

The KGB's fear of the CIA's "special preparations," as the suicide pills were darkly known, had its roots in a case that had gone bad eight years earlier. Alexander Ogorodnik had been a fast-rising young diplomat, an assistant to the Soviet ambassador to Colombia, when he began a secret affair with a Spanish woman living in Bogotá. Thanks to a well-placed wiretap at the Soviet embassy, the CIA was able to eavesdrop on conversations between Ogorodnik, who was married, and his Spanish lover. The CIA's Bogotá chief approached the woman, and she agreed to work with the agency to win Ogorodnik over. She even showed the CIA a secret journal he had entrusted to her, his "testament," which revealed his hatred of the Soviet system. The woman was willing to cooperate because she hoped that if her lover began to spy for the CIA, he would stay with her in the West. But the CIA had other plans.

Ogorodnik agreed to switch sides. Before long, he was allowing the Americans to photograph documents shipped by diplomatic pouch between the embassy in Bogotá and the Foreign Ministry in Moscow. At the CIA's urging, Ogorodnik, now code-named TRIGON, accepted a transfer to the Foreign Ministry's operations center. He received secret training in Bogotá on how to use dead drops to communicate with the CIA in Moscow.

Before leaving Bogotá, Ogorodnik demanded to meet the CIA officer who would be handling him in Moscow. Jack Downing, who was slated to be the next deputy chief in Moscow, flew down to Colombia in the summer of 1974 to reassure him. The two men, both in their thirties, developed a quick rapport, and Ogorodnik soon trusted Downing enough to tell him that he wanted the CIA to give him the means to end his life on his own terms if he was captured. In dramatic meetings, Ogorodnik told Downing that he wouldn't go back to Moscow unless he was "treated like a man" and given suicide pills. The CIA reluctantly complied, and Ogorodnik returned home. He divorced his wife after returning to Moscow, but he never saw his Spanish lover again.

From 1974 until 1977, Ogorodnik served as one of the CIA's most valuable spies in Moscow. He gained access to much of the Soviet Foreign Ministry's overseas cable traffic and was able to hand over top-secret Soviet diplomatic documents that gave the United States unprecedented insights into Moscow's negotiating positions during the strategic arms talks of the 1970s. But he was remembered within the KGB mostly for what happened during his arrest. While the precise details of the incident remain murky, it is clear that soon after his arrest, Ogorodnik took the modified Montblanc pen Downing had given him in Bogotá and used the suicide pill hidden inside. He must have slipped the pen into his mouth and, while cupping his hands over his face, bit down through the stress-weakened barrel and into the cyanide capsule concealed inside it. Still cupping his hands over his nose and mouth, he would have taken three quick breaths, as Downing had instructed him. Before his stunned KGB captors could react, TRIGON was dead.

Near panic broke out in the Second Chief Directorate, and careers were very nearly ruined as a result. From that moment forward, new arrest procedures were put into effect.

Krassilnikov's radio crackled again. "*Narziss* is in the operational area. He made a quick pass by Olga and is now on a bench five hundred yards away." Olga was the name the CIA's "poets"—the men and women in Langley who carefully prepared the instructions in Russian for Tolkachev—had used for tonight's meeting site on Kastanayevskaya Street. Now, their own communications plan was being used for a KGB ambush.

Moscow, 2010 Hours, June 13, 1985

Paul Stombaugh sat alone on a bench in the dark, trash-strewn courtyard of a concrete apartment block. The smell of dog feces assaulted him. He had stopped his final run a few hundred yards short of the site where he was to rendezvous with Tolkachev for a brief encounter, known inside the CIA as a "bren." Unfamiliar with the lay of the land in this area of Moscow, Stombaugh had come to the quiet residential street twenty minutes early. He made one quick pass, saw everything was normal and as described in the casing report, and left the area to stage for the meeting. The only thing that seemed unusual was a large trailer parked on Kastanayevskaya Street about fifty yards from the meeting point, its hitch propped up on cinder blocks. He thought the trailer seemed out of place in a residential neighborhood, but he decided to go ahead with the meeting anyway and settled on the bench to prepare himself.

Killing time without attracting attention was a challenge in a Moscow neighborhood. Stombaugh leaned back and sipped water from a vodka bottle, hoping he looked like just another tired Russian worker escaping reality on a summer evening. He ran through a mental inventory of what he had to accomplish in the next half hour. He quickly checked his miniature tape recorder—all meetings with Tolkachev were recorded, so that every tidbit of the conversation could later be mined by the CIA—and found it was working properly.

In one large, double-lined plastic shopping bag, Stombaugh carried cash bundles totaling 125,000 rubles in small notes, equivalent to almost $150,000. The bag also contained five new compact subminiature cameras concealed in key chain fobs, all preloaded with microfilm, sealed, and set to a precise focal length. The cameras and their settings had received extra attention for this meeting, after the last series of documents failed to develop properly. The problem with the last batch raised the tension for tonight's meeting considerably.

The second shopping bag was packed with American medicine and glasses for Tolkachev and his wife, English-language tapes for their son, books with concealed messages, "intelligence-reporting requirements"—Soviet secrets the CIA wanted Tolkachev to try to steal—and communications plans, printed on water-soluble paper for added security. The bags were so heavy that the plastic handles had started to stretch during Stombaugh's long run, and he was beginning to worry about them. Everything he carried was compromising—fatally so for the man he was to meet.

Stombaugh thought his SDR—surveillance detection route—had gone well. Neither he nor his wife, Betsy, had seen anything threatening during their run. After Betsy dropped him off, he continued on his long SDR. By the time he arrived, Stombaugh was confident that he was now "black"—free of surveillance: Moscow was his.

Moscow, 2025 Hours, June 13, 1985

Five minutes, Krassilnikov thought. And then, with lights suddenly blazing, the KGB's Second Chief Directorate would once again capture an American spy trawling Moscow's streets, gravely threatening the security of the USSR. Another in a remarkable string of successes for Soviet counterintelligence.

Krassilnikov had never been a man of doubts, not about himself, not about the Soviet Union. He was the son of an NKVD general, a true believer in Lenin's dream. Flush with revolutionary zeal in the 1920s, his parents had named him Rem, an acronym for the Russian phrase *Revolutsky Mir*—the Soviet system's loftiest goal, World Revolution. Rem Krassilnikov had proudly followed his father's footsteps into the NKVD's successor organization, the KGB. After training in English and in the crafts of Soviet intelligence, he had been sent abroad as an officer in the KGB's First Chief Directorate, responsible for the KGB's foreign intelligence operations.

Along the way he had married a woman of stout Communist Party pedigree, whose parents had named her Ninel—a popular name in the 1920s, fashioned by spelling Lenin backward. Krassilnikov was moving up in the KGB after stints in Ottawa and Beirut. In Beirut, he had been aggressive enough to try a "cold pitch" recruitment of a rising CIA star, John MacGaffin, who dismissed the attempt. But Krassilnikov eventually came home to Moscow and the world of counterintelligence in the KGB's Second Chief Directorate. By the mid-1980s, he had established himself as a legend, a man of exquisite patience, adept at the hidden art of blunting the attacks from *Glavniy Vrag,* the Main Enemy, the KGB's term for the United States and the CIA. Within the KGB, Krassilnikov was now called, with some reverence, the "professor of counterintelligence."

Krassilnikov had for a time been chief of the Second Chief Directorate's Second Department, which investigated the activities of British intelligence in the USSR. He had become close to two of Britain's most notorious spies who had defected to Moscow, the legendary Kim Philby and the lesser-known but nearly equally damaging George Blake. His contacts with Philby and Blake gave him a new understanding of his adversaries; lessons he learned from them would serve him well when he moved up to head the Second Chief Directorate's First Department, the counterintelligence arm responsible for thwarting American operations against the USSR.

For the past six years, Krassilnikov had been engaged in a laborious chess match with American intelligence. But over the past few months, the battle had intensified, and Krassilnikov felt he had begun to clear his opponent's board. Suddenly the Second Chief Directorate was marching from victory to victory, and there was a new excitement in counterintelligence.

Krassilnikov believed, with all his heart and soul, that these successes were due largely to the brilliant investigative techniques of the Second Chief Directorate along Moscow's streets. His men had the CIA in Moscow on the run.

Of course, he admitted grudgingly, they had received some help from the First Chief Directorate. The foreign intelligence boys at Yasenevo seemed to have lately come into some remarkably accurate information. He never questioned the First Chief Directorate about the source of its information—such things could be learned only over time from the "wall talkers" lined up at the urinals used by senior KGB officers—but it seemed obvious to him that the KGB had a mole somewhere inside the CIA's inner sanctum. And a good one. Maybe even more than one.

But even the best tips from foreign spies had to be run to ground, and fully investigated, by the men of the Second Chief Directorate. Only then could an American spy be caught. Krassilnikov was painfully aware of the fact that the Second Chief Directorate never got the credit it deserved.

The First Chief Directorate's insufferably smug attitude soon evaporated as stories about betrayals within its own ranks began to circulate. In May, the acting *Rezident* of the KGB's London *Rezidentura,* Colonel Oleg Gordievsky, came under suspicion of being a spy for the British Secret Intelligence Service. He was lured back to Moscow by an elaborate ruse and was undergoing interrogation at a KGB safe house. The KGB rumor mill had it that Gordievsky's interrogators were using drugs to get him to admit his treachery, but so far without success.

Within days of the Gordievsky compromise, a GRU colonel, Sergei Bokhan, in the military intelligence *Rezidentura* in the Soviet embassy in Athens, came under suspicion of spying for the CIA. He, too, was asked to return to Moscow on an elaborate ruse, but he sensed he was in danger and made a run for it.

Vladimir Sharavatov tapped lightly and opened the sliding door of the van. "*Narziss* is moving."

"It's time to take the walk we practiced this morning," Krassilnikov softly lectured his companion in the van.

Washington, D.C., 1230 Hours, June 13, 1985

At almost the exact moment that Rem Krassilnikov was waiting to spring his trap on the streets of Moscow, Aldrich Ames walked into Chadwicks restaurant, a smoky, down-home hamburger and beer joint crammed into an old storefront on the Georgetown waterfront, hidden under the shadows of the Whitehurst Freeway overpass.

Ames was carrying with him a bag filled with classified documents. He had come to meet Sergey D. Chuvakhin, a Soviet diplomat whom Ames was supposedly trying to recruit as a spy for the CIA. In fact, their relationship was very much the other way around. Chuvakhin was now an intermediary between Ames and the KGB, a convenient cutout since Ames had CIA authorization to meet with him. Over lunch in one of Chadwicks's long and darkly wooded booths, the two chatted quietly, and, when their meal was finished, Ames handed Chuvakhin his bag, which contained, among other things, a list of nearly every Russian agent working for the CIA and FBI. In exchange, Chuvakhin gave Ames a shopping bag filled with cash. It was at that moment that Aldrich Ames irretrievably crossed the line into a life of espionage.

This was the third time Ames had contacted the Russians since he had decided to become a spy. On April 16, he had walked straight into the Soviet embassy in Washington and volunteered his services, and then he met Chuvakhin on May 17 for lunch. Ames later insisted that he hadn't given the Soviets much of any value until this lunch at Chadwicks. At first, he said, he had tried to scam the Russians, feeding them information about their own double agents.

But on May 19, the FBI arrested John Walker, the longtime leader of a Soviet spy ring in the U.S. Navy, throwing a scare into Ames. Ames didn't buy the FBI's story that Walker's ex-wife had turned him in; he figured somebody inside the KGB had fingered him. So, to avoid Walker's fate, he decided he had to wipe out anyone who might betray him. He turned over to the Soviets the identities of virtually every Russian spy in the American inventory. Of course, he also betrayed agents who could never have endangered him, including Adolf Tolkachev.

What Ames could not know as he walked out of Chadwicks with a bag full of cash was that the KGB already knew about Tolkachev; he was already in a Soviet jail. Paul Stombaugh was just about to spring Krassilnikov's trap, and Ames's decision to compromise the CIA's most important spy had been irrelevant. Still, the KGB would soon begin to exploit the cache of secrets Ames had handed over.

Moscow, 2030 Hours, June 13, 1985

Stombaugh took in the street scene with a sweep of his eyes as he rounded the corner of the apartment block and stepped out on Kastanayevskaya Street. Fifteen yards ahead and on his left, an attractive young woman with dyed red hair was waving her hands in animated conversation in a telephone booth that had been marked as a "taxi phone" on the diagram of the meeting site. Tolkachev's car, with its familiar registration number, was parked on the far side of the street. The parked car was the reassuring "safe, ready to meet" signal he was looking for.

Stombaugh began to walk briskly now, covering the last few yards toward a bench on the far side of the street. Tolkachev was not yet in sight. The pretty redhead in the phone booth ignored him as he approached and kept talking. He was running over in his mind the inventory of actions he had planned for the next few moments when Tolkachev would step out, give the verbal parole, then walk with him into the recesses of a wooded area. There, he would quickly take the used cameras, still sealed with their microfilm inside, stash them in his jacket, and hand over the two shopping bags. If both men sensed it was safe, they could move to Tolkachev's car, where there might be some time for the small talk that had always been so reassuring to Tolkachev during these dangerous meetings over the last six years. Then they would part, heading in opposite directions, each left to deal on his own with the adrenaline rush of clandestine espionage.

As he passed the phone booth and turned toward the meeting point a few yards away, Moscow exploded around Paul Stombaugh. At least five men burst from the cover of trees and brush. Two grabbed his arms from behind as two others snatched the heavy shopping bags from his grip. A fifth man forced his head down as the men holding his arms lifted them high above his head in what had become known as the "chicken wing" seizure, a characteristic modus operandi of KGB arrests. He heard the tailgate of the parked trailer slam to the ground. The night air filled with voices of the men who had been hiding inside, waiting for the trap to be sprung.

Stombaugh almost blacked out from the pain in his shoulders. When he was allowed to stand again and look around, he found the immediate area bathed in light, cameras rolling and flash bulbs popping. Across the street, Stombaugh saw a small group of men quietly observing the arrest scene. Among them was Rem Krassilnikov.

As he was loaded into a KGB van, Stombaugh glanced back to see the redhead in the phone booth, still talking, still showing no signs of having noticed the events taking place across the street. Two KGB men held Stombaugh's arms over the back of the seat in the van for the long ride to Dzerzhinsky Square and the Lubyanka; by now the pain in his shoulders was almost blinding.

Stombaugh never saw the man being roughly led off in the distance, the man carrying a book with a white cover.

Langley, 1700 Hours, June 13 1985

COPS—the SE Division's chief of operations—was the first senior officer to read the cable from Moscow.

> IMMEDIATE DIRECTOR
>
> WNINTEL
>
> 1. CASE OFFICER PLIMPTON ARRESTED 2130 HOURS EVENING OF 13 JUNE WHILE ON OPERATIONAL RUN TO MEET GTSPHERE. HE DE-

TAINED AND INTERROGATED FOR FOUR HOURS AT KGB CENTER AT LUBYANKA; CONSULAR ACCESS GRANTED 0230 HOURS AND PLIMPTON RELEASED AT 0430 HOURS. DETAILS WILL FOLLOW WHEN WE REGROUP AFTER OPENING OF BUSINESS 14 JUNE.

2. NO FILE. END OF MESSAGE.

3

Washington, D.C., 0700 Hours, June 14, 1985

Burton Gerber took deep personal pride in the fact that the CIA was running more highly placed agents inside the Soviet Union than at any other time in its history. Better than anyone else at Langley, Gerber knew just how far both he and the agency had come.

Life had never been particularly easy for Burton Gerber. He often told the story of how, as a young boy growing up in Columbus, Ohio, during World War II, he would track the progress of the Allied armies through the military maps in the local newspaper that he delivered to his neighbors. He became fascinated with world events and yearned to earn his stripes in the next war. But since major wars seemed to be spaced about a generation apart, he calculated that he'd come of age in a time of peace. A career in the CIA, clandestinely fighting the Cold War and rolling back the Soviet threat, became an attractive alternative.

Gerber helped put himself through Michigan State by working the night shift at an auto plant, racing back across Lansing to campus every night to study for the next day's tests. After college, he served a stint in the Army before moving on to the CIA. Married but childless, he'd been supported in his steady rise up the American intelligence bureaucracy by his wife, who had been a CIA employee herself and thus understood the demands of the job. Like many other CIA wives, she often got involved in secret operations in support of her husband and his agents.

During his formative years as a case officer in Eastern Europe, Gerber had witnessed the agency's early, amateurish, and often bungled attempts at spying against the Soviet Union, the fleeting successes invariably ending in deadly failure. He had also endured the destructive "sick-think" of the CIA's notorious counterintelligence chief, James Jesus Angleton. Fortunately, he had been overseas as the worst of the Angleton paranoia played out in the 1960s. He'd heard the rumors, of course, the hushed whispers that made the rounds from one outpost to another, about Soviet cases going bad. But when he finally got back to headquarters in the summer of 1970, he got a heavy dose of the ugly truth.

The whole awful story was there, laid out before him in file folders that he could spread neatly across his desk. As he read, page after page seemed to explode with another bombshell, another scandal. The story was fascinating, terrifying, astonishing. Lives had been ruined, and the story had the power to claim more. As he read on, Burton Gerber was forced to doubt what he thought he knew about the institution he loved, almost above all else.

Gerber was a leading member of a new generation just beginning to transform the CIA into a professional intelligence service, the first to be tempered by long, hard, operational experience, much of it behind the Iron Curtain. Gerber and other young CIA officers like him had already logged more time operating against the Soviets and their Eastern European surrogates than any of their older bosses, who were veterans of the Office of Strategic Services—the wartime predecessor to the CIA. That generation had come of age in a less complicated era, blowing up German trains during World War II.

As they rose through the ranks, Gerber and his generation were bringing back an up-close-and-personal feel for the KGB and its Eastern European proxies, a streetwise know-how that had been lacking in the early CIA. Middle American graduates of state universities and the military, they brought a more democratic face and a sense of professionalism to a service that for years had lived off the amateurish enthusiasm of its elitist founding fathers, whose notions of secret keeping or secret stealing had been shaped by Yale and Skull and Bones.

Gerber was a driven man who was fascinated by the intricacies of espionage. By 1970, he had risen to the middle ranks in the CIA's Soviet Division, joining the cultlike world of Soviet counterintelligence. He was one of the very few people with access to information about the agency's most sensitive operations against Moscow, including the sordid tale of a KGB officer who had defected to the United States, only to be held incommunicado for three years, including more than two years in a nightmarish prison custom-built by the CIA. Never arrested or charged with any crime, he was kept in solitary confinement, not allowed to read or write. For a time, lights in his ten-foot-by-ten-foot cell were kept on twenty-four hours a day, to disorient him and prevent him from developing a regular sleeping pattern. The defector's name was Yuri Nosenko, and his case became enmeshed in a witch-hunt within the upper echelons of the CIA that had not yet run its course as Gerber read the files.

Nosenko began meeting with CIA officers in 1962, defected in 1964, and brought with him the answer to the most pressing question facing the CIA at the time. Was Moscow behind the assassination of President John F. Kennedy? The Warren Commission had concluded that Lee Harvey Oswald had acted alone, but inside the CIA, officials still brooded over his Soviet connections. Oswald had defected to the Soviet Union after serving in the Marines, including a stint at an intelligence-gathering post in Japan, and then, in a bizarre twist, had returned to the United States with a Russian wife shortly before shooting the President. The CIA had not made public its doubts about Oswald—in fact, it had shared few of its concerns with the Warren Commission—but the truth was that the agency had been unable to determine one way or another whether Oswald had been working for the KGB. The question hung in the air at Langley, and when Yuri Nosenko finally came to the United States, the agency was still trying to figure out whether Lee Harvey Oswald was a real-life Manchurian Candidate.

Nosenko said he had the answer. The KGB wasn't behind Kennedy's assassination. In fact, the KGB had been so concerned about Oswald's past and the appearance of Soviet ties that it had searched its own records and couldn't find any evidence that he was working for them.

Yet by the time Nosenko told the CIA what he knew, the agency had already decided he had been sent across to lie. Angleton was convinced Nosenko was a double agent and persuaded others at the CIA that he'd been sent by Moscow to tie them in knots about Oswald and dozens of other sensitive cases. He was encouraged in his paranoia by an earlier KGB defector, Anatoliy Golitsyn, who had told Angleton that every defector after him would be a double agent. It was the perfect story for Golitsyn to tell—it ensured his continued influence, even after he had run out of secrets to reveal. But to believe Golitsyn was to descend willingly into a swamp of paranoia and confusion. For years, Nosenko was locked away in his specially constructed prison at "the Farm," the agency's training center at Camp Peary, near Williamsburg, Virginia, quarantined like a deadly virus.

With his power base secure thanks to his close relationship with CIA Director Richard Helms, Angleton had managed to co-opt key officials in the Soviet Division, convincing them that virtually all of the spies they were running were double agents sent against them by the KGB. Soon, case officers trying to recruit agents from behind the Iron Curtain had to jump through hoops to convince Angleton and his acolytes that their cases were worth pursuing. Those who persisted or challenged the prevailing paranoia were in danger of coming under suspicion of being Soviet agents themselves.

Angleton was certain that the Soviets had penetrated the CIA and launched a mole hunt that lasted for years, ruining one career after another. Ultimately, the investigation turned on its own, and Angleton himself came under scrutiny as a possible Soviet spy. The Salem witch trials had come to CIA headquarters.

The end result of these mind games was virtual paralysis in the CIA's operations against the Soviet Union throughout much of the 1960s. The last great Soviet agent to work for the CIA without facing Angleton's paranoid scrutiny was Colonel Oleg Penkovsky, a top aide on the Red Army general staff who spied from 1960 until his arrest in 1962. One of the most important spies in CIA history, Penkovsky was the first to pull back the shroud on the Soviet high command and reveal that the Kremlin was operating on bluster and hollow threats. He helped show the West that the supposed missile gap was a myth and that the Soviet Union's nuclear capability was woefully inadequate to challenge the United States. Penkovsky's information helped give President Kennedy the edge over Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev during the Cuban missile crisis in 1962.

Yet many of the major cases in the years after Penkovsky were challenged by Angleton. The counterintelligence chief set the bar so high that CIA officers around the world simply stopped targeting Soviets, knowing that these cases would ultimately go nowhere. Worse, recruiting a Russian might bring them under suspicion. Developing a Soviet as a recruitment target would inevitably lead to a confrontation with Angleton's people. The clear implication was always that the case officer in the field couldn't know what part the case played in the broader KGB "monster plot" to deceive the CIA.

By the time Gerber read the files, the agency was in the process of trying to forget, even cover up, the whole sordid Nosenko affair. But Gerber could see the broader effects of the Angleton excesses. Not only had case officers largely stopped trying to target Soviets, the Soviet Division had also been turning away dozens of "volunteers," Soviets and Eastern Europeans who had contacted American officials with offers to work for the United States. The Golitsyn-fed paranoia had convinced the CIA that these volunteers were in fact KGB provocateurs seeking to turn the agency inside out.

Gerber analyzed the files, going back over fifteen years, files specifically on Soviets who had volunteered in Moscow or elsewhere in the Soviet Union, to test Angleton's theories. Was there any evidence to support Angleton's fears? No one had ever dared sift through the CIA's records to challenge the spy hunter's assumptions in such a methodical way. The simple but powerful answer was that the sick-think theories didn't stand up to scrutiny. To Gerber, the facts strongly suggested that the CIA had been turning away one genuine volunteer in Moscow after another, simply out of fear of contamination. The result was that the agency had probably missed out on a gold mine of secrets from citizens of the Soviet empire who had sought to change sides. There would always be dangles and provocations sent against the CIA by the KGB, but that was the cost of doing business. If the CIA was afraid to talk to Soviets, Gerber reasoned, then it might as well close up shop.

Gerber wrote an exhaustive report detailing his findings, concluding that the CIA was killing its chances for success by turning away so many Soviet volunteers. The overwhelming majority of them appeared to be legitimate, and Gerber offered sensible guidelines to ferret out the few who might be dangles. Above all, Gerber concluded, there was no evidence that the Soviets had ever allowed a serving KGB staff officer to approach the CIA as a double agent. Moscow simply didn't trust them enough. KGB officers who volunteered were almost certainly genuine.

Gerber was proud of his work, which he finished in the spring of 1971, just as Angleton's power over Soviet operations was about to be tested by an unlikely outsider.

By 1971, Helms had finally recognized that the CIA's Soviet Division needed shaking up. He turned to David Blee, an old Middle East hand, to fix it. Blee had made his mark in the Third World; in Delhi, he had orchestrated the 1967 defection and flight to freedom of Josef Stalin's daughter, Svetlana. Blee didn't want to leave his job as chief of the CIA's Near East Division and protested that he had no experience in Soviet affairs, but Helms told him that was exactly why he wanted him. Soviet operations had to have fresh blood, and Blee, a careful bureaucrat but an outsider, was being given the cover by Helms to take on Angleton.

When Blee arrived in his new office on the CIA's fifth floor, he found a note from Angleton waiting for him, inviting him down for a chat. Angleton, still chief of the CIA's Counterintelligence Staff, had been stunned that an outsider was taking over Soviet operations, and when Blee arrived in his darkened office, Angleton told him that he had no business whatsoever in his new job.

Blee's years in the Middle East had given him a pragmatic sense of how to run spy cases, and he could tell instinctively that the Soviet Division had lost its way. To steer the division out of its dark corner, he cleaned house, moving out longtime managers who defended the old methods and replacing them with officers who were new to the division and had not been infected by the Angleton paranoia. Blee was careful never to directly confront the counterintelligence chief; he just went his own way without asking permission.

Soon, Gerber's report on volunteers found its way to Blee's desk. Blee thought its analysis made perfect sense and promptly decided to change the agency's policies on Soviet volunteers. They were to be vetted professionally and then welcomed, not shunned. Wherever possible, they were to be persuaded to remain in place and spy from behind the Iron Curtain.

Blee named Barry Kelly, a red-haired, freckled Irishman who had served with him in the Middle East, to take over as Moscow chief and gave him orders to dust off the old files and air the place out. He was given a list of Soviets who had previously offered to collaborate with the CIA but had been dismissed or ignored for years. Kelly was told to try to resume contact, and before long he was transforming Moscow operations as dramatically as Blee was changing SE Division as a whole.

Blee also sent Havilland Smith, one of his key aides, on a whirlwind tour of the CIA's overseas stations to convince skeptical case officers around the world that sanity had returned to Soviet operations and that it was safe once again to go after Russians. Blee's new open-door policy quickly bore fruit, and within a few years the CIA had developed a remarkable stable of agents behind the Iron Curtain, virtually all of them volunteers.

The CIA's paralysis during the 1960s had masked the fact that, just below the radar screen of upper management, young case officers had been busy modernizing espionage techniques, improvising new means to communicate safely and securely with spies behind the Iron Curtain. They had been frustrated that they hadn't been able to put much of this new "tradecraft" to use during the previous decade, but now Blee's revolution meant that their tactics could be put to the test.

Havilland Smith was one of them. Among the first CIA case officers to be stationed permanently behind the Iron Curtain in the late 1950s, Smith had returned from Prague and Berlin determined to take advantage of the opposition's greatest weakness, rigid orthodoxy. Given high-level approval in the early 1960s to develop new tricks for case officers working inside the Soviet bloc, Smith began consulting magicians to learn about techniques of misdirection and practiced the new tactics on the streets of Washington. He folded what he learned into the newly developing concept of operational tradecraft, perfecting what became one of the CIA's standard methods for passing messages, the so-called brush pass.

Smith's greatest contribution was a concept that came to be known among CIA officers as "moving through the gap." He realized that by carefully planning a surveillance detection route in a hostile city, a well-trained case officer walking a meticulously timed route, turning street corners successively, could create a lengthening gap between himself and the trailing surveillance. Eventually, he would be out of sight of the surveillance teams for a few brief moments. Messages or packages could then be laid down or picked up undetected from dead drops at carefully predetermined points on an operational run. The gap might last only a few brief seconds, but for a well-trained case officer, that might be long enough.

Certainly the tradecraft was never foolproof, and when an operation went sour, the CIA always worried that a street-level slipup was to blame. It was easier to blame bad tradecraft than to hunt for a betrayal from within, particularly among CIA officers who had been so disgusted by Angleton's witch-hunts.

In fact, for years after Ogorodnik committed suicide and his last case officer, Marty Peterson, was ambushed in a knockdown melee beside the Moscow River, the CIA believed that some tradecraft mistake—not a KGB penetration of the CIA—was responsible. A series of unexplained incidents in 1977 actually convinced CIA Director Stansfield Turner that the agency's Moscow operations were fatally flawed by poor tradecraft. Ogorodnik and Peterson's explosive arrests were followed by the exposure of GRU Colonel Anatoli Filatov, GTBLIP, who had spied for the CIA while stationed in Algiers. He was arrested after he returned to Moscow, where he was caught trying to load a dead drop. His CIA case officer, Vincent Crockett, was eventually rolled up as well.

In the midst of these losses, a disastrous and suspicious fire broke out in the U.S. embassy. Soviet firemen, probably sent by the KGB, arrived to put out the flames. They were blocked from gaining access to the most sensitive sections of the embassy, including the CIA's station—but it was a close call.

Newly appointed to run the CIA by President Carter, Turner became convinced that the rewards from running operations in Moscow weren't worth the risks. He ordered a total stand-down of the station. The action forced the CIA to break contact with a series of newly recruited agents, some of whom were permanently lost as a result. Just five years after David Blee had brought the SE Division out of the Angleton sick-think, Moscow operations were once again plunged into paralysis.

Turner's stand-down lasted a year and a half. From 1977 through the fall of 1978, frustrated case officers in Moscow Station did little besides identify new clandestine sites they could use for future meetings with agents—if they were ever allowed to meet agents again. The stand-down would not be lifted until the most persistent Soviet volunteer of the decade—Adolf Tolkachev, the CIA's most valuable spy since the legendary Penkovsky—made his fourth approach to the CIA, offering the Americans the keys to defeating the Soviet Union in the air wars of the future.

CIA Headquarters, Langley, Virginia, 0845 Hours, June 14, 1985

Paul Redmond walked unannounced into Burton Gerber's corner office. Gerber was writing on a yellow legal pad. Without looking up, he handed Redmond a stack of Moscow cable traffic and continued writing.

Redmond glanced quickly over Gerber's shoulder at the small child's blackboard on which Gerber wrote in white chalk each morning his four- or five-word thought for the day. The board was still clean. As he sat in the chair opposite Gerber's desk, Redmond began to read the cables. He had seen the initial cable reporting Stombaugh's arrest the night before. But in the cold light of day, as more detailed cables arrived from Moscow Station, the enormity of the loss sank in.

> IMMEDIATE DIRECTOR
> WNINTEL
> MOSCOW 2199
>
> 1. FURTHER TO REF, CASE OFFICER PLIMPTON WAS ARRESTED 2130–2135 HOURS EVENING OF 13 JUNE WHILE ON THREE HOUR OPERATIONAL RUN TO MEET VANQUISH. NO SURVEILLANCE DETECTED AT ANY TIME DURING RUN. PLIMPTON DETAINED AND INTERROGATED FOR FOUR HOURS AT KGB CENTER AT LUBYANKA UNTIL CONSULAR ACCESS GRANTED 0230 HOURS AND PLIMPTON RELEASED AT 0430 HOURS.
> 2. ARREST OF PLIMPTON APPEARED CHOREOGRAPHED WITH CAMERA ELEMENTS ALREADY IN PLACE, SUGGESTING COMPROMISE OF VANQUISH PROBABLY OCCURRED FAR ENOUGH IN RECENT PAST TO GIVE KGB AMPLE TIME TO SET UP AMBUSH. PLIMPTON DID NOT SEE VANQUISH AT THE SITE OF THE AMBUSH, THOUGH WHAT APPEARED TO BE VANQUISH'S CAR WITH MOSCOW LICENSE TAGS WAS PARKED NEARBY AS SAFETY SIGNAL.

3. ANTICIPATE PLIMPTON AND SPOUSE WILL BE GIVEN USUAL FORTY-EIGHT HOURS TO DEPART THE USSR. WILL ADVISE TRAVEL DETAILS WHEN KNOWN.
4. AMBASSADOR HAS BEEN BRIEFED. HE EXPECTS SUMMONS FROM FOREIGN MINISTRY LATER THIS MORNING TO BE ADVISED OF PNG ACTION AGAINST PLIMPTON AND SPOUSE.
5. PLIMPTON SPOUSE REMAINED AT RENDEVOUZ SITE WAITING FOR PLIMPTON UNTIL 0115 HOURS. AT 0005 HOURS SHE NOTED GROUPS OF PEOPLE IN PARK OBVIOUSLY SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING OR SOMEONE. AT 0105 HOURS A SOVIET FEMALE APPROACHED PLIMPTON SPOUSE AND ASKED HER FOR DIRECTIONS TO LOCAL LIBRARY. PLIMPTON SPOUSE CORRECTLY DEDUCED THAT WOMAN WAS KGB AND THAT PLIMPTON HIMSELF HAD PROBABLY BEEN ARRESTED. SHE RETURNED HOME AT THAT TIME TO AWAIT PLIMPTON'S RETURN AT 0530 HOURS.
6. DEBRIEFING OF PLIMPTON AND SPOUSE CONTINUES. WILL ADVISE BY SEPARATE CABLES ADDITIONAL OPERATION DETAILS PLUS INVENTORY OF CASH (RUBLES), CAMERAS, OPERATIONAL MATERIALS AND MEDICATIONS PLIMPTON CARRIED, ALL OF WHICH RETAINED BY KGB. END OF MESSAGE.

Gerber was still writing, and Redmond chose not to interrupt his train of thought. He glanced at the teak end table beside him. On it sat a farewell gift fashioned for Gerber by a CIA technical officer at the end of his stint as Moscow chief. A black steel tube bent into an elbow shape was mounted on a wooden base. Suspended by a beaded chain from the elevated end of the elbow was a black glass sphere. Redmond knew the message behind the odd creation: The outline of the steel elbow and dangling chain was suggestive of a taw, the twenty-third letter of the Hebrew alphabet.

GTTAW was the code name for the CIA's cable-tapping operation on the outskirts of Moscow, an operation that had harnessed the best in American technical and human intelligence. The tap had been placed on an underground communications line between Moscow and Krasnaya Pakhra, the location of a nuclear weapons research institute southwest of the Soviet capital. For years, the United States had listened to communications between the scientists working at the complex and defense officials back in Moscow by intercepting signals beamed through the air by microwave; but by the late 1970s, the Soviets had wised up and buried land lines underground. When American listening posts went silent, U.S. spy satellites began to search for clues of a new land-based communications system. It took them a while, but they finally detected telltale signs of construction alongside the main road between the complex and Moscow. Satellite photos soon revealed a series of manholes along the route, sites where maintenance workers could access the underground cable lines for repairs. Working with the National Security Agency, the supersecret eavesdropping and code-breaking arm of the U.S. government, the CIA hatched a plan to tap the lines and began training case officers at the Farm for the physically demanding operation.

In 1979, Jim Olson had been the first CIA case officer to go down into a manhole, and he planted the first listening device. It worked; the CIA and NSA had developed a unique "collar" that could eavesdrop on the cable without requiring a physical tap into the line. Soon, CIA officers were making regular runs out to the rural road where the tap was located to retrieve the tapes, which were constantly recording everything going over the line. It was a reprise of the CIA's famous Berlin Tunnel of the 1950s and in many ways a landlocked version of the U.S. Navy's equally secret operations to tap the Soviet Navy's offshore communications cables.

It ran like clockwork for five years, but in the spring of 1985, when one of Stombaugh's colleagues in Moscow Station had gone to retrieve its tapes, a secret alarm warned him that the device had been tampered with, and the officer aborted. After a lengthy debate between Moscow and Langley, the decision was made to send in another case officer, one who was at the end of his tour, thus making the risk of his walking into an ambush slightly more acceptable. When the officer returned successfully with the recording device, the celebration was short-lived. The tapes were blank. It was unclear whether there had been a malfunction or the KGB had tampered with them, so TAW remained on a list of unsolved "anomalies."

Scratch TAW, Redmond thought. First TAW, and then there was the problem with Bokhan two weeks ago.

Sergei Bokhan, a colonel in the GRU—Soviet military intelligence—code-named GTBLIZZARD, had been spying for the CIA for ten years. In 1978, during his first tour in Greece, Bokhan told the CIA that a young

American had walked into the Soviet embassy in Athens offering to sell the secret manual for the KH-11 spy satellite. His information led to the arrest of former CIA employee William Kampiles, who sold the manual for just $3,000. In 1984, during a second tour in Athens following a stint back home in Moscow, Bokhan revealed that a Greek agent with access to defense contractors had given the GRU technical data for the U.S. Army's advanced Stinger antiaircraft missile. The loss of the Stinger was especially troubling for the Pentagon, since the Stinger was considered the most advanced shoulder-launched antiaircraft weapon in the world. As the GRU's deputy *Rezident* in Athens, Bokhan was moving up in the Soviet espionage bureaucracy and promised to become an increasingly valuable mole.

Then on May 21, Bokhan received a call from GRU headquarters, instructing him to return to Moscow within a few days instead of waiting for his August home leave. His senses sharpened. He was told he had to return home because his eighteen-year-old son, Alex, was "having problems" at Kiev Military Academy. But it didn't tally. Bokhan had spoken by phone to his brother-in-law in Kiev just a few days earlier and knew there was no problem with his son at that time. Were his bosses finally on to him? Bokhan became convinced that something was wrong when the GRU *Rezident* in Athens began nagging him about the matter, insisting that he return home by the end of the week. He tried to stall for time and called for an emergency meeting with his CIA case officer, Dick Reiser.

Bokhan hurriedly laid out for Reiser what had happened, and both Athens chief David Forden, who happened to be back in Washington at the time, and Burton Gerber agreed that the sudden interest in Bokhan's swift return was ominous. Gerber sent word to Athens to tell Bokhan not to go home. The CIA quickly set in motion Bokhan's emergency exfiltration plan, and a few days later he was in a CIA safe house in the Virginia countryside.

TAW, BLIZZARD—and now scratch VANQUISH. One, two, three. Coincidence? Not fucking likely, Redmond thought.

Redmond was chief of the branch of the Soviet/East European Division responsible for all clandestine operations inside the Soviet Union. At forty-four he was an irascible, irreverent, Boston Irish Harvard man who some said owned just two shirts, both faded plaids with the sleeves permanently rolled above his elbows. On what his subordinates considered his good days, he wore a bow tie.

Redmond had served overseas in Zagreb, Kuala Lumpur, Athens, and Cyprus, but he and his wife, Kathy, had decided in 1984 not to venture overseas again until their two children were grown. Tethered to a headquarters job, Redmond, like Rem Krassilnikov, had found his niche.

His philosophy of U.S. intelligence was that given half a chance, Americans wouldn't get into the spy business at all. And if forced into it, they wouldn't be particularly good at it. He didn't consider this a negative quality of the American psyche; it was just a condition to be factored into the way he did his job. Even though he was now on offense—running operations against the Soviets—Redmond had a natural inclination to the defense, counterintelligence. He believed that sooner or later the CIA would be penetrated by the KGB. Not a small-time penetration like Kampiles. No, America had not yet found its Kim Philby.

Maybe James Jesus Angleton hadn't been as crazy as people thought. He had been convinced there was a mole inside the CIA. He had just been wrong about who, what, when, and where.

4

Moscow, June 13, 1985

Early on the morning of the Stombaugh ambush, Krassilnikov had visited Adolf Tolkachev at Lefortovo Prison. He sat patiently with the tired and defeated man in a second-floor interrogation room of the converted seventeenth-century czarist fortress, going over for a final time the procedures the scientist had used to arrange meetings with the Americans.

Tolkachev had been in total isolation since his arrest, and under Krassilnikov's relentless interrogation, he had confessed—haltingly at first, then almost eagerly. Inevitably, he told everything as he formed a strange bond with the aging spy hunter. Krassilnikov gradually began to understand the narcotic rush, the exquisite excitement, that Tolkachev had found in his new calling. He didn't spend time fretting over the harm Tolkachev had done to the Soviet Union. That could be left to those doing the damage assessment. Nor did he allow himself to loathe the traitor. Tolkachev was a counterintelligence challenge, a testimony to the professionalism of the men of the Second Chief Directorate who had tracked him. All that was left now was to tie it all together, and Adolf was being helpful on that score.

Adolf Tolkachev had lived with his secret for six years. He had never shared it with anyone, not even his wife or son. The operational discipline imposed on him by his CIA handlers had been sobering, but Tolkachev had always been fatalistic about the risks he was running. He had asked the CIA for a suicide pill in case of arrest, and after three refusals—the CIA's self-imposed requirement—he had been given a cyanide capsule concealed, like the one given Ogorodnik, in a fountain pen.

A thin, stooped man who stood just five feet five inches tall, Tolkachev was still in his fifties, but he looked ten years older. Born in 1927 in Kazakhstan, he grew up in Moscow, where he and his wife, Natalia, both worked at the same research institute while raising their son, Oleg. They shared a life of relative comfort as part of the Soviet *nomenklatura* and made their home in #1 Ploshchad Vosstaniya, one of the city's "Seven Sisters," a Stalinist wedding-cake apartment building reserved for the pampered Soviet elite on Moscow's Garden Ring.

Yet even as he rose through the system, Tolkachev brooded in silence. He harbored a deep hatred for the Soviet system, fueled in part by the ruthlessness with which the state had dealt with his wife's family. Natalia's mother had been executed during Stalin's reign of terror in 1938, and her father had been imprisoned in a Soviet labor camp for years and died shortly after his release in 1955. Eventually, some relatives had emigrated from Russia to Israel, but Tolkachev never told his CIA handlers whether he or his wife was Jewish.

All Tolkachev had in life was his wife and son. By the mid-1970s, he had become obsessed with somehow reaching beyond himself and dealing the system a heavy blow. He envied the dissidents who were beginning to challenge the Soviet system. Perhaps, he mused, if he had been a writer, he could have published *samizdat,* the underground dissident literature that had emerged in Moscow in the 1970s. But he was a scientist at a secret military design facility; with his security clearances, he could never attend a meeting of dissidents. The KGB would immediately discover him and he would be fired from his job—and perhaps arrested. He didn't dare tell anyone he knew about his attitudes toward the government, for fear that he would be denounced. For years, he admired the dissidents from afar but took no steps to join their cause.

Finally, he settled upon a simple solution. He would become a silent dissident. He would become a spy for the United States. But how could an unassuming, middle-aged scientist with no intelligence background get in touch with the CIA in the heart of Moscow? Tolkachev's zeal for his new task overcame his natural caution, and he decided that the simple and direct approach was best.

He was just turning fifty when he took the plunge in January 1977. At a gas station reserved for foreign diplomats near the U.S. embassy, he walked up to a car with diplomatic license plates and asked the driver if he was an American. When the man said yes, Tolkachev dropped a note through the car window and walked away.

By coincidence, the American happened to be Robert Fulton, the CIA's Moscow station chief, who hurried back to the embassy to examine the note. Tolkachev had written vaguely that he had information that would be of interest and wanted to talk to someone about providing it to the United States. He didn't identify himself in the letter and gave no indication of what that information might be.

It was the kind of "volunteer" approach that happened periodically in Moscow, perhaps half a dozen times a year, and that usually turned out to be either a KGB provocation or the product of a Russian's overheated imagination. Once, for instance, the CIA had received a letter from a man living in Kaluga, Russia, who said he was in "electronics" and wanted to help. A CIA officer went to extraordinary lengths to break free of surveillance so as to call him from a pay phone; it turned out he was in home electronics, and the joke became that the CIA had found its own toaster repairman. In the endless stream of volunteers there was always, it seemed, someone with information on how the KGB was controlling the minds of Russians through dental implants, using the electric power grid to transmit their orders. So Moscow Station was skeptical when Tolkachev first made contact, and Fulton did not respond to his note.

But Tolkachev refused to accept this silent rejection. He watched for Fulton's car and left a second note. The CIA again chose not to respond, and Tolkachev tried yet again with a third note. Through his insistent notes, the CIA began to realize that he was a serious volunteer. The frustrated scientist wrote in one message that he could understand why the CIA was not responding, that they might fear he was a KGB provocateur. But he added that he was not willing to say more about who he was or what he knew for fear the information would fall into Soviet hands.

By the time Fulton left Moscow for home, Tolkachev had dropped three notes, none of which had been answered. When Gardner "Gus" Hathaway took over as Moscow chief in mid-1977, Tolkachev was continuing to leave notes and was still being ignored by the CIA.

Stansfield Turner had imposed his Moscow stand-down, preventing Hathaway from responding, but the station chief soon began to plead with Washington to let him contact the anonymous volunteer. Jack Downing, now back in Washington from Moscow and serving as Turner's special assistant, also lobbied his boss to lift the ban on Moscow operations.

Meanwhile, Tolkachev was growing bolder. He gave a note to Hathaway that included a portion of his telephone number. He said that if the Americans came to a certain bus stop at a certain time, they would see him holding an object that had the last two digits of his phone number on it. The CIA sent an officer out, and sure enough, he got the complete telephone number. By now, Turner had relented. He decided to let Hathaway contact the mysterious volunteer. But when an officer, briefly free of surveillance, called the number from a pay phone, Tolkachev's wife answered, and the CIA officer hung up.

The two sides continued to miss each other for months. Unaware that the CIA had tried to phone him, Tolkachev left another note for Hathaway, and when that failed to prompt a response, he finally approached the Italian majordomo of Spaso House, the U.S. ambassador's residence. As the man stepped out of a car with American diplomatic license plates and walked into a Moscow market, Tolkachev sidled up to him. He asked if he could get a message to an American diplomat. When the man said yes, Tolkachev handed him another note.

Tolkachev had by then made half a dozen approaches, and the CIA was increasingly convinced that not only was he a genuine volunteer, but he was gambling with his life in his reckless bids to reach out to them. It was time for them to seize control and create a secure means of communications with their eager volunteer. Still, Hathaway had to move gingerly; any foul-up with this operation might convince Turner to shut things down in Moscow for good.

Ducking out during an intermission in a performance of the Bolshoi Ballet, Hathaway's deputy, John Guilsher, managed to stay free of surveillance long enough to call Tolkachev from a pay phone. This time he found him home. He immediately told him that the United States had received his messages and that it was time for him to stop his approaches. For his own safety, he would have to be patient from now on.

The next time Guilsher called, he was at a pay phone near Tolkachev's apartment. Come out to the pay phone, Guilsher told Tolkachev, and pick up the dirty glove you'll find in the booth. Inside the glove, Tolkachev found a message from the CIA along with secret writing materials and questions for him to answer to prove that he had the kind of access to Soviet technology he had claimed in his notes.

When Tolkachev mailed his answers to an accommodation address in Germany, the agency's experts immediately realized that he was the real thing: a scientist with incredible access to Soviet secrets. They concluded he was not a double agent; there was no way the Soviet government would dangle a man who actually handled such vital military information. After the CIA had pored over his answers, Guilsher was told to recontact Tolkachev in January 1979.

This time, Guilsher called from a pay phone near Moscow's Gorky Park and asked Tolkachev to come out immediately to meet him. The two men walked around the park and began laying out a plan for Tolkachev's espionage career.

It soon became clear that Tolkachev could not be handled through the traditional and impersonal methods the CIA preferred to use in Moscow. He was prepared to provide several dozen rolls of film at a time, far too much material to be left at a dead drop in an alleyway. He would have to be met in person, regularly, by a case officer in Moscow. To arrange the meetings, the CIA would communicate with Tolkachev through sophisticated short-range burst transmission devices, including a new system called Discus, which could send messages of up to 2,300 characters as far as a mile away.

After that first meeting, Tolkachev and Guilsher met about once every three months. At first, Tolkachev provided long, handwritten notes on the advanced "look-down, shoot-down" radar systems for Soviet fighter aircraft that he was helping to design. Before long he was given a 35 mm camera and film, and he began handing over bags filled with rolls of photographs of classified documents from his institute. Tolkachev amazed his handlers with his prolific production; at one meeting alone, he turned over 174 rolls of film, with 36 exposures apiece. Tolkachev didn't have a private office at his design bureau, but he was willing to take huge risks, photographing documents at his desk with co-workers nearby. He learned to pile stacks of books around him so that he could photograph documents without being observed. Inside the office, he used miniature cameras provided by the CIA; at first, he was given a “molly,” a camera the size of a matchbox. Later, the CIA replaced it with a T-100, a slender cylinder about 1½ inches long, followed by the more advanced T-50. But he preferred the more reliable 35 mm camera and would often take documents home at lunchtime or overnight and photograph them in his apartment before returning them to the design bureau’s library.

His production astonished the CIA and made him a secret superstar inside the American national security apparatus. At Langley, insiders liked to say that Tolkachev “paid the rent” for the agency, justifying the CIA’s budget virtually by himself. His intelligence allowed the U.S. Air Force to see what the Soviets were planning for their next generation of fighter aircraft, and that meant that new American planes could be engineered to defeat them before the Soviet fighters ever flew.

Among the many secrets Tolkachev handed over during his six years as a spy were the designs for the avionics, radar, missiles, and other weapons systems for the MiG-23; the missile and radar capabilities of the MiG-25; and the existence of the new Su-27 fighter and the MiG-29 and its advanced radar. Tolkachev’s information also frequently showed the Pentagon how its research to counter Soviet systems had been heading down the wrong track, and several American defense programs were revised or scrapped as a result. In December 1979, the Air Force completely reversed direction on a $70 million electronics package for the F-15 fighter aircraft. In a 1979 memo to CIA Director Stansfield Turner, Air Force Chief of Staff General Lew Allen Jr. stated simply that Tolkachev’s intelligence “was of incalculable value.” In May 1979, the CIA hosted a three-day seminar for a small group of officials from the Defense Intelligence Agency, the Air Force, and other agencies to review Tolkachev’s work. The consensus was that Tolkachev had saved the U.S. military “billions of dollars and up to five years of R&D time.”

Tolkachev never told his wife or son about his espionage, to protect them if he was ever arrested. This sometimes led to communications glitches. His apartment was only five hundred meters or so down the Garden Ring Road from the U.S. embassy, and his signal that he was ready to meet with the agency was to open a *fortochka,* a small ventilating window common in Soviet apartments. A CIA officer would check his ninth-floor window on his way to work, or his wife could pass by on a shopping run. But at least once, after Tolkachev left the window open to signal for a meeting, his wife closed it before anyone from the CIA had a chance to check it; Tolkachev was left waiting at the meeting site alone.

Tolkachev did not ask for money in his initial messages to the CIA, and after he began to meet with Guilsher he made it clear that he was motivated by a deep hatred of the Soviet system. Still, he told Guilsher he wanted the CIA to pay him so he could be certain that the agency took him seriously and that the Americans valued his information. The CIA obliged, handing over hundreds of thousands of rubles bought on the black market in Germany and setting aside far more in a reserve account he could use if he ever defected.

Tolkachev was smart enough not to spend his cash lavishly. He bought a car for the first time in his life, but it was a simple Zhiguli, a Soviet-built Fiat. He also found a small dacha for his family. Still, he began to feel uncomfortable with the huge sums of money he was receiving from the CIA, money he couldn't spend without drawing suspicion. Eventually he asked his handler to give some of his money to the families of jailed Soviet dissidents. The CIA never did meet that demand, but the request convinced the agency that he was driven by deeper motives than cash.

He did, however, make requests of a more personal nature. He asked for medicine and books for himself, including Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago,* which was banned in the Soviet Union; the memoirs of Israeli Prime Minister Golda Meir; novels of Russian masters like Turgenev and Pushkin; and, incongruously, Hitler's *Mein Kampf.* (The KGB would later have a field day when they discovered this; they would play on Tolkachev's first name, Adolf, and smear him by alleging that he was a closet fascist.)

He also wanted to give a few small things to his family. He asked for supplies that were hard to come by in Moscow for his son's studies in architecture, and Western rock and roll for the boy's music collection, from Led Zeppelin to Uriah Heep and the Beatles. The CIA worried that he would have a hard time explaining how he'd come by new American records, so the agency's technicians bought the records, rerecorded the music on cassettes, and packaged them so they looked like cheap knockoffs from Eastern Europe.

In the fall of 1980, David Rolph, a young Russian-speaking case officer, took over from Guilsher and became Tolkachev's lifeline to the CIA for the next two years. Rolph was part of a new generation of highly educated case officers who would make their mark in the coming decade. Before joining the agency, he had been a country lawyer in southern Indiana, married with small children and increasingly fearful that his dreams of seeing the world were passing him by. An Army brat, Rolph had grown up on a series of military bases, but mostly at Fort Knox, Kentucky. After graduating from the University of Kentucky, where he studied Russian history, he enlisted in the Army one step ahead of the draft in the midst of the Vietnam War. The Army sent him to Russian-language training in Monterey, California, and before long, Rolph found himself in training for Army intelligence. A quick promotion to officer followed, and by 1971 he was serving as an Army intelligence officer in the Berlin Brigade. The end of the Vietnam War meant an early discharge, and Rolph returned to school, this time to Indiana University, for a master's degree in Russian studies. He was hoping to become a college professor. But the academic job market in the mid-1970s was abysmal, so he switched to IU's law school in search of a more marketable degree and paid his family's bills by working as a flight instructor at Bloomington's airport. After law school, he worked one year as an attorney at a small practice in Spencer, Indiana, but the work was simply too boring to keep his interest, and he sent off an application to the CIA.

When he took over the Tolkachev case, Rolph became the front man for what had become a veritable industry within the American intelligence establishment, one that was built upon Tolkachev and his secret documents. In the days leading up to a meeting with Tolkachev, Rolph could feel the anticipation and tension build across the cable traffic from headquarters. He knew how much was riding on each meeting; yet he also knew that he couldn't let the pressure from Langley push him into taking unacceptable risks. He had little difficulty reminding himself that Tolkachev's life mattered more than the secrets he might pass at the next meeting. Rolph stayed with his personal rule—if he ever felt he wasn't absolutely free of surveillance, he would abort the meeting.

But Rolph never had to cancel a meeting, thanks to Moscow Station's ingenious use of disguises and identity transfer techniques, which allowed him to break free of surveillance on a regular basis.

Before some of these meetings, Rolph and his wife would make an obvious show of visiting the apartment of the station's deputy technical officer, a man the KGB knew did not conduct clandestine operations. In the apartment, Rolph would switch into a disguise that made him look like the tech officer, and then he would leave the compound with the station's chief technical officer—the boss of the man he was imitating. After driving around Moscow in a VW van for an hour to make certain they weren't being followed, Rolph would switch into a second disguise so that he could pass for an average Russian worker. He would walk an elaborate surveillance detection route through the streets of Moscow for the next two hours before finally heading to the meeting site. The whole process was reversed on the way back. All the while, his wife and the deputy tech officer would have to sit perfectly still in the apartment, so that the KGB's eavesdroppers wouldn't detect that the tech officer was still home.

By early 1981, Tolkachev had bought his little Zhiguli, and he and Rolph began to hold their meetings inside the car, parked on the street. Rolph worried endlessly about the security of these car meetings. In winter, the Zhiguli's windows would steam up while they talked; Rolph worried that a local militiaman would pound on the door and wonder why two men—rather than a man and a woman locked in a passionate embrace—were inside.

Rolph was soon struck by Tolkachev's fatalistic attitude toward his work as an American spy. He seemed resigned to the fact that he would eventually be arrested and appeared driven to steal as many secrets as possible before the inevitable end. Rolph was handling the case when Tolkachev began demanding a suicide pill. When his request was initially rebuffed, Tolkachev started handing notes to Rolph to deliver straight to the CIA Director and the President. He wanted them to know that it was his personal wish to receive such a pill and was not an idea forced on him by Rolph or anyone else. Finally, after nine months of begging, Rolph gave him one cyanide capsule. Once he bit down on the capsule, Rolph instructed Tolkachev, death would come in three to five seconds.

Tolkachev was always eager to find new ways to increase the number of documents he could copy for the CIA. Early on in his espionage career, he found that he could check classified materials out of the library at his design bureau and take them home at lunch to photograph before handing them back in. But then the library began tightening up its security procedures and eventually required that an employee leave a security badge—a *propusk,* in Russian—before checking out materials. All employees had to show their ID cards to enter or leave the building, so the new regulation meant that Tolkachev could no longer take documents home to photograph.

Tolkachev told Rolph that if the CIA could forge a *propusk* for him, he could leave his original ID card with the library when checking out classified materials and flash his fake one to go in and out of the facility. Tolkachev gave photographs of his *propusk* to the CIA, which finally fabricated a copy after months of trying to match its exact colors and design.

By late 1982, Tolkachev had produced so much and was calling for meetings with the CIA so frequently that the agency decided to tell him to slow down. He was taking too many risks.

There was no sign of trouble at the regularly scheduled meeting in April 1983, but soon after that, Tolkachev panicked and broke off contact for several months. He'd heard that an investigation was under way at his institute. The word in the office was that some sensitive information had apparently leaked from the design bureau, and security officials were launching a probe. For a time, Tolkachev became so convinced that the KGB was closing in on him that he would go to work with his cyanide pill tucked carefully in his mouth. He even went into a meeting with his supervisor with the "L-pill" between his teeth, in case his boss was about to denounce him as a spy. A little pressure on the capsule, a few deep breaths, and he would escape. But after ten minutes of innocuous talk about a technical matter, the meeting ended, and Tolkachev returned to his cubicle, cyanide pill still in his mouth, hands clammy, adrenaline coursing through his system.

Tolkachev took everything linking him with the CIA to his dacha, itself bought with CIA money, and burned it in his wood stove—

communications plans, intelligence collection requirements, everything, including a bag of cash. He watched over 200,000 rubles go up in smoke.

But in the end, Tolkachev's craving for excitement won out. After skipping three meetings with the CIA (his case officers had to abort two attempts to meet him during the same period), Tolkachev reestablished contact in November 1983. He told the CIA about the security probe at his institute, but by then he was confident that the investigation was over.

Once again Tolkachev began photographing secret documents. This time, his production was reduced—he had already copied most of the key documents related to his field of expertise. Now he was mostly providing updated information to supplement material he had given the Americans in previous years. The CIA held only two meetings with Tolkachev in 1984; the case had peaked.

Tolkachev's last meeting with the CIA came in January 1985, when two anomalies occurred that would later raise questions at Langley. He opened a different *fortochka* in his apartment from the one he had used in the past to signal for meetings. And when he handed over his film at the meeting, it turned out to be out of focus. The CIA knew that the KGB sometimes had agents it had brought under control hand over out-of-focus photography of top-secret documents, in order to convince the Americans that their agent was still safe and working without actually revealing any sensitive information. During their brief January meeting, Tolkachev warned his new case officer that he was worried about the film. He said he'd photographed the documents in a darkened bathroom at the design bureau but wasn't sure the pictures would come out.

Still, when Tolkachev failed to show up for a scheduled meeting in April, there was no great sense of alarm. After all, it had happened before. The CIA went to a backup plan, calling for an emergency, out-of-sequence meeting, using one of the prearranged signaling options. But by then Tolkachev was under arrest, and he had revealed his communications plans to the KGB. Paul Stombaugh's emergency contact signal to Tolkachev—his car, with American diplomatic tags, parked in front of a fruit and vegetable store on Tchaikovsky Street, a Moscow city street map tossed casually on the dashboard—was spotted by Krassilnikov's stakeout.

Krassilnikov let the CIA request pass without response. Having Tolkachev miss an emergency meeting might sharpen his adversary's senses, but it wouldn't be enough to convince the Americans that there had been a serious security breach. The CIA's agents in Moscow frequently missed meetings for any one of a dozen reasons. He would toy with the Americans a little longer.

On June 5, the CIA aborted an attempt to meet with Tolkachev after a case officer detected KGB surveillance. Finally, Krassilnikov decided to end the game. At exactly 12:10 P.M. on June 13, a time set in the CIA communications plan months earlier, he opened the small *fortochka* at the top of the large set of windows facing Tchaikovsky Street in Tolkachev's apartment.

Krassilnikov closed the little ventilation window exactly one-half hour later, as the communications plan called for. A CIA officer "read" the window signal in a routine drive-by, and by late afternoon of the next day, two CIA officers—Paul Stombaugh, whose KGB code name was *Narziss,* and a second officer given the KGB code name *Lark*—were both on the move. The Americans had taken the bait. Even the Moscow weather was cooperating; the skies had abruptly cleared after three days of thunderstorms.

Shortly after 5:00 P.M., Paul and Betsy Stombaugh were "called out" by static surveillance: The KGB was alerted that the couple had left home and were moving around the city. For the next three hours, they appeared to be on a routine shopping expedition. The Stombaughs made three stops at shops in various parts of Moscow, all frequented by diplomats. Their car was lost by surveillance on two occasions, but each time it was picked up by another static team in a different part of town and reported back to Krassilnikov's command post. Krassilnikov had ordered the surveillance teams following both Stombaugh and the other officer to stay back as far as possible. He didn't need close-in trailing surveillance, since the ultimate destination on this pleasant June evening was under his complete control. The CIA officers could make their runs as elaborate and as long as they liked, but eventually one of them would come to him and spring his trap.

By 8:00 P.M. Sharavatov began to feel it was Stombaugh making the run to meet Tolkachev. After their third stop, the Stombaughs were lost again for seven minutes, until Betsy Stombaugh was picked up shortly after 8:00 P.M. pulling into the parking lot of the Ukraine Hotel on the banks of the Moscow River. She was alone.

5

Moscow, 1901 Hours, June 18, 1985

Colonel Oleg Antonovich Gordievsky, until four weeks earlier the acting *Rezident* of the KGB station in London, was at this moment trying to will himself into invisibility to everyone save the British Secret Intelligence Service in Moscow. Sweat beaded on his face as he stood stiffly in his gray raincoat, the shiny toes of his rubber boots evenly aligned just inches from the curb of Kutuzovsky Prospekt in busy central Moscow. He stared blankly out at the traffic whirring by him, wondering whether the perspiration was driven by the deep pit-of-the-stomach fear that had been his constant companion for the past four weeks or the Cuban rum he drank late into almost every night. Probably both, he decided.

He knew that his attempt to look like just another Muscovite struggling to get home at the end of a rainy day was futile. His peaked leather cap, an acquisition from his posting in Denmark, was out of place with his drab Russian raingear; and the newspaper-stuffed Safeway supermarket shopping bag he gripped in his left hand was, he was certain, a gigantic red flag fluttering in the faces of pedestrians hurrying toward the Kievsky metro station and the limousines filled with Party seniors whirring past him in the center lane of the wide boulevard. He was terrified that his appearance somehow screamed out, "He's here, the runaway British agent, catch him before he gets away!"

But both the hat and the Safeway shopping bag were Oleg Gordievsky's only links to those who might save him from the faceless executioner he knew would be waiting for him in that special dark corridor in the basement of Lefortovo Prison.

Counting the seconds as he trembled at the curb, exposed and vulnerable, Gordievsky prayed that someone from the SIS station would perform the promised nightly drive-by of this tiny pinpoint on the Moscow city map and see him as prescribed in his emergency instructions. If a British officer did spot him, that would set in motion an SIS plan to rescue him and get him out of the country.

The nightmare had begun shortly after Gordievsky's summons from London to KGB Center in Moscow a month earlier. It was certainly not a development he thought menacing, though all sudden recalls are unsettling to Soviet intelligence officers who have "turned." In this case, Gordievsky had been expecting a recall at some point so that headquarters could confirm his formal appointment as *Rezident* of the KGB's London Station.

Through a series of well-choreographed expulsions of KGB officers in London, Gordievsky's handlers had maneuvered their star agent into position to take over the top job in the United Kingdom. The previous acting KGB chief in London, the brilliant counterintelligence careerist Leonid Nikitenko, had weeks earlier been ordered out of Britain in the escalating spy wars between London and Moscow.

Since the time he had first volunteered to spy for the British while serving in Denmark more than a decade earlier, Gordievsky had provided London with a wealth of information. His most sensitive piece of intelligence came when he warned London that the aging KGB leadership believed that the new American President, Ronald Reagan, was preparing to launch a nuclear war. In 1981, KGB Chairman Yuri Andropov had told a KGB conference that the United States was preparing for a nuclear strike against the USSR. Moscow Center took the threat seriously and soon sent out orders to KGB residencies in NATO countries to look for signs of a pending attack. Code-named RYAN—a Russian acronym for a nuclear missile attack—the operation reportedly became the KGB's top intelligence priority by 1982.

RYAN was the product of Moscow's paranoia about Reagan. Andropov, with little exposure to the West, seemed convinced that Reagan was such an extremist that he was willing to destroy the world in the name of his right-wing ideology. Gordievsky told the British about RYAN and Moscow's exaggerated fears of Reagan. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher personally briefed Reagan on RYAN and its implications.

Still, NATO went ahead with "Able Archer," a nuclear launch exercise, in November 1983, simulating the actual procedures the NATO allies would use at the start of a nuclear war. Only later did the United States learn how badly Able Archer had shaken the Soviets. The KGB reported back to Moscow that NATO was on actual alert, and Soviet forces were placed on alert status as well. The volatile combination of Able Archer and RYAN had created one of the worst nuclear scares since the Cuban missile crisis—and Washington didn't even know it until after it was over.

The British decided to hide Gordievsky's identity from the Americans, but that didn't stop the CIA from trying to figure out where London was getting its information. Burton Gerber was determined to identify the British source and assigned the SE Division's chief of counterintelligence, Aldrich Ames, to puzzle it out. By March 1985, Ames thought he had the answer—Gordievsky. Ames sent a cable to the CIA's London Station asking whether Gordievsky fit the profile. The answer was yes, and the CIA concluded—without being officially told—that Gordievsky was a British mole.

When Gordievsky arrived in Moscow in mid-May, his confidence evaporated. He immediately discovered that his apartment on Leninsky Prospekt in southwest Moscow had been surreptitiously searched. Were it not for a few subtle traps he had laid out, he might never have known it had been entered.

A few days later, he was taken to a KGB dacha a few kilometers from the First Chief Directorate's headquarters, where he was fed drug-laced brandy and interrogated by KGB counterintelligence specialist General Sergei M. Golubev, the KGB officer who by the end of the Cold War would be the man most identified with Moscow's use of drugs and poisons against the enemies of socialism. Then, without further explanation, Gordievsky had been told that while he could continue his service in the KGB, his London posting had been terminated. He was free to take a month's leave.

Within days he had spotted the first surveillance. Gordievsky was convinced he was followed to a health spa in Semyenovskoya, about a hundred kilometers south of Moscow. He had apparently held his own in the interrogations, although he still had no recollection of the details. KGB counterintelligence didn't seem to have the goods on him, not just yet, but the noose was tightening. The KGB had to be acting on a well-founded suspicion, and it would only be a matter of time before they had what they needed for the perversely legalistic Soviet system to charge him with espionage. What had gone wrong? The question had eaten away at him since he had returned to Moscow. Had the displaced Nikitenko become suspicious?

After what seemed like an eternity, but in reality was no more than three or four minutes, Gordievsky eased back from the curb and fell into the flow of pedestrians heading toward the Kievsky metro station. His only thought was a fervent hope that the British had seen him. He would not know for three more weeks that he had left a minute too early.

CIA Headquarters, Langley, Virginia, 1330 Hours, June 18, 1985

Paul Stombaugh had managed to dodge the Washington press corps since his expulsion from Moscow and arrival in Washington two days earlier. CIA security officers had escorted Paul and Betsy and Rusty, their seven-year-old son, around the reporters waiting at Dulles International Airport and registered them under an assumed name at a Washington hotel. Burton Gerber visited the Stombaughs in their hotel room that first night and said all the right things. He assured them he shared their sense of personal and professional loss in the Tolkachev operation and he knew they had done their best to keep Adolf Tolkachev alive. It was just another reminder of the risks associated with the business, he told them soothingly. Both Paul and Betsy Stombaugh could see in his eyes that Gerber meant every word, that he felt the loss as a human tragedy as well as an intelligence setback.

Now, two days later, Stombaugh was sitting in Gerber's fifth-floor corner office undergoing his first real debriefing. On the couch next to him sat Paul Redmond, chief of USSR operations, a notepad in his lap. Jim Olson, the taciturn chief of the SE Division's operations group, which oversaw all activities inside the Soviet Union and the Warsaw Pact countries, sat in the corner. Gerber sat below a framed pencil etching of a pack of wolves in the wild on the wall behind him. It was sparingly entitled *Wolves.*

Gerber listened intently as Stombaugh finished his account of the ambush and arrest in Moscow four days earlier.

"After we arrived at Dzerzhinsky I was trundled up the elevator and shoved into a holding room with the two KGB men who had ridden with me in the van. They still held on to my arms, even while we went up the elevator." Gerber had learned from the CIA medics that Stombaugh's shoulders had been severely stressed. Full recovery might take up to a year. "They only let go a couple of minutes while they had me strip to my undershorts. After that they sat on either side of me and held my arms again while we waited, I guess, for the others to set the cameras up in the adjoining room."

"Anyone else come in to talk to you?" asked Redmond.

"Nobody. I finally told the two goons that they really didn't need to hold on to my arms anymore. I wasn't going anywhere and they could relax."

Gerber said nothing, but there was an intensity in his eyes that told Stombaugh he was taking in every word.

"The two guys looked at each other for a second, and then just shrugged and let go of my arms. And that was that. Then after a while another one I hadn't seen before came in from the adjoining room and told me to put my pants and shirt on and come with him."

"Any name?" Redmond asked.

"No. No names. I didn't exactly feel like I was in a position to ask." Stombaugh quickly regretted his last comment and hoped he didn't sound flip. He glanced over at Gerber but read nothing in the man's face.

"We'll take a look at the mug books and see if you can make any of them out," Redmond said, making a note on his pad.

"At any rate," Stombaugh continued, "when I went next door they had everything I'd been carrying laid out on tables. It was all there, the rubles, stacked, but no longer banded—they must have counted—the cameras, the books, medicines, eyeglasses, the tape recorder. Photographers were snapping away at me and the materials I was carrying until an older man with white hair told me to sit down while he stood across the desk from me. He was the senior man. Everybody deferred to him. He looked at me for a second or two without saying anything, for dramatic effect, I think, then quietly asked me to explain what I was doing with all that stuff.

"I told him I was an American diplomat and that I wasn't required to answer any of his questions. I said I wanted my embassy notified of my whereabouts immediately, and that he knew the rules."

"And his response?" Gerber asked.

"He went on a tirade. Threw the word *diplomat* back in my face and asked me if all the spy gear laid out on the table was what American diplomats carried around these days."

Redmond broke in. "He did this in English?"

"No. We only spoke Russian. But his tirade seemed pro forma, rehearsed, maybe played to the others in the room. There was a lot of sound and fury and what was supposed to pass for anger, but I never saw anything like that in his eyes. He was kind of sad looking, actually, like he knew something I didn't."

Gerber shifted his weight, but his eyes held Stombaugh's. "You can finish all this downstairs, Paul. Now tell me about Father Roman."

Stombaugh was taken aback by Gerber's abrupt switch from Tolkachev to the bizarre affair of Father Roman Potemkin. Since he had returned to Washington, no one at the CIA had asked him the most obvious question—not Gerber, not even the famously spooky Paul Redmond. Nobody had asked him if the KGB had tried to "pitch" him, to "turn" him while they had him under their control. And now Gerber had just signaled an end to the debriefing on his arrest by changing the subject to the strange case of Father Roman. Stombaugh knew only the most recent twists in the convoluted case, one whose peculiar beginning went back four years, long before Stombaugh had arrived in Moscow.

In 1981, an unidentified Soviet scientist approached an American journalist in Moscow and handed him a mysterious package. Some time later, the package found its way from the journalist to the CIA. The journalist asked for and received a pledge of secrecy from the agency, which tucked the affair away in a compartment that would remain closed for decades.

The package was an intelligence windfall. Analysts at the CIA's Office of Scientific and Weapons Research examining the 250 pages contained in the package found data on the Soviet strategic weapons program that had until then been the subject of only the most speculative analysis. The level of detail and precision in the documentation could redraw American assessments of Soviet nuclear weapons development, but only if crucial additional data could be acquired. The Soviet weapons experts inside the U.S. intelligence community were unanimous: The information included in the package was simply too sensitive, too revealing, to be disinformation designed to confuse the West. The information was so good, in fact, that the anonymous volunteer held the promise of being one of the most highly prized sources the CIA might ever obtain on the Soviet nuclear target. There were already whispers that the source could do for Soviet nuclear programs what Adolf Tolkachev had done for aviation research and development.

Yet the anonymous source had taken care to omit key details that completed the picture. Those could be gathered only through sustained, clandestine contact with him in Moscow. He had to be recontacted, at almost any cost.

The excitement in the analytical community translated into dismay inside the Directorate of Operations, which was given the seemingly impossible task of finding the mysterious volunteer. The handwritten letter included in the package laid out in imaginative detail how the CIA could meet its author in Moscow, but the date was more than six months past by the time the CIA received the packet. The letter bore neither a signature nor other identifying markers. While the CIA could develop a kind of mental image of the scientist from clues in the package—one hint came from a poem—the agency had no way to track him down. By the time Paul Stombaugh arrived in Moscow in 1984, the case that had held the promise of a second Tolkachev had turned into a frustrating dead end.

But in early 1985, a new letter breathed life into the mystery.

On January 24, 1985, Nicholas Daniloff, Moscow correspondent for *U.S. News & World Report,* arrived in his office at 9:30 A.M. and, as part of his morning routine, opened the yellow mailbox hanging on his door. Inside, he found an unstamped envelope, addressed to him in Russian handwriting with no return address. When he ripped open the envelope, Daniloff found a second envelope, this one addressed to U.S. Ambassador Arthur Hartman. A savvy and seasoned Moscow journalist, Daniloff weighed the probabilities and quickly suspected that the letter was part of a classic KGB ruse to entrap him. After all, there were ample precedents for such provocations, designed to justify leveling charges of espionage against members of the foreign press corps in Moscow. He made a quick decision and set in motion events that would explode onto the front pages a year and a half later.

Daniloff and Ruth, his wife, left the *U.S. News* office immediately by car for the American embassy. Checking constantly for the telltale beige or white Ladas or Zhigulis of the KGB Seventh Directorate, they drove along the Garden Ring Road and through Smolensk Square, pulling up at the U.S. embassy on Tchaikovsky Street. When they had made it past the Soviet militiamen posted at the entrance and arrived safely inside the chancery, they let out a sigh of relief and went to the office of the senior press and cultural affairs officer, Ray Benson. Daniloff turned the package over to Benson, who quickly opened the second envelope while Daniloff stood by. They found a third envelope inside, this one addressed to CIA Director William Casey. Inside was a letter, six or seven pages in length, with dense handwriting in an odd and difficult-to-decipher script. Neither Daniloff nor Benson could make much sense of the letter except that it appeared to relate to weapons research. The word *raketa*—rocket—appeared repeatedly in the text.

Daniloff felt uneasy as he left the embassy; he sensed the letter spelled trouble. He had told Benson that he assumed the envelope had been left in his mailbox by Father Roman Potemkin, a curious young man who claimed to be a religious activist. Father Roman had suddenly appeared in Daniloff's life a month earlier, when he came to the *U.S. News* bureau just before Christmas claiming that he wanted to talk to an American reporter about antireligious oppression in the Soviet Union. Daniloff, fearful of KGB listening devices in his own office, steered Father Roman outside and listened to his story while walking down Kosygin Street through a light snowfall. Father Roman talked about the antireligious campaign the government was mounting during the run up to the one thousandth anniversary of the introduction of Christianity to Russia in 1988. He said he was a member of something called the Association of Russian Orthodox Youth, an activist organization that worried, by his account, the cautious leaders of the establishment Russian Orthodox Church. He also told Daniloff he had been arrested and sentenced to two years of "corrective" labor for purportedly being involved with stolen church icons.

Daniloff took Father Roman's phone number and came away from the meeting intrigued—yet also very suspicious. The son of Russian émigrés, Daniloff understood the Russian mind and soul far better than did most American correspondents. Even Father Roman's name raised red flags—phony Potemkin villages had been created centuries earlier as illusions to trick Catherine the Great. Daniloff knew it wasn't easy for Russians to obtain the telephone numbers of foreign correspondents in Moscow. But Father Roman said he had asked a friend who knew a secretary in the Foreign Ministry's press section to provide the name and number of an American correspondent who could speak Russian. Daniloff's suspicions deepened. It sounded like a lame cover story for someone who had been sent by the KGB. After their December meeting, Daniloff decided to keep his guard up if Father Roman reappeared.

On January 22, Father Roman phoned Daniloff. This time he told him he was sending him information concerning Russian Christian youth. Two days later, the unstamped envelope appeared in his mailbox. Daniloff assumed it was from Father Roman—no one else had told him to expect mail. The letter's appearance only deepened Daniloff's suspicions about him and his possible ties to the KGB.

At the embassy he told Benson all he knew about Father Roman, in part to protect himself if he was walking into a Soviet trap.

Sitting in Gerber's office at CIA headquarters, the SE Division chief again prodded Stombaugh to walk back through the Father Roman story. "Go on, Paul. Let's start with exactly what happened in March."

Stombaugh leaned forward and began to tell the part of the story he knew best.

Moscow, 1415 Hours, March 23, 1985

Stombaugh knew he was clean as he negotiated the narrow path through hurriedly shoveled snow in the northeast Moscow suburb. The sky was a brilliant, cloudless cobalt blue, but at ground level, the fresh snow was already turning a dirty gray. A heavy spring snowfall the night before had tied Moscow traffic in knots, giving an edge to the

American as he carefully engineered his escape from KGB surveillance. Stombaugh had been on his surveillance detection run since 11:00 A.M. and was convinced he'd been surveillance free from the start and had blended into the flow of Muscovites braving the cold on a brilliant Saturday afternoon. He was dressed in Russian winter clothing, with a fur hat and heavy woolen coat. Stombaugh had learned during the first cold snap after his arrival in Moscow that a case officer seeking anonymity never went out in the cold without a warm hat. The first time he went out bareheaded in the winter, he was stopped three times by helpful babushkas scolding him for not wearing a hat.

His task that bone cold afternoon was a mix of high risk and high gain—he was trying to deliver a letter from the CIA to Father Roman. As he struck out for a public telephone booth, Stombaugh concentrated on the elements of his operational outing.

He had carefully handled the letter for Father Roman, keeping it free of fingerprints or other contaminants that might lead the KGB back to the CIA. The letter's text was the carefully crafted product of a lengthy debate at CIA headquarters and at Moscow, all of which had been triggered by Nicholas Daniloff's visit to the U.S. embassy eight weeks earlier.

Daniloff's decision in January to go the American embassy with his envelope had quickly caught the CIA's attention. Inside the CIA's secure enclosure on the fifth floor of the embassy building, station chief Murat Natirboff and CIA case officer Michael Sellers spread the pages of Daniloff's letter across a table and began a rough initial translation.

At first, the densely written pages seemed to be filled with breathless rantings—there was a slightly crazed quality to them. But as they read on, the two CIA officers realized that the letter also contained some tantalizing information. Was this a message from a verbose—yet very real—volunteer? Hard to tell, but after Tolkachev, Moscow could no longer dismiss the possibility. Natirboff decided to send the letter on to Langley, thinking it might be the last they would hear of it.

But the response from headquarters was instantaneous and explosive. The handwriting, along with many of the themes touched on in the letter, had convinced Langley that it had been written by the same mysterious volunteer who had provided the tantalizing strategic material four years earlier. Natirboff was told that reestablishing clandestine contact with the author was now a top priority. He was authorized to meet with the man who had brought the letter to the embassy, Nicholas Daniloff. While the CIA was prohibited by presidential order from using American journalists in their intelligence operations, the agency just wanted to ask Daniloff a simple question: How can we find the person who gave you this letter?

In March, Natirboff asked Curt Kamman, the embassy's deputy chief of mission, to invite Daniloff to the embassy. By then, Daniloff was busy covering the rise of Mikhail Gorbachev, but he agreed to stop by. When he arrived, Kamman steered him to an acoustic conference room, the soundproof "bubble" in the embassy's political section. Just as Daniloff was explaining to Kamman what he remembered about Father Roman and the letter, repeating what he had told Benson the first time he had come to the embassy, Natirboff joined them. Daniloff recognized him only as an obscure embassy counselor for regional affairs, but the reporter quickly surmised from his questions that the swarthy man with thick black hair combed straight back and a deeply lined face was CIA. Only later did he learn that Natirboff was the CIA's Moscow station chief.

The conversation was unsettling for Daniloff. Natirboff focused on the letter he had received in January. It appeared, Natirboff explained, to be a letter from a dissident scientist trying to contact the CIA. Daniloff said he found that hard to believe. He was convinced Father Roman was working for the KGB, and he assumed that the letter had come from him. Natirboff asked the reporter to tell him everything he knew about the apparent courier, and Daniloff ended up giving him a physical description of the young Russian, along with his telephone number. The CIA turned Father Roman's telephone number over to the National Security Agency, the secret code-breaking and eavesdropping arm of the U.S. intelligence community. The NSA matched a likely address in Moscow with the telephone number.

Stombaugh was sent out to try to track Father Roman down and, through him, to establish contact with the elusive scientist.

Stombaugh located a public telephone booth not far from the address Langley had provided for Father Roman. Convinced he was still surveillance free, he quickly slipped an induction loop over the telephone's earpiece to record the conversation on his body-worn miniature cassette tape recorder. He dropped his kopek coins into the slot and dialed Father Roman's telephone number. He dialed slowly, so that the rickety Moscow telephone switching system would route the call through on the first attempt.

A woman answered on the third ring. *"Allo . . ."*

"Is this the home of Roman Potemkin?" Stombaugh asked in practiced Russian.

"I am his mother. Roman is not here." The woman's tone of voice sounded natural and unrehearsed.

"Do you know when he might return?"

"In about an hour."

"Thank you. I'll call back then."

Stombaugh gathered his thoughts. He had established that the telephone number was, in fact, that of Roman Potemkin, but he knew there was still plenty of danger. If Father Roman was a KGB provocateur, a real possibility, the telephone could be a KGB-controlled "answering service." He'd have felt better if Father Roman himself had answered rather than a woman claiming to be his mother with the message that Potemkin would return in an hour. That could give the KGB time to get Father Roman to the phone, but again, only if the operation was under their control. The risks hadn't really increased, Stombaugh thought. He decided to wait the hour and then make the second call. He set off on foot to keep moving while he searched for a second public telephone.

Just over an hour later, Stombaugh dialed Roman Potemkin's number for a second time. A man picked up after the second ring.

"Allo."

"Are you Father Roman?" Stombaugh said in accented Russian.

"Da . . ."

"I have information from our mutual friend, Nikolai. I have something for you. Can you confirm your address is as follows?" Stombaugh read the address he had been given.

"No, that's wrong."

"Can you tell me your correct address? Please speak slowly."

The man repeated the address, and Stombaugh wrote it down carefully, the wire loop leading from the earpiece to the recorder in his coat pocket serving as a backup.

“Thank you, I hope to be in touch soon.” Stombaugh put the phone back in the cradle and quickly replayed the recording of the conversation and confirmed the address. Checking the map, he calculated that it was a forty-five-minute walk from where he had made the call. Stombaugh weighed the variables in his mind. He had now made two phone calls to a religious activist who had contacted an American journalist, just the type of person who would attract KGB attention, even if he wasn’t already under their control. If the phone was tapped, it would be clear to the monitors that a foreigner had called Father Roman twice, but thus far nothing more incriminating than that. And it was unlikely, Stombaugh thought, that Father Roman’s phone would be live-monitored in a city where routine telephone taps numbered in the tens of thousands. He concluded that if he moved quickly, he could get to Father Roman’s address and deliver his letter without walking into KGB surveillance. All bets were off, of course, if Father Roman was already under KGB control.

In what the CIA called “light disguise”—mustache, glasses, hat, and Russian clothing—Stombaugh walked for nearly an hour before arriving at Father Roman’s apartment block. He entered the building and located the apartment number Father Roman had given him. His knock was answered by a young man in his late twenties or thirties, with long hair and what Stombaugh would later describe as a “soft look.”

“Are you Father Roman, and did you deliver an envelope to someone?” Stombaugh asked.

“*Da,*” the man answered, but Stombaugh could not read deeper meaning into his positive response to the key question. Nevertheless, he slipped the letter into his gloved hand and handed it to Father Roman. He then nodded a good-bye and quickly left the apartment.

As he made his way back home by foot and public transport, Stombaugh took inventory of what had been given up so far. He had probably exposed himself as a CIA officer, though he’d been in disguise and had been careful not to leave fingerprints on the letter. And he had identified “Nikolai” as an intermediary in his call to Father Roman.

There had been no mention of the word *journalist* in conjunction with Nikolai. This had all been discussed with Washington before the operation was undertaken and considered an acceptable risk. If the letter fell into the wrong hands, there would be no easy way to link Nikolai with Nicholas Daniloff—unless, of course, Father Roman had been under the control of the KGB from the start. But that would give the KGB nothing beyond the confirmation that the package they had prepared for William Casey had actually been delivered by Daniloff, according to their own plan. Stombaugh arrived at his apartment just as darkness fell over Moscow, drained but still convinced that he had been "black" for the entire day.

The letter Stombaugh handed to Father Roman had included instructions on how the scientist could contact the CIA. Those instructions included directions on how to arrange a meeting with a CIA officer that could be fully understood only by the person who had written the original 1981 letter to the CIA. Stombaugh began waiting each Thursday at the meeting site, located near the Kiev station not far from Moscow's city center. But no one appeared to make contact.

On April 5, Father Roman called Daniloff again and gave him a curious message: The March 26 meeting had not been possible. The message to Daniloff was, "Your guys behaved in such a way as to prejudice the meeting." Sensing danger, Daniloff immediately told Father Roman he didn't know what he was talking about—and hoped that the KGB eavesdroppers on his telephone line had picked up his response.

Six days later, at a press conference held by visiting House Speaker Tip O'Neill at the U.S. ambassador's residence, Spaso House, Daniloff once again met Kamman. As they walked through the grounds of the ostentatious villa just one mile west of the Kremlin, Daniloff told the American diplomat about the latest message from Father Roman. The journalist stressed again to Kamman that he wanted to be kept out of whatever was going on.

Each Thursday, meanwhile, Stombaugh made his pass by the meeting site near the Kiev station, searching in vain for the scientist who would never appear, until word came from a new and unexpected quarter that the Father Roman operation had gone awry.

On April 18, Michael Sellers made contact with a KGB officer who had offered to spy for the CIA a few months earlier by dropping a sheaf of documents through the car window of a political officer assigned to the American embassy. While the Americans didn't know the KGB officer's identity—he insisted on anonymity—it was clear from the information he had supplied in his initial drop that he was a KGB officer, possibly from the counterintelligence directorate, although there was debate over whether he was from the Second Chief Directorate or from a Moscow district office. The CIA encrypted him GTCOWL and set in motion the means to try to handle him in Moscow.

Sellers was the second CIA officer to meet COWL. The first meeting had gone poorly because the case officer who'd been sent couldn't understand COWL's rough Russian dialect.

During his meeting with Sellers, COWL provided confirmation that the KGB was using a special tracking substance against American case officers in Moscow. COWL told Sellers that chemicals were being used against them and sprayed a sample of the chemical into a plastic bag. Sellers, whose Russian language was at the high end of CIA fluency ratings, had an easier time with COWL than the first officer, but even he found it hard to understand his guttural Russian. COWL turned out to be a hard-bitten, streetwise officer in the local Moscow branch of the KGB. He had little patience for an American who couldn't catch his colloquialisms.

Having shaken KGB surveillance during his long run before the meeting, the six-foot-five-inch Sellers spent hours walking the streets with COWL during that first contact. COWL surprised him by revealing that the KGB knew about the CIA's letter to Father Roman. As they wound through alleys and side streets, with the Russian looking continually over his shoulder to check for KGB surveillance, he explained to Sellers that the CIA had given the letter to "the wrong guy." Eventually, Sellers came to understand that the person Stombaugh had given the letter to was working for the KGB and had turned the letter over to the authorities. COWL did not suggest that the Daniloff affair had been a frame-up from the beginning. COWL made it sound as though the CIA had simply assumed too much by accepting Daniloff's guess that Father Roman was the one who had left him the anonymous package. By handing the letter to Father Roman, the CIA had handed it to the KGB.

The meeting with COWL effectively shut down the mystery-shrouded Father Roman operation, setting in motion the beginnings of finger-pointing that would not play out until more than a year later. After COWL told the CIA that Father Roman was working for the KGB, there was a plan within the CIA to warn Daniloff that he had stumbled onto a KGB provocateur. But Daniloff never received the warning.

CIA Headquarters, 1345 Hours, June 18, 1985

Stombaugh sensed Gerber's agitation as he finished the account of his March 23 run. In fact, Gerber was furious with Stombaugh. He felt that Stombaugh had violated his orders to keep Daniloff's name out of the operation by using the name "Nikolai." Within days of Stombaugh's March meeting with Father Roman, Gerber had cabled a sharply worded reprimand to Moscow, upbraiding Stombaugh for identifying "Nikolai." But this was Gerber's first chance to meet with Stombaugh and hear his explanation in person.

Gerber had been Moscow chief when the original package from the anonymous scientist had been handed over to the CIA, so he had lived with the case for years. He was convinced that the original package had contained some of the most important material the CIA had ever obtained from the Soviet Union and had immediately recognized the importance of Daniloff's letter. As with all Moscow operations, he had tried to choreograph the efforts to contact Father Roman. The letter Stombaugh had handed over—which Gerber insisted did not include the name "Nikolai" or any reference to Daniloff—had been written to his specifications.

This case was so important—and Stombaugh's actions so troubling to him—that Gerber focused on the Father Roman affair even as Stombaugh and the rest of the SE Division were trying to deal with the final collapse of the Tolkachev case. For Gerber, Stombaugh had committed an unpardonable sin by placing Daniloff at risk; Stombaugh, on his end, felt that Gerber was trying to shift the blame. He believed that by mentioning Nikolai, he had done nothing more than use a reference that was already included in the CIA's letter to Father Roman.

Stombaugh disputed Gerber's assertion that there was no reference to a Nikolai in the letter that Gerber had approved.

It soon became clear that the Father Roman affair would make it difficult for Gerber and Stombaugh to work together in the future. The dispute with Gerber never hampered Stombaugh's career, however; he was a rising young star within the Directorate of Operations and would find plenty of opportunities outside of Gerber's orbit.

6

Langley, 0830 Hours, July 10, 1985

Furnished with a by-the-book faithfulness to the rank and seniority of its long string of occupants, the office of the deputy chief of the Soviet/East European Division was dominated by a scuffed Federalist-style wooden desk and matching credenza. A pair of ancient straight-backed leather chairs were lined up against one wall, and a sofa and a side chair in tired blue fabric were propped up against the other. The office seemed to declare that it had just been vacated, possibly in a hurry.

It was my first day on the job, and I was still wondering how I had ended up as deputy in SE Division, the most insular subculture in the CIA's Directorate of Operations. I had received a terse one-paragraph cable in Khartoum, my last post, advising me that upon arrival at headquarters in July, I would report in as deputy chief of the Soviet/East European Division. I knew the decision had been made by Clair George, the Deputy Director for Operations, with Bill Casey's hand in there somewhere.

Clair George liked to say that he had plucked me out of obscurity in Texas, where I was running the CIA Dallas office, and sent me off to ride the whirlwinds of Africa, first in Nigeria and then, more significantly, in the Sudan, shepherding the Ethiopian Falasha Jews on their long trek to Israel and then protecting a team of Mossad agents on the run in Khartoum. The operation to spirit the Israelis out of Khartoum just as the new Sudanese government was closing in had caught Bill Casey's imagination. But it was Clair's deputy, Ed Juchniewicz, who was really my mentor. Juchniewicz had pushed for my new assignment as a way of stirring things up in Burton Gerber's SE fiefdom.

Juchniewicz knew that Gerber and I were as different in temperament, experience, and skills as any two officers in the Directorate of Operations. I had a reputation for working in crisis situations in remote corners of the world. To some back at Langley, in fact, I was considered too much of a Third World cowboy, better suited to dusty covert operations than quiet "denied-area" spy cases.

By contrast, Burton Gerber was, in CIA parlance, a "sticks and bricks" man—the master of carefully plotted clandestine operations behind the Iron Curtain. There was a foreboding in his eyes that conjured up the Cold War—the glare of floodlights on the Berlin Wall on a cold January night. Gerber was the closest thing the CIA had to George Smiley. Between us, we seemed to embody the two archetypes of the DO: the Third World operator who toppled governments and ran covert wars, and the clandestine intelligence collector who moved softly through the Soviet empire, meeting agents and unloading dead drops. The best CIA officers could do both, but Khartoum and Lagos required a different set of skills and a different personality type from Moscow. So when I was teamed up with Burton Gerber, a culture clash of sorts was inevitable.

When I first arrived at Langley in 1964, the CIA was still at the low end of its learning curve. The young men and handful of women who came to Washington that fall to become part of the class of OC-19 were a new generation of CIA officers, most born just before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Many of their fathers had gone to college on the GI Bill after the war, some the first members of their families to climb that once tightly restricted ladder. OC-19, to be sure, had its share of graduates from Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, but most of its members came from dots on the map spread farther afield. They came to serve as officers of the CIA's elite clandestine service—the DDP, as the spying side of the agency was then known. It stood for Deputy Directorate for Plans, an enchantingly vague name that could apply either to the organization or to its chief.

I'd served four years in the Air Force and spoke both Chinese and German when I first reported for duty at Langley. After a year of training, my first field assignment was in Bonn. By then, the most active arena for the Soviet-U.S. contest had shifted quietly from Germany to the Third World. The Berlin Wall had made it far more difficult to conduct espionage operations along the front lines in the divided city. Berlin was now a training ground for newly minted case officers, rather than the hub of espionage operations that it had been in the early days of the Cold War. Old German hands had taken to sarcastically calling Berlin "Brandenburg's school for boys" and longed for the old days.

I was transferred to Hong Kong in 1968 for a tour of China watching, then rotated back to Europe in 1971 for four years in Switzerland. Intelligence collection requirements during this period had made a subtle shift from gathering information that might help win the war in Vietnam to gathering information on the Paris peace talks and parallel deliberations in Geneva that would help the United States cut its losses and get out of Vietnam. While in Switzerland I saw us lose our cockiness as a nation and as an agency; it seemed a short journey from the hopeful early 1960s to America's withdrawal from Vietnam without victory, the self-destruction of Richard Nixon's presidency, and the fall of Saigon.

My arrival back in Washington in the summer of 1975 coincided with new attacks on the agency by a post-Watergate Congress. The CIA in 1975 was anything but the self-assured organization with an unchallenged mission I had joined. The DDP had been renamed, this time in plain vanilla, as the Directorate of Operations. It was awash with men and women who'd been run out of Southeast Asia by the North Vietnamese Army and were walking the halls looking for jobs.

After one year at headquarters, I was sent back to Hong Kong—mercifully, I thought at the time. President Carter's new DCI, Admiral Stansfield Turner, brought the President's moralistic sensibilities to Langley with him, and soon field case officers were tasked with transforming the often ugly business of espionage into a "morally uplifting experience" for both case officers and their foreign agents. The President thought that America had an "inordinate fear of Communism," and his DCI agreed. Within a few years, Turner had dismantled many of the capabilities the CIA had built up over the decades, dismissing them as Cold War relics. By the time Iranian revolutionaries took sixty-six Americans hostage in Teheran in November 1979, there was precious little the CIA could do about it with the resources it had in place at the time. To add insult to injury, the U.S. embassy in Islamabad was sacked and burned by a howling Pakistani crowd the same month. As

1979 closed out, the United States seemed on the run across the globe, and the Soviet Politburo apparently decided that it could tidy things up south of its border without much trouble from a besieged America. On Christmas Eve in 1979, the USSR took the plunge into Afghanistan and within a month seemed in full control of the cities.

The year 1980 was no kinder to the United States or the CIA. The humiliation in Teheran was compounded by the disaster of Desert One, when eight Americans died in the ill-fated attempt to rescue the American hostages who were still held in Teheran. The year ended with the election of Ronald Reagan as President, and moments after his inauguration, the American hostages were released by Teheran.

Before Reagan's new Director of Central Intelligence, William J. Casey, arrived at Langley, I was off for what would turn out to be a four-year interlude in Africa. By 1985, Casey decided he wanted me back in Washington, either running his pet project in Central America or working on the Soviet Union. After four years on the job, the DCI had decided that the CIA had to deal aggressively with the "Evil Empire," Ronald Reagan's term for the Soviet Union. Casey had taken a demoralized agency and pumped it up with people, money, and, most important, a mission. I thought things were beginning to look bright again at Langley.

But even then, few insiders knew what the old man was really up to. People seemed to think he had a hand in every action that might put pressure on the Soviet Union, forcing the already visible cracks to open a little wider. There were rumors about his discreet meetings in the Vatican with the Polish pope, his deals with the Saudis to keep oil prices down so that the Soviets couldn't reap windfall profits from their oil sales, and his efforts to block a proposed Soviet oil pipeline to Western Europe. And to be certain, Casey had discovered the Soviet Union's Achilles' heel in Afghanistan. Far from having the situation cleared up in a few months, the Soviets, by 1985, had become bogged down in Afghanistan. Their casualties were mounting, and now there seemed no end in sight for their 120,000-strong army. What had begun as a short-term operation in 1979 had exploded in their faces. They were paying for their adventure on a grand scale, not in small part because of Bill Casey's CIA. It seemed it was the Soviet Union's turn to be on the run. I was settling in at Langley to be part of what Bill Casey thought was the endgame.

I eased back in my recliner and examined my desk. It had three stacked wooden document trays, all empty, a large cut-glass ashtray, and a gallon-size, clear plastic container with the word *BURN* emblazoned in bold red on either side. When I slid open the top drawer, I found two pencils, both freshly sharpened, two government-issue ballpoint pens, and a dozen paper clips. There was nothing else, at least at first glance. But as I pulled out the drawer a little farther, I saw what must have been my predecessor's tools for coping with the job of being Burton Gerber's deputy: three empty Excedrin bottles and a bulbous rubber thimble that slips over the thumb, enabling a conscientious reader to flip quickly through large stacks of documents. Examining the rubber thumb closely, I noted that it was worn and blackened by ink. Some job, I thought as I tossed the Excedrin bottles in the trash can and put the rubber thumb back in the drawer.

"The last guy almost wore that out," said a voice from the open door. I looked up to see a man of medium height with a slight paunch and brown hair just beginning to gray at the temples. His complexion was flushed and offset by deep blue eyes that betrayed little of what was going on behind them. He was coatless, the sleeves of his shirt rolled above his elbows, and he wore a neatly tied bow tie.

"Paul Redmond," the man said, confirming the earlier suggestion of a Boston accent. "I run USSR operations.

"I meant it about the rubber thumb," he added. "You'll wear it out working your way through all the cable traffic here each morning."

"Everybody reads everything?" I asked.

"Everybody reads everything he reads, if they can get their hands on it." Redmond gestured to Gerber's corner office just beyond the adjoining wall. "And he starts an hour earlier than the rest of us."

I leaned back in my chair. "One of those, huh? Is there a test at the end of the day?"

"Yeah, but it's multiple choice, so a cowboy from Africa Division can probably just pass it." No smile yet—Redmond was still sizing me up. "Let me know if I can help you settle in."

"How 'bout we start with you telling me what you're doing in the USSR, say, in an hour?"

"Easy," Redmond said, "our branch runs the division's spies in Moscow."

"How's business?"

"Getting a little slack. Everybody's getting rolled up. This whole place is falling apart. And not just Moscow. You heard the bureau just arrested a secretary in Africa Division for spying for the Ghanaians? For chrissakes, the Ghanaians can penetrate this place!"

Redmond was gone before I could respond or even make up my mind if I was going to like the guy or not. I thought I would.

7

Viborg, USSR, 1450 Hours, July 20, 1985

Oleg Gordievsky pressed his face into the underbrush as a military bus carrying female dependents from a nearby army base passed the spot where he was hiding a few dozen yards off the narrow road. He had spent the last two nightmarish days traveling by train, bus, and truck from Moscow to the rendezvous point his SIS handlers had chosen near the village of Viborg, not far from the Soviet-Finnish border. And at this moment the fear of being caught had been temporarily displaced by a relentless attack of mosquitoes infesting the marshy wood where he was awaiting his rescue.

Checking his watch for what must have been the hundredth time in less than forty minutes, he heard the whine of an engine. Looking up, he saw two cars pull to a halt just opposite his hiding place. Two men jumped out and looked around expectantly. Gordievsky's spirits soared as he recognized one of the men as the officer from the SIS station who had confirmed to him in a brush contact in Moscow a week earlier that the exfiltration plan had been set in motion. Much later, Gordievsky would learn that the second man was Raymond Lord Asquith, grandson of Britain's legendary Prime Minister and a promising Russian specialist in the British SIS.

In a matter of seconds, Gordievsky was curled up in the trunk of one of the cars, a thermal blanket pulled tightly around him, a mild sedative already beginning to work at his raw nerves. Beside him was a flask of cool water and an empty bottle in case he needed to urinate. There was nothing more for him to do now but wait calmly for success or failure. As his body began to surrender to the sedative, he heard the strains of pop music filtering from the car's sound system into his hiding place. It was not his kind of music, Gordievsky thought, but it was his link to those who controlled his fate.

The Soviet-Finnish Border, 1530 Hours, July 20, 1985

Gordievsky had calmed considerably since he had taken his place in the trunk of the car. For the first time in three days he could no longer hear his own fear-driven heartbeat. Though the heat was stifling in the cramped quarters, he was thankful that the mosquitoes had been left behind in the marsh. Counting off each stop the car made at the Soviet border checkpoints, he controlled his breathing and hoped that the thermal blanket would effectively conceal his body heat from prying KGB sensors. As the car pulled to a halt for the fifth and what he thought would be the final time on the Soviet side of the border, he heard the voices of a couple of Russian women and assumed that he had cleared the KGB checkpoints and that the car was now passing through Soviet customs. Gordievsky held his breath as he heard the whining and sniffing of dogs near the car. From inside the car's trunk he couldn't know that the wife of one of the British SIS officers was busily popping potato chips into the drooling mouth of the customs dog, keeping it away from the rear of the car.

After two minutes that seemed like an eternity, the car began to move, and the pop music from the tape deck once again filtered into Gordievsky's cramped quarters. As the car accelerated, the pop music stopped abruptly, replaced a moment later by the strains of Sibelius's *Finlandia,* the signal that the car had crossed over the Finnish frontier.

The KGB later suspected that the CIA had played a role in Gordievsky's exfiltration, but it was entirely a British-run operation. Thanks to analysis conducted by Aldrich Ames, the CIA had learned on its own that Gordievsky was spying for the British, but London didn't officially tell the CIA that Gordievsky was a British agent until well after he was safely across the Soviet border.

Sheremetyevo Airport, Moscow, 1000 Hours, July 24, 1985

Vitaly Sergeyevich Yurchenko struggled to calm himself as he stood before the passport control booth while the young KGB border guard on the other side of the glass flipped through the pages of his freshly issued Soviet diplomatic passport. He doesn't look more than seventeen, Yurchenko thought, fighting off the urge to bang on the window and tell him to get a move on. He'd done that enough times in the past, but this time leaving the USSR was different.

The border guard looked up at Yurchenko. The KGB colonel was a tall, athletically built man with blond hair, deeply set slate gray eyes, and a broad Slavic face offset by a blond, scraggly mustache curving below the corners of his mouth.

"Let's not take all day, young man. I've got a flight to catch." Yurchenko hoped he sounded cool and on the friendly side of authoritative. But inside he was in turmoil. He kept telling himself he was absolutely safe—there was nothing anyone could know. Only he, Vitaly Sergeyevich Yurchenko, senior colonel, soon to be general in the First Department, First Chief Directorate of the KGB, could possibly know what demons had been raging inside his head in the weeks since cancer had taken his mother in May. No one could know he had been quietly engineering an opening to travel abroad. No one could know what he was planning. Breathe deeply and calm down, Yurchenko told himself. Nobody can possibly know.

Finally the border guard reached for the telephone, talked for a few seconds, then stamped Yurchenko's passport and slid it back to him without comment. Yurchenko snapped it up and turned toward the international departures lounge for his flight to Rome.

South of Rome, 1030 Hours, July 28, 1985

The man's demeanor raised a red flag. Here was Thomas Hayden, a U.S. Navy radioman with a top-secret clearance, sitting with two KGB officers in the woods near a secluded beach south of Rome, drinking Pilsner Urquell. The gathering itself was no less than an act of high treason for Hayden, yet he was hardly sweating. At least not any more than he was, thought Vitaly Yurchenko.

Yurchenko had been interrogating the man, in the breezy way that intelligence officers like to chat up agents, with a patter of sometimes linked and sometimes disjointed questions designed to pin him down, ferret out a detail, or simply knock him off balance. But Hayden handled the probes well, occasionally breaking the pace by holding out his empty glass for a refill of the cool Czech beer. At the end of the opening round of vetting, Yurchenko threw the voice analysis scam at Hayden, asking him if he could record his responses to his questions for later screening in the KGB's technical lab. A kind of voice polygraph, Yurchenko explained.

With no other choice, Hayden easily agreed, and Yurchenko reached into his shopping bag filled with picnic supplies and pretended to switch on a recorder. There was none, but Hayden couldn't know that.

Yurchenko's KGB colleague, Aleksandr Chepil, watched the visitor from Moscow center probe his trophy agent with some apprehension. Personally, Chepil had no doubts about Hayden—he was the prize of his career, the kind of agent an enterprising intelligence officer could easily parlay into an Order of Lenin, if he made certain to share the "success" up the ladder.

What's more, Hayden had taken on new urgency for the KGB. Just two months earlier, John Walker, head of the KGB's Navy spy ring, had finally been arrested after an espionage career that dated back eighteen years. The Walker ring, which included Walker's brother Arthur, his son Michael, and his old Navy friend Jerry Whitworth, had provided the Soviets with an invaluable window into the U.S. Navy's communications and codes since the Vietnam War. Moscow was desperate to find a replacement, and Hayden was a promising candidate. Chepil felt good about his agent, but he knew that others at Moscow Center were beginning to question Hayden's bona fides. The best that could happen here today was that Yurchenko would declare the case a good one and then take some credit for getting it on track. Chepil had no problem with that. It was the way things worked in the KGB.

What Chepil and the others in the Rome *Rezidentura* didn't know was that Yurchenko had been the one who had seeded doubts about the

Hayden case back in Moscow. It was his gambit to set up this trip to Italy. Yurchenko had made it clear back in Moscow that he had to go vet Hayden and make sure Rome wasn't being taken for a ride.

Now, here in the secluded picnic area near the beach, Yurchenko was convinced that he'd called the case right. Hayden was, his instincts told him, quite probably a dangle. After he'd gone over his list of questions, Yurchenko slipped his hand back into the picnic basket, ostensibly switching off the recorder.

Glancing up, he caught Hayden studying him, probably for his report to his counterintelligence case officers, he concluded. He saw the American's eyes return a couple of times to his right hand, looking at the missing joints on his middle and ring fingers, scars left by a winch accident when Yurchenko was an ensign in the Soviet Navy. That will be enough for his Office of Naval Investigation handlers, Yurchenko thought. They'll have plenty of clues when they try to identify me. But by the time they put it all together, they'll be coping with a bigger surprise. Yurchenko smiled to himself and saw that *that* seemed to unsettle Hayden just a little.

Yurchenko told Hayden that after cooling off for a few months—enough time to let the Walker thing die down—they would pick up contact again. Then they could get down to the job of prying secrets out of the U.S. Navy communications center in Naples, where Hayden worked.

As Hayden prepared to leave, Yurchenko looked him in the eye and said, "Tom, you are very clever, and I admire your bravery and courage."

Chepil left the meeting with a sense of relief that his agent had passed muster. Hayden left wondering what Yurchenko's last words really meant. Whatever doubts he may have had about Hayden, Yurchenko kept them to himself. No sense in making extra work for himself by declaring Hayden a dangle—he had plenty to do in Rome over the next few days without another distraction.

During his stay in Rome, Yurchenko grilled the officers in the *Rezidentura* on their knowledge of the rank and file CIA officers in Rome. He found varying degrees of understanding of the nature of the adversary, along with more than the usual inflation of the CIA's numbers in Italy. Checking the *Rezidentura*'s diagram of the CIA presence in Rome, Yurchenko skipped over the name of the CIA's Rome chief, Allan D. Wolf. The diminutive but legendary Wolf was well known in Middle Eastern intelligence circles, where he had earned the nickname "the Golden Wog"—a name he owed as much to his flamboyance as to his thick mane of blond hair. In his days as the CIA's Near East Division chief, he had once famously declared that he ruled an espionage empire "from Bangladesh to Marrakech."

Yurchenko scanned the list for a name that he might recognize from his own experiences in Washington or Moscow. He knew that the list was liberally sprinkled with the names of Americans who weren't spies at all, just energetic political or economic officers working the diplomatic circuit who the local KGB *Rezidentura* mistakenly believed were in the CIA. Finally, his eyes settled on the name of David Shorer.

Shorer had been arrested in Leningrad almost ten years earlier, along with an agent the CIA had been running in the Soviet defense industries. The roll-up of the operation, in itself significant enough, took on even greater significance because of the severe physical abuse inflicted on Shorer when he was seized at a dead drop site under a Leningrad overpass. The Second and Seventh Chief Directorate officers had been instructed to play it extra hard in retaliation for a rough-and-tumble arrest by the FBI of a Soviet intelligence officer in New York two months earlier.

As he flipped through the *Rezidentura*'s files on the CIA office in Rome, Yurchenko took note of Shorer's office telephone number. He had a surprise in store for Mr. David Shorer.

Rome, 1430 Hours, August 1, 1985

Yurchenko had left the Villa Abamelek, the Soviet embassy staff compound in the western suburbs of Rome, early, explaining to his colleagues that he would check in at the embassy near the Vatican, spend a couple of hours at the *Rezidentura,* and then take the rest of the day off. He muttered something about wanting to take in the sights in Vatican City and suggested to the *Rezident* that he had a special contact planned, something sensitive and outside the purview of the Rome *Rezidentura.* Mysterious activities by visiting seniors from Moscow Center were not all that unusual in Rome, not since the days when Boris Solomatin was KGB *Rezident* in Rome and, as rumor had it, was running a very high level agent right in the heart of the Vatican. Any senior visitor from Moscow Center who dropped a hint that he might be up to something spooky at the Holy See was given a wide berth by the *Rezidentura.* The offer of the *Rezident* to have one of his officers accompany him had been tepid; rebuffing it had been easy. Yurchenko said he would return to the compound for a dinner planned for him that evening.

He spent the rest of the morning making the tourist rounds of the Vatican. He stopped a couple of times while wandering around St. Peter's Square, ostensibly to rest and watch the flow of tourists on holiday in Rome. But in reality, he was conducting an extensive dry-cleaning run, becoming a part of his surroundings while looking for telltale patterns and repeaters among the milling tourists. By early afternoon he knew he was surveillance free and hailed a cab. His instructions to the driver were terse: "Hotel Ambasciatore, Via Veneto."

Among the things Yurchenko carried with him was a bag filled with Russian herbs and traditional home remedies for the stomach ailment the KGB officer was convinced was a cancer that would soon kill him.

Rome, 1435 Hours, August 1, 1985

David Shorer stared at the telephone on his desk, willing it to ring. He had just been alerted that a call had come in for "Mr. David Shorer, who served in Leningrad," from a man speaking English with a heavy Slavic accent and describing himself as a Soviet official who wanted to "come over to your side." The man hadn't sounded like a crackpot, the colleague had said.

After a ten-minute wait the phone rang. Shorer picked it up on the third ring.

"Shorer."

Yurchenko began with his explanation. "Mr. David Shorer, I am a Soviet official who is interested—"

Shorer cut him off. "Where are you now?"

"Across the street from the entrance to your embassy."

"Hang up the phone and walk across the street to the American embassy now. I will meet you at the main entrance."

Yurchenko put down the receiver in the public telephone booth in the Ambasciatore Hotel and began to walk the last few hundred yards of his long journey. Shorer made his way to Post One, the main entrance of the majestic nineteenth-century Palazzo Margherita on Rome's stylish, tree-lined Via Veneto that served as the American embassy. A colleague was already positioned in the small office where Shorer would take his Soviet visitor. The concealed tape and video recorders were being loaded and checked, and the Soviet defector kit was being put in place. Shorer arrived at Post One just as the tall KGB colonel pushed through the door.

Shorer intercepted Yurchenko before anyone else could get to him. "Do you have any identification?"

"I am Vitaly Sergeyevich Yurchenko," he said, handing over his Soviet diplomatic passport. "I am a colonel in the KGB, Department One, First Chief Directorate."

Shorer had spent his career in the Soviet/East European Division and knew in an instant that the biggest counterintelligence catch in the history of the CIA had just dropped in his lap. He hastily ushered Yurchenko to the "walk-in room" and asked him to sit in a straight-backed chair on one side of a table. Shorer took the other chair and pressed a button under the table, activating the video recorder concealed in a bookcase behind him. On the table before him lay a folder containing all the documents he would need in the next crucial hours with the man who now sat before him.

"Please state precisely who you are and why you have come to us," Shorer said as he hit the record button of the tape player on the table and began arranging the forms in both Russian and English for Yurchenko to read and sign.

Yurchenko faced the bookcase squarely, assuming correctly the location of the concealed videocamera, and began to speak in heavily accented English. His head was almost spinning. He had so much to say and had planned this moment in his mind over and over again since his mother had died. But now he didn't know where to begin. Then a sense of calm came over him, and he began, "I am Vitaly Sergeyevich

Yurchenko. I am a colonel, soon to be a general, in the KGB. . . .” Dave Shorer was furiously scribbling notes on a yellow legal pad.

Langley, 1230 Hours, August 1, 1985

The handful of senior officers at Langley aware of the drama unfolding in Rome had been in high spirits ever since the arrival of the first cable from Dave Shorer summarizing Yurchenko’s defection. Burton Gerber notified Clair George and his deputy, Ed Juchniewicz, and raised the question of informing the FBI. George decided that Gerber should tell the FBI about Yurchenko later that same morning at a farewell luncheon for Edward O’Malley, the outgoing chief of the FBI’s Intelligence Division. Ultimately, the FBI would have a high interest in what Yurchenko had to say, particularly since he had been posted to Washington, D.C., a few years back.

As visiting FBI officials and their CIA counterparts, about two dozen in all, gathered in the posh seventh-floor executive dining room a few doors down from Bill Casey’s suite, Gerber and counterintelligence chief Gus Hathaway took Ed O’Malley aside and gave him the news. Yurchenko’s name meant nothing to the CIA seniors or their FBI counterparts, so the full impact of the defection was not yet clear. No mention of the defection was made to the broader audience at the luncheon.

CIA Headquarters, Langley, Virginia, 1620 Hours, August 1, 1985

Something close to an animal scream in the adjoining office brought me out of my chair. I quickly stepped around the corner into Burton Gerber’s office, where I found my new boss engrossed in an immediate-precedence, restricted handling cable. Gerber tore off a copy and handed it to me without comment as he continued to read. I was halfway through the first page when he glanced at his watch, wondering how long it would take Clair George and Ed Juchniewicz, two floors up, to call. They were the only other recipients of messages transmitted in this restricted channel and would probably be reading their copies at this moment.

CITE: ROME 22345 011405Z AUG 85
IMMEDIATE HEADQUARTERS SECRET/RESTRICTED HANDLING
WNINTEL
REF: ROME 22340

1. FURTHER TO DEBRIEFING OF KGB COLONEL VITALY SERGEYEVICH YURCHENKO DPOB 2 MAY 1936, SMOLENSK, USSR. DEBRIEFING CONTINUES IN WALK-IN ROOM, BUT FOLLOWING SALIENT, POSSIBLY ACTIONABLE TAKE FROM INITIAL DEBRIEF OF YURCHENKO WILL BE OF SPECIAL INTEREST:
   - A. THERE NO IMMINENT SOVIET PLANS TO ATTACK U.S.
   - B. YURCHENKO KNOWS OF U.S. VOLUNTEER TO KGB, CODENAMED “MR. ROBERT,” WHO DESCRIBED AS FORMER CIA OFFICER PIPELINED FOR ASSIGNMENT TO MOSCOW BUT FIRED FOR UNSUITABILITY ISSUES AND POLYGRAPH PROBLEMS IN 1983–84. YURCHENKO ADVISES THAT “MR. ROBERT” PROVIDED IDENTIFYING DATA ON SOVIET DEFENSE INDUSTRY SCIENTIST ADOLF TOLKACHEV RECENTLY ARRESTED IN MOSCOW IN JUNE THIS YEAR FOR ESPIONAGE ON BEHALF OF CIA, AS WELL AS CIA ASSET IN BUDAPEST DESCRIBED AS SOVIET COLONEL, POSSIBLY INTELLIGENCE OFFICER, KNOWN WITHIN CIA CIRCLES AS “THE ANGRY COLONEL.” KGB COUNTERINTELLIGENCE IS CONDUCTING EXHAUSTIVE SEARCH FOR ANGRY COLONEL BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS TO DATE.
   - C. YURCHENKO ALSO CLAIMS “MR. ROBERT” HAS COMPROMISED CIA TECHNICAL OPERATION IN MOSCOW, AND POSSIBLY ONE OTHER TECHNICAL OPERATION CIA RUNNING AGAINST USSR.
   - D. “MR. ROBERT” REPORTEDLY MET SECRETLY WITH KGB IN VIENNA WITHIN LAST FEW WEEKS.
   - E. YURCHENKO ALSO REPORTS KGB HAS RECRUITED NSA EMPLOYEE WHO PROVIDED DETAILS ON SENSITIVE NSA MARITIME OPERATIONS AGAINST SOVIET NORTH SEA SUBMARINE FLEET. YURCHENKO CANNOT RECALL NAME OF NSA EMPLOYEE, BUT MET THE VOLUNTEER PERSONALLY WHILE HE SERVED AT SOVIET EMBASSY WDC.
   - F. YURCHENKO REPORTS THAT KGB DEPUTY REZIDENT LONDON—HE CANNOT REMEMBER NAME—RECALLED IN MAY UNDER COVER COUNTERINTELLIGENCE INTERROGATION/INVESTIGA-

TION. YURCHENKO HAS HEARD KGB USING "TRUTH DRUGS" ON THIS MAN AT REMOTE LOCATION. NO FURTHER DETAILS.

2. YURCHENKO HAS SIGNED FORMAL REQUEST FOR ASYLUM. SEPARATE MESSAGES WILL FOLLOW BY IMMEDIATE NIACT PRECEDENCE AS DEBRIEFING PROGRESSES.
3. BELIEVE IT MOST PRUDENT TO MOVE YURCHENKO DIRECTLY TO CONUS ASAP. HE BELIEVES IT ONLY MATTER OF THREE-FOUR HOURS BEFORE KGB ROME REZIDENTURA PEOPLE WILL START LOOKING FOR HIM, POSSIBLY REQUESTING ASSISTANCE OF ITALIAN SECURITY. IF WE CAN HAVE HIM AIRBORNE BEFORE THAT HAPPENS SO MUCH THE BETTER. PLEASE ADVISE.
4. FILE: DEFER. E2IMPDET.

"It's Howard. 'Mr. Robert' is Edward Lee Howard," Gerber said with what I thought was a strange calmness in his voice. "Edward Lee Howard has betrayed us."

I was about to ask who Howard was when the phone rang. Gerber picked it up, paused, and said, "Yes, Clair. I've just read it." He listened to the DDO for a moment, then said quietly, "Yes. There's no question. It's Howard."

Looking behind Gerber at his little blackboard, I saw the single word written in white chalk: *Resolve!*

Later, in my office, I went over the first trace memo providing background on one Vitaly S. Yurchenko. It contained the standard biographical information, the usual boilerplate memoranda from the FBI, but one entry caught my eye. Yurchenko was the hapless Soviet embassy security officer who in 1976 had turned over to the D.C. police a packet tossed into the embassy compound by former CIA officer Edwin G. Moore. Moore had been trying unsuccessfully to volunteer his services to the KGB by dropping notes in the mailbox of Dimitri Yakushkin, the KGB Washington *Rezident.* When the KGB failed to contact him—they mistakenly feared an FBI provocation—he had taken the desperate step of tossing a package of secrets over the fence. Vitaly Yurchenko, the report stated, thought the package might have been a terrorist bomb and called the police. Moore ended up with a fifteen-year federal jail sentence, and Yurchenko got the bungler of the year award at Lubyanka.

Interesting guy, I thought. I was looking forward to meeting our new prize the next morning.

8

Andrews Air Force Base, Maryland, 0700 Hours, August 2, 1985

Chuck Medanich scanned the milling crowd of CIA and FBI officers in the VIP lounge at Flight Operations at Andrews Air Force Base. Medanich, a stocky southerner with a broad and open face, could have passed for a linebacker or a security guard. But he was actually the chief psychologist for the CIA's Defector Resettlement Staff, and it was his job to move defectors through the flow of the intelligence community while keeping an eye on their mental health. He had been up past midnight the previous night, laying in supplies at the Oakton, Virginia, safe house reserved for Yurchenko's initial debriefing. Gerber had called Medanich in for a meeting and personally asked that he "see to things." Gerber had also assigned Aldrich Ames, chief of counterintelligence inside SE Division, to help Medanich get things ready for the debriefing. Ames would be one of Yurchenko's initial debriefers.

Medanich and Ames had stocked the safe house with the usual defector fare: juices, Coca-Cola, milk, bottled water, coffee, tea, bread, eggs, bacon, cold cuts, fruit and vegetables, a few six-packs of beer, a bottle of vodka, and one of bourbon. They worked into the early morning getting the town house ready, then agreed to meet outside the CIA headquarters building a few hours later, at 6:00 A.M., for the drive out to Andrews Air Force Base. There they would greet the C-141 bringing Yurchenko and his escorts, flying in from Rome via Frankfurt, Germany. But Ames didn't show up on time, so an impatient Medanich called up to the SE Division office to see if anyone knew where he was. A secretary answered that they hadn't heard from him. After a few minutes, Medanich headed out to Andrews without him.

As Medanich waited for the plane in the spartan VIP lounge at Andrews, he was beginning to wonder if Ames, the man who was supposed to debrief Yurchenko, would ever arrive at all.

As the plane landed and taxied to a stop, Customs and Immigration officers clambered aboard to process Yurchenko's paperwork. Medanich saw Ames arrive at the VIP lounge just as Yurchenko was being brought off the plane and into a milling crowd of FBI agents, CIA officers, and other government officials.

Ames thrust himself into the crowd and approached Yurchenko with a line that prompted Medanich to roll his eyes.

"Colonel Yurchenko, I welcome you to the United States on behalf of the President of the United States."

Medanich glanced at Ames. His introduction was awfully pompous, especially for a guy who had nearly overslept and missed the whole thing. The group quickly formed into a motorcade led by armed CIA security officers in rented sedans, followed by the FBI contingent in their official cars and a van. Ames left his old Volkswagen at Andrews. It would remain illegally parked in front of Flight Operations for three days.

If Aldrich Ames's behavior at Andrews seemed somewhat odd and contrived, there was a good reason for it. Ames wasn't certain whether Yurchenko knew he was a Soviet mole. Ames was one of the CIA's most knowledgeable students of the KGB, and from Yurchenko's initial debriefing in Rome and a quick reading of the CIA's files, he had tried to gauge whether Yurchenko had been in a position inside the KGB to have access to his case. Ames believed the answer was no, but he wasn't quite sure.

Ames was being handled by Directorate K, the counterintelligence division inside the KGB's First Chief Directorate. Yurchenko had left Directorate K under a cloud in January 1985, at least three months before Ames had volunteered, and had since been named one of several deputies in the American Department in the First Chief Directorate, responsible for Canada and U.S. reserves. But Ames knew the KGB bureaucracy was filled with dozens of "deputies" with small areas of responsibility, and few ever knew what their bosses were doing.

Ames was pretty confident that if anyone in the American Department of the First Chief Directorate knew about his case, it would only be the chief and his most trusted aides. Yurchenko was likely out of the loop. But Ames couldn't be sure, since he knew that Yurchenko could have heard "corridor gossip" about his case. He hadn't mentioned anything about the case during his initial debriefing in Rome, but he could be saving the bombshell for after his arrival in Washington.

Ames decided he had to test Yurchenko as soon as possible. So in the back of the car as they drove away from Andrews, he broke off their conversation long enough to hand him a note that he had prepared earlier. "If you have any particularly important information which you wish to provide only to the Director or another senior U.S. official, tell me, and I will take you to him."

Yurchenko grinned at Ames and said he had no message that required such special care. The confirmation came as a relief.

But then Yurchenko passed on some KGB gossip that sent a chill through Ames. It was, Ames would later recall, "one piece of corridor gossip of great relevance to me, despite the tight compartmentation the KGB used." It seems likely that Yurchenko told Ames that he had heard of a sudden and unexplained trip home to Moscow by the KGB's Washington *Rezident,* Stanislov Androsov. Androsov (along with his counterintelligence chief, Viktor Cherkashin) had turned up in Moscow in April or May, so the speculation along the corridors in the First Chief Directorate's headquarters was that something big had happened in Washington at about that time.

Ames quickly calculated how best to handle this nugget of information. It was the sort of thing, he later recalled, that he could put into his debriefing report with confidence that no one would notice it for some time. Perhaps no one would ever pay much attention to it, if he buried it deep enough.

The tip went into the Yurchenko file without anyone connecting the Androsov trip with the CIA's 1985 losses. In part, that was because Yurchenko's identification of Mr. Robert—Edward Lee Howard—seemed to answer the problems the CIA knew about at the time, particularly the loss of Adolf Tolkachev.

It felt a little ridiculous, but the CIA driver had his orders: Instead of heading straight from Andrews to the safe house, he began a countersurveillance run, zigzagging around Washington for at least a half hour to make sure that the KGB wasn't on their tail. When they arrived at the town house, followed by other government vehicles, there was no way to hide from the neighbors the fact that something strange was going on.

Oakton, Virginia, 1000 Hours, August 2, 1985

The scene at the Oakton safe house, a modest town house on Shawn Leigh Drive, was anything but discreet. A line of government cars awkwardly disgorged a dozen passengers at the door while Medanich fumbled with the keys. I arrived just as the group was ushered inside. Yurchenko stood out among the group.

"Colonel Yurchenko, I am Thomas Fannin, representing Mr. William Casey, the Director of Central Intelligence," I said. "He has asked that I personally convey to you his compliments, and tell you that if there is anything you need, just ask."

Yurchenko seemed pleased that Casey had sent a personal envoy to welcome him.

"Thank you, Mr. Fountain," he said, getting my alias wrong. "Please tell Director Casey that I have no special needs at this moment, and that your boys have taken wonderful care of me from the moment I met them in Rome. Our KGB boys would still be trying to figure out what to do with someone like me, and yours already have me in Virginia." Yurchenko's English was heavily accented, and he was clearly running on adrenaline, but he struck me as genuinely grateful for the treatment he had received so far.

"Colonel, Mr. Casey asked me to assure you that he is available at any time if you have information that you would prefer to share only with him. Do you have any such information?"

Yurchenko shook his head, while pointing to Ames. "I have already told that one, that colleague, that I have no such information. But I have much, very much, to tell you and the boys."

Before I could respond, Ames was at my side, having seen Yurchenko point in his direction. "Need any help, Tom?" he asked, using my alias.

"No. No help needed." I looked at Ames, whom I had just met for the first time the previous afternoon, and thought, I don't even know what alias this guy's using. Maybe we ought to try to get this thing a little more organized.

McLean, Virginia, 0900 Hours, August 3, 1985

Burton Gerber pulled his gray Toyota into the slot next to my car in the parking lot of Charley's, a popular happy hour meeting spot off Virginia's Route 123, a short drive from CIA headquarters. Both of us were a few minutes early for a hastily called Saturday morning meeting with the FBI. It was the second day after Yurchenko's defection. Gerber got into my car to wait for the FBI.

"You said you knew Jim Geer," Gerber said, directing the air-conditioning vent away from himself. Geer, the newly appointed chief of the FBI's intelligence division, was one of the men we'd come to meet. He had just wound up his duties as director of the FBI laboratory and hadn't yet reported for his first day on the new job—that would take place on Monday. Geer's predecessor, Ed O'Malley, had retired the day before, and the whole affair—the Yurchenko defection and the Mr. Robert investigation—was suddenly in Geer's lap.

"Yeah, he was ASAC in Dallas when I was down there about five years ago. He's a big, easygoing guy. Tennessee. Smart, professional. Didn't seem too caught up in the turf battles. At least not back then." I motioned to the envelope in Gerber's hand. "That it?" He nodded. "Does the bureau know anything about him?"

"OS sent a memo over to the bureau yesterday, but they didn't identify Howard as Mr. Robert."

Gerber had, in fact, been frustrated the day before when the CIA's Office of Security officials had hedged on the message they sent to the FBI concerning Yurchenko's revelation about a Mr. Robert. Gerber had said he was convinced that Yurchenko was referring to Edward Lee Howard; he was the only person who could possibly fit the description offered by the Soviet defector. Gerber had lived with the Howard case ever since he took over SE Division a year earlier, and he knew far too much about Edward Lee Howard's messy divorce from the CIA to think that it could be anyone else. But the Office of Security had not told the FBI of the almost certain match between Howard and "Mr. Robert," costing the bureau a day in their investigation. Gerber had decided to bring the bureau into the loop on Saturday morning, two days after Yurchenko walked into the U.S. embassy in Rome. And that's why we were here in Charley's parking lot.

When he first applied to become a CIA case officer in 1980, Ed Howard had seemed like an ideal candidate, with an interesting mix of government and private-sector experiences in Latin America. An Air Force brat, he had served in the Peace Corps and the U.S. Agency for International Development in Latin America and later held a management job at a company in Chicago before his natural restlessness led him to think about working for the CIA. It was the mystique of the agency, the notion of a secret life on the edge, that had attracted him.

Howard easily admitted to past drug and alcohol use while undergoing the required polygraph test for new applicants. The CIA's standards had recently been relaxed—the Office of Security had been forced by the realities of the 1970s to be more flexible in approving new employees who acknowledged past casual drug use, so Howard passed through the first screens of the system. Questions would later be raised, however, about whether Howard's drug use—even the incidents he acknowledged on his polygraph—should ever have been defined as casual.

After operational training at the Farm, Howard was chosen, in early 1982, for assignment to Moscow. His wife, Mary, whom he had met in Colombia while they were both in the Peace Corps in the early 1970s, would also be trained by the CIA so she could help him in his Moscow operations. David Forden, chief of the SE Division at the time, was told by the division's security officer that Howard had a past record of drug use, but Forden was assured that it was not significant enough to prevent Howard from being offered a sensitive post. At the time, CIA rules prohibited a division chief from examining an employee's security and medical records himself, so Forden had to rely on the security and medical staff to tell him what was in the files.

After language school and training in Jack Platt's Internal Operations course, Howard was assigned as a deep cover officer in Moscow.

He would be given a “clean slot”—an obscure job in the embassy that had never before been used as cover by the CIA. The clean slot postings were given only to young case officers like Howard who had never served overseas before and thus would never have been identified by the KGB as agency officers.

With a well-planned and low-key arrival on the Moscow scene, KGB surveillance would pay cursory attention to clean slot officers like Howard, while concentrating on already identified American intelligence officers assigned to known cover slots. The agency had started placing deep cover officers in clean slot jobs while Gerber was Moscow chief in the early 1980s; one of Gerber’s first clean slot officers had been Dennis McMahon, a first-tour officer who had successfully handled Adolf Tolkachev. Now that Gerber was division chief, he was strongly committed to the practice of relying heavily on clean slot officers—even if they were untested rookies, like Howard.

While studying the Russian language in preparation for his Moscow assignment, Howard shared an office with Michael Sellers, another Moscow-bound case officer. During their year or so in the pipeline, Howard and Sellers spent one day a week and weekends “reading in” on the CIA’s Moscow operations. While most of the case files revealed only the cryptonyms of the Soviets working for the CIA in Moscow, Howard could have gained access to files with their true names. The Tolkachev file was enormous, enough to fill several cabinet drawers, and even if Howard did not know SPHERE’s true name, there was more than enough operational detail for the KGB to pinpoint Tolkachev, including his address.

In April 1983, just before his final clearance for assignment to Moscow, Howard was asked to take another polygraph test, a standard requirement for officers about to be assigned to a sensitive area. This time, the polygraph told a different story. Howard’s personal failings weren’t passed over. There was evidence of ongoing drug and alcohol use and an instance of petty theft—Howard acknowledged that he had stolen cash from the purse of a woman on an airplane. Under questioning on one of the polygraphs, he also revealed that he had cheated during a training exercise designed to test his ability to work on GTTAW, the Moscow cable-tapping operation. During the exercise at the Farm, Howard was supposed to carry a weighted backpack while climbing into a manhole, a mock-up of the TAW site. Instead, he had stuffed his backpack with cardboard to make it easier to get into the hole. Howard failed the polygraph, and a second, a third, and a fourth, before the CIA's Office of Security recommended a personnel evaluation board be convened to review his suitability for employment. After an extensive review by the panel of senior CIA officials, including Forden, Howard was fired in early May 1983.

On the day he was told to leave the CIA, electronic entry and exit records would later show that he had gone in and out of the building several times in quick succession before turning in his CIA badge for the last time. Howard left the CIA with nothing to show for his time except bitterness, a knowledge of Russian, and a head full of some of the agency's most closely guarded secrets.

Suddenly out on the street, with a wife and a new baby to support, Howard was stunned and humiliated. It didn't take long for him to start drinking again. He moved back to New Mexico, where he had been born, and took a job with the state legislature as an economic analyst. But he never stopped seething about the treatment he had received from the CIA.

The first signs of trouble came quickly after his firing. Howard began to make bizarre late-night telephone calls from his home to the special Washington tie-line to the U.S. embassy in Moscow, in one instance leaving a message with the Marine guard for Moscow station chief Carl Gephardt, telling him that he wouldn't be showing up for his physical.

His telephone calls to Moscow were reported back to CIA headquarters, and they began to trouble Forden. He went to the Office of Security to see if the agency could monitor Howard's telephone. In the spring of 1984, after he was told that the CIA didn't have the legal power to tap Howard's phone, Forden went to David Blee, then the CIA's counterintelligence chief, to tell him about the phone calls to Moscow and to warn him that Howard might be a security risk. Forden later recalled bitterly that Blee had simply smiled and done nothing.

Back in Santa Fe, Howard's mood was darkening. His drinking was getting steadily worse. In February 1984, he was arrested for assault after he fired a gun during a street fight with some local kids he followed from a bar in Santa Fe. Only his white-collar background and his job at the state legislature saved him from jail.

In May 1984, Howard showed up one night on the Washington doorstep of Tom Mills, one of his former supervisors in the SE Division. Howard had been drinking heavily, and he complained to Mills that he had been "fucked" by the agency. Troubled by the episode, Burton Gerber, who was just taking over SE Division from Forden, sent a psychologist with Mills to New Mexico to talk with Howard and gauge his mental condition.

Howard admitted to them that on his trip back to Washington, he had loitered outside the Soviet consulate, debating whether to walk in to the KGB. He had gone to the consulate, rather than the embassy, because he knew from his CIA training that the FBI didn't monitor the consular affairs section as carefully, he told them. He insisted that he hadn't actually gone inside; he said he had resisted the temptation once he thought about what becoming a spy for the Soviet Union would do to his son, Lee.

The psychologist brought another bit of news that Gerber found equally unsettling—Howard no longer seemed such a mess. He seemed in control of himself and in much better shape. It was as if he had made an important decision to change his life.

Gerber passed along the news to the CIA's security office and arranged for the agency to pay for psychological treatment for Howard. But the CIA had still not warned the FBI that Edward Howard now might be a threat to national security. Later, FBI officials would tell Gerber that they wouldn't have been able to take action against Howard at that time, since there was no proof that he had committed espionage. But Gerber and other CIA officials still paid dearly later for their failure to notify the FBI.

Even though there still wasn't enough evidence yet to prove conclusively that Howard had become a spy, it was long past time to break the news to the FBI. With Yurchenko's warning, everyone who had been involved with the Howard case began to realize just what a mistake it had been to throw him out onto the street.

Gerber looked out his window just as two FBI sedans pulled in beside him. "Here they are," he said flatly.

Afterward, the FBI would omit any mention of this Saturday meeting when it gave its account of the Howard case. Instead, FBI officials would insist that the CIA waited much longer to inform them that they knew Howard was the spy Yurchenko had described.

But in fact, Gerber also warned the FBI about one of Howard's hidden skills. The fired CIA officer had taken the CIA's most advanced training—Jack Platt's Internal Operations course—so Gerber wanted the bureau to be aware of Howard's ability to evade surveillance.

Oakton, Virginia, 1030 Hours, August 3, 1985

The air in the Oakton town house was blue from cigarette smoke when Chuck Medanich arrived the morning after Yurchenko's arrival on U.S. soil. Up the short staircase from the foyer, Yurchenko was sitting at the dining room table peering over a list of names with FBI agents Michael Rochford and Reid Broce.

Yurchenko stood up when Medanich walked in. He's restless, Medanich thought. Nervous energy.

"Good morning, Alex." Medanich used the operational alias Yurchenko had chosen until his new identity was developed.

"I have no need of sleep," Yurchenko said excitedly. "Too much work to do. Each time I close my eyes I stand again up in bed and think of one more thing to tell the boys. I now must sleep always with a pen and paper. Sometimes things I have not remembered for years just pop into my head and I have to write them down before they leave again."

Medanich turned to the FBI agents. "You guys want to take a break? I'd like a couple of minutes alone with Alex."

Medanich led Yurchenko into the small kitchen off the dining room. "Can I get you anything to drink, Alex? How about a Coke?"

The tall KGB colonel took a half-full two-liter bottle of Coke from the countertop and began to pour a glass. "Ice?" Medanich asked.

"No ice. Americans like everything with ice. It makes them sick. Never should use ice!"

"Alex," Medanich said, "I'm going to be with you almost constantly in these early weeks and months of settling in. You're a man who has much of great value to give our side, but I want you to know that my job is to see to it that your needs are understood. I want you to know that you can turn to me anytime something is bothering you, or even when nothing is bothering you. And if you ever have anything you want to discuss with someone other than the colleagues here, anything that you want to bring directly to the attention of Mr. Casey, just tell me. Mr. Casey is deeply interested in your welfare, and he wants you to know that."

Yurchenko nodded in understanding. "These boys are fine, and I have much to tell them. But I have been here more than one day already, and I thought I would by this time hear from Mr. Casey. . . ." He let his sentence trail off without transforming his statement into a request.

Medanich put his hand reassuringly on the defector's shoulder. "Mr. Casey sent me here this morning to tell you personally that he is briefing the President on the courageous decision you have made," he said, "and he will call you personally to welcome you to the United States on Monday."

"He should tell President Reagan that I have come to him to help him in the struggle," Yurchenko replied, perking up.

"That's precisely what he is telling the President." So that's where the agitation is coming from, Medanich thought. His sense of self-importance. "Is there anything I can do to help you in these first few days? Do you need rest, some time to gather your thoughts?"

Yurchenko shook his head vigorously. "I need no rest. I have had a lifetime to gather my thoughts for this. And I must work fast because my own time may not be long."

Medanich decided to let Yurchenko's statement pass, at least for the moment. He would bore in on that one later. There were too many people involved in this operation, he thought. The FBI and CIA were crawling all over the place. Word of Yurchenko's arrival had spread rapidly through the intelligence world, and Medanich worried that everyone would want to be a part of the espionage freak show in Oakton.

Yurchenko had been brought to this town house in a congested suburb only because the agency's stock of available safe houses had been so low at the time. But it was clear the CIA needed to find a better place to stash its defectors outside of the twenty-five-mile zone around Washington, D.C., in which Soviet diplomats were allowed to travel. Taking in the scene at the town house, Medanich grimaced and thought to himself that this resettlement, one of the biggest in CIA history, was being conducted with all the subtlety of a goat-fuck.

Over the next few days, as Medanich had feared, the safe house became a tourist stop for intelligence officers. What was worse, the debriefings were badly organized; too many different agencies were clamoring to grill Yurchenko on their pet issues.

At first, Yurchenko didn't seem to mind, since he had so much he wanted to get off his chest. He was so eager to talk that one day he pulled out a large sheaf of paper and spread it across the kitchen table so he could diagram the KGB's organization. But even as he and Medanich were hunched happily over the table, an FBI official who was not involved in the case arrived unannounced and invited Yurchenko to dinner. Yurchenko turned to Medanich and asked, "Do I have to go with him?" Medanich, furious at the interloper, said no. Yurchenko declined the dinner invitation and quickly returned to his organizational chart. Medanich had a feeling Yurchenko wouldn't remain so tolerant if this kind of chaos wasn't brought under control soon.

CIA Headquarters, Langley, Virginia, 1410 Hours, August 5, 1985

Bill Casey was leaning so far back in his chair that I thought he might actually topple over. Gerber and I were sitting in two straight-backed chairs in front of Casey's desk in the DCI's birch-paneled seventh-floor office. Behind us, through floor-to-ceiling windows, lay the lush, wooded panorama of the Virginia side of the Potomac. On the corner of Casey's desk was a stack of books with titles ranging from Middle East oil politics to history and the stock market. Casey was a voracious reader. He would devour books all weekend, returning on Monday to tell his closest aides which ones they should read, perhaps even how to read them.

Gerber and I were in Casey's office to brief the DCI on the initial counterintelligence take from Yurchenko. Gerber confirmed that he was convinced Yurchenko's Mr. Robert, a dismissed CIA employee who had turned to the KGB, was Edward Lee Howard.

"What do you think about the Howard thing, Milt?" Casey asked.

"Sometimes we get what we deserve," I said.

I felt, more than saw, Gerber bristle beside me. "I can't imagine anyone thinking we deserve this kind of treachery," Gerber said tensely.

"What I mean is that Howard's firing and the way it was handled is driving his revenge. The agency can't say it was uninvolved in pushing him over the edge. I'm not saying that minimizes in any way what he's done, Burton."

Casey stopped the exchange with one of his standard throwaway lines. "Hey, so we make mistakes." Turning back to the subject of Yurchenko, he was almost gleeful. "How's it goin' with him?" Casey had almost given up on trying to pronounce Yurchenko's name.

"He's running on nervous energy," I said. "But Chuck Medanich, our psychologist, doesn't think he's in a higher than usual state of agitation for someone who's done what he's just done."

"So you want me to call him?" Casey asked, looking at the typed note in front of him.

"Just call him and welcome him aboard," I said, handing Casey the suggested talking points on a pair of three-by-five cards. "Here's some language that will go a long way with him right now."

Casey glanced at the cards as he dialed the number himself, waiting until Yurchenko came on the line.

"Alex"—Casey tilted his head back and peered through his bifocals at the three-by-five cards—"this is Bill Casey." He paused to listen to the stream of words from Yurchenko. "Yeah, sure. I couldn't agree more. I just wanted to welcome you personally to the United States. Together we can accomplish much."

Casey listened to Yurchenko for a few moments, then added, "Alex, when you've rested a little and talked to our colleagues, you and I can get together for a quiet dinner. In the meantime, you can always get a message to me through Tom Fannin. . . . Yeah. . . . Yeah. . . . And thank you again for coming to us to help with the struggle."

Casey flipped the three-by-five cards on his desk and winked at me.

Vienna, Austria, August 9, 1985

Edward Lee Howard flew from Albuquerque to Zurich on August 7 and on to Vienna two days later. He had arranged for a hurried leave from his job at the New Mexico state capitol. He told his boss that his grandmother, who had been ill, had suddenly died.

Howard would spend only two days in Vienna, returning to Santa Fe on August 12. It would later be learned that Howard's grandmother was neither dead nor living in Austria or Switzerland. It was not his first trip to Austria, either. He had traveled there in September 1984, when he first met his KGB contacts. It was either during that meeting or at a subsequent one that he betrayed Adolf Tolkachev. He probably also compromised the TAW operation at about the same time.

Whether he knew Tolkachev's real name or not, Howard certainly provided the key information the KGB needed to identify him. Rem Krassilnikov later insisted that the KGB's Second Chief Directorate was already investigating Tolkachev before the First Chief Directorate provided information about Tolkachev from a source. But while the Second Chief Directorate had conducted a security probe of Tolkachev's institute in 1983—before receiving Howard's information—the KGB had not focused on Tolkachev specifically until Howard betrayed him.

9

Lefortovo District, Moscow, 0930 Hours, August 10, 1985

The white Volga sedan wound its way through the Lefortovo district of old Moscow, a once elegant section of the city built on the Yauza River. Named after Franz Lefort, its Swiss planner, who had been a confidant of Peter the Great, it had once been a posh residential district of cobblestone streets reserved for foreigners. The original Lefortovo Palace, which had dominated the district, had been designed with three intersecting wings forming a letter *K*, a tribute by its architect, so the story went, to his demanding and fleeting lover Catherine the Great.

By now, however, the palace's name had become synonymous with the mystery and despair of what it had become—the Lefortovo pretrial and investigation prison. Lefortovo and its blood-soaked history had long since tempered the Russian soul. It is not known precisely how many of the Soviet Union's elite died inside the prison in the late 1930s, giving Lefortovo the dubious honor of being Stalin's premier "shooting prison." The long cell-block corridors of the old palace had been painted an eerie flat black, and scuppers had been cut deep along the seams of walls and floors in some spots for quick pressure-hose cleanups after a busy night of shooting. In addition to the long line of Soviet officials purged after falling from Stalin's grace, Lefortovo had also held Raoul Wallenberg, the Swedish savior of thousands of Hungarian Jews in the 1940s, and, more recently, Natan Sharansky, the irrepressible Jewish dissident who had eventually been allowed to immigrate to Israel as part of a spy trade.

Rem Krassilnikov's Volga pulled to a halt before the high brown metal gate in front of an ocher building marked 3A.

Krassilnikov knew Lefortovo's history but thought it unrelated to his honorable work of catching spies. Krassilnikov was a true believer in the Soviet system and couldn't understand the questioning attitude of the younger generations. To his mind, the job of extracting confessions from traitors could not be compared to the purges of the past. The only shootings that took place in Lefortovo now were by judicial decree. It just so happened that business was booming these days.

Krassilnikov currently had two "guests" in separate isolation cells. One, the now resigned and courteous Adolf Tolkachev, had come to terms with the irreversibility of his situation. He was being most helpful, Krassilnikov thought.

But this new one that Sharavatov's men had netted was still in the indignant, tough-guy defensive stage. He was still searching desperately for that single snappy answer that would turn the game against his tormentors and make his awful problem vanish in a burst of overwhelming logic. But finding a harmless explanation for why he had been caught in the act of unloading an American dead drop full of cash was turning out to be more than even Colonel Leonid Georgiyevich Polyshchuk could handle.

Polyshchuk was a KGB counterintelligence colonel in Moscow on leave from his posting in Lagos, Nigeria. When Sharavatov's men had arrested him three days earlier, he had put a patchy, theatrical defense on the spot. He said he'd come to meet a woman at the Severyanin station and that he'd stepped into the field only to relieve himself and had been mistakenly arrested. While pissing on the stones around the electric pylon, he said, he'd suddenly remembered he ought to get a substantial rock to place under the rear wheel of his car to keep it from rolling down the sloping street where he had parked it. His parking brake was faulty, he explained, expecting that to clear up the little "misunderstanding" on the spot. But when pressed, Polyshchuk couldn't remember the woman's name, and when he led Sharavatov, who by this time had arrived on the scene, to his parked car, Sharavatov found two wooden chock blocks in the car's trunk. Why didn't he use these? Sharavatov asked. All Polyshchuk could conjure up was that he had forgotten he had them. He'd been off on a diplomatic assignment for a long time and hadn't inventoried the contents of his car trunk.

Later that night, a thorough search of Polyshchuk and his car sealed the KGB colonel's fate. The hand-drawn sketch of the field where the dead drop was located contained an error in a street name, one of several Krassilnikov knew appeared in an American-produced Moscow city plan used by the CIA. Polyshchuk also carried with him another map with a spot marked on Gorky Street where he was to leave his "have unloaded dead drop" signal, so that the American special services would know their package had been safely retrieved. And as the methodical search continued, a detailed communications plan printed on water-soluble paper was found sealed inside the lining of his glasses case.

Krassilnikov knew he had his man. Just two days earlier, he'd brought the KGB colonel before the KGB Chairman, Viktor Chebrikov, who had made a simple demand of the haggard prisoner. "Remember your officer's honor," Chebrikov had demanded. "Do the right thing." Krassilnikov had then left Polyshchuk with his own thoughts for a few days. He'd become helpful sooner or later, Krassilnikov thought. They all did, eventually—and there was plenty of time.

Now, in the cold light of day, Krassilnikov waited in the second-floor interrogation room of Lefortovo's newer wing. The time for a cover story defense has passed, he thought as he rose to answer the knock on the door that signaled Polyshchuk's arrival. Krassilnikov carefully signed the jailer's receipt for his ward, flipped a switch at the door that lit a red light in the hallway to signal an interrogation in progress, and let Polyshchuk into the sparsely furnished interrogation room. The KGB colonel had showered but not shaved. He would get a visit from the Lefortovo barber in a few days. His eyes still had traces of red from either the alcohol of the night before or a sleepless night with his thoughts. The ill-fitting blue Lefortovo running suit, and the shoes with the laces removed, further diminished his presence.

Laid out on a conference table jutting off at right angles from Krassilnikov's desk were the materials Sharavatov's men had seized the night before. The effect was shattering. There could be no denial when faced with the maps, the money, the secret messages, the high-tech concealment, and all the incriminating evidence Polyshchuk had carried on his person. Krassilnikov let the enormity of the display sink in for a few minutes. He knew that once again he had his man cold.

Colonel Leonid Georgiyevich Polyshchuk's life as a CIA spy had actually begun eleven years earlier. He had come to the CIA's attention in 1974 during the first years of détente; under more relaxed rules of engagement, Soviet intelligence officers were allowed to have greater contact with American diplomats and even CIA officers. Polyshchuk, taking advantage of the new opportunities, had started to cruise the watering holes of his backwater posting in Katmandu, Nepal. He quickly popped up on the radar screen of the CIA's chief in Katmandu, who picked up on the man's taste for liquor and the local casino. He soon learned that Polyshchuk had worked himself into a classic fix—he'd run through his KGB cash by trying to make a killing at the tables. Polyshchuk desperately needed cash to balance his books before his bosses discovered the money was missing. Polyshchuk agreed to take a "personal loan" from the American, and the transition from their personal agreement to the next step was easy. Polyshchuk would become a spy and cancel his debt.

As Polyshchuk's tour in Katmandu came to an end, he agreed to be trained in clandestine communications for "internal handling" by the CIA in Moscow. SE Division officer Sandy Grimes traveled to Katmandu and trained him in the skills needed for secure internal operations. With clandestine communications materials, Polyshchuk was sent on his way to Moscow. He was told not to do anything for the CIA for the next year, to cool off, and to work his way into a job with the most interesting access. In a year, Polyshchuk would give a "sign of life" in Moscow, standing at a specific corner wearing a fur hat he had bought in Katmandu, with a special leather bag over his shoulder. A CIA drive-by would spot him and confirm that he was alive. Then the operation would resume.

There were alternate dates for the sign of life, plus a few preaddressed postcards Polyshchuk could mail as backups to signal that he was ready to begin receiving his encrypted radio broadcasts. The CIA knew that Polyshchuk could perform all these tasks and still be under KGB control. But that was one of the risks of running a spy in Moscow.

Polyshchuk was a no-show at all of his sign of life sites in Moscow, and not one of his postcards was ever received by the CIA.

Back home, Polyshchuk had destroyed the incriminating equipment given him by the CIA and hoped his relationship with the Americans would be dropped and forgotten. He burned everything that would burn and buried the rest, thinking that no one would ever know.

SE Division assumed he got cold feet. It was possible he had been compromised, but there was no evidence of that. At the CIA, he was listed as "INACTIVE/WATCHLISTED." The agency would be watching for the next time that Polyshchuk was posted overseas.

The operation came back to life eleven years later, in February 1985, when Polyshchuk was assigned to Nigeria as the Line KR counterintelligence officer in the Soviet *Rezidentura.* Before long, he was back in business. Most of the CIA's contacts with Polyshchuk in Lagos were brief "car pickups," where the CIA officers would talk to him on the run, but the Americans also arranged a few more lengthy debriefings in one of their local safe houses.

As in Katmandu, Polyshchuk's information on the KGB's local operations in Lagos was not of great interest to the Americans. Still, the CIA once again hoped that their agent could be convinced to spy from inside Moscow.

The opportunity came in April 1985. Polyshchuk reported that he had received a letter from his parents telling him of a stroke of luck. A condominium apartment near their home in Moscow had come onto the market, and Polyshchuk could buy it for 20,000 rubles. Polyshchuk told the CIA that he had been looking for just such an apartment near his parents for years and had asked his parents to keep up the search while he was away in Africa. Concerned that he had to move fast or lose the apartment, Polyshchuk said that he had already requested leave to go home to Moscow to close the deal. He explained that this was commonplace for KGB or Foreign Ministry officers living abroad; the difficulties of finding and purchasing apartments in overcrowded Moscow were shared by many of his colleagues. His request was approved by Moscow Center, but only on condition that he take his full annual home leave, to save travel costs and time away from the job. Again, Polyshchuk told his CIA case officers that such an arrangement was routine. The only problem was that he didn't have the 20,000 rubles.

The CIA could give him the money, he said, and he'd carry it with him to Moscow. He would never be searched.

SE Division accepted Polyshchuk's explanation with few reservations. The story made sense. For the CIA, there seemed to be an added benefit; here was another chance to coax Polyshchuk into working in Moscow. He had given a variety of excuses about why he had failed to reestablish contact after he had returned to Moscow from Katmandu. But it was clear that he had been afraid of the risks.

This time, the CIA believed it had a great way to convince Polyshchuk to unload a dead drop in Moscow and, in effect, get his operational feet wet. To get his 20,000 rubles, then worth about $30,000, Polyshchuk would have to get it at a Moscow dead drop.

The CIA officers persuaded Polyshchuk that it would be too risky to carry the cash through customs at Moscow's Sheremetyevo Airport. He'd be much safer picking it up after he arrived clean in Moscow. Polyshchuk finally agreed, and by May 10, the CIA had identified a dead drop site in Moscow that could be used in the operation.

Polyshchuk left his last meeting with his handlers in Lagos in high spirits.

Krassilnikov thought back over Polyshchuk's arrest. He recalled how officers of the Seventh Chief Directorate, acting under the direction of the Second Directorate, had arrested Polyshchuk while he was picking up the money-filled rock at the Moscow dead drop site. The Americans must be second-guessing the decision to have him pick up his money in Moscow. They would be wondering what went wrong for quite some time.

Krassilnikov would forever insist that the men of the Second and Seventh Directorates deserved the credit. One of his subordinates had come to him and said that his men could feel that the Americans were about to go operational. Krassilnikov had agreed to put whatever resources were necessary on the Americans and deferred to his number two, Valentin Klimenko, to manage those resources.

On the night that a CIA officer had placed a rock full of rubles near a pylon, leaving it there for Polyshchuk to pick up later, Klimenko had more than twenty surveillance vehicles and forty surveillance personnel following him. With so many resources, the men of the Second and Seventh Directorates were able to stand off more than five hundred meters at all times. After watching the CIA officer leave the cash-filled rock, it was just a matter of waiting and watching at the dead drop site to see who showed up.

The KGB would make certain that the CIA got the message that Polyshchuk had been unmasked thanks solely to solid legwork by the Second and Seventh Chief Directorates. In Washington and Bonn, and perhaps elsewhere in the West, KGB officers were told that a drunken KGB colonel had been arrested after he was followed and watched, and the news soon got to the CIA from its agents inside those KGB *Rezidenturas.*

But the CIA never quite believed it. Was the story KGB disinformation? What about the fact that Polyshchuk's long-sought apartment in Moscow had suddenly become available? Had it been a ruse to lure him back to Moscow?

10

Coventry, Virginia, August 15, 1985

Moving Yurchenko to a secluded safe house near Fredericksburg, Virginia, well outside the twenty-five-mile travel limit for Soviet diplomats posted in Washington, brought a sense of order to his debriefings. The large, single-family house, isolated on several waterfront acres, offered an ideal setting for the case. In Oakton, Medanich had grown frustrated with the espionage tourists, but they were unlikely to make the long drive to Fredericksburg. Now, only the intelligence officials who had real business with Yurchenko would show up.

The KGB colonel had settled into something of a routine, and the debriefings had eased into the steady pace known in the trade as "counterintelligence production." Yurchenko was living up to his early promise. The flurry of activity over his identification of Edward Lee Howard as a probable KGB agent had calmed after the FBI was finally brought in on the case. Though the bureau had still not arrested—or even interviewed—the troubled former CIA officer, he was now under surveillance.

The second KGB agent Yurchenko had mentioned, an NSA employee who had volunteered to the KGB in Washington in 1980, was still unidentified. But it was clear that the NSA source had betrayed the U.S. Navy's supersensitive undersea cable tap of Soviet submarine command communications—Operation Ivy Bells, an enormously expensive operation. The revelation that Ivy Bells had been compromised prompted an intensive and exhaustive effort to find the spy. Yurchenko underwent a series of debriefings and also pored through mug books of NSA employees in order to help. He'd been in on the initial meeting with the NSA volunteer—he thought it had taken place between 1977 and 1979—and had helped smuggle the man out of the Soviet embassy disguised as a Soviet worker after shaving his beard. But he still hadn't seen his photo in any of the mug books.

Meanwhile, Yurchenko had backpedaled from his initial reporting on Navy chief Thomas Hayden, the supposed American spy he'd met on a secluded beach south of Rome. He was now telling his debriefers that he had known Hayden was a provocation all along. Sensing the CIA's lack of urgency in pursuing the lead, he concluded, correctly, that Hayden had been a dangle. Yurchenko shifted gears smoothly and began saying he had smelled a bad operation even before he left Moscow. But, he explained to his debriefers, he had needed a reason to travel out of the Soviet Union. The loss of the John Walker spy ring, and the possibility that Hayden represented a replacement for Walker, meant that the Soviets couldn't pass up the Navy communications specialist. He shrugged off as a joke his earlier admonition to the FBI not to shoot Hayden, whom he described as a dangerous spy but still a good man.

The debriefings eventually moved away from the CIA's immediate interest in identifying American traitors and shifted into the esoteric world of KGB counterintelligence efforts in Moscow. Yurchenko then began to talk about the chemicals that the KGB used to try to track CIA officers in Moscow.

Since the late 1950s, the CIA had known that KGB technical laboratories had been developing a variety of synthesized chemical agents that would enable them to track CIA officers and their Soviet agents inside the USSR. The stories ranged from the ingenious to the ribald, including rumors of KGB experiments with chemical substances—pheromones—associated with female dogs in heat. The procedure was simple. The KGB sprayed the pheromones where they might be transferred to a Moscow case officer's shoes—the floor mats of a car, for example. When the case officer was known to have "gone operational," the KGB would set male dogs on his trail. Bingo! One had no difficulty conjuring the image of the hapless CIA case officer in Gorky Park with a pack of amorous hounds in ardent pursuit.

Stories of KGB tracking techniques had come from a variety of sources and defectors, and in the early 1980s one CIA case officer, a young woman assigned to Leningrad, had found the inside of her gloves coated with a yellowish chemical. A year after the Leningrad discovery, CIA covertly received another sample of the chemical substance directly from GTCOWL—the anonymous KGB officer in Moscow who had handed over a sample of the substance to his Moscow case officer. COWL had warned that the KGB was using the substance to "keep track of your people."

Laboratory tests of the glove from the female officer in Leningrad had revealed the presence of a compound identified as nitrophenylpentadienal, NPPD for short. The second sample, provided by COWL, was also the odorless organic compound NPPD. U.S. government scientists examining the chemical could find no NPPD in lists of tens of thousands of toxic chemicals. A review of journals by the American Chemical Society turned up seven articles on NPPD and related compounds, six of which had been written by Soviet scientists. Using a screening method developed by Bruce Ames, a Berkeley biochemist, researchers determined that NPPD could be mutagenic—that is, if absorbed by humans in an unaltered form, it could cause alterations in cell structure. In humans, mutagens can be carcinogenic but are not always so. But the early tests set off alarm bells at the CIA.

By the time Yurchenko confirmed the use of tracking agents, the CIA was facing a growing problem. At what point would the agency have to tell its employees, the State Department, and the rest of the world what it knew about NPPD? By the third week of August 1985, it was clear that the time for hedging on NPPD had run out. Gerber assigned me the task of coordinating how the CIA should go public with its concerns about NPPD, now known within the agency as "spy dust."

Moscow, 1830 Hours, August 21, 1985

I was sitting alone at the back of the auditorium in Spaso House, the prerevolution mansion that served as the residence of the U.S. ambassador to the Soviet Union. The American community of Moscow had gathered for a briefing by a State Department team on the potential health effects of spy dust, a subject of intense controversy in the international media over the last few days. James Brodine, a State Department medical officer, was on the stage explaining to a skeptical audience that it had been known for some time that the Soviets were employing chemical agents. Until recently, the United States believed the Soviets used them only sporadically. But during the spring and summer of 1985, Brodine explained, the Soviets had apparently increased their use. What's more, recent laboratory tests had tentatively classified the spy dust as a mutagenic compound, prompting the State Department to inform the American community about it and to protest its use to the Soviet authorities.

The reaction in the Spaso House auditorium was a mixture of resignation and irritation. Embassy employees had little comment; there was nothing new about aggressive Soviet actions against U.S. personnel in Moscow. Some in the audience remembered how the KGB had flooded the U.S. embassy with microwave transmissions, for reasons that were never completely clear. At least a few Americans were still being monitored for possible long-term health effects from the exposure.

But the press corps was more alarmed, and American reporters based in Moscow began to grill Brodine about the health threats stemming from the spy dust. Their questions suggested that they felt like innocent victims in a U.S.-Soviet spy game.

As Brodine fielded questions from reporters, the CIA's Moscow chief took a seat in the empty row behind me. "Welcome to Moscow," he said quietly.

I glanced over my shoulder and nodded without comment. Both of us listened as Brodine and other members of the team tried to maintain a delicate balance between their duty to alert the assembled Americans to a potential health hazard and the need to avoid generating panic. Mutagens, Brodine explained, are not always carcinogenic and include some of the most common compounds people expose themselves to on a daily basis, such as coffee. The team ended its formal presentation with the announcement that an expanded technical team from Washington would arrive in Moscow within days to begin collecting environmental samples in the homes, offices, and automobiles of all Americans wishing to be sampled, including private citizens residing in Moscow.

As the crowd filed out of the auditorium, the CIA officer fell in step with me long enough to whisper a brief message. “Nine o’clock tomorrow at Post One. You’ll be met.”

The next morning, I sat with the Moscow chief in the cramped quarters of the “yellow submarine,” the custom-built enclosure that served as the CIA work area. It was a three-hundred-square-foot, hermetically sealed metallic box floating on cushions of air with a self-contained power supply. No electronic devices were allowed inside. Even manual typewriters had been forbidden, ever since a successful KGB attack on thirteen IBM Selectric typewriters in the Moscow embassy. In an ingenious operation discovered by the CIA in 1984, the KGB had managed to place the typewriters in secure areas of the embassy used by State Department personnel. The typewriters had fallen into Soviet hands while being shipped to the U.S. embassy, and tiny transmitters had been installed by the KGB, sending every word typed on the machines to a KGB electronic listening post outside the embassy. Typewriters used in the CIA area had not been compromised, but Burton Gerber didn’t want to take any chances.

Even inside the secure enclosure, we spoke in whispers and half sentences as we discussed the anomalies Moscow had been experiencing over the past year. In the midst of our conversation, he paused and wrote out a message on a single sheet of paper from a yellow legal pad. He pushed it across to me.

“Sometimes I think they’re in here with me,” the note read.

I took his pencil and scribbled out a reply: “How long?”

“All of 1985.”

I left Moscow the next day.

11

Santa Fe, New Mexico, August 25, 1985

Edward Lee Howard had been trained to spot surveillance in the CIA's operational pressure cooker—the Internal Operations course—and by the end of August he was convinced he was being followed. Howard began to notice every jogger and repairman on his isolated street. He was convinced that he had been tracked by a circling aircraft while driving into the desert.

Howard was right that he was being followed, but he was also seeing ghosts, believing the surveillance to be far more extensive than it was. Of course, he had good reason to be paranoid. Howard knew this was not a game. It wasn't going to end in a friendly after-action critique. He began to review his options.

Lisbon, 1630 Hours, August 27, 1985

Like most of the CIA's clandestine meetings with GRU Lieutenant Colonel Gennady Smetanin, this one was rushed. Smetanin had called the out-of-sequence meeting on the outskirts of Lisbon to advise his CIA case officer that he had been asked to begin his home leave in the next two days, so he could be back on the job in Lisbon in late September. As the meeting ended, it was agreed that the next scheduled meeting would take place on October 4, at another prearranged meeting site on the outskirts of Lisbon. Smetanin told his case officer he didn't think there was anything out of the ordinary about the accelerated vacation schedule. In fact, he and his wife were looking forward to getting back to Moscow and taking care of personal matters, including their purchase of an apartment.

CIA Headquarters, 1530 Hours, August 27, 1985

"He's been compromised." Paul Redmond was matter-of-fact as he read the Lisbon cable in my office.

"What makes you think that?" I asked, looking for some sign of bad news in the routine cable from Portugal advising that GTMILLION was returning to Moscow early on home leave.

"I just know. It's like Bokhan."

"How'd he get compromised?" I was trying to understand whether Redmond actually knew something or his darkening view of counterintelligence had taken over.

"Somebody told them about him. Maybe someone in here."

"You think the problem's in here?" I waved my hand to indicate the inner sanctum of SE Division.

Redmond nodded. "Either they're reading our cables or they've got someone talking to them. One or the other. Take your choice."

"What can we do about MILLION?"

"It's too late. He's gone. I'm just saying we'll never see him again, and there isn't a damn thing we can do about it. I'll be happy if I'm wrong. But I'm not."

Redmond left my office, and then, under the watchful eye of Gerber's secretary, I went to Gerber's four-drawer safe in his outer office and retrieved a small two-ring notebook with a thick red stripe running diagonally across the black cover. I was one of five people in the division with access to the notebook, which contained the case histories of all SE Division operations going back more than a dozen years. Turning to the page for GTMILLION, I found in cold summary language the story of Gennady Smetanin.

In 1983, GRU officer Gennady Smetanin had secretly sent a letter to an officer in the Defense Attaché's office of the U.S. embassy in Lisbon. Smetanin offered his services to American intelligence, in return for which he said he would expect certain considerations. If there was interest, he wrote, a personal ad should be placed in a certain Lisbon paper. I flipped the page but couldn't find the language of the ad in the summary.

The CIA chief in Lisbon reported that same day that he was convinced the volunteer was a provocation. He suggested that the package from Smetanin be turned over to Portuguese counterintelligence. But the SE Division chief at the time was a survivor of the Angleton era and had fought such paranoid fears throughout his entire career. He strongly believed that if CIA officers didn't pursue potential recruits, there was no reason for them to be in the field. He sent a cable back to Lisbon not to do anything until they received instructions from SE Division on how to handle the volunteer.

In the summary of the operation in the notebook, there were references to the first clandestine meetings with Smetanin. He said he had stolen almost $400,000 from his GRU *Rezidentura* and needed immediate help in replacing it before an upcoming audit that could expose him. He said that was why he had approached the Americans.

My eyes ran to the next entry in the notebook, one summarizing a grueling polygraph examination that had been administered to Smetanin in Lisbon. It showed that he had not been truthful about embezzling the funds. I recognized the name of the polygraph operator, an old German American professional most in the DO knew simply as "Hans." During the interrogation, Smetanin had admitted to lying about the money. He figured the CIA would give him the money if they wanted the operation to continue. Smetanin was actually proud of the way he had handled his business dealings with the CIA. In the end, he got a good part of his money, and the CIA got its penetration of Soviet military intelligence.

As I returned the notebook to Gerber's safe, I wondered if Redmond's fears would mark the final entry for GTMILLION.

Back in my office, I took stock of what I had witnessed in my first five weeks as Gerber's deputy in SE Division. By now the initial furor over Edward Howard's betrayal had subsided. Though few discussed it openly, the outrage over Howard's treachery was now mixed with an odd sense of relief. There was a feeling that Howard had never really been a member of the DO brotherhood; the system had culled him before he ever made it through the probationary period. To be sure, the rationalizations couldn't bring back Adolf Tolkachev. But at least the integrity of the DO remained somehow intact, or so the thinking went.

Only Paul Redmond was having none of it.

Langley, 0815 Hours, September 16, 1985

Every time I laid eyes on the angular features of Rod Carlson, I saw the face of Abraham Lincoln. Carlson was chief of the SE Division's counterintelligence group, a rail-thin man who had spent his career in operations against the Soviet Union. Carlson first traveled to the USSR as a student "legal traveler" under a CIA program in the late 1950s. He was a meticulous man, some thought humorless, who never displayed doubts about his life's work against the USSR. Carlson was approaching the end of his career—he had announced plans to retire in a few months—and was planning to spend his time restoring old houses. His attention to detail would fit nicely with his new pursuit.

In Gerber's office, Carlson briefed the SE chief, Redmond, and me on his meeting two nights earlier with a human penetration of the Washington *Rezidentura,* a KGB Line X officer responsible for scientific and technical intelligence in the United States. The Soviet agent was known as PIMENTA within the FBI and as GTGENTILE within the CIA.

"We met on Saturday night at a prearranged site near the walking path along the C and O Canal. The bureau provided countersurveillance. It was a clean meeting and lasted about eight minutes. The take on the *Rezidentura*'s activities since our last joint meeting was modest." Carlson's briefings were always dry and stuck to the essentials.

"At the end of the meeting, PIMENTA said that Androsov called the line chiefs separately over the last few days—he'd returned from Moscow earlier in the week—and briefed them on the gossip at Center. The biggest nugget was that Androsov said a First Directorate officer had been arrested unloading a dead drop in early August." Carlson glanced down at his notes. "The officer was a little drunk at the time he was arrested . . . no name was given . . . Androsov told one of the line chiefs that would probably come later and that anyone who knew the man would be asked to write the usual report on him. Androsov said the arrest was the result of the vigilance of the Second Directorate." Carlson paused and checked his notes again.

"Androsov made it clear it was the Second Directorate and the surveillance guys in the Seventh Directorate that caught the Americans putting the dead drop down about two weeks earlier. They ran a stakeout on the drop site until the guy came around to pick it up. The dead drop was loaded with rubles."

"It's WEIGH." Gerber's voice was soft, without drama.

"It's WEIGH," Paul Redmond said in agreement.

"What did he say, Rod?" Gerber asked. "The part about them catching the drop being loaded."

Carlson repeated what PIMENTA had told him, that the American special services officer had been spotted by a surveillance team of the Seventh Directorate while laying down the dead drop, probably sometime in late July.

"It was the casuals under the bridge," Gerber said.

Gerber had been worried ever since the July operation in Moscow, which called for Moscow to put down a rock loaded with cash for GTWEIGH in a field near a power pylon. In a follow-up report, the Moscow case officer who had left the rock had said he had seen "casuals"—men or women who seemed to be in the area on their own business—about two hundred yards from the dead drop site. The case officer had decided to go through with the operation despite the casuals, and Gerber had wondered ever since whether that had been the right decision. The casuals could have been part of a KGB surveillance team or Soviet citizens who reported what they saw to the KGB.

"It was the casuals," he repeated. "They spotted him wandering around in the field." The warning from PIMENTA was the first hard evidence of an agent actually being arrested since Tolkachev.

I glanced over at Redmond, whose demeanor offered no clues as to what he was making of all of this. After the meeting broke up, I took Redmond into my office.

"What do you think?"

"Three possibilities. One, the casuals did their socialist duty and snitched on our guy, and the KGB eventually found the rock and staked it out. Two, they weren't casuals at all, but KGB surveillance, and they found the rock and staked it out. Three, we've got a bigger problem. Take your choice." Redmond's manner telegraphed his growing conviction that there was a cancer at the heart of the CIA.

"What's your choice?" I asked, already sensing his answer.

"Three. We've got a problem."

"Tell me why."

"Too many fucking problems all at once. It never happens this way. We lose operations, but not like this. TAW goes dead. Bokhan gets an elaborate but phony recall. Stombaugh gets busted with VANQUISH. MILLION gets called home early from Lisbon, and now WEIGH gets rolled up in Moscow. Add to that the fact that the British ran Gordievsky for years without any problem, we figure it out in March, and then he gets called back to Moscow. The KGB's got too much good luck all of a sudden. Life doesn't work that way. You tell me if we've got a fucking problem."

12

Washington, D.C., September 18, 1985

The decision was finally reached at FBI headquarters on Wednesday, September 18, to close in on Edward Howard the next day. Over the previous three weeks, the FBI had maintained discreet surveillance and had tapped his home telephone. They had established a post near Howard's house, where one agent could keep watch and alert other agents whenever Howard left home.

Jack Platt, Howard's old instructor in the Internal Operations course, was worried. No one had officially told him that Howard was under investigation, but the signs were all around him. Security officers had come to ask him if he could list all of the trainees who had taken the IO course, been slated for Moscow, and later been fired. Platt said there was only one—Edward Howard. He figured out that Howard was the target of the spy probe launched after Yurchenko's defection and went to see Burton Gerber.

Platt told Gerber he wanted to warn the FBI about Howard's countersurveillance training, so the bureau would send its best watchers—nicknamed "the Gs"—out to Santa Fe. The Gs were the only FBI surveillance agents who could keep up with a trained CIA officer, Platt believed. If the FBI used local agents against him, Howard would play them like fools.

But Gerber had never liked Platt, and he had little time for him. The last thing he wanted now was to have Platt freelancing, and he didn't bother telling Platt he'd already warned the FBI that Howard had taken the IO course.

Irritated at getting the brush-off from Gerber, Platt used his personal contacts at the bureau to arrange for the agents handling the Howard investigation to officially request an interview with him. On September 9, he briefed FBI Special Agents Bob Noonan and Mike Anderson on Howard's training. He told them that he'd evaluated Howard as an above-average student and that Howard had gone up against the FBI's best surveillance teams and done well. By now, both Gerber and Platt had warned the FBI that Howard was a man with a dangerous combination of skills and cunning.

At the same time, the FBI was taking an interest in another former CIA employee, William Bosch. After a disastrous tour as a case officer in Bolivia, Bosch had been fired by the agency. In February 1984, Bosch and Howard met in New Orleans to commiserate, and Howard suggested that he and Bosch join forces to get even with the agency that had dismissed them. Why not go to Mexico City and volunteer to the Soviets? Bosch stared at him. Was he kidding? Later, Bosch claimed he had serious doubts about Howard from that time on.

Bosch was living on South Padre Island off the Texas coast when two FBI agents began to ask about him at a nearby apartment complex where he had once lived. Bosch, who by coincidence was in the management office at the time, overheard them and told them who he was. The two FBI agents were not prepared to deal with him directly and waved him off, claiming they were looking for someone who spelled his name differently.

But Bosch wasn't buying that story, and he called Howard in Santa Fe to complain. He told his friend he thought the CIA was snooping around him, using phony FBI credentials. Howard, by now convinced that his telephone was tapped, didn't say much during Bosch's phone call. But he realized that the FBI was looking for Bosch because of him. And he knew he'd said some incriminating things to Bosch. The most revealing conversation had occurred just two and a half months earlier, on South Padre Island. Howard had told Bosch that he had taken the final step against the CIA. "I did it," Howard had told Bosch. "I'm *really* playing hardball. What do you want, five, ten, fifteen thousand dollars?"

Howard would later tell Bosch that he was only joking, but Bosch came away from the outing convinced his friend's life had become very complicated indeed.

The FBI would not learn this until September 21, almost seventy-two hours later.

Santa Fe, 1330 Hours, September 19, 1985

The call came at 1:30 on Thursday afternoon. Special CIA Security Agent Jerry Brown told Howard there was an important matter he needed to discuss with the FBI. As David Wise wrote in his 1988 book on the Howard case, the FBI wanted Howard to meet them at the Santa Fe Hilton, a short walk from Howard's office in the state capitol. Howard agreed.

Jerry Brown's partner in the planned initial confrontation was Special Agent Michael Waguespack, who was widely recognized as one of the most effective interviewers in the bureau. Phil Parker, one of the key FBI officials running the Howard investigation, had handpicked Waguespack for the interview. Brown was there to provide depth and continuity; he was the "sound man," the agent most familiar with the telephone tap coverage of the Howard home and thus most familiar with Howard's state of mind.

Howard arrived at the Hilton to find Brown and Waguespack and his former CIA supervisor, Tom Mills, whom he had not seen in over a year. Mills's role was to nudge Howard into talking openly to the two FBI agents. After he had given his words of encouragement, Mills left the hotel room. And Edward Howard's life began to crumble.

Waguespack opened the interview by showing Howard a copy of a *Washington Post* story on the defection of Oleg Gordievsky to Britain. Waguespack told Howard that Gordievsky had identified Howard as a Soviet agent. That was a lie, a cover story dreamed up by the FBI to protect Yurchenko, whose defection had not yet been publicly reported.

Howard denied the accusation, and Waguespack asked him if he would take a polygraph. Howard said bitterly he would never take another polygraph; that was what had destroyed his career at the CIA. He said he wanted to get a lawyer, and Waguespack told him he had twenty-four hours.

Back at his office, Howard called his wife, Mary, and hurriedly told her that the FBI was accusing him of being a Soviet agent. Howard then drove home, and now the FBI surveillance was open and obvious all the way to his neighborhood. As he drove up to his house, Howard saw two FBI agents trying to talk to his wife. Howard went into his house and immediately called his lawyer, Mort Simon, and told him what was going on. Simon told him not to talk, and Howard went out to get Mary and pulled her away from the agents.

Within an hour, Howard's psychiatrist, Dr. Michael Dudelcyzk, called to say that the FBI had been asking about him. Howard tried to explain and asked Dudelcyzk for a prescription of tranquilizers so he could calm down.

That night, Howard called Bosch and revealed that the FBI was after him, not Bosch. Finally, before going to bed, he walked around his neighborhood to check out the surveillance. He spotted a utility van not far from his home.

South Padre Island, Texas, 0600 Hours, September 20, 1985

An insistent knock at the door of his beachfront condominium rousted Bill Bosch out of bed. Two men identifying themselves as FBI agents said they wanted to talk to him about his relationship with Edward Lee Howard. Bosch talked briefly with the agents and agreed to meet them again the next day for a polygraph examination.

In Santa Fe, meanwhile, Howard was acting cool. His boss in the state legislature, Phil Baca, had been interviewed by the FBI and knew Howard was in trouble, but he was surprised at how calm Howard seemed. In a formal presentation that morning, Howard didn't appear to be a man under intense pressure. After lunch, Howard told Baca he needed to take the rest of the afternoon off before a business trip to Austin, Texas, scheduled for Monday. Howard then told Baca that he might be contacted by federal officials, who might ask him questions about him and his travels. It was no big deal, Howard assured him.

After he left the capitol, Howard withdrew $300 from his bank account, stopped by Mort Simon's office to get the name of an Albuquerque attorney who specialized in federal criminal law, and then drove home to pick up Mary to go shopping. As he and Mary pushed their basket through the aisles of the Santa Fe Safeway, Howard recognized and approached a member of the FBI surveillance team and said he wanted another meeting. The rattled FBI agent made a quick call and then told Howard that Jerry Brown would be waiting for him at the Santa Fe Hilton.

In a brief meeting with Brown and Waguespack, Howard said he would have a criminal attorney by Monday and that he was canceling his Austin trip. They could get together on Monday. By the end of the day on Friday, the FBI believed it had matters under control in Santa Fe.

Moscow, September 20, 1985

In what was to become a recurring nightmare for the CIA, the press release summed up the disaster in clinical language:

> Tass is authorized to announce:
>
> The USSR State Committee for Security has uncovered and arrested an agent of the U.S. special services—A. G. Tolkachev, a worker in a Moscow research institute. The spy was caught in the act of passing secret materials of a defense nature to Paul M. Stombaugh, an officer of the American CIA, who acted under the cover of second secretary of the U.S. embassy in Moscow.
>
> It has been established that the American special services provided Tolkachev with specially designed miniature cameras with which he photographed secret documents, as well as with the means of codes, ciphers, and rapid acting two-way communications radio sets, and other materials for espionage work. Potent poisons which had been given to the spy by the Americans were also seized.
>
> The contents, along with instructions from the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, discovered at Tolkachev's residence, indicate that his use as a spy was linked with the CIA's plans to conduct large-scale subversive activities against the Soviet Union. The investigation continues.

It was no surprise. Still, the Tass announcement darkened the mood at Langley.

Santa Fe, 0900 Hours, September 21, 1985

Edward Lee Howard was moving methodically. He had stalled the FBI until Monday, but that meant he had to make his move now. His training began to kick in. At about 9:00 A.M., Howard and his wife left their house, and for more than two hours they drove around town looking for places that he could use to elude his FBI surveillance. He was planning to employ a tactic he had learned in the IO course: He would jump from a moving car while his wife drove around a corner. It was the old CIA trick of moving through the gap, taking advantage of the few seconds when they would be out of sight of surveillance. But Howard's plan came with a twist: As soon as he jumped out of the car, his wife would activate a pop-up dummy to take his place. By the time the surveillance picked them up again, they would still see two people sitting in the car. The dummy ("JIB" in CIA parlance, for "jack-in-the-box") was crude, but at night and from behind, it could fool them long enough for Howard to make his escape.

Back home, Howard made a tape recording for his wife to use of a call to his psychiatrist, so that it would seem as if he wanted to set up an appointment later that week. That afternoon, a baby-sitter came to take care of their toddler, Lee. Howard and his wife told the sitter they were going out to dinner in Santa Fe. After saying good-bye to his son at about 4:30 P.M., Howard drove off with Mary.

Somehow, the FBI surveillance team missed them and didn't realize that Howard had left his home. Although the bureau had a trailer parked a few hundred feet away with television monitors scanning the area and a clear line of sight of the route out of the neighborhood, the rookie agent inside the trailer didn't see the couple drive away. Phillip Parker, then the top deputy in the FBI's counterintelligence division, recalls that the FBI had surveillance units nearby, ready to follow Howard. But they had to be told when Howard left his house, so they could get into place to follow him. And since the rookie in the trailer never told them he was out of pocket, they didn't know it was time to start tracking him.

"The choke point was the man watching from the trailer, and the big mistake was to put a first-office agent there," says Parker.

Of course, Howard didn't know he wasn't being followed, so he and Mary went through with their elaborate plans to evade the FBI. They ate dinner at a Santa Fe restaurant, and Howard called home to talk to their baby-sitter, thinking that would lull the FBI's monitors, reassuring them that they knew exactly where Howard was. But again the FBI missed the signal; no one picked up on the fact that Howard was at a restaurant calling home, not inside his house making an outgoing call.

Howard drove away from the restaurant at about 7:00 P.M., with his wife behind the wheel. At the turn he had identified that morning, he popped up the Jib and then jumped out of the car into some bushes. Mary drove on, and Edward Lee Howard was "black" in the Santa Fe night.

When Mary arrived back home, the FBI agent in the trailer was stunned; he didn't know the couple had ever left the house. But with the Jib in the front seat beside her, the agent breathed a sigh of relief. At least they were both back now.

The FBI was having greater success that day with William Bosch on South Padre Island. The former CIA officer had agreed to take a polygraph examination and told the FBI about his conversations with Howard. He told the FBI how Howard had suggested they get back at the CIA by going to Mexico City to volunteer to the Soviets. Most ominously, he told the agents how Howard had said to him, "I did it." With Bosch's statements, the FBI seemed on the verge of obtaining the probable cause needed for an arrest. But that could come Monday.

Meanwhile, Howard made his way to his empty office at the state capitol, typed a letter to Phil Baca, and caught a hotel shuttle van for the Albuquerque airport. Ironically, the shuttle made a stop in front of the Santa Fe Hilton—where the FBI agents waiting to interrogate Howard were staying. But again the FBI missed him, and Howard's trip to Albuquerque was uneventful. He hopped on the first flight available, to Tucson, Arizona, and soon was gone, having successfully made the FBI's surveillance agents look like a bunch of Keystone Kops.

After spending the night at an airport motel, Howard got on an early-morning flight for St. Louis and New York. He sat next to movie star Lee Marvin on the first leg of the trip. They chatted about the book Howard was reading—Tom Clancy's *The Hunt for Red October.* Howard changed planes again in New York and was on his way to Europe by Sunday night, just as the FBI was finally discovering that he was gone.

13

Montreal, September 24, 1985

Chuck Medanich, playing the role of father confessor, had been bracing for the worst all the way up from Washington. Medanich had a gift for reading people, for understanding the human heart, and he knew that this CIA-sponsored hunt for the love of Vitaly Yurchenko's life was a long shot at best.

Yurchenko had come to America two months earlier without his wife or daughter or his adopted son, and, in truth, he showed no great remorse about leaving them behind in Moscow. To be sure, he had made it clear to the first CIA officer he met when he walked into the U.S. embassy in Rome that he wanted his defection kept quiet, in the hope that the Soviet authorities would not feel compelled by bad publicity to punish his family. Having cast his lot without them, Yurchenko felt a responsibility to ensure that they were treated correctly by the Soviet authorities. Without proof that he had defected, the legalistic Soviets would have to move cautiously against his family.

Yurchenko's dream of a new life in the West did not include his wife. It revolved instead around his secret love, Valentina Yereskovsky. Vitaly and Valentina—they had fallen in love years earlier when they had been thrown together in the Soviet diplomatic community in Washington. From 1975 until 1980, Yurchenko had served as the security officer in the KGB's Washington *Rezidentura,* while Valentina, the wife of a Soviet diplomat, had been working as the pediatrician for the Soviet community. Yurchenko fell in love, and he yearned to someday, somehow, escape with her for a life far away from the complications of marriage and KGB security.

Sitting in a safe house in Virginia, Yurchenko fondly recalled the romantic Washington that he and Valentina had shared so briefly. The two had parted when Yurchenko was transferred back to Moscow, leaving the KGB officer to build dreams of a new world around his love for Valentina. Eventually he came to believe that Valentina would be ready to fly away with him on a moment's notice. All he needed to do was show up.

The CIA agreed to arrange a dramatic reunion between Vitaly and Valentina in Montreal, where her husband was now posted. The risks for the CIA and for Yurchenko were high, but perhaps Valentina would indeed come away with her lover and Yurchenko's outlook on his new life would brighten. Yurchenko had come to trust Medanich, so the plainspoken Texan would travel with the Russian and help him through the trauma of this reunion.

For his part, Medanich had come to respect Yurchenko; he seemed a cut above the other Soviet defectors he had handled during his career. Yurchenko had a puritanical streak and adhered to a spartan (if very odd) diet. He enjoyed cooking beef tongue and other Russian specialties he believed would soothe his ailing stomach. He never expressed interest in having the CIA procure women for him or in indulging himself in other vices. The recent death of his mother from stomach cancer had convinced Yurchenko that he was living on borrowed time, and while the loss seemed to have spurred him on to his impulsive decision to defect, it didn't mean he was a man of uncontrollable urges. He was, Medanich concluded, a man of honor. He had been happily telling the CIA everything he knew about KGB operations, had provided the tip that had led the CIA and FBI to Howard, and now all he hoped for was a reunion with the woman he loved and a fresh life on the American side of the Cold War.

For Yurchenko, the night before the trip to Montreal was like the night before the junior prom. Medanich arranged for a haircut and a new suit so he would look his best for his girl.

Yurchenko flew from Washington with Medanich and a CIA security detail to a military base near Plattsburgh, New York. The small group then drove across the border to rendezvous with the CIA's station chief in Canada and one of Yurchenko's main CIA debriefers, Colin Thompson, a Soviet Division officer in charge of Eastern European counterintelligence. The Canadian government provided security and logistical support for the visit, to make sure the KGB didn't try to grab Yurchenko while he was out of the United States.

Yurchenko and his entourage spent one night in a Montreal hotel under the watchful eyes of the Canadian security personnel. The Canadians didn't want Yurchenko to go out on the streets during the evening, but Medanich realized that he was so nervous, endlessly pacing in his room, that he needed to get out. Medanich finally overruled the Canadians and took him out for a walk, while a tense Canadian security detail followed close on their heels.

Valentina had returned from home leave in Moscow just before Yurchenko and his CIA detail arrived in Montreal. The CIA tried to arrange for Yurchenko to approach her as soon as she returned, just in case the Soviets knew about their relationship. The CIA figured that if they moved quickly, the Soviets wouldn't have enough time to plan an ambush.

The plan was simple: Yurchenko would go to Valentina's apartment at lunchtime, while her husband was at the office and when she would most likely be one of the few people in the building. Canadian security personnel had the site covered, with lookouts across the street radioing back to a makeshift command post and undercover personnel posing as maintenance workers just down the hall. They were poised to move in quickly at the first sign of trouble.

When Yurchenko knocked on the apartment door, Valentina seemed to be expecting him. But his dreams were quickly shattered. When he asked her to come with him, she sternly said no. Later, Yurchenko confided to Medanich what she had said. She told him that she had loved a KGB colonel, not a traitor.

I have loved two men in my life, she told him. My father and you. My father is dead, and now you are dead in my eyes. You are nothing but a traitor.

The rejection was very dramatic, very Russian, and absolutely devastating. Valentina never let Yurchenko inside her apartment; the entire exchange took place at her door and lasted just two or three minutes. His head spinning, Yurchenko found his way back downstairs, back to the car and Medanich, back to a life now empty of dreams.

Colin Thompson left Montreal uncertain whether Valentina had ever really shared Yurchenko's dream of a life together. Thompson never warmed to Yurchenko, at least not the way Medanich did, and he wondered if Yurchenko's idea of having Valentina run away with him was merely a fantasy to avoid a lonely existence as a Russian defector in the United States.

After a brief countersurveillance run to make sure they weren't being followed, Yurchenko's driver headed for the border. The Canadians made the exit from downtown Montreal easier by blocking off traffic.

Yurchenko said little in the car as they sped away from the scene of his heartbreak. Matter-of-factly, he told Medanich what Valentina had said but added little about his own thoughts. Yurchenko, ever the KGB officer, didn't want to say much in front of a driver he didn't know well. And Medanich didn't pry; the pain was evident.

It was raining hard by the time they got back to Plattsburgh; the remnants of a tropical storm were pounding the Northeast. The weather fit Yurchenko's foul mood. While he was in Montreal, the story about his defection had broken in *The Washington Times,* and the rest of the Washington press corps was chasing the story. Some CIA officers had an awful feeling that the leaks might have come directly from CIA Director William Casey, who was eager for some positive press now that controversy was mounting over the CIA's aggressive activities in Central America, particularly the mining of Nicaraguan harbors.

Yurchenko had discovered the leaks in the worst possible way: He picked up a Montreal newspaper and saw a story about himself, just as he was being rejected by Valentina. He lost his love and his anonymity at the same time, and his bitterness about his fate deepened.

That night, at the officers club, Yurchenko had a drink; it was the only time he did so in front of Medanich. Even then, he stopped at one.

The weather cleared the next morning, and they boarded their plane for Washington in brilliant sunshine. Yurchenko's spirits seemed to lift briefly as he stood in the door of the plane, breathing in the morning air. But on the flight back to Washington, he seemed to be wrestling with his fate. He was convinced that the KGB had brainwashed Valentina, that they had turned her against him. Now, for the first time, he had to think about life without her.

He turned to Medanich. You are single, Yurchenko observed. What is it like to be a bachelor?

"I've been married and I've been single," Medanich said carefully, not knowing what answer Yurchenko wanted. "There are advantages both ways."

Back in Washington, Yurchenko's mood grew worse. Without Valentina, he found it harder to accept the slights he perceived. His anger over the media leaks mounted, and he felt his handlers were showing him off to the world—and cutting off his options.

By mid-October, Medanich and others at the CIA realized that Yurchenko needed a break. Maybe a trip out west would take his mind off his troubles, off Valentina. This time, Medanich would not be along to help soothe Yurchenko's nerves. Colin Thompson took his place, joining Yurchenko and the rest of his detail on a tour of the West. Thompson and Yurchenko didn't get along, which doomed the trip almost from the start.

After flying to Phoenix, Yurchenko and his escorts drove to the Grand Canyon, Las Vegas, and Bryce Canyon, Utah. The idea was to let him relax and see the country, but the trip only reconfirmed his fear that he didn't fit into this strange culture. Far from Washington, Yurchenko found it harder to make himself understood by Americans unfamiliar with his heavily accented English. Coached to ask for oatmeal instead of porridge for breakfast, he was embarrassed when a waitress was puzzled by his request for "houtmeal." It was his first exposure to life outside his CIA-created bubble, and he found it bewildering. He later confessed to Medanich that he felt like a baby, a proud KGB officer now unable to do things for himself.

In Las Vegas, Yurchenko was put off when his minders offered to find him a prostitute. It was clear that the pleasures of Las Vegas—gambling, sex, and liquor—were lost on Yurchenko.

The highlight of the trip came when the group was flagged down in rural Arizona and met by an FBI agent carrying a book of mug shots for Yurchenko to plow through. The FBI was anxious to track down the NSA spy, since he had told the Soviets about one of the most costly eavesdropping operations in American history. Yurchenko had already gone through a series of other mug books of NSA employees and had come up dry. But this time, the FBI widened the net to include a photo of a former NSA employee. It didn't take long for Yurchenko to identify Ronald Pelton, who had left the NSA before he began spying, as the man who had visited the Soviet embassy.

But as soon as Yurchenko picked Pelton out of the mug book, Thompson saw a change in him. Suddenly, Yurchenko realized that by fingering Pelton, he might have to testify in court, and he would thus publicly confirm the fact that he had defected. Such an open display would almost certainly prompt the Soviet authorities to move against his family and make it impossible for him to ever return home. Thompson later believed it was at that moment that Yurchenko began to think about finding a way out of his new life.

Medanich could see after Yurchenko returned from the trip that it had done nothing to improve his outlook. By late October, he was concerned that Yurchenko was slipping away mentally and emotionally. Medanich was an instinctive man, and his gut had been warning him about the Yurchenko case for some time. He had always had a slightly spooky feeling whenever he drove down to the Coventry safe house near Fredericksburg to visit Yurchenko. He could never quite put his finger on it, but during their walks by the beaver pond on the property, he sometimes felt as if they were being watched. There were minor incidents—strangers driving down the lane leading up to the safe house, for instance—that heightened his suspicions. There was never any evidence that the strangers were there to watch Yurchenko, but Medanich just didn't like so many coincidences.

Now, Yurchenko's mood was changing rapidly. Medanich finally wrote a memo detailing his fears, warning that unless something was done and done fast, Yurchenko would end his cooperation with the United States government. The memo was sitting on Burton Gerber's desk by the beginning of November. Later, Medanich wished he had used stronger language in his memo and had warned that Yurchenko might redefect.

Even before Gerber saw Medanich's memo, he had also begun to see signs of trouble. In mid-October, Gerber went to see Yurchenko at the Coventry safe house. Gerber was accompanied by Murat Natirboff, who happened to be in Washington and had asked to meet Yurchenko.

Natirboff told Gerber that he was interested in talking to Yurchenko about KGB operations in Moscow.

Leaving Natirboff behind, Gerber and Yurchenko took a walk on the grounds of the safe house by themselves, and Yurchenko calmly but firmly told Gerber how he felt about the leaks, which by then had reached flood stage. “Mr. Gerber, how can I trust your service when everything I tell you ends up in the newspaper?”

The next day, Gerber told his colleagues what Yurchenko had asked him, and Gerber said that he had no answer. The Russian was right: The CIA had failed him. Gerber wrote a memo for his superiors, warning that Yurchenko’s mood had darkened and that the case could be in trouble.

14

Alexandria, Virginia, October 4, 1985

As he went through his mail at home, Viktor M. Degtyar, a Line PR officer in the KGB's Washington *Rezidentura,* found an intriguing letter addressed to him and postmarked "Oct. 1, Prince George's County, Md." Inside was a second envelope, marked "DO NOT OPEN. TAKE THIS ENVELOPE UNOPENED TO VICTOR I. CHERKASHIN." There was no name or return address on either envelope, but whoever had sent this letter knew something about KGB operations in Washington. Mailing a letter to the home of a KGB officer bypassed the dangers of a more direct means of approaching Soviet intelligence officers under the watchful eyes of the FBI. And the very fact that the sender knew the name and home address of a KGB officer—and knew the name of the man in charge of counterintelligence for the *Rezidentura*—strongly suggested that this letter was to be taken seriously.

Once the letter was delivered to the *Rezidentura,* opened, and read, any doubts that the KGB might have had about its significance evaporated:

> Dear Mr. Cherkashin:
>
> Soon, I will send a box of documents to Mr. Degtyar. They are from certain of the most sensitive and highly compartmented projects of the U.S. intelligence community. All are originals to aid in verifying their authenticity. Please recognize for our long-term interests that there are a limited number of persons with this array of clearances. As a collection they point to me. I trust that an officer of your experience will handle them appropriately. I believe they are sufficient to justify a $100,000 payment to me.

> I must warn of certain risks to my security of which you may not be aware. Your service has recently suffered some setbacks. I warn that Mr. Boris Yuzhin (Line PR, SF), Mr. Sergey Motorin (Line PR, Wash.), and Mr. Valeriy Martynov (Line X, Wash.) have been recruited by our "special services."
>
> . . . Details regarding payment and future contact will be sent to you personally. My identity and actual position in the community must be left unstated to ensure my security. I am open to commo suggestions but want no specialized tradecraft. I will add 6 (you subtract 6) from stated months, days and times in both directions of our future communications.

As if his letter wasn't already intriguing enough, the volunteer also passed on information about recent Soviet defectors to the United States, as well as some of the government's most sensitive technical operations targeting Soviet intelligence activities in the United States.

Stanislov Androsov, the KGB *Rezident,* and Viktor Cherkashin, chief of counterintelligence in the *Rezidentura,* knew immediately that this volunteer was genuine. The letter corroborated some of the information that Cherkashin had received from Aldrich Ames a few months earlier, and the KGB was already quite satisfied that Ames was not a double agent. He had provided too much information to be a double. Like this new volunteer, Ames had also fingered Martynov, Motorin, and Yuzhin, and as a result they were all already under suspicion. To be sure, Martynov had been allowed to take his summer home leave—and then return to the United States—after Ames had identified him as a spy, perhaps because the Soviets were not yet certain what to make of Ames or his information. But this new source was providing corroboration.

The letter writer did not reveal his identity, but to an experienced counterintelligence officer like Cherkashin, the letter offered plenty of clues about where he worked. From Ames, the KGB knew that the Russian spies inside the Washington *Rezidentura* and other stations in the United States were handled jointly by the CIA and the FBI. But a CIA officer like Ames with broad access to the agency's Soviet programs might also be aware of Russian agents in Moscow and other locations overseas. An FBI agent would not. By contrast, an FBI agent involved in counterintelligence would have greater detailed knowledge of collection operations targeted against the Soviets in the United States. “I think it would have taken Cherkashin about thirty seconds to figure out that the letter was from an FBI agent,” Paul Redmond would later observe.

The letter writer was smart enough to realize that the secrets he was planning to hand over to the Soviets could finger him, even if he never gave the KGB his name. He acknowledged in his letter that the “box of documents” he planned to send to Degtyar would “as a collection . . . point to me.”

Androsov and Cherkashin knew how to protect this volunteer. Earlier in the year, both had flown back to Moscow, rather than send a cable, to inform Center about Ames. Now, the KGB code-named this new volunteer B and slowly created an operational environment in which he could begin to thrive. On October 15, Degtyar received a package at his home containing a large number of classified documents from B. Androsov and Cherkashin could hardly believe their luck; just five months after Ames, this new, anonymous volunteer was providing equally astounding material from the heart of the U.S. intelligence community. The KGB’s Washington *Rezidentura,* knocked off balance by John Walker’s arrest earlier in the year, was now tapping into the mother lode.

At 8:35 A.M. on October 16, FBI surveillance personnel routinely monitoring the Soviet embassy watched Degtyar arrive for work with a large black canvas bag that he didn’t normally carry. They duly noted that detail in their logs, and that tiny shard of information lay in the FBI surveillance files for years afterward, unexplained and seemingly unimportant.

Meanwhile, Viktor Cherkashin began thinking of ways to convince Valeriy Martynov to return to Moscow without making him suspicious.

New York, Early October 1985

He had done it. He had mailed the letter on his way back to Washington for a meeting at FBI headquarters. Even if the KGB concluded that it came from someone in the bureau, it would be difficult to trace back to a supervisory agent in the New York Field Office. Mailing it to Degtyar at his home had added another layer of protection; Robert Hanssen knew that the FBI didn't routinely go through personal mail addressed to KGB officers at their homes. After all, the only people who knew where KGB officers lived were a few CIA officers and FBI agents. No reason to cover their personal mail.

Hanssen had been transferred to New York ten days earlier. This would be his second tour of duty in New York—and his second stint as a Soviet spy. In 1979, a few months after he was first assigned to counterintelligence in New York, Hanssen had walked into the New York office of AMTORG, a Soviet trade organization that served as a front for the GRU, and offered his services as a spy. As a junior FBI special agent, Hanssen had limited access to the bureau's secrets. Still, he was able to reveal to the Soviets the identity of one of the most important and longest-surviving spies within the Soviet hierarchy, a source known inside the FBI as TOP HAT—and at the CIA as BOURBON. TOP HAT was GRU General Dmitri Polyakov, who had first been recruited by the FBI while he was in New York in the early 1960s. Hanssen also handed over the FBI's classified listing of Soviet diplomats believed to be intelligence officers, letting the Soviets know how much the FBI knew about its intelligence operations in the United States—and which of its officers had so far eluded detection.

The Soviets reacted in an odd manner to Hanssen's information about Polyakov. At the time Hanssen betrayed him, Polyakov was serving in India. He was recalled to Moscow by the GRU in 1980 and apparently retired soon after that—the CIA lost contact with him in Moscow. Polyakov was not arrested until 1986, years after his retirement, by which time he had also been identified by Aldrich Ames. The Soviets felt they needed corroboration before arresting a general.

Hanssen spied for the GRU until his wife discovered his espionage in 1980. When she walked in on him in the basement of their home in Scarsdale, New York, he suddenly began to cover up what he was doing. Afraid that he was having an affair, she began to grill him, and he finally told her that no, there was no other woman—he was handing over information to the Soviet Union. He convinced her that he was tricking the Russians, giving them worthless information in exchange for cash.

Bonnie Hanssen, a devout Catholic who was then pregnant with their fourth child, was stunned. She believed her husband when he said that he was “tricking” the Russians, but she still understood that Bob was playing an extremely dangerous game. She told him she thought that what he was doing was “insane” and that it might get him fired from the FBI.

Fearful for her family’s future, Bonnie convinced her husband to go with her to talk to their priest. Bob and Bonnie were members of a small conservative Catholic organization called Opus Dei and went to see their priest at Opus Dei’s center in Westchester County, Reverend Robert Bucciarelli. Father Bucciarelli initially told Hanssen that he had to turn himself in to the FBI. That night, Bonnie cried herself to sleep, fearful of what was to become of their family. But the next morning, the priest called the Hanssens back and asked them to come see him once again. This time he suggested a way out—if Bob would give the money he had received from the Soviets to charity and agree not to spy further, he didn’t need to surrender to the authorities. Relieved, the Hanssens went home. Bob promised Bonnie he wouldn’t deal with the Russians again and would send his Soviet money to Mother Teresa.

Bob Hanssen had one problem—he had already spent some of the money the Soviets had paid him. Bonnie was determined to fulfill their commitment to Father Bucciarelli and insisted that Bob repay the entire amount—about $30,000—and not just the cash that remained. Bob Hanssen realized that meant he would have to make installment payments to Mother Teresa for years to come. The family teetered on the verge of bankruptcy as a result.

Bonnie tried to make sure that he was making the payments—and staying clean. She would regularly ask her husband if he was sending money to Mother Teresa and would also archly grill him about whether he had started up again with the Russians. Yes, Bob would say, I am still making the payments. No, he would say, I am not dealing with the Russians. Bob would act hurt each time she questioned him about his vow never again to work with the Soviets. Marriage is built on trust, after all.

The Hanssens moved back to Washington when Bob was transferred to headquarters for a senior post in counterintelligence, and by 1985 he was able to tell his wife that he had finally paid off their debt to

Mother Teresa. After years of barely scraping by, the Hanssens no longer had a secret financial obligation hanging over their heads.

In October 1985, Bob was transferred back to New York, and this time Bonnie was determined to maintain a modest lifestyle so her husband wouldn't be tempted to go back to the dirty but lucrative game of playing with the Russians. During their first tour in New York, the Hanssens had lived in Scarsdale, one of New York's most expensive suburbs. This time, Bonnie insisted that they find a cheaper place to live, so they settled in a modest three-bedroom house in Yorktown Heights, a small town about ninety minutes north of New York City. There was no reason now that the Hanssens couldn't make it on Bob's FBI salary.

But Bob Hanssen found the pull of espionage too strong to resist. So just as he was transferring back to New York he volunteered again, this time anonymously, and to the KGB in Washington rather than the GRU in New York. The Soviets never connected their new volunteer with the earlier agent working for the GRU in New York. Hanssen didn't want any more slipups.

At the time he sent his letter to Degtyar, Hanssen was about to take on a job with much broader access to the FBI's counterintelligence secrets than he had had during his earlier stint as a spy. He had just been named a supervisor in a foreign counterintelligence squad in the New York Field Office, handling technical operations against Soviets operating at the United Nations and in the Soviet consulate in Manhattan.

But more important, he had just completed an assignment as chief of the unit that analyzed information collected by the FBI on Soviet intelligence operations in the United States. He had also served on a special committee that was in charge of coordinating the FBI's technical intelligence projects against the Soviets. So when Bob Hanssen volunteered to spy for the Soviets a second time, his head was filled with secrets, including many that the FBI had received from the Central Intelligence Agency.

Perhaps the most explosive secret that Hanssen betrayed to the Soviets was the fact that the FBI and the National Security Agency had jointly built a tunnel underneath the new Soviet embassy complex in Washington. The new embassy complex wasn't fully occupied yet, but the FBI and NSA had already constructed the tunnel in order to eavesdrop on conversations among Russian diplomats and intelligence officers. What's more, the American contractors working on the embassy compound had been infiltrated with FBI agents, who had worked hard to ensure that the compound was built as one big megaphone. They'd even made sure that a special sound-conducting paint had been used in the embassy, including on internal pipes, so that sound would travel more readily and be easier to pick up from the FBI tunnel.

Hanssen betrayed so many secrets shared jointly by the FBI and CIA, in fact, that years later, when counterintelligence investigators began to hunt down the source of the leaks, they were convinced the betrayal had occurred in Langley, not at the FBI. One innocent CIA officer, who by coincidence was both involved in a case Hanssen betrayed and happened to jog in a suburban Virginia park where Hanssen made some of his dead drops, would come under intense and prolonged scrutiny.

Even Bob Hanssen may not have been quite sure why he had decided to become a spy. He was hardly a classic case. Unlike others who had turned to espionage as a form of revenge against a system that had denied them advancement, Hanssen was not stalled in his career. He volunteered to the Soviets just as he was being given a promotion. Ideology didn't explain it: Hanssen was a devout Catholic and avowed anti-Communist. He lived modestly with his wife and children and carpooled to work, even after he took the Soviets' cash. The money was nice, but there was something more. Perhaps the only explanation was that Bob Hanssen had an addictive personality, and espionage somehow fed his cravings.

A native of Chicago and graduate of Knox College, a small liberal arts school in Illinois, Hanssen took a few years to find his footing. After majoring in chemistry and studying Russian at Knox, he switched to dentistry at Northwestern, later shifting to business and accounting. Married to Bonnie by 1968, he received an MBA from Northwestern in 1971, and by 1973 he was a certified public accountant, working briefly as an accountant in Chicago and then as a financial investigator for the Chicago Police Department. By the time Hanssen finally joined the FBI in 1976, he was nearly thirty-two.

Following a stint in a white-collar crime squad in Gary, Indiana, he was transferred to New York in 1978 to work on accounting-related matters, but the next year he volunteered to join the New York Field Office's intelligence division. With his business and accounting background, he was assigned to help create an automated counterintelligence database for the New York office. The database would help the FBI keep track of Russian intelligence officers operating in the United States.

In 1981, just after he had broken with the GRU, he was transferred to FBI headquarters and began to move up through the ranks. He became a supervisory special agent in the intelligence division and later moved into the budget unit there, helping to prepare the FBI's classified intelligence budget requests to Congress. Finally, in 1983, he moved into the Soviet analytical unit. The KGB could not have asked for a more knowledgeable or better-placed spy. Years later, American investigators would discover that the KGB came to consider their anonymous new spy, B, to be more valuable than Aldrich Ames.

The trick would be to keep him producing secrets. But Bob Hanssen had his own inner clock that would tell him when to spy and when to lie low.

15

Langley, October 1985

Edward Lee Howard had been on the run for over a week when the first solid clues of his whereabouts began to surface. The FBI had traced his travel from Albuquerque to Tucson to Helsinki, but the trail ended there. Some at the FBI thought he had linked up with the KGB in Finland, then traveled into the Soviet Union under their protection. Others in the bureau felt he had traveled to Finland to throw off his pursuers, hoping they'd believe he'd defected to the Soviets and give up the hunt, thus allowing him to travel under a false name to one of his more familiar Latin American haunts. The CIA was convinced that once in Finland, Howard would head straight to the USSR.

In early October, a clandestine CIA source in the Soviet embassy in Helsinki reported that over a period of two days at the end of September, there had been a flurry of activity at the KGB *Rezidentura.* It was whispered that a very important person was secretly spirited out of Finland and across the USSR border to Leningrad in a Soviet embassy vehicle.

There was little doubt at the CIA that the mysterious visitor in Helsinki was Howard, though it would take the FBI a little more time to believe that Howard had actually crossed over to Leningrad. In his own book—written years later from Moscow, almost certainly with the cooperation of the KGB—Howard claimed that he had wandered the world before settling down in Moscow. He insisted that he had even spent time in the United States. But the CIA remained convinced that he was taken across the border into the Soviet Union soon after his arrival in Helsinki.

Coventry, Virginia, 1530 Hours, October 25, 1985

Yurchenko seemed somehow more settled. Maybe it was his recent trip to Nevada. We were outside now, walking in the cool October sunshine down to the lake that the Coventry property fronted. He was mildly animated about a beaver lodge he had been watching over the last few months, and during lunch he had insisted we walk down to take a look. Lunch had been another of Yurchenko's quirky boiled-chicken-breast-and-carrot affairs. He still cooked for himself as if he were suffering from a terminal disease, and he still couldn't seem to get beyond chicken breast and veal tongue. An American doctor had given him a clean bill of health; much to his astonishment, he did not have stomach cancer and was not about to die and rejoin his mother.

Over lunch Yurchenko told me the story about Vladimir Vetrov, a KGB Line X (Science and Technology collection) officer who had volunteered to spy for the French five years earlier, only to be arrested a year and a half into his new career for a senseless murder in a Moscow park. A few years into his twelve-year prison sentence, it had been discovered that Vetrov was not only a murderer, but also a spy who had been working for the French under the code name FAREWELL. Yurchenko said he thought Vetrov had been betrayed by his letters to his wife, or perhaps by a prison informant. He wasn't sure which story was accurate—he'd heard both at different times.

Once Vetrov had been exposed as a spy, he was ordered to write a complete confession. When he handed the notepad containing his "confession" back to his KGB interrogators at Lefortovo, it was completely filled with a tight script that, upon close inspection by General Sergei Golubev, first deputy head of Directorate K, counterintelligence, turned out to be one of the most virulent attacks on the KGB establishment that had ever been produced inside the organization itself. Golubev, according to Yurchenko, reread Vetrov's indictment a few times and decided just to lock it away. Yurchenko said that in addition to brutalizing the KGB, Vetrov devoted much of his statement to lionizing the French and the West. The hard-core Golubev—he'd headed the team that had interrogated Gordievsky a few months earlier and six years before that had been implicated in the infamous poisoned umbrella murder of Georgi Markov, the Bulgarian émigré writer—

decided the confession should never see the light of day. Word nevertheless spread about the confession and about how Vetrov had walked to his execution without showing the slightest hint of remorse. Or fear.

Now, proceeding down to the lake with walking sticks Yurchenko had fashioned from saplings, I decided to tell the KGB defector why I had dropped in on him unannounced. “Alex, I told you before I’d let you know if there was any unpleasantness coming in the press.”

Yurchenko cocked an eye. “You have more unpleasantness, Tom?”

“Yes, Alex, I have more unpleasantness. It is about Artamonov.”

At that moment a glistening beaver broke the water’s surface beside the lodge at the point where the lake fed into a small stream. “There, Tom! See him!”

Then, as suddenly as he had become excited at spotting his beaver, the KGB colonel became quiet again. After a moment he asked, “What is the unpleasantness about Artamonov, Tom?”

“I said before that we would try to keep what we learned from you about Artamonov’s death out of the newspapers. But I’ve just learned that it’s going to be published within a week.”

There was no expression on Yurchenko’s face as he listened. “Why?”

“Because of our laws. There is a lawsuit by Artamonov’s widow against the United States, and we have no choice but to share with her and her attorney what you have told us.”

“When will you do this?”

I was struck by the calmness with which Yurchenko was taking the news—I’d expected a much more dramatic response. “I met with the Defense Department and the FBI yesterday at the Pentagon. The lawyers there representing all three agencies agreed that now that we have the full details from you, we must pass them on to Artamonov’s wife and her attorney. It has to be done now. There’s no choice.”

“What do I have to do about it?” Yurchenko’s question seemed odd, out of context.

“I don’t follow, Alex.”

“Do I have to go to your courts and speak on Artamonov?”

“Not yet. We’re looking at our options for dealing with that problem. Nothing’s been decided as of now.”

I hoped I sounded convincing, since the question of Yurchenko ultimately having to testify in court was far from resolved. What was certain was that within a matter of days the press would explode with the whole sordid story, the kidnapping in Vienna, the chloroforming and hefty injection of sedatives for the drive to the Czech border. Then the panic when the KGB got Artamonov on "friendly" Czech soil and discovered he had stopped breathing. The futile attempts at CPR, the brandy poured down his throat by a panicky KGB officer, the injection of adrenaline by another. Then the understanding that Nikolai F. Artamonov was dead. Finally, the details of a cover-up that included enlisting the General Secretary of the USSR to lie to two U.S. Presidents. All of that would start appearing in the newspapers in a matter of days, and the man in the hot seat, Vitaly Yurchenko, seemed calm and appeared to be taking it all in stride.

"Will you tell me when they tell his wife?"

"I'll call you myself."

Yurchenko's face lit up again. "Look, Tom. The beaver!"

Driving back to Washington that evening, I thought I should be feeling pretty good about Yurchenko taking the news about going public with the Artamonov case so well. But somehow I didn't.

In 1959, at thirty-one, Nikolai Artamonov was the youngest torpedo-destroyer commander in the Soviet Baltic Fleet. While his ship was on station near the Polish port of Gdansk, he met a beautiful Polish dental student named Blanka Ewa Gora. Nikolai and Ewa decided to escape together and ultimately set their sights on defecting to the United States. Artamonov decided to commandeer a motor launch from his destroyer, and then he and Ewa took off for Sweden across the Baltic. They made it to Sweden and never looked back. Artamonov had left a wife and son in Leningrad.

After his defection, Artamonov was debriefed by the CIA and given a new identity as Nicholas George Shadrin and a job serving the Defense Intelligence Agency as an analyst of Soviet naval developments. While Artamonov had been convicted of treason and sentenced to death back home in the Soviet Union, Shadrin soon blended into suburban life in the United States.

That all changed in 1966, when the KGB counterintelligence group responsible for tracking the Soviet Union's traitors spotted

Shadrin on the lecture circuit in Washington, where his reputation as an analyst of Soviet military power was growing. The KGB decided to mount an intricate operation to turn Shadrin back against the CIA and ultimately bring him back to the USSR to denounce the agency and the decadent West. KGB Colonel Igor Kochnov was assigned the task of approaching Shadrin and carried two personal letters from Shadrin's ex-wife and his son to win him over. Kochnov approached Shadrin in a Virginia supermarket, and Shadrin feigned interest but then promptly reported the contact to the CIA. The agency told him to convince the Soviets that he was willing to spy for them. Shadrin would now be a triple agent.

The case only became more confused when Igor Kochnov, the KGB colonel who had approached Shadrin, volunteered to spy for the CIA.

The case became so complex that the FBI, CIA, and DIA all became involved, and there were competing theories within the U.S. intelligence community about Shadrin's true loyalties, even though he and his new wife eventually became naturalized U.S. citizens.

By the mid-1970s, the KGB had lost interest in running Shadrin as a double agent. Instead, they wanted to kidnap him and spirit him back to the USSR as a prisoner of the espionage wars. For their snatch operation, the KGB decided on the European city where they felt most at home, Vienna. Shadrin would be kidnapped in Vienna, drugged, and driven across the border into Czechoslovakia.

On December 18, 1975, Shadrin was sent to meet the KGB in Vienna. Shadrin agreed to a second meeting with the KGB two days later, on December 20. Then, he simply vanished.

The U.S. government initially asked Ewa Shadrin to cover for her husband's absence and to remain quiet while efforts were made to secure his release. She was told at one point that Henry Kissinger, then Secretary of State, would raise the issue with the Soviet ambassador, Anatoly Dobrynin.

At first, Ewa cooperated with the government's requests. But eventually it became clear to her that her husband had been sent to Vienna without adequate protection, and her attempts to get answers to her questions were met with cold silence.

In 1976, a few months after Shadrin's disappearance, his case began to get presidential attention, when President Gerald Ford asked Soviet General Secretary Leonid Brezhnev about Shadrin's whereabouts. Brezhnev responded that Shadrin had indeed met with representatives of the Committee for State Security in Vienna on December 18, 1975, to discuss his repatriation to the Soviet Union, but he said he had failed to show for a second scheduled meeting. Brezhnev said he had no further information about Shadrin but could assure the American President that he was not in the Soviet Union. President Carter raised the Shadrin case again with Brezhnev but got the same answer.

Shadrin's fate had remained a mystery until Yurchenko had arrived with the answer. He told the CIA that Shadrin had died in a botched kidnapping by the KGB. Thrown into the trunk of a car for the drive across the Austrian border, Shadrin had been drugged to keep him quiet. But the KGB had mistakenly given him an overdose, and when the KGB men stopped their car and opened the trunk to check on their prisoner, they found that he was dead.

When Yurchenko told the CIA about Shadrin's death, he warned his debriefers that this was one of the darkest secrets of the KGB. Brezhnev had lied to two American Presidents about Shadrin, so the credibility of the head of state was on the line. Yurchenko made it clear to the CIA that if Moscow ever found out that he had revealed the truth about Shadrin, the KGB would go after Yurchenko's family and property. Yurchenko, like Shadrin before him, would be sentenced to death in absentia. It was no wonder he was afraid he might have to testify in court. Perhaps the CIA was trying to ensure that Yurchenko could never go home again.

Santa Fe, 1530 Hours, October 28, 1985

Jack Platt sat across from Mary Howard in a room at the La Quinta motel in Santa Fe. Of those in the intelligence world who knew her at all, Platt probably knew her best. He'd assessed Mary as a hard worker, but Ed's dominance over her was total. But he wasn't a marriage counselor. Platt's job was to get the young Americans up to speed in a matter of a few months and then to send them into the Moscow grinder. It was true, however, that many of the spouses bonded with him and came to look on the gruff ex-Marine as a father figure. Mary was one of those, and he liked her no-nonsense approach to a difficult job.

He recalled how well she had handled herself when she and Howard had been arrested in an elaborately staged drug bust in Washington. The couple had been given the task of recovering a dead-dropped half-pint milk carton, ostensibly loaded with microfilm from a site near the Maine Avenue marina. Just as Howard unloaded the dead drop, both he and Mary were arrested with the violence typical of a drug bust. They were immediately separated. Mary was thrown into the back of a car with one of the FBI's "Gs" who had become famous for his ability to play the role of a drug addict/dealer. On the ride to the FBI's Washington Field Office, the G in the car with Mary Howard kept her in a state of near terror as he moaned and complained loudly to the driver that he would vomit if he wasn't let out of the car immediately. Through all this, Mary remained tearful but silent, even when the FBI agent came into the interrogation room with the "results" of the lab tests on the milk carton she and Howard had retrieved: #3 heroin.

Meanwhile, in a separate WFO interrogation room, Howard had quickly broken cover with the FBI agent playing the role of his attorney. Almost immediately, Howard was ready to shrug off the bust as a joke, while his wife was hanging tough in another room. The arrest was not graded in a formal sense, but Howard had a hard time accepting that Mary had performed more stoically. Platt had come to like and respect the mild-mannered young woman, perhaps more than her husband. But in the end, Howard had done well enough to get Platt's clearance to enter the Moscow pipeline.

Now, sitting here in the aftermath of Howard's escape, Mary Howard was attempting to deal with her nightmare, and with the truth. The FBI had maintained full coverage on Mary Howard, including a much belated dispatch of the Gs to Santa Fe, to watch Mary in case she, too, decided to make a break for it. Platt had been asked by the FBI to go to Santa Fe to hold Mary's hand and nudge her into full cooperation.

Mary knew she was in over her head. After Howard's escape, in which she had played a supporting role, the FBI told her that her son's future depended on how she responded to the bureau's request for a full account of what she knew about her husband's involvement with the Soviets. Mary came to fear that her son might not only be without a father, but could be without a mother if she didn't cooperate. So she began to talk, and she sat for two difficult polygraph sessions. Before the polygrapher strapped her to the machine, Platt told Mary Howard, "Just tell the truth."

After the polygraph sessions, the FBI was satisfied that Mary was not guilty of any criminal acts, since no warrant had been issued for her husband's arrest at the time she helped him escape. The bureau was convinced that Mary was not involved in her husband's suspected espionage, although she provided valuable insights into Howard's actions. Platt saw a new strength developing in Mary.

Before Platt left Santa Fe, Mary Howard received a phone call from a Russian, who told her that her husband was safe and well. The call was probably from Moscow, routed via Switzerland, which was as far as the FBI could trace it.

Washington, D.C., October 31, 1985

The Shadrin story broke in the press as fast as I had predicted, and Yurchenko's name was mentioned prominently as the source of the new information about Shadrin's death at the hands of the KGB. Now, Yurchenko felt he could no longer trust the CIA.

Burton Gerber had issued a standing order that Yurchenko should not be brought inside the twenty-five-mile radius around Washington unless he had a business or medical appointment, or unless Gerber had given prior approval to the trip. The point of moving him out to Coventry had been to put him outside the zone in which Russian intelligence officers from the Washington *Rezidentura* could legally operate; bringing him back downtown placed him at risk of exposure to the Soviets, Gerber believed. But on Halloween, with Yurchenko's mood worsening, Medanich and a CIA security officer took Yurchenko down to watch the wild Halloween parade and street festival in the city's Georgetown neighborhood. Yurchenko and his watchers mingled with thousands of partyers along the jammed streets.

Gerber didn't authorize the trip. He didn't even hear about the Halloween outing until two nights later, after Yurchenko and one CIA security guard went back to Georgetown one more time.

16

Coventry, November 2, 1985

Yurchenko waited until there was just one CIA security officer on duty and then said he was restless and wanted to go for a drive. In violation of standing orders requiring that he be accompanied by more than one security officer when out in public, the young officer, Tom Hannah, agreed to take him for a ride. Yurchenko told Hannah that he wanted to go shopping, so the two headed up Interstate 95 toward Washington and stopped at a mall in Manassas, Virginia. Yurchenko went into Hecht's, where he'd been once before with his CIA handlers, and ducked into the dressing room to try on some clothes. Later, after his escape, CIA officers noticed that there was a pay phone by the dressing room. Was it possible, they wondered, that he had noticed the pay phone on his earlier shopping trip and maneuvered his security guard back to the store so he could place a call to the Soviets?

After the side trip to Hecht's, Yurchenko told Hannah he wanted to try French food for dinner and suggested they drive into Georgetown. Hannah knew that Yurchenko and his escorts had been to Georgetown just two nights before, so he figured it was okay to go back again.

After ordering at the Georgetown restaurant Au Pied de Cochon, Yurchenko quietly made his move. He told the inexperienced Hannah that if he didn't come back, it wasn't his fault, and then he simply walked out the door. Inexplicably, Hannah sat and waited for a time before calling to notify anyone that the biggest defector in CIA history had walked out on him.

Hannah finally called Colin Thompson at his home, just as Thompson was on his way out the door to meet a date. Thompson told

Hannah to call him back at his date's home if Yurchenko didn't come back in the next few minutes. By the time Thompson arrived at the woman's home, Hannah called again in a panic, and Thompson finally agreed to come down to Georgetown to help look for the Russian. He was soon joined by others from the CIA and FBI, all of whom began to search through Georgetown's streets. Thompson hoped at first that Yurchenko might have ducked in to see a Russian film playing at a nearby theater, and both the CIA and FBI kept up the search through the night.

As soon as he was notified of Yurchenko's disappearance, Burton Gerber thought: He's gone back. He knew that the street-by-street search in Georgetown would be fruitless, and he grew increasingly angry and frustrated by the sloppy way his officers had handled Yurchenko that night. He blew up during a rancorous telephone conversation with Thompson, who seemed far too casual and unapologetic about the whole affair. Yurchenko's disappearance effectively ended Thompson's career in the Soviet Division and any hope he had for advancement at the CIA. He spent his last years at the agency in the defector program, trying to prove that he could, in fact, work well with them.

Soviet Embassy, Washington, D.C., November 2, 1985

It was late when Viktor Cherkashin was summoned to the Soviet embassy. He met KGB *Rezident* Stanislov Androsov in the parking lot. Standing in the parking lot, where no one could hear their conversation, Androsov told Cherkashin that Yurchenko was back.

Cherkashin was stunned. He blurted out a few well-chosen Russian words to express his feelings about this increasingly bizarre situation. Then he went up to the apartment where Yurchenko was being kept under the watchful eye of a security guard. Cherkashin assumed his best stage presence to convince Yurchenko that he was happy to see him. He hugged him and welcomed him back into the fold.

Cherkashin didn't believe Yurchenko's story—that he had been drugged and kidnapped and forced to reveal secrets. But he and Androsov immediately saw the opportunity presented by Yurchenko's change of heart.

Reston, Virginia, 0330 Hours, November 3, 1985

The first call came from Burton Gerber.

"Milton, when did you last see Yurchenko?"

I thought for a moment. "About a week ago. Maybe a little longer. It was when I told him about the Shadrin business. Why?"

"You haven't heard?" Gerber was incredulous. "He walked away from his security officer last night in Georgetown. Didn't anyone call you?"

"Not until you just called."

"He's redefected."

My mind was racing, thinking back on my last meeting with Yurchenko.

"I'm not so sure. Maybe he's just kicking back and telling us to ease off him." I wasn't convinced by my own argument, but I felt I had to throw something in the mix.

"He's redefected." Gerber paused and then added, "Get in touch with Colin."

I had barely hung up the phone when the second call came in, this one from Ed Juchniewicz, the number two man in the Directorate of Operations.

"Did you fuck up the Yurchenko thing?"

"Ed, I'm not even convinced Yurchenko's redefected."

"What the fuck you think he did, run off to get laid?"

"Maybe something not far from that. He might have just decided he needed to write himself a three-day pass."

Juchniewicz was silent for a moment. "Don't try taking that to the bank. Your buddy's gone." Then the phone went dead.

The mystery of Yurchenko's whereabouts was solved Monday afternoon. Beginning at around 3:00 P.M., the press officer at the Soviet embassy started alerting select members of the Washington press corps that there would be a press conference at 5:30 that afternoon, at which time they would be able to put some questions to Colonel Vitaly Yurchenko. The State Department didn't find out what was going on until 4:00 P.M., when it received an official protest delivered by the Soviet embassy, complaining of the "criminal act committed against V. S. Yurchenko."

At the press conference, Yurchenko, flanked by Minister Viktor Isakov, the interpreter Vitaly Churkin, and a third Soviet official, Vladimir Kulagin, sat at a green felt–covered table in the reception room of the Soviet embassy. The room was filled with American and foreign reporters, as well as a large number of Soviet embassy officials. Yurchenko, clearly breaking with what was supposed to have been a more scripted session, switched erratically from Russian to English, often leaving his interpreter in midsentence. But the story he told was one that fit neatly with the Soviet view of how America's "special services" operated against Russian intelligence officers. He wove a tale of kidnapping and incarceration.

"I was forcibly abducted in Rome by some unknown persons. . . . Unconscious, I was brought from Italy to the U.S.A. . . . Here I was kept in isolation . . . forced to take drugs, and denied the possibility to get in touch with official Soviet representatives."

Back at CIA headquarters, senior officers in the SE Division watched the press conference in Gerber's office. We were largely silent until Yurchenko began to rail against his CIA tormentors. Then Redmond broke the silence.

"He's using the Bitov defense," he said. He was referring to Oleg Bitov, who'd defected to the British in 1983 and after one year had changed his mind and redefected to the Soviet Union. Bitov had claimed that he'd been kidnapped and controlled by mind-altering drugs for the entire year, during which he had made a series of public appearances denouncing the Soviet Union. The Soviets welcomed Bitov back in the fold, using his redefection for propaganda purposes. It bolstered the KGB claim that Western special services often resorted to the use of kidnapping and drugs.

During his CIA debriefings, Yurchenko had provided an insider's view of the Bitov hoax, which he had said was just another case in which the KGB could knock the Western intelligence services off balance with a lie. But now, on the television screen, Yurchenko was saying that he'd been in a fog most of the time during his CIA captivity and that his CIA minders had used the drugs as a means to "deceive the government, including Mr. Casey," into thinking that he was a willing defector. The KGB colonel described in detail the "contract" the CIA had forced him to sign, wherein he would receive $1 million as a bonus, with an annual stipend of $62,500 with inflation adjustment, plus $48,000 to pay for furnishings.

"The price of doing business just went up," I said. "Now everybody is going to want the Yurchenko deal."

The press conference lasted a little over an hour, with Yurchenko generally holding his own through the questions about Howard and Shadrin. Each time he would say, often through his slick interpreter, that the first he had heard any of these names was when he read them in the American press. He would go on to say that he was able to resist the questioning, except when he was drugged. Then he would be presented with signed "confessions," written in his own hand and revealing what he thought must have been state secrets. Similarly, his CIA interrogators would play tape recordings of him giving up state secrets, he said, but always when he was under the influence of the CIA's drugs.

By the end of the press conference, the Soviets had scored propaganda points. And the CIA was quickly faced with a flood of accusations that Yurchenko's redefection was the result of poor handling by the agency.

The timing could not have been worse. It coincided with two other high-profile cases of botched defections from the Soviet Union. In Kabul, Afghanistan, a Soviet soldier had walked into the American embassy and requested asylum. Over a period of several weeks, the Americans had rebuffed Moscow's demands that the young soldier be handed back, until the soldier himself had changed his mind and returned to the Soviet fold.

The second incident was the attempted defection of a sailor from a Soviet merchant ship in New Orleans. Twice he jumped aboard an American Coast Guard cutter, and twice he was returned to his ship by the Americans. Both incidents were so recent that the Yurchenko case seemed to provide final proof that there was something fundamentally wrong with the way the United States was handling would-be defectors.

Yurchenko's face again filled the television screen. This time his rambling answer to a question about Shadrin directly touched the small group assembled in the CIA office. “Mr. Gaihrber,” Yurchenko said in his heavy accent, “aren’t you ashamed?”

I looked for a reaction in Gerber’s face. He had already anticipated taking a hit for the Ed Howard affair . . . and now this.

U.S. Department of State, 1800 Hours, November 5, 1985

I slipped by the press and television crews gathered at the C Street entrance of the State Department. The media was already staked out for Yurchenko’s arrival at Foggy Bottom for the 6:00 P.M. “confrontation,” a scripted protocol to determine whether Yurchenko was freely returning to the Soviet Union. When a Soviet official defected to the United States, the Soviets would request an interview with the defector to ask if he or she had made the choice without coercion. In most cases, Soviet defectors refused to meet the Soviet authorities because they felt such meetings were incriminating. The United States was under no obligation to make the defectors available to the Soviets. But on the rare occasions when a Soviet redefected, the United States insisted on a meeting at the State Department to give the Soviet one last chance to change his mind. Yurchenko had refused the Soviet request for a confrontation in August, hoping that he could simply fade from the scene. Tonight, the Soviets were coming with apparent relish for this reverse confrontation. I planned to be at the meeting on the outside chance that Yurchenko would see me and change his mind. It was a long shot—nobody was banking on it.

The Soviet delegation entered the plush reception room and quickly took their seats. Yurchenko, dressed in a new gray suit and matching tie, was accompanied by the embassy minister, Viktor Isakov; press counselor Boris Malakhov; and Vitaly Churkin, their interpreter. The American side was represented by Deputy Secretary of State John Whitehead, Assistant Secretary of State for Europe Rosalyn Ridgeway, and two officers from the European bureau. Yurchenko glanced around the room for a familiar face. When he saw me seated across the room, he held my gaze for a split second’s recognition.

Whitehead dispensed with the formalities and quickly got down to business. “The purpose of our meeting here tonight is to determine whether Mr. Vitaly Yurchenko has chosen of his own free will to return to the Soviet Union.”

Isakov, barely waiting for Whitehead to finish his opening remarks, responded in his annoying, almost cloying, manner of speech. “Mr. Yoorchinka is for the first time exercising his free will in your country. His decision to return to his home has certainly been freely made. Mr. *Yoorchinka*”—Isakov again stressing his own pronunciation of the defector’s name—“was never in the United States of his own free will—”

Cutting Isakov off, Whitehead said, “We’re here to determine only that Mr. Vitaly Yurchenko desires to leave the United States. We have more than ample evidence of Mr. Yurchenko’s freely made decision to come to the United States in August this year. We’d like to hear directly from Mr. Yurchenko.”

Yurchenko seemed agitated and energized, much as he had been the first time I had seen him. He spoke in English. “I am returning to the Soviet Union after more than three months that American special services have taken me in Rome. I escaped from your special services after they have drugged me.” Turning toward me, he said, “This man, Tom Fountain, is from your special services, but I don’t think Tom knows they used drugs with me. But now I am going home.”

I said nothing, and Whitehead ended the meeting as quickly as he began it. “Then it is clear that Mr. Yurchenko has chosen to return to the Soviet Union,” he said. “We will respect that decision, regardless of how it was reached. Thank you, gentlemen, for coming here tonight.”

Dulles Airport, 1615 Hours, November 6, 1985

The cameras followed Yurchenko in his Burberry raincoat as he climbed the stairs to the chartered Aeroflot jet, paused for a moment, then turned and waved, more in defiance than as a farewell. FBI agents Rochford and Broce were conspicuously present with the ground maintenance staff at the foot of the stairs, but again, there was no turning back for Yurchenko. He spotted both agents with whom he had become close over the last three months and broke his stride for a second to greet them with a smile. He seemed to be contemplating extending his hand, but he checked himself and then continued up the stairs without a halt.

Back at CIA headquarters, while all eyes were locked on the departing Yurchenko, Rod Carlson was looking intently at the "honor escort." He turned to Paul Redmond.

"There's PIMENTA."

"Which one?" Redmond asked. He had been with Carlson the night before when PIMENTA had telephoned to say he'd be doing "escort duty" to Moscow for a week.

"The second one, the young-looking one."

Later, in Gerber's office, Redmond had a sense of foreboding about the presence of yet another spy for the American side taking an unexpected trip back to Moscow.

"I'm worried," Redmond said. "PIMENTA going back bothers me."

"Did Howard know about the PIMENTA operation?" Gerber's question was directed at Redmond.

"PIMENTA wasn't being geared up for internal handling. I'll check for paper, something Howard could have seen, but that won't tell us much. You know how secrets work their way around this place."

"What about our debriefing of Yurchenko?" I asked. "Did we spend too much time on Line X?" Was it possible that Yurchenko had gleaned from the questions he was asked by the CIA and FBI that the Americans had a source in Line X, which conducted scientific and technical espionage? PIMENTA was a Line X officer in the KGB's Washington *Rezidentura.*

"Always possible," Redmond answered. "Rod can run it by Ames and the others and see what they think. But none of this is going to make much difference. We've got another compromise."

"I'll check it out," said Carlson, who was the supervisor of the two men assigned to debrief Yurchenko. "Ames checks in on Fridays from language school."

During his debriefings, Yurchenko had said that Edward Howard had told the KGB that there was an "angry colonel" who had volunteered to the CIA in Budapest. That had to be GTACCORD.

In mid-September, Moscow reported that GTACCORD had signaled that he had information to pass. But now the SE Division was worried that the KGB had identified GTACCORD as GRU Colonel Vladimir Mikhailovich Vasilliev. There was a good chance of an ambush if the CIA responded to GTACCORD's request for a meeting in Moscow.

So before Moscow was given the green light to meet with GTACCORD, I was asked to talk with Yurchenko to try to determine how much progress the KGB had made in identifying the "angry colonel" whom Howard had mentioned.

"What can you tell me about the angry colonel Edward Howard betrayed?" I had asked him during a meeting at the Coventry safe house.

Yurchenko bristled for a moment. "Tom, I have told the story of the angry colonel many times. It is always the same."

"I know, but this is important now."

"You are meeting him now?" Yurchenko became more interested.

"We are trying to decide what to do. And you can help. I want you to tell me again how far you think the investigation of the angry colonel had gone when you came to us in August."

Yurchenko was thoughtful. "We were looking at every KGB colonel in Hungary, including every KGB colonel assigned to the Southern Group of Forces of the Red Army. But we had no leads. It was very slow. But they will find him, with patience."

I focused again on the fact that Yurchenko had assumed that GTACCORD was a KGB colonel, not the military intelligence colonel he in fact was. Howard must have misidentified GTACCORD to the KGB, sending them off in the wrong direction, screening the KGB in Hungary, not the army.

"If they had found the colonel, and brought him under control, do you think they would set up an ambush this soon?"

"Maybe. It's Dzerzhinsky politics. A colonel is important. But I think they have not found him. I think you can meet him. I would do that."

The next day, Moscow was told to unload GTACCORD's dead drop. The operation was pulled off without a hitch a week later, with operatives at the dead drop site finding valuable photographs of Soviet military documents wrapped in plastic and then again in dirty rags to look like trash. There was relief in SE when Moscow's report of the successful outing was received. But it was short-lived.

Langley, 1000 Hours, November 19, 1985

"The other shoe dropped on PIMENTA."

Paul Redmond was standing in the doorway to my office.

"What!"

"The bureau just let us know that PIMENTA's wife got a call from Moscow—they're not sure who called—saying that he'd hurt his leg, some sort of a deep cut when he arrived in Moscow with Yurchenko, and that it required some very tricky surgery to repair some nerve damage. The caller said it was serious enough for her to pack up the children and come home. She's getting ready to go now."

"Shit!" was all that I could muster.

17

Langley, 0830 Hours, November 20, 1985

The cable from Bonn was a routine notification of a “no show.” Under normal circumstances, it would have generated only mild concern. But circumstances in SE Division were by now no longer normal. There was an unshakable foreboding hanging over the division, and the loss of contact with any agent added to the dread.

Bonn reported that KGB Lieutenant Colonel Gennady Varennik, working under Tass cover in the Soviet embassy in Germany, had failed to show for his last scheduled meeting and had also failed to signal for an alternate. Varennik, encrypted as GTFITNESS, had last been met in a Bonn safe house on November 4, at which time he’d reported that he’d been asked to take part in an unscheduled planning session in Karlshorst, the KGB’s regional headquarters in East Berlin. The purpose of the Karlshorst meeting, Varennik assumed, would be to refine a KGB plan to sow terror among U.S. Army troops and their families through coordinated attacks against targets frequented by U.S. personnel in Germany. The aim behind the terror campaign, Varennik had reported earlier, was to throw the U.S.-German relationship into turmoil by making it look as though the bombings were the work of domestic German terrorist cells—the aging remnants of the Baader Meinhof gang or the more modern and active Red Army Faction.

Varennik’s previous reports on the KGB’s proposed terror campaign had generated an intense debate in both the operational and the analytical sides of the CIA. Some discounted them as outright fabrication or at a minimum the product of an overactive imagination. Others, and that group included Bill Casey, zealously believed the KGB was capable of such atrocities. Casey and the hard-liners were convinced that the Soviets had been behind the assassination attempt against Pope John Paul II, so what would stop them from this? The debate was inflamed by the fact that there had recently been terrorist attacks in Germany that had taken three American lives. Those attacks seemed to fit the MO described by Varennik, so Varennik's reporting captured the attention of the highest levels of Washington readership, including President Reagan. His disappearance would draw a similar level of interest.

Paul Redmond wasn't particularly interested in the debate over how evil the "Evil Empire" was or wasn't. He'd leave that to others. His focus was down in the trenches, the hand-to-hand combat of the spy business, not where it all fit in the grand scheme of things. He just wanted to find out what had happened to Gennady Varennik, who seemed to have just fallen down the same hole that had swallowed up so many of SE Division's Soviet agents over the last six months. Redmond's mood was foul as he briefed me on the operation.

"He came to us in April this year. That's important," Redmond said. "That was after Ed Howard left the division and the agency . . . and even after Mary Howard left, for those who want to believe Howard was still getting pillow talk stuff from Mary. Whatever happens, we can't pin this one on Howard."

"How'd we get him?"

"He got us. Called one of our guys in Vienna, someone he knew when he was posted there, said he needed to talk to him right away."

"All this on the phone?" I was surprised that a KGB officer would go operational on the phone in Austria, where the KGB's ability to monitor CIA activities was extremely good.

"Yeah, I know. But if FITNESS is in trouble, it's not because of that phone call. Anyway, after that first contact, we shifted this out of sight right away. We had Chuck Leven get in touch with him in Bonn—safe house meetings, full controls. Chuck was in Moscow with Burton, he can run a tight op."

"What was the motivation?" I asked.

"Mixed. Said he was in trouble with money. Not much money, less than ten grand, but the usual story—he needed to get it back in his cash box right away. New baby, tough time with the expense of living in

Germany. But he told Leven he was more interested in warning us, and maybe the world, about the wacky plot Moscow and Karlshorst were hatching to blow up targets in Germany, kill some Americans, and drive a wedge between the U.S. and the Germans. Maybe start World War Three in the process."

"You believe it?"

"Doesn't matter what I believe. Everybody's trying to pin everything on the Sovs. You know who the believers are. Your buddy—" Redmond motioned toward the ceiling, a shorthand gesture to Casey's office on the seventh floor. Casey did take the darkest stories of the Soviets at face value. Arguing against him could be dangerous for a CIA officer's career. "Besides," he said, "that buffoon Gennady Titov is running things at Karlshorst these days, and he's capable of anything—even this dumb idea."

I nodded, wondering why every time Titov's name came up it set Redmond off. A streetwise KGB officer, Titov had been expelled from Scandinavia in an infamous spy scandal involving Norwegian Labor Party leader Arne Treholt. He was now directing KGB activities in East Germany, and the involvement of a man called "the Crocodile" within the halls of Lubyanka in German operations lent some credence to Varennik's reports.

"What else did he give us?"

"Some stuff on KGB penetrations of the Germans. Hasn't checked out yet." He added darkly that a KGB officer working for the CIA had to have a death wish. Especially these days.

Our conversation lingered in my mind after he left. Redmond had captured one of the cardinal truths of the spy business, that it took a special personality to commit high treason against the USSR. Trouble was, there weren't many old Soviet agents in "retired" status to run a behavioral theory against. And the CIA's meetings with agents were so brief and intense that there was almost never time to ask the Russian spies why they did it. Some never wanted to talk about it. Others expressed a hatred of the Soviet system, saying they wanted to damage it as much as possible. Those agents required special handling to ensure that they didn't become overeager and wind up in prison. Some called it a kind of patriotism—for Russia instead of the Soviet Union.

A few defectors who'd jumped ship after a short stint emptying a safe here or there in a KGB *Rezidentura* were still around, living comfortably in America. But the members of that special breed who stood their ground, determined to make a difference by working against the system from the inside, were increasingly lying in unmarked graves. Penkovsky, Popov, Ogorodnik, and Filatov headed that list. And now new names were being added at a dizzying rate: Tolkachev, Polyshchuk, Smetanin, Martynov . . . and possibly Varennik. There should be a special section fenced off and set aside at Arlington Cemetery for all these men, I thought. Maybe then they could get the recognition they deserved.

Two days later, a follow-up report came in from Bonn. Varennik's wife had been called from Moscow and told that her husband had slipped on ice and injured himself badly. She and the children would have to return to Moscow immediately.

Langley, December 1985

Clair George kicked off the special briefing in the Director's large, birch-paneled office on the seventh floor. Edward Lee Howard had now been gone for ten weeks, and six weeks had passed since Yurchenko had made his dramatic exit. Outwardly, Casey seemed to have put the deep personal embarrassment of both events behind him. The investigations were still under way, and a couple of seniors sitting around the table would take hits, but they would survive.

"Bill, we have some unexplained losses in Moscow," George said. "More than we ought to expect, even from Moscow operations."

"How many?" The old white-haired DCI looked deceptively disinterested. He was taking in every word.

"Burton will give you the details." George turned to Gerber, seated next to him at Casey's conference table.

Gerber began to brief Casey. "Last May we had a sudden recall of an asset from Athens to Moscow," Gerber said. "GTBLIZZARD, a GRU colonel. The agent was convinced the recall was contrived, a trap, and we decided to pull him out. He's here now, but that's not how it worked out for some others."

Casey stared at Gerber without comment. Out of the corner of my eye, I caught Juchniewicz glancing at the ceiling, willing Gerber to get on with it.

"Then in June we had the arrest of Paul Stombaugh and the loss of our aviation engineer, GTSPHERE. That was followed by the arrest, probably in August, of a Line KR officer we were handling in Lagos, GTWEIGH. He was in Moscow on home leave, and we believe he was arrested unloading a drop of rubles we put down for him.

"Then another GRU colonel was recalled from Lisbon unexpectedly in late August—GTMILLION. He hasn't returned. On November 6, one of our assets in the KGB *Rezidentura* in Washington, GTGENTILE—the bureau calls him PIMENTA—went home unexpectedly on the same plane as Yurchenko. And he's vanished. His family was recalled a week later with the story that he'd had an accident and they should join him immediately."

Casey's drooping eyelids flickered at the mention of Yurchenko, but he said nothing as Gerber continued.

"Then later last month an asset in Germany, a KGB lieutenant colonel, GTFITNESS—the source of the reporting on KGB plans to bomb American targets in West Germany—was suddenly called to East Berlin. He's disappeared, and his family has been brought home. Again, they said he'd had a serious accident."

"How many's that?" Casey asked gruffly.

"Six."

"Over how long?"

"Six or seven months," Gerber said quickly.

"Jesus! How many you got left?"

Gerber paused for a second as he mentally ran through the remaining inventory of Soviet assets, then he tentatively answered, "We've got two active cases in Moscow. Two or three more outside. And some inactive cases on ice, maybe three of those."

I ran the numbers mentally and tried to figure out whom Gerber had in mind. I came up with GTCOWL, the man who had provided the spy dust. Then there was GTEASTBOUND, a scientific source who worked at an institute far to the east of Moscow. The outside cases he was referring to probably included some scattered around Asia. The cases on ice must have included GRU General Polyakov and a few others who had been off the air for a year or more.

Casey scowled and looked around the table. "What are you doing about this?"

Clair George picked up from Gerber. "We're looking at either a technical penetration or a human penetration."

"Technical? You think they're reading our mail?"

"Maybe," George answered. "We'll run some traps to see if it's our commo. And we'll run some more traps to see if they've technically penetrated our Moscow setup."

"What about the human penetration? You think there's a spy in here?"

"That's the other possibility," George said. "There's only two, human or technical."

"Whacha gonna do about that?" Casey grumbled.

"Run some tests to see if the people on the bigot list for these kinds of operations might be the problem," George responded.

"How big's the list?"

"Don't know yet. We're looking at it. Certainly all of us in this room, plus a lot more."

Casey grinned. "You got me on the list?"

"Right at the top," Clair George shot back.

"It's easy enough," Redmond said. "We create an agent someplace and begin reporting on him by cable. We create another phony agent and send someone to Moscow to talk it up." Gerber had called Redmond into his office to work out a strategy for running the traps to try to detect a penetration somewhere along the line. He asked me to join them. "Then we wait to see if anything happens. If either one gets rolled up, we've got a problem on the line we're testing. If they don't, we're no better or worse off than we are now. It's a long shot, but it's worth it."

Gerber agreed and told Redmond to start setting things up. He would create two Soviet spies who never were.

Nairobi, Kenya, December 1985

I flew to Kenya under an alias and took a room opening onto an inner garden at the venerable Norfolk Hotel in Nairobi. An hour after my arrival, there was a light knock at the door and I quickly ushered in the CIA chief in Nairobi, the agency's preeminent Africa hand, Bill Moseby, and his deputy, Dave Lameroux. Moseby had been alerted through a back channel that I would be "passing through" Nairobi and that I'd be staying at the Norfolk under an alias. He'd been told to contact me there.

A descendant of the Confederate cavalryman who led Moseby's Raiders in the Civil War, Bill Moseby had spent most of his career in Africa. With his tailored safari suits and his waxed and twirled mustache, he looked more like a colonial plantation owner than one of the most accomplished CIA managers on the continent. Blind in one eye and deaf in one ear from two different accidents, Moseby was nevertheless an avid hunter, and he often sported a faint half-moon indentation on his forehead, caused by the kick from a recoiling telescopic sight lined up awkwardly with his good eye.

"What can I do for you, bwana?" Moseby said, using the greeting he reserved for fellow veterans of the CIA's African operations, of which I was one.

I silently shook hands with Lameroux, a former Air Force navigator with whom I'd entered on duty two decades earlier, and turned up the volume on my television set. After pulling chairs together, we leaned in close and I began my whispered briefing.

"I'll give you the facts. We've been losing assets in Moscow, and Soviet assets around the world, one by one for the last seven or eight months. It can't be natural attrition. It's got to be something else."

"What's Nairobi got to do with it?" Moseby asked.

"Nothing really, except that you've got an obnoxious colonel running the GRU *Rezidentura.* And we'd like to use him for a little test."

Moseby and Lameroux looked at each other quizzically. "That jerk? He's all yours. But how?"

"You've had enough casual contact with the colonel for it to be common knowledge both here and back at Moscow Center. You and I are going to create an operation over the next few days that will make it look like he's decided to work for us. When we're finished, it will look like he's a CIA asset.

"We're going to kick this off with a restricted handling cable, reporting that you arranged for me to contact the colonel. We'll say in the cable that he approached you and wanted to talk to someone from Langley. You accommodated him. I came out here to make the pitch. Then we send the next RH cable reporting the pitch, saying he accepts. From that point on we start a tightly controlled and graduated operation using special communications channels to test for a penetration at key points along the line back to Gerber and SE."

"How will you know when your trap's been sprung?" Moseby asked.

"When they throw your colonel on an Aeroflot flight to Moscow with his hands tied behind his back."

"How many people are going to read the traffic on this?"

"Not too many at first. A handful. We'll start with the short list. Then we'll broaden it out."

"Maybe we'll get lucky."

"Yes, bwana"—Moseby smiled—"if you get lucky, the colonel's luck runs out."

"That's right," I said. "But if you tell us he's been dragged back home, we'll start moving pretty fast on our end. We'll find our problem before they do anything permanent. If we find our penetration, we'll tell 'em. Gerber and Hathaway will go see the KGB and say, 'Oh, by the way, your GRU colonel from Nairobi is actually an okay guy. We just had to set him up for this little experiment.' "

"Will they buy that?" Lameroux asked.

"Probably. They're picky about those things. We're assuming that your buddy wouldn't confess. And without a confession they don't move all that fast. This isn't going to be a career enhancement for him, but he'll be okay."

"When do we start?" Moseby asked.

"How about now?" I said, taking a legal pad from my suitcase.

Langley, Mid-December 1985

Paul Redmond read the cable from Nairobi carefully. It was a three-page account of the meeting Moseby had ostensibly arranged for me with the GRU *Rezident* in Nairobi. The cable arrived at the special communications center just before the opening of business, and two copies had been couriered to Gerber's office. Redmond had been called to the front office to read one of the two copies reserved for the chief of the SE Division. Beyond that, only two other copies of the cable from Nairobi had been couriered to the seventh-floor office of the DDO, where they would be read by the DDO and his two executive officers. The total count of people with access to the cable traffic this first go-round would be limited to seven, including Gerber's secretary. Then Redmond would slowly begin casting the net wider.

18

Moscow, Early January 1986

Rem Krassilnikov had another "guest" in Lefortovo Prison, a KGB major from a local Moscow city district. The lead to this new spy had been handed down from above, providing Krassilnikov with just enough information to allow him to launch a methodical search that ultimately led him to Major Sergey Vorontsov, a tough KGB officer working in Moscow's Lenin Hills district. Vorontsov hadn't been cooperative at first, but like the others, he came around. Krassilnikov had the full story, but neither he nor his superiors were eager to take the next step and reel in an American to close the case. That could wait a little longer. Patience.

In the meantime, Krassilnikov was on another exciting hunt. He had been alerted, again discreetly from above, that the Americans were planning a technical probe of some sort across the entire expanse of the USSR, from the port of Nakhodka in the Far East.

Technical sensing equipment would be concealed in a custom-rigged shipping container loaded aboard a freighter in Japan and delivered to Nakhodka. From there it would be transferred onto the trans-Siberian railroad for the long journey to Leningrad, a route that was becoming increasingly attractive for the export of goods from Asia to Western Europe. Krassilnikov hadn't questioned the source of the tip when he received it. He cast his net wide for the technical probe and knew that the officers of the Second Chief Directorate would reel it in as soon as the equipment entered Soviet territory.

Embassy of the USSR, Washington, D.C., January 1986

Colonel Viktor Cherkashin suppressed his rage as he sat in his tiny cubicle in the KGB's cramped, windowless *Rezidentura* on the fourth floor of the Soviet embassy in Washington, D.C. He's going to get him killed, Cherkashin told himself. Kryuchkov is going to get our man killed. He can't resist wrapping up the American spies in Moscow, and the CIA is going to figure out something's wrong, that someone has talked.

Cherkashin had been at his post as chief of counterintelligence in the KGB's Washington *Rezidentura* when Aldrich Ames had downed a few extra drinks at the Mayflower Hotel and walked into the Soviet embassy to volunteer to become a spy. He knew he had a real catch—and he'd taken extreme measures to protect his new spy. Fearful of leaks, he decided against sending a cable back to Moscow Center. Instead, he flew back to deliver his message personally to Vladimir Kryuchkov, head of the KGB's First Chief Directorate, which handled foreign intelligence operations.

Cherkashin circumvented his entire chain of command, including Dimitri Yakushkin, chief of American operations, and Vitaly Yurchenko, a top security officer in the American section. Both men had served at the Soviet embassy in Washington, and both would most likely have been on the distribution list for any cables he might have sent from Washington. But the KGB, like most professional services, had a standing procedure allowing officers to go directly to the top whenever they learned the identities of traitors within the ranks. Ames had handed over the names of KGB moles. Cherkashin told no one in Moscow about his new recruit except Kryuchkov and his immediate circle of lieutenants.

But Kryuchkov had broken one of the cardinal rules of counterintelligence. He was moving quickly—and stupidly, in Cherkashin's view—to roll up agents identified by their new volunteer. Kryuchkov had been feeling increasingly insecure about his position since his longtime mentor, Yuri Andropov, had died. Whatever political infighting was going on back in Moscow, Cherkashin worried that the Americans would realize their security had been breached and would launch a mole hunt.

Now, sitting in the *Rezidentura,* with electronic white noise whirring silently between the double walls specially constructed by KGB technicians, Cherkashin knew that the most valuable agent the KGB had ever had inside the CIA was at grave risk. He was not at risk because of any mistake they had made in Washington. He was at risk because Vladimir Kryuchkov wanted to knock KGB Chairman Viktor Chebrikov off balance and steal his job.

Langley, January 1986

Bill Casey's secretary smiled up at John Stein as he entered the DCI's outer office. "You can go right in, Mr. Stein. Mr. George is already with him."

Pushing through the heavy, soundproof door to the DCI's office, Stein saw Casey and the DDO seated at the conference table at the far end of the room.

A burly man in his mid-fifties with salt-and-pepper hair, John Stein had risen through the ranks of the clandestine service. After a stint in the early 1970s as deputy chief in the SE Division, he had survived the bureaucratic chaos of Casey's first year as CIA Director, when Casey made the disastrous decision to appoint Max Hugel, one of his Republican fund-raising pals, as DDO. Stein emerged as DDO himself after Hugel was forced to resign amid a scandal following a few months at the CIA. Two years later, Casey moved Stein out, replacing him with Clair George. Stein became inspector general. He was just leaving that post for language school and was on his way to becoming chief in South Korea when he was called into the meeting in Casey's office.

Bill Casey spoke first. "John, we've got a problem," he said. "Clair can lay it out for you."

Stein glanced over at Clair George and realized his somber mood was genuine, not one of the theatrical plays for which the DDO was famous.

"We're losing Soviet assets, a lot of them. You still know all the big cases, don't you?"

"Sure. I was DDO during a lot of them. Howard?"

"Howard accounts for some of the losses, but not all. We think there's still a problem. Maybe technical—something to do with communications—maybe human. Could be here, or maybe Moscow. We want you to take a look. A fresh look. Don't count anything in or out. And keep it between us. No one else is to know you're doing this. Understood?"

Stein hesitated a moment. "I'll need someone in SE to help me, to get me the files. Is Redmond okay?"

"Okay," Clair George said. "Just keep it quiet."

Later that day, Stein called Redmond. The two men had worked together in the past, and Stein was pretty sure Redmond could be counted on to take the problem seriously and keep his mouth shut. Redmond knew his way around the SE file system and wouldn't have to ask anyone where to find what he needed. He could check out the files without drawing attention to himself, pass them to Stein, and take them back for safekeeping.

With Redmond's help, Stein spent the following six weeks poring over the division's secret files. He was looking for any pattern, any clue that might connect the losses to a single weakness—human or technical—somewhere in the system. At the end of his review, Stein wrote a précis of each case and then a final paper for Casey. He concluded that the CIA had a leak of some kind.

In March, Stein took the paper to Casey and briefed the Director in person on his findings. He told Casey that he believed there could be a communications breach somewhere—"and that is between you and NSA to find out." Then he said the other possibility was that there was a mole inside the CIA. "And that we can do something about," he said. "I would recommend that you start by looking at Moscow, which is smaller and a more manageable place to start an investigation, and then look at headquarters. But I would try to make sure it's not in Moscow first." The bottom line was that it was time for the Director to "put some people together to work on the problem." When Stein raised the possibility that there was a spy inside the CIA, Casey was less than forthcoming in his response.

"Hmm," he said noncommittally. "We got to put people on it."

Stein left for South Korea without ever hearing whether the DCI had followed up and actually launched a mole hunt. He never saw Casey again. Later, Stein would learn that Casey never launched a major mole hunt. Stein would also conclude that Casey didn't tell anyone about his final briefing.

By the time Stein was secretly recommending to Casey that he should start looking for a mole, Burton Gerber had already taken a series of defensive measures to make certain that the 1985 losses couldn't happen again. He ordered a dramatic change in the way the SE Division handled its most sensitive cases. Gerber realized that the controls had become too lax. SE Division had been running more Soviet agents than ever before, and as a result more people were involved in handling them. He was determined to reduce the numbers. To do so, he created what he called the "back room." It was a new system with special handling procedures for cables and other files on Soviet agents. Sandy Grimes and Diana Worthen, two trusted and experienced SE Division officials, were put in charge of making the new system work in early 1986.

Initially, that meant handling agents without any cable correspondence between Langley and the field. When a new agent was identified and recruited, CIA officers would fly back and forth to Washington to discuss the case. The word went out to senior officers in the field that if they got a potentially important Soviet intelligence source, they were not to send any cables about the case: They should get on a plane and tell Gerber in person.

Before resuming cable traffic on sensitive cases, Gerber insisted on adding a new layer of encryption. Normally, cables were decoded in the CIA's communications center and then routed up to the division. But now, all cable traffic about Soviet cases was encrypted twice. The CIA officer handling the case would encrypt a message before turning it over to a CIA communicator, who then encrypted it again before sending the cable. At headquarters, the communications center would decipher the code added by the communicator, but that would reveal only the second layer of encryption. Just a small handful of top officials in SE Division had the keys to decipher that second code. In the field, often the only person with the code was the chief. Field stations were not allowed to keep paper files on the new cases, and they were not to be discussed within the station. Meetings between headquarters personnel and field officers involved in the cases were treated as if they were being held behind the Iron Curtain—Moscow Rules applied. The officers would meet in safe houses for the debrief or at CIA stations in the field.

By February 1986, Gerber could see that the new system was working; the CIA developed two new Soviet agents, and they were not compromised or arrested by the KGB. Gerber still didn't know what had caused the 1985 losses, but he knew that he had stopped the hemorrhaging.

Moscow, January 1986

Barry Roydon, the CIA's deputy chief of counterintelligence, sat across from the Moscow chief; his mission was straightforward enough. He was going to brief the Moscow chief and his deputy on a new operational success against the KGB in Bangkok. Only there was no operation in Bangkok. The name of the new KGB recruit was real enough, but the rest of the story was a carefully crafted fabrication scripted for delivery to whatever technical penetration the KGB may have been able to set up inside the yellow submarine that served as the Moscow work spaces. The Moscow chief was slightly uncomfortable with Roydon's direct verbal briefing. He'd been worried for months about the possibility that his enclosure had somehow been penetrated and had scribbled his haunting note to me just five months earlier: "Sometimes I think they're in here with me."

Roydon was now testing that suspicion.

19

Moscow, February 21, 1986

Rem Krassilnikov was shocked at what the KGB had found when the vessel *Siberia Maru* docked in Nakhodka with container #CTIV-1317221 aboard. The container was scheduled to be loaded onto the first available freight train bound for Leningrad, on a journey that would cross all eleven of the USSR's time zones over a period of three to four weeks. According to the shipping manifest, the container was packed with a cargo of handicrafts bound for Leningrad, where it would be forwarded to an address in West Germany.

When KGB investigators opened the container, they found stacks of cardboard boxes carefully packed with ceramic flower pots, all innocent enough. But after removing the first two rows of cardboard boxes, they came upon a wooden partition. When they pulled that back, they found what Krassilnikov would describe to his superiors as a "miracle laboratory." Concealed cameras were trained through narrow slits disguised as ventilation ports on either side of the container. These fed into computers attached to a sophisticated collection of scientific sensors. An arduous KGB analysis of the equipment would reveal its high-tech Cold War mission—to sense sources of radioactivity across the vast expanse of the USSR. The KGB found that the equipment could register the intensity, spectral composition, and total dose of neutron and gamma radiation; establish the location of the reading, the atmospheric pressure, and the temperature at the time of the sampling; and link this data to panoramic photography taken simultaneously through the ventilation slits. The KGB concluded that the "miracle laboratory" had the capability of mapping the geographic locations of nuclear weapons production, storage, and transport points across the expanse of the Soviet Union. The sensors were found to be capable of identifying a nuclear warhead with one kilo of plutonium within a radius of ten meters. The KGB scientists estimated that the system could function for up to three months on its own power sources and that there could be only one possible intelligence service behind container #CTIV-1317221—the American Central Intelligence Agency.

Krassilnikov, convinced that the discovery in Nakhodka could be used to great advantage in the battle against the American special services, recommended a major propaganda exposé. To his surprise, the suggestion was received with a cool silence, a disappointment he attributed to the fact that Eduard Shevardnadze was Foreign Minister at the time and earnestly engaged in "new thinking." But Krassilnikov was not willing to give up quite so easily on his discovery.

Langley, Late February 1986

I read the cable from Tokyo and wondered how long it would take for the SE world to come unstuck again. I had my answer when I saw Paul Redmond at my door.

"They got ABSORB," Redmond said without emotion, the way a man does when he no longer has any doubts.

"Yeah," I said, tossing the Tokyo cable into my out box. "Was Howard read in on the operation?"

"Shouldn't have been. But who the hell keeps secrets around this place anymore?"

"Can we find out?" I asked.

"We're looking at it."

"What are you thinking?"

Redmond paused. "You know what I'm thinking."

Moscow, March 10, 1986

Michael Sellers had met GTCOWL only once, almost exactly one year earlier. During that first meeting, a two-hour-long walking conversation as the two men furtively navigated Moscow's back streets and alleys, the KGB man never revealed his identity. He said he knew how closely the KGB tracked American CIA officers in Moscow and didn't want to take any chances with his own security. Sellers knew him only by the name they'd agreed to use—"Stas."

Stas had first volunteered in 1984, when he dropped an envelope through the open window of the car of an American embassy official as he walked by. The CIA eventually sent an officer to contact him, but the officer who managed to break free of surveillance that night couldn't understand the volunteer's Russian, and the meeting had been a bust. The failure of that first meeting fueled a debate back at CIA headquarters about whether the Soviet was a real volunteer.

COWL was gruff, and even an excellent Russian speaker like Sellers found him difficult to understand. Sellers took him to be from the Second Chief Directorate's local counterintelligence forces in Moscow. He was the Moscow version of a New York cop, a Soviet Popeye Doyle. He made no bones about what he wanted. It was money, and he wasn't shy about the cynicism of his approach. He grew impatient whenever Sellers, who was wearing a tape recorder, asked him to repeat or clarify something.

But the man knew plenty about the KGB's tracking of CIA operations in Moscow, and as the two spies cautiously made their way through the city's darkened streets, COWL warned Sellers that he wouldn't provide the CIA with documents that could be traced back to him, and he demanded that any money passed to him come from "clean" sources outside the Soviet Union and be placed in packages that were never opened by CIA officers in Moscow.

Sellers and COWL had worked out a careful communications plan to set up future meetings. COWL gave Sellers a phone number to call at prearranged times, with ten-minute windows he declared as "safe." The CIA later concluded it was a KGB duty phone line, one that couldn't be traced to any specific individual in the KGB. COWL would arrange to be the only officer at that number at the prescheduled times, and the CIA would call with prearranged, innocuous-sounding messages.

After one meeting, COWL dropped out of sight for several months. He failed to respond to one call but eventually responded to another call-out in March 1986. Sellers was sent out to meet him.

On the night of March 10, Sellers thought he had broken free of surveillance for his late-night run by pulling off an identity transfer with another embassy employee. Later, when he was "black" on Moscow's icy streets, he quickly changed into Russian street clothes and melted into the flow of Muscovites on their way home.

The meeting site was an alleyway between two Stalinist apartment blocks not far from Moscow's Lenin Hills district. Sellers arrived at the meeting site at 10:30 P.M., and as he got to within twenty feet of COWL, he could sense something was very wrong. COWL had lost weight and, it seemed to Sellers, his tough-guy swagger. When he began to speak, he could only stammer. The man was a ghost of his former self, and in that instant Sellers braced himself for what he knew was about to happen.

Oh, shit, Sellers said to himself. Here it comes.

Suddenly, glaring lights lit up the street, and men came running from all directions. The arrest, Sellers thought, was straight out of the movies. He was thrown into the back of a van by a small army of KGB security men, and GTCOWL disappeared in the blur.

In the back of the van, the KGB men, talking among themselves in Russian—perhaps not realizing how well Sellers could understand them—appeared confused as to whom they had just arrested. Finally, one of the security men reached over to Sellers, and as he pulled off his fake mustache, a look of recognition flashed across his face.

"Ah, Misha!" the man exclaimed, using the Russian diminutive of Michael. The CIA disguise was better than they had anticipated. The security men noticed the mud on Sellers's shoes, and they began debating in Russian how he could possibly have gotten out of the embassy and disguised himself as a Russian worker without anyone on the surveillance stakeout team noticing him.

The van drove Sellers and his minders to an annex of Lubyanka Prison—the interrogation office at #2 Dzerzhinsky.

Sellers spent only a few hours in interrogation. By 2:30 A.M., Stuart Parker, a counselor officer in the American embassy, had arrived to take him home. But during those few hours, Sellers had sparred with Rem Krassilnikov, trying to parry each question from the KGB's gray ghost. Normally, CIA officers were told to say nothing while under arrest, except to declare diplomatic immunity and ask to see a counselor officer from the embassy. Sellers knew the game, but he couldn't resist giving a few jabs, especially since he could speak Russian with his captors. When Krassilnikov told Sellers that his arrest would damage his career with the CIA, Sellers told him he was wrong; it wouldn't hurt his career at the agency. Perhaps to encourage Sellers to keep talking, Krassilnikov tried to switch to small talk, describing the little details of his life known to the KGB. He was the goaltender on the American embassy's broom ball team—what did he think about American hockey versus Russian hockey? But in trying to keep Sellers engaged, Krassilnikov revealed some interesting facts. It became clear to Sellers that the KGB didn't know how he had gotten out of his apartment for his meeting. The KGB still didn't have a good understanding of the CIA's identity transfer techniques, and finding Sellers at the arrest scene had puzzled them; his watchers thought he was still in his apartment.

It wasn't until long after his arrest that Sellers learned COWL's real identity: Sergey Vorontsov.

Langley, March 11, 1986

The "mornings of compromise" were becoming an unsettling routine. The notification of the COWL ambush had arrived the previous evening, and everyone at the staff meeting was aware of what had happened in Moscow the night before. Redmond poked his head in my office on the way to Gerber's office for yet another briefing on a compromise in Moscow.

"Let's go to the morning miseries," I finally told him.

Yasenevo, USSR, March 12, 1986

Valentin Aksilenko sat in his fifth-floor office in the First Chief Directorate's American Department, pondering a string of strange occurrences. Since he'd left the Washington *Rezidentura* three years earlier, he had been the headquarters branch chief watching over the KGB's foreign intelligence operations in Washington. And watching Washington was getting more curious for Val Aksilenko, a big, thoughtful man with thinning red hair. At forty-five, he had done well for himself and for the KGB, and during his five-year tour in Washington he had been promoted to colonel in the KGB's Line PR—political intelligence. But now it seemed that the familiar world he had taken for granted had slipped its axis. He felt increasingly uneasy, but he couldn't put his finger on the source of his discomfort. Probably it was his own problems, he thought. His marriage was falling apart. Maybe it was a combination of things. Even the job he thought he understood so well was becoming increasingly opaque. Things were happening that he couldn't account for or understand.

The anomalies had begun last June, when the American was arrested. Contradictory reports began to surface regarding the identity of the Soviet traitor he had been trying to meet, but the only common thread in the competing stories was the spy's first name—Adolf. It seemed that people at the top wanted the name to stick out. Maybe it was because this Adolf was arrested a month after the celebrations commemorating the end of the Great Patriotic War. But there was another message in the dogged use of the spy's name, which some thought might even be a phony name cooked up by the KGB leadership. But why?

Then, in September 1985, stories began making the rounds at Yasenevo that a fellow First Directorate officer had been caught red-handed by the boys in the Second and Seventh Directorates unloading a dead drop in Moscow—a rock full of rubles was what they were saying. It took a while for the man's name to surface, but eventually the rumor mill pointed to a Line KR officer on leave from Lagos.

Then there was the story of the incredible escape of Gordievsky while under active investigation. Contradictory facts were still being leaked out on that case, too, mostly in the form of finger-pointing between the intelligence and the counterintelligence directorates. Speculation as to how he had escaped and who had helped him was rampant. Some were convinced that the American special services must have been in on it with the British. Others thought Dzerzhinsky Square—KGB headquarters—had been part of the conspiracy. But there was nothing official on any of this from the top. They were staying very quiet.

On top of that, there was the lingering problem of Vitaly Yurchenko, who had come home to Moscow a hero, complete with an honor guard. The trouble was that nobody believed his story.

The Yurchenko affair was an affront to most officers in the First Directorate, who knew that his story of heroic resistance, single-minded determination, and valiant escape was a fantasy dreamed up by Yurchenko to save himself from execution. They knew the yarns, carefully repeated and spun by Kryuchkov and his deputy, Vadim Kirpichenko, were nonsense. Aksilenko could understand the leadership's desire to sweep Yurchenko's treason under the rug, but he couldn't understand turning him into an institutional icon. Nobody who'd worked in the West seriously believed the nonsense that the CIA had drugged Yurchenko. The rank and file were beginning to write off the whole affair as just another sign of the corrupt KGB leadership protecting itself. Yurchenko had been promoted to flag rank just as he defected. That made him one of the boys. It wasn't the same when a lieutenant colonel jumped ship. The grumbling grew.

Even comments filtering down about former CIA officer Edward Lee Howard made no sense. No formal acknowledgments had been made that Howard had been working for the KGB, but there were leaks that he might be responsible for the recent successes in rolling up American assets in Moscow. Aksilenko had read the coverage of the Howard affair in the American press as it crossed his desk, but it never quite tallied with the leaks he heard inside the KGB.

And now on his desk before him was a scripted report advising "Tass was authorized to announce" that an American diplomat had been arrested the previous night committing an act of espionage. No further details.

Something was going on, Aksilenko thought; so many of these strange incidents seemed to have their origins in Washington. And here he was, the KGB's foreign intelligence branch chief responsible for Washington, and he didn't have a clue what was happening. Maybe he could pick up something from Valeriy Martynov, who had been part of the "honor guard" escorting Yurchenko back to Moscow. Martynov was still around, Aksilenko had heard, but he'd taken a fall and was recovering from surgery.

20

Langley, Late March 1986

Sometime in early March, the CIA chief in Bonn sent a cable by special courier to Langley. A letter dropped anonymously into the mailbox of a Bonn case officer had informed him that KGB officer Gennady Varennik had been uncovered as a CIA agent. To establish his bona fides, the letter's author gave the name of Varennik's CIA handler, Chuck Leven, and promised to reveal why and how Varennik had been caught. Further details would be made available to the CIA if a package containing $50,000 was placed in a dead drop site in East Berlin, the letter writer said. The money should be cached in waterproof packaging and left under a particular flagstone on a walking path. Instructions were all carefully detailed in the letter. Finally, the author asked that a signal be transmitted on an HF frequency from the American embassy's backup transmitter. That signal would confirm receipt of the letter and that it was being acted upon.

The letter sent a shock through the leadership of SE Division, in part because it offered ammunition to support all of the major theories then in play about the cause of the lost agents. The statement that Gennady Varennik had been compromised was a confirmation of what was already known, but the promise of details was enough to encourage the CIA to agree to the letter writer's conditions. There was a debate about whether the letter was a KGB ruse, but no one counseled against going along with the writer's demands.

Bonn was instructed to make the broadcast, and East Berlin was authorized to make the drop of $50,000 in a park. Some in SE Division were puzzled by the coincidence that the operation was taking place in East Berlin. An operational backwater because of its smothering Stasi surveillance, East Berlin was beginning to heat up.

It all began with the setup of the CIA chief in East Berlin, a female case officer who had previously served in Austria. A Hungarian contact had invited her to dinner at a quiet East Berlin restaurant, but they were quickly joined at their table by a Soviet with a heavy briefcase. The Hungarian politely excused himself on cue, leaving the field to the Soviet, whose intentions became clear immediately.

Unloading a videocassette player from his briefcase, the Soviet, a senior KGB American targets officer, explained to the East Berlin chief that he had prepared a little video story of the last several years of her career. He switched on the machine and turned the screen to face his quarry, while the KGB production of *This Is Your Life* rolled across the screen.

There were outside shots of her apartment in Vienna, along with recordings of conversations that seemed to have been picked up by KGB microphones planted in her walls. The Vienna story line bluntly suggested that the conversations captured by KGB microphones in her apartment had led directly to the compromise of CIA operations in Austria. This would all be bad for her career, would it not?

As the television drama cut to East Berlin, the scripting became more provocative. More candid shots followed, obviously taken by concealed Stasi cameras shooting through pinholes in her apartment walls and ceiling. These were accompanied by similar shots of at least one of her fellow East Berlin officers, also female, dramatically fading to black. As the KGB officer added his own narrative voice-over to the video, he began to insinuate that the unmarried East Berlin chief might be involved in a lesbian relationship, something she would certainly not want known in Langley. As the tape played out and the KGB officer switched it off and stowed away his player, he turned to the CIA chief and made his pitch. She could come across and assist the KGB, or she would soon begin to suffer the consequences of all her “mistakes.”

The CIA chief thanked the KGB man for the evening’s entertainment and told him he was barking up the wrong tree. She said she would report the evening's events in great detail to Washington and told him he could do whatever he wanted with his video. The next morning, Langley had a full cabled account of the attempted recruitment.

I was dispatched within twenty-four hours to West Berlin to see if there was anything she felt more comfortable expanding on in person. We had a long talk about the incident in a corner niche at the Kempinski Hotel in West Berlin, and I concluded there was nothing more to be added to the report, beyond some color and atmospherics about the meeting and the heavy-handed pitch. The East Berlin chief could provide a more detailed account when she next visited Langley.

The incident might have been filed away had it not been for a similar occurrence just a few weeks later in Brazzaville, the capital of the Congo, another Soviet client-state where the KGB had free rein. There was no video game this time, just an out-of-the-blue recruitment pitch by a visiting KGB officer appearing at the female CIA chief's home. She was cold-pitched on the spot to commit treason. Like the East Berlin chief, she flatly turned down the KGB and reported the incident in detail to headquarters. Gerber thought the isolated officer in Brazzaville might welcome some assistance and sent Sandy Grimes, a longtime SE Division officer, to Africa to do the debrief.

As it turned out, there was no more substance to the Brazzaville episode than there had been to the pitch in East Berlin. The CIA was unable to make much sense of these approaches to its female officers. Some wrote it off as another ploy by the KGB, a brainstorm similar to the one a few years back that had the KGB mounting crude recruitment approaches to black CIA officers. The KGB had hoped that they would be bitter about CIA racism and thus receptive to their overtures. That ploy hadn't worked any better than the approach to the two women. Others wondered if the new tactic was aimed at sowing distrust within the CIA of its female officers. The theory was that if two had turned down and reported KGB pitches, might there not be another one out there who had not rejected Moscow's overtures?

None of these theories was particularly compelling, but on the heels of the anonymous letter from Bonn, yet another mystery was added to the strange occurrences of the last year. No one had a clear idea of what was happening to the CIA's Soviet sources. The only thing on which everyone could agree was that there had been a cataclysmic failure somewhere in the system. By the spring of 1986, a new, whispered term had entered the lexicon of the inner circle of SE Division—"the 1985 losses."

Langley, May 8, 1986

Looking down at the Moscow cable on my desk, I read again the spare language reporting that a Moscow case officer had been arrested the previous evening while on an operational run to meet EASTBOUND. The cable read exactly like the others following the arrests of SPHERE and COWL. But then what else was there to report beyond the fact that a Moscow officer had walked into an ambush, had been taken to #2 Dzerzhinsky, and then had been released a couple of hours later? The cables always ended with the promise that details would follow.

I flipped through the stack of follow-up cables, pausing to look over the final one, where the Moscow officer requested that his father be asked to reserve rooms for him and his wife at their club in Maryland. That one would set Gerber off again. Gerber had taken a dark view of this case officer's operational judgment after he'd been detained some weeks earlier on a nighttime run in the far suburbs of Moscow. The officer became disoriented and took a wrong turn, ending up at the main gate to the KGB's First Chief Directorate headquarters at Yasenevo. He was detained for a few minutes, questioned, and then released.

When the cable reporting the incident arrived the next morning, Gerber exploded. He had a simple rule: A case officer should know his city. If he could get lost and end up driving through the main gate of the enemy's foreign intelligence headquarters, what other mistakes might he make?

Now, reading the cable asking for comfortable accommodations at his father's club in suburban Maryland, I wondered what was going through Gerber's mind. Gerber was not a clubby man and didn't have much patience for those who were.

KGB Headquarters, Moscow, May 8, 1986

Krassilnikov was quite pleased with the way the last ambush had worked out. The Second Chief Directorate had been given a tip about a radar scientist and had ultimately identified the man. Rather than simply arresting the scientist, however, Krassilnikov had taken pains to turn the spy operation back against the Americans. He'd planted a story in the man's design bureau that the American special services were suspected of having penetrated the establishment and that the subject could enjoy a "certain amnesty" by turning himself in. It worked. The man came forward and cooperated fully, up to the point of setting up the ambush of the American special services officer in a courtyard in an apartment block on Moscow's Malaya Pirogovskaya Street.

Krassilnikov's men watched from a distance as the case officer left for home at the end of the day and began his long and laborious surveillance detection run. When he was convinced that he was black, he began an elaborate foot run. He walked straight into Krassilnikov's trap.

Later, in the holding room at Dzerzhinsky, a pale and subdued CIA officer watched without comment as the contents of his bag were laid out on the table. There was a "Kharkov" razor concealing a subminiature camera and a number of prewritten letters, ostensibly from American tourists to relatives and friends back in the United States. The scientist was to use these to correspond with his handlers, using secret writing on the backs of the letters. Concealed inside a notebook were the intelligence requirements—the CIA's questions—about the spy's defense design bureau. Krassilnikov was very pleased with himself. He had caught his spy without jeopardizing the sources of the tips that were coming his way.

Langley, 1600 Hours, May 16, 1986

I pushed through the blue door of the DDO's seventh-floor office, wondering again whose idea it had been to paint all the doors at Langley in garish electric blues, canary yellows, and forest greens. It happened while I was assigned to Hong Kong in the 1960s. Upon my return one summer, I found the old battleship gray motif of CIA headquarters gone, replaced by off-white walls and brightly colored doors. It was supposed to be good for morale. When I walked into his office, Clair George went right to the point.

"It's Friday. I want you to think about it over the weekend, but I'm planning to send you out to Islamabad to take over the Afghan program."

In the months since I'd returned to Langley from Africa, I'd become aware that our covert action program with the Afghan resistance had taken a new turn and that Reagan had rewritten the ground rules. I had also heard that the chief in Islamabad running the Afghan program had fallen afoul of Clair's deputy, Ed Juchniewicz, and that Clair and Casey were deciding on a change of leadership in Islamabad. What I had not heard a hint of was that I was being tipped for the job.

"You really want to wait until Monday for an answer?"

"Talk to your wife. Get her input."

"She'll be ready to go. When do you want me out there?"

"Go out and take a look this month, and then get out there by July."

Marie-Catherine, my wife, was indeed ready to move to Pakistan. A French *pied-noir,* born in Morocco, she had spent most of her life shifting between France and Africa, where we had met while she was teaching at the French School in Lagos. She had moved across the continent to join me in Khartoum in 1983, and we were married there in 1984. Bill Casey's "wedding gift" had been telescoping Marie-Catherine's naturalization process from seven years to about ten days. Pakistan would be no problem for her.

Langley, 1015 Hours, May 19, 1986

Out of the corner of my eye I spotted Jack Platt staking out my office, waiting for an opening to slip in on me as soon as I finished my conversation on the secure green telephone, an unambiguous signal for privacy that even Platt would hesitate to violate. But as soon as the handset was in its cradle, he slipped by the gatekeeper and dropped a handful of papers on my desk.

"I need these signed pretty quick, chief. A real rush job." Platt's usual laid-back attitude seemed a little forced. I started looking for the flimflam, knowing instinctively that it was probably no accident that Platt was in need of some rush action just as Burton Gerber was away and I was acting division chief.

"Sit down, Jack. You've got a minute for me, don't you?"

"Sure. But this is moving fast, and I saw you were pretty busy, and—"

"It's okay, Jack," I said, picking up the sheaf of papers, "I'm not pressed."

The top document was a standard agency travel order for "operational travel" to Guyana using any mode of transport from "sea to air to surface." It already had the requisite Latin American Division signatures, and I signed it without particular hesitation. After flipping to the second signature flag, I glanced at the document and set down my pen.

"What the hell is this, Jack?"

"It's a requisition order for a Winchester thirty-caliber semiautomatic hunting rifle, with four-by-forty scope sight attached, with felt-lined carrying case and fifty rounds of match ammunition." Platt recited the nomenclature on the requisition form in the stilted monotone of a mentally challenged government supply clerk.

"I know it's a gun, Jack, but you're just going to have to tell me who you're going to kill before I sign off."

"It's for MONOLITE. Rankin and I are going down to Guyana to work on him again. Nice gun might soften him up. Guy's a big hunter."

"Is this thing going anywhere? Or are you and Rankin just jerking each other off?"

"Who the fuck knows? You do what you can. And you really can sign that, so just go ahead and do it. Trust me."

I knew that MONOLITE had been a long-term joint developmental target of the FBI and CIA ever since he'd been assigned to the Soviet embassy in Washington in the late 1970s. Platt had been a street case officer then, and a good one, until his drinking problem had sent him to rehab. Sober for five years now, he hadn't lost his need to continually test the system and those in charge of it.

"And are you going to tell me why this is such a rush?"

"I gotta go out and buy the gun and get it on its way to Guyana today. That's the rush. MONOLITE pitched up there last year, and Rankin and I thought we'd go down and see if he's had a change of heart."

"And you just discovered you needed to get a rifle into this operation this morning? Or maybe it's because Burton Gerber took off this morning and you thought I'd be an easier touch?"

"What do you think?" Platt cracked a smile for the first time.

"I think you waited until Burton was out of here to bring this in. What is it? The gun, the operation, or the fact that you personally drive Gerber nuts with all your bullshit?"

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"It's the gun and the operation and me and all the fucking weird hangups our leader has. But this is worth doing."

"How long have you been trying to get this guy?"

"Who? Gerber?"

"Goddammit, Jack, quit dicking with me!"

"We've been working this guy pretty steady for about six or seven years. I musta pitched him a hundred times."

"Did he give you anything?"

"He still loves me."

"What the hell does that mean?"

"It means that he doesn't run for cover like every other asshole in the KGB who sees me coming."

"He ever pitch you back?"

"Once, maybe. Asked me how I'd feel if he asked me to come over to his side. I said, What for? To spend the rest of my life in a fucking breadline? And he never asked me again."

"What does Gerber think of the operation?"

"Probably hates it."

"Why? Because of the operation or because it's your operation?"

"Five years ago he ordered me to pitch the guy—give him his last chance to come to the promised land—when he was out in San Diego at a volleyball tournament. Did you know he's an Olympic-grade volleyball player? Once when we were both a little drunk, he told me volleyball got him into the KGB. Said some guys recruited him out of the university to play for a team at Dynamo Sports Complex in Moscow. He didn't know who the hell they were until they told him he was playing for team KGB! After a while he stopped playing volleyball and started playing spy. He likes to say he's the only guy who went to the First Chief Directorate on an athletic scholarship. Anyway, I didn't pitch the guy like Gerber told me, but I kept the thing alive. Introduced the FBI guys to him, but he still told us to fuck off every time we hit him. The FBI wants to keep trying, and Gerber can't stop it now with the bureau on board."

"How long have you been planning this trip?"

"About a month."

"What does Gerber know about it?"

"Nothing."

"How long have you known about Gerber's travel plans?"

"About a month." Platt smiled again.

I signed the requisition for the Winchester and handed the papers back to Platt. "Don't go down there and get him killed."

"Like everybody else around here?"

"Yeah, like everybody else around here. Might ask him what he's hearing about that."

I watched Platt, wearing faded frayed blue jeans and beat-up cowboy boots, walk out of the front office area carrying his papers. Platt was the kind of guy the CIA wouldn't touch today. And I thought that was too bad.

First Chief Directorate Headquarters, Yasenevo, July 1986

Val Aksilenko no longer had any doubts that something very strange was going on. The latest round began with whispers of the arrests of Valeriy Martynov and Sergey Motorin, who had both served with him in Washington.

Martynov, a Line X officer responsible for scientific and technical collection in the Washington *Rezidentura,* had come back to Moscow with Vitaly Yurchenko as part of the defector's "honor guard." He never reported in at Yasenevo. At first, the word was that he'd suffered a serious accident that required surgery. He'd been taken to a sanitarium outside Moscow to recuperate. They'd even brought his family back from Washington to be by his side, the stories went.

Aksilenko hadn't seen Martynov since his return, and he had no idea what had happened to him until rumors of his arrest began to circulate in June. Similar stories started circulating about Sergey Motorin, another former officer in the Washington *Rezidentura,* now working in Directorate A, the active measures department responsible for black propaganda against the United States and its allies. Aksilenko's boss in the American Department, Anatoly Flavnov, told him in confidence that Motorin had been arrested for working for the Americans.

Aksilenko was incredulous. Two officers from the same *Rezidentura*! He was never close to Martynov, but Motorin had worked for him, and it pained him to see the young maverick officer in such trouble. Motorin was a rule breaker, a free spirit, but Aksilenko liked him. He'd sparred with Dmitri Yakushkin, the Washington *Rezident* at the time. Yakushkin plainly detested Motorin and did everything in his power to make his life miserable while he served under him in Washington. A Line PR officer, Motorin was miscast in intelligence work, but he was not the disaster Yakushkin believed. The *Rezident* saw him as just another privileged troublemaker, the son of a senior Party official from Archangel. Motorin had reinforced his political position even further by marrying the daughter of another senior Party man. Yakushkin thought he traded on that, too, and despised him all the more.

It was no secret inside the *Rezidentura* that Motorin had girls on the side and that he had cut corners. But most of his transgressions were dismissed as small stuff, all acceptable enough within the context of the "new realities." Toward the end of his Washington tour, when he seemed to be producing better political intelligence, Aksilenko had gone to bat for him with Yakushkin, telling the skeptical *Rezident* that Motorin was finally catching fire. It didn't work. If anything, Yakushkin was even more negative, and Aksilenko found himself in an unpleasant tug-of-war over the young officer. In the end, he concluded that Yakushkin disliked Motorin so much that it was useless—and perhaps dangerous—to continue to defend him. Only later would Aksilenko learn that Motorin's improved performance in Washington had come about because he was being fed intelligence by the FBI and CIA in order to improve his standing with his superiors.

When Motorin was transferred from Washington back to Moscow, Yakushkin tried to bar him from serving in a sensitive post. He wanted him shunted off to a job where he could do no real harm. So he was assigned to Department A, responsible for black propaganda operations against the United States and its allies.

Motorin's arrest, coming on the heels of the arrest of Martynov, sparked a frenzy of rumors and gossip throughout the First Chief Directorate. Motorin simply disappeared, and for months no one knew where he was. During this period, he was forced to call a woman he'd had an affair with in Washington to tell her he "was fine and thinking of her often." The call was intended to reassure the FBI.

There was a grand deception game under way at Yasenevo, and the pieces of the game that were visible to Val Aksilenko were sharpening his senses. From the First Chief Directorate, there had been four cases in the last year of officers crossing over—the acting *Rezident* in London, the counterintelligence officer in Lagos, and now the two officers from the Washington *Rezidentura.* Add to the mix the peculiar case of Vitaly Yurchenko, and you had five. As Val Aksilenko struggled with his thoughts, he thought maybe the number could go even one higher, to six. Yes, he'd add the convoluted case of Vladimir Mikhailovich Vetrov, the Line T guy executed for spying for the French two years ago. That was a case of clever misdirection if he ever saw one.

Vladimir Vetrov was a wild man by First Chief Directorate standards. He was strong and physical, with a quick temper. Some thought him abusive—he'd been reprimanded in the past for his outbursts, one time for beating one of his bosses almost to a pulp. In addition to his abusive side, Vetrov was an unabashed Francophile who made no attempt to hide his admiration for almost all things French. It was an appreciation he'd picked up during his Paris posting in the late 1960s, and he still carried a case of French champagne in the trunk of his car, "just in case," he always said.

So it was no real surprise, at least at first, when in February 1982 word shot through Yasenevo that Vetrov had been arrested for the murder of a homeless vagabond in a Moscow park where he was having a "French liaison" with a woman described as Vetrov's mistress. According to the initial story, Vetrov and his mistress were happened upon by a park denizen, who attempted to shake down the KGB officer. In a burst of temper, Vetrov set upon the man and killed him with a knife. Then, possibly fearing that his mistress would betray him to the police, he stabbed her and left her for dead. Then, incredibly, he returned to the scene of the crime an hour later and was spotted by his mistress, who was not seriously wounded after all. He was arrested on the spot, and in a particularly swift case of Soviet justice, he was tried and sentenced to twelve years in prison. Later, nobody would ever recall hearing the actual name of the vagabond Vetrov had murdered.

Then the story began to change. The supposed mistress turned out to be a notorious First Directorate sex groupie who had bedded down as many KGB foreign intelligence officers as she could chalk up in the few years she had been hanging around the gates of Yasenevo. Then the murdered "vagabond" was transformed into another KGB officer, a jealous lover who happened upon the couple locked in an embrace and fought with Vetrov. But neither was available to tell her or his own story—the woman disappeared, and the man Vetrov killed was never named. Then in 1984, the other shoe dropped when the story of Vetrov's arrest and execution for spying for the French flashed through the First Directorate.

Whispers and speculation began immediately. In the end, Aksilenko began to doubt the entire Vetrov legend, with the notable exception of his execution. He already dismissed the murder in the park as contrived, and the idea of Vetrov betraying his treason in letters to his wife or to a prison snitch didn't pass the most basic test of logic. No KGB man would have poured his heart out in a letter. He would have toughed it out in prison for ten or twelve years; it was long, but nowadays there were worse places to be. Something else must have happened to Vetrov—of this, Val Aksilenko was now convinced.

Now, against the backdrop of all the other revelations of treason in Yasenevo over the last year, it finally seemed to fit. The Vetrov story was part of the grand deceptions, the elaborate smoke screens, surrounding the betrayals of so many Yasenevo officers in the last two years.

What the hell was going on? Aksilenko asked himself. What were they hiding?

Then came the biggest shock of the year.

Walking into Dmitri Yakushkin's office in mid-July, Aksilenko found the KGB general engrossed in a report. He could see from across the desk that it was top secret. Aksilenko muttered a familiar greeting, but Yakushkin didn't respond, and he sat in awkward silence until Yakushkin finally lifted his eyes. After staring vacantly at Aksilenko for a moment, Yakushkin handed the paper across his desk.

Aksilenko began to read a summary of the arrest of GRU General Dmitri Polyakov. As he read, Aksilenko glanced self-consciously over the top of the paper at Yakushkin, who seemed to be disoriented and devastated by the report of Polyakov's treachery. Finally, his voice shaking, Yakushkin spoke.

"This man is a general, like me, Valentin. Who are we to trust? If we can't trust a general, who can we trust?"

Aksilenko had no answer—the question didn't demand one. He felt uncomfortable, not only because of Yakushkin's strange demeanor, but because the document he had been handed was so clearly restricted to a level of access high above his own.

New York, August 23, 1986

There were two unique characteristics to the FBI's operation that led to the arrest of Soviet scientist Gennady Zakharov on espionage charges during the dog days of August 1986. The first was that the entire operation had, from the outset, been a sting designed to entrap Zakharov, a physicist assigned to the United Nations in New York, into committing acts that would get him arrested. The second was that Gennady Zakharov was living and working in the United States as a UN employee *without* diplomatic immunity.

The KGB interpreted this operation as a profound breach of etiquette. There would have to be payback. It wouldn't take the Soviets long to identify an American living in Moscow without diplomatic immunity who could serve their purposes.

Moscow, 1220 Hours, August 30, 1986

Nicholas Daniloff, Moscow correspondent for *U.S. News & World Report,* had just left his last meeting with Mikhail Luzin, his "Misha from Frunze," a young Russian who in the past had provided insights into the heavy toll that the war in Afghanistan was taking on the Russian boys who were being sent out to the front. After five years as the newsmagazine's Moscow bureau chief, Daniloff was closing out his tour in the Soviet Union and was about to head home to Washington. His successor, Jeff Trimble, was already in Moscow.

On the embankment near the Moscow River, Daniloff gave Misha a package of Stephen King novels—works by the master of horror were hard to come by in the Soviet Union. In return, Misha handed Daniloff a tightly wrapped package that he said included photographs taken in Afghanistan. Misha had given Daniloff photographs taken by Russian soldiers fighting in Afghanistan before, and though the pictures had been of such poor quality that they'd been of little use for the magazine, Daniloff still felt that Misha had helped him understand the terrors that were haunting Russian soldiers being sent off to fight the Afghan rebels.

Daniloff was walking back to his apartment in Leninsky Prospekt, with the package of photographs from Misha in a white plastic bag dangling at his side, when a van suddenly pulled up next to him and a group of men in civilian clothes quickly enveloped him. Without a word, two of the men grabbed him, forced his arms behind his back, handcuffed him, and pushed him into the van. As the van sped off, Nicholas Daniloff felt like a disembodied observer who had just witnessed his own arrest. He was still trying to sort through the fog of what was happening to him as the KGB van pulled into gate of Lefortovo Prison.

Daniloff's arrest immediately generated international headlines as the Western press corps railed against the Soviet decision to hold a foreign correspondent. The incident ballooned into a diplomatic crisis, one that threatened an upcoming summit between President Reagan and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev. The Soviets quickly made it clear to the Americans that the Daniloff and Zakharov cases were linked, further complicating the Reagan administration's efforts to free the journalist. Public diplomacy was set in motion: U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz and Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze met to try to reach a compromise in time to save the summit.

Meanwhile, Daniloff, in jail and facing repeated interrogations, soon realized that "Misha from Frunze" wasn't the KGB's only concern. Before long, the Soviets began to ask him about Father Roman Potemkin—and the CIA.

Knowing that it had left Daniloff exposed as a result of the botched Father Roman affair from the year before, the CIA secretly contacted the KGB while Daniloff was in prison and set up a quiet meeting in Vienna to talk about the case. To contact the Soviets, Burton Gerber activated the "Gavrilov channel," a secret communications line first established between the CIA and KGB in 1983.

The Gavrilov channel, named after a nineteenth-century Russian poet, had been the KGB's idea. The Soviets had approached the Americans in the most straightforward way possible: They knocked on the apartment door of Carl Gephardt, the CIA's Moscow chief in 1983. But Gephardt wouldn't open the door, so the KGB's message initially went unanswered.

When Gephardt reported the contact to Langley, however, the KGB's proposal reached Bill Casey. Burton Gerber, who'd returned from Moscow the year before and was then serving as deputy in the European Division, was called into a meeting with Casey and others to decide whether to respond. Gerber told Casey that he thought they should meet with the KGB. The agency had nothing to lose by hearing what the Soviets wanted to talk about. Casey came around and asked Gerber to go do it himself.

Gerber wanted another CIA officer as a witness, so Gus Hathaway, the head of counterintelligence, went along, too.

The first meeting took place at the Soviet embassy in Vienna and opened with a scene straight out of the movies. As Gerber and Hathaway walked up to the entrance, the front gate to the embassy compound slowly swung open, before they'd even had a chance to ring the bell.

Soon, Gerber and other CIA officials were meeting on a semiregular basis with their KGB counterparts, usually in Vienna, a city where the Soviets felt particularly comfortable. The two sides used the

Gavrilov line to tamp down potential crises between the two intelligence services, as well as to discuss ways they might actually find some common ground. One area the CIA pursued was counterterrorism: The Americans asked the Soviets for help in trying to find out what had happened to William Buckley, the CIA chief in Beirut who had been kidnapped and tortured. Buckley eventually died in captivity, and the Soviets never provided any help on the matter.

The Gavrilov channel remained open until the Reagan White House tried to exploit it for political and diplomatic purposes, over Burton Gerber's strong objections. When Gerber was told to activate the Gavrilov channel to talk to the Soviets about a particularly sensitive diplomatic issue, he at first refused, arguing that Gavrilov had been established purely for the two professional intelligence services to hash things out. He knew that the KGB would object to its use as a diplomatic back channel. But he was told that the National Security Council had issued orders for him to do it anyway. In the end, he went to the meeting with the KGB in Vienna and passed on the message as he was directed. But just as he had predicted, the Soviets responded badly, and the Gavrilov channel was suspended for years afterward.

Before that breakdown, however, Gerber was able to use the Gavrilov channel to arrange a meeting in Vienna with Anatoly Tikhonevich Kireyev, the formidable chief of counterintelligence for the KGB's First Chief Directorate. Gerber needed to talk with Kireyev about the Daniloff mess.

Gerber's message to Kireyev was simple: Daniloff was not a spy and had nothing to do with the CIA. At the end of the meeting, Kireyev casually asked Gerber a telling question.

"Did you ever meet Father Roman?"

"No."

"You're lucky." Kireyev sighed. "He was a pain in the ass."

It was just one more confirmation that Father Roman had been a KGB agent.

Eventually, the logjam in the Daniloff case broke. On September 12, the two governments agreed to arrange for both Daniloff and Zakharov to be released from prison and held in the custody of their own embassies. Finally, on September 29, Daniloff was allowed to leave the Soviet Union without facing trial. He quickly left for Frankfurt and then the United States. Zakharov was released by the United States the next day. The Reagan administration faced a brief spate of criticism for allowing the Soviets to link the two cases, but the crisis had been defused.

With tensions rising in the wake of the Daniloff-Zakharov showdown, the intelligence war between Washington and Moscow finally burst into the open and took on a diplomatic life of its own. On September 17, the United States ordered twenty-five Soviet diplomats at the Soviet Mission to the United Nations to leave the country; the Reagan administration said they were intelligence officers. On October 19, the Soviets ordered five American diplomats out of Moscow in retaliation. The tit-for-tat expulsions and declarations that spies were persona non grata soon escalated into what became known inside the CIA as the "PNG war." By the end of October, fifty-five Soviet diplomats had been ordered out of Washington. Since the CIA presence in Moscow and Leningrad was so much smaller than the KGB's staff in Washington, New York, and San Francisco, the Soviets had a hard time retaliating in kind.

But they finally responded by pulling out the 260 Soviet employees who handled cleaning, cooking, and other day-to-day chores at the U.S. embassy in Moscow. The KGB's move was inspired; it virtually paralyzed the embassy. Even though the Americans knew their local employees reported back to the KGB, they still relied on their Russian servants to help them navigate the nightmarish Moscow bureaucracy and keep the embassy functioning.

The retaliatory expulsions had a dramatic effect on the CIA's ability to conduct operations in Moscow. With the departure of Murat Natirboff, Gerber asked Jack Downing to return to Moscow as the new chief. Downing had been deputy chief in the late 1970s and had handled the TRIGON case, and Gerber wanted someone with extensive experience in Moscow to help rebuild after the 1985 losses. Downing had already served as Beijing chief, so he would now become the first man in CIA history to run CIA operations in the two capitals of world Communism.

The PNG war forced Downing to delay his transfer; the CIA didn't want him to arrive just in time to be expelled. After months waiting out the battle at headquarters, Downing finally moved to Moscow in November, only to find that the withdrawal of the embassy's Russian staff made it nearly impossible to get anything done. Before long, Downing was spending his days washing the ambassador's car and handling other cleaning chores rather than spying on the KGB. With virtually all of its agents rolled up and the CIA chief running errands for the ambassador, the CIA's Moscow operation was all but out of business.

First Chief Directorate Headquarters, Yasenevo, Late August 1986

The hall talkers out at Yasenevo agreed on one thing about their chief, Vladimir Kryuchkov: He had "grown taller" in the last few months. And he had grown bolder. Kryuchkov seemed to have new confidence in his stewardship at Yasenevo. And his growing relationship with the new General Secretary, Mikhail Gorbachev, was also part of the buzz. The lackluster First Directorate chief of the last several years was beginning to look to some like a new force.

Evidence of Kryuchkov's new operational energy began to manifest itself in small but important ways. For as long as he had been engaged in intelligence operations against Americans, Val Aksilenko had known that there was a hard-and-fast rule of thumb inside the KGB. If your American agent was polygraphed by the CIA or FBI, you could write him off. He could never be trusted again, because chances were he'd been broken and then doubled back against you. This view had been unyielding dogma for decades. Now, word was filtering down from above—Aksilenko first heard it from his boss in the American Department, Anatoly Flavnov—that the polygraph policy was no longer hard and fast. It had evolved to the point where under the "right conditions," an American could go through the polygraph grinder and still be trusted by Moscow Center. Aksilenko was taken aback by the course change on the polygraph. What had prompted the change? he wondered. Had the technical people come up with a way to beat the polygraph? Had someone actually beaten the machine?

KGB Headquarters, Lubyanka, August 30, 1986

From the moment of his arrest on July 6, 1985, Dmitri Fedorovich Polyakov had instantly understood that his long journey was finally over. There was no more need for evasion, no need to worry about the next knock on the door.

The original investigation of Polyakov was triggered by the first tip to the GRU from Robert Hanssen in 1979. Polyakov had been recalled and had been forced to retire, but a KGB counterintelligence general had intervened, arguing that a general in the Red Army simply could not be a spy. A proposal devised by Rem Krassilnikov to unmask Polyakov as a traitor had been turned down, and the investigation was put on ice.

The general went into retirement. And while questions lingered, the case gradually receded into the background. Polyakov settled into his new life puttering around his dacha, tending to his grandchildren, and engaging in one of his passions, woodworking and cabinetmaking.

Five years later, the last missing piece snapped into place. The KGB finally had the goods on the GRU general, straight from its new source in Langley, Virginia.

Polyakov had known instinctively that he was being called in for his final reckoning when he received a summons on July 4 to attend a retirement ceremony at GRU headquarters in Moscow two days later. He was suspicious of the pretext, and his son, Peter, now an officer in the GRU, heightened that suspicion when he told his father he thought he'd spotted stakeout surveillance on the narrow road near their dacha. Polyakov told his son to keep his concerns to himself. He didn't want to spoil the weekend gathering of his family for his sixty-fifth birthday.

The arrest on Monday morning was full of well-practiced fury. As he entered GRU headquarters in full dress uniform, decorations arranged neatly across his breast, he was seized by five men. One held his head in a hammerlock while the other four stripped his tunic and shirt from his chest in case he'd hidden a suicide pill in a seam. Dmitri Polyakov put up no resistance. He simply stood there, leaning his weight against the men who held him in their viselike grip. Polyakov was stripped naked and quickly examined for concealed “special preparations.” He was then dressed in a blue KGB running suit, handcuffed, and advised of the charges against him. His sole request was that his wife and sons be spared any suspicion or indignity.

As the interrogations began, Polyakov offered no apologies. He declared that he’d had ample opportunity to leave the USSR, but he’d never considered that an option. Everything he had done had been *for* the Russian people, not against them. Whatever was to become of him, he told his interrogators without emotion, was his own cross to bear. And he would bear it with honor. That, too, would be part of his contribution to bringing about a revolution in thinking in the USSR. He was a social democrat of the European sort, he said. That had been the reason for his struggle over the decades. Now his death would be another part of his struggle.

Polyakov’s story came out smoothly and without reservation. He told it all, in great detail, and with an element of pride that unsettled his interrogators. Never wavering from his conviction that he had done the right thing, he repeatedly said he would do it again, faced with the same choices.

Born in the Ukraine in 1921, Polyakov graduated from the Soviet Military Academy at Frunze in time to see combat as an artillery officer in World War II, an experience burned into his consciousness and which defined him as one of the generation that held back the Third Reich. After World War II, Polyakov shifted into military intelligence, serving an early posting to the GRU *Rezidentura* in New York in the 1950s. After a tour of duty at GRU headquarters in Moscow, Polyakov returned to New York in 1961 for a second stretch as a GRU spy. By this time he had concluded that the suffering and sacrifice of the Russian people during the Great Patriotic War had been betrayed by the corruption and sheer evil of the Soviet system. It was during this time that he crossed the line and volunteered his services to the FBI, launching a dual life that would span almost three decades—that of a rising star in the GRU and that of a man the FBI and CIA called TOP HAT, ROAM, BOURBON, and BEEP.

The CIA became the primary agency handling Dmitri Polyakov during his assignment to Burma in 1966. As with so many before him, his decision to take a stand against the Soviet system would ultimately bring him before the executioner in a darkened Moscow subbasement.

Polyakov was promoted to the rank of general in 1974, an upward move that gave him access to a wealth of information on everything from long-range military planning to nuclear strategy to research and production of chemical and biological warfare agents. By the time he dropped from sight in 1980, Dmitri Polyakov had provided American intelligence with the most voluminous and detailed reporting on the Red Army of the entire Cold War.

Polyakov gave his interrogators details of his work as a spy without signs of regret, and his demeanor soon became a source of discomfort for some within the KGB's inner circle. He had not been motivated by greed. Polyakov had accepted only small gifts from the Americans—a few shotguns and rifles, some woodworking tools, and what amounted to little more than pocket money. He hadn't done it for revenge, either. He had done his part, he maintained to the end, because he could not allow the USSR to win its war against the Russian people.

21

Moscow, 1500 Hours, October 22, 1986

The announcement was in the standard language of the Soviet apparatus:

> Tass is authorized to announce that as already had been reported, the USSR State Security Committee exposed Adolf Tolkachev, an employee of a Moscow research institute, as an agent of U.S. intelligence and started criminal proceedings against him.
>
> It was established during the course of the investigation that Tolkachev, in pursuit of selfish ends and on account of his hostile attitude to the Soviet state, had maintained espionage contacts with U.S. intelligence agents who had been in Moscow under the guise of U.S. embassy personnel.
>
> The military collegium of the USSR Supreme Court, which examined the criminal case filed against Tolkachev, found him guilty of high treason in the form of espionage, and, considering the gravity of his crime, sentenced him to the exceptional measure of punishment, death.
>
> The presidium of the USSR Supreme Soviet rejected Tolkachev's appeal for clemency.
>
> The sentence has been carried out.

Langley, 1530 Hours, October 30, 1986

It was anticlimactic, Paul Redmond thought as he read the report confirming what he had known all along. Valeriy Martynov and Sergey Motorin had been arrested, the report said. They had been tried and convicted and were to be executed for espionage. The report stated that the men had been arrested in 1985, almost a full year earlier. The FBI told Redmond a few months back that Motorin had called his girlfriend in Washington to let her know he was fine. That had knocked Redmond off balance momentarily, but now he was more convinced than ever that an elaborate deception was under way designed for just one purpose—to protect a valuable source.

In the last eight months, the strange case of "Mr. X," the KGB volunteer who had dropped a letter in a Bonn case officer's mailbox in March, had played out without leading to any firm answers. Langley reacted quickly to his initial approach, and the $50,000 he had demanded was laid down for him in a German dead drop. The possibility that the CIA's communications had been compromised—Mr. X had suggested just such a technical penetration in his first letter—had been thoroughly checked out, without results. In his subsequent letters, Mr. X had attempted to raise suspicions about one CIA case officer, Chuck Leven, who had been handling Gennady Varennik. Leven was fabricating his financial dealings with Varennik, skimming, the author of the mysterious letters had charged.

Redmond thought the ploy was too cute by half. Of all the case officers on the street, Leven would be the last to start fooling around with his cash box. Feeding the CIA disinformation about its case officers was an old KGB trick, and Redmond wasn't falling for it. Clair George also thought the operation was bad from the start, and when Redmond had the handwriting on the Mr. X letters carefully examined, it seemed there was a faint resemblance to the handwriting in the communications plans the KGB had provided John Walker over the years.

The information Mr. X provided about how Gennady Varennik had been compromised still bothered Redmond. In his second letter, Mr. X said that Varennik's father had come across some material evidence of his son's betrayal, and as a good and loyal former counterintelligence officer of the KGB during the Great Patriotic War, he had turned his son in to the authorities. The father was convinced that his son would ultimately be set free, after having served some jail time.

With the arrival of Mr. X's sixth letter a few weeks earlier, Redmond became convinced that the whole case was a ruse. But what kind of ruse? Either Mr. X was involved in a scam—he'd gotten a bundle of money from the CIA—or the KGB was running an elaborate deception game. But for what purpose? They had a spy to protect, Redmond concluded. A big one.

The inventory of lost agents and operations over the last fifteen months was devastating. Now there were rumors of more damage, that two more assets had been rolled up. One, a KGB officer last seen in Indonesia, Vladimir Piguzov, code-named GTJOGGER, had reportedly been arrested during the summer. Vladimir Potashov, an officer in the Institute of the USA and Canada, encrypted GTMEDIAN, had been arrested about the same time, according to the latest reports. Nothing made sense these days, Redmond thought, except his conclusion that there was probably a spy somewhere.

The phony recruitments in Nairobi and Moscow had been painstakingly played out for months without any sign of the bait being taken. Both Soviet intelligence officers set up in the fake operations remained in place, and Redmond concluded that the two probes had failed. But why? he wondered.

Frustrated, he decided it was time to put all his thoughts on paper.

Vienna, Austria, 2000 Hours, December 14, 1986

Ambassador Ron Lauder's Christmas party for the American embassy staff was an elegant affair. Lauder had a knack for combining the old-world grace of Vienna with the new money chic of his mother, who had transformed beauty into big business. The eggnog and *glühwein* had flowed, the Christmas carols had been sung in English and German, and a sense of camaraderie and celebrity had flowed throughout the ambassador's residence.

Jim Olson, the CIA chief in Vienna, was circulating from group to group along with his wife, Meredith, exchanging Christmas greetings, fulfilling the function that fell to senior members of Lauder's country team. An old SE Division hand who'd done battle with the KGB in Moscow a few years earlier, Olson had been the first man "down the hole" in the CIA's cable tap outside Moscow, and he knew his craft. He'd just arrived in Vienna, having lived through the nightmare of the last eighteen months in SE Division, and he harbored lingering doubts about the 1985 losses. Now, as he worked the ambassador's Christmas party, Olson began to notice one of the Marine security guards hanging back slightly but following him from group to group. As the party began to break up, the Marine intercepted Olson and self-consciously said he needed to talk to him. His voice quavered as he spoke. Olson saw fear verging on panic in the man's eyes.

"I'm Clayton Lonetree. I know who you are, Mr. Olson. They told me when I got here."

"They told you?"

"I served in the embassy in Moscow as a Marine security guard and got into something with the KGB. I'm in over my head." The Marine was stiff. He spoke in stilted bursts, as if he were reciting lines he had carefully written for this moment of confrontation. To Olson, the young man appeared barely under control, almost psychotic. He took the Marine by the elbow and led him to a quiet corner where they could talk in private.

"Did you give up classified information in Moscow?" he asked, trying to gain control of the conversation in the short time he knew they would have before the guests began to file out.

"No, sir," Lonetree responded.

As he looked at the Marine, Olson suspected that he was lying. "Did they give you money?"

"No, sir."

"Were you involved with a woman?" Watching Lonetree closely, Olson wondered if he might break down right there. "Are you meeting the KGB here in Vienna?"

"Yes, sir. They were the ones who told me about you."

"Who do you see here?"

"George. That's all I know."

"When is your next meeting?"

Lonetree hesitated only a moment. "December 27."

"Where?"

"At a church not far from here."

Olson quickly wrote a number on a piece of paper and handed it to the terrified Marine. "I want you to keep all of this to yourself," he said. "You are to tell no one else that we have spoken. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"When do you get off duty tomorrow?"

"At noon, sir."

"Tomorrow, after you are off work, leave the embassy and call this number from a pay telephone. I'll answer. Don't identify yourself. Just be friendly and tell me what time we can meet. The meeting place will be the McDonald's on Spätenplatz. You know the place?" Olson kept the instructions simple. He doubted Lonetree's ability to handle anything more complicated, more secure, in a city like Vienna, which the KGB still felt was their operational preserve.

"Yes, sir. I know McDonald's."

"We'll meet there at the time we've agreed to on the phone. Then we'll go somewhere to talk."

"Yes, sir," Clayton Lonetree said.

Olson saw that the panic was still in his eyes. "You'll tell no one about our talk. Understood?"

"Yes, sir."

Olson left the Christmas party and went to cable CIA headquarters, outlining his account of the encounter with Clayton Lonetree. By early the next morning, he had received instructions from Langley to debrief Lonetree on the nature of his relationship with the KGB in Moscow. He was told to stay alert for the possibility of running Lonetree in place for a while, until the CIA could determine how much damage he had done. But Olson was convinced that Lonetree was too close to an emotional breakdown, too panicked, to function as a double agent and reported that observation to Langley as he prepared for the meeting with the Marine.

Shortly after noon, the telephone rang. Olson picked it up before the third ring.

"Sir, I could meet at two-thirty."

"Two-thirty is fine," Olson responded. "I'm looking forward to seeing you."

Jim Olson selected a young counterintelligence officer with a good background on the KGB to accompany him to the initial debriefing. He hoped that the young officer would help calm Lonetree down and ease his fears.

Lonetree was waiting at the McDonald's on Spätenplatz when Olson and his colleague arrived. Quickly taking the Marine in tow, they drove him to a safe site, where they conducted their initial debrief. The instructions from CIA headquarters had been specific—Olson was to determine how much damage had been done.

Langley, 1330 Hours, December 22, 1986

Paul Redmond read the latest wrap-up from Vienna on Lonetree. Olson was not only a seasoned intelligence officer, he was also a lawyer, and his summary of the debriefing sessions with the Marine guard concluded that this was no longer a counterintelligence operation. It should now be a criminal case.

As Clayton Lonetree talked, it became clear to Olson that he had fallen into the oldest KGB trap in the business. While serving as a Marine guard at the U.S. embassy in Moscow, Lonetree, a lonely young Native American, had met a beautiful Soviet embassy employee, Violetta Sanni. Their affair was in violation of the embassy's policy forbidding fraternization between Marine guards and Soviet women, so the two kept their relationship secret. But as the relationship with Violetta deepened, her "uncle Sasha" suddenly appeared, completing the classic honey trap. Lonetree began passing information to Violetta's kindly uncle and responded to his directions to serve as his eyes and ears in the U.S. embassy.

After his transfer to Vienna, Uncle Sasha appeared in the Austrian capital and introduced Lonetree to "George," his KGB colleague in Vienna. Lonetree continued providing information to the KGB in Vienna and received occasional payments for his services, until he could no longer live with himself.

Olson recommended in his summary report that the case be turned over to the prosecutors. He concluded that the CIA had reached the end of its proper involvement.

Redmond didn't like the idea, but he knew Olson was right. Clayton Lonetree was spirited out of Vienna on Christmas morning by a team of officers from the Naval Investigative Service, just eleven days after he approached Jim Olson at the ambassador's residence.

To assess the damage, Redmond decided he'd have to order a comprehensive review of all documents sent to Moscow in any way related to the agents who had been lost in the last eighteen months. If the KGB had a Marine guard on their payroll in Moscow, they might have gotten into the CIA area—and the agency's files. Someone would have to look through every cable in Moscow's files that mentioned the agents who had been arrested to see if a KGB break-in—possibly facilitated by Clayton Lonetree—could explain the 1985 losses. Redmond would ask Sandy Grimes and Diana Worthen to handle the investigation.

Moscow, 1940 Hours, December 22, 1986

The waitress brought two more tumblers of gin to the two men at the corner table and took away the four empty glasses. As an afterthought, she dumped the overflowing ashtray on her serving tray and sullenly walked away. Aleksandr "Sasha" Zhomov and his boss, Valentin Klimenko, were seated at a low table in the bar of the Press Club at the Soviet Foreign Ministry near Moscow's Old Arbat. They had been there, drinking imported English gin and smoking Marlboro filters, for about an hour before Klimenko dropped the bomb on his subordinate.

"Sasha, I have a job for you."

Zhomov watched his boss expectantly. With thick, dark hair, the blue-eyed Klimenko was a small, wiry man in his early forties. Both men were American specialists in the KGB's Second Chief Directorate, and both knew as much about the Americans in Moscow as anyone in Soviet counterintelligence. Valentin Klimenko was Rem Krassilnikov's deputy, and Aleksandr Zhomov directly supervised the people who watched the Americans twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. Zhomov's people put their American charges to bed in the evening and woke them up each morning. Sometimes, depending on the particular American, they had the means to "watch" them while they slept.

"You have one month," Klimenko continued, "to come to me with a plan for something special for our American special services boys. One month."

"Something special?"

"Yes. Something that will get us deep inside them, give us a window we've never had, something that will tell us what they're doing to us, how they do it, maybe even how they smuggle their agents out."

Zhomov fell silent as he contemplated what Klimenko might be asking of him. Just thirty-two, Aleksandr Zhomov had spent most of the last ten years following the Americans in Moscow. Along the way, he had learned English well enough to converse in it with almost native fluency, even though he had never met any of his American targets. But he felt he knew them all. He had listened carefully to what they said to one another when they felt they were alone in their apartments. He knew when and how often they made love to their wives, or maybe even the wives of other men. He knew what problems they were having on the job in Moscow or back home when they received telephone calls on the Moscow-Washington tie-line. Zhomov and his people knew almost everything you'd want to know about the Americans, except what they might do next. And now Klimenko was asking him to come up with a way to deal with that.

"How many people will I have on this?" Zhomov asked.

"Just you." Klimenko held up a single finger, and his expression, a sort of half smile, didn't change. "You'll be all alone."

"Rem Sergeyevich?" Zhomov's question was clear. Was their boss Krassilnikov in on this?

"You won't need to discuss this with Rem Sergeyevich. He doesn't need to be bothered."

Klimenko's answer spoke most loudly in what it did not say. Zhomov took the answer at face value, unable to decide whether Krassilnikov was in or out. Klimenko helped him understand.

"You'll report to me and I'll report to the Chairman."

"So that's it. You, me, and Viktor Mikhailovich."

"That's it, Sasha. You, me and Chairman Chebrikov." Klimenko finally smiled, flashing Russian gold.

Later that night when he was alone, Sasha Zhomov thought deeply about the new requirement Klimenko had levied on him. He could do it. But it would have to be something bold, something that broke all the old rules. He poured himself another drink, this time Georgian brandy, and thought some more about his plan. Yes, he thought, it could work. The first thing he would have to do was start a few quiet interrogations of the traitors, the ones who had not been dispatched by a bullet. That would be a good place to start.

PART TWO

THE COLD WAR TURNS HOT IN AFGHANISTAN

1

Islamabad, June 1, 1986

Two weeks after Clair George told me I was being assigned to Islamabad to run the Afghan covert action program, I made a quick visit to Pakistan for briefings and to take the lay of the land. The visit gave me a chance to meet the CIA's man in charge, Bill Piekney, and to get his view on how the war was going, both politically and on the battlefield.

Slender but not tall, well groomed and soft-spoken, Bill Piekney was a consummate CIA man who had enjoyed a rapid rise up through the CIA's Directorate of Operations. The former Navy officer knew the rules, did as he was told, and did it well, and for two years running the covert action program in Pakistan, Piekney had played by the rules. Steady as she goes, had been the order. Don't let things get out of control.

He'd worked well with the Pakistanis to keep the supplies moving and to keep the cost of the occupation of Afghanistan high for the Soviets. But a shift in Soviet tactics from broad rural pacification efforts to more sharply focused helicopter-borne special operations against resistance infiltration routes and strongholds had paid off for the Soviets. The war was going badly for the resistance, and for Bill Piekney.

Now, with a change in ground rules in Washington, Piekney was caught in a political bait-and-switch game among congressional hawks, the Pakistani government, and the CIA's seventh floor.

Rawalpindi, Pakistan, January 1986

Piekney could feel his jaw dropping as the words that Senator Orrin Hatch had flown halfway around the world to hear came tumbling out of the mouth of Mohammed Zia ul-Haq, the soft-spoken president of Pakistan. Why, of course, yes, certainly, Pakistan will permit the United States to ship Stinger missiles to the Afghan rebels through our territory, Piekney heard the ever adaptable Zia tell the anti-Communist Republican from Utah. Yes, certainly, we will train the mujahideen in their use. Yes, I agree, it is time to turn the heat up on the Soviet Army.

Zia, now in his seventh year as Pakistan's self-appointed leader, had entered politics as had so many of the leaders in the Third World, wearing khaki. He had been made Army chief in 1976 by Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto, Pakistan's charismatic Prime Minister, in the fatally mistaken belief that he was controllable, perhaps even a little slow out of the starting blocks. A fervent Islamist, Zia would be either at the mosque or out on the golf course, Bhutto had thought, and was not likely to become a threat to his own leadership.

A year later, Zia was running Pakistan and Bhutto was sitting in jail waiting for the hangman. In the face of almost universal outcry and condemnation from the West, Zia had Bhutto tried on a variety of still controversial charges and sentenced to death. To everyone's surprise, the death sentence was actually carried out in April 1979, eight months before the Soviets launched their Afghan adventure. Washington turned a cold shoulder to the generals in Islamabad after Bhutto's execution, but the estrangement would be brief. After one look at the map of Central Asia, President Jimmy Carter understood that if he was to oppose the Soviet grab in Afghanistan, it would have to be in partnership with Zia ul-Haq.

Carter moved quickly. In early 1980, he sent his national security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, to Islamabad for consultations with the new leader of Pakistan. The two agreed to join forces, and the United States quietly began to assemble the wherewithal to mount a sustained effort to support the Afghan resistance, and to do it in secret. But on a not-so-secret side trip, Brzezinski traveled the length of the Khyber Pass to the Pakistani outpost at Michni Point, where he was photographed squinting along the sights of a Soviet AK-47 assault rifle, its muzzle elevated and pointing into Afghanistan. In that moment, the President's national security adviser became the symbol of the impending U.S. involvement in Afghanistan's endless martial history.

Zia, from the outset, believed his generals could work with the CIA, whose history in Pakistan dated back to the 1950s, when it flew high-altitude U-2 surveillance flights over the Soviet Union from northwest Pakistan. The massive hangar at the military side of the Peshawar airport was still nostalgically called the "CIA hangar" a quarter century after CIA pilot Francis Gary Powers was brought down by Soviet air defenses over Sverdlovsk. There was a record of cooperation with the CIA, and the Pakistanis felt comfortable with it.

But Zia drew the line at allowing the American hand to show. Keep it covert, he had insisted. The Pakistani leader had come to associate the introduction of American-made weapons, especially antiaircraft missiles, as a first step toward bringing in the Pentagon. He was concerned, possibly rightly, that if the Pentagon got its nose under the tent, it would be only a short time before the American involvement in the war had slipped from his control.

Though Zia admired the United States, he knew that no Pakistani leader should invest too deeply in the American relationship. The good times were very good for Pakistan, but they were always followed by estrangement. When Ronald Reagan was elected in 1980, Zia calculated that with the conservative, anti-Soviet Republican in the White House, he might expect a consistent American policy toward Pakistan as long as the Soviets remained in Afghanistan. When Reagan was reelected four years later, the Pakistani president rightly decided that the U.S.-Pakistani relationship might actually carry through to the end of the Soviet adventure. But even as he deepened Pakistan's involvement with the United States in Afghanistan, he always kept a finger to the wind and a sharp eye on the mood of the American Congress.

The United States had entered the fray for a combination of moral and geopolitical reasons for what seemed like the long haul. Some in Congress thought that the war could happily last forever, that the Soviets could be bled the way the United States had been for over a decade in Vietnam. Others, by the sixth year of the war, were less comfortable with what seemed to them a cynical strategy of fighting the Soviets down to the last Afghan. Still other lawmakers saw the Afghan adventure as the Soviet Union's fatal weakness. These hawks no longer wanted just to mire the Soviets in the Afghan bog; they wanted to defeat them and believed they could if the United States would only stop pulling its punches. Thus, an alliance of congressional hawks and moralists formed in early 1985, the bloodiest year of the Soviet occupation, and together they would force a change in the rules.

Until 1985, the Soviets had focused their efforts on attempting to eliminate popular support of the mujahideen in the countryside; it was a scorched-earth policy that accomplished nothing beyond forcing millions of Afghans to seek refuge in Pakistan and Iran. The mujahideen still owned the countryside. After 1985, when Gorbachev signaled his tacit agreement to give the Army its head for one more year, Soviet tactics shifted to the use of helicopter-borne special operations troops—Spetsnaz—against resistance strongholds and infiltration routes. The casualties mounted on both sides, but the advantage seemed to have shifted to the Soviets.

Reagan responded to the pressures from Congress and the Soviet escalations by signing National Security Decision Directive 166, a presidential order that redefined U.S. goals in Afghanistan in unambiguous terms—push the Soviets back across the Amu Dar'ya, the river that marked the border between the Soviet Republic of Uzbekistan and Afghanistan. The CIA's covert action role in Afghanistan dating back to the Carter administration called for "harassing" the Soviets, not driving them out. Reagan was upping the ante, and now he actually believed he could win. But the question of the Stinger, which many saw as vital to this new phase of the war, had yet to be resolved. The CIA consistently reported to Congress that the Pakistani president simply wouldn't countenance the escalation that was sure to follow the introduction of American missile systems. Piekney was the third in a line of Islamabad chiefs to be shackled by Zia's policy since 1979, and he had never thought the Pakistani president would waver from that course.

Now, as he sat stunned in Zia's private office, tucked away at the rear of the old colonial governor's residence, Piekney felt as if he had been the victim of a political ambush—which, of course, was exactly what he was.

Orrin Hatch had come to Rawalpindi to test Zia one more time and to hear his objections for himself. Accompanying the senator was

Michael Pillsbury, a policy provocateur who bounced between congressional staff jobs and political positions in the Pentagon and who had persuaded Hatch to push for Stingers. At the CIA, Pillsbury was seen as a noisome gadfly, a persistent pest who inserted himself into policy debates without really understanding the nature of intelligence or the ground rules for covert action. But people like Pillsbury might not have mattered if the Stinger issue had been receiving high-level attention at the White House or State Department. It was precisely because top-level Reagan administration officials weren't focusing much attention on Afghanistan that midlevel bureaucrats like Pillsbury were able to step into the policy vacuum. Tensions between the CIA and Pillsbury provided much of the drama behind Hatch's meeting with Zia.

As he traveled to Pakistan, Pillsbury had a problem: CIA Director Bill Casey was determined to prevent him from sitting in on Hatch's meeting with Zia to discuss the CIA's covert action program in Afghanistan. Days before the congressional delegation arrived in the country, Piekney had received a cable from Langley passing on an order from Casey blocking Pillsbury from attending the meetings with Zia. Piekney was told Pillsbury lacked the appropriate clearances for the meetings concerning the CIA's Afghan covert action program. Before Hatch's delegation arrived, Piekney called back to CIA headquarters and asked Near East Division Chief Bert Dunn to reaffirm the order.

"Let me make sure I have this straight. I should tell Hatch that he can't bring Pillsbury in, right, Bert?"

"That's right."

After greeting the congressional delegation, Piekney found himself standing with Hatch, and the senator soon asked Piekney the question he had been dreading. Was it all right if Pillsbury sat in on the meetings with Zia? Cautiously, Piekney told Hatch that, actually, he had received orders to keep Pillsbury out.

"Well, do you mind if I call Bill Casey and talk to him about it?" Hatch asked.

"Of course not," Piekney said.

Hatch was escorted to a telephone, where he placed a call directly to Casey back at CIA headquarters.

After some persuading from Hatch, Casey backed down and agreed to let Pillsbury attend the meetings. But Piekney later heard from a colleague who was in the room with Casey that as soon as he hung up, he became angry with himself for caving in to the senator's demands. That evening the Americans, with Pillsbury in attendance and various other members of Hatch's delegation, all crowded into Zia's private office. And it was there that Piekney heard Zia suddenly, and without warning, change six years of Pakistani policy in an instant.

Hatch's meeting with Zia turned out to be a watershed event in American support for the Afghan rebels. With Zia's approval, opposition within the Reagan administration to the direct infusion of American arms collapsed. The United States would be turning up the heat on the Soviet 40th Army in Afghanistan, and Bill Piekney could only shake his head as he thought about how rapidly the political ground had shifted in both the United States and Pakistan.

Langley, July 12, 1986

Back in Washington, I began to close up shop and prepare for my transfer to Islamabad in early August. It was a standing tradition for a DO chief on his way to the field to have a private talk with the DCI before heading out, and my checkout talk with Casey took place three weeks before my departure. Any ambiguities in the job description that may have plagued Piekney had all but evaporated by the time I received my marching orders from Bill Casey.

I'd known Casey since he took his first trip abroad as DCI in 1981 when I was chief in Lagos, Nigeria. I had been on the ground in the oil-rich, rough-and-tumble West African country for about six months when I found myself standing on the steaming tarmac of Murtala Muhammad Airport, waiting for the arrival of a USAF C-141 carrying Ronald Reagan's new DCI, the old OSS man and Wall Street operator who had already begun to breathe new life into an agency adrift for the last half dozen years. As soon as the black Starlifter pulled to a whining halt, two of Casey's bodyguards whisked their charge down the short ladder from the paratroop jump door. Within moments I was in the back of a limousine with the white-haired DCI and caught up in one of Lagos's infamous "go-slows," the unique Nigerian version of gridlock.

We were traveling in a tight, three-car convoy, and at one point when we were at a dead standstill, an unsuspecting Nigerian motorist broke into our motorcade, briefly separating us from the lead car. A Nigerian security officer riding shotgun with us calmly stepped out of the car and shouted through the closed window to the offending driver. The man ignored him until the officer took his heavy, handheld Motorola, smashed out the side window, and repeated his demand. The man quickly pulled to the side of the road.

Casey, taking all this in, seemed about to comment when there was an insistent knock at his window. Looking over, I saw a Nigerian youth about twelve years old holding up a twenty-five-foot green garden hose, still in factory packaging, and gesturing animatedly to Casey.

"What's he want?" Casey mumbled, bemused by the frantic Lagos scene.

"Wants to sell you a garden hose," I answered. "It's a hot item on the black market. Pirates take the stuff off the ships backed up in port. This week it's garden hoses."

Casey flashed his toothy smile for the first time. "Not really an impulse buy, is it?"

"Welcome to Nigeria, Mr. Director." We both laughed, and over the next two days the beginnings of a personal friendship with Casey developed, one that would last until his death. He stayed two days as my houseguest in Lagos. Under the watchful eye of his personal physician, who traveled with him, I poured Casey's rum and tonics in the evening—he'd quip that he liked tonic water, but the taste was so bad that he could drink it only with a shot of rum in it. And in the morning I fried his bacon and scrambled his eggs. From that point on, he took a personal interest in where my career was heading and was eager for me to move across the continent to Khartoum two years later, another spot he had visited in his first foray to Africa in 1981.

So here we were five years later about to set off on what was becoming Casey's endgame vision for the Soviet Union. The DCI tilted back in his recliner and peered over his glasses at me as I took one of the wingback chairs in front of his desk. With his soup-stained tie, Casey looked his usual disheveled self. I glanced at the stack of books on the corner of his desk to see if I could make out the titles for his weekend reading.

"Headin' out?" Casey asked before I could get a good look.

"Early next month, but this is the only hole you had in your schedule for another guy on his way to the field. They're stacking up outside your door."

"Everybody's turning over this year. Don't know why Clair lets it happen that way . . . all that turnover. Seems dumb to me. Never mind. Watcha gonna do out there, Milt?"

"What do you want me to do?" I threw his probe back at him.

"I want you to go out there and win. That's what the President wants. He put it in writing. We've been screwin' around long enough with this steady-as-she-goes approach. Zia's always telling me to turn up the heat a little but not to let the pot boil over . . . you know, that kind of stuff."

"That's what he's been telling everybody these days from what I hear, except the earful he gave Hatch."

Casey rolled his eyes at the mention of Senator Hatch. He'd had enough of the so-called 4H Club—Senators Orrin Hatch, Jesse Helms, Chic Hecht, and Gordon Humphrey—who, along with their staffers, had been demanding bolder CIA action in Afghanistan.

"Old Zia's still pretty smart, and you want to listen to him when you get out there. Whenever you want him to do something that's above your pay scale, tell him and General Akhtar I said I wanted it done. It'll make a difference."

"You really want to give me that kind of a blank check?" I said, leaning forward to make sure he meant it. "I'll use it, you know."

Casey had developed a close relationship with both Zia and his intelligence chief, General Akhtar. Zia had shrewdly calculated that Casey would stand with Pakistan as long as Reagan was in the White House, and Akhtar, also shrewdly, bought into any policy that Zia had embraced. That all three men clearly liked one another just added to the relationship. Allowing me to trade on that relationship was no small matter.

"You do whatever it takes to win out there. I want to win the whole thing. Afghanistan is only part of it. I'll give you everything you'll need. Fight's finally done on the Stingers, and you got all the money you'll need. A billion enough for ya?" The old man slipped into the mumbled half sentences that told me his mind was racing around some great vision that I had only a small part of.

"Yeah, a billion ought to do it," I said.

"When are the Stingers going in?" he asked.

"They're training some guys now. Ought to be deployed in early September."

"What about the broadcasts?"

Clair had told me that Casey had been promoting a plan to broadcast propaganda into the Soviet Central Asian republics, an idea no one else thought was a good one. Casey was convinced that he could push the Soviets against the wall, but almost everyone else at Langley and in Foggy Bottom was convinced that if pushed too far, the Soviets might overreact and strike back at Pakistan. Clair had told me to watch for anything that looked as if it was going to spill over the Amu Dar'ya into the USSR. I'd taken that to mean anything on the ground or on the airwaves.

"I'm still reading in on that," I said, choosing to dodge the question, "but everything's pretty much on track as I understand it. When're you planning to come out and check the traps?"

Casey peered over his glasses at me for a moment without answering. I could only guess where his thoughts were carrying him. I knew he liked nothing better than flying around in his VIP module, lashed inside a black C-141 and checking things out in the field, but I also knew that he was under growing attack from the Hill for his other pet project—the Central American Task Force, whose mission was to get the Sandinistas out of power in Nicaragua. "God, soon as I can—getting out of here right now is no easy task. Maybe before the end of the year."

"I'll scramble your eggs when you come."

That brought a smile from Casey and the meeting to an end. "You go on out there and do what it takes, Milt," he said. "Tell Akhtar and Zia that I'll be out as soon as I can get away from here. And tell Zia I'm still watching his pot. I won't let it boil over."

Casey gripped my hand as I rose to leave his office. I didn't know it then, but this would be the last time I'd see the old man.

2

Islamabad, Pakistan, August 1986

The summer monsoon was winding down in Pakistan's Punjab province, leaving behind a rich, verdant haze over the capital city of Islamabad, whose tranquillity belied the existence of a brutal, earth-scorching war a little more than a hundred miles to the west. As I made my way through Islamabad's light traffic to my office each morning, I was struck by the city's extraordinary setting. To the west of the main government and diplomatic enclave lay the graceful slopes of the Margalla Hills, mere foothills, but rich in geological promise as they forced their way northward, twisting, pushing ever higher. In a stunningly beautiful stretch of Pakistan's Northern Territories, they fused together with the great ranges that would become the towering Karakorums driving northward into China, the Himalayas stretching eastward across the rooftop of the world into India and Nepal, and the Hindu Kush, reaching skyward above the battles in neighboring Afghanistan. There were peaks topping twenty thousand feet that no one had even bothered to name.

Down country and closer to home was the sprawling city of Rawalpindi, its nineteenth-century army cantonment an ever so faintly glowing ember of the old British empire. In the past, it was the city of Kipling and serious-minded Englishmen in khaki serving the queen on the playing fields of Central Asia. If Islamabad was too sterile, too new and ordered, for an old South Asia hand, there was always the option of disappearing into the labyrinthine alleyways and roiling sea of humanity that was Rawalpindi a few miles to the east and escape backward in time. Kipling was gone, but other serious-minded men in khaki remained, still struggling with the modern variation of the same old game.

It all came together here in the western reaches of Pakistan's Punjab province, the past, the present, and the future, all the tectonic forces of nature and of politics. In Afghanistan the Soviets were in their sixth year of occupation, still struggling against an undiminished rebellion. Though it would be another few years before the toll was known, casualties among the Afghan population were approaching one million killed. There were no firm estimates as to the numbers of injured, other than the reasonable guess that they outnumbered the dead. Another five million had been driven from their homes into exile either in Iran or Pakistan, and millions more were refugees in their own country, displaced by the Soviet invaders. The Soviets were on their way to losing almost fifteen thousand men, triple that wounded, and hundreds of thousands incapacitated by disease. And there seemed no end in sight.

The bitter Washington debate over our Afghan policy that took up much of 1985 and early 1986 had ended by the time I arrived on the scene in Pakistan. There was no more dispute over our mission. The congressional hawks had been calmed and the moralists assuaged. We were in it to win. Those had been my instructions from Bill Casey and, he'd assured me, from the President.

In 1986, there were few in the Congress or the administration who believed the Soviets were seriously seeking an exit strategy. Soviet Foreign Minister Shevardnadze had told U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz the previous year that Gorbachev wanted to get out of Afghanistan, but there was no evidence on the ground to back up that view; nor was there any evidence that the Georgian Foreign Minister's comments represented a consensus in the Politburo. On the contrary, it still looked as though the war might just go on indefinitely or that the Soviets might even be on the verge of winning it. In the summer of 1986, there was no talk of going easy on the Soviets to give them a breather so they could get out. The talk, instead, was of going full tilt and making sure that the loose coalition of countries supporting the resistance didn't wobble.

Allied with the United States in the effort to assist the Afghan people in their struggle were China, Saudi Arabia, the United Kingdom, and Egypt, all major players and all, like the United States, with their own national agendas for entering the fight. For the first six years of the struggle, those complex agendas were more or less in concert. They wouldn't always be that way.

China, characteristically, took the long-term view. Beijing wanted to prevent the USSR from expanding its empire into Afghanistan, within easy reach of the Gulf of Oman, where it could serve as anvil to India's hammer on Pakistan, wedged uncomfortably in between. China had fought one brief war with India a quarter century earlier and still had unresolved border disputes with the Soviet Union that on more than one occasion had come close to serious eruption in the far northeast. China's relationship with Pakistan had been one of the few constants in the ever shifting alliances of the region. So from the start, China was in it to win, but it was also patient.

Saudi Arabia, in particular its Wahhabi clerical structure, was distracted at the time of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan by the Iranian revolution and the rise of Ayatollah Khomeini and Shia militancy. The Saudis were more than bystanders in the Iran-Iraq war in the early 1980s, and thus their involvement in Afghanistan and Pakistan was just another important facet of Saudi policy in the region. They had been independently supporting the Afghan resistance in the period just before the Soviet invasion, and the decision to join with the United States after the invasion was a rational extension of their consuming concern with Iran's spreading influence. And not a few in the royal family thought lending a hand to the Afghan resistance gave the powerful Wahhabi clerics something important to do farther from home. Pakistan's leader, Mohammed Zia ul-Haq, was a pious man who had opened up Pakistan to the Wahhabis, who were establishing Koranic schools, *madrassas,* in growing numbers. And at that time, with oil prices in the $40-a-barrel range, the costs of working with the Americans seemed manageable.

The United Kingdom, under Margaret Thatcher, was never far from the United States in dealing head-on with Soviet expansionism. And with an inside track on the rules of "the great game," the British were a natural ally, though there was always an underlying prickliness about the come-lately Americans taking the lead in their old backyard.

Egypt was a well-compensated quartermaster and armorer, supplying tens of thousands of tons of Soviet/Warsaw Pact–design weapons to the Afghans and in the process fulfilling its duty to the jihad. Later in the conflict, Egypt and many other Islamic nations found Afghanistan a convenient dumping ground for homegrown troublemakers. Egypt quietly emptied its prisons of its political activists and psychotics and sent them off to the war in Afghanistan, with the fondest hopes that they might never return.

The CIA program had grown over the last six years, from a few tens of millions of dollars under President Carter to hundreds of millions in the early 1980s. Carter's national security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, had in 1980 secured an agreement from the Saudi king to match American contributions to the Afghan effort dollar for dollar, and Bill Casey kept that agreement going over the years. Thus, the budget for the new fiscal year beginning on October 1, 1986, would approach half a billion from Riyadh and half a billion from U.S public coffers. These funds would be spent on everything from Chinese- and Egyptian-made small arms, mortars, and rockets to recoilless rifles and the thousands of Japanese trucks and Chinese mules required to carry it all across zero line, as the border between Pakistan and Afghanistan was called.

It seemed to me, as I took stock of the war a month after I'd arrived, that the stage was set. Now all we needed was a little luck.

The Kremlin, August 1986

Anatoly Chernyaev had one of the most daunting tasks in the Kremlin. As foreign policy aide to General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev, his job was to guide the new Soviet leader through the political mine field blocking a speedy and graceful exit of Soviet forces from Afghanistan. The durable and imperturbable foreign policy expert knew the job had to be done, not only for his boss, but for the good of the USSR. From the day he signed on as Gorbachev's foreign policy adviser a year earlier, he began to apply the common sense and political savvy he had developed over the last two decades in the Central Committee's International Department to the USSR's most consuming foreign policy issue—Afghanistan.

He knew the main obstacle to quitting Afghanistan was ideological—how to get out without looking beaten, as the Americans had in running away from Vietnam. Perhaps the Americans had the resilience to survive the loss of prestige, but the USSR didn't. That was a fact. Chernyaev also knew that Gorbachev didn't have the option of blaming the disaster of the Afghan enterprise on a string of dead predecessors. He couldn't simply cut his losses and declare it had been a mistake from the beginning. Things weren't done that way in the USSR. Maybe Khrushchev had pulled off attacking Josef Stalin's years of tyranny in his "secret speech" a generation ago, but that had been an internal matter, not one that involved an issue as fundamental to Soviet policy as dismantling the Brezhnev Doctrine of never abandoning a fraternal socialist nation. Gorbachev would have to sidestep the issue of the decisions made seven years ago and chart a new course. Never mind that those decisions were colossal errors, based at least in part on intelligence from the KGB that bore scant resemblance to the truth. It wasn't that the KGB didn't know the realities, Chernyaev decided, it was that they reported what they thought Moscow wanted to hear.

During the course of 1979, KGB Chairman Yuri Andropov and Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov had come to two disturbing conclusions on Afghanistan. First, they had decided that the United States planned to establish military bases in Afghanistan to replace their listening posts in Iran, which they had lost when the shah was overthrown. Such a move, Andropov and Ustinov insisted, would forge yet another link in the chain of America's encirclement of the Soviet Union. Their second conclusion was that Hafizullah Amin, Afghanistan's foreign minister at the time, was maneuvering to displace Moscow's own handpicked man in Kabul, Nur Muhammad Taraki, who had seized the presidency and the premiership in the April Revolution just a year earlier.

The threat to Taraki from Amin was viewed as all the more sinister by some in the Politburo because of a KGB black propaganda effort to malign Amin by portraying him as an agent of the CIA. The logic was compelling—after four years at Columbia University, Amin had to be a CIA agent. Once in power, the reasoning went, he would change camps, abandoning Afghanistan's ties to the USSR and aligning with the United States. How long would it then be before U.S. intermediate-range Pershing missiles were aimed at the USSR from American bases in Afghanistan?

As was sometimes the case with propaganda efforts, the KGB operation against Amin backfired. About all it accomplished was to stir up more trouble in an already deeply divided People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan and give the Moscow leadership one more bogus reason to complete the slide toward military intervention. In the end, the Politburo hard-liners swallowed the story of Amin being a CIA agent and added it to the growing list of reasons to take the plunge into Afghanistan. The fact that Amin was no friend of the United States, and even nursed a lifelong grudge against Columbia University for twice failing him in his doctoral thesis, was never factored into the equation. Amin was a central part of the problem, and that was that.

The mounting crisis had been brought home to the Politburo in monthly installments throughout 1979. In February, the American ambassador in Kabul, Adolph Dubs, was murdered during a failed rescue attempt after he'd been kidnapped by terrorists and held in the Hotel Kabul. The Soviet (and KGB) hand was visible in the cover-up—the three captured terrorists were summarily executed before American authorities could interrogate them. The autopsy showed that Dubs was shot several times in the head from a distance of about six inches, but the United States was able to do nothing beyond protest the use of force in freeing Dubs and cut off the remaining aid to Afghanistan, which it had intended to do anyway.

Then in March, Afghan warlord Isma'il Khan butchered a number of Soviet officers, soldiers, and their families in the ancient southwest Afghan city of Herat. After the Herat incident, Taraki pleaded for the USSR to send in a contingent of troops to put down the growing rebellion. That same month, Amin quietly took one of Taraki's posts, appointing himself premier. The "CIA's man in Kabul" was on the move, or so the advocates of intervention in the Politburo concluded.

Through the spring, Taraki's pleas for Soviet military intervention were repeatedly rejected by the Kremlin, but the Politburo opened debate over Afghanistan in earnest after the Herat slaughter. Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko initially declared that "under no circumstances" could the Soviet Union "lose" Afghanistan, a position he almost immediately reversed when he decided that if the USSR intervened in Afghanistan, the world would brand it the aggressor, détente with the West would collapse, and the USSR's actions would be declared in violation of the tenets of the UN. Alexei Kosygin, the ailing seventy-five-year-old Premier, allied with Central Committee Secretary Andrei Kirilenko, led the opposition in the Politburo to any military intervention. They would not waver from that position throughout the debate.

But Taraki persisted. Send in your Central Asians, he said, nobody will even notice. Thus the Soviet military adventure in Afghanistan began incrementally. First there was the deployment in June of a battalion of Soviet Central Asians dispatched in to "guard Soviet installations." They were followed by another detachment of airborne troops in July. Then Andropov sent in a unit of KGB special operations troops the same month.

KGB reporting during the summer of 1979 grew increasingly alarmist, with declarations that the military situation was out of control. There was always the suggestion that the American hand was behind the troubles, particularly after Amin succeeded in his widely predicted move against Taraki. After surviving two attempts on his life and brutally consolidating his power within the Kabul structure, Amin ordered Taraki killed in October. The KGB concluded that America's man was now fully in charge in Kabul, and by the time the first snows had fallen in 1979, the analysis of a looming, American-fomented disaster on the USSR's vulnerable underbelly had seized the imagination of the Politburo. GRU reporting from the Afghan capital countered the gloomy KGB dispatches in those critical months, but it was ignored.

Leonid Brezhnev was outraged by Taraki's murder just days after his warm reception in Moscow, during which Brezhnev had assured Taraki that he would "take care of him." Taking the assassination as a personal insult, the ailing Soviet leader shifted his position in favor of a military response. Andropov, whose KGB had worked behind the scenes to remove Amin over the summer, including the two failed attempts on his life, also took Taraki's murder personally, and with Brezhnev coming on board, the course for intervention was set.

Events began to move rapidly in the fall. In late October, the KGB sent specialist teams throughout Afghanistan to conduct Operation Zenith, a polling effort to determine popular reaction to a Soviet military intervention. KGB reporting now focused on the proposition that Hafizullah Amin was sliding into the Western camp, adding a new spin that a bridgehead in Afghanistan would give the United States a much needed base for the ultimate invasion of Iran as punishment for the hostage taking by the ayatollahs. The encirclement of the USSR by American missiles would be complete, and Afghanistan's "loss" would spark similar problems for the USSR among the "fraternal" nations of the Warsaw Pact. The fact that none of this was true was simply no longer in consideration.

On December 12, 1979, the Politburo met and formally ratified the proposal to send in the Army. Defense Minister Ustinov, KGB Chairman Andropov, and Foreign Minister Gromyko signed the order to dispatch a "limited contingent." Brezhnev's close confidant Konstantin Chernenko wrote out by hand a short protocol endorsing the proposal to intervene, entitling it "Concerning the Situation in 'A' "; he then asked all Politburo members present to sign diagonally across the text. Brezhnev, who joined the meeting late, was the last to pen his shaky signature across the document.

Operations Oak and Storm were launched on Christmas Eve, and there would be no turning back. Amin was killed, and the new Soviet "emir of Afghanistan," Babrak Karmal, was installed in a military operation that went like clockwork even though it was devised on the fly, as grand entrances by foreign armies into Afghanistan have generally been over the centuries. Going into Afghanistan had been a breeze, but then it always happened that way.

That was how it had all started almost seven years ago. Gorbachev had given the Army leeway to do what it had to to get the job done militarily in 1985, but even that hadn't translated into measurable gains on the ground—just a more costly stalemate. Now it was time to get out, and Chernyaev had to manage the road map for a clean exit and to keep his job in the process. He had his work cut out for him.

Gorbachev had made his first move in the fall of 1985 at a Politburo meeting, when he read moving passages from emotion-filled letters from mothers who had lost sons in Afghanistan. Chernyaev noted in his diary that Gorbachev raised the emotional pitch while sidestepping the underlying question of whether the entire venture had been a mistake from the start. He first questioned the Afghan policy publicly in

February 1986, at the Twenty-seventh Party Congress, and would raise the stakes again the following week in a speech in Vladivostok, when he described Afghanistan as a "bleeding wound."

There would be no turning back after that.

First Chief Directorate Headquarters, Yasenevo, August 1986

For the last two years, Leonid Vladimirovich Shebarshin had had the taxing job of making sense of a badly managed war. As deputy chief of the First Chief Directorate's Analytical Department, and as the KGB's most experienced general officer in South and Central Asia, Shebarshin was doing his best to inject a small dose of something not much in evidence when the Politburo had decided to invade Afghanistan seven years earlier—reality. His mission was to help get the Army out of Afghanistan while leaving behind a friendly government. It was a tall order, Shebarshin concluded, a political challenge rather than a military objective.

Handsome at just over six feet, with thick black hair and piercing eyes, Shebarshin, at fifty, had spent most of his professional life in Asia. After graduating from the Oriental faculty of the Institute of Foreign Relations at Moscow University in 1958, he took a Foreign Ministry posting to Pakistan. He returned to Moscow four years later, making the shift so many of the Foreign Ministry's most capable young diplomats seemed to be making in those days—into the KGB. He joined their foreign intelligence arm, the First Chief Directorate. After two years of training, Shebarshin was off on an unbroken thirteen-year run in South Asia, alternating between the KGB *Rezidenturas* in Pakistan and India. After a stint at Moscow Center, he was posted as KGB *Rezident* in Iran, arriving in Teheran just as the tortured decision-making process leading to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan was gathering speed in the Kremlin and as the Iranian revolution was about to engulf Teheran.

The first indications that Afghanistan might not be good news were driven home to Shebarshin on New Year's Day 1980, when the Iranians demonstrated against the Soviet embassy. The demonstrators did little damage, but they had finally been distracted from their dawn-to-dusk outrages at the American embassy some two thousand yards away. Some Soviet analysts thought that the anti-American mood in Iran would translate into a pro-Soviet policy with the ayatollahs, but Shebarshin dismissed such musings as wishful thinking. From the moment of the takeover of the American embassy by the "students" in 1979, the KGB *Rezident* was convinced that sooner or later the same outrages would be played out against the Soviet Union. According to the Iranians, the USSR was still the "small Satan," just one level of evil down from the American "great Satan," at least in the view of Iran's revolutionaries. Imam Khomeini had made this point to the Soviet ambassador shortly after the intervention in Afghanistan—he had said to Moscow's envoy that the military intervention was a grave mistake for which the USSR would pay dearly.

To reinforce their disapproval of events in Afghanistan, the Iranians turned on the Soviets briefly, then ratcheted up the pressure in January 1982, when they sacked the Soviet embassy, the same historic building in which the Teheran Conference of 1943 had been convened. Shebarshin did not miss the irony of the destruction of some of the remaining icons of World War II cooperation among Stalin, Churchill, and Roosevelt at the hands of the Iranians four decades later.

He returned to First Chief Directorate headquarters at Yasenevo 1983 and had been the First Directorate's man on Afghanistan ever since. Witnessing the humiliation of the United States at the hands of Iranian revolutionaries had sobered him, but nothing he saw of the USSR's management of its adventure in Afghanistan gave him confidence that a second superpower could not be brought to its knees by Islamic militants in Central Asia. On the contrary, he was convinced Moscow had misread events in Afghanistan at most important points since before the first dispatch of the "limited contingent" in 1979. The Afghan war was not an action to eradicate "bandits," as the Afghan leadership and the Soviet Politburo contended, but a fight against committed Afghan Muslims and an Afghan populace that overwhelmingly supported them. It was a war that couldn't be won, at least in the way it was being fought.

Now, in 1986, a few bold men inside the system were beginning to address the question of how the Soviet Union was to climb out of the Afghan pit. KGB Chairman Yuri Andropov had been one of the hawks in 1979 whose signatures could be found on the Politburo order to send in the troops, and he had kept his commitment to the end, remaining a hawk after he took over as General Secretary when Leonid Brezhnev died in 1982. Now Andropov was history, and it was with great irony that many Kremlin and Lubyanka insiders came to believe that he was ultimately brought down by a mysterious ailment he'd picked up in Kabul during a visit in February 1982. By March 1983 Andropov was on dialysis, and a year later, despite heroic efforts by his physicians, he was dead.

Andropov was succeeded by the man he had outmaneuvered when Brezhnev died, Konstantin Chernenko, Brezhnev's loyal aide who had ramrodded the decision to intervene in Afghanistan through the Politburo in December 1979. Chernenko's luck was no better than Andropov's. A dying man when he took over from Andropov, he himself was gone thirteen months later. It was with the passing of Chernenko that the chain of the old guard was finally broken. Succeeding him was the fifty-four-year-old Mikhail Gorbachev, who took over at the Kremlin with little experience in foreign affairs but with powerful doubts about the Soviet Union's Afghan adventure. Gorbachev had not been a member of the Politburo until a year after the intervention in Afghanistan—his signature was not among those on the order to send in the Army in 1979. Though it was not known at the time, Gorbachev took over in the Kremlin with a single, unencumbered goal in Afghanistan: to get out. But he also knew that getting out would be far more difficult than going in—the one immutable truth about Afghanistan.

Now it fell to Leonid Shebarshin to bring a dose of reality to the KGB's handling of Afghanistan. His work was cut out for him. He knew the Americans had no intention of making the Red Army's exit from Afghanistan easy. According to all accounts, they were going to do everything in their power to make it as difficult as possible. The level and quality of American assistance to the bandits had increased dramatically, according to reports reaching Shebarshin's desk.

3

Kabul, Afghanistan, 1700 Hours, August 26, 1986

The corrosive acid in the brass barrel of a time pencil, a device specially developed in the laboratories of the CIA's Office of Technical Services, ate through the thin wire restraining a spring-loaded firing plunger at almost precisely 1700 hours. At that instant, the cylinder slammed forward, completing an electrical circuit and sending a succession of high-speed impulses from a pack of E cell batteries through wires leading to a dozen rockets propped up and aimed at the puppet Afghan 8th Army's ammunition dump at Kharga, outside of Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan. The Chinese-made 107 mm rockets ignited in sequence, and within a few tenths of a second they were off, in flight toward their target some six kilometers away. The mujahideen who had set up the delayed-action launch were by now even farther away.

In what would later be described variously as the vengeance of God, superb planning and execution, or just plain dumb luck, there followed that evening and into the night a signal event in a war that had been going very badly for the Afghan resistance. At least one of the white phosphorous rockets flew into a storage warehouse containing a supply of surface-to-air missiles (SAMs) that had been delivered by the Soviets to the Afghan Army to protect them against air attacks from Pakistan. The rocket's explosion ignited the fuel tanks of the SAMs, setting off a chain reaction of secondary explosions that radiated and spread from storage area to storage area within the giant Kharga facility, which at that moment was packed with about forty thousand tons of ammunition. Tens of thousands of mortar rounds, mountains of stacked rockets, and the SAMs themselves began to cook off one after the other as the chain reaction spun out of control. The firefighting teams never had a chance—the fire was out of control the minute the first white phosphorous rocket struck its target.

All through the night, the diplomatic corps in Kabul was treated to a fireworks display that grew in magnitude as the secondary explosions worked their way from bunker to bunker. A BBC camera team on the roof of the British embassy captured the devastation of the strike, and soon the footage was being relayed around the world. Watching the pyrotechnics on Pakistani television that night in Islamabad, I wondered how many mujahideen commanders would take credit for the attack, even before the fires had begun to burn out at Kharga. The answer was quick in coming.

Peshawar, Pakistan, 0930 Hours, August 27, 1986

Three press conferences were called almost simultaneously the next morning by the press offices of the Peshawar-based Afghan resistance parties. By ten o'clock, Commander Abdul Haq and General Rahim Wardak, two of the most press-conscious of the mujahideen commanders based in Peshawar, had claimed credit for the attack. A similar announcement followed from Gulbuddin Hekmatyar's press office, and the other resistance parties would quickly follow suit. Rahim Wardak, derisively called the "Gucci commander" because of his camouflage fatigues, impeccably tailored to conceal an unmilitary girth, presented the most comprehensive operational plan, complete with maps and diagrams. But the flamboyant Abdul Haq, who had received the attention and much of the devotion of the mostly American press corps in Peshawar, ended up getting credit from the media for the operation. I never did find out who launched the attack—a dozen commanders insisted they were responsible—so I just decided to believe all or none of their claims. Kharga was smoking, and the mujahideen had a hundred new heroes. That was enough for me.

Langley, August 28, 1986

Jack Devine played the video of the Kharga blast a second time and knew it was just what he needed. A career officer in the Latin America Division of the Directorate of Operations, Devine had worked his way through some serious mine fields in South America, serving in Chile during Salvador Allende's bloody overthrow and later as chief in Buenos Aires in the years of the disappearances during the military regime. He had earned a reputation for having sharp political instincts and a keen sense of how to navigate through treacherous times. At six feet five, Devine was hard to miss in his new fiefdom—he'd taken over the headquarters end of the Afghan project in June, just as it had been elevated from a country branch activity to a full-fledged task force, a change that cut the number of people looking over his shoulder to just two, the DDO and his deputy. Devine was exactly the right man to deal with the crosscurrents on Capitol Hill, within the Reagan administration, and on the CIA's own seventh floor.

When Clair George had asked him to take over the task force that spring, there wasn't much going right in the war. Reports from the field were an unbroken string of dismal accounts of the Afghan resistance's inability to get their supplies from Pakistan through the hundreds of infiltration routes into eastern Afghanistan. It wasn't clear to Devine whether that was because of the increasingly successful Soviet helicopter assaults along the supply routes or because of the growing fatalism of the Afghan fighters. That fatalism had been picked up by the media—those who were still interested in Afghanistan—and most pundits were about to call the match to the Soviets. Important pockets of Capitol Hill were still supportive, but countering the staunchest advocates of American support to the Afghan resistance was a growing cadre of members of Congress and their staffers who were beginning to question the morality of bleeding the Soviets down to the last Afghan. Even at Langley there was a sharp divide as to whether it made sense over the long haul to keep up the pressure on the Soviets in Afghanistan. Analysts of the USSR tended to dismiss as futile the efforts of primitive tribesmen taking on a superpower. The Near East analysts saw it differently, and there was a tension between the two schools that would remain throughout the war.

By August, Devine had figured that something had to give—and soon—or the fatalists would want to back off and try a new approach. The Soviets were beginning to talk about "an Afghan problem," but they were still banking on a political agreement that would give them most of what they wanted—a friendly, neutral Afghanistan with their chosen people in charge. They wanted no erosion of the Brezhnev Doctrine—even though Brezhnev himself was long gone. As a result, there was no movement in any direction, and it appeared to Devine that the current stalemate would ultimately lead to a loss of commitment in Washington, unless something big happened and soon. Looking at the footage of the brilliant secondary explosions lighting up the night sky around Kabul, he had what he needed, at least for now.

Over the next week, Jack Devine would play the video a few dozen times for key members of Congress and the CIA, and Bill Casey would arrange a private showing for Reagan. If we get a few more lucky shots like this, Devine started thinking, we might just get the worm to turn.

Islamabad, September 3, 1986

The reverberations of the Kharga attack were still being felt a week after the strike, partly thanks to the media, who'd had a chance to watch the fireworks from the rooftops in Kabul, and partly because the CIA managed to show the resistance the fruits of their work in the form of satellite imagery couriered to Pakistan a few days later. Within the week, I briefed the Pakistanis and a few Afghan commanders using the satellite photos of the attack.

The first set of images showed the 8th Army ammunition dump at Kharga five days before the attack, the storage bunkers full of neatly stacked ammunition and equipment. A careful inspection of the one-meter resolution imagery would enable us to distinguish stacked boxes of mortar rounds from the larger wooden boxes containing rockets. The site was jam-packed and waiting to blow.

The next set of photos were of the morning after the attack. When they were held up to the earlier shots, the effect was dramatic. Every bunker and revetment in the earlier photo seemed to have been torched, leaving behind an empty, blackened scar. Wispy smoke trails, still drifting up in corkscrews, were frozen reminders of the seething devastation.

Early assessments led our analysts to conclude that the Soviets would have trouble replacing the losses. With unstable ammunition cooking off unpredictably for weeks, Kharga was out of commission indefinitely. And resupply would challenge an already strained Soviet logistics system, all of which meant that operations would have to be seriously curtailed. This break couldn't have come at a better time. It wouldn't be long before the snows started filling the high passes and the war would settle down again to its dormant winter mode. When the fighting season kicked off the next spring, the mujahideen would have at least one advantage.

And for dramatic effect we calculated the cost-effectiveness of the attack, sharing the results with Pakistan's intelligence service and the resistance leaders. The price of the rockets used in the attack was $110 each, for a total of less than $1,500. The cost to the Soviet patrons of the Afghan Army must have been about $250 million, not counting the even greater cost of their morale.

So as I finished my first month in Islamabad, I decided that with everything else in place, a little bit of extra luck would indeed help. Never mind that Kharga was a fluke; you take what you can get. It had given a new energy to the resistance and had taught me how even the smallest of breaks could be parlayed into events that could alter the course of a war.

First Chief Directorate Headquarters, Yasenevo, September 3, 1986

Leonid Shebarshin had read the reports. There was no hard evidence on the cause of the explosions, but speculation in Kabul pointed to two possibilities—a lucky rocket strike or an accident. He had learned that there were rarely clear-cut answers to any questions in Afghanistan, that truth and reality were always mixed with myth and, often enough, with sheer fantasy. The possible explanations for any occurrence were never separated by mere degrees; they were always poles apart.

The first of his Afghan reality lessons was driven home during his trip in the spring of 1984, just after what had been touted in the 40th

Army command as the heaviest and most successful joint strike in the war by the Soviet and allied Democratic Republic of Afghanistan (DRA) forces against the stronghold of Ahmad Shah Massoud in the Panjshir Valley. Deputy Defense Minister Marshal S. L. Sokolov, a rugged old-line tank officer, wanted to look over the battleground himself. He choppered the sixty miles north from Kabul with Shebarshin as part of his inspection team.

The team found nothing, absolutely nothing, to observe. There was no populace to be won over by propaganda teams in the valley, no opposing forces to fight, just ripened, unharvested wheat fields dotted with Soviet and Afghan tanks. The optimistic Soviet generals welcoming Sokolov had provided a splendid, perfectly ordered briefing on the battle for the Panjshir Valley and the current security situation. As Shebarshin listened to the briefing, he wondered how any army could lose a war when it had such a meticulous battle plan as was shown there on the maps all covered with colored triangles, squares, and circles. Victory seemed very much in reach.

But in the course of the briefing, Shebarshin spotted signs of concern on the face of Marshal Sokolov. “Where is the enemy?” the chain-smoking Sokolov—he preferred American More kings—asked in his calm, fatherly manner. “Is he hiding in the nearby gorges?”

“Yes, Comrade Marshal of the Soviet Union,” the briefing officer responded confidently. “We have outposts, patrols, and choppers to follow his movements.”

Shebarshin found the briefing incomprehensible, but not because he lacked a military background. It just didn’t pass the logic test. The briefing officer stated with cool detachment that of the three thousand enemy bandits in the operation, seventeen hundred had been killed. The remainder withdrew from the battle, taking with them their dead and their weapons. “How can thirteen hundred rebels carry off seventeen hundred of their dead—and their weapons?” Shebarshin asked naively. “And can such a force represent a threat again after such a defeat?”

The briefer chose to ignore his question, but Shebarshin would soon have an answer from his own sources. There had been almost no enemy casualties in the battle—perhaps fifteen had been killed. Ahmad Shah Massoud had been forewarned of the Soviet thrust into the Panjshir Valley and had pulled out his troops and much of the population of the valley ahead of the attack. Shebarshin would never know for certain who had tipped off Massoud to the assault, but his suspicions pointed to senior officers within the DRA Defense Ministry in Kabul. At any rate, the Soviet sweep into the Panjshir Valley in 1984 created the myth of Ahmad Shah Massoud, the invincible "Lion of the Panjshir." The myth would take on a life of its own as Massoud became the idol of the French and the odds-on darling of the British press, who followed events closely in their old empire.

But Leonid Shebarshin would come to know another side—and there were many—of Massoud. For one thing, he knew about Massoud's secret contacts with Soviet military intelligence through a GRU officer operating under the pseudonym "Adviser." Over the last three years of the Soviet occupation, Massoud's back channel to the Soviets would serve him well. Always just one step away from a final agreement to cease hostilities, the 40th Army command held back from launching major assaults into Massoud's stronghold until the final stages of their withdrawal from Afghanistan in 1989.

Shebarshin learned another lesson on that first trip to Afghanistan—the Soviet Army's formula for determining enemy casualties. The calculation was derived from a mathematical equation in which the total number of rounds fired at the enemy was divided by a predetermined factor provided by Defense Ministry analysts. The resulting quotient was the official enemy body, regardless of whether any dead were actually found on the battlefield. It was this formula that produced the number of thirty thousand bandits killed in action each year for the last four years. Simple and structured, Shebarshin thought back in 1984. But with absolutely no relationship to reality.

Islamabad, September 1986

The air conditioner in the teak-paneled reception room whirred softly in the background, its gentle hum a welcome damper to the tension generated by the silence in the room. The room was sterile, void of decoration, save for the elegant, framed calligraphy from the Koran hanging in all four corners where the paneled walls met the ceiling. We were in Islamabad, in the inner sanctum of Pakistan's secret intelligence services.

I studied the leaders of the seven resistance parties sitting impassively, even sullenly, in the awkward silence. Their appearance was as varied as their personalities, ranging from unkempt mullah to radical Islamic chic. Sitting there in silence, the seven Afghan leaders cast sidelong glances in my direction, sizing me up one by one as they waited. We were all waiting for Major General Akhtar Abdur Rahman Khan, director general of Pakistan's Inter-Services Intelligence Directorate, known universally as ISI. There had been no introductions—they would have to wait for Akhtar's grand entrance.

My view of the war, after two months on the scene, was uncomplicated. It was clear that of all the confrontations in the mountains, valleys, and deserts of that tortured country over the millennia, few were ever about Afghanistan itself or its people. Whether it was Alexander the Great, or a string of Mogul emperors, or imperial Britain and Russia jockeying for advantage in the great game, the clashing of armies in Afghanistan was always a derivative of some larger campaign of conquest. The people living between the Oxus and the Indus Rivers were secondary, almost incidental, to the goals of the great empires as their armies marched into or passed through Afghanistan.

This latest round of conflict was no exception. Regardless of the moral underpinnings of Jimmy Carter's initial stand on the Soviet invasion, American goals had moved beyond Carter's early vision of right and wrong. Our effort in Afghanistan had now become a central component of the endgame of the Cold War. Driving the Soviets out of Afghanistan was the goal; the welfare of the people of Afghanistan would be improved along the way, it was hoped, but that was not essential.

These Afghan leaders, too, knew how secondary their aspirations and sufferings were to our seemingly common goal of fighting the Soviet 40th Army. While the Afghan people might have reason to respect or possibly even like their fleeting American allies, their leaders would never trust our motives, nor would they expect us to trust theirs. We might share a few goals, but only a fool would think we shared real values. All in all, I thought it was an honest enough way to do business.

Akhtar breezed into the room with his interpreter, a Pashto-speaking colonel known by the camp name “Bacha.” The general shook hands around the room and immediately launched into an opening monologue, enlightening the assembled Afghan leaders on the importance of America’s new contribution to the war and the courage of the Pakistani president for raising the struggle against the Soviets to a new level. Somewhere in the middle of his more than a little imperious opening he introduced me as the new American in charge of the arms pipeline to the fighters. Overdone, I thought, but good theater.

Akhtar, Zia’s point man on Afghanistan, was the only serving general officer in the Pakistani Army other than the president himself, who had begun his career in the British Indian Army almost four decades earlier. At sixty-one he was slim and fit, an image he worked hard to maintain. His khakis were crisply starched, and his eyes were clear and commanding, but with a secretive cast that left me wondering where the truth might be found, or even if it could be found. In the official pecking order of the Pakistani Army, Akhtar ranked below the generals who commanded the key army corps garrisoned throughout Pakistan and below the service chiefs. But in real terms, Akhtar was as close to Zia as any general in the Army, and he made a point of reminding all who might have questioned his authority that he was quartered in Rawalpindi Cantonment practically next door to his friend. A man of unquestioned loyalty to Zia, Akhtar had been running his Afghan effort since its inception. His approach to the Afghan leaders swung between patronizing and paternal.

To my right was Sibghatullah Mojaddedi, leader of the “moderate” Front for the Rescue of Afghanistan. A small man with a medium-cropped beard mostly gone gray, Mojaddedi was a revered leader of the Naqshbandi Sufi sect and the head of a family of religious leaders with long involvement in modern Afghan politics. He had been imprisoned in Kabul a number of times, once for plotting to assassinate Khrushchev in the early 1960s on a state visit to Afghanistan. His party had a reputation for corruption and ineffectiveness on the battlefield. Mojaddedi himself hadn’t been inside Afghanistan in three years, perhaps longer, and his party’s only real strength was its gift for public relations. In that department it was near the top. The diminutive leader caught me studying him and flashed a faint smile, perhaps welcoming me to the fight. I held his gaze for just a second, knowing I was being scrutinized by the others, always on the lookout for signs of threatening alliances.

Next to Mojaddedi was Professor Burhanuddin Rabbani, the lone Tajik among the "Peshawar Seven"—the other six were from the Pashtun majority that made up over 40 percent of the Afghan population. A former professor of Islamic law at Kabul University, Rabbani bore some resemblance to the diminutive Sufi sitting by his side on the couch. He had the same salt-and-pepper beard, the same gentle eyes, and the same impassive demeanor. But all similarity stopped there. Rabbani was a tough infighter who at forty-six had built a large and effective resistance party from his northern base in Badakhshan, in the process luring away large numbers of able commanders from other resistance parties. The most famous commander in Rabbani's Jamiat Islami, which translates loosely as "Community of Islam," was the fabled Ahmad Shah Massoud, whose stronghold was in the Panjshir Valley north of Kabul. Rabbani was a cipher. I could read nothing in his face as he stared at the floor. He didn't scan the room and appeared to have no interest in making eye contact with me.

Gulbuddin Hekmatyar, on Mojaddedi's other side, leaned forward slightly in his seat and took a long look at me. He was a commanding presence, and his movements drew the others involuntarily into following his gaze. Hekmatyar was the darkest of the Afghan leaders, the most Stalinist of the Peshawar Seven, insofar as he thought nothing of ordering an execution for a slight breach of party discipline. He was the single leader who stirred controversy in both Moscow and Washington, where his brand of paranoid fundamentalism was equally understood and feared. The KGB had a special *disinformation* team tasked with sowing discord among the Peshawar Seven, and Gulbuddin Hekmatyar, as Pakistan's favorite, was its central target. The line from Moscow blended known facts with classic KGB fantasy. There was the story of Gulbuddin the Kabul University radical throwing acid in the faces of young Afghan women who refused to wear the veil; the cool murderer, killing with his own hands fighters who violated his code of loyalty. And there was in furtive circulation a KGB-forged order from Gulbuddin to one of his lieutenants for the murder of one or more of the other Afghan leaders.

Gulbuddin Hekmatyar was forty, of medium height and build, with clear, olive skin and a coal black beard to match his black eyes. He wore a light gray wool *shalwar kameez* under an open black vest and a tightly wound black turban. A former classmate of Ahmad Shah Massoud's, Gulbuddin was now the Panjshir commander's mortal enemy. Colliding ambitions would have been enough to keep them at sword point, but their ethnic difference—Massoud was Tajik, Hekmatyar Pashtun—added tribal distrust as a multiplier of their hatred. Though convenient battlefield alliances had been forged from time to time, they had long since torpedoed any existing common ground. Their rivalry would become a preoccupation for the remainder of the war, setting the stage for more brutal competition in the years ahead.

I watched Gulbuddin as he fingered his agate prayer beads and waited for him to speak. But he said nothing, and the moment was again commandeered by General Akhtar, who had watched closely the silent interplay between us and now drew the attention of those in the room back to himself.

"To ensure that this new weapons program is an unqualified success, I will ask that each of you take personal responsibility for the monitoring and control of these new antiaircraft missiles. If any of these weapons fall into enemy hands, or if I hear of any of these missiles being sold to others, I will hold each of you personally responsible. Anything less than your complete commitment to these measures will be a serious betrayal of the jihad." Akhtar's admonition was stilted and overly officious, but he had laid out the new procedures neatly for my benefit. Invoking Islam and the sanctity of the jihad had been a flourish for his audience.

Gulbuddin was the first to pick up the signal from Akhtar that the discussion period had opened. Speaking in Pashto, in a controlled tone, he was a few seconds into his presentation when Akhtar cut him off.

"Engineer Gulbuddin, please speak English," Akhtar said, barely concealing his irritation. "Your English is perfectly good."

"Of course, General," Gulbuddin replied, and he picked up where he had left off, this time in precise, uninflected English.

"I wish to take this opportunity to reiterate the gratitude of the people of Afghanistan to President Zia and to you, General Akhtar, for the steadfast support you and your countrymen have given to us in our time of need. I also thank our friend for the assistance his government has provided us through Pakistan in the past. That assistance has allowed us to stand up to the Russian invaders, and now to stop them—"

"Thank you, Engineer Gulbuddin," said Akhtar, cutting him off again. "I think we can move on from here."

Akhtar's abrupt intervention came as a surprise, and not only to me. Even Rabbani lifted his eyes from the floor. Gulbuddin was the Pakistanis' favorite—Zia and the powerful Islamic parties saw him as Pakistan's "solution" in postwar Afghanistan—yet he was being put down here in front of me and the others. I decided later that Akhtar thought he might be building up to an attack on the United States and decided not to give him enough rope to hang himself on our first encounter.

Another voice broke in, bringing the tension down a notch. I glanced to my left and caught sight of Pir Sayed Ahmad Gailani, the only leader among the seven who'd come to the meeting in a silk-and-cashmere suit instead of a *shalwar kameez.*

"I have no reservations as to the requirements for accountability," he said, "and can guarantee that the fighters of the National Islamic Front for Afghanistan will do their duty to provide complete protection for the missiles entrusted to them." As he spoke in his cultured English accent, I took stock of the dapper Gailani. A small, well-trimmed goatee, an affectation of the old Kabul elite, European tailor, Italian cobbler, a Patek Philippe peeking out from under the cuff of his $2,000 suit. No wonder his men were called "Gucci commanders," I thought. Gailani was a true holy man, a hereditary *pir* of the Qadiriya Sufi sect, with which most Pashtun Afghans are associated. He came from a wealthy family broadly associated with prerevolutionary leaders of Afghanistan. He rarely, if ever, strayed into Afghanistan, preferring instead to spend much of his time in London, and he was Europe's most popular moderate Afghan leader.

The third so-called moderate, Nabi Mohammedi, neither spoke English nor understood it. A religious leader and former Afghan parliamentarian, Nabi simply nodded in agreement with whatever Ahktar was saying through Colonel Bacha. He looked bored, and every so often he'd open his small snuff can and snort a pinch of the powdered tobacco. Among the three moderates, Nabi's party, the Movement for the Islamic Revolution of Afghanistan, was the least public relations oriented, the least corrupt, and the most effective in the field.

Across the room from me were the other two hard-liners, Abdul Rasul Sayyaf, a great barrel of a man and an ardent member of the Muslim Brotherhood, and Maulvi Yunis Khales, the red-bearded mullah from Nangarhar. Khales spoke no English. Sayyaf claimed not to, either, but he betrayed himself with a look of understanding as Gulbuddin and Gailani spoke.

A Cairo-educated professor of Islam, Sayyaf wore a perpetual half smile, as if he were sharing a secret with whomever he happened to have locked in his gaze. He formed a party jointly with Gulbuddin Hekmatyar in the early 1980s, after he was released from prison, but the union was short-lived. They shared common origins in the Muslim Brotherhood and solid connections to Saudi money, but little else. Sayyaf spoke fluent Arabic and was particularly popular among the Arabs who were arriving in Pakistan and Afghanistan in increasing numbers from Egypt, Saudi Arabia, and the Persian Gulf.

The last of the Peshawar Seven was a unique character of the Afghan War, Maulvi Yunis Khales, the mullah from Nangarhar. In his mid-sixties, Khales looked severe and forbidding, but behind the long, scraggly beard tinted red with henna was a face with a hint of kindness and a constant look of bewilderment as he contemplated so many things that seemed beyond his control. Khales was a regional leader, without pretense to national stature like some of the others in the room. His operations were generally limited to the eastern provinces of Nangarhar and Paktia, but where many of the other leaders stayed put in Pakistan, Khales, even at his age, went into Afghanistan regularly with his men to lead the fight.

Khales was the least politically complicated of the seven. He was committed to fighting the Russians until they left his country. After that, he would most likely disappear from the political scene and return to his chores as the head of a *madrassa,* an Islamic school where he had once taught his students lessons from the Koran. Word had it that the old Koranic teacher had enough energy left over to pour into his new bride, who was said to be about a quarter his age and who was rumored to be carrying a new descendant in an already long line of Nangarhari holy men.

Khales spoke in Pashto at some length, then waited for Colonel Bacha to translate. I caught a brief exchange of glances between Akhtar and Bacha, nothing more than an almost imperceptible shake of the head and a corresponding nod from Bacha. When Khales finished, the colonel translated in just a few sentences what had taken him much longer to say.

"Maulvi Khales says that what President Zia has decided and what the American President has promised will be good for the jihad," said Bacha. "He says that he will do his part to ensure that the special weapons are controlled."

Akhtar finished up quickly and invited us into the dining room for lunch, effectively closing out any further discussion.

The centerpiece of the luncheon that followed was roasted quail served with crisp efficiency by the military stewards in khaki uniforms with red Afridi tribal headgear. The lunch itself was uneventful, with a minimum of small talk. The Afghans were in a great rush to finish in time for the noonday call to prayers, and they ate their lunch hurriedly. The only drama I witnessed at the table was the specter of Sayyaf, wedged between Mojaddedi and Gailani, struggling to make sense of the Western dining setting. First he ate Gailani's salad, then Mojaddedi's, then he took bread from both. There must be symbolism in this, I thought. Mojaddedi looked across the table at me with an expression that seemed to say, *See what I have to put up with?*

Despite the theater, these seven leaders were there for a reason: They served as the conduits for as many as a quarter million full- and part-time fighters in the field. There were more parties, notably the Shia Hazaras, who'd been cut out of the usual pipeline. Try as we might, we couldn't seem to bring the number down below seven—and if all the parties claiming a right to a seat at the table in Peshawar had actually been included, it would have grown to many more. The lion's share of the logistical and financial support we provided through the Pakistanis went to the three so-called fundamentalist parties, led by Rabbani, Hekmatyar, and Khales. Sayyaf came in a close fourth, and the three moderates pulled up the rear.

I would have to deal with the Washington fan clubs of the three moderate parties for the rest of the war, and with the recurring suggestion that if we would only funnel more supplies to the moderates, not only would the war end sooner, but nice guys would be in charge at the finish. But the reality was that Islam, in its unique Afghan incarnation, was the one thing that held the fighters together. Trying to socially engineer Afghanistan through our distribution of weapons while the Soviets still had 120,000 troops on the ground was, I thought, a recipe for disaster, though the case would be made later that the war itself had done its own social reengineering.

4

Ojhri Camp, Rawalpindi, Pakistan, September 1986

The only illumination in the primitive classroom emanated from a pinpoint light source projecting from behind a white sheet draped across the front of the room. I stood in the back, watching as a group of mujahideen from Gulbuddin Hekmatyar's party sat stiffly on benches and listened as a Pakistani officer drilled them one more time on the firing sequence of the Stinger. A handful of Pakistani officers had been taught how to use the missile in the United States a few months earlier, and they were now training the Afghans. Standing there taking in the scene, I mused about the cost differential between the massive multimillion-dollar Stinger training dome in Ft. Bliss, Texas, and this little classroom with its white bedsheet scrawled with a hand-painted scene of Afghan terrain. Behind the sheet, a Pakistani noncommissioned officer slowly moved a penlight whose light source the students would track and eventually "kill" with their Stinger training units. Primitive, but it did the job for about a hundred bucks.

Tight screening of candidates for training had been one of the conditions we set down in introducing the Stinger. The Afghan trainees in this and all subsequent groups would be vetted both for skill and reliability. Leading candidates were drawn from the pool of mujahideen gunners who had already brought down Soviet or DRA aircraft with SA-7 missiles, an inferior Soviet copy of a much older American missile that had been in the mujahideen arsenal for a few years but used with little success. The need for skill was obvious, but reliability was equally important: There was still a great deal of concern that the Afghans might turn around and sell their Stingers. And with Iran and the Soviet Union bordering Afghanistan, there would be no shortage of bidders. Like all other programs in which we were involved, only Afghan fighters were to be trained. No foreign volunteers would be included in the program; they were a motley lot, increasingly the dredges of the prison populations of the Arab world.

At one time, the CIA had mulled over the idea of training volunteer Arab legions to take part in the war, but the idea was immediately scrapped as unwise and unworkable. Contrary to what people have come to imagine, the CIA never recruited, trained, or otherwise used Arab volunteers. The Afghans were more than happy to do their own fighting—we saw no reason not to satisfy them on this point.

“Lights!” the chief instructor said in Dari from the rear of the room, and the classroom quickly lit up, revealing a collection of a dozen mujahideen. In their midst was Engineer Ghaffar, a heavily bearded man clearly in charge of the group. I had been fully briefed on the fighters being trained—including Ghaffar, who had two confirmed kills using SA-7s. The fighters, to a man, wore regulation full-length beards. All wore gray or beige *shalwar kameez* and rolled Chitrali hats.

“Ready for a final two-man drill?” the officer asked his unconventional students.

Ghaffar, Stinger training unit in hand, was now joined by his second gunner. He nodded without comment.

“Lights out! Procedure drill!” the instructor barked, handing a second Stinger training unit to the second gunner. He shouted a few orders to his assistants behind the sheet, alternating between Dari and English for my benefit. It appeared the group had been prepared well for my visit. Having undergone inspections myself back when I was in uniform, I had no reason to expect the game would be played differently here.

“Give us two targets. High left and center right!”

“Ready?”

“Ready,” answered the two gunners in unison.

“First step?”

“Stinger on the shoulder!” came the instant reply.

“Second step?”

“Knock off the front cover and pop up the sight!”

"Third?"

"Screw the battery cooling unit into the well, start the gyro motor with the thumb switch," Ghaffar announced without hesitation. I got a running translation from the Pakistani brigadier escorting me through the camp.

"Start tracking! Ghaffar high left target, Gul the right target!" the Pakistani officer ordered.

The gyro motor noise grew louder as the two units tracked their targets and the cheek-to-bone vibrators began to kick in, reverberating against the gunners' cheeks. Each time the training units locked on to the infrared target, the room was enveloped by the shrill screech of the "identification friend or foe" alarm. There had been some debate as to whether the Stingers issued to the mujahideen should even have the IFF feature, since there were no friends in the skies of Afghanistan. In the end, the IFF stayed—and the fighters simply considered it another part of the sound-and-light show they valued so highly. Cheek-to-bone vibrators were a useful complement to the shrill siren of the IFF, in that they sent a physical confirmation that the gunner was on target when he might not be able to hear the IFF in the din of battle.

"What's next?" the instructor shouted.

"Uncage!" came the instant response from both commanders as both men hit the black rubber-covered "uncage" button on the left side and at the forward end of the grip stock.

A loud siren filled the room, and the vibration told both gunners that they were ready to fire.

"What's next?"

"Superelevate. Place the target in the sight. Pull the trigger." Two voices spoke as one.

"Your targets are MI-24Ds. Which of the three sights do you use?"

"Center sight!"

"Fire! Shut down! Two kills," the instructor said with a smile, relaxing now, clearly pleased with his little demonstration. If the gunners could replicate this precise sequence in the field, they'd bring down their targets every time.

"Engineer Ghaffar, why do you superelevate before you fire?"

"Because the rocket launches out six meters and drops slightly as the main rocket motor kicks in, sir. Superelevating keeps it lined up on the target it has acquired. If you don't superelevate, the rocket might drop too low to pick up its target once the motor kicks in."

I left the classroom more impressed by the makeshift nature of the training facilities than by the scripted performance arranged for my benefit. Nevertheless, I was convinced that the fighters would be able to use the Stinger successfully. Unlike the British-made Blowpipe that had been introduced almost a year earlier in small numbers, the Stinger was what the Afghans desperately needed—a "fire and forget" missile that allowed a gunner to live and tell of his encounter with Soviet gunships. With a Blowpipe the gunner had to acquire his target optically, fire the missile, and then stand his ground, usually upright and in the open, while he guided the missile with a toggle all the way to the target. The predictable result was an uneven duel between the MI-24D and the lone gunner, with the gunner more often than not ending up a martyr. The Soviet-designed SAM-7, widely available on the gray and black arms markets, was no more effective, but for a different reason. It was reliable, and even then just marginally so, only when it was "looking at" the hot tailpipes of an enemy aircraft. It could rarely acquire an incoming aircraft head-on. So the Afghans would usually have to wait until the enemy aircraft, either a helicopter or a fast mover, came in, dropped its bombs or fired its rockets, and then turned tail, at which time the SAM-7 gunner could pop up and let his missile fly—that is, if he was still alive. In every sense the Stinger was a revolutionary weapon, and even before it was first fired in combat, a belief began to spread through the highly superstitious ranks of the resistance that it possessed certain magical powers. They would eventually come to value the Stinger as their American amulet, their talisman for victory.

Though I hadn't been part of the early political debate in Washington on the wisdom of giving the Afghans the Stinger, I had been brought in peripherally, so I knew something about the furor it had caused on Capitol Hill. Clair George asked me to brief Senator Sam Nunn of the Senate Armed Services Committee on the fact that Stinger technology had already been lost to the Soviets. The GRU officer who'd bought the system from an agent inside NATO was none other than Colonel Sergei Bokhan, the CIA's man in Athens. Now, I thought as I left the training classroom in Ojhri camp, let's hope after all the sound and fury over getting this little baby into the war that it really works.

The Soviets were deeply concerned about the new technology behind the Stinger, and they'd had a couple of years to develop countermeasures. I would soon find out if they had been successful.

Northeast of Jalalabad Airfield, 1505 Hours, September 25, 1986

Engineer Ghaffar and his three dozen fighters had been moving constantly since they had crossed over zero line into Afghanistan one week earlier. Now, on the afternoon of September 25, they were settling into a concealed position about a mile northeast of Jalalabad airfield, some two miles southeast of the city. A thriving trading town that had hosted supply caravans and garrisoned armies for two millennia going back to Alexander the Great, Jalalabad had been the hinge of the bloodiest of Afghanistan's wars going back to antiquity. It was the destination of the ill-fated British garrison that in 1842 set off in retreat from Kabul with 16,500 British and Indian troops. After constant ambush along the ninety-mile line of retreat, only one British officer arrived at Jalalabad safely.

The Soviet garrison at Jalalabad was ideally situated near the point where the Kabul and Konar Rivers joined up and began to wind their way, skirting the Khyber Pass, into Pakistan to join the mighty Indus in its search for the sea. There had been a few Soviet combat air patrols over the last two days as Ghaffar and his men jockeyed into their final firing position, but they had been fast-moving MiGs or Sukhois, flying too high for a sure shot. Ghaffar had let them pass through the area without firing. He was hoping for fresh targets today, possibly MI-24D gunships, the dreaded, heavily armored attack helicopters that had swept over his country with impunity since the invasion. They would usually come home to Jalalabad late in the afternoon, after completing the day's mission. He and his men could wait, hidden in the scrub grass and large boulders on a slight rise in the terrain. That afternoon the wind was blowing from the northwest; landing aircraft, even helicopters, would probably approach from downwind.

Ghaffar and his men sat quietly in their hidden position, fitting the three grip stocks with missiles, checking and rechecking their work, and monitoring enemy troop activity nearby through their binoculars.

As the men settled down to wait, a few of the fighters quietly prayed for strength and wisdom in battle. They sought help and guidance from the Creator of Death, the Avenger. Ghaffar himself recited Ya-Rashid, the Guide to the Right Path, to ensure that he would be steered according to His eternal plan.

Ghaffar would later tell me that he had uttered Ya-Rashid for exactly the one thousandth time when his targets came into view, eight beautiful MI-24D gunships. Quickly Ghaffar ordered his other two gunners to their positions. Both perched their weapons on their shoulders, poised like hunters stalking their prey.

"Wait until I give the order to begin the procedures," Ghaffar told his gunners as he shouldered his own weapon. The other fighters took their positions, two of them shouldering their Stingers and preparing for the launch sequence on the order from Ghaffar.

"Knock off your front covers and pop up your sights!"

"Cover off! Sight up!" two voices answered in quick succession.

"Hold your battery cooling units until I give you the order to screw them into the wells!" Ghaffar instructed, excitement building in his voice.

"Altitude one thousand meters, range twenty-five hundred," one of Ghaffar's men called out, giving the others the range of the approaching aircraft.

"Engage BCUs!" Ghaffar shouted, and screwed his battery cooling unit into the well.

"BCU engaged!"

"BCU engaged!"

"Begin tracking!" All three gunners flipped the thumb switch in unison. The sound of the gyro motors gained strength as the Stinger trackers picked up the heat from the approaching helicopters, each gunner sighting in on a prearranged section of the helicopters' formation to avoid wasting a precious missile. By now all three gunners were getting a strong cheek-to-bone vibration, indicating that they had acquired their targets. The IFF signals kicked in, filling the air with a shrill, piercing sound that seemed only to increase the excitement of the team. The gunships had dropped to about one thousand feet as they made their final approach to the Jalalabad airfield.

"Uncage!" Ghaffar ordered. The acknowledgments came almost instantly as the other two gunners hit the rubberized rectangular buttons, fully arming their Stinger missiles.

At this point, each gunner was on his own, relying only on the training he had received at Ojhri camp as he followed the pinpoint of light behind the white sheet. In less than two seconds, the three gunners had superelevated their missile tubes and fired. The first Stinger shot out of Ghaffar's tube, traveled the prescribed six meters on its launch charge, and then failed to ignite. The missile fell to the ground, clattering among the rocks until its momentum was spent. A dud!

But before the impact of that failed launch set in, the second and third gunners had fired their missiles, and the slender arrows shot toward their targets at twice the speed of sound, leaving widening white trails arching across the blue skies above Jalalabad. Ghaffar had reloaded his grip stock with a second tube when the first missile struck its target. The first helicopter exploded in midair and fell like a rock off the end of the runway just as the second missile found its target, sending the second MI-24D into a wild spiral caused by the loss of two of its rotor blades in the explosion. By the time the second gunship hit the ground about six hundred yards from the burning wreckage of the first kill, Ghaffar had reloaded and acquired his second target, zeroing in on one of the five remaining choppers now taking wild evasive actions to avoid whatever was stalking them.

Ghaffar picked his second target carefully. He wanted to kill the lead helicopter in the flight and already had solid cheek-to-bone vibration signaling target acquisition when his target turned toward him and came screaming directly at his position. Ghaffar superelevated his Stinger and fired his second shot of the day while holding his target in the sight. The missile shot out of its tube, ignited its rocket motor instantly, and flew true and straight toward the lead MI-24D as the chopper lay over almost on its side and began dropping right toward him. As the gap closed to less than a thousand meters, Ghaffar saw bright flashes coming from the 23 mm Gatling gun slung under the Hind. The cannon rounds flew wide of their target, kicking up rock as they hit and exploded. The missile closed the remaining gap and exploded on contact with the hot turbine engine.

"*Allah hu Akhbar!*" came the cries of the fighters all around him. The explosion of the fuel tanks tore the helicopter apart in midair, showering the area with debris. Ghaffar saw the fighter whose job was to videotape the attack jumping up and down with the others, calling out, "God is great!" the red recording light of the Sony still burning and the lens pointing straight at the ground. Ghaffar only hoped that something had been captured on tape before the cameraman was overcome by the excitement of the kills. I would later view the video and see both the confirmed kills and the wild shots of ground, dusty sandals, and sky as the cameraman jumped about.

"Gather up the equipment and be ready to move out in two minutes!" Ghaffar shouted to his fighters, the excitement now out of his voice, having resumed his authority. Turning to his cameraman, he said, "Move as close to the wreckage as you can and get some pictures." Then to another of his team: "Destroy the Stinger that misfired. Pound the center of the missile with a large rock. Be careful not to strike the warhead!"

The standing order had been clear: Functioning Stingers were under no circumstances to fall into enemy hands. Ghaffar made a decision on the spot to destroy the electronic circuitry of the dud missile rather than try to bring it home, fearing its warhead might explode on the way. Within minutes, Ghaffar and his team had cleared the area and were on their way to motorized transportation waiting for them ten kilometers away. They would travel home to Pakistan that evening to report their success. Ghaffar took the frequency hopper radio from one of his fighters' packs and broke radio silence for the first time since he had deployed one week before.

"Three confirmed kills at southeast end of the target airfield," he reported. "Four missiles fired. One missile failure." The secure transmission from Ghaffar's radio flashed to ISI receivers high in the mountains across zero line in Pakistan, sending the electrifying news of the first major victory against the Soviet helicopter fleet.

Islamabad, 2030 Hours, September 25, 1986

An urgent call had come in from Colonel Riaz, aide to General Akhtar, on the evening of the Jalalabad ambush. His message was brief and to the point: The first team deployed to Nangarhar had brought down three targets late that afternoon. Would I please advise Mr. Casey and ask for some satellite coverage of the scene? I returned to the office and reported the claim of success to Langley, along with the observation that on the heels of the Kharga attack just one month earlier, the events at Jalalabad today might trigger a shift in mood of the Afghan resistance.

When I picked up the cable traffic the next morning, I had two messages on top of the stack from headquarters. The first cable thanked me for my account of the shoot-down reports but cautioned me to take claims of success by the mujahideen with a grain of salt. I was instructed to secure independent confirmation of these and future kills.

The second cable, referring back to the first, was short and to the point. It said, in inimitable Langley cablese:

> BELAY REF, SATELLITE IMAGERY CONFIRMS THREE KILLS AT JALALABAD AS REPORTED. PLEASE PASS OUR CONGRATS FOR JOB WELL DONE!

I watched with deep interest as Soviet air operations stood down in eastern Afghanistan over the next week. When operations resumed, patrolling aircraft were flying much higher than before the ambush.

The war was entering a new stage.

Langley, September 26, 1986

Jack Devine, chief of the Afghan Task Force, flipped through the twelve-by-eighteen sheets of the morning pass of satellite coverage of Jalalabad and decided on the spot that the war had taken the turn he needed. On the heels of the total destruction of the ammo dump at Kharga a month earlier, what he saw before him gave him the crucial ingredient he was looking for—momentum. He picked up the phone and dialed Casey's office two floors up.

When the DCI's secretary came on the line, he said, "Jack Devine. Can I see him right now? I've got some photos he ought to see."

"Come on up and I'll work you in," said the DCI's secretary.

Devine made a quick call to the DDO's office to inform Clair George and his deputy, Tom Twetten, that he was heading up to

Casey's office to show the DCI the satellite photos of the Jalalabad shoot-downs, getting quick clearance to skip the chain of command.

The Jalalabad imagery was a fluke, a lucky hit by a satellite that just happened to be passing over in an orbit that offered cloudless coverage of Jalalabad hours after Engineer Ghaffar brought down the first three helicopters. But it was a fluke that came at the perfect time.

Casey was alone when Devine was ushered into his office. As Devine spread the imagery sheets on the desk, Casey leaned over to get a better look.

"These are the three helicopters brought down in the first deployment," Jack said, pointing to the burned-out hulks clearly visible in the high-resolution satellite photos.

There was a twinkle in Casey's eye as he said, "This changes it all, doesn't it?"

"It does. There hasn't been a day like this in a long time."

"They're gonna lose, aren't they?" Casey mumbled.

"This changes the dynamic. That's for certain," Devine answered, not willing to go as far as Casey seemed to be taking the first Stinger attack.

"Leave 'em with me, Jack. I'll take 'em down to the President."

The meeting was over almost before it started. But Devine left the DCI's office convinced that the old man really believed something new had entered the equation in Afghanistan. Now if only they could keep it up.

Islamabad, September 30, 1986

I hit the rewind button and played the tape again. I could make out Engineer Ghaffar, full black beard and beige rolled-wool Chitrali hat, just as he elevated and fired off his Stinger. Then the shaky picture cut to another gunner firing and to his missile drawing its white condensation trail in a graceful arc across the cloudless sky. The next frames showed the missile closing in on an MI-24D helicopter now centered on the screen. As the missile struck the chopper's engine, the sound of the explosion was drowned out by the cries of Ghaffar's team shouting over and over, "*Allah hu Akhbar!*" The next minute of tape was a collage of jumping feet, earth, sky, and an occasional knee, as the cameraman on Ghaffar's team abandoned his task of recording the ambush, dropped his camera to his side, and joined in the celebration when two more helicopters were brought down in rapid succession.

After another break in the sequence, the twisted hulk of one of the downed helicopters came into focus. Then a crouching mujahideen with a Kalashnikov at his side floated into the field of vision, approaching the crash site on foot. The final ten seconds of the film were a series of gruesome shots of the Soviet crew of the MI-24D, their lifeless bodies strewn about the wreckage. In the background audio were the voices of the Stinger team, their Pashto curses and epithets being hurled at the mutilated crewmen, punctuated by rapid fire from their Kalashnikovs. The body of one of the dead crewmen bounced and rolled a little as the submachine rounds ripped into it. Finally, the camera zoomed in on the face of a dead Soviet soldier. He looked about twenty, his face somehow peaceful in the awful setting. I thought of my own son, a Ranger officer who spent a lot of his time in helicopters, and of these dead soldiers' parents somewhere in the USSR.

I turned to my admin chief. "Make copies of this and get it off to the task force right away. But cut out the last scene at the crash site. I don't want that to go to Washington. Let me see it again when you've edited it."

Kabul, 40th Army Headquarters, September 30, 1986

The reaction in Kabul to the first Stinger ambush outside Jalalabad was mixed. On the one hand, a near total stand-down on flight activity was called within hours of the Jalalabad incident while 40th Army investigation teams surveyed the scene of the ambush, debriefed the surviving aircrews, and drew their conclusions. The instant assessment was that the American Stinger had finally been deployed, an issue that Soviet intelligence had followed closely while it was debated openly in Washington during the previous year. Within a day, orders were issued to secure "bandit-free areas" in a ten-mile radius from all air bases in Afghanistan. It was an impossible order, and the 40th Army command knew it. But issuing it seemed to demonstrate an ability to deal with the new threat. Additionally, all aircraft landing or taking off were instructed to make spiral descents and climb-outs at the airfields. The new rule of thumb was that twenty thousand feet was the assured safety altitude, about twice the ceiling of the Stinger.

Great efforts were made to assure Soviet and Afghan pilots and aircrews that the Stinger was just another problem that could be dealt with. Soon, they were told, aircraft would be fitted with systems for dispensing high-intensity flares that would draw the infrared-seeking Stingers away from the heat of the aircraft engines by luring them to lock on to the flares falling away from the aircraft.

More quietly, however, 40th Army headquarters began closely documenting the effectiveness of the new American missile, noting how many rebel groups were being equipped with Stingers, how many had been fired, and how many Soviet or DRA aircraft had been struck. Within the first year they calculated the success rate of the Stinger at 20 percent, up from about 3 percent when the rebels used the inferior Soviet SA-7 system.

Langley, Early October 1986

Tensions between the Soviet and Near East analysts on the task force had increased since the first Stinger ambush at Jalalabad. There were reports coming in from all sources—signals, intelligence, human intelligence reporting, and satellite imagery—that put the level of Soviet and DRA aircraft brought down over the last few weeks at about one a day, or one every two to three days if you took the more conservative estimate. The Soviet analysts would not accept the higher number and demanded photographic confirmation of every aircraft shoot-down before it would be counted.

Jack Devine dismissed the debate as senseless and left it to the analysts to argue out. What he did see was the immediate stand-down of air activity following the shoot-down and the change in Soviet air tactics once flights were resumed. The "Stinger effect" wasn't just a matter of numbers; it was also the increase in morale and effectiveness of the resistance forces. There'd been a shift in the tone of reporting from Islamabad, too, in the week following the Jalalabad ambush. No longer were the mujahideen sitting in their camps in Pakistan awaiting their fates. They were pouring into eastern Afghanistan, now that interdiction by Soviet and DRA aircraft of their infiltration routes seemed reduced. Yes, Devine said to himself, September 25 was a turnaround. Let the purists worry about the numbers. He knew what it meant, and so did his team in Islamabad.

Over the next week, Devine would show the dramatic video footage of the downing of the MI-24Ds to selected members of Congress and the Reagan administration. Bill Casey would run the tape himself for President Reagan. The effect in Washington was just as it had been in Afghanistan: A new sense of commitment could be felt to stay the course. And it couldn't have come at a better time. When Casey got out to Pakistan for his next visit, there would be something tangible to celebrate with the men he had supported for the last six years.

5

Islamabad, October 1986

Casey would never make his promised visit to Islamabad—his world was rapidly narrowing to Washington, where he had fallen prey to the growing rumblings of Iran-contra and to a Congress increasingly after his blood. But his deputy, Robert Gates, traveled to the field in late October. His visit got off to a jumpy start.

In the cable exchanges leading up to the DDCI's visit, I had asked that the traveling party stay in a duplex house I controlled in a quiet residential quarter of Islamabad. I thought we could move about more discreetly than if the party stayed in the high-visibility Holiday Inn in Islamabad, with its usual contingent of international media. Gates's administrative staff agreed, until word percolated down to them that the intended quarters were also the location of our temporary storage site for the Soviet weapons systems we had acquired through an elaborate program of battlefield scavenging in Afghanistan. It seems that Gates's security chief couldn't bear the thought of the DDCI sleeping with a Soviet AT-4 antitank guided missile ready to cook off under his bunk. Could we clear out the explosive stuff before bedding down our visitors? I was urgently asked. I assured headquarters that we could.

The Khyber Agency, Pakistan

It was a crystalline, dry season day, dry even for that time of year, when I took Gates and his party to the Khyber Agency training site in a mix of helicopters—two slick French-made Pumas and a rattling American UH1 “Huey.” The Pakistani pilots swept low over mud-walled villages tucked into the foothills of the North-West Frontier Province, the scrub pines of the hilltops passing just feet below us as we cleared the ridgelines. Dropping down on the billowing red smoke canister signaling the wind direction at the primitive heliport, Gates mused that much, maybe too much, preparation had gone into his visit. He would later use the term *Potemkin village,* but I preferred to describe what we were seeing as good public relations. I told him to treat it as the best show the Pakistanis and the Afghans could put on for us and judge it on those terms. Military inspections were pretty much the same everywhere—a lot of show and no surprises.

The Pakistani officers handling Gates’s visit had been through it before with Casey’s visits to the region and the growing traffic from Washington. They knew how to take care of their American visitors with a flashy trip to the North-West Frontier Province, the Wild West tribal area of Pakistan where the mujahideen training sites were set up. The camps, designed to handle up to a hundred Afghan fighters for a week or two at a time, were usually struck after a couple of training cycles and moved to another location. There were endless possibilities for training sites in the rugged northwest, and it seemed that the Soviets and their Afghan intelligence service, Khad, were never able to effectively track our movements. Not one of the camps was successfully attacked by air or by infiltration teams during the years I was involved with the program.

A bunch of small arms had been laid out for review: assault rifles, light and medium machine guns, rocket-propelled grenade launchers (RPG-7)—the hands-down favorite of the mujahideen—and 75 and 82 mm recoilless rifles. Crew-served weapons, 12.7 and 14.5 mm machine guns, 82 mm mortars, and 107 and 122 mm free-flight rockets, were also set up for firing, and the Pakistanis and their trainees put on an incomparable show. They fired everything in their arsenals at targets whitewashed onto the surrounding hillsides at two hundred, three hundred, and one thousand yards, and they put on a damn good show.

One blue-eyed young Afghan gunner—he looked no more than fifteen—snapped up an RPG-7 on command and quickly slipped a round in the muzzle, pulling the safety pin and streamer out of the conical warhead as he laid the launcher on his shoulder. He brought the outline of a Soviet tank two hundred yards away into the optical sight and fired, all in about two seconds. As the round struck the target dead center with a great explosion and a shower of rocks, there were a hundred cries of approval. We saw white rock after white rock "destroyed" by the small arms, prompting Gates to wonder if the gunners might not be Pakistani shills. I thought not. The one thing it had never been necessary to fake in Afghanistan was shooting skill.

After the small-arms demonstrations, we walked a few hundred yards to another area where the mortars, rockets, and recoilless rifles would be fired at targets—large chalked circles—one and two thousand yards down the narrow valley. Along the way, hidden, heavily camouflaged mujahideen would pop up out of rabbit holes or from under scrub bushes just at our feet, shouting menacingly while training their Kalashnikovs on Gates and me. All great theater, at least after the first one had popped up.

The crew-served weapons were demonstrated with the same skill—almost all direct hits on the chalked targets. Gates again wondered aloud how much of what he was seeing was real. I told him I wasn't sure it mattered. The weapons were real, the people were real, and if they ultimately took the guns and their skills to war against the Soviets, that was good enough for our purposes. It would all be just fine as long as the war continued to go our way.

Late on the evening after our visit to the Khyber Agency, I arranged for a close relative of Commander Ahmad Shah Massoud's to visit Bob Gates discreetly in the privacy of the safe house. Massoud's man made the usual pitch to the DDCI, telling him that the Pakistanis were giving the lion's share of the supplies to Massoud's archfoe, Gulbuddin Hekmatyar, and that as proof of the claim of Pakistani favoritism it was a Hekmatyar commander who was given the first issue of Stingers. Would Gates intercede with the Pakistanis and see to it that Massoud got his share of Stingers? Gates said he would and promised also to talk to the Pakistanis about establishing a more equitable share of all the ordnance.

Eager to demonstrate his gratitude, Massoud's man reached inside his *shalwar kameez* and whipped out a Soviet 9 mm Makarov semiautomatic. Would the DDCI accept this small offering as a token of appreciation from Ahmad Shah Massoud?

As he began to explain that the cold, dead fingers of a Soviet colonel had been pried from the weapon by Commander Massoud himself after a great battle in the Panjshir Valley, the DDCI's security detail had their hands on their own weapons in a sort of Mexican standoff and were waiting nervously a few feet away to see what would come next. Nothing did, but for the next three years I would have to brief the security details of high-level visitors to expect a Makarov to pop into the scene at some point during discreet meetings with mujahideen commanders.

Bob Gates left Islamabad with a good understanding of the way things were going at a critical moment in the war. During his meeting with President Zia, he had been told that the heat should be turned up in the war, but that care should be taken so the pot did not boil over. President Zia asked pointedly for intelligence on India's plans for a major military exercise on its border with Pakistan, Operation Brasstacks. The Pakistanis had been concerned for weeks over the training exercise planned by India's new and hawkish Army chief of staff, General Krishnaswami Sundarji. The DDCI responded with the standard "Friends do not discuss friends with friends," but he added another important line to that answer. He said that neither do friends let friends get into trouble. That statement, though vague and noncommittal, seemed to satisfy the Pakistanis for the moment, as they believed that whatever was to happen in Brasstacks, the United States would be watching and would intervene before things got out of control.

First Chief Directorate Headquarters, Yasenevo, October 1986

Leonid Shebarshin had been briefed that all of the technical countermeasures against the Stinger had been put in place. Soviet and DRA aircrews were flying above the ceiling of the American missile and taking intensive defensive precautions when approaching and departing from airfields in Afghanistan, particularly those in the east.

The KGB's point man on Afghanistan had also learned that over the last few days the GRU had successfully acquired two Stinger missiles from their penetrations of Afghan resistance groups. He was unaware of the details of the GRU's previous acquisition of the documentation on the missile from a NATO source, though he did know that the Defense Ministry had a set of countermeasures ready to put into effect almost immediately after the Jalalabad shoot-downs of the three MI-24Ds. With the acquisition of the two Stingers and the development of even more effective tactical and technical countermeasures, the impact of the Americans' new missile might be reduced.

Much ado about nothing, Shebarshin had concluded. The military would manage to carry out its mission, but the real challenge in Afghanistan remained unchanged.

The Kremlin, November 13, 1986

A sense of fatalism could be felt among the men gathered at the special session of the Politburo to discuss Afghanistan. It had been known for over a year that Gorbachev was determined to quit Afghanistan—he said as much at the Party Congress in February—but it was also known that he had given the Army a year to win, or at least create the illusion of winning, and then get out. Today's meeting was believed by some to signal the end of the waffling. Much of it was there in the restricted minutes of the meeting that Anatoly Chernyaev filed away for his boss:

"Have all comrades familiarized themselves with the memoranda from Comrades Chebrikov, Shevardnadze, Sokolov, and Dobrynin?" Gorbachev opened the meeting with a reference to the documents that had been provided each Politburo member before the meeting.

The handful of men who ran the Soviet Union answered in the expected affirmative.

"Then let us exchange opinions. My intuition is that we not waste time. We have been fighting in Afghanistan already for six years. If our approach is not changed, we will fight for another twenty to thirty years. Our military must be told that they are learning badly from this war. Are we going to fight on endlessly, making a testimony that our troops are incapable of dealing with the matter? We need to finish this process as soon as possible."

Following the rigid protocol of the Politburo, the first member to respond to Gorbachev's opening remarks was the redoubtable Andrei Gromyko, until the previous year the longest-serving Soviet Foreign

Minister—twenty-eight years—and now chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet. It was Gromyko who, a year earlier, had made the speech nominating the new Soviet leader as General Secretary.

"It is necessary that we establish a strategic goal. Too long ago we spoke of the necessity of sealing the borders of Afghanistan with Pakistan and Iran. Experience has shown that we have been unable to do this because of the difficult terrain and the existence of hundreds of passes in the mountains. Today, the necessity is to set the strategic goal of ending the war."

Gorbachev broke in at this point to reinforce Gromyko's point. "It is necessary to include in the resolution the importance of ending the war in the course of one year—at maximum two years," he said.

Gromyko picked up where he left off. "On our part there was an underestimation of the difficulties when we agreed to give the Afghan government military support. The social conditions in Afghanistan made quick resolution of the problem impossible. There was no support among the population—in the Afghan Army the number of conscripts equals the number of deserters. Just now a more concrete discussion with [Afghan President Muhammad] Najibullah is needed. A certain plan of action is necessary. Here, it seems, our participation is needed, in particular, in contacts with Pakistan. Concerning the Americans, they are not interested in a settlement in Afghanistan. On the contrary, it is to their benefit for the war to drag out."

Gorbachev nodded in agreement and said, "That's right," but this time he did not intervene.

"Right now the situation is worse than half a year ago," Gromyko continued. "In a word, it is necessary for us to pursue more actively a political settlement. Our people will breathe a deep sigh if we undertake steps in that direction. Our strategic goal is to make Afghanistan neutral, not to allow it to go over to the enemy camp. But most important, our goal is ending the war. I would agree that it is necessary to limit this to a period of one to two years."

There was no clear indication in the minutes of how this was received. KGB Chairman Viktor Chebrikov spoke next, in keeping with his rank. "On this question many decisions have been made," he said. "Much energy has been expended. But unfortunately, the situation both in Afghanistan and the region remains difficult. I support the proposal of Mikhail Sergeyevich that it is necessary to push the problem to a logical conclusion. Indeed, we posed the question of sealing the border. Andrei Andreyevich [Gromyko] is partly right, speaking about the difficulties of such an operation, due to geographic and other conditions. But partly the failure in sealing the border was also tied to the fact that not everything was done that could have been. Right now the enemy is changing his tactics. He is going underground. It is necessary to look for the means to a political solution of the problem. The military path for the past six years has not given us a solution. We need to invite Najib to Moscow for frank talks. He has never been here, and it is time for frank talks."

At this point, Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze, the white-haired Georgian who had rapidly gained influence within Gorbachev's foreign policy team, weighed in. "Right now we are reaping the fruit of the hasty decisions of the past. Recently, much has been done to settle the situation in Afghanistan and the region. Najib has assumed the mantle of leadership. He needs practical support, otherwise we will bear the political costs. We must state precisely the period of withdrawal of Soviet troops from Afghanistan. You, Mikhail Sergeyevich, said it correctly—two years. But neither we nor our Afghan comrades have solved the problem of creating an Afghan government that can function without the support of our troops. There is dispute as to who must accomplish the sealing of the borders—the Army or state security organs. I support the proposition of Viktor Mikhailovich [Chebrikov] on the importance of meeting with Najib."

"We can give these instructions to Comrade Kryuchkov, who is now in Kabul," Gorbachev interjected.

"Both Comrade Kryuchkov and Comrade [Yuli] Vorontsov [a senior Foreign Ministry official] are good people," Shevardnadze said, "but their discussions with Najib cannot replace a meeting between Najib and the General Secretary."

"The concept of settlement exists," Gorbachev interjected. "We have established that—but the practicalities remain unresolved." Turning to Deputy Defense Minister Sergei Akhromeyev, he then said, "Sergei Fedorovich, perhaps you will solve it?"

Akhromeyev seemed to sense this was too big a burden for him to take on. "No," he said flatly, "it will not be possible to solve it."

Anatoly Dobrynin, head of the International Department of the Communist Party's Secretariat, and before that the USSR's ambassador to Washington through every U.S. administration from Kennedy to Reagan, stepped into the discussion. "I come out in favor of receiving Najib in Moscow. Right now a message could be sent to Comrade Kryuchkov about the meeting with Najib."

"Military actions in Afghanistan will soon be seven years old," Akhromeyev interjected. "There is no single piece of land in this country that has not been occupied by a Soviet soldier. Nevertheless, the majority of the territory remains in the hands of rebels. The government of Afghanistan has at its disposal a significant military force: 160,000 men in the Army, 115,000 in Sarandoy militia, and 20,000 in state security organs. There is no single military problem that has arisen and that has not been solved, and yet there are still no results. The whole problem lies in the fact that military results are not followed up by political actions. At the center there is authority; in the provinces there is not. We control Kabul and the provincial centers, but on occupied territory we cannot establish authority. We have lost the battle for the Afghan people—the government is supported by a minority of the population. Our Army has fought for five years and is in a position to maintain the situation at its present level. But under such conditions the war will continue for a long time. Fifty thousand Soviet soldiers are stationed to seal off the border, but they are not in a position to close off all passages where cargo is transferred across the border. We have the capacity to maintain the situation at its current level, as I said, but we need to look for a way out and to resolve this question, as Andrei Andreyevich [Gromyko] has said, once and for all. We must go to Pakistan."

"Why do you hinder Najib?" Gorbachev asked his deputy defense minister.

Akhromeyev seemed defensive. "He should not be building headquarters, but a state committee on defense. We allow him to make cadre changes."

Veteran diplomat Yuli Vorontsov, the man tasked with translating the musings of the Politburo into negotiating positions with the Americans and Pakistanis, politely interjected at this point. "A few words, if I may, to continue the thought just expressed by Comrade Deputy Defense Minister. Afghanistan is a peasant country. But it is the peasants who have least benefited from the revolution. There are only five million out of a population of eighteen million under the control of the government. To the question of how this can be explained, I have been told that the regions under the control of the counterrevolution are better supplied with essential goods shipped there as contraband from Pakistan. Urgent measures are needed to improve the situation of peasants in the government zone. Many members of PDPA leadership are without initiative and have gotten used to waiting for recommendations from our advisers. Such is not the case with Comrade Najib. He creates the impression of a talented and decisive person. He must be given the opportunity to make decisions himself, without allowing himself to become distracted by secondary details. And he must have the opportunity to create his own team himself."

Gorbachev waited for Vorontsov to conclude his remarks, and then he spoke again. "In October of last year in a Politburo meeting we set a course of resolving the Afghan question," he said. "The goal we raised was to expedite the withdrawal of our forces from Afghanistan and simultaneously to ensure the emergence of a friendly Afghanistan for us. It was projected that this should be realized through a combination of military and political measures. But there is no movement in either of these directions. The strengthening of the military position of the Afghan government has not taken place. National consolidation has not been ensured, mainly because Comrade Karmal hoped to continue in power in Kabul with our assistance. It was also said that we fettered the actions of the Afghan government. All in all, up until now the projected concept has been poorly realized. The problem is not in the concept itself, but in its realization. We must operate more actively, and with this guide ourselves with two questions. First of all, in the course of two years, we must effect the withdrawal of our troops from Afghanistan. Fifty percent by 1987, and in the following year another fifty percent. Second of all, we must pursue a widening of the social base of the regime, taking into account the arrangement of political forces. In connection with this, we should meet with Comrade Najib and possibly even with other members of the Central Committee of

PDPA Politburo. We must start talks with Pakistan. Most important, we must make sure that the Americans don't get into Afghanistan. But I think that Americans will not go into Afghanistan militarily."

Akhromeyev agreed. "They are not going to go into Afghanistan with the armed forces," he said.

Dobrynin added his assent. "One can reach an agreement with the Americans on this question."

"We must give instructions to Comrade Kryuchkov to meet with Najib and invite him to visit the Soviet Union in December," Gorbachev said in conclusion. "It will also be necessary to tell Comrade Najib that he should make key decisions himself. Entrust the comrades, taking into account the discussion that took place in Politburo meetings, to coordinate, make operative decisions, and make necessary proposals on solving the Afghan question and settling the problem of Afghanistan."

The men who ran the USSR announced in a single voice, "We agree."

And the resolution was passed.

6

Washington, December 1986

Casey's luck had begun to run out. It all started in November, when the Republicans lost the Senate and the Iran-contra scandal burst onto the front pages of the world press. By early December, the DCI was beginning to show the effects of what would later be diagnosed as a brain tumor. His security detail had reluctantly shared their concerns with Bob Gates, and a number of Casey's close associates had seen him lose his train of thought, bump into things, and even fall. Nevertheless, Casey continued to keep his schedule of ever rougher congressional hearings on Iran-contra through early December. Congress had begun circling in earnest.

Even eleven time zones away in Islamabad we were beginning to feel the effects of the Iran-contra investigations. Our covert action program in Afghanistan had offered many involved in congressional oversight of CIA programs, staffers and members alike, a balance in an otherwise prickly relationship with the agency. Some hard-core opponents of CIA activities in Central America enthusiastically supported the covert action in Afghanistan. It was clean and neat, while Central America, to them, was cloaked in ambiguities. Supporting our efforts in Afghanistan beefed up their anti-Communist credentials, giving them the leeway to stand firm in their opposition to the contras.

Smelling blood in Iran-contra, some members and their staffs were now looking for a link between the Afghan covert action program and the efforts of Bill Casey and Oliver North to end-run congressional mandates on activities in Central America. No evidence was ever found because there was no link. But that didn't deter those who were digging from thinking that we were stopping ships loaded with ordnance at Karachi and sending them off to Nicaragua and Honduras.

This fresh interest prompted me to open up new areas of inspection for our congressional overseers, to bring them more directly into the nuts and bolts of the program than was required by law or previously allowed by agency management. I quietly began taking the occasional delegations out to the training camps, off to ammunition dumps, to let them see the things they were paying for. The effort had returns—perhaps even to the point of backfiring. It wouldn't be long before everyone on Capitol Hill seemed to want a testosterone-pumping tour of a mujahideen training camp. It was a difficult balancing act, but in the end, the Afghan program succeeded largely because Congress was united behind it. The U.S. funding for the program was congressionally mandated—and Congress came to see it as their program as much as it was the CIA's. It seemed to me that it was better to have Congress inside the tent pissing out than outside the tent pissing in. It worked, especially when there were occasional setbacks and I could turn to the oversight committees as partners rather than adversaries.

But back in Washington, things were going from bad to worse for Bill Casey. He was deteriorating visibly day by day. Concerns over his condition had finally reached the point that the senior agency physician, Arvel Tharpe, insisted on looking in on him in his office on the morning of December 15. During his examination, the DCI had a seizure with violent muscle spasms. Dr. Tharpe gave Casey an injection of Valium to control the muscle spasms and set in motion the emergency procedures that had long been in effect for a DCI falling ill in his office. Within minutes Casey was on his way to Georgetown University Hospital.

Lahore, Pakistan, 2130 Hours, December 17, 1986

General Akhtar's aide asked me to hold the line, he would put the general on in just a second. I was sitting in my room at the Pearl Continental Hotel in Lahore, having a nightcap with Marie-Catherine, when the call came through, and instinctively I knew it would not be good news. Akhtar's voice confirmed my hunch.

“Milton, you’ve got to get word to Mr. Casey that the Indians are becoming dangerously provocative with their buildup on the border.”

“I’ll see what I can do,” I said, thinking it wouldn’t be much till I got back to Islamabad.

“Mr. Casey should know right away that the situation is dangerous,” Akhtar repeated, as he often did when the subject was Indian machinations.

There was little I could say. Not only was I out of pocket in Lahore and away from my secure communications, and not only did I have absolutely no new details on the level of alert on the Indo-Pak border, but I had learned the previous day that Casey had “come down with something” at Langley two days earlier and was in a Washington hospital undergoing tests. No further information was available. Apparently, news of Casey’s health hadn’t yet reached Pakistan. I decided not to say anything at the time for fear of exciting an already excited General Akhtar. Bill Casey seemed to be the general’s personal talisman.

“I’ll be back in Islamabad first thing tomorrow, General, and I’ll get in touch as soon as I arrive.”

“I’ll send a car,” he offered.

“I’ll call as soon as I get back,” I repeated.

“It’s tomorrow, then,” Ahktar said, and rang off.

Islamabad, December 18, 1986

The next morning, Akhtar was all business. He had maps out on his table and ran through positions and troop deployments as he gave me the Pakistani assessment of General Sundarji’s training exercise on the border.

“They’re using this as an excuse to crack down on Sikh separatists,” Akhtar said. “The Indians, particularly General Sundarji, are always accusing us of creating problems with the Sikhs. But everybody knows it was Sundarji himself who caused all the problems—he was behind the incident at the Sikh temple, you know.”

I did indeed know that two years earlier General Sundarji had stormed the Sikhs’ holiest shrine in Amritsar, the Golden Temple, setting off one of the bloodiest Sikh uprisings in a decade of uprisings.

And I knew that the Indians, like the Pakistanis, always saw their neighbor's hand in their internal problems.

As if on cue, Akhtar added, "The Indians are mucking around in the Sindh, stirring up trouble for us there. I'm certain they're going to do something dangerous—you have to pass that along to Casey. We need his help. We need to know if the Indians are planning to move up to the border."

"I'll pass your concerns along," I said noncommittally. I was seeing firsthand the depth of distrust between the Indians and Pakistanis. There was no limit to what one side was willing to believe of the other. The intensity verged on the psychotic, and it would not be the last time that I would be drawn into escalating tensions between the two countries. The split between India and Pakistan was like a bad divorce, all the more acrimonious because of their long bond and cohabitation.

As I prepared to leave, I decided to tell Akhtar that Casey wasn't well. There was still no official word on his condition, but I wanted Akhtar to hear it from me rather than from the press or from his attaché in Washington.

"General," I said, turning back to him at the door, "I've just heard that Mr. Casey was taken ill three days ago. They're running some tests in the hospital. Bob Gates is acting DCI now, and I'll pass your concerns directly on to him. It's a good thing that he was just out here for a visit. He'll have a leg up on the situation."

Akhtar was suspicious. "You're sure it's just some tests?"

"So far as I know," I answered.

I could see Akhtar had his doubts about Casey's tests being routine. The pessimist in him was taking hold—he seemed to sense that he was losing his good-luck charm.

"Please call if there's any news at all."

"I will," I said, leaving a troubled General Akhtar behind to deal with the Indians on the border and the possible loss of his man in Washington.

Later that morning, I notified Langley of the level of tension building in Pakistan as the new Indian exercise got under way. I didn't know at the time that the tension would almost spin out of control in a matter of weeks. Nor did I have a feel for just how serious Bill Casey's situation was at that time, physically and politically.

First Chief Directorate Headquarters, Yasenevo, January 1986

Leonid Shebarshin had been following the drama unfolding on India's border with Pakistan with special attention. He knew that the Pakistanis would see a massive conspiracy behind the Indian exercises, that they would become convinced the exercise had been mounted to draw their attention, and that of their American friends, from the ongoing war on their western border to a possible flare-up on the eastern front. He knew the Pakistanis would also conclude that the plot to destabilize Pakistan had been hatched in Moscow and that everything would evolve according to some grand plan.

But the KGB general also knew that South Asia had a way of getting mired all by itself, without the master hand of the Kremlin behind every plot, real or imagined. The truth of the matter was that the Indians were carrying out their Brasstacks exercise on their own and that Moscow had no hand in pushing them to create a diversion to ease the pressures in Afghanistan. Never mind that it might be working out that way; it just wasn't part of a grand plan.

Nevertheless, Shebarshin would have to follow Brasstacks closely. That old South Asian bugaboo—miscalculation and overreaction—could always pop up. And that could heat things up, probably more than anyone would like.

Islamabad, January 29, 1987

I sat alone in the ISI reception room, waiting for Akhtar to join me for the "urgent" meeting he had called to discuss "events on the border." He was referring to Brasstacks and to Pakistan's response. General Sundarji and Zia had made a series of troop moves and countermoves that by mid-January had escalated tensions to the point at which the slightest movement could have sparked a war.

On January 19, the New Delhi press screamed, PAK MASSING TROOPS ALL ALONG BORDER, and Indian Prime Minister Gandhi expressed "tremendous concern" about the Pakistani buildup at a press conference the next day. Over the next week, both Indian and Pakistani intelligence fed their respective press corps a steady stream of inflammatory rumors of the other side's preparations for war. The Indians became convinced that Zia had stealthily maneuvered an armored corps into position for a lightning strike into India's Punjab, with the goal of separating Kashmir from the rest of India. As tensions grew, there were press reports of Pakistani Army engineers mining the bridges around Lahore as a means of stopping the Indian advance that was now so sure to come. On January 23, India mobilized its forces, and Pakistan followed suit. The stage for another war between the two South Asian neighbors was set. That same evening, Zia directed his prime minister, Mohammed Khan Junejo, to call his counterpart in New Delhi to open a dialogue to deescalate. Then, against the counsel of his advisers, Zia announced he planned to attend a cricket match in New Delhi. And almost as quickly as it had arisen, the tension dissipated.

Akhtar strode into the reception room with his note taker, Colonel Riaz, trailing two steps behind him. He was talking as he entered.

"The president pulled it off," Akhtar said, beaming.

"Pulled it off?" I was a little taken aback by Akhtar's smug sense of triumph.

Akhtar frowned. "Yes. It was close, but Zia's nerves were steel. He held back his troops from their forward deployed positions right up until the last minute. And he made sure the Indians knew what he was doing by letting them intercept his communications! It was masterful."

"Sure it was masterful," I said, "but I still haven't found the logic in why it almost came to war. What was that all about?"

Akhtar motioned to Riaz to stop taking notes and leave the room. When we were alone, he lowered his voice and leaned toward me as he spoke

"Rajiv Gandhi," Akhtar said after Riaz had left, "is a playboy, a joker who lost control of his Army chief of staff. The president signaled to New Delhi as far back as October that the Brasstacks exercise was provocative, and would be responded to in kind if they didn't back things down. But Sundarji must have thought he could ignore our concerns, and Gandhi wasn't paying attention until two weeks ago when his own press started talking of war. Then he tried to catch up."

"Yeah," I said, "and almost too late. Was it just provocation gone wild, or was there something else going on?"

"It was Sundarji," Akhtar said as if sharing a profound confidence.

"He wanted a war. He thought he could provoke President Zia into taking the first step, making the first mistake. He thought he could roll into Pakistan and have it all cleaned up in a week. Then Zia moved his forces around a bit in Bahawalpur, particularly his armor, and Sundarji got a different picture. It was Pakistan who might have things tidied up in a week!"

"This heated up so fast and cooled down so fast that we still haven't figured out how close you came to war. How close was it?"

Akhtar held up his hand, forming a trigger finger. "It was that close," he said, pulling the imaginary trigger. "All it would have taken was some junior commissioned officer along the border—their JCO or ours—getting nervous, pulling his trigger, and setting it all off. Zia knew that, and he knows the Indian mind. He backed them down."

"It's a hell of a way for a couple of potential nuclear powers to deal with each other," I said.

Akhtar bristled at the word *nuclear.* "But Pakistan isn't a nuclear power, and you, more than most, know that."

The subject, and the atmosphere, had changed. The most serious point of friction between the United States and Pakistan centered on Pakistan's nuclear weapons program, a secret arms race with its neighbor that had been under way since India detonated its first test device in 1974. There were a handful of congressional mandates sanctioning Pakistan for developing nuclear weapons, but most were subject to a presidential waiver. And up until now, Reagan had been able to certify that Pakistan had not crossed the proliferation threshold. So any mention of Pakistan and nuclear development to Zia's intelligence chief was likely to set him on edge. I'd asked the question to see if Akhtar thought Sundarji might actually have been staging the whole Brasstacks exercise to provide cover for a preemptive strike at Pakistan's nuclear centers near Islamabad. He didn't bite.

"That's encouraging, General," I said, sensing that Akhtar had decided to end the meeting, which he did, as usual, with an abrupt change of subject.

"How is Mr. Casey doing?" he asked. "The president is concerned about him."

Word of Casey's worsening condition was out, and few in the international intelligence club expected the DCI ever to return to Langley. Who might succeed him was the subject of whispered speculation both in Washington and abroad. “He’s not doing too well, I’m afraid. But he’s alert and knows what’s happening in all his favorite places, including Islamabad.”

Akhtar softened. “Well, please see that he knows we appreciate all he has done for us over the years. And please pass along our appreciation to Mr. Gates for whatever role he played behind the scenes in defusing the little problem we had here.”

“I will, and please pass Mr. Gates’s regards to the president for his cool handling of the crisis over the last month. It didn’t have to work out as well as it did.”

Akhtar rose and escorted me to Riaz, who was standing right outside his door.

The Kremlin, February 27, 1987

It seemed that Gorbachev had his consensus, Anatoly Chernyaev said to himself as he reviewed the minutes of a series of Politburo meetings over the last five weeks on the question of Afghanistan. Muhammad Najibullah had made his visit to Moscow in December, and he had made a good impression. The word in Moscow was that he was a serious-minded man who could take the difficult first steps of preparing for the day when he would not be supported by the Soviet army.

There was no turning back from the decision to withdraw from Afghanistan, though the Kremlin was still reluctant to declare to the world that its policy of intervention had been flawed from the start. Such sentiments had not, however, prevented frank comment among Politburo members on past errors. At sessions held on January 21 and 22, Eduard Shevardnadze had made it clear that the decision to exit was the right one and pulled few punches when it came to where he thought the blame for the Afghan debacle should lie.

“I won’t discuss right now whether we did the right thing by going in there,” the Foreign Minister declared, easing into exactly the criticism he said he would avoid. “But we did go in there absolutely without knowing the psychology of the people and the real state of affairs in the country. That's a fact! And everything we've done and are doing in Afghanistan is incompatible with the moral character of our country."

"It was incompatible that we went in?" Gromyko asked pointedly.

"Yes, this, too," he said. "The attitude toward us is more negative than it seems. And we're spending a billion rubles a year for this. An enormous sum, and responsibility needs to be taken for it. Let us add up again in every detail how much Afghanistan needs to get by at the present time! Nikolay Ivanovich," he said, referring to Nikolay Ryzhkov, the architect of Gorbachev's economic restructuring program, appointed to the Politburo in 1985 and soon after promoted to head of the Council of Ministers, "doesn't have this data right now, but in the United States they think we'll need two billion a year. And the Japanese think it's three billion. I'm not even talking about the costs in lives."

"We won't talk right now about how this revolution came into being," Gorbachev interjected, "how we reacted and how we vacillated about whether or not to deploy troops."

"Yes, yes," Gromyko assented, nodding in agreement.

"Right now we must address the present and determine what steps need to be taken."

"The report of Eduard Amvrosieyevich [Shevardnadze] provides a realistic picture," said Ryzhkov. "The previous information was not objective. The situation forces us again to approach the problem in a serious way." He spoke of the difficulty of making progress in an illiterate society and of the misery of people's material prospects. "It's better to pay with money and kerosene than with men," he said. "Our people don't understand what we're doing there, or why we've been there for seven years. It's easy to leave, but we can't just throw everything to the whims of fate. Many countries would forsake us. We need to leave a neutral, friendly Afghanistan behind. What steps should be taken? Why not a mercenary army? What will prevent it from deserting? Good money. It's better to hand out arms and ammunition, and to have them fight themselves if they want. Meanwhile we can turn to a parallel political settlement. We need to use all contacts with Pakistan and the U.S."

"We cannot bring them freedom by military means," said Igor Ligachev, Gorbachev's right-hand man. "We have suffered defeat in this area. And what Eduard Amvrosieyevich has said is the first objective analysis we have had. We didn't consider the consequences when we set our hopes on the military route. I think the policy of national reconciliation is the correct one. If the question is put before the people, is it better to let our soldiers die or restrict themselves to every kind of aid, I think that every person to the last will favor the second path. And we have to work on the Pakistani avenue, with India, with China, and with America. But to leave as the Americans did from Vietnam—no, we still have not come to this, as they say."

Marshal Sokolov added his own somber assessment. "The military situation has recently become worse," he said. "The shelling of our garrisons has doubled. They are mainly fighting in the villages, counting on our retaliating against the population centers. It is impossible to win such a war by military means."

"Thus we confirm our firm policy," said Gorbachev in closing. "We will not retreat once we have started. Act in all directions. Analyze where and how our aid is best to be used, start up foreign policy mechanisms through Cordovez and Pakistan, try to do business with the Chinese and, of course, the Americans. When we went into Afghanistan we were wrapped up in ideology and calculated that we could leap ahead three stages right away—from feudalism to socialism. Now we can look at the situation openly and follow a realistic policy. We accepted everything in Poland—the church, the individual peasant farms, the ideology, and the political pluralism. Reality is reality. Comrades, let us speak correctly. It is better to pay with money than with the lives of our people."

With his consensus almost solid in the Politburo, Gorbachev continued to press home the case for an exit from Afghanistan over the following days and weeks. A month later, on February 23, Gorbachev reinforced his case in another Politburo meeting, at which he declared, "Now we're in, how to get out racks one's brains. We could leave quickly, not thinking about anything and blaming everything on the previous leadership. But we can't do that. India would be concerned, and they would be worried in Africa. They would see this as a blow to the authority of the Soviet Union and to national liberation movements. They would tell us that imperialism would go on the offensive if we leave Afghanistan. But domestic considerations are important, too. A million of our soldiers have been to Afghanistan. And all in vain, it turns out. They will say you've forgotten about the casualties and the authority of the nation. It creates a bitter taste—why did people die? Don't exclude America from an agreement, even as far as making a deal with them. And we need to rub Pakistan's nose in it—let them know the Soviet Union isn't going anywhere. Could Zia ul-Haq possibly be invited to Tashkent to meet with me, even 'pay' him in some way? We need flexibility and resourcefulness, for otherwise there will be a slaughter and Najib will fall. Continue the talks, don't let them be broken off. And possibly we'll have to make concessions about the withdrawal periods. Are there any doubts about what I have said right now?"

The men who ran the Soviet Union answered in one voice: "No, no!"

"Then let us act accordingly."

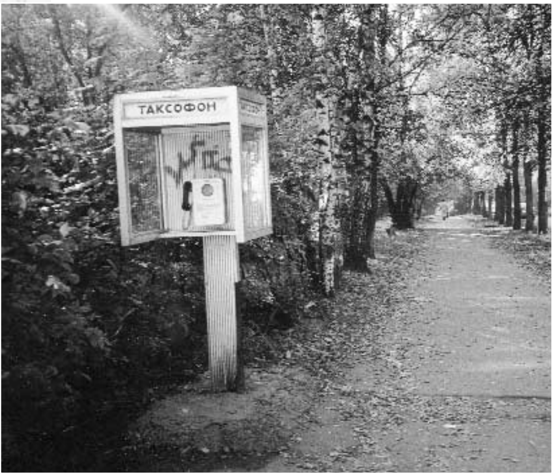

The “taxi phone” on Kastanayevskaya Street in the Moscow suburbs where Paul Stombaugh was ambushed in June 1985.

Paul Stombaugh and his son in Moscow, 1985.

Vladimir Sharavatov, the Seventh Directorate surveillance supervisor who was involved in most of the KGB arrests of American spies depicted in this book.

The U.S. embassy in Moscow (center foreground), with the spires of Adolf Tolkachev's apartment building in the background.

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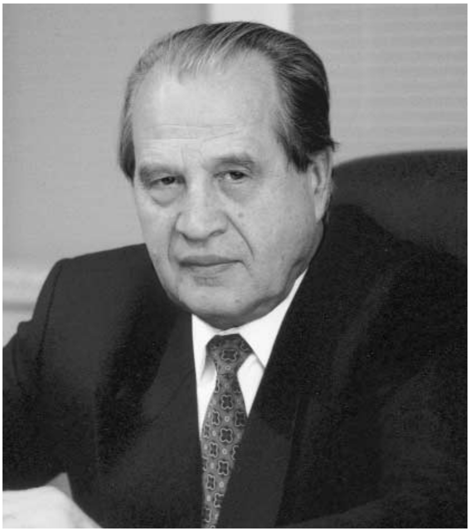

Viktor I. Cherkashin, the Line KR chief in Washington who handled Aldrich Ames's walk-in and the letter in which Robert Hanssen volunteered to spy for the KGB. (Courtesy of Jacqueline Mia Foster, Contact Press Images)

Major General Rem S. Krassilnikov, chief of the First Department of the KGB's Second Chief Directorate, 1985.

Krassilnikov in 1999, at the site where Leonid Polyshchuk (GTWEIGH) was ambushed in August 1985. (Courtesy of Jacqueline Mia Foster, Contact Press Images)

Burton Gerber, chief of the SE Division, 1984–1989.

Valentin Klimenko, Krassilnikov's deputy and later chief of the FSB, the successor organization to the KGB Second Chief Directorate. He is now the *Rezident* in Israel.

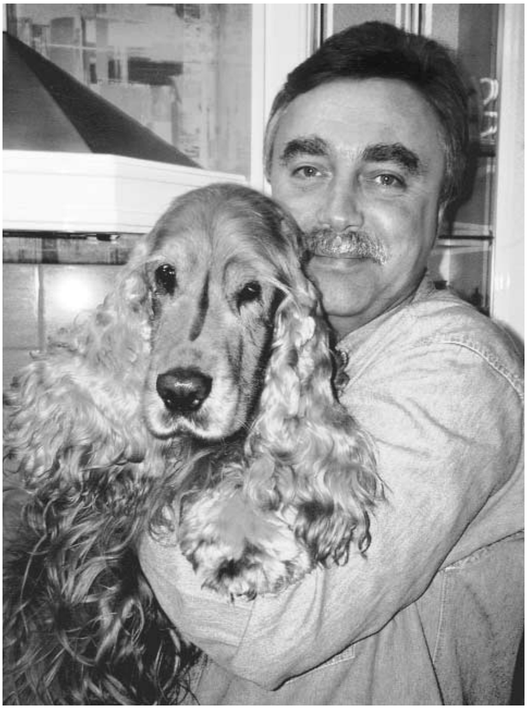

Aleksandr "Sasha" Zhomov, aka Phantom, aka PROLOGUE, at home with his spaniel in 2001.

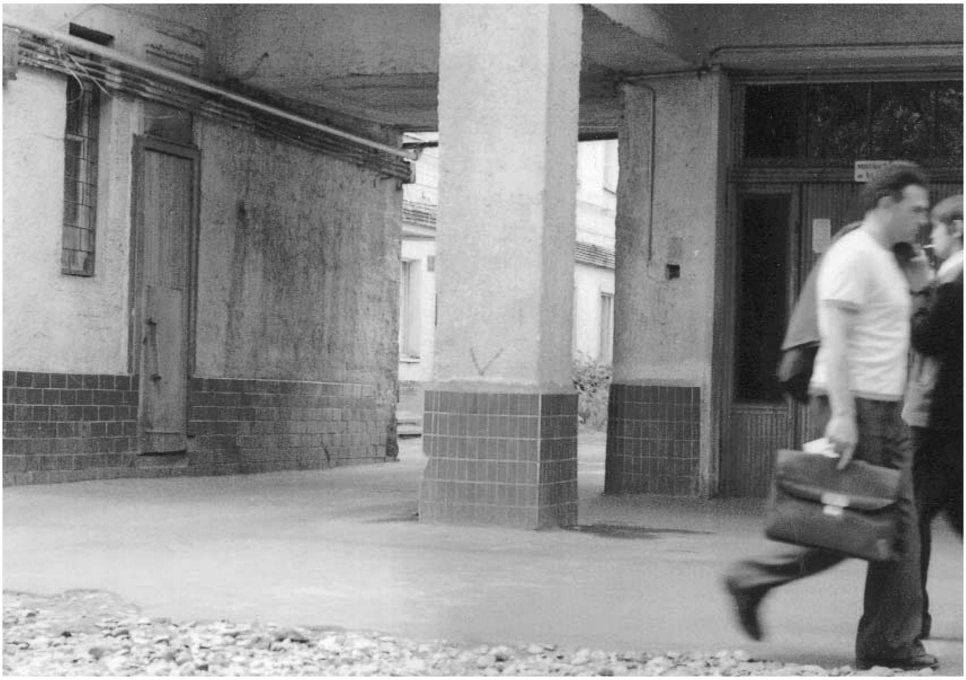

A Moscow signal site being read by a Moscow case officer in a drive-by. Note the "V" mark on the pillar—a signal from a Soviet agent that an operational task has been carried out.

Jack Platt, chief of the SE Internal Operations course, 1987.

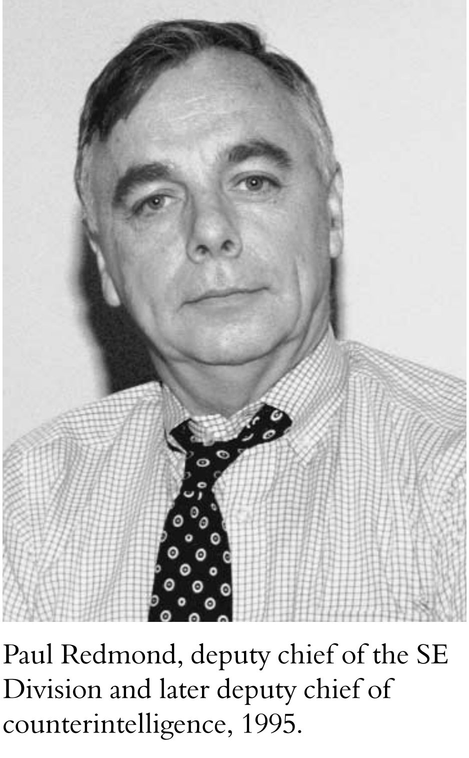

Paul Redmond, deputy chief of the SE Division and later deputy chief of counterintelligence, 1995.

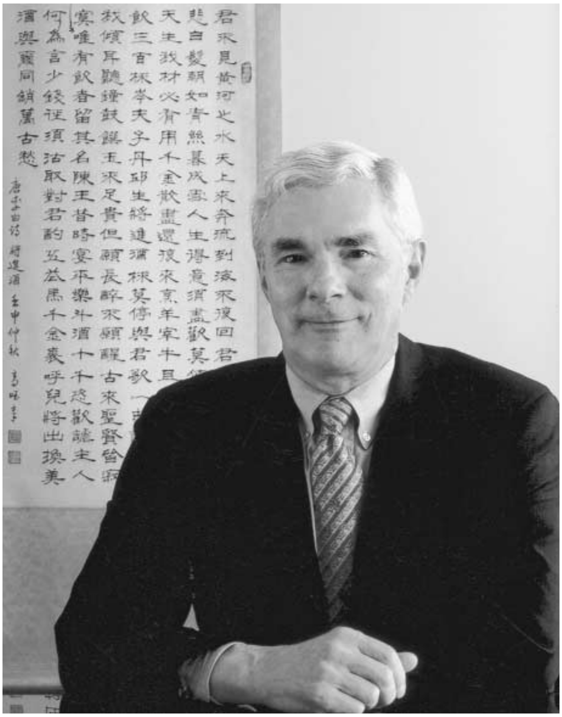
Jack Downing, former chief in Moscow and Beijing and Deputy Director for Operations.

Gennady Vasilenko as a young KGB officer.

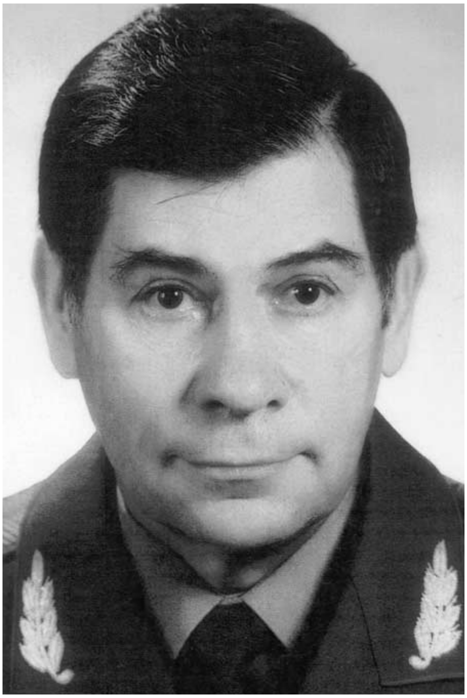
General Leonid Shebarshin, 1987.

A disabled Soviet tank that became a landmark on the road from Parachinar, Pakistan, to Ali Khel in Afghanistan's Paktia Province.

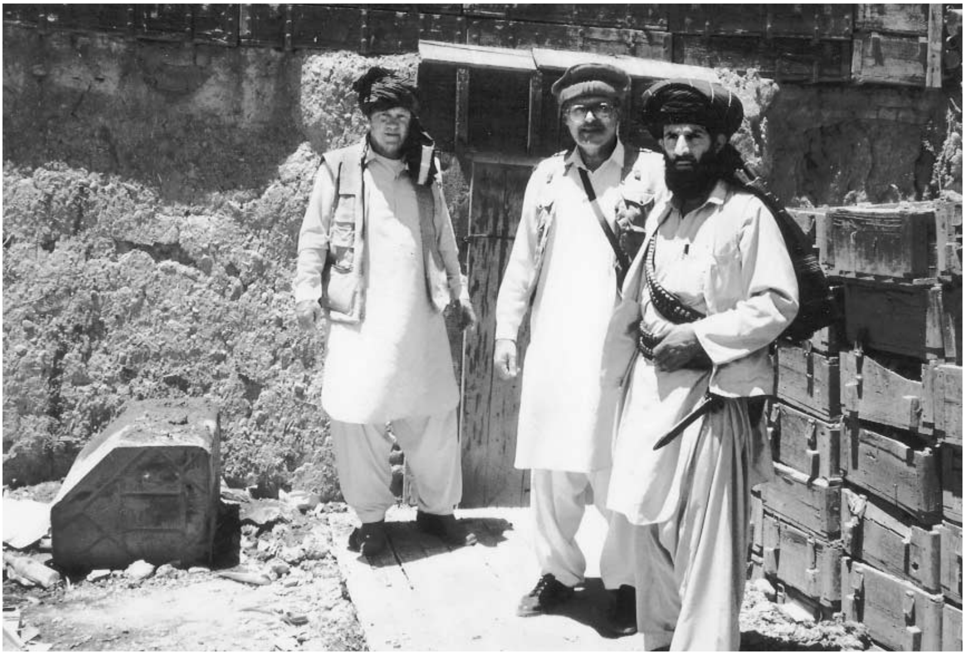

Milt Bearden and Frank Anderson at Ali Khel shortly after the Soviet garrison fell in 1987. The Soviet major who was adviser to a battalion of Afghan government troops died in the assault. Note the vodka bottle at the lower left.

The redoubtable Chinese mules on the road to Nangarhar.

Aerial shot of a transient mujahideen training camp in North-West Frontier Province, Pakistan.

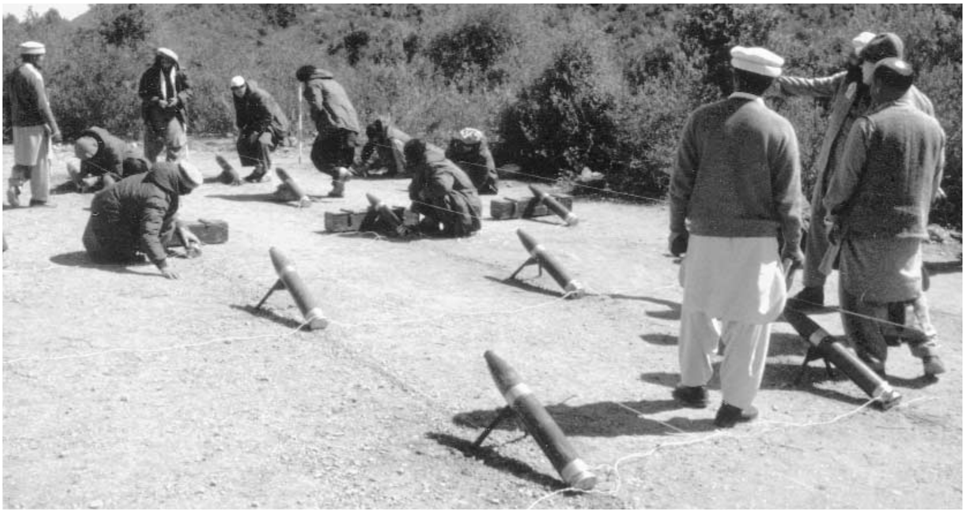

Chinese-made 107 mm rockets being set up for delayed launch.

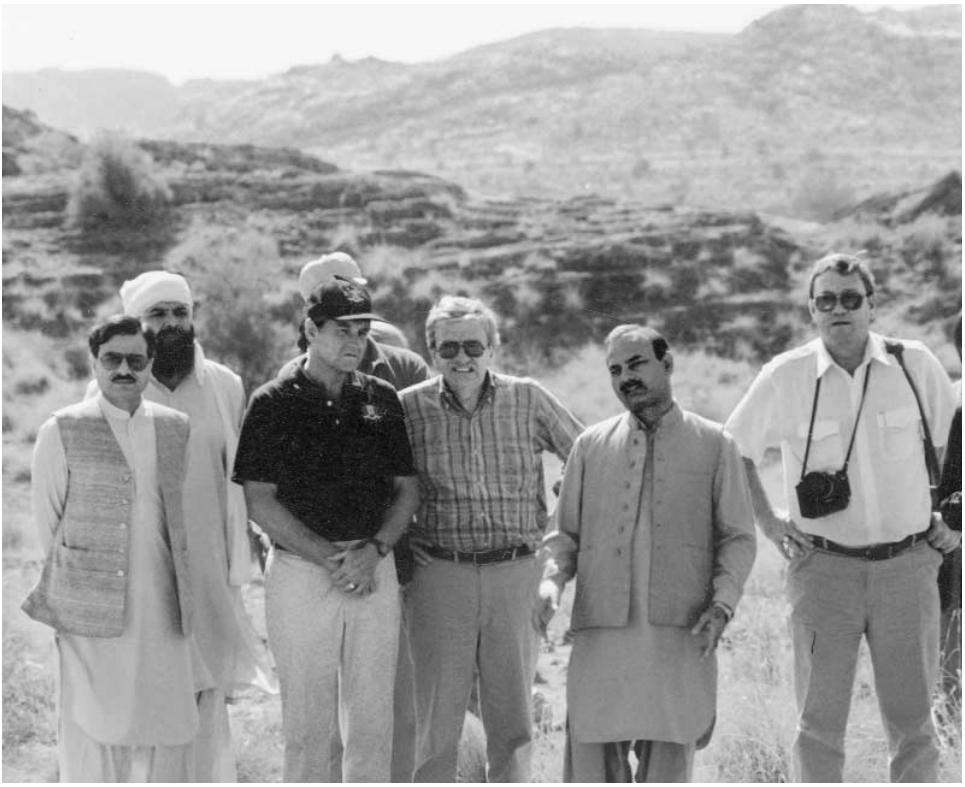

Front row, from left: Major General Hamid Gul, director general of Pakistan's Inter-Services Intelligence Directorate (ISI); Director of Central Intelligence William Webster; Deputy Director for Operations Clair George; an ISI colonel; and Milt Bearden at a mujahideen training camp in North-West Frontier Province, 1987.

Afghan resistance leader Sibghatullah Mojaddedi and Milt Bearden in 1988.

From left: Gulbuddin Hekmatyar, Burhanuddin Rabbani, William Webster, Hamid Gul, Ambassador Robert Oakley, Deputy Director of Central Intelligence Richard Kerr, and Milt Bearden at a meeting in Islamabad, 1988.

From left: Gulbuddin Hekmatyar, Richard Kerr, and Maulvi Yunis Khales in Islamabad, 1988.

Milt Bearden and Richard Stolz in Torkham moving supplies into Nangarhar Province, Afghanistan, 1988.

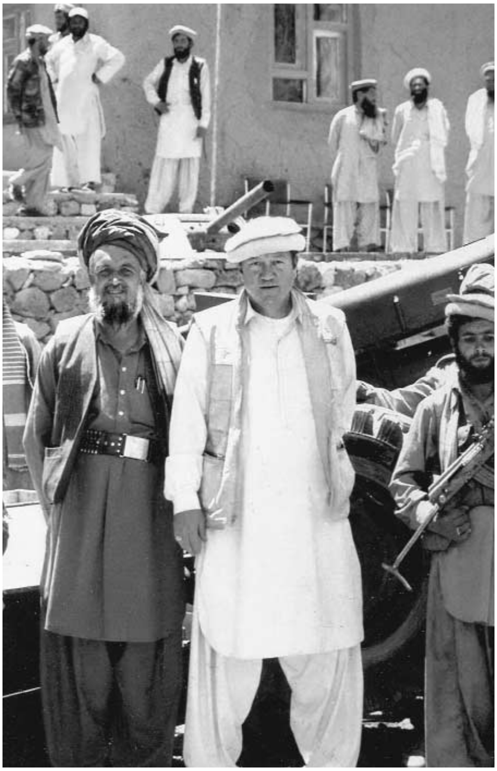

Milt Bearden in Paktia Province with two of Hekmatyar's fighters, 1987.

Milt Bearden and Frank Anderson in Paktia, 1987.

Top Soviet hands at CIA headquarters. From left: Milt Bearden, Gardner "Gus" Hathaway, Steve Weber, Deputy Director for Operations Dick Stolz, Paul Redmond, and Burton Gerber.

Oldrich Cerny, Václav Havel's national security adviser (left).

Polish intelligence chief Andrzej Milczanowski with Milt Bearden in Warsaw.

Milt Bearden, David Rolph, and Rem Krassilnikov in Dzerzhinsky Square with "Iron Felix" still standing in the background, 1991.

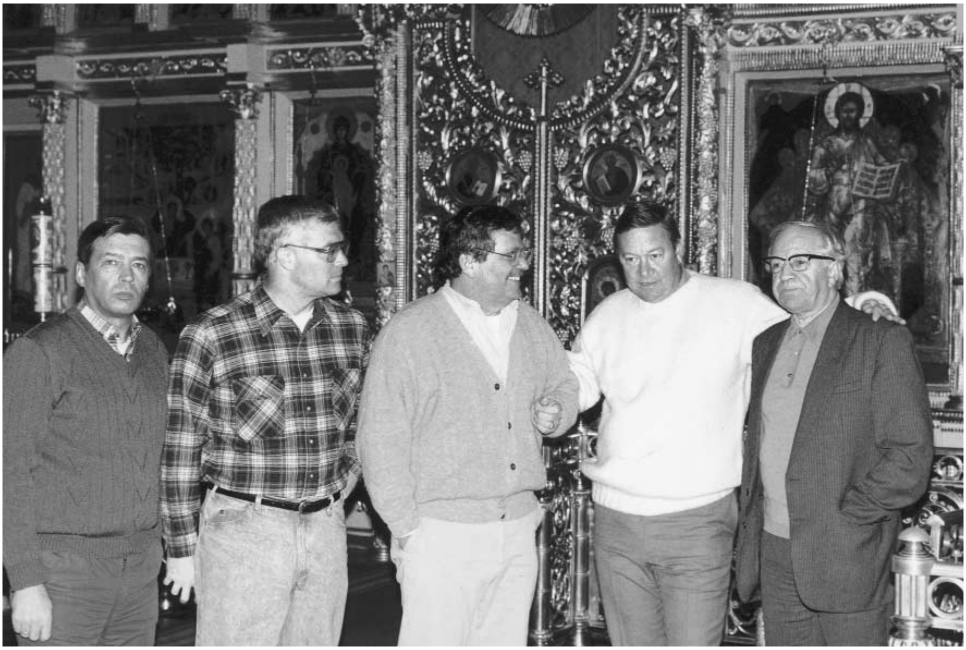

From left: Valentin Klimenko, David Rolph, John MacGaffin, Milt Bearden, and Rem Krassilnikov in a KGB safe house in Moscow, 1992.

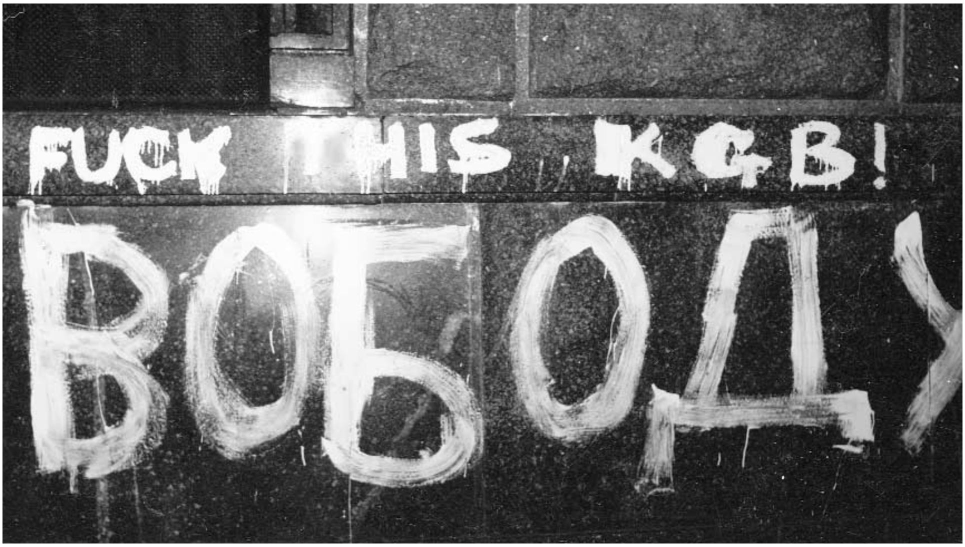

The Lubyanka headquarters of the KGB defaced by demonstrators sending their message to the international audience in both Russian and English on August 22, 1991.

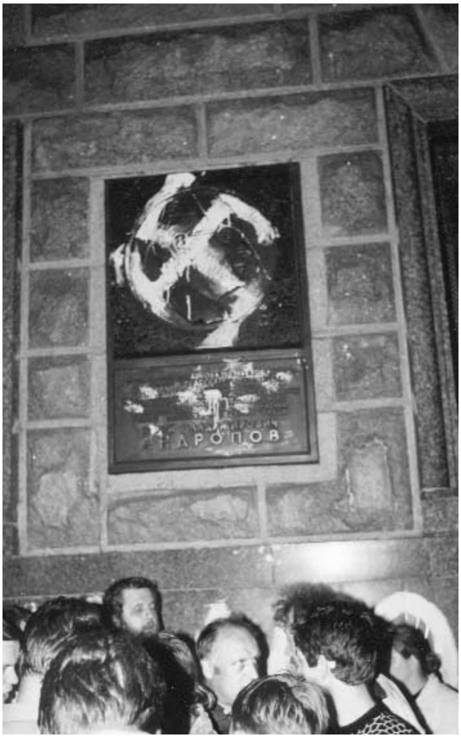

The entrance of Lubyanka was defaced with a swastika on the evening of August 22, 1991.

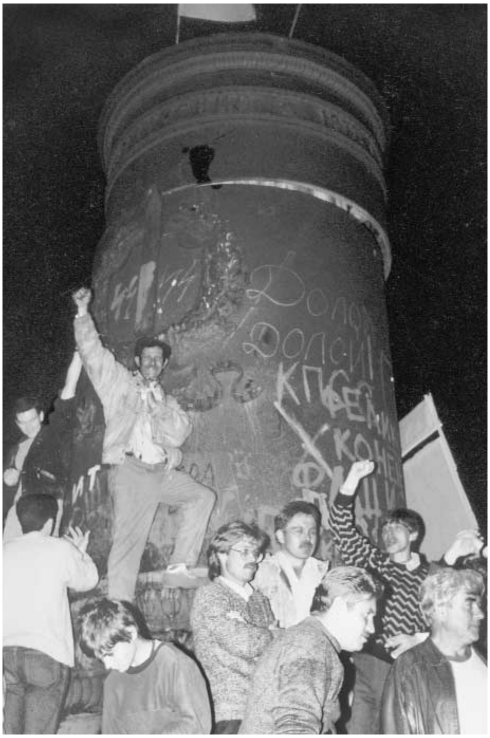

The pedestal that held the statue of "Iron Felix," Dzerzhinsky Square, August 22, 1991.

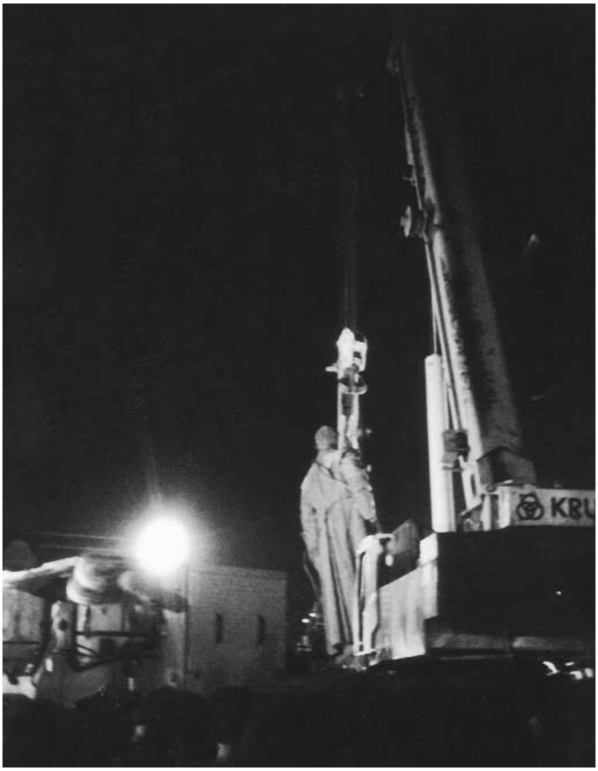

“Iron Felix” being hauled down by a German-built crane on the night of August 22, 1991.

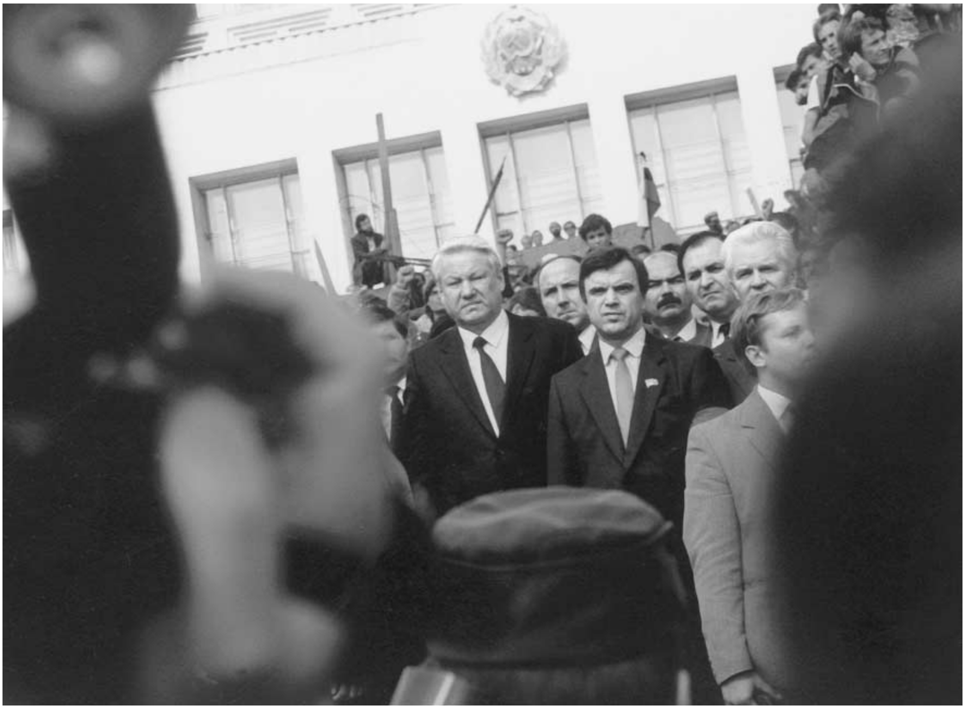

Boris Yeltsin, captured on film by a CIA officer, at the Russian Parliament in August 1991.

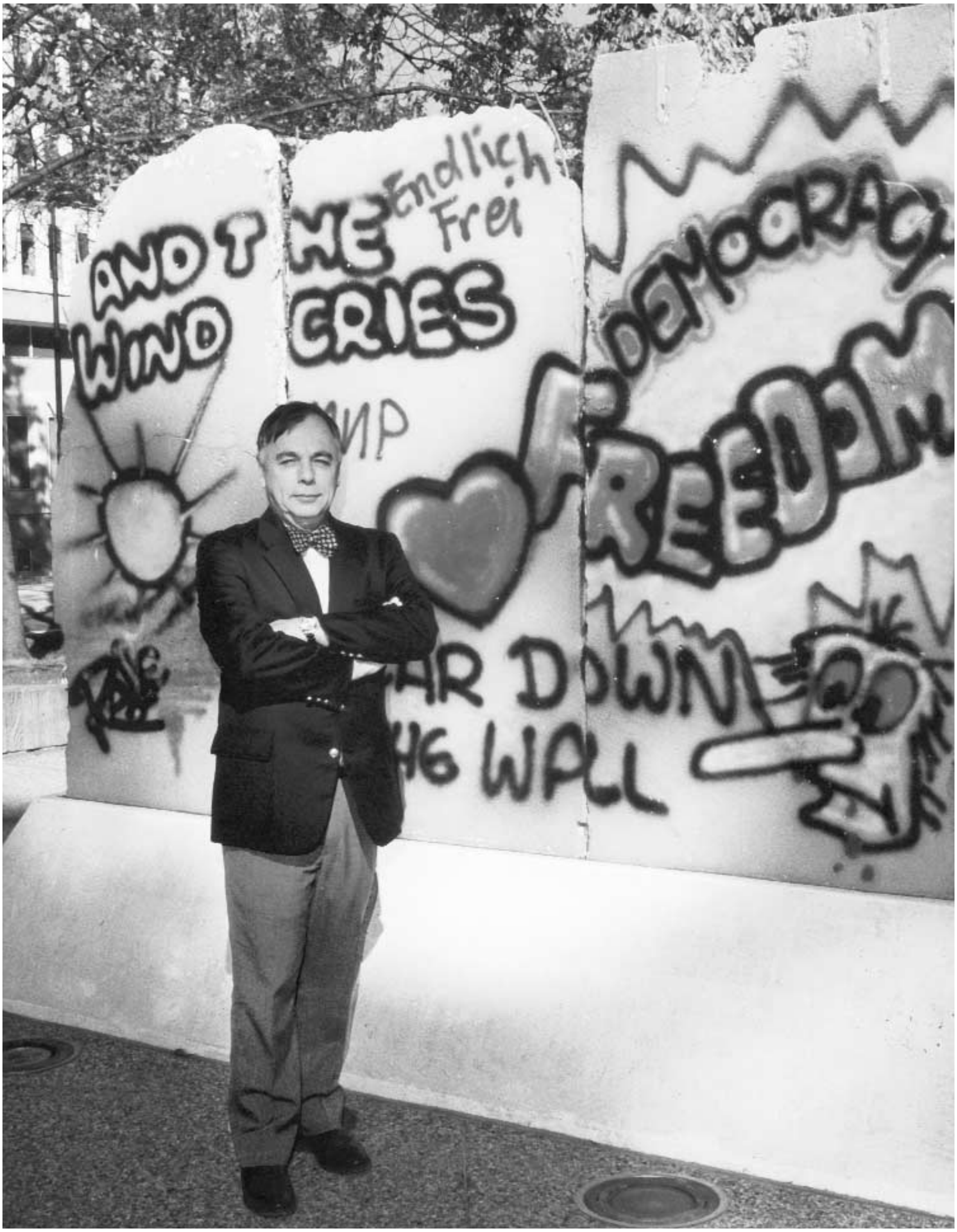
AND THE
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Paul Redmond in front of a fragment of the Berlin Wall at CIA headquarters.

7

Islamabad, March 1987

Bill Casey died a month before the snows began to melt in the high passes, but not until after he'd been able to see the first signs of the turnaround in Afghanistan he was so certain would come. Negotiations with the Soviets in Geneva were becoming increasingly intense, and there was a growing sense they'd finally concluded they couldn't win. But there were still few in Washington who believed they would just pack up and leave Afghanistan anytime soon. So the war went on.

I never saw the DCI again after my meeting with him in July 1986, but even with all of his luck running out at the same moment, he hadn't forgotten that I was out there trying to carry out what he'd ordered. Just before he collapsed in December, he honored me with distinguished officer rank, a tribute that went to one or two senior officers in each directorate at the end of each year. I never had a chance to thank him.

Bob Gates had been selected by Casey himself to succeed him as DCI, but after a congressional confirmation process marked by bitter accusations against Gates for every misdeed from cooking the books on assessments of the USSR to intentionally keeping himself out of the loop on the Iran-contra affair, Gates withdrew. It would take until May before FBI Director Judge William Webster would be nominated for the Langley job. He would be easily confirmed by a Congress still smarting over missing the chance to bring Bill Casey to heel.

Heading into my second fighting season, I was mercifully far from the politics of Washington and able to concentrate on the war. I was convinced that the now mystical triumph of the Stinger had to be followed by other powerful successes if we were to keep up the fragile momentum we'd established. To achieve this, we needed a succession of "silver bullets" to both sustain the high energy of the Afghan resistance and keep Moscow on the run. If the rebels were seen as growing in strength and determination, the Soviet leader's hand could only be strengthened as he guided the USSR out of Afghanistan. There was no urging from Washington to ease up, as if that might encourage the Soviets to leave the field earlier. Thus, 1987 would be marked by all-out pressure.

Jack Devine had left to take over in Rome and was replaced by Frank Anderson, an officer with broad experience in the Near East. At forty-five, the tall, athletic Anderson had done service in rough-and-tumble Lebanon, where he had also studied Arabic early in his career. Serving in the wilds of Yemen and in a string of countries across the Maghreb, Anderson had come to understand the shifting realities of the world of Islam. But it was in Washington that he had developed his sharpest political skills. He was a natural for the Afghan Task Force, and to my great fortune, the handover from Jack Devine to Frank Anderson was seamless.

By the spring of 1987, the menace from the air had subsided, in large part because of the Soviet and DRA decision to fly above the Stinger's ceiling. Soviet armor had become the new challenge. Though we'd been asked repeatedly over the years to provide something, anything, to give the resistance an edge over Soviet tanks and armored personnel carriers (APCs), nothing had worked. The problem was range. The antiarmor weapons in the mujahideen arsenal—RPG-7s and the 75 mm and 82 mm recoilless rifles—were limited to about a three-hundred-yard killing radius as they were employed by the Afghans. A three-hundred-yard duel usually meant that a mujahideen gunner might get a shot off at a tank or APC, but as often as not he would be killed as soon as he fired.

To turn the tables, Anderson decided to deliver a new weapon, if possible, every few months. He concentrated on antiarmor systems that would foster the same jubilation among the Afghan fighters as the Stinger and cultivate the same sense of dread among the enemy forces. The results were magic. Within a few months, I took delivery of two new antitank weapons that did for armor what the Stinger had done for aviation. Anderson's covert arms procurement team first came up with the French-made Milan antitank missile. The Milan, when fired, trailed behind it a thin copper wire through which the gunner sent electrical, course-correcting commands as the missile flew toward its target. With an effective range of at least three thousand yards, the Milan increased the killing range of the mujahideen tenfold, and soon reports of spectacular successes were flowing back from the battlefront, along with anecdotal reports of excited reactions among Soviet and, especially, DRA armor commanders upon discovering the telltale copper wires strung across the rugged battlefields. In one particularly spirited battle on the Jalalabad plain at the mouth of the Konar Valley, a Milan gunner brought down an MI-24D hovering low over the battlefield, an act that added new verses to the Afghan ballads of war. Eastern Afghanistan, where most of the Milans were deployed, was perfect ambush country, and soon after its deployment we saw fewer tank probes out into the field.

The next silver bullet came directly out of the Warsaw Pact arsenal. Anderson's team acquired a supply of Soviet-designed SPG-9s, 73 mm recoilless rifles, and sent them by air to Pakistan. The SPG-9 had an effective range of about a thousand yards, roughly triple the killing range of the older recoilless rifles in the resistance inventory. As the mujahideen began to train on the new weapon, they couldn't conceal their enthusiasm at being able to reach out to targets at three and four times the range they'd been limited to over the years. I even took a couple of shots myself at a white tank chalked onto a cliff about eleven hundred yards away. I got one bull's-eye and one too close to call—but both worth a resounding "*Allah hu Akhbar!*" from the Afghan trainees gathered around me as I lay on the ground, firing the slender antitank round across the valley of the temporary training camp. All through the next fighting season the mujahideen kept up the pressure with hit-and-run ambushes, and in the major Soviet and DRA assaults of the season, the new systems were crucial.

But the introduction of each new silver bullet brought with it the problem of distribution to the resistance parties. Those who were issued the weapons were winners, and those who did not get the new weapons were the complainers. The new antitank systems were issued to commanders in eastern Afghanistan, where much of the fighting was taking place and where the systems would do the most good. Certainly they were of more use in Paktia and Nangarhar, where the Soviets were still mounting major assaults, than they'd be in the Panjshir Valley, which had settled into a quiet lull. Ahmad Shah Massoud appeared to have established an undeclared cease-fire with the Soviet 40th Army and now spent much of his time shoring up his position politically across the north of Afghanistan.

As negotiators in Geneva inched closer to a political settlement, the Afghan resistance parties began to jockey for position for the post-Soviet period. Ahmad Shah Massoud was far ahead of the other major resistance leaders as he formed his Supreme Council of the North, a loose union of northern commanders that would one day become known as the Northern Alliance. But Gulbuddin Hekmatyar, Massoud's archenemy, would not be far behind in preparing for a showdown after the Soviet withdrawal, which he believed would soon come. As these and other commanders and party leaders sought their own advantages, I would become increasingly embroiled in the fractious politics of a war drawing to a close.

Islamabad, March 1987

Congressional criticism of the CIA's perceived favoritism of the Afghan fundamentalist parties over the moderates had been manageable as long as successes continued on the battlefield and there was no clear end in sight. But as evidence of a developing Soviet exit strategy grew, Washington's distaste for the fundamentalists mounted, and it was only natural that their attention should focus on the dark and mistrustful favorite of the ISI, Gulbuddin Hekmatyar, and his Hisb-e-Islami.

At least some of the stories about Gulbuddin's idiosyncratic evil deeds were, I knew, traceable to black propaganda originating with the KGB's disinformation teams in Kabul. Others could be traced to Indian intelligence operations or to moderate Afghan party leaders working Capitol Hill. To deal with the growing stream of congressional inquiries on Hekmatyar and our alleged favoritism toward him, I needed a better measure of the man—something more than the "group therapy" observations I had made up until then. I told Akhtar I wanted a meeting with Gulbuddin—just the two of us, I insisted.

A couple of days after my request, Colonel Bacha brought Gulbuddin into a small interview room at ISI headquarters, bare except for three chairs and a low table. On Bacha's heels came a steward with a pot of tea, three cups, and a plate of cookies. As the colonel was about to take a seat, I laid my hand on his shoulder and said that General Akhtar had given me his assurances that the meeting would be a strictly one-on-one affair. Bacha's services would not be needed, as the engineer spoke excellent English. The colonel muttered something to Gulbuddin in Pashto, which I assumed was a reassurance that he'd be standing by outside the door if needed, and grudgingly left the room.

Gulbuddin Hekmatyar's family were Ghilzai Pashtuns of the nomadic Kharotai tribe, who had migrated from Ghazni in the Pashtun east to Kunduz in northern Afghanistan. Gulbuddin studied for two years in the military high school in Kabul, but he left before graduating. He entered the College of Engineering at the University of Kabul but failed to complete his studies there, too, and found his calling instead as a political activist and fervent Islamist, becoming involved in the Kabul campus Islamic Movement's Muslim Youth branch. He took up violent opposition to the Communists, who were by then strengthening their hold on Afghan politics, and was jailed for two years for murdering a Maoist-Communist opponent. It was also during this period that he had his first of many confrontations with another student activist at the university, a young Tajik from the Panjshir Valley, Ahmad Shah Massoud. The two activists would vie for center stage in the Afghan drama for the next thirty years.

After his release from prison in the early 1970s, Hekmatyar fled to Peshawar, where, along with other Afghan Islamists, and with the support of Pakistan, he became a fundamentalist activist against the government of the Afghan Republic. In 1975, after the Islamist-instigated rebellion against the Afghan government failed, Gulbuddin formed his own radical party, the Hisb-e-Islami, the Party of Islam.

Gulbuddin pulled out his agate prayer beads and began to run the beads through his fingers, one at a time. He had come because he had been forced to and appeared in no hurry to open the conversation himself.

"I'd like to thank you, Engineer, for making yourself available to meet with me this morning," I said, eager to get down to business. "I know how pressing matters are with you."

There was the faintest nod, but no response.

I went directly to the point. "Engineer Gulbuddin, you know we're committed to helping your people, but you go out of your way to irritate Americans. Is there something I ought to know, something I'm missing?" Gulbuddin wasn't an engineer, and I knew it. But resistance party leaders came in only two categories—clerics and engineers. If a commander or party head wasn't addressed by the clerical titles of "mullah" or "maulvi," then it had better be "engineer." So Engineer Gulbuddin it would be.

"I can't answer for the irritation of the Americans," he said with clipped impatience. "That would be your concern."

This guy really doesn't like us, I thought. "It started two years ago when you refused to meet with our President Reagan, and it continues. I don't really care what you think of the United States, but your attitude makes it difficult for me to help your commanders in Afghanistan."

"How so?" Gulbuddin heard a threat in what I'd just said. Perhaps I was going to tell him that I would see that his commanders were cut off from the supply lines.

"Because your reputation as a brutal fundamentalist," I said, using the terminology to provoke him, "who hates the United States as much as he hates the Soviet Union is well known in Washington. The story is spread around Washington by your brothers in the jihad, with their complaints that you receive more support from your Pakistani brothers than you deserve. These complaints end up with me. Some in my government say we should provide you with nothing. That distracts me. And it could cause problems for your commanders."

"What is brutal fundamentalism?" Gulbuddin said, clicking his prayer beads.

"You know as well as I do the stories of your throwing acid in the faces of young women at Kabul University for not wearing the veil—"

"Fantasy. That never happened."

"That you personally killed your own party members for disloyalty. That you execute the prisoners your commanders take, particularly Hazaras and Jowzjanis."

"This is more fantasy. It is trivial. My party is disciplined, but—"

"Is it fantasy or is it trivial, Engineer Gulbuddin? There is a difference."

To this he did not respond.

"These things are important to me because my government thinks they're important," I continued. "I wouldn't have taken your time or mine if these matters were either fantasy or trivial."

"I am fighting an enemy that is brutal, and I match their brutality. But the stories are lies, and they are unimportant. It's not important what your government thinks of me. I don't need support from you or your Congress. I can capture enough weapons from the enemy to fight the jihad."

"Stingers, Engineer? Can you capture Stingers?" It was widely known that Engineer Ghaffar, the commander of the Stinger team that brought down the first MI-24Ds at Jalalabad the previous September, was from Gulbuddin's party.

"The means to fight belong to the people of Afghanistan."

This guy is a tough nut, I thought. His world shifts seamlessly between fact and fantasy. "Engineer Gulbuddin, what matter is there of importance that you'd like to discuss?"

"Let's talk about why you plan to kill me. I know what you're planning to do."

"I'm planning to kill you?"

"Yes, maybe even you. Maybe now. You're armed. I can see that." Hekmatyar was looking under my left arm at what he must have thought was a weapon pressing against my jacket. I opened my jacket so that he could see there was no weapon, just a wallet.

Gulbuddin smiled slightly. "They say you are always armed."

"The colonel says this?"

Gulbuddin smiled but did not answer. The truth was I was armed, but the Makarov I usually carried was in the small of my back where he couldn't see it.

"Why would I want to kill you?" I said, and for a fleeting moment thought that Hekmatyar had actually come up with a good idea. I would in later years often wonder how it might have played out if I had dropped him then and there.

"Because the United States has understood that we have now defeated the Soviet Union, a superpower like the United States. And the United States can no longer feel safe with me alive. That's why you feel you must kill me."

"I think the engineer flatters himself," I said.

Gulbuddin fingered his beads and smiled, but his dark eyes showed nothing. "Yes, perhaps I flatter myself."

The meeting ended with the same tension with which it had begun. I accomplished nothing beyond having spent some time alone with the man who would be a problem for the rest of my time in Pakistan. I would have two more such meetings with Hekmatyar, and other officers on my staff would meet with his closest deputies. But of the leaders of the Peshawar Seven, it would be only Gulbuddin Hekmatyar whom I would have to count as an enemy, and a dangerous one. And, ironically, I would never be able to shake the allegations that the CIA had chosen this paranoid radical as its favorite, that we were providing this man who had directly insulted the President of the United States with more than his share of the means to fight the Soviets. Gulbuddin would later claim that at one of our meetings I had tried to buy him off with an offer of several million dollars, which, of course, he claimed he'd turned down.

Islamabad, March 1987

The CIA's covert action program in Afghanistan was congressionally mandated and funded, an arrangement that brought more oversight from Congress than was the case with any other agency activity, with the exception of the covert action in Central America. On balance, congressional interest in the Afghan program was positive. If anything, we at the CIA felt that Congress might just love what we were doing in Afghanistan a little too much. Some members of Congress seemed more determined to drive the Soviets out of Afghanistan than many in the executive branch directly involved with the war. One of these was

Congressman Charlie Wilson, the flamboyant Texas Democrat from the rural second district deep in the piney woods northeast of Houston.

A 1956 graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy, Charlie Wilson was elected to the Texas State Legislature while he was still on active duty in the U.S. Navy. Having served aboard a destroyer in his early Navy days, Wilson ended up in the Intelligence Directorate (G-2) on the Joint Staff at the Pentagon. He was elected to the U.S. Congress in 1972, arrived in Washington in 1973, and by the time the Soviets invaded Afghanistan in 1979, he was an established member of the Democratic machine, a man whose personal flair and flashy womanizing masked a deep substance and a steadfast loyalty to the cause he had chosen to champion. Well over six feet tall and rail thin, Charlie would be described by one profiler as a Texan who could "strut while sitting down." He reveled in telling stories of his womanizing, particularly if there was the slightest chance that a prude was within earshot. He told and retold the story of how Bill Casey had noted in wonderment that all the young women working in Charlie's Washington office were uniformly and strikingly attractive. Charlie's response, which he later only mildly regretted, was, "Bill, you can teach 'em how to type, but you can't teach 'em how to grow tits." That comment and others would make Charlie a standing target of opportunity for Washington feminists, but it added panache to a man whose main cause as a congressman would be tormenting the Soviets until they turned around and left Afghanistan.

Charlie made his first trip to Pakistan in 1982 and on that visit struck up a personal relationship with President Zia that would last and deepen until the president's death six years later. That visit would be followed by many more, plus a few cross-border forays into Afghanistan. But it would be in Washington that Charlie Wilson would make the most difference to the CIA's effort in Afghanistan. By the early 1980s, the Texas congressman was a member of the Defense Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee, a position that enabled him to identify and generate funding for the CIA's Afghanistan program. More than any other member of either house, Charlie fashioned Congress into the engine that drove the CIA's program for Afghanistan. He understood early on that if he was able to get an assignment to the House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence

(HPSCI), that assignment, linked with work on the House Appropriations Committee, would put him in charge of the congressional component of the CIA effort in Afghanistan.

But House Speaker Jim Wright had problems with Charlie going on the HPSCI; the Democrats on the committee were blocking the maverick Texan because he had voted on the floor for continuing aid to the Nicaraguan contras. That vote had elicited the ire of what Charlie referred to as "the liberals" in his party, in particular Jim Wright, who was deeply committed to cutting off all aid to the contras. Behind the scenes, Dick Cheney lobbied for Wilson's assignment to the HPSCI, and after Charlie gave Wright his assurances that he would concentrate on Afghanistan and, as he would later characterize it, that he "wouldn't fuck around in Central America," he got the HPSCI assignment. From that point on, he was perfectly situated to concentrate on his central political passion—driving the Soviets out of Afghanistan and tormenting them in the process.

A man of his word, Charlie never touched the Central American tar baby again, even when Bill Casey was in desperate need of just such a congressional champion. After Jim Wright fell afoul of the House Ethics Committee and was replaced by Tom Foley, Wilson stayed focused on Afghanistan and left Central America to others.

My first contact with Charlie came in June 1986, just before I went out to Islamabad. Since we were both from Texas, Charlie and I spoke the same language and hit it off immediately. I had come to appreciate greatly what he was doing for us—it seemed that whenever we needed another $20 million urgently for the development of some new system for the Afghan resistance, Charlie would find us $40 million. And so it went. After I arrived in Pakistan, Charlie would be the first of many congressional delegations coming our way, and always my most challenging. The very term *codel* for "congressional delegation" would normally strike something close to fear in the heart of a U.S. mission abroad. But a Codel Wilson would mix delight and confusion with the usual dose of fear.

If Charlie's central political passion was pushing the Soviets out of Afghanistan, the congressman was not without other delights. His constant traveling companion in those days was Annelise Ilschenko, a stunning woman from the Cleveland Ukrainian community who had come to Washington as a member of an Ohio congressman's staff. In the mid-1970s, Annelise had managed to capture the Miss World USA crown, an achievement that qualified her to fit neatly into the dazzling retinue of the colorful congressman from Texas. How she blended into the scheme of the rigidly Islamist North-West Frontier Province, where she was a frequent fixture with Charlie, was another matter. With Annelise often wearing leather pants in the Khyber Agency, I was never sure whether the rugged Afridis in the Khyber Agency thought she was a woman or a boy, or whether it even mattered to them. Annelise, to put it mildly, made an impression in the North-West Frontier Province.

Islamabad, March 1987

Akhtar's aide had called me at the office with a curt request. "A car is on the way," he said. "The general needs to see you right away."

I was escorted past the Pakistan Army guards at the entrance to ISI headquarters and directly into Akhtar's conference room. The normal five-minute wait—engineered, I thought, as a reminder of the general's sense of our pecking order—was cut to less than a minute. Akhtar breezed into the room alone, sat down, and got right to business. He ignored the mess steward who set a pot of black tea and cookies on the table between us. I steeled myself for a possible tirade from the general and imagined any number of possible complaints.

"It's Charlie," Akhtar said. "He's very unhappy."

Leaning back in my chair with a sense of relief that the issue "only" involved the Texas congressman, I scrolled back and considered Charlie's activities over the last few months. He had made a couple of short forays into Afghanistan before I took over the program, and I knew he'd planned another, more grandiose visit a few weeks back. But as he'd reached zero line near Miram Shah, he was stopped by the Pakistani Frontier Forces on the orders of his friend General Akhtar. Charlie had told me he'd been stopped cold at the border, but he'd concealed how disappointed he'd been.

"Charlie is not happy," the general repeated, still trying to prompt a comment from me.

"This is true, I suppose. He told me he was stopped at zero line. Why'd you stop him? It wouldn't have been the first time he'd gone in."

"I stopped him because it wasn't safe. Everybody in the North-West Frontier knew he was going in. What would I do if someone killed him?"

"I can see your point," I said. "But I think you've asked me here because a deeply unhappy Charlie Wilson has more potential for trouble for you than a freshly martyred one."

Akhtar smiled weakly, seeing that I understood his problem. "Exactly," he said. "And the president has also heard of this. So what do we do?"

The mention of the president added a special texture to the problem. I could only imagine the discussion Akhtar and Zia might have had about Charlie's disappointment.

"Why not arrange a trip for Charlie and his friends?" I said. "Exciting and safe."

"Arrange?" Akhtar pondered.

"Yes. You make sure that everything goes according to a script and that everybody walks away a winner, especially Charlie."

"You'll clear this with your headquarters?" Akhtar asked tentatively.

"Not a chance. This is your show, but I'll be happy to help out in the background."

"You won't tell Washington?" Akhtar seemed incredulous over what he must have thought was a total breach of discipline on my part.

"I can't think of anyone at my headquarters who would want to know in advance about Charlie Wilson going off to war."

Akhtar shrugged. "I think he wants to fire a Stinger."

Jesus, I thought. We've just gone from a grade B movie script to a Cecil B. De Mille production.

"Maybe there could be some Soviet or DRA aircraft activity in the area when Charlie goes in," I said. "With all the talk on the frontier about him going into Paktia, the Soviets will surely hear about it. Maybe they'd like to drop a little ordnance to welcome him."

Akhtar grimaced. "That's precisely why I stopped him last time."

"But there ought to be a few real Stinger teams in the area. Not just Charlie and a Stinger." I ignored Akhtar's temporary retreat.

"And you don't think your headquarters would want to know about this?"

"General," I said, "there's no one at Langley who'd want to have anything to do with this one way or another. Nobody would want to tell me to support it or to prevent it. And I won't burden them with *our* little problem."

Akhtar just shook his head in resignation. "I'll get my people working on it and get back with you," he said. Then he abruptly changed the subject. "Milton, we have to do something about the MiG-21 pilot."

"Do something?" I asked, taken aback by the change of course in the conversation.

"He's not adjusting well," Akhtar said somewhat cryptically.

The MiG-21 pilot to which the general was referring was a young DRA fighter pilot who had flown his jet into Pakistan a few months earlier to accept a standing offer of a cash bounty to any Afghan Air Force pilot who defected with his aircraft. The CIA had standing orders for any and all Soviet aircraft, and my predecessor, Bill Piekney, had been successful in acquiring a flyable MI-25 attack helicopter two years earlier. The jet fighter had been a welcome addition to the growing USAF inventory of Soviet warplanes.

"What do you mean, he's not adjusting well?"

Akhtar fidgeted. "He thought things would be different here. He'd been fed up with the closed-in life in Afghanistan and thought he'd get to celebrate a little more here."

"Celebrate?"

"You know how these young guys are. They want to get leaked." Now Akhtar was actually squirming.

"Leaked?" I asked, thoroughly enjoying the general's discomfort.

"Yes. Maybe you can have your people take the young man to Bangkok or somewhere. It's hard to get a young man leaked here in Islamabad." Akhtar rolled his eyes a little, as if sharing a personal confidence.

"I understand, General. You want us to take this fighter pilot somewhere and get him *laid*?"

A light went on. "Yes, laid! That's what he needs," Akhtar declared.

So I left ISI headquarters with the dual problems of a Texas congressman who, legend had it, never had trouble getting laid and who more than anything else wanted to go to war, and an Afghan fighter pilot who wanted out of his war and more than anything else to go to Bangkok to get laid.

In the end, we'd take care of them both.

Paktia Province, Afghanistan, May 1987

Several weeks later, Charlie Wilson was back in Pakistan. This time he crossed over zero line without mishap. He was accompanied by the Gucci commander, Rahim Wardak, and some very tough fighters from Jalaluddin Haqqani's militias in Paktia Province. The group, with Charlie riding a white stallion, traveled into the Khowst region, mounted a few attacks on the Soviet and DRA garrisons there, and marauded the countryside. Though he never got to fire his Stinger—Haqqani's people had actually dragged chains and tires on the dirt roads in a futile attempt to attract enemy fighter aircraft to the clouds of dust—he did manage to have a memorable combat tour at the front. I stayed hidden in the "long grass" throughout, coordinating as best I could with Akhtar to make sure all went well and all our friends returned home safely.

Charlie would make yet another trip into Afghanistan as the Soviets were in full retreat. But for that visit he would bring a CBS *60 Minutes* crew led by Harry Reasoner and producer George Crile. The whole team—producer, correspondent, rock star Charlie Wilson on a new white stallion, camera- and soundmen, and a gaggle of mujahideen—went off to celebrate the victory over the Soviet garrison at Ali Khel. The CBS show that finally aired ended with Mohammed Zia ul-Haq's lasting three-word assessment of how the war in Afghanistan had been won:

"Charlie did it."

8

Islamabad, Late April 1987

The call from Clair George came through to my secure communications center in Islamabad late in the afternoon. There was none of the usual opening banter; Clair was all business.

"Milt, I want you to think very carefully before you answer the question I am about to ask. Do you understand?"

"I understand, Clair," I said, wondering what the hell and how big the issue was that had prompted the call from the DDO. I had worked for Clair for years, and this was the first time he had ever gone to the bother of calling me directly in the field on the secure line.

"Were you in any way involved in an attack on an industrial site deep inside the Soviet Union . . . in Uzbekistan . . . anytime in the last month?"

There it was. Clair wasn't trying to prompt an answer with his careful, almost lawyerly, question. He was just conveying to me the seriousness of the matter and giving me a chance to forgo a flip answer right off the bat. The fact that this was a secure line without an official record was also not lost on me. As it turned out, the answer was easy.

"No, Clair. If anything like that is going on, we're not involved here. You can say straight out that the agency is not involved."

"Absolutely uninvolved? No foreknowledge?" Clair's voice lightened a little, but he was still insistent. He wanted no room for misunderstanding.

"Clair, I don't know precisely what you're talking about, but I can say I had absolutely no foreknowledge of any attack across the Amu Dar'ya. But if it happened, and if they used weapons we have provided, would that mean involvement? I don't think so. We stand by our position that once the stuff's delivered to the Paks, we lose all control over it."

"Please say again that there was no involvement in the planning or execution of an attack, any attack, on Soviet territory."

"Clair, that's absolutely correct. We have not been involved in any way with planning or carrying out attacks on the Soviet Union."

"That's fine, Milt. You may or may not be getting a cable on this. If you do get one, answer it just the way you answered me."

"Okay, Clair, but how about a question?"

"Sure."

"What the hell is going on?"

"There has been some discussion between Dobrynin and Shultz over certain matters in the USSR last week. I just wanted to be sure to have your input."

What Clair might have said was that he wanted to be sure that I wasn't off freelancing with the Pakistanis and the mujahideen by carrying the war across the Amu Dar'ya into the Soviet Union. Clair never sent the cable, and I never heard from him on the matter again. But I decided to find out what ISI knew about the incident.

Islamabad, Late April 1987

Major General Hamid Gul would have been a tough armor officer in anybody's army. His reputation for boldness and unconventional action had been established during the tense days of the India-Pakistan confrontation five months earlier, when the Indian Army carried out its training exercise on Pakistan's border. Gul, then an armor commander in Multan in southern Punjab, had caused a flurry of concern in the Indian general staff when his division had "gone missing." He had, in fact, quickly and secretly moved his armor out of garrison and kept it away from India's prying eyes for much of the exercise, raising expectations that he might strike into India's Punjab Province from almost any direction.

After the tensions on the Indian border subsided, President Zia made one of his periodic shuffles at the top of his general staff and promoted Akhtar, who was then head of ISI, to lieutenant general and assigned him as chairman of the joint staffs committee. Hamid Gul was transferred from Multan to take over at ISI. In my first meeting with him, Gul told me that he was a "moderate Islamist," a tough disciplinarian, and open-minded. I told him I thought we'd get along fine, if for no other reason than because the job demanded it. After a few meetings, I thought I spotted a side of Hamid Gul that could make the slide from "daring and bold" to plucky or even harebrained, and much later I would find that I was right.

I called on Gul at ISI headquarters shortly after Clair's tense telephone call and found him primed to talk about the incursion across Amu Dar'ya. With him was Brigadier Mohammed Yousaf, his chief of military operations, whom I had come to consider my single greatest adversary in ISI. Yousaf resented the American involvement in his program and made few bones about it. If he could have his way, the United States would simply deliver sixty thousand tons of ordnance each year to Karachi, throw in a few hundred million in cash, and leave the rest to him. He didn't welcome our suggestions and generally ignored anything that looked like a demand. I had decided that one way or another, it would be better for Yousaf to move on, but it would take a while to make that happen.

I took one look at the scene with Yousaf and the note taker and decided I wanted to clear the room. "General, let's dispense with the formalities and go straight into an executive session," I said. I was referring to a protocol for a meeting between just me and the ISI director general. There would be no aides, no note takers, no written record. Gul nodded and dismissed his two officers with a wave of his hand. I glanced at Yousaf as he left the room and got a look in return that convinced me I had at least one enemy in ISI.

"This is about events in the USSR?" Gul said as soon as we were alone.

"It is indeed, General."

"There was an . . . occurrence in the last days, but I have been assured that the order has been sent that put an end to such things."

"How's that possible, General? How can you call back these operations? I've always been told by Yousaf that such things were spontaneous."

Gul fidgeted. I guessed he'd come under pressure from his own government and was improvising his story about the strike across the Amu Dar'ya.

"I have assured the prime minister that I have issued orders that there will be no further incursions into the USSR for the time being."

General Gul still hadn't answered my question on how he could stop the attacks. The prime minister, Mohammed Khan Junejo, a politician from Sindh Province, was now running the parliament in a hybrid democracy that left Zia in power as both president and chief of Army staff. It was my bet that Zia was letting Junejo handle this hot potato and that Gul was feeling the pressure without Zia there to cover his back. Zia might even have been amused to watch the drama from a distance.

"General, there have been representations in Washington, and I have been bluntly asked for assurances that there was no American involvement in the incident. I've given those assurances."

Gul smiled. "I'm sure the representations in Washington and your conversations about them would not have achieved the level of bluntness of the conversation Sahabzada had with the Soviet ambassador two days ago."

A former Army general and wartime hero, Sahabzada Yaqub Khan was Pakistan's flamboyant and able foreign minister. I could only imagine how a conversation between Hamid Gul and the headstrong old warrior Sahabzada Yaqub Khan might have gone. At least it explained the uncertainty I'd seen in Gul since our session began.

"I'm not so sure, General. The Soviet ambassador in Washington had a very frank discussion with George Shultz. I'm sure the messages were about the same."

"The Soviets left the impression that the response to any future attacks would be at their source, meaning here in Pakistan. I doubt the Soviets hinted at attacking the United States." For the first time in our conversation, Hamid Gul smiled, but his smile was full of irony and a little pain.

"I have no idea what was said, General. I can only guarantee you that there was a certain level of excitement."

"Yes, a certain level of excitement." Gul smiled again. "I've ordered it stopped immediately," he repeated, and I thought I detected in his words a hint of an admission that he might not be fully in control.

"Will it stop?" I pressed.

"Yes," he said resolutely. "The effort will be stopped. How quickly is another matter."

Gul was finally opening up. He would, no doubt, follow orders. It was clear that he had inherited a problem, one in which he didn't have a great personal stake. But it was also clear that he had been on the job long enough to have difficulty blaming everything on his predecessor, who, in any case, was very much under the protection of Zia.

"General," I said, "we're going to have to work closely together as we bring this war to some sort of a conclusion. And we'll have to be willing to meet in executive sessions and to be as open with each other as we have been today. If Brigadier Yousaf had been with us, I doubt that we could have been as frank with each other."

"You're right, Milton," Gul said. "We'll have to keep our eyes on both the war and the politics."

I left that meeting understanding that the armor officer was still at the low end of his learning curve. But I saw something in his eyes that told me he would take to the political side of the job, maybe even come to like it one day.

A day later, I received the first of a series of discreet telephone calls from Gul's predecessor, General Akhtar. Would I be free for a quiet dinner at his quarters in Rawalpindi Cantonment that evening, just the two of us? I said I would.

Rawalpindi, Late April 1987

Akhtar had not moved into the quarters reserved for the chairman of the joint staffs in Rawalpindi Cantonment. He preferred instead to stay put in his old quarters because of their proximity to Zia's residence. He received me in the driveway of his colonial bungalow and accompanied me to his dining room, where we had a working dinner of chicken tikka, creamed spinach qorma, seekh kabob, and dal, along with freshly made chapatis and roghi nan, the flat breads baked in a tandoor. Akhtar, as was his custom, ate sparingly. The meeting wasn't about the dinner; it was about what was going on in the Afghan program since he had left.

I preempted Akhtar's agenda with my own by asking a point-blank question. "General, Bill Casey briefed me fully on his discussions with you about operations across the Amu Dar'ya."

"Casey was always interested in doing something up there," Akhtar said, a note of suspicion in his voice.

"I know, but there were always other voices urging caution," I said. "I'm afraid Bill Casey was impatient with those who didn't appreciate his ideas for the Central Asian republics."

"It all started with Casey's idea to send the Uzbek-language Korans across in numbers. But then your people backed out. I think we took the idea and improved on it."

"I'm sure you did, General. Though your operations might have been more effective than even you might have planned. There has been much discussion of some events north of Termez. . . ."

Akhtar's defenses were up again. He looked down and fiddled with his food. When he spoke again, there was an edge of irritation in his voice. "I have heard that they may have gone a bit too far. But how can you stop those people? You and I know that they're all the same people . . . north of the Amu Dar'ya or south of it, they're all kin. Any problems there are of the Soviets' own making. They drove their own people down into Afghanistan in the 1920s. Now they're just getting paid back!"

"Of course, General, but you'll agree that this might fall under the category of, how would President Zia put it, boiling the pot over?"

Akhtar caught the note in my voice when Zia's name was mentioned.

"Has the president become involved in this?"

"I haven't heard. I think it has fallen to the prime minister and to Sahabzada. Maybe that is the appropriate level for problems like this."

"Yes," Akhtar said, still waiting, it seemed, for the punch line.

"General, do you think Brigadier Yousaf might be encouraging these cross-border operations because of some mistaken belief that they were what you and the president and Bill Casey wanted . . . that he might be doing this without fully informing Hamid Gul?"

Brigadier Mohammed Yousaf had been involved with the operational side of the Afghan effort for the last four years and was a well-known Akhtar man. He had recently been passed over for promotion to major general and might be on his way out of the program. At least that was the scuttlebutt I'd picked up.

"Yousaf is a good soldier," Akhtar said. "I'm certain that he's keeping Gul advised."

"I'm certainly relieved to hear that, General," I said, and changed the subject to Akhtar's latest fitness program. "How's the treadmill working out?" I asked.

"About three miles a day," he said. "And you, any time for exercise?"

"Just staying ahead of what's happening around here is all I can handle," I answered as I rose to leave.

A few days later, I would learn that Yousaf had retired from the Army, though a connection between his departure and the Uzbek operation was never clear to me. I did subsequently hear from contacts in the Army that Brigadier Yousaf was particularly critical of my stand on incursions across the Amu Dar'ya—just another example of the Americans being weak-kneed, he'd complained. Yousaf, it turned out, had a hand in planning the incursions into the USSR, though the degree of Akhtar's own involvement remained in doubt. Problems in the Soviet Central Asian republics bordering Afghanistan would continue to plague the Soviets, but there would be no repeats of the tensions of April 1987.

9

Aboard the *Red Arrow* Express, May 1987

Jack Downing, a stocky, handsome Texan in his forties, was considered by many inside the CIA to be Hollywood's version of a CIA case officer—a Harvard man and a Marine veteran. His father had been a naval officer who died at the Battle of Salvo Bay in World War II, and his mother had been a buyer for the original Neiman-Marcus in Dallas. Downing had been raised with high expectations and a sense of duty. He was a straightforward, uncomplicated man, a trait that seemed slightly odd inside the byzantine world of intelligence. But he was also an excellent linguist who picked up languages easily, and he was a careful traditionalist about his espionage tradecraft. He had spied in both Beijing and Moscow, was fluent in Chinese and Russian, and knew more about "denied area" work than just about all the instructors at the Farm combined. During his first tour in Moscow in the 1970s, he had handled TRIGON; now, Gerber was calling him back, and Moscow was to be his. Gerber told him his task was to rebuild the Soviet spy networks that had been so devastated by the 1985 losses.

No matter how many times he had taken the overnight train from Moscow to Leningrad, Jack Downing found it difficult to sit still throughout the more than eight-hour journey aboard the jewel of the Soviet Union's railroad system. The *Krasnaya Strelka,* the *Red Arrow,* had pulled out of Moscow's Leningrad station just before midnight, but it wouldn't arrive at Leningrad's Moscow station until nearly 8:30 A.M. It was inevitable that he would, at some point in the long night, desperately need a cigarette.

It was just after dawn when Downing left his wife and daughter behind in their first-class compartment, threw open the doors between the rocking cars, and walked haltingly back to the *Red Arrow*'s caboose. Spring was arriving in the Soviet Union, and it was just warm enough for Downing to grab a quick smoke in the open air.

"Jek?"

Cigarette in hand, Downing turned quickly and saw a dark young Russian man with flashing eyes and a broad smile.

"Yes," Downing replied, instantly sensing that he was talking with a KGB man. The two were alone at the back of the train, with the wind and the noise of the rails masking their meeting, yet the Russian was still too cautious to say anything further. The man pressed an envelope into Downing's hand and hurried away, back into the darkness of the train's corridor. Downing's case officer instincts suddenly kicked in, and he stuffed the envelope into his coat, waited for the Russian to disappear, and returned to his compartment. The incident had taken no more than one minute.

Even in the privacy of his own compartment, Downing didn't dare take out the envelope to examine its contents. He and his family had been assigned the exact same compartment that Downing was always given by the Soviet rail system when he traveled on the *Red Arrow,* and he assumed that meant it was heavily bugged, probably with both audio and video.

It took all of Downing's patience and training to sit with his wife and daughter for the next several hours in the cramped compartment with the envelope hidden away. But it wasn't until the train pulled into Leningrad and Downing was safely inside the CIA's secure Leningrad office that he finally reviewed what the man had furtively passed him.

As he read, Downing could barely contain his excitement. Inside the envelope, he found a grainy surveillance photograph of himself and his wife as they walked into a Moscow subway station. In the photograph, they were heavily bundled up against the cold, and there was snow piled up in the background. He calculated that the picture had been taken the previous winter, soon after his arrival to take over as Moscow chief. He also found a lengthy note from the young Soviet, stating that he was indeed a KGB officer, that he was increasingly angry and frustrated with the Soviet system, and that he wanted someday to leave for America. Until that day, however, he was ready to spy for the CIA. He had included the photograph of Downing and his wife as proof that he was with the KGB and that he had access to information of unique interest to the CIA chief.

While he didn't give his name during this first message, the Russian stated that he held an important position within the American Department of the KGB's Second Chief Directorate, the spy hunters who watched the CIA's officers in Moscow. He was the executive assistant to the chief of the American Department, and he was also personally in charge of monitoring the CIA's Moscow station chief. He was thus Jack Downing's KGB case officer, so he knew everything the KGB knew about Downing: his work, his travel, his family. Most intriguing, he knew when and where the KGB was following Downing around Moscow and what other secret methods the KGB was using to keep track of him.

Since he was Downing's KGB case officer, he said he would know when it was safe to communicate. He wrote that Downing shouldn't try to contact him or schedule meetings. Instead, he gave Downing a brief list of restaurants and theaters around Moscow that he should visit by car on Friday nights. He should park, leave his car unlocked, and then go inside and eat dinner or watch a movie. The Russian would then leave a message in Downing's car—right under the noses of the KGB's surveillance teams. He could do so because of the peculiarities of the KGB's surveillance habits. On Fridays, the KGB knew, American diplomats received their overseas mail. The KGB was always looking for opportunities to rifle through the mail of key diplomats and CIA officers, looking for anything that would provide a handle on the individual, some hint of vulnerability. So on Friday nights, the Russian could easily explain to the surveillance men with him that he was entering Downing's car to check his briefcase and his mail.

If Downing wanted to send him a message in return, the American could leave a specially marked envelope inside his briefcase in the car. Downing's briefcase, left casually behind in his car, was to be the letter drop, the mailbox for their clandestine communications. The Russian also wrote that he could continue to meet Downing on the *Red Arrow;* he would always know when Downing was scheduled to make another trip to Leningrad.

For Downing, the Russian's sudden appearance couldn't have come at a more opportune moment. Since his return to Moscow in November, Downing had become increasingly worried and depressed by the state of the CIA's operations in Moscow. The 1985 losses had left the CIA with virtually no assets left to run inside the Soviet Union. The PNG war that had erupted following the Daniloff affair had further reduced Moscow's effectiveness, delaying Downing's arrival by several months while several experienced CIA case officers were expelled in the tit-for-tat game with Washington. Meanwhile, Gorbachev's decision to withdraw Soviet administrative and clerical personnel from the U.S. embassy in October in retaliation for President Reagan's decision to oust hundreds of Soviets from the United States had paralyzed the embassy's operations. U.S. embassies, regardless of location, were notoriously more dependent on their local workforce, their so-called foreign service nationals, than were Soviet embassies.

The Clayton Lonetree case in December further shook the CIA; the agency feared that the Marine guard had given the KGB access to Moscow Station. At first, CIA counterintelligence experts believed that Lonetree could not have done much damage by himself; there were always at least two Marine guards on duty at the embassy. But in March, while Downing was in Frankfurt for a meeting with DDO Clair George, the CIA discovered that a second Marine guard, Arnold Bracy, may also have aided the KGB. If Lonetree and Bracy had been conspiring together for the Soviets, it was quite possible that they had given the KGB access to SE Division's crown jewels.

No wonder, then, that CIA officers in Moscow, suffering through such an extended losing streak, were beginning to second-guess themselves and their methods. In its best days, in the late 1970s and early 1980s, Moscow operations had a certain cachet within the CIA, and Moscow case officers walked with the swagger of those who believe they are the best of the best. They had reason to preen: Moscow was then running the most dazzling inventory of agents in CIA history.

But now, everything that had been built in the late 1970s and early 1980s had been swept away, and with it, the confidence of the case officers in Moscow. Murat Natirboff left Moscow in the summer of 1986, just as the KGB was rolling up the last of the CIA's agents; Gerber wanted him replaced. But for the next five months, while Downing cooled his heels waiting for a truce in the PNG war, Moscow went without a chief, and the drift took its toll. There had been too many arrests, too many blown operations, so CIA officers were beginning to see shadows and ghosts.

The American case officers came to believe that it was no longer possible to break free of the KGB in order to conduct operations. They began to mutter about the mysterious, almost mystical capabilities of the KGB to follow their every movement and began to believe the KGB had developed "ultradiscreet surveillance," a new layer of surveillance that kicked in just when you were certain you were free. You could never see this new surveillance, so there was no way to prove it didn't exist. Case officers began to second-guess their instincts on the streets of Moscow, aborting missions at the slightest sign of casual Soviet interest. The new, unspoken mantra in Moscow was that there was no way to beat the KGB.

Downing was eager to snap Moscow out of the doldrums, but even he was beginning to wonder what was going wrong. After Bracy's revelations, Downing was ordered to put Moscow on a new kind of twenty-four-hour-a-day alert status. A CIA officer would have to be in the office at all times, just to make certain no one could get in. Downing decided that he and two other officers would take turns sleeping in the office at night, so that the secured space was never unattended. For this arduous new duty, he picked officers whose cover had already eroded so badly that the KGB had probably identified them as CIA officers; the fact that they were not going home at night wouldn't suddenly compromise their identities as spies to the KGB.

But even this new precaution wasn't enough. Langley soon ordered that every single piece of paper, every fake rock used in dead drops, every piece of equipment and furniture inside the CIA area, be packed up and shipped back to the United States for examination. So for a time, Moscow was stripped to the bare walls while the CIA tried to determine whether the Marines had given the Soviets access to the office.

A close examination of the security measures in Moscow suggested that the KGB had not gotten in. The main door was a vault with a combination lock, and there were two inner doors with locks as well. The Marine guards didn't have the combinations to any of them. The locks also had special counters that revealed how many times they had been opened, and officers were required to keep a log that noted the count on each lock. Similar locks on safes were logged as well. To be sure, the counters on the locks sometimes skipped, causing slight anomalies in the numbers logged. But those anomalies weren't consistent enough to suggest that the KGB had broken in.

What's more, Moscow was equipped with a hidden camera that revealed who had been inside, and an in-depth review of hours of videotapes never showed any KGB entry into the premises. While there were brief gaps when the camera hadn't been working, those gaps were never deemed significant. Despite the CIA's initial concerns, senior CIA officials were soon convinced that the Marines hadn't let the KGB into the CIA's Moscow office.

In the end, the Marine guard spy scandal died away, as the investigation petered out amid heavy criticism of the way the case had been handled by the Navy and other agencies. Officials were never quite sure what Lonetree and Bracy had done and whether the hysteria surrounding the case had led to exaggerations about the extent of their work for the Soviets. But in the spring of 1987, as Jack Downing was trying to rebuild, the Marine spy case was one more bad headache.

So now, just when Downing was getting desperate for a change in fortunes, here was this young Soviet offering him a look at the other side's playbook.

After notifying CIA headquarters about the potential new KGB agent, Downing scrupulously followed the Russian's instructions. Every Friday without fail, he and his wife went out to dinner at one of the preselected restaurants (a list that, unfortunately, didn't include Downing's favorites in Moscow), and each time he left his briefcase tucked away in his car. Inside, he included an envelope with a message for the Russian, asking him for specific information that the CIA was eager to know about KGB operations.

It turned out that the Russian had a mind-bending story to tell. He said that he had unique access to a major new counterintelligence campaign being planned by the Second Chief Directorate to disrupt and confuse the CIA's Moscow operations even further. Over the next few months, the Second Chief Directorate was planning to dangle a series of double agents in front of the CIA, in order to keep the agency so busy, so tied up trying to vet the volunteers, that it couldn't deal with real spies who might actually volunteer. They would be walk-ins, volunteers selected from segments of the Soviet government that the KGB knew were of special interest to the United States. The KGB was changing the rules of the game in Moscow, becoming both more aggressive and more sophisticated in their methods.

Before long, the *Red Arrow* volunteer gave Downing the identities of at least four of the double agents who he said would appear over the next four months, and, like clockwork, they began to approach the Americans, offering information. Now Downing felt he was inside the KGB's game and hoped he could determine which walk-ins were double agents and which might be the real thing.

The KGB man also provided a list of the CIA agents who had been arrested since 1985 and revealed how many had been executed. Other informants had told the CIA about the arrests of some of the compromised agents, but Downing's new source now provided conclusive evidence of the extent of the security breach. Langley had never told Downing how many agents had been lost. So he was stunned when he read the list prepared by his source, who was soon code-named GTPROLOGUE.

CIA Headquarters, Langley, Virginia, May 1987

Burton Gerber shared Jack Downing's excitement about the sudden appearance of PROLOGUE. Since his early days in SE Division, fighting the Angleton paranoia about walk-ins and volunteers, Gerber had developed a rule of thumb that had become accepted wisdom within the CIA: The KGB never dangles one of its own staff officers. The Soviets didn't trust their own people enough to let a KGB officer with access to sensitive information walk into the Americans as part of a double agent operation. How could they be certain that he wouldn't simply keep walking across the line and defect? What's more, the Soviets knew that the CIA and FBI wouldn't believe a KGB officer was a genuine volunteer unless he revealed some important secrets. And the

KGB had never been willing to part with enough secrets to make such a double agent believable. So Burton Gerber had long argued that when a KGB staff officer volunteers to become a spy, he's not a double agent. Why should PROLOGUE be any different?

But slowly a debate within SE Division's senior leadership began to develop about PROLOGUE. The man from the Second Chief Directorate had come along at just the right moment, just when the CIA was desperate for new sources inside Moscow. And he was handing over information that was bound to entice the CIA. Was he too good to be true?

Gerber and Paul Redmond, the SE Division's most enduring skeptic, wondered what to make of PROLOGUE. Edward Lee Howard, who had defected to Moscow in 1985, certainly could have told the Soviets about Burton Gerber's inviolable rule of thumb. Could it be that, thanks to Howard, the KGB was now turning Gerber's logic back on him?

It was too early to tell. Gerber and Redmond realized that the only way to find out if PROLOGUE was genuine was to run the operation for a while. Paul Redmond had always believed that production was the best measure of an agent; if PROLOGUE began to hand over secrets that the KGB would never want revealed, then Redmond, the least trustful man in SE Division, would be convinced.

Gerber agreed. What did he have to lose by running PROLOGUE? The KGB already knew Downing's identity as Moscow chief, so he would not be compromised by meeting with PROLOGUE, even if he was a double. What's more, if the Russians were intent on framing Downing and forcing him out of the country, they could do it at almost any time. They wouldn't need such an elaborate ruse.

And what if PROLOGUE was real? Then he might just be able to provide the solution to the mystery surrounding the 1985 losses, and to Burton Gerber, that possibility was worth the gamble.

Moscow, June 1987

The restaurant that Jack Downing had selected as the site for his first exchange was hardly Moscow's best. Jack had brought his wife along with him for a late Friday night dinner, and, following PROLOGUE's instructions, he had left his briefcase in his car, unlocked and parked on the street outside.

Inside, Jack and Suzie did their best to eat the greasy and unpalatable cuisine while marking time for PROLOGUE to check out their car. The restaurant was nearly deserted, and for good reason. Suzie soon found that she had to keep her feet up off the floor in order to avoid the rats scurrying underneath their table.

But enduring the meal had been worth it; the communications plan had worked. Back in his office, Jack Downing found that the package he had left was gone. In its place was a message from PROLOGUE with the list of the CIA's agents who had been arrested and what had become of them. Downing had been away from SE Division in the early 1980s, when many of these cases had been run; now he could see how much had been gained—and now lost—by SE Division during his absence.

PROLOGUE had also handed over copies of the KGB's personnel assessment reports on both Downing and his predecessor, Murat Natirboff. It amused Downing that the KGB's assessment of his performance, including a discussion of his first tour in Moscow, was far more positive and flattering than the report that had been filed by the KGB team that had watched Natirboff.

Moscow, July 1987

Downing began to eat out every Friday night and was always careful to park his unlocked car nearby, where PROLOGUE could easily find it and make a quick exchange. He also tried to find an excuse to take the train to Leningrad as often as possible, although he was worried that if he went too frequently, his travel schedule would draw too much attention from the KGB. He decided not to take the train trip more than once every three months; that meant he would have to rely almost exclusively on his Friday night restaurant excursions for his communications.

But PROLOGUE was maddeningly unpredictable, and Downing was never certain when the KGB man would actually show up for an exchange. Downing and his wife would often return from yet another meal at one of PROLOGUE's handpicked, stomach-churning eateries only to find that the letter he had left for PROLOGUE was still in his briefcase, with no message in return. Downing soon found that PROLOGUE would contact him only about once a month, which meant that three out of four of his grisly meals were for naught.

PROLOGUE's "production"—Paul Redmond's term for the quality and quantity of the secrets he was handing over—was now steady, and events began to prove its accuracy as well. The engineer who PROLOGUE said would be the first dangle to appear flagged down a CIA officer driving through summertime Moscow. The new case presented Downing and Gerber with an unusual headache. The CIA was now convinced, thanks to PROLOGUE, that the new volunteer had been sent by the KGB. But if the CIA rejected the engineer's advances, the KGB might suspect the CIA had been tipped off he was a double agent and begin searching for a mole within its ranks. Burton Gerber had lost too many good agents over the last two years; he wasn't about to take any risks with this one. The CIA would have to handle the engineer as if he were a genuine spy and never give the KGB any reason to doubt that they had fooled the Americans.

Over the next four months, other double agents began to volunteer to the CIA in Moscow, and like the engineer, the CIA assigned case officers to handle each one. Before long, the double agent cases came to dominate the workload in Moscow, and Downing could see that far too much of the time and energy of his case officers was being spent on agents that the CIA knew to be frauds.

Sometimes the KGB got sloppy with these double agents. In one instance, a message from one Soviet agent was left for the CIA in a dead drop site that was being used to communicate with another Soviet agent. The only explanation was that both agents were under KGB control, and the Soviets had mixed up the communication instructions for the two cases.

But the CIA had to look the other way and keep the cases running in order to protect PROLOGUE. At least Moscow was busy. Working on the double agent cases got the CIA's officers out onto the streets, and that was something of an accomplishment for an operation that had had its confidence shaken. By the summer of 1987, in fact, case officers in Moscow were aborting their operational runs so frequently that Burton Gerber and the desk inside SE Division that dealt with internal operations were beginning to despair of any successful operations besides PROLOGUE.

They were seeing ghosts, and even the latest electronic gear designed to detect KGB surveillance didn't help. The CIA sent new, briefcase-size sensors that could pick up hidden transmissions from surveillance teams, and Moscow officers were instructed to lay them on the front seat of their cars while driving through the city. But each time an officer launched on a run, the device would send out an alarm, so the machines seemed to confirm Moscow's worst fears about the KGB's ability to track the Americans. Maybe "ultradiscreet surveillance" really did exist after all. Only later did the CIA discover that the alarms on the sensitive equipment were being triggered by faint electric emissions from the engine of the car, particularly when a CIA officer was making a sharp turn.

10

Islamabad, June 1987

The afternoon sun glinted off the sleek black Cadillac Fleetwood as it cruised through the light traffic of the Pakistani capital. Heavily tinted windows kept prying eyes from seeing if the backseat was occupied, but the presence of the Toyota Crown with two armed bodyguards trailing closely behind was a pretty good indicator that it was. Yet the flag was furled and cased in its fender well, suggesting perhaps to the careful observer that there was nothing official about this outing.

In the air-conditioned coolness of the backseat, Ambassador Arnie Raphel turned to me with an impish grin on his face.

"You know, every time I ride in this car I remember when I was a boy and thought it was every Jewish kid's dream to tool around the Catskills in the backseat of a big black Cadillac Fleetwood."

I glanced over at Raphel, a man three years my junior and a rising star in the foreign service. "Maybe," I said, "but this ain't the Catskills."

"Doesn't matter. It's only the Cadillac that counts." Raphel leaned back in the plush velour and was quiet the rest of the way to the embassy.

Arnie Raphel had taken over from the crusty career ambassador Dean Hinton as ambassador to Islamabad a month earlier. His arrival in Pakistan coincided with a growing but far from universal conviction in Washington that the Soviets were finally moving toward signing an agreement to pull out of Afghanistan. Raphel knew there was much work to be done before a deal would be sealed, but he arrived in Islamabad as the first American ambassador in seven years who would be more challenged by a probable peace in Afghanistan than by a seemingly unending war.

I had just accompanied Raphel to ISI headquarters for an unofficial call on Hamid Gul. We were bantering aimlessly for the benefit of the ambassador's Pakistani driver, an alert man who always had at least one ear tuned to the conversations in the backseat. We would wait until we were in the American compound before discussing our meeting with the ISI chief.

Raphel had extensive prior service in Pakistan and knew the language and the country better than any American on his staff, or probably anyone in the State Department. He had known Zia before the general was named chief of Army staff by Bhutto eleven years earlier, and he easily picked up his old relationship with the president and, by extension, with the president's men, who were aware of Zia's fondness for the ambassador. As a result, the important doors opened easily for Raphel, giving him a leg up on his new job.

Back at his residence, Raphel spoke more freely. "Why do I look at Hamid Gul and see a plucky little general who might one day take over the country?" he asked.

"Because one day he just might do it," I said.

"Seeing him takes me back to when I met Zia for the first time. I thought then that he'd eventually be running the place."

"Bhutto didn't see it, though. He thought Zia was a little dim, right to the end."

"Isn't it always that way. The guy who ought to figure it out never does."

"It sure was with Bhutto and Zia."

"Well, maybe you should add keeping an eye on the PLG to your list of things to do," Raphel said.

"PLG?"

Raphel grinned. "Yeah, plucky little general."

"He's plucky all right." It was curious that military officers who were diminutive in stature were almost always characterized as tough or plucky. Raphel's name for Gul would stick.

"Do you think he really got your message about the raids across the Amu Dar'ya? I'd have liked to talk to him about it, since that was the big thing on Shultz's Soviet-Afghan agenda last month."

"He got the message from Yaqub Khan and, I guess, Zia," I said. "I don't think he needed another reminder from you or me." I'd asked

Raphel not to raise with Gul the raid into Uzbekistan that had caused such a flap a month earlier. I told him the matter had been settled and that he might want to start off with the ISI chief on a positive note rather than opening an old wound at his first meeting.

"We can expect attacks on about everything Gul and ISI do from now on. As long as it was about winning a war, the hill was quiet. But with it looking like the Soviets are quitting, the sharks have already started circling your plucky little general."

"You mean *our* plucky little general, don't you?"

"Yeah," Raphel said. "Our PLG."

Arnie Raphel and I would work together closely during his next fifteen months in Pakistan, with a notable absence of the usual CIA–State Department tensions I'd seen over the years. Our goals were common and concentric, the prime one being getting the Soviets out of Afghanistan. If that actually happened, we'd have to begin thinking of the next steps for a post-Soviet Afghanistan trying to come to grips with peace. That would be a tough task for a country that had known little else but war for a generation.

The Kunjerab Pass, June 1987

The Kunjerab Pass between Pakistan and China is as close to the roof of the world as one can reach in a wheezing Toyota Land Cruiser. At 16,400 feet above sea level, a carburetor-fed, low-compression engine like the Land Cruiser's could go the distance far better than its more high-strung, fuel-injected cousins, but the oxygen-thin air at that altitude still made it tough going on car and driver. My wife and I had made the trip from Islamabad to Kunjerab, a wrenching journey on the Chinese-built Karakoram Highway, in three days, only briefly delayed by a landslide that had to be cleared with a blast of dynamite by Pakistani Army engineers. We reached the Kunjerab, the wide plateau that rolls back down into China's Xinjiang Province, as the first of the old British Bedford and shiny Japanese Hino trucks with their loads of mules crested from the other direction, heading back to Pakistan and to the heavier air below.

I knew from my own shortness of breath and light-headedness that the Pakistani drivers and their cargoes of mules must have been suffering. And sure enough, as the first of the convoy of trucks shifted into low gear for the descent, one of the Bedfords veered off the road and set off on a wobbly course across the tabletop plateau on the top of the world. It had gone no more than a hundred yards before it turned up the gradient and almost lazily flipped over on its side, its wheels still spinning and its load of mules tumbling out on the ice-hard surface. Surprisingly, all of the animals struggled to their feet, checked things out, and then just stood their ground. A groggy driver, also unhurt, and his relief crawled out of the cab of the capsized truck and joined the other Pakistanis trying to get halters on the loose mules, a task they accomplished in less than ten minutes. In another few minutes, the truck was righted by sheer brute force and the animals reloaded for the descent into Pakistan.

Thus began my sideline involvement in the mule trade, one of the more offbeat jobs in the prosecution of an increasingly unconventional war.

Mules, as any mule lover will tell you, are among the best of man's improvements over nature. They combine the strength of the horse with the temperamental coolness, stamina, and low maintenance of the donkey. Put the two together and you get the ideal pack animal for mountain warfare. But you can't just find good mules in the natural way of things. You have to work very hard at it.

Most pack mules are the offspring of a male donkey, a "jack," and a female horse, whose union produces a "horse mule" or a "john." It is possible to reverse the process and breed a male horse and a female donkey to produce a "hinny," but the failure rate of such unions is high and serves to discourage commercial breeders. So most of the pack mules that ended up hauling ordnance into the Hindu Kush and the White Mountains of Afghanistan were johns, sturdy little Chinese johns.

Having been raised in Texas, I was always pretty familiar with horses, but mules were a new experience, and a complicated one, I would soon learn. Though I had long been aware of the vastly different reactions of horses and mules to gunfire and explosions, I had never understood the reason for this. Over the next few months, I would have ample opportunity to learn. The donkey is an energy conserver by nature, a careful assessor of the situation and cautious selector of an appropriate reaction. If startled, a donkey will usually jump a little, check things out, and then hunker down until he sees something that might seriously threaten him. When it comes to gunfire, a well-trained donkey won't even flinch. A horse, on the other hand, under the same circumstances, will often bolt. Training does not always mitigate this trait. When the two animals are mated, the resulting product—the mule—is generally unflappable. Mules have a reputation for being stubborn and cantankerous, but mule aficionados are quick to point out that they may not really be stubborn at all; they just take a little longer to decide whether or not to waste their energy.

As I became embroiled in quartermastering the Afghan War, I discovered that on an annual basis we needed more mules than the world seemed prepared to breed. The weapons and other supplies the CIA was providing the Afghan resistance had grown upward of sixty thousand tons per year—all of which had to be hauled from Pakistan across zero line and over three hundred different infiltration routes to the commanders in the field. Such a daunting task required a combination of five- and ten-ton trucks, smaller pickups, and, finally, pack mules. So for the years I was involved in the Afghan resistance, we moved several thousand mules over the Kunjerab Pass from China and down into Pakistan to training camps, where we matched up mujahideen youngsters with their mules and taught both how to get along and, ultimately, how to survive.

The Chinese mules were never really enough, both in numbers or in size, so we had to turn to other sources for specialty mules. Though I was never less than amazed at the ability of the Afghan Task Force in Langley to come up with precisely what I needed when I needed it, I often thought that my cables back to headquarters on the topic of mules might have tested their patience and credulity.

For much of my time in Islamabad, I had a legend from the CIA's paramilitary past working with me, a gnarly veteran named Dutch Snyder. Dutch was an old hand who knew whatever you needed to know about mules and mule skinners and much beyond that. He had been in and out of combat throughout Southeast Asia, ending up in the CIA's special operations group, where he trained both CIA officers and friendly services around the world in the art of unconventional warfare. If Dutch didn't have an answer for an offbeat problem in a guerrilla war, there probably wasn't one.

Dutch helped me with much of the procurement needs for the war, and occasionally he and I would conspire to slip in a "nonstandard" requirement for the mules the task force was buying for our program just to see if everyone in Langley was paying attention. A typical cable might have read like this:

> IMMEDIATE DIRECTOR
> WNINTEL—MULE REQUIREMENTS FOR FY 88
> 1. TASK FORCE SHOULD SEEK ONLY MULES THAT MEET THE FOLLOWING STRINGENT REQUIREMENTS FOR PROGRAM NEEDS:
>   A. NO MORE THAN THREE YEARS OF AGE.
>   B. IN POSSESSION OF ALL THEIR TEETH.
>   C. NO LESS THAN 12 HANDS HIGH NOR MORE THAN 17 HANDS.
>   D. VETERINARY PASSED IN EXCELLENT GENERAL HEALTH.
>   E. FEMALES PURCHASED BY TASK FORCE SHOULD BE CERTIFIED AS STUMP BROKE.
> 2. PLEASE ADVISE SOURCES AND DELIVERY DATES WHEN KNOWN.
> 3. NO FILE.

As every Texas or Tennessee redneck knows, "stump broke" is a ribald characterization of a boy and his female mule and the things they might do with the boy standing behind his mule on a tree stump. Dutch and I thought it would take Langley a while to figure out that point E was a joke, but we were wrong. It wouldn't take the task force long to get beyond its Ivy Leaguers and find someone who knew a little something about mules *and* rednecks, for soon we received a cable that read something like the following:

> IMMEDIATE ISLAMABAD
> WININTEL—MULE REQUIREMENTS FOR FY 88
> REF: ISLAMABAD 139987
> 1. YOUR SPECS FORWARDED REF HAVE BEEN FOLDED INTO THE PROCUREMENT PROCESS. REGRET, HOWEVER, THAT OUR MOST RELIABLE SOURCES OF MULES DO NOT REPEAT DO NOT PROVIDE STUMP TRAINING OR STUMP BROKE CERTIFICATES. WE HAVE RUN EXHAUSTIVE IN-HOUSE REVIEW OF PERSONNEL FILES TO LOCATE OFFICERS IN THE AGENCY WHO FAMILIAR WITH COMPLEX CERTIFICATION PROCESS AND HAVE FOUND THAT ONLY TWO ARE SNYDER

AND BEARDEN NOW, BY FORTUNATE HAPPENSTANCE, IN ISLAMABAD. (THIS DATA RETRIEVED FROM THEIR MEDICAL RECORDS.) BELIEVE THAT ISLAMABAD WILL THUS BE ABLE TO MAKE CERTIFICATIONS AS NECESSARY IN THE FIELD. HQS WILL HANDLE ALL OTHER SPECS.

2. NO FILE.

Touché.

Islamabad, November 1987

Another silver bullet made its debut late in the year—the 120 mm Spanish mortar. For the first seven years of the conflict, the resistance had only the Warsaw Pact 82 mm mortar in their artillery arsenal. A reliable weapon, the 82 mm mortar was nonetheless limited in range and effectiveness as employed by the mujahideen. Indirect firing tactics were taught to the Afghan gunners but rarely used; instead, the resistance fighters normally fired their mortars at targets within direct sight at ranges of no more than a few thousand yards. The new Spanish mortar, larger and with devastating explosive power, had a range of about ten thousand yards. It came, moreover, with a ranging system worked out by Langley in close cooperation with the U.S. Army that fused the low-tech mortar with the high-tech world of satellite guidance.

It was as simple as it was effective. The mortar team would infiltrate by night to within about eight thousand yards of their target, preselected by screening satellite imagery of Soviet or DRA garrisons. The mortar men would set up their tubes and then determine their own precise location using a global positioning satellite (GPS) receiver. Once their exact coordinates had been calibrated, the leader of the team would feed the GPS data into a small computer, add the coordinates of the target, and then query the computer for the precise compass direction and elevation to aim their mortars in order to hit their target with the first round.

The gunners would attach a specially designed "north-finding module" to the mortar tube and adjust its azimuth, or compass direction, according to the information provided by the computer so that it would be pointed precisely at the target. Winds aloft could be factored into the calculations to ensure that the first round fired at the target hit it with full surprise. The firing procedures, seemingly complicated to the layman, were quickly picked up by the Afghan gunners selected to head the mortar teams. In theory and in field tests, the new satellite-guided system would be a remarkable breakthrough for the resistance fighters who heretofore relied on "walking" their mortar rounds in on a target and in the process forfeiting the element of surprise. We trained the mortar teams in October and dispatched the first of them into the Konar Valley in late November.

Chagasaray, Afghanistan, 2235 Hours, November 28, 1987

The Konar Valley is among the most picturesque settings in eastern Afghanistan. The fast-flowing Konar River cuts through a series of spectacular gorges and winds its way through valleys with sheer walls rising up thousands of feet to pine-covered plateaus. Along the river are stands of poplar, cherry, and apricot trees; the occasional rope-and-board suspension bridge provides the only means of crossing over the river to the east and to Pakistan's rugged northern territories.

The Spetsnaz battalion garrisoned at Chagasaray about midway down the valley toward the Jalalabad plain had for years had a free hand in running interdiction operations against the infiltration routes from neighboring Pakistan. Tonight, it would have the tables turned on it.

The combined Pakistani-mujahideen team made its way across the Konar River well after dark, leading pack mules loaded with four Spanish mortar tubes, base plates, assorted ammunition, and thick asbestos blankets for wrapping the still hot tubes and loading them onto the mules after the attack. The caravan made its way undetected to a point eight thousand yards from the Spetsnaz garrison.

After setting up their mortars precisely as trained, the team checked and rechecked the GPS readings and the azimuth and elevation of their mortar tubes. Once satisfied that everything was done exactly right, they loaded the heavy mortar bombs into the tubes. The gunners grasped their lanyards and tensely awaited the order to fire. When it came just after 2230 hours, they pulled their lanyards and all hell broke loose.

Three of the tubes fired as planned, but the fourth exploded, killing two of the crewmen and seriously wounding a third in the jaw with a piece of shrapnel. Uncertain of the cause of the disaster, the officer in charge ordered the mortars dismantled and loaded on the mules, along with the dead and the wounded gunner, for the hurried return to Pakistan.

Ojhri Camp, 1020 Hours, November 29, 1987

I met with my Pakistani counterparts the next day to probe what might have happened. The mood was dark as we searched for answers. The first thought, a long shot, was that the cold temperatures at the higher elevations of the Konar Valley might somehow have acted on a flaw in the metallurgy of the mortar tube, causing the failure. But we dismissed that as unlikely and finally decided to put the mortars on a supply flight that was at the Pakistani military airfield at Chaklala that day and send them back to the United States for testing. We sent the wounded gunner back on the same flight for treatment—his jaw had been nearly blown off, and he had traveled on mule back to Pakistan with it held together by his tightly wound turban. According to the Pakistani officer on the team, the wounded man had never uttered a word of complaint.

Back in the United States, the Army replicated the same cold-weather conditions for its tests of the remaining mortar tubes but failed to duplicate the failure experienced in Konar. Suspicions from the outset pointed to the most logical, fundamental error made during the preparations for the attack, what mortar men call a “double feed.” Testing that suspicion, Army investigators purposely loaded one mortar tube with two rounds—a double feed—and fired it. As expected, the tube exploded just as the one had in the Konar Valley, leaving no doubt among the investigators that an overanxious gunner had loaded his tube twice that night without realizing it. And he’d paid for his error with his life.

The Army’s verdict of a “double feed” in the Chagasaray incident was accepted with relief. The Pakistani officers in charge of the mortar project knew well the realities of both mortars and combat anxieties and had no difficulty accepting the results of the American tests. Instead of brooding, as soon as the 120 mm mortar was cleared for combat, they mounted the operation once again on December 15, aimed against the same target. Despite their misgivings about returning to the same target area, the second time around was a spectacular success.

The gunners again moved under cover of darkness to within about eight thousand yards of the Chagasaray garrison, set up their tubes, queried with the GPS satellites, set their azimuth and elevations, and let loose a barrage of rounds that struck the Spetsnaz battalion garrison with complete surprise. The Soviets never knew what happened to them. They made a futile attempt at counterbattery fire but succeeded only in hitting one of their own outposts. The mujahideen gunners dropped round after round down their tubes, long overstaying their planned time on target, until they had expended their ammunition. Then they rolled their tubes in the asbestos blankets, loaded them aboard their mules, and made their way back to Pakistan in the last hours of darkness.

By the time the sun was high in the sky, a CIA KH-11 satellite looked down on the Spetsnaz garrison at Chagasaray and took a series of photographs of the devastation wreaked by the new weapon. When I showed the imagery boards to the Pakistanis and the Afghan commanders ten days later, the effects of the attack were stark. Just like the before and after imagery boards of the Kharga ammunition dump in August 1986, the boards of Chagasaray before the attack showed the intact wooden barracks buildings, the battalion vehicles neatly parked, and the usual evidence of an active, orderly military installation set along the Konar River. The shots taken after the attack showed the burned-out shells of the buildings, scattered and destroyed vehicles, and a few new, undamaged vehicles that were determined to belong to the Soviet Army team that had arrived on the scene the next day to investigate the attack.

The attack against Chagasaray had a special effect on resistance morale. In a war characterized more by defensive operations and ambushes than by offensive attacks on mainline Soviet units, the devastation of the Chagasaray garrison marked a qualitative change in the way the resistance carried its war to the Soviet 40th Army. Although the success of the strike was never replicated with the same dramatic results, the mortar attack was just one more event that reinforced the Soviet decision to quit Afghanistan. By the end of 1987, even the hardcore doubters in Washington were becoming convinced that Moscow was ready to quit.

11

Nottoway Park, Fairfax County, Virginia, November 23, 1987

Bob Hanssen was back in his element as he walked purposefully down the dirt path to the small footbridge on the quiet edge of the busy county park. He reached down, and in a dark crevice just beneath the footbridge, he could feel the spot. It was one of his favorite dead drop sites, one the KGB had creatively named “Park.” The last site they’d recommended, named “AN” and located in a more remote park in the far western suburbs of Fairfax County, had not been satisfactory as far as Hanssen was concerned. It was far from his home in Vienna, Virginia, and it required too much physical effort, too much undignified mess, for the middle-aged FBI agent. With new management responsibilities at work, six children at home, and an increasingly active life in the Catholic Opus Dei religious community, Hanssen was a busy man, and he didn’t have time for such cumbersome security arrangements. Using his code name B, he had just written a frosty letter to his KGB handlers about the dead drop issue, urging a switch back to the more convenient Park.

“Recognize that I am dressed in business suit and cannot slog around in inch-deep mud,” he wrote in a November 19 letter. “I suggest we use once again original site.” He had complained about AN in September, too, writing to the KGB, “I am not a young man, and the commitments on my time prevent using distant drops such as you suggest. I know in this I am moving you out of your set modes of doing business, but my experience tells me we can be actually more secure in easier modes.”

So now Hanssen was back at a dead drop site in his own neighborhood, one where he felt far more comfortable. But more important, Bob Hanssen was happy with his new job as supervisor of the FBI's Soviet Analytical Unit, a position that gave him access to virtually all operational and analytical documents related to the Soviet Union produced by the FBI's counterintelligence squads. One interesting document to cross his desk during his first months back in Washington was the summary of an October trip to Guyana by CIA officer Jack Platt to renew his friendship with Gennady Vasilenko. Platt had dutifully sent a copy of his trip report to the FBI, which was working with the CIA on the Vasilenko case—code-named MONOLITE—and it didn't take long for it to pass through Hanssen's office.

That night in Nottoway Park, Hanssen was turning over a copy of Platt's report to his Soviet handlers, along with a package of other secret documents, including a detailed account of the KGB secrets that Vitaly Yurchenko had revealed to the CIA and FBI before his curious redefection to Moscow. He left the package, wrapped tightly in plastic, tucked underneath the footbridge, exactly where he found another package from the KGB waiting for him, one that contained $20,000 in cash and a letter from the KGB telling him that another $100,000 had been deposited on his behalf in a Soviet bank. The letter also contained specific questions about classified information for Hanssen to answer in the next exchange.

Just across the street from Nottoway Park, a few yards away from where Hanssen was stooping in the dark, were tidy subdivisions filled with well-tended houses, home to dozens of CIA, FBI, and Defense Department employees and their families. One senior CIA counterintelligence officer in particular lived just two blocks away, and he jogged almost daily through Nottoway Park along a route that passed close to the Park dead drop site. Like Bob Hanssen, he specialized in Soviet matters, and years later, the eerie similarities in their lives would come to haunt the CIA man and his family and would nearly destroy his career and his life.

Havana, Cuba, January 11, 1988

The hands came out of nowhere, shadows reaching out to clamp Gennady Vasilenko's arms to his sides, even as his body was being roughly dragged down and his head was slammed with a dull thud to the floor of the small Cuban house, opening a bloody gash. The KGB security agents had been hiding inside, waiting for Vasilenko to arrive from the airport on what he believed was a routine trip for KGB business. Instead, he had come to Havana only to find himself crumpled over and suffocating, caught up in a sudden and brutal KGB ambush.

Tall, athletic, and above all fun loving—too much so, perhaps, for his own good—Gennady Vasilenko was the KGB's deputy *Rezident* in the Latin backwater of Georgetown, Guyana, where he was supremely bored, particularly after his last overseas assignment, a far more interesting tour of duty in Washington. He had little to do in Guyana besides think about hunting and women and drinking, not necessarily in that order, while providing some limited support for halfhearted Soviet and Cuban forays into the revolutionary politics of South America. Vasilenko had been ordered to Cuba so that he could use the KGB's secure facility inside the Soviet embassy in Havana, where he was told he was to write the secret "counterintelligence annex" to the annual report for the embassy in Guyana. He figured it wouldn't take long to document a year's worth of desultory operations in Georgetown, where almost nothing of any consequence had happened since the members of the Jonestown cult drank their Kool-Aid and committed mass suicide back in the late 1970s. So he'd have plenty of extra time in Havana, and he hoped it would provide an opportunity to see old friends and catch up on KGB gossip. He had arranged for a KGB colleague to pick him up at the airport, and he was planning to stay at his friend's home for a few days.

At the airport he was met instead by a local KGB security officer, who told him his friend had been suddenly called away. The security officer, thoughtfully, had found him another house to use during his stay. But as soon as he walked into the house, the ambush exploded around him. Vasilenko was given little chance to catch his breath before the interrogations began inside what he now realized was a KGB safe house.

"Do you know Mr. Platt of the CIA?" his questioners demanded.

Vasilenko shuddered quietly.

Jack Platt. So that's what this is all about, he thought as he tried to recover from the brief beating. Yes, of course I know Platt, you bastards. Jack, what have you done?

Jack and Gennady. The American and Russian spies had been friends since 1977, nearly inseparable at times, breaking all the Cold War rules against fraternization with the enemy. Theirs was a friendship that helped put a human face on the Cold War battle between the CIA and KGB and showed that personal bonds of loyalty could overcome the ruthless games played by spies on both sides.

Platt, then a Washington-based officer in the CIA's Soviet Division, was trolling for Russians to recruit when a Soviet defector, a former classmate of Vasilenko's at the KGB's training institute, had identified Gennady as one of the KGB officers working under diplomatic cover in the Soviet embassy in Washington. Gennady had never imagined that he would one day be a KGB spy. He had the soul of a jock, a Russian version of a frat boy with dreams of playing volleyball on the Soviet Olympic team. Born in 1941, he had been an engineering student at the Avtomotora Institute in Moscow and had by the early 1960s emerged as one of the best young volleyball players in the USSR. In 1964, he seemed assured of making the Soviet team that was heading to the Summer Olympic Games in Tokyo, until a shoulder injury kept him off the Olympic squad.

Despite his injury, Vasilenko kept playing volleyball on club squads in the city and eventually caught the eye of Dynamo, the powerful KGB-backed sports association, and was recruited for the Dynamo volleyball team. By the late 1960s, he found his way from the volleyball squad into the real KGB, and after attending the Yuri Andropov Higher KGB School, he was ushered into the KGB's foreign intelligence arm, the First Chief Directorate. In 1976, he was assigned to Line KR, counterintelligence, and was sent to the Washington *Rezidentura.* Later, he would joke to Platt that he was the only Russian who had joined the KGB on an athletic scholarship.

Platt, by contrast, was an American Army brat who had attended a dozen different schools around the United States and Europe and had graduated from Williams College in Massachusetts before becoming a Marine officer in 1959. He left the Marines for the CIA in 1963, spending five years as a case officer in Austria, followed by another three in Laos. He liked to joke that he was transferred from Laos to Paris as a reward for helping the United States "take second place in the Asian war games."

When Platt set his sights on Vasilenko as a potential recruit, he began maneuvering all over Washington in an effort to meet him in a seemingly casual and coincidental way. Platt had an intermediary arrange it so he could bump into the Russian at a Harlem Globetrotters game in Washington, and the two ended up sitting together and chatting throughout the game. By the end of the game, Platt realized, he actually liked Vasilenko. He was completely different from most of the KGB hoods he'd come across in the past—natural and disarming, a man who seemed to love life more than he loved Marx and Engels. But that didn't mean that Gennady Vasilenko was going to be a pushover for a CIA recruitment pitch. Vasilenko may not have been a good Communist, but he was a proud Russian, and he wasn't interested in betraying his country.

For Platt, Vasilenko was an intriguing challenge. The CIA officer, who was working the recruitment jointly with FBI counterintelligence agents, soon realized that Vasilenko loved the game as much as he did. Gennady seemed to think he could tease the Americans into showing him a good time without having to step across the line into becoming a spy. He could deflect Platt's entreaties—which were sometimes vague, sometimes more explicit—by turning the tables and pitching Platt to work for the KGB.

"What in the hell could you offer me?" Platt chided Vasilenko. "A great new life in the socialist workers paradise?"

The case almost collapsed before Platt could get it going. In September 1979, Platt and an FBI agent working with him took Vasilenko out to drink at the Gangplank restaurant, one of Platt's favorite haunts along Washington's Potomac waterfront. At the time, Platt was a fourteen-to-sixteen-beer-a-day alcoholic, and he was trying to recruit the Soviet through a beery haze. On this night, his FBI colleague got drunk as well, and unlike Platt, he couldn't function well while drinking. As they both sat with Vasilenko at the Gangplank, the FBI agent became loud and sloppy and late that night turned to the customers at the next table and began telling them exactly what was going on at their table.

"Hey, you know what we're doing over here?" the FBI agent said through slurred speech over his shoulder. "I'm in the FBI, he's in the CIA, and we're trying to recruit this Russian."

Unfortunately, the customers drinking at the next table were also CIA analysts from the Directorate of Intelligence, and the next morning they reported the incident to the CIA's Office of Security. The FBI agent was taken off the case and transferred out of Washington, and Platt was confronted by his boss, who told him that he was a drunk who needed help. If he would admit his problem and ask for help, the CIA could arrange treatment for him, his boss told him. If not, it might be time to brush up his CV and start looking for another job.

Platt finally agreed to do something about the drinking and checked into a hospital. When he was admitted, he hadn't had a drink in twelve hours, but his blood alcohol level showed he was still drunk. Released a month later after going cold turkey, a newly sober Platt asked his supervisors to let him renew his contacts with Vasilenko. At first they balked, saying the case had been irretrievably botched by that FBI agent at Gangplank. But Platt persisted, and in January 1980, he reestablished contact. As he expected, Vasilenko was happy to hear from him, and the two picked up where they had left off, except that now Platt didn't drink with the KGB man.

Vasilenko dutifully reported his contacts with the CIA to his supervisors in the KGB *Rezidentura* and explained that he was hoping to turn Platt into a Russian agent. His bosses were not overly happy about the contacts, particularly when it became clear that Vasilenko and Platt were seeing each other quite frequently and there were no signs that Platt was edging closer to betraying the CIA. But Vasilenko argued that he knew what he was doing; besides, if KGB officers weren't allowed to meet CIA officers, how could they ever hope to recruit them as spies? The KGB *Rezident* agreed, but Vasilenko was on notice that he had to tread carefully. Over time, the relationship between Gennady and Jack became a true friendship, over drinks at cafés and restaurants around Washington, over family dinners at their homes. Eventually they worked up the nerve to go out hunting and shooting together in the West Virginia forests. Still, Platt and his FBI colleagues could never move Vasilenko beyond what the CIA called a "developmental"—a target of a recruitment, but not yet a spy. He would sometimes talk about office gossip, but Platt couldn't get him to betray his operations.

In fact, even as Vasilenko and Platt were meeting for drinks and dinner, the Russian was involved in the most important case of his KGB career. In January 1980, Ronald Pelton, a disgruntled former employee of the National Security Agency, had walked into the Soviet embassy in Washington, offering to sell information about the agency's operations against the Soviet Union. Pelton told the KGB about a sensitive operation called "Ivy Bells," in which American submarines had planted taps on undersea telephone cables used by the Soviet Navy in the Sea of Okhotsk on the Soviet Union's Pacific coast.

Vasilenko was the first KGB officer to meet with Pelton. During his first visit to the Soviet embassy, it was Vasilenko's job to spirit him out without being detected by the FBI surveillance teams that staked out the embassy. Vasilenko decided to dress Pelton in a disguise and put him on a bus crowded with Russian embassy employees going home for the evening in order to sneak him out through the back of the embassy building. After that operation, Vasilenko kept meeting with Platt without telling him anything about Pelton. But Vasilenko's bosses gradually became more suspicious of his contacts with Platt and finally ordered him to break it off. Once again Vasilenko grew angry, but this time he didn't try to argue. Instead, he continued to see Platt and simply stopped reporting the contacts to his supervisors.

Platt's bosses, meanwhile, were growing frustrated with his inability to close the deal with Vasilenko. Some at the CIA wanted him to either break off the contact or force the issue by threatening to blackmail Vasilenko. The Soviet was now having unauthorized contacts with a CIA officer; couldn't Platt use the threat of exposure to force Vasilenko to cross the line? Platt angrily refused to use such hardball tactics. It wasn't because he considered Vasilenko a friend—Platt's ultimate goal of recruiting Vasilenko trumped his friendship with the KGB officer—it was because he knew the strategy was doomed to fail. Vasilenko was a roustabout, but he also had a stubborn sense of honor, and trying to blackmail him would only backfire. No, Platt realized, the only way

Gennady Vasilenko would ever become an American spy was if he decided to do so on his own. Jack Platt just wanted to keep up the friendship so that he could be there if and when he was ready.

In 1981, Vasilenko was transferred from Washington back to KGB headquarters in Moscow, and Platt realized that there was no way he could maintain contact with him there without putting him at risk. Platt told Vasilenko to have a nice time back in the socialist paradise, secretly hoping that a couple of years back in the drudgery of Moscow would convince him of the merits of working for the United States. He vowed to himself that when Vasilenko reemerged for his next overseas assignment, he would track him down and recruit him once and for all.

In 1984, Vasilenko finally came out again, this time assigned to Guyana. The Soviet ambassador in Guyana had excellent connections back in Moscow and had complained that his embassy deserved a fully staffed KGB *Rezidentura.* That was, after all, a measure of status within the foreign affairs bureaucracy. Vasilenko was sent to Georgetown as deputy *Rezident* to help satisfy the sudden demand. Back in Washington, Platt had moved on to a new assignment, running the CIA's Internal Operations training course, teaching young CIA officers how to work behind the Iron Curtain. But he was also trying to watch for signs that Vasilenko had reemerged from Moscow. It took a while, but eventually Vasilenko was back on the CIA's scope, and Platt started asking for permission to go to Guyana to try to pick up where he had left off in 1981. By October 1987, Platt had finally been given approval to travel to Georgetown and to buy a hunting rifle to take to Vasilenko as a kind of homecoming present. Platt hoped that he could convince Vasilenko to go hunting with him in the wilds of South America as a way to renew their friendship after so many years apart.

It turned out that Vasilenko was just as eager to see Platt, but he did recognize that there were new dangers. It was one thing to go out to dinner in Washington with an adversary; that was part of the business of intelligence. But how could Vasilenko explain to his bosses in Moscow the fact that his CIA friend had flown thousands of miles—bringing along an expensive gift—to renew their friendship? From now on, all of their contacts would be unauthorized, and Vasilenko had to make certain they remained out of view. He had good reason to be more cautious now; KGB Center was swirling with rumors that old colleagues from Washington had been arrested and that other KGB officers had fallen under suspicion as well. There seemed to be a bloodbath under way in Yasenevo, and morale was plunging. Officers walking the corridors felt like hiding their faces, in case another mole might be just around the corner. Paranoia and fear, the birthrights of the KGB, began to climb to pre-détente levels.

But just because Vasilenko wanted to keep his friendship with Platt a secret didn't mean that he was ready to spy for the Americans. He wanted to see Platt mostly because he was bored and wanted some diversion. He was still rebuffing all of Platt's offers to spy, still teasing him with KGB office gossip without crossing the line into espionage. Platt spent a few days in Guyana, meeting Vasilenko each day along the oceanfront seawall, little more than a cement levee erected to protect a military hospital built just beyond the beach in nearby lowlands. The men brought snacks, drinks, and ice so they could picnic each day out of sight of the prying eyes of Soviet personnel at the embassy. During the afternoons, they would have shooting contests, firing pistols at tin cans. While they kept their conversations light, there were small signs of progress along the way that kept Platt interested from a professional standpoint as well. At one point, Vasilenko casually mentioned that a KGB man named Vladimir Tsymbal had been sent from Moscow to visit the Washington *Rezidentura* in 1985 and again in 1987.

Platt was intrigued by this offhand remark. Tsymbal, Platt knew, was a covert communications specialist in the First Chief Directorate's Line KR. The CIA knew from past experience that Tsymbal was used by the KGB to arrange the delicate covert agent communications details for highly sensitive operations. He was one of the KGB's top technical experts, and when Tsymbal showed up somewhere, the CIA's first instincts were to start looking for a spy. So why had Tsymbal been sent to Washington in 1985 and again two years later? What agent operations in Washington were so important that they required Moscow's best covert communications tech? Probing for answers from Vasilenko was no use; even if he wanted to tell Platt, he wouldn't have known the truth. No, Platt would just have to report back to headquarters on what Vasilenko said and see if the counterintelligence analysts in Langley could make sense of Tsymbal's travels.

In October 1987, Platt wrote up a summary of his trip to Georgetown, complete with Vasilenko's mysterious reference to Tysmbal's visits to Washington, and sent a copy along to the FBI, since the MONOLITE case was still considered a joint CIA-FBI operation. Platt retired from the CIA in 1987, but he returned immediately as a contractor in order to try to finish the case. He was planning to return to Georgetown in February to see his old friend once again.

As he tried to compose himself for further interrogations, Gennady Vasilenko could only think again, Jack, Jack, what have you done?

Aboard a Soviet Freighter Bound for Odessa, January 1988

Gennady Vasilenko had said little to his inquisitors in Havana, so they had thrown him on board a freighter headed back to the Soviet Union, where the KGB would have plenty of time to convince him that he should talk. Gennady was not confined on board; the KGB figured he had no place to go. But as he paced the deck, he began to seriously consider jumping overboard in the middle of the Atlantic, ending his life and the pain that he knew was now descending on his family. Yet as the ship trudged through the waves, bearing him back to an unforgiving future, Vasilenko finally rejected suicide. He was not a spy, he shouldn't have been arrested, so he would fight for his life.

Lefortovo Prison, Moscow, June 1988

The interrogations of Gennady Vasilenko had been endless, covering the same ground time and again, focusing on Platt's October trip to Guyana, prompting the same responses from Vasilenko each time. *Yes, I knew Platt. Yes, I continued to see him even though I had been told to break off contact, but I thought I could recruit him. No, I never spied.*

Vasilenko knew just how deadly this game of endless questions and repetitive answers really was. Inside Lefortovo, if a decision was made by a tribunal for the verdict of death, the execution could be carried out right on the premises. Men he knew and had worked with in Washington, Motorin and Martynov, had been shot inside these same prison walls. There would be no public trial, no appeals.

But the KGB was strangely legalistic, and Vasilenko soon realized that the investigators had very little hard evidence against him. They had apparently arrested and jailed him based on reports of Platt's visit to Guyana, but that didn't seem to be enough for a tribunal to order his execution. Fortunately for Vasilenko, Platt had never exaggerated his success with Vasilenko, even in his internal CIA reports. The trip report Hanssen had provided to the KGB showed only that Vasilenko had held an unauthorized meeting with him in Guyana.

But the KGB inquisitors decided to fill in the blanks and skillfully sought to convince Vasilenko that they already had enough evidence with which to convict him. During his first interrogation in Lefortovo, the investigators claimed that Cuban intelligence had discovered a tape recording of his October meeting with Platt in Georgetown. Platt, they said, had left it behind in his hotel. Confess, they said. We have the smoking gun.

But Vasilenko remembered that Platt had promised him he would never tape-record their conversations, and he decided to trust his friend and call the KGB's bluff. He realized that they were lying, trying to frighten him into a false confession, and that realization saved his life. Vasilenko became convinced that the KGB's questioning was so intense only because the investigators needed him to implicate himself.

So he refused to cave in to the pressure, refused to confess to espionage that he had not committed. After each session, his frustrated inquisitors sent him back to his cell, where they relied on informers they had planted as his cellmates to determine whether he would admit to guilt during unguarded moments. From January through June, the KGB sent three different informers in to share a cell with Vasilenko; each came back saying that he had not confessed and did not appear to be a spy.

Complicating the investigation for the KGB was the fact that they couldn't find any of the "spy gear" or communications plans that they typically discovered when they uncovered a CIA mole. Did that mean he was innocent, as he proclaimed? Or did it just mean that he was very clever?

The investigators were running out of time to prove their case. Vasilenko's arrest had touched a raw nerve within the ranks of the KGB's First Chief Directorate, where the psychic wounds from so many arrests, executions, and defections of friends and colleagues over the past three years were beginning to take their toll. First Directorate officers had been stunned at first, but now the arrest of a popular and unpretentious officer wasn't going down well at Yasenevo. In an informal and secret KGB poll of his co-workers in counterintelligence, none of his colleagues said they believed he was a traitor. Vasilenko was also aided by the fact that his wife was from an influential family; so the KGB had to prove that it had an ironclad case before it ordered his execution.

But the KGB lacked convincing evidence, so its secret tribunal decided not to prosecute Vasilenko on espionage charges. Instead, the tribunal ordered Vasilenko cashiered for failing to report unauthorized contacts with the Americans and for illegally smuggling the hunting rifle Platt had given him into the Soviet Union. He was released from jail in June, simultaneously stripped of his rank, and thrown out onto the streets of Moscow without a pension and without a job. Eventually, Vasilenko's contacts in the KGB's old boy network slowly helped him pick up the pieces of his life.

Back in Washington, Jack Platt was distraught. All he knew was that Vasilenko had disappeared, and he had no idea whether his friend was alive or dead. With no sign of life, Platt quit his contract job at the CIA in 1988, quietly simmering over the fact that something had gone wrong on an important case and no one at the agency seemed to be doing anything about it. He bitterly warned friends who were still in the CIA's Soviet/East European Division to "watch their backs." But the truth of the matter was that by 1987, the CIA and the FBI were no longer expending much energy trying to explain why they had lost so many agents. Operations were up and running again in Moscow, and the atmosphere of suspicion that had descended over SE Division was starting to lift.

12

Islamabad, February 2, 1988

Arnie Raphel and I were sitting on my verandah in sweaters, enjoying the bracing coolness of the Islamabad evening. Over the last few months, it had become virtually certain that Gorbachev was ready to quit Afghanistan, his preconditions for a friendly and neutral Afghanistan no longer blocking the negotiations. Discussions in Geneva between the U.S. negotiator, Undersecretary of State for Political Affairs Mike Armacost, and his Soviet counterpart, Yuli Vorontsov, had reached a critical stage. We expected the final breakthrough at any moment, and Raphel and I were discussing prospects for an interim government in Afghanistan when my steward interrupted our conversation. It was a call for the ambassador, he reported solemnly. Arnie disappeared for five minutes, then returned, tilted his glass to mine, and said, "It was Armacost. It's over. They're going to sign in Geneva. Gorbachev will announce it in a week."

"That's it?" I said, still letting the news sink in. "Now what?"

"The 'now what' part might even be the hard part," Raphel said.

And he was right. The road to a settlement had been full of detours ever since Gorbachev took his first tentative steps just over two years earlier, and Washington was split down the middle on the issue of whether the Soviets would ever really leave. Mike Armacost had declared flatly in mid-1987 that the Soviets would withdraw. Eduard Shevardnadze told George Shultz in September 1987 that they would be out of Afghanistan by 1988, but Shultz held the substance of his conversation with the Soviet Foreign Minister tightly until November of 1987, when he finally shared it with the DCI, Bill Webster.

But the CIA was still doubtful about how Gorbachev would manage the withdrawal politically, pulling it off without looking like the United States at the end of its Vietnam experience. Bob Gates bet Armacost $25 that the Soviets wouldn't be out of Afghanistan by the end of the Reagan administration, though he acknowledged that the decision to get out had been made.

Precisely one week later, Mikhail Gorbachev addressed the Soviet people and declared that Soviet troops would commence their withdrawal from Afghanistan on May 15 and would complete it by March 15 the following year.

Chiang Mai, Thailand, April 10, 1988

As soon as it appeared certain that the Geneva Accords would be signed, I took off for a short break in Thailand with Marie-Catherine. The fight over the agreement had been long, but the Soviets, against most predictions, had finally bitten the bullet. The formal agreement would be signed in Geneva on April 14 and would go into effect on May 15. The Soviets would thus begin their withdrawal on May 15 and complete it within nine months, by February 15, 1989, almost ten disastrous years after they had invaded Afghanistan.

We arrived in Chiang Mai two days ahead of the Thai New Year and had planned on doing little or nothing for a few days while the lively up-country Thais swept their ancestral graves, cleaned up their houses, and happily doused anyone in town with cleansing water. I checked in with our people in Thailand as a courtesy and to let them know how and where to reach me if someone came looking. When a colleague called the next day and suggested that I come back to the office to read an immediate precedence cable, I tried to double-talk the subject out of him.

"Where's it from?" I asked.

"From the place you work now," came the reluctant, spooky answer.

"What can you tell me about it?" I probed.

"Wait a minute." There was a pause as he scanned the cable again. "It looks like an ammo dump has blown up."

I was relieved that the cable had turned out to be a routine report of another mujahideen success just before the Geneva Accords went into effect. It might reinforce the wisdom of the Soviet decision to throw in the towel. I guessed that Islamabad was probably sending it along as an info copy to me to give me some more good news while I was on break. "Okay," I said. "Thanks. That's great. I'll get all the details when I get back. If you would, just do me a favor and send a short cable back to my people with one word: 'Bravo.' Sign my name to it. Okay?"

"Wait a minute. Your guys are saying that the dump that blew is *your* dump, the one not far from where you live! There's a firestorm at your place."

"Oh, shit. Tell them I'll be back as soon as I can."

By the time Marie-Catherine and I got back to Islamabad, the most dangerous explosions had subsided. But ammunition was still cooking off at Ojhri camp, where thousands of deadly, unstable rounds were strewn about, ready to blow at the slightest jolt. When Ojhri blew, there were close to ten thousand tons of rockets, mortars, small-arms ammunition, plastic explosives, and Stingers in storage. Many of the 107 mm rockets had launched, some causing casualties throughout Rawalpindi and in nearby Islamabad; but since they were not fused, the rockets had not exploded on impact and there had been far less damage and loss of life. A couple of 107 mm rockets hit the American International School in Islamabad, causing an understandable panic among the parents and students but no injuries.

The people of Rawalpindi were less fortunate. The first major explosion flattened a shanty town that had built up outside the walls of Ojhri camp, killing dozens. As the explosions continued through the morning, with black clouds rising above Ojhri and drifting over Rawalpindi, many others were killed by falling ordnance and debris. At day's end, casualties were up to one hundred killed and one thousand injured.

First Chief Directorate Headquarters, Yasenevo, April 10, 1988

Leonid Shebarshin considered the Ojhri camp explosion another good example of the abilities of Najibullah's intelligence and security service, the Khad. He had no doubt that Khad had been behind the operation, but he also had no doubts that they had done it on their own, not in cooperation with the KGB special units in Afghanistan. Shebarshin had a deep respect for the capabilities of the Afghan special services, particularly in the area of "dirty tricks," which is how he classified the destruction of the American and Pakistani supply dump at Ojhri camp. He was not naive enough to think that his Afghan colleagues would share with him everything they planned and felt no disappointment that the massive explosion at Ojhri could not be credited to the Soviet Committee for State Security.

It was a good operation, Shebarshin concluded, and it couldn't have come at a better time, just days before the signing of the Geneva Accords.

Ojhri Camp, April 12, 1988

I was met at the airport and taken directly to Ojhri, where I was given a tour by Brigadier Janjua, the new officer in charge of the military assistance to the Afghans. As we walked carefully through the still smoldering rubble, I asked him how it had happened.

"We're still investigating," Janjua said, "but it looks like one of the porters dropped a box containing one of the new Egyptian rockets, maybe a white phosphorus one. There was an explosion and a fire in the warehouse, and while the workers were moving the wounded to safety, the fire spread out of control. In minutes the whole thing went up."

"The Egyptian ordnance again?" I asked, shaking my head.

"The Egyptian stuff again," Brigadier Janjua answered, anger in his voice.

There had been a history of problems with the Egyptian ordnance. In the early years of the war, the Egyptians seemed to have swept the trash out of their warehouses and packed it up along with their old and unusable ordnance and sent it off to Pakistan for the Afghan resistance. A year or so earlier, there had been a fire in Ojhri involving Egyptian white phosphorous mortar bombs. Only quick action by camp personnel had prevented a similar disaster then. In later years, however, the quality of the Egyptian supplies had improved, and there were fewer complaints. But listening to Brigadier Janjua's initial take on the disaster, I guessed that this would be the first of many versions of what had happened—maybe even the easiest to understand.

"Was there anything anyone could have done?" I asked.

"Maybe. If they'd tried to handle the fire instead of the injured, it might have been different. But probably not. It was out of control very quickly," Janjua answered. "After that, about all anyone could do was get out of the way. And some of our boys couldn't even do that."

I went from Ojhri to the embassy, where Ambassador Raphel, with the help of my deputy Philippe Jones, had coordinated the American response. There had been no American casualties, but a few near misses had unnerved the community. Some embassy employees were asking to be sent home right away.

Arnie Raphel was coolheaded from the first blast, which he'd heard all the way from Rawalpindi. He had dryly asked Philippe Jones at one point while the rockets were still flying, some of them landing near the embassy itself, whether it was really a good idea to have stored so much ammunition so close to Islamabad and Rawalpindi. Phil had answered truthfully that it sure as hell hadn't been such a good idea in view of events, but that was the way the Pakistanis had wanted it.

He never brought up the question of who might be to blame again. Instead, he cabled the Department of Defense to dispatch explosive ordnance disposal (EOD) teams to Pakistan to assist in the cleanup. The EOD teams arrived in a matter of days, and for the next several weeks small explosions would be heard each day as the teams detonated the unstable ordnance they had carefully collected.

Though the ambassador was able to keep a cap on American finger-pointing, the blame game in the government of Pakistan was running rampant. Ojhri was still smoking when the first accusations began to fly. Prime Minister Junejo launched an attack against ISI and the Army. The Army counterattacked with criticism against General Akhtar, who had left ISI almost a year earlier, and Akhtar counterattacked by laying the blame at Hamid Gul's feet for storing too much ordnance at Ojhri. The battle between Junejo's government and Zia's Army escalated almost as quickly as the explosions at Ojhri.

Then the whispering began.

The coincidence of the destruction of ten thousand tons of ordnance at Ojhri and the signing of the Geneva Accords four days later spawned rumors that the KGB had sabotaged Ojhri. Others, adding new spin to the same story, preferred to have the Indians, probably acting on behalf of the KGB, behind the sabotage. There was a flurry of alleged eyewitness sightings of Indian Mirage fighters flying at low level in the area just before the first explosion; one of them, the rumors had it, had fired a particle beam straight into the ordnance stored at Ojhri, setting off the conflagration. A sort of one-upmanship entered the game, with each new version of KGB and Indian perfidy becoming more rococo than the last. And before long, the rumor mill decided to settle on the most delicious culprit of all—the Americans. Soon authoritative reports were circulating that the Americans had blown the Ojhri dump as part of a secret deal with the Soviets. The evil conspiracy of the two superpowers had sprung out of the tortured concept of "negative symmetry"—agreed to by the United States and the Soviet Union as an annex to the memorandum of understanding they had in Geneva. Specifically, the United States had made the following statement:

> The obligations undertaken by the guarantors are symmetrical. In this regard, the United States has advised the Soviet Union that the United States retains the right, consistent with its obligations as guarantor, to provide military assistance to parties in Afghanistan. Should the Soviet Union exercise restraint in providing military assistance to parties in Afghanistan, the United States similarly will exercise restraint.

That was enough for the multitudes already suspicious of our intentions in a post–Geneva Accords world, particularly those who interpreted the statement about symmetry as an American bailout. It was a short trip to the conclusion that the Americans had agreed to blow Ojhri.

Like most storms, the Ojhri story finally died with a heave and a sigh. The heave came after six weeks of attack and counterattack between the Army and the prime minister and culminated with Prime Minister Junejo taking the bold steps of blocking Zia's senior Army promotions and demanding a public airing of the results of an Army inquiry into the Ojhri disaster. On May 29, Zia would respond in the way he knew best for dealing with meddlesome prime ministers.

Islamabad, May 30, 1988

"Can you believe it?" Arnie Raphel said with a tone that matched the dispirited look on his face.

Raphel was referring to the sudden overnight move by Zia, who had fired Prime Minister Junejo for corruption and incompetence and dissolved the national and provincial parliaments. The men in khaki were back in charge in Pakistan.

"Sure I can believe it. At least he didn't throw him in jail."

"Were you picking up anything that would have tipped us off?" Raphel asked a little guardedly.

"Absolutely nothing. My guess is that Zia made up his mind last night and decided to move then. I'm not going to kick myself for missing it. How 'bout you?"

"I was with the president last night," Raphel said softly. "I met with him and then rode around Islamabad with him for an hour. And all we talked about was the endgame in Afghanistan. How things were going pretty well and how we all had to be sure to get a new interim government in place before the Soviets left. He was concerned that we were only interested in kicking the Soviets out and a little cavalier about what happened after that. We could always pack up and go home, but Pakistan would still be next door to Afghanistan. Not the slightest hint that he was about to shut down Junejo."

Listening to the ambassador, I saw the reason for his dark mood. "And you're feeling responsible, because you know Zia so well and he didn't even tell his buddy Arnie Raphel what he was going to do. Right?"

"You know Washington, the whispering will start tomorrow. What the hell kind of a relationship does he have with Zia, for chrissakes! He rides around with him and Zia says nothing much but then goes home and fires his prime minister!" Raphel said.

"Yeah, I know what you mean. But I don't see what you can do about it."

"Take a look." Raphel motioned toward his computer terminal.

I sat at his desk and read the telegram he'd drafted describing his meeting with Zia the previous evening and commenting on the president's actions a few hours later. When I finished I said, "It's too defensive. Don't send it. I'd just get back to work and let the political section deal with the reporting telegram. And think of the positive side. Now you won't have to spend all that time with that jerk Junejo. You can do all your business at Army House."

Raphel smiled, this time without irony. "You didn't report in your channel that you thought something was brewing?" he asked.

"And not run it by you first? Not a chance. I missed it just like you. But I didn't have dinner with the guy the night before. I think I'll rush back and tell my people that if they think I look bad, take a look at Arnie Raphel. He was tooling around Islamabad with the man while he was planning his move and missed it! That'll take the heat off me."

Arnie Raphel never looked back, at least as far as I could tell, though he did continue to take heat from Foggy Bottom for missing the signs that Zia was making his move.

Islamabad, 1600 Hours, May 15, 1988

I climbed up on the couch in my office and placed the first green magnetic disk on the map of Afghanistan mounted on my wall. It covered Barikot at the north end of the Konar Valley in eastern Afghanistan and represented the first withdrawal of a Soviet 40th Army unit from a combat garrison. I then slapped a green disk over the Soviet garrison at Jalalabad, and over the next few days, the green disks would begin to cover hot spots all over Afghanistan, as the Soviets faithfully executed their pledge to pull out half of their troops in the first six months under the terms of the Geneva Accords.

They were finally on their way out.

Kabul, 0430 Hours, May 16, 1988

Leonid Shebarshin was startled awake by a clap of thunder, then another that seemed just above his head. He looked up through the window to see the first faint light of a summer dawn. The downpour should follow soon, he thought as he closed his eyes again and listened to the next deafening clap, followed by four more at regular intervals. Now that his mind was cleared of sleep, his thoughts of summer rain evaporated, replaced by the understanding that Kabul was under heavy bombardment from the bandits who occupied the high ground surrounding much of the capital. During a short break in the shelling, he caught the sound of the muezzin's plaintiff call to morning prayers.

Two mornings earlier, the first columns of Soviet troops had crossed the Amu Dar'ya, heading for Termez, never again to return to Afghanistan. The ten-year war was finally winding down. The troops were on their way out.

Islamabad, August 4, 1988

I had quit for the evening when the telephone rang. It was an ISI officer from the Afghan cell.

"Mr. Milton," he said, "there has been an aircraft shot down near Parachinar."

"Ours or theirs?" I was never sure when I would learn that someone had brought down a commercial flight along the border where Pakistani Fokkers flew on an irregular schedule.

"It was an Su-25, and it has come down in very good condition. The pilot ejected."

"You're sure it's a Sukhoi-25?"

"We're getting verification. The crash site is under control of one of the militias. They say the aircraft is in excellent condition."

"Stinger get it?"

"No. A lucky burst from triple A."

"That's great, Colonel." I was delighted. A lightly damaged Su-25, a superb ground attack aircraft, would add nicely to the equipment we had been collecting from the Afghan battlefield over the last ten years. We had delivered a mint-condition, flyable MiG-21bis to the USAF for use in its aggressor training squadron a few months back, and my predecessor, Bill Piekney, had gotten his hands on a serviceable MI-25 attack helicopter that he had sent back home for the U.S. Army to play with. We had actually been able to pick up one or two copies of just about everything on the battlefield over the years, and some items, such as flares used by the Soviets to counter heat-seeking missiles, were being bought by the case from Soviet quartermasters through a series of elaborate cutouts.

"Can you get word to the people at the crash site to keep souvenir hunters away from the plane?" I didn't want anyone carrying off the nose cone or the tail cones, where the weapons systems and avionics were located.

"Nobody will touch the aircraft, but you'll have to commit to buy it now. Otherwise they'll put it out for bids."

Sure they would, I thought. This war was great business for the battlefield scavengers and the scrap metal guys. It was tailor-made for the Afghan entrepreneur. Everybody was in the game, from most of NATO to the Chinese. But we often had right of first refusal, and the Afghan traders knew where to go with their first offer. I even knew of some enterprising scrap dealers in Paktia and Nangarhar Provinces who would arrange for mujahideen militias to stage attacks on Soviet garrisons just to get the garrison to counter with an artillery barrage, so that the next day they could wind up the hill in their old Bedfords and offer to buy the scrap brass from the garrison commander (they operated pretty close to the daily fix on the local scrap markets). It was also good business for a Soviet commander in a lonely outpost. For good measure, the wily scrap metal dealers would usually throw in a case of Stolichnaya or tinned caviar or Kamchatka crab wheedled out of another garrison earlier. Everybody ended up happy, and only rarely did anyone get hurt.

"What do they want?"

"Mr. Milton, I am sure that you can get this Sukhoi for less than ten Toyota Hilux pickup trucks. And maybe some BM-12 rocket launchers."

"How many trucks? And how many BM-12s?" I asked, knowing that it would be pretty close to ten.

"Maybe eight each, Mr. Milton. But the trucks should be new and white with red pinstriping. And it would be better if there are some with double cabs—room for five inside the cab."

"Look, Colonel. You find the new trucks from your motor pool, but you can be sure I'll cover you. Same goes for the BM-12s. Do we have a deal?"

"Yes, I think we do."

"Then I'll need your office to get the Sukhoi across zero line; my people will manage it from there. Can you put it under twenty-four-hour guard until I get instructions? I'll have an answer tomorrow. And thanks. This might be a big break. But for God's sake, don't tell those guys we're excited about it. Okay? They'll jack up the price."

"Fine, Mr. Milton. But there's one more thing. They also have the pilot."

"The pilot!"

"Yes. A gray-haired colonel ejected and was captured. He was only very slightly hurt and is in custody of the same militia holding the plane. What are your thoughts on the pilot?"

"Just make sure nothing happens to him," I said.

I had long preached to both the Afghans and the Pakistanis that the mujahideen needed to change their ways when it came to the treatment of Soviet prisoners, in particular downed pilots. Soon after I arrived in Pakistan, I was shown a photograph of a Soviet pilot in a silver flight suit, up to his waist in snow, skin burned by the relentless sun, with a bullet hole in the side of his head. His Tokarev semiautomatic was still clutched in his hand. He had killed himself rather than be captured. Soviet pilots had it particularly rough when captured, hence their extreme caution since the introduction of the Stinger in 1986. The greatest fear was not so much being hit as falling into mujahideen hands.

I had made it clear that American policy was that captured pilots be treated as prisoners of war under the norms of international agreements and that I would even be prepared to offer rewards for pilots repatriated to the USSR or, if they so desired, resettled in the West.

"They will give him to us for two more trucks and perhaps two more BM-12s."

"Let's make the same deal. You pay the militia and I'll cover you. And I'll want to talk to General Gul first thing in the morning."

"I'll send a car, Mr. Milton."

Jalalabad, August 9, 1988

The 40th Army had pulled its forces out of Jalalabad early in their front-loaded withdrawal in mid-May, handing over to the Afghan 2nd Army Corps the city that had once been the old winter residence of Afghan kings. Many in the Soviet limited contingent believed that as soon as the Soviet troops pulled out of Jalalabad, Afghan defenses would collapse and the bandits would take the Nangarhar provincial capital. Some even thought that the local Afghan allies of the Soviets would panic and try to clamber aboard their departing tanks and helicopters, as the South Vietnamese had done when the Americans pulled out of Saigon. But that hadn't happened, and one of the few men on the Soviet side who was convinced that it wouldn't was Leonid Shebarshin, who ninety days after the withdrawal of 40th Army troops from Jalalabad was on an official visit to Kabul with Vladimir Kryuchkov, the new Chairman of the KGB.

There had not been a single Soviet soldier in Jalalabad since the May pullout—it had been determined to be too great a risk. But to Shebarshin's amazement, Kryuchkov, another believer in the durability of the Najibullah regime, decided he would chance a quick run to Jalalabad. He and Shebarshin boarded a blacked-out Antonov AN-26 transport in Kabul after dark for the short flight to Jalalabad. Shebarshin felt self-conscious, awkward, and uncomfortable in the parachute he and the KGB Chairman were told to don, all the more so since he had no idea how the thing worked beyond the quick briefing he'd been given. Just jump out the door and pull the ring there on your chest and you'll be fine, he'd been instructed. Nor did he draw much comfort from the pistol strapped to his side. If he jumped, he thought, he'd probably lose it. Shebarshin decided such thoughts were unworthy of a man, but then again for the sake of objectivity they should at least be noted, he would later say.

As the Antonov lifted off the runway, the pilot put it into a series of steep climbing turns that seemed to take almost twenty minutes before the lumbering turboprop transport was above the effective range of the Stinger gunners. As they leveled off for the short flight along the Kabul River, the historic route of retreat of a doomed British Army almost a century and a half earlier, Shebarshin could see flashes of artillery and small-arms fire like blinking matches twenty thousand feet below. Almost as soon as the Antonov had reached altitude, it began its descent into Jalalabad, using the same gut-wrenching spiraling motion, but this time downward. As soon as they pulled to a grinding halt at the end of the runway, engines still turning, the passengers were whisked out to a waiting car. The Antonov then wheeled around and took off into the night sky; it had been on the ground in Jalalabad for no more than a minute.

Kryuchkov and Shebarshin were put up for the next two nights in the family residence of Pir Sayed Ahmad Gailani, the Afghan resistance leader. The rebel leader's home had been damaged by occupation troops over the years, but the staff still spoke of their old master with a tone of reverence. It wouldn't take much to fix it up after the war was over, Shebarshin decided as he surveyed the elegant old house.

The next day was surreal, sheer make-believe as they toured in and around Jalalabad, meeting with Afghan officials and troops in the field. In the stifling heat of the Jalalabad plain, they pinned medals on rows of khaki chests and heard the same half-believed mantra that everything was okay. Everything was under control. Here and there were fading red posters extolling inevitable victory. Muslim fatalism, thought Shebarshin as he absorbed the scene.

The second night, a blacked-out Antonov dropped into Jalalabad to pick up the two VIPs for the return to Kabul. The two men were rushed aboard and in seconds were in a spiraling ascent above the city to safety and the corridor home. After takeoff, the crew noted in the log that large-caliber tracer fire followed their ascent until they were above the range of any weapons known to be in the bandits' hands. At 2245 hours, they were back on the ground in Kabul.

First Chief Directorate Headquarters, August 15, 1988

Back in Moscow, Leonid Shebarshin mused over another one of the many distractions of a war coming to an end. A freebooting militia commander in Paktia Province near the Pakistan border, a man of constantly shifting allegiances, had captured an Air Force colonel when his Sukhoi-25 was shot down near the Pakistani border about ten days earlier. Negotiations had been under way since the day after the shoot-down for a cash ransom for the release of the colonel. Shebarshin was aware it would cost a tidy sum to secure the freedom of a full colonel, certainly more than might be paid for a lieutenant, but it was worth it to get a brave officer out of captivity. Too many pilots had died at the hands of the bandits over the years, and now it seemed that everybody was willing to make a deal.

The Paktia shoot-down was a case in point. Within hours of the incident, a message had been delivered to the 40th Army and to the KGB that a white-haired colonel was safe and sound and that those holding him were ready for a trade. Now all that had to be done was the haggling over the price. Not a bad way for a pilot to end his own war, particularly considering the alternatives, Shebarshin thought. He scanned the report until he found the colonel's name. He decided he didn't know the man.

Islamabad, August 15, 1988

The operation to extract the downed Su-25 from Paktia had gone well, as had the bargaining over the pilot. The pickup trucks and the rocket launchers were handed over in return for the plane and the pilot. We never sought access to captured Soviet pilots or other troops unless they stated clearly to the Pakistanis that they wanted to defect to us. Memories of Soviet interrogations of U.S. POWs in Vietnam and Korea were fresh enough, and the policy was that there would be no direct American interference with captured Soviet combatants. The previous year, we had assisted in the resettlement of three Soviet soldiers who had been held by the mujahideen for more than a year and finally decided they wanted to resettle in the West. They ended up in Canada, but we helped process them into the resettlement system.

Most of the Soviet soldiers who fell into mujahideen hands were a pretty troubled lot. Hazing in the Soviet Army made for a miserable life in the best of times, but add to that the crushing insanity of the war in Afghanistan, and it was no surprise that a significant number of Soviet troops were sliding into the Afghan drug scene. Many of them were actually captured by the rebels after having been lured away from the safety of their garrisons on drug deals. Once captured, some very quickly found an enthusiasm for Islam and for the Afghan resistance. They had heard enough stories of their comrades being buried alive or becoming the objects of entertainment for primitive men with knives. Even then, their lives with the mujahideen were often a terrorized combination of concubine and beast of burden. By the time they ended up with us on their way to a resettlement in the West, they were in need of more help than we were often able to give.

After being pulled out of Paktia, the Soviet colonel remained the guest of the Pakistanis while arrangements were worked out with the Soviet embassy in Islamabad for his repatriation. Hamid Gul told me that the Soviet airman was a congenial man who had no interests beyond going home to Moscow to fight another day. He gave up no information and didn't take the usual defection bait—the big-chested homecoming queen blonde, the bass boat, and the pickup truck with Arizona plates that I had told Hamid Gul to offer him. Instead, the pilot was handed over to the Soviet embassy in Islamabad, and two weeks later he was in Moscow, where he was regaled and decorated for his heroism and his steadfast commitment to his "internationalist duty."

His rescue was characterized as the result of the gallant efforts of the "competent organs." No mention was ever made of how his release had been arranged; certainly nothing was said of the Toyotas or the BM-12s the CIA had kicked in. Altogether a nice final chapter, I thought. But it wasn't yet the end of the game for the colonel. Years later, the kindly, white-haired colonel would be at center stage in Moscow politics.

13

Rawalpindi, August 13, 1988

Akhtar couldn't let go of Afghan affairs since he had handed over ISI to Hamid Gul six months earlier. Though his move to take over as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff had included a promotion to lieutenant general, he felt left out of the action in the last days of the war. He continued to call me for a quiet dinner talk every month or so; in return, he would update me on what was going on in the Army. A pretty good trade, I thought, and so it was that I joined him for dinner on the evening of August 13.

Akhtar was in good spirits, having survived the scandal of the Ojhri camp disaster, but just barely, and only because Zia had kicked out Prime Minister Junejo's civilian government. I had kept up these quiet sessions with Akhtar for the last eighteen months partly as a means of keeping tabs on the current thinking among the corps commanders and senior staff chiefs and partly because I had become close to the general. He would invariably probe for information on what Hamid Gul was up to in Afghanistan, sometimes critically, but since the Soviets were well into their withdrawal, and since most of the news was reasonably good, I never felt I was being caught between a suspicious predecessor and an ambitious successor. Toward the end of our dinner, I mentioned the big event of the week.

"I suppose you'll be joining everybody else in Bahawalpur on the seventeenth," I said, referring to the field demonstration in Bahawalpur of the American M1 Abrams tank we were trying to sell the Pakistan Army.

"Bahawalpur? Who's going?" Akhtar was perplexed; he clearly hadn't heard about the demonstration.

Catching his tone, I tried to downplay its importance. "They're showing off the Abrams tank, but you know all about it. It's a technical affair. I understand the president will be going."

"Bahawalpur?" Akhtar said again, clearly irritated at having heard from me about a military gathering that involved President Zia. "Will you be going along?"

"No, I've got nothing to do with the Abrams. I'll leave that to the representational crowd, the ambassador and some of our military brass."

The rest of the dinner was awkward, and I tried to change the subject by briefing the general on the progress CIA technicians were making in salvaging the Su-25, which, it turned out, was as promised in excellent condition. But Akhtar had little interest in this or any other subject, and I ended up leaving for Islamabad a little earlier than usual.

Islamabad, 0830 Hours, August 14, 1988

The next morning, I had barely gotten through my cable traffic before Akhtar was on the line from Rawalpindi:

"Funny thing about the Bahawalpur affair. I found my invitation on my desk when I arrived at the office this morning. It was held up in the mailroom. I'm sending over an invitation for you, as well. You can come with me. It ought to be an interesting day."

"Thanks, General, but I'll have to check my schedule and get back to you."

I didn't believe for a minute that Akhtar's invitation had been on his desk. I was sure that he'd made life unpleasant for anyone around him below three-star rank and that the hastily prepared invitation had been the only way to end the unpleasantness. When my invitation arrived by courier later that day, I tossed it in a burn bag, pausing for only a second or two to contemplate whether I ought to give it to my deputy Jim Morris and have him cover for me. Not worth it, I decided.

Islamabad, 1800 Hours, August 17, 1988

I had just walked into my residence in Islamabad's quiet and shady Shalimar residential quarter when my phone rang. It was my secretary, still at work.

"Milt, it's Susan. We just got an odd call saying that President Zia's plane has crashed."

"Is there any more than that?" I had an instant sinking feeling that what Susan had just reported was true.

"No, they're trying to check it out now."

"I'll be right in," I said.

I was back in the office in ten minutes, by which time there was no longer any doubt about the crash. The reports coming in from Bahawalpur also placed Arnie Raphel on the plane with the president, as well as Brigadier General Herb Wassom, a fine Army officer and a good friend who ran the military cooperation office in the embassy. Fragments of information were coming in by the minute, and the early assessment was that there had been a catastrophic loss of life among senior officers in the Pakistan Army. The first thing I did was send a "Critic" message with worldwide distribution, outlining the facts as we knew them. The Critic message is called for whenever events occur in an area of interest to the United States that might even remotely deteriorate into a military confrontation. The assassination of a major world leader fell into that category, and there were already whispers, soon to be shouts, that Zia's plane had been brought down by an assassin's hand. This could only add tension to the always tricky standoff between Pakistan and India, particularly if a leadership vacuum in the Pakistan Army was perceived by the Indians as an opening for mischief.

With the ambassador dead, the management of the U.S. embassy fell to the deputy chief of mission, Elizabeth Jones, one of the Department of State's finest foreign service officers. Beth, as everyone called her, had just arrived in Islamabad and had hardly unpacked before the disaster struck. Yet within the first hour after the news came in, she had put in motion a crisis management plan that worked flawlessly until she was replaced by Robert Oakley, who arrived in Islamabad a few days later with Secretary of State George Shultz for President Zia's funeral and to accompany the remains of Ambassador Raphel and Herb Wassom back to the United States.

As the drama unfolded in Bahawalpur, the list of the dead on Zia's plane continued to grow. An hour after I had returned to the embassy, I learned that General Akhtar was among those presumed dead, which now included eight Pakistani general officers, several brigadiers and colonels, and a number of civilians, for a total of thirty-one persons aboard the president's C-130. It was later learned, after the arrival in Chaklala of the second C-130, this one carrying Vice Chief of Army Staff General Mirza Aslam Beg, that Ambassador Raphel and General Wassom had only at the last minute been invited by the president to join him in his VIP compartment inside the C-130 for the flight home. Another American Army officer, Brigadier General Mike Pfister, returned to Islamabad alone in the embassy aircraft. I had assumed Mike had also been killed with the others and was delighted to see him show up late in the day.

The sun had not set on the day of the crash before substance was added to the rumors of foul play. Apparently the president's C-130 had begun diving and climbing in a porpoise fashion immediately after takeoff and continued to fly in this erratic manner until it finally dove straight into the ground, with all engines at full throttle. The impact was tremendous, and the fire was intense. Early evidence of a conspiracy centered on crates of Multan mangoes that had been loaded aboard the aircraft as gifts at the last minute. And, as usual, eyewitness reports had the C-130 exploding in midair before the crash. There had obviously been a bomb in the mango crates, was the conclusion of the day. That story was followed quickly by another suggesting that a gas had been released in the cockpit, incapacitating the crew. Soon began the search for likely plotters of what had already been accepted as the assassination of President Zia.

General Beg, who by sudden default was now the man in charge in Pakistan, was the first name on the short list, if for no other reason than that he was not on the plane with Zia. General Beg paid a condolence call the evening of the crash on the ambassador's wife, Nancy Ely-Raphel, a foreign service officer and attorney who had taken a leave of absence to accompany her husband during his posting to Islamabad.

Someone later observed that the general seemed edgy and uncomfortable in her presence. Before the day was over, there were whispers that Beg was behind the crash—certainly he stood to gain the most from the sudden departure of Zia from the scene, and certainly he was a man of ambition. Rumor fed rumor, and as the conspiracy theories thickened, others would soon be added to the short list of probable assassins, including me.

First Chief Directorate Headquarters, Yasenevo, 0800 Hours, August 18, 1988

Leonid Shebarshin wondered how long it would take before fingers began pointing to the KGB as the evil genius behind the crash of Zia's plane. He had already passed up the proper assurances that the KGB's Afghan allies in Khad had nothing to do with the crash, and there had been no real questioning from above as to whether the KGB had a hand in it. But there was, to be sure, interest in determining if there was foul play, and if so, whose.

Shebarshin himself thought that the crash, if not just plain bad luck, was probably the result of internal disputes in Pakistan. He'd lived there long enough to know that old feuds live on forever and that sooner or later someone would seek retribution for the execution of Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto; sooner or later someone would have to pay Zia back. Either way, Shebarshin knew he'd have to keep his eye on the how and why of Zia's death.

Islamabad, 0700 Hours, August 18, 1988

Early the next morning, with the wreckage of Zia's C-130 still smoldering and under guard, I received a cable from Langley suggesting I consider sending the team of technicians salvaging the Su-25 to the crash site to search for clues, before the site became cold and contaminated. The technicians were experienced in the examination of air crashes, the cable had said. I took the suggestion under consideration, and after consulting with my deputy, Jim Morris, and the embassy air attaché, I advised Langley it would be a mistake to use the visiting technicians. Whatever good they might be able to do would be outweighed by the fact that the CIA had people poking around in the rubble of Zia's plane a day after it went down. Questions would linger eternally as to what we were doing at the crash site and what we'd added or removed to cover up our hand in the crash. Langley sent me a short cable seconding that position. Later, I would be glad that our technicians had not been dispatched to the crash site, as more and more people became convinced that the crash had been engineered by the CIA, with me as the executioner.

There was an impeccable South Asian logic in the suggestion that the United States was involved in Zia's death. According to the growing conspiracy theory, the elaborate U.S. endgame in Pakistan and Afghanistan had begun with the destruction of Ojhri camp in the spring, followed by the killing of the president and his generals in August, as they were now "in the way of bigger things." As the story went, the United States wanted to be certain that the mujahideen would not hamper the Soviet withdrawal, and thus the CIA had arranged for the destruction of the ordnance depot at Ojhri. And to be sure that the plans Zia and Akhtar had put in place for a post-Soviet Afghanistan a decade earlier failed, both men had to be liquidated. Then, per secret agreement, the Soviets would be able to withdraw with honor, and the fundamentalist resistance parties would be unable to complete their victory in Afghanistan. The Soviets would be given their "decent interval" from the time of their withdrawal and the collapse of the Najibullah regime. Ambassador Raphel and General Wassom had simply been unexpected and unfortunate collateral damage, but in the end, they were acceptable losses.

It made a wonderful yarn, but it was sheer hallucination. Nevertheless, once the story gained momentum, it would never again be fully discounted, only improved upon.

The sad fact was that the Pakistan Air Force had probably put its president and many of his generals on an aircraft with mechanical problems. But the Pakistan military establishment couldn't accept such a reality and, despite a complete lack of evidence of a conspiracy, stuck to its guns on the assassination theory. General Gul later told me that he was convinced the Indians were behind the crash, and when I said that there was no evidence to support his claim, his response explained it all.

"Milton, you still don't understand the Indians. They would never leave any evidence that they had been involved. *That,* Milton, *is* the evidence of their involvement." Hamid Gul eventually gave up on the Indian plot and would in later years tell anyone who would listen that he was convinced the CIA had killed Zia.

A few days after the crash, I was faced with a macabre problem. A team of pathologists dispatched from Washington to make a positive identification of the remains of Ambassador Raphel and General Wassom had come up with human remains that belonged to neither man. As testimony to the intensity of the fire and the tremendous impact of the crash, positive identification of the men in the VIP module proved challenging for the American team and close to impossible for Pakistani pathologists. The Americans ultimately succeeded in their task, however, and arrangements were made for the remains of the two fine public servants to be flown home on Secretary Shultz's plane. But what to do with the unidentifiable remains?

I contacted friends in the Pakistani Army, and we arranged for a solemn transfer of the remains of the unknown officer resting in a hand-rubbed rosewood chest draped with a Pakistani flag. The handover took place at sundown, and the remains were buried the next morning in the military cemetery, giving a final salute to the unknown *shaheed.*

Secretary of State George Shultz led the American delegation to Pakistan to attend President Zia's funeral and to take Arnie Raphel's and Herb Wassom's remains back home. He was accompanied by Robert Oakley, who at the time was responsible for the region on the National Security Council. Oakley would stay on as ambassador as we wound down this phase of war in Afghanistan and as we stood by and watched the next phase begin.

Charlie Wilson and Annelise Ilschenko also attended Zia's funeral, and Annelise's powder blue floral *shalwar kameez* ended up attracting far more attention in the large American procession than the craggy, solemn face of George Shultz. Before the secretary's delegation departed with the flag-draped coffins, a small ceremony was held in the embassy compound in Islamabad, with taps being played by the teenage son of one of the embassy staff.

Islamabad, October 1988

The snows came early in 1988, drawing down to winter dormancy the last fighting season of the USSR's nine-year war in Afghanistan. The commander of the Soviet Union's 40th Army, General Boris Gromov, had on his way out of Afghanistan finally shown that the Red Army could perform as a superpower should. Six months after the withdrawal began, Gromov had pulled out the bulk of his garrisons without mishaps serious enough to interrupt the process or create a diplomatic crisis. Despite counsel from both Pakistan and the United States to leave the Soviet forces alone as long as they were heading for home, there were a number of harassing attacks by the mujahideen. The hatred ran deep in a country where every family had buried their dead from the brutal war.

A couple of times, Gromov's troops had taken what I thought were dangerous routes of exit, and they ran into trouble passing through some valleys in the center and north of the country. On those occasions where the Soviets took casualties, they would protest. One time after the retreating units came under heavy assault for taking what anyone who knew the mujahideen might have told them was the wrong fork in the road, I was given a gentle warning. I was at the large October 1 Chinese National Day celebration when I was approached by one of the old-style heavies of the Soviet embassy in Islamabad, a minister-counselor named Botshan-Kharchenko.

"Mr. *Buuurdon.*" He made his usual mess of my name. "Perhaps we should speak."

"Why not?" I said, stepping away from what was easily the finest buffet spread in Islamabad's diplomatic community.

"You must understand, Mr. *Buuurdon,* that these attacks against our troops as they withdraw must stop."

"And if they don't?"

"Then perhaps we will halt our withdrawal. Then what will you do?"

"It is not what I will do, Counselor, it is what the Afghans will do. And I think they will simply keep on fighting and killing your soldiers until you finally just go home."

"But you have some control over such matters. . . ."

"No one has control over such matters, Counselor, except the Soviet Union."

"Mr. *Buuurdon,* you must still understand that there will be consequences if these attacks continue."

"I am sure there will be, Counselor."

There would be more such conversations between me and the Soviets, and though the attacks continued sporadically, withdrawal stayed on schedule. But on the whole, the Soviets managed to find their way out of Afghanistan without major disasters slowing them down. By the time Christmas 1988 rolled around, marking with it the ninth anniversary of the Soviet invasion, even the revenge-driven mujahideen commanders were convinced that the Soviet phase of their struggle was all but over. They began moving their forces into position for the next stage of the conflict, the struggle against the Soviet puppet regime of Najibullah in Kabul. And beyond that, the disparate forces that made up the Afghan resistance began jockeying for advantage in the phase that was to come after Najibullah had finally fallen, the fight to see who among the major players would emerge on top of the rubble heap that Afghanistan had become.

Ahmad Shah Massoud had been the first of the major leaders in Afghanistan to see the handwriting on the wall. He became convinced that the Soviets were actually going to honor the commitment signed in Geneva in April 1988, and even before the ink was dry on the accords, Massoud had redirected his energies to forging an alliance for the future struggle against the Pashtun majority. In particular, he was gearing up for his showdown with his nemesis, Gulbuddin Hekmatyar. Across the northern tier of Afghanistan, Massoud cut deal after deal with local commanders and forged what he at that time called the Supreme Council of the North, a non-Pashtun alliance of primarily Tajiks and Uzbeks, thereby positioning himself in the starting blocks for the race to Kabul once the puppet regime began to wobble.

Similarly, several of the Pashtun party leaders such as Gulbuddin and Sayyaf had been stockpiling ordnance for the post-Soviet phase of the fight. As a result, there were constant complaints from all of the party leaders that the United States had abandoned the mujahideen. The resistance leaders always referred to the Ojhri camp disaster as "proof" of U.S.-Soviet connivance, designed to leave the Pashtun parties without the means to carry the fight to Kabul. I had meetings with the Peshawar Seven during those last months of the war, and the theme was always the same: We're out of supplies, and you have left us in the lurch. At one particularly heated session, I took a gamble. Sayyaf had made an eloquent speech complaining that his commanders inside Afghanistan had only captured weapons and ammunition at their disposal since we had cut them off. As his harangue ended, I took the floor, addressing the Peshawar Seven through Colonel Bacha, the interpreter.

"I have heard from all of you about the lack of ordnance. In particular, I have heard from Professor Sayyaf that his stores are empty. I can't understand how that could be possible, when our satellites just yesterday photographed his supply bunkers in Ali Khel and Zhawar Kili, and our estimates are that he is very well supplied."

Sayyaf, who almost always spoke through an interpreter, understood exactly what I had said and responded quickly in English. "I have less than nine hundred tons in Zhawar and about the same in Ali Khel," he said defiantly. But the effect was the opposite of what he had intended.

Mojaddedi broke in. "That's two thousand tons. Professor Sayyaf says he is out of ammunition and he has two thousand tons in Zhawar and Ali Khel alone!"

There was a hubbub among the other party leaders, and Sayyaf grew quiet. It was not the first or the last time that the impartial eye of the KH-11 satellite would intervene to break up a quarrel. It was irrelevant that there had been no overhead imagery of Sayyaf's bunkers in Paktia province—the other six parties believed there had been.

The United States and the Soviet Union would continue to supply their respective clients as the Soviets stuck to their withdrawal schedule over the winter months and into early 1989. The CIA estimated that there was more than enough ordnance in-country to finish the job of dislodging the Najibullah regime and that there would be no shortfalls. Demands for more ordnance were understood as calls for supplies for the future, the post-DRA future, when the Afghans would begin the nasty business of seeing who would end up ruling the roost. And there was little American interest in becoming part of that fight.

As the new year rolled in, Kabul was surrounded by what the Pakistanis called a "ring of steel." Each of the mujahideen parties had groups overlooking the capital from winter camps in the nearby hills, and it was clear that the stage was set for a siege after the last Soviet soldier stepped across Friendship Bridge. The foreign diplomatic community had drawn down to near zero over the last few months, and as the final date for the Soviet withdrawal came—February 15, 1989—the battle lines were drawn.

14

Islamabad, 0700 Hours, February 15, 1989

I had been in my office since 0630 hours, waiting for relayed reports of the last day of the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan. I stood by my wall map, checking and rechecking the pins marking the locations of Soviet garrisons throughout the country, red for units still in-country, green for those already withdrawn. The whole of Afghanistan was now covered with green pins, with only a few red ones left in Kabul, in Mazar-e-Sharif, and along the main withdrawal route to the north, through the Salang tunnel and across the Shomali and Mazar-e-Sharif plains. Today it was over. Boris Gromov would walk out of Afghanistan, thus ending 3,331 days of senseless war.

I had received reports that Gromov had actually been in the Soviet Central Asian Republic of Uzbekistan for the last couple of days and that he would fly down to a point on the road from Mazar to the Friendship Bridge at Termez to link up with the last column of the 40th Army on its way home. It was all to be carefully choreographed by the little general himself.

I waited as the reports came in.

Termez, Uzbekistan, February 15, 1989

General Boris Gromov wanted the arrangements to be just right. The international press had been shuttled from nearby Termez in Uzbekistan to a special media center, complete with a new covered pavilion overlooking Friendship Bridge. The body of a hapless young trooper killed the day before had been furtively carried across the bridge before the press had time to reason that his blanket-wrapped form represented the last Russian soldier killed in the war. The cameras of several dozen news services zoomed in on the center of the bridge, where a lone Soviet tank had pulled to a halt. The figure of General Boris Gromov jumped from the turret, pulled his battle-dress tunic smartly into place, and strode purposefully over the last hundred yards toward the Soviet side of the Oxus. Just before he reached the end of the bridge, his son Maksim, a slim, awkward fourteen-year-old, greeted his father with a stiff embrace and presented him with a bouquet of red carnations. Son and father marched the last fifty yards out of Afghanistan together. At that moment, Gromov became the USSR's "hero of Afghanistan."

I never understood why.

In the almost ten years of war, the Soviet Union admitted to having lost around fifteen thousand troops killed in action, with several hundred thousand wounded or disabled from disease. General Gromov's brilliantly staged exit from Afghanistan would grow rapidly into a national disaster for the USSR, yet he was the hero of Afghanistan. The Soviet adventure ended as it began, with fantasy and make-believe.

Islamabad, February 15, 1989

My telecommunications chief stepped into my office with his report.

"He's out."

I nodded and said, "Send it now."

And with that order we sent an immediate cable to Langley with two words etched out of Xs covering the whole page:

CITE: ISLAMABAD 222487
IMMEDIATE DIRECTOR
WNINTEL INTEL
SUBJECT: SOVIET OCCUPATION OF AFGHANISTAN

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        XX       X       XX      XXXXX
         XX     XX     XX        X
          XX   X X   XX          XXXXX
           XX X   X XX           X
            XX     XX            XXXXX

XX       X       XX      XXXXX      X     X
 XX     XX     XX      X         X    XX    X
  XX   X X   XX        X         X    X X   X
   XX X   X XX         X         X    X  X X
    XX     XX          XXXXX          X   XX
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FILE DEFER:

That same night I ended a ritual. My office was about three-quarters of a mile away in a straight line from the Soviet embassy. Since I had arrived in Pakistan in the summer of 1986, I had kept a table lamp lit in my window twenty-four hours a day, covering a period now approaching three years. Word had come back to me from a number of sources that the KGB *Rezident* in the fortresslike Soviet embassy just a rifle shot away had often commented that my office appeared to be occupied at all times of the day or night. On one occasion, a KGB man had even said to me directly that he had noticed I worked late each evening, since the lights in my officer were always burning.

As the sun dropped beyond the Margalla Hills on the night of February 15, 1989, I turned off all the lights in my office, including the table lamp that had burned steadily for the last three years.

First Chief Directorate Headquarters, 1230 Hours, February 15, 1989

It was over. Fortieth Army commander General Boris Gromov's staged exit from Afghanistan had profound propaganda value. It added a sense of finality, Shebarshin thought, to the final act of a drama that had turned to a tragedy. Before Gromov had made his dramatic return home as the symbolic last Soviet soldier to walk out of Afghanistan, there had been calls from Najibullah for a "small Soviet force to carry out limited functions." There were additional calls for Soviet air strikes in eastern Afghanistan, in Paktia near Zhawar and Khowst, and at other bandit strongholds. But Shebarshin had been dead set against any more Soviet intervention. There was no stomach for more adventures in Afghanistan.

Leonid Shebarshin was under no illusions that the Soviet Union had acted nobly at the end of its Afghan adventure. On the contrary, he was convinced that Gromov's splendid performance before the world press was just another step in the betrayal of Afghanistan. Betrayal or not, it was irreversible. The USSR would have to live with whatever deal Shevardnadze had cut in backroom meetings with his counterparts, George Shultz and James Baker. And eventually the USSR would have to live with its shame.

Shebarshin had been through it all, the good, what little there was of it, and all of the bad. He had been the KGB man on the spot in Kabul in May 1986, when the Soviet Union decided that its man Babrak Karmal was the source of the failures and had to go. But there was a problem. The old man hadn't quite gotten the message when he passed through Moscow a few weeks earlier, when he'd been told that his time to let go of power had come. Shebarshin was sent to Kabul to help Karmal exit gracefully. He had actually edited the text of Karmal's abdication speech, a most dishonorable task, he thought, one that at times brought bitter outbursts from the Afghan leader: "Who knows Dari, General, you or I?"

Shebarshin knew he had compromised his own conscience and that Karmal's premonitions of "bad times" for both Afghanistan and the Soviet Union were not based on personal hysteria. The old man threatened and cursed, and at no point did he yield to the temptation of pitying his "soulless opponents." If Karmal had been a Russian, Shebarshin thought as he slugged it out verbally with the old man, he'd have simply said, "Fuck you! Do what you want." But Karmal was Afghan, and in the end he did yield, and he made his speech, handing over to Moscow's new "chosen one," Najibullah.

And now it was over. Shebarshin thought he should be recovering from his own sense of dishonor. But he wasn't. The small wound that had been inflicted so long ago by the proud old man had grown into an ulcer. And it would continue to grow. Shebarshin would add the betrayal of Najibullah to that of Babrak Karmal, a disloyalty that had even greater consequences for Afghanistan and the USSR.

Shebarshin, along with the KGB Chairman, Vladimir Kryuchkov, had been the two strongest voices saying that Najib would hold on much longer than the naysayers suggested. The pessimists gave the

Afghan leader a month or two before his Army would collapse, mutiny, and then turn on him. But Shebarshin knew Najib well and was convinced that if there was any form of aftercare by the withdrawing superpowers, Najib might even pull off a few deals and survive over the long run.

He had spent enough time with the big bear of a man to appreciate his quick mind and flexibility. He might even make it, Shebarshin thought. But deep down he knew the USSR would let him down. It was one of the reasons he tried to avoid becoming personally involved with the likable Afghan, a thirsty man with a quick wit—he favored Chivas Regal Scotch. Shebarshin had been to Najibullah's home on the grounds of the old palace. He had met Fatan, his dutiful wife, and their three daughters, who always seemed to be giggling about something, maybe just about the KGB man's presence in the family home. Shebarshin steeled himself to resist any instinct of developing a personal friendship with the Afghan president, though they would have been friends under almost any other circumstances. He even decided against asking him to autograph a photograph of the two men together. That might imply a connection he didn't want to have to deal with later. No, Shebarshin decided, he'd keep it strictly business with the Afghan leader. That way it would be easier to betray the man when the time came.

Karmal had made his peace with Afghanistan. Fate had moved him from Kabul to Mazar-e-Sharif and the protection of General Dostum, and finally to Moscow, where he would live out his last years, all but forgotten. Shebarshin would never see him in Moscow. He was too ashamed. And he was deeply ashamed to see the way the Afghan affair would end, with the Soviets betraying their old friends and the Americans pressing for their usual unconditional victory, whatever that would mean. Shebarshin was convinced that the Americans could, if they were realists, make a deal with Najib that would have a better chance than any other approach to peace. But he was also convinced that the Americans would have nothing to do with such a deal. They'd eventually come to regret it, he thought. The only other possible statesman on the Afghan scene, the only other man who might look beyond the dangerous, narrow view of ethnic conflict, was Ahmad Shah Massoud. The Soviet side could live with Massoud, Shebarshin thought, but could the Pakistanis and the Americans? Probably not, he decided. And they'd come to regret that, too.

Islamabad, May 1989

The 40th Army was a fading memory as spring gave way to summer, but Najibullah was hanging tough as ever. Far from collapsing as soon as darkness fell on the Soviet withdrawal, the Soviet puppet leader held on, and the confrontation between the mujahideen and the Najibullah regime was settling into a low-attrition standoff as all sides jockeyed for advantage, none willing to commit to a major engagement.

Pakistan was off on another of its infrequent experiments with democracy, having elected as prime minister Benazir Bhutto, the daughter of the man Zia had hanged a decade earlier. In the late spring, the fledgling government of the Radcliffe- and Oxford-educated Bhutto pushed ISI to mount a major attack on Jalalabad, hoping to seize the city in what was hoped would be the first of a series of victories. The Peshawar Seven had been against it, as had most of the commanders in eastern Afghanistan, but the prime minister was eager for a victory to coincide with her attendance at the Organization of the Islamic Conference meeting that spring. So the assault on the provincial capital went forward.

The battle turned into a fiasco; the failure of the resistance to take the city gave Najibullah a psychological second wind. I made a few trips through the Khyber Agency during the Jalalabad campaign and found the siege a halfhearted effort that senselessly piled up casualties on both sides. Pickup trucks smeared with mud in hand-painted camouflage raced toward Jalalabad, their beds jammed with fighters and weapons. Threading their way back along the old Grand Trunk Road more slowly toward Torkham, the same trucks carried the wounded and the stacks of dead from the stalemated battle.

On one trip to Torkham while Jalalabad was under siege, I took along the visiting DDO, Richard Stolz. While viewing the movement of supplies into Afghanistan and of the wounded out, one of the Pakistani officers traveling with us approached and whispered in my ear, "We've caught a man photographing you and Mr. Stolz! He says he's an American working for *The Washington Post.*"

Though both Stolz and I were dressed in *shalwar kameez,* we were nonetheless obviously foreigners.

"Where is the guy?" I asked.

"Don't worry. We've got his camera. We'll take care of him." The Pakistani officer winked and motioned about twenty yards away to a young man with a scraggly beard and dressed in Afghan garb talking to two of his officers. The colonel's answer was far from reassuring.

"No, Colonel. Let's not just 'take care of him,' " I said. "Give him back his camera and let him go. But first let's get Stolz out of here."

If, by 1989, there was one man working at Langley who most clearly embodied the old-school traditions of the CIA, it was Richard Stolz. He was a throwback to the first crop of Ivy Leaguers who had joined the CIA in the years immediately after World War II. Born in 1925 and raised comfortably in New Jersey, Stolz enlisted in the Army at eighteen and by late 1944 was a combat infantryman with the 100th Division in France. After the war, he graduated from Amherst College and made his way to New York, where a college friend quietly contacted him and asked him if he was bored at work and would like to be part of something interesting going on in Washington. It was, at the time, the typical recruitment pitch at the fledgling CIA, which relied heavily on elite eastern college connections to fill its new officer corps.

Short and slight, and with a quiet, unassuming demeanor, Stolz took to the intelligence business and in the early 1960s was chosen to be the CIA's first chief in Moscow. After just a few months in Moscow, Stolz was kicked out by the Soviets in retaliation for the FBI's aggressive action against a KGB officer in Washington. Yet he continued his smooth rise up the CIA's management ranks until 1981, when he decided he couldn't work for President Ronald Reagan's new CIA director, Bill Casey.

Stolz was London station chief when Casey took over at the CIA. Casey quickly asked him to return to headquarters to serve as one of two deputies to Max Hugel, a Republican crony whom Casey was going to name DDO. Stolz was deeply insulted that he was being asked to nursemaid an amateur and retired rather than accept the assignment.

Hugel was forced out by scandal in just a few months, and Casey ruefully put the professionals back in charge, first naming John Stein to be DDO and later replacing him with Clair George. At first, Stolz probably regretted his decision to leave, since it looked as though he could have been rapidly promoted to DDO if he'd just waited it out.

But in the long run, it turned out to be a blessing in disguise. It meant that he was out of the CIA, and untainted, when the Iran-contra scandal engulfed the DO's leadership in the mid-1980s.

After Casey's death in 1987, William Webster, the highly regarded FBI Director, was asked by President Reagan to take over the CIA and steer it out of the Iran-contra morass. Webster turned to Stolz, whom he had known at Amherst, and asked him to come out of retirement in 1988 and get the DO back on track. The fact that Stolz had been out of the CIA throughout Iran-contra made him a much more attractive candidate for Webster, who was then trying to deal with increasingly aggressive intelligence oversight committees in Congress. It also meant that Dick Stolz, who as a young case officer had experienced the earliest of the CIA's battles against the Soviet Union, would return to lead the DO during the Cold War's final days.

By early 1989, the upheaval in Eastern Europe was just beginning, but Stolz could already see that SE Division needed new leadership. Stolz and his deputy, Tom Twetten, believed that the entire Directorate of Operations had to change, but nowhere was the need for an overhaul more pressing than in the SE Division.

Stolz had run the division himself in the 1970s, when it was called the SB Division (for "Soviet Bloc"). He was old school, but still he recognized that the division had to be aired out to keep up with the accelerating pace of events. He knew that Burton Gerber was one of the best of the CIA's Soviet operations officers, but he had been division chief for five years—far too long, in Stolz's opinion.

Stolz and Twetten knew that the SE Division had to start thinking more broadly to seek out the kind of political intelligence that policy makers in Washington were hungry for as they tried to grapple with the accelerating pace of change in the Soviet empire. But they also worried that SE Division managers were still so focused on obtaining yet another microdot message from a spy inside the KGB that they were missing the big picture. Stolz realized that Burton Gerber and his deputy, Paul Redmond, were both products of the SE Division culture and were not the right people to try to change it. Stolz wasn't certain how rapidly the division should or could be overhauled, but he knew that it had to change.

For his part, Gerber also recognized that he had been in the job too long. He had already quietly gone to Stolz to ask that he be allowed to move on to a new post.

Dick Stolz had come out to Pakistan not only to take a look at the endgame of the war, but to tell me that I would be returning to headquarters in July to take over SE Division from Burton Gerber. It was time for a change, was all that the DDO had said.

Islamabad, June 1989

June brought an end to predictions of a rapid collapse of the Kabul regime. Not only was it holding on, but the resistance had turned to deadly squabbling, splitting sharply along ethnic and regional lines. In the process, the warring parties made it nearly impossible for the international aid agencies to deliver desperately needed humanitarian assistance inside Afghanistan, and the bitter internecine fighting discouraged the millions of refugees piled up in Pakistan and Iran from returning home. The international community tired of the replay of the old Afghan drama and began to disengage.

There were few workable ideas of how to make the place whole again, and absent a major international effort—a waning possibility—Afghanistan would revert to its old unruly ways, this time armed to the teeth with the leftovers of a decade of proxy superpower warfare. Already the Afghan resistance, whose struggle against the overwhelming strength of a superpower had captured the West's imagination, was losing even its most devoted supporters. Yesterday's romantic freedom fighters were today's scruffy thugs.

The Western media closed up shop in neighboring Pakistan to chase new and more dramatic stories in places like Tiananmen Square, where a new hero was born, a Chinese student staring down a People's Liberation Army tank. The media's departure was followed by the so-called Afghan Arabs, who began to trickle back to their homes in the

Middle East, filled with a profound sense of accomplishment and with ideas for radical change at home. Among them was the son of a Saudi billionaire, Osama bin Laden, a construction engineer who had built a number of orphanages and homes for the widows of resistance fighters in North-West Frontier Province, as well as tunnels and ordnance depots burrowed into the mountains of Nangarhar and Paktia.

By the mid-1980s, the call to jihad had reached all corners of the Islamic world, attracting Arabs young and old and with a variety of motivations to travel to Pakistan to take up arms against the Soviet invaders. There were the genuine volunteers on missions of humanitarian value; there were the adventure seekers on the paths of glory; and there were the psychopaths. As the war dragged on, a number of Arab states quietly emptied their prisons of their homegrown troublemakers and sent them off to the Afghan jihad with the hope that they might not return. By the end of the war, we had estimated that as many as twenty thousand Arabs may have passed through Pakistan and Afghanistan.

The Afghan Arabs occasionally saw combat against Soviet and DRA forces, but their military role in the war would be greatly inflated after the Soviets withdrew. As fund-raisers, however, the Arabs played a positive, often critical, role in the rear areas. By 1989, the CIA estimated that Gulf Arabs raised as much as $20 million to $25 million each month for their humanitarian and construction projects. There was little concern at the time over the role of the Afghan Arabs in Pakistan or Afghanistan, with the exception of localized criticism by Western nongovernmental organizations of the harsh fundamentalism of the Saudi Wahhabis, whose influence in the refugee camps in Pakistan was pervasive. It was in these squalid camps that a generation of young Afghan males would be born into and raised in the strictest fundamentalism of the Deobandi and Wahhabi Islamic schools, the *madrassas,* setting the stage for new problems a decade later.

Thus, after the Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan, the interests of Western governments turned to East-Central Europe as the drama of 1989 began to play out. Pretty soon the world would lose interest in Afghanistan. And the Pakistan government, now bringing to an end another of its experiments with democracy, would rapidly discover that it could no longer escape the mood swings of the U.S. Congress. As soon as Benazir Bhutto was dismissed on charges of gross corruption in 1990, the United States would impose new sanctions on Pakistan as a nuclear proliferator, a program even Benazir endorsed. After Boris Gromov crossed the Amu Dar'ya, less than two years passed before the old friends, Pakistan and the United States, went their separate ways as the United States directed its attention elsewhere.

In my last meeting with Hamid Gul, the plucky little general had high hopes for both Pakistan and the United States jointly building a new Afghanistan, adding stability and strategic depth to Pakistan's rear area as the Islamic republic turned its attention once again to India, its permanent foe to the east. As a parting gift, I would present Gul with a U.S. cavalry sword, and during my last days in Islamabad, I would help him choose an American university for his oldest son. Together we decided on Texas A&M University. It would be just right for the boy, I thought. But it wouldn't happen. The man Arnie Raphel dubbed "the PLG" would soon turn against us, convinced that we had used and then betrayed Pakistan and its people. In a way, he would be right. And some years later, the CIA would describe the plucky little general as "the most dangerous man in Pakistan." And that, too, would be right.

But for now, the time and place for the endgame of the contest with the USSR had shifted far to the west of the Eastern Mountains. The action now was closer to home for the Soviets.

PART THREE

ENDGAME

1

Vienna, Austria, April 27, 1989

Patience is sometimes rewarded, Ted Price thought with satisfaction. The quiet little Austrian home, complete with hausfrau, looked innocent enough. But every so often, unnoticed by neighbors, the little house had a strange visitor who would make an important telephone call and then leave again. The stranger was a man named Reino Gikman, a KGB "illegal," or deep cover operator, and once the CIA discovered this pattern, they began to watch the house and listen to the telephone—and, with great patience, to wait.

When Gikman arrived on April 27, he dialed a telephone number in the United States—in the 202 area code for Washington, D.C.—and Ted Price, deputy chief of the counterintelligence center at CIA, knew that he finally had his man. A quick check revealed that Gikman had dialed the home telephone number of Felix Bloch, the State Department's director of European and Canadian affairs and the former deputy chief of mission in the American embassy in Vienna. Price was not a Soviet expert—he had learned the craft of intelligence along the streets of Hong Kong and Beijing and in Third World postings like Addis Ababa—but he recognized instantly that he had a bombshell on his hands.

An arrogant and stiff man who affected old-world European mannerisms as he moved smoothly through diplomatic circles, Bloch was, on the surface at least, the embodiment of the State Department's tradition-bound culture. He was a man to whom custom and position were all important and hardly seemed to be the type to take the risk of leading a double life as a Russian spy. But the phone call from Gikman suddenly changed everything; Bloch was about to become one of the highest-ranking State Department officials ever to be investigated for espionage. Price knew his spy hunters would have to proceed carefully—and quietly.

Once Bloch was in their sights, the CIA and FBI moved quickly. After opening their investigation, they gained the help of French intelligence, which tracked Bloch to a meeting in Paris with Gikman on May 14. By now there was little doubt at Langley that Bloch was working for the Soviets. As counterintelligence teams handling the case dug into Bloch's background, they discovered that the outwardly dignified diplomat had a hidden penchant for S&M and had even gone so far as to hire his own dominatrix in Vienna. He seemed to have been working for the Soviets since at least 1974. He did it, by all appearances, for the money. His wife was totally oblivious to his secret life.

Yet there was still little hard evidence to take to court. The FBI didn't have absolute proof that Bloch had passed classified materials to Gikman and the Soviets. John Martin, the Justice Department's unsparing chief attorney on espionage cases, would demand a better case. Ted Price and his colleagues at the counterintelligence center would have to keep watching.

Idylwood Park, Fairfax, Virginia, May 22, 1989

Felix Bloch meant nothing to Robert Hanssen—less than nothing, really. Bloch was a State Department dandy who had sullied himself and deserved to be arrested. From what Hanssen had seen of the Bloch file, the diplomat was an urbane Europhile, just the sort of man the FBI special agent would love to put in handcuffs. Yet the other Robert Hanssen, the Soviet spy code-named B, could understand this other man with a secret life. What's more, he believed that he owed it to the KGB to warn them one of their agents was in trouble. Gikman was a KGB professional, operating without diplomatic immunity; if caught, he would face serious prison time. "Bloch was such a schnook," Hanssen later wrote to the KGB. "I almost hated protecting him, but then he was your friend, and there was your illegal I wanted to protect."

So Hanssen set aside his qualms about Bloch. He laid down a "call-out" signal for an exchange, this time at the "Bob" dead drop under a footbridge in Idylwood Park, not far from his home. He left a package for his KGB handlers, and in the package was information revealing the existence of the FBI's investigation of Bloch and warning that Reino Gikman had been compromised. Hanssen also left a diamond that the KGB had previously given him for services rendered; he wanted the Russians to reimburse him with cash. For good measure, he threw in a computer diskette containing classified information about several FBI technical intelligence programs, along with a note suggesting an account in Switzerland where the KGB could send him more money.

After taking care of his business with the KGB, Hanssen eventually made his way home to his family. Over the years since she had stumbled onto his involvement with Russian intelligence in 1980, Bonnie Hanssen had repeatedly and pointedly questioned Bob as to whether he had fallen back on his old ways. He always acted hurt when she questioned him, hurt that she didn't trust him to uphold his promise. Their growing family was living on a shoestring, so she came to believe that Bob was living up to his pledge never to deal with the Russians again. After all, she had no real evidence of unexplained cash; her brother and sister-in-law would later claim that they knew she had found a large amount of money in the house, but she would respond that she didn't know what they were talking about.

Of course, there had been those odd moments when Bob had engaged in one of his many fantasies. There were the times when he had insisted on taking Bonnie out to expensive stores to try on ball gowns. Bonnie thought it was all so silly, a mother of six being treated like Cinderella, and she made it clear to Bob that she wasn't interested in buying one. In exasperation, she finally asked him where on earth did he expect her to ever wear such a fancy gown?

Bob actually had an answer. Why, to a presidential inaugural ball, of course. He explained to her that he'd received invitations to Republican inaugural balls—apparently for the inaugural of the first George Bush, for one of the inaugurals of Ronald Reagan, or for both.

A review of records at the Federal Election Commission did not turn up any evidence that Robert Hanssen ever made contributions to any presidential candidates or other campaigns. Still, inaugural invitations tend to be given to campaign supporters and contributors, so it is possible that he gave money to some organization or political entity. That raises an intriguing question: Did some of Bob Hanssen's KGB money end up in Republican Party coffers?

After her husband's arrest, Bonnie reported to government investigators her belief that her husband had contributed money to Republican campaigns and conservative causes. It is unclear whether Bonnie had firsthand knowledge that her husband had contributed to political campaigns, but there is also no evidence that the government investigators followed up on her information.

Washington, D.C., June 22, 1989

Once again, the telephone rang in the middle of the night in Felix Bloch's home. This time the caller identified himself as "Ferdinand Paul" and said he was calling for "Pierre," who "cannot see you in the near future." Pierre was "sick," Paul said. He added that "a contagious disease is suspected."

Then, before hanging up, Paul added, "I am worried about you. You have to take care of yourself."

As Bloch nervously laid down the receiver, he knew that he had to think fast. The call had been from the KGB. He knew that "Pierre" was Gikman and that the message meant that Gikman had been betrayed. The KGB was telling him that he was in deep trouble, too.

Thanks to the warning in May, Gikman had already fled to Moscow, but the KGB had waited a month to warn Bloch after receiving Hanssen's tip. For whatever reason, the Soviets had moved first to protect Gikman and only later Bloch. Felix Bloch was now on his own.

When he arrived at the State Department the next morning, Bloch learned just how alone he really was. Confronted by the FBI, whose agents had been listening in on the call and were furious that the diplomat had been tipped off the previous night, Bloch found his whole world crumbling around him. Still, the warning from the KGB had been just enough to steel him against the FBI's hostile questioning. He stood his ground, refusing to give the agents the self-incriminating statements they needed to make an arrest.

Frustrated—both with Bloch's refusal to talk and their own inability to obtain Justice Department approval to arrest and prosecute him—the FBI began tailing him openly everywhere around Washington. By July, the fact that there was a suspected spy at the State Department finally became public when ABC News broke the story. Now, the FBI agents following Bloch were joined by television news crews, and the investigation that Ted Price had wanted to keep secret had become a media circus. Footage of the bald-headed Bloch sitting forlornly on a Washington park bench surrounded by cameras and reporters almost engendered public sympathy for this very unsympathetic man.

The scrutiny only hampered the FBI's efforts to persuade the Justice Department to move against Bloch. Soon the case reached a stalemate, and a deep bitterness set in among the investigators at the CIA and FBI who thought they'd been so close to nailing Bloch and now had to watch him slip out of their grasp.

Of course, Bloch didn't escape punishment completely. He was forced out of the State Department for security violations and later moved to North Carolina, where he was reduced to working first as a clerk at a grocery store and later as a bus driver. His wife divorced him, and he spent his days mounting a last-ditch legal battle against the State Department for denying him his pension.

The Bloch case remained open for years afterward, but Bloch himself was never arrested or charged with espionage. In 1992, after the end of the Cold War, a retired KGB archivist, Vasili Mitrokhin, defected to Britain and provided British intelligence with a cache of notes and transcripts he'd copied from secret KGB files, primarily from the illegals section of the KGB's First Chief Directorate. Mitrokhin's stash included notes about the KGB's handling of the Felix Bloch case, according to sources familiar with the case. The Bloch fiasco quickly faded from the media's attention, but at least a few counterintelligence experts at the CIA and FBI continued to wonder how their case had been exposed so quickly to the KGB.

Must have been the French.

CIA Headquarters, July 10, 1989

After Boris Gromov's melodramatic crossing of the Amu Dar'ya in February, Dick Stolz decided it was time for me to come back to Langley to take over the Soviet/East European Division from Burton Gerber, who'd held the job for the last five years. By May it was official, and I began preparations for a change of scenery—I would swap the Indus for the Potomac.

When I arrived at headquarters after the July 4 break, the only small sign I saw that Gerber had hung on to anything associated with his old SE fiefdom was so subtle that it had attracted no attention at all.

By tradition, the chiefs of the line divisions and senior staffs in the DO were assigned to thirteen reserved parking places just outside the southwest entrance of the Old Headquarters Building, with slot number one assigned to Chief, SE, and number thirteen to Chief Europe. My first day back, I spotted Gerber's Toyota in C/SE's slot, so I pulled into the vacant number thirteen. In my office, I found the parking permit for slot number thirteen among the welcome home items on my desk. I would never know whether it was the attraction of being in slot number one that had prompted Gerber to hang on to his old parking place or the possibly ominous portent of number thirteen. Either way, it didn't matter much to me.

SE had moved from its traditional real estate in the Old Headquarters Building to a new building that had gone up behind it while I was away. The new building was touted as a state-of-the-art affair, specially shielded to prevent electromagnetic attack and designed in every way for the needs of America's intelligence services approaching the twenty-first century. There was a massive atrium with suspended models of U-2 and SR-71 reconnaissance aircraft, an airy court with a James Sanborn sculpture called *Kryptos* telling a story of information gathering and cryptography. The new building was linked to the old one with a gently curving tunnel called, ominously, a "wave guide," which was supposed to prevent electromagnetic emanations from passing through from either direction.

But with all the advanced technology, there were signs that it had been thrown up a little haphazardly. In my second-floor corner office, one of the outer walls just missed properly joining a connecting wall and had to be patched, much in the way a pair of pants might be expanded at the waist with a sewn-in strip of cloth. High-tech, low-tech, I thought. A pretty appropriate description of the agency.

Paul Redmond, the deputy division chief, was waiting when I checked in.

"Welcome back," he said, extending his hand. "You've been out there goofing off too long."

"You been goofing off, too? Or do we have some new business?" I hadn't had any detailed briefings on what had been going on in SE since I'd left in the midst of the "1985 troubles"; I'd made a point of not overlapping with Gerber and hadn't asked for a briefing from him.

"We've got business," Redmond said.

That first morning back, Redmond brought me up to date on the cases that had been compromised after I'd left—FITNESS, MILLION, ACCORD, TOP HAT, JOGGER from Jakarta . . . the casualty list was long. The cause of the losses was still a mystery. Edward Lee Howard could account for some, but not all; and the Marine guard scandal in Moscow, though it had looked as if it might be the answer at the time, turned out not to be. Internal investigations at the CIA and FBI had turned up nothing, and our two probes had run dry. The fact that most of the losses seemed to have occurred in one brief but intense burst had prompted a review of obituaries of CIA employees, to see if someone who'd had access to the blown cases had died. The FBI had tried cold pitches of KGB officers in an effort to recruit a source who could tell them what had happened. But nothing worked—the investigation had gone cold. Redmond told me that Jeanne Vertefeuille was still looking at the problem in the counterintelligence center.

But Vertefeuille, an experienced SE Division hand, had been looking at the 1985 losses since late 1986, and had not had any success in solving the mystery. Gus Hathaway, then the counterintelligence chief, had asked Vertefeuille, who had been serving as a station chief in West Africa, to return to headquarters to analyze the damage and try to solve the puzzle of why the CIA was losing its Russian agents. When she arrived back at Langley in the fall of 1986, Vertefeuille began a lonely and painstaking effort to find out if the damaged cases had anything in common. Working in such secrecy that she even refused to tell Redmond exactly what she was doing, Vertefeuille and her small staff spent months sorting through old files and interviewing key SE Division employees who had had access to the cases. It was all in a vain attempt to develop a cross-referencing matrix that might reveal a common denominator and unlock the mystery. With limited resources and virtually no high-level interest in the investigation, she was unable to determine conclusively whether there was a mole or simply a compromise in the agency's communications. The best that Vertefeuille could offer was that Moscow Station had access to all but one or two of the cases. The FBI, concerned about the losses of its own Soviet agents, including Martynov and Motorin, consulted with the CIA and began its own probe as well in 1986, code-named ANLACE. But the bureau had no more luck than Vertefeuille, and both reviews had soon lost steam.

The Vertefeuille investigation continued for years, but it was crippled from the start by the fact that Hathaway had made it clear that he didn't want a full-fledged mole hunt, one that would have included polygraph examinations of all those who had had access to the blown cases. Instead, Vertefeuille worked her matrices and lists of names, but she lacked the evidence—or the bureaucratic power—to make much progress. Her inquiry was conducted at such a low level that top CIA officials were not aware that it had all but petered out.

Redmond told me that he hadn't been following what she was doing too closely since he was still on the short list of suspects.

I smiled when he said that, until he quipped, "Don't smile, you're on the list."

I quickly got a feel for how Gerber's security measures had changed the old routines. Back when I'd left in 1985, there had been one morning staff meeting, attended by all of the division's seven or eight senior officers. Each one would be able to hear what was going on in other areas—counterintelligence, external operations, Eastern Europe, Moscow operations, intelligence production, personnel matters. All that was history. My first morning staff meeting was actually a series of small sessions. Along with Redmond, who continued as my deputy, and Steve Weber, the division's chief of operations, or COPS, I met with each group chief one at a time. That way, the Eastern European group chief never knew what was going on in the Soviet Union, and vice versa. The only officers in the division aware of the full scope of our activities were the chief, the deputy chief, and the chief of operations. It was not the most efficient way to manage things, but it seemed to be keeping our agents alive, and that was undoubtedly a good thing.

After the endless compartmented staff meetings that first morning back on the job, I shuffled back to my new corner office and took in the lay of the land. Though the surroundings were different—modern steel and blue glass as opposed to the more Gothic architecture of the old building—the props were much the same: the same Federalist furniture, the couches arranged for small meetings, the secure STU-III phone on the credenza. But on the two-drawer safe behind my desk was something I'd never had before—a plain black telephone that linked me to KGB headquarters in Moscow—the Gavrilov channel. Inside the safe was Gerber's file on the link with Lubyanka, explaining in great detail how the communications pipeline had been opened in the early 1980s. Over the coming two years, Gavrilov would be used more than ever before.

I looked over the briefing papers that had been prepared for me, each sealed in a separate envelope. We were in the process of vetting about a dozen new volunteers from a wide variety of ministries and technical institutes. Business looked pretty good. Whatever had happened to us in the past was clearly not at work now.

As I settled into my new job in the summer of 1989, I had to take stock not only of the new surroundings in SE Division, where, as Redmond put it, nothing really ever changed, to the world in which we operated, where changes were happening faster than they could be assimilated. By the time I arrived at Langley, the real beneficiaries of the end of the Soviet war in Afghanistan were emerging—not the people of Afghanistan, but the people of East-Central Europe.

The first word of looming change came in May, a scant ninety days after the Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan, when the German chancellor was told by Gorbachev on the Soviet leader's first visit to West Germany that force was no longer a viable means for holding the Warsaw Pact together. Gorbachev reaffirmed his policy, first hinted at late the previous year, that in effect the Brezhnev Doctrine had been scrapped.

That same month, the Hungarians made an overt move that would send tremors through the Soviet empire in East-Central Europe—they began dismantling the barbed-wire span of the Iron Curtain on their frontier with Austria. The stringing of that barbed wire tripped off the Cold War, prompting Winston Churchill in May 1946 in Fulton, Missouri, to declare, "From Stettin in the Baltic to Trieste in the Adriatic, an iron curtain has descended across the Continent." For over half a century the world had accepted this shaky demarcation as a boundary between East and West—between the Communist sphere and Western Europe—and now, with a few snips, the landscape of the Cold War had changed overnight. Since then, people had begun to stream across that old line in growing numbers, and nobody seemed to be prepared to stand in their way.

Convinced that the Soviets had neither the stomach nor the means to do anything about it, Budapest took another fateful step in June. The Hungarian government rehabilitated the hero of the 1956 revolution, Imre Nagy, hung two years after the revolt was crushed by Soviet tanks, and reinterred him as a national hero. The probes in Hungary were the first acts of defiance by a member of the Warsaw Pact. But others would follow in breathtaking succession.

On June 5 the people of Poland elected Lech Walesa's Solidarity Party to a stunning majority in the Polish parliament. Communism was dealt a body blow at the very core of the Warsaw Pact, though most of America was transfixed by the images coming in from Tiananmen Square of the revolution that had exploded one day earlier.

And all through the summer of 1989, small knots of activists in the German Democratic Republic began gathering in the churches and coffeehouses of Leipzig, Dresden, and Berlin to talk of change and demand more travel rights. Their numbers were tiny at first, but then they grew, and by the time I checked in at headquarters, there was no longer any doubt that something truly historic was afoot in the Soviet Union's Eastern European empire.

First Chief Directorate Headquarters, Yasenevo, July 10, 1989

Leonid Shebarshin ought to have felt at the top of his game. Comfortably settled in his corner office on the second floor in the leadership suite at Yasenevo, he took stock of his career and his world and decided they were heading in opposite directions. His promotion to head of the First Chief Directorate, a job that put him in charge of KGB foreign intelligence operations worldwide, had been the source of some solace. He was more than a little relieved to finally be done with the betrayals and false promises of the Afghan enterprise that had consumed his professional and, in some ways, his personal life for the last five years. The fact that his old boss, Vladimir Kryuchkov, had moved downtown to take over as Chairman of the KGB made his position all the more secure. An ordinary general officer in the KGB might have just settled into this snug perch to mark time until he could start thinking about the corner suite at Lubyanka and maybe a seat on the Politburo. But Shebarshin felt no such satisfaction. On the contrary, in the five months since he had been on the job, he had become convinced that the world he had lived and worked in over the last three decades was coming to a crashing end.

It all began with the march out of Afghanistan on February 15, a fateful end to an adventure that, to his mind, had been doomed from the start. The troika of Gorbachev, Shevardnadze, and Aleksandr Yakovlev, the old Party propagandist who'd gone liberal and was now glued to Gorbachev's side, had in a few short years undermined the foundation of socialist unity that had been so carefully reinforced over the previous forty years. Gorbachev and his cohorts had almost flippantly declared that the USSR should abandon its paternalistic responsibility for the socialist countries of Eastern Europe. From now on, they'd have to stand on their own. It was every man for himself, the new policy troika had decided, and it didn't take long for things to start coming apart at the seams.

Shebarshin had seen it coming even before he'd moved to the top job at Yasenevo. The Afghan calamity had been the first breach of the Brezhnev Doctrine, the long-standing principle that Moscow would never abandon a fraternal socialist country. Before General Gromov marched his last column across Friendship Bridge, a telegram had been sent to all diplomatic posts and KGB *Rezidentura* abroad announcing the new policies of noninterference.

Shebarshin had been tracking the first whispers of rebellion in the

Soviet Union's "near abroad" since early spring: the defiant moves in Hungary, the devastating elections in Poland, and, even more ominous, the growing restlessness in the German Democratic Republic. The stage was set for a total breakdown, he concluded darkly, and he decided he'd better call home his *Rezidents* from Eastern Europe. He'd need their assessments to draw a new road map for Eastern Europe, and a quick conference should help.

He may not have bargained for the frankness he got. The gathered KGB chiefs drew a dismal picture of events in their countries. Their collective judgment was that socialist unity was coming to an end, and rapidly. The economic position of the USSR, it was reluctantly agreed, was so weak that meaningful aid to the countries of Eastern Europe was no longer possible. They would have to tailor their activities accordingly.

A consensus was reached early in the conference that the ideological commitment in the fraternal socialist countries, never strong, was weakening to the point at which the collapse of socialism throughout the Warsaw Pact was likely, if not imminent. In Poland, over forty years of socialism had been wiped away at the polling stations just a month earlier. Less sensational, but equally irreversible, was the shift away from the principles of socialism in Hungary; and in Czechoslovakia, there was talk of a return to the Prague Spring of a generation ago. The key, of course, would be the German Democratic Republic. If the troubles took root in Germany, the results could be disastrous.

The belief in the common threat from the United States that had held the alliance together for forty years had suddenly given way to a race for rapprochement with the Americans. Shebarshin placed an equal share of the blame on Gorbachev and his two key political advisers, though his deepest distaste was reserved for Shevardnadze. It seemed that the Georgian Foreign Minister spent hours on end alone with his American counterparts, first George Shultz and now James Baker, without interpreters or note takers watching over the proceedings. There was no telling what sort of devil's deals he was cutting with the Americans when nobody was watching.

Shebarshin's last job had been cauterizing what Gorbachev had described as the "bleeding wound" of Afghanistan. This new job involved greater stakes, and he was afraid the outcome had already been decided.

Langley, 0900 Hours, July 12, 1989

I arrived a few minutes early for my first DDO staff meeting. Standing alone in the sixth-floor conference room where the DDO had been holding his weekly meetings for as long as I could remember, I felt surrounded, as I always had in that room, by the history of the Directorate of Operations. Punctuating the gray, sound-absorbing walls were the photographs of the men who had charted the history of the directorate for the forty years of its existence. At one end were the fading but somehow still dashing black-and-white snapshots of Allen Dulles and Frank Wisner, the establishment men who'd run the directorate from 1951 to 1959, when it was more mysteriously known as the Deputy Directorate for Plans. At the other end were the posed and somber color shots of the "citizen DDOs," ending with John Stein and Clair George, the Stars and Stripes hanging proudly in the background. In between were the directorate's icons—Dick Helms, Des FitzGerald, and Bill Colby—and its oddities like Max Hugel, who lasted just two turbulent months in 1981.

There were thirteen photos on the wall—that dangerous number again—and whenever I scanned them I would note the unsettling proportion of them who had come to grief. Dulles had been fired by JFK over the Bay of Pigs fiasco; Wisner had died by his own hand, tormented by demons; Helms had pleaded "no contest" to charges of failing to testify fully to Congress regarding CIA activities in Salvador Allende's Chile. He was fined a few thousand dollars, a token sum paid in full by loyal colleagues who passed the hat, and then confirmed by Congress as ambassador to Iran. The last photo was of Clair George, Dick Stolz's predecessor, who had retired under the pressure of the Iran-contra affair two years earlier and was now under federal indictment.

As I waited for the meeting to begin, I wondered how many of the men who would be here this morning would want the DDO's job. Probably all of them, I decided.

"Welcome back, Milton."

I turned to find Burton Gerber walking toward me, hand extended.

"Settled in?" he asked.

"You left it all nice and tidy," I said. "And yes, thank you, I'm settling in fine."

Before the moment could become awkward, the other DO chiefs filed in, followed by Stolz and Tom Twetten. Stolz and his deputy took their seats at the end of the table nearest the entrance; the opposite end was occupied by the counterintelligence chief, Gus Hathaway. The rest of us fanned out along both sides of the table, according to a rigid territoriality—I took the seat that had been occupied by SE chiefs ever since the DDO staff meetings had been taking place in the room. The dozen chiefs at the table were known as the "barons." The chiefs of the smaller staffs took straight chairs along the wall.

Today's staff meeting was the season opener for those of us who'd just returned from the field. I spotted Bill Moseby, who controlled Africa, a man I hadn't seen since we'd run our probe involving the phony recruitment of the GRU *Rezident* when he was chief in Nairobi in 1986. Jim Higham ran the Near East, and I'd worked with him closely in Islamabad. A professorial man with a faint British accent, Higham had spent much of his career in the Middle East. Jack Downing had returned from Moscow earlier in the year to take over East Asia, which was his original home division. After spending the last three years as Moscow station chief, Downing had been astounded when he'd returned to headquarters that so little was being done to investigate the 1985 losses. But now that he was out of Soviet operations and was East Asia Division chief, he no longer felt it was his place to push for more action.

John MacGaffin was just in from Turkey and had taken over the powerful operational review and resource management staff of the directorate. I hadn't met John before, but we'd be spending much time together in the next few years. Terry Ward was another senior who was new to me—he was the new Latin America chief.

The half-hour meeting was taken up with a welcome back talk by Stolz, the renewal of acquaintances, and little else, except that Burton Gerber and I had managed our handover of SE Division.

2

East Berlin, July 20, 1989

David Rolph had come a long way in his twelve years at the CIA. On his first overseas tour, in Moscow, he'd been lucky enough to handle some of the agency's most important Soviet cases, including Adolf Tolkachev. Now, at forty-one, Rolph was back on the front lines of the Cold War, and this time he had been given his first command on the wrong side of Checkpoint Charlie in Berlin.

In many ways, the small East Berlin Station was a more difficult assignment for a CIA officer than Moscow. It wasn't that the surveillance by the East Germans was any better or more effective. In fact, it was less comprehensive than the blanket coverage one had to deal with inside the Soviet Union. In Moscow, the KGB could put twenty cars out onto the streets to trail one CIA officer. The East Germans never went to that kind of trouble.

The problem was the Ministerium für Staatssicherheit, the MfS—infamously known as the Stasi. East Germany's ubiquitous security service had such an iron grip on its people that almost no one dared spy for the Americans. The Stasi had, by one conservative estimate, 174,000 *inoffizielle Mitarbeiter*—agents or full-time informants—and many more snitches in a country of just 17 million. With those odds, few people truly believed they could steal secrets and get away with it. The Stasi didn't follow CIA officers as diligently as the KGB, but then again, maybe they didn't need to.

By the 1980s, Berlin had lost some of its early Cold War status as a major hub of espionage operations. After the Berlin Wall went up in

1961, the ability of CIA officers based in West Berlin to conduct operations in the eastern sector plunged. West Berlin came to be known as a training ground, rather than a real hotbed of active operations. It was mockingly called “Brandenburg’s School for Boys,” since it was now little more than a place to hone skills before being sent off to the new hot spots where real espionage was being conducted. The East Berlin Station, meanwhile, had never quite been able to establish itself as a major operational hub over the years; it too had come to be regarded as little more than a training assignment for the other capitals in the Warsaw Pact, where real business was being carried out.

Some thought the problems with East Berlin might stem from its movie set atmosphere. A CIA officer operating under the watchful eye of the Stasi, unlike his colleagues in Moscow, could always call time out and slip through Checkpoint Charlie to the west a few hundred yards away for a break. Whatever the reason, the small East Berlin Station that opened for business a dozen years after the Wall went up had remained something of a backwater.

When Rolph arrived in East Berlin in the summer of 1988, the CIA had no agents inside the internal security apparatus of the MfS, or in the HVA, the Hauptverwaltung Aufklarung, its foreign intelligence arm. It wasn’t for lack of trying. But every one of the men who seemed ready to change sides turned out to be a double agent; the CIA had had no luck in recruiting even the dullest functionaries.

Even so, there was plenty to keep Rolph busy. For some time, officers in East Germany had been secretly planting ground sensors near military bases. The sensors would measure the volume of traffic passing by a military installation and relay the data to a spy satellite in space. If the sensors suddenly detected spikes in traffic outside several military bases all at the same time, it might mean that the East Germans—and their Soviet allies—were mobilizing troops and preparing for war.

CIA officers were trained to install the shoebox-size sensors both at the Farm and in West Germany before they attempted to mount the operations in the East German woods. After making sure he was “black,” the CIA officer would slip on nightvision goggles and plunge into the underbrush closest to the military base. His job was to bury the sensor, leaving only its antenna above ground so that it could regularly signal a passing satellite.

It was such an exciting and productive operation that the U.S. Army decided it wanted to get in on it, too. And that was where the trouble began. The Army didn't let its West German–based intelligence officers work in East Germany—it turned the task of planting the sensors over to German agents. One of the Germans turned out to be a double agent, and he immediately gave his sensor to the Stasi to examine. A flaw in the design quickly became apparent to the East Germans: All of the sensors had been assigned the same frequency. When they dialed in the frequency, they were able to intercept the transmissions from all of the sensors that had been planted at military bases throughout the country. In order to protect their spy, the Stasi left the sensors in place for a time. But the operation was blown.

Another technical operation was designed in response to recent agreements between the United States and the Soviet Union to gradually reduce the nuclear weapons both nations kept in Germany. To verify that Moscow was honoring the treaty, the CIA hit on the idea of hiding gamma radiation sensors next to the East German rail lines heading toward the Soviet Union. The Russians would have to ship their nuclear weapons back home on those rail lines, and the sensors could detect their radiation as they passed by. The CIA could then determine whether the Soviets were sending the missiles home, in compliance with their treaty obligations. It was valuable stuff, but still, technical operations couldn't make up for the lack of spies.

East Berlin, July 1989

They called him Curly. The fuzzy-haired German was a member of one of the MfS surveillance teams that followed David Rolph and his case officers in East Berlin, day and night, from home to work and back again.

For CIA officers serving in the Soviet bloc, being under surveillance was such a constant part of life that it sometimes helped to humanize their ever-present shadows. So they came up with nicknames for their followers, like Curly. Occasionally, there were even opportunities for small exchanges of professional courtesy between the hunters and the hunted. At the end of his tour of duty in Eastern Europe, one

CIA officer stopped on his way to the airport and left a package by the side of the road. Inside was a case of beer, a going-away present for the surveillance team that he knew would shortly stop to examine his last dead drop.

Curly had one distinct habit: He usually drove the same car. Even in a country with such nondescript automobiles, the team in East Berlin could eventually recognize Curly and his car on first sight. One day while taking a walk near his East Berlin home, Rolph's predecessor as East Berlin station chief noticed a car parked outside an apartment building in his neighborhood. It was Curly's car, he was certain.

From then on, the CIA station chief made a point of looking for Curly's car each time he went out for a walk, and he saw it parked at the apartment complex in his neighborhood several more times before he transferred to a new assignment. The station chief left behind a report for Rolph, his successor, about his discovery. It wasn't much, but it was the only shred of information about the Stasi surveillance teams that the CIA had to go on.

At first, Rolph thought Curly might park his car at the apartment complex because it was the site of a hidden Stasi observation post, since it was so close to the CIA chief's home. Rolph was now living in the same house and frequently took walks to see Curly's car for himself. But eventually he started to think that Curly might actually live in the apartment building. He probably parked his car there when he drove home at night.

Rolph decided he had to make sure. Early one morning, a CIA officer dressed like an East German worker mingled with the other commuters waiting at the bus stop right outside the apartment complex, hoping to catch sight of Curly emerging from the building on his way to work. Sure enough, Curly eventually walked out, got in his car, and drove off, confirming Rolph's suspicion and giving the CIA the lead it needed.

The discovery of Curly's home address offered the CIA a rare chance to approach an East German surveillance officer away from work—and the prying eyes of his supervisors and other MfS officers. Rolph had to consider the best way to approach Curly without spooking him. If the pitch wasn't handled just right, Curly might suspect that it was a provocation by his bosses to test his loyalty. It was decided that

Rolph's predecessor as station chief, whom Curly knew on sight, should come back from West Berlin to carry the message.

At about 6:00 A.M. on a workday, just before Curly left the apartment building, the former station chief left an envelope under the windshield wiper on Curly's car. Inside the envelope was a letter with a lucrative proposal for him to become a spy for the United States. The American then stood across the street and waited for Curly to come out of the apartment complex to drive to work. The former East Berlin station chief took the extraordinary measure of waiting around after leaving the letter because he wanted to make certain that Curly saw him when he picked up the note. The whole point of the former chief's involvement in the operation was to make sure Curly saw a man he knew to be a CIA officer—he'd then know that the letter wasn't part of a ruse engineered by the Stasi.

When Curly came out to his car, he found the envelope and looked across the street at the American. As Curly read the instructions that had been left for him to contact the CIA if he wanted to become a spy, the former station chief quietly disappeared.

Two days later, David Rolph drove past the site where Curly was supposed to leave a sign if he wanted to work for the CIA. He was ecstatic when he saw a chalk mark that signaled Curly was ready to spy. Over the next few months, Rolph's deputy and Curly met repeatedly in hotels around West Berlin, as the German poured out everything he knew about Stasi surveillance. The case marked the first time the CIA had recruited an active duty surveillance officer in East Germany. The excitement in Langley was palpable. Lonely, backwater East Berlin might finally begin to pay off.

Curly became such an important agent that Rolph grew worried when he was out of touch for very long. After losing contact with him for a time, Rolph's deputy decided to wait for him at a bus stop across from his apartment early one morning, to make sure that everything was all right. When Curly showed up, the two had a long talk and then hugged like long-lost friends. The CIA officer wrote a cable to headquarters describing the meeting and explained how his talk with the German had convinced him that Curly was a legitimate agent.

"I looked into his eyes," the CIA officer wrote, "and I realized that he was good."

Warsaw, July 20, 1989

Gromoslaw Czempinski had seen it coming for months. As a professional intelligence officer, Gromek, as his friends called him, was an astute judge of politics and people, and he could tell that the regime he'd worked for since he'd joined the service in 1972 was finished. Beset by economic stagnation and increasingly militant strikes, Poland's Communist rulers had grudgingly opened roundtable negotiations with Poland's burgeoning democratic movement—Solidarity—and had finally agreed to hold elections in June. The Party seemed to think it could manage the outcome and limit Solidarity's political influence. The fix, they thought, was in.

But Czempinski knew better. Poland's foreign intelligence service had well-placed spies inside Solidarity—better than those reporting to the SB, the internal security service—so Czempinski and his colleagues had a pretty good inkling that Solidarity was on the verge of a sweeping victory. The Communists were in for a surprise.

The foreign intelligence service decided not to wait for the final results. Months before the elections, officials throughout the Intelligence and Counterintelligence Bureau, where Czempinski worked, started to destroy documents in anticipation of the end of Communist rule. The destruction of the files, mainly those involving individual agents and informants, started in January and was conducted on a massive scale before the first vote was cast in June.

Among the most sensitive files were those dealing with Solidarity. When the trade union movement first burst onto the scene in the early 1980s, the foreign intelligence service had created a special branch to monitor ties between Solidarity and the CIA and other Western organizations. They had developed a network of agents inside Solidarity to help gather information about financial connections with the CIA, and by 1989, Polish intelligence was convinced that the links between Langley and Solidarity were extensive. The problem was, they overstated the case. While the CIA had provided covert assistance—printing presses, money, and some specialized equipment—so did the AFL-CIO and the Catholic Church. In any event, Western support was not the crucial factor in Solidarity's ultimate triumph.

Still, key Polish intelligence officials were convinced that the CIA would continue its covert actions for as long as it took to topple the regime, and they didn't think there was anything their government could do to stop it. Their belief in the intimidating power of the CIA sapped their confidence and played into their fatalistic conclusion that the downfall of the regime was inevitable. So by the time of Solidarity's stunning and sweeping victory in June, Polish intelligence had destroyed virtually all of the files of the special branch devoted to spying on Solidarity. Aleksandr Makowski, one of the officers running the special branch, wanted to be able to say truthfully, when the new Solidarity government took over, that "the files were apparently gone."

Even with the most sensitive and incriminating files now destroyed, Czempinski and his colleagues had no idea what their fate would be under the new government. A tall, hawk-nosed man with a piercing stare, Czempinski had, until this revolution, enjoyed a rapid rise through the ranks of Polish intelligence. He'd studied economics in college before he was recruited to join Polish intelligence in 1972. He took some pride in the fact that he was one of the first graduates of Poland's new espionage training school and that his first assignment, a tribute to his performance in school, had been to Chicago, at the heart of the American empire. In 1976, a defector gave the CIA and FBI the identities of the Polish intelligence officers stationed in the United States, so Czempinski was recalled to Warsaw before the Americans had a chance to kick him out. He then moved into counterintelligence and by 1989 had become chief of the counterintelligence branch of the foreign intelligence service. He had always been praised for his boldness and imagination, but now his career was in the hands of the steelworkers, union leaders, and former lawyers who had spent time underground or in prison for their defiance of the regime he had served. Czempinski was an optimist and a survivor, but even he had doubts about the future.

Langley, September 18, 1989

"What's going on in Leipzig?" I said to no one in particular at the morning staff meeting with the group managing Eastern Europe. It was the third week in a row that the East Germans had held their Monday demonstrations setting off from the twelfth-century St. Nicholas Church in the old city. They'd kicked off the demonstrations on September 4 with fewer than a thousand marchers chanting, "Down with the Stasi"; three weeks later, their numbers had swollen to around ten thousand. The Stasi had tried to crack down, but they'd been too timid and it didn't seem to be having any effect.

"Who knows," Redmond answered curtly. "But it's pretty clear Honecker's losing control."

The harsh truth was that we didn't have any spies in place who could give us much insight into the plans of the East German government or, for that matter, the intentions of the Soviet leadership in the Kremlin. Still, it was pretty clear that Eric Honecker, secretary general of the German Democratic Republic, was in a bind. When the Hungarians snipped the barbed wire and opened a route to the West, thousands of East Germans made their way to Hungary and streamed across the border into Austria. Honecker had blocked travel to Hungary, but that had only convinced the desperate East Germans to try to get out through Czechoslovakia. The West German embassy in Prague was now swamped with asylum seekers.

"Honecker knows Gorbachev won't bail him out," said Steve Weber, the division COPS, or chief of operations. "Sees him as worse than Brezhnev—part of the problem, not the solution."

The Soviet Union still had more than half a million troops in Eastern Europe, including about four hundred thousand in East Germany, the rest mostly in Hungary. But Gorbachev didn't seem to want to use his troops to restore order. Honecker had apparently told him that if it was up to him, the Berlin Wall would still be standing in a hundred years. Gorbachev let him know he wanted no part of that. He was on his own.

"The White House is playing its cards pretty close," I said, thinking back to my last meeting at the NSC a week earlier. "They think—actually, they hope—they've been able to convince Gorbachev and Shevardnadze that we're not trying to steamroll them in Eastern Europe. What they're angling for now is that no one overreacts and tries to stop whatever's happening."

The White House, like everyone else, was trying to develop a strategy on the fly, reacting to the fast-moving events day by day. No one in Washington had any sense of control or even of what the options would be in a month. What I did know was that the policy makers would soon be turning to us for answers, and we didn't have them. Things were moving so fast that it was hard even to know the right questions to ask.

That morning's session ended with a sense of expectation. Something was about to explode in East Germany, but nobody at Langley or across the river in Washington had a clue what it was. One thing I did know was that we'd have to find a way to get a handle on things, to get ahead of the daily rush of events. We'd have to turn things around pretty quickly if we wanted to have a prayer of giving the NSC what they wanted. "Let's understand what we're about from here on out," I'd said in closing. "And that's trying to be relevant."

I'd had a few months to take a close look at the division and now had a good idea where the strengths were, as well as the weaknesses.

In the front office, Redmond, the deputy division chief, was the operational continuity. He quite literally knew where the bodies were buried, but that was part of the problem. He was smart, no mistake about that, but he was so caught up in the 1985 problems that I wasn't sure I'd have him with me for the long haul.

Steve Weber was another matter. Weber had been born in Hungary before World War II and had been a kid when the war ended and the Communists took over. He'd ended up on the wrong side of the Hungarian security services and found himself in a forced labor battalion in the late 1950s. Somehow he'd forged a travel document and made his way to the West, where he was picked up by U.S. Army intelligence. After a few years working on the margins of the espionage world, Weber was recruited by the CIA, and now, a quarter century later, this Hungarian refugee was my COPS, with the equivalent rank of a two-star general. Only in America, I thought every time I looked at Weber. I'd decided I could rely on the smooth, gray-haired Hungarian operator for unvarnished counsel.

My counterintelligence chief, John O'Reilly, was a total iconoclast. Nothing was sacred to O'R, as we called him, and nobody was safe from his sharp wit. In his rabbit warren of SE counterintelligence, he surrounded himself with the quirky vestiges of espionage history, including an eight-by-twelve glossy of James Jesus Angleton staring through his horn-rimmed glasses. On a table below the photograph was a Buddhist prayer wheel that visitors couldn't resist picking up and spinning as they sought counsel from the counterintelligence chief. O'Reilly had been in SE counterintelligence for years. He had the history of the division down cold and the scuttlebutt even better. He'd already sensed that the center of gravity was shifting and that SE had a new role to play. I decided I'd bring O'R up to the front office. I wanted him closer when things started getting interesting.

East Berlin, October 1989

David Rolph's deputy walked into the CIA's East Berlin Station on a Saturday afternoon with a pale and stunned face.

"What's wrong?"

"Curly's bad. He's been controlled since the beginning."

The CIA officer had just returned from West Berlin, where he'd held his first meeting with another Stasi officer, who'd volunteered by dropping a letter into his car. The Stasi man had started off the meeting by saying that he knew Curly was working for the Americans, and he also knew when and where they met. Curly had reported the initial approach and had been working as a double ever since. After hearing of the CIA's approach to Curly, this second Stasi man decided that he would step in and become a legitimate agent.

While Curly turned out to be a Stasi-controlled operation, this second Stasi volunteer was genuine. The recruitment pitch to Curly hadn't worked, but his report of the contact—complete with the amount of money the Americans were offering—planted the seeds of espionage in this second Stasi officer's mind. He in turn would soon become the most important American spy in East Germany, turning over thousands of pages of documents from inside the Stasi, including organization charts and rosters of MfS and HVA officers. Those rosters would come in handy within a few weeks, when the East German nation began to crumble.

Langley, October 18, 1989

Steve Weber stuck his head in my office and said, “Honecker just resigned.”

“What!”

“Yeah. Reasons of health, is what they’re saying.”

“Who’s taking over?” I asked.

“Egon Krenz, his deputy.”

“What’s next?” I asked, knowing there was no ready answer.

“No telling,” Weber said.

East Berlin, 1900 Hours, November 9, 1989

David Rolph was still at work in the early evening when he heard that a spokesman for the East German government had just said something on the radio that caught him—and the entire East German nation—by surprise. It was a statement, made casually and off the cuff, that helped bring down the Soviet empire in Eastern Europe.

For weeks, protests in the streets of East Germany’s major cities had been growing, and the new East German leader, Egon Krenz, found that none of the regime’s tried-and-true tactics were working to stem the tide of discontent. The mass exodus of East Germans through Hungary and Czechoslovakia over the proceeding months had been stanched only by draconian new travel restrictions; now East Germans were not only prevented from traveling to the West, they were barred from much of Eastern Europe as well. Anger welled up as a result. Between October 30 and November 4, an estimated 1.4 million people marched in 210 separate demonstrations around the country, according to the cold calculations of the ever watchful MfS.

And as the ranks of the protesters swelled, so did their demands. In addition to freedom to travel, they now wanted freedom at home. They wanted free elections and official recognition of the growing opposition groups.

Krenz had promised to ease the travel restrictions, but Party and government bureaucrats feared that a mass exodus would result, one that would threaten East Germany's continued existence. Krenz talked with Gorbachev about the situation on November 1. Like Honecker before him, he was told that Moscow wasn't going to provide economic or military support to keep the regime afloat.

Krenz's halfway measures for limited changes in travel rules served only to further incite the demonstrators. He was running out of maneuvering room. Under intense political and time constraints, the East German Politburo once again tried to hammer out new travel regulations in early November. The new regulations were designed to ease the pressure on the regime, but they were definitely not intended to provide unlimited freedom to travel to the West for East German citizens.

It was at this point that confusion stepped in to play a critical role. Krenz asked Politburo member Gunter Schabowski, then serving as Party spokesman, to announce the new rules. Schabowski was an unfortunate choice. He hadn't been adequately briefed on the details of the new regulations and hadn't even carefully read the text of the government's proposals before he spoke to the press at about 7:00 P.M. on November 9.

Speaking almost off the cuff, he vastly oversimplified the new rules. He made it sound as if the East German government were now going to allow East Germans to travel directly to West Germany—rather than going to a third country first—for both permanent exit and private travel, with virtually no restrictions. East German officials would approve the travel on short notice.

Schabowski was asked by surprised reporters when the new rules would go into effect. A flustered Schabowski said: Immediately.

The press conference was carried live on radio and television, and even though Schabowski badly misstated the regime's intentions, his words had the effect of changing policy on the spur of the moment. To everyone who had listened to Schabowski, it sounded as if East Germany had decided to open the Berlin Wall and let its citizens out, ending forty years of national isolation.

The televised press conference dumbfounded the border guards listening in as they manned the checkpoints on the Berlin Wall. Some East Germans who were near the checkpoints when they heard Schabowski's broadcast decided to test the new policy right away. The border guards, who had heard Schabowski and had no other instructions, decided to let them through to West Berlin. West German television—which could be seen in East Germany—reported the fact that people were being allowed through the Wall, and soon thousands of East Berliners were flooding through the newly opened checkpoints and into West Berlin.

Rolph was as surprised as anyone and, after listening to the press conference, went out into the night with his family, acting as tourists and eyewitnesses to history. That night, he sent a cable back to headquarters, just to confirm the news reports that the Wall had been opened and that East Berliners really were being allowed to cross into the West. But there was nothing poetic about the cable, despite its historic significance as the first CIA cable to report the fall of the Berlin Wall.

There was certainly nothing in the cable that was based on secret intelligence, either. Since the CIA did not have any high-level agents in the East German government, there was no one Rolph could turn to in order to gain special insights into the overnight collapse of East German discipline. East Germany's counterintelligence had done its job well; it had deprived the CIA of access to the political hierarchy of the government.

So it would be CNN rather than the CIA that would keep Washington informed of the fast-moving events in Berlin. In fact, the fall of the Berlin Wall was the first shot in an unspoken competition between CNN and the CIA that would continue throughout the closing years of the Cold War. With historic events occuring daily between 1989 and 1991, David Rolph and other CIA officers in the field, first in Eastern Europe and later in the Soviet Union, would begin to feel a subtle pressure to remain relevant by staying on top of events. Headquarters repeatedly told case officers not to try to match everything on the news and instead to focus on stealing secrets that the President couldn't find out about anywhere else. But it was hard for case officers to ignore the daily sweep of history taking place all around them.

At the same time, stealing secrets that could help the President better understand that daily history was also easier said than done. It's very difficult to get secret insights on rapidly moving events, even if you have well-placed spies. But in truth, the CIA didn't have spies with high-level political access who could provide important political insights. How then should CIA officers try to satisfy policy makers hungry for a continuous flow of information? Tell them to turn on CNN and hope for the best? That was the awkward situation facing the CIA in East Berlin in November 1989.

Warsaw, 2230 Hours, November 9, 1989

German Chancellor Helmut Kohl was on the first day of a five-day visit to Warsaw and, like everyone else, was caught off guard by Schabowski's astonishing statement and the news that the new East German travel regulations would take effect immediately. During a cocktail reception at the former palace of Count von Radzivill in Warsaw, Kohl spoke animatedly with his Polish hosts, including Lech Walesa, but he was distracted by events in Berlin and kept his ear cocked for the next fateful announcement.

When it came it was almost anticlimactic. An aide whispered in his ear, "The Wall is open!"

Later that night at Warsaw's Marriott Hotel, the German chancellor told the gathered press, "Now, world history will be written."

That evening in his hotel suite, Helmut Kohl, like the rest of the world, turned to the only functioning source of information on the most historical moment in the second half of the century: CNN.

Langley, November 9, 1989

Burton Gerber, now chief of the European Division, which was responsible for CIA operations in Western Europe, was in the midst of a quiet lunch with CIA Director William Webster and a small group of visiting West German intelligence officials in the Director's private dining room when he was told that he had an urgent message. Gerber excused himself from the table and went outside, where he was given electrifying news—the Berlin Wall had just been opened. Gerber went back into the dining room and broke the news to the CIA Director and his ecstatic German guests.

After lunch, Gerber went to see his counterparts in the Directorate of Intelligence to find out what the analysts could tell him about the situation, and then returned to his office to watch the latest news from Berlin. For Gerber, who had just spent five years running the SE Division and had devoted so much of his life doing quiet battle with the Soviet empire, it was a deeply emotional moment. As he sat and watched history unfold on television, Gerber exulted as he realized that Berlin, the original Cold War battlefield, had just been won.

Langley, 1830 Hours, November 9, 1989

I flipped back and forth between CNN and the CIA's satellite downlink of the East and West German channels covering events at the Berlin Wall. No one had predicted it would happen when and how it had. No one, not the CIA, not the State Department, not the Bonn government. No one was prepared for the events of November 9 and 10. Where was the human intelligence? I would be repeatedly asked that question. What were our spies telling us would come next?

The CIA had no human intelligence on the events as they were unfolding. None of our human assets in the capitals of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union were in a position to tell us what was going on; most were asking us what was happening. They were all watching the drama play out on television and wondering what the hell would happen next. Even the best agent couldn't tell what a government was going to do when no one in that government knew what it was going to do.

All of Washington had their television sets tuned to CNN. And as I watched the pieces of that despicable structure being pulled down, I thought back almost a quarter of a century when I had first seen the reinforced concrete barrier as a new CIA case officer in Germany. I had seen escapes to the West fail and a few succeed, but always the Wall seemed to get stronger, both as a physical barricade and as a symbol separating the minds of the human beings who lived on either side. More than any other structure, the Berlin Wall symbolized what had brought me to the CIA.

Now it was coming down, and I felt strangely dissociated from the process. I decided to send a cable to all hands in the field the next day to tell them to leave to the international media what it could best do, but to let us know if they saw things differently from the television coverage. Get out on the streets, I said, and keep the situation reports coming.

East Berlin, November 10, 1989

Thursday night had been crazy enough, but when Rolph and his wife went to Checkpoint Charlie the next day to see what was happening for themselves, it seemed as if all of Germany were there. Mixing in the crowd with the thousands of East Germans waiting to make the crossing, the CIA station chief found himself in the midst of the greatest party he had ever seen, the most indescribable, unforgettable moment of his life. Lost in a sea of champagne and open arms, Rolph was an elated Cold Warrior watching Germany come together. He made his way to the West Berlin side and saw that the East Berliners were being treated like returning heroes, lost in the wilderness for nearly thirty years.

Yet Rolph still wasn't sure he understood the dimensions of what was happening all around him. When he returned home to his East Berlin neighborhood of Pankow, there was a strange air of normalcy. Away from the massive block parties near the border checkpoints, Rolph was struck by how East German life was still grinding on. The Stasi is still here, he told himself, and they are still a fearsome intelligence service. The surveillance teams are still here, too.

The Kremlin, November 11, 1989

It was over. Of that, Anatoly Chernyaev, Gorbachev's foreign-policy guru, was certain. The entire seventy-year era of the socialist system was over. First Poland had gone over, then Hungary, then, suddenly, East Germany. All had gone peacefully. China's leader, Deng Xiaoping, and Bulgaria's Todor Zhivkov had announced their retirements. That left only Fidel Castro, Nicolae Ceauşescu, and Kim Il Sung. And they hated the Soviet Union's guts! Yes, it was over, Chernyaev decided.

The main thing had been the Berlin Wall. Its fall would have a profound effect not only on the final course of socialism, but also on the balance of world power. It meant the end of Yalta, the end of the legacy of Stalin, and the end of remembrance of the defeat of Hitler's Germany. It was all over.

And that, Chernyaev concluded with an ironic sense of pride, was all Gorbachev's doing. He had, indeed, turned out to be a great leader. Gorbachev had sensed the pace of history and had helped it find a natural channel. Gorbachev's loyal aide would never sway from the conviction that the dramatic historical shifts now under way in Eastern Europe were the result of Gorbachev's decision not to stand in the way.

3

Prague, November 17, 1989

Oldrich Cerny, a slight, sandy-haired writer, film translator, and dissident, had been following Václav Havel's lead since he was a star-struck teenager in the 1960s. Back then, Cerny had summoned up the courage to march into a Prague theater and had brazenly introduced himself to Czechoslovakia's brightest young playwright. Havel had agreed to the boy's simple request that he join him for coffee. Now, more than twenty years later, Oldrich Cerny was about to follow Havel's lead once more. This time, Cerny would help Havel foment a revolution.

But just now they were waiting, impatiently, for the revolution to begin.

In fact, both men had been waiting for at least twelve years. Havel had solidified his status as Czechoslovakia's most important anti-Communist dissident in 1977, with the creation of Charter 77, a group of intellectuals who signed a petition seeking freedom of speech and thought and, more broadly, freedom from the repression that had been imposed on the Czech people following the Soviet crackdown on the Prague Spring in 1968. Havel's reward for Charter 77 had been prison.

Throughout the late 1970s and early 1980s, meanwhile, Cerny had been ostracized for his refusal to become an informant and agent of the Czech secret services. First he rejected an overture from the internal security police and later a separate pitch from the foreign intelligence service, which was intrigued by his fluency in English and was eager to send him abroad as a spy. His defiance cost him his job at a Czech publishing house, and before long he was barely making ends meet unloading cargo on Prague's riverfront.

By mid-November 1989, Cerny could see that Havel was worried that the new democratic spirit sweeping across Eastern Europe might pass Czechoslovakia by. Old regimes had tumbled in Poland through elections, and in Hungary through negotiations. The Berlin Wall had just come down, and the government of East Germany seemed to be on its last legs. Yet demonstrations in Prague had so far been modest, hardly enough to shake the Communists out of Prague Castle. Protests in late October on Czech National Day had been so unimpressive that Havel had become depressed. He spent several days in early November recovering from an illness—and frustration. He feared that Czechoslovakia was destined to remain an island of tyranny surrounded by democracy, the Cuba of Eastern Europe.

Havel thought that November 17 would just bring more of the same, so he didn't join that day's demonstrations marking the fiftieth anniversary of an infamous Nazi murder of a Czech student. But the students and others who did march peacefully that day through Prague and into Wenceslas Square, the city's long, narrow, and sloping centerpiece, to commemorate the anniversary were met by riot police eager for a confrontation. The police waded into the crowds, brutally wielding truncheons, beating men, women, and children. The incident outraged the Czech people and electrified the nation overnight. Through its own heavy-handed stupidity, the regime had finally managed to turn the Czechs into revolutionaries.

Suddenly energized, Havel moved to capitalize on the massive protests that were immediately sparked by November 17. He called together key dissidents from all over Prague, including many of the old Charter 77 members, and that weekend they crowded into the Actor's Studio Theater. In the midst of their heated talks, someone pointed out that they were meeting in a building that was easily accessible to the authorities, so they soon moved to the basement of Laterna Magika, the Magic Lantern Theater, to plot their next move. The Magic Lantern was to become their informal headquarters and the iconic symbol of the sudden and miraculous success of their peaceful "Velvet Revolution."

No one had elected or appointed Havel and his new dissident group, Civic Forum, to take charge and represent the people, but there had also never been any question among the people crowding into Wenceslas Square that anyone other than Havel would lead them. Within days, Civic Forum opened negotiations with the regime, even as the Communists grumbled that they would never sit down with Havel himself. Meanwhile, the protests grew exponentially, providing fuel to the revolution and sapping the strength of the regime. One local Communist leader in Prague belatedly sought to whip up blue-collar support, but when he went to a working-class district, he was jeered by restive workers who shouted, "We are not little children." Throughout the revolution, Cerny thought with some amusement, the Communists were always two days late.

Prague, Czechoslovakia, November 1989

Inside the cramped CIA space in the old American embassy, the CIA communicator, a young man with a keen technical mind, patiently worked the video equipment, searching the dial for just the right frequency.

"There!" he called over to David Manners, the CIA's chief in Prague, and proudly displayed his achievement. It had taken time, but the technician had finally plugged into a very special television show. He had just captured the video feeds from the surveillance cameras that the Czech security service had placed strategically all over Prague to watch their own people, who just now happened to be in the midst of a revolution. The television set in the CIA's station in the old mansion now filled with images of massive crowds of protesters surging through the streets of Prague. Suddenly, the video feed switched to a different camera and then another; Manners realized his communicator had stumbled across the entire Czech surveillance network, and he was now viewing the same live pictures from all over the city as the "watchers" of the Czech security service. As he watched the video feed cut from one protest to another, and then zoom in on individual protesters being confronted by undercover agents and by police, he realized with a jolt that he was watching, in real time, how Czech security was responding to the revolution.

The shifting camera angles and feeds from around the city suggested which protests and protesters the Czechs most feared, while close-ups of agents hidden in the crowds revealed how the Czech government was scrambling to try to respond in an effort to disrupt the demonstrations.

"Start taping," Manners told his communicator.

It was the best live coverage that the CIA had obtained in any of the revolutions sweeping across Eastern Europe that fall and winter. After recording a few hours' worth of video, Manners went to see his boss, American ambassador Shirley Temple Black. He thought the former child star might enjoy a good show, so he asked her to come to the CIA station and sat her down for a front-row seat to watch the Velvet Revolution unfold.

Langley, November 29, 1989

Redmond stuck his head in my office. "The bureau's got a guy from the Second Chief Directorate in New York," he said.

Actually, it turned out to be an *ex*-KGB man, Sergei Papushin, who'd quit his job and moved into Russia's new economy. Papushin had taken a job with an oil company. He'd come to New York on business, promptly got seriously drunk, and washed up in a hospital in New Jersey, where the police, and later the FBI, found him. As he sobered up, the FBI learned from him that he'd been in the Second Chief Directorate and decided to pitch him to see if he would work for them. The FBI knew that officers from the Second Chief Directorate, the KGB's secretive counterintelligence arm, were hard to come by.

Frightened by the experience, Papushin rushed back to New York, where he went to the Soviet mission to report the approach. Incredibly, the security officer at the mission told him to forget about it and get on with his business.

Instead, Papushin changed his mind. He called the FBI back and asked for asylum.

"When do we get a shot at him?" I asked Redmond.

"We're setting it up with the bureau now."

We were back to business—but somehow, in the midst of the revolutions sweeping Eastern Europe, I couldn't get too excited over this defector.

Moscow, November 29, 1989

Rem Krassilnikov dialed the home number of Mike Cline, our new Moscow chief, and waited.

"Hello?" a man's voice answered.

"Oh, hello, Michael," Krassilnikov said in his unmistakable accent, stretching out Cline's name. "This is Gavrilov. I was wondering if we could meet for a few moments tomorrow to discuss a matter of some importance."

Cline knew what Krassilnikov wanted. "Yes, I can do that," he said quickly. "What time?"

"Will noon be satisfactory?"

"Noon will be fine," Cline said in the same guarded language he always used on a phone he knew was live-monitored by the KGB. Never mind that it was the KGB who was actually calling—old habits were hard to break.

"Then noon it is, tomorrow," the KGB counterintelligence chief said, and rang off.

The next day at noon sharp, Mike Cline walked along the ring road toward the Chinese restaurant that had been preselected as the site for these furtive meetings. Cline had made his first call to activate the Gavrilov channel when he'd arrived in Moscow eight months earlier as Jack Downing's replacement, and he and Krassilnikov had agreed then that the Chinese restaurant would be their established rendezvous point. But since then they'd had almost no contact—it was as if the CIA-KGB hot line had gone cold.

Nearing the site, Cline spotted the black Volga pulled up against the curb, its engine running, spewing exhaust fumes into the cold air. Krassilnikov was huddled in the backseat, a woolen muffler around his throat and his hat pulled just above his ears. As Cline approached the car, both Krassilnikov and his driver got out. Krassilnikov offered his hand and drew the CIA man into the backseat of the overheated Volga.

With the driver standing dutifully out of earshot and smoking a cigarette, Krassilnikov told Cline that he thought it was time for a meeting at a higher level. The KGB side would be represented by himself and Leonid Nikitenko, chief of Directorate K, counterintelligence, of the First Chief Directorate. They would be able to meet their American counterparts in either Tokyo or Helsinki in the next month. The American side could take their pick, Krassilnikov offered.

Cline wrote down three words—"Tokyo, Helsinki, December"—and turned to Krassilnikov. "Is there anything special you'd like to talk about?" he asked.

"Nothing special," Krassilnikov said. "It's just been too long since we've gotten together."

Cline added a fourth word to his notes, "agenda," and underlined it. He told Krassilnikov he'd get back to him and stepped out of the car. He had no inclination to be chatty. It was not Cline's nature to hang out with the opposition on their own turf.

Langley, November 29, 1989

Stolz called down to tell me that he'd already talked to Gus Hathaway and that Gus would be accompanying me on the Gavrilov outing. "What do you think it's about?" he asked.

"Don't know," I said truthfully. "But it's been two years since we had an offshore Gavrilov meeting—they broke off contact in 1987. Maybe their new team wants to see our new team."

The CIA and KGB had always sent two senior officials apiece to Gavrilov meetings, except for the brief and infrequent encounters between the CIA's Moscow station chief and Krassilnikov. With two officers from each side present, the possibility of misadventure was greatly reduced. It eliminated the suspicions that one officer had been pitched by the other side and hadn't reported it fully. In the world of espionage, doubts, once raised, always lingered. So we went into the Gavrilov meetings two by two.

Gus and I met with Stolz later that morning, and we decided that we'd go to the meeting mostly just to listen. Since the KGB asked for the meeting, we'd hear them out and see what was on their minds. The only issues we might raise would be the perennials: the status of our embassy building in Moscow and the fate of Oleg Gordievsky's family.

I decided that Helsinki should be the meeting site and cabled Mike Cline to pass the decision along to the KGB. I then began to review our file holdings on both of the men I would meet at my first Gavrilov session. We'd had plenty of contact with Krassilnikov over the years, but Nikitenko was less known to us. He'd come up on our screen while he was *Rezident* in London, where he'd been Oleg Gordievsky's chief, but we hadn't had much firsthand experience with the man. It should be interesting, I thought as I prepared for the first Gavrilov meeting. Their empire was cracking; they must be feeling the aftershocks all the way to Moscow.

Prague, December 10, 1989

With hundreds of thousands of Czechs packing into central Prague each night, chanting and ringing their keys in the air, change came with astonishing speed. On December 10, Communist president Gustav Husák resigned, and by acclamation, Havel and Civic Forum took over. Though it would take until the end of the month for Havel to be formally elected president, a band of playwrights, stagehands, and poets suddenly had a country to run.

One of the most vexing questions as Havel and his motley band of ministers assumed their new posts was the fate of the Czech security and intelligence services. The Communists had been ousted so quickly that the intelligence services had no time to reform themselves or prepare for a smooth handover. In December, the government was still a strange amalgam of dissidents and Communists who had not yet been replaced. The domestic security service, known as the StB, and the foreign intelligence service, which was under the StB umbrella and was known as Sprava One, were still intact, and their seventeen thousand employees were reporting to work each day as if nothing had changed, even after Havel was sworn into office.

The Soviets, of course, knew that it was only a matter of time. The

KGB had six officers who worked on a full-time basis inside Sprava One headquarters in Prague. Just before Christmas, the six KGB officers were called home to Moscow, and they never returned.

StB's direct links to the KGB were being cut, but Czech intelligence was still being run by Communists with no allegiance to Havel or democracy.

After the frantic days of November and December, Oldrich Cerny was about to return to his film studio job, but Václav Havel had other ideas. The new president decided in early 1990 that he wanted Cerny, the man who had twice rejected demands that he become a Communist spy, to help lead Czechoslovakia's spy service into the new world.

Frankfurt, December 1989

Dave Manners sat down for a hurried meeting with a key SE Division manager who had just flown into Frankfurt from headquarters. Manners and the other chiefs of station from the capitals of Eastern Europe had been summoned to Germany to talk through the remarkable changes sweeping the region.

It was hard to know where to start—all the old assumptions had to be thrown out the window. The United States had once worried about dominoes in Southeast Asia; now it was the Soviets who were watching their dominoes fall—Poland, Hungary, East Germany, and now Czechoslovakia.

So much was happening that Manners couldn't afford to spend much time away from his post. "You should know that you're getting somebody new to run the Czech desk at headquarters," Manners was told in quiet confidence. "Rick Ames. He's smart. If you had to pick the three or four people at the agency who understand the KGB the best, he would be one of them."

Helsinki, Finland, 1955 Hours, December 12, 1989

It was bitterly cold and slippery going as Gus Hathaway and I trudged along the icy sidewalks in a residential section of Helsinki. The meeting was to be held at the Soviet embassy promptly at 8:00 P.M., and as we came up to the gate of the embassy not far from Helsinki's waterfront five minutes early, Hathaway rang the bell and waited. A moment later a voice crackled over a speaker, asking who was there.

"We're here to see Rem Sergeyevich Krassilnikov," Hathaway announced in Russian.

"Never heard of him," the voice crackled back with curt dismissal.

I looked at my watch. "We're early. Let's walk for a few minutes."

Five minutes later, we approached the gate again and pushed the button. This time the latch buzzed and the iron gate popped open. My mind flashed back four years to the moment Edward Lee Howard had passed through this same gate as he made good his long escape from the FBI in Albuquerque to the Soviet Union.

Gus and I went twenty yards down the shoveled walkway to the embassy's front door, where we were met by a Soviet officer who ushered us into a secure room on the ground floor. There we met Krassilnikov and Nikitenko and a third KGB man who introduced himself as Viktor, a counterintelligence officer from the First Chief Directorate.

Their secure room was really a room within a room. It had the touch of the handyman; the walls and ceiling were covered with acoustic tiles and with heavy drapes hung slightly haphazardly on the walls. I thought there might be electronic white noise generated around the enclosure once the heavy door was closed, but I had no way of knowing for sure. Inside were a couple of couches, and some chairs had been arranged around a low table, where we found a spread of *zakuski,* Russian snacks ranging from salami and pickles to salads to cheeses. On a small end table were four half-liter bottles of Stolichnaya.

The Soviets seemed interested in sizing up the new team, and we were equally interested in sizing them up. As I settled into one of the couches, I thought about the secrets that must be running through the minds of the two men seated across from us in those cramped quarters.

Krassilnikov was the closest thing to a real-life Karla, the master spy of John le Carré's Cold War espionage series. He had an almost mythic status at Langley, as at the end of each disastrous compromise he would walk into the holding room and have his little chat with our ambushed case officer. I'd seen his photograph in the files, but it was an old one and looked nothing like the man before me. Krassilnikov seemed more like a kindly Russian grandfather than a man who spent his days and nights leading our agents to the executioner and trying to keep us off balance with a steady string of bogus volunteers.

As I looked at Krassilnikov's soft, lined face, set off by a mane of thick white hair, it was hard to picture him as the man who had rolled up so many of our operations over the last four years. I had to force the image into my head of him interrogating our agents, Tolkachev, Vorontsov, Polyshchuk, Varennik, and all the others, before they were led down to the dark basement and the KGB executioner.

Leonid Nikitenko was a barrel-chested bear of a man, full of life. From the moment he extended his hand, it was clear that he loved the drama of the spy game, and there was no question that he was good at it. He was at home in this secret universe and relished every moment we spent crowded together in the secure room with the *zakuski* and Stolichnaya. He was an actor on a stage that he had set for himself, playing a role he had scripted.

As chief of Directorate K, First Department, First Chief Directorate, Nikitenko was responsible for the KGB's counterintelligence operations against the American target worldwide. He had last been posted abroad as KGB *Rezident* in London, until he was expelled by the British in a series of carefully planned moves in 1984 that left Nikitenko's deputy and MI6's long-term asset Oleg Gordievsky in charge of the London *Rezidentura.* Gordievsky still thought Nikitenko had been behind his compromise in May 1985, when he was called back, interrogated, and then inexplicably set free. I wondered how much heat Krassilnikov had taken for Gordievsky's escape.

The Soviets didn't seem to have a specific agenda for the meeting. In fact, what was most remarkable was the topic that wasn't brought up—the ongoing rollback of the Soviet empire in Eastern Europe. It was the elephant in the room that no one dared talk about. No one mentioned the Polish election, the Berlin Wall, or events under way in Prague at that very moment. The KGB officers sitting across from us were probably as stunned as we were by what had been happening throughout Eastern Europe over the past weeks and months, but they weren't about to share their emotions with the CIA.

The KGB side got right to business, asking about a Soviet defector who had come across in the last year. Our response was the standard: "Your Mr. X is well and is living outside the country where he was last posted. He enjoys total freedom of movement and is acting on his own. He has expressed no interest in meeting with officials of the Soviet Union." The translation was always the same: "He's come to us but doesn't want it out in the open. And he doesn't want to meet your guys."

After a few rounds of drinks, I broached a long stalled but politically sensitive topic: How were we ever going to get beyond the stalemate on our new Moscow embassy building? Work on the project had been tied up for years as special American security teams sought to determine the extent to which the KGB had embedded listening devices in the building as it was going up. By now it was on its way to becoming the most expensive structure in the world for its size. If you took into account the cost of the original construction, and added to it the cost of the KGB's high-tech assault and of our defensive measures, the building's price tag was phenomenal. Large portions of the structure had been dismantled and sent back to the United States as diplomatic cargo for examination. The embassy remained unoccupied, and it looked like a never-ending standoff.

Krassilnikov leaned into the question. "Your embassy building is perfectly safe as it now stands," he said carefully. "You could occupy it right away without any concerns for matters of security."

"Are you saying that there are no devices in our embassy?" I asked.

"I am saying that there is nothing in the building that should cause you concern."

"Let me get this straight. I think I hear you saying that while there may have been some earlier intentions to attack our embassy, no such plans have been fully carried out. Is that what I'm hearing?"

"I think you have drawn a correct conclusion. The most important point is that your new embassy building is secure as it now stands."

"And we should just move into it, right?" I asked, half joking.

Krassilnikov smiled and said, "That would have to be your decision, but it would also be the right one."

"We'll pass along your comments," I said noncommittally. My instinct was to dismiss what Krassilnikov was saying, but deep down I knew that he was probably telling the truth. Somewhere between the mounting of the attack on the embassy and now, the decision may have been made at Lubyanka, or maybe in the Politburo, to call it off. But it was too late for trust to enter the game. Nevertheless, I saw something in Krassilnikov's eyes as he made his careful statement about the embassy that told me this man was trying to navigate his way out of troubled waters.

Hathaway changed the subject to the family of Oleg Gordievsky, an outstanding issue that was routinely raised at all levels of contact with the Soviets.

Nikitenko didn't react as emotionally as I'd expected—Gordievsky was working for him, after all, while he was spying for the British. He simply eased back a little deeper into the couch and concentrated on keeping his face as unreadable as possible.

Krassilnikov's expression was impassive. An awkward silence descended between us, but in the end he did respond. "Now that you raise the question of Gordievsky's wife and daughters," he observed at last with an ironic smile, "I am reminded once again of the mystery about our Mr. Gordievsky's disappearance from Moscow. I have always wondered why you Americans show such a strong interest in having this man's family leave the Soviet Union. Is it solely a humanitarian interest, or was there perhaps an American hand in getting Mr. Gordievsky out of the USSR?"

"Our interest is purely humanitarian," Hathaway said, ignoring Krassilnikov's probe. "We would like to see Gordievsky reunited with his family."

"And our position remains unchanged," Nikitenko interjected. For the first time that evening, his smile showed signs of brittleness.

At that point, Krassilnikov commented on the nature of our mutual engagement. "I would not suggest that spying against each other will ever cease," he said. "But at some point we should begin to look at what kinds of rules might be incorporated into the conduct of our business. I am speaking here of coercion. The use of drugs and, indeed, the use of violence. I think at some time, perhaps not today, we might examine certain, how should I say, provocative behavior."

"Are you actually referring to the allegations that we drugged, kidnapped, and used coercion against Yurchenko?" I asked.

"Yurchenko might not be the most appropriate example," Krassilnikov said. "I am talking about the conduct of our operations against each other in general, not in a specific case."

Hathaway leaned forward an extra few inches to signal that he, too, found Krassilnikov's statement provocative. "The Soviet side has chosen to cover the changing of sides of its officers over the years by accusing us, as well as the British, of using drugs, kidnapping, and violence. You know as well as I that these things have never happened, and to raise the issue, quite frankly, surprises me."

"What we are saying is that perhaps there would be some value to discussing certain ground rules to the way we carry out our business," Nikitenko interjected, attempting to defuse the issue. "This can be done over the course of some time, and I, too, think it would be of value."

"I think there is merit to keeping our agendas open," I said. "Though I think we should be careful not to bring certain themes to these meetings that might be more appropriately considered propaganda battles. But you can be certain that the CIA does not use drugs or violence against officers of your service. We have always thought it dangerous for your side to make such claims, as was done with Yurchenko, when we all know the truth in that case. But your points are taken."

With that exchange, it was clear that the substantive part of the meeting had come to an end. It was almost with relief that we turned the discussion to the harshness of the winter that had enveloped northern Europe at that moment. Within those few hours we'd gotten a look at our opposite numbers in the KGB, and they'd done the same with us. While nothing concrete had been accomplished, I felt that the Gavrilov channel, after two years of dormancy, had been resurrected. I wasn't certain what might come from it, but I was fairly sure it would do no harm. With the changes coming as rapidly as they were, I was happy enough to have the option to call a temporary truce to talk things over from time to time.

After more than two hours of talk and vodka, Hathaway and I left for our hotel on the Helsinki waterfront. After we had been walking through a deserted park for about ten minutes, we heard a voice calling from the road fifty yards away. "Mister Gataway, Mister Gataway . . ." The Russian pronunciation of Hathaway's name was unmistakable. In a moment we were joined by the Soviet driver, who handed Gus his wallet. “Must fall out your pocket,” he said, his breath streaming in the cold of the night, and quickly returned to his car.

Hathaway’s look sent an unmistakable message: It wouldn’t be good form for the new SE Division chief to spread the story around Langley about how the CIA’s chief of counterintelligence had lost his wallet at a drinking party with a bunch of KGB hoods.

I stared at Hathaway’s oversize and fully stuffed wallet. “Jeez, Gus, whatcha got in there?” I said. “Every phone number of every contact since you were in high school? Christ, the thing’s probably radioactive from all the photocopying!”

Hathaway ignored my comment, and we walked the rest of the way in silence, both of us trying to make some sense out of the Alice in Wonderland evening we had just spent with our adversaries.

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Langley, 1130 Hours, December 27, 1989

The revolution that swept through the northern tier of Eastern Europe had finally reached the Balkans, where it played out darkly in Romania. Over the course of the month of December, a rapidly spinning cycle of riots and government-fomented counterriots grew in intensity until all semblance of order simply evaporated. The U.S. embassy was forced to evacuate its personnel overland to Bulgaria, and for Washington the lights went out in Bucharest.

Romanian leader Nicolae Ceauşescu and his wife, Elena, escaped a step ahead of the mobs three days before Christmas, but they were soon captured, and on Christmas Day they were tried and executed by firing squad. Two days later, after a short Christmas break, I met with William Webster to bring him up to date on the Balkans.

"The Army went over to the opposition on the twenty-second," I said, "the same day the Ceauşescus escaped by helicopter. We're still not clear on the precise sequence and timing, but we think they were captured within a day or so. Over the next two days they were tried, and on Christmas they were executed."

Judge Webster perked up and, with a reflective expression on his face, said, "What does that tell us about the appeals process in Romania, Milt?"

I had gotten to know Webster from his visits to Pakistan and had witnessed his dry humor in action before. I didn't break a smile when I answered.

"I think that would be a good subject for the Directorate of Intelligence to check into, Judge Webster," I said. "And while they're at it, they might look into the reports that Ceauşescu had a hundred bullets in him after his execution. What does that tell us about Romanian firing squads?" For good measure, I threw in the final bizarre tidbit we had gleaned about the last hours of Nicolae and Elena Ceauşescu. "We've also heard reliably from London that Her Majesty's government was able to withdraw Nicolae's honorary knighthood, bestowed years ago for his staunch opposition to Moscow, a few hours before he stood before his firing squad. I'm sure there was great relief in Buckingham Palace."

Webster smiled and asked the real question that had been on his mind for the last several weeks. "What are you doing in Eastern Europe?"

"We're focusing on East Germany right now," I said. "That's where the opportunities are. I expect to see some results pretty soon, but to be completely frank, I'm not sure there's much we ought to do in the northern tier—in Warsaw, Prague, and Budapest."

"Why's that?" Webster asked, furrowing his brow. The DCI had been deeply interested in the region since he'd visited Europe a few weeks earlier and had called the collapse of the Wall ahead of most in the President's cabinet. Now he was following events in close to real time.

"Aggressive collection could backfire. I think we should plan to move in quickly with the new governments and see what we can do to shore them up and keep them on track." I'd been keeping a close eye on events in Prague and Warsaw and had come to the conclusion that stealing secrets might not make as much sense as linking up with the new intelligence services and helping them work with their new governments.

"What about East Germany?" Webster asked.

"We go after them hammer and tongs," I said, "whenever and wherever we can. They have nowhere to go. As the process moves along, we'll be all over them."

"You got a timetable for all this?"

"We're working the East German problem pretty hard now. And in the northern tier we're putting out our probes."

"Just keep me posted, Milt," Webster said. "There's a lot of interest in this downtown, I'm sure you know that."

"I do, Judge Webster. I'm on the phone with them most days."

The Kremlin, December 27, 1989

Val Aksilenko had seen events since the breach of the Berlin Wall through eyes sometimes blurred by tears of joy. A year earlier, the troubled KGB colonel had arranged to have himself seconded from Yasenevo to the office of the State Foreign Economic Committee in the Council of Ministers. It was his way of moving away from the KGB, one step at a time. The new post was pretty much a nothing job—his office was actually outside the Kremlin Wall—but it got him off the firing line.

Few of his colleagues in the Council of Ministers, and even fewer at Yasenevo, appreciated the fact that socialism had been dealt a death blow. Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and the most Stalinist state of them all, the DDR, had fallen, all pretty much peacefully. And now, in the Balkans, the ruthless Ceauşescu had been toppled and killed. But those around him were too involved with their own increasingly desperate fates, Aksilenko thought, too preoccupied with what was happening inside Mother Russia, to become energized one way or another by events on the perimeter, or even to take much note of them.

The ideological and moral reevaluations under way inside every structure of the Soviet establishment were overwhelming; they were setting in motion nothing less than the collapse of the authority of the Communist Party and of the Soviet system. Better to look around for a soft landing, most of his colleagues thought, than to fret over what was happening in Berlin or Bucharest. And they had the best of it, the guys in the Kremlin and the KGB. For the poor slob in the streets of Moscow it was a different matter—the daily distress of scratching out a subsistence living was simply crushing.

Events were proceeding according to a grand scheme Aksilenko had decided was essential, despite the pain it caused around him. And that temporary pain Mother Russia felt was the source of his tears of joy. The fall of the Berlin Wall was the indispensable spark that had allowed change finally to come to the USSR. It had to happen this way, Aksilenko concluded; the world-shaking changes had to start in the satellites of Eastern Europe and roll inward, toward the center of socialism, toward Moscow itself. He knew that no change of any consequence would ever originate in Moscow. It had to come from the outside.

Aksilenko's frequent visits to FCD headquarters to measure the mood of his KGB colleagues were always enlightening. The temper at Yasenevo was dark, with opinion divided between the so-called liberals, like himself, who welcomed the coming changes and the conservatives who were scrambling to hold them back. Yasenevo was splitting between the hopeful and the fearful. He was in no doubt that trouble was brewing for the men of the KGB. Sooner or later there would be a showdown. And that conclusion made him all the more grateful that he was away from Yasenevo, off in his snug cubbyhole in the Council of Ministers.

East Berlin, January 15, 1990

The atmosphere was festive, at least at first. Then it became tinged with the fury of revenge as Berliners tore into Stasi headquarters in the vast Normannenstrasse complex and began ripping the place apart, spraying secret documents out of windows and onto the streets below. Others broke into a more valuable secret cache of imported wines and gourmet food reserved for Stasi officers. Forty years of pent-up hatred of the secret police—a security service that for generations had silenced all dissent—suddenly erupted into the streets of East Berlin.

For the people of East Germany, looting Normannenstrasse was an act of political catharsis, as if throwing the files out the windows would somehow purge the national bloodstream of its culture of suspicion and paranoia. They were turning on the security police with a vengeance born of resentment at being forced to spy on neighbors, on husbands and wives, on mothers and fathers.

It was one of the most dramatic moments of a frenzied few weeks that had transformed East Berlin from a Communist backwater to the hub of a historic revolution. And, as with so many of the other history-defying events since the Berlin Wall had come down, footage from Normannenstrasse was broadcast on CNN and the other networks back into American homes. The television coverage of the storming of Normannenstrasse caught the eye of the President, and he apparently made a casual, offhand remark to his daily CIA briefer about the incident. President Bush wondered aloud whether the CIA was getting its share of the documents floating down onto East Berlin's streets. Judge Webster heard about the President's interest, and soon what had started as an off-the-cuff remark at the White House turned into a scramble at the CIA.

Webster asked if the CIA was getting its hands on any of these Stasi documents. The answer was no, and the CIA Director then asked whether we needed new people in Berlin. Webster's message was clear. After that, I put Redmond on a plane for Germany to light a fire under Rolph.

West Berlin, Late January 1990

Paul Redmond looked across the table and saw two angry case officers. Redmond had come to Berlin to pass on an unpalatable message to David Rolph and the East German station. And as Rolph and his deputy sat in a West Berlin restaurant listening to what Redmond had to say, they didn't like it one bit.

In all bureaucracies, bad news tends to start at the top and flow downhill, and the CIA was no exception. It just so happened that in this case, David Rolph was at the receiving end of a message that had started at the White House with the President of the United States.

President Bush had seen the looting of Normannenstrasse on CNN and had asked whether the CIA was getting its hands on the documents floating out onto the streets of East Berlin. The answer was no, and Langley realized that was a bad answer to have to give to the White House. So that meant the East Berlin Station had to be put on notice, and Paul Redmond was the one to do it.

Redmond tried to be polite and collegial, but there was no mistaking the message from headquarters: You are on notice that Washington is watching the revolution and wants results. For Rolph's part, he didn't believe Redmond was there to scold him for past mistakes, but rather to make it clear that the attitude in Washington about what a CIA station in Eastern Europe should be doing was changing—and changing fast. Overnight, the rules on how to run a bloc station were being rewritten. And whether Rolph and other case officers trained in the traditional clandestine arts of the SE Division liked it or not, they had to change the way they operated, use more openly aggressive tactics, or risk becoming irrelevant.

Rolph resisted. He didn't like headquarters telling him that he wasn't being aggressive enough and didn't think that Langley understood the realities facing CIA case officers in East Berlin. The Stasi wasn't dead, Rolph told Redmond insistently. We still have to be careful and prudent, or the Stasi will eat our lunch.

His caution was a reflection of his Cold War training and experience. Like many SE Division officers, he had grown up fighting the KGB and the Eastern European intelligence services when they were at their peak, and he had learned to respect their power. Although he had seen the fall of the Berlin Wall with his own eyes, Rolph wasn't convinced that the old order in East Germany was dead. The MfS, he believed, still might be able to ride out the political turmoil. If CIA officers abandoned their traditional stealthy "denied area" tactics and began to operate more openly, the MfS might strike back. The CIA would then find itself in an even smaller box in East Germany.

So for weeks after November 9, Rolph and his deputy were uncertain whether they could operate more boldly in East Germany. True, Stasi surveillance was beginning to ease up; there were now times when there was no one following them at all. But could it last? Rolph still didn't know. When the crowds stormed Normannenstrasse, Rolph suspected that the whole thing had been staged by the Stasi. He didn't believe that it was part of a popular uprising. He thought it was street theater concocted by the Stasi in a last-ditch effort to prompt an outcry from the East German people for a restoration of order and stability. It was, he believed, a modern-day equivalent of the burning of the Reichstag. People back in Washington were watching too much television if they thought that any real secrets had been tossed out of the Stasi windows. So over lunch at a restaurant in Mexico Platz in West Berlin, Rolph told Redmond that the Stasi wasn't dead.

Sitting in the Berlin restaurant that January, Paul Redmond didn't argue with Rolph. He tried to be understanding. He said he knew that perceptions in Washington weren't always the same as reality on the ground.

"But sometimes perception is reality," he said. "And the perception is that we are missing out."

Redmond then made it painfully clear that East Berlin Station was going to have to start taking risks, get some new cases going—or else.

Rolph and his deputy didn't like it, but they got the message. Almost immediately, they responded by launching a campaign to pick over the remnants of the Ministerium für Staatssicherheit. To their surprise, the CIA officers would quickly discover that, beneath the surface, there was little left of the once mighty MfS. As in Warsaw and Prague, the old order in East Berlin was beginning to crack.

Warsaw, 1990

Andrzej Milczanowski, a rough-hewn and tough-minded provincial lawyer and longtime dissident, had paid his dues to Solidarity. Born in 1939 in a section of eastern Poland that was later absorbed into the Ukraine, Milczanowski came by his hatred for the Communists early on. Soon after the Soviets invaded eastern Poland following Stalin's disastrous pact with Hitler, Milczanowski's father, a local prosecutor known for his anti-Communist beliefs, was dragged away by the NKVD, the predecessor to the KGB. His family later learned that he had been taken to Kiev and executed, along with other local Polish government and military leaders.

His mother took Andrzej and his sister and fled to Lvov and then to the countryside, and finally after the war they were able to settle in western Poland. Milczanowski studied law in Poznan and like his father became a local prosecutor, working, and chafing, under the Communist regime.

Milczanowski eventually left the prosecutor's office in Stettin to become a defense lawyer, and in 1978 he took on the case of a pair of local dissidents. The case had a major influence on Milczanowski, so when Solidarity emerged in 1980, he was ready to take on a leadership role in the local movement in Stettin. He served as a member of the Solidarity strike committee in the city. At the beginning of martial law in Poland in 1981, Milczanowski was leading a strike committee at Stettin's dockyards, and he was arrested and sentenced to five years in prison. An amnesty decree cut his sentence to two and a half years, and when he emerged from prison in 1984, Milczanowski went right back into dissident work, becoming head of the underground Solidarity movement in Stettin. In August 1988, he led a strike against the local public transit company, one of the many labor actions around the country that so bedeviled the Communist regime in the months before it finally agreed to roundtable talks with Solidarity.

After Solidarity took control of the government, Milczanowski was put in charge of intelligence matters and soon had to decide what to do with the Communist-era service.

Initially, Milczanowski was frustrated by the fact that so many files had been destroyed. When he asked to see the files from one particular department, an officer came and laid a few pieces of paper on his desk. "Is that your whole file?" Milczanowski asked in exasperation.

"Yes," the officer said matter-of-factly and with little embarrassment.

Despite his own tragic personal history with the Communists, Milczanowski approached the issue of what to do with Poland's foreign intelligence officers with hardheaded pragmatism. Poland had undergone a sudden and radical political transformation, but the Soviet Union still lurked next door. The new democracy, Milczanowski believed, was still vulnerable to external threats. He decided that Poland couldn't afford the wholesale dismissal of its most experienced spies. Milczanowski later watched in disgust as the new government of Václav Havel fired its intelligence service and started with greenhorns. It was nothing less than unilateral disarmament, Milczanowski believed, and he eventually told the Czechs so in what the Czechs recalled as a very unpleasant meeting.

One of Milczanowski's new duties was to head a special vetting committee to determine which foreign intelligence officers should be kept and which ones let go. Gromoslaw Czempinski was chosen by the foreign service to serve as an advocate for its officers in front of the vetting committee, and soon the ex-Communist spy had developed a close relationship with Milczanowski, the ex-dissident who was now his boss. Czempinski was eventually named deputy chief of the foreign intelligence service and became, in effect, Poland's DDO.

But they sometimes fought fiercely over which officers should be retained. The vetting committee was particularly suspicious of officers who had been extremely active under the Communists and often let those who lacked much of an operational track record slip through. In the end, the committee agreed to keep about six hundred of the approximately one thousand officers from the foreign intelligence service, although Milczanowski later regretted some of the individual selections. He discovered that many of those who had been the most active—and who thus came under the most scrutiny from the vetting panel—were also the best and most efficient. The officers who had done little under the Communists were not closet dissidents or secret Polish heroes, but simply lazy.

Among the most effective of the foreign intelligence officers to be fired was Aleksandr Makowski, the officer who had been in charge of the special branch spying on Solidarity and its ties to the CIA. Czempinski made a special plea to the vetting committee on Makowski's behalf, but his work against Solidarity was simply too much for the new government to swallow.

Prague, March 1990

Oldrich Cerny was surprised when Jiri Krizan, Havel's first national security adviser, asked him to walk with him in the gardens around Prague Castle, the seat of government. "We have to get rid of the intelligence service, and we need your help," Krizan told Cerny quietly. "We have all of these old Communists and we have to move them out. Havel wants you to do it," Krizan added.

"All right," Cerny said. "When do you want me to start?"

"Right now," Krizan said. "We are five minutes late for a meeting with British intelligence."

The first halting efforts by the new Havel government to reform the security services had been a failure, and now Havel was turning to Cerny to help clean up the mess.

The StB had been formally dismantled in February and its officers told not to report for work until they could be vetted by a commission set up by the new government. A counterterrorism unit was virtually the only branch of the foreign intelligence service that was kept intact. But something was needed in place of the old security services, so the Havel government had initially created an organization called the Office for the Protection of the Constitution and Democracy. To staff the new office, the government brought back officers who had been purged by the regime after the crackdown in 1968, on the assumption that if the Communists had gotten rid of them, they must not be all bad.

But the new organization quickly proved to be a mess. Given a new lease on life, these old hands started doing what they knew best from the 1960s—targeting the Americans and the British. What was worse, some units, most notably surveillance teams, hadn't gotten the word yet that they were supposed to be out of business. So StB surveillance teams were still trailing CIA and MI6 officers around Prague in early 1990, as if there hadn't been a revolution.

Krizan wanted Cerny to come in and start over. He would take the lead in creating a new intelligence service, one suited to a new, pro-Western democracy. Cerny would be joined in this daunting task by Jan Ruml, a ponytailed dissident appointed by Havel to be deputy interior minister in charge of intelligence. They would create a much smaller organization than had existed under the Communists and staff it with fresh blood, young people with no background in intelligence matters. Czechoslovakia was going to start again with a blank slate.

Before they could start fresh, however, the new government had to figure out what to do with the old files of the StB and Sprava One. While some of the files had been destroyed by the Communists on their way out, much of the archives was still intact, including an index card system that provided reference points to registry books identifying agents, their contacts within the intelligence services, and their operational targets dating back as much as forty years. The files showed that StB had had some ten thousand active informants and agents at one time and had thoroughly penetrated every branch of federal and local government. To avoid a witch-hunt within the ranks of the new government, files that were still active at the time of the Velvet Revolution were destroyed. Only old, closed files were retained and scrutinized.

Rumors abounded through Prague in the early days of the Havel government that former StB officers were planning a comeback and that they might plan a coup to topple Havel and reinstate the Communist regime. But closer scrutiny showed that the rumors had been fueled by the simple fact that a few old StB officers were getting together regularly in taverns around Prague to drink, swap stories, and get out of the house. To the relief of Cerny and others around Havel, it quickly became apparent that the StB was dead and that there was no chance that a Czech version of the Odessa network—the near mythical organization of former SS officers that faded into the fabric of postwar Germany—would emerge to threaten the new democracy.

Once they began to dismantle the old apparatus, Cerny and Ruml turned their attention to developing new relations with the British and the Americans. The CIA had not played any role with the dissidents during the Velvet Revolution, but now the Czechs wanted the CIA to help ensure that their communications were secure and that President Havel was adequately protected. So the CIA provided new communications gear and helped train Havel's bodyguards; Britain's MI6, meanwhile, agreed to provide field training for the new Czech intelligence officers.

The Czechs also worked with the Americans and British to clear their books of old sleeper agents burrowed deep into Western society. The FBI and CIA asked the new Havel government and its slimmed-down foreign intelligence service to recall longtime "illegal" agents who had been sent to the United States by the Communists years earlier. At the end of the Cold War, the Czechs had about twenty sleeper agents in place around the world, including several in the United States and Britain. They had never been activated; the Communists had planned to turn these illegals loose in case of a major crisis or war with the West.

But these illegals had been in place in their new "cover" lives for so long that some seemed to have forgotten they were spies, not Little League coaches. When the new Czech officials tried to recall them, two or three of the sleeper agents in the United States simply refused, saying that they were Americans now, with families and lives they didn't want to abandon. In Britain, one or two also refused to come home. The Havel government decided that they should be left alone to live their new lives, especially since none of them had ever really done any damage against the Americans or the British.

CIA Headquarters, Langley, Early 1990

Ever since the earliest days of the Cold War, the CIA had covertly provided funding for magazines, academic journals, and books published in Western Europe by expatriates from the Soviet empire.

Those émigré publications had told the truth to generations of Eastern Europeans and Soviets starved for real information. They had provided glimpses of banned literature and in many cases kept history alive for persecuted minorities. The CIA-backed publications had never had to publish false propaganda; all they had to do was tell the truth to people who lived under regimes built on lies and fabrications. The covert program to smuggle news and literature to people inside the Soviet bloc was one of the CIA's greatest—and noblest—success stories of the Cold War.

Poland had served as a case study in the power of information. Along with the AFL-CIO and the Catholic Church, the CIA had helped provide the Solidarity movement with the resources it needed to get its message out during the dark days of martial law, when it was forced underground.

For persecuted minority groups inside the Soviet Union, meanwhile, literature and other works funded by the CIA provided objective national histories. Over the years, the CIA had perfected the art of smuggling books to those groups. The agency seeded Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union with copies of the Bible, *The Gulag Archipelago,* and other great works, sometimes in the form of tiny books that could easily be hidden from the authorities.

Émigré publishers in Paris and other Western cities, with the quiet backing of the CIA, had fervently kept alive dreams of freedom for Russia, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. By the 1980s, some had added videos to their lineup, producing documentaries, music videos, and other programs that could be purchased in stores in Western Europe and then smuggled back into the East.

Many of the émigrés working with the CIA had turned gray-haired waiting, patiently, in exile. But now, suddenly, freedom had come. Overnight, their once banned publications could be purchased openly at newsstands in Prague, Warsaw, and Budapest.

By early 1990, the CIA realized that it was time to end its financial support for the émigrés. For the people in the agency who had provided the support for the émigré publishers, this would be a bittersweet parting. They would have to say good-bye to men and women who had endured through long, lean years when there was little evidence that their publications were having any impact.

For the Eastern Europeans, ending their secret relationships with the CIA was relatively easy. Many of them were already planning to move back home and set up shop as open and legitimate publishers. They no longer needed the agency.

It was harder for the émigrés from the Soviet Union, however. Revolution had not yet swept through Moscow. Even some officials in the CIA's Propaganda and Political Action Staff, which handled the covert support for the expatriate publications, were reluctant to shut down the Soviet programs so quickly. The ideological battle against Communism had gone on for so long that it was difficult just to declare victory suddenly and turn out the lights. But the programs cost the CIA millions and the agency could no longer justify the expense.

Soon, CIA officers all over Western Europe were quietly seeking out their contacts with the émigré publishers, passing along the message many of them had been waiting forty years to hear: Time to go home.

Lisbon, March 1, 1990

Ryszard Tomaszewski, the Polish *Rezident* in Lisbon, had handled important American operations during his career in the Polish foreign intelligence service, which was precisely why John Palevich, the officer known as "Mr. Poland" within the DO, had identified him as the right man to approach to see if the Poles were ready for a new relationship with the CIA.

The sweeping changes across Eastern Europe in late 1989 had convinced the CIA—and officials in SE Division in particular—that it was time to establish contact with the intelligence services of the newly democratic governments just then breaking free of the Soviet orbit. Hungary had come first, with an initial meeting in Vienna between CIA and Hungarian intelligence officers. The CIA now wanted to build on its new ties with Budapest by developing liaison relationships in other capitals, including Warsaw and Prague.

An approach in Washington was ruled out, in part because that would force the CIA to include the FBI, and the agency wanted this contact to be unilateral—and discreet. A direct contact in Poland was also rejected, for fear of exposing CIA officers serving in the Warsaw Station if the approach was rebuffed.

Paul Redmond, the deputy chief of SE Division who was helping to coordinate the efforts to contact the Eastern Europeans, decided to try to use the Hungarian model with the Poles, contacting them through one of their foreign residencies on neutral ground.

But which one? The CIA had over the years obtained a wealth of detailed information about the Polish foreign intelligence service—Department I of the Ministerstwo Spraw Wewnetrzynych, Ministry of Internal Affairs—and so knew plenty about the personalities and backgrounds of many of the Polish officers serving around the world.

The *Rezidents* in Rome and Lisbon seemed like good candidates. The Rome *Rezident* had actually studied at Harvard and was quite familiar with Americans. But he was more likely to be under heavy surveillance from the local internal security service, and the CIA didn't want any other country, even the Italians, to find out about the approach. So Palevich flew to Lisbon to personally knock on Ryszard Tomaszewski's door.

But when Palevich went to the Polish embassy and introduced himself to Tomaszewski as a representative of the Director of Central Intelligence, the Polish intelligence officer immediately went on the defensive. Palevich told him that he had come with instructions to open an intelligence dialogue with the Polish service and that

Tomaszewski had been selected as the intermediary to pass this message to Warsaw. Convinced this was some sort of American provocation, Tomaszewski maintained that he was a diplomat, a representative of the Ministerstwo Spraw Zagranicznych, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and thus was in no position to talk to Palevich about anything of the kind. It was clear that Tomaszewski had not yet received any guidance from the new government in Warsaw about whether to consider the Americans friends or adversaries.

Palevich realized that Tomaszewski suspected he was wearing a wire, making him even more guarded and tense. Getting nowhere with the Pole, Palevich tried a new tack. “Do you have a camera?” he asked.

Tomaszewski took a step backward, bristling, and almost shouted, “No! Why should I have a camera? I am a diplomat!”

In his most soothing voice, Palevich said, “Because you might want a copy of my passport, so that when you report this to the Center they will be able to do a proper trace to confirm my identity and affiliation. Now why don’t you at least photocopy this.” Palevich then handed the man his diplomatic passport, which contained his name and contact information, including his home address and telephone number in Maryland. Tomaszewski took the passport and disappeared briefly. When he returned, he simply handed the passport back to Palevich and told him to leave.

“Would you be so kind as to have your secretary call me a cab?” Palevich asked the badly rattled intelligence officer, trying one last gambit to buy another few minutes.

“No!” Tomaszewski shouted. “Catch a ride with your backup team.” The Polish officer believed that Palevich was only the front man for an elaborate operation to entrap him, and he wasn’t going to fall for this American ambush.

Palevich flew back to Washington the next day, and when he reported in, he had to endure some jokes about the apparent failure of his mission. “It was a good plan, we just sent the wrong man.” Redmond, a Harvard graduate himself, good-naturedly said that he might make the next approach, this time in Rome. He was sure that two Harvard men could sort things out.

Two days later, as Palevich stepped out of the shower in his Maryland home, his telephone rang. It was Tomaszewski, calling from a pay phone in Lisbon. He had been careful not to call from the Polish embassy, in case eavesdroppers from the Portuguese security service overheard the conversation.

Speaking in "commercial terms," Tomaszewski said he was terribly sorry for the misunderstanding of the previous week and that in fact his home office was very much interested in accepting the proposal. Could further discussions be arranged? It was obvious to Palevich that Tomaszewski had reported the contact to headquarters and had then been thoroughly chewed out for abruptly dismissing the CIA approach.

The opportunity would come quickly, and when it did, Gromoslaw Czempinski and Andrzej Milczanowski would make the most of it.

5

Langley, April 5, 1990

"We're in the final stages of planning the PROLOGUE exfil," I said. I was sitting with Dick Stolz in his seventh-floor office. Tom Twetten, the ADDO, was with us.

The case of the mysterious KGB volunteer who had approached Jack Downing on the *Red Arrow* so long ago had continued to plod along without any resolution of the doubts over whether it was a KGB double agent operation. We had, however, finally confirmed PROLOGUE's identity, thanks to Sergei Papushin, the defector from the Second Chief Directorate who had been hauled in by the FBI in New Jersey. After he was shown a mug book, he gave us PROLOGUE's name and position.

It was Aleksandr "Sasha" Zhomov, Papushin said. Zhomov was an officer in the First Department of the Second Chief Directorate, working under Rem Krassilnikov and his deputy, Valentin Klimenko. We decided to give Zhomov a small jolt by letting him know we knew his name. In one of our letters we passed to him on the *Red Arrow* we opened with "Dear Sasha." But he was a cool customer and didn't react.

By the spring of 1990, the handful of CIA officers involved in the case agreed that PROLOGUE was either the CIA's most important spy in Moscow or an amazingly good KGB dangle. We would have to bring him in from the cold if we were ever to find out which one he was. So several weeks earlier we had told him we were beginning the necessary preparations for an exfiltration, and as part of the process he should give us a handful of passport-size photographs we could use to create an identity for his escape. Within two weeks we had our photographs and a face to go with a name. We could now start working on a detailed plan. But there was a catch. We couldn't use any really elaborate methods of getting PROLOGUE out because of the likelihood it was a controlled operation with the specific goal of smoking out our exfiltration methods. We'd have to come up with a way of getting him out without revealing too much about how we did this kind of thing. It was against that backdrop that I decided to brief the seventh floor. I was still hopeful that the PROLOGUE operation was real, but I also had to share with Stolz and Twetten the doubts that many in the SE Division still harbored.

"What has he really given us?" Stolz asked.

"He's confirmed a lot about the 1985 trouble. And he's tipped us to some controlled cases they were going to dangle in front of us. And he's given us some internal documents that tell us what they think of our last few Moscow chiefs."

"Anything we know for certain would hurt them?" Twetten asked.

"No," I said.

"Do you think he's controlled?" Dick Stolz was being the case officer now, the old street man who'd been kicked out of Moscow in the early days and had been running operations against the KGB ever since. He knew how difficult it was to quantify an operation like PROLOGUE.

"Every time we make an exchange with him, I call a meeting of the small compartment of people who know about the case—that's about five of us. I take a poll on two questions. First, I ask if he's controlled. About fifty percent of the time we vote that he's controlled, the other half of the time it goes the other way. And there's always some changing of positions between polls."

"What's the second question?" Twetten asked.

"Whether we should go through with the exfil despite our doubts. The vote is always four to one that we go ahead."

"What do we lose if he's bad?" Stolz asked.

"A passport, an unspectacular method of getting him out. That's about it."

"What's Redmond think?"

I paused for a second before answering Stolz's question. "Like me.

Depends on the day. But whatever he says, I believe deep down he thinks the operation is good. And he has no doubts that we should go ahead with the exfil. That's my position, too. If PROLOGUE is bad, there's got to be a reason why they've been running him at us for two years. If he's good, he'll be pure gold."

"Can't we insist that he give us the answer to one hard question before we pull him out?" Twetten asked.

"We've tried that for two years. Every time we push him he says he's holding out till we get him out. Then he's ours, he says. Who can argue with that? This guy is a KGB counterintelligence officer. We've got that confirmed. If we were in his shoes, we'd hold out till we'd been sprung."

"What did Gerber think of the guy?" Stolz fidgeted a little when he asked the question.

"You tell me," I said. "Burton and I haven't talked. And he doesn't vote in my straw polls. But my spies tell me that he had his doubts. Like everybody."

"Your recommendation?" Stolz asked. He liked consensus.

"Let's do it."

Turning to Twetten: "Tom?"

"What do we have to lose?"

"Then let's do it." Stolz showed no reluctance at the decision. "When do we brief the judge?" CIA Director William Webster would have to approve the plan to exfiltrate PROLOGUE. If anything went wrong, it could spark a diplomatic incident.

"Next week, when we get him to sign off on the U.S. passport. He'll have to take that to Larry Eagleburger." The CIA could falsify Soviet identity documents, but it couldn't issue a false American passport for one of its spies without the State Department's approval.

"Get the package together," said Stolz, signaling that the meeting was over.

East Berlin, April 15, 1990

Where was that damn colonel?

That was the question that CIA officers in both West and East

Berlin were asking. The missing colonel from the American Department of the HVA, East Germany's foreign intelligence service, was one of the top-priority targets of the CIA's aggressive new campaign to recruit agents from what was left of East Germany's security services. He had once been stationed in New York, and the CIA believed that he almost certainly knew the identities of American spies who had worked for East Germany. Like thousands of other officers from the disintegrating HVA and MfS, he had just been fired, and as far as the CIA was concerned, he was now one of the most important unemployed men in East Germany. If the CIA could entice him to talk, he might be able to help roll up long-running spy operations against the United States. But the colonel seemed to have disappeared. Finding him was a major operation.

Paul Redmond's January visit had shaken up the East Berlin Station, and David Rolph had gotten the message that it was time to become more aggressive. It didn't take him long to figure out how. Rolph and the East Berlin Station came up with a plan to launch a brutally simple frontal assault on the crumbling Stasi, beginning with a series of cold pitches to as many HVA and MfS officers as possible. Case officers were told to dispense with the usual operational foreplay of spotting, assessing, and gaining access to their targets. Instead, they'd track them down and bluntly ask them if they wanted a last-minute insurance policy against uncertainty. There were few subtleties involved. The idea was to be up front and in their faces, offering a simple bargain: information for cash. More and more HVA and MfS officers were being laid off each day. If the CIA didn't act now, they might all simply go home and forget the secrets they were carrying around in their heads.

Armed with organizational charts and rosters provided by their Stasi source, as well as other information about the identities of MfS and HVA officers collected over the years, Rolph and his case officers started calling East German intelligence officers at night at their homes. First calling from pay phones in West Berlin and later from East Berlin, the CIA officers reminded each East German intelligence officer of his current plight. "I represent the Western services," they'd then say. "Would you be interested in working with us?"

The telephone pitches were blunt and bold—and they didn't work.

Invariably, the East Germans would hang up on the Americans, perhaps suspecting that it was a hoax or even a provocation by the Stasi to test the loyalty of its remaining officer corps. East Germany's culture of suspicion was dying hard. After two or three luckless weeks, the CIA scrapped its telephone campaign and decided to start knocking on doors. In order to reinforce the small East Berlin Station, officers from the West Berlin base joined in as well.

CIA case officers based in West Berlin had only rarely been involved in operations in the East in the recent past. The West Berlin base was subordinate to the CIA's Bonn Station and focused on intelligence targets on its own turf. But there were so many potential recruitment targets in East Berlin now that David Rolph needed help, which explained why a CIA officer from West Berlin was now looking for that elusive HVA colonel.

Finally, a source in West Berlin was able to help the CIA track the colonel down. It turned out that the man who five months earlier had been a senior colonel in the HVA was now working as a doorman in Berlin, a downward slide symbolic of what was happening to the Stasi—and to East Germany. A case officer approached him, sat him down, and made his pitch. If he would tell the case officer about the American spies he had handled during his long career, the CIA would be generous. The colonel obviously needed money, and now he was being offered more than he could ever make in his new line of work.

The former HVA colonel looked at the American in disgust and responded with the only rebuke he could make. "You obviously know who I was," he said. "And you now know what I have become. The only thing I have left is my honor. I have no intention of giving that up. Please do not come back again."

The CIA officer was taken aback and suddenly felt a deep sense of professional respect for the man. No matter that he had served a corrupt and tyrannical regime that was now vanishing around him. The German would be a loyal officer until the end and would do his best to retain his dignity. The CIA officer said good-bye and then took him at his word. From then on, the CIA would leave him alone to fade away into the new Germany.

East Berlin, April 25, 1990

After years of failure and frustration, the CIA suddenly had a new and burgeoning network of spies in East Berlin, all brought on board over the space of just a few weeks. The telephone pitches hadn't worked, but when the CIA switched tactics and decided to start going directly to the homes of current and former HVA and MfS officers to talk to them in person, the results improved almost immediately.

Not every man was like the HVA colonel, willing to put a dying country before his own future, and soon so many East Germans had agreed to cooperate that we were starting to wonder back at Langley how we could keep up with all of our new East German agents. We had to create a special East German Task Force just to keep up with the flow of intelligence from East Berlin.

To be sure, most were short-term agents. The Stasi officer who had revealed that Curly was a double agent was the only one who seemed destined to become a long-term asset. But the logistics of processing all the new intelligence was becoming difficult. The payments we were willing to make to former Stasi officers were also starting to decline, now that their information was becoming less valuable as East Germany edged closer to political oblivion.

Still, some of our new spies continued to bring unexpected intelligence windfalls when they walked off their jobs laden with secret Stasi documents. One agent outdid the rest: He looted an entire file room before leaving his job and volunteering to work for the West.

Early in the spring of 1990, West German counterintelligence officers based in Bavaria contacted the CIA's base in Munich, seeking help with a new case. An East German had contacted them and told them he had a friend in the East who wanted to sell documents. Could the CIA, the West Germans asked, arrange to meet the man in the East? At the time, West German intelligence was still reluctant to conduct operations on its own in East Germany.

The request was routed to the CIA's East Berlin Station, and the station's most junior case officer was assigned to handle the case. The young American officer drove to a small village not far from East Berlin, called a phone number, and gave a "parole" to identify himself. The East German agreed to meet him.

That night, the CIA officer and the German drove separately out to some woods beyond the village, and then pulled their cars over into the dark. As the American walked over, the East German opened the trunk of his car, and the CIA officer saw that it was packed with bundles of documents wrapped in newspapers. As quickly as he could, he began transferring them to his own car. Before long, the CIA had the files in West Berlin ready for inspection.

The bundles turned out to be a vast compendium of the Stasi's logs of thousands upon thousands of telephone wiretaps that the East Germans had conducted against individuals in West Berlin and West Germany. The files, which included some seventeen thousand index cards, showed the telephone numbers that the East Germans had tapped, cataloged how often their conversations had been recorded, and in some cases included the transcripts of individual calls. The records provided a road map to many of the Stasi's operations in West Germany. They showed who had been targets of East German surveillance and investigation and so could help reveal how the East Germans had tried to penetrate its main target, the West German government. After sorting through and analyzing the files, the CIA turned them over to West German intelligence to examine.

Yet the records that the CIA really wanted—files from the most sensitive espionage cases of the HVA and MfS, including their joint operations with the KGB—were still out of reach. The crowds that had surged into Normannenstrasse in January hadn't gotten them, either. Instead, the protesters had ripped open file drawers filled with the records of the banal, neighborly betrayals that had sadly been so commonplace under the Communist regime.

Only later did the CIA pick up hints that a few handpicked Stasi officers had already trucked the most sensitive files to East Berlin's Schoenefeld Airport. From there, the boxed files were to be transported to Moscow. The Stasi was turning over its crown jewels to the KGB for safekeeping.

The most sensitive Stasi files were out of the CIA's reach—for now.

It would take years for the CIA to obtain those sensitive files after they were in KGB custody, and when the agency did, it would find a wealth of information about East German intelligence operations against the West.

The political wheels were now grinding inevitably toward the eventual absorption of East Germany into West Germany, but the CIA was still very interested in recruiting high-ranking HVA and MfS officers, particularly those who could reveal the identities of any additional American spies. So the most attractive targets of the cold pitch campaign were always the HVA and MfS officers who had been involved in operations against the United States. At the top of the target list was HVA Colonel Jürgen Rogalla, chief of the American Department of the HVA.

David Rolph had never held out much hope that he would be able to convince Rogalla to spy for his old adversary. Like the HVA colonel, Rogalla was a hard-core Stasi man. But the agency was determined to give it a try, and Rogalla was tentatively given the code name GTPULSAR.

Rolph was surprised when, on his second attempt to contact Rogalla, the burly colonel invited him into his apartment in downtown East Berlin. Rogalla ushered him into his living room, and after the two sat down to chat, Rolph outlined his pitch. The CIA, Rolph told Rogalla, would be very generous if he agreed to help. Rolph tried to make it clear that a high-ranking officer like himself would be treated well by the CIA. While lower-level Stasi officers had received only modest cash payments, Rogalla's cooperation would qualify him for resettlement in the United States.

Rogalla asked a few questions, saying he wanted to make certain he understood what Rolph was offering. Finally, he told Rolph he needed time to think about the offer and asked the CIA officer to come back to his apartment in two days. Rolph was wary of coming back; he knew that Rogalla could be setting him up for an ambush arrest or even for a roughing up by the KGB. But he agreed, and two days later he was back in the East German intelligence officer's living room. Rogalla asked Rolph to go over his offer once more. Once he had finished, Rogalla told him that he had decided not to accept the CIA offer. Rolph thanked him for his time and was preparing to leave when Rogalla asked him to stay.

"I have someone here that I would like you to meet," he said.

"No, thank you, that's okay," Rolph said. "I should be on my way."

"I have been patient with you," Rogalla said. "Now I would like you to please be patient with me." Then he turned to the curtain separating the apartment's living room from its small kitchen. "Herr General," he called. "Please come in."

With dramatic flair, the curtain was then swept aside and out stepped a silver-haired and impeccably dressed General Werner Grossman, chief of the HVA and successor to the retired legend, Markus Wolf.

Grossman shook hands with Rolph, and as they sat down to talk, Rolph felt a sense of relief that he hadn't been arrested or that a squad of Stasi goons hadn't stepped from behind the curtain.

"We know what you and your officers are doing," Grossman told Rolph. "We know that you are harassing our officers and our retirees, and you are embarrassing them in front of their families."

So the cold pitches were starting to bother them, Rolph thought. Probably because they are working. His mind was racing.

"We know that your service is better than this," Grossman lectured Rolph with Teutonic bluntness. "This kind of activity is unprofessional. You must stop this at once." He looked sternly at Rolph. "If you do not stop this harassment, we will go to the police. And if you persist after that, we will take this to the press."

Rolph looked at Grossman, dumbfounded. How sad, he thought. A year ago, this man could order men to their deaths. Now, the worst threat that the chief of the Hauptverwaltung Aufklarung could level against the CIA was that he would talk to a newspaper reporter.

"General Grossman, it was a pleasure to meet you, but I have to tell you I have a job to do. You can do what you feel you have to do." With that, Rolph stood, shook hands with Grossman and Rogalla, and walked out.

Rolph's cable arrived on my desk the following morning. I shared it with the DCI, who had long since forgotten his statement a few months earlier that my team in East Berlin could be replaced if that was what was needed to exploit the situation.

I cabled David Rolph, telling him that his meeting with Rogalla and Grossman was clearly a unique event in the annals of CIA history and in any case officer's career. I then followed up with a private channel cable, ending it with a historical perspective:

1. IN ADDITION TO OUR OFFICIAL RESPONSES TO YOUR SUPERB REPORT ON YOUR MEETING WITH ROGALLA AND THE GENERAL, I WOULD ONLY ADD THAT YOUR ACCOUNT WAS TREMENDOUSLY MOVING AND ALMOST REMINISCENT OF THE MIXTURE OF HONOR AND FATALISM SHOWN BY ANOTHER GENERATION OF GERMANS AT STALINGRAD. YOUR GENERAL GROSSMAN COULD HAVE EASILY BEEN VON PAULUS. ABOUT ALL WE NEEDED WAS A FINAL MESSAGE FROM THE FUHRER SAYING SOMETHING ALONG THE LINES OF HIS LAST MESSAGE TO PAULUS. "HUENDE WOLLT IHR EWIG LEBEN?"*
2. THIS IS HISTORY AND YOU ARE PART OF IT.

East Berlin, Late May 1990

With German reunification just four months away, it was time, we decided, for the CIA to have a little chat with Markus Wolf, the one man who embodied East German intelligence. A mythic figure in the world of espionage, Markus Wolf had run the HVA for most of its existence until his retirement in 1986.

His circumstances and stature had taken a turn for the worse in the last six months, and in the current climate he seemed likely to face a tough investigation not only of his involvement in the suppression of the citizens of East Germany, but also of his contacts with international terrorist groups. Arrest and imprisonment were now very real threats for East Germany's legendary spymaster, which meant that it was a good time for the CIA to make him an offer.

An American businessman with commercial interests in East Berlin had been in contact with one of his friends, and we'd asked the businessman to serve as the go-between. Wolf was asked if he would be willing to meet with the CIA, and he said yes, he would be willing to hear what we had to say. By now Wolf was familiar with the process. Earlier in May he'd received a similar offer from the West Germans—"Give us your top sources in West Germany and you'll be free from prosecution and a considerably richer man," they had told him, hoping to tempt him with the lure of material and personal security. Wolf had

*"Dogs, do you want to live forever?"

listened patiently and turned them down. Now it was time, he decided, to hear out the Americans and close the loop.

Gus Hathaway came out of retirement to make the approach. Hathaway and Rolph's deputy met Wolf at his dacha in Prenden, outside of Berlin. Hathaway identified himself as the representative of the Director of the CIA, William Webster, and wasted no time in getting to the substance of his visit. Wolf's wife, Andrea, would later dismiss Hathaway as a "typical bureaucrat."

Hathaway found Wolf willing to listen, but not interested in coming over to the CIA. He treated the exchange as an entertainment—countering Hathaway's offer of resettlement in California with the statement that life in Siberia wasn't too bad, either. Wolf was all elusive affability and still a master of his game. He would later describe Hathaway as deadly serious in his efforts to get him to shed light on the terrible losses the CIA had suffered five years earlier.

After that brief meeting, no one ever returned to see if Markus Wolf had changed his mind. Hathaway left a typed card with a contact number in New York and a parole for Wolf to use should he ever want to get in touch, but we never heard from him again.

6

East Berlin, June 1990

David Rolph had been through this routine at least a dozen times over the last few weeks, and it was starting to get a little tedious. It seemed that every Soviet who had managed to buy a ticket for a bus vacation in East Germany now wanted to defect to the West. Over the years there had always been a small handful of Soviet walk-ins, but now the floodgates had opened. Rolph was screening as many as four a week, all seeking political asylum. Most were simple tourists, with no special knowledge of interest to the CIA. Rolph and other officers took turns with the screening and politely directed them to seek refugee status through the normal immigration channels. One look at the young Soviet in the waiting room and Rolph sighed and began to think about how soon he could send him on his way. He was wearing a T-shirt, shorts, and a baseball cap and had approached one of the Marine guards, who called to tell Rolph that another walk-in was in the waiting room. As he took him in, Rolph saw a young man in his early thirties and quickly dismissed him as a Russian tourist, just another unhappy factory worker from Leningrad or Moscow.

Rolph was too tired of these sessions to go through the standard, highly structured debriefing process with yet another tourist. He figured he would cut it short and have the guy out the door in a couple of minutes.

“What can I do for you?” he asked far too casually. He didn’t even bother to sit down.

“I want to go to America,” the man answered.

How many times had he heard that line? “Well, that’s very difficult," Rolph said. "There is a lot of paperwork, and we really can't help you here." Time to get rid of this stiff, he thought.

"Oh, I thought it might be possible, because I am a Soviet officer."

Rolph stopped short. "What did you say?"

"I am a fighter pilot."

Rolph eased into a chair across from the young man, realizing with a jolt that he had nearly managed to throw a good prospect out on his ear.

Rolph's Russian tourist turned out to be a major in the Soviet Air Force, a decorated veteran of the Afghan War and now a flight instructor teaching new Soviet pilots how to fly the latest, nonexport version of the Soviet Union's most advanced fighter, the MiG-29. He was stationed at a Soviet air base not far from Leipzig, deep in East Germany, and had come to East Berlin on his day off in order to contact the Americans.

Quickly trying to make amends for his earlier casual approach, Rolph asked the Soviet how long he could spend before he had to leave. About forty-five minutes, he replied. Rolph handed him a legal notepad and told him to write down as much as he could remember about the MiG-29 that he believed was considered secret. "I don't know anything about MiGs," Rolph said. "But we have people in Washington who do. If they are interested in what you write down, then we can work with you."

Rolph left the Soviet alone for the full forty-five minutes, and when he returned, he found that the Soviet had filled a dozen pages with notes and drawings. He took the notes and told the pilot that if Washington was interested in what he had provided, he would meet him in an East Berlin park the following Saturday. He also told him never to come back to the embassy.

Rolph sent the Soviet's handwritten notes to CIA headquarters by a secure fax, and the next day Langley cabled back that the pilot was the real thing. His notes had already revealed details about the MiG-29 that American military experts hadn't known and were very much worth pursuing.

When the two men met as scheduled in an East Berlin park the next Saturday, the pilot agreed to stay in place and spy until the CIA could arrange for his escape. Rolph told him they could meet in a park in Leipzig, which was only a half-hour bus ride away from the Soviet air base where he was stationed. Rolph gave him a camera so that he could secretly take photographs of MiG-29 manuals and other classified materials stored at the base. If he ever missed a meeting, the fallback plan called for Rolph to wait for him two nights later in a small German village about three kilometers from his base.

The MiG pilot took to espionage with relish and began to hand over dozens of photographs of Soviet Air Force manuals. Soon he started asking Rolph to tell him what his CIA code name was. Revealing a crypt to an agent was frowned upon, but the pilot kept asking, and in the end Rolph gave in.

"You are SPANIEL."

"Spaniel, like a dog?" asked the incredulous pilot. "You call me a dog!"

Rolph tried to explain that the code names were generated randomly by computers and that the name was not a reflection of what the CIA thought of him. That didn't soothe the infuriated Soviet, who demanded that his code name be changed immediately. Soon, GTSPANIEL became GTMACRAME.

The MiG pilot's pique over his cryptonym didn't deter him from becoming a major league spy. His bitterness toward the Soviet system—and the hierarchy of the Soviet Air Force in particular—drove him on. He was soon photographing thousands of pages of Soviet Air Force documents, virtually everything of value in the classified library at his base.

He worked so fast that he complained that the CIA's tiny cameras, built to look like Bic cigarette lighters, slowed him down. Rolph gave in and gave him the money to go to Leipzig and buy a 35 mm camera on his own. The pilot's photographic production surged. Ingeniously, the Soviet made a big show of his fancy new camera and soon became the base's unofficial photographer, taking photos of his fellow pilots—and even his commander—so they could send them back home to their families.

Langley, July 10, 1990

The tension had finally begun to subside. The PROLOGUE exfiltration had been launched.

Technical Services had created an elaborate American identity for Sasha Zhomov—a passport and travel history, along with the usual pocket litter, had been painstakingly assembled and sent off to Moscow. It would be dead dropped to Sasha Zhomov, and then it would be up to him to get out of the USSR using the identity of a West Coast professional traveling from Moscow to the Baltic states.

Zhomov's American passport would show prior travel, entries, and exits from a variety of countries that backed up his new identity as an American on private travel. After the usual tours in Moscow and Leningrad, the traveler would proceed to the Baltics and eventually board a ferry in Tallinn, the capital of Estonia, for the run to Helsinki. The package was dropped in Moscow, and the rest was up to Zhomov. I dispatched my team to Helsinki to wait for the ferry from Tallinn. There was no turning back. Now we'd have our answer.

Helsinki, July 12, 1990

The ferry from Tallinn docked on schedule in Helsinki, but there was no sign of PROLOGUE. The team waited another day. Then another. Still, it was no show. By day four I called them home. We asked Mike Cline and his wife, Jill, to book a compartment on the *Red Arrow* to Leningrad, to see if PROLOGUE might show up, and if he did, to get his explanation.

On the *Red Arrow,* July 14, 1990

Mike and Jill Cline had slept fitfully on the overnight run to Leningrad, but then they never slept well on these runs—never more than ten-minute catnaps. Mike was always concerned that he'd oversleep and miss the early morning brush pass with PROLOGUE.

At 0640 hours, Cline quietly left the sleeping compartment and made his way down the passageway of the rocking train to the smoking vestibule between cars. He lit up and waited. Each time he took a drag of his cigarette, he checked his watch. Ten, then fifteen minutes passed. No sign of him. Cline decided it was a no-show and returned to his compartment. He just shook his head to Jill, indicating that there had been no contact, and said nothing. Then Jill cheerily announced to Mike and the microphones that it was her turn to take a smoke and made her way to the smoking vestibule.

While she was standing there smoking her cigarette, she saw a young man she thought was PROLOGUE pass between cars and then go by again in the opposite direction. Odd, she thought, and decided to return to the compartment to tell Mike what she had seen. But in the passageway of the sleeper she got caught up in conversation with some American tourists traveling to Leningrad. She was still speaking to them when out of the corner of her eye, she saw the man she thought might be PROLOGUE enter the sleeping car from the rear of the train and walk briskly toward her along the passageway. As he passed behind her, while she was still talking to the American tourists, the man thrust an envelope into her hand and proceeded forward into the next car. Jill Cline turned her head to watch him as he disappeared into the next car. The tourists kept chatting, never noticing the brush pass that had taken place right under their noses.

Langley, July 14, 1990

"Fuck!" I exclaimed in exasperation as Redmond and I read our copies of Cline's cable. The note PROLOGUE had passed to Jill Cline was written with a combination of exasperation and rage. He said that we had been dangerous and foolhardy in preparing the identity switch—for him to try to exit on that identity would have been suicide. Now, he declared, he would have to lie low for a while. He'd get back in touch when the time was right.

"We've got our answer, don't we?" Redmond was matter-of-fact.

"Yeah," I said. "We've got our answer."

"You win some, you lose some," said Redmond. I could see his disappointment equaled mine.

Neither of us believed PROLOGUE's plaintive cry. He was protesting too much. The KGB was good, but there had been no mistakes in the documentation package. The story just didn't fly. And that meant PROLOGUE was controlled.

Cline also reported that he and Jill had taken a walk through Leningrad and had noticed that they were under particularly heavy surveillance, something a little out of the ordinary for their visits to Leningrad. They understood a few minutes later when they spotted PROLOGUE with the surveillance team. Nice trick, they thought.

"No guts, no glory," I said without conviction, and picked up the phone to call the DDO before he called me. Neither Redmond nor I did a very good job of hiding our disappointment. I would admit later that the odds of the PROLOGUE operation were never better than trying to fill an inside straight, but that was what all but the most cautious poker players always tried to do. They got our passport and a pretty good plan that we wouldn't be using again, at least not there.

Now we were going to have to come to grips with what kind of game the KGB was playing. They had broken their cardinal rule: Never dangle KGB staff officers. We'd have to figure out what it meant for our other operations against them.

Berlin, August 1990

Interest in the Soviet MiG-29 pilot suddenly intensified in August, when the Iraqi Army of Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait, setting the stage for war in the Persian Gulf.

Iraq's Air Force was equipped with Soviet-built fighter jets, and its pilots had been trained by the Soviets. The Pentagon's desire for more information about the MiG-29 was no longer academic.

The Soviet pilot upped the ante—he was photographing not only documents about the MiG-29's design specifications, but also air combat tactical manuals, giving the U.S. Air Force timely insights into the methods the Soviets had taught the Iraqis.

As he was examining the Soviet pilot's latest batch of photographs in early August, Rolph noticed that another pair of hands could be seen on the edges of some of the pictures. They appeared to be a woman's hands, holding open the pages of the manuals as they were being photographed. Someone else obviously knew about the pilot's espionage, and that was something he had never mentioned to the CIA. Who else was in the operation? At their next meeting in the Leipzig park, Rolph asked the Soviet about the hands on the pictures.

"That's my wife," he said. "I take the manuals home and she helps me photograph them."

"So she knows what you're doing?" Rolph's mind was racing. He thought for a second and then said, "Why don't you bring her to our next meeting?"

At their next scheduled meeting in the park, the pilot brought his wife for Rolph to meet. She was a lovely young brunette, and while they sat in the park, she convinced Rolph that she fully supported her husband's decision to work for the CIA. She said that they were both eager to move to the West with their two young children, and she would help her husband commit espionage if that's what it took to start a new life in America.

Langley, August 16, 1990

Sergei Papushin, who'd been picked up by the FBI after a drunken spree in New Jersey in late 1989, was still living in a CIA safe house, but interest in his case had gradually waned. Initially, the KGB had been so concerned about his defection that the Soviets had sent his father, the *Rezident* in Sofia, Bulgaria, to the United States to try to talk his son into returning home. But Papushin had stayed put. Now, nine months later, Papushin had been fully debriefed by the CIA and FBI, and it had become obvious that his knowledge of KGB counterintelligence operations against the United States was limited. He had worked in the unit that targeted British intelligence officers working in Moscow, so London had been interested in what he had to say. But he didn't have much for us, and the tedium of day-to-day life as a talked-out defector was starting to get to Papushin. He'd turned again to heavy drinking.

The CIA had tried counseling, but he wasn't much interested, and in the end he just settled into the routine of an on-again, off-again drunk, a former KGB officer who found himself of little value in his new setting.

During his sober moments, Papushin was clearly frustrated by the fact that he was largely being ignored by the CIA and FBI. So he did something he knew was guaranteed to once again grab attention: He gave one of his handlers an urgent message to be taken immediately to the top levels of the CIA. There is a mole in the agency, Papushin declared. The KGB has one of your people.

The CIA now gave Papushin their full attention and listened carefully to his story. He said that the KGB had a penetration of the CIA in Moscow. He had friends in the American Department of the Second Chief Directorate, and he'd overheard enough from his colleagues to conclude that they had an agent in the CIA station.

But as he was questioned further, it became apparent that he was scrambling with a fabricated story. Nothing he told his debriefers checked out, and eventually we concluded that he had come up with his story out of desperation. Another dead end in the search for an answer, any answer, to the problems five years earlier.

Warsaw, August 1990

When Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait, a handful of CIA and American military officers stationed in Kuwait City were forced to move to Baghdad and into hiding without diplomatic immunity. With the very real possibility that the men could become hostages, the CIA began to look for help in arranging a rescue. After being turned down by other allies, the agency turned to the Poles.

General Henrik Jasik, Gromek Czempinski's immediate chief in the foreign intelligence service, thought that any attempt at a rescue was too risky. There were still about four thousand Polish citizens in Iraq, and if Poland's assistance to the CIA was exposed, they could be targeted by the Iraqi regime. But Czempinski realized that this was an opportunity for the Poles to prove to the CIA that they could become trusted partners and wanted badly to give it a try. Andrzej Milczanowski, the minister overseeing the intelligence service, overruled Jasik and approved the operation. But he decided not to inform his political superiors, including the prime minister, about the plan. He feared the operation might be vetoed, so he decided that he and Czempinski would sink or swim with the Americans.

By the end of August, the six Americans were still in Baghdad, staying in communication with Langley and a step ahead of Iraqi security. Warsaw and Langley were in constant contact, as Czempinski and his officers tried to figure out ways around the Iraqi domestic security apparatus, which was now assumed to be hunting for the Americans.

It wasn't going to be easy.

7

Langley, September 25, 1990

The meeting was a setup, but I was probably the only person who knew it. Over the last few weeks, there had been rumblings about what to do with East Germany once it was reunified with the Federal Republic of Germany. Politically, the Bush administration had made the cold calculation that it would drive for the absorption of East Germany into West Germany—with the new Germany solidly in NATO—even if it harmed Gorbachev's standing at home. If hard-liners returned to power in Moscow, at least German reunification would already be a fact of life. Now we were faced with the administrative challenge of working out a division of labor in a reunified Germany.

Now that a final agreement had been reached and the date for formal reunification was set for October 3, just days away, bureaucracies all over the Western world were scrambling to catch up with the new reality in Germany, and the CIA's Directorate of Operations was no exception. Throughout the Cold War, East Germany had been SE Division's turf, and West Germany had always been handled by the DO's European Division. Reunification raised a bureaucratic dilemma: Which division should be in charge of intelligence operations in the new Germany?

There was, in fact, no solid rationale for keeping East Germany under my purview, beyond the fact that the Soviet Western Group of Forces still had almost four hundred thousand troops on East German soil. But few people in SE saw it that way—especially the ones working on East Berlin.

Burton Gerber was known to be the most fastidious of DO barons when it came to matters of turf and responsibility. He neither encroached on another's turf nor allowed encroachment on his. He and I hadn't spoken much since I'd taken over the SE Division, though we'd had cordial, if stiff, exchanges at the weekly DDO staff meetings. He'd shared with me the deep emotional impact November 9 had had on him as he'd seen the Wall coming down, and I'd shared my own, similar feelings about that night in Berlin. Now he'd called a meeting to discuss how he and I could pursue our separate and legitimate tasks in East Germany after reunification less than ten days off.

Gerber had about four European Division officers with him, including line operations officers and administrative specialists. I brought John O'Reilly, whom I'd moved into the front office to manage division resources and plans. The atmosphere was expectant rather than tense as we exchanged cordialities and took our seats across from one another.

Gerber seemed to want to avoid confrontation. He opened the meeting with a statement on the parallel nature of our interests and the fact that we all worked for the same leader, the DDO. He was certain that we could work something out, perhaps move incrementally toward a realignment of responsibilities.

"Burton," I said after listening for a few moments, "why screw around with all this? In eight days there will be one Germany. It will be in Europe and in NATO. It belongs in Europe Division. If you want it, it's yours. Have your personnel people talk to mine and let's work out a handover without any silliness."

There was a prolonged silence as my words sank in. Then Gerber, always the gentleman, thanked me for my suggestion and said he would check with the DDO and set things in motion. I didn't tell him I'd already told Dick Stolz that I planned to hand over East Germany. He would be responsible for a united Germany while I'd be watching over the Soviet Western Group of Forces still garrisoned in the eastern zones.

Paul Redmond was traveling when the meeting took place, and I hadn't briefed him on my plans before he left. When he learned what I'd done, he exploded. "Why the fuck did you give Burton East Germany?" he said. "We've got a lot to do over there."

"Because it was the right thing to do," I snapped. "For chrissakes, Paul, in a week it'll be part of the Federal Republic. Why do you want to hang on to it?"

"Because it's fun, that's why."

I could see that Redmond meant it. He wasn't just being his usual prickly self, this was deeply important to him. That exchange summed up the growing rift between me and my deputy. In the year since I had returned to the SE Division, I had begun to worry that Redmond and some others on the division staff were stuck in a time warp. Couldn't they see that the revolutions that had swept across Eastern Europe would inevitably change the CIA's mission? The sad truth was that the SE Division's insular subculture didn't want to let go of the Cold War. As Redmond said, it had been too much fun.

My problems weren't limited to Paul Redmond. I'd picked up enough of the rumblings from Steve Weber and John O'Reilly to know that not everyone had been happy to see me take over from Gerber. The hard-liners in the division were dug in, Weber told me. They didn't believe the changes in Eastern Europe would hold, and when the pendulum swung back, they were convinced we'd be caught off base. Weber counseled patience with the East Europe group. Most of them were feeling that the world they'd lived in for so many years had ended—they were sitting next to a safe full of dead drop site diagrams for Prague, Budapest, and Warsaw, and I was telling them those folks were our new friends. They'd come around, he said, just give them time.

O'Reilly was less sanguine about the hard-liners handling the Soviet Union. Get rid of them, had been his summary advice. Send them off to counterintelligence, where they'd be happier.

Both men were right. And I decided I'd have to start with Redmond.

Karlshorst, East Berlin, October 2, 1990

The leaves, caught in an eddy, swirled over the cobblestones and into the courtyard beyond the sullen Red Army soldier standing guard at the entrance to the Museum of Capitulation in Karlshorst, the heart of the huge KGB detachment in East Berlin. Once a fashionable residential district, Karlshorst found its place in history when the German

Wehrmacht signed the documents of surrender in May 1945. The museum building itself, the site of the historic unconditional capitulation by Field Marshal Keitel, Admiral von Friedenburg, and General Stumpf, had in the early days of the Third Reich served as a Wehrmacht officers club, but for the last forty-five years the word *Karlshorst* had become synonymous with the Soviet Committee for State Security. And now I was walking along the quiet Rheinsteinstrasse with Rem Krassilnikov on a brilliant fall day in Berlin forty-five years after the German surrender and one day before the reunification of East and West Germany. Ted Price, who had succeeded Hathaway as counterintelligence chief, was with me for the Gavrilov meetings, as was Moscow chief Mike Cline. I had left my colleagues back in the KGB safe house with Leonid Nikitenko, the First Directorate counterintelligence chief, while I took a walk with Krassilnikov.

"Milton, do you know how many people died in the Great Patriotic War?" Krassilnikov said, inspired, I assumed, by the solemnity of the setting and the historical shift that was just a day away.

"Russians or total?" I asked, wondering where he was headed with his question. I did not yet know the man well, but each time we had met he had revealed a little more of himself. I had been surprised to learn earlier that he was an admirer of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, but not necessarily Robert Browning, he'd insisted with a smile. Now, I sensed, I would be catching another glimpse of this complex man, something less poetic than either Elizabeth or Robert Browning, something closer to the suffering Russian soul.

"I'll give you both numbers. It was more than twenty-one million Russians, and about fifty million people worldwide. All because of what started here in Germany before you were born." Krassilnikov, always careful with his choice of words, seemed preoccupied. Something was clearly bothering him, something beyond the casualty figures for the Second World War.

"How many troops did you lose in the battle of Berlin, Rem?" I asked, probing.

"More than you lost in the whole war. You Americans were clever, as usual, to let us take Berlin. For every German we killed, Marshal Zhukov lost four men. And do you know what happens tomorrow? Do you know why I wanted to have the meetings here start before tomorrow?"

"No, but I have a feeling you're going to tell me."

"Yes. Because even though we fought our way into Berlin forty-five years ago at great human cost, and even though we have been one of the four powers occupying Berlin since 1945, after tomorrow, I am told, I will need to apply for a visa to come to Berlin. Our military will have some arrangement until they formally withdraw, but my colleagues and I will need visas after tomorrow. Do you find irony in this?"

The truth was, I did. This was my third meeting with Krassilnikov in less than a year, and I had seen our personal relationship evolve from that of archadversaries ever wary of the other's motivations to opponents being drawn by events into areas of common concern. The evolution was incremental, extremely hesitant on both sides, and nothing even approaching trust had yet developed. But there was a realization that our world was changing. The changing world was a new element in the relationship with this man so consumed by the counterintelligence challenge he faced from the CIA that he could spare no time to contemplate another reality—that his system was faltering. Rem Krassilnikov, the man whose first name was an acronym for "World Revolution"—*Revolutsky Mir*—could not see that it was over, except perhaps in fleeting moments that he could as quickly subordinate. He still seemed convinced that if only the CIA would stop undermining socialist unity and the USSR at every point of contact, the crisis would pass. In that moment, I thought Krassilnikov was trapped in the same time warp that had captured Paul Redmond. The two men ought to meet, I thought. They had much in common.

Krassilnikov and I had taken this little walk at his suggestion. I always kept in the back of my mind the possibility that, depending on the circumstances, I might one day offer him an alternative to his KGB pension. I was certain that he had the same thoughts about me. It was what we did for a living. So when he suggested a walk during a break in our Gavrilov meetings in the KGB safe house two hundred yards behind us, I agreed. Now, walking down the Rheinsteinstrasse with this white-haired KGB lieutenant general, I saw a man opening up for just a moment. With Germany about to be reunited in less than twenty-four hours inside the NATO structure, it was all but over for the Warsaw Pact. The Soviet Western Group of Forces was still in place in East

Germany, but that seemed as much because there were growing fears that the Soviet government wouldn't be able to provide the returning soldiers and their families housing and support if they all returned at once. Here in Germany, where the Soviets had made the Western Group a way of life, things were predictable, at least. Back in Moscow the future was a wide-open field of uncertainties.

"Yes," I said. "Of course there's irony in this. Would you have predicted it?"

"Would anybody?" Rem asked without sarcasm.

"Probably not. Germany is reunited tomorrow. The Warsaw Pact can't last. It's over. Now we're both faced with trying to figure how we adjust to each other in the changed world. Maybe it was easier before all this change. Have you ever thought about that?"

"Who has time? I have a job to do, as I am certain you do. But we will have to start working toward a more rational relationship," Krassilnikov said.

"You've said that before, Rem. I think I agree. I'm still not certain what is meant by a 'more rational' relationship," I said. "But I'm willing to explore it."

I didn't try to recruit Krassilnikov during our little walk, and he didn't try to recruit me, though we both had such thoughts as we walked through the streets of Karlshorst. I also wondered if he'd been thinking of how Lubyanka had aced Langley in the PROLOGUE operation a few months back, but if he had, he gave no hint of it.

Back in the KGB safe house, we got down to business. Leonid Nikitenko, the counterintelligence chief from the First Directorate, was gregarious and voluble and seemed to have loosened up even more since our first meeting in Helsinki. At one point during our lunch break I said to Nikitenko, "Leonid, you like this business of intelligence, don't you?"

He smiled and thought for a minute, and then he said, "Milton, there is no business like it. We are politicians. We are soldiers. And, above all, we are actors on a wonderful stage. I cannot think of a better business than the intelligence business. But now that we are talking the philosophy of the intelligence business, I have a question for you."

Here it comes, I thought.

"Why, Milton, are so many of our First Directorate officers going over to your side these days? I have looked into each case, and none of them, not one of them, demonstrated antisocial vulnerabilities before they went over to you. Most of them had honors diplomas from our universities—red diplomas with gold letters. They were our best officers, with good prospects. Was it their wives? Were the wives unhappy? What is happening to them?"

I thought before answering. We had indeed been bringing in a large number of young KGB majors and lieutenant colonels in recent months. Earlier in the morning, I had made my usual statement to our KGB hosts about the latest string of defections—they were safe and well and free, and if they wanted to talk to their old bosses, we'd be in touch. It was no longer what we used to call the "rummy rejects" of the system who were turning to us; we were getting their top officers now, who were coming to us with their own plans for making it in the West. We were delighted with the new quality of the defectors, and the KGB, not surprisingly, was troubled by it—and puzzled. Nikitenko, with his question, had given me an extremely informative window into the state of affairs in the KGB in those turbulent times. They were worried that their best officers were running for the door.

"Leonid," I said at last, "let me answer your question with a story. Picture this. The scene is a boardroom of a large American dog food company. The CEO is haranguing his staff about the poor sales performance over the last quarter. He states with pride that his company's product has the best nutritional values of all American brands. He says that the texture is the best and directs his staff to take a look inside the open dog food cans that have been set before each of them. He takes his own can and draws it to him. It even smells good, the CEO exclaims." I paused for a moment to check the nearly blank faces of Nikitenko and Krassilnikov, both of whom were wondering where in the world I was leading them. Then I continued.

" 'So why,' the CEO asks with great emotion, 'are sales going down, down, down?' There's a nervous shuffle around the boardroom, and finally the vice president for sales raises his hand and utters just five words. 'The dogs don't like it!' "

Nikitenko looked at me for a moment, the reluctantly polite expression gone, and repeated the punch line incredulously. "Dogs don't like it? Dogs don't like it? What can this mean?"

Ted Price interjected, “It means that the dogs just don’t like it, Leonid. They’re looking for something at least different.”

Price, Cline, and I wondered if Leonid ever did get it. His foreign intelligence directorate had taken most of the heat over the last several months, with defections of First Directorate officers running one about every six weeks. The trickle had turned into a torrent, to the point that my budget for defectors needed constant reprogramming. Old averages were thrown out the window as the young KGB officers continued to come over to our side. As Nikitenko was making his representations about his officers gone missing, I would glance over at Rem Krassilnikov to see his reaction. Nothing. There was no sign of smugness that the First Directorate was taking so many hits; nor was there any sign that he thought this was his problem.

We would not meet with Leonid Nikitenko again. Some weeks later I would receive a message from Krassilnikov, relayed through Mike Cline in Moscow, advising us that Nikitenko had died suddenly in a Latin American country. It seemed there had been no foul play, but Rem asked if we could discreetly check on it for him and for the First Directorate. We did, and to the best of our understanding Nikitenko had died of a heart attack. I sent this to Mike Cline, who passed it on to Krassilnikov. I would wonder much later what the English-speaking counterintelligence chief had been doing down in Latin America when he died. Could he have been off to see one of the men who was betraying us from within?

Berlin, October 3, 1990

Ted Price, Mike Cline, and I had spent the final hours of October 2 among the crowds thronging East Berlin’s main avenue, Unter den Linden. When the clocks finally struck midnight, shifting the center of gravity of postwar Europe from a small town near the German border with France to the reborn colossus of an undivided Berlin, I felt a lingering sense of discomfort, something I couldn’t quite pin down. I thought of Krassilnikov’s words earlier that morning and wondered where he might be walking in this new Berlin.

The next morning, a German tabloid ran a photograph of one of the previous night's revelers holding a placard high above him. It read, "*Und nun, Österreich?*"—"And now, Austria?"—a thinly veiled reference to Hitler's ambitions.

In the cold light of day, I still couldn't shake the odd sense of discomfort that had nagged at me since I'd walked through Karlshorst the previous morning. We were winding down a century that was widely thought to be the "American century," but the reality was that most of what had befallen mankind since 1914 had its origins in Germany. Would historians even think of calling the twentieth century the "German century"? I doubted it.

Baghdad, October 25, 1990

Czempinski had decided to run the rescue operation himself. He'd slipped into Baghdad with a team of Polish intelligence officers and was developing his plan on the fly, right there under the noses of Saddam Hussein's security apparatus. Initially, he nearly despaired of finding a way to beat Iraqi surveillance. But finally, on October 25—two months after he had been approached by the CIA for help—Czempinski and his team, using false documents, were able to slip the Americans quietly out of Iraq before the Iraqis could find them.

Interior Minister Andrzej Milczanowski was greatly relieved by the success of the operation. He had taken a great personal risk in keeping it secret from his prime minister and gladly greeted the CIA officers with evident pride as they passed through Warsaw on their way home to the United States. Milczanowski's decision not to keep his bosses in the loop was easily forgotten in the elation in Warsaw over the dramatic impact the Iraq operation had on relations with the United States. Suddenly, debt relief negotiations were far more positive, and Poland was now seen in Washington as a partner and reliable ally. The operation came at a time when many leading officials in the Solidarity government were still wary of the intelligence agency and had voiced criticism over Milczanowski's willingness to keep so many of the old officers. It effectively ended the debate within the Polish government over the fate of the service, and afterward few of Czempinski's requests for resources were denied.

The American Consulate General, West Berlin, November 1990

The security officer at the American consulate in West Berlin wasn't sure who the man in the waiting room was or what he wanted, but he'd said something about the Soviet military, so he figured he should notify the CIA.

By the time a CIA officer arrived to question the man, the walk-in had walked out. Undeterred, the CIA case officer ran out onto the street to catch him before he got away and asked him to come back inside to talk. If this man really had something to say about the Soviet military, the CIA was interested. You could never have too many Soviet military agents.

Once he sat the man down and began the debrief, the CIA officer discovered that he was not in the Soviet military at all. He was instead an unusual messenger. The man owned a sandwich and snack truck that served Soviet military bases in East Germany, and he had befriended a number of Soviet officers and soldiers over the years. One high-ranking Army officer had decided he could trust the snack truck driver and asked him if he ever traveled to the West. When the driver said yes, the officer asked him to take a message to the Americans. "Tell them I want to provide them with information and volunteer my services."

The CIA officer arranged to meet the snack truck driver again, this time away from the consulate. By then he had a list of questions for the Soviet officer. He explained that the CIA might be interested in working with him, depending on his answers.

When the snack truck operator returned a week or two later with the answers to the initial vetting questions, the CIA snapped to attention. The new volunteer belonged to a frontline unit of the Western Group of Forces stationed at Schlottheim, southwest of Berlin. The battalion would be at the point of any Soviet thrust into the infamous Fulda Gap, the invasion route that had been war-gamed as the kickoff point for World War III for the last half century. It was a combat unit that would have been among the first to engage NATO if war had ever broken out between the United States and the Soviet Union on the plains of central Germany.

At this point, the CIA officer arranged to meet the volunteer in person and quietly cut the snack truck driver out of the equation. The volunteer turned out to be a colonel, the commander of a motorized rifle battalion, and he quickly pledged that he was ready to do anything he could to get out to the West. He said he was scheduled to be transferred back to the Soviet Union and that he was eager to make a break for America as soon as possible, along with his wife and two children. Not every Soviet officer was looking forward to going home.

The colonel was an appealing prospect, but he wasn't in this alone. He said that his battalion adjutant, a captain, was also part of his plot to defect, along with the captain's girlfriend, who was the regimental code clerk. The operation was expanding. Now we were going to have to plot out escape plans for six instead of just one. The colonel was given the cryptonym GTROSETTA and the captain GTSTONE, and we began to try to figure out the best way to exploit this intelligence break.

At their next meeting, the CIA case officer told the colonel that his value would be enhanced dramatically if he could bring some Soviet weapons with him when he defected. The colonel readily agreed to try and asked for a wish list.

The Pentagon regularly publishes a classified list of foreign weapons that it would like to obtain and examine to keep its equipment a step ahead of the competition. Near the top of its list was the Soviet SA-19 surface-to-air antiaircraft missile. At approximately fourteen feet long, the SA-19 wasn't exactly something that a man could carry on his back on his way across the border, but the CIA decided to ask GTROSETTA if he could get his hands on one anyway.

Yes, the colonel said, his unit was equipped with SA-19s, and yes, he could try to steal one and bring it with him.

"But when I get it to you, you will need a truck to carry it away."

Near Schlottheim, Eastern Germany, November 1990

The night before the colonel and his crew were planning to make their escape, David Rolph and the case officer in charge of handling the Soviet officer met the colonel in a parking lot along the old border between East and West Germany to go over last-minute arrangements.

The colonel blanched when he saw the size of the van they'd brought to haul away the SA-19.

"You're going to need a bigger truck," he said in a deadpan voice.

Rolph turned to a young CIA officer from Frankfurt who had brought the van. "I don't care how you do it," he said, "but get a heavy, over-the-road truck and have it back here by noon tomorrow."

At exactly noon the next day, the CIA officer and a driver pulled in with a semi that they'd picked up at a U.S. Army depot in Frankfurt. The CIA men scouted out the secluded rendezvous points on the eastern side of the old border between East and West Germany—one on the outskirts of a village near the Soviet base where they would pick up the colonel's family, and another in the nearby woods where they'd meet up with the officers and their missile at about 6:00 that night. The colonel was counting on the Soviet soldier's rigid obedience to higher authority in order to pull off this crazy scheme. Late that afternoon, the colonel ordered a surprise muster of his entire battalion. Following orders, his soldiers assembled on the parade grounds near the base's front gate.

While his men were forming up, the colonel drove a large Soviet Army GAZ truck up to the regimental arms depot and walked in to see the supply clerks. With his regiment standing in formation on the other side of the base, the colonel waved a requisition form at the clerks and ordered them to load an SA-19 into the truck. Once the missile was on board, he gave them a list of a few other choice pieces of equipment to load as well. When they were finished, he bounded back behind the driver's wheel and took off.

With virtually all of the base's personnel now standing in formation near the front gate, the colonel gunned the truck engine and barreled to the back of the base, crashing through the perimeter fence and out into the farmland beyond.

It was already dark when his CIA case officer, waiting at the rendezvous point a few kilometers away from the base, began to hear a grinding engine and the crashing sounds of a truck bowling through the woods. Suddenly the truck pushed through the brush and came to a stop in the clearing, and the colonel jumped out, shouting for the CIA officers to hurry up.

"*Bystro! Bystro!*" he shouted. "Hurry!"

Moving as fast as they could, the three men helped the colonel transfer the crated SA-19 and other weapons into the Army truck and took off, leaving the Soviet truck abandoned in the woods. As they sped down the narrow road leading to the old border, they passed Rolph, who pulled in behind them with the colonel's wife and children and the captain and his girlfriend packed into his car.

After a hectic fifteen-minute race they were across the border, and the strange little convoy pulled over. The colonel got out, pulled off his Soviet Army greatcoat, threw it on the ground, and angrily stomped all over it in his Army boots. He then got back in the truck and they sped on, making only one more stop before arriving at a U.S. Army base near Frankfurt: dinner at McDonald's, for the kids.

The SA-19 was soon on its way to an American exploitation team, which would have time to devise countermeasures against the weapon before the first fighters were launched against Iraq a few months later.

Moscow was not amused. General Boris Snetkov, the commander in chief of the Western Group of Forces in East Germany, and three senior generals of the Western Group were all sacked thanks to ROSETTA and STONE.

Berlin, December 12, 1990

By December, MACRAME was running out of documents to photograph. He had taken great risk to help us, and we decided it was time to pull him out. Rolph waited in the Leipzig park to tell him, but for the first time in six months, the young pilot didn't show up. Rolph would have to go to the fallback plan.

Two days later, Rolph drove through a cold, rain-soaked night to the small village near the Soviet pilot's air base. He parked his car and then made his way through the empty lanes to the alternate meeting site, a cemetery on the outskirts of the village. He shivered as he tried to remain inconspicuous, but he knew he couldn't stay long. If someone passed by, he'd have a hard time explaining why he was standing in the rain in the village cemetery at 10:00 P.M. Maybe he's been compromised, Rolph thought. Maybe he's already been dragged back to Moscow. . . .

He was about to leave the cemetery when, in the distance, he saw someone riding a bicycle toward him through the rain. As he peered into the darkness, he realized the figure was too slight to be the pilot. He began to hurry away, back to his car and safety. But as he glanced at the bicyclist one last time, he just barely made out the figure of a woman. He stopped and stared again. It was the pilot's wife. She had bicycled the three kilometers from the air base in the cold rain and was freezing, her hair matted and her flimsy Russian coat soaked through. Rolph took her to his car and turned on the heater while she assured him that her husband was safe. His mother had died, and he'd returned to the Soviet Union for her funeral. His wife had remembered the backup meeting site and had slipped away from the base on her own, determined to make the meeting in her husband's place. As she sat shivering in his car, Rolph vowed to himself that once the pilot and his wife were safely in the United States, he'd make sure she got a decent winter coat.

With Germany reunified, it was no longer difficult for a Soviet Air Force officer based in what had been East Germany to travel to West Berlin. Before long, the MiG pilot and his family were heading to the United States on a C-5 that had stopped in Germany to pick them up on its way back from the Persian Gulf. Intrigued by the American aircraft, the Soviet fighter pilot sat in the cockpit with the pilots as they landed at Andrews Air Force Base outside Washington.

At headquarters, Rolph checked in with NROC—the National Resettlement Operations Center, the arm of the CIA that handles defector resettlement—to hand over his charges. But a harried NROC official tried to fend him off.

"We're stretched thin," he said. "We're getting too many Soviets. Can you stay with them for a while and get them settled?"

Rolph hadn't realized that the CIA was quite so overburdened with Soviet defectors. He'd planned to head straight back to Germany, but he agreed nonetheless and ferried the family to a safe house in Virginia. The Soviet fighter pilot had arrived in time to consult with the U.S. Air

Force just as the war against Iraq was about to begin. He was soon helping the Air Force teach American fighter pilots headed for the Persian Gulf how to deal with Soviet-style air combat tactics. And Rolph stayed with the family long enough to take the pilot's wife to an American department store, where the CIA bought her a good winter coat.

Langley, February 13, 1991

Not long after the brief intensity of the Gulf War, I was asked by NROC to pay a visit to Sergei Papushin in his apartment in Maryland. It would be a shot in the arm for him to get some high-level attention, his handler told me. Papushin was still fighting a losing battle with alcohol, and maybe a meeting with me would help. I was paired up for the trip with Rod Carlson, long since retired but now back on contract to handle Soviet defectors, of which there were more than enough trickling in every month.

Papushin's apartment was spotless. He himself was neatly dressed and looked clean and sober—more like a young Mormon missionary, I thought, than a rummy burnout from the KGB. We had a good talk about his getting acclimated to life in America. He said he was working on a possible girlfriend, and I wished him luck. I left the meeting telling Carlson I thought Papushin might actually turn the corner, that he might make it.

I was dead wrong.

Two weeks later, one of his handlers went in to check on him and found the young KGB defector's body lying underneath his bed, an empty bourbon bottle on the floor beside him. We went on full alert—a defector who had warned that there was a mole inside the agency had just been found dead. We wanted an autopsy to make certain that Papushin had not been murdered.

The autopsy results were clear—he had died of alcohol poisoning. This was of his own doing. Papushin's body was flown back to Moscow for a quiet funeral. An old friend from the KGB who attended the funeral later said that his face was so swollen that he was almost unrecognizable. The only way he could tell it was his friend was from a familiar scar on his hand.

8

Tyson's Corner, Virginia, April 12, 1991

Aldrich Ames's return to CIA headquarters in the summer of 1989 after three years in Rome was filled with uncertainty. His tour in Rome had been rocky at best. Ames was about to become a father for the first time, a fact that would dramatically alter his relationship with Rosario, his demanding Colombian wife. At work, meanwhile, he was drifting through what was left of his career. He bounced from one desk job to another and had to wonder whether his career had stalled so badly because he was now suspected of being a spy.

But that wasn't the problem—what was holding him back was much more mundane. Ames had developed a reputation as a clever but uninspired midlevel CIA officer, a "terminal GS-14." He was a smooth writer and astute analyst of Soviet intelligence, but many inside the agency considered him lazy and arrogant, and that was a poisonous combination. He was one of those people who don't get fired but whom managers tend to pass around.

When he returned from Rome, Ames was first sent back to his home division—SE—but he was given a lackluster assignment in the Western European branch. In December, a month after the Berlin Wall fell, he was moved to the Czech desk, but he promptly went on vacation, traveling to Colombia just as the Velvet Revolution swept through Prague.

When he returned in January, he apologized to David Manners, the Prague chief, for having been absent just as Václav Havel and the dissidents were swept into power. What he didn't tell Manners was that he had met his KGB contacts during his Christmas holiday in Bogotá. Ames stayed on the Czech desk through the summer of 1990 but by

October was moved out of the division to a job in the analytical branch of the counterintelligence center.

One of the sources of tension in his life during this period was the polygraph examination he knew he'd have to take sometime after his return from Rome. He'd passed his last polygraph test in 1986—one year after he began working for the KGB—and CIA officers were routinely reexamined every five years. He was able to delay the polygraph test for several months, but by April of 1991 he could no longer avoid it. As he prepared for the test, which was now scheduled for April 12, he knew he had a lot to conceal and had to give serious thought to how he could beat the machine.

As a longtime operations officer, Ames had experience in administering polygraphs and had a good sense of the limits of their capabilities. He had been on the other side of the tests and knew what the examiners looked for. He also knew that polygraph results consistently reflect the expectations of the technicians. So his ability to pass the polygraph would depend on whether he could establish a good rapport with the examiner.

Ames was doing fine on the test until he hit a snag on questions related to money. When the examiner came back to the issue, he figured out that there was a problem. He began to talk about his plans for a career after the CIA. "We discussed at considerable length my nascent plans to do some import-export business with friends in New York and Colombia," he later recalled. "They had been, and remained, merely plans, but it took a lot of discussion to assure the examiner that I had not yet violated and didn't intend to violate any regulations about pre-retirement business planning and activities." Clever misdirection had carried him through.

The examiner called a break for the day but said he wanted him to come back the next morning. Ames was concerned, but he'd studied the examiner's behavior and methods during the test, and he was convinced that the man was showing no signs of trying to conceal hostility.

The next day they continued the examination, and Ames added more details to his thoughts about a future business career. He cruised through the rest of the test.

He had a great sense of relief—so great that it surprised him a bit. He seemed to be nowhere near so calm in his heart as he thought he'd been in his mind.

Canterbury Park, Springfield, Virginia, April 15, 1991

Three days after Aldrich Ames faced off against the polygraph machine at Tyson's Corner, Robert Hanssen was a few miles away, scrambling to make an exchange with the KGB. At Doris, a dead drop site under a footbridge in Canterbury Park, Hanssen left a computer diskette—the twenty-second diskette filled with classified information that he had turned over to the KGB since 1985. It included details of an FBI recruitment operation that the KGB had previously asked him about.

The KGB left a package for Hanssen at Doris as well, one that included $10,000 and a note filled with Russian sentiment.

> Dear Friend:
>
> Time is flying. As a poet said:
>
> *What's our life*
> *If full of care*
> *You have no time*
> *To stop and stare?*
>
> You've managed to slow down the speed of your running life to send us a message. And we appreciate it.

The KGB then tasked Hanssen with a series of specific requests for information. Among other things, they wanted information on how the U.S. intelligence community was planning to respond to the political upheaval in the Soviet Union. The KGB was worried that the CIA was going to try to exploit the situation. And if they could prove that the CIA was becoming more active behind the scenes inside the Soviet Union, maybe they could use that information against the reformers in Moscow. Maybe Gorbachev could still be stopped before he destroyed what was left of the empire.

Langley, May 15, 1991

Richard Kerr was a levelheaded officer, and it was reassuring to see that someone like him could rise through the CIA ranks from line analyst to Deputy Director of Central Intelligence. I'd known Dick fairly well over the years, as he occupied a number of important jobs in the intelligence and administration directorates on his way to becoming the number two. I'd always found that when he spoke it was wise to listen, even if what he said seemed cloaked in humor. One time in a conversation with the new Pakistani prime minister, Benazir Bhutto, in Islamabad, Kerr had concluded his description of a particular facet of developments in Afghanistan by saying, "If it looks like a duck, and walks like a duck, and quacks like a duck, CIA will probably call it a duck." The Radcliffe-educated Bhutto got Kerr's point, but her note takers clearly had to scramble.

A conversation I'd had with Kerr summed up what seemed to be wrong with the direction the DO had instinctively taken as it pursued the Soviet target after 1989.

"All you guys do is take in each other's laundry, don't you?" Kerr said with his disarming smile. "You just go after KGB guys." And the truth was I had no answer to that. Kerr's message was punchy but clear—SE Division was stuck in another era. I agreed with him and began making adjustments to the way we were doing business.

Too much of the CIA's clandestine collection effort had too little relevance in the fast-moving new world. Landing a Soviet defector had been our bread and butter in the old days, but now we found ourselves simply in the resettlement game, with no real evidence that we were getting much of anything useful in return. I'd raised the issue a few times and asked if we should really be taking so many of these defectors, but Redmond and the old guard were convinced that the next KGB officer coming over the hill would bring the goods. Only it just wasn't working out that way. Not only were we not getting important counterintelligence from the stream of young KGB officers defecting to us, we were still coming up short on collecting crucial intelligence the NSC needed for the tricky endgame in the USSR. Getting that kind of intelligence was now our most pressing mission.

Redmond had been stunned early in 1991 when I refused to accept a low-level KGB officer into the CIA's defector resettlement program. Instead, I ordered that the KGB officer, with our help behind the scenes, apply for immigration through normal refugee channels. He did so and joined the growing flood of Soviet immigrants to the United States. If he'd had something important to tell us, I'd have had no trouble resettling him myself. But to Redmond and others in the SE Division, that decision was unforgivable. He thought I had gone soft on the Soviets.

I'd decided by now that Redmond was blinded by the minutiae of espionage and had no interest in the big picture. He didn't seem to want to acknowledge that the Berlin Wall had fallen for good and that the Soviet Union was on the verge of collapse.

During one heated discussion with Paul, I flared.

"Jesus, Redmond, you're becoming precisely like the people I came here to fight," I said, thinking of the paranoia of the KGB and of James Jesus Angleton. "You are becoming like our enemy."

Redmond was still consumed by the 1985 losses. I decided I had to move him out of the division, and the seventh floor agreed to assign him as the deputy in the counterintelligence center, where he could concentrate full-time on catching spies.

He'd be happy; I'd be happy.

The Kremlin, May 1991

The first ominous indicators of the showdown in the KGB that Colonel Valentin Aksilenko felt so certain was coming came in the spring of 1991.

First, early in the year KGB Chairman Kryuchkov created a new central entity for internal propaganda within the KGB. The new unit, described as an "analytical center," operated independently from the First and Second Chief Directorates and reported directly to the KGB Chairman at Lubyanka. Kryuchkov pulled Nikolai Sergeyevich Leonov away from his job of supervising KGB operations in North and South America and assigned him to head up the new propaganda center. Leonov's orders were clear enough: bring about a reversal of the growing and dangerous mood of liberalism and defeatism in the KGB.

Leonov decided to reach down into the core of the organization for a solution. He would rekindle the KGB's patriotic pride, finding in its historical roots the sense of meaning and energy the Chairman required to prepare the KGB for a last great battle—not for socialism, but for the survival of the Soviet Union.

Leonov, who as a KGB wunderkind in his thirties had become a close confidant of Fidel Castro in Cuba's revolutionary days, took to the job with a passion. Immediately, flyers and leaflets began to appear on KGB desks everywhere, all stoking the patriotic nationalism believed to lie deep in every Russian soul, even the souls of the cynical and urbane officers of the Committee for State Security. "Russian greatness" was the slogan—the flyers did not extol the virtues of Marxism so much as sound the alarm against dangerous conspiracies cloaked in the guise of change.

Leonov relentlessly advanced the proposition that America's goal was to destroy the Soviet Union. Countless mutations of this theme were woven into the anti-Western propaganda that emerged with great fanfare from his agency. It was all supposed to stir a patriotic response among the rank-and-file KGB.

Aksilenko concluded that it was, in the end, mostly bullshit. He and others at the KGB might have dismissed the propaganda as useless rhetoric had it not been accompanied by more troubling orders. In April, Kryuchkov demanded that all officers of the KGB once again be issued personal weapons, and ordered that they begin carrying them immediately.

Almost two decades earlier, Leonid Brezhnev had declared that class struggle within the USSR had come to a peaceful end and that socialism had been victorious. The Soviet Union no longer had internal enemies. Thus, the KGB was quietly disarmed. Its officers were told to turn in their service weapons. With the issuance of Makarov automatics and even Kalashnikovs to some, Kryuchkov was preparing the KGB for an as yet undefined last battle, Aksilenko concluded. Kryuchkov was gearing up for a showdown, and he wanted his officers armed and ready to follow. What the KGB Chairman apparently didn't realize was that the order to rearm served only to harden the positions of the KGB officers who believed that change was the Soviet Union's only possible salvation.

Val Aksilenko, along with many other officers, quietly decided to retire from the KGB rather than be drawn into Kryuchkov's patriotic struggle.

Langley, May 1991

Aldrich Ames breezed by Dottie, my executive assistant, and marched right up to my desk.

"Milt, I've decided it's time to come back to SE. What I want to do is run cases. I want to come back and work in the 'back room' on your internal cases."

I was more than a little taken aback. Here was Ames, a man some put on a short list of officers who ought to be watched, coming in and almost demanding I take him back in the division after I'd just cleared him out. But what caught my attention as much as his demand was his transformation. The Aldrich Ames I'd met briefly before his departure for Rome in 1985 was a shoddy-looking guy with bad teeth. He had been replaced by a new Ames in a $1,500 sport-coat-and-slacks outfit, and the teeth that had been so hopelessly discolored had now been beautifully capped at what I guessed was a cost of around $1,000 a cap.

I told Ames I would get back to him. After he left, I went over to Redmond's office.

"Rick Ames just barged into my office and told me I'd better bring him back to the division now and put him in the back room working the sensitive cases. What do you make of that?"

Redmond, who was packing out and transferring to the counterintelligence center, had no flip answer this time. He just stared at me, taking in what I had said.

A few security questions over Ames's sudden show of wealth had been raised after his return from Rome. Redmond had followed the counterintelligence center search for the source of our 1985 problem, and he'd told me they had noticed that Ames had bought a $500,000 home in Arlington without taking out a mortgage.

Credit checks had been run on Ames, and a CIA officer was sent to Colombia to investigate whether his sudden wealth came from his wife's family in Bogotá, as Ames had told colleagues. The reports that came back showed that Ames's story seemed plausible. His finances looked to be okay, and his wife's family did appear to be wealthy.

In passing, Redmond had told me that there were a couple of other DO officers who had also bought expensive homes, but unlike Ames, each had taken out mortgages.

"You find my mortgage?" I asked Redmond.

"Haven't even looked . . . yet." Redmond didn't smile.

Ames came back later that summer for a study on the KGB, but he was never granted his wish to get back into the division's sensitive cases. A few months after that I moved him out again, this time to the counternarcotics center.

CIA Headquarters, July 1991

Paul Redmond had mixed feelings about being moved out of the SE Division to his new home in the counterintelligence center. Soviet operations were all he had ever done, and it was going to be hard for him to leave that part of his life behind. But most of all he was deeply bothered because he disagreed with the way the SE Division was now being managed—by me.

Redmond and other old-school Soviet hands were especially angry over my decisions to downgrade the SE Division's traditional bread and butter—the more or less unlimited recruitment operations against KGB officers around the world. Over the signatures of Dick Stolz and Tom Twetten, I had sent out cables aimed at the CIA's field stations in Africa and Latin America that had made it clear the SE Division was no longer interested in targeting every Soviet intelligence officer posted in every remote embassy in the Third World, particularly if the operation ended up inducing a defection. From now on, we'd look at the cases more carefully.

I saw the collapse of the Soviet empire as a moment that called for new ideas. On the one hand, we needed all the policy-relevant intelligence we could get, but on the other, we were beginning to find common ground with the Soviets on issues such as international terrorism, narcotics, and control of their arsenal of tens of thousands of nuclear warheads. We were making the first steps toward cooperation in these areas, and we needed to change the way we dealt with the Soviets.

This included easing back on the provocative pressures we had maintained on them for the last thirty years in literally every backwater capital in the Third World. In short, I thought that the USSR was going to become a more classical intelligence target now that we were having to deal with them directly on a number of important issues. It didn't make sense for the left hand to provoke them in one capital and the right hand to try to cajole them into helping out in another capital at the same moment. I was determined to introduce a little more finesse into the targeting equation.

I also decided that any new defectors had to earn their passage to the United States up front and issued the order to start screening Soviet defectors carefully before committing to resettlement in the United States. Over the previous two years, we had resettled more than a dozen defectors, each new one more or less like the previous one. I had been assured in each case that the most recent defector had been a "gold mine" of counterintelligence, but the claims never lived up to the hype. The reality was that KGB officers were becoming part of a massive flow of Soviet citizens trying to find a new life in the West and were turning to us for what they still believed was the old reliable CIA million-dollar sure thing. In the process, their growing numbers had become a costly liability, as each defector and his family would cost the U.S. taxpayers close to $1 million over the long haul.

Redmond and the other old SE hands considered my actions heresy. Generations of CIA officers had spent their careers trying to recruit the KGB and GRU officers stationed in Soviet embassies in the Third World. There was no doubt that some of the CIA's most productive spies had originally been recruited while they were working in remote embassies, but times were changing. Redmond feared that, once abandoned, it would be difficult for the CIA to reestablish its worldwide targeting mechanisms to recruit Soviet intelligence officers.

From his new post in the counterintelligence center, Redmond kept in close touch with old friends in the SE Division, and almost every day they complained bitterly to him about the direction I was taking the division. Redmond was frustrated that he was helpless to prevent me from overhauling the division—actions that he believed were tantamount to the dismantling of traditional Soviet operations. So he and Robert Wade, a senior FBI representative at the counterintelligence center who shared Redmond's views, decided to try to draw wider attention within the CIA to the dispute over the future direction of Soviet operations.

In July, they challenged me and the rest of the SE Division leadership to a debate. Redmond printed up flyers advertising a showdown and circulated them throughout the SE Division's offices.

"There appears to be a growing tendency in some quarters to establish a politically correct policy that the KGB is no longer an effective organization," the flyer read.

"With this tendency in mind, Paul Redmond, DC/CIC, and Robert Wade, FBI, challenge the senior management of the Soviet/East European Division to a debate. Resolved: 'The KGB Is No Longer a Threat to United States National Security.' The challengers, of course, will support the negative side. CIC/FBI will supply the vodka, SE will supply the Brie."

Counterintelligence may have had its point about the KGB still being able to run spies against us, but in the cosmic view I saw the KGB as one of the three pillars that propped up the Soviet Union as a whole—the Red Army, the Party, and the KGB. The Army had fallen on hard times, the Party was being torn apart, and the KGB, in my opinion, was no longer the element that would hold together the creaking empire. The threat from the KGB for the last forty years was always part of the whole, and that whole included the Red Army and the tens of thousands of nuclear warheads aimed at us. Whether or not it could penetrate the CIA or the FBI with spies was not really in doubt, but it was also not the most important part of the new equation. But I had no confidence that either Redmond or Bob Wade could discuss the matter outside their narrow counterintelligence world, so I flipped Redmond's challenge into a burn bag and went back to dealing with the final six months of Soviet history.

Langley, July 10, 1991

Not long after he'd vacated his office next to mine in SE, Redmond got an unexpected call on his STU-III secure phone in the counterintelligence center, where he was still settling in. A European station chief was on the line. He was calling to say that one of his case officers had picked up something about a KGB penetration of SE Division. It was a very detailed and sensitive report, and the station chief said he didn't want to put it in the normal cable traffic. So he had called Redmond personally.

Redmond told the station chief to send the case officer back to Washington, have him check into a hotel in the Virginia suburbs, and then have him call him directly. The case officer was to say he was "Bobby," who was passing through town. Redmond would come out to his hotel to meet him. The case officer was to stay away from CIA headquarters.

The station chief assured Redmond that the case officer would be in Washington by the next day.

Redmond came down the flight of stairs that separated our offices, walked in, and closed the door. "We've got something coming in. It might be what we've been looking for," he said. There was a deadly serious look on his face that told me he was on to something directly related to his passion—the search for the mole. Then he told me about the call from the European station chief.

"Oh, shit!" was about all I could muster.

I knew the case officer who had turned in the report. And I knew he couldn't be trusted. He had a track record that convinced me he played fast and loose with his intelligence reports. I'd already had to clean up after him on a couple of Eastern European operations, and I'd come to believe that he'd fabricated his reports on those operations. "Paul," I said, "I'd feel a hell of a lot better if this was coming from somebody else. This guy's got a real problem with the truth. His stuff always seems too good to be true. And guess what? It probably isn't."

I could see Redmond deflate just a bit when he heard my assessment of the case officer with the story. "I'll keep that in mind," he said. "And I'll be in touch as soon as I've met him."

As bad as I felt about shooting down Redmond's new lead, I felt pretty good about how we were getting on together. But for his challenge to a debate, we'd been able to put aside our differences and get on with the job. After he left, I thought that at least Redmond could now find satisfaction in his new job at the counterintelligence center, where he was in a position to focus full-time on the unsolved spy cases that had burdened him for so long. After moving to the center, he was shocked to learn that the investigation of the 1985 losses had been all but abandoned. Since he had always been on the possible list of suspects, he had been reluctant to ask many detailed questions about the progress of the investigation over the last few years. But now that he was deputy chief of the center, Redmond found to his dismay that Jeanne Vertefeuille and her small team had made virtually no progress. The probe that had been started back in 1986 by Gus Hathaway was now firmly relegated to the back burner inside the center. Gus Hathaway had retired, and no one else in the CIA's management was paying any attention to what Vertefeuille was doing. Redmond was determined to change that. He owed it to the agents who'd been executed.

Langley, July 12, 1991

Redmond checked in with me again a day later. He said he'd met with the case officer. It turned out that a KGB informant had told him about the penetration of SE. After their first extended conversation, Redmond asked the case officer to write down the details of what the KGB officer had told him. The next day, Redmond compared the case officer's new notes with his original report, which had finally been sent over from Europe.

When he looked at the two reports side by side, Redmond found that the case officer had included much more detail in the notes he'd written in his hotel the previous night than in his first report, written right after he'd met the KGB officer. What bothered Redmond most was that he'd added detailed answers to questions that Redmond had asked him in the hotel, and he'd attributed the new details to what the KGB officer had told him. He said his talk with Redmond had jogged his memory.

His claim was that the KGB had recruited an ethnic Russian CIA case officer who was working in the SE Division. Redmond wasn't sure he could believe the case officer's report, but he knew he had to follow the lead. And he didn't want to let the case officer know that he had doubts about the credibility of his report.

I was about to leave for Africa to meet with our stations there to explain the new Soviet targeting rules, and then I planned to transit Europe. I'd stop in on the station and have a little talk with the case officer myself to see if I could make sense of all this.

At a European Station, July 20, 1991

We were seated across from each other in an acoustic conference room, which was both secure and claustrophobic. The station chief had arranged for my meeting with the case officer on a ruse, saying that I'd been traveling when he'd come back to Washington to meet Redmond and needed a briefing on the sensitive case.

"I hear you've got a live one," I said.

"Yeah. I hope so," he said, his eyes never locking on mine.

"Tell me about it," I said.

"My KGB guy I'm working told me that he'd picked up something about a penetration of your division. He said there'd been a recruitment. An ethnic Russian."

"Did he have a name?" I asked, leaning forward to show my deep interest.

"No name," he said, "but he said he thought the guy's name began with the letter *K*." The man sitting across from me was still reluctant to make lasting eye contact, though he didn't seem otherwise overly nervous.

"Do you think the K is for his true name or his code name?" I asked.

"You know, I didn't even think to ask," he said, livening up a little. He then set off on a rambling but rich and informative yarn full of color and detail.

The trouble was, I'd heard his stories before. The CIA had never been able to catch him in an outright fabrication, but he'd come damn close one too many times. In one of those earlier cases, we'd tried to get him to let another case officer meet with his foreign agent to verify his information, but something always seemed to get in the way, and no one ever managed to meet him. Now, sitting across from him in the soundproof room, I decided that I still didn't trust him one bit.

When he had finished his long and elaborate story about the KGB penetration of SE Division, I kept quiet, saying nothing, but with what I hoped was a friendly if expectant look on my face. The painful silence lasted about half a minute, until he started telling more of the story. This time there were new details that he hadn't included in his original report or in his follow-up report to Redmond.

When I returned to Washington a week later, I met with Burton Gerber and his station chief at the Farm for a private talk about the case officer and his sensational reporting.

I made it clear that I thought he was making up the whole thing.

"Have you written it up?" Gerber asked, always one to focus on procedural protocol.

"Yes, I have."

"I haven't seen it," he said with a touch of irritation in his voice.

"It's a memo for the record right now," I said. "I haven't sent it forward. But I will now that we've talked."

"Now what?" came the third voice in the room, bringing our tense exchange to a merciful end. "You're saying that there's nothing there? That this guy's sitting on the curb and making this stuff up?" The station chief was incredulous.

"Yes," I said. "That about sums it up. But we're going to need more than my gut reaction to this guy. We need to talk to the KGB officer."

Gerber suggested using the former deputy in Moscow, whose pseudonym was KLETTERING. (The CIA makes an important, if little understood, distinction between a *pseudonym* and an *alias.* A CIA officer is assigned one *pseudonym* for use in internal agency cable traffic and usually keeps the same one throughout his or her career. CIA officers use their pseudonyms to sign cables sent back to headquarters and are sometimes even referred to by their pseudonyms in internal discussions. By contrast, CIA case officers use many *aliases* during operations in the field to mask their true identities. A case officer never uses a CIA pseudonym as one of his or her aliases.) KLETTERING had the expertise needed to talk to the KGB officer and figure out whether there was anything to the story we had been told.

In a European Capital, August 1, 1991

KLETTERING had a doctorate in Russian studies and was counted among a handful of the best operations officers in his generation at SE. He'd served as Mike Cline's deputy in Moscow and was now back at Langley handling our internal operations; but at the moment he was sitting on the verandah of a riverside restaurant in Europe, engaged in one of the more bizarre conversations of his career. It had taken him several days to arrange the meeting, but in the end he had succeeded. Across from him was a smooth, urbane Soviet intelligence officer, the source to which the case officer had attributed the counterintelligence yarn that had gotten Redmond so spun up, at least initially. KLETTERING had explained to him in detail the information he had supposedly passed on to us about a penetration of SE Division. The Soviet took it all in, registering deep interest. "There is, indeed, a serious problem," he said at last. "But it has very little to do with me. It has everything to do with your own officer. I have met this man, but I am saddened to say that everything he has told you is sheer fantasy. But excellent fantasy!"

The case officer had already been transferred back to Washington, and when he was confronted with a more hostile interrogation, both he and his story began to fall apart. But the case officer still scrambled to explain himself, never admitting that he had fabricated the whole story. In the end, the errant case officer decided he'd had enough with the CIA and simply resigned. It was another chapter closed in the search for the truth, and it had itself involved nothing but lies.

Like the alarm raised earlier by Sergei Papushin, the drunken defector who'd said he knew the CIA had been penetrated in Moscow, the case officer's story had been debunked. It was just the latest in a series of dead ends in the hunt for a solution to the 1985 losses over the past few years. Nothing had come of the mysterious case of "Mr. X," the anonymous volunteer in Germany who had warned earlier that the CIA's communications had been compromised, and nothing had come of our gambit to test those communications by conducting phony recruitment operations of KGB officers, including my effort in Nairobi. There was no sign that the KGB was reading our mail, since the Soviets never moved against the KGB officers we had set up in our cable traffic. The investigation was back to square one.

9

Moscow, August 1, 1991

It was still hard for David Rolph to comprehend. When he'd read the cable back in December notifying him that he was being reassigned as Moscow chief, he'd thought it was a joke. As chief of the small East Berlin operation, Rolph was only a GS-14 and too junior to be considered for the flagship field assignment in the Soviet Division. Moscow was a post that had always been reserved for a Senior Intelligence Service officer—the CIA equivalent of a general.

But his assignment was no joke. Rolph had responded well to the stern message he had received from Paul Redmond, and now he was being rewarded for the remarkable success of the Berlin cold-pitch campaign. Promoting Rolph to Moscow was part of my effort to revitalize SE Division with young blood. For Rolph, it was a dream come true.

Rolph knew that his promotion had irritated a number of more senior officers in the division who thought they deserved Moscow. But he was determined to prove them wrong. Still, he knew that Berlin would be a tough act to follow. "At least I'm going someplace that's stable," he'd joked at his good-bye party in Berlin in June.

But just beneath the surface, Moscow in the spring of 1991 was anything but stable. By now, Gorbachev was walking a tightrope between the reformers he had once empowered and the Communist hard-liners who were convinced he was responsible for the collapse of the old order in Eastern Europe and their own diminishing powers. The Soviet leader had long since lost control over the pace of change, and his perestroika campaign now seemed quaint and outmoded even to many of his supporters. He had calculated that if he slipped the knots with Eastern Europe, a weight would be lifted from the Soviet Union. And he was convinced that the chaos would stop at the Soviet border.

He was soon proved wrong. By 1991, powerful independence movements had sprung up in the three most western Soviet republics in the Baltics, finally forcing Moscow to crack down. In Lithuania, in January, fear made a fleeting comeback. In order to quash the growing independence movement, KGB and Soviet military units had moved into the capital of Vilnius in force, sending tanks against dissident crowds, killing fourteen protesters, and wounding many others as the military seized the city's main television tower. The Soviets had moved into Lithuania just as the world was focused on the Persian Gulf crisis, so the incident received relatively little attention in the West.

Yet Moscow's attempt to turn back the clock failed miserably. Soviet troops failed to curb the independence movement in Lithuania, and their violent assault backfired at home, prompting a bitter outcry in Moscow among Russians who had come to believe that the time for such ruthless actions had long since passed. Journalists resigned from the Communist Party, Soviet radio and television broadcast the attacks and aired the angry recriminations of citizens, and members of the Soviet legislature marched in the streets of Moscow. The Supreme Soviet demanded to know how many protesters had been killed in Vilnius—it called for an investigation and demanded answers.

Gorbachev was forced to distance himself from the military action, although few believed him. Shevardnadze had resigned as Foreign Minister in December 1990, warning darkly that a dictatorship was coming and telling those who would listen that the hard-liners were back in charge. Gorbachev had dismissed his old adviser's fears, but the truth was that he was so close to the hard-liners that he didn't recognize the contempt they had for him and his policies.

Now, even in remote areas of the Soviet Union, far from the volatile and impatient Baltics, new nationalist and democratic tides were surging in. In June, Boris Yeltsin became Russia's first popularly elected President, and the white, blue, and red flag of Russia began to appear at official functions. The emergence of an independent-minded

Russian leader and government posed grave threats to Gorbachev and the Soviet order. By the time David Rolph arrived in Moscow, it was clear that something would have to give.

Langley had been watching the warning signs for months. A source inside the Soviet military in Germany had told the CIA six months earlier that volunteers were being sought among Soviet Army officers for some sort of contingency operation in Moscow. Marshal Dmitri Yazov, the Defense Minister, was reported to have ordered the Soviet Western Group of Forces based in Germany to form units of reliable troops prepared to do whatever was necessary to preserve the union. The CIA had not seen any evidence that volunteers had actually been sent back to the Soviet Union, but the threat that the Soviet military might be used to deal with civil unrest hung in the air throughout the spring and summer of 1991.

In June, Secretary of State James Baker passed on a specific warning to Soviet Foreign Minister Aleksandr Bessmertnykh that a coup was in the works, and he identified some of the key leaders of the plot. The information had originated with Moscow Mayor Gavril Popov, who had warned American ambassador Jack Matlock about the threat. When Gorbachev heard about the American warning, however, he dismissed it as fantasy.

By mid-August, though, it was becoming clear to the CIA's analysts that Gorbachev's decision to sign the All-Union Treaty that month could prompt the hard-liners to act. In the President's Daily Brief for August 17, the CIA warned President Bush that the scheduled treaty signing had created a deadline for the conservatives in Moscow. There was a strong chance that they would act within the next few days, before the treaty was signed.

Termez, Uzbekistan, August 6, 1991

Stepping out on Friendship Bridge was an eerie experience. I had spent three years assisting the men on the other side of the river in their fight against those on this side of the river, and now here I was looking across the bridge in what seemed like the wrong direction. With me was Jack

Devine, who was now chief of the CIA's counternarcotics center, and the purpose of our visit to Central Asia was to talk with the Soviets about ways to cooperate on the international war on drugs. Devine had been chief of the Afghan Task Force when I first arrived in Islamabad, and we both found it strangely unsettling to stand on Friendship Bridge looking into Afghanistan with our KGB escorts.

We'd flown along the border between the Soviet Union and Afghanistan in a Soviet MI-8 helicopter, exactly the same chopper that the Afghan rebels had so frequently shot down with Stinger missiles that I'd helped supply them with during the war. As we flew low and slow along the north bank of the Amu Dar'ya, the pilot spoke into his intercom. Across from me, a KGB colonel became alert as he listened to his headset. Then he barked back a brief answer.

"What did he say?" I asked the colonel.

"He said to tell you that we are flying so low because the Afghan bandits across the river still have Stinger missiles. They are not supposed to work so well if you fly below three hundred meters. The pilot wanted me to tell you that."

"And what did you say to him?" I asked.

The colonel held my gaze for a couple of seconds, then answered. "I told him you already knew all about that," he said coldly.

Moscow, August 7, 1991

I was riding along in a rattling KGB Volga that smelled as if it had a leak in its fuel system. With me in the backseat was Rem Krassilnikov, who despite the changes and upheavals in Moscow over the last twenty-four months was still chief of the First Department of the Second Chief Directorate. His perch, as far as he was concerned, was unchanged and secure. For the last twenty minutes I had been watching the street pattern around us, and I thought I had detected surveillance teams following us.

"Rem, do you think it's possible that your boys are following us around town?"

Krassilnikov glanced at me quizzically. "No," he said, "that would not be possible." His answer was definitive. One just did not argue with Rem Krassilnikov on his turf.

But as we drove on, Krassilnikov began to look more carefully at the rhythm of the street. About two minutes later he said, "Perhaps it is, Milton." He stared at a beige Zhiguli beside us. "Yes, it is possible." He looked puzzled for a minute, then recovered without commenting further on the oddity of having KGB surveillance units trailing the guest of a KGB general in his own car.

It was early August, and we had spent several days in Moscow trying to find areas where the CIA and the KGB could work together. The drug war and the spread of weapons of mass destruction were two seemingly fruitful options. Poppy cultivation in Afghanistan and the republics of Soviet Central Asia meant the region was a leading source of heroin, and the Soviets had a growing drug problem in their cities. Meanwhile, the breakup of the Soviet empire in Eastern Europe was creating new fears in Washington about the security of nuclear, chemical, and biological weapons. We approached these topics with our KGB counterparts in the abstract, discussing them as looming problems but never tracing their origins to the breakup of the old order.

We met in a KGB safe house in a residential section of Moscow not far from Communist Party headquarters. The house had once been used by Lavrenti Beria, Stalin's ruthless and perverse henchman and intelligence chief. We held our meetings on the second floor, and during the breaks I was able to look around. I came upon a very large tiled bathroom with ancient fixtures and, inexplicably, a gynecologist's examination table, complete with stirrups. I could only imagine what amusements Beria had found in that room.

While in Moscow, I had a chance to glimpse anecdotal evidence of the diminished power of the KGB in Soviet society. My traveling companions and I, accompanied by a lively KGB colonel by the name of Kuzmin, attempted to get into the Kremlin courtyard to view the czar's cannon. We were stopped at the entrance by a guard, who with great aplomb pointed to his watch and told us we had come too late. The courtyard had closed three minutes earlier. Kuzmin tried to sweet-talk the guard, saying we were an important American delegation, but the man would have none of it. Finally, Kuzmin winked at me and said, "Watch this."

With practiced flair, he whipped out his red KGB identity book, flipped it open, and eased it in front of the guard's eyes. "Committee for State Security," Kuzmin said. "Now please let us through."

The guard took the identity book, looked at it carefully, then folded it shut and handed it back to the KGB colonel. "I don't care if you're Vladimir Kryuchkov," he said. "You're not getting in here after closing time." With those words he wheeled around and walked away. End of discussion. I would have to wait until my next visit to get a good look at the czar's cannon, though watching the look of surprise on Colonel Kuzmin's face had been a worthy trade-off.

We left the Soviet Union on the morning of August 8. Although we could see that the Soviet system was under great stress, we saw nothing to alert us to what would follow only ten days later. The fact that we had been invited to Moscow by the KGB at that precise time would later convince me that our hosts had no inkling of what was coming either.

Langley, August 12, 1991

As Soviet intelligence officers continued to volunteer to the CIA in growing numbers, there came the inevitable requests for the means to commit suicide to avoid arrest and interrogation. One such request had crossed my desk, and now I found myself sitting across the conference table from the chief chemist in Technical Services, who was explaining in more detail than one might ever want to know the inner workings of the L-pill, euphemistically called "special preparations."

He explained that cyanide was hands down the historically preferred means of exit. It was reliable, and it was quick—most of the dead in Hitler's bunker had bitten down on the glass-encased cyanide capsules. The downside was that it took a large pill to hold a lethal dose, something that might not be easy for a spy to conceal in an everyday object he could carry about without attracting attention. There were other options nowadays in more discreet preparations, but they generally took longer to take effect, which could be quite inconvenient! If concealment size was not an issue, it was always best to go with the cyanide, because it was neat and quick.

The chemist had a couple of demonstrator L-pills with him, inert gas capsules concealed in small trinkets. All you had to do was bite down on the concealment, break the capsule, and take a couple of deep breaths. It would be over in a matter of seconds. He slid one across the table to me. "Want to try it?" he asked, deadly serious.

I picked up one of the concealment devices and felt its weight. "You're sure this is a practice one?" I asked.

"Sure it is. . . . No, wait a minute . . . I think it's . . ." The chemist smiled for the first time as I dropped the device back on the table pretty quickly.

I had asked for this meeting so that I'd be able to provide a detailed justification to Bill Webster when I hand-carried the memo requesting L-pills to him for his authorizing signature. Judge Webster was a cautious, thoughtful man, and I had voiced my concern to Dick Stolz, who thought Webster's only problem with this would be the usual revulsion toward the concept, plus a recognition of the need for safeguards. He'd want to know that the special preparations were not being requested frivolously or for the purpose of killing another person. Stolz was in an expansive mood and told me the story of how he'd authorized the L-pill for TRIGON. In those less complicated days, he'd signed the authorizing memorandum himself to keep the DCI out of the process—to protect him. Those days were long past, Stolz said wistfully. Take it to the judge and tell him what he needs to know.

A week later, I presented the memo to Bill Webster. He asked me if we had denied the Soviet agent's request the requisite three times. I told him yes, we had. Can the man use the device on another person? he asked. I assured him that anything was possible, but that the delivery system did not easily lend itself to murder. Without hesitation, and without further question, Judge Webster signed the memo.

Foros, Crimea, Sunday, August 18, 1991

Mikhail Gorbachev was ready to wrap up his vacation at the picturesque resort town of Foros on the Crimean coast of the Black Sea, where he'd gone for his August break and a much needed rest with his wife, and return to the political intrigue of Moscow. Despite his earlier misgivings, he was planning to sign the All-Union Treaty as soon as he returned to the capital. The treaty represented a historic devolution of power from the Soviet central government to Russia and the other republics. Despite his agreement to sign the treaty, Gorbachev knew that he had not yet developed a clear political accommodation with Russia's new President, Boris Yeltsin. The pugnacious former Party boss from Sverdlovsk clearly had political momentum behind him, thanks to his sweeping victory in Russia's June elections, but Gorbachev still controlled the national security apparatus of the Soviet Union, so the battle for political dominance between the Soviet Union and the republics remained unresolved.

Gorbachev's vacation was shattered just before 5:00 P.M. on August 18, a quiet Sunday afternoon, when surprise visitors arrived from Moscow. The delegation included Oleg Baklanov, head of the Soviet Union's Military Industrial Commission; General Valentin Varennikov, chief of Soviet Ground Forces; Oleg Shenin, a Central Committee and Politburo apparatchik; and Valery Boldin, Gorbachev's own chief of staff. They were backed up by Yuri Plekhanov, chief of the KGB's Ninth Chief Directorate, in charge of the security of the Soviet leadership.

Gorbachev's unexpected visitors told him that they were representatives of an emergency committee that had taken control of the Soviet government. Just as they arrived, the phone lines into the vacation compound went dead, including the communications link that allowed the Soviet leader to command his country's nuclear forces. Gorbachev was now cut off from the outside world.

It soon became apparent that the delegation that had traveled to Foros was actually made up of backbenchers. The real driving force behind the coup was KGB Chief Vladimir Kryuchkov, whom Gorbachev had disastrously considered an ally.

Gorbachev angrily rejected the delegation's request that he endorse the emergency committee and join their effort to turn back the clock. Early Monday morning, Soviet television and radio announced the creation of a new emergency committee, which claimed that it had acted in part because Gorbachev was suddenly ill. Gorbachev, along with his family and a few close aides, remained isolated at Foros, uncertain whether they were to be executed, sharing the fate of the Romanovs at the beginning of the Soviet experiment.

Moscow, 0700 Hours, Monday, August 19, 1991

Dave Rolph's drive into work at the U.S. embassy from his southern Moscow apartment seemed no different from any other early Monday morning commute. As he guided his BMW through Moscow's streets, he saw nothing that would alert him to the events that were already under way. He had gone to sleep early the night before and hadn't listened to the news before leaving for the office. As far as he was concerned, it was just another sultry August morning in the Soviet capital.

Walking into the office at 7:00 A.M., he ran into other embassy officials who told him that some kind of an emergency had just been announced on the radio and that there were reports that the military had been called into Moscow. That's how the CIA's Moscow station chief found out about the coup that changed the twentieth century. The CIA simply did not have any assets inside the Kremlin who were in a position to give the Americans detailed and timely information about when or where a coup might take place. So when David Rolph walked into the embassy Monday morning, he did not realize that the coup had actually been under way since the day before, did not know that Mikhail Gorbachev and his family had been surrounded and cut off from all communications.

But Rolph moved quickly to catch up and scrambled his case officers out onto the streets; it was still the middle of the night in Washington, so he could wait until about noon to have his first cable waiting on the desks of senior CIA officials when they arrived at work. Rolph realized that he would once again be in a race with CNN, just as he had been in Berlin. He was, in fact, already playing catch-up with the media. At 11:30 Sunday night in Washington, National Security Adviser Brent Scowcroft learned from CNN reports that a coup might be in the works in Moscow.

As Rolph began to hear back from the case officers fanned out across the city, something quite remarkable was becoming clear. There were no roadblocks, no checkpoints established to restrict movement around the city. In fact, after driving out to Moscow's Sheremetyevo Airport, one officer reported that not only was the road to the airport open, but the airport itself had not been closed down. Meanwhile, the television and radio stations didn't appear to have been commandeered by the leaders of the coup, at least not effectively. They were still reporting on what was going on. There were Army units in the streets, mostly armored units with tanks and armored personnel carriers, but they didn't seem to be taking any action.

As the morning wore on, a question formed in Dave Rolph's head: What the hell kind of a coup is this?

After dashing off his first cables, Rolph picked up a phone and dialed a number at Lubyanka.

"May I speak with Gavrilov?" he asked the anonymous KGB officer who answered his call. When he heard the smooth and familiar voice of Rem Krassilnikov, Rolph didn't mince words. "How soon can we meet?"

First Chief Directorate Headquarters, Yasenevo, 0900 Hours, Monday, August 19, 1991

Leonid Shebarshin saw it all coming together now. As he sat in his corner office in the First Chief Directorate's leadership suite, reading the announcement of the new "emergency committee," he had a sense of foreboding. All through the summer he had picked up murmurings that something was brewing, some bold move would make things right again, and he had studiously avoided getting drawn in. He knew enough to know he didn't want to know more.

It had begun in June, when Yeltsin won the presidential elections in Russia. At that moment it was clear to Shebarshin that the die was cast for the Soviet Union. The idea of the putsch now unfolding had begun even before Yeltsin's victory, and he had picked up on it then. But his personal decision to distance himself from such an ill-fated enterprise had been easy. Now, looking down at the text of the emergency committee's announcement, he saw that there was not a single new idea in it—it was a hodgepodge of fuzzy ideas about going back to the way things were. Shebarshin thought it would fail. And he suspected that the costs of that failure would be high.

Moscow, 1200 Hours, August 19, 1991

As tanks from the Taman Guards Division and other units lined the streets of Moscow, Rolph drove out of the American embassy compound. He headed north along the Garden Ring Road and then parked just off Mayakovskaya Square. He walked to a black Volga parked nearby and slid into the backseat next to the white-haired Krassilnikov. As he got in, the KGB driver quietly opened his door, got out, and walked across the square for a cigarette, leaving Rolph and Krassilnikov alone. On the first full day of the coup, the CIA and the KGB had a lot to talk about.

Rolph tried to probe Krassilnikov to find out what he knew about the situation, particularly about the KGB's role in the putsch.

Krassilnikov responded defensively, arguing that the actions of the emergency committee were lawful and constitutional. Gorbachev was sick and unable to act, Krassilnikov insisted, but the Supreme Soviet would soon meet to review the actions of the emergency committee to make sure they complied with the law. Without providing any real information about the KGB's involvement, Krassilnikov sounded a tone of support. It is a mistake for Yeltsin to defy the emergency committee, Krassilnikov said. But if Yeltsin wants a confrontation, the KGB general added in a slightly menacing tone, he's going to get one.

Krassilnikov stressed that there was no reason why the coup should harm relations between the KGB and the CIA, which had been improving in recent months. The SE chief and a delegation of senior officers had just been to Moscow to meet with the KGB, and now a meeting between the two agencies was scheduled for October in Helsinki, Krassilnikov reminded Rolph. He insisted that the Helsinki meeting go on as planned. After all, the coup was purely an internal matter, he noted dryly.

While the aging spymaster hadn't shed much light on the degree of KGB complicity in the coup, he had certainly made clear his own position of support. As Rolph stepped out of the Volga and headed back to the office, he toyed with a difficult but essential question: Was Krassilnikov speaking for himself or for the entire officer corps of the KGB?

Rolph sat in his office that night firing cables back to Langley as thousands of Russians stood vigil outside the White House, guarding the man they now viewed as their salvation—Boris Yeltsin. There was still no sign that the plotters were prepared to wade through the crowds and their handmade barricades and move against Yeltsin. And every hour they waited gave the democrats more time to gain strength and confidence. While Yeltsin and his band of Russian reformers stood at the ramparts, Mikhail Gorbachev, still trapped and isolated in his villa on the Black Sea, was rapidly becoming irrelevant.

Lewinsville Park, McLean, Virginia, Monday, August 19, 1991

While the CIA was scrambling to try to make sense of the crisis unfolding in Moscow, the KGB was conducting a secret operation just a few miles from CIA headquarters.

Robert Hanssen made his way on August 19 to a dead drop site code-named FLO, which was the space underneath a footbridge on the wooded edge of Lewinsville Park, a few steps from a residential street in the upscale suburb of McLean. That Hanssen and his KGB handlers were willing to carry out an exchange almost in the shadow of CIA headquarters also revealed the level of confidence they had in their ability to counter American counterintelligence efforts at the time. Of course, Hanssen had over the years helped the KGB learn how to defeat FBI surveillance, since he had betrayed many of the techniques the FBI used to monitor the Soviets.

In fact, at the FLO dead drop that day, Hanssen left a package that contained a new FBI memorandum about the methods the bureau was using to conduct surveillance of a particular Soviet intelligence officer. In addition to other classified documents crammed onto a computer diskette, Hanssen included an essay that he had crafted for the private benefit of his Soviet handlers.

Given the political instability that the Soviet Union was experiencing, he suggested that the KGB review the history of Chicago. In particular, he wrote that the Soviets could benefit from a thorough study of Chicago's legendary mayor Richard J. Daley and how he had used an iron fist and a well-oiled political machine to turn Chicago into the "city that works." Maybe the Soviets needed a little infusion of Chicago-style politics to regain order and stability.

In October, the KGB responded with thanks to “B,” marveling that the “magical history tour” to Chicago was mysteriously well timed.

“Have you ever thought of foretelling the things?” they wrote. “After your retirement, for instance, in some sort of your own cristall ball and intelligence agency (CBIA)? There are always so many people in this world eager to get a glimpse of the future.”

Cairo, 2000 Hours, Monday, August 19, 1991

I had just arrived in Cairo from Tel Aviv for a series of meetings. The telephone was ringing as I stepped into my hotel room.

“Milt? Bill Piekney.” Piekney was now chief in Cairo. “It looks like things have come unstuck in Moscow,” he said. “A gang of the old guard have seized power from Gorbachev. I’m sending an officer with a reading file and have already booked you on the next plane to Washington if you want to head back tonight.”

“Oh, shit,” I said, flipping to CNN.

Two hours later I was on a flight to Washington.

10

Langley, 0800 Hours, Tuesday, August 20, 1991

There was a buzz of excitement in SE Division and throughout the Directorate of Operations when I arrived home from Cairo the next morning. Some of the old guard felt a delicious sense of vindication, particularly those I had moved out of the division. They had been right—and I had been wrong. So much for Bearden's ideas of historic change in the Soviet Union. And so much for his notions about overhauling the division to adapt to the new realities. Happy days were here again!

"You're fucked, chief," O'Reilly said as I passed his office.

I turned back and slumped into a chair across from his desk. I picked up his Buddhist prayer wheel and began to twirl it. "Tell me about it," I said.

"There were whispers all yesterday," O'Reilly said. "Bearden furled his colors too soon, they said. Some of them were pretty happy about it."

"What do you think?" I asked.

"They're wrong," he said, handing me a stack of cable traffic. "Look at this stuff, and you'll see the ones who're really fucked are Kryuchkov and his gang."

By the afternoon of August 20, the heady feelings of vindication had dissolved. As the intelligence and overt reporting flowed in, the coup appeared to be bogged down and was looking more and more like a slapdash affair. Something was definitely going wrong.

The intelligence on the specially screened cadre of volunteers in the Red Army's Western Group of Forces in Germany bore out that assessment. The Army volunteers had been handpicked months earlier for possible action, and now we learned that though they had been alerted, they were still sitting in their barracks as confused as the rest of the world. Stand by, they had been ordered. A little later, almost as an afterthought, they were told that instead of leaving immediately, they might be asked on short notice to report to their assigned train stations. After waiting for orders that never came, most of the personnel simply went back into the routine of spreading rumors like everybody else.

Moscow, 0900 Hours, Wednesday, August 21, 1991

Like the Red Army volunteers in Germany, Leonid Shebarshin had been sitting by the telephone since Monday, waiting for orders to act that had never come. Early on Monday morning, KGB Chairman Vladimir Kryuchkov had called him and asked him to put all of his directorate's resources at the disposal of the emergency committee. Shebarshin had agreed and had then ordered the nation's foreign intelligence service to begin spying on Moscow.

Over the course of the rest of that day, he had passed on reports from his officers to Kryuchkov. Shebarshin had also agreed to order the First Chief Directorate's paramilitary team to gather at the KGB's central club in downtown Moscow. Kryuchkov, a former chief of the First Directorate himself, wanted a loyal unit in place when the time came to storm the White House and crush the ragtag forces now protecting the defiant Boris Yeltsin. But since that initial flurry of activity on Monday, Shebarshin had done little but wait patiently through an odd silence. Kryuchkov never called back.

That silence was the best evidence Shebarshin had that something was very wrong. Shebarshin was a man of the KGB, and if Kryuchkov had told him to send in the paramilitary unit on Monday, he would have followed the Chairman's orders. But obedience had its limits. By Wednesday morning, it was clear to him that the coup was collapsing into a farce; and he told himself that if Kryuchkov called him into action now, he would not obey the chairman's orders.

So he called the commanding officer of the paramilitary unit still standing by at the KGB club and told him not to accept any orders from anyone except himself. And he had decided that he wasn't going to be issuing any orders. It had become obvious to Shebarshin that Kryuchkov and his cohorts had suffered from a fatal lack of will.

Across Moscow, other military, intelligence, and political leaders were all coming to the same conclusion. The plotters had lacked the conviction to follow up their drunken grab for power with an immediate show of ruthless action and instead had bumbled at every turn. Men like Leonid Shebarshin—the people in the upper tiers of the bureaucracy who really controlled the levers of power in the Soviet system—calculated the odds and in the end simply stopped returning calls.

Moscow, 1200 Hours, Wednesday, August 21, 1991

As he slid into the backseat of the black Volga for another meeting with Rem Krassilnikov, David Rolph saw that the KGB general looked exhausted and disheveled, as if he hadn't slept since the coup began. The confidence and bravado that Krassilnikov had displayed in their meeting on Monday was gone, replaced by a more tentative attitude toward the crisis that was now moving to its whimpering conclusion. This time it was Rolph who had a message to deliver from the CIA to the KGB.

The Helsinki meeting, planned for October, was being postponed, Rolph told Krassilnikov. So was a proposed visit by a KGB delegation to the United States. The CIA was sending a message to the KGB—the new relationship between the two intelligence services, which had seemed so promising just a few weeks earlier, was being put on hold. With Kryuchkov's coup failing, the KGB that he led was now on the wrong side of history. The CIA was looking to the new leaders of Russia.

Langley, 1900 Hours, Wednesday, August 21, 1991

By Wednesday, we'd concluded that the coup was in serious trouble and chances were it would fail. That analysis was carried by Deputy National Security Adviser Robert Gates to President Bush's vacation headquarters in Kennebunkport, Maine.

The CIA assessment was based on the continued lack of signs that the coup plotters were actually in control. None of the usual indicators were being picked up—there were no widespread arrests, no communications blackouts, and telephone and fax traffic between university students in the United States and the Soviet Union were operating and were full of defiance.

By the end of the day, the President would observe on national television that sometimes coups failed, making the United States the first among the Western allies to suggest that perhaps the clock couldn't be turned back in the USSR by a handful of old guard plotters. The President's observation was then flashed across the world by CNN to Moscow, where the men who ran the USSR sat transfixed by the television coverage.

First Chief Directorate Headquarters, Yasenevo, 0630 Hours, Thursday, August 22, 1991

To Leonid Shebarshin, it seemed the slide down the slippery slope had accelerated. The emergency committee was in free fall. Gorbachev's return from the Crimea in the early hours of the morning had been a dreamlike affair. The President was greeted at Vnukovo-2 airport, but not by the usual crowd. There were no Politburo members, no Vice President or members of the presidential council. Members of the KGB's Ninth Directorate bodyguards were lost in the colorful sea of men in uniforms and in civilian clothes, all armed with automatics and pistols. The crowd was animated, maybe even a little drunk.

Descending the steps from his plane, Gorbachev waved to those greeting him, his manner friendly but lethargic. His smile was uncertain—maybe he was tired, or maybe guilty, Shebarshin didn't know which. The huge armored presidential Zil limo wheeled up to the aircraft stairs, and its heavy door swung open.

"Whose car is this?" the President demanded unexpectedly. "The Ninth's?"

Upon hearing the response—"Yes, Mikhail Sergeyevich, the Ninth's"—Gorbachev gestured, as if to brush away the Zil and his Ninth Directorate KGB bodyguards. He declared, "I will not go with the Ninth!"

Most of the onlookers could not have known that the head of the Ninth Directorate, Yuri Plekhanov, had been one of the members of the emergency committee delegation that had placed Gorbachev under house arrest in Foros or that Plekanov himself was now under arrest.

The crowd of greeters reacted approvingly. The guards, their composure still intact, immediately brought in a Volga, and the President slid into the rear seat of the ordinary sedan as the disorganized, confused cortege, with a wail of sirens and flashing red and blue lights, sped off in the direction of the Kremlin.

At that same moment, but on a different road, KGB Chairman Vladimir Kryuchkov, Oleg Baklanov, the head of the Soviet Union's Military Industrial Commission, and Defense Minister Dmitri Yazov—Gorbachev's closest colleagues until their arrest on the tarmac by Moscow prosecutors—were being driven away for interrogation.

Shebarshin reflected on the irony of Gorbachev's statement on arrival that, having returned to Moscow, he seemed to have come home to a different country. It may have been sincere, he decided. These were strange and unusual times.

Langley, 2330 Hours, Wednesday, August 21, 1991

There was no longer any doubt that the old guard in Moscow had failed. The old guard in Langley had retreated into a corresponding silence. Closing up late that evening, I began to plan a strategy to deal with the even more rapid change brought about by the cataclysmic failure of the Moscow hard-liners.

I had relayed to Rolph an order from the seventh floor to tell Krassilnikov that all cooperation with the KGB was suspended until the situation had clarified and a new leadership surfaced. There was nothing to lose by playing it cool with the KGB over the next week or so. On the contrary, now was the time to see if there were any new openings at Lubyanka we might be able to exploit.

I also began planning a return visit to Moscow as soon as the dust cleared.

I continued to work in a split-screen world, keeping one eye on the satellite feed from Moscow and the other on the official reporting. It was all pointing to the same conclusion. Even the race to reach Gorbachev in Foros by the old guard led by Vladimir Kryuchkov in one plane and the Russian group in a second plane led by Boris Yeltsin's Vice President, Aleksandr Rutskoi, had been slapstick comedy.

But as I read the reports of Gorbachev's departure from Foros with Rutskoi, as Kryuchkov and the other plotters stood under guard in the rear of the plane, I focused for the first time on the photographs and biographical sketch of Yeltsin's Vice President that came with the report. Aleksandr Rutskoi, a much decorated fighter pilot and Afghan War veteran, had been shot down in eastern Afghanistan in August 1988, the report said. He'd been a colonel at the time and later made his way to safety with the help of the "competent organs"—the euphemism for the KGB. After the Afghan War, Rutskoi had swapped his Air Force wings for the rough-and-tumble of Russian politics, aligning himself with Boris Yeltsin.

History was wonderful! I thought as it all came together. Rutskoi was the Soviet colonel who'd been captured in Paktia Province in Afghanistan in the last year of the war. He was the colonel who'd been released after I'd paid the prescribed ransom of Toyotas and rocket launchers.

I began to enjoy the final days of the August coup even more and hoped one day to sit down with Rutskoi to talk over old times.

Moscow, 0700 Hours, Thursday, August 22, 1991

For a fleeting moment, Leonid Shebarshin thought himself lucky for having avoided either joining in the conspiracy against Gorbachev or playing a role in its suppression. But then he thought of Pascal's dictum: Don't call a man lucky while he's still alive; in the best of cases things are just going his way.

Luck aside, Shebarshin had dodged both bullets. Now all he had to do was deal with the aftermath—the hypocrisy and denial he knew was coming. Arriving at Yasenevo early, he found the few officers already at work excited and alert the morning Gorbachev returned to Moscow. They studied him closely, and he felt himself unconsciously assuming a brave, businesslike attitude, cheerfully greeting the guards and the others he met as he entered the First Chief Directorate compound. Shebarshin was relieved that there were few seniors around at the early hour.

The newspapers were delayed, but there was no shortage of sensational coverage by the broadcast media. Shebarshin reviewed the world reaction to events in Moscow. Foreign capitals uniformly welcomed the great victory of democracy, he thought wryly. German Chancellor Helmut Kohl declared that the defeat of the putsch would open a new chapter in the history of Russia and the Soviet Union. British Prime Minister John Major announced the renewal of British aid to the USSR, which had been frozen in conjunction with the coup attempt. France's foreign minister, Roland Dumas, proposed that the European Community invite Gorbachev for a joint discussion of the future of the Soviet Union in Europe. NATO Secretary General Manfred Woerner declared that the leadership of the Soviet Union had now attained greater stability and democracy.

Moscow simmers and democracy celebrates, Shebarshin said to himself. Those who didn't have time to do so yesterday were rushing today to separate themselves from the plotters and align themselves with the ranks of the victors. The time had come to betray yesterday's friends and find witnesses to one's loyalty to the new regime. Gorbachev now appeared before the world and the people of the USSR as an innocent victim of the coup, a person betrayed by those he'd trusted.

But Gorbachev hadn't even had time to recover from his long flight from the Crimea when the first whispers were heard that the President might not have been simply a helpless, captive witness to what was happening. Perhaps he had found himself in a complex situation, one that begged a complex solution. Perhaps he was a little lucky after all to have dodged the bullets, Shebarshin concluded with deep irony. There was more play left in the game.

Later, rifling through his safe, Shebarshin put all registered documents on one side—they should be given to his assistants. Records of Kryuchkov's orders, drafts, and rough notes came next. They should all go immediately into the incinerator. But some documents—for instance, an anonymous paper sourced to one of the new "democrats," which reported in detail on Russian President Boris Yeltsin—could not, he decided, be entrusted to anyone. Shebarshin tore the document himself into small pieces and flushed them down the toilet.

When he finished, Shebarshin checked his safe again and decided that should any new authority become interested in the contents of the safe of the chief of the First Chief Directorate, the man propelled into the KGB's top ranks by Vladimir Kryuchkov, they would find a box with personal documents and a pistol with sixteen rounds. Nothing more.

The pistol was carefully cleaned and oiled, the clip inserted, but no round chambered. The Makarov, Shebarshin thought as he looked at his service automatic, is a simple, dependable item whose mass fits nicely into the palm of one's hand. The lead content of a single round of ammunition was the equivalent of a person's life, any life, whether worthy or pitiful.

After he had finished reordering his safe, he heard the old Vietnamese clock outside his door strike nine, and as if on cue, the duty officer appeared. Everything was in order, the officer reported, there were no incidents, either in Moscow or abroad. The foreign intelligence service had hunkered down again.

First Chief Directorate Headquarters, Yasenevo, 0900 Hours, Thursday, August 22, 1991

The leadership telephone on the table by his desk rang insistently. Shebarshin lifted the receiver cautiously, knowing the system was limited to some thirty top officials in the USSR, including the head of the First Directorate. He wondered who might be at the other end.

A woman's voice came across the line. "Leonid Vladimirovich? This is the office of Gorbachev. Mikhail Sergeyevich asks that you be at this office at twelve o'clock."

Hesitant, Shebarshin asked a question that might not have been necessary a week earlier: "Where is that?"

The woman, without any hint of surprise, said politely, "Third floor, the Council of Ministers Building in the Kremlin. The Walnut Room."

"Fine, I'll be there," Shebarshin said, and then hung up, thinking there must have been some new turn of events.

Shebarshin decided to move from Yasenevo to Lubyanka in order to be closer to the Kremlin, so as not to be late for his appointment with Gorbachev. As he was driven into central Moscow, he found the city completely calm, no crowds, no flags, no excited faces in the streets. As his car pulled into Dzerzhinsky Square, the landmark toy store, Children's World, opposite the KGB's Lubyanka headquarters was thronged with people as usual. Children's World and Lubyanka, both looking out on the same square, had always fueled Moscow humor, but today there was little room for it. There was a crowd around the statue of Felix Dzerzhinsky, standing tall in front of the Lubyanka. The pedestal of the memorial was defaced with crudely written slogans, including "Down with the KGB." The same letters also appeared on the facade of the KGB buildings—even, oddly, English slogans such as "Fuck this KGB!" It is all for the benefit of the international press, Shebarshin thought with irritation, whose cameras are capturing every twist in our fate.

Shebarshin was angered by what he saw, thinking that these new slogans were probably written by the same small people who scribbled their dirty little jokes on the walls of public toilets. They have now turned to politics, he mused, shrugging. The thought was not a calming one.

The Kremlin, 1145 Hours, Thursday, August 22, 1991

Identity documents were being carefully checked at the Kremlin's Borovitsky gate; the number of guards was greater than usual, and they were serious and alert. Shebarshin saw two huge Zils parked at the entrance and spotted the chairman of the general staff, General Moiseyev, heading toward the Walnut Room, which had already begun to fill with somber, serious-looking men. The two men greeted each other briefly but were unable to speak before Gorbachev entered the room. After shaking a few hands, the President drew Shebarshin into an adjoining room.

The conversation was brief and animated. "What was Kryuchkov after?" Gorbachev asked. "What orders were given to the KGB? Did Grushko know about the coup?"

Shebarshin felt uncomfortable with his answers; it was as if they were some sort of confession. He had bumped into Viktor Grushko, who was now the senior KGB official after Kryuchkov's arrest. He'd seen the fear in his eyes when he'd told him he had been called in to meet Gorbachev.

Shebarshin would also feel disappointed with himself, but only later, because his intense dislike of Gorbachev had somehow disappeared when he was face-to-face with him. When he described his meeting with Kryuchkov on August 19, Gorbachev exclaimed, "That bastard! I believed him more than anyone else, him and Yazov. You know that."

Shebarshin nodded in assent. When he was asked again by Gorbachev whether Viktor Grushko had been part of the plot, he said, "I don't know. Perhaps he knew about it." Shebarshin wondered momentarily why the President seemed so certain that he himself hadn't been involved in the plot. But the grilling continued.

"Who is your border guard chief?"

"Ilya Yakovlevich Kalinichenko," Shebarshin answered.

"The way they surrounded me, stood guard over me," the President mused, "the order was given to fire should anyone attempt to get through."

Shebarshin tried to say something in defense of Kalinichenko, a man he considered incapable of evil. But the President ignored him.

Then Gorbachev said he was appointing Shebarshin temporary Chairman of the KGB. "Go now and assemble the deputy chiefs and advise them of this decision," he ordered. "And issue the order for your colleagues to prepare reports on their actions during August 19 to 21. Send them personally to me in a sealed envelope."

As he returned to the Walnut Room, the brand-new KGB chairman, instead of suspicion, found symbolic handshakes and friendly, warm smiles. *Just in case,* he thought dryly.

The Lubyanka, 1300 Hours, Thursday, August 22, 1991

Shebarshin returned to KGB headquarters and announced the President's decision to the few colleagues gathered there. There were no immediate questions, and he found instant agreement to his order that the senior leadership cadre be gathered the following day to decide on the next steps. Shebarshin called for the creation of a commission to investigate the activity of the KGB during the coup and appointed Gennady Titov to head it. He thought Titov would be a good investigator but wondered whether they would let him remain head of the commission. Titov was a controversial old-line KGB officer who had as many enemies as friends. He could handle the job, but perhaps not the politics, Shebarshin thought.

After the brief meeting, Shebarshin walked the long corridor to his new office. Along the way, he was stopped by a friend from the Ninth who reported that Boris Pugo, former member of the Ministry of the Interior and one of the coup plotters, had killed himself with his own gun. Shebarshin knew Pugo and wondered why the honest and dedicated man had to take his own life. Were he and his co-conspirators so sure of the success of their enterprise that failure was tantamount to death?

Eternal memory to Boris Karlovich Pugo, Shebarshin thought dryly. He would have the same feeling later when he learned that Marshal Akhromeyev, another of the coup plotters and, yes, another honorable man, had hanged himself.

11

Moscow, 1530 Hours, Thursday, August 22, 1991

Dave Rolph had kept his team fanned out across Moscow since Monday, and as the mood in Moscow shifted from fear to jubilation, his officers were out there in the crowd capturing the images of a failed counterrevolution that had by now caught the imagination of the world.

One of Rolph's officers was mingling with the growing crowd around Dzerzhinsky Square, noting that some had begun to paint slogans on the wall of the Lubyanka, while others were gathering around the statue of Felix Dzerzhinsky, Moscow's cast-bronze symbol of repression. He began snapping pictures like everybody else, thinking that before it was over, he might get lucky and get that one photograph that summed up the history of what was happening in the square.

The Lubyanka, 1530 Hours, Thursday, August 22, 1991

The chief of physical security for the KGB's Dzerzhinsky complex reported to the new Chairman of the KGB that the crowd in the square outside had grown and that it might be getting ready to storm the building. What were his orders?

"Close and block all doors and gates, check the gratings," said Shebarshin. "Under no circumstances, no matter what the situation, are firearms to be used. I'll order the Moscow authorities to contact the militia."

With great difficulty, the security department at the KGB headquarters was able to find someone from the militia leadership who promised to send help. But they never showed up. Shebarshin dismissed it as another sign of confusion and uncertainty in all of Moscow's institutions. Not long after that, he received a call from the Soviet prosecutor's office advising him that criminal charges had been filed against Kryuchkov. He was further advised that a team was ready to head over to search Kryuchkov's office.

"All right, let them come," he said without hesitation. The call was followed immediately by another from the Russian Federation's prosecutor's office, advising the new KGB Chairman that the Russian Federation had also initiated criminal charges against Kryuchkov. They were sending a team of investigators to search Kryuchkov's office and would be accompanied by a team from Central Television.

Television! Shebarshin reacted in a flash. But he immediately resigned himself to the new way of things. What's the difference? he thought. He told the Russian Federation prosecutor to send over his investigators and to let them know that there would also be a team from the Soviet Union prosecutor's office.

In ten minutes, there were a dozen justice investigators led by the general prosecutor of the Russian Federation. Their appearance was sharply different from what Shebarshin and his colleagues were used to seeing within the confines of the Lubyanka—few wore coats and ties, and they all look rumpled somehow. Shebarshin found them polite but slightly agitated. To his surprise, they seemed to make decisions quickly and sensibly. They divided into groups, and one tackled Kryuchkov's office while another set off for Kryuchkov's dacha, where the former KGB Chairman's wife, Ekaterina Petrovna, had been weeping for the last two days. A third group was dispatched to Kryuchkov's Moscow apartment to begin its search.

Shebarshin took in the activity about him and asked his aide for a strong cup of tea. Then he began to write his report for Gorbachev. As he was writing, the leadership telephone rang. He picked up the receiver and heard Gorbachev's voice: "I have signed your temporary appointment as acting KGB Chairman," he said. "Get to work!"

Sitting there in the Chairman's office, Shebarshin wondered why it was that three hours ago, or even now, for that matter, he never had the thought of declining this appointment. Was it force of habit that he should never refuse? Was it discipline? Perhaps it was his training to always obey his seniors, particularly since in this instance it had been the President himself who commanded his fate. But Shebarshin made an unpleasant discovery, which he tried to suppress. It was simply vanity, he decided. Leonid Shebarshin, the son of a shoemaker from Marina Woods, most recently a common intelligence officer, has become the head of the Committee for State Security.

People are weak, he decided. It is all about vanity.

Langley, 0745 Hours, Thursday, August 22, 1991

The pile of cable traffic on my desk seemed to grow each morning after the coup collapsed. As I flipped through the reports, I was able to keep track of the new trajectory of the Soviet Union about as well as anyone else in Washington, Moscow, or other world capitals, which still wasn't very good.

This morning I had a situation report stating that the crowds building in central Moscow were becoming more brazen and that it might not take much to spark a real riot. The most volatile crowds seemed to be forming up at the Lubyanka, and many seemed to be spurred on by that old Russian standby, free-flowing vodka. In short, fear had changed sides.

Dzerzhinsky Square, 2130 Hours, Thursday, August 22, 1991

The crowd of some twenty thousand packed into Dzerzhinsky Square cheered the prospect of toppling the statue of "Iron" Felix. All over Moscow, crowds had been pulling down the bronze testaments to Bolshevism and hauling them off to a temporary graveyard next to the Tretyakov Gallery. Now it was Dzerzhinsky's turn.

Under the watchful eye of the Russian militia, the Moscow city government had assumed charge of the operation, and it had taken most of Saturday to find a crane big enough for the task. As the crane eased into position next to the statue, the crowd began to sing a song about Magadan, the western Siberian city most famously known for its role as a key part of Stalin's disposal system—the Gulag. Sergei Stankevich, the young deputy mayor of Moscow, leaned into the microphone to lead the chorus. Stankevich was a poor conductor, and the singing was ragged, but the crowd seemed unwilling to abandon the mournful lyrics.

Inside the Lubyanka, looking out on the square from behind a fifth-floor window, Leonid Shebarshin stood back in the shadows. He watched the crane by the statue, the volunteer "executioner" climbing atop Dzerzhinsky's shoulders, encircling the neck and torso of the first head of the Soviet secret intelligence service with the crane's iron cable. The "executioner" straightened up, hitched up his falling pants, and gestured with his hand. "Ready! Proceed with the hanging."

He is probably a rigger, Shebarshin thought. Naturally, Moscow Deputy Mayor Sergei Stankevich himself couldn't put on the noose. No, there were always those who gave orders and those who followed them.

Finally, the statue lifted off its pedestal, and the symbol of repression that had towered over the square since 1926 was laid on its side. In a few more days, it would be hauled off to the field near Gorky Park to join the corpses of Lenin that had already begun piling up in the makeshift graveyard.

Few in the crowd seemed to notice the letters and logo emblazoned across the counterweight of the giant crane—KRUPP. But David Rolph's officer in the crowd at Dzerzhinsky Square brought his camera up at just that moment and snapped the picture he'd been waiting most of the day to get.

Only after the photographs were developed overnight would the irony of a German crane lifting the bronze statue of Dzerzhinsky become the subject of whispers. Many would later opine that some sort of historical irony had just played itself out—that Dzerzhinsky's statue, itself thought to be cast from the bronze barrels of Krupp cannon forged for wars long since past, was finally hauled off its perch by a crane built by the same German conglomerate.

An exhausted Leonid Shebarshin returned to his dacha in the early hours of the morning. His wife, Nina, was waiting for him, worried. She had heard about his appointment. "Do you think it's for long?" she asked.

“I think it will be for just a few days,” he answered.

Moments later, Shebarshin fell into a deep sleep, his last thought not to forget to ask the *Rezidents* the next day about the state of mind of their personal staffs and, more important, of their intelligence agents. It was essential that the helpers be reassured.

The Lubyanka, 0300 Hours, Friday, August 23, 1991

Dzerzhinsky Square was deserted three hours after midnight when a small group of KGB officers, unaccustomed to looking over their own shoulders, furtively made their way through the clutter and trash littering the square to the fallen statue of their founder. In dark paint they printed out the words on the pedestal that Iron Felix would carry with him into his uncertain future:

> DEAR FELIX, WE ARE SORRY THAT
> WE COULDN’T SAVE YOU
> BUT YOU WILL REMAIN WITH US.

Then they disappeared into the night.

Moscow, 0600 Hours, Friday, August 23, 1991

Shebarshin woke with a start. For a few moments he wasn’t sure it hadn’t all been a bad dream—the emergency committee, Kryuchkov’s arrest, Dzerzhinsky’s “execution.” The events of the previous day seemed like fragments of a film—the meeting with Gorbachev, the investigators in Kryuchkov’s office, it was all a disjointed jumble.

Awake now, he wondered what the day would bring. He knew trouble would be coming. But he also knew that the new democrats would eventually realize that no government can rule without state security. Unfortunately, in the exuberance of victory, in vengeful celebration, they would not think of the future. Yes, there would be trouble, and soon, he decided.

Two hours later he was back at Lubyanka, already caught in a struggle with tradition. An acting chief was never supposed to sit in the office of the Chairman of the KGB. It was not just a matter of appropriate reticence, but one of deep Russian superstition. To sit in a chair prematurely would frighten off success. But Shebarshin decided that the drama of the situation demanded he dispense with tradition and ignore superstition. He took over at Kryuchkov's desk.

The Chairman's office was huge, somber, and now free of any lingering trace of its previous occupant. Kryuchkov had been a man indifferent to his surroundings; he simply did not notice them. All he'd needed was a well-lit desk, his telephones, and any kind of ballpoint pen, no matter how cheap. The pens stood fanlike in a tumbler. As soon as he sat down, Shebarshin was assaulted by a flood of calls on the bank of nearby telephones: internal calls from the special Kremlin phones, calls on the supreme command link, and calls on lines he simply could not identify. He decided to switch the telephones to his assistants, leaving only the leadership and supreme command phones to himself.

The reports coming in were familiar: The KGB was under threat; some forces were preparing to storm the building; all the chiefs were awaiting orders. Shebarshin decided that he must reinforce his rule of the previous day: The KGB cannot allow itself to be drawn into any confrontation with the crowd.

The phone rang again. This time it was the chief of the investigative directorate, reporting that the supporters of Moscow dissident Valeria Novodvorskaya were preparing to storm the Lefortovo Prison to free their leader. Shebarshin was familiar with Novodvorskaya and had always dismissed her as part of what he considered the hysterical end of the political spectrum. But he also understood that it was precisely that end of the political spectrum that was now in charge.

Almost wearily he asked, "Do we have her?"

"We do," the chief of investigations answered.

"What should we do?"

"Release her."

"Who can authorize that?" Shebarshin asked.

"You can."

"Then release her," Shebarshin said with finality.

Langley, 2345 Hours, Thursday, August 22, 1991

It had been a long day, I thought as I drafted a cable to Rolph telling him that at his next meeting with Krassilnikov he might see if the general was interested in "reinsuring with us." But gently, I instructed my Moscow chief. Do it with finesse.

Before I closed up, I just sat there alone in my office, trying to come to grips with the drama that now seemed to have played out with such finality. Was this it? I wondered. Was history really going to play another of its anticlimactic tricks, dragging us along for almost half a century in a struggle that seemed so endless that it had defined generations—it had certainly defined mine—and then just get tired and call it quits? Was I missing something? Were the hard-liners like Redmond right? Would we all arrive in Langley some Monday morning and find the Berlin Wall neatly restored and propping up the Humpty-Dumpty of the Warsaw Pact?

None of this really made any sense at the end of two turbulent weeks. Maybe it would take a little more time to sink in, I decided, and pulled the vault door closed and initialed the sign-out sheet.

Lubyanka, 1400 Hours, August 23, 1991

Shebarshin had not been wrong when he'd told his wife that he'd probably hold the acting chairmanship of the KGB for only a couple of days. In the afternoon after the festivities at Dzerzhinsky Square, he was advised by the President's office that Vadim Bakatin, the minister of the interior and a liberal oppositionist, had been appointed Chairman of the KGB, effective immediately. Shebarshin would continue on concurrently as Vice Chairman of the KGB and as head of the First Chief Directorate's foreign intelligence service.

Shebarshin understood that he would hold an important record in the annals of the Soviet Union—he had been chairman of the Committee for State Security, the twenty-first in the line of succession that began with Felix Edmundovich Dzerzhinsky in 1917, but only for a single day.

Moscow, 1230 Hours, Monday, August 25, 1991

The two men didn't have to huddle in the backseat of a KGB Volga this time. Moscow was suddenly an open city, and they could talk more comfortably over lunch in a Chinese restaurant inside the Peking Hotel.

As Rolph ate the Russian-Chinese food and talked about the coup and its stunning aftermath, he could see that Krassilnikov was a changed man. For one thing, Krassilnikov observed that Boris Yeltsin had shown great courage by standing up to the coup plotters. When Rolph reminded him of his earlier words—that if Yeltsin wanted a confrontation, he'd get one—the old man shrugged. I didn't mean a military confrontation, the KGB general explained. I meant an ideological one. We were misled and misinformed by the emergency committee. Fortunately, the Second Chief Directorate never got its hands dirty with the plotters. It had no involvement in the coup, he stressed.

As Rolph listened and studied Krassilnikov's deeply lined face, he finally eased into his pitch.

"You know, Rem, I have really come to enjoy the time we spend together. These meetings have been very useful for me. Of course, we don't know which way things are going to end up now. But as a friend, if there is anything I can do to help you, I would be happy to. I have no authority to say this, of course, I'm speaking just as a friend, but if you need anything . . ."

A stern look crossed Krassilnikov's face, and he raised his hand and held it in front of Rolph. "Stop. Don't do this."

Rolph brought his pitch to a halt. Rem Krassilnikov, the professor of counterintelligence, was not interested in working for the CIA, no matter how bleak the outlook for the KGB.

Rolph abandoned his recruitment efforts, and Rem Krassilnikov refused to let the incident interrupt their meeting. He went right back to explaining the KGB's new realities.

With Yeltsin now calling the shots, the KGB was to be broken up, Krassilnikov revealed. The First Chief Directorate was to become independent, as were the signal intelligence units of the Eighth and Sixteenth Directorates—the KGB's version of the NSA. The border guards and VIP security units would also be split off. Vadim Bakatin, a liberal former interior minister who had already proposed ways to reform the intelligence service, was to run the KGB. And guess who would be a member of an "advisory" panel, helping Bakatin "reform" the KGB? Why, Rem Krassilnikov's boss, Gennady Titov, the current head of the Second Chief Directorate.

And that's when Rolph realized: *These guys won't give up easily.*

But Bakatin moved quickly to break up the KGB. He summed up his view of the organization in the immediate aftermath of the coup: *You see, the most terrible thing is that the KGB in its old form had an absolute monopoly on government communications, total surveillance, secrecy, the encrypting and decrypting of documents, the protection of the USSR's borders, and even the protection of the president. That, I am sure, played the decisive role in the coup. The danger for the Soviet Union was precisely in the very structure of its security organs—that's the paradox!*

12

The Lubyanka, Moscow, Mid-September 1991

Robert Strauss was as smooth an operator as I had seen in over a quarter century of dealing with smooth operators and trying, sometimes with grave self-doubt, to be one myself. Though I had made that decision in my first meeting with Strauss, the high-stakes poker player from Texas, the Democratic Party healer, and one of the shrewdest lawyers to work Washington's K Street, watching him here in the Lubyanka, not more than a hundred feet from Yuri Andropov's museum office overlooking Dzerzhinsky Square, I knew I had been right about America's new ambassador to Moscow from the moment we first met.

I had briefed Strauss on the USSR, from the CIA's perspective, as soon as he was confirmed as President George H. W. Bush's envoy to the Kremlin. He'd put me at ease with a couple of old J. Edgar Hoover stories from his days as an FBI agent in Dallas to set the mood and probably to let me know that he knew a little something about my world.

"I was a young agent in the Dallas Field Office when J. Edgar made one of his imperial visits," Strauss told me in that down-home Texas drawl I'd grown up with. "I was picked as the guy to drive him around, but there was one catch. J. Edgar didn't like his drivers to make left turns. I guessed it was because he never wanted to be broadsided, but anyway it was a pretty big thing back then. So I'd have to figure a way to drive him all over Dallas without making any left turns!"

I guessed Bob Strauss was telling me how he navigated his way through the tricky intersections of life, not just how he'd gotten the

FBI Director through Dallas traffic. He also told me how he took the job of ambassador to Moscow when it was offered by a Republican President.

"I was sitting there in front of George Bush's desk in the oval office as he asked me to go to Moscow for him. I said that I had not voted for him the last time and that I'd probably never vote for him. But the President said that didn't matter and that the man he wanted in Moscow was me."

While I was briefing him on what was going on, Strauss cut to the chase.

"What do I tell the Soviets when they ask why I'm the President's man in Moscow?"

"It's easy," I told him. "Tell them that the President sent you to Moscow not because you know a damn thing about Russia or how the Soviet Union works. He sent you because you know everything about how Washington works."

Strauss looked at me like a guy who has just filled in a straight flush and said, "I'm gonna like you, Milt."

Now, sitting with this old fox and watching him handle Boris Yeltsin's new KGB Chairman, Vadim Bakatin, the former minister of the interior fired by Gorbachev as he scrambled to distance himself from the liberals in the summer of 1991, I knew that George Bush had sent the right man to Moscow.

Bakatin asked Strauss a number of questions, and then the new KGB Chairman turned to me.

"How many analysts do you have in CIA?"

"Around two thousand," I answered.

Bakatin called an aide over to the table and asked him how many analysts the KGB had. After hearing the man's answer, he turned back to me. "He says we have less than a dozen!" His tone was one of exasperation. The KGB had never put much stock in analysis, since for generations the Kremlin had not wanted to hear bad news.

Bakatin said that the time had come to end the Cold War contest between our agencies. He complained about all the money and resources spent just on spying against our respective embassies in Moscow and Washington. Pointing to his safe in the corner of his large office, Bakatin said, "In that safe are the complete plans of the efforts to put listening devices in your embassy. Now your embassy stands empty and we are at an impasse!"

Strauss perked up. He and I had talked earlier about ways to get the Soviets to move on the issue of the bugging of our embassy. I had briefed him on the claims by the KGB, made to me in Helsinki more than a year earlier, that the embassy was now "safe." But Strauss would need solid proof that the embassy was actually safe for occupation. As the ambassador talked with Bakatin about the need to get the embassy problem behind us, I slipped him a note.

"Ask him to give you the blueprints."

Without casting more than a sideways glance at the note, Strauss continued his statement about getting on with the important work and getting the problem of the bugged embassy resolved once and for all. Then he dropped the bomb.

"Mr. Chairman, there is one way you could help us get over this hurdle of the status of my embassy. Why don't you just give me those blueprints in your safe. I'm sure that would set us on the right course."

I watched the other KGB officers in the room as they leaned forward in their chairs at this point in the conversation. There was something close to shock in their faces as Bakatin's interpreter translated Strauss's suggestion.

Bakatin thought for a moment, then said, "I will be back to you on this, Mr. Ambassador."

Strauss had made his point very smoothly, and I thought Bakatin had been intrigued by the ambassador's suggestion. I then took my turn at speaking and passed along the greetings of our new acting Director of Central Intelligence to the new KGB Chairman. Bill Webster had retired at the end of August, and Dick Kerr was acting DCI, while Robert Gates, the President's nominee to take over at Langley, was working through the confirmation process.

"Mr. Chairman," I said, "our acting Director, Mr. Richard Kerr, sends you his compliments and as an accomplished historian in his own right wanted you to know his view of the events that you have been so personally associated with here in Moscow in the last forty days. Mr. Kerr places the beginning of the twentieth century at August

1914, in the Balkans. And he places the beginning of the twenty-first century at August 1991, in Moscow."

As Bakatin smiled, I felt Strauss turn to look at me twice.

A few moments later, we ended our visit with Bakatin and took a short tour of Yuri Andropov's museum office overlooking Dzerzhinsky, now denuded of the once proud statue of Iron Felix. Then, as Strauss and I were walking down a broad staircase to the parade entrance of the Lubyanka, the ambassador turned to me.

"Milt, how does that 1914 thing you said to Bakatin go again?"

I told him, wondering where the old fox was headed. Strauss thought for a moment and then said, "Milt, I don't want to hear you ever say that again. Not in this town. Not in any other town. You understand me?"

"Sure, Mr. Ambassador. But are you going to tell me why?"

"Yes, I am. That is so goddamn good that it now belongs to me. I'm stealing that from you, and I don't want to hear you say it again." Then he smiled.

I saw the "1914 thing" appear in an interview Bob Strauss gave to *The Washington Post* a few weeks later.

Vadim Bakatin did indeed hand over the blueprints to the KGB's bugging scheme against our embassy in Moscow. No one in Washington really believed that the blueprints were complete, however, so it didn't resolve the debate over what to do with the embassy building.

The action did, however, help get Bakatin fired and earned him a place in KGB history as the most reviled Chairman the organization had ever had.

Moscow, Mid-September 1991

I later met with a group of the new KGB leadership, one of whom provided me with an animated description of the role CNN had played on KGB thinking during the crucial moments of the putsch. The KGB officer staff, uncertain whether to throw in with the supporters of the new emergency committee or the resisters backing Yeltsin, found themselves in an information blackout. Lacking any other source of information on what Kryuchkov and his cohorts were up to, the men in the Lubyanka had tuned in to CNN to watch events in Moscow unfold.

The general summed it up for me, his voice full of irony and amusement. "We are sitting here in KGB headquarters watching CNN like probably you were, Milton, and we see Boris Yeltsin come out of the parliament building and get up on the tank. But we see on CNN that the turrets on the tanks lined up in front are turned in the wrong direction—they are no longer pointed at the parliament. Then the American President, who is on vacation, comes on CNN saying that coups sometimes fail. And by then there are whispers all over Dzerzhinsky that CIA knows more about what is happening right now in Moscow than we do in the KGB. And I even have reports that President Bush has called Boris Yeltsin while he is surrounded by tanks and tells him to be strong! And so we just turn off our phones and go home or to our dachas."

Moscow, September 18, 1991

Vanity had its limits, Shebarshin decided after less than a month on the job as deputy to the new and reform-minded KGB Chairman, Vadim Bakatin. He submitted his resignation on Wednesday, September 18, and it was accepted on Friday. He had spent almost thirty years in the KGB, and now he would retire to his dacha to reflect on what it had really meant. It would take a few years for him to sort through those years, but then he would begin to write it all down.

Moscow, October 1991

David Rolph didn't wait this time for headquarters to tell him to get moving; he decided to take advantage of the revolutionary climate in Moscow by launching an aggressive new campaign to recruit Russian agents. In the upheaval after the failed coup, KGB surveillance in Moscow had all but vanished. For the first time since the start of the

Cold War, CIA officers could walk or drive around Moscow without being followed and could meet Russian officials without fear of exposure or arrest. Moscow was no longer a “denied area.”

Five months earlier, CIA case officers still feared the KGB’s mythical power to follow them everywhere, using what some called “ultra-discreet surveillance.” Now, case officers in Moscow trained in the clandestine arts of “sticks and bricks”—dead drops, chalk marks on walls, burst transmissions—could simply call up a Russian and ask him to lunch.

Moscow Station prepared a list of Soviet and Russian officials who were worth the time and energy to get to know, divided up the names, and started calling them to see if they’d be interested in talking. It was the kind of routine meet-and-greet activity that diplomats conduct the world over, yet it was something that had never been done before by the CIA in Moscow. And it worked. The case officers found that in the wake of the coup, government officials all over Moscow were eager to talk to them, to make their observations and opinions heard in Washington—particularly if it meant a free lunch.

The end of the Soviet Union, like so many upheavals, stirred things up and brought a few old ghosts out of hiding. Long-lost agents, people who had spied for the CIA and then either been arrested or had simply gone underground, now began to come forward, demanding payment for services rendered during the Cold War. One of these was a former GRU officer who’d gone to extraordinary lengths to try to spy for the CIA a decade earlier. Back in 1981, he’d swum down the Moscow River until he’d reached a beach reserved for foreign diplomats. Coming ashore, he had found an American embassy official having a picnic with his family and handed him a note volunteering his services. The note had been turned over to the CIA, and a case officer had been sent out to meet him, but the GRU officer had been quickly caught and arrested.

He was out of prison now, however, and he came to the embassy looking for help, and so the CIA agreed to give him some assistance.

Throughout the fall of 1991, the KGB was a confused mess. Kryuchkov was under arrest, and Boris Yeltsin was determined to defang the intelligence and security apparatus. Not only was the KGB broken up under new chief Vadim Bakatin, as Rem Krassilnikov had predicted, but massive budget cuts were forcing wholesale firings and layoffs. Krassilnikov had survived, but he was no longer the KGB's only contact with the CIA. Now the CIA was meeting representatives from the SVRR, the successor to the First Chief Directorate; the FSB, the successor to the Second Chief Directorate; and even the new Russian republic KGB, which reported directly to Russian President Yeltsin.

Still, there were already signs that the old KGB wasn't going to simply disappear as easily as the East German Stasi.

CIA Headquarters, Langley, Virginia, October 1991

Dottie didn't know the purpose of the meeting, only that it was an interview in the counterintelligence center. I was expected, she had said. And I found myself in a small room at a conference table with Sandy Grimes, Jeanne Vertefeuille, Jim Milburn, and Jim Holt, the latter two FBI officers attached to the CIA to help with the investigation of the 1985 losses that had been given new life when Redmond was transferred to the counterintelligence center.

No one made any effort to conceal what was going on: The panel was looking over the list of possible suspects, and I had been on the list from the start. We went over a number of questions about where and when I became aware of certain compromised operations. Most of them in 1985, I answered. Then came a slightly offbeat question.

"If you were going to spy for the KGB, how would you pull it off?"

I thought only briefly before I responded. "It wouldn't be hard at all," I said. "I have a very quiet but sanctioned contact with the top levels of the KGB, and disappear every so often to have a little talk with them about matters of mutual interest. If I were interested in spying for the KGB, I'd easily be able to roll it into my official contact with them. What would it take?" I said. "A couple pieces of paper passed at one of these meetings and we've got another disaster in SE."

I would learn much later that of all forty-four people interviewed by the counterintelligence panel, only Aldrich Ames would stumble over that question.

Idylwood Park, Vienna, Virginia, Monday, December 16, 1991

Bob Hanssen left one last package for the KGB under a footbridge, this one containing a classified paper entitled “The KGB’s First Chief Directorate: Structure, Functions, and Methods.” It was something that the KGB’s First Chief Directorate might want to see.

In a note that Hanssen left for his KGB handlers, he said that he had been promoted to a new position that was not directly involved in Soviet matters.

Hanssen would soon break contact with Moscow. On a business trip to Indianapolis, apparently in late 1991 or early 1992, he walked into a Catholic church and once again confessed to a priest that he had been spying for the Soviets. Just as he had done after his wife had caught him in 1980, Bob Hanssen had turned to his church to help him purge his sins. Now he was determined to end his double life.

But perhaps Hanssen’s change of heart was not the result just of his religious convictions. Perhaps the collapse of the Soviet Union and the turmoil inside the KGB had something to do with convincing him that spying for Moscow was no longer a good idea. In the end, he would find it impossible to really stop. Eight years later, he would start up with the Soviets one last time.

Langley, December 31, 1991

The Soviet Union had ceased to exist. With little fanfare, a detachment of Red Army soldiers had marched out on the Kremlin wall and had for the last time lowered the Hammer and Sickle, raising in its place the Russian tricolor.

It’s over, I thought. The whole thing we called the Cold War was over. And it felt pretty good. We hadn’t beat them in straight sets, not by any stretch of the imagination. But beat them we had. Our KGB adversaries had been gifted. We might not have been more gifted, but our system was, and in the end we were probably just good enough.

I remember the reaction of the many visitors to the Christmas party we held in our corridor at headquarters when we handed out a party favor unique to our efforts that year and for many years before. It was a white campaign-style button with a red hammer and sickle and star and the words in red across the top, *SE Division Christmas Party 1991.* Below and to the right of the symbol of the USSR were the words

The Party's Over

But it wasn't over—not quite yet.

EPILOGUE

As the Hammer and Sickle was lowered for the last time over the Kremlin at the close of 1991, marking the end of the Soviet Union, the CIA's SE Division disappeared too. Replacing it at Langley was the Central Eurasian Task Force, later to become the Central Eurasian Division, whose new role was more closely linked to monitoring and managing a disintegrating Soviet empire than assaulting it from all quarters. From the Baltics to the Caucasus and Central Asia, the CIA moved quickly to open up new ties to the security and intelligence services of the nations rising from the ashes of the Soviet Union.

Many of the newly independent countries were eager for relationships with the CIA, partly to counterbalance the power of Soviet intelligence. John MacGaffin, who took over the division in January 1992, was rather startled by his first meeting with the new president of Turkmenistan; he was happy to have a visit from a senior CIA official who might be able to tell him about Moscow's attempts to spy on his new government. As they sat in the president's office, the leader's first question for MacGaffin came in a whisper: "Is it safe to talk in here?"

For a time, newly opened CIA stations across Central Asia were lightly staffed and received little interest back at headquarters. It was difficult to imagine in the early and mid-1990s what intelligence could possibly come out of Uzbekistan that would be of much interest to the President of the United States. Washington was reveling in a new world order, and Langley was earnestly in search of a new identity, a new rationale for its existence. Yet even as the agency attempted to re-order and redesign itself, the effort to solve the lingering mystery surrounding the 1985 losses ground on, until February 1994, when an FBI team forced Aldrich Ames's Jaguar to the curb and arrested him on charges of espionage.

Ever since his arrest, the CIA has insisted that Ames was uncovered purely through painstaking analysis, but there is more to the story, a piece of the puzzle that has remained hidden for nearly a decade. In solving the Ames case, the CIA had help from a Russian agent. The agent didn't identify Ames by name, but he did provide information, such as times, dates, and places, that meshed with the background of one suspect—Aldrich Ames.

At first, it seemed that Ames's arrest would allow the mole hunters to close the books on 1985. But their relief was short-lived. Paul Redmond and his team knew within weeks of the arrest that there was at least one other mole still at large. Ames couldn't possibly have known about all of the cases and operations that had been blown over the years—including the investigation of Felix Bloch and several highly sensitive technical intelligence probes. Redmond soon established a new mole hunt unit to track down yet another spy.

In time, Redmond began to suspect that the new mole might be at the FBI, but he was rebuffed by bureau officials who seemed intent on ignoring the warning signs. Determined to take advantage of a weakened and exposed CIA, under fire for having allowed Ames to go undetected for so long, the FBI demanded and won from Congress new powers to take the lead on counterintelligence investigations. In the wake of the Ames case, a senior FBI agent was dispatched to CIA headquarters to take control of the counterespionage group, the spy-hunting unit within the CIA's counterintelligence center. FBI investigators agreed with Redmond that there was another spy—but they were determined to look for the mole inside the CIA. And now they were calling the shots.

Redmond bristled as the FBI trampled on his turf, and he ominously told colleagues that "people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones." Undeterred, FBI officials lorded it over their CIA counterparts, setting counterintelligence policy on their own terms. With the FBI now in charge and eager to consolidate its bureaucratic gains over the CIA, the last thing it wanted to do was launch an investigation that would target its own agents.

And so Robert Hanssen went undiscovered for another seven years, until he was finally arrested in February 2001. Hanssen's arrest blindsided the FBI, and his case would ultimately prove every bit as traumatic for the bureau as the Ames case had been for the CIA. Like Ames before him, Hanssen was discovered with help from a Russian agent—but not the same one.

The Hanssen case seemed to answer many of the questions that had been left unresolved by the arrest of Aldrich Ames: It was Hanssen who had tipped off the KGB that Felix Bloch was under investigation; it was Hanssen who had revealed the existence of the tunnel built under the Soviet embassy in Washington; and it was Hanssen who had betrayed dozens of other FBI technical operations. But maddeningly, even Hanssen couldn't account for everything.

The more investigators kept digging, the more they found that Hanssen, Ames, and Edward Lee Howard—the spies thought to be responsible for the 1985 losses—could not account for all of them. Gradually it became clear that there could be a fourth man, still undiscovered, who was behind at least some of the betrayals.

For starters, there was the case of Sergei Bokhan, the GRU colonel in Athens who defected in May 1985 after receiving a suspicious order to return home. Bokhan received his summons a full month before Ames identified him and five months before Hanssen volunteered his services to the KGB. Edward Lee Howard, who was preparing for an assignment in Moscow when he was fired in 1983, knew only about operations that required internal handling in Moscow. Bokhan was being handled with rigid compartmentalization by Athens, so Howard was eliminated as the source of compromise.

And Bokhan was not the only anomaly. There was also Leonid Polyshchuk, the KGB officer posted to Lagos who'd been arrested unloading a dead drop in Moscow in August. After his arrest, the KGB put out the word that Polyshchuk had been caught because of the vigilant surveillance conducted by the Second and Seventh Chief Directorates. But a careful review of the case strongly suggests that the KGB was tipped off in the spring of 1985, shortly after Polyshchuk arrived in Lagos. The KGB, aware that Polyshchuk had been in the market for an apartment near his parents in Moscow, almost certainly arranged for one to come on the market in order to lure him back to Moscow. Polyshchuk's father sent word to him in Lagos about the good fortune of finding an apartment in early April—well before Ames betrayed him on June 13.

Oleg Gordievsky was another unresolved case. He was recalled to Moscow in May 1985, before Hanssen went to the KGB and before Ames's fateful meeting at Chadwicks. The fact that the KGB questioned but did not immediately arrest Gordievsky suggests that they lacked the hard evidence they had against the other compromised agents. Ames has been held responsible for betraying Gordievsky, and there is no doubt that he identified him to the KGB. But he did so on June 13, by which time Gordievsky was already back in Moscow and under hostile interrogation. Since his arrest, Ames has consistently told the CIA and FBI that he betrayed Gordievsky at Chadwicks in June, when he first gave the KGB his long list of Soviet agents. Both agencies are convinced he is telling the truth. Neither Howard nor Hanssen could have known about Gordievsky.

Finally, there was the case of FAREWELL, the French spy Vladimir Vetrov, arrested in a sensational but highly suspect Moscow murder case in 1982 and then supposedly uncovered as a spy in prison two years later. While the CIA did not know Vetrov by name, the agency had been briefed on his intelligence by the French as early as 1982. This means that someone at the CIA was in a position to report to the KGB that one of its science and technology collection officers was working for French intelligence. Any list of suspects in the KGB's S&T collection directorate would have quickly narrowed to Vetrov. FAREWELL was executed in 1984, at least a year before Howard, Ames, and Hanssen volunteered to the KGB. (It is true, of course, that Hanssen spied for a year or two for the GRU beginning in 1979 and then resumed his espionage career with the KGB in October 1985, but it doesn't appear that he betrayed any of these unresolved cases during his earlier stint as a GRU agent.) Viewed against the pattern of betrayal and misdirection, it is possible, if not probable, that Vetrov was betrayed—like Bokhan, Polyshchuk, and possibly Gordievsky—by an American who has still not been identified.

Could the KGB have caught some or all of these men as a result of its own extensive counterintelligence efforts? Possibly, but then there would not have been any reason for the Soviets to create elaborate cover stories to lure Bokhan and Polyshchuk back home. There also would not have been any reason for the Soviets to create the even more elaborate murder story to cover Vetrov's demise. Gordievsky could have been compromised by his own operational mistakes, but the prospect of betrayal still looms large. The conclusion is almost inescapable that there was a fourth man—an as yet unidentified traitor who may have left Langley or simply stopped spying by 1986.

It is because of suspicions that there are further spies to be uncovered on both sides that mole hunts still quietly grind on in Washington and Moscow, more than a decade after the Soviet Union ceased to exist.

Aldrich Ames's betrayal and arrest played a major role in the evolution of the CIA in the post–Cold War era. The initial after-action investigations, which revealed the shocking ease with which Ames had eluded detection for nine years, prompted bitter recriminations at Langley, and the CIA's inept security soon became fodder for late-night comedians. Just about everyone who'd had a hand in running the show at SE and in the counterintelligence center received letters of reprimand from CIA Director R. James Woolsey, which unnerved an already rattled agency. The finger-pointing erupted just as the CIA was trying to deal with budget cuts, an exodus of experienced officers, and a post–Cold War identity crisis. Woolsey would soon be gone, too, and by the mid-1990s, turnover at the top of the agency was so bad that each new DCI seemed to come in and out through a revolving door.

Though it had long been suspected in counterintelligence circles that Langley had been penetrated by Moscow, investigators had been hampered by a deep resistance within the agency to a return to the witch-hunting days of the Angleton era. After Ames's arrest, the pendulum swung hard in the other direction. Hundreds of officers were made to endure torturous polygraph reexaminations. Some were forced to stand idle, unable to perform their jobs, while awaiting the resolution of phantom security issues that prevented them from taking part in classified activities. Senior officers with long records of successful clandestine operations were subjected to wasteful and demeaning scrutiny based on the flimsiest of evidence. Since Ames had skated through his last polygraph examination so easily, the CIA's Office of Security became wary of giving its seal of approval to any polygraph.

Security officials even reopened scores of old investigations after reviewing past polygraph examinations. If Ames had beaten the machine, how many others might also have defeated it in years past?

Pressure from the outside was building, too. With the Cold War's end, public and congressional scrutiny of the agency's operations increased, and the nation's tolerance for expensive and dangerous intelligence activities waned. New political considerations intruded at Langley as a result, and a cautious, risk-averse climate took hold. The CIA sought desperately to be "correct"—to look like the rest of America. Convinced that the agency was lost and drifting, many of the CIA's best managers and field officers, the people who had fought the Cold War, headed for the exits. The CIA of the late 1990s had become like the U.S. Army of the 1930s: a peacetime service mired in petty bureaucratic battles and drifting without a clear mission.

September 11, 2001, changed everything. When the terrorists struck, the CIA did, indeed, look like America. The percentage of DO officers with prior military service was only a tiny fraction of the organization, and its WASPish adventurers had disappeared. Officers and their families, like most Americans, were in no hurry to rush off to places where you had to boil your drinking water and check under the car for bombs—let alone keep an eye in the rearview mirror not for local surveillance teams, but for the guy back there on the motorcycle who might want to kill you. Risk aversion had replaced the boldness and romanticism of the old guard. The DO had no bench to draw from when things heated up.

But ready or not, the CIA was thrown back into the game. Less than a month after the twin towers collapsed, the CIA, in tandem with the United States military, was in Afghanistan. Its mission this time was to capture or kill Osama bin Laden and his cohorts—and to neutralize and punish those who protected them.

To meet the immediate challenge, the agency began making badly needed changes. It brought in new officers from the military, cross-training them in the trade and craft of human intelligence and the languages needed, and tried to get them out to the field as soon as possible. The agency got off to a reasonable start, but the challenges in Afghanistan are far from squarely met. Afghanistan is an unforgiving land, a graveyard of empires, and it will be there that a reinvigorated CIA will pass or fail its most difficult test.

To observers unfamiliar with the martial history of the land between the Indus and the Oxus, America's foray into Afghanistan—Operation Enduring Freedom—seemed to be a textbook example of how to mount an insurgency using indigenous forces. CIA officers, along with U.S. and allied special operations forces, moved quickly and quietly into Afghanistan, where they reestablished old contacts and linked up with the Northern Alliance, the anti-Taliban force that had shrewdly been cobbled together by the late Ahmed Shah Massoud. With U.S. airpower clearing the way, they raced to Kabul. In less than five weeks, the Taliban had been routed and the Afghan capital liberated—with more casualties among journalists covering the war than in the U.S. military in that first blitz. It wasn't until November that American forces took their first casualty, CIA officer Johnny Micheal Spann, killed during the revolt at Qala-i-Jangi prison fortress.

Enduring Freedom looked easy—maybe a little too easy, like the British march on Kabul in 1839 or the Soviet Christmas invasion in 1979. All three enterprises had a common thread—getting in was almost painless. Then Afghan history always kicks in. The British would founder and be forced into retreat in January 1842, three years after their fluid entry. They marched out of Kabul with a column of 16,500 souls, headed east to their garrison at Jalalabad, a distance of 110 miles. A single British officer made it to safety. Almost a century and a half later, the Soviets faced a similar fate. After a flawless invasion, the Red Army bogged down, and a decade later it limped home across the Oxus after giving up almost 15,000 dead. Their Afghan misadventure would also cost the Soviets an empire.

Now, in the second year of America's Afghan enterprise, there is less talk of things being easy. The accounts of Operation Enduring Freedom and Leonid Shebarshin's sobering analysis of Soviet operations in the Panjshir in 1984 have begun to sound hauntingly familiar: crisp military briefers giving cheerily optimistic but unconvincing accounts of a beaten enemy, of high enemy body counts, but again without the bodies. "How can thirteen hundred rebels carry off seventeen hundred of their dead—and their weapons?" Shebarshin naively asked the 40th Army briefing officer in Ahmad Shah Massoud's Panjshir Valley in 1984. Those same questions have already been asked by journalists briefed on the battles of Tora Bora and Shah-i-Kot. And more are now asking how it is that those we have liberated seem to shell and rocket our troops with such regularity.

According to the premier historian on Afghanistan, the late Louis Dupree, four factors contributed to the British disasters in Afghanistan: having troops there in the first place; installing an unpopular emir on the Afghan throne; allowing "your" Afghans to mistreat other Afghans; and reducing the subsidies paid to the tribal chiefs. These fatal miscalculations, barely altered in form, were committed by the British in 1839 and again in 1878, and a century later by the Soviets. They are being committed today, and how we deal with them will determine the ultimate outcome of the American undertaking in Afghanistan.

The United States may not have placed a wildly unpopular emir on the throne—indeed, America's choice for an Afghan leader, Hamid Karzai, was the least objectionable of the possible candidates—but Afghan politics, always murky, is as much defined by the contenders to the throne as by the occupant. The real power in Kabul after the rout of the Taliban is not Hamid Karzai but Marshal Mohammad Qasim Fahim, the successor to the murdered Ahmad Shah Massoud. Fahim is a Tajik, a Panjshiri with a reputation for ruthlessness. He has, to be sure, violated Dupree's third dictum by grossly mistreating other segments of the Afghan population, notably and most dangerously the majority Pashtuns. As each day passes, Fahim is increasingly viewed by the Pashtun population and some other ethnic groups as the unpopular emir America has placed on the throne. Finally, the continued failure of the United States and its allies to make good on the pledges of massive reconstruction assistance—more than $4 billion pledged but undelivered—amounts to the same as the reduction of tribute paid by the nineteenth-century British to the tribal chiefs. This failure of the United States and its allies to engage in nation building is behind much of the unrest in the provinces.

Afghanistan, a year into its "American era," is troubled and dangerous, but it is not hopeless. The success or failure of the Afghan enterprise will depend in large measure on how the United States manages to build alliances with the inhabitants of all of Afghanistan, not just the Tajiks from the Panjshir Valley. The CIA will have to rekindle and nurture old relationships with the dominant Pashtuns of eastern Afghanistan and undertake measures to convince the broader population to take a stake in a new Afghanistan and join in its reconstruction. It is a daunting task and the learning curve is short. But failure could allow the country to become a haven for international terrorists once again. Afghanistan will thus be the ultimate testing ground for the new CIA as it seeks to remake itself for the global war on terrorism.

More than ten years have passed since we left off this story, and a vastly different set of struggles consumes our protagonists these days.

Of the Russians, Rem Krassilnikov retired from the KGB with the Order of the October Revolution for his brilliant work against the Americans. He lives in Moscow with his wife, Nellie, and has written two books covering his years in counterintelligence. One is about his CIA adversaries, *The Phantoms of Tchaikovsky Street,* and the second deals with his years of tracking British intelligence.

Leonid Shebarshin lives in Moscow, where he heads the private Russian National Economic Security Service with its offices in Dynamo Stadium, home of the old KGB soccer team. He has written his memoirs and remains philosophical about the collapse of the Soviet Union. A mural on his office wall hints at his lingering sentiments, with its heroic scenes of Stalingrad and the Bolshevik revolution. He has traveled in Eastern Europe, but has politely declined invitations to visit the United States for what he terms “obvious reasons.”

Viktor Cherkashin retired in 1995 and settled down in Moscow. He is a proud grandfather, whose most recent progeny is a grandson born to his daughter and the American husband she met while studying in California. Cherkashin has traveled to the United States on several occasions but has steadfastly resisted approaches by the FBI. He now splits his time between international consulting and relaxing with his growing family at his dacha outside Moscow.

Vitaly Yurchenko miraculously survived his defection and redefection and has since worked in Moscow as a bank security officer. He refused all requests for an interview. He is uniformly despised as a traitor by his former KGB colleagues, some of whom believe that at an appropriate moment "justice" will be meted out to the traitor Yurchenko somewhere along the Moscow River.

Valentin Klimenko rose from counterintelligence supervisor in the Second Chief Directorate to become chief of Russia's new internal security service, the FSB. He is currently *Rezident* in Israel.

Aleksandr "Sasha" Zhomov, whom Klimenko launched against Jack Downing as PROLOGUE, is chief of the FSB's American Department. He admits he is obsessed with finding the man or men who he is convinced betrayed Aldrich Ames and Robert Hanssen and has pledged to stay with the hunt until he has found his man.

Oleg Gordievsky lives in the United Kingdom. He and his wife, Leila, have divorced, though she and their daughters, Anna and Maria, were finally allowed to resettle in England. Gordievsky has written two books with British author Christopher Andrew detailing his life working for Moscow Center: *KGB* and *Next Stop Execution.* He is mulling over the idea of a Russian cookbook.

Gennady Vasilenko survived his interrogation at Lefortovo Prison from January to June 1988, though he was reduced in rank and fired without pension for misconduct in his association with Jack Platt. He and Platt remain close friends, and Vasilenko now works on private security investigations in Moscow when he is not hunting in Russia's birch forests.

Valentin Aksilenko broke with Moscow and resettled in Virginia, where he lectures on the Soviet Union and the KGB and engages in business consulting. Sasha Zhomov considers Aksilenko a short-list suspect in the betrayal of Aldrich Ames, but he is wrong.

Among the Afghans, Ahmad Shah Massoud, the legendary "Lion of Panjshir," the man who was to strike a delicate balance between the Soviet occupiers of Afghanistan and the Americans supplying the rebels, was assassinated on September 9, 2001. The CIA believes he was murdered by al-Qaeda, linking his killing to the perpetrators of the terrorist attacks against America two days later. Osama bin Laden almost certainly ordered his death because he knew that an American retaliation for the attacks on New York and Washington would rely on Massoud and his Northern Alliance.

Abdul Haq was executed by the Taliban in Afghanistan in October

2001 as he sought to rally anti-Taliban forces to his side, just weeks before American-backed Northern Alliance forces surged to victory.

Jalaluddin Haqqani, the fierce mujahideen commander of Paktia Province, reached an accord with the Taliban after their 1994 victory. By the time the United States attacked Afghanistan in 2001, Haqqani was on the U.S. wanted list. He is still at large.

Gulbuddin Hekmatyar was driven into exile in Iran by the Taliban in 1995. He returned to Afghanistan in 2001 to rally Pashtun resistance against American forces. The CIA launched a Hellfire missile from an unmanned Predator drone in Afghanistan in 2002 in an unsuccessful attempt to kill Hekmatyar. He is now a hunted man.

Engineer Ghaffar, the team leader in the first stunning Stinger attack against Soviet helicopter gunships outside Jalalabad in September 1986, was killed late in the war when he stepped on a land mine.

In Pakistan, Lieutenant General Hamid Gul retired from the Pakistani Army and went into politics. According to U.S. government sources, he has become linked to extremist groups both in Pakistan and in Afghanistan, and after September 11, 2001, he was characterized by officials at the CIA as “the most dangerous man in Pakistan.” Hamid Gul described the September 11 attacks as an “Israeli conspiracy.”

On the American side, Clair George was convicted in 1992 of giving false testimony before two congressional committees in 1986, during the Iran-contra investigation. He received a pardon from President George H. W. Bush on Christmas Eve 1992. Later, he did consulting work for Ringling Brothers. He is now retired and lives in the Washington area.

Richard Stolz retired for a second time from the CIA in 1991 and now lives in Williamsburg, Virginia. He has been engaged in a number of consulting activities involving political and economic developments in Eastern Europe, in particular Bulgaria.

Tom Twetten retired in 1996 and moved with his wife, Kay, to the “Northeast Kingdom” in Vermont, where he has become an award-winning bookbinder and successful seller of rare antiquarian books. He is also making the rounds on the lecture circuit.

Jack Downing retired from the CIA in 1996 but was called back to serve as DDO from 1997 to 1999 to try to restore flagging morale in the clandestine services. He has since done work for both Congress and the Pentagon.

Ted Price succeeded Tom Twetten as DDO and retired in 1996. He has since served at the executive level at several corporations involved in international security and risk assessment.

After spending much of his career on the front lines of the Cold War battling the KGB, Burton Gerber retired from the CIA in 1995, four years after the collapse of the Soviet Union. He now does volunteer work in the Washington area and speaks publicly on the ethics of espionage.

During a liaison visit between the CIA and Russian intelligence in Moscow after the collapse of the Soviet Union, David Rolph mischievously locked his new boss, John MacGaffin, out of a sauna at a KGB dacha, after MacGaffin had gone outside to experience the bracing effects of the Russian winter and snow. After Rolph finally let him back in, an unamused MacGaffin told Rolph, "You're going to Botswana." Rolph left Moscow in 1993 and returned to CIA headquarters for an assignment in the DO's Africa Division. Rolph later served in Turkey and Bosnia and held other posts before retiring in 2000. For a time he worked with former KGB officer and defector Viktor Sheymov in a computer security venture; he now works with a Washington-area high-tech company.

Paul Redmond retired from the CIA in 1999, but was called back in 2001 to assess the damage to national security from the Hanssen case.

Jack Platt retired with predictable flair on "International Workers Day"—May 1—in 1987. He is a partner in an international security company and works closely with his old adversaries assisting American businesses in Moscow.

Paul Stombaugh left the CIA in the mid-1990s to take over as CEO of York Barbell, an international sports equipment enterprise, and a Pennsylvania investment group, Susquehanna Investment.

Steve Weber died of a heart attack while visiting his native Budapest in 1994.

Edward Lee Howard, according to Russian police authorities, died in Moscow on July 12, 2002, as a result of an accidental fall in his residence. His body was cremated privately at the instructions of his next of kin.

Aldrich Ames and Robert Hanssen are in federal prison and will remain there for the rest of their lives.

A NOTE ON SOURCES

The Main Enemy is an oral history based on hundreds of interviews with dozens of intelligence officers who played critical, hands-on roles on both sides of the Cold War competition between the CIA and KGB. In many cases, our sources asked that they not be identified. In the cases of the KGB sources, the coauthors used both the interview method and written responses to specific questions or written materials provided by the former KGB officers themselves.

The written answers to questions posed to General Leonid Shebarshin, as well as excerpts from his memoirs published in Russian that he graciously provided, added critical texture to the characterization of the Soviet side of the Afghan period as well as the tumultuous days of August 1991 at Lubyanka and Yasenevo. We are greatly appreciative of his assistance. Similarly, Rem Krassilnikov's patient cooperation and his writings, particularly his account of CIA operations and activities in Moscow cited in the bibliography, provided unique insight into the workings of the KGB's Second Chief Directorate as it tracked its main adversary. We are deeply in Krassilnikov's debt for his help.

The minutes of Politburo meetings and records of conversations between Soviet Politburo members made available by the Gorbachev Foundation and Anatoly Chernyaev and the Woodrow Wilson Cold War International History Project provided valuable insight into Soviet thinking not only about the decision-making process of intervening in Afghanistan, but about the debate on how to withdraw from the war. Chernyaev's presentations and participation in the discussions during the April 2002 conference "Toward an International History of the War in Afghanistan, 1979–1989," hosted by the Cold War International History Project at the Woodrow Wilson Center, in cooperation with the Asia Program and the Kennan Institute for Advanced Russian Studies at the Woodrow Wilson Center, the George Washington Cold War Group at the George Washington University, and the National Security Archive, provided rich insight into the thinking in the Kremlin as Gorbachev brought the Politburo around to the decision to withdraw from Afghanistan.

Finally, of all the books used as references, David Wise's work on the Edward Lee Howard story is the definitive account of that strange twist of the Cold War. It proved immensely valuable in constructing a timeline for merging the various elements and other firsthand accounts of Howard's defection.

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INDEX

Able Archer nuclear exercise, 46–47
ABSORB, 169
ACCORD, *see* Vasilliev, Vladimir Mikhailovich
Afghanistan, 207–96
  Afghan casualties in, 217, 232–33, 315–17, 332–33, 362
  Afghan intelligence service in, 256, 332–33
  Afghan morale in, 253–54, 276–79, 317–18
  air operations in, 242, 245–46, 250, 252–53, 254, 258, 277–78, 287, 288–89, 339–41, 343–45, 359, 444, 500
  April Revolution in (1978), 220
  Arab legions in, 218–19, 243, 365–66
  borders of, 260, 261, 262
  British garrison in (1842), 246, 342, 531, 532
  Chagasaray garrison in, 315–18
  CIA covert operations in, 180, 207, 210–15, 219, 220–21, 230, 235, 237–38, 250–51, 254, 255–58, 265–66, 276–96, 308–18, 331–67, 500, 530–31, 533
  drug trade in, 344–45
  Friendship Bridge in, 356, 357–58, 381, 484–85
  Hazaras in, 240, 282
  helicopter gunship assaults in, 229, 246–54
  Indian-Pakistani conflict and, 266–72, 291, 336, 348, 351–52
  intelligence on, 222, 223, 224–26, 230–33
  Islamic militants in, 218–19, 236, 240, 279–83, 351, 365–66
  Jalalabad Airport ambush in (1986), 246–54, 535
  Jowzjanis in, 282
  KGB covert operations in, 220–23, 236, 258–59, 333–34, 336, 350, 360
  Kharga facility in, 227–31, 250, 317
  leadership of, 220–22
  media coverage of, 188, 228, 229, 230, 289, 357–58, 360, 365, 531
  mortars used in, 314–18
  mujahideen in, 210, 225, 227, 228, 233–46, 253–54, 257, 266, 315, 340, 344–45, 351, 353, 362
  mules used in, 310–14, 315, 317
  Nangarhar Province of, 239, 249–50, 279, 340, 342, 366
  Ojhri camp explosion in, 332–37, 346, 351, 354
  pacification efforts in, 207
  Pakistan's support for, 208, 209, 212, 242–46, 253–54, 263, 275, 290–96, 315–17, 333–37, 361–62
  Paktia Province of, 239, 279, 287–89, 340, 343–44, 345, 355, 359, 366, 535
  Panjshir Valley of, 232–33, 236, 258, 531–33
  Pashtuns in, 236, 238, 280, 354–55, 532, 533
  peace negotiations on, 275, 276, 279, 308, 331–32, 334, 336, 354
  peasantry of, 262–63
  Politburo resolutions on, 220–26, 259–64, 272–75
  political conditions in, 260–62, 263, 272–75
  poppy cultivation in, 486
  post-Soviet situation in, 354–67
  prisoners of war (POWs) in, 341, 343–45, 500
  propaganda operations in, 220–21, 232, 236, 279, 359
  "silver bullets" in, 276–79, 314–15

Afghanistan (*cont.*)
  Soviet-backed government of, 232, 242, 253, 254, 258, 260–64, 272–75, 277, 278, 287, 289, 332–33, 342–43, 354–55, 359, 360–61, 365, 366
  Soviet casualties in, 252, 317–18, 353, 358
  Soviet invasion of, 65, 180, 188, 207–96, 531–32
  Soviet territory attacked from, 290–96, 309–10
  Soviet withdrawal from, 217, 219–20, 223–24, 226, 230, 233, 259–64, 272–75, 276, 277, 279, 289, 310, 318, 331–62, 366, 376, 379, 381, 382, 484–85
  special operations teams in, 210, 221–22, 315–18
  Stinger missiles used in, 30, 208, 210–12, 214, 227–31, 237, 240, 241, 242–54, 276–77, 282, 287, 333, 341, 485, 535
  strategic interest of, 217–19, 223, 234, 530–33
  Tajiks in, 236, 354, 532–33
  Taliban regime of, 531, 534–35
  tank warfare in, 256–57, 277–79
  Tora Bora cave complexes in, 532
  tribal factions in, 233–41, 278–79, 354–55, 361–62, 365, 532–33
  U.S. intervention in, 530–33
  U.S. policy on, 207–12, 214, 217, 221, 223, 226, 234, 240, 245, 260, 264, 265–66, 279–96, 354–55, 361–62
  U.S.-Soviet relations and, 209–10, 274, 283, 290–96, 336, 351, 353–55
  Uzbeks in, 354
  women in, 236, 281–82
  see also Democratic Republic of Afghanistan
Afghan Task Force, 277, 312–14, 485
AFL-CIO, 390, 427
Africa, 65, 66, 274
agents:
  arrests of, 4, 14–15, 30, 46, 67, 187–97, 305, 487, 527–29
  bona fides of, 71, 154
  cash payments to, 107, 126, 154–55, 170, 175, 194, 372, 436, 439
  code names of, 6, 9, 85, 108, 445
  communications schemes of, 5, 9, 10, 36, 37–38, 170, 327–28, 329
  controlled, 432–34, 447–48
  as "dangles," 72, 101, 302–3, 432–34, 446–48
  debriefings of, 443–45, 449–50
  as "developmentals," 324–25
  double, 15, 21–24, 36, 127, 138, 185, 187, 192, 297–300, 306–7, 386, 387, 394, 437
  drugging of, 77–78, 136–39, 146–47, 149, 174, 413–14
  entrapment of, 198–202
  executions of, 136, 156, 185–86, 203, 303, 328, 329–30, 411, 528
  exfiltration plans for, 30, 68–69, 432–34, 446–48
  fabrications by, 450, 476–81
  handlers for, 32, 39–41, 46
  "illegal," 371, 372, 426–27
  interrogation of, 9, 32, 47–48, 73, 194–95, 203, 328–30, 363, 372, 405–6, 411, 487
  kidnapping of, 146–47
  as "moles," 29–30, 31, 47, 377–78, 450, 466, 476–81, 525–92
  motivation of, 155–56, 194–95, 436
  pay phones used by, 34, 35–36, 55–57
  provocateur, 50–61, 78, 101
  recall of, 14–15, 30, 46, 128, 150, 156
  recruitment of, 13, 22–25, 26, 166–67, 176–77, 180–83, 323–26, 388–89, 394, 434–45, 457, 513, 519–20
  resettlement of, 439, 449, 520
  roll-up of, 150–67
  secret writing techniques used by, 36
  "sign of life" given by, 96–97
  sleeper, 426–27
  suicide by, 10–11, 32, 40, 41, 193, 487–88
  traps set for, 158–61, 198, 384, 481
  volunteer, 25, 32–36, 54–55, 106–7, 126–28, 302–4, 379, 411, 432–34, 443–45, 461–66
  see also specific agents
Air Force, U.S., 37, 288, 339, 465–66, 531
AK-47 assault rifle, 208–9
Akhromeyev, Sergei, 261–62, 264, 505
Akhtar Abdur Rahman Khan, 286–96
  Bearden's meetings with, 266–72, 280, 294–96, 346–47
  death of, 349
  Indian-Pakistani confrontation and, 266–72
  as ISI chief, 214, 215, 234–35, 237–38, 240, 249–50, 335, 346
  as JSC chief, 335, 346–47, 352
  Wilson's visit arranged by, 286–89
  Zia's relationship with, 214, 287, 291–92, 294–96, 346–47
Aksilenko, Valentin, 172–74, 183–87, 192, 418–19, 471–72, 534
Alexander the Great, 234, 246
Allen, Lew, Jr., 37
Allende, Salvador, 229, 383
Alliluyeva, Svetlana, 24
All-Union Treaty, 488–89
al-Qaeda, 534

American Chemical Society, 102
American International School, 333
Ames, Aldrich, 525–30
  arrest of, 525–26, 529–30, 534, 536
  Bearden's encounters with, 82–83, 473–74
  cash payments to, 15
  as CIA agent, 15–16, 409, 467–68, 473–74, 521
  in Colombia, 467–68
  as counterintelligence officer, 79, 80, 467–68, 473–74
  in counternarcotics center, 474
  Czech desk assignment of, 467–68
  espionage activities of, 15–16, 80, 127, 129, 467, 468, 521, 527–28
  FBI investigation of, 525–26
  financial situation of, 468, 473–74
  Gordievsky investigated by, 47, 69
  Hanssen compared with, 133, 527
  as KGB agent, 80, 127, 467, 468, 521, 527–28
  marriage of, 467, 473
  polygraph tests taken by, 468, 469, 529–30
  Rome assignment of, 467, 468, 473
  as Soviet mole, 15–16, 80–81, 127, 133, 163–64
  Walker's arrest and, 15–16
  Yurchenko's defection and, 79–83
Ames, Bruce, 102
Ames, Rosario, 467, 473
Amin, Hafizullah, 220–21, 222, 223
AMTORG, 129
Anderson, Frank, 277–78
Anderson, Mike, 112
Andrew, Christopher, 534
Andropov, Yuri, 46, 164, 220, 222, 223, 225–26, 515, 518
Androsov, Stanislov, 108–9, 127–28, 144–45
Angleton, James Jesus:
  as Counterintelligence Staff chief, 19–24, 31, 393–94
  Helms's relationship with, 22, 24
  "sick-think" mentality of, 19–24, 26, 31, 303, 471, 529
ANLACE probe, 378
Antonov AN-26 transport plane, 342–43
Armacost, Mike, 331, 332
armored personnel carriers (APCs), 277
Army, U.S., 284, 314, 339–40, 387, 393, 530
Artamonov, Nikolai F. (Nicholas George Shadrin), 136–39, 141, 145
Asquith, Raymond Lord, 68
Association of Russian Orthodox Youth, 52, 53
AT-4 antitank missile, 255
Austria, 176–77, 379–80, 392, 459–60
Avtomotora Institute, 322

Baader Meinhof gang, 153
Baca, Phil, 114, 117
"Bacha" (interpreter), 235–36, 238, 240, 280, 355
Bahawalpur plane crash (1988), 348–52
Bakatin, Vadim, 512, 513–14, 516–18, 519, 520–21
Baker, James, 360, 382
Baklanov, Oleg, 489, 499
Bay of Pigs invasion, 383
Bearden, Marie-Catherine, 180, 266, 310, 332, 333
Beg, Mirza Aslam, 349–50
Benson, Ray, 52, 53
Beria, Lavrenti, 486
Berlin, Battle of, 455–56
Berlin, East, 153–55, 175–76, 197, 385–89, 396–401, 434–35, 452, 459–60
Berlin, West, 63–64, 385–89, 396–401, 417–22, 434–45, 459–60
Berlin Brigade, 39
Berlin Tunnel, 29
Berlin Wall, 63–64, 385–86, 392, 396–401, 403, 411, 418–20, 453, 467, 471, 512
Bhutto, Benazir, 362, 366–67, 470
Bhutto, Zulfiqar Ali, 208, 309, 350, 362
bin Laden, Osama, 366, 530, 534
Bitov, Oleg, 146
Black, Shirley Temple, 405
blackmail, 176–77, 325–26
black propaganda, 184, 185, 220–21, 279
Blake, George, 13
Blee, David, 24, 26, 86
BLIP, *see* Filatov, Anatoli
BLIZZARD, *see* Bokhan, Sergei
Bloch, Felix, 371–75, 526, 527
Blowpipe missile, 245
BM-12 rocket launchers, 340–41, 345
Bokhan, Alex, 30, 106
Bokhan, Sergei (BLIZZARD), 14–15, 29–30, 156, 245, 527, 528–29
Boldin, Valery, 489
Bolshevik Revolution, 533
Bonn Station, 436
Bosch, William, 112–13, 114, 117
Botshan-Kharchenko (Soviet minister), 353–54
Bracy, Arnold, 300, 301–2
"Brandenburg's School for Boys," 386
Brasstacks, Operation, 258, 266–72
"bren," 11

Brezhnev, Leonid, 139, 222, 223, 226, 230, 472
Brezhnev Doctrine, 230, 379, 381
Broce, Reid, 88, 149–50
Brodine, James, 102–3
Brown, Jerry, 113, 115
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, 455
Browning, Robert, 455
"brush pass," 25–26, 68, 446–47
Brzezinski, Zbigniew, 208–9, 219
Bucciarelli, Robert, 130
Buckley, William, 190
Bulgaria, 416
Burma, 194–95
burn bags, 66, 347, 476
burst transmission equipment, 5, 36
Bush, George H. W., 373, 397, 420, 452, 497–98, 515, 516, 519, 535

C-5 transport plane, 465
C-130 transport plane, 349–51
cables, intelligence:
  on Afghanistan operations, 250, 255, 313–14, 332–33, 358–59
  circumvention of, 163, 166–67
  "critic," 348
  distribution list for, 158–61, 163
  on Eastern European liberation, 399–400, 440–41
  encryption of, 166
  internal, 480
  on Kharga attack, 227–31, 250, 317
  on Ojhri camp explosion, 332–33
  operational details in, 4, 178
  phony, 158–61, 198
  on post–Cold War conditions, 474–75
  on Soviet collapse, 490, 492–93, 495, 508, 512
  on Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan, 358–59
  on Stombaugh arrest, 6–7, 17–18, 27–28
  traffic of, 66, 158–61
  on Yurchenko, 76–78
Canada, 120–21, 122
Carlson, Rod, 108–9, 150, 466
Carter, Jimmy, 26, 64, 139, 208, 210, 219, 234
case officers:
  agents recruited by, 22–24, 166–67, 180–83, 323–26, 363, 434–35
  aliases vs. pseudonyms of, 480
  background of, 4, 63, 301, 306–7
  CIA, 4, 301, 306–7, 476–81, 490, 519–20
  debriefing of, 6, 48–50, 60–61
  disguises used by, 39–40, 57, 171, 172
  female, 176–77
  "inside work" by, 5, 63, 297, 421, 519–20
  interrogation of, 6, 49–50, 169–72
  KGB, 23–24, 298–99, 303–4, 448, 471–72, 519–20
  messages relayed by, 5, 10, 25–26, 36–37, 68, 446–47
  miniature tape recorders used by, 12, 55–57
  official covers for, 84–85, 371
  operational travel by, 180–83
  spouses of, 19, 305–6
  surveillance of, 5–6, 11–12, 25–26, 34, 39–40, 53–54, 59, 171, 178, 179
  training of, 4–7, 84–85, 88, 105, 111, 116, 140, 326
  weapons carried by, 282, 472, 502, 505, 506
  see also specific case officers
Casey, William J., 210–15
  Afghan operations as viewed by, 210–15, 219, 230, 250–51, 254, 295
  Bearden's meetings with, 90–91, 156–58, 212–15, 276, 295
  as CIA director, 52, 58, 62, 65–66, 90, 122, 147, 180, 212–13, 284, 363–64
  congressional relations of, 210–12, 214, 215, 254, 265–66
  death of, 276
  Gavrilov line approved by, 189
  Gerber's briefing of, 156–58
  Hatch's phone call to, 210–12
  health problems of, 265, 266, 267, 268, 271–72, 276
  Iran-contra scandal and, 255, 265–66
  media coverage of, 122
  Nigeria visited by, 212–13
  Soviet Union as viewed by, 153–54, 155, 213
  Stein's report to, 164–66
  Yurchenko's defection and, 82, 89, 90–91, 122, 147, 156, 157
Castro, Fidel, 400, 472
Catherine II, Empress of Russia, 53, 93
Catholic Church, 130, 319, 390, 427, 522
Ceauşescu, Elena, 416–17
Ceauşescu, Nicolae, 400, 416–17
Central America, 122, 215, 216, 265–66, 283–86
Central Intelligence Agency (CIA):
  analytical vs. operational elements of, 153, 166–67, 378–79
  "barons" in, 384, 452–53
  budget of, 37
  bureaucracy of, 17, 378, 452–54, 482
  case officers of, 4, 301, 306–7, 476–81, 490, 519–20

  Central American operations of, 215, 265–66, 283, 285
  Central Eurasian Division, 525
  Cold War mentality in, 405–6, 420–22, 454, 470–71, 473–76, 495
  congressional oversight of, 64, 265–66, 276, 279–80, 283–89, 364
  Counterintelligence Staff, 19–24, 31, 303–4, 371–72, 377–78, 393–94, 467–68, 473–74
  counternarcotics operations of, 474, 485, 486
  Defector Resettlement Staff, 79
  Deputy Directorate for Plans (DDP), 63, 64, 383
  Directorate of Intelligence, 324, 398–99, 416–17
  Directorate of Operations (DO), 51, 61, 62, 63, 64, 207, 363–64, 383–84, 452–54, 495, 530
  FBI cooperation with, 5–6, 83–84, 111–12, 131–32, 180–83, 323–24, 328, 405–6, 449–50, 526
  field offices of, 166–67
  headquarters of, 3, 166–67, 179–80, 375–76
  KGB penetrated by, 74–76, 449–50, 457–59, 466, 470–71, 473–76, 487, 519–20
  KGB penetration of, 20–24, 26, 31, 127–28, 158–61, 164–66, 202–3, 300–307, 476–81, 525–29
  KGB relations with, 3–4, 8, 13, 189–90, 322, 406–15, 457–59, 475–76, 486, 492, 497, 499, 516–18, 521, 522
  Latin American Division, 181
  morale in, 26–27, 32–33, 64–65, 107–8, 179–80, 330, 471–72, 529–30, 535
  National Resettlement Operations Center (NROC), 465–66
  Near East Division, 24, 73
  "1985 losses" of, 150–67, 177–78, 198–99, 297, 304, 330, 377–78, 384, 433, 442, 450, 477–78, 481, 521, 525–30
  Office of Scientific and Weapons Research, 50–51
  Office of Security (OS), 83–84, 86, 324, 529–30
  Office of Technical Services, 227
  in post–Cold War era, 525, 529–30
  Propaganda and Political Action Staff, 428
  reputation of, 64, 84, 122, 265–66
  Soviet coup attempt monitored by, 490–500, 518–19
  Soviet/East European (SE) Division, 3–4, 17, 19–27, 150–54, 164–66, 175–76, 198–99, 300, 305, 330, 364–65, 375–80, 384–85, 391–94, 421, 429, 452–54, 470–71, 474–81, 521, 522–23, 525
  Technical Services, 487–88
  training programs of, 4–7, 84–85, 88, 104, 105, 111, 116, 140, 326
  turnover in, 529–30
  Vertefeuille internal investigation of, 377–78, 478, 521
  wiretaps used by, 10, 28–29, 85–86, 198, 371–72
Cerny, Oldrich, 402–3, 404, 409, 424–27
Chagasaray garrison, 315–18
Charter 77, 402, 403
Chebrikov, Viktor Mikhailovich, 164, 203, 259, 260–61
Checkpoint Charlie, 385, 386, 400
chemical tracking, 59, 101–4, 157
Cheney, Dick, 285
Chepil, Aleksandr, 70–72
Cherkashin, Viktor I., 81, 126–28, 144–45, 163–64, 533
Chernenko, Konstantin, 223, 226
Chernyaev, Anatoly, 219–20, 223–24, 259, 272, 400–401
chief of operations (COPS), 17, 378
Children's World, 503
Chile, 229, 383
China, 64, 217–18, 274, 340
Churchill, Winston S., 225, 380
Churkin, Vitaly, 146, 148
Chuvakhin, Sergey D., 15
Civic Forum, 404, 408
Clancy, Tom, 118
"clean slot" jobs, 85
Cline, Jill, 446–48
Cline, Michael, 406–7, 446–48, 455, 459, 480
CNN, 397, 398, 399, 420, 490, 494, 498, 518–19
Colby, William, 383
Cold War, 19, 63, 120, 168, 194, 234, 322, 364, 375
  end of, 380, 385, 397, 399, 421, 426, 428, 452, 516, 519–20, 525, 529–30
  U.S.-Soviet relations in, 96, 221–22, 327
Committee for State Security, Soviet, 139, 196, 334, 455, 472, 486–87, 508, 512
Communism, Communists:
  downfall of, 400–401, 403, 418–19, 422–23, 427–28, 456, 471–72, 482–84
  icons of, 508–10
  international movement of, 230, 379, 381
  Islamic activism against, 280
  world revolution as goal of, 13, 381
COWL, *see* Vorontsov, Sergey

Crile, George, 289
Crockett, Vincent, 26
Cuba, 22, 321
Cuban missile crisis, 22
Curly (Stasi agent), 387–89, 394, 437
Czechoslovakia, 137, 402–9
  CIA intelligence on, 404–5, 409, 425, 426–27
  Communist downfall in, 403–4, 408–9, 418, 424–25
  East German exodus into, 395
  popular discontent in, 382, 402, 403–5
  Prague Spring in (1968), 382, 402
  security service of, 402, 403–5, 408–9, 423, 424–27
  Soviet occupation of, 382, 402–3, 408–9, 426
  Velvet Revolution in, 402–5, 408–9, 424–27, 467–68
Czempinski, Gromoslaw, 390–91, 431, 450–51, 460

Daley, Richard J., 493
Daniloff, Nicholas, 50–53, 57–58, 59, 60–61, 187–91, 300
Daniloff, Ruth, 52
dead drops, 10, 25–26, 140, 150–51, 197, 306, 388
defectors:
  acceptance of, 148, 155–56, 345, 411–12
  aliases used by, 137–39
  debriefings of, 20–22, 74–76, 89–90, 113, 120, 122, 127
  intelligence provided by, 20–22, 74–76, 391, 470–71
  from KGB, 74–76, 449–50, 457–59, 466, 470–71, 473–76, 487, 519–20
  kidnappings of, 136–39, 141
  rejection of, 20–22, 147, 470–71
  resettlement of, 75, 465–66, 475
  from Soviet military, 443–45, 461–66
Defense Intelligence Agency, 37, 137
Degtyar, Viktor M., 126–29, 131
Democratic Party, 285, 515
Democratic Republic of Afghanistan (DRA), 232, 242, 253, 254, 258, 260–64, 272–75, 277, 278, 287, 289, 332–33, 342–43, 354–55, 359, 360–61, 365, 366
Deng Xiaoping, 400
"denied-area" work, 5, 63, 297, 421, 519–20
Desert One, Operation, 65
détente, 96, 221–22, 327
Devine, Jack, 229–30, 250–51, 253, 277, 484–85
Discus transmission system, 36
Dobrynin, Anatoly, 259, 262, 264, 291, 293
Dostum, Abdul Rashid, 361
Dottie (Bearden's secretary), 473, 521
Downing, Jack, 297–307
  as East Asia chief, 384
  Leningrad visited by, 297, 298, 299, 305
  as Moscow station chief, 91–92, 297–307, 384, 406
  "1985 losses" and, 384
  Ogorodnik's contacts with, 10, 11, 191–92
  Red Arrow trips of, 297–300, 305, 432
  restaurant routine followed by, 299, 305–6
  retirement of, 535
  Zhomov's contacts with, 297–307, 432, 534
Downing, Suzie, 305–6
DRA, *see* Democratic Republic of Afghanistan
Dubs, Adolph, 221
Dudelcyzk, Michael, 114
Dulles, Allen, 383
Dumas, Roland, 501
Dunn, Bert, 211
Dupree, Louis, 532
Dynamo Sports Complex, 182–83, 322, 533
Dzerzhinsky, Felix, 503, 506, 508–10, 512, 518

Eagleburger, Lawrence S., 434
East Berlin Station, 385–89, 417–22, 434–45
EASTBOUND, 157, 178
East German Task Force, 437
Egypt, 217–19, 334–35
8th Army, Afghan, 227, 230, 231
Ely-Raphel, Nancy, 349–50
Enduring Freedom, Operation, 530–33
Engels, Friedrich, 323
espionage:
  in Cold War, 63–64
  human vs. technical penetration in, 158–61, 164–66, 167, 197–98
  media coverage of, 102–3
  "miracle laboratories" used for, 162, 168–69
  morality of, 64
  tradecraft of, 4, 25–26
  see also agents, secret
Ethiopia, 62
Europe, Eastern, 379–431
  émigré publishers in, 427–28
  Iron Curtain in, 379–80
  liberation movements in, 364, 379–431, 482–83
  Soviet occupation of, 20, 364, 379–80, 392, 411, 482–83, 486
  U.S. relations with, 382
  see also specific countries

Europe, Western:
  military alliance of, 46–47, 245, 258–59, 340, 452, 453, 456, 461, 501
  Soviet threat to, 461
European Community, 501
explosive ordnance disposal (EOD) teams, 335

F-15 fighter, 37
Fahim, Mohammad Qasim, 532
Falasha Jews, 62
FAREWELL (Vetrov), 135–36
Farm, the, 22, 29, 84, 85–86, 297, 386, 480
Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI):
  agents of, 323–24, 330
  ANLACE probe of, 378
  Bloch investigated by, 372, 374–75
  CIA cooperation with, 5–6, 83–84, 111–12, 131–32, 180–83, 323–24, 328, 405–6, 449–50, 526
  code names used by, 108
  counterintelligence operations of, 127–28, 131, 303–4, 320, 325, 377, 493
  KGB penetration of, 127–28, 377, 476
  "1985 losses" and, 521
  Soviet agents interrogated by, 73, 363, 405–6
  Soviet Analytical Unit of, 320
  Soviet embassy tunnel of, 131–32, 527
  in Vasilenko recruitment attempt, 323–24
  Yurchenko defection and, 80
  Zakharov arrested by, 187–91
Filatov, Anatoli (BLIP), 26, 156
FITNESS, *see* Varennik, Gennady
FitzGerald, Desmond, 383
Flavnov, Anatoly, 184, 192
Foley, Tom, 285
Ford, Gerald R., 139
Forden, David, 30, 84, 86
40th Army, Soviet, 212, 231–33, 234, 252–53, 279, 317–18, 338, 342, 353, 359, 362, 531–32
France, 135, 185, 186, 372, 375
Friedenburg, Hans Georg von, 455
Front for the Rescue of Afghanistan, 235
FSB security service, 521, 534
Fulton, Robert, 34

G-2 Intelligence Directorate, 284
Gailani, Pir Sayed Ahmad, 238, 239, 240, 343
Gandhi, Rajiv, 269, 270
Gates, Robert, 332
  as acting CIA director, 268, 272, 276, 497, 517
  as deputy CIA director, 255, 265
  Pakistan visited by, 255–58
Gavrilov channel, 189–90, 379, 406–15, 454–59, 491, 493
Geer, Jim, 83
GENTILE (PIMENTA), 108–10, 150, 152, 157
George, Clair:
  Afghan policy and, 245, 250–51, 290–91
  as Deputy Director for Operations (DDO), 7, 62, 156, 158, 164, 179–80, 197, 207, 214, 300, 364, 383
  in Iran-contra scandal, 535
  "1985 losses" and, 161, 164–65
  Yurchenko's defection and, 76–77
Gephardt, Carl, 86, 189
Gerber, Burton, 60–63, 156–61
  background of, 3–4, 19–21
  case book of, 106–8
  Casey briefed by, 156–58
  at CIA training exercise, 4–7
  Downing appointed Moscow station chief by, 297, 300–301
  as European Division chief, 398–99, 452–54
  Father Potemkin affair as viewed by, 50, 60–61
  Gavrilov line used by, 189–90
  Howard case as viewed by, 83–84, 87–88, 148
  as Moscow station chief, 4
  "1985 losses" and, 156–58, 160–61, 166–67, 172, 304
  personality of, 3–4, 62–63
  Polyshchuk's arrest as viewed by, 108–9
  retirement of, 536
  as SE Division chief, 3–4, 47, 61, 62–63, 85, 104, 111, 177, 178, 180–83, 191, 364–65, 376, 378–79, 383–84, 399, 454
  as "sticks and bricks" man, 63
  Stombaugh's arrest and, 6–7, 27–28, 48–50, 60–61
  Tolkachev's arrest and, 3–7
  Yurchenko case and, 76–77, 90–91, 124–25, 141, 144, 145, 148
  Zhomov as viewed by, 303–4, 306, 434
Gerber, Rosalie, 3
German Democratic Republic (East Germany), 385–401
  CIA intelligence on, 385–89, 391–95, 397–400, 417–22, 452
  CIA recruitment campaign in, 434–45
  Communist downfall in, 392–401, 403, 409, 418, 438–39
  media coverage of, 396–400, 420, 440

German Democratic Republic (East Germany) (*cont.*)
  military sensors placed in, 386–87
  popular demonstrations in, 380, 382, 395–401, 419–22
  security service of, 385–89, 392, 394, 395, 400, 419–22, 434–42, 521
  Soviet military forces in, 453, 456–57, 461–66, 484, 495–96
  Soviet occupation of, 379, 392, 396, 454–59
  surveillance in, 385, 387–89, 421–22
  travel restrictions lifted in, 392, 395–401
  West Germany reunited with, 439, 441, 452–60, 465
  see also Berlin, East
Germany, Federal Republic of (West Germany):
  CIA operations in, 386–87, 436, 452
  East German exodus into, 396–401
  East Germany reunited with, 439, 441, 452–60, 465
  terror campaign planned for, 153–55, 157
  see also Berlin, West
Germany, Nazi, 401, 426, 441, 454–56, 459–60, 487
"get black," 6, 12, 116–17, 171, 179, 386
Ghaffar, Engineer, 243–49, 251–52, 535
Gikman, Reino, 371, 372–73, 374
global positioning satellite (GPS) system, 314–15, 317
Golden Temple (Amritsar), 267–68
Golitsyn, Anatoliy, 21–22, 23
Golubev, Sergei M., 47, 135–36
Gora, Blanka Ewa (Ewa Shadrin), 137, 138
Gorbachev, Mikhail, 488–505
  Afghan policy of, 210, 217, 219–20, 223–24, 226, 259–64, 272–75, 331–32, 381
  coup attempt against, 488–505, 518–19
  Eastern European policy of, 379, 381, 392, 396, 452
  foreign policy of, 261
  perestroika policy of, 482–83
  Reagan's relationship with, 188–89, 300
  as Soviet premier, 55, 192, 469, 482–84, 489, 516
  Yeltsin's relationship with, 483–84, 489
Gordievsky, Oleg Antonovich, 14, 45–48, 68–69, 110, 113, 408, 411, 413, 528, 529, 534
Great Britain:
  Afghan interests of, 217–18, 246, 342, 531, 532
  agents exfiltrated by, 68–69
  empire of, 216–17, 234, 246
  intelligence services of, 173, 411, 414, 424, 427, 533
  KGB agents in, 13, 45–48
  Soviet embassy in, 14, 45
Grimes, Sandy, 96, 166, 177, 202, 521
Gromov, Boris, 353, 357–58, 359, 360, 367, 376, 381
Gromov, Maksim, 358
Gromyko, Andrei, 221–22, 223, 259–60, 261, 262, 273
Grossman, Werner, 440–41
GRU:
  Afghan intelligence of, 222, 233
  CIA penetration of, 26, 29
  defectors from, 475, 520
  front organizations of, 129
  headquarters of, 193–94
  Nairobi *Rezident* of, 158–61, 384
  Stinger missile acquired by, 245, 258–59
Grushko, Viktor, 504
"Gs, the," 111, 140
Guilsher, John, 35–36, 38, 39
Gul, Hamid, 291–96
  as ISI chief, 291–94, 295, 296, 309–10, 335, 341, 345, 346
  as "plucky little general" (PLG), 309–10, 367
  as U.S. adversary, 367, 535
  Zia's death as viewed by, 351–52
Gulag Archipelago, The (Solzhenitsyn), 38
Gulf War, 448, 450–51, 460, 465–66, 483
Guyana, 180–83

Hannah, Tom, 143–44
"Hans" (polygraph operator), 107
Hanssen, Bonnie, 129–31, 373–74
Hanssen, Robert, 126–33
  as agent "B," 126–28, 133, 319, 372, 493–94
  Ames compared with, 133, 527
  arrest of, 527, 534, 536
  background of, 132–33
  Bloch operation betrayed by, 372–75
  cash payments to, 126, 129, 130–31, 132, 373–74, 469
  Catholic identity of, 130–31, 132, 319, 522
  classified information stolen by, 126–28, 373, 469
  communication plan of, 319–20, 373
  dead drops serviced by, 132, 319–20, 373, 469, 493–94, 522
  Degtyar letter of, 126–29, 131
  double agents betrayed by, 127, 128, 129, 133

  espionage activities of, 126–33, 319–20, 493–94, 527, 528
  as FBI agent, 127–33, 319–20, 373–74, 469, 493, 522, 525–26
  as GRU agent, 129–31, 193, 528
  as KGB agent, 126–33, 319–20, 372–75, 469, 493–94, 522, 527, 528
  marriage of, 129–31, 132, 319, 373–74
  in New York Field Office, 128–29, 131, 132–33
  political campaign contributions by, 373–74
  Polyakov betrayed by, 193
  in Soviet Analytical Unit, 320
  Soviet collapse as viewed by, 493–94, 522
Haq, Abdul, 228, 534–35
Haqqani, Jalaluddin, 289, 535
Hartman, Arthur, 51
Hatch, Orrin, 208, 210–12, 213
Hathaway, Gardner “Gus:”
  as counterintelligence chief, 160, 189, 377, 384, 415, 455
  at Helsinki meeting, 407–15
  as Moscow station chief, 34–35
  Wolf’s meeting with, 441–42
Hauptverwaltung Aufklarung (HVA), 386, 394, 434–42
Havel, Václav, 402–5, 408–9, 423, 424–27
Hayden, Thomas, 70–72, 101
Hecht, Chic, 214
Hekmatyar, Gulbuddin, 228, 236–38, 239, 240, 242, 257, 279–83, 354, 535
Helms, Jesse, 214
Helms, Richard, 22, 24, 383
Helsinki meeting (1989), 406–15, 457, 517
Higham, Jim, 384
Hinton, Dean, 308
Hisb-e-Islami, 279, 280
Hitler, Adolf, 38, 401, 422, 441, 459–60, 487
Holt, Jim, 521
Honecker, Eric, 392, 395, 396
Hoover, J. Edgar, 515–16
House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence (HPSCI), 284–85
Howard, Edward Lee, 83–92
  “angry colonel” mentioned by, 150–52
  background of, 84
  CIA investigation of, 83–88, 120, 134
  death of, 536
  defection of, 134, 156, 304, 410
  dismissal of, 77, 83–88, 91, 108–9, 154
  drug use by, 84, 85
  as economic analyst, 86–87, 92, 114
  espionage activities of, 85, 86, 87–88, 90–92, 108–9, 112–13, 117, 141, 150, 164, 169, 174, 377, 527, 528
  FBI investigation of, 83–84, 87–88, 111–18, 120, 134, 139–41
  marriage of, 84, 113–18, 139–41
  Moscow assignment of, 84–85
  polygraphs taken by, 77, 84, 85–86, 113, 114
  surveillance evaded by, 88, 105, 111–18, 134, 139–41
  training of, 84–86, 105, 111–12, 116, 140
  Vienna visited by, 77, 92
  wiretap of, 86, 112, 113
  Yurchenko’s identification of, 77–78, 81, 87, 90–91, 100, 111, 113, 120, 147, 150
Howard, Lee, 87, 116, 141
Howard, Mary, 84, 113–18, 139–41, 154
Hugel, Max, 164, 363–64, 383
Humphrey, Gordon, 214
Hungarian Revolution (1956), 380
Hungary:
  barbed-wire border removed in, 379–80, 382, 392
  Communist downfall in, 400, 403, 409, 418
  East German exodus into, 392, 395
  security service of, 429
Hunt for Red October, The (Clancy), 118
Husák, Gustav, 408
Hussein, Saddam, 448, 450, 460
HVA (Hauptverwaltung Aufklarung), 386, 394, 434–42

Ilschenko, Annelise, 285–86, 352
India:
  air force of, 336
  army of, 266–72
  China’s relations with, 218
  intelligence service of, 269–70
  military exercises of, 258, 266–72
  nuclear weapons of, 271
  Pakistan’s confrontations with, 258, 266–72, 291, 336, 348, 351–52, 367
  Punjab Province of, 270, 291
  Soviet relations with, 269, 274
intelligence:
  analysis of, 153, 166–67, 378–79, 392–93, 516
  cables on, *see* cables, intelligence
  collection of, 63, 64, 437–38
  communications, 10, 28–29, 85–86, 100–101, 131–32, 165, 166–67, 176–77, 197, 198, 325, 371–72, 412–13, 438, 481
  compartmentation of, 81, 166–67, 378–79, 527

intelligence (*cont.*)
  counter-, 5–6, 75, 81–82, 100–101, 122, 133, 306, 321, 475
  covert operations in, 63, 210–15
  destruction of, 66, 347, 419–22, 476, 501–2
  efficiency vs. security in, 378–79
  foreign policy and, 190
  human, 530
  leaks of, 122, 123, 125, 136–37, 141
  military, 29, 36, 37, 100–101, 107, 150–51, 386–87, 443–45, 461–66
  paranoia in, 19–24, 26, 31, 303, 471, 529
  political, 184
  relevance of, 392–93, 416–18, 420–22, 490–94, 497–500
  research and development (R&D), 37
  satellite, 29–30, 230–31, 250–51, 253, 317, 355, 386–87
  security measures for, 166–67, 301–2, 378–79
  surveillance, 8, 40, 52, 56–59, 94–95, 98–99, 101–4, 109–10, 157, 298–99, 301, 307, 385, 412–13, 485–86, 519–20
  tracing of, 126–28
  see also espionage
Internal Operations (IO) course, 4–7, 84–85, 88, 105, 111, 116, 140, 326
Inter-Services Intelligence Directorate (ISI), 231, 233–34, 249, 269–70, 279, 286–88, 291–92, 309–10, 335, 362
Iran, 64, 210, 217, 220, 223, 224–25, 242–43, 260, 365, 383
Iran-contra scandal, 255, 265–66, 276, 285, 364, 383, 535
Iran hostage crisis (1979), 64, 65, 223
Iran-Iraq War, 218
Iraq, 218, 448, 460, 465–66
Iron Curtain, 379–80
Isakov, Viktor, 146, 148, 149
Islam, 208, 218, 219, 233, 235, 236, 238, 239, 240, 295, 365–66
Islamabad, 208, 212, 216, 233–34, 288, 308–10, 331, 335, 359
Islamic Movement, 280
Israel, 62, 93, 535
Ivy Bells, Operation, 100–101, 325

Jalalabad, 342–43, 362
Jalalabad Airport ambush (1986), 246–54, 535
Jamiat Islami, 236
Janjua, Brigadier, 334–35
Jasik, Henrik, 450
Jews, Falasha, 62
JIB ("jack-in-the-box" pop-up dummy), 116–17
jihad, 237, 240, 281, 282, 365–66
JOGGER, *see* Piguzov, Vladimir
John Paul II, Pope, 65, 154
Jones, Elizabeth, 348
Jones, Philippe, 335
Juchniewicz, Ed, 62–63, 76–77, 145, 156–57, 180
Junejo, Mohammed Khan, 270, 293, 335, 336–38
Justice Department, U.S., 372, 375

Kabul, 338–39, 354–56, 531, 532
Kabul University, 236, 281–82
Kalashnikov rifle, 252, 257
Kalinichenko, Ilya Yakovlevich, 504
Kamman, Curt, 55
Kampiles, William, 29–30
Karmal, Barak, 223, 263, 360, 361
Karzai, Hamid, 532
Keitel, Wilhelm, 455
Kelly, Barry, 24–25
Kennedy, John F., 21, 22, 383
Kerr, Richard, 469–70, 517–18
KGB:
  arrest procedures of, 9–10, 17, 321–22
  budget of, 521
  bureaucracy of, 14, 30, 80, 90, 164, 172–74, 506–8
  case officers of, 23–24, 298–99, 303–4, 448, 471–72, 519–20
  Chief Directorates of, *see* KGB Chief Directorates
  CIA as "main enemy" of, 3–4, 8, 13
  CIA penetrated by, 20–24, 26, 31, 127–28, 158–61, 164–66, 202–3, 300–307, 476–81, 525–29
  CIA penetration of, 74–76, 449–50, 457–59, 466, 470–71, 473–76, 487, 519–20
  CIA relations with, 3–4, 8, 13, 189–90, 322, 406–15, 457–59, 475–76, 486, 492, 497, 499, 516–18, 521, 522
  counterintelligence operations of, 9, 17, 47–48, 59, 80, 101, 109–10, 126, 170, 302–4, 306–7, 322, 528–29
  deception operations of, 22–23, 32, 50–61, 99, 184, 185, 197–98, 236
  dismemberment of, 513–14, 520–21
  duty phone lines of, 154, 170
  FBI penetrated by, 127–28, 377, 476
  Helsinki meeting arranged by (1989), 406–15

  - internal propaganda operation in, 471–72
  - interrogations by, 9, 32, 47–50, 135–36
  - JFK assassination and, 21
  - Karlshorst headquarters of, 153–55, 454–55
  - Line officers of, 108, 126, 127, 150, 157, 173, 183–87, 327
  - morale in, 326–27, 329–30, 418–19, 471–72
  - Moscow Center, 73–74, 159–60, 163, 192, 326–27, 329–30, 418–19, 502–12, 519–20
  - paramilitary units of, 496–97
  - protest demonstrations against, 503, 506, 508–10
  - reform of, 505, 513–14, 520–21
  - replacement agencies for, 521
  - Science and Technology (S&T) Directorate, 135–36, 528
  - security department of, 506–7
  - Soviet collapse and, 418–19, 471–72, 486–87
  - Soviet coup attempt and, 489, 491, 492, 496–505, 518–19
  - terror campaigns sponsored by, 153–55, 157
  - tracking substance used by, 59, 101–4, 157
  - volleyball team of, 182–83, 322, 533
  - Washington *Rezidentura* of, 81, 108–9, 119, 126–28, 141, 157, 172–74, 183–84, 322, 324
  - Yasenevo headquarters of, 183, 186–87, 192
- *KGB* (Gordievsky and Andrew), 534
- KGB Chief Directorates:
  - First, 13, 14, 70, 75, 80, 94, 121, 163–64, 172–74, 178, 183, 185, 186, 190, 192, 224, 322, 327, 329–30, 375, 457–59, 471, 496–97, 500–502, 512, 513, 521, 522
  - Second, 5, 11, 13–15, 32, 73, 94, 98, 99, 109, 162, 170, 173, 179, 202, 203, 299, 302–3, 304, 405, 411, 432, 471, 485–86, 513–14, 521, 527, 533
  - Seventh, 5, 9, 73, 98, 99, 109, 173
  - Ninth, 498–99
  - Sixteenth, 513, 527
  - Eighteenth, 513
- "KGB's First Chief Directorate: Structure, Functions, and Methods, The" (Hanssen), 522
- KH-11 spy satellite, 29–30, 317, 355
- Khad, 256, 332–33
- Khales, Maulvi Yunis, 239–40
- Khan, Isma'il, 221
- Kharga attack (1986), 227–31, 250, 317
- Khomeini, Ayatollah Ruhollah, 218, 225
- Khrushchev, Nikita, 22, 220, 235
- Khyber Agency, 255–58, 286, 362–63
- Kim Il Sung, 400
- King, Stephen, 188
- Kipling, Rudyard, 216
- Kireyev, Anatoly Tikhonevich, 190
- Kirilenko, Andrei, 222
- Kirpichenko, Vadim, 174
- KLETTERING, 480–81
- Klimenko, Valentin, 98–99, 202–3, 432, 534
- Kochnov, Igor, 138
- Kohl, Helmut, 398, 501
- Koran, 233, 239, 295
- Korean War, 344
- Krasnaya Pakha, 28–29
- Krassilnikov, Rem Sergeyevich, 406–15
  - background of, 13–14, 31
  - Bearden's meetings with, 406–15, 454–59, 485–86
  - German reunification as viewed by, 454–59
  - at Helsinki meeting, 406–15
  - interrogations by, 9, 32, 49–50, 92, 93–96, 98–99, 171–72, 411
  - "miracle laboratory" discovered by, 162, 168–69
  - name of, 13, 456
  - personality of, 13, 406–15, 455
  - physical appearance of, 410–11, 497
  - Polyakov investigated by, 193
  - retirement of, 533
  - Rolph's meetings with, 497, 499, 512, 513–14
  - as Second Directorate chief, 13, 203, 411, 432, 485–86, 513–14, 533
  - Seller's arrest planned by, 169–72, 178, 179
  - Soviet collapse as viewed by, 513–14, 521
  - Soviet coup attempt and, 492, 512
  - Stombaugh's arrest planned by, 8–9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 42–44, 49–50
  - Tolkachev investigated by, 9, 32, 92, 411
- Krassilnikova, Ninel, 13, 533
- Kremlin, 486–87
- Krenz, Egon, 395–96
- Krizan, Jiri, 424
- *Kryptos* (Sanborn), 376
- Kryuchkov, Vladimir:
  - arrest of, 504, 507, 510, 511, 520
  - coup attempt supported by, 489, 495, 496–97, 499, 500, 503–4, 518–19
  - as First Directorate chief, 163–64, 174, 192, 261, 262, 264, 342–43, 361, 381
  - Gorbachev's relationship with, 489, 503–4
  - internal propaganda operation of, 471–72
  - as KGB director, 381, 487, 489, 501–2, 511
- Kryuchkova, Ekaterina Petrovna, 507
- Kulagin, Vladimir, 146

Kunjerab Pass, 310–11, 312
Kuwait, 448, 450
Kuzmin, Colonel, 486–87

Lameroux, Dave, 159–60
Lauder, Ron, 198
le Carré, John, 410
Lefort, Franz, 93
Lefortovo prison, 9, 45, 93–96, 135–36, 162, 188, 328–30, 511
Lenin, V. I., 13, 509
Leningrad, 297, 298, 299, 305, 448
Leonov, Nikolai Sergeyevich, 471–72
Leven, Chuck, 154, 175, 197
Ligachev, Igor, 273–74
Lincoln, Abraham, 108
Lithuania, 483
Lonetree, Clayton, 198–202, 300–302
L-pill, 10–11, 32, 40, 41, 193, 487–88
Lubyanka Prison, 7, 171–72, 503, 506
Luzin, Mikhail, 188

MacGaffin, John, 13, 384, 525, 536
McMahon, Dennis, 85
MACRAME, 443–45, 464–66
madrassas (religious schools), 218, 366
Major, John, 501
Makarov pistol, 257–58, 282, 472
Makowski, Aleksandr, 391, 424
Manners, David, 404–5, 409, 467
Marine guard spy scandal, 198–202, 300–302, 377
Markov, Georgi, 135
Martin, John, 372
Martynov, Valeriy, 127, 128, 156, 174, 183–84, 196–97, 328, 378
Marvin, Lee, 117–18
Marx, Karl, 323
Massoud, Ahmad Shah, 232–33, 236, 237, 257–58, 279, 280, 354, 361–62, 531–32, 534
Mazar-e-Sharif, 361
Medanich, Chuck, 79–80, 88–90, 91, 100, 119–25, 141–42, 148
MEDIAN, *see* Potashov, Vladimir
Mein Kampf (Hitler), 38
Meir, Golda, 38
MI6, 411, 425
MI-8 helicopter, 485
MI-24D attack helicopters, 244, 245, 246–54, 259, 278, 282
Michni Point, 208–9
MiG-21 fighter, 288–89
MiG-23 fighter, 37
MiG-25 fighter (attack helicopter), 37, 339–40
MiG-29 fighter, 37, 443–45, 448–49, 464–66
Milan antitank missile, 277–78
Milburn, Jim, 521
Milczanowski, Andrzej, 422–24, 431, 450–51
MILLION, *see* Smetanin, Gennady
Mills, Tom, 87, 113
Ministerium für Staatssicherheit (MfS), *see* Stasi
Mirage fighter, 336
Mitrokhin, Vasili, 375
Mohammedi, Nabi, 238–39
Moiseyev, General, 503
Mojaddedi, Sibghatullah, 235–36, 240, 355
M1 Abrams tank, 346–47
MONOLITE, *see* Vasilenko, Gennady
Moore, Edwin G., 78
Morris, Jim, 347, 350–51
Moscow:
  apartment vacancies in, 97, 105–6, 527–28
  CIA headquarters in, 26–27, 32–33, 104, 167, 300–302, 377–78, 450
  CIA operational runs in, 3–7, 67, 96–99, 154, 156–58, 169–72, 306–7
  Gorbachev's return to, 498–99, 500, 502–4
  KGB surveillance in, 8, 40, 52, 56–59, 94–95, 98–99, 101–4, 109–10, 157, 298–99, 301, 307, 385, 412–13, 485–86, 519–20
  "1985 losses" in, 150–67, 177–78, 198–99, 297, 304, 330, 377–78, 384, 433, 442, 450, 477–78, 481, 521, 525–30
  operational stand-down in (1977–1978), 26–27, 32–33
  popular demonstrations in, 503, 506, 508–10, 518–19
  U.S. embassy in, 3, 26, 33–34, 40, 52, 55, 103–4, 167, 171–72, 191–92, 198–203, 300, 412–13, 517, 518
  White House in, 492–93, 496
"Moscow Rules," 5, 166–67
Moseby, Bill, 159–60, 384
Mossad, 62
Motorin, Sergey, 127, 183, 184–85, 196–97, 328
Movement for the Islamic Revolution of Afghanistan, 239
"moving through the gap," 25–26, 116–17
mug books, 100–101, 123–24
mules, 310–14, 315, 317
Muslim Brotherhood, 239
Muslim Youth, 280

Nagy, Imre, 380
Nairobi, Kenya, 158–61

Najibullah, Fatan, 361
Najibullah, Muhammad:
  downfall of, 332–33, 354–55, 359, 361, 362
  Soviet support for, 260–64, 272, 275, 332–33, 342, 359, 360–61
Natifboff, Murat, 4, 54–55, 124–25, 191, 300–301, 305
National Islamic Front, 238
National Security Agency (NSA), 29, 55, 77, 100–101, 123–24, 131–32, 165, 325, 513
National Security Council (NSC), 190, 352, 392, 393
National Security Decision Directive 166, 210
NATO, *see* North Atlantic Treaty Organization
Naval Investigative Service, 201
Navy, U.S., 29, 71, 100–101
Next Stop Execution (Gordievsky), 534
Nicaragua, 122, 215, 285
Nigeria, 62, 212–13
Nikitenko, Leonid, 46, 48, 407–15, 455, 457–59
nitrophenylpentadienal (NPPD), 102
Nixon, Richard M., 64
NKVD, 13, 422
Noonan, Bob, 112
North, Oliver, 265
North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO), 46–47, 245, 258–59, 340, 452, 453, 456, 461, 501
Northern Alliance, 279, 531, 534–35
Nosenko, Yuri, 20–22
Novodvorskaya, Valeria, 511
nuclear disarmament, 387
nuclear proliferation, 271, 366–67
nuclear war, 46–47, 271
Nunn, Sam, 245

Oak, Operation, 223
Oakley, Robert, 348–49, 352
Odessa network, 426
Office for the Protection of the Constitution and Democracy, 425
Office of Strategic Services (OSS), 20
Ogorodnik, Alexander (TRIGON), 10–11, 26, 32, 156, 191, 297, 488
Ojhri Camp, 242–46, 248, 332–37, 346, 351, 354
Olga (CIA "poet"), 11
Olson, Jim, 6, 29, 48, 198–201
Olson, Meredith, 198
O'Malley, Ed, 83
Opus Dei, 130, 319
Order of Lenin, 71
Order of the October Revolution, 533
O'Reilly, John, 393–94, 453, 454, 495
Organization of the Islamic Conference, 362
Oswald, Lee Harvey, 21

Pakistan, 266–72
  Afghan policy of, 208, 209, 212, 242–46, 253–54, 263, 275, 290–96, 315–17, 333–37, 361–62
  Afghan resistance leaders in, 228, 233–41, 283, 354–55, 362
  air force of, 349–51
  army of, 235, 266–72, 291–92, 310, 315–17, 335, 336–37, 346–52
  British influence in, 216
  Casey's proposed visit to, 255, 256
  democracy in, 362, 366–67
  Indian confrontations with, 258, 266–72, 291, 336, 348, 351–52, 367
  intelligence service of, 231, 233–34, 249, 269–70, 279, 286–88, 291–92, 309–10, 335, 362
  Islam in, 208
  Northern Territories of, 216
  North-West Frontier Province of, 255–56, 286–87, 366
  nuclear weapons program of, 271, 366–67
  Punjab province of, 216–17
  Soviet relations with, 260, 263–64, 274, 275, 293
  Stinger training program in, 242–46
  training camps in, 242–46, 248, 253–58, 266
  U.S. embassy in, 64, 335, 337–38, 352
  U.S. relationship with, 208–12, 219, 271, 290–96, 335, 336, 348–52, 362–63, 365–67
  U-2 flights flown from, 209
Pakistan Frontier Forces, 286
Palevich, John, 428–31
Papushin, Sergei, 405–6, 432, 449–50, 466, 481
Parker, Phillip, 113, 116
Parker, Stuart, 171
"paroles," 16, 437, 442
Pascal, Blaise, 500
Paulus, Friedrich von, 441
Pearl Harbor attack, 63
Pelton, Ronald, 123–24, 325
Penkovsky, Oleg, 22, 156
People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan, 221
Pershing missiles, 220–21
"Peshawar Seven," 233–41, 283, 354–55, 362
Peter I, Czar of Russia, 93
Peterson, Marty, 26
Pfister, Mike, 349
Phantoms of Tchaikovsky Street, The (Krassilnikov), 533

Philby, Kim, 13, 31
Piekney, Bill, 207–8, 210, 211, 212, 288, 494
Piguzov, Vladimir (JOGGER), 198, 377
Pillsbury, Michael, 210–12
PIMENTA (GENTILE), 108–10, 150, 152, 157
Platt, Jack:
  background of, 322–24
  Guyana trip of, 180–83, 320
  Howard investigation and, 111–12, 139–41
  intelligence report filed by, 320, 327–28
  Internal Operations (IO) course run by, 5, 84–85, 88, 326
  retirement of, 330, 536
Plekhanov, Yuri, 489, 499
PNG (persona non grata) war, 191–92, 300, 301
Poland:
  CIA intelligence on, 390–91, 428–31
  Communist downfall in, 274, 380, 382, 390, 391, 400, 403, 409, 411, 418
  security service of, 390–91, 422–24, 428–31, 450–51
  Solidarity movement in, 380, 390–91, 422–24, 460
  Soviet occupation of, 380, 422–23
  U.S. relations with, 450–51, 460
Politburo, Soviet, 217, 220–26, 259–64, 272–75, 381, 413, 498
Polyakov, Dmitri Fedorovich (TOP HAT), 129, 157, 187, 192–95
Polyakov, Peter, 193
polygraphs, 71, 77, 84, 85–86, 107, 113, 114, 117, 141, 192, 378, 468, 469, 529–30
Polyshchuk, Leonid Georgiyevich (WEIGH), 93–99
  arrest of, 94–99, 108–10, 156, 157, 527–28
  cash payments to, 96, 97–99
  CIA handlers for, 96–99
  communications plan of, 95
  as counterintelligence colonel, 94, 96–97
  Katmandu posting of, 96, 97–98
  Krassilnikov's interrogation of, 93–96, 98–99, 411
  Lagos posting of, 94, 97, 157, 173, 527–28
  Moscow dead drop serviced by, 94–99, 109, 157, 173
Popov, Pyotr Semyonovich, 156
Portugal, 106–8, 428–31
Potashov, Vladimir (MEDIAN), 198
Potemkin, Roman, 50–61
  Daniloff's contacts with, 50–53, 57–58, 59, 60–61, 189
  as KGB agent, 53, 58, 190
  letter supposedly written by, 50–51, 54–55, 60
  Stombaugh's meeting with, 50, 51, 53–61
Powers, Francis Gary, 209
Prague Spring (1968), 382, 402
Price, Ted, 371–72, 375, 455, 459, 536
PROLOGUE, *see* Zhomov, Alexander "Sasha"
propaganda, 232, 236, 359, 414, 427, 471–72
  black, 184, 185, 220–21, 279
Pugo, Boris Karlovich, 505
PULSAR, *see* Rogalla, Jürgen
Pushkin, Aleksandr, 38

Qala-i-Jangi prison uprising, 531

Rabbani, Burhanuddin, 236, 238, 240
radiation detection, 162, 168–69, 387
Radzivill, Count von, 398
Rankin (agent), 181, 182
Raphel, Arnie:
  death of, 348–50, 351, 352
  as U.S. ambassador to Pakistan, 308–10, 331, 335, 337–38, 367
Rawalpindi, 216–17, 294, 335
Reagan, Ronald:
  Afghan policy of, 180, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 230, 251, 254, 281, 332
  Daniloff affair and, 188–91
  foreign policy of, 46, 65, 89, 154
  Gorbachev's relationship with, 188–89, 300
  Hekmatyar's proposed meeting with, 281, 283
  inaugurations of, 373
  Iran-contra scandal and, 364
  Pakistan nuclear capability as viewed by, 271
Reasoner, Harry, 289
Red Army, 193, 194, 226, 353, 476, 495–96, 522, 531
Red Army Faction, 153
Red Arrow express train, 297–300, 432, 446–47
Redmond, Kathy, 31
Redmond, Paul, 470–78
  Ames as viewed by, 473–74
  background of, 30–31
  Bearden's relationship with, 66–67, 109–10, 153–55, 377, 405–6, 454, 470–71, 473–78
  as counterintelligence officer, 470–71, 474, 475–78, 481, 482, 521, 526
  debate requested by, 476, 477
  East European liberation as viewed by, 392, 393, 429, 430, 453–54, 456, 512
  Lonetree case reviewed by, 201–2
  "Mr. X" as viewed by, 197–98

  "1985 losses" and, 150, 152, 153–55, 160–61, 165, 169, 172, 196–98, 377, 477–78
  Polyshchuk's arrest as viewed by, 108–10
  retirement of, 536
  Rolph's meeting with, 420–22, 435
  as SE Division deputy chief, 363–64, 377, 378, 379, 393, 453–54
  Smetanin's recall as viewed by, 106–8, 110
  Stombaugh's arrest and, 27–28, 48, 49, 110
  transfer of, 454, 470–71
  Vertefeuille investigation and, 377–78
  Yurchenko case and, 150
  Zhomov's exfiltration as viewed by, 433–34, 447–48
Reiser, Dick, 30
Republican Party, 373–74
Riaz, Colonel, 249–50, 270, 272
Ridgeway, Rosalyn, 148
Rochford, Michael, 88, 149–50
Rogalla, Jürgen (PULSAR), 439–41
Rolph, David:
  as East Berlin station chief, 384–89, 394, 395, 397, 400, 420–22, 434–45, 448–49, 482
  Krassilnikov's meetings with, 497, 499, 512, 513–14
  MACRAME defection and, 443–45, 464–66
  as Moscow station chief, 482–84, 490–93, 497, 506, 509, 512, 519–20, 536
  Redmond's meeting with, 420–22, 435
  ROSETTA defection and, 462–64
  Soviet coup attempt and, 490–93, 497
  Tolkachev's meetings with, 39–41, 384
Romania, 400, 416–17
Roosevelt, Franklin D., 225
ROSETTA, 461–64
Royden, Barry, 167
RPG-7 grenade launchers, 256–57, 277
Ruml, Jan, 425
Russia (Russian Federation), 483–84, 497, 520–21
Russian National Economic Security Service, 533
Russian Orthodox Church, 52, 53
Rutskoi, Aleksandr, 341, 343–44, 500
RYAN, Operation, 46–47
Ryzhkov, Nikolay Ivanovich, 273

SA-7 missile (SAM-7), 242, 243, 245, 253
SA-19 missile, 461–64
safe houses, 30, 255, 257, 449, 455, 457
Salvo Bay, Battle of, 297
SAMs (surface-to-air missiles), 227–31, 461–64
Sanborn, James, 376
Sanni, Violetta, 201
Saudi Arabia, 217–18, 219, 239
Sayyaf, Abdul Rasul, 239, 240, 355
SB security service, 390–91
Schabowski, Gunter, 396–97, 398
Scowcroft, Brent, 490
SDR (surveillance detection route), 11–12, 25–26, 40, 43–44, 53–54
2nd Army Corps, Afghan, 342
secret agents, *see* agents, secret
Secret Intelligence Service (SIS), 14, 45–48, 68–69
Sellers, Michael, 54, 58–60, 85, 169–72, 178, 179
Senate Armed Services Committee, 245
September 11 attacks, 530, 534, 535
Shadrin, Ewa (Blanka Ewa Gora), 137, 138
Shadrin, Nicholas George (Nikolai F. Artamonov), 136–39, 141, 145
Shah of Iran (Mohammad Reza Pahlavi), 220
shalwar kameez, 237, 238, 243, 257, 352, 363
Sharansky, Natan, 93
Sharavatov, Vladimir, 9–10, 15, 44, 94, 95
Shebarshin, Leonid Vladimirovich:
  as acting KGB director, 502–12
  Afghan situation as viewed by, 224–26, 231–33, 258–59, 332–33, 338–39, 342–44, 359–62, 381, 382, 531–32
  documents destroyed by, 501–2
  Eastern European liberation as viewed by, 380–82
  as First Directorate chief, 380–82, 496–97, 500–502
  India-Pakistan conflict as viewed by, 269
  retirement of, 519, 533
  Soviet collapse as viewed by, 500–508
  Soviet coup attempt as viewed by, 491, 496–505
  Zia's death as viewed by, 350
Shebarshina, Nina, 509–10
Shenin, Oleg, 489
Shevardnadze, Eduard, 169, 189, 217, 259, 261, 272, 273–74, 331, 360, 381, 382, 392, 483
Sheymov, Viktor, 536
Shia Muslims, 218, 240
Shorer, David, 73, 74–76
Shultz, George, 189, 217, 291, 293, 331, 348–49, 352, 360, 382
Sibelius, Jean, 69
Siberia Maru, 168
Sikhs, 267
Simon, Mort, 114
60 Minutes, 289
Smetanin, Gennady (MILLION), 105–8, 110, 156, 157, 377

Smith, Havilland, 25–26
Snetkov, Boris, 464
Snyder, Dutch, 312–14
Sokolov, S. L., 232, 259, 274
Solidarity movement, 380, 390–91, 422–24, 460
Solomatin, Boris, 74
Solzhenitsyn, Aleksandr, 38
Soviet Union:
  Afghanistan invaded by, *see* Afghanistan
  air force of, 36, 37, 242, 245–46, 250, 288–89, 339–41, 343–45, 443–45, 485
  arms exports of, 218–19
  borders of, 69, 260, 261, 262, 290–96, 309–10
  collapse of, 382, 418–19, 471–72, 476, 482–84, 486–523, 525, 531, 533
  Communist Party of, 33, 93, 217, 220–26, 259–64, 272–75, 381, 413, 498
  coup attempt in (1991), 488–505, 518–19
  decline of, 65–66
  democratic reforms in, 501, 502–3
  economic conditions in, 382
  encirclement of, 220–21
  as "Evil Empire," 65, 154
  expansionism of, 218, 230
  gulag prison system of, 508–9
  land-based communications in, 28–29
  media coverage of, 51–52, 187–91, 490–91, 494, 501, 503, 518–19
  navy of, 29, 100–101, 325
  nuclear weapons of, 22, 28–29, 50–51, 162, 168–69, 387, 476
  political repression in, 33, 38, 55, 93, 194–95, 508–9, 511
  popular discontent in, 482–84, 518–19
  as superpower, 269, 283, 353
  technical probes of, 162, 168–69
  U.S. relations with, 3–4, 8, 13, 96, 191–92, 209–10, 220, 221–22, 274, 283, 290–96, 300, 301, 327, 336, 351, 353–55, 367, 382, 456
  Western Group of Forces, 453, 456–57, 461–66, 484, 495–96
Spann, John Micheal, 531
Spaso House, 35, 58, 102–3
SPG-9 recoilless rifle, 278
"special preparations," 10–11, 193–94, 329, 487–88
Spetsnaz (special operations troops), 210, 315–18
Sprava One, 408–9, 425
"spy dust," 59, 101–4, 157
SR-71 reconnaissance aircraft, 376
SS, 426
Stalin, Joseph, 24, 33, 93, 220, 225, 401, 422, 508–9
Stalingrad, Battle of, 441, 533
Stankevich, Sergei, 509
Stasi, 385–89, 392, 395, 400, 419–22, 434–42, 521
State Department, U.S.:
  CIA relations with, 210
  KGB penetration of, 371–75
  passports issued by, 434
  "spy dust" briefing by, 102–3
  Yurchenko redefection and, 146, 148–49
StB security service, 408–9, 424–27
Stein, John, 164–66, 364, 383
Stinger antiaircraft missiles, 30, 208, 210–12, 214, 227–31, 237, 240, 241, 242–54, 276–77, 282, 287, 333, 341, 485, 535
Stolz, Richard:
  as Deputy Director for Operations (DDO), 362–65, 376, 383, 384, 453, 474, 487, 535
  Helsinki meeting and, 407–8
  Zhomov's exfiltration approved by, 433–34
Stombaugh, Betsy, 12, 43, 44, 48
Stombaugh, Paul M.:
  arrest of, 6–9, 11, 13, 15, 17–18, 27–28, 42–44, 47–50, 60–61, 110, 157
  debriefing of, 48–50
  expulsion of, 48, 115
  retirement of, 536
  Tolkachev's proposed meeting with, 3–8, 42–43, 48, 53–54
STONE, 461–66
Storm, Operation, 223
Strauss, Robert, 515–18
"stump broke," 313–14
Stumpf, Hans Jürgen, 455
Sudan, 62
Sufis, 235, 236, 238
suicide pills, 10–11, 32, 40, 41, 193, 487–88
Sukhoi-25 fighter, 339–41, 343–45, 347, 350
Sukhoi-27 fighter, 37
Sundarji, Krishnaswami, 258, 269, 270–71
Supreme Council of the North, 279, 354
Supreme Soviet, 483, 492
surface-to-air missiles (SAMs), 227–31, 461–64
surveillance detection route (SDR), 11–12, 25–26, 40, 43–44, 53–54
SVRR, 521

Taman Guards Division, Soviet, 492
Taraki, Nur Muhammad, 220–22

Tass news agency, 115, 153, 174
TAW, Operation, 28–29, 30, 85–86, 92, 110
Teheran Conference (1943), 225
Teresa, Mother, 130–31
terrorism, 153–55, 157, 190
Thailand, 332–33
Tharpe, Arvel, 266
Thatcher, Margaret, 46, 218
Third World, 63–64, 208, 474–75
Thompson, Colin, 120–21, 123, 143–44, 145
Tiananmen Square massacre, 380
Titov, Gennady, 155, 505, 514
Tolkachev, Adolf Grigoryevitch, 3–10
  Ames's betrayal of, 16
  arrest of, 7, 9–10, 30, 32, 38, 40–44, 60, 81, 85, 92, 108, 109, 110, 115, 156, 157, 173, 178
  background of, 9, 32, 33
  cash payments to, 12, 16–17, 38, 42, 48
  CIA handlers for, 27, 32–41, 85, 115, 385
  communications schemes of, 9, 37–38, 42–43
  execution of, 196
  imprisonment of, 9, 94
  Krassilnikov's investigation of, 9, 32, 92, 411
  motivation of, 33, 38
  secret documents photographed by, 9, 12, 16, 36–37, 41, 42, 48, 51, 115
  security probe and, 41–42, 92
  Stombaugh's proposed meeting with, 3–8, 42–43, 48, 53–54
  suicide pill possessed by, 32, 40, 41
  ventilator-window signal of, 37–38, 43
Tolkachev, Oleg, 33, 35, 37
Tolkacheva, Natalia, 33
Tomaszewski, Ryszard, 428–31
TOP HAT, *see* Polyakov, Dmitri Fedorovich
Treholt, Arne, 155
TRIGON, *see* Ogorodnik, Alexander
Tsymbal, Vladimir, 327–28
Turgenev, Ivan, 38
Turkmenistan, 525
Turner, Stansfield, 26–27, 32–33, 37, 64
Twetten, Kay, 535
Twetten, Tom, 250–51, 364, 384, 432, 433, 434, 474, 535, 536

UH1 "Huey" helicopter, 256–57
ultradiscreet surveillance, 301, 307, 520
United Nations, 131, 187, 191–92
United States:
  Afghan policy of, *see* Afghanistan
  defense programs of, 37
  nuclear weapons of, 46–47, 387
  Pakistani relations with, 208–12, 219, 271, 290–96, 335, 336, 348–52, 362–63, 365–67
  Polish relations with, 450–51, 460
  Soviet diplomats expelled by, 191–92, 300, 301
  Soviet relations with, 3–4, 8, 13, 96, 191–92, 209–10, 220, 221–22, 274, 283, 290–96, 300, 301, 327, 336, 351, 353–55, 367, 382, 456
  superpower status of, 283, 460
U.S. News & World Report, 51–52, 188
Ustinov, Dmitri, 220, 223
U-2 reconnaissance aircraft, 209, 376
Uzbekistan, 210, 290–97, 309–10, 357–58, 359, 525

Varennik, Gennady (FITNESS), 153–56, 175, 197, 377, 411
Varennikov, Valentin, 489
Vasilenko, Gennady (MONOLITE), 321–27
  arrest of, 321–22
  background of, 182–83, 322
  dismissal of, 330
  Guyana assignment of, 180–83, 321–22, 326–27, 328
  hunting rifle acquired for, 180–83, 326, 330
  interrogation of, 328–30, 534
  loyalty of, 323–30
  Platt's friendship with, 180–83, 320, 321–30, 534
  volleyball played by, 182–83, 322
Vasilliev, Vladimir Mikhailovich (ACCORD), 150–52, 377
Vatican, 65, 73–74
Velvet Revolution, 402–5, 408–9, 424–27, 467–68
Vertefeuille, Jeanne, 377–78, 478, 521
Vetrov, Vladimir Mikhailovich, 135–36, 185–86, 528, 529
Vienna, 138, 189–90, 198–201, 371–72
Vietnam War, 39, 64, 71, 209, 220, 274, 332, 342, 344
Villa Abamelek, 73–74
Vilnius uprising (1991), 483
Vorontsov, Sergey (COWL), 58–60, 102, 157, 169–72, 178, 179, 411
Vorontsov, Yuli, 261, 262–63

Wade, Robert, 475, 476
Waguespack, Michael, 113, 115
Walesa, Lech, 398
Walker, Arthur, 71

Walker, John:
  arrest of, 15–16, 71, 72, 128
  spy ring run by, 71, 101, 197
Walker, Michael, 71
Wallenberg, Raoul, 93
Ward, Terry, 384
Wardak, Rahim, 228, 289
Warren Commission, 21
Warsaw Pact, 218–19, 223, 278, 314–15, 379–80, 382, 386, 456–57, 512
Washington, D.C.:
  diplomatic zone around, 89–90, 141
  KGB *Rezidentura* in, 81, 108–9, 119, 126–28, 141, 157, 172–74, 183–84, 322, 324
  Soviet embassy in, 124, 131–32, 145–48, 527
Washington Post, 113, 362–63, 518
Washington Times, 122
Wassom, Herb, 348–49, 351, 352
Watergate scandal, 64
weapons of mass destruction, 486
Weber, Steve, 378, 392, 395, 416–18, 454, 536
Webster, William, 276, 331, 364, 398, 420, 434, 442, 487, 517
Wehrmacht, 454–55
WEIGH, *see* Polyshchuk, Leonid Georgiyevich
Whitehead, John, 148–49
Whitworth, Jerry, 71
Wilson, Charlie, 283–89, 352
Wisner, Frank, 383
Woerner, Manfred, 501
Wolf, Allan D., 73
Wolf, Andrea, 442
Wolf, Markus, 440, 441–42
Woolsey, R. James, 529
World War II, 63, 194, 225, 297, 393, 401, 422, 441, 454–56
Worthen, Diana, 166, 202
Wright, Jim, 285

"X, Mr.," 175–76, 197–98, 481

Yakovlev, Aleksandr, 381
Yakushkin, Dimitri, 78, 164, 184–85, 187
Yaqub Khan, Sahabzada, 293, 309
Yazov, Dmitri, 484, 499
"yellow submarine," 104, 167
Yeltsin, Boris, 518–21
  Gorbachev's relationship with, 483–84, 489
  KGB documents on, 501–2
  KGB reformed by, 513–14, 520–21
  media coverage of, 518–19
  as Russian president, 483–84, 489, 492–93, 496, 500, 520–21
  Soviet coup opposed by, 492–93, 496, 500
Yereskovsky, Valentina, 119–23
Yousaf, Mohammed, 292, 295–96
Yurchenko, Vitaly Sergeyevich, 70–83
  Artamonov (Shadrin) case and, 136–39, 141, 145
  background of, 70, 78, 119, 124
  Bearden's relationship with, 76–77, 82–83, 91, 134–37, 145, 148–49
  cancer fear of, 74, 120, 134
  CIA handlers for, 88–90, 123, 124–25, 141–44, 145, 320
  debriefings of, 75–77, 79, 80–81, 90, 100–101, 119, 120, 146–47, 150, 320
  defection of, 70–83, 119–25, 320
  FBI involvement with, 88, 90, 123–24, 144, 320
  Hayden interrogated by, 70–72, 101
  Howard identified by, 77–78, 81, 87, 90–91, 100, 111, 113, 120, 147, 150
  in KGB First Chief Directorate, 70, 75, 121
  love affair of, 119–23
  media coverage of, 122, 123, 125, 136–37, 141, 145–50
  moodiness of, 90, 120, 121–25, 134–37
  mug shots examined by, 100–101, 123–24
  Pelton identified by, 123–24
  redefection of, 124, 141–50, 156, 157, 173–74, 183, 185, 320, 413–14, 533–34
  in Rome, 70–76, 119
  safe houses for, 79–80, 82–83, 88–90, 100, 120, 124–25, 134–37, 141, 142
  tracking agents confirmed by, 101, 102
  U.S. arrival of, 79–82
Yuzhin, Boris, 127

Zakharov, Gennady, 187–91
Zenith, Operation, 222–23
Zhomov, Aleksandr "Sasha" (PROLOGUE), 202–3, 297–307, 432–34, 446–48, 534
Zhukov, Georgi K., 455
Zia ul-Haq, Mohammed, 266–72, 348–52
  Afghan policy of, 208, 209, 210–12, 213, 215, 235, 237, 238, 240, 275, 294–96
  Akhtar's relationship with, 214, 287, 291–92, 294–96, 346–47
  Bhutto as rival of, 208, 309, 350, 362
  death of, 348–52
  Indian military exercise as viewed by, 258, 266–72
  as president, 214, 266–72, 287, 291–92, 293, 336–38
  U.S. support for, 214, 258, 275, 284, 289, 337–38

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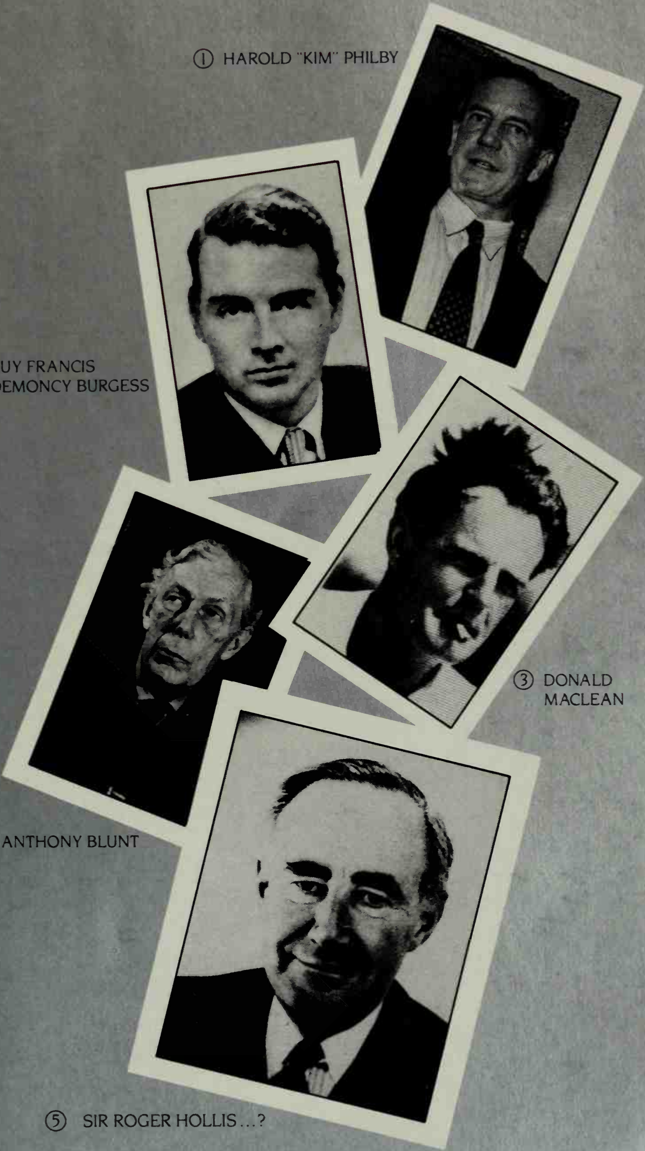

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Spycatcher

The Candid Autobiography of a Senior Intelligence Officer

Peter Wright with Paul Greengrass

A DELL BOOK

To my wife, Lois

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—Peter Wright
1988

Preface

JOHN LE CARRÉ ONCE WROTE THAT THE BRITISH SECRET SERvices have an image but no face. It is an image which has been carefully cultivated since they were founded in the first decade of the twentieth century. The CIA may have greater resources, the KGB greater machinations, Mossad the greater ruthlessness, but MI5 and MI6 were the first players in Kipling's Great Game; they are its master craftsmen. They invented the principles of tradecraft, broke the first codes, ran the best agents, bred the best spymasters, and taught the rest everything they know. Above all, they keep the secrets. In the intelligence world MI5 and MI6 are still *primes inter pares.*

Britain has always carefully protected the reputation of its Secret Services. They are seen as embodying her most admirable national qualities—subtlety of mind, pragmatism, and an ironic detachment from the naïvetés which disfigure other nations. The more that Britain's prestige in the real world has declined in recent decades, the greater the importance which has been attached to them. It is almost as if clandestine expertise compensates for the loss of Empire and all the increasing irrelevance of much of British life today. The spy world remains the last arena where wellborn Englishmen can still exercise that effortless superiority which for centuries they were born to believe was theirs by right.

The British Secret Services have also fulfilled another vital function. They have been the guardians of the state's unconscious mind. Their files contain all that is most shameful in the national memory—assassination plots, lawbreaking, conspiracies against elected governments, and the full extent of Soviet penetration. For years MI5 and MI6 kept these memories safely hidden from view. They were the custodians of an enormous storehouse of scandal.

Britain was not alone in amassing an intolerable burden of intelligence-related scandals in the postwar years. The CIA had its anti-Castro plots, illegal surveillance programs, and foreign destabilizations, to mention but a few. The Canadian and Australian Services had their own variations, involving illegal wiretapping, burglary, and blacklisting. By the mid-1970s the strain of keeping the secrets out of view became intolerable. Like patients in therapy, each country needed to dispose of the accumulated baggage of the past in order to be able to embrace the future. They needed a ritual; a catharsis.

The CIA released its burden in the mid-1970s through a long series of Congressional and Senate Committee inquiries, in particular that headed by Senator Frank Church. Both the Canadian and Australian intelligence communities underwent similar scrutiny by senior judicial figures, Justices MacDonald and Hope respectively. In each case, following the sensational public revelations, new rules and accountabilities were formulated to encourage public confidence and take the services forward to the 1990s.

Only Britain, among the principal Western intelligence allies, stood alone in refusing to face up to the past. Ever since Burgess and Maclean defected in 1951, the British Government's rare public statements about the activities of the intelligence services have been characterized either by dishonesty, inaccuracy, or inadequacy. First there was Prime Minister Macmillan's infamous clearance of Kim Philby in 1955, then the fifteen-year cover-up of Anthony Blunt's treachery and subsequent secret pardon. More recently there have been official denials of any plot or impropriety by MI5 officers against the Labor Government of 1974.

But despite British resistance to any measure of inquiry or accountability, the burden of the past has finally proved too great. In the end the secrets had to come out, and the catharsis has come not through the official or judicial inquiries favored by our allies in the mid-1970s but through publication of this book.

Peter Wright is the only man who could have undertaken such a task. His twenty-five-year career inside the highest echelons of British intelligence gave him a unique insight into all the mistakes, venal acts, and cover-ups of a generation of British intelligence gathering—from the widespread illegalities of the 1950s and the crazed witch-hunts of the 1960s to the sinister conspiracies of the 1970s.

Peter Wright is a veteran of a hard school—that generation of intelligence officers on both sides of the Atlantic who began their secret service in the trenches of the Cold War and ended it in the mid-1970s, just as the secrets started to spill out. He has never been an old-school-tie man. Part boffin, part molehunter, he is an outsider, and proud of it.

He has been an enemy of the British Establishment ever since he began his lonely crusade to hunt down those wellborn Englishmen who turned traitor in the 1930s. The experience scarred him for life. He got little support from MI5. Few of the titled and eminent people he interviewed cared to recall the details of a prewar world which long ago had disappeared. Fewer still cared to remember their friendships with Philby, Burgess, Maclean, and Blunt, or admit the secret suspicions they had kept to themselves. A veil had been drawn over those years by an entire generation, and it gave Wright a fierce determination to tear it away.

Today Peter Wright remains true to the precepts of the Cold War. Where others of his contemporaries have sought an accommodation with the post-detente world, he has always been a man-at-arms, restlessly uneasy with peace. He is no Philip Agee, although the British Government have gone to inordinate lengths to present him as such. He does not believe in naming names and blowing operations. He is an emotional patriot who believes passionately in secret services and the role they play. He remembers warmly much of his career inside MI5. But he has an unshakable conviction that mistakes were made, truths covered up, trails not pursued, and that some account needed to be written of these turbulent years.

Peter Wright's memoirs finally provide a face for the British Intelligence Services, and in doing so shatter their image. There is ample testimony in these pages to the brilliance, dedication, and subtlety of much of British Intelligence. There is also bungling, illegality, amateurism, and conspiracy. The same vices, in fact, which afflict any modern intelligence service—plus a few more which are peculiarly British, such as class hatred and a penchant for the Establishment cover-up.

Spycatcher is the final morsel in our long postwar feast of decline. It has destroyed our last national illusion, and made the mangy old Lion choke. She has responded with hysterical outrage, launching lawsuits throughout the world in an effort to suppress the book. The courts of Australia, New Zealand, Hong Kong, Canada, and Britain have witnessed the most sustained and bitter litigation in living memory, as millions of pounds of public money have been squandered in a futile attempt to halt the inevitable.

The epic struggle began in September 1985 when Peter Wright received a letter at his home in Tasmania, Australia, from lawyers acting on behalf of the British Government informing him that they were instigating proceedings to halt his proposed book. Peter Wright and his publishers, Heinemann Publishers Australia Pty., courageously opted to fight, retaining one of Australia's brightest young lawyers, Malcolm Turnbull. After exhaustive pretrial hearings, the case finally came to full trial in the

Supreme Court of New South Wales in Sydney in November 1986.

The Crown's principal witness was Mrs. Thatcher's most senior security adviser, Cabinet Secretary Sir Robert Armstrong (now Lord Armstrong), a man renowned for his bureaucratic skills and commitment to ancient doctrines of official secrecy. His affidavits read better than any publisher's publicity brochure. *Spycatcher,* claimed Armstrong, was an intolerable breach of confidence. He stressed Wright's seniority in British Intelligence, his extraordinarily long service in posts of the highest sensitivity, and his continuous access to intelligence, much of which remains highly secret. If Armstrong was to be believed, the fabric of British public life would collapse if *Spycatcher* were published.

Wright's lawyer, Malcolm Turnbull, shared with his client a deep aversion to the hypocrisies of the British Establishment. His brilliant and often savage courtroom cross-examination of Sir Robert Armstrong was a classic confrontation between the young colonial and the old imperialist; between the New World and the Old. Rarely have the philosophies and contradictions which underpin the activities of a secret service in a democracy been so ruthlessly exposed. By the end of the trial the Government's case had been reduced to an object of ridicule.

Turnbull first addressed the scandals which lie at the heart of this book—the widespread illegalities, assassination plots, and conspiracies instigated by the British Secret Services, as well as the long history of Soviet penetrations of the British upper classes. Rather than disclose official documents relating to these events, the British Government conceded for the purposes of the litigation that Wright's allegations in *Spycatcher* were true. In that case, argued Turnbull, there was a clear public interest in such iniquities being laid open to view. The British Government had no answer.

Next Turnbull attacked the Crown's contention that their Secret Services had to be seen to be leakproof. He produced an exhaustive list of publications which proved that disclosures of confidential information had long been permitted, even encouraged, if it suited the Services and boosted their image. For instance, memoirs by former intelligence officers had been published before, but only if they lauded the achievements of the Services. Books by journalists containing enormous quantities of hitherto secret information, many relating to events described in *Spycatcher,* had also been officially condoned, even when the Government knew that the information emanated from intelligence officers.

This area of the trial was the most damaging to the Government. Sir Robert Armstrong repeatedly sought to deny the extent of official knowledge of such publications. Time and again Turnbull's evidence forced him to withdraw. By the end of the trial he emerged as a discredited witness, apologizing to the judge for misleading the court in these areas, and even, in one phrase which will haunt him forever, admitting that he had been "economical with the truth."

A sensible system was needed, argued Turnbull, whereby retired officers could write their memoirs, and submit them to the Government for vetting. Wright had already volunteered his willingness to make cuts in his manuscript if the British Government would outline the particular passages which concerned them. But the Government refused to discuss Wright's offer. Turnbull pointed out that the CIA already operated a manuscript review system. CIA officers were able to publish memoirs, and relay their experiences and knowledge to a wider public, with no noticeable detriment to the security of the free world. Why should Britain stand alone? Once again, the British Government had no answer.

After weighing the evidence, the Supreme Court of New South Wales handed down a stinging judgment in Wright's favor. But still the Government would not concede defeat. They appealed the case, and the war intensified. By spring 1987 details from the as yet unpublished *Spycatcher* manuscript began to seep into the British press, and the focus of the legal battle switched to London. Punitive injunctions were obtained prohibiting any British newspaper from referring in even the briefest form to the major allegations in Wright's book.

The habit of suppression began to spread far beyond *Spycatcher* to include virtually any publication about the workings of British Intelligence. British magazine and television offices were raided by the police, journalists' doors were hammered down, and books, articles, radio and TV programs were unceremoniously banned.

The *Spycatcher* affair was now far more than a publishing cause célèbre. It was a major constitutional crisis about the conduct and oversight of our intelligence community, the relations between Government and press, and Government and Judiciary, and the limits of freedom of expression.

Spycatcher was eventually published in the USA in July 1987, closely followed by publication in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and Europe. Today more than a million copies have been sold worldwide, but still people in Britain are unable to buy it, or read about it in their newspapers. It is an absurd situation, yet the Prime Minister, Mrs. Thatcher, has pledged herself to continue with the fight. Further court appeals across the world are scheduled. Like the little Dutch boy, she is still trying to plug the dike with her fingers, even as she is submerged under the torrent of books pouring from the presses.

The Prime Minister has remained impervious to the mounting costs of the battle. She has repeatedly refused to sanction any independent inquiry into the allegations of illegality and domestic subversion made against the British Secret Services in *Spycatcher*, despite widespread support for such an inquiry among senior British politicians of all political persuasions. Her obduracy has succeeded only in fueling doubts about their political impartiality and lack of accountability, and ensured the tarnishing of their reputation for a generation.

The position of the Judiciary in Britain has similarly been gravely damaged. It is totally out of step with its Australian and American counterparts. In the *Spycatcher* case the Australian courts fiercely defended the public interest in freedom of expression. And in America, the British Government did not even bring proceedings, realizing that it would be unable to overcome the freedoms enshrined in the First Amendment.

But the British courts have shown themselves remarkably uninterested in attaching importance to the freedom of the press in matters of national security. They have become little more than tools of the executive doling out increasingly craven judgments in support of the Government. One British newspaper even took the unprecedented step of printing the Law Lords photographs upside down under a blazing headline reading "YOU FOOLS!" after one bizarre court ruling sought to prohibit the press from reporting Parliamentary debates about *Spycatcher.* Public respect for their independence has been seriously diminished. It will take a long time to recover.

The *Spycatcher* affair, like the Pentagon Papers case, is another watershed battle in the long-running war over the public's right to know what is done in their name in the field of national security. Whatever the final outcome, nothing in Britain will ever quite be the same again. *Spycatcher* has been published, and although it is not officially available in Britain, thousands of copies continue to pour into the country. Peter Wright and his publishers have successfully defied the perversions of secrecy which do so much to disfigure modern Britain. They have defied Mrs. Thatcher and won, and in the process made her seem foolish. They have forced Britain to confront her final illusion, and the accountability of the Secret Services is now firmly on the political agenda. They have ensured reform of Britain's antique and ramshackle approach to secrecy, not under this Government, but certainly under the next. That is no inconsiderable achievement.

But in the end, of course, *Spycatcher* is just a book; an old man's recollections after a lifetime in secret intelligence. They are war stories from long ago, told by the fire, a drink in hand. Like all the best war stories, there are lessons for today. They tell of the days when espionage was still Kipling's Great Game, before the bureaucrats, the satellites, and the computers took over and squeezed the drama and excitement out of it all. These were the years when heroes strode the trenches of the Cold War. We shall not see their like again.

—Paul Greengrass
London, January 1988

Prologue

FOR YEARS I HAD WONDERED WHAT THE LAST DAY WOULD BE LIKE. In January 1976 after two decades in the top echelons of the British Security Service, MI5, it was time to rejoin the real world.

I emerged for the final time from Euston Road tube station. The winter sun shone brightly as I made my way down Gower Street toward Trafalgar Square. Fifty yards on I turned into the unmarked entrance to an anonymous office block. Tucked between an art college and a hospital stood the unlikely headquarters of British Counterespionage.

I showed my pass to the policeman standing discreetly in the reception alcove and took one of the specially programmed lifts which carry senior officers to the sixth-floor inner sanctum. I walked silently down the corridor to my room next to the Director-General's suite.

The offices were quiet. Far below I could hear the rumble of tube trains carrying commuters to the West End. I unlocked my door. In front of me stood the essential tools of the intelligence officer's trade—a desk, two telephones, one scrambled for outside calls, and to one side a large green metal safe with an oversized combination lock on the front. I hung up my coat and began mechanically to arrange my affairs. Having seen too many retired officers at cocktail parties loitering for scraps of news and gossip, I wanted to make a clean break. I was determined to make a new life for myself breeding horses out in Australia.

I turned the dials on the locks and swung open the heavy safe door. In front was a mass of Registry files stamped Top Secret, and behind them a neat stack of small combination boxes. Files: over the years I had drawn thousands. Now these were the last. Routine agent reports circulated routinely to me, the latest reports of the Computer Working Party, the latest analyses of Provisional IRA strength. Files always need answers. I had none to give. The Russian Diplomat's file had been sent to me by a younger officer. Did I recognize him? Not really. It was a double-agent case which had been running off and on for years. Did I have any ideas? Not really. When you join the Service each case looks different. When you leave they all seem the same. I carefully initialed off the files and arranged for my secretary to take them to the Registry.

After lunch I set to work on the combination boxes, pulling them out from the back of the safe one by one. The first contained technical details of microphones and radio receivers—remnants of my time in the 1950s as MI5's first scientific officer. I arranged for the contents to be sent over to the Technical Department. An hour later the head of the Department came over to thank me. He was very much the modern government scientist: neat, cautious, and constantly in search of money.

"They were just odd things I kept," I said. "I don't suppose you'll have much use for them. It's all satellites now, isn't it?"

"Oh no," he replied. "I'll enjoy reading them." He looked a little embarrassed. He and I had never really got on. We came from different worlds. I was a glue, sticks, and rubber-band improviser from the war; he was a defense contractor. We shook hands and I went back to sorting out my safe.

The remaining boxes held papers gathered after I joined the Counterespionage Department in 1964, when the search for spies in British Intelligence was at its most intense. The handwritten notes and typed aides-mémoire were packed with the universal currency of spying—lists of suspects and details of accusations, betrayals, and verdicts. Here, in the endless paper chase which began so clearly but ended in mystery, lay the threads of my career.

Eventually my secretary came in and handed me two blue books. "Your diaries," she said, and together we shredded them into the burn bag beside my desk until it was time for the final ritual.

I walked along to the Establishments Office. The duty officer handed me a file containing a list of my current secret indoctrinations. I began to sign off the small chits. Access to Signals Intelligence and Satellite Intelligence went first. Then I worked through the mass of case indoctrinations I held. The acquisition of secrets is such a personal thing; the loss of them is painfully bureaucratic. Each stroke of the pen shut the door a little farther. Within half an hour the secret world which had sustained me for years was closed off forever.

Toward dark I took a taxi over to MI5's old headquarters at Leconfield House in Mayfair. The organization was in the process of moving to new offices at the top of Curzon Street, but the staff bar, the Pig and Eye Club, where my farewell party was due to be held, still remained in Leconfield House.

I went into the old building. Here, in the teak-inlaid corridors and corniced offices, Philby, Burgess, Maclean, and Blunt were hunted down. And here too we had fought MI5's most secret war over suspicions of an undiscovered mole at the heart of the Service. Our suspect was the former Director-General of MI5, Sir Roger Hollis, but we had never been able to prove it. Hollis's friends had bitterly resented the accusation and for ten long years both sides had feuded like medieval theologians, driven by instinct, passion, and prejudice.

One by one in the 1970s the protagonists had retired, until finally the move to new offices signaled the end of the war. But walking the corridors of Leconfield House I could still feel the physical sense of treachery, of pursuit, and the scent of the kill.

My party was a quiet affair. People said nice things. The Director-General, Sir Michael Hanley, made a pretty speech, and I received the customary cards with their handwritten farewell messages. Lord Clanmorris, the great MI5 agent runner, wrote that my departure was "a sad, sad, irreplaceable loss." He meant to the office. But the real loss was mine.

That night I slept in the flat on the top floor of the Gower Street offices, woken occasionally by the noise of trains arriving at Euston Station. Early the next morning I dressed, picked up my briefcase, empty for the first time, and walked down to the front door. I said goodbye to the policeman and stepped outside onto the street. My career was over. A sad, sad, irreplaceable loss.

1

IT ALL BEGAN IN 1949, ON THE KIND OF SPRING DAY THAT REMINDS you of winter. The rain drummed against the tin roof of the prefabricated laboratory at Great Baddow in Essex, where I was working as a Navy scientist attached to the Marconi Company. An oscilloscope throbbed in front of me like a headache. Scattered across the trestle table was a mass of scribbled calculations. It was not easy designing a radar system able to pick out a submarine periscope from amid the endless rolling wave clutter; I had been trying for years. The telephone rang. It was my father, Maurice Wright, the Marconi Engineer in Chief.

"Freddie Brundrett wants to see us," he said.

That was nothing new. Brundrett had been Chief of the Royal Naval Scientific Service and was now Chief Scientist of the Ministry of Defense; he had been taking a personal interest of late in the progress of the project. A decision was needed soon over whether to fund production of a prototype system. It would be expensive. Postwar defense research was an endless battle against financial attrition, and I prepared myself for another ill-tempered skirmish.

I welcomed the chance of talking to Brundrett direct. He was an old family friend; both my father and I had worked for him in Admiralty Research during the war. Perhaps, I thought, there might be the chance of a new job.

The following day we drove down to London in a steady drizzle and parked the car close to Brundrett's office in Storey's Gate. Whitehall looked gray and tired; the colonnades and statues seemed ill suited to a rapidly changing world. Clement Attlee was still promising "teeth and spectacles," but the winter had been hard and people grew restless under rationing. The euphoria of victory in 1945 had long since given way to sullen resentment.

We introduced ourselves to the neat secretary in Brundrett's outer office. The annex hummed in that subdued Whitehall way. We were not the first to arrive. I greeted a few familiar faces: scientists from the various Services' laboratories. It seemed a large turnout for a routine meeting, I thought. Two men I had never met detached themselves from the huddle.

"You must be the Wrights," said the shorter of the two abruptly. He spoke with a clipped military accent. "My name is Colonel Malcolm Cumming from the War Office, and this is my colleague Hugh Winterborn." Another stranger came over. "And this is John Henry, one of our friends from the Foreign Office." Cumming employed the curious code Whitehall uses to distinguish its secret servants. Whatever the meeting was about, I thought, it was unlikely to concern antisubmarine warfare; not with a contingent from MI5 and MI16 present. Brundrett appeared at the door of his office and invited us in.

His office, like his reputation, was vast. Giant sash windows and high ceilings completely dwarfed his desk. He showed us to the conference table, which had been carefully lined with ink blotters and decanters. Brundrett was a small, energetic man, one of that select band, along with Lindemann, Tizard, and Cockcroft, responsible for gearing Britain for the technical and scientific demands of fighting World War II. As Assistant Director of Scientific Research for the Admiralty, and later Deputy Director of the Royal Naval Scientific Service, he had been largely responsible for recruiting scientists into government service during the war. He was not especially gifted as a scientist, but he understood the vital role scientists could play. His policy was to promote youth wherever possible and because the Service chiefs trusted him he was able to get the resources necessary to enable them to perform at their best.

As a weary and diminished Britain girded herself to fight a new war in the late 1940s—the Cold War—Brundrett was the obvious choice to advise on how best to galvanize the scientific community once again. He was appointed Deputy Scientific Adviser to the Minister of Defense and succeeded Sir John Cockcroft as Scientific Adviser and Chairman of the Defense Research Policy Committee in 1954.

"Gentlemen," began Brundrett when we were seated. "It is quite clear to all of us, I think, that we are now in the midst of war and have been since events in Berlin last year."

Brundrett made it clear that the Russian blockade of Berlin and the Western airlift which followed had made a profound impact on defense thinking.

"This war is going to be fought with spies, not soldiers, at least in the short term," he went on, "and I have been discussing where we stand with Sir Percy Sillitoe, the Director-General of the Security Service. To be frank," he concluded, "the situation is not good."

Brundrett crisply described the problem. It had become virtually impossible to run agents successfully behind the Iron Curtain, and there was a serious lack of intelligence about the intentions of the Soviet Union and her allies. Technical and scientific initiatives were needed to fill the gap.

"I have discussed the matter in outline with some of you here, Colonel Cumming from the Security Service and Peter Dixon representing MI6, and I have formed this committee to assess the options and initiate work at once. I have also suggested to Sir Percy that he obtain the services of a young scientist to help on the research side. I intend to submit the name of Peter Wright, whom some of you may know. He is currently attached to the

Services Electronics Research Laboratory and he will go over on a part-time basis until we find out how much work needs doing."

Brundrett looked across at me. "You'll do that for us, won't you, Peter?"

Before I could reply he turned to my father. "We'll obviously need help from Marconi, G.M., so I have co-opted you onto this committee as well." (Father was always known in the Navy by the name that Marconi was known by in the old days.)

It was typical Brundrett, issuing invitations as if they were orders and bending the Whitehall machine thoroughly out of shape to get his way.

For the rest of the afternoon we discussed ideas. The MI5 and MI6 contingents were conspicuously silent and I assumed it was the natural reticence of the secret servant in the presence of outsiders. Each scientist gave an extempore synopsis of any research in his laboratory which might possibly have an intelligence application. Obviously a full-scale technical review of intelligence services requirements would take time but it was clear that they urgently needed new techniques of eavesdropping which did not require entry to premises. Soviet security was so tight that the possibility of gaining entry, other than through party walls or when an embassy was being rebuilt, was remote. By teatime we had twenty suggestions of possible areas of fruitful research. Brundrett instructed me to draw up a paper assessing them, and the meeting broke up.

As I was leaving, a man from the Post Office Technical Department, John Taylor, who had talked at some length during the meeting about post office work on listening devices, introduced himself. "We'll be working together on this," he said, as we exchanged telephone numbers. "I'll be in touch next week."

On the drive back to Great Baddow, Father and I discussed the meeting excitedly. It had been so gloriously unpredictable, in the way that Whitehall often was during the war and had so seldom been since. I was thrilled at the opportunity to escape from anti-submarine work; he because it continued the thread of secret intelligence which had run through the family for four and a half decades.

2

MY FATHER JOINED THE MARCONI COMPANY FROM UNIVERSITY IN 1912, and began work as an engineer on an improved method of detecting radio signals. Together with Captain H. J. Round, he succeeded in developing a vacuum receiver which made the interception of long-range communications possible for the first time.

Two days before World War I began, he was working with these receivers in the old Marconi Laboratory at Hall Street, Chelmsford, when he realized he was picking up German naval signals. He took the first batch to the Marconi works manager, Andrew Gray, who was a personal friend of Captain Reggie Hall, and head of the Naval Intelligence Department.

Hall was the dominant figure in British Intelligence during World War I and was responsible for attacking German ciphers from the famous Admiralty Room 40. He arranged for my father to travel up to Liverpool Street Station on the footplate of a specially chartered locomotive. After studying the material he insisted Marconi release my father to build intercept and direction-finding stations for the Navy.

The central problem facing Naval Intelligence at the outbreak of World War I was how to detect the German High Seas Fleet putting to sea in time to enable the British Fleet, based at Scapa Flow, to intercept them. Naval Intelligence knew that when the German Fleet was quiescent she lay at the eastern end of the Kiel Canal. Hall believed it might be possible to detect the German

Commander-in-Chief's wireless communications on board his flagship as they passed through the Kiel Canal into the North Sea.

My father set to work to design sufficiently sensitive equipment and eventually developed "aperiodic" direction-finding. This enabled the bearing of the wanted signal to be accurately identified among the mass of other interfering signals. It took several years to become operational but eventually became an important weapon in the war against the U-boats. Even today all direction-finding equipment is "aperiodic."

In 1915, before the system was fully operational, my father suggested to Hall that the best solution was to locate a direction finder in Christiania (now Oslo). Norway at this time was neutral, but the British Embassy could not be used for fear of alerting the Germans, so Hall asked my father if he was prepared to go and run the station clandestinely for MI6. Within days he was on his way to Norway, posing as a commercial traveler trading in agricultural medicines. He set up in a small hotel in a side street in Christiania and rented an attic room high enough to rig direction-finding wireless without being conspicuous.

The MI6 station in the Embassy supplied him with communications and spare parts, but it was dangerous work. His radio equipment was bound to give him away eventually. He was not part of the diplomatic staff and would be denied if discovered. At best he faced internment for the rest of the war; at worst he risked the attentions of German Intelligence.

The operation ran successfully for six months, giving the Navy invaluable early warning of German Fleet intentions. Then one morning he came down to breakfast at his usual table. He looked casually across the street to see a new poster being pasted onto the wall opposite. It was his photograph with an offer of a reward for information leading to his arrest.

He had worked out his escape route with MI6 before the operation began. He quickly finished his breakfast, returned to his room, carefully packed his wireless equipment in its case and pushed it under the bed. He gathered up his travel documents, passport, and Naval identity card, leaving a substantial quantity of cash in the hope that it might encourage the hotelier to forget about him.

Rather than taking the road toward the Swedish coast which the Norwegian authorities would assume to be his most likely escape route, he set off to the southwest. Ten miles down the coast he sat down on a rock by the roadside. Sometime later, a British Naval lieutenant walked up to him and asked him who he was. Father identified himself and he was taken to a launch and ferried out to a waiting British destroyer.

Years later, when I was coming up for retirement, I tried to find the details of this operation in the MI6 files. I arranged with Sir Maurice Oldfield, the then Chief of MI6, to spend the day in their Registry looking for the papers. But I could find nothing; the MI6 weeders had routinely destroyed all the records years before.

I was born in 1916 at my grandmother's house in Chesterfield, where my mother had gone to stay while my father was in Norway for MI6. There was a Zeppelin raid on nearby Sheffield that night, and I arrived very prematurely. There were no hospital beds available because of the pressure of the war, but my mother kept me alive with an improvised incubator of glass chemical jars and hot-water bottles.

After World War I my father rejoined the Marconi Company. He became a protégé of Marconi himself and was made Head of Research. We moved to a large house by the sea near Frinton. But this lasted only a few months, when we moved to a house on the outskirts of Chelmsford. The house often resembled a disused wireless factory. Radios in various states of disrepair and tin boxes filled with circuitry were hidden in every corner. My father was an intense, emotional, rather quick-tempered man—more of an artist than an engineer. As early as I can remember he used to take me out into the garden or onto the open fields above the Essex beaches to teach me the mysteries of wireless. He spent hours explaining valves and crystals and showed me how to delicately turn the dials of a set so that the random static suddenly became a clear signal. He taught me how to make my own experiments and I can still remember his pride when I demonstrated my crude skills to visiting guests like Sir Arthur Eddington and J. J. Thomson.

MI6 had close connections with the Marconi Company after World War I, and my father retained his contact with them. Marconi had a large marine division responsible for fitting and manning wireless in ships. It provided perfect cover for MI6, who would arrange with my father to have one of their officers placed as a wireless operator on a ship visiting an area in which they had an interest.

Admiral Hall was a visitor to the house; he and my father would disappear into the greenhouse together for hours at a time to discuss in private some new development. My father also knew Captain Mansfield Cumming, the first Chief of MI6. He admired Cumming greatly, for both his courage and his technical ability. He knew Captain Vernon Kell, the founder of MI5, much less well, but did not like him. As with Oxford and Cambridge, people are usually disposed either to MI5 or MI6, and my father very definitely leaned in favor of MI6.

The Marconi Company during the 1920s was one of the most exciting places in the world for a scientist to work. Marconi, known to everyone by his initials, "G.M.," was a superb picker of men, and had the courage to invest in his visions. His greatest success was to create the first shortwave radio beam system, and he can justly claim to have laid the foundations of modern communications. As with so many British achievements, it was done against the opposition of the British Government and the top scientists of the day.

Before World War I Britain decided that a long-wave radio system should be built to replace the cable system as the principal means of communication with the Empire. The decision was held in abeyance during the war. But Marconi believed it was possible to project short wavelength transmissions over vast distances using beams. The use of shortwave beams promised a greater volume of traffic at much higher speeds. Despite the advances in wireless made during the war, Marconi's vision was derided as "amateur science" by a Royal Commission in 1922. One member even concluded that radio was "a finished art."

Marconi issued a challenge. He offered to build, free of charge, any link across the world—provided the government would suspend long-wave development until the beam system had passed its trials, and provided they would adopt it if the trials were successful. The government agreed and specified the toughest contract they could devise. They asked for a link from Grimsby to Sydney, Australia, and demanded that it operate 250 words a minute over a twelve-hour period during the trials without using more than twenty kilowatts of power. Finally they demanded that the circuit be operational within twelve months.

These were awesome specifications. Radio was still in its infancy and little was known about generating power at stable frequencies. The project would have been impossible without the commitment of the Marconi technical team, consisting of my father, Captain H. J. Round, and C. S. Franklin. Marconi had a special talent for finding brilliant scientists who were largely self-taught. He found Franklin, for instance, trimming arc lamps in an Ipswich factory for a few shillings a week. Within a few years he rose to become the outstanding technical man in the company.

The proposed Grimsby-to-Sydney link astonished the rest of the radio communications industry. My father often described in later years walking down Broadway with David Sarnoff, the then head of RCA, when the project was at its height.

"Has Marconi gone mad?" asked Sarnoff. "This project will finish him. It'll never work."

Father replied: "G.M. and Franklin think it will."

"Well, you can kick my ass all the way down Broadway if it does," said Sarnoff.

Three months later the circuit was operational, on contract time. It worked twelve hours a day for seven days at 250 words a minute and was, in my view, one of the great technical achievements of this century. My father's only regret was that he never took the opportunity to kick Sarnoff's ass all the way down Broadway!

My youth was spent living through this great excitement. I suffered constantly through ill-health. I developed rickets and wore leg irons until practically into my teens. But there were compensations. Nearly every day when my father was at home he collected me from school and drove me to his laboratory. I would spend hours watching him and his assistants as the great race from Grimsby to Sydney unfolded. It taught me a lesson which stayed with me for life—that on the big issues the experts are very rarely right.

The 1930s opened hopefully for the Wright family. We scarcely noticed the growing worldwide financial crisis. I had joined Bishop's Stortford College, a small but hardily independent school, where I began to shine academically and finally threw off the ill-health which had dogged me since birth. I returned home for the summer holidays of 1931 having passed my school certificate with credits in all subjects. The following term I was due to join the University Group, with every expectation of a good scholarship to Oxford or Cambridge.

A week later my world disintegrated. One evening my father came home and broke the news that he and Franklin had both been sacked. It was days before he could even try to explain, and years before I understood what had happened.

In the late 1920s Marconi had merged with the Cable Companies in the belief that only by cooperation with them could wireless gain the investment necessary to ensure its emergence as the principal method of worldwide communications. But as the slump developed, wireless posed more and more of a threat to the cable interests. They were dominant in the new company and slashing cuts were made in wireless research and the installations of new systems. Marconi, old and sick, had retired to Italy, but not even an intervention from him could secure a change of heart in the new management. Franklin, my father, and many others were sacked. For the next decade long-distance wireless communication stagnated and we as a family passed into years of great hardship.

Within a few months my father slipped into the abyss of alcoholism. He could no longer afford to keep both his sons at school, and as I was older and already had my school certificate I was the one to leave. The trauma of those events brought back my ill-health and I was afflicted with a chronic stammer which rendered me at times virtually speechless. In the course of that short summer holiday I changed from a schoolboy with a secure future to a man with no future at all.

The decision to remove me from school and its effect on my health consumed my father with guilt. He drove himself to further drinking excesses. My mother coped as best she could, but bereft of status and income she gradually became isolated until the only visitors were the nurses called to restrain my father after a dangerously prolonged bout with the Scotch bottle.

Years later, when I began to search out for MI5 the well-born Englishmen who had become addicted to Communism in the 1930s, this period of my life came to fascinate me. They had enjoyed to the full the privileged background and education denied to me, while my family had suffered at the capricious hand of capitalism. I experienced at first hand the effects of slump and depression, yet it was they who turned to espionage. I became the hunter, and they the hunted.

In one sense the explanation was simple. It was 1932. I had no qualifications. I was fifteen, I needed a job, and I had little time for political philosophy. I advertised in the personal columns of *The Times* for any work. The first reply was from a woman named Margaret Leigh, who ran a small farm called "Achnadarroch" at Plockton near Wester Ross, Scotland. I became her farmhand. There was no pay, just board and lodgings. But amid the rolling hills and endless skies of Scotland, I gradually recovered from what had gone before, and in time discovered the greatest love of my life—agriculture.

Margaret Leigh was an idealist. She wanted to run her farm as 'a training ground for boys from London slums so that they could obtain employment as farm managers. In the event, the idea never took off, and she decided instead to write a novel about life on Achnadarroch; she wrote while I tended the farm. And at night, when I had finished the chores, she made me read aloud what she had written until slowly my stutter was mastered. The book was eventually published and became a great success under the title *Highland Homespun.*

In spring 1935 we were evicted from Achnadarroch by a landlord greedy for more rent than we could afford to pay. We moved to another, cheaper farm in Cornwall and our life went on much as before. My ambition at this time was to become an agricultural scientist researching into food production techniques. But with my truncated formal education I could not hope to qualify for a scholarship. There were no grants in the 1930s. Eventually, with a little help from Margaret, some astute pig dealing of my own, and a useful family connection with the Master of St. Peter's College, Oxford, I was able to raise enough money to get a place at the School of Rural Economy. A year after I reached Oxford I married my wife, Lois. It was 1938. War was in the air. Like most young people we felt we might not have too long together.

By the time I went up to Oxford my father had begun to repair the damage of the previous six years of alcoholism. At my mother's instigation he had begun to work again at the Marconi Company as a consultant. And partly, I think, he was jolted by the realization that war was once more imminent. Anxious to help as he had in 1915, he approached Sir Frederick Brundrett in the Naval Scientific Service. Brundrett told him frankly that his reputation for alcoholism made a senior position impossible. Instead Brundrett offered him a post as an ordinary scientific officer for a trial period. I always admired my father tremendously for this. He sacrificed half what he was earning from the Marconi Company as a consultant to come and work at an experimental bench with scientists who were twenty years younger than he was. He made no issue of having once been the Marconi head of research. In a sense I think he was anxious to atone for the past; but he also genuinely believed that war was coming and that everyone had a duty to contribute.

His long experience scanning the ether ensured that his career soon flourished again. He was given charge of technical developments of the Y intercepts—the tactical intercepts of German Communications—and later he became Chief Scientist at the Admiralty Signals Establishment. Once again he was back in the Great Game, and he rediscovered his youth. By 1943 he was responsible for drawing up the signal plans for D-Day. It was a massive task. But after every working day he sat into the small hours with his wireless, listening to the chatter of Morse, logging and analyzing it ready for the next day. I often think he was at his happiest hunched over those sets, headphones clamped around his head, trying to make sense of the mysterious electronic universe.

At the outbreak of war the School of Rural Economy closed and my tutor, Scott Watson, became Chief Scientist at the Ministry of Agriculture, taking most of the staff with him to begin the vital task of preparing the country's food supplies. I was now the only member of the family not in some way involved in the war effort. My brother had joined the Service Electronics Research

Laboratory and my sister was an intercept operator for the Wrens. (She later worked closely with R. V. Jones on SIGINT, and married Robert Sutton, the head of SERL.) I wrote to Brundrett in the hope that there might be a space for me somewhere in the Admiralty. To my surprise I received a telegram inviting me to his office.

Brundrett had known me for years. He was a keen farmer who successfully bred Frisian cattle and was much interested in my experiences at Achnadarroch. He asked me what I thought I could do in the Admiralty and I explained that years spent watching my father at work had given me as good a grounding in electronics as I could have got at university. Within ten minutes he had arranged for me to start at the Admiralty Research Laboratory the following week.

My section at the Admiralty Research Laboratory (ARL) was run superbly by Stephen Butterworth, who for some unknown reason was always called Sam. He was a tall, gaunt man with a curly mop of dark hair. He smoked a pipe continuously, worked like a madman, and gathered around him a team of extraordinarily talented young scientists, including Massey, Gunn, Wigglesworth, Bates, and Crick. I felt terribly insecure when I arrived at ARL because of my lack of qualifications. Every night I sat up at the kitchen table in our small flat in Hampton Wick learning advanced physics from textbooks as German bombs dropped all around. But Butterworth was a constant source of encouragement. His one failing was his greatest strength: he did the job silently, leaving self-publicity to others. At the end of the war the reward for his genius and his quiet industry was a paltry OBE.

The Admiralty Research Laboratory's contribution to winning the war has been much undervalued. One of the most pressing problems facing Britain at the outbreak of war was the threat of magnetic mines. ARL began work on developing degaussing systems to neutralize our ships' magnetic fields and thus protect them. Without a really effective system our ability to fight on in 1940 would have been seriously in question.

At Dunkirk, for instance, thousands of mines littered the shallow waters off the coast. Hitler was convinced that these would prevent any mass evacuation of British forces. Butterworth knew that the German mines worked North Pole downward only, and suggested we magnetize our ships South Pole downward so that the ships repelled the mines. The Admiralty embarked on a massive program of reversing the magnetism of all the ships going to Dunkirk. The result was that not a single ship was lost to mines.

In the turmoil of war, there was little choice but to give young people their head. Soon after Dunkirk I and another young ARL scientist, Ray Gossage, were given the job of degaussing the battleship *Prince of Wales.* She lay in dry dock in Rosyth and for her next voyage was scheduled to carry Winston Churchill to the Atlantic Conference with Roosevelt. She had been built in Belfast in a yard which had left her magnetic field running around her rather than from end to end. The original degaussing had been a failure and she was considered highly unsafe in her present form.

Gossage and I worked out an improvised system of flashing out the athwartships magnetization by winding a giant coil lengthwise around the ship. We then energized this by connecting it up to a submarine battery. The whole operation took days to arrange and involved the whole crew of the ship. As we watched from the dry dock in Rosyth, hundreds of men worked in unison to our commands, though we were both barely in our mid-twenties.

Science in wartime is often a case of improving with the materials to hand, solving a problem as best you can at the time, rather than planning ten or fifteen years ahead, when it may be too late. The war shaped my later approach to technical intelligence. It taught me the value of improvisation and showed me, too, just how effective operations can be when the men of action listen to young men with a belief in practical, inventive science. Sadly, by the end of the war this attitude had all but disappeared; the dead hand of committees began to squeeze the life out of England.

From 1942 onward I worked on the first anti-midget-submarine detection systems. They were used successfully to protect the harbors during the torch landings in North Africa and later in Northwest Europe. This work got me involved in the operation to sink the prize German battleship *Tirpitz*. She lay in Altenfjord and posed an ever-present danger to British shipping. An operation to skin her, using midget submarines, was planned. We knew that the Germans were protecting Altenfjord with submarine detectors consisting of rows of coils on the seabed which picked up the magnetic flux of a passing craft. These were similar to those I had developed at ARL, so I was asked to come up with ideas for degaussing our X-Craft midget submarines to enable them to pass into the fjord undetected.

The technical problems of degaussing a submarine are far more complex than those of a ship, but eventually I found that an electromagnet placed along the length of the submarine and energized with the right amount of current would neutralize the loops of the submarine detectors on the seabed. I also calculated that if the X-Craft went in during a magnetic storm, this would increase the chances of nondetection by a factor of between 10 and 100. I traveled up to the Magnetic Observatory at Eskdalemuir and found that they had a good chance of predicting a storm of sufficient size, so I put my findings up to the Navy

In 1944 the degaussed British X-Craft went in under cover of a magnetic storm. With great bravery, the crews managed to place charges against *Tirpitz* and cripple her. Three VCs were won that day. But the bravery would have counted for nothing without the technical backup of ARL.

By the end of the war the course of my life had changed irrevocably. Although agriculture remained my first love, I was clearly destined not to return to it. I sat instead for the postwar Scientific Civil Service competition chaired by C. P. Snow. It was designed to sort out the best scientists among the hundred recruited during the wartime expansion. I passed out joint top with 290 marks out of 300. Butterworth congratulated me warmly. All those nights sitting up with the textbooks had finally paid off, though the credit was largely his.

My father returned to the Marconi Company as Engineer in Chief in 1946, and I began work as a Principal Scientific Officer at the Services Electronics Research Laboratory that same year. For the next four years we worked closely alongside each other, the trials of the 1930s an unspoken bond between us, until that telephone call from Sir Frederick Brundrett in 1949 brought MI5 into my life.

3

A FEW DAYS AFTER THAT FIRST MEETING IN BRUNDRETT'S OFFICE in 1949, I received a telephone call from John Taylor inviting me down to London. He suggested St. James's Park and we met on the bridge in front of Buckingham Palace. It struck me as an odd way to conduct the business of national security, strolling among the pelicans and the ducks, pausing occasionally to ponder our reflections in the pool.

Taylor was a small man with a pencil mustache and a gray, sharpish face. He had been one of Montgomery's communications officers during the North African campaign, and although now a Post Office technician, he retained his abrupt military bearing. He ran the technical research, such as it was, for MI5 and MI6 from his laboratory inside the Special Investigations Unit of the Post Office at Dollis Hill. Taylor made certain I knew he was in charge. He told me bluntly that, apart from one brief visit to MI5 headquarters at Leconfield House to meet Colonel Cumming, I would have to deal through him as an intermediary. Taylor discouraged discussion about "the office"; he merely explained that I would be given the title of "external scientific adviser" and that I would be unpaid for my duties. For several years we continued to meet in St. James's Park about once a month to talk over the written reports on technical matters which I filed to C. W. Wright, the secretary of Brundrett's committee.

(Wright later became Deputy Secretary at the Ministry of Defense.)

Taylor and I divided up the technical work. The Post Office pressed ahead with research into infrared detection. I began using the resources of the Services Electronics Research Laboratory to develop new microphones and look into ways of getting sound reflections from office furniture. I was already familiar with the technical principles of resonance from my antisubmarine work. When sound waves impact with a taut surface such as a window or a filing cabinet, thousands of harmonics are created. The knack is to detect the point at which there is minimum distortion so that the sound waves can be picked up as intelligible speech.

One day in 1951 I received a telephone call from Taylor. He sounded distinctly agitated.

"We've been beaten to it," he said breathlessly. "Can we meet this afternoon?"

I met him later that day on a park bench opposite the Foreign Office. He described how the British Air Attaché in our Embassy in Moscow had been listening to the WHF receiver in his office which he used to monitor Russian military aircraft traffic. Suddenly he heard the British Air Attaché coming over his receiver loud and clear. Realizing the Attaché was being bugged in some way, he promptly reported the matter. Taylor and I discussed what type of microphone might be involved and he arranged for a Diplomatic Wireless Service engineer named Don Bailey to investigate. I briefed Bailey before he left for Moscow on how best to detect the device. For the first time I began to realize just how bereft British Intelligence was of technical expertise. They did not even possess the correct instruments, and I had to lend Bailey my own. A thorough search was made of the Embassy but nothing was ever found. The Russians had clearly been warned and turned the device off.

From questioning Bailey on his return it was clear to me that this was not a normal radio microphone, as there were strong radio signals which were plain carriers present when the device was operating. I speculated that the Russians, like us, were experimenting with some kind of resonance device. Within six months I was proved right. Taylor summoned me down to St. James's Park for another urgent meeting.

He told me that the U.S. State Department sweepers had been routinely "sanitizing" the American Ambassador's office in Moscow in preparation for a visit by the U.S. Secretary of State. They used a standard tunable signal generator to generate what is known as the "howl round effect," similar to the noise made when a radio station talks to someone on the telephone while his home radio or television is switched on. The "howl round" detected a small device lodged in the Great Seal of the United States on the wall behind the Ambassador's desk.

The howl frequency was 1800 MH, and the Americans had assumed that the operating frequency for the device must be the same. But tests showed that the device was unstable and insensitive when operating at this frequency. In desperation the Americans turned to the British for help in solving the riddle of how "the Thing," as it was called, worked.

Brundrett arranged for me to have a new, secure laboratory in a field at Great Baddow, and the Thing was solemnly brought up by Taylor and two Americans. The device was wrapped in cotton wool inside a small wooden box that looked as if it had once held chess pieces. It was about eight inches long, with an aerial on top which fed into a cavity. Inside the cavity was a metal mushroom with a flat top which could be adjusted to give it a variable capacity. Behind the mushroom was a thin gossamer diaphragm, to receive the speech, which appeared to have been pierced. The Americans sheepishly explained that one of their scientists had accidentally put his finger through it.

The crisis could not have come at a worse time for me. The antisubmarine-detection system was approaching its crucial trials and demanded long hours of attention. But every night and each weekend I made my way across the fields at the back of the Marconi building to my deserted Nissen hut. I worked flat out for ten weeks to solve the mystery.

First I had to repair the diaphragm. The Thing bore the hallmarks of a piece of equipment which the Russians had rushed into service, presumably to ensure it was installed before the Secretary of State's visit. They clearly had some kind of microscopic jig to install the diaphragm, because each time I used tweezers the thin film tore. Eventually, through trial and error, I managed to lay the diaphragm on first and clamp it on afterward. It wasn't perfect, but it worked.

Next I measured the length of the aerial to try to gauge the way it resonated. It did appear that 1800 MH was the correct frequency. But when I set the device up and made noises at it with an audio-signal generator, it was—just as the Americans had described—impossible to tune effectively. But after four weekends I realized that we had all been thinking about the Thing upside down. We had all assumed that the metal plate needed to be opened right out to increase resonance, when in fact the closer the plate was to the mushroom the greater the sensitivity. I tightened the plate right up and tuned the radiating signal down to 800 megacycles. The Thing began to emit a high-pitched tone. I rang my father up in a state of great excitement.

"I've got the Thing working!"

"I know," he said, "and the howl is breaking my eardrums!"

I arranged to demonstrate the Thing to Taylor, and he traveled up with Colonel Cumming, Hugh Winterborn and the two American sweepers. My father came along too, bringing another self-taught Marconi scientist named R. J. Kemp, who was now their Head of Research. I had installed the device against the far wall of the hut and rigged up another monitor in an adjoining room so that the rounds of the audio generator could be heard as if operationally.

I turned the dials to 800 and began to explain the mystery. The

Americans looked aghast at the simplicity of it all. Cumming and Winterborn were smug. This was just after the calamity of the Burgess and Maclean affair. The defection to the Soviet Union of these two well-born Foreign Office diplomats in 1951 caused outrage in the USA, and any small way in which British superiority could be demonstrated was, I soon realized, of crucial importance to them. Kemp was very flattering, rightly judging that it would only be a matter of time before Marconi got a contract to develop one themselves.

"How soon can we use one?" asked Cumming.

Kemp and I explained that it would probably take at least a year to produce equipment which would work reliably.

"I should think we can provide the premises, Malcolm," said Kemp to Cumming, "and probably one man to work under Peter. That might get you the prototype, but after that you'll have to get funding . . ."

"Well, it's quite impossible for us to pay, as you know," replied Cumming. "The Treasury will never agree to expand the secret vote."

Kemp raised his eyebrows. This was obviously an argument Cumming had deployed many times before in order to get facilities for nothing.

"But surely," I ventured, "if the government are serious about developing things technically for MI5 and MI6, they will have to allocate money on an open vote."

"They're most reluctant to do that," replied Cumming, shaking his head. "As you know, we don't really exist."

He looked at me as if a sudden thought had occurred to him.

"Now, perhaps if you were to approach the Admiralty on our behalf to ask for assistance on their open vote . . ."

This was my initiation into the bizarre method of handling Intelligence Services finance. It was a problem which was to plague me until well into the 1960s. Instead of having resources adequate for their technical requirements, the Intelligence Services were forced to spend most of the postwar period begging from the increasingly reluctant Armed Services. In my view, it was this more than any other factor which contributed to the amateurism of British Intelligence in the immediate postwar era.

But, as bidden, I set out to persuade the Admiralty to carry the development costs of the new microphone. I made an urgent appointment to see Brundrett's successor as Chief of the Naval Scientific Service, Sir William Cook. I knew Cook quite well. He was a wiry, red-haired man with piercing blue eyes and a penchant for grandiose schemes. He was a brilliant organizer and positively bubbled with ideas. I had first dealt with him after the war when he asked me to work under him on a prototype Blue Streak project, which was eventually cancelled when Sir Ben Lockspeiser, then Chief Scientist at the Ministry of Supply, had a crisis of conscience. Ironically, Cook himself came to share a suspicion about nuclear weapons, though more for practical and political reasons than moral ones. He felt that Britain was being hasty in the production of the A-Bomb, and feared that as modern rocketry developed, the Navy would inevitably lose out. He realized too, I suspect, that our obsession with the bomb was faintly ludicrous in the face of growing American and Russian superiority. This, incidentally, was a view which was quite widely held by scientists working at a lower level in the Services in the 1950s.

I explained to Cook that the new microphone might have as yet unforeseeable intelligence advantages, from which the Navy would obviously benefit if they agreed to fund the project. He smiled at this transparent justification but by the end of the meeting agreed to provide six Navy scientists from his staff and to finance a purpose-built laboratory at Marconi to house the work.

Within eighteen months we were ready to demonstrate the first prototype, which was given the code name SATYR. Kemp and I presented ourselves at the front door of MI5 headquarters at Leconfield House. Hugh Winterborn met us and took us up to a spartan office on the fifth floor and introduced a tall, hunched man wearing a pin-striped suit and a lopsided smile.

"My name is Roger Hollis," he said, standing up from behind his desk and shaking my hand stiffly. "I am afraid the Director-General cannot be with us today for this demonstration, so I am standing in as his deputy."

Hollis did not encourage small talk. His empty desk betrayed a man who believed in the swift dispatch of business. I showed him the equipment without delay. It comprised a suitcase filled with radio equipment for operating SATYR, and two aerials disguised as ordinary umbrellas which folded out to make a receiver and transmitter dish. We set SATYR up in an MI5 flat on South Audley Street with the umbrellas in Hollis' office. The test worked perfectly. We heard everything from test speech to the turn of the key in the door.

"Wonderful, Peter," Hollis kept on saying, as we listened to the test. "It's black magic."

Cumming tittered in the background.

I realized then that MI5 officers, cocooned throughout the war in their hermetic buildings, had rarely experienced the thrill of a technical advance. After the test was over, Hollis stood behind his desk and made a formal little speech about what a fine day this was for the Service and how this was just what Brundrett had in mind when he formed his working party. It was all rather condescending, as if the servants had found the lost diamond tiara in the rose garden.

SATYR did indeed prove to be a great success. The Americans promptly ordered twelve sets and rather cheekily copied the drawings and made twenty more. Throughout the 1950s, until it was superseded by new equipment, SATYR was used by the British, Americans, Canadians, and Australians as one of the best methods of obtaining covert coverage. But more important to me, the development of SATYR established my credentials as a scientist with MI5. From then on I was consulted on a regular basis about an increasing number of their technical problems.

I still dealt exclusively with Cumming but I began to learn a little about the structure of his Department—A Branch. He controlled four sections: A1 provided resources for MI5, ranging from microphones to lockpicks. A2 was the technical department, which contained personnel like Hugh Winterborn who used the resources of A1. A3 was police liaison with the Special Branch, and A4 was the growing empire of Watchers, responsible for tailing foreign diplomats and others around the streets of London. Cumming had one fundamental flaw when it came to technical matters. He felt A Branch should run science, rather than the other way around. Consequently the Service as a whole was denied long-overdue modernization. As long as we were discussing specific technical requirements, our relationship was fruitful. But sooner or later we would move into an area in which I could not advise MI5 unless he or Winterborn took me fully into his confidence. For instance, Winterborn often asked if I had any ideas on telephone interception. I explained that it was impossible to work on the problem unless I knew what current techniques were employed.

"Well, of course, now we are coming onto an area which is highly classified and I rather feel we should steer away from it," Cumming would say, slapping the table nervously, much to Winterborn's irritation.

The same thing happened with the Watchers. The main problem facing MI5 during the 1950s was how to detect and follow the increasingly large number of Russians through the streets of London without giving themselves away.

"Have you any ideas, Peter?" asked Cumming, as if I might have a solution in my top pocket. I suggested that at the very least I would need to see at first hand the scale of the watching operation. Cumming said he would see what he could arrange, but I heard nothing more.

But, despite the difficulties, it was clear that MI5 found me useful. By 1954 I was spending two full days a week at Leconfield House. After one lengthy session, Cumming invited me to lunch at his club. We walked together across St. James's Park and made our way down Pall Mall to the In and Out Club, Cumming swinging the umbrella he habitually carried.

As we sat down at our table I realized that, even though I had been dealing with Cumming for five years, this was the first time we had ever socialized. He was a short man, not overly endowed with intellectual skills but intensely loyal to MI5. Like the policemen in John Buchan novels, he seemed as likely to be chasing the hero as the villain. He had been a Rifle Brigade Officer and belonged to the long military tradition inside MI5 which stretched back to the founder, Vernon Kell. He was related to the first Chief of MI6, Captain Mansfield Cumming, a fact which he made sure I knew almost as soon as I had met him. He had also been responsible for recruiting the present Director-General of MI5, Sir Dick Goldsmith White. They had taken a party of boys on a camping holiday together in the 1930s. White was not happy as a schoolteacher and Cumming persuaded him to apply to MI5. White proved a brilliant, intuitive intelligence officer and soon far outstripped his mentor, but the debt he owed Cumming served the latter well in the 1950s.

Cumming was wealthy in his own right. He owned a large estate in Sussex. In the country he played the squire, while in town he became the spy. It appealed to the boy scout in him. In fact most of his career had been spent doing MI5's books and other routine administration and he had coexisted uneasily with the gifted university élite who were drafted into Intelligence during the war. But Cumming did have one astonishing talent. He maintained a legendary number of contacts. These were not just clubland cronies, of which he had many. He maintained them in all kinds of bizarre places. If the office wanted a one-legged washerwoman who spoke Chinese, Cumming could provide her.

When the A Branch directorship became vacant, Cumming was the obvious man to fill it.

Cumming ordered quails' eggs and asked a little about my life history. He listened in an uninterested way over lunch until finally he ordered two brandies and turned to the purpose of his hospitality.

"I wanted to ask you, Peter, about how you felt things were going in the Service, technically speaking?"

I had half anticipated his approach and decided it was time to speak my mind.

"You won't get anywhere," I told him flatly, "until you appoint a problem-solving scientist and bring him fully into the picture."

I paused while brandy was served.

"You've got to let him have access to case officers, and he has to help plan and analyze operations as they happen."

Cumming cupped his glass and gently rolled its contents.

"Yes," he agreed, "we had rather come to that conclusion ourselves, but it's very difficult to find the right person. Jones* has been making a play for the job, but if we let him in, he'll be wanting to run the place next day."

I agreed.

For a while I had been indicating to Winterborn that I would be interested in joining the Service full-time if a suitable vacancy arose.

"I suppose Hugh has told you that I am interested in joining?" I asked.

"Well, that's just the problem, Peter," he replied. "We have a no-poaching agreement with Whitehall. We simply can't recruit you from there, even if you volunteer."

Cumming drained his glass with a flick of the wrist.

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* R. V. Jones worked closely with Churchill on scientific intelligence during the war. His contributions were brilliant but he was widely distrusted in Whitehall for his independence. Like so many others, he was never allowed to make the impact in peacetime that he had made in war.

"Of course," he went on, "if you were to leave the Navy, things might be different . . ."

It was typical Cumming; he wanted me to make the first move. I raised the problem of my Admiralty pension. I would lose all fourteen years of it if I left, and unlike Cumming I had no private income to fall back on. Cumming tapped the side of his brandy glass gently and assumed an expression of surprise that I should even raise the subject.

"I am sure you're well aware that this would be a tremendous opportunity for you, Peter," he said.

He paused and returned to one of his favorite themes.

"We're not Civil Service, and you have to be prepared to trust us. There is always the secret vote. I don't think we could make any written undertakings, but I am sure when the time comes we will be able to arrange something. We don't like to see our chaps suffer, you know."

After lunch we emerged from the rich leather and brandy of the In and Out Club to the watery brightness of Piccadilly.

"Do let me know if you decide to leave the Admiralty, won't you, Peter," said Cumming, "and I'll take some soundings among the Directors."

We shook hands and he strode off toward Leconfield House, his umbrella tucked under his arm.

Cumming's approach was fortuitous. The antisubmarine project was coming to an end. The Admiralty were anxious to move me to new work in Portsmouth which I was not keen to do. The Marconi Company, meanwhile, had a contract to develop the Blue Steak project in conjunction with English Electric. Eric Eastwood, deputy head of the Marconi laboratory, offered me the job of engineering the Blue Steak guidance system. Within a month I had resigned from the Admiralty and joined the Marconi Company as a Senior Principal Scientist.

I found missile research utterly demoralizing. Partly it was because I was hoping I would soon be joining MI5. But I was not alone in realizing that the missile system was unlikely ever to be built. It was a folly, a monument to British self-delusion. In any case this kind of science was ultimately negative. Why spend a life developing a weapon you hope and pray will never be used?

I telephoned Cumming and told him I had left the Admiralty and waited for his next move. Finally, after six months, I received another invitation to lunch. Hospitality was noticeably less generous than the last time and Cumming came straight to the point.

"I have discussed your proposal with the Board and we would like to have you. But we will be in difficulties with Whitehall if we take you on as a scientist. We have never had one before. It might complicate matters. What we suggest is that you come and join us as an ordinary officer, and we'll see what you make of it."

I made it clear to Cumming that I was not very happy with his proposal. The only difference, so far as I could see, was that he would be paying me at the Principal Scientist (Ordinary Officer) level, rather than at my current Senior Scientist level—a difference of five hundred pounds a year. There was also an issue of principle which my father had raised when I discussed the matter with him.

"Don't go unless they appoint you as a scientist," he told me. "If you compromise on that, you'll never be able to operate as a scientist. You'll end up being a routine case officer before you know it."

Cumming was surprised by my refusal but made no further attempt to persuade me. He soon left, claiming a pressing appointment at Leconfield House.

A month later I was in my laboratory at Great Baddow when I received a summons to Kemp's office. Cumming and Winterborn were sitting there, Winterborn grinning broadly.

"Well, Peter," said Kemp, "it looks as if I am finally losing you. Malcolm wants to take you on as MI5's first scientist."

Winterborn later told me that Cumming had gone to see Kemp to ask what he would have to pay to get me, to which

Kemp, familiar with the extraordinary lengths to which Cumming would go to save a few pounds of government money, had replied: "The same rate I would join for—a fair wage!"

"Of course, there will be a Board," Cumming told me, "but it's just a formality."

I shook hands with everyone and went back to my lab to prepare for a new life in the shadows.

4

FOUR DAYS LATER I WENT TO LECONFIELD HOUSE FOR MY SELECTION Board. The frosted-glass partition in the alcove slid back and a pair of eyes scrutinized me carefully. Although I was a familiar face, I still had no pass. I waited patiently while the policeman telephoned Cumming's office to arrange for my escort.

"In to see the DG today, then, sir?" he said as he pushed the lift bell. The iron gates slid back with a heavy crash. It was an old-fashioned lift, operated by a lever on a brass box. It clanked and wheezed up the building. I counted the floors crawling past until we got to the fifth, where the MI5 senior management had their offices.

A little way down the corridor we turned into a large rectangular room which housed the DG's secretariat. It looked just like any other Whitehall office—secretaries who had seen better days, tweeds, and clacking typewriters. Only the combination safes opposite the window gave the place away. In the middle of the far wall of the room was the door to the Director-General's office. The length of the outer office was deliberately designed to foil any intruder. It gave the DG time to operate the automatic lock on his door before anyone could burst through. When the green light above his door flashed, a secretary accompanied me across the vast expanse and showed me in.

The DG's office was bright and airy. Antique walnut furniture and leather-backed chairs made it feel more like Bond Street than

Whitehall. Portraits of the three previous Director-Generals stared austerely across the room from one wall. On the other side the full board of MI5 Directors sat behind the polished conference table. I recognized Cumming and Hollis, but the rest were unknown to me.

The Director-General, Sir Dick Goldsmith White, invited me to sit down. I had met him before on one of the many visits to Cumming's office, but I could not pretend to know him well. Ironically, he had also been at Bishop's Stortford College, where he had held the record for the mile, but it was well before my time. He was tall with lean, healthy features and a sharp eye. There was something of David Niven about him, the same perfect English manners, easy charm, and immaculate dress sense. Indeed, compared with his Board, he was positively raffish.

When we were seated he opened the interview on a formal note.

"I hear you wish to join us, Mr. Wright. Perhaps you could explain your reasons."

I began by explaining some of the things I had already done for the Service. I stressed, as I had done earlier to Cumming, that it was impossible for me to do more unless I was brought inside, and fully trusted.

"I think I speak for all my Directors," he replied, "when I assure you that we would not contemplate bringing in a scientist without providing him with the access necessary to do the job. You will be fully indoctrinated."

Cumming nodded.

"However," White went on, "I think I should make it clear that the Security Service is not like other Whitehall departments with which you may be familiar. If you join us, you will never be eligible for promotion."

He explained that entry to the Service was generally at an older age than to the Civil Service, and followed a set career pattern involving general officer training in a wide variety of MI5 branches. Few of these ordinary officers made the next step to the limited number of Senior Officer posts (later Assistant Director), and fewer still had any realistic chance of aspiring to one of the six Directorships. By entering at the Senior Officer's grade to do a highly specialized job, I effectively precluded any chance of a Directorship. I told the Board frankly that, since I was by nature a lone furrower rather than one of life's bosses, this did not worry me at all.

We talked briefly about integration with Whitehall, which was something I felt needed urgent attention in the technical field, and after twenty minutes the questions began to dry up. Finally Dick White summed up. "My view, Mr. Wright, is that I am not sure we need an animal like you in the Security Service." He paused to deliver his punch line: "But if you are prepared to give it a try, so are we."

The stiffness melted away. The other Board members got up from behind the table and we chatted for a few minutes. As I was leaving, Dick White beckoned me over to his desk at the far end of the room.

"Peter, I am going to start you off in A2 with Hugh Winterborn, and obviously Malcolm will be responsible for tasking but I have told him I anticipate that you will be spending most of your time on D Branch matters—the Soviet problem."

He drummed his fingers lightly on his desk diary and gazed out of the window in the direction of the Russian Embassy complex in Kensington.

"We're not winning that battle yet by any means." He snapped the diary shut and wished me luck.

After lunch I made my way back along the fifth floor for the routine interview with the Personnel Director, John Marriott. During the war Marriott had served as Secretary to the Double Cross Committee, the body responsible for MI5's outstanding wartime success—the recruitment of dozens of double agents inside Nazi intelligence. After the war he served with Security Intelligence Middle East (SIME) before returning to Leconfield House. He was a trusted bureaucrat.

"Just wanted to have a chat—a few personal details, that sort of thing," he said, giving me a distinctive Masonic handshake. I realized then why my father, who was also a Mason, had obliquely raised joining the brotherhood when I first discussed with him working for MI5 full-time.

"Need to make sure you're not a Communist, you understand."

He said it as if such a thing were impossible in MI5. In the weeks before Cumming's final approach I was aware that a retired policeman attached to the DG's secretariat had made a routine inquiry about me at the Marconi Company. But apart from this interview I was not subject to any other vetting. Indeed, although this was the period when MI5 were laying down strict vetting programs throughout Whitehall, it was not until the mid-1960s that any systematic vetting was brought into MI5 at all.

Marriott's desk was empty, and I assumed the interview was being taped for inclusion in my Record of Service. Marriott took the session seriously enough, but asked only a few questions.

"Expect you were pretty left-wing when you were young?"

"Mildly. I taught in the Workers' Educational Association in the thirties."

"Fairly Communist, was it?"

"Not in Cornwall," I replied.

"Voted Labor in 1945, did you?"

"I thought most people in the services did."

"Pretty middle-of-the-road now, though?"

I told him I abhorred Nazism and Communism. He seemed pleased at the lengthy speech I made. We moved onto my personal life. He danced around the subject until finally he asked:

"Ever been queer, by any chance?"

"Never in my life."

He studied me closely.

"Have you ever been approached by anyone to do clandestine work?"

"Only by you."

He tried to laugh, but it was clearly a line he had heard a thousand times before. He unlocked his desk drawer and gave me a form to fill in with details of next of kin. I was vetted. No wonder it was so easy for Philby, Burgess, Maclean, and Blunt.

Before formally joining A2 as the Scientific Officer, I underwent two days' training together with a young officer joining MI5 from university. The training program was the responsibility of a tough, no-nonsense officer named John Cuckney. We got on well. Cuckney could be downright rude, but I soon realized that he was just tired of knocking into shape young MI5 recruits of generally poor caliber. He was altogether different from the average MI5 officer. He refused to submit to the monotony of the dark pinstripe, preferring bolder styles. Cuckney was his own man and had broad horizons beyond the office. It was no surprise to me when he left MI5 to pursue a successful career in business, first with Victoria investments, and later with the Crown Land Agents and as Chairman of the Port of London Authority. Today, Sir John Cuckney is Chairman of Westland Helicopters.

Cuckney began our training with a routine lecture on the legal status of MI5.

"It hasn't got one," he told us bluntly. "The Security Service cannot have the normal status of a Whitehall Department because its work very often involves transgressing propriety or the law."

Cuckney described various situations, such as entering premises without a warrant, or invading an individual's privacy, where the dilemma might arise. He made it clear that MI5 operated on the basis of the 11th Commandment— "Thou shalt not get caught" —and that in the event of apprehension there was very little that the office could do to protect its staff. He described the way liaison with the police was handled. They were prepared to help

MI5 if something went wrong, particularly if the right person was approached. But there were very definite tensions between the two organizations.

"Special Branch would like to be us, and we don't want to be them."

Cuckney handed us the current MI5 internal directory and explained how the Service was organized. There were six Directorates: A Branch handled resources; B Branch was the Personnel Department; C Branch controlled protective security and vetting throughout all government installations; D Branch was Counterespionage; E Branch ran British Intelligence in the still lengthy list of colonies and was responsible for the counterinsurgency campaigns in Malaya and Kenya; and finally F Branch was the domestic surveillance empire, which principally meant keeping tabs on the Communist Party of Great Britain, and especially its links in the trade union movement.

Cuckney talked a little about the sister Service, MI6, or SIS (Secret Intelligence Service), as it was more popularly known in Whitehall. He gave us the standard MI6 directory and discussed the very few departments there with which MI6 maintained regular liaison. In practice this amounted to MI6's Counterintelligence Section, and a small Research Section dealing with Communist Affairs, although this latter was wound up not long after I joined MI5. Cuckney was studiously noncommittal in his comments, and it was only later, when I began to cultivate my own liaison with MI6's technical people, that I realized the depth of antipathy between the two Services.

At the end of two days we were photographed and issued with our MI5 passes. Then Cuckney introduced a retired Special Branch policeman from C Branch, who gave us a lecture on document security. We were told on no account to remove files from the office, to always ensure our desk was cleared of all papers and our doors locked before going out, even if only for ten minutes. I was also issued with my combination safe number and told that a duplicate number was kept in the Director-General's safe, so that the management could obtain any file at any time of the day or night from an officer's safe. It was all sensible stuff, but I could not help contrasting it with the inadequacy of the vetting.

After the first week Cuckney showed me into an office which was empty apart from a tape recorder on the desk. He took a series of large tape reels from a cupboard.

"Here," he said, "you might as well get it from the horse's mouth!"

The subject of the tape was printed on the spool. "A Short History of the British Security Service," by Guy Liddell, Deputy Director-General 1946–1951. Liddell was a towering figure in the story of MI5. He joined in 1927, from the Special Branch, where he almost single-handedly ran a Soviet counterespionage program. He controlled MI5 counterespionage throughout the war with determination and élan, and was the outstanding candidate for the Director-General's chair in 1946. But Attlee appointed a policeman, Sir Percy Sillitoe, instead, almost certainly as a snub to MI5, which he suspected of engineering the Zinoviev letter in 1929. Liddell soldiered on under Sillitoe, barely able to contain his bitterness, only to fall foul of the Burgess/Maclean scandal in 1951. He had been friendly with Burgess for many years, and when Burgess went, so too did whatever chances Liddell still had for the top job. He retired soon after, heartbroken, to the Atomic Energy Commission.

I carefully threaded the tape and placed the headphones on. A soft, cultivated voice began to describe part of the secret history of Britain. MI5 was formed under Captain Vernon Kell in 1909, the War Office finally realizing that the impending European conflict required at least a modicum of counterintelligence. MI5 soon proved its usefulness by rounding up almost all German spies operating in Britain soon after the outbreak of war. Liddell spoke warmly of Kell, who he felt had built a prestigious organization from inauspicious beginnings through the force of his personality. MI5 budgets were strictly limited in the years after World War I, and MI6 furiously lobbied to swallow up its competitor. But Kell fought cannily to retain control of MI5 and gradually extended its influence.

The zenith of its post–World War I prestige came with the successful ARCOS raid in 1927. The Soviet Trade Delegation, based at their offices at 49 Moorgate along with the All Russia Cooperative Society Limited (ARCOS,) was raided by police acting under the instructions of MI5, and a vast quantity of espionage activity was uncovered. The ARCOS raid justified the widespread belief inside MI5 that the newly established Soviet State was the principal enemy, and that all possible resources should be deployed to fight her. This view was further confirmed by a succession of other spy cases in the 1930s, culminating in a major Soviet attempt, in 1938, to penetrate the Woolwich Arsenal using a veteran Communist engineer employed there, named Percy Glading. MI5's brilliant agent runner Maxwell Knight succeeded in planting a female agent who betrayed the plot.

By 1939 Kell had lost his touch. He was old. Liddell offered generous excuses for MI5's failure to prepare for World War II. When Churchill became Prime Minister, determined to shake Whitehall until it submitted, it was only a matter of time before Kell went. But although Liddell lamented the loss of Kell, he heartily welcomed the incoming Director-General, Sir David Petrie. Petrie oversaw the recruitment of a vast influx of gifted intellectuals, and under his supervision (and Liddell's, though this went unstated) the famed Double Cross System emerged. Every German spy landing in Britain was either captured or turned to feed disinformation back to the German High Command. The operation was an outstanding success and was a major factor in deceiving the Germans over the location of the D-Day landings. Liddell had a simple verdict on MI5 during the war. He called it "the finest liaison of unlike minds in the history of intelligence."

But Liddell's account ended soon after the war. And in truth his lecture made poor history. Case after case, incident after incident was accurately recorded, but the theme of continuous MI5 success was misleading. He knew full well the inadequacies of the postwar period, the roots of which, in fact, lay in the 1930s. There was no mention of Burgess and Maclean, or what they meant, and no mention either of the vast program of modernization which both he and Dick White knew in the late 1940s was long overdue.

In many ways Liddell was a tragic figure. Gifted, universally popular in the Service, he could justly claim to have been a principal architect of our wartime intelligence mastery. Yet he had been undone by his unwise friendships. As I listened to the tape it was as if he were talking to himself in a darkened room, searching history for the justification of a thwarted career.

I also played a lecture by Dick White on the Russian Intelligence Service. It had obviously been recorded at one of the seminars held for incoming junior officers, because I could hear the audience laughing at his jokes. Dick White's delivery was much more in the style of the Oxbridge don. He had a wonderful light touch, peppering his talk with puns, epigrams, and allusions to Russian literature. Dick White was well qualified in Soviet affairs, having been Director of the old counterespionage B Division before becoming Director-General.

He talked animatedly about the Russian obsession with secrecy, and how the modern KGB had its roots in the Tsar's Secret Police. He was perceptive in his analysis of the historical importance of the KGB to the Bolshevik Party. The Russian Intelligence Service was the guarantor of Party control in a vast and often hostile country. He spoke, too, about why the British and Russian Intelligence Services were inevitably the main adversaries in the game of spies. Secrecy and intelligence went far back in both their histories, and both services, he believed, shared a caution and patience which reflected their national characters. He contrasted this, much to the amusement of his audience, with the zealous and often overhasty activities of "our American cousins."

But Dick White, for all the elegance of his delivery, was essentially an orthodox man. He believed in the fashionable idea of "containing" the Soviet Union, and that MI5 had a vital role to play in neutralizing Soviet assets in the UK. He talked a good deal about what motivated a Communist, and referred to documents found in the ARCOS raid which showed the seriousness with which the Russian Intelligence Service approached the overthrow of the British Government. He set great store on the new vetting initiatives currently under way in Whitehall as the best means of defecting Russian Intelligence Service penetration of government.

He believed that MI5 was in the midst of great reforms, which in a sense, under his guidance, it was. The clearest impression he gave was of an intense pride in the Service. This emotion remained strong with him throughout his career, even after he had left MI5 to join MI6. He was above all a team player, and he believed very much in preserving the morale of the the organizations he ran. This made him a popular and humane man to work for, even if he always remained a slightly distant, ascetic figure.

Toward the end of my training I began to tour the building, often escorted by Cuckney or Winterborn. The whole place was ludicrously overcrowded, with officers crammed in four to a room. I had the luxury of my own office—more like a broom cupboard —next to High Winterborn on the fifth floor. The space problem was a legacy of the long-standing antipathy between MI5 and MI6. At the end of the war, plans had been drawn up to create a joint Headquarters of Intelligence to house both Services. A site for new premises was even acquired in the Horseferry Road. But for years a working party of both Services bickered about the precise division of office space, and MI5 muttered darkly about being unable to trust MI6 because of Kim Philby. The situation remained unresolved until the 1960s when MI6 were finally banished across the Thames to their own building, Century House.

In a sense, the indecision over office space was indicative of the lack of clear thinking in Whitehall about the relative roles of MI5 and MI6. It was not until well into the 1970s that MI5 finally persuaded the Treasury to fund a move to permanent, purpose-built headquarters at Curzon House. Until then the constant overspill problem was dealt with by a succession of short-term leases on buildings. Firstly there was Cork Street, which in the 1950s housed the booming empire of C Branch. Then in the 1960s Counterespionage operated from an office building in Marlborough Street, and we all had to pick our way through the peep shows, flower stalls, and rotting vegetables of Soho Market to get to our Top Secret files. It may have been appropriate, but it was hardly practical.

MI5 in the 1950s seemed to be covered with a thick film of dust dating from the wartime years. The whole organization was rather like Dickens' Miss Havisham. Wooed by the intellectual élite during the war, she had been jilted by them in 1945. They had gone off to new pursuits in the outside world, leaving MI5 trapped in her darkened rooms, alone with memories of what might have been, and only rarely coming into contact with the rest of Whitehall.

The atmosphere reminded me of a minor public school. The Directors were treated with that mixture of reverence and sycophancy reserved by schoolboys for their schoolmasters, and section heads were their prefects. But the DG and DDG were the only people addressed as "Sir," and first names were normally used. Within the atmosphere of MI5 flowered exotic and extravagant personalities, men and women so drawn to the Great Game of intelligence that they rose above the pettiness of it all, and made a career there endlessly fascinating.

On the face of it, life was a mixture of the quaint and the archaic. Every year the Office virtually closed to attend the Lord's Test Match, where MI5 had an unofficial patch in the Lord's Tavern. And every morning senior officers, almost without exception, spent the first half hour of the day on *The Times* crossword. The scrambled telephones, which normally hummed with the most highly classified secrets in the Western world, relayed a series of bizarre, coded questions from office to office.

"My left rump is giving me trouble," meaning "I can't make head or tail of seven down in the bottom left-hand corner," or "My right breast is vacant," meaning "What the hell is twelve across in the middle?" Courtney Young, who ran the Soviet Counterespionage Section (D1) in the 1950s, was the undisputed Security Service crossword king. He always claimed that it was too easy to do the crossword with a pencil. He claimed to do it in his head instead. For a year I watched him do this, until finally I could resist the temptation no longer. I challenged him, whereupon he immediately wrote in each answer without hesitation. Every night for a week I had to stand drinks for a gleeful Courtney in the local pub.

The nerve center of MI5 was the Registry. It spread across the whole ground floor of Leconfield House. The Registry had been moved to Wormwood Scrubs Prison during World War II to ensure the files would be safe if their London home were bombed. It was an unwise move. Within the year the prison was bombed and many files were destroyed or damaged by fire. Those that could be saved were stored in moisture-resistant polythene bags. In the 1960s, when we began to study the history of recruitments in the 1930s, I often examined prewar files. It was a difficult process, prizing apart the charred pages with tweezers and wooden spatulas.

After the disaster at Wormwood Scrubs MI5 put a lot of thought into designing an effective Registry. Brigadier Harker, who, as Sir David Petrie's wartime Deputy, was the ideal administrative foil, recruited an expert in business systems, Harold Potter, to reorganize the Registry. Potter was an excellent choice. He had a neat, methodical mind and the will to impose order even in the chaos of wartime.

In 1955 Potter was approaching retirement, but he took great delight in showing me around. The Registry was based in a central hall, which housed the main file index and the files themselves. The rooms leading off from the central concourse held the other specialist card indexes. Duplicate copies of all files and indexes were routinely made on microfilm, and stored in a specially protected MI5 warehouse in Cheltenham to prevent the catastrophe of Wormwood Scrubs occurring again. Potter's office, tucked in one corner of the Registry, was a paragon of neatness.

"Make sure you return your files promptly, won't you, Peter? I don't want to have to start chasing you like I do some of these buggers!"

He could have been a kindly, small-town librarian. Sadly for Potter, I became one of the worst abusers of the Registry, routinely holding scores of files at a time, though never, I suspect, as bad as Millicent Bagot, the legendary old spinster in F Branch who kept tabs on the International Communist Party for decades. I have always assumed Millicent to have been the model for John le Carré's ubiquitous Connie. She was slightly touched, but with an extraordinary memory for facts and files. Potter and his successors in the Registry despaired of Millicent. "I only hope we get the files back when she retires," he would mutter to himself after a particularly heavy file request from F Branch.

The Registry always fascinated me. Just being there filled me with anticipation, an irresistible feeling that inside the mass of dry paper were warm trails waiting to be followed. Potter explained to me the correct system for signing on and off a file to show that it had been received and dealt with. He had designed the filing system so that each file read chronologically, with papers and attachments on the right, and the index and minutes placed on the left for quick access.

The whole system depended on accurate and disciplined classification. When an officer wished to file something, it had to be approved by one of Potter's staff. Very often file requests were rejected as being too generalized. When an officer wished to draw a file he filled in a request form. These trace requests were always recorded, and if a trace was requested on an individual more than once, a file automatically opened on him. There were three basic categories in the Registry. The first category was Personal Files, or PFs, which were buff-colored files arranged in alphabetical order. There were about two million PFs when I joined the Service in 1955. That figure remained fairly static and began to rise dramatically only in the late 1960s and early 1970s with the onset of student and industrial militancy. Then there were subject files, or organizational files, such as for the Communist Party of Great Britain. Subject files very often ran into several volumes and were elaborately cross-referenced with the PFs. The final main category was the duck-egg-blue List File. This generally comprised material gathered during a particular case which could not easily be placed within either of the two previous categories. There were also Y-Boxes. These were a means of separating particularly sensitive files from general access. For instance, all suspected spies were Y-Boxed, as were most defectors. An officer could obtain the material from a Y-Box only by obtaining indoctrination into its contents from the controlling officer or sometimes from the Director-General himself.

"The integrity of the file is vital," Potter told me, and warned me that under no circumstances could papers be removed from a file without the written consent of a senior officer. The sanctity of files were something which, quite rightly, was drummed into every officer from the very beginning of his service.

Files were located by using the card indexes. Potter had devised a system of mechanically searching these indexes. Each card was classified with a series of punched holes to identify the category of files to which it belonged. To search a category of files, for instance to find a Russian intelligence officer using several aliases, an officer drew a master card corresponding to that category. Long needles were placed through the holes in the master card to locate any other cards which fitted the same constellation. These could then be searched by hand. It was old-fashioned, but it worked, and it meant that MI5 resisted the change to computerization long after it should have happened.

The concourse of the Registry was always busy with trolleys transporting files from the Registry shelves to special lifts. The trolleys ran on tracks so that files could be shifted at great speed up to the case officers working on the floors above—F Branch on the first floor, E Branch on the second, D on the third and fourth, and A Branch on the fifth. The Registry employed enormous numbers of girls to maintain efficient delivery of files within the building, as well as the massive task of sorting, checking, and filing the incoming material. In Kell's day the Registry Queens, as they were known, were recruited either from the aristocracy or from the families of MI5 officers. Kell had a simple belief that this was the best vetting of all. The debutantes were often very pretty, as well as wealthy, which accounts for the large number of office marriages, to the point where it became something of a joke that the average career expectancy of a Registry Queen was nine months—the time it took her to get pregnant.

By the early 1970s the staffing of the Registry had become a major problem for MI5. There were more than three hundred girls employed and with the surge of file collection at that time the pressure for more recruits was never-ending. Openly advertising was considered impossible. Yet it was becoming very difficult to recruit this number of girls, let alone vet them properly. In at least one case, the Communist Party managed to infiltrate a girl into the Registry, but she was soon discovered and quietly sacked. This problem, rather than dissatisfaction with the increasingly antiquated filing system itself, finally pushed MI5, belatedly, into accepting a computerized Registry.

Underneath the Registry were the Dungeons. They were actually a collection of storerooms and workshops run by Leslie Jagger, who worked under Hugh Winterborn in A2. Jagger was one of Cumming's famed contacts. He was a huge, broad-shouldered former Sergeant Major who had served with Cumming in the Rifle Brigade. Jagger always wore a black undertaker's suit.

Jagger was the MI5 odd-job technical man, and must have felt slightly apprehensive when I joined, but he never showed it and we soon became good friends. Jagger had an extraordinary array of skills, of which the most impressive was his lockpicking. Early on in training I attended one of the regular classes he ran for MI5 and MI6 in his lockpicking workshop. The cellar room was dominated by a vast array of keys, literally thousands of them, numbered and hung in rows on each wall. Jagger explained that as MI5 acquired or made secret imprints of keys of offices, hotels, or private houses, each one was carefully indexed and numbered. Over the years they had developed access in this way to premises all over Britain.

"You never know when you might need a key again," explained Jagger as I stared in astonishment at his collection.

"The first rule if you are entering premises is only pick the lock as the last resort," said Jagger, beginning his lecture. "It's virtually impossible to pick a lock without scratching it—and that'll almost certainly give the game away to the trained intelligence officer. He'll know the premises have been entered. What you have to do is get hold of the key—either by measuring the lock or taking an imprint of the key."

Jagger demonstrated how to attack various locks. Burmah locks, used for diamond safes, were by far the most difficult. The pins move horizontally through the lock and it is impossible to pick. The Chubb, on the other hand, although billed as being unpickable, was fair game for Jagger.

"This is the one you'll have to deal with most often."

He picked up a demonstration Yale mechanism mounted on a board and explained that the Yale consisted of a series of pins sitting in various positions inside the barrel of the lock. The bites in the Yale key acted on the pins to push them up and allow the key to be turned in the barrel. Jagger produced a small piece of wire with a hook on one end. He inserted it into the keyhole and began to stroke the inside of the lock in a steady, rhythmical action.

"You just stroke the first pin until"—Jagger's wrist tensed and suddenly relaxed— "it goes a notch, and then you know you've got one up into line."

His big hands moved like a concert violinist's with a bow, tensing as each pin pushed up in turn.

"You keep the pressure on until you've got all the pins up . . ." He turned the piece of wire and the Yale sprang open. "Then you're inside . . . Course, what you do inside is your business."

We all laughed. Leslie was always most mysterious about the source of his expert knowledge on lockpicking, but for years I carried a piece of wire and stroking tool that he made for me.

"Make sure you carry your police pass," he told me when he first gave it to me, pointing out that I was, technically, breaking the law by going about equipped for burglary.

"Couldn't be thought of as common or garden burglars, could we?"

He laughed heartily and strode back to the Dungeons.

5

A FEW DAYS AFTER THE LOCKPICKING CLASS I WENT ON MY FIRST operation.

"The Third Man business is brewing up again," said Hugh Winterborn. "MI6 are interrogating one of their officers—chap named Philby. They want us to provide the microphone."

I had met Kim Philby briefly on my first visit to Leconfield House in 1949. I was in Cumming's office discussing the work for Brundrett when Philby popped his head around the door. He immediately apologized for disturbing us.

"No, come in, Kim," said Cumming in his usual gushing way. "There's someone you ought to meet."

Cumming explained that I had just been appointed the External Scientific Adviser. Philby shook my hand warmly. He had a lined face, but still looked youthful.

"Ah, yes," he said, "that's Brundrett's committee. The Americans are very keen on that, I gather."

I took to Philby immediately. He had charm and style, and we both shared the same affliction—a chronic stutter. He had just been appointed MI6 Head of Station in Washington, and was saying goodbye to his friends in MI5 and getting various briefings from them before his departure. Philby had developed close links with MI5 during the war, one of the few MI6 officers to take the trouble. At the time the visit seemed typical of Philby's industriousness. Only later did the real reason become clear. Philby quizzed me on my thinking about science. I explained that the Intelligence Services had to start treating the Russians as a scientist would treat the subject—as a phenomenon to be studied by means of experiments.

"The more you experiment, the more you learn, even if things go wrong," I said.

"But what about resources?" asked Philby.

I argued that the war had shown scientists could help solve intelligence problems without necessarily needing a huge amount of new apparatus. Some was needed, certainly, but more important was to use the materials already available in modified ways.

"Take Operational Research," I said, referring to the first anti-submarine-research program in the Navy during the war. "That made a tremendous difference, but all we scientists did was to use the gear the Navy had more efficiently."

Philby seemed skeptical, but said that he would bear my thoughts in mind when he reviewed American thinking on the subject on his arrival in Washington.

"I'll look you up when I get back," he said. "See how you've got on." He smiled graciously and was gone.

Two years later, Burgess and Maclean defected. It was a while before Cumming mentioned the subject, but by 1954 I had gathered enough snippets from him and Winterborn to realize that Philby was considered the prime suspect for the Third Man who had tipped off the two defectors. In 1955 he was sacked by a reluctant MI6, even though he admitted nothing. On September 23, 1955, three weeks after I formally joined MI5, the long-awaited White Paper on the Burgess and Maclean affair was finally released. The press savaged it. Philby's name was well known in Fleet Street by this time, and it was obviously only a matter of time before it was debated publicly.

In October, MI5 and MI6 were informed that the question of the Third Man was likely to be raised in the House of Commons when it reconvened after the recess, and that the Foreign Secretary would have to make a statement about Philby's situation. MI6 was ordered to write a review of the case, and called in Philby for another interrogation. They, in turn, asked MI5's A2 section to provide recording facilities for the interrogation.

Winterborn and I took a taxi to the MI6 safe house near Sloane Square where Philby was due to meet his interrogators. The room MI6 had chosen was sparsely furnished—just a patterned sofa and chairs surrounding a small table. Along one wall was an ancient sideboard with a telephone on top.

As it was important to get as high a quality of recording as possible, we decided to use a high-quality BBC microphone. Speech from a telephone microphone is not very good unless it is high level. We lifted a floorboard alongside the fireplace on the side on which Philby would sit and inserted the microphone beneath it. We arranged an amplifier to feed the microphone signal to a telephone pair with which the Post Office had arranged to feed the signal back to Leconfield House.

The Transcription Center was hidden behind an unmarked door at the other end of the corridor from the MI5 staff canteen and only selected officers were allowed access. Next to the door were a bell and a metal grille. Hugh Winterborn identified himself and the automatic lock clattered open. Directly opposite the entry door was a door giving entrance to a large square room in which all the recording was done by Post Office employees. When the material was recorded, the Post Office could hand it over to the MI5 transcribers, but it was illegal to let MI5 monitor the live Post Office lines (although on occasion they were monitored, particularly by Winterborn or me, if there was something causing difficulties or very important). The telephone intercepts were recorded on dictaphone cylinders and the microphone circuits were recorded on acetate gramophone disks. This room was MI5's Tower of Babel. The recordings were handed over to women who transcribed them in small rooms running along a central corridor.

The Department was run by Evelyn Grist, a formidable woman who had been with MI5 almost from the beginning. She had a fanatic devotion to Vernon Kell, and still talked darkly of the damage Churchill had done to the Service by sacking him in 1940. In her eyes, the path of Intelligence had been downhill ever since.

Hugh Winterborn arranged for the link to be relayed into a closed room at the far end. We sat down and waited for the interrogation to start. In fact, to call it an interrogation would be a travesty. It was an in-house MI6 interview. Philby entered and was greeted in a friendly way by three former colleagues who knew him well. They took him gently over familiar ground. First his Communist past, then his MI6 career and his friendship with Guy Burgess. Philby stuttered and stammered, and protested his innocence. But listening to the disembodied voices, the lies seemed so clear. Whenever Philby floundered, one or another of his questioners guided him to an acceptable answer.

"Well, I suppose such and such could be an explanation."

Philby would gratefully agree and the interview would move on. When the pattern became clear, Winterborn fetched Cumming, who strode into the office with a face like thunder. He listened for a few moments, slapping his thigh. "The buggers are going to clear him!" he muttered. Cumming promptly sent a minute to Graham Mitchell, the Head of MI5 Counterespionage, giving an uncharacteristically blunt assessment of the MI6 whitewash. But it did no good. Days later, Macmillan got up in the House of Commons and cleared him. I realized for the first time that I had joined the Looking-Glass world, where simple but unpalatable truths were wished away. It was a pattern which was to be repeated time and time again over the next twenty years.

The Philby interview gave me my first experience of the MI5 surveillance empire. The seventh floor was, in fact, only one part of a network of facilities. The most important outstation was the headquarters of the Post Office Special Investigations Unit near

St. Paul's. MI5 had a suite of rooms on the first floor run by Major Denman, an old-fashioned military buffer with a fine sense of humor. Denman handled the physical interception of mail and installation of telephone taps on the authority of Post Office warrants. He also housed and ran the laboratory for MI5 technical processes into ways of detecting and sending secret writing. Each major sorting office and exchange in the country had a Special Investigations Unit Room, under the control of Denman, to place taps and intercept mail. Later we moved the laboratories up to the Post Office Laboratory at Martlesham, Suffolk. Then, if a letter which had been opened in St. Paul's needed further attention, it was sent by motorcycle courier up to Suffolk.

Denman's main office was lined with tables running the length of the room. Each table carried mail addressed to different destinations: London letters on one side, Europe on another, and behind the Iron Curtain on a third. Around twenty Post Office technicians worked at these tables opening pieces of mail. They wore rubber gloves so as not to leave fingerprints, and each man had a strong lamp and a steaming kettle beside him. The traditional slit-bamboo technique was sometimes used. It was ancient, but still one of the most effective. The split bamboo is inserted into the corner of the envelope, which is held up against a strong light. By turning the bamboo inside the envelope, the letter can be rolled up around the slit and gently pulled out.

Where a letter had an ordinary typed address it was sometimes torn open and a new envelope typed in its place. But to the end of my career we were never able to covertly open a letter which had been sealed at each edge with self-adhesive tape. In those cases, MI5 took a decision as to whether to open the letter and destroy it, or send it on in an obviously opened state. Pedal-operated microfilming cameras copied the opened mail and prints were then routinely sent by the case officer in charge of the interception to the Registry for filing.

Denman's proudest memento was a framed letter which hung on the far wall. It was addressed to a prominent Communist Party member whose mail was regularly intercepted. When the letter was opened the Post Office technicians were amused to discover that it was addressed to MI5 and contained a typewritten message, which read: "To MI5, if you steam this open you are dirty buggers." Denman classified it as "obscene post," which meant that legally he had no duty to send it on to the cover address.

In fact, Denman was very particular about warrants. He was prepared to install a tap or intercept an address without a warrant only on the strict understanding that one was obtained as soon as possible. MI5 were, however, allowed to request a form of letter check without a warrant. We could record everything on an envelope, such as its origin and destination and date it was sent, as long as we did not actually open it. Denman, like everyone in the Post Office who knew of the activity, was terrified in case the Post Office role in telephone and mail intercepts was discovered. They were not so worried about overseas mail, because that could be held up for days at a time without arousing suspicion. But they were always anxious to get domestic mail on its way to the receiver as soon as possible.

Responsibility for warrants lay with the Deputy Director-General of MI5. If an officer wanted a tap or an interception, he had to write out a short case for the DDG, who then presented any problem. Once a month the Home Secretary vetted all applications. Like the Post Office, the Home Office was always highly sensitive on the issue of interceptions, and they were always strictly controlled.

As well as St. Paul's, there was also Dollis Hill, the rather ugly Victorian building in North London where the Post Office had its research headquarters in the 1950s. John Taylor ran his small experimental laboratory for MI5 and MI6 in the basement behind a door marked "Post Office Special Investigations Unit Research." The rooms were dark and overcrowded, and thoroughly unsuitable for the work that was being attempted inside.

When I joined MI5, Taylor's laboratory was overrun with work for the Berlin Tunnel Operation. A joint MI6/CIA team had tunneled under the Russian sector of Berlin in February 1955, and placed taps on the central communications of the Soviet Military Command. The actual electrical taps were done by Post Office personnel. Both the CIA and MI6 were reeling under the sheer volume of material being gathered from the Tunnel. So much raw intelligence was flowing out from the East that it was literally swamping the resources available to transcribe and analyze it. MI6 had a special transcription center set up in Earl's Court, but they were still transcribing material seven years later when they discovered that George Blake had betrayed the Tunnel to the Russians from the outset. There were technical problems too, which Taylor was desperately trying to resolve, the principal one being the ingress of moisture into the circuits.

Taylor's laboratory was also busy working on a new modification to SF (Special Facilities), called CABMAN. It was designed to activate a telephone without even entering the premises by radiating the telephone with a powerful radio beam. It worked, but only over short distances.

They were also in the early stages of developing a device called a MOP. A MOP made a cable do two jobs at once—transmit captured sound and receive power. It was in its early stages, but it promised to revolutionize MI6 activity by removing the extra leads which were always likely to betray a covert microphoning operation. I spent a lot of time in my first years in MI5 ensuring the correct specifications for MOP, and it was eventually successfully manufactured at the MI6 factory at Boreham Wood.

Soon after the Philby interview I began to look into ways of improving and modernizing the seventh floor. The method of processing a tap followed a set pattern. A case officer responsible for a tap or microphone provided the Transcription Department with a written brief detailing the sort of intelligence he thought might be obtained from the interception. The transcription staff then scanned the conversation for passages which corresponded to the brief. When I first joined, the taps were normally transferred onto acetate, rather than tape. The acetates were scanned by "dubbing" into the disc at various points to sample the conversation. If anything of relevance was found, the transcribers placed a chalk mark on the appropriate place and worked from the chalk marks. It was an inefficient and time-consuming operation but more efficient than standard tape-recording methods.

Most of these transcribers had been recruited in Kell's day from the émigré communities who fled to Britain at the end of World War I. They had turned the seventh floor into a tiny piece of Tsarist Russia. Most of them were members of the old Russian aristocracy, White Russians who talked with certainty of returning to the lands which had been expropriated after the Revolution. To them the KGB was not the KGB, it was the old Bolshevik Cheka. Most were fiercely religious, and some even installed icons in their rooms. They were famed throughout the office for their tempers. They considered themselves artists and behaved like prima donnas. Hardened case officers seeking clarification of a transcription approached the seventh floor with trepidation in case their request caused offense. The difficult atmosphere was inevitable. For years these women had listened, day after day, hour after hour to the indecipherable mutterings and labyrinthine conspiracies of Russian diplomats. Spending a lifetime looking for fragments of intelligence among the thousands of hours of worthless conversation (known in the trade as "cabbages and kings") would be enough to turn any mind.

The first thing I did was to institute hearing tests on the women, many of whom were becoming too old for the job. I encouraged those with failing hearing to handle material with a high sound quality, such as the telephone intercepts. I gave the corrupted microphone transcription to younger officers, of whom undoubtedly the best was Anne Orr-Ewing, who later joined me as a junior officer in the Counterespionage Department. Microphone transcription is difficult because you usually have only one microphone source for a multichannel conversation. I decided to design a piece of equipment to ease this problem. I went out to an electronics exhibition at Olympia and bought a tape machine which provided two heads. The second head gave a constant number of milliseconds (or more) delay on the sound as it went through, making it much fuller-bodied. In effect it simulated stereo sound, and made even the worst tapes much easier to understand. I installed the equipment on the seventh floor, and it made me a friend for life in Mrs. Grist.

It was my first small victory for science. But beneath the seventh floor the great MI5 antique showroom slumbered on, undisturbed.

The Department which required most urgent attention, and yet resisted modernization with the greatest determination, was A4. Since the war the Watchers had been outnumbered and outmaneuvered by the increasing numbers of Soviet and Soviet satellite diplomats on the streets of London. My first priority was to make a full review of the way the Watchers operated.

I made arrangements to visit one of the MI5 observation posts in an MI5 house opposite one of the main gates of the Russian Embassy in Kensington Park Gardens. The observation post was in an upstairs bedroom. Two Watchers sat on either side of the window. A camera and telephoto lens on a tripod stood permanently trained down into the street below. Both men were in shirt-sleeves, binoculars hanging around their necks. They looked tired. It was the end of their shift; the ashtrays were full to overflowing, and the table standing between them was scattered with coffee cups.

As each Russian diplomat came out of the gates of Kensington Park Gardens one or the other of the men scrutinized him through binoculars. As soon as he had been accurately identified, the observation post radioed his name back to Watcher headquarters in the form of an enciphered five-figure number. All the numbers of people leaving Kensington Park Gardens were called out on the radio. Each car or Watcher was tagged with certain numbers to follow. When one of his numbers came up he would follow the person involved without replying to the broadcast. The person being followed did not know if he was a target or not. The radio crackled intermittently as one of the mobile Watcher units parked in the streets nearby was ordered to pick up the diplomat as he made his way out of sight of the observation post toward the West End.

The Watchers who manned these static posts had done the job for years. They developed extraordinary memories for faces, instantly recognizing KGB officers who had been out of Britain for years. To assist them in identification the post had three bound volumes containing photographs and identities of every single Russian intelligence officer known to have visited the UK. Those currently resident in the Embassy were flagged in plastic holders for easy reference. If an unknown face was noted entering or leaving the premises, it was photographed and handed over to MI5's Research Section, and the endless process of identification would begin from scratch. It was numbing work, requiring patience and dedication. But none was more vital. If the Registry is MI5's central nervous system, the Watchers are its fingertips. They must be constantly outstretched, feeling out the contours of the enemy's formations.

The bound volumes of Russian intelligence officer identifications were the product of decades of careful intelligence gathering from every possible source—visa photos, defectors, double agents, or whatever. The faces stared mordantly from the pages. They were mostly KGB or NKVD strong-arm men, interspersed with the occasional cultured, European-looking resident or uniformed military attaché. It soon struck me that the observation posts were relying mostly on photographs available from the Russians' diplomatic passports. These were always sent to MI5 but were often of poor quality, or deliberately out of date, and made identification difficult to determine.

I suggested that the Watchers expand their selection of action stills. These are often much easier to recognize than mug shots. This was graphically illustrated in the Klaus Fuchs case. When Fuchs had confessed in 1949 to passing details about atomic weapons, he began to cooperate. MI5 tried to obtain details of his co-conspirators and showed him a passport photograph of Harry Greenglass, a fellow atom spy. Fuchs genuinely failed to recognize him until he was provided with a series of action stills.

For many years MI5 had realized that if Watchers operated from Leconfield House they could be followed from the building and identified by Russian countersurveillance teams. They were housed in an unmarked four-story Georgian house in an elegant terrace in Regent's Park. The central control room was dominated by a vast street map of London on one wall which was used to monitor the progress of operations. In the middle of the room was the radio console which maintained communications with all observation posts and mobile Watcher teams.

On one floor Jim Skardon, the Head of the Watchers, had his office. Skardon was a dapper, pipe-smoking former policeman. He had originally been a wartime MI5 interrogator, and in the immediate postwar period had been the chief interrogator in a number of important cases, particularly that of Klaus Fuchs. Skardon had a high opinion of his own abilities, but he was an immensely popular man to work for. There was something of the manner of a trade union shop steward about him. He felt that the Watchers did arduous and difficult work, and needed protection from exploitation by hungry case officers back at Leconfield House. In a sense this was true. There were around a hundred Watchers when I joined the Service, but the demand for their services was unquenchable in every part of MI5's activity. But I soon came to feel that Skardon was not facing up to the modern reality of watching on the streets of London. It was quite clear that the Russians, in particular, operated very extensive countersurveillance to prevent their agents from being followed. Having watched the system for a few weeks I doubted that Watchers, using their current techniques, had any realistic chance of following anyone without speedy detection.

When I first raised the question with Skardon of extensively remodeling the Watchers, he dismissed it out of hand. MI5 sections were like fiefdoms, and Skardon took it as an affront to his competence and authority. Eventually he agreed to allow Hugh Winterborn and me to mount an operation to test the effectiveness of current Watcher techniques. We split a team into two groups. The first group was given a photograph of an MI5 officer who was unknown to them and told to follow him. The second group was told the general area in which the first group was operating. They were instructed to locate them and then identify the person they were following. We did this exercise three times, and each time the second group made the identification correctly. We filmed the third experiment and showed it at Watcher headquarters to the whole Department. It did at least remove any remaining doubts that Watcher operations, as currently organized, were perilously vulnerable to countersurveillance.

We suggested to Skardon that as a first step he should employ a number of women. A great deal of watching involves sitting for hours in pubs, cafés, and parks, waiting or monitoring meetings. A man and a woman would be far less conspicuous than a single man or a pair of men. Skardon opposed the plan strongly. He feared it might introduce extramarital temptations which might adversely affect the morale of his team.

"The wives won't like it," he said grimly.

Hugh Winterborn scoffed.

"So what if they kiss and cuddle. It's better for the cover!"

Skardon was not amused. The other reform we wanted implemented was in the way Watchers were debriefed. It was never done immediately they came in from a job. Sometimes it was overnight, sometimes even at the end of the week. I pointed out to Skardon that it had been proved again and again in wartime that debriefing had to be done immediately to be accurate. If there is a delay the memory stops recollecting what happened and begins to rationalize how it happened.

"My boys have done eight hours slogging the streets. They don't want to come back and spend hours answering questions when they can write up a report themselves," he stormed. In the end he did agree to bring them back from each shift fifteen minutes early, but it was a constant struggle.

The mobile Watchers presented different problems. I went out for the day with them to get an idea of the work. MI5 cars were inconspicuous models, but they were fitted with highly tuned engines in the MI5 garages in Battersea. Every three months the cars were resprayed to disguise their identities, and each car carried a selection of number plates, which were were changed at intervals during the week.

It was boyish fun chasing Russian diplomatic vehicles through the streets of London, up and down one-way streets and through red traffic lights, secure in the knowledge that each driver carried of Police Pass to avoid tickets. The driver of my car told with great glee the story of how he had been following a Russian car down the Mall toward Buckingham Palace on a winter day. The Russian had slammed on his brakes to go around the roundabout, and the cars had skidded into each other. Both sides got out and exchanged particulars with poker faces. The knack of mobile following is to pick the parallel streets wherever possible. But in the end the success of the operation depends on the radio control at headquarters. They have to predict the likely path of the Russian car, so that reserve units can be called in to pick up the chase.

The first problem with mobile watching was quite simple. There were three men in each car, and since so much of the time was spent parked on street corners, or outside premises, the cars stood out like sore thumbs. Once again, Winterborn and I made a field study. We went to an area where we knew the Watchers were operating. Within half an hour we had logged every car. One was particularly easy. The number plates had recently been changed. But the driver had forgotten to change them both over! I suggested to Skardon that he cut down the number of men in the cars, but in true British Leyland style he gave me a lecture on how it was essential to have three men.

"There's one to drive, one to read the map, and the third to operate the radio," he said with conviction, seemingly unaware of the absurdity of it all.

But there was one area which decidedly was not a joke, and which gave me more worry than all the others put together. Communications are any intelligence organization's weakest link. The Watchers relayed hundreds of messages daily to and from the observation posts, the cars, and headquarters. The first thing which made them vulnerable was that they were never acknowledged. The Russians could easily identify Watcher communications by simply searching the wavebands for unacknowledged call signs. MI6 were just as bad abroad. For a long time the best way of identifying MI6 staff in the Embassy was to check which diplomats used outside lines which were not routed through the main switchboard. Later, MI5 brought in a complicated system of enciphering Watcher communications. I pointed out that this made no difference, since their signals would now stand out even more against the Police, Fire and Ambulance Service communications, all of which were en clair (uncoded). They did not seem to understand that the Russians were gathering most of the intelligence from the traffic itself, rather than from the contents of the messages. Traffic analysis would tell them when and where a following operation was being conducted, and by cross-checking that with their own records they would learn all they needed to know.

I lobbied hard for a major effort to be mounted to try to find out if the Russians were systematically monitoring Watcher communications. Theoretically it was a feasible thing to do, because any receiver will give off a certain radiation which can be detected at short distances. I raised my plan through the correct channels with GCHQ, which had the technical apparatus and manpower necessary for such an experiment. I waited for months before I got what was described as a "considered" answer. GCHQ's verdict was that it was not technically feasible to conduct such experiments. It was another two years before GCHQ and MI5 realized how wrong that judgment was.

In the meantime I remained a worried man. If Watcher communications were vulnerable, and Watcher tradecraft as poor as we had shown it to be, then MI5 had to assume that a substantial part of its counterespionage effort had been useless over many years. At least some operations in which Watchers had been used had to have been detected by the Russians. But which, and how many?

6

IN THE TRENCHES OF THE COLD WAR, A2 WAS MI5'S FRONT LINE, Hugh Winterborn and I its storm troopers. Hugh Winterborn was a fine comrade in arms. He had served with the Army in China and Japan and in Ceylon and Burma before joining MI5, and spoke Chinese and Japanese fluently. Winterborn was a Field Marshal manqué. His operations were always beautifully planned right down to the last detail, and although often complex, were invariably executed with military precision. But he was not a dry man. He approached each operation with the purpose of gathering intelligence, but also to have fun. And we did have fun. For five years we bugged and burgled our way across London at the State's behest, while pompous bowler-hatted civil servants in Whitehall pretended to look the other way.

Winterborn and I were a perfect match, both sharing a fervent belief that modernization was badly needed at almost every level of the Service, and especially in the technical field. I tended to concentrate on ideas. He acted as the foil, winnowing out the sensible from the impractical in my suggestions and planning how to make them operational reality.

When I first teamed with Winterborn he was bubbling over with news of the latest A2 job he had completed, called Operation PARTY PIECE. It had been a typical Winterborn operation—thoroughness and outrageous good fortune linked harmoniously together. One of the F4 agent runners learned, from a source inside the Communist Party of Great Britain, that the entire Party secret membership files were stored in the flat of a wealthy Party member in Mayfair. A2 were called in to plan an operation to burgle the flat and copy the files.

The flat was put under intensive visual, telephone, and letter surveillance, and in due course MI5 had a stroke of unexpected luck. The woman of the house rang her husband at work to say that she was going out for an hour. She told him she would leave the key under the mat. Within twenty minutes of the call's being monitored in Leconfield House, we were around at the flat taking a plasticine imprint of the key.

The burglary was carefully arranged for a time when the occupants were away for a weekend in the Lake District. Winterborn sent a team of Watchers to monitor the occupants in case they decided to return home early. Banks of pedal-operated microfilming machines were set up in Leconfield House ready to copy the files. A team from A2 entered the flat and picked the locks of the filing cabinets where the membership files were kept. The contents of each drawer of each cabinet were photographed with a Polaroid camera. Each file was carefully removed and indexed in the flat so that it could be replaced in the identical spot. Then they were removed in bundles and driven over to Leconfield House for copying in sequential order. In all, 55,000 files were copied that weekend, and the result was a priceless haul of information about the Communist Party.

PARTY PIECE gave MI5 total access to the Party organization. Every file contained a statement, handwritten by the recruit, explaining why he or she wished to join the Party, accompanied by full personal details, including detailed descriptions of the circumstances of recruitment, work done for the Party, and contacts in the Party organization. More important than this, the PARTY PIECE material also contained the files of covert members of the CPGB, people who preferred, or whom the Party preferred, to conceal their identities. Most of these covert members were not of the same generation as the classical secret Communists of the 1930s, many of whom had been later recruited for espionage. These were people in the Labor Party, the trade union movement or the Civil Service, or some other branch of government work, who had gone underground largely as a result of the new vetting procedures brought in by the Attlee Government.

In the years after World War II, largely as a result of our alliance with the Soviet Union in the war, the CPGB retained a significant body of support, most importantly in the trade union movement. They were increasingly active in industrial disputes, much to the consternation of Prime Minister Attlee in his later years. In the late 1940s, MI5 began to devote resources in an effort to monitor and neutralize CPGB activity in the trade union movement. By 1955, the time of PARTY PIECE, the CPGB was thoroughly penetrated at almost every level by technical surveillance or informants. Obtaining the PARTY PIECE material, the very heart of the CPGB's administration, was the final proof of MI5's postwar mastery. Ironically, within a year the Soviet Union invaded Hungary, and the Party began its slow decline in popularity.

Once MI5 was in possession of the PARTY PIECE material, the CPGB was never again in a position to seriously threaten the safety of the realm. From then on, MI5 was able to locate every single active Party member, particularly the covert ones, and monitor their activities, preventing them from obtaining access to classified material where the risk arose. The PARTY PIECE material was Y-Boxed, and remained of enormous assistance right up until the early 1970s, especially when the CPGB later began to protest that it had renounced secret membership and was now merely an open party.

I first operated against the CPGB in the late 1950s, when Hugh Winterborn and I installed yet another microphone into its King Street headquarters. The CPGB knew that its building was under constant technical surveillance, and regularly switched the location of important meetings. An agent inside King Street told his F4 controller that Executive Committee discussions had been moved to a small conference room at the far end of the building. There were no windows in the room and we knew from the agent that there was no telephone either, so SF could not solve the problem of providing coverage. Later, in the 1960s, the reason for the lack of a telephone became clear. One of the first things Anthony Blunt had betrayed to the Russians was the existence of SF, immediately after it was first installed in King Street, and they had alerted the Party and instructed them to remove all telephones from sensitive areas. But the Party did not really believe it. They took precautions only for very sensitive matters.

Winterborn and I drove down to King Street in my car and sat outside studying the external walls, trying to decide the best way to attack the target room. Low down on the left-hand side of the street-facing wall was an old coal chute which had been out of use for many years. It seemed to present the best possibility. We checked with the agent where this chute went and were told that it led straight into the conference room. I suggested to Winterborn that we make a false door identical to the one already in the chute, clipping it over the top of the old door with a radio microphone between the two feeding into the keyhole.

Hugh immediately began to make the arrangements. First he designed a new door which could lock against the chute with spring catches. The door obviously had to be painted the same color as the existing one, which was a heavily weather-beaten brown. We contacted the Building Research Station in Garston and sent them sample flecks of the paint which Hugh removed with a screwdriver one night while casually walking past. They identified the paint for us and acquired some of a similar vintage. Using a blowtorch and a sink of water we were able to simulate a weathering process. I handled the installation of the radio microphone on our door. I used a small plastic audio tube to run from the keyhole in the chute to the microphone, filling the rest of the space with batteries so that the microphone could run without being serviced for up to six months. The receiver was hidden in the telephone footway box at the end of King Street which luckily was just within range of the microphone, and telephone lines relayed the signal back to the seventh floor of Leconfield House.

The most risky part of the operation was fitting the false door on the pavement of King Street. It had to be done in full view of the CPGB building, and they were constantly alert to anything suspicious. Hugh Winterborn devised a typically complex plan. He decided to make the installation late on a Saturday night, as theater revelers thronged the streets in Covent Garden. He arranged for all available A2 and F4 officers and their wives to converge on King Street from different directions at a set time. We were all choreographed carefully by Winterborn to arrive in two groups pretending to be much the worse for drink. We met on the pavement and exchanged greetings. Behind the huddle Winterborn dropped down to his knees and began to hand drill four small holes in the wall of the chute, ready to receive the spring catches of our door, using his pocket handkerchief to catch the telltale brick dust. Within a minute our noisy socializing began to wear a little thin, but Winterborn had nerves of steel. He patiently finished the drilling, and slipped the false door out from under his coat and clipped it into place. .The operation, known as TIEPIN, worked perfectly as planned and for some months MI5 had full coverage of every important CPGB meeting. But in the end the microphone was detected. A CPGB official happened to settle on our frequency when tuning his radio and a "howl round" alerted him to the presence of a device. The entire building was turned upside down in the search for the bug. Fortunately Hugh Winterborn was living in the flat on the top floor of Leconfield House at the time while his wife was away visiting relatives in Norway. He was alerted as soon as the microphone was detected and went around straightaway, unclipped the false door, and brought it back to the office like a trophy of war.

The most extensive microphoning operation Winterborn and I ever undertook was in Lancaster House, the ornate building which hosted the Colonial Conferences of the 1950s and 1960s. As soon as Macmillan became Prime Minister the pace of change in Colonial Affairs became more marked. MI5, which was responsible for security and intelligence-gathering in all Crown Territory, including the Empire, came under increasing pressure to provide intelligence assessments during negotiations toward the various independence settlements. Lancaster House was almost impossible to cover effectively in a piecemeal way. We could never be sure which rooms were going to be used, and this seriously impaired our intelligence-gathering. Winterborn and I proposed that MI5 install a comprehensive microphone system throughout the building which could be used whenever and wherever it was required. The Colonial Office agreed enthusiastically to our request, and Lancaster House was closed for "renovations" for a fortnight while an A2 team moved in. Hugh and I had already studied the room plans with great care and drawn up a circuit diagram specifying the locations of each microphone. We supervised the installation, and throughout the rest of the 1960s and the 1970s the system was used whenever high-level diplomatic negotiations took place in London.

But bugging the CPGB headquarters and covering Third World delegations were, in the end, interruptions of the main task, which was to confront the Soviet Union and her allies. The first A2 operation I undertook against the Russians was Operation CHOIR. It actually began some months before I joined MI5, when Hugh Winterborn mounted an operation to bug the Russian Consulate on the Bayswater Road. The opportunity arose when the building next door was refurbished in preparation for new occupants. MI5 went in under cover as decorators and Winterborn fitted a new device called the probe microphone, which had been developed by John Taylor in the Dollis Hill Laboratory.

The probe microphone was a large, high-sensitivity microphone, which was used to gain covert access through a party wall. The device was lodged inside the wall about eighteen inches from the target side. The eighteen inches between the probe microphone and the target room were drilled out by hand at a quarter-inch diameter in steps of half an inch. Half an inch from the target side the quarter-inch-diameter hole ended and a small pinhole was drilled, again by hand, using a No. 60-size bit, so that the intrusion into the target side was almost invisible to the naked eye. The eighteen-inch bore hole was then lined with a smooth perspex tube which was acoustically matched into the microphone. The microphone fed out into the street and back along telephone wires to Leconfield House, where amplifiers boosted the captured sound into intelligible speech.

Six months after Winterborn installed the CHOIR microphone it suddenly went dead. MI5 had, at the time, an agent who worked as an occasional decorator and odd-job man for the Russians. His name was Nutkin, which earned him the inevitable nickname of "Squirrel." Nutkin told us that the target room had been repainted. Although it seemed most likely that the pinhole had been covered with paint, we were still puzzled. Before the installation was made, Winterborn had obtained detailed measurements of the target wall from Nutkin. Using these he had planned the microphone pinhole to emerge behind a plaster leaf of the elaborate cornicework fourteen feet above the floor. It seemed unlikely that anyone would paint so carefully as to actually seal the hole. Still, Winterborn and I decided to drill it out again.

The new operation involved considerable planning. The renovation work in the building next door to the Consulate had finished. It was now a busy office with a constant stream of visitors, some of whom we knew to be Russians checking on security. We had to work at night and in total silence. We needed scaffolding to work fourteen feet up as well as plaster and paint to repair any damage. Winterborn arranged for a prefabricated scaffolding system and quick-drying decorating materials, specially developed for MI5 by the Building Research Station, to be delivered to the office in small packages so as not to alert the ever-vigilant Consulate.

A week later Jagger and I took a taxi to the top of Bayswater Road. It was winter and the streets were dark and crowded with returning commuters. We walked briskly down toward the Consulate and let ourselves into the building next door using one of Jagger's famous keys. We unpacked our attaché cases, which contained our tools and a small radio receiver. The observation post opposite the Consulate was under instructions to monitor the building for any signs of movement. We monitored the broadcasts on our receiver without acknowledgment, so that we could cease work if anyone came into the target room.

Every microphone MI5 installs is recorded in the A Branch Index, which logs technical specifications, a history of its operation, and, most important of all, its precise location. While Jagger erected the scaffolding in total silence, I studied the wall plan, which we had brought with us from the A Branch Index, and made the triangular measurements. We began scraping away the plaster. It was tense work. Each piece of plaster had to be removed by hand before it fell to the floor, and could then be placed in a bag for removal. After an hour we unearthed the microphone, carefully sealed inside the wall in a layer of plasticine. I disconnected the cables and slid out the perspex acoustic tube which led into the target room.

The No. 60 drill bit had a special stop on it ensuring the bit turned so slowly that a flake of plaster or paint could not be pushed out into the target room. I inserted the drill bit and held the body steady while Jagger delicately turned the handle. After two turns there was still resistance. Whatever was blocking the hole, it was obviously not a thin layer of paint. In the light of passing car headlights we exchanged puzzled glances. The drill turned again. And again. Still resistance. Then suddenly the bit ran free and almost immediately encountered another obstacle. I gently pulled the drill back to our side of the wall and Jagger packed the bit into a small box for examination in Leconfield House. Listening down the hole with an acoustic tube, I could hear the ticking of a clock in the target room, so without doubt the drill had entered the target room as originally designed, behind the rear side of a plaster leaf in the cornice.

We swiftly packed the microphone back into the wall, reconnected the cables, and replastered the hole. We had three hours to kill, waiting for the plaster to set before we could repaint the damage. We sat smoking, our receiver crackling intermittently. Even at the dead of night both sides were still dancing the Cold War waltz, as Watcher cars chased Russian diplomats through the darkened streets of London. But the Consulate remained silent.

The next day on the seventh floor Winterborn and I listened to the CHOIR microphone. It was muffled, but clearly working. The only problem was that nobody was saying anything in the target room. All I could hear was the steady clacking of a solitary typewriter. We went down to the basement to examine the No. 60 drill bit under a microscope. It was covered to a depth of three-eighths of an inch with plaster dust. Whoever the Russian decorator was, he had been mighty conscientious.

"That's no bloody redecoration," said Winterborn, squinting down the microscope. "You can't trowel plaster three-eighths of an inch down a pinhole. That's been down with a bloody syringe!"

A month or so later, "Squirrel" Nutkin was able to catch a sight of the target room. It had been completely remodeled with a sound-proofed partition across the party wall. Behind the partition a single secretary worked with a typewriter. The Russians obviously knew, as we did, that party walls were vulnerable to attack. But, as far as we could tell, they did not know about the probe microphone. And yet it seemed probable that they had detected the pinhole and stopped it.

In July 1955 I tackled the Soviets once again, this time in Canada. MI5 received a request for technical assistance in an operation the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) were planning to install microphones in the Russian Embassy in Ottawa. The old three-story Embassy building overlooking the Rideau River had recently burned down. The RCMP planned to install eavesdropping equipment during the rebuilding work, but needed access to the latest equipment, so they contacted MI5.

I was met at the airport by Terry Guernsey, the head of the RCMP's Counterespionage Department, B Branch. With him was his assistant, a Welshman named James Bennett. Guernsey was a lanky Canadian whose outwardly unflappable manner was constantly betrayed by the nervous, explosive energy underneath. Guernsey was trained in Britain by both MI5 and MI6 and returned to Canada in the early 1950s convinced that the RCMP was unsuited, as a uniformed police force, to the delicate work of counterespionage. Guernsey began to recruit civilian intelligence officers and single-handedly built up B Branch into one of the most modern and aggressive counterespionage units in the West. Many of the ideas which later played a major role in British and American thinking, such as computerized logging of the movements of Russian diplomats in the West, began as Guernsey initiatives. But he constantly ran up against the oppressive restrictions of the Mountie tradition, which believed that the uniformed RCMP officer was inherently superior to his civilian counterpart. This was a struggle which ran deeply, not just through Canadian Intelligence, but also in the FBI. Guernsey believed that the British were correct in drawing a distinction between criminal detective work and the entirely different skills of intelligence-gathering, and he fought many battles to ensure that B Branch remained independent of the mainstream of the RCMP. But the effort virtually cost him his career. The Mountie senior officers never forgave him, and he was eventually banished to the UK, where he acted as RCMP liaison with MI5 and MI6, before ill-health finally drove him into retirement.

But in 1956, when I made my first trip to Canada to help plan Operation DEW WORM, Guernsey was still very much in charge. Over dinner that first night he described where the operation stood. The RCMP had successfully recruited the contractor who was rebuilding the Russian Embassy, and had installed RCMP officers under cover as workmen on the site. With the help of Igor Gouzenko, a Russian who had worked inside the old Embassy as a cipher clerk until he defected to the Canadians in 1945, Guernsey had been able to pinpoint the area in the northeast corner of the building where the KGB and GRU (Soviet Military Intelligence) secret sections, and the cipher rooms, were located.

After studying the plans I decided that a SATYR operation, using a cavity microphone activated from outside by microwaves, was not technically feasible. The distance from the device to safe ground was too great to be assured of success. It had to be a wired operation. Wired operations have one major advantage. If they are skillfully installed, they are almost impossible to detect.The best plan to attach was to conceal the microphones inside the aluminum sash windows on the target side of the building. Guernsey obtained a sample frame from the contractor. They were friction windows with no sash weight, perfect for concealing a device. There was an air path into the sash where the two pieces locked together, ensuring a good sound quality. The metal window frames would effectively dampen the electromagnetic field emitted by the microphones, making them impervious to sweeper detection.

But the main problem was how to conceal the cables leading to the microphones. The walls of the new Embassy building were planned to be nearly two feet thick, with a fourteen-inch concrete block inner lead, a two-inch air gap in the middle, and then four-inch-thick stone facing on the outside of the wall. I checked with MI6 for details of Russian electronic sweeper operations. They told me that the Russians never swept the outsides of their buildings, only the insides. The Russians apparently considered it demeaning to be seen to be sweeping their premises. I told Guernsey that the best plan was to lead the cables up through the air gaps, where they would be virtually assured of non-detection through fourteen inches of concrete, especially as MI5 had developed a new thin cable which gave off far less electromagnetic emission.

Once the building work got under way we had to find a way of concealing the cables from the Russian security teams who regularly visited the site to check on the Canadian contractors. We buried large coils beneath each of the eight-foot concrete footings, and cut them into the bitumen coverings. Every night, as each course of masonry was installed, RCMP workmen went onto the site and lifted a length of cable from the coil into the air gap. There were eight cables. Each was labeled at random from one to twenty to mislead the Russians in the event they were ever discovered. It was a nice touch; the sort of joke the Russians would appreciate after they had finished tearing down the Embassy searching for the phantom cables.

The most difficult part of the whole operation was connecting the wires to the microphones. The windows in the northeast section of the building had been successfully fitted, supervised by an RCMP officer to ensure the frames went into the right places. The cables had been painstakingly raised inside the air gaps over months of construction work. But connecting the two together was impossible to conceal. It could be done only by an engineer working outside, four floors up on the scaffolding. The job was given to one of Guernsey's technical men, a young engineer who handled the operation brilliantly. He was a big man, but he scaled the building in pitch dark in a temperature approaching minus forty degrees centigrade, carrying his soldering tools in a shoulder bag. Taking each of the eight microphones in turn, he carefully joined the cables and ensured the connections were solid.

As soon as the connections were made, RCMP technicians began to dig a twenty-yard tunnel from an RCMP safe house next door to the Embassy, through to the coils buried under the footings. The coils were led back ten feet underground to the safe house and the tunnel backfilled with three feet of concrete. The eight cables connected to head amplifiers concealed in the garage of the safe house, with power fed to them over output leads from RCMP headquarters. When the microphones were tested, each one worked perfectly.

But then, just as this almost flawless operation was nearing completion, disaster struck. A workman was installing a fuel tank on the outside wall near the northeast corner of the new Embassy, unaware that just at that point all the cables from all the windows above came together to go underground to our safe house. As he drove in metal hasps to support the ventilation pipe, he pushed one straight through the bundle of cables buried inside, completely destroying the connections to all the microphones.

There was no choice but to reenter the building. But this time the operation was even more risky. The building was more or less complete, and the Russians on the verge of occupation. There was little chance of the Russians believing the undercover RCMP team were just innocent workmen if they were discovered. It was another bitterly cold night when they went back in. They managed to extract six of the eight cables from behind the hasp, rejointed them, abandoning the other two, and built them back into the wall with the hasp. Although two microphones were lost, at least one remained operational in each of the target rooms, so the major disaster was averted.

As soon as the Russians reoccupied their Embassy, we heard sounds from some of our microphones. GRU officers discussed earnestly where they should put their furniture. Then, forty-eight hours later, they suddenly vacated their offices, the Ambassador left for Moscow, and a team of Russian workmen moved in. It was soon clear from the materials the Russians were taking into the Embassy that they were constructing a new KGB and GRU sanctum elsewhere in the building, probably supplied by an independent power generator.

Shortly after this, the microphones, which were being constantly monitored back at RCMP headquarters, began to pick up the telltale sounds of a sweeper team in operation. RCMP had tentatively identified their arrival in the building some days before, but it wasn't until they began work in the northeast corner, tapping at the walls for signs of hollowness, and running metal detectors across the ceilings, that we were sure. For twenty days they swept the rooms we had microphoned, as if they knew they were bugged. But they never found either the cables or the microphones. By Russian Embassy standards worldwide, the new building was small, but despite what must have been cramped conditions, the northeast corner remained virtually unused apart from routine consular work, even after the departure of the sweepers. Eight years later the microphone sweepers arrived in Ottawa. They went straight to the rooms where the microphones were and within an hour had found the microphone cables and thus the microphones. There were forty-two rooms in the Embassy. The sweepers searched only in six rooms where the microphones were. They must have known where to look!

Like Operation CHOIR, something about DEW WORM troubled me. Partly, of course, it was disappointment. The operation had been an outstanding technical success, but the months of patient preparations had yielded no intelligence whatever. Of course, at the outset of the operation the biggest gamble had been to assume, as Gouzenko had, that the Russians would rebuild their secret section in the same place as they had it in the old Embassy. But based on an analysis of the power supply to the building, it was a reasonable gamble. The fact that they had decided to resituate the secret section and screen it off was not in itself unusual. Both the British and the Americans had begun to realize, as almost certainly had the Russians, that the best way to protect an Embassy secret section from microphone attack was to construct it deep inside, preferably with its own power supply. But the certainty with which the Russian sweepers attacked the northeast corner, as if they were looking for something they knew to be there, introduced the worm of doubt into my mind.

Within a year the same thing happened, again in Canada. The Polish Government were given permission to open a consulate in Montreal. They bought an old house and began renovations. In January 1957 I flew over to Montreal to assist the RCMP install a microphone. The RCMP knew the identity of the UB (Polish Intelligence) officer and the location of his room, but the building was being completely gutted, so a wired operation was out of the question. Only a SATYR cavity microphone would do. The premises were being rewired using steel conduits for the cables, and as with the DEW WORM window frames I reckoned that the SATYR devices would be virtually impossible to detect if they were placed close to the conduits. Within a fortnight of installing the system the Poles suddenly ordered the contractor to remove the wall containing our SATYR devices and replace it with another. The RCMP did manage to retrieve one device, but the other was lost to the Poles. Later the RCMP learned from a source inside the Polish Embassy that they had been tipped off to the likely presence of microphones by the Russians. They had been one step ahead of us again.

It was not just in Canada that things like this occurred. There was also Operation *MOLE* in Australia. It began with a visit to London by Sir Charles Spry, the head of Australia's overseas intelligence-gathering organization, ASIO, in 1959. I received a telephone call saying that he would like to see me. Spry had once been a good-looking man, with hooded eyes and a full mustache, but responsibility and a liking for the good things in life had left him florid in appearance. Spry was appointed head of ASIO on its formation in 1949. He had previously been Director of Military Intelligence, but along with a group of like-minded officials, dubbed the "gnomes of Melbourne," he lobbied hard for the creation of a proper security intelligence-gathering agency similar to MI5. Spry ran the service with an iron fist for nineteen years, and became one of the towering figures of postwar intelligence. Only toward the end of his career, when he began to lose touch with his staff, did his grip on the organization falter.

Spry liked visiting London. He had originally served in the Indian Army on the Khyber Pass in the 1930s. The common background and shared sense of what constituted an officer and a gentleman ensured him many friends in the clubbable world of British Intelligence. But Spry was far from being an old buffer. He came straight to the point as soon as our meeting began. He told me he had recently been over in Canada and Terry Guernsey had recommended he talk to me about a microphone operation ASIO was planning against the Russians. He explained that since the well-publicized defection of the Petrovs, a husband and wife who worked together inside the cipher section of the Russian Embassy in Canberra, the Russians had broken off diplomatic relations and placed their Embassy under the control of the Swiss. But recently they had been making overtures to return and ASIO wanted to mount an operation against the Embassy before they occupied the premises. After studying the plans, I advised Spry to mount a SATYR operation, and demonstrated the device to him. The best place to install SATYR was in the wooden sash window frames, and I sent my assistant out to Australia to supervise the details. The device was successfully installed, and as a further precaution, I instructed ASIO not to activate the device for a year, in case the Russians monitored the building for microwaves in the first months of reoccupation. As with DEW WORM, Operation MOLE was a technical success, but not a single scrap of intelligence was gleaned. Every sound in the KGB resident's room, every shuffle of his papers, every scratch of his pen, was audible. But he never said a word. Operation MOLE was another failure.

The demands on MI5's slender resources were, in the 1950s, impossible to satisfy. Consequently, the pressure of work on individual officers, particularly those in A2 who had of necessity become involved in such a wide range of operations, was at times practically intolerable. Operations merged one into another. Plans, maps, briefings, technical reports crossed my desk in a paper whirl. It was often difficult at any fixed point to be sure which operations had ended and which were still deep in the midst of gestation. Intelligence-gathering, even at its best, is a thoroughly confused business. But there is always an empty space in the mind of every professional intelligence officer worth his salt reserved for scraps and fragments which for one reason or another raise unanswered questions. Operations CHOIR, DEW WORM, and MOLE were all stashed away in that compartment, submerged under the welter of current operations, but never quite forgotten, until years later they suddenly assumed a new significance.

The profession of intelligence is a solitary one. There is camaraderie, of course, but in the end you are alone with your secrets. You live and work at a feverish pitch of excitement, dependent always on the help of your colleagues. But you always move on, whether to a new branch or department, or to a new operation. And when you move on, you inherit new secrets which subtly divorce you from those you have worked with before. Contacts, especially with the outside world, are casual, since the largest part of yourself cannot be shared. For this reason, intelligence services are great users of people. It is built into the very nature of the profession, and everyone who joins knows it. But early in my career I encountered a man whose experience at the hands of British Intelligence suddenly stripped the veneer of national importance away from the whole business. It arose out of the work I had been doing for Brundrett's committee on resonance. I had spent a lot of time researching ways in which innocuous objects, like ashtrays or ornaments, could be modified to respond to sound waves when radiated with microwaves of a certain frequency. If a system could be perfected, it promised enormous advantages. The object itself would carry no transmitter or receiver, so detection would be virtually impossible. By 1956 we had successfully developed prototypes, and decided to attempt an operation against the Russian Embassy in London.

One of MI5's agents at that time was the MP Henry Kirby, who had frequent dealings with the Russian diplomatic community. The plan was simple. MI5 would design an ornament modified to reflect sound, and Kirby would give it as a gift to the Russian Ambassador. The first thing that we needed to know was the kind of present the Ambassador might be likely to accept and place prominently on his desk or in his office. Malcolm Cumming suggested that I visit an old MI5 agent runner named Klop Ustinov, the father of the actor Peter Ustinov.

Klop Ustinov was German by descent, but he had strong connections in the Russian diplomatic community and was a frequent visitor to the Embassy. Ustinov had the unique distinction of having held commissions in the Russian, German, and British Armies. He had dabbled in intelligence throughout the interwar period. He spoke a vast array of languages, and his German/Russian background made him a useful source of information. When Hitler came to power, Ustinov began to work strenuously against the Nazis. He approached Robert Vansittart, a prominently anti-Nazi Foreign Office diplomat, offering to work for British Intelligence. He claimed to be in contact with Baron Wolfgang zu Putlitz, then a First Secretary at the German Embassy in London, who he said was secretly working against the Nazis. Ustinov was recruited by MI5, and began to obtain high-grade intelligence from zu Putlitz about the true state of German rearmament. It was priceless intelligence, possibly the most important human-source intelligence Britain received in the prewar period. After meeting zu Putlitz, Ustinov and he used to dine with Vansittart and Churchill, then in the wilderness, to brief them on the intelligence they had gained. Zu Putlitz became something of a second son to the urbane English diplomat. Even after the outbreak of war Ustinov continued meeting zu Putlitz, by now working in Holland as an Air Attaché. Finally in 1940 zu Putlitz learned that the Gestapo were closing in and he decided to defect. Once more Ustinov traveled into Holland and, at great personal risk, led zu Putlitz to safety.

I took a taxi over to Ustinov's flat in Kensington, expecting to meet a hero of the secret world living in honorable retirement. In fact, Ustinov and his wife were sitting in a dingy flat surrounded by piles of ancient, leather-bound books. He was making ends meet by selling off his fast-diminishing library.

Despite the hardship, Ustinov was thrilled by my visit. He remained a player of the Great Game down to his fingertips. Two small glasses and a bottle of vodka appeared, and he began to pore over the plans I had brought with me from the office. He was a round old man with a guttural, polyglot accent, and a sharp eye for the real interests of the Soviet diplomats in Kensington Park Gardens.

"The real danger, my friend, is that they will sell the gift, rather than display it, if it is too valuable," he intoned in a knowing voice. "These are Bolsheviks—men of orthodox tastes. A silver effigy of Lenin, or model of the Kremlin. These perhaps will be more sacred to them."

A bust of Lenin was unsuitable, I explained, because the smooth contours of Vladimir Ilyich's skull were too rounded to be sure of reflecting sound waves. But a model Kremlin offered possibilities. It would be easy to conceal the right type of concave indentations in the complex architecture of the symbol of Mother Russia. Klop Ustinov saw the whole operation as a piece of rich theater and offered to pay a visit to the Ambassador to gather more direct evidence of his tastes.

As the vodka took hold we began to talk of old times. He was an old man, but his memory was still fresh. Tears began to wet his cheeks as he told me the story of what he and zu Putlitz had done for the country. Finally his reserve broke.

"I do these things, Peter, and they leave me here. My wife and I . . . penniless."

"But what about your pension?" I asked.

"Pension? I have no pension," he flashed back bitterly. "When you work for them you never think about the future, about old age. You do it for love. And when it comes time to die, they abandon you."

I sat silent. It seemed scarcely credible to me that such a man could be left in such circumstances, forced almost to beg. I wanted to ask him why Churchill or Vansittart had forgotten him, but I felt it would only wound him more. Ustinov drank and composed himself.

"But it was fun," he said finally. He poured more vodka with an unsteady hand. There was silence for a moment, and then he spoke again.

"My boy. He is an actor." He pointed to a picture of young Peter on the mantelpiece. "Do you have children, Peter?" I told him I had three, two girls and a young boy.

"Tell him not to join, then," he said quietly. "I would not want my boy to join this game of ours. The gentlemen run the business, and gentlemen have short memories . . ."

Almost as soon as it arrived, his bitterness melted away. He asked about the office, about Guy Liddell, Dick White, and Malcolm Cumming, all of whom had been closely involved with him during the wartime years. Finally, as late-afternoon darkness closed in on the room, I left. We shook hands and he returned alone to the vodka and his piles of books.

I was too drunk that night to do anything other than go home. But the next morning I tackled Cumming on the subject. He looked embarrassed.

"But I'm sure we sorted his pension out years ago," he barked in a voice louder than usual. "Good God, poor Klop. I'll see Dick straightaway."

Further questioning was pointless. Who precisely had been to blame for forgetting Klop Ustinov was lost in the chase around the mulberry bush of responsibility, an occupation much favored by bureaucrats when oversights are discovered. Ustinov did get his pension, although I never saw him again after that meeting. Not long afterward he died. But at least his widow had the benefit of it. The silver Kremlin operation soon petered out, overruled by the foreign Office. In truth my heart went out of it that afternoon in Kensington. But I learned a lesson I never forgot: that MI5 expects its officers to remain loyal unto the grave, without necessarily offering loyalty in return.

But in the main, the 1950s were years of fun, and A Branch a place of infectious laughter. As Hugh Winterborn always said: "MI5 is a great life, if you can stand the excitement!" Like the time when we were fitting listening devices in a safe house next door to the Hungarian Embassy. I climbed onto the roof to install an aerial and was seen by a neighbor, who reported seeing a burglar on the prowl. Within ten minutes the police were knocking at the door, accompanied by the neighbor, and pandemonium reigned. Here we were, surrounded by the latest listening technology, receivers and cables spread across the floor. Winterborn desperately lifted the floorboards and began to shovel tens of thousands of pounds' worth of equipment underneath. The knocking got louder. Then burly shoulders began to force the front door. They were clearly convinced by the noise that a burglary was in progress. Finally, everything was relatively shipshape, and I opened the door sheepishly and explained that I was doing some authorized late-night renovations for the owner. I gave the policeman a number to ring to confirm the fact. It was the local Special Branch number.

Even funnier was the time we did a similar job against the

Polish Embassy in Portland Street. The house next door was temporarily empty, and A2 obtained access to install a series of microphones. Hugh Winterborn and I led a team of twelve officers from A Branch. Silence was imperative because we knew that the target premises were permanently manned near the party wall. I made a tremendous fuss insisting that everyone remove his shoes to avoid making noise on the bare floorboards. We worked nonstop for four hours in the freezing cold. All the floorboards on the first floor had been raised and I was patiently threading the cables along the void between the joists. After a time one of the leads became tangled on a split joist. Unable to clear the obstruction by hand, I began to ease myself down until one foot was resting on a masonry nail sticking out from one side of a joist. Just as I was inching toward the tangled cable, the nail gave way, and I plunged through the ceiling below. A large section of ceiling crashed fourteen feet to the floor below, reverberating around Portland Place like a wartime bomb. The noise and dust subsided, leaving me wedged tightly up to my waist in the hole in the ceiling. For a moment there was total silence.

"Good thing we removed our shoes," quipped Winterborn dryly as laughter began to echo around the empty building.

Luckily the neighbors must have been asleep, because no policemen arrived. Leslie Jagger quickly repaired the lath work, replastering and repainting the damage before morning with his quick-drying materials.

"Close shave, that one, Peter," he said as he applied the final lick of paint. "If you'd come through the ornamental rose we'd have been absolutely buggered!"

But accidents like these were rare occurrences. In the main, MI5 technical operations became, under Hugh and me, highly professional, in sharp contrast to MI6 activities in the same field. MI6, in the mid-1950s, never settled for a disaster if calamity could be found instead. The best example I ever heard concerned one of their training operations. They placed a junior officer in an

MI6 flat, and detailed another team of recruits to find and interrogate him. MI5 were always routinely informed about these operations in case anything went wrong.

One afternoon A2 got a phone call from MI6 pleading for help. The MI6 search party had apparently miscounted the floors of the apartment block where their target was holed up. They picked the lock of the flat one floor above, and proceeded to go to work on the man inside. He, of course, protested his innocence, but believing this to be part of the ruse, the search party consulted the MI6 textbook marked "persuasion," and went to work as only enthusiastic amateurs can. By the time they had finished, the man was stripped naked and singing like a bird. He was, in reality, a jewel thief, who had recently pulled off a diamond robbery. He produced the baubles still in his possession, obviously believing that his captors were visitors from a vengeful underworld.

Hugh Winterborn split his sides laughing as the unfortunate MI6 officer begged for advice on what to do with the jewel thief, the diamonds, and a wrecked flat. In the end the thief was given two hours to make the Continent and Leslie Jagger went over to the flat and repaired the damage.

After I had been in A2 for two or three years, MI6 began to call on me to help them plan their technical operations. I never much enjoyed working with MI6. They invariably planned operations which, frankly, stood little chance of technical success. They were always looking for a successor to the Berlin Tunnel—something on the epic scale which would have the Americans thirsting to share in the product. But they never found it, and in the process failed to build a sensible bedrock of smaller successes. There was, too, a senseless bravado about the way they behaved which I felt often risked the security of the operations. In Bonn, for instance, we were planning a DEW WORM–style operation on the Russian Embassy compound.

Local MI6 station officers wandered onto the site and even, on one occasion, engaged the KGB security guards in casual conversation. It made for good dining-out stories, but contributed little to the weekly ministerial intelligence digests. The foolhardiness was invariably punctuated by flights of absurd pomposity. In Bonn I made the perfectly sensible suggestion that we should use German cable so that if the operation were discovered MI6 could disown it and blame it on the local intelligence service.

"Good Lord, Peter! We can't do that," gushed the MI6 station chief with his nose in the air. "It wouldn't be ethical."

Ethics, so far as I could ascertain, were displayed by MI6 purely for Whitehall or MI5 consumption. In fact MI6, under its chief, Sir John Sinclair, had become a virtual liability. It still refused to face up to the appalling consequences of Philby's being a Soviet spy. It was operating in the modern world with 1930s attitudes and 1930s personnel and equipment. It was little surprise to me when they stumbled, in April 1956, into their greatest blunder of all, the Crabbe affair.

The Soviet leaders Khrushchev and Bulganin paid a visit to Britain on the battleship *Ordzhonikidze,* docking at Portsmouth. The visit was designed to improve Anglo-Soviet relations at a sensitive time. MI5 decided to operate against Khrushchev in his rooms at Claridge's Hotel. Normally Claridge's has permanent Special Facilities installed on the hotel telephone system, because so many visitors stay there who are of interest to MI5. But we knew the Russians were sending a team of sweepers in to check Khrushchev's suite before he arrived, so we decided it was the right time to use for the first time the specially modified SF which John Taylor had developed in the Dollis Hill Laboratory. The new SF did not require a washer to be fitted, so it was virtually undetectable. The telephone could be activated over short distances using shortwave high-frequency megacycles. We set the SF activation up in an office of the Grosvenor Estates near Claridge's. It worked perfectly. Throughout Khrushchev's visit his room was permanently covered. In fact, the intelligence gathered was worthless. Khrushchev was far too canny a bird to discuss anything of value in a hotel room. I remember sitting up on the seventh floor with a transcriber translating loosely for me. We listened to Khrushchev for hours at a time, hoping for pearls to drop. But there were no clues to the last days of Stalin, or to the fate of the KGB henchman Beria. Instead, there were long monologues from Khrushchev addressed to his valet on the subject of his attire. He was an extraordinarily vain man. He stood in front of the mirror preening himself for hours at a time, and fussing with his hair parting. I recall thinking that in Eden, Khrushchev had found the perfect match. Both were thoroughly unscrupulous men, whose only interest lay in cutting a dash on the world stage.

But while MI5 were discreetly bugging Khrushchev, MI6 launched a botched operation against the *Ordzhonikidze.* The operation was run by the MI6 London Station, commanded by Nicholas Elliott, the son of the former headmaster of Eton. MI6 wanted to measure the propeller of the Russian battleship, because there was confusion in the Admiralty as to why she was able to travel so much faster than had originally been estimated by Naval Intelligence. Elliott arranged for a frogman, the unfortunate Commander "Buster" Crabbe, to take on the assignment.

In fact, this was not the first time MI6 had attempted this operation. A year before, they tried to investigate the hull of the *Ordzhonikidze* while she was in port in the Soviet Union. They used one of the X-Craft midget submarines which MI6 kept down in Stokes Bay. They had dry compartments to enable a diver to get in and out and were small enough to pass undetected into inshore waters. A Naval frogman had attempted to enter the harbor, but security was too tight and the mission was aborted.

The second attempt in Portsmouth ended in disaster. Crabbe was overweight and overage. He disappeared, although a headless body which was later washed up was tentatively identified as his. John Henry, MI6 London Station's Technical Officer, had informed me that MI6 were planning the Crabbe operation, and I told Cumming. He was doubtful about it from the start. It was a typical piece of MI6 adventurism, ill-conceived and badly executed. But we all kept our fingers crossed. Two days later a panic-stricken John Henry arrived in Cumming's office telling us that Crabbe had disappeared.

"I told Nicholas not to use Buster; he was heading for a heart attack as it was," he kept saying.

We were highly skeptical of the heart attack theory, but there was no time for speculation. The secret MI6 parlor game was at risk of becoming embarrassingly public. Crabbe and his MI6 accomplice had signed into a local hotel under their own names.

"There'll be a fearful row if this comes out," snapped Cumming. "We'll all be for the pavilion!"

Cumming buzzed through to Dick White's office and asked to see him immediately. We all trooped upstairs. Dick was sitting at his desk. There was no hint of a welcoming smile. His charm had all but deserted him, and the years of schoolmaster training came to the fore.

"The Russians have just asked the Admiralty about the frogman, and they've had to deny any knowledge. I'm afraid it looks to me rather as if the lid will come off before too long," he said tersely.

"John, how on earth did you get yourself into this mess?" he asked with sudden exasperation.

Henry was chastened, but explained that the Navy had been pressing them for months for details of the *Ordzhonikidze*'s propeller.

"You know what Eden is like," he said bitterly, "one minute he says you can do something, the next minute not. We thought it was an acceptable risk to take."

White looked unconvinced. He smoothed his temples. He shuffled his papers. The clock ticked gently in the corner. Telltale signs of panic oozed from every side of the room.

"We must do everything we can to help you, of course," he said, finally breaking the painful silence. "I will go and see the PM this evening, and see if I can head the thing off. In the meantime, Malcolm will put A2 at your disposal."

A thankful John Henry retreated from the room. Cumming telephoned the CID in Portsmouth and arranged for the hotel register to be sanitized. Winterborn and Henry rushed down to Portsmouth to clear up any loose ends. But it was not enough to avert a scandal. That night Khrushchev made a public complaint about the frogman, and a humiliated Eden was forced to make a statement in the House of Commons.

The intelligence community in London is like a small village in the Home Counties. Most people in the senior echelons know each other at least well enough to drink with in their clubs. For some weeks after the Crabbe affair, the village hummed in anticipation at the inevitable reckoning which everyone knew to be coming. As one of the few people inside MI5 who knew about the Crabbe affair before it began, I kept my head down on John Henry's advice.

"There's blood all over the floor," he confided to me shortly afterward. "We've got Edward Bridges in here tearing the place apart."

Shortly after this, Cumming strode into my office one morning looking genuinely upset.

"Dick's leaving," he muttered. "They want him to take over MI6."

The decision to appoint Dick White as Chief of MI6 was, I believe, one of the most important mistakes made in postwar British Intelligence history. There were few signs of it in the mid-1950s, but MI5, under his control, was taking the first faltering steps along the path of modernization. He knew the necessity for change, and yet had the reverence for tradition which would have enabled him to accomplish his objectives without disruption He was, above all, a counterintelligence officer, almost certainly the greatest of the twentieth century, perfectly trained for the Director-General's chair. He knew the people, he knew the problems, and he had a vision of the sort of effective counterespionage organization he wanted to create. Instead, just as his work was beginning, he was moved on a politician's whim to an organization he knew little about, and which was profoundly hostile to his arrival. He was never to be as successful there as he had been in MI5.

But the loss was not just MI5's. The principal problem in postwar British Intelligence was the lack of clear thinking about the relative role of the various Intelligence Services. In the post-imperial era Britain required, above all, an efficient domestic Intelligence organization. MI6, particularly after the emergence of GCHQ, was quite simply of less importance. But moving Dick White to MI6 bolstered its position, stunted the emergence of a rationalized Intelligence community, and condemned the Service he left to ten years of neglect. Had he stayed, MI5 would have emerged from the traumas of the 1960s and 1970s far better equipped to tackle the challenges of the 1980s.

The departure was conducted with indecent haste. A collection was swiftly arranged. The takings were enormous, and he was presented with an Old English Silver set at a party held in the MI5 canteen. It was an emotional occasion. Those who knew Dick well, and at that time I was not among them, claimed that he agonized over whether to move across to MI6, perhaps realizing that he was leaving his life's work undone. Dick was nearly crying when he made his speech. He talked of the prewar days, and the bonds of friendship which he had formed then. He thanked Cumming for encouraging him to join the Office, and he talked with pride of the triumphs of the war years. He wished us well and made his final bequest.

"I saw the Prime Minister this afternoon, and he assured me that he had the well-being of our Service very much at heart. I am pleased to announce that he has appointed my Deputy, Roger Hollis, as my successor as proof of his faith in this organization. I am sure that you will agree with me that the Service could not be in safer hands."

The tall, slightly stooping figure in the pinstripe suit came forward to shake Dick White's hand. The era of elegance and modernization had ended.

7

ROGER HOLLIS WAS NEVER A POPULAR FIGURE IN THE OFFICE. He was a dour, uninspiring man with an off-putting authoritarian manner. I must confess I never liked him. But even those who were well disposed doubted his suitability for the top job. Hollis, like Cumming, had forged a close friendship with Dick White in the prewar days. For all his brilliance, Dick always had a tendency to surround himself with less able men. I often felt it was latent insecurity, perhaps wanting the contrast to throw his talents into sharper relief. But while Hollis was brighter by a good margin than Cumming, particularly in the bureaucratic arts, I doubt whether even Dick saw him as a man of vision and intellect.

Hollis believed that MI5 should remain a small security support organization, collecting files, maintaining efficient vetting and protective security, without straying too far into areas like counterespionage, where active measures needed to be taken to get results, and where choices had to be confronted and mistakes could be made. I never heard Hollis express views on the broad policies he wanted MI5 to pursue, or ever consider adapting MI5 to meet the increasing tempo of the intelligence war. He was not a man to think in that kind of way. He had just one simple aim, which he doggedly pursued throughout his career. He wanted to ingratiate the Service, and himself, with Whitehall. And that meant ensuring there were no mistakes, even at the cost of having no successes.

Hollis grew up in Somerset, where his father had been the Bishop of Taunton. After public school (Clifton) and Oxford, he traveled extensively in China before joining MI5 in the late 1930s. During the war he specialized in Communist affairs, as Assistant Director of F Branch. Under Sillitoe, Hollis was promoted to Director of C Branch, which gave him responsibility for all forms of vetting and protective security, such as document classification and the installation of security systems on all government buildings. Hollis' service in C Branch accounted for the importance he accorded this work when he later became Director-General.

When Dick White succeeded Sillitoe as DG in 1953, he appointed Hollis as his Deputy. On the face of it, it was a sensible appointment. While Dick did the thinking and the planning, Hollis would provide the solid administrative skills which Dick often lacked. Hollis, during the time I knew him as Deputy, never struck me as an ambitious man. He had already risen beyond his expectations, and seemed happy to serve out the rest of his career as Dick White's hatchet man and confidant. The only notable item of information commonly known about this excessively secretive man was his long-standing affair with his secretary, an ambitious girl who, when Dick White suddenly left for MI6, moved into the Director-General's office with a good deal more enthusiasm than Roger Hollis. Hollis, I suspect, always knew his limitations, and, once appointed, sought to cover them by relying on the rigid exercise of authority. The inevitable result was a quick sapping of whatever goodwill people held for him in the early days of his command.

Hollis took over at a time of unprecedented collapse in relations between the various British Intelligence Services. There had always been tensions between MI5 and MI6, dating back to the earliest years. But they had emerged from World War II as partners for the first time in a coordinated intelligence bureaucracy, along with the newly formed GCHQ, which was responsible for all forms of communications and signals intelligence. (For an account of this see *Secret Service* by Christopher Andrew.) But within ten years this close and effective relationship had almost entirely disintegrated. MI6 were deeply hostile to MI5 as a result of what they saw as unjustified attempts by MI5 to meddle in the Philby affair. Moreover, the entire organization viewed Eden's appointment of Dick White in place of Sinclair as a mortal insult.

The most serious lack of liaison was undoubtedly that between MI5 and GCHQ. During the war MI5 worked extremely closely with its own signals intelligence organization, the Radio Security Service (RSS) on the Double Cross System. The RSS intercepted and broke the ciphers used by the German Intelligence Service, the Abwehr, enabling MI5 to arrest incoming German spies as they landed in Britain. RSS was run by MI6 for MI5. B Branch then supervised the screening of these agents. Those who were prepared to cooperate with the British were turned and began feeding false radio reports back to the Germans. Those who refused were executed. But the success of any disinformation operation depends on being able to monitor how far your enemy accepts the disinformation you are feeding him. Through the RSS wireless interceptions and the break into German Armed Forces ciphers, ENIGMA, the Twenty Committee running the Double Cross operation knew precisely how much influence their deception plays were having on German military policy.

In the postwar period MI5, stripped of their wartime intellectual élite, showed scant interest in maintaining the signals intelligence connection. They had, in any case, lost formal control of RSS early on in the war to MI6. But the most powerful impediment was GCHQ, who jealously guarded their monopoly over all forms of signals and communications intelligence. By the time I joined MI5 full-time in 1955, liaison at the working level with GCHQ had dwindled to a meeting once every six months between a single MI5 officer and a higher clerical officer from GCHQ. In February 1956 I attended one of these meetings for the first time. The experience was shattering. Neither individual seemed to appreciate that in the Cold War, as in World War II, GCHQ had a vital role to play in assisting MI5 in its main task of counterespionage. Nor did they seem to realize that, as MI5 technology advanced, there might be ways in which MI5 could help GCHQ. I began with a list of suggestions, one of which was checking whether the Russians were listening to Watcher radios. but Bill Collins, the GCHQ representative, seemed utterly thrown by this positive approach to committee work.

"I shall have to take a bit of guidance on that one," he would say, or "I really don't think we've got the time to spare for that sort of thing."

I complained to Cumming, but he too seemed uninterested.

"It's their turf. Best leave it to them."

The MI5 officer in charge of liaison with GCHQ was Freddie Beith, an energetic agent runner working for D Branch. His father was Welsh and his mother Spanish, which gave him a fervent love of rugby and a volatile Latin temperament. He was a fluent German speaker and during the war he had been involved in the Double Cross System, running double agents in Portugal and Spain. Beith's liaison with GCHQ stemmed from Operation HALT, which he controlled. HALT began in the early 1950s when GCHQ asked MI5 if they could help obtain intelligence about diplomatic ciphers being used in London. Beith ran HALT by asking any agent D Branch recruited inside an embassy to try to obtain access to the cipher room. GCHQ hoped that one of Beith's agents might be able to steal some of the waste cipher tape, which they could then use to attack the cipher.

Beith threw himself enthusiastically into the task, but it was virtually impossible. Cipher rooms in most embassies, especially Soviet Bloc ones, were by far the most restricted areas in the compounds, and the chances of infiltrating an agent into them was remote. Nevertheless, Beith did achieve one outstanding success in Operation HALT, when he recruited an agent who worked inside the Czech Embassy who had access to the keys to the main cipher safe. Working to Leslie Jagger's commands, the agent took a plasticine imprint of the key. It was a high-grade Chubb, but by using high-quality plasticine and a micrometer to measure the indentations with exceptional accuracy, Jagger was able to make a copy which fitted the safe. The agent successfully opened the safe and copied the incoming code pads before they were used to encipher the Czech diplomatic cipher. For six months GCHQ read the traffic. Then suddenly the codes were changed, and the agent, inexplicably, was sacked.

Since then Beith had had no success. When I joined, I could see that there were ways MI5 could help the HALT program using technical devices rather than agents. But Beith was, by his own admission, not a technical man, and found it difficult to follow my arguments. But since he was the only officer allowed to liaise with GCHQ, I had to strike out on my own if my ideas were to get a decent hearing. In the end I took Freddie out for a drink one night and asked him if he would be offended if I made an appointment to go down to GCHQ headquarters at Cheltenham and see things for myself.

"Not at all, old man," said Freddie cheerfully, "you go right ahead. All this radio lark is a bit over my head. The human vices are more my territory."

I made an appointment to see an old friend of mine from the Navy, Freddie Butler, who worked on GCHQ senior management. I explained to Butler that I felt the whole system of MI5/GCHQ liaison needed a complete rethink. Butler arranged for me to bypass Bill Collins, and meet the top GCHQ cryptanalysts, Hugh Alexander and Hugh Denham.

Alexander ran GCHQ's H Division, which handled cryptanalysts, ably assisted by the quiet, studious Denham, who eventually succeeded him in the 1960s. Alexander joined Bletchley Park, GCHQ's prewar forerunner, at the outbreak of the war and, along with Alan Turing and Gordon Welchman, was primarily responsible for breaking the Enigma codes. After the war Turing went to Manchester University to design computers and tragically died by his own hand after being hounded over his homosexuality. Welchman went to work on advanced computers in the USA. Alexander, alone of the three, stayed to pursue a peacetime career in GCHQ. He was a brilliant international chess player, as well as codebreaker. Despite the intellectual demands of both work and hobby, Alexander remained on the outside a calm, reassuring tweed-clad figure. Yet I am sure that the mental contortions in the end told on him. He spent all his life quietly in the country, he never smoked or drank, and then suddenly died of cancer at a comparatively early age.

I told Alexander and Denham that I had been indoctrinated into Operation HALT, and felt MI5 could contribute much more to GCHQ's work. I explained that tremendous advances had been made in MI5 technology since the Brundrett Committee was formed in 1949, especially in the field of new microphones. It might be possible, I suggested, to obtain HALT intelligence through technical means, rather than using agents, a method which at the present moment seemed destined for continual failure.

"I'm not sure I know myself precisely how we can help until I have had a chance to experiment," I continued, "but I am sure that with the new high-sensitivity microphones we have, it must be possible to get something out of a cipher machine. They have to be reset every morning by the cipher clerk. Suppose we could pick up the sound of the new settings being made. Wouldn't that help?"

The two cryptanalysts were supportive as I made my somewhat nervous presentation. They were clearly curious to see for themselves the first example of an unknown species in the Intelligence menagerie—an MI5 scientist.

"Any help is gratefully received in this department," said Alexander. "After all, compared to your organization, we are the new boys. We haven't even finished building yet."

He gestured to the window. In the distance a team of building workers was installing another line of Nissen huts behind the main GCHQ complex.

"Our problem is that our theories are running beyond our computer capacity," he went on.

"So many ciphers today we could crack—we know how to crack them. We just don't have sufficiently powerful computers to do the job. We'll get them soon, of course, but in the meantime, any help may give us a shortcut."

I asked Alexander what the prime target was at the moment. He looked a little uneasy at my direct question.

"Well, of course, we have many targets, they're constantly updated. JIC demands, that sort of thing."

"Yes," I persisted, "but if you had to single one out as the most important today, which would you choose?"

Alexander shifted in his seat and exchanged glances with Denham.

"I should say it was the Gyppies," said Alexander finally. "The Foreign Office have been pushing us for months to get something on the cipher. We've got little bits, but it's only now and again, and never current stuff."

It was spring 1956. Tension between Britain and Egypt was fast mounting, as Nasser began the moves which led to the Suez Crisis later that year.

"What machine do they use?"

"It's a Hagelin," replied Denham, referring to a cipher machine manufactured by the Swiss firm Crypto AG and much favored in the 1950s by Third World countries.

I arranged to borrow one of GCHQ's sample Hagelins, and took it back up to London in the boot of my car. I set the machine up with Leslie Jagger in an MI5 safe house in Regent's Park and began experiments to see if my theory was practical.

This Hagelin was a keyboard machine, with tape containing the enciphered message leading out from one side. The principle of the machine was simple. Seven rotating wheels, powered by switched currents, automatically substituted mechanically produced random figures for whatever was typed into the machine. Every morning the cipher clerk operating a Hagelin inside an embassy reset the wheels before beginning transmissions. If any of our microphones could detect the sounds of these new settings being made, I felt sure that GCHQ would be able to use them to determine what is known as the "core position" of the machine, and from there be in a position to attack the cipher. Alexander and Denham explained to me that if we could get the settings of three, possibly four, wheels of the machine, they would have broken the cipher.

I installed a series of high-sensitivity microphones at various distances from the Hagelin, as well as a probe microphone in the wall behind it. Each microphone was connected in turn to an oscilloscope, so that the sounds it recorded were translated into visual readings. Leslie Jagger rigged up a film camera to record the oscilloscope screen. I opened the lid of the Hagelin and carefully reset the wheels, making a note of the old and new settings. The machine began to clatter as it enciphered a stream of dummy traffic. I sent the results down to Denham in Cheltenham for his comments.

As soon as we got the films developed, I could see that the oscilloscope readings were firm enough to provide some clue to the Hagelin machine settings. They also produced evidence of the setting of at least three wheels out of seven. I decided to make further experiments with SATYR equipment, which gave a far less sensitive sound. We did detect movements on the wheels, but it was highly corrupt. I sent the findings down to Cheltenham by courier. The next day Denham telephoned on the scrambled line.

"They're marvelous, Peter," he said. I could tell he was excited.

The distortion from the scramble made him sound positively lunatic.

"The acoustic microphones are best. We can get two, maybe even three wheels out using those readings. The radio one isn't so good, but I think, given time, we might be able to make something of it."

The line fractured under a haze of static.

"When can we go into action with it?" he shouted down the line.

"As soon as you've got the ministerial clearance," I replied.

The next day GCHQ sent Ray Frawley from the planning staff up to London. Frawley was an astute, practical man, bridging the gap between the intellectual brilliance of Alexander and Denham and the administrative demands of a huge sprawling organization like GCHQ. Frawley was a radical atheist who believed that one day mankind would be coupled directly to computers. Dangerous irrationality would be banished forever. It was rather a childlike ideal for a man to hold in the grim years of the Cold War, but he and I became close colleagues even though I remained at heart an irrationalist, believing in the sudden burst of inspiration or intuition to solve a problem.

As soon as Winterborn, Frawley, and I sat down to plan the operation against the Egyptians we realized that the best way was the simplest way. I checked with the Post Office Investigations Unit and obtained a complete list of all telephone installations in the Embassy. There appeared to be one either inside or very close to the cipher complex, so we decided to install Special Facilities on the telephone and use the microphone to capture the sounds of the cipher machine. The Post Office faulted the phone system and we waited for the Egyptians to call in the Post Office. I arranged to go in myself, disguised as an engineer, with the man who would install the SF device on the telephone receiver. I wanted the chance to look over the room in case any waste cipher material was lying around.

The next morning I met the Post Office team over at St. Paul's and we drove over to the Embassy in their van. The security was tight at the Embassy door and we were escorted from room to room. The cipher room was in an annex, the Hagelin clattering away inside. Three cipher clerks were busy operating the telex machines and processing the diplomatic cables. I looked carefully for any signs of spare tape waste, but the section seemed well organized and tidy. One of the clerks came out and engaged our escort in animated conversation. After a while he went back in and turned the machines off. When he reappeared he came over to me and gesticulated toward the telephone. He could speak no English, but through sign language I understood that he wanted me to move the telephone closer to his seat near the machine. Scarcely able to believe our luck, I began to extend the cable, slowly turning my back on him so that the engineer could slip the small washer into the receiver to modify it for SF. I placed the telephone back on top of his desk, not more than two feet from the Hagelin machine. The clerk tapped it, and grinned at me broadly. I grinned back, but somehow I felt we were not quite sharing the same joke.

I hurried back from the Egyptian Embassy to the seventh floor to monitor the sounds from the receiver. It seemed at first to be an electronic haze, but after some fine tuning the clatter of the Hagelin was clearly audible. MI5 arranged a special link down to GCHQ, and every morning, as the clerk reset the machine, GCHQ's H Division calculated the new settings and read the cipher straight off, a process known as "leading the machine." The new technique of breaking ciphers by detecting intelligence about the machines through technical surveillance became known by the code word ENGULF. It was a vital breakthrough. The combined MI5/GCHQ operation enabled us to read the Egyptian cipher in the London Embassy throughout the Suez Crisis. The Egyptians used four different key ciphers worldwide, and by mounting operations against their embassies abroad using the same ENGULF technique, we were able to break into most of the other channels. The operation against the Egyptian cipher was a tremendous success for MI5. It came at a time when MI6 had conspicuously failed in their efforts to provide intelligence. Virtually their entire network in Egypt was rounded up and arrested on Nasser's instructions at an early stage in the crisis, and their only contribution was a bungled attempt to assassinate Nasser.

For Hollis, who had stepped into the Director-General's chair just as the Suez Crisis reached boiling point, the triumph could not have been better timed. It gave him a solid achievement in those crucial first few months. In the light of later events, I always thought it ironic that it was I who had given it to him.

The single most important intelligence which we derived from the cipher break was a continuous account of Egyptian/Soviet discussions in Moscow, details of which were relayed into the Egyptian Embassy in London direct from the Egyptian Ambassador in Moscow. The information from this channel convinced the Joint Intelligence Committee (JIC) that the Soviet Union were indeed serious in their threat to become involved in the Suez Crisis on the Egyptian side. One message was particularly influential. It detailed a meeting between the Soviet Foreign Minister and the Egyptian Ambassador in which the Russians outlined their intentions to mobilize aircraft in preparation for a confrontation with Britain. The panic provoked by this cable, which was handed straight to the JIC, did as much as anything to prompt Eden into withdrawal. Similarly, since all GCHQ product was shared with its American counterpart, the National Security Agency (NSA), the intelligence, I am sure, did play an important part in shaping American pressure on Britain to end the crisis.

Soon after the SF was installed inside the Egyptian Embassy we nearly lost the whole operation. The Russians, anxious to bestow client status on Egypt as the Suez Crisis deepened, sent a team of Russian sweepers to sanitize their London Embassy of any bugs or microphones. It was the sort of friendly gesture the Russians loved to bestow, enabling them to pick up useful intelligence for themselves at the same time. Our static observation post overlooking the entrance of the Egyptian Embassy detected the Russian sweepers as soon as they entered the building. I was called up to the seventh floor to monitor their progress in the cipher section. I listened helplessly as they entered the cipher room. They started with the fuse box and then began electronically sweeping the walls and ceilings with large instruments which looked like metal detectors. The microphone thumped ominously as a Russian hand picked up the telephone and began to unscrew the bottom. There was a muffled pause, and then the sound of the telephone being reassembled. Hugh Winterborn breathed a sigh of relief.

At the time we knew that the Russians had discovered the SF and would remove it if they found it, but they didn't! If the Russians knew about SF, which they did, and were so wary of it, for instance in the Russian Embassy, why had they overlooked it in the Egyptian Embassy? It would suit them not to alert us to the fact that they knew about SF, so that we would continue to use it. They could, after all, have sent intelligence via their own cipher circuit, Moscow-London, and handed the messenger over to the Egyptians in London. This would have been unbreakable. But I believe that there was another reason. The Russians wanted us to read the signals of their resolve in the Suez Crisis correctly. They did not want us to assume they were bluffing. The best way of ensuring we took their posture seriously would be if we obtained intelligence about it from an unimpeachable source, for instance from a secret cable. It was my first insight into the complexities of Soviet disinformation.

After the Suez Crisis had collapsed, I began to pester GCHQ again with suggestions of future cooperation. But they seemed to want relations to drift back to the languid state they were in before. And GCHQ, while happy to take the results of ENGULF, were unwilling to step up their help, in return, for MI5. In short, they did not mind MI5 working for them, so long as the arrangement was not reciprocal.

I felt that GCHQ had a major role to play in helping MI5 confront the Soviet espionage networks in the UK by tackling Soviet spy communications. The Russian Intelligence Service has always favored running really sensitive operations "illegally," using agents who operate entirely independently of the "legal" Embassy Intelligence Officers, communicating with Moscow Center by using their own radio transmitters. I felt sure that if we devoted effort to tracing and logging these transmissions we might get a break which could lead us right into the heart of the Soviet Intelligence apparatus. I wanted GCHQ to provide MI5 with the service that we had received from RSS during the war, of continuous monitoring of illegal radio broadcasts to and from the UK. It seemed to me to be straightforward common sense. But GCHQ were devoting a paltry one and a half radio positions to taking this traffic. It was a pathetic effort, and no amount of persuasion could make them devote more.

Shortly after the first ENGULF Operation against the Egyptian cipher I went to Canada to plan Operation DEW WORM. Toward the end of the trip Terry Guernsey, the head of RCMP Counterespionage, asked me to study an RCMP case which had recently ended in mysterious circumstances. During this review I ran across a detail which convinced me beyond any doubt that GCHQ had to be forced to change their mind. Guernsey showed me into a private room. Sitting on the table were three volumes of files marked KEYSTONE. The KEYSTONE case began in 1952, when a Russian entered Canada under a false name, intent on developing cover as an illegal agent for the KGB. In fact, his eventual destination was the USA, but the KGB often send their illegals into Canada first to establish for themselves a secure "legend," or false identity, before going across the border. But soon after the illegal, code-named Gideon by the RCMP, arrived in

Canada he fell in love with a woman. It was strictly against KGB rules, and it wasn't long before Gideon developed doubts about his mission.

Eventually Gideon was ordered by Moscow Center to make plans for his emigration to the USA. He managed to persuade them that it was too risky, and the emigration plan was aborted. Instead he was appointed the KGB illegal resident in Canada, responsible for running other illegal agents throughout Canada. The new responsibilities were arduous. Gideon, who was in any case a lazy man, had to spend long hours receiving messages on his radio, and to make endless journeys throughout Canada to collect intelligence. Gideon began to fall behind on his schedule, and was bullied by his controllers. Finally he decided to confess everything to his lover and together they decided to approach the RCMP.

Terry Guernsey, with his instinctive feel for the importance of the case, immediately decided to run Gideon on as a double agent, rather than accept him as a defector. The decision seemed well justified when Gideon was given control of an illegal agent working for the Russians on the Canadian Avro Arrow Aircraft program. For a year the RCMP monitored Gideon as if he were a laboratory specimen. The workings of Soviet illegals were virtually unknown in the West. Guernsey carefully logged the tradecraft the Russians used for Gideon, the way he was instructed to gather intelligence, the dead letter drops he used; most important of all, the RCMP monitored all his coded radio communications.

Everything went well until the summer of 1955, when suddenly Gideon was recalled to Russia by his controller for extensive debriefing. After initial hesitation, the double agent decided to make the journey. He never returned. The RCMP waited for months and years for a sign that Gideon had survived. But they heard nothing. After a while, transmissions from Moscow to Canada began again on Gideon's cipher, suggesting that a replacement agent had arrived, but months of fruitless searching by the

RCMP failed to uncover him. The case, which had promised so much in its early stages, was finally closed down by a weary Guernsey. He was convinced that something had gone wrong in the case, but it was impossible to put a finger on what it was, still less investigate it. Bennett, his assistant, was convinced that Gideon had fallen under Russian control and that the case was being run on to deceive the RCMP.

Reading the files it was clear to me the case bore all the hallmarks of Russian interference from an early stage, but beyond that there was little I could suggest. Then I came across a detail in the case which struck a chord. Although Gideon was an illegal agent, the Russians still required him to make very occasional meetings with a legal diplomat from the Russian Embassy, almost certainly the Illegal Support Officer. The probable reason for these meetings was that the KGB believed Gideon to be such a difficult and unreliable agent that only face-to-face meetings would ensure he was kept on the right track. During one of these meetings, which was covered by the RCMP, a furious row broke out between Gideon and his controller. Gideon had been missing his broadcasts from Moscow and failing to respond. Gideon claimed that he had been unable to receive the messages on his radio set because the atmospheric conditions were too bad. His KGB controller was totally unimpressed. He handed Gideon a detailed list of the transmissions he had missed, complete with their times and duration, and made it clear he knew Gideon was lying. Although the Russian never specifically mentioned the fact, it was obvious to me that he must have been monitoring the broadcasts sent to Gideon inside the Embassy.

I read the report of this meeting again and again to ensure that I had understood it correctly. As I turned the crisp pages of the file I began to realize that if the KGB Illegal Support Officer in Canada monitored transmissions from Moscow, it was at least possible that his counterpart in the London Embassy would be doing the same thing. If GCHQ could be persuaded to operate flat out against the Embassy we might be able to identify the transmissions, even perhaps tentatively identify the Illegal Support Officer by correlating his movements against those of the transmissions. Once we had done that we would be in a position to put him under total surveillance in an effort to catch him meeting his agents.

As soon as I got back to London I raised the whole question with GCHQ. They listened patiently as I pleaded for more effort. But I was operating on my own. There was no great enthusiasm for the venture inside MI5 either, and although GCHQ did agree to provide a few more positions to monitor broadcasts, it was nothing like enough. I suggested GCHQ mount a major effort to locate receivers inside the Russian Embassy, just as I had earlier done over the Watcher radios. But once again my request was deemed impractical and the subject was soon lost in the dense undergrowth of the intelligence bureaucracy.

The situation remained at stalemate until 1958, when a new case emerged which totally changed the relationship between MI5 and GCHQ. In the process it pitched Hollis into his first internal crisis and introduced him to a subject which was to dog him throughout his career.

I was sitting in my office poring over the plans for a microphone installation when I received a summons to Hollis' office. He was sitting in the armchair at one end of the conference table, holding several loose files. He looked gray and drawn. He motioned me to the chair opposite.

"I would like you to help me with a problem," he said, handing me a file. I read the contents swiftly. They were source reports from an agent named Frantisek Tisler, who evidently worked as a cipher clerk in the Czech Embassy in Washington. Tisler was being run by the FBI, and they had handed on to MI5 items of his intelligence which related to British security. Tisler claimed he had gone back to Czechoslovakia in the summer of 1957 and met by chance an old friend, Colonel Pribyl, who at the time was also on leave from his posting to London as the Military Attaché. They had got drunk and Pribyl told Tisler that he was running an important spy in Britain, a man named Linney, who was designing simulators for use in a guided-missile project for the RAF. It had not taken long for MI5 to locate the spy. Attached to the Tisler source report was a copy of Linney's Personal File entry in the MI5 Registry. He was a senior engineer working in the Miles Aircraft Development Laboratory at Shoreham in Sussex, where he had total access to the operational and performance details of the missiles.

"I don't see the problem, sir. Why don't we place him under surveillance, and arrest him when he next makes a meet with Pribyl?"

"This is the problem," said Hollis grimly, handing me an additional sheet of paper.

It was a letter to Hollis from J. Edgar Hoover, the Director of the FBI, typed on Hoover's personal italicized typewriter. The letter outlined another, much more serious allegation made by Tisler. He claimed that Pribyl had also told him that he knew the Russians had a spy inside MI5 in London. Pribyl had discovered this when he was debriefing an important agent in a car traveling through the streets of London. He became aware that he was being followed by a vehicle, which he presumed to be an MI5 Watcher car, and took evasive action to throw the car off. Anxious to ensure that the identity of his agent had not been blown, he decided to contact his Russian opposite number, Colonel Rogov, for help. Rogov told him that it would take a day or two to check, but eventually he was able to reassure Pribyl that although a Watcher car had followed him, it had given up the chase, as they believed he was just giving a driving lesson to a colleague. Rogov also told him that he should be aware of the fact that the MI5 Watcher service had recently changed tactics, and instead of openly tailing diplomats as soon as they left their embassies, they were picking them up on the bridges across the Thames, where countersurveillance was more difficult.

When I read the note, I knew immediately that what Pribyl had learned was genuine. The change in Watcher operations had indeed taken place, largely at my instigation as part of the attempted modernization program. The RCMP had been experimenting with this idea with some success. It was called Operation COVERPOINT. No wonder Hoover insisted that his letter be delivered by hand via his deputy Al Belmont, who refused to meet Hollis inside Leconfield House. The letter was handed over at a secret meeting in an MI5 safe house, and Belmont flew straight back to Washington incognito.

"You can see our problem, Peter," said Hollis. "If we make a move against Linney we may blow Tisler, and the FBI are anxious to retain him in place for as long as possible. And if we try to investigate the case by other means, we'll be blown by the Russian source inside the office. Whatever happens, we must get to the bottom of this penetration."

Hollis told me that for the past three months extensive investigations had been made in the Watcher and Watcher support services by Malcolm Cumming and Courtney Young, the head of Russian Counterespionage. It was felt that the leak must emanate from there, but nothing had been found. Finally, Hugh Winterborn had prevailed on Cumming to persuade Hollis to indoctrinate me.

"Have you got any ideas, Peter?"

"Only to string up those buggers down at Cheltenham, sir!"

"I'm sorry. I don't think I follow . . ."

I explained to Hollis that I had long held the theory that the Russians might be obtaining intelligence through intercepting and analyzing our Watcher communications.

"My father and I did something similar in 1940 on the Sussex Downs. We tracked signals, and managed to plot the course of the British Fleet as it went down the Channel. I'm sure that's how Rogov got the information. It would be relatively easy for them to do it, sir. Just cross-referencing direction-finding of our signals with the records of where their own people go would tell them a lot. Basically, they must always know when we're following them."

I told him that I had repeatedly pushed GCHQ to conduct thorough tests to check if receivers were operating inside the Embassy which correlated with our own communications.

"I'm afraid, sir, it was never high on their list of priorities."

Hollis groaned.

"But can you do it, Peter?"

"Yes, I think so. What we've got to do is try to trace emissions from the receiver."

The principle was simple. Every radio set contains a local oscillator to "beat down" the incoming signal into a fixed frequency which can be much more easily filtered. The local oscillator always radiates sound waves as it operates, and it is these emissions which reveal the presence of a receiver.

"You realize, of course, that this is SIGINT, sir. Strictly speaking we're not allowed to do that work. GCHQ will take my guts for garters when they find out . . ."

Hollis hunched forward thoughtfully, cupping his hands across his face. There was a painful silence.

"They would need to be told about the Tisler allegation, of course, if we brought them in," he said finally. It was the kind of Whitehall demarcation dispute Hollis understood only too well.

"I could always have a go," I ventured. "If you can square my back upstairs with Cheltenham when they find out, at least we'll know one way or the other about Tisler's source within a few months. If we go to GCHQ, it'll take a year or more to arrange."

Hollis began to collect the files together into a pile.

"I think that is the best course of action," said Hollis. "Keep me informed, won't you."

He looked at me squarely.

"Of course, Peter, you realize what a terrible thing this would be for the Service, don't you? If it's true, I mean. Quite apart from the effect in Washington. A lot of good work will have been wasted."

"Including my own," I thought bitterly, angry at myself for not pushing GCHQ harder over the Watcher radios.

As soon as I got back to my office I contacted Courtney Young and asked him to send over any intelligence reports he had detailing the types of electronic equipment the Russians had either bought in London or imported into the UK since the war. Working through the files of reports I was able to pull together a reasonably accurate picture of the range and types of receiver the Russians were using inside the Embassy. I calculated that the probable range of emissions from their local oscillators was around two hundred yards. That ruled out operating from our static observation posts. But A Branch had been busy for some time developing a radio transparent mobile van with plastic walls. I pressed Winterborn to finish the project as soon as possible. Within a fortnight the van was rigged with an internal power supply and two receivers, one to detect the emissions from the Russian local oscillator and the other to confirm the relationship to the A4 frequency.

One spring day in March 1958, my assistant Tony Sale and I took the van out for the first time. We obtained permission to drive it up Kensington Park Gardens in front of the Embassy as if we were making a delivery to a house nearby. Sale and I sat inside with fingers crossed, earphones clamped over our heads, watching for the faintest flicker out of the amplifier. We made two passes. Nothing happened. The static hummed. We drove across to the Consulate on Bayswater Road and made a pass along the front of the building. As we neared No. 5, the Russian premises, we began to pick up the faint flutterings of a signal. As I tuned the receiver we heard a whistle as it encountered the frequency of the local oscillator. We slowed in front of the front door and the signal gained rapidly in strength, tailing off as we made our way up toward Marble Arch. There was certainly a receiver operating inside the Embassy. But was it tuned to the Watcher frequency?

For the next few days we made a series of passes at various different times of the day and night to try to gain some idea of what times the receiver inside the Embassy was in use, and whether there was a correlation with Watcher radios. It looked as if it were going to be a long, laborious, imperfect task. Then, by coincidence, as we were making a pass in front of the Consulate, a Watcher car drove past the other way, transmitting on the Watcher frequency back to Watcher headquarters. Inside the van our receiver, which was tuned to the local oscillator inside the Consulate, squawked loudly.

"What the hell do you suppose that is?" I asked Tony Sale.

He looked up with a quizzical look on his face. Then the truth suddenly dawned on us both. The Watcher car had overloaded the input circuit going into the Embassy local oscillator. We had picked up the squawk of pain as its frequency distorted under the overload. In other words, it was proof that the receiver inside the Embassy was tuned to the Watcher frequency.

The implications of this new discovery, code-named RAFTER, were enormous. Not only could we prove beyond any doubt that the Russians were listening to our Watcher frequencies; we could also use the same technique to check the frequencies being listened to on any receiver we could detect inside the Embassy. All we needed was to radiate at the Embassy and listen for the local oscillator overload. The ideas I had nursed since reading the KEYSTONE files were finally in a position to be put into practice. Using RAFTER we could detect which broadcasts from Moscow to illegal agents in the field were being monitored inside the Embassy. RAFTER, potentially, offered us a shattering breakthrough into the hitherto secret world of Soviet illegal communications.

But while RAFTER proved our Watcher communications were a major source of intelligence for the Russians, there was still the question of the missile spy, Linney. Obviously, the investigation of Linney had to be done in such a way that our Watcher radios would not give away the operation. I decided that since radio silence was unrealistic, the best solution was to drastically change the frequencies of the vehicles assigned to the operation. I went to see the Ministry of Defense and asked to pirate one of their military frequencies, seventy megacycles away from the current Watcher frequency, so that the Linney vehicle transmissions would melt into the mass of other military traffic on nearby wavebands. But first I had to install new crystals in the Watcher radio sets so that they could operate on the new frequency. Every communications radio contains a crystal which controls the frequency at which it can receive or transmit. Rather than risk handling this through MI5 channels, I paid a private visit to my old colleague R. J. Kemp, the Marconi Chief of Research, and asked him if he would produce the new crystals for me in the Great Baddow Laboratory. I gave him a sample crystal so he could build one of the correct shape, and stressed that the new frequency should be held only by him and his immediate assistant. As an additional security precaution, we decided to mark the new crystals with an entirely different frequency from the actual one used. Within three weeks Kemp had produced enough crystals for a dozen transmitter and receiver units, and they were installed by the MI5 engineers who normally handled Watcher radios, so as not to raise suspicions.

The details of this operation, code-named LOVEBIRD, were severely restricted inside MI5. Only Winterborn and I knew the correct frequency and none of the new radios were used within range of the Soviet Embassy. The consulate receiver was continuously monitored using RAFTER, so that we could record how the Russians behaved during the operation against Linney. D Branch had already extensively analyzed the movements of Linney and his controller, Pribyl. By comparing the two, they discovered that their regular meet was on the South Downs near Brighton. We arranged with Special Branch to arrest Linney and Pribyl in the act of passing over secret material at their next rendezvous.

Linney was followed to the meeting place by Watchers equipped with the new frequency. He waited for two hours and then went back home. Pribyl, meanwhile, remained in London. Subsequently, Linney was interrogated, and unexpectedly confessed. He was sentenced to fourteen years imprisonment.

On the face of it, the case had been concluded successfully. But one detail troubled Winterborn, me, and the D Branch officers in charge of the case. Why had Pribyl missed his meeting? There were many reasons which might explain his failure to show up. He had not missed any other meets. But if he had learned of the planned arrest, it could not have been from the Watcher radios. It could only have been as a result of a tip-off from a human source.

I decided to conduct another experiment to resolve the question of whether or not there was a two-legged source operating for the Russians in conjunction with the intelligence they were obtaining from our Watcher radios. I arranged to change all Watcher radio crystals simultaneously while monitoring, by means of RAFTER, the Russian receiver, to see precisely what they did. It was impossible to make a change on this scale without recording the details inside Leconfield House, but I was confident that none of the Watchers would learn of the plan in advance.

We began RAFTER on the Russian receiver on a Monday morning, and chased Russian diplomats normally on our usual frequency. On the Tuesday and Wednesday we closed down all Watcher operations entirely while we switched the crystals. The Watcher force was told that the frequency was being moved up two megacycles, when in fact it was being moved down two instead. We opened up again on Thursday, chasing diplomats normally on our new frequency. We watched the RAFTER readings carefully for any signs that the Russians were searching for our new frequency in the area where we had indicated to the Watchers that it was being relocated. They did appear to check their equipment, as if it was faulty, but remained on the old frequency until the end of the week.

When we opened up again on Monday morning, everything had changed. A Russian receiver was already listening on the new frequency, but from inside the Embassy in Kensington Park Gardens, rather than from the Consulate. We were faced with another riddle. This new receiver had either searched for the new Watcher frequency the previous week, undetected by us as we concentrated on the Consulate, or the Russians had been tipped off to the new frequency during the weekend. It is unlikely that we would have missed the Russians lining up another receiver on the new frequency the previous week.

I discussed the whole investigation at length with Courtney Young, the head of Russian Counterespionage, and we decided to try one more experiment. If there was a human leak, we all assumed that it had to be among the Watcher or peripheral support services. So we decided to feed what is known in the business as a "barium meal," in other words, offer a bait of sufficiently important intelligence that the two-legged source, if he existed, would have to relay it back to the Russians.

Courtney Young had a double-agent case running. The agent, code-named Morrow, was in contact with the Russian Naval Attaché, Lieutenant Commander Lulakov. We decided on a straightforward plan. We briefed the Watchers about the Morrow case as if he were a genuine spy. They were told that the following day Special branch had been instructed to arrest Morrow in the process of handing over secret documents to Lulakov at a meeting in Hampstead. Full Watcher surveillance of both Morrow and Lulakov was required. If there was a traitor inside the Watcher service, we assumed he would alert the Russians, who would either fail to turn up for the meeting or try to warn Morrow in some way.

In fact, Lulakov turned up for the meeting right on schedule, got into Morrow's car in a quiet street near Hampstead Heath, and swiftly exchanged packages with him. Both men were promptly arrested. Lulakov established his diplomatic credentials and was released, and left the country soon afterward. The charges against Morrow were quietly dropped.

At first sight it seemed as if the Lulakov/Morrow affair proved there was no human penetration. But as with every previous experiment, there were worrying inconsistencies. Lulakov was known from previous surveillance to be infinitely patient in his preparations for meetings. On previous occasions he had taken hours to wend his way around London, by taxi, by bus, in and out of tubes and shops, before finally making his rendezvous with Morrow. On this occasion, he simply left his office, hailed a taxi, and went straight to the meeting. The handover even took place with the car's interior light on. To anyone with a close knowledge of the Russian Intelligence Service, these were inexplicable deviations from their normal tradecraft.

At the end of 1958 I composed a long report on the whole investigation into the Tisler allegations and sent it to Hollis. I went through the items Tisler had learned from his garrulous friend Colonel Pribyl and gave Hollis my assessment of how the Russians might have learned of them.

I was in no doubt from RAFTER, the technique of which I explained in the report at some length, that the monitoring of our Watcher communications was a major source of intelligence for the Russians about MI5, and had been so for a number of years. It definitely explained the Pribyl "driving test" story, and almost certainly accounted for the Russian knowledge of Operation COVERPOINT, although our traffic analysts doubted that the Russians would have been able to deduce that we were following Russians from the Thames bridges so quickly from monitoring our transmissions alone. But the failure of Pribyl to meet Linney, the speed with which the Russians detected the new Watcher radio frequency when we had it changed, and the Lulakov/Morrow affair were all open to varying interpretations. The balance of probability was that there was not a two-legged source in addition to the intelligence derived from monitoring our Watcher communications, but the possibility could not be ruled out.

A day or two after I submitted my report. Hollis summoned me to his office. He was hunched over a file, scratching at it with a fountain pen, when I entered the room. He did not look up. I stood there like an errant schoolboy while he continued to write. The room had not changed much since Dick White vacated it. There was an additional portrait on the wall reserved for venerable Directors-General. A single photograph of Hollis' son stood on his desk alongside the three telephones which connected him to the Cabinet Office, the Ministry of Defense, and MI6. But other than that there was no stamp of personality.

"Thank you for your report, Peter," said Hollis without looking up. He sounded a different man from when he had handed me the Tisler file earlier in the year. The crisis was clearly over. He was back in charge. He went on writing.

"I've written to Hoover outlining a broad explanation for Tisler's material about the MI5 spy," he went on, "but I think it would be a good idea if you went over and briefed their technical staff on the background to the case, RAFTER, that sort of thing. Make it a useful trip, won't you. Get around and make some friends."

He looked up and smiled suddenly.

"It's good to know we've been one step ahead of them this time. Well done."

He went back to his file, signaling that our brief encounter had ended. I turned to leave the room.

"Oh, and Peter . . ." he said as I reached the door, "stick to the technical findings, won't you. I don't think we should give Hoover the impression that anything is . . . unresolved."

"Of course not, sir. I quite understand."

I did not know it then, but the first stone had been cast.

8

THE CAPITOL BUILDING WAS A GIANT FRESCO OF PINK BLOSSOM, blue sky, and white marble, capped by a shining dome. I always loved visiting Washington, especially in the spring. London was so drab; MI5 so class-ridden and penny-pinching. Like many of the younger, postwar recruits to secret intelligence, I felt America was the great hope, the hub of the Western intelligence wheel. I welcomed her ascendancy with open arms.

Ironically, relations between British and American Intelligence in the late 1950s were at their lowest postwar ebb. Collaboration between MI6 and the CIA had virtually collapsed after the Suez Crisis, and they found themselves increasingly in conflict, not just in the Middle East but in the Far East and Africa as well. Many of the old guard in MI6 found it hard to accept that their wartime control of the Anglo-American intelligence relationship had long since given way to junior status.

Relations between MI5 and the CIA were fraught for different reasons. The CIA was a new organization, flexing its muscles on the world stage for the first time. Its aim was to collect intelligence, and although it was not supposed to operate in London without notifying MI5, both Hollis and Dick White believed the CIA flouted this understanding.

Behind all the difficulties lay the simmering distrust created by the defections of Burgess and Maclean, and the public clearance of Kim Philby. MI6 could never be seen in the same light again, particularly as so many senior officers had been close friends of Philby, whereas MI5's failure to apprehend any of the three made it seem, to American eyes, almost criminally incompetent. Only GCHQ, which had a formal charter of cooperation with its American counterpart, the National Security Agency (NSA), under the terms of the 1948 UKUSA agreement, remained relatively immune to the turbulent currents which battered the previously intimate wartime Anglo-American intelligence relationship.

When Hollis became Director-General he tried manfully to improve relations with the FBI. Hoover was famously anti-British, stemming from the war, when British Security Coordination (BSC) was set up in New York under Sir William Stephenson, the so-called Man Called Intrepid. BSC operated against the Germans in the United States, but Hoover vehemently opposed the idea of any organization, let alone one which was foreign controlled, having rights to collect intelligence on American soil. For years he refused to associate with Stephenson's staff. The Burgess and Maclean affair reinforced Hoover's prejudices, and for a while MI6 officers were not even allowed on FBI premises, and MI5 were prohibited access to any FBI intelligence source reports.

In 1956 Hollis visited Hoover in an attempt to improve relations, and persuade him to place MI5 on the distribution list again. Oddly enough, Hollis and Hoover got on rather well. They were both sensitive to any encroachments on their respective empires, yet Hollis had an essential weakness of character which enabled him to play the earnest supplicant to Hoover's blustering bully. Hoover, like many self-made Americans, had a strong streak of snobbery, and his gargantuan conceit was stroked by the sight of an English upper-class spymaster with his cap outstretched.

I became an important peace offering. Hollis claimed my appointment as MI5's first scientist was proof of his intention to modernize the Service and step up the fight against Soviet espionage. Following Hollis' visit, Hoover invited me to visit FBI headquarters to see the range of their technical equipment. I was very keen to make the trip, as I believed from my first day inside MI5 that the key to long-term success lay in restoring relations with the Americans, so that we could gain access to their technical resources. But my views were not popular. Delusions of Empire still ran strongly inside Leconfield House. Cumming, for instance, although Head of MI5's technical branch, never visited the United States, and saw no reason to do so.

My first impression of the FBI was the sheer scale of the technical resources at their disposal, far beyond anything MI5 could ever imagine. But for all their riches, I could not help feeling that they made poor use of them. They relied almost entirely on commercially available equipment, rather than developing their own. Their radios were standard Motorola equipment used in police cars and taxis, although they had an impressive microwave network which connected the various FBI stations across the USA. The one really interesting part of FBI technical work was the use they made of fingerprints in espionage investigations. There were no fingerprint records in the MI5 Registry, and I felt it was one area where the FBI's quasi-police identity gave it an advantage.

Dick Millen was the FBI officer who ran their technical research. Millen was a lawyer rather than a scientist by training, which limited his effectiveness, but he put on a splendid show. I was taken down to the firing range in the basement of FBI headquarters, and given a lesson in pistol-firing techniques. Millen proudly informed me that even "the old man himself," Hoover, regularly practiced his prowess. I was taken down to the FBI training depot on the Maryland coast, where an old American Indian taught FBI agents advanced gunslinging. He demonstrated his skills, shooting targets in mirrors, and firing over his shoulder at a Ping-Pong ball perched on the top of a water fountain. It was rugged, all-American stuff, and the FBI's roots in the lawlessness of 1930s America was never far from the surface. But

I somehow doubted that it had much to do with modern counterespionage.

I did not relish the prospect of briefing the FBI on the Tisler affair. There was more than a hint, in the way Hoover had handled the case, that he hoped we would fail to resolve the suspicions about a spy inside MI5, so that he could use it as a pretext for recommending to the President that the intelligence exchange with Britain be terminated. I hoped that the previous visits Hollis and I had made would do something to smooth my path.

I was accompanied by Harry Stone, the MI5 liaison officer in Washington. Harry was as genial a soul as you could ever meet. He had once been an Irish international rugby player, and shared with Hollis a love of the golf course and an almost professional handicap. Everyone liked Harry, primarily because he saw his job as basically a social one, but he was unsuited in temperament and intellect for the modern age of satellite and computer intelligence which was dawning in Washington in the late 1950s.

Harry hated meeting Hoover, and took a simple approach when a confrontation could not be avoided.

"Take a tip from me, Peter, old chap, let him do the talking, don't interrupt for God's sakes, and remember to say 'Thank you very much, Mr. Hoover' when he's finished . . . . I've booked us a nice table for lunch. We'll need it."

We swept through the archway at the front of the magnificent, triumphalist FBI mausoleum. We were met by Al Belmont, the head of FBI domestic intelligence, and his deputy, Bill Sullivan, who handled the Communist desk. (Sullivan was found dead in the mid-1970s while shooting duck in New England. He is thought to have been murdered.) Belmont was a tough, old-fashioned "G-Man," as FBI men were once known, who had been with the Bureau from its earliest times. Sullivan was the brains to Belmont's brawn (but Belmont was no fool); both believed in the virtues of the stiletto rather than the Magnum. Belmont had many enemies, but I always got along with him. Like me, he had suffered a difficult childhood. His father was shot in a street brawl, and his mother worked day and night to save enough to put him through law school. Hard work and unswerving loyalty to "the old man" brought him to the top of the FBI.

But for all the outward toughness, and the seniority of their positions, both men were cowed by Hoover. Such unswerving loyalty was, I felt, positively unnatural. Of course, they admired Hoover for his achievements in the early years, when he turned a corrupt and incompetent organization into an efficient and feared crime-fighting force. But everyone knew Hoover suffered from God disease, and it seemed odd to me that they never acknowledged the fact, even privately.

I discussed the Tisler affair and the technical implications of RAFTER with both men for most of the day, until it was time to meet Hoover. We trooped down a maze of corridors, past an endless procession of Identikit young FBI officers, well scrubbed, very fit, well suited, closely cropped, and vacant-looking. The FBI offices always reminded me of sanitary clinics. Antiseptic white tiles shone everywhere. Workmen were always busy, constantly repainting, cleaning, and polishing. The obsession with hygiene reeked of an unclean mind.

Hoover's room was the last of four interconnecting offices. Belmont knocked, and entered the room. Hoover stood behind his desk, dressed in a piercing blue suit. He was taller and slimmer than he appeared in photographs, with wrinkled flesh which hung off his face in small drapes. He greeted me with a firm and joyless handshake.

Belmont began to describe the reason for my visit, but Hoover cut him off sharply.

"I've read the report, Al. I want to hear Mr. Wright tell me about it."

Hoover fixed me with coal-black eyes, and I began to outline the discovery of RAFTER. Almost at once, he interrupted me.

"I gather your Service is now satisfied about the intelligence provided by our Czech source . . . ?"

I began to answer, but he swept me aside.

"Your security organizations enjoy many facilities here in Washington, Mr. Wright."

There was more than a hint of a threat in his voice.

"I have to advise the President of the United States when those facilities raise questions about our national security. I have to take a close personal interest in a case like this, particularly in view of the recent problems the United Kingdom has suffered in this area. I need to know I am on firm ground. Do I make myself clear?"

"Of course, sir, I understand perfectly . . ."

Harry Stone busily studied his shoelaces. Al Belmont and Bill Sullivan sat to one side of Hoover's desk, half hidden in shadow. I was on my own.

"I think you will find in my report . . ."

"My staff have digested your report, Mr. Wright. I am interested in the lessons you have learned."

Before I could answer, Hoover launched into a passionate diatribe about Western inadequacy in the face of the Communist onslaught. I agreed with many of the sentiments; it was just the manner of the telling that was objectionable. Inevitably the subject of Burgess and Maclean came up, Hoover sounding each syllable of their names with almost prurient venom.

"Now in the Bureau here, Mr. Wright, that sort of thing could not happen. My officers are thoroughly screened. There are lessons to be learned. Do I make myself clear?"

I nodded.

"Of course, Mr. Hoover," chimed Harry Stone.

Hoover fixed me with a sudden stare.

"Total vigilance, Mr. Wright. Total vigilance. The lights always burn here in Bureau headquarters."

He stood up abruptly, signaling the end of the meeting.

The day after my ordeal with Hoover, I lunched with James Angleton, the CIA Chief of Counterintelligence. We had met once before on my first trip to Washington in 1957, and I was struck then by his intensity. He had a razor-sharp mind and a determination to win the Cold War, not just to enjoy the fighting of it. Every nuance and complexity of his profession fascinated him, and he had a prodigious appetite for intrigue. I liked him, and he gave enough hints to encourage me into thinking we could do business together.

Angleton's star was fast rising in Washington in the late 1950s, particularly after he obtained the secret text of Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin from his contacts in Israel. He was one of the original wartime OSS recruits, and was trained in the arts of counterespionage by Kim Philby at the old MI6 office in Ryder Street. The young Yale intellectual struck up an instant friendship with his pipe-smoking English tutor, and the relationship deepened when Philby was posted to Washington as Station Chief in 1949. Ironically it was Philby who first detected the obsession with conspiracy in the fledgling CIA Chief of Counterintelligence. Angleton quickly acquired a reputation among British Intelligence officers for his frequent attempts to manipulate to his own advantage the mutual hostility of MI5 and MI6.

I taxied over to Georgetown. I could see why so many Washington government officials lived there, with its elegant red brick houses, tree-lined streets, bookshops, and cafés. When I arrived at Harvey's, Angleton was already sitting at his table, a gaunt and consumptive figure, dressed in a gray suit, clutching a large Jack Daniel's in one hand and a cigarette in the other.

"How was Hoover?" he asked, as I joined him, with a voice like gravel being tossed onto a path.

"You're very well informed today, Jim," I responded.

His cadaverous features creased back into a smile, in stark contrast to his funereal clothing. I knew he was fishing. The CIA knew nothing about Tisler, or his allegation, and we had agreed to brief the FBI on RAFTER on the understanding that knowledge of it was strictly controlled.

"Just routine, you know, making friends with the Bureau. It's the vogue in London at the moment."

"It's a waste of time," he said. "You've been trying to get in with him since as far back as I can remember. He always tells us he can't stand the Brits."

I bristled slightly, although I knew that was his intention.

"Well, I can't say the Agency has been much friendlier."

"You've used up a lot of credit in Washington in the last ten years," said Angleton, pouring himself another drink.

"People like Hoover," he went on, "they look at Burgess and Maclean, and they look at the state of MI5, and they say 'What is the point?' "

He called the waiter over, and we ordered.

"You're off the mark, Jim," I said finally. "Things are changing. Ten years ago they would never have appointed me as a scientist. But I'm there now, and new people are coming in all the time."

"I went to an English public school," he said with heavy sarcasm. "I know the score with you guys."

"It's no good complaining about Burgess and Maclean all the time. That's all in the past. The world's a smaller place. We've got to start working together again."

I surprised myself with my sudden passion. Angleton remained motionless, wreathed in a halo of swirling tobacco smoke.

"You won't get any help from Hoover," he grunted, but made no offers of his own.

It was a long lunch. Angleton gave little away, but pumped me with questions with every drink. What about Philby? I told him straight that I thought he was a spy. Suez was still a raw nerve, even in 1959, but Angleton wanted to know every detail. He even asked me if I could get the MI5 file on Armand Hammer, the head of Occidental Petroleum, who inevitably came to the attention of Western Intelligence in view of his extensive business links in the Soviet Union. But I thought this was just a shade indelicate.

"We're friends, Jim, but not quite that close, yet!"

Around five I saw Angleton back to his car. It was a smart Mercedes. For all the gauntness of his persona, I soon learned, he cultivated expensive tastes with his share of the family National Cash Register Company fortune. Much to Angleton's annoyance, he discovered he had locked his keys inside, but I produced Leslie Jagger's lockpicking wire from my pocket and within half a minute had the door open.

"Not bad, Peter, not bad!" said Angleton, smiling broadly. He knew I had savored the moment.

"By the way," I said, "I am serious. If you won't help me in Washington, I'll find someone else who will."

"I'll see what I can do," he muttered, slipping behind the steering wheel. Without a sideways glance, he was gone.

In fact, despite the skepticism in Washington, important changes were taking place on the technical side of British Intelligence in the late 1950s. MI5 devoted a major effort to expanding its new techniques, RAFTER and ENGULF.

As a first step we placed the Soviet Embassy under continuous RAFTER surveillance. Hollis persuaded a reluctant Treasury to purchase, over and above the MI5 secret allocation, a house for MI5 in the middle of the cluster of Soviet diplomatic buildings. We installed RAFTER receivers in the loft and relayed the signals we detected inside the Embassy along cables laid inside a specially constructed tunnel which MI5 dug between the new house and one which we already used for visual surveillance in the next street. We installed a former wartime MI5 officer, Cyril Mills, the famous circus owner, in the house as a tenant. Mills operated his circus business from the house for many years, and every time we needed to deliver staff or equipment to the house, or remove debris from the tunnel, we used a garishly painted Mills Circus van. It was perfect cover, and the Russians never suspected a thing.

We were careful to use straight receivers for the RAFTER operations, each operating on a single megacycle frequency, so there were no local oscillators on our side, in case the Russians had themselves developed a form of RAFTER. The secret of the Mills house remained intact through the 1960s, until one night the alarm systems detected two Soviet diplomats climbing onto the roof. They broke a skylight, but before they could enter the roof space, the housekeeper frightened them off. Cyril Mills made a formal protest to the Soviet Embassy, but we assumed that the Russians had somehow or other detected our presence in the house.

Once the house was ready, I was able to put into operation the kind of experiment I had envisaged while reading the KEYSTONE files in Canada. The Embassy was systematically searched for signs that receivers inside were monitoring signals beamed out from Moscow to agents in Britain. These were high-frequency (HF) signals, whereas the Watcher radio transmissions were VHF. The Russians used large radio frequency amplifiers with the HF receivers, which made RAFTER much more difficult. But GCHQ developed more sophisticated equipment, and within six months we had successfully monitored four signals from Moscow which were being routinely monitored by the Soviets inside the Embassy.

The first signal we found was code-named GRUFF. We picked it up one Tuesday night at ten-thirty. The Morse signal came in loud and clear, and our receivers immediately detected the whine of a local oscillator as the Russians tuned to the same frequency. GCHQ analyzed GRUFF; it came from the Moscow area and followed a twice-weekly schedule. The cryptanalysts were quite certain the Morse contained genuine traffic. The Radiations Operations Committee decided to make a major effort to track the GRUFF signal down.

I approached Courtney Young, then the D1 (head of Russian Counterespionage) and asked him if he had any intelligence which might help us locate an illegal we believed to be currently operating in the UK and receiving radio transmissions from Moscow. He was astonished by my approach. He explained that D Branch had recently run a double-agent case which had convinced him that an illegal was operating in the London area. The double agent was a young male nurse who had once been in the CPGB. Some years later, he was approached and asked to work clandestinely for the Russians. The nurse was reluctant at first, but eventually his contact convinced him that he was not being asked to spy. All he had to do was post some letters and store the occasional suitcase. After a while the nurse became frightened and approached the police, and the case was routinely referred to MI5 by Special Branch.

Courtney Young doubled the agent back against the Russians, and for a short while they appeared to continue to accept him as genuine. The nurse lived in the Midlands, but he was asked to lease a flat in the Clapham area of South London in his own name. Then his controller instructed him to activate and service a number of dead letter boxes on Clapham Common, near the new flat. Courtney Young was sure that he was being trained up by the Russians as an illegal support agent—someone who assists the actual illegal agent by preparing his communications and accommodation before he moves into the area. But suddenly, all contact with the agent was cut, and he was given no further instructions. Either the entire operation had aborted or the illegal was already securely established in the area through other means.

It was a long shot, but it had to be at least a possibility that Courtney Young's illegal was the same person who was receiving the GRUFF signal from Moscow. The Radiations Operations Committee searched the Clapham area intensively for any further clues. We drove our radio-transparent RAFTER van over to Clapham, and made a base in the walled forecourt of the old air raid shelter which ran under the south side of Clapham Common. We took power from inside the shelter, and rigged up an aerial which I estimated would give us a range of about half a mile.

I sat with Tony Sale in the cold, poorly ventilated van, watching, waiting, listening. The GRUFF broadcast was due at 10 A.M., so we tuned our first receiver to GRUFF, and searched the nearby frequencies with our other receiver to see if we could detect any oscillator. In the second week, we got a "hit," a strange, owl-like hoot, modulated with the Morse from Moscow. Someone was listening to the GRUFF broadcast within half a mile of us. Tony Sale looked across at me, momentarily, the scent of prey in his nostrils. The tape recorders began to roll with a subdued click. We switched to battery power supply, and drove slowly down Clapham High Street toward the tube station, weaving our way through the traffic. The pubs were full. Daffodils were just appearing in the neat front gardens of the suburban houses along our route, those inside oblivious of the chase passing in front of their doors.

Tony Sale was monitoring the local oscillator signal, using its strength as a guide to its location. We knew GRUFF stayed up in the air for twenty minutes. We had seventeen left. As we reached the tube station the signal became fainter, so we doubled back toward Wandsworth, but again the signal dropped away. We went south, toward Balham, but this time the signal disappeared before we even left the Common.

There were six minutes to go. Barely a word had been spoken inside the van. We only had one direction left. GRUFF had to be sitting up to the north, somewhere in the crowded maze of Battersea back streets. Our special van lumbered into Latchmere Road. Frustration welled up inside me. I wanted to career around the corners, shout out for help through a loud hailer, set up roadblocks. All we could do was stare at the flickering dials, willing them to move up, and not down. But by the time we crossed

Wandsworth Road the signal was already trailing away, and shortly after that, Moscow signed off. GRUFF was gone. Tony Sale thumped the side of the van. I tore my headphones off, feeling drained and angry. How many more months might we sit in Clapham before we got as close again?

I lit my thirteenth cigarette of the day and tried to make sense of the previous twenty minutes. We had traveled in every direction. But the fact that the local oscillator signal got weaker each time we moved, proved beyond any doubt that we had genuinely detected another receiver besides our own. But it was located neither to the north nor south, not to east or west. Slowly the awful truth dawned on me. GRUFF must have been right on top of us, listening within yards of the air raid shelter. We drove back to our base, and searched the area. Behind a high wall at the back of us was a large wasteland car park. GRUFF must have been parked there in a car, or perhaps a van like ours.

Back at Leconfield House I printed out the tape recordings of the local oscillator on a sonargram. The sound waves modulated with a small mains ripple. But the wave form was not at mains frequency. It was similar to that produced by battery power packs used in cars and vans to produce alternating current. The coincidence was almost too painful to contemplate.

For the next six months the Radiations Operations Committee flooded Clapham with every spare man at our disposal. We listened in hundreds of locations. Officers scrutinized every street, searching for signs of a telltale aerial. Discreet inquiries were made of radio equipment suppliers. But all to no avail. And every Tuesday and Thursday night the GRUFF signal came through the ether from Moscow, mocking us as we searched.

As well as mobile RAFTER, we began, through ROC, to arrange airborne RAFTER. An RAF transport plane equipped with receivers similar to those in the van made regular sweeps across London. We thought that with the extra height we would be able to get a general idea of where receivers were operating in London.

Then, having located a signal to a specific area, we could flood it with mobile RAFTER vans.

We spent our first flight over the Soviet Embassy to check our equipment was working, and picked up their receivers immediately. We got a series of radio hits in the Finsbury Park area, and we flooded the locality, as we had in Clapham. But, like GRUFF, the agent remained undetected, comfortably camouflaged in the dense undergrowth of London's suburbs.

The RAFTER plane flights were a kind of agony. I spent night after night up in the indigo sky, listening to the signals coming in from Moscow, insulated from the deafening sound of the plane's propellers by headphones. Down below, somewhere amid the endless blinking lights of London, a spy was up in an attic, or out in a car, listening too. I knew it. I could hear him. But I had no way of knowing where he was, who he was, whether he worked alone or as part of a ring, and, most important of all, what Moscow was telling him. I was caught between knowledge and the unknown, in that special purgatory inhabited by counterespionage officers.

But although the RAFTER side did not immediately bear fruit, the ENGULF side, using technical means to break ciphers, soon proved enormously successful. Things really took off with a meeting in Cheltenham chaired by the GCHQ Assistant Director of Research, Josh Cooper, in 1957. Cooper realized the need for close coordination between all three Services if the new breakthrough was going to lead to further cipher-breaking success. He brought together for the first time the various interested parties—Hugh Alexander and Hugh Denham from GCHQ's H Division (Cryptanalysis); John Storer, the head of GCHQ's Scientific section responsible for Counter Clan in M Division; and Ray Frawley, me, and my opposite number in MI6, Pat O'Hanlon.

Apart from the Russians, the Egyptians still remained GCHQ's first priority. They used Hagelin machines in all their embassies, split into four groups, each group containing different cipher wheel settings. Providing we could get a break into any one machine, every machine in that group would be vulnerable. If we could obtain samples of any one machine, every machine in that group would be vulnerable. MI6 and GCHQ drew up a list of the Egyptian embassies worldwide, along with details of which machine group they belonged to. The committee then evaluated which embassy in each group presented the best possibility for a successful ENGULF operation, and I briefed the MI6 teams on how to plan the operations. Within a year we had broken into every Egyptian cipher group.

Although ENGULF made all classes of Hagelin machines vulnerable, these tended to be the preserve of Third World countries. Cooper hoped, by calling his meeting, to find ways of applying the ENGULF principles to more advanced cipher machines, which GCHQ lacked the computer power to attack. My approach was simple; we had to put operations into practice even if, on paper, they looked unlikely to yield results.

"We've got to approach the problem scientifically," I said. "We don't know how far we can push these new breakthroughs, so we have to experiment. Even if things go wrong, we'll still learn things we didn't know before."

I had the germ of an idea. Any cipher machine, no matter how sophisticated, has to encipher the clear text of the message into a stream of random letters. In the 1950s, most advanced ciphers were produced by typing the clear text into a teleprinter, which connected into a separate cipher machine, and the enciphered text clattered out on the other side. The security of the whole system depended on thorough screening. If the cipher machine was not electromagnetically screened from the input machine carrying the clear text, echoes of the uncoded message might be carried along the output cables along with the enciphered message. With the right kind of amplifiers it was theoretically possible to separate the "ghosting" text out and read it off.

Of course, we had no way of knowing which countries screened their cipher rooms thoroughly, and which did not, and any operation along the lines I suggested would take up to two years to reach fruition. There was little point expending vast effort trying to break the Russian cipher, when we knew it was almost certain to be well protected. It was a question of picking targets which were important, and against which we stood some chance of success.

The French cipher stood out from all the rest as the most suitable target for further ENGULF experiments. Both MI6 and GCHQ were under pressure from the Foreign Office to provide intelligence about French intentions with regard to the pending British application to the European Economic Community. Moreover, GCHQ had studied the French system in London. They used two ciphers—a low-grade one which sent traffic along a telex line to the Quai d'Orsay, and a high-grade cipher for Ambassadorial communications which was generated independently of the cipher machine for additional security. Hugh Alexander's view was that the high-grade cipher was unbreakable, but that the low-grade one might be vulnerable to the type of attack I had outlined. Cooper gave his approval, and Operation STOCKADE began.

The first task in this joint MI5/GCHQ operation was to make a detailed technical reconnaissance of the layout of the French Embassy and, in particular, locate the area of the cipher room. I arranged to have the rating drawings sent over from the local council, and contacted the Post Office Research Unit. John Taylor had retired by this time, and had been replaced by H. T. Mitchell. Mitchell was paralyzed down one side as a result of a stroke, but although his speech was poor, his mind remained crystal clear. Mitchell gave me full diagrams of all telex and telephone cables going into and out of the Embassy, and by comparing these with the rating drawings we were able to establish the likely location of the cipher room.

We asked the Post Office to fault the telephones, and went in to make a visual inspection of the cipher room area. Unlike the Egyptians, the French security staff watched our every move, but we got the information we required. There was no telephone in the cipher room. It was tucked away down a corridor. The cipher and telex machines were in adjoining rooms, separated only by a plasterboard partition.

Using the Post Office charts, we traced the output cables back to the street, and into the footway box at the end of Albert Gate entrance to Hyde Park. I arranged with Mitchell to place a reasonably broad band radio frequency tap on the cable inside the footway box, and the captured signal was relayed into a special operations room we had taken in the Hyde Park Hotel. The hotel telephone system was faulted to give us cover while the cables were laid up through the hotel to the fourth-floor room we had commandeered. Special blocking condensers were placed on the circuit to ensure it was one-directional, and nothing could leak back into the Embassy to give away the operation. GCHQ routinely intercept radio and telex traffic coming in and out of every London embassy, from their premises in Palmer Street. We arranged for a line containing the French Embassy traffic to be fed from Palmer Street to our operations room in the Hyde Park Hotel. Using that line as a guide, we could check whether the signal we were getting on our radio frequency tap was the correct one.

The first morning we found the low-grade cipher and matched it with the Palmer Street traffic. The tap was connected to our own teleprinter, and the intercepted French cipher began to clatter out in front of us. It was clear straightaway that more than one signal was traveling down the cable we were tapping. It was just a matter of sitting down with a pencil and marking off the en clair text from the coded message, and the cipher could be read straight off.

I began to pick out a translation and found traces of another signal on the teleprinter. I checked on the sonargram to make sure I was not mistaken, and called over the GCHQ technicians.

The steady peaks and troughs of the signal blipped across the screen silently. The line from the low-grade cipher was strong, and its ghost was easily identifiable. But at each pinnacle there was a murmur as another signal crossed.

"Good God," the GCHQ man murmured, "that's the high-grade cipher as well! We must be picking it up through the partition wall."

I hastily contacted Palmer Street and got them to relay the high-grade cipher down the line so that we could compare the signals. The GCHQ technicians reset the amplifiers so that the traffic was sufficiently strong to print out, and using the Palmer Street feed as a guide, I marked off the en clair text. Within ten minutes I had a rough translation of a cable from the French Ambassador in London to President De Gaulle's private office.

For nearly three years, between 1960 and 1963, MI5 and GCHQ read the French high-grade cipher coming in and out of the French Embassy in London. Every move made by the French during our abortive attempt to enter the Common Market was monitored. The intelligence was avidly devoured by the Foreign Office, and verbatim copies of De Gaulle's cables were regularly passed to the Foreign Secretary in his red box.

In fact, STOCKADE was a graphic illustration of the limitations of intelligence. De Gaulle was determined to thwart our application, and no amount of high-grade intelligence could change that fact. We did pass on to the Americans details of French deliberation over their independent nuclear "Force de Frappe." It helped encourage American suspicions about De Gaulle, but the advantage we gained as a result was slight.

Nevertheless, STOCKADE was considered a major triumph inside the Foreign Office. I was sent for by the Permanent Secretary, who congratulated me on the ingenuity of the operation.

"Priceless material," he said, beaming, "simply priceless," leaving me in no doubt that "reading the Frog's traffic" was a worthy successor to Agincourt, the burning of Calais, and other ancient blows against the perfidious French.

9

THROUGHOUT THE LATE 1950S AND EARLY 1960S, BRITISH INTELLIGENCE built on the success of the ENGULF (Egyptian) and STOCKADE (French) operations. GCHQ produced a mammoth list of all their targets, divided into domestic and overseas priorities. MI5 gathered intelligence about each domestic embassy, including information about the location of the cipher room, and details of all input and output cables, as well as an assessment of the feasibility of ENGULF or STOCKADE operations against that particular target. MI6 did the same thing overseas. They made detailed technical reconnaissance of GCHQ's targets, although without the invaluable assistance of the Post Office they were forced to rely much more on traditional agent running.

After STOCKADE, plans were laid to attack most European ciphers, starting with the Germans. But after much effort, we aborted the operation, because their machines were too well screened. But we successfully placed a probe microphone behind the cipher machine in the Greek Embassy in London. This was a particularly valuable target, since the Greeks were giving considerable support to Colonel Grivas, the Cypriot guerrilla leader, during the Cyprus Emergency. We operated in the same way against the Indonesian Embassy at the time of the Indonesian/Malaysian confrontation, and read the cipher continuously through the conflict.

For MI6, undoubtedly the sweetest ROC operation was against the Russian cruiser *Ordzhonikidze.* Despite the "Buster" Crabbe fiasco in Portsmouth, MI6 remained determined to hunt the ship down. In 1959 she was due to dock in Stockholm, and MI6 learned that the Swedish Signals Intelligence Service were planning to operate against her. The local MI6 Station Chief suggested to the Swedes that Britain might be prepared to offer advanced technical assistance. Although nominally neutral, the Swedish SIGINT organization retained informal secret liaison with GCHQ, and they gratefully accepted the offer.

I went to Stockholm to plan an ENGULF operation against the *Ordzhonikidze* cipher machine in 1959. I scuttled along the dockyard in the dead of night, disguised as a Swedish engineer, accompanied by two burly local SIGINT technicians. We also had two GCHQ people with us. We ducked into a warehouse opposite the *Ordzhonikidze,* and made our way upstairs to the operations room, where the ENGULF equipment had been delivered. We were cooped up in that small room for five days. It was high summer, and the temperature outside was in the nineties. The warehouse had a corrugated-tin roof, and inside we sweltered, finding solace in the crates of extra-strong lager stacked in the refrigerator. Although we detected some cipher noises, we were never able to break the cipher, but MI6 and GCHQ judged the whole operation a success.

"Just like the Mounties," beamed Pat O'Hanlon, the MI6 representative at the next ROC meeting. "We always get our man!"

The scale of RAFTER and ENGULF operations dramatically escalated, as the results of the technical reconnaissances flowed in, and operations based on them proliferated. The Radiations Operations Committee (ROC), comprising the technical staffs of MI5, MI6, and GCHQ, was formed in 1960 to coordinate the workload. ROC met once a fortnight, either in Cheltenham or at Leconfield House. I was the first Chairman, although Ray Frawley, a crisp, self-disciplined GCHQ staff officer, took upon himself the task of controlling the flow of business, and he came, before long, to dominate ROC. He was an administrative genius, with none of the hidebound instincts of some of his peers in Cheltenham. He controlled the paperwork, provided the technical resources and the GCHQ operators to man each operation, as well as organizing getting the all-important ministerial clearances.

ROC was one of the most important committees in postwar British Intelligence. For ten years, until the new generation of computers came in at the end of the 1960s, ROC was crucial to much of the success of GCHQ's cryptanalytical effort. But of even greater importance was the way it began to break down the barriers which had previously separated MI5, MI6, and GCHQ at working level. As in the war, British Intelligence once again began to function as a coordinated unit, and as a result was much more successful.

On the research side, too, there were some important improvements in the late 1950s. When I joined MI5, the principal forum for scientific research was the Colemore Committee. Once a year MI6 invited a dozen top scientists from outside the secret world into a safe conference room in Carlton House Terrace. In return for a lavish lunch, MI6 expected these eminent persons to act as private scientific consultants to the Secret Services, providing guidance, ideas, and contacts. As soon as I attended my first Colemore Committee, I could see it was a waste of time. The morning discussion was desultory and unstructured and after a few pints, gins, and lashings of the best claret, few members of the Committee were in a fit state to turn their attention to complex scientific matters. After the day's labors, Peter Dixon took us all out on the town for more feeding and watering. I will always treasure the look on Dick White's face as, toward midnight, we ended up in a less than salubrious club in Soho, featuring what might politely be described as "an exotic cabaret." He smiled wanly at the red-faced gents around the table, but I could see that, like me, he felt it was not the answer to the deep-seated scientific problems facing MI5.

The Colemore committee had some use as a sounding board, but I realized from the start that MI5 needed a comprehensive in-house research program, properly staffed and properly funded. It seemed to me absurd that the Treasury should expend vast sums on weapons research at the stroke of a pen, and yet balk at the petty sums required by the Secret Services for modernization.

Shortly after I joined MI5 in 1955, I approached Sir Frederick Brundrett again, and asked him for help in obtaining the necessary resources. He was sympathetic, and suggested that my application would stand a better chance if I first made a thorough study of the current state of KGB scientific and technical advances and wrote a paper outlining the areas in which MI5 and MI6 were deficient.

I approached my opposite number in MI6, the H Tech 1, but it was soon obvious that they had very little intelligence on the subject. I decided to make a thorough study of the debriefings of all the German scientists, who, at the end of the war, had been forcibly taken back to the Soviet Union and made to work for a number of years in Soviet government laboratories as the price of freedom. These scientists were know as the Dragon Returnees, and their debriefings had provided much useful intelligence about the state of Soviet rocket, jet engine, and nuclear research, since this was the area which the Russians had been most anxious to develop.

I went over to the Defense Scientific Intelligence Unit (DSI), and asked General Strong if I could study the papers. I was shown into a room in Northumberland Avenue which contained all the dragon material, stacked up in dozens and dozens of dusty volumes. Incredibly, neither MI5 nor MI6 had bothered to process any of this material for its own use.

It took months for me to sort through the Dragon papers, but it was soon obvious that considerable numbers of the Dragon scientists had been detailed to work on technical intelligence research in laboratories on the outskirts of Moscow controlled by the KGB. I drew up a list of specific Dragon scientists I wanted to interview again. The original debriefings were mostly conducted by ordinary British or American military staff, who did not have scientific training or knowledge of the intelligence-collection field, and I was sure that I could obtain more information from them.

I traveled to Germany in 1957, and was met by MI5's senior German representative, Peter Domeisen, who had arranged facilities for the interviews at British Military Intelligence Headquarters in Hanover and München Gladbach. Most intelligence officers loved Germany in the 1950s. It was the front line, and the action was free and easy. But Domeisen was depressed by the growing tension in Berlin, and was convinced that it would not be long before the Russians made another attempt to swallow up the Western sector.

The interviews were difficult and depressing. Many of the scientists were desperate to ingratiate themselves with Britain and America. I stuck very closely to technical questioning, since the opinions they voiced were so obviously shaped to what they felt I wanted to hear. They had undeniably suffered during their incarceration in Moscow, and many of their friends had died. But it was impossible not to remember on whose side they had been working during the war.

One of the first scientists I interviewed was the man who had developed "the Thing," which Americans found in 1950 inside the Great Seal behind the American Ambassador's desk in their Moscow Embassy. It was gratifying to hear him confirm that the device worked exactly as I had predicted that Sunday afternoon in my Marconi Nissen hut. But as I questioned him, I felt again the dismay which ran through MI5 in 1950, when we realized the KGB was already deploying something which was barely at the research stage in Britain.

I submitted my paper on the Dragon scientists to MI6 in early 1958 for their approval. Brundrett advised me strongly to do this, because the application for resources would carry far greater weight if it came from both Services. When it was countersigned, it was placed before the Defense Research Policy Committee (DRPC), of which Brundrett was Chairman. The paper caused widespread consternation in the DRPC. Never before had KGB advances over the West been so clearly documented. I could prove that the KGB had obtained areas of major technical superiority through the efforts of the Dragon scientists, especially in the field of electronics and surveillance devices, including the use of infrared systems, which had put them in a commanding position since the late 1940s.

Largely through Brundrett's foresight, technical research was already under way through his own ad hoc committee, of which I had been a member since 1949. But we needed to formalize and expand this program of research with more staff and resources. I submitted a further joint MI5/MI6 paper, which came to be known as the Technics Document (which is what the KGB called it!), describing what progress needed to be made, and placing much greater emphasis on advanced electronics. As a result of the Dragon paper and the Technics Document, technical research for the intelligence services as a whole, but particularly for MI5, was given a much higher priority within Defense Research Policy. Unfortunately, the DRPC still vetoed the idea of specific resource allocations for the intelligence services, hoping to fill the gap by fitting our requirements into existing Defense Research programs. I still had to go cap in hand, but at least the climate was changing.

In 1958, as the Technics Document was being considered, Hollis introduced me to a man who did more than most to secure the modernization of MI5, Victor Rothschild. Rothschild worked inside MI5 during the war (he won the George Medal for opening bombs), and maintained close friendships with many of the senior officers, but especially with Dick White. At the time I met him, Rothschild was Head of Research for the Shell Oil Corporation, controlling more than thirty laboratories worldwide. Hollis told him of my appointment as an MI5 scientist, and Rothschild expressed an interest in meeting me. He invited me to supper at his elegant London flat in St. James's Place.

I doubt I have ever met a man who impressed me as much as Victor Rothschild. He is a brilliant scientist, a Fellow of the Royal Society, with expertise in botany and zoology, and a fascination for the structure of spermatozoa. But he had been much, much more than a scientist. His contacts, in politics, in intelligence, in banking, in the Civil Service, and abroad are legendary. There are few threads in the seamless robe of the British Establishment which have not passed at some time or other through the eye of the Rothschild needle.

Rothschild was fascinated by my plans for the scientific modernization of MI5, and offered me many suggestions of his own. I soon realized that he possessed an enormous appetite for the gossip and intrigue of the secret world, and we were soon swapping stories about some of the more bizarre colleagues he remembered from the war. We talked until late into the night, and I came away feeling for the first time that, with his backing, great achievements were possible.

Rothschild offered to put some of his Shell laboratories at MI5's disposal, and began work on a variety of technical developments, including a special grease which would protect equipment if it was buried underground for long periods. The grease was developed, and both MI5 and MI6 used it extensively. Rothschild also suggested that I approach Sir William Cook, then the Deputy Head of the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment (AWRE), for resources. I knew Cook well, but Rothschild was a close friend, and his well-timed lobbying made my visit much easier.

Cook listened attentively as I outlined my requirements. The essence of my approach to counterespionage was to develop technical ways of attacking Soviet spy communications. Communications are the only vulnerable point in an agent's cover, because he has to send and receive messages to and from his controller. I explained to Cook that RAFTER already provided us with the most valuable weapon of all—an entrée into Russian radio communications—but that we urgently needed new techniques to attack their physical methods of communications as well, such as secret writing, microdots, and dead letter drops. Progress on these would vastly improve our chances of counterespionage success.

"Let's solve some of these right away," said Cook, picking up his telephone. He spoke to one of his senior scientists, Dr. Frank Morgan.

"Frank, I'm sending down someone to work with you on a new project. He'll explain when he arrives. You'll enjoy it—he's a man after your own heart."

With typical Cook generosity, he provided a team of two principal scientific officers, as well as junior staff and resources for the sole use of MI5. In all I had thirty people at AWRE, and for two years AWRE carried the entire cost, after which time the Defense Research Policy Committee agreed to continue the funding. Frank Morgan was the most valuable gift of all. He attacked the problems with zest and flair, and within those two years MI5 obtained results far beyond anything dreamed of in the USA.

The techniques of secret writing are the same the world over. First the spy writes his cover letter. Then he writes the secret message on top, using a special sheet of carbon paper treated with colorless chemical. Tiny particles of the chemical are transferred to the letter, which can then be developed by the recipient. Most developing agents make the chemical traces grow, so that the message becomes legible, and unless the correct agent is known, the message remains undetectable. But Morgan created a universal developing agent, using radioactivity, which transformed the possibilities of detection.

Microdots are another method of surreptitious communication between an agent in the field and his controller. Photographs are reduced down to microscopic size, so that they are practically invisible to the naked eye. Microdots are generally concealed under stamps, on top of punctuation marks in typewritten letters, or under the lips of envelopes. Morgan produced a process for detecting microdots using neutron activation.

A third method of spy communication, and one of the most common, is the dead letter drop. An agent leaves a package, for instance of exposed film, in an arranged place, and his controller collects it at a later stage, so that the two are never seen to meet. The KGB frequently gave their agents hollow containers which were specially treated, so that they could tell if the container had been surreptitiously opened. Morgan developed a soft X-ray technique which enabled us to inspect the interiors of suspect containers without tampering with them or fogging the unexposed film inside.

The last of Morgan's four programs was the development of a number of special X-ray methods for use against advanced combination safes. These were proving more than a match, even for Leslie Jagger, but the use of Morgan's X-ray device enabled the combination to be read off from outside, and gave MI5 potential access to every safe in Britain.

Despite the improvements on the technical and research side, MI5's counterespionage record remained lamentable in the 1950s. After Dick White became Director-General in 1953, he recognized the great deficiencies in this area. Most of the talented wartime Double Cross case officers had either left, retired, or moved, like Dick White, into senior management positions. Their replacements tended to be second-rate former colonial policemen with little or no experience of counterespionage, who found it hard to make the adjustment from the wartime superiority over the German Abwehr to the new war against a more skilled and more numerous Russian Intelligence Service. He formed a new counterespionage department, D Branch, and appointed me largely to provide them with scientific and technical advice. But improvements were slow to come. For some long time the D Branch staff resented my access to their secrets. They wallowed in their own technical ignorance. I remember one case officer saying, as I explained some technicality in terms of the Ohm's law:

"That's all right, Peter, old chap, I don't need to know about Ohm's law. I read Greats."

"Good God," I exploded, "every schoolboy learns about Ohm's law!"

The head of D Branch, Graham Mitchell, was a clever man, but he was weak. His policy was to cravenly copy the wartime Double Cross techniques, recruiting as many double agents as possible, and operating extensive networks of agents in the large Russian, Polish, and Czechoslovakian émigré communities. Every time MI5 were notified of or discovered a Russian approach to a student, businessman, or scientist, the recipient was encouraged to accept the approach, so that MI5 could monitor the case. He was convinced that eventually one of these double agents would be accepted by the Russians and taken into the heart of the illegal network.

The double-agent cases were a time-consuming charade. A favorite KGB trick was to give the double agent a parcel of money or hollow object (which at that stage we could inspect), and ask him to place it in a dead letter drop. D Branch was consumed every time this happened. Teams of Watchers were sent to stake out the drop for days on end, believing that the illegal would himself come to clear it. Often no one came to collect the packages at all or, if it was money, the KGB officer who originally handed it to the double agent would himself clear the drop. When I raised doubts about the double-agent policy, I was told solemnly that these were KGB training procedures, used to check if the agent was trustworthy. Patience would yield results.

The truth was that the Russians used double-agent cases to play with MI5, identify our case officers, disperse our effort, and decoy us from their real operations. The standard of MI5 tradecraft was appalling. KGB monitoring of our Watcher radios certainly gave away our presence on a large number of the double-agent cases. But the D Branch case officers were just as bad, rarely employing anything other than the most rudimentary counter-surveillance before meeting their agents. An entire department in the Foreign Office provided MI5 with "chicken feed," secret material given to double agents to pass on to the Russians as proof of their bona fides. The chicken feed consisted of wholly unbelievable faked secret documents about weapons we did not have, and policies we had no intention of pursuing. I raised the whole question of the chicken feed with D Branch, and pointed out that the material was bound to be spotted as suspect, and that only real secrets would convince the Russians. That, I was told, was quite out of the question.

The other main area of D Branch activity was in the émigré communities. The agent-running sections of D Branch ran extensive networks, and used agents in London to recruit others inside their host countries. This was a particularly attractive option for MI5. Emigrés were easy to recruit, and enabled MI5 to compete directly with MI6 in the production of Iron Curtain intelligence, much to their irritation. But in reality, by the early 1950s, these émigré rings were utterly penetrated by the KGB, or their allied Eastern European services, and as with the double-agent cases, served only to soak up our effort, and identify our agent runners.

MI5 were living in the past, copying the techniques of Double Cross, in an intelligence world which had changed enormously since the war. They lacked not only case officers with the requisite skills but, much more important, the codebreaking advantages MI5 had enjoyed over the Germans.

Throughout the 1950s, MI5 avoided confronting the most obvious counterespionage problem facing Britain at the time—the results of the 1930s Soviet infiltrations of the British Establishment. The extent of the recruitment of "Stalin's Englishmen" became apparent with the convictions of Alan Nunn May and Klaus Fuchs for nuclear espionage in the late 1940s, closely followed by the defection of Burgess and Maclean in 1951. It was obvious to anyone with access to the papers that the Russian Intelligence Services had capitalized on the widespread intellectual disillusionment among well-born British intellectuals of the 1930s, and succeeded in recruiting important agents, some of whom, at least, remained loyal to the Soviet cause after the war.

The defections of Burgess and Maclean traumatized MI5. Philby and Blunt also fell under suspicion, but faced with their adamant denials, the cases ran quickly into sand. The only remaining way forward was to launch a major, intensive program of research and investigation among the network of people who had been friendly with the two diplomats at Oxford and Cambridge. Such a policy entailed enormous difficulties. Most of those friendly with Burgess and Maclean were now rising to positions of considerable eminence, not just in the Intelligence Services but in the Civil Service as well. There was potential political embarrassment if such inquiries leaked at a time when all concerned were doing everything to suppress any information about the defections. Moreover, there was always the ghastly possibility that vigorous investigations might provoke further departures to Moscow, with incalculable consequences. No one was prepared to grasp the nettle and from 1954 onward all work virtually ceased, MI5 apparently believing that the new vetting procedures then being implemented were enough to protect the national security. It was like locking the chicken house door with the fox inside.

One man stood out against this policy of neglect. He was Arthur Martin, a former Army signals officer who joined MI5 soon after the war. Martin quickly proved himself a brilliant and intuitive case officer, handling in quick succession the Fuchs and Maclean investigations, ably assisted by Evelyn McBarnet, a young woman research officer, whose contribution to these cases has never been adequately acknowledged. Martin had one huge advantage in his approach to counterespionage work: he never attended a public school. Once it was known that a serious leakage of secrets had occurred at the British Embassy in Washington, the conventional view was to search for the culprit among the clerks, cleaners, and secretaries. But Martin realized at an early stage that the culprit was a senior diplomat. He doggedly pursued the investigation, and was only foiled when Maclean defected.

After the defections, Martin pressed the management of MI5 to sanction urgent inquiries into the whole complex network of Communist infiltrations of Cambridge in the 1930s. But his requests for permission to interview the numerous members of the Philby, Burgess, and Maclean social circles were mostly refused. For two years he struggled against this woeful policy, until finally he went to see the Director-General, Dick White, and told him that he intended to resign and take a job with the new Australian Security Intelligence Organization, ASIO.

White, who had a high regard for Martin's abilities, persuaded him to go to Malaya instead, as MI5's Security Liaison Officer, until the climate in D Branch was better. It was, at the time, a vital job, and Martin played a leading role in the successful counterinsurgency campaign in Malaya, but the consequences for counterespionage were disastrous. For most of the decade MI5's most talented, if temperamental, officer was missing.

When Hollis became Director-General in 1956, a new head of D Branch, Martin Furnival Jones, was appointed. Furnival Jones was a lawyer by training, who joined MI5 during the war. On the surface he seemed an orthodox, taciturn man, lacking flair and vigor. But Furnival Jones was easy to underestimate. He had an officer's gift for leadership, and a logical, ordered mind which was surprisingly open to new ideas. But most of all, he possessed a streak of determination, if not ruthlessness, which made him a superb head of counterespionage. He realized that the main problem facing MI5 was the sheer scale of Soviet Bloc intelligence activity in Britain. D1, for instance, had the task of monitoring and working against around 300 Russian intelligence officers. Its total staff was eleven, of whom four were secretaries. We were swamped, never knowing whether we were chasing spies or shadows.

One of his first decisions was to bring Arthur Martin back from the wilderness of Leconfield House, first as D2, in charge of Czech and Polish affairs, and then, in 1959, as D1, responsible for Soviet Counterespionage. Furnival Jones had great admiration for Arthur Martin's skills, and the strength of character to get the best out of him, despite his sometimes truculent manner. Arthur Martin moved quickly to restore D1's emphasis on active counterespionage investigation, and he instinctively grasped the importance of new techniques like RAFTER, having worked in signals intelligence during the war. For the first time, I found someone with seniority who listened sympathetically and acted on my ideas for change. We quickly became close friends. We formed a Resources Index in A Branch, recording anyone and anything which could be of use to MI5. Forms were sent around the office, asking for entries, and over a period of months we built up an index so that a case officer who required, for instance, a nurse, or a plumber, or access to a particular company's files, or a lock-up garage, could consult the index, rather than having to spend time obtaining the resource from scratch.

We made radical changes in the order-of-battle approach, bringing in Movements Analysis, an idea which Terry Guernsey, the RCMP head of counterespionage, first began. This involved logging all known movements of Soviet Embassy personnel to build up an overall picture of their activities. Through this, it was possible to gain important intelligence about the identities of likely KGB officers.

But the most radical changes were made in the Operations section, which was dominated by a brilliant agent runner and investigator, Michael McCaul. Martin and McCaul put the section on a war footing. Even though our forces were so much smaller than the Russians', we went on the offensive, changing our tactics, and aiming to disrupt the KGB, who were accustomed to the utter predictability of our approach. Some of the schemes were madcap, like the operation to pickpocket all known KGB officers on the streets of London, in the hope that scraps of intelligence might be gleaned. It didn't work, but it made the Russians feel they were under attack for the first time in years. Other changes were much more significant. The Soviet émigré networks, undoubtedly the most penetrated of all, were rolled up. The double-agent cases were run much more aggressively. Case officers accompanied double agents to meetings with their KGB controller, and warned the KGB man that if he was caught recruiting British nationals again, he would be reported to the Foreign Office and expelled. McCaul and his men began to make brazen attempts to recruit KGB men. We never succeeded, but the change of tactic was enough, we hoped, to sow the seeds of doubt in Kensington Park Gardens.

McCaul implemented these new tactics brilliantly. On one occasion, a technician who worked in a Royal Ordnance Factory, making a new Bofors shell, told MI5 that he had been approached by a KGB officer and asked to provide a sample of the new shell. McCaul arranged for a dummy shell to be made up and filled with sand so that it felt as if it were full of explosive. As soon as the double agent handed over the shell in a South London park, McCaul pounced from the bushes. He told the Russian that he was in serious trouble, and flagrantly in possession of a piece of Top Secret British military equipment. He would certainly be declared persona non grata. KGB officers feared expulsion. For one thing they lost the perks of overseas service, but more important, it represented a failure, and any failure automatically made them suspect in the eyes of their own counterintelligence officers. The KGB man began to shake uncontrollably, as McCaul conjured up visions of a burly London policeman carting the hapless Russian off to some secret dungeon for a spot of torture.

"Don't shake the shell, for Christ's sake," he shouted, "you'll trigger the fuse!"

The Russian dropped the shell to the ground and sprinted out of the park as if pursued by the furies. The next day he was on the plane home.

In fact, the Foreign Office was notoriously reluctant to give support. Numerous times we sent forward recommendations to expel Russians we caught recruiting or running agents, but the Foreign Office Northern Department, responsible for Anglo-Soviet relations, more often than not vetoed our case. Occasionally I attended these Northern Department meetings to give technical briefings on what the particular Russian diplomat had been doing. They always followed a set pattern. The MI6 contingent would object to expulsion, fearing a reprisal in Moscow. Then the Foreign Office would weigh in with a sermon about the importance of not disrupting pending arms control negotiations, or jeopardizing an imminent trade deal. Courtney Young turned to me on one occasion as we emerged from the ornate committee room and muttered:

"I've never seen such a hotbed of cold feet!"

The lack of Foreign Office support meant we had to rely on less orthodox methods of warning off the Soviets. Around this time we received a spate of reports from Watchers detailing approaches to them by Russians. One Watcher described how a KGB officer came up to him in a pub and handed him an envelope containing a large quantity of money, and tried to talk him into providing information about his MI5 work.

Michael McCaul decided that direct action was needed. He telephoned the Chief KGB Resident in his office in the Soviet Embassy, and asked for an appointment, using his cover name Macauley, which was well known to the Russians. He strode into the Embassy as bold as brass, and warned the Russians against any further approaches to the Watchers, making dire threats of diplomatic interventions which, in reality, were unlikely ever to have been sanctioned. McCaul was highly amused by his trip into the lion's den. The Resident made him lavishly welcome and they took afternoon tea together under a giant aspidistra. The Russian doubted that any of his staff could be so indelicate as to engage in espionage on foreign soil, but agreed to look into the matter in case one of the staff had, perhaps, been a little overzealous.

"Perhaps the British Security authorities have made a mistake," he suggested. "The business has become so crowded these days. So many countries, so many embassies, so many diplomats. Sometimes it is difficult to be sure who is working for whom . . ."

There were no more approaches to the Watchers.

In the summer of 1959, just as things began to improve in D Branch, the Tisler case came alive again, clouding our minds with doubt and confusion. It began when the young male nurse, whose recruitment led to the chase for the GRUFF signal in Clapham, was suddenly reactivated. His Russian controller handed him a suitcase, and asked him to store it at home. Inside the suitcase was an old World War II radio set, which made us immediately suspect the whole thing was another game designed to lure us out of London. But we had no definite proof that the Russians knew we had turned the nurse, so we decided to follow it up. D1 placed continuous Watcher coverage on the nurse's house in the Midlands, and all Watcher activity closed down in London. I arranged for Watcher headquarters to continue to transmit notification of Russians and Czechoslovakians leaving Kensington Park Gardens, so they would think we were still following them.

Thirty-six hours after the Watchers left London, the Russian receiver monitoring their communications closed down. As soon as Tony Sale told me, I was highly suspicious, remembering the inconclusiveness of the previous tests after the Tisler affair. Six weeks later we returned to London convinced the suitcase was bogus, and I mounted a special RAFTER operation to check when the Russians reactivated their receiver.

No Russians were followed on the first Monday morning, and we opened up at 2:30 in the afternoon on a Czech diplomat. Within half an hour the Russian receiver was reactivated on the Watcher frequency. I took the RAFTER printouts to Furnival Jones and Hollis. Here, for the first time, was a firm indication that a human source existed inside MI5. Hollis and Furnival Jones were visibly shocked by the information. The recent Russian approaches to Watchers, which we thought had been terminated following McCaul's visit to the Embassy, confirmed Hollis in his view that, if a leak existed, it must be in the Watcher service. More barium-meal tests were done to try to locate the source, but nothing was found. As 1959 drew to a close there was a growing feeling among the few officers who knew about Tisler's allegation that the issue ought to be resolved once and for all, even if it meant more extensive investigations. In December I was called in by Hollis, who told me that he intended closing down the Watcher inquiries.

"I am sure our original Tisler conclusions were correct," he told me, "and I think we should let the matter lie."

He was courteous, but firm. I thought the time had come to bring the worries into the open.

"I do think, sir, we would be advised to widen our inquiries. The leak may be higher up in the Service."

Hollis made no obvious reaction.

"It's a very delicate issue, Peter," he replied smoothly. "It would have a terrible effect on morale in the service."

"Not necessarily, sir. I think you would find out that most officers would welcome something being done. After all, if we have a penetration, particularly one at a relatively high level, most people have been wasting their time."

"It's simply not practical," he replied, his tone hardening.

I pointed out that there was already an investigations section of

D1, which could quite easily accommodate the work. Hollis finally bridled.

"I am not prepared to debate the issue," he snapped, "and I simply cannot accept any course of action which would lead to the establishment of a privileged Gestapo in the office."

He scrawled "No further action" on the file and initialed it off, signaling our meeting was over. The cancer was left to grow.

10

"SNIPER SAYS THE RUSSIANS HAVE GOT TWO VERY IMPORTANT SPIES in Britain: one in British Intelligence, the other somewhere in the Navy."

It was April 1959, and a CIA officer, Harry Roman, was briefing a group of MI5 and MI6 officers, in the fourth-floor conference room of MI6's Broadway headquarters, about a high-grade defector. Sniper was an anonymous source who earlier in the year began sending letters to the CIA, written in German, detailing information about Polish and Soviet intelligence operations.

"He's almost certainly in the UB [the Polish Intelligence Service]," said Roman. "His German's odd, and the Polish stuff is Grade 1 from the inside."

Sniper (who was given the MI5 code name LAVINIA) christened his spies Lambda 1 and Lambda 2. There was little to go on with Lambda 2, beyond the fact that he served in Warsaw in 1952 and was blackmailed into espionage after the UB discovered his activities in the black market. Lambda 1, however, looked more hopeful. Sniper gave enough details in one of his letters to enable us to identify three MI6 documents he had seen.

The first was the "Watch List" for Poland, detailing Polish nationals the Warsaw MI6 station considered possible or desirable targets for recruitment approaches. The second document was the Polish section of the MI6 "R6," an annual report circulated to MI6 stations, summarizing, country by country and region by region, the straight intelligence received by MI6. The third document was a part of the "RB," the annual MI6 report circulated to stations abroad, detailing the latest MI6 scientific and technical research and operations.

Berlin and Warsaw were the most probable MI6 stations where the leak of this vital intelligence had taken place, and we drew up a list of the ten people at these stations who had access to all three documents. The records of all ten were investigated, and all were exonerated, including one named George Blake, a rising young MI6 officer who had played a key role in the Berlin Tunnel. Blake, MI5 and MI6 concluded, could not possibly be a spy. The best explanation for the leak, in the absence of any credible human candidate, was a burglary of an MI6 station safe in Brussels, which had taken place two years before. Unfortunately, there was no accurate record of the contents of the safe before the burglary. There was evidence that one, and possibly two, of the documents seen by Sniper had been in the safe, but no certainty that all three had been there. In spring 1960, when all ten MI6 officers had been cleared, MI5 and MI6 officially told the Americans that the burglary was the source of Sniper's Lambda 1.

In March 1960, Sniper suddenly sent further information about Lambda 2. His name was something like Huiton, and Sniper thought he had been taken over and run illegally by the Russians when he returned to London to work in Naval Intelligence. Only one man fitted Sniper's description: Harry Houghton, who was working in the Underwater Weapons Establishment at Portland, Dorset, and had served in Warsaw in 1952 before joining Naval Intelligence. When Houghton was checked in the MI5 Registry, D Branch found, to their consternation, that he was already listed. Some years before, Houghton's wife had approached the security officer at Portland and told him that her husband had deserted her for a girl who worked at the base. She had claimed that Houghton was meeting with foreigners, went regularly to London to meet a foreigner whom she could not identify, and had large amounts of money stored in a tin in the garden shed.

The security officer forwarded the report to the Admiralty Security Division, advising that it was probably a malicious accusation by a deserted wife. The Admiralty passed it on to MI5's C Branch, where it landed on the desk of a young officer named Duncum Wagh. He looked up Houghton in the Registry, found no entry, and concluded that the original security officer's assessment had been right. He decided to dismiss the allegation. He minuted the file to his C Branch section head, who sent a suitable reply to Portland, and the matter was put to rest.

Hollis and Furnival Jones (who was head of C Branch at the appropriate time) were desperately embarrassed by the revelation that Houghton was the likely spy. But there was little time for recrimination, as the case swiftly gathered momentum. The investigation was handled by the Polish section, D2, and they soon discovered that Houghton visited London once a month with his girlfriend, Ethel Gee. The Watchers were detailed to cover Houghton's July visit, and they saw him meet a man in the Waterloo Road, hand over a carrier bag, and receive an envelope in return. All attention immediately focused on the man Houghton had met. He was followed back to his car, a white Studebaker, and visually identified by the Watchers as a Polish intelligence officer stationed in London. But checks on the car registration number showed it to belong to a Canadian named Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, who ran a business leasing jukebox machines. The Watchers were sent around to the Polish Embassy to recheck on the Polish officer, and returned sheepishly, saying they had made a mistake.

Lonsdale was put under intensive surveillance. He had an office in Wardour Street, and a flat in the White House, near Regent's Park. Both were bugged, and visual observation posts established nearby. To all intents and purposes, he lived the life of a London playboy, traveling abroad frequently and pursuing a succession of glamorous girls attracted by his easy money and good looks.

Houghton and Gee next visited London at the beginning of August, and again met Lonsdale, this time in a café near the Old Vic theater. The Watchers monitored them closely, even slipping into a table next to them. Lonsdale told Houghton and Gee that there would be no meeting in September, as he was visiting the USA on business, but that he was confident he would return in time to meet them on the first Sunday in October. If he did not appear, someone else they knew would come in his place.

On August 27 Lonsdale was followed from his flat on the sixth floor of the White House to the Midland Bank in Great Portland Street, where he deposited a suitcase and a brown paper parcel. Shortly after, he disappeared. The DG approached the Chairman of the Midland Bank, and obtained permission to open Lonsdale's safety deposit box. On the evening of Monday, September 5, the suitcase and package were removed from the bank and taken over to the MI5 laboratory at St. Paul's. The contents were spread out on a trestle table and carefully examined by Hugh Winterborn and me. After years of trying, we had stumbled across the real thing—the complete toolbag of the professional spy. There was a Minox and a Praktina, specialist miniature cameras for document copying. The Minox contained an exposed film, which we developed and recopied before replacing in the camera. The photographs seemed innocuous enough: snaps of Lonsdale and a smiling woman taken in a city which, after considerable analysis, we concluded was probably Prague. There was also a book on how to learn typewriting, which I knew at once must be connected with secret writing. By shining a narrow beam of horizontal light along the edges of each page, I picked out the minute indentations, where Lonsdale had used the pages as a carbon for his invisible secret messages. The typewriting book was sent down to Dr. Frank Morgan at AWRE, and became invaluable in boosting his research program into new methods of detecting secret writing.

The most interesting object was a Ronson cigarette lighter set in a wooden bowl. We X-rayed the lighter using Morgan's method, which showed the base to be hollow, containing several small items. They were removed with a rubber suction cup and tweezers, and were found to be two sets of miniature one-time code pads, one of which was clearly in current use. There was also a list of map references on a folded piece of paper, based on the London map book used by our Watchers.

Ever since RAFTER began, I had studied everything I could find about Soviet clandestine radio communications, and as soon as I saw Lonsdale's cipher pads, I could identify them as Soviet issue. This was no Polish intelligence officer—this was a full-blown KGB operation. With Lonsdale in radio communication with Moscow, we knew that if we could copy his pads and trace his signals, we would be able to decrypt them as they came in. Unfortunately, there were in Lonsdale's suitcase no signal plans giving a schedule of when and at what frequency to listen to his broadcasts among the thousands of messages which were pouring out every week from Moscow. RAFTER gave us the vital breakthrough. We decided to set up in the flat next door to Lonsdale in the White House, and by using active RAFTER, we would be able to tell when and at what frequency he was listening to his receiver.

Copying the code pads without arousing Lonsdale's suspicions was much more difficult. Without access to each sheet of the pads we would be unable to decipher his traffic. I knew from the Radiations Operations Committee that the Swiss intelligence service had recently found an abandoned KGB one-time pad, so I arranged for MI6 to ask the Swiss if they would be prepared to allow us to borrow it. They agreed, and I drove out to London Airport to meet the RAF plane which flew it over specially for us. The Swiss pad was very similar to Lonsdale's; each edge was covered with a thin film of glue to hold the pages together. We took it apart, and analyzed the glue. It was non-Western, but the Post Office technicians were confident they could make some up.

We went into the bank again on the evening of Saturday, September 17, removed the suitcase, and took it to St. Paul's. The pads were delicately taken apart and each page individually photographed. Then the originals were placed in a specially made jig, which held them tightly together so we could recoat the edges with our newly made-up glue solution. In the early hours of Sunday morning, we took the suitcase back to the bank, and waited for Lonsdale to return.

A few days later, I received a call from Tony Sale. He sounded distinctly agitated.

"There's something you ought to see. Some of the LIONSBEARD recording . . ."

LIONSBEARD was the code name given to the continuous RAFTER operation on the Russian Embassy. I took a taxi to Kensington Park Gardens, and ducked into our safe house on the next street. Tony Sale met me in the hall, and handed over a sheet of the LIONSBEARD needle printout.

"Any idea what that is?" he asked, pointing to two sudden bursts of receiver activity inside the Embassy in September.

"What dates are these?"

"Seems to be September 6, which was a Tuesday, and the other one is last Sunday—that's the 18th," he replied.

"Good God," I gasped, "they're the dates of the bank operations!"

Watchers had been used lightly during both operations to remove Lonsdale's suitcase from the bank. With a mixture of panic and despair, I took the printouts back to Leconfield House, and tabulated the exact times the Russian receiver was operating against A4's records of Watcher operations. The LIONSBEARD readings matched the A4 records perfectly. The Russians must have guessed we were onto Lonsdale.

I called for all the LIONSBEARD records, going back two and a half years, and laboriously checked through them all to see if there were other examples where the Russians had used their receivers in the middle of a Saturday or a Monday night. There was not a single occasion, other than these two, where the Russians listened between the hours of midnight to 5 A.M.

I took the material to Furnival Jones, and we went straight up to Hollis' office. He took the news calmly, and agreed the evidence of a leak looked strong. He instructed Furnival Jones to begin another urgent investigation into the Watcher service, and in view of the fact that Lonsdale was almost certainly a KGB illegal, transferred control of the case from D2 (Czechs and Poles) to Arthur Martin in D1 (Soviet Counterespionage).

On the face of it, Lonsdale's departure abroad provided the best test as to whether our suspicions were well founded. We all agreed that if he stayed away, it would prove he knew we were onto him. If he came back, it would indicate we were in the clear. Lonsdale had told Houghton he would try to get back for their meeting on October 1. Tension began to rise inside Leconfield House, as Furnival Jones' Watcher investigations once more drew a blank. Houghton traveled to London, but no one turned up to meet him. Even Furnival Jones seemed visibly shaken as the days ticked by without any sign of Lonsdale. Then, on October 17, our observation post opposite Lonsdale's office in Wardour Street identified him entering the building. The doubt and suspicion, which had been growing in intensity, melted away as we threw our energies into the hunt.

Lonsdale soon picked up his old life, running his jukebox business, meeting Houghton, and dating a great variety of attractive girls. He was not due to repossess his flat in the White House until early November, but where he was staying was a mystery. Every night he left his offices in Wardour Street and headed westward. Arthur and I laid down strict controls on the Watcher operations after Lonsdale's return. We were determined there would be no more mistakes. Overt watching was prohibited, and strict radio silence was imposed on all operations. Jim Skardon exploded at this apparent intrusion into his empire. He was not indoctrinated for RAFTER, and could not understand why radios were prohibited. He complained to Furnival Jones but was told firmly that there were good reasons for the new policy.

Arthur and I realized it would be impossible to follow a trained and experienced intelligence officer like Lonsdale for any distance without alerting him to the fact, so we devised a new semistatic technique. Every night a team of Watchers picked him up and followed for a short distance, before peeling off. The next day Lonsdale was picked up by a new set of Watchers where the previous team had given up the chase, and followed another short distance, and so on, at successively increasing distance from his Wardour Street office. The whole operation took two weeks, and we even employed wives and volunteers from the office to supplement the Watcher staff so we never used the same faces twice. Eventually we tracked Lonsdale to 45 Cranleigh Gardens, Ruislip, in West London. Lonsdale was evidently staying with the occupants of the small house, Peter and Helen Kroger, a New Zealand couple who ran a small bookshop specializing in Americana antique books. We set up a static observation post in the house opposite, and waited, confident that none of the occupants knew of our presence.

In mid-November Lonsdale moved back into his flat in the White House, collecting his suitcase from the Midland Bank shortly beforehand. We immediately arranged for a GCHQ technician, Arthur Spencer, to move into the flat next door to begin our RAFTER operations. For the next three months Spencer scarcely set foot outside the tiny flat. We installed a noncontact tap on the mains supply feeding Lonsdale's receiver which was connected to a silent buzzer. The buzzer was worn as an earpiece by Spencer, so that even if Lonsdale used his radio set during the night, the buzzer would alert him. Whenever the buzzer sounded, Spencer tuned the RAFTER receivers, found the frequency Lonsdale was listening to, and alerted GCHQ Palmer Street. Palmer Street then relayed the signal down to GCHQ in Cheltenham. There, using our copy of Lonsdale's one-time pad, a GCHQ cryptanalyst named Bill Collins decrypted the message, and relayed it back up to London to Arthur and me in Leconfield House via an enciphered telex link.

The first time Lonsdale received a message, Bill Collins was unable to decipher it. There was no indicator group in the traffic. An indicator group is a group en clair, in other words a group from the one-time pad with no coded additive. The recipient uses this to position the message on the pad at the right place, so it can be deciphered. (After Lonsdale was arrested we discovered that the indicator group was in fact enciphered, using his real date of birth.)

Arthur and I began to wonder if, perhaps, Lonsdale realized his pads were compromised, and was using a new set brought back with him from abroad. The only thing we could do was burgle his flat and check inside the lighter again, to see if the pads had been used. Winterborn and I went in on a day when Lonsdale went to Suffolk for his jukebox business. It was a small flat, rather depressingly spartan, with barely space for more than a bed. We opened the lighter; the pads were still there, and new pages had been torn away, so they were obviously still in use. When I looked carefully I realized that Lonsdale had used more lines than were needed to encipher the message he had received from Moscow. When the message was stepped down the pad by the number of excess lines, the message read satisfactorily.

For the next two months we successfully monitored Lonsdale's biweekly messages from Moscow. Most of them concerned "the Shah," the KGB cryptonym for Houghton. Lonsdale was given specific instructions on how to handle him, which questions to ask, and what documents he should attempt to procure from Portland. But other messages were personal, containing family news about his wife and children back in Russia. They wanted him home after five years' undercover service.

On Monday, January 2, Hollis chaired a full review of the case. Arthur argued strongly that we should allow the case to run on. He felt instinctively that Lonsdale was too valuable an illegal to be running simply the one spy, Houghton. We still knew very little about the Krogers, and their house at 45 Cranleigh Gardens, beyond that fact that shortly after Lonsdale went to stay, high-grade Chubbs and window locks were fitted to the house, including the access to the roof. For all we knew, Lonsdale might be only one part of a much larger network. Furnival Jones and I supported Arthur, and Hollis agreed to approach the Admiralty (whose secrets Houghton was betraying) to ask permission to leave Houghton unmolested for a further three months. The Admiralty agreed, and Arthur decided to minimize any further risk by running the case on without any form of physical surveillance, relying simply on our interception of Lonsdale's radio traffic to lead us to further spies.

Two days later our plan was rudely shattered. A sealed message was delivered to Hollis by Cleve Cram, the CIA officer assigned to the American Embassy in London for liaison with MI5. The message warned MI5 that Sniper had informed the CIA that he intended defecting to the United States on the following day, January 5. Once again, we convened in Hollis' office. There was really only one course of action: Houghton, Lonsdale, and presumably also the Krogers would all be blown by the defection. We had to arrest them before they were withdrawn. Fortunately, Houghton was due for his January meeting with Lonsdale on the Saturday, January 7, and we also knew that Lonsdale was due to receive his radio message early that morning, so we would know if Moscow sent him a warning.

Arranging the arrests was a prodigious feat of logistics, and for the next three days I barely slept. Charles Elwell, Houghton's case officer, was sent to Portland, ready to search Houghton's premises as soon as he was given word the arrests were successfully accomplished. Bill Collins came up from Cheltenham and based himself in Palmer Street, ready to decrypt Lonsdale's message the instant it came through. The Special Branch were put on standby outside Lonsdale's flat, ready to make an immediate arrest if the Moscow message sent him scurrying for cover.

On the Friday night Arthur and I gathered in the third-floor operations room in Leconfield House, ready for the all-night vigil. It was a small office, painted a ghastly Civil Service brown. It could have been a prison cell. A metal-framed bed ran along one wall. A small table stood in the middle. Cables trailed across the floor in thick, tangled bunches. Telephones linked us to Special Branch headquarters, to GCHQ, and to the DG, and a small speaker relayed to us every sound inside Lonsdale's flat in the White House.

Arthur sat hunched over the table, chain-smoking. Hugh Winterborn was tense and excited, and said very little. Furnival Jones was there too, with his shoes off, reclining on the bed in his braces. Although he was the Director of D Branch, he felt a strong loyalty to the troops, and was determined to see it through with us. He even went to the pub in Shepherd's Market and brought us back sandwiches. We drank Scotch through the small hours, as the ashtrays filled up.

We listened as Lonsdale returned late from a carefree evening on the town. He was with a girl. I discreetly muted the volume as the sound of their passionate lovemaking filtered through to us. When it was all quiet in the flat, I asked Arthur how long he thought Lonsdale would serve in prison.

"Fifteen at least," he replied.

Hugh Winterborn looked troubled. He was a religious man, and found no joy in the thought of a man's life ruined. I poured myself another drink.

"I can't help thinking of his wife and kids . . ." I said lamely. They knew what I meant. They had seen the intercepts of Lonsdale's messages, as I had: the talk of home, and family hardships, and birthdays, and children who missed their father. Lonsdale, for all his professionalism, was a very human spy. Like many men away on business, he was homesick, and sought solace in the company of other women.

"It's not as if he's a traitor . . . not like Houghton. He's just doing his job like us."

"That's enough!" Furnival Jones flashed angrily from the bed. "He went into this with his eyes wide open. He could have come as a diplomat. He knew what the risks were. He deserves everything he gets!"

I stayed silent. But the thought was there inside us all. We had seen almost too much of Lonsdale over the past two months.

Toward morning Lonsdale woke the girl up, and persuaded her to leave. He said he had urgent business to attend to, which in a way was true. When she left we heard him pull out his radio set, and prepare his pads to receive the message from Moscow. The radio crackled for a few minutes, and Lonsdale's pencil scratched out the decrypt. We could tell there was no warning from the way he sauntered into the bathroom, singing jauntily to himself in Russian. A few minutes later the green telephone rang, and Bill Collins gave us the text of the message over a scrambled line. It was a routine report: more talk of the family, more news from home. There was no warning or alarm.

Special Branch were told to prepare to make the arrest as Lonsdale received his package from Houghton that afternoon. At five the Special Branch line rang.

"Last Act is finished!" said a voice. Last Act was Lonsdale's code name. His prison performance was about to begin.

Hugh Winterborn went straight over to the White House to search Lonsdale's flat, while Arthur and I waited for news of the Krogers' arrest. At seven, tired but elated, we drove out to Ruislip in my car. By the time we reached Cranleigh Gardens, the place was in chaos. Police were everywhere, searching the house almost at random. I tried to take control, but it was useless. Arthur vainly protested as a detective took out a plastic bag containing chemicals.

"Sorry, sir, I am afraid it's evidence," said the policeman. "It's a criminal matter now, and if you boys want to see it, you'll have to go through the channels . . ."

The police operation was led by Detective Superintendent George Smith of the Special Branch, a man renowned inside MI5 for his powers of self-promotion. Before the arrests, we stressed to Smith that we needed a forty-eight-hour blackout on any news about the arrests, so that we could monitor the next radio broadcast coming in from Moscow. But within hours word spread around Fleet Street that a major espionage ring had been smashed, and Smith began briefing selected reporters on the role he claimed to have played in the operation. The Moscow broadcast carried no traffic.

Despite the hamfisted search instituted by the police, it was obvious the house was packed full of espionage equipment. Two sets of different cipher pads were hidden in a cigarette lighter similar to the one used by Lonsdale. There were signal plans for three separate types of transmissions from Moscow, secret-writing material, and facilities to make microdots. Mrs. Kroger had even tried to destroy the contents of her handbag, containing details of meetings with spies, by flushing them down the toilet, but a vigilant woman PC stopped her. The most interesting find of all was a signal plan for special high-speed transmissions from Moscow. Hidden in a cookery jar we found a bottle of magnetic iron oxide used to print out the Morse from the high-speed message onto a tape, so that it could be read without being transferred onto a sophisticated tape recorder and slowed down. It was a new technique, and explained why we had failed to detect any transmissions to the Kroger house in the months before the arrests.

Toward the end of the evening the police began to vacate, leaving us to search among the debris, under the watchful eyes of a couple of young constables. We searched the house for nine days. On the last day we located the transmitter. It was hidden in a cavity under the kitchen floor, along with cameras and other radio equipment. Everything was carefully concealed in moisture-resistant sealed packages, and the whole system had obviously been designed to be stored for a considerable length of time.

On the following Wednesday, Hollis called everyone together in his office, and congratulated them on the triumph. The new D Branch team under Martin Furnival Jones and Arthur Martin had faced its stiffest test, and completely outplayed the Russians for the first time since Maxwell Knight smashed the Woolwich Arsenal Ring in 1938. The key to the Lonsdale success, as with the ENGULF and STOCKADE achievements, lay in the new techniques which I had worked to develop with GCHQ and AWRE. RAFTER and the X-raying and copying of the code pads enabled MI5 to run the case from a position of strength. I was intensely proud of the capture of the ring; for the first time I had played a major role in a counterespionage case, and shown the MI5 management what was possible. As a result, it was acknowledged that the workload passing through the Radiations Operations Committee was simply too great, and it was separated into two distinct units. Clan handled all clandestine operations against cipher targets here and abroad, while Counterclan controlled all the counterespionage side of ROC, such as RAFTER.

Hollis asked me to produce a detailed report, showing the role played in the Lonsdale case by the new techniques, with a view to encouraging similar approaches to counterespionage in the future. I began by paying a visit to the Old Bailey, where Lonsdale, the Krogers, Houghton, and Gee were on trial. The latter pair looked pasty-faced, flicking glances around the wood-paneled courtroom from the dock.

Lonsdale and the Krogers appeared completely unmoved by the proceedings. The Krogers occasionally whispered to each other, or passed notes; Lonsdale said nothing until the end, when he gave a short speech claiming the Krogers knew nothing about his activities. The Krogers were soon identified by the Americans as Morris and Lona Cohen, wanted by the FBI in connection with the Rosenberg nuclear espionage case. This was more than a little embarrassing for me; months before the arrests I saw Al Belmont of the FBI in Washington and briefed him on the progress of the case. He wondered then if the Krogers might turn out to be the Cohens. But I had not taken his offhand suggestion seriously, and failed to make a check. Lonsdale's identity proved much more of a mystery, and it was a year before we positively identified him as Konan Trofimovich Molodi, the son of a well-known Soviet scientist, and an experienced KGB officer who assumed the identity of Gordon Lonsdale, a long-deceased Finnish Canadian, in 1955.

I began my analysis of the Lonsdale case by asking GCHQ to provide me with files of any known Soviet espionage case, like the Lonsdale case, which had involved clandestine radio broadcasts. They produced leaflets, around a hundred in all, listing first the details of the agent under consideration—when he started and finished, what his targets were, which service he worked for, and so forth; they then produced a detailed summary of the agent's signal plans, and finally lists of the traffic that he received from the Soviet Union, including the numbers of messages, their group counts, details of the cipher systems used, and dates when they were changed.

I organized this mass of material into KGB and GRU categories, and secondly into types of agent—singletons, sleepers, illegal spies actively running one or more sources, and so forth. I found, to my astonishment, that changes in the radio traffic mirrored the different types of agent. For instance, by looking at the operational radio procedures, such as the types of call signs used, it was possible to tell whether the spy was of KGB or GRU origin. Similarly, by analyzing the group counts and the lengths of the messages, it was possible to tell what type of spy was receiving the traffic. For instance, the singleton sleeper received very little traffic, the GRU singleton not much more, while the KGB singleton received a quite considerable volume. The KGB illegal resident, the most important spy of all, always took the greatest amount of traffic—generally between five hundred and a thousand groups a month.

I soon began to realize that the Lonsdale case was utterly different from any other single case among the hundreds I had studied. No other case had so many different forms of communications, some duplicated, and some even triplicated. Yet there was apparently only one spy—Houghton—serviced by the whole Lonsdale/Kroger apparatus. He was an important spy, it was true, with access to vital details about British and American submarine-detection systems. But why involve the Krogers? Why not just use Lonsdale?

Even at face value, it seemed unlikely that other spies would not have been involved in the ring. The Krogers were located in Ruislip, close to American Air Force installations, while Lonsdale, we discovered, had earlier studied at the School of Oriental Studies, on a course commonly used by British military officers and MI6 trainees.

Lonsdale was certainly the illegal resident in Britain, and I carefully tabulated the communications he received from Moscow after he returned to Britain in October. He averaged 300–350 groups per month. Yet in each of the other illegal cases I studied, the resident received 500–1000 groups a month, and generally closer to the higher figure. Where was Lonsdale's missing traffic? Lonsdale had a three-character call sign which included a figure 1 if the broadcast carried traffic, and omitted the figure 1 if it was a dummy stream. I asked GCHQ whether they could find any messages similar in length to those we knew Lonsdale received after October, for the period preceding his departure in August. After considerable search GCHQ found what is called a "continuity," which went back six years, to roughly the time when Lonsdale entered Britain.

The average group count of this continuity was in the correct range of 500–1000 groups per month, and it ceased suddenly in August 1960, at the same time Lonsdale returned to Moscow. Of course, without the pads, we could not read any of the messages, but if, as seemed likely, this was Lonsdale's original traffic, the question remained: why did it suddenly diminish when he came back?

I turned my attention to the Krogers' communications. These were the most baffling of all. Most of them were for their use, yet they appeared not to be running any spies at all—merely acting as support for Lonsdale. But some of the communications were clearly being stored by the Krogers for Lonsdale. The pads, for instance, hidden like Lonsdale's in a cigarette lighter, were almost certainly his. I calculated up the group counts on the pads. The total was equivalent to the groups missing from Lonsdale's traffic after his return in October. The Russians, it seemed, had split Lonsdale's traffic when he came back, leaving the Shah (Houghton) on the channel we could read, and placing his other communications, perhaps containing his other spies, onto a secure channel with the Krogers, and using their high-speed transmitter, which we could not detect, to send any messages he needed.

This apparent alteration in radio procedures suggested that Lonsdale knew, in some way or other, that the messages he was receiving from Moscow in the White House, using the pads in the cigarette lighter, were compromised. But why, if he feared that, not just use new pads? And why, if the Russians feared he was compromised, was he sent back at all?

I began to analyze the sequence of events over the weekend of the arrests. I had arranged a continuous coverage of the Russian Embassy diplomatic transmitters from the Friday before the arrests until midday Monday. The last Embassy transmission took place at 11 A.M. on the Saturday morning, well before the arrests, and the next was not until 9 A.M. on the Monday morning. So, although a major espionage ring had been smashed, the Russians apparently made no contact at all with Moscow. This beggared belief, unless, of course, the Russians already knew we were about to lift them.

I checked what we knew about the movements of known Soviet intelligence officers in London over that weekend. On the Sunday night, when news of the arrests first broke on the television bulletins, an illegal KGB resident, Korovin, and Karpekov, the KGB legal deputy resident, had dinner together. Our probe microphones picked up every part of their conversation. We heard them listen to the news. They made no comment, and no move to contact the Embassy.

I then looked at the beginnings of the case, and made a shattering discovery which convinced me that the case must have been blown to the Russians. In its early stages, the case was handled by D2 when it was suspected that Lonsdale was Polish. Checking the records, I discovered that D2 were not indoctrinated into RAFTER. They had no knowledge of the fact that the Russians were listening to our Watcher radios, and therefore, prior to the case's being handed over to Arthur, they used Watchers on each of the seventeen occasions they followed Lonsdale in July and August.

Ever since the beginning of LIONSBEARD, all Watcher communications were recorded by MI5 and retained, so I organized a test. I gave Evelyn McBarnet, who worked with Arthur as a research officer, the tape of the Watcher communications during the day that D2 followed Lonsdale to the bank for the first time. I also gave her a London street map book, similar to that used by the Watchers, and asked her to mark out the route she thought the Watchers were following, based solely in listening to their radio communications. Evelyn McBarnet was not experienced in traffic analysis, and had no previous access to the case, but within three and a half hours, she reconstructed the movements flawlessly. If she could do it, the Russians, who had been analyzing our Watcher communications for years, were certainly capable of it too. They must have known from the beginning that we were onto Lonsdale.

By the time I was writing my report, Sniper was safely in a CIA safe house near Washington, where he identified himself as an officer in the Polish Intelligence Service named Michael Goleniewski. One fragment of his story seemed devastating in the context of the thread of ambiguity which ran through the Lonsdale case. He told the CIA that in the last week of July a senior officer in the UB told him the Russians knew there was a "pig" (a spy) in the organization. Goleniewski said that initially he was deputed to assist in the search for the spy, but eventually, by Christmas, realized that he himself was falling under suspicion, so he defected.

"The last week in July." I read the CIA account of Sniper's debriefing. It stared out at me from the page. It seemed so innocuous a phrase. I checked back. Lonsdale was first seen by MI5 meeting Houghton on July 2. He was positively identified on the 11th. We began following him on the 17th. Allow a week for the news to filter through to the Russians. A day to get across to the UB. That takes you to the last week in July!

The Lonsdale report was the most painful document I have ever written. My triumph turned to ashes before my eyes. I remember going off sailing in the Blackwater estuary, near my home in Essex, the weekend before submitting it in May 1961. The clouds scudded across the flat landscape, the wind filling my lungs and cleansing my mind of stress and turmoil. But no matter how I turned the boat, no matter how I adjusted the rigging, I came down to the same conclusion. They knew we were onto Lonsdale from the beginning; they had withdrawn him, and then sent him back. But why?

There was only one explanation which covered all the inconsistencies of the case: a leak. If the Russians possessed a source inside MI5, he would alert them to the existence of Sniper, which would explain why pressure mounted on Goleniewski from the last week in July, although of course, like us, the Russians could only guess at Sniper's real identity. That would explain why the Russians knew about our bank operations. Once they realized Lonsdale was blown, the Russians recalled him to Moscow, but once I alerted the management to the LIONSBEARD information, and Furnival Jones began his inquiries, the source would contact the Russians in a panic. The Russians were then faced with a simple choice. Lonsdale, or the MI5 source? The only way of forestalling the hunt inside MI5 was to send Lonsdale back, hoping that he could extract some last intelligence from Houghton before we rounded the ring up. But before sending him back the Russians took the precaution of switching his other spies to alternative secure communications via the Krogers. If this was the case, the Russians had severely misjudged the sophistication of the new D Branch team they were facing. Despite their advantages, we managed to outplay them and capture the Krogers, a significant additional part of the Soviet team. As for the source, it could only be one of a dozen people at the top of MI5. This was no Watcher, or peripheral source. The Russians would never sacrifice anyone as valuable as Lonsdale for a low-level source. The evidence of continuous interference throughout the Lonsdale case pointed much higher up—to the very summit of the organization.

I submitted my report to Furnival Jones in May 1961. He passed my report on to the Deputy Director-General, Graham Mitchell, with a short accompanying minute which read: "It should be borne in mind while reading this analysis, that the Lonsdale case was a personal triumph for Peter Wright."

For months I heard nothing. I sat in on dozens of meetings with Mitchell and Hollis on other matters, and often hung back, expecting that they would call me in to discuss what, at the very least, was a disturbing hypothesis. But there was nothing. No minute, no letter, no threats, no casual conversation. It was as if my report did not exist. Then, in October, I was finally called into Hollis' office late one afternoon. He was sitting at his desk, with Mitchell to one side.

"Graham will handle this discussion, Peter," said Hollis in a distant manner. He fingered my report with evident distaste. I turned to face Mitchell. He was sweating slightly, and avoided looking me in the eye.

"I have read your Lonsdale analysis," he began, "and I am bound to say that a lot of it passes over my head. In my experience espionage has always been a simple business . . ."

I bridled at this.

"I will gladly explain any of the anomalies I have detailed in the report, sir, if that will help. It is often difficult to put technical matters into lay language."

Mitchell went on as if I had made no interruption.

"The simple fact is, we have arrested and convicted three professional Russian illegals—these are the first Russian nationals to be brought before the courts here for generations. We arrest two immensely dangerous spies inside the country's most secret underwater research establishment. By any measure that is success. What on earth is the advantage to the Russians of allowing us to do that?"

I began to plod through the sections of my report, pointing up the ambiguities, and trying hard not to draw any conclusions. But Mitchell attacked every point. How did I know? How could I be sure? The bank could have been a coincidence. The Russians might not have known we were following Lonsdale, even if they did listen to our Watcher radios.

"They're not ten feet tall, you know, Peter!"

I went through the change in radio operations. But Mitchell brushed it aside, saying he was not a statistician.

"You say there were more spies, you speculate that the Russians deliberately sent Lonsdale back. But you've no proof, Peter, that it went like that."

"But you've got no proof, sir, that it went as you think it did. We are both hypothesizing."

"Ah yes," cut in Hollis, "but we have them in prison."

"But for how long, sir? We have faced this problem persistently since Tisler, and every time we leave it, it reemerges . . ."

"The Deputy and I have discussed this whole matter very carefully, and I think you know my feelings on that point."

"So, am I to understand there will be no further investigations?"

"That is correct, and I would be grateful if you could keep this matter entirely confidential. The Service has been tremendously boosted, as you have been too, Peter, by this case, and I should not like to see progress set back by more damaging speculation."

Hollis smiled at me oddly, and began to sharpen a pencil. I stood up abruptly, and left the room.

11

DESPITE THE SECRET DOUBTS EXPRESSED INSIDE MI5 ABOUT THE provenance of the Lonsdale case, it was hailed as an outstanding triumph in American intelligence circles. Never before had an illegal network been monitored while it ran, and there was great interest in Washington in the work of the Radiations Operations Committee, which had coordinated the new range of techniques.

The U.S. National Security Agency (NSA) had already learned about ROC's work from GCHQ, and was envious of the close relationships being forged between GCHQ and her sister clandestine services, MI5 and MI6. However bad the problems had been in Britain, they were infinitely worse in Washington. Hoover vehemently opposed the establishment of the CIA after the war, and maintained open hostility to it throughout the 1950s. The CIA, its senior ranks mostly comprising Ivy League graduates, treated the G-men with arrogant disdain. The only policy which united the two organizations was their shared determination to thwart the NSA wherever possible. They both claimed NSA was an insecure organization, an accusation given substance in 1959, when two NSA cryptanalysts defected to the Soviet Union, betraying vital secrets.

Louis Tordella was the deputy head of NSA, and effectively ran the organization for nearly twenty years. (The head of NSA is a rotating Armed Services appointment.) He knew full well that the real reason for FBI and CIA hostility was resentment at

NSA's control of SIGINT. He knew also that both organizations were busy challenging his monopoly. The CIA had begun its own ultra-secret SIGINT operations, STAFF D, and the FBI were also active in the same field. In May 1960, just as the Lonsdale case was getting under way, Al Belmont visited London, and I took him down to Cheltenham to demonstrate the ENGULF operation against the Egyptian cipher, and the STOCKADE operation against the French cipher, which was in its early stages. Belmont was much impressed, and immediately sent over Dick Millen, who spent a fortnight with me learning the technical details of STOCKADE. Shortly after, the FBI conducted a similar successful operation against the French Embassy cipher machine in Washington.

Tordella wanted desperately to develop a Radiations Operations Committee of his own with NSA in control, and in October 1961 he invited Hugh Alexander, Hugh Denham, Ray Frawley, and me to Washington, along with Christopher Phillpotts, the MI6 Station Chief, for a special conference to discuss the British cipher breakthroughs. He also invited the CIA and FBI in the hope that by listening to our descriptions of the work of ROC, they would appreciate the benefits of closer cooperation.

I realized from the start that this conference was a priceless opportunity for Britain's Secret Services to redeem themselves in the eyes of the entire American intelligence establishment. The CIA was, by 1961, the dominant intelligence voice in Washington, and although powerful figures there viewed the Anglo-American intelligence alliance as a sentimental luxury in an increasingly unsentimental Cold War, I was confident that if we could demonstrate to them at working level the technical advances made since 1956, we would convince them we were worth cultivating.

Hugh Alexander knew, as I did, that we were taking a gamble. There were no guarantees that the Americans would tell us anything in return at the conference; indeed, it was likely they would not. There were obviously security considerations, too. But the potential gains were enormous. At the very least, we could remove the shadow cast over Anglo-American intelligence relations since the Philby/Burgess/Maclean affair. More important than that, Hugh Alexander had plans for developing the cipher-breaking side of ROC, and I for developing the counterespionage side, which would be possible only with the resources and backing of the Americans. As with the development of the atomic bomb in World War II, we needed to persuade the Americans to fund our ideas into reality. In the long run we would gain the benefits, as the intelligence would flow back to us through the GCHQ/NSA exchange agreement.

The conference was held in specially swept rooms inside NSA headquarters at Fort Meade, Maryland—a vast glasshouse surrounded by electric wire fences, and topped with the tangled arthritic stems of hundreds of aerials and receiver dishes, linking it to the hundreds of NSA listening posts dotted around the world. Louis Tordella and his top cryptanalyst, Art Levinson, attended for NSA. The FBI sent Dick Millen and Lish Whitman; the CIA was represented by Jim Angleton and a bull-like man named Bill Harvey, who had recently returned to Washington to run Staff D, after running the Berlin Tunnel operation.

Harvey was already a living legend in the CIA for his hard drinking and his cowboy manners. He began his career handling Soviet counterespionage for the FBI, until Hoover sacked him for drunkenness. He promptly took his invaluable FBI knowledge and put it to work for the fledgling CIA, becoming along with Angleton one of the most influential American operators in the secret war against the KGB. Through most of the 1950s he served in Berlin, running agents, digging tunnels, and taking the battle to the Soviets wherever possible. For him, the Cold War was as real as if it had been hand-to-hand combat. But for all his crude aggression, Harvey was smart, with the nose for a spy. It was he who first fingered Philby in the USA after the defection of Burgess and Maclean. Harvey had amazing recall for the details of defections and cases decades before, and it was he, before anyone else, who put together the contradictory strands of the MI6 man's career. While others paused for doubt, Harvey pursued Philby with implacable vengeance, and the incident left him with a streak of vindictive anti-British sentiment.

The five-day conference began inauspiciously. Tordella was anxious for a free exchange of ideas, and discussed one or two laboratory experiments NSA was conducting into possible ways of breaking embassy ciphers in Washington, remarking pointedly that in view of the FBI charter, they were unable to go beyond the experimental stage. The CIA and FBI boys were uneasily silent, neither wanting to discuss technical developments in front of the other, or the NSA, or in the CIA's case, in front of us. Angleton took copious notes, while Harvey slumped in his chair with ill-concealed hostility, occasionally snoring loudly, particularly after lunch.

"The Company [the CIA] is here in a listening capacity only," he snapped on the first morning. "We do not discuss our secrets in open session!"

Things began to improve when I read a long paper describing the success of ENGULF against the Egyptians, and the advances we had made since then on the radio illumination of cipher noises and what could be achieved aurally, using our new range of microphones. I went on to give the details of STOCKADE, and at last discussion began to flow. Even Harvey shifted in his seat and began to listen.

On the third day Richard Helms, then CIA Director of Plans, took the chair for a discussion about ways in which these new techniques could be applied to Russian ciphers. I argued strongly that we had to predict the next generation of cipher machines the Russians would develop, and begin work immediately trying to crack them. The non-scientists present were skeptical, but I pointed out that we had done just this during the war at the Admiralty Research laboratory, when we predicted the new generation of German torpedoes and mines, and were able to counter them as soon as they came into operation. By the end of the discussion, NSA and GCHQ had committed themselves to begin work against the new Russian "Albatross"-class cipher machine.

Hugh Alexander was much more interested in the implications for cryptanalysis of the new generation of computers being developed in America. He was obsessed by the Ergonomic Theory, which held that the production of truly random numbers, even electronically as in a cipher machine, was a mathematical impossibility. Alexander believed that if sufficiently powerful computers could be developed, no code, no matter how well enciphered, would be safe, and for the next decade a vast joint research program began to investigate the whole area. (According to a 1986 report in the *Guardian* newspaper, advances in Ergonomic Theory since 1980 have revolutionized cryptanalysis in the way Alexander predicted.)

As expected, the CIA told us next to nothing about the state of their technical intelligence. They gave the impression that we were not to be trusted with their secrets, but we suspected there were probably other reasons for their reticence. Harvey's Staff D was almost certainly a department designed to bypass the terms of the UKUSA agreement, which specified the total exchange of SIGINT intelligence between NSA and GCHQ. If the Americans wanted to mount a cipher attack and did not wish to share the product with us, or if they wanted to operate against the UK, or a Commonwealth country, as we were sure they were doing, Staff D was the obvious place from which to do it.

Nevertheless, the conference was a milestone in Anglo-American intelligence relations. For the first time in a decade, all six intelligence services sat down and discussed at length how they could cooperate on a wide variety of problems. Major joint research programs were launched, particularly in the computer field, and we had taken a first step in breaking down the walls of mistrust.

Before I left London, Arthur Martin had arranged for me to brief the CIA on the technical side of the Lonsdale case and, in particular, the development of RAFTER. There was some embarrassment about this in Leconfield House because, although we had informed the FBI about RAFTER from the beginning, the CIA knew nothing. Hollis agreed that they should be indoctrinated fully as soon as the Lonsdale case was concluded, particularly since it had been their information from Sniper which led us to Lonsdale in the first place. The briefing was scheduled after the end of Tordella's conference, and it was held in one of the huge Nissen huts the CIA occupied temporarily next to the reflecting pool in the center of Washington while their Langley headquarters were under construction. I was taken through into a large conference room by Jim Angleton, and shown to a podium in front of at least two hundred CIA officers.

"Are you sure all these people are SIGINT indoctrinated?" I hissed at Angleton.

"Just tell the story, Peter, and let us handle the security," he replied. "There's a lot of people want to hear this!"

I stood up nervously and, fighting my stutter by speaking slowly and deliberately, began to describe the beginnings of the Lonsdale case. After an hour I turned to the blackboard to explain the complicated technical details of active RAFTER.

"Of course, from our point of view, RAFTER represents a major new counterespionage weapon. We are now in the position to establish without question when Soviet agents in the field are receiving clandestine broadcasts from Moscow, and moreover we can use it to detect the frequency of their transmissions . . ."

RAFTER was not well received. At first it was just a rustle; then I noticed a couple of people talking to each other in the front row with more than usual animation. I knew something was wrong when I caught sight of Harvey sitting on one side of the stage. He was leaning over in front of Angleton, gesticulating angrily in my direction.

"Are there any questions?" I asked, unsure of what was upsetting my audience.

"Yes!" yelled someone at the back. "When the hell did you say you developed this RAFTER?"

"Spring 1958."

"And what the hell date is it today . . . ?"

I stuttered, momentarily lost for words.

"I'll tell you," he shouted again, "it's 1961!"

"Hell of a way to run an alliance," yelled someone else.

I sat down sharply. People began to leave. There were no more questions.

Angleton and Harvey came up afterward. There was no disguising Harvey's rage.

"Look, Peter," said Jim, trying hard to be urbane, "this whole subject needs a lot more discussion, and I really don't feel it's appropriate to continue it in such a large forum. Bill and I would like you to have dinner with us tonight. We'll arrange somewhere secure, where we can talk."

He hustled me away before Harvey could speak.

Joe Burk, Angleton's technical man, collected me from my hotel that evening. He had little to say, and it looked to me as if those were his orders. We crossed the George Washington Bridge, passed Arlington cemetery, and drove out into the Virginia countryside.

"The new headquarters," said Burk, pointing to the right.

There was nothing but trees and gathering darkness.

After an hour's drive, we arrived at a detached timber-framed house set well back from the road. At the back was a large veranda with a table and chairs, completely enclosed with fly netting. It was a warm, humid, late-summer evening. The scent of pine and the sound of crickets floated down from the foothills of the Appalachians. Angleton came out on the veranda and greeted me coolly.

"Sorry about this afternoon," he said, but offered no explanation. We sat down at the table and were joined by the head of the CIA's West European Division. He was polite but nothing more. After a few minutes another car drew up at the front of the house with a squeal of brakes. Doors slammed, and I heard the sound of Bill Harvey's voice inside the house asking where we were. He threw back the flimsy metal mosquito door, and emerged onto the veranda clutching a bottle of Jack Daniel's. He had obviously been drinking.

"Now you limey bastard," he roared, smashing the bottle down on the table, "let's have the truth about this case!"

I knew immediately it was a setup. Normally Harry Stone would accompany me to any serious discussion of MI5 business, but he was in the hospital recovering from a heart attack.

"This is most unfair, Jim, I thought this was a dinner party," I said, turning to Angleton.

"It is, Peter," he said, pouring me a massive Scotch in a cut-glass tumbler.

"I'm not going to be browbeaten," I replied flatly.

"No, no," said Angleton quietly, "we just want to hear it again . . . from the beginning. There's a lot of things we've got to get straight."

I went over the Lonsdale story a second time, and by the time I finished Harvey could contain himself no longer.

"You untrustworthy motherfuckers!" he spat at me. "You come over here and ask for us to pay for your research, and all the time you've got a thing like RAFTER up your sleeve . . ."

"I don't see the problem . . ."

"You don't see shit!"

Harvey spun open the second bottle of Jack Daniel's.

"The problem, Peter, is our operations," said Angleton. "A hell of a lot of our agents use HF radio receivers, and if the Soviets have got RAFTER, a lot of them must be blown . . ."

"Have the Soviets got it?" asked Angleton.

"Not at first, but I'm sure they have now," I said, quoting a recent case where an MI6 Polish source inside the UB described a joint Polish-Soviet espionage investigation. Toward the end, when they were closing in on the suspect agent, the KGB brought a van up to the apartment building where the spy lived. The UB, according to the MI6 source, were never allowed to see inside the van, but he knew enough to guess that it had something to do with radio detection.

"Jesus Christ," hissed Harvey, "that's our whole Polish setup lost . . . !"

"But we sent those source reports to your Polish section," I said. "Whoever the agent was, he wasn't one of ours, so we assumed it must have been one of yours. It should at least have warned you that radio communications to Poland were vulnerable."

"We'll check it in the morning," said the head of the West European Division, looking flushed.

"Who else knows about RAFTER?" asked Harvey.

I told him we briefed the FBI and the Canadian RCMP fully as our development progressed.

"The Canadians!" exploded Harvey, thumping the table in anger. "You might as well tell the fuckin' Papuans as the Canadians!"

"I'm afraid we don't see it like that. The Canadians are trusted members of the Commonwealth."

"Well, you should tell them to get another cipher machine," he said, as Angleton, fearful that Harvey in his rage would spill out the secrets of Staff D, kicked him hard under the table.

The argument raged on and on; the intimidation was obviously carefully planned. They wanted to make me feel guilty, to say something indiscreet I might regret later, to tell them more than I should. We gave you Sniper, they said, and look what you do in return. We agree to plow millions of dollars into research for you, and how do you repay us? Harvey cursed and raged about every weakness, every mistake, every piece of carelessness that the

Americans had overlooked since the war: Philby, Burgess, Maclean, the lack of leadership, the amateurism, the retreat from Empire, the encroachment of socialism. Angleton lectured me darkly on the need to respect American superiority in the alliance if we wanted access to their sources.

"Just remember," roared Harvey, "you're a fuckin' beggar in this town!"

I rolled with the punches. Yes, we had a poor record on counterespionage, but Arthur was back now, and Lonsdale was just the beginning. No, we had no obligation to tell you about RAFTER from the beginning. It was our secret to do with as we judged fit.

"I've come over here and just given you my life's work—ENGULF, STOCKADE, RAFTER—everything. You sat opposite me for five days at NSA and told me nothing. Where's the exchange in that? The truth is, you're just pissed off because we stole a march on you . . . !"

Harvey was all puffed out and purple like a turkeycock, sweat pouring off his temples, his jacket open to reveal a polished shoulder holster and pistol, his gross belly heaving with drink. It was now four o'clock in the morning. I had had enough for one night, and left. I told Angleton that the program for the next day was off. I took a poor view of what had happened. It was up to them to make the peace.

The next day Angleton called on me at my hotel, unannounced. He was charming, and full of apologies. He blamed the previous night's scene on Harvey.

"He drinks too much, and thinks you have to give a guy a hard time to get the truth. He believes you now. He sees you as a threat, that's all."

He invited me out for dinner. At first I was wary, but he said he understood my point of view, and hoped I understood his, and talked enthusiastically about his plans to help with resources. The tension soon disappeared. He offered to take me to see Louis Tordella to persuade him to help with the counterespionage side of ROC, and the following day sent a car to take me down to Fort Meade. Technically, I was not supposed to visit NSA without being accompanied by someone from GCHQ, so I was taken into the side entrance, and whisked up to Tordella's office on the top floor. We had lunch there, and I outlined the Lonsdale case for the third time.

At the end Tordella asked how he could help, and I explained that the main weakness was that despite the breakthrough offered by my classification of illegal broadcasts from Moscow, GCHQ had insufficient coverage of the traffic. There had been substantial improvements since Lonsdale, but we still had only between twelve and fifteen radio positions intercepting these signals, which meant we were really only sampling them. We needed at least 90 percent of the take to make real progress on the classifications. Tordella was much taken with the possibilities, and agreed to guarantee a worldwide take of 100 percent for at least two years. He was as good as his word, and soon the intelligence was flooding back to GCHQ, where it was processed by the section supporting the Counterclan Committee. A young GCHQ cryptanalyst named Peter Marychurch (now the Director of GCHQ) transformed my laborious handwritten classifications by processing the thousands of broadcasts on computer and applying "cluster analysis" to isolate similarities in the traffic, which made the classification infinitely more precise. Within a few years this work had become one of the most important tools in Western counterespionage.

On the drive back to Washington I was elated. Not only had my visit to Washington secured American backing for the ENGULF side of ROC's work, but I had their commitment to run the counterespionage side as well. I had almost forgotten the run-in with Harvey until Angleton brought the subject up again.

"Harvey wants to see you again."

I expressed astonishment.

"No, no—he wants to ask your advice. He's got a problem in Cuba, and I told him you might be able to help."

"But what about the other night?" I asked.

"Oh, don't worry about that. He just wanted to know whether you could be trusted. You passed the test."

Angleton was typically elliptical, and refused to explain further, saying that he had arranged lunch with Harvey in two days' time, and I would find out more then.

The year 1961 was the height of the CIA's obsession with Cuba. The Bay of Pigs invasion had recently failed, and Angleton and I regularly discussed the subject, since I had been heavily involved in MI5's counterinsurgency campaign against the Greek Cypriot guerrilla leader, Colonel Grivas, in the 1950s. When I visited Washington in 1959, Richard Helms and Richard Bissell, in charge of operations in Southeast Asia, asked me to lecture on my experiences to a group of senior officers concerned with counterinsurgency. Even then it was obvious the CIA had plans in Cuba, where Fidel Castro was busy establishing a Communist state. Bissell subsequently took over the running of the Bay of Pigs operation, but when it failed it was common knowledge in Washington that his days were numbered, as the Kennedys purged all those responsible for the Cuban fiasco.

When I arrived at the restaurant two days later, Harvey stood up to greet me and gave me a firm handshake. He looked well scrubbed and less bloated than usual, and made no reference to the events of two nights before. He was a hard man, who gave and expected no quarter. He told me that he was studying the Cuban problem, and wanted to hear from me about the Cyprus campaign.

"I missed your briefing in 1959," he said, without a trace of irony.

I first became involved in Cyprus shortly after I joined MI5, when the Director of E Branch (Colonial Affairs), Bill Morgan, sent me some papers on the escalating conflict. The Greek Cypriot Archbishop Makarios was leading a vigorous campaign for full independence, supported by the Greek Government, the AKEL Communist Party, and EOKA, the guerrilla army led by Colonel Grivas. Britain, anxious to retain Cyprus as a military base, was resisting, and by 1956 a full-scale military emergency was in force, with 40,000 British troops pinned down by a few hundred Grivas guerrillas.

British policy in Cyprus was an utter disaster. The Colonial Office was trying to pursue political negotiations in a deteriorating security situation, relying on the Army to keep order. Grivas needed to be located, isolated, and neutralized before political negotiations stood a chance, but although the Army launched massive searches, they failed to find him. I was convinced, studying the papers, that MI5 could do far better than the Army, and I told Magan I was confident that, given time, we could locate Grivas accurately by tracing his communications in the same way I planned our attacks against the Russians.

Magan immediately took me to see Sir Gerald Templar, who led the successful counterinsurgency campaign in Malaya, and was a great advocate of the use of intelligence to solve colonial problems. Templar was enthusiastic about my plan and agreed to lobby the Colonial Office on MI5's behalf. But the Colonial Office remained adamant; they wanted to pursue their own security policy, and had no wish to involve MI5. There was no great enthusiasm, either, inside MI5 for becoming embroiled in what was fast becoming an insoluble situation. Hollis, in particular, was opposed to becoming involved in Colonial Affairs without a clear invitation from the Ministry. His attitude was that MI5 was a domestic organization, and while he would provide a Defense Liaison Officer to advise the Army, that was all.

In 1958, Grivas stepped up his guerrilla campaign in an effort to thwart the determined efforts to achieve a political solution being made by the new Governor, Sir Hugh Foot. The Army launched another massive search for Grivas, this time in the Paphos mountains, but once again he slipped through the net. Foot continued to press for a political solution, but agreed to call in MI5 as the situation was rapidly deteriorating. From the start we were in a race: could we find Grivas before the Colonial Office stitched up a ramshackle deal?

Magan was convinced that sufficient intelligence about Grivas' location must exist in the files of the local Special Branch, and that it had just not been interpreted correctly. The problem was how to get at it. EOKA had thoroughly penetrated the local Special Branch, and studying the files would be a dangerous business once an MI5 man's identity became known. One of our officers had already been shot in the high street of Nicosia.

Magan was a remarkable man who had spent a great deal of time on the North-West Frontier and in Persia, where he lived by himself with the natives in tents, speaking their languages and cooking his meals on cow dung fires. He knew at first hand the dangers of terrorism, and rather than delegate the dangerous mission to a junior officer, he insisted that he go himself, supported by the local Cyprus liaison officer, Colonel Philip Kirby Green, a tall soldierly officer of boundless courage and rectitude who was also a distinguished painter in his spare time. I was to follow shortly afterward to plan and execute the technical side of the operation, which was given the code name SUNSHINE.

It would be too crude to say that SUNSHINE was an assassination operation. But it amounted to the same thing. The plan was simple: to locate Grivas, and bring up a massive concentration of soldiers. We knew he would never surrender, and like two of his trusted lieutenants who had recently been cornered by the Army, he would die in the shoot-out.

I arrived in Nicosia on January 17, 1959, and went to Special Branch headquarters to study Magan's analysis of the files. Grivas' campaign was clearly well organized. There were numerous examples of well-coordinated terrorist strikes and civil disturbances across the whole island. He had therefore to be in regular communication with his field officers. It was unlikely that EOKA would use either the telephone or the postal system for these, even though they had been thoroughly penetrated. Communications rested on a system of couriers, and from studying the files it was obvious these were mainly women, traveling on the public transport system. We plotted each sighting and interception, and the overall pattern showed Limassol to be the hub of the EOKA communications network. There were also clusters of sightings in the Yerasa and Polodhia villages, several miles from Limassol. The best hypothesis was that Grivas maintained headquarters in each of these villages.

The first step was to place a secure telephone tap on Makarios' palace. We were certain that Makarios, and probably EOKA at certain times, used the line secure in the knowledge that their post office spies would automatically alert them to the presence of a tap.

We decided to place a concealed tap on one of the overhead cables leading into the palace, using a radio transmitter which took power from the telephone circuit to radiate the signal out to our waiting receiver a mile or two away. John Wyke, MI6's best technical operator, and the man who actually placed the taps inside the Berlin Tunnel, with the Vopos' feet just inches above his head, came out to help me. The whole operation was fraught with danger. Wyke had to climb a telephone pole in total darkness, in full view of the road, which was constantly patrolled by Makarios' armed bodyguards and EOKA guerrillas. He bored a hole in the top of the pole to conceal the electronics, and made a concealed connection to the telephone cable. Down at the bottom I selected his tools and relayed them up to him. Every five minutes we froze as a patrol came past, expecting at any moment to hear rifle fire. Two hours later, our nerves frayed, the tap was successfully installed, and gave us the essential base coverage of Makarios.

But the real purpose of SUNSHINE was to find Grivas. I was sure he must be using radio receivers to monitor British Army communications, and was aware every time an effort was mounted to search for him. I decided on a two-pronged attack. Firstly we would search intensively for the aerial which he used with his receiver. Then, simultaneously, I planned to plant a radio receiver on him containing a radio beacon, which would lead us right to him. We knew Grivas obtained a great deal of his military supplies from the Egyptians, who were selling off British equipment they had confiscated after the Suez war at knockdown prices. MI6 recruited a Greek Cypriot arms dealer, who purchased a consignment of receivers in Egypt which I modified to include a beacon, and we set about trying to feed it into Grivas' headquarters.

The first part of Operation SUNSHINE went well. K.G., as Kirby Green was universally known in the Service, Magan, and I made a series of dawn reconnoiters of the Limassol area looking for the aerial. It was dangerous work, meandering down dusty side streets and across the sunbaked market squares, pretending to be casual visitors. Old men under wicker shades looked at us as we passed. Small boys eyed us suspiciously and disappeared down alleys. I felt the sweat dripping down my back, and the uncanny sensation of an unseen rifle permanently trained on me from somewhere behind the terra-cotta roofs and ancient flint walls.

In Yerasa I noticed a spike on the peak of the pyramid-shaped roof of a church. It appeared, at first sight, to be a lightning conductor, mounted on an insulator going through the roof. There was also a metallic strip going down into the ground, but when I scrutinized the conductor carefully through field glasses, I could see that the strip was disconnected from the spike. It was obviously modified to act as an aerial. Rather foolishly, we tried to get closer, and, from nowhere, an angry crowd of local children emerged and began to stone us. We beat a hasty retreat, and made our way over to Polodhia, where there was a similar setup. I was sure then that we had been right to pinpoint the two villages as the center of Grivas' operations.

I began to work feverishly on the radio beacons. We estimated that SUNSHINE would take six months to complete, but just as we moved into top gear, in late February 1959, the Colonial Office hurriedly settled the Cyprus problem at a Constitutional Conference at Lancaster House. The carpet was roughly pulled from under our feet, and the entire SUNSHINE plan aborted overnight. Magan was furious, particularly when Grivas emerged from the precise area we had foreseen and was flown to Greece, ready to continue to exert a baleful influence on the island. Magan felt the settlement was at best temporary, and that few of the outstanding problems had been resolved. In his view, Colonial Office short-term expediency would lead to long-term misery. He has been proved right.

Shortly before we left Cyprus, Magan and I had a strained encounter with the Governor, Sir Hugh Foot. He was pleased that at last he was extricated, and made it clear that he had always seen SUNSHINE as a last resort solution, to be implemented only in the event of the failure of diplomacy. He seemed incapable of understanding that intelligence, to be effective, has to be built into diplomacy from the start. Looking back, I am certain that, had we been allowed to implement Operation SUNSHINE when we first lobbied for it, in 1956, we could have neutralized Grivas at the outset. The Colonial Office, rather than EOKA, would then have been able to dictate the terms of the peace, and the history of that tragic but beautiful island might have taken a different course over the past thirty years.

The entire Cyprus episode left a lasting impression on British colonial policy. Britain decolonized most successfully when we defeated the military insurgency first, using intelligence rather than force of arms, before negotiating a political solution based on the political leadership of the defeated insurgency movement, and with British force of arms to maintain the installed government. This is basically what happened in Malaya and Kenya, and both these countries have survived intact.

The fundamental problem was how to remove the colonial power while ensuring that the local military forces did not fill the vacuum. How, in other words, can you create a stable local political class? The Colonial Office were well versed in complicated, academic, democratic models—a constitution here, a parliament there—very few of which stood the remotest chance of success. After the Cyprus experience I wrote a paper and submitted it to Hollis, giving my views. I said that we ought to adopt the Bolshevik model, since it was the only one to have worked successfully. Lenin understood better than anyone how to gain control of a country and, just as important, how to keep it. Lenin believed that the political class had to control the men with the guns, and the intelligence service, and by these means could ensure that neither the Army nor another political class could challenge for power.

Feliks Dzerzhinsky, the founder of the modern Russian Intelligence Service, specifically set up the CHEKA (forerunner of the KGB) with these aims in mind. He established three main directorates—the First Chief Directorate to work against those people abroad who might conspire against the government; the Second Chief Directorate to work against those inside the Soviet Union who might conspire; and the Third Chief Directorate, which penetrated the armed forces, to ensure that no military coup could be plotted.

My paper was greeted with horror by Hollis and the rest of the MI5 Directors. They told me it was "cynical," and it was never even passed to the Colonial Office, but looking back over the past quarter of a century, it is only where a version of Lenin's principles has been applied in newly created countries that a military dictatorship has been avoided.

These ideas were also hotly contested by the CIA when I lectured to them in 1959. Helms told me flatly I was advocating

Communism for the Third World. He felt that we had a decisive intelligence advantage which they lacked. We were the resident colonial power, whereas in the insurgencies which they faced in the Far East and Cuba, they were not, and therefore they felt the only policy they could pursue was a military solution. It was this thinking which ultimately led the USA into the Vietnam War.

More immediately, it led them into the Bay of Pigs, and when, two years later, Harvey listened to my Cyprus experiences, he was struck by the parallel between the two problems: both small islands with a guerrilla force led by a charismatic leader. He was particularly struck by my view that without Grivas, EOKA would have collapsed.

"What would the Brits do in Cuba?" he asked.

I was a shade anxious about being drawn into the Cuban business. Hollis and I had discussed it before I came to Washington, and he made no secret of his view that the CIA were blundering in the Caribbean. It was a subject, he felt, to steer clear of if at all possible. I was worried that if I made suggestions to Angleton and Harvey, I would soon find them being quoted around Washington by the CIA as the considered British view of things. It would not take long for word of that to filter back to Leconfield House, so I made it clear to them that I was talking off the record.

I said that we would try to develop whatever assets we had down there—alternative political leaders, that kind of thing.

"We've done all that," said Harvey impatiently, "but they're all in Florida. Since the Bay of Pigs, we've lost virtually everything we had inside . . ."

Harvey began to fish to see if I knew whether we had anything in the area, in view of the British colonial presence in the Caribbean.

"I doubt it," I told him, "the word in London is steer clear of Cuba. Six might have something, but you'd have to check with them."

"How would you handle Castro?" asked Angleton.

"We'd isolate him, turn the people against him . . ."

"Would you hit him?" interrupted Harvey.

I paused to fold my napkin. Waiters glided silently from table to table. I realized now why Harvey needed to know I could be trusted.

"We'd certainly have that capability," I replied, "but I doubt we would use it nowadays."

"Why not?"

"We're not in it anymore, Bill. We got out a couple of years ago, after Suez."

At the beginning of the Suez Crisis, MI6 developed a plan, through the London Station, to assassinate Nasser using nerve gas. Eden initially gave his approval to the operation, but later rescinded it when he got agreement from the French and Israelis to engage in joint military action. When this course failed, and he was forced to withdraw, Eden reactivated the assassination option a second time. By this time virtually all MI6 assets in Egypt had been rounded up by Nasser, and a new operation, using renegade Egyptian officers, was drawn up, but it failed lamentably, principally because the cache of weapons which had been hidden on the outskirts of Cairo was found to be defective.

"Were you involved?" Harvey asked.

"Only peripherally," I answered truthfully, "on the technical side."

I explained that I was consulted about the plan by John Henry and Peter Dixon, the two MI6 Technical Services officers from the London Station responsible for drawing it up. Dixon, Henry, and I all attended joint MI5/MI6 meetings to discuss technical research for the intelligence services at Porton Down, the government's chemical and biological Weapons Research Establishment. The whole area of chemical research was an active field in the 1950s. I was cooperating with MI6 in a joint program to investigate how far the hallucinatory drug lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD) could be used in interrogations, and extensive trials took place at Porton. I even volunteered as guinea pig on one occasion. Both MI5 and MI6 also wanted to know a lot more about the advanced poisons then being developed at Porton, though for different reasons. I wanted the antidotes, in case the Russians used a poison on a defector in Britain, while MI6 wanted to use the poisons for operations abroad.

Henry and Dixon both discussed with me the use of poisons against Nasser, and asked my advice. Nerve gas obviously presented the best possibility, since it was easily administered. They told me that the London Station had an agent in Egypt with limited access to one of Nasser's headquarters. Their plan was to place canisters of nerve gas inside the ventilation system, but I pointed out that this would require large quantities of gas, and would result in massive loss of life among Nasser's staff. It was the usual MI6 operation—hopelessly unrealistic—and it did not remotely surprise me when Henry told me later that Eden had backed away from the operation. The chances of its remaining undeniable were even slimmer than they had been with Buster Crabbe.

Harvey and Angleton questioned me closely about every part of the Suez Operation.

"We're developing a new capability in the Company to handle these kinds of problems," explained Harvey, "and we're in the market for the requisite expertise."

Whenever Harvey became serious, his voice dropped to a low monotone, and his vocabulary lapsed into the kind of strangled bureaucratic syntax beloved of Washington officials. He explained ponderously that they needed deniable personnel, and improved technical facilities—in Harvey jargon, "delivery mechanisms." They were especially interested in the SAS. Harvey knew that the SAS operated up on the Soviet border in the 1950s tracking Russian rocket signals with mobile receivers before the satellites took over, and that they were under orders not to be caught, even if this meant fighting their way out of trouble.

"They don't freelance, Bill," I told him. "You could try to pick them up retired, but you'd have to see Six about that."

Harvey looked irritated, as if I were being deliberately unhelpful.

"Have you thought of approaching Stephenson?" I asked. "A lot of the old-timers say he ran this kind of thing in New York during the war. Used some Italian, apparently, when there was no other way of sorting a German shipping spy. Probably the Mafia, for all I know . . ."

Angleton scribbled in his notebook, and looked up impassively.

"The French!" I said brightly. "Have you tried them? It's more their type of thing, you know, Algiers, and so on."

Another scribble in the notebook.

"What about technically—did you have any special equipment?" asked Harvey.

I told him that after the gas canisters plans fell through, MI6 looked at some new weapons. On one occasion I went down to Porton to see a demonstration of a cigarette packet which had been modified by the Explosives Research and Development Establishment to fire a dart tipped with poison. We solemnly put on white coats and were taken out to one of the animal compounds behind Porton by Dr. Ladell, the scientist there who handled all MI5 and MI6 work. A sheep on a lead was led into the center of the ring. One flank had been shaved to reveal the coarse pink skin. Ladell's assistant pulled out the cigarette packet and stepped forward. The sheep started, and was restrained by the lead, and I thought perhaps the device had misfired. But then the sheep's knees began to buckle, and it started rolling its eyes and frothing at the mouth. Slowly the animal sank to the ground, life draining away, as the white-coated professionals discussed the advantages of the modern new toxin around the corpse. It was the only time in my life when my two passions, for animals and for intelligence, collided, and I knew at that instant that the first was by far the greater love. I knew also, then, that assassination was no policy for peacetime.

Beyond that, there was little help I could offer Harvey and Angleton, and I began to feel I had told them more than enough. The sight of Angleton's notebook was beginning to unnerve me. They seemed so determined, so convinced that this was the way to handle Castro, and slightly put out that I could not help them more.

"Speak to John Henry, or Dixon—they'll probably know more than me," I said when we were out on the street making our farewells. I was due to fly back to Britain the next day.

"You're not holding out on us over this, are you?" asked Harvey suddenly. The shape of his pistol was visible again under his jacket. I could tell he was thinking about RAFTER.

I hailed a taxi.

"I've told you, Bill. We're out of that game. We're the junior partner in the alliance, remember? It's your responsibility now."

Harvey was not the kind of man to laugh at a joke. Come to that, neither was Angleton.

12

1961. OUTSIDE IN THE STREETS OF LONDON, PEOPLE WERE STILL saying they had "never had it so good," while in Washington a new young President was busy creating a mythical Camelot of culture and excellence. But in the subterranean world of secret intelligence, the shape of the turbulent decade was already becoming clear. Throughout the 1950s American and British services pursued the Cold War with clarity of purpose and single-minded dedication. It was not a subtle war, and there were precious few complications. But in the early 1960s a rash of defectors began to arrive in the West from the heart of the Russian intelligence machine, each carrying tales of the penetration of Western security. Their stories were often contradictory and confusing, and their effect was to begin the slow paralysis of British and American intelligence as doubt and suspicion seeped through the system.

The first defector arrived in December 1961. I was in my office a few weeks after returning from my trip to Washington when Arthur strolled in, cigarette in one hand, clutching a copy of *The Times* in the other. He passed the paper to me neatly folded across the spine.

"Sounds interesting . . ." he said, pointing to a small paragraph which referred to a Soviet Major, named Klimov, who had presented himself to the American Embassy in Helsinki with his wife and child and asked for asylum.

It was not long before we heard on the grapevine that Klimov was, in fact, a KGB Major, and that he was singing like a bird. In March 1962, a frisson of excitement went around the D Branch offices. Arthur smoked more energetically than usual, his baby face flushed with enthusiasm as he strode up and down the corridors. I knew Klimov's information had finally arrived.

"It's the defector, isn't it?" I asked him one day.

He ushered me into his office, closed the door, and told me a little of the story. "Klimov," he said, was in reality Anatoli Golitsin, a high-ranking KGB officer who had worked inside the First Chief Directorate, responsible for operations against the UK and the USA, and the Information department in Moscow, before taking a posting in Helsinki. In fact, Golitsin had been on a previous CIA watch list during an earlier overseas tour, but he was not recognized under the cover of his new identity until he presented himself in Helsinki.

After the initial debriefing, the CIA sent to MI5 a list of ten "serials," each one itemizing an allegation Golitsin had made about a penetration of British Security. Arthur initially held the complete list. Patrick Stewart, the acting head of D3 (Research), conducted a preliminary analysis of the serials, and drew up a list of suspects to fit each one. Then individual serials were apportioned to different officers in the D1 (Investigations) section for detailed investigation, and I was asked to provide technical advice as the investigations required.

Three of the first ten serials immediately struck a chord. Golitsin said he knew of a famous "Ring of Five" spies, recruited in Britain in the 1930s. They all knew each other, he said, and all knew the others were spies. But Golitsin could identify none of them, other than the fact that one had the code name Stanley, and was connected with recent KGB operations in the Middle East. The lead perfectly fitted Kim Philby, who was currently working in Beirut for the *Observer* newspaper. He said that two of the other five were obviously Burgess and Maclean. We thought that a fourth might be Sir Anthony Blunt, the Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures, and a former wartime MI5 officer who fell under suspicion after the Burgess and Maclean defections in 1951. But the identity of the fifth was a complete mystery. As a result of Golitsin's three serials concerning the Ring of Five, the Philby and Blunt cases were exhumed, and a reassessment ordered.

The two most current and precise leads in those first ten serials were numbers 3 and 8, which referred to Naval spies, indicating, as with Houghton, the importance the Russians attached to obtaining details of the British and NATO submarine and antisubmarine capability. Serial 3 was a recruitment allegedly made in the British Naval Attaché's office in the Embassy in Moscow, under the personal supervision of General Gribanov, Head of the Second Chief Directorate, responsible for internal intelligence operations in the Soviet Union. A Russian employee of the British Embassy named Mikhailski had been involved in the operation, and the spy provided handwritten notes of the secret documents which passed across his desk. Then, in 1956, said Golitsin, the spy returned to London to work in the Naval Intelligence Department, and his KGB control passed to the Foreign Operations Department.

The second Naval spy, Serial 8, was a more senior figure, according to Golitsin. Golitsin claimed to have seen numbered copies of three NATO documents, two of which were classified Top Secret. He had seen them by accident while working on the NATO desk of the KGB Information Department, which prepared policy papers for the Politburo on NATO matters. Golitsin was in the middle of preparing a report on NATO naval strategy, when three documents came in from London. Normally all material reaching Golitsin was bowdlerized, in other words rewritten to disguise its source, but because of the urgency of his report, he was provided with the original document copies. The CIA tested Golitsin on his story. The three documents in question, detailing plans to expand the Clyde Polaris submarine base, and the reorganization of NATO naval dispositions in the Mediterranean, were shown to him, mixed up with a sheaf of other NATO documents. He immediately identified the correct three, and even explained that the Clyde document he saw had four sets of numbers and figures for its circulation list, whereas the copy we showed him had six sets. When the original circulation list was checked, it was found that such a copy had indeed existed but we were unable to find it. Patrick Stewart analyzed the circulation of the three documents, and a senior Naval Commander, now retired, appeared as the only credible candidate. The case was handed over to DI (Investigations).

Within months of Golitsin's arrival, three further sources in the heart of the Soviet intelligence machine suddenly, and apparently independently, offered their services to the West. The first two, a KGB officer and a GRU officer, both working under cover in the Soviet delegation to the UN, approached the FBI and offered to act as agents in place. They were given the code names Fedora and Top Hat. The third walk-in occurred in Geneva in June 1962. A senior KGB officer, Yuri Nossenko, contacted the CIA and offered his services.

Nossenko soon gave a priceless lead in the hunt for the British Naval spies. He claimed that the Gribanov recruitment had been obtained through homosexual blackmail, and that the agent had provided the KGB with "all NATO" secrets from a "Lord of the Navy." The combination of NATO and the Gribanov recruitment led MI5 to combine the two serials 3 and 8. There was one obvious suspect, a clerk in Lord Carrington's office, John Vassall. Vassall had originally been placed at the top of Patrick Stewart's preliminary list of four Serial 3 suspects, but when the case was handed over to the investigating officer, Ronnie Symonds, Symonds had contested Stewart's assessment. He felt that Vassall's Catholicism and apparent high moral character made him a less serious suspect. He was placed at the bottom of the list instead.

After attention focused on him strongly following Nossenko's lead, it was soon established that Vassall was a practicing homosexual, who was living way beyond his means in a luxury flat in Dolphin Square. MI5 faced the classic counterespionage problem. Unlike any other crime, espionage leaves no trace, and proof is virtually impossible unless a spy either confesses or is caught in the act. I was asked if there was any technical way we could prove Vassall was removing the documents from the Admiralty. I had been experimenting for some time with Frank Morgan on a scheme to mark classified documents using minute quantities of radioactive material. The idea was to place a Geiger counter at the entrance of the building where the suspected spy was operating so that we could detect if any marked documents were being removed. We tried this with Vassall, but it was not a success. There were too many exits in the Admiralty for us to be sure we were covering the one which Vassall used, and the Geiger counter readings were often distorted by luminous wristwatches and the like. Eventually the scheme was scrapped when fears about the risks of exposing people to radiation were raised by the management.

I looked around for another way. It was obvious from the CIA tests that Golitsin had a near-photographic memory, so I decided to make another test, to see if he could remember any details about the type of photographic copy of the NATO documents he had seen. Through this it might be possible to deduce whether he was handing over originals for them to copy and return to him. I made twenty-five photographs of the first page of the Clyde Base NATO document, each one corresponding to a method we knew the Russians had in the past recommended to their agents, or which the Russians themselves had used inside the Embassy, and sent them over to Golitsin via the CIA. As soon as Golitsin saw the photographs he picked out the one which had been taken with a Praktina, illuminated at each side by two anglepoise lamps. Armed with this knowledge, we arranged to burgle Vassall's flat when he was safely at work. Hidden in a drawer at the bottom of a bureau we found a Praktina document-copying camera, and a Minox as well. That evening he was arrested, permission for a search warrant having been obtained, and his apartment was stripped bare. In the base of a corner table a secret drawer was found which contained a number of exposed 35mm cassettes, which were developed to reveal 176 classified documents. Vassall swiftly confessed to having been homosexually compromised in Moscow in 1955, and was convicted and sentenced to eighteen years in prison.

As the intelligence from the throng of new defectors was being pieced together in London and Washington, I faced a personal crisis of my own. The Lonsdale case reawakened the whole issue of technical resources for MI5 and MI6. Although the AWRE program which I and Frank Morgan designed in 1958 had been an outstanding success, little else had changed. The attempt to satisfy Intelligence Service needs within the context of the overall defense budget had failed, especially in the advanced electronics field. We were moving rapidly into a new era of satellite and computer intelligence, and when the Radiations Operations Committee was split into Clan and Counterclan, it was obvious that the scale and range of their operations would require a far more intensive degree of technical and scientific research and development than had hitherto been possible. Everyone realized at last that the old ad hoc system which I had struggled to change since 1958 would have to be comprehensively reformed. Both MI5 and MI6 needed their own establishments, their own budgets, and their own staffs. Shortly after the Lonsdale case I approached Sir William Cook again with the approval of both Services, and asked him to make a thorough review of our requirements. We spent several days together visiting the various defense establishments which were currently servicing us, and he wrote a detailed report, one of the most important in postwar British Intelligence history.

The essence of Cook's report was that the Hanslope Communications Center, the wartime headquarters of the Radio Security Service, and since then the MI6 communications center for its overseas agent networks, should be radically expanded to become a research establishment servicing both MI5 and MI6, with special emphasis on the kinds of advanced electronics necessary in both the Clan and the Counterclan committees. Cook recommended that the new staff for Hanslope should be drawn from the Royal Naval Scientific Service. This was, to me, the most important reform of all. Since joining MI5 I had lobbied to remove the artificial barrier which separated the technical divisions of the Intelligence Services from the rest of the scientific Civil Service. This barrier was wholly damaging; it deprived the Intelligence Services of the best and the brightest young scientists, and on a personal level meant that I had to forfeit nearly twenty years of pension allocation earned in the Admiralty, in order to accept MI5's offer to work for them. I pressed Cook continually on this point during the time he was writing his report, and he recognized that my arguments were correct. As a result of his report fifty scientists were transferred to Hanslope, with their pensions intact, and with the option of transferring back if they so wished at a future date. Since I was the first scientist, I was not covered by these new arrangements, although I was not at the time unduly worried. I believed that when the time came the Service would, as they promised, make some recompense. Unfortunately, my trust was sadly misplaced.

There was one further Cook recommendation. He wanted MI5 and MI6 to set up a joint headquarters staff in separate accommodation, controlled by a Chief Scientist, to plan and oversee the new research and development program for both services. It was a bold new move, and I confess I wanted the job more than anything in the world. I felt, in truth, that I had earned it. Most of the technical modernization which had occurred since 1955 was largely at my instigation, and I had spent long years fighting for budgets and resources for both Services. But it was not to be. Victor Rothschild lobbied vigorously on my behalf but Dick White told him that the animosity inside MI6 stimulated by his own transfer from MI5 was still too great to hope to persuade his senior technical staff to serve under any appointee from MI5. In the end the situation was resolved at a meeting of the Colemore Committee. When Cook's conclusions were discussed, Hector Willis, the head of the Royal Naval Scientific Service, volunteered there and then to fill the post of Chief of the new Directorate of Science, resigning from the RNSS to do it, and Hollis and White, aware of the bureaucratic influence Willis would bring with him, gratefully accepted. I became the joint deputy head of the Directorate, along with Johnny Hawkes, my opposite number in MI6, who ran Hanslope for MI6, and developed the MI6 Rockex cipher machine.

Willis and I knew each other well. He was a pleasant North countryman, small, almost mousy, with white hair and black eyebrows. He always dressed smartly, with pepper-and-salt suits and stiff collars. I had worked under him during the war on a leader cable scheme and antisubmarine warfare. He was a good mathematician, far better than I, with first-rate technical ingenuity. But although we were both essentially engineers, Willis and I had diametrically opposed views about the way the new Directorate should be run. I saw the scientist/engineer's role in intelligence as being a source of ideas and experiments which might or might not yield results. Whatever success I had achieved since 1955 was obtained through experimentation and improvisation. I wanted the Directorate to be a powerhouse, embracing and expanding the kinds of breakthroughs which had given us the Radiations Operations Committee. Willis wanted to integrate scientific intelligence into the Ministry of Defense. He wanted the Directorate to be a passive organization: a branch of the vast inert defense-contracting industry, producing resources for its end users on request. I tried to explain to Willis that intelligence, unlike defense contracting, is not peacetime work. It is a constant war, and you face a constantly shifting target. It is no good planning decades ahead, as the Navy do when they bring a ship into service, because by the time you get two or three years down the track, you might find your project leaked to the Russians. I cited the Berlin Tunnel—tens of millions of dollars poured into a single grandiose project, and later we learned it was blown to the Russians from the beginning by the Secretary of the Planning Committee, George Blake. I agreed that we had to develop a stock of simple devices such as microphones and amplifiers, which worked and which had a fair shelf life, but I opposed the development of sophisticated devices which more often than not were designed by committees, and which would probably be redundant by the time they came to fruition, either because the Russians learned about them or because the war had moved onto different territory.

Willis never understood what I was driving at. I felt he lacked imagination, and he certainly did not share my restless passion for the possibilities of scientific intelligence. He wanted me to settle down, forget the kind of life I had lived thus far, put on a white coat and supervise the rolling contracts. I was forced to leave Leconfield House and move into the Directorate's headquarters offices at Buckingham Gate. The latter part of 1962, coming so soon after the excitements and achievements of 1961, was undoubtedly the most unhappy period in my professional life. For seven years I had enjoyed a rare freedom to roam around MI5 involving myself in all sorts of areas, always active, always working on current operations. It was like swapping the trenches for a spell in the Home Guard. As soon as I arrived in the new offices, I knew there was no future there for me. Cut off from Leconfield House I would soon perish in the airless, claustrophobic atmosphere. I decided to leave, either to another post in MI5 if the management agreed, or to GCHQ, where I had been making soundings, if they did not.

Arthur was terribly considerate at this time. He knew that I was chafing over at Buckingham Gate, and he used every excuse he could to involve me in the ongoing work with Golitsin. During spring 1962 he paid a long visit to Washington and conducted a massive debriefing of the KGB Major. He returned with a further 153 serials which merited further investigation. Some of the serials were relatively innocuous, like his allegation that a then popular musical star had been recruited by the Russians because of his access to London high society. Others were true but we were able to satisfactorily account for them, like the baronet whom Golitsin claimed had been the target for homosexual blackmail, after the KGB photographed him in action in the back of a taxi. The baronet was interviewed, admitted the incident, and satisfied us that he had refused to bend to the KGB ploy. But the vast majority of Golitsin's material was tantalizingly imprecise. It often appeared true as far as it went, but then faded into ambiguity, and part of the problem was Golitsin's clear propensity for feeding his information out in dribs and drabs. He saw it as his livelihood, and consequently those who had to deal with him never knew, when they were pursuing a particularly fruitful-looking lead, whether the defector had more to tell them.

I was asked to help with one of the strangest Golitsin serials which ran into the dust at this time, the Sokolov Grant affair. In many ways it was typical of the difficulties we faced in dealing with his debriefing material. Golitsin said that a Russian agent had been introduced into Suffolk next to an airfield which had batteries of the latest guided missiles. He was sure the agent was a sleeper, probably for sabotage in the event of an international crisis. We contacted the RAF and pinpointed Stretteshall, near Bury St. Edmonds, as the most likely airfield. We then checked the electoral roll in the area around Stretteshall to see if we could find anything interesting. After a few days we came across a Russian name, Sokolov Grant. We cross-checked with the Registry and found that he had a file. He was a Russian refugee who had arrived in Britain five years before, married an English girl, and taken up farming on rented land near the airfield.

The case was handed over to Charles Elwell for investigation. Letter and telephone checks were installed and inquiries made with the local police, which drew a blank. I was asked to make a search of his house, when Sokolov Grant and his wife went up north for a holiday, to see if there was any technical evidence which might incriminate him. I drove up to Bury St. Edmonds with John Storer, a short, gray-haired, smiling man from GCHQ's M Division who worked on Counterclan, arranging the RAFTER plane flights, and analyzing the RAFTER signals. Sokolov Grant lived in a pretty Queen Anne red-brick farmhouse which was in a state of some disrepair. From the back garden you could see the end of the runway stretching across the swaying fields of barley. The scene seemed so perfect, so idyllic, it was hard to be suspicious. But that was the thing which always struck me about espionage: it was always played out in such ordinary humdrum English scenes.

John Storer went off to search the farm buildings for signs of clandestine radio systems, while I slipped the catch and went inside the house. The house was unbelievably untidy. All along the corridors and passageways piles of junk lined the walls. Books were stacked up in mounds in the downstairs rooms. At first I thought perhaps they were moving house, until I noticed the thick layer of dust on top of everything. In the backroom study stood two desks side by side. The one on the left was a huge roll-top desk crammed so full that it could not be closed. The one on the right was a small bureau. I opened the flap, and it was completely empty. I slid the drawers out. They were empty too, with not a trace of dust. The whole thing had obviously been emptied recently. I sat for a moment in a polished Windsor chair staring at the two desks, trying to make sense of one so full and the other so empty. Had the contents of one been transferred into the other? Or had one been emptied, and if so why? Was it suspicious, or was it just what it seemed—an empty desk in a junk-infested house?

I made a start on the papers in the other desk, but they were mostly farm business. John Storer found nothing outside, and we left. To search the place properly would have taken twenty men a week. In the end Charles Elwell went up to see Sokolov Grant and asked a few questions in the village. He came back satisfied that he was in the clear. He was popular locally, and his wife was the daughter of the local squire. We assumed Golitsin had seen Sokolov Grant's name on a KGB watch list, marked down as someone they contemplated approaching but never in fact did.

Shortly afterward Sokolov Grant and his wife left the area. Our inquiries had probably leaked in the village, and he presumably wanted to make a new start. But for all the apparent meaninglessness the Sokolov Grant story has always had symbolic importance to me: an ordinary man suddenly falling under suspicion, and just as abruptly cleared again, his life utterly changed because of something a man he has never met says in a darkened room on the other side of the world. The quiet rural world of Suffolk colliding with the secret world of betrayal, where there is no such thing as coincidence, where suspicion can be fueled at the sight of an empty desk.

The most tightly held of all Golitsin's serials were those which suggested a penetration of MI5. I first learned of them from Arthur shortly after he returned from Washington. Golitsin said that he had seen the special safe in KGB headquarters where documents from British Intelligence were stored. He had seen the index to the documents stored in the safe, and he was positive that very recent material from MI5 was in there. He also claimed the KGB had acquired a document from British Intelligence which they called the "Technics" Document: a thick document listing technical equipment for British Intelligence. He was unable to study it closely, as he was only called in to see if he could translate a small passage from it. But it was obviously an important document, as there was great urgency in obtaining the translation. He said that security arrangements were different in the London Embassy. There was no special security officer (known as the "SK" officer [Soviet Kolony]). Golitsin assumed none was needed because the penetration of MI5 was so complete. Then there was the Crabbe Affair. He said the KGB got advance warning of Crabbe's mission against the cruiser *Ordzhonikidze.*

In August 1962, as MI5 were busy digesting the mass of Golitsin material, we had a major breakthrough with the three original Philby serials. Victor Rothschild met Flora Solomon, a Russian émigré Zionist, at a party at the Weizmans' house in Israel. She told him that she was very indignant about articles Philby had written in the *Observer* which were anti-Israel. She then confided that she knew Philby to have been a secret agent since the 1930s. With great difficulty, Victor managed to persuade her to meet Arthur Martin in London, to tell him her story. I was asked to microphone Victor's flat, where the interview was to take place. I decided to install temporary SF, which made Victor nervous.

"I don't trust you buggers to take the SF off!" he told me, and made me promise to personally supervise the installation and its removal. Victor was always convinced that MI5 were clandestinely tapping him to find out details of his intimate connections with the Israelis, and his furtiveness caused much good-humored hilarity in the office. But I gave Victor my word and met the Post Office technicians in the afternoon before the interview, carefully checking as they modified the telephone receiver. Later, when the interview was finished, I solemnly watched while they removed the washer again.

I monitored the interview back at Leconfield House on the seventh floor. Flora Solomon was a strange, rather untrustworthy woman, who never told the truth about her relations with people like Philby in the 1930s, although she clearly had a grudge against him. With much persuasion, she told Arthur a version of the truth. She said she had known Philby very well before the war.

She had been fond of him, and when he was working in Spain as a journalist with *The Times* he had taken her out for lunch on one of his trips back to London. During the meal he told her he was doing a very dangerous job for peace—he wanted help. Would she help him in the task? He was working for the Comintern and the Russians. It would be a great thing if she would join the cause. She refused to join the cause, but told him that he could always come to her if he was desperate.

Arthur held back from quizzing her. This was her story, and it mattered little to us whether she had, in reality, as we suspected, taken more than the passive role she described during the 1930s. Every now and then she became agitated.

"I will never give public evidence," she said in her grating voice. "There is too much risk. You see what has happened to Tomas since I spoke to Victor," she said, referring to the fact that one of Philby's friends, Tomas Harris, the art dealer, had recently died in a mysterious car accident in Spain.

"It will leak, I know it will leak," she would screech, "and then what will my family do?"

But although she professed fear of the Russians, she seemed to have ambivalent feelings toward Philby himself. She said she still cared for him, and then later rambled on about the terrible way he treated his women. Although she never admitted it, I guessed from listening to her that she and Philby must have been lovers in the 1930s. Years later she was having her revenge for the rejection she felt when he moved into a new pair of sheets.

Armed with Golitsin's and Solomon's information, both Dick White for MI6 and Roger Hollis agreed that Philby should be interrogated again out in Beirut. From August 1962 until the end of the year, Evelyn McBarnet drew up a voluminous brief in preparation for the confrontation. But at the last minute there was a change of plan. Arthur was originally scheduled to go to Beirut. He had pursued the Philby case from its beginning in 1951, and knew more about it than anyone. But he was told that

Nicholas Elliott, a close friend of Philby's, who had just returned from Beirut where he had been Station Chief, would go instead. Elliott was now convinced of Philby's guilt, and it was felt he could better play on Philby's sense of decency. The few of us inside MI5 privy to this decision were appalled. It was not simply a matter of chauvinism, though, not unnaturally, that played a part. We in MI5 had never doubted Philby's guilt from the beginning, and now at last we had the evidence we needed to corner him. Philby's friends in MI6, Elliott chief among them, had continually protested his innocence. Now, when the proof was inescapable, they wanted to keep it in-house. The choice of Elliott rankled strongly as well. He was the son of the former headmaster of Eton and had a languid upper-class manner. But the decision was made, and in January 1963 Elliott flew out to Beirut, armed with a formal offer of immunity.

He returned a week later in triumph. Philby had confessed. He had admitted spying since 1934. He was thinking of coming back to Britain. He had even written out a confession. At last the long mystery was solved.

Many people in the secret world aged the night they heard Philby had confessed. I was nearly forty-five. It is one thing to suspect the truth; it is another to hear it from a man's lips. Suddenly there was very little fun in the game anymore; a Rubicon had been crossed. It was not the same as catching Lonsdale; that was cops and robbers. To find that a man like Philby, a man you might like, or drink with, or admire, had betrayed everything; to think of the agents and operations wasted: youth and innocence passed away, and the dark ages began.

A few days later Arthur stopped me in the corridor. He seemed strangely calm, for such a tense, almost hyperactive man. It was almost as if he had seen a bad road accident.

"Kim's gone," he said quietly.

"Good God, how . . . ?"

Arthur smiled weakly. "It's just like 1951, when the boys went . . ."

Philby's defection had a traumatic effect on morale inside the senior echelons of MI5. Until then, theories about the penetration of MI5 had been nursed secretly; afterward they became openly expressed fears. It seemed so obvious that Philby, like Maclean before him in 1951, had been tipped off by someone else, a fifth man, still inside. And of course, the possibility of a fifth man chimed completely with Golitsin's evidence about a Ring of Five. Burgess, Maclean, Philby, almost certainly Blunt, and a fifth. Someone who survived 1951, who stayed on undetected, who even now was watching the crisis unfold.

Hugh Winterborn and I often talked about the subject. He was convinced that we were penetrated at a high level.

"I just can't believe we are as apparently incompetent as we appear to be," he used to say.

Operation CHOIR, where we found the Russians had blocked up the pinhole for our probe microphone, had a major effect on his thinking, and even eight years later he used to talk animatedly about it. There were other incidents, too, which made him suspicious. We installed SF on the Chinese Embassy telephones, and almost immediately the Russians went around and took it out. Then there was the Falber Affair. After the PARTY PIECE operation, MI5 went on the hunt for the CPGB files which listed the secret payments made to the Party by the Soviets. We suspected that perhaps they might be held in the flat of Reuben Falber, who had recently been made cashier of the Russian funds. Falber is a prominent CPGB member, so when he advertised for a tenant to live in the flat on the ground floor of his house, we installed an agent there. Almost immediately, as we were planning to burgle the flat above, the agent was evicted by Falber, who gave no reason for the eviction.

But as a wave of anxiety passed through Leconfield House, I was still marooned inside the Directorate of Science. I decided to make my own freelance inquiries. Over a period of months I slowly drew out files from the Registry. First I took out the files for the microphoning operations I had been involved with in the mid-1950s—Operation CHOIR in London, DEW WORM and PIG ROOT in Canada, all of which went inexplicably wrong, and MOLE in Australia. I examined the cases carefully. Each had failed, and although complicated hypotheses to explain each failure could be adduced, the possibility that each had been blown by a spy inside MI5 was also a serious one. Then there were the cases which preoccupied Winterborn. Again, alternative explanations could be found. Maybe we had been clumsy. Maybe Falber just guessed the identity of our agent, but I find it very difficult to believe. A leak was just as possible. Next I pulled out the files on each of the double-agent cases I had been involved with during the 1950s. There were more than twenty in all. Each one was worthless. Of course, our tradecraft and Watcher radios were mainly to blame, but the Tisler affair had left a nagging doubt in the back of my mind. The Lulakov-Morrow test did not exclude the possibility of a human source beyond the monitoring of our Watcher radios. Then there was Lonsdale, and lastly Philby. Again the same pattern. Not one single operation had succeeded as planned, and all had some degree of evidence of Russian interference.

There is a point in any mystery when the shape of the answer becomes suddenly clear. Over those unhappy months in Buckingham Gate, in the winter of 1962–63 as I pored through the files, back-checking and cross-checking the complex details of nearly eight years of frantic work, it all became suddenly very obvious. What until then had been a hypothesis, became an article of faith. There was a spy; the only question was who? More weeks were spent laboriously checking the dates when files were signed off and on, when access began and when it ended. And always it came down to the same five names: Hollis, Mitchell, Cumming, Winterborn at a stretch, and I myself. I knew it wasn't me; Hugh Winterborn never really fitted, and I knew it could not be him;

Cumming I dismissed from the start. He would never have had the subtlety to carry it off. Which left Hollis and Mitchell. Was it Hollis, the aloof, pedestrian autocrat with whom I enjoyed a civil but distant relationship? Or Mitchell, his deputy, a man I knew less well? There was a secretiveness about him, a kind of slyness which made him avoid eye contact. He was a clever man, clever enough to spy. I knew my choice would be based on prejudice, but in my mind I plumped for Mitchell.

Early in 1963 I realized that one of the two men knew what I was doing. When I began my private investigations, I used to place the files in my safe on top of minute pencil marks, so that I could tell if they were being moved. One morning I came in, and they had been moved. Only two men had access to my safe: the Director-General and the Deputy, who retained copies of all combinations. The shadows were gathering; treachery stalked the corridors.

After Philby's defection Arthur became curiously distant. I could see he was preoccupied, but he deftly turned aside all attempts by me to find out what he was doing. I spent several evenings with him at his flat near Euston Station, and although we discussed Golitsin in general terms, he refused to be drawn out on what further inquiries he was making. Convinced that I might be sacked at any moment, or at least removed from access in some way, I began to make excuses to visit Arthur's office after hours, bringing with me files which I had used in my freelance examination of thirty-eight cases.

"Do you think that's significant?" I would ask, drawing his attention to a small ambiguity in the handling of a double-agent case, or an unexplained termination of a microphoning case. Arthur invariably gazed silently at whatever it was I showed him, thanked me, and said nothing more. Finally one night Arthur said to me, "You know who it is, don't you, Peter?"

I said, "Well, it's either Roger or Graham."

He said that he was carrying out an investigation of Mitchell.

He told me that he thought there had been a leak which had led to Philby's defection. He too had come to the conclusion that it was either Roger or Graham but he did not know which, so after Philby defected he had gone to Dick White and put the whole problem to him. Dick was his mentor, the man who gave him his head in the late 1940s, and Arthur never forgot the debt he owed. Dick asked him to come back and see him the next day when he had had time to think about it. This Arthur did. Dick had been very sensible. He was sure Roger could not be a spy, but he felt it was possible of Mitchell. He advised Arthur to tell Hollis of his fears, and as a result Hollis instructed Arthur to begin an investigation of the Deputy Director-General. He had been doing this for a short time until he and I exchanged ideas.

"How long have you been worried about this?" he asked.

"Since Tisler . . ."

Arthur opened his desk drawer and pulled out a small bottle of Scotch. He poured us both a small measure in his coffee cups.

"Have you told Roger?"

I told him that I had raised the issue twice before, once after Tisler, and once after Lonsdale. Both times I had been stifled. He seemed surprised.

"I suppose you've guessed what I'm doing . . . ?"

"It's Mitchell, isn't it?"

"Somebody told Kim when to run," he said, hardly answering my question, "I'm sure of it. Only someone in Graham's place could have known enough to do it . . ."

He told me that after Philby defected he went to see Dick White to tell him about his suspicion that either Hollis or Mitchell was a spy. It was a natural thing for Arthur to do.

Arthur told me to see Hollis myself.

"Tell him we've talked, and that I suggested you see him. It's the only way."

I rang up to Hollis' office, and to my surprise got an almost immediate appointment. I took the lift to the fifth floor and waited for the green light to flash above his door. I was shown in by his secretary. Hollis was sitting upright at his desk under the bay window, working on a single file, a line of pencils on one side, each one carefully sharpened to a precise point. I advanced until I was standing a few feet from the other side of the desk. He did not look up. I waited for almost a minute in silence while Hollis' predecessors gazed balefully out at me from the wall. Still I waited. Still his pen scratched at the file.

"How can I help you, Peter?" he asked at length.

At first I stuttered badly. The last hour had been a strain.

"I've been talking with Arthur Martin, sir."

"Oh?" There was no trace of surprise in his voice.

"I have let my hair down about my worries . . ."

"I see . . ."

Still he worked on.

"I have done another analysis, sir, and he said I should come and show it to you."

"Take it over to the table, will you . . ."

I retreated back across the room, and sat at the huge polished conference table. Hollis joined me, and began to read in silence. Occasionally he queried a point in my analysis. But I could sense that today he was no opposition. It was almost as if he were expecting me.

"Did you know he's retiring in six months?" he asked when he had finished reading.

"Mitchell?" I asked, in genuine confusion. As far as I knew, he had at least a couple of years to go.

"He asked for it a while ago," said Hollis. "I can't change it now. I'll give you that long to prove it. You can join Martin, and I'll square it with Willis."

He handed me the file back.

"I don't have to tell you that I don't like it. You know that already. Not one word of this investigation is to leak out, understood?"

"Yes, sir!"

"You'll need to know Mitchell's background," he said, as he returned to his desk and pencils. "I'll arrange for Arthur to have his Record of Service."

"Thank you, sir."

He was already writing again as I went out.

13

AS SOON AS I JOINED THE MITCHELL CASE, I WAS INDOCTRINATED into the greatest counterintelligence secret in the Western world—the VENONA codebreak. To understand what VENONA was, and its true significance, you have to understand a little of the complex world of cryptography. In the 1930s, modern intelligence services like the Russian and the British adopted the one-time code pad system of communications. It is the safest form of encipherment known, since only sender and receiver have copies of the pad. As long as every sheet is used only once and destroyed, the code is unbreakable. To send a message using a one-time pad, the addresser translates each word of the message into a four-figure group of numbers, using a codebook. So if the first word of the message is "defense," this might become 3765. The figure 3765 is then added to the first group on the one-time pad, say 1196, using the Fibonacci system, which makes 4851. It is, in effect, a double encipherment. (The Fibonacci system is also known as Chinese arithmetic, where numbers greater than 9 are not carried forward. All cipher systems work on the Fibonacci system, because carrying numbers forward creates nonrandom distribution.)

The VENONA codebreak became possible because during the early years of the war the Russians ran short of cipher material. Such was the pressure on their communications system that they made duplicate sets of their one-time pads and issued them to different embassies in the West. In fact, the chances of compromising their communications were slim. The number of messages being transmitted worldwide was vast, and the Russians operated on five channels—one for Ambassadorial communications, one for the GRU, another for the Naval GRU, a fourth for the KGB, and lastly a channel for trade traffic connected with the vast program of military equipment passing from West to East during the war, which on its own comprised about 80 percent of total Russian messages. A set of pads might be issued to the KGB in Washington for their communications with Moscow, and its duplicate might be the trade traffic channel between Mexico and Moscow.

Shortly after the end of the war a brilliant American cryptanalyst named Meredith Gardner, from the U.S. Armed Forces Security Agency (the forerunner of the NSA), began work on the charred remains of a Russian codebook found on a battlefield in Finland. Although it was incomplete, the codebook did have the groups for some of the most common instructions in radio messages—those for "Spell" and "Endspell." These are common because any codebook has only a finite vocabulary, and where an addresser lacks the relevant group in the codebook—always the case, for instance, with names—he has to spell the word out letter by letter, prefixing with the word "Spell," and ending with the word "Endspell" to alert his addressee.

Using these common groups Gardner checked back on previous Russian radio traffic, and realized that there were duplications across some channels, indicating that the same one-time pads had been used. Slowly he "matched" the traffic which had been enciphered using the same pads, and began to try to break it. At first no one would believe him when he claimed to have broken into the Russian ciphers, and he was taken seriously only when he got a major breakthrough in the Washington-to-Moscow Ambassadorial channel. He decrypted the English phrase "Defense does not win wars!" which was a "Spell/Endspell" sequence. Gardner recognized it as a book on defense strategy published in the USA just before the date the message was sent. At this point, the Armed Forces Security Agency shared the secret with the British, who at that time were the world leaders in cryptanalysis, and together they began a joint effort to break the traffic, which lasted forty years.

Operation BRIDE (as it was first known) but later DRUG and VENONA, as it was known in Britain, made painfully slow progress. Finding matches among the mass of traffic available took time enough. But even then there was no certainty the messages on each side of the match could be broken. The codebook was incomplete, so the codebreakers used "collateral" intelligence. If, for instance, they found a match between the Washington-to-Moscow KGB channel and the New York-to-Moscow trade channel, it was possible to attack the trade channel by using "collateral," information gathered from shipping manifests, cargo records, departure and arrival times, tide tables, and so forth, for the date of the message. This information enabled the codebreakers to make estimates of what might be in the trade traffic. Once breaks were made in one side of a match, it provided more groups for the codebook, and helped make inroads on the other side.

The British and Americans developed a key device for expanding the VENONA breaks. It was called a "window index." Every time a word or phrase was broken out, it was indexed to everywhere else it appeared in the matched traffic. The British began to index these decrypts in a more advanced way. They placed two unsolved groups on each side of the decrypted word or phrase and after a period of time these window indexes led to repetitions, where different words which had been broken out were followed by the same unsolved group. The repetition often gave enough collateral to begin a successful attack on the group, thus widening the window indexes. Another technique was "dragging." Where a "Spell/Endspell" sequence or name came up, and the cryptanalysts did not know what the missing letters of the spelled sequence were, the groups were dragged, using a computer, across the rest of the channels, and out would come a list of all the repeats. Then the cryptanalysts would set to work on the reverse side of the repeat matches, and hope to attack the "Spell/Endspell" sequence that way.

It was an imperfect art, often moving forward only a word or two a month, and then suddenly spilling forward, like the time the Americans found the complete text of a recorded speech in the Ambassadorial channel. Often terrible new difficulties were encountered: one-time pads were used in unorthodox ways, up and down, or folded, which made the process of finding matches infinitely more problematic. There were difficulties, too, with the codebooks. Sometimes they changed, and whereas the Ambassadorial, GRU, and trade channels used a straightforward alphabetically listed codebook, rather like a dictionary, so that the codebreakers could guess from the group where in the codebook it appeared, the KGB used a special multivolume random codebook which made decrypting matched KGB channels a mindbending task. The effort involved in VENONA was enormous. For years both GCHQ and NSA and MI5 employed teams of researchers scouring the world searching for "collateral"; but despite the effort less than 1 percent of the 200,000 messages we held were ever broken into, and many of those were broken only to the extent of a few words.

But the effect of the VENONA material on British and American intelligence was immense, not just in terms of the counterintelligence received, but in terms of the effect it had on shaping attitudes in the secret world. By the late 1940s enough progress was made in the New York/Moscow and Washington/Moscow KGB channels to reveal the extent of massive Russian espionage activity in the USA throughout and immediately after the war. More than 1200 cryptonyms littered the traffic, which, because they were frequently part of "Spell/Endspell" sequences, were often the easiest things to isolate in the traffic, even if they could not be broken. Of those 1200, more than 800 were assessed as recruited Soviet agents. It is probable that the majority of these were the low-level contacts which are the staple currency of all intelligence networks. But some were of major importance. Fourteen agents appeared to be operating in or close to the OSS (the wartime forerunner of the CIA), five agents had access, to one degree or another, to the White House, including one who, according to the traffic, traveled in Ambassador Averill Harriman's private airplane back from Moscow to the USA. Most damaging of all, the Russians had a chain of agents inside the American atomic weapons development program, and another with access to almost every document of importance which passed between the British and U.S. governments in 1945, including private telegrams sent by Churchill to Presidents Roosevelt and Truman.

Using leads in the decrypted traffic, some of these cases were solved. Maclean was identified as one of the sources of the Churchill telegrams, and many others besides; Klaus Fuchs and the Rosenbergs were unmasked as some of the nuclear spies; while comparison of geographical clues in the decrypts with the movements of Alger Hiss, a senior U.S. State Department official, over a lengthy period made him the best suspect as the agent on Harriman's plane. But despite frenzied counterintelligence and cryptanalytical effort, most of the cryptonyms remain today unidentified.

In Britain the situation was equally grim, but with one major difference. Whereas the Americans had all the Soviet radio traffic passing to and from the USA during and after the war, in Britain Churchill ordered all anti-Soviet intelligence work to cease during the wartime alliance, and GCHQ did not begin taking the traffic again until the very end of the war. Consequently there was far less traffic, and only one break was made into it, for the week September 15 to September 22, 1945, in the Moscow-to-London KGB channel.

There was a series of messages sent to a KGB officer in the London Embassy, Boris Krotov, who specialized in running high-grade agents. The messages came at a time of some crisis for the Russian intelligence services in the West. A young GRU cipher clerk in the Russian Embassy in Canada, Igor Gouzenko, had just defected, taking a mass of material incriminating spies in Canada and the USA, and in Britain a nuclear spy, Alan Nunn May. Most of the messages to Krotov from Moscow Center concerned instructions on how to handle the various agents under his care. Eight cryptonyms were mentioned in all, three of which were referred to as the "valuable *argentura* [spy ring] of Stanley, Hicks, and Johnson," two who were routinely referred to together as David and Rosa, and three others. By the end of the week's traffic all contact with the eight spies had been put on ice, and reduced to meetings, except in special circumstances, of once a month.

When I was indoctrinated into VENONA, I remember my first sight of the GCHQ copies of the Moscow-to-London KGB channel. Every time GCHQ broke a few more words in a message, they circulated to the very few users drop copies of the new decrypt. The copies were stamped TOP SECRET UMBRA VENONA, and listed the addresser and addressee, the date and time of the message, the channel and direction (for instance, KGB Moscow/London), and the message priority (whether it was routine or urgent). Underneath would be something like this:

> TEXT OF MESSAGE
> YOUR COMMUNICATION OF 74689 AND 02985 47199 67789 88005 62971 CONCERNING SPELL H I C K S ENDSPELL 55557 81045 10835 68971 71129 EXTREME CAUTION AT PRESENT TIME 56690 12748 92640 00471 SPELL S T A N L E Y ENDSPELL 37106 72885 MONTHLY UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE. SIGNATURE OF MESSAGE

(This is not a verbatim decrypt; merely a very close approximation of the kind of challenge we were faced with.)

VENONA was the most terrible secret of all; it was incomplete. It was obvious from the decrypts that each of the eight cryptonyms was an important spy, both from the care the Russians were taking to protect them all in September 1945, and because we knew that Krotov specialized in that type of agent. But there was precious little evidence from the traffic which could help us identify them. GCHQ circulated only translations which they had verified, and included the verbatim unsolved groups where they occurred, but they often attached to the copy a separate page of notes giving possible translations of the odd group, which had not yet been verified. Often a message would be repeated several times, as more groups were got out, and it was recirculated.

Stanley, we were sure, must be Philby. Golitsin had heard the code name Stanley, and associated it with KGB operations in the Middle East, but there was no proof of this in the traffic. Hicks, therefore, was almost certainly Burgess because of the reference to the *argentura,* and because of a veiled reference to Hicks' temperament. Johnson was probably Blunt, although again there was no proof of it in the traffic. But the identity of the five other spies remained a mystery. Maclean was obviously not one of these, since he was in Washington in September 1945. The consequences for the Mitchell investigation were obvious. Any one of the five unidentified cryptonyms could be the spy inside MI5. I remember wondering, as I read the tantalizing decrypts, how on earth anyone at the top of MI5 has slept at night in the dozen years since they were first decrypted.

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing in the whole VENONA story was the fact that it was closed down on both sides of the Atlantic in 1954. After the initial surge of activity in the late 1940s and early 1950s, and the rash of prosecutions which followed, cryptanalytical progress slowed to a virtual halt. Hand matching had reached the limitations of the human brain, and computers were not then powerful enough to take the program much further. There was another reason too; in 1948 the Russians began to alter their code procedures worldwide, removing all duplicated pads. The last casualty of this was the Australian VENONA operation, which had been making so much progress that the British and Americans were virtually reading the Russian ciphers continuously as the messages were produced. The Australians were never told at the time but were brought into it some years later, although when the extent of Soviet espionage penetration, especially of the Department of External Affairs, became apparent, they were provided with the intelligence in bowdlerized form, and it led to the establishment of ASIO (Australian Security Intelligence Organization) with MI5's help.

The reason for the change in Soviet codes became apparent in the early 1950s. The secret of the break had been leaked to the Russians by a young Armed Services Security Agency clerk, William Weisband. In fact, Weisband did not know the extent of the Russian mistake and it was only when Philby was indoctrinated in 1949 that they knew the breadth of their disaster, although other people, such as Roger Hollis, were indoctrinated in 1948, when the match suddenly ceased in Australia after he returned from organizing the setting up of ASIO. Although the duplicate one-time pads were withdrawn, the Russians could do nothing to prevent the continuing work on the traffic they had already sent up until 1948. But thanks to Philby's posting to Washington in 1949, they were able to monitor the precise progress that was being made. Once the Russians knew the extent of the VENONA leak, and the technical difficulties of finding more matches multiplied, it was only a matter of time before priorities moved on. In 1954 most of the work was closed down.

Years later, I arranged for Meredith Gardner to visit Britain to help us on the British VENONA. He was a quiet, scholarly man, entirely unaware of the awe in which he was held by other cryptanalysts. He used to tell me how he worked on the matches in his office, and of how a young pipe-smoking Englishman named Philby used to regularly visit him and peer over his shoulder and admire the progress he was making. Gardner was rather a sad figure by the late 1960s. He felt very keenly that the cryptanalytical break he had made possible was a thing of mathematical beauty, and he was depressed at the use to which it had been put.

"I never wanted it to get anyone into trouble," he used to say. He was appalled at the fact that his discovery had led, almost inevitably, to the electric chair, and felt (as I did) that the Rosenbergs, while guilty, ought to have been given clemency. In Gardner's mind, VENONA was almost an art form, and he did not want it sullied by crude McCarthyism. But the codebreak had a fundamental effect on Cold War attitudes among those few indoctrinated officers inside the British and American intelligence services. It became the wellspring for the new emphasis on counterespionage investigation which increasingly permeated Western intelligence in the decades after the first break was made. More directly, it showed the worldwide scale of the Soviet espionage attack, at a time when the Western political leadership was apparently pursuing a policy of alliance and extending the hand of friendship. In the British traffic, for instance, most of the KGB channel during that September week was taken up with messages from Moscow detailing arrangements for the return of Allied prisoners to the Soviet authorities, groups like the Cossacks and others who had fought against the Soviet Union. Many of the messages were just long lists of names and instructions that they should be apprehended as soon as possible. By the time I read the messages they were all long since dead, but at the time many intelligence officers must have been struck by the sense that peace had not come in 1945; a German concentration camp had merely been exchanged for a Soviet Gulag.

In 1959, a new discovery was made which resuscitated VENONA again. GCHQ discovered that the Swedish Signals Intelligence Service had taken and stored a considerable amount of new wartime traffic, including some GRU radio messages sent to and from London during the early years of the war. GCHQ persuaded the Swedes to relinquish their neutrality, and pass the material over for analysis. The discovery of the Swedish HASP material was one of the main reasons for Arthur's return to D1. He was one of the few officers inside MI5 with direct experience of VENONA, having worked intimately with it during the Fuchs and Maclean investigations.

There were high hopes that HASP would transform VENONA by providing more intelligence about unknown cryptonyms and, just as important, by providing more groups for the codebook, which would, in turn, lead to further breaks in VENONA material already held. Moreover, since powerful new computers were becoming available, it made sense to reopen the whole program (I was never convinced that the effort should have been dropped in the 1950s), and the pace gradually increased, with vigorous encouragement by Arthur, through the early 1960s.

In fact, there were no great immediate discoveries in the HASP material which related to Britain. Most of the material consisted of routine reports from GRU officers of bomb damage in various parts of Britain, and estimates of British military capability. There were dozens of cryptonyms, some of whom were interesting, but long since dead. J.B.S. Haldane, for instance, who was working in the Admiralty's submarine experimental station at Haslar, researching into deep diving techniques, was supplying details of the programs to the CPGB, who were passing it on to the GRU in London. Another spy identified in the traffic was the Honorable Owen Montagu, the son of Lord Swaythling (not to be confused with Euan Montagu, who organized the celebrated "Man Who Never Was" deception operation during the war). He was a freelance journalist, and from the traffic it was clear that he was used by the Russians to collect political intelligence in the Labor Party, and to a lesser degree the CPGB.

The extraordinary thing about the GRU traffic was the comparison with the KGB traffic of four years later. The GRU officers in 1940 and 1941 were clearly of low caliber, demoralized and running around like headless chickens in the wake of Stalin's purges of the 1930s. By 1945 they had given way to a new breed of professional Russian intelligence officers like Krotov. The entire agent-running procedure was clearly highly skilled, and pragmatic. Great care was being taken to protect agents for their long-term use. Where there seemed poor discipline in the GRU procedures, by 1945 the traffic showed that control was exerted from Moscow Center, and comparison between KGB and Ambassadorial channels demonstrated quite clearly the importance the KGB had inside the Russian State. This, in a sense, was the most enduring legacy of the VENONA break—the glimpse it gave us of the vast KGB machine, with networks all across the West, ready for the Cold War as the West prepared for peace.

When I finished studying the VENONA material in the special secure office where it was stored on the fifth floor, I moved into an office with Evelyn McBarnet, Arthur's research officer, who was already busy on the case. The Mitchell investigation came at an awkward time for D Branch. Hollis had moved Furnival Jones from his post to become head of C Branch, in preparation for his appointment as Deputy Director-General on Mitchell's retirement. F.J.'s replacement was Malcolm Cumming. It was not a popular appointment among the bright young men of D Branch, who were laboring to build on the achievements of the Lonsdale case. Arthur himself had hopes that he might have been offered the job. He certainly deserved it, in terms of achievement, but he had never been popular among the Directors for the stand he took in the early 1950s. He was seen as truculent, temperamental, too unwilling to tolerate fools gladly, which unfortunately was a prerequisite for advancement in the Service. When the Mitchell investigation was sanctioned, Hollis decided not to indoctrinate Cumming, who theoretically was a potential suspect. Oversight of the case was given to F.J., who supervised things from C Branch headquarters in Cork Street.

Evelyn McBarnet was a strange woman, with a large birthmark running down one side of her face. Like a hothouse plant, she lived all her life in the enclosed space of the office, and had no perceptible existence outside.

"Are you a Freemason?" she asked me almost as soon as I joined her in her office.

"No," I replied, "and I don't approve of it."

"I didn't think you looked like one, but you'd better join if you want to be a success in this place," she told me darkly.

Evelyn had always believed there was a penetration of MI5. She had spent years working in counterespionage as a research officer, far longer than Arthur or I. She was a walking compendium of office life and shrewd, if somewhat morbid, judge of character.

"I always knew there would have to be an investigation," she told me, but she had a disturbing conviction that the course of the investigation was preordained. The worst, she was sure, was yet to come.

"Arthur will never last, if he pushes this issue," she told me, "and neither will you, if you associate yourself with him."

"What on earth do you mean, Evelyn?" I asked, in genuine surprise.

She opened her safe and pulled out a small exercise book with a black cover.

"Read this," she told me.

I opened the book. It was neatly written in a woman's hand. I flicked through the pages quickly. It listed details of cases from the 1940s and 1950s, some of which I knew about vaguely, and others I did not, which the author had collated from the MI5 Registry. Each one contained an explicit allegation about a penetration of MI5 or MI6.

"Whose is this?" I asked, aghast.

"Anne Last's, a friend of mine. She used to work with me," said Evelyn. "She did it after Burgess and Maclean went, then she left to have a family, you know. She married Charles Elwell. Before she left she gave me the book, and told me that I would understand."

"Does Arthur know . . . ?"

"Of course."

"But have you shown it to anyone else?"

"And get chopped too . . . ?"

I carried on reading. Maxwell Knight's name figured frequently in the first few pages. During the war he was convinced there was a spy inside MI5, and had minuted to that effect, although no action was taken. There were literally dozens and dozens of allegations. Many of them were fanciful—offhand comments drawn from agent reports; but others were more concrete, like the testimony of Igor Gouzenko, the young Russian cipher clerk who defected to the Canadians in 1945, and whose defection triggered such alarm in the single week of British VENONA KGB traffic. According to Anne Last, Gouzenko claimed in his debriefing that there was a spy code-named Elli inside MI5. He had learned about Elli while serving in Moscow in 1942, from a friend of his, Luibimov, who handled radio messages dealing with Elli. Elli had something Russian in his background, had access to certain files, was serviced using Duboks, or dead letter boxes, and his information was often taken straight to Stalin. Gouzenko's allegation had been filed along with all the rest of his material, but then, inexplicably, left to gather dust.

"People didn't believe him," said Evelyn, "they said he got it wrong. There couldn't be a spy inside MI5 . . ."

On the last page was what appeared to be a kind of "last will and testament." "If MI5 is penetrated," it said, "I think it is most likely to be Roger Hollis or Graham Mitchell."

"How the hell can we investigate these?" I gasped. "We'll have to turn the whole place upside down to do it properly."

"That's what they said in 1951," said Evelyn bitterly.

Anne Last's book was only the first of many secrets Evelyn shared with me over the first weeks we worked together. Gradually she filled in much of the forgotten history of MI5, the kinds of stories you never heard on the A2 tapes: stories of doubts and suspicions, unexplained actions, and curious coincidences. I soon learned that I was by no means the first person to come to suspect the office had been deeply penetrated. The fears were as old as the office furniture.

That evening I joined the commuters thronging down Curzon Street toward Park Lane, my head humming with what I had learned from Evelyn. Here was a consistent unbroken pattern of allegations, each suggesting there was a spy in the office, stretching from 1942 to the present day. For too long they had gone uninvestigated, unchallenged. This time the chase would be long and hard and unrelenting. I paused to look back at Leconfield House.

"This time," I thought, "this time there will be no tip-offs, no defections. This one will not slip away . . ."

14

FOR ALL MY HIGH HOPES, THE MITCHELL INVESTIGATION WAS A wretched affair. It began with a row, it ended with a row, and little went right in between. It was clear to me that to stand any chance at all of clinching the case one way or the other before Mitchell retired, we would have to turn on the taps, and use every technical resource at our disposal. Hollis vehemently opposed any request for home telephone taps and the full watching facilities, saying that he was not prepared to indoctrinate any further MI5 officers into the case, and certainly had no intention of approaching the Home Secretary for permission to bug or burgle his own deputy's house.

Arthur reacted badly to the setbacks. His temper by now was on a short fuse, and he erupted at a meeting in Hollis' office when his precise, quiet request for facilities was refused point-blank by the Director-General. Arthur said it was intolerable to be restricted when such a grave issue was at stake, and threatened to approach the Prime Minister himself to alert him to the situation. Hollis always reacted smoothly to any threats, and merely said he noted Arthur's comment, but that his decision stood.

"Under no circumstances will I authorize an extension of this investigation!"

Arthur stalked out of the room, obviously fully intending to carry out his threat.

That evening Furnival Jones and I went to my club, the Oxford and Cambridge, to try to find a way of averting catastrophe. Relations had been swiftly deteriorating between Hollis and Arthur ever since Cumming had been appointed to the Directorship of D Branch, and with the Mitchell case poised so perilously, any hint of the turmoil inside the organization would be disastrous.

Furnival Jones was in a dreadful position. He knew as well as I that he would be Hollis' deputy himself within a few months, yet I could tell that he felt Hollis was indeed being obstructive.

"It'll mean the end of the Service, if Arthur does something stupid," said Furnival Jones gloomily into his glass.

I asked him if he could not approach Dick White privately to see if some pressure could be exerted on Hollis to relent. Furnival Jones looked at me almost in anguish. He could see that he was slowly being ground between competing loyalties—to Hollis, and to those who were conducting a very difficult and emotionally fraught inquiry. It was close to one in the morning before we came to any firm decision. Furnival Jones promised that he would make an appointment to see Dick White, if I undertook to restrain Arthur from any rash course of action. I telephoned Arthur from my club; it was late, but I knew he would be up, brooding over a Scotch bottle. I said I had to see him that night, and took a taxi around to his flat.

Arthur was in a truculent mood.

"I suppose you've come to tell me you've decided to throw your hand in too!" he said acidly.

For the second time that evening I settled down to a long drinking session, trying to talk Arthur around. He looked desperately strained. He had been seriously overworking since before the Lonsdale case, and was putting on weight drastically. His flesh was gray, and he was losing his youthfulness. He railed against the obstructions that were being put in his way. I could see that the specter of 1951 haunted him, when he had allowed himself to be shunted out to Malaya.

"I should have fought then, but I agreed with them at the time. It seemed best to leave it. But not this time," he said.

In the end he saw the sense of F.J.'s approach. An open breach with Hollis would get us nowhere, and there was at least hope that Dick would talk him around to agreeing to some of our requests for more facilities.

The following day I got a call from F.J. He said he had spoken to Dick, and we were all to assemble in his flat in Queen Anne's Gate on the following Sunday afternoon.

"He wants to see a presentation of the case, then he'll decide what to do."

Dick White's flat backed onto MI6 headquarters in Broadway, and I arrived there promptly at the appointed time. Dick answered the door; he was dressed casually, with an open shirt and cravat. He showed us into his study, an elegant book-lined room, decorated in seventeenth-century style. Paintings from the National Gallery collection lined the walls, and an ornamental mirror stood gleaming above the fireplace.

"Shall we have some tea?" he asked, anxious to break the tension which was apparent on everyone's face.

"Now," he said, looking at Arthur, "I think you had better make your case . . ."

Arthur explained that I had brought my charts tabulating access to the thirty-eight cases, and suggested that it might be better if, in the first instance, I made the presentation. For a moment there was confusion. The charts were too large to spread on the delicate tea table, but Dick saw the problem.

"No, no," he said, "that's quite all right—spread them on the floor."

Within two minutes we were sprawling across the carpet, and the elegant Sunday-afternoon reserve was lost as we began to go through the litany of fears once more. I explained that I had submitted two previous papers, one on Tisler, the other on Lonsdale, but that these had both been rejected. Dick looked at me sharply, but made no comment.

"The whole point is that we can't look at this problem piecemeal," I told him, "and the basis of these charts is to try to take an overall view, to see if there is any evidence of Russian interference in the cases . . ."

"Sounds like a bad case of induction to me, but go on," said Dick skeptically.

I went through the cases one by one, and explained how it always came down to the same five names.

"Did you at any stage discuss this with Arthur, before you drew this together?" he asked, looking me squarely in the eye.

"How could I? I was over in the Directorate most of the time."

Dick turned to Arthur.

"You mean to tell me that you both came to this conclusion?"

He obviously found it hard to believe.

Arthur took over and explained the problem with facilities. Dick asked F.J., who so far had remained silent, for his opinion. He paused, and then committed himself irrevocably.

"Roger has refused to extend the investigation. Personally, I think it's a mistake. When you put together the lack of following with the lack of technical aids, there really is little chance of finding an answer to this case."

Dick was impressed with F.J.'s sensible appraisal.

"There are two factors here," he said after thinking for a while. "We have to do this investigation, and we have to be seen to do this investigation, and that's almost just as important."

He told us that some changes would certainly have to be made. He thought the investigation should be coordinated from an unofficial house, rather than a government building, and offered us the use of an MI6 safe house in Pavilion Road, near Sloane Square.

"I'll think overnight about what I am going to say to Roger, and you will hear from him."

The following day F.J. informed us that Hollis had given permission for a team of MI6 Watchers to be used on the case, although they would still not be allowed to trail Mitchell beyond the London railway station, in case their presence was noticed. We were allowed to indoctrinate Winterborn, and were given carte blanche to install a closed-circuit television system behind a two-way mirror in Mitchell's office. That afternoon we moved the burgeoning files across London to a tatty unfurnished upstairs flat in a small mews house in Pavilion Road, which for the rest of the case became our headquarters.

In the early stages of the investigation, we made a complete reexamination of the circumstances of Philby's defection. It yielded one vital discovery; I asked the CIA to check their computer records of the movement of all known Russian intelligence officers around the world, and we discovered that Yuri Modin, a KGB officer we strongly suspected had been Philby's controller during the 1940s, and of having arranged the Burgess/Maclean defections, had visited the Middle East in September 1962, just after Flora Solomon's meeting with Arthur in London. A further check showed Modin made a previous visit in May of the same year, shortly after the three Golitsin serials relating to the Ring of Five arrived at Leconfield House. Finally the CIA established that Modin had made no other trips abroad since the early 1950s. Eleanor Philby, Kim's wife, was interviewed at this time, and told us that Philby had cut short a family holiday in Jordan in September, and from then onward until his disappearance exhibited increasing signs of alcoholism and stress. It was obvious to us that Modin had gone to Beirut to alert Philby to the reopening of his case. Once the KGB knew of Golitsin's departure, it was an obvious precaution, but the odd thing was the fact that Philby seemed apparently unmoved until after Modin's second visit in September, which coincided exactly with the time when the case against him became unassailable.

We turned to the tapes of Philby's so-called "confession," which Nicholas Elliott brought back with him from Beirut. For many weeks it was impossible to listen to the tapes, because the sound quality was so poor. In typical MI6 style, they had used a single low-grade microphone in a room with the windows wide open. The traffic noise was deafening! Using the binaural tape enhancer which I had developed, and the services of Evelyn McBarnet and a young transcriber named Anne Orr-Ewing, who had the best hearing of all the transcribers, we managed to obtain a transcript which was about 80 percent accurate. Arthur and I listened to the tape one afternoon, following it carefully on the page. There was no doubt in anyone's mind, listening to the tape, that Philby arrived at the safe house well prepared for Elliott's confrontation. Elliott told him there was new evidence, that he was now convinced of his guilt, and Philby, who had denied everything time and again for a decade, swiftly admitted spying since 1934. He never once asked what the new evidence was.

Arthur found it distressing to listen to the tape; he kept screwing up his eyes, and pounding his knees with his fists in frustration as Philby reeled off a string of ludicrous claims: Blunt was in the clear, but Tim Milne, an apparently close friend of Philby's, who had loyally defended him for years, was not. The whole confession, including Philby's signed statement, looked carefully prepared to blend fact and fiction in a way which would mislead us. I thought back to my first meeting with Philby, the boyish charm, the stutter, how I sympathized with him; and the second time I heard that voice, in 1955, as he ducked and weaved around his MI6 interrogators, finessing a victory from a steadily losing hand. And now there was Elliott, trying his manful best to corner a man for whom deception had been a second skin for thirty years. It was no contest. By the end they sounded like two rather tipsy radio announcers, their warm, classical public-school accents discussing the greatest treachery of the twentieth century.

"It's all been terribly badly handled," moaned Arthur in despair as the tape flicked through the heads. "We should have sent a team out there, and grilled him while we had the chance . . ."

I agreed with him. Roger and Dick had not taken into account that Philby might defect.

On the face of it, the coincidental Modin journeys, the fact that Philby seemed to be expecting Elliott, and his artful confession all pointed in one direction: the Russians still had access to a source inside British Intelligence who was monitoring the progress of the Philby case. Only a handful of officers had such access, chief among them being Hollis and Mitchell.

I decided to pay a visit to GCHQ to see if there was anything further that could be done with the VENONA program to assist the Mitchell case. The VENONA work was done inside a large wooden hut, number H72, which formed a spur off one of the main avenues in the central GCHQ complex. The work was supervised by a young cryptanalyst named Geoffrey Sudbury, who sat in a small office at the front of the hut. Behind him dozens of linguists sat under harsh lamps, toiling for matches, and hoping to tease out the translations from a thousand anonymous groups of numbers.

Sudbury's office was a joyous menagerie of cryptanalytical bric-a-brac. Huge piles of bound VENONA window indexes piled up in one corner, and tray upon tray of decrypts stood on his desk, ready for his approval before they were circulated up to MI5 and MI6. Sudbury and I had a long talk about how the whole program could be pushed forward. The principal problem was that VENONA, up until then, had been hand matched, and computers were used only for specific pieces of work, such as dragging for a cryptonym. Most of the effort had gone into attacking the KGB and GRU channels directory; the trade traffic channels had been used wherever they formed the back of a match, but otherwise the bulk of it had been left unprocessed. A comprehensive computer-matching program was needed, using the new computers which were becoming available by the early 1960s, in the hope that more matches might be found.

It was a vast undertaking. There were over 150,000 trade traffic messages, and very few were even in "punched" form, suitable for processing through a computer. This alone was a huge task. Each individual group had to be punched up twice by data processors, in order to "verify" that the processed traffic was free from errors. Then the first five groups of each message were computer matched against the whole of the rest of the traffic, involving something like 10 billion calculations for each message.

When I discussed the project with Willis at the Directorate of Science, he was skeptical about the whole thing, so I went to see Sir William Cook at the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment again, with Frank Morgan. I knew that AWRE had the biggest computer facility in the country, bigger at that time than even GCHQ. I explained what I wanted to do. We needed at least three months on his computer to find the matches; once that was done, we could farm them out to NSA and GCHQ for the cryptanalytical work of trying to break the matches out. Cook, as always, was marvelous. I told him of Willis' skepticism, which he brushed aside.

"This is one of the most important contributions AWRE can make," he said, lifting the telephone. He spoke immediately to the AWRE head of Data Processing.

"There's a vital job I want you to start straightaway. I'm sending a chap down with the details. You don't need to know where he works. Please do as he says . . ."

In two months we had punched up and verified every message, and for the next three months the AWRE computers worked on the VENONA for six hours a night.

At first it looked as if the AWRE computerization program might transform the British VENONA. Early on we got a new match for a message just after the existing week's traffic in mid-September, which we had already broken. The message, when it was partially decrypted, concerned Stanley again. He was to carry no documents which might incriminate him to his next meeting with Krotov. Then, in the midst of a haze of unbroken groups, there was a fleeting reference to a crisis in KGB affairs in Mexico. Krotov was told to refer to Stanley for details, since his "section" dealt with Mexican matters.

At the time of this message Philby was the head of the Iberian section of MI6, which controlled a large swath of Hispanic countries, including Mexico. It was a bitter moment. The categoric proof that Stanley was Philby had come just a matter of months after he defected. Had we broken it out a few years earlier, we could have arrested Philby on one of his regular trips back to London to visit the *Observer.* This merely intensified fears about the integrity of MI5, since it made the decision in 1954 to close down the VENONA program look deeply suspect. When we checked, we found that the officer who ordered the closedown was the then head of Counterespionage, Graham Mitchell.

Sadly, the Philby fragment was the only real assistance the computerization program gave the British VENONA effort. Matches were made in Mexican KGB traffic and elsewhere in South America which were of enormous interest to the CIA and the RCMP, since Mexico was a principal area where the KGB introduced illegals into North America. But the matches made in British VENONA were almost all trade to trade traffic, rather than trade traffic to the KGB or GRU, which was what we needed. The cryptanalytical effort in Hut H72 went even more intensely than before, but there was to be no new shortcut.

There was little in Mitchell's Record of Service to help us either. Born in 1905, educated at Oxford, he then worked as a journalist and later as a statistician in Conservative Central Office. This did surprise me, as I recalled that when arguing with Mitchell about the Lonsdale case, he had claimed that he could not understand my argument since he was "no statistician." He joined MI5 as a result of contact made through the Tory Party, and worked on the anti-Fascist side during the war, latterly with some involvement, too, in the CPGB. Thereafter his progress was swift: he became head of F Branch (Domestic Subversion) in the late 1940s, and Dick White's first head of Counterespionage in 1953, before Hollis appointed him his deputy in 1956. There were only two really striking things about Mitchell's career. One was the way it was intimately bound up with Hollis'. They had been contemporaries at Oxford, joined MI5 at around the same time, and followed each other up the ladder in complementary positions. The second was the fact that Mitchell seemed to be an underachiever. He was a clever man, picked by Dick White to transform D Branch. He signally failed to do so in the three years he held the job, and indeed, when the decision to close VENONA down was taken into account, it seemed almost as if he had willfully failed.

The intense surveillance of Mitchell in the office revealed very little. I treated his ink blotter with secret-writing material, and every night it was developed, so that we could check on everything he wrote. But there was nothing beyond the papers he worked on normally. The closed-circuit television was monitored continuously by the MI6 Watchers. It was an unpleasant task; every morning Mitchell came in and picked his teeth with a toothpick in front of the two-way mirror, and repeated the meticulous process again before lunch, after lunch, and then again before he went home. By the end of the case, I began to feel that the only parts of Mitchell that we knew at all well were the backs of his tonsils!

I arranged to feed him barium meals. I circulated to him the bound volumes of my analysis of clandestine Soviet radio communications, with all their classifications and group count schedules, which I had recently updated for GCHQ. If Mitchell was a spy, it was the sort of priceless intelligence he could not afford to ignore. I watched on the monitor as Mitchell looked at the report in a desultory sort of way. Later James Robertson, an old adversary of mine who had run Soviet Counterespionage for a period in the 1950s, came into his office, and they began talking about me. Robertson never forgave me for the changes I made in D Branch when he was there. He thought I was a jumped-up newcomer, who should have learned to respect my elders and betters before presuming to offer advice. He and Mitchell discussed my radio analysis. Neither man understood its purpose.

"That bloody man Wright," said Robertson tartly, "he thinks he knows it all. Wants his wings clipped!"

Mitchell nodded sagely, and I could not help smiling at the irony of it all.

But the lighter moments were few and far between in what was a grim vigil, watching and waiting for a man to betray himself on the other side of a mirror. Only once did I think we had him. One Friday afternoon he began drawing on a scrap of paper. He concentrated intensely for perhaps twenty minutes, referring to notes on a piece of paper he took from his wallet, and then suddenly tore the piece of paper up and put it in his waste bin. Every night, since the beginning of the case, Hollis arranged for me to search his office, and Hollis' secretary was instructed to retain his burn bag, containing his classified waste, so that it could be checked as well. That evening I retrieved the scraps of paper from the bin, and reconstructed them. It was a map of Chobham Common, near where Mitchell lived, with dots and arrows going in various directions. In the middle of the map were the letters "RV" and the siting of two cars, one at either end of the path across the common which passed the rendezvous site.

For days Pavilion Road was deserted, as the entire focus of the case shifted to the isolated spot on the common indicated by Mitchell's map. But Mitchell never went close to the spot, nor did anyone else.

When I first began searching Mitchell's office, Hollis was highly nervous.

"There are some highly sensitive documents inside, Peter, and I want your word that they will remain undisclosed."

Hollis was worried in particular about personnel reports, and other embarrassing, rather than secret, papers which have by necessity to pass across the Deputy Director-General's desk. He need not have worried. There was nothing remotely interesting that I saw in Mitchell's office, which only confirmed me in my view that being DDG under a man as autocratic as Hollis must have been one of the very worst jobs in the world.

Every night for some months Hollis and I met after hours. At first he expressed distaste at having to pry into a close colleague's affairs, but I never felt the sentiment was genuine. When I told him about the frequency with which Mitchell picked his teeth on the closed-circuit television, he laughed like a drain.

"Poor bugger should go to a decent dentist!" he laughed.

I, for my part, felt determined, even ruthless. I had waited for years for the chance to grapple with the penetration problem, and I felt few scruples.

It was in those evenings that I first came to know Hollis as a man. Although I had worked for him for close on eight years, we had rarely talked outside the strict confines of official business. We had moments of tension, but by and large our relationship was correct. Only once did we have a major confrontation, when I was in A2 with Hugh Winterborn in the late 1950s. An Argentine delegation came over to negotiate a meat contract with the British Government. Hollis passed down a request from the Board of Trade for any intelligence, and instructed us to arrange for microphone coverage of the Argentines. Winterborn and I were outraged. It was a clear breach of the Findlater-Stewart memorandum, which defined MI5's purposes as strictly those connected with national security. The rest of the A2 staff felt exactly as we did, and Hollis' instruction was refused. For a few hours we all anticipated mass dismissals, but then Hollis withdrew his instruction, and it was never discussed again. The only strike in MI5's history ended in total victory for the strikers!

Occasionally, during the searches of Mitchell's office, Hollis talked about his early years. He told me about his travels in China during the 1930s, where he worked for British American Tobacco.

"Dreadful business out there. Any damn fool could see what the Japanese were doing in Manchuria. It was perfectly obvious we'd lose China if we didn't act," he used to say.

As with many older MI5 officers, the roots of his dislike of the Americans lay prewar. He said the Americans could have helped out in the Far East, but refused to because they were gripped with isolationism. The French in the Far East were, he said, effete, and would rather have seen the whole place go down than help us. That left only the Russians.

"They watched and waited," he told me, "and they got it in the end after the war, when Mao came."

He rarely mentioned his family life, although many people in the office knew he was having a long-standing affair. Just occasionally he talked about his son Adrian, who was a gifted chess player, which evidently was a source of great pride for him. (Adrian used to go to Russia to play chess.)

On one occasion we were talking about the case when I ventured an opinion that, whatever the result, it demonstrated a weakness in our protective security. Hollis became huffy.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

I told him that procedures for vetting MI5 recruits were clearly less strict than those the Service laid down throughout other Whitehall departments.

"Look at me," I told him, "I still haven't had a vet since I joined in 1955."

The next day the forms were sent down for me, and the issue was never discussed again, although shortly after this the vetting procedure changed, and candidates had in future to provide more referees, one of which could be nominated by the Service.

The most memorable thing about those evenings with Hollis was his extraordinary supply of the filthiest jokes I had ever heard. It was almost is if they were a defensive mechanism, an excuse for talking, or else a way of easing the burden when he stepped down from the Olympian heights of power to mix with the troops. I asked him once where he had amassed such a fund of stories.

"China," he told me. "Everyone drank and told jokes. It was the only way to pass the time."

Early on I decided to search a small desk in the corner of Mitchell's office, and I asked Hollis for the key.

"It was Guy Liddell's desk," he said. "He left it when I took over from him. It's been there for years . . ."

I asked him for his consent to pick the locks of two of the drawers which were locked. He agreed and I brought the lockpicking tools the next day, and we inspected the insides of the two drawers. They were both empty, but one caught my attention. In the dust were four small marks, as if an object had been very recently dragged out of the drawer. I called Hollis over, and showed him the marks. He seemed as nonplussed as I, especially when I inspected the lock mechanism and found scratch marks, as if the drawer had recently been opened.

Hollis went back to his office through the interconnecting door which ran between Mitchell's office and his own. I finished the search alone.

"Only Hollis and I knew I was going to open that drawer," I thought to myself, "and something has definitely been moved. Could even be a tape recorder. Why not Mitchell? Because he didn't know. Only Hollis knew. Guy Liddell's desk. Hollis took over the Deputy's office from him. No key? A man like Liddell doesn't leave the desk, and take the key. Only Hollis knew. Only Hollis . . ."

I looked up. Through the door Hollis was staring at me. He said nothing. He just stared, and then bent over his file again.

Throughout the summer months of 1963, as Mitchell's retirement neared, the investigation continued at full pitch. But the whole thing was hopelessly compromised. It had all been too hasty, and too ill-planned. Battling the deadline, and lacking the support of Hollis, it was inevitable that the security of the operation began to crumble at the seams. Mitchell realized that something was wrong. For a start, he noticed that the circulation of papers through his in-tray became erratic, as Hollis sought to restrict his access. Then he began to take evasive action against the Watchers, doubling back on himself, and practicing standard countersurveillance. There was little doubt that he knew he was being followed. Through the television monitor, Mitchell exhibited all the signs of a man under terrible stress, as if he were sunk in a massive depression. He was a tall, thin man at the best of times, but he looked positively cadaverous toward the end, with dark, sunken eyes. When people were in the room with him he made an effort to appear normal, but as soon as he was alone, he looked tortured.

"Why are they doing this to me?" he moaned one day, gazing at Hollis' office door.

In the final month the whole affair became almost a farce. There was no chance of finding anything under those circumstances, so Arthur and I pressed Hollis to sanction an interrogation to resolve the case one way or the other. Hollis refused to commit himself, but a few days later he arrived unannounced at the small house in Pavilion Road.

"I have been to see the PM," he said stiffly to the half dozen of us who were in the room, "and I am afraid an interrogation is quite out of the question."

Out of the corner of my eye I could see Arthur brewing for another outburst.

"Another defection at this stage would be calamitous," he said.

He thanked us all briskly for our efforts and disappeared down to his waiting car. It was typical Hollis mismanagement of personnel. Here were experienced officers, working at a pitch of desperation, and he could barely spare us two minutes. The dirty work was done. Best leave it to the dirty workers!

It was, as well, a naive approach. The MI6 Watchers, led by a hot-headed and overimpressionable young officer named Stephen de Mowbray, were appalled by Hollis' decision, and immediately took it to be a crude attempt at in-house suppression, the very thing MI5 accused MI6 of with the Philby affair. Moreover, no closedown could remove the fact that the Mitchell case had been done. A full report on the investigation had been written by Ronnie Symonds, a senior D1 officer assigned to handle the paperwork in the case. Symonds' report outlined the history of allegations of penetration of MI5 and concluded that there was a strong likelihood that a spy existed at a high level inside the Service. It raised the obvious question of whether the Americans should be alerted.

Symonds' report was sent to Hollis and Dick White, and after private consultations between the two chiefs, we were summoned for another Sunday-afternoon council-of-war, this time at Hollis' house in Camden Square. The contrast between Dick White and Roger Hollis was never clearer than in their homes. Hollis' was a tatty, bookless townhouse, and he appeared at the door wearing his dark pinstripe weekday suit. He showed us into the dingy breakfast room, and launched straight into business. He wanted to hear our views. He gathered there was some concern about the Americans. Consultation never came naturally to Hollis, and there was more than a trace of irritation in his voice now that it had been forced on him.

Arthur acerbically said that we had to find a way of telling them now, in case it became necessary to tell them later, when the effect, if the case against Mitchell was ever proved, would be much more traumatic. Hollis was utterly opposed. He said it would destroy the alliance, especially after Philby.

"For all we know," I reminded Hollis, "the Americans might have sources or information which might help resolve the case. But we'll never get it unless we ask."

For the next hour Hollis debated the issue with the two of us, tempers fraying on all sides. The others in the room—Ronnie Symonds, Arthur's desk officer for the Mitchell case, Hugh Winterborn, and F.J. —tried desperately to keep the temperature down. Symonds said he wanted to keep his options open. Perhaps Mitchell should be interrogated, but then again, it was always possible to regard the issue as closed. As for America, he said he did not know the scene out there well enough to have a view. Winterborn was solid and sensible, supporting Arthur's view that the bigger disaster would be to say nothing now, only to find the case proved later. F.J. finally burst out in exasperation.

"We're not a bloody public school, you know. There's no obligation for us all to 'own up' to the Americans. We run our Service as we think fit, and I wish some of you would remember that!"

But even F.J. acknowledged that there was a problem which had to be resolved. He said that on balance he felt it would be quite prudent to keep the Americans informed, the question was how to do it. Hollis could see he was outnumbered, and suddenly announced that he would visit Washington himself.

"Wouldn't it be better done at working level?" asked F.J., but Hollis' jaw was set firm, and although Arthur tried to move him, it was clearly a waste of time.

"I have heard the arguments. My decision is made," he snapped, glowering at Arthur across the table.

Hollis left for the United States almost immediately, where he briefed John McCone, the new Director of the CIA following the removal of Allan Dulles after the Bay of Pigs, and Hoover. Shortly afterward Arthur followed on to brief the Bureau and the Agency at working level. He got a rough reception. The Americans simply failed to understand how a case could be left in such an inconclusive state. Here, allegedly, was one of the most dangerous spies of the twentieth century, recently retired from one of the prime counterespionage posts in the West, and yet he had not even been interrogated. The whole affair smacked, to them, of the kind of incompetence demonstrated by MI5 in 1951, and in a sense they were absolutely right.

Hollis returned, determined to resolve the case. He ordered a new review to be written by Ronnie Symonds, and Symonds was specifically instructed not to communicate or cooperate with either Arthur or me in the research and drafting of the new report.

When the Mitchell case was handed over to Symonds, I returned to the Directorate of Science, where I was informed that Willis had made a change in procedures. He felt the Directorate need no longer involve itself in GCHQ's affairs, and wanted me to relinquish all contacts with the organization. I was incensed. I knew that unless MI5 hunted and chivvied for facilities and cooperation from GCHQ, things would soon slip back to the desperate state that existed before 1955. Few officers inside MI5 had any real idea of what could be done for them by GCHQ, and, equally, few GCHQ people bothered to think what they could do for each other, a job which I felt was vital for the Directorate to continue. But Willis could not be shifted. He wanted me to leave Counterclan, and join the bureaucrats. It was the final straw. I went to see Hollis, and I told him that I could no longer continue to work in the Directorate. I told him I wanted to join D Branch if possible, or else return to A Branch. The Mitchell case gave me a taste of research, and I knew that the position as head of D3 was still vacant. To my surprise, Hollis offered me a transfer to D3 immediately. There was just a small caveat. He wanted me to return to the Directorate to finish one final special project for Willis, before taking up my new post in January 1964.

Willis' special project turned out to be one of the most important, and controversial, pieces of work I ever did for MI5. He wanted me to conduct a comprehensive review, to my knowledge the only one that was ever done inside British Intelligence, of every scrap of intelligence provided by yet another defector to appear in the West in the early 1960s—Oleg Penkovsky.

Penkovsky was, at the time, the jewel in MI6's crown. He was a senior GRU officer who spied in place for MI6 and the CIA during 1961 and 1962, providing massive quantities of intelligence about Soviet military capabilities and intentions. It was hailed on both sides of the Atlantic as the most successful penetration of Soviet Intelligence since World War II. Penkovsky alerted the West to the presence of Soviet missiles in Cuba, and his information about the Soviet nuclear arsenal shaped the American approach to the subsequent Cuban missile crisis. He also provided the evidence for the identification of the Russian missiles in Cuba. But in late 1962 Penkovsky and a British businessman, Greville Wynne, who was his cutout to MI6, were both arrested by the KGB, and put on trial. Wynne was given a long prison term (although he was eventually exchanged for Gordon Lonsdale and the Krogers) and Penkovsky, apparently, was shot.

I had been involved in the Penkovsky case during the time it was running. Penkovsky visited London on a number of occasions, as a member of a Soviet trade delegation, and had a series of clandestine debriefings with MI6 and CIA officers in the Mount Royal Hotel. At the time Hugh Winterborn was absent for a prolonged period through ill-health, and I was Acting A2, and was asked by MI6 to provide the technical coverage for the London Penkovsky operations. I arranged for continuous Watcher coverage of him and for the sophisticated microphoning system needed to capture every drop of intelligence that spilled out of him during the tense all-night sessions with his controllers.

The Penkovsky case ran counter to everything which was alleged about the penetration of MI5. Arthur and I often discussed this during the Mitchell case. If there was a high-level penetration, then Penkovsky had to be a plant, because news of him was known to the handful of senior suspects, including Mitchell, from a relatively early stage. When I was arranging the Mount Royal operation, Hollis asked me for the name of the agent MI6 were meeting, and I gave it to him. Cumming also asked, but since he was not on the MI6 indoctrination list, I refused to give it to him. This provoked a furious row, and Cumming accused me of becoming too big for my boots. He seemed to resent the fact that I did not consider myself in his debt for the role he played in hiring me into the Service.

Penkovsky seemed to fit into the most far-reaching of the allegations made by Golitsin. Golitsin said that in December 1958 Khrushchev transferred the head of the KGB, General Serov, to run the GRU. His replacement in the KGB was Alexander Shelepin. Shelepin was a much more subtle, flexible man than Serov, who was an old-style Beria henchman, a "nuts and bolts" man. The problem set to Shelepin was that Khrushchev and the Politburo had come to the conclusion that an all-out war with the West was not on. Khrushchev wanted to know how Russia could win without doing this. Shelepin took six months to survey the problem. He then called a large conference in Moscow of all the senior KGB officers the world over and discussed ways in which KGB methods could be modernized. Shelepin, according to Golitsin, boasted that the KGB had so many sources at its disposal in the West that he favored returning to the methods of the OGPU and the "Trust" as a means of masking the real nature of Soviet strategic intentions.

As a result of the Shelepin conference, Department D of the First Chief Directorate of the KGB (responsible for all overseas operations) was formed, a new department charged with planning deception of disinformation exercises on a strategic scale. Department D was put under the control of I. I. Agayants, an old, much respected KGB officer. In 1959, Golitsin said, he approached a friend who worked in this new Department to see if he could get a job there. The friend confided in him that Department D was planning a major disinformation operation using the GRU, but that it could not be implemented for some time because the GRU was penetrated by the CIA and this must be eliminated first. This penetration was almost certainly Colonel Popov, a high-ranking GRU official who spied in place for the CIA before being captured, tortured, and shot in 1959.

In fact, Golitsin never went back, as by then he was planning his defection, so he never learned any more details about the planned disinformation plan, other than the fact that it was basically a technical exercise, and involved all resources available to the First Chief Directorate. When Golitsin reached the West he began to speculate that the Sino-Soviet split was the Department D plan, and that it was a ploy designed to mislead the West. Some of Golitsin's admirers, like Arthur, believed (and continued to believe) this analysis, but although I was, during this early period, one of Golitsin's fervent supporters in the Anglo-American intelligence community, it has always seemed to me that the Penkovsky operation is a far better fit for the type of task Department D was set up for, than the inherently unlikely Sino-Soviet hypothesis.

Strategic deception has become an unfashionable concept in Western intelligence circles, largely because of the extremes to which some of its adherents, myself included in the early days, pushed it. But there is no doubt that it has a long and potent history. The "Trust" operations of the GPU and OGPU in the early years of the Bolshevik regime are a powerful reminder to any KGB recruit of the role these operations can play. At a time when the Bolshevik regime was threatened by several million White Russian émigrés in the 1920s, Feliks Dzerzhinsky, the legendary founder of the modern Russian Intelligence Services, masterminded the creation of a fake organization inside Russia dedicated to the overthrow of the Bolshevik regime. The Trust attracted the support of White Russian émigré groups abroad, and the Intelligence Services of the West, particularly MI6. In fact, the Trust was totally controlled by the OGPU, and they were able to neutralize most émigré and hostile intelligence activity, even kidnapping and disposing of the two top White leaders, Generals Kutepov and Miller, and the Trust persuaded the British not to attack the Soviet Government because it would be done by internal forces.

Strategic deception has also played a major part in the history of Western intelligence, most notably in the Double Cross operations of the war, which enabled the Allies to mislead the Germans about our intentions at D-Day.

Looking at the intelligence balance in 1963, there was no doubt that the Soviets had the necessary conditions to begin a major disinformation exercise. They had large-scale and high-level penetrations in the West, especially in Britain and the USA, and had possessed them almost continuously since the war. Hiss, Maclean, the nuclear spies, Philby, Burgess, Blake, and the many others gave them a very intimate knowledge of the very organizations which needed to be deceived. Secondly, and often overlooked, the Soviets had continuous penetrations of the Western Signals Intelligence organizations since the war, from Philby and Maclean until 1951, but closer to the early 1960s through the defection of the NSA operatives Martin and Mitchell in 1960, and the suicide in 1963 of Jack Dunlap, a chauffeur at NSA who betrayed details of dozens of the most sensitive discussions by senior NSA officials in his car.

As I read the files, a number of reasons made me believe that Penkovsky had to be the deception operation of which Golitsin had learned in 1959. The first thing that struck me about Penkovsky was the sheer coincidence of his arrival. If ever an organization needed a triumph it was MI6 in the early 1960s. It was rocked by the twin blows of Philby and George Blake, its morale desperately low after the Crabbe affair, and the disastrous Suez operations, and Dick White was trying to rebuild it. He removed the post of Deputy Director, sacked a number of senior officers most closely associated with the Sinclair regime, and tried to introduce some line management. He was never entirely successful. Dick was not a particularly gifted administrator. His achievements in MI5 stemmed from intimate knowledge of the office and its personnel, and a deep knowledge of counterespionage, rather than a flair for running organizations.

Deprived of these, his first years in MI6 were, almost inevitably, marked by expediency rather than clear strategy. This was never so well illustrated as with his decision to retain Philby as an agent runner in the Middle East, even though he believed him to be a spy. I asked him about this later, and he said that he simply felt that to sack Philby would create more problems inside MI6 than it might solve. Looking at MI6 in the early 1960s, I was reminded of Lenin's famous remark to Feliks Dzerzhinsky.

"The West are wishful thinkers, we will give them what they want to think."

MI6 needed a success, and they needed to believe in a success. In Penkovsky they got it.

There were three specific areas of the Penkovsky case which made me highly suspicious. The first was the manner of his recruitment. Toward the end of 1960, Penkovsky visited the American Embassy in Moscow in connection with his ostensible job, which was to arrange exchange visits with the West on scientific and technical matters. Once inside the Embassy he offered to provide intelligence to the Americans, and was interviewed by the CIA in their secure compound. He told them that he was, in fact, a senior GRU officer, working for the GKNIIR, the joint organization between the KGB and the GRU on scientific and technical intelligence. The Americans decided Penkovsky was a provocation, and refused his offer. By the time I read the files, the Americans had discovered through another defector, Nossenko, that the rooms used for the interview with Penkovsky had been clandestinely microphoned by the KGB. It was obvious that even if Penkovsky had been genuine, the Russians must have learned of his offer to spy for the Americans.

Early in 1961 Penkovsky made another attempt. He approached a Canadian businessman named Van Vleet in his apartment in Moscow. Van Vleet interviewed Penkovsky in his bathroom, with the water taps running to shield their conversation from eavesdropping. There was no proof that Van Vleet's apartment was bugged, but both he and Penkovsky assumed it to be so, because of his connections with the RCMP. Later, at Penkovsky's trial, evidence against him was produced in the form of tape recordings of conversations between Penkovsky and Wynne which had also taken place in bathrooms with water taps running. It was clear that the Russians had technical means of defeating this type of countercoverage.

Penkovsky's third approach, to Wynne, was successful, and as a result he was run jointly by MI6 and the CIA. But the second suspect area in the Penkovsky case was the type of intelligence which he provided. It was split into two types: ARNIKA, which was straight intelligence, and RUPEE, which was counterintelligence.

The RUPEE material consisted mostly of identifications of GRU officers around the world, nearly all of which were accurate and most of which were already known to us. But beyond that there were no leads at all which identified any Soviet illegals in the West, or to past or present penetrations of Western security. It made no sense to me; here was a man in some ways fulfilling a function analogous to my own, who had spent years at the summit of the GRU, and in regular contact with the KGB, and yet he had apparently picked up not one trace of intelligence about Soviet intelligence assets in the West. I compared Penkovsky's counterintelligence with that of the last major GRU source, Colonel Popov, who spied for the CIA inside the GRU during the 1950s. Popov provided identifications of nearly forty illegals operating in the West, before he was captured and shot.

ARNIKA was different; Penkovsky handed over literally thousands of documents dealing with the most sensitive Soviet military systems. But there were two oddities. Firstly, he sometimes handed over original documents. It seemed to me beyond belief that a spy would risk passing over actual originals, or that the Russians would not miss them from the files. Secondly, Penkovsky's most important documents, which enabled the Americans to identify the Russian missiles in Cuba, were shown to him by his uncle, a senior GRU commander of missile forces. Penkovsky claimed that he copied the document while his uncle was out of the room. Once again, this seemed to me to smack more of James Bond than of real life.

The third area which made me suspect Penkovsky was the manner in which he was run. The tradecraft was appallingly reckless for such a sensitive source. The problem was that his intelligence was so valuable, and at the time of the Cuban missile crisis so current, that he was literally bled for everything that could be got, with little attempt made to protect him or preserve him as a long-term asset. I counted the distribution list for Penkovsky's intelligence. Seventeen hundred people in Britain alone had access to Penkovsky's material during the time he was running in place. MI6, MI5, GCHQ, the various branches of Military Intelligence, the JIC, the Service chiefs and their staffs, the Foreign Office, various scientific research establishments—they all had their own lists of people indoctrinated for various parts of Penkovsky's material, although few people saw the whole range. Of course, like all source reports, there was no hint as to how the intelligence had been acquired, but by any standards it was an astonishingly large distribution, and raised the question of whether it would have been detected by the ever-vigilant Russian Intelligence Services, who at that point in 1963 had demonstrated a consistent ability to penetrate British security at high levels.

Arrangements in Moscow were even more extraordinary. MI6 arranged for Penkovsky to hand over exposed films to Mrs.

Chisholm, the wife of a local MI6 officer, Rory Chisholm, in a Moscow park. This procedure was followed more than a dozen times, long after both Penkovsky and Mrs. Chisholm had detected KGB surveillance of their movements. By the time I read the Penkovsky files, we also knew from George Blake's prison debriefings that Chisholm's identity as an MI6 officer was well known to the Russians. I was certain of one thing: even MI5, with our slender resources, and the restrictions placed on us by custom and the law, could not have failed to detect the Penkovsky operation, had the Russians run it in London the same way MI6 ran it in Moscow.

When I circulated my Penkovsky paper it was greeted with howls of outrage. The operation was marked with great courage and daring, and seemed, on the face of it, such a triumph, that people simply became overemotional when criticisms were voiced. Harry Shergold, Penkovsky's case officer, practically went for me at a meeting in MI6 one day.

"What the hell do you know about running agents?" he snarled. "You come in here and insult a brave man's memory, and expect us to believe this?"

The question remains, of course, why should the Russians have sent Penkovsky as a disinformation agent, if such he was? The answer, I think, lies in the politics of Cuba, and the politics of arms control. The Russians had two major strategic ambitions in the early 1960s—to preserve Castro in Cuba, at a time when the Americans were doing all in their power to remove him, by either coup or assassination, and to enhance and develop the Soviet intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM) capability without arousing suspicions in the West. This was the era of the "missile gap." The fear that Russia was moving ahead in the production of nuclear weapons was a major plank in John Kennedy's 1960 presidential election campaign, and he committed his administration to closing the gap. The Soviets were desperate to convince the

West that the missile gap was an illusion, and that, if anything, the Soviets lagged behind the West.

Part of the reason for the fears about Soviet missile capability was the fact that, intelligence-wise, the West was blind at this time, because the U2 surveillance flights were cancelled after Gary Powers was shot down in May 1960, and photoreconnaissance over the Soviet Union did not become available again until the launch of the first satellite toward the end of 1962. During that time the only intelligence available to the West was the interception of telemetry signals and radio communications from the rocket-testing ranges in Soviet Asia, and, of course, Penkovsky.

The essence of Penkovsky's information was that the Soviet rocket program was nowhere near as well advanced as the West had thus far suspected, and that they had no ICBM capability, only intermediate-range ballistic missiles, IRBMs. Armed with that knowledge, Kennedy was able to call the Soviet bluff when the Americans detected IRBM facilities under construction in Cuba. The fact that the Russians were seen to be installing what, according to Penkovsky, were their state-of-the-art rockets in Cuba tended to confirm to the Americans the validity of Penkovsky's message that the Russians had no ICBM capability. Khrushchev was forced to withdraw, but achieved his major aim—an eventual acceptance from the USA that Cuba would remain unscathed.

Penkovsky's message was later confirmed by the two defectors from the Soviet delegation to the UN who contacted the FBI in the early 1960s, Top Hat and Fedora, the latter of which, like Penkovsky, was allegedly a scientific and technical officer. Both agents, but especially Fedora, gave intelligence which supported Penkovsky's message that Soviet rocketry was markedly inferior to the West's. Fedora gave immensely detailed intelligence about weaknesses in Soviet rocket accelerometers.

The confidence which Penkovsky's intelligence, and that of

Fedora and Top Hat, gave to the Americans was a crucial factor increasing the climate which gave rise to the SALT I arms control negotiations, and the era of détente, and that, I believe, was his purpose. He helped to lull suspicions in the West for more than a decade, and misled us as to the true state of Soviet missile development.

In the mid-1970s the climate began to change, and doubts began to emerge. Satellite photoreconnaissance was dramatically improved, and when the accuracy of Soviet ICBMs was analyzed using sophisticated measurements of the impact craters, the missiles were found to be much more accurate than had been detected by telemetry and radio intercepts. The only explanation was that a bias had been introduced into Russian signals, with the intention of misleading American detection systems.

While Penkovsky retained his status as MI6's finest postwar achievement, Fedora and Top Hat, for reasons which are too lengthy to detail here, were officially recognized by all sections of the U.S. intelligence community as provocations. Fedora's information about the accelerometers was found to be wrong, and there was even some evidence that the Russians had introduced a fake third gyro on their missiles to make them appear less accurate than they in fact were.

Findings like these cast doubt on the validity of previous arms control agreements, and fears about the ability of the USA to accurately assess Soviet missile capabilities in the end sounded the death knell for the SALT talks in the last 1970s. There was a growing realization in the U.S. defense community that on-site inspections were vital in any future negotiations, a concession which the Soviets have resolutely refused to concede. Today a consensus is beginning to emerge among Western defense strategists that the West was indeed overconfident in its assessment of Soviet missile strength in the 1960s, and that the Soviet used the era of détente as the cover for a massive military expansion. The idea that Penkovsky played some role in that is not now as far-fetched as it once sounded.

When I first wrote my Penkovsky analysis Maurice Oldfield (later chief of MI6 in the 1970s), who played a key role in the Penkovsky case as Chief of Station in Washington, told me:

"You've got a long road to hoe with this one, Peter, there's a lot of K's and Gongs riding high on the back of Penkovsky," he said, referring to the honors heaped on those involved in the Penkovsky operation.

Perhaps not such a long road today.

15

BY THE BEGINNING OF 1964 BOTH ARTHUR AND I WERE CONVINCED that Hollis, rather than Mitchell, was the most likely suspect for the spy we were certain had been active inside MI5 at a high level. Only this hypothesis could explain the incongruities in the Mitchell investigation. Hollis' long-standing refusal to entertain any possibility of a penetration of the Service, his unwillingness to authorize technical facilities during the Mitchell case, his refusal to sanction the interrogation, or brief the Americans until his hand was forced, all seemed to us to point in one direction.

Then suddenly, as we waited for Symonds' second report on Mitchell, an old case fell into our laps. Sir Anthony Blunt, Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures, international art historian, and former wartime senior officer for MI5, confessed in April 1964 to having spied for Russia throughout the war. It brewed up in late 1963, when MI5 were informed by the FBI that an American citizen, Michael Whitney Straight, had told them that Blunt had recruited him for the Soviets while they were both at Cambridge University in the 1930s. Arthur Martin flew over to interview Straight, who confirmed the story, and agreed to testify in a British court if necessary.

The question of how to handle the Blunt case was considered at a series of meetings in Hollis' office. The management saw it as a dreadful embarrassment. In the everlasting game of inter-Secret Service rivalry, the fact that MI6 had harbored proven traitors, but thus far MI5 had not, was of enormous importance to the Service's prestige in Whitehall. Hollis, in particular, craved the respect of mandarins in the Cabinet and Home Office, and feared the effect the Blunt case would have on MI5's status. Beyond this, there was a terror of scandal. Hollis and many of his senior staff were acutely aware of the damage any public revelation of Blunt's activities might do to themselves, to MI5, and to the incumbent Conservative Government. Harold Macmillan had finally resigned after a succession of security scandals, culminating in the Profumo affair. Hollis made little secret of his hostility to the Labor Party, then riding high in public opinion, and realized only too well that a scandal on the scale that would be provoked by Blunt's prosecution would surely bring the tottering Government down.

Arthur and I had simple motivations. We wanted to get our hands on Blunt as soon as possible, to see if he could shed any light on the question of further penetration of MI5. A trial involving Straight would in any case be unlikely to succeed, and would delay, if not jeopardize entirely, our chances of ever gaining his cooperation. The decision to offer Blunt immunity was possibly the only decision of note concerning the penetration of MI5 where all parties agreed, and after the matter had been cleared with the Attorney-General, Blunt was confronted by Arthur Martin and almost immediately admitted his role as Soviet talent spotter and spy.

A few days after Blunt confessed, I was buzzed by Hollis' secretary early one evening and told to come to the DG's office at once. Hollis and F.J. were sitting on either side of his desk, looking solemn; Victor Rothschild was standing at the window staring out across Green Park.

"Hello, Victor," I said, a little surprised that he had not warned me of his visit to the building.

"Thank you for coming, Peter," he replied in a brittle voice, turning to face me. He looked distraught.

"I have just told Victor about Anthony," said Hollis, interrupting quickly.

Little wonder Victor looked devastated. Blunt and he had been close friends for nearly thirty years, first at Cambridge, and then during the war, when both men served inside MI5. After the war their careers took them on different paths. They were both men of extraordinary gifts in an increasingly gray world, and their relationship remained close. Like Blunt, Victor also fell under suspicion after the Burgess/Maclean defections. He had been friendly with Burgess as an undergraduate, and had originally owned the lease on a house off Welbeck Street, No. 5 Bentinck Street, where Blunt and Burgess both lived during the war. But while the suspicions against Victor swiftly melted, those against Blunt remained, particularly after Courtney Young interviewed him in the mid-1950s.

Victor's main concern, as soon as he was told the truth, was how to break the news to his wife, Tess. He knew as well as I did that news of Blunt's treachery would, if anything, have a more traumatic effect on her than on him. I had got to know Tess Rothschild well since first meeting Victor in 1958. She was a woman of great charm and femininity, and was closer to Blunt in many ways than Victor had ever been. She understood the vulnerable side of his character, and shared with him a love for art. In the 1930s she moved in that same circle of gifted left-wing intellectuals who studied in Cambridge, partied in London, and holidayed at Cap Ferrat, as the world tottered into World War II.

When war broke out, Tess Mayer, as she then was, joined MI5, where she served with great bravery and distinction alongside her future husband. During this period, she too had rooms in No. 5 Bentinck Street along with Blunt and Burgess. Tess' other roommate was Pat Rawdon-Smith, later Lady Llewellen-Davies. Tess was well aware of MI5's doubts about Blunt after the Burgess/Maclean defections, but she defended him to the hilt. Both she and her husband, Victor, knew how it felt to be innocent, yet fall under suspicion through having been friendly with Guy Burgess. To her, Blunt was a vulnerable and wonderfully gifted man, cruelly exposed to the everlasting burden of suspicion by providence and the betrayals of Guy Burgess.

"Anthony used to come back tight to Bentinck Street, sometimes so tight that I had to help him into bed," she used to say. "I would have known if he was a spy . . ."

Victor realized that we would need to interview Tess now that Blunt had confessed, but he dreaded telling her the truth.

"That is why I asked you up to Roger's office," he said quietly. "I think it would be better if the news came from you."

I knew that he needed to get away from Leconfield House, and gather his thoughts alone.

"Of course," I said, as gently as I could, suggesting that I bring Evelyn McBarnet as well, since Tess knew her.

A few days later Evelyn and I took a taxi over to St. James's Place. We were shown up to Victor's study, a light, scholarly room overlooking Green Park and stamped with his extraordinary character—paintings, scientific diagrams, musical instruments, books ancient and modern, and on the wall a huge self-designed slide rule. There was also a piano, on which Victor played jazz with great skill and élan. Victor was ill-at-ease, and I could tell that Tess sensed something was wrong. After a few minutes, Victor said I had some news for her, then slipped out of the room.

"Is there anything wrong, Peter?" she asked nervously.

"It's Anthony," I told her, "he has confessed at last."

"What to? You are not saying he was a spy?"

"Yes, I am, Tess."

For a second she raised her hand to her mouth as if in pain; then she let it slip gently onto her lap. I told her the story as best I could: of how he had admitted being recruited in 1937, a year or two after Philby, Burgess, and Maclean, and how he had given a long and detailed account of his espionage activities throughout the war. Tess did not cry; she just went terribly pale, and sat hunched up and frozen, her eyes staring at me as she listened. Like Victor, she was a person for whom loyalty in friendship was of surpassing importance; to have it betrayed shook her, as it had him, to the core.

"All those years," she whispered, "and I never suspected a thing."

I began to understand for the first time the intensity of feelings which had been forged in the crucible of those strange, long-ago years in Cambridge in the 1930s.

The Blunt confession had a drastic effect on Arthur's behavior. After years of toil, here finally was proof that he had been right all along. From the beginning he suspected Blunt, even though many people in the office, like Dick White, who had been close friends with Blunt during the war, initially doubted that it was possible. Arthur became even more driven, even more difficult to handle. He had the look of a man who could smell red meat, a ravenous, voracious manner as he collected his ancient scalp.

The confession dramatically sharpened attitudes toward penetration. The unthinkable, that there could be a spy inside MI5, became suddenly much more real. Arthur was convinced that if only we could keep the momentum up, the new D Branch team could get to the heart of the 1930s conspiracy. He felt that while things were running our way, and defectors and confessions were coming thick and fast, he might still resolve the greatest riddle of all—the identity of the mole inside MI5 today. But as Arthur pressed for speed and urgency and action, he was faced by the new D Branch Director, Cumming, who favored a slow and cautious approach.

The relationship between the two men deteriorated in an alarming way during the early part of 1964. Arthur had little respect for Cumming: he felt his approach was out of date. Arthur had been largely responsible for rebuilding Soviet Counterespionage since 1959, and because of his reputation, his influence spread way beyond D1. He was an ambitious man, and understandably so, but he lacked tact. He felt he should have been D Branch Director rather than Cumming, and made little secret of the fact that he expected the job very shortly. To him, Cumming was mishandling the whole penetration issue. Cumming deeply resented Arthur's attitude, which was rarely hidden, as well as the intrusions on his authority. He was bitter, also, about the way he had been kept out of the Mitchell inquiry, and suspected that Arthur harbored secret suspicions about Hollis. A showdown was clearly only a matter of time in coming.

Shortly after Blunt confessed, it occurred. In May 1964 I visited Washington to try to persuade the CIA to help our fledgling Movements Analysis program. Hal Doyne Ditmass, who ran the Movements Analysis, and I wanted the CIA to provide computer effort to process the mass of material which the program was producing (7 million movements a year) and my request to the CIA had Hollis' approval. Angleton was totally supportive, and Helms agreed to send over not just one or two technicians, but a twenty-man team and a guarantee of all the computer time in the CIA that the program required. As soon as I got back, with the CIA computer team due to arrive the following week, Arthur told me that Hal Doyne Ditmass was being transferred. I exploded.

"How the hell can we do any planning if vital staff are transferred just as soon as they familiarize themselves with an area?" I raged. "Hal and I have spent four years developing this work, and just when it really starts to produce results, he gets a transfer!"

Arthur was just as upset as I. He had handpicked many of the staff in D1, and resented any attempt to move them, especially at this time of maximum activity in the Soviet counterespionage field. Arthur stormed into Cumming's office, believing he should have opposed the move. The row filtered down the corridor, as months of pent-up resentment poured out. Cumming accused Arthur of riding slipshod over the Branch, and exceeding his authority. Arthur, for his part, made little secret of his belief that the Branch was being badly handled. Inevitably, the argument focused on the recent Mitchell case. Cumming accused Arthur of being obsessed with what was, in his opinion, a dead case, and, moreover, one which had done enormous damage to the morale of the Service. Arthur responded by indicating that, so far as he was concerned, the case still had a very long way to go. Cumming reported the row to Hollis, who promptly requested a full written report on the matter. The following day Cumming sent Arthur a draft copy of the report he intended submitting to Hollis.

Arthur was appalled by what he read. Cumming's report made no mention of the implications for the CIA visit of Doyne Ditmass' removal from the Movements Analysis program. It was an explicit attack on Arthur, culminating in the suggestion that Arthur harbored suspicions about the identity of the spy inside MI5 which he was not willing to share with his Director.

Arthur was by now at breaking point with Cumming.

"Not bloody true!" he scrawled in the margin, and continued to deface every line of Cumming's report, before sending it back from whence it came. Cumming, sensing his chance for a decisive victory, promptly sent the copy as it stood to Hollis, who summarily suspended Arthur for a fortnight for indiscipline.

I was in a hopeless position: I had twenty CIA technicians arriving at Leconfield House any day, expecting to enter important negotiations with Hal Doyne Ditmass, me, and Arthur Martin, and as things stood, there would only be me on the MI5 side of the table. I went to see Hollis privately and explained, with as little rancor as I could, the nature of the problem. I reminded Hollis that the approach to the CIA had been done in his name, and he agreed to reinstate Doyne Ditmass for another year.

"But what about Arthur?" I asked, hoping that Hollis might change his mind on that too.

"I am not prepared to discuss the matter," he retorted.

"But what about Blunt?" I pleaded. "We can't just leave him out in the cold when we've just broken him . . ."

"It's about time Arthur learned that he's not the DG yet," said Hollis grimly. "When he's sitting in this chair, he can make the decisions. Until then, I do!"

When Arthur returned, we began the debriefing in earnest, systematically identifying his every controller and recruitment, and checking every item of intelligence that he handed over to the Russians. Arthur met Blunt regularly and questioned him on the basis of detailed research briefs which D3 and Evelyn drew up. Each session was taped, and the transcripts processed by D3 to check for inaccuracies and points which needed further questioning.

Blunt swiftly named as fellow spies Leo Long, a former officer in British Military Intelligence, and John Cairncross, who had served in the Treasury in 1940, before joining the Government Code and Cipher School (GC&CS) at Bletchley with access to ENIGMA SIGINT material, and, in 1944, MI6. Long, informed by Arthur that a prosecution was most unlikely provided he cooperated with MI5, swiftly confessed, as did Cairncross, who was seen by Arthur in Rome.

But after his initial leads, Blunt ran out of things to say. He sat and listened to Arthur's questions, helped where he could, but there was nothing like the wealth of detail we expected. Arthur and I decided to confront him together. The plan was to introduce me as the officer analyzing Blunt's confession. I would then play nasty to Arthur's nice, and tell Blunt I had serious doubts about the veracity of his confession. It was an old interrogation trick, but it had worked before. There was one further twist. We set the meeting up in Maurice Oldfield's flat in Chandos Court, Caxton Street, Westminster, which had a concealed taping system. Usually when Blunt and Arthur met, Arthur recorded the conversation openly on a hand tape recorder. We decided that we would turn off the visible tape recorder when I went for Blunt, to give him additional security. Hollis was extremely reluctant about the plan. From the beginning he instructed that no pressure was to be applied to Blunt, in case he should defect. But we managed to persuade him that on this one occasion the risk was worth taking.

We met Blunt several nights later. He was tall and extremely thin, wearing a tweed suit with a large bow tie. He looked distinguished, if slightly effeminate. He was friendly but guarded, especially toward Arthur. I could tell there was a tension between them; neither man could forget that they had sat down together ten years before, and Blunt had lied through his teeth. They talked in a businesslike fashion for half an hour, mainly about documents which Blunt removed from the Registry. Every now and then Blunt snatched a look across at me. I could tell he knew what was coming. Finally, Arthur brought me into the conversation.

"Peter has been doing the analysis. I think he has something to say . . ."

I switched off the tape recorder and paused for effect.

"It's quite clear to me, reading the transcripts, that you have not been telling us the full truth . . ."

Blunt flinched as if I had struck him. He was sitting in an easy chair with his pencil-thin legs crossed. His outstretched leg kicked involuntarily.

"I have told you everything which you have asked," he replied, looking me straight in the eye.

"That's nonsense, and you know it is, too. You say you only know about Long and Cairncross, those were the only ones. I don't believe you!"

He purpled, and a tic began to flicker on his right cheek. He poured himself another gin, playing for time.

"We've been very fair with you," I went on. "We've been polite, and we've kept our side of the bargain like gentlemen. But you have not kept yours . . ."

He listened intently as I made my play. Where was he not telling the truth? he wanted to know. I pointed out areas where we felt he was holding back. I knew he was trying to gauge whether I had fresh evidence or information which could put him on the spot, or whether we were just working from gut feelings. After a few minutes' discomfort, he began to resume his poise. The tic began to settle down. He knew we had nothing to throw at him.

"I've already told you, Peter," he muttered, "there was nobody else!"

I switched tack, and began to press his conscience.

"Have you ever thought about the people who died?"

Blunt feigned ignorance.

"There were no deaths," he said smoothly, "I never had access to that type of thing . . ."

"What about Gibby's spy?" I flashed, referring to an agent run inside the Kremlin by an MI6 officer named Harold Gibson. "Gibby's spy" provided MI6 with Politburo documents before the war, until he was betrayed by Blunt and subsequently executed.

"He was a spy," said Blunt harshly, momentarily dropping his guard to reveal the KGB professional. "He knew the game; he knew the risks."

Blunt knew he had been caught in a lie, and the tic started up again with a vengeance. We wrestled for an hour, but the longer it went on, the more he realized the strength of his position. The session broke up with ill-concealed temper.

"The truth is, given the choice, you wouldn't betray anyone you thought was vulnerable, would you?" I asked, as Blunt prepared to leave.

"That's true," he said, standing to his full height, "but I've already told you. There are no more names . . ."

He said it with such intensity that I felt he almost believed it himself.

There had been an incident which was perturbing. The tape recorder which we overtly had in the room decided to scramble up its tape. I knelt on the floor and proceeded to straighten the tape out and got it going again. While I was doing this, Blunt said to Arthur, "Isn't it fascinating to watch a technical expert do his stuff?"

Now, Blunt had not been told by either Arthur or me that I was a scientist. I had been introduced as the man processing what he, Blunt, had told us. I looked Blunt straight in the eye and he blushed purple. Somebody had told him who I really was.

"You take him on," snapped Arthur when Blunt had left. "He's played out . . ."

Arthur was keen to strip the bones of his other carcasses, Long and Cairncross.

Long was in the Apostles Society at Cambridge, a self-regarding élite club of intellectuals, many of whom were left-wing and homosexual. When war broke out he joined Military Intelligence, where he was posted to MI14, responsible for assessing Oberkommando Wehrmacht SIGINT and hence military strength. Throughout the war he met clandestinely with Blunt and handed over any intelligence he could lay his hands on. After the war he moved to the British Control Commission in Germany, where he eventually rose to become deputy head of Military Intelligence before leaving in 1952 to pursue a career in commerce. He left Intelligence because he was getting married and did not wish to have to tell his wife that he had been a spy.

I met Long several times with Arthur, and disliked him intensely. Unlike the other members of the Ring, he lacked class, and I often wondered how on earth he was accepted into the Apostles. He was an officious, fussy man with a face like a motor mechanic's, and seemed still to regard himself as a superior Army officer, despite his treachery. Far from being helpful in his debriefing, his attitude, when challenged on a point, was invariably to say that we would just have to take his word for it. He went through his story with us briskly. No, he knew of no other spies, and claimed that he gave up all espionage activities in 1945. This failed to tally with what Blunt had told us. He said that in 1946 he went to Germany to persuade Long to apply for a post inside MI5. Long agreed, and Blunt, then a trusted and well-respected recent departure from the Service, wrote a recommendation for him. Luckily for MI5, Guy Liddell had a marked prejudice against uniformed military officers, and blackballed him at the Board, even though Dick White supported him, much to his later embarrassment. But despite this attempt to join MI5, and Long's continuing secret work in Germany, he denied all further contact with the Russians, which was clearly rubbish.

Cairncross was a different character entirely. He was a clever, rather frail-looking Scotsman with a shock of red hair and a broad accent. He came from a humble working-class background but, possessed of a brilliant intellect, he made his way to Cambridge in the 1930s, becoming an open Communist before dropping out on the instructions of the Russians and applying to join the Foreign Office.

Cairncross was one of Arthur's original suspects in 1951, after papers containing Treasury information were found in Burgess' flat after the defection. Evelyn McBarnet recognized the handwriting as that of John Cairncross. He was placed under continuous surveillance, but although he went to a rendezvous with his controller, the Russian never turned up. When Arthur confronted Cairncross in 1952 he denied being a spy, claiming that he had supplied information to Burgess as a friend, without realizing that he was a spy. Shortly afterward, Cairncross left Britain and did not return until 1967.

After Cairncross confessed, Arthur and I traveled to Paris to meet him again for a further debriefing in a neutral venue. He had already told Arthur the details of his recruitment by the veteran Communist James Klugman, and the intelligence from GCHQ and MI6 which he had passed to the Russians, and we were anxious to find out if he had any other information which might lead to further spies. Cairncross was an engaging man.

Where Long floated with the tide, Communist when it was fashionable, and anxious to save his neck thereafter, Cairncross remained a committed Communist. They were his beliefs, and with characteristic Scottish tenacity, he clung to them. Unlike Long, too, Cairncross tried his best to help. He was anxious to come home, and thought that cooperation was the best way to earn his ticket.

Cairncross said he had no firm evidence against anyone, but was able to identify two senior civil servants who had been fellow Communists with him at Cambridge. One was subsequently required to resign, while the other was denied access to defense-related secrets. We were particularly interested in what Cairncross could tell us about GCHQ, which thus far had apparently escaped the attentions of the Russian intelligence services in a way which made us distinctly suspicious, especially given the far greater numbers of people employed here.

Cairncross told us about four men from GCHQ who he thought might repay further investigation. One of these worked with him in the Air Section of GCHQ, and had talked about the desirability of enabling British SIGINT material to reach the Soviet Union. Cairncross, although amused by the irony of the man's approach, was in no position to judge his seriousness, so he kept quiet about his own role. The second man, according to Cairncross, had been sacked after returning to Oxford and telling his former tutor full details of his work inside GCHQ. The tutor, appalled by the indiscretion, reported him to GCHQ, and he was sacked. A third man named by Cairncross, like the first, had long since left GCHQ for an academic career, so effort was concentrated on the fourth, a senior GCHQ official in the technical section. After a full investigation he was completely cleared.

GCHQ became highly agitated by the D Branch inquiries resulting from Cairncross' information, as did C Branch; both protected their respective empires jealously, and resented what they saw as interference, particularly when I made some caustic comments about how they could improve their vetting.

As my D3 section pursued these leads, I wrestled with the problem of how to handle Blunt, now that he was my responsibility. Before I began meeting Blunt I had to attend a briefing by Michael Adeane, the Queen's Private Secretary. We met at his office in the Palace. He was punctilious and correct, and assured me that the Palace was willing to cooperate in any inquiries the Service thought fit. He spoke in the detached manner of someone who wishes not to know very much more about the matter.

"The Queen," he said, "has been fully informed about Sir Anthony, and is quite content for him to be dealt with in any way which gets at the truth."

There was only one caveat.

"From time to time," said Adeane, "you may find Blunt referring to an assignment he undertook on behalf of the Palace—a visit to Germany at the end of the war. Please do not pursue this matter. Strictly speaking, it is not relevant to considerations of national security."

Adeane carefully ushered me to the door. I could not help reflecting on the difference between his delicate touch and the hysterical way MI5 had handled Blunt, terrified that he might defect, or that somehow the scandal might leak. Although I spent hundreds of hours with Blunt, I never did learn the secret of his mission to Germany. But then, the Palace had had several centuries to learn the difficult art of scandal burying. MI5 have only been in the business since 1909!

When I took over Blunt I stopped all meetings with him while I considered a new policy. Confrontation was clearly never going to work, firstly because Hollis was vehemently opposed to anything which might provoke a defection, or a public statement from Blunt, and secondly because Blunt himself knew that our hand was essentially a weak one, that we were still groping in the dark and interrogating him from a position of ignorance rather than strength. I decided that we had to adopt a subtle approach, in an attempt to play on his character. I could tell that Blunt wanted to be thought helpful, even where it was clear that he was not. Moreover, he disliked intensely being caught in a lie. We had to extract the intelligence from him by a slow process of cumulative pressure, advancing on small fronts, rather than on any large one. To do that we needed a far more profound knowledge of the 1930s than MI5 at the time possessed.

I decided, too, that we had to move the interviews onto his patch. He always came to Maurice Oldfield's flat in a confrontational mood, defensive, on edge, sharpened up, and aware that he was being recorded. I felt moving to his place would lessen the tension, and enable us to develop something of a relationship.

Every month or so for the next six years Blunt and I met in his study at the Courtauld Institute. Blunt's study was a large room decorated in magnificent baroque style, with gold-leaf cornicework painted by his students at the Courtauld. On every wall hung exquisite paintings, including a Poussin above the fireplace, bought in Paris in the 1930s with 80 pounds lent to him by Victor Rothschild. (He was supposed to have left this painting to Victor's oldest daughter, Emma, but he failed to do this. The picture was valued at 500,000 pounds for his estate and went to the nation.) It was the perfect setting to discuss treachery. For every meeting we sat in the same place: around the fireplace, underneath the Poussin. Sometimes we took tea, with finely cut sandwiches; more often we drank, he gin and I Scotch; always we talked, about the 1930s, about the KGB, about espionage and friendship, love and betrayal. They remain for me among the most vivid encounters of my life.

Blunt was one of the most elegant, charming, and cultivated men I have met. He could speak five languages, and the range and depth of his knowledge was profoundly impressive. It was not limited solely to the arts; in fact, he was proud of telling me, his first degree at Cambridge was in mathematics, and he retained a lifelong fascination with the philosophy of science.

The most striking thing about Blunt was the contradiction between his evident strength of character and his curious vulnerability. It was this contradiction which caused people of both sexes to fall in love with him. He was obviously homosexual, but in fact, as I learned from him, he had had at least two love affairs with women, who remained close to him throughout his life. Blunt was capable of slipping from art historian and scholar one minute, to intelligent bureaucrat the next, to spy, to waspish homosexual, to languid establishmentarian. But the roles took their toll on him as a man. I realized soon after we began meeting that Blunt, far from being liberated by the immunity offer, continued to carry a heavy burden. It was not a burden of guilt, for he felt none. He felt pain for deceiving Tess Rothschild, and other close friends like Dick White and Guy Liddell (he was in tears at Guy's funeral), but it was the pain of what had to be done, rather than the pain of what might have been avoided. His burden was the weight of obligation placed on him by those friends, accomplices, and lovers whose secrets he knew, and which he felt himself bound to keep.

As soon as we began our meetings at the Courtauld I could see Blunt relax. He remained canny, however, and since he knew all about SF, I soon noticed that the telephone was placed discreetly at the far end of the hall. On the first afternoon we met there I noticed it as he went out to fetch some tea.

"Bring the tea cozy to put on the telephone," I shouted.

He laughed.

"Oh no, Peter, you'll never be able to hear us down there with that thing."

At first I took notes in a small notebook, but it became difficult to take everything down, so I had to plan a way of obtaining clandestine coverage of the meetings. Eventually the premises next to the Courtauld were modernized, and I arranged for a probe microphone to be inserted through the wall into Blunt's study. It was a ticklish job. The measurements needed to be perfect to ensure that the probe emerged at the right spot on Blunt's side of the fireplace close to where we sat. A2 arranged for an artist friend of Blunt's to telephone him at a prearranged time when I was visiting him, and while he was out in the hall talking, I produced my tape measure and made all the necessary measurements for the microphone, which was successfully installed and working beautifully until the end. For all I know, it is probably still there now.

For our first sessions I relaxed things. I tried not to press him too hard, content simply to run through the old memories. He talked of how he had joined the Soviet cause, recruited by the then youthful, brilliant Guy Burgess. Guy was still a painful subject for Blunt; he had just died in Moscow, alone, his once virile body broken by years of abuse.

"You probably find this impossible to believe," he told me as he poured the tea, "but anyone who knew Guy well, really well, will tell you that he was a great patriot."

"Oh, I can believe that," I said. "He only wanted Britain to be Communist! Did you hear from him, before he died?"

Blunt sipped his tea nervously, the cup and saucer shaking slightly in his hand. Then he went to his desk and fetched me a letter.

"This was the last one," he said. "You didn't miss it; it was hand delivered . . ." He left the room.

It was a pathetic letter, rambling and full of flaccid sentimental observations. Burgess talked of Moscow life, and tried to make it sound as if it was still as good as ever. Now and again he referred to the old days, and the Reform Club, and people they both knew. At the end he talked of his feelings for Blunt, and the love they shared thirty years before. He knew he was dying, but was whistling to the end. Blunt came back into the room after I finished reading the letter. He was upset, more I suspect because he knew I could see that Burgess still meant something to him. I had won a crucial first victory. He had lifted the veil for the first time, and allowed me a glimpse into the secret world which bound the Ring of Five together.

Blunt joined the Russian Intelligence Service in the heyday of the period now known in Western counterintelligence circles as "the time of the great illegals." After the ARCOS raid in London in 1928, where MI5 smashed a large part of the Russian espionage apparatus in a police raid, the Russians concluded that their legal residences, the embassies, consulates, and the like, were unsafe as centers for agent running. From then onward their agents were controlled by the "great illegals," men like Theodore Maly, Deutsch, "Otto," Richard Sorge, Alexander Rado, "Sonia," Leopold Trepper, the Piecks, the Poretskys, and Krivitsky. They were often not Russians at all, although they held Russian citizenship. They were Trotskyist Communists who believed in international Communism and the Comintern. They worked undercover, often at great personal risk, and traveled throughout the world in search of potential recruits. They were the best recruiters and controllers the Russian Intelligence Service ever had. They all knew each other, and between them they recruited and built high-grade spy rings like the "Ring of Five" in Britain, Sorge's rings in China and Japan, the Rote Drei in Switzerland, and the Rote Kapelle in German-occupied Europe—the finest espionage rings history has ever known, and which contributed enormously to Russian survival and success in World War II.

Unlike Philby and Burgess, Blunt never met "Theo," their first controller, a former Hungarian priest named Theodore Maly. Maly understood the idealism of people like Philby and Burgess, and their desire for political action. He became a captivating tutor in international politics, and his students worshipped him. In 1936–1937 Maly was replaced by "Otto," and it was he who orchestrated Blunt's recruitment by Burgess. Like Theo, "Otto" was a middle-class East European, probably Czech, who was able to make the Soviet cause appealing not simply for political reasons but because he shared with his young recruits the same cultured European background. Blunt admitted to me on many occasions that he doubted he would ever have joined had the approach come from a Russian.

For some reason, we were never able to identify "Otto." Philby, Blunt, and Cairncross all claimed they never knew his real name, although Philby in his confession told Nicholas Elliott that while in Washington he recognized "Otto" from a photograph in the FBI files as a Comintern agent named Arnold Deutsch. But when we checked we found that no picture of Deutsch existed in FBI files during Philby's time in Washington. Moreover, Deutsch had fair curly hair. I used to bring Blunt volume after volume of the MI5 Russian intelligence officer files in the hope that he might recognize him. Blunt treated the books as if they were catalogues from the National Gallery. He would study them carefully through his half-moon spectacles, pausing to admire a particularly striking face, or an elegantly captured figure on a street corner. But we never identified "Otto" or discovered the reason why the Ring were so desperate to conceal his identity so many years later.

In 1938 Stalin purged all his great illegals. They were Trotskyists and non-Russians and he was convinced they were plotting against him, along with elements in the Red Army. One by one they were recalled to Moscow and murdered. Most went willingly, fully aware of the fate that awaited them, perhaps hoping that they could persuade the demented tyrant of the great services they had rendered him in the West. Some, like Krivitsky, decided to defect, although even he was almost certainly eventually murdered by a Russian assassin in Washington in 1941.

For over a year after "Otto's" departure, the Ring remained in limbo, out of touch and apparently abandoned. Then Guy Burgess and Kim Philby reestablished contact with the Russians through Philby's first wife, Litzi Friedman, a long-time European

Comintern agent. According to Blunt, the Ring was run through a complex chain of couriers: from Litzi Friedman messages passed to her close friend and fellow Comintern agent, Edith Tudor Hart, and thence to Bob Stewart, the CPGB official responsible for liaison with the Russian Embassy, and thence on to Moscow. Until Blunt confessed we were entirely unaware of this chain, and it had enormous implications. Each member of the chain almost certainly knew the identities of the Ring, claimed Blunt, and it had always puzzled him that the Ring was not detected at this point by MI5. We had always assumed the Ring had been kept entirely separate from the CPGB apparatus, which was thoroughly penetrated in the 1930s by agents run by Maxwell Knight. But now it appeared that we had missed the greatest CPGB secret of all. In 1938 MI5 were basking in the success of the Woolwich Arsenal case, where evidence from Maxwell Knight's best agent, Joan Gray (Miss X), secured the conviction of senior CPGB officials for espionage in the Woolwich Arsenal Munitions Factory. Had we run the case on longer, we might well have captured the most damaging spies in British history before they began.

At the end of 1940, the Russians finally reestablished contact with the Ring, and from this period onward they were directed into the intelligence world. Their controller during this period was "Henry," a Russian intelligence officer named Anatoli Gromov, or Gorski, who was working under diplomatic cover. Gromov ran all the spies in the Ring, almost certainly the eight whose cryptonyms appear in the VENONA traffic, until he left for Washington in 1944 to run Donald Maclean, who was posted to the British Embassy. Those who were left in London were taken over by Boris Krotov, the KGB officer whose VENONA messages revealed the existence of the eight spies. Blunt said he had a great respect for the professionalism of his KGB controllers, but they never really stimulated him in the way that "Otto" had. Gromov and Krotov were technocrats of the modern Russian intelligence machine, whereas to Blunt, the talented European controllers of the 1930s were artists.

"Was that why you left MI5?" I asked.

"Oh, that partly," he said. "I was tempted to stay. But they didn't need me. Kim would serve them well. He was rising to the top, I knew that. And I needed my art. After all, if they had wanted me, they could so easily have blackmailed me to stay."

The onset of the Cold War and the spread of McCarthyism reinforced Blunt's conviction that he had made the right choice in the 1930s, and he continued to be totally loyal to those who remained in the game. In 1951 he opted to stay and brazen it out, rather than defect with Burgess and Maclean. He was pressured to defect at this time by Modin ("Peter"). He told me a life of exile in Moscow would have been intolerable for him. He had visited Russia in the 1930s. It was a fine and admirable tragic country, but the place which appealed to him most was the Hermitage, Leningrad's magnificent gallery.

After 1951 Blunt was left alone with Philby. He was much less close to him than to Burgess. Philby was a strong, dominant personality, yet he needed Blunt desperately. Blunt still had the ear of his former friends in MI5, and was able to glean scraps for Philby of how the case against him was developing. They used to meet to discuss their chances of survival. Philby seemed bereft without his career in MI6, and had little understanding of the importance of art and scholarship to Blunt, even while the net closed on them both.

"Kim and I had different outlooks on life," Blunt told me. "He only ever had one ambition in life—to be a spy. I had other things in mine . . ."

Blunt admired Philby, but there was a part of him that was frightened by his utter conviction, his ruthlessly one-dimensional view of life. Blunt needed love and art and, in the end, the comfort of life in the Establishment. Philby, on the other hand, lived his life from bed to bed; he had an Arabian attitude to women, needing only the thrill of espionage to sustain him. Isaiah Berlin once said to me, "Anthony's trouble is that he wants to hunt with society's hounds and run with the Communist hares!"

"Kim never wavered," he said. "He always remained loyal, right to the end."

By late 1964 I was submerged by the weight of material emanating from the Long, Cairncross, and Blunt confessions, as well as the enormous task of collating and systematically reexamining all the material which had reached MI5 since 1960 from the various defectors. It was at this point that Symonds' second report on the Mitchell case finally reached me.

One morning, about a fortnight before the October 1964 general election, Hollis' secretary handed me a thick file, and told me to report to the DG's office that afternoon to discuss it. There was precious little time to read the report, let alone study it. Symonds had followed Hollis' instructions zealously, and during the eight months it took him to prepare the document, he never discussed its contents with either Arthur or me. But its thrust was clear enough. Symonds reassessed the Mitchell case in the light of the Blunt confession, which, of course, we had not possessed at the time of the first report. According to Symonds, the case against Mitchell was not strong. Symonds was not prepared to rule out the possibility of a more recent penetration, but he felt the likelihood was considerably diminished.

Arthur also received Symonds' report that morning; he knew he was being outflanked, and that the decision to circulate the report at such a late stage was a deliberate device to prevent any counterattack. He told me that he intended at the meeting to take the line that he could not comment until he was given adequate time to study it. For the first part of the meeting he was a silent, smoldering presence at one side of the conference table.

Hollis opened briskly.

"I don't propose to waste too much time," he began. "I have read this paper, which strikes me as most convincing. I would like your views before reaching a decision. As you know, gentlemen, an election is due very soon, and I feel it is much better for the Service if we can resolve this case now, so that I do not have to brief any incoming Prime Minister."

Everyone knew what he meant. He did not want to brief Harold Wilson, the Labor leader, who looked increasingly likely to beat the Tories at the forthcoming contest. Hollis' attitude was quite simple: Blunt, Long, and Cairncross tied up some useful loose ends, the Mitchell case fell, and everything was neatly resolved. He wanted to close the case and minute the file that the question of penetration had been dismissed.

Hollis asked for opinions around the table. There was surprisingly little comment at first. The Mitchell inquiry had been so badly botched on all sides that few of us felt it a strong wicket to defend, particularly since Arthur and I both now had strong suspicions that Hollis was the culprit. I said simply that if Symonds' first report was the case for the prosecution, then this latest was the case for the defense, and that without an interrogation I could not accept a verdict of "not guilty," and wanted my views recorded in the minutes. Hollis made a small note on the pad in front of him, and turned to Cumming. Cumming delivered a lecture on the lack of discipline exhibited during the Mitchell investigation. It was clear to all of us that the decision to exclude him from the indoctrination had shattered his self-esteem. F.J. said only that the best that could be said for the Mitchell case was that it was nonproven.

"And you, Arthur . . . ?" asked Hollis.

Arthur looked up from the report.

"Well," he said, "there is a third possibility. Someone could be running Mitchell as their stalking horse."

There was silence around the table. He and Hollis stared at each other for a brief moment. Everyone in the room knew exactly what Arthur meant.

"I should like that remark clarified," said Cumming from the other end of the table. Symonds flicked anxiously through his report, as if he were looking to see if somehow Arthur's hypothesis had crept into it undetected.

Hollis merely picked up where he left off, ignoring Arthur's comment as if he had not heard it.

"Well, we have to make a decision," he said, "and therefore I propose to close this case down, and minute the file to that effect . . ."

His pen paused above the file. Arthur could contain himself no longer.

"Intellectually, you simply cannot do this," he burst out in his most precise manner. "You're neglecting virtually all the Golitsin allegations about penetration. There's the question of the leak about the Crabbe operation. There's the Technics Department—we don't even know yet which document Golitsin is referring to. Whatever the status of the Mitchell case, it cannot be right to ignore them."

Hollis tried to deflect the attack, but Arthur pressed forward. He knew Hollis had overreached himself. Symonds admitted he knew too little about the Golitsin material to present authoritative opinion. F.J. was inclined to agree that further work on Golitsin would be prudent. Hollis could feel the meeting ebb away from him. He threw down his pen in exasperation and instructed Patrick Stewart to conduct a final review of all Golitsin serials outstanding. In the meantime, he ordered, the Mitchell case was closed.

After the meeting I approached F.J. It was intolerable, I said, for the DG to assign a research task to an officer without consulting me, the head of Research, when I was already wrestling with the mass of material pouring in from Blunt, Long, and Cairncross, as well as from defectors in Washington.

"Things are difficult enough as it is," I said, "but if we start splitting the work up, there will be chaos!"

F.J. could see the problem. The system was approaching overload, and he agreed with me that more coordination was needed, not less. I suggested that we try to establish some kind of inter-Service working party to research the entire range of material concerning the penetrations of British Intelligence reaching us from confessions or defectors. F.J. said he would see what he could do.

Shortly afterward he called me into his office and said that he had discussed the whole matter with Dick White, who agreed that such a committee should be established. Dick prevailed upon Hollis, who finally gave his reluctant agreement. The committee would be formed jointly from D Branch staff of MI5, and the Counterintelligence Division of MI6. It would report to the Director, D Branch, and the head of MI6 Counterintelligence, and I was to be its working chairman. The committee was given a code name: FLUENCY.

Hollis used the row over the Symonds report as the pretext for clipping Arthur's wings. He divided the now burgeoning D1 empire into two sections: D1, to handle order of battle and operations; and a new D1 (Investigations) Section, to handle the investigations side of counterespionage. Arthur was left in charge of the truncated D1, and Ronnie Symonds was promoted alongside him as an assistant director in charge of D1 (Investigations).

It was a cruel blow to Arthur, for whom investigations had been his lifeblood since the late 1940s and into which most of his effort had gone since his return in 1959. He had been upset not to be asked to chair the Fluency Committee, although he understood that this was essentially a D3 research task. But to be supplanted in his own department by Symonds, his former junior, who for a long time had viewed Arthur as his mentor, was a bitter pill to swallow. Arthur felt betrayed by the Symonds report. He could not understand how Symonds could write two reports within such a short space of time which seemed to contradict each other. He believed that MI5 had made a desperate mistake.

Arthur became reckless, as if the self-destructive impulse which always ran deep in him suddenly took over. He was convinced that he was being victimized for his energetic pursuit of penetration. To make matters worse, Hollis specified that although the two sections were to be run independently of each other, Arthur was to have some kind of oversight of both areas, in deference to his vast experience and knowledge. It was an absurd arrangement, and bound to lead to catastrophe. The two men rowed continually. Arthur believed that oversight meant control while Symonds wanted to go his own way. Finally things boiled over when Arthur abruptly ordered Symonds to bring his case officers to a conference, and Symonds refused. Arthur told him he was making it impossible for him to do his coordinating job; Symonds retorted that Arthur was interfering, and placed a written complaint before Cumming. Cumming took the complaint to Hollis and recommended Arthur's immediate dismissal, to which Hollis enthusiastically agreed.

The matter was discussed at the next Directors' meeting. Arthur had no allies there; too many Directors felt threatened by his forceful, sometimes intemperate style. The only friend he had among the Directors, Bill Magan, who staunchly defended Arthur to the end, was conveniently absent when the decision was taken.

I remember Arthur came to my office the day it happened, steely quiet.

"They've sacked me," he said simply. "Roger's given me two days to clear my desk." In fact, he was taken on straightaway by MI6, at Dick White's insistence and over Hollis' protests. But although this transfer saved Arthur's pension, his career was cut off in its prime.

I could scarcely believe it. Here was the finest counterespionage officer in the world, a man at that time with a genuine international reputation for his skill and experience, sacked for the pettiest piece of bureaucratic bickering. This was the man who since 1959 had built D1 from an utterly ineffectual section into a modern, aggressive, and effective counterespionage unit. It was still grossly undermanned, it was true, but that was no fault of Arthur's.

Arthur's great flaw was naiveté. He never understood the extent to which he had made enemies over the years. His mistake was to assume that advancement would come commensurately with achievement. He was an ambitious man, as he had every right to be. But his was not the ambition of petty infighting. He wanted to slay the dragons and fight the beasts outside, and could never understand why so few of his superiors supported him in his simple approach. He was temperamental, he was obsessive, and he was often possessed by peculiar ideas, but the failure of MI5 to harness his temperament and exploit his great gifts is one of the lasting indictments of the organization.

"It's a plus as far as I'm concerned," he said the night he was sacked, "to get out of this."

But I knew he did not mean it.

I tried to cheer Arthur up, but he was convinced Hollis had engineered the whole thing to protect himself, and there was little I could do. The stain of dismissal was a bitter price to pay after the achievements of the previous twenty years. He knew that his career had been broken, and that, as in 1951, all he had worked for would be destroyed. I never saw a sadder man than Arthur the night he left the office. He shook my hand, and I thanked him for all he had done for me. He took one look around the office. "Good luck," he said and stepped out for the last time.

16

BY THE TIME ARTHUR LEFT I WAS IN THE MIDST OF A MAJOR reconstruction of the D3 Research section. When I took it over it had no clear sense of purpose in the way I wanted it to have. I was convinced that it had a central role to play if MI5 were finally to get to the bottom of the 1930s conspiracy. An intelligence service, particularly a counterespionage service, depends on its memory and its sense of history; without them it is lost. But in 1964 MI5 was quite simply overloaded with the mass of contradictory information flowing in from defectors and confessing spies. Loose ends are in the nature of the profession of intelligence, but we were overwhelmed by the weight of unresolved allegations and unproven suspicions about the 1930s which were lying in the Registry. We needed to go back to the period, and in effect positively vet every single acquaintance of Philby, Burgess, Maclean, Blunt, Long, and Cairncross.

It is difficult today to realize how little was actually known, even as late as 1964, about the milieu in which the spies moved, despite the defections in 1951. The tendency had been to regard the spies as "rotten apples," aberrations, rather than as part of a wider-ranging conspiracy born of the special circumstances of the 1930s. The growing gulf in the office between those who believed the Service was penetrated and those who were sure it was not was echoed by a similar division between those who felt the extent of Soviet penetration in the 1930s had been limited, and those who felt its scope had been very wide indeed, and viewed the eight cryptonyms in VENONA as the best proof of their case. Throughout the late 1950s tension between the two sides grew, as Hollis resisted any attempts by those like Arthur and me to grapple with the problem.

The reasons for the failure to confront the conspiracy adequately are complex. On a simple level, little progress was made with the two best suspects, Philby and Blunt, and this made it difficult to justify deploying an immense investigative effort. There was, too, the fear of the Establishment. By the time the defections occurred, most of those associated with Burgess and Maclean were already significant figures in public life. It is one thing to ask embarrassing questions of a young undergraduate, quite another to do the same to a lengthy list of rising civil servants on the fast track to Permanent Under Secretary chairs.

At heart it was a failure of will. Politicians and successive managements in MI5 were terrified that intensive inquiries might trigger further defections or uncover unsavory Establishment scandal, and that was considered an unacceptable risk during the 1950s. Moreover, in order to conduct a no-holds-barred investigation MI5 inevitably would have to show something of its hand. This ancient dilemma faces all counterespionage services; in order to investigate, you have to risk approaching and interviewing people, and thus the risks of leakage or publicity increase exponentially the more intensive the inquiries you make. This dilemma was particularly acute when facing the problem of investigating Soviet recruitment at Oxford and Cambridge in the 1930s. Most of those we wanted to interview were still part of a closely knit group of Oxbridge intellectuals, with no necessary allegiance to MI5, or to the continuing secrecy of our operations. News of our activities, it was feared, would spread like wildfire, and faced with that risk, successive managements in MI5 were never willing to grasp the nettle. We opted for secret inquiries, where overt ones would have been far more productive.

Philby's defection and the confessions of Blunt, Long, and Cairncross swept away many of these reservations, although the fear of Establishment scandal remained just as acute as ever. Hollis agreed to the drastic expansion of D3, and it was given a simple, yet massive task—to return to the 1930s, and search the files for clues which might lead us to spies still active today, to vet a generation, to clear up as many loose ends as possible, and to provide the Service with an accurate history for the first time. The guiding principle of my D3 section was a remark Guy Liddell made to me on one of his frequent visits back to the office after he retired.

"I bet 50 percent of the spies you catch over the next ten years have files or leads in the Registry which you could have followed up . . ."

I was sure he was right. I thought back to Houghton, and his wife's report on him, to Blake, and to Sniper's early lead to Blake, to Philby and to Blunt, where evidence existed but was never pursued relentlessly enough. Perhaps most amazing of all, I read the Klaus Fuchs file, and discovered that after he was caught MI5 found his name, his Communist background, and even his Party membership number, all contained in Gestapo records which MI5 confiscated at the end of the war. Somehow the information failed to reach the officers responsible for his vetting. But also in 1945–48 an officer, Michael Sorpell, had researched Fuchs and recorded on the file that Fuchs must be a spy.

There were several obvious places to look in the inert mass of papers lying in the Registry. First there were the Gestapo records. The Gestapo was an extremely efficient counterespionage service, and operated extensively against European Communist parties and the Soviet intelligence services. They had a trove of information about them, developed at a time when our knowledge of Europe was virtually nonexistent because of the conditions of war. They had invaluable intelligence on the most important of all European Soviet rings—the Rote Kapelle, or Red Orchestra.

This was a series of loosely linked self-sustaining illegal rings controlled by the GRU in German-occupied Europe. The Rote Kapelle was run with great bravery and skill, relaying by radio vital intelligence to Moscow about German military movements.

The most important of all the Gestapo records for the British were the Robinson papers. Henry Robinson was a leading member of the Rote Kapelle in Paris, and one of the Comintern's most trusted agents. In 1943 he was captured by the Gestapo and executed. Although he refused to talk before dying, papers were found under the floorboards of his house which revealed some of the Ring's activities. The hand-written notes listed forty or fifty names and addresses in Britain, indicating that Robinson had also been responsible for liaising with a Rote Kapelle ring in Britain. After the war Evelyn McBarnet did a lot of work on the Robinson papers, but the names were all aliases, and many of the addresses were either post-boxes or else had been destroyed in the war. Another MI5 officer, Michael Hanley, did a huge research task in the 1950s, identifying and listing every known agent of the Rote Kapelle. There were more than five thousand names in all. But since then the trail had gone dead. Perhaps, I thought, there might be clues among all this material which might take us somewhere.

Another place to look was among the records of defector debriefings. Work was already in progress with the recent defectors like Golitsin and Goleniewski, but there were still many loose ends in the intelligence provided by prewar and wartime defectors. Walter Krivitsky, the senior NKVD officer who defected in 1937, told MI5, for instance, that there was a well-born spy who had been educated at Eton and Oxford, and joined the Foreign Office. For years everyone assumed this to be Donald Maclean, even though Maclean was educated at Gresham Holt's and Cambridge. He just did not fit, but rather than confront the problem, the allegation had been left to collect dust in the files.

Then there was Konstantin Volkov, a senior NKVD officer who approached the British Consulate in Istanbul and offered to reveal the names of Soviet spies in Britain in return for money. He gave an Embassy official a list of the departments where the spies allegedly worked. Unfortunately for Volkov, his list landed on Kim Philby's desk at MI6 headquarters. Philby was then head of MI6 Soviet Counterintelligence, and against the wishes of Director C he persuaded him to let him go to Turkey, ostensibly to arrange for Volkov's defection. He then delayed his arrival by two days. The would-be defector was never seen again, although the Turks thought that both Volkov and his wife had been flown out strapped to stretchers. One of Volkov's spies was thought to be Philby himself, but there were several others who had just never been cleared up—like the spy Volkov claimed was working for MI6 in Persia.

Lastly there was the VENONA material—by far the most reliable intelligence of all on past penetration of Western security. After Arthur left I took over the VENONA program, and commissioned yet another full-scale review of the material to see if new leads could be gathered. This was to lead to the first D3-generated case, ironically a French rather than a British one. The HASP GRU material, dating from 1940 and 1941, contained a lot of information about Soviet penetration of the various émigré and nationalist movements who made their headquarters in London during the first years of the war. The Russians, for instance, had a prime source in the heart of the Free Czechoslovakian Intelligence Service, which ran its own networks in German-occupied Eastern Europe via couriers. The Soviet source had the cryptonym Baron, and was probably the Czech politician Sedlecek, who later played a prominent role in the Lucy Ring in Switzerland.

The most serious penetration, so far as MI5 were concerned, was in the Free French Government lad by Charles de Gaulle. De Gaulle faced persistent plots in London masterminded by his two Communist deputies, André Labarthe, a former *Chef du Cabinet* who was responsible for civilian affairs, and Admiral Mueselier, who controlled military affairs. MI5 kept a close eye on these plots during the war at Churchill's instigation, and Churchill ordered the arrest of both Labarthe and Mueselier when de Gaulle had gone to Dakar to free that territory for the Free French; but in 1964 we broke a decrypt which showed conclusively that Labarthe had been working as a Soviet spy during this period, moreover at a time when the Molotov–von Ribbentrop pact was still in existence.

The U.S. VENONA also contained material about Soviet penetration of the Free French. The CIA had done no work on it, either because they thought it was too old or because they had no one with sufficient grasp of French history. When I studied it, I found that another senior French politician, Pierre Cot, the Air Minister of Daladier's prewar cabinet, was also an active Russian spy.

This discovery came at a time of great tension between the French and British intelligence services. Anti-French feelings ran strongly inside British Intelligence. Many officers of both services had served in the war and remembered the supine French surrender. Courtney Young always claimed that he formed lifelong views on the French when traveling back from Dunkirk on a boat. Even Blunt, for all his reverence for French art and style, was vituperative on the subject of French cowardice.

Relations were not helped by the arrival of Anatoli Golitsin. Some of his best intelligence concerned Soviet penetration of SDECE, the French equivalent to MI6. Golitsin said there was a ring of highly placed SDECE agents known as the Sapphire Ring. Shortly after Golitsin defected, the deputy head of SDECE threw himself out of a window. Angleton persuaded the head of the CIA to get President Kennedy to write to de Gaulle warning him about Golitsin's allegations, but de Gaulle felt the Americans and the British were manipulating Golitsin to cast aspersions on French integrity. This remained the official French view even after Golitsin gave the information which led to the arrest and conviction of Georges Paques, a senior French Government official, in 1965.

To complicate matters still further, the DST (the French counterespionage service) and MI5 were collaborating on a case involving a double agent, Air Bubble. Air Bubble was an industrial chemist named Dr. Jean Paul Soupert. Soupert was an agent runner for East German Intelligence and the KGB, but the Belgian *Sécurité d'Etat* doubled him. He revealed that two of his agents were employees of the Kodak Company in Britain who were passing him details of sensitive commercial processes. The Belgians informed MI5, who began an intensive investigation of both Kodak employees, Alfred Roberts and Godfrey Conway. Soupert also told the Belgians about an East German illegal named Herbert Steinbrecher, who was running agents inside the French Concorde assembly plants, and this information was passed on to the DST to investigate in collaboration with MI6.

Unfortunately both cases ended in catastrophe. Although Conway and Roberts were caught, they were acquitted. Far worse for Anglo-French relations, the inquiries into Steinbrecher revealed that MI6 had recruited a French police chief, whose police district ran up to the German border. He was a "blanche" agent, that is to say MI6 had deliberately concealed him from their hosts, the French, and were using him to spy on both French and German nationals. The French, for their part, were forced to admit that Steinbrecher's agents had acquired for the Russians every detail of the Anglo-French Concorde's advanced electronic systems. The result, inevitably, was a spectacular row.

I approached Angleton and Louis Tordella of NSA, and got their agreement to provide the DST with the VENONA intelligence which proved Cot and Labarthe to be Russian spies. They were old, but still politically active, and it seemed to me a sensible precaution. I traveled to Paris in early 1965 to DST headquarters, where I was met by Marcel Chalet, the deputy head of the service. Chalet was a small, dapper Frenchman who joined the DST after the war, having served with great courage in the Resistance under Jean Moulin, narrowly escaping arrest by the Gestapo on the day Moulin himself was lifted. Like all French Resistance veterans, Chalet wore his pink ribbon with conspicuous pride. He was a militant anti-Communist, and yet he admired Moulin, a dedicated Communist, more than any other man in his life. Several times he and I discussed the Resistance, but even in the 1960s he could not discuss his former commander without tears coming to his eyes.

I explained to Marcel that we had obtained new information which indicated the true roles of Cot and Labarthe, and showed him the relevant VENONA decrypts. He was astonished by the material, and immediately pledged a full investigation.

"You don't think they are too old, then . . . ?" I asked.

Marcel fixed me with a withering glance.

"Until you see a French politician turning green in his coffin, you cannot say he is too old!"

Unfortunately Labarthe died of a heart attack as Marcel interrogated him, and Cot was left to die in peace, but the exchange of information did much to ease tension between the DST and MI5, and made Marcel and me friends for the rest of our careers.

The night before I left Paris he took me out to dinner. The restaurant was discreet, but the food was excellent. Marcel was an attentive host, providing bottles of the best claret, and regaling me with a string of waspish anecdotes about the perils of Gallic intelligence work. We discussed VENONA, and he was fascinated to learn about the scale of our success.

"They had some success with us recently," he told me, and described how in Washington they had discovered a fuse in the French Embassy cipher room modified to act as a transmitter.

"It was non-Western specification, and the range was perfect for the Russian Military Attaché's house across the road," he said, noisily tucking into his plate of oysters in typical French style. My ears pricked up. The STOCKADE operation against the French Embassy ciphers in London and Washington had recently ended precipitately, when teams of French technicians went into both embassies with sheets of metal and copper tubes, and began screening the cipher rooms. Obviously the Russians, too, had realized that radiations could be picked up from poorly screened machines. Still, I thought, at least the French had not discovered our operation.

Chalet obviously found the whole affair amusing, and even offered to send the fuse over to Leconfield House, so that we could examine it. Still smiling, he casually dropped a question below the belt.

"And you, my dear Peter, have you had any luck with radiations . . . ?"

I choked momentarily on my claret.

"Not much," I replied.

Marcel filled my glass, patently disbelieving my every word. Like true professionals, we turned to other things, and never discussed the matter again.

But for all the enjoyment of the French interlude, research into the Ring of Five was the most pressing task facing D3. I asked Hollis for the 8D branch interrogators to be placed inside D3, so that I could use them for an extensive program of interviews with every known acquaintance of Philby, Burgess, Maclean, Blunt, Long, and Cairncross. Hollis agreed, but instructed that I myself had to conduct any interview deemed sensitive, which normally meant it was with a lord, a knight, a politician, a top civil servant, or a spy suspect.

In all, I saw more than a hundred people. Labor politicians like Christopher Mayhew and Dennis Healey, then Secretary of State for Defense, who refused even to meet me, were unwilling to discuss their memories of the Communist Party in the 1930s. But others, like historian Isaiah Berlin and writer Arthur Marshall, were wonderfully helpful, and met me regularly to discuss their contemporaries at Oxford and Cambridge. Berlin insisted we meet at the Reform Club. He thought it appropriate to discuss Guy Burgess at the scene of his greatest triumphs. He had a keen eye for Burgess' social circle, particularly those whose views appeared to have changed over the years. He also gave me sound advice on how to proceed with my inquiries.

"Don't go to see Bowra," he told me, referring to Maurice Bowra, the distinguished Professor of Literature at Oxford University. Bowra was a homosexual as well as a close friend of Guy Burgess, and was close to the top of my list of those who I thought could help me.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because he'll have it all around every high table in Oxford if you do," he said.

I took Berlin's advice and gave Bowra a wide berth.

Marshall, or "Artie" as he was known to everyone, knew practically everyone in Cambridge in the 1930s, particularly the secret network of homosexuals at King's and Trinity. Artie had a prodigious memory for gossip, intrigue, and scandal, and, most important of all, he knew who was sleeping with whom in the Burgess and Blunt circles.

Blunt, too, loved to discuss the scandalous side of Cambridge life in the 1930s. He relished gossip, and never tired of telling me of the time he blackballed Sir Edward Playfair, in later life Permanent Secretary at the Ministry of Defense, for the Apostles Society. Blunt thought Playfair crushingly dull, and, having met the man, I could not disagree with his judgment. His funniest story concerned Guy Burgess and Churchill's niece Clarissa Churchill. Apparently Burgess was tasked by his Soviet controllers to wed Clarissa Churchill, to ensure him perfect cover for his espionage activities. Burgess was appalled by the task. For one thing, he was an inveterate homosexual; for another, Clarissa Churchill was scarcely better-looking than her uncle; and lastly, it was known that James Pope-Hennessy, later to become a distinguished writer, had become infatuated with her.

But Burgess was nothing if not game. Within a month he was pursuing Clarissa Churchill, causing upset and outrage in equal measure. James Pope-Hennessy was desperately upset by Burgess' attentions to her. One evening he arrived at Burgess' flat with a revolver, threatening to shoot them both before attempting to commit suicide. Blunt loved the story, and it was made all the better, in his eyes and mine, by the fact that, shortly afterward, Clarissa Churchill married Anthony Eden and later became Lady Avon.

I soon realized that the Ring of Five stood at the center of a series of other concentric rings, each pledged to silence, each anxious to protect its secrets from outsiders. There was the secret ring of homosexuals, where loyalty to their kind overrode all other obligations; there was the secret world of the Apostles, where ties to fellow Apostles remained strong throughout life; and then there was the ring of those friends of Blunt and Burgess who were not themselves spies, but who knew or guessed what was going on. Each ring supported the others, and made the task of identifying the inner core that much more difficult.

It was hard not to dislike many of those I interviewed. Funnily enough, I did not mind the spies so much; they had made their choice, and followed it to the best of their abilities. But those on the periphery were different. When I saw them they were clothed in the respectability of later life. But their arrogance and their cultured voices masked guilt and fear. It was I who was wrong to raise the issue, not they; it ought to be left alone, they would tell me. I was being McCarthyite. Things were different then. Of course, spying was wrong, but there were reasons. They were a Lotus Generation, following political fashions as if they were a clothes catalogue, still pledged in the 1960s to vows of silence they made thirty years before. They in turn disliked me. I had seen into the secret heart of the present Establishment at a time when they had been young and careless. I knew their scandals and their intrigues. I knew too much, and they knew it.

One of the first D3 tasks was to reexamine a lead which had lain uninvestigated in the files since Burgess and Maclean's defection in 1951. It was given by Goronwy Rees, a friend of both Burgess and Blunt. He first met them at Oxford in the 1930s, and during the war, while serving in Military Intelligence, was a regular visitor to Bentinck Street. Shortly after the defections he approached Dick White, then the head of Counterespionage, and told him that he knew Burgess to have been a longtime Soviet agent. Burgess, he claimed, had tried to recruit him before the war, but Rees, disillusioned after the Molotov–von Ribbentrop pact, refused to continue any clandestine relationship. Rees also claimed that Blunt, Guy Liddell, a former MI6 officer named Robin Zaehner, and Stuart Hampshire, a brilliant RSS officer, were all fellow accomplices. But whereas Blunt was undoubtedly a Soviet spy, the accusations against the other three individuals were later proved groundless.

Dick White disliked Rees intensely, and thought he was making malicious accusations in order to court attention, if not publicity. The four men were all close friends, and it was for this reason that he found it hard to share Arthur Martin's suspicions about Blunt. Dick's view of Rees seemed confirmed when, in 1956, Rees wrote an anonymous series of articles for a popular newspaper. Orgies and espionage made as good copy in the 1950s as they do today, and the Rees articles, detailing some of the salacious activities of Burgess and those close to him, caused a sensation.

But when Blunt confessed, the color of Rees' 1951 testimony changed. I thought it at least prudent to reexamine it, if only to satisfy myself that Rees had not been lying when he claimed to have given up all thoughts of the Soviet cause before the war. At first he was reluctant to talk to me, and his wife accused me of Gestapo-type tactics in trying to resurrect the past after so many years. They had both suffered grievously for the newspaper articles. Rees' authorship became known, and he was sacked from academic life. Since 1956 they had eked out a miserable existence, shunned by the Establishment. Eventually Rees agreed to see me, and went through his story again. He had no proof that any of those he named were fellow conspirators. But all, he said, had been close friends of Burgess in that crucial prewar period.

The accusation against Guy Liddell was palpably absurd. Everyone who knew him, or of him, inside MI5 was convinced that Liddell was completely loyal. He had left his diaries, known as "Wallflower," when he left MI5. Reading those, nobody could believe that he was a spy. But the accusation against Robin Zaehner, who had served for MI6 in the Middle East, cross-checked with Volkov's spy in the Middle East.

I studied Zaehner's Personal File. He was responsible for MI6 counterintelligence in Persia during the war. It was difficult and dangerous work. The railway lines into Russia, carrying vital military supplies, were key targets for German sabotage. Zaehner was perfectly equipped for the job, speaking the local dialects fluently, and much of his time was spent undercover, operating in the murky and cutthroat world of countersabotage. By the end of the war his task was even more fraught. The Russians themselves were trying to gain control of the railway, and Zaehner had to work behind Russian lines, constantly at risk of betrayal and murder by pro-German or pro-Russian Arabs. On the face of it, the very fact that Zaehner survived gave a touch of credibility to Rees' allegation.

After the war Zaehner left intelligence work, and became Professor of Ancient Persian at Oxford University. I made an appointment to see him at All Souls. The cords which bind Oxford and British Intelligence together are strong, and it was the first of many trips I was to make to that city during the next five years.

Zaehner was a small, wiry-looking man, clothed in the distracted charm of erudition. He poured me a drink and chatted easily about old colleagues in the secret world. I wondered, as he chatted, how I could broach the subject of my visit in a tactful way. I decided there was none.

"I'm sorry, Robin," I began, "a problem has come up. We're following up some old allegations. I'm afraid there's one that points at you . . ."

At first he rallied. Pointed at him? he protested. Of course, I must be mistaken. Had I checked his record? Which allegation?

I told him about Volkov, and the spy in Persia.

He crumpled. I knew then, from his reaction, that Rees had been terribly, vindictively mistaken.

"I spent six years in the desert," he said limply. "I stayed behind two years after Yalta, when everyone else went home. I got no honors, but I thought at least I had earned a degree of trust."

Zaehner spoke quite without rancor; just a kind of sadness. After all that he had done, all that he had risked, to be accused of this, years later, wounded him to the quick. He dabbed tears from his eyes. I felt a heel, like a policeman who breaks bad news to parents in the night.

When Zaehner composed himself he was a paragon of professionalism. Of course, he understood why I had to come see him. He went through his career at MI6 and searched his memory for a clue as to the identity of Volkov's spy. We talked for hours as the shadow of the spires of All Souls faded across the lawns.

"I cannot think of an Englishman who could be this spy," he said, tapping his foot on the floor as if to trigger his memory. "There weren't many of us, and I'd vouch for every one."

He thought it was likely to be an agent, rather than an officer. Agents were often shared between MI6 and the KGB in the latter stages of the war, and the possibility of a plant was obvious. One name fitted perfectly, a man called Rudi Hamburger. After MI6 recruited him, he was arrested by the Russians, then turned loose, before being reemployed by MI6 again. The dates tallied perfectly with the time Volkov had access to files in Moscow, and it seemed obvious that Hamburger had simply been turned in prison, and tasked to find out whatever he could about his British employers. (Rudi Hamburger was the first husband of "Sonia," who later was an illegal in Switzerland and England.)

Zaehner and I parted friends, but I felt bitter at the ease with which the accusation had been made, and anger at those who had left such an accusation lying in the files for so many years before clearing it up. Driving back to London I began to wonder about the cost of clearing up "loose ends." Was it fair, I thought, to drag these things up? Perhaps, after all, it was better to leave them in the files undisturbed and unresolved.

That Christmas Zaehner sent me a friendly Christmas card, and not too many years later he died. I sent a wreath, anxious to make amends; but I could never forget the look on his face when I asked him if he was a spy. In that moment the civilized cradle of Oxford disintegrated around him; he was back behind the lines again, surrounded by enemies, alone and double-crossed.

The last name Rees gave me was that of Sir Stuart Hampshire. Hampshire was a brilliant wartime codebreaker and analyst for the Radio Security Service, one of the élite team who broke the ISOS Abwehr codes, and laid the foundations for the Double Cross System. After the war he pursued a career in the Foreign Office, before leaving for a distinguished academic career as a philosopher at Oxford and Princeton. Rees had no evidence whatsoever for the charge he made in 1951; it was based solely on the fact that Hampshire had been extremely close to Burgess during the 1930s. I knew from my own interviews that Hampshire was considered by contemporaries to have been strongly left wing, although non-Communist, and I was amazed to find that no one had even bothered to interview him on what he knew about Guy Burgess.

However, there was an extraordinary complication with the Hampshire case. Although long since retired from the secret world, he had been invited by the Cabinet Secretary, Burke

Trend, to conduct a major review of the future of GCHQ. Concern about the escalating cost of SIGINT had been growing ever since NSA moved into the satellite age. The Americans were pressing GCHQ to share the costs of spy satellites. The incoming Labor Government was already faced with annual bills in excess of 100 million pounds, and the Prime Minister, Harold Wilson, instructed Trend to conduct a review to see if such costs were justified. Trend consulted Dick White, who suggested Hampshire for the review in light of his previous RSS work. When I looked at Hampshire's file I was amazed to find that despite Rees' allegation, Hampshire had not been vetted. Dick White, who had known Hampshire for years, simply wrote Hollis a letter for the file, and that was it.

Hampshire's inquiry lasted the best part of a year, during which time he had full access to GCHQ, as well as a six-week visit to NSA. There were a number of fundamental issues raised in Hampshire's report. The first was whether, in light of the growing costs, Britain could afford to maintain its share of the UKUSA agreement, which guaranteed us so much exchanged information from the Americans. The second, more immediate issue was whether Britain should opt in with the Americans on a new generation of spy satellites; and the third area was how far GCHQ should support the Counterclan activities.

The answers in short were Yes, No, and Yes. We could not possibly afford to lose the UKUSA exchange, but on the other hand, we could remain in without necessarily funding every technical development pound for dollar. As for Counterclan, Hampshire endorsed it strongly. The only major change he requested was a termination of airborne RAFTER on the grounds that it was not cost effective. I opposed this at the time, but with hindsight it was a sensible economy, and the RAF were, in any case, beginning to resent the demands we were making on them. Hampshire and I spent a good deal of time discussing MI5's relationship with GCHQ. I pressed strongly for him to recommend the creation of a new Radio Security Service, an organization independent of GCHQ, which would be controlled by MI5, and responsible solely for the detection of domestic spy radios. I thought Hampshire, with his background, would welcome such an idea, and I told him that it was the only way that we would ensure the facilities that we needed. Hampshire disagreed, not, I think, with the principle, but more with the practicalities. He concluded, probably rightly, that such an initiative would be fought tooth and nail by both GCHQ and MI6, and would, therefore, be very unlikely to succeed.

Interviewing Hampshire about the Rees allegation was obviously out of the question until his review was complete, but in 1967 I obtained permission, and traveled to Princeton University in the USA, where Hampshire was the Visiting Professor. I knew Princeton well. I had often visited there in my days as a scientist. Rudi Kompfner, the man who invented the traveling wave tube (the radio valve used in most microwave links), gave me the best description of its bizarre architecture. He called it "pseudo-Gothic-Cotswold."

I talked to Hampshire for some time about his memories of Guy Burgess. He told me that he now thought in retrospect that perhaps he himself had been the target of a recruitment approach by Burgess, though he had not realized it at the time. He described how in 1935 he and Anthony Blunt had traveled to Paris together, and one evening they had dinner with James Klugman and the artist Ben Nicholson. After dinner Klugman took the lead in a lengthy session in which Hampshire was quizzed as to his political beliefs.

Some months later he was invited to dine alone with Guy Burgess at his flat in Chester Square. Both men drank heavily, and in the small hours Guy made a pitch at him, asking him to work for peace. It was dangerous work, he said, but worth it. There was much talk of the intellectual ferment of the times, the Nazi menace, and the need to take a much more Marxist line in academic studies. At the time Hampshire thought this was the prelude to an invitation to join a left-wing debating society, then the vogue among young Oxbridge intellectuals, but no specific proposition was made. "In retrospect," said Hampshire, "perhaps Burgess was trying to recruit me."

When I got back to Britain I checked this story with Blunt. He remembered the Klugman dinner, which he confirmed was a looking-over operation, but said he knew nothing of Burgess' pitch. Neither could he resolve whether the dinner had occurred in 1935 or 1937. The dates were important; in 1935 Blunt and Burgess were still mere Party members, but in 1937 both were spies and thus any recruitment would have been for the Russians. I sent one of my staff to see Ben Nicholson. Luckily he kept complete diaries for each year of his professional life, and was able to establish beyond any doubt that the dinner had, in fact, taken place in 1937.

I went to see Dick White and gave him the Hampshire papers to read. I was puzzled as to why Hampshire had never told MI5 about his dealings with Guy Burgess after Burgess defected in 1951. Dick confirmed that Hampshire had never mentioned this to him. I went to see Hampshire again when he returned to London. He seemed slightly embarrassed. He told me that Burgess' approach was so muddled that he could hardly be sure of its importance. As for Blunt, it never occurred to him to connect Blunt's presence at the dinner with Burgess' approach, and since Blunt was on such personal terms with people like Dick White and Guy Liddell throughout the war, he assumed he was entirely trustworthy. Anyway, he was not alone in wanting to close the chapter.

Both Dick and Hollis were desperately embarrassed at the revelation that the man whom they had chosen to conduct the most secret review of Anglo-American intelligence sharing should himself have been the unwitting target of a Soviet recruitment approach. They knew that the arrangements for Hampshire's vetting would, at the very least, look seriously inadequate to American eyes, particularly at a time when they were already up in arms at what they saw as the "old school tie" approach to intelligence in Britain. They could hardly own up, and the Hampshire case was carefully buried forever.

The unsuccessful recruitment of Hampshire was also interesting for the light it cast on James Klugman's role in Soviet Intelligence recruitment in the 1930s. He had clearly been instrumental in arranging the looking-over dinner in Paris. Cairncross had also told us that it was Klugman who had recruited him. Until then, MI5 had tended to assume Klugman was merely an overt Party activist, rather than a covert agent recruiter or talent spotter. It was obvious that Klugman could tell us much about the 1930s, if we could persuade or pressurize him to confess. I knew Klugman would never accept a direct approach from MI5, so we struck a deal with Cairncross; if he came back to Britain, confronted Klugman, and persuaded him to meet MI5 and tell all, we would allow him to come back to the country permanently.

Cairncross accepted our offer with alacrity, and visited Klugman in London. Klugman was an old man, a hard veteran of the class war, busy writing a history of the Communist Party as a last testament to a lifetime's work. He laughed when Cairncross asked him to meet MI5, and shrugged him off when Cairncross threatened to expose him if he did not. The attempt failed miserably and Cairncross was forced back into exile. Shortly afterward, Klugman took his secrets to the grave.

There were other loyal party servants who refused our approaches. Bob Stewart and Edith Tudor Hart, both of whom were involved as couriers for the Ring of Five in 1939–40, were approached. Neither would talk. They were disciplined soldiers, and had spent too long in the game to be broken. The public rarely realizes the weakness of MI5's position with inquiries of this sort. We cannot compel people to talk to us. Almost everything we do, unless an arrest is imminent, depends on cooperation. For instance, Blunt told us that he knew of two other spies—one of whom he had discovered after the man made a recruitment approach to Leo Long, whom Blunt was already running. The situation was additionally complicated by the fact that Blunt was having an affair with the potential recruiter, although neither told the other about his designs on Long. Both of these men, who are still alive and living in Britain today, were working on the Phantom Program during the war, although they left afterward to pursue academic careers. Despite many efforts, neither would agree to meet me to discuss their involvement with Russian Intelligence. The only positive action was to warn a senior police chief, who was friendly with one of the spies, and their relationship ceased.

17

AFTER I HAD BEEN MEETING BLUNT FOR A YEAR, AN OBVIOUS PATtern emerged. I was able to tease things out from him—mostly pillow talk he had gathered from Guy Burgess. He claimed a writer on *The Times* had been approached. I traced him, and he confirmed that Burgess had tried to recruit him, but that he turned him down, fearful of the consequences of being caught. Another contact Blunt identified was Tom Wylie, a War Office clerk, long since dead. Wylie, said Blunt, used to let Burgess see anything which came into his hands. But although Blunt, under pressure, expanded his information, it always pointed at those who were either dead, long since retired, or else comfortably out of secret access and danger.

I knew that Blunt must know of others who were not retired, who still had access. These were the people he was protecting. But how could I identify them? I decided to draw up lists of all those who were mentioned by interviewees as having noted left-wing views before the war, or who interviewees felt would have been likely to have been the target for a recruitment approach from Guy Burgess.

One name stood out beyond all the others: Alister Watson. Berlin mentioned him, the writer Arthur Marshall mentioned him, Tess Rothschild mentioned him. He was, they all said, a fervent Marxist at Cambridge in the 1930s—a sure sign that he was likely to have been approached.

I began to make inquiries into his background. I knew him quite well from the war. He worked currently as a scientist in the Admiralty Research Laboratory, and actually lived for two years with my brother in Bristol. I never cared for Watson at the time. He was tall and thin, with a pinched, goatlike face and a strange affected tiptoed walk. Watson considered himself one of the greatest theoretical physicists of his day, yet most of his colleagues thought his grasp of practical work distinctly ropey and that he had made serious mistakes in theoretical work. He was, I thought, a bit of a fraud.

Watson was a failure. At Cambridge he was considered a brilliant student, destined for the highest academic honors, until his thesis was found to contain a massive fundamental error. He failed to gain a fellowship, and took a job in the Admiralty instead. After service in the Radar and Signals Establishment of the Navy, he became head of the Submarine Detection Research Section at ARL. It was one of the most secret and important jobs in the entire NATO defense establishment, but it was obscure work, particularly for one who had promised so much in his youth.

At Cambridge, Watson was an ardent Marxist; indeed, many of those I interviewed described him as the "high priest" of Marxist theory among the Apostles. Marxism had a beautiful logic, an all-embracing answer to every question, which captivated him. He was drawn to *Das Kapital* as others were drawn to the Bible and, like a preacher manqué, he began to proselytize the creed among his friends, particularly when his hopes of an academic career began to fade. Blunt later admitted that Watson schooled him in Marxism.

When I studied his file, his departure from Cambridge struck me as most peculiar—just at the time of Munich, when radical discontent with the Establishment was at its height. It bore all the hallmarks of Burgess' and Philby's move to the right at the same period. There was one other item of interest. Victor Rothschild wrote a letter to Dick White in 1951 suggesting that Watson should be investigated in view of his Communist affiliations in the 1930s. Inexplicably, Victor's suggestion had never been pursued, and since then Watson had been successfully vetted no less than three times, and made no mention of his political background.

I decided to try Watson's name out on Blunt at our next meeting. I knew it would be a waste of time to approach the matter directly, so I prepared a list of all known members of the Apostles including Watson, and asked him to pick out those he had known, or felt I should take an interest in. He went down the list, but made no mention of Watson.

"What about Alister?" I asked him finally.

"No," said Blunt firmly, "he's not relevant."

The time had come to confront Blunt. I told him he was lying again, that he knew as well as I did that Watson was a close friend and fellow Communist at Cambridge. Blunt's tic started again. Yes, it was true, he admitted. They were friends. They still saw each other regularly at Apostles dinners and the like, but he had not recruited him, and nor had Guy so far as he knew.

Alister, he said, was a tragic figure, whose life had gone terribly wrong. He was a man who promised so much, yet had achieved so little, whereas his undergraduate friends, like Blunt himself and Turing, had achieved eminence, and in Turing's case immortality.

"I learned my Marxist theory at Alister's feet," Blunt told me.

"I suppose you know where he works?" I asked.

"The Admiralty, isn't it?"

"You said there were no more, Anthony. You said you were telling me the truth . . ."

Blunt raked the fire vigorously.

"I could never be Whittaker Chambers," he said after a while, referring to the famous American Communist who renounced his creed in the 1950s and named his former accomplices, including

Alger Hiss, in a series of sensational appearances before Congressional committees.

"It's so McCarthyite," he went on, "naming names, informing, witchhunts . . ."

"But, Anthony, that's what you are—that's why we gave you immunity. It was your choice. It's no good putting the hood on, if you won't point the finger . . ."

Blunt fell silent. Years had passed since 1937, but the weight never lifted.

"I suppose you'll turn the works on him," he said finally.

I wrote a lengthy report on Watson in early 1965, recommending an urgent investigation. I submitted it to Hollis and F.J. via the head of D Branch, Alec MacDonald, who had replaced Cumming when the latter retired, aware at last that he would never attain the Deputy's chair. MacDonald was a sensible former Indian policeman, with a taste for cordon bleu cooking and the other good things in life, and a dislike of excessive administration. He was good to be with, but could be infuriating to work for.

Nothing happened for five months, and finally, when I attended my D3 annual review meeting with Hollis and F.J., I raised the subject. Why, I asked, had an investigation not been sanctioned? At first there was a lot of talk about priorities, and limits on resources. I reminded them that the whole rationale for D3 was that it should produce leads, which were then to be taken on by D1 (Investigations) if their strength warranted it. Here was a strong lead to a suspect currently enjoying prime access to NATO secrets. I said that if this was to be the procedure, they might just as well close down D3 entirely.

F.J. was very sensible. Hollis was surly and defensive. The mistake had occurred at D Branch level. Somehow or other, in the confusion of the handover from Cumming to MacDonald, the case had not been given the priority it needed. Hollis instructed there and then that the case be activated.

Patrick Stewart, then D1 (Investigations), took it on. He was a great friend as well as a brilliant officer, with an uncomplicated, clear mind. He was a man of great personal courage. During the war he was severely crippled, but despite his wheelchair he continued working at MI5 until ill-health finally drove him into early retirement. Watson was immediately placed under full surveillance, and we soon discovered that his wife and daughter were both current Communists, and from the tenor of his conversations, so was Watson himself, although he had declared none of this during his vettings.

The investigation, however, was limited. Watson was due to visit the USA to be indoctrinated into the latest American anti-submarine-detection techniques, and the Admiralty insisted that the case be clarified before his departure. We decided to interrogate him. Every day for six weeks Watson reported to the Ministry of Defense, where he was questioned by MI5's top interrogator, and today the Deputy Director-General of the Service, Cecil Shipp.

Watson began by acting like an affronted senior civil servant. What right had we to question him? he wanted to know. But this soon disappeared as Shipp probed his story.

Did he know Guy Burgess?

Of course.

Did he ever visit Guy Burgess' flat?

On occasions, yes.

Whom did he meet there?

Guy, Anthony . . .

Anyone else?

Yes, a foreigner. He couldn't remember his name . . .

Could he describe him?

At first he couldn't. Then he could. He was Central European. He had dark hair, slicked down, he thought. It sounded very like "Otto," the controller of the Ring of Five in the late 1930s.

"Does the name 'Otto' mean anything to you?" asked Shipp.

"Yes—that was the man's name. That's right, Otto . . ." answered Watson, a shade too enthusiastically.

For a while Shipp pursued other areas of questioning, but then he returned to Otto. Had Watson ever met him again? At first Watson couldn't remember. Then he thought perhaps he had met him, but he could recollect no details. Then he remembered that they used to meet in parks, and under lampposts on street corners, and on tube trains.

"Did he give you anything?"

"No, I'm quite sure of that . . ."

"Did you give him anything?"

"No, I don't think so . . ."

"Tell me, Mr. Watson, why did you meet him like that? Why not at your flat, or at a restaurant?"

No answer.

A long, long pause.

"I was interested in these people," he said lamely. "I wanted to find out more about Russia . . ."

"You were interested in these people . . ." reiterated Shipp with crushing sarcasm.

The next day Shipp showed Watson thirty photographs spread out in a neat fan on the table in front of him. They contained portraits of some of the most important KGB officers since 1945, who had been in Britain.

"Do you recognize any of these people?" he was asked.

Watson stared at the photographs, fingering one or two hesitantly. He muttered to himself as he sorted them, resorted them, stacked them in piles, and unstacked them again, every word captured on the hidden microphones. We were certain, from his answers about Otto, that Watson feared or suspected that we had direct evidence against him, perhaps a surveillance photograph of him meeting a KGB officer, or a confession which implicated him. At night he went home, and we could hear him mumbling there via the SF we had installed on his telephone.

"They've got something," he kept whispering. "They've got something, but I don't know what it is . . ."

After several hours, Watson picked out three photographs. The first was Yuri Modin, Philby's controller; the second was Sergei Kondrashev, George Blake's controller; and the third was Nikolai Karpekov, Vassall's controller. Watson admitted meeting all three regularly, sometimes close to the Admiralty Research Laboratory at Teddington during his lunch hour, but he denied passing any secrets. Golitsin said that he knew that Karpekov had two Naval spies, one of whom was a Naval scientist. Also that Kondrashev had had two spies, one of whom was Blake, the other a Naval spy.

Shipp tore into him. Did he really expect us to believe that he just happened to meet four top KGB controllers, by chance, for no reason? Did he think we were stupid? Naive? It was all secret, wasn't it? They were clandestine meetings? He was a spy, wasn't he? It all fitted, didn't it—friendship with Burgess, Marxism in the 1930s, concealed Communism and entry into secret work, meeting Russians? It was time to confess.

Day after day Shipp pursued him. Let's take it from the beginning again, he would say, and Watson would tell the same incredible story. The mark of a good interrogator is his memory, and Shipp had one like an elephant. Every variation, every omission in Watson's narrative was stored and thrown back at him hours, and sometimes days, later. But Watson stuck doggedly to his story. He had never passed anything over. His lips quivered, he was red and sweaty, but like a punch-drunk boxer he refused to take the count.

After six weeks of daily interrogation Watson was visibly wilting. He came into sessions drugged with tranquilizers, rambling incoherently, barely aware of the questions that we asked. In desperation almost, Cecil Shipp began to skirt the issue of immunity. At the time we had not obtained the Attorney-General's permission, so he phrased his questions hypothetically.

"Would it change your story," Watson was asked, "if we were to offer you immunity?"

But Watson was too far gone. He seemed unable even to understand the offer that was made to him, and the interrogation was suspended.

No one who listened to the interrogation or studied the transcripts was in any doubt that Watson had been a spy, probably since 1938. Given his access to antisubmarine-detection research, he was, in my view, probably the most damaging of all the Cambridge spies. One detail, in particular, clinched the case. Watson told a long story about Kondrashev. He had met him, but did not care for him. He described Kondrashev in great detail. He was too bourgeois, claimed Watson. He wore flannel trousers and a blue blazer, and walked a poodle. They had a row and they stopped meeting.

This clicked exactly with one of Golitsin's early serials. He said Kondrashev was sent to Britain to run two very important spies—one in the Navy and one in MI6. The MI6 spy was definitely George Blake, and we always assumed the Naval spy to be Blake too, since he served in the Navy before joining MI6. Golitsin had one more fragment. He said Kondrashev fell out with the Naval spy. The spy objected to his bourgeois habits, and refused to meet him. Golitsin recalled that as a result Korovin, the former London KGB resident, was forced to return to London to replace Kondrashev as the Naval spy's controller. It was obviously Watson.

At MI5's insistence, Watson was removed from secret access overnight, and transferred to the Oceanographic Institute, where he worked on until retirement. In the absence of a confession, we relied on our legal justification on Watson's failure to declare his Communist background, and those of his wife and daughter, on his vetting forms. He made no protest.

After Watson's interrogation I decided to have one more try at breaking him. I arranged for him to meet Blunt at a neutral venue—Brown's Hotel in London. There were two reasons for this; firstly, I was not at all sure that Watson understood the meaning of our immunity offer, and I wanted Blunt to explain it. Secondly, I wanted to resolve, if possible, the question of whether or not Watson was a member of the Ring of Five. Golitsin said the members of the Ring all knew each other, and all knew they were all spies. As far as Blunt was concerned, he claimed it was only ever a Ring of Four—himself, Burgess, Philby, and Maclean, with other recruits like Cairncross and Long existing independently of the central Ring members. Watson seemed by far the best starter for the fifth.

Blunt was very reluctant at first to go along with the plan.

"Alister has suffered enough," he pleaded, when I first raised it.

I had arranged meetings between Blunt and previous conspirators on a number of occasions. The sessions with Long and Straight were mild encounters; Blunt even told Straight that exposing him was the best thing he ever did. But when I suggested he contact Baron zu Putlitz, Klop Ustinov's wartime spy, who had returned to East Germany, he became distinctly agitated. Zu Putlitz and Blunt were lovers during the war, after Klop Ustinov brought zu Putlitz out of Holland and back to London. In 1945 Blunt accompanied zu Putlitz back to East Germany, and they had remained in touch ever since. Zu Putlitz had also been working for the Russians before and after the war, in order to smooth his return East, and I was interested to see if he could be turned our way again. I asked Blunt to write him a letter asking him if he would be prepared to meet me in Helsinki or Berlin.

"That's not fair, Peter, that's dirty. He's done enough for this country."

But Blunt knew he could not refuse. He wrote the letter, although much to his relief zu Putlitz turned my offer down.

Watson was like zu Putlitz. There was something about acknowledging the relationship which caused Blunt deep unease, in a way that did not occur with Long or Straight or others. It was a deep-seated desire to protect them, to deny us any knowledge of their activities, and also a desire to hide his confession. He dreaded being seen by them, I think, as an informer.

I picked Blunt up from the Courtauld one evening and we drove over to Brown's Hotel, where Patrick Stewart had booked a room for us all. He and Watson were waiting. Blunt was desperately anxious.

"I hope you've got something to drink," he said when we arrived at the hotel.

He and Watson greeted each other nervously, afraid to show any warmth in front of either Patrick or me. Watson was frail, like a man just out of hospital, but eventually we coaxed him into telling the story of his dealings with the Russians again. It was a pathetic story in the interrogation room, but it looked even more ridiculous in front of Blunt.

They both talked about Cambridge most of the time, and Otto, and the move to the left in the 1930s. It struck me as an odd way for the idealism and activism of the 1930s to end: in a small hotel suite, with a bottle of Scotch and a bottle of gin. They wanted to change the world, but ended up changing only themselves.

"I'm through with it now, Alister," said Blunt. "I've confessed," he kept saying, "and I'm still here. You've got nothing to worry about."

But Watson scarcely listened to Blunt's entreaties. They were talking at cross-purposes. Watson was overpoweringly jealous of Blunt and clearly always had been for thirty years. It came to the surface in a drunken attack on his friend. Treachery, for him, seemed almost the secondary issue. He was much more interesting in talking, now that his life had failed, about where it went wrong.

"You've been such a success, Anthony, and yet it was I who was the great hope at Cambridge. Cambridge was my whole life," he said, practically in tears, "but I had to go into secret work, and now it has ruined my life . . ."

Blunt left the table, upset and embarrassed. He walked over to the drinks cabinet on the other side of the room. He had drunk almost a complete bottle of gin, but still needed more. I walked over to him.

"Well . . . ?" I asked.

Blunt stood, his shoulders sagging with strain.

"I suppose you're right," he said, his eyes gleaming with emotion. "I suppose he must be one of us, but I never recruited him, and Guy never told me he had."

There was no gin left, so Blunt poured himself a tumbler full of sherry and added soda water. He gulped it down.

"Sometimes," he said, "I think it would have been easier to go to prison."

Victor and Tess Rothschild were a constant help during the D3 inquiries into the 1930s. Both knew so much about the personalities and the hidden relationships of the period, and were often able to prevail upon otherwise reluctant inhabitants of the Ring of Five's menagerie to meet me. Victor was also able to make a number of vital introductions for me. For instance, one of the questions which fascinated me after the Watson case was the degree to which other scientists besides Watson had been targets for recruitment. Burgess, Blunt, Philby, and Maclean were all classically educated, but I wondered whether rings had been recruited at, for instance, the world-famous Cambridge University Cavendish Laboratory.

My suspicions fell on the renowned Soviet scientist Peter Kapitza, father of the Russian atomic bomb. Kapitza came to Cambridge in the 1920s, financed by the British Royal Society, where he built the Mond Law temperature laboratory attached to the Cavendish. Kapitza remained close to the Soviet Government, and on several occasions was observed receiving Russian intelligence officers in his rooms. In the 1930s the Soviet Government, alarmed by growing international tension, insisted Kapitza return to work in Russia, and he was allowed to take all his machinery back with him. But both before and after the war he remained in touch with British scientists, often receiving those who visited Russia in his well-appointed dacha outside Moscow. For years it was rumored inside MI5 that Kapitza had talent-spotted potential recruits inside the Cavendish. But no one had ever really traced through the story. No one knew who, or how many, or whether Kapitza was ever successful. It was just another loose end, left in the files, seeping doubt and suspicion.

The one man who was in a position to know more about Kapitza, who he was friendly with, who his contacts were during his time at Cambridge, was Lord Adrian, who knew Kapitza when he was in Britain, and in the 1960s was Chancellor of the University of Cambridge and President of the Royal Society. Victor promptly arranged a dinner party at which I was able to meet Adrian, and from there guide him gently onto the subject of the Russian scientist.

Adrian was entirely cooperative, and could well understand the suspicions we had about Kapitza, even though he admired his achievements tremendously. He began to reel off names of those who had been especially close to Kapitza. More names for my black books. More names to be checked in the Registry. More names to be traced, interviewed, assessed, cleared, and in one or two cases, removed from access. All to be sure, finally, that no one had slipped through the net.

The most important help Victor gave was persuading Flora Solomon to meet MI5 again. I knew from her session with Arthur that she knew far more than she was saying. She had obviously been in the thick of things in the mid-1930s, part inspiration, part fellow accomplice, and part courier for the fledgling Ring of Five along with her friends Litzi Philby and Edith Tudor Hart. After her meeting with Arthur she refused to meet MI5 again. She had a typically Russian paranoia about conspiracy and treachery. She was convinced we would double-cross her, and put her in prison, or that she would be assassinated by the Russians, as she believed had happened to Tomas Harris. I asked Victor if he could intercede on my behalf, and eventually, in mid-1965, she agreed to see me.

"Does the name Dennis Proctor mean anything to you?" she growled.

It did indeed. Dennis Proctor was then the Permanent Secretary at the Ministry of Fuel and Power, having joined the Civil Service in the 1930s, when he had served as Stanley Baldwin's private secretary. In my travels around Cambridge and Oxford nearly a dozen people had picked out Proctor as a notable left-winger, although not a Communist, during his undergraduate days. He had the classic Cambridge Comintern recruit's profile—he was a close friend of Burgess, Blunt, Philby, and Watson and a member of the Apostles.

There was one other odd thing about Proctor which had puzzled me. Shortly before the 1951 defections he suddenly left the Civil Service for no apparent reason to take a job with a shipping company in Copenhagen. In 1953, just as suddenly, he reappeared in London and resumed his Civil Service career.

I asked Flora why she mentioned Proctor.

"Kim used to bring people to see me," she said. "He valued my opinion. I would never join, but I used to tell him what I thought of his recruits."

"And what did you tell him about Proctor . . . ?"

"Kim brought him around for dinner one night. I didn't like him. I told Kim he was no good. He had no backbone. 'How will he stand up to stress?' I asked him."

Proctor was another name which Blunt had clearly deliberately avoided giving me. I went to Hollis and requested permission to interview Proctor, but he refused. It would cause too much fuss in Whitehall, he said, and there were enough problems there as it was. I would have to wait until he retired. After all, said Hollis, it's only a few months.

Proctor retired to a delightful rustic French farmhouse in the rolling countryside outside Avignon with his second wife and children, and in February 1966 I traveled to France to visit him.

Proctor was a distinguished-looking man, with a hook nose, receding hairline, and just a touch of the cleric about him. He greeted me with the easy charm and familiarity which upper-class Englishmen use to set their visitors at a distance. I explained that MI5 were looking back into the 1930s.

"We're just tying up loose ends, you know, that sort of thing . . ."

Proctor talked about the period in crisp civil servant's shorthand. He rarely mentioned himself at first. Like the model civil servant, he was the modest observer of other people's lives and decisions. But beneath his reserve, I could detect an enthusiasm, as if he were recalling a better world.

"And how did you feel about things then yourself?" I asked.

"You mean what were my politics?" he countered, smiling at my euphemism. "Well, you presumably know I have been left-wing all my life?"

"Really?"

"Oh yes," he went on, "but never Communist. I wanted to go into Government service too much to join the Party, and besides I didn't have the courage of people like Guy Burgess, who did it openly."

I asked him if Guy had ever approached him to work for peace, or for the Comintern, or anything like that.

He shook his head.

"No, I don't think so . . . No, I don't remember anything like that at all."

"But Guy knew what your political views were?"

"Why, yes. We were very close. Guy, myself, Anthony. The Apostles, you know . . ."

"Don't you think it's odd he never tried to recruit you?"

He paused for thought.

"I suppose it is, now you come to mention it. In fact, I'm really rather insulted he didn't . . ."

He laughed. I laughed too, and he suggested we take a walk before dinner. It was still just winter, but the earth was thawing, as if spring lay just beneath the surface. We talked about other things—about England, and the Civil Service, and the way things had changed.

"Most of us, you know, have spent our lives escaping from the thirties," he told me, as we looked back down the valley toward his house.

"We were all so exquisitely happy then. It was our world. But we lost it in 1939, and we've been looking to escape ever since."

He pointed to the farmhouse, shrouded in late-afternoon mist.

"That's my escape . . ." he said.

That evening we had a splendid dinner, and afterward retired to his study with the port. Proctor was drunk, and I could see he was finding my visit a strain. He knew that sooner or later I would return to Burgess.

For a while he seemed to doze off over his port, and woke up perspiring heavily. He began to dab his forehead nervously with his handkerchief.

"Why do you think it was Guy never bothered to approach you?" I asked as I filled his glass again.

Proctor gulped his down, and poured himself another.

"I admired Guy very much," he said, after a pause. "People forget, you know, just how gifted Guy was. They don't remember how he was before the war. The looks, the vitality, the intellect. They just think of him afterward."

I said nothing, waiting for him to fill the silence.

He began again, talking more urgently.

"You see, I had no secrets from him. Whenever I had a problem, no matter how secret, I used to discuss it with him, and his advice was always sound. I think the real truth of the matter is that Guy had no need to recruit me. He could get to know anything he wanted. All he had to do was ask."

"What about 1951?" I asked, anxious to press him while he was talking.

"No, no, no," he clucked, "you've got that all wrong. I left in 1950 for personal reasons, nothing to do with this—to do with Varda, my first wife. She committed suicide, you know, in 1951."

"Did you see Guy before he went?"

"No—but my wife did, about six weeks before. She and her father were very close to him. I was in Copenhagen at the time."

"And she killed herself afterward?"

"Not long after, yes . . ."

He sat up and looked at me, suddenly sober.

"I'd rather not talk about it, if you don't mind. But there's no connection, I promise you."

He slumped back again in the chair, disheveled like a defrocked priest.

"They were both terrible, shocking events," he said quietly. "A year or two later, when I recovered, Edward Bridges invited me back into the Civil Service, and I came back to England." (Edward Bridges was then Permanent Secretary at the Treasury and Head of the Home Civil Service.)

I never did discover why Proctor's first wife, Varda, committed suicide, or what she and Guy Burgess discussed. The truth about Proctor was difficult to judge. I was inclined to believe his claim that he was never formally recruited, while disbelieving his assertion that Burgess had nothing to do with his departure to Denmark in 1950. But whatever the case, I am absolutely sure that during the time he was Baldwin's private secretary, and probably right up until 1950, he shared with Guy every secret which crossed his desk.

The next time I saw Blunt I told him about my discussion with Proctor.

"You didn't tell us about him, Anthony," I said, reproachful rather than angry. It always upset Blunt more if he felt the deceit was a matter between friends.

"You kept quiet again—to protect him."

He got up and went to the window, and gazed through it as if he could see back into the past.

"What about Dennis?" I asked again.

"All I can say is he must have been the best source Guy ever had. But I didn't know what role he was playing," he said finally. "All I knew was that he was still in Government . . ."

"But you could have guessed . . ." I sighed with irritation.

Blunt pulled the curtains, as if faintly disappointed with the noise and dust and fashions of the square outside.

"Unless you lived through it, Peter, you cannot understand . . ."

"Oh, I lived through it, Anthony," I said, suddenly angry. "I know more about the thirties probably than you will ever know. I remember my father driving himself mad with drink, because he couldn't get a job. I remember losing my education, my world, everything. I know all about the thirties . . ."

One of the most interesting things to emerge in the D3 researches was the existence of the Oxford Ring. In the past, Soviet recruitment was associated mainly with Cambridge University, but once Blunt opened up, it was obvious that Burgess and James Klugman had targeted Oxford in the same way. The first hard source on the Oxford Ring came from a colleague of Blunt's at the Courtauld Institute, Phoebe Pool. Blunt admitted that she had been his courier during the 1930s, and I was anxious to interview her. She and Blunt were close; they had even written a book together on Picasso.

Blunt told me she was a neurotic, and already in the process of a nervous breakdown. He said that she would clam up, or worse, if I spoke to her directly, so he organized a cutout for me—another senior figure at the Courtauld, Anita Brookner, to whom I could relay questions for Pool. A degree of deception was inevitable.

Pool was told that new inquiries were being made into the 1930s, and Anthony wanted to know if there was anybody else he should warn.

Phoebe Pool told Anita Brookner that she used to run messages for Otto to two brothers, Peter and Bernard Floud. Peter, the former Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, was dead, but his brother Bernard was a senior Labor MP. Pool also said a young woman, Jennifer Fisher Williams, was involved, and urged Brookner to ensure that "Andy Cohen," the senior diplomat Sir Andrew Cohen, was warned too, as he also was at risk. All these names were well known to me. All except Andrew Cohen (Cohen was an Apostle and Cambridge student) were connected with the Clarendon, a left-wing dining and discussion club in Oxford during the 1930s, but this was the first hard evidence that the club had been a center for Soviet espionage recruitment.

Ironically, Jennifer Fisher Williams was married to a former wartime MI5 officer, Herbert Hart, by the time her name emerged, so I visited her husband at Oxford, where he was pursuing a distinguished academic career as Professor of Jurisprudence, and asked him if he would approach his wife on my behalf. He rang her up there and then, assured her there was no threat to her position, and she agreed to meet me.

Jennifer Hart was a fussy, middle-class woman, too old, I thought, for the fashionably short skirt and white net stockings she was wearing. She told her story quite straightforwardly, but had a condescending, disapproving manner, as if she equated my interest in the left-wing politics of the 1930s with looking up ladies' skirts. To her, it was rather vulgar and ungentlemanly.

She said she was an open Party member in the 1930s, and was approached by a Russian, who from her description was definitely Otto. Otto instructed her to go underground, and she used to meet him clandestinely at Kew Gardens. She told us that she was merely part of the Party underground, and that she gave up meeting Otto when she joined the Home Office in 1938, where she worked in a highly sensitive department which processed applications for telephone intercepts. She told us, too, that she had never passed on any secret information.

She had two other contacts, she said. One was Bernard Floud, who recruited her, and the other man who controlled her for a short time she identified from a photograph as Arthur Wynn, a close friend of Edith Tudor Hart and her husband, who was active in trade union circles before joining the Civil Service.

There was no doubt in my mind, listening to Jennifer Hart, that this was a separate Ring based exclusively at Oxford University, but investigating it proved enormously difficult. Almost at once, Sir Andrew Cohen (who was at Cambridge and became a diplomat) died from a heart attack, so he was crossed off the list. Peter Floud was already dead, but his brother looked more hopeful when the Prime Minister, Harold Wilson, named him to a junior ministerial post in the Labor Government. MI5 were asked to provide him with security clearance. We objected and requested permission to interrogate Floud about Jennifer Hart's allegation. Wilson had, at the time, a standing ban on any inquiries relating to MPs, but when he read the MI5 brief, he gave clearance for the interview.

Floud's attitude, when I began the interview, was extraordinary. He treated the matter as of little importance, and when I pressed him on Jennifer Hart's story he refused to either confirm or deny that he had recruited her.

"How can I deny it, if I can't remember anything about it?" he said repeatedly.

I was tough with him. I knew that his wife, an agoraphobic depressive, had recently committed suicide, but Floud was eager to conclude the interview, presumably lured by the scent of office. I explained to him in unmistakable terms that, since it was my responsibility to advise on his security clearance, I could not possibly clear him until he gave a satisfactory explanation for the Hart story. Still he fell back lamely on his lack of memory. The session ended inconclusively, and I asked for him to attend a further interview the following day. I did not make any progress with him, he maintaining that he had no recollection of recruiting Jennifer.

The next morning I got a message that Floud had committed suicide, apparently with a gas poker and a blanket. Not long after, Blunt telephoned me with more bad news.

"Phoebe's dead," he said.

"Good God, how?" I gasped.

"She threw herself under a tube . . ."

Three deaths, two of which were suicides, in such a small group of people, at a time when we were actively investigating them, seemed far more than bad luck. MI5 was terrified that it would be linked publicly with the deaths, and all further work was suspended. Newspapers were already vigorously pursuing the story of Philby's role as the Third Man, and had discovered for the first time the seniority of his position in MI6. Rumors of Blunt's involvement were also beginning to surface in Fleet Street. The entire scandalous tapestry was in danger of unraveling. That still left the problem of Arthur Wynn, who, by coincidence, was also due for promotion to the Deputy Secretary's job at the Board of Trade, which also required security clearance.

"What shall we do?" asked F.J. nervously.

"We should tell him we'll give him clearance, if he tells the truth about the Ring. Otherwise no clearance . . ."

"But that's blackmail," he said, doing his best to sound shocked.

I saw nothing unfair about my offer, but then, as I told F.J., I was never destined to be a diplomat or a politician.

"All these suicides," he said, "they'll ruin our image. We're just not that sort of Service."

The Oxford Ring completed my inquiries into the 1930s conspiracy. By the end of the 1960s the task was virtually complete, those involved nearing or well past retirement. We had identified every member of the Ring of Five and a number of others and their controllers. We knew how the Ring worked at various times, we knew what their communications were, whom they depended on, and where they went for help. We had also identified one major undiscovered spy, Watson, and another crucial source for the Russians during the period 1935–51, Proctor, as well as an important new Ring at Oxford. Altogether we had identified, dead or alive, nearly forty probable spies. Beyond that we had scrutinized carefully the records of dozens of people in every sphere of British public life. Most were given a clean bill of health, but some were found to be secret Communists or associates, and were removed from access or quietly encouraged to retire.

Of course, there were still loose ends. Klugman took his secrets with him, Otto was never identified, and the British end of the Rote Kapelle we never found. But we knew the most important thing of all—we knew how far the conspiracy extended. We knew our history, and we had no need to be afraid again. The vetting of a generation had been painful, certainly, more painful probably than it need have been had the inquiries been conducted at the right time, when the trails were still fresh. But we had exorcised the past, and we could at last return to the present again, not forgetting that there might be descendants from the people of the 1930s.

18

ONE OTHER UNRESOLVED QUESTION REMAINED THROUGHOUT THE 1960s, perhaps the most important of all—whether or not there was an undiscovered mole inside MI5. The FLUENCY Working Party's research into the history of penetration of British Intelligence continued in parallel with the D3 inquiries. Hollis took little interest in FLUENCY, principally because it was not due to report until after his scheduled retirement in December 1965. He still considered the penetration issue closed after the meeting to discuss the second Symonds report in October 1964, and he ordered that none of those officers involved in the Mitchell case should discuss it even among themselves. It was a hopeless request. For one thing, Hollis' visit to the USA and Canada in 1963, to brief the CIA, FBI, and RCMP that Mitchell might possibly have been a spy, caused predictable fury and alarm. Shortly after Hollis' visit, I traveled to Canada myself. The DEW WORM microphones, which had lain undisturbed in the walls of the Soviet Embassy since 1956, were suddenly dug out by a team of Russian sweepers. No preliminary searches were made; the Russians knew exactly where the microphones were, and we heard them take them out before the lines went dead.

The RCMP wondered if Mitchell had perhaps compromised the operation. Jim Bennett, who by now was head of Counterespionage in the RCMP, began to sound me out. It was impossible to deflect his interest, and I gave him a brief résumé of the evidence which pointed toward a high-level penetration. In fact, I had my own theory. I was sure the presence of the DEW WORM microphones was blown to the Russians in 1956, hence their refusal to use the rooms for anything other than occasional consular business. But they clearly learned the exact locations of the system only in 1964. This coincided exactly with the Mitchell investigation, which considered in great detail the possibility that FLUENCY might have been betrayed by Mitchell in 1956. Both Mitchell and Hollis also received the detailed file in 1956, including the details about the way the DEW WORM system worked. The operation was undoubtedly blown then. Whether it was Mitchell or Hollis who had done it, the Russians could not afford to take the microphones out unless the sweepers found them without being told exactly where they were. Despite over twenty days of searching, they failed to do so, even though they knew the exact area that had been bugged.

F.J. blasted me when he heard that I had talked about the penetration issue in Canada, but I told him that it was impossible to avoid discussion after Hollis' abortive visit. To ignore the problem only made it worse in the eyes of our allies.

In Washington interest was just as acute. I remember a house party at Michael McCaul's, the man who in 1964 became the SLO in Washington in succession to Harry Stone. Angleton and I detached ourselves, and he quizzed me hard on the state of affairs inside MI5.

"What the hell's got into you guys," he kept saying. "Hollis comes out there with some cock-and-bull story about Mitchell. He doesn't seem to know the first thing about the case. There's been no interrogation, and now he says there's nothing in it! . . ."

I tried to talk him through the case. Mitchell, I told him, was in the clear, we thought, but I stated that as far as Arthur and I were concerned, Hollis was our next suspect. I asked him if he had any information which might help us break open the case.

He said he would see what he could do. It was a difficult time for the CIA. Kennedy had just been assassinated and the Warren Commission of inquiry was sitting, and Angleton had pressing problems of his own.

In 1965, British security seemed once again catastrophically bad to American eyes. In just four years a succession of spy scandals and disasters had engulfed both MI5 and MI6. First Houghton was unmasked, having betrayed vital parts of NATO's underwater-detection systems. Although the Houghton case was a triumph for MI5's new counterespionage capability, it caused outrage in the U.S. Navy, which had long fostered hostility to its British counterpart. The enmity surfaced at a National Security Council meeting, soon after the Houghton trial, at which the U.S. Navy had sought a complete break in the British-American intelligence and secrets exchange. Jim Angleton and Al Belmont from the FBI nipped the Navy ploy in the bud.

"The only difference between us and them," said Belmont dryly, "is they catch spies, and we don't."

But nothing Belmont said could possibly mitigate the string of disasters which followed. Blake was tried and convicted in 1961, casting doubt on virtually every European CIA operation including the Berlin Tunnel. Vassall was caught the next year, 1962; once again, valuable NATO Naval secrets had gone East because of a British spy. In January 1963 Philby defected, with the British authorities apparently mute and impotent. There were the security implications of the Profumo affair in the same year, with its suggestions, taken seriously at the time in the FBI, that the Russians were obtaining nuclear secrets from Profumo via Christine Keeler. Blunt, Long, and Cairncross confessed in 1964, while other cases simply collapsed humiliatingly in court. The Kodak case in 1964 was one, but far worse in American eyes was the Martelli case in early 1965.

The Martelli case had started in 1963 with an allegation by Fedora that the KGB had a foreign ideological source inside an

English nuclear research establishment. He had been operational only in the last one to two years. While this meant that the defector, Golitsin, did not know about him, it severely limited the field of likely candidates. After a few false steps, the investigation closed in on Giuseppe Martelli, who had come to the Dulham Laboratory in the autumn of 1962 from Euratom. But Martelli was not cleared for secret atomic material. Despite this, the investigation went ahead. It was possible that, like Houghton in the Lonsdale case, when he was at Portland, Martelli got his secrets from a girlfriend who did have access. When it was found that Martelli *had* a girlfriend who had access to secrets it became *certainly* possible that Martelli also had access to secrets that he should not have had.

Further investigation did not produce any evidence that Martelli was able to acquire secrets. A search of his office at Culham produced rendezvous information from a locked drawer in his desk. At this time Martelli was away in Europe on holiday. When he returned he was picked up at Southend airport. He was questioned by Special Branch and identified Karpekov as a Russian he knew. He also had a map in his possession which indicated rendezvous arrangements. As a result his house at Abingdon was searched and a concealment device was found which contained miniature one-time pads à la Lonsdale. Part of a page of one pad had apparently been used. A diary was found which had the details of a grid for transforming letters, and therefore words, into numbers for the one-time pad to be used to encipher a message.

A long meeting was held by Hollis, with Mitchell present, to decide what to do. The crucial factor was that no evidence had been found that Martelli had access to secrets or was passing them to a foreign power. The Official Secrets Act (OSA) did have a clause which made it a crime to prepare to commit espionage. But it would be very difficult to prove that Martelli was doing this. There was no proof that he had been in clandestine communication with a foreign power. GCHQ could attest that the cipher pads were similar to those used by spies to communicate with their Russian masters but, unlike in the Lonsdale case, they could not prove that Martelli had done so. It is not often realized that it was the GCHQ testimony in the Lonsdale case that ensured the defendants were convicted. Without this evidence Lonsdale and his associates would have got off either scot-free or with a minor sentence.

I, as the MI5 SIGINT expert, pointed out to the management at the meeting that the evidence MI5 had was not sufficient to prove even the intention to communicate secrets to a foreign power. The Legal Branch of MI5 were keen to try to get Martelli on "the act preparatory" clause of the OSA to establish it as a valid reason to prosecute under the OSA. To the astonishment of the professional counterespionage officers present, Hollis and Mitchell pressed for the prosecution of Martelli to go ahead. The result was that the Attorney-General did go ahead and MI5 suffered the damage.

Even today I find it very difficult to understand why the Martelli case went ahead, unless one remembers the date of the trial—July 2, 1963. This was at the height of the Mitchell case. It is obvious that at this juncture it would have suited the Russians and Hollis for the CE side of MI5 to be knocked down.

The other case to be considered here is that of Frank Bossard. Early in 1965 Top Hat, the FBI-GRU agent, produced photocopies of documents from the Ministry of Supply of the highest security grading in the guided weapons field, involving high-level secrets of the USA. It was relatively easy to narrow the field of suspects to a few people. The suspects were put under all kinds of surveillance. It was discovered that Bossard, one of the suspects, occasionally during his lunch hour would collect a suitcase from the Left Luggage Office at Waterloo Station. He would go to a hotel in Bloomsbury and book himself into a room under a false name. He would stay there alone for about half an hour. On leaving he would take the suitcase back to the Left Luggage Office and return to work. MI5 in due course removed the case from Waterloo. In it were found document-copying cameras, cassettes of film, and two gramophone records on which there were about eight Russian songs. The details of the Russian songs were copied. The entire contents of the case were photographed and restored to the case, which was then returned to Waterloo. I rang up GCHQ and gave them the details of the records. It took GCHQ less than an hour to identify five of the tunes as having been transmitted by a Russian transmitter, found to be in the Moscow area by direction-finding. This transmitter was known to be a GRU Russian Intelligence Service transmitter.

We decided to arrest Bossard next time he took his case from Waterloo and went to a hotel with it. This took place on March 15, 1965. He was caught in the act of photographing Top Secret documents. When confronted with the fact that MI5 knew all about the tunes on the records, he admitted that he had been supplying photographs of secret documents to the Russians for money through dead letter boxes, i.e. secret caches. He received his money the same way. After his initial recruitment, he had met a Russian only once in nearly five years. He said that the individual tunes broadcast indicated which dead letter box to fill, or not to fill any. MI5 had all they wanted fora Section One prosecution. On May 10, 1965, Bossard was sentenced to twenty-one years in jail.

Since we now know that Top Hat, the source of the information, was a plant, why did the Russians decide to throw away Bossard? To understand the case, it is necessary to go into various aspects. First, the Russians had succeeded in damaging MI5 through Fedora and the Martelli case in 1963. This had resulted in increased suspicion, particularly in MI5, that Fedora was a plant. In 1964 Top Hat had given MI5 a story about technical eavesdropping coverage of the British Prime Minister's office, which, unless the Russians had a much more sophisticated system than we knew of in the West, was very unlikely. All efforts to find such a system in use had failed. This had led the British to consider that the story was phony, and both MI5 and the FBI had begun to question Top Hat's bona fides.

Top Hat's production of photographs of British documents of the highest classifications not only made it very difficult to believe that he was a plant (people ask the question: Would the Russians throw away such a source?); it would also result in the Americans once again becoming very suspicious of British security and in an outcry in the USA to cut Britain off from their secrets. Now if one had to choose a spy to risk, Bossard was ideal. He had practically no physical contact with Russians. His Moscow radio control was via innocent tunes. If it had not been for GCHQ's detailed traffic analysis, we would have been unaware of the significance of the records and we would not have been able to prove communication between the Russian Intelligence Service and Bossard. He would have been prosecuted only on the illegal copying of classified documents, a technical crime with relatively small penalties. Once again the professional and technical skill of GCHQ and MI5 had caught the Russians out. This success had two major effects. It enabled the American Intelligence Services to protect British interests in the American Government and it increased and did not diminish the doubts about Top Hat.

But the fundamental question has to be asked: Why did the Russians consider that they had to boost the bona fides of Top Hat? He had been operational since the end of 1962 and without a source at high level in either MI5, the FBI, or the CIA, there would have been nothing to alert the Russians that he was a suspect. At the end of 1964, MI5 had become very suspicious. Only Sullivan, the head of Domestic Intelligence in the FBI, had any fears of Top Hat's bona fides and he, Sullivan, was certainly not a Russian spy. In the CIA only Angleton and one or two close associates were suspicious. But the few people in MI5 who knew about Top Hat did not believe he was genuine. Hollis knew that these people had grave doubts about Top Hat.

There were other strains, too, on the alliance. There was deep-seated hostility in the American intelligence community to the accession to power of Harold Wilson and the Labor Government in 1964. Partly this was due to anti-Labor bias, partly to the Labor Government's commitment to abandon Polaris—a pledge they soon reneged on.

Hanging over everything from late 1963 onward, when Hollis made his trip to Washington, was the Mitchell case, and the fear that MI5 itself was deeply and currently penetrated at or near the summit, with the Secret Service apparently incapable of wrestling with the problem. The sacking of Arthur Martin only compounded American suspicions. They knew he was committed to hunting down Stalin's Englishmen wherever they were hiding, and to American eyes it seemed as if a public-school cabal had seen him off.

In mid-1965 matters came to a head. President Johnson commissioned a review of British security from the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board (PFIAB), a committee of retired intelligence notables, bankers, industrialists, and politicians, formed to advise the President on improvements in national security. Two men were given the task of conducting this Top Secret review—Gordon Gray, a former Secretary of Defense under President Eisenhower, and Governor of North Carolina, and the Secretary of the PFIAB, Gerald Coyne, a former senior FBI officer who ran PFIAB for fifteen years.

Gray and Coyne came to London secretly in the summer of 1965 and began reviewing the Anglo-American intelligence relationship, and in particular the effectiveness of MI5. The work was delicate in the extreme. No one in British Intelligence was to be told that the review was even taking place. In any other country the review would be known by a cruder name—espionage. Most of Gray and Coyne's material was supplied by Cleveland

Cram, the CIA officer in charge of liaison in London with MI5. Cram was a brilliant and levelheaded CIA officer who had served in London for many years, and knew the weaknesses of MI5 only too well. Cram brought Gray and Coyne into Leconfield House and MI6 headquarters on a number of occasions, introducing them merely as colleagues. At this time CIA officers of Cram's stature had open access to all British Intelligence establishments, and the subterfuge was easy to perform on us.

I first heard about the Gray and Coyne review when I visited Washington in 1965. Angleton briefed me on the contents of the finished report. I was thunderstruck. Gray and Coyne had produced a devastating critique of MI5. They cited the inadequate size of British Counterespionage, and said that many individually talented officers were betrayed by poor organization and lack of resources. The report was especially critical of the quality of leadership inside MI5, particularly that provided by Hollis and Cumming, then the head of Counterespionage. Gray and Coyne concluded that Hollis had evidently lost the confidence of his senior officers (which was true) as well as that of his peers in Whitehall, which was also true.

Angleton was thrilled by the report, and told me that it would form the basis of a new relationship between British and American counterintelligence. He told me that the CIA intended making a direct approach to Harold Wilson, along with the American Ambassador in London, David Bruce, to brief him on the findings.

"Everything'll change now," he said, "we're going to have a beefed-up CIA London station, and half those officers are going to work directly inside MI5. We'll have access to everything, and help you where we can."

Once I had heard about the Gray-Coyne report, I was in an invidious position. Angleton had briefed me in confidence, but I was duty-bound to report the existence of such a document, and the planned approach to Wilson. Angleton's ambitions were obvious: he wanted the CIA to swallow MI5 up whole, and use it as an Agency outstation. I returned to London and told Hollis and F.J. everything I knew. It was one of the few occasions when Hollis showed any visible sign of shock. He ordered a check of records, and within a few hours got confirmation that Gray and Coyne had indeed visited virtually every British Intelligence establishment without ever declaring their true purpose.

Later that afternoon I saw both men sweep out to a waiting car at the front of Leconfield House.

"Thank you for your help, Peter," said F.J. grimly. "Never can trust the bloody Americans to play it by the rules!" I thought this was a touch sanctimonious, but I judged it better to keep clear of the flak which was rapidly building. F.J. and Hollis were off to see the Foreign Secretary to protest at this blatant abuse of the UKUSA agreement, and there was no telling where the row might end.

Poor Cleve Cram was hauled over the coals. He opposed the approach to Wilson, yet Helms and Angleton insisted he begin sounding out George Wigg, Wilson's security adviser. But Hollis was in no mood for excuses. He had been humiliated in front of the entire intelligence establishment in London and Washington, and Cram was threatened with expulsion if there were any further transgressions. I saw Cram a few days later skulking around the fifth floor of Leconfield House. He looked a little sheepish.

"You nearly got me PNG'd," he said, smiling ruefully. He knew the CIA had been trying it on, and had been caught fair and square. The Gray-Coyne report was a terrible indictment of Hollis' tenure as Director-General of MI5, and he knew it. But the Americans, typically, had handled the affair with all the finesse of a bull in a china shop. The essence of their plan was well-meant—to provide the resources and manpower which MI5 lacked. Of course they had other motives. They wanted MI5 as a supplicant client, rather than as a well-disposed but independent ally.

Improvements did flow from the report. For the first time MI5 management conceded the need to drastically expand D Branch, and the old colonial appendages, like E Branch, withered on the vine. Henceforth D Branch had first call on all resources. It was inevitable that new management would be sought for the revamped D Branch. Alec MacDonald, a former colonial policeman, was brought in, and Malcolm Cumming, realizing that he would never become Deputy DG, opted for early retirement.

The other important initiative which flowed from the report was the recognition which followed that a mechanism was needed to secure closer cooperation between Western counterintelligence services. GCHQ and NSA had a formal exchange under the terms of the UKUSA agreement. MI6 and the CIA regularly exchanged foreign intelligence assessments via the Joint Intelligence Committee in London and the National Security Council in Washington. But counterintelligence was still basically ad hoc. Angleton and I had often discussed the value of creating a forum for the regular free exchange of counterintelligence. So much counterintelligence, particularly when it flowed from defectors, ranged across national borders, and access to each country's files was essential if the best progress was to be made. But Angleton was an autocratic man; he wanted to use the Gray-Coyne report to force a one-way flow. But finally he became converted to the virtues of a genuinely mutual forum and, at his urging, a conference of senior counterintelligence officers from the USA, Britain, Australia, Canada, and New Zealand was organized to take place roughly every eighteen months. The conferences were called CAZAB, and the first was held in Melbourne, Australia, in November 1967.

The Gray-Coyne report was not the only epitaph to Hollis' career. As he approached retirement, the shape of the FLUENCY conclusions became clear. The Working Party consisted of Terence Lecky and Geoffrey Hinton from MI6 Counterintelligence, as well as Arthur Martin when he was transferred over in mid-

1965. The MI5 contingent was Patrick Stewart, Anne Orr-Ewing, and Evelyn McBarnet from D3, with me in the chair. The papers were circulated direct to the Director D, Alec MacDonald, and the head of Counterintelligence, Christopher Phillpotts. We met every Thursday in my office or a fifth-floor conference room at Leconfield House.

The mood was tense to begin with, each member aware of the awesome significance of the task at hand—to review in detail every single allegation which had ever been made about the penetration of British Intelligence. The first decision FLUENCY made was to change the approach to penetration which Arthur and I had adopted in the Mitchell case. In 1963, when we presented the case for penetration to Dick White, we relied heavily on analysis of the oddities and discrepancies in technical and double-agent cases, known in the jargon as "manifestations," FLUENCY decided to dispense with all manifestations. They were felt to be an overlay of specific allegations of penetration which had been made by defectors. These were the primary evidence, and we concentrated solely on them.

The first task was to collate the allegations. This was relatively straightforward, as much of the work had already been done during the Mitchell inquiry, and continued at my instigation as part of D3's overall program of research.

After six months' work we had compiled a large file, which contained the full list of allegations—over two hundred in all, some dating back to World War I. The allegations were then apportioned to various officers around the table. Those that came from Polish sources, like Goleniewski, were given to Terence Lecky. Evelyn McBarnet handled the old MI5 allegations, Patrick Stewart took the Golitsin material, and I looked at Krivitsky, Volkov, and VENONA.

Once the allegations were gathered we set about assessing them. We examined each allegation carefully, and made a decision about its validity—that is to say, whether we believed it to be true. In some cases, for instance, a defector might have said a spy existed in MI5 or MI6, but we were able to satisfy ourselves that they were mistaken. Where we satisfied ourselves that an allegation was true, it was termed, in counterintelligence jargon, "a true bill." Then we checked whether each allegation had ever been attributed to a known spy, such as Philby, Burgess, or Blunt, and if it had, the attribution was reexamined to see if it was still valid in view of any intelligence which might subsequently have come to light.

Assessing allegations depended on the quality of our records, and we faced a major problem with MI6 archives. They were in a mess. Each of the Geographical Divisions and the Counterintelligence Department kept their own records. MI6 were producers of intelligence, not collaters of it, and little thought had been given to an effective system of record-keeping. Indeed, this was a principal reason why so many allegations were simply left unresolved, and one of the by-products of the FLUENCY inquiries was a general recognition of the need to improve the MI6 Registry. In 1967 Arthur finally left Counterintelligence to take over the MI6 Registry, where he made one last major contribution to British Intelligence by totally overhauling the system.

After thorough review, each of the two hundred allegations was placed in one of six categories:

a. the allegation was a true bill, and was definitely attributable to a known spy;

b. the allegation was a true bill, and was almost certainly attributable to a known spy;

c. the allegation was a true bill, but it was not possible to attribute it to a known spy;

d. it was not possible to ascertain whether the allegation was or was not a true bill, because there was insufficient information;

e. the allegation was doubted;

f. the allegation was not a true bill, i.e. rubbish.

As Hollis approached retirement, FLUENCY began to uncover an entirely new picture of the history of the penetration of British Intelligence. Many allegations which previously had been attributed to known spies like Philby or Blunt were found on detailed inspection to have been wrongly attributed. Twenty-eight of the two hundred allegations we examined were in the all-important C category—they were true bills, but they pointed to as yet undiscovered spies.

Of those twenty-eight, there were ten really important allegations, all of which related to MI5:

1. Volkov's "Acting Head," dated September 1945;
2. Gouzenko's "Elli," also dated September 1945;
3. Skripkin's betrayal, dated 1946 (information came from Rastvorov in 1954);
4. Goleniewski's "middling grade agent," dating from the mid-1950s;
5. Golitsin's information about the Skripkin investigation, also dated 1946;
6. Golitsin's information about the special safe in KGB headquarters to house material from British Intelligence;
7. Golitsin's information about the index to files in KGB headquarters containing material from British Intelligence;
8. Golitsin's information about the "Technics" Document;
9. Golitsin's information about the special arrangements for protecting the Soviet colony in London; and
10. Golitsin's information about the betrayal of Crabbe's diving mission.

Each of the Golitsin allegations dates from 1962–63.

The really startling thing about this list was the way it followed a clear chronological pattern from 1942 to 1963. The Golitsin material, although more recent, was not specific enough to point in the direction of any one officer, beyond the fact that it had clearly to be a high-level penetration to account for the allegations. But the first three serials, even though dated, transformed the FLUENCY work, and pointed in Hollis' direction for the first time.

19

KONSTANTIN VOLKOV'S LIST WAS THE FIRST SERIAL WHICH WE investigated. This was already the subject of intensive D3 inquiries to trace the second of the two Foreign Office spies mentioned in the list. I decided to have the entire document retranslated by Geoffrey Sudbury, the GCHQ officer who ran the VENONA program. Sudbury was a fluent Russian speaker, but most important of all, from the VENONA program he was familiar with the kind of Russian Intelligence Service jargon in use at the time Volkov attempted to defect, whereas the British Embassy official in Turkey who had made the original translation was not.

One entry in Volkov's list puzzled me in particular. In the original translation it referred to his knowledge of files and documents concerning very important Soviet agents in important establishments in London. "Judging by their cryptonyms, there are seven such agents, five in British Intelligence and two in the Foreign Office. I know, for instance, that one of these agents is fulfilling the duties of head of a department of British Counterintelligence."

When the case against Philby was first compiled in 1951, MI5 assumed that the last spy referred to by Volkov was Philby, who in 1945 was indeed fulfilling the duties of head of a department of MI6—Counterintelligence, responsible for Soviet counterintelligence. But I knew enough Russian from VENONA myself to see that there were two words in the Russian which did not appear in the original translation—the word *otdel,* which means "section," which was closely followed by the word *upravalenie,* meaning "directorate" or "senior division." In any case, there was no irresistible reason why this particular entry by Volkov had to be Philby. There were five spies in British Intelligence in all, and any of those could just as easily have been Philby.

A few days after I gave Sudbury the Volkov list he rang me up excitedly, almost forgetting for a moment to switch over to his scrambler.

"The translation's wrong," he said, "it's all NKVD idiom. The man who wrote it was obviously quite senior. He's written it very carefully, with pride in his professional skill and knowledge. The real translation should read: 'I know, for instance, that one of these agents is fulfilling the duties of head of a section of the British Counterintelligence Directorate.'

"Actually, I rather think this man's position is temporary. He's 'fulfilling the duties' rather than in the job itself, which suggests to me he's the acting head, or something very like it . . ."

"I'm sorry," I replied cautiously.

"But don't you see," shrieked Geoffrey through the electronic haze, "the British Counterintelligence Directorate is MI5, it's not MI6!"

The meaning was crystal clear. If Sudbury was right, this was not Philby, and it could not be Blunt either, since he was never acting head of anything. Only one man had been acting head of a section of the British Counterintelligence Directorate in 1944–45. His name was Roger Hollis.

The second allegation was Igor Gouzenko's MI5 spy "Elli," which I had first seen in Anne Last's notebook during the Mitchell investigation. FLUENCY reexamined the case of Elli in great detail. The extraordinary thing about Gouzenko's Elli was the fact that it came in September 1945 in exactly the same period that Volkov made his "Acting Head" allegation, and also on the same date that we made the crucial break into the VENONA traffic.

The essence of Gouzenko's story was simple. He said he knew there was a spy in "five of MI." He had learned this from a friend, Luibimov, who had worked alongside him in the main GRU cipher room in Moscow in 1942. Elli's communications were handled through dead letter boxes, one of which was a crack in a tombstone. There was something Russian about Elli, said Gouzenko, either in his background, or because he had visited Russia, or could speak the language. Elli was an important spy because he could remove from MI5 the files which dealt with Russians in London.

Luibimov showed him parts of the telegrams from the spy, whose code name was Elli. Gouzenko said that when Elli's telegrams came in, there was always a woman present in the cipher room who read the decrypts first and, if necessary, took them straight to Stalin. I invited Ismail Akhmedov, a senior GRU officer who defected to the West at the end of the war, to Britain, and asked him who this woman could be. He said her name was Vera, and she controlled all GRU illegals in the West and worked directly under him, although security procedures were such that she never disclosed the identities of her agents to him. Alexander Foote, who worked for the GRU as an illegal in Switzerland during the war before defecting in the late 1940s, also described Vera (in his book *Handbook for Spies)* as the woman who was in charge of him when he visited Moscow for training in 1945.

The first problem with Gouzenko's story was that over the years since he had first told it in 1945, he varied the details. "Give of MI" became MI5. The distinction was vital. Theoretically, "five of MI" could be taken as referring to Section V of MI. And, of course, in 1942 Philby was working in Section V of MI6. The other problem with Gouzenko was that by the mid-1960s he was an irretrievable alcoholic. His memory was at best unreliable for events which occurred more than twenty years before. I sent a request to the Canadian RCMP for permission to interview Gouzenko once more, but we were told that Gouzenko had been causing problems for the Canadian authorities through his alcoholism and badgering for money. They feared that further contact with him would exacerbate the problems, and that there was a high risk Gouzenko might seek to publicize the purpose of our interview with him.

I asked the RCMP if they had the original notes of the debriefing of Gouzenko, since they were the best evidence for what precisely he had said about Elli in the first days after defecting. The RCMP officer who had looked after Gouzenko was long since dead and his notes had not been filed but almost certainly destroyed.

The evidence in British Intelligence files only complicated the validity of Gouzenko's story still further. When Gouzenko defected, an MI6 officer, Peter Dwyer, traveled up to Canada from Washington to attend his debriefing. Dwyer sent back daily telegrams to MI6 headquarters in London outlining Gouzenko's information. Dwyer's cables were handled by the head of Soviet Counterintelligence in MI6, Kim Philby. Philby, in the following week, was to have to face the pressing problem of Volkov's almost simultaneous approach to the British in Turkey. By good luck he asked that his opposite number of MI5, Roger Hollis, should go to Canada to see Gouzenko instead of him. Was this coincidence, we wondered, or an arrangement made in the knowledge that Hollis was a fellow spy and could be trusted to muddy the waters in the Gouzenko case? We have it from VENONA, however, that the KGB was unaware of the existence of a GRU spy in MI5 when Hollis traveled to Canada and interviewed Gouzenko. The most specific and important material Gouzenko possessed related to possible spies in the atomic weapons development program, and Hollis' report dwelt on this aspect at length. The spy Elli in "five of MI" was almost a footnote. Hollis judged Gouzenko to be confused about the structure of British Intelligence. Gouzenko was wrong, and the matter was buried. This was a mistaken judgment.

Nevertheless, the lead registered in the mind of Guy Liddell, then head of Counterespionage. In his diaries he speculated about the possible identity of Elli. Oddly, I learned of this only after Liddell's old secretary brought the diaries to me, asking that I preserve them, as Hollis had ordered that they be destroyed. Once again I paused for thought. Was this chance, or did Hollis have some other reason for suppressing Liddell's diaries?

In 1965 we managed to break a new message out of the VENONA, which transformed the FLUENCY assessment as to whether Gouzenko's Elli was a true bill. The one week of VENONA traffic which we had broken into began on September 15, 1945, with a message to Krotov discussing, with no sense of panic, the precautions he should take to protect valuable *argentura* in the light of problems faced by the "neighbors" in Canada. This was clearly a reference to Gouzenko's defection, which had taken place in Canada the previous week. The "neighbors," we already knew, was the KGB jargon for the GRU, for whom Gouzenko worked. The KGB had no reason to fear that any of its agents in Britain had been compromised by Gouzenko. The GRU knew no KGB secrets and, in any case, Philby was there to monitor any unforeseen developments on a daily basis.

However, by the end of the week's traffic, September 22, the tone of the messages is markedly different. The relaxed tone disappears. Krotov is given elaborate and detailed instructions on how to proceed with his agents. "Brush contact only" is to be employed, and meetings are to be reduced to the absolute minimum, if possible only once a month.

The question we needed to answer was: Why had Moscow Center suddenly become so worried about the implications of Gouzenko's testimony? Gouzenko had actually defected on September 5, two weeks previously, and almost immediately the GRU would be making provisional damage assessments and the requisite precautionary arrangements for any assets they feared Gouzenko might have betrayed. By September 12 details of what

Gouzenko was saying to his debriefers in Canada were flowing from Peter Dwyer back to Kim Philby in MI6 headquarters in London. Yet is is not until a week later that the KGB became suddenly worried.

The answer lay in the MI6 files for the relevant period. On September 18–19 a telegram reached Philby's desk which first detailed Gouzenko's description of the spy code-named Elli. This was the first time Philby would have been aware of any reference to the spy in "five of MI." The actual copy of the telegram, when we examined it in the 1960s, was folded into four, with grimy edges, as if it had been placed in an inside pocket, and was initialed off HARP (Philby's initials) two days after he received it. Clearly he had removed the telegram during those two days and shown it to his Russian controller in London. No other telegram in the file dealing with Gouzenko had been treated in this manner. This was obviously the telegram which had caused such worry at the tail-end of the week's VENONA.

I asked GCHQ to conduct a search of all KGB traffic flowing from London to Moscow. We could read none of this traffic. The only matches in the VENONA we had were coming the other way, from Moscow into the KGB in London. Sudbury told me that the only noticeable thing GCHQ could detect in the traffic was a message sent on September 19–20, which they could tell was a message of the highest priority because it overrode all others on the same channel. The significance was obvious—it was sent the day after Philby had received the MI6 telegram containing Gouzenko's description of the spy Elli in "five of MI." Indeed, when GCHQ conducted a group-count analysis of the message, they were able to conclude that it corresponded to the same length as a verbatim copy of the MI6 telegram from Canada which Philby removed from the files.

Once we realized London had sent a high-priority message to Moscow, we searched for the reply. There was only one high-priority message in the line going the other way, from Moscow to

London. So far we had never been able to read this particular message properly. It was dated at the very end of the week's traffic, but because it was flashed high priority, it was received in London somewhat earlier than other messages which we read. In late 1965 Sudbury and I made a determined attack on this message, using as collateral the guess that it was a reply to a message containing the information in Philby's telegram. Eventually we succeeded in breaking it out. It read: "Consent has been obtained from the Chiefs to consult with the neighbors about Stanley's material about their affairs in Canada. Stanley's data is correct."

I remember sitting in Sudbury's office puzzling over this translation. It made no sense. I wondered at first if we had made a mistake, but Sudbury checked the translation against the other side of the VENONA, and the trade traffic read off perfectly. There was no mistake. Philby, by the time this message was sent, had been a top-class KGB agent and head of Counterespionage in MI6 for the best part of ten years, yet it appeared as if they doubted his intelligence. Why did it need checking? What was it about Stanley's data which had thrown the KGB into such confusion?

Only one explanation could account for all these oddities. The KGB must have been ignorant of the spy in "five of MI" controlled by the GRU. Thus, when Philby relayed to them news of this spy, and the threat to him by Gouzenko, the KGB had to obtain permission from the "Chiefs," the Politburo, to consult with the "neighbors," the GRU, to ask if they did indeed have such an asset in London. Having received assurance from the GRU that they did have such a spy, the KGB realized that the heat was likely to come on in London, so they sent back the message confirming Stanley's data, and followed it up with urgent orders to increase security.

But who was Elli, and where did he work? He was obviously not Blunt or Philby, since we knew that they were never controlled at any time by the GRU. I asked every Russian defector in the West what the phrase "five of MI" signified. All assured me it meant MI5, not Section V of MI6 or anything else. Whoever Elli was, he must have had access to files on Russians, which placed him indisputably in F Branch, where this material was handled. The senior officer in F Branch was Roger Hollis, the very same suspect defined by Volkov's "Acting Head" allegation.

FLUENCY spent years trying to unravel the riddle that lay in the three connected threads of Volkov's "Acting Head"; Gouzenko's "Elli"; and the VENONA with its eight cryptonyms, each of which came together in that one week in September 1945. Was it Mitchell or Hollis? Both or neither? The resemblances between these strands was uncanny. The "Acting Head" and Elli both pointed to the same two men, but the first allegation was KGB and the second GRU. The VENONA had eight spies; Volkov's list talked of seven in London, two in the Foreign Office, and five in British Intelligence. Maclean had been in Washington for a year, so he could not be one of the Foreign Office spies. Burgess probably was one of these. He was working in the Foreign Office Press Department at the relevant time. The best bet for the other seemed to be Krivitsky's "Eton and Oxford" Foreign Office spy, whom Philby used to decoy MI5 away from Maclean as the net closed on him in 1951.

But what of the five spies in British Intelligence? One was Philby, another was Blunt, and a third Cairncross. Long might theoretically have been a fourth Volkov spy, but he was not in London at this time and he could not possibly be one of the eight VENONA cryptonyms, since he was in Germany in September 1945. That still left one Volkov spy, the "Acting Head," unaccounted for, as well as four VENONA cryptonyms, of which presumably the "Acting Head" was one, and Volkov's second Foreign Office spy another. As for Elli, there was no trace of him anywhere.

The third FLUENCY allegation was the Skripkin case. This was given to us by Yuri Rastvorov, a second secretary at the Russian

Embassy in Tokyo, who was in fact a Lieutenant-Colonel in the KGB. British Naval Intelligence made contact with Rastvorov in autumn 1953, and began negotiations for his defection. Rastvorov eventually agreed to come, provided only that he was taken straight to a British colony, such as Australia(!), rather than back to Britain. He said his reluctance to come back to Britain was because he knew that British Intelligence was penetrated, although he did not elaborate further.

The Naval Intelligence Department (NID) arranged to fly the KGB man by RAF Transport Command plane from Tokyo to Singapore, where they intended to hand him over to the joint MI5-MI6 establishment SIFE (Security Intelligence Far East). Rastvorov was not told of these plans, but unfortunately, as the aircraft taxied to the end of the runway, a snowstorm hit Tokyo and the plane was unable to take off. While waiting for the storm to abate, the chatter of the crew revealed to Rastvorov that the plane was going to Singapore rather than Australia. He panicked and fled the aircraft, went immediately to the American Embassy, and defected to them instead.

Sometime later the CIA reported that Rastvorov had given further details of his reasons for believing British Intelligence was penetrated. He said that a friend of his, a Lieutenant Skripkin, had approached the British in the Far East in 1946, and offered to defect. Skripkin made arrangements to return to Moscow, fetch his wife, and then defect on his next visit out of the country. However, back in Moscow, Skripkin was somehow detected by the KGB. He was approached by two KGB officers who pretended to be MI6 officers. He gave himself away, was tried and shot.

When we looked Skripkin up in the Registry we found that he did indeed have a file. It contained copies of two reports from British Naval Intelligence in the Far East dealing with plans for Skripkin's defection, one dated May 1946, and the other July 1946. They had been stapled together and sent from SIFE for

MI5's information, arriving in London during the first half of August. The file was dealt with by Roger Hollis, the Assistant Director of F Branch, and a junior officer. Hollis instructed the junior officer to make a file and place it in the Registry, where it lay until Rastvorov told his story in 1954. When the file was retrieved it was automatically attributed to Philby by MI5.

When FLUENCY reexamined the case several new facts came to light. Firstly, when Golitsin defected in 1961, he asked us what we knew about the Skripkin case. He said that he had worked on the case in 1946, when he was a junior officer in the Counterintelligence Branch of the First Chief Directorate. He remembered that the report came to him from London, and definitely not from the Far East, at the end of 1946, when the snow was on the ground in Moscow. Without prompting, Golitsin told the story of how the two KGB men tricked Skripkin by posing as MI6 officers. Golitsin was also asked to describe the two documents he had seen. Golitsin was astonishingly accurate. The first, he said, was an account of Skripkin's sounding out, and an assessment of his worth. The second was a résumé of his future plans, including an address in Moscow where he could be contacted. Golitsin also said he was certain the papers had been stapled together at the time the agent had photographed them.

The second new fact FLUENCY had was that Philby, when questioned by Nicholas Elliott in Beirut, was asked if he had betrayed Skripkin. Philby vehemently denied having done so, not having known about the case even when given more details of it. This was most odd, because we assumed it would be in Philby's interest to claim credit for the case. Perhaps Philby was telling the truth on this occasion.

I arranged for a complete search of the entire distribution of both Skripkin reports, to see if it could shed any further light on the case. The results were extremely revealing. The May report went to Naval Intelligence (Hong Kong), SIFE at Singapore, and the Naval Intelligence Department in London. They placed the report in a Naval docket and circulated it within NID, and passed a copy routinely to the Naval Section of R Division in MI6. They, in turn, passed it to Section V, who filed it. Extensive searches in the MI6 records showed that Philby was never on the distribution list.

The July document followed the same distribution trail, except at SIFE in Singapore. It was at this point that they decided to staple together both reports, and send them routinely to MI5, where they arrived on August 8. This was the first occasion MI5 knew anything about the affair, and it was also the only place where both reports were stapled together, a fact which chimed perfectly with Golitsin's recollection. Whoever betrayed Skripkin must have been inside MI5, not MI6. That ruled out Philby, and Blunt had already left MI5 the previous year. Once again the finger pointed toward Roger Hollis, the F Branch Assistant Director who handled the Skripkin file.

Once the shape of the FLUENCY allegations became clear I began the most dangerous task I ever undertook. Without authorization I began to make my own "freelance" inquiries into Hollis' background. I had to be cautious, since I knew that the slightest leak back would inevitably lead to the sack. I traveled down to Oxford, and visited the Bodleian Library. There I discovered in the university records that Hollis, although he went up to Oxford in the 1920s, never took a degree. He left inexplicably after five terms. It seemed an odd thing for so conventional a man to do. I visited Hollis' old college, Worcester, and searched the records there to find out who had lived on the same staircase. In his fourth term Hollis moved to digs in Wellington Square, and I checked through the Oxford Calendars, which list the addresses of every student resident at Oxford, to find those students with whom he shared a house. I even tried the records of the University Golfing Society in the hope that somewhere there would be a clue to the enigma of Hollis' personality.

Working without Hollis' record of service, I was forced to work blind. I knew from talking to Hollis that he had visited China, so I ran a trace through the Passport Office for the dates of his arrivals and departures from Britain. I made discreet inquiries at the Standard Chartered Bank, where Hollis worked before leaving for China, but apart from an old forwarding address at a bank in Peking, they had no records.

I wanted to find some evidence of a secret life, a careless friend, a sign of overt political activity. Every man is defined by his friends, and I began to draw up a picture of those to whom Hollis was close in those vital years in the late 1920s and 1930s. Two men in particular were of interest at Oxford—Claud Cockburn and Maurice Richardson. Both were left-wing: in Cockburn's case, when I ran a check on his file I noticed that Hollis had retained the file throughout the war, and never declared his friendship on the file as the Service customs demand. Did he, I wondered, have a reason to hide his relationship with Cockburn, a man with extensive Comintern contacts?

Out in China there was a similar pattern. China was a hotbed of political activity in the 1930s, and was an active recruiting ground for the Comintern. Hugh Winterborn told me that an old retired colonel he had known in Japan knew Hollis while in China, having shared a flat with him for a year, and he made an appointment for me to visit him. Tony Stables was a brusque, old-fashioned military officer, and he remembered Hollis well. He said he never knew his political opinions, but always assumed they were left-wing because he mixed with people like Agnes Smedley, a left-wing journalist and Comintern talent spotter, as well as another man called Arthur Ewert, whom Stables described as an international socialist.

The other person who was visited (by Arthur Martin) was Jane Sissmore. Jane Sissmore was responsible for bringing Hollis into MI5 before the war. She eventually transferred from MI5 to MI6, married an MI6 officer, and became Jane Archer. She was a formidable, intellectual woman who ran the old MI6 Communist

Affairs research section. I often used to see her on D3 inquiries. She was always helpful, and told me the inquiries should have been embarked on years before. One afternoon I broached the subject of Mitchell and Hollis, who had both worked closely with her during the war. Jane was a wily old bird, and knew exactly why I was tapping her.

"Could either be a spy, would you say?" I asked her.

"They were both untrustworthy," she told me, "but if I had to choose the more likely candidate I would pick Roger."

In November 1965 Hollis buzzed down to me and asked me to come up to his office. It was unlike him to be so informal. I had never before visited his office without being summoned by his secretary. He greeted me warmly by the door.

"Come over and sit down," he said, smiling broadly.

He brushed imaginary dust off the sofa, and sat opposite me in the easy chair. That, too, was odd. Hollis usually sat in a straight-backed chair. Hollis was anxious to put the meeting on an informal footing. He made rather clumsy small talk about his imminent retirement.

"Difficult time," he said, "the pension's not much, and every bit counts . . ."

"What are your plans?"

"Oh, down to the country I think. I have a little place down there. Get right away from it all. A bit of golf, a few walks . . . that kind of thing."

He laughed in a gurgling sort of way.

"Funny to think my picture will be up there in a few weeks' time," he said, looking up at the portraits which stared down at him. They were all such different-looking men: Kell's stiff military bearing; Petrie's detached pose; Sillitoe, the hunch-shouldered policeman; and Dick, with his easy charm and soft charisma.

Hollis turned to face me, hunching forward, with his hands on his knees. He was smiling again, like a Cheshire cat.

"Peter, there is just one thing I wanted to ask you before I go. I wanted to know why you think I'm a spy."

I had to think very fast. If I told him a lie and he knew I had, I was out that day. So I told him the truth.

Hollis made it sound so natural. Ever since he and I discussed Tisler nearly ten years before, we had been building for this confrontation. But now that it was out in the open, lying on the table between us like an inanimate object, words seemed so inadequate in the face of all the secretly nursed suspicions which had gone before.

"It's all based on the old allegations, sir," I told him, "and the way things have been going wrong. You know my views on postwar failure. It's just a process of elimination. First it was Mitchell, and now it's you."

"Oh yes—but surely you've been looking at new things . . . ?"

"Yes, the old allegations, sir."

For an hour I went through the Volkov list, the retranslation, Gouzenko's Elli, the Skripkin report.

"Well, Peter," he said, laughing gently, "you have got the manacles on me, haven't you . . . ?"

I began to interrupt. He held his hands face up to quiet me.

"All I can say is that I am not a spy."

"But is there anything definite, sir, anything I can put before the FLUENCY meeting, anything at all . . . ?"

"I can probably dig out the notes of the Gouzenko interrogation . . ." He sounded unsure. "I don't really recollect Skripkin, to be honest. And Volkov . . ."

He drummed the edge of his seat with his sharpened pencil, and clicked his teeth.

"I don't think you've got Volkov right. Why should Kim go all the way out to Turkey? He'd check first."

He sighed, as if it was all too long ago.

"It's useful, is it, the FLUENCY thing . . . ?" he asked suddenly.

"I think so, yes, sir. I think it's long overdue."

"Yes, I rather thought you would think that . . . MacDonald isn't so sure—well, I suppose you know that."

"He receives the reports, sir. I suppose he reads them."

"Oh, yes, I'm sure we all read them," replied Hollis. "They make fascinating reading. All that history. Always good to blow a few cobwebs off the pipes."

He smiled his Cheshire cat smile again.

"Well, thank you for your frankness, Peter," he said, rising from his seat. "I must be getting on. Good to have this chat, though . . ."

He strode stiffly back to his work. Like two actors we exited to different wings, our roles complete.

I never saw Roger Hollis again. Within a few days the new Director-General, Martin Furnival Jones, was installed in the office. His first decision was to remove the photographs from the wall and place them in his ante-office.

"Don't need an audience for the job," he muttered darkly when I asked why.

F.J. was a man of few words, and he grew into the job. He was a determined man who believed he faced one major problem—the scale of the Soviet assault, in terms of numbers of Russian intelligence officers in London, relative to his own pitiful forces. His tenure as Director-General was marked by his campaign to expand MI5 and reduce Soviet diplomatic personnel. He had some success with the first, and eventually triumphed with the second.

F.J.'s top priority was Russian counterespionage, and once he took over, the whole approach to the problem changed. Whereas before I had to be persistent to get anything approved, with F.J. I could buzz him, go right up to see him, and get a decision there and then. He supported the D3 inquiries unreservedly, and sanctioned all the important interviews without question. He never shrank from making value judgments in cases like Watson and Proctor. If the evidence convinced him, he would act on it. F.J. was a man of few complexities. He was a typical English gentleman on the surface, with a streak of toughness a mile wide just underneath. It made him few friends in Whitehall, but it was what the Service needed.

Sadly for me, he appointed Anthony Simkins as his deputy. Simkins was probably the one man in MI5 whom I actively disliked, and the feeling was reciprocated in full measure. I knew I would have trouble as soon as he was appointed. Simkins was a lawyer. He and I had already had a major argument some years before, when he was Director-General of C Branch, where he had had some modest success. I was asked to chair an interdepartmental working party consisting of MI5, MI6, the Foreign Office, and GCHQ to review technical security at the British Embassy in Moscow, following a fire in the radio room responsible for intercepting local Russian communications. It was clear from the investigation that not only had the Russians started the fire deliberately, but that they had had access to the radio room for some time. The Russians had been reading the radio receiver settings each night, thus they knew what we were intercepting. The Russians who cleaned the Embassy simply unscrewed the bolts (which were well oiled) on the security door lock and walked straight in.

During the course of the inquiry I was also able to solve one other riddle from Volkov's list. Volkov claimed that the Russians could read the Foreign Office ciphers in Moscow. Maclean certainly betrayed every code he had access to in the Foreign Office, but Foreign Office records showed that the Moscow Embassy used one-time pads during and just after the war, so Maclean could not have been responsible.

Remembering my work with "the Thing" in 1951, I was sure the Russians had been using a concealed microphone system, and we eventually found two microphones buried in the plaster above the cipher room. During the war, two clerks routinely handled the Embassy one-time pad communications, one reading over the clear text message for the other to encipher. The Russians simply recorded the clear text straight through their microphones. By the very good work of the Building Research Laboratory we were able to establish that the probable date of the concrete embedding of the microphone was about 1942, when the Embassy was in Kuibyshev.

The Working Party Report found an extraordinary and persistent level of appalling security inside the Embassy, and every member of the committee endorsed a highly critical conclusion, which demanded the installation of an MI5 officer to work full-time in the Embassy on security. I circulated the trenchant report to F.J., who was then Deputy Director-General, and asked for his approval before I sent it to the Foreign Office. F.J. suggested I show it to Simkins as a courtesy, since he was Director C, responsible for Protective Security, and technically the Working Party covered his area. I sent Simkins a copy, and was surprised, a few hours later, to receive an angry summons to his office.

"You can't possibly send anything like this to the Foreign Office," he said, as if I were suggesting sending inquisition implements as a gift to the Pope.

"Why ever not?" I asked. "It's about time the bastards received a blasting. The whole place is a shambles!"

"Well, I'm sorry. It's the Foreign Office. It's a most important department of state, and you simply have no business sending them reports like this. I don't propose to approve it!"

To my amazement, he defaced the report with a blue pencil. I took the report to F.J. and showed him what Simkins had done. F.J. grunted, and told me to type it up and send it unchanged.

"Bloody Foreign Office," he growled, "I've had the bloody lot of them . . ."

The report was sent and a young MI5 officer, Tony Motion, was sent out to Moscow, but from then on I knew Simkins was an enemy for life.

Shortly after F.J. took over as Director-General the FLUENCY Working Party submitted its first report to him and to Dick White, as chief of MI6. The report was in two sections. The first half listed each of the twenty-eight allegations which we were sure were true bills and investigatable but which could not be attributed to any known spy. The second half of the report contained the allegations written up as a narrative, starting with Gouzenko's Elli in 1942, and ending with Golitsin's information in 1962, to show the more or less continuous nature of the penetration. This report was submitted to both chiefs. But it was six months before the report was discussed again. Then we were told to resubmit our findings, listing only those allegations which we felt could be investigated, and giving the candidate who, in our judgment, best fitted the allegation.

The FLUENCY Working Party decided that Gouzenko's Elli and Volkov's "Acting Head" should both be investigated, and that because of their closeness in time, they should be considered together. The candidate was typed neatly at the bottom of the page. Stripped of title, stripped of rank, it was just a name: Roger Hollis.

The third allegation was included in our report was Goleniewski's "middling-grade agent," and it was potentially as damaging as the first two pointing toward Hollis. The "middling-grade agent" story began in November 1963. Goleniewski, Sniper as he was previously known, finally agreed to meet MI5 to clarify some of the details of the allegations he had made in anonymous letters from Poland. Previously Goleniewski was unwilling to meet anyone directly from MI5 because of our failure to catch Lambda 1, George Blake. But with Blake in jail, Goleniewski was seen by the head of the Polish section, who was himself half Polish by descent.

By the time MI5 saw Goleniewski, the CIA suspected he was going clinically insane. He began to have delusions that he was descended from the Tsar, but despite that, his recall of intelligence remained remarkably accurate. One morning during the course of his interviews, Goleniewski announced that he had a story to tell which he had never told before. He said that he had not mentioned it before because the British had made such a mess of detecting Blake, but he knew there was a middling-grade agent inside MI5.

Goleniewski said he knew about the middling-grade agent because he, a friend, and his former superior, had a serious discussion in the 1950s about whether to defect to the West. Deciding between Britain and the USA was difficult. All three agreed that Britain was the better place to live because of the large Polish émigré community, but MI6 was obviously impossible to approach because of Lambda 1. Goleniewski suggested to the other two that they try to contact MI5 through the émigré community in London, which he knew was monitored extensively by D Branch. Goleniewski's chief said that this plan was equally dangerous, since he knew the Russians also had a spy inside MI5.

This spy had been recruited by the Third Chief Directorate of the KGB, responsible for the armed services. The Third Chief Directorate had been allowed to keep the agent because he was so important to them, and he was not transferred to the First Chief Directorate, which was the usual practice. The agent had served in the British Army, and held rank as a British officer when he was recruited. Goleniewski thought the recruitment had taken place in Eastern Europe, and named the Russian KGB colonel who had carried it out. The spy had provided the Russians with valuable Polish counterintelligence, probably because he worked in the Polish section of MI5.

There was one other detail. In the mid-1950s the British successfully exfiltrated the Polish premier, Hanke, to the West. This had resulted in an inquiry in Warsaw, which General Serov, then head of the KGB, conducted himself. For some reason the KGB failed to gain advance warning of the exfiltration, and Goleniewski learned that this was because the middling-grade agent was "on ice," either because he was under suspicion or because he was abroad and out of contact, or perhaps simply because his nerve was shaky. The spy was apparently on ice for two to three years before resuming work in the Polish section in the late 1950s. Later, when Goleniewski was in Moscow in 1959 he asked a friend in the Third Chief Directorate who was responsible for recruiting the agent, and if the operation was still active. His friend expressed surprise that he even knew of the affair, and advised him to remain quiet.

"This is a very dark affair," he said, "and I advise you to forget all about it."

Goleniewski's allegation was extraordinarily detailed, but because of the overload in Counterintelligence from late 1963 onward, and because of the doubts about Goleniewski's credibility, the allegation was not investigated properly until FLUENCY began sitting. We divided the allegation up into its seven separate indicators, and allotted marks to every candidate who fulfilled each of the criteria. Eight people in MI5 partially fitted Goleniewski's middling-grade agent, but one fitted every part of it exactly. His name was Michael Hanley, the Director of C Branch, and a man strongly tipped to become F.J.'s successor.

Solely because he was the proverbial "perfect fit," FLUENCY unanimously recommended that Hanley be investigated in connection with Goleniewski's allegation, and he was given the code name HARRIET.

Another six months went by before the second FLUENCY report was finally discussed. another meeting was called after hours in F.J.'s conference room, attended by me, Anne Orr-Ewing, Patrick Stewart, Evelyn McBarnet, Anthony Simkins, and F.J. It was to be an entirely internal MI5 discussion as each of the three outstanding FLUENCY cases was an MI5 rather than an MI6 matter.

It was the sort of meeting which began quietly. F.J. had a bottle of Scotch on the table. The lights cast dramatic shadows across the room. F.J. was striding up and down, his pipe clenched ferociously between his teeth.

He spun around.

"Do you really stand by these candidates?" he asked. "You realize the implications of what you are saying . . . ?"

"Certainly I do," I said, shaken nevertheless by the force of his approach.

"It's grotesque," he muttered, stabbing at the Hollis pages, "you can't expect me to accept that . . ."

He threw the report down onto the desk.

"Where's this going to end, Peter—you've sent me a paper which says that my predecessor and most likely my successor are both spies. Have you thought it through? Have you stopped to think of the damage that will be done if we act on these recommendations? It will take a decade to recover from this, even if there's nothing at the end of it."

"I stand by what we have written, F.J., and what's more, so does every other member of the FLUENCY Working Party, and I can assure you if there were other candidates, you would have had them."

Simkins was sitting at the other end of the table. I could feel him chafing at the bit. He wanted to tear into me, but this was F.J.'s interrogation, and he wanted no distractions.

"You've wanted this on the record for years—you and Arthur, haven't you? Have you any idea what this kind of thing did to Roger?"

"I talked with him about it shortly before he left," I told F.J. "He was quite calm about it."

F.J. was taken aback as I described my last confrontation with Hollis.

"He must have been a tough man," he said grimly.

Finally, Simkins saw his chance.

"It's simply outrageous," he spat in a shrill voice, his public-school vowels stretching to breaking point, "everyone knows you and Martin had it in for Roger. You go around criticizing the Foreign Office, this person, that person, and then you let fly with accusations, spreading rumors, spreading poison. It's so undisciplined. If there is a criticism of Roger, it's that he let you go too far."

"All I want is the truth, Anthony," I said, trying with difficulty to maintain civility.

"Truth! You don't know the meaning of it. You need a bit of respect! It's scandalous! The man has scarcely set foot outside the office and you blackguard his name and reputation, a man with thirty years' service in the office, who did more for the place than you will ever do."

Luckily, Patrick Stewart rallied back on my behalf.

"It's all very well, Anthony, to sound off, but you've only just come into this."

He gripped the sides of his wheelchair, his knuckles turning white.

"Some of us have been struggling with this problem for years. It's not easy. It's not pleasant, but we all felt that it had to be done, and the least we expect when we have completed a report as difficult as this is a little rational debate."

But Simkins was determined to press on.

"What about America—you spread the poison out there too. When I was out there all they wanted to discuss was bloody penetration. It's intolerable. We'll be made the laughingstock of the world."

"And you don't think we are when Philby goes or Blunt confesses . . ." I shot back.

F.J. chewed his pipe energetically, occasionally pausing to light it with a match, almost as if he were not listening to the row ebbing and flowing. Then after half an hour he suddenly interrupted.

"Right, here's my decision. I am sure you will agree, Peter, that we have to solve the middling-grade agent as the top priority. He's still in here if he exists."

I nodded.

"Well, I want Hanley looked at." He slapped the page with the back of his hand. "He's such a perfect fit, and the Americans know all about the allegation. But I want the others who score highly looked at as well . . . I want it run down to the ends of the earth, and then we'll tell the Americans. As for the other"—he was glaring at he now— "I won't change my view, it's grotesque . . ."

F.J. dismissed the meeting, and everyone trooped out, leaving him alone with the cares of office on his shoulders. He was the Pope, trying to reconcile a divided Church.

20

HANLEY WAS A HUGE, FLORID MAN, WITH AN OUTWARDLY BULLYing manner, which concealed a shy man underneath. Ever since his promotion as Director C in 1960, he was seen as a potential Director-General. He was the right age, mid-forties, with a supple civil servant's mind, which endeared him to Whitehall, and a brusque military exterior which made him popular with the board at MI5. By the time the HARRIET investigation emerged he was the crown prince—certain to succeed F.J. when he retired in the early 1970s.

It is always distressing to pursue an investigation into a colleague. With Hollis and Mitchell it was different. They were distant figures, close to retirement by the time the suspicions against them hardened. But Hanley and I knew each other well. We were contemporaries, and although by no stretch of the imagination friends, we had served together amicably on committees for over ten years. His career lay in front of him, and his future was in my hands.

Patrick Stewart, the D1 (Investigations), and I handled the investigation jointly. The first task was to provide a complete picture of Hanley's life. We started backtracking through his family background, his entry into the Service, and his subsequent career. Dozens of people who knew him were interviewed, all under the guise of a routine positive vet.

The most difficult aspect of all in the HARRIET affair was that the investigation soon revealed that Hanley had had a most distressing childhood following the breakup of his parents' marriage. He was left with deep-seated feelings of inferiority, which, according to his record of service, required psychiatric treatment in the 1950s, when he was a young MI5 officer, a fact which Hanley made known to the office at the time.

That Hanley had visited a psychiatrist was not in itself unusual. Many senior officers in MI5 had counseling of one form or another during their careers to assist them in carrying the burdens of secrecy. But inevitably our investigation had to probe Hanley's old wounds, in case they revealed a motive for espionage. F.J., Patrick Stewart, and I discussed the problem, and F.J. wrote a personal letter to Hanley's psychiatrist asking him to lift the oath of confidentiality. I visited the psychiatrist in Harley Street. He knew Hanley's occupation, and showed no hesitation in pronouncing Hanley a determined, robust character who had learned to live with his early disabilities. I asked him if he could ever conceive of him as a spy.

"Absolutely not!" he replied with total conviction.

Neither was there any hint of espionage in Hanley's early life. At Oxford before the war he was the model of the sensible, mildly left-wing student. When the war came he stayed at Oxford for a year to get his degree and then joined a searchlight regiment in Home Defense as a subaltern, and remained there until 1945. It was important work, but not remotely adequate for someone of Hanley's considerable intellectual gifts. But everyone who knew him at this time remarked on his nagging sense of inferiority, and the consequent lack of ambition.

The first point in his life which aroused our interest was his decision, in 1945, to enroll for a crash course in the Russian language at the Joint Services Language School at Cambridge, which both our own operations and Golitsin had told us was a recruiting ground for the KGB (but there was not the slightest evidence from our sources that Hanley had been involved with them). The Russian language course was the first time Hanley came into contact with Russians, and from then on his career seemed an uncanny fit for Goleniewski's allegations. After service in Budapest, where he served on the Joint Allied Intelligence Committee with the KGB officer named by Goleniewski as having made the recruitment of the middling-grade agent, Hanley returned to London. He became the War Office liaison officer with the Soviet military attaché, and dealt mainly with returnee problems. During this time he began to have dealings with MI5, and when he was demobilized in the late 1940s, he applied for a full-time post, and joined as a research officer on Russian Affairs. His first task was the compilation of the index of agents of the Rote Kapelle which decades later I was to find so invaluable in my D3 work.

Within two years Hanley shifted to the Polish desk (D2) and his career took off. First he went to Hong Kong for two and a half years and then returned to E Branch (Colonial Affairs) before becoming head of D2, and in 1960 a member of the Board as Director C. It was a career with ever-increasing momentum, yet his background presented a possible espionage profile. Here was a man from a troubled childhood, with deep-seated feelings of insecurity, who comes into continuous contact with Russians at a delicate time of his life, when he is beginning for the first time to emerge from his shell. Perhaps, like Blake, he had a chip on his shoulder, and the Russians had played skillfully on his concealed feelings of resentment until they fanned into treachery.

The problem was that neither Patrick nor I believed it, despite the fact that on paper the surface fit with Goleniewski's allegation was so precise. It was the exact reverse of the case with Hollis, where we were both instinctively convinced of the case against him, even though on paper the connections looked far weaker.

As far as Hanley was concerned, too much weighed against the "chip on the shoulder" theory. From the start of his career in MI5, Hanley had been marked out as a flyer. He was valued by both his peers and his superiors, despite his often hectoring manner. He had married into the office, and enjoyed a close and devoted relationship with his wife. And lastly there was the evidence of the psychiatrist.

Espionage is a crime almost devoid of evidence, which is why intuition, for better or worse, always has a large part to play in its successful detection. All a counterespionage officer usually has when he confronts his suspect is a background, a trail, a set of coincidences which are open to a variety of interpretations but which, as Dick White used to say, lead to the epiphany—that moment when all the facts add up to only one conclusion. But with Hanley, the trail led one way, and intuition another. The only possible way to resolve the case was through interrogation, and when we submitted the papers to F.J. he agreed.

Mention interrogations, and most people imagine grueling sessions under blazing lamps: men in shirt-sleeves wearing down a sleep-deprived suspect with aggressive questioning until finally he collapses sobbing on the floor, admitting the truth. The reality is much more prosaic. MI5 interrogations are orderly affairs, usually conducted between 9:30 A.M. and 5 P.M. with a break for lunch.

So why do so many spies confess? The secret is to achieve superiority over the man sitting across the table. This was the secret of Skardon's success as an interrogator. Although we mocked him for years later for his willingness to clear suspects we subsequently learned to have been spies, he was genuinely feared by Blunt and other members of the Ring of Five. But his superiority in the interrogation room was not based on intellect or physique. Mainly, of course, it was the devastating briefs provided for him by Arthur Martin and Evelyn McBarnet which convinced men like Fuchs that Skardon knew them better than they knew themselves. It was not only the briefs that helped Skardon but also the skill of the eavesdroppers. In the Fuchs case, Skardon was convinced that he was innocent until they pointed out where Fuchs had lied. This information enabled Skardon to break him.

But Skardon himself played an important role too. He epitomized, in his manner, the world of sensible English middle-class values—tea in the afternoon and lace curtains—so much so that it was impossible for those he interrogated to ever see him as the embodiment of capitalist iniquity, and thus they were thrown off balance from the very start.

But none of this stood a chance against Hanley if he was a spy. He was an insider. He knew all the tricks too well. Like Philby, he would see the punches coming. The only way to proceed with a professional is to put him through an extremely thorough vet. A complete curriculum vitae of the suspect's life and career is drawn up, and he is taken through it in interrogation. If there are any deviations, omissions, or inaccuracies, these are then probed. If the suspect is guilty the pressure can often lead to further inaccuracies, until his secret life begins to unravel.

The MI5 technique is an imperfect sytem. But like trial by jury, it is the best yet devised. If has the virtue of enabling a man, if he has nothing to hide, and has the resilience to bear the strain, to clear himself. But its disadvantage is that hidden blemishes on an innocent man's record can often come to the surface during intensive investigation and render continued service impossible. It is a little like medieval justice: sometimes innocence can be proved only at the cost of a career.

F.J. elected to conduct Hanley's interrogation himself. He knew it would be a difficult encounter and that in the end Hanley's fate would rest in his own hands, and he felt it unfair to entrust the task to any other officer. But he ensured that Patrick and I monitored the entire interrogation from the D1 operations room in Leconfield House.

Hanley was summoned into F.J.'s office one morning, and informed that an allegation had been made, and that he was required to submit himself immediately for interrogation. The interrogation took place in the Director-General's office, with an overt microphone on the table. It was recorded in the room where Patrick and I were monitoring the interrogation. Throughout the first day F.J. took Hanley through his life. Hanley was scrupulously honest, sometimes painfully so. He ducked no questions, hid no details of his life or his inner feelings. On the second day he was given the details of Goleniewski's allegation. He was not shaken in any way. He agreed that he was a perfect fit, but calmly stated that he was not a spy, had never been, and had never at any stage been approached by a Russian or anyone else, although at least once a week in Budapest he had met the Russian officer who was alleged to have made the approach.

Hanley's interrogation proved that while secret service is a profession of deceit and intrigue, many of its practitioners are men of exceptional character. Here was a proud man, who cherished his achievements, and those that he felt might be his to come. One morning he is invited to undergo a trial by ordeal and is stripped apart, year by year, until his soul is bare. All the while he knows that faceless colleagues have dogged his every step, listening at home, listening at the office, listening now. The strain must have been more than most men could bear. No one listening could doubt for one moment that this was an honest man. Hanley was tough, and he showed the system could work. He walked through the fire and emerged unscathed.

That night F.J., Patrick Stewart, and I went to my club, the Oxford and Cambridge, to discuss the interrogation. F.J. settled down into a corner with a large Scotch. His eyes were pinched, as they always were when he was stressed.

"Are you satisfied?" he asked dully.

"He's in the clear," I agreed.

Patrick nodded silently.

"You'll inform FLUENCY, of course . . . ?" said F.J.

At that moment Hanley himself walked in unexpectedly. He and I shared the same club, and occasionally ran into each other, but I never expected he would come there so soon after his ordeal. We were in a quiet corner, and he walked past without noticing us, dragging his feet slightly, as if in shock. His normally florid face was white as a sheet.

After the HARRIET investigation was closed down, F.J. asked me to visit the CIA and inform them that MI5 considered Hanley cleared of the Goleniewski allegations. It was a job of enormous sensitivity. The CIA were already up in arms over the Mitchell and Hollis cases, and were themselves well aware of Goleniewski's allegations, and the fact that Hanley was a near-perfect fit. It was essential for the preservation of the alliance that they be left in no doubt about the veracity of our conclusion.

F.J. did not get on with Americans particularly well, and preferred to leave dealings to Michael McCaul and me. Partly it was antipathy toward Angleton, and partly it was residual upper-middle-class anti-Americanism. Dick White had something of the same prejudice. Neither was a wealthy man, while Helms and Angleton rarely hid the fact that they were paid handsomely for similar duties.

Both men had reason to distrust the Americans deep down. F.J. never forgave Helms and Angleton for the Gray and Coyne affair, while Dick had clashed repeatedly with the American military hierarchy when he controlled Counterintelligence in Europe at the end of the war, and was never forgiven. In 1953, when Sillitoe retired, the Americans stupidly tried to block his appointment as Director-General.

There was, in the end, a fundamental difference in approach. Both F.J. and Dick saw themselves as servants of the Crown, and their services as part of the orderly, timeless configuration of Whitehall. They were insiders, whereas Helms, Angleton, and Hoover were all outsiders. There was a streak of ruthlessness and lawlessness about the American intelligence community which disturbed many in the senior echelons of British Intelligence. They feared a future calamity, and wanted to keep their distance, so inevitably the weight of liaison often fell on the shoulders of officers like me.

I traveled to Washington in 1968 to brief Angleton on the results of the HARRIET case. We had a businesslike meeting. I outlined the course of the investigation, and told him we were unanimously of the view that Hanley was in the clear. Angleton then took me to see Dick Helms and explained to him what my mission was. Helms said that he did not wish to hear anything more; if I said that Hanley was in the clear, he unconditionally accepted my word. But the clearance of Hanley solved very little.

After we left Helms, Angleton said that he wanted to discuss with me the question of Goleniewski's being a plant. The HARRIET fit was so perfect that it did not need a suspicious man to believe the KGB had deliberately planted the allegation to discredit him. Angleton and Helms already suspected that Goleniewski had fallen back under Russian control shortly before he defected. Repeated analysis of the intelligence he provided showed a distinct change in its character from Polish to Russian matters, as if the Russians were deliberately feeding out barium meals of their own intelligence in order to isolate the leak. This analysis was shared by MI5, and was the main reason why Goleniewski's middling-grade agent story was ignored for such a long time. The clearing of HARRIET raised a major question mark over the validity of the middling-grade agent, and the validity of Goleniewski's information, particularly after he defected. The middling-grade agent story did not appear until November 1963. Goleniewski defected in January 1961. Now for the KGB to concoct the story in the detail they did, they would need access to Hanley's record of service. With his position, the only person who could acquire this would be Roger Hollis.

But if Goleniewski had been turned, or was the unwitting vehicle for disinformation, what were the implications for the other assets MI6 and the CIA held in Poland, which since the war had been the West's most consistently fruitful sphere of Eastern Bloc operations. I did some preliminary work on this subject during the HARRIET investigation. I found, to my horror, that for a long period all agents run by MI6 were met at a flat rented by a secretary in the Warsaw MI6 station. Over ninety meetings had taken place there. I speculated that perhaps the reason why the UB and the KGB apparently failed to detect this astonishing series of meetings was that they were planting false agents on us. MI6 hackles were raised again, as they had been over the Penkovsky affair.

The belief that defectors were being sent to deceive Western counterintelligence during the sudden flood of arrivals in the early 1960s obsessed all of us. Golitsin's central contention was that the KGB had embarked on a systematic disinformation campaign, and that false defectors would be sent to the West to discredit him. Almost immediately Yuri Nossenko arrived on the CIA's doorstep, appearing to deflect many of the leads Golitsin gave about Soviet penetration of American and British Intelligence.

Nossenko threw the CIA into turmoil. He told them he had seen the file belonging to Lee Harvey Oswald, the alleged assassin of President Kennedy. He claimed the KGB had no involvement in the assassination, and had made no contact with Oswald in Russia, despite the fact that he had worked on a Top Secret U2 surveillance base shortly before defecting. To many officers in the CIA, Nossenko's story was too pat, especially when it was found that he had lied about his rank and status in the KGB. But why had he been sent? The CIA set about trying to break Nossenko using methods of imprisonment and physical pressure which would never have been tolerated in MI5. But even by 1967 they were no nearer to solving the riddle.

Suspicions were also growing about the FBI sources Top Hat and Fedora, who were passing information while still in place, but refusing to disclose their provenance. They provided bona fides for Nossenko, as if to assure the Americans that he was genuine, even to the extent of supporting Nossenko's claim to a false rank.

But if Top Hat and Fedora were phony, what of the leads they gave to penetrations of British security?

Fedora had given the tip which led to Martelli, albeit that it resulted in the disastrous prosecution and his acquittal. Top Hat passed copies of documents detailing American weapons guidance systems to the Americans which, he claimed, the Soviets were obtaining from a source in Britain. After investigation we were able to catch Frank Bossard, an officer in the Missile Guidance Branch of the Aviation Ministry. He was arrested in 1965, and sent to prison for twenty-one years. If Fedora and Top Hat were plants, then the Russians were prepared to sacrifice huge assets in order to build up their bona fides. It must be taken into account that had it not been for the skill of GCHQ we probably would not have obtained the evidence which proved that Bossard was working for the GRU.

We were in the place Angleton called "the wilderness of mirrors," where defectors are false, lies are truth, truth lies, and the reflections leave you dazzled and confused. The idea of false defectors is a hard one to accept, unless you read the history books and learn how MI5 did it with the Double Cross System throughout the war. It is now an unfashionable theory. But there are very few intelligence officers who lived through those years of the 1960s who do not believe that during that period we were the victim of some kind of Soviet ploy involving defectors. Some may dispute whether it was successful, or debate the limits of its scale, but few would doubt that such a game was being played. Furthermore, it could be played only if the Russians had good feedback from MI5 of intelligence about the game.

Twenty years later the truth of those years is still impossible to tie down. Goleniewski, Penkovsky, Nossenko, Fedora, and Top Hat—all had signs of interference in one way or another. I do not mean that each was a conscious false defector, although Fedora and Top Hat certainly were, as even the FBI were forced to conclude in the 1970s, long after I retired. But I do think they were being used at various times—Penkovsky to influence our perception of Soviet missile technology; Nossenko to influence the American attitude to the Kennedy assassination. Goleniewski, Fedora, and Top Hat, I believe, were part of a systematic attempt to rupture the all-important Anglo-American intelligence alliance, and also to support the deception about the performance of the Soviet ICBMs until the mid-1970s.

Consider the timing of key pieces of intelligence from these three defectors. Goleniewski gave his information about the middling-grade agent in late 1963, nearly three years after his defection. This was at the time of Hollis' visit to Washington to brief the FBI and CIA on the results of the Mitchell investigation. Nothing could be better designed to precipitate the final breach in relations between British and American intelligence than another apparently undetected spy in MI5. Luckily, Angleton's doubts about Goleniewski ensured that the story did not have the drastic impact it might otherwise have had, and in fact only served to strengthen Anglo-American suspicions of both Goleniewski and Hollis.

Almost immediately Fedora made contact with the Americans, and gave the lead which led us to Martelli. Discovery of another nuclear spy was guaranteed to create the maximum possible strain between London and Washington, though the KGB could never have dreamed that MI5 would botch the prosecution as badly as they did.

Months later, as if part of a coordinated campaign, Top Hat led us to Bossard. Once again, American weapons technology was involved, which automatically meant that the American armed forces would take an active role in protesting at British security weaknesses. When we made the damage assessment for Bossard, we concluded that virtually the entire advanced American guidance systems had been betrayed. Patrick Stewart sent an advance copy to Angleton with a one-word memorandum attached. It read simply: "Help!"

Luckily for Britain, Angleton was able to protect us from the onslaught. But it was a close-run thing, and few realize today that the exchange came nearer to breakdown in the early years of the 1960s than at any time since the war.

The night before I returned to London, Angleton and I went to dinner at a small Chinese restaurant in Alexandria, where his son ate regularly. It was one of Angleton's favorite haunts when he felt the need to talk. We could be assured of privacy, he told me, because the Chinese kept the Russians out.

Angleton was at the zenith of his power, although the strain was beginning to tell on him. For years he had been waging a covert bureaucratic war with the Soviet Division of the CIA, to ensure the independence and expansion of his counterintelligence empire. He had been successful beyond all expectations, and achieved virtual veto influence over all operations and personnel within the Agency. He controlled the Israeli account, and made the CIA station in Tel Aviv redundant. He ensured that all important communications with British Intelligence went through him personally, bypassing the London station. He even succeeded in establishing his own counterintelligence cipher independent of CIA communications, which he claimed were insecure, although we all believed that the real reason was empire-building.

The CAZAB conferences were his outstanding achievement. The best, the brightest, and the most senior officers in Western intelligence came together once every eighteen months to discuss his agenda—the Soviet threat, the role of counterintelligence—and to conduct doom-laden future scenarios. In Angleton's mind, not unreasonably, the CAZABs were the first decisive step in creating a unified Western intelligence command capable of challenging the Soviet Bloc.

The CAZAB conferences suited Angleton's temperament perfectly, and he always seemed at his most relaxed in their supersecure, electronically swept environment, grappling with the endless ambiguities of the wilderness of mirrors. I fully supported these meetings, which were very important.

Gambling was always a major feature of CAZAB conferences. Each daily session would usually end with a poker school, a game at which Angleton excelled, although I was sometimes able to "take him to the cleaners." Horse racing was also an occasional diversion. I remember at the New York CAZAB in the late 1960s–early 1970s, Angleton became the bookmaker for CAZAB for the Washington International horse race, featuring horses from all over the world, which was scheduled for the first afternoon. Before the meeting I asked Angleton to put $100 on the nose of the British horse. Lester Piggott was riding him and had ridden the winner the previous year. The British horse was unfancied, but the MI5 and MI6 contingent, anxious to be seen to fly the flag in even the most secret chambers, soon wagered around $500 between them.

That afternoon, as Angleton delivered a long paper on long-range Soviet disinformation techniques, most minds, on the British side at least, were down at the racetrack. After an hour Angleton's secretary walked in and nervously handed him a slip of paper. She handed him two chits; the first said, "How much do you want for your house, Jim?" and the second said, "The British horse won!"

"Jesus Christ!" cursed Angleton. "I forgot to lay the bets off, and that goddamn British horse has come in at 11 to 1!"

That night, as we flew back to Washington in a small CIA propeller plane, Angleton crawled around the belly of the fuselage, paying off his debts from a huge wad of $100 bills.

"The sacrifices I make for the West . . ." he said, as he paid me my whack.

But the humor could not mask the fact that he was making enemies throughout the CIA—in the Soviet Division, among other directors jealous of his power, and among those officers whose promotion prospects he had adversely affected. He was safe while Helms was Director, but the war in Vietnam was rapidly altering the face of the Agency, and the gathering political fashion for détente was beginning to undermine the foundations of Cold War suspicion upon which his empire was built.

One Cold War veteran, Bill Harvey, had already gone, driven into retirement by alcoholism. Angleton, too, was drinking far more than was good for him, and had begun to look not merely pallid but genuinely ravaged. His mood changed too. He became increasingly introspective, and the dry humor became less and less visible. He seemed pent-up and aggressive, trusting fewer and fewer people, who were turning more and more against him.

Drinking, smoking, and fishing were Angleton's main releases. Barry Russell Jones told me in amazement of accompanying him on a fishing trip to a stretch of river he owned in Idaho, and finding that Angleton had buried bottles of Jack Daniel's under the water at hundred-yard intervals, so that he could never be caught short. Back in Washington he found relief in growing exotic orchids (he was a world expert), crafting leatherwork, goldbeating, or making fishing lures for his friends and admirers.

Angleton and I talked until 4 A.M. We examined every possible scenario of the defections. Who was true, and who was false? Who defected, and who was sent? The lines were embedded like poetry in a child's mind. We were both on the rack. So much depended on making the right assumptions about the defectors—for him, the assassination of his President; for me, the next move in the hunt for the mole. Eventually we walked back through Alexandria toward the 44th Street bridge. Angleton had parked his car down behind the Okinawa Memorial, near the National Cemetery. Angleton was highly patriotic in that unique American way which expresses itself in reverence for the flag, and symbols of national heritage, like the Okinawa Memorial, fascinated him. He paused to look across at it. The cars swished past behind us on the freeway.

"This is Kim's work," he muttered. It was one of the few times I ever heard him mention his old friend Philby.

If there was a plot to deceive the West using defectors in the early 1960s, we were easy prey to it. Throughout those years there was a conscious policy in both London and Washington to do everything possible to attract defectors. They were seen as the secret weapon which could disrupt the smooth machine in Dzherzhinsky Square. In part this policy grew up through feelings of guilt. Early defectors like Gouzenko and Von Petrov had been poorly rewarded for their services, and felt bitter at the treatment they had received. They were paid a fee, and then pushed back out into the cold, and expected to make lives for themselves as best they could. Most failed. There was guilt, too, at the inadequate security arrangements which led to the deaths of Volkov and Krivitsky, and we feared that unless a conscious effort was made to show the benefits of defection, word would get back East and inhibit further approaches.

By the time Golitsin came over, the policy had hardened. Any means to secure defections were authorized, starting with immense payments, but including other methods also. I remember one particular operation which began in the mid-1960s involving a senior KGB officer named Sergei Grigovin (a pseudonym) which illustrates the lengths we were prepared to go to. Grigovin was already known to us, because he had served in Denmark, and the Danish intelligence service had alerted us routinely to his identity. They also provided us with a few snippets of intelligence about him—one in particular was that he had a reputation for enjoying the company of women. The source report was circulated through to D4, the agent-running section of D Branch, and they were instructed to keep an eye out for Grigovin's indiscretions, since he had left his wife in Moscow.

Any Russian, and especially a KGB officer, who is caught liaising with women in the West by the KGB security division, the "SK," is in serious trouble, and the case had distinct possibilities.

A year later a D4 agent runner received the first tip. An agent of his, a senior executive at the *Daily Mirror* newspaper, was in the habit of occasionally meeting Grigovin at dinner parties. A woman friend of his told him that Grigovin was having an affair with a friend to whom she had introduced the Russian. D4 raised the matter at the weekly meeting with D1 (Operations) and it was agreed that a much closer eye would be kept on the situation. The agent runner was told to encourage his agent gently to keep an eye on the evolving romance.

Eventually Grigovin finished with the girl, and when he next met the woman who had introduced them, he asked if she knew any other friends. The D1 realized immediately this was our chance. If we could introduce our own girl to Grigovin we would be in a perfect position to begin an entrapment operation. The plan was put up to F.J., who gave his consent, although the operation was kept secret from the Foreign Office, on the grounds that they would very likely veto it. D4 were instructed to produce a woman suitable for the job. They had a number of high-class call-girls they used for entrapments, and eventually one was successfully introduced to Grigovin at a party. He took the bait perfectly, and was soon engaged in an affair with her.

Events began to move toward their climax. He was placed under intensive surveillance, and we analyzed the various possibilities. It was obvious from the surveillance that Grigovin was purely interested in the girl for sex, and there was thought to be little chance of playing on his heartstrings. It had to be straightforward entrapment.

The plans for a defection are complex, and require weeks of careful planning. First a room was hired, and a two-way mirror and camera equipment installed. Then safe houses, and transport arrangements were made to safeguard Grigovin should he decide to defect. He had a family in Moscow, and checks were made on them in case he bargained for them to be exfiltrated as well.

Finally the day came. The D1 took charge of the operation himself. Grigovin and the girl arrived, and we ensured we had a good ten minutes of film on them in bed before the D1 and two burly MI5 officers opened the door with one of Leslie Jagger's keys.

"One of ours, I'm afraid . . ." said the D1, as the girl was hustled out of the door.

Grigovin looked momentarily stunned. The D1 pointed to the mirror. For a moment the KGB man looked straight into the camera. Then he understood.

"I am a diplomat," said the Russian. "I demand to speak to the Embassy . . . I have my pass!"

He tried to reach across toward his trousers. One of our boys stood on them.

"Hardly diplomatic behavior," said the D1. He bent down and threw the naked Russian his underpants. Then he got down to business.

"Let's face it, you're finished, Grigovin. They'll send you back if they find out . . ."

He let the thought sink in.

"You look as if you're more suited to the West. We know, we've checked. Four years in America, three years in Denmark. Now London. You don't want to go back anyway, do you? Why don't you come over? We'll look after you. There's a good pension. You'll be safe."

The Russian brushed the offer aside with a wave of his hand, and again demanded to speak to his Embassy.

For two hours the D1 tried to reason with him. Think of the future, he told him. He would be stripped of his privileges and sent back to Moscow in disgrace, to serve his career out in some dreary Siberian outpost. No more foreign exchange, no more overseas perks.

"I am a diplomat," Grigovin kept saying. "I demand to speak to my Embassy."

He was like a World War II captured airman, reciting only his name, rank, and serial number. He was a crack soldier, and eventually we realized there was to be no defection. His clothes were returned and we dumped him back on the pavement near Kensington Park Gardens. Months of planning, years of patient waiting were wasted.

The next morning an anonymous brown package was delivered to the Embassy, addressed to the Ambassador personally. It contained photographs of Grigovin in bed. That evening Special Branch sighted the KGB man being escorted onto an Aeroflot plane. We did send a report to the MI6 station in Moscow advising them to keep an eye out for him in case he had second thoughts and managed to make contact. But we never heard from Grigovin again.

Defections are always tinged with tragedy, but none was as sad as the case involving a young man called Nadiensky—the defector who changed his mind. He worked for the shipping section of the Trade Delegation, and we identified him early on as a KGB officer. He was a quiet man, and his only claim to fame was that his wife was related to a senior Soviet official in the Politburo. He first came to our attention when the Watchers saw him meet a girl in a London park.

Initially all effort went into the girl. The Watchers tracked her home, and she was identified as a secretary in a minor government agency with no access to classified material. Michael McCaul went to see the girl, and asked why she was meeting a Soviet official. She convinced him that Nadiensky had no interest in her for espionage purposes. They were in love, and she had no idea that he was involved with the KGB. She said he was not at all how she imagined Russians. He was a romantic and rather frightened man, who talked constantly of making a new life for himself in the West.

Once again D1 (Operations) and D4 met to consider the best course of action. We decided to ask the girl to continue the affair normally, while we planned an approach to Nadiensky. It was obvious that the operation could not be sustained over the long term. The girl was already under great stress, and it seemed likely that she would soon betray herself. But the prize was a considerable one. Although Nadiensky himself was a low-level officer, almost certainly co-opted for the duration of his posting in London, he had enormous propaganda value. This was the time of Stalin's daughter Svetlana's defection, and we knew the embarrassment it would cause the Russians to have a relative of one of their senior politicians seek asylum in the West.

On the following Sunday Nadiensky was due to visit Harwich on official business. He was accompanying some Soviet sailors to their ship, which was due to sail that night, and he applied routinely for permission from the Foreign Office to leave the 80-kilometer restriction which is imposed on all Eastern Bloc diplomats. McCaul sat in his car outside Harwich docks with a team of Watchers and waited for Nadiensky to emerge. As he walked past, McCaul called him by name. He hesitated momentarily.

"We know about the girl . . ." hissed McCaul, "we know you want to stay. Get in the car quickly, and we can talk!"

Nadiensky looked up and down the street and then, seizing his moment, ducked into the back of the car. McCaul drove straight to my house in Essex. We gave him tea, and tried not to talk too much. We had the bird, but it was important not to panic him.

"I hear you want to join us . . . ?" I began, when Nadiensky had adjusted to his surroundings.

He nodded, at first nervously, and then decisively

"We believe you've been co-opted?" I queried.

He gulped his tea.

"The KGB, you mean?" he asked in good English.

"We assumed you were," I went on.

"You have no choice," he flashed suddenly with some bitterness, "if they want you to work for them, they simply order you. You have no choice."

I ran through the arrangements we could make. There would be safety and protection, a pension, and later perhaps a job. There would be a short meeting with the girl, but then he would have to work hard for some months.

"For British Security . . . I know," he said. He half smiled. He knew the game, co-opted or not.

That evening we drove Nadiensky to a safe house near Wimbledon, and armed guards were posted inside with him. Twelve hours later the Foreign Office received a request from the Soviet Embassy asking if they had any information concerning the whereabouts of a certain junior diplomat who had disappeared while returning from a routine visit to Harwich.

The Foreign Office Northern Department had already been alerted to the defection of Nadiensky by the Deputy Director-General, then F.J. The Foreign Office treated the matter as they treated all matters which were likely to upset the Russians, as something to be avoided at all costs. They immediately sent an official down to the safe house to interview Nadiensky. He was asked if he was applying voluntarily, and whether he wanted to speak to anyone at the Soviet Embassy. He confirmed his decision was voluntary, and told him he had no wish to speak to any Russians. The Foreign Office broke the news to the Soviet Embassy.

Immediately Nadiensky's wife was seen leaving for Moscow. The following day the Soviet Embassy demanded that the Foreign Office arrange for Nadiensky's wife to be able to speak to him on the telephone from the Soviet Union. At first Nadiensky did not wish to speak to her, and we were very unhappy at this blatant attempt to pressure a man already under great strain. But the Foreign Office insisted on protocol.

The call was only the first of many which the Russians insisted on over the next four days. Mostly it was Nadiensky's wife, but other relations took their turn in tearfully pleading with him to reconsider his decision.

"Think of us," they told him, "think of the ruin and scandal that will befall us."

Nadiensky began to wilt visibly. Over in Whitehall the Foreign Office and MI5 practically came to blows. Why did the Foreign Office allow these calls, we wanted to know, when the Russians never allowed access to our people, like Greville Wynne, when they were arrested in Moscow. But the Foreign Office, with little regard for our priorities, and none for Nadiensky's interests, sat on the niceties of the diplomatic trade.

"We cannot deny the family humanitarian access," they said.

On the fourth day Nadiensky told us he had decided to go back. It was causing too much trouble for his family. McCaul tried to point out the dangers, but it was futile. He was like a patient on the operating table, hovering between life and death, and now we could feel him gently slipping away.

"Are you sure you want to go back?" I asked Nadiensky when I last saw him, shortly before he went back.

"What I want no longer matters," he said without emotion. "I have done my duty by my family."

Fatalism was Nadiensky's only refuge. He was one of the many faceless victims of the Cold War, his life ground down between the two great secret armies which face each other West and East.

But if it was our own fault that we had stumbled into the maze of intelligence provided by defectors, we desperately needed a way out. Angleton opted for blind faith in Golitsin to lead him to safety. In one way it made sense to turn to the architect of the maze to help us find a way out. But although I began as a fervent admirer of Golitsin and all his theories, by the end of the 1960s I was beginning to have my doubts.

The problem was Golitsin's obsession with his "methodology." He claimed that if he was given access to the files of Western intelligence services it would trigger associations in his memory which could lead him to spies. The theory was that since so much of the intelligence he saw in Dzherzhinsky Square was bowdlerized, in other words, source-disguised to protect the identity of the agent supplying the KGB, if he read the files he might be able to seize on points of familiarity with the material he had seen in the KGB Registry.

There were two ways of playing Golitsin. One was to accept his methodology, and allow him to dictate the entire thrust of counterintelligence policy. The other was to continue the frustrating task of trying to prize out from him the nuggets of fact, such as the sorts of information contained in the reports he had seen, the approximate location of an agent, and so forth, which could then be investigated by orthodox counterintelligence methods.

Where Western counterespionage services succeeded in obtaining from him these kinds of factual leads, Golitsin was of enormous help. This was how we finally put the finger on Vassall, and how Marcel Chalet was able to identify Georges Paques. It was the same with Golitsin's political intelligence. Where he stuck to what he saw and what he heard, he was impressive and believable. There is no question, for instance, that he attended Shelepin's famous conference at which Directorate D, responsible for Disinformation Operations, was established. But where Golitsin extrapolated from what he knew to develop broad theories, such as his forty-year grand disinformation program, or where he attempted to fit events which occurred after his defection into his theories, as he did with the Sino-Soviet split, he was disastrous.

Most of the Golitsin acolytes in MI5, of which I was one, soon broke with Golitsin's wilder theories and strict adherence to his methodology. Only Arthur, and more junior officers like Stephen de Mowbray, who was responsible for Golitsin during a spell of duty as an MI6 liaison officer in Washington in the early 1960s, remained loyal.

But in Washington the situation was very different. Angleton swallowed the "methodology" hook, line, and sinker and allowed

Golitsin to range freely across the CIA's files, picking traitors apparently at random, and often unable to justify his decisions on anything other than the flimsiest of grounds. The results were disastrous, and led to the worst excesses of counterintelligence misjudgment. A string of senior CIA officers, most notably Dave Murphy, the head of the Soviet Division, unfairly fell under suspicion, their careers ruined. In the end, the situation became so bad, with so many different officers under suspicion as a result of Golitsin's leads, that the CIA decided the only way of purging the doubt was to disband the Soviet Division, and start again with a completely new complement of officers. It was obviously a way out of the maze, but it could never justify the damage to the morale in the Agency as a whole.

Although MI5 avoided the excesses of the CIA, Golitsin was still badly handled. He was allowed to think himself too important. All defectors should be treated at arm's length, and made to earn their keep, and as little feedback as possible should ever be given to them, so that they are never able to assess their own significance in relation to the rest of the Intelligence Service's activities. Right from his first visit to Britain in 1963, we opened up to Golitsin, and I was responsible for that as much as anyone. When the Mitchell case got under way Arthur and I shared everything with him, with Hollis' and F.J.'s agreement. He even chose the code name for the case, SPETERS, after a famous old Chekhist intelligence officer. He knew from the start that we were hunting a high-level spy, and inevitably that must have colored the intelligence he gave us. In the tense and almost hysterical months of 1963, as the scent of treachery lingered in every corridor, it is easy to see how our fears fed on his theories.

But there is no question that he knew of many penetrations in the West. The record in Britain, Norway, and France proves it. But in our haste we were never able to get an uncorrupted version of all his leads, and this, I am sure, is still costing the West dear.

The tide finally turned against Golitsin in 1967. He was invited to address the first CAZAB conference in Melbourne, Australia. His appearance was eagerly awaited by all those present, since so much of the previous five years had flowed from him. Golitsin was cocky as ever, and soon launched into a lengthy oration on the failures of Western intelligence services to interpret his material correctly.

"I know of more spies," he boomed, "why are you not willing to cooperate with me?"

He laid special emphasis on Britain, and the many penetrations which, he claimed, were as yet undiscovered, and which only he could locate. F.J. was smiling the smile he reserved for particularly tiresome people. He always hated his linen to be washed in public. Finally his patience snapped.

"What is is you want?" he asked.

"The files . . . access to your files," replied Golitsin.

"All right, you can have them—anything you want. We'll see if you've got anything to give us."

Golitsin came over in spring 1968. I initially pressed him to come over straightaway, but it was winter in London, and he told me darkly that he had already seen too much snow in his life. He was set up in a safe house near Brighton, and Michael McCaul and his wife lived with him to keep house and provide him with company. Every week I came down from Leconfield House with a briefcase of files for him to study.

When I first gave him material I warned him that he could not take notes. Both F.J. and I were worried that part of the motivation behind his "methodology" was so that he could amass as much intelligence from each Western service as possible for some unknown future purpose.

"But of course," he replied huffily, "I am a professional, Peter, I understand these things."

For four months Golitsin roamed across the most secret files in MI5, and every month Michael McCaul went to Glyn Mills

Bank and drew out 10,000 pounds in cash, placed it in a small suitcase, and brought it down for Golitsin.

But for all the money, there was little that Golitsin had to give. F.J. had called his bluff. There were some useful things, of course. He studied the VENONA, and was able to fill in a few groups using his knowledge of KGB procedures. He spent a long time studying the files of the Joint Services Language School in Cambridge, looking through the curriculum vitaes of candidates to see if any caught his attention. We even conducted voice tests with some of those he was particularly interested in, to see if Golitsin could detect, from the idioms they used, whether or not they were picking up Russian words from KGB controllers. It was artful, but it never paid off, and in the end we decided that the only safe thing to do was to close the school down.

But in the crucial area—whether or not he could shed any light on the penetration problem—he was a complete loss. He filled in some more details in the Skripkin allegation and he did have one totally bizarre theory. He spent weeks studying the VENONA traffic to see if he could help us identify the unknown cryptonyms. There were two in particular which interested him—David and Rosa—who from the message already broken were obviously working together, probably as man and wife, or perhaps brother and sister. Golitsin asked for the files of all MI5 officers who had served during the time the VENONA traffic was taken. One day he announced he had an answer.

"Your spies are here. My methodology has uncovered them," he intoned darkly, pointing his finger like the witch-finder at two files on the table in front of him. I knew the files well. They belonged to Victor and Tess Rothschild.

"Don't be totally absurd, Anatole," I said. "Victor is one of the best friends this Service has ever had . . . how on earth did you jump at that conclusion?"

"They are Jewish. David and Rosa are Jewish names . . ."

It sounded like KGB anti-Semitism to me, and I could not help thinking that if this had been the CIA and I had been Angleton, Victor and Tess would almost certainly have been listed as spies on Golitsin's groundless interpretation.

The principal problem with Golitsin's methodology was that he interpreted the files as if he were still in the KGB. He looked for operations which went wrong, or mistakes which were attributable to a single officer.

"Where is that man now?" he would ask.

"Same job," I would reply.

Golitsin would say nothing for a few days, and then announce that he was sure the man was a traitor.

"But why, Anatole?"

"Because in KGB, failure is a serious offense. You would not be trusted, and that makes a man unhappy, and maybe then he thinks of turning."

He never understood the culture of the West, and because he himself was driven to defect because his career was damaged after his abortive visit to Stalin, he assumed that anyone in the West would act in the same way.

"But that's not how it is in the West," I used to tell him. "We don't act like that over here—it only happens in the FBI."

Golitsin would look blank. He was a man almost devoid of humor.

"Look, Anatole, we've been studying this for twenty years, and we don't know who the spies are, and your guessing isn't helping us at all."

He looked at me and down at the file, as if to make me guilty for doubting him.

"What do you know, Peter," he would growl, "you were not there in Dzherzhinsky Square, as I was."

But for all his vanity and greed, he was a genuine man, with that sudden sadness that all Russians have. I remember showing him the Volkov file one afternoon. As he read the story of the attempted defector whose file ended up on Kim Philby's desk, he began to weep.

"How could you be so careless, Peter?" he asked in anguish, only too well aware that but for the grace of God Golitsin would have suffered the same fate.

McCaul and I looked sheepish. There was no excuse we could give.

By the end of his stay my sessions with Golitsin had degenerated into tedious diatribes about disinformation, and recycled information which already existed in our Registry. He was a shadow of the man who captivated the best minds in Western counterintelligence with his photographic memory and his unerring eye for detail. Before he left he handed us a massive typescript which he had labored to produce himself, typing one-fingered on an old Olivetti portable. He told me it was the definitive study on disinformation theory. I handed it in to the Registry. The time when I waited on his every word had long gone. I did not even bother to read it.

I saw Golitsin once more in New York the following winter. We had lunch at an Italian restaurant near Central Park. It was a sad, furtive occasion. Golitsin still talked of his plans for an institute for the study of disinformation, and new leads he had discovered. But he knew he was finished. The Czechoslovakian invasion the previous summer had brought a flood of new defectors to the West—men like Frolik and August, whose information was less ambitious but easier to digest. He knew he was yesterday's newspapers, and I think he could tell I was humoring him.

He had recently suffered tragedy. His daughter, upon whom he doted, had fallen prey to the ultimate Western depravity—drug addiction—and had committed suicide. It was a terrible blow, and Golitsin blamed himself.

After lunch we walked across Central Park together in brilliant winter sunshine. He wanted me to visit his farm in upstate New

York, but I told him I had to get back to London. There was little left to say.

"Are you thinking of going home?" I asked him as we came to the parting.

"Oh no," he replied, after an unusual pause, "they would never forgive me."

Golitsin rarely talked about Russia, but it was clearly on his mind.

"Are you homesick?"

"Sometimes . . ."

We made our farewells, and his feet made a crunching sound as he walked across the snow. Like all defectors, Golitsin was feeling the cold.

21

WITH GOLITSIN UNABLE TO ADVANCE THE PENETRATION ISSUE ANY further, MI5 were trapped in the middle of a maze. The search for the high-level spy, for which FLUENCY considered Sir Roger Hollis the best suspect, had been suspended since 1966, so that all attention could focus on the hunt for the middling-grade agent. With Hanley's clearance there was no obvious road forward. Did we abandon the search for the middling-grade agent, and assume Goleniewski's story was planted, or did we continue to search for other candidates, of whom there were a number who were almost as good a fit as Hanley had been? If we assumed that Goleniewski's middling-grade agent story was planted, did we assume it was a lure to draw our attention away from another middling-grade agent, or from the high-level spy? Did both exist, or neither? To do nothing was clearly impossible, and thus, like actors in a Greek tragedy, we had no real choice but to continue widening our investigations, spreading the poison even further through the corridors.

The next best suspect was Gregory Stevens (a pseudonym), an extrovert and gifted officer with a puckish sense of humor. Stevens was about a 60 percent fit for the Goleniewski allegation. He had an even stronger Polish background than Hanley. He was half Polish by birth, and had risen to Hanley's old job as head of the Polish Section of MI5, where his knowledge of the language, culture, and history of his mother's country made him highly successful. Ironically, or perhaps sinisterly, Stevens was the officer who interviewed Goleniewski in 1963, and first heard the story of the middling-grade agent. Was this, like Hollis' visit to see Gouzenko, just another coincidence?

Like Hanley, too, Stevens had been in military uniform and there was also a connection with the KGB officer who Goleniewski alleged had made the recruitment. Both men attended the Yalta Conference in 1945, Stevens as a military translator assigned to assist Stalin with his translations into English, until Stalin complained that he spoke Russian with a Polish Accent.

Like Hanley, Stevens had also undergone psychiatric treatment, and once again I paid a discreet visit to Harley Street. But whereas Hanley had informed his doctor of the nature of his profession, Stevens had never hinted at his involvement in national security.

"I wouldn't have thought he was stable enough to be in that line of work," said the doctor.

"Do you find him trustworthy?" I asked casually.

"He's very clever," replied the doctor, "but I think his cleverness can sometimes lead him astray."

"How do you mean?"

"There's a touch of the Walter Mitty about him. I don't think you could always rely on what he said."

The more I looked at the case, the more I came to doubt whether Stevens should ever have been recruited in the first place. It seemed a hard thing to say. He was a good officer, and an asset to the Service, but in the end, if vetting meant anything, this man ought never to have been allowed in. The psychiatric problems were only a small part of it. The real worry was his Polish background. According to his record of service, he visited Poland regularly with office permission for private holidays to see his relations. His uncle, to whom he was particularly close, was an active member of the Polish Communist Party, and they occasionally met in London. For an organization that was routinely rejecting any applicant with even the faintest trace of the British Communist Party in his family background, the Stevens case presented an obvious problem. And the fact that he had been linked to the middling-grade agent investigation made the situation even more untenable, since in order to clear himself, he had to emerge clean from an exhaustive vet. With half his family living behind the Iron Curtain an adequate vet was impossible.

The investigation was conducted as far as it could possibly go, and then Stevens was summoned for an interrogation, which I conducted with Jim Patrick, a one-eyed Gurkha officer who worked as an interrogator for D3.

Stevens had obviously been half expecting the call ever since he had first heard Goleniewski talk about a middling-grade agent with Polish connections He was alternately truculent and defensive. He stared me nervously in the eye, as if to convince me he was telling the truth. He agreed that he was a good fit for the allegation and accepted that someone of his background was an odd recruitment for an organization like MI5.

"I always wondered when everyone would wake up to the Polish side of me," he said. "I suppose I'll fail the vet now, won't I?"

"I don't know," I replied, "but if it's any consolation, it won't be me that'll decide. It'll be F.J."

He obviously felt that whichever way the interrogation went, he could not possibly win. Unlike Hanley, he could not really hope to walk through the fire unscathed.

We had been going three days when he walked coolly into the room one morning and sat down at the table opposite me.

"It's time for me to tell you something," he said. "I've decided to confess . . ."

I flashed a glance over to Jim, who immediately began taking notes. It was only an additional precaution, since all the sessions were taped.

"Yes," he went on, "I've been wanting to tell someone about it for years. You're right . . . I'm the spy you're looking for."

He seemed to crumple up in front of us, his shoulders heaving, as if he were weeping. But it only lasted a moment or two, before he held his head up, and looked straight at me.

"Do you really mean this, Greg?" I asked.

"You have a witness, don't you?"

"You realize you'll have to give a statement to the Branch?"

He nodded. I leaned over to Jim and told him to inform the Director-General's security man, Tom Roberts, and arrange for Special Branch to come immediately. Stevens and I sat opposite each other, the files and questions in front of me suddenly redundant.

"It's all true, Peter," he said again, in a clear voice.

I told him that he had best not say anything until Tom Roberts arrived. Jim Patrick came back in. For a few seconds more we sat in silence, and then I noticed Stevens' shoulders going again. For a moment I thought he was weeping, perhaps even about to have a breakdown. It often happens.

"Damn," I thought to myself, "I should have had the office doctor stand by."

Then suddenly he began to roar with laughter.

"You really believed me, didn't you?" he cried.

For a second I felt the hot flush of embarrassment.

"I'm not sure I understand . . . ?"

"You wanted a spy, didn't you," he said, reddening suddenly, now that the joke was over. "I thought I'd give you one. I was going to get chopped anyway. I know that!"

"I don't think we should discuss the matter here," I replied. "Tom Roberts will be here in a minute, you can explain it all to F.J."

For all I knew, it was a real confession which he was trying to retract, although I felt I knew Stevens well enough to believe that he was only horsing about. But it was a stupid thing to do. Any chance he had of surviving the investigation had almost certainly gone.

F.J. was appalled when he heard what had happened. He was a lawyer, and had a venerable respect for the niceties of MI5's processes.

"What do you think?" he asked me when I got back to his office.

"Was the confession bogus, or do you think he retracted it?"

"You know my views," I replied. "I am sure he is in the clear because I think the middling-grade agent was a phony allegation from the start. I just think he had a brainstorm . . ."

F.J. grunted. Tales of false defectors were never very welcome to a man of his solidity.

"You don't suppose he made the whole thing up—Goleniewski's story, I mean?" he asked.

I told him we had checked the tapes before the interrogation.

"I even got Stevens to verify the translation. Oh, Goleniewski said it all right."

"Don't see how we can keep him," he muttered, chewing his pipe. "Man's obviously unstable. Polish thing grotesque as well. Sort of thing that gets into newspapers."

He waved me out.

Within an hour Gregory Stevens' career was terminated. He spent ten minutes with F.J., and Tom Roberts escorted him to the pavement outside Leconfield House. He didn't even have a chance to clear his desk.

A few days later Arthur came to see me. He and I had seen little of each other since his departure to MI6. He had aged and seemed less driven than he was before, though the past still held him. He wanted to know about Stevens. They were friends in D Branch in the old days, and Arthur, much the older man, had an almost paternal regard for him.

"Did you have to do it?" he asked.

I told him about the middling-grade agent, and the retracted confession, and the confusion and doubt which plagued us all.

"What else could we do?" I asked. "How can we tell Whitehall to do their vetting, and then turn a blind eye ourselves?"

Arthur knew we had been right, but the cost was becoming progressively higher.

"It's poisoning us all," he said quietly.

Gregory Stevens' departure caused great bitterness in the office. He was a popular officer, and inevitably I was blamed. No one, apart from a handful of senior officers, knew the context which had led up to his investigation—the long history of suspected high-level penetration of MI5, the Blunt confessions, the terrible secret of the FLUENCY conclusions which implicated Sir Roger Hollis, and the hunt for the middling-grade agent.

Word began to spread through the office that D3 was conducting vetting purges in the office, and that officers like Gregory Stevens were being victimized. There was talk of the Gestapo. Younger officers began to avoid me in the canteen. Casual conversation with many of my colleagues became a rarity. Those of us involved in the penetration issue were set apart, feared and distrusted in equal measure.

It was the same in MI6. After years of neglect, a new head of Counterintelligence, Christopher Phillpotts, was appointed in the mid-1960s, around the time FLUENCY got off the ground. Phillpotts looked to all intents and purposes like a figure from the *ancien régime* of British Intelligence. He was a charismatic war hero with a penchant for pink gins and cravats and bow ties. But he was a strict disciplinarian, who believed that in the wake of Philby's defection, the Augean stables needed cleaning. A thorough review of security procedures and personnel was the precondition for a return to self-respect for a Service which, despite Dick White's best efforts, had still to recover from the wounds of Philby, Suez, and Commander Crabbe. Those who could not satisfactorily account for their backgrounds would have to go. National security demanded that, at long last, the benefit of the doubt be given to the state.

Phillpotts supported *fluency* without reservation, and initiated his own program of vetting inside Century House. At least eight senior officers were forced to resign in the wake of Phillpotts' new regime. One officer, for instance, was forced to go when it was discovered that he had a long affair with Litzi Friedman without ever declaring it to the office. Friedman was Philby's first wife, and almost certainly the person who recruited him to the Soviet cause. Another senior officer to suffer had been a member of the Communist Party in the 1930s. Several officers who had been through the Joint Services Language School were also unable to account for discrepancies in their backgrounds, and chose to leave. Even Nicholas Elliott, for so long Philby's supporter, until finally traveling to Beirut to obtain his confession, was investigated, in case Philby had managed to extract intelligence from him. But after lengthy interrogation Elliott just convinced his interrogator, Arthur Martin, that he was in the clear.

None of this was a matter of treachery. But for so long the normal rules of vetting had been waived in the club world of intelligence that when the reckoning came it was abrupt and painful. Much of the blame for the purges inside MI6 was attributed to MI5, and to people like Patrick Stewart and me in particular. Many felt that MI5 were taking advantage of Philby's defection to even up a few old scores.

I had been unpopular inside certain sections of MI6 since my review of the Penkovsky case. But it was the Ellis case which really earned me the undying enmity of the MI6 old guard, and enmity which I wore as a mark of achievement.

The Ellis case caused friction between MI5 and MI6 for almost as long as the Philby case. It began in the aftermath of the Burgess and Maclean defections, when MI5 began to reanalyze the intelligence provided by the defector Walter Krivitsky. One of Krivitsky's serials concerned a White Russian émigré based in Paris named Vladimir Von Petrov, who, Krivitsky alleged, had been an important agent for the Fourth Department, the GRU, during the prewar period, with good sources in Britain as well as Germany, where he was operating as a double agent for the Germans and the Russians.

MI5 were interested to find out who those sources might be, so they studied Von Petrov's file and found a series of debriefing reports of Abwehr officers taken at the end of the war. The Abwehr officers confirmed that Von Petrov was being run by them as their agent, although, of course, they did not know that he was also working for the Russians. Several mentioned that Von Petrov had a source in British Intelligence who could obtain our order of battle, as well as details of vital operations, such as the tap on the secret telephone link between Hitler and his Ambassador in London, von Ribbentrop. One Abwehr officer even remembered the name of Von Petrov's source—it was a Captain Ellis, who was an Australian, a brilliant linguist, and who had a Russian wife.

Charles "Dickie" Ellis was then a senior MI6 officer, recently promoted from MI6 controller for Far Eastern Affairs to be in charge of all operations in North and South America. He joined MI6 in the 1920s, and was based in Paris, where he was responsible for recruiting agents in the White Russian émigré community. During this period he recruited an agent with access to Von Petrov.

The prewar Russian émigré community was a cesspool of uncertain loyalties, and when MI5 raised the query against Ellis, MI6 rejected any possibility that he could be a spy. They maintained that it was much more likely that Von Petrov was working for Ellis, than the other way around, and was lying to protect himself. In any case, Ellis had opted for early retirement, and was planning to return to Australia. Dick White, newly appointed to MI5, and not wanting to aggravate still further the tensions already strained to breaking point by the gathering suspicions against Philby, agreed to shelve the case, where it lay festering in the Registry until I took over as D3.

When Phillpotts took over as head of Counterintelligence, I approached him as chairman of FLUENCY and asked him if he was prepared to sanction a joint MI5-MI6 investigation into Ellis to finally resolve the case. He went to Dick White, who gave his agreement, and I began working with a young MI6 counterintelligence officer named Bunny Pancheff.

The real difficulty in the Ellis case was trying to determine whether he was working for the Germans or the Russians, or both. Early on we got confirmation of the Abwehr officer's story, when we traced the records of the prewar operation to tap the Hitler–von Ribbentrop link. The officer in charge of processing the product was Ellis. The question was whether he was providing the information to Von Petrov in the knowledge that he was a Russian spy, or whether he assumed he was working only for the Germans.

The first thing which convinced me Ellis was always a Russian spy was the discovery of the distribution of the Abwehr officer's report in which he claimed Von Petrov's British source was a Captain Ellis. The report was sent routinely to Kim Philby, in the Counterintelligence Department. He had scrawled in the margin: "Who is this man Ellis? NFA," meaning "No further action" before burying the report in the files. At the time Ellis' office was just a few doors down the corridor, but it seemed to me to be a most suspicious oversight by the normally eagle-eyed Philby.

That was only the first of a number of interesting connections between Philby's career and Ellis'. Within a year of Philby's falling under suspicion Ellis took early retirement, pleading ill-health. He travelled to Australia, and took up a job as a consultant to ASIS, the Australian overseas intelligence-gathering organization. While there he was briefed by the Australians on the impending defection of Vladimir Petrov, a Beria henchman who opted to stay in the West rather than take his chances in Moscow. Almost immediately Ellis returned to Britain and contacted Kim Philby despite being specifically warned against doing so by

Maurice Oldfield. No one knows what they discussed, but from that date onward Petrov fell under suspicion in Australia, and when he noticed his safe had been tampered with in the Soviet Embassy, he defected earlier than anticipated, eluding by hours two burly KGB officers who had been sent out from Moscow to bring him back. The reasons for Ellis' hasty flight from Australia have never been clear, but I have always assumed that he thought the Petrov who was about to defect was the same Von Petrov with whom he had been involved in the 1920s, and who must have known the secret of his treachery.

We look at his wartime record. He spent most of the war in the USA working as deputy to Sir Williams Stephenson, the Man Called Intrepid, at British Security Coordination. Some of the American VENONA showed clearly that the Soviets were operating a number of agents inside BSC, but although we tried exhaustive analysis to link Ellis with each of the cryptonyms, we could never be certain.

I began to search further back for more definite clues connecting Ellis to the Soviets in the prewar period. At the time I was studying the prewar period as part of the D3 researches, and was rereading Elizabeth Poretsky's autobiography, *Our Own People*, about her life as the wife of Ludwik Poretsky (also known as Ignace Reiss), one of the "great illegals" who worked along with Krivitsky as a Fourth Department agent runner for the Soviet GRU. He was murdered after he refused to return to Moscow and defected. I first read the book in its English translation, but this time I studied the original French text, titled *Les Nôtres*. I seized on an extraordinary statement which had not appeared in the English edition. Elizabeth Poretsky said that in the late 1920s Ludwik had an agent high up in British Intelligence.

In 1966 I traveled to Paris to see Mrs. Poretsky, a shrew who guarded her husband's memory jealously and remained suspicious of all agents of Western imperialism, I talked around the subject for a while, and then reminded her of the passage in the book.

Surely, I ventured, she had got her dates wrong, and presumably this agent was Philby? She became quite indignant, squawking at me for my ignorance.

"This was not Philby," she jabbered. "Ludwik ran this agent in Amsterdam in 1928 and 1929. Philby was just a schoolboy then."

"Do you think you could recognize the man?" I asked, trying hard to conceal my excitement.

She began to hedge. She told me she was still loyal to *Les Nôtres*. She could never inform.

"Oh no," I told her, "it's nothing like that—we just need it for our records."

I produced a spread of twenty photographs from my briefcase. Some were dummy photographs, others were of known colleagues of her husband, and one was of Ellis, dating from the mid-1920s. She picked out all those she ought to have known, and Ellis as well.

"I do not know this man's name," she told me, "but I am sure he is familiar."

From Paris I traveled by bus to Amsterdam to see a woman named Mrs. Pieck, the widow of a Dutchman, Henri Pieck, who worked as a Soviet illegal and recruited several spies in Britain during the prewar period, including John Herbert King, a cipher clerk in the Foreign Office. Elizabeth Poretsky had suggested I visit Mrs. Pieck in case she could throw any light on the photograph she had picked out. Mrs. Pieck was a woman from the same mold, and had clearly been warned of my imminent arrival. She too picked out Ellis' photograph, but refused to say why.

There was only one other lead. Elizabeth Poretsky told in her book how Richard Sorge, the great Soviet illegal who eventually built up one of the most important spy networks in history in China and Japan during World War II, had travelled to Britain during the late 1920s. His mission had been highly dangerous, but she told me she knew no more details, and tried too obviously to dissuade me from visiting Sorge's widow, Christiane, who was living in a seminary near New York. I cabled Stephen de Mowbray, then based in Washington as an MI6 liaison officer, and asked him to visit her.

Christiane Sorge placed the final piece in the jigsaw, but left the picture still infuriatingly unfocused. She did indeed remember Sorge's mission, and said it was to see a very important agent, although she knew nothing of his identity. She recalled just one fragment—a meeting on a street corner in London. She and Rickie had gone together to meet this agent, but he had told her to stand well back and cover him in case there was trouble. Could she recognize the man? Stephen asked her. She had seen him, but not well. He showed her the photographs.

"This man looks familiar," she said, "but I could not be certain, after over forty years."

It was Ellis' photograph.

Eventually Ellis was interrogated. He was old, and claimed to be in ill-health, so Bunny Pancheff and I were instructed to take the sessions extremely gently. Ellis denied everything for several days. He blustered and blamed the whole thing on jealous colleagues. But as we produced the evidence, the Abwehr officer's report, and the indoctrination list for the telephone tap, he began to wilt.

After lunch on the Friday he returned to the interrogation room in the basement of the old War Office, known as Room 055, with a typed sheet of paper. It was a confession of sorts. He claimed that he had got into trouble during the early years in MI6. He was sent out into the field with no training and no money, and began providing chicken feed, odd scraps of information about MI6 plans, to his agent Zilenski (his brother-in-law), who was in touch with Von Petrov, in order to obtain more intelligence in return. It was a dangerous game, and soon he was being blackmailed. He claimed that his wife was ill, and he needed money, so he agreed to supply Zilenski with more information.

Ellis' confession was carefully shaded at the edges to hide precisely what intelligence he had given, and where it had gone, so, under interrogation, we asked him to clarify it. He admitted passing over detailed order-of-battle plans for British Intelligence, as well as betraying the Hitler–von Ribbentrop telephone link, even though he knew this material was being passed by Von Petrov to the Germans. (Part of the Abwehr information came from Stevens and Best, who were captured by a trick on the Dutch-German border by the Gestapo. We were able to talk to them after the war, and they said that at their interrogation they were amazed how much the Abwehr knew about the organization of MI6. We asked Ellis when he last had contact with the Russian émigrés. He admitted that it was in December 1939, after the outbreak of war.

Ellis was a venal, sly man. He sat there, stripped of his rank, white-faced and puffy. But never once did I hear an apology. I could understand how a man might choose the Soviets through ideological conviction. But to sell colleagues out to the Germans for a few pounds in time of war? I told him that had he been caught in 1939–40 he would have been hanged.

Ellis clearly thought the interrogation was over. But it had just begun. We wanted to know about his involvement with the Soviets, we said. For a moment he wavered in front of us, then he fought back.

"Never!" he shouted, "never with the Communists . . ."

The next day we took him through the odd chain of events—his trip to Australia, and his rapid return to Britain, and the coincidence of Petrov's defection. But he denied everything, even when he was caught out in repeated lying about his actions until he retired. Not even an authorized offer of immunity could make him change his mind. But I have little doubt of Ellis' involvement with the Russians.

Bunny Pancheff and I wrote the case up, and concluded that in our opinion Ellis had certainly committed espionage for the Germans, including during the war, and that we believed him also to have been a long-term agent of the Russian Intelligence Service until his removal from secret access. The report was endorsed without reservation by Christopher Phillpotts, and submitted to Dick White and his deputy, Maurice Oldfield.

Oldfield was a shy and good man, with a wonderful grasp of the principles of counterintelligence. But he was a poor judge of character. At first he doubted the veracity of Ellis' confession, until eventually Bunny Pancheff played the crucial exchanges to him. But even though we had uncovered a traitor of major proportions, I sometimes felt as if it were I who was being blamed. Oldfield despised the climate of fear engendered by Phillpotts' vetting purges, and campaigned hard to change Dick's mind. The fact that Ellis had confessed seemed to weigh hardly at all on his thinking. As far as he was concerned, it was all a long time ago, and best forgotten.

As the climate against investigations turned in the late 1960s, I wanted desperately to have some of the FLUENCY conclusions circulated more widely inside both Services. I felt sure that this was the only way we could restore some general consent for a continuation of the work. At the moment, people knew nothing of the cases, and to them our activities seemed like blind McCarthyism. D3 had become such a massive section, embracing FLUENCY and the D3 researches into the 1930s. Inevitably, other senior officers resented its priority call on resources and personnel, and since they had no way of judging the importance of the work we were conducting, their resentments grew. I was accused of being suspicious of everybody. F.J. would defend me if the attacks were public. On one occasion he turned around and said to my attacker, "It is Peter's job to be suspicious." Like Angleton, I could sense my enemies multiplying. It was a curious sensation. After years of being the hunter, I suddenly felt myself hunted.

Matters came to a head in 1969 at the annual conference attended by senior MI5 officers at the Sunningdale Civil Service

College in Berkshire. A number of officers launched bitter attacks on me, and others involved in D1 (Investigations), as well as on the work we were doing. What had D3 ever achieved? they asked. They talked of the bonds of trust between fellow officers ruptured by the climate of suspicion. Innocent men suffering, they said.

"Which innocent men?" I said. "That's a lie. Who? You name them!"

My hands were tied. I could not talk in specifics or generalities, and was forced to defend myself by stressing that every move we made in relation to a case was endorsed by F.J. personally. But without my explaining to them the long history of the search for penetration, they could not possibly understand.

Afterward I applied to F.J. to publish a paper on the FLUENCY assessments. I outlined the sort of thing we could circulate to the top seventy officers: a résumé of the continuous allegations of penetration since the war, including the attributions to the known spies wherever possible, and indicating the large number of still unexplained allegations. F.J. refused even to consider it.

"If I do this, Peter," he said, "it will break the heart of the Service. We would never recover."

"But these people don't even know Blunt was a spy. How can they possibly sympathize and support our work, if they aren't told something?"

"In my view," he said, "it would be better if no one knew, ever!"

"But how can we go on?" I asked him. "We've got young people coming into the Service every year. They listen to the tapes, they read the office histories, and they learn nothing about this, and it's the most important subject there is. How can you expect them to live a lie? You might as well not have done any of this work, unless you face up to it, and show people we have by explaining to them how it all happened, and say to people, 'Look, there are these gaps, and that's why we've got to carry on.' "

F.J. would have none of it. There were moments, not many it is true, but this was one, when he was immutable.

"What about me?" I asked finally. "How do I go on in the office, facing this level of hostility?"

He suddenly became steely.

"That is a price you have to pay for sitting in judgment on people."

In 1968, following his clearance, Michael Hanley was appointed head of Counterespionage. Even since the traumatic events of the previous year Hanley and I had barely spoken. He had never said anything, but I could tell he blamed me for the decision to investigate him. When he took over he lost no time in trying to clip my wings. At first it was public slap-downs.

"Oh, Peter," he would say mockingly, "that's just another one of your mad theories."

But then his assault became more serious. He began to remove staff and resources from D3 wherever possible. At first I fought my corner, and went to F.J. to get them reinstated, but after a while I began to wonder whether it was worth the fight. The D3 research task was nearing completion. Only the high-level penetration issue remained unsolved, and that had been shelved for more than three years, with little sign that it would ever be revived. The constant strain of the work was taking its toll on my health. My thoughts turned toward retirement and to my first love—farming.

I decided that at least I should confront Hanley personally before giving up, I went to see him and asked him point-blank why he was trying to drive me out of the Service. He claimed there was no persecution. It was just that D3 had got too big, and there were increasing complaints that some of its less glamorous, but no less important tasks, like security assessments for ministers and the like, were being neglected.

"Well, give me an officer to look after the paperwork, then," I countered.

But Hanley refused.

"I know I'm a poor administrator," I admitted, "but are you sure the real reason for this isn't because you bear a grudge against this type of work?"

Hanley became red-faced. He knew what I was driving at, but denied his own experience was coloring his judgment.

"I suppose you know it was me?" I said. "Have you ever seen the file?"

The ice was broken. I went back to my office and pulled out the file on the HARRIET investigation. I showed Hanley everything—the way the search for the middling-grade agent arose from the FLUENCY report, the shelving of the hunt for the high-level spy, the D3 inquiries, the Watson and Proctor cases, the investigations, the visit to his psychiatrist.

"I never realized," he said, as he studied the files.

"We're the people who were asked to do the dirty work," I told him bitterly, "and now when we've done most of the work, they want to brush it under the carpet and forget us, and forget the things we did."

Indoctrination into the burden of terrible secrets which so few have shouldered had a profound effect on Hanley. He realized that he had no experience of any of this, and his only knowledge of D Branch was from his time on the Polish desk in the 1950s. In order to make a success of D Branch he had to have guidance. One day he called me into his office and explained his problem. He was quite straightforward, and I respected him for it. He still wanted to break down D3. Its mammoth task was almost finished, he told me, and in any case, he wanted me to become his personal consultant on the whole reorganization of D Branch which he was planning. I was to have sight of every paper, and access to all cases in the Branch with the brief to guide him with my intimate knowledge of the previous fifteen years. Unlike any other officer, I had never moved from D Branch. As Dick White promised at my interview, I received no promotion, but then I was not forced to play musical chairs, switching from department to department every second year. D Branch had been my life. I knew every case and file. It was a fair offer, and I accepted immediately.

But that still left the problem of penetration.

"Who is going to continue that work? We can't let the thing slip again, otherwise another backlog of unresolved cases will build up," I said.

I had been convinced for more than a year that we needed some formal mechanism for looking at the whole question of internal penetration. The problem of the 1960s was that there was no department in the Service where allegations of penetration could be investigated. Everything was ad hoc. FLUENCY had no formal status, it was just a working party. The work did not sit easily inside D1 (Investigations), because their correct job was to investigate penetrations that occurred outside the Service. It was precisely this lack of a mechanism which contributed to the accusations of "the Gestapo" in the office. We were seen to be people pursuing investigations outside the normal channels, and in an organization as conscious of hierarchy as MI5, that was a considerable problem. With a proper section devoted to the work, the Service would be able to see that the management had given its full backing. It would, in other words, have legitimacy.

There was one other factor in my mind. I knew that if the issue of high-level penetration was ever to be solved, it could be done only by giving fresh minds access to the problem. Over the past ten years the subject had become intimately bound up with personalities—principally mine and Arthur's. We were seen as men with grudges, or as men with obsessions, unable to conceive of any interpretation other than Hollis' being guilty. I lobbied Hanley and F.J. furiously, trying to persuade them to set up such a section, and staff it with people who had no connection with either Arthur or me, or with the terrible events of the previous ten years.

Hanley was doubtful, but F.J. seized on the idea immediately, and persuaded Hanley to incorporate it into his plans. By late 1968 the reorganization was complete. D Branch became K Branch, which was split into two separate units: KX, which handled all investigative work, and had its own director on the Board; and KY, which was responsible for order of battle and operations, also with its own director. KX incorporated D1 (Investigations) and much of the old D3, and comprised three sections: K1 and K2, which were Soviet and satellite investigating sections; K3, which was now a research section cut out of D3, a section servicing the investigation sections; and a new unit, K7, charged with sole responsibility for investigating allegations of penetration of the Intelligence Services. KY comprised K4, order of battle; K5, which was agent running and operations; and K6, which assumed responsibility for all security assessments and compiling the specialist records, ministerial briefings, special indexes, and record collection which previously had been under my control in D3.

Duncum Wagh was the first officer appointed to head K7. He was a good choice—a sensible, levelheaded officer who was always thorough in his reasoning and, once his mind was made up, doubly impressive in justifying his proposed course of action. His career had suffered unduly from his mistake in clearing Houghton after his wife's complaint ten years previously. But solid hard work, some of it on my Moscow Embassy Working Party, had earned him a major chance, and K7 was certainly that. He was supported by a forceful ex-marine officer named John Day. I strongly advised that nobody involved in the penetration issue to date should work in K7.

I had one meeting with Duncum Wagh, and handed over to him everything in my safe which related to FLUENCY all the records from my own freelance inquiries into Hollis' background, my analyzes of the Lonsdale case, some work on the middling-grade agent. It was only when he took them that I realized what a burden those small green combination boxes had been all those years.

"Here," I said, "it's your problem now, thank God!"

I had very little to do with K7 in the early days. Neither Duncum Wagh nor John Day wanted me around, for fear it would prejudice their won freedom of maneuver and credibility, and I understood that. I did introduce John Day to Blunt, and talked again through the whole question of why he had been allowed to leave MI5 by the Russians in 1945. Blunt always thought it was odd.

"I think if they had pressured me, I probably would have stayed on, at least for a bit. I loved the work, and adored Guy Liddell and Dick White, and I expect I could still have pursued my art . . . but they never asked me."

Blunt could shed no light on whether there was already a replacement for him in the office, although he knew that was what concerned us. We showed him the VENONA message with the eight cryptonyms. But they meant nothing to him. The only fragment he had was a lunch he attended with Guy Burgess and Graham Mitchell at the Reform Club. It was clearly another looking-over session, but as to whether Guy had actually made an approach, Blunt claimed he knew nothing. A little later I was told that John Day had interrogated Mitchell at long last, and they were quire satisfied he was in the clear. As I always suspected, it came down to Hollis.

For a long time I heard nothing. Then one day John Day came to see me. He brought with him the first K7 report on high-level penetration. It concluded categorically that Hollis was the best candidate, and recommended his immediate investigation and interrogation.

"I always thought you saw reds under the beds," said John Day after I had read the report, "but I wanted to tell you that I think you were right all along."

This time there was no escape—not for myself, for F.J., or for the man in the black suit playing golf in quiet retirement in the Somerset village of Calcott.

22

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN NICE TO HAVE CROWNED MY CAREER WITH A triumph. It would have been nice to have solved the riddle. Better he was innocent than the continuing uncertainty. But the secret world is not so simple, and at the end the shadows remained, as dense as before, shrouding the truth.

One morning in 1969 I made my way up to a small operations room in what had once been the D3 offices. The desk earphones whispered gently as A2 technicians checked the microphones in our safe house in South Audley Street. For them it was another day, another interrogation, but for me it was the final act in a ten-year drama. The brief lay on the table, as big as a thick telephone directory. On the inside front cover was the curious single word "Drat," Hollis' code name. It was issued to me years before, when I was doing my D3 private inquiries, by the small office in B Branch which allocated cover names. I laughed at the time. "Drat" seemed so absurd. I never realized what pain would be associated with it.

Anne Orr-Ewing was an extremely thorough officer who had risen from the Transcription Department to D3 as a research officer before joining K7. The K7 case was substantially the same as my own freelance inquiries of 1965 and 1966. It was more detailed, of course. They had access to Hollis' Record of Service, and had traced and interviewed his contemporaries at Oxford, searched the Shanghai Special Branch records, but no crucial proof had been found. In the end, as always, it came down to a matter of belief.

A small white envelope inviting Hollis back up to the office was sent a few days before the interrogation. The final plans were laid. There was a row, too, of course. We assumed that Hollis would be placed under continuous surveillance during the period of the interrogation, in case, like Blake, he panicked and made a move to contact his Russian controllers, if he had any. But F.J. would have none of it. He gave no reasons, but we could tell by his face that he was immovable. Even Hanley protested about this, pointing out to F.J. that he had not been spared the full works. But F.J. felt he had been backed into a corner in sanctioning the interrogation, and this was a final indignity he was not prepared to impose on his predecessor.

John Day was told to conduct the interview Anne Orr-Ewing and I were to listen in to provide analysis as the interrogation proceeded. F.J. knew he was too committed on the subject to be a fair choice, and he realized that, after so many years' delay, he had to be seen to be allowing the troops their chance.

A door opened in South Audley Street. Hollis was shown in.

"Where do you want me?" he asked, his familiar voice still strong after all the years.

John Day began to explain the procedure of the interview.

"Yes, I'm familiar with the procedure . . . but I need pencil and a paper, if you please."

I tried to imagine the scene in the room in South Audley Street. I could see Hollis in there, sitting upright. I rather thought he would miss his desk. Of course the pencils would be essential. And he would be wearing his Cheshire cat smile. Would he feel humiliated? I wondered. Or frightened? I somehow doubted it. Emotion was never something I associated with him. I remembered something he always used to say to me.

"Peter, you're too emotional on the subject."

I was doing my best to control my excitement.

John Day began by going through routine details of Hollis' career and early life. Hollis knew the procedure, and began running ahead of the brief.

"We'll take it a little slower, if you don't mind," said John Day.

Hollis showed faint irritation.

"This is a little laborious, if you don't mind me saying so. You must have this information on my R/S."

But John Day was not to be intimidated.

"I think we had best follow procedure in this instance, if you don't mind."

Hollis told a simple story. He said he left home because he realized he was not religious. But Oxford, he claimed, was no escape. It, too, reminded him of his religious upbringing.

"I wanted to get away, do something with my life in the outside world. The only ambition I had was to play golf, and I realized early on at Oxford that I could never make a career out of it. So I decided to travel."

The Far East had always attracted him. Originally he thought he might travel with some friends—Maurice Richardson was one. But the plan fell through. In retrospect, said Hollis, he was glad. They had far too little in common to make good traveling companions.

China fascinated him. Of course, he met the odd left-wing person out there, but then that was normal. Everyone knew Agnes Smedley was left-wing. It was the same at Oxford. He had been friendly with Maurice Richardson and Claud Cockburn, both of whom were best described as pink.

He said his health was a constant problem. TB afflicted him throughout this period, and in the end it forced his return to Europe. He traveled back via Moscow.

"I wanted to see what it was like. Awful place. Dirty, depressing. Nobody smiled. Intellectuals were making a tremendous fuss about the place. But I hated it."

"Did you meet anybody there?" asked John Day.

"On buses and trains. That sort of thing. But otherwise no. You don't meet Russians like you do people in other countries, like China, for instance."

At a lunch, Anne Orr-Ewing, John Day, F.J., and I met back at Leconfield House. Hollis' performance had been calm and flawless.

"He'll clear himself, if he goes on like this," said Anne Orr-Ewing.

After lunch we went on to his return to Britain. Suddenly the crisp focus disintegrated. The delivery was still resolute, but all the detail disappeared. He could not remember where he had lived, whom he had met, what plans he had, and yet we had all the answers in the brief. We knew what he had been doing. For instance, he had lived virtually next door to an old MI6 officer named Archie Lyall, who had been a close friend of Guy Burgess. But although they must have seen each other numerous times, Hollis had no recollection of him at all. For an hour or more Hollis stumbled, until he reached the point in his career where he joined MI5 before the war. Suddenly, and as abruptly as it had disappeared, precision returned.

That night the interrogating team met again at the Oxford and Cambridge Club to debate the day's session.

"What about this blank year?" I asked.

F.J. placed his pipe on the table wearily.

"You've got that all wrong," he said.

He told us that Hollis was in a mess when he came back from China—his health was shot, he had no career, no prospects. It did not seem to occur to him that this would have made Hollis much more vulnerable to recruitment He was drifting, and it was a period in his life he had long wanted to forget. Little wonder, said F.J., that he can't remember where he lived.

"Well, it's a pretty odd state of mind to start applying for a job in MI5 or MI6 for that matter," I remarked. I meant it seriously, but it sounded sarcastic. F.J. bridled.

"For God's sake, Peter!" Then he cut himself short. There was still another session to go.

The following day Hollis sat down again.

"Are we ready?" Hollis asked patronizingly. John Day waited in silence. It was a nice touch, and reminded Hollis that, for once, he was not in charge.

Day began on a different tack.

"I want to ask you again about Claud Cockburn's file . . ."

This had come up the previous morning. Hollis volunteered his friendship with Cockburn at Oxford, and was asked why he had never declared the fact on Cockburn's file, as any MI5 officer was supposed to do if he handled the file of an acquaintance. Hollis brushed the question aside. He said there was no general requirement at that time to record personal friendships on files.

It was a lie, only a small one, true, but a lie nonetheless. The brief contained a full annex proving that it was indeed current practice in MI5 prewar to record friendships, and that Hollis would have known of the regulation.

Day began to challenge Hollis on his answer the previous day. Why had he lied? Hollis was never a stammerer, or a flusterer. There was a slight pause, and then he acknowledged his mistake. Yes, he admitted, there was another reason. He knew that Cockburn was of interest to the Service as a prominent left-winger and Comintern agent, and since he was a recent arrival, and wanted very much to pursue a career inside MI5, he chose to ignore the regulation in case his friendship with Cockburn were seen as a black mark against him.

"I am sure I wasn't the first or the last officer to break that particular rule."

"What about other friends," pressed Day. "What about Philby? Were you friendly with him?"

"Not really. He was too much of a drinker. We had good professional relations, but nothing more."

"And Blunt?"

"More so, particularly during the war. I thought he was very gifted. But I saw him less after he left the Service. Now and again we would meet at the Travelers. Small talk—that sort of thing. He loved to gossip."

Gouzenko, Volkov, and Skripkin he dispatched swiftly. Gouzenko was unreliable. He still doubted that Elli really existed. As for his trip to Canada, there was nothing sinister in Philby's sending the file on to him.

"I was the acknowledged Soviet expert at the time. It would be natural for Philby to refer it to me, particularly because it was a Commonwealth matter."

"And Volkov?"

"I see no reason to disbelieve Philby. He thought Volkov's spy was himself . . . Why should he go all that way to protect someone else?"

Only once did a trace of the old Director-General break through, when John Day began to ask him about events in the early 1960s. He was asked about the sacking of Arthur Martin. A harsh tone crept into his voice.

"He was being thoroughly undisciplined. I never knew what he was doing. Take Blunt. We agreed on a formal immunity offer relating to events before 1945. Martin goes in to see him, and offers him *carte blanche* immunity. The Attorney-General was incensed, and so was I. There was no controlling him. He and Wright were busy setting up a privileged Gestapo, and something had to be done to break it up. I don't regret it for one moment. I think it was absolutely justified in the circumstances and, if anything, should have happened much earlier."

John Day asked him why he had not allowed Mitchell to be interrogated in 1963.

"It's in the files. The Prime Minister would not sanction it."

"Did you actually ask him for permission?"

"Of course I did," replied Hollis testily.

"But he has no recollection of the meeting," countered Day.

"That's absurd! The situation was critical. The Profumo business was as its height. The whole question of the exchange with the Americans had to be considered. Another scandal would have brought the Government down. That's why consultation was vital."

It was all shadow-boxing. Day moved and jabbed, but he could never really land a blow. Somehow he never got close enough to street-fight, to grapple and gouge him, and make him confess. Time had slipped away. It was all old, too old, to ever find the truth.

By the end of the afternoon only the routine questions for the record were left.

"Have you at any stage communicated official information to any unauthorized person?"

"No," replied Hollis firmly.

"Have you ever been approached by anyone clandestinely to pass information?"

"Never."

The chairs scraped as Hollis got up He said goodbye, and meant it. He traveled back to Somerset, back to his golf, and his cottage. He left the interrogation room as unknown as when he entered—an enigma, an apparently sober man, with a streak of filthy humor. The autocrat with crippling insecurity.

F.J. met us again at the Oxford and Cambridge Club that night. There was an air of resignation around the table. We knew that we had not brought the case home. But equally we felt adamant that there was enough doubt to keep the case alive. F.J. was silent. He felt the interrogation vindicated his faith in Hollis.

"I hope we can move on to other things," he said.

Once again the case was closed. But nothing, and certainly not Hollis' interrogation, could paper over the deep chasm which divided those who believed penetration had occurred, and those, like F.J., who had finally come to doubt it. I could not help remembering all the wasted years, the years when it could have been investigated, the years of neglect and drift, the years when files gathered dust, when reports went unanswered, the years when fear of the unknown prevented us from ever knowing the truth. Only a chance breakthrough, a defector or a cipher break, could help us solve the case now. A desperate sense of failure gripped me—failure and frustration and a desire to get away and forget. Looking back, my retirement began that night as I traveled home on the train to Essex. What came after was mostly going through the motions.

Hollis' interrogation signaled the end of one decade, and ushered in the new. The 1970s were to be the years of reckoning, when the secret armies of the West were finally and painfully exposed to the searing searchlight of publicity. For thirty years West and East had fought a nocturnal battle, hidden and protected by custom and necessity. But within four years the secrets would come pouring out.

Ironically, the 1970s opened well for MI5. We finally got a defector we believed in. His name was Oleg Lyalin. He was recruited by two of the best officers in MI5, a bluff Yorkshireman named Harry Wharton, and a former SIS undercover officer of conspicuous courage, Tony Brookes, who with his wife had operated in France and survived. The operation was managed by the head of KY, a calm, dependable officer by the name of Christopher Herbert. Lyalin was having an affair with a girl, and when Wharton and Brookes made contact with him he said he wanted to defect. They managed to persuade him to stay in place, and for six months he provided MI5 with a detailed run-down of the KGB order of battle in London. He was only a relatively low-level KGB officer connected to the Sabotage Department, but any breach in the KGB's armory is invaluable.

As soon as the Lyalin case began we realized that this was the best possible test as to whether high-level penetration of MI5 still existed. If Lyalin survived we were in the clear. From 1966 until at least 1976 we had no evidence of Russian interference with our operations. We had five spy cases, and the Lyalin case and the expulsion of the 105 Russian diplomats, both of which had been in existence for at least six months. Yet up to the end of 1965, every case for twenty years or more was tainted by Russian "sticky fingers." We should note that Hollis retired at the end of 1965. The secret was known to only ten people, and to no one outside the office apart from Dennis Greenhill, Permanent Secretary at the Foreign Office. Greenhill was a good friend of MI5, and I enjoyed especially warm relations with him. He too had been to Bishop's Stortford College, along with Dick White and me. I first dealt with him over the French STOCKADE operation, but we began to have much more to do with each other when I took over D3, and routinely provided security briefings for his senior diplomats.

Lyalin soon began to exhibit the strain of leading a double life. Brookes and Wharton arranged safe houses where he could meet his girlfriend for love sessions. The arrangements for these visits were laborious, and each time one or the other had to sit outside the room monitoring events inside for telltale signs of stress or betrayal. Lyalin began to drink too heavily, and when he was posted back to Moscow we decided to bring his ordeal to an end. Lyalin himself was quite game to return to Russia and continue to spy in place, but we had already concluded that he would never survive. Lyalin was attached to the Trade Delegation but had no diplomatic immunity, so we decided that we would simply arrest him as he walked through customs at Heathrow Airport, and force his hand.

Almost immediately our plans fell apart. I was living in London during the week, and one night in February 1970, at 3 A.M., I received a telephone call from the Duty Officer.

"Get in quick," he said, "we need access to your safe."

I dressed and took a taxi to the office, to find Tony Brookes waiting for me.

"We need the antidote kit," he told me. "Lyalin's blown. He was arrested for drunken driving a few hours ago, and he's in the clink at Marlborough Street!"

I unlocked my safe and produced a small roll like a toolkit which Dr. Ladell of Porton Down had given me ten years previously toward the end of my time as Scientific Officer. I contained antidotes to all the known poisons used by the KGB. Whenever a defector came out we had the case near him twenty-four hours a day, but otherwise it remained in my safe. No one else cared to hold it so close.

I quickly described to Brookes the basic symptoms of nerve gas or toxic poisoning, and told him how to administer the antidote. He rushed off to the prison to guard Lyalin, while I hoisted the deputy head of Special Branch out of bed, and got him to alert Marlborough Street to the identity of the drunk in their basement cell. Meanwhile the MI5 Legal Department applied to the Home Secretary and the Attorney-General for formal immunity for Lyalin from his drunken charge, explaining that there was serious risk of assassination if he was brought before an open court.

The successful defection of Lyalin presented MI5 with a unique opportunity. Ever since F.J. became Director-General he had nursed the dream of decisively changing the balance of forces ranged against him. He knew that the central problem facing MI5 was the massive superiority in the numbers of Soviet intelligence officers in London. Throughout the 1960s he had struggled to get the Treasury to agree to an expansion of MI5's counterespionage capability, but they were always reluctant. He had been able to achieve a certain amount by redirecting resources internally in favor of D Branch, but we were still outnumbered by a factor of more than three to one. With Edward Heath in power, F.J. put the case for a major reduction of intelligence officers to him, citing the order-of-battle figures for intelligence officers. This was before Lyalin came on the scene. Heath's reaction was "throw the lot out." The Foreign and Commonwealth Office

(FCO) protested, but we were not to do this either since we wanted a number here to retaliate with if the Russians were vindictive. However, the whole arrangement was agreed between us and FCO by March 1971. We delayed action until the autumn because Lyalin had come on the scene and we did not want to disturb things until he either defected or had gone home.

In his debriefing, Lyalin identified dozens of KGB officers active under diplomatic cover. Most of these identifications were already known for us through the Movements Analysis program, which I had helped establish in the early 1960s with Arthur Martin and Hal Doyne Ditmass.

Calculating KGB strength has always been a contentious business, and yet it lies at the heart of a rational assessment of the threat posed by hostile intelligence. When I ran D3 I made a series of analyses of Soviet strength in 1945, based on the VENONA material. Although we broke only a small fraction of the traffic, GCHQ were able to statistically assess the total number of spies active in Britain at between 150 and 300. (The statistical analysis was conducted using methodology devised by one of the top cryptographers, I. J. Good.) By the 1960s, through rough analysis of the VENONA, and through comparing intelligence provided by defectors, as well as Blunt and Cairncross, with our own passport records, we were confident that there were between forty-five and fifty Russian intelligence officers in London in 1945, of whom about twenty-five were agent runners. Dividing this into the number of spies demonstrated in the VENONA gave a median figure of around eight to nine spies per agent runner, which dovetailed neatly with the one week of VENONA traffic which demonstrated that Krotov was running eight spies.

Now the real question is how far those figures can be extrapolated into modern times. By the late 1960s the Movements Analysis program was indicating between 450 and 550 Russian intelligence officers active in Britain. But what percentage of those were agent runners? Even if we assumed that the number of agent runners had remained static over a twenty-year period, at around twenty-five, and that the rest were there to provide cover, countersurveillance, internal security, and analysis, this still left us facing a huge problem. It meant that there were upward of 200 spies currently active in Britain. If we took the figure of agent runners to have expanded commensurately with the rise in total numbers of intelligence officers, the situation was even more alarming—more than a thousand spies! Of course, the vast majority of those spies would be low level contacts among the Communist Party and various trade unions, but if even 1 percent were penetrations of the level of Houghton or Vassall, the implications were disastrous.

Whenever I placed these analyses forward to the Home Office for inclusion in the routine threat assessments, there was strife. John Allen, a former lawyer, and fast rising in K Branch, repeatedly disputed my analysis.

"You can't say that, there can't be that many IOs in London, the Home Office will never believe it!"

But Lyalin's defection removed all the objections. He confirmed the Movements Analysis figure of around 450 intelligence officers based in London, and maintained that a large percentage were active agent runners. He proved beyond any shadow of doubt that the Movements Analysis program was quite correct and my statistical arguments valid. It was also apparent that not all the increase was in low-level spies. With greater determination that I ever saw him pursue anything, F.J. put to the Foreign Office the case for mass expulsions of a large number of the Russian diplomats. In the end, Ted Heath and the Foreign Secretary, Alec Douglas-Home, agreed, after a discreet approach by Home to the Soviet Foreign Minister, Alexei Kosygin, suggesting the Russians remove some of their intelligence officers without publicity was brushed aside imperiously.

The expulsions were seen as a brilliant coup throughout the Western intelligence world, and we received telegrams of congratulation from the heads of every Service. It was F.J.'s greatest triumph, made sweeter because the fact that the plan had clearly not leaked to the Russians proved that, whatever the truth of the past, high-level penetration of MI5 was definitely at an end.

Angleton supported the expulsions unreservedly, and confessed that he had long wanted to engineer something similar in Washington. But Henry Kissinger was a firm opponent. Angleton told me that Kissinger had exploded when he learned of the British expulsions. He was desperately pursuing détente with the USSR, and minuted the CIA angrily, telling them that had he known of the proposal he would have used every power at his command to get it quashed. Luckily, the CIA were able to state truthfully that they had known nothing of the plan.

But Angleton was deeply suspicious of Lyalin. After the defection Angleton paid a secret visit to London. He looked worse than ever, consumed by the dark, foreboding role he was committed to playing. He viewed himself as a kind of Cassandra preaching doom and decline for the West. He thought Lyalin was a plant, and told us all so at a meeting Marlborough Street.

"Oh come on, Jim," I said, "Lyalin's just not that big. He's a KGB thug, what possible disinformation interest could they have in him?"

Angleton felt betrayed. We had not told him about Lyalin while we were running him in place, and he told us stiffly that the whole purpose of UKUSA was the full exchange of intelligence. Patience with Angleton was rapidly wearing thin in London in 1970. Maurice Oldfield had an ill-concealed hostility to all his ideas and theories, and even inside MI5 he had begun to make enemies.

We learned later just how far he was prepared to go to discredit Lyalin. As Lyalin was debriefed, we routinely sent over our intelligence digests containing his material to the FBI for circulation through to the CIA, and on to the National Security Council and up to the President.

Some months later, J. Edgar Hoover took a vacation in Florida, and took the opportunity to call on President Nixon at his holiday home on Key Biscayne.

"How do you like the British reports from their source Lyalin, Mr. President?"

"What reports?" replied Nixon. He had never received them.

When Hoover checked back with Kissinger, he had not received them either. Kissinger got on to the CIA and instituted a full search. They were finally found in Angleton's safe. He had concluded Lyalin was a provocation, and simply refused to circulate the documents. Tom Karamasines, the CIA Director of Plans, issued a stern rebuke, and it was the beginning of Angleton's slide from power.

The roots of his demise lay much earlier in the Golitsin-Nossenko feud. For Angleton it became an article of faith that Nossenko was a plant, since that ensured Golitsin primacy among all the defectors who arrived in the early 1960s. I remember in 1967, after the first CAZAB conference, telling Angleton that I was travelling back to Britain via the USA. My daughter was living in Boston, and I thought I would combine some business with a purely personal visit. As soon as I told Angleton I was visiting Washington he became quite aggressive. He told me I had no right to visit Washington unless he was in town. At the time I thought his worry was to do with the Israelis. The Middle Eastern situation was brewing up, and Angleton always jealously protected his relations with the Israeli secret service, Mossad. He knew of my close friendship with Victor Rothschild, and often tried to break it off. On one occasion he even wrote to F.J. to try to curtail it as an interference in the CIA Mossad liaison, but F.J. treated the letter with the contempt it deserved.

But Angleton's distress had nothing to do with Israel. I learned the truth. Just before the CAZAB conference an internal CIA inquiry led by a security officer named Bruce Solie had concluded that Nossenko was almost certainly a genuine defector, although it could offer no explanation for the curious contradictions in his story. Angleton had never told the British this fact, despite its implications for Nossenko's and Golitsin's information. He was obviously frightened that if I visited Washington I might get to hear of Solie's report through another channel.

Incidents like these began to undermine Angleton's credibility. The Nossenko and Lyalin incidents did much to shake the faith of even those who knew him best and defend him longest. We began to doubt whether, after all, the secret sources to which Angleton claimed he had access actually existed. Perhaps it was, after all, just a three-card trick.

In 1970 Angleton suffered the greatest blow of all. He lost his administrative officer and effective number two, Jim Hunt. Hunt was a hard man, who treated Angleton's obsessions with balanced skepticism. He had his feet on the ground, and he made things happen. Angleton, like myself, was a hopeless administrator, and Hunt ensured that papers were circulated, requests replied to, and the day-to-day routine, upon which an efficient intelligence service relies, was maintained. Without him, Angleton became a ship without anchor, drifting slowly toward the abyss.

Lyalin's defection and the expulsion of the 105 Russian diplomats were not the only signs of a new dawn which seemed to be breaking for British Intelligence in the 1970s. Following his election as Prime Minister in 1970, Edward Heath appointed Victor Rothschild as head of Central Policy Review Staff (CPRS)—the Think Tank. Never was a man more perfectly suited to a job. Victor had the right qualities of inspiration and radicalism to provide the kind of challenging policy unit Heath wanted. The call came at just the right time for Victor. I could tell that he was becoming slightly bored toward the end of the 1960s. He had no regard for Harold Wilson, and there was no role for him in public life. He maintained his links with British Intelligence, utilizing his friendship with the Shah of Iran, and running agents personally for Dick White in the Middle East, particularly Mr. Reporter, who played such a decisive role in MI6 operations in the 1950s. It was exciting, but he hankered after a real challenge, and the Think Tank was exactly what he needed.

As a head of the Think Tank, Victor Rothschild took a close interest in security, and Heath encouraged him to do so, much to the irritation of the Home Office, and in particular the powerful Permanent Secretary of the time, Philip Allen (now Lord Allen of Abbeydale, and a member of the Security Commission). Victor became, in effect, the Lord Wigg of Heath's Government. Once inside the Cabinet Office Victor teamed up with Dick White, the newly installed Cabinet Intelligence Coordinator following his retirement from MI6. Together they combined to give British Intelligence its highest ever postwar profile.

Victor's finest achievement for MI5 was securing F.J.'s succession. F.J. was never a popular figure in Whitehall. He was too much his own man, and too secret even for that bastion of secrecy. Normally the outgoing Director-General has the right to choose his successor, but as F.J. approached retirement in 1972, the Home Office, and especially Philip Allen, decided it was time to exert authority. Allen was convinced that an outsider should be appointed. He had become suspicious of MI5 and feared they had become a dangerous repository of scandal. He knew only sketchy details of the full extent of the traumas of the mole hunts, but he knew about Blunt and Long, and he knew enough to be worried. He was alarmed by what seemed to him to be the cavalier use of immunities, and the undoubtedly poor caliber of MI5 management. He wanted a safe pair of hands at the helm of the organization—someone who could tell him what was going on, someone he could trust.

Simkins finally retired, to my great relief, about a year before F.J.'s scheduled retirement, and was replaced by Michael Hanley. As far as Allen was concerned, Hanley was neither experienced enough nor independent enough to be entrusted with the top job. Allen's preferred candidate was Sir James Waddell, a deputy secretary at the Home Office, who was responsible for Police and Security Affairs, and handled all day-to-day liaison between MI5 and the Home Office. Waddell was a dependable mandarin who had somehow missed out on a permanent secretary's job. Allen, to whom he had given loyal service, wanted to install him as a Director-General of the Security Service.

Waddell's prospective appointment was viewed with considerable concern inside MI5. He was a finicky man who insisted on the last dot and comma on intercept warrant applications. He lacked the experience as an intelligence officer to gain the respect of its senior officers. Many of us felt his candidacy was pure Whitehall expediency, which would set the Service back a decade, in the same way that Rennie's appointment as C just a few years before had caused a massive slump in morale in MI6.

Of course, there was another consideration as well. There were many secrets which MI5 had kept from their political and Civil Service masters, and the last thing anyone in MI5 wanted at that stage was the explosive story of the mole hunts to receive an airing around Whitehall.

The first I heard of the problem of succession was when F.J. mentioned it in late 1971. He told me he was determined to stop Waddell taking over the Service, and said he had already approached Dick White to ask for assistance. But the situation looked gloomy. A committee of top permanent secretaries chaired by the Cabinet Secretary and attached to the Senior Appointments Selection Committee had already recommended Waddell, and although F.J. had put forward Hanley's name he had received no votes at all. He was too new, too inexperienced, and the mandarins knew too little about him.

"Is there anything you can do with your powerful friend?" asked F.J., referring in his customary manner to Victor.

At the time I used to see Victor informally once a week—sometimes in his room at the Cabinet Office, more often at his home. On my next visit I raised the question of the succession. It had all the right elements to fire Victor's imagination—a heady brew of intrigue and secrecy.

He told me he had already been alerted to the situation by Dick White, who had told him that he supported Hanley for the job. Dick had initially given some thought to supporting Maurice Oldfield for the job. Sir John Rennie, anxious to remove the man who effectively ran MI6, even though he himself was the titular head, had put Oldfield's name forward, but Oldfield had made it plain he preferred to sit it out and wait for another chance as Director C if Rennie retired. (Rennie did retire prematurely after the disclosure that his son had been convicted of a drugs charge, and Oldfield succeeded him.)

"Do the Service want Hanley?" asked Victor. He often used me as a sounding board for Service as opposed to management opinion.

"Certainly," I replied.

"Do you have anything against him?"

I told him the story of the HARRIET affair. Although Victor already knew of my suspicions about penetration, and I had discussed both Hollis and Mitchell with him, the fact that Hanley had once been a suspect was new to him.

I told him I was quite convinced he was in the clear, and so were the Americans. I told him the Service were dead set against Waddell, and that there would undoubtedly be serious trouble if he were appointed.

"We need all the help we can get, Victor!"

"Ted won't like it," he told me, for the moment assuming the *gravitas* of a senior civil servant. Then he cast the somehow inappropriate mantle aside, and fell into his more natural conspiratorial manner.

"Let's see what we can do," he muttered, and asked me to arrange for him to meet Hanley as soon as possible.

By this time Hanley and I had established a reasonable working relationship. HARRIET was always a block to any warmth, but he dealt with me in a straightforward manner, and I tried to be as much help as I could, guiding him around the previous twenty years of counterintelligence rather like an accomplished chauffeur, pointing out the sights to admire, and the potholes to avoid. I knew he would bridle when I told him of my meeting with F.J. and Victor. There was just a trace of socialism about Hanley, which showed itself in utterances about achieving the job on his merits, not through the old boy network. But in the end ambition was the better master, and he agreed to go with me one evening to Victor's elegant flat in St. James's Place. I had one drink and made a tactical withdrawal to my club to allow them to talk freely. The next day Victor rang me up.

"He's a very good choice," he said. "We must meet tonight and make our plans."

That night, over a particularly fine claret, we drew up our campaign. Dick White had obviously failed to impress his choice either on his mandarin colleagues or on Ted Heath. Dick was always diffident when it came to staff matters, and had not been able to summon up the gumption to bang the table. Of course, that was never his style. Undoubtedly his one failure in his career was his inability to make good appointments. Too often he was betrayed by sentiment or orthodoxy. He overpromoted Hollis and Cumming in MI5, and he failed to order the decisive purge necessary in the Philby-infected MI6 until much too late. It was the same with Hanley. He knew what was best for the Service, but he seemed unable to grasp the nettle and act.

To be fair, he never enjoyed good relations with Edward Heath. Their styles were so dissimilar. Dick worshipped Harold Macmillan, and the grand old man had a very high regard for his chief of Intelligence. Similarly, he got on well with Harold Wilson. They shared a suppleness of mind, and Wilson appreciated Dick's reassuring and comforting manner on vexed issues such as Rhodesia. But Heath was a thrusting, hectoring man, quite alien to anything Dick had encountered before, and he found himself increasingly unable to stamp his personality on the Prime Minister.

Victor and I went through all the options, even at one point considering whether we could run Victor himself as an alternative candidate. I knew he had secretly hankered after the job for years, but although his appointment would have been a brilliant and popular one, he knew he was too old, and in any case, the Think Tank was the real challenge for a man of his intellectual horizons.

We discussed casting around for support in the scientific community, and we decided that Victor would approach people like Sir William Cook to gain their support for Hanley. Victor also told me he would contrive a safe meeting with Heath.

"It's no good bringing it up formally at No. 10," he told me. "As soon as Robert Armstrong sees it, or hears of it, word will get back to the bloody Permanent Under Secretaries!"

Robert Armstrong, Heath's Principal Private Secretary (today Cabinet Secretary and head of the Home Civil Service), was a key figure in the power struggle, since no one else had closer or more continuous access to Heath. Any hint of special pleading by Victor would certainly be reported by him to the Permanent Secretaries' Committee. Victor decided that the best plan was to get to Heath in an unguarded moment when Armstrong was not there. The best opportunity was the next Think Tank weekend conference, scheduled for Chequers in a few weeks' time.

"I'll take Ted out for a walk in the garden, where Robert can't hear, and I'll bend his ear . . ."

As it happened, I was beginning to see a good deal of Robert Armstrong myself. I had recently been reviewing the American VENONA, and one unidentified cryptonym in particular had begun to interest me. It appeared in the traffic as "Agent Number 19." Agent 19 was clearly a very important Soviet asset, who passed over details of a succession of significant wartime discussions between Churchill and Roosevelt during the Trident Talks in June 1943.

The Americans had assumed the identity of Agent 19 was Eduard Beneš, the former Czechoslovakian President, whose reward for a lifetime's work as a Soviet stooge was to be toppled from power ignominiously in 1948. Beneš attended the Trident Talks, and was well known as a conduit of intelligence to the Russians. However, when I looked at the text of the messages themselves, I became distinctly skeptical about this explanation. The conversations Agent 19 was reporting were clearly informal discussions between Churchill and Roosevelt about plans for the Second Front, and in particular naval and shipping dispositions. It struck me as improbable that Beneš would have been permitted into these discussions, especially since Czechoslovakia had no ships at all, being a landlocked country.

I began to wonder if Agent 19 were perhaps someone closer to home. The first task was to locate any available British records of the meetings between Roosevelt and Churchill at the Trident Talks to see if I could find a record of the particular meeting referred to by Agent 19 and, if possible, a list of who attended it.

The search for the phantom Trident discussion was quite the most bizarre experience of my career. Victor arranged for me to meet Robert Armstrong. He was keen to help. He was a fast-rising mandarin, already tipped as a future Cabinet Secretary, and since he would need the support of the intelligence community to obtain the job, he was anxious to build up friendly relations. He threw himself boyishly into the task of searching No. 10 Downing Street for any available records. But after several weeks we drew a blank.

Armstrong suggested I call on Lord Ismay, Churchill's former Chief of Staff, and Sir John Colville, his former Private Secretary, but although both men remembered the Trident Talks, they had not been present at these particular discussions. I tried Mary Churchill, but she had no records either. Lastly, Armstrong arranged for me to see Martin Gilbert, Churchill's historian. For each day Churchill was Prime Minister, one of his private secretaries kept a record of his engagements and Gilbert had all the volumes. Perhaps here there would be a record. I gave Gilbert the relevant date, and he searched through the indexed diaries.

"Good God," he said, "the diary for that date is blank!"

The search for Agent 19 had run into the sand, and it remains unsolved to this day.

The row over the succession to F.J. fell at the height of my search for Agent 19, so I suggested to Victor that I, rather than he, sound out Robert Armstrong. It was important to maintain Victor's position of neutrality, but no one could blame me for partisanship in the matter of the succession. On my next visit to No. 10 I made a light reference to the fears inside MI5. He smiled.

"The cards are stacked against you," he said. "I don't think it's worth pushing on this one."

I told him that if the wise men were intent on Waddell, they were making a mistake.

"We aren't being civil servants," I told him, "and Waddell will be out of his depth in the job . . . he'll play it too much by the rules."

Armstrong betrayed little himself, beyond telling me what I already knew, that the Permanent Secretaries were firmly behind Waddell.

"They just want to reward him, and they can't find him a top job in any of the other ministries!" I said bitterly.

Armstrong laughed.

"Oh no, Peter, we're not that conspiratorial!"

A few weeks later I saw Victor again. He had managed to have his talk with Heath in the sunshine at Chequers, and he told him of the strong resistance inside MI5 to the appointment of an outsider. Heath was sympathetic, but explained that he would have to have a very good reason to reject unanimous Civil Service advice. But eventually Victor managed to persuade him to interview both candidates personally.

It was a major breakthrough. We were all certain that Hanley would impress Heath with the force of his personality, whereas Waddell's diffidence would be sure to tell against him. When Hanley got the news his demeanor changed. He could see events were moving in his direction. Rather pompously he came into my office and told me that he was to see the Prime Minister the following day.

"And I don't need a briefing, thank you very much."

I thought the announcement would come quickly, but the days passed and we heard nothing. Throughout the Whitehall village, antennae were out to catch signs of a result. On every visit I made to the Home Office I checked on the latest state of play. But there was no news, apart from the insistent refrain: "Philip Allen will not have Hanley at any price."

At the weekend my wife and I traveled to Dolgellau in Wales, to buy cows at an auction for the farm we had recently purchased in Cornwall for our retirement. Ever since Hollis' interrogation, and my departure from D3, I had begun planning a return to agriculture, and a less painful future away from the whispering corridors and paper mountains of MI5. Whitehall was the last thing on my mind as the auctioneer rattled on in an impenetrable Welsh dialect. Steers and heifers were slapped in and out of the small crowded ring, their owners croaking and whistling to keep their animals alert.

Suddenly across the loudspeaker I heard a voice.

"Can Mr. Wright from London please come to the office for a telephone call . . ."

I struggled to make my way through the crowded terrace, past a hundred tightly pressed Welsh farmers each craning for a view of the ring. Eventually I reached the tiny office and picked up the telephone. It was Victor.

"Do you know what the buggers done now?" he roared.

"What are you talking about, Victor?"

"They've switched horses. They want to appoint some chap called Graham Harrison. Does the name mean anything to you?"

"They will never accept him," I yelled back. "The man was a friend of Burgess and Maclean."

I suddenly remembered where I was. But I had no need to worry. The auctioneer's clerk continued to work on his figures, oblivious to my conversation. I told Victor I would call on him as soon as I got back to London.

Francis Graham Harrison was also a deputy secretary at the Home Office. Although there was no suggestion that he was a spy, he was a close friend of Guy Burgess, and had moved in the Oxford set which included Jennifer Hart and Arthur Wynn. To appoint a man with those connections would have been, to borrow F.J.'s phrase, grotesque, and I told Victor that the Service would never wear it.

Early the following week Victor rang again.

"An announcement will be made tomorrow," he said. "I think you will be pleased . . ."

"How did you swing it?"

"I took Dick by the ear and took him in to see Ted. We both told him there would be a mutiny unless he appointed Hanley. He soon got the point!"

The next day F.J. summoned in a couple of the senior officers to tell us that Hanley had finally been appointed.

"It's been a difficult campaign," he told me gravely, "but I have finally won through."

"I am very pleased to hear that, sir," I replied with a straight face.

Shortly before F.J. retired he and I had a short meeting to discuss the looming situation in Northern Ireland. It was clearly going to be the major problem facing his successor. He feared that it would threaten all that he had done since 1965 to build up MI5's counterespionage capability. He had lobbied the Treasury to provide more resources, but they had refused. They wanted

F.J. to shift resources away from counterespionage and into counterterrorism. As far as they were concerned, the expulsion of the 105 diplomats had eradicated the KGB threat for a generation. But F.J. believed that complacency was precisely the way to fritter away the advantage he had achieved.

F.J. looked tired, as if he longed to put the burdens aside. He was a man of few words but I could tell he wanted to talk. He was glad to be going, he said. The pleasure of the work had all but disappeared. He was worried, too, about money. Although he cultivated the air of a gentleman, he was not a wealthy man. He had an attractive house in Hampstead, but he had a young daughter still to educate, and he talked bitterly of having to sell himself in the marketplace as a security consultant, when he should be retiring to his beloved bird-watching. (In fact, he became a consultant to Imperial Chemical Industries [ICI].)

"Well, how do you think I've done?" he asked me as he cleaned his pipe, sucking and scraping at it almost nervously.

"What, you want to know, honestly?" I asked.

He nodded.

"You got on top of the Russian problem, but I don't think you ever made contact with the ordinary officer."

He looked surprisingly wounded. "You should have told me," he said.

"I'm sorry. I didn't feel it was my place."

I always liked F.J. and I think most of the senior officers did too. He was never a wag, but he saw the absurdity of life and his profession. I will always treasure traveling to Australia with him for the first CAZAB conference in 1967. As we approached the passport barrier a party of ASIO officials was waiting to meet us on the other side. F.J. handed in his passport.

"What's this?" drawled the passport officer, pointing to the entry in F.J.'s passport under "Occupation."

F.J. had entered "Gentleman."

"That is my occupation," uttered F.J. in his most patrician manner, "I have no other. I am a gentleman. Don't you have them here?"

The Australian drew himself up to his full height, but luckily I had managed to attract the attention of the ASIO party, who hurriedly explained the situation and whisked us both through to the other side. F.J. beamed for the rest of the day, as if he had won a great team match single-handed.

F.J. ran the office as a democracy of the elect. If you were a trusted senior officer, his door was always open, his manner always familiar. But he remained a remote figure to the younger generation of officers, and he was consequently blind to many of the resentments, which were building up below.

Few in Whitehall mourned his passing. At the height of the row over his succession, he offered to stay on another year to give Hanley extra time to play himself in as deputy. But the Home Office would have none of it. He told the truth and politicians and civil servants hated him for it. He also kept the secrets, and that made him an object of fear and suspicion.

Within a year Dick White had also left, and British Intelligence had lost its two most important executives. Their contribution is hard to overvalue. They were a perfect match. Dick was the subtle interpreter of intelligence, smoothing feelings in Whitehall and Downing Street; F.J. was the tough man, sounding warnings and bringing bad news.

I broke with them on only one issue in twenty years—high-level penetration. I think history will judge that they were never prepared to force the issue through. Consequently they allowed decisions to go unmade and the issue to fester so that it caused more damage than it ever need have done. But in other ways their contribution was massive. They became a link between the Old and the New World, and together they made British Intelligence respected throughout the world.

23

HANLEY SEEMED ILL AT EASE WHEN HE FIRST MOVED INTO THE Director-General's office. He knew he was a controversial appointment, and this made him move with a greater degree of caution than ought otherwise to have been the case. He wanted to please and reassure his political and Whitehall masters, and he made compromises a more secure man might not have.

Hanley was a bright man, intellectually superior to F.J. But he lacked F.J.'s strength of character. I didn't have faith in him, as I had in F.J., and my separation from the office began once F.J. left. The Service began to change and those last four years were an extended farewell.

At first the changes were slight—silly things, like the fact that Hanley, unlike F.J., never offered lifts in his chauffeured car. But then they were more pronounced. We moved offices from Leconfield House, first to Marlborough Street and then to the drab premises on Gower Street. I suggested to Hanley that we go for a greenfield site, perhaps in Cheltenham, but he was insistent that we had to stay in London. He began to promote his own men. They were young and keen, but they were civil servants: men of safety rather than men of arms. I began to realize that a generation was passing. For all our differences, those of us involved in the great mole hunts, on whichever side, were fast disappearing. The age of heroes was being replaced by the age of mediocrity.

Hanley summoned me in soon after taking over to talk about my position.

"I have faith in you, Peter, and as long as I am in this job, there will be work for you here," he told me, referring to the rising resentment which had plagued my last year in D3.

He told me he thought I should leave my job as K Branch consultant, and come and work for him personally.

"I want you as my personal consultant on counterespionage," he told me. "You'll have an office next to mine, and you'll see every paper as before. But I want you to look at some fresh problems for me. I don't want you wrapped up in the current K Branch cases—I want you to be looking ahead."

We drew up a new agenda, some of it to my liking, other parts not. He wanted me to continue to control the VENONA program, and agreed that we should finally initiate a comprehensive worldwide search for any remaining traffic.

He wanted me to look at Northern Ireland.

"I need one of your bright ideas, Peter," he told me, "see what you can do . . ."

He wanted me to sit on the Computer Working Party, which was planning the transition of the MI5 Registry into the computer age, a leap into the future due to take place in the mid-1970s. D3 had given me a special insight into the use of the Registry to trace leads, and he wanted me to apply these techniques to computerization.

At first I thought Ireland might give me a new lease on life. I made a couple of trips. It reminded me a lot of Cyprus. A fierce, insoluble conflict made worse by a vacillating British policy. At the time I first went, the Government were telling the world that the situation was getting better. I spent a fortnight reviewing the records of all explosions over a twelve-month period. I drew a graph and proved conclusively that the weight of explosives being detonated was a steeply ascending curve. So much for an improved security situation! But, as in Cyprus, the Army and the politicians simply refused to face reality.

The only major recommendation I made was that we should devise a system to tapping the telephone lines of the Irish Republic. Lines across the border were well covered, but vital Provisional IRA communications flowed back and forth from the west coast of the Republic to Dublin. I devised a scheme for intercepting the microwaves from the attic of the British Embassy in Dublin using a device no larger than a packing case, but although MI5 endorsed the plan, the Foreign Office vetoed it. This was in the period leading up to what became the Sunningdale Agreement, and the Foreign Office were terrified that news of the plan might leak. I pointed out to them that the basic lesson from Cyprus had been the inherent instability of political solutions negotiated without a decisive security advantage, but they would not listen. It was no surprise to me when Sunningdale collapsed.

I lost heart once the Dublin scheme fell through. It seemed to me a measure of how far the bureaucrats had taken control. Twenty years before, we would have tackled it without any worries at all. I did suggest examining the possibilities of planting booby-trapped detonators on the Provisionals. It would have been a feasible operation in conjunction with MI6, along the same lines as the Cyprus plan to plant fake receivers on Grivas. But even the MI5 management took fright, and refused to investigate the plan any further.

"That's murder," I was told.

"Innocent people are being killed and maimed every day," I said.

"Which policy do you think the British people would like us to pursue?"

The Irish situation was only one part of a decisive shift inside MI5 toward domestic concerns. The growth of student militancy in the 1960s gave way to industrial militancy in the early 1970s. The miners' strike of 1972, and a succession of stoppages in the motorcar industry, had a profound effect on the thinking of the Heath Government. Intelligence on domestic subversion became the overriding priority.

This is the most sensitive area a Director-General of MI5 can get into, and it requires a strong man to maintain his own independence and that of the Service. Hanley, through the circumstances of his appointment, was ill-equipped to deal with this pressure. Whereas F.G. was always a champion of MI5's independence, Hanley resolved to do what his masters wanted, and he set about providing them with as professional and extensive a source of domestic intelligence as was possible.

Traditionally, K Branch was MI5's prestige department and F Branch its poor relation, shunned by the brightest officers, and run shambolically by an amiable tippler. But Hanley began to pour resources and men into F Branch and away from K Branch. A whole string of brilliant counterespionage officers, including Michael McCaul, was lost forever.

The most significant pointer to this change occurred after I retired, when Sir John Jones was appointed Director-General in 1981. He was the rising star of F Branch in Hanley's new reorganization, and when he secured the top job he was the first Director-General since Hollis to have achieved it without any personal counterespionage experience. He was an F Branch man through and through, and his appointment perfectly illustrated the decisive shift in MI5's center of gravity.

Early on in his tenure as Director-General, Hanley called a meeting of senior staff in A Branch and F Branch to discuss the changing shape of MI5's priorities. The meeting began with a presentation from Hanley on the climate of subversion in the country, and the growth of what he termed the "far and wide left." The Prime Minister and the Home Office, he said, had left him in no doubt that they wanted a major increase in effort on this target. He then handed over to a young and ambitious F Branch officer, David Ransome, who outlined the activities and structure of a host of left-wing splinter groups, like the Workers' Revolutionary Party (WRP) and the Socialist Workers' Party (SWP).

Hanley loved seminars, and the meeting went on for most of the day. The F Branch people wanted a relaxation in the restrictions governing the use of telephone taps and letter intercepts, and a much closer relationship with the Post Office. The enemy was diffuse, and its communications so widespread, that this was the only way they could get to grips with the problem. John Jones was a forceful advocate. F Branch needed all the technical resources currently at the disposal of K Branch, he claimed. Agent running was no longer viable as the principal means of coverage. For a start, he could not infiltrate his officers into these left-wing groups since many of them lived promiscuous lives, and there were some sacrifices even an MI5 officer would not make for his country. If, on the other hand, he recruited agents, there was obviously a much higher risk of publicity and scandal. The only answer was to use massive technical resources. I could see from Hanley's face that he agreed.

I, on the other hand, pushed the value of agents.

"Use agents if you want to keep an eye on these groups," I told Hanley later in private, "you'll be storing up problems for the future if you commit all our technical resources against them. The Post Office can't in the end be trusted as much as our own people. It's bound to go wrong."

It was the same with the Computer Working Party. I soon realized that the main interest F Branch had in the Computer Working Party was to establish widespread computer links, principally with the National Insurance computer in Newcastle. In the past, of course, we had always been able to get material from the National Insurance records if we really wanted it. We had a couple of undercover officers posted up there who could be contacted for our files. But establishing a direct computer link was something completely different.

I was not alone among the old guard, anti-Soviet officers in being disturbed by these new developments. We could see all that we had worked to achieve frittered away chasing these minor left-wing groupings. But more than that, the move into the computer generation signaled the relegation of the role of the individual officer. From now on we were to be data processors, scanning tens of thousands of names at the press of a button.

"The fun has gone" was a sentiment I heard more and more in those last few years.

Hanley himself was unable to grasp the difficulties he was getting himself into. It was easy to believe that we had the public's consent when we broke into a Soviet diplomat's house. But the wholesale surveillance of a large proportion of the population raised more than a question mark. "Big Brother" loomed.

Veterans of D Branch viewed groups like the WRP, SWP, and Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND) as largely irrelevant pieces of the jigsaw. Certainly an eye should be kept on them, but we were quite satisfied they were not the major objects of KGB attack. These were the Intelligence Services, the Civil Service, and increasingly in the 1960s, the trade unions and the Labor Party.

Since the 1960s a wealth of material about the penetration of the latter two bodies had been flowing into MI5's files, principally from two Czechoslovakian defectors named Frolik and August. They named a series of Labor Party politicians and trade union leaders as Eastern Bloc agents. Some were certainly well founded, like the case of the MP Will Owen, who admitted being paid thousands of pounds over a ten-year period to provide information to Czechoslovakian intelligence officers, and yet, when he was prosecuted in 1970, was acquitted because it was held that he had not had access to classified information, and because the Czech defector could not produce documentary evidence of what he had said at the trial.

Tom Driberg was another MP named by the Czech defectors.

I went to see Driberg myself, and he finally admitted that he was providing material to a Czech controller for money. For a while we ran Driberg on, but apart from picking up a mass of salacious detail about Labor Party peccadilloes, he had nothing of interest for us.

His only lasting story concerned the time he lent a Cabinet Minister his flat so that the Minister could try and conduct an affair in strict privacy. Driberg was determined to find the identity of the woman who was the recipient of the Minister's favors, and one evening after the Minister had vacated, he searched the flat and found a letter addressed to a prominent female member of the Labor Party. Driberg claimed to be horrified by his discovery and raised it with the Minister concerned, suggesting that he ought to be more careful in case word of his activities ever became public! Since Driberg was certainly providing the same stories to his Czech friends, his concern for Labor Party confidentiality seemed hollow, to say the least.

John Stonehouse was another MP who the Czech defectors claimed was working for them, but after he was interviewed in the presence of Harold Wilson, and denied all the charges, the MI5 objections against him were withdrawn.

This was the context which shaped the fraught relations between MI5 and the Prime Minister for much of this period. Much has been written about Harold Wilson and MI5, some of it wildly inaccurate. But as far as I am concerned, the story started with the premature death of Hugh Gaitskell in 1963. Gaitskell was Wilson's predecessor as Leader of the Labor Party. I knew him personally and admired him greatly. I had met him and his family at the Blackwater Sailing Club, and I recall about a month before he died he told me that he was going to Russia.

After he died his doctor got in touch with MI5 and asked to see somebody from the Service. Arthur Martin, as the head of Russian Counterespionage, went to see him. The doctor explained that he was disturbed by the manner of Gaitskell's death.

He said that Gaitskell had died of a disease called lupus disseminata, which attacks the body's organs. He said that it was rare in temperate climates and that there was no evidence that Gaitskell had been anywhere recently where he could have contracted the disease.

Arthur Martin suggested that I should go to Porton Down, the chemical and microbiological laboratory for the Ministry of Defense. I went to see the chief doctor in the chemical warfare laboratory, Dr. Ladell, and asked his advice. He said that nobody knew how one contracted lupus. There was some suspicion that it might be a form of fungus and he did not have the foggiest idea how one would infect somebody with the disease. I came back and made my report in these terms.

The next development was that Golitsin told us quite independently that during the last few years of his service he had had some contacts with Department 13, which was known as the Department of Wet Affairs in the KGB. This department was responsible for organizing assassinations. He said that just before he left he knew that the KGB were planning a high-level political assassination in Europe in order to get their man into the top place. He did not know which country it was planned in but he pointed out that the chief of Department 13 was a man called General Rodin, who had been in Britain for many years and had just returned on promotion to take up the job, so he would have had good knowledge of the political scene in England.

We did not know where to go next because Ladell had said that it wasn't known how the disease was contracted. I consulted Jim Angleton about the problem. He said that he would get a search made of Russian scientific papers to see whether there there was any hint of what the Russians knew about the disease. A month or two later he sent us a paper about lupus which he had had translated from a Russian scientific journal. The paper was several years old and Angleton reported that there were no other papers in the Russian literature that they could find. This paper described the use of a special chemical which the Russians had found would induce lupus in experimental rats. However, it was unlikely that this particular chemical could have been used to murder Gaitskell because the quantities required to produce lupus were considerable and had to be given repeatedly. I took the paper to Ladell and, while surprised by this area of Soviet expertise, he confirmed that it was unlikely that Gaitskell could have been poisoned by the coffee and biscuits. But he pointed out that the paper was seven years old and if the Russians had continued to work on it they might have found a much better form of the chemical which would require much smaller doses and perhaps work as a one-shot drug. He told me there was no way of proving it without doing a lot of scientific work and Porton was unable to do the necessary work as it was already overloaded.

I said I would take the matter home and discuss it with my management. Once again I wrote an account of what Ladell had said and confirmed its accuracy with him personally. Back in MI5 we discussed the problem at length in the office and it was agreed that nothing could be done unless we had further evidence of the Russians' using such a drug to assassinate people. Over the next few years I watched out for any evidence and asked Ladell also to watch out for it. Needless to say we had no further example of anybody who was in a vulnerable position dying of lupus. However, if there was a high-level leak in MI5 to the Russians, they would have been informed of our suspicions and I am sure they would have ensured that no other case came our way.

Harold Wilson meanwhile had become Prime Minister. It was inevitable that Wilson would come to the attention of MI5. Before he became Prime Minister he worked for an East-West trading organization and paid many visits to Russia. MI5, well aware that the KGB will stop at nothing to entrap or frame visitors, were concerned that he should be well aware of the risk of being compromised by the Russians. When Wilson succeeded Gaitskell as Leader of the Labor Party, there was a further source of friction between himself and MI5. He began to surround himself with other East European émigré businessmen, some of whom had themselves been the subject of MI5's inquiries.

After Harold Wilson became Prime Minister in 1964, Angleton made a special trip to England to see F.J., who was then director of counterespionage. Angleton came to offer us some very secret information from a source he would not name. This source alleged, according to Angleton, that Wilson was a Soviet agent. He said he would give us more detailed evidence and information if we could guarantee to keep the information inside MI5 and out of political circles. The accusation was totally incredible, but given the fact that Angleton was head of the CIA's Counterintelligence Division, we had no choice but to take it seriously. Not surprisingly the management of MI5 were deeply disturbed by the manner in which Angleton passed this information over. After consideration, they refused to accept Angleton's restrictions on the use to which we could put the information, and as a result we were not told anything more. However, Angleton's approach was recorded in the files under the code name Oatsheaf.

After Hollis retired and Furnival Jones became Director-General, I went to F.J. and said I was paying a visit to the USA and asked whether I should tackle Angleton on the Oatsheaf information, with a view to getting more details. He said that I could, but again insisted that we could not give Angleton any guarantee about any information which he gave us. I tackled Angleton in Washington. He put up a vintage performance. There were dark mutterings about "clandestine meetings" with the Russians. But when he was pushed for details, there were none, and I knew from bitter experience that Angleton was more than capable of manufacturing evidence when none existed.

But if the Oatsheaf affair was nothing more than a diversion, by the end of the 1960s information was coming to MI5's attention which suggested that there almost certainly was Soviet penetration of the Labor Party. First the Czechoslovakian defectors, Frolik and August, arrived in the West and named a series of Labor MPs and trade unionists as successful recruits. Then we received the most damaging information of all from Oleg Lyalin. While Lyalin was still in place, he told MI5 about a friend of his called Vaygaukas. Vaygaukas was a KGB officer working under cover in the Soviet Trade Delegation in London. Lyalin told us that Vaygaukas had claimed to him to be in contact with a man called Joseph Kagan, a Lithuanian émigré who was a close friend of Harold Wilson's. Kagan had helped finance Wilson's private office, and had even lent him an aircraft during elections, and Wilson had been much photographed wearing Kagan's raincoats, which he manufactured in a factory near Leeds.

Inevitably MI5 were extremely anxious to discover whether or not Kagan had any relationship with Vaygaukas. We placed him under intensive surveillance and attempted to recruit agents inside his factory. Then, following the expulsion of the 105 Soviet diplomats in 1971, we finally got the opportunity to discuss the matter with both men. Harold Wilson, by then out of office, approached Sir Arthur Young, head of the City of London police and a consultant to one of Kagan's companies. Wilson asked to be put in touch with MI5 because he wished to discuss Kagan. Furnival Jones thought this approach bizarre, but agreed to send Harry Wharton, who was then handling Lyalin. Wharton briefed Wilson on Lyalin's information about Kagan's alleged dealings with Vaygaukas. Wilson told him bluntly that he knew nothing about it and had never discussed confidential matters with Kagan at any time. Kagan himself later admitted meeting Vaygaukas for chess games, but strenuously denied that any espionage was involved.

Wilson interpreted MI5's interest as a crude attempt to smear the Labor Party and him. But once the Conservative Government came into power they began to take a great interest in the material as well. Victor often used to complain to me about the quality of the intelligence reports No. 10 received from F Branch.

"They pull their punches all the time," he would say, "can't you give us something better?"

In 1972 he told me that Heath had been appalled at a recent Cabinet meeting, which was addressed by Jack Jones and Hugh Scanlon, the two powerful trade union bosses of the early 1970s.

"Ted thought they talked like Communists," he said. "I asked F Branch if they had anything, but of course they've got nothing substantial."

He knew from gossip that the recent Czech defectors were providing material about trade union and Labor Party subversion, and began pumping me for the details. I told him to minute me formally with a request and I would see what I could do. Later that day I got Victor's minute.

"The Prime Minister is anxious to see . . ." he began, in typical Victor style.

I sent Victor's note to F.J. for guidance. He returned it to me with a handwritten message in the margin: "Tell him what he wants to know!"

I drew the files, and began patiently to compose a lengthy brief on the intelligence provided by Frolik and August. I drew no conclusions, but neither did I leave anything out.

The whole of Whitehall came thundering down on my head. I was summoned by Sir John Hunt, the Cabinet Secretary, who asked what on earth I thought I was doing passing material about an opposition party into the government party's hands at such a delicate time.

I defended myself as vigorously as I could. It was not a question of politics. The head of the Central Policy Review Staff had requested a briefing, and I had given it to him and it had been approved by DGSS. It was not my fault if the material was unpalatable or embarrassing.

"If we refused to circulate intelligence because it was embarrassing, there would be little purpose in our sending anything at all!"

Both F.J. and Victor supported me loyally throughout. Victor relished the row and composed a series of elegant memorandums which winged their way through Whitehall defending the Security Service's right to provide intelligence requested of it by No. 10 Downing Street. Philip Allen was outraged by his flagrant flouting of Home Office prerogative, and refused to speak to me for years. To Victor he sent a terse note which he showed me gleefully. "Keep off the grass," thundered Allen ominously.

One afternoon, at the height of the row, I was in Victor's room in the Cabinet Office when Ted Heath put his head around the door.

"Prime Minister," said Victor, "I think you should meet Peter Wright, he is one of the stranger phenomena in Whitehall . . ."

Heath looked humorlessly over in my direction, and asked me where I worked.

"The Security Service , sir," I replied.

He grunted.

"Peter is responsible for the briefing on subversion which is currently causing the problem," said Victor cheerfully.

Heath immediately fixed me with a steely glare.

"You should not be indulging in politics," he glowered, "there are mechanisms for this sort of material."

He turned on his heel and stalked out.

"Christ, Victor," I said.

"Don't worry," replied Victor, "Ted's always like that. I'll talk to him later."

The following day Victor rang up. He told me Heath had devoured the briefing that night.

"Is this true, Victor?" he asked in amazement, and when told it was, redoubled his crusade to remain in power.

But not all the requests for information were legitimate. One evening Victor invited me around for drinks at St. James's Place.

"There's a businessman I think you should meet," he told me. "He is a wealthy industrialist."

I had been discussing retirement with Victor at the time. In 1972 I finally learned that the promise MI5 had made to me in 1955 about my pension was not to be honored. In order to join the Service I had been forced to give up fifteen years of pension rights with the Admiralty. At the time Cumming had talked smoothly of ex-gratia payments, and ways the Service could iron out these problems. But in the new, gray MI5 a gentleman's agreement was a thing of the past. According to the rules, I had no case for a pension, even though every scientist who joined the Intelligence Services after me (some fifty in number) was able to transfer his pension, largely through my pressure to rectify the inequity.

It was a bitter blow, and did much to sour my last few years in the Service. Inevitably I thought about the possibility of security work. It did not greatly appeal to me, but it seemed a stable way of propping up my savagely depleted pension. At first Victor and I discussed my joining N.M. Rothschild, but Hanley was unhappy about the proposal, so when Victor heard that this businessman was looking for someone to do security work, he suggested a meeting.

I took an instant dislike to the man. It was clear to me that he was on the make. Over drinks he talked loosely about needing advice and guidance from someone "in the know" without quite spelling out what he meant, or how much he was prepared to pay for it. Eventually he suggested I lunch with him and some colleagues at a London hotel to discuss his proposition in more detail.

His colleagues were a ramshackle bunch. They were retired people from various branches of intelligence and security organizations whose best years were well behind them. There were others, too, mainly businessmen who seemed thrilled to be in the same room as spies, and did not seem to care how out of date they were.

This time my would-be employer came straight to the point.

"We represent a group of people who are worried about the future of the country," he intoned.

He had something of the look of Angleton on a bad night about him. He said they were interested in working to prevent the return of a Labor government to power.

"It could spell the end of all the freedoms we know and cherish," he said.

The others nodded.

"And how do you suppose I can help?" I asked.

"Information," he replied, "we want information, and I am assured you have it."

"What precisely are you after?" I inquired.

"Anything on Wilson would be helpful. There are many people who would pay handsomely for material of that sort."

"But I am a serving member of the Security Service . . ." I began.

He waved his hand imperiously.

"Retire early. We can arrange something . . ."

I played along for the rest of the evening, but gave nothing away. The following day I went to see Hanley and told him what had happened. I suggested that I continue to monitor the group's activities as an agent, but Hanley thought discretion was a better policy.

"Leave it alone, Peter," he said, "it's a dirty game, and you're well out of it."

Hanley knew little about the material which had been gathered on Wilson and the Labor Party during the 1960s, so I encouraged him to study it. Elections were in the offing, and it could become relevant again, I told him.

"It's like FLUENCY," he said when he had read the files, "there's lots of smoke, but not a lot of fire."

Nevertheless, he agreed that it was prudent to reexamine the material. Angleton, in particular, was beginning to badger us constantly about Wilson, and I told Hanley it would be politic to be seen to be doing something.

As events moved to their political climax in early 1974, with the election of the minority Labor Government, MI5 was sitting on information which, if leaked, would undoubtedly have caused a political scandal of incalculable consequences. The news that the Prime Minister himself was being investigated would at the least have led to his resignation. The point was not lost on some MI5 officers.

One afternoon I was in my office when two colleagues came in. They were with three or four other officers. I closed the file I was working on and asked them how I could help.

"We understand you've reopened the Wilson case," said the senior one.

"You know I can't talk about that," I told him.

I felt a bit lame, but then I did not much enjoyed being cornered in my own office.

"Wilson's a bloody menace," said one of the younger officers, "and it's about time the public knew the truth."

It was not the first time I had heard that particular sentiment. Feelings had run high inside MI5 during 1968. There had been an effort to try to stir up trouble for Wilson then, largely because the *Daily Mirror* tycoon, Cecil King, who was a longtime agent of ours, made it clear that he would publish anything MI5 might care to leak in his direction. It was all part of Cecil King's "coup," which he was convinced would bring down the Labor Government and replace it with a coalition led by Lord Mountbatten.

I told F.J. in 1968 that feelings were running high, but he responded in a low-key manner.

"You can tell anyone who has ideas about leaking classified material that there will be nothing I can do to save them!"

He knew the message would get back.

But the approach in 1974 was altogether more serious. The plan was simple. In the run-up to the election which, given the level of instability in Parliament, must be due within a matter of months, MI5 would arrange for selective details of the intelligence about leading Labor Party figures, but especially Wilson, to be leaked to sympathetic pressmen. Using our contacts in the press and among union officials, word of the material contained in MI5 files and the fact that Wilson was considered a security risk would be passed around.

Soundings in the office had already been taken, and up to thirty officers had given their approval to the scheme. Facsimile copies of some files were to be made and distributed to overseas newspapers, and the matter was to be raised in Parliament for maximum effect. It was a carbon copy of the Zinoviev letter, which had done so much to destroy the first Ramsay MacDonald Government in 1928.

"We'll have him out," said one of them, "this time we'll have him out."

"But why do you need me?" I asked.

"Well, you don't like Wilson any more than we do . . . besides, you've got access to the latest files—the Gaitskell business, and all the rest of it."

"But they're kept in the DG's safe!"

"Yes, but you could copy them."

"I need some time to think," I pleaded. "I've got a lot to think about before I take a step like this. You'll have to give me a couple of days."

At first I was tempted. The devil makes work for idle hands, and I was playing out my time before retirement. A mad scheme like this was bound to tempt me. I felt an irresistible urge to lash out. The country seemed on the brink of catastrophe. Why not give it a little push? In any case, I carried the burden of so many secrets that lightening the load a little could only make things easier for me.

It was Victor who talked me out of it.

"I don't like Wilson any more than you do," he told me, "but you'll end up getting chopped if you go in for this."

He was right. I had little more than a year to go. Why destroy everything in a moment of madness?

A few days later I told the leader of the group that I would not get the files.

"I'd like to help you," I told him, "but I can't risk it. I've only got half a pension as it is. I can't afford to lose it all."

Some of the operational people became quite aggressive. They kept saying it was the last chance to fix Wilson.

"Once you've retired," they said, "we'll never get the files!"

But my mind was made up, and even their taunts of cowardice could not shake me.

Throughout the rest of 1974 and early 1975 I kept out of the country as much as possible, chasing VENONA traffic throughout the world. Although the full Wilson story never emerged, it was obvious to me that the boys had been actively pushing their plan as much as they could. No wonder Wilson was later to claim that he was the victim of a plot!

In the summer of 1975 I dined with Maurice Oldfield at Locketts. We regularly met for dinner. He was a lonely man, and liked nothing better than a good gossip at the end of the day. He finally made it to the top of MI6 after two abortive attempts, and I was happy for him. Maurice was a good man, but inclined to meddle. That night I could tell something was on his mind.

He turned the conversation to Wilson. How high had feelings been running there? he asked. He kept hearing all sorts of rumors.

I was noncommittal.

"Most of us don't like him. They think he's wrecking the country."

Maurice was clearly preoccupied with the subject, because he returned to it again and again.

"You're not telling me the truth," he said finally.

"I'm not with you, Maurice . . ."

"I was called in by the Prime Minister yesterday," he said, his tone suddenly changing. "He was talking about a plot. Apparently he's heard that your boys have been going around town stirring things up about him and Marcia Falkender, and Communists at No.10."

He trailed away as if it were all too distasteful for him.

"It's serious, Peter," he began again, "I need to know everything. Look what's happening in Washington with Watergate. The same thing will happen here unless we're very careful."

I ordered another brandy and decided to tell him everything I knew. When I had finished describing the plans of the previous summer he asked me if Hanley knew.

"No," I replied, "I thought it best just to forget the whole thing."

"I want you to go back to the office tomorrow and tell him everything."

Maurice tottered up to bed.

"Don't worry," he called back over his shoulder.

"I won't," I said, "I've only got a few months to go!"

When I saw Hanley the next morning, we went white as a sheet. He might have suspected that feelings against Wilson ran high in the office, but now he was learning that half of his staff were up to their necks in a plot to get rid of the Prime Minister. It was at times like that I was glad I never climbed the executive ladder.

Ironically, his first reaction was anger with Maurice.

"Bloody Maurice!" he raged. "Poking his nose into our business!"

When he had calmed down he asked me for the names.

I gave them. Having come so far, I could not very well refuse. As I reeled them off, I knew suddenly what Blunt had felt like. It was never easy to put on the mask and point the finger.

"Look after them, won't you?" I asked Hanley.

"There will have to be an inquiry, of course," he replied.

I left before the Wilson story ended, and Hanley and I never discussed it again. I heard that a member of the Security Commission was called in to make a private inquiry for the Cabinet Office, and it has since been reported that Hanley made a number of changes, mainly in the field of recruitment, with a view to introducing new blood into MI5. This presumably explains the cryptic letter I received from Michael Hanley shortly after I retired to Australia.

"You'll be pleased to note," he wrote, "that the firm has passed its recent examinations, and is doing rather well!"

Shortly afterward Wilson resigned. As we always used to say in the office: "Politicians may come and go, but the Security Service goes on forever."

The shambles surrounding Harold Wilson blew up just as the Hollis affair flickered briefly back into life in 1974. The case had remained buried since his interrogation in 1969. Originally I was hopeful that Hanley might revive things when he took over, but I could soon see that he took the view that sleeping dogs should lie. He had a deep desire to put the traumas of the past behind him, and was anxious to separate me as far as possible from current investigations and K Branch cases.

"I've got an open mind," he used to tell me whenever I raised the question.

Fear of scandal became the most important consideration affecting everyone with responsibility for the turmoil of the 1960s, now that there was a growing certainty that whatever the problem had been, it was at an end. I discussed with Victor whether there were any ways of reopening the case.

"Now is not the time," he would say. "We should bide our time, and I will look for a way of raising the matter with Ted. But not now. We'll just end up jeopardizing Hanley's job. The whole thing is too potent. We must let some time go by."

Fear of scandal reached fever pitch when, in 1975, Blunt was thought to be suffering from cancer, and likely to die. Victor approached me again, and asked me whether I thought it likely that Blunt would leave a last will and testament to be published on his death, blowing the lid off the whole affair. I had often asked Blunt about this, and he had always denied making any preparations, but there was a streak of vindictiveness in him which I never quite trusted.

Victor knew better than any outsider just what damage Blunt could do. Both he and Heath were obsessed with the damage the Profumo scandal had done to the last Conservative Government, and were terrified that Blunt could bring them down in the same way. It was not just the problem of the immunity; there was the horrendous possibility that he might name fellow conspirators, both living and dead, as well as the chance that he might choose to leave a more intimate record of the halcyon days of the 1930s. More than a handful of reputations stood to suffer if their sexual peccadilloes from that time were circulated on Fleet Street, not least the former Prime Minister, Anthony Eden.

Victor eventually pressed me to provide him with a full brief on the damage Blunt could do if he chose to tell all. When I was in D3 I had written a variety of papers for the Home Office on the Ring of Five, but they were mostly unsatisfactory. MI5 Legal Department insisted on removing names like Proctor and Watson on the grounds that we had no proof.

"That's not the point," I argued. "We should be providing the Home Office with intelligence. That's our job. If we filter out things we believe to be true just because we can't prove them, we're failing in our duty."

Victor agreed with my approach totally, and stressed that my briefing had to be as full as possible. I drew together the full history of the Ring of Five, and painstakingly showed how all the connections were made. Forty names were on the list in all. A few weeks later I saw Robert Armstrong about Agent 19. He thanked me for the document.

"Splendid piece of work," he beamed, "real intelligence. Not like the civil servant drafts we normally get from the Security Service."

Around this time word got back that Arthur and Stephen de Mowbray were themselves lobbying for the case against Hollis to be reopened. Arthur had retired, and Stephen de Mowbray's career was in steep decline. He had made himself deeply unpopular inside MI6 during the late 1960s by his unswerving support for Golitsin and all his theories. His mentor was Christopher Phillpotts, under whom he had served in Washington. Phillpotts brought him back to serve in Counterintelligence, but after Phillpotts retired in 1970, de Mowbray was left exposed. Dick White was determined to get rid of him if at all possible, but Maurice Oldfield suggested that a spell in Malta was the best compromise.

When de Mowbray returned in 1972 to find that the Hollis case was shelved, he began to agitate for action. Both Oldfield and Hanley were terrified in case de Mowbray took it into his head to take his fears about Soviet penetration to an MP. Arthur, too, was developing contacts in Parliament. After retirement he went off to work there as a clerk as a way of making up his pension. There were worries in case he decided to brief one of his newfound friends on the traumas of the past twenty years.

Hollis was not de Mowbray's only concern. He also believed that the whole system for appointing heads of the Secret Services was nepotic and potentially disastrous. He had a point, in that once a spy insinuated himself to the summit of an organization, he was in a perfect position to appoint fellow traitors to follow him.

Oldfield raised the question of de Mowbray at one of our quiet dinners.

"Can't you rein him in?" he asked. He made it clear that Hanley would view it favorably as well. Oldfield, too, had personal reasons for wishing to keep the Hollis affair buried. He had been passed over for the top job in MI6 when Dick White returned but was desperately hoping that he would yet get his chance as C.

I told him that I doubted whether in the end I could have much influence over him or Arthur.

"Yes, but they don't know what you know; they don't know how delicate things are. Any hint of scandal now could deal us all a grievous blow."

Poor Maurice was so transparent, you could read ambition in him like a book. Before the evening was out he began to talk about the future.

"Of course," he said, "if Rennie left, and I got the chance, I wouldn't want to stay long . . ."

His voice trailed away. I knew he wanted me to pass the message along.

A few weeks later I lunched with Stephen and tried to persuade him that now was not the time to push.

"There are things going on," I said, "I know it looks as if it's stalled. But there are many ways of skinning a cat. We just need to give it time."

He was not convinced. He thought I was in Hanley's pocket, and made no secret of it. In fact, I was still hopeful that the VENONA search authorized by Hanley might yet yield vital clues to the case. Perhaps some more traffic would be found hidden away in a dusty cupboard which would give us the matches to unlock the missing cryptonyms.

There had recently been a small breakthrough in the existing traffic which had given cause for hope. Geoffrey Sudbury was working on part of the HASP material which had never been broken out. Advanced computer analysis revealed that this particular traffic was not genuine VENONA. It did not appear to have been enciphered using a one-time pad, and from the nonrandom distribution of the groups, Sudbury hazarded a guess that it had been enciphered using some kind of directory.

We began the search in the British Library, and eventually found a book of trade statistics from the 1930s which fitted. Overnight a huge chunk of HASP traffic was broken. The GRU traffic was similar to much that we had already broken. But there was one series of messages which was invaluable. The messages were sent from the GRU resident Simon Kremer to Moscow Center, and described his meetings with the GRU spy runner Sonia, alias Ruth Kuzchinski.

The Sonia connection had been dismissed throughout the 1960s as too tenuous to be relied upon. MI5 tended to believe the story that she came to Britain to escape Nazism and the war, and that she did not become active for Russian Intelligence until Klaus Fuchs volunteered his services in 1944. In particular GCHQ denied vehemently that Sonia could ever have been broadcasting her only radio messages from her home near Oxford during the period between 1941 and 1943.

But Kremer's messages utterly destroyed the established beliefs. They showed that Sonia had indeed been sent to the Oxford area by Russian Intelligence, and that during 1941 she was already running a string of agents. The traffic even contained the details of the payments she was making to these agents, as well as the times and durations of her own radio broadcasts. I thought bitterly of the way this new information might have influenced Hollis' interrogation had we had the material in 1969.

Once this was known I felt more sure than ever that Elli did exist, and that he was run by Sonia from Oxford, and that the secret of his identity lay in her transmission, which inexplicably had been lost all those years before. The only hope was to travel the world and search for any sign that her traffic had been taken elsewhere.

Over the four years from 1972 to 1976 I traveled 370,000 kilometers searching for new VENONA and Sonia's transmissions. In France, SDECE told me they had no material, even though Marcel told me he was sure they had taken it. Presumably one of the SAPPHIRE agents had long since destroyed it. In Germany they professed total ignorance. It was the same in Italy. Spain refused to entertain the request until we handed back Gibraltar. I spent months toiling around telegraph offices in Canada searching for traces of the telex links out there. But there was nothing. In Washington, extensive searches also drew a blank. It was heartbreaking to know that what I wanted had once existed, had once been filed and stored, but somehow had slipped through our fingers.

In 1974 Hanley and I began making preparations for the next CAZAB conference, which was due to take place in London in May. I told him he would likely face pressure from the Americans and the Canadians for some kind of statement about the Hollis case. We had successfully stalled any comment since the interrogation, but Angleton for one was determined to have something on the record.

"What shall I say?" asked Hanley.

I told him to play things low-key.

"Tell them the facts. There was a series of old allegations, and a number of candidates were possible starters. Hollis was one, and probably the best, but in the end, although we interrogated him, we were not able to form a firm conclusion."

The 1974 CAZAB conference was a far cry from the high-spirited gatherings of the 1960s. Too many faces around the table had disappeared. Spry had gone; Jim Bennett from the RCMP had gone, himself a suspect in a paralyzing mole hunt inside the RCMP with which I was peripherally involved (I believe that, despite Bennett's peculiar behavior under interrogation, he was not a spy); Helms had gone; and Angleton was clearly living on borrowed time. In Washington the Watergate scandal was at its height, and already the cupboard full of CIA skeletons was inching open.

Hanley made his short statement about the Hollis case. It was greeted silently. Most people had suffered the same traumas themselves, and knew just what pain and damage a case like that would have done. Hanley ended diplomatically by inviting the services represented to make whatever damage assessments they felt necessary in the light of his statement. It was a classic Whitehall ploy. Lay out the difficult ground, but always let the other man draw the decisive conclusion!

I saw Angleton only once more after the CAZAB conference —in Washington at the end of the year. He knew he was being forced out. A new Director, William Colby, was determined to unseat him. Angleton and Colby had quarreled about the conduct of counterintelligence in Southeast Asia for several years. When Colby became Director the opportunity to get rid of Angleton came when *The New York Times* published a story naming Angleton as the mastermind behind a massive domestic mail surveillance program. Within a few days Angleton and all his senior men had resigned.

When I saw Angleton he was raging.

"Two hundred years of counterintelligence thrown away," he cursed, when he realized that the whole of his senior staff was departing. It was obvious that *The New York Times* story was only the first shot in the war. Within six months the CIA was submerged in a welter of Senate hearings, exposés, and mire. The year when the reckoning began was 1974. In Canada and Australia inquiries began into the past iniquities, alleged or real, of their intelligence services. We were the modern pariahs—hated, distrusted, hunted.

Oldfield and Hanley were terrified by the pace of events abroad, fearful above all that some of the revelations would spill over onto their own services. They realized, too, that the newly elected Labor Government might just be prepared to encourage such developments. It was in this context that Stephen de Mowbray finally decided that he had to act. In mid-1974 he approached a friend of his, Philip de Zuluetta, a former private secretary to Alec Douglas-Home when he was Prime Minister, and outlined his fears about the penetration of MI5, and the method of appointing service chiefs. Zuluetta suggested he approach Sir John Hunt, the new Cabinet Secretary. After telling Maurice that he could restrain himself no longer, de Mowbray made his appointment with No. 10 Downing Street.

"What's that bloody de Mowbray doing now?" roared Hanley one morning.

It was the first I heard of the news.

"Bloody Maurice interfering again. How can he let one of his officers prance around to Downing Street and wash all our linen without asking me . . . it's intolerable!"

I told Hanley that I felt it was inevitable. In the end de Mowbray was always determined to make an approach over the heads of MI5 and MI6, and we ought to be thankful it was to No. 10 Downing Street, rather than through a parliamentary question.

The outcome was a review—a classic maneuver. At the time they always seem so hopeful; it is only afterward you realize they are designed to achieve the answer desired by those who set the inquiry up. This one was to be conducted by Lord Trend, the former Cabinet Secretary. He was to have all the papers, and as much time as he needed, to decide which of the two faiths was believable.

Trend first appeared in Leconfield House in late 1974. He was given an office, a safe, and a secretary, and left alone on the fifth floor. After a few weeks he telephoned me and asked me to come to his room.

He appeared a typical Oxford don, an aesthetic-looking man with a wide forehead and fairish gray hair.

"I don't want to talk about the case," he began, "I simply want to get a picture of how it was all done. Then I am going to go off and study and see people, and I will see you again at the end."

All ten volumes of the FLUENCY Working Party were stacked neatly on the desk in front of him, and for the rest of the morning we went through them.

"How did it all begin?" he wanted to know.

It was a question I had often asked myself as I sat in the evening poring over those same files. How did it all begin? Did it start in 1945, when Blunt left? Or did it start when Volkov and Gouzenko made their approaches? Perhaps it was much earlier, when a frail man with TB stepped off the boat from China and tried to get a job in British Intelligence. Or later, much later, when Tisler told us about the spy in MI5, or when Golitsin talked of spies, hundreds of them, thousands of them, everywhere. Or was the Mitchell case the first decisive moment, the first time we looked, and could not find the spy in our midst? How do you define the moment when a fear becomes a tangible presence? It is just there. It was always there. It was always there, from the beginning to the end.

The FLUENCY files looked curiously distant. They bulged with unseen hours of work. Minutes from every secret department were carefully recorded, tracing the distribution of this document and that document. Each allegation was carefully broken down; each suspect allotted a code name. At the end of the last file was the famous minute signed in my own hand, giving the names of those who needed urgent investigation.

On more than one occasion Trend asked about the delays in dealing with cases.

"It's very difficult," I explained, "to be told that the man you've worked with for years, who gave you your job, or whom you gave his job, is a spy. That was what Dick White and F.J. found so difficult to come to terms with . . . and that's why we adopted code names from the beginning, to depersonalize everything."

"Quite so . . ." said Trend.

"You do understand that all the FLUENCY decisions were unanimous. This was not just me on my own. There were six of us, and we all thought exactly the same."

"Ah yes," muttered Trend, pausing over an apparently innocuous exchange of documents in the file.

Trend seemed especially interested in the middling-grade agent. He asked me to explain how we had broken the allegation down, and the system we had used to allot marks to each of the thirty-four candidates.

I spent several hours explaining the VENONA He was fascinated by that infernal incomplete jigsaw which promised so much and revealed so little.

I described how we arrived at our identifications. Stanley, Hicks, and Johnson were almost certainly Philby, Burgess, and Blunt, though there was still room for doubt. Stanley was Philby because of the reference to Mexican affairs being the responsibility of his Department. Hicks was Burgess because in one message Moscow Center instructs Krotov to limit Hicks' reports to hard facts, and omit the theories.

"That's Guy to a tee," I said with a laugh, surprised by the intimacy with which I referred to a man I had met only on paper.

"And Johnson?" asked Trend.

"That is where the doubt is . . . There is a reference here"—I handed him a sheet of the VENONA with paper message ribbons embossed on it— "and you can see that Johnson is traveling abroad. That tallies with Blunt's movements. He went to Italy at the end of the week this message was received. But it is slightly odd that Krotov appears not to know of Johnson's plans. I asked Blunt about this, and he was positive that he told Krotov about his impending trip at least six weeks before."

"Could it have been anyone else?"

"The only officer who made a sudden trip abroad at the end of this week was Drat . . . I'm sorry, I mean Hollis, when he went to Canada to see Gouzenko."

"And . . . ?"

"I doubt it," I said quietly, "I somehow doubt it. I think Johnson was Blunt, and he was leading us astray on the six weeks business. Johnson is just too closely tied to Hicks and Stanley to be anyone else but Blunt. Anyway, there are three other cryptonyms still unidentified. Any of those could be Hollis."

I was impressed by Trend. He had a quick mind, and a very thorough one too. There was no skating across points. I came away from our first meeting feeling I had been grilled in a rather quiet, patient way. But what worried me was that he had a civil servant's training, not an intelligence officer's background. Would he be able to make the kinds of judgments required to make sense of a mass of contradictory intelligence material? He had no frame of reference, no way of judging the strength of the case against Hollis as against the strength of the case against other spies, like Philby, or Blunt, or Blake. Only years of experience in the secret world could give a man that kind of intuition.

Trend had a high reputation inside MI5. Most people preferred him to Norman Brooke, the previous Cabinet Secretary, who was renowned for getting bees in his bonnet. Norman Brooke and I shared the same club, and after he retired I occasionally used to talk to him. He was careful never to criticize his successor, but always gave the impression things were being handled much more badly now than in his day. Trend was a far more relaxed figure, and he fought the Treasury doughtily on behalf of the Secret Services throughout the 1960s.

Trend continued to work away in Leconfield House for another year. Occasionally we would meet in the corridor. He never said much, and it was late 1975 before I was called in to see him again. By that time we had finally left Leconfield House and moved to the dismal Grower Street offices.

He wanted to talk about the allegations. He thought they were all very old, when you stripped them down to the bone.

"Of course, but what is impressive is the coincidences of the dates of the allegations. They all come from exactly the same time. It's quite uncanny."

Golitsin, Trend said, did not seem to lead anywhere—"not helpful" was the expression he used. I agreed that for the purposes of the case for high-level penetration Golitsin had given us nothing we could investigate. He was, at best, I conceded, an indicator that penetration had occurred.

Trend also discarded the middling-grade agent story.

"Very difficult case that," he agreed, "impossible not to look at, but I think right to discard today."

"Now Volkov," he began again, after turning to a relevant file and adjusting his spectacles.

Wasn't I being finicky in altering the thrust of the allegation after having the document retranslated? he asked.

"I don't see why," I replied. "There are really only two ways to proceed in cases like these. One way is to make guesses about what an allegation means, and where it leads, and how seriously to take it. The other way is to adopt a scholastic approach, and analyze everything very carefully and precisely and build scientifically on that bedrock."

"And then there's Elli," said Trend. "I see you checked the story with Akhmedov. But you've got no follow-up, have you? There's no Elli in the traffic."

"But I didn't expect that there would be," I replied. "Elli is an illegal, and if that's the case, his communications would be illegal, not through the Embassy. If we found Sonia's traffic I am sure we would find Elli. But we can't."

"And you still think Elli was Hollis?"

"Most certainly."

"And nothing since has caused you to doubt that?"

"No, if anything my conviction has become stronger."

Trend sighed patiently.

"But there's no ideological background . . ." he began.

"There's China."

"Ah, yes," he murmured, "China . . ." His voice trailed away.

Trend was professional to the end. I never could detect just what his feelings were. He certainly gave me the impression that he thought the case for penetration was strong, but apart from a fleeting reference to the fact that he doubted we had the right candidate in Hollis, he gave nothing away.

Neither did I ever learn from Hanley what Trend's conclusions were. The subject was never discussed, and I assume that Trend's report was completed after I left the Service in January 1976. It was only in 1981 that Mrs. Thatcher filled in that final gap. Lord Trend, she told the House of Commons, had concluded that Hollis was not an agent of the Russian Intelligence Service. He had faith in a man's innocence, as I had faith in his treachery; as another man might have faith in God, or Mammon. One man's view, as I now realize, is in the end worthless. Only facts will ever clear up the eternal mystery.

As I approached my final months in the office I felt a wave of tiredness. I did not know whether to stay in England and fight, or cut my losses and run. My health was bad, my pension derisory. But I had my memories.

One afternoon toward Christmas I drove up to Cambridge with Victor to his country house for the last time. Conversation was difficult. So much needed to be said. So much was inside me, bottled up and waiting to spill out.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know—maybe Australia," I replied.

The wet fenland fields flashed past the car. In the distance I could feel the draw of the Cambridge spires.

"You want to be persuaded to go, don't you?" said Victor after a while.

"I suppose so."

I was morose. I was on the losing side. The Reformation had taken place in British Intelligence. Catholicism had given way to Protestantism. My wars were wars of the past.

"You should go, Peter, get out there to the sun, get better, get fit, let someone else take the strain. You've done the work of three men," said Victor.

The car engine droned.

"Your problem, Peter," he said, "is that you know too many secrets."

Glossary

Abwehr	German Intelligence Service
ARL	Admiralty Research Laboratory (UK)
ASIO	Australian Security and Intelligence Organization
ASSA	Armed Services Security Agency (USA)
AWRE	Atomic Weapons Research Establishment (UK)
BSC	British Security Coordination
CIA	Central Intelligence Agency (USA). Its main function is foreign intelligence and espionage. Known internally as "the Company."
CPGB	Communist Party of Great Britain
D Branch	Counterespionage Branch of MI5 (UK)
D1	Head of Russian Counterespionage (D Branch) (UK)
DRPC	Defense Research Policy Committee (UK)
DSI	Defense Scientific Intelligence (UK)
DST	French Counterespionage Service (equivalent to MI5)
en clair	uncoded
FBI	Federal Bureau of Investigation (USA). Its main function is domestic counterintelligence.
GC&CS	Government Code and Cipher School (UK)
GCHQ	Government Communications Headquarters (UK)
GKNIIR	Joint organization between the KGB and GRU on scientific and technical intelligence (USSR)
GPU	See OGPU.
GRU	Soviet Military Intelligence

ISOS	Abwehr hand ciphers broken by British cryptanalysts.
JIC	Joint Intelligence Committee (UK)
KGB	Komitet Gosuderstvennoy Bezopasnosti (Committee of State Security) (USSR)
MGB	Ministry of State Security (USSR). The forerunner of the KGB.
MI5	British Security Service. (Formerly Section 5 of Military Intelligence, hence the name still commonly used.) Roughly equivalent to the American FBI (internal security) but it does perform certain counterintelligence functions overseas. Its main charge is to protect British secrets at home from foreign spies and to prevent domestic sabotage, subversion, and the theft of state secrets.
MI6	British Secret Intelligence Service. (Formerly Section 6 of Military Intelligence.) A civilian organization with functions resembling those of the American CIA. It is charged with gathering information overseas and other strategic services. Both MI5 and MI6 are controlled by the Joint Intelligence Committee.
NKVD	A forerunner of the KGB (USSR)
NSA	National Security Agency (USA)
OGPU	A forerunner of the KGB (USSR)
OSS	Office of Strategic Services (USA). The wartime forerunner of the CIA.
PF	Personal File (in the MI5 Registry)
RCMP	Royal Canadian Mounted Police
RNSS	Royal Naval Scientific Service (UK)
ROC	Radiations Operations Committee (UK)
RSS	Radio Security Service (UK)
SDECE	French Secret Intelligence Service (equivalent to MI6)
SERL	Services Electronics Research Laboratory (UK)
SF	Special Facility. A phone-tapping device.
SIME	Security Intelligence Middle East (UK)
SIS	MI6

traffic	Morse, telegraph, or radio communications signals containing genuine messages
UB	Polish Intelligence Service
Watchers	Officers of MI5's A Branch charged with visual surveillance and identification of persons presenting a security risk
Whitehall	A street in London where the principal government offices are situated. Used to signify the civil service or the bureaucracy.

Index

A1, 30
A2, 30, 38, 40, 50, 55, 68, 69, 72, 73, 84, 89, 90, 94, 240, 252, 259, 286, 423
A3, 30
A4, 30, 61, 116, 166
  see also Watchers
A Branch, 30, 32, 41, 50, 89, 116, 258, 452
A Branch Resources Index, 75, 155
Abwehr, 11, 99, 150, 311, 410, 411, 414, 415, 482
Admiralty, the, 19–20, 27, 28, 33, 34, 92, 93, 163, 170, 210, 212, 236, 318–21, 462
Admiralty Research Laboratory (ARL), 5, 6, 19–21, 33, 34, 186, 318, 323, 482
Agayants, I. I., 260
Agent 19, 442–44, 469
Air Bubble, *see* Soupert, Dr. Jean Paul
Akhmedov, Ismail, 354
Alexander, Hugh, 101–105, 136, 138, 184, 187
Allen, John, 434
Allen, Lord Philip, 438–39, 445, 461
All Russia Co-operative Society Limited (ARCOS), 43, 45, 287
American Intelligence, 45, 123, 124, 184, 185, 206, 230, 235, 340, 344, 345, 383, 385
Angleton, James, 129–31, 186, 188–94, 201, 203–205, 275, 302, 303, 339–40, 344–48, 381–89, 395, 396–97, 400, 416, 435–37, 456, 458, 463–64, 474
antisubmarine research program, 21, 33, 54, 212, 324
Apostles Society, 280, 306–307, 317–19, 329, 330, 334
Archer, Jane Sissmore, 363–64
ARCOS raid, 43, 45, 287
Armed Services Security Agency (ASSA), 228, 229, 234, 482
Armstrong, Robert, 442–44, 469–70
ARNIKA, 264–65
Atomic Weapons Research Establishment (AWRE), 148, 149, 164, 174, 211, 248, 482
Attlee, Clement, 6, 42, 70
August, 401, 454, 458–59, 460
Australian Security Intelligence Organization (ASIO), 82–83, 154, 234, 411, 447, 482

Bagot, Millicent, 48
Bailey, Don, 24
Baron, 301
Bay of Pigs invasion, 194, 201, 257
B Branch, 41, 44, 99, 423
B Branch, RCMP, 77
Beith, Freddie, 100–101
Belgian *Sécurité d'Etat,* 303
Belmont, Al, 114, 126–28, 175, 184, 340

Bennett, James, 77, 111, 338, 473
Berlin, Isaiah, 291, 305–306
Berlin Tunnel Operation, 59, 90, 162, 185, 197, 214, 340
Bissell, Richard, 194
Blake, George (Lambda 1), 59, 162, 214, 262, 266, 299, 323–24, 340, 369–70, 377, 424, 478
Blue Streak project, 28, 33
Blunt, Sir Anthony (Johnson), 3, 40, 71, 153, 208, 221, 233, 246, 270–80, 283–91, 293, 297–99, 302, 305–307, 314–21, 324–34, 336, 340, 350, 351, 353, 358–59, 362, 373, 378, 408, 417, 422, 428, 433, 438, 467, 469, 476, 477–78
Bossard, Frank, 342–44, 384, 385
Bowra, Maurice, 306
BRIDE, Operation, 229
Bridges, Edward, 94, 332
British Counterintelligence Directorate, 353
British Establishment, 148, 152, 290, 298, 307, 318, 347
British Intelligence, 2, 10, 24, 28, 44, 56, 83–85, 94–95, 123, 124, 131, 142–44, 206, 211, 217, 230, 235, 259, 294, 302, 309, 338, 340, 345–55, 359, 360, 381–86, 408–415, 437, 438, 448, 476, 480
British Military Intelligence, 83, 146, 265, 277, 280, 308
  see also MI5; MI6
British Secret Intelligence Service (SIS), *see* MI6
British Security Coordination (BSC), 124, 412, 482
British Security Service, *see* MI5
Brooke, Norman, 478
Brookes, Tony, 430–32
Brookner, Anita, 333–34
Brundrett, Sir Frederick, 5–8, 18, 19, 22, 23, 28, 29, 53, 102, 145–47
Brundrett committee, 7, 23, 53, 102, 147–49
Building Research Station, 71, 75, 368
Burgess, Guy (Hicks), 3, 27, 40–44, 54, 56, 123, 124, 128–30, 153, 154, 185, 192, 208, 221, 233, 239, 245, 262, 272–73, 281, 286–90, 297, 298, 305–33, 350, 359, 409, 422, 426, 446, 477
Burk, Joe, 189

Cabinet Office, 122, 271, 438, 439, 461, 468
CABMAN, 59
Cairncross, John, 277–82, 288, 291, 292, 293, 297, 299, 305, 315, 325, 340, 359, 433
Cambridge University, 270–74, 280, 282, 285, 298, 300, 306, 317–319, 324, 326–29, 333–35, 376, 399, 480
Canadian Intelligence, 77, 191
Castro, Fidel, 194, 201–202, 205, 266
CAZAB, 348, 386–87, 398, 436, 447, 473–74
C Branch, 41, 46, 98, 163, 238, 282, 367, 371, 375, 377, 439–40, 471
Central Policy Review Staff (CPRS), *see* Think Tank
Chalet, Marcel, 303–305, 396, 472
Chisholm, Rory, 266
Chisholm, Mrs. Rory, 265–66
CHOIR, Operation, 73–77, 80–81, 84, 221
Churchill, Clarissa (Lady Avon), 306–307
Churchill, Mary, 443
Churchill, Winston, 20, 32*n*, 43, 56, 86, 87, 231, 302, 306, 442–43
CIA (The Company), 59, 123, 129, 161, 170, 179, 183–90, 194, 200–201, 203, 207–10, 231, 245, 249, 257–64, 275, 276, 302, 338–40, 344–48, 360, 369–70, 381–88, 397, 400, 435–36, 458, 473, 474, 482

ciphers, 100–108, 112, 131–32, 136–43, 168–69, 173, 175, 184, 186, 191, 227–34, 354, 471–73
Civil Service, 21, 33, 37, 70, 148, 153, 212, 282, 299, 305, 329–32, 335, 416–17, 439, 442, 444, 448, 449, 454, 478
Clan, 174, 211–12
Clyde Polaris submarine base, 209–10
Cockburn, Claud, 363, 425, 427
Cohen, Morris and Lona, *see* Kroger, Peter and Helen
Cohen, Sir Andrew, 334, 335
Colby, William, 474
Cold War, 7, 68, 76, 100, 105, 129, 184, 185, 206, 235, 237, 290, 388, 395
Colemore Committee, 144–45, 213
Collins, Bill, 100, 101, 169, 171, 172
Colonial Affairs, *see* E Branch
Colonial Office, 73, 195–200
Comintern, 287, 289, 300, 329, 330, 363, 427
Communism, 39, 201, 321, 324, 467
Communist Affairs Research Section (MI6), 363–64
Communist Party of Great Britain (CPGB), 41, 49, 50, 58, 69–71, 72, 73, 133, 221, 236, 250, 289, 305, 405, 409, 434, 482
computers, 102–104, 144, 193, 211, 234, 236, 247–48, 275, 450, 453–54, 471
Computer Working Party, 2, 450, 453
Conway, Godfrey, 303
Cook, Sir William, 28, 148, 211, 212, 248, 442
Cooper, Josh, 136–38
Cot, Pierre, 302–304
Counterclan, 174, 193, 211, 216, 258, 312
Counterespionage Department (MI5), 1, 2, 249, 250, 308, 346, 349, 356, 418, 458
  see also D Branch
Counterespionage Department, RCMP, 77, 109, 338
Counterintelligence Section (MI6), 41, 294, 301, 348, 350, 352, 354–55, 359, 408, 411, 470
Courtauld Institute, 284, 285, 326, 333
COVERPOINT, Operation, 114, 121
Coyne, Gerald, 345–48, 381
CPGB, *see* Communist Party of Great Britain
Crabbe affair, 91–94, 143, 203, 218, 262, 293, 351, 408
Cram, Cleve, 170, 345–46, 347
cryptography, 227–34, 247–48, 289
Cuckney, Sir John, 40–42, 45
Cumming, Malcolm, 6, 7, 23, 26–39, 51, 53–56, 85, 87, 93–95, 97, 100, 114, 125, 222–23, 237, 242, 260, 274–76, 292–93, 295, 320, 346, 348, 441, 462
Cumming, Mansfield, 13, 31
Cyprus campaign, 142, 194–201, 450–51

D1, 47, 133, 155, 158, 160, 167, 207, 209, 236, 256, 275, 294–96, 482
D1 (Investigations), 294–96, 320, 375, 417, 420
D1 (Operations), 294, 379, 390, 392
D2, 155, 163, 167, 178, 370, 377, 403, 419
D3, 207, 258, 277, 283, 294, 297, 299, 301, 305, 308, 320, 327, 333, 338, 349, 352, 363–64, 366, 377, 405, 408, 412, 416–21, 423, 431, 433, 445, 450, 469
D4, 389, 390, 392
David, 232, 399
Day, John, 421–22, 424–29
D Branch, 38, 41, 46, 50, 56, 61, 100, 119, 133, 150–51, 158, 162, 171, 174, 180, 207, 237, 242, 250, 251, 258, 274, 275, 282, 294, 305, 320, 348, 370, 389,

D Branch *(cont.)*
  406, 407, 419, 421, 432, 454, 482
Defense, Ministry of (MOD), 5, 7, 24, 118, 122, 195, 213, 305, 321, 456
Defense Research Policy Committee (DRPC), 7, 147–49, 482
Defense Scientific Intelligence Unit (DSI), 145, 482
de Gaulle, Charles, 140, 301, 302
de Mowbray, Stephen, 256, 396, 414, 470, 471, 474–75
Denham, Hugh, 101–105, 136, 184
Denman, Major, 57–58
Deutsch, Arnold, 287, 288
DEW WORM, Operation, 78–84, 90, 109, 222, 338, 339
de Zuluetta, Philip, 474
Directorate of Science, 213–214, 221, 244, 248, 258
Dixon, Peter, 7, 144, 202, 205
Dollis Hill Laboratory, 58–59, 73, 91, 164, 166
Domeisen, Peter, 146
Double Cross System, 38, 43, 99, 100, 150, 151, 152, 262, 311, 384
Douglas-Home, Alec, 434, 474
Downing Street (No. 10), 442–44, 459, 461, 467, 475
Doyne Ditmass, Hal, 275, 276, 433
dragging, 229–30, 247
Dragon Returnees, 145–46
Driberg, Tom, 454–55
DRUG, Operation, 229
DST, 303–304, 482
Dunlap, Jack, 262
Dwyer, Peter, 355, 357
Dzerzhinsky, Feliks, 200, 261, 263

E Branch, 41, 50, 194, 195, 348, 377
Eden, Anthony, 92, 93, 95, 99, 107, 202, 203, 307, 469
Elli, 239, 351–59, 365, 369, 428, 472, 479
Elliott, Nicholas, 92, 93, 220, 246, 288, 361, 409
Ellis, Charles (Dickie), 410–16
Elwell, Charles, 170–71, 216, 217, 239
émigré communities, 151, 152, 156, 261, 409, 410, 413, 415, 458, 459
en clair, 66, 169, 482
ENGULF, 106, 109, 131, 136–38, 142–43, 174, 184–86, 192, 193
ENIGMA code, 99, 102, 277
EOKA, 195–97, 199, 201

F4, 68–69, 71, 72
Falber, Reuben, 221–22
Falkender, Marcia, 467
FBI, 77, 113, 114, 124–30, 175, 184–91, 209, 257, 270, 288, 338–45, 383, 384, 385, 400, 435, 482
F Branch, 41, 48–50, 98, 250, 359, 361, 362, 452–53, 459–60
Fedora, 209, 267–68, 340, 343, 384–85
Fibonacci system (Chinese arithmetic), 227
five of MI, 354–59
Floud, Bernard, 334–36
Floud, Peter, 334, 335
FLUENCY, 294, 338–39, 348–51, 353, 356, 359–72, 380, 403, 409, 411, 416–22, 463, 475–76
Foot, Sir Hugh, 195, 199
Foote, Alexander, 354
Foreign Office, 6, 24, 27, 88, 103, 138–40, 152, 156–57, 265, 281, 300, 311, 352, 359, 367, 368, 373, 390, 393–95, 413, 431, 434, 451
Foreign Office Northern Department, 157, 394
Frawley, Ray, 105, 136, 143–44, 184
Friedman, Litzi, *see* Philby, Litzi
Frolik, 401, 454, 458–59, 460
Fuchs, Klaus, 63, 153, 231, 236, 299, 378, 472
Furnival Jones, Martin (F.J.), 154–

Furnival Jones, Martin *(cont.)*
  55, 159, 163, 167–74, 180, 237–38, 241–45, 257, 271, 293–94, 320, 336, 339, 347, 366–81, 390, 394, 397–99, 405, 406–407, 417–41, 444–49, 458, 459, 460–61, 464, 476

Gaitskell, Hugh, 455–58, 465
Gardner, Meredith, 228–29, 234–35
GCHQ, 67, 95, 98–116, 124, 132, 136–44, 168–69, 171, 174–77, 183, 185, 187, 193, 214, 215, 230–33, 235–36, 247–48, 250, 258, 265, 281–83, 312–13, 342–44, 348, 352, 357, 367, 384, 433, 472, 482
Gee, Ethel, 163, 174
German Armed Forces ciphers (ENIGMA), 99, 102
German Intelligence Service, *see* Abwehr
Gestapo, 86, 299, 304, 415
Gibson, Harold, 279
Gideon, 109–11
Gilbert, Martin, 443–44
Glading, Percy, 43
Goleniewski, Michael (Sniper), 179, 300, 349, 351, 369–71, 377, 380–85, 403–407
Golitsin, Anatoli, 207–10, 215–23, 233, 245, 260–61, 293, 300, 302, 323, 324, 325, 341, 349, 351, 361, 362, 369, 376, 383, 389, 395–403, 436, 437, 456, 470, 476, 478–79
Good, I. J., 433
Gossage, Ray, 20
Gouzenko, Igor, 78, 81, 232, 239, 351, 353–59, 365, 369, 389, 404, 428, 476, 477
Government Code and Cipher School (GC & CS), 277, 482
Grant, Sokolov, 215–17
Gray, Gordon, 345–48, 381
Gray, Joan (Miss X), 289
great illegals, 287–90, 412, 413
Greenglass, Harry, 63
Greenhill, Dennis, 431
Gribanov, General, 208, 209
Grigovin, Sergei, 389–92
Grist, Evelyn, 56, 61
Grivas, George, 142, 194–201, 451
Gromov, Anatoli (Henry), 289
GRU (Soviet Military Intelligence), 78, 80–81, 175–76, 209, 228, 230, 232, 236–37, 247, 249, 259, 260–61, 263–65, 300, 301, 342, 343, 354–56, 358–59, 384, 410, 412, 472, 482
GRUFF signal, 132–35, 158
Guernsey, Terry, 77–79, 83, 109–11, 155

Hagelin cipher machines, 103–106, 136–37
Hall, Reggie, 10–13
HALT, Operation, 100–102
Hamburger, Rudi, 310–11
Hammer, Armand, 130–31
Hampshire, Sir Stuart, 308, 311–15
Hanke, 370
Hanley, Sir Michael, 4, 300, 371–82, 403–405, 418–21, 424, 439–54, 462, 463, 468–74, 480
Hanslope Communications Center, 212
Harker, Brigadier, 47
HARP, 357
HARRIET case, 371, 375–76, 381–83, 419, 440
  see also Hanley, Sir Michael
Harriman, Averill, 231
Harris, Tomas, 219, 329
Harrison, Francis Graham, 446
Hart, Herbert, 334
Hart, Jennifer Fisher Williams, 334–35, 446
Harvey, Bill, 185–94, 201–205, 388
HASP, 236, 301, 472
Hawkes, Johnny, 213
H Division, 101, 106, 136
Healey, Dennis, 305
Heath, Edward (Ted), 432–34,

Heath, Edward *(cont.)*
437–38, 440–46, 452, 460–61, 468
Helms, Richard, 186, 194, 200–201, 275, 347, 381, 388, 473
Henry, 289
Henry, John, 6, 92–94, 202, 203, 205
Herbert, Christopher, 430
Hicks, 232, 233, 477
Hinton, Geoffrey, 348
Hiss, Alger, 231, 262, 320
Hitler, Adolf, 85, 410, 411, 415
Hollis, Sir Roger, 3, 29, 37, 95–98, 107, 112–16, 121–26, 147, 154, 159–60, 163, 167, 170, 174, 181. 182, 188, 195, 200, 201, 213, 219, 222–26, 234, 237, 239–60, 270–72, 275–77, 283, 291–99, 305, 312, 314, 320, 329, 338–42, 345–59, 361–85, 397, 403, 408, 421–31, 440, 441, 445, 452, 458, 468–80
Home Office, 58, 271, 334, 434, 438, 445, 448, 461, 469
Hoover, J. Edgar, 113, 114, 122, 124–30, 183, 185, 257, 381, 436
Houghton, Harry, 162–64, 167–74, 176–80, 208, 299, 340, 341, 421, 434
Houghton, Mrs. Harry, 162, 299, 421
Hunt, Jim, 437
Hunt, Sir John, 460, 475

Intelligence Services, British, 27–28, 54, 95, 98, 212, 478
Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles (ICBMs), 266–68, 385
Intermediate Range Ballistic Missiles (IRBMs), 267
IRA, 2, 451
ISOS Abwehr codes, 311, 483

Jagger, Leslie, 50–52, 75–76, 89, 101, 103, 104, 131, 150, 391
Johnson, 232, 233, 477
see also Blunt, Sir Anthony
Joint Allied Intelligence Committee, 377
Joint Intelligence Committee (JIC), 103, 107, 265, 348, 483
Joint Services Language School, 376, 399, 409
Jones, Jack, 460
Jones, Sir John, 452, 453
Jones, R. V., 19, 32, 32*n*

K4, 421
K7, 421–23
Kagan, Joseph, 459
Kapitza, Peter, 327–28
Karamasines, Tom, 436
Karpekov, Nikolai, 178, 323, 341
K Branch, 421, 422, 450–53, 468
Keeler, Christine, 340
Kell, Vernon, 13, 31, 42, 43, 50, 56, 60, 364
Kemp, R. J., 26, 28, 34–35, 118
Kennedy, John F., 194, 206, 266, 302, 340, 383, 385, 388
KEYSTONE case, 109–10, 117, 132
KGB, 44, 60–62, 78, 81, 83, 91, 92, 109–110, 111, 146–57, 165, 167, 169, 175–76, 178, 185, 191. 200, 207–209, 215–18, 228–39, 245, 247, 249, 259–66, 279, 284, 289, 303, 310, 322–24, 340, 351, 355–61, 370, 376–77, 382–85, 389–96, 399–404, 412, 430–35, 447, 454–59, 483
Khrushchev, Nikita, 91–94, 129, 260, 267
King, Cecil, 464
King, John Herbert, 413
Kirby, Henry, 85
Kirby Green, Philip, 196, 198
Kissinger, Henry, 435–36
Klimov, Major, 206–207
Klugman, James, 281, 313, 315, 333, 337
Knight, Maxwell, 43, 174, 239, 289
Kompfner, Rudi, 313
Kondrashev, Sergei, 323–24
Korovin, 178, 324
Kosygin, Alexei, 434

Kremer, Simon, 472
Krivitsky, Walter, 287, 288, 349, 359, 389, 409, 412
Kroger, Peter and Helen, 168, 170, 173–77, 180, 259
Krotov, Boris, 232, 233, 237, 249, 289, 356, 433, 477
Kuzchinski, Ruth, 472
  see also Sonia
KX, 421
KY, 42, 430

Labarthe, André, 301
Labor Government, 312, 335, 345
Labor Party, 39, 70, 236, 271, 292, 305, 454, 455, 457–59, 462–65
Ladell, Dr., 204, 432, 456, 457
Lambda 1, 161, 162, 370
  see also Blake, George
Lambda 2, 161, 162
Last, Anne, 239, 240, 353
LAVINIA case, *see* Sniper; Goleniewski, Michael
Lecky, Terence, 348, 349
Leconfield House, 3, 23, 28–38, 47, 53, 55, 63, 69, 72, 74, 76, 114, 119, 125, 135, 143, 155, 166, 167, 169, 171, 188, 201, 214, 218, 221, 240, 245, 273, 276, 305, 346, 347, 349, 379, 398, 407, 426, 449, 475, 478
Lenin, Vladimir Ilyich, 86, 200, 263
Levinson, Art, 185
Liddell, Guy, 42, 43–44, 87, 254, 281, 285, 299, 308, 309, 314, 356, 422
Linney, 113, 114, 118–19, 121
LIONSBEARD, 166, 178, 180
List File, 49–50
Long, Leo, 277–82, 291, 292, 293, 297, 299, 305, 316, 325, 340, 359, 438
Lonsdale, Gordon Arnold, 163–83, 188, 190–93, 211, 220, 222, 224, 237, 242, 243–44, 249, 259, 341, 342, 421
LOVEBIRD, Operation, 118
Lucy Ring, 301
Luibimov, 239, 354
Lulakov, Lieutenant Commander, 120–21, 222
Lyalin, Oleg, 430–37, 459
Lyall, Archie, 426

McBarnet, Evelyn, 153, 178–79, 219, 237–40, 246, 273, 277, 281, 300, 349, 371, 378
McCarthyism, 235, 290, 307, 320, 416
McCaul, Michael (Macauley), 155–59, 339, 381, 392, 395, 398, 452
McCone, John, 257
MacDonald, Alec, 320, 348, 349, 366
Maclean, Donald, 3, 27, 40, 42, 44, 54, 123, 124, 128, 130, 153, 185, 192, 207, 221, 231, 233, 236, 239, 245, 262, 272, 273, 290, 297, 298, 300, 305, 308, 325, 327, 359, 367, 409, 446
Macmillan, Harold, 56, 73, 271, 441
Magan, Bill, 194–99, 295
Maly, Theodore (Theo), 287
Marriott, John, 38–39
Marshall, Arthur, 317
Martelli, Giuseppe, 340–43, 384, 385
Martin, Arthur, 153–56, 167–74, 178, 188, 192, 206–207, 215, 217–21, 223–26, 236–39, 241–47, 255–61, 270–71, 274–81, 291–97, 301, 308, 328, 339, 345, 348–50, 363, 372, 378, 396, 407–409, 420, 428, 433, 455–56, 470–71
Marxists, 313–14, 318, 319, 323
Marychurch, Peter, 193
Marshall, Arthur, 305–306
May, Alan Nunn, 153, 232
Mayer, Tess, *see* Rothschild, Tess
Mayhew, Christopher, 305
M Division (GCHQ), 136, 216
MI5, 1–4, 6, 8, 13, 16, 22–23, 27–109, 112–33, 138–64, 170–83,

MI5*(cont.)* 190, 194–204, 210–14, 220–23, 230, 233–43, 247, 249, 250–72, 274, 276, 277, 281–314, 321, 328–71, 375–87, 391, 396, 398, 403–11, 416–22, 426–80, 483
MI6, 6, 7, 8, 11–13, 23, 27, 41, 43, 45–46, 51, 53–56, 58, 59, 66, 78, 79, 89–95, 98, 99, 107, 129, 137–52, 157, 161–65, 176, 183–86, 191, 197–204, 211, 213, 219, 220, 238, 243–47, 249, 250, 256–71, 277, 279–82, 290, 294, 295, 301–303, 309, 310, 313, 324, 340, 346–86, 383, 387, 392–96, 407–15, 426, 438–41, 451, 466, 470, 471, 475, 483
microdots, 149–50, 173
Millen, Dick, 125, 184
Mills, Cyril, 131–32
Mitchell, Graham, 56, 151, 180–81, 222–26, 222–25, 237, 239, 241, 242, 245–62, 270, 275, 291–93, 338–45, 341–53, 359, 364, 365, 375, 381, 385, 397, 422, 428, 440, 476
Mitchell, H. T., 138
Modin, Yuri (Peter), 245, 247, 290
MOLE, Operation, 82–84, 222
MOP, 59
Morgan, Dr. Frank, 149, 150, 164–65, 210, 211, 248
Morrow, 120–22, 222
Moscow Center, 109, 110, 232, 237, 356, 472, 477
Mossad, 436
Movements Analysis program, 155, 275, 276, 433, 434
Mr. Reporter, 437–38
Mueselier, Admiral, 302
Murphy, Dave, 397

Nadiensky, 392–95
Nadiensky, Mrs., 392, 394
Nasser, Gamal Abdel, 103, 107, 202–203
National Security Agency (NSA), U.S., 107, 124, 183–87, 192, 193, 228, 230, 248, 262, 303, 312, 348, 483
National Security Council, 340, 348
NATO, 208–10, 318, 320, 340
Naval Intelligence Department (NID), 10, 92, 162, 208, 360
Navy, British, 11, 21, 28, 33, 54, 93, 101, 161, 214, 318, 323, 324
Nazism, 38, 39, 85, 313, 472
"neighbors," 356–58
Nicholson, Ben, 313
Nixon, Richard M., 436
NKVD, 62, 300, 353, 483
Nossenko, Yuri, 209, 210, 263, 383–84, 436
Nutkin, "Squirrel," 74, 76

Oatsheaf, 458
OGPU, 260, 261, 483
O'Hanlon, Pat, 136, 143
Oldfield, Sir Maurice, 12, 269, 277, 284, 411–12, 416, 435, 440, 466–67, 470–71, 474–75
Ordzhonikidze, 91–93, 143, 218
Orr-Ewing, Anne, 61, 246, 349, 371, 423, 426
Otto, 287–88, 321–22, 326, 334, 337
Overseas Security Service (OSS), 129, 231, 483
Oxbridge intellectuals, 298, 314
Oxford Ring, 333–34
Oxford University, 298, 300, 306, 308, 309, 329, 335, 359, 362, 376, 423, 425–27, 446, 472

Pancheff, Bunny, 411, 414, 416
Paques, Georges, 303, 396
PARTY PIECE, Operation, 68–70, 221
Patrick, Jim, 405, 406
Penkovsky, Oleg, 259–69, 383–85, 409
Personal Files (PFs), 49, 483
Petrie, Sir David, 43, 47, 364
Petrov, Mr. and Mrs., 83
Philby, Eleanor, 245
Philby, Kim (Stanley), 3, 40, 53–59,

Philby, Kim (Stanley)*(cont.)* 91, 99, 123, 129, 130, 153, 154, 185, 192, 208, 218–24, 233–35, 245–47, 249, 257, 262, 273, 287, 288, 290, 291, 297–99, 301, 305, 318, 323, 325, 328, 329, 336, 340, 350–59, 361, 362, 365, 373, 379, 389, 401, 408–11, 413, 427, 428, 441, 478
Philby, Litzi, 288, 328, 409
Phillpotts, Christopher, 184, 349, 408, 409, 411, 416, 470
Pieck, Mr. and Mrs. Henri, 287, 413
Piggott, Lester, 387
PIG ROOT, Operation, 222
Playfair, Sir Edward, 306
Polish Intelligence Service, *see* UB
Politburo, 208, 260, 279, 358, 392
Pool, Phoebe, 333, 336
Pope-Hennessy, James, 306, 307
Popov, Colonel, 261, 264
Poretsky, Elizabeth, 287, 412–13
Poretsky, Ludwik, 287, 412
Porton Down Laboratory, 456, 457
Post Office Special Investigations Unit, 23, 56–57, 58, 105
Post Office Technical Department, 8, 23, 58, 166, 218
Potter, Harold, 47–49
President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board (PFIAB), 345
Pribyl, Colonel, 112–13, 118, 121
Proctor, Dennis, 329–32, 337, 367, 419, 469
Proctor, Varda, 332
Profumo affair, 271, 340, 429, 469

Radiations Operations Committee (ROC), 132, 133, 135, 142–43, 144, 165, 174, 183, 184, 193, 211, 213, 483
Radio Security Service (RSS), 99, 109, 212, 308, 311, 312, 483
Rado, Alexander, 287
RAF, 113, 135, 165, 215, 312, 360
RAFTER, 117–22, 127, 131–33, 135, 143, 149, 155, 159, 165–69, 174, 178, 188, 190–92, 205, 216, 312
Ransome, David, 452
Rastvorov, Yuri, 351, 359–60, 361
Rees, Goronwy, 308–12
Registry, 2, 48–50, 57, 62, 125, 162, 215, 222, 238, 278, 297–99, 328, 350, 360, 401, 450
Reiss, Ignace, 412
Rennie, Sir John, 439, 471
Richardson, Maurice, 363, 425
Ring of Five, 207, 221, 245, 280, 287–89, 300, 307, 315, 321, 325–28, 336–37, 378, 469
Roberts, Alfred, 303
Roberts, Tom, 406, 407
Robertson, James, 251
Robinson, Henry, 300
Rodin, General, 456
Rogov, Colonel, 113, 115
Roman, Harry, 161
Roosevelt, Franklin D., 20, 231, 443
Rosa, 232, 399
Rosenberg, Ethel and Julius, 175, 231, 235
Rote Drei, 287
Rote Kapelle (Red Orchestra), 287, 300, 337, 377
Rothschild, Emma, 284
Rothschild, N. M., 462–63
Rothschild, Tess, 272–74, 285, 317, 327, 399
Rothschild, Victor, 147–48, 213, 218, 219, 271–74, 284, 318–19, 327–29, 399, 437–46, 460–62, 465, 468–69, 480–81
Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP), 77–82, 109–11, 114, 155, 191, 249, 264, 338, 354–55, 473, 483
Royal Navy Scientific Service (RNSS), 5, 6, 18, 28, 212, 213, 483
RUPEE, 264
Russell Jones, Barry, 388
Russian Counterespionage Section,

Russian Counterespionage Section *(cont.)*
  46, 114, 120, 133, 150, 154, 155, 250, 275, 455
  see also D1
Russian Intelligence Service, 44, 109, 121, 150, 153, 200, 209, 231–32, 287, 299, 316, 343, 344, 352, 416, 480
  see also Soviet Intelligence

Sale, Tony, 116–17, 134–35, 158, 159, 166
SALT I arms control negotiations, 268
Sapphire Ring, 302, 472
Satellite intelligence, 2, 211, 312
SATYR, 28–29, 78, 82, 83, 104
Scanlon, Hugh, 460
SDECE, 302, 472, 483
Secret Intelligence Service (SIS), *see* MI6
Section V (MI6), 352–55, 358–62
Security Intelligence Middle East (SIME), 38–39, 483
Security Service, *see* MI5
Sedlecek, 301
Serial 3, 208, 209
Serial 8, 208
Serov, General, 260, 370
Services Electronics Research Laboratory (SERL), 7–8, 18–19, 22, 24, 483
SF (Special Facilities), 59, 71, 91, 105, 106, 108–109, 218, 221, 285, 322, 483
Shelepin, Alexander, 260, 396
Shergold, Harry, 266
Shipp, Cecil, 321–23
SIFE (Security Intelligence Far East), 360–62
SIGINT, 19, 115, 143, 184, 187, 188, 277, 280, 282, 342
Signals Intelligence, 3, 262
Sillitoe, Sir Percy, 7, 42, 98, 364, 381
Simkins, Anthony, 367–69, 371–74, 438
Sinclair, Sir John, 91, 99, 263
SK (KGB security division), 389
Skardon, Jim, 63, 64–66, 168, 378–79
Skripkin, Lieutenant, 351, 359, 360, 399, 427
Smedley, Agnes, 363, 425
Sniper (LAVINIA), 161, 162, 170, 179, 180, 188, 191, 299
  see also Goleniewski, Michael
Socialist Workers' Party (SWP), 453, 454
Solie, Bruce, 436–37
Solomon, Flora, 218–19, 245, 328–29
Sonia, 287, 310, 472, 479
Sorge, Christiane, 413–14
Sorge, Richard, 287, 413–14
Sorpell, Michael, 299
Soupert, Dr. Jean Paul (Air Bubble), 303
Soviet Division (CIA), 386–88, 397, 458
Soviet Intelligence, 261–62, 265, 281, 287–88, 299, 315
Soviet Military Intelligence, *see* GRU
Special Branch, London, 30, 41, 42, 118–19, 120, 133, 171, 341, 392, 406, 432
Spell/Endspell sequence, 228–30
Spencer, Arthur, 168–69
SPETERS, 397
  see also Mitchell, Graham
Spry, Sir Charles, 82–83, 473
Stables, Tony, 363
Staff D, 184, 185, 187, 191
Stalin, Joseph V., 129, 237, 239, 288, 345, 354, 400, 404
Stalin's Englishmen, 152–53, 345
Stanley, 207, 232, 233, 249, 358, 477
  see also Philby, Kim
Steinbrecher, Herbert, 303
Stephenson, Sir William, 124, 204, 412
Stevens, Gregory, 403–408, 415
Stewart, Bob, 289, 315

Stewart, Patrick, 207–209, 252, 293, 320–21, 326, 349, 371, 380, 385, 409
STOCKADE, 138–42, 174, 184, 186, 192, 304–305, 431
Stone, Harry, 126, 128, 190, 339
Stonehouse, John, 455
Storer, John, 136, 216–17
Straight, Michael Whitney, 270, 271, 325
Sudbury, Geoffrey, 247, 352, 353, 357–58, 471
Suez Crisis, 103, 106–108, 123, 130, 198, 202, 203, 262, 408
Sullivan, Bill, 126, 128, 344
Sunningdale Agreement, 451
SUNSHINE, Operation, 196–99
Supply, Ministry of, 28, 342
Swedish Signals Intelligence Service, 143, 235
Symonds, Ronnie, 209, 256–58, 270, 291–95, 338

Taylor, John, 8, 23–25, 58–59, 73, 91, 138
Technics Document, 147, 293, 351
Templar, Sir Gerald, 195
Thatcher, Margaret, 480
Theo, 287
Thing, The, 25, 146, 367
Think Tank, 437–38, 442, 461
Thomson, J. J., 13
TIEPIN, Operation, 72
Tisler, Frantisek, 112–14, 129
Tisler affair, 115, 121, 122, 126, 127, 158, 182, 222, 224, 243, 365, 476
Top Hat, 209, 268, 342–45, 383–85
Tordella, Louis, 183–85, 188, 192–93, 303
Tory Party, 249, 292
Trade Delegation, Soviet, 43, 431, 459
trade unions, 454, 459, 460, 465
Transcription Department, 55, 59–60, 423
Treasury, 27, 46, 131, 145, 277, 281, 332, 432, 446, 478
Trend, Lord, 311–12, 475–80
Trepper, Leopold, 287
Trident Talks, 442–43
true bills, 350, 356, 369
Trust, the, 260, 261
Tudor Hart, Edith, 289, 315, 328
Turing, Alan, 101–102, 319

U2 surveillance, 267, 383
UB (Polish Intelligence Service), 82, 161, 179, 191, 383, 484
UKUSA agreement, 124, 187, 435
Ustinov, Klop, 85–88, 325
Ustinov, Mrs. Klop, 86
Ustinov, Peter, 85, 87

Vansittart, Robert, 85, 86
Van Vleet, 264
Vassall, John, 209–11, 323, 340, 396, 434
Vaygaukas, 459
VENONA, 227–39, 247–50, 289, 298, 301–304, 349, 352–53, 355–59, 399, 422, 433, 442, 450, 466, 471, 477
Vera, 354
VHF (Very High Frequency) signals, 132
Volkov, Konstantin, 300–301, 309–10, 349, 351–53, 355, 359, 365, 367, 369, 389, 400, 428, 476, 479
Von Petrov, Vladimir, 83, 389, 409–12, 414, 415
von Ribbentrop, Joachim, 308, 410, 411, 415

Waddell, Sir James, 438–39, 444
Wagh, Duncum, 163, 421–22
War Office, 6, 42, 317, 377, 414
Watchers (A4), 30, 61–67, 69, 76, 100, 112–22, 132, 151, 157–59, 163, 164, 167–68, 178–80, 222, 245, 250, 255, 259, 392, 393, 484
Watson, Alister, 317–27, 329, 337, 367, 419, 469
Weisband, William, 234

Western intelligence services, 130–31, 396–98, 400, 401, 434–35
West European Division (CIA), 190
Wharton, Harry, 430, 431, 459
White, Sir Dick Goldsmith, 31, 37–38, 44–45, 87, 93–99, 122, 123, 144–50, 154, 213, 219, 224, 243–44, 247, 250, 256, 262–63, 274, 281, 285, 294, 295, 308, 312, 314, 364, 378, 381, 408, 411, 416, 419, 422, 431, 437–41, 446, 448, 470, 471, 476
Whitehall, 6, 8, 32–46, 32*n*, 92, 97, 115, 253, 271, 346, 367, 375, 381, 395, 408, 438, 439, 445–59, 460, 461, 474, 484
Whitman, Lish, 185
Wigg, George, 347
Willis, Hector, 213–14, 225, 248, 258–59
Wilson, Harold, 292, 312, 335, 345–47, 437, 441, 455, 457–59, 463–68
Winterborn, Hugh, 6, 26–28, 30, 32, 34, 45, 50, 53–56, 64, 66, 68–76, 88–90, 94, 105, 108, 114, 116, 119, 164, 169, 171, 172, 221, 222, 245, 252, 257, 259, 363
Woolwich Arsenal case, 43, 174, 289
Workers' Revolutionary Party (WRP), 453, 454
World War I, 10, 12, 13, 43, 60, 349
World War II, 6, 18–21, 43, 47, 70, 98, 100, 185, 259, 272, 287, 391, 413, 472
Wright, Lois, 17, 445
Wright, Maurice (G. M.), 5–19, 22, 26, 34, 114
Wright, Mrs. Maurice, 12, 16, 18
Wyke, John, 197
Wylie, Tom, 317
Wynn, Arthur, 335, 336, 446
Wynne, Greville, 259, 264, 395

X-Craft midget submarines, 21, 92

Y-Boxes, 49, 70
Y intercepts, 18
Young, Sir Arthur, 459
Young, Courtney, 47, 114, 116, 120, 133, 157, 272, 302

Zaehner, Robin, 308–11
Zilenski, 414
zu Putlitz, Baron Wolfgang, 85–86, 325

STUART ALAN BECKER/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Author Peter Wright joined the British Secret Service, known as MI5, in 1955. In a career that spanned a quarter century he went on to become one of the central figures in Britain's relentless efforts to detect and expose Soviet espionage.

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In the tradition of *The Falcon and the Snowman,* Stuart Herrington, formerly the United States Army's top counterintelligence officer, brings us remarkable true stories of catching spies, rooting out the traitors among us. *Traitors Among Us* is a book that only Colonel Herrington could have written.

From 1983 to 1993 the author occupied key operational positions in army counterintelligence, ultimately rising to command the super-secret Foreign Counterintelligence Activity. FCA was responsible for pursuing worldwide the most damaging and delicate cases of espionage committed against the United States by the Soviet Union and its surrogates. Beginning in Berlin and later from Washington, Herrington and his agents were the secret, front line soldiers in a "silent war" between the United States and its communist adversaries, primarily the Soviet Intelligence Services and the operatives of East German State Security, the notorious Stasi.

As one follows Colonel Herrington and agents around the world in pursuit of American traitors you gain an eye-opening appreciation for the damage a single person can cause to national security. Sergeant First Class Clyde Conrad, the target of FCA's most sensitive, and ultimately infamous, investigation, was passing top-secret war plans to the Soviets even as they were being distributed to American commanders.

For most of its fifty years, the Cold War lived up to its name. For Herrington and his crack team of counterintelligence agents, however, it was very much a hot war, a war that has not ended with the collapse of the Soviet Union.

Traitors Among Us

Traitors Among Us

Inside the Spy Catcher's World

Stuart A. Herrington

PRESIDIO

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Contents

Preface vii
Introduction ix

Part I: Cold War Berlin 1

Part II: The Clyde Conrad Investigation 63

Part III: The James Hall Investigation 249

Part IV: Rolling Up the Conrad Ring 373

Epilogue 399

Dedicated to the intelligence professionals of the United States Army Foreign Counterintelligence Activity, the CIA, and the FBI
and
To our comrades in Germany in the Bundeskriminalamt, the Bundesamt fur Verfassungschutz, and the Generalbundesanwalt
as well as to these heroes of the Silent War:
Robert L. Bell
Lt. Gen. William E. Odom (Ret.)
Thomas Duhadway
Dr. Peter Frisch
and Gardner R. (Gus) Hathaway

Preface

This is a story of teamwork and cooperation between counterintelligence agents of the United States Army, the Central Intelligence Agency, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. It is also the hitherto untold story of how, even as the curtain descended on the long, Cold War, American counterspies collaborated closely with German, Swedish, Austrian, and Italian security officials to unmask traitors among us who were selling top secret plans for the defense of Europe. These cases were run by my organization, the United States Army Foreign Counterintelligense Activity. The spies we ultimately netted had sold thousands of our most highly classified documents to the Soviet Union and her Warsaw Pact surrogates from 1972 to 1988. Taken together, the haul of secrets was so voluminous, so sensitive, and so strategically advantageous to Moscow that, had war broken out in Central Europe, America and her NATO allies would have been forced to choose between capitulation or the desperate use of nuclear weapons on German soil.

Although this recounting of the closing engagements of the Silent War is true, it is not complete. Missing from these pages are certain dimensions of the cases described that must remain classified. Some secrets must still be kept. The secrets omitted from this account are relatively few, and their absence does not preclude an accurate, meaningful telling of the story. In some few instances, for varying reasons, I have changed the names of the players.

One motivation for writing this account of the espionage wars was to salute the dedicated counterintelligence special agents who toiled tirelessly for their country in an underappreciated specialty known for yielding more criticism than kudos. The process of selecting cases and dramatis personae to showcase was not easy. For every special agent mentioned or featured in this account, there are hundreds of others whose achievements merit equal recognition. Unfortunately, the realities of the publishing business preclude a full account of their great work. I regret that I could not honor them all.

A number of friends assisted in ensuring that this account is as complete and accurate as possible; too many to mention here. However, I would like to thank Walt Mueller, former U.S. Army, Europe, liaison officer to the U.S. embassy in Bonn for his assistance during our investigations and for his recent help in communicating with officials of the German security services whose work made the Canasta Player case a success. Thanks also to Volkhard Wache, Manfred Rutkowski, and Dr. Rainer Mueller for answering my transatlantic appeals for help. I would also like to acknowledge the good will and support provided to my special agents and me during our time of need by Dr. Peter Frisch, president of the German Federal Office for the Protection of the Constitution.

Thanks must also go to many professionals of the Central Intelligence Agency, active and retired, for their encouragement and assistance, as well as to special agents from both army counterintelligence and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. I wrote this book in the wake of their persistent words of encouragement, usually after I had delivered one of my marathon lectures on spy catching. "This story needs to be told" was their refrain.

Although this book focuses on the agents in the trenches of the espionage wars, among whom I count myself, the reader will understand that the events related in these pages could not have happened without enlightened senior leadership in Washington. In the army, this consisted of Secretary of the Army John O. Marsh, Lt. Gen. (ret.) Sidney T. Weinstein, Lt. Gen. (ret.) Ed Soyster, Lt. Gen. (ret.) Ira "Chuck" Owens, Lt. Gen. (ret.) Charles Eichelberger, Maj. Gen. (ret.) Stan Hyman, Maj. Gen. (ret.) Charles Scanlon, Brig. Gen. (ret.) Larry Runyon, Brig. Gen. (ret.) Michael Schneider, Col. (ret.) Charles Cleveland, Col. (ret.) Jim Linnon, and Mr. Tom Taylor. No commander charged with the challenges and responsibilities that I and the agents of FCA faced could have hoped for better bosses and advisers. A particular debt of gratitude is owed to General Runyon and to Lt. Col. (ret.) Dave Owen, who together made things happen in the headquarters of the Intelligence and Security Command during some pretty tough times.

Finally, I would like to thank copyeditor Barbara Feller-Roth and my editor at Presidio Press, E. J. McCarthy, whose encouragement and acute editorial instincts made this work what it is.

Introduction

For thirty years, I was privileged to serve as an army intelligence officer. Working with the finest corps of intelligence professionals to serve any army, and often supported by our German allies, U.S. Army counterintelligence waged an unrelenting war against our opposition, the intelligence services of the Soviet Union, her allies, and surrogates. Today, highly visible and often spectacular technological means dominate much of the intelligence craft. Our war was different. My colleagues and I were Huminters, human intelligence operatives, skilled in espionage and counterespionage. Ours was a traditional, low-tech business, often called the world's second oldest profession. Betrayal was the coin of the realm: turning our adversary's citizens into traitors, and preventing them from doing the same to our people. The stakes were high for both winner and loser.

This volume is a memoir of our war, once aptly called "the Silent War" by President Ronald Reagan. Waged in the shadows of the Cold War, its battles were one of the sole points of direct confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union. The campaign's objective, drilled into us at places such as Fort Holabird, Maryland, Fort Huachuca, Arizona, and Camp Perry, Virginia, was the "hostile threat" to U.S. national security. Seismic events such as the crushing of the 1968 Prague Spring under Soviet tank treads convinced us that communism was a permanent feature of the international landscape. Persuaded beyond any doubt of the inherent evil of our adversary, we toiled in the netherworld of human intelligence that one observer has labeled a "wilderness of mirrors." Our mission was spy versus counterspy, an intrigue-laden, real-life board game to which many of the contestants became addicted.

Our superiors charged us with the mission of being the nation's eyes and ears in the enemy's camp, while denying him the same access to our secrets. We became the masters of worst-case analysis and planning, usually taking our adversary's strength for granted while probing relentlessly for any weakness that might gain an advantage for the United States in its contest with the specter of Soviet communism.

Engaged as we were in the trenches of this struggle, most of us would have to admit with some embarrassment that we somehow failed to note the approach of the mind-numbing events that rocked the world from 1989 to 1991. When the Berlin Wall came down and Boris Yeltsin triumphed in Moscow, we were as surprised as anyone. A world without Soviet communism was something that most of us never thought we would see. The feeling was one of both exhilaration and anxiety. Some harbored suspicions that it was all a gigantic ruse. After all, they pointed out, had not Lenin warned that one day the communists would mount a great "peace offensive" and lure the gullible West to its doom?

Now we were forced to accept that the milieu we had known was suddenly gone. In its place, a new, more complex world had emerged. We would have to change. When Soviet foreign minister Shevardnadze announced with a puckish grin in 1988, "We are going to do something that will really hurt you; we are going to remove 'the threat,'" his words contained greater wisdom than he could have known. When the Soviets went away, many in the West simply did not know how to cope with new realities. Change has never been our strong suit, in or out of military intelligence.

My journey came to an end in 1994, sparing me from many of the painful adjustments that the next generation now confronts. No longer "operational," I shunned staff duty, electing instead to serve out my remaining years in the idyllic surroundings of the United States Army War College. After twenty-six years of virtually unending adventure, I craved the time and perspective to reflect on that journey. It had been a long odyssey—from the shadow of the Berlin Wall to the rice paddies of Vietnam, from Heidelberg to Hanoi, from the invasion of Manuel Noriega's Panama to the showdown in the Iraqi desert.

Ultimately, the end of the Cold War bequeathed to me and a handpicked team one final mission. In 1992, I was charged with establishing a special task force to mount a quest into the graveyard of the former Soviet Union. The mission? Search for information on our missing comrades, prisoners of war who Russian president Boris

Yeltsin indicated might have been incarcerated in the Soviet gulag during the long Cold War.

It was during this quest that I sat next to former KGB Colonel Vyacheslav Mazurov on a memorable flight from Moscow to Vladivostok. As we winged our way into the Siberian night, Mazurov, emboldened by prodigious amounts of vodka, shared with me the KGB view of Operation Lake Terrace, recounted in this book. It was a rare opportunity to compare notes with a former adversary.

Most of what army counterintelligence agents did during the Cold War was shrouded in secrecy, as it had to be. For almost a half century, silence was one of our major weapons. That was the nature of the business. At considerable expense, we excluded our wives and loved ones from our daily triumphs and setbacks, denying ourselves the support and comfort that form the backbone of most normal families. If an operation went bad, headlines often trumpeted the news. When we won, our triumphs were almost always veiled by layers of security caveats.

The men and women of the United States Army's Military Intelligence Corps with whom I served bore that burden with the maturity and class that one would expect from America's finest. They were, as their coat of arms advertises, "Always Out Front," making history. Their sacrifices and achievements during the closing years of the Cold War have left a legacy that deserves to be documented. Although the memories are mine, the story is theirs.

The Zoltan Szabo/Clyde Conrad Espionage Organization
Four Generations of Spies

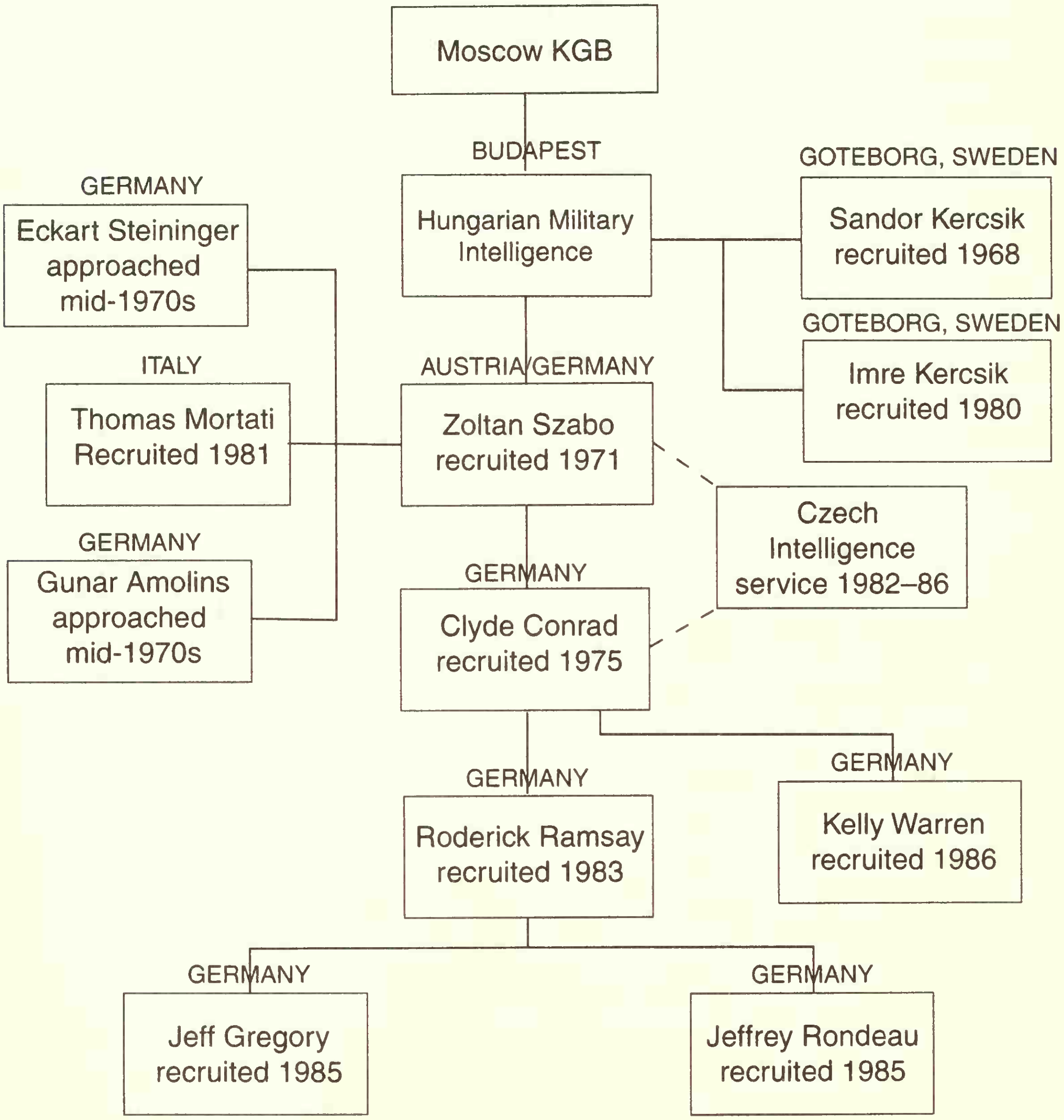
Moscow KGB
BUDAPEST
Hungarian Military Intelligence
GOTEBORG, SWEDEN
Sandor Kercsik recruited 1968
GOTEBORG, SWEDEN
Imre Kercsik recruited 1980
GERMANY
Eckart Steininger approached mid-1970s
ITALY
Thomas Mortati Recruited 1981
GERMANY
Gunar Amolins approached mid-1970s
AUSTRIA/GERMANY
Zoltan Szabo recruited 1971
Czech Intelligence service 1982–86
GERMANY
Clyde Conrad recruited 1975
GERMANY
Roderick Ramsay recruited 1983
GERMANY
Kelly Warren recruited 1986
GERMANY
Jeff Gregory recruited 1985
GERMANY
Jeffrey Rondeau recruited 1985

Part I

Cold War Berlin

1: Operation Lake Terrace

East Berlin: Summer 1985

The operations officer of the KGB's Karlshorst Detachment tossed the message into a classified waste bin and scowled. Twice in one week his superiors at the Moscow Center had laid down the law. Karlshorst's failure to place a new agent inside the American signals intelligence site in West Berlin was unacceptable.

The colonel knew that he and his men were paying the price for success. For almost three years, fate had smiled on the men of the KGB's Third Chief Directorate, whose job it was to penetrate American intelligence units on the other side of the antifascist wall. In 1982, a brash American sergeant had literally appeared on the Soviet doorstep and volunteered to serve as Moscow's man in Field Station Berlin, the high-tech electronic eavesdropping post that was the KGB's top-priority target. From their bases in West Berlin, the colonel knew, the Americans and their allies were carrying out an unrelenting intelligence collection campaign against Soviet and Warsaw Pact forces. The field station was the enemy's most dangerous unit, but the colonel and his Karlshorst team had it well covered—at least until recently.

For three years, the American sergeant had plundered the sensitive facility, exchanging thousands of pages of highly classified documents for a great motivator—stacks of hundred-dollar bills. The man, code-named Paul, was arrogant—his ego required constant stroking—but he was bold. The operation was a KGB officer's dream. With each pickup of top-secret documents, the Karlshorst Detachment was able to provide the Moscow Center with a clearer picture of the remarkable capabilities that the Americans and their technology wizards had packed into the mountaintop installation.

All had benefited from the operation. The colonel and several of his case officers had received promotions and decorations. The Center was well pleased, and it directed its petulant carping at some other unfortunate operational element. Technicians in the KGB's supersecret Sixteenth Directorate pored over the stolen documents provided by Paul and busily pondered ways to counter the Americans' electronic warfare systems.

Then the good life came to an abrupt halt. The Americans transferred the valuable agent to a new assignment in the United States—New Jersey, the colonel seemed to recall. There the greedy sergeant would be controlled by KGB colleagues working under cover at the United Nations. The transfer of their agent was traumatic for Karlshorst. With its top-producing source gone, the detachment's production plummeted. Soon the Center began its incessant badgering. Moscow analysts had become spoiled by the steady flow of secrets that had flowed from East Berlin.

"Where is the man's replacement?" Moscow demanded. "That field station is your highest priority. It must be covered. Failure is out of the question."

The colonel summoned his secretary, the dumpy Ukrainian wife of one of his case officers. East Germans could not be trusted. "Tell Kiryukhin to see me as soon as he gets in," the colonel growled.

For several months, case officer Valery Mikhailovich Kiryukhin had been touting his latest lead as a worthy successor to the departed American sergeant. Tall, good looking, and given to wearing American jeans acquired during a tour at the Soviet Mission to the United Nations, Kiryukhin could be unnervingly arrogant and overbearing. "Telephone intercepts confirm that the guy is in financial trouble," the English-speaking Kiryukhin reported. After several preliminary meetings with the American, Kiryukhin was supremely confident. Like the departed Paul, his new recruit was a sergeant, and he had already crossed the bridge by delivering some secret documents. The cocky Kiryukhin boasted to anyone who would listen that his new man would develop into a fine agent.

In Moscow, the Center was pleased at the prospect of renewed coverage of the Teufelsberg Field Station—pleased, that is, until Kiryukhin was forced to admit that his gold-plated new recruit had broken contact. No one knew why the American had failed to deliver the latest batch of secrets he had promised. Kiryukhin was sure that the sergeant was still in Berlin. Perhaps the indebted soldier had lost his nerve, he suggested.

The colonel cursed silently as he thought to himself: The only way to get Moscow off our backs is for Kiryukhin to force the issue with the timid sergeant. If Valery Mikhailovich had to shower the American with hundred-dollar bills, then he must do so.

West Berlin: November 1985

The narrow break in the window blinds permitted only a limited view of the dimly lit street. Passersby ambled along the sidewalk, their muffled voices barely audible through the window. Berliners were engaged in their favorite pastime—walking along the lakeshore. Since before dusk, we had maintained our vigil at the window, straining to spot a familiar figure on the street. I fidgeted and glanced at my watch, its dial barely visible in the blacked-out room.

It was well past 7:30 P.M., the appointed time of the meeting. A wave of pessimism swept over the occupants of our hidden observation post. Where was he? Had something unforeseen derailed the operation? The possibility that we might be outwitted again by our cunning adversaries was almost too painful to bear. Six months of work for nothing.

A gentle nudge cut short these self-doubts. Something was happening. Barely visible in the darkness, the unmistakable figure of a man on crutches lurched past the window in the direction of a nearby lakeside restaurant—exactly as instructed. I let loose a sigh of relief and gave the thumbs-up signal to my three companions. The figure on crutches—our man—was quickly out of sight. Within minutes, he would enter the Restaurant Seeterrassen. Once inside, the carefully coached double agent would sit facing the door as instructed and await his dinner partner, an English-speaking officer of the Soviet KGB. The trap was set.

On that November evening in 1985, we were operating in the heart of the French sector of West Berlin. Within three hundred yards of our concealed command post, dozens of undercover American and French counterintelligence agents prepared to carry out their assignments. With luck, the plan would come together. If it did, officers in the KGB's aggressive *residenz* in East Berlin would be forced to spend the night dispatching frantic cables to the Moscow Center explaining why their highly touted penetration of American intelligence had suddenly blown up in their faces.

More than forty years after V-E Day, Berlin remained an occupied city, in some ways as bitterly contested as it had been during the war. But in 1985 the contest was not between Hitler's war-weary legions and advancing Allied armies. This was the Cold War. The arena was divided Berlin, and the gladiators were the intelligence services of the western powers and the Soviet-dominated Warsaw Pact.

Situated more than a hundred miles inside communist East Germany, Berlin was surrounded by a Soviet occupation force of some 300,000 Red Army soldiers. Bequeathed to us by the politicians who drew up the postwar map even as battles still raged, the western half of the historic city had risen Phoenix-like from its own rubble and ashes. As the Cold War raged, the free half of the former Nazi capital had become an insular observation post deep in our Soviet adversary's rear. Allied forces in West Berlin sat directly astride the supply lines that Moscow's armies would depend upon in the event of a war with the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO). As a consequence, the three western allies had packed their West Berlin garrisons with a formidable array of intelligence units, all of which spied on the Soviets around the clock by every conceivable means, technical and human.

Among intelligence professionals, Berlin was deservedly known as the world's undisputed capital of espionage. Of some five thousand American civilian and military personnel stationed in the city, almost two thousand were directly engaged in intelligence and counterintelligence duties, and they were joined by both British and French intelligence contingents. Viewed through Moscow's strategic prisms, western intelligence agencies in Berlin loomed as a serious threat. In the event of war, our efforts would guarantee an advantage to NATO by providing early warning of Warsaw Pact preparations. And our Soviet adversaries could not be comfortable with the behind-the-lines mischief that we would most certainly launch from our West Berlin bases if war were to erupt.

But this game could be played by both sides. Allied sensitive units in West Berlin also posed a tempting intelligence collection opportunity for the opposition. By deploying a full array of sophisticated military and civilian intelligence collection activities in the surrounded city, Washington, London, and Paris served up thousands of targets for possible recruitment by Soviet and Warsaw Pact spymasters. To make matters worse (or better, if one were Soviet), because the Soviets were one of the four powers responsible for the continuing occupation of the entire city, Moscow's operatives enjoyed unrestricted access to West Berlin, a freedom that they exploited to the maximum. Stark evidence of this was the presence of thousands of Soviet and Warsaw Pact intelligence agents on both sides of the Berlin Wall, all jousting for position in their unrelenting efforts to penetrate American, British, and French security. For intelligence professionals of both sides, Cold War Berlin was the place to be—an espionage Mecca where the shadowy game of spy versus counterspy was daily fare.

On this particular evening in November 1985, the drama was being played out between agents of my unit, the 766th Military Intelligence Detachment, and the Karlshorst Detachment of the Soviet KGB's Third Chief Directorate. Earlier in the year, the KGB had made what they believed to be a bold and successful recruitment of an American sergeant. For months, the East Berlin–based Soviets had met the young noncom and plied him with cash in exchange for classified documents, unaware that their promising new recruit was a loyal soldier who had been under the control of American counterintelligence from the beginning. Now it was time to end the operation on our terms. If all went well on this chilly November evening, army counterintelligence would deliver a strong counterstroke to the Soviet operation.

As agents in Berlin prepared to spring their carefully orchestrated trap, counterintelligence staff officers in Munich, Heidelberg, and Washington awaited the jubilant signal that would flash from the streets of Berlin if the 766th's plan succeeded in besting our Soviet adversaries. The stakes of the operation were high, not the least important of which was the professional reputation of our counterintelligence unit. Some in our Munich headquarters had scoffed at the plan, believing that it was not possible to put so many agents in this small lakeside promenade undetected by the KGB's vaunted countersurveillance personnel. We were determined to prove them wrong.

Our command post this evening was the darkened front room of a nineteenth-century red brick building belonging to the West Berlin Water Works. Gazing intently through the narrow opening in the blinds, adrenaline pumping, I had no time to mourn the obvious—that our chilly vigil was not high on the list of activities one might choose for a Friday night, particularly in a city famous for its nightlife. To complicate matters, my parents were visiting from their Florida retirement retreat. This was supposed to be a night on the town, an excursion to Berlin's famous Kurfurstendamm and dinner at one of the elegant city's five thousand restaurants.

Earlier that day, all of us involved in the operation had made polite but obscure excuses to our families. Business would keep us out late, possibly past midnight. We couldn't tell our loved ones that "business" was a euphemism for the Soviet KGB.

Beside me in our clammy observation post pressing a radio to his ear was unit operations officer Bob Thayer. The thirty-eight-year-old Thayer was the brains behind this six-month, high-stakes sting of the KGB. If events unfolded as planned, Vasily, an English-speaking Soviet operative, was destined to have a bad night. Crouched beside Thayer were Maj. Bill Wetzel, a U.S. Army military police officer, and Alain Bianchi, an agent of the French Surete. Together, we constituted the control element of a forty-person dragnet of American and French special agents deployed in the surrounding streets and restaurants. If Vasily took the bait and paid our agent for the secret documents he was carrying, American and French special agents would take the Russian into custody and swiftly cordon off the area to trap his confederates.

We had gone to ground in the dank observation post in midafternoon, aided by a cooperating official of the West Berlin Water Works who smuggled us in a closed van into the ancient pumping station. When the German employees went home, their darkened office became our command post.

By 1985, Bob Thayer had been operating against the KGB for fifteen years. A native of Sioux City, Iowa, the popular operations officer of the 766th Military Intelligence Detachment had inaugurated his career in 1970 as an enlisted special agent before converting to civilian status. With service in the United States, Korea, and Panama, Thayer knew the enemy better than any of us. Patient, methodical, and demanding, the veteran investigator had the right stuff for duty in West Berlin, where not a week passed without some challenge involving our communist adversaries.

Years of experience had taught Thayer that Soviet countersurveillance agents would cautiously check out the neighborhood several hours prior to the scheduled meeting with their agent. The KGB men, trained to sniff out a trap, would be looking for signs of unusual activity that might indicate trouble. Outwitting the Soviets would not be easy. Somehow, the neighborhood would have to be saturated with special agents without leaving any telltale signs that American counterspies were in the area. Any hint of unusual activity would be detected by the KGB men, who would alert Vasily to abort the meeting with the American source.

Several days earlier, agents of the 766th had cased the lakeside site and reported that the streets would be far from empty in the early evening. Late vacationers from all over Germany were still enjoying the resort atmosphere. This news inspired Bob Thayer. Why not rent recreational vehicles with German license plates and park them in the neighborhood? The RVs would blend in perfectly with the resort atmosphere and provide ideal hiding places for teams of special agents. Linked by radio communications to the command post, agents could spring from the vehicles on command, and the RVs could be used as roadblocks. Any Soviets trapped in the tight circle would have no choice but to surrender.

Thayer also knew that our trained KGB adversaries' suspicions would be alerted if they detected too many males, particularly in pairs, in the area of the planned meeting. This was a problem for the 766th, which had few female agents in its ranks. The seasoned operations officer overcame this problem by a variety of measures. He concealed many of our male agents in the RVs. Agents assigned to the streets and in the restaurants were a disarming mix of men and women. Any KGB snoops looking for danger signs would see couples strolling on the waterfront and families with children relaxing in the restaurants and coffee shops of the neighborhood. There would be no trace of grim-faced spooks lying in ambush.

To accomplish this ruse, Thayer had drafted virtually all of the women in the unit—translators, secretaries, archivists, even the supply clerk—and put them on the streets with the men. Then, to guarantee eyes on the target, he boldly posted two 766th agents in the restaurant where the KGB man had told his American spy to meet him. One was a female, the other a veteran German American who was dining with the borrowed wife and children of a colleague, enabling him to blend unthreateningly into the restaurant's family clientele. When Vasily entered the quaint Restaurant Seeterrassen, the KGB man would have no way of knowing that the silver-haired fellow with the attractive wife and two children in a nearby booth was wired for communications. Special agent Hilmar Kullek's mission was critical. The moment he saw our agent pass an envelope to the Russian, Kullek would sound the alert and the trap would be sprung.

Thus the stage was set for what would become known in the annals of the Silent War as Operation Lake Terrace. If all went according to Bob Thayer's plan, the arrest and humiliation of Vasily and his colleagues would send a clear signal to Moscow that American soldiers were not for sale, contrary to the teachings as taught in the KGB's training institute. At the same time, photos of the apprehended Soviets would provide convincing proof that the hostile intelligence threat to U.S. forces in Berlin was alive and well.

In Moscow, Mikhail Gorbachev had just taken the first steps down the road of glasnost that would lead to the end of the Cold War. But on the streets of West Berlin, the battle of wits between American and Soviet intelligence services continued unabated.

2: The Road to Berlin

This was my second tour as a military intelligence (MI) officer in West Berlin. In 1968, as a captain assigned under cover to a human intelligence (HUMINT) unit, I was part of a team of intelligence officers whose mission was to recruit Soviet and Warsaw Pact citizens to betray their countries' secrets. Because West Berlin was a crossroads for citizens of Eastern European countries, hunting was always good for the 430th Military Intelligence Battalion. Couriers, low-level observation agents, even an occasional principal agent, who might recruit others to the cause, were our stock-in-trade. In the days before sophisticated satellites, an agent who could ride a bus past a Soviet garrison and count the tanks in the parking areas was worth the time, risk, and effort to recruit.

That initial tour in Berlin had been a moving experience. Young, idealistic, and in search of a career that measured up to the ideals of my liberal arts education, I felt that duty in Berlin resonated from the beginning. Like most Americans who made pilgrimages to the historic city, I was shaken deeply by its stark isolation and hated wall. But I couldn't avoid being seduced by West Berlin's beauty and friendly, pro-American population. Orchestrating espionage against the communists was heady stuff, and our cause was just. One needed only to glance across the wall or read the newspapers to see the drab fate that communism offered.

Not only was the cause just, the duty was exciting. In August 1968, Red Army tank units garrisoned around Berlin had suddenly disappeared from their installations—mobilized for "exercises," according to our Russian counterparts. As American and allied intelligence units frantically employed all available agents and technical capabilities to locate the missing Russians, Soviet and Warsaw Pact forces stormed across the Czech frontier.

I was the Berlin Command's staff duty officer that night. When the alert was sounded from our Heidelberg headquarters, I notified the command group, then watched in awe as grim-faced generals and colonels assembled in the command's subterranean operations center. Other than a symbolic alert of our small garrison (one reinforced tank company—thirty tanks—and three infantry battalions), there was little anyone could do other than watch helplessly as Moscow's forces wrote the final bloody chapter to Alexander Dubcek's Prague Spring.

At one point, an alarming report hit the wire. A Soviet armored unit was heading for the inter-German border. Everyone held his breath. Were the leaders in the Kremlin crazy enough to start World War III under the cover of the Prague operation? The report was quickly discredited, but the lesson was not lost. We lived in an exposed, dangerous environment, and the Russians were playing for keeps. As Moscow's legions ruthlessly mopped up resistance in Prague, we monitored the piteous, unanswered appeals for help that the beleaguered Czechs broadcast on clandestine radio transmitters. ("This is Free Prague. They are killing us. Please help.")

But there was no help. The hapless Czechs learned the hard way—as had their Hungarian neighbors twelve years earlier—that all the hoopla in the West about rolling back communism was just that: cheap talk and political posturing. Refugees from the Soviet crackdown streamed into Austria and Germany.

With the flood of displaced Czechs came bountiful operational opportunities for the Berlin intelligence community. In the months following the August invasion, we busied ourselves with countless refugee debriefings of those Czechs fortunate enough to escape the Soviet blitzkrieg, always on the alert for someone who knew someone. Did the retired Czech engineer sitting across the table perhaps have a son who had remained behind in Prague? Might the young man be of draft age and likely to be inducted into the disaffected Czech army? And had the gentleman worked out ways to communicate with his son? Moscow's heavy-handed treatment of its ally had offered up a treasure trove of operational leads for us—thousands of angry, dispossessed men and women who might lead us to someone with "placement and access" (our jargon) to key military targets behind the Iron Curtain.

Shortly after the subduing of the Czechs, the army sent me to the Bavarian village of Oberammergau to study the German language, for which I had some affinity. Eventually, I learned German well. By the time my tour in Berlin ended in December 1969, I had become a card-carrying Germanophile. More importantly, although I initially didn't realize it, was the fact that I was hooked on a career in military intelligence. At age twenty-eight, I had adapted effortlessly to the intelligence business, and the army had plans for me. Vietnam was beckoning.

By 1969, the American people were all but unanimous in their rejection of the Vietnam War. The surprise attacks during Tet of 1968 and the resulting bloodletting portended an eventual stalemate, if not defeat. President Johnson, worn down and demoralized, had already retired to his Texas ranch. His successor, Richard Nixon, promised the electorate that he would end U.S. involvement in the unpopular war. Disinclined to volunteer for what seemed to be a lost cause, I departed Berlin and separated from active duty at the end of 1969. My boss and mentor, Maj. Tom Dillon, strove in vain to change my mind, bluntly telling me that I would not find anything in civilian life that could compare to a career in military intelligence.

Dillon was correct. Within seven months, I was back in uniform, having volunteered for duty in Vietnam as the price of readmission into the ranks of military intelligence. Private industry could not compete with the excitement and sense of purpose of a military career. I had found my calling.

The Vietnam phase of my career lasted the better part of four years. Two of those years were spent in a remote Vietnamese province near the Cambodian border ferreting out the communist agents who made up the Vietcong's shadow government. (This story is recounted in *Stalking the Vietcong: Inside Operation Phoenix,* Presidio Press, 1997.)

Vietnam was my first inside look at the netherworld of counterintelligence, where the intrigue of stalking Vietcong agents was almost addictive. Unmasking and neutralizing enemy operatives was more satisfying than recruiting spies, although it was clear that a grasp of recruitment techniques and espionage tradecraft made one a far more effective spy catcher. This truism would determine the path I would follow for the next twenty-five years.

For me, and all of us who answered the call and served in Vietnam, the war had an unhappy ending. In my case, almost four years spent in the cause of our hapless Vietnamese ally ended when I departed the roof of the U.S. embassy in a Marine Corps evacuation helicopter on April 30, 1975, at 5:30 A.M., scant hours before the North Vietnamese Army entered Saigon and renamed it Ho Chi Minh City. (This is related in *Peace with Honor? An American Reports on Vietnam, 1973–1975,* Presidio Press, 1983.)

Eight years transpired between the fall of Saigon and my spy-catching assignment in West Berlin. As a German linguist with operational experience in both Berlin and Vietnam, I was qualified for the sensitive post in spite of my lack of formal counterintelligence schooling. Not that there was much serious competition from my fellow officers. Spy catching was widely regarded as a career dead end. Few MI careerists were willing to risk the lower promotion rates associated with the Silent War.

This all mattered little to me. Command of the 766th Military Intelligence Detachment meant an opportunity to return to Berlin, where I had friends in the intelligence community and which held nothing but fond memories of the halcyon days of the 1960s. But most importantly, for anyone who thirsted for the chance to practice the craft of intelligence in a challenging and difficult operational environment, literally surrounded by the opposition, Berlin was the place to be.

3: The KGB Strikes

By the time we set up our 1985 stakeout in the French sector, I had been in command of the 766th Military Intelligence Detachment for more than two years. The detachment traced its lineage to the army's Counterintelligence Corps (CIC) in the victorious summer of 1945. For almost fifty years, until its deactivation at the end of the Cold War, the 766th's principal mission had remained constant: Detect and foil the attempts of our communist adversaries to turn American soldiers into traitors.

Ours was a war waged in the shadows. The agents of the 766th were key players in a game known irreverently as "the world's second oldest profession." But regardless of what one chose to call it, espionage and counterespionage was a fascinating business. The stakes were high, the mission a worthy one, and all of us loved its thrills.

These were fast-paced years, packed with a daily regime of intrigue as we jousted with the Soviet intelligence services (the KGB and the GRU—Soviet military intelligence), the East German State Security Service (MfS, or Stasi), the Czech STB, and the Polish SB. In the early years after V-E Day, assassinations and kidnappings by Soviet agents were not unusual. By the waning days of the Cold War, the rules were more civilized but the game was the same: Penetrate the enemy's units by recruiting his most vulnerable soldiers. Operation Lake Terrace was but one example of our stock-in-trade, recounted here in detail because it was, in many ways, a microcosm of what we faced in Berlin's contested environment.

The events that led to our vigil in the West Berlin Water Works that chilly November evening in 1985 had begun six months earlier. The KGB moved the first pawn.

A young American soldier, SSgt. Lowry Wilcox, had received several phone calls from an auto finance company in the United States. The sergeant's car payment was overdue, a polite voice reminded him. Naturally, the finance company did not want to involve his commander. Was there a problem, or could he send the payment promptly? Wilcox assured his creditors that he had experienced a temporary problem but he would pay up soon. It was the kind of conversation that happened almost daily to underpaid GIs stationed around the world.

But this conversation was different. Crouched at a console on the communist side of the Berlin Wall, a Soviet KGB signals intelligence technician was listening.

The American sergeant was serving in West Berlin in one of the command's most sensitive communications sites, Field Station Berlin. Perched on the peak of the Teufelsberg, a small mountain formed from the rubble of the bombed-out city in 1945, the field station was the highest point in West Berlin. Festooned with antenna arrays and domes, Wilcox's unit was one of the Soviet intelligence service's priority targets. When one of the field station's soldiers had a conversation with a creditor, the KGB paid attention.

Every day, thousands of long-distance telephone calls from the United States and Europe were beamed through the airwaves to recipients in West Berlin. Sophisticated computer consoles in East Berlin, many of them embargoed American and Japanese technology purchased for the Soviets and East Germans by front companies, intercepted each call. To accomplish this, agents of the KGB's Signals Directorate programmed phone numbers of interest into their consoles. When a targeted phone rang in the home of a soldier assigned to a sensitive job in Berlin, Soviet ears were alert for any clues that the American might be in trouble.

Each day, the Soviet signals intelligence unit could cull these targeted conversations from the daily harvest of intercepts and pass them on to KGB translators. Intercepts revealing well-placed Americans with personal problems were fed to KGB case officers (human intelligence recruiters).

The rest was simple. English-speaking KGB officers would assess the target's problem, which was often financial, then contact the needy soldier with an attractive "business proposition." In Staff Sergeant Wilcox's case, this entire process took less than a week. Years of practice had forged a close supporting relationship between Soviet signals intelligence units and the KGB's aggressive recruiters.

Within days of receiving the finance company's final warning, Sergeant Wilcox's home phone rang once again. The caller, speaking accented English, identified himself cryptically as Mr. Fisher, a "friend of a friend" of Wilcox's family. Fisher was direct. He understood that the sergeant was a talented fellow who might be interested in a lucrative business opportunity. Could the two of them get together the following evening to discuss the venture? Wilcox, whose alertness exceeded his financial management skills, was instantly suspicious. Nonetheless, he played along. By the end of the conversation, the two men had agreed to meet the following evening at a hotel near Berlin's fashionable Kurfurstendamm in the British sector. Before hanging up, Fisher cautioned Wilcox to keep their business confidential, a telltale feature of Soviet intelligence modus operandi.

As it happened, one of Wilcox's neighbors was a special agent in the 766th Military Intelligence Detachment. The staff sergeant recalled the security briefing that he had received upon arrival in Berlin and promptly sought out his neighbor. Wilcox's description of Fisher's cryptic offer, the man's accent, his insistence on secrecy, and the recent phone call about an overdue car payment all added up to a classic Soviet approach. It was all there: Soldier assigned to a sensitive unit; financial troubles aired on the phone; and a generous stranger offering a tempting and timely opportunity to rake in some quick cash.

To the seasoned Bob Thayer, the Wilcox encounter was a category 1 case, meaning that it was almost surely the real thing: a contact initiated by an agent of a hostile intelligence service. Thankfully, other than our agent, the sergeant had told no one about his encounter. Secrecy had been maintained, making Fisher's phone call a viable opportunity to mount a secret operation to turn the tables on our Soviet adversaries.

To do this, the staff sergeant would have to agree to be a double agent. If willing, Wilcox would be coached by army counterintelligence to play along with Fisher. The goal would be to draw the Russian into a relationship that Thayer and his agents would control, to set the stage for a headline-making apprehension of Fisher. To outfox the KGB, Wilcox would have to be carefully coached. Although he would have to appear to Fisher and his superiors as a greedy, disloyal American, he dare not appear too anxious. Nor could the debt-ridden sergeant display a lack of the normal human fears and inhibitions of someone involved in the betrayal of his country. The penalties for espionage were severe.

This was dicey business, and our KGB opponents were trained to detect such ruses. For the operation to succeed, the American agent would have to be bold and quick witted. Thayer's case agent discreetly checked out Wilcox. Was the young sergeant the sort of man who could be mentored successfully to play this role? Feedback obtained by the case agent was positive. Wilcox was a solid citizen with above-average smarts and a clean military record. Had the assessment been negative, or had Wilcox shown little inclination to volunteer for the planned sting, he would have been instructed to sever all contact with Fisher. But the sergeant had impressed our case agent as a quick-thinking noncom who could follow instructions. Equally important, he was ready, though not eager, to participate.

Agents prepared the nervous young sergeant for what might occur when he met Fisher. The caller would almost certainly abandon his flimsy cover and announce himself to be a Soviet. This would be a "cold pitch." As such, we warned our volunteer, he could expect to be put under immediate pressure at this initial meeting. The man would probably attempt to lure Wilcox to East Berlin, either in a Soviet diplomatic vehicle or via the subway. Even though the KGB worked with impunity in West Berlin, Moscow's operatives were more comfortable on their side of the Berlin Wall. Agents also warned Wilcox that the Russian might urge him to go immediately to Teufelsberg and steal some classified documents. If this happened, the Soviet would probably argue that it was necessary as "a show of good faith—so I can convince my boss that you are for real."

The 766th agents advised their new man that he could expect quick money to be waved in his face, which he was authorized to accept. But under no circumstances, agents warned, was he to travel to East Berlin, nor was he to agree to visit his unit for a nocturnal theft of sensitive documents. To ease his fears, Wilcox's case officer provided the sergeant with plausible reasons he could give for refusal.

All of these preparations took place within twenty-four hours of Fisher's phone call. Meanwhile, Bob Thayer overcame the army's primitive secure communications and coaxed permission for the operation from our headquarters—often a greater challenge than dealing with the Soviets. With but a few hours until the appointed meeting, the courageous but nervous sergeant was dispatched to meet the furtive Mr. Fisher.

Our hastily trained recruit would be on his own. Certain that Fisher's Soviet comrades would be out in force on a countersurveillance effort, Thayer had elected not to shadow Wilcox. The 766th was blessed with talented agents who regularly practiced the difficult art of discreet physical surveillance under Bob Thayer's tutelage, but a spontaneous surveillance of this all-important first meeting would be risky. Better to let the sergeant attend the meeting "clean" as a way of convincing the Soviets that he had not reported Fisher's phone call to the authorities. As a consequence, agents would have to rely on Wilcox to report on his encounter with Fisher.

Trust played a major role in such operations. If the Soviets managed to intimidate our man and spirit him into East Berlin, he might be interrogated by a trained Soviet communications specialist about the field station. If that happened, the operation would be an instant success for Moscow. Worse yet, the inexperienced Wilcox might lose his nerve and comply with a Soviet demand that he go to Teufelsberg and steal a stack of top-secret documents to prove that he was a genuine traitor. In either case, I chided Bob Thayer, he and I could open a used car lot in Paducah, Kentucky, because our careers in military intelligence would be over.

Several hours after the scheduled meeting, Wilcox called from a neighbor's apartment. In Berlin, it was not unheard of for the KGB to follow their man after such a meeting, looking for some sign that he might actually be under American control. Soviet surveillance personnel would likely be watching the sergeant's every move on the homeward trip to the American sector. Had he stopped to make a call from a phone booth (a sure sign of control) or, worse, if he had gone directly to the headquarters compound, where numerous American intelligence units were located, the KGB would terminate the operation.

"Everything is okay," Wilcox assured his case agent in a voice quavering with unconcealed excitement. "But you were right—he was a Russian, and he tried to get me to go through the wall."

Later, at his debriefing, Wilcox related the details of his first encounter with the KGB. He had shown up at the hotel, taken a seat on the outdoor terrace, and ordered a beer. Within minutes, a tall, dark-haired man dressed casually in jeans and a Members Only jacket approached and inquired if he was "Sergeant Wilcox." Wilcox nodded, and the man strode off, indicating that Wilcox should accompany him. The pair walked a short distance to one of Berlin's many small plazas and sat down on a park bench.

"My name is Vasily," the tall stranger began, "and I am a Soviet officer." Wilcox's throat was dry. Before he said a word, Vasily continued. "I have a car nearby, and I want you to go with me to East Berlin where we can speak freely."

The sergeant shook his head in unfeigned fear. "I'm afraid to go over there," he told the Russian. "If I get caught, my career will be ruined and I'll go to jail."

Vasily pushed. "No, it's not like you think. We won't go through Checkpoint Charlie. We'll go through a checkpoint where there are no MPs. I'll give you a wig, so no one will recognize you. Believe me, we'll be safer over there than on this side."

Wilcox remembered his instructions and shook his head. The Soviet relented, then fired off a barrage of questions about the noncom's unit—nothing extremely sensitive but sufficient to confirm that he had the right man, someone with the required placement and access to secrets who would make a good recruit. What was the classification of the documents in the sergeant's office? Could he manage to smuggle some of them out the door? How much longer did the sergeant have in Berlin? The conversation was short and hurried, the classic "cold pitch." No gentle lead-in, no lengthy assessment, just a blunt invitation: "You have something we need, and we have something you need," as if the discussion concerned the purchase of a pair of slacks. "This is business, nothing more. What do you think?"

That was it. Our agent nodded his agreement, stammered something about how careful they would have to be, and promised to "get something" from his workplace. Vasily assured his new recruit that security would be uppermost, then insisted one final time that his superiors were expecting the two in East Berlin. Wilcox again demurred. It was too dangerous.

The tall KGB officer accepted the sergeant's refusal without further argument and passed him an envelope—"from my bosses, as a show of good faith." The envelope contained a thin stack of crisp hundred-dollar bills, more than enough to cover Wilcox's delinquent car payment. The officer sternly cautioned the sergeant not to tell his wife or anyone else about their business, then provided his new recruit with the time and place of their next meeting, two weeks in the future. In the meantime, he reminded Wilcox sternly, "You know what we want."

The stunned sergeant related this story to his case agent with some amazement, almost as if it had happened to someone else. He couldn't get over the fact that virtually everything that his 766th contact forecast had transpired, almost as if American counterintelligence had written the script for the Soviet, right down to the clumsy gambit to get him into East Berlin.

The fact that Wilcox had not been caught off-guard gave him confidence in his American case agent. This would pay great dividends, for the two men would see a lot of each other in the coming months. If the case conformed to the KGB's modus operandi, Vasily would continue to meet his new recruit in the West but would press the sergeant to accompany him into East Berlin. Not only that, the Russians would expect impressive production from their spy—stacks of highly classified documents from the field station. Because we could not permit this, the sting would have a relatively brief life span. A genuine spy would agree to the East Berlin trip and provide his Soviet masters stacks of classified documents. If our man was a good actor, we might fool Vasily for a few months, but no longer.

Experience also taught that the operation would take an increasing share of Wilcox's free time, although the dedicated sergeant would not be permitted to keep the money he earned from his Soviet contacts. We could thus expect problems as the months passed, not the least of which would be a troubled wife's discomfort over whatever it was that her husband was doing at night, and the need for the sergeant to obtain time off from work to lead his double life. All were common problems that cropped up during such operations. Fortunately for the 766th, Lowry Wilcox was a level-headed soldier who adopted a positive, uncomplaining attitude throughout. His wife, whom we eventually took into our confidence, was supportive, as was his commander at Teufelsberg.

The operation dragged on through the early summer of 1985. Vasily pursued Wilcox aggressively, coaxing and urging the nervous sergeant to steal more and better classified documents from his workplace. Additional envelopes of hundred-dollar bills materialized as an incentive for production. At one point, Vasily admonished his new agent that the documents he was providing weren't worth the money Moscow was paying. The Soviets were acting in character.

Then the KGB threw a curveball. In a departure from the usual script, the Soviet urged Wilcox to steal "the good stuff," put it in an envelope, and deposit it in the slightly open window of a Soviet-built Lada sedan. Vasily provided the noncommissioned officer with a map of the exact location where the car would be parked, in the British sector near the Funkturm.

"Drop off the documents and keep walking," Vasily instructed. "We'll pay you later, after my superiors have evaluated the documents."

This was an unwelcome development. From the beginning, the objective of the operation had been to apprehend Vasily in the act of accepting classified documents from his American recruit. By introducing the Lada vehicle, the cautious Russian had just removed himself from the equation. If the KGB officer was no longer going to accept stolen secrets during face-to-face meetings, how could we arrest him? Morale sank among those of us in the detachment who knew of the highly compartmented operation. This hitherto unseen Soviet ploy had all the earmarks of a KGB effort to avoid a trap, despite our best efforts to convince Moscow that Wilcox was a genuine traitor.

On the other hand, why shouldn't Vasily smell a trap? Our sergeant could not be permitted to steal wholesale quantities of highly classified documents from his workplace. We were thus confined to a stalling tactic, doling out barely classified documents to keep the Russian on the hook while we busied ourselves choreographing the arrest scene and obtaining approvals for each move from higher headquarters. It was a delicate balancing act that Thayer could not sustain for long. Vasily knew that Lowry Wilcox's mountaintop workplace was awash with top-secret documents, and that the field station's security was lax. Sooner or later, the seasoned KGB officer or his superiors would realize that the man's failure to deliver "the good stuff" could mean only one thing: The sergeant was under the control of American counterintelligence.

Twice in the past nine years, Soviet KGB operatives had been successfully mousetrapped in Berlin under circumstances strikingly similar to those of the Wilcox case. In both instances, Moscow had approached American soldiers from intelligence units and offered dollars for documents. Each man had agreed to spy for Moscow while covertly cooperating with agents of the 766th. Both operations ended with humiliating apprehensions of Soviet officers on the streets—caught red-handed, as it were, in the act of meeting their "spy" to exchange documents for money. One had to wonder: With such a history, why would the KGB bite again?

In truth, the Russians had little to lose. By relentlessly approaching soldiers with access to secrets and promising them stacks of hundred-dollar bills to commit espionage, the law of averages was Moscow's ally. Some soldiers were bound to bite. Of those who took the bait, many might report the approach and come under American control, but others would be genuine traitors. If the KGB's cost of doing business was an occasional bad headline and a few embarrassed agents, wasn't this well worth the results? After all, the "take" in stolen secrets provided insights into the inner workings of the American intelligence community. Because KGB officers carried cover documents that identified them as diplomatically immune Soviet embassy personnel, the worst that could happen was a brief detention (measured in hours, not days). True, the professional incentives to avoid this humiliation were strong. In the paranoid ranks of the KGB, detention by the Americans, however brief, could cast a permanent shadow over an officer's reliability. Nonetheless, the Moscow Center considered its operations to penetrate our intelligence community as well worth the risk.

Soviet defectors had told their interrogators what KGB trainers taught about Americans. New KGB officers were imbued with the credo that virtually any American noncommissioned officer (NCO) could be bought if you offered him three times his annual salary. Officers, too, could be won over, the KGB assured its trainees, but with far more difficulty. Officers were better educated and better paid and came from the reactionary circles of American society. Underpaid sergeants with daily access to secrets were the best targets, KGB trainers preached—and they were correct.

One former KGB operative told his American debriefers that KGB trainers taught the acronym MICE in classes on recruitment approaches to Americans; MICE stood for money, ideology, corruption, coercion, and ego. "We were told that if an American professed a belief in our ideology, we should reject him as a likely provocateur [double agent]," the defector explained. "We did not expect the capitalist Americans to accept our ideology. Our trainers emphasized that money was the proven path to obtain the loyalty of most Americans."

The 766th operations officer Bob Thayer was hoping that Vasily saw the incarnation of this principle in Lowry Wilcox. The cash-strapped staff sergeant had dutifully provided classified material in exchange for money and expressed his willingness to go for "the big score" at work. Until Vasily's introduction of the car trick, the operation had been on track. We struggled in vain to come up with a way to outsmart the Russian on this one, but without results. Neither I nor Thayer could think of a way to put us back on track—defined as a resumption of face-to-face meetings between our bogus traitor and Vasily. If Wilcox put classified documents into that Lada, we were marching to the beat of Moscow's music.

Perhaps Don, our Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) counterpart, could offer advice. I strolled the short distance to the rear of the Berlin headquarters compound and entered the heavily secured building that housed the agency's Berlin base. Seated on the couch in Don's well-appointed office, surrounded by stereo music to foil electronic eavesdropping, I described our dilemma and reviewed the options. Impatient for a successful climax to the case, I favored a heavy-handed approach. Why not instruct Wilcox to comply with Vasily's instructions and drop the documents in the car—then apprehend whoever showed up to drive it away? Any Soviet would do.

Don shook his head. "They'll claim it was a provocation, and all you'll get is egg on your face, because there will be those out there who will believe it," he counseled. "You need to stick to your original objective, even if it means passing on this event."

The CIA officer's counsel was unwelcome. We had set our sights on an arrest, and nothing less would do, even if the best we could do was the arrest of a Soviet driver. At least the Russian would be apprehended in the act of conveying stolen secrets.

Don disagreed. "Be patient. They're not going to let loose of your man if he fails to dump the stuff in that car," he advised. "They'll come sniffing back, and then you can have it your way."

Don's arguments were persuasive, but putting the whole operation on hold and risking the loss of the opportunity to outwit the Soviets was distasteful. As an operation progressed, it was common to see the various moves and countermoves as a game. Unless great self-discipline could be maintained, pride and ego could cloud judgment and spell defeat. I was falling into that trap, propelled by an overpowering desire to post Vasily's name in the unit trophy case beside the names of KGB officers who had been apprehended in the past.

Bob Thayer sided with Don on this one, and Thayer was an operations officer whom a commander ignored at his peril. Not only was he more experienced than I, he was usually right. Not without misgivings, I relented. At their next meeting, Thayer's case agent instructed the plucky Sergeant Wilcox not to follow Vasily's instructions. We would not permit the KGB to control the operation. The next move was thus up to Vasily. If he wanted his newly recruited spy to hand over additional secrets, he would have to meet him in person.

Disappointed, I privately concluded that we had seen the last of Vasily, and got on with other business.

4: Business as Usual

Like detective work, counterintelligence is often embellished by outsiders who write about it. In novels and movies, the life of a counterspy is most often depicted as glamorous and risky—a derring-do existence replete with intrigue, violence, and high drama. Real counterintelligence agents, like their law enforcement counterparts, know better. Much of the daily fare of the average agent revolves around the routine and the mundane. Surveillance operations, furtive contacts with agents, and dramatic arrest scenes are the exception; records checks, interviews, and endless report writing are the norm. Legions of counterintelligence agents served during the Cold War. Most never caught a single spy, and only a small number ever directly confronted our communist adversaries. Of those fortunate enough to do so, many did it in West Berlin.

Counterintelligence duty in West Berlin approached the overdrawn characterizations of the novelist. There was no shortage of business in the city's intrigue-laden environment. Each day in the 766th MI Detachment brought with it a menu of opportunities and choices, any one of which could quickly transform itself into an operational triumph or mushroom into an embarrassing catastrophe. Thanks largely to the efforts of a smart operations officer and his enthusiastic agents, between 1983 and 1986 triumphs outnumbered catastrophes. But in the latter category, the case of special agent B. J. Conlin stands out.

Sergeant First Class Conlin arrived in West Berlin in September 1983. Fresh from a delicate assignment in Washington, D.C., the thirty-year-old NCO showed up unexpectedly on our unit doorstep. This was somewhat unusual, but the new noncom had come from an undercover assignment where his move to Germany could have been handled outside of normal personnel channels. Conlin produced movement orders assigning him to Berlin, and everyone knew that the personnel system was far from perfect. Pleased at our good fortune to obtain the services of a relatively senior agent, we notified our Munich headquarters of Conlin's somewhat unorthodox arrival and put him to work.

Almost immediately, disquieting things began to happen. A loner with a Barry Manilow hairstyle, Conlin elected to rent a bachelor apartment in a German neighborhood. The 766th's agents were a tight group during their off-duty hours, but B. J. kept to himself. Soon Bob Thayer began to receive disturbing reports. Special agent Conlin was spending far too many hours perched on a bar stool in Berlin's Checkpoint Noncommissioned Officers' Club. Thayer sought me out and reminded me of his initial reaction to B. J. Within days of the man's arrival, Bob had screwed his face into a distasteful smirk and delivered his first take on the new guy from Washington: "Sir, I don't know about B. J.," he warned. "There's something there I just can't put my finger on, but I'm not comfortable with him." From that day on, Thayer had kept close tabs on B. J. Conlin.

Bob's instincts were borne out. Within a month, B. J. passed out as he departed the NCO club bar. Confronted in my office the following day, Conlin denied that he had an alcohol problem but "volunteered" on my urging to seek assistance. Going by the book, we sent him to a high-speed, army-run detox course in Bad Canstadt, Germany. The 766th's mission included the scrutiny of American soldiers to determine if they could be trusted with secrets. The unit could not afford to harbor an unreformed alcoholic in its ranks.

B. J. was gone for more than a month. An important part of the man's therapy, counselors informed me, was an assurance from me that he would be returned to duty upon graduation. I was willing to do my part, although giving an alcoholic a sensitive job in a unit such as ours didn't make a lot of sense, then or now. Nonetheless, when B. J. returned to Berlin, a job was waiting for him. I hedged our bets by one cautious measure. B. J.'s new supervisor would be special agent Al Thornton, a veteran chief warrant officer who happened to be a Mormon. If B. J. were to relapse, Chief Thornton would easily sniff out the problem. Should this occur, it was our responsibility to muster B. J. out of the army as a rehabilitative failure.

Within a few weeks, Thornton was camped on my desk with a look on his face as if he'd just smelled dog manure. "Sir," he reported, "B. J.'s drinking again. He's coming to work late, and I can smell the alcohol on his breath."

Confronted with his supervisor's suspicions, B. J. emphatically denied taking a drink. "I've still got my marbles, sir," he insisted, proudly displaying a pair of marbles given him upon graduation from the detox school. (Counselors had instructed each graduate to carry the marbles as a reminder that one drink constituted "losing one's marbles.")

I instructed Chief Thornton to await the next occasion when B. J. arrived late to work with an obvious hangover, at which time we would order the first sergeant to escort him to the hospital for an immediate blood-alcohol test. If the results were positive for alcohol, SFC B. J. Conlin would be put on the fast track to civilian life. It was a sound plan, and would have worked.

Trouble struck before we could execute the plan. In December 1983, German authorities notified the MPs that an American had been found unconscious on the street at dawn. The man's name was Conlin, and he had apparently passed out sometime in the middle of the night after a drinking binge.

We learned of the problem on a Saturday. Conlin, the MPs told our duty agent, had been taken to the Martin Luther Clinic. After alerting Bob Thayer, I drove the few short blocks from my home to the clinic.

B. J. was lying on a gurney in the emergency room, his chin and hands bleeding from a three-point landing. A somber German policeman and a grinning MP corporal leered at the prostrate figure on the gurney as I introduced myself as the man's commander.

Conlin was clad in jeans, under which he had donned a pair of smoke gray lady's panty hose. Setting off his outfit was a pink shirt, unbuttoned to midtorso, and a black motorcycle jacket with silver studs. To complete his getup, B. J. had affixed exaggerated false fingernails—painted shocking purple—on both hands. The sergeant's skin was deathly pale, beads of sweat shone on his forehead, and he was staring at the ceiling in a near comalike state. The stench of sweat and alcohol emanating from him was sickening.

"Some kind of special operation, sir?" the MP grinned, barely able to keep his composure. Unamused, I threatened the corporal with dire consequences if he told anyone at the provost marshal's office what he had seen—knowing that he couldn't wait to spread the word about the kinky spook on the gurney (which is just what he did). I reached inside B. J.'s jacket. Sure enough, he was carrying his special agent's badge and credentials, a serious offense when off-duty.

Disgusted, I called Bob Thayer, arranged for the man's transport to our military hospital, and contacted the army lawyer who supported our detachment. I wanted a blood-alcohol test done immediately on B. J. and permission to search his apartment. Everything about the strange creature on that gurney cried out for immediate scrutiny of his loner lifestyle. If the sergeant's idea of fun was to cruise around Berlin on a Friday night in drag in an alcoholic haze, God only knew what we might find in his quarters. To make matters worse, agents who recovered B. J.'s black Trans Am from a downtown parking lot discovered a folder containing a classified document on the front seat.

Within an hour, Bob Thayer and I, accompanied by a Berlin police officer, entered the apartment in Zehlendorf that B. J. called home. The search proved to be a mind-numbing expedition into Conlin's weird world. As we uncovered item after item that bespoke of B. J.'s kinky off-duty lifestyle, Thayer and I shook our heads. The man was a sergeant first class in the U.S. Army and a special agent in army counterintelligence, yet he had somehow detected and exploited every fault in the system that existed to keep people like him out of our ranks.

Paperwork recovered in the apartment established that B. J. was a career drunk whose alcohol problem had been tolerated in prior assignments. Conlin had obviously removed the documents from his medical records while in transit to Berlin. Later, we learned that while assigned in Washington, B. J. had wrecked a government sedan after a heavy drinking bout. The event was swept under the rug, and he was able to retain his top-secret security clearance.

B. J. was an espionage freak. His apartment contained a disturbing collection of James Bond memorabilia, including an entire album of Sean Connery photos that he had taken in darkened theaters. Confiscated audiotapes led to the discovery that B. J. had installed a clandestine taping system in his Trans Am and had secretly taped conversations with his passengers.

B. J. was the universal man. His wide-ranging interests included an eclectic collection of magazines depicting transvestite sex, sadomasochistic sex, kinky sex, animal sex, and everyday, garden-variety sex. Had there been such a thing as vegetable sex or mineral sex, B. J. probably would have had magazines on those subjects as well. The twisted sergeant's collection of panty hose, cosmetics, and girdles was second to none among our male agents. Carefully secreted in a locked attaché case were two loaded, unregistered weapons. B. J. rounded out his all-American profile with a German girlfriend, Ingrid, who came complete with leftist ties and a criminal record.

Bob Thayer discovered a cigar box that portended real trouble. In it was a bewildering and illegal collection of cover documentation—dozens of military and civilian ID cards, many already laminated, adorned with his picture and a fictitious name. Conlin could be a full colonel, a captain, a senior civilian, or whatever merely by reaching into his magic cigar box. Credit cards and driver's licenses supported each identity. Cover documentation of this sort was supposed to be tightly controlled by the unit that B. J. had just departed.

Bob Thayer thumbed through the documents. "B. J. was a busy boy in Washington, sir," he quipped with a sardonic grin. Later, we learned that Conlin had created the computer program in Washington that was used to keep track of all cover documentation.

B. J.'s uniforms and other military equipment were concealed in a locked cupboard. His landlord and German girlfriend later confirmed that he had told them he worked in the American consulate. In the German neighborhood, the American with the modish hairstyle was known as "the diplomat." No one knew that he was a sergeant in the U.S. Army.

Conlin's apartment yielded other telling and disturbing documents. Among them was a bar bill. Within hours of his release from the alcohol detox course, B. J. had celebrated his graduation with five martinis at the nearby Holiday Inn bar.

Other papers advertised B. J.'s imaginative approach to managing his military career. One document testified that he had reenlisted in the army prior to his Berlin assignment and collected several thousand dollars in reenlistment bonus money. Additional papers made it clear that the wily sergeant had then doctored his finance records and managed to delete all references to the reenlistment and the bonus, thus clearing the way for his prompt separation from active duty, money and all.

But most disquieting of all was an ominous cache of papers and rubber stamps. B. J. had collected stamps that would enable him to mark documents as confidential, secret, or top secret. He also had amassed a sizeable stockpile of security cover sheets that were routinely attached to classified documents, as well as a diverse library of letterhead stationery. These materials were a forger's dream. With them, B. J. could create bogus classified documents not only from the Department of the Army but also from other services, and even the U.S. Congress.

Together with a small amount of genuine classified documents, these finds escalated the strange sergeant's breaches of conduct into a more serious matter. Because he was on the verge of leaving the army, it appeared likely that, at a minimum, the kinky agent was planning to establish a "paper mill"—espionage slang for someone who creates bogus classified documents and sells them to the highest bidder for profit. In West Berlin, where B. J. planned to remain upon discharge, willing buyers were plentiful.

Major General James Boatner, the U.S. commander in Berlin, was displeased. Fixing me with a stern gaze, Boatner vented. How could the 766th have harbored such a weirdo? Were we not the guardians—counterintelligence special agents whose sole purpose was to prevent such things?

I gamely (and lamely) tried to persuade the general that we actually deserved credit for unmasking the weird agent. After all, Conlin had come to us from Washington, where he had lived out his fantasies and carried on unscathed and undiscovered. In fact, hidden papers found in his apartment told it all: The devious sergeant had so smoothly snookered his superiors in Washington that he had managed to promote himself and forge orders assigning him to his unit of choice in Berlin. That explained the unexpected arrival that had so perplexed us.

After consulting with army lawyers, we decided to court-martial B. J. At the hospital, we shackled him to his bed and posted an armed agent outside his door. The wall and East Berlin were but ten minutes away, and there was no doubt that the man was a flight risk. Within a week, the lawyers compiled so many charges against the strange noncom that it took me thirty minutes to read them to him in his jail cell. Shocked, B. J. adopted a new defensive tactic, feigning insanity and claiming that he was hearing voices in his molars.

This novel twist led to a medical evacuation to Walter Reed Army Medical Center—in custody—followed by a pathetic, months-long war of attrition waged by B. J. against the unfortunate shrinks. Every time therapists would declare him recovered and prepare to ship him back to Berlin to face his court-martial, the shrewd NCO would recoil in horror. Within hours, a chorus of voices in his molars would be again tormenting him. After several months of this sham, the slippery agent outlasted the Walter Reed staff and was mustered out of the army (with a temporary medical disability). Meanwhile, back in Berlin, we were left to pick up the pieces of our unit's reputation for excellence.

To this day, when the saga of B. J. Conlin comes up, Bob Thayer grins and reminds all present that he was the first to suspect that something was not quite right.

While I was mired in the muck spawned by the B. J. problem, Bob Thayer fielded many of the daily operational balls that typified life in the 766th. Many of these challenges appeared at the Clay Kaserne front gate. Hence the name *walk-ins*. A walk-in was anyone who showed up and requested the gate guard to put him in touch with an American intelligence service. The petitioner might ask to see the CIA or some other specific unit, but no matter. Regardless of whom a walk-in wished to see, standard operating procedure in the Berlin intelligence community dictated that debriefers from the 766th MI Detachment would handle the initial contact. Counterintelligence agents would then differentiate between intelligence nuisances (strange types who would pop out of the woodwork with some bizarre story; B. J. would have qualified), provocateurs (or "dangles")—people dispatched by the Soviets or another opposition services to confuse or otherwise occupy us, and genuine operational opportunities, such as a defector. On any given day, one never knew who might walk in.

One of the more legendary walk-ins showed up in the late 1960s; he was a furtive, graying man who urgently needed to speak to the *Amerikanischen Geheimdeinst* (American Secret Service). Speaking in conspiratorial tones and clutching a sealed pouch to his breast, the visitor assured the duty agent that he had obtained highly classified material of great interest. The material was *streng geheim* (top secret) he insisted, and could be shown only to the "highest authority." The 766th duty agent nodded understandingly and summoned his line supervisor.

Satisfied, the visitor unwrapped the pouch while his debriefers held their breath in anticipation of some stunning intelligence coup (Soviet war plans would have sufficed). With a flourish, the walk-in proudly produced his crown jewels—a dozen eight-by-ten glossy photographs of Adolf Hitler and other Nazi Party luminaries. Like many walk-ins, the visitor was over the edge. Agents politely accepted the proffered photos, thanked him for his vigilance, and added his name to the growing "intelligence nuisance list" that we kept in common with our British and French allies.

But it was not always this way. On yet another day, a young and extremely nervous Czech, accompanied by his wife and infant child, approached the guard and insisted that he had to meet with the American CIA. Within minutes the visitor was seated in our debriefing room.

His name was Alexander, the visitor informed the interviewing agent. "You should remember me," he continued. "I visited you once before and you sent me away."

A quick check of our central records confirmed Alexander's story. Many months earlier, when he was a student in Prague, the young Czech had indeed walked in and requested asylum in the United States. Annotated on the file card prepared at the time by our agent was the cryptic note that Alexander had seemed sincere but naive. He had been politely told that admission to the United States could not be obtained merely for the asking. Resettlement in the United States would be possible only if he were to possess some significant intelligence information that would tempt the American authorities.

Reminded of this, the young Czech beamed triumphantly. "Indeed," he confirmed, "that is what you told me. And I have taken your advice. I now have brought you significant intelligence." He was, he announced dramatically, an officer in the STB, the Czechoslovakian State Security Service. Having just served a tour in Warsaw, Poland, he was now on orders to an assignment in his country's embassy in a faraway Asian capital.

Alexander repeated his plea for asylum. He hated the communists and wished to defect. "You told me to come back when I had something significant," he repeated, "so here I am." His decision to defect was irrevocable, Alexander argued emotionally, which was why he had brought his wife and child with him. To establish his credentials, the young officer clutched an attaché case stuffed with classified documents. This time around, he insisted, we could not turn him away.

A quick glance at the contents of the case confirmed that the visitor was either the real thing or a well-planned provocation. Alexander's collection of sensitive documents included multiple passports in different names, his Czech State Security Service identity card, and Aeroflot tickets to Moscow. In Moscow, he explained, he was scheduled to pay a liaison visit to the KGB "friends" before resuming his journey to Asia.

Alexander's pilgrimage to our front door coincided with a period of great turmoil in Poland, which was threatened with a Soviet invasion. The Polish communists had declared martial law and were ruthlessly suppressing all dissident elements. A Polish Catholic priest had recently been murdered by Polish security agents, and the Solidarity Union was in the middle of its epic struggle with the communists. Amid these tensions and events, Alexander's recent service in Warsaw with his Polish comrades could constitute an intelligence windfall. We copied his documents and turned him over to our CIA colleagues. They would check his story, scrutinize his bona fides, and process his request for asylum if he withstood their rigorous vetting.

Weeks later, we learned that Alexander had passed muster. He had brought a wealth of information with him on the situation in Poland and Czechoslovakia. This timely contribution earned him his longstanding goal: resettlement in the United States. Alexander's case was a classic example of why all walk-ins had to be taken seriously until proven otherwise. In his case, our efforts had yielded a genuine defector.

Another walk-in case began in much the same way but led to a dramatically different outcome. The affair began with the interview of a lanky Austrian construction worker, Ernst Fessl. Like the others, Fessl showed up at the gate of the Berlin headquarters compound and asked to speak to a representative of the American security service. During an interview with one of our senior agents who had handled hundreds of walk-ins, the twenty-nine-year-old Austrian confided that he was in trouble and needed advice.

As Fessl told it, while he was working for an Austrian construction firm in East Berlin, an officer of the Soviet KGB attempted to recruit him as a spy. The Russian, Fessl insisted, had been extremely persistent, badgering him until he finally accepted recruitment.

The unsophisticated Austrian elaborated. The KGB had pursued him because he was a citizen of a neutral country who could travel to the West without arousing suspicion. Fessl apologetically admitted that he had performed various low-level casing missions in West Berlin for his KGB masters—test missions, he called them. But, the Austrian added, he was fed up with the shabby treatment that he was receiving from Alexei, his Soviet case officer. Denouncing Alexei as abusive, arrogant, and cheap, Fessl vowed that he wanted no more to do with the Russian.

Then came an offer. Fessl expressed a sincere desire to atone for his past, assuring the interviewing agent that he would tell us anything we wanted to know about his KGB affiliations, after which he merely wished to move on with his life. Then, almost as an afterthought, the Austrian dropped a tantalizing fact. Within a few days, he told his interviewer, he was supposed to meet Alexei in East Berlin. But, Fessl declared, his jaw set, he had no intention of keeping the appointment with the "KGB swine."

At first glance, it looked like a fine opportunity to get into the KGB's knickers. Fessl was already on Moscow's payroll and made no secret of his disaffection with Alexei. Because he had already accomplished low-level missions in West Berlin, who knew what tasks the KGB might entrust him with in the future? With luck, the Soviets might use Fessl to meet American spies or pay him to service dead letter drops—hiding places for the clandestine passage of documents from an agent to his handler. If we could recruit the Austrian and convince him to continue meeting Alexei, great benefits might flow from the arrangement, not the least of which could be a tip-off to a disloyal American. Recruit a spy to catch a spy was the name of the game. This was spy versus counterspy at its best. Or was it?

It all looked quite tempting, but the experienced agent who was dealing with Fessl had a bad feeling about the Austrian: nothing specific that he could identify, just a vague sense that this one looked almost too textbook perfect to be true. Not out of generosity, we provided Fessl a comfortable place to stay and a companion while we reassessed his statements and summoned a polygrapher. At a minimum, the Austrian had already admitted to spying for the KGB against the Berlin allies. If he was genuine, of course, this could be forgiven. But if he failed screening, he was subject to arrest for espionage. The polygraph was essential in such a case. Under no circumstances would we attempt to recruit Fessl and dispatch him to meet the KGB without first assuring ourselves that he was not a dangle, approaching us on orders from the Soviets.

Later that week, Ernst Fessl's world collapsed. When the polygrapher asked the Austrian if anyone had coached him to approach U.S. intelligence with his "I hate the Russians" story, the needle on the lie detector registered jumps that looked like an eight on the Richter scale. Shortly thereafter, the tearful, would-be double agent confessed. He had not been completely honest with us, Fessl moaned. It was true, he confided, that he had performed low-level missions for Alexei. However, the despondent Austrian added, slumping in his chair, the KGB officer had concocted the rest of the story.

At a safe house in the Karlshorst section of East Berlin, the KGB had primed Fessl for his mission. After rehearsing him in his lines, Alexei instructed the naive Austrian to contact the Americans in their Clayallee headquarters and tell them of his disenchantment with the KGB. The Soviet had exuded confidence. Once he had told his story, Alexei cooed, the Americans would take the bait and recruit him. Fessl was told to accept recruitment and report back to East Berlin.

"Pay close attention to details," Alexei had directed. "We will want to know who talked to you, what they looked like, what they said, and what instructions they gave you."

The hapless Fessl recalled bitterly that Alexei had not warned him about the polygraph, or the kinds of tough questions the Americans might ask. According to the Russian, Fessl whined, it was all supposed to have been so easy.

This was a cheap, low-risk operation for the KGB. The young bumpkin from a neutral country was expendable. If he performed well and the Americans recruited him, Alexei would have a window into the American counterintelligence unit. Through their new agent, the KGB could also manipulate us by providing bogus information to shape our perceptions and lead us down false, time-consuming investigative paths.

Late that evening, we turned over a tearful Ernst Fessl to the West Berlin police. The Austrian was convicted of violating Allied Kommandantura Law and served a short sentence in a West Berlin jail. Thanks to an alert veteran agent and a skilled polygrapher, a Soviet dangle operation had failed.

Some of the 766th's missions were mundane and unappealing to enthusiastic young agents who had signed up for counterintelligence duties with visions of stealthy investigations and exciting double agent operations. At the head of this list was the conduct of routine background investigations. The 766th had an entire section devoted to personnel security investigations (PSI), standard background checks that were carried out to either grant or renew the security clearances of American military personnel. Occasionally, a background investigation would uncover derogatory information on a soldier that might result in the suspension or revocation of a security clearance. But more often than not, these background checks—as important as they were—were dull and routine.

In one memorable background investigation in 1982, special agent Ron Sidwell encountered a not-uncommon problem. The subject of the investigation was a twenty-five-year-old sergeant assigned to Field Station Berlin. Sidwell ran the standard checks in the local command and uncovered a problem. The sergeant, one James Hall, had recently bounced a few checks—unacceptable conduct for any soldier, especially those with top-secret security clearances.

Sidwell was a promising buck sergeant who displayed the right stuff to become a fine agent. The conservative son of an equally conservative Ohio coal miner, he exhibited tenacity, on the basketball court and in the conduct of his duties. In 1984, Sidwell competed for the honor of being named the 66th Military Intelligence Group's "Soldier of the Year." He finished a close second in the grueling competition. Miffed at being beaten out, Sidwell told the group sergeant major that he would return. The following year, after working long hours in boning up for the rigorous competition, he did just that—and bagged the title. Sidwell would have made a superlative infantryman. When he set his sights on a goal, he charged.

Sidwell interviewed Sergeant Hall, a slightly rotund, cocky New Yorker, who explained that he had experienced temporary financial problems as the result of a recent marriage and the birth of a child. Hall assured his interviewer that the problem was under control, now that his parents were helping him out with expenses. It was a common difficulty. Sidwell reported that Hall had been cooperative and provided a persuasive, positive explanation, neatly tied to a solution. The sergeant with the sensitive position in the field station would be granted five additional years of top-secret access. On the surface, this was a routine, normal day's work for our background investigators. But in this case, army counterintelligence and Ron Sidwell had not heard the last of James Hall.

Another memorable and humbling experience was the case of "the dirty Kurd." Concerned that one of our most sensitive American units with a vital counterterrorism mission had been penetrated by the Soviets, we received exceptional authority to recruit a member of the unit to spy on his colleagues, virtually all of whom were non-Americans. The concept was simple. We would select a member of the targeted unit and sensitize him to the profile of a spy. Our new recruit would passively observe his office colleagues, looking for signs of undue affluence, unusual travel patterns, excessive curiosity, or other modes of behavior that might indicate hostile intelligence control. Such operations were controversial and unpopular.

Commanders of American units deeply resented the notion that MI might recruit an agent to spy on their soldiers. But in West Berlin, where spying by all sides was rampant, our higher headquarters had ruled that the recruitment of a passive source to protect this unit was a necessary evil.

By early 1983, a candidate named Ali had been selected, recruited, and trained. The new recruit happened to be an Iranian Kurd, whose selection for employment had been partially dictated by his unique language abilities. As part of the normal vetting process, Ali had passed a polygraph examination to determine if he was under the control of a hostile intelligence service.

At first, all went well. Ed Simper, Ali's case officer, met his source regularly to provide guidance and to receive any reports that might indicate a security problem in the man's unit. But in the summer of 1983, shortly after I assumed command, trouble struck.

It happened during a routine meeting. Simper departed our headquarters and traveled around the American sector to "clean" himself (slang for detecting or shaking any possible surveillance). Traveling at a discreet distance from Simper was special agent Gary Pepper, a young Floridian, in one of his first street assignments to perform countersurveillance duties. Recently graduated from counterintelligence and German language training, Pepper was to determine if Ed Simper or the Kurd were under surveillance by the opposition.

The plan called for case officer Simper to meet the Kurd on the street near the American hospital. Initially, all went well. Ed spotted the Kurd, made eye contact, and ambled in the direction of the Altensteiner Krug restaurant. Ali followed.

But as the two men walked along the tree-shaded street, trouble reared its head. Observing the pair from a discreet distance, Gary Pepper noticed something odd. A tall blond male was walking behind Simper, but the man had a newspaper open and seemed to be reading it. Pepper did a double take. No one walks on a busy sidewalk while reading a newspaper. When Ed crossed the street, so did the blond stranger. Pepper momentarily lost sight of the man but knew that Simper and his agent had entered the restaurant. The man with the newspaper was nowhere in sight.

Pepper remembered his training. Entering the restaurant, he took the only unoccupied seat at the bar. Seated directly on his right was the guy who read the newspaper while walking.

As Pepper later recounted, the man nodded a cordial greeting, then turned his attention to a napkin on the bar, on which he seemed to be doodling. Pepper surveyed the interior of the small neighborhood restaurant. Case officer Simper and his agent sat at a table in the rear of the crowded room deeply engaged in conversation.

Pepper stole a glance at his neighbor's napkin and caught his breath. Something was seriously wrong. The stranger's doodling consisted of a hasty sketch of the dining room, with small circles representing each table. On the circle representing Ed Simper's table, the man had marked an X. Clearly the operation had been compromised and the meeting was under surveillance.

Suspending disbelief, Pepper moved quickly to the men's room, which took him past his colleague's table. A danger signal had been agreed upon before the operation. If Pepper detected surveillance of the meeting, he was to approach Simper and make eye contact. As the young agent passed Simper, he stared straight into the older man's eyes. The veteran agent scowled but reacted immediately, paying the bill and departing. Agent Ali left separately, followed by the mysterious doodler. As Pepper made his way back to headquarters, he felt sick, certain that Simper would be furious at the interruption by a novice agent who was seeing things.

But this was not a case of a green agent with a vivid imagination. There was simply no innocent explanation for Pepper's insistence that the man at the bar had sketched the meeting site and highlighted case agent Simper's table. The episode in the Altensteiner Krug restaurant triggered an intense investigation to determine which intelligence agency had attached itself to the operation. Could the curious stranger have been an agent of the Soviets or the East Germans? Was Ali a double agent in the employ of Moscow or East Berlin? Or was the Kurd clean, and a hostile agent had attached himself to Simper when he departed his Clayallee office? Standard tradecraft procedures required 766th agents to "dry clean" themselves en route to meetings by following circuitous routes and employing a variety of proven countersurveillance measures. Nonetheless, a determined Soviet could have defeated Simper's efforts to shake any possible tails.

The resulting investigation culminated in a new polygraph examination of our Kurdish source; he failed miserably. Ali, who had been recruited to sniff out possible hostile agents in his unit, was himself an agent. The Kurd tearfully confessed after failing his second lie detector test, explaining that he had approached the Israeli embassy in Bonn some weeks prior to his employment in West Berlin to request assistance in obtaining West German asylum for a fellow Kurd. The opportunistic Israelis responded by offering a bargain. If Ali would provide any information he might pick up among his Middle Eastern friends that portended a threat to Israeli property or citizens, the Israelis would weigh in with the Germans on behalf of his friend.

Weeks later, Ali accepted employment with the Americans. When he informed his Israeli case officer that he was now working for the Americans and had been granted access to secret information, the Israeli declared their formal relationship at an end, explaining that his country was an ally of Washington. Tel Aviv's man added one proviso. If Ali encountered information that portended terrorist attacks against Israeli interests, he should feel free to report it. The Kurd consented and returned to his American office. The 766th had unknowingly recruited an Israeli agent.

The whole affair was not only embarrassing, but it showed a major weakness. Because Ali was asked on his preemployment polygraph examination if he was in the employ of a hostile intelligence agency, he was able to reply in the negative and fly through the examination. After all, the Israelis were not hostile to the United States. Had the Kurd originally been asked if he was in the employ of any other intelligence service (as he was after the restaurant incident), his deception would have been detected.

The case of the "dirty Kurd" caused us to rethink our security screening procedures. A time-consuming damage assessment had to be done to determine what information he might have passed to his Israeli case officer, and the hapless and repentant Ali had to be released from his position. As for the Israelis, they had fallen into the operation by chance, and with anti-Israeli terrorism in Europe rampant in the early 1980s, Tel Aviv could be excused for expressing interest in any information that might warn of a terrorist attack against their citizens. Someone at echelons above Berlin might have told the Mossad that their efforts were not appreciated, but for us the case was just another reminder that counterintelligence in West Berlin was the real thing. We had been lucky on this one, thanks to Gary Pepper's alertness.

A stark reminder of what was at stake in West Berlin occurred on March 24, 1985. In the East German town of Ludwigslust, some seventy miles northwest of Berlin, a Russian sentry shot and killed a U.S. Army intelligence officer as he attempted to photograph Soviet tanks in their sheds. The officer, thirty-seven-year-old Maj. Arthur D. "Nick" Nicholson, was assigned to the United States Military Liaison Mission (USMLM), which had its headquarters in West Berlin.

Called "the Mission" by those of us in the intelligence community, the USMLM had the charter under a 1947 agreement between the victorious Allies to travel around East Germany, ostensibly conducting "liaison" with the Soviets. Actually, like its Soviet counterpart organization in West Germany, the Mission conducted low-level, eyes-on-the-target collection against Soviet and East German armed forces. Cruising around East Germany in specially equipped, high-powered vehicles was often risky and hair-raising business for the Mission's determined tour officers and their gutsy NCO drivers. A typical tour involved carefully planned routes that would enable the observer to check on the status of key Soviet and East German military units. If a tempting collection opportunity were encountered, such as the chance to photograph or "requisition" a key piece of Soviet military equipment, so much the better. During the Cold War, the ability of the Mission's officers to prowl about East Germany had developed into an important part of NATO's early warning capability. If Soviet units were out of their garrisons and it was not the usual time for an exercise, Indications and Warning analysts in Heidelberg needed to know what they were up to. Year after year, the best answers to these questions came from the Mission.

In late December 1984, tour officer Nick Nicholson had pulled off one of the Mission's more spectacular intelligence coups, the details of which were later uncovered and printed by the *New York Times.* Taking advantage of lax security on New Year's Eve, Nicholson boldly entered an unguarded Soviet tank warehouse in Ludwigslust and clambered into a first-line T-72 tank. When the gutsy major returned to West Berlin, he brought with him a series of valuable photographs that laid bare some of the new tank's secrets.

On a quiet Sunday afternoon several months later, when Nicholson attempted to repeat the feat, Soviet security was not as lax. A sentry, apparently unseen by Nicholson's driver-lookout, burst out of a nearby tree line and killed the major.

When the news broke of the March 24 shooting, I received a phone call from my Munich headquarters, directing me to link up with Col. Roland Lajoie, Major Nicholson's commander. My mission was to conduct a debriefing of Sgt. Jesse Schatz, Nicholson's driver, who had been detained by the Soviets for several hours after the incident. "Find out what happened," Col. Bob Wheeler directed, "and get your report on the wire as soon as possible." The report was to be sent to the 66th Military Intelligence Group in Munich; to the army's European headquarters in Heidelberg; to Lt. Gen. William Odom, the army's senior intelligence officer in the Pentagon; and to the White House Situation Room.

Sergeant Schatz was a deeply shaken young man, struggling to keep from choking up as he described the tragedy. The shooting had taken place at around 3:30 Sunday afternoon, he reported. Major Nicholson had felt that security at the Ludwigslust facility would be lax. It would be a good time to check out the warehouses. The major had climbed out of their four-wheel-drive vehicle and left Schatz at the wheel as a lookout. Following standard collection procedures, Schatz opened the vehicle's sunroof and stood up to get a better view of the nearby tree line.

As Major Nicholson approached the doors of the tank warehouse, camera in hand, a Red Army sentry emerged from the trees, shouted, and opened fire—all within seconds. Schatz yelled a warning to Nicholson, then dropped down and jammed the vehicle into reverse to close the distance between the two. Nicholson sprinted a few paces toward the approaching vehicle, but the Soviet soldier's aim was good. A bullet from the AK-47 rifle entered the major's chest—a mortal wound. Schatz grabbed a first-aid kit and moved to help his fallen officer, but the excited sentry waved him off at gunpoint. Forced back into the vehicle, the frightened and distraught NCO watched helplessly as other soldiers arrived on the scene. Even though one Soviet soldier carried a first-aid kit, no one examined the stricken major until more than two hours after the shots were fired.

Schatz, Colonel Lajoie, and Nicholson's comrades in the USMLM were devastated by the tragedy, as was the entire Berlin garrison. Mission tour officers knew their area of operations well, including which Soviet installations had tight or lax security. Ludwigslust was a safe bet to be a soft target on a Sunday. To encounter a Soviet sentry there on a Sunday afternoon who had shoot-to-kill orders somehow didn't track. Either the unfortunate officer was the victim of abysmal bad luck, or someone had ordered the Soviet commander to tighten up his security.

I dispatched my report to Washington and grieved with the rest of the Berlin garrison at a memorial service for the popular officer, unaware that almost five years later my agents and I would stumble onto the missing link that explained the Nicholson tragedy.

5: Springing the Trap

As the summer of 1985 raced past, it appeared that the KGB had indeed given up their pursuit of Sgt. Lowry Wilcox. By late July, there was still no sign of Vasily. I bemoaned our bad luck to Thayer. We should have instructed Wilcox to dump some classified documents in the Soviet car and put the *habeas grabus* on the driver, I groused. We would not hear from Vasily again. Opportunity had beckoned, and we had blinked.

But Moscow had big plans for Lowry Wilcox. As Berlin's idyllic summer came to an end, Vasily suddenly called the noncom at his home and set up a meeting, acting as if nothing had happened. Don, the CIA base chief, and Bob Thayer had been correct. The operation was back on track. We threw ourselves into the task of steering it toward our desired endgame—a dramatic arrest of KGB operatives.

The KGB would take but one more bite at the apple. This time around, Thayer was certain that Vasily would expect Wilcox to deliver highly classified documents—material that was simply too sensitive to consider giving away, even in support of an operation such as ours.

Therein resided our dilemma. Any KGB officer with half a brain would look at the material the young sergeant was peddling and know that the man was not genuine. A real spy assigned to Field Station Berlin would be able to harvest a cornucopia of classified secrets.

We instructed our man to play up his need for cash and renew his pledge to Vasily. He would go for the big score at work and deliver it at their next meeting.

The two met in a small park in the British sector. Vasily was chummy, revealing that he had even roamed the grounds of the recent German American Volksfest in hopes of bumping into Wilcox. The KGB man complained about the sergeant's no-show earlier in the year and once again reminded him that he must deliver material of greater value. Moscow would not dispense hundred-dollar bills for low-level classified documents.

The well-coached NCO replied with an Academy Award–caliber performance. The break in the operation had given him time to think, he told Vasily, and he was now determined to go for the gold. Pleased, Vasily suggested that the two meet in early November at the Lake Terrace restaurant, a popular locale located on the lakefront in the French sector. Wilcox was to smuggle a large quantity of highly classified documents out of the field station and bring them to the meeting.

Our KGB adversaries had done their homework well. By choosing the French sector for the meeting, they greatly complicated the role of American counterintelligence, which normally avoided that part of West Berlin. The long-anticipated arrest operation would have to be coordinated with the French. Fortunately, our detachment enjoyed a close social and professional relationship with the French military counterintelligence service and public safety officials. Nine years earlier, during Operation Beau Geste, 766th agents and their French counterparts had apprehended four Soviet officers in the act of meeting an American double agent. History was repeating itself.

Nonetheless, Vasily's choice of a restaurant in our ally's territory was unwelcome news. Not that we didn't trust the French; we did—to a point. But we didn't fully trust anybody in West Berlin, a mentality that is common to counterintelligence professionals. The 766th routinely compartmented our operations from the French, Germans, British, and other American units. Even within our own detachment, only a selected few were aware of the Wilcox case. That was the nature of the business. One indiscreet word, a single leak to the Soviets or the East Germans, and our laboriously orchestrated operation would fail.

To optimize security, Bob Thayer recommended that we invite the French public safety officer, Alain Bianchi, to our unit and request his cooperation in the sting. Experience taught that Bianchi's superior, the French commandant, would probably have to consult Paris. Veteran agents recalled that Soviet officers arrested during the 1976 Beau Geste operation had immediately demanded to speak with a French officer. It was essential to have French security agents on the streets with us when Vasily was grabbed.

At this critical juncture, I departed Berlin for a long-planned vacation to Switzerland, a timely absence that would spare Bob Thayer the agony of my compulsive second-guessing as he wrestled with the details and coordination of the plan. It also provided a fortuitous opportunity for us to deceive the Soviets. Prior to departing the city for Switzerland, I called our headquarters in Munich and Heidelberg on an open phone line and announced that all was quiet in the city. My parents were in town, I explained, and I was on my way to Switzerland for a week and would return on November 7 (which was one day prior to the planned apprehension). These calls, we felt certain, would be intercepted, translated, and provided to Vasily. Hopefully, they would reassure the KGB that the 766th MI Detachment was blissfully unaware of their recruitment of Sergeant Wilcox.

During my absence, Thayer encountered yet another obstacle. Whether deliberately or by accident, Vasily had chosen a date to meet Wilcox that coincided with the visit of French president Mitterrand to West Berlin. Security measures for the president would fully engage all French security forces as well as a large part of the German police in the French sector, all of which might reduce Vasily's risks. But the really bad news was conveyed apologetically by Bianchi. The French garrison commander would not sanction an apprehension of any Soviets in his sector while President Mitterrand was in town.

The French decision posed a problem that could derail the entire plan. Our case agent would now have to instruct Sergeant Wilcox to skip the planned Wednesday night meeting and attend instead the prearranged alternate meeting two days later. (Vasily had followed standard espionage modus operandi and set up a primary and an alternate meeting time with Wilcox. The primary meeting time was Wednesday evening. If, for any reason, the sergeant was unable to make this meeting, the KGB man instructed him to show up at the same place at the same time, forty-eight hours later.)

Not that we couldn't adjust our plan—we could—but it was a second-best way to go. Wilcox had already been a no-show earlier in the year when he had failed to drop documents in the Soviet sedan. If the American agent was a no-show for the second time, would the KGB reappear two nights later or would the Moscow Center write off the operation as a bad bet? And if our man succeeded in meeting Vasily at the alternate time, what convincing excuse could he offer to explain his failure to appear at the primary meeting?

While I basked in the autumn sun in Gstaad, Switzerland, Bob crossed this and other bridges too numerous to mention in this account. To add to his already formidable challenge, Thayer labored under continuous second-guessing from a cheeky headquarters type in Munich—a lieutenant who suffered from delusions that he was a qualified operations officer. Thayer overcame these and other obstacles, but the novice lieutenant's persistent coaching was distracting.

By the time I returned to Berlin, Thayer's nicotine intake had doubled, but a viable plan was in place. All necessary approvals to apprehend Vasily and his KGB colleagues had been obtained. But for one sticky question, Operation Lake Terrace was ready to execute.

The challenge was how to defuse any blowback caused by the need for our agent to skip the primary meeting. Vasily would certainly be uneasy about this and predictably unhappy at having hovered around the meeting site for an agent who failed to show. To allay the Russian's suspicions, we needed to dream up a credible explanation for Sergeant Wilcox's failure to show up on Wednesday evening.

Bob Thayer had a suggestion. What if our man were to suffer a "sports accident" and appear at the alternate meeting with his ankle in a cast? Would not Vasily's countersurveillance comrades observe him arriving on crutches and deduce the reason for his Wednesday no-show? Bob thought so. If Wilcox arrived on crutches, any suspicions that Vasily might harbor about the reason for his no-show at the primary meeting time would be allayed. The bulky Wilcox with his dark mustache looked more like a pizza chef than an olympic athlete, but Thayer considered the plan a plausible gambit.

I thought it more than merely plausible; it was a stroke of genius. Even a pizza chef could get injured at a picnic. Not only that, because we had excellent contacts in the Berlin Army Hospital, the ruse was easily achievable. A discreet contact with one of the doctors and everything was arranged. The physician placed a cast on Lowry Wilcox's left ankle and issued him a pair of crutches. Staff Sergeant Wilcox would hobble to the meeting on crutches, pass his Soviet contact a stack of secret documents, and accept another wad of hundred-dollar bills. As the pair consummated the deal, Thayer's men would spring the trap.

I glanced at my watch. It was almost 8:00 P.M., more than thirty minutes since Wilcox had lurched past on his way to the restaurant. Bob clutched the radio expectantly, listening for the alert signal that our agent in the restaurant would broadcast to trigger the arrest. All agents were operating on strict radio silence since deploying to the neighborhood earlier in the afternoon. The detachment's low-tech army radios were not secure, and Soviet countersurveillance measures sometimes included a search of the bands for radio chatter that might portend danger. Only when Vasily and our man had exchanged documents for money would the radios be used to coordinate the resulting dragnet.

Specially organized teams would cordon off the area, block access to the subway, and commence a 100 percent ID check of everyone within the target area. Only by these tactics could we ferret out Vasily's lookouts and apprehend them. If the exchange took place in the restaurant, the Soviet would be apprehended as soon as he stepped out the door, thereby sparing diners a disruptive scene. Should the KGB man steer our agent outdoors to conduct business, agents sitting in window seats in nearby coffeehouses would be able to observe and report on the two men's direction of movement.

Bob Thayer again peered nervously through the opening in the curtain. We'd thought of everything, it seemed, but something had obviously gone wrong. No one fitting Vasily's description (six foot three, clean shaven, and uncommonly handsome for a Russian) had passed by our vantage point, and the silence from the restaurant was ominous. Gradually, we succumbed to pessimism. The KGB men must have sniffed out something that alarmed them, despite all our efforts.

Sitting in our dismal pumping station command post, we wallowed in a sense of helplessness, frustration, and disappointment. In hushed tones, Thayer and I discussed our options, determined to wait at least one hour beyond the meeting time. If by then Vasily had not made his move, the 766th contingent would depart the area quietly in small groups, just in case the Soviets had aborted the meeting but lingered in the neighborhood to see if they could spot something that might confirm their suspicions.

We did just that. When 9:00 P.M. came and went with no signs of Vasily, we wrote off the operation. Thayer, Major Wetzel, Bianchi, and I slipped out of the water works building and headed home.

Cruising down Berlin's Avus Autobahn in the direction of the American sector, I reviewed our preparations for the evening, particularly the operational security measures built into the plan to avoid tipping off the Soviets. I couldn't think of a place where we had erred, but I knew that the odds against success of such operations in Berlin were relatively high. Had someone made a single indiscreet comment on the telephone? Was there a penetrator in the French sector, perhaps in Alain's office? Or could there be a low-level observation agent in any of the several places in the American headquarters where we had been directed to coordinate the operation? Or the unthinkable: Did we have a mole in the 766th MI Detachment itself?

Bob Thayer also drove home in a deep funk, cursing our bad luck and dreading the thought of facing the second-guessers in our Munich headquarters.

But the evening was young. As Thayer and I licked our wounds, stunning events were occurring on the ground. Their operations officer and commander may have written off the operation, but the agents of the 766th MI Detachment did not give up so easily. The Soviet KGB was indeed in the area.

Apparently Vasily had shown up for the meeting but taken a route to the restaurant that did not pass by our pumping station command post. Then the cautious Soviet officer decided not to enter the restaurant. This was not uncommon for the KGB. A case officer would often tell his agent to meet him at a specific location, with no intention of actually meeting there. Instead, the KGB man would intercept the agent as he approached the planned meeting site and spirit him to some other location. Business would be transacted as quickly as possible. The KGB knew that the time of greatest risk was when agent and case officer were face-to-face.

Vasily sat patiently and unnoticed on an outdoor park bench that offered a view of the restaurant's exit. Our restaurant lookout never spotted the Russian. From his vantage point, as from ours in the water works, Vasily was a no-show. Eventually, some time after Bob Thayer and I departed the neighborhood, Wilcox tired of waiting and began to lumber on his crutches in the direction of the nearby parking lot. As the sergeant approached his car, Vasily overtook him. The KGB officer had decided to conduct a hasty exchange of documents and money right there in the parking lot.

This situation had all the makings of a disaster. Vasily was about to exchange envelopes with Wilcox and slip out of the area unmolested. If the Soviet KGB were to obtain the documents carried by the sergeant, we were all in trouble, for the secrets Wilcox carried that night were genuine and sensitive. We had been given permission to use the documents only as props in an apprehension situation, with the clear understanding that they would be recovered within seconds of being passed to the KGB. Headquarters had been adamant. The Soviets could not be permitted to leave the scene with these documents.

Thayer had arranged to use genuine classified documents because there was a slight chance that the operation might bag a Soviet who did not have diplomatic immunity. In such a case, the spy could be tried in a Berlin court for espionage. To ensure successful prosecution, attorneys advised, it was important that the secrets purchased by the Soviet agent be genuine and damaging.

Enter Lady Luck, in the form of special agent Jodene Thayer (Bob's wife) and her partner, Rick Shelton. By sheer happenstance, the two agents were moving from their posts along the waterfront promenade and approaching the parking lot. Special agent Thayer looked up and spotted something strange. Standing in the unlighted parking lot engaged in conversation were two men—a tall stranger and a shorter man on crutches.

Thayer did a double take. "Rick," she exclaimed, "look at that. It's our man, and that must be Vasily. The thing's going down right in front of us." The two agents broke into a sprint, heading straight for the parking lot, while Shelton broadcast the alert on his radio. In seconds, the pair confronted Wilcox and the startled Russian, who had just passed an envelope of cash to the American. Vasily turned and made a move to escape.

"Stop," Thayer called out. "You're our prisoner." Rick Shelton moved around the Russian to block his departure. Vasily shoved the stocky agent and snarled, "Get out of my way." Jodene Thayer, a diminutive five-footer, grabbed the huge Russian by the right wrist and commanded, "You stop that. You're under apprehension." The surly KGB officer growled, then attempted to discreetly drop the envelope containing the incriminating documents into the dirt. Thayer observed his ploy.

"That won't work," she barked. Then, with her hand still clamped on the Russian's wrist, Thayer bent down to retrieve the envelope, forcing the tall Russian to bend at the waist. It was, her partner later related, a ludicrous sight. The ninety-eight-pound Thayer maintained her death grip on the strapping Russian's wrist, refusing to let him go until reinforcements arrived. Vasily, nonplussed by this humiliating development, made no further effort to flee.

As this memorable scene unfolded, detachment personnel reacted to the radio alert, regrouped, and executed their assigned tasks. Within minutes they had cordoned off the area, blocked access to the subway station, and established checkpoints. This done, French and American counterspies began to screen the identity documents of several hundred people caught in their net. A curious German police officer happened on the scene and offered his assistance.

Within an hour, the search teams had netted two more Soviet officers. The first was spotted hurrying out of the area in the direction of the subway. At the command, *"Ausweiss Bitte,"* he produced a document asserting that he was a "second secretary" in the embassy of the USSR in East Berlin. The Russian submitted without bluster and was politely detained. Certain that there had to be at least one other KGB man, agents searched the neighborhood methodically.

Special agent Garland Marks, a college-educated North Carolinian, noticed a stocky male sitting quietly on a park bench. The man was calmly reading a German newspaper. To Marks, there was something incongruous about his calm disinterest in all the excitement. When Marks politely requested the bystander's identity documents, the "German" smirked and produced Soviet diplomatic papers. Agents now had bagged three Russians. Members of the search team located a Russian-built Lada sedan parked nearby and obtained the keys from one of Vasily's comrades. Then, triumphant, the group placed their prisoners in separate vehicles and convoyed to the American sector, with an American agent behind the wheel of the tinny Russian car.

My home phone rang at almost 11:00 P.M. It was Bob Thayer. "Sir, you're not going to believe it," he crowed. "They got Vasily and at least one other. It went down after we left, and they're on their way to the Clay compound."

At the Clayallee headquarters, the count was up to three Russians in custody and one Lada sedan captured in action. The three sullen Russians were escorted into separate rooms and left to contemplate their situation. Triumphant agents described the events by the lakeside. The documents were safe—that was welcome news—and the envelope that Vasily had passed to Sergeant Wilcox contained a mere two hundred dollars. Later, in the Russian's wallet, we discovered three hundred dollars in additional U.S. currency, all in the KGB's preferred form of payment—hundred-dollar bills. Vasily appeared to be playing an old trick. Having given two hundred dollars to Wilcox, he could report to his superiors that he had paid the agent five hundred dollars, and pocket the difference.

The KGB man's diplomatic documents identified him as Valery Mikhailovich Kiryukhin, a forty-four-year-old officer who held the rank of second secretary in the USSR embassy in East Berlin. One of Kiryukhin's lookouts was identified as Anatoly Viktorovich Agafonov, thirty-six. Agafonov's documents proclaimed him to be an attaché in the East Berlin embassy. The third KGB prisoner produced documents advertising himself as Vyacheslav Londovich Latyshev, a forty-seven-year-old officer also assigned as a second secretary in Moscow's East Berlin embassy.

In the trunk of the Lada sedan, searchers discovered several bags of new clothing and other items purchased earlier that day at West Berlin's Kaufhof department store. The KGB men had taken advantage of their travel privileges to buy western goods for their wives. Subway tickets made it clear that two of the men had crossed into West Berlin on the S-Bahn, while the third had driven the Lada through a checkpoint and linked up with his comrades. The times recorded on the subway tickets and store receipts told us that the KGB men had probably visited the lakeside meeting site by midafternoon to check it out.

Vasily was surly and carefully programmed, demanding to see an officer of the USSR embassy and loudly protesting "this illegal and improper interference with his right as a Soviet citizen to freedom of movement in all of Berlin." This was all in Russian, not the fluent English he had displayed to Staff Sergeant Wilcox.

Long-established procedures existed for orchestrating such detentions. A foreign–service officer of the U.S. Mission would call the Soviet embassy in East Berlin and inform his Russian counterpart that we had three of their officers in custody who had engaged in misconduct. Would the Russians please send someone to pick up the truant officers?

As a State Department officer made the required call, we conducted some final business.

The detachment photographer took a picture of all three detainees for posterity—over their protests. Then the three KGB officers were each privately interviewed. After being reminded that the evening's events did not bode well for their career advancement, all were offered the chance to throw in their lot with the West.

Moscow's men had three options: Accept the offer and defect on the spot, accept the offer but return to East Berlin and work clandestinely for the U.S. government, or decline.

Had Kiryukhin, Agafonov, and Latyshev known what was going to happen to Soviet communism and the KGB within five years, they might have responded differently. However, no one, least of all this trio, could have foreseen the total collapse of the Soviet Union and the disgrace of the KGB.

All three Russians declined the offer to defect. One agonized over the decision. Under different circumstances, he explained, he would like to live in America and take his children to Disney World, but he couldn't bear to leave his family. Vasily was arrogant and blunt. "Get fucked," he told his interrogator in well-enunciated English.

More than an hour after notification, a grim-faced Soviet consular officer arrived to accept release of the erstwhile spies. Kiryukhin managed a touch of bravado as he strolled to the Lada, grinning and calling back to our small group, "Bye, guys."

That was Operation Lake Terrace. Six months of tough, satisfying work had yielded six hours of drama, excitement, and a small victory over the opposition that would barely merit a footnote in the history of the Cold War. Our proud agents would be deeply disappointed by the press guidance from the U.S. embassy in Bonn, which instructed the Berlin Command to play down our victory over the Soviet KGB. President Reagan was soon to have a summit conference with Mikhail Gorbachev, and the Department of State deemed it unseemly for us to gloat over the Russians' embarrassment at such a time. The following day, a cryptic story appeared in *The Stars and Stripes,* briefly relating that several Soviets had been detained as they attempted to meet a soldier assigned to Field Station Berlin. That was it.

Ultimately, SSgt. Lowry Wilcox and the agents involved in the operation received medals for their efforts. Each citation was carefully written to avoid the usual enigmatic prose that told the reader nothing about what had actually happened. Veterans of Operation Lake Terrace each have a citation lauding them for personally participating in the apprehension of three Soviet KGB agents on the streets of West Berlin—something that their parents, spouses, children, and grandchildren can read years later and understand what their loved ones had actually done.

Records checks revealed KGB agent Valery Kiryukhin (Vasily) to be an officer who had served in the KGB's First Chief Directorate. This was the elite of the KGB, manned by talented, language-trained recruiters who served in Soviet embassies throughout the world. Kiryukhin, we determined, had once served a tour in the Soviet Mission to the United Nations in New York City, which accounted for his mastery of colloquial English. The intelligence windfall that a recruitment of Sergeant Wilcox would yield had prompted the Soviets to bring in a high-powered English speaker to run the operation. Normally, our KGB adversaries in West Berlin were from the KGB's Third Chief Directorate, men whose mission was to protect Soviet forces in East Berlin and East Germany from American intelligence collection efforts. Third Chief Directorate agents were generally less sophisticated and experienced in dealing with Americans than their colleagues in the First Directorate.

Later that month, Alain Bianchi and the team of French agents who had joined us on the streets arrived at the headquarters of the 766th MI Detachment. With some ceremony, I produced a wood box containing a two-liter bottle of fine French Armagnac. Presented to our unit in 1976 by the French after the Operation Beau Geste arrests, the bottle came with a set of instructions affixed to its box. Written by the colonel who had commanded the 766th at that time, the letter charged future American commanders to preserve it until the next successful U.S.-French operation against the Soviets. At that time, the author directed, "Open the bottle, consume it in good fellowship with our French comrades, and notify the undersigned that 'the bottle is empty.' This will tell me that we got the bastards one more time." Ever mindful of the importance of tradition, we accomplished that final mission, pronouncing toast after toast to French American amity, to Sergeant Wilcox, and to the street agents who had saved the day by their alertness.

Glowing with a sense of accomplishment and victory on that cheerful day in November 1985, none of us would have been so upbeat had we known that in foiling one attempt to penetrate the secrets of the field station, we had missed another. It would be three years before we would realize this, when a case erupted whose significance would dwarf Operation Lake Terrace.

6: Berlin's Own Meister

Love, greed, jealousy, and sex played roles in many of our cases. But in no case were all of these ingredients more present than the case of Huseyin Yildirim, "the Meister." And in no case were the consequences so protracted and damaging.

The case commenced in 1982 with an ominous tip from the West Berlin Staatschutz, or security police. A jailed former American soldier named Jackson was leveling serious charges against two other persons. An agent from the 766th Military Intelligence Detachment responded and interviewed the man in jail. Jackson, an African American in his late twenties, was serving time for burglary. Invoking patriotism as his motive, he told our agent a sinister story.

A woman named Ella Pettway, Jackson related, had betrayed some of the secrets of Field Station Berlin to the East Germans. Pettway, he elaborated, was his ex-girlfriend and a former field station soldier who had separated from the army and remained in Berlin. According to Jackson, Ella Pettway had been taken across the Berlin Wall to meet the East Germans by a Turk who worked as a mechanic-instructor in the American command's auto craft shop. The mechanic, Jackson declared, was actually a communist agent on the payroll of the East German State Security Service. The Turk had delivered Pettway to the East Germans for an interrogation about her sensitive duties in the field station. Pettway, Jackson insisted, had been kicked out of the army and was shacked up with the Turk. Jackson knew the Turk only by his nickname, "the Meister." The Meister, he alleged, would do anything for money.

If true, Jackson's allegations were grave, further evidence of the unabating attack of the opposition against the secrets of the mountaintop field station, the same unit to which Sergeant Wilcox was assigned.

Despite Jackson's patriotic protestations, agents had to question his motives for denouncing Ella Pettway and the Turk to army counterintelligence investigators. In a convoluted series of events, Jackson, Pettway, the Turk, and several other characters had been involved in a series of shenanigans, including smuggling and black marketing of artifacts and gems from Africa, and an underground pipeline of pornography to Turkey. Apart from that, the Turk appeared to have stolen Jackson's girlfriend.

Investigators quickly divined that the Meister was one Huseyin Yildirim, the popular head instructor at the army's auto craft shop, where members of the military could service their own cars with the advantage of army-provided tools and expert advice. The craft shop was situated on Andrews Barracks, where soldiers assigned to Field Station Berlin were billeted. It was an ideal location for the East Germans to place an agent.

Yildirim, a preliminary investigation revealed, was a hardworking, cheerful fellow who was known for his uncanny mechanical abilities and who displayed a penchant for off-duty wheeling and dealing. He had been working at the craft shop since 1979.

The agents who conducted the investigation discovered that although Yildirim was married to a Turkish woman, he had indeed carried on an extramarital affair with Ella Pettway. In fact, investigators confirmed, Pettway had been living with the jailed Jackson until they had a falling out, at least partially due to a budding relationship between her and Yildirim. Inquiries revealed that Ella Pettway had been assigned to the field station. As a single parent with a wild teenaged daughter and a prodigious alcohol problem, Ella had been mustered out of the army for unsuitability before taking up with Yildirim. After breaking up with Jackson, Pettway accused him of stealing her stereo, which was how the man came to be in a German jail. To the investigating agents, these circumstances cast doubt on Jackson's credibility.

As an American civilian living overseas, Ella was technically not within the jurisdiction of army counterintelligence to investigate, even though she was a recent veteran. Yildirim, however, worked for the U.S. command and was fair game. Agents summoned the fifty-two-year-old Turk for an interview.

The Meister showed up eager to cooperate. His debriefers got to the point. Did Yildirim know Ella Pettway? Had he taken her to East Berlin, and what did he have to say about Jackson's allegations? The affable Turk reacted with what appeared to be genuine outrage and hurt at the idea that he would commit such a disloyal act. He loved America, the Turk declared. He would never betray her.

Yildirim openly discussed his relationship with Ella, admitting with a roguish grin that he was married but that the Pettway affair was just that—an affair. He passionately denied ever having taken Ella, or anyone else, to meet anyone in East Germany. The Turk insisted that he was a fervent anticommunist. Jackson, he accused, was slandering him out of jealousy. The man was no more than a common thief who wanted to get even with Ella for having him thrown in jail. Hand clutched over his heart, in a voice quaking with emotion, Yildirim repeated his vow that he loved America and could never do such a thing. He reminded the agents that he been working for the American command since 1979, and his record was excellent. Without hesitation, he agreed to submit to a polygraph examination to prove his truthfulness.

With the exception of several ill-fated smuggling ventures, Yildirim's record was clean. Still, these were petty offenses, and such peccadilloes were not uncommon among Berlin's large Turkish community. Petty smuggling was one thing; espionage was something quite different.

With Jackson's motives thus impugned and Yildirim falling all over himself to cooperate in a polygraph exam, the case was quietly closed by Bob Thayer's predecessor. Yildirim was not polygraphed, and agents never spoke with his alleged coconspirator, Pettway. Had they, agents reasoned, Ella would have certainly denied Jackson's allegations, and then what? The case looked like a dog, in the vernacular of the detachment's Munich headquarters, and it was closed. We would have cause to explain this decision in the future.

Months later, I undertook the restoration of a Volkswagen in the auto craft shop in my spare time. As I wrestled with a particularly stubborn bolt, one of the shop's instructors intervened. "Watch me," he counseled, then sharply rapped the top of the bolt with a hammer. "Now you try again; it be okay," he said with a grin. I applied the wrench and twisted; the bolt turned. "You see," he said, laughing, "very easy; just must think." I thanked the fellow, who I learned from the sergeant in the next bay was the Meister, a craft shop institution who could accomplish anything with tools.

For the next three months, with the Meister's help, I completed a total restoration of the car, working four and five nights a week. If there was a problem, the cheerful Meister was always available to assist. He was a colorful fellow with a genuine talent for anything mechanical. At one point, he proudly showed me his scrapbook, which contained an article about him that had appeared in the *Berlin Observer,* the command newspaper. "Berlin's own Meister," the article touted, had once been an artillery officer in the Turkish army. Well liked by all, Huseyin Yildirim was a registered auto mechanic with a Meister's certification, trained by the Mercedes-Benz firm. Also included in the scrapbook were a number of letters from officers and NCOs of the command, testifying about the Meister's good deeds to all. "Maybe some day you write one for me?" the Turk suggested with his winning grin.

On another occasion, the Meister approached me in an ebullient mood. "I got great chance to make money, much money," he announced. "You look." Unfolding a thick towel, the Turk displayed a pair of primitive iron heads that had the look of African artifacts. "Very valuable, from museum, worth lots of money," he assured me, as if extending an oblique invitation for me to either buy them or assist in their disposal.

"Meister, where did you get these things?" I asked.

The Turk flashed a mischievous grin, signaling that I didn't want to hear the answer.

"Meister, I don't ever want to see these things again. You're going to get yourself in trouble," I admonished. Undaunted, the Turk rolled up the ugly items and stashed them in the trunk of his rusting Mercedes.

At work that week, I mentioned the Meister to several of the agents. One told me, "Hey, sir, you know we once had a case on him, don't you?" Surprised, I raised an eyebrow and shook my head. Later, I called for the case file and scanned it, nodding knowingly at the accounts of the Meister's wheeling and dealing. Noting only that the case was closed after Jackson's allegations were discredited, I sent the dossier back to the repository and thought no more about it.

Each time I visited the auto craft shop, the Meister was attentive and eager to assist. From the other mechanics, I learned that some hard feelings existed over the Turk's self-promoting ways, in particular his habit of soliciting letters of praise from officers whom he had assisted. So, when the Meister revived his request for a testimonial letter, I wrote instead a letter to the craft shop's supervisor naming not only Yildirim but also his coworkers who had assisted me. The Meister was disappointed, but I told him that the letter was fair and that it did not put him in a compromising position with his fellow workers.

Later that week, the doorbell rang at my home. It was the Meister, dropping by to present me with a small block of lucite in which a single dollar bill was encased. A little gift, he said with a grin. "Just want say, thank you."

Several months passed before I again encountered the Meister. The little man bounced up to me with good news, his ill-fitting toupee askew. He had a girlfriend, a "very rich lady from Florida," and had recently traveled to Clearwater to meet her. The Meister had always proclaimed that his life's dream was to go to America. I could see what was going through his mind and told him so.

The Turk grinned. "No, she love me too much. Maybe I go Florida for good." The Meister flashed his characteristic grin.

"If you do," I replied, "with your skills, you can get rich fixing Mercedes cars over there."

"She verrrry rich," he intoned. "Her husband die."

I knew what this one was all about. The Meister's new girlfriend most certainly looked good on her blue American passport. The incorrigible Turk's dream—a ticket to America.

Several weeks later, I again encountered the Meister working in the craft shop on a small car with a German license plate. This was odd because only GIs' cars were supposed to be worked on in the facility. A dumpy woman who appeared to be in her sixties hovered near the car. The Meister looked up and waved, beckoning me to come over.

"This Peggy, my friend," he explained cheerfully. "She live near Clearwater, in Florida." I greeted the woman politely, marveling to myself at the sacrifices the Meister was willing to make for a ticket to the United States. The matronly Peggy Bie, widow of a retired U.S. Air Force officer, seemed to be somewhat befuddled but cordial enough. She was apparently studying music in Berlin. The Meister had indeed found a live one.

Some weeks later, as the holidays approached, our doorbell rang. It was almost nine o'clock in the evening, and we were not expecting guests. While my wife escaped to put on a robe, I opened the door. It was the Meister, Peggy, and a nice-looking young man in his twenties. Peggy's son was in town, and the couple had just dropped by to introduce him. I invited them in, somewhat taken aback by their late appearance at the door but determined to be cordial. Within a few minutes, my wife joined us. Peggy's son was impressive, a graduate of Yale University. I offered refreshments, we made small talk, and the Meister presented us with a small gift, nicely wrapped, "for holiday." Peggy waxed enthusiastically about a planned trip to Florida, and I repeated to her the advice I had given the Meister—that a man of his talent could make a fortune in the Sunshine State by opening his own Mercedes repair business.

Clearly mesmerized by the Turk, Peggy Bie nestled up to him on the couch, casting occasional admiring glances in his direction, which the Meister sheepishly returned. It was difficult to keep a straight face, the way the Turk was playing the gullible woman and grinning at me, telegraphing the message that this was his trophy. As for their untimely visit, this was the second time the Meister had popped in uninvited. He's a Turk, I explained to my wife later, and hasn't mastered our social graces.

That was the last time I saw Yildirim in Berlin. Within a month or two, in my visit to the craft shop, the mechanics told me that the Meister had resigned, abandoned his Turkish family, and gone to Florida with Peggy. I chuckled at the thought of the crafty Turk with a Florida tan, charming Florida's Mercedes-driving senior citizens and raking in piles of cash. I did not expect to see him again.

Part II

The Clyde Conrad Investigation

7: FCA

By the summer of 1986, I had spent eight years in Germany, five of them in the shadow of the Berlin Wall. The expectations of excitement and intrigue at the helm of army counterintelligence that had lured me back to the famous city had been generously fulfilled. In the wake of Operation Lake Terrace and other operational achievements, the 766th Military Intelligence Detachment was widely regarded as the best counterintelligence outfit in Europe. Don, our loyal CIA base chief, took the unusual step of recommending to the army that the unit be cited for its unprecedented string of successes. Among the many American and allied intelligence agencies in the city, the detachment was regarded as a competent, reliable team player, a notable achievement in a profession where parochial turf wars are not unknown. We were proud that our unit had juggled many sensitive balls since 1983 without dropping any, at least that we knew of at the time.

Operation Lake Terrace had taught us that there was no substitute for smart, well-trained agents when locking horns with the KGB. The after-action assessment of the operation told the tale. The KGB agent Vasily and his two comrades were lieutenant colonels in their midforties who had worked the streets for an average of more than fifteen years. The special agents who bested them were kids by comparison. Many were in their early twenties, fresh from training and serving in their first operational assignments. True, they had one of the best mentors in the business in Bob Thayer, but Bob himself was but thirty-eight at the time.

Yet that's the way it was for the duration of the Cold War. Our Soviet adversary routinely overmatched us in resources—human and material. A host of seasoned KGB and GRU field-grade officers operated against our small band of youthful special agents, many of whom wore the three stripes of a buck sergeant on those rare occasions when they donned their uniforms. These were unfavorable odds for a small band of spy catchers responsible for the defense of a critical, heavily targeted bastion such as West Berlin. It was an imbalance that led to serious consequences for national security—consequences that would surface in a pair of stunning cases recounted later in this book.

Washington bestowed the Department of the Army's Superior Unit Award on the detachment, the first military intelligence unit to be so honored. In July 1986, I departed West Berlin with the satisfaction that comes from having been the captain of a winning team and a conviction that I had found my calling in the counterintelligence field.

Command of another counterintelligence unit beckoned. To lock in the assignment, I declined consideration for battalion-level command, a critical career milestone all but essential to ensure promotion to full colonel. Conventional wisdom held this decision to be career suicide. But as one of the few intelligence officers of my rank to cling to a field that was widely regarded as a career dead end, I had set the stage for almost ten years in command of counterintelligence units at what turned out to be the vortex of the most exciting and explosive counterespionage operations of the Cold War.

Fort Meade, Maryland: July 1986

Compared to stalking the KGB on the darkened streets of Berlin, counterintelligence duty at Fort Meade was tame. I served in the famed 902d Military Intelligence Group (the Deuce), which had a proud tradition of its own. My new command was one of the 902d's subordinate units, the Operations Security Support Detachment, known simply as OSD. Commanding this little-known but highly specialized unit demanded an entirely different mind-set and array of skills than did Berlin's vaunted 766th MID.

The OSD mission was relatively mundane. During the Cold War, the army research and development community had spawned a host of special access programs. Called SAPS, or black programs, these were typically sophisticated weapons development projects on the cutting edge of technology. Black programs were funded with monies that were not a part of the unclassified ("white") defense budget and were generally regarded as the army's most sensitive projects. Knowledge of them was tightly limited.

Counterintelligence (CI) agents in OSD ensured that each program manager in the so-called "black world" established and followed stringent security requirements. In Berlin, CI agents were spy catchers; in the 902d, the sixty members of OSD were known as Opsecers, an acronym fashioned from operations security.

Their job was often frustrating. As the army's security watchdogs, OSD agents had to goad their industry and government clients into elaborate security measures that were costly in both time and money—unwelcome in a highly competitive research and development world where the most visible litmus test of a program's success was staying on schedule and within budget.

To further complicate matters, our mission, called Opsec Support, was widely denigrated by the mainstream counterintelligence community, to whom counterespionage (spy catching) was the only real CI work. Still worse, although one might think that the enemy would have been the Soviets and other foreign intelligence services, it soon became apparent that the greatest threat to the secrets of the black world was not agents of the nefarious KGB but the enterprising American media. During the eighteen months I commanded OSD, we had more than a few bad days because some aggressive investigative reporter at the *New York Times* or the *Philadelphia Inquirer* had stumbled onto one of our programs and exposed it in print.

The media regarded the Pentagon's secret programs as fair game in their righteous quest to expose fraud, waste, and abuse. But to the Cold Warriors of OSD, a reporter who blew a sensitive program in the Sunday edition was an unpatriotic nuisance who thought nothing of serving up his nation's secrets to the Soviets—all for a byline.

Because of the sensitivity of black programs, we were directly responsible to the vice chief of staff of the army. If one of our sensitive programs (I was "read on"—granted access—to thirty-five) made it into print, we would have to respond to a four-star general. At the time, the "vice" was the brilliant, ascerbic, and feared Maxwell Thurman, unaffectionately nicknamed Mad Max. An Orville Redenbacher look-alike, General Thurman was probably the smartest officer of any rank on active duty in the army. He was also a fire-breathing workaholic, legendary for his demanding nature and intolerance of mistakes. As a result, life as commander of the Opsec

Support Detachment could be characterized much as one pundit once described life in combat—long periods of boredom punctuated by brief moments of stark terror (usually when something went wrong that could not be kept from General Thurman). Still, as in Berlin, the detachment was blessed with a stable of quality agents, military and civilian. I survived initial entry shock and settled into a professionally satisfying eighteen-month command tour.

Although a sojourn into the world of black programs was a broadening experience, it lacked the intrigue and magnetism of spy catching. In counterespionage, the thrill of the hunt dominated. Success could be easily measured by the unit's box score against the opposition. The hardworking agents in the Opsec Support Detachment were engaged in a mission that was the equivalent of preventive medicine. If they were successful in pushing their prescription of enhanced security defenses, it would be far more difficult for our adversaries to place a human agent into one of the army's black programs.

It was a vital mission, but I had been spoiled by duty in West Berlin. Outwitting Vasily and his comrades was far more exciting than serving as the black world's security watchdog. Spy catching was the surgery of counterintelligence. When preventive medicine failed, the foreign agents who infected our units had to be identified and removed like the tumors they were. A single disloyal soldier with access to sensitive secrets could cost our government billions of dollars in damages and raise the cost of victory in the event of a conflict. Recalling Operation Lake Terrace, it was not lost on any of us what the consequences would have been had not Sergeant Wilcox reported the KGB's approach. The sergeant's unit, Field Station Berlin, represented an investment of hundreds of millions of dollars in state-of-the-art technology. Soviet penetration of its secrets would have been a disaster for national security.

In August 1987, I was selected for promotion to colonel in spite of my narrow specialization in counterintelligence. The impending promotion required that I relinquish command of the Opsec Support Detachment and find a job that required a full colonel. The question was, where? Most positions for a bird colonel in my field were staff billets at major headquarters, duty for which I lacked the patience. With silver eagles on my shoulders, there was only one truly operational job—commander of the army's elite Foreign Counterintelligence Activity, known in the business as FCA.

Headquartered conveniently on Fort Meade, FCA was a secretive outfit whose members cultivated and relished the unit's elite image. Established in the early 1970s as the Special Operations Detachment (SOD), the unit was renowned for its counterespionage successes and known as a protective organization that almost never admitted outsiders into its ranks. What little I knew about FCA came to me via Bob Thayer, who had been an FCA investigator prior to his tour in Berlin. The unit's commander, Col. Bob Lunt, was a respected veteran with almost thirty years of experience in human intelligence and counterintelligence. Lunt, it was rumored, was contemplating retirement.

The FCA operations officer was a controversial, entrenched lieutenant colonel named Noel Jones. Jones had served an unheard-of fourteen consecutive years in the organization, acquiring along the way a reputation for brilliance and heavy-handed leadership. Obsessed with compartmentation and elitism, Jones tolerated no one who was not absolutely loyal to him. He was wily, aggressive, and endowed with formidable operational instincts; even the man's numerous detractors admitted that his talent and hard work had played a major role in making the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity the best unit of its kind in the Department of Defense.

But Jones had been permitted to homestead in his powerful position too long. Never a team player, he had come to consider himself as omniscient and infallible, a mind-set reinforced by the hardcore group of sycophantic supporters with whom he surrounded himself. Worse, he trusted no one, saw hostile intelligence penetrations everywhere, and had come to regard his own higher headquarters, his sister units, and other civilian intelligence agencies with arrogance, distrust, and disdain. It was not an uncommon profile; the CIA had endured the same problem during the long reign of its brilliant but paranoid counterintelligence czar James Jesus Angleton.

The civilian deputy commander of FCA in late 1987 was a hulking six-foot-four-inch, 250-pound Pennsylvania Dutchman from Harrisburg, Bob Bell. Like me, Bell was a member of the "Berlin Mafia," those of us who had cut our teeth in the Divided City in the 1960s and returned there for repeated tours of duty. The outspoken Bell had departed Berlin a year sooner than I and been assigned directly to FCA, where he had promptly locked horns with its imperious operations officer. As I discreetly sniffed out the chances of landing the FCA position, Bob offered little encouragement. Noel Jones, he advised, would oppose any candidate for the plum job who was an outsider. With fourteen years in place, Bob warned, the cagey operations officer had cemented powerful contacts in high places and accumulated markers that he could redeem if threatened. Jones was a survivor, a powerful force deemed by most observers to be all but untouchable. Everyone knew that the hard-nosed officer had more than once defeated those who had tried over the years to dislodge him from his throne at FCA. Under these circumstances, I harbored no illusions that I might be selected to replace Bob Lunt, whose retirement was imminent.

But there were other powerful forces at work. The Intelligence and Security Command's commanding general, Maj. Gen. Ed Soyster, and his deputy, Brig. Gen. Chuck Owens, had become disenchanted with the growing arrogance and elitism that had overtaken FCA. Operationally, the unit was the army's counterintelligence flagship. The generals were determined to turn it around.

Within a month, General Owens took me aside at a change-of-command ceremony with good news. General Soyster had named me as the new commander of FCA. I was to report to the unit in January (1988).

By selecting me for the coveted command, the generals were sending a signal. Outsiders are usually brought in to clean house. Rumors proliferated that I was under orders to solve the problem of the homesteading operations officer. They were accurate. As one with a reputation for collegiality, I had my orders: "Bring FCA back into the army" while not hurting operations.

The commander of the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity controlled counterintelligence operations and investigations throughout the world, with operational teams deployed around the world.

Counterespionage cases handled by the unit were the most sensitive in the army. At any one time, there might be several hundred army investigations under way in the world. Only a handful—those with the greatest sensitivity—were conducted by the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity.

A comprehensive account of FCA successes would be a highly classified book in itself, even today, long after the denouement of the Cold War. In its brief history, the secretive unit had a record of achievements against foreign intelligence services that is unequalled in the annals of military intelligence history.

Most of the exploits of the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity occurred in the quiet shadows of the Cold War. An exception was a case known as Landlord Paper, which made a rare media splash. The drama occurred in 1982, when FCA agents and their FBI partners orchestrated the arrest in Augusta, Georgia, of Otto Attila Gilbert, an agent of the Hungarian Military Intelligence Service. Gilbert, a courier for the Hungarians, was caught in the act of purchasing military secrets from a U.S. Army warrant officer whom Budapest believed to be a traitor. Actually, the man was a double agent recruited years earlier by FCA. Newspaper coverage of the arrest depicted it as another example of the vigilant FBI at work, which it was—to an extent. Behind the headlines, however, was the signature of the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity, which had set the stage for the arrest.

The case began in the mid-1970s when army chief warrant officer Janos Smolka, a Hungarian American stationed in Germany, traveled to Budapest to visit his mother. During the visit, the Hungarian Military Intelligence Service approached Smolka with a tempting offer. If he would agree to provide U.S. and NATO secrets, the Budapest government would pay good money and ensure VIP treatment for his aging mother. The approach was consistent with the modus operandi of the Hungarians, who were known in American counterintelligence circles to favor recruitment of their own nationals.

The conscientious Smolka was a military police investigator. He promptly reported the incident to his local army counterintelligence field office. Army regulations made it mandatory to report any contact with a national of a communist bloc country, even if no approach to commit espionage was tendered. In this case, there was no ambiguity. Smolka had been "cold-pitched."

Budapest's blatant approach posed an operational opportunity. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity agents assessed Smolka and liked what they saw. From that point on, after careful vetting, Janos Smolka served as a double agent, accepting recruitment and providing classified information in exchange for money, all under the watchful tutelage of seasoned FCA case officers. By the early 1980s, his case officer was special agent Norman Runk.

Himself a chief warrant officer, Runk was one of FCA's shrewdest operators. With his family roots in Germany, Runk was born in Baltimore in early 1945. The son of a skilled die-setter, Runk graduated from high school and joined the army, just in time for Lyndon Johnson's buildup of American forces in Vietnam.

By the time he met Smolka in 1980, Runk was a veteran of fifteen years' service—fifteen years into which he had crammed a lifetime of adventure. By his thirtieth birthday, the street-smart agent had risen through the ranks and been appointed a warrant officer. He had conducted investigations in the United States, spooked around Thailand for more than a year, recruited spies in Germany, and tutored double agents on four continents. Along the way, Runk also served a wartime tour in Vietnam with the 5th Special Forces Group, during which he ran agents into Cambodia to surveil the Ho Chi Minh trail.

Foreign Counterintelligence Activity case officers ran Smolka much like the 766th ran SSgt. Lowry Wilcox in West Berlin during Operation Lake Terrace. While assigned in Europe, Smolka delivered sixteen rolls of film to the Hungarians, for which he received $3,000. Then Budapest offered him $100,000 to provide cryptographic materials and classified information on certain weapons systems. Smolka played along.

By 1981, Smolka was stationed at the army's Criminal Investigation Laboratory on Fort Gordon, in Georgia. There he continued to communicate with his Hungarian spymasters by mailing coded postcards to cutout addresses in Austria. The orchestrated treason continued, although the case was now run jointly by Norman Runk and an FBI opposite number. In April 1982, Runk and the FBI decided to use Smolka to lure a Hungarian courier to the United States. To do this, Smolka would have to persuade his Hungarian handlers that he had obtained a load of secrets but could not get away from his new job to travel to Hungary.

Budapest took the bait and dispatched a courier. The meeting spot would be at the base of the Confederate War Memorial in downtown Augusta, Georgia. The unfortunate courier was Otto Gilbert. Gilbert, a native Hungarian, was a naturalized U.S. citizen who normally drove a cab in New York City.

Runk's instincts told him that the impending visit of a Hungarian courier posed yet another opportunity. In his view, FCA should permit the courier to make the pickup, then shadow him from Augusta to wherever he might go in the United States, thus possibly identifying other agents. It was the classic stuff of the double-agent game: Orchestrate a controlled espionage drama in order to smoke out how our adversaries recruited and ran American traitors, then use this valuable information to identify other spies.

But Runk was overruled. As the meeting approached, he learned that Noel Jones and the FBI had decided to arrest the Hungarian courier as soon as he accepted the documents. Runk protested. Not only did this course of action forfeit the opportunity to learn more about the courier's contacts, but it would have devastating impact on the faithful Smolka, who would never be allowed to visit his mother in Budapest once the Hungarians awoke to the news of the arrest. Runk was told that he didn't know the whole story, that there was a higher priority. Apparently, there was a supersecret investigation under way in Europe that had the highest national priority. In support of this case, it was vital to capture a Hungarian and interrogate him. Runk was tersely informed that he had no need to know about the mystery investigation.

Otto Attila Gilbert, unaware of the great debate over his fate, arrived in Augusta and met Janos Smolka at the Civil War memorial as planned. As soon as he exchanged an envelope containing $4,000 for a package of classified documents, the FBI pounced. For his espionage, Gilbert was sentenced to fifteen years in prison. Attempts to interrogate him for clues to unlock the secret investigation failed. Norman Runk could not have known it at the time, but the investigation so cryptically described by his superiors would one day change his life.

With Otto Gilbert behind bars, Runk and the FCA, quiet professionals, slipped into the shadows while the FBI accepted well-earned public kudos for the joint operation. That was vintage FCA. Within the counterintelligence community and the senior army leadership, where it counted, everyone knew that the elite unit had performed with its usual brilliance.

In the fall of 1983, FCA agents got their man under bizarre and unorthodox circumstances.

The case revolved around the mysterious disappearance and apparent death of a soldier assigned to Field Station Sinop in Turkey, a sister unit of Field Station Berlin. Duty at the isolated mountaintop site could be lonesome and nerve wracking. Combating stress and boredom was always a major leadership challenge for whomever commanded at Sinop.

In late September 1983, Sgt. Dennis Bray approached his superiors. "I can't take it here anymore," the distressed noncom complained. "This place is driving me crazy." Efforts to placate the rattled NCO were unsuccessful. Bray was inconsolable and threatened to go AWOL—a serious matter for soldiers whose duties made them privy to sensitive secrets. The colonel who commanded the unit granted the stressed-out soldier a special morale and welfare leave to recharge his batteries.

Bray signed out on leave for a vacation in the United States and did not return. This made the missing sergeant a KAWOL, armyspeak for knowledgeable AWOL, a missing soldier with secrets in his head. The alert went out, and it was soon determined that Bray had gone fishing on Little Cayman Island in the Caribbean.

Officials in the British West Indies reported that a man fitting Bray's description had rented a boat, gone fishing, and failed to return. The United States Coast Guard discovered Bray's rubber boat floating inside the coral reef that surrounds Little Cayman Island. Its occupant, the Coast Guard concluded, had fallen overboard and no doubt been eaten by sharks that infested the warm waters. What the sharks hadn't eaten, Coast Guard and Island officials speculated, was probably at the bottom of the two-thousand-foot-deep Yucatán trench, on the far side of the reef.

When news of the mysterious disappearance reached Washington, the generals summoned the FCA commander. There was something fishy about the whole affair, senior officers believed. The Foreign Counterintelligence Activity must "get someone down there and take a look."

Special agent Dave Guethlein drew the unusual mission. The thirty-year-old Guethlein was a Cincinnati German who had been a counterintelligence agent since his 1972 enlistment. The six-foot-three warrant officer was an excellent choice for the unorthodox challenge. After a decade of duty in Japan, Germany, and the United States, Guethlein was a no-nonsense, methodical investigator known for his thorough, persistent approach. He and his partner, special agent Stan Nemitz, were not averse to tackling a challenge in the Caribbean. Within hours, the selfless pair had booked a flight to Jamaica.

In Jamaica, Guethlein and Nemitz were astounded at the frantic activity on an island known to be a sleepy resort. At the U.S. embassy, the defense attaché—a colonel—was unenthusiastic about the two spooks' mission. The United States had just invaded the island of Grenada, and American troops were in a fierce battle with armed Cubans at an airfield they had been building for Grenada's neo-Marxist government.

"I'd advise you to postpone your mission and hole up in a hotel here," the colonel warned. "We've got a report that the Cubans have offered a hundred-thousand-dollar reward for anyone who can make a hit on an American in the Caribbean."

Guethlein and Nemitz were not intimidated. The pair had orders to proceed to the Grand Caymans. Taking a sabbatical in Jamaica on the way was not part of the deal, war or no war. The following day, the partners boarded an interisland puddle jumper and flew to Little Cayman Island.

The pair checked in with the local constabulary, where officials reaffirmed the assessment of the Coast Guard. They had recovered the boat and fishing tackle. The missing sergeant was almost surely in Davy Jones's locker.

Guethlein and Nemitz were unpersuaded. Armed with the ritual suspicious nature of all successful counterintelligence agents, the FCA men knew that Bray fit the profile of someone who might stage his own demise. Reluctant to return to Washington empty-handed, the two agents lingered on the tropical island, which was, after all, not bad duty. Frequenting bars and restaurants where Bray might have been seen (counterintelligence people make such sacrifices regularly), they cast their investigative net widely in search of clues to the missing soldier's fate.

Yet Guethlein was also plagued by doubts. If the man was so beset by personal problems that he had staged his own death to escape them, was it not likely that he had already fled the island to begin a new life in the United States? After seven days on the lush island, the two agents reluctantly decided that it was time to return to Fort Meade.

Hope springs eternal. The dirt road that led to the island's small airstrip passed by the beachfront where the missing sergeant had last been seen. Guethlein and Nemitz drove slowly, eyes peeled in one last attempt to locate the missing man.

The rest became the stuff of legend in the corridors of FCA. As the two agents rounded a curve on the narrow beach road, a thin, bearded man emerged from the foliage and darted across their path.

Both agents had studied file photos of Bray. Guethlein recalls the encounter as if it happened yesterday. "He was dressed in a tattered shirt and ragged shorts—looking for all the world like a refugee from Gilligan's Island. I said to Stan, 'Son of a bitch, that looks like him.'"

Nemitz shouted at the man. "Hey, you! Bray!"

"The guy responded to his name," Guethlein recalls with a grin. "Then he fed us a line. He claimed to be Captain Dennis, leader of a Special Forces A Team, and insisted excitedly that he and his team had landed on the island, but all of his men had been wiped out."

The two FCA men displayed their army intelligence identity documents. The game was over, they told the bearded deserter. It was time to come home. Their man surrendered meekly, then launched into unconvincing attempts to persuade his captors that he was suffering from amnesia.

Guethlein and Nemitz spirited their captive back to the United States—no small achievement, because Bray had no passport or other identity documents. Guethlein and his partner flashed their special agent badges and mobilized all of their persuasive powers to convince the authorities that the man was an American soldier in their custody.

Blind luck and persistence had paid off, adding in the process yet another chapter to the growing FCA mystique.

Bray was housed in the psychiatric ward of Walter Reed Army Medical Center, where he played cat and mouse with the hospital staff for weeks, not unlike the infamous B. J. Conlin. Doctors declared him mentally competent but recommended his release from the army.

With each success, FCA added to its reputation for excellence, and the finest agents in army counterintelligence lined up for admission to its ranks. If Berlin's 766th MID was the best place in Europe to lock horns with the Soviets, FCA was the unrivaled premier posting from which one could engage our historic adversaries globally.

Bob Lunt had served more than four years at the unit's helm. Because of FCA's unique, specialized mission, the customary two-year limit for commanders did not apply. I was facing four or more years in one of army intelligence's most coveted positions.

FCA's homesteading operations officer recognized the handwriting on the wall and announced his retirement shortly after I assumed command. The generals concurred with my recommendation that Noel Jones should be honored with the Legion of Merit. By so doing, the army would acknowledge the departing officer's many genuine accomplishments while deemphasizing his problems of recent years. It was not lost on anyone that the brilliant officer had become entrenched and controversial because the army had permitted him to homestead in FCA for fourteen years.

8: Canasta Player

They called it Canasta Player. Several weeks before I assumed command of FCA, Bob Lunt referred cryptically to the tightly compartmented investigation. It was, he assured me in conspiratorial tones, the most sensitive case in the history of army counterintelligence, "a bombshell waiting to explode."

General Owens echoed Lunt's words. I was to clear the decks and "get ahold" of the Canasta Player case as soon as possible. The case had grave national security implications. It required my personal attention—full time, if necessary—even at the expense of other duties.

Though not yet formally briefed on the closely held case, I knew that it was related to the urgent orders we had received in West Berlin from our Munich headquarters three years earlier. The 766th MID had been directed to give up two of its best agents to a "sensitive project." Bob Thayer and I were told that we had no need to know further details. Scuttlebutt had it that the agents would serve on a special investigative team searching for a spy who was selling war plans to the Soviets.

I also knew that one of the agents we had dispatched from Berlin, Gary Pepper, had been continually laboring away on the investigation since 1985 from a secret base somewhere in Germany.

As I would soon learn, Canasta Player was the most sensitive secret in the U.S. Army. Not only that, but the case was about to take a dramatic turn that would propel the agents of the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity, the FBI, the CIA, and West German security officials on a journey that would shake up NATO, dominate the network news, and make the cover of *Newsweek* magazine.

The case we called Canasta Player traces its roots to the October 1956 Hungarian Revolution. At the time, I was an impressionable teenager in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, watching sympathetically as the people of Hungary made their vain bid to shake off Soviet domination. When surprised Red Army commanders were forced by the Freedom Fighters to retreat from the city amid a shower of Molotov cocktails, we applauded the Hungarians' bravery. Then came the Soviet betrayal and counterattack, followed by poignant images of frightened and forlorn Hungarians fleeing over the famous Bridge at Andau into neutral Austria and lonely exile.

Among the refugees who reached sanctuary in Austria were Louis and Clair Szabo and their eighteen-year-old son, Zoltan. By the spring of 1957, the Szabos, like many displaced Hungarians, had migrated to the United States. The family settled near Plainfield, New Jersey. There, while the homesick senior Szabos dreamed of returning to their beloved Hungary, son Zoltan learned English with commendable speed.

But in 1959, twenty-year-old Zoltan ran afoul of the law. The transgression was not major. The inventive Hungarian had embraced capitalism and was caught fabricating and selling near-perfect cardboard counterfeits of New Jersey license plates. This brush with the authorities propelled the teenager into a new life as a soldier in the U.S. Army.

The talented emigré adapted well to the army, which shipped him to Germany. Comfortable in his native Europe, Zoltan Szabo perfected his command of German and English. During his off-duty hours, the handsome soldier soon linked up with a twenty-two-year-old refugee from East Germany, Renate Jaschke, who had settled in Landshut, Bavaria. Daughter Andrea was born in the fall of 1960, and the couple married the following spring. In late 1961, a son was born.

Zoltan Szabo was assigned to a subordinate unit of the army's 8th Infantry Division. The alert noncom showed such promise that he was recommended for commissioning. By now a U.S. citizen, Staff Sergeant Szabo attended officer candidate school and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the armor branch in 1967.

The war in Vietnam was raging. The young tanker rose with wartime speed to the rank of captain and served a combat tour in Vietnam. Decorated with a silver star for bravery under fire, Captain Szabo returned to duty in Germany. With combat experience and a silver star on his chest, his career seemed to be on track.

Then came a humiliating setback. Like thousands of other Vietnam-era officers who lacked a college education, the decorated captain was caught up in an army-wide, post-Vietnam reduction in force (RIF). Ordered in 1973 to separate from active duty, Szabo complied. Because of his enlisted service, he was permitted to reenter active duty and serve as a noncommissioned officer. The diligent soldier, once again a staff sergeant, returned to duty in the 8th Infantry Division, where he was assigned to the G-3 staff section. In 1979, Zoltan Szabo retired after twenty years of active duty. By then divorced from Renate, he settled in Austria, close to his parents, who had moved from New Jersey to a corner of Austria near their beloved homeland.

Ironically, the soldier who had entered the army under a legal cloud ended his career the same way. By retirement time, Staff Sergeant Szabo had come to the attention of the army's Criminal Investigation Division for the black marketing of GI gasoline ration coupons. Perhaps out of respect for his Vietnam heroism, the army gave Szabo a break. After spending his final two years of active duty in the post housing office, and with a service record clouded by no fewer than three Article 15 disciplinary actions for various petty offenses, Zoltan Szabo was permitted to retire honorably and draw the pension of his officer rank. He had spent most of his twenty-year career in Germany.

Career patterns such as Szabo's were not uncommon during the Cold War, particularly for soldiers with German wives. The U.S. Army had more than 200,000 troops in Germany, many of whom adjusted readily to the beer and hospitality, not to mention the sheer enjoyment of life in historic old Europe—a life lived at bargain basement prices, thanks to army housing and a strong American dollar. The Hungarian American's proclivity to homestead in Germany thus failed to arouse the suspicions of his superiors.

But Zoltan Szabo had a secret. The seemingly passionate anticommunist Hungarian American was actually a recruited and trained agent of the MNVK/2, the Hungarian Military Intelligence Service. Since 1972, he had been delivering classified documents to his Hungarian masters. Sometimes Szabo would make his deliveries through a courier who would meet him in Germany to exchange documents for money; on other occasions he would make a quick drive to the Austrian cities of Innsbruck, Salzburg, or Vienna to meet with his communist agent handlers. Periodically, Szabo would travel discreetly to Hungary to meet with officers of the Center. Hungarian Tokay wines, fine cuisine, and a stunningly beautiful woman became a part of Zoltan's secret life, as did the use of a villa on picturesque Lake Balaton, courtesy of Budapest's privileged intelligence service.

The bold and quick-thinking Zoltan was good at what he did. The cascade of documents he was looting from the G-3 of the 8th Infantry Division made a strong impression on his Hungarian superiors, who shared with Moscow all secrets provided by the star agent. Soviet KGB officers were impressed. Clearly, the Hungarians had landed a big fish who enjoyed access to the crown jewels—U.S. and NATO war plans. Soon, Szabo was selected and trained to serve as one of Budapest's principal agents. His new job was to spot, assess, and recruit other disaffected or greedy U.S. and NATO military personnel. Urbane, wily, and perceptive, Zoltan Szabo was a perfect choice to troll for soldiers who had access to military secrets and would bend the rules to generate extra cash.

Szabo's double life commenced in late 1971, during what was intended to be a carefree vacation. When the young armor officer took his German wife and young children on a trip to Lake Balaton in his native Hungary, agents of the Hungarian Military Intelligence Service accosted him and accused him of being an agent of the American CIA. Szabo hotly denied the allegation. The Hungarian interviewer shifted gears. Over a bottle of wine, he reminded Szabo of his duty to his homeland and gauged the captain's reactions. The assessment was positive. Officers of the MNVK/2 decided that he was an excellent candidate for espionage who should be courted.

Within a few weeks, Zoltan's parents informed him that a former Hungarian schoolmate wished to meet him in Austria. When Zoltan arrived at the meeting, he found himself face-to-face with Budapest's agents once again. This time the Hungarians made Szabo an attractive offer. In exchange for his agreement to provide classified documents, the Hungarians would shower the young officer with more money than he had ever seen. At the same time, Hungarian spymasters would arrange for preferential treatment for his homesick parents, who were contemplating repatriation to their native country.

Budapest's cold pitch to Zoltan Szabo was a classic example of the espionage art. Spot a target with access to the enemy's secrets, then uncover and exploit a motivation that would incline the person to accept recruitment. Money and loyalty to his parents would motivate Szabo initially. Later, after the humiliating loss of his officer rank, ego and revenge would play a role.

Zoltan Szabo performed brilliantly for his Hungarian masters for sixteen years. Until his retirement in 1979, he personally delivered thousands of pages of classified documents stolen from under the noses of his trusting superiors, a record that one Hungarian intelligence officer described as unequalled. But more importantly, the inventive and resourceful operative developed into a skilled principal agent, aggressively spotting and recruiting fellow soldiers for membership in Budapest's growing stable of disloyal Americans. The enterprising teenager from New Jersey eventually spawned an espionage ring that penetrated the innermost military secrets of the United States and her NATO allies, a ring that ultimately grew to four generations. Zoltan Szabo's espionage empire operated with impunity from 1972 to 1988, and its full dimensions are not known to this day. It was these fruits of Szabo's labor that Gary Pepper and eventually the entire Foreign Counterintelligence Activity would seek to identify and neutralize in the case known as Canasta Player.

Another teenager caught up in the 1956 exodus from Hungary was Sandor Kercsik. Sixteen-year-old Sandor, an intense and serious fellow, fled the bloody chaos without his parents and younger brother, Imre, who remained in Hungary. Sandor's path to freedom ended in Sweden. There the hardworking, bright emigré was able to obtain Swedish citizenship and pursue his ambition of becoming a physician. To continue his medical education, the newly minted Swedish citizen elected to study in his native Budapest.

By 1967, the Hungarian Military Intelligence Service turned its attention to Sandor. As a citizen of a neutral country in a Europe divided by the passions of the Cold War, the aspiring young doctor was a perfect candidate for recruitment as a legal traveler, someone who could flash a neutral passport and move freely between NATO and Warsaw Pact countries.

Today, Kercsik insists that he declined the Hungarian service's first recruitment approach. Then the Hungarians played the family card. If he would agree to spy for his native country, his mother, who was in ill health, would receive preferential medical treatment. Sandor accepted the offer but insisted that he never be tasked to operate against his adopted country of Sweden.

The new recruit served initially as a clandestine courier, a link between agents who were stealing NATO secrets in Germany and their Hungarian controllers in Budapest. If a Hungarian mole in the U.S. Army had a stash of stolen secret documents for delivery, Sandor (code name Alex) would receive an encoded message from Budapest on his shortwave radio. The physician would meet the agent and deliver the booty to the Hungarians, often serving as Budapest's paymaster.

Like Zoltan Szabo, whom he would ultimately meet in 1971, Sandor Kercsik performed yeoman duty for the Hungarians. From 1967 to 1988, the Swedish Hungarian physician made hundreds of trips as Budapest's bagman, giving him access to many of the Hungarian service's most successful penetrations of NATO. Money, privileges, and recognition as a hero of the socialist cause were his. But most importantly, Sandor's dedicated service to his native country made life tolerable for his family under Hungary's austere, Soviet-dominated system.

One of Sandor's most tangible rewards for his double life came when the Hungarian intelligence service supported the emigration to Sweden of his younger brother, Imre. Like Sandor, Imre learned that favors from the Budapest government had a price. By the early 1980s, having followed in his older sibling's footsteps and attended medical school in Budapest, the young physician had also obtained Swedish citizenship. In late 1980, Imre Kerscik was recruited by the MNVK/2 to serve as a support agent. The Center provided him the code name Viktor.

Both brothers married and settled in Goteborg, Sweden, where they practiced internal medicine at a local clinic and became respected members of the community. Imre embraced his adopted country, even joining the Swedish army as a reservist. But during their off-duty hours, the two decrypted coded instructions received by radio from Budapest and regularly shuttled between Sweden, Germany, and Austria—key links in a ring that was engaged in an unprecedented looting of NATO secrets.

In the spring of 1987, none of this was known to the U.S. government. Sandor Kercsik was in his twentieth year as one of Budapest's agents, brother Imre had served almost seven years, and Zoltan Szabo had been betraying secrets since 1972. By following time-tested rules of espionage tradecraft and exploiting weaknesses in the American army's security practices, the operatives of the MNVK/2 had covered their tracks well.

Had it not been for our colleagues in the Central Intelligence Agency, it is likely that the Hungarian Military Intelligence Service's landmark penetration of NATO would never have been unmasked. Understanding how the CIA stumbled onto the trail of betrayal in Central Europe and provided army counterintelligence the tip that led to the Canasta Player investigation requires a journey back to the year 1978.

The latter half of the 1970s was a bad time for the United States and its allies. The Cold War raged unabated. Soviet advisers and their Cuban surrogates were deeply involved in penetrating the African subcontinent, and the paranoid Kremlin leadership was about to make a fateful decision to invade neighboring Afghanistan. At home, the American people remained in a depressed, wound-licking mode in the wake of our humiliation in Vietnam. Morale in America's "hollow army" was at an all-time low as the Department of Defense struggled with its historic but faltering conversion to an all-volunteer force. Soon, the shah of Iran would be swept aside, our embassy staff in Teheran taken hostage, and America's weaknesses further exposed by a bungled hostage rescue attempt in the Iranian desert.

It was against this backdrop that CIA sources behind the Iron Curtain provided their American agent handlers some alarming news. Your military in Europe is penetrated, the agency's sources warned, possibly at a very high level. The spy in your ranks, agents confided to their CIA masters, is someone who has access to top-secret war plans and other documents. Your most sensitive military secrets are being delivered regularly to the Hungarian Military Intelligence Service.

Due to strict compartmentation, the CIA's sources did not have access to the American traitor's identity, but they were able to provide tidbits of information that might assist in unmasking the spy. Budapest's agent, they explained, was delivering large quantities of war plans, measured by the kilogram. The Hungarian service was in turn sharing the take with their Soviet ally. In fact, one source confided, the stolen documents are so impressive that the Soviet air force attaché in Budapest—a GRU officer—was flying each haul directly to Moscow for evaluation. Another source pointed out that the operation had been going on for many years. Yet another source revealed a particularly disturbing morsel: On one occasion, allegedly in the spring of 1978, the spy had been paid an unprecedented $50,000 for a single document, thought to have been the plan for a war in Central Europe. In Moscow, the CIA sources advised ominously, the Hungarian penetration was regarded as the most lucrative espionage success in Europe since the end of World War II.

Senior agency officials realized the importance of their agents' warnings and brought the grave news to the Department of Defense in 1978, cautiously withholding any information that could endanger their well-placed sources. The agency tip led to what would ultimately become the longest-running, most sensitive, most tightly compartmented, and costliest counterespionage investigation in history. If the agency's spies were correct, NATO's ability to defend Western Europe against the Soviets and their Warsaw Pact allies was in jeopardy.

Outgunned by armor-heavy Soviet formations in Central Europe, allied forces were committed to a defensive strategy. To prevail, it was essential that NATO dominate the key terrain, receive timely intelligence to identify the attacker's main effort, and be able to quickly shift U.S. and NATO units to repel the onslaught. Successful execution of this strategy would be dangerously undermined if the Soviet commander had read the NATO plans before the first shot was fired.

The agency's warnings portended catastrophe. Armed with such information and convinced that they might prevail, the Soviets might be tempted to attack in Central Europe. From the highest levels of the Department of Defense, the order was given: Unmask the alleged spy and put him out of business.

Army counterintelligence established a special investigating team in Europe to uncover the mole. Because it was by no means certain that the spy was a soldier, agents of the air force's Office of Special Investigations (OSI) opened their own case.

Even though the CIA's sources had warned of a possible high-level penetration, investigators knew that the traitor could be someone in the ranks. Whoever the spy was, he or she had regular access to large quantities of sensitive documents and had apparently managed to serve continuously in Europe for years. In the American military, this sketchy profile was inconsistent with a high-ranking officer. Officers are under considerable career pressure to accept new assignments every three years. Noncommissioned officers remain on station longer and perform much of the hands-on work, including the securing and handling of classified documents.

The investigation was initially given the code name Canfield Score. For several years, frustrated agents in Europe struggled in a fruitless needle-in-a-haystack hunt. In any investigation where the subject or target is unknown (CI agents call such cases "unsubs"), success requires great patience. Profiling is utilized, whereby investigators seek to identify a set of facts or assumptions (a profile) about the target in order to whittle down the list of possible suspects.

In the Canfield Score investigation, agents were cursed with the worst possible set of circumstances. Facts about their target were few: a penetrator in Europe who was giving the Hungarians large quantities of sensitive documents during the 1970s in exchange for big money. Such a profile was too thin and fit too many possible candidates to yield success. The small cell of agents who wrestled with the frustrating investigation were further hamstrung by the need to keep the very existence of the investigation a closely guarded secret. Protection of the CIA sources was of paramount importance. Under such constraints, the Canfield Score case went nowhere. The possibles who could have fit the sketchy profile numbered in the tens of thousands, overwhelming the few investigators allocated to the case. By the early 1980s, even as Cold War tensions escalated, the hunt for the elusive Hungarian mole was relegated to the "too tough" box.

9: The CIA Comes Through

The Canfield Score case file would surely have lain forgotten in a safe in Germany were it not for the actions of two men in the tight circle of those who were aware of its existence. One of them was a career CIA intelligence officer, Gardner R. "Gus" Hathaway. A native Virginian, Hathaway was no stranger to the U.S. military. After enlisting in the army immediately after his 1943 high school graduation, he had fought with the 14th Armored Division in southern France and received a battlefield commission. When the unit was demobilized in 1946, he entered the University of Virginia, graduating in 1950 with a major in history. Along the way, Hathaway spent one summer studying French at the University of Geneva, where he demonstrated a formidable capability to master foreign languages. Over the years, he would study and master German, Russian, Polish, Spanish, and Portuguese.

Hathaway recalls that his original ambition was to become an attorney, to which end he enrolled in the University of Virginia's prestigious law school. But when the Korean War broke out, the twenty-five-year-old veteran heard the call of public service. Dropping out of law school, he applied for career service in the CIA and the FBI. The CIA saw great potential in a former combat arms officer with overseas experience and a flair for languages. By October 1951, the agency hired Gus Hathaway as a paramilitary officer and sent him to paratrooper training.

During the next thirty-five years, Hathaway made a career out of working the Soviet target, not as a paramilitary but as a career case officer and operations officer. Serving ten years in Germany, nine years in Latin America, and four years in the Soviet Union, he established a reputation for excellence that placed him at the top of a highly competitive peer group. His overseas postings ultimately included two of the most coveted Cold War outposts: chief of station (COS) Bonn and COS Moscow.

At CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia, Hathaway made his name in the agency's power base, the Directorate of Operations, serving as a branch chief in the Latin America Division, as operations officer of the SE (Soviet/East Europe) Division, and finally, in what some regarded as the most influential job in the Operations Directorate, chief of the powerful Soviet/East Europe Division.

Gus Hathaway was also one of a small number of senior agency officials whose appreciation of counterintelligence had survived the demoralizing witch hunts of the infamous James Jesus Angleton, the brilliant but paranoid CIA counterintelligence chief who had all but torn the agency apart in his quest to uncover a high-level mole he believed the Soviets had placed in Langley. In January 1985, when Hathaway returned from Bonn, the veteran sixty-year-old operator was asked by CIA director William Casey to assume responsibility for the agency's counterintelligence staff.

Hathaway knew that counterintelligence was seen as a career-killing, backwater discipline. In the CIA, recruitments were the coin of the realm. Spy catching did not lead to a seventh-floor office. Nonetheless, ever the soldier, he accepted the new challenge and took over the agency's counterintelligence staff in March 1985. During his five-year tenure, he would be promoted to associate director of operations for counterintelligence, establish a Counterintelligence Center, and inaugurate the long-overdue and painful rebirth of counterintelligence in the CIA.

Hathaway's low-powered counterintelligence staff was in shambles. Counterintelligence staffers had been excluded from sensitive cases being run in the Directorate of Operations by the Soviet/East Europe Division. Within the SE empire, no fewer than three sources were feeding their CIA case officers information on the Hungarian penetration in Europe. Having served in Moscow and Bonn, and as SE Division chief himself, Hathaway was struck by one thing: Fearful of endangering their sources, cautious CIA operators were reticent to share everything they were learning about the penetration with army counterintelligence investigators.

Armed with his long operational experience and a fraternal approach to dealing with the military counterintelligence community, Hathaway breathed life into the stalled investigation. The leads, he argued forcefully to agency officers in the closemouthed SE Division, were not a cleverly contrived Soviet provocation. They came from more than one source and had the ring of truth. Worst of all, they indicated that the disloyal American had been operating for more than a decade. The spy, Hathaway urged, could be identified only if the agency fully shared its information with army counterintelligence investigators.

Although Hathaway was certain that this could be done without endangering the agency's sources, he met resistance from officers in the SE Division. Wielding the powers of his associate director's position, he refused to back down. If the CIA doled out bits and pieces of the lead information, he declared, the army would never identify the traitor.

Fortunately, the determined insider had the necessary credentials to silence his critics. At a meeting with Col. Bob Lunt shortly after assuming leadership of the agency's CI staff, Hathaway made a promise. He would personally ensure that all relevant information in the hands of the CIA would be shared with FCA so that Lunt's investigators could identify the penetrator.

As his initial contribution to this goal, Hathaway caused a thorough review of all information bearing on the alleged spy that could be gleaned from CIA contact reports. If any information that could assist military investigators to profile and ultimately identify the spy was being held back by the CIA, he wanted to know about it.

As Gus Hathaway was reviving interest in the investigation in the corridors of the CIA, across the Potomac River in his Pentagon E-Ring office, Lt. Gen. William E. Odom, the army's senior intelligence officer, was doing the same thing. Odom was a brilliant officer. Like Gus Hathaway, he had made a career of studying the Soviets. By the time he became the army's assistant chief of staff for intelligence in 1981, Odom had an impressive service record, including tours in Germany and the Soviet Union as well as a four-year stint in the White House as military assistant to the president's assistant for National Security Affairs, Zbigniew Brzezinski. The West Point graduate's impressive resume also touted a Columbia University PhD, mastery of the Russian language, and a list of publications that was the envy of many self-respecting political scientists. By any measure, the gifted three-star general was one of the U.S. government's premier strategists and Kremlinologists.

When he took the job, Odom asked a time-honored Pentagon question: "What could blow up on my watch?" Surveying his staff, he made an assessment not unlike that of Gus Hathaway. The counterintelligence section, Odom remembers, "resembled a geriatric ward." When staffers informed him that the CIA had locked onto a hemorrhage of war plans in Europe that army counterintelligence had been unable to stop, the three star recalls that he "went up in smoke."

"I knew things were bad in Germany," he remembers, "but not that bad. I was determined to get it fixed before apprising Army Chief of Staff John Wickham, but the CI folks kept giving me pessimistic assessments emphasizing how tough the case was to crack."

After being told at least twice that the search for the elusive spy was next to impossible, Odom decided that he had no choice but to ratchet up the pressure on the counterintelligence community. He began by warning Army Chief of Staff Wickham that the war plans in Europe were being betrayed. Wickham reacted with predictable displeasure: The situation was unthinkable; fix it.

"I had to introduce some theater," Odom explains, "to get the message across to the counterintelligence people that I wanted the case tackled with reckless abandon. This was not something that could be approached as routine business; this was about our war plans and the lives of American soldiers."

On January 7, 1985, General Odom summoned Col. Bob Lunt to his spacious office. If there was a spy selling our war plans in Germany, the general intoned gravely, it was unconscionable that the case was not the top priority of army counterintelligence. If the CI people in Europe had written off the investigation as too tough, then the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity must resurrect it and pursue the leads until the traitor had been exposed and put out of business. There could be no question of a shortage of resources, the impatient Odom continued. The Foreign Counterintelligence Activity and its parent headquarters, the Intelligence and Security Command, must conduct the investigation on a priority basis, throwing all necessary resources at it. If Lunt encountered any problems, he should make them known to Odom personally.

Odom's theater had the desired impact. Bob Lunt left the demanding general's office infused with a sense of urgency. By now the spy had been providing war plans to the Hungarians for a decade or longer. The treachery simply had to be stopped. Failure to do so would entail great risk should a war ever break out in Central Europe.

Odom's marching orders to Bob Lunt coincided with Gus Hathaway's similar efforts in the CIA. With this strong backing, the case was reborn, with the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity at the helm. The search for the Hungarian mole was given a new name, Canasta Player.

Lunt promptly formed a dedicated investigative team at FCA's Fort Meade, Maryland, headquarters. Special agent Al Eways, a charter member of the Canasta Player team, recalls the day.

"Lunt sent the word down that several of us should wrap up whatever we were doing and get ready for a new challenge. We trooped up to the director's office, where we were briefed on the CIA leads. Then Colonel Lunt charged us with a single mission: 'Identify the spy in Europe or come back and tell me you can't do it.'"

The FCA men reviewed all that had been done by their unsuccessful predecessors. Lunt knew that his agents would operate with one distinct advantage over the European-based agents who had initially tackled the case. With FCA on the hook to solve the case, close liaison between the CIA, the senior army leadership, and the FCA commander would ensure the kind of emphasis and resources that were needed. The Foreign Counterintelligence Activity was the only unit in army counterintelligence with worldwide capabilities, seasoned agents who could execute a case that would require a long-haul approach, and access to a bushel of the taxpayers' money.

In 1985, the stalled case began to move. At CIA, Gus Hathaway drafted two talented and experienced officers, Martha Graves and John Whiteley, and charged them to roll up their sleeves and assist army investigators. Graves and Whiteley had both enjoyed exciting careers during the Cold War. The top-priority counterintelligence case would be their final challenge before retirement, and the two tackled it with a passion. If FCA investigators required assistance—in Germany or elsewhere—Graves and Whiteley would do whatever was required to make it happen. Working long hours, Whiteley, Graves, and Hathaway identified additional facts from agency sources that they believed would be helpful to the FCA investigators. These included recently obtained lists of documents that the CIA sources had identified as being part of the betrayed material. The lists might enable military investigators to deduce the unit or headquarters from which the documents had been stolen.

Hathaway overruled the persistent arguments of some agency officers that the investigation could jeopardize the lives of their sources and passed the important lists and other information to FCA investigators. One of the new clues was a sobering but potentially useful tidbit: One agency source had confided in his CIA contact that the original American spy had been at his work for so long that he was "on ice." Army investigators interpreted this to mean that the original spy might have retired and recruited his successor. Agents could be looking for a pair of traitors.

Foreign Counterintelligence Activity investigators were dismayed at the lists of betrayed documents, at least six of which were secret and top-secret war plans. One entry jarred everyone who saw it: "U.S. Army Europe Operations Plan 4102, with Annexes." Oplan 4102 in this form was a top-secret road map for the transition from peace to war by the U.S. Army in Europe. It described in microdetail how the European-stationed army would react, almost hourly, to a Warsaw Pact attack across the inter-German border, to include detailed plans for bringing in reinforcements from the United States, equipping them, and putting them under NATO command. During my 1980–81 service as a war plans officer in the army's Heidelberg headquarters, copies of this document were numbered and kept in a vault.

These revelations confirmed everyone's worst fears: The spy or spies had access to the crown jewels and had no compunctions about marketing them to Budapest. Armed with this kind of information, Warsaw Pact commanders could anticipate and counter NATO's transition to a war-fighting posture. Bob Lunt's small team of investigators realized more than ever that they were playing a high-stakes game.

In Washington, the list of betrayed documents was shown only to the small circle of senior army officials who were aware of the existence of the closely held Canasta Player investigation. Inevitably, pressure began to mount on Bob Lunt to identify the traitor. General Glenn T. Otis, the commander of all U.S. Army forces in Europe, was briefed in his Heidelberg office by Bob Lunt, at the direction of the secretary of the army. It was Otis and his NATO allies who would have to fight disadvantaged in the event that war broke out.

Otis, a popular officer known for his unflappable nature, reacted with cool professionalism when told that his war plans were being passed regularly to the Soviets. He would cooperate fully with the investigation, he pledged, although he was not personally familiar with the methodology and difficulties in ferreting out such a mole. However, the laid-back four-star general also told Bob Lunt that he expected a maximum effort to put an end to the hemorrhage of classified documents—the sooner, the better.

At Fort Meade, the Canasta Player team reviewed the new lists of betrayed documents and redoubled its efforts to refine and narrow the profile of the unidentified traitor.

The spy, the team members decided, was most likely a noncommissioned officer. If he had indeed pocketed a stunning $50,000 in 1978 for a single document, the target could also be someone whose personal finances might reflect sudden wealth.

Based upon the betrayed documents on the CIA-provided lists, the culprit was probably in the army and most likely assigned to a division or higher-level headquarters in Europe, where he enjoyed access to war plans. The list of compromised documents was still too short and random to provide a clue concerning the traitor's actual duty location.

Still, the list did suggest yet another possible element of the profile: the spy's duty position within his organization. Because some of the compromised documents were winding up in Moscow within one to two months of their publication, it was clear that the mole enjoyed ready and unrestricted access to war plans. This suggested to investigators that their target might well be serving on a G-3 (Operations and Plans) staff, a G-2 (Intelligence) staff, or some similar position in a major headquarters.

To flesh out the new profile, FCA investigators drew on their considerable institutional knowledge of the Hungarian intelligence service—extensive data accumulated since the 1950s that described how the Hungarians actually conducted espionage operations to penetrate the U.S. Army. The data in question had been painstakingly accumulated from counterintelligence operations targeted against the Hungarians (such as the Gilbert case, described earlier) as well as from debriefings of captured spies and defectors.

The evidence suggested that the Hungarian service's modus operandi was somewhat rigid. Budapest favored the recruitment of ethnic Hungarians. Once a recruitment was made, Hungarian agent handlers preferred to meet their agent in neutral Austria. Contacts with sources stationed in Germany would be conducted via radio or through a courier. Two possible elements of the new profile could thus be Hungarian ethnicity and travel to Austria.

By 1985, the FCA team was looking for a Hungarian American NCO who was currently serving on active duty on the war planning staff of high-level headquarters. Their man would have more money than his salary would normally provide, and he would have served continuously in Europe since the early to mid-1970s. Weekends would find him traveling often to neutral Austria.

Lunt's investigators, who by now included Eways, special agent Dave Groff, and special agent Al Puromaki, knew that any or all of the elements of their profile could be false, but at least the profile provided a starting point. Still, even with this detailed profile, investigators faced a daunting challenge. Since the early 1970s, some twenty-five to thirty thousand soldiers—thousands of whom were NCOs—had served in Germany in duty positions with access to such documents. Determining who these people were, where they might be in 1985, and whether or not they met other elements of the profile was formidable in the days before the proliferation of automated systems.

Even a task as seemingly simple as determining possible Hungarian ethnic background was easier said than done. If a soldier was born in Hungary, that fact would appear at a certain place in his records. But if the soldier was not born in Hungary but his father was Hungarian, investigators were reduced to the crude and unreliable method of searching for Hungarian-looking names. Worse yet, if a soldier's mother was Hungarian and his father's name was, say, O'Brien, FCA investigators had no easy way of detecting the Hungarian background on his maternal side. Clearly, Hungarian ethnicity was not a promising road to identify the traitor.

Month after tedious month, the persistent FCA agents worked long hours exploring every possible avenue that might lead to their man. By late 1985, the Fort Meade office was supplemented by an office in Germany, where much of the data required for the manhunt was available. It was to this cell that Bob Thayer and I had dispatched special agent Gary Pepper from the 766th in Berlin.

Twenty-six-year-old Sgt.Gary Pepper was serving his first tour as a special agent but had already demonstrated uncommon alertness. It had been Pepper who spotted the Israeli surveillance of the meeting with the "dirty Kurd" in Berlin—an alert performance that led to the unmasking of a penetration of one of Berlin's most sensitive units. Pepper, a graduate of Florida State University, had been a criminology major who enlisted in the army because he wanted to catch spies. The son of a career infantryman who had fought in Korea before himself becoming a counterintelligence agent, the promising investigator was a handsome six-footer with a thick mane of brown hair and a mustache. Before arriving in West Berlin, the native of Winter Park, Florida, had attended the Defense Language Institute in California for an intensive course in German. Had Bob Thayer and I known in 1985 when we dispatched Pepper from West Berlin that he was destined to play a central role in a history-making investigation for the next thirteen years—with startling results—it would have made his loss from West Berlin more palatable.

In FCA's new German office, Pepper and his colleagues were forced to carry out every investigative step behind a cloak of secrecy. Only a handful of senior officers in Europe knew about the existence of the case. And the FCA team could not count upon help from our West German allies, who knew nothing about the CIA-inspired case. Consequently, many nominally simple tasks, such as checks of personnel records or license plates, had to be carried out in a piecemeal, discreet manner that would not attract attention.

More than one dry hole was tapped by investigators. Because it was possible that the spy had recruited his replacement, agents postulated that he might have attempted to recruit a loyal soldier who could have reported the approach. Exhaustive analysis was done of hundreds of reports of suspicious contacts that had been rendered over the years by security-conscious soldiers, in hopes that the spy had slipped up at some point in time. The reports revealed nothing. Whoever the spy was, he had apparently not made a mismove.

These same files were also examined for any evidence that someone might have noticed and reported a fellow soldier who was displaying sudden undue affluence. This, too, led nowhere.

Persistent FCA investigators tried yet another approach. They retrieved all known information dealing with each espionage case in which the Hungarians were involved since the early 1970s and searched for clues to the spy's location. Theoretically, they reasoned, it might be possible to deduce the spy's unit of assignment by examining the kinds of questions and taskings that Budapest had levied on other agents. It would have been significant, for example, if Hungarian agent handlers expressed no interest in Heidelberg, even though logic would argue that the home of the Headquarters, U.S. Army, Europe, should have been a priority target. Lack of interest in an otherwise lucrative target could be an indicator that Budapest or Moscow already had a productive agent there. This approach, too, yielded the frustrated sleuths nothing.

Undaunted, the Canasta Player team went back to the tedious, largely manual task of screening hundreds of unit rosters and reconstructing rosters of those who had served in positions where they would have had access to the kinds of documents that CIA sources identified. If the profile was valid and the spy was a sergeant who had homesteaded for years in a sensitive position, this tack was most likely to produce results.

At Fort Meade, Col. Bob Lunt could report to his superiors only that his agents were deep into the tedious, step-by-step methodology that was the nature of unknown-subject investigations. The veteran colonel, who had spent his entire career in the human intelligence business, was confident that patience and hard work would eventually pay off. But by the end of 1985, the bottom line of his progress reports was negative. Lots of time, money, and effort expended, but no spy.

At CIA headquarters, Gus Hathaway kept Canasta Player from dropping off the radar screen. Throughout 1984 and continuing into 1985, CIA sources behind the Iron Curtain began to respond to taskings from their American masters. Additional facts surrounding the elusive American traitor began to trickle in.

Newer, more comprehensive lists of stolen documents surfaced, lists that became the Rosetta stone that would eventually enable investigators to unlock the Canasta Player mystery. Once again the lists evoked a collective gasp from the small circle of knowledgeable senior officials in Washington. The dates of the betrayed documents confirmed everyone's worst fears: The espionage had commenced in the early 1970s and was continuing in the mid-1980s. Analysis of the new lists revealed another alarming fact. In some cases, each time a war plan was revised, copies of the changes were being promptly passed to the Hungarians, who were reading them at the same time as U.S. field commanders (and passing them to Moscow). Still worse, the spy—or his replacement, if he had indeed recruited his replacement—continued to enjoy apparently unrestricted access to virtually the entire family of secret and top-secret war plans. Most alarming was the revelation that the betrayed documents included a number of highly sensitive and current plans that laid out the wartime general defense plans (GDPs) of many of the army's European-based combat units. For example, the CIA lists made it clear that the 1982 GDP for V Corps (Oplan 33001) and its 1984 rewrite were already on file in Moscow.

The documents that outlined the GDPs of each army unit in Europe were distinctively labeled as the 33001 series. These plans were indeed the crown jewels; they contained nothing less than precise descriptions of where each unit would go upon the outbreak of war and how individual combat units would use the hills and valleys of the rugged West German terrain to conduct the defense in depth of their respective sectors.

The realization that the spy had compromised the wartime defensive plans of the U.S. Army corps responsible for the NATO defense against a Warsaw Pact thrust through the famed Fulda Gap caused FCA investigators to shake their heads. What kind of a soldier would sell the enemy a document that revealed the very spot on the map where he himself would be located in the event of war?

Once our CIA colleagues began to recover lists of betrayed documents in earnest, the overworked and frustrated FCA investigators in Germany and Fort Meade began to make headway in their quest. It appeared all but certain that the spy was assigned somewhere in the U.S. Army's V Corps, which had its headquarters in Frankfurt. Directly south of the V Corps area of operations, with its headquarters in Stuttgart, was VII Corps, which was assigned responsibility for defending against a Warsaw Pact attack that might be mounted out of southern East Germany and neighboring Czechoslovakia. Although some of the betrayed war plans dealt with U.S. units in VII Corps, most could be traced to V Corps and its two subordinate divisions, the 3d Armored Division and the twenty-thousand-man 8th Infantry Division, headquartered west of Frankfurt in the town of Bad Kreuznach.

Eways, Groff, Puromaki, and Pepper further refined their profile. The date on at least one of the compromised war plans told investigators that the betrayals were continuing into 1985. Agents pored over unit rosters and personnel records looking for an NCO, assigned somewhere in V Corps, possibly in the 3d Armored Division, the 8th Infantry Division, or one of a number of corps support units. Their man would probably be assigned to a headquarters staff element where he would have access to top-secret war plans. His personnel file would no doubt reflect a pattern of repeated assignments in Germany, and it would not be a surprise if he were to have an ethnic Hungarian background. The hunt was narrowing.

10: I'll Bet This Is Our Man

Special agent Al Puromaki had worked on the Canasta Player investigation for what seemed to him like his whole life. A senior warrant officer with almost twenty years in the army, Puromaki had been with the team through its darker days as it sifted through thousands of pages of unit rosters and personnel files in a vain attempt to identify a spy who team members were not even certain at the time was still actively engaged in espionage. A serious, conscientious agent of Finnish ancestry, Puromaki usually kept to himself, frequently working long nighttime and weekend hours on what had become almost an obsession to him. More than anyone on the Canasta Player team, the dedicated officer put himself under considerable pressure to achieve a breakthrough on the case. Like his teammates, the soft-spoken agent knew the stakes for which they were playing. The case had been under way in one form or another for almost eight years at a cost of God knew how much. Their target was certainly one of the most damaging traitors of the Cold War, and careers were tied up in the quest to bring him to justice.

Under such circumstances, it was little wonder that Puromaki and his colleagues were skittish. All knew that one poorly thought out move or a single careless breach of security could tip off their man, who would surely flee to the safety of Budapest, leaving FCA and army counterintelligence with egg on their collective faces. Such a disaster had recently befallen the FBI in its investigation of CIA traitor Edward Lee Howard, who had managed to slip the noose of an FBI surveillance and flee to Moscow. The lesson of this embarrassment haunted everyone involved in the Canasta Player investigation.

By January 1986, Puromaki, Gary Pepper, and two other agents in their Wiesbaden office had been systematically plugging away for months on the profiling approach. Having determined which units in Europe would have maintained copies of all known betrayed documents, the FCA men had laboriously accumulated rosters of all soldiers who had served in those units during the time frame of the most recent security hemorrhages—from 1982 to 1984. The resulting lists were then further refined and reduced by eliminating soldiers who had not served in staff sections where they would have had unlimited access to war plans. Persons remaining on the list were designated priority-one candidates. All such candidates were then subjected to detailed scrutiny, beginning with a careful screening of their military records. This tedious approach was a calculated, logical, and methodical process that took Puromaki and the men in Wiesbaden six months to pursue.

The effort paid off. Late one evening, as Al Puromaki reviewed the personnel files of soldiers assigned in the mid-1980s to the Bad Kreuznach headquarters of the 8th Infantry Division, the veteran agent thumbed through the records file of an NCO. Puromaki scanned the sergeant's assignment history and paused. No doubt about it, the taciturn agent mused, this guy has been a regular in Germany. Puromaki reread the sergeant's record of assignments, then nodded his head slowly. "I'll bet this is our man," he announced triumphantly to his office mates. His words marked the end of an eight-year hunt.

The NCO whose record Puromaki held was SFC Clyde Lee Conrad. When Conrad's name "popped" and agents put their new suspect under the microscope, things began to fall quickly into place. Conrad was born in 1947 in Bergholz, Ohio, and had entered the army in 1965, shortly before his eighteenth birthday. A file photo showed a handsome, pleasant-looking man with a round face, topped by a close-cropped mane of salt and pepper hair. Thumbing through the file, Puromaki was surprised. Judging by his record, Conrad was a "water walker," a top-notch NCO. Clyde Conrad had established a reputation as a talented noncommissioned officer who was clearly blessed with strong leadership qualities, an efficient work ethic, and other traits that guaranteed success in the structured environment of the U.S. Army.

Puromaki also noted that Conrad, an infantryman, had served twenty years of active duty, including a tour in Vietnam, and risen to the rank of sergeant first class before retiring just four months earlier, in August 1985, at the age of thirty-eight. The retired NCO's records also revealed that his GT score, the army equivalent of the IQ test, was in the high 120s. Clyde Conrad was one smart fellow.

But it was Conrad's assignment record that caused Puromaki's pulse to pound. After completing basic training in the United States, Conrad had spent almost his entire career in Germany, and most of that in the 8th Infantry Division. His final assignment prior to retirement had been as the noncommissioned officer in charge (NCOIC) of the division's G-3 War Plans section. In fact, Puromaki noted, Conrad had served almost sixteen years of his twenty-year career in Germany, most of it in the 8th Infantry Division, where he had become an institution in the unit's Bad Kreuznach headquarters. Not only that, from the late 1970s to his 1985 retirement, the sergeant had served in duty positions where he had direct access to the war plans that appeared on the CIA lists.

There was more. Conrad had been assigned to stateside units three times since 1967—at Fort Bragg in North Carolina; Fort Carson in Colorado; and Fort Ord in California, where he had attended German language school in Monterey. In each case, the record revealed, Conrad had cut short his tour and returned to duty in Germany, each time to the 8th Infantry Division and its stock of sensitive war plans.

Clearly, the Ohioan fit several elements of the profile: an NCO; someone who had homesteaded in Germany; a person who had occupied a headquarters staff assignment within V Corps; and someone who had served in a position with access to the kind of secrets that were showing up in Budapest.

Additional, thorough records checks and other standard counterintelligence investigative measures were now warranted, to include discreet interviews with persons who might shed light on the retired sergeant's activities. If Conrad was the long-sought-after spy, an intensive look at his finances, travel, personal associations, and activities would probably unmask him. Because such investigative techniques were intrusive in nature, the Wiesbaden team and FCA headquarters submitted detailed justifications to show probable cause and obtain permission to probe deeply into their new suspect's activities and lifestyle. Armed with the go-ahead, FCA agents in Germany and the United States began to circle their target, taking great care to do nothing that might alert Conrad and cause him to flee.

Until his August 1985 retirement, Conrad had been a key player in the Bad Kreuznach headquarters. Hardworking and well liked, the popular NCO had earned the nickname “Mr. Plans” out of respect for his unequalled knowledge of the unit’s war plans. Trusted and respected, Sergeant First Class Conrad was a mentor to the younger soldiers in the headquarters, an NCO who had made himself so indispensable to his superiors that they more than once intervened to shield him from the usual rotations to the United States. When the division deployed to the field for war games, the German-speaking Conrad could be counted upon to make *gasthaus* reservations for the staff. If an officer forgot to bring an item to the field, no problem; Sergeant First Class Conrad could be counted on to have a private stock of essentials. When the unit was in garrison, soldiers noted, Clyde was a dedicated, hardworking NCO, almost to the point of being a workaholic. One officer told agents that he had repeatedly admired Conrad’s work ethic.

“Clyde was always in the office, day and night, typing, copying, and doing all of the paperwork that makes a plans shop tick,” the man told agents.

Clyde Conrad had made himself the institutional memory of the War Plans section. In most U.S. Army divisions, captains and majors authored the war plans. But in Bad Kreuznach, with Conrad’s unmatched knowledge of the division’s mission and its area of operations, he often wrote the plans.

“SFC Conrad was principally responsible for the preparation of a significant change of the Division’s wartime defensive plan,” wrote one officer in Conrad’s glowing annual efficiency report.

Another rating officer trumpeted Conrad’s virtues in an efficiency report that was destined to be read one day in a court of law: “An absolutely outstanding NCO . . . An administrative genius . . . possesses outstanding leadership qualities; leads by example; inspires his subordinates and successfully trains them.” A major enthused, “During a shortage of officers, Conrad took over all responsibilities of the Assistant G-3 Plans Officer and handled this job for more than four months in an outstanding manner.”

And in August 1983, a lieutenant colonel passed this judgment on the FCA suspect:

> SFC Conrad's performance of duty was outstanding. His knowledge of operations planning, document procedures, and the creation of plans and orders is the best that I have seen. In the entire corps, he is recognized as the expert for the General Defense plans as well as for the plans of higher, subordinate, and neighboring units. SFC Conrad regularly carries out demanding and independent work, his best successes being in the carrying out of complex staff deployments that demand initiative, judgment, and an understanding of human nature. His knowledge of division-level operations and his fluent German language have been of inestimable value in the cooperation with our German allies.

As the War Plans NCOIC, investigators learned, Conrad had served as the G-3 top-secret-document custodian continuously from March 1978 until his 1985 retirement. Scanning Conrad's efficiency reports, Puromaki and his men noted an entry in the duty description section of a 1983 report: "SFC Conrad controls and is responsible for approximately 1000 top secret, secret, and confidential documents of the G-3 section." Investigators marveled when they uncovered an entry revealing that Conrad was also assigned as the "Document Reproduction Control NCO." This was almost too much. Not only was the veteran NCO the watchdog of his duty section's classified documents, he was also the person who was supposed to guard against unauthorized copying. Puromaki and his coworkers shook their collective heads. If Clyde Lee Conrad was indeed the long-sought-after traitor, the man had been the proverbial fox in the chicken coop.

Conrad's personal life also raised eyebrows. A bachelor until age twenty-two, in 1969 he married Annja Brennan, a German woman who was on the rebound from marriage to another American. Seven years older than Clyde, Annja had two daughters, Heidi and Sonja. Almost overnight, Clyde Conrad the carefree bachelor was responsible for a family of four. In 1975, the family grew to five with the birth of the couple's son, Andre.

Because of Clyde's continuous assignments in Bad Kreuznach, the Conrad family enjoyed a measure of stability denied to most army families. Both daughters graduated from the Department of Defense high school in Bad Kreuznach. Initially, Conrad and his instant family lived in an army-provided stairwell apartment. Money was tight, and the hardworking Annja took on demeaning work scrubbing stairwells to supplement the family income. More than one person recalled that "poor Clyde" never seemed to have any money. On more than one occasion, Conrad's superiors had to counsel the young sergeant about letters of indebtedness mailed by his creditors to his commander. Sometimes, one soldier related, the affable NCO's friends would spot him a few bucks so he could attend periodic headquarters social gatherings.

But in the mid-1970s, several observers remarked, the Conrad family seemed to suddenly prosper. One woman who had attended high school with the Conrad girls recalled the envy she had felt for Heidi and Sonja. The two Conrad girls always seemed to wear the best and most fashionable clothes. After the birth of son Andre in 1975, Annja no longer did the backbreaking *putzfrau* chores. Clyde, once so strapped for cash that he couldn't buy a round at the bar, became an enthusiastic coin collector. Agents located witnesses who revealed more than one occasion after 1975 when Conrad proudly showed off an impressive collection of gold Krugerrands, touting it to one man as "the best in Europe." Others reported that, at one point in the late 1970s, the family appeared to have tapped into a source of elegant oil paintings in the Netherlands. By 1980, Conrad and his family had rented one of the nicer homes in the quaint, wine-producing village of Bosenheim, just outside of Bad Kreuznach. There, village women buzzed about Annja's costly collection of Hummel figurines and her impressive gold jewelry. The Bosenheim rumor mill had it that Annja had somehow gotten a lot of money from her millionaire ex–father-in-law. More than one source described the Conrad's new furnishings and decorations as "lavish."

Checks of Conrad's finances were revealing. Between December 1985 and February 1986, the recently retired sergeant had deposited $24,000 in cash to his local bank account, carefully dividing the sum into three deposits, each in an amount less than $10,000. Splitting up the sum ensured that the bank did not report the deposits to the Internal Revenue Service, often a dead giveaway of illegal income.

Investigators noted that the retired sergeant's monthly take-home pension was $764, hardly sufficient to live well on the expensive German economy. Yet since his retirement in late summer 1985, Clyde had not taken on another job and Annja remained unemployed. Despite this, the family paid $400 monthly rent on the Bosenheim house. Parked in the driveway were two cars—Clyde's new Audi sedan and a Volkswagen for Annja with her initials in gold on the doors. Even more intriguing, FCA agents learned, in early 1986 an administrative error occurred in the office that dispenses military pension checks. For several months, Clyde Conrad's monthly retirement checks were not sent to his bank. Most military retirees would have complained promptly, but not Conrad, who apparently did not notice the problem for months. Clearly, the Conrads were not living from paycheck to paycheck and were able to maintain a comfortable lifestyle in spite of the sharp drop in income that went along with retirement.

Conrad's travels also proved to be a fruitful avenue of inquiry. Noting from his leave records that he rarely traveled to his hometown of Sebring, Ohio, agents keyed on a trip he had taken in mid-1978 to attend a class reunion. Recalling the CIA source's tip that the mystery spy had been paid $50,000 for a single document in early 1978, FCA investigators spent countless hours screening the contents of dusty cartons of U.S. Customs Service landing cards stored in a basement room in New York's World Trade Center building. Landing cards are filled out by all arriving international passengers upon landing in the United States. In 1978, all travelers were required to declare whether or not they were bringing in sizeable amounts of cash or other negotiable instruments. If Conrad had suddenly hit it big in Germany, perhaps he had carried some of his booty to the States.

Shuffling through the thousands of cards from the time of the suspect's 1978 leave, the persistent Al Eways finally hit paydirt. On a card filled out by Conrad, the man who had recently been so down and out that his wife had resorted to scrubbing floors declared that he was bringing "$10,000 cash" into the United States.

This discovery, combined with the piecemeal bank deposits, was as close to a financial smoking gun as Eways and his FCA colleagues could uncover. Even though Conrad was taking precautions to conceal his income, an unexplained $34,000 made it all but certain that, beginning in 1975, their suspect had another source of income. Whether the supplemental income was legal (an inheritance, for example) or was from the Hungarian intelligence service or some other illegal activity required further investigation.

Another dimension of the FCA profile—the Hungarian connection—initially seemed not to fit Conrad. Delving into the man's family background, investigators determined that the recently retired sergeant had ancestors who came to the United States from Czechoslovakia. There were no family ties to Hungary that would have made him a priority target of Budapest's Military Intelligence Service.

Then, while scanning Conrad's efficiency reports, agents noticed that his supervisor in Bad Kreuznach during 1975 and 1976 had been a senior NCO named Zoltan Szabo. The name Szabo, Hungarian for tailor, is common in Hungary. This connection between Clyde Conrad and ethnic Hungarian Zoltan Szabo unlocked yet another key piece of the Canasta Player puzzle.

Zoltan Szabo was no stranger to Puromaki and his men. As a former Hungarian American soldier whose security dossier contained an unsubstantiated allegation that he was a Hungarian agent, Szabo, long since retired, had not made the FCA list of priority-one suspects because it seemed clear that he could not be the spy who was peddling secrets in the 1980s. Yet Zoltan Szabo, like Clyde Conrad, had homesteaded for years in the 8th Infantry Division, initially as an officer, then later, after the post-Vietnam cutbacks, as an NCO. Equally intriguing was the discovery that Szabo had worked in the G-3 staff section, where, like Conrad, he had enjoyed access to sensitive war plans. According to his service record, Zoltan Szabo had retired from active duty in 1979, six years before Conrad.

Puromaki and Pepper dug deeper. The more they probed, the clearer it became that Zoltan Szabo fit elements of the profile of the original spy derived from the CIA's 1978 tip. This realization begged two questions. Was it possible that the retired Szabo was the original traitor, the spy who CIA sources had said was "on ice"? And could Szabo have recruited his subordinate, Conrad, to serve as his replacement?

Agents discovered yet another tantalizing fact. Since his 1979 retirement after twenty years of active duty, Zoltan Szabo had lived exclusively in neutral Austria, far from the reach of American law enforcement authorities. Equally interesting to FCA investigators was the discovery that Zoltan Szabo was living with his second wife in the small Austrian village of Weiden am See, a few kilometers from the Hungarian border. His bride, Ilona, was a dark-tressed, strikingly beautiful Hungarian folk opera singer who it was said he had met in Budapest. These revelations catapulted Szabo into instant celebrity status among the army investigators, who now had a second strong suspect. Years of hard work were finally paying off.

11: David

Colonel Bob Lunt and Gus Hathaway had developed close ties as Lunt's investigators pursued clues provided by the CIA. From 1985 on, the FCA director's weekly routine included a visit to Hathaway at his Langley office, where he made sure that the CIA official was kept current on the progress of the investigation. Soon after Al Puromaki's identification of Clyde Conrad, Lunt apprised Hathaway that the sergeant at the 8th Infantry Division was a good candidate for the long-sought traitor. Nonetheless, the FCA director added, considerable investigative spadework now faced his agents in Germany. Making the case for espionage was no simple feat.

Unbeknownst to Lunt, as his investigators focused on suspects Conrad and Szabo, the CIA was engaged in a bold and delicate operation in Europe. If it succeeded, the agency might well be able to break the Canasta Player case wide open with a single stroke. The agency's operation was a gamble, but with NATO's war plans being funneled to the Soviets, this was a time for risk.

The operation, code-named David, began in April 1986 when an envelope addressed to the CIA arrived in the mail at the U.S. embassy in Vienna. This was not an uncommon occurrence. People with various agendas were always writing to the CIA or appearing at the gates of American embassies with urgent information to impart. Some letters were bona fide, others were dispatched by scamsters and crazies, but all reached the desk of a professional intelligence officer whose job it was to sort them out.

The contents of this particular envelope captured the attention of agency officers. A brief letter, written in Hungarian by a man who signed his name David, contained an offer of cooperation. David explained that he was an officer in the Hungarian intelligence service who was willing to do business with the CIA. David claimed to have a friend, also a Hungarian intelligence officer, who was interested in resettling in the West. In exchange for money and a guarantee of eventual resettlement in the West, David and his unnamed friend would provide information to the Americans concerning a penetration agent in Europe being run by the Hungarian intelligence service. As proof of this claim, David enclosed extracts from some classified documents that Budapest was collecting from their American agent. Check them out, David advised, and if you are interested in doing business, place a “lost dog” ad in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*. The ad should be in the name of Alfred Martin, David instructed, and contain a phone number that he could call to arrange a meeting with agency officers.

Hungarian-speaking CIA agents examined the letter and declared it to be written by a native Hungarian. At the agency’s Langley headquarters, officers in the Soviet/East Europe Division were divided in their opinions about the validity of the overture. At its worst, David’s offer could be a scam or a Hungarian-orchestrated provocation. It could also be a solid-gold opportunity to unmask the target of the Canasta Player investigation. Colonel Bob Lunt’s army investigators were making progress in the elusive case, but the prospects of a bold breakthrough were tempting.

David had enclosed cryptic extracts from nine secret documents in his offer of cooperation. Agency officers decided to ask the army to evaluate them. Without revealing their source, CIA officers passed the extracts to FCA with an agency request for assistance in determining their origin and validity. If the nine items were genuine and sensitive, this could mean that the David overture posed the possibility of a CIA recruitment of a high-level officer of the Hungarian service. In such cases, strict rules of compartmentation governed. Army investigators had no need to know how the CIA had acquired the nine pieces of information.

The Canasta Player team in Europe quickly determined that four of the CIA-provided items had originated in the G-3 of the 8th Infantry Division, probably from the Emergency Action Console (EAC), the division’s operational nerve center. The EAC was a restricted-access vault within the G-3 that handled the division’s most sensitive communications, including those related to nuclear-release procedures. To agents Gary Pepper and Al Puromaki, the fact that such items had recently fallen into the hands of the CIA reinforced their conviction that the 8th Infantry Division was penetrated. Unaware of the details surrounding the David operation, the FCA investigators reported their findings to the CIA. The secret documents were genuine, recent, and highly sensitive, and stemmed in part from the 8th Infantry Division headquarters.

One of the documents provided by David bore a 1986 date. Clyde Conrad had retired in 1985. Agency officers realized that if David's alleged penetrator was the long-sought Canasta Player target, and if Conrad was a spy, this could mean that before he retired, Mr. Plans had recruited an operative in the division G-3 who could assist him in looting the division's secrets. Keeping the possibility of penetrating the Hungarian service through David strictly compartmented, CIA officers did not share this possibility with FCA investigators.

In Langley, the army feedback was decisive. Agency officers in Europe were given authorization to contact David. An ad was placed in the newspaper, which resulted in telephone contact between a Hungarian-speaking CIA officer and David. At the outset, David made it clear that he and his friend needed money as a sign of the CIA's sincerity and willingness to pay for their risks. A meeting in Zurich, Switzerland, was arranged for mid-May 1986. David instructed the CIA to dispatch an officer to a spot in a city park. The officer, David insisted, must be unaccompanied. David described a specific location in the park where a red bicycle would be found. At a precisely dictated hour, David instructed, the CIA man should drop a parcel containing cash beside the bicycle and depart the area. No face-to-face meeting would occur.

At this meeting, a CIA officer appeared at the Swiss meeting site, located the red bicycle, and delivered an envelope containing 100,000 German marks—at the time approximately $45,000. In Bonn and Vienna, agency officers, anticipating a possible meeting with David and his friend, awaited a call. Days passed with no word from the mysterious Hungarian.

In Langley, a highly charged debate ensued. It was one thing to take risks to unmask the Hungarian penetration, Gus Hathaway argued, but to hand over large amounts of cash to someone who wouldn't even let his agency contact see him was ludicrous. Hathaway's CI staff was not running the David operation. That was the job of SE Division. Nonetheless, the veteran operator opposed the degree of risk being taken with large amounts of cash. There was nothing wrong with going for a possible high-level recruitment, he argued, but it was essential that officers remain skeptical and avoid foolish actions. To Gus Hathaway, whose commitment to Canasta Player was total, handing over cash to a red bicycle failed these tests.

Between May and November 1986, David regularly communicated with CIA officers in Europe by telephone and mail. In every communication, the elusive Hungarian dangled the possibility that his colleague might accept CIA recruitment and assist in unmasking a dangerous American spy. Ultimately, in their efforts to orchestrate a face-to-face meeting with David's alleged friend, frustrated CIA officers made a total of five meetings in Switzerland with David, during three of which no one laid eyes on the Hungarian's face. In July, agency officers deposited a cash-filled pouch behind a stone wall in Lucerne, but they failed to meet David. Six weeks later, at a surrealistic meeting on a bridge in Zurich, a CIA officer was approached from the rear and instructed to gaze over the water and not turn around. More money was passed to David, once again without seeing him.

In October, in an underground shopping area in Zurich, the CIA once again met David. This time the brief meeting was face-to-face, and David was told that the CIA was not satisfied with the progress of the operation. Patience in headquarters was wearing thin. David was informed that it was essential that he arrange a personal meeting with his friend, during which he and CIA officers could discuss his future. By November 1986, after one additional brief meeting next to a bank in Lucerne, the CIA had passed a total of 210,000 deutsche marks to the mysterious Hungarian, more than $100,000. At the Lucerne meeting, David's CIA contact made a final appeal. David would have to arrange a meeting with his friend soon. Otherwise, it would no longer be possible to continue the contact.

David was never heard from again. Agency officers placed additional lost dog ads in the newspaper from Alfred Martin, but David did not rise to the bait. The smooth-talking Hungarian had simply disappeared, taking more than $100,000 with him. In Bonn and in Langley, the failed operation generated heated disagreement. Either David was a phony who had neatly swindled the CIA, or the Hungarian's overtures to the Americans had been detected by his service, in which case he and his unnamed friend were in mortal peril. Either way, the agency's high-stakes gamble to recruit a Hungarian intelligence officer who might crack the Canasta Player investigation had failed. In Washington and in Germany, FCA personnel were not told of the ill-fated operation. Army investigators would ultimately learn about the caper, but their information would come from an unlikely source.

During 1986, while CIA officers were attempting to meet David's disaffected friend, Al Puromaki's hunch about the retired sergeant named Conrad was panning out. Agents noted that Conrad had elected to retire and settle in Germany, a not uncommon choice at the time for a German-speaking NCO with a German wife. By itself, Conrad's marathon homesteading in Germany was hardly unprecedented among the NCO corps and could be innocently explained.

Yet there were alternative, more sinister explanations for Conrad's affinity for Germany and his failure to seek out a civilian job with the U.S. Army in nearby Bad Kreuznach. Perhaps Clyde had not sought a postretirement job because he already had one, as an agent of Budapest. Furthermore, if he was a Hungarian agent, a preference for duty in Germany could be interpreted as a business decision. Like Willi Sutton, who quipped that he had robbed banks because "that's where the money is," Conrad's affinity for the 8th Infantry Division could signify that he was crouched on a soft espionage target. The 8th Infantry Division War Plans office in Bad Kreuznach's Rose Barracks was "where the secrets are."

Not only that, by settling in Germany, severing all ties to the U.S. military, and avoiding travel to the United States, Conrad was placing himself safely out of reach of American civilian and military law enforcement authorities. As an American private citizen living in Germany with no ties to the military, he was subject to German law, which since World War II had been notoriously lenient on persons convicted of espionage. True, there was an extradition treaty between the United States and Germany, but the treaty specifically exempted political crimes. At the top of the list of such crimes was espionage. If Conrad had spied, he had made safe choices in retirement. (It was not lost on investigators that Conrad's friend Zoltan Szabo, comfortably ensconced in neutral Austria, was also safe from American law enforcement authorities.)

No one questioned FCA's authority to investigate Conrad. But if the investigation proved he had committed espionage, Conrad could not be arrested by army counterintelligence as long as he was on German soil. Ultimately, this dilemma would become one of the most hotly contested issues of the Canasta Player investigation.

12: The Chameleon

Al Puromaki's identification of Conrad in early 1986 moved the Canasta Player investigation into a new phase. In Washington, the electrifying news quickly translated into one key question: How soon can we take him down? Shortly after Conrad was identified as the top suspect, Col. Bob Lunt summoned Puromaki, Al Eways, and Dave Groff into his office. Eways recalls Lunt's words:

"My first order was to find the spy or tell me you can't do it," Lunt reminded the three men. "Now I'll give you your second order. I agree that Conrad is our man, but you must prove it."

At the point in any investigation when the question of proof surfaces, a true counterintelligence professional knows that it's time to get the lawyers involved. Once investigators have their man in the crosshairs, and every instinct says that the suspect is "dirty," the real investigation has just begun. Intuitive knowledge that a person is engaged in espionage simply does not suffice when the objective is a military or civilian courtroom. To bring a case such as Canasta Player to a successful conclusion, hard, irrefutable evidence is required. Such evidence consists not merely of suspicious circumstances that point to espionage but of facts that prove the elements of the crime; for example, did the suspect knowingly betray classified defense information to agents of a foreign power for personal gain with the knowledge that this would harm the United States of America or benefit the foreign power?

Now that the target had been isolated, it was time for Bob Lunt's men to develop the case along these lines. When and where had Conrad given classified information to an agent of a foreign power for personal gain, in the knowledge that this act was harmful to the national security of the United States? What specific material had he betrayed? To which foreign power? And where was the money he had gained from his actions? Collecting sufficient facts to establish a case for espionage that would survive in a court of law was a tall order.

To complicate matters, Bob Lunt and his agents faced a difficult operational problem. Was the suspect operating alone, or did he have confederates? Failure to ask this question and pay attention to the answer could result in a premature move to arrest Conrad, only to learn that he was part of a network that a measure of patience and guile could have exposed. At a minimum, agents suspected, there were actually two suspects—Conrad and Szabo—although Szabo was out of reach in demilitarized, neutral Austria. In Germany, where hundreds of thousands of Americans were stationed, FCA investigators could sleuth about discreetly behind the backs of our German allies. In Austria, American agents would stand out unacceptably, and each investigative action would constitute a violation of Austria's neutrality.

It took considerable leadership on the part of Bob Lunt and his FCA team to ensure that no rush to judgment on the case took place. Heeding the advice of military attorneys, Lunt recognized that the next challenge was to cautiously circle the target and collect information that would make the case for espionage. It was a delicate balancing act. All future investigative measures had to be carefully planned to avoid alerting Conrad, yet it was necessary that investigators move closer to their suspect to uncover the required information, all the while without apprising our German allies.

Lunt also quickly learned that advice was not to be scarce from this point on. The dramatic identification of Conrad after so many years of frustrating searching had catapulted the case into prominence, even though it remained the most compartmented investigation under way in the army. *Prominence* is the correct word; the small circle of knowledgeable officials included the secretary of the army, the chief of staff of the army (four stars), the army's deputy chief of staff for intelligence (three stars), the judge advocate general of the army (two stars), the commander in chief, U.S. Army, Europe (four stars), and the commanding general, V Corps, in Frankfurt (a three-star general named Colin Powell). Regular progress reports on the sensitive case to the senior leadership became mandatory, usually provided face-to-face. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity agents were told that Secretary of Defense Richard Cheney had made President Bush aware of their investigation.

Meanwhile, FCA investigators around the world began to discreetly interview persons who the records reflected had served with Conrad. It was a dicey but necessary approach, given the fact that no one had a clue at the time whether Conrad had managed to recruit some of his coworkers. During these interviews, agents concentrated on reconstructing Conrad's activities prior to his retirement. With whom did he seem to be close in the division headquarters? Did he travel on weekends? Did he appear to have any non-American friends? What about his financial situation?

Foreign Counterintelligence Activity investigators operated with the burden that one bad decision or a single unlucky break could blow the case. The worst nightmare was that one of the interviewees might be in league with Conrad. Should that occur, agents knew, Conrad would get a phone call telling him that the spooks were asking questions about him. Within hours of such a call, the retired sergeant could be out of reach in Austria or Hungary.

But luck seemed to be with Bob Lunt and his men. Around the world, investigators conducted dozens of interviews with veterans of duty in the 8th Infantry Division's Bad Kreuznach headquarters. Interviewing agents did their best to obscure their focus by avoiding up-front, blunt inquiries concerning Conrad himself. These efforts gradually permitted FCA investigators to bring the retired sergeant into focus. Above all, one question haunted agents. How could a soldier whose personnel records portrayed him as a "water walker" possibly be responsible for the worst treachery against the army since World War II? Something simply did not add up, at least on the surface.

But the more agents delved into Conrad's career through the eyes of his fellow soldiers, the more they realized that the talented noncommissioned officer had lived a double life. Sergeant First Class Conrad might have appeared to his superiors as the model NCO, but the face that "Old Clyde" put on for his fellow soldiers was quite different. Conrad, agents learned, was a skilled and charismatic chameleon.

Interviewed in Arizona, MSgt. Danny Wilson recalled an encounter with Conrad in the mid-1970s. Wilson was assigned at the time to the 8th Infantry Division, where he had come to admire and respect Clyde Conrad. He and Conrad were participating in a field training exercise, Wilson recalled, when the two had taken a break under a tree.

Conrad had raised an inquisitive eyebrow and asked, "Danny, are you an honest man?"

The soldier hesitated momentarily, then nodded.

Conrad's voice betrayed disappointment. "Oh," he said simply, followed by an uncomfortable silence.

Wilson was curious. "What would you have said if I had answered differently?" he queried Conrad.

"Well," Conrad replied, "I would have offered you a way to make some easy money, a thousand or so a month." To earn this princely sum, Conrad added, all his friend would have to do was transport money to various European cities and service bank accounts.

The young soldier thought for a moment, then asked if the activity was legal.

Conrad demurred. "There are ways to make money, and then there are other ways," he replied cryptically, clearly implying that the offer involved something illegal.

Danny Wilson was a religious family man for whom the notion of jeopardizing his career for easy money was out of the question, even if the offer came from someone whom he regarded as a friend and role model.

"I just figured that Old Clyde had something going, like almost everyone else at that time in the army," the sergeant recalled sheepishly to investigators as he admitted that he had not reported Conrad's approach to anyone in his chain of command.

Master Sergeant Danny Wilson was not the only soldier who recalled being tempted by Conrad with an offer to make easy money in some unspecified enterprise. Several others described similar experiences. Sometime in the mid- to late 1970s, soldiers reported, Conrad had enticed them with a "business opportunity," usually having something to do with unspecified, travel-related tasks involving some sort of "deliveries." None of the soldiers reported Conrad's overtures, but all insisted that they had declined the offer. One soldier opined that he believed that Conrad was smuggling East Germans into West Germany for profit. Another stated that she believed that Conrad was involved in either black marketing or narcotics. A third soldier said that he recalled Clyde boasting about some sort of "organization" that he had going, in which good money could be made. All of the interviewees insisted that Clyde had never mentioned espionage.

Several soldiers recalled that Conrad's mentor and close friend during the 1970s had been a sergeant named Zoltan Szabo, who had retired and departed Bad Kreuznach some years back. Sources also named a number of younger soldiers who seemed to hang around with Conrad. Most were lower ranking enlisted people who were known to work for Conrad in the G-3 or who socialized with the popular sergeant. Some soldiers told investigators that the self-confident Conrad had played a father-figure role for a tight circle of young enlisted protégés. Their names were added to the growing list of soldiers and former soldiers who would have to be carefully looked at as possible coconspirators.

The allegations that Conrad was actively seeking recruits for some sort of lucrative enterprise were significant. Having identified several soldiers who had rejected Conrad's overtures, overburdened FCA investigators had to assume that Conrad had probably been successful with an unknown number of others. On everyone's lips were two questions: How many did Conrad approach, and how many had succumbed to his tempting offers of big money? Common sense suggested that the answers to these questions would not be good. The army of the 1970s was a hollow, dispirited force in which drug use was common. Recruits for illegal activities that promised quick cash would not be difficult to locate. If Zoltan Szabo was the progenitor of the espionage ring, and Clyde Lee Conrad his protégé, it was likely that the ring had entered its third generation.

It all made sense. Particularly by 1985, Conrad would have seen the urgency of recruiting a confederate—an insider—because after his planned August retirement he would no longer enjoy direct access to classified documents. If the veteran sergeant had succeeded in recruiting one or more of the young soldiers who had worked with him, the espionage within the division headquarters might be continuing. This meant that investigators would have to target the 8th Infantry Division's Bad Kreuznach headquarters as well as Conrad himself. The only safe assumption was that Clyde, like Szabo before him, had recruited his replacement (if indeed Szabo was involved, which at this point in the case was sheer speculation, however much it seemed to make sense).

With the identification of Clyde Conrad as the principal suspect, the director of the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity was drawn more and more to the center of a major interagency effort. The once low-profile investigation was about to mushroom into a complex endeavor that would demand close coordination with the FBI, the CIA, the Pentagon, and the Department of Justice, not to mention FCA's parent headquarters, the Intelligence and Security Command. At the same time, careful guidance and direction had to be developed and provided to FCA investigators in their Wiesbaden offices. From this point on, the center of gravity of the investigation would be in Germany as the circle around Conrad was tightened.

Bob Lunt had his work cut out for him. Running an investigation in Germany from his Fort Meade headquarters was a tall order, but the veteran colonel had broad shoulders.

In Wiesbaden, leadership of the FCA team rotated between agents Puromaki, Eways, and Groff in two-month intervals, an awkward arrangement that was not conducive to continuity but permitted each agent a break from hotel living. Life in a Wiesbaden hotel was particularly hard on Al Puromaki, whose dedication to the case was total but who deeply missed quality time with his young son in Maryland. Nonetheless, Puromaki and his colleagues set about the risky and difficult business of stalking their target, a task rendered more complex by the fact that the team was operating on foreign soil, without the knowledge or permission of our West German ally.

Ever since the end of World War II and the division of Germany, American intelligence and counterintelligence agencies had operated under the assumption that the West German government was deeply penetrated by the Soviet-trained and -supported East German intelligence service—the Ministry of State Security (MfS). Bilateral intelligence relationships with our German counterparts existed but were always clouded by security concerns on our part. Periodically, embarrassing spy cases at the highest levels of the Bonn government would make the headlines, reminding us that our West German allies had their own special problem. Operationally, this meant that it was not prudent to share major secrets with the Germans. The Canasta Player case was thus pursued unilaterally, without the assistance that the German Federal Office for the Protection of the Constitution (called the BfV) or the Federal Criminal Office (the BKA) could have provided. To have told the West Germans about the case when the original tips came to the CIA in the late 1970s would have endangered the case and the agency's well-placed sources.

But for FCA special agents, this restriction meant that many of the investigative arrows that would normally be in their quiver were missing. If Conrad lived in the United States, a judge's permission could have been obtained to tap his telephone, and the postal service could have provided information on his correspondence. In Germany, such measures were impossible without German cooperation. Deprived of a full range of investigative capabilities, the Wiesbaden team was forced to settle on less intrusive measures.

The FCA team mounted a discreet, intermittent surveillance of Conrad's home in Bosenheim. Random drive-bys of the house might develop useful information on their suspect's comings and goings. Additionally, by keeping track of the license tag numbers of cars parked at the Conrad home, Gary Pepper and his teammates were able to develop a list of the retired sergeant's visitors.

Risks were taken. Conrad was well known and popular in the Bad Kreuznach area, but agents nonetheless selectively interviewed local people. Care was taken to put "smoke" around the real target of such interviews, which meant that inquiries had to be cautiously structured. When conducting records checks, an investigator might request access to twenty personnel records when in fact only one of the twenty files was of interest.

Gradually, the real Clyde Conrad was coming into focus. Skilled at his job and well liked, Clyde was also a heavy beer drinker with a strong competitive drive and was known to be fond of pool, poker, and fast driving. Since retirement, he had maintained ties with senior NCOs in the division headquarters, primarily through an informal poker club that convened periodically for an evening of male bonding. These revelations made Lunt's men even more skittish, certain that Conrad had eyes and ears everywhere in Bad Kreuznach.

To establish who on the division staff might still be close to their chief suspect—and who therefore might be in league with him—an attempt was made to penetrate the headquarters with an undercover agent. Hoping that a trained agent might be able to spot suspicious activity in the division G-3 offices, the Wiesbaden team arranged for a man to be assigned there. With luck, they speculated, they might even hook into the ring of traitors if their man could get himself recruited by Conrad or one of his confederates. Clyde, agents had noted, displayed a predilection to bond with younger soldiers. In an understandable but lamentable error, a junior agent was selected for the delicate role. He was assigned as a clerk-typist in the division G-3 office.

The plan backfired badly. At that time, clerk-typists were in particularly short supply, yet the new man had dropped out of the sky when there was no opening for him in the G-3. By itself, this was cause for suspicion. Further complicating matters was the fact that the agent himself had a maturity problem. Given to heavy drinking, he unwisely hinted to his new coworkers that he was working under cover. Labeled as a snitch from the beginning by enlisted soldiers on the division staff, the man could not accomplish his mission. In an inauspicious start to the new phase of the investigation, the hapless agent was pulled out of the headquarters after he fell from a truck (some continue to speculate that he was pushed) and injured his leg.

13: Mr. Plans

Clyde Conrad popped open another beer and took a long swallow. At age thirty-nine, he had been retired less than a year. His Swiss bank accounts were bulging with cash, a new car sat in the driveway, and his collection of gold coins was stashed in a safe place. In spite of this, Clyde couldn't shake a sense of depression and foreboding. Every day, it seemed, his sagging morale plummeted in an unarrested free fall.

Part of the problem was the adjustment to retired life. For years he had been the respected boss of the division's War Plans shop. Officers came and went, but Clyde Conrad was the constant. Noncommissioned officers really did run the army, Conrad believed, among other things because they were willing to work hard—and, in his case, because he was smarter than the parade of mediocre officers who trooped in and out of the division G-3 office, lingering just long enough to punch their tickets before skating away to another, ill-deserved promotion. No doubt about it, Conrad mused, he had been the real power in the G-3 shop. After all, had not more than one gullible colonel or general intervened with Washington over the years to keep the indispensable Mr. Plans in Bad Kreuznach?

Now, as he approached the first anniversary of his retirement, Conrad reflected sadly on his dull life, a humdrum existence devoid of the excitement and prestige that came from being the top dog in the headquarters and the secret superstar of Budapest's stable of spies.

To make matters worse, Clyde recalled bitterly, his carefully laid plan for an exciting, lucrative retirement had been derailed. The enterprise that he had envisioned would keep him in the fast lane after retirement had gone sour. First there was that fool Rod, who got himself caught up in the drug screening. All the hard work invested to mold the brilliant young soldier into a first-class espionage recruit had turned to instant shit. Now his talented protégé was useless, a civilian living somewhere in Florida, probably frying his brain with drugs and doing flunky work for slave wages. Dumb shit.

Conrad grimaced, thinking of all the chips he had cashed in to get Rod accepted for duty in the War Plans shop at the army's European headquarters in Heidelberg. It had been the perfect arrangement. Rod could have done the actual collection while Clyde the superstar managed relations with Budapest. In Heidelberg, a well-trained spy would be like a kid in a candy store. With Rod in the G-3 vault, Clyde's prospects for earning big money from the Hungarians were even greater than in Bad Kreuznach. Now, with Rod out of the army and several other promising prospects gone on to duty in the States, Clyde was in a deep funk, wallowing in self-pity. Even an idiot knows that a spy without access to classified documents is useless, he bemoaned. Maybe it had been a big mistake to retire.

Conrad tossed the empty beer bottle into the trash and popped open another. A year ago, things had looked so good. Rod had brought a retirement gift to the small flat in Bad Kreuznach that Conrad rented for the business. The apartment served as a convenient safe site for the storage and processing of stolen documents. Clyde smiled as he recalled the young soldier's gesture. The cocky sergeant had sauntered into the apartment sweating so hard that his granny glasses were fogged. Slung over his back was an entire duffel bag full of stolen documents—"the mother lode," Rod had called it with a broad grin. Conrad chuckled. The thing must have weighed a hundred pounds. It took balls for Rod to heist that much stuff in broad daylight and lug it out of the headquarters all by himself. The bag's stash of secrets could be parceled out for years to Clyde's Hungarian case officer, Miklos. Nothing to it, Clyde laughed to himself. Just tell the gullible Hunky that I've got a comrade on the inside, then palm the stuff off piecemeal, changing the dates on selected documents to convince Budapest that it was the latest stuff. Budapest would have paid good money for Rod's mother lode, Conrad sighed, which was why he had laboriously squirreled away an entire five-drawer filing cabinet of such material before retiring, even before Rod produced the duffel bag of stolen secrets.

But now, even that backup plan was in jeopardy. Ominous things were occurring, Conrad sensed—dangerous things—and the thought of what might happen frightened and depressed him. It started with the alert from the wife of one of his poker buddies. The woman, who lived around the corner in Bosenheim, worked at the local military banking facility. A few months ago, she came home from work and told Conrad's wife, Annja, that some investigator type had come in to do finance checks on a list of soldiers. This was not unusual, the neighbor pointed out. Records checks were a routine event at the bank, and she would have thought nothing of it had she not noticed that Clyde's name was on the list. From experience, Annja's friend knew that such checks were done on active-duty soldiers only when the army was conducting a routine background investigation or when someone was in trouble. So why was her retired friend on the list? the woman wondered. Had Clyde gotten tired of hanging around the house and applied for a civilian job? she asked Annja over coffee.

Conrad swore silently to himself and swilled down a huge mouthful of beer. One of the reasons he had decided to retire was to avoid just such scrutiny. His decade-long relationship with Miklos and the Center in Budapest had been exciting and lucrative, but everything had its limits. It was time to retire, step back, and adopt a new, safer approach to "the business." Inserting a mole in Heidelberg had been a stroke of genius. The real risks of the business were taken by the guy who had to smuggle documents out of his workplace. With good training, Rod would have been a natural for this role. All Clyde would have had to do was keep Miklos happy and rake in the payments. Conrad grimaced. If Rod hadn't screwed up, he reminded himself for the twentieth time, little Clyde Conrad from Sebring, Ohio, would have already been well on the way to making his second million.

Now the tip from Annja's friend at the bank had plunged him into depression. As the weeks passed, he could almost see his rugged, salt-and-pepper hair turn snow white. Every unexpected visitor caused him to catch his breath, certain that it was only a matter of time before a knock on the door would signal the end of his exciting double life.

And exciting it had been. Conrad had to keep from laughing out loud every time he had walked into a roomful of people at work, knowing that he was something special, that he had a secret life that would astonish everyone if they knew. There was something unique and invigorating about having such a secret, having power and control over your life while lesser men who lacked boldness and vision still limped along from paycheck to paycheck.

Since 1975, Clyde had basked in this intoxicating knowledge. His status as Budapest's superstar reminded him every day that he was smarter than his college-educated superiors, and it provided the continuous, satisfying awareness that he was living a profitable double life right under everyone's nose.

Then came a second shock. Annja's ex-husband, that drunk Brennan, called his daughter Sonja in California and told the poor girl that the feds were after her stepfather. Two guys in civilian clothes had flashed official-looking ID and asked twenty questions, some of them about Clyde. Alarmed and confused, Sonja immediately called her mother in Bad Kreuznach and relayed her father's drunken ramblings. Annja managed to soothe Sonja's fears before hanging up, but she trembled as she shared the disturbing news with her husband. Clyde kept his cool, outwardly. It was probably the IRS, he told Annja. Don't panic.

But privately, Clyde knew that this was serious. Had something gone wrong to tip off the authorities? Maybe Szabo has thrown me to the wolves, Conrad thought, recalling their many business differences that had eventually led to a cooling of the long friendship. Clyde still thought that Szabo was too cautious. The older man could be counted on to shrink from Conrad's bold schemes, brainstorms that usually involved outwitting the Americans and Budapest to increase profits. No, Conrad thought, Szabo was safe. The greedy Hungarian is so deep into the business that he's not going to talk to anyone. The guy's got money, vacation houses, a beautiful wife, and VIP privileges in Hungary, all from the business. On top of that, Conrad thought with a laugh, just like me he's collecting military retirement pay from Uncle Sam. No, Clyde reassured himself, no reason to worry about Szabo; he's got too much to lose.

But the more Clyde thought about it, the more he couldn't shake a haunting feeling that something was wrong—very wrong. Perhaps Rod had slipped up and was in trouble with the law. Drugs again? Could he be trusted to keep his mouth shut? Swilling down yet another beer, Clyde decided that important precautions were in order. What would happen to him if agents raided his house in Bosenheim?

In the basement, searchers would easily locate the small room that contained his stash of classified war plans, an array of expensive photo equipment, and other espionage paraphernalia accumulated over the years. Still worse, there would be no way to explain the shortwave radio, not to mention the cipher keys stashed elsewhere in the house. Then there was the computer with dozens of floppy discs loaded with electronic images of all the goodies that had gone to Budapest for the past ten years. Conrad groaned. Then they'd home in on the money, the financial statements from five Swiss banks, the gold coin collection, and more.

Fortified by another beer, Clyde carefully and methodically began to clear the decks for any contingency. Should the worst occur, it was vital that the house be clean and that arrangements exist so that Annja and eleven-year-old Andre would not have to worry about money. Clyde rebuked himself. Don't overreact; these are merely precautions. The Americans can't touch me here in Germany, and if the Germans should knock at the door, the worst I might get from them is an eighteen-month sentence, a mere tap on the wrist.

Still, just to be on the safe side, Clyde decided to make some prudent adjustments. The Bosenheim house had to be clean. Better safe than sorry.

14: Stalking the Target

In Wiesbaden, FCA agents struggled throughout 1986 to close the ring around Conrad. After the aborted attempt to place a source in the division headquarters, no one seemed to have a good idea of how to get close to their target. True, the dozens of interviews conducted around the world had filled in many gaps concerning Conrad's character and personal associations, above all with the shadowy Zoltan Szabo. Most importantly, agents had amassed persuasive information about the retired NCO's aggressive attempts over the years to recruit soldiers as workers in some kind of business that yielded good profits. But in spite of this, headquarters in Fort Meade reminded Al Puromaki and his Wiesbaden agents that they had uncovered few hard facts that could be converted to evidence in a court of law that would persuade a jury that Clyde Lee Conrad was a spy for the Hungarian Military Intelligence Service. If he was, lawyers asked, where were the Hungarians? Where was the money? Who could stand up and testify to the treason? Everything in Puromaki's bones told him that Conrad was their man, but how to prove it?

Phase one of the Canasta Player investigation had consisted of identifying a suspect. Because of the needle-in-a-haystack character of the dragnet, no one in the Pentagon had crouched on FCA's back to produce instant results. Now phase two, stalking the target, had commenced, and officials in Washington were becoming less forgiving. Pressure mounted to show progress toward neutralization of Conrad while FCA investigators wrestled with their dilemma. Everyone wanted to close in on Conrad, but the bold action that the situation seemed to demand was fraught with the danger that a mismove could alert Clyde and propel him into sanctuary behind the Iron Curtain.

Foreign Counterintelligence Activity investigators in Wiesbaden continued their cautious approach to the case. In April 1986, their patient stalking paid off. During a routine Saturday afternoon drive-by of Conrad's Bosenheim home, Gary Pepper circled the corner lot on Elfelderstrasse. Conrad's driveway was directly across from the village swimming pool. The silver Audi was in its usual place, but beside it was an unfamiliar car with a Munich license plate. Clyde had company—either someone from Munich or someone with a rental car, many of which were registered in Munich. The young agent made a second pass by the property, his heart pounding. Perhaps the car belonged to Zoltan Szabo, he thought. Ever since the identification of Conrad, Pepper and his colleagues had speculated that a conspiracy might exist involving Conrad and Szabo, but no one had been able to establish that the two men had been in touch since Szabo's 1979 retirement. The car was a white Opel, and Pepper was able to jot down its complete tag number. Later that night, a third pass on the house established that the visitor was still there. It appeared that Conrad's guest was staying the night.

No one had better contacts in Munich than Al Eways, who had worked for years as an intelligence liaison officer in Bavaria. Cashing in a chip with a former German colleague, Eways was able to inconspicuously trace the mystery car in a matter of days. As Pepper had suspected, the Opel was a rental car. It had been leased on Friday at the Munich airport. In a significant investigative coup, Eways had even managed to obtain a copy of the car's rental contract. The document contained a watershed clue. The Opel had been rented by Dr. Sandor Kercsik, who listed himself as having been born in 1940 in Budapest, Hungary, with a current address in Goteborg, Sweden. Between the time the car was rented on Friday until it was turned in two days later, it had been driven 1,500 kilometers. Had the white Opel been rented by Zoltan Szabo, Pepper and his teammates would have been ecstatic. But a Hungarian physician from Sweden was even better. Gary Pepper recalled the reaction in Wiesbaden: "The revelations from the rental contract obtained by Al Eways screamed 'courier' to all of us."

Agents homed in on the new lead. Cautious inquiries by CIA colleagues in Sweden revealed that Sandor Kercsik was a Hungarian-born physician who practiced internal medicine in Goteborg, a port city west of Stockholm. A naturalized Swedish citizen, the forty-eight-year-old doctor had emigrated from Hungary in October 1956 in the wake of the abortive Hungarian Revolution. Agents were also able to determine that Sandor Kercsik had a younger brother, Imre, thirty-four, who was also a physician. He, too, lived and practiced medicine in Goteborg.

Records of the credit card used by Sandor Kercsik to rent the Opel established that the Kercsik brothers were frequent travelers, routinely flying in and out of Frankfurt and Munich and leasing vehicles upon their arrival. The itineraries of the brothers were revealing. Both regularly flew a circuit from Goteborg to Frankfurt or Munich, with frequent connecting flights to Vienna and Budapest. Veteran agents recognized this travel pattern as consistent with a clandestine courier, a support agent who could be the link between Clyde Conrad and his Hungarian masters. In status-conscious Europe, with the highly respected title of doctor on their neutral Swedish passports, the brothers would be able to travel between East and West without raising suspicions. If the Kercsiks were couriers, Budapest had chosen well.

Yet one perplexing detail bothered Al Eways. Sandor Kercsik had stayed overnight at the Conrad residence. Eways, a Palestinian American with more than twenty years of service in Germany, knew that all intelligence services followed strict operational practices designed to minimize security risks—collectively labeled "tradecraft." A central principle of intelligence tradecraft that ensured security was called compartmentation. To the maximum extent possible, members of an espionage conspiracy were kept in the dark about the organization in which they played a role. Couriers simply did not drive to an agent's home and spend the night, or at least they weren't supposed to. In Eways's book, Sandor Kercsik was a courier; of that he felt certain. As for the overnight visit, he thought with a grin, the guy's breaking the rules.

Like everything in the Canasta Player case, the breakthrough in Wiesbaden was shrouded in ambiguity. Still, everyone in Washington sensed that, somehow, Sandor Kercsik's Hungarian background could not be a coincidence, any more than Conrad's relationship with Zoltan Szabo was. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity investigators were certain that, like the enigmatic Zoltan Szabo, the Swedish Hungarian doctors were the sought-after Hungarian connection.

Bob Lunt decided to act. Recalling that his agents' interviews had uncovered a number of soldiers who had been approached by Conrad with an offer to make some extra money, Lunt reached into his extensive operational experience and produced a bold stroke. Why not select one of these soldiers, check him out carefully, then recruit him? The Foreign Counterintelligence Activity could then arrange for him to be transferred to Germany, with instructions to reestablish contact with his old friend and comrade, Clyde.

Lunt explained it this way. Conrad would approach a soldier with an illegal offer only after assessing his potential recruit and concluding that he was worth the risk. If his target declined recruitment but did not report the illegal approach, as required by regulations, Conrad's trust in the person would be reinforced. Clearly, Conrad would reason, here was a person who would wink at a rule.

With this in mind, Lunt counseled, could not Conrad be tempted to reapproach a soldier who had not taken the bait when originally pitched? Now retired and deprived of direct access to classified information, Conrad would need active-duty confederates to steal secrets for him. Why not put such a person in our suspect's path and see if he takes the bait?

Should the gambit succeed, Lunt reasoned, FCA would open a window through which Clyde Lee Conrad could be scrutinized from all angles—money, activities, travel, and associations. The idea was gutsy but fraught with risk. If Conrad saw through the ploy, he might promptly seek refuge in Hungary. Lunt told his investigators that they would have to minimize this risk by selecting the right man for the job. If investigators did their work well and Conrad fell into the trap, he might even recruit the FCA source. If this happened, Wiesbaden investigators would be calling the shots, well positioned to provide answers to the legion of questions that demanding Department of Justice attorneys insisted were a precondition to arrest and prosecution.

Lunt's idea made a lot of sense, particularly because no one had a better idea. The case was stalled, and patience in some quarters was wearing thin. Inside the Beltway, it was being said that FCA seemed unable to figure out how to wrap up the investigation.

Agents chose MSgt. Danny Wilson to play the key role. In the ten years since Conrad had asked him if he was an honest man, Wilson, now in his early forties, had seen his career blossom. When Bob

Lunt's investigators located him, the senior NCO was stationed at Fort Huachuca in Arizona, where he was serving on the faculty at the army's Intelligence Center and School. Since the 1970s, Wilson had maintained occasional contact with Conrad, for whom he retained considerable admiration.

After departing Bad Kreuznach, the bright, smooth-talking Texan had been retrained as a counterintelligence special agent. His memories of Conrad were positive. Like many of the young soldiers in the division headquarters at the time, Danny Wilson had developed a respect bordering on reverence for Mr. Plans. Clyde, Wilson told FCA agents, had all but run the G-3 shop and was a revered role model for the younger soldiers.

Agents contacted Wilson and interviewed him once again about his associations with Conrad. The master sergeant proved to be quick witted and intelligent, with an aura of self-confidence that bordered on cockiness. But cocky or not, Danny Wilson was a man of deep principles who displayed an impressive talent for thinking on his feet. Based on this preliminary assessment, investigators arranged to have the master sergeant take a polygraph examination. The sole purpose was to reassure agents that their candidate for recruitment was providing a faithful account of Conrad's approach in the mid-1970s. It was essential to confirm that Wilson had been entirely truthful when he stated that Conrad had not mentioned espionage, and that he had rejected Clyde's offer. If the master sergeant was to be used as bait in a trap to snare his former friend, he had to be squeaky clean. After being told only that he was being considered for participation in a special project, the NCO willingly took and passed the polygraph exam.

Things now moved quickly. Wilson was told that his friend Clyde Conrad was suspected of espionage and that he had been selected to prove or disprove these suspicions. The master sergeant was incredulous.

"No way, not Clyde," he insisted vehemently. The deeply principled career sergeant simply could not believe that his former buddy and role model was capable of such betrayal. Wilson was adamant, telling FCA agents Eways and Puromaki that Clyde Conrad was not the kind of person who would do such a thing.

Puromaki and Eways reassured Wilson that Conrad was only a suspect, telling the master sergeant that his cooperation could be critical to clearing his friend. Their message to Danny Wilson was persuasive. "If you're correct and Conrad is clean, the best way to prove it is for you to assist us."

Danny Wilson signed up for the mission, which was purely voluntary, clearly convinced that this was exactly what would happen. Now a recruited source of U.S. intelligence, he was given the code name Controlled Source 170 (CS 170). Henceforth, in all operational and investigative reports, his name would not appear.

In volunteering to work with FCA, the veteran master sergeant signed up for an onerous mission. First, he and his family would have to agree to move from the United States to Germany. Once he had succeeded in reestablishing contact with Clyde Conrad, the investigation could be expected to take on a life of its own. As the key man in the operation to expose or clear Conrad, Wilson would have to submit unquestioningly to his FCA case officer's instructions. If the plan worked and Conrad took the bait, the role of Controlled Source 170 would require the feisty master sergeant to lead a complex and demanding double life, always at the beck and call of Conrad and his FCA case officer. This was the reality of life as a so-called double agent, which is what Danny Wilson would become in the event that Conrad responded as hoped and recruited his old friend to join him as a spy for the Hungarians.

In its simplest form, a double agent works for two intelligence services at the same time, with only one of the services understanding this. If Danny Wilson, under the clandestine control of FCA, began to pass documents to the Hungarians through Clyde Conrad, he would qualify for this exotic appellation. But unlike the glamorous, exciting images in espionage fiction, the work of a double agent is tedious, demanding, and lonely. Risks are taken, it is true, but the double agent of the 1980s carried no Walther PPK. As for the bevy of beautiful women who grace the lives of James Bond, in Danny Wilson's world the femme fatale was his wife. Shut out from the secrets of her spouse's conspiratorial career, Shirley Wilson would sustain him as best she could.

As a counterintelligence agent himself, Wilson understood these sacrifices and accepted them. Still, the patriotic NCO could not have foreseen the magnitude of the demands and stresses that would be thrust upon him and his family, nor could he (or his FCA masters) have anticipated that he had embarked on a road that would dominate the next three years of his life. Wilson's double life would ultimately cost him countless nights and weekends away from home; he would put more than 20,000 hard miles on a new car in pursuit of the case; and he would still be responsible for performing his regular duties in his new unit. At the end of each month, there would not be an extra dollar in his paycheck for the countless hours of extra effort.

15: Playing to an Empty House

Bob Lunt's gamble paid off. The recruitment of Danny Wilson proved to be a decisive turning point in the Canasta Player investigation.

Foreign Counterintelligence Activity investigators arranged for their new recruit to be reassigned from Arizona to Stuttgart, Germany, in early 1987. There, the master sergeant was assigned to the 527th Military Intelligence Battalion, with duties at its Stuttgart office. From his home to Conrad's haunts in the Bad Kreuznach area was more than a two-hour drive.

The Canasta Player investigation remained the single most restricted case in the army. Particularly in Europe, where the homesteading Conrad seemed to have connections everywhere, even the fact that such an investigation was under way had to be closely held to ensure that neither Budapest nor suspect Conrad became aware of the FCA effort to put the ring out of business.

A certain amount of intelligence tradecraft training was necessary, although far less than would have been required if Danny Wilson had not already been a trained special agent. An important element of that training dealt with techniques for keeping his dual life a secret from superiors, fellow soldiers, and, most importantly, from Clyde Conrad.

Gary Pepper would serve as Danny Wilson's case officer. Pepper explained to the brash master sergeant that Conrad, if he were indeed an agent of the Hungarians, would have received considerable training himself in communications and surveillance detection. Extreme care would thus have to be taken to keep their relationship clandestine. Wilson would be schooled in basic countersurveillance measures. Meetings between Pepper and Wilson would be discreet and conducted during weekends or evenings. Long hours were in store for both men.

In April 1987, the FCA team in Wiesbaden orchestrated the long-awaited approach to reinsert Danny Wilson into Clyde Conrad's world. Taking a cue from Wilson, agents opted for a natural and direct approach. The gutsy master sergeant would drive to Bosenheim and pay a surprise visit on old friends Clyde and Annja. From there, Wilson was to let things take their course. A cover story was developed that Wilson could use to explain his sudden appearance in Germany. But most importantly, Pepper urged, Danny should be relaxed and natural. He shouldn't push it.

Wilson drove to Bosenheim and knocked on the door of Elfelderstrasse 16. Annja Conrad opened the door, greeted Danny with a hug, and called out, "Clyde, come see who's here."

When Conrad appeared, Danny stuck out his hand and called out, "Hi, Clyde, how you doin'?"

Conrad blanched. There was no backslapping greeting or hearty handshake for an old friend. Instead, he stared at Wilson for an instant before speaking in a tense voice.

"Are you here on your own, or did they send you?"

Now it was Wilson's turn to be taken aback. Unaware of the reason for his friend's lukewarm reception, the agile agent didn't miss a beat as he launched into his cover story.

"What do you mean, Clyde? Of course I'm here on my own. I've been sent over from the States on a three-month temporary assignment. Just thought I'd drop by and check in, that's all. You gonna invite me in for a beer or not?"

Conrad seemed to snap out of whatever was troubling him. He invited Wilson into the house and liberated two bottles of beer from the refrigerator. The two men relaxed in Annja's overdecorated living room.

Wilson explained his three-month assignment. He had been sent to Germany to assist the 527th Military Intelligence Battalion in a rewrite of its war plans. Conrad perked up. Before Wilson departed, Clyde made it clear that the two should keep in touch. Danny Wilson returned to Stuttgart with the sense that everything had gone well, still convinced that Clyde was no spy.

As time passed, Controlled Source 170 succeeded in ingratiating himself with Conrad, a process that went more quickly because of the two men's former association. The glib Wilson salted his conversation with cynical remarks about how tough things were at his duty station in Stuttgart, how dumb his officers were, and how fed up he was with the system—themes carefully calculated to appeal to Conrad.

Conrad apparently liked what he was hearing. Danny Wilson and he seemed to have a lot in common. Danny, Conrad sensed, had finally realized that the whole army thing was a big game, orchestrated and coached by egotistical officers and other lifers for their own gratification, all at the expense of the enlisted men. As the friendship matured, Conrad warmed up perceptibly. The more Danny bitched about the hassles of army life, the more Clyde realized that the reappearance of his former friend was a timely piece of good fortune.

This was the critical point in the Wilson gambit. Agents banked on Conrad taking the bait. After all, Danny was a stand-up guy, not a snitch.

Bob Lunt's agents also gambled on a phenomenon that is common to people who are willing to betray their country—what some call the "playing-to-an-empty-house syndrome." Spies almost always think they are something special. When someone such as Clyde Conrad looks in the mirror, he sees the world's cleverest, boldest, and most enterprising fellow. Entering a crowded room, the Clyde Conrads of the world gaze on the assembled masses with pity: These are the ordinary slobs who don't have a clue about how one makes it big in life. Only he, the spy who leads an adventure-laden, dual life, has overcome the odds and broken the code that leads to riches and fulfillment.

But the ego that breeds disloyal and conspiratorial behavior demands recognition. A spy who had amassed a fortune as a communist agent might be seized with an irresistible urge to share his big secret with someone. The frustration of playing to an empty house can be overwhelming, yet the spy realizes that the rules of the espionage game and the consequences of breaking those rules are serious business.

As luck would have it, when Danny Wilson appeared on Clyde Conrad's doorstep in 1987, his old friend was in the throes of this dilemma. In Clyde Lee Conrad's mind, his secret achievements were crying out for recognition and appreciation. Recently retired, deprived of direct access to the classified material that had become his financial mainstay, and haunted by fears that he was about to be arrested, Conrad was deserving of the nickname I eventually gave him—"the once and future spy." Torn between an almost paralyzing fear of arrest and a compulsive desire to resume his ego-gratifying status as the pride of Budapest's agent stable, Conrad needed a new friend and accomplice, someone in whom he could confide, someone who could reinforce his exalted self-image. The Foreign Counterintelligence Activity provided that friend by delivering Danny Wilson.

The two men's friendship reblossomed with astonishing speed. Soon Conrad was offering up cryptic comments about the great opportunities that were out there for a man with Wilson's smarts. Ten years earlier, when Conrad started down this road, Danny Wilson had turned him off. This time around, the Texan played along, nodding understandingly. Conrad caught the signals and began to talk guardedly about his money-making enterprise. Clyde chuckled as he described himself as a highly successful independent information broker. Each time the pair met, Clyde became more explicit, sometimes emboldened by the prodigious quantities of beer he regularly consumed.

Conrad bombarded Wilson with tutorials about his philosophy of life, insisting that he was "totally apolitical" when it came to the confrontation between the Free World and communism. Danny should remember that whatever sins Washington laid at the feet of the Kremlin were no worse than what our own country had done in Vietnam. Clyde solemnly told Wilson that he had taken his son, Andre, to West Berlin. As they stood on a platform gazing into East Berlin, Clyde asked the boy if he knew the difference between the people on each side of the wall. When Andre demurred, Clyde replied, "Nothing. Absolutely nothing," and urged the eleven year old to remember that all political systems were equally bad; none was any better or any worse than any other.

Like a broken record, Clyde drove home his message to Danny. There was a real opportunity for apolitical information brokers. Nothing was more valuable in the world than information—not gold, not diamonds, nothing. Besides, Clyde said with a grin, "They're gonna get it anyway, so why don't we take advantage of it?"

By early summer 1987, Danny Wilson could no longer avoid the truth. His buddy Clyde—his role model, Mr. Plans—was indeed a spy for the communists. Not only that, it appeared that Conrad, having confided in him, was on the verge of a recruitment pitch. The realization was a victory for the case but deeply depressing to the decent and disillusioned Wilson.

During one strange conversation, Conrad became maudlin and rambled on drunkenly. "You don't know how much it means to me that you came along when you did, Danny. You saved my life."

Wilson reported the cryptic remark. No one knew at the time exactly what Conrad was talking about, but if he was feeling indebted to the FCA double agent, so much the better. The plan was coming together.

Throughout the summer of 1987, Conrad spoke of his double life with astonishing candor, openly boasting that he had made a fortune selling secrets to the Hungarian Military Intelligence Service before his retirement. For years, Clyde mused, he had given the Hungarians "whatever they wanted" from the safes of the 8th Infantry Division. Budapest, he was certain, had passed the plundered documents to Moscow. Conrad added with unmistakable pride that until a recent spate of problems with Budapest, he was so highly regarded behind the Iron Curtain that his Hungarian case officer had been awarded a medal by the Soviets.

Retirement had been a difficult adjustment, Conrad observed. But now that Danny had reentered his life, he was determined to mend fences with Budapest and resume his career as an agent. Zoltan Szabo had gotten him started in the business in the mid-1970s before retiring from active duty four years later, he explained. The two friends, Conrad admitted, had eventually had a falling out over how to deal with the Hungarians. Szabo was Budapest's cautious, compliant servant, Clyde noted with disdain. Budapest, he groused, had its fair share of unimaginative, timid souls, men who sometimes failed to appreciate his bold, innovative approach to the business.

Conrad was proud of his achievements, telling Wilson that before his retirement he had been "the best in the business." Since then, he boasted, he had devoted considerable time to developing a vision for a computer-age spy ring. With Wilson on board, Clyde prattled on enthusiastically, there was nothing that they couldn't achieve. Big money was there for the taking. To underscore his point, Conrad confided that he had salted away more than two million marks of his espionage earnings (approximately $1.5 million) in safe-deposit boxes in various Swiss banks.

Clyde showed Danny a Casio pocket calculator. The device, he explained, could store information in an encrypted compartment that no one could access without the password. While demonstrating the Casio, he revealed its password, which the alert master sergeant memorized. (The password, which would one day be useful, was Damian, the middle name of Conrad's son, Andre.) Indicating a small hole in the calculator's case, Conrad said that in an emergency he could zero out the secret compartment by merely inserting the tip of a ballpoint pen. Wilson, Clyde instructed, should acquire a Casio exactly like his. Inside the Casio's encrypted vault, Clyde volunteered, was the phone number of his Hungarian case officer, Miklos, as well as phone numbers of the Center in Budapest.

Danny Wilson was blessed with a keen memory. After each marathon session with Clyde, he was able to provide Gary Pepper with an almost verbatim account of Conrad's revelations. Pepper, in turn, documented the unfolding story in a series of startling contact reports. In Washington, the small circle of people authorized access to the investigation were amazed. The objectives, which had seemed risky and ambitious at the outset, were being fulfilled at a remarkable pace. Conrad's bold recitation of his career as a spy for Budapest to an FCA agent was nothing less than astounding.

To some observers, it all made sense. By exploiting their understanding of the mind-set of the average spy, FCA investigators had brilliantly smoked out one of the worst traitors of the Cold War. But others scoffed at the fantastic stories that Wilson attributed to Conrad. If Conrad were such a successful secret agent, why would he take the risks involved with baring his soul to Danny Wilson? Some argued that the retired sergeant was making it all up to impress his protégé.

During one meeting, after consuming his usual beer ration in a Bad Kreuznach *gasthaus,* Conrad wrote several phone numbers on a coaster and passed it to Danny. The numbers, he confided, were those of the Hungarian and Czechoslovakian security services as well as the personal extension of a high-ranking Hungarian case officer. To further impress his recruit, Conrad opened yet another window on his secret life, confiding that he and Zoltan Szabo had sometimes doubled their return on stolen documents by peddling the same material to the Czech and Hungarian intelligence services. As Conrad made these startling admissions, a tape recorder concealed on Wilson's body preserved them.

Approvals to wire Wilson had been obtained in Washington. By the summer of 1987, sufficient probable cause pointing to Clyde Conrad's espionage existed to justify this investigative measure. Danny Wilson understood the risks of wearing the device but undertook them uncomplainingly. During the Bad Kreuznach meeting, the gambit almost blew the entire investigation. As Clyde and Danny ambled down a pedestrian-only shopping concourse, the cigarette pack–sized cassette recorder came untaped from Wilson's sweaty thigh and began to travel down his leg. The quick-thinking NCO didn't panic. Telling Clyde that he had to relieve himself, Wilson slipped into a nearby alley and hastily refastened the traitorous machine. The comical episode makes a good war story now, but for Wilson it was a near miss. What if the beer-swilling Conrad had decided that he, too, needed to take a leak? Wilson faithfully reported his close call and turned the beer coaster over to Gary, who gleefully added it to the growing list of items that would someday be used in a court of law against Conrad. When the telephone numbers were traced, they proved to be exactly what Conrad said they were.

The egotistical Conrad could not resist sharing yet another juicy fact with Wilson. Because he was Budapest's star agent, Clyde boasted, the Hungarians had recently set up an emergency escape plan. If he were in danger of compromise, the silver-haired spy elaborated in a low voice, he would be spirited to Hungary via an underground escape railroad that led through Denmark and Finland.

On another occasion, waxing sentimentally over a beer at one of his favorite watering holes, Conrad revealed an almost unbelievable episode. In 1986, his fertile mind had exploded with one of his most cunning brainstorms. Why not further multiply the earnings of the business by selling stolen secrets back to the Americans? Doing it had been easy, Clyde said with a grin. Last year, he and a Hungarian accomplice had contacted the CIA. His friend had posed as a disaffected Hungarian intelligence officer whose colleague was interested in defecting. The CIA had jumped at the chance for a recruitment, Clyde said. He and his friend had managed to string along the agency clowns for six months and take them for a small fortune before backing out undetected. Later, Conrad said with a frown, Zoltan Szabo had learned of the freelance operation and blown the whistle in Budapest, creating problems with the Center. It was typical Szabo, Conrad quipped: overly cautious and always looking out for himself.

Wilson dutifully shared Conrad's latest revelation with Gary Pepper, who reported it to FCA headquarters in Washington. When Bob Lunt passed the news to the CIA, the impact was explosive. The David affair, which the agency had embraced as a long-shot opportunity to identify the spy in Europe, had been a scam all along. The news was embarrassing, but the unmasking of the truth behind David's overture to the CIA went a long way to establish the credibility of FCA agent Wilson. After Wilson solved the David mystery, people in Washington paid closer attention to his accounts of Clyde Conrad's revelations.

By July 1987, Conrad openly urged Wilson to sign on to his envisioned high-tech spy venture. To join the team, Clyde told his friend, it would be necessary to impress Budapest. To do this, Conrad counseled, Wilson would have to do something that would show a commitment. In Clyde's lexicon, this meant that Wilson had to cross the espionage Rubicon by stealing classified documents from his office at the 527th Military Intelligence Battalion in Stuttgart.

Conrad had it all mapped out. Danny would steal some documents and Clyde would pass them to the Hungarians with the announcement that he had acquired a valuable new source. It would take some weeks for Budapest to evaluate the material, he explained, but if Danny provided good stuff, Budapest would bless the recruitment and welcome him on board. The key was the commitment.

In Wiesbaden and Washington, Wilson's successful manipulation of Conrad was vindication of the FCA approach to the case. When Wiesbaden agents reported that Conrad had finally abandoned all caution and asked CS 170 to steal classified documents, Washington authorized the FCA double agent to give Conrad a sheath of genuine secret documents. It was a time-proven principle in action: Give a little, get a lot. On August 1, 1987, three months after his appearance at Conrad's Elfelderstrasse home, Danny Wilson made his first delivery of stolen secrets. Over the coming year, the master sergeant was to make eleven such deliveries to his old friend, for which he would be paid almost $30,000.

Danny Wilson's first theft of secrets seemed therapeutic for Clyde Conrad, who was becoming increasingly obsessed with his vision of a high-tech espionage ring. The documents, he told Danny, would show his Hungarian case officer, Miklos, that Budapest's star had latched onto a new, lucrative source of secrets. Because payment from the Hungarians might take some time, Clyde opened his billfold and gave his new recruit 2,000 deutsche marks.

The money came with some sage advice from the veteran spy. "Get some new clothes, Danny. A good spy must dress well."

16: The Play Within a Play

Bob Lunt was right. Canasta Player was a ticking time bomb. When I pinned on silver eagles and assumed command of FCA in January 1988, the case was ready to blow. Zoltan Szabo had been located in neutral Austria and identified as the progenitor of the ring. Clyde Lee Conrad had been uncovered as the elusive spy with intellectual, but not legal, certitude. Danny Wilson, Controlled Source 170, had wormed his way into Conrad's confidence and accepted his mentor's recruitment overture to join him in an information-age spy ring. Already, Wilson had made four deliveries of secrets to Clyde for transmittal to the Hungarians.

Two years had already passed since special agent Al Puromaki pointed to Conrad's name on a roster and declared that the recently retired sergeant was the elusive spy. Almost ten years had elapsed since the original CIA warning to the Pentagon that an American traitor was peddling NATO's most sensitive war plans to the Hungarians.

In Wiesbaden, an exhausted Al Puromaki presided over a weary team of investigators and a small surveillance element. Frustrated by the difficulties of communicating with their headquarters in Fort Meade, and overworked and in constant fear of a compromising mismove, Puromaki, Gary Pepper, and their Wiesbaden teammates were understandably fatigued. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity's veteran deputy commander, Bob Bell, was deeply concerned about the situation in Germany. Now that we had the perpetrator in our sights, patience was growing thinner in Washington and Europe. How much longer could Conrad be permitted to walk the streets? Bob pointed out that some people had begun to cynically opine that "FCA folks are making a career out of this case."

I didn't doubt that Bob was on the mark, but when Al Eways and his partner, Chet Boleski, explained the case to me, it was clear that we faced a serious dilemma. Although everyone was certain that Conrad was the spy and that it was time to take him down, no one had any brilliant ideas about how to wrap up the case. Worse yet, it was not possible to review the standard investigative plan that underpins each counterintelligence case: There was none. Canasta Player was being run on the fly, with too many hands stirring the pot. There had been a clear goal when investigators recruited MSgt. Danny Wilson and reassigned him to Europe: Put an agent out there whom Conrad would trust and possibly recruit. But once that milestone had been achieved, no one seemed to know where to go next.

The FBI and the Department of Justice believed that the only way the army could collect the information needed to successfully prosecute Conrad was to request West German assistance in the case. In their view, a partnership with the Germans would enable us to tap Conrad's phone, surveil him full-time, and obtain answers to the many unanswered questions essential to obtaining an indictment and subsequent conviction in a U.S. court.

Seasoned attorneys from the Internal Security Section of the Department of Justice (DOJ) visited FCA's Fort Meade headquarters to plead their case soon after my assumption of command. The DOJ men were accompanied by FBI agents who were working the bureau's piece of the complex investigation—at the time a single spin-off case on an ex-soldier thought to have been recruited by Conrad during his service in Bad Kreuznach. The message of the FBI and Department of Justice attorneys was clear: It was all well and good to get Clyde Conrad to take the bait and recruit Danny Wilson as his agent, but this activity, the "FCA-orchestrated dance" between Conrad and Wilson, was not the big case. The real issue was Conrad and his unnamed accomplices and what they had done together from the 1970s to the present. Department of Justice agents were politely skeptical. The Conrad-Wilson relationship, they admonished, was a subplot, a play within a play that could distract us from our real objective—Conrad's espionage for the Hungarians. It was a compelling observation.

Department of Justice attorney John Dion put it well: "You don't want to arrest Conrad, who might be the worst Army spy since World War II, and prosecute him for this flimsy relationship with Danny Wilson. You want to get the guy on the bigger crime of giving away the war plans for the defense of Europe."

The FBI-DOJ visitors advocated the immediate establishment of a formal Canasta Player steering committee in Washington. Membership, they urged, should be limited to the army as the lead agency in the case; to the FBI, which would conduct all stateside spin-off cases dealing with former soldiers; and to the Department of Justice, whose advice was essential if we ever expected to see Clyde Lee Conrad in a federal courtroom. Once again, DOJ attorney John Dion's voice was the most persuasive: Ill-considered investigative measures could harm our chances for an eventual indictment and conviction.

"If you have a choice of two ways to achieve a given investigative objective," the Justice Department attorney elaborated, "one of those techniques might play well in a courtroom, while the other could be impeached by a smart defense attorney. We're not trying to run your case for you, but we are asking for the chance to make timely input that will make our job easier later on."

These were sound arguments. Who wanted to do a bush-league investigation that no self-respecting prosecutor would touch? After all, wasn't obtaining an indictment and conviction the desired endgame?

But there was a serious problem with this otherwise reasonable proposal. It lacked any mention of a role for our CIA colleagues, without whom there would have been no investigation. I had already visited Gus Hathaway and knew that the CIA was continuing to provide valuable advice and assistance to FCA on all sorts of important case-related matters. The CIA had continuing equities in the investigation, not the least of which was a valid interest in protecting their sources. Equally important to the investigation were the agency's well-placed contacts and other capabilities in Germany that the FBI and army intelligence lacked.

When I pointed this out, the DOJ and FBI visitors remonstrated strongly. Both agencies were uncomfortable with any CIA role in the proposed steering committee, something that will come as no surprise to anyone with Washington experience. Our Department of Justice colleagues placed a premium on openness and legality. Potentially, anything we did in the investigation, and anyone who played a role in the case, was subject to scrutiny at some future date in the unforgiving light of a U.S. courtroom. The CIA certainly did not advocate a rogue investigation, but its culture was of necessity secretive. Espionage, after all, was illegal in most nations of the world, even though all nations practice it. To the average CIA officer, a courtroom was a place to be avoided. Consequently, the Department of Justice viewed fooling around with the secretive CIA as anathema, just as our CIA friends felt that testifying in open court was hardly a career-enhancing endeavor for anyone whose profession depends upon anonymity. As for the FBI, its agents were not prone to demonstrate overflowing affection for the CIA in 1988.

A team player by nature, I was receiving a baptism in inside-the-Beltway politics. My preference was to avoid taking sides in an issue that was at least partially rooted in parochialism, but this was not possible. Having politely heard the arguments made by my visitors, I expressed the view that Canasta Player was a joint endeavor. A steering group made sense to improve communications and develop smart courses of action. But army counterintelligence insisted that the steering group include all agencies with an equity in the case—the U.S. Army, FBI, Department of Justice, and the CIA. It was not a popular ruling with my visitors.

Within a few weeks of assuming command, I traveled to Germany to visit the Wiesbaden team and to chair a full-dress meeting of all parties who were participating in any aspect of Canasta Player. Participants included Washington- and European-based representatives of the FBI, CIA, Department of Justice, FCA, and U.S. Army, Europe.

The strategy session convened in the U.S. embassy on the banks of the Rhine River in Bonn, Germany. Arrayed around the intimidating expanse of the embassy's conference table and in chairs lining the room's perimeter sat more than twenty attendees. Most of the meeting was devoted to a discussion of strategy and support-related issues, most of which were routine and uncontroversial.

The nadir of the conference occurred when the FBI and the Department of Justice tabled their proposal to bring the Germans into the close-hold investigation. To move the case along, they argued, German investigative assistance was essential. Unassisted by German investigative agencies, the army would never collect the information required for an indictment.

I had given this matter considerable thought since it surfaced in Washington several weeks earlier. The FBI and Justice Department officers were correct in one sense. German involvement would yield a tap on Conrad's telephone and access to investigative resources that would facilitate collection of the information required to wrap up the investigation. But the risks of sharing the case with our German allies far outweighed the possible gains.

Gus Hathaway and I had each spent years in Germany. Both of us shared a great deal of respect for our German colleagues. But reality was reality. The Germans were penetrated. We could not enlist them as partners in the case at this time unless we were willing to accept the very real possibility that the case's existence would become known to the East Germans, who would warn the Soviets or the Hungarians. Determined not to budge on this vital issue, I closed the discussion after fifteen minutes of animated but polarized exchange. Canasta Player would remain a unilateral, U.S.-only investigation for the foreseeable future. The time might come when confiding in the Bonn government would be necessary, but that time had not arrived. The ruling was not welcomed by our FBI and Department of Justice partners, but it was the correct decision, as events would later prove.

17: Legendary

Clyde Conrad was a dynamo of activity. Resurrected from depression and lethargy by the windfall appearance of a new recruit, the rejuvenated spy affixed himself to MSgt. Danny Wilson like a pilot fish. Once Wilson had crossed the line and coughed up secrets from his unit's safes, Conrad began to summon his protégé to frequent meetings, during which he would ramble nostalgically about past espionage glories and hold forth on his brainchild—the creation of a ring of high-tech agents. To surveil Conrad's increasingly frequent meetings with Wilson, FCA agents were reinforced with agents from Lt. Col. Jack Hammond's German-based 527th Military Intelligence Battalion.

On February 3, 1988, Danny Wilson met with Clyde Conrad and handed over a thick bundle of classified documents for passage to Budapest. Another dip into his unit's safe was vital, Clyde had told Danny, because Budapest was not yet convinced that the new recruit was for real. Wilson feigned anger over Budapest's vote of no-confidence. "What does a guy have to do to become accepted?" he complained. He had made his commitment more than six months ago, Danny reminded Clyde, yet Budapest was still waffling. Didn't they know the risks he was taking and the penalty if he were caught?

Wilson's angry words were intended to put Conrad under pressure. The deeper he could become embroiled in Conrad's conspiracy, the more he could learn, all of which would be reported to Gary Pepper. Impatience with Budapest's lukewarm reaction to his commitment was natural. Danny needed some sign of encouragement that his risks were appreciated.

Conrad was apologetic. Danny shouldn't worry. He was a member of the team, even if Budapest was slow to show its appreciation.

Clyde thumbed through the latest stack of secret documents and grinned.

"These look great," he enthused. "It's time for you to meet one of my friends." The friend was courier Imre Kercsik. Within minutes, with Wilson at his side, Conrad dialed Kercsik's number in Goteborg in a clear attempt to signal Danny that he was indeed a trusted member of the team.

A meeting was arranged. In ten days, Danny, Clyde, and Imre Kercsik would rendezvous in the Mainz Hilton Hotel. Wilson was finally going to have a glimpse into the business through the eyes of one of its Hungarian participants.

This significant development, which was flashed to headquarters in Fort Meade, generated a frantic reaction. The Department of Justice had repeatedly emphasized how important it was to the case to catch Conrad in the act of meeting with agents of a foreign power. A surveillance of the planned meeting in Mainz might accomplish this goal. To complete the task, it was essential to further reinforce the surveillance team in Wiesbaden.

Within twenty-four hours, twelve volunteers were identified at Fort Meade and dispatched to Germany, all equipped with surveillance radios and wearing European-manufactured clothing that would blend into the surroundings in the riverside German city. Pat Griffin, FCA's miracle-working budget officer, seemed to produce money from thin air for the high-cost deployment. During the next six months, Griffin would conjure up more than $850,000 of unprogrammed dollars to finance the finale of Canasta Player.

In Wiesbaden, Gary Pepper coached his agent as the day of the meeting approached. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity technical wizard Dick Bankston outfitted Wilson with a miniature microphone and a tiny, low-powered radio frequency (RF) transmitter. The microphone, concealed in Wilson's clothes, would pick up conversation and beam it a short distance to an agent carrying a tape recorder. As the time of the meeting approached, FCA surveillance personnel flooded the area around the modern hotel. Among them were agents bearing still and video cameras.

On February 13, 1988, Wilson showed up at the Hilton carrying secret documents that Conrad could pass to the Hungarian. With counterintelligence agents blanketing the area, Conrad and his new recruit entered the hotel's ground-floor cocktail lounge, The Bistro.

Clyde introduced Danny Wilson to a tall, slim, dark-haired man. A Buddy Holly doppelganger in horn-rimmed glasses, Imre Kercsik grinned and shook Wilson's hand.

For the next several hours, the trio sat at a table and chatted. A raucous Fasching celebration was under way in the lounge, which was packed with revelers, many in wild costumes, most of them drinking heavily. Imre and Conrad were clearly close friends, Wilson noted as the two spies consumed impressive quantities of wine and beer. The more Conrad and Kercsik drank, the bolder their reminiscences about life as secret agents of Budapest became. Obviously intent on impressing Wilson with their exciting and lucrative clandestine lives, Conrad and his sidekick from Sweden swapped stories of their espionage exploits. As the pair rambled on, the RF transmitter concealed on Danny Wilson beamed their words to a tape recorder carried by special agent Meg Reilly. Because of the short range of the device, Reilly had been directed to get as close as possible to the conspirators. This she did, finding a chair so close to Conrad that Clyde was later heard on the tape commenting about the good-looking woman at the next table.

Some of the two men's revelations were new; some Wilson had heard before. Zoltan Szabo, Conrad and Imre Kercsik revealed, held the rank of colonel in the Hungarian Military Intelligence Service. Szabo had indeed brought Conrad into the business in the 1970s and mentored him, but their relationship had cooled after Szabo had informed Budapest about Clyde's freelancing. Conrad had first met Sandor Kercsik at the time of his recruitment, when Budapest assigned the elder physician as his courier. Later, Imre followed in his brother's footsteps to become Conrad's courier. Imre boasted that his brother had been working for the Hungarians for the better part of two decades. Both men talked openly about Conrad's Hungarian case officer, Miklos.

But the high point of the meeting was when Conrad, in his cups, goaded Imre Kercsik: "Go on, Imre, tell Danny what they think of me in Budapest."

The Hungarian smiled. "Why, that's easy, Clyde. In Budapest, I hear what they say about you. You're the best since World War II—you're legendary."

Before the meeting ended, Conrad furtively slipped a parcel of classified documents into courier Imre Kercsik's shoulder bag. Danny had come through again.

• • •

It would be satisfying to gloat about how perfectly FCA surveillance agents captured the compromising Mainz rendezvous in living color, but this was reality, not Hollywood. In spite of the presence of agents with still and video cameras, none of the surveillance photography proved usable. Investigators obtained pictures of feet, legs, the ceiling, and neighboring customers, all of it useless. Fortunately, Danny Wilson's hidden transmitter had picked up key parts of Conrad and Imre Kercsik's espionage braggadocio, in spite of the Fasching blowout under way in the bar and Clyde Conrad's soft voice.

These audiotapes produced valuable information. The chummy bragging session between Clyde Conrad and Imre Kercsik reinforced the picture of the Szabo-Conrad conspiracy that Danny Wilson had been reporting since the summer of 1987—a significant contribution to the case. Nonetheless, I could not ignore the disappointing results of the technical surveillance of the Mainz meeting. If we were to document Conrad's espionage as the Washington lawyers were demanding, our agents urgently needed training in clandestine photography. Taking pictures with small cameras concealed in purses or attaché cases was a demanding skill that required trained agents with an aptitude for the techniques.

Weaknesses such as this could not be permitted to plague the investigation. We turned to our FBI partners for training support. Within days, special agent Joe Avigone, the FBI's premier expert in clandestine photography, arrived in Wiesbaden. Each day, the skilled agent patiently spent hours with the FCA surveillance team, which by now numbered more than two dozen people. After demonstrating the correct techniques, Avigone would turn his students loose on the streets of Wiesbaden to take practice rolls of film. Then the FBI expert selected those agents whose pictures demonstrated promise. Finalists received additional training and practice. In the future, they would be our dedicated photographers.

The challenge of mounting effective surveillance operations was significant. In 1987, FCA had established army counterintelligence's first permanent surveillance team and received valuable start-up training from the British Strategic Intelligence Wing in Ashford, England. Our skilled British cousins, with extensive experience in Northern Ireland, had provided valuable and realistic training in surveillance techniques in an urban environment. Nonetheless, conditions in the more rural Bosenheim–Bad Kreuznach area made day-to-day surveillance of Conrad difficult. To complicate the challenge, Conrad had been trained by the Hungarians in countersurveillance tactics, which he employed when on the move. Fearing compromise, the agents assigned to tail Conrad had become wary, perhaps overly so. No one wanted to be the goat.

18: I've Got a Guy in V Corps

Clyde Conrad was driving Danny Wilson crazy. Once Clyde had his claws sunk deeply into the master sergeant, his greed escalated. Each time the hapless Wilson received a cryptic phone call from his new mentor summoning him to yet another meeting, it meant long hours behind the wheel of a car. And, because the hard-pressed master sergeant was our man as well, each rendezvous with Conrad could become three meetings. Typically, Wilson would first meet with Gary to plan his actions for the Conrad meeting. Then he would meet with Conrad in long, tedious sessions during which Clyde the Glide would drink beer and talk incessantly in a soft voice. Afterward, there would be a debriefing with case officer Pepper. It was a man-killing pace that Pepper and Wilson were to maintain for almost eighteen months.

Shortly after the meeting in the Mainz Hilton, the phone in Danny Wilson's Stuttgart quarters rang. It was Clyde.

"Good news," Conrad announced cheerfully. "Meet me next Wednesday [February 26] at the Heidelberger Hauptbahnhof, the main railroad station in Heidelberg."

Foreign Counterintelligence Activity investigators in Wiesbaden reacted to Wilson's alert. Was Conrad about to introduce Wilson to his Hungarian case officer, Miklos? Once again, the cool Wilson arrived in Heidelberg wearing a microphone and tape recorder, while FCA surveillance agents hovered near the gray stone railroad station.

Conrad arrived in his silver Audi after another breathtaking run down the autobahn at almost 200 kilometers per hour (close to 125 miles per hour). The conspirators linked up in front of the railroad station and went to a nearby Chinese restaurant for lunch. No Hungarian joined the pair.

Clyde was upbeat. Sucking down his first beer, he grinned at Wilson. Someone in Budapest had finally made a decision. Danny was on board.

"Congratulations," he gushed. "They liked the stuff you provided. You're a member of the team now, with a starting salary of fifty thousand deutsche marks a year." A beaming Conrad slid a white envelope across the table. "Here's the first ten thousand on account."

Wilson pocketed the envelope as the silver-haired spy continued to speak.

"There are some things they want you to try and obtain," Clyde explained as he passed Wilson a piece of paper the size of a three-by-five card. It was a neatly printed wish list, beginning with two documents. One was the secret war plan (Oplan 33001) for Danny's unit, the 527th Military Intelligence Battalion; the other was a request for the battalion's classified document accountability record. The latter document amounted to a shopping list, a menu that would tell the Hungarians which sensitive documents were available for theft from Wilson's unit. Other entries on the list included "Battalion cooperation and collaboration with CIA, FBI, BND, MAD" (the latter two being West German intelligence and security organizations) and "Structure of the battalion, organization, strength." The final entry on the list was a request that Wilson reveal the targets of his unit's current counterintelligence investigations.

This tasking by Budapest was particularly noteworthy. Conrad and the Hungarians surely saw a major advantage in the recruitment of Danny Wilson. After all, what better place to have a source than in the local army counterintelligence unit? The new recruit could serve a valuable function by revealing which Americans were suspected of disloyalty—a perfect safety net to protect Warsaw Pact agent operations. Small wonder that once Conrad got over his initial fright at seeing Wilson on his doorstep, he decided that the reappearance in Germany of his former comrade was a godsend. Conrad the spy had recruited a spy catcher.

Conrad handed Wilson a second list.

"These are things that they want me to get. You can keep it in case you can pick one of them up."

Danny Wilson glanced at the list on the card and caught his breath. Included on the list of ten documents were secret and top-secret war plans that he recognized as some of the most sensitive secrets of the American military in Europe. Conrad took a large swallow of beer, lowered his voice, and dropped the bomb.

"I've got a guy in V Corps who is going to get me some of these in a couple of weeks."

Wilson, knowing immediately how critical this tidbit would be to Gary and his people, shot Clyde a wide grin. "I've really got to hand it to you, Clyde. You never cease to amaze me."

Conrad beamed and rewarded himself by ordering yet another beer.

Shortly after the Heidelberg meeting, a somber Danny Wilson turned over the two lists to Gary Pepper. They were sobering proof that his old friend Clyde was not only a spy but a serious threat to the entire defense of Europe. Wiesbaden agents copied the originals, prepared chain-of-custody documents, and bagged the incriminating lists for possible future use as evidence in a court of law. The originals were brought by courier to Washington. There, FBI laboratory experts quickly concluded that both documents were printed on water-soluble paper consistent with that used by the Soviets and other Warsaw Pact intelligence services. (The paper dissolves almost instantly in the mouth or when thrown in a toilet.) The fact that the wish lists were written on this type of paper, in a style consistent with that of a European drafter (December was abbreviated "Dez" instead of "Dec," for example), indicated that the lists were probably provided by Budapest, as Conrad had claimed. Had Conrad himself made up the lists to impress Wilson, it was unlikely that they would have shown this oddity.

There was jubilation in Wiesbaden and Washington. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity's controlled source had pulled it off. Danny Wilson was now a recruited agent of the Hungarian Military Intelligence Service. That was the good news. But the challenge was to cope with the bad news, and it was truly bad news. Conrad seemed to have succeeded in recruiting a well-placed confederate, possibly in the Frankfurt headquarters of V Corps. I would have to report this development to Gen. Glenn T. Otis, the four star who commanded the U.S. Army in Europe.

At my Fort Meade headquarters and in Wiesbaden, FCA investigators focused on developing an aggressive investigative game plan for General Otis's approval. If we were going to ask the general for time to unmask Conrad's source, I would have to have a plan with an envisioned endgame. It would be indefensible to ask for an open-ended continuation of the decade-long case.

19: Clyde

Spring 1988

Clyde Conrad took a big swallow of beer, then resumed his attack on the keyboard of his Apple computer. The more he dwelled on the shabby treatment he was getting from Budapest, the more he was tempted to tell Miklos and his bosses to go to hell. Couldn't the fools see the opportunity that was staring them in the face? By now, his boy Danny had provided classified documents no fewer than five times. Conrad reflected bitterly on the fact that more than six months had elapsed since Danny Wilson made the big commitment. Six months, yet still no feedback or money was forthcoming from Budapest.

This is no way to run a business, Clyde grumbled to himself as he banged angrily on the keyboard. Why should I have to keep paying Danny out of my own pocket to keep him on the hook? The guy is perfect for a key role in the new network, a controller who can actually recruit new sources. Don't those idiots appreciate how hard it is to locate and cultivate someone with the smarts and nerve to function in that role? Clyde knew that his only recourse was to go over the stubborn Miklos's head, and that's what he was doing.

Someone in Budapest has to know what a break it was to latch onto Danny and how shitty he's being treated, Clyde muttered. Miklos has lost his nerve, and that's that. He sees MI double agents behind every door. Yeah, Danny's an MI guy, but that's the beauty of it. The boy is our ace in the hole, our safety net, a master sergeant sitting in a counterintelligence unit where he can provide early warning if something goes wrong. That clown Miklos just doesn't get it, Clyde moaned as he punished the Apple's keyboard. He ought to know that I'm too experienced to be taken in. Danny's for real, and with his gift of gab and access to the good stuff, he'll make us all rich.

Clyde put the finishing touches on an emotional letter to the Center. The text was blunt and uncompromising. Budapest needed to have it laid out in spades, Conrad felt. The letter did just that, documenting in strong words the shameful lack of response to Wilson's obvious contributions. He owed it to Danny to make his case to Miklos's superiors. Who could blame Danny for complaining? I asked him to make a commitment, and he did, Clyde recalled. I'd be pissed and ready to quit, too, if I were in his boots.

Conrad proofread his letter to Budapest, his eyes falling on the key paragraph that described the problems he was having with Miklos as he attempted to keep the increasingly impatient Danny Wilson on the hook.

> The guidance that I gave to the individual was to provide something—anything, so long as it was classified. I told him this would show good intent and get things started. He would get a little money and we would have a basis for operating. He said no, this wasn't just a small shipment but also represented a commitment on his part and that he wanted to see a commitment on your part. I told him no problem, everything would be OK. This guidance was based on personal historical data. I know exactly what I received and what I provided the first time, which was nothing classified. Your representative's response was to say it wasn't worth anything and there was no payment and no commitment. THIS PASSIVE OPPOSITION SERVED NO PURPOSE EXCEPT TO DAMAGE MY CREDIBILITY WITH THE SOURCE. Something I must maintain if I want to do business.

Conrad recalled nostalgically his start in the business. Szabo, who at the time was his supervisor in the headquarters, had begun to speak coyly of an opportunity to do some "good business." Conrad chuckled, recalling how easily he had guessed what Zoltan was leading up to and how he had let the older man play his hand. Sure, he told Szabo, he was amenable in principle to any proposition that involved a chance to earn some extra cash. In the late autumn of 1975, Szabo suggested a meeting with an unidentified friend who could provide more details about a lucrative second career. Conrad readily agreed.

Clyde could still picture the booth in a *gasthaus* in nearby Gau-Bickelheim. There was Szabo, all business, with his usual thin smile, introducing Clyde to Sandor Kercsik, code-named Alex. As the three men dined and drank, Szabo and Kercsik popped the question without great fanfare. Their business was providing classified information to the Hungarian Military Intelligence Service, and Clyde had been evaluated as a potential bright star who would do well in the enterprise. What did he think?

Conrad recalled how surprised the two men were at his unhesitating agreement to sign up for the enterprise. When Alex bluntly asked him what he was prepared to steal from his workplace, Conrad had replied simply, "everything." Clyde remembered his first operational test as if it had been last week. After lunch, Szabo and Kercsik informed him that Budapest desired an immediate demonstration of his sincerity and commitment. Within minutes, with Szabo at the wheel, the pair arrived at the Rose Barracks headquarters of the division. Clyde strode boldly into the G-3 Plans section and stole a pile of documents. It had been that simple. Sandor promptly transported the haul to Budapest, where the Center declared its satisfaction with the take.

That was it. Almost overnight, Clyde remembered with a smile, he had become a recruited source in the Hungarian stable. By January 1976, Sandor had escorted Clyde to Innsbruck, where he had met his first case officer, Lajos. The Hungarian had trained his new pupil in espionage tradecraft, including surveillance and countersurveillance measures, clandestine communications, and agent photography. Conrad excelled. Henceforth, Budapest instructed, the new recruit would be known by the cover name Charlie. For this successful recruitment, Budapest awarded the proud and satisfied Zoltan Szabo a 25,000 deutsche mark bonus.

And well he ought to have been rewarded, Conrad thought with a grin. As Budapest's newest recruit, he had gone on a collection frenzy. Those Hunkies in Budapest never knew what hit them. By 1980, the bold and diligent Charlie had stolen so many secret and top-secret documents from his office safes that delighted officers at the Budapest Center proudly informed Zoltan Szabo, "Conrad is the best agent that the entire East Bloc has recruited since the Second World War."

With that record, Conrad reflected angrily, how could they treat him with such disrespect on the eve of his greatest triumph? His brainchild, “the enterprise,” the high-tech espionage ring he would build around himself and Wilson, would revolutionize spying for all time. It had been a lot of work, Conrad recalled with satisfaction, but the efforts had paid off. Even now, the plan for this history-making ring of spies—Operations Plan 001—was nearing completion. But if the timid bureaucrats in Budapest couldn’t open their small minds, Conrad lamented bitterly, the opportunity of a lifetime would elude them all.

Clyde folded the completed appeal to Budapest with satisfaction and prepared it for dispatch. This was a desperation measure, he knew, but he had been patient for too long. After all, how can you run a streamlined, high-tech business if those backward jerks in Budapest can’t do better than six months’ turnaround on evaluation and payment? If Miklos’s feelings are hurt, fuck him. I made the guy’s career for him, he’s had months to respond, and I’m still holding Danny’s hand and paying him out of pocket. I deserve better than that.

West Berlin, 1986: Author and 766th MI Detachment operations officer Bob Thayer. Thayer orchestrated Operation Lake Terrace and the James Hall investigation.

Special agent Jodene Thayer, who captured KGB Lt. Col. Kiryukhin, receives a decoration from Brig. Gen. Thomas Griffin, commander, Berlin Brigade. Colonel Tony Lackey looks on.

"Vasily," KGB Lt. Col. Valery Kiryukhin, detained by 766 MI Detachment agents in November 1985.

KGB officer Vyacheslav Londovich Latyshev, detained in November 1985 while serving as a lookout for Kiryukhin.

KGB agent Anatoly Viktorovich Agafonov was also detained by the 766th MI Detachment during Operation Lake Terrace.

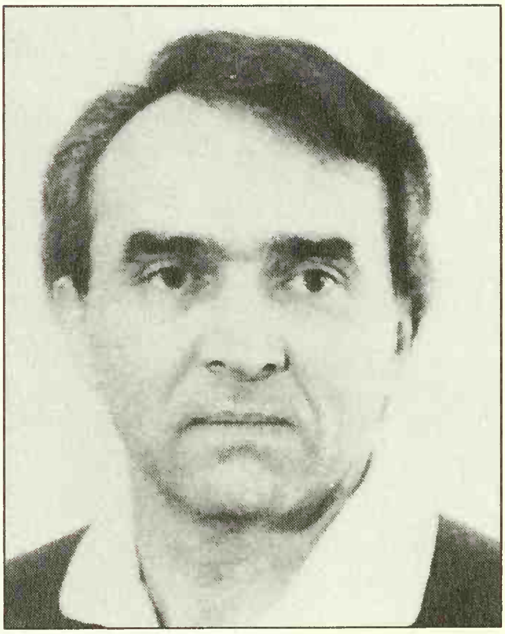

Courier Sandor Kercsik serviced Zoltan Szabo, Clyde Conrad, and others for twenty years.

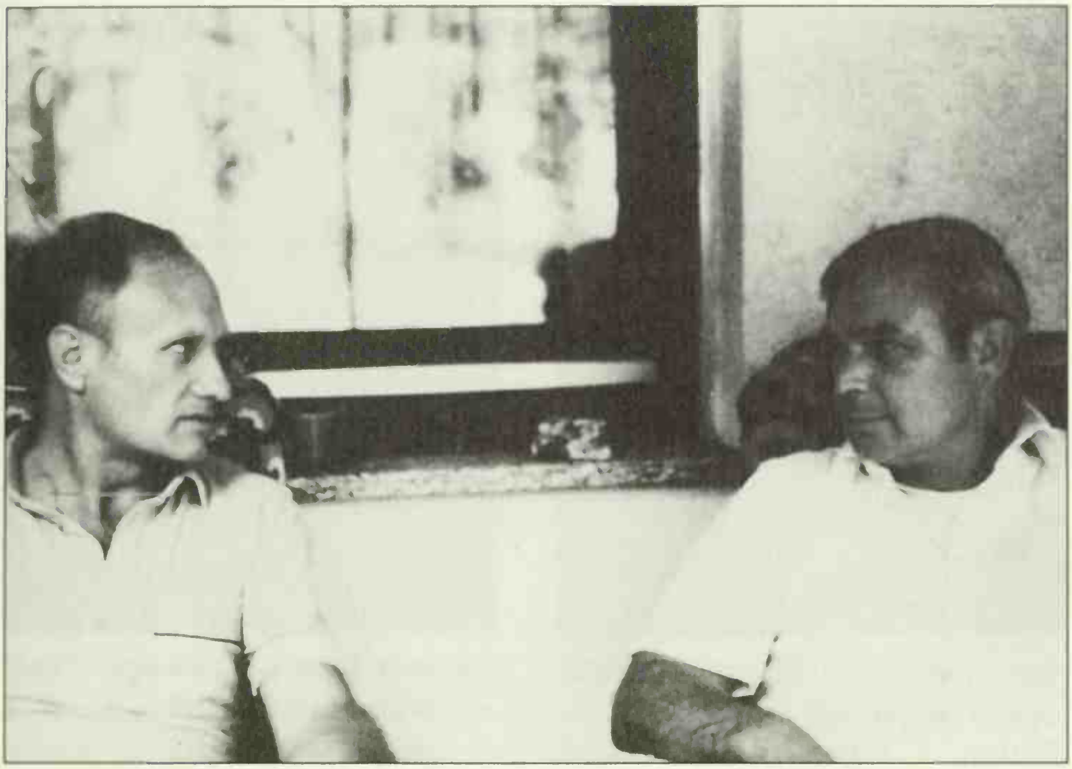

Zoltan Szabo and Clyde Conrad in mid-1970s after Szabo recruited friend Clyde to sell war plans to the Hungarians.

Vienna, June 1988: FCA surveillance photo showing Conrad meeting with his case officer "Miklos," Hungarian intelligence agent Andras Berenyi, in the Gosser Beer Hall.

Ilona Szabo, the Hungarian folk opera singer wife of Zoltan Szabo.

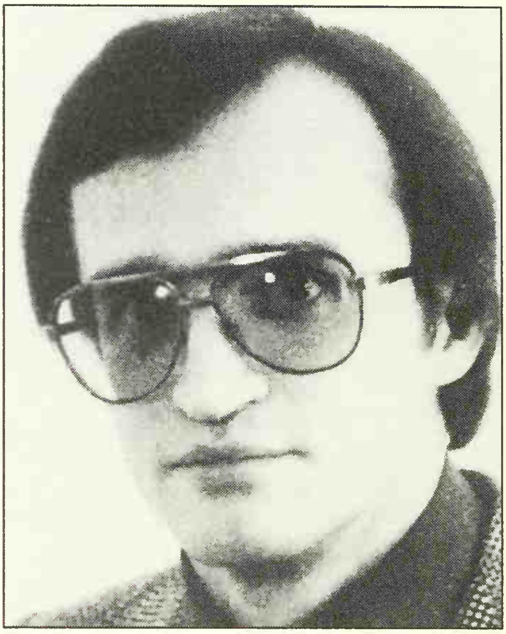

Courier Imre Kercsik broke the rules and befriended Conrad.

MORTATI
THOMAS

Former paratrooper Thomas Mortati, recruited by Szabo and arrested by the Italians in 1989.

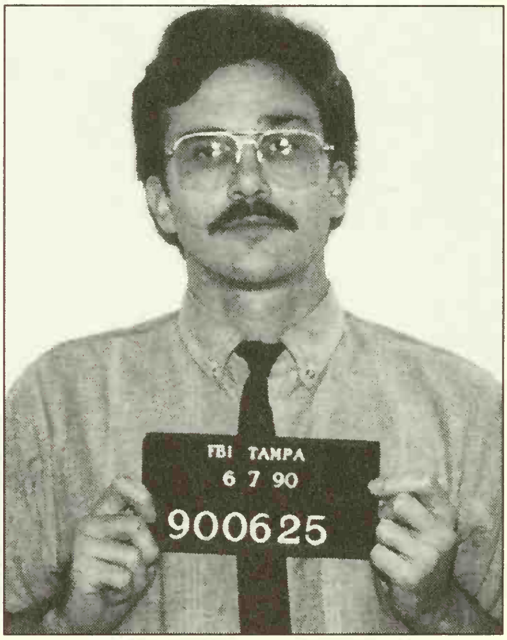
FBI TAMPA
6 7 90
900625

Former Sergeant Rod Ramsay, arrested by the FBI in June 1990.

FBI TAMPA
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Staff Sergeant Jeffrey Rondeau stole documents from the 8th infantry division; arrested by FBI and sentenced to 18 years.

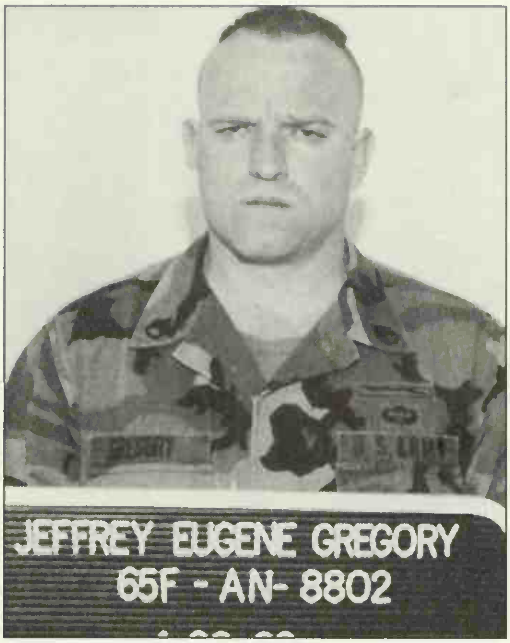
JEFFREY EUGENE GREGORY
65F - AN- 8802

Staff Sergeant Jeff Gregory, arrested by FBI in April 1993; sentenced to 18 years.

Kelly Church Warren, arrested by FBI; sentenced to 25 years.

August 23 1988: Arrest! Clyde Conrad in mugshot taken by Germans.

History is made. Clyde Conrad, minutes after receiving the first and only life sentence for treason in German history.

"Miklos," Clyde Conrad's Hungarian case officer.

Oberlandesgericht
Dienstgebäude II

June 1990: in front of courthouse in Koblenz, Germany; Conrad is sentenced to life in prison. Author, Norman Runk, and Gary Pepper.

Volkhard Wache, GBA prosecutor who prosecuted Clyde Conrad.

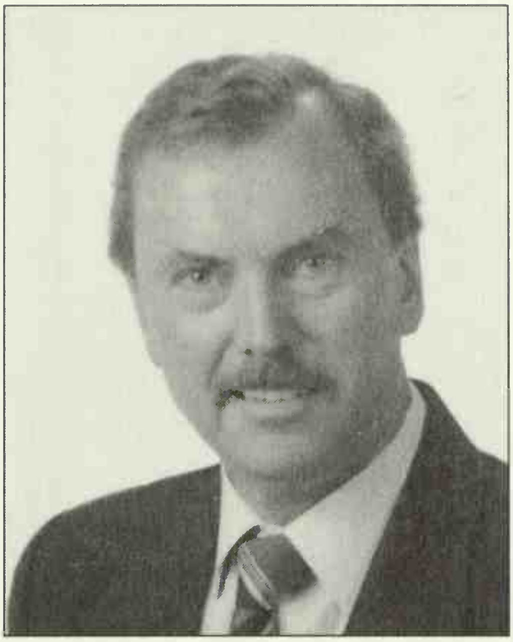

BKA investigator Holger Klein, who took Conrad into custody.

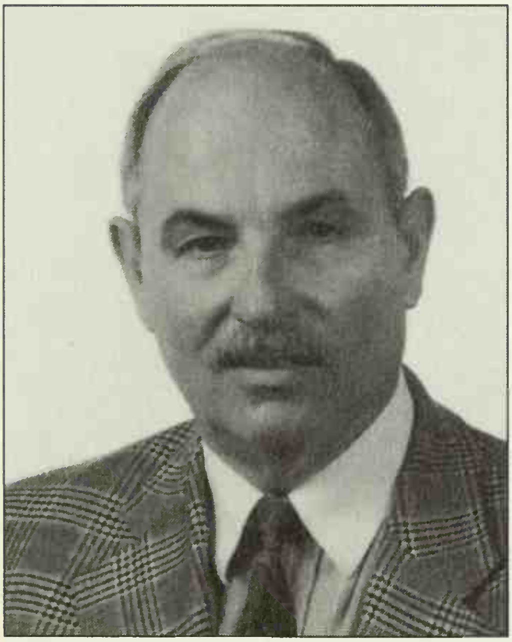

Manfred Rutkowski captained the BKA investigative team.

GBA prosecutor Friederich Hecking.

Lieutenant General William E. Odom, without whom the Clyde Conrad ring would probably have escaped justice.

Canasta Player team in Weisbaden, Germany. Active agent on left blurred, Norman Runk, 2d from left; Joe Herda, 4th from left; Meg Reilly 6th from left, Dave Grof, 9th from left; Gary Pepper, top right; Dave Guethlein, 3d from right,back; Bob Gaiter, 4th from right, back; Mike McAdoo, 6th from right, back.

James Hall as he was led to a hearing on pretrial confinement at Fort Meade, Maryland, December 1988.

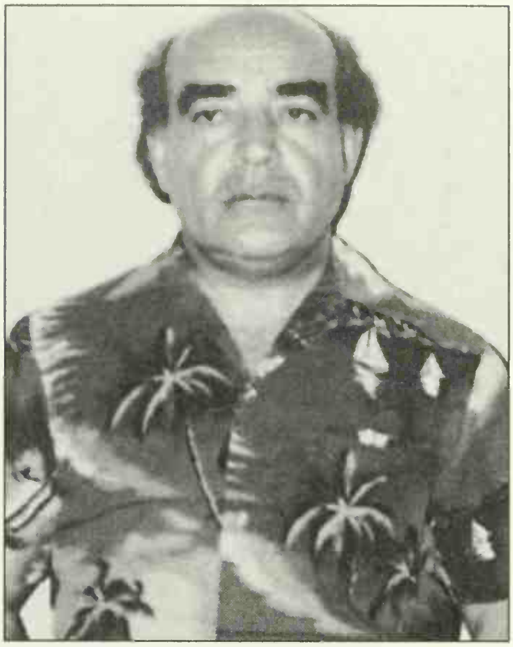

The Meister, Huseyin Yildirim, after his arrest by the FBI. Yildirim is serving life in prison.

The CIA team that helped break the Canasta Player case. Martha Graves, Gus Hathaway's secretary (who is still active and is blurred), Gus Hathaway, and John Whiteley.

…ECTOR OF CENTRAL INT…

FCA agent Nick Pokrovsky receives award from CIA director William J. Casey.

Spring 1989: CIA headquarters, Langley, Virginia. CIA director William Webster presents award to author and the FCA team for their triumphant work in the Conrad and Hall cases. From left, Dave Owen, Jim Whittle, Bob Thayer, Director Webster, Bob Watson, author, Norman Runk, Bob Bell, Al Puromaki, and Gary Pepper.

20: The Full-Court Press

Within days of Conrad's unsettling boast about his V Corps source, I prepared to depart for Germany, Heidelberg bound. The trip's immediate purpose was to provide the commander in chief (CINC), General Otis, a progress report on the investigation. My debut with the powerful four star did not promise to be pleasant. I could report progress on the investigation, but Conrad's boast that his "V Corps guy" was poised to deliver more war plans was a dark cloud that would surely eclipse our hard work. The colonel from Washington was not bearing good tidings.

The discovery by Danny Wilson that another betrayal of secrets was imminent threatened our efforts. My superiors were urging that we move the decade-long investigation to a rapid conclusion, but how could we comply with this guidance when a new investigative challenge now loomed in the form of a mole somewhere in V Corps?

How much latitude we might still have depended upon General Otis. As commander in chief of the U.S. Army in Europe (CINCUSAREUR), the four star was responsible for the lives of some 200,000 American soldiers in the event of war. If he were to declare the impending betrayal of his latest war plans unacceptable and demand an end to the investigation, who would argue with him? The stakes of my briefing were thus high. Somehow, I had to obtain a green light for one final phase of Canasta Player.

On the eve of my trip, a disquieting sense that the investigation was bogged down had taken hold in Washington. In Wiesbaden, Al Puromaki and his hard-pressed agents were gaining valuable insights into Clyde Conrad's state of mind, but events seemed to be controlling the investigation. Each time Conrad would summon Danny Wilson for a meeting, Puromaki's Wiesbaden agents would be in hot pursuit, always struggling to satisfy the sometimes shifting priorities relayed from their Fort Meade headquarters. This reactive posture and the embarrassing weaknesses in surveillance photography were not the only problems in the investigation. Other than Conrad's boasts to Danny Wilson, we had still failed to link the retired sergeant with a known agent of a foreign power. Imre Kercsik, our Department of Justice colleagues informed me, did not qualify. Miklos did. Imre Kerscik and brother, Sandor, were Hungarian emigrés who carried Swedish passports. Somehow, we needed to trigger a meeting between Conrad and a card-carrying line officer of the Hungarian Military Intelligence Service.

But most importantly, FCA investigators needed to take positive control of the investigation and direct events along lines that satisfied the case's objectives, which had now been expanded. We were to document Conrad's espionage to the satisfaction of the lawyers so that he could be arrested, tried, and convicted. Along the way, we had to uncover the mysterious V Corps mole. We needed a plan to do this, something that would sell in Washington and Heidelberg. If General Otis recommended an immediate end to the investigation, we were dead in the water.

At the top of the agenda had to be an escalation of the surveillance effort. In spite of the FBI training, overworked surveillance agents had struck out once again in Heidelberg with their clandestine cameras. The solution, FBI trainer Avigone emphasized, was simple: "Practice, practice, practice." It was essential to put an end to the embarrassing strikeouts and produce pictures of Conrad as he pursued his clandestine contacts.

The audiotapes from the Heidelberg restaurant meeting were better than those of the Mainz meeting, but they would have to be enhanced to filter out the distracting background noise. This was another service that the FBI would perform.

But there was another problem with the tapes, one that could not be fixed electronically. The difficulty was Danny Wilson, who had an irritating habit of talking when he should have been listening. Truly artful at getting Conrad to drop his guard and open up, the loquacious master sergeant also had a penchant for interrupting at key moments when it seemed that Conrad was about to reveal something critical. Case officer Gary Pepper needed to get on top of this one, because it was driving everyone crazy—above all, the lawyers. If Conrad was inclined to talk, we counseled Gary, tell Danny to let him ramble. Wilson should feel free to nudge the conversation into productive directions, but he must let Clyde do most of the talking. Hours of tapes dominated by Danny Wilson's voice were not the objective.

Pepper doggedly attempted to persuade Danny Wilson that silence could be a virtue. Let Clyde fill the voids, Pepper urged. You might be surprised at what he reveals. But the strong-willed Wilson resisted. "Clyde has known me for years," he retorted. "He knows how I am—how I tend to dominate the conversation—and it won't seem natural if I suddenly change." Pepper shrugged his shoulders. Truth be known, he thought to himself, if we make Danny change too much, he won't be comfortable with the new image, and he'll probably be less effective. Until the end of the case, Danny Wilson did it his way.

In Wiesbaden, FCA investigators prepared to escalate the investigation. The plan I would carry to General Otis called for a full-court press of Conrad in a risky attempt to smoke out any possible confederates. The new tactics would begin with a stepped-up, around-the-clock surveillance of Conrad and his residence in place of the sporadic, event-related surveillance we were currently conducting. All agents were briefed on the need to identify everyone whom Conrad contacted.

Apart from the heightened risk of detection, a surveillance of this magnitude is extremely manpower intensive. Fifty trained agents are required to maintain an around-the-clock surveillance for an extended period of time. From the ranks of the FCA and other army intelligence units, agents packed their bags and booked flights to Germany.

Foreign Counterintelligence Activity surveillance pilot Capt. Bill Burns deployed to Germany, bringing with him a package of technical gear and tricks that would permit close coordination with surveillance agents on the ground. Nicknamed Sky King by his comrades, Burns would rent a suitable aircraft upon his arrival and mount the electronics on it.

The aircraft was necessary because the village of Bosenheim was small and isolated and because Conrad was terrorizing FCA surveillance people with his reckless driving. Not only did he have an obsession with driving a hundred miles an hour, he was given to doubling back and employing other driving gambits that agents recognized as countersurveillance measures.

Sky King arrived in Germany and located a suitable light aircraft at the Darmstadt Air Club. Burns and FCA technical expert Dick

Bankston promptly festooned the rented plane with antennae and electronic tracking equipment. As Burns took the modified craft through its paces, Murphy's Law took over. When the plane landed, a metal antenna dragged along the runway and sent sparks flying. An elderly German woman on the small airfield had been watching the strangers tinkering with the plane and wondered what they were doing. When the sparks began to fly, she called the local police. Terrorists were operating out of the *flugplatz*.

German police responded to the call and confronted the hapless pilot. Burns explained that they were U.S. Army personnel engaged in testing new weather surveillance equipment. Mollified, the police backed off, but not before a report of the incident traveled to the army's Heidelberg headquarters, where it had to be defused by intelligence staff officers.

In one chilling episode, with an FCA surveillance vehicle in hot pursuit, Conrad had raced down a narrow country road and wheeled into a *gasthaus* parking lot. Clamoring out of the silver Audi, Clyde leaned against its rear fender, lit a cigarette, and stared down the road he had just traveled. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity agent Bob Gaiter, code-named Gator, was controlling the surveillance from a nearby hilltop. Observing Conrad's gambit through binoculars, the Gator keyed his radio. "Don't go down that road," he shouted at Conrad's tail. The warning was received with seconds to spare. The FCA vehicle stopped just before it would have rounded the corner and come face-to-face with the target.

The Gator and his team were also frustrated by the fact that it was impossible to inconspicuously park a surveillance vehicle within visual observation of Conrad's house. Bosenheim was a tiny village. Strangers in unfamiliar vehicles cruising the neighborhood would be noticed. To overcome this problem, agents had parked an empty car at a key village intersection, with an agent concealed in the trunk. Technicians had drilled a tiny observation hole in the car's rear fender, which enabled the entombed agent to observe Conrad's driveway. If Clyde climbed into the Audi, the FCA lookout would broadcast the alert to surveillance vehicles deployed on the outskirts of the tiny village. But hot or cold weather made this tactic uncomfortable, if not risky. The arrival of FCA aerial observers in Germany would solve this problem. With Sky King overhead, surveillance vehicles could lurk far from Conrad's neighborhood, awaiting an alert from the aircraft that their target was on the move.

Another technical feature of the full-court press was a homing beacon. To assist in tailing the wild-driving Conrad, we secured approval in Washington to employ an electronic tracking device. After renting an identical Audi and practicing repeatedly on it, Dick Bankston installed the beacon on the frame of Conrad's car. If Budapest's star commenced another death-defying run down the autobahn, the beeper would provide FCA aerial observers insurance against losing him.

As we hammered out the details of the planned full-court press, FCA deputy director Bob Bell made the perceptive observation that investigators actually knew little of what Conrad did when he was not meeting with our man Wilson. Who were Conrad's friends? Where did he go at night? Was he traveling to other cities? Above all, we were interested in nearby Frankfurt, which housed the V Corps headquarters. And most vital—other than Danny Wilson, who were Clyde's associates? The truth was, most of what we knew about our man was what investigators had learned from files and interviews, supplemented only by Danny Wilson's reporting. What the once and future spy was up to when he was not playing the mating game with Gary Pepper's source was anybody's guess. Perhaps a second source operation to supplement the enhanced surveillance would open revealing additional windows into Conrad's comings and goings.

Conrad had repeatedly told Wilson that he was in search of new sources. "I'm out there thrusting," he assured his protégé. Now he had unveiled his "V Corps guy." Agents in Wiesbaden believed that Clyde would direct his recruitment efforts to the unit in V Corps that he was most familiar with, the 8th Infantry Division War Plans office in Bad Kreuznach's Rose Barracks. This was Conrad's turf. It was convenient to Bosenheim, and no one knew better than Clyde the secrets that were available in the division's safes. Al Puromaki and Gary Pepper believed that because the 8th Infantry Division was a subordinate unit of V Corps, Conrad's "V Corps guy" could be working in Rose Barracks. Of one thing agents were certain. If Clyde Conrad had indeed recruited someone in V Corps headquarters, surveillance operations indicated that he was not meeting the mole in Frankfurt. Based upon this logic, the Wiesbaden team stepped up its efforts to recruit a source in Conrad's former office. If the retired sergeant was feeding at the 8th Infantry Division's trough of secrets, an agent inside the headquarters might detect this.

Danny Wilson noted that Conrad's behavior was sometimes bizarre and unpredictable. Wilson told Pepper that Conrad, usually after a few beers, became sentimental and echoed a recurring theme, emotionally reminding his new protégé: "When you showed up, Danny, you saved my life. You'll never know how much it meant to me when you came around." He repeated, "Now that you are on board, I'm back in form. Thanks to you, I'm out there thrusting again."

Then Conrad would lecture Wilson on his vision for a high-tech, information-age spy network. Stolen documents should be copied by the use of a video camera, he preached, a far more efficient system than a still camera or a copying machine. During one brainstorming session, Clyde described his concept for a video camera disguised as a package that could be carried into an office and used without attracting attention. Once documents were captured on videotape, he chortled, the tape could be mailed anywhere. Payment, Conrad bragged, would be by electronic transfer to Swiss banks, thus eliminating risky, face-to-face meetings. The full vision for his information-age espionage network, he told Wilson proudly, was taking shape in his home computer as Operations Plan 001.

Danny Wilson, an avid hobbyist with a gift for rebuilding clocks and jukeboxes, worked at home to bring Clyde's camcorder concept to life. The prototype he delivered was ingenious. He had created a housing into which a camcorder could be concealed, with a disguised opening for the lens. Outwardly, the device looked like a package destined for the post office. Wilson demonstrated his handiwork to the enthralled Clyde. All you had to do was place the package in a position where the camcorder could image documents that you were reading at your desk. As you paged through the document, its contents would be captured by the camcorder. Clyde was ecstatic. On his next trip to Budapest, he would bring Danny's device to show the Center the inventiveness of his new recruit.

The full-court press also required the development of a plan to locate Conrad's money. If he had indeed earned a fortune in his espionage career, where was it? Conrad had bragged about his Swiss bank accounts and advised Wilson that any self-respecting spy should have at least one.

Finally, the plan contained a gambit to catch Conrad in the company of a card-carrying Hungarian intelligence officer. On at least two separate occasions in 1987, Clyde had taken off for Vienna to meet Miklos, but the wily sergeant had quickly melted into the crowds in the Austrian capital and shaken our hasty and undermanned surveillance effort. The full-court press included a robust surveillance team armed with the latest high-tech equipment, which we hoped would permit the surveillance of a meeting in Austria between Conrad and Miklos. Once again, Gary Pepper and agent Danny Wilson would be the catalysts to make this happen. The next time Conrad ventured to Austria, agents were determined to capture the big event on film.

That was the plan. Its near-term goal was to smoke out Conrad's alleged "V Corps guy" as soon as possible. For the long term, which certainly could not be more than six months, investigators would redouble their efforts to collect information that Department of Justice attorneys insisted was essential to indict Clyde Conrad. Absent this kind of detail, I reported to my superiors, the conservative Department of Justice would not tackle a prosecution of Clyde Conrad. Increasingly, its attorneys seemed to harbor a view that they would prosecute only if the case were an airtight, guaranteed winner.

The medieval city of Heidelberg nestles on the banks of the picturesque Neckar River, overlooked by the steep, wooded heights of a small mountain known locally as the Konigstuhl, the "king's chair." Known for the red sandstone ramparts of its partially destroyed castle and its picturesque, fifteenth-century Altstadt, Heidelberg was also the location of Campbell Barracks, headquarters of the U.S. Army, Europe, for most of the Cold War. There, in a former Wehrmacht *kaserne* that had survived Allied bombing, thousands of soldiers, myself included, had labored over the years with the necessary staff actions required to keep the V and VII Corps manned and ready to defend West Germany in the event of war with the Soviet Union and her Warsaw Pact allies.

I negotiated the sentries and antiterrorist barriers of the familiar main gate, flanked by its distinctive granite carvings of martial figures. It had been almost five years since I had worked on the annual revisions of the war plans in a Campbell Barracks vault, but I recalled enough to know that the Hungarian wish list that Conrad had just passed to Danny Wilson would not be well received by CINCUSAREUR.

In the CINC's plushly carpeted inner office, I introduced myself as Bob Lunt's replacement and moved directly to the business at hand. On a positive note, I informed General Otis, there was progress to report. I then summarized what we had learned from Danny Wilson.

General Otis listened calmly as I turned to the bad news. Conrad was apparently escalating his espionage. Our introduction of Danny Wilson into the case seemed to have given the retired sergeant a new lease on his secret-agent life. Worse, I told the CINC, Conrad had met our controlled source right here in Heidelberg and bragged that he had recruited a "V Corps guy" who was about to provide him with new documents.

I handed General Otis a copy of the Hungarian wish list and waited as he digested it. At the head of the list were two documents: "V U.S. Corps OPLAN 33001, GDP, 1988," and "VII U.S. Corps OPLAN 33001, GDP, 1988." These were the general defense plans of both corps. They were among the command's most sensitive documents. Their betrayal to the Warsaw Pact could cost the CINC and his army a catastrophic defeat in the opening battles of any war. Also on the list was "HQ USEUCOM Emergency Action Plan, Volumes I–V, 1 Dez 1987." Emergency action plan (EAP) documents were top secret and dealt with nuclear release procedures in the event of war. In the event of a NATO inability to stem a Warsaw Pact attack by conventional means, nuclear weapons were the last resort. Emergency action plan documents provided details of this sensitive subject.

General Otis winced perceptibly as he studied the list. His brow furrowed with concern, the four star placed the paper on the table and gazed at me expectantly. Struggling to control my nervousness, I explained the planned full-court press and concluded with an appeal. “Sir, no one wants to end this case more than we do, but we have to assume that Conrad’s claim to have a V Corps source is not empty boasting. We need time to ferret out this guy, so that when we take Conrad down, we don’t leave his replacement in the ranks. To do that, we need your concurrence. If we move too quickly, we might yank out the crabgrass and leave the roots in place.”

General Otis hesitated briefly, as if he were crafting each word of his response. Then he spoke, calmly but with determination. “The way I see it, if he says that this guy is about to give him these documents, then they are as good as gone already. That’s done. Now we need to get on with bringing this thing to an end. I’ll support you on this, but you and everyone in Washington have to understand that this can’t go on much longer. You need to press as you’ve described, and get on with it.”

I nodded and replied with a crisp, “Yes, sir,” assuring the general that we were already gearing up for a maximum effort and that the army senior leadership in the Pentagon shared his view that, one way or another, it was time to end the case. Before I departed, General Otis reminded me that he would give up his command by summer and asked that I explain the investigation to his replacement, Lt. Gen. Crosbie Saint, before his arrival in Heidelberg. He also directed that we confide the bad news about Conrad’s alleged V Corps source to the V Corps commander in Frankfurt.

I departed the general’s office with more than a small amount of admiration for his patience and steady hand. A lesser man would have taken one look at Conrad’s list and called for an immediate halt to the case. At the same time, it was clear from the general’s words and demeanor that his patience was not unlimited. Canasta Player was living on borrowed time.

The full-court press we promised General Otis would be orchestrated out of Wiesbaden. Team chief Al Puromaki, who had never aspired to leadership of the effort, had by now worked himself to total exhaustion. By the spring of 1988, Puromaki was increasingly burdened by his own private ghosts, chief among them a nagging fear that Conrad had seen through Danny Wilson’s act from the beginning and was toying with FCA investigators. As we prepared to escalate our efforts, it was time to give the hardworking and intense officer a respite. The perfect place for him was at FCA's Fort Meade headquarters, where his keenly analytical mind and unequalled institutional knowledge would be invaluable as we steered the unwieldy case to closure.

The full-court press needed a floor captain. Reenergizing the effort in Europe called for a seasoned senior agent with two qualities: operational experience, in the sense of running source operations of the Lake Terrace–Canasta Player variety, and leadership skills.

Pressures to end the case were real, and fear of failure was palpable among the members of the Wiesbaden team. The danger of a case-fatal compromise had become particularly acute once agents intensified their physical surveillance of Conrad. Danny Wilson continued to boldly wear a concealed microphone and tape recorder during his meetings with Conrad, a dangerous practice if the security-conscious Clyde were to suddenly decide to pat him down. Team members were weary, frightened, and timid. Some agents had come to see Conrad as a looming, ten-foot-tall superspy with eyes in the back of his head and subsources everywhere. The fear of a compromising mistake was particularly acute among members of the surveillance team.

To address these problems, I was initially inclined to seek out Bob Thayer, whose performance in Berlin had shown him to be a proven leader with excellent operational judgment. But Bob was in the middle of a long-overdue sabbatical at the Defense Intelligence College in Washington. He would not be available for duty at FCA until later in the year.

Bob Bell spoke up. If what was needed at the Wiesbaden helm was a strong, charismatic leader with solid operational and leadership skills, Norman Runk, a senior agent in our Munich detachment, was the ideal choice. If anyone could rally the exhausted Wiesbaden team and get the case on track, Bell urged, Runk was the man.

Still a newcomer to FCA, I was nonetheless aware of the key role played by the unit in orchestrating the FBI's 1982 Augusta, Georgia, arrest of Otto Attila Gilbert. The arrest had been one of the more significant counterespionage successes of the decade, and

Runk had featured prominently in it. Once the popular agent's name was tabled as a possible successor to Al Puromaki, a number of FCA veterans enthusiastically seconded the nomination. Runk, they advised, had the right stuff to land Clyde Conrad flopping on the deck.

If spy novels are correct, and success in the intelligence game is guaranteed to the faceless spook who blends comfortably into his surroundings and attracts no attention, Norman Runk would not qualify for spy-of-the-year honors. Stocky, bespectacled, and sporting a thick brown mustache, Runk is a gregarious, upbeat presence, the exact opposite of the inscrutable spook of espionage literature. Blessed with a keen sense of humor and an infectious, room-filling laugh, the veteran case officer and investigator instantly livens up any group as soon as he enters the room. But beneath the lighthearted, fun-loving exterior was a serious, skilled agent with a deep sense of mission accomplishment and a personal code that emphasized loyalty—not only to his superiors but above all to his subordinates.

A retired warrant officer with some twenty-five years in the counterespionage business, Runk had as his trademarks hard work and taking care of his people (whom he was given to calling "these kids"). The forty-four-year-old agent was also known as a low-maintenance professional, not a whiner who required continual stroking. Favor Norman Runk with an occasional "well done," keep him fueled with prodigious portions of German food and beer, and the good-natured agent could function tirelessly, literally eighteen hours a day, seven days a week. With experience in Korea, Hawaii, Japan, and Germany, Norman Runk was rightly seen as the best in our business. The talented agent's ebullient persona and infectious laugh, even under great pressure, made him extremely popular with our German allies.

In mid-March 1988, I flew to Munich. Runk and I promptly adjourned to the Forsthaus, drank some beer, and shoveled down a heavy German meal. The chemistry between us was right. Sipping a beer, his mustache festooned with foam, the retired warrant officer asked questions about the case that were perceptive and on the mark. Runk was positive, confident, and smart.

We quickly struck a deal. When I said that he would have to depart Munich right away—it was essential that he take the helm in

Wiesbaden immediately—the veteran agent didn't hesitate. The following day, he packed his bags and headed north to begin a suitcase existence. His mission was unambiguous: Work toward the day when our counterintelligence investigators could turn the case over to law enforcement authorities, be they German or American.

As is often the case in our business, Norman traveled alone. His wife remained in Munich to care for their two-year-old daughter. Neither wife nor daughter could be permitted to know why Norman had suddenly been yanked away from home. This time around, he would be gone for six months.

Before departing Germany, I met one final time with Runk, this time in Wiesbaden. It was essential that the two of us be in perfect accord on what needed to be done in the delicate case, above all the endgame, which remained unclear. Based upon my meeting with General Otis, it was urgent that we think about the last day of the covert investigation and begin serious planning for the takedown of Clyde Lee Conrad.

That night, in the *ratskeller* under the Wiesbaden City Hall, Runk and I did serious damage to a wooden barrel of Wiesbadener Ratsbrau beer and enjoyed the incomparable German cuisine that the popular locale offered. Late in the evening, I sketched on a napkin a concept for the organization of the growing team that Norman would lead and scrawled some key words of final guidance under the diagram. "Plan for the last day of the foreign counterintelligence covert investigation," I wrote. "Who will do what? Where, & when? To whom?" As distasteful as it was, Norman and I agreed that it was time to think the unthinkable. United States authorities might be unwilling or unable to arrest Conrad, forcing us to deliver the case to our German allies. "What roles will/must be unilateral [U.S. only]?" I penned on the napkin. "What must be bilateral [in concert with German authorities]?" By the time we found our way back to the Hotel Am Brunnen, Norman and I were on the same sheet of music. The case would be closed by summer's end, one way or another, and a role for our German allies was becoming a serious possibility.

21: Tightening the Ring

Norman Runk took charge with a firm hand. From new offices in the operations building on Wiesbaden's sprawling air base, he and his expanded team orchestrated the closing ring that we had promised General Otis.

To breathe life into the surveillance effort, Runk put his faith in a uniquely talented, gutsy special agent, Bob "Wally" Gaiter. Gator (his code name) was a twelve-year veteran who had begun his career as an MP before transferring into military intelligence. Like Gary Pepper, he had made the choice with one motivation—to catch spies. By the time he was tapped to play a key role in Canasta Player, the thirty-two-year-old native of Brownstown, Indiana, had served almost seven years as a counterspy in Germany, where he had earned a reputation as an investigative pit bull. Of medium height, with a deceptively benign baby-faced visage, the tenacious Hoosier was schooled and experienced in advanced foreign counterintelligence operations and surveillance techniques. Completely familiar with the roads and terrain around Bad Kreuznach, the Gator was a sound choice for a mission that had the potential for disaster if mishandled.

"From now on," Norman told Gator, "the surveillance mission is yours. You know what we need, and we both know you can produce. Just take care of your people and keep them informed." It was the stuff of leadership—vintage Norman. From that day on, the cowed and dispirited surveillance team's morale climbed.

From my office at Fort Meade, new secure communications equipment permitted support of Norman as if he were next door. When Wiesbaden needed a legal ruling, usually on surveillance-related questions, we could provide answers on short notice. ("Hey, boss, do we have to install the electronic beeper on his car when it's parked on a public thoroughfare, or can we sneak onto his property at night and emplace it while the Audi's in the driveway?") Other operational questions continually surfaced, requiring a Washington decision. ("Sir, the surveillance team's sedans are getting too 'hot'; request permission to have them repainted different colors.")

For more than two years, in the name of security, agents in Wiesbaden had communicated with Fort Meade by message only, using the CIA's communications center at the U.S. embassy in Bonn. No one trusted the army's own telecommunications centers to handle the delicate traffic. As a result, when Al Puromaki had a message for Fort Meade, a courier had to drive more than a hundred miles to Bonn, where the text was encrypted by the CIA station, which transmitted it to agency headquarters in Langley, Virginia. An FCA liaison officer then picked up the traffic and couriered it to my office at Fort Meade. Use of the open telephone from Wiesbaden to Fort Meade was limited to innocuous subjects only since the Soviets monitored overseas calls.

The intensified surveillance of Clyde Conrad soon began to yield results. Their target, agents quickly discerned, was a tireless night owl. His usual routine was to hit the road shortly after dinner—always alone—and prowl the Century and Nahe Clubs, two popular military watering holes in the Bad Kreuznach area. Wherever he went, he was accompanied by Gator's surveillance agents. At his favorite haunts, Clyde followed a standard routine. Downing beer at his usual tempo, the retired sergeant had a penchant for playing pool, usually for money. A gregarious schmoozer, Conrad would sit in a booth or at the bar with whomever was available, conversing in his characteristic subdued tones.

On one occasion, an FCA surveillance agent managed to position herself in a booth adjacent to Clyde, who had zeroed in on an attractive female lieutenant. Conrad literally oozed charm as he effortlessly launched into a cover story, telling the young officer that he was a newly arrived civilian schoolteacher who didn't know much about the army. Perhaps the two could get together and she could help him acclimate to the ways of the military.

Agents concluded that Conrad was trolling for recruits. Each evening, Gator's agents reported, Clyde the Glide would hit the clubs, suck down a few beers, and chat with a number of people, usually ending up one-on-one, engaged in earnest conversation. To the members of the FCA surveillance team, any one of these nocturnal contacts might have been Conrad's shadowy "V Corps guy."

Norman's resourceful agents were able to identify everyone whom Conrad contacted. If they were in uniform, the name tag worn by all soldiers simplified the task. For those in civilian clothes, agents noted their vehicle tag numbers as they departed or elicited identifying information from the bartender or patrons. Gradually, the list of the retired sergeant's contacts and known associates expanded. Everyone on it would have to be checked out.

It was brutal, draining work for Gator and his stalwarts. On a typical evening, Conrad would stay out until well past midnight, then careen home in the silver Audi with a weary and wary surveillance team in cautious pursuit. On more than one occasion, the savvy spy doubled back on himself in a clear attempt to detect a tail.

Another important tactic in the promised full-court press was the development of a watchdog in the headquarters of the 8th Infantry Division—a trusted agent whom FCA investigators could target against Clyde Conrad. Investigators needed to know if the retired sergeant had left a sleeper agent in his former duty section or if he was attempting to regain access to the office's classified document vault by recruiting a subsource. In 1987, anticipating this requirement, FCA agents had spotted and recruited a senior noncommissioned officer in the 8th Infantry Division's G-3 staff section. It was time for the man to produce.

Mike Barnes was the G-3 sergeant major, the highest ranking NCO in the organization. Like Conrad before him, the senior noncom enjoyed access to most of the sensitive documents that would be of interest to Budapest. For security reasons, investigators recruited the gruff sergeant major under the guise of needing a source to assist in a security-related investigation in the headquarters. Barnes was not told that agents suspected Clyde Conrad. Instead, he was told to keep his eyes peeled for security problems.

The sergeant major was nearing the end of a distinguished career, during which he had spent many years in the elite U.S. Army Special Forces, to include combat tours in Vietnam. A powerfully built man who radiated strength and authority, Mike Barnes was one of a dying breed: the square-jawed NCO with a chest full of medals, the old army, tough but fair—most of the time. As FCA investigators checked out their man, a story appeared in the *Army Times.* "Sergeant Major Administers Traditional Discipline," the article trumpeted. Barnes, it seemed, had shaped up one of his soldiers by kicking the man across the parade ground. Agents noted with bemusement that the rugged sergeant major was proud of the publicity. Barnes was most definitely one of a kind.

Mike Barnes had a German girlfriend and planned to retire in the Bad Kreuznach area. If Conrad was looking for a well-connected confederate with access to the goodies prized in Budapest and Moscow, the former Green Beret was the perfect candidate.

In October 1987, special agent Joe Herda was detailed to handle the mercurial sergeant major. The slightly built Herda was a twenty-five-year-old staff sergeant with a keen intellect and a vocabulary to match, the sort of smart-assed, wisecracking young soldier whom NCOs such as Mike Barnes masticate for lunch. Herda was a native Alaskan, the son of a World War II veteran of the Aleutian campaign. In his sixth year of service as a special agent, Herda had been warned by his office mates that Barnes was a tiger. No one "controlled" Mike Barnes.

The investigation was entering a critical phase. Barnes had still not been told that Conrad was a target when Herda drove to Bad Kreuznach to make his first meeting with the FCA source. Herda screwed up his courage. Somehow, he had to keep the fire-breathing NCO under control.

The cigar-smoking sergeant major was waiting at the pickup point by an outdoor cigarette machine. It was raining heavily. When Herda pulled over, Barnes glided into the passenger seat with the agility of a bull elephant.

The young special agent ventured a few words of nervous small talk. It sure was one heck of a rainstorm.

Barnes jumped on the remark. "I love the rain. Made all my combat kills in Vietnam in the rain."

Herda kept his eyes on the road, wondering what he had gotten into.

Barnes pushed a Ziploc plastic bag into Herda's hand. "Here, you might be interested in this," he quipped with a smug look on his craggy face.

Herda glanced at the bag. Inside was a piece of paper on which was written the name, address, and home phone number of Clyde Conrad. The FCA agent stared, unable to disguise his reaction, in the process nearly crashing the German rental car. Barnes was not supposed to know that Conrad was the target.

"What's this? Where did you get this?"

Barnes grinned. "Just thought you might be interested in it. The guy came into my office the other day. Told me that he'd heard I was having supply problems and volunteered to help out."

Herda had to ask. "Why the plastic bag, Sergeant Major?"

Barnes fired back. "Just thought you could lift some prints from it."

Joe Herda recovered from his shock. The street-smart NCO was making fools of the MI spooks. So much for the smoke screen that agents had attempted to put up in the name of security.

Herda tasked Sergeant Major Barnes to be alert for any signs that Conrad was maintaining close contact with soldiers in his former duty section. At the same time, the FCA investigator warned the senior NCO that Clyde Conrad might approach him or one of his soldiers with a nebulous "business offer."

Within a few weeks, Barnes contacted Herda. Conrad, he revealed, had sought him out and initiated a series of probing, suspicious conversations. At first, Clyde had casually offered the sergeant major advice on how to approach his G-3 duties, even providing Barnes with a notebook that included tips on most functional areas, including the safeguarding of classified documents. Later, Barnes related, Conrad launched into an elliptical discussion of the benefits of retirement in the Bad Kreuznach area. Herda instructed the sergeant major to cultivate the friendship and let it develop naturally. Conrad was sniffing the bait.

The sergeant major played his role well. Over beer and pool, Conrad became bolder. There was much to be said for remaining in the Bad Kreuznach area, he pointed out, particularly for a bachelor with a German lady friend. Big money could be made in the information business for a man with the right connections. The patriotic and volatile Barnes was probably capable of killing Conrad by this point, but he controlled his anger and feigned interest. Clyde pushed.

"You could make fifty thousand dollars, even a hundred thousand dollars a year in the business," he enthused, leaving no doubt what he meant. Conrad confided that certain key documents could be marketed to his contacts for between 50,000 and 100,000 deutsche marks. He then told Barnes that he had an immediate requirement from a client for the location of the new northern wartime boundary of V Corps. As for army regulations concerning the security of classified materials, Clyde declared simply, "If I put ten thousand on the table, you'll know what to do about those rules."

An outraged Mike Barnes reported these developments to his FCA case officers. Things were moving rapidly. Conrad, it was clear, was serious when he told Danny Wilson that he was reinvigorated and "thrusting." We had breathed life into the beast.

Even while making his pitch to Mike Barnes, Clyde continued to call Danny Wilson at all hours, often summoning the master sergeant to meetings with progress reports on the business. Clyde confided to Wilson that he was putting the finishing touches on Operations Plan 001. A key element of the concept, Conrad elaborated, was to recruit and train field men, whose job it would be to spot and assess recruitment targets. In the new ring, he explained, field men would focus on the top-secret-document custodians at V and VII Corps; at Headquarters, U.S. Army, Europe (Heidelberg); and at the Headquarters, U.S. European Command, in Stuttgart. (Known as EUCOM, this was the unified command that controlled all army, navy, and air force components in Europe.) These agents, Conrad elaborated, would be the workers, the actual collectors. With his military intelligence background, Conrad continued, Wilson would recruit targets spotted by the field men. Then, as a controller, Danny would function as their superior. Soon, Conrad assured Danny, he would market his opus to Budapest. The charter members of the ring, he noted with pride, were to be himself and Wilson. Big money was in the offing.

In Washington, Department of Justice attorneys continued to push their agenda. Still at the head of their list was the need to smoke out the elusive Miklos. Heeding this guidance, FCA deputy director

Bob Bell contacted a colleague in a sensitive intelligence unit that was working on a compartmented program called Maximum Marvel. Explaining that we needed a classified document so enticing that Conrad would summon Miklos to an emergency meeting, Bob obtained permission to pass a message to Conrad that discussed a secret shipment of material that was due to arrive in Germany within days. A trained agent handler himself, Bob knew that any spy who came into possession of such time-sensitive, "codeword" information would almost surely smell a bonus payment and activate an emergency meeting with his case officer.

We shipped the Maximum Marvel message to Norman in Wiesbaden. Controlled Source 170 would be center stage once more. To kick off the gambit, Gary Pepper would instruct Danny Wilson to notify Conrad that he had latched onto something hot.

Once Wilson had passed the message, the plan was for the surveillance team to track Conrad on what all hoped would be a quick trip to meet Miklos, most likely somewhere in neutral Austria. Hopefully, this would enable the Gator's people to obtain photographs of Clyde Conrad in the act of betraying defense secrets to a known agent of the Hungarian intelligence service. In our haste to orchestrate this drama, we failed to discuss our choice of bait—the Maximum Marvel document—with Department of Justice attorneys. It was a regrettable oversight for which we would pay dearly.

The plan seemed to work to near perfection at the outset. Gary Pepper activated Danny Wilson, who contacted Conrad. The pair met in Heidelberg, midway between Bad Kreuznach and Wilson's government quarters in Stuttgart. Gator and his overworked surveillance personnel, on the ground and airborne, were standing by to take up the chase.

Clyde read the Maximum Marvel message, raised his eyebrows, and told Wilson excitedly, "You just cost me nine hours on the road." Bob Bell had guessed correctly. The message's cryptic reference to an imminent shipment of secret material from the United States to Germany was the kind of tip that any self-respecting spy would see as a chance to demonstrate his value. Conrad departed the meeting site in the silver Audi, Austria bound. Not even a blinding snowstorm stopped him as he sped south, followed by Gator and his team. As the Audi streaked down the autobahn, it emanated a telltale beeping sound. Overhead, FCA pilot Sky King kept pace with the target.

Experience taught us that Conrad would meet with Miklos in Salzburg or Innsbruck. South of Munich, the Audi made a turn in the direction of Innsbruck, where agents knew the favorite meeting place of the Hungarian intelligence service was the Maria-Theresien Strasse. Acting on this educated hunch, Gator had positioned a surveillance cell in a rented room that commanded an excellent view of the area. With luck, Conrad and Miklos would walk by our cameras. As insurance, army counterintelligence agents with hidden cameras patrolled the area on foot.

Conrad drove with his usual suicidal speed directly to Innsbruck, parked the Audi, and headed for Maria-Theresien Strasse, still under surveillance. There, in front of the Wienerwald restaurant, agents observed him link up with a slim, dark-haired, bespectacled man. The two conspirators then strolled along the busy pedestrian shopping zone while Gator's camera crew recorded the rendezvous for posterity. The plan had come together almost perfectly, with one significant exception. Surveillance team members who had been present during the February meeting in the Mainz Hilton Hotel recognized Clyde's Innsbruck contact as the ubiquitous courier from Sweden, Imre Kercsik. The resulting photographs of Conrad and Kercsik were useful, but Clyde's ties to the shadowy Miklos remained undocumented. Worse yet, although we didn't know it at the time, our choice of the Maximum Marvel message was about to cause the investigation to take a bizarre and unexpected turn.

22: Kidnapping and Murder

The failure to encounter Miklos in Innsbruck was frustrating, but there was no time for wound licking. The once and future spy was definitely out there thrusting, a veritable dynamo of energy as he continued to prowl the Bad Kreuznach night scene. Shortly after the Innsbruck trip, Clyde excitedly summoned the frazzled Wilson to yet another meeting. This time the subject was the Maximum Marvel document.

The enterprising Conrad was obsessed with the cryptic text of the codeword message. Although the document contained no clue to the identity or use of the Maximum Marvel material that was being shipped to Germany, Conrad noted that among its recipients were an army medical command and an office at Fort Dietrich in Maryland, where research on chemical warfare had been conducted for years. This tidbit was sufficient for the greedy Clyde. Project Maximum Marvel, he concluded (erroneously), dealt with a Defense Department breakthrough to combat Soviet nerve agents or it indicated that the army had discovered a cure for influenza or AIDS. Influenza, Conrad lectured Danny, had killed more soldiers on the battlefields of history than had gunpowder. But whatever the Maximum Marvel project was about, Clyde gushed, big money was involved. Visions of fantastic riches, huge sums of money, appeared in the ambitious spy's mind.

Once airborne on this flight of imagination, Conrad soared to new heights of greed. Suddenly, the opportunistic retired sergeant lost all interest in his budding espionage Operations Plan 001. In meetings with Danny Wilson, all Conrad could talk about was the economic opportunity posed by the Maximum Marvel (MM) message. Whatever the Maximum Marvel material was, he enthused, it was almost surely worth a king's ransom. With dollar signs almost visible in his eyes, Clyde announced to Wilson that his top priority was to cash in on this opportunity by laying his hands on a sample of the material, unlocking its formula, and marketing it to the highest bidder. An action plan to steal the sample was essential.

Now we had a real problem. The entire Maximum Marvel drama had been orchestrated to uncover a specific facet of Conrad's espionage on behalf of Budapest—the identity of Miklos. No one could have envisioned that the nebulous message would launch the impetuous and greedy former sergeant on some wild, criminal enterprise.

Almost overnight, Conrad's speculation about the MM material became truth in his mind. The opportunistic ex-sergeant was convinced that he had hooked into the chance of a lifetime.

During the next several weeks, Clyde Conrad became progressively more obsessed with the Maximum Marvel enigma. What did Danny think the MM project was all about? It had a codeword, after all, Clyde reminded his friend, and that meant it was one of the Pentagon's biggest secrets. Had Danny seen any more classified message traffic containing additional details about the upcoming shipment?

The more Conrad fantasized about Maximum Marvel, the more bizarre his ideas became. During one disturbing conversation with Wilson, he floated a sinister plan. He and Danny could somehow hijack or ambush the convoy carrying the mystery shipment and steal a sample of the obviously priceless material. Or even better, if Danny could determine the route of the convoy, he and Clyde could hide by the side of the road and shoot at the trucks. With luck, the impact of the bullets might cause some of the precious stuff to spill out onto the highway, where it could be retrieved, preserved, and analyzed.

As Norman's messages describing Conrad's wild schemes arrived in Washington, it was evident that the unscrupulous and greedy retired sergeant was spinning out of control. Our Department of Justice colleagues shook their heads in frustration and disgust and urged us to get the investigation back on track.

I relayed the concerns of official Washington, but Norman viewed Conrad's obsession differently. What Department of Justice attorneys regarded as counterproductive, Norman saw as pure opportunity. In his view, Conrad's judgment had become so clouded by greed that we could use the Maximum Marvel caper to overcome one of the biggest obstacles of the case—our lack of jurisdiction to arrest him in Germany. Clyde, Runk insisted, was so overwhelmed at the prospect of overnight millions that we could easily lure him to the United States by convincing him through Danny Wilson that the trip would yield access to the Maximum Marvel formula. Then the retired sergeant could be neatly arrested by the FBI.

Norman argued adamantly that this was the direction we needed to take, reminding me of our conversation in the *ratskeller*. Had I not tasked him to plan for the endgame? This was, he felt, the perfect ploy to bring Conrad before the bar of justice. Mindful of the lenient penalties meted out by German courts for espionage, I had to admit that Norman's aggressive approach to trick Conrad into a stateside visit was not without merit. No one wanted to admit defeat and hand the case to our West German allies, who might not be able to keep it from leaking to their cousins in the East.

Norman pushed. Even if we did manage to catch Conrad in the act of passing documents to Miklos, and uncover his ill-gotten gains as urged by the Department of Justice, unless Clyde set foot on U.S. soil, he could not be arrested and tried in an American courtroom. Convinced beyond a doubt of Conrad's guilt, the savvy agent was positive that any American jury would convict the retired sergeant based on what we had learned to date in the investigation.

Runk's views were compelling. But in Washington, one had to deal with the bureaucratic infighting that had increasingly characterized the investigation. By May 1988, we were encountering serious problems with the Department of Justice's hard-nosed attorneys. Their view, which also had merit, was that we were offtrack. The entire Maximum Marvel affair was distracting Conrad from his espionage pursuits and thereby obstructing progress in our investigation. "You don't want Conrad plotting to steal some formula for sale to a pharmaceutical firm," Justice's John Dion argued. "You want him to be stealing military secrets and selling them to an agent of a foreign power." Like it or not, this was an incontestable argument. Even though we had not intended the Maximum Marvel document to trigger a Conrad-led criminal enterprise, it had happened, and our investigation was sidetracked as a result.

As the officer responsible for the success or failure of the Canasta Player case, I knew that unless we documented Conrad's espionage as demanded by the Department of Justice, they wouldn't authorize an arrest even if the erstwhile spy were to camp on their doorstep on Pennsylvania Avenue at high noon. I firmly told an unhappy Norman that we needed to squelch the Maximum Marvel caper—the sooner, the better—and return to the basics.

This was easier said than done. In Germany, Maximum Marvel had taken on a life of its own. Nothing Danny Wilson could do or say seemed to dissuade Clyde Conrad from pursuing the instant wealth that he had convinced himself resided in the MM formula. By mid-May 1988, Wilson met with Gary Pepper and reported a troubling development. Conrad had set up a summit conference in the German city of Kiel to discuss the Maximum Marvel opportunity. The plan was for Conrad and Wilson to drive to the North Sea port, where they would meet with Imre and Sandor Kercsik. The Kercsiks, Conrad reminded Danny, were physicians. Their advice on the opportunities posed by this medical breakthrough was essential.

In late May 1988, Conrad and Danny Wilson sped north in Wilson's maroon Chrysler LeBaron. Once again, FCA's technical expert Dick Bankston had worked his magic. Knowing Conrad's penchant for drinking in the car and talking about his ambitions, Bankston fitted the Chrysler with no fewer than three separate taping systems. All Wilson had to do was throw a different switch concealed under the dash every two hours, and every word spoken in the car would be captured for posterity.

In Kiel, Clyde and Danny would link up with the Kercsik brothers, who were taking the ferry from Sweden. As usual, the faithful master sergeant was wearing a concealed tape recorder. The actual meeting of the four conspirators would be covered by a handpicked cell of FCA surveillance agents. Their mission was to obtain ID-quality photography of the four conspirators as they discussed the Maximum Marvel plan.

The Kiel summit took place in a waterfront bar. By the time Conrad and Danny linked up with the Kercsik brothers, Conrad, having inhaled his first beer in the car when he and Danny departed Frankfurt, was in an expansive, talkative mood. For the first time, Wilson met the elder Kercsik brother, Sandor, also known as Alex. He was a squarely built, dark-looking fellow whom Clyde had more than once described as a dangerously mean type sometimes used by Budapest as an enforcer. Unlike his high-spirited younger brother, Sandor was serious and low-key.

Sitting around a rough-hewn wooden table, Clyde began the discussion of the Maximum Marvel project, making it clear that this opportunity was not to be shared with Budapest. This would be another case of some opportunistic freelancing, the sort of activity that had long ago led to friction between Conrad and Zoltan Szabo.

Conrad repeated his earlier discussions with Danny. This was the opportunity of a lifetime, he told the Kercsiks. Millions might be at stake. But success depended totally on whether they could conjure up a foolproof plan to lay hands on the Maximum Marvel material. Danny would be the key man, Clyde announced. With his access to classified message traffic, only he could provide specific updates on the impending shipment, its method and route of transport, and its destination upon arrival in Germany. With this information, Conrad suggested, it might be possible to intercept the convoy and obtain a sample of the mystery material, which he insisted had to be a medical breakthrough of some sort that was worth a fortune. As Clyde rambled on, Danny Wilson realized with horror that the man was still seriously thinking about a forceful hijacking of the Maximum Marvel convoy. Not only that, the Kercsik brothers seemed to think that the reckless scheme was a good idea.

Acting on Gary Pepper's instructions, Danny Wilson offered no words of encouragement that he could play such a role. It was a fluke, he explained, that he had gotten his hands on the Maximum Marvel message, a break that was unlikely to be repeated. Undaunted, Conrad conjured up a more devious scheme.

Instead of trying to hijack the shipment to obtain a sample, why not simply steal the Maximum Marvel formula? To accomplish this, Clyde explained, it would be necessary to identify a person in the United States who had access to it. Once we home in our target, he continued, we kidnap the guy. Then we can bribe him with cash or use drugs to force him to reveal the formula. After we've got the secret, Clyde added, we'll have to kill the prisoner in a manner that makes it look like a terrorist act, so no one will know that the formula has been compromised. Of course, Conrad concluded, as a military intelligence guy, Danny would be the logical one to travel to the

United States to locate and identify the target. Implied but not explicit in Conrad's remarks was that he would then travel to the United States to carry out the plan.

An incredulous Danny Wilson glanced at the Kercsik brothers to see if they would attempt to put the brakes on Clyde's ruthless plan. But Imre and Sandor didn't blink an eye at the cold-blooded plot. Wilson would later tell Gary Pepper that the three conspirators were not just making idle conversation. Clyde Conrad, he reported, was deadly serious and prepared to commit murder to obtain the Maximum Marvel formula.

Clyde pressed the two physicians. Was there a truth serum that really worked? Or was there perhaps a drug that caused so much pain when injected that the prisoner would talk but could not be detected in his body by an autopsy? Imre Kercsik speculated that scopolamine, injected directly into the spine, would create unbearable pain.

Conrad and Sandor Kercsik then outlined a scenario that deeply shook Danny Wilson. The best case would be if the bearer of the secret formula was a female who had children. Kidnap the woman together with her children and the rest would be easy. Faced with threats to the lives of her offspring, the captive mother would give up her secret. Once the terrified woman had coughed up the Maximum Marvel formula, Conrad observed nonchalantly, she and the children would have to be eliminated. There could be no witnesses who might warn the U.S. government that the secret formula had been compromised. Taped securely around Wilson's thigh, a miniature recorder captured the outlines of the sick plot.

As for marketing the formula, there were several possibilities, all of them attractive. Sandor Kercsik felt certain that a Swedish pharmaceutical firm would purchase it and the manufacturing rights for several million deutsche marks. Conrad himself leaned toward doing business with a Swiss firm, observing with a smug chuckle that none of these schemes would in any way prevent them from a double return on their investment. We can sell the formula to a commercial firm and also to the Soviets or the Hungarians, Conrad said with a grin. The operation had almost unlimited potential, he crowed.

The discussion in the Kiel bar lasted for several hours. As the conspirators talked, FCA agent Bob Watson deposited a bag containing a concealed video camera on a nearby chair. Had Watson placed the bag on the table, the results would have been perfect. But the view from the chair was useless, yielding table legs and lower extremities. Fortunately, one of Watson's colleagues had moved through the room with a still camera rigged in an FBI-provided concealment device. This time the results were excellent. When developed, the film included a clear photo of the four plotters. Between the tape recorder strapped to Danny Wilson's leg and the surveillance photos, the gruesome Kiel conference was well documented.

News of the incredible plotting in the Kiel bar bombed in official Washington. Conrad and the Kercsik brothers had clearly flipped out in a fit of criminal greed, and it was unsupportable to have an army-controlled source present at meetings where plans were being made to commit kidnapping and murder. Norman Runk had already received marching orders to back away from Maximum Marvel but too late to avoid the Kiel summit conference. This time, I told FCA deputy Bob Bell, the Wiesbaden team must contrive a way to shut down the Maximum Marvel caper.

Bell nodded but reminded me with a characteristic wink that I would have to deal with Norman, who continued to see great opportunities in the Kiel plotters' plans.

Norman and I had one final conversation on the subject. There was no doubt in my mind that Conrad was in the grips of uncontrollable greed; this much of Norman's argument I understood. The persistent agent made his case one more time: "Boss, I'm telling you, this thing will enable us to deliver Conrad to you at JFK Airport." Not only that, Norman reminded me, Maximum Marvel wasn't a total diversion. Had not Conrad himself alluded to selling the formula to the communists? If that wasn't espionage, what was? Espionage related or not, Norman pleaded, Conrad's obsession with Maximum Marvel was the key to arresting him.

I had little doubt that Norman, Pepper, and Danny Wilson could manipulate the Maximum Marvel affair to deliver Clyde Conrad to U.S. soil. But we would never agree on this one. I was in Washington, taking the heat from the lawyers, while Norman was in Wiesbaden, dedicated to the worthy goal of seeing Clyde Conrad in a U.S. courtroom.

We had not yet produced the overwhelming, complete details of Conrad's treason that Department of Justice attorneys insisted were the minimum essential conditions to authorize an arrest. Personally, I thought their conditions were overly demanding and probably unattainable, and I was not alone in this view. Tom Reilly, the senior FBI supervisor on the case, commiserated with our plight. "This is typical for those guys over at Justice," he explained. "DOJ wants to overtry the case, and if they sense that there is even a 1 percent chance they might lose, they won't prosecute." With the Department of Justice unwilling to authorize Conrad's arrest, it was useless to pursue further operational moves to lure him to the United States.

I issued a rare direct order to Norman. Danny Wilson must cease all discussion of Maximum Marvel and offer no encouragement that he might be able to undertake a trip to the United States to locate the keeper of the formula. The Wiesbaden team must return to the original priorities of the case, and that meant identifying Conrad's mysterious "V Corps guy," smoking out details of his ill-gotten financial gains, and capturing Miklos on film.

23: The Swiss Connection

In the 1930s, Soviet spymasters reaped major benefits from a wave of idealism that swept the intellectual left in the West. Enthralled by what they perceived to be Lenin's and Stalin's great social experiment, naive students at Europe's finest universities gravitated toward communism. It was the age of the ideological spy, an era that bred Kim Philby, the Rosenbergs, and a host of devotees to Moscow's cause, all in the name of world peace.

By the 1980s, few true believers graced Moscow's spy stable. No longer an affair of the heart to most of its practitioners, espionage had become a business, and a most lucrative one at that. Before he was unmasked in 1985, retired U.S. Navy warrant officer John Walker organized and ran an espionage ring consisting of four persons. In eighteen years, Walker and his confederates earned an estimated $1.1 million from Moscow. If Danny Wilson's reporting was accurate, Clyde Conrad and Zoltan Szabo's enterprise had outdone even the infamous Walker family spy ring. Bushels of money were involved in this case, money that could be Clyde Conrad's undoing, if investigators could locate it.

Department of Justice attorneys harped incessantly on the importance of identifying the money trail. It was, they urged, essential to reconstruct Clyde Conrad's windfall profits made since his recruitment in 1975. If the retired sergeant had gone from rags to riches, FCA sleuths needed to prove it. Like most of the investigative challenges, this one belonged to Norman Runk and his Wiesbaden stalwarts.

The methodology employed by investigators to demonstrate undue affluence is not complicated. Agents begin by establishing the known legal income that the suspect earned during a stated period. For Conrad, this was no challenge. As a noncommissioned officer in the U.S. Army between 1975 and 1985, Conrad had a cumulative take-home pay somewhere in the range of $200,000; this information was no secret.

Next, agents build a balance sheet listing all known assets and expenditures of the suspect during the same period: rent, purchase of an automobile, investments, valuable property (such as Conrad's gold coin collection), and bank balances. At the same time, investigators focus on the suspect's travel during which he might have met an agent of a foreign power and received a significant cash payment. Matching such travel with bank deposits made in its wake is an important part of the process. A trip to Vienna over the New Year's holiday might appear innocent, but a hefty bank deposit made on January 4 could shed light on the trip's clandestine purpose.

The objectives are to correlate travel with money and also establish that the suspect's expenditures and lifestyle far exceed his legal income. Such was the case in the early 1990s when FBI and CIA counterspies examined the finances of CIA agent Aldrich "Rick" Ames. Agents established that Ames had poured serious money into purchasing a house and a luxury car well beyond the means of his salary, and his bank account reflected significant deposits that seemed connected with foreign travel. Once inheritance or other legal possibilities to explain the CIA officer's income were ruled out by investigators, Ames clearly displayed what counterintelligence agents term "undue affluence." The most logical source of his excessive cash flow was espionage.

It was essential to subject Conrad to this kind of scrutiny. In Canasta Player, however, the process was complicated by the fact that the cautious ex-sergeant had taken steps to conceal his assets. By 1986, Conrad was living modestly in Bosenheim. His local bank account had an unremarkable balance, although it did betray several unexplained deposits. Yet more than one witness recalled that the cash-strapped Conrad family had suddenly begun to prosper sometime around the mid-1970s, with several eyewitnesses actually seeing Clyde's infamous gold coin collection that he touted as Europe's finest. Danny Wilson reported to Gary Pepper that Clyde had repeatedly boasted that he had earned a fortune during his thirteen years of espionage, at one time mentioning a figure in excess of a million dollars. During one meeting with Wilson, Conrad proudly told his protégé that in addition to a monthly salary from Budapest, he was able to earn a bonus of between 150,000 and 200,000 deutsche marks (more than $100,000) each time he provided Budapest with a current copy of the V or VII Corps general defense plans. His ultimate goal, Clyde confided in Danny, was to score a $1 million payment for a single delivery of secrets. As an aside, Conrad also confessed to Wilson that the prospect of such windfall profits was the reason that he had rejected the idea of going into the drug business or some similar illegal enterprise. The marketing of classified material, he assured his protégé, was more lucrative and far less risky for a smart operator. Drug lords were mean SOBs.

As with many of Conrad's revelations to Wilson, these admissions were received in Washington with a mixture of astonishment and disbelief. Surely Conrad was exaggerating in order to impress his new recruit. Espionage sometimes paid well, but the sums that Clyde was advertising seemed out of line with what experience taught about East Bloc pay scales for a good agent. Most of us had been astonished at the original report in 1978 from one CIA source who claimed that Budapest's agent had received $50,000 for a single document. Now Clyde Conrad was talking about two and three times as much money for certain key war plans.

If Clyde Conrad had indeed made this kind of money, where was it? We had easily documented the suspect's military earnings; now the challenge was to cement the case for undue affluence by locating his ill-gotten gains. Uncovering a bank account or an investment portfolio that displayed a major cash deposit following a Clyde Conrad venture to Austria or after he had met with the Kercsik brothers was a sound ideal approach. Another logical first step would be to identify the Swiss bank accounts and safe-deposit boxes that Conrad had told Danny Wilson had been in his name as early as 1978. To accomplish this, Gary Pepper would coach Wilson on how to orchestrate a trip to Switzerland.

Pepper met with Wilson to plan the move. After more than a year of dealing with Clyde, Wilson knew the buttons to push. He assured Pepper that he would have no difficulty in conjuring up a trip to Switzerland. A simple appeal for help would do the job.

"I'm on board with your advice that I need to open the Swiss bank account, Clyde," Wilson announced to Conrad, "but I haven't got a clue about how to do it, or which bank is a good bank." Clyde the

Legend, mentor of aspiring spies, took the bait. The two agreed to travel together to Zurich at the end of May.

Not wishing to send army surveillance agents into neutral Switzerland, we contented ourselves with Danny Wilson as a government witness to the trip. For insurance, technician Dick Bankston rigged a long-playing tape recorder in a parcel that Wilson could bring along to record Conrad's words during the three-hour run down the Frankfurt-Basel autobahn. If Clyde the Glide acted in character, he would swill beer during the drive. Who knew what surprises his alcohol-loosened tongue might reveal?

As the two men loaded the Audi with beer and provisions, Wilson experienced a flash of anxiety as Conrad lifted one bag and wisecracked about its weight. The bag contained the long-playing tape recorder. But soon the pair were coursing down the autobahn at Mach speed with Conrad at the wheel, demolishing his first of many beers. Once again, the resourceful Danny Wilson was on his own, with instructions to get Clyde talking for the record.

In Zurich, the plan worked to near perfection. Conrad took his star recruit to the Zuricher Union Bank, which he confided was one of his own banks, and guided Wilson through the simple procedures for opening an account and obtaining a safe-deposit box. This accomplished, the two walked to a nearby square, where Clyde displayed the keys to five safe-deposit boxes he maintained in various Zurich banks. Conrad directed Wilson to wait for him in the square and excused himself for thirty minutes to accomplish unstated business. Certain that Clyde was on his way to service another account, Gary Pepper's well-coached agent prudently resisted the temptation to play spook and follow him. The suspicious and cautious Conrad could be testing him, he knew, or both of them could be under Hungarian surveillance. Better to play it safe.

If nothing else had emerged from the Zurich trip, it would have been rated a success. Once again, the plucky Wilson had come through. Thanks to his efforts, the Wiesbaden team had not only identified one of Conrad's Swiss banks but also confirmed for any skeptics that Clyde's claims concerning Swiss safe-deposit boxes were not idle boasting. The Zurich mission was a solid start at documenting Conrad's ill-gotten gains, even though the banking secrecy laws in Switzerland posed a major barrier to obtaining the detailed data we required.

But the trip was not over. As the silver Audi raced north along the Rhine River, the Zurich mission paid a pair of handsome dividends. Conrad, fueled as usual by beer, occupied himself during the drive by expanding upon his favorite subject, the enterprise. As the well-lubricated spy waxed eloquent on the brilliance of his vision for a high-tech espionage ring, Wilson listened attentively, now and then cooing in admiration and stoking the flames of Conrad's well-developed ego. Mercifully, Clyde's obsessive preoccupation with Maximum Marvel seemed to have receded to the back burner of his active brain. In its place, the mercurial ex-sergeant rediscovered his first love—espionage.

As the south German landscape flashed past, Conrad began to tout the merits of his "V Corps guy." The new source was a real winner, he confided, someone who had the balls to serve as a first-class operator in the new network. On top of that, the man was well placed. He had access to highly classified documents and the smarts to handle the risky job of actually stealing the goodies from under the noses of his superiors. The new recruit, Conrad bragged, was a career NCO with years of experience wearing the elite green beret of the Special Forces. The guy had been through all of the army's most difficult training, Conrad explained, to include Airborne, Ranger, and Special Forces. He'd also served multiple tours in Vietnam with distinction and seemed determined to retire in Germany. As Clyde prattled on about the new recruit, Danny Wilson strove to commit his description to memory, knowing that Gary Pepper would want every detail and feeling certain that the concealed tape recorder had long since run out of tape.

Conrad popped open another brew and turned the conversation to Operations Plan 001. Producing a thick document from his bag, Clyde identified it as a final draft of the plan. Because Danny was a counterspy by training, Conrad directed him to scrutinize each page of the sensitive plan to ensure that it contained no weaknesses that could result in compromise of the envisioned agent network.

As Clyde handed Danny Wilson a copy of his much-touted espionage opus, he confided one additional, priceless fact. He needed

Danny's assessment of the document soon. The reason for the deadline, Clyde added coyly, was that he had an appointment in Vienna to meet Miklos. There, he explained, he would provide his Hungarian contact with the final version of the 001 plan. Miklos would then deliver the plan to the Center in Budapest for a final blessing. Once approved, Conrad beamed, the concept would become the bible for all further operations of the new network. He and Danny could begin to build up a network of field men and workers, stolen documents would begin to flow to Hungary, and the money—big money—would be electronically transferred into their accounts in Switzerland.

As the two parted, Conrad assigned his promising new recruit one additional mission. Danny should return to his unit in Stuttgart and raid the safes. Clyde needed additional classified documents to sweeten the pot for his planned meeting with Miklos. What better way to convince the Hungarian officer that the Legend was back than the delivery of a few fresh secrets?

Norman Runk was justifiably jubilant as he reported the results of the Zurich trip. Danny Wilson had once again performed well, and the stage was now set for a meeting with Miklos. I listened with undisguised excitement as Norman described the triumph over the secure phone. After the dark days of the Maximum Marvel debacle, all of us needed good news, and this was it. The Zurich trip had moved us significantly closer to the long-anticipated day when Clyde Conrad's thirteen-year career of treachery could be stopped.

Norman's report left no doubt that Danny Wilson had outdone himself this time. As Wilson repeated Conrad's description of the "V Corps guy" to Gary Pepper, the efficient master sergeant could not know that he was describing someone with whom the Canasta Player team was quite familiar. Pepper and Runk knew immediately that Conrad was certainly describing FCA's other recruited source, Mike Barnes, the sergeant major in the 8th Infantry Division headquarters. (In keeping with standard tradecraft, Wiesbaden agents had carefully compartmented the Wilson and Barnes operations. Until the case reached its spectacular final stage, neither man knew of the other's relationship with FCA.)

The confirmation that Mike Barnes was probably Conrad's mysterious "V Corps guy" moved investigators a giant step closer to wrapping up the investigation. General Otis and the army's senior leadership in Washington had agreed that it was unwise to terminate the case as long as Conrad had an unidentified, disloyal soldier on his payroll somewhere in V Corps. Now, it appeared all but certain that Conrad's earlier claim that he had a new source in V Corps was a boast, almost certainly grounded in the cocky spy's belief that he could successfully recruit Barnes. Clyde Lee Conrad, Budapest's "Legend," was in the process of relaunching his espionage career with two fresh recruits—Danny Wilson and Mike Barnes—both of whom were double agents under FCA control. It was a delicious prospect.

Norman Runk and Gary Pepper had other reasons to celebrate. Locked securely in the Wiesbaden office safe was a carefully tagged and bagged copy of Clyde's espionage Operations Plan 001, almost certainly traceable to the man's home computer, and equally likely to have his fingerprints on it.

The acquisition of this plan was a major investigative success. The fifty-page road map for treason was surely destined to be a centerpiece in any prosecution of Conrad. Its acquisition by Danny Wilson constituted complete vindication of his role as an FCA source. For more than a year, the dedicated master sergeant had met with Conrad and faithfully related the often bizarre things that his old friend revealed. In Washington, the more far-fetched the master sergeant's reports seemed, the greater the tendency to disbelieve or dismiss them. To one degree or another, everyone, myself included, had gotten into the second-guessing mode that haunts most counterintelligence operations, where healthy skepticism flirts daily with paranoia.

Part of the problem was what one could call the too-good-to-be-true syndrome, and part of it was a gut feeling shared by many that Conrad was surely too smart to be so easily taken in by our operations against him. The cerebral Al Puromaki, who had been with the case from the beginning, had all but convinced himself that the wily Conrad was in the driver's seat. Conrad, he suspected, had known that Wilson was a double agent from the beginning. Could the manipulative retired sergeant be playing with us, cynically using Wilson to shower investigators with false information and keep us chasing our tails, all the while confident that he was immune from arrest and prosecution in his overseas retirement haven?

By the summer of 1988, only in Wiesbaden could one find nearly unbridled confidence in Danny Wilson. Gary Pepper and Norman Runk stood by their man. In Washington, I tried to be objective, but it was easy to argue that the Wiesbaden guys were too close to the problem and were committing the cardinal sin of human intelligence—falling in love with one's agent.

But when Wilson produced a copy of the plan that Conrad had been trumpeting about for a year, even those who harbored the most nagging doubts about the case were impressed. The incriminating blueprint for high-tech spying conformed in every detail to the reporting that Danny Wilson had been rendering for months.

Rivaling this achievement was Wilson's alert that Clyde would soon travel to Vienna for a meeting with Miklos. This tip presented investigators with the possibility of catching the spy from Bosenheim in the act of meeting an agent of a foreign power, without which we had no hopes for an arrest and prosecution.

The results of the Zurich trip revived my flagging confidence that we could ever achieve the difficult agenda being urged on us by the Department of Justice. Persistence was paying dividends. Like Norman Runk and every agent on his team, I dreamed of the day when a judge would eyeball Conrad and inform him that he would be spending the rest of his life in prison. Even more appealing was the realization that a change in the espionage statute during the Reagan administration now permitted the death penalty for spies who betrayed war plans. If Norman's team could prove that Conrad had indeed given his masters in Budapest "everything," the forty-one-year-old retired NCO might be the first test case of the revised statute.

Planning for the Vienna showdown went into high gear. Conrad could not be permitted to slip the noose in Vienna's crowded streets, as he had twice done in 1987. To lay the foundations for success, investigators needed details of the planned trip.

Gary Pepper met with Danny Wilson to prime him for the key rendezvous with Conrad. The Texan's mission was to ferret out Clyde's travel plans. Gator and his small army of surveillance specialists had by now been shadowing Conrad almost without respite for ten weeks, pulling twelve-hour shifts, seven days a week. Now the bleary-eyed agents of the surveillance team would again be center stage. Well briefed by Norman on the progress of the investigation, the Gator's people understood the stakes of a Vienna deployment and were ready to dig deep to end Clyde Conrad's career as a secret agent.

Wilson delivered yet again. During a brief meeting with Clyde to pass a pile of classified documents that Clyde would use to impress Miklos, the FCA agent artfully elicited the day and time that Conrad planned to take the train to Vienna. Armed with this information, Norman Runk and the Gator crafted plans for a foolproof surveillance operation.

For counterspies, the adage that a picture is worth a thousand words is gospel. A clear image of Clyde Conrad hobnobbing with Miklos might enable our CIA partners to identify the Hungarian from their biographic-photo files of known foreign intelligence personnel. That done, we were confident, Department of Justice and Pentagon attorneys would agree that the case was strong enough to justify Conrad's arrest and indictment. Whether this would be done by civilian or military authorities was a matter for the attorneys to determine.

24: Compromise

In late May 1988, as FCA investigators planned the Vienna surveillance, someone approached *New York Times* reporter Jeff Gerth at a Washington luncheon. Had Gerth heard that there was a major espionage investigation under way in Europe? Apparently, the tipster confided, some retired military folks were spying for the Bulgarians. Gerth listened attentively. At the *Times*, a good spy story was always popular with his editors. But the source had provided no details, just the cryptic fact that there was a big case under way. The lead was tantalizing, Gerth decided, but it would have to be checked out carefully. Gerth was one of Washington's best-connected reporters; if the tip were true, someone in his Rolodex would know about it.

By the summer of 1988, as the pace of Canasta Player escalated and the investigation moved inexorably toward denouement, the number of people in Washington and Europe who were granted access to the tightly compartmented case had mushroomed. This account of the investigation focuses on where the real action was—in Germany with Norman Runk and his team. But in Washington, orchestrating the complex case was a consuming, full-time job. Each day was a bureaucratic and operational roller coaster ride punctuated by multiagency steering group meetings, conferences with army attorneys, meetings with senior officers, briefings to the secretary of the army or other VIPs, and regular strategy sessions in the Pentagon chaired by the army's ranking intelligence officer, a quick-thinking, demanding three-star general named Sidney T. "Tom" Weinstein. At all such forums, my job was to provide senior officers a status report—where we were in the case, where we were going, and how we proposed to get there.

The meetings in General Weinstein's E-Ring office are particularly memorable. On the average, there were twelve to fifteen people present, including no fewer than four attorneys representing the different levels of the chain of command, the Office of the Army General

Counsel, and the Office of the Army Judge Advocate General. Some might characterize the meetings as intrusive micromanagement, but not me. On the contrary, the sessions were a useful opportunity to enlist support from key senior officers and to elicit advice on a host of issues that surfaced as we moved in fits and starts toward whatever the endgame might be. Involving the senior army leadership in this final eight months of the decade-long investigation made considerable sense to me at the time, and it still does. Nonetheless, the demands of this schedule were great, and the formidable number of people who had been granted access to the sensitive case would have been alarming to my predecessor. Jokingly, I began to refer to a law of inverse security. (In Washington, the greater the sensitivity of a secret, the greater the number of people who feel they have a right to know it.) Ultimately, we paid a price for this.

The shoe fell in early June 1988. It was the forty-fourth anniversary of D day, and I had just checked into a hotel room in Killeen, Texas, outside the gates of the army's sprawling Fort Hood. A red blinking light on the telephone beckoned. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity national liaison officer Jim Whittle had left a message. "Call the office on a secure line, sir. Something's up."

The purpose of the Texas sojourn was to meet with Lt. Gen. Crosbie Saint, the outgoing commander of the army's III Corps, who would soon replace Gen. Glenn Otis as the commander, U.S. Army, Europe. My job was to meet privately with the Fort Hood–based general, inform him that his war plans had been betrayed by Clyde Conrad and Zoltan Szabo, and explain what army counterintelligence was doing about it. Saint, one of the army's most aggressive war fighters, was not likely to welcome such news. To prepare him for the visit, Washington had asked him to grant me a private office call.

I located a secure phone and contacted Fort Meade. Jim Whittle picked up the phone. A native of Richland, Washington, Whittle was a veteran of almost twenty years of service, including a Vietnam tour as an infantry platoon sergeant in the Americal Division. Since the end of the Vietnam War, he had served as a counterintelligence special agent in Germany, Turkey, and the United States. With a background as a case officer and a technician (electronic eavesdropping and related skills), Whittle occupied one of our unit's most vital jobs. As the FCA national liaison officer, he was the director's daily eyes and ears with the national agencies without whom we could not function. Although his principal duty was the coordination of delicate matters with our interagency partners, Jim had an instinctive gift for schmoozing, which made the veteran chief warrant officer perfectly cast to be my eyes and ears in Washington. Daily, Whittle visited with officers of the FBI, the CIA, and other national-level agencies with whom we maintained close ties, always on the alert for scuttlebutt that might enhance our ability to get the job done. As the pace of the Canasta Player investigation escalated, Jim had become the proverbial indispensable man.

Whittle minced no words. He had just come back from his daily trip to CIA headquarters. We had a serious problem.

"Sir, I hope you're sitting down," he began gravely. "The *New York Times* has found out about Canasta Player."

I couldn't believe it. Perhaps the rushing noise in the secure phone had garbled his words. "Say again, Jim," I replied, hoping that I had misheard him.

But it was true. Whittle had just learned in Langley that *New York Times* reporter Jeff Gerth had contacted Bill Baker, the CIA public affairs officer (PAO). The *Times*, Gerth confided, was aware that a major spy case was under way in Europe involving retired military members selling secrets to the Bulgarians. Could Baker confirm this?

Baker told Gerth that he knew nothing about it but would check it out with appropriate CIA officials.

The alert PAO contacted his superiors, who were deeply concerned. Perhaps Gerth was on a fishing expedition for more information, but it was clear that the reporter had somehow latched onto a source who had spilled the beans about Canasta Player. Even though his facts were garbled, there was no mistaking the broad outlines of the information. There was a serious leak somewhere in Washington. If the *Times* went to press with such a story, Clyde Conrad would read it and flee to Budapest, and the CIA's sources behind the Iron Curtain would be endangered. This could not be allowed to happen. The fate of the case now rested on the CIA's ability to influence a member of the Fourth Estate.

Baker contacted Gerth and appealed for restraint. The case in question was fraught with serious national security implications. Breaking such a story would do grave damage.

Nine years later, Gerth recalled the incident. "When I called Bill Baker, I actually only had this cryptic tip dropped to me at a luncheon—not a lot of details, and certainly not enough to publish anything. I needed to develop the story. Since I had a pretty good relationship with Bill Baker, I gave him a call. I didn't have much, but I guess it was enough to shake things up. Anyway, based on Baker's request, I backed off, including I didn't make the usual inquiries around town that I normally would have under such circumstances."

Gerth told Baker that the *Times* would not pursue the matter or break the story for the moment, unless it became clear that its competitors were about to do so. Gerth recalls that Baker told him at the time that when the story did break, Baker would "work with him" in exchange for his cooperation. One hand washes the other.

Jim explained that our agency friends had apparently carried the day. The *New York Times* would sit on the explosive scoop, at least for the moment. But if the competition sniffed out the story and prepared to run it, the *Times* could be expected to break its silence. Unaware of the extent of Gerth's information, we worst-cased the problem. The resourceful reporter probably knew a lot more than he communicated to Baker, speculated Norman Runk. No doubt he had deliberately masked this by referring to Bulgarians rather than Hungarians. Canasta Player was living on borrowed time.

Deeply disturbed, I showed up the following morning to brief General Saint. The devastating news of a leak had changed the situation overnight. Even if the *Times* lived up to its promise and temporarily squelched the story, the timetable of our investigation had been derailed. If the paper broke the story, the Canasta Player investigation would crash and burn just at the point when we were finally closing on the target. Ten years of hard work and more money than I would earn in the remainder of my working days would go down the drain; Conrad and Szabo would elude justice; and national security and the reputation of army counterintelligence would suffer serious blows.

The Gerth leak could not have occurred at a worse moment. In granting General Saint formal access to Canasta Player, I planned to describe the case as the most sensitive and compartmented counterintelligence investigation in the history of the U.S. Army. Now I would have to add that, somehow, reporters from the *New York Times* had penetrated our impenetrable security. Saint could be excused for wondering about our competence.

The leak to Jeff Gerth mapped out our course. With the security of the Canasta Player investigation hinging on the patriotism, fidelity, and discretion of the *New York Times* ("those same wonderful people who gave us the Pentagon Papers," I quipped to Jim Whittle), we had no choice but to wrap up the case, one way or another, ready or not.

General Saint listened attentively and focused on photographs of Clyde Conrad and former armor officer Zoltan Szabo. Saint, a career tanker, pointed to Szabo's picture and shook his head slowly.

"I knew Szabo when he was a captain," Saint observed. "We served together many years ago. He was a good officer then."

The general calmly absorbed the bad news about the leak, which I pointed out would undoubtedly force an end to the marathon investigation within weeks of his assumption of command in Heidelberg. Now that the press was sitting on the story, we could not follow a protracted investigative plan. Conrad would have to be confronted soon.

I jetted back to Washington, still in a dark frame of mind. The long-awaited endgame of Canasta Player was staring us in the face. But other than Norman Runk's assurances that he could use the Maximum Marvel affair to lure Conrad to the United States—a ploy that had been rejected by the Department of Justice—no plan to end the investigation existed.

Inside the Beltway, consternation over the bad news was universal. The inevitable finger-pointing had commenced, although no one had a clue concerning who would leak such a sensitive story. And there was no time to waste on a leak investigation (traditionally the most intractable and fruitless of investigations). Fearful that the *Times* might break the story at any time, there was a collective sense that our backs were to the wall. It was time to make some tough decisions about ending the case.

Three serious options existed to bring Clyde Conrad before the bar of justice. None was overly promising.

One option could be executed by the German government. If the Washington legal community could not devise a foolproof formula to arrest Conrad and try him in a U.S. courtroom, we could always appeal to the West Germans for assistance.

A second option fell squarely into the jurisdiction of the Department of Justice: arrest and trial before a federal judge.

The final option, arrest and court-martial, could be carried out by the Department of Defense.

The German option was the least palatable. With no disrespect intended toward our German allies, we were not enamored of this approach. Conrad needed to feel the hammer of American justice, which was unforgiving of espionage. The German option was fraught with security concerns, and no one wanted to see Clyde Conrad get away with the sort of light sentence that a German court would likely mete out. If, as we felt certain, Conrad was the East Bloc's most successful human intelligence penetration of NATO in history, a sentence of life in prison, or even death, was appropriate. Only an American court could be counted upon to deliver such punishment.

The second option was for Conrad to be tried by Department of Justice prosecutors in a civilian court. This approach was more complex and less certain than the other options, because we could not arrest Conrad in Germany, and the retired sergeant showed little inclination to travel to the United States, where he could be apprehended. And the Germans could not arrest him on our behalf and hand him over; this would be a violation of the treaty that governed extradition. For Conrad to find himself facing a judge in a U.S. courtroom, he would have to make a serious mistake and travel to the United States. Well aware of this, Norman Runk and his Wiesbaden colleagues were ready to revive the Maximum Marvel affair and snooker the greedy spy into buying an airline ticket.

But the most serious obstacle to the Department of Justice option was the Department of Justice. We had thus far failed to convince the DOJ prosecutors that a trial of Clyde Conrad would be successful. Certainly I believed it would be, as did Norman Runk, Gus Hathaway, and most of our FBI colleagues. But the Department of Justice attorneys remained reluctant to sign up to any espionage prosecution that did not offer an airtight chance of a conviction. Timidity was their watchword.

To the investigators in the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity who had spent years on the case and who knew best the magnitude of Conrad's treason, the preferred denouement was option three: recall the traitorous sergeant to active duty and court-martial him. As a military retiree, Sergeant First Class Conrad could be handed orders reactivating him and then be immediately arrested. Justice could then be administered by a court-martial convened by the commanding general of the 8th Infantry Division.

This course of action had considerable appeal. Conrad would face justice from a court of his peers—the fellow soldiers whose lives he had put at risk by betraying war plans to our Warsaw Pact adversaries. The Uniform Code of Military Justice permitted the ultimate penalty for Conrad's sort of betrayal, and putting Clyde back in uniform was the only way that American authorities could legally arrest him in Germany. As long as the retired noncommissioned officer was a civilian living on German soil, he was subject to German civil law, not American.

Surely Clyde Conrad had planned it this way. That's why he had carefully refrained from obtaining postretirement employment with the U.S. Army and why he had avoided frequent travel to the United States. With no ties to the U.S. forces in Germany, the cagey ex-sergeant knew that he was all but immune from arrest by American authorities. The prospect of ringing the doorbell of Conrad's Bosenheim house, handing the disloyal retiree orders recalling him to active duty, then standing aside while two military policemen arrested him for espionage was a vision that had more than minimal appeal.

As the lawyers in Washington focused on these options, FCA investigators in Wiesbaden pulled off yet another major success. This time it happened in Vienna.

25: Miklos

On June 25, 1988, Clyde Conrad disembarked from an intercity train in Vienna. Tucked in his jacket was a bundle of secret documents provided by Danny Wilson and a copy of Espionage Operations Plan 001. As Clyde moved along the platform, Gator's agents easily spotted their target's characteristic shock of white hair. True to his cautious nature, the veteran spy moved directly into the crowded pedestrian shopping zone in the elegant Stadtzentrum. On the two earlier occasions when FCA agents had attempted to tail the slippery agent in Vienna, Conrad had shaken his pursuers by darting in and out of stores and diving into crowded places. To Gator's dismay, history repeated itself. The well-schooled spy detoured abruptly into a crowded department store that had several exits and disappeared into a sea of shoppers. Desperate agents covered the store's exits in a vain attempt to reconnect with their man.

Gator was furious but kept his wits about him. Over a small handheld radio, he flashed a codeword that directed all team members to execute an emergency drill worked out to cope with just such a contingency. A dozen agents flooded the target area and began a preplanned search pattern of the neighborhood. Gator was convinced that Conrad and Miklos were meeting in a bar or restaurant, probably within a block or two of where Clyde had shaken his tail, because the Hungarians were too cheap to invest in an expensive Vienna hotel room for a short meeting.

Foreign Counterintelligence Activity agents smothered the area and systematically checked out every bar, beer cellar, and restaurant, communicating with Gator by small radios as they canvassed each search grid. Then, just at the point when the Gator was ready to slash his wrists, the tactic paid off. In Vienna's famous Gosser Beer Hall, a basement beer cellar that seats hundreds of people, an alert agent spotted Conrad hunkered in a booth with another man. After alerting her teammates by radio, she moved boldly through the crowded beer hall toward the booth.

The beer cellar was jammed with several busloads of noisy tourists. Across from Conrad sat a heavy-joweled, dark-haired man—Miklos, at last. Gator's agent made several passes by the booth, her concealed purse camera clicking away unheard amid the noisy diners. As she passed the booth, Conrad and his Hungarian companion were engaged in animated discussion. Clyde had laid some papers on the table and was talking rapidly. Miklos seemed to be unreceptive to the pitch and could be seen shaking his head.

Other agents arrived on the scene and settled in at nearby tables to observe the two men. Clyde and Miklos sat at the table for almost an hour. From the manner of their parting and the look on Conrad's face, the session did not appear to have been cordial. The two conspirators paid their bill and departed, escorted at a discreet distance by Gator's triumphant agents.

As Conrad strode briskly in the direction of the railroad station, Miklos linked up with two men on the sidewalk. By now, Gator was enjoying the drama. The three unsuspecting Hungarians were virtually surrounded by FCA agents armed with still and video cameras. Gator chuckled. Miklos's two companions were his countersurveillance team—men whose job it was to keep watch and warn their man of any possible hostile surveillance. This was not their finest hour. The three Hungarians ambled to a nearby park, where Miklos passed around the documents that Conrad had given him for all to inspect. After a few minutes in the park, the three men walked to a small, Hungarian-tagged vehicle—a Soviet-made Lada—and drove off in the direction of the Hungarian border. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity video cameras recorded the action.

The pictures taken in the Gosser Beer Hall came out perfectly. The camera captured Conrad and the Hungarian in animated conversation, with papers spread out on the table in front of them. Other shots showed the pair walking together on the streets of Vienna, and Miklos with his two companions. Our CIA colleagues easily identified Miklos as Hungarian lieutenant colonel Andras Berenyi, a known intelligence officer who had once served in the Hungarian Trade Mission in Hamburg, West Germany.

This was the best possible news. Persistence and hard work had paid off. The photos conclusively documented Conrad's ties to a known Hungarian intelligence officer. In Wiesbaden and Washington, spirits soared. Surely this would satisfy our demanding Department of Justice colleagues. The untimely leak to the *New York Times* was forcing us to terminate the case, but we could now move from a position of strength.

In late June 1988, a critical meeting of the Canasta Player steering group took place at the imposing Pennsylvania Avenue headquarters of the FBI. With ten years of effort hanging by the thinnest of threads, at issue was the urgent need to close the investigation. Army, CIA, and FBI agents sat around the conference table, joined by a lone Department of Justice attorney. All agreed that it was time to apprehend Clyde Conrad. The question that hung in the air was how.

Pentagon staff lawyers had already researched the regulations and delivered a disappointing assessment. Senior army legal officers advised against recalling Clyde Conrad to active duty and trying him by court-martial. Even though the Uniform Code of Military Justice (military law) permitted this to be done, the army had never attempted it. As a result, there were no implementing policies or regulations on the books under which a recall for the purposes of prosecution could be carried out. Theoretically, this problem could be hastily corrected—new policies could be established—but cautious military lawyers were concerned that a smart defense attorney might be able to find fault with the process and successfully challenge it, in which case Clyde Conrad could go unpunished. I understood the argument, even though I didn't like it, and would have voted to accept this risk (had I been given a vote). On the other hand, the thought of Conrad beating the rap because of some procedural glitch was repugnant. If military attorneys felt that the court-martial approach was unacceptably risky, who was I to challenge their expertise?

Because of the Pentagon decision, when the Canasta Player steering group convened, it was clear that the Department of Justice was the sole remaining avenue for prosecution of Clyde Conrad by the U.S. government.

Throughout 1988, the Department of Justice had played unrelenting hardball with army counterintelligence as agents stalked

Clyde Conrad. The process was sometimes difficult, but Justice attorneys had provided valuable guidance and assisted us in keeping the correct focus. We had heeded the DOJ advice, so that by the time the watershed meeting convened, FCA agents in Wiesbaden had accomplished much of what Justice attorneys had demanded. Once we recovered from the unlucky (but revealing) Maximum Marvel digression, Norman and the Wiesbaden crew had faithfully moved the investigation along the path recommended by the lawyers.

As the meeting's attendees raided the FBI-provided coffee and donuts and settled in at the large conference table, army, CIA, and FBI attendees at the pivotal meeting were unanimous that it was time for the Department of Justice to step up to the plate and prosecute Conrad. All knew that the surveillance in Vienna had yielded ID-quality photography of Clyde Conrad as he met with Miklos, who had departed the scene in a Hungarian-tagged car. Added to the vast quantity of information obtained by Danny Wilson, we now possessed compelling evidence of a conspiracy between Clyde Conrad and an agent of a foreign power.

On the eve of the critical session, Norman Runk and I spoke on the secure phone. Runk knew the stakes and fretted over the meeting's outcome. Put politely, Norman lacked full confidence that Department of Justice lawyers would be supportive of our efforts. More bluntly, the Wiesbaden team chief was openly cynical and predicted that the "DOJ bureaucrats" would fail to do their duty.

I reassured the worried agent. When the chips were down, the Department of Justice would surely not miss the opportunity to prosecute a spy of Conrad's notoriety. Intuitively, I knew that the case, when it broke, would expose the Szabo-Conrad ring as one of the most damaging in the history of the Cold War. The Department of Justice would get on board. And when they did, we would have to deliver Clyde Conrad into their arms.

The meeting commenced with a round of mutual hand-wringing about the *New York Times* leak. All agencies—army, FBI, CIA, and Department of Justice—were dismayed at the thought that someone would talk to the media about such a sensitive investigation. Having said this, we all surely had the same thought: Was the leaker among the fourteen or so persons sitting around the long conference table? Which agency harbored someone capable of such a leak, and what was the leaker's agenda? Who at our meeting might have a vested interest in spiking the investigation?

After providing a short update on the Vienna success, I tabled the $64,000 question: In view of the progress made by the FCA Wiesbaden team and the imminent danger of a media story that could propel Conrad on his escape route to Budapest, would the Department of Justice prosecute Conrad if we could somehow manipulate the greedy spy to travel to the United States? All eyes shifted and focused on the Justice representative.

The Department of Justice attorney responded with an artful display of circumlocution. Prosecution of Conrad was possible, he opined, but only under certain conditions. The army's Foreign Counterintelligence Activity had done a truly magnificent job in identifying and stalking Clyde Conrad. However, he added, there were some "uncomfortable dimensions" of the case that worried the Justice Department. Chief among them were the CIA's involvement in the investigation and the army's introduction of the Maximum Marvel document into the case.

The discussion that followed this announcement was of the sort usually described in official Washington as a "frank exchange of views." After several minutes of polarized debate that solved nothing, I repeated my question. What we needed was a commitment from the Department of Justice attorney. Would DOJ prosecute Conrad or not?

The answer was yes and no. Simply stated, the DOJ attorney explained, the Department of Justice desired assurances that the CIA would be willing to testify in court concerning all aspects of its involvement in the investigation. Experience had taught the Justice attorneys that the CIA was normally unenthusiastic about sanctioning the appearance of its personnel in a courtroom.

There was a history to the Department of Justice's demands for a formal CIA commitment to cooperate in the prosecution. In an infamous 1986 case, the Department of Justice had prosecuted Richard Craig Smith, a former army civilian, for espionage on behalf of the KGB. In 1984, a cash-strapped Smith had disclosed the identities of several army double agents to the Soviets in Tokyo. Smith, who had worked as a case officer in FCA before resigning, was arrested and charged with espionage. No fool, he ultimately resorted to the time-honored defense that he was actually working for the CIA. Privately, CIA officials scoffed at Smith's contention. Nonetheless, the issue had to be confronted directly by the government in the courtroom, which required the testimony of someone from the agency. This led to what Department of Justice prosecutors regarded as an unresponsive attitude on the part of the CIA as federal prosecutors and Smith's defense team sparred over how much sensitive information might be released in the courtroom. Eventually, a retired CIA officer appeared on the stand to testify that the agency had never heard of the two CIA agents for whom Smith claimed he was working when he passed information to the KGB. Unfortunately, as the FBI's principal case agent recalls, the CIA witness "came across as an absolute weasel to the Judge and the jury. He just seemed like he was withholding information and not telling the truth, so that the trial converted almost instantly to a trial of the CIA rather than a trial of Craig Smith."

Smith was acquitted, leaving a legacy of hurt feelings and resentment. It was the only time in the history of the Justice Department that the government had lost an espionage prosecution, a humiliating legal debacle at the vortex of which had been FCA (Smith being a former FCA agent) and the CIA. After his release, Smith rubbed salt in the Justice Department's wounded ego by boasting during a nationally broadcast television interview that he was the only person ever to be tried for espionage in a U.S. courtroom and acquitted.

Still smarting from the ill-fated Smith prosecution, the Department of Justice sought assurances that any prosecution of Clyde Conrad would be a 100 percent team effort by the government, the CIA included.

But on this occasion, the CIA would not blink. Gus Hathaway was adamant that Conrad face prosecution in a U.S. court. If required, the agency representative stated, Hathaway would personally appear in court and testify about the CIA role in the unmasking of Conrad, no holds barred. Such testimony could be accomplished under the umbrella of the Classified Information Protection Act, which provided for closed court sessions and the granting of limited security clearances to defense attorneys when sensitive national security issues were likely to surface. Having given birth to the Canasta Player investigation in 1978 (and having lost no small sum of money to Conrad during the David scam), the CIA would not abandon its commitment to put Conrad in jail.

This left us with one outstanding issue: the Department of Justice's discomfort with the Maximum Marvel issue. The Justice attorney demanded firm assurances that the Pentagon would cooperate fully and permit testimony about the project in the event that it surfaced during Conrad's trial.

The Pentagon position was that the project should be kept out of the courtroom by the prosecution, to which the Justice Department representative shook his head vigorously. "The government can avoid mention of Maximum Marvel during the prosecution's presentation," he pointed out, "but when Conrad's defense attorney learns of the project under discovery rules, we cannot prevent him from asking about it. Like it or not, Maximum Marvel has been in this case since the day Colonel Herrington's people introduced that document."

It was the Justice Department's secret weapon to fend off the unwanted prosecution. And my organization had provided it by using the Maximum Marvel message. At the time, we were focused on the need to manipulate Conrad into contacting Miklos—at the urging of the Department of Justice. The one-page message seemed like a good idea. In hindsight, the choice of document had been unwise. Had we explained the Maximum Marvel strategy during a steering group meeting before its execution, the lawyers would have undoubtedly seen the trap and saved us from falling into it. Still, one had to believe that the Department of Justice was overreacting to the problem. If, in a trial, the innocuous message had to be introduced, so be it. After all, the Maximum Marvel people had not had a problem with it being passed to Budapest or Moscow, so what was wrong with its being introduced in a courtroom but limiting discussion of the project's details?

This approach was unacceptable to our DOJ partners. Introducing the cryptic message, they insisted, would open the door to questions concerning the details of the project. No amount of argument could dissuade them from this view, and the Pentagon was unwilling to permit exposure of the project's details in a courtroom, even a closed courtroom. Faced with this dilemma, the Department of Justice attorney announced that his department would not agree to prosecute Conrad. I can still recall his words: "You can't expect us to go out on the football field to play, but not let us have the football. If we agree to prosecute, nothing can be held back." Justice was insisting on overtrying the case, just as FBI agent Tom Reilly had predicted.

This was a bitter pill to swallow in light of the hard work and sacrifice that FCA agents had expended in the pursuit of Conrad, not to mention the more than $500,000 we had spent on the case in the first six months of 1988.

Frustrated and angry, I posed a question: "Are you telling me that in spite of everything we have collected about Conrad's activities—his recruitment of Danny Wilson, the Switzerland trip, the acquisition of the espionage operations plan, and the photographs of the recent Vienna meeting—if Clyde Lee Conrad showed up at JFK Airport tomorrow, the Department of Justice would not authorize his arrest?"

The eyes of all present turned to the hapless Justice attorney, who replied simply, "That's what I'm saying."

Incensed, I fired back, "Is this your personal view, or is it the position of the attorney general?"

"This is our department's view, not mine," the attorney replied.

The meeting concluded on this acrimonious note. We were now at an impasse. It was clear to everyone present that the Department of Justice position was based on the cautious judicial philosophy that it prosecutes only when it has a 100 percent chance of a conviction. Arguments that the case against Conrad was strong and likely to get stronger once he and the Kercsiks were arrested and their houses searched fell on deaf ears. Neither did we encounter sympathy when we attempted to convince Department of Justice representatives that, philosophically, the government should prosecute when it was convinced of the defendant's guilt and when it appeared that a competent prosecutor could marshal significant evidence to obtain a conviction. Sometimes prosecution was the right thing to do, even if the case was not 100 percent airtight.

Foreign Counterintelligence Activity investigators had amassed a mountain of exhibits that could be introduced as evidence. A search of Conrad's Bosenheim home would doubtless lead to the seizure of his computer, likely to contain compromising materials, not to mention his Casio pocket organizer, which Danny Wilson had reported was crammed with other incriminating information. Furthermore, Wilson himself could take the stand and testify about his recruitment by Conrad and their meetings with the Kercsik brothers. And if the Kercsiks were arrested in Sweden, they would likely confess and implicate Conrad. With the exception of the Department of Justice attorneys, those familiar with the case were convinced that the army had amassed overwhelming information pointing to Clyde Conrad's guilt.

But the Justice Department's attorneys held their ground. In their view, the Department of Justice had not refused to prosecute Conrad; the department had merely levied two reasonable conditions on the matter, one of which was unacceptable to the Pentagon. In the annals of the Justice Department's history, it would be written that the army had tainted the case and derailed the chances for prosecution of Conrad by introducing a sensitive program that could not be permitted to see the light of day in a courtroom.

Those of us who were close to the case felt that we knew what was going on. It was the ghost of the Richard Craig Smith humiliation raising its head and reminding our Justice colleagues that American juries could be capricious. True, the case was not as neatly wrapped as any of us would have liked, but it was strong and likely to get stronger. We believed that the American people would never understand it if a spy such as Conrad were permitted to get away with his treachery. Our Department of Justice counterparts were not concerned with such matters. They had found a way out of what they assessed as a potentially messy case, and they took it. As I later told a bitterly disappointed Norman Runk, that was how the game was played inside the Beltway.

26: The Rescue: The Germans Weigh In

The opposition in FCA to asking our German allies to roll up Clyde Conrad and his confederates was visceral. No one lacked respect for the German security organs, which could perform with great skill when challenged. But the principal targets of the investigation were two retired American soldiers who appeared to rank among the most damaging traitors in our nation's history. Clyde Conrad and Zoltan Szabo should be held accountable for their treason by the American criminal justice system.

Yet it was also true that Conrad's and Szabo's espionage had undermined Bonn's security as much as, if not more than, that of Washington. After all, West Germany, not Pennsylvania, would be the battlefield in the event of war in Central Europe. Too, among the thousands of betrayed secrets were both German and NATO war plans. Nor could we not ignore cryptic statements made by Conrad to Danny Wilson that strongly suggested the recruitment of at least one member of the West German army by the ring.

We also opposed taking the case to the Germans for technical reasons. The first was security. The same security concerns that had caused us to pursue the investigation behind the backs of our German allies told us that it would be dangerous to bring Bonn into the case before Conrad was safely behind bars. Having said this, it seemed presumptuous, if not outright hypocritical, for us to pontificate to the Germans about security. After all, had not the *New York Times* penetrated ours?

A more serious problem was the discouraging track record of the West German government in meting out punishment for espionage. In the most celebrated and damaging case of espionage against the Germans, Chancellor Willy Brandt's personal assistant, Gunter Guillaume, had received a fourteen-year sentence for passing secrets from the pinnacle of the Bonn government to East Berlin. No one was confident that the West German justice system would be able to satisfactorily sentence a traitor whose acts had put NATO forces at risk of a quick defeat in the event of war in Central Europe.

But all of these considerations were moot. Our investigation had exposed a spy ring that had delivered NATO's war plans to the communists for sixteen years. The American press was poised to break the story, and we couldn't find anyone on our side of the Atlantic Ocean willing to arrest Conrad and take the case to court. In truth, we had no choice but to package up our case file and export it to our German allies, however disappointing this might be. A ten-year sentence would be heavy by German standards, but at least we would stop the hemorrhage of secrets and have the satisfaction of seeing Conrad where he belonged—behind bars. Within days of the frustrating meeting in FBI headquarters, my army superiors instructed me to approach the West German government and request its assistance in wrapping up the decade-long investigation.

As the bureaucratic infighting played itself out in Washington, Norman Runk's Wiesbaden team pressed its pursuit of Conrad. As usual, at the center of the action was Controlled Source 170, MSgt. Danny Wilson.

Within a week of Conrad's return from Vienna, Wilson contacted Gary Pepper and signaled the need for a meeting. As expected, Clyde the Glide had contacted him to report on the Vienna trip. The FCA double agent was bursting with news.

Wilson reported that Clyde had triumphantly declared the Vienna trip to be an unqualified success. His meeting with Miklos, Clyde enthused, had been a positive three-hour session, during which the Hungarian case officer had praised Conrad's vision of a high-tech espionage ring. The grand design was on track. In fact, Conrad boasted, Miklos was so upbeat about the envisioned enterprise that he had given the green light for a Budapest trip, during which Conrad could sell his concept to the Center. In three weeks, Clyde said with a grin, he would be in Budapest, where he confidently predicted he would obtain final approval of his plan. (Norman noted that Conrad's description of the Vienna meeting and that of Gator's surveillance people differed. The meeting had actually been much shorter, and clearly contentious. In character, Clyde was imparting a positive spin to impress his protégé.)

Finally, Wilson told Gary almost matter-of-factly that he had been able to determine Conrad's travel plans. After his normal quota of

German beer, the spy had confided that he would drive to Budapest on July 17.

This was welcome news. If Conrad was Budapest bound in the silver Audi, Gator's team would have the opportunity to photograph the veteran spy as he drove across the Austro-Hungarian border.

The news that Clyde Conrad was on the verge of a pilgrimage to the Center in Budapest also had a downside. The problem was the *New York Times.* If Clyde was savoring gypsy violin music over a bowl of goulash and a glass of Tokay wine in a Budapest restaurant when the *Times* broke the story, the case was finished.

In late June 1988, I boarded a Pan Am 747 for Germany clutching a tubular case containing a map of Europe, around which appeared a cluster of attention-getting surveillance photos documenting the conspiracy of Clyde Conrad and Zoltan Szabo. Arrows led from the photographs to the cities in Germany and Austria where Conrad and his coconspirators had carried out their espionage activities. The highly classified chart was a road map that graphically depicted the history of the complex case. It was not an item that one would want to lose in an airport.

The army leadership had concurred with Gus Hathaway's suggestion that we approach Dr. Peter Frisch, the vice president of the West German counterintelligence service (the BfV). Frisch was a respected and popular professional with whom Hathaway enjoyed a warm relationship. The entree would be arranged by CIA Station, Bonn. Dr. Frisch would be invited to the U.S. embassy for a tour of the facilities, during which he would be diverted into my presence. My job was to unveil the chart and make a formal request for German assistance.

Considerable thought went into the plan for the important meeting. My appeal would require an up-front admission to Dr. Frisch that we had been conducting the Canasta Player investigation on German soil for years. Then would follow a summary of the case and a request for Bonn's assistance in the final phases of the sensitive investigation. This latter point was critical. If we merely tried to drop the case in the Germans' lap and ask them to arrest and prosecute Conrad, they would have no sense of participation in the investigation. If, on the other hand, we requested that Frisch and his agents join us as partners in the final phase of the case, after which they would arrest Conrad, we could better establish the basis for the teamwork and cooperation essential for success.

On the eve of my departure, controversy was rampant in Washington over the decision to ask the Germans to bail us out. Some, myself among them, were haunted by visions of a communist mole in Bonn hustling off to East Berlin and blowing the entire investigation within days of the approach to Dr. Frisch.

Others cautioned that the messenger who carried the case to Bonn would be walking into a political buzz saw; the Germans would be upset that we had conducted the investigation behind their backs and would refuse to buy into a case as complex, risky, and potentially explosive as Canasta Player. We were, after all, telling the Germans that we had not trusted them with the case for years and then, in the next breath, asking them to tackle the landmark investigation as it entered its most delicate stage. In addition to stalking and eventually arresting Conrad, they would clearly be required to coordinate with the Swedes to effect simultaneous arrests of the Kercsik brothers, and also with the Austrians if it appeared feasible to score a clean sweep by apprehending Zoltan Szabo. It was a substantial undertaking, all of which would have to be accomplished quickly to minimize the dangers of a compromise at the hands of an East German penetration agent. Assuming that Conrad's arrest was successfully orchestrated, the Bonn government would then face a costly and complex prosecution.

Airborne over the Atlantic, I silently rehearsed the planned approach and fretted over its possible outcome. If a German colonel were to approach the FBI in Washington, confess that he and his agents had secretly run an espionage investigation for years in the United States, and solicit assistance in wrapping up the case—assistance that would require coordinated arrests in Washington, Ottawa, and Mexico City, followed by a complex and costly prosecution in a U.S. court—how would the Department of Justice and our FBI friends respond?

Then there were the stakes to consider. Failure to obtain Dr. Frisch's pledge of assistance, above all with respect to a prosecution of Conrad, would leave us stranded with a spy on our hands whom no one wanted to arrest. Conrad could not be permitted to walk, I knew, but this was a real possibility if we could not sell the case to someone willing to prosecute. No question about it: Frisch had to be persuaded or Norman Runk and his agents would never forgive me. He and the Wiesbaden team had delivered everything that was asked of them. My job was to find a home for their case.

On June 29, 1988, we executed the overture to the Germans. As Dr. Frisch and his small entourage toured the Bonn embassy's facilities, the senior German official was temporarily split off from the group and ushered into my presence in a CIA office behind a vault door. The Canasta Player chart was prominently displayed on an easel. Bill Lieser, the CIA's deputy station chief and a major supporter of our investigation, introduced me and Norman, explaining that I was an army intelligence officer and friend of Gus Hathaway's who had just flown in from Washington.

For perhaps twenty minutes, I described the investigation, emphasizing that the case was the longest running, most sensitive, most compartmented army counterintelligence investigation since World War II. Using the eye-catching chart, I traced the origins and activities of the Szabo-Conrad ring, emphasizing its years of betrayal of NATO, German, and American secrets. Apologetically referring to the fact that we had run the case without consulting German counterintelligence authorities, I explained the *New York Times* problem. If the *Times* broke its story and Conrad attempted to flee to Austria or Hungary, we hoped for German assistance in the form of an advisory to all border posts to apprehend the retired sergeant on sight.

Dr. Frisch listened patiently without interrupting. I continued. Could the Germans assist in the surveillance of Conrad during the final phase of the investigation? Our own surveillance efforts had been under way since February, and every day brought renewed fear of a mistake by exhausted American agents that might alert Conrad. It would thus be helpful if the Germans could tap Conrad's telephone under their G-10 law. A timely telephone tap would provide another valuable window into our target's activities and state of mind. By listening to Conrad's phone conversations, we would acquire tipoffs that would make surveillance operations easier and less risky.

Finally, I admitted to Dr. Frisch that Conrad's full-time residence in Bosenheim and the cautious spy's deliberate avoidance of civilian employment with the U.S. Army posed a jurisdictional problem that rendered it all but impossible for us to arrest and prosecute him. Army attorneys continued to struggle with legal issues associated with recall to active duty and court-martial, I added, but we were not optimistic that a solution could be found. In such a case, it was likely that we would ask the German government to arrest and prosecute Conrad to the maximum extent permitted by law. Then I held my breath.

Frisch turned his gaze from the chart to me and spoke.

"Have you controlled his telephone?"

I shook my head. "No, sir. That's one of the reasons we badly need your assistance during the final phase of the investigation."

The senior German official expressed a measure of astonishment that we had been able to shadow Conrad for so many months and amass such a revealing collection of surveillance photographs during the man's operational meetings in Austria. Unspoken was the notion that if Conrad was such a top spy, how could we have laid bare his activities so completely?

The money question also disturbed Dr. Frisch. In his experience, it was unheard of for a spy to earn the amounts of money we attributed to Clyde Conrad. (I had used the figure of a $50,000 payment for a single document in the presentation.)

Frisch had another question. "Colonel, how long do you envision this final phase of the investigation to last?"

"That depends, sir," I responded. "Conrad intends to travel to Budapest in July, so we would need to confer on whether or not it is a good idea to permit this trip in view of the danger of a press story. But in no case do we envision the phase to last longer than ninety days."

Dr. Frisch shook his head slowly. "We would see this phase as going no longer than thirty days. As you know, we have our own problems with security. Because of this, we cannot put Conrad's name on a watch list to prevent him from crossing the border. Our experience with such lists has not been good. Often they are passed to our friends in East Berlin within twenty-four hours."

Another matter troubled Dr. Frisch. "You understand that our laws are not the same as yours when it comes to espionage. If you really want this Conrad to be punished severely, our courts are likely to disappoint you. You would be better off arresting him yourself."

This was an awkward moment. Dr. Frisch was preaching to the choir, but there was no reason to dwell on the near bloodletting in Washington over the prosecution decision. Yet it was important to be honest. I explained that military and civilian attorneys in Washington had wrestled with the issue for weeks without a satisfactory solution. Faced with the urgent need to wrap up the case, we were prepared to accept whatever punishment the German courts might mete out, the major objective being to put an immediate stop to Conrad's treason.

The German nodded his understanding. Silently grateful that we had begun to discuss the modalities of cooperation, I explained that my investigative team was operating under cover in Wiesbaden. Herr Runk was the agent in charge, and he was under instructions to open the books of the case to our new German partners. As for the timing of Conrad's takedown, that was a matter for the Germans to determine.

Dr. Frisch glanced at his watch and rose to depart. "We will gladly assist you," he announced, "although you have done an amazing job without us up to this point. But I wish you to please give this same briefing to the two colleagues who accompanied me today, if you could. The case will fall into their area of responsibility."

That was it. Canasta Player was now a joint investigation. The doom and gloom predictions of an angry German backlash had not been borne out. From this point on, Norman Runk and his team would work with the German security organs and prosecutors to create the conditions for Conrad's arrest and prosecution.

Timing was now the key. Runk and his agents would have to explain the complex case to our new partners and convince them that it was a winner. All of this had to be accomplished within days if an arrest were to occur within a month. The meaning of Dr. Frisch's candid admission that "we have our own problems with security" was evident. Our German partners had just signed on and were already worried that a leak to East Berlin could derail the investigation.

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Dr. Peter Frisch's goal to arrest Clyde Conrad within thirty days proved unattainable. The investigation was simply too complex to hand off that quickly to the German authorities. Ultimately, almost two months would race past before our German partners were ready to deliver the coup de grace to Zoltan Szabo's espionage ring. A formidable amount of coordination had to be accomplished to lay the foundation for the arrests, most of it consisting of detailed explanations of every dimension of the case to our willing but incredulous new partners.

Point man for the U.S. government was Norman Runk. Working initially with German investigators of the BfV, the dedicated agent and his team had a major job on their hands merely to convince their German counterparts that the case was real. Whereas Dr. Frisch had been cordial and accommodating, BfV senior investigators Dirk Doerrenberg and Werner Goll were professional, demanding, and justifiably skeptical.

To satisfy the BfV's demands for information, Runk leaned heavily on the institutional memories of Dave Guethlein and Gary Pepper. While Pepper devoted himself full-time to Danny Wilson, Runk and Guethlein ran the wheels off their rental cars in repeated pilgrimages to the BfV's Cologne headquarters. There they faithfully attended meetings, provided documents, explained evidence, delivered briefings, and responded to a seemingly unending host of questions from skeptical German investigators. It was almost surreal. These were people whom a week earlier we had not trusted with the sensitive case. Now Runk and his team were engaged in a nonstop sell-a-thon, struggling to convince Dr. Frisch's investigators that Clyde Lee Conrad was perhaps the worst NATO spy in the history of the Cold War.

The BfV's no-nonsense agents challenged everything. The major problem seemed to be an inability to suspend disbelief. No spy in their experience had ever earned the kind of money Conrad had boasted of to Danny Wilson. Furthermore, if Conrad was the most dangerous and successful spy since World War II, how could he have been so foolish and fallen into every trap that FCA laid for him? The amiable Norman kept his cool and patiently trotted out the many exhibits we had collected that supported the admittedly bizarre story of Conrad's thirteen-year career as an East Bloc spy.

Much later, as German and American investigators bonded into a team, our German partners would confide in Norman that when Dr. Frisch agreed to take on the sensitive case, his subordinates were convinced that the Americans had fouled up a big case and were dumping it on the luckless Germans, who would, of course, take the blame in the event of failure.

Once the German professionals realized that the Americans had hooked into something real, and Runk's team showed its willingness to support the investigation without compromise, relationships between American and BfV investigators improved. The more Dr. Frisch's people learned about the case, the more astounded they were that FCA agents had managed to maneuver so closely to Conrad and expose so much of his secret life. When Norman revealed that the Gator and his people had been tailing Conrad almost twenty-four hours a day for several months, our German colleagues were incredulous. "We would have never attempted such a thing," one admitted. The fact that Danny Wilson had managed to obtain a copy of Conrad's espionage opus was regarded by the Germans as nothing short of miraculous.

As FCA agents in Wiesbaden revealed the various layers of the complex case, they gradually won over even the most skeptical of Dr. Frisch's no-nonsense investigators. The case was solid, our BfV colleagues advised, so much so that it was time to bring in officers of the Bundeskriminalamt, the Federal Criminal Office (known as the BKA). In the German system, the BKA had the responsibility for conducting investigations that were headed for executive *Massnahmen*, or executive measures, defined as arrest leading to prosecution. Once the name of the suspect was revealed to the BKA, the countdown to arrest would commence.

Now Runk and his team had two sets of German partners: the BfV, which had some continuing investigative jurisdiction, and a phalanx of BKA agents from Section ST-13, led by Herr Manfred Rutkowski. When conditions were ripe, Rutkowski and his men would be responsible for the actual arrest of Conrad and the resulting follow-on investigation. Once again, Runk and Gary Pepper were subjected to a thorough grilling about the complex case, this time at the hands of BKA investigators Holger Klein and Peter Debus. In one memorable phone conversation at the end of a solid week of shopping his case to a brace of dubious German counterspies, a deeply frustrated Norman called me at Fort Meade and wailed, "Boss, they don't believe us."

Along with the BKA investigators came yet another group of helpful Germans, a team of methodical attorneys from the Federal Prosecutor's Office in Karlsruhe, the Generalbundesanwalt (GBA). The GBA prosecutors were the counterparts of our Department of Justice. As the cast of Teutonic characters swelled to Wagnerian proportions, Norman found himself at the center of a maelstrom of furious activity by all three German agencies. Each agency, the overburdened agent soon learned, required convincing anew that the Canasta Player investigation was to be taken seriously, and each agency had its own demands for information.

Dr. Frisch's BfV agents pursued certain investigative measures—physical surveillance, obtaining a tap of Conrad's phone, and establishing contact with the Swedish Intelligence Service. At the same time, Manfred Rutkowski's BKA investigators played frantic catch-up ball to master within days the facts of a case that had taken us more than a decade to develop. At the same time, attorneys from the GBA posed a battery of penetrating questions to determine if there was anything about our investigation that might be a showstopper to a prosecution of Conrad under Article 99—*Spionage*—of the German Constitution.

Much of the FCA case hinged upon the reporting of Danny Wilson. Not surprisingly, our new German partners were anxious to meet Controlled Source 170 and conduct their own assessment of the man who would one day be their star witness. Norman Runk rented a suite in the Graf Zeppelin Hotel, across from the Stuttgart main railroad station, where Wilson patiently submitted to a long grilling by the still-skeptical Germans. Emerging from these sessions, the senior German prosecutor (Oberstaatsanwalt), Volkhard Wache, shook his head in amazement and pronounced Gary Pepper's source totally *glaubwurdig* (credible). Norman and his team were carrying the day in the difficult handoff to the Germans.

The resources and effort that the Germans mobilized, and the speed with which they swung into high gear, were nothing short of astonishing. Within a few weeks of the delicate overture to Dr. Frisch, our new partners had mastered the facts of the complicated case and begun to formulate a plan of action.

On the German side, as skepticism gave way to admiration, the verdict was unanimous. The case against Clyde Conrad was solid, albeit complex. It would take many months to prepare for prosecution, but GBA prosecutors and investigators of both German agencies concluded that their American colleagues had pulled off a truly astounding piece of investigative wizardry. Unlike our Department of Justice attorneys, German prosecutors saw no problem with the Maximum Marvel document. Like American law, their law contained procedures to protect classified information in a court of law. These procedures would be followed, German prosecutors assured us. The magnitude of Conrad's treason cried out for prosecution, they ruled. To permit hypothetical actions by Conrad's hypothetical defense attorney to spook German prosecutors from applying the full force of the law was unthinkable.

The many audiotapes that Danny Wilson had bravely made of his meetings with Conrad were a problem. Tapes of concealed monitoring were inadmissable under German law. The GBA prosecutors were wary. Conrad's defense attorney could be expected to raise this issue. But when Gary Pepper explained that he had written reports of all Wilson's contacts with Clyde Conrad based upon Wilson's descriptions rather than on the difficult-to-decipher tapes, Herr Wache and his team relaxed. If nothing from the tapes had found its way into Pepper's reports, then the illegal tapes were a nonproblem.

During the month of July, Manfred Rutkowski's BKA investigators assumed the lead role for the Germans. A camaraderie between Norman Runk's team and the congenial BKA agents soon developed, on and off duty. More than a few steins of beer were raised in the name of the defense of democracy and German American friendship. Bob Bell and I agreed that this was positive but lamented our luck. While we sat at Fort Meade working the Washington end of the case, Norman and his team were having all the fun.

Each day brought fresh reminders of what a wise choice it had been to pull the good-natured Runk from his duties in Munich. In just four months, he had turned the investigation around. When Norman was told that something needed to be done, the task was efficiently accomplished. The Gator and his stalwart surveillance folks were blindly loyal to Runk, and now the high-spirited and amiable agent had won over the Germans. Years later, our German partners would still fondly recall Norman's cheerful response to their myriad, rapid-fire requests for support. "No problem," Norman would sing out and then do whatever was required to fulfill the German request. Manfred Rutkowski's BKA investigators were impressed. They had worked with Americans in the past, but not Americans like this crew.

Several important issues had to be dealt with to prepare the way for Conrad's arrest. These included a plan for coordinated arrests of the Kercsik brothers, a plan for the arrest of Zoltan Szabo, and the particularly delicate question of how to cope with Clyde Conrad's upcoming mission to Budapest.

Coordinating with the Swedes should have been a routine task. As often happens in the counterintelligence business, simple things can become complex. With the countdown to Conrad's arrest under way, the Germans planned a trip to Stockholm to coordinate the simultaneous arrests of the Kercsik brothers in Goteborg and Conrad in Bosenheim. More than a year earlier, FCA agent Al Puromaki had discreetly visited the Swedes after the Kercsik brothers surfaced in the FCA investigation. Officers of SAPO, the security element of the Swedish National Police, had been told only that we had a major case under way and that tip-offs on the Kercsiks' planned travels to Germany would be helpful. The neutral Swedes had cooperated but asked us not to reveal their role. Thus, when we took the case to Dr. Frisch, we respected the Swedish request, telling the Germans that the case was so sensitive that we had told no one about it. Now, as the BfV laid plans for their trip to Stockholm, we alerted our colleagues in Sweden of the impending German overture and reassured them that we had respected their desires and not revealed their assistance to the Germans. For obvious reasons, the Swedes should act surprised when the Germans briefed them on the sensitive case.

Initially, all went well. The BfV's Werner Goll traveled to Stockholm and explained the case to the Swedes. The two services agreed to roll up Conrad and the Kercsiks on the same day. Stockholm and Bonn would share whatever they learned from their prisoners and from searches of their homes. But before Goll departed, one of the Swedes let the cat out of the bag. Perhaps it was over aquavit or beer—we never learned—but one Swedish officer misspoke and mentioned Al Puromaki's name. Dr. Frisch's man knew immediately what had happened. By the time BfV agent Goll returned to Germany, we had received a warning about the miscue in Sweden. Norman soon reported that a perceptible coolness had descended over his BfV colleagues, who were understandably miffed at what they saw as our lack of candor. Later, Werner Goll made his point politely to me. There must be genuine trust and openness between partners, he urged. Goll was on the mark, but we had found ourselves in a box. The Swedes had asked us not to reveal their complicity, and we had agreed. If the Germans had asked us for a similar consideration, they would certainly expect us to respect their request. The issue had nothing to do with trusting the Swedes more than the Germans. Goll was a gentleman about the matter, but all of us regretted that the BfV had reason to doubt our sincerity, particularly because we had developed great admiration for their investigative acumen.

Laying legal hands on Zoltan Szabo was a trickier planning challenge. Shrewdly ensconced in neutral Austria in the shadow of the Hungarian border, Szabo was a tough target.

Pentagon international lawyers researched Article 256 of the Austrian Criminal Code and advised that espionage was not against the law in Austria unless the spy was collecting information about Austria. To the best of our knowledge, Szabo had used Austria as a base of operations, but his spying had focused exclusively on the NATO target. There was not a big market on the other side of the Iron Curtain for information about demilitarized and neutral Austria. It was thus not at all clear what we could ask the Austrians to do about Szabo were we of a mind to approach them, which we were not.

The Germans expressed admiration for the abilities of the Austrian Staatschutz but shared our doubts about the wisdom of approaching Vienna, however desirable a clean sweep seemed. Once again, the issue was security. Just as we had been reticent to approach the Bonn government with our case, we were uncomfortable about taking the sensitive case to Vienna, the former glittering capital of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Continuing close ties existed between communist Hungary and neutral Austria. If we confided in the Austrians and a well-placed Hungarian agent learned of our plans, Conrad and Szabo would be alerted. This fact, together with our belief that Szabo had committed no offense in Austria, caused us to conclude that any effort to orchestrate the arrest of Zoltan Szabo by the Austrians at the same time the Germans grabbed Clyde Conrad was too risky.

As a compromise measure, we prepared a Szabo dossier that contained a summary of all available information concerning Szabo's activities, with emphasis on his use of Austria as a base for Hungarian intelligence operations. As soon as Conrad was safely behind bars, I would travel to Vienna and deliver this information to the Austrian Security Service. Perhaps they could move against Szabo. Like other judgments we made during this case, caution was the ever-present watchword.

Clyde Conrad's impending mission to Budapest was the sole remaining issue that we and our German partners had to address prior to his arrest. The American side of the partnership was understandably nervous about the planned trip because of the *New York Times* angle. For our part, prudence argued that Conrad should be taken down before his Budapest travel.

But Manfred Rutkowski and his investigators held a contrary view. Conrad must be permitted to go to Budapest. The Karlsruhe-based prosecutors of the GBA concurred. A Budapest trip was worth the risk. Photographs of Conrad's Audi as it crossed into communist Hungary were highly desirable, our German partners explained, and any information about the trip that he might share with Danny Wilson upon his return would enhance the prosecution's case.

The Germans proposed to permit Conrad to travel to Budapest and arrest him shortly after his return. As for the surveillance effort required to document the actual border crossing, Bonn's agents would not violate Austrian neutrality. Norman Runk assured Manfred Rutkowski that the Americans would undertake one final Austrian mission. It would be left to me to mend fences in Vienna after the arrests.

In Washington, it was necessary to alert key civilian and military officials who had a need to know that the Conrad case was on the verge of making headlines. These included Maj. Gen. Ed Soyster, the commanding general of the Intelligence and Security Command, as well as senior FBI and CIA officials. In the Pentagon, the list included Lieutenant General Weinstein; Secretary of the Army John O. Marsh; the four-star Chief of Staff of the Army, Gen. Carl Vuono (who had once been Conrad's commander at the 8th Infantry Division), and his four-star vice chief of staff; and a small circle of other officials, in particular those from the legal side of the house—the Office of the Army General Counsel and the Office of the Army Judge Advocate General. As a professional courtesy, I visited Lt. Gen. William Odom, who by 1988 was the director of the National Security Agency. As the officer who had demanded a maximum effort to smoke out the unknown spy, Odom deserved to know the results of the order he had issued to Col. Bob Lunt three years earlier.

On Capitol Hill, key members and staffers of the House and Senate Intelligence Committees were also apprised of the impending arrests. Accompanied by the CIA's Gus Hathaway, I also made a pilgrimage to the Department of State to brief Ambassador Morton Abramowitz to ensure that the department was not taken by suprise when the *New York Times* broke the story, which it surely would.

In Europe, Norman Runk paved the way for the impending arrest by making similar rounds to major American headquarters in Heidelberg, Frankfurt, Munich, and Stuttgart. The players were in place for the last act.

Clyde Conrad departed for his Budapest summit conference on July 17, 1988. As the once and future spy streaked down the autobahn in his Audi, Manfred Rutkowski and his agents put the final touches on a plan to ensure that this would be the last travel of any kind that Conrad would undertake for many years.

Thanks to Danny Wilson's acquisition of Clyde's travel plans, FCA agents were on the scene at the Nicholsdorf border crossing east of Vienna when Conrad's silver Audi pulled up to the barrier. Disguised as a married couple on a tourist outing, agents Meg Reilly and Bob Watson snapped several excellent photographs as Clyde Conrad crossed into Hungary, the license plate of his Audi clearly legible.

At their final meeting before his departure, Conrad had shared an intriguing detail with Danny Wilson. Miklos had given him explicit travel instructions, to include the exact hour he should enter the checkpoint. The Hungarian, Clyde confided, had boasted that one of the Austrian border guards on duty at that time was a Hungarian agent who would ensure smooth passage.

It was a timely, useful tidbit. When I visited Vienna in the wake of Conrad's arrest to request assistance on the Szabo matter, a tip concerning a possible disloyal Austrian official would interest the Austrian Staatschutz.

Clyde Lee Conrad lingered in Budapest for a week, during which few of us got an abundance of sleep. Norman and I drowned our apprehensions regularly at the Wiesbadener Ratsbrau as we kept vigil and brainstormed the rapidly approaching next phase of the case. Stalking the target was about to end. As soon as Conrad was behind bars, exploitation and rollup would begin. This phase would be equally difficult. Headlines would surely trumpet the arrest, alerting any other coconspirators. Speed and careful planning were essential.

Yet we dared not fail. A well-planned and swiftly executed postarrest investigation would not only ensure the successful prosecution of Conrad, it might also enable agents to identify other conspirators. The espionage ring had been functioning since the early 1970s. No one believed that Clyde Conrad was Zoltan Szabo's sole recruit, or that Conrad's only coconspirator was Danny Wilson.

Once the Germans had arrested Conrad, dozens of army special agents would deploy around the world to conduct hundreds of interviews, working from the long lists that agents had developed of Conrad's former superiors, fellow soldiers, associates, and close friends. In Europe, most interviews would be done in partnership with the Germans. In the United States, when interviewees were civilians, FCA agents would team up with the FBI. The goal of these interviews was to identify other suspects on whom spin-off investigations could be opened, and to obtain additional information about Conrad's espionage to support the German prosecution.

Chief candidates for spin-off investigations would be soldiers who had worked in the division G-3 during Conrad's service, and a number of others whose ties to Conrad had been uncovered through interviews or by the FCA surveillance team. Earlier interviews had established that the charismatic Mr. Plans had been a role model for many of the younger soldiers in the Bad Kreuznach headquarters over the years. Investigators strongly suspected that the smooth-talking Conrad had exploited his position of authority to involve some of them in his enterprise. One in particular, former sergeant Rod Ramsay, had worked with Conrad in the G-3. Cashiered out of the army for drug use, Ramsay was living in Tampa, Florida, where he was a busboy at a local restaurant. He was already in the FBI's sights.

Norman would continue to be the focal point in Germany. His job was to make sure that whatever the Germans required, they got. Our attitude was that the Germans were doing us a considerable service by joining in the quest to bring Clyde Conrad to justice, although our proud partners did not see it that way. As GBA prosecutor Volkhard Wache repeatedly reminded us, his country would arrest and prosecute the retired sergeant because of what he had done to harm German security, not as a favor to Washington. It was a valid observation. But to the end, Runk and I were acutely aware that our German comrades had saved the day by entering the fray, for which they had earned our gratitude and loyalty.

Clyde Conrad returned from Budapest on July 25, 1988, to spend time with stepdaughter Sonja, who had arrived from California with her new husband. On August 3, 1988, he summoned Danny Wilson. The two men met in a Stuttgart *gasthaus.*

Conrad was psyched up, telling Danny jubilantly that the Center had blessed his plan. The way was now cleared for the recruitment of the top-secret-document custodians in Heidelberg and Stuttgart. Like a kid with a new toy, Clyde showed off an electronic device that the Hungarians had provided. The size of an elongated VCR remote control, the high-tech device was a Textlite PX 1000 data-encryption–burst transmitter-receiver. Conrad explained the sophisticated gadget. He could type a message on the keyboard and encrypt the copy by a series of keystrokes. This done, he need only dial up a phone number in Budapest where someone sat with the same type of instrument. By placing the device against the telephone headset and pushing a button, the encrypted message would be burst-transmitted to Budapest in a microsecond, immune from interception or decryption. Clearly enthralled with his new toy, Clyde overflowed with boyish enthusiasm as he contemplated what lay ahead for him and Wilson.

This August 1988 meeting was to be Clyde Lee Conrad's final encounter as a free man with star pupil Danny Wilson. The next time the self-styled master spy would meet the man he had groomed to anchor his reborn espionage empire would be in early 1990. But instead of sipping beer in a *gasthaus* and plotting treason, the two would confront each other in a German courtroom.

27: Takedown

With Teutonic thoroughness, our German partners in the BKA laid the groundwork for the arrest of Clyde Conrad. Manfred Rutkowski's seasoned agents were not novices in takedown tactics. Not only was Section ST-13 responsible for counterespionage cases, it had an impressive track record of dangerous terrorist apprehensions involving Germany's ruthless Red Army Faction.

The FCA Wiesbaden team worked closely with Rutkowski and his men as the day of arrest neared. From Gary Pepper's extensive debriefings of Danny Wilson, FCA agents were able to offer detailed tips in support of the arrest plan. From Wilson, the Germans knew that Conrad kept information about his espionage enterprise in an Apple computer and that he had used a video camera to copy documents, carefully sandwiching stolen secrets between scenes of innocuous movies. All videotapes in Conrad's home would have to be seized and previewed. Thanks also to Danny Wilson, BKA agents knew the password to Clyde's Casio hand-held calculator with its encrypted and incriminating contents. It was high on the list of items to seize. Rutkowski's agents also knew from Wilson that Clyde sometimes used stepdaughter Heidi's nearby apartment as an alternate office, where yet another computer could be found. It, too, would have to be confiscated. Clyde also had a hobby room in the basement of his Bosenheim home where he kept business-related materials, Wilson revealed. At one time, Conrad had spoken of a radio receiver issued by Budapest, which he could use to monitor a special frequency to obtain instructions from the Center; all radios would have to be seized. Also high on the evidence list was Conrad's recently acquired new toy, the Textlite burst transmitter-receiver, a beautifully incriminating example of what prosecutors called "espionage paraphernalia," which would be difficult for any defense attorney to explain.

The big day was to be August 23. As the long-awaited event approached, Rutkowski's agents exuded confidence. The Stockholm connection was secure. As handcuffs were placed on Clyde Conrad, Swedish authorities would arrest both Kercsik brothers on their way to work.

The BKA plan was thorough and effective. At dawn, Rutkowski and his men would quietly surround the Bosenheim home. A locksmith would pick the lock on the front door, permitting Rutkowski's agents to quietly flood the residence. Once agents were in place in each room to ensure total control, the doorbell would be rung. When Clyde the Glide opened his eyes, he would be staring into the muzzle of a Sigsauer automatic pistol.

The BKA agents would convey Conrad and Annja to the Bad Kreuznach police station. Annja Conrad would most likely be questioned and released, unless evidence surfaced during the search that she had committed positive acts in the furtherance of her husband's illegal enterprise. Under German law, merely being aware of her husband's espionage did not constitute a criminal offense. Nonetheless, detaining Annja had considerable merit. Apart from getting her out of the house so that the planned search could proceed without interference, who knew what the frightened woman might reveal under the stress of apprehension?

Rutkowski assigned one agent to rouse Conrad's thirteen-year-old son, Andre, and spirit the teenager gently out of the house. Once the Conrad family was secured, an army of agents would search the home and seize evidence. Down the road, at twenty-eight-year-old Heidi's apartment, an almost identical operation would be carried out. Heidi would be detained, her apartment searched, and her computer seized.

This was a 100 percent German operation. As the plan unfolded, Norman, myself, and the entire Wiesbaden team would be standing by in our offices on the air base. To flash word of Conrad's arrest, FCA agents Mike McAdoo and Dave Guethlein were posted at the Bad Kreuznach police station. We were comfortable with this arrangement. We could teach the efficient Germans nothing about such operations, and our presence at the arrest was inappropriate.

As a final part of the planning, we had asked the Germans for a press blackout. If there were no press releases concerning the arrest for twenty-four to forty-eight hours, this would give us the opportunity to approach the Austrians about Zoltan Szabo. With luck, we might bag the ring's founder before he learned of Conrad's capture. Our German colleagues agreed not to issue a press release but could make no promises of press silence. One or two days of blackout might be possible, they advised, but no more.

Then there was the Swedish connection. The arrests of the Kercsik brothers by Swedish security officials would no doubt hit the press. With luck, the international wire services might not pick up the story. If they did, Szabo would surely smell the danger and dart across the Hungarian border with his opera singer wife.

In Washington, Pentagon and State Department public affairs officers were under orders not to issue a press release. Only if queried would press officers confirm the arrests, stating that it would be inappropriate to comment on cases being conducted by the Germans or Swedes. The wild card that no one could control was the *New York Times.* If Jeff Gerth went to press with the story too soon, our rollup efforts could be jeopardized.

That was the plan. As German and Swedish agents closed in on their targets, teams of army, FBI, and German agents deployed to cities in Germany, Korea, Hawaii, and the United States to interview their assigned targets as soon as the word was flashed that Clyde Conrad was behind bars. Each interview team carried a chronological case summary of the Canasta Player investigation that showed whether the person they were to interview was a witness or a possible suspect. Carefully researched areas of inquiry accompanied these summaries.

Gary Pepper would lead a German-American team into the Bad Kreuznach headquarters of the 8th Infantry Division. Its mission was to sequester all classified files in the division G-3 safes and conduct an inventory of their contents. If Conrad had indeed provided the Hungarians copies of everything to which he had access, the resulting inventory would be a good starting point to determine the extent of his treason.

Properly done, these postarrest measures would provide a wealth of information to uncover the full dimensions of Zoltan Szabo's espionage ring.

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On August 23, 1988, five days before his forty-first birthday, Clyde Conrad was awakened at dawn by the doorbell of his Bosenheim home. Annja's familiar form was on the bed beside him. Clyde's arm was draped over her hip under the sheets.

No doubt wondering who could be calling at such an early hour, Conrad groggily opened his eyes and stared into the muzzle of an automatic pistol. There were two armed men in the room, one on each side of the bed. The officer closest to Clyde, BKA investigator Holger Klein, spoke. As Klein later related, he used his rusty English to protect against any possible misunderstanding.

"You vill take ze hands out of ze vife and place zem vere vee can see zem," Klein ordered, not realizing that he had just uttered words that were to become legendary in the retelling of the great arrest scene for years thereafter.

The stunned Conrad saw no humor in Klein's unique rendering of the command. Eyes fixed on the black weapon, he carefully unwound himself from the bedsheets without uttering a word. Annja, no doubt terrified, donned a robe while her husband put on a gray sweatsuit emblazoned with the Puma trademark. When the master spy finally spoke, it was to meekly offer coffee to the invaders. Agent Klein ignored the gesture and swiftly retrieved Conrad's Casio hand calculator from the nightstand. Conrad lapsed into silence. The day he had feared for more than two years had arrived, and the savvy spy knew better than to open his mouth.

Son Andre was traumatized by the early morning invasion and attempted to flee the scene, screaming. *"Der Junge hat ausgeflippt,"* BKA agents later recalled. Rutkowski's men gently restrained the frightened boy and vainly attempted to calm him down as his parents were taken to the Bad Kreuznach police station. There the man suspected of being the most damaging spy in the history of NATO was booked on charges of suspected espionage, a violation of Article 99 of the German Federal Constitution. Mug shots taken that day show a somber, chubby Conrad (five feet, ten inches, and two hundred pounds) clad in the Puma sweatsuit and high-top tennis shoes.

In the neighboring village, BKA officers entered the apartment of Clyde's stepdaughter Heidi. The twenty-eight-year-old blonde, who worked as a television camera operator, had an overnight guest. Rutkowski's officers rousted the couple and searched the apartment, seizing a computer and other items as possible evidence in the case.

In custody and after her release, Conrad's wife expressed shock when asked about her husband's espionage. She insisted that she knew nothing about it. In a conversation with a neighbor, Annja explained that Clyde had told her that he worked for a computer firm, and she had no reason to doubt this. When he was gone from home for several days, he explained that he was at a convention in Frankfurt. As to the name of the computer firm, Annja contended that Clyde had never shared this information.

German and American investigators knew better. German intercepts of the Conrad telephone had made it clear that the woman was well aware of her husband's Hungarian connection. Annja could be heard coaching Conrad, asking him if "they" had paid him and complaining to her daughter Heidi that a planned vacation to a Hungarian intelligence service–owned villa on Lake Balaton had to be cancelled because her daughter Sonja was coming from the United States. Unlike sister Heidi, Sonja apparently was not aware of the source of the family's extra income.

German investigators knew that Annja was a liar, but their hands were tied by the law. Only if the woman had committed positive acts to aid her husband, such as serving as a lookout or copying documents, could she be prosecuted. By this yardstick, unless evidence to the contrary surfaced, Annja Conrad could not be touched.

The search of the Bosenheim home took several days. Agents confiscated the Apple computer, financial documents, and hundreds of other items that would later enable prosecutors to reconstruct their prisoner's espionage career. Agents seized the Textlite burst transmitter-receiver that Conrad had acquired in Budapest, as well as several hundred videotapes and computer disks. Rutkowski's searchers also snatched up a formidable collection of photographic equipment, including a video camera later confirmed to be the one that Conrad and one of his enlisted protégés had used to copy classified documents.

Various tourist brochures, train tickets, maps, and hotel receipts painted a picture of extensive travels to Austria and Hungary, as did a cup containing Austrian and Hungarian banknotes. One airline boarding pass stub bore the name "Kercsik, Imre." Agents from the BKA were pleased with the haul. Before moving Clyde's computer, Rutkowski's technicians sketched a diagram of its wiring to make sure that the device could be reconnected in the BKA laboratory. Any secrets the Apple contained would have to be recovered by experts.

Still, one of the most notable results of the search was what agents failed to locate. Gone was the stash of classified documents that Conrad had reputedly built up before his retirement. The shortwave radio that he had mentioned to Danny Wilson was also conspicuously missing, as was the gold coin collection that several sources had described to FCA agents in 1986. Records from local banks showing modest resources were present, but no statements or correspondence were uncovered that pointed to Swiss accounts. In this sense, the search was disappointing. The cautious Conrad had once told Danny Wilson that he had taken protective steps in the event that something went wrong. "If anything happens to me," he intoned in a somber voice, "I've taken measures to ensure that Annja and Andre will be well taken care of." It appeared that he had been true to his word.

At the Wiesbaden airfield offices, the telephone rang. The FCA lookouts at the Bad Kreuznach jail jubilantly reported the long-awaited good news. A sullen and dispirited Clyde Lee Conrad had just been led into the police station in handcuffs. I shook Norman Runk's hand and told him the truth: We could not have done it without him. Runk grinned. Pointing to the gaggle of backslapping, triumphant agents who had gathered around when the phone rang, he responded with another truth. "No, boss, we couldn't have done it without these kids."

As Rutkowski's search teams prowled the Conrad home, Swedish authorities apprehended the Kercsik brothers as they arrived at the Goteborg clinic. SAPO officers also detained Klara Kercsik, Imre's wife. Older brother Sandor was initially defiant and uncooperative, but thirty-four-year-old Imre was frightened out of his wits and began to talk freely about his life as a Hungarian agent.

As the Swedish authorities searched Sandor Kercsik's home, they noted a screwdriver on the bedroom nightstand—a strange place to keep tools. Curious investigators quickly discovered that the implement had a hollow handle, which contained decryption ciphers. Agents followed the scent. Where there was cipher material, somewhere there had to be a radio. In the attic, searchers uncovered a two-way radio used by Sandor to communicate with the Center in Budapest. Searchers also recovered a pair of thick ring binders in which the elder Kercsik had foolishly saved virtually every decrypted and translated message he had received from Budapest for the better part of his twenty-year espionage career.

Confronted with this evidence, Sandor joined younger brother Imre and began to sing like the proverbial canary. The melody the two produced would be music to German investigators' ears. It was the ballad of Zoltan and Clyde, and how the physician brothers had served as Budapest's go-betweens for the two American agents. A quick glance at Budapest's communications with Sandor found them replete with messages from the Center instructing Imre and Sandor to meet "Charlie" in various German and Austrian towns in order to pick up documents, render payment, or meet his Hungarian case officer. Charlie was Budapest's cover name for Conrad.

Buoyed by this latest good news, I departed for Vienna. Perhaps the press might not pick up on the arrests, and we could net an unsuspecting Zoltan Szabo.

Our luck did not hold. In Stockholm, the Swedish prosecutor broke the story at a press conference, followed shortly thereafter by the *New York Times*. The *Times* story was a detailed scoop under the byline of Jeff Gerth.

Gerth recalls the circumstances. Once the Swedes broke the story, he relates, he received a call from "someone in the U.S. government" advising him that the story was out and that he should feel free to publish his. "U.S. and Europeans Reportedly Break a Major Spy Ring—8 Detained by 2 Nations" was the *Times* page one headline, followed by a story containing details that had to be coming from someone with access to much of what we had been doing for the past seven months.

In the wake of the Stockholm press conference and the *Times* story, the arrest quickly blossomed in the European media. Soon Europeans were reading about a long-running investigation that had involved American counterspies shadowing Conrad in Germany. In Vienna, the media broke the electrifying news that American counterintelligence agents had boldly stalked their suspect in neutral Austria. This on the eve of my departure to request Austrian assistance.

Once the print media seized on the story, Conrad's arrest was reported on virtually every German and Austrian radio station. In Austria, Zoltan Szabo and his wife were en route in their Mercedes to their vacation home in Spain. Hearing news of Conrad's arrest on the car radio, Szabo turned the Mercedes around and raced back to their small home in Weiden am See. Within hours, after salvaging what they could from the house, the couple fled into Hungary.

In Vienna, the chief of the Austrian Staatschutz, Dr. Schulz, was contacted by his superior, the minister of the interior. The minister was displeased. According to the media, he thundered, American agents were running around with impunity on Austrian soil. Staatschutz officials in Vienna were blindsided by these press accounts and complained to CIA officials in the American embassy. Agency officers explained that an American colonel was en route from Germany to explain the whole affair. Before I departed Germany, Bill Lieser in the CIA's Bonn Station gave me a heads-up. Fence mending would be the first order of business in Vienna.

We had always known that cross-border surveillance operations would cause a problem in Vienna but hoped we could make our peace with the Austrians discreetly. Now, with the newscasts blaring out reports of American counterspies coursing about the Austrian countryside, all I could do was meet with Dr. Schulz, explain what our agents had done, and apologize.

This I did. Accompanied by a CIA officer and the FBI legal attaché, whose job it was to request assistance in law enforcement matters, I made a pilgrimage to Dr. Schulz's office. The Austrian official turned out to be a wise and realistic gentleman who quickly grasped the dilemma we had faced each time Conrad crossed into neutral Austria. I described the Canasta Player investigation and informed Dr. Schulz that until the recent arrest, the case had been the most sensitive and compartmented investigation in our history. We had stalked Clyde Conrad in Germany for years before being forced to tell our German allies. I apologized profusely for our abuse of the principle of "hot pursuit" and assured the Austrian official that only Americans had been involved in surveillance operations on Vienna's soil. Our German allies had insisted on respecting Austria's borders.

Schulz responded graciously. "Let's forget this matter now. What can we do for you?"

I produced the Szabo dossier. The file described Zoltan Szabo's role as the ring's progenitor, his activities during the 1980s as a recruiter for Budapest—operating out of his Austrian residences—and Conrad's broad hint that Budapest had recruited an Austrian customs officer.

Dr. Schulz and his associate, Dr. Blumauer, shook their heads. We should have coordinated with them sooner.

I attempted to explain. Our reluctance to approach Vienna sooner was based not only on security concerns but also on our understanding of Austria's espionage statute, Article 256. "We knew that you could not do anything to him under your law."

Dr. Schulz eyed me as if I were a truant schoolboy. "But haven't you heard about Article 319?"

I had not, and sheepishly confessed as much. No one, including Pentagon international lawyers, Department of Justice attorneys, or our German partners, had ever mentioned the existence of this article. In planning possible arrest scenarios, we had focused solely on the Austrian espionage statute.

Article 319, Dr. Schulz explained patiently, forbade any and all military intelligence operations on Austrian soil, regardless of by whom they might be conducted or against whom the intelligence activity was directed. Because the 1955 Austrian State Neutrality Treaty established a demilitarized Austria, a special article forbidding all military intelligence operations was included in their criminal code. Under that proviso, the Austrian official declared sternly, Szabo's activities as an agent of the Hungarian Military Intelligence Service were clearly illegal and punishable by a prison term. The gracious Dr. Schulz resisted the temptation to add that Article 319 also applied to the activities of Colonel Herrington's military intelligence personnel, but I received the message.

Schulz barked an order to Blumauer, and the Austrian Staatschutz swung into operation. First priority was to mount a manhunt for Zoltan Szabo in the unlikely event that he had not heard the news of Conrad's arrest and remained on Austrian soil. To everyone's disappointment, but no one's surprise, the Austrian dragnet came up empty-handed. Szabo maintained an apartment in Vienna. It was vacant. Agents showed up at the Weiden am See house by sundown, only to learn from neighbors that the couple had hastily departed a day or two earlier. The landlady reported that after Szabo and his wife had fled, a Hungarian man with the key had entered the house and removed some things, including the telephone book.

Dr. Schulz's agents reported that Szabo's house was crammed with military surplus clothing and artifacts. Szabo seemed to have been establishing some sort of militaria business—an enterprise that enables the entrepreneur to network with military men—a perfect cover for a recruiter.

We had narrowly missed snaring our man. Had I traveled to Vienna on the eve of Conrad's arrest and met with Dr. Schulz at dawn on August 23, the Austrians could have staked out the Szabo house and intercepted the veteran spy as he attempted to cross the border. But this was Monday-morning quarterbacking. Such an approach would have been an option only if we had known about the existence of Article 319, which we hadn't. The next time around, the attorneys needed to do better homework.

In Bad Kreuznach, as Clyde Conrad was being booked, Gary Pepper and BKA partner Werner Zeitler arrived at the Rose Barracks headquarters of the 8th Infantry Division. The two investigators set about sequestering and inventorying all classified files in the G-3 staff section.

Pepper and Zeitler started in Conrad's former duty section, where two or three safes contained the classified documents required by the division. Then one veteran member of the staff reported an important fact. Three years earlier, in the wake of Clyde's retirement, the G-3 Plans office had been almost wall to wall with safes, all of them stuffed with sensitive secrets, most of which did not pertain to the division. The overwhelming collection of classified files, all accumulated by Conrad, had since been destroyed.

Then a major break. A helpful NCO, SFC Fredrick Johnson, led Pepper to the G-3 emergency action console (EAC) vault. "You might want to look at these," the noncom drawled, pointing to a sizeable cardboard box. The container was stuffed with classified document accountability logs, transmittal documents, and destruction certificates. Most of the vital records had Clyde Conrad's signature on them.

Pepper grinned at his German colleague. "This is it," he remarked to Zeitler. Conrad's collection of documents may have been gone, but the dusty box of records contained an audit trail of the disloyal sergeant's espionage wares. Its contents were destined to be a centerpiece in the German prosecutor's contention that Sergeant First Class Conrad, whose duties as top-secret-document custodian required him to safeguard classified documents, had instead betrayed secrets that would have led to the defeat of NATO in the event of a war with the Warsaw Pact.

28: Santa Claus Is Here

In the United States, news of the arrests in Europe dominated the print and broadcast media for several days before being pushed from the headlines by the spectacular and tragic crash of the Italian air force's aerobatics team during an air show at Ramstein Air Force Base in Germany. *Newsweek* did a cover story on the Conrad story within two weeks of the arrests, attributing the investigation to the CIA, FBI, and West Germans. In the Pentagon, one army official reassured the public that it was "doubtful that major portions of NATO and Army defense plans were involved." The spokesman added, "Conrad worked for the 8th Infantry Division, [which] doesn't have details of the war plans at the V Corps level." Other pundits were equally off the mark. The deputy director of the Center for Defense Information, Eugene Carroll, opined in *The Stars and Stripes* that "the spy case is more significant politically than militarily."

New York Times reporter Jeff Gerth knew better. As the investigation unfolded, Gerth and colleague Stephen Engelberg's stories were so crammed with details that it sometimes seemed as if my secret daily updates to Washington were finding their way directly to their desks. There was simply no doubt about it: Someone with inside access to our investigation had established a pipeline to the *Times.*

In Sweden, Dr. Sandor Kercsik sat in his cell and contemplated his situation. His wife was pregnant, his life had come crashing down, and the inside of a Swedish jail was not the lifestyle to which he was accustomed. The forty-eight-year-old physician made a decision. If selling out Budapest and his friend Clyde would get him a lenient sentence, he would tell the authorities whatever they wanted to hear.

The Swedes would prosecute the brothers under a law that forbade citizens of their neutral country from committing acts prejudicial to the security of another state, in this case Germany. The statute was intended to ensure Sweden's traditional neutrality. Under this law, if convicted, the brothers could be sentenced to eighteen to twenty-four months in jail.

At the BKA's Meckenheim headquarters outside of Bonn, German investigators had encountered an obstacle. The BKA lab technicians were unable to break into Conrad's Apple computer. Word flashed across the Atlantic, and within two days special agent Alex Dei arrived from FCA's Fort Meade headquarters. The gifted noncommissioned officer was our premier automation expert and an accomplished hacker. The architect of FCA's Canasta Player automated database, Dei was confident he could crack Conrad's security codes.

Dei arrived in Meckenheim and plopped down in front of Conrad's elusive Apple, surrounded by a bevy of curious German technicians. Loading a piece of software that we had jokingly labeled "How to Break into Anyone's Apple," the FCA agent executed a rapid sequence of keystrokes. The Apple began to chirp. Within minutes, a menu appeared on the monitor. The good-natured automation addict flashed a victorious grin.

"Shall we print something out, sir?" he asked me.

By now, the group around the computer included Manfred Rutkowski, special agent Klein, and a growing assemblage of enthralled BKA technicians in white lab coats. I glanced at the menu entries.

"Try 'Letter,' Alex. Let's see what kind of letter Clyde has saved."

Dei deftly punched several keys. Text appeared on the monitor. It was a twenty-four-carat offering—a wordy, passionate appeal from Conrad to Miklos complaining about the lack of cooperation he was experiencing in his efforts to gain the acceptance of Danny Wilson as a new recruit. One of the English-speaking German officers read the first paragraph of the deliciously incriminating letter, then called out joyfully: *"Um Gottes Will. Der Weihnachtsmann ist angekommen"* (My God. Santa Claus is here). The crowd around the computer swelled. Alex keyed the computer to print the letter. More German agents flooded the room as the printer whirred and cranked out Conrad's compromising frustrations. Dei was enjoying the limelight. "Try another one, sir?" he quipped with a wide grin. I nodded again.

The second offering from Clyde Conrad's computerized safe was even better than the first. It was a long letter from Charlie to the Center in Budapest. In its text, the frustrated spy complained bitterly about the bureaucratic and arbitrary treatment that he felt he was being subjected to by Miklos. Slow payment, timidity, lack of vision, and other sins that Conrad felt were being committed by his handler paraded across the pages of the damning letter. As Conrad's frustrations stuttered from the printer gate, Germans and Americans alike celebrated the moment. It was the kind of hard, incriminating evidence that one dreamt about.

The Apple computer also spit out the latest revised edition of Conrad's cherished Operations Plan 001. The names and addresses of Clyde's key targets—document custodians in Heidelberg and Stuttgart—were recorded in this final draft of the grand design, complete with the home telephone numbers of prospective workers. Our BKA colleagues were ecstatic. Conrad had managed to sanitize his house, but the computer contained information that he could never explain. The letters to Budapest were fully corroborative of what future star witness Danny Wilson had diligently reported during 1987 and 1988. Not only that, in Stockholm the Kercsik brothers were regaling their Swedish interrogators with details concerning Clyde Conrad's deteriorating relations with Budapest. Having scammed and freelanced behind the backs of his Hungarian superiors for years, Conrad was seen by his Budapest bosses as an over-the-hill espionage genius whose achievements had gone to his head.

For weeks thereafter, Alex Dei and patient BKA agents systematically searched hundreds of floppy disks seized from the Bosenheim home and Heidi's apartment. Most contained electronic gibberish; their cautious author had employed a degausser to erase them. But once again, fortune smiled on the tenacious BKA investigators. On several of the disks, entire sentences or fragments of sentences had survived the erasure attempt, including one complete passage that was marked "(S)" for "secret." Ultimately, Norman and his team were able to identify this entry as a direct quote from classified 8th Infantry Division war plans. The irony of this discovery was worthy of savoring. Clyde Conrad, the self-styled high-tech spy, had been compromised by the very technology he sought to embrace.

In Karlsruhe, at the Bundesgerichtshof (Federal Palace of Justice), prosecutors followed these developments closely. As the dimensions and duration of Conrad's espionage came into focus, a new legal possibility arose. In discussions with Volkhard Wache, the senior state prosecutor who was engineering the prosecution, Norman Runk learned that serious thought was being given to elevating the charges against Conrad from Article 99, Espionage *(Spionage),* to Article 94, State Treason *(Landesverrat).* The difference? Convicted of an Article 99 violation, Conrad could be sentenced to a few years in jail. Under Article 94, in especially grave cases, a sentence of life in prison was possible.

Wache cautioned against undue optimism. With the sole exception of a single in absentia life sentence levied against a West German defector, no spy had ever received such a sentence in the history of the Federal Republic. Having said this, Wache added that he knew of no case as grave as Conrad's, nor had he ever seen an investigation in which the investigating agency had provided prosecutors with such voluminous and compelling evidence. After our less-than-satisfying experiences with Department of Justice attorneys in Washington, the German prosecutor's upbeat assessment was a timely and welcome show of confidence.

Languishing in his jail cell, Clyde Conrad continued to refuse to talk to his German captors. After hearing Herr Wache's assessment, Norman Runk and I adjourned to the Wiesbadener Ratsbrau for consultation over a few steins of beer. Wache's counsel that we should not elevate our hopes was fruitless. The possibility that Clyde the Glide could actually be put away for the rest of his life in an unforgiving German prison was too tantalizing not to savor. As the evening wore on, other agents from the Wiesbaden team joined us. Gallons of beer fell victim to the celebration, after which the high-spirited group migrated to the town of Bosenheim, which was celebrating its annual Weinfest. After a ritual pilgrimage past Conrad's home, we wound up in the village fest tent. Suddenly, someone remembered that Clyde had just celebrated his forty-first birthday. With the villagers of Bosenheim gawking at our merry group, we did the only civilized thing, raising our voices in a rousing rendition of "Happy Birthday" to the once and future, would-be spy turned prisoner.

A decade later, these antics seem silly, but to us as military intelligence agents, Conrad's willingness to sell out his country and his fellow soldiers by hawking his command's most sensitive secrets to the enemy was repugnant. Here was a man who had actually sold the location of his own wartime position to the enemy, whose greed had jeopardized the forces assigned the mission of defending his own wife and children, and who could rationalize his actions by declaring the entire Cold War a "big game." In our hearts, we loathed Clyde Conrad as all soldiers loath traitors, and we shamelessly gloated over his plight. Had the disgraced sergeant died that week in jail, we would have danced on his grave.

Ten years transpired between the CIA's warning about a traitor in our ranks and Clyde Lee Conrad's arrest. In 1978, few would have suspected that stalking and apprehending the spy would consume an entire decade. In August 1988, as German prosecutors began to build their case against Conrad, no one would have predicted that by 1998, FCA and FBI investigators would remain engaged in the follow-up phase of Canasta Player.

When the cuffs were finally put on Conrad's wrists, special agent Gary Pepper and his FCA colleagues were poised for the exploitation phase of the case. Rolling up coconspirators, after all, was standard fare in espionage cases. But as investigators swung into action on the day of Conrad's arrest, none could have foreseen how deeply into the fabric of the U.S. Army Zoltan Szabo and Clyde Conrad had penetrated.

But before the agents of FCA could concentrate fully in their pursuit of Clyde Conrad's coconspirators, a new investigation had to be tackled—a case so sensitive that its national security implications rivaled those of Canasta Player.

Part III

The James Hall Investigation

29: Sir, We've Got Another One

When the special phone rang on August 22, 1988, in West Berlin, Foreign Counterintelligence Activity agents Pete Kelly and Roger Clifford exchanged looks. Probably another wrong number, both men thought. The phone was a source line, its number given only to agents as a means of emergency contact. Kelly picked up the receiver. The tense voice on the line was familiar, a voice that the FCA agent had long since decided he would never hear again. The source stammered. He needed to meet someone, quickly. Something urgent had come up . . .

The news that the agents of FCA would be denied a long-overdue rest came early on the day of the Conrad arrest. In Norman Runk's Wiesbaden office, agents drank coffee and wolfed down donuts, awaiting word that Manfred Rutkowski's agents had taken Clyde Conrad into custody. When Runk's phone finally rang, the Canasta Player team hovered expectantly in the area.

But the voice on the phone belonged to Bob Bell, the FCA deputy director, calling on a secure line from Fort Meade.

"Sir," Bob led off cryptically, "get ready for this one. You know that thing you're doing? Well, we've got another one."

Bell had operated for years without reliable scrambler phones and often used double-talk even when on the latest high-tech encrypted lines.

"What do you mean, 'another one'?" I queried impatiently.

"Well, sir, Kelly just called from Berlin. One of our sources, Canna Clay, has come out of East Germany with a hot one. Clay claims to have been present twice this year at meetings in an East Berlin safe house during which the East Germans met an American spy. Apparently the guy's a soldier who's been giving away the store to the East German MfS and getting big bucks for doing it. We're working on it hard at this end, trying to identify him based on Canna Clay's description, and we think we can do it. This one looks like the real thing, sir. I think we're in for a double header—two in one year."

The FCA deputy commander's estimate was on the mark. The allegations of an obscure agent in West Berlin were about to propel the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity into an investigation that, although totally different in character from the Conrad case, was equally sensitive and challenging. When unmasked, Canna Clay's spy would emerge as the perpetrator of one of the most costly and damaging breaches of security of the long Cold War. Those of us in FCA's "Berlin Mafia" were about to be confronted with characters out of our past, in a case that would remind us in stark and humbling terms of how thin our counterintelligence lines of defense in the Divided City had actually been.

A well-trained, disciplined spy can usually operate undetected with impunity. Counterintelligence agents don't like to be reminded of this, but it is true. Even in an organization with the most stringent security measures, the determined spy can raid his office's secrets, particularly if he is smart and cautious. Sometimes it takes sheer luck to expose a penetration. Such was the case in the recruitment of FCA's East German source, Canna Clay. A mole had penetrated the American signals intelligence establishment and systematically looted its secrets for six years. Thanks to a single act of poor judgment by an obscure academician, American counterintelligence was handed the identity of the traitor.

The stroke of luck that led to the breakthrough was a routine arrest for shoplifting by the West Berlin police in 1986. Employees in West Berlin's giant Kaufhof department store had observed a balding, middle-aged man as he stuffed merchandise into his clothing. Unlike professional shoplifters, this man was not furtive in his actions. Security officers detained the inept shoplifter and summoned the police. It was an everyday occurrence in a city of two million but for one fact. When accosted, the fifty-two-year-old culprit produced papers identifying him as a resident of communist East Berlin.

During the Cold War, East Berliners in the detainee's age group were forbidden to travel to West Berlin. Alert West Berlin *Kriminalpolizei* knew at once that their prisoner was someone special and summoned their Staatschutz colleagues. Only members of the East German State Security Service, privileged party officials, or other politically reliable fat cats in Erich Honecker's communist regime were permitted to travel through the Berlin Wall to sample the fruits of capitalism. The would-be shoplifter, Karl, was a low-level academician, yet his papers indicated that he enjoyed travel privileges. Something didn't add up. German Staatschutz agents confronted the prisoner with their suspicions.

Karl admitted that he had ties to the East German State Security Service, hinting boldly that he had deliberately staged the aborted shoplifting ploy to create an opportunity to talk. Even more intriguing, the East German volunteered that he had been working for the Stasi, or MfS, intermittently for several years, using his academician's credentials to travel to the West in the performance of low-level operational missions.

Representatives of the West German counterintelligence service met with the suspicious detainee to assess his claims. German interrogators soon noted a significant fact. Karl had supported East German espionage operations not against West Germans but against the Americans. This one had the interests of the Amis written all over it. Through well-worn liaison channels, the word flashed to the Americans. Within an hour, an agent from Berlin's CIA base showed up at the Tempelhof police headquarters.

Ever on the alert for an operational opportunity, CIA officers hoped that the detainee was a bona fide line officer of the MfS. If he were, his embarrassing predicament with the Berlin police was made-to-order for exploitation. But the agency officer who answered the call was quickly disappointed. The prisoner seemed to be exactly what he said he was—a private citizen recruited by the East German intelligence service to perform support missions in the West. Karl was an *instrukteur,* MfS jargon for a low-level agent who could travel unnoticed in the West to case meeting sites, service dead drops, or perform other operational support missions.

In the wake of a damaging defection in the late 1970s by MfS lieutenant Werner Stiller, the East Germans had become more cautious about compartmentation and travel privileges. It was far safer to recruit someone such as Karl and grant him only the limited access he needed to support one operation than it was to dispatch card-carrying MfS officers to the West, where they might be tempted to follow in Stiller's footsteps. A single disloyal, card-carrying line officer could wreak havoc on many sensitive operations. The damage that someone such as Karl could do if he were apprehended or if he defected would be limited to the sketchy details of the one operation he was supporting. Karl was a small fish.

The CIA base contacted FCA's West Berlin team and offered the army a chance to handle Karl. The shoplifter's information was dated, agency officials observed at the time of the handoff, but if it could be confirmed, who knew what his next mission might be? It was, in our parlance, a "freebie," with little investment required. Yet, like all opportunities, this one had a downside. Karl could be an East German provocateur, a dangle dispatched by the devious East German service to identify our operatives, feed us useless or deceptive information, or force us to pursue an investigative wild-goose chase.

The FCA's West Berlin team chief was skeptical about accepting the agency handoff, freebie or not. No fewer than four German agencies had been exposed to Karl since his arrest, hardly ideal if one desired to mount a clandestine operation. Fort Meade nonetheless directed that the East German be hastily recruited and provided a telephone number. Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

Assuming that Karl was genuine, it would be dangerous for him to be absent from East Berlin for too long. The normally cautious, step-by-step recruitment process would have to be accelerated. During a brief interview with FCA agent Pete Kelly, the academician expressed intense bitterness against the communist regime of Erich Honecker. Having traveled to West Germany on behalf of his East German masters, Karl explained resentfully, he knew better than most how corrupt and stultifying life was under Honecker's Stalinist Socialist Unity Party. His goal, he told Kelly, was to bring his wife and family to the West. In exchange for resettlement, he was willing to reveal secrets about his life as an agent of the feared Ministry of State Security.

Within an hour of Canna Clay's August 1988 call, Foreign Counterintelligence Activity agent Kelly explained reality to the East German. To obtain sponsorship of his aspiration, Karl would have to contribute "something significant" to his new American masters.

The East German raised an eyebrow. "Exactly what," he asked in his British-accented English, "would qualify as 'something significant'?"

In the counterespionage business, there is a hallowed maxim: "The best way to catch a spy is to recruit a spy." Our man in Berlin looked Karl in the eye and replied without hesitation, "You bring us an American traitor, and we'll do all we can to support your aspiration to resettle in the West."

Karl nodded his assent. By virtue of this simple bargain, he had crossed the bridge. He was now an American agent, which in East Germany could bring him the death penalty.

Kelly handed Karl a slip of paper with a telephone number on it. The new agent's first mission was simple. "When you return to East Berlin, keep your eyes peeled for us—you know what we want—and call this number from a phone booth in West Berlin when you've got something hot. Your call will activate a meeting with one of us within an hour."

Karl nodded his understanding. He would memorize the telephone number, destroy the slip of paper, and keep his eyes open for "something significant." Reassured by the FCA men that his legal problems with the West Berlin authorities had been taken care of, the East German disappeared into the night.

Now known by the code name Canna Clay, the disaffected academician would not place a call to Kelly for almost two years. The call would trigger a manhunt that would tax the talents and endurance of the team that had just broken up the Szabo-Conrad ring.

The news from Berlin that Canna Clay had resurfaced triggered mixed reactions. Some, myself included, didn't even know that the long-silent source existed. At the time of his 1986 recruitment, I was still in command of the Opsec Support Detachment at Fort Meade, with no need to know about FCA recruitments.

Within an hour of Canna Clay's August 1988 call, Foreign Counterintelligence Activity agents Kelly and Clifford met the East German on a West Berlin street corner and hustled him into a car. Canna Clay nervously announced that he could not linger. He was en route to West Germany on a reconnaissance mission for the MfS and had a train connection to make.

The FCA men drove aimlessly around the city and debriefed their source. As Canna Clay spoke, agents captured his words on a cassette recorder. The excited East German reminded Kelly about their conversation two years earlier. He was now ready to provide "something significant."

Twice during 1988, Canna Clay confided, he had been drafted by his MfS superiors to serve as an interpreter at secret meetings in an East Berlin safe house. At each meeting, Stasi officers debriefed an American soldier who was spying for the communists. The initial rendezvous took place over a long weekend in January. The American, code-named Paul, handed over classified documents from his workplace and submitted to a lengthy debriefing about his duties and the activities of his intelligence unit. The same routine was followed during the second session, which had taken place in July. The spy, Canna Clay told Kelly and Clifford, was a signals intelligence specialist.

The East German described several codeword projects that the American agent had discussed with his MfS controllers. All were secret or top-secret signals intelligence initiatives that neither Kelly nor Clifford had access to. The FCA men exchanged glances. If Clay was telling the truth, this was grave.

The FCA agents pressed for specifics. Tell us everything you can remember about the American spy, they urged. We need details. Give us his description, anything you recall about his personal life, his assignments, or other facts that will enable us to locate him.

Canna Clay was skittish. The operation was one of the best that the East Germans had going, he fretted, and he was one of the few who had been exposed to it. If the American spy were suddenly arrested, Clay himself would be in immediate danger, particularly because he had just returned from a mission into West Germany.

Reassured that nothing precipitous would be done to jeopardize his position, Canna Clay recounted details he recalled from conversations between the American spy and his MfS superiors during the January and July clandestine meetings in the communist capital.

"Paul's MfS contacts, Horst and Wolfgang, referred to him a couple of times as James," he recalled, "so this might be his real name."

"He seems to be married to a German woman who is from West Germany, in the vicinity of Bayreuth," Clay advised. "Maybe he has one—no, two children, I think, but I'm not certain of this. But I am sure about Bayreuth, because when I leave West Berlin, my mission is to travel there to select meeting sites for possible future use with him, in case he cannot get back to East Berlin."

While Clifford drove, partner Kelly took frantic notes. The East German's revelations were too important to place sole trust in the Sony recorder.

Canna Clay continued, the sounds of West Berlin traffic sometimes drowning out his voice. "The man is in his thirties, of average height, a bit stout. I seem to recall something about his hobby being flying. He speaks some German, but not well enough to describe his intelligence duties. I had to interpret during both meetings."

Kelly interrupted. "What about his rank or unit?"

The East German hesitated. "He is, I think, some kind of sergeant, but he has recently been transferred to the United States for professional training. After he finished this training, he said he would be assigned to a base somewhere in the southeastern United States—Fort Benning, Fort Stewart, or somewhere, I can't exactly recall. It seems there was talk of a Fort Sill, or possibly some other post—I'm not certain. But I think he was assigned in Germany for some time in Berlin, and also in Frankfurt, but I can't be specific. You see, I was only introduced to him this year after another man was taken off the operation."

Pressed on this point, Canna Clay was vague. "All I can tell you is that before me, there was some other chap who acted as interpreter for Horst and Wolfgang. Somehow I have the feeling that this fellow left the operation because he departed the country. I don't know anything more specific, but I have the sense that he might not have been German."

Kelly flipped the tape. "Let's get back to these two meetings. Can you be more precise about their dates?"

After some back and forth, it appeared that Canna Clay was describing the Martin Luther King holiday weekend in January, and the Fourth of July. This was consistent with the modus operandi of our adversaries. In order to allow their American agents time to travel to and from East Berlin and still have sufficient time to conduct operational discussions, Soviet and East German case officers favored meetings during three-day weekends.

Roger Clifford pressed. "Tell us everything you can remember about the discussions between the American and the two MfS officers," he instructed.

Canna Clay launched into a lengthy recounting of everything he could recall from the two meetings, to include codenames and classified details of sensitive American signals intelligence operations. From his descriptions, it was clear that whoever the American agent was, he was revealing some of our most sensitive signals intelligence secrets to his communist controllers. Equally obvious was the fact that the traitor had served in Field Station Berlin.

Canna Clay was certain of one thing. His East German superiors appreciated the high value of their man. Stasi case officers Horst and Wolfgang had issued the young American agent a dark blue nylon gym bag with a false bottom in which he could conceal stolen documents. The bag did double duty. Stuffed with greenbacks, it was used by the American spy to clandestinely transport his espionage earnings. At each meeting, Clay told the astonished FCA men, the two East German officers had paid the spy $30,000 in cash. Also, he added, during one of the sessions in East Berlin, the American and his East German masters had stood at attention as Canna Clay solemnly read a citation awarding Paul East Germany's Silberkampforden (Silver Struggle Medal) in recognition of his service to peace and socialism. A $5,000 cash bonus accompanied the medal. The citation had been personally signed by East German minister of the interior Erich Mielke. The spy, Canna Clay revealed, had also been presented with a large, crystal flower bowl, a gift that the American was told he could present to his wife, although he was cautioned never to reveal its true origin to her.

As their car wended its way through West Berlin's traffic, the FCA men pushed for more information. What about future plans for the operation, now that the American was stationed in the United States?

By now, the nervous East German was compulsively glancing at his watch, fearful of missing his train. He replied with precision. "In July, before he left for the United States, Horst and Wolfgang instructed him to lay low and take no chances in his new assignment for six months or so—just check out his possibilities. They also told him that we would not be meeting him in the United States—that would be too dangerous. Instead, they provided him a phone number to call in East Berlin. When he can come to Germany, he is to call. The safest thing would be if he can come again to East Berlin. But if he cannot do this, then he is to visit his German in-laws near Bayreuth. In such a case, I will be dispatched to meet him there."

The FCA men dropped Canna Clay near the Bahnhof Zoo. Before bidding their source farewell, Clifford and Kelly arranged to meet him once again within a few days, this time in West Germany. During the interim, every available resource would be used at Fort Meade to identify the traitor.

In Wiesbaden, the jubilation at the news of Clyde Conrad's arrest was tempered by the sudden reappearance of Canna Clay. If the East German's information was correct, while the agents of the 766th MID were fending off Soviet attempts to penetrate Field Station Berlin, the East German agent Paul had been systematically looting the sensitive installation of its secrets.

30: Paul

The task to identify Canna Clay's alleged spy and tackle the new case fell to FCA's newly arrived chief of investigations, Bob Thayer. Fresh from his studies at the Defense Intelligence College, the experienced veteran was well cast for the role. With eighteen years of investigative experience under his belt, he had credentials that few could match.

Thayer and a skeleton staff tackled the new quest. The immediate challenge—identify Canna Clay's spy—was not daunting. After all, how many signals intelligence specialists could there be who were NCOs, had recently spent time in Berlin and Frankfurt, were married to a German, had transferred to the United States for training in January 1988, and were bound for an assignment to the southeastern United States? Throw in an aviation hobby, a possible first name of James, and the physical description provided by Canna Clay, and the result ought to be a quick hit. This one was not a Conrad-style needle in a haystack. It should be possible to run Canna Clay's profile against the army active-duty roster and smoke out the traitor with dispatch.

That's precisely what happened. By the end of the day, Bob Thayer and his men were looking at a black-and-white ID-card file photo of a round-faced junior warrant officer who closely matched Canna Clay's description. His name was James W. Hall.

Agents studied the suspect's service record. Born in 1957 in the Bronx, New York, James Hall had joined the army in 1976 after one undistinguished year at a junior college. Bright, with an army aptitude (GT) score in the high 120s (almost identical to Clyde Conrad's), the New Yorker had been trained in the signals intelligence field. Assigned initially in 1977 to Schneeberg, a remote communications intercept site on the border between East and West Germany, the twenty year old had done well as a soldier, making his promotions swiftly.

Off duty, agents later learned, James spent time consuming copious quantities of German beer at a local *gasthaus*, the Jagerhof.

There, the young GI met and fell in love with his future wife, Heidi Gabriella Guenthner, a waitress in the popular GI watering hole. By 1981, nineteen-year-old Heidi was pregnant, and her boyfriend was on orders to a new assignment in Field Station Berlin. In March 1981, Hall, still single, departed Schneeberg and moved to West Berlin. Security regulations precluded soldiers in sensitive positions from marrying a foreign national, although a waiver provision existed. Sergeant Hall obtained the waiver, which permitted him to marry Heidi and retain his top-secret security clearance. By 1982, Heidi and newborn daughter Jessica joined Hall in Berlin. In the corridors of Field Station Berlin, James Hall quickly established a reputation as a diligent and talented analyst.

Foreign Counterintelligence Activity investigators scrutinized Hall's assignment history. If he was the spy whom Canna Clay had met in an East Berlin safe house, it had to be assumed that wherever Hall had served, he had probably looted his unit's secrets. Hall, investigators noted, had departed the Berlin Field Station in 1985 at the same time that Vasily was pursuing SSgt. Lowry Wilcox. Hall's new assignment was the 513th Military Intelligence Brigade at Fort Monmouth in New Jersey. There, the record revealed, the young sergeant had a staff job that gave him access to sensitive war plans, including those for U.S. military intervention in the Persian Gulf.

Like Clyde Conrad, Hall seemed to have no stomach for stateside duty. In the spring of 1986, after a one-year stint in New Jersey, Sergeant Hall volunteered to return to Germany. No doubt his superiors thought this normal. After all, Hall (again like Conrad) had a German wife, and it was only natural that he should volunteer for duty in her homeland.

In Germany, James Hall was assigned to yet another signals intelligence unit, the 205th MI Battalion, which supported the headquarters of V Corps in Frankfurt, the same corps that Clyde Conrad had been targeting in his operations since the mid-1970s. Unlike Hall's duty in New Jersey (where he had dealt largely with war plans), he now enjoyed almost unrestricted access to top-secret codeword information. If Hall were the spy, duty in Frankfurt would please his East German handlers.

Investigators noted that Staff Sergeant Hall had remained in Frankfurt until January 1988, at which time he departed for the

United States to be groomed for appointment as a warrant officer—a conspicuous honor and a testimony to his talents. Between January and July 1988, the thirty-one-year-old warrant officer candidate attended intensive training at Fort Sill in Oklahoma, Fort Huachuca in Arizona, and Fort Devens in Massachusetts, the latter two posts being the twin homes of military intelligence at the time. In June 1988, James Hall pinned on the silver and brown bars of a warrant officer. His specialty was signals intelligence. Leave records told Thayer's investigators that their suspect had spent the Fourth of July holidays with his parents in Sharon Springs, New York, far from East Berlin. This was a problem. Canna Clay had been certain that he had seen the American agent in East Berlin on this weekend.

After the holidays, the newly minted warrant officer reported to Fort Stewart in Georgia. There he would work in the G-2 (Intelligence) staff section of the 24th Mechanized Infantry Division. The 24th was part of the famed XVIII Airborne Corps, headquartered at Fort Bragg in North Carolina. The 24th's Fort Stewart–based units were involved in the planning and execution of many sensitive missions, from Persian Gulf contingency deployments to real-world operations in Central America.

Thayer was concerned. This was serious business. With his top-secret security clearance and access to compartmented special intelligence products, the new warrant officer would enjoy daily access to these and many other sensitive military secrets. If Canna Clay identified James Hall as the man he had met in East Berlin, Thayer and his agents would have to prove it, and prove it quickly.

A copy of James Hall's file photo was flown immediately to Germany, along with an array of photos of other soldiers. In a Frankfurt hotel room during the last week of August 1988, Canna Clay again met FCA agents Kelly and Clifford. Shown the lineup of photos, the East German operative did not hesitate. Pointing to the picture of Warrant Officer Hall, he quipped, "If this man's name is James, then he is your man."

But what if Canna Clay was a pawn in an elaborate East German plot? Could the East Germans be orchestrating the entire affair to tie down and ultimately discredit army counterintelligence? Kelly and Clifford, both seasoned veterans, were convinced that their source was genuine. Nonetheless, before launching a major investigation, it made sense to further validate Clay.

Canna Clay submitted to a polygraph examination. Asked if anyone from the East German intelligence service had instructed him to approach the Americans with his story, the academician replied with a firm "no." The stylus on the polygraph machine did not twitch. Canna Clay seemed genuine. A single polygraph examination is insufficient vetting of any source, but it was the best that Kelly and Clifford could accomplish in the limited time before their man was due to return to East Berlin.

Once Clay had identified James Hall, it seemed highly likely that the new warrant officer was disloyal. Now this would have to be proven. In the short space of one week, FCA agents had arrived at a point in the new investigation that it had taken eight years to reach in Canasta Player.

Before Canna Clay returned to East Berlin, agents Kelly and Clifford reassured their nervous source, explaining that they would develop a plan to bring him and his family out of East Germany while concurrently launching a discreet investigation of the suspected traitor. Before American authorities moved against Paul, Kelly promised, Canna Clay would be spirited to safety in the West.

Clay was instructed to memorize a set of instructions. If it became urgent that he depart East Germany, he would receive a phone call from a Mr. Schmidt, during which Schmidt would refer to gardening. This would be the signal that Clay should prepare to depart. In the meantime, Kelly advised, return to East Berlin and go about your business. Above all, he cautioned, tell no one—not even your wife—about these arrangements.

The news that Canna Clay had identified James Hall and passed the polygraph prompted my immediate return to Washington. If we indeed had a disloyal officer in the G-2 of an XVIII Airborne Corps unit, the resultant investigation would rival the Conrad case in its demands for Pentagon and interagency coordination. My place was at Fort Meade, orchestrating the new investigation inside the Beltway while Bob Thayer and his investigators stalked the suspected spy.

Within hours of Hall's identification, Thayer dispatched special agent Bob Watson and a cell of agents to Savannah, Georgia, the nearest large city to Fort Stewart. Captain Watson, twenty-seven, was a native of Miami, Florida, and a distinguished graduate of Furman University's ROTC program. The slim, fair-haired officer had already served a lengthy tour as a counterintelligence agent at Fort Bragg in North Carolina, the home base of the XVIII Airborne Corps. He had also been stationed at Savannah's Hunter Army Airfield, where he had made what would be a useful connection with special agent Doc Mobley of the FBI's Savannah office. Watson was the best choice to head the FCA advance party in Savannah. He knew the turf and appreciated more than most the damage that a traitor in the G-2 of the 24th Division could inflict.

To lay the groundwork for the investigation, Watson would have to coordinate with the Savannah FBI office, meet with the 24th Division's commanding general and its G-2 staff officer, and contact the local police. His job was to prepare the way for the arrival of a sizeable contingent of FCA agents, because suspect Hall would have to be taken under surveillance as soon as possible.

Bob Thayer soon followed Watson to Savannah. Within two weeks, the FCA contingent in the quaint city's motels would swell to more than two dozen, and then double in size as the Christmas holidays approached. In Washington, a cloak of secrecy was draped over the new FCA case. From the beginning, the case was referred to only as the 1126 investigation, a name derived from its Department of the Army case control number.

In Washington, Canna Clay's allegations had created a sensation among the tight circle of Pentagon senior officers who were aware of the investigation. Among the anointed few were Lt. Gen. Tom Weinstein, who had been so supportive during the Conrad case; Army Chief of Staff Carl Vuono; Secretary of the Army John O. Marsh; and a small cadre of attorneys.

Fresh from the Conrad success, FCA enjoyed the confidence of the army leadership. As soon as I arrived in Washington, General Weinstein passed on guidance from Secretary Marsh. Under no circumstances should Hall be permitted to travel overseas and pass additional secrets to the East Germans. If he were to head for an airport, FCA agents were to apprehend him, even if the investigation was incomplete. James Hall was an active-duty soldier with daily access to top-secret codeword information. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity was to take him down as soon as possible. The case could not be allowed to drag on the way Canasta Player had.

This edict effectively put a sunset clause on the 1126 investigation. Canna Clay alleged that Hall was told in July to report to his new assignment and wait approximately six months before traveling to Germany to deliver his first installment of secrets from Fort Stewart. Bob Thayer's best estimate was that James would most likely travel to Germany sometime between Thanksgiving and Christmas. If Thayer were correct and James Hall headed for the Atlanta airport, we would have to roll him up, ready or not. From the beginning, we assumed that we had until Christmas to make the case for espionage.

This was a formidable challenge. In the bureaucratic and methodical world of army counterintelligence, almost nothing could be accomplished in four months. In early September, James Hall was merely a suspect in an espionage investigation. All we knew for certain was that Canna Clay had made a set of serious allegations. Recent experience had underscored dramatically the difference between a set of allegations and the development of concrete information that would support an espionage indictment. It was the Conrad dilemma all over again. Having identified a man who might be a spy, investigators had to prove it. That meant, I reminded my Pentagon superiors, an exhaustive look at Hall's money, travel, activities, and associations. With luck, we might quickly uncover information that would enable us to apprehend and court-martial the junior warrant officer for espionage. But if James Hall were the spy, and if he had been well schooled by the East Germans, we might not find a money trail: Witness the Conrad case. Worse yet, if the newly appointed warrant officer had been clever and traveled discreetly, and if we were unable to catch him in the act of stealing classified documents at Fort Stewart, it was not difficult to envision Christmas coming and going with little major progress on the case.

In the counterintelligence community, an oft-quoted truism counsels, "You're only as good as the one you're working on." For FCA, there could be no resting on the laurels of the Conrad success. A full-court press would have to be immediately mounted, based upon the assumption that Warrant Officer Hall was a spy.

When FCA tackled the Hall investigation, the deputy commanding general of the Intelligence and Security Command was Brig. Gen. Floyd "Larry" Runyon, a career signals intelligence officer. We at FCA would depend upon General Runyon to run interference for the complex investigation whenever required. Larry Runyon was a cerebral, soft-spoken Indiana Hoosier. Himself a former field station commander, Runyon knew all too well from his own career the kind of havoc a disloyal officer of Hall's specialty could wreak. In the stressful months to come, Runyon was a rock.

General Runyon made two immediate decisions. First, knowledge of the case would be closely held within his own headquarters, where the investigation would be referred to only as "1126." No mention of Hall's name was permitted unless essential for legal affidavits or other close-hold correspondence. Most of the Intelligence and Security Command staff would be excluded from the case. The general would deal directly with me or through Lt. Col. Dave Owen, a talented and hardworking counterintelligence staff officer who had played an indispensable role as the headquarters focal point for the Conrad case.

More importantly, Runyon gave guidance to his staff that whatever FCA needed to conduct the investigation—resources or otherwise—would be forthcoming on a priority basis. This latter edict proved to be critical. From August until December 1988, the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity spent nearly a half million dollars on the case, this on top of the $850,000 that we had thrown at the Conrad investigation since January. Almost none of this money had been programmed for in the FCA budget. If the kitty ran low, I, as FCA director, would summon my principal miracle worker, budget officer Pat Griffin. As she had done during Canasta Player, Pat cheerfully and smoothly networked with her contacts in General Runyon's headquarters, and it rained dollars, usually at the expense of one of FCA's less fortunate sister units.

From the outset, one of the most troubling dimensions of the Hall case was the obligation that we had undertaken to protect Canna

Clay. It was indisputable that James Hall, if disloyal, posed a serious threat to national security. No one could quibble with Secretary of the Army Marsh's firm guidance that the junior warrant officer should not be allowed to betray more secrets.

But the secretary's edict created an intractable dilemma. Hall was to be apprehended at an airport if he attempted overseas travel, yet a sudden arrest of James Hall would place Canna Clay in mortal peril. Special agent Bob Watson recalls the airport problem this way: "We lived in daily dread that Hall might head for the airport and force us to apprehend him on the spot. The gut-wrenching prospect that haunted us was that we might be forced to grab Hall, and in the process kill our East German source, only to learn that James was merely on his way to visit his mother."

To prevent such a disaster, Thayer's men implemented the Pentagon guidance with an elaborate array of hasty plans prescribing actions that agents should take if James Hall headed for the airport. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity agents coordinated with security officials at the Savannah airport, and with U.S. Customs at the Atlanta airport. If Hall were to steer toward the Savannah airport, investigators realized, he might merely be on his way to rent a small plane to pursue his flying hobby. But if he entered the main terminal and purchased a ticket, agents would have to quickly determine his destination. If their man had booked a domestic flight, someone would attempt to accompany him. If overseas bound, James would have to be apprehended, regardless of whether Thayer's team had collected sufficient incriminating information to establish espionage, and regardless of the consequences in East Germany to Canna Clay. If this were to occur, every attempt would be made to conduct the apprehension without fanfare, in hopes that the press would not pick up on it immediately. With luck, this might buy time to spirit Canna Clay out of East Germany.

Few were comfortable with this plan. Everyone knew that there was still a leaker in Washington with a connection to the *New York Times*. We had been unable to keep the Conrad arrest a secret for even one day, and the event had taken place in Germany.

But Canna Clay's safety was not the sole reason that an airport arrest was undesirable. Emergency apprehension of Hall would deny

FCA investigators the opportunity to end the case on the government's terms, at a time and place of our choosing. Already in 1988, the army had been forced to hastily terminate the Conrad investigation because of a leak to the media. This time around, agents wanted to make an overwhelming case against Hall that would justify the first use of the death penalty in the recently revised Uniform Code of Military Justice. The recently arrested Conrad, we feared, faced a possible ten-year sentence from the Germans. No one wanted the same to happen with Hall.

In a worst-case airport apprehension, Canna Clay would most likely be trapped in East Germany, eliminating him as an eyewitness, and with him would disappear one of the strongest proofs that James Hall had sold documents to the East Germans. In the wake of a hasty airport arrest, even if Hall had classified documents concealed in his luggage, attorneys might be forced to charge him with violation of the regulations governing the security of classified documents, the penalty for which would be a slap on the wrist.

For legal and moral reasons, it was imperative to protect Canna Clay. We needed a foolproof plan to exfiltrate the academician and his family out of East Germany on short notice and resettle them in the West. To accomplish this, FCA would require advice from the CIA.

Once again, Gus Hathaway, John Whiteley, and Martha Graves were supportive. Hathaway and I were of one mind that the commitment to Canna Clay would have to be honored; otherwise we were no better than our communist adversaries. From the outset of the tricky case, Gus Hathaway pledged the advice and assistance of his agency. This was a not inconsiderable advantage, given the CIA's extensive experience operating in Germany and given its specialized resources, for which we could foresee a need. Hathaway, Whiteley, and Graves were the unsung heroes of the Conrad investigation—all of us knew that—and the 1126 case was shaping up as yet another opportunity for them to make a difference.

31: Rags to Riches

Bob Thayer and his team moved quickly to put James Hall under observation. If the warrant officer at Fort Stewart were indeed a spy and the East Germans somehow learned of Canna Clay's betrayal, a warning could flash across the Atlantic and the suspect would flee. In Savannah, the FBI made room for FCA agents in their austere offices. Fort Stewart, some thirty miles away, was a sprawling post, jammed with armored vehicles, trucks, and artillery pieces, all decked out in desert camouflage. More than 20,000 soldiers in battle dress uniforms trained on the installation. It would not do for the post to begin buzzing with tales of spooks in civilian clothes driving dark-colored rented sedans. For the delicate investigation to remain nonalerting, Thayer's investigators could not operate out of Fort Stewart.

To ensure compliance with the army senior leadership's mandate that James Hall not be permitted to travel to Germany, Thayer focused initially on surrounding the suspect with several tiers of security that would make it impossible for him to slip the noose.

An all-out physical surveillance was manpower intensive and risky. To minimize risk, FCA investigators decided to rely upon technical surveillance as much as possible. Alone in the army, FCA had the talent and equipment to carry out such operations. Bob Thayer and a small team of technicians would orchestrate these efforts on the ground in Savannah; agents at FCA's Fort Meade headquarters would work with army attorneys to prepare the necessary requests for legal approval of intrusive technical means. Phone taps, hidden video cameras, microphones, and tracking beepers could not be employed against an American citizen without demonstrating convincing probable cause.

Soon, thirteen surveillance agents joined Thayer, Watson, and a trio of technicians. Many of the new arrivals had just returned from Germany. By September, the FCA surveillance effort would expand to twenty-seven agents and a small fleet of vehicles, backed up by

Sky King, who flew the FCA surveillance aircraft from Fort Meade to Savannah.

Foreign Counterintelligence Activity investigators would be forced to operate in a tricky environment. James Hall lived in Richmond Hills, a remote, rural area in Chatham County. Surveilling their suspect in the Richmond Hills subdivision was at least as difficult as trying to keep track of Clyde Conrad in the small village of Bosenheim. Each time I spoke with Bob Thayer, I badgered the harried senior investigator. We could not wake up some morning only to find that Hall had flown the coop. Make sure the surveillance team doesn't slip up.

Initially, the FBI had a small role in the investigation, because the suspect was an active-duty soldier. The investigation was destined to take an unexpected turn, which would turn our FBI colleagues into full partners; but for the moment, under special agent-in-charge Bill Clancy, the bureau provided office space and the benefits of their local law enforcement contacts to the growing FCA contingent. We would depend on the FBI not only for operational support, such as a tap on Hall's home telephone, but for their pursuit of any possible civilian coconspirators who might surface in the investigation. For the duration of the delicate case, the partnership was cordial and productive.

The commanding general of the 24th Infantry Division was Maj. Gen. Pete Taylor, a demanding officer with a reputation as one of the army's premier experts on training. With glasnost in full swing, Taylor had recently journeyed to the Soviet Union to observe the training techniques of the Red Army. One of the first tasks accomplished by agents Thayer and Watson was to enlist the two star's support. Investigators would require Taylor's repeated assistance as well as that of his G-2, Lt. Col. Bill Peterson, for whom James Hall worked. Peterson, a wiry, addicted jogger with a Yul Brynner look, began his military intelligence career as a human intelligence officer (Huminter)—a break for investigators. When a phalanx of FCA spooks descended on his turf, the one-time Huminter embraced the task at hand, telling Thayer and Watson that they could count on his discretion and support. Counterintelligence agents bearing bad news are rarely as well received as Thayer's men were on Fort Stewart.

Agents assiduously kept General Taylor abreast of the unfolding investigation. The stern two star was an attentive listener and strong supporter, although from the beginning it was evident that he was incredulous and deeply hurt that one of his officers might have betrayed the army and the nation. As the investigation moved inexorably closer to an arrest, the sometimes gruff general would express deep concern for Hall's wife and two daughters, whose lives were about to be turned upside down. We needed to be sure that our plan included provisions to take care of them, Taylor counseled.

I met briefly with General Taylor in early September, reaffirming Bob Thayer's pledge that he would be kept informed as the investigation proceeded. We needed the general's assistance in keeping the delicate investigation compartmented. This meant that the two star could not even tell his own superior, the commander of the XVIII Airborne Corps at Fort Bragg. In the world inhabited by combat arms officers, loyalty to one's chain of command is a dominant value. Division commanders don't spook around behind the backs of corps commanders. Requesting General Taylor to keep his commander in the dark was asking a lot.

Taylor didn't blink. "Keep me in the loop," he counseled, "and remember, if and when an arrest takes place, I'll need early warning so I can alert my boss. It wouldn't do for him to read about something this significant in the morning paper." For the duration of the case, working with General Taylor and his G-2 was smooth and uncomplicated.

It is not always so. Sometimes, apprising a commander that one of his soldiers is under suspicion can lead to a compromised investigation. For every understanding and professional officer such as General Taylor, others exist who can react in a manner that jeopardizes the case. This happened in the Hall case, but not at the hands of General Taylor.

As FCA agents began stalking James Hall, Brigadier General Runyon, a consummate team player, felt that he had to notify a general officer colleague who was the senior intelligence officer in the headquarters of the U.S. Forces Command in Atlanta. This was a violation of Runyon's own "strict need-to-know" edict. If General Taylor's Fort Bragg–based corps commander had no need to know, certainly a staff officer at Fort McPherson should have been kept in the dark.

All understood why Runyon desired his Georgia-based colleague to be in the loop. Conducting such a sensitive investigation on the turf of a fellow senior intelligence officer without informing him was not a wise way to do business. Well aware of the case's sensitivity, General Runyon placed a secure phone call to Fort McPherson and expressly cautioned his colleague that no one else was to be briefed on the case.

Within hours, Bob Thayer received a frantic phone from Bill Peterson, the division G-2. The cat was out of the bag, Peterson warned in an alarmed voice. Apparently someone had told general so-and-so in Atlanta about the case. That general then felt he had to tell his boss, a two star, who in turn felt compelled to alert the Public Affairs Office that a high-profile spy arrest of a warrant officer was about to go down on Fort Stewart.

The situation coursed rapidly downhill. An espionage arrest would be a headline-producing event. The public affairs people in Atlanta, worried that they were about to be deluged by media queries, placed a call to their press officer counterparts on Fort Stewart. What was going on? Was a big spy bust about to occur on Stewart? Blindsided by what sounded like a sensational story about to break on his turf, the Fort Stewart public affairs officer rang up the logical person, the division G-2. Surely Peterson would know if a spy was about to be arrested on post.

It fell to Bob Thayer and Bob Watson to put the genie back in the bottle. After silencing the Fort Stewart public affairs officer with stern security admonitions, Thayer traced the leak back to the caller in Atlanta and hit the road. At Fort McPherson, he was able to locate every person who had become aware of the news, admonishing each that they had received an inadvertent disclosure of highly classified information. Under no circumstances could they repeat what they had heard to another soul. General Runyon, whose sense of team play had triggered the incident, vowed with a wry grin that he would never again trust another general with a secret. The near debacle reminded everyone why it was essential to practice strict compartmentation in counterintelligence investigations. If the Fort Stewart public affairs officer's call to the G-2 offices had been fielded by James Hall, or if Bill Peterson's secretary had chatted about the rumored arrest at the coffeepot, the entire case could have been blown.

Thayer's advance party promptly established a safety net to preclude Hall's departure to Germany. The first line of defense was G-2 Peterson, the only person in the suspect's office who was witting of the investigation. But it was unrealistic and imprudent to rely upon Peterson to keep track of the newly assigned warrant officer. A lieutenant colonel in a division headquarters does not hover around a junior warrant officer.

The FCA Savannah team took a page out of the Conrad case and sought approval to recruit a source in Hall's office who could discreetly keep an eye on James. The logical candidate for this sensitive role was Hall's office mate, WO Jeff Weddal, the man whom James was actually replacing. Because Weddal was not scheduled to depart Fort Stewart for some time, he was available to report on Hall's day-to-day moods and activities.

Agents met with the young officer without initially revealing FCA interest in James Hall. Describing what we called "the profile of a spy," agents asked Weddal if he had ever met anyone who fit the mold. The profile included signs of undue affluence, working late at night, and excessive curiousity about classified information beyond one's legitimate need to know.

The warrant officer replied without hesitation: "The new guy, Hall, comes to mind," he exclaimed.

Why did he think this?

"Well, Hall and I are the same rank and make the same money. I know what I can and can't afford. This guy's just bought a house in Richmond Hills. That's officer country—beyond my means. He owns a Ford pickup that I'd love to have but can't afford; he's talking about taking flying lessons; and just today he mentioned he'd like to get a big sailboat. How does he do it?"

Weddal had broken the code. Thayer's men recruited the perceptive soldier and apprised him that his replacement was a suspect in an espionage case. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity agent Bob

Watson tasked the new controlled source. Be sensitive to Hall's moods, Watson counseled. Report any signs that he might be planning a trip, particularly if he mentions overseas travel. Avoid doing anything that Hall might see as excessive curiosity. Just keep your eyes and ears open and report everything you hear, see, or suspect.

To supplement the new agent's reporting, Bob Thayer recommended the installation of hidden video cameras in the G-2 offices. If Hall were collecting information for the MfS, the cameras might catch him in the act. Tapes of the young warrant officer stealing classified documents would be persuasive exhibits in a courtroom.

Assisted by Bill Peterson, FCA technicians entered the G-2 offices late one night in early September. It would take two hours to rig concealed cameras that would provide continuous coverage of Hall's desk and nearby safe. The "black bag" job almost ended in catastrophe when FCA tech agent Frank Duffer slipped from a rafter in the G-2 attic and crashed through the plywood ceiling of the World War II barracks building. Agents worked feverishly throughout the night to repair the damage. By dawn, the cameras were installed and the ceiling was repaired. G-2 Bill Peterson had a ready-made cover story for the new ceiling panel: Clumsy post electricians had summoned him overnight to access the attic and caused the damage.

Duffer's cameras transmitted their images to a monitoring site located in a guest cottage across the street from the G-2 offices. For the next three months, patient FCA investigators would man the site and observe every move that James Hall made in his office. If suspect Hall stole classified documents, the concealed cameras would capture the event on videotape.

The FCA surveillance team established itself in Savannah, and its members set about orienting themselves to the area. Drive-bys of Hall's new home were revealing. Located across the street from a lake, the Richmond Hills home was an attractive ranch house in an upscale neighborhood. Parked in the driveway was a Volvo 760 GLE sedan—Heidi's car—next to which was a new Ford F250 XLT pickup truck. Bob Thayer's men made a note to check on how their suspect had managed to pay for $40,000 worth of new vehicles and a Richmond Hills home.

In Washington, army attorneys sought permission to tap Hall's duty and work phones. Affidavits to establish probable cause that James W. Hall was an agent of a foreign power included Canna Clay's depositions and information that pointed to a pattern of undue affluence.

Foreign Counterintelligence Activity agents could install and carry out the tap of Hall's office phone because it was on an army installation. Bill Clancy's FBI agents took care of the home phone. If Hall were on the East German payroll, he might use the telephone to contact case officers Horst and Wolfgang in East Berlin or to make travel arrangements in preparation for an overseas meeting. The phone taps would also make the daily task of the FCA surveillance team far easier.

With these and other measures in place by mid-September, I reported to the army leadership that Hall would not be able to plan a trip to Germany without our knowing about it. With the safety net secured, we could devote all of our efforts to establishing the elements of the crime of espionage.

Bob Thayer and his men had begun to focus their investigation on their suspect's finances from the moment Canna Clay pointed his finger at James Hall's photograph. Unlike the recent experience with Clyde Conrad, reconstructing the warrant officer's personal finances would prove to be easy. One of the first facts to surface was a long-forgotten interview of Hall done in West Berlin by Ron Sidwell, then an agent of the 766th MI Detachment, now an FCA investigator. That interview, recounted earlier in this book, established that James Hall was in financial trouble shortly after bringing Heidi and his new daughter to West Berlin. That was 1982. Now, agents noted, the junior warrant officer was taking flying lessons, had just bought a new home, and owned two expensive vehicles. It was the rags to riches phenomenon all over again.

Foreign Counterintelligence Activity investigators constructed a matrix displaying Hall's army earnings since his West Berlin assignment, then zeroed in on his expenditures. The results of their patient digging were revealing. Hall's total available cash from his army pay for the five-plus years scrutinized was about $78,000. Agents calculated that during the same period, the soldier's major purchases and investments amounted to approximately $90,000. The warrant officer's average checking account balance was $10,000. He had purchased the 1985 Volvo in November 1984 at a West Berlin dealership for $20,580, making a cash down payment of $13,500. The Ford pickup truck, an $18,000 toy acquired during Hall's 1988 training in Arizona, was paid for in cash. James also had $15,000 worth of mutual funds, and in August 1988 he had made a $26,000 deposit into a money market account. To purchase the $92,000 ranch house in Richmond Hills, suspect Hall had put down $6,000 cash in July. At closing, he had tossed in another $28,000 by writing a personal check.

Thayer's men cinched the case for undue affluence when they gained access to Hall's mortgage application. On it, neatly arrayed for the bankers, James had listed his assets. Investigators were instantly attracted to a column entitled "Other assets." There, in Hall's handwriting, was the startling entry, "$30,000 in a box at home."

The newly appointed warrant officer could not possibly have accumulated such riches from his army pay. Still, there was always the possibility, however remote, that he had legitimately acquired the cash. If the man's grandmother had passed away and left him an inheritance, investigators would look like fools if they alleged undue affluence due to espionage. To further muddy the waters, FCA agents located one soldier who recalled that James had confided to coworkers in Frankfurt that Heidi's father was a wealthy farmer. His father-in-law, Hall told friends, was selling off plots of land and sharing the proceeds with his children.

Agents exhaustively scrutinized Hall's finances, even checking courthouse records in New York State, looking for any evidence of an inheritance or other legitimate source for the couple's sudden prosperity. Two FCA investigators traveled to Sharon Springs, New York, and nosed around. Upon their return, the men reported that James Hall clearly did not come from wealthy roots. His parents lived modestly, in consonance with his father's employment as an auto mechanic.

Thayer's investigators also had to explore the suspect's contention that he had wealthy and generous German in-laws. But an official inquiry of the German security services was fraught with risk. Our interest in the finances of the Guenthner family in Kemnath might be discovered by an East German penetrator, who could alert East Berlin. So apprised, the MfS might easily deduce that their star agent was threatened.

Norman Runk solved this problem by contacting FCA's trusted German friends. Soon we had the results of discreet inquiries into the background and finances of Hall's father-in-law. To no one's surprise, the story that his wealthy in-laws were donating cash to Jim and Heidi Hall turned out to be fiction. Records at the Kemnath Standesamt revealed no land sales by the Guenthner family.

Ultimately, investigators could uncover no legitimate explanation for James Hall's sudden wealth. To Thayer and his men it was obvious. The $30,000 that Canna Clay saw Paul stuff into the false bottom of the dark blue gym bag in an East Berlin safe house in early July was almost surely the same $30,000 that James Hall had listed on his mortgage application one week later.

32: The October Surprise

Having established that James Hall and his family were living a lifestyle more appropriate to a major or a lieutenant colonel than a junior warrant officer, Savannah investigators pressed for proof that their prosperous suspect was collecting documents for eventual passage to the East Germans. Recalling Canna Clay's description of a dark blue gym bag with a false bottom, agents had been on the lookout for the incriminating bag from the beginning—without success. If Hall was our man, he was not using the East German–issued concealment device.

From the moment James Hall arrived at his office until he donned his camouflage hat and departed, he was under observation by FCA investigators. In the tiny white clapboard cottage across from the G-2, bored agents fought off fatigue as they watched their target leaf through documents, read the newspaper, chat with his office mates, and talk on the phone. Five weeks into the video surveillance, the results were disappointing. If Warrant Officer Hall was stealing documents, he was a master of concealment.

In early October 1988, sitting at his desk in FCA's Fort Meade headquarters, deputy commander Bob Bell received a secure phone call from the Savannah team. Something was up.

"Sir, they may have the big one in Savannah," Bell called out. "Thayer says that the cameras captured Hall taking a document out of his desk drawer and hiding it in the folds of a newspaper before leaving the room."

The Savannah team had worked out a coordinated plan to cope with such a case. If the agent monitoring the video spotted what looked like a theft, he was to alert the surveillance team, which always had at least one cell of agents standing by. If James Hall concealed documents on his person and departed the headquarters, the surveillance team would tail him to his home or other destination. This was essential so that investigators could later testify that the suspect had removed the documents from a government facility and taken them to an unauthorized area.

The alert proved to be a false alarm. Hall had left his hat hanging on a hook and had gone somewhere else in the building out of camera range. Ten minutes later, he returned and replaced the unidentified document in his desk. Because it was against regulations to store classified documents in a desk drawer, agents instructed Warrant Officer Weddal to wait until Hall went home and check the drawer's contents.

Weddal complied. The drawer, he reported to his FCA case officer, contained a well-worn issue of *Playboy* magazine. Agents surmised that Hall had made a trip to the men's room. "Frailty, thy name is James," I quipped with a grin to Bob Bell.

In Savannah, the nonstop monitoring of Hall's office continued. Sooner or later, Thayer and Watson felt sure, their suspect would slip up.

In late October 1988, the FBI-administered tap of the telephone in Hall's Richmond Hills home picked up a suspicious conversation. The caller was Hall's mother in Sharon Springs, New York, with a message for Jim. A man named Mike Jones had called from Florida. Speaking accented English, Jones had asked Mrs. Hall to pass on his Florida telephone number to her son. Perhaps Jim could call him?

"Who is this Mike, anyway?" Hall's mother asked.

"Oh, he's just some guy I knew in Berlin who taught me how to weld," James replied nonchalantly. "I'll give him a call."

At the FBI's Savannah office, investigators crowded around a console and listened as the telephone drama played out. Shortly after the conversation with his mother, Hall dialed the 813 number in Florida that Mike Jones had provided. A woman answered the phone.

"Is Mr. Yildirim there?" Hall queried. Agents exchanged surprised glances. Mike Jones had suddenly become Mr. Yildirim. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity veterans of Berlin duty knew at once that there was only one Yildirim in the world who taught welding in Berlin to American soldiers: the Meister.

With the Meister's unexpected appearance in the 1126 investigation, the pieces began to fall neatly into place. Canna Clay had told agents Kelly and Clifford in West Berlin that his predecessor, as the link between Paul and the MfS, was someone who "might not have been a German" and who "might have left the country."

The female voice that answered the Florida phone was Peggy Bie, the matronly music student whom the Turk had used as his ticket to the United States. Of this I was certain. I could still hear the Meister in 1986 extolling Peggy Bie's elusive virtues. "She love me too much," the Turk had said with a roguish wink and a nod. "She veerry rich. Maybe I go Florida for good."

Mike Jones came on the line. The voice was unmistakably the Meister. The Turk was skittish, obviously uncomfortable talking on Peggy Bie's line. After obtaining Hall's home phone number, he signed off hurriedly. "I call you back, Jim, soon."

Within thirty minutes, the Richmond Hills phone rang. Heidi picked up the receiver. It was Yildirim. Could he speak with Jim?

"Yes, just a moment," replied Heidi. "Is this Mike?"

"Yes, I am Mike," the Meister said. For whatever reason, the Turk was known only by his cover name to Hall's wife. In the background, the telltale clicking of coins being digested by a pay phone was clearly audible. Yildirim had left Peggy Bie's home and driven to a pay phone. Cover names, the use of pay phones—the call was cloaked in conspiratorial trappings.

Yildirim wanted to meet with his friend.

"I go to New York," the Meister asserted cryptically. "Have lots of diamonds, precious stones, other things, very interesting. We can get together?"

Hall replied guardedly. "Yeah, I'm in Savannah, you know where that is."

"Yes, in Georgia," said the Meister. "When can I meet you?"

The two made an arrangement. Meister would stop by Savannah on his way back from New York within one to two weeks.

"Just give me a call and I'll meet you somewhere," Hall advised. James did not invite the Turk to the house, hardly normal behavior for social friends. Apparently the two men had business that they were keeping from Hall's wife.

This unexpected twist in the case raised troubling questions. Was the Meister an East German courier who would service Hall and remove the need for him to travel to Germany? Or were the two working some sort of smuggling operation, a documented proclivity of the Turk? The Meister had an unproven record of contacts with the

East German service. In a worst case, Yildirim could be to Hall what the Kercsik brothers had been to Clyde Conrad. If this were true, investigators now had a grave problem. What if Hall seized a load of classified documents and ventured to a roadside meeting with the Meister? The secretary of the army had ordered that James Hall should not be permitted to betray additional secrets.

The recollection that our new suspect had twice been in my home was painful. The unannounced visits took on new meaning if the ebullient Turk were indeed an agent of the East German MfS.

As a civilian suspect, Huseyin Yildirim was an FBI target. Within hours of hearing the Turk's voice on that tape, I prepared a detailed memorandum of everything I could recall about my association with him, commencing with our initial meeting five years earlier in Berlin's auto craft shop. As FCA's new full partner in the case, the FBI needed to know everything we knew about the manipulative Turk.

At Fort Meade, investigators retrieved the case file on the stillborn West Berlin investigation of the Meister, a case that had been kicked off when jailed former soldier Jackson had denounced Yildirim as an East German agent. Now that the irrepressible Turk had been detected sniffing around James Hall, Jackson's revelations required a second look.

The review of this file yielded bad news. Viewed with the advantage of hindsight, it looked as though the Berlin investigation had been a lost opportunity, a polite way of saying that it had been mishandled. With Yildirim now linked to James Hall, Jackson's allegation that the Turk had once brokered a debriefing of Ella Pettway by the East Germans made more sense. At the time, the smooth-talking Meister had passionately denied any wrongdoing, professed his love of America, and volunteered to take a lie detector examination. The case had been closed by Bob Thayer's inexperienced predecessor without polygraphing Yildirim. And agents had not tracked down Ella Pettway and confronted her with Jackson's accusations. The brash Turk had smoothly talked his way out of trouble.

With Hall and the Meister planning a meeting, Thayer and his Savannah investigators faced the very real prospect that another hemorrhage of classified information might be imminent—an event that was unacceptable in Washington.

Even with Hall's undue affluence established, FCA agents were weeks, if not months, away from proving espionage. If James met the Turk with the intent to give away a stack of secret documents, he would have to be confronted on the spot. Canna Clay would have shuddered at the prospect.

The FCA surveillance cameras had thus far failed to detect James Hall looting his duty section of classified documents. Video coverage, reporting from Warrant Officer Weddal, and insights from the telephone taps indicated that if the suspect was an East German agent, he was doing exactly what his MfS case officers had told him to do: Report for duty, lay low, and check out the situation for up to six months. Furthermore, nothing Yildirim had said on the phone could be interpreted as an order or invitation to Hall to hand over any documents.

In Washington, I appealed for breathing space. Thayer's team should permit the Turk and Hall to meet without taking any hasty action. The FBI had just opened a preliminary investigation of Huseyin Yildirim. Bureau agents had almost nothing on which to base an apprehension of the Turk. This was a time for patience.

These arguments carried the day. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity should not make any precipitous apprehension, senior army officials agreed, but if agents received any indication that Hall was about to hand over a satchel of secrets to Yildirim, a decision would have to be made at the highest levels about how to react.

During November and December 1988, Huseyin Yildirim called James Hall several times to arrange nocturnal meetings. Tipped off by the telephone tap, FCA surveillance agents twice shadowed Hall as he departed his home in the late evening and drove in the direction of Interstate 95. The Turk arrived from Florida in a dilapidated Cadillac. On both occasions, Hall and the Meister conducted late-night meetings at the Cracker Barrel restaurant at the intersection of I-95 and state highway 206. During the second rendezvous, as waitresses prepared for closing, an FCA agent carrying a camera concealed in an attaché case boldly entered the restaurant and obtained a photograph of the two men as they sat in a booth and conversed in low tones. The agent observed the Turk pass a brown envelope to Hall during the meeting. The photo and the brown envelope later proved to be critical pieces of evidence in demonstrating the conspiracy between the two men.

By now, an FBI surveillance squad was shadowing Yildirim in Belleair Beach, Florida, where he was living at Peggy Bie's ranch house, sometimes using the alias Huseyin Bie. The bureau's investigation had already yielded one telling fact: Shortly after his first meeting with James Hall in Savannah, the Meister had made a quick roundtrip to Berlin. Still, because the FBI had gotten a late start in the case, they had little on the Turk other than some doublespeak phone calls, the trip to West Berlin (where he had a wife and children), and his vague relationship with army suspect James Hall. It was not much to go on. Federal Bureau of Investigation desk officers in Washington reminded us of Yildirim's police record for smuggling. Perhaps that was what the two were doing.

All of us understood what FBI supervisors were facing. The bureau could arrest Yildirim only with the agreement of the Department of Justice, whose conservative judicial philosophy we had recently experienced during the Conrad case. The FBI was impaled on a dilemma. If it wanted to make the case for espionage against the Turk, it would have to open a full field investigation. But to take this important step, it would have to establish credible probable cause that the Turk was a hard espionage suspect—and do so promptly. With a two-month head start, the FBI's army partners were looking at December as the target date for arresting James Hall.

By November 1988, FCA investigators had made significant progress in two of the four investigative spheres: money and associations. Their suspect was rolling in cash and was conducting furtive meetings with a suspected East German agent. Across the street from the G-2 offices, frustrated agents continued to man the electronic observation post, but Hall had made no mismoves since the *Playboy* false alarm in October. As the Christmas holidays drew nearer, Bob Thayer fretted. If James Hall followed the orders of his East German handlers, he should be stealing documents and planning a trip to Germany.

Thayer enlisted the assistance of G-2 Bill Peterson to guard against a sudden holiday trip to Germany. If Hall followed the rules, he would have to obtain permission for out-of-town travel. Peterson circulated a Christmas leave projection roster throughout his staff section. James Hall did not sign up.

Captain Bob Watson met his source. As of December 1, Warrant Officer Weddal reported, Hall had said nothing about any holiday travel plans.

The telephone taps and the surveillance team likewise revealed no travel plans. James continued to maintain contact with Huseyin Yildirim, but he made no calls to airlines or travel agents. And his daily routine had not varied. Agents regularly observed their target as he made stops at the PX, the post laundry, and the officers' club. Hall drove past the airline ticket office frequently but did not stop.

Thayer and Watson knew that investigators had to establish when James Hall was planning to travel to Germany. If Savannah investigators could confirm this date, their planning challenge would be clear. Canna Clay would have to be out of East Germany by the day of the flight, paving the way for Hall to be apprehended as he boarded the aircraft. With luck, a search of his luggage would reveal classified documents.

There had already been two tense false alarms. On a Thursday in mid-November, Hall suddenly announced to his office colleagues that he would take Friday off. Agents reacted. G-2 Peterson had just circulated the leave roster, and James had made no entries on it. Now the suspect was abruptly arranging a three-day weekend. What was up? Had Hall detected the FCA surveillance and decided to flee the country? Or was he on his way to a rendezvous with Horst and Wolfgang in East Berlin? Twice during 1988, Hall had met his MfS masters on three-day weekends. If Hall were overseas bound, he would have to be arrested. Investigators began to plan for an airport apprehension.

After several tense hours, the telephone tap resolved the brewing crisis. Hall's daughter, Jessica, was ill. The day off on Friday was to take her to the family doctor. Agents stood down from the airport alert.

Investigators had experienced a similar scare in October, over the Columbus Day holiday weekend. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity surveillance agents had arrived on station in Richmond Hills in the early morning, only to discover that their target's silver and black truck was not in the driveway. Thayer's men were dismayed. Continuous surveillance since September had established that James was a late starter, rarely leaving the house before 9:00 A.M. on weekends.

The surveillance team immediately reported the bad news to Bob Thayer in his motel room. Hall had slipped the noose. No one knew how long he had been gone. With a head start of an hour or two, James could be anywhere, possibly on his way to the Savannah or Atlanta airport. Bob Thayer shared the unwelcome development with my Fort Meade headquarters while the surveillance team patrolled Hall's known weekend haunts and cruised the parking lot at the Savannah airport in search of the Ford pickup.

As agents scrambled to locate Hall's distinctive truck, I vented to FCA deputy director Bob Bell. Hadn't we repeatedly told the Savannah team that they could not give Hall too much space and let him out of Savannah? Now the suspect was on the loose, possibly on his way to Germany. If Hall was Germany bound, breaking the news to the secretary of the army would not be easy.

Bell counseled moderation. Thayer's men understood the guidance, he argued, but had attempted to implement it intelligently. It was simply too risky and too exhausting to place their suspect under around-the-clock surveillance. Arriving in Richmond Hills shortly after sunrise and departing in the late evening when both of Hall's vehicles were in the driveway and the house was dark was a prudent compromise. Between the telephone taps and the source in the G-2, Savannah investigators thought they had a good feel for James Hall's moods as well as his intentions. The surveillance team was husbanding its strength for when it would be ordered to tail James Hall twenty-four hours a day.

In Savannah, FBI agent Bubba Yoemans reviewed tapes of Hall's home phone. The telephone tap yielded reassuring news. James had just called Heidi to report that he was at the local Sears store. One of his daughters was with him, and he had other errands to do before returning home. Yoemans notified the FCA surveillance base, which vectored a pair of vehicles to the Sears Roebuck store. Word flashed to Fort Meade. The emergency was over. James had merely broken his routine and gotten an early start on his Saturday errands. The target was under control.

The episode exposed an unacceptable vulnerability. The surveillance net would have to be drawn tighter around Hall. If a fresh crop of agents had to be dispatched to Savannah, I told Bob Bell, so be it. If James Hall had departed his home at 10:30 the prior evening and caught the late flight to Atlanta, by the time the surveillance team discovered his empty driveway the following morning, he would have been in Germany.

Foreign Counterintelligence Activity agent Nick Pokrovsky had spent an eternity in the tiny guesthouse across from the G-2. With nothing to do but watch his man, Pokrovsky studied Hall's every move, looking for patterns of behavior or signs that he was about to undertake some illegal action. Agents manning the cramped observation post were certain of one thing: Hall was terminally lazy. The slightly rotund warrant officer could sit for hours at a time behind his gray metal government-issue desk doing nothing other than reading a newspaper and chatting with his office mates. Every now and then, James would paw through his in-box, glance at a document with a red secret cover sheet, then cycle it into his out-box.

For more than three months, Pokrovsky and his colleagues had been on the lookout for the dark gym bag that Canna Clay described in Berlin. If James carried the bag with the false bottom to the office, agents surmised, it could signal his intention to steal a stack of documents. For three months, the elusive bag was nowhere in evidence.

In early December, investigators keyed on something of possible significance. Their man had begun to carry a clipboard to work. Clipboards are common in a place such as the G-2 office of an infantry division. The typical GI-issue clipboard is a slab of masonite with a steel clasp at the top. But Hall's clipboard was a civilian model, much like the style used by an electrician or a plumber. Made of aluminum, it had a half-inch-deep storage bin built into it, intended for the carbon copies of receipts. By lifting up the hinged writing surface, the user could drop documents into the hidden bin.

Across the street in the observation post, Pokrovsky and his coworkers agreed that if James was going to pilfer documents, he would conceal them in the aluminum clipboard. The investigators shared their hunch with Bob Thayer. Something might happen soon.

Nick Pokrovsky was no stranger to intrigue. The son of a former Red Army officer who had voted with his feet after World War II and settled in Paris, the thirty-year-old sergeant first class had already served fourteen years in the Cold War trenches. In 1978, as a twenty-year-old military policeman, the Russian-speaking Pokrovsky had been assigned to checkpoint duty on the Berlin-Helmstedt autobahn, where his duties put him face-to-face with Soviet officers. Confrontations between American and Soviet officials over access rights to Berlin were frequent. Pokrovsky was often in the middle, handling matters that normally would have been the purview of someone much senior.

Soviet checkpoint officials included officers of the KGB's Third Chief Directorate. It was inevitable that the Russian American sergeant would attract their attention. When the six-foot-five NCO reported to counterintelligence officials that a Soviet officer was becoming chummy, he was put under the control of case officers from the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity. Play along, the FCA men counseled.

By 1981, Nick Pokrovsky was a double agent, recruited by the KGB and under control of the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity. Pokrovsky soon informed Mischa, his KGB handler, that he had decided to transfer to military intelligence. His first assignment was at Fort Huachuca in Arizona as an instructor in interrogation techniques. Before his newly recruited agent departed Berlin, Mischa urged him to collect classified information at the sensitive post. If possible, the KGB officer instructed, Pokrovsky should travel back to Berlin to deliver stolen documents. The continental United States was out of the territory of KGB Third Chief Directorate handlers.

Pokrovsky balked. American counterspies might notice such travel. Flying to Berlin was risky. It was a response manufactured in the Fort Meade corridors of FCA.

Once in Arizona, Pokrovsky and his FCA handlers artfully manipulated the KGB. Traveling to Mexico City, the quick-thinking NCO visited Moscow's embassy and spoke with a Soviet named Konstantin. The Soviet worked for the KGB's First Chief Directorate, which staffed Soviet embassies with language-trained agent handlers.

Your people in Berlin, Pokrovsky lectured the Soviet, are amateurs. If he followed their advice and traveled to Europe to deliver documents, he would surely be identified by American counterintelligence and arrested. "I want to work for genuine professionals," Pokrovsky told the poker-faced KGB officer across the table. "Those guys in Berlin will get my ass caught."

Then Pokrovsky played his trump card, telling Konstantin that he had just received orders reassigning him to a sensitive human intelligence unit at Fort Meade in Maryland. The spook outfit was a priority collection target of the KGB.

The Soviet officer struggled to calm the headstrong American. "Do not worry," he purred sympathetically. "We will work it out. Go to your new unit at Fort Meade, get settled in, and return to Mexico City in three months."

Pokrovsky reported the Soviet officer's instructions to his FCA case officers and moved to Fort Meade. Three months later, he returned to Mexico City to meet with Konstantin. But the KGB had a surprise for the brash sergeant. Standing at the embassy gate was Mischa Bogdan, his Third Chief Directorate controller from Berlin.

"I ought to cut your balls off," Bogdan growled as he led the horror-stricken Pokrovsky across the courtyard of the beige-walled compound. It was, the NCO later recalled, the most terrifying moment of his life. As the pair passed through the embassy portals, it crossed Pokrovsky's mind that he might not emerge. This was clearly a time for contrition.

Pokrovsky mumbled a penitent mea culpa to the grim-faced Russian. He hadn't meant anything personal by his complaints to Konstantin; he was simply afraid. One stupid move and Nick Pokrovsky would spend the rest of his life in an American prison.

Bogdan became conciliatory. If Pokrovsky was too frightened to travel to Berlin, a courier could meet him in the United States. The Soviet pushed a photo across the desk. It was a snapshot of sixty-seven-year-old Alice Michelson, an East German woman who taught at East Berlin's Humboldt University.

"She will be your courier," Mischa explained. "She is above reproach. The FBI would have no reason to suspect an elderly female academician."

Mischa introduced another Soviet. The man was the KGB's resident expert on the army's Intelligence and Security Command. The two Russians explained that Pokrovsky's Fort Meade unit was high on Moscow's list of priority targets. Pokrovsky's mission was to steal its secrets.

The two Russians provided their agent a phone number and six packs of Marlboro and Winston cigarettes. Several of the cigarettes in each package were hollowed-out concealment devices designed to accommodate spools of exposed film. Mischa instructed his American agent to photograph classified documents and place the film in the bogus cigarettes. When you have accomplished this, Mischa ordered, call courier Michelson at this phone number. She will meet you and pick up the pack of cigarettes.

Pokrovsky nodded his understanding and departed the embassy. Outside, the sergeant took a deep breath and composed himself. Even the polluted air of Mexico City was a pleasure to breathe.

When he returned to Maryland, Nick Pokrovsky informed his FBI and FCA case officers that the Soviets had swallowed the bait. He was about to meet with a clandestine courier of the KGB.

On a Saturday morning in early October 1984, FBI agents affixed a tiny tape recorder around Pokrovksy's thigh. He drove to Baltimore's BWI Airport. The FBI-FCA double agent sat in the lounge, where a concealed FBI camera would record his meeting with the East German woman.

Alice Michelson arrived and sat down. Pokrovsky identified himself by a KGB parole, referring to his Uncle Peter. Michelson relaxed. Pokrovsky was tense. Rivers of sweat flowed around the tape machine strapped near his groin.

For an hour, the two sat in the airport lounge. The American double agent delicately led the conversation in the direction of the stolen documents he was turning over in the pack of Marlboros. His instructions were to induce Michelson to incriminate herself. He handed the gray-haired woman the pack of cigarettes.

Michelson put the Marlboros in her purse, admitting wryly that even though she didn't smoke, she had matches in her purse to complete the image of a smoker. Then she stood up and headed for the concourse to catch a plane to New York City. Federal Bureau of Investigation surveillance officers boarded the flight.

Back at FCA headquarters, Pokrovsky's handlers discovered that their man had sweat so much that electrical leads to the tiny tape recorder had shorted out. Most of the conversation with Alice

Michelson had been lost. Fortunately, the machine had picked up the East German courier's remark about the matches. In a court of law, her comment would be difficult to explain.

Alice Michelson lingered for a week in New York City under around-the-clock FBI observation. When the KGB courier attempted to board a Prague-bound Czech airliner at JFK Airport, she was arrested in a headline-making operation. The incriminating films of classified documents were found on her person.

Michelson was ice cold in captivity, refusing to utter a word to her FBI captors. Convicted of conspiracy to commit espionage, she languished for three years in federal prison before being exchanged in 1987 as part of a trade to obtain the freedom of seventeen incarcerated western agents. Considerable credit for the liberation of the seventeen agents belonged to Nick Pokrovsky and his FCA-FBI handlers.

On December 5, 1988, Nick Pokrovsky sat in the FCA monitoring post at Fort Stewart, fighting off boredom and watching Warrant Officer Hall sluff his way through yet another undistinguished day at the office. As duty hours drew to a close, nothing remarkable had happened. The curious aluminum clipboard was sitting on Hall's desk. The warrant officer thumbed absently through some documents and tossed them on the desk.

One of Hall's subordinates approached and pointed to the documents. "Do you want me to lock these up, sir?" she queried.

James shook his head. "Nah, I'll take care of them."

Pokrovsky straightened up. What was this? Why hadn't Hall permitted the woman to secure the documents? It was her job.

James glanced around the room and leafed through the documents. Then, ever so casually, he opened the lid on his clipboard and dropped them inside.

Across the street, Nick Pokrovsky stifled a shout of triumph as the video recorder captured the action for posterity. Then he seized a hand-held radio and alerted the surveillance team. The target was hot.

Pokrovsky grinned at his colleague. If James Hall carried that clipboard out the door and brought it to his home, another investigative milestone would be achieved.

Unaccountably, when duty hours ended, Hall locked up his safe, grabbed his hat, and departed, leaving the clipboard on his desk. Pokrovsky replayed the videotape. No doubt about it, whatever James had placed in the makeshift concealment device was still there. And since his subordinate had volunteered to lock them up, the documents were almost certainly classified.

A debate ensued. Was it safe to check out the clipboard? Had the warrant officer trapped the device by placing it in a certain manner or by putting a microscopic piece of litter on it that would tell him if someone had inspected the clipboard? A frame-by-frame scrutiny of the tape revealed no such precautions. Hall had acted normally, exhibiting no actions that might convey nervousness or suspicion. Assured by attorneys that it was legal to check out the contents of the suspicious clipboard, Thayer's investigators called on G-2 Peterson for assistance. With utmost caution, Peterson opened the compartment gently, just enough to observe that it contained classified documents.

Throughout the following day, the loaded clipboard rested undisturbed on suspect Hall's desk. Outside, the full surveillance team was poised to do its job. Nick Pokrovsky fixed his gaze on the monitor's screen as the end of duty hours approached, feeling a bit like a cheerleader. "Come on, James," he muttered to himself. "Pick up the goodies and take them home."

At 4:30 P.M. on December 6, 1988, James Hall locked his safe, nonchalantly picked up the clipboard containing the contraband cargo, and headed out the door for his truck. As the Ford pickup departed the G-2 parking lot, FCA surveillance vehicles shadowed it from a distance. Overhead, Sky King radioed his comrades on the ground each time their target took a turn. Hall was faithful to his daily routine. He made a brief stop at the officers' club, leaving the clipboard on the front seat of his truck. Thirty minutes and two drinks later, the pickup was speeding down the highway toward Richmond Hills. An FCA surveillance agent observed the warrant officer carry the clipboard into his house. Another investigative objective had been fulfilled.

By the first week of December, three of the investigation's four objectives had been met. The thirty-one-year-old warrant officer was rolling in illicit money, he had a conspiratorial business association with suspected East German operative Huseyin Yildirim, and he was removing classified documents from his office. The case against James Hall was all but overwhelming, with one important exception. Investigators had failed to document their suspect's espionage-related travels.

Canna Clay had told agents Kelly and Clifford that the spy Paul had been in East Berlin during the Martin Luther King holiday in January 1988 and over the Fourth of July weekend. If Clay's memory was accurate, and if James Hall was the spy, we should be able to place him in East Berlin on these two weekends.

But there was a problem. During the January period, Hall's leave and travel records indicated that he was in the middle of travel from Germany to the United States. During the Fourth of July weekend, records reflected that James was on leave with his parents in Sharon Springs, New York, probably celebrating his appointment as a warrant officer.

At the Pentagon, I briefed the vexing challenge to General Weinstein and senior army attorneys. What would we do, I asked rhetorically, if we moved against Hall, only to learn that he had indeed been with Heidi in Frankfurt on that particular January weekend? Or worse yet, what if it turned out that Hall had attended a family reunion in Sharon Springs over the Fourth of July, for which there were fifty witnesses?

I returned to my FCA offices and ordered that no stone be left unturned to unmask Hall's travels.

33: The Plan Comes Together

Establishing that James Hall had twice managed to sneak to East Berlin in 1988 proved to be the most elusive challenge of the 1126 investigation. Since September, FCA agents on both sides of the Atlantic had devoted countless hours to the task—all without success.

Part of the problem was that the starting point was vague. At Fort Meade, investigators repeatedly played the tape that agents Kelly and Clifford had made of their August interview with the East German professor, a tape that was often nearly impossible to decipher due to the din of West Berlin traffic in the background. When asked how the American spy had traveled from Frankfurt to Berlin, Canna Clay waffled. He was certain only that East German border guards had sneaked the American agent through the wall from West to East Berlin. For both visits, he recalled, the American had appeared at a prearranged time at a remote spot on the west side of the wall, where East German border guards unlocked a maintenance door to admit him. From there, Horst and Wolfgang brought their agent to the safe house. But Clay was uncertain how the American agent had traveled to Berlin. Perhaps, he suggested at one point in the interview, the man had flown to West Berlin from Frankfurt. It was also possible, he added, that the American may have rented a car in West Germany and driven on the autobahn through East Germany to West Berlin.

It was not much to go on. In New York City, FCA investigators once again screened thousands of customs landing cards filled out by arriving passengers. If James had flown to Germany in July, he would have filled out such a form during the return flight. The quest uncovered nothing.

In Germany, investigators checked the records of arriving passengers at Berlin's Tegel Airport. Agents focused on American passengers for the Friday and Saturday of both weekends in question. West Berlin customs police maintained such records and routinely photographed passports of passengers. Agents checked thousands of records for January and July 1988, without success. It was a long shot. If Hall had traveled using a false passport under an alias—not unheard of for East German agents—the chances of recognizing his photograph among the thousands of passport photographs were slim.

Security was also a major concern. If one of the German police officials with whom investigators had coordinated was reporting to East Berlin, the MfS could easily deduce from the Americans' focus on January and July that their target was James Hall. It was a calculated risk that had to be taken.

Norm Runk's FCA investigators in Germany screened the records of German and American rental car agencies, hoping to discover a rental car contract in Hall's name for the January or July weekend. Striking out in Frankfurt, agents expanded their quest to rental car agencies located in the border town of Helmstedt, where the autobahn route through East Germany to West Berlin terminated. This, too, proved to be a dry hole.

Frustrated investigators considered dispatching an agent to Sharon Springs, New York, to determine whether Hall had been at home on the Fourth of July weekend. It would be a risky mission in such a small town. Bob Thayer was skeptical. What could the agent do? Sleuth about and try to elicit the information from neighbors? Any attempt to approach Hall's family or friends, however clever and disingenuous, was out of the question. Investigators had learned the hard way during the Conrad case the consequences of getting too close to the target.

Persistence finally paid off when investigators noticed that James Hall displayed a partiality for Pan American World Airways. If he had flown to Berlin from either Frankfurt or New York, perhaps he had done so on his favorite airline. In such a case, Pan Am's corporate records might be revealing.

In early December 1988, special agent Dave Guethlein departed on the morning shuttle flight to New York City carrying an official letter signed by me enjoining the assistance of Pan Am officials. If Guethlein could smoke out a deserter on a remote Caribbean island, perhaps he could unravel the mystery of James Hall's travel.

Around midday, the phone rang. It was Guethlein.

"Sir, the airline folks were most helpful, and I'm on my way back," he reported. "The word is *bingo!*"

Later that afternoon, the jubilant agent strode into my Fort Meade office. Pan Am's chief of corporate security had given army counterintelligence first-class service. Guethlein beamed as he unveiled a computer printout of James Hall's airline travels for the past four years. It was good news and bad news.

The good news was that Guethlein's quick trip had unlocked the stubborn travel mystery. The Pan Am record revealed that a passenger named James Hall had indeed made a round-trip flight between Frankfurt and West Berlin on the Martin Luther King holiday weekend. Six months later, in early July 1988, passenger Hall had made a quick round-trip on Pan Am flights from New York's JFK Airport to West Berlin.

The bad news was that the Pan Am printout was ominously lengthy. Hall's Pan Am flights were so numerous, Bob Bell quipped, that he should have bought stock in the airline.

One flight listed on the printout was particularly alarming. In June 1985, when Hall was assigned to the 513th MI Brigade at Fort Monmouth, he had flown to Vienna, the preferred meeting place of many intelligence services, particularly the Soviets. Once Hall was in our hands, we would have to discuss this trip with him.

Even more telling was the long list of Staff Sergeant Hall's weekend flights to Berlin during his service in Frankfurt's 205th Military Intelligence Battalion. Between the summer of 1986 and January 1988, the FCA suspect had regularly plied the air corridors between Frankfurt and West Berlin. Each weekend trip, agents had to assume, marked a delivery of secrets to his East German controllers.

Canna Clay had participated in only two 1988 weekend meetings between James Hall and his case officers. In each case, Clay reported, the American sergeant had pleased his MfS controllers by delivering heroic quantities of top-secret information. If Hall had done the same thing each time he had flown to Berlin, the FCA suspect was probably one of the worst spies in the history of the U.S. Army.

The 1126 plan called for investigators to prove or disprove Canna Clay's allegations by Christmas. This Bob Thayer's agents had done. There was now no doubt that James Hall was the traitor whom Canna Clay had met in East Berlin. In less than four months, FCA agents had accomplished what it had taken two and a half years to do in the Conrad case.

But progress had not come without its risks. Chief among these were the security pitfalls posed by a surveillance squad of strangers lurking in the rural Georgia communities surrounding Fort Stewart. Bob Thayer's men had coordinated at the outset with the Richmond Hills Police Department, which pledged discretion and assistance. But this was rural Georgia. By mid-November, the secrecy of the surveillance was in jeopardy at the hands of what intelligence officers call the "friendly opposition."

Investigators confronted several problems. There were limited stakeout positions to cover Hall's comings and goings from Richmond Hills. One was a centrally located small park, which the FCA surveillance control element adopted as one of its field command posts. Unbeknownst to the Yankees from Fort Meade, the park was a local rendezvous for the area's gay residents. Agents realized their poor choice of real estate only when a Chatham County sheriff's deputy rousted them late one evening. The FCA men produced their badges and explained that they were on official Department of Defense business that had been coordinated with the Richmond Hills police. The deputy promptly called local police on an unsecure radio to confirm the story, thereby advertising the FCA presence to anyone who might own a police scanner. Shortly thereafter, when agents made a regular 5:30 A.M. stop at a donut shop, the clerk eyed them and inquired if they were "some of the CIA folks who were in the area."

It was simply impossible to hide in rural Georgia, yet FCA agents had no choice but to cling more closely to Hall as Christmas approached. As coverage of his movements escalated, the citizens of Chatham County took increasing notice. It was only a matter of time before Jim or Heidi Hall would pick up on the local gossip while doing errands in the neighborhood. From my Fort Meade office, I chided Bob Thayer. There was a lesson to be learned from all of this: Instead of relying on look-alike four-door sedans, some of which had been driven to Georgia from Fort Meade, the surveillance team should have leased pickup trucks and four-wheel-drive vehicles.

By Christmas, James Hall would be in his sixth month at Fort Stewart. Horst and Wolfgang had instructed their agent to lay low for six months before scheduling a trip to Germany. With all 1126 case objectives fulfilled, it was time to put an end to Hall's espionage career.

Consultations with army and Department of Justice attorneys were encouraging. Based upon the information that Thayer's team had collected, even the conservative Department of Justice concurred that Hall could now be arrested.

The army chain of command was supportive of an arrest before Christmas. All agreed that it was important to apprehend the warrant officer at a time and place of our choosing. No one was enthusiastic about the hasty airport bust that would be triggered if James Hall decided to fly to Europe.

Two significant impediments to a Christmas arrest had to be removed. The first problem concerned FCA's FBI partners. Army investigators were ready to move against Hall, but the bureau's case against Huseyin Yildirim remained soft. Ideally, the best way to end the investigations would be synchronized arrests of the two conspirators.

Bob Thayer traveled to Washington, and the two of us visited FBI headquarters. Supervisors there made it clear that a double arrest would be facilitated if FCA could delay the apprehension of James Hall. This would permit the FBI's Tampa office to make a stronger case against the Turk. This we could not do.

At Fort Meade, FCA planners faced one final task. With Thayer's agents ready to move against Hall, Canna Clay had to be gotten out of harm's way, which meant spiriting him and his family to the West. Army counterintelligence had made a commitment to the East German professor, and a promise was a promise. It was unthinkable to leave our source in East Berlin and condemn him to arrest, torture, and possible execution by the MfS.

There was also a compelling legal argument for rescuing Clay. Twice the East German had been present as Hall peddled top-secret information for large amounts of cash. Even though the case against Hall was now sound, what better frosting could there be on the legal cake than the testimony of an East German eyewitness at Hall's court-martial?

Persuasive operational reasons also mandated that Canna Clay be removed from harm's way. Jim Whittle, the FCA national liaison officer who had performed so skillfully during the Conrad case, hatched a tempting idea. Whittle outlined his plan to me in early December as we were en route to yet another summit conference at FBI headquarters. Why not bring the East German professor to the United States, Jim argued enthusiastically. Fly the guy to Savannah and use him in the final arrest scene.

Whittle elaborated. Canna Clay could call Hall on the phone and summon him to a meeting to exchange documents for cash. Hall would no doubt recognize Clay's distinctive bass voice from his recent meeting in East Berlin. "Just imagine it," Whittle said, chuckling. "Clay summons Hall to a meeting. Hall shows up, hands over those documents we saw him steal on the video, and rakes in a pile of money—all for the cameras."

I liked the idea so much that we fleshed it out on Washington's infamous Capitol Beltway. Whittle drove and described his vision. I wrote as fast as my hands would permit. Within twenty minutes, the arrest scenario for James Hall was born. We would use Canna Clay to lure the disloyal warrant officer to a Savannah motel. There, Clay would introduce Hall to a "Soviet" officer, who would actually be a skilled FBI role player.

The gambit was a classic "false flag" sting. The FBI role player would praise James Hall for his superior service to the cause of socialism and announce that Moscow had directed the KGB to assume control of the operation. Like most spies, Whittle knew, James Hall was motivated by ego and greed. The false flag showdown would exploit these weaknesses.

Exfiltrating Canna Clay from East Germany would not be easy. Had the disaffected academician been single, the challenge would have been manageable. But Clay was happily married, which permitted his East German superiors to control him. Any time Horst's and Wolfgang's man traveled to the West, his wife remained behind the Iron Curtain. To further complicate matters, the East German couple had several grown sons. At Fort Meade, FCA deputy director Bob Bell raised a good question. Would the East German expect us to bring out the entire clan?

This was an operation that FCA could not accomplish unassisted. There were several methods to get people out of East Germany. All were risky or required sophisticated methods beyond the means of army counterintelligence. One could smuggle the person "black" across the border, concealed in some kind of vehicle (very risky); one could employ the "gray" approach and provide false documentation that would make it appear that the people crossing the border into West Berlin were West Germans (less risky); or the escapees could travel to another East Bloc country, where they would be met and provided with forged identity documents turning them into western tourists, after which they would simply board a plane to West Germany (least risky).

In discussions with Gus Hathaway, we worked out what all felt would be a nearly risk-free way to get Canna Clay to the West. To kick off the operation, a Berlin-based agent would place a phone call to Clay from an East Berlin phone booth. The caller would employ the recognition code that agents Clifford and Kelly had provided our source in August. Mr. Schmidt would mention gardening, then set up a meeting to explain the escape plan to Clay and his wife. Documentation would be prepared using photographs obtained by Mr. Schmidt, and a special flight from Germany to Washington would be arranged. With Canna Clay safely in the United States, Hall could be taken into custody. If all went smoothly, the plan was to have Canna Clay and Mrs. Clay in the United States one week before Christmas, just in time for the academician to perform his last mission.

The exfiltration operation was far from smooth. When called by Mr. Schmidt—a CIA officer—Canna Clay seemed disoriented and abruptly hung up the phone. Later, when Schmidt reestablished contact, he learned that Canna Clay had been seized by indecision. His strong-willed wife knew nothing of his grand design to leave their sons behind and flee communist East Germany. Worse yet, Christmas was just around the corner, and the family was planning a late December wedding. In an intense and risky meeting in Clay's East Berlin residence, the distraught couple bargained with Schmidt and confronted him with a plan to bring out their entire family—thirteen people. Told that this posed an unacceptable security risk, Clay and his wife produced their fallback position. They could not depart East Germany without their large and beloved dog, King. The dog, a seventy-five-pound brindle boxer with a fearsome visage, was present for the negotiations.

In his message regarding the tense meeting, Schmidt described the scene. Throughout his visit, he reported, Canna Clay and his wife, Ingrid, had conversed with their dog as if he were human. King was like a fourth son to the couple. Any exfiltration plan that did not reckon with this stood no chance of acceptance.

Schmidt persevered. After a second emotional discussion, the couple compromised. Canna Clay, his wife, and King would be brought to the West. Once the three were safely out of East Germany, we would use Washington's influence in Bonn to push for family reunification. (At the time, the Bonn government was paying hard currency to the financially strapped East Germans—ransom money, some said—in the name of family reunification.)

The "canine annex" to the exfiltration plan turned more than a few heads in Washington, but Schmidt's famous "dog message" was later proven to have been prescient. Weeks later, when it was possible to laugh about the whole thing, Canna Clay reminisced about the tense negotiations. The Americans should give Schmidt a medal, Clay noted with a chuckle as he stroked King's thick neck. Schmidt had been right, he added: "No King, no Karl."

The arrangements required to move Canna Clay, his wife, and King from Germany to Washington and thence to Savannah would themselves constitute a book. Here are several examples.

A dedicated U.S. Air Force plane to fly Clay and his family to Washington was required. A German-speaking person familiar to the couple would have to be on board to alleviate the anxieties of the newly liberated family.

Once the aircraft arrived at Washington's Andrews Air Force Base, our jet-lagged guests had to be paroled into the country by the Immigration and Naturalization Service (requiring the intervention of the CIA), and they needed a comfortable place to spend their first night in freedom. The Foreign Counterintelligence Activity prepared for the couple's arrival as if a general officer were coming. Agents arranged for a VIP guest suite on the base, which was stocked with flowers, wine, beer, and dog food. A simple note accompanied the flowers: "*Herzlich Willkommen!*"

Timing and security were vital. Once Canna Clay failed to show up at work in East Berlin, the MfS would certainly check his house and discover that he was missing. Worst-case planning was essential here. At most, investigators estimated that they would have only a few days before Clay would be missed. Arranging for the professor's departure on a Thursday or Friday might give us an extra day. Once Clay and his wife were safely in the United States, they would have to be kept under wraps, and the plan to arrest Hall in Savannah would have to be swiftly executed. When the MfS realized that Canna Clay was missing, Hall could be expected to receive a warning call from Horst or Wolfgang. With our recent experience at the hands of the *New York Times* during the Conrad case, few had confidence that we could keep the Canna Clay defection a secret for long. If the East Germans didn't warn Hall, the *New York Times* might.

Once Schmidt had resolved the "who goes, who stays?" debate in East Berlin, which took three precious days, the detailed exfiltration plan worked to perfection. Canna Clay, his wife, and King were spirited to West Germany and boarded a U.S. Air Force jet, accompanied by FCA agent Kelly, whose relationship with Clay was solid. The Andrews Air Force Base welcome was a big hit. Within twenty-four hours, the couple was ensconced in a remote VIP guest lodge on Fort Stewart, courtesy of Major General Taylor.

It was December 19. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity agents had been shadowing the disloyal warrant officer for twenty-four hours a day from the moment the CIA's Schmidt had established contact with Clay in East Berlin. If something were to go wrong and Hall received a warning, we had to be ready to collar him before he could flee. Ears were glued to the telephone taps, listening for a warning call from the MfS.

The chief of the FCA surveillance team objected. His agents were exhausted. Someone was going to fall asleep at the wheel or, worse, someone might make a mismove and alert Hall. Bob Thayer understood the problem but repeated the firm guidance from headquarters. Agents must summon all their strength. Until James Hall was behind bars, we must have eyes on the target at all times. The investigation was in the home stretch.

With Canna Clay on tap in a Fort Stewart guest house and ready to perform one more mission, Bob Thayer moved into high gear with his FBI partners. It was time to execute what promised to be the greatest sting in the history of army counterintelligence. But to pull off Jim Whittle's ingenious false flag sting, additional detailed planning was essential. The actual arrest scenario would have to be legally and operationally sound—no room for error. We were well aware that the case would make headlines. Should something untoward mar the ending, the world would read about it in the *New York Times.* Even as the frustrated Schmidt sat in Canna Clay's East Berlin living room and haggled over the terms of his exfiltration from East Germany, senior army officials were gathering in the Pentagon office of Lt. Gen. Tom Weinstein.

Seventeen people crowded the E-Ring office. Five were general officers or the civilian equivalent. At least four attorneys sat around the conference table or in the second tier of chairs. The final coordination session was an all-army affair with one exception: CIA's Gus Hathaway had come over from Langley. As always, my job was to provide the show, in this case a detailed recounting of precisely how FCA agents planned to arrest suspect Hall.

The step-by-step review of the approaching apprehension was a useful opportunity to subject the plan to one final sanity check. If FCA planners had overlooked something, however minute, this was the best place to find out. Laying out the arrest concept for our Pentagon superiors had an additional advantage. If something did go wrong, no one could accuse FCA of winging it without appropriate approvals.

After a quick review of the status of the Canna Clay exfiltration, I turned to the heart of the plan: the approach to Hall and how Thayer's men planned to deal with their target in the hours prior to and after his arrest.

"Sir, the plan is simple," I led off, addressing General Weinstein, the senior officer present. "But to succeed, it does require attention to a host of details." Weinstein, who had once supervised a counterintelligence field office, nodded. He and the attorneys around the table expected to hear about those details.

I continued. "We will employ Canna Clay in a false flag scenario. Shortly after supper, Clay will telephone Hall from a room in the Days Inn located near the Savannah airport. We expect Mr. Hall will recognize Clay as one of his East German contacts. Clay will summon Hall to a meeting that night, intimating that he is to bring classified materials and that the meeting will be a payday. The lawyers have reviewed the exact words he will use to ensure that we cannot be accused of entrapment."

The briefing continued in this vein for more than thirty minutes. I explained that we expected Hall to respond positively to Clay's phone call. Ideally, he would retrieve the documents that the video cameras had seen him steal and drive directly to the motel, where the East German would introduce him to a "friend." The friend would be an ethnic Russian FBI agent who would introduce himself as a Soviet intelligence officer. The FBI agent's Russian accent was authentic, right out of central casting. His track record of successful stings was legendary.

To overcome any suspicions or discomfort that Hall might harbor, the script called for the "Soviet" to tell the disloyal warrant officer that Moscow was assuming control of the operation to tighten up security and better remunerate him. During the remainder of the meeting, our bogus KGB agent would maneuver Hall into discussing his espionage on behalf of the East Germans, accept whatever documents Hall might bring with him, and pay the disloyal officer handsomely—all for the benefit of a hidden array of cameras and microphones that FCA technicians had installed in the motel room.

When James Hall departed with the cash on his person, FCA agents would arrest him and read him his Miranda rights. Care would be taken to handle the actual arrest in a manner that would encourage Hall to waive his rights. We did not want the prisoner to lapse into a Clyde Conrad–like defiance. Skillfully handled, and convinced that his KGB contact had also been arrested, Hall might attempt to ingratiate himself with his captors by cooperating. The actual apprehension would be done professionally and be low-key. Agents of the army's Criminal Investigation Division (CID) would assist to ensure a clean arrest. Lawyers, FBI agents, technicians, and surveillance personnel would round out the cast of characters at the motel.

Thayer's investigators had rented eight contiguous rooms in the remote rear wing of the motel. One room was the video-sound stage where Hall would meet Canna Clay and the "Soviet." The two adjacent rooms were rigged as monitoring stations. Two FCA arrest teams had been handpicked—four veteran agents carefully selected for their experience and demeanor. Depending on which direction Hall took when he departed the motel room, one of the two teams would apprehend him. Once Hall was in custody, veteran special agents Chuck Pickens and Bill Dwyer would interrogate him. If they did their job well, James Hall would waive his Miranda rights and discuss his espionage without an attorney present.

Finally, I noted, we had reserved a cell for Hall in the Fort Stewart stockade. The post provost marshal had been briefed and would not be surprised when we showed up with a late evening guest for his jail.

There were questions. "What will you do if Hall gets suspicious when Canna Clay calls?" was one of the best.

Savannah investigators had agonized over this possibility and come up with an array of countermeasures if Hall were overcome by suspicion and fear—a not unlikely outcome. After all, Horst and Wolfgang had expressly told their agent that he would not be met in the United States. Canna Clay's phone call could cause him to phone East Berlin, or he could conclude he was in great peril. In such a case, our target might decide to stay home and destroy evidence, beginning with the classified documents he had stolen under the watchful eye of the FCA-installed video cameras.

If Hall attempted to call East Berlin, I explained, technicians would divert the call. A German-speaking army intelligence agent would answer and play the role of an MfS officer. "Horst and Wolfgang are not available," Hall would be told, "but everything is okay. You should go to the meeting."

If Hall panicked and began to destroy evidence, an FCA agent concealed in the trees behind the warrant officer's house would provide warning. Clad in black from head to toe and equipped with binoculars and a radio, the man would have as his sole mission sounding the alarm if things looked bad in the house. The couple had just moved in and there were no curtains on the rear windows. It would not be difficult to observe James and evaluate his actions when he hung up the phone.

If Hall began to dash about and destroy evidence, the lookout would alert an FBI-army search and arrest team concealed in a vacant house across the street. The team, equipped with a battering ram, could be inside the Hall residence within thirty seconds of receiving the alarm. If necessary, the warrant officer would be arrested on the spot, even though it would mean forgoing the enticing sting operation planned for the Days Inn.

The questions continued. What if Hall attempted to flee?

Thayer's plan had taken this into consideration. If Hall headed down I-95, observers in the FCA surveillance aircraft would sound the alarm. Our FBI partners had agreed to alert the Georgia Highway Patrol prior to the planned arrest. Troopers would be on station to assist in case the operation degenerated into a high-speed chase. If it became necessary to arrest Hall under such circumstances, an ad hoc interrogation could be conducted in a motel room near the interstate that special agent Bob Watson had rented for this contingency.

Last, if Hall decided to collect incriminating evidence and stuff it in a pillowcase for deep sixing in the lake across the street from his home, he would be intercepted by two sturdy FCA agents lying in ambush on the path leading to the waterfront.

If all went well and our target traveled to the Days Inn, the FBI would serve its search warrant on Heidi. Because the house was off post, the search was an FBI mission. While James Hall was meeting in the Savannah motel room, the FBI would be in his home. An FCA officer and a German-speaking female FBI agent would escort Heidi and their two daughters to a Fort Stewart guest house. From what investigators had learned, it seemed clear that Hall's wife was an unwitting victim in the case. From a humanitarian and an operational perspective, treating her with consideration made sense. The search of the house would be moderately destructive, better done outside the presence of a German housewife.

At the end of the detailed briefing, General Weinstein waited until the office was empty before giving me one fatherly piece of guidance and sending me on my way to Savannah. His words, delivered with a grin, were vintage Weinstein, the sort of encouraging mentorship that we had come to expect from the earthy general. "Hey, Stu," the general quipped, "just don't fuck it up."

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In the wake of the Pentagon meeting, one nagging issue remained unresolved: what to do about the Meister. As FCA prepared to arrest James Hall, FBI investigators continued to circle the Turk, digging tirelessly for hard information to justify his arrest. In Belleair Beach, Florida, an FBI surveillance squad had been on the scene for weeks, shadowing the Meister's movements in search of incriminating conduct. During this period, Yildirim had made one trip to Germany, where he had family, and two trips to Savannah to meet James Hall. On the telephone, the Turk had talked about diamonds.

Bob Thayer and I were 100 percent certain that Yildirim was dirty. The Hall arrest would blow the case wide open, we were convinced, by unearthing a mountain of incriminating facts about the clever Turk. But in Washington, the FBI supervisor responsible for the case was playing it close. At times it seemed that the bureau man didn't value what we were telling his organization about the Meister's activities in West Berlin. Now that investigators had linked the Turk with James Hall, the facts cried out that Huseyin Yildirim had been an East German agent for at least six years.

It wasn't lost on me that perhaps the FBI supervisor lacked confidence in the army. After all, the 766th's investigation of Yildirim in Berlin had been badly handled, and the Turk had even made two visits to the home of the Berlin Command's senior counterintelligence officer, now the director of FCA. Regardless of the reason, each time the subject surfaced of what to do about the Turk, Bob Thayer and I were not on the same wavelength as our FBI partners in Washington. As late as the middle of December, the army saw Yildirim as a spy; FBI supervisors saw him as a spy or a smuggler, neither of which they felt they could prove.

We understood what the FBI was facing in its efforts to convince cautious Department of Justice attorneys to authorize a move against Yildirim. Arrests are based on facts, not suspicions. Nonetheless, there were compelling reasons to apprehend Hall and Yildirim at the same time. With both men in jail, the chances of capitalizing on a falling-out among thieves were great. Not only that, synchronized arrests would result in concurrent searches of the two conspirators' homes, searches that would surely yield incriminating evidence. But when Bob Thayer and I visited FBI headquarters to lobby for coordinated arrests, we got nowhere. Army counterintelligence was within days of arresting James Hall, but the FBI officer in charge of the case in Washington clung to his insistence that no action would be taken against the Turk when the army made its move.

Central Intelligence Agency counterintelligence chief Gus Hathaway accompanied me to FBI headquarters, where we met with Intelligence Division chief Tom DuHadway. Hathaway appealed to DuHadway. His case supervisor was getting it all wrong. Yildirim may be a smuggler, the CIA official argued, but more importantly, he is most certainly a spy. When the army arrests Hall, Hathaway pointed out, Huseyin Yildirim will be on the next plane out of the country, and the FBI will have egg on its face for permitting him to slip the noose.

DuHadway summoned his case supervisor and reviewed the bidding on the Turk. During the ensuing debate, which became passionate, Hathaway's arguments carried the day. Convinced that Yildirim would attempt to flee as soon as the news broke that Hall was in custody, DuHadway directed that the Turk be apprehended as a material witness as soon as Hall was in custody. If Hall then implicated Yildirim, or if the search of the two men's residences established an espionage conspiracy, the FBI could quickly prepare a new affidavit for federal magistrates and obtain approval to change the Turk's status from witness to suspect.

With the situation in Washington now clear, the sole remaining task to be accomplished before the Hall arrest was coordination between Canna Clay and the FBI agent who would impersonate a KGB officer. The more the FBI's role player knew about James Hall's espionage as it appeared from East Berlin, the more convincing his performance would be.

On the afternoon of December 20, in a Savannah motel room, the FBI man and the East German met. Canna Clay described the pair of meetings in East Berlin and shared his impressions of James Hall. The bureau role player, Vladimir, emerged from the surprisingly brief meeting brimming with confidence. If the plan worked, in a matter of hours he would face James Hall at the Days Inn. A more cautious man would have pumped Canna Clay's brain unrelentingly, fearful of committing a blunder when face-to-face with Hall. Not Vladimir. The FBI agent's demeanor conveyed supreme confidence. "Everything will go fine," he assured Bob Thayer and me. "You will see. I'll know what to say when the time comes."

With the East German and Vladimir on one sheet of music, and the Airport Days Inn all but owned by army counterintelligence, the stage was set. For the second time in four months, multiple arrests by different agencies would signal the roll-up of an espionage ring involving disloyal soldiers. At the center of the action once again would be agents of the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity.

34: "Moscow" Takes Over

The legendary German field marshal von Moltke was fond of reminding his staff officers, "Even the best plan doesn't survive the first shot in combat." The Prussian's prescient words have withstood the test of time. Those who fail to plan for the unexpected court disaster.

On the night of December 20, 1988, the timeless maxim was again demonstrated. As army and FBI agents prepared to carry out the arrest operation, the unforeseen intruded. Warrant Officer Hall didn't play his assigned role.

Every duty day for almost four months, FCA surveillance agents had observed James Hall depart work, do an errand or two, pay an occasional visit to the officers' club bar, and head for his Richmond Hills home. By 6:30 P.M., the distinctive Ford pickup was almost always in the driveway. But on this late December day, what was to be Hall's last day of freedom, the East German spy was overcome by the holiday spirit and decided to go Christmas shopping.

At 6:30 P.M., Canna Clay sat nervously on a bed in the Days Inn, psyching himself up to play his greatest role. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity technicians Dick Bankston, Frank Duffer, and Ron DeComo bustled about the room, completing a last-minute shakedown of their hidden cameras and microphones. In a nearby room, attorneys caucused one final time with the agents who would arrest and interrogate James Hall. Nothing could be left to chance.

The plan called for the East German to call James Hall at 7:30 P.M. and summon him to the motel. If all went well, James should arrive at the Days Inn by 8:30 P.M. Clay would immediately introduce him to Vladimir, "a KGB agent from the USSR's Washington, D.C., embassy." Hall would then star in a videotaped discussion, during which we hoped he would make incriminating admissions about his espionage career. An hour or so into the meeting, the FBI's KGB impersonator would orchestrate the coup de grace for the cameras: The suspect would hand over classified defense documents, for which he would be compensated with a mountain of cash. The actual arrest would take place after the planned one-hour meeting, somewhere around 10:00 P.M.

Timing was all-important. Intelligence and Security Command attorney Col. Fran O'Brien was on the scene and warned that agents Chuck Pickens and Bill Dwyer would have to accomplish their interrogation before the hour became too late. We dared not provide an aggressive defense attorney with a credible claim that his client had been subjected to an all-night third degree.

In Richmond Hills, army and FBI agents were in place, as were FCA surveillance vehicles, and the FBI search team was poised to take down the house. Overhead, Sky King and his observer were on station. At sundown, a lone FCA observer had taken his position on the cold ground in Hall's backyard.

In Florida, FBI surveillance agents bearing arrest and search warrants kept watch on Peggy Bie's ranch house.

But now the entire timetable was thrown off. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity surveillance personnel reported to Bob Thayer that their target was meandering through the crowded malls along Savannah's glitzy shopping strip and showing no indication that he was in a hurry to get home. Still worse, the throngs of holiday shoppers made it difficult for agents to keep suspect Hall in sight. Each time he departed a store and climbed into his truck, the surveillance team would report the target on the move—homeward bound. Several such reports reached us, with each subsequently declared a false alarm. Hall stopped at several stores, then pulled into a Western Sizzlin' steak house for a meal. By 9:00 P.M., the warrant officer was unhurriedly browsing through rows of Christmas trees.

Bob Thayer and I huddled. It now appeared that the earliest Hall might arrive at his home in Richmond Hills was 10:30 P.M., an extremely late hour to receive a telephone summons to a meeting at a distant motel. Some among the FBI and army people at the motel suggested a postponement—a reasonable position to take, given the late hour. But a day's delay was unacceptable. The surveillance team was truly at the end of its endurance; a postponement would mean another risky day of stalking our man. Still riskier was the ticking time bomb in East Berlin. Canna Clay had been gone for four days. Each day that passed increased the chances that Hall would receive a warning from the East Germans.

I dug in my heels. The sting would go down that night. Clay would call James as soon as he walked through his front door.

Bob Thayer took measures to counter the problem of a late phone call by Canna Clay. At around 8:00 P.M., Thayer instructed Clay to call the Hall residence and ask for Jim even though we knew that he was not home. This way, Thayer reasoned, when Hall came through the door, Heidi would tell him that someone had called and would likely call again. The East German made two such calls between 8:00 and 10:00 P.M., dry runs that had the additional advantage of giving the nervous professor the opportunity to practice his English-language telephone technique.

Finally, at 10:30 P.M., the surveillance team reported that their man had pulled into his driveway in Richmond Hills. We waited two minutes, then gave Canna Clay the green light. The East German dialed the number.

"Hello, Jim. Paul calling. I'm in town now and would like to get together with you if you have time."

Hall replied in a subdued, confused voice. "Paul? Paul who?"

Canna Clay replied, "You know, a friend of Horst and Wolfgang."

Hall perked up. "Oh!" Within a few minutes, the pair had agreed to meet at the Days Inn. Hall insisted that it would take an hour or so to get there.

Canna Clay delivered his key line. "Oh, by the way, if you have anything for me, please bring it. I have something for you. And don't forget to bring the bag." The bag in question was the East German–issued gym bag with the false bottom. Its mention told James Hall that it was payday, just in time for Christmas.

With money in the offing, James revised his estimate. It would take him "forty-five minutes or so" to make the trip. As the conversation ended, he called Clay "sir." He had heard his master's voice.

The black-garbed FCA surveillance agent in Hall's backyard reported that the warrant officer was out of the house and on the road within minutes of hanging up the phone. Overhead, Sky King checked in. The target was driving the family Volvo, speeding north in the direction of the Airport Days Inn. On the ground, FCA surveillance vehicles kept their distance from the Volvo, relying on their aerial observer's reports.

James Hall arrived at the motel wearing a light gray jacket. Canna Clay greeted him in the parking lot and walked him to the motel room, making small talk along the way. Once inside, with the cameras rolling, Hall shook hands with a man who introduced himself as Vladimir Kosov, from the USSR embassy in Washington. Those watching the drama unfold on the monitor noted that the warrant officer seemed ill at ease.

The FBI impersonator launched into his pitch. There was "something very important" to discuss, Kosov explained, "private business," which should be done between the two of them. On cue, Canna Clay left the room. Distancing the East German from the action was important. It impressed upon Hall that the Soviet agent was calling the shots, and it minimized the defector's need to testify about the meeting at Hall's court-martial.

Vladimir began with an appeal to James Hall's ego. His superiors in Moscow were most impressed with Jim's contributions, which the East Germans were sharing with their ally. "They think you're a very valuable person, and the material you've been giving is very valuable," Kosov cooed. Nonetheless, Vladimir continued, "to speak frankly with you, my superiors in Moscow, they thought that the way our friends handled the whole thing could have been done much better—much better for two important reasons. One is your personal safety and security, which is number one for everybody involved, of course, as you understand; and the second one, we think that because the material that you have provided was so good and so valuable, we think that they [the East Germans] should have taken—how you say in America—better care of you." For these reasons, Vladimir informed James, Moscow intended to assume control of the operation. Hall nodded his understanding. He was a superstar; the East Germans had been shortchanging him, and the good guys from Moscow were determined to correct this injustice.

Vladimir's artful stroking of James Hall's prodigious ego was effective. Prior to Vladimir's praise and hints of generosity, Hall had sat stiffly, his hands gripping the arms of the chair, still wearing his jacket. It was body language that bespoke caution. At the mention of money, the transformation was immediate. Hall relaxed visibly, removed his jacket, and settled back in the chair. Soon he was reclining comfortably, legs crossed, his hands clasped behind his neck, a willing listener for whatever the man he believed to be a Soviet KGB agent might say.

But the real challenge lay ahead. Somehow, the FBI agent had to get Hall talking about his espionage for the record. To do this, Vladimir emphasized the need for a smooth handoff of the case. "I have received some messages from Moscow," he told Hall, "but you will excuse me if I don't know everything about the case."

Having thrown out a plausible reason for his curiosity, Vladimir raised the subject of Hall's business relationship with the East Germans.

"We're not sure how much Horst and Wolfgang paid you and, again, my superiors thought that if they did not pay you enough, we can make up the difference, and I'm sure probably at this time of the year you can use a little bit more difference," Vladimir said with a chuckle. "I think everyone at this time of year needs a little bit more." Hall laughed amiably and nodded his agreement.

"Anyway, as we understand it, you've had two meetings with the East Germans this year. At least this is what I know—and please forgive me if I don't have all the facts because I'm still new on this case."

This was the key moment. In the adjacent rooms, army and FBI agents sat breathless in front of the monitoring equipment. So far, Vladimir had done all the talking. There was a brief pause. James was evidently thinking.

Within seconds, Hall took the leap. He had, he acknowledged, met "two times, maybe three times" with the East Germans in 1988. Then a breakthrough for the FBI: "Okay, do you know about the Turkish man, Yildirim?" said Hall.

"Um, does he have another name?" Vladimir asked.

"Meister," replied Hall.

"Oh! We've heard about him," said Vladimir.

Silent cheers and vigorous thumbs-up signs were exchanged by everyone in the adjacent rooms. "We've got him." The FBI agents in the monitoring room grinned as Hall launched into an explanation of his relationship with Yildirim, and how the Turk had been his intermediary with the East German State Security Service since the autumn of 1982. "I've met Yildirim since I've been here and gave him a note to take to the East Germans with some operational considerations in it," Hall told Vladimir. "Then, when he came back, he brought me some money from them."

For the next two hours and forty minutes, James Hall engaged in a wide-ranging conversation with the man who he was convinced was his new KGB case officer. Sometimes in response to Vladimir's questions, but often on his own initiative, Hall recounted his career as a communist agent, salting his account with helpful pointers on how the Soviets might obtain better results from his espionage. With little prompting, Hall willingly described for Vladimir six highly classified signals intelligence projects in great detail—the same array of sensitive programs described by Canna Clay in West Berlin.

It was well past midnight when Hall ventured into the parking lot to retrieve the documents he had stolen from his office. He returned to the room within minutes, carrying a plastic bag. He apologized that the requisite dark blue gym bag was on the washing machine at home, still full of sweaty workout clothes. "This stuff isn't much," he said as he took the documents from the plastic bag. "What I tried to do was a quick roust of my open desk to show you what I can get." Then Hall patiently described each stolen document.

The first was a classified trip report written by Major General Taylor upon his return from a visit to the Soviet Union, during which the general had observed a Red Army training maneuver.

Hall handed Vladimir another document, a classified intelligence summary from Europe. "This one's from EUCOM; that's the European Command," he explained to Vladimir. "Some of the stuff in this one may have come from the CIA."

The FBI role player thumbed through the document, noting that it had two duplicate pages.

Hall laughed. "When you're copying stuff, man, you're just copying. You know how it is."

Then the finale. Vladimir put the betrayed documents in his bag and spoke. "Now it's my turn to give you something. This is money from the USSR for a change, not from East Germany. So if you will hold out your bag, each of these stacks is five thousand dollars."

With that, the FBI officer dropped six bundles of $5,000 into Hall's sack. Vladimir fixed his gaze on Hall and spoke.

"Now, I want to emphasize that this sum is for what you did before, because we think that our friends, the East Germans, they didn't pay you enough, so we are making up the difference."

Hall nodded his assent. On the other side of the wall, the attorneys who had suggested this approach were pleased. Hall's acceptance of this sum was important additional proof that he had betrayed secrets prior to this particular meeting.

As James closed his sack of easy money, Vladimir produced yet another gambit from his bag of tricks. "Now I have to get you to sign a receipt for this," he explained apologetically. "You know, bureaucracies are the same on both sides. I have written it out for you. All it says is that you received money from me for something you did." The FBI man placed a receipt in front of Hall, who meekly signed it.

There was more. Vladimir produced another armload of cash. "Now I have some more for you. But this money is different. That other money was for what you did in the past. Since you also gave me information this evening, this is for what you gave me tonight. These are also five-thousand-dollar bundles, so if you will again hold out your bag . . ."

Once again, investigators were treated to the ludicrous spectacle of Hall holding the plastic bag open with two hands while an FBI agent counted out $30,000 and dropped it in the bag. As each $5,000 bundle landed in the sack with a plop, I muttered to myself, "Ten years, twenty years, thirty years, forty years." Then, just when it seemed that the whole thing was too good to be true, it got even better.

As Hall again closed the plastic bag, Vladimir produced a piece of blank paper and a pen. "Unfortunately," he purred, "I have to get you to sign another receipt. But this time perhaps you can write it out for me yourself?"

Vladimir handed James the paper and pen. "Just make it simple," our FBI colleague coached in his perfect Russian accent. "You know, just so my superiors in Moscow, they do not think I take the money and run off to Valt Deesney Vorld," he quipped. In the adjoining rooms, agents stifled their laughter.

Hall groused as he wrote out the receipt and signed it. "You guys are really getting tough on this. I used to just have to scribble my name."

Before the warrant officer rose to depart, he levied two demands on his new handler. If Moscow was going to be in the driver's seat, he said, "You guys are going to have to get control of Yildirim." Also, James added, he needed a better concealment device. "The bag your people gave me only holds a small amount of documents," he complained. "Some of those Oplans get really thick. What I need is something large, something that will hold a thick document."

The pair discussed a means of clandestine communication as James prepared to depart. It was past 1:00 A.M. on December 21 when the spy donned his jacket and headed for the door. Carrying $60,000 in his plastic bag, with Christmas only a few days away, James must have felt that life was treating him well. There just might be enough cash left over after the holidays to buy that sailboat he'd been wanting.

The last sound made by James Hall as a free man was a resounding thump as he was spun against the wall of the Savannah Days Inn by agents Chuck Pickens and Bill Dwyer.

"Army intelligence. You're under arrest," Dwyer barked as his partner relieved James of the plastic bag and patted him down. The prisoner meekly submitted without a word. Firmly but gently, Pickens and Dwyer marched their man thirty feet to the room that was set up for interrogation.

Agents politely read their captive his Miranda rights. No one said a word about the fate of Vladimir. As far as James Hall knew, his Soviet accomplice and the East German had also been apprehended. And Hall was not informed that the entire meeting had just been videotaped.

The prisoner sat at the table in a deep funk, his head bowed. When asked if he would waive his rights and talk to his captors, he replied in a timid voice. "What can you do for me if I cooperate?"

The question was not unexpected. Bill Dwyer responded.

"We can't make any deals with you, but we will make your cooperation known to proper authorities."

Hall countered: "What if I refuse to cooperate, or if I lie to you?"

Dwyer's reply was polite but firm: "We don't advise you to do that, but if you do, then we will make that information known to proper authorities."

The veteran FCA agent's responses were not spontaneous. Earlier in the day, Dwyer and Pickens had met with army attorney Fran O'Brien. O'Brien's guidance was specific. It was vital that Hall understand that no deals would be cut with him in exchange for cooperation. Most importantly, his interrogators had to avoid saying anything that could be later twisted by a defense attorney to imply that the arresting agents had tricked his client into confessing.

Hall shrugged his shoulders in resignation and signed the rights waiver form. He would talk without an attorney present. Chuck Pickens slipped out of the room to convey the good news. The concept of a soft arrest had borne fruit. Had Dwyer and Pickens pushed weapons into Hall's face, treated him roughly, strip-searched him and dressed him in a prison jumpsuit, the outcome would no doubt have been different.

Dwyer and Pickens played their parts perfectly. Because they approached Hall with finesse and compassion (however feigned), the two agents were able to obtain fourteen hours of quality interrogation time with the unnerved and depressed warrant officer before he gathered his wits and obtained an attorney. Not surprisingly, the defense attorney's first move was to tell his client not to say another word.

James Hall sipped a glass of ice water, hung his head, and gazed at Chuck Pickens. "I'll bet I know what you're thinking of me right now," the warrant officer murmured.

Chuck Pickens is a bear of a man, a retired master sergeant whose imposing appearance belies his soft-spoken and introspective nature. A veteran of three decades of intelligence service, the shrewd, experienced operator sensed opportunity in Hall's hangdog demeanor. Gazing across the table at the disgraced warrant officer, Pickens responded in a low voice. "Tell me what you think I'm thinking."

Hall replied softly, eyes downcast. "You think I'm a rotten traitor—the scum of the earth."

Chuck Pickens shook his head. "No," he replied gently. "You shouldn't think that. I've been doing this for years, and it's just business with me. I recognize that we all sometimes do things under stress and pressure that are wrong, and I don't attempt to judge someone. So don't think that, because it's not true. Everyone makes mistakes."

Pickens's low-key response seemed to visibly relax Hall. His interrogators had quickly divested themselves of their weapons and established at the outset a nonthreatening environment. Chuck Pickens's display of understanding was inspired. It established an almost father-son bond between the two men that was to persist for months, ultimately enabling the government to learn far more from the junior officer than would have been possible if macho agents had terrified and humiliated him upon arrest. The hard-nosed approach to arrests common to many law enforcement agencies might work with a career criminal or a sociopath such as John Walker, but for James Hall, honey rather than vinegar resonated.

Dwyer and Pickens soon had James prattling openly about his six years as a communist spy. As the dialogue continued, FBI agents in Richmond Hills were loading twenty boxes of evidence into a truck. Among the seized items were more than $10,000 in U.S. banknotes, several thousand deutsche marks, and a collection of cameras and film that rivaled Clyde Conrad's (all provided by the Soviets and East Germans, Hall later admitted). Searchers located the dark blue gym bag where Hall told Vladimir he had left it—on the washing machine—still full of sweaty workout clothes. Concealed in its false bottom was an East German–issued bogus British passport bearing Hall's picture and the name Robert Hillier. Agents also recovered a Soviet-issued black attaché case with a hidden compartment that concealed a variety of bogus British documents that supported the identity on the British passport.

Two recovered items were particularly revealing. The first was a folksy "Dear Friend" letter from the East Germans found in the attaché case. In the letter, the East Germans tasked their source to steal specific war plans and signals intelligence directives. From under the seat of Hall's pickup truck, delighted FBI agents retrieved a brown envelope, the same one that FCA surveillance cameras had caught as the Meister handed it to James during an early December meeting at a restaurant. The envelope still held most of the $5,000 that Hall would soon confess the Meister had brought to him from the East Germans.

The brown envelope was vital. Bagged and dispatched to the FBI's crime lab, it bore the fingerprints of Huseyin Yildirim—important evidence of a conspiracy between Hall and the Turk.

The apprehension of James Hall was a major counterespionage victory. But as the badly shaken warrant officer talked, the sense of triumph was tempered by the magnitude of the damage he had done. Canna Clay's description of Hall's espionage in Berlin had been on the mark, as far as it went. But the East German academician had observed only a small part of the young officer's espionage career. During the evening in the Savannah Days Inn, investigators learned the rest of the story.

James Hall first crossed the bridge of treason while serving as a twenty-five-year-old sergeant at Field Station Berlin. Depressed, strapped for cash, and responsible for a new wife and baby, he became fed up with waiting for the things he wanted in life. It was the fall of 1982 when the overstressed buck sergeant simply decided one day to become a spy. The decision was strictly business. He had a commodity that someone would pay for. James Hall was no communist.

To our great surprise, James began his espionage not with the East Germans but with the Soviets. To launch his new career as a KGB agent, he dropped a letter into the mail slot of the Soviet consulate in West Berlin's Grunewald district.

As a cover to deliver the fateful letter, Hall had borrowed a neighbor's dog and walked it by the Soviet consulate. The letter's text, which he later reconstructed for his FCA debriefers, concluded with an offer to the Soviets. If they were interested in doing business, they should meet him at 7:30 that evening at a well-known West Berlin restaurant. To facilitate recognition, Hall told the KGB that he'd be wearing a red pullover with a black stripe.

With that act, the young sergeant joined the growing ranks of espionage volunteers, of whom the infamous U.S. Navy warrant officer John Walker remains the most notorious example. To the KGB, an espionage volunteer was the best kind of spy, assuming that he was a genuine traitor and not an American double agent. John Walker's treason epitomized the damage that could be inflicted by a motivated espionage volunteer. After walking into the Soviet embassy in Washington in 1968 and volunteering his services, Walker operated continuously until 1985, recruiting along the way his best friend, his brother, and his son. Before the ring was broken up by the FBI, Walker and his confederates had provided Moscow the capability to decipher millions of American top-secret military communications. By 1982, when James Hall dropped his offer in the mailbox of the Soviet consulate, no Soviet intelligence officer could afford to lightly dismiss a volunteer who might turn out to be another John Walker.

The Soviets responded to Sergeant Hall's overture. At the appointed time, a casually dressed KGB officer approached him at the restaurant. "We received your letter," the Soviet told Hall. "It is necessary for us to go where it is safer to talk." Having taken the leap, a nervous James Hall meekly followed the KGB man to the subway, where the train made a stop at East Berlin's Friedrichstrasse Bahnhof. Soon James found himself in a safe house near the Soviet compound in the Karlshorst district. There KGB officers questioned the aspiring agent in some detail about his duties at Field Station Berlin, much as Vasily would question SSgt. Lowry Wilcox three years later during Operation Lake Terrace.

The young sergeant's willingness to cross into East Berlin and his forthright replies to their questions persuaded the KGB that he was the real thing, not an American provocateur working for the 766th MI Detachment. By the time James Hall returned to West Berlin that evening, he was a recruited source of the Soviet KGB. The officer in charge of the KGB's Karlshorst Detachment could report a major breakthrough to the Moscow Center. Penetrating the mountaintop electronic eavesdropping site of the Americans was his unit's top priority.

The rookie spy's Soviet superiors had a long wish list. Hall's case officer instructed him to copy and deliver highly classified documents from the Teufelsberg Field Station. Soon Hall would have the opportunity to meet with a Soviet signals intelligence expert from Moscow—someone who understood the complexities of electronic warfare. But such face-to-face contact with KGB officers, he was told, would be rare. Actual deliveries of stolen secrets would be via dead drops in West Berlin. Later, Hall would drop packages of documents through the partially open window of a parked Soviet sedan, reminiscent of the tactic attempted by Vasily during Operation Lake Terrace. When James Hall returned to West Berlin, he was carrying a thick stack of crisp $100 bills. "There will be a lot more than this," he was told, "if you deliver what we need."

Hall admitted sheepishly that he soon began to engage in double-dealing. Peddling copies of stolen documents to the KGB and the East Germans was an easy way to multiply his profits. Money, after all, was the whole idea.

The East German connection, he explained, had gotten started almost by accident. Within two to three weeks of his trip to East Berlin, Hall was chatting with Huseyin Yildirim in the auto craft shop when the subject turned to the Turk's major obsession—how to make easy money. James described the scene.

"As a passing joke—and I really shouldn't have done this—I mentioned during a conversation about making money, 'It's easy to do, you sell secrets.' A week later, the Meister announced that he had made contact in East Berlin—at first he said it was with the Turks, but it turned out to be the East Germans."

Hall continued his amazing saga. "So, from that point on, each time I made copies of documents for the Soviets, I made an extra copy for the Meister. Meister would pick up the ones for the East Germans, and later deliver my share of the money."

It was easy money, Hall recalled. There was a large photocopying machine in his duty section. He merely had to select documents for theft and make two copies of each. Eventually it became difficult to make copies at the field station, because the copying machine was leased based upon a certain level of use, and with James feverishly cranking out stacks of secrets for Moscow and East Berlin, the machine began to exceed its quota. Soon his superiors designated a soldier to control access to the machine—not for security, Hall said with a laugh, but to save money. After that, James smuggled documents out of the field station and photographed them in a step-van in the parking lot.

Then came his transfer in the spring of 1985 to Fort Monmouth. Once in New Jersey, dealing with Moscow became too difficult. James decided to sever communications with the KGB and deal solely with the East Germans through the Meister.

Hall elaborated. "I had good stuff, but communications were too difficult. You know, I was in Long Branch, New Jersey, and the Soviets had given me detailed instructions to dead-drop sites in Queens and Long Island, with complicated and time-consuming requirements about driving up from New Jersey, making chalk marks on telephone poles, and all that stuff. I tried to make one such run, but it took an hour and a half, and that was one way. I just couldn't do it. I was a sergeant. They'd ask questions at work about where I was for three hours, questions for which I had no answers."

Yildirim made spying easy, James admitted. The Turk would fly in from Germany, take whatever documents he had acquired, and pay him, all in one neat and convenient operation.

Hall's description of his conspiracy with Yildirim was unsettling to me personally. In 1983, while the Meister was cheerfully mentoring me through a crash course on auto restoration, he had been plundering the secrets of the command's most sensitive intelligence unit, which my unit was charged to protect. In this context, the Turk's strange visits to my quarters took on new meaning. (Later, after the collapse of East Germany, East German intelligence officers would reveal that the uncontrollable Turk had attempted to impress his handlers with his access to the local counterintelligence commander, even going so far as to smuggle a tape recorder into my home to record one of his brief social visits. To the brash Turk, snuggling up to me and other American intelligence officials in West Berlin was useful. He could use the contacts to impress the East Germans and the gullible Peggy Bie, who apparently believed that he was a star agent for U.S. intelligence. Not only that, if something ever went wrong and he were apprehended, ties to the American intelligence community might be useful.)

The discovery that Hall had worked on behalf of the Soviets and the East Germans was the major surprise of the evening. But there was additional unwelcome news. The motel meeting confirmed that

James had indeed betrayed an array of highly sensitive signals intelligence projects to the Soviets and the East Germans. The projects discussed by James with Vladimir were so sensitive that one thirty-minute portion of the Days Inn tape had to be classified "top secret, codeword."

During the Days Inn meeting with Vladimir, James explained why he had embarked on espionage.

"I wanted to be able to afford some of the things I wanted and when I wanted them," he admitted. When James boasted to Vladimir that he had given information on a certain high-tech electronic project before it was fielded, Vladimir countered: "So before you even turned it on, our side knew already?"

Hall replied with a chuckle, "I hope so. As long as I get my money."

"So you did it for money?" said Vladimir.

Replied Hall, "What you guys do with whatever it is I give you is up to you. Sure. I'm not anti-American. I wave the flag as much as anybody else."

Lest the KGB man misunderstand, James elaborated. "It's dollars and cents to me. . . . You guys tell me what you want, and like before, I'll get it." He added with a tone of finality, "If I've got it and you guys want it, it's yours."

While James Hall prattled on to agents Pickens and Dwyer about his six years of espionage, the FBI made its move in Belleair Beach, Florida. Agents knocked on the door of Peggy Bie's ranch house armed with a search warrant and a warrant to arrest the Turk as a material witness in the Hall investigation.

The deeply suntanned Meister appeared at the door wearing a splashy blue surf shirt. Peggy, he insisted, was not at home. Agents flashed their warrants, entered the house, and escorted the Turk to the kitchen for a chat. Other FBI personnel swarmed into the house and began a methodical, room-by-room search.

In the master bedroom, agents heard a muffled noise in the closet. What happened next has become legend. Opening the closet doors, surprised agents discovered Peggy Bie, naked as a jaybird. She shrieked. A quick-thinking female agent grabbed a sheet from the bed and wrapped it around the hysterical woman. Peggy screamed even louder, cast off the sheet, and streaked through the house to the kitchen, screaming like a banshee. "Don't say a word," she shouted at the shocked Yildirim, who was sitting at the kitchen table talking with an agent. "I've seen this all on television. You have a right to an attorney. Don't say another word."

With that, any chance for a friendly chat with the Turk evaporated. In Savannah, special agents Dwyer and Pickens were schmoozing with James Hall at the Fort Stewart post stockade, but in Florida, our FBI colleagues would be forced to go about their work without conspicuous help from the Meister. Frustrated agents hustled the Turk out of the house and paraded their prize in front of the media, who had been tipped that an arrest was going down in the quiet suburban neighborhood. It was well-earned advertising for our publicity-conscious bureau partners.

Once Yildirim was out of the house, agents searched it with professional zeal, recovering evidence that would help make a strong espionage case against the Turk. This included a small passport photo of James Hall, identical to the picture that appeared on his East German–issued bogus British passport. Agents recovered travel records confirming that Yildirim had traveled to Berlin between his meetings with Hall in November and December.

By sundown on December 21, 1988, army and FBI agents had done a credible day's work. Between them, FCA and FBI investigators had netted two spy suspects and seized dozens of boxes of evidence that could be used to develop airtight cases against the pair.

Bob Thayer's investigators had one more job to accomplish. Donning coats and ties, and without time to catch up on lost sleep, they descended on Fort Stewart to conduct two days of intensive interviews of James Hall's coworkers. It was unlikely that Hall had recruited any associates during his six months at Fort Stewart, but the interviewing had to be done. Perhaps James had mentioned the names of close friends in Frankfurt or Berlin or expressed interest in classified materials that might point toward his collection targets. The only way to learn the answers to such questions was to ask, even if it was but four days until Christmas.

By Christmas Eve, with these interviews accomplished and with Heidi Hall and the couple's two daughters in the care of Bill Peterson and his wife, the last of Bob Thayer's triumphant and weary FCA agents redeployed to Fort Meade.

James Hall also spent Christmas at Fort Meade—in the post stockade. Because the court-martial of the signals intelligence specialist would require a secure courtroom in which classified information could be discussed, the army had decided to transfer him to Washington. Instead of being court-martialed by the 24th Infantry Division, the accused warrant officer would face a judge from the military district of Washington.

As James Hall settled in to life in the Fort Meade stockade, we reflected on our good fortune that the press had not intruded on the Savannah investigation. The specter of *New York Times* reporter Jeff Gerth's well-placed Washington source had haunted the four-month investigation of James Hall. Still smarting from the near disastrous leak that had almost derailed the Clyde Conrad investigation, the army had enforced draconian limits on need to know during the Fort Stewart case.

And rightly so. In Hall's own words, even the slightest hint that he was under investigation would have caused him to use the bogus British passport and flee the United States. "I'm somewhat paranoid," James told Vladimir during their Days Inn meeting. "If for any reason I suspect I'm being investigated, I'm leaving the country. If I suspect I'm in trouble, I'm gone, I'm history."

If Jeff Gerth or Stephen Engelberg had floated a story in the *Times* to the effect that the army or the FBI were stalking a spy somewhere in the southeastern United States, James Hall would have been history. After the two reporters wrote about the Conrad case, it was clear that they had developed at least one well-placed and talkative source somewhere in Washington. No one doubted that the two reporters' deep throat could have derailed the 1126 investigation.

That we were able to carry out our four-month investigation of Hall and the Meister without a major leak was thus a source of some satisfaction. Whoever the *Times* source was, either we had succeeded in keeping him out of the information loop or he was lying low in the face of a leak investigation that had been mounted by the FBI after Clyde Conrad's arrest.

The need for total secrecy was not over merely because James Hall and the Meister were behind bars. Canna Clay and his wife were sequestered in a Maryland safe house, and the couple was deeply concerned for the safety of their sons in East Berlin.

On December 21, news of the Hall and Yildirim arrests broke in the national media. In Savannah, FBI Special Agent-in-Charge Bill Clancy invited Bob Thayer and me to join him at an FBI news conference to release details of the Hall arrest to the local media. Bob and I politely declined. The case had been a truly joint effort, and the bureau was free to deal with the media as it chose. As in the Conrad case, FCA preferred to dodge the media spotlight and maintain a low profile that would permit us to quietly pursue follow-on leads.

The public affairs guidance of the arrest plan had been sharply debated before I traveled to Savannah for the arrest. Pentagon public affairs officers, whose job it was to maintain cordial relations with the media, made the case for a limited release of information surrounding the arrest. As counterintelligence investigators in the middle of a sensitive case, we considered it inappropriate to comment on an ongoing investigation. Any queries about the case were thus directed to the Department of Defense Public Affairs Office in the Pentagon. Their officers released information concerning Hall's arrest and service record but little about our investigation. Above all, the fact that an East German defector had tipped army counterintelligence had to be protected.

But the Savannah and Tampa arrests were big news, although they were overshadowed by the tragic sabotage of Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland, the following day. Still, persistent reporters mounted an aggressive campaign to uncover what official Pentagon spokespersons were not releasing. Viewers tuning in CNN or the network news shows were treated to footage of a scowling and handcuffed Yildirim being led from Peggy Bie's Florida ranch house to a waiting FBI sedan. Camera crews swarmed into Richmond Hills, Georgia, and interviewed James Hall's astonished neighbors. "STEWART OFFICER HELD AS SPY" trumpeted the headline of the *Savannah Evening Press.* Quoting Pentagon public affairs officers in Washington and the Savannah FBI, the paper reported that James Hall was a "signal intelligence–electronic warfare specialist stationed at Ft. Stewart" with a top-secret clearance who had spent his entire career in the signals intelligence field.

The media began to dig. At Fort Meade, FCA insiders ran an informal pool. How long would it take the press to uncover our secret? The *Washington Post* reported within days of the arrest that "Army officials began investigating [Hall] last summer after being tipped that Hall, recently promoted from staff sergeant to warrant officer, was living above his armed services salary of $20,200 a year." To everyone's delight, this misleading version of Hall's demise was carried by *Newsweek* and the print media in Georgia.

That the army had stumbled on Hall because of his high living was a convenient version of the events in Savannah. This was not totally untrue. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity had in fact been tipped, and part of the tip was that a spy was being paid large sums of money. That the FCA tipster had been a double agent who had penetrated the East German State Security Service was no one's business at the time. Our immediate concern was the protection of Canna Clay and his family in East Berlin. If the media was reporting an incomplete version of the truth that served this end, so much the better.

But within a day of the arrests, it became clear that we were not going to be able to keep the details of our investigation a secret. By December 22, industrious reporters began to piece together the story. *Washington Post* wire reporters Ruth Marcus and Molly Moore quoted "a person familiar with the case" as revealing that "investigators conducted closed circuit television surveillance on Mr. Hall's office at Ft. Stewart and saw him putting documents into a case that had a hidden compartment." The lengthy story drew heavily on the detailed affidavit submitted by the FBI to a U.S. district judge in support of its warrant to arrest Huseyin Yildirim. The unclassified affidavit contained a detailed summary of our successful sting of Hall in the Days Inn, to include the fact that we had captured him on videotape selling classified documents. Reading the *Post* story, one could only wonder how long it would be before our friends at the *New York Times* reactivated their deep throat source and learned of Canna Clay's role.

The *Times* was not far behind the competition. In its lead story on the day after the arrests, reporter Michael Wines described Hall's career as a signals intelligence analyst. Quoting unnamed "American officials," Wines advised the *Times*'s readers that "The operation may have seriously damaged American intelligence efforts in Europe in part because Hall held a sensitive Army post in West Berlin, a center for electronic eavesdropping that is directed by the supersecret National Security Agency, based in Ft. Meade, Maryland." Quoting other U.S. officials, reporter Wines observed, "While Hall was in West Berlin and Frankfurt, he was probably in a position to receive valuable information about the types of electronic signals the United States was collecting and how they were analyzed." The impact of Hall's betrayal, Wines opined, was no doubt serious.

Michael Wines and colleague Stephen Engelberg then began to plumb their sources in Washington for the story behind the story of the Hall-Yildirim arrests. At the same time, ABC television news assigned reporter James Bamford, author of a controversial expose of the National Security Agency, to uncover whatever it was about the case that the Department of Defense wasn't telling. The results of these two efforts were significant, albeit completely different in character.

At the *New York Times,* Wines and Engelberg once again established their paper as the premier penetrator of government secrecy. Within a few months, the enterprising pair had successfully pieced together most classified dimensions of the case, to include the role of Canna Clay.

ABC News, on the other hand, made the mistake of trusting the impetuous Bamford, with the result that the network's news staff was successfully manipulated by the spacey and unreliable Peggy Bie as she told any lie, however big, in a desperate attempt to obtain Yildirim's freedom.

While the press struggled to uncover the truth behind the Hall investigation, at Fort Meade, James Hall's attorneys began to speak of a possible plea bargain. At FCA, we initially dismissed this as unthinkable. Why would the government bargain when its case was so strong? James Hall was looking good to be the first test of the death penalty.

35: Devasting Revelation

On a rainy day in early March 1989, James W. Hall III stood in uniform before a military judge in a Fort McNair courtroom and tearfully pleaded guilty to espionage. His actions, he told Col. Howard C. Eggers in a soft, mournful voice, had left him with "a feeling of betrayal which goes to the bone." Present in the courtroom to plea for mercy for his son was James W. Hall, Jr., a fifty-seven-year-old auto mechanic from Sharon Springs, New York. "What can a father say about his son?" the elder Hall told the judge. "He just loves him. . . . When I first saw him, I felt like I would punch his lights out. I threw my arms around him instead."

As the judge sentenced Hall to forty years in prison, a $50,000 fine, and a dishonorable discharge, teary-eyed Heidi sat silently in the courtroom. Earlier, Heidi told the judge that she had not known that her husband was spying, then tearfully insisted that she loved him in spite of his mistake and would wait for him, regardless of the length of his sentence.

Foreign Counterintelligence Activity investigators present in the courtroom felt truly sorry for the shy German woman. Hall, they knew, had explained the sudden flow of extra money to his naive wife by spinning a tall tale. The Meister, he told Heidi, was a spy for American intelligence. But because the Turk didn't trust the American spooks fully, he insisted on using James as a middleman. To show his gratitude, James told his wife, the Meister, whom she knew as Mike, shared his CIA earnings.

Hall's brief appearance in the Fort McNair courtroom lacked the drama of witnesses and sparring attorneys. Thanks to a surprise pretrial agreement between the defendant and the army prosecutors, there was no need for a protracted court-martial. On the advice of his attorneys, who knew a lost cause when they saw one, the admitted spy made a bargain to avoid the death sentence.

For his part, the disgraced warrant officer promised to cooperate with government experts to assess the damage he had inflicted on his nation's vital signals intelligence capabilities. He would also cooperate fully with FCA agents in a lengthy series of counterintelligence debriefings to document his Soviet and East German contacts. Hall would not exploit his crime in the future by granting interviews or writing a book, and he promised to cooperate with the government in the prosecution of Huseyin Yildirim. All revelations by the convicted spy would be verified by government-administered polygraph examinations.

The agreement contained something for everyone. It assured the FBI and the Department of Justice that Hall would be available to testify in the trial of the Meister; it ensured that the damage inflicted by the disloyal officer to America's signals intelligence effort could be evaluated and kept low profile; and it provided army counterintelligence the opportunity to exhaustively debrief Hall concerning how the Soviets and East Germans had handled him—vital information for future counterintelligence operations. An ancillary benefit of the plea bargain was to eliminate the need for Canna Clay to testify at a drawn-out court-martial.

The army's decision to bargain with Hall made sense, but that didn't make it popular in the corridors of FCA. Even though agents desired to keep Canna Clay's role discreet, there could be little doubt that Horst and Wolfgang had long since discovered the academician's absence and concluded that he was involved. In East Berlin, American sources reported that a swarm of MfS agents had descended on Clay's small bungalow shortly after James Hall's arrest. Authorities had swept up the couple's grown sons and interrogated them about their parents' whereabouts. Those familiar with the East German service had no doubts that an in absentia death sentence would eventually be pronounced on the missing professor.

Certainly the pretrial agreement would make the task of the convicted spy's debriefers easier. By mandating Hall's total cooperation in debriefings, the bargain would enable FCA and National Security Agency specialists to do a better job of assessing how he had spied and what he had given to the Soviets and East Germans.

Nonetheless, when Hall walked out of that Fort McNair courtroom with a sentence that would make him eligible for early release in as few as ten years, more than one FCA agent branded the whole thing a sellout. "He should have been the first one to be executed," some argued bitterly. "How can we stop this kind of thing when the stiff punishments are not meted out?" It was a valid question.

Subsequent discussions with Hall's jubilant defense attorneys were revealing. The army could have won Hall's cooperation by merely agreeing not to press for capital punishment, they confided. After all, the prosecution had an absolutely airtight case against him. James Hall's army-appointed defense attorney bluntly told Bob Thayer and me that he was incredulous when the prosecution agreed to bargain.

The controversial agreement between the government and James Hall had little to do with crime and punishment. Any time counterintelligence agents unmask a traitor who has looted the government of its secrets, the resulting revelations are embarrassing and unwelcome. The quicker the story drops out of the media, the better. Public exorcisms of security lapses caused by sloppy to nonexistent controls are unwelcome by the government. And when the case deals with the hypersensitive subject of signals intelligence, even greater impetus exists for the government to wrap it up as quickly and quietly as possible.

Twice in four months I had briefed the army chief of staff on major espionage arrests. On both occasions, the four star accepted the bad news like a patient who had just been told that his biopsy revealed malignancy.

In the wake of the court-martial, a team of FCA debriefers tackled the challenge of documenting James Hall's treason. For several weeks, they retrieved the convicted spy from his cell at the Fort Meade stockade and conveyed him to a debriefing facility. The task was to completely reconstruct the convicted spy's six-year espionage career, reviewing every contact that Hall had made with the East Germans and Soviets, from his first trip to East Berlin in 1982 until the final meeting with the Meister in a Savannah restaurant a week before his arrest.

The FCA men were not conducting a formal damage assessment (that is, determining with precision which secrets Hall had peddled to the Soviets and East Germans). Because of Hall's signals intelligence specialty, these determinations would be made by debriefers from the National Security Agency.

Hall was generally cooperative as he searched his memory for the details demanded of him. As debriefers pieced together the saga of his six years of betrayal, they reported their preliminary findings to my office. These reports were bleak and made it clear that the self-centered spy was surely one of the most productive agents that the KGB and MfS had ever recruited.

Hall's revelations were devastating—for what they told us about our security and for what he recalled about the materials that he and the Turk had given away to the Soviets and East Germans. As the specifics of Hall's espionage became known within FCA, those who had characterized the plea bargain as a sellout were confirmed in their conviction. Like Clyde Conrad and his confederates, Hall had looted his unit with impunity, all but unhindered by security measures. As for moral compunctions, there were none. At first, he revealed, he had felt he could outmaneuver the Soviets and East Germans by selling them material that was of little value. After all, the Soviets knew what their units in East Germany were doing, didn't they? So what was wrong with selling them information that they already knew? Reminded that each compromise of secrets told the communists much about our signals intelligence capabilities, James hung his head. It had gotten out of control as the Soviets pressed for more sensitive secrets. Eventually, he caved in and gave them everything.

Hall described in detail his operations in West Berlin when assigned to the field station. He had dutifully obeyed his KGB handlers and deposited thick packages of secret and top-secret intelligence documents and war plans in prearranged dead-drop sites in the city. On one occasion, Hall recalled, when a three-inch-thick envelope bulging with stolen secrets would not fit through a one-inch opening in the rear window of a Soviet sedan, he had moved on in frustration, still gripping the envelope. Then he heard a clucking noise to his rear. "A little guy scampered out of the nearby bushes," Hall told his debriefer, "unlocked the car and rolled down the rear window a few more inches. Then he disappeared into his hiding place while I backtracked and dropped the envelope into the car."

But most of Hall's adventures were not funny. On at least two occasions, the convicted spy admitted that the KGB had dispatched a signals intelligence expert from Moscow to debrief him on technical matters that his KGB agent handlers could not grasp. Granted access to a top-secret black program in 1984 of great interest to Moscow, the disloyal sergeant traveled to Vienna in June 1985 and described the project to his Soviet debriefer. Unnamed "government officials" later told reporters Stephen Engelberg and Michael Wines that the program had cost the U.S. government hundreds of millions of dollars to develop. The German magazine *Quick*, which in 1990 recovered documents from the MfS files that had no doubt originated with Hall, identified the project and printed revealing excerpts from the Stasi documents.

Quick also provided its readers with a rare glimpse into the inner circles of the East German MfS. Editor Paul Limbach had obtained top-secret Stasi files that showed how the East Germans had handled the material betrayed by James Hall and Huseyin Yildirim. Among the *Quick* documents was a letter from the notorious head of the HVA (the foreign intelligence arm of the East German State Security Service), Markus Wolf, to the deputy chief of the MfS, Lieutenant General Neiber. Written at the time that James Hall and the Meister were handing over the secrets of Field Station Berlin to the East Germans, the Wolf letter and other documents in *Quick*'s possession were Hall's MfS report card.

"By order of the Comrade Minister," Wolf wrote, "I am sending you 13 original documents of the U.S. intelligence services. The material deals with vital information concerning the basic organization of signals intelligence collection by the U.S. intelligence services in peace and in war, about specific plans for the European theater of war, and about the special role of West Berlin in the enemy's electronic warfare." Wolf advised his superiors that a Major General Mannchen, the director of Hauptabteilung III, which focused on enemy signals intelligence units, was personally responsible for evaluating the newly acquired documents and recommending countermeasures that might be taken to frustrate the American electronic snooping.

Quick had also obtained Major General Mannchen's evaluation of the windfall documents and published a portion of the first page. Entitled "Initial Estimate and Evaluation of HVA Material from the U.S. Signals Intelligence Arena," Mannchen's document is a revealing commentary on Hall's treason. "The material consists of some of the most important American signals intelligence directives," wrote the East German general. "The material is current and extremely valuable for the further development of our work, with high operational and political value. It deals with directives and working documents of the NSA, the leading organization of the USA for signals intelligence, as well as with plans and analysis of the DIA and the Intelligence & Security Command. The contents, part of which are global in nature, some very detailed, expose basic plans of the enemy for signals intelligence collection into the next decade."

General Mannchen then expressed a major concern. The material was of such a high value that extraordinary measures to protect its source should be taken. "Any sharing of these documents with others who have a signals intelligence mission—for example, with partner services [that is, the Soviets], should only be considered possible if the material is fully restated [disguised] and combined with other sources, with the consent of the HVA." Mannchen was unaware that the MfS star agent was generously sharing everything with the Soviets.

When asked by his debriefers about his motives for giving away such clearly sensitive secrets, Hall was ambivalent. Yes, money was a motive, he admitted, but there was more. Hall lashed out in angry frustration at his military superiors, leading us to conclude that some of his betrayal was done to get even with the chain of command for whatever grievances were on his mind at the moment. Bitter at superiors who he felt were frivolous in their management of him and his colleagues, Hall ridiculed the field station's sponsorship of an ice cream sales booth during the Berlin Command's annual German American Volksfest. "Here we were manning an ice cream booth," he railed, "at a time when we should have been devoting our full attention to tracking the summer training activities of the Soviet forces."

This theme of being smarter and more dedicated than his officers was not unfamiliar to investigators. Clyde Conrad had repeatedly told

Danny Wilson that his officers were either dumb, or self-serving "ticket punchers" inferior to a man of Clyde's intelligence and wit. James Hall and Clyde Conrad were textbook illustrations of KGB doctrine. When recruiting Americans, the KGB taught, ego is second only to money as a motivator.

As Hall unburdened himself to his debriefers, he put a self-serving twist on his decision to sell out his country. Gone was the young sergeant impatient for the toys of life and frustrated with incompetent officers. In his place was a reinvented James Hall, a troubled young soldier in need of counseling for personal problems, ignored by an insensitive chain of command and an army that lacked the mechanisms to recognize and deal with soldiers' problems. His own ambition and greed were not the root causes of his fatal decision, Hall seemed to be saying. The real problem was the army's failure to assist a troubled NCO.

In general, Hall revealed, the army's physical security measures were easily overcome. Spying was all but risk free. While stationed at the 205th MI Battalion in Frankfurt, he stole so many war plans and other secrets that the enterprising Yildirim purchased a Canon PC-25 copier and installed it in an East German–financed apartment near the headquarters. The flat was used strictly as a processing center for stolen secrets, just as Clyde Conrad and Rod Ramsay had done in their Bad Kreuznach rental unit. To explain to fellow soldiers why he rented an apartment in Frankfurt when his wife and children lived in a nearby suburb, Hall said he used the apartment to take a shower after his daily noontime exercise. To those who wondered how a sergeant could afford such a luxury, James had a variety of explanations. Heidi's parents were wealthy; his family had money; he had inherited money from a deceased relative. The inconsistency of his claims was not challenged.

There had been one close call. In 1987 Hall had gone out of town. While absent, he had lent the family Volvo to a fellow NCO. The friend discovered a paper bag bulging with hundred-dollar bills in the car's trunk. "What's with the cash?" the nonplussed NCO asked James.

"Oh," Hall replied, "Heidi's a German and doesn't know how to write checks, so I keep some cash in the car so she'll have it when I'm not around."

No fool, the suspicious sergeant reported the incident to the V Corps special security officer. Hall, he opined, was surely doing something illegal.

A lieutenant received the mission to check on Hall's unusual wealth. After several days of snooping around, including a talk with Hall's company commander and first sergeant, the lieutenant found herself face-to-face with Staff Sergeant Hall.

Hall was polite and cooperative. "My first sergeant says you're asking around about my money," he began. "You see, I inherited it from my grandfather, who was a tire magnate. I'll be glad to provide proof of the inheritance."

Stymied, the lieutenant sought guidance from her superiors. Apprised of the inheritance story, officers decided to drop the matter. Hall was not asked to submit proof of his alleged inheritance, and army counterintelligence was not informed of the matter.

James Hall also admitted that he had passed the V Corps war plan to the East Germans. When we learned this, Bob Thayer and I had the same reaction. Clyde Conrad had passed this plan to the Hungarians, who had shared it with the Soviets. And Zoltan Szabo had sold a copy of it to the Czechs. Surely the top-secret V Corps war plan was the Cold War's worst-kept secret.

Some of Hall's exploits were bold to the point of recklessness. In 1987, James had deployed with his unit to a remote West German training area for the annual Reforger exercise. The largest of the annual NATO exercises, Reforger simulated the NATO response to a Warsaw Pact attack across the inter-German border. The East Germans tasked James Hall to provide a copy of the exercise's classified communications electronic operating instructions (CEOI), which would permit communist signals intelligence collectors to more easily eavesdrop on the weeks-long exercise.

Hall and the Meister cooperated to satisfy the East German requirement. James obtained a copy of the sensitive document and hurriedly met the Turk at a small *gasthaus* near the training area. The resourceful Yildirim copied the document in his room using the Canon PC-25. While James returned the original document to his unit before it was missed, the Meister headed to East Berlin and peddled the copy to the MfS for a healthy profit.

Perhaps the most distressing revelation made by James Hall had to do with the mystery surrounding the killing of Maj. Arthur Nicholson by a Soviet sentry in March 1985. While stationed in West Berlin, Staff Sergeant Hall represented the field station at a periodic meeting of the various American intelligence collectors. The forum was a part of the Berlin Tip-off System, whereby, for example, the human intelligence people might pass on a tidbit from an agent that might assist the signals intelligence effort—or vice versa. Each of Berlin's numerous intelligence collectors sent a representative to these show-and-tell sessions, including the field station and the U.S. Military Liaison Mission (USMLM), to which Nicholson belonged.

At one tip-off meeting, Hall told his debriefers, the USMLM analyst had unveiled proof of his unit's most sensitive collection success, proudly displaying a stack of eye-catching, close-up interior photographs of the Soviet T-72 tank, pictures that could have been obtained only by someone actually sitting inside the tank. The USMLM analyst confided that one of his unit's bolder tour officers had indeed penetrated and photographed the interior of a warehoused Soviet T-72 tank near Ludwigslust, on the outskirts of Berlin, virtually under the noses of the Soviets, whose sentries were not manning their posts.

Hall saw gold in the startling photos. To ingratiate himself with his Soviet superiors, he sounded the alarm by passing Moscow a copy of the mission's intelligence report, thereby giving the Soviets the details of the American officer's success, including the time of the American penetration and the exact location of the poorly guarded tank warehouse.

Within a matter of months, USMLM tour officer Nicholson lost his life on a repeat visit to the same tank warehouse in Ludwigslust. In 1985, during my debriefing of Nicholson's driver, the distraught NCO had shaken his head in disbelief. An alert Soviet sentry on a Sunday afternoon who would shoot to kill didn't add up.

It did now.

As Hall confessed his betrayal of the USMLM mission, he hung his head. After Nicholson was killed, he told FCA debriefers, it had occurred to him that he might be responsible, and he had become depressed. Eventually, he added, he managed to put the whole affair out of his mind and continued to pass secrets to the Soviets and East Germans.

Hall had every right to feel depressed. He had tipped off the Soviets in January or February 1985 that their security was weak. The Sunday afternoon shooting had occurred on March 24. His tip to Moscow would most certainly have resulted in the issuance of a stern warning to the Soviet commander at Ludwigslust about his lax security. A Russian commander in such a position could be expected to take strict corrective measures, to include a shoot-to-kill order.

This scenario had crossed James Hall's mind, he admitted, but he had coped with the nagging burden by merely dismissing it from his memory.

But air force intelligence officer Bob Sherry was not about to dismiss the matter so lightly. In 1985, Bob was assigned to West Berlin in an air force technical intelligence unit. Sherry's memory of the meeting in Berlin when the USMLM analyst tabled the highly sensitive tank photographs is vivid. Hall, he recalls bitterly, was present and able to make copies of the sensitive reports.

"I feel that he's the one who nailed Nicholson," Sherry volunteered. "He didn't pull the trigger, but in every other way, he did it."

Sherry's impressions of the young staff sergeant from Field Station Berlin remain clear.

"He was well respected for his professional expertise and people valued his opinion," Sherry admits. "But he was arrogant and cocky—sometimes seeming like he had a chip on his shoulder. The tip-off gathering was a tightly knit circle. Its members were regarded as insiders—members of the team—and saw everything. Hall was a regular, and nothing was discussed about the various intelligence units' sensitive collection operations that he wasn't aware of. Anywhere he wanted to be, he was there. The door was open for him."

In 1989, Bob Sherry told the authorities that he would enthusiastically testify at Hall's court-martial. But as the trial approached, he learned that the evidence against Hall was so overwhelming that his testimony would not be required.

"I never saw him after he was picked up," Sherry recalls, "and maybe that was just as well. But he killed Major Nicholson—that's one conviction I'll take to my grave."

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Foreign Counterintelligence Activity debriefers also reconstructed Hall's earnings from his espionage activities. Based upon Canna Clay's testimony and Hall's own recollections, analysts calculated that from late 1982 to 1988, the Soviets and East Germans paid their star agent at least $300,000—and probably more. Hall himself was unable to attest to his earnings with precision, although he acknowledged receiving some $60,000 from the East Germans in 1988 alone. There were, he admitted, somewhere between thirty and sixty other deliveries of classified documents over the years. He had wallowed in cash, most of which he had frittered away on high living, flying lessons, prostitutes, and expensive toys such as his $18,000 Ford pickup truck. The $30,000 annual retainer from the East Germans alone, supplemented by cash bonuses for production, was telling. To garner that kind of money, the young NCO was delivering the goods, no question about it. This Hall himself conceded to his debriefers. "If I had it and they wanted it," he affirmed, "they got it."

Between 1983 and 1985, James Hall had double-dipped, serving the Soviets and the East Germans. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity debriefers were intrigued by this. Even though the intelligence services of the Warsaw Pact allies cooperated with each other, it was obvious that when they had a particularly good mole in their stable, strict compartmentation made them vulnerable to this kind of opportunism.

In Berlin, while the hyperactive Yildirim was shuttling back and forth through the wall laden with documents for the MfS that James had stolen, James was loading Soviet dead drops in West Berlin—often, he confessed, with the same documents he had just provided to the Turk. Remarkably, the illicit business thrived for more than two years before someone in Moscow picked up on the scam.

The Soviets eventually confronted Hall about his double-dipping during a June 1985 secret trip to Austria. In a Vienna hotel room, after the usual exchange of information for money had taken place, Hall's Soviet handler fixed the twenty-eight-year-old sergeant with a firm stare and confronted him. "Have you been dealing with another organization?" the Russian inquired in a stern voice.

Hall recalls experiencing a sinking feeling as he unconvincingly denied any contacts with another intelligence agency. The Soviet officer firmly rebuked him. Moscow knew the truth about his contacts with the Turk and the East Germans. This was risky and unacceptable, the KGB officer decreed. Yildirim, the KGB officer warned, was an unguided missile whom Hall should avoid. If you want to work for us, the KGB officer decreed, you must sever all ties to the Turk and his East German sponsors.

Hall responded with an appropriate show of contrition. Promising the Soviet officer that he would heed Moscow's advice, he silently vowed to cut all ties with the paranoid Russians. From now on, James would stick with the East Germans and Yildirim. To the cocky young spy, Yildirim's door-to-door service was far preferable to the complex and time-consuming security precautions demanded by the KGB.

As soon as the KGB case officer departed, Hall contacted Yildirim, who had flown to Vienna from Berlin. The two met, and when the Turk headed back to Germany, he was carrying the same information for the East Germans that Hall had just sold to the KGB. This included a highly classified plan for the annual deployment by Central Command forces to Egypt—Exercise Bright Star—and a bundle of top-secret information on ultrasensitive electronic warfare projects.

From the day of the Vienna encounter in mid-1985 until he met Vladimir in Savannah, Hall told FCA debriefers, he had dealt only with East Berlin through the Meister. It was a decision for which he was paying dearly. Had James heeded Moscow's warnings about the uncontrollable Turk and broken contact with the East Germans, he might be a free man today.

36: The Meister

To this day, more than eight years after Huseyin Yildirim's conviction for conspiracy to commit espionage, separating myth from reality about the man remains a challenge. Nonetheless, once the Meister's secret life was unmasked by FCA, some aspects of the enigmatic Turk came into focus. Yildirim's coveted Berlin scrapbook, for example, was more than mere evidence of his ego. The glowing letters the clever Turk had solicited from numerous officers whose ailing autos he had restored to health were a spy's stock-in-trade, not unlike the portfolio of an aspiring model. It strutted his unusually good placement and access—credentials that he surely displayed to the East Germans. Not by accident were so many of the letters in the Meister's collection authored by senior officers, many of them intelligence officers, myself included. You had to hand it to the cheerful Turk; he had mastered the art of self-promotion.

One also had to wonder about the facts contained in the 1981 article in the *Berlin Observer,* the command newspaper, which described the Meister as a former officer in the Turkish field artillery before he resettled in Germany and became a trained automotive mechanic. All very impressive, if it were true.

When Yildirim suddenly appeared in James Hall's life in October 1988, the CIA's Gus Hathaway made discreet overseas queries about the mysterious Turk who used the alias Mike Jones and had a penchant for nocturnal meetings at roadside restaurants. Just who was Huseyin Yildirim?

Within days, Hathaway's queries produced results. The Meister, we learned from the Turks, had indeed served in the Turkish army, but not as an officer. A low-ranking enlisted man, Huseyin Yildirim had been disciplined and discharged after he attacked one of his officers during a dispute. Undaunted, the Turk migrated to Beirut and became embroiled in a smuggling racket. Arrested by Lebanese authorities, he was jailed and served time before eventually settling in Germany.

And there was more. In the mid-1980s, Yildirim had apparently approached Turkish intelligence and offered to sell classified NATO documents. Explaining that he was able to obtain them from a well-placed American source, the Turk was obviously trying to maximize profits from his Berlin operations. But Istanbul wasn't buying. Turkish intelligence officers dismissed their countryman as a kook and sent him packing. Turkey was a member of the North Atlantic alliance and had no need to purchase NATO documents from a bad actor such as Yildirim. Whether deliberately or through inefficiency, the Turkish intelligence service made no mention of his offer to its American allies.

Much later, after the fall of the Berlin Wall and the reunification of Germany, Wolfgang Koch, one of the Meister's former East German case officers, told an American journalist that Yildirim had actually volunteered to work for East Berlin in 1978. At the time, the East German officer recalled, the Turk was employed by a German automotive firm near Stuttgart—hardly one of the Stasi's priority intelligence targets. The East Germans told the ambitious volunteer that they were uninterested. He had no placement or access to their targets. Find yourself a job with the Americans in Berlin, the MfS counseled, then come back and see us.

The enterprising Yildirim wasted no time. By 1979, he had parlayed his *Meisterbrief* (master mechanic's license) into the job at the Andrews Barracks auto craft shop. Christened "the Meister" by the fawning Americans, Yildirim looked up the MfS. This time, East German intelligence officers welcomed him aboard—for sound operational reasons. West Berlin's Andrews Barracks was the garrison of Field Station Berlin. Hundreds of the highly trained and underpaid single soldiers of the unit lived in the former barracks of the Hermann Goering Division, all of them with daily access to literally millions of pages of top-secret information at the nearby mountaintop installation. Surrounded by recruitment targets and endowed with personal magnetism and mechanical gifts, Huseyin Yildirim was perfectly placed to troll for disgruntled American soldiers who might betray their country.

Wolfgang Koch (of Horst and Wolfgang fame) recalls that the Meister's initial performance was impressive. Yildirim had a gift for identifying vulnerable targets among the soldiers assigned to the field station. But East German handlers soon developed mixed feelings about their bold and enterprising recruit, although no one could accuse the Turk of not delivering the goods. In 1982, he had escorted former field station soldier Ella Pettway to a secret door in the Berlin Wall located in a remote, wooded part of West Berlin. There, the two were escorted through the wall and taken to a safe house, where the East Germans debriefed Pettway about the field station (the infamous incident that the 766th MI Detachment had investigated and determined to be a nonevent).

Later the same year, Yildirim outdid himself when he conveyed James Hall ("Paul") into the arms of the East Germans. The "Paul" operation, which was to run six years, yielded so many sensitive secrets that former Stasi officers still proudly regard it as one of their most successful penetrations of the Cold War.

The East Germans could also not ignore the fact that the Meister, code-named Blitz, operating from his auto craft shop perch, was aggressively proselytizing other disgruntled field station soldiers, sometimes convincing them to provide classified material for money. Later, Ella Pettway, one of the Meister's recruits, told an ABC reporter that the Turk had selectively sought out disaffected field station soldiers, many of whom were lower ranking African American enlisted men—an allegation that was later borne out. The credibility of the heavy-drinking Pettway was far from perfect, but the woman was well qualified to comment on the Meister's operations. She had lived with Yildirim in 1982, and she herself had once been a disgruntled African American soldier assigned to the field station.

Wolfgang Koch later lamented that the problem with the Meister was that although he was an aggressive agent with perfect placement and access, he was also a loose cannon. "The Turk was uncontrollable," Koch was to remark. "He was driven by greed. If there was money to be made from something, he would pursue it recklessly without thinking of the security implications."

But it was not until 1985 that Yildirim's shenanigans caught up with him. The source of the complaint was Moscow. One former East German case officer remembers the disagreement. Soviet KGB officers assigned as liaison to the East German service approached their colleagues with the news that Hall and Yildirim were engaged in a swindle. Hall was a KGB source, the Russians informed the MfS. The Moscow Center had confirmed that the American sergeant was double-dealing, and Huseyin Yildirim was square in the middle of the caper. Hall's contacts with the reckless Turk would eventually compromise him, KGB officers warned, which would be a serious blow to the cause. East Berlin, the Soviets insisted, must yield operational interest in Hall to the KGB. After all, Moscow's agents had recruited him in the first place.

The East Germans ignored the Soviet warning and continued to meet with Hall. In their view, the young sergeant had voted with his feet in 1985 when he severed contact with the KGB. As long as the secrets he was betraying were sanitized to disguise their source and shared with "the friends," as the East German service called the KGB, Moscow had no complaint.

When Huseyin Yildirim quit his job at the auto craft shop and headed for Florida in 1987, his East German handlers breathed a sigh of relief. The Turk was finally out of their hair. While Yildirim was exploiting the gullible Peggy Bie in Florida, Wolfgang Koch activated "Hagen" to replace the Turk as Paul's contact. Hagen was an English-speaking professor who could travel to the West without attracting undue attention. Hagen was known to FCA as Canna Clay.

Knowing that Hall, too, was stateside bound, and all too familiar with the opportunistic Turk's nature, Koch and his partner, Horst Schmidt, anticipated that the Meister might attempt to reestablish himself as Paul's go-between. The two East Germans cautioned their top agent. Once in the United States, he must "cool off and assess his possibilities." Above all, they warned, he must avoid contact with the impetuous Turk.

Now the Meister had gotten himself nailed by the FBI. Worse yet, James Hall was in the hands of army counterintelligence, and the frightened warrant officer was spilling his guts. Between the damning Days Inn videotape and Hall's agreement to cooperate, Yildirim knew that his situation was desperate.

Once James Hall pleaded guilty and agreed to testify against his former confederate, a reasonable person would have read the handwriting on the wall and made his best deal with federal prosecutors. But Huseyin Yildirim he was not your average, reasonable person. Always figuring the angles, the Turk was convinced that he had cards to play, and play them he did, recklessly and with serious consequences.

Tactic number one adopted by the Meister was to refuse cooperation with his captors. Stonewalling all attempts to induce him to confess, he initially maintained his innocence—and his silence. Like Clyde Conrad, Yildirim surely thought that this approach would entice his East German sponsors to arrange a spy trade that would make him a free man. Because most of us familiar with the case assumed that James Hall and Ella Pettway were not the only soldiers whom the Meister had recruited since 1978, we interpreted Yildirim's stubborn silence as an attempt to send a signal to East Berlin. Depending upon what the Meister had in his head, the East Germans might want to bargain for his freedom in order to preclude him from identifying other East German agents.

Yet one had to wonder. Would the East Germans squander a precious bargaining chip to exchange a Turkish national who had been a serious control problem for his handlers?

If the Meister's silence was a signal to East Berlin to rescue him by a trade arranged by the famous spy broker Wolfgang Vogel, he would wait in vain. By November 1989, when the Berlin Wall came down, Yildirim had been in prison for a little more than a year. Any hopes that he might have entertained that Horst and Wolfgang would come to his rescue evaporated with the scenes of jubilant Germans dancing on the hated wall.

Tactic number two in the Meister's array of defenses was ingenious but hardly original. He was, he insisted, a hero of the Cold War who had been working for the Americans all along. To support this claim, Yildirim unleashed his secret weapon—Peggy Bie. The desperate and calculating woman trumpeted this defense on the Turk's behalf. "Her husband," she told the FBI, the fact-starved media, and the Meister's attorney, "was really a double agent working for American military intelligence in West Berlin." Huseyin, Peggy insisted, was a patriot who was working directly for "the head of military intelligence in Berlin, Colonel Stuart Herrington." As proof, the inventive woman conjured up vivid memories of shadowy meetings in West Berlin, claiming that she had repeatedly witnessed Yildirim rendezvousing with me, during which the Turk would pass information to me in exchange for envelopes full of cash.

During the summer of 1989, as Yildirim's trial date approached, Bie frantically shopped variations of this story to the FBI and anyone who would listen. Her poor, brave Huseyin was an American agent who was being callously hung out to twist in the wind by the U.S. government. Desperate to protect her man, Bie told magnificent but malicious untruths about the Meister's alleged operational and social contacts with me. After learning of her fabrications from amused FBI colleagues in Washington, I was unamused. From then on, I reclassified the loquacious woman. In my lexicon, she had graduated from being merely naive and gullible to being naive, gullible, and a malicious liar who would say anything to get Yildirim out of jail. In the Fort Meade corridors of FCA, good-natured banter about the colonel's Turkish agent was heard.

Then followed one of the most ill-advised and ludicrous acts of self-incrimination in the annals of counterespionage history. Desperately seeking to convince federal agents that he was a true American patriot, Yildirim decided to play his hole card to prove this claim. The spy, Hall, was betraying America, Yildirim explained earnestly. He, Huseyin Yildirim, dedicated defender of democracy, had detected Hall's shameful plot and prevented serious damage to U.S. national security by taking Hall's stolen documents and concealing them in West Berlin. The purloined documents, Yildirim assured federal agents, were in secure hiding places, safe from prying communist eyes. He had stashed them "where even Satan would not have access." To back up his claims, the Turk provided his attorney, Lamar Walter, with detailed directions to the cache sites, apparently convinced that by permitting the government to recover their contents, he would demonstrate the heroic role he had played.

In late April 1989, attorney Walter and Department of Justice prosecutors traveled to West Berlin. Following the Turk's instructions, they recovered two caches of documents, one in a basement storage room and the other concealed in plastic water jugs buried in a cemetery near West Berlin's Innsbrucker Platz. The contents of the Meister's stashes were mind numbing: thousands of secret and top-secret defense secrets—10,000 pages in all—most of which appeared to have originated in Field Station Berlin, James Hall's duty assignment.

Federal prosecutors could hardly believe their good fortune. Yildirim's delusional assessment of his plight may have told him that such documents were exculpatory and proved him a hero, but to the FBI and federal prosecutors, the documents were a legal godsend. It didn't take a high IQ to realize that Yildirim had no doubt used the vaunted Canon PC-25 to produce copies of everything that he had obtained from James Hall and his other GI contacts. Having peddled the sensitive documents to the East Germans (and shopped them to the Turks), the opportunistic Meister had salted away backup copies for a rainy day. Perhaps the Bulgarians might pay for them down the road?

Ultimately, of course, Yildirim's "I was working for Colonel Herrington" tactic, and its companion line, "I protected Hall's stolen documents from the communists," failed to impress federal officials. The more the Turk talked, the deeper he dug himself into a slick-walled hole, at the bottom of which was a life sentence.

In Washington, FCA and FBI agents familiar with the case viewed the Meister and Peggy's amateurish lying with bemusement. Claiming upon arrest to be a secret agent of U.S. intelligence was the most shopworn defense in the *Handbook for Spies*. Shopworn, indeed, but veterans recalled that it had worked for Richard Craig Smith in 1986.

In Tampa, FCA's Gary Pepper was concerned. As the army investigator with the best firsthand knowledge of the complex Conrad case, Pepper was heavily involved with the FBI and the assistant U.S. attorney in the roll-up of the Conrad ring. Pepper and special agent Bob Watson, who was working the Tampa end of the Hall investigation, both reported that Tampa-based FBI agents, unfamiliar with the whole case, were openly expressing their doubts to anyone who would listen over the extent of the FCA director's relationship with the Meister. The FCA men raised the flag of caution. At least some of Peggy Bie's assertions about my ties to Yildirim were being talked about in Tampa as if they had merit. At the time, I dismissed their concerns lightly. Our FBI colleagues in Washington were well aware that I had known Yildirim in Berlin, but they were equally cognizant of the role I had played in his identification and arrest. Surely no one would listen to the spacey woman's emotional prattling.

But I had not reckoned with the media. Apparently ABC television news thought highly of their investigative reporter James Bamford. The persistent reporter had visited Berlin and Tampa, sniffing out whatever he could about the high-profile case. Inevitably, his curiosity led him to Peggy Bie. Peggy, Bamford must have sensed, had a sensational angle.

In the Pentagon, public affairs officers received a query from ABC and contacted me. Would I consent to the release to the network of my photograph and personnel file for its use in an impending story on the Hall case? My answer to this and any other media queries was always the same. I would not talk to the media, nor would I consent to the release of information about me, particularly my photo. Sensing that the ABC request bode ill, I gave this answer to the Pentagon public affairs officer and prepared to depart on a duty trip to the Far East.

In Hawaii, fresh from a seafood feast at the Pearl Harbor officers' club, I received a phone call from Bob Bell at Fort Meade. It was May 31, 1989, the twenty-fifth anniversary of my commissioning.

"Sir, get ready. We just got a tip-off from the Pentagon that ABC is running their story on the Hall case on the evening news, and you aren't going to be pleased with it."

I glanced at my watch. The show would air on the East Coast soon. Bell had no details but offered a pithy, unprintable assessment of reporter Bamford coursing about in Florida trying to make a name for himself. Ironically, I had known Bamford when we were kids growing up in Natick, Massachusetts. We were neighbors at the time, and I remembered him well, even though he obviously did not remember me. By publishing his 1982 book on the National Security Agency, *The Puzzle Palace,* Bamford had done damage to national security, of that I was sure. Sadly, the book had sold well, and in the process, little Jimmy Bamford of Surrey Lane had become a media darling, a self-appointed guru on the intelligence community. That evening, I turned on the television in my hotel room and braced myself for whatever was to come.

Peter Jennings delivered the lead. *ABC News* had learned, Jennings began, that the network of spies uncovered by the Hall-Yildirim arrests "may have done far more damage than originally thought." Correspondent Richard Threlkeld had the story.

Threlkeld quoted "U.S. security officials" as his source. "So far, authorities have found more than ten thousand pages of classified documents Yildirim had hidden away." True.

Then the Meister's former girlfriend, Ella Pettway, spoke. Pettway told ABC's viewers that she had personally accompanied the Meister to his safe-deposit box and seen an envelope containing top-secret material from the Department of the Navy.

Then a photograph of me appeared on the screen. ABC had failed to obtain a picture from the Pentagon, but enterprising reporters had clipped my picture from the flyleaf of a book I had written about the Vietnam War. Threlkeld narrated:

> Since Yildirim's arrest, there's been some friction among the various U.S. agencies investigating this case, and concern among some investigators who point to a possible conflict of interest involving the man who's now heading the Army investigation, Colonel Stuart Herrington. Peggy Bie, another of Yildirim's girlfriends, says the accused spy andHerrington were friends in Berlin.

Then Peggy Bie offered her contribution: "Colonel Herrington, who was the chief of military intelligence there, invited us to a catered Christmas Day dinner, my entire family, my son, my mother, Huseyin, and I."

Threlkeld followed her statement with this comment: "Colonel Herrington did not respond to efforts by *ABC News* to contact him, and U.S. Army spokesmen refused to make any comment on the case."

My parents, at their Florida retirement home, suddenly saw their son's picture flashed on the screen as Threlkeld revealed his scoop. Peggy Bie had used Bamford and his ABC superiors to air her fictitious stories in defense of "her husband" in prime time, at my expense. Not only had I not invited Bie and Yildirim to a catered Christmas party in Berlin, there had never been such a party. Peggy was manufacturing and peddling her statements in desperation, unrestrained by any considerations of truth. ABC, in the finest traditions of television journalism, was buying.

My Pentagon superiors complained to ABC's Pentagon correspondent, but the network stood behind its story. Several weeks passed. I received a phone call from retired colonel Bill LeGro, whose son had contacts in ABC. Bill's son had shared lunch with an ABC reporter who announced that his network was about to do yet another Yildirim-related story. "We've got a colonel named Herrington in our sights, and he isn't going to like it," the ABC official confided.

This time I complained to the Office of the Army General Counsel. Didn't I have any rights or protection from this kind of defamation? A few weeks prior to the Threlkeld story, I had accepted an honor from my alma mater, Duquesne University, and delivered the commencement address. ABC's unfair innuendoes had hurt, I complained to the sympathetic attorney as I recalled the embarrassment of having to call the dean of the college to assure him that the ABC story was spurious and untrue.

This time the army reacted. The deputy chief of staff for intelligence, Lt. Gen. Tom Weinstein, summoned ABC's Pentagon correspondent to express his displeasure with the network's aggressive attacks on my reputation. "Stu Herrington was responsible for the successful investigation," he told ABC, "and the Army has full confidence in him."

ABC agreed to set up a meeting between Weinstein and Bamford at which the reporter could lay out his case against me. At the meeting, General Weinstein confronted the ABC reporter and challenged him to produce something substantive about me or cease his unfair attacks and innuendoes. Bamford had nothing, and retreated. ABC would not be duped again by Peggy Bie, but the network never retracted its story.

Huseyin Yildirim was deeply depressed. As his July 1989 trial drew near, the Turk could see disaster approaching with dizzying speed. All of his efforts to stave off the coming catastrophe had backfired. His attorney, Lamar Walter, had just delivered terrible news. Government prosecutors had located Ella Pettway and planned to fly her to the United States. If both Pettway and Hall testified, the Meister knew, he was lost, because he had personally escorted each of them through the Berlin Wall for meetings with the East Germans.

Aware that Pettway had been an eyewitness and participant in Yildirim's East German operation, prosecutors dispatched two FBI agents to West Berlin to escort her to Savannah. Agents Tom Crossen and Larry Whitaker drew the Pettway mission.

After arriving in Berlin, the two G-men conferred with German police officials. The Germans were only too glad to give the Americans a crack at Pettway. Days earlier, the unpredictable woman had physically attacked German police officers who had been dispatched to locate her.

Crossen and Whitaker were undaunted. They could handle the likes of Ella Pettway. Their orders were clear. They should establish contact with the potential witness and somehow groom her to play a role in the prosecution of the Turk. If possible, they should persuade Pettway to accompany them to Savannah.

Crossen and Whitaker tackled their mission with enthusiasm. Somehow, the pair managed to tame the explosive Pettway, even cajoling her to take them to the remote, wooded area along the Berlin Wall where she admitted that the Meister had ushered her through a door into East Germany in the early 1980s. The smooth-talking FBI men were also able to convince Pettway that an all-expenses-paid trip to the United States to discuss her contacts with Yildirim was a good idea. Pettway, unpredictable but not dumb, signed up for the trip only when promised that she was being interviewed as a witness, not as a suspect. Yildirim had indeed escorted her to a meeting with the East Germans, she admitted warily, but she had told Horst and Wolfgang nothing and refused their overtures to sign her up as a spy.

Crossen's and Whitaker's problems started on the Pan Am flight from Germany to Washington's Dulles Airport. During the eight-hour ride, Pettway astounded the FBI men and flight attendants by drinking no fewer than seventeen cans of German beer without once excusing herself to visit the rest room. It was a new Pan Am record. Over the mid-Atlantic, Pettway, who weighed all of ninety pounds, grinned at her escorts. "If you want to get the Meister to talk," she leered drunkenly, "just give me one hour with him in a hotel room and he'll tell you anything you want to know."

By the time the Pan Am flight arrived in the States, Crossen recalled, agents all but carried the anesthetized Pettway aboard the connecting flight to Savannah.

At midmorning in Savannah, the exhausted Crossen and Whitaker deposited the fiercely hungover woman in a hotel room with instructions to sleep it off. Within two hours, the phone rang at the Savannah FBI office. It was the hotel manager. "Is it okay for her to be putting all of this on room service?" he queried. Pettway, agents learned, had already ordered two bottles of vodka, polished off one, and was embracing the second.

The Pettway caper, prosecutors decided, was a definite no-go. "Even a mediocre defense attorney would have destroyed her," agent Crossen recalled. "You never knew what she'd say, and no one—no one—could keep her sober."

Unaware of the Pettway fiasco, Huseyin Yildirim languished in his cell and imagined the worst. Struggling to come up with a way to save himself, the Turk hit upon an idea. With that, he reached out in desperation, telling Lamar Walter, his attorney, that only Colonel Herrington could deliver him.

Walter contacted me at Fort Meade in June 1989, a month before his client's trial in Savannah, a trial at which I was scheduled to testify for the government. Walter's mission was to bring me a desperate, rambling appeal for assistance from the Meister.

The Meister's attorney and I met in a motel room outside of Fort Meade. Walter was uncomfortable with his mission. His client, he led off, considered himself innocent but was in near despair over his legal plight. Yildirim, the attorney added, always spoke of me with great admiration and respect. Would I read the letter and provide whatever advice I thought appropriate?

The Meister's appeal was three pages long, printed neatly on legal-sized paper. Its fractured English guaranteed that Yildirim had composed the text unassisted.

> Savannah, May 89
>
> Dear Colonel Herrington,
>
> Thank you for allowing that my lawyer visit you. Still I like you very much, because of not only your military grade but I believed all the times with my heart, that you are cleanest, real

honorable best American I ever knowed. I told this several times to my lawyer and he who has mentioned of your name.

You know that's truth I like American people, fall in love with an American woman and I love America so much. One of my biggest dream—one day I'll married American woman and I'll be able to tell that proudly, "I'm an American." In spite of my present bad situation, I never be ashamed. Because I know and Lord God knows that all the times, even many critical situations, I had protect American interest against my own life and my lovely daughter's life. I was fall in communist TRAP. I hope Mr. Walter will explain to you in details how he get the several thousand pages of classified documents relating to the national defense of the United States. I fought for American interest. I never willingly gived to communist's hand. I hid the documents, a big parts of them buryed in the graveyard in Berlin, that so safety—no devil be able to find them. (I was planning to give them to you or Colonel Shearaton [Sheridan].) Communist side was desparade of this documents. They was very skepticle and in a suspicion that I'm hiding and I'm cheating them. Each page of real classified documents offer me $100—no matter it's original or readable copy. So that time was easy for me make a fortune. My own conscience and my love for America never allowed that.

Many times I decided bring those documents your office in Berlin, put on your desk, and explain the truth to you. But I didn't because one of the main reason, that times I believed our friendship not ripe enough do that, maybe you will badly disappointed me and arrest me immediately. If you check your recollection, I'm sure you will remember that I was trying to gain your friendship, coming close to you, give little cristal desk decoration one dollar melted in plastic. All this purpose to dare myself and explain the situation and give documents to you. It was not easy for me. I believed you are the highest responsible intelligence commander of America in Berlin, even important than general, I believed.

Some of other reasons I was skepticle when I gived document to you against my good willing for America and my self-sacrifice maybe your MI service protect me and my family against communist threatening. One other thing, I don't want to burn son of American James Hall and his family. It was a promise I'll never burn any American. In this circumstances, I'm confused that, what is the correct solution of the problem? I think best way my own country will help me, but I got a bitter answer. When I came to States I thought I'm going to find Hall and stop him a peaseful way and find a fake ID for me. After that, somehow, without danger, [bring] the documents back to America. It was not too easy. Perhaps the problem one number bigger than my size.

You know and many other high rank American officers and entellectual civilians knows that my heart is American more than real American. Many of them write good letters to my boss, I didn't even ask them. So many real good people can't be wrong? One of the good example: The last day in the auto craft shop, just my goodwill, I helped to fixed a person's car. He was in trouble and hopeless. I did a good job for him. He was in work clothes. I didn't know who is he. He was so happy wants to pay me, I refused him. Then he told me write an appriciation letter to my boss. I told him this is my last hours here, I'm leaving forever, it's not necessary to waste your time. I was surprise, he write good letter to my ex-boss and my ex-boss send me by post. He was an MI Lt. Colonel. [The officer, whose name is unimportant, turned out to be the deputy commander of Field Station Berlin.]

It's a pitty if those people read in paper my terrible case maybe some of them will disappoint about me. But I'm sure soon or later the reality will be clearly intelligible and they will not resent and shame to know me. Very perhaps somebody write my life in a spy book. [Here he was correct.] I'll give to the writer every details of mysterious dark shadowed side of my life—will be possible to make a film, too. That will happen, I'm sure. Then, maybe people sorry for a misfortune about me. Maybe too late for me and friends. Even Jesus didn't do any bad things but crucify. God help only eternal life. I'm asking you—why not only one government for the planet Earth before two thousand years.

> Dear Honoured Colonel,
>
> I swear of God, that willingly and my best ability I did not any bad thing for America. On the contrary, I protect American interest. I'm not able to explain that to Jury and Judge. I'm feeling with all my heart I'm innocent. I hope my lawyer will explain to you, in details. I'm in a nightmare, a stranger. Completely helpless, alone, very depressed. If you still didn't disappointed about me (Hope not have a prejudgement), please advise to my lawyer that in a legal way to help me. I believe you are a person who knows me very well. I couldn't able to do any bad things for America. You are the very wise man that I know it. You are a person able to give advice President of the country in fact. You are a person that see the war, understand the humanity. Thanks in advance. God bless you. H. Yildirim.

The handwritten appeal signaled that the Meister was his old, manipulative self. Walter shot me an embarrassed grin when I finished reading the letter. "This is what I'm dealing with every day," he confided, "so any advice you have for him is welcome."

I reminded the frustrated attorney that his client and Peggy Bie had defamed me by their malicious fabrications about our relationship in Berlin, yet now the Meister was asking for my help—and piling insult upon injury by salting his appeal with lies. Clearly he had learned nothing from his demise. Nonetheless, I would try to assist.

"Tell the Meister that I was pleased to hear from him," I instructed Walter. "But tell him that if he really wants to get out of the dilemma he is in, he must stop the lying and manipulating and tell the FBI the unedited, true story of his espionage—to include the identities of soldiers other than James Hall whom he recruited. Tell him that I can do nothing for him—nor can anyone—if he continues to lie. As far as I can tell, he is on the road to a life sentence, so he would be smart to make a deal. He's a very astute fellow when he wants to be, so he'll know what I'm talking about. If he's not willing to do this, he's a dead duck. Tell him if he really looks up to me as he says, he'll take my advice."

The Georgia lawyer, a former assistant U.S. attorney, was not optimistic that the Meister was ready for such candor. The Turk had probably lied to Peggy Bie about most of his activities; this fact alone would keep him from telling the truth. If he lost Peggy's support, he had nothing, even though we all knew that the spacey widow was not doing him any good. Yildirim, we agreed, seemed to have an unerring instinct for doing things that were harmful to his case. (Earlier in the spring, while awaiting trial, the Meister had made the mistake of plotting a jailbreak, only to be betrayed by a jailhouse snitch. As clever as Yildirim was in many ways, his conduct after apprehension was simply dumb. There was no other word for it.)

Huseyin Yildirim finally had his day in court in July 1989. Predictably, he took no one's advice and insisted to the end that he was innocent, a patriot who had tried to protect his adopted country from the despicable traitor James Hall. Defense attorney Lamar Walter's job was a mission impossible. If he put Yildirim on the stand, government prosecutors would maul him. And there was no single credible witness who could speak for the Turk's transparent fiction that he was an American double agent.

The Meister's harem haunted the corridors outside the courtroom, but Walter knew that it would be catastrophic to put the unstable Peggy Bie or the alcoholic Ella Pettway on the stand. In the opinion of many, both women had been witting of the Meister's espionage and assisted him, protected only by the fact that they were so unstable and mentally incompetent that no self-respecting judge would have presided over their prosecution for longer than a day before throwing out all charges.

Huseyin Yildirim's stellar espionage career thus ended on a flat note. The defense was defenseless. A parade of government witnesses trotted out an overwhelming array of evidence and laid it at the feet of judge and jury.

Denied the opportunity to argue the Meister's case to the judge, Peggy Bie and Ella Pettway stood by their man. The strange pair granted interviews to news-hungry reporters, including representatives of the *New York Times,* and emotionally insisted that the poor Turk was innocent. Bie and Pettway told *Times* reporter Stephen Engelberg that they had seen Yildirim refuse to pass classified documents to the East Germans and actually destroy sensitive documents to keep them from falling into communist hands. Ella Pettway told Engelberg that she had personally witnessed the Meister carrying a briefcase containing classified documents that described an American system for bugging telephones in the East Bloc. Rather than betray the information to the communists, the patriotic Yildirim had given the briefcase to her and she had tossed it into a canal. Peggy Bie collared reporter Engelberg: Poor Huseyin had been pinched between the Americans and the East Germans. Her brave, patriotic Turk had told her in near despair, "They're kicking me back and forth like a rubber ball, back and forth."

The women also introduced a new theme. The Colonel Herrington story had apparently become passé. Now the pair insisted that they had witnessed the heroic Huseyin turning over documents to an unnamed American intelligence officer, who doctored them to remove damaging information and gave his blessing for their passage to the East Germans. But alas, Bie and Pettway lamented, the American officer was now deceased.

On July 20, 1989, a Georgia jury convicted Huseyin Yildirim of conspiracy to commit espionage. In the courtroom sat Peggy Bie, who promptly condemned the verdict to the waiting press as the grim-faced Meister was led off in handcuffs. The distraught and flighty woman was furious. The true story, she told reporters, has yet to be told. "This is a big cover-up and lynching."

In September 1989, Judge B. Avant Edenfield presided over the sentencing of Huseyin Yildirim. The Turk, who had not testified during his July trial, told Edenfield that he was an innocent man, a double agent working for the United States. "I am not a spy," the Meister insisted. "I am just dropped in a trap. I am not guilty. I know I work for America, but today nobody believes me."

Prosecutor Fred Kramer labeled Yildirim's claim "ridiculous" and "the standard drivel you expect in an espionage case, the old double agent story."

The Meister's defense attorney did the best he could, calling the court's attention to the fact that James Hall had already been sentenced to forty years' imprisonment. His client, Lamar Walter told Judge Edenfield, was the courier. Surely the courier should not receive a stiffer sentence than Hall, who was the real spy.

Judge Edenfield was unimpressed. "I didn't sentence Hall," he told Walter, in a tone dripping with contempt. "The only proper sentence for Hall would have been death and a firing squad. Hall did not get justice and was the greater traitor, but someone else did that."

Standing in the lobby of Savannah's graceful courthouse awaiting the final act of the Meister's sentencing hearing, I chatted amiably with Lamar Walter. Peggy Bie's name came up, and I chided Walter about the strange woman. "She did more harm to the Meister than good," I observed. "The woman is a complete space cadet."

Walter chuckled. "Here comes your old friend Peggy now."

I glanced toward the security checkpoint at the main doors. Sure enough, Peggy Bie had just been searched and was striding toward us. I grinned at Lamar. "She says she saw me repeatedly with Meister, that I was at her apartment, and that she came to a Christmas party at my home, right? If that's true, she should recognize me, shouldn't she?"

The attorney nodded.

"Watch what happens," I suggested, certain that the woman would never remember my face from the single, brief visit she had made to our home in Berlin five years earlier.

Peggy joined us for a cup of coffee in the courthouse snack bar. The Meister's secret weapon was subdued and polite. She had no idea she was sitting with the Great Satan who was leaving "her husband" twisting in the wind. Attorney Walter shot me a knowing glance.

After I departed, Walter told Peggy that she had just had a cup of coffee with Colonel Herrington. Within minutes, as I sat in the courtroom awaiting the formal sentencing, the distressed woman sought out a seat on my immediate right and fixed me with a withering glance. I had tried to get Bob Thayer to occupy that empty seat, but he seemed to think I deserved better company. I heard him snickering at my discomfort from his seat directly behind me.

The Meister entered the room. When he passed Peggy's aisle seat, she reached out to him with a moonstruck look. As Judge Edenfield read the sentence—life in prison—Peggy said aloud, "No, no," then elbowed me in the ribs and growled in an audible voice, "You can stop this."

I smiled benevolently, determined not to say a word that rhymes-with-witch who I knew had done her best to destroy me to keep the Turk out of jail. As we left the courtroom, Bob Thayer ineffectively attempted to contain his mirth.

Federal authorities remanded the Meister to the custody of the Bureau of Prisons. Soon the talented spy and auto mechanic was a resident of a federal penitentiary in Tennessee, still silent about how many other Americans he had recruited in West Berlin. National Security Agency (NSA) and FBI investigators beat a well-worn path to his door in their quest to uncover details of his Berlin operations, but the Meister continued to dissemble and lie.

Throughout 1989 and 1990, the persistent Peggy continued to haunt the FBI with her shopworn array of bizarre fictions centering around Yildirim's activities on behalf of the unnamed American intelligence officer who had doctored documents (and was now deceased) and the coldhearted Colonel Herrington. From his prison cell, Yildirim railed out at the injustice of his plight, telling the authorities in an impassioned letter that he was a former employee of the U.S. intelligence community who had once been their star agent and was now an innocent victim of U.S. injustice.

In 1992, the sixty-three-year-old Turk was apprehended during his second unsuccessful escape attempt, this time from the Brushy Mountain Federal Penitentiary. A pair of bolt cutters that the resourceful mechanic had fabricated failed just as he was about to clear the prison's perimeter. The Bureau of Prisons promptly transferred him to the more secure Lompoc Federal Penitentiary in California, from which he continued to tantalize federal agents with phone calls and letters laden with hints that he possessed information vital to U.S. security.

In mid-1992, when I relinquished command of the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity after four and a half years at the helm, I never expected to hear from the Meister again. But then, I had thought the same thing when I left Berlin in 1986.

37: Keeping a Promise

The U.S. government kept faith with Canna Clay. The East German professor had risked his life by betraying the East German communists and ending the espionage careers of James Hall and Huseyin Yildirim. Given the adventures that agents had experienced in the four months since Canna Clay's Berlin phone call, arranging a new life for the couple and their beloved boxer dog hardly seemed daunting. Yet even this mission was to take a strange turn.

The couple desired to resettle in West Germany to be as close as possible to their sons in East Germany. This required coordination with our friends in the German security service. After that, the task was routine: Make travel arrangements, escort Clay and his family on the transatlantic flight, and assist them in arranging for temporary housing in Germany. Special agent Nick Pokrovsky drew the mission. In the brief time since the couple had joined us at Fort Meade, Pokrovsky had developed a warm relationship with them. Even the ever-alert King had ceased to growl at Nick.

Weighing in once again with an important assist in the relocation operation was Dr. Peter Frisch, the vice president of the German Federal Office for the Protection of the Constitution (BfV). Canna Clay and his wife had no legal papers, and Clay himself had been an agent of the East German State Security Service. The Federal Republic of Germany was a sovereign ally. If we wished to resettle the East German professor in their country, permission would have to be sought.

I traveled to Cologne in the spring of 1989. Fatal events were about to rock East Germany, but no one sensed this at the time. During a brief meeting to request assistance, I acquainted Dr. Frisch and his staff with the magnitude of the Hall betrayal and the importance of Canna Clay's contribution in putting the warrant officer and his Turkish courier behind bars.

I extended an invitation to our German partners: A team of BfV agents could visit FCA's Fort Meade headquarters at our expense and meet Canna Clay. Our goal was to resettle the homesick couple in

West Germany as soon as possible. At the conclusion of my secret briefing, I requested that Dr. Frisch's organization provide support with German government authorities to press for a reunification of the Clays with their trapped sons. This would require a negotiated deal with the East German government.

Dr. Frisch was supportive. He understood how sensitive the case was and pledged to send two of the BfV's most seasoned East German experts to Fort Meade. Before the West Germans would welcome an admitted agent of the Stasi into their country, he would have to be debriefed in detail about his former East German State Security Service ties. The BfV leader was not optimistic about the chances of reuniting the family. It was unlikely that the government in East Berlin would be in a charitable mood. The BfV would attempt to assist, but Dr. Frisch could make no promises.

Within a few weeks, Dr. Rudi Servos and Herr Klaus Kuron arrived at Fort Meade. In my office, I briefed Dr. Frisch's two trusted experts on the Hall case, with an emphasis on the role played by Canna Clay. For the next two days, Servos and Kuron met with Clay and picked his brain about his contacts with Horst Schmidt and Wolfgang Koch in East Berlin.

It was not a pleasant two days for Clay. After his first meeting with the two West Germans, the hero of the James Hall case told Nick Pokrovsky that he didn't trust the pair. The visitors were likewise skeptical about our star source. Neither Kuron nor Servos felt that the East German was being totally open with them (which he surely wasn't, given his instinctive mistrust of the West German visitors).

"It's the German question—the Cold War," I told Bob Bell. "No East German is going to trust two West German spooks—and vice versa." The most important thing was that the mission had been accomplished. The Germans were ready to receive Canna Clay and his wife and would do their best to assist him in resettlement and the emotional challenge of family reunification. On Servos's and Kuron's last evening in Maryland, we served cocktails at my Fort Meade quarters in their honor, a lively affair attended by army, FBI, and CIA officials.

Canna Clay, his wife, and King, escorted by Nick Pokrovsky, boarded a Pan Am flight for Germany in early 1989. King had prospered on American dog food. Consigning the barrel-chested boxer to a cage in the belly of the aircraft was traumatic but necessary. Pokrovsky comforted the couple. The flight would last but eight hours.

Soon the trio was settled in Bonn, on the banks of the Rhine River. I visited them in their modern apartment, which Canna Clay had already begun to stock with his obsession—books about politics. King continued to rule the roost in the Clay family, but the fearsome-looking beast had long since decided to accept me. Both husband and wife were homesick and ill at ease in fast-paced West Germany. As cracks in the Soviet Union's Eastern European empire began to show, they yearned for a miracle that would somehow reunite them with their sons.

Later that year, a miracle happened. In November 1989, the couple joined all Germans in the heady optimism that accompanied the unexpected collapse of the hated Berlin Wall. With the wall gone, and communist East Germany on its way to becoming an ugly memory of the Cold War, Canna Clay, his wife, and King returned to their beloved Berlin and reclaimed their family home.

Shortly after the dramatic scenes of the wall's dismantling, enraged and angry citizens of East Germany broke into the headquarters of the hated MfS on the Normannenstrasse, plundering its files and scattering millions of pages of formerly secret documents on the floors of the massive building. Former Stasi officers now write their memoirs of the period. The interested student of Cold War espionage may read their version of the careers of Canna Clay, the Meister, and James Hall, known to Stasi veterans in Berlin as Hagen, Blitz, and Paul.

But the joy in West Germany at the collapse of East Germany was not unanimous. Thousands of East German agents in the country had bet on the wrong horse. Most were low-level sources, but some occupied influential and sensitive positions in the government. Such persons now faced difficult choices: Flee to Moscow—about the only safe haven left—or face exposure and prison sentences.

One of the moles who had worked eight years for Markus Wolf's Stasi was Klaus Kuron. Six months earlier, Kuron had been considered by his BfV superiors to be one of their premier experts on the

East German intelligence service, so trusted and respected that they dispatched him to Fort Meade to debrief Canna Clay.

Kuron was petrified. The veteran counterintelligence officer knew that he could never withstand the detailed analysis of confiscated MfS files that would surely be done by his service. In desperation, he traveled to East Berlin for a meeting with the Soviet KGB, his only remaining hope.

The KGB's Karlshorst headquarters was not a fun place in the spring of 1990. Its occupants, once the Soviet Union's most privileged class, watched in dismay as Mikhail Gorbachev—whom many were certain was a CIA agent—presided over the evaporation of their Eastern European empire. Some no doubt sensed that the events were a precursor to the dissolution of Soviet power in the homeland. The grim mood and humorless Russian *chekists* sulking around the KGB's Karlshorst offices overwhelmed and discouraged Kuron. The KGB would take care of him, Kuron realized, but it would be no life. Better a temporary German jail cell than permanent exile in the Soviet Union, the distraught and depressed Kuron told his wife. With that, the disloyal agent surrendered to his shocked colleagues in the BfV.

Klaus Kuron confessed that he had been an East German agent since 1981. Like James Hall, Kuron felt that he was underappreciated and underpaid. And like Hall, his solution to this frustration had been to volunteer his services as a spy for the other side. In Kuron's case, he volunteered his services to the MfS by dropping a letter into the mailbox of the East German permanent representative in Bonn. Kuron, the resulting investigation determined, had been paid 730,000 deutsche marks by the East Germans (more than $375,000). Like James Hall, the disaffected officer performed his agent duties well—so well, in fact, that the East Germans awarded him the Silver Struggle Medal, as they had done with James Hall in 1988.

The disgraced Kuron was sentenced to a heavy fine and twelve years in prison.

The news of Klaus Kuron's arrest raced through the corridors of FCA's Fort Meade headquarters. The initial reaction was astonishment, but astonishment soon gave way to savvy head shaking. During the Conrad and Hall cases, we had avoided premature revelations to our German allies, always invoking the security risks that stemmed from a divided Germany. Kuron's arrest was vindication for that position.

We soon determined that the Kuron affair had been a near miss in the Hall case. In December 1988, hours before Canna Clay was due to depart East Berlin, Norman Runk performed a delicate mission. "Visit the BfV," I had instructed Norman, "and inform them that we are bringing out an East German who will transit West Berlin on his way to the United States." Technically, we had no obligation to make this notification; West Berlin was run by the four allies. But the Runk mission was more than mere courtesy. Eventually, we would require the assistance of our German colleagues. Better to heed BfV officer Werner Goll's admonition during the Conrad case. Trust among allies was important.

In Cologne, the BfV official whom Runk was scheduled to visit was detained by other business. Runk briefed the officer's deputy. The absent official was Klaus Kuron.

At Fort Meade, FCA personnel who had dealt with Canna Clay shook their heads. We could picture Clay strolling along the banks of the Rhine River, clucking his tongue and recalling his distrust of Kuron during the Fort Meade debriefings. Within FCA headquarters, there was some good-natured banter about the colonel's choice of social contacts. In Berlin, it was the Meister, hobnobbing in the boss's quarters. At Fort Meade, it was a cocktail party for Klaus Kuron. For a counterintelligence officer, my social choices were abysmal.

38: The Meister—One More Time

Five years passed. Occasionally I would hear from colleagues in FCA or NSA that the Meister, still unreconstructed, was once again yanking the chains of federal agents about his diligent efforts as a secret agent in the service of Uncle Sam. At one point, referring to the stash of classified documents that he had turned over to federal authorities, the Meister told authorities that the East Germans would have paid him a hundred dollars a page for the documents, but still he refused to betray America. "Despite all these happenings," Yildirim insisted passionately, "even today and at this very moment, if I had this possibility, I would not have passed those documents to the enemy for gaining financial benefits. My character coupled with my true Turkish blood running in my veins would not have permitted me to commit such a thing."

In 1994, after one final mission to the former Soviet Union in search of information on the fate of American personnel missing in action, I joined the faculty of the Army War College in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. If I could no longer be an operational intelligence officer, I preferred teaching.

In late October 1995, the Meister reentered my life for the third time. This time, the mischievous Turk was represented by the voice of a California attorney calling from Santa Barbara. My photograph had recently appeared in the *Los Angeles Times* as I presented long-overdue medals to the family of a missing aviator. The attorney, Jamie Nichols, had seen the story.

"I've been searching for you for months," Nichols explained. "I represent Huseyin Yildirim, who is in prison here in California, and he needs your assistance."

Yildirim, the Santa Barbara attorney explained, was now a sixty-eight-year-old "pathetic victim of the Cold War." Nichols was representing the Turk pro bono in an attempt to obtain his freedom. All Huseyin wants, the attorney advised, is to work for the U.S. intelligence community or to return to his family in Germany and live out his years.

Nichols explained his client's status. The hapless Meister was an inmate in Lompoc penitentiary, a rough place for such a poor old fellow. Tragically, Huseyin had recently been attacked by a Cuban prisoner. Allegedly, when the Meister refused to turn over his cup of coffee on demand, the Cuban had jammed a prison shiv into his throat, almost killing him. "Peggy Bie thinks it was a hit to shut him up," said Nichols, "but I don't think that's the case. The main issue is that his situation is tragic, and he needs help, Colonel Herrington. Hall may soon be paroled, and it just isn't fair for poor Huseyin to languish in prison while Hall goes free."

It flashed across my mind that the irrepressible Turk had again worked his magic. James Hall was not on the verge of parole, and it appeared that the Meister had found a live one and cranked up his throttle to full manipulation.

Nichols continued. The Meister had assured him that James Hall was the real spy and that he, Huseyin Yildirim, had actually worked for the U.S. government. When arrested by the FBI, the Turk swore to Nichols, he was completely out of the game and inactive. His trial had been unfair, Nichols opined, although he realized that there was no hope for a new trial. Only clemency by the president of the United States could free Huseyin Yildirim.

As one who had himself been snookered by the Meister's disingenuous good nature, I empathized with the well-intentioned attorney. "What does Huseyin want of me?" I asked.

Nichols explained that he had been in touch with the pardon attorney's office in the Department of Justice. If I would support a petition requesting clemency for Huseyin Yildirim, it would raise his chances of success.

Jamie Nichols was a decent man who had fallen for the Meister's affable nature, personal magnetism, and a barrage of artful lies. In California, Nichols was known as an uncompromising defender of the underdog, a pure idealist who generously donated his talents in the name of worthy causes. When the K-Mart Corporation decided to erect a store on a former native American burial ground, Jamie Nichols had single-handedly fought the giant firm to a standstill. When the store was finally built, K-Mart had included in the parking lot a memorial park to the land's first owners.

It took me ten minutes to burst Nichols's bubble. "The Meister was an active agent when arrested," I explained. "He had volunteered to the East Germans and provided his services to them for almost nine years. When the FBI arrested him, he was actively working on behalf of the East Germans. Once caught, he did his best to pin the blame on me—using Peggy Bie as his tool. He's lying and using you now," I warned, "and clearly hasn't changed his ways."

Then an inspiration. Could the Meister's near-death experience and thirst for freedom be exploited? It was worth a try.

"Tell the Meister that I send him my greetings and wishes for a speedy recovery. Tell him also that I would be willing to consider supporting him only if he provides me a detailed written account of his life as a spy—holding nothing back. Tell him we have talked to Horst and Wolfgang and seen his East German file [a white lie], so if he lies or holds back, I'll know it. If he does this for me, I'll be open minded about possible assistance to his clemency request."

Nichols agreed that this was a fair offer and promised to relay it faithfully. Then the disillusioned attorney vented his chagrin at having been the victim of the Turk's lies. I wondered how he would confront the Meister.

I didn't have long to wait. Within a week, Jamie Nichols sent me a long letter.

> I confronted Huseyin last Thursday with the truth about himself, his case and his future. It was not a pleasant task, to say the least. However, for the first time in my numerous discussions with him this last year, I finally sense he is willing to "come clean," even if that means he must admit to a lifetime of lying (or at least as long as he has been in the spy business, since dishonesty seems to be one of the necessary qualifications for that profession). He seems also willing to admit to exceedingly bad judgment in his prior dealings with you, the FBI, and other U.S. authorities, and to deception in his relationship with Peggy.

The Meister would write an account of his espionage career for me, Nichols advised. It would be useful, he added, if I would inform him if his client's literary effort failed to pass the sincerity test. "If Huseyin is still playing games with me or showing disregard for the truth," Nichols explained, "I do not intend to help him further."

I waited for the Turk's reply. With luck, he might just tell me things that he had hidden from our FBI and NSA colleagues. In such a case, I would pass the information to investigators.

In mid-November 1995, I received the Meister's response to my request in the form of a neatly printed letter. I could tell from its brevity that Huseyin Yildirim had not followed instructions. A full description of his espionage career would have filled at least a hundred pages. The Meister's letter was written in uncharacteristically smooth English prose, probably thanks to the good-hearted Jamie Nichols.

> Lompoc, November 12, 1995
>
> Dear Colonel Herrington,
>
> I would like to begin by apologizing for any embarrasment or inconvenience that you may have had to endure because of the nature of my past actions.
>
> In 1988 a few days before Christmas, in Tampa, FL, I was arrested in a country foreign to me. Without any one to help me, I felt totally isolated and desperate. After I was transferred to Savannah, GA, I was questioned by the FBI and the prosecutor for five straight days. They tricked me with misleading questions and deceptive promises which were tainted with false hopes. It was a very difficult time to say the least. I became very depressed and was overwhelmed with a feeling of total hopelessness. I reached a point I couldn't think clearly or logically anymore. I realized, too late, that my court-appointed attorney, a Mr. Walter, handed me over to the FBI and prosecutor to question me without any written agreement on my behalf. He also turned over to the government the 10,000 pages classified documents that I had buried in a graveyard in Berlin, with no benefit to me any kind. Obviously his defense was aimed at helping the prosecutor. The information the government gleaned from me had thus caused not only my self-incrimination but was also used against me in court.

Regretfully at this time, because of the constant pressure, your name was mentioned. The facts were misrepresented and insinuations were wrongfully made. I'm sorry if there was any semblance that you might have had anything to do with or any knowledge of my operative conduct; nothing could be further from the truth. I can't imagine the tremendous degree of frustration and embarrassment all my friends must have felt, at the time of my arrest. I can only ask both them and the eternal God for forgiveness.

Today the Cold War is history, Germany is unified, the Soviet Union is no longer. All of the Cold War antagonists have released the spies. I am a relic of the past.

Mr. Herrington, I'm 68 years old. The seven years behind bars has been extremely physically and emotionally distressful! To keep me incarcerated for the rest of my life serves no national interest in this changed world. I would hope that America would be more virtuous than vengeful.

I would like to thank you for accepting the phone call from my attorney Mr. Nichols. Perhaps you know from talking with him I had reiterated demonstratively that you never had any knowledge or any involvement whatsoever in my activities. And finally, I would like to put to rest any possible questions about my forthrightness by stating categorically that I have given all information of people and places in my life to the FBI, and also have given the 4 locations to where I hid the classified documents of which were in my possession. I have nothing left to hide.

Please if in the future my attorney Mr. Nichols should have any misunderstandings or questions in my case I would greatly appreciate it if he were allowed to contact you to clarify any of these.

Thank you and God bless you.
Huseyin Yildirim (Meister)

PS: Please excuse my bad English

I contacted Jamie Nichols and told him that the Turk had failed the final exam. I had not sought the Meister's apology. I wanted the truth about his espionage career. Further dealings were a waste of time.

My uncompromising reaction to the Meister's plight was based on the certitude that the Turk recruited many more agents than James Hall in the course of his nine years of service to the East Germans. Short of an unlikely offer of cooperation from Horst Schmidt or Wolfgang Koch, the only way to bring down the curtain on the Meister's entire organization was the stubborn Turk's unbridled cooperation, which he had withheld since his arrest. Why the Turk continues to toy with federal investigators is difficult to fathom. Perhaps he doesn't trust the authorities, who, after all, dug up his caches of documents and used them against him. Or perhaps he is motivated by honor, not wishing to condemn others to suffer as he is. Only the Meister knows.

Attorney Jamie Nichols continued his campaign to obtain mercy for the man he continues to regard as "the last prisoner of war of the Cold War." I would like to have him on my side if I were in trouble.

In 1996, *Los Angeles Times* senior writer Paul Dean visited Huseyin Yildirim in Lompoc penitentiary. Aware of Jamie Nichols's efforts on behalf of the Meister, and an admirer of Nichols's determined and generous spirit, Dean had decided to do a story on the Turk's campaign to obtain his freedom. A former pilot in the Royal Air Force, Dean has been a professional journalist for thirty-five years, during which time he has earned a reputation for fairness and objectivity. If the Meister was an unfortunate victim who had been railroaded by the criminal justice system, as Jamie Nichols contended, Dean would not hesitate to expose the government's excesses.

As the pair began to converse, the Meister was humble and repentant. "I was spy, yes," he told Dean, "but that time was war. . . . I am heavily punished. I want to forget all past. I would like to apologize to the American people."

Dean probed skillfully, enticing Yildirim into a dialogue about his espionage. As the Meister reminisced about his career as an agent of the East German intelligence service, Dean noted that he became animated and engaged. More than a faint note of pride crept into his voice.

He had trolled through the ranks of "intelligence teletypists, cryptographers, analysts, officers, and enlisted men," the Meister told Dean. Most did not respond positively to his overtures, which included gifts, free auto parts, and requests to provide information "for a rich relative in Turkish Consulate." But some, Yildirim admitted, at least six, swallowed the hook. "Their weakness is money," the Meister recalled as he warmed up to the subject. "I tell them: Join the moneymakers, your salary is no good, so get the money." Sometimes the first payment would be a thousand dollars, the Meister told Dean, "big money for a little soldier . . . next, two, three thousand dollars cash and is a big surprise."

To prepare for the prison interview, writer Dean had located and interviewed retired FBI special agent Barry Colvert. In 1989, Colvert had administered several polygraph examinations to the Turk. The FBI agent recalled the encounters. "I told him: 'There were other players involved in this with you.' And he said, 'Absolutely not.' I said: 'What if I tell you about a couple of players who have already told me about their involvement with you?' And he said, 'Oh, oh.'"

The two discussed several other suspects known to have provided classified documents to the Turk. Colvert then conducted a retest. "I asked: 'Now, other than these players that I've told you about, is there anybody else?' He said: 'Absolutely not.'"

The polygraph needles jumped. Yildirim was still holding out. To this day, he has never passed a polygraph examination.

Paul Dean's *Los Angeles Times* feature, "The Waiting Game," was not sympathetic to the cause of clemency. The Meister still sits in Lompoc penitentiary while Jamie Nichols continues to champion his cause. In 1996, Nichols filed a formal pardon request and wrote a letter to President Bill Clinton requesting clemency for Huseyin Yildirim.

I have not heard from the Meister since 1995, but I still watch the mail.

Part IV

Rolling Up the Conrad Ring

39: German Justice

Clyde Conrad sulked in prison for seventeen months before his trial convened. Each time Manfred Rutkowski's investigators attempted to interview him, he defiantly declared himself innocent and refused all cooperation. It was a grievous error. Perhaps the imprisoned spy thought that his grateful communist masters would exchange him if he remained silent—a custom not uncommon during the Cold War—but the Cold War was all but over and such stonewalling was self-defeating. Under the German justice system, the key to a lenient sentence was admission of guilt and remorse. Conrad did not understand this. Unwisely, he retained a pedantic Bonn law professor with little trial experience to defend him. Like his client, the defense attorney seemed not to grasp the importance of remorse in determining an offender's fate.

Conrad thus played into the hands of his accusers, whose case was so strong that the defendant's cooperation would have been almost unwelcome, serving only to make it more difficult to mete out a harsh sentence. During many months between his arrest and trial, BKA investigators lined up the testimony of the defendant's closest collaborators for use against him.

The BKA's first major break was the unexpected surrender of Zoltan Szabo. After seeking sanctuary in Hungary in 1988, Szabo had earned his keep by translating documents for the Hungarian intelligence service. In the spring of 1989, weary of life in communist Hungary, Szabo proposed a deal to the Austrian government. He would turn himself in and cooperate with Dr. Schulz's investigators if Vienna would guarantee that he would not be turned over to the Germans or the Americans, and if the Austrians would permit him and Ilona to reside in Austria. Szabo's goal was to "clean his slate." He wanted no more of the life of a secret agent.

The Austrians consented. On May 21, 1989, nine months after Conrad's arrest, Zoltan Szabo surrendered to Austrian authorities, who charged him with the conduct of illegal military intelligence activities, for which he could be sentenced to serve up to two years in prison. Cooperation with Austrian authorities could minimize his sentence. Szabo, whose loyalty to Conrad was about as firm as his loyalty to the United States, did not hesitate. To secure his future, he would sell out the spy from Bosenheim.

The Germans had issued a standing warrant for Szabo's arrest. No fool, Zoltan refused to cross the frontier. If the BKA wished to speak with him, they would have to do so in Vienna. In June 1989, BKA agent Holger Klein, famous as the man who arrested Clyde Conrad, traveled to Vienna.

For three days, Klein debriefed the man who had recruited Clyde Conrad and who himself had spent seventeen years on Budapest's payroll. Szabo was forthcoming.

Szabo admitted that his first contact with the Hungarians had occurred in 1971 while he was serving as an officer in Germany. He had first spotted Clyde Conrad when the two men were stationed together in Bad Kreuznach and quickly assessed the bright NCO as one who was excessively motivated by money. In 1975, he offered Conrad the chance to join him in espionage. Clyde, he confirmed, had accepted and promised that he would provide Budapest "everything" from his office safes.

This Conrad did, delivering so many classified documents that anyone in the Budapest headquarters who touched the case benefited.

Szabo confirmed that Clyde, without informing his Budapest controllers, had recruited Rod Ramsay to be his collector once he no longer had direct access to classified materials. Ramsay had disappointed Clyde by being mustered out of the army for drug use.

This did not stop Conrad from creating opportunity out of the Ramsay matter, Szabo recalled. Clyde, who had never told Budapest about Ramsay, announced that he had recruited a replacement in his former workplace. "Mike," he lied, was a soldier in the 8th Infantry Division headquarters who was highly motivated to make extra cash. To impress Miklos, Clyde dipped into a cache of documents stolen by Ramsay before his separation and delivered them to Miklos. Conrad's plan was to collect and pocket a monthly salary for the nonexistent agent.

Conrad had a fertile, devious mind, Szabo quipped, but the Hungarians were not stupid. Clyde was directed to bring the new recruit to a meeting in Austria, where Miklos could meet and assess him.

Conrad stalled, telling Budapest unconvincingly that his new recruit could not obtain time off. Then he dipped again into his stash and delivered additional documents from "Mike" to Miklos. More suspicious than ever, Budapest demanded to meet the new agent.

Szabo smiled as he recalled Conrad's reaction. "He contacted Ramsay in Florida. The young man jumped on a plane and flew back to Bad Kreuznach in December, only a month after he had left the Army. Clyde brought him to Innsbruck and introduced him as 'Mike.'"

Rod Ramsay's quick trip from Florida fooled the Hungarians and saved Conrad, Szabo explained. During 1986, Clyde regularly dipped into the mother lode and passed classified documents to Budapest through Sandor Kercsik. Sandor, always game for one of Clyde's moneymaking schemes, reassured the Hungarians that he was obtaining the documents during periodic meetings with Mike. For almost a year, Budapest paid a salary to the nonexistent agent, as well as bonuses for production. All of the money wound up in Sandor's and Clyde's pockets.

Szabo discussed the Mike and the David scams in detail, labeling them reckless. Szabo admitted that he had informed Budapest of Conrad's freelancing, which was risky and had the potential to get everyone in trouble. Conrad had not appreciated this, Szabo told Klein.

Szabo confirmed Danny Wilson's report that he and Conrad had also spied for the Czechs. He himself had been at the heart of this venture. The operation was audacious: The pair simply made duplicates of some stolen secrets and marketed them to the Czechs as well as to Budapest. Szabo, using the cover name Alan, launched the Czech operation in March 1982 by delivering classified documents to the Czech embassy in Bonn, including the general defense plans of the 3d Armored Division and V Corps, and war plans for the intervention of the French on the side of NATO in the event of war. Prague, duly impressed, paid him $30,000. A deal was cut. In exchange for a monthly salary of 3,000 deutsche marks, plus a bonus for production, Alan would make regular deliveries of stolen secrets. For four years, the Czechs demanded and received war plans and information about the American military's procedures to authorize the use of tactical nuclear weapons in the event of war. By the time the double-dipping came to an end, Szabo and Conrad had pocketed a neat 200,000 deutsche marks in profit (about $130,000).

Szabo betrayed three American soldiers whom he had recruited during his seventeen-year career as an agent of Budapest. Investigators tracked down the three men, all of whom were no longer in the army and were living in Europe.

Szabo's first tip concerned Thomas Mortati, an Italian-born former American paratrooper. Szabo told the Austrians that he had brokered Mortati's recruitment in 1981. Mortati was in his early thirties at the time and had a wife and four children. He had left the U.S. Army after six years of active duty and was unemployed. Convinced that the Italian American veteran would agree to betray secrets, Szabo arranged for a chance encounter between Mortati and two Hungarian intelligence officers in Austria. The Hungarians recruited Mortati. The ex-soldier agreed to reaffiliate with the American military and provide documents from his new unit about U.S. and NATO forces in Italy. Zoltan Szabo received a bonus of 15,000 deutsche marks for the recruitment.

The Austrians shared Szabo's deposition with their Italian neighbors, who promptly arrested Mortati. Mortati confessed. He had spied for Budapest for $500 a month plus a bonus for each report he passed to Budapest. An Italian court found him guilty of espionage and sentenced him to twenty months in prison.

Szabo fingered two other retired U.S. Army noncommissioned officers, both of whom, like Conrad, were married to German women and upon retirement had elected to remain in Germany, outside the reach of U.S. law enforcement. In each case, the retirees had served with Szabo during his twenty-year career. Szabo told German officials that he had recruited the men in the late 1970s and early 1980s. On orders from Budapest, he related, one of the sergeants, a tanker, stole a round of high-explosive antitank (HEAT) ammunition that Soviet scientists could use to develop armor for Red Army tanks.

German investigators located the two men. One of them, retired master sergeant Eckart Steininger, was a Vietnam veteran who had served with Szabo during a tour with a U.S. Army engineer battalion in Germany. German investigators picked up Steininger and confronted him with Szabo's allegation that he had stolen tank ammunition. Steininger admitted to knowing Szabo and did not deny that the two had discussed business opportunities. No fool, he would not admit to espionage.

Szabo had told his Austrian interrogators that Steininger had hidden the stolen projectile under an anthill on the Grafenwoehr tank gunnery range, where Zoltan had personally retrieved it and smuggled it into Hungary. Eventually, Szabo told the Austrians, Steininger had met with the Hungarians in Vienna and Budapest, where the Hungarian service had provided him with expensive dental care and a bonus of 10,000 deutsche marks. It was not the kind of story that one would invent. Certain that the man was guilty but lacking sufficient evidence to prosecute, BKA officials released Steininger.

Rutkowski's investigators picked up the second suspect, retired sergeant first class Gunar Amolins. Szabo claimed that he had spotted Amolins in 1974, when the NCO was in financial difficulties due to a divorce. He offered Amolins a well-paying second job but warned that the new job would be illegal and require someone who was fearless and could keep his mouth shut. If Amolins were interested, he would have to travel to Vienna to meet his new business associates. Amolins agreed to Zoltan's conditions, met the Hungarians in Vienna, accepted recruitment, and was given the code name Gary.

Amolins admitted to the relationship with Zoltan Szabo, but because his last mission for Budapest had been in 1979, the statute of limitations had expired and he could not be prosecuted.

Confessions to Swedish authorities by Imre and Sandor Kercsik were particularly damaging to Conrad. Sandor Kercsik's depiction of Conrad's recruitment in a German *gasthaus* corroborated Zoltan Szabo's account. Both Kercsiks admitted that they had delivered secrets from Conrad to Budapest. Imre Kercsik admitted that he had twice peeked at the contents of Conrad's pay envelope. One payment had consisted of 50,000 deutsche marks; the other was 25,000.

The Kercsiks also confirmed Conrad's recruitment of Roderick Ramsay, regaled their interrogators with details of Conrad's ingenious Mike scam, and described the David swindle of the CIA that had netted more than $100,000. Imre Kercsik had written the David letter and made the phone calls. Imre also acknowledged that he had made three trips to Switzerland to meet the CIA's operatives.

The brothers described Clyde Conrad's severe reaction to his falling-out with Budapest over his obsessive wheeling and dealing. By 1986, out of favor with Budapest and fearful that he was under investigation, the usually upbeat Conrad had become deeply depressed, even suicidal. Certain that the next knock on the door would be the authorities, Conrad destroyed his stash of classified documents and disposed of his shortwave radio.

Particularly devastating to Clyde were the contents of the two thick ring binders seized by the Swedes in Sandor Kercsik's home. The binders were a damning archive of the conspiracy—hundreds of decrypted messages from Budapest instructing the Kercsiks on how to deal with Charlie.

In late 1975, Budapest radioed instructions to Sandor Kercsik to be passed to Conrad on the eve of his departure for espionage tradecraft training in Hungary. "We received your telegram. The session should result in you having the capability to photograph more than 100 pages. You should bring a light source. The timing of the meeting we have not yet established. Acknowledge receipt of this communication in the usual manner."

In April 1982, the Center radioed: "The next event is to be on 9 May. Mission: Procure a description of the weapons, communications, infrared equipment, maintenance, fuel consumption, nuclear protective capabilities of the M1 Abrams tank."

In the spring of 1983, Clyde faced a transfer to the United States to train new recruits. Budapest instructed Sandor to meet with "Charlie" to discuss ways to avoid the assignment. "He [Conrad] should demonstrate by repeated medical visits that he is only suitable for office work," the Hungarians proposed, "or possibly complain of unstable blood pressure or blood sugar problems." Kercsik disagreed.

These conditions would be impossible to fake convincingly. It would be better, the physician advised the Center, if Conrad feigned chronic back pain, a complaint that no doctor could challenge.

The Kercsiks also told their Swedish interrogators that Conrad once boasted that he had obtained better access to his unit's classified document control vault by seducing the female sergeant who was responsible for it.

In Washington, FCA agents were tasked to check out the Kercsik allegation. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity investigator Bob Gaiter teamed up with a female agent of the FBI to conduct the interview. The woman was located at her duty station in Washington, D.C.

The administrative specialist admitted that she had bent the rules by letting Conrad keep highly classified documents in his office overnight, although she had no idea he was copying them. Clyde was handsome, charming, and highly respected. As the noncommissioned officer in charge (NCOIC) of the G-3 Plans section, he had a valid need to know. Permitting him to keep documents in his office seemed to be a harmless winking at the rules.

Interviewers gently tabled the Kercsik allegation. Had she slept with Clyde Conrad? The woman nodded. Married at the time of her Bad Kreuznach service, she described how Conrad had persistently propositioned her and admitted sheepishly that she had finally succumbed to his advances. The two had gone to Clyde's small office in the G-3 Plans section for a "nooner."

"We did it," she confessed, "but it only happened once."

The Gator pressed. Was she certain it had happened only once? And if so, why only one time?

The woman eyed her interviewers. "You really want to know? It was because he was so bad, I mean, really bad." Apparently Clyde Conrad was no James Bond.

Later in the interview, the embarrassed sergeant emphatically denied that Conrad had attempted to recruit her or that she was aware that he was selling secrets to a foreign intelligence service. She passed a polygraph examination on the substance of her deposition.

Another significant breakthrough buttressed the German case against Conrad. At its center was FBI agent Joe Navarro, a talented

Cuban American with a degree from Brigham Young University. As German prosecutors labored over the case against Conrad, Navarro—known as a skilled interviewer—was working his magic with the man whom Conrad had handpicked to be his successor.

Former sergeant Rod Ramsay was a mercurial twenty-nine year old with a genius-level IQ. Raised in a suburb of Boston in a broken family, he had joined the army directly after high school. Assigned to the 8th Infantry Division, Ramsay served in the G-3 staff section, where he worked directly under Clyde Conrad. With his longish dark hair, granny glasses, and unconventional lifestyle, Ramsay was unpopular with the lifers in the headquarters. Real soldiers drank in the NCO club. Ramsay studied Japanese in his spare time, or did drugs.

But Rod was talented—so talented that Sergeant First Class Conrad permitted him to brief senior officers and protected him from details that did the dirty work on Rose Barracks. During his final year on active duty, Conrad arranged for Rod's appointment as the alternate top-secret-document control custodian. Under army regulations, the destruction of classified information had to be certified by the signatures of two persons. In Bad Kreuznach, the two authorized signatures were Roderick Ramsay and Clyde Conrad.

Navarro located the former sergeant working as a busboy in a Tampa restaurant. Certain that Ramsay had committed espionage, Navarro cultivated the ex-soldier, avoiding any confrontational moves that might drive him to seek an attorney. Ramsay seemed compelled to reminisce about his close relationship with Clyde Conrad. Navarro had seen subjects like this before—tortured people whose deeds eventually drove them to seek a sympathetic sounding board, someone in whom they could confide.

The smooth FBI man was only too willing to accommodate the confused ex-GI's need to talk. During a series of interviews conducted over many months, Navarro patiently assisted the former soldier in unburdening himself. Throughout these meetings, Ramsay played an ineffective game of cat and mouse as he attempted to avoid self-incriminating admissions that might land him in jail. In the process, the ex-sergeant who had once worshipped Clyde Conrad provided a wealth of information that was damaging to himself and the spy from Bosenheim.

Early in their relationship, Ramsay provided Navarro with a small piece of water-soluble paper on which a phone number for the Hungarian Military Intelligence Service was printed. Conrad had given him the paper, he admitted, just in case he needed to contact Budapest. Without specifically admitting guilt, Ramsay obliquely acknowledged that "hypothetically" Conrad might have recruited him in the fall of 1983 with promises of partnership in his enterprise. If the ex-soldier had prudently sought legal advice, which he had not, admissions such as this would have caused Ramsay's attorney to slash his wrists. Any law school student could have warned the naive former sergeant not to say anything to Joe Navarro.

Eventually, Ramsay discussed his theft in 1985 of the infamous "mother lode" from the 8th Infantry Division headquarters. In a Bad Kreuznach apartment rented by Conrad as a safe house, he had personally videotaped hundreds of pages of documents for passage to the Czechoslovakian intelligence service. For his efforts, he had received approximately $20,000 from Conrad before flunking the urinalysis test and leaving the army in November 1985.

Under German rules of evidence, virtually everything that the Kercsiks, Zoltan Szabo, and Rod Ramsay told their confessors was admissible in court. In the cases of Ramsay and Szabo, German prosecutors could simply subpoena agents Navarro and Klein and put them on the stand to describe what they had been told. As for the Kercsiks, because their confessions had been obtained in accordance with Swedish law, which was substantially in consonance with German law, everything the brothers had told their Swedish interrogators was admissable in the impending trial. It was a prosecutor's dream. Without setting foot on German soil, four of the accused spy's coconspirators could testify against him. As the full scope of the conspiracy took shape, Americans and Germans alike began to think the unthinkable: Clyde Conrad might yet be sentenced to life in prison.

Between Clyde Conrad's arrest in August 1988 and the beginning of his trial in January 1990, the world had changed dramatically. None of the changes was favorable to the defendant. While Clyde sulked in investigative custody, the Berlin Wall fell, East Germany began to implode, and 80 million Germans stood on the threshold of the cherished goal of reunification. The communist government in Budapest was history, the Soviet Union was on the verge of dissolution, and the feared Warsaw Pact was crumbling. The bipolar world that the self-professed "independent information broker" had exploited for thirteen years had ceased to exist. The great ideological showdown known as the Cold War was over. Clyde Conrad had cast his lot with the loser.

The setting for Conrad's day in court was an imposing, fortresslike stone edifice in Koblenz, Germany. The building, which housed the Oberlandesgericht Koblenz (the Koblenz State Superior Court), was situated close to the picturesque junction of the Rhine and Mosel Rivers. Koblenz is known for its carefree people and the annual spring ritual known as Fasching, a carnival-like celebration during which the Rhinelanders don outlandish costumes and let their hair down in mirthful celebrations.

There was nothing mirthful about Koblenz for Clyde Conrad. Efficient German prosecutors had the former agent squarely in their sights. Prosecutors Friederich Hecking and Volkhard Wache had devoted almost a year and a half in the preparation of their case. The state's challenge was so complex, Wache told FCA agent Mike McAdoo, that the trial could take months. Testimony would be heard by a panel of five experienced judges. In Germany, there could be no question of a high-powered defense "dream team" duping a gullible jury.

Conrad was accused of violating Article 99, Espionage, and Article 94, State Treason—"an especially grave case." The Article 94 charge, if substantiated, would permit the government to ask for an unprecedented sentence of life in prison. History was being made. No other foreigner had ever been tried in the German courts for state treason. Federal prosecutor Rebmann described the impending proceedings as "the most serious treason case in the history of the Federal Republic."

Mike McAdoo was the FCA director's full-time liaison officer to the court. The son of a former U.S. Navy radar technician who had fought in Korea, the twenty-nine-year-old native of Granite Station, California, was perfectly fluent in German. McAdoo's job was to make sure that our German allies lacked for nothing as the trail progressed, and to keep me informed daily on developments in the courtroom.

McAdoo reported that the once-handsome Conrad appeared in court on the first day looking frail and aged. A beefy 200 pounder when arrested, Budapest's legend now weighed less than 150 pounds, and his shock of white hair had thinned visibly. Spectacles added to the image of a harmless, wasted creature. German prosecutors told McAdoo that since Conrad's arrest, they had monitored his deteriorating physical condition with some alarm. For a time, the prisoner had embarked on a hunger strike and seemed to become depressed and suicidal. Not that the concern of German prosecutors was humanitarian. They were preparing the most spectacular espionage trial in German history, and Conrad was the featured attraction. In their view, his hunger strike and radical change of appearance was at least partly demonstrative, a feeble attempt to put on a facade of mistreatment. Although such courtroom theater might have played in Peoria, it would not work in Koblenz.

The complex trial dragged on for more than five months, during which the defendant clung to his insistence that he was not guilty. Herr Hummerich, Conrad's law professor attorney, filed one procedural motion after another in an attempt to derail the prosecution—without success. Some of Hummerich's convoluted motions flirted dangerously close to impugning the integrity of the panel of judges, an ill-advised tactic that could hardly engender sympathy for his client.

Prosecutors Hecking and Wache paraded before the judges witness after witness, all of whom testified precisely and credibly that Conrad had served the Hungarians from 1975 to 1988 and that he had violated the trust of his position as the top-secret-document custodian by forwarding to his communist superiors "everything that passed through his hands."

Danny Wilson and Gary Pepper testified at length about Conrad's recruitment of Wilson. Wilson's testimony was objective and precise. Prosecutors told Mike McAdoo that Gary Pepper was the most persuasive, professionally competent witness they had ever encountered in a court of law.

Sergeant Major Mike Barnes, whom Conrad had attempted to recruit for $50,000 in the spring of 1988, made a particular hit with the court. The hard-charging former Green Beret took the stand clad in his dress uniform with a Pattonesque chest full of ribbons. Those who knew him held their breath. Would the volatile combat veteran be able to maintain a poised, professional demeanor on the witness stand?

At first, Barnes did well. Prosecutor Wache established the highly decorated NCO's battlefield experience by asking him about some of his ribbons. When he came to a red, black, and white ribbon, Barnes explained that he had received it for "the occupation of Berlin." Then, catching himself, the sergeant major turned to Judge Schuth and quipped, "Sorry about that, Your Honor." Even the staid panel of judges had difficulty controlling their mirth.

Wache asked the sergeant major if he had ever been in the Conrads' Bosenheim home. Barnes acknowledged that he had indeed visited Clyde at home in 1988. Prosecutor Wache wanted to underscore Conrad's alleged lavish lifestyle. To make the point, he asked Barnes to describe the furnishings and decor of the Elfelderstrasse residence.

Barnes gazed momentarily at the courtroom ceiling. "Well, sir, I guess the best way to describe it is that Clyde's home looked like King Ludwig's bedroom."

When the laughter subsided, Wache led Barnes in a recitation of Conrad's attempt to recruit him. The line of questioning triggered something in the man who had risked his life so many times in Vietnam. Barnes's face twisted into anger as he exploded. Face-to-face with the man who had tried to get him to betray his country, the decorated combat veteran pointed his finger at Conrad and shouted, "What you done was wrong, Clyde, and you know it."

Conrad cringed. Judge Schuth and his colleagues recoiled. Mike McAdoo blanched at Barnes's loss of control, but not federal prosecutors Hecking and Wache. The two attorneys basked in the spontaneous but not unwelcome breach of courtroom decorum, admitting later that it was one of the high points of the grueling trial. ("*Grossartig,*" exclaimed Wache later with a wide grin. Splendid.)

Joe Navarro took the stand. Conrad sat silently at the defense table, eyes downcast, as the youthful and darkly handsome FBI agent testified to Rod Ramsay's role as an apprentice spy at Conrad's feet.

Federal Criminal Office (BKA) investigator Holgar Klein and a Swedish investigator piled additional damaging facts onto the prosecution's impressive case as they introduced details of Conrad's espionage obtained from Zoltan Szabo and the Kercsik brothers. A BKA analyst told the court that the defendant had earned approximately 2 million deutsche marks ($1.7 million) during his thirteen years of betrayal.

But perhaps the high point of the proceeding was a bonus piece of evidence, something that no one on the prosecution team could have expected. In the wake of the fall of communism in Budapest, Hungary's democratic government elected to apologize for Conrad's espionage. Budapest dispatched a telegram to Bonn:

> It is the position of the Hungarian government that the case involving former U.S. Army Sergeant Clyde Lee Conrad, who presently stands trial in the Federal Republic of Germany, was part of the mistaken policy of the former political and military leadership that failed to properly reckon with the national interest of the country. The government [of Hungary] unequivocally renounces the case, which started about 15 years ago.

The remarkable telegram was the last nail in Conrad's legal coffin. After it was read in court, the depressed and demoralized spy seemed to visibly retreat into himself. Unmasked by Danny Wilson, sold out by mentor Zoltan Szabo, betrayed by the Kercsik brothers and protégé Rod Ramsay, and abandoned by the Hungarians, the once and future spy must have sensed what was coming as the day of the verdict approached.

The man who was arguably the worst traitor in the more than two-hundred-year history of the U.S. Army was sentenced on June 6, 1990. Presiding from the seat at the center of the elevated bench was Chief Judge Ferdinand Schuth, a career jurist who had learned the English language from friendly American soldiers in a U.S. Army prisoner-of-war camp in the wake of World War II. Now, forty-five years later, the judge was to pronounce sentence on a different type of American soldier.

A pair of bailiffs escorted Clyde Conrad into the courtroom. His handcuffs had been removed. Clad in a dark suit and betraying no emotion, Clyde took his place at the defense table with his attorney and gazed at the elevated bench before him. The five unsmiling German judges wore dark judicial robes. Judge Schuth shuffled a stack of papers and began to read the lengthy sentencing document to the crowded courtroom.

Conrad was "ice cold and unscrupulous," the judge asserted. His treason had endangered not only the security of the Federal Republic of Germany but "the entire defense capability of the West." All of this, Schuth added, was motivated by "pure greed." Ultimately, the judge concluded, because of Conrad's treason, if war had broken out between NATO and the Warsaw Pact, the West would have faced certain defeat. Specifically, Schuth proclaimed in a stern voice, "NATO would have quickly been forced to choose between capitulation or the use of nuclear weapons on German territory." Conrad's treason, the judge intoned gravely, had doomed the Federal Republic to become a nuclear battlefield. Norman Runk elbowed me and grinned. This was sounding better by the minute.

The judge continued:

> Based upon the duration of the state treason and espionage, the quality and quantity of the betrayed documents, the intensity and professionalism of the espionage, as well as the amount of money earned thereby, the espionage of the accused must be assessed as the most significant, and for the West the most crippling, since the Second World War. The accused stands at the top of the worldwide list of all known spies. His Hungarian case officers characterized him as "the best," and as "a legend." One of them even received a Russian medal and was promoted because of the significance of the accused as a source.

Judge Schuth sentenced Clyde Lee Conrad to life in prison for state treason on behalf of the Hungarians, and tacked on an additional four years for espionage on behalf of the Czechoslovakians. In addition, the judge fined Conrad the sum of 2.2 million deutsche marks ($1.7 million), the amount that methodical German investigators calculated he had earned from his treason since 1975. Last, the judge decreed that Conrad must pay the costs of his own prosecution. For almost two years, our German friends had conducted an exhaustive but unsuccessful search for Conrad's ill-gotten assets. The judge's stiff fine was an attempt to ensure that any money Conrad had managed to stash away could not be used by him or his family.

Judge Schuth adjourned the historic proceeding. Never before or since has a convicted spy received a sentence of life imprisonment from a German court. Clyde Conrad betrayed no reaction to the crushing sentence as he rose and meekly departed the courtroom. When the convicted spy exited the courthouse in handcuffs, Mike McAdoo captured the moment on film. The gratifying photo hangs to this day in a place of dishonor on the walls of the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity, a testament to the fate of FCA's once and future spy.

A spontaneous, festive German American victory party developed at a local *gasthaus*. Prosecutors Hecking and Wache, investigators from the BKA, and our FCA delegation repeatedly raised glasses in jubilant salutes to one another, to German American friendship, and "to Clyde, the man who made all this possible."

Norman Runk was in orbital joy. We had done it: the only life sentence in the history of the Federal Republic. The Germans heaped well-earned praise on Norman for his undying loyalty, assistance, and good humor for more than two years. Prosecutor Wache declared that Gary Pepper was the witness who contributed most to impressing the judges by his computer-precise, objective testimony. Foreign Counterintelligence Activity's Mike McAdoo had saved the day during the trial phase by his perfect record of response to every request from harried prosecutors. For our part, we toasted the judges, our BKA and BfV colleagues, and, above all, the thorough and devastating case mounted by the prosecution orchestrated by Friederich Hecking and Volkhard Wache.

40: Clean Sweep

In late 1989, FBI agent Joe Navarro and Greg Kehoe, an assistant U.S. attorney in Tampa, Florida, joined me and several of my agents in the FCA conference room for a strategy conference. Kehoe was emphatic. He was certain that Joe Navarro would prevail in his battle of wits with Rod Ramsay, but we could not settle for a confession by Ramsay as an end to the case.

"If all we do in Tampa is put Rod Ramsay into jail," the government attorney argued passionately, "we've failed in our job. The goal here is a clean sweep."

Kehoe's declaration of war launched FCA and FBI investigators on a protracted manhunt. Navarro was supremely self-confident. The bond he had forged with the mercurial Ramsay would unlock additional mysteries. We all nodded enthusiastically, never suspecting that Kehoe's objective would consume nine years.

Navarro had glued himself to Ramsay for months, knowing that as long as Conrad's former apprentice kept talking, the government was winning. If he had to work hard for every tidbit of information, so be it.

Under Navarro's gentle but unyielding pressure, Rod Ramsay admitted that to assist in accumulating the "mother lode" and spiriting it safely out of Rose Barracks, he had recruited two fellow soldiers—Jeff Gregory and Jeffrey Rondeau. Had Clyde known this, he would have been furious; Ramsay's role was that of a worker, not a controller. Only a controller could recruit, he told Navarro; that role Clyde reserved for himself.

The day after Conrad's conviction and sentencing, FBI agents in Tampa arrested Ramsay, whom we quickly dubbed "the spy who talked himself into jail." Ramsay's admissions to Joe Navarro could cost him the rest of his life behind bars.

As part of a plea bargain, the former sergeant agreed to cooperate with the government and reveal everything he knew about Conrad and provide evidence against Gregory and Rondeau. In return, he would receive a sentence of from one year to life in prison. The deliberately open-ended sentence was intended as an incentive. The more cooperative Ramsay made himself to the government, the better his chances of a light sentence.

Investigators closed in on Rod Ramsay's two accomplices. Because Gregory and Rondeau were soldiers on active duty, agents of the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity took the lead. Armed with Ramsay's admissions, FCA agent Bob Gaiter received the nod to make the case against the two suspects.

Even though soldiers accused of espionage would normally face trial by court-martial, Pentagon and Department of Justice attorneys agreed that if and when arrested, the two sergeants would stand trial in the same U.S. court that would handle the Ramsay case.

Working with FBI counterparts, Gator decided to begin with SSgt. Jeffrey Rondeau, twenty-nine, a native of Keene, New Hampshire. Rondeau had departed Germany in the mid-1980s and was serving as an army recruiter in Bangor, Maine. Next on the Gator's target list would be SSgt. Jeff Gregory, thirty-one, an airborne infantryman who had recently been transferred from Fort Benning in Georgia to a unit in Alaska.

Gator's job was daunting. The persistent Joe Navarro had managed to land Ramsay, but it had taken almost two years of a patient, father-confessor approach to wear down Conrad's star protégé and obtain a confession. Rod Ramsay's admission that Rondeau and Gregory had assisted him was insufficient to justify arrest and prosecution of the two sergeants. If they were to be indicted, Gator would have to somehow elicit damaging admissions from each man.

For three months in mid-1992, Gator and FBI colleague Jim Blackburn haunted SSgt. Jeffrey Rondeau. Seemingly oblivious to the danger that the price of talking could be a jail sentence, the married father strove to be cooperative, no doubt hoping against hope that his cooperation might somehow prove his innocence. Before every interview, the Gator read Rondeau his Miranda rights, yet the New Hampshire native did not choose to hide behind an attorney. Like many spies, the suspect tried to talk his way out of trouble.

The Gator engaged the sergeant is innocuous conversations about his family upbringing and army career. Best to circle the target and take the measure of the man first, thought the Gator. Like Rod Ramsay, Rondeau was a bright, bespectacled, almost scholarly fellow. Raised in a religious household, he impressed Gator as an essentially decent person who was deeply burdened by his mistakes.

Still, Rondeau knew what he had done, and he must have sensed that his army and FBI visitors knew as well. Gator stuck to his low-key approach, knowing that the one thing that could torpedo the investigation would be a decision by Rondeau to retain an attorney.

By June 1992, the determined FCA investigator had interviewed the soft-spoken staff sergeant three times. Each interview lasted three days. The unspoken message was, this will not go away. Better to unburden yourself now and get it over with.

Rondeau surrendered. The Gator recalls the moment:

> We'd reached a point of emotional climax. Rondeau was weary. Up to that point, I had never mentioned Rod Ramsay, but I did have an ace-in-the-hole. Ramsay had given us one half of a torn dollar bill—the other half of which he had given to Jeff Rondeau as a recognition signal. I put the torn bill on the table, fixed him with a stare, and asked gently, "Can you tell me what this is, where it came from, and why it's torn like this?"

Rondeau was shattered. For almost a five full minutes, he sat in numb silence, shifting his weight, grooming himself, looking at the floor, and averting eye contact with his interrogator. Then the deeply shaken noncom turned his back on his tormentors, stared at the far wall, and began to weep.

Turning slowly to face Gator, Rondeau sobbed, "Where did you get that?"

The Gator shook his head slowly, arched his eyebrows, and responded with a question of his own. "It doesn't matter, does it?"

Rondeau hung his head and began to talk about his relationship with Roderick Ramsay, unburdening himself cautiously. By October 1992, the New Hampshire native's confession was complete. Rod Ramsay had enticed him into what he called "the business." Rondeau had clearly understood that the enterprise was run by Clyde Conrad, who was marketing military secrets to the Hungarians. He had assisted Rod in copying classified documents and removing them from the division headquarters. For this contribution, Ramsay had paid him with cocaine, hashish, and other recreational drugs, as well as several hundred dollars to repair his car.

Within two weeks of these admissions, the devastated sergeant was arrested by the FBI. Another member of the ring had talked himself into jail.

Next on the Gator's list was the infantryman from Arizona SSgt. Jeff Gregory. Clyde Conrad's covey of enlisted protégés had consisted largely of high-IQ soldiers. Rod Ramsay and Jeffrey Rondeau fit this profile. Jeff Gregory was something quite different.

Bob Gaiter recalls the initial encounters with Gregory.

> Gary [Pepper] made the first contact with the guy at Ft. Benning. Later it fell to me to follow up on Rod Ramsay's admissions and roll him up as we had done with Rondeau. But unlike Ramsay or Rondeau, this guy was a criminal type with a criminal mind. A real dirtbag—crude, not too bright, and given to throwing a big word into the conversation to show how smart he was, except that he invariably used the wrong word. It would have been laughable, but for the fact that it was such serious business. We knew from Ramsay that Gregory had "done the deed," but this one was going to be tough going. He was a real thug.

The Gator pursued the belligerent infantryman in the spring of 1993 with his characteristic pit bull approach. Each time the two met, Gator "Mirandized" Gregory. Like Rondeau, Gregory did not request an attorney, apparently thinking that he was clever enough to verbally tap-dance his way out of trouble. The staff sergeant with the blond crew cut was defiant. Investigators reminded him of the many contradictions surrounding his conduct: Ramsay's allegations, the inconsistencies in his story, and his failure to pass a polygraph. Confronted with this litany, the stubborn infantryman would hang his head, wring his hands, and hunker down in his chair. Each time the Gator thought he was about to unburden himself, Gregory would raise his head and murmur, "I just don't remember doing what you say I did."

When Gregory transferred to an airborne outfit in Alaska's Fort Richardson, agents followed him to Anchorage. Hoping to identify an exploitable weakness, Gator and FBI agent Lisa Skinner obtained a psychological profile of Gregory from the FBI's famed Behavioral Science Unit at Quantico, Virginia. The profile was not encouraging. Bureau experts determined that the dull-witted, stubborn man showed signs of having been abused as a child. Like many who have endured deprived childhoods, Gregory may have developed the capability to lock away unpleasant experiences as if they had never happened. Subjects such as Gregory—wounded birds with few if any values—were invariably the most difficult for an interrogator to overcome.

Gator pushed the staff sergeant harder, employing the time-tested "the truth will set you free" approach. Federal Bureau of Investigation agent Skinner, a dark-tressed Alabama native with formidable acting talents, provided the counterpoint to the Gator's unrelenting pressure. Donning the mask of the kind, understanding female, the quick-witted FBI agent deftly nudged Gregory in the direction of the truth.

Gregory endured the assault in silence. Rod Ramsay was facing a possible life sentence. He had gotten Gregory into this mess, and now he was down there in Florida spilling his guts to feather his own nest. The staff sergeant listened sullenly, eyes downcast. Eventually, like many guilty suspects, he asked the question, "What's going to happen to me if I cooperate?"

The Gator was ready for this one. Giving Gregory his most sincere look, he answered in a soft voice. "We don't know. My job is to do the interview, write the report, and send it up to my superiors. What happens up there is not my job. But one thing I do know. This is your chance to state your side of what happened—to explain any mitigating circumstances. So if you're truthful, that can only help. But if you lie, that can only hurt. You got talked into this thing by Ramsay, who's put who-knows-what spin on the whole affair. This is your chance to give us your side of the story, without which we have no choice but to assume the worst and sign up to whatever it is that Rod related."

Gregory nodded. It must have seemed that the Gator was somehow on his side. The Gator pushed, ever so gently. Cooperation was the only smart course of action, he told Gregory. The more you retreat into denial, the worse you'll feel about yourself. Think of your family, consider the agony you are subjecting them to by dragging this out. Anyone can make a mistake and start over, but the process must begin with a clean sheet of music.

In April 1993, the dour Arizonan caved in and executed a sworn statement. He had been enticed by Ramsay to serve as a lookout during the theft of the infamous "mother lode" of documents from the division headquarters. Rod had promised great riches, but in the end, Jeff Gregory's espionage career had netted him small amounts of marijuana and hashish and a couple of hundred dollars at most.

The FBI arrested Gregory. At FCA's Fort Meade headquarters, Bob Gaiter's exploits were becoming legendary. Agents marveled at the parade of jailbirds in the Gator's wake. Didn't these people understand that all they had to do was hire an attorney and zip their lips?

On March 28, 1994, the two sergeants stood before U.S. District Judge Ralph W. Nimmons in Tampa, Florida, and pleaded guilty to multiple counts of espionage. Ultimately, each received a sentence of eighteen years in federal prison. Sixteen years had elapsed since the initial CIA tip-off about an espionage ring in Germany. Clyde Conrad had already been in prison for six years.

By the time Rondeau and Gregory were turned over to the Bureau of Prisons, FCA agent Gary Pepper had been working the Canasta Player investigation without respite for nine years. The unchallenged expert in the complex case, Pepper was certain that the Szabo-Conrad ring had not yet been completely unmasked. The veteran agent was joined in this conviction by his FBI partner of five years, Joe Navarro.

There were several additional suspects still at large, but the one who interested Navarro and Pepper was a former female soldier, Kelly Church Warren.

Private First Class Kelly Church had worked as a clerk in the division G-3 section from December 1986 until her separation from active duty in the spring of 1988. One of her duties was processing classified documents. This made her of interest to investigators, even though her service in Bad Kreuznach began after Clyde Conrad's

1985 retirement from active duty. Clyde, agents knew, had continued to haunt the headquarters after retirement. With access to classified documents, Church would have been a logical target for him.

But more than logic caused investigators to suspect Church. In mid-March 1988, FCA surveillance agents had observed Clyde Conrad meeting in a Bad Kreuznach bowling alley with a young soldier they identified as Amos Church, Kelly Church's husband. No great leap of faith was required to see the possibilities in this relationship. Had Conrad recruited Church and her husband to provide classified documents that he could no longer directly obtain in retirement? Agents thought it possible. The couple's names were added to the growing list of those who would be interviewed immediately after Conrad's arrest.

Soon after the German BKA arrested Conrad, investigators interviewed the couple. Both denied that they had any relationship with Clyde Conrad, contending that they barely knew who he was. Agents were certain that the Churches were lying, but absent any other evidence to the contrary, there was little use in pursuing the matter. Bigger fish—Ramsay, Szabo, and others—were awaiting their turn in the frying pan. The Kelly Church lead was shelved but not forgotten.

With the Gregory and Rondeau cases completed, Gary Pepper and Joe Navarro turned their attention back to Kelly Church. By the summer of 1994, she had divorced husband Amos and remarried. Now known as Kelly Warren, the twenty-eight year old had resettled in Warner Robins, Georgia, where she lived in a trailer on the property of an RV sales and parts business.

Pepper and Navarro had long since mastered a disarming technique of dialogue with people such as Warren. "No one will confess to someone they dislike or mistrust," Pepper was fond of saying. There was no magic formula for such interviews, but the FBI-FCA partners shared the conviction that it was important to be as cordial, nonthreatening, and up-front as possible from the outset.

Pepper and Navarro first visited Kelly Warren at her trailer in May 1994. Before the interview, both agents did their homework, paying particular attention to Warren's contention in 1988 that she barely knew the popular Conrad.

The subject was Clyde Conrad, Pepper and Navarro informed Warren cordially. "We need some help and think you might be able to assist."

Warren was friendly, animated, and cooperative. Having obviously forgotten what she had said six years earlier, her response was, "Oh, yeah, I remember Clyde."

The meeting inaugurated a two-year relationship with the former soldier. Because Warren was a civilian, the FBI's Joe Navarro took the lead role for the government. Each time Pepper and Navarro visited Warren, she provided additional glimpses into her relationship with Conrad, ultimately admitting that she had taken documents, which had been passed to Clyde. But the real spy, she insisted, was her former husband, Amos. Amos, she whined, had forced her to steal classified documents, which he would then screen to determine which would be of interest to the retired Conrad.

Confronted with these allegations, Amos Church insisted that his ex-wife was lying. The former soldier made a persuasive case for his innocence. He was illiterate, a fact to which many family members and friends could attest. How could he have read and understood the complicated war plans produced by the division G-3 section, as his ex-wife contended? Amos Church volunteered to take a polygraph examination, which he easily passed.

Joe Navarro challenged Kelly Warren, who shrugged and retracted the accusations against her ex-husband. Subsequently, during more than twenty interviews between mid-1994 and 1997, the former clerk-typist made a series of admissions that, taken together, were sufficient to obtain an indictment for espionage from the Tampa grand jury.

Warren admitted that Clyde Conrad had recruited her in 1987 to provide classified documents that he could no longer obtain from the division headquarters due to his retired status. She also acknowledged that the glib retired sergeant had told her that the reason he needed access to the documents was that he was selling them to a foreign government. She said that Conrad would sometimes visit her in her Rose Barracks office, during which she would permit him to read and copy classified documents, including the 8th Infantry Division's counterattack plan. On other occasions, she had rendezvoused with Clyde at various locations on the base to pass classified information and receive payment for her efforts in cash and gifts.

In November 1998, Kelly Warren pleaded guilty to providing classified defense information to Clyde Conrad. As part of her plea bargain, she can be sentenced to no longer than twenty-five years. Sentencing was scheduled by the court for February 1999. Based upon the sentences meted out thus far, a term of twenty years would not be surprising.

Epilogue

Canasta Player

The 1997 arrest of Kelly Church Warren did not mark the end of the Canasta Player investigation. The FBI and FCA investigators remain confident that other conspirators from Conrad's inner circle in Bad Kreuznach remain to be rolled up. At Fort Meade and at FBI headquarters, the case file remains open.

As of 1998, ten years after Conrad's arrest, eleven persons have been unmasked as a result of the CIA's 1978 tip-off. Nine of them were members of the U.S. Army. The other two were the naturalized Swedish citizens Imre and Sandor Kercsik.

The members of the Budapest network fathered by the bold and enterprising Zoltan Szabo got away with the theft of our most sensitive defense secrets in Europe for seventeen years.

By the time Clyde Conrad stared into the muzzle of Holger Klein's pistol and the door slammed shut on the Szabo espionage ring, the horses were in the barnyard. Because of Szabo and Conrad's treason, throughout the tense decades of the 1970s and 1980s the Soviets were reading our military playbook in Europe. As Gen. Glenn Otis stated in a deposition to the court in Tampa, the consequences of this, had a war broken out, would have been calamitous and measured in the blood of American soldiers and their allies.

Once the Canasta Player case landed on the desk of the FCA director, it developed into a textbook example of close cooperation between the military, the CIA, and the FBI. It also provided all concerned agencies with opportunities to work in a fraternal manner with the services of Italy, Austria, Sweden, and Germany. To this day, our colleagues from the German side of the Conrad investigation speak wistfully of that halcyon time when army counterintelligence and German agencies pulled off the espionage case of the century. Norman Runk, Gary Pepper, Dave Guethlein, and Mike McAdoo will always have friends in Germany.

In June 1989, CIA director William Webster presented the men and women of the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity the CIA's coveted Agency Seal Medallion. The citation on the award reads:

> To Colonel Stuart A. Herrington and the men and women of the Department of the Army's Foreign Counterintelligence Activity.
>
> In appreciation and admiration for the outstanding professionalism and extraordinary dedication displayed in your successful resolution of two complex counterintelligence cases of major significance to our national security.
>
> It was a privilege to be associated with you.
>
> From your colleagues in the Central Intelligence Agency.
>
> 1989

Standing at my side to receive the medal and represent the hundreds of army counterintelligence agents who were responsible for the Conrad and Hall cases were Norman Runk, Al Puromaki, Gary Pepper, Bob Watson, Bob Thayer, Bob Bell, Jim Whittle, and Lt. Col. Dave Owen. All of us have a copy of the historic photo taken that day as a reminder of what army counterintelligence agents accomplished when confronted with the most challenging cases of the Cold War.

German authorities sent Clyde Lee Conrad to Dietz Prison. On January 7, 1998, the fifty-year-old convicted spy died in his cell of a heart attack without ever having spoken of his espionage to investigators of any nationality. Because of a quirk in the law, to the day he breathed his last, Conrad continued to collect his U.S. Army pension. Had he been found guilty in an American court, the U.S. government could have cut off this entitlement.

Shortly after Conrad's June 1990 sentencing, our German partners reminded us that "In Germany, life in prison means life in prison." They were correct.

German investigators were never able to track down Conrad's ill-gotten gains. After the sentencing, Manfred Rutkowski's BKA investigators noted that Annja Conrad had resumed work as a cleaning lady, which they dismissed as a transparent attempt to mislead them. All who worked the investigation are convinced that, somehow, Annja Conrad has access to her husband's espionage nest egg.

Zoltan Szabo served a brief portion of his ten-month sentence and lives in Austria with Ilona. The founder of the most damaging ring of army spies in history is now sixty years old. The former Hungarian agent continues to collect his military retirement pay from the Department of Defense. Because of this anomaly, new legislation has since been passed by Congress. Future military spies convicted in a foreign court can now be deprived of their retirement pay, assuming that the justice system of the foreign country meets certain standards—a necessary proviso to protect American citizens from consequences at the hands of arbitrary overseas justice.

Szabo will not travel to Germany or the United States—a wise decision on his part. In 1994, agents noted that he was driving a taxi in Vienna. By 1995, the former spy was exploring a new enterprise, in which antiquities obtained in Hungary could be marketed for profit in Austria. Those who had been in contact with Szabo in 1997 reported that he was refurbishing a rundown house in Hungary, close to the Austrian border. Still unwelcome in the West, the international pariah would like to make a deal with the United States to alleviate his circumstances. To date, federal authorities have refused to entertain any concessions.

A Swedish judge suspended nine months of the eighteen-month sentences of the Kercsik brothers. The Hungarian-born physicians remain in their adopted country. During the investigation of Rod Ramsay, the brothers accepted an invitation by the Department of Justice to appear before the grand jury in Tampa. One of the lures to bring the pair to Florida was the promise of a trip to Disney World.

Thanks to his cooperation with Italian authorities, Thomas Mortati's twenty-month sentence was suspended. Mortati thus served only a brief time in investigative custody. He is a lucky man. Had he been court-martialed or tried in a U.S. court, he would have received a well-earned twenty-year sentence.

Rod Ramsay is serving his thirty-six-year sentence in a federal penitentiary near Tallahassee, Florida. He still sends Christmas cards to FBI agent Joe Navarro, who put him there—a genuine tribute to Navarro's professionalism. The court estimated that Ramsay would likely serve twenty-four years of his sentence. If this occurs, he will be released at age fifty-six.

Former sergeant Jeffrey Rondeau is serving the sixth year of his eighteen-year sentence at a medium-security federal penitentiary in Allenwood, Pennsylvania. In 1997, he was considered for parole but not selected. His next scheduled parole hearing is in the year 2000. Federal authorities in Tampa may well support parole at that time. When Rondeau walks through the prison gates to freedom, he will be thirty-six years old. His wife has remained faithful to him.

Former sergeant Jeff Gregory is serving his sentence at a federal prison in Arizona. He is now thirty-six years old. His wife divorced him.

Special agent Al Puromaki retired soon after Conrad's conviction. For his brilliant investigative work, culminating in the identification of Clyde Lee Conrad, special agent Puromaki was honored in 1989 as the Department of Defense Investigator of the Year.

Having achieved his goal of seeing Clyde Conrad behind bars, special agent Al Eways departed FCA for one final tour of duty in the human intelligence field before retiring in the early 1990s after more than forty years as an intelligence officer. Settled near Fort Meade, he can be found puttering in the post craft shop. The veteran agent's memory for the details of the complicated case remains astounding.

In tribute to his key role in the Gregory and Rondeau cases, special agent Bob Gaiter was honored as the Department of Defense's Investigator of the Year in 1993.

The ebullient Norman Runk was rapidly promoted to senior rank and continues to terrorize the intelligence services of our adversaries wherever he goes. Among our many German friends, Norman is regarded the way Conrad was hailed in Budapest—"legendary." Displayed in a frame on the wall of his office in the National Counterintelligence Center hangs the original napkin on which I scribbled his Canasta Player marching orders in a German beer cellar ten years ago.

Special agent Gary Pepper, who left the 766th MI Detachment as a buck sergeant in 1985 to work on Canasta Player, is now in his fourteenth year on the investigation. Among our German comrades, Gary Pepper continues to be remembered with near reverence for his poised and damaging testimony in the landmark trial of Clyde Conrad. His marathon service on the Canasta Player investigation made counterespionage history. Someday he will be nominated for the Military Intelligence Hall of Fame.

Federal Bureau of Investigation agent Joe Navarro, whose energy and cunning were vital to the roll-up of Conrad's network, continues his successful career. In 1998, Navarro received orders to report to the U.S. embassy in Brasilia, Brazil, for duty as the legal attaché.

In the wake of the Conrad and Hall cases, special agent Dave Guethlein was assigned as the army representative in the CIA's Counterintelligence Center, where for six years he was heavily involved in the exploitation of information obtained in the wake of the collapse of East Germany's communist government. Guethlein completed his twenty-year military career in 1992, earned a master's degree in administration, and resumed his career as a spy catcher in the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity.

Special agent Joe Herda, who lived for almost eighteen months in a Wiesbaden hotel room and worked closely with the charismatic Sgt. Maj. Mike Barnes, continues to serve as an army special agent. With three years remaining in his army career, the thirty-five-year-old Herda will retire as a master sergeant and return to his native Alaska.

Special agent Mike McAdoo spent seven more years in Europe, primarily as a special investigator juggling a crushing load of cases in the wake of the collapse of East Germany. For most of 1997, McAdoo served in Bosnia as the task force's counterterrorism adviser. In 1996, for actions unrelated to the Conrad case, he was honored as the Department of Defense's Case Officer of the Year.

The resourceful and courageous Danny Wilson, who initially would not believe that his role model Clyde Conrad could betray the United States, was awarded the Legion of Merit for his key role in the investigation and was promoted to sergeant major, the highest noncommissioned officer rank in the army. Wilson retired from the army and devoted two years to studying for the ministry. He and his wife, Shirley, are retired in Arizona.

Sergeant Major Mike Barnes, whose trial testimony remains the single most dramatic moment of Clyde Conrad's six-month trial, retired and settled in Fishbach, Germany. He now runs a professional football team, manned by a mixture of American and German players. Foxy, politically incorrect cheerleaders grace the sidelines.

Gus Hathaway, whose strong will and leadership made the identification and arrest of Clyde Conrad possible, retired from the CIA shortly after Conrad's demise and lives quietly in his native Virginia, eschewing interviews with the parade of authors who would like to quote him concerning the rash of damaging espionage cases that have been revealed since the end of the Cold War. He remains one of the CIA's most respected Cold Warriors.

Lieutenant General William E. Odom, without whom there would have been no Canasta Player investigation, retired from active duty in 1988 and continued his distinguished career as a national security strategist. As director of national security studies of the Hudson Institute in Washington, D.C., General Odom was the coauthor of a 1997 study that recommended a long-overdue modernization of the intelligence community. Like Gus Hathaway, if he were to attend an FCA reunion, his drinks would be on the house.

Kriminaldirektor Manfred Rutkowski has been twice decorated by the U.S. Army for his contributions as the leader of the elite ST-13 section of the Bundeskriminalamt. Rutkowski has since been promoted and currently serves as a deputy in the BKA, with responsibility for combating all forms of left extremism in reunited Germany.

German investigator Holger Klein, who arrested Clyde Lee Conrad and interrogated Zoltan Szabo in Vienna, was decorated by the U.S. Army for his distinguished service during the Canasta Player investigation. Today, Hauptkommissar Klein works with Manfred Rutkowski in investigating left extremism in Germany.

Dr. Peter Frisch, whose decision to bring the BfV in on the side of the Americans in Canasta Player marked a major turning point in the intractable case, is now the president of the Federal Office for the Protection of the Constitution. Dirk Doerrenberg and Werner Goll continue to play major roles in the hard-pressed organization. Doerrenberg has been elevated to the position of Abteilungsleiter of the BfV's Department IV, Counterintelligence and Security, where he and Herr Goll work together as in the past.

Prosecutor Volkhard Wache continues his brilliant career in the Generalbundesanwalt, which was overloaded with espionage cases in the wake of German reunification. His colleague, Friederich Hecking, has moved on to a well-earned retirement.

The FBI opened an investigation to identify the source of the leak to the *New York Times*. Like most leak investigations, it went nowhere. Journalist Gerth, in the tradition of his trade, will not betray his source. In the unique world occupied by our media colleagues, trusted government civil servants who betray sensitive information are First Amendment heroes. It is a concept that eludes me, but then I still believe that children should be born in wedlock and raised in a two-parent home.

In Moscow, several years before the collapse of the Soviet Union, all three CIA sources who provided the clues that led to Clyde Conrad's arrest were identified and executed. One of them was GRU officer Vladimir Vasilev. Vasilev, who had grown to hate what Soviet communism was doing to his country, had been a CIA mole for years. It was he who provided a significant number of the critical clues that ultimately enabled FCA to identify Clyde Conrad. The heroic GRU officer was one of a score of agency penetrators betrayed by KGB mole Aldrich Ames, the disaffected CIA officer who volunteered his services to the Soviets in 1985. In accordance with the KGB's custom, Vasilev was led into a cellar room of a special prison and ordered to kneel. A KGB executioner, wearing gloves and a rubber apron to protect his clothing, shot Vasilev in the back of the head with a Makarov automatic. His body was buried in an unmarked grave. To his former KGB colleagues, he is a traitor. To others in Russia and the West, Vladimir Vasilev is a fallen hero of the Cold War who fought against the well-documented evils of Soviet communism.

The United States Army Foreign Counterintelligence Activity received the Department of the Army's Superior Unit Award for its handling of the investigation, the same honor bestowed on the 766th Military Intelligence Detachment for Operation Lake Terrace.

Most press accounts of the Canasta Player investigation gave well-earned credit to the Germans or the FBI. Nowhere did the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity's name appear. A single journalistic account of the case correctly identified the investigation as an army counterintelligence success—an *Army Times* interview with Lt. Gen. (ret.) William E. Odom, who had directed Bob Lunt in 1985 to tackle the case. The investigation, Odom revealed, was a joint endeavor among the army, the CIA, and the FBI, but was actually "95% Army."

Foreign Counterintelligence Activity's professionals were grateful for Odom's loyalty and proud that their elite unit had stayed the course and shut down Zoltan Szabo's organization. Yet all knew that the history-making case would not have happened without the original tip from the CIA. As for the gratifying outcome, it could not have occurred without assistance from the CIA, the FBI, and, above all, the superlative clutch performance of our German allies.

The Hall Investigation

James Hall remained locked up at Fort Meade for months while he was debriefed by FCA and NSA investigators. At times, James seemed genuinely remorseful for what he had done; at other times, his actions conveyed the sense that his major regret was his own stupidity and the fact that he had been caught.

Hall, now forty-one years old, is still incarcerated in Leavenworth, Kansas. He and Heidi are divorced. Heidi has remarried and settled in the United States. Daughters Jessica and Amanda are sixteen and nine years old, respectively.

Captain Bob Watson received the Legion of Merit for his brilliant performance in Savannah. Watson continued to serve with FCA for several years, during which he received a coveted "below the zone" promotion to major. Major Watson did his time in the Pentagon trenches as a counterintelligence staff officer, then moved overseas to carry out his trade.

Bob Thayer was promoted to GS-15 and served four years as the deputy commander of FCA before moving to Heidelberg, Germany, to become the senior civilian counterintelligence officer in Europe. He and his wife, Jodene, of Operation Lake Terrace fame, own a home in Sebring, Florida, where they may one day settle down in time for their daughter Elanna to attend the university.

Foreign Counterintelligence Activity deputy director Bob Bell retired in 1994 and resettled to his beloved central Pennsylvania. Tragically, Bob passed away shortly thereafter, a victim of lung cancer. A Cold War soldier who excelled in every challenge, Bob at least had the satisfaction of witnessing the collapse of communism in Europe—a victory for the United States and her allies that his forty years of service helped to secure. Robert L. Bell rests in the Fort Indiantown Gap National Cemetery, mourned by his family and the legion of army intelligence professionals whose lives he touched during his long career.

For his contributions to the arrest of James Hall, above all for hatching the concept of the memorable sting in the Savannah Days Inn, CWO Jim Whittle was decorated with the Legion of Merit. Jim continues to serve in FCA, where he is entrusted with one of the unit's most sacred missions: graduate-level training of handpicked counterintelligence agents.

Special agent Roger Clifford, who handled Canna Clay in West Berlin, is retired in Sierra Vista, Arizona. His comrades who have visited him report that he divides his time between his Corvette and his pickup truck. Clifford's partner Pete Kelly, after an extended tour teaching advanced counterintelligence skills at the FCA school, is once again deployed overseas, embroiled in the Silent Wars of the post–Cold War era.

Sergeant Major Nick Pokrovsky joined me in the quest for information about American prisoners of war who were captured or kidnapped by the Soviet Intelligence Services during the long Cold War and taken to the former Soviet Union. Pokrovsky retired from active duty in 1998 after a twenty-two-year career. Upon retirement, the talented Cold Warrior decided to leave the intelligence field and devote his talents to the development of a positive relationship between the United States and Russia.

After the James Hall court-martial, Maj. Gen. Pete Taylor, commanding general, 24th Infantry Division, sent the following letter to Maj. Gen. Stan Hyman, commanding general of the army's Intelligence and Security Command. Its text is a fitting postscript to this account of the role played by the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity during the Silent War.

VICTORY DIVISION
April 14, 1989

Dear Stan,

I'd like to take this opportunity to express my thanks for the superb work done by members of the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity (FCA) during the Warrant Officer Hall investigation. Throughout this long and complex operation the professionalism, dedication, and competence of the men and women of FCA were clearly evident. I particularly appreciated being brought into the case from the outset. This ensured that I was able to provide the necessary guidance and allowed me to effectively handle post-arrest publicity.

The briefings provided by Colonel Herrington, Mr. Bob Thayer, and Captain Bob Watson were invariably outstanding. The numerous individuals who provided the surveillance and technical coverage performed with the same exceptional level of dedication and commitment. To have such a sizeable element involved over an extended period of time without a single problem is truly remarkable.

Lastly, I would like to point out that the leadership of FCA showed significant concern and understanding with regard to Mrs. Hall and her two children. In an investigation like this, such compassion is the mark of true professionals.

Again, my thanks to the professionals of the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity and my congratulations on a highly successful and significant operation.

Sincerely,
H. G. Taylor Major General
U.S. Army Commanding

As he signed the letter, General Taylor penned this postscript: "A tremendous job by as professional a group of soldiers as I have had the pleasure to know. You should be proud of them."

• • •

Coming from an infantry division commander, no words can convey higher praise. The original of General Taylor's generous letter hangs on the Wall of Fame at the Foreign Counterintelligence Activity. Directly across from it, in a place of dishonor on the Wall of Shame, is a picture of James Hall in handcuffs. Hall's image is flanked by those of Clyde Lee Conrad, Zoltan Szabo, Roderick Ramsay, and others who were convicted of being traitors among us during the Cold War.

In November 1998, Kelly Warren pleaded guilty to providing classified defense information to Clyde Lee Conrad. Three months later, in February 1999, Warren was sentenced to twenty-five years in a federal penitentiary. At the time of the sentencing, prosecutors reminded the judge that Warren had passed war plans for the use of nuclear weapons in such a contingency. Reviewing these documents, former U.S. Army Europe C ommander-in-Chief Glen T. Otis responded with a written statement to the Court. "The compromise of this classified material was devastating to our national security," Otis said. Armed with this information, the four-star added, "the enemy probably could have defeated a conventional counterattack."

Photo by Paul Taupier

Colonel Stuart A. Herrington, USA (Ret.) served thirty years in the United States Army as a military intelligence officer, including service in Europe, Asia, Latin America and the Middle East. He served almost four years in South Vietnam, and participated in the invasion of Panama, and the Gulf War. He was the Army's authority on counterintelligence and on the interrogation and debriefing of defectors and prisoners of war. A regular lecturer at the FBI/CIA's National Counterintelligence Center, he retired in 1998. Herrington was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, five Legions of Merit, and two awards of the CIA's coveted Agency Seal Medallion. He is currently the Manager of Investigations for a major American corporation in southern California. He is author of *Stalking the Vietcong: Inside Operation Phoenix.*

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FROM THE PREFACE

This is the story of teamwork and cooperation between counterintelligence agents of the United States Army, the Central Intelligence Agency, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. It is also the hitherto untold story of how, even as the curtain descended on the long Cold War, American counterspies collaborated closely with German, Swedish, Austrian, and Italian security officials to unmask traitors among us who were selling top secret plans for the defense of Europe.

These cases were run by my organization, the United States Army Foreign Counterintelligence Activity. The spies we ultimately netted had sold literally thousands of our most highly classified documents to the Soviet Union and her Warsaw Pact surrogates from 1972 to 1988. Taken together, the haul of secrets was so voluminous, so sensitive, and so strategically advantageous to Moscow that, had war broken out in Central Europe, the United States and her NATO allies would have been forced to choose between capitulation or the desperate use of nuclear weapons on German soil.

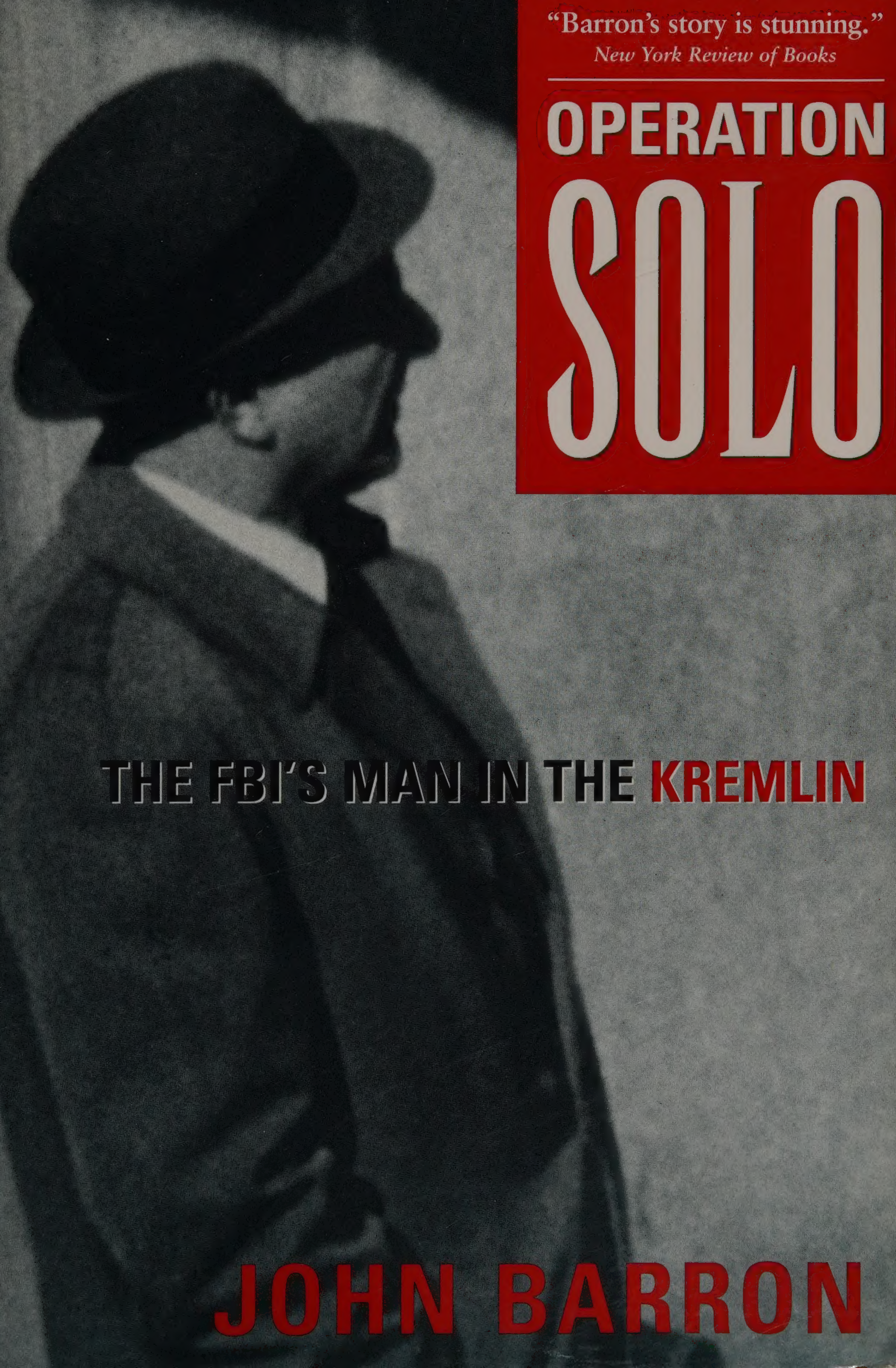

"Barron's story is stunning."
New York Review of Books

OPERATION SOLO

THE FBI'S MAN IN THE KREMLIN

JOHN BARRON

OPERATION SOLO

Ramin Jan,

Very instructive book
Hope you enjoy it

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OPERATION SOLO

The FBI's Man in the Kremlin

John Barron

Regnery Publishing, Inc.
Washington, D.C.

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED to all who contributed to Operation SOLO and kept it secret. Specifically, it is dedicated to Morris Childs, Eva Childs, Jack Childs, Alexander Burlinson, Carl Freyman, Walter Boyle, John Langtry, James Fox, and Ivian Smith, all of whom represented the United States Federal Bureau of Investigation.

By their deeds, all exhibited a shared conviction: "Freedom never comes free. Freedom at any price always is a bargain."

CONTENTS

	Acknowledgments	ix
	Foreword	xi
1	We Won	3
2	Moscow's Man	17
3	Forsaken and Found	35
4	The Breakthrough	53
5	The Luck of the FBI	69
6	Into the Kremlin	85
7	Almost Caught	105
8	The Sensational Becomes Routine	119
9	Playing with the KGB	143
10	Big Business Resumes	161
11	A Crossroad in History	177
12	Critical Intrigues	191
13	Threats from Within	209
14	The Trial	225
15	Under Suspicion	243
16	Under Siege	261
17	To Go or Not to Go?	279
18	The Window Closes	293

19 Dangerous Darkness 315
Epilogue 329

Appendix A
Solo Missions 335
Appendix B
Soviet Payments to the U.S. Communist Party 339
Appendix C
KGB Officers in Solo 341
Appendix D
Secret Communist Documents 343

Index 357

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

IN ADDITION TO THANKING benefactors named in the Foreword, I thank others, without implying that any of them necessarily endorses the accuracy or concurs with the conclusions of what I have written.

William Gunn was a research assistant to every FBI Director from J. Edgar Hoover to William Webster. After retiring from the FBI, he worked with me as a researcher and helped conduct the initial interviews with Morris and Eva Childs in the early 1980s. He also interviewed other sources by himself.

Former Assistant Director Raymond Wannall supervised SOLO from FBI headquarters during the last years of his career and saved the operation when congressional committees were about to inadvertently destroy it. He favored me with unique perspectives of the operation as it was viewed from headquarters.

Former FBI Agents Edward Miller, Donald Moore, William Brannigan, and Edward Jones confirmed the broad history of SOLO and provided details of various aspects of it.

Herbert Romerstein, formerly a staff member of the House Intelligence Security Committee and the U.S. Information Agency, briefed me about personalities prominent in the American and Soviet Communist Parties, and constructively critiqued the manuscript.

Professor Harvey Klehr of Emory University made available his excellent history of the U.S. Communist Party, *The Heyday of American Communism*, and generously shared with me references to Morris Childs that he discovered in the Moscow archives of the Comintern.

Former FBI Agent Wesley Roberts facilitated my many interviews with Eva Childs and advised me as to how I could communicate with other primary sources.

Chicago attorney Charles Goodbar, in ably representing Eva, greatly facilitated publication by solving or dissipating a number of legal problems.

William Shulz, managing editor of the *Reader's Digest*, out of personal friendship reviewed and beneficially critiqued the manuscript.

Alfred Regnery, president of Regnery Publishing, Inc., agreed to publish this book at a time when other publishers expressed no interest in "a book about the Cold War." Throughout its preparation, he encouraged me.

Richard Vigilante, senior editor at Regnery, expertly edited the manuscript and counseled me on deficiencies that needed my attention.

FOREWORD

WHILE WRITING A BOOK about the Soviet KGB during the early 1970s, I interviewed many former FBI agents and, in ensuing years, some favored me with their friendship. In 1977 one of them outlined to me what he described as a great espionage operation that the FBI had long conducted against the Soviet Union. The principal American spies were Morris Childs, his wife Eva, and his brother Jack Childs. The retired agent said that all three were elderly, that both brothers were in very poor health, and that the FBI was ending the operation. An accurate account of it would benefit the public and the country; an incomplete or distorted account could be harmful. Accordingly, he and other former agents, for whom he purported to speak, recommended that I ask the FBI if someday I could write the story and begin research while the three main protagonists were still alive.

Without confirming or denying the information imparted to me, the FBI said that the subject I broached was extremely sensitive and highly classified. It requested that I pledge never to mention or allude to the subject in any writings or conversation. If I could not freely make such a commitment, the FBI needed to know that, then and there. I promised to say nothing. A few weeks later, a senior FBI executive asked to talk to me about "a vital national security matter." He stated that because of new developments and because American lives were at stake, the FBI had to be sure I would honor my pledge never to say anything about the subject I had raised at headquarters. I gave him my assurances. There is nothing remarkable about not publicizing classified information whose disclosure would imperil the lives of American spies, and I mention these incidents only because they are relevant to what subsequently happened.

The operation about which I learned in 1977 continued well beyond 1977, and Morris and Eva Childs were aware that I had suppressed my knowledge of it. That is one reason why they indirectly approached me in 1982 through FBI Agent Michael Steinbeck. He said that the operation in which Mr. and Mrs. Childs were involved finally had ended and they wished to discuss with me the possibility of my writing a book about their experiences. The FBI stated that it would neither oppose nor contribute to such a book; however, if I desired, it would facilitate an initial meeting between me and the Childses, who were in hiding under government protection.

We first met in Santa Monica, California, where we were joined by former FBI Agent Walter A. Boyle. For an unprecedented eighteen years, Boyle had served as the "case agent" closest to Morris and Eva. Morris looked upon him as a son and invited him to participate in our beginning interviews. Steinbeck was present as an escort but did not take part in the interviews. I found Morris, Eva, and Boyle fascinating and saw each as a striking character in a drama. Never have I enjoyed interviews more. Morris and Eva later came to Washington, and in a Georgetown suite we talked many hours a day for the better part of a week about the history in the making that they had witnessed and at times had helped to make. We became friends and very much looked forward to working together on a book.

We were about to begin work full time when the FBI advised Morris and Eva that the Justice Department had ruled they could not tell their story to me. No one from the Justice Department ever spoke to me, and I received only a hearsay explanation of the rationale behind the ruling. Supposedly, a relatively junior Justice

Department attorney reasoned thus: Many of the details Morris and Eva would necessarily reveal in recounting their espionage careers remained classified top secret, and the government still refused to release these details to anyone. If the Justice Department allowed Morris and Eva to tell their story, it in effect would be sanctioning release of top secret data exclusively to me. That would represent unacceptable favoritism toward one journalist. More important, the release of such secrets through Morris to me would make it difficult for the Justice Department to resist demands that had been filed under the Freedom of Information Act requesting that other secrets be revealed.

Morris was disappointed and angry but there was little he could prudently do. He was eighty-one; his health was terrible; he believed, probably correctly, that the KGB and Communist Party were hunting him; he needed the protection and support of the government; and he had to consider the welfare of Eva. Still, he retained hope that Americans someday might learn of his secret life and its meaning. And we continued to see each other, particularly when the FBI brought him to northern Virginia for consultations or to lecture at its academy in Quantico.

In 1987 Ronald Reagan ordered the National Security Medal bestowed upon Morris and awarded posthumously to his brother Jack. The president offered personally to decorate Morris at the White House and to host a luncheon or dinner in his honor. The FBI persuaded the president that security considerations made a White House ceremony imprudent, and so Director William Sessions presented the medal at FBI headquarters. At the insistence of Morris and Eva, I was invited to a private, unofficial reception afterward.

Gathered in a hotel suite on Pennsylvania Avenue were Morris' best FBI friends. I was privileged to meet and speak with some of them: Walt Boyle; John Langtry, who for twelve years was the case agent of Jack Childs; Carl Freyman, who long ago persuaded Morris to ally himself with the FBI; and Assistant Director James Fox, a patron of Morris and Eva since 1971.

Morris had been so near death so many times that I think he had lost fear of a natural death; he did dread death in a Soviet execution chamber or from an assassin's exploding bullet. He once remarked to me, "I hope I can die quietly and peacefully without any of them knowing." On June 2, 1991, eight days before his eighty-ninth birthday, Morris died just that way in a hospital bed with Eva and a rabbi at his side.

In the judgment of Eva and me, Morris' death and the disintegration of the Soviet Union removed any justification for further withholding his story, and in 1992 I began work on the book, with Eva's indispensable help.

Upon marrying Morris in 1962, Eva became his full and equal partner in espionage and thereafter accompanied and assisted him on almost all his many missions into the Soviet Union and eastern Europe. She sat by Morris during the pre-launch briefings and the post-mission debriefings. She was a confidant of the head of the U.S. Communist Party and his wife; she was a friend of the FBI agents who ran the operation. Eva alone was an extraordinary, original source.

In addition she made available a rare trove of papers, records, files, and notes assembled and kept by Morris. Among them were copies of Soviet documents he and she smuggled out of Moscow; copies of reports from Morris and Jack to the FBI; detailed notes reconstructing secret briefings the Soviet rulers gave Morris; notes recording conversations with these rulers; and memoranda Morris submitted to the Politburo.

In 1987 FBI Agents Charles Knox and James Milburn spent eleven days with Morris and Eva recording on tape Morris' reminiscences of a lifetime. The FBI made handwritten transcripts of these conversations and gave Eva, a party to them, copies of most of the transcripts, and she gave those she had to me. Eva also supplied from Morris' memorabilia numerous photographs, some of which appear in this book. One in particular had significant consequences; it shows Morris and Leonid Brezhnev together in the Kremlin.

Before her death, Eva stated her intention to bequeath these files and records to the Hoover Institution at Stanford University in the hope that they will be useful to future researchers.

Beyond documentary data, this book is based upon hundreds of hours of interviews with FBI participants in the operation, including James Fox, Carl Freyman, Walter Boyle, and John Langtry. They appear as major characters in the book, and the narrative provides ample means for readers to assess their qualifications to testify as expert eyewitnesses to history. The special qualifications of Boyle and Langtry merit mention.

From 1962 on, Boyle embarked Morris and Eva on and recovered them from every mission and wrote the mission reports. When they were in the United States, he talked to them almost every day. He made the daily operational decisions and was consulted at all the major operational conferences in Washington, New York, and Chicago. No one was closer to Morris and Eva; no one knew more about them and the operation than did Boyle. Fortunately for history, Boyle kept a log of his career.

Langtry in New York administered an elaborate clandestine communications system designed and built by the Soviets. Through this system the FBI regularly received messages from the Kremlin and, in the name of Jack or Morris, sent back whatever the United States wanted the Soviets to hear. Langtry handled many millions of dollars smuggled into New York by the KGB, and he drafted the reports of what the KGB and communist leaders told Jack. After he retired, the FBI recalled Langtry to write a secret "in-house" history of the operation and put at his disposal all the documents he required. Langtry personally saw much of the operation; he read everything about it.

Boyle and Langtry, in countless interviews and conversations, generously shared with me their unique knowledge and insights. They took time to scrutinize, criticize, and correct the manuscript. Certainly I alone am responsible for any errors or defects in this work, but the book could not have been written without such gifts from Morris, Eva, Boyle, and Langtry. The names and contributions of other important benefactors are cited in the Acknowledgments.

There are four appendices. Appendix A lists the dates and destinations of each of the fifty-seven missions into enemy territory Morris, Eva, or Jack accomplished under FBI control. Appendix B lists, year by year, the amount of money the Soviet Union illicitly supplied the U.S. Communist Party from 1958 to 1980. Appendix

C identifies the KGB officers who worked in the United States with Morris and Jack from 1958 to 1982. Appendix D replicates documents that illustrate various phases of the operation.

A minor caveat. Eva proved herself to be the kind of source a researcher covets, the kind of witness a lawyer likes to put on the stand. Many times she had said, “No, it didn’t happen that way,” or “I can’t remember,” or “I don’t know.” In short, she was a stickler for facts.

However, Eva now and then had a problem recalling dates. She vividly remembered an intimate dinner with Fidel Castro at the Cuban embassy in Moscow, down to the menu (steak) and the smell of cigar smoke; however, she could not remember the date she and Morris dined there. There was one date she adamantly refused even to discuss: the date of her birth. I had to know how old Eva was, so I inquired of government sources who said that Eva Lieb Childs was born March 24, 1900. Asked if that was correct, Eva indignantly exclaimed, “No! I’m not *that* old.” I then asked, “All right, Eva, in which year were you born?” She said 1910.

Doubtless, some clerk got it wrong and Eva is right. Regardless, anyone caring to read further will meet a lady who, at whatever age, for nearly two decades served alongside valorous and daring men with equal valor and daring.

OPERATION SOLO

one

WE WON

THE FBI EFFACED RECORDS of the death, and no newspaper made mention of it. The United States had kept the secret for thirty years, and the FBI intended to keep it still. The communists never knew what had happened to Morris after he vanished, and they hunted him in vain; let them keep looking for him, and wondering.

Elaine Fox overheard her husband, Assistant FBI Director James Fox, say over the phone, "When did it happen?... Yes, I will be proud to do it."

Reading the sadness on his face, she asked, "Is the old man gone?" Fox nodded yes and said he had agreed to speak at the funeral, then he retreated to his study to reflect and compose.

If Jim Fox could have arranged the funeral, it would have been like a state funeral. He envisioned a long line of FBI agents and troops standing at attention on a ridge in Arlington National Cemetery overlooking Washington. He saw and heard the Marine Band marching and playing a dirge in front of a horse-drawn caisson bearing the casket draped with a new American flag. Perhaps even the president would be there. After all, Ronald Reagan had offered personally to decorate 58[‡] at the White House.

Had Fox been at liberty to tell the real story of the greatest espionage operation in FBI history, he could have justified such a funeral and he might well have begun the eulogy by saying, "Here lies the greatest of American spies."

Morris risked his life on fifty-two missions into the Soviet Union and other parts of its empire, most lasting several weeks. For more than twenty years, the highest Soviet rulers—from Nikita Khrushchev, Leonid Brezhnev, and Yuri Andropov on down—treated him as an intimate friend. They confided to him their innermost thoughts, ambitions, and apprehensions; their strategy and plans; what they would do and dared not do; their reactions to world events; and their real attitudes toward the United States and its leaders. Often they solicited his opinions and advice, and often they heeded it. The Soviets so trusted and esteemed him that on his seventy-fifth birthday, Brezhnev hosted a banquet at the Kremlin in his honor. The Soviet dictator eloquently thanked Morris for more than half a century of service to the Soviet Union and international communism, then awarded him a medal, the Order of the Red Banner.

In the United States, Morris secretly served as the principal deputy to the head of the American Communist Party, Gus Hall. In effect, an FBI spy was the second-ranking figure in American communism. The Soviets smuggled money to the U.S. party through Morris and his brother, Jack Childs, and over the years they received from Moscow more than $28 million, which the FBI counted down to the penny.

The voluminous secrets Morris stole from the Kremlin for more than two decades enabled the United States to read the minds of the men who ran the Soviet Union, to anticipate their actions, and to exploit their problems, most spectacularly their problems with

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[‡] In the most guarded FBI files, Morris Childs was listed as CG-5824S*. Among themselves, FBI agents referred to him simply as "58." *CG* meant Chicago; *S* meant security; and the asterisk meant that the source could never testify in court or be otherwise identified.

China. It was like playing poker knowing which cards everyone else at the table held.

By elaborate ruses, the FBI concealed the identity of Morris and the nature of the operation from everybody—the State Department, the CIA, the Defense Department, and the National Security Council. FBI agents personally took the most sensitive reports from Morris to the offices of these and other agencies. There a few people were allowed to read the reports in the presence of the delivering agent, but they had to hand them back. Not until 1975 did the FBI finally inform the president and secretary of state of the source of the intelligence for which they and other policymakers clamored.

Even now, at the funeral, Fox could disclose few of these facts. But he resolved to hint at the truth by telling as much of it as he could.

In the foyer outside the chapel of a funeral home in northwest Chicago, Fox bent down to embrace a tiny, elegantly coiffed woman who in her late eighties remained unbowed, trim, and lovely. Officially, she was CG-6653S*; Fox called her Eva because he revered her. How many elderly women would hide with their husband underneath bed covers in Moscow copying secret Soviet documents, one holding a flashlight while the other wrote? How many would smuggle out copies encased in plastic wrapped around their bodies? How many would carry hundreds of thousands of dollars in shopping bags through the streets of New York and Chicago? How many so late in life would give up their life to espionage?

Two old friends, Carl Freyman and Walter Boyle, joined them. Freyman, in his late seventies and limping slightly, reminded Fox of a courtly grandfather; Boyle looked as lean, tough, and darkly handsome as he did forty years before when the commanding general of the first Marine Division decorated him on a Korean battlefield.

The four of them—Eva, Fox, Freyman, and Boyle—belonged to the small American team that challenged the Soviet empire on its own territory and terms; they were teammates. Morris always credited Freyman with saving his life. In 1952, while Morris lay near death, Freyman persuaded him to be a partner of the FBI, put him in the Mayo Clinic, and restored his will to live. Freyman was the first to perceive that Morris someday might penetrate the highest

Soviet sanctums, and he recast the operation accordingly. And Freyman rescued Boyle's career and brought him into the operation at a time when nobody else in the FBI wanted anything to do with him.

For eighteen years Boyle embarked Morris and Eva on their every mission, and wherever they alighted back in the United States, he was there, waiting to lead them past customs and to a hideaway to draft the first flash report to Washington. He saw or talked to them every day that they were in the United States, and he was at their call night and day. Always he carried a weapon, and they knew he instantly would use it in their defense. To them, he was as a son. In consequence of a false allegation of misconduct, FBI headquarters proposed removing Boyle from the operation. To the FBI, Eva, at the behest of Morris, spoke dulcet words whose import was not sweet: If Walt goes, we quit and the operation ends. Boyle stayed.

Fox started working with Morris and Eva after being appointed Boyle's supervisor in 1971. He incidentally mentioned that his unexplainable absences at night or on weekends caused his wife to fear that he was seeing another woman. Eva's blue eyes smiled at him. "Why don't you introduce her to the other woman?" Morris and Eva became like relatives of the Fox family, and the children called them "Aunt Eva" and "Uncle Morris." Eva in turn called Fox, who was part Sioux Indian, "my favorite Baptist Indian." Although his ascent into the leadership of the FBI later separated him from the operation, he remained their friend and patron throughout his FBI career.

Eva asked if another team member, retired FBI Agent John Langtry, was coming to the funeral. Langtry had long worked with Jack in New York; he had assisted Morris and Eva whenever they were there, and she very much liked him. Fox explained that Langtry was unable to travel because he was recuperating from major surgery.

"Well, we can't afford to lose John," Eva said. "Now they're only five of us left. We were a very little team. But we pulled off quite a caper, didn't we?"

Some fifty relatives of Morris and Eva gathered in the chapel for the private service. Midway through the ritual, the rabbi paused and announced that Mr. James Fox, assistant director of the FBI, would speak. At mention of the FBI, some in the congregation gasped audibly; Boyle saw one woman, apparently unable to close her mouth, clasp her hand over it; another stared incredulously at Eva.

Fox, tall and dignified with gray hair, looked like a handsome, urbane diplomat as he stood behind the podium. "My name is Jim Fox. I am a friend of Morris Childs." More gasps. *Morris and Eva, friends of the FBI!*

> Most of you here today probably think you knew Morris Childs. I can tell you with certainty that outside the FBI no one here today knows of the enormous contributions Morris Childs made to the security of the United States.
>
> I am not at liberty to detail exactly what Morris accomplished over the years. I can assure you that his accomplishments were staggering. And I can say that whenever I hear people talking about a sensational James Bond movie or something from *Mission Impossible*, I think, "I know a better story, the story of Morris Childs."
>
> Morris was as kind and gentle as any man I have ever known. Yet for all his gentleness, leaders of both the free world and communist world repeatedly sought his advice.
>
> Once we told a very high White House official [Henry Kissinger, then national security advisor to the president] that we had reviewed the operation and decided to discontinue it for security reasons. This official replied that while he respected our judgment, he *had* to have the information Morris provided and that the operation *would* continue.
>
> I recall two occasions on which Morris perhaps sensed something of the enormity and importance of his achievements.
>
> On February 29, 1988, at our headquarters in Washington, Director William Sessions, in the presence of

> Eva, presented Morris with the highest award the United States government can give a civilian. Morris, in failing health, struggled to his feet and for five or six minutes brilliantly told of what it means to serve freedom and the future of our children.
>
> In late 1989, I stayed away from the office to work at home and by chance turned on the early CNN news showing the collapse of the Berlin Wall and communism in Eastern Europe. I put work aside and throughout the day watched history unfold before my eyes. That night I telephoned Morris and simultaneously we said the same thing, "Did you watch television today?" Together we marveled at the convulsions revolutionizing the communist world.
>
> At Christmas, I received a card from Morris. With an unsteady hand, he wrote: "Our dreams of half a century are coming true in life—it is difficult to understand the speed and reality. We are glad we gave it a push."
>
> Well, Jim Fox didn't give it much of a push. Morris and Eva Childs surely did. Few Americans have given our nation what they have given.

After the service, Fox and Boyle adjourned to a venerable Italian restaurant, settled into a booth, and over double martinis began reminiscing much like two generals reviewing an epic wartime campaign. Their conversation was disjointed, rambling from topic to topic. But in the anecdotes traded, they tried in one way or another to answer a basic question: How could we accomplish something so improbable for so long?

Of course, Morris himself was a large part of the answer. Boyle told a story about Morris, Angela Davis, and ten thousand dollars, a story whose climax he never reported to headquarters.

It began in 1970 during the trial of three convicts charged with murdering a guard at Soledad Prison in California. Someone smuggled weapons into the courtroom and a barrage of gunfire killed the presiding judge and three others. The FBI initiated a nationwide hunt for Angela Davis, a young communist and college instructor accused of plotting to slip the weapons into court. The search continued for nearly two months until Morris learned from a party official exactly where Davis was hiding in New York.

The FBI immediately arrested her and to protect Morris planted rumors attributing the capture to the acumen of field investigators and their supervisors. Headquarters felt guilty about crediting others for what Morris had done and proposed to compensate him with a cash bonus. To the Chicago office, it said: "Name any amount; we'll pay it." Boyle protested that Morris was not working for money and would resent being treated like a mercenary informant; he would most appreciate a brief letter from Director J. Edgar Hoover. Headquarters was adamant. By locating Angela Davis, Morris had saved the government millions of dollars that a continuing search would have cost, and he deserved a reward.[‡]

The Chicago SAC (special agent-in-charge), Boyle, Morris, and Eva sat around a big desk in the back room of the cover office the FBI maintained for the operation. After congratulatory remarks, the SAC started laying $100 bills, one by one, on the desk. Morris glowered at Boyle, elbowed the cash away, and inched his chair to the right, further distancing himself from the money. Barely speaking, he joined Boyle in escorting the SAC through the suite to the door. When they returned to the back room, the money, $10,000 in all, was gone; Eva had pocketed it.

Boyle and his wife had adopted six children, two of them black, through Catholic Charities of Chicago, and Morris knew that Boyle actively supported the charity. The next time Boyle came to the cover office, he saw on the desk in the back room an envelope addressed to him. Inside, he found a cashier's check payable to Catholic Charities of Chicago in the amount of $10,000.

The so-called CIA deal said still more about Morris' disdain for money and his motivation. While the FBI kept the CIA ignorant of the source, it necessarily shared some of the intelligence Morris provided, blandly prefacing reports with the phrase, "A source who has provided reliable information in the past advised..." However, CIA evaluation and subsequent verification of the often spectacular reports made clear that they emanated from someone with extraordinary access to communist rulers or maybe even a ruler himself.

[‡] A jury acquitted Davis of the charges against her. Testimony from Morris might have interested a jury. However, Morris could not testify nor could information he provided be introduced as evidence.

Ultimately, the CIA tried to buy the operation, or buy into it, without knowing exactly what it was buying. It offered the FBI *any* amount—"there is no limit"—in return for "some control" of the operation and promised to pay the principal source an annual, tax-free salary of $250,000 for starters.

The FBI had no intention of selling "the family jewels," as Boyle put it, but it felt obliged to relay the offer to Morris. The FBI paid him a small salary and he spent much of it on operational expenses. To earn a quarter of a million a year, he had only to keep on doing what he long had done.

It took Morris about thirty seconds to categorically and emphatically reject the offer. His loyalty resided with the FBI. "You have got to get people who devote themselves to this work because they believe in the Bureau and our country; not because they want money."

This idealism impelled Morris to jeopardize his health, risk his life, and submit to all sorts of indignities. Although he and Eva were people of means, they themselves had to scrub the floors and toilets of their apartment because Morris judged it unsafe to admit a maid or any outsider into the apartment. Once when Morris, sick and exhausted, reported to Gus Hall upon returning from Moscow, Hall dragged him to his Long Island home and put him to work digging in the garden. His small body was weak and frail; his will was not.

A waitress interrupted Fox and Boyle to inquire if they wanted to order lunch. Again, they instead ordered more martinis and continued their reminiscences.[‡]

[‡] Later recapitulating their conversation, Fox said, "We were not drinking to get drunk. We kept delaying lunch because we did not want the moment to end. We doubted it ever would come again."

When Boyle first learned that Gus Hall referred to Morris as his "secretary of state," he thought it was some kind of joke. Morris assured him that Hall was quite serious. "To you, it sounds ridiculous. But if you think like they think, the title is quite logical. And you've got to learn to think like they think." Much of Morris' genius as a spy derived from a remarkable ability to think just as the Soviets thought and thereby exploit their delusions and myopia. For years he adroitly exploited Soviet delusions about the American Communist Party.

According to Soviet interpretation of Marx and Lenin, the laws of history ordained that the American party ultimately would be the ruling party of the United States. Hence, to the Soviets the party represented the bona fide government of the United States, "temporarily out of power" but predestined eventually to assume its rightful rule. These premises were fantasies, yet if the Soviets repudiated the dogma that spawned them, if they admitted that Marx and Lenin were fallible, then how could they justify continuation of their power? Because they clung to foolish dogma, they behaved foolishly by treating "that ignoramus" Gus as president and Morris as secretary of state, "temporarily out of power."

Morris understood that the Soviets also valued and sustained the American party because they vastly overestimated its influence, erroneously believing that in the 1960s and 1970s it could duplicate its successes of the 1930s. Because the party ardently supported the antiwar movement, the Soviets judged that the party was the primary instigator and manipulator of the movement. It was the same with any other movement or demonstration; if the party and noncommunists happened to agree on an issue and made common cause, in Moscow the party received the credit. Neither Hall nor Morris ever said to anyone in Moscow, "Yes, we were involved but our role was relatively minor." And the men in Moscow responsible for directing the party had every incentive to exaggerate its importance and the results of their labors.

Comprehending the Soviet view of him and the American party, Morris acted out the role of the secretary of state or foreign minister of a Soviet satellite nation. As such, he regularly dealt with Soviet rulers and addressed most of them by their first name.

Fox and Boyle agreed that even Morris probably could not have accomplished what he did had it not been for unorthodox actions by the FBI.

They never knew the identity of the executive responsible but someone at headquarters cast the basic mold of the operation well before they joined it.

Morris returned from Moscow and Peking in 1958 with stunning intelligence imparted to him by Nikita Khrushchev, Mao Tse Tung, and Chou En Lai, and the FBI recognized that the operation now had unprecedented potential. Thus far, the Chicago and New York field offices had made and executed all the operational decisions without seeking approval or advice from headquarters. A question arose in Washington. Given the suddenly apparent potential of the operation, shouldn't headquarters assume direct control of it?

According to FBI lore, the winning argument ran as follows: New York and Chicago created this operation. Chicago saw where it might go when none of us here dreamed it could go as high as it is going. New York and Chicago have brought us this far; they obviously know what they're doing; they have done everything right. Why should we substitute our judgment for theirs? If you have players who are scoring touchdowns, you keep giving the ball to them; you don't take it away from them. Let Chicago and New York run wild. We can always rein them in if necessary.

The decision not to change winning strategy and tactics had many enduring consequences. The FBI allowed New York Agent Alexander C. Burlinson to stay in the operation for twenty-four years. The FBI kept Walter Boyle in it for twenty years, John Langtry for fourteen years, and Carl Freyman for thirteen years. Never, before or since, has the FBI kept agents on the same case for so long.

The Chicago and New York offices as a result accrued a unique body of experience and expertise, and thus a capacity intuitively to make fine judgments and discern what was most significant. Boyle came to know more about Boris Ponomarev and Mikhail Suslov, two of the dominant Soviets with whom Morris most often dealt, than most people in Moscow; together with Morris, he could glean intelligence from their facial expressions. Langtry in New York came to know everything about the KGB officers who worked with Jack Childs, including which pasta their wives preferred.

Experience taught Morris and Jack they could count on their longtime FBI partners, with whom they could speak in "shorthand." And a uniting spirit grew among what Eva called "our little American team." Sometimes people on the periphery of the operation at headquarters accused Boyle and Langtry of "being too close to their assets." The few people who really knew, who were recipients of the hurrahs from the White House, CIA, and State and Defense Departments, did not care how close they were.

Until the last years when events beyond the control of the field offices created dangers with which only headquarters could cope, headquarters granted Chicago and New York the broadest of liberties, allowing them to do what Americans do best—adapt, invent, innovate, imagine. If Boyle wanted to recruit a physician who would take cryptic calls from Morris overseas at all hours, a pharmacist who would supply false labels on prescription medicine for Morris, a travel agent who would issue multiple airline tickets under fictitious names, he just did it. As Fox said over the fourth martini, "We always followed the rules. Of course, when we saw the rules weren't working, we made up new ones."

There evolved in Washington a mental set which held that the responsibility of headquarters was to *support* the men actually running the operation rather than tell them what to do. Consequently, headquarters and the special agents-in-charge of the Chicago and New York offices made available all that was needed—cover offices, special offices within the field offices, special stenographers, photographers, cipher and communications personnel, surveillants, money, and autonomy. Until nearly the end, headquarters let Chicago and New York "run wild" against the Soviet Union.

Also until nearly the end, headquarters kept the faith and the secret. It induced powerful men with powerful egos to undergo an implicitly humiliating ritual: You may read this report right now in my presence. You may not retain or copy the report. I must take it back to a special safe at headquarters. The few who knew never told their best colleagues—and this went on for almost thirty years.

When congressional meddling threatened to expose the operation, FBI Director Clarence Kelley and Assistant Director Raymond Wannall gambled as wildly as had Morris, Jack, Eva, and all the men in the field. Wannall told Senator Frank Church, chairman of a Senate committee investigating the FBI, that he was about to destroy the most important espionage operation the United States ever had sustained against the Soviet Union and that he was about to kill the most valuable American spy.

Visibly shocked, Senator Church asked, "Can you explain?"[‡]

"I can show you." Wannall thereupon displayed a photograph (see photo section) of Morris seated with Brezhnev and Politburo members in the Kremlin. He identified each Soviet in the photograph and explained how each helped rule the Soviet empire. He pointed to the image of Morris. "This is our man, the man you are about to kill." Wannall, with the concurrence of Director Kelly—but without that of Morris, Jack, Boyle, or Langtry—then outlined the history of Operation SOLO.

Church sank into his chair. "You have put a terrible burden on me."

Wannall said, "Yes. We are betting everything on your honor and patriotism."

Church thought for a while, then said, "I only wish the American people could know. This certainly would open their eyes. It has opened mine." Church pledged to keep Operation SOLO secret, and he kept his word.

Unbidden, the waitress brought a feast: antipasto, steaming pasta, *brusca* bread, and a bottle of superb red wine the proprietor reserved for real friends, such as FBI agents.

[‡] Author's Note: Many former American intelligence officers, CIA and FBI, among them some of my best friends, to this day cannot speak of the late Senator Church except with contempt. They condemn him as a left-wing ideologue who, in their opinion, irreparably damaged American intelligence for partisan political purposes. His actions pertaining to SOLO speak for themselves.

Fox asked the waitress, "Who ordered this?"

"The gentlemen in the corner."

When Fox and Boyle had stepped out of the funeral home, two young FBI agents had greeted them, invited them to lunch, and offered to drive them to the airport or do anything else for them. One, the custodian of the Chicago SOLO files, looked them both in the eyes and said, "I know something about what you did. I am very proud to meet you."

Assistant FBI Director James Fox, Eva's "favorite Baptist Indian," had accomplished a lot but he had never learned how to lie and he didn't even try. "Thanks for coming out. I'll thank the SAC for sending you. Right now I just want to talk alone with Walt Boyle."

But the two agents followed.

"Our baby-sitters," Fox said.

"Our tribunes," Boyle said.

They buried Morris Childs, Agent 58, on June 5, 1991. On December 22, 1991, with the signing of the treaty of Alma Ata, the Soviet Union disintegrated itself, and Fox called Eva.

At first, Eva could not comprehend. "It doesn't exist anymore," Fox explained. "It's broken into pieces."

"Then, Jim, that means we have won."

"Yes, Eva, we have won."

two

MOSCOW'S MAN

MANY OF THE MOST FAMOUS figures of international communism personally knew Morris Childs and addressed him as "Morris."‡ To them, his credentials as a consecrated Bolshevik were impeccable, classical, ideal. His heritage and background show why they so thought, why they trusted him, and why he could do what he did.

Morris, whose original name was Moishe Chilovsky, was born June 10, 1902, outside Kiev, the first son of Josef and Nechame Chilovsky. As a child, he sometimes heard his mother call out,

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‡ Among them were Nikita Khrushchev, Leonid Brezhnev, and Yuri Andropov, rulers of the Soviet Union; Mikhail Suslov, head of the Ideological Department of the Soviet Central Committee; Boris Ponomarev, head of the International Department of the Soviet Central Committee; Otto Kuusinen, a theorist and early member of the Communist International (Comintern); Mao Tse Tung and Chou En Lai, rulers of China; Ho Chi Minh, ruler of Vietnam; Walter Ulbricht and Erich Honecker, rulers of East Germany; Josip Tito, ruler of Yugoslavia; Fidel Castro, ruler of Cuba; and Palmiro Togliatti, head of the Italian Communist Party.

"Father, I see brass buttons." The brass buttons appeared on the uniforms of czarist police who came in the night to beat Jews. Morris and his younger brother Jack (aka Jakob) would run out the back door while their father and mother took blows from police truncheons in the hope that the police would not look for the children.

Josef Chilovsky reacted to the pogroms and other oppressions by engaging in sedition against the Russian czar, and one night Morris watched police drag his father off to prison and subsequent exile in Siberia. At age twenty-eight, Josef fled across Russia to the Black Sea and slipped aboard a freighter that, on March 15, 1910, landed him at Galveston, Texas. Josef made his way to New Orleans, then up the Mississippi River, and finally to Chicago, where he melded into the large community of east European emigrés.

Josef was an expert cobbler able to fashion leather into fine boots, and in less than two years he saved enough money to send for his wife and sons. They arrived on Ellis Island in New York December 11, 1911, and embarked by train for Chicago. Their coach was unheated, its wooden seats hard, and on the third day of the journey the mother told the boys they had no more money for food. A woman seated across the aisle overheard and said to them in Russian, "I have much food." From a basket, she gave them bread and sausages, and during the remainder of the trip other passengers shared food with them.

Parents and teachers at a demanding Jewish school constantly impressed upon Morris the importance of work and "self-elevation." Though at age fourteen he went to work as an apprentice in his father's small shop and as a messenger in the Chicago financial district, he continued to study. He read Russian classics, philosophy, and American history; took courses at the Chicago Institute of Art; and on Sundays attended free lectures delivered at the Hull House by notable speakers such as Clarence Darrow. He also explored the architecture and landmarks of Chicago, including the stockyards that promptly turned him to vegetarianism.

At the art institute, Morris fell under the influence of radical students who, despite their incoherence, disposed him toward radicalism. He and his father avidly followed reports of the Russian Revolution, and the more he learned of communism, the more its promises to humanity enthralled him. To obtain a job driving a horse-drawn milk wagon, he joined a union peopled with a few young communists and began to agitate with them. When various factions coalesced to form the United Communist Party of America, he formally joined at age nineteen and was considered a charter member.

Whatever the party asked, Morris did. He proselytized so energetically among union members and customers that they called him "the Red Milkman." Twice police arrested him during street demonstrations, and once they pummeled him with banana stalks. Now and then he questioned party tactics. Roused in the dead of night to stuff leaflets into residential mailboxes, he asked, "Why do we have to distribute these damn things at 2 A.M.? People might take us for burglars and shoot us."

He was told, "Because, this is the way the Bolsheviks did it." At the time, such an answer sufficed to silence any doubter.

The milk company paid deliverymen according to the number of customers served, and by adding new clients to his route, Morris earned relatively high pay. The births of two more brothers, Benjamin and Phillip, overcrowded the family house, and now that he could afford to do so he moved into a nearby apartment of his own. It became a kind of party social center and hostel for itinerant comrades who soon learned that he usually was good for a loan of a few dollars and he did not dun for repayment. Sharing was the essence of the communism he then understood.

Morris in the mid-1920s caught the attention of an important party functionary, Earl Russell Browder, who probably affected Morris' life more than any other man except Carl Freyman. A radical from Kansas who wore his prison term as a badge of honor, Browder served as the primary American agent of the Communist International (Comintern) established by the Soviets to control foreign communist parties. His wife, a Russian, still lived in Moscow; in the factional fights rending international communism, he ardently supported Josef Stalin; and the Soviets trusted him totally. Perhaps seeing in Morris something of his younger self, Browder favored him with enduring patronage and friendship.

The Comintern dispatched Browder to China on what amounted to espionage assignments. Other American party members who were sent had failed to return, and so before leaving Browder entrusted prized books and memorabilia to Morris. "If I don't come back, they're yours." On his return, Browder's accounts of adventures in China fascinated and excited Morris. He told of visiting a park in the former British extraterritorial zone near Shanghai and seeing signs that said "No Dogs Or Chinese." Browder told Morris that the Chinese liked Americans in part because the United States never exercised treaty rights to extraterritorial privileges and also because of the good works of missionaries.

Under the sway of Browder, Morris aligned himself with the Stalinists and against American party leader Jay Lovestone, who had made the mistake of propounding a thesis some dubbed "American Exceptionalism." It argued that because capitalism was flourishing in America, capitalism's demise would occur later than in European nations and consequently party tactics in the United States and Europe might have to differ. Lovestone compounded his mistake by traveling to Moscow to gain formal Soviet approval of his thesis, which Stalin regarded as rankest heresy.

Browder told Morris that Stalin ordered Lovestone detained in Moscow, but Trotskyites alerted him and with the connivance of foreign diplomats Lovestone escaped and was en route to the United States. At Browder's instructions, Morris led a group of Stalinists who physically seized national party headquarters in Chicago and stood guard to prevent Lovestone and his followers from reoccupying the building. After the party moved its headquarters to New York, the Comintern expelled Lovestone from the party and anointed Browder as the new leader of American communism.

Meanwhile, Morris helped unmask an industrial spy in Chicago, a private detective infiltrated into the party by a utility company, which blamed communists for strikes bedeviling it. Some comrade beat up the detective, who turned to police friends for revenge and apparently named Morris as one of those responsible for his undoing. Warned that the police were hunting Morris, the party hid him in a safe house and arranged to spirit him away to Moscow. At age twenty-six, Morris took all this melodrama seriously when, viewed only in the light of circumstances in Chicago, it was silly. Morris had committed no crime, and the police, upon questioning the oaf who hit the detective, released him. Real gangsters interested them more. Years later, Browder explained the theatrics. He deliberately exaggerated the gravity of the incident and the danger to Morris so the Soviets would grant his protégé sanctuary at the Lenin School, which trained future leaders of worldwide revolution.

The party equipped Morris with a false passport and identity papers, a ticket aboard the *Ile de France*, two hundred U.S. dollars, some French francs, and a new overcoat. Sewn on the lining was a small red patch that would tell any Comintern representative that he was bound for the Lenin School. He crossed Europe by train and reached Moscow in January 1929. A carriage mounted on a sled took him through caverns of snow to the school housed in the former palace of a Russian nobleman.

There he joined men drawn from all continents and from similar backgrounds. All were under thirty-five, came from the working class, had been a charter member of their national party or worked in it for five years without making a recorded mistake, and enjoyed the personal endorsement of their national party leader. The most illustrious communist theoreticians and politicians came from the Soviet Union and abroad to lecture or tutor them. In fact, in those days if you had not been invited to speak at the school, you probably had yet to make a mark in international communism. The standard course lasted two years, with summers given over to "practical studies" in factories or the countryside. Exceptional students were invited to remain a third year for specialized study under the direction of individual tutors.

Morris surrendered his passport, which indicated he had been born in Detroit, to the school administrator and in return received a card identifying him as Harry Summers, an auto worker from Detroit. Evidently not realizing that the passport was bogus, the school recorded his place of birth as U.S.A. After passing a physical examination, he underwent extensive oral and written examinations that enabled the Soviets to assess him politically and personally as well as gauge his general knowledge. Shortly thereafter, the administrator informed Morris that he would bypass the first year of the course and advance directly to the second, then spend another year in tutorials.

In addition to theoretical and political subjects, he studied the violent and clandestine techniques of making a revolution: rural and urban guerrilla warfare; sabotage; robbery; use of firearms; secret communications; and underground operations including maintenance of safe houses, courier and escape routes, and caches of money and explosives. He learned how to drive a train and blow up a train, how to ride a horse and wield a sword, and how to frustrate police by sticking hairpins into their horses. Sometimes he inwardly laughed at visions of himself, all five feet three inches of him, confronting mounted Irish cops back in Chicago with a sword and hairpins.

Except for the Chinese, who were consigned to segregated sleeping quarters, the students lived together in dormitories and dined at a cafeteria inside the palace where classes were conducted and there was little need to go outside into the cold. When they did venture out on the streets in springtime, Morris saw swarms of gaunt men with outstretched hands begging for bread or a few kopecks. Upon learning that they were former czarist officers or Orthodox priests who were prohibited from working, denied ration cards, and forbidden to enroll their children in school, he thought, *My God! What kind of society are we building?* An indefinable instinct caused him on the spot to make a decision which decades later would greatly benefit him and the United States.

He found that he still could understand Russian, which his family had spoken before emigrating, and his comprehension was rapidly increasing. He was able to keep this a secret because he did not have to use it at school; lectures simultaneously were translated into multiple languages and transmitted to students through earphones, so no one knew. Now he resolved never to let the Soviets know that he understood their language very well, just as he had decided not to let anyone know that he had studied art and music, lest he be considered an intellectual.

While a blizzard raged through Moscow in early 1930, an instructor at the end of the day's classes told Morris that there was a message for him in the administration office. The regular staff had left, and a lone, middle-aged man greeted him in passable English. The stranger, who smoked and coughed incessantly, began to chat amiably without troubling to introduce himself. He was happy to report that Morris' parents and three brothers, to whom he referred by first name, were all well. He also was happy to hear that the faculty rated Morris one of the most able and popular students. That did not surprise him, considering Morris' party record in Chicago. He especially was impressed by Morris' feat in ferreting out a capitalist spy. And he wondered: Had Morris ever considered that the imperialists might try to insinuate spies and "wreckers" into the Soviet Union in the guise of students? Had he considered that in the Lenin School itself there might be disguised Trotskyites or other "deviationists" who could infect students?

Morris acknowledged all possibilities.

Well, then, would Morris welcome an opportunity to help detect such subversives?

Momentarily, the question puzzled Morris because it connoted a request rather than an order. If the party wanted him to do something, it had only to tell him what to do. The maxim most drilled into him in Chicago and Moscow was obedience. The doctrine of "Democratic Centralism" in theory allowed free debate within party councils. But once the debate ended in the promulgation of a particular policy or order, the doctrine demanded absolute, unquestioning obedience from all. An instructor put it thus: "If the party says you're going to China, you'll be on the next train or boat to China. If the party tells you to climb a flagpole at midnight and hoist a banner saying 'Power to the Peasants,' you'll scrape your balls climbing that flagpole at midnight. If the party tells you to quit and go underground, at that instant you're underground."

Then Morris realized that it was not the party but the OGPU, the secret political police, that was importuning him to become an informant. The OGPU might be able to bribe, blackmail, or otherwise coerce almost any Soviet citizen into doing almost anything. As an American whose goodwill the Soviets coveted, Morris needed to be courted. The distinction did not matter to him. He was honored to serve communism by any means desired. Soon he was appointed a class secretary, a position that required visits to the administrative office where people could talk securely.

The OGPU encouraged him to make friends, and he made many. For administrative purposes, students were grouped into sections. Morris' included future party leaders from around the globe: two Chinese destined for senior positions in their party; two Mexicans; a Hindu; and an Australian. He got along well with them all, particularly the Chinese with whom he sympathized because they generally were shunned outside class. His best friend was a wiry little man who had immigrated from the Soviet Union to Canada and had anglicized his name to Sam Carr. A gifted orator and leader, Carr spoke six languages and could mesmerize equally well in English or Russian. Morris suspected that he also collaborated with the OGPU; regardless, they formed a significant friendship that lasted until Carr's death decades later.

During his second year, Morris also formed personal relationships with instructors who tutored him in more advanced subjects: manipulating unions and popular movements by creating secret communist cells or "nuclei" within them, establishing front organizations, exploiting temporary alliances of expediency with noncommunists, and inciting violence to provoke official repression. Kuusinen and Suslov were his closest mentors. Comintern member Kuusinen was a main architect of Soviet subversive methodology. His protégé, Andropov, ascended to the Central Committee of the party, ran the KGB for fifteen years, and ultimately ruled the whole Soviet Union. Suslov emerged as the premier party ideologue and long headed the Ideology Department. Suslov felt a special tie to his pupil. After arcane intrigues cast Suslov into disfavor and Stalin took away his ration card, Morris daily smuggled food to him from the school cafeteria. Suslov was a pariah for only a few weeks and doubtless could have survived with sustenance from others. Nevertheless, for the rest of his life, Suslov remained a benefactor of Morris.

Such was his worth that, even before Morris finished school, patrons in Moscow interceded to save his life. While he engaged in "practical" work in Stalingrad, a typhoid epidemic ravaged the city and thousands perished. One night as icy winds howled across the steppes, he collapsed in the snow outside his apartment. His housekeeper discovered him, notified the local party office, and got him to a hospital. When he regained consciousness, he lay on the filthy floor of a hospital corridor surrounded by dying men, women, and children; all beds were occupied and, besides, physicians gave him slight chance of living. During the next days, he drifted in and out of delirium until suddenly he felt himself being lifted from the floor and placed in a bed. Henceforth, a physician or nurse attended him almost continuously and administered medicine shipped from Moscow. After about a month, he walked out of the hospital, one of the few afflicted Americans to survive. He returned to Moscow regally in a private railway coach, staffed by a doctor, nurse, cook, and maid, all provided by the Comintern solely for him.

Clearly, by the time Morris departed for the United States in 1932 the Comintern regarded him as an important man—Moscow's man or, as the Russians would have put it, "nahsh," "ours."

While Morris was in the Soviet Union, his brother Jack at age twenty-four moved to New York to be with a paramour, and Browder, now ensconced in the new party headquarters, appointed Jack business manager of the Young Communist League. His primary job was to squeeze dues from members, and he performed well, probably because he received a percentage of all he collected. In 1932 Browder proposed that Jack go to Moscow for training in communications and underground tradecraft. The Comintern until recently had relied upon the German party to supply couriers and radiomen for communications within the international movement. As Nazis hounded German communists, it shifted responsibility to the U.S. party, believing that Americans were technically proficient and that the bearer of a U.S. passport could travel anywhere.

Morris had looked upon his journey to Moscow as a pilgrimage. Jack envisioned an adventure, a lark, a yearlong tryst with his lover paid for by somebody else. He consented to go provided that the Soviets allow him to bring his girlfriend and live with her.

Browder instructed him to procure a false passport because a valid one would show that he had been born in the Soviet Union and that might cause problems during passage through Germany.

"How do I do that?" he asked.

"You figure it out," Browder commanded.

Jack relished the challenge of fraud. Adopting the name John William Fox, he signed an affidavit averring that he was born in Gallaway, West Virginia, and mailed it to the town clerk there along with a request for a copy of his birth certificate. Unable to locate it, the clerk assumed that someone in the little town had misplaced the original and obligingly issued a new one. The State Department efficiently processed his application, and soon he had a passport in the name of John William Fox.

The Comintern put Jack and his girlfriend in a new hotel by the Moscow River, a short walk from the three-story stone mansion where field operatives, or "street men," trained. He studied theory and operation of radio, how to build a shortwave receiver, Morse code, invisible writing, disguises, the use of drops or hiding places for the exchange of messages, countersurveillance, security procedures, and methods by which Lenin eluded authorities before the revolution.

Unlike Morris, Jack was not an outstanding pupil but he did well enough for the Soviets to entrust him with a real mission. A Comintern official explained that the communist underground in Germany acutely needed money and that an American would have the best chance of delivering it. Would Jack be willing to try?

Jack somberly replied that hazardous as the job might be, he was willing to fulfill his party duty; actually he was eager for an escapade in Germany.

Wearing a money belt packed with U.S. dollars in large denominations, he traveled first class by train through Warsaw and Danzig to Berlin. In cafés and cabarets, galleries and museums, he acted as a young American tourist bent upon nothing except a good time. He lazily reconnoitered the rendezvous site, and the next evening during an encounter at a subway station passed the money to a German comrade who quickly disappeared into the night. To act out his cover, he lingered two more days enjoying German cuisine, wine, and old Berlin.

The Comintern congratulated him enthusiastically, and toward the end of his studies asked him to repeat the mission.

Jack registered at a middle-class Berlin hotel as John William Fox, 845 West 180th Street, New York, New York, U.S.A., and again stated that the purpose of his sojourn was pleasure. Again, he undertook to be the typical tourist with a little too much money. Dining in a restaurant off *Unter den Linden*, Jack kept stealing glances at a spectacularly configured blond seated at a nearby table with an older man. As he started to pay his bill, the man came to his table and politely introduced himself in English. He had overheard Jack speaking English to the waiter and guessed that he was an American. After Jack nodded, the German claimed to have relatives in St. Louis, professed admiration for the United States, and said that he and his wife liked to practice their English. Would Jack kindly join them for brandy and coffee?

The last time in Berlin Jack concluded that Germans tended to be formal and reserved with strangers. His new acquaintances seemed to be genuinely friendly and interested in him and the United States. The conversation turned out to be so convivial that they drank several brandies and agreed to meet for dinner two nights hence at a café near his hotel.

To Jack's delight, the wife undulated into the café alone and apologized that because unexpected difficulties had delayed her husband's return from a business trip, he would not be back until tomorrow. During dinner, she smiled often and impishly; her large, hazel eyes gazed at his frankly; and twice her leg brushed against his. Afterward he suggested they have champagne in his room, where they happily shared amorous hours.

The next day, after having handed over a package of dollars in another fleeting encounter in a subway station, Jack leaned back in a richly upholstered compartment of the train to Danzig. He was congratulating himself on his success and conquest when the door to the compartment slid open. There stood the cuckolded husband; his executioner, Jack thought.

The cheerfulness of the husband's greetings, however, kindled a little hope; maybe he didn't know after all. He did not mention his wife; instead he orated about the menace the bloody Bolshevik barbarians posed to civilization. In the end, he revealed himself to be a German intelligence officer who wanted to recruit Jack because his American passport would admit him to Russia.

Jack assured the officer that the offer flattered him. The Bolsheviks indeed were bastards. But as he had said the other night, he was about to begin a new job in New York crucial to his career and at least for a couple of years it would debar him from traveling abroad. Could he have a card or telephone number in case his circumstances changed? And by the way, "Thanks for the other night, and give my regards to your beautiful wife."

These exploits endowed Jack with a reputation of his own in the Comintern. Not only had he accomplished two hazardous missions into Nazi territory; he had parried the overtures of a professional intelligence officer while seducing his wife. Here was a young man with balls and a future; a man who could be counted upon and trusted; a worthy brother of Morris. When Jack got back to New York, Browder hired him at headquarters as his personal factotum, chauffeur, and bodyguard.

Morris meanwhile married a party member from a Ukrainian family and became the chief organizer in Wisconsin. At the Moscow school an instructor quoted Lenin as saying, "A good communist must have the ideas of a Bolshevik and the energy of an American." In Milwaukee, Morris displayed both by recruiting union members and intellectuals, addressing political rallies, leading street demonstrations, and running for mayor. The campaign netted him relatively few votes and several beatings, and he lamented, "Sometimes, I think it's not easy being an agitator."

He accepted the beatings, however, as a natural adjunct of his job. It never occurred to him that the popular hostility they manifested sprang from any deficiency in his political philosophy. He simply needed to master better means of delivering the liberating message to the masses. So he studied Coca-Cola advertising in quest of techniques that might be adapted to selling communism. He stood on street corners trying to analyze how Salvation Army missionaries effectively appealed to the downtrodden and derelict. He himself was so affected by their good intentions that sometimes he dropped a coin or two into their kettles. He really could not afford to give away any money. The party paid him twelve dollars a week, and though his wife earned a few more as a seamstress, they lived on the brink of destitution.

Visiting Milwaukee, Browder went home with Morris just as an ambulance drove from the house, and neighbors told Morris that his wife had given birth to a son. Browder asked, "How much money do you have?"

"I don't even have enough for a phone call."

"Well, I can give you enough for a call." From his watch pocket, Browder withdrew a tightly folded $50 bill and pressed it into Morris' hand.

By the mid-1930s, the Soviets concluded that Morris' talents were not being sufficiently utilized in Milwaukee. To them, Chicago was the most important city in America, the "heart of the beast," the "greatest concentration area"—that is, the largest center of heavy industry whose exploited workers in theory could most easily be mobilized for revolution. Through Comintern agent Gerhardt Eisler, they ordered the American party to put Morris in charge of Chicago and on the governing Central Committee. The appointments, added to his bond with Browder, made him one of the most influential American communists, exactly what the Kremlin intended.

Chicago also was the hub of an underground communist railway stretching from Wall Street to Hollywood, and Morris lodged many comrades on the run in safe houses. In a cryptic call from Canada, Sam Carr said that "a good friend" would be visiting Chicago and he hoped Morris would help him "rest." The fugitive who arrived was Tim Buck, a Comintern agent and head of the Canadian party. Morris subsequently gave him refuge several more times, and the two became intimate friends. Upon their friendship the FBI operation later turned.

Despite his party status, Morris still lived humbly, and when summoned to New York he had to hitchhike. Hobos introduced him to their own kind of communism by teaching him how to loiter in small towns and get himself jailed for vagrancy. Jails provided supper, a warm bed, and breakfast before release in the morning. Most of his clothes were castoffs donated by more affluent comrades who took turns treating him and his wife to Sunday dinner. The party finally did buy an old Model-T Ford for his official use but he had to pay for gas and maintenance.

Within the party, Morris was known as a "straitlaced, out-and-out Bolshevik." In public appearances, writings, and conversation with noncommunists, he seemed to many to be an urbane and reasonable idealist. He reviled the isolationist *Chicago Tribune*, yet he could argue amicably with journalists from that and other newspapers because he listened respectfully and never disparaged anyone personally. With perhaps more sincerity than he realized, he represented himself as a patriotic American actuated by the ideals of Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, and Franklin Roosevelt, whose names he frequently invoked. He tried to depict communism as a democratic, mainstream political movement and the Soviet Union as a redoubtable foe of fascism. Typically, in recruiting three hundred men to fight alongside communists in the Spanish Civil War, he appealed for volunteers to fight against fascism rather than for communism. Still, in the underlying import of all he said, he never deviated from the prevailing Soviet position on any substantive issue.

The Comintern duly noted his fidelity and abilities in a dossier kept in Moscow. An example of its contents has been provided by Emory University Professor Harvey Klehr, an eminent authority on American communism. Allowed by the new Russian government to examine old Comintern files, Professor Klehr found and generously made available to the author the following report:

> File: 495–74
> SECRET
> 3 copies m.k.h.
> 31 January 1938
>
> Report
>
> Childs, Morris—CP USA Central Committee Member. Secretary of the state party organization in Chicago (Illinois).

> Born in 1902 in the U.S.A., Jewish. His father was a boot maker. Childs himself is a footwear industry worker by training. He has a primary school education.
>
> He was a member of the CP USA from 1919–1929, and a member of the Soviet Communist Party (Bolsheviks) from 1929–1931. He again became a member of the CP USA, and then a Central Committee member in 1934.
>
> He began working in 1915. From 1929–1931 he studied at the M-L School. He has been a Party functionary since 1932.
>
> Childs was arrested in 1928 and 1929 in Chicago in connection with meetings and demonstrations.
>
> Childs' wife has been a member of the Communist Party since 1919. She works in the sewing industry and has relatives in Kiev who are workers, M. and J. Lerman.
>
> His M-L School evaluations are favorable.
>
> 17 January 1938: Comrades Browder, Foster and Ryan give the following evaluation of comrade Childs: "He is politically stable and devoted. He is developing politically, and is a good party and mass organizer, capable of independent leadership."
>
> Source: Material from the personal file.
>
> /Belov/

Not long after this report was written, Browder relayed a Comintern directive instructing Morris to seek election to the United States Senate as the communist candidate from Illinois. Simply by conducting a dignified campaign, he could, at least in the eyes of some, coat the party with a veneer of respectability and insinuate Soviet themes into American political discourse.

Morris ran on a platform advocating "JOBS, SECURITY, DEMOCRACY, and PEACE" and United States intervention against Germany, Italy, and Japan. Echoing Soviet propaganda, his speeches inveighed against the evils and dangers of Nazism. The campaign against the Nazis earned plaudits from the Comintern and Browder, from his Canadian friends Carr and Buck, from rank-and-file party members, and even from some noncommunists.

Less than a year after the campaign ended, the Soviets mortified him by striking a deal with these very same Nazis. They pledged not to interfere with a German invasion of Poland; in return, the Nazis promised them a slice of the country they were about to devour.

Morris called Browder. How do we explain this sudden, perfidious collusion with the Nazis? What do we say? Equally dumbfounded and without instructions from Moscow, Browder had no answer. In public, Morris tried to mute or evade the issue. Privately, he tried, with only partial success, to dismiss it from his thoughts just as he tried to dismiss multiplying rumors of mass terror and murder in the Soviet Union.

The German invasion of the Soviet Union on June 22, 1941, restored his moral equilibrium. Once again the Nazis were bad, and he led cries for American action against them. To Jews who had quit the party in disgust, he offered a new Soviet rationale for the deal with Hitler. Far from being a pact with the devil, it was a brilliant ploy by Stalin to gain time to fortify Soviet defenses.

The German declaration of war on the United States after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor December 7, 1941, overnight made the United States and the Soviet Union allies, and transfigured communists throughout the land into seeming patriots. Having fomented labor strife for years, Morris now called for a ban on all strikes. They were unpatriotic. Desperate for U.S. arms and supplies, the Soviet Union cared more about increasing American war production than about the lot of American workers.

As a sop to the western allies, Stalin in 1943 ostensibly abolished the Comintern, which symbolized Soviet subversion worldwide. In reality, it continued to function as the International Department of the Central Committee, although wartime chaos diminished its ability to function as effectively as before.

Browder, however, thought the dissolution real and construed it as a signal that the Soviets meant what they said about friendship with their ally, the United States. In further wishful thinking, he concluded that the Soviets wanted communists to be a positive, progressive force in American society rather than subversives. Accordingly, he disbanded the American Communist Party as such and re-formed it as the Communist Political Association dedicated to supporting the war effort and political candidates who favored harmonious U.S.–Soviet relations, irrespective of their party affiliation.

The most important such candidate in 1944 was President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who sought reelection to an unheard-of fourth term. Morris organized a huge stadium rally in Chicago, and Morris and Browder spoke in behalf of the president. Morris directed communists infiltrated into the labor movement to exert all their influence to align their unions behind Roosevelt. And he personally appealed to John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, to put aside his personal hatred of Roosevelt in the interests of the country and labor in general.

Probably more favorable entries were recorded in the secret Moscow dossier on Morris, and anyone reviewing it in 1944 would have seen the profile of the quintessential Bolshevik. A worker himself, Morris was the son of an anti-czarist worker. He loyally and ably had served the American party from its inception and helped deliver control of it to Stalinists. In the Soviet Union, he had passed every test and distinguished himself both as a student and an informant of the secret political police. He had exhibited physical and moral courage. August leaders of international communism could and did vouch for him. Never had he deviated from the party line delineated by the Comintern. Repeatedly, he had proven himself to be in every sense Moscow's man.

Immersed in a righteous cause, able simultaneously to serve the United States and the Soviet Union, Morris in 1944 was a happy man until the wife of his youngest brother, Phillip, received a telegram that began: "The War Department regrets to inform you..." Phillip, an army lieutenant, had been killed in battle in France.

Morris, Jack, and their younger brother, Ben, sank into grief and depression.

three

FORSAKEN AND FOUND

MORRIS SUFFERED A HEART ATTACK in the summer of 1945 and consequently did not learn all the details of the coup until Eugene Dennis came from New York to see him in August.

Dennis also was Moscow's man. A graduate of the Lenin School, he demonstrated his allegiance to the Russians by leaving his small son Timothy in the Soviet Union for them to raise. He succeeded Morris in Milwaukee and the two long had been friends, or so Morris thought.

The account Dennis gave may be summed up thus: Browder, by disbanding the party, had angered the Soviets and forfeited their confidence. They wanted a vigorous, organized American Communist Party back in the business of spreading communism in the United States. At their behest, Dennis and William Z. Foster had engineered the expulsion of Browder and had reconstituted the party. Dennis was now its leader, and his most urgent task was to reconcile factions loyal to Browder with those loyal to Foster, who had become national chairman. He wanted Morris to help by serving as his deputy in New York.

Soon Dennis had another problem. Louis Budenz, editor of the *Daily Worker*, renounced communism and joined the Catholic Church, creating much mirth among anticommunists. Dennis needed someone with prestige, in and out of the party, to replace him as editor. Would Morris take the job? After Dennis dismissed his protests that he had no journalistic experience, Morris, the good soldier, agreed.

The ensuing correspondence evokes something of the atmosphere of the time. Party Treasurer Charles Krumbein on September 18, 1945, wrote Morris:

> Received word from Comrade Fine that the district paid you through September 20. We therefore are placing you on our payroll starting with the above date. We have set wage rates in the National Office that places [sic] you at $60.00 gross per week. From this is deducted $6.60 withholding tax (based upon two dependents, wife and child), 60¢ for social security tax and $5.30 for war bonds, which goes to your credit. On the basis of this and suggestions made to me, I am enclosing a check for $475 for ten weeks' wages which pays you up to December 1.

Dennis on October 5 wrote:

> We have been anxiously waiting to hear from you regarding the doctor's verdict. If you don't mind, I wish you would drop me a note and let me know what is what on the state of your health. Furthermore, I wish you would give us a tentative idea as to when you will be able to take up your new work.

However, some of the party leadership virulently opposed the appointment of Morris on grounds that he was a "Browderite."

Dennis on December 17, 1945, sent word that his opponents had been routed:

> We reached agreement on the following proposals which have been submitted to the DW [*Daily Worker*] staff and confirmed by an overwhelming consultative vote. Childs—Editor; Milton Howard—Associate Editor; Alan Max—Managing Editor; Rob Hall—Washington Editor; Claudia Jones—Negro Affairs Editor. The other two main editorial posts will remain as now, with either Jim Allen or Joe Starobin Foreign Editor and George Morris, Labor Editor.
>
> When you return I will inform you fully of the very prolonged and both lively and heated discussion which took place around these questions and around the broader issues of what must be done to affect [sic] drastic political and journalistic improvements in the paper. You should know that some of the comrades of the Staff were dubious at first regarding bringing in an editor who has had only a very limited acquaintance [sic] with the direct problems of editing and publishing a paper. It is well that these questions were raised because in the discussion most all the comrades acquired a more clear and correct Communist understanding and Communist character [sic] of our paper and the prime requisites which an editor must have. We asked for a consultative vote at the conclusion of the meeting and you received 26 votes for, 2 against and 2 abstentions.
>
> Warmest regards to you, Helen and Billie. Season's greetings to you all.
>
> Comradely,
> Gene Dennis

Morris moved to New York and began his duties as editor in early 1946. Shortly afterward, Sam Carr unexpectedly burst into his office in high alarm. Code clerk Igor Gouzenko had defected from the Soviet embassy in Ottawa and identified a number of people, including Carr, as Russian spies. "I can't go back," he said. "I need to get in touch with the Russians but I don't know how. What shall I do?"

While Jack sequestered Carr in the home of a wealthy party sympathizer, Morris telephoned Tim Buck in Canada. A week or so later Soviet agents spirited Carr off to Moscow. As far as United States and Canadian authorities were concerned, he simply vanished.

In 1947 Dennis asked the Soviets for permission to send a *Daily Worker* correspondent to cover a Moscow conference of foreign ministers beginning in March. They replied, "We want Morris." After Labor Editor George Morris applied for a visa, they sent another message: "We want Morris Childs."

Rumors that Stalin had renewed systematic persecution of Jews circulated in New York, and Paul Novick, editor of the Yiddish newspaper *Morning Freiheit*, urged Morris to appeal to the Soviets to cease the persecutions. He also gave Morris penicillin and other medicine to take to Jewish artists and intellectuals in Moscow.

Morris flew to Moscow in the company of thirty-four other American correspondents, among them such noted journalists as Walter Cronkite, Howard K. Smith, and Kingsbury Smith. Molly Perlman, a South African communist working in Moscow, came to the hotel where the press corps was lodged and announced that the Soviets had designated her to act as his secretary. She gave him a ticket to the ballet and told him he absolutely must attend.

The next evening two representatives of the International Department (aka Comintern) joined him in a box at the ballet. They pressed him for details of all that had transpired in the American party since 1943, an appraisal of its current condition, and evaluations of its principal leaders. They also asked for an appraisal of President Harry Truman. Morris characterized him as a "tough bird" and said he was not as sure as the American press seemed to be that Truman would be defeated in 1948.

During the day, Morris followed the routine of other correspondents, attending press conferences and briefings and filing stories. On most evenings he secretly conferred with the Soviets. When he raised the issue of persecution of Jews, they feigned shock that anyone but malicious imperialists could even imagine such a thing. It just wasn't so, and they would be glad to send Soviet Jews to New York to reassure the Jewish community. As for the artists and intellectuals, for whom he had medicine, they were in dachas or sanitoria receiving good medical treatment.

As gifts for old friends from his days at the Lenin School, Morris brought Kentucky bourbon, Camel cigarettes, medicine, perfume, nylon stockings, and Spam, a canned meat made popular in Moscow by American wartime aid. The presents won him invitations to Russian apartments where heavy drinking was customary. He ordinarily did not drink alcohol but among Russians he forced himself to drink to show that he was one of them and to be one of them.

During long drinking bouts, he heard appalling confidences. The Jewish artists and intellectuals were not in dachas or sanitoria; they were in prison awaiting almost certain execution. Other mutual friends had disappeared. Morris already knew that Carl Radek, Leo Kamenev, Grigori Zinoviev, and Nikolai Bukharin, all of whom lectured at the Lenin School, had been shot. So had countless other loyal party members, generals, scientists, intellectuals, and intelligence officers. Millions of peasants and their families had been deported to slave labor camps, and in Ukraine Stalin had deliberately starved hundreds of thousands, maybe millions, to death. Moreover, Stalin was no strategic genius who bought time to gird Soviet defenses by making a deal with Hitler. He was a fool who trusted Hitler and believed that through a union of German industry and Soviet natural resources, Communists and Nazis together could dominate the world. His trust had been so complete that he had unconscionably rejected warnings from both Soviet and British intelligence services of the impending German attack in 1941. When the predicted attack came, it rendered him literally speechless. He skulked in shock for days, and Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov had to be the first to call the nation to arms.

Collectively, these revelations from unimpeachable confidants confirmed the vilest of anti-Soviet slanders and struck at the foundation of Morris' faith. And, Morris thought, I have been an apostle of all of this for almost twenty years.

The other American correspondents refused to accept Morris as a colleague. They regarded him as a Soviet apologist rather than a bona fide journalist, and they scorned the *Daily Worker* as a "commie rag." Howard K. Smith who, as a result of seating assignments, shared a table with him in the hotel dining room, was polite but avoided serious conversation. The rest spoke to him either curtly or not at all.

At a reception given for the press by the U.S. ambassador, General Walter Bedell Smith, Morris stood awkwardly and conspicuously alone until Mrs. Smith approached and asked why he was not joining in the festivities.

"I'm a communist," he said. "I'm a skunk. No one wants to have anything to do with me."

She smiled. "I do. Will you favor me with a dance?"

"I've never danced. I don't know how."

"Well, you should learn. Just follow me."

The sight of the ambassador's wife dancing with the leper attracted attention, and many watched as she afterward led Morris to her husband. "Bedell, this is Mr. Childs," she said. "His colleagues are ostracizing him because he's a communist."

An erect, imposing man, General Smith had been a wartime deputy to General Eisenhower; soon he would be director of the new Central Intelligence Agency. "Mr. Childs, as a citizen of the United States you are welcome at the embassy at any time," he said. "As a citizen, you are entitled to your political opinions and you may surmise that yours differ from mine. But when Americans leave their country, they leave their political differences behind and stick together."

"You should tell that to the other journalists," Mrs. Smith interjected. "Have a word with them, Beedle."

"I will."

Morris never knew what General Smith said to the correspondents. He obviously said something because the next day they began talking to him and exchanging notes and opinions, and some even became friendly.

Over breakfast Morris mentioned that someday he would like to visit his brother's grave in France, and Howard K. Smith suggested that he do so en route back to New York. Morris confided that though he was returning by way of Paris he did not have enough money for a side trip. At breakfast the day Morris departed Moscow, Smith handed him a sealed envelope and requested that he not open it until he boarded his plane. Airborne, Morris found inside the envelope a terse note: "We thought you should make that side trip so we took up a collection. Your fellow Americans." The envelope also contained three hundred U.S. dollars.

Above the grave in an immaculately maintained Normandy cemetery stood a white cross inscribed with the Star of David and the words: "Phillip Childs—First Lieutenant, United States Army—1918–1944." Morris knelt and offered an earnest prayer.

Flying homeward, he contrasted the spontaneous kindness of General and Mrs. Smith and the correspondents with the Stalinist terrors whose occurrence he no longer doubted, and he asked himself, have I perverted my whole life?

In New York, Morris returned to face more feuding and bickering. A clique headed by Foster caviled at Dennis and his followers, and Foster ridiculed Morris and his direction of the paper, accusing him of "Browderism." Dennis surprised Morris by not rising to his defense.

Unable to will away worsening chest pains, Morris consulted a physician who insisted that he temporarily stop working. Morris then asked Dennis for a short leave of absence from the paper. At a meeting of the National Committee in June 1947 Morris blanched in disbelief as Dennis formally proposed that Morris be granted an indefinite leave of absence and that John Gates replace him as editor of the *Daily Worker*. Foster seconded the motion, and it passed unanimously, every comrade in effect voting to fire him and purge him from the party leadership.

Earlier, Morris' wife had left him and taken away their son because she felt he neglected her for the party. Now the party, his deity, had forsaken him, as had everyone else except his brothers. He had no job, no income, no savings, no future, and no faith. Nor did he have recourse to protectors in Moscow because the party could tell them that he was incapacitated. Soon that was true. He rented a room in a Greenwich Village boarding house, and there a massive heart attack left him near death.

Jack, who had established a business selling electrical and painting supplies, took care of Morris as best he could and paid his medical bills. Ben also sent money. Still, except for visits by Jack, he was utterly alone until Sonny Schlossberg, a former party member in Chicago, heard of his plight. She had always admired and looked up to him, and she brought him from New York to her home in Chicago and acted as his nurse.

Had it not been for his ouster and illness, Morris doubtless would have been arrested. Congress in 1940 passed a law, the so-called Smith Act, which made it a crime to advocate violent overthrow of the United States government. After the Cold War began, the Truman administration applied the law to communists and the FBI arrested the top twelve active leaders of the party: Dennis, Foster, Gates, Gus Hall, Ben Davis, John Williams, Robert Thompson, Jack Satchel, Irving Potash, Gil Green, Henry Winston, and Carl Winter.

The government considered arresting Morris; the FBI subjected him to "spot" or periodic surveillance, and the watching agents saw that he was almost completely enfeebled. After walking only fifty steps or so he had to sit down on the street curb and rest for several minutes to regain strength enough to stand up again. Given his condition and the fact that he no longer was active in the party, the Justice Department decided not to bring charges against him.

The prosecution of Foster was delayed because he too had become very ill, but the other eleven leaders were convicted. The Supreme Court, by a 6-to-2 vote in June 1951, upheld the constitutionality of the Smith Act and the convictions. Hall, Gates, Thompson, and Green jumped bail and fled; the rest were imprisoned. Granted Supreme Court authorization and goaded by wartime passions, the FBI rounded up more than one hundred lesser communist functionaries around the country and virtually all were convicted. The remaining party officials, besieged and largely leaderless, then went underground.

In hope of catching the fugitive leaders and breaking into the underground, the FBI instituted a program titled "TOPLEV" and formed Underground Squads in New York and Chicago. The squads began the hunt by analyzing investigative and intelligence files to ascertain with whom Hall, Gates, Thompson, and Green most frequently associated. Then they undertook to identify former or inactive party members who had links to them. This search led to the file of Jack Childs, which indicated that he had not been active in the party since 1947 and hence might be disaffected.

On the night of September 4, 1951, Agents Edward Buckley and Herbert Larson stopped Jack as he walked near his home in Queens. Other party members they approached had profanely rebuffed them, and when Jack smiled sardonically they expected another rebuff. Instead, he said, "Where in the hell have you guys been all these years? I could have sired and raised a son during all the time you've been screwing around." He agreed to talk to them the next evening in a room at the Tudor Hotel. During that first interview, Jack withheld information about some aspects of his past and dissembled about others. But he honestly answered the most critical question put to him: Yes, he wanted to help the FBI.

The real debriefings took place in a spacious country home perched on a hillside in Westchester County. It belonged to Alexander C. Burlinson, a slender FBI agent with a granite face and searching gray eyes. A graduate of Fordham Preparatory School, Fordham College, and Fordham Law School, Burlinson was an accomplished writer, pianist, and linguist. He composed poetry in Latin and sometimes exasperated superiors by expressing his own exasperations in Latin. The front of his expensive shirts, which he changed daily, was usually soiled at the end of the day because he so often rubbed his stomach to assuage an ulcer. The ulcer and admonitions of his doctor notwithstanding, he smoked two packs of cigarettes a day and drank copious quantities of Scotch whisky in milk.

Some FBI agents prefer the excitement of street work and the gratification of arresting somebody who threatens everybody. Burlinson liked intellectual detective work, the quest for clues from old archives or new sources. He also enjoyed playing deception games with the communists and impudent games with bureaucrats. Traveling to Washington to attend a conference of assistant directors, he once told an apprehensive subordinate, "Don't worry. They only know what we tell them." Although he had little personal ambition, his talents were such that colleagues thought he inevitably would wind up in an executive position at headquarters. As a result of events that began in 1951, he stayed in New York and for the next twenty-four years concentrated his career and life on one case.

The personalities of Burlinson and Jack Childs were quite dissimilar, yet the two were a good match. Burlinson was a great listener and Jack was a great talker, and they soon became friends and partners.

At the outset, Jack declared he "never really believed any of that communist bullshit." He joined and worked for the party for the sake of his brother. He now loathed the communists because they callously threw away his brother and when Morris was in terrible need they sent him not one dollar, not even a postcard. He was grateful to be an American. Until a few years ago, he had not perceived the Soviet Union as a dangerous enemy of the United States; now that he did, there was no question on whose side he stood. For these reasons, he would work for the FBI.

There was another reason at which he later hinted. "Look, I'm basically a con man. If I had a choice between entering a house by walking through the front door or crawling through a back window, I'd go through the window because that's more exciting." While his business was prospering, selling paint and light fixtures was not exciting. The prospect of taking on the Communist Party was.

In the next weeks, Jack recounted his training in Moscow, his two trips to Berlin, and the frolic there with the beautiful wife. He admitted supplying the party with birth and death certificates and illegally obtained passports. He also detailed party finances, named donors, and told of the secret Reserve Fund. Sure, he knew Sam Carr and many other communists about whom Burlinson asked, and he was willing to try to renew relations with them.

Burlinson did not expressly state that in addition to arresting the fugitives, the FBI needed to penetrate the leadership of the underground. Once Jack sensed this objective, he blurted out, "Look, Morris is your ticket to the top."

Jack was an apparatus man, never a party leader. Morris was a prominent leader. Jack knew a lot of people, and some liked him. Morris knew everybody who counted, and except for Foster and a few other snakes, everybody loved him, including the Soviets. Jack could seek people out; people would gravitate to Morris.

Would Morris cooperate? "He may if he's well enough," Jack answered. "But you can't deal with him like you did with me. He and I are different. When I screwed that Kraut knockout in Berlin, I at least took off my money belt. Morris, he wouldn't have taken off his money belt because he'd be afraid of losing commie money. Hell, Morris wouldn't even have screwed her. He's too strait-laced, too proper. You can't just walk up and proposition him cold. You've got to bring him along gently. You've got to send someone proper, a gentleman and someone who really understands all that communist crap."

They agreed that Jack would visit Morris and try to persuade him at least to listen to the FBI. Before seeing Morris, Jack conferred with Carl Freyman in a Chicago hotel room. Had he not known otherwise, Jack might have taken Freyman for a soft-spoken, pipe-smoking professor of communism. The knowledge he evinced of the party and Morris at first amazed, then reassured him. Freyman happened to be exactly the man he had described to Burlinson.

Strict Catholic elementary and high schools in Iowa afforded him a superb education as did an Evangelical Church college that required daily Bible study. After graduation from the University of Iowa Law School, he started his own law practice in his hometown of LeMars near Sioux City. He was doing well for a young attorney when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. The next day he drove to Omaha to enlist in the navy only to be rejected because of deficient eyesight. The day after that he applied in Des Moines to the FBI, and in January 1942 it accepted him. At the end of his training in Quantico, Virginia, a supervisor said, "You're a farm boy, so we're going to send you to the big city and polish you up."

In New York, Freyman learned about counterintelligence, agent handling, and deception after the FBI arrested a German spy and converted him into a double agent. British intelligence had asked for American help in reinforcing Hitler's obsessive conviction that the Allies intended to invade Europe through Norway. One day Freyman took the German to a Brooklyn dock, and they watched as troops purposely clad in heavy arctic clothing filed aboard a transport. In a radio transmission to Berlin, the double agent detailed the embarkation and advised that the clothing obviously meant the troops were going "someplace very cold." When the Allies invaded Normandy, sixteen Wehrmacht divisions remained in Scandinavia guarding against an attack in Norway. The little play staged by the FBI was only part of an overall deception scheme implemented mostly by the British but it dramatized to Freyman the importance of recruiting double agents.

Transferred to Chicago in 1946, Freyman proved to be one of the FBI's best recruiters. He liked people, and his religious beliefs made him considerate and tolerant of others—some said too much so. Though he rarely discussed religion, he was at heart something of an evangelist. The FBI at the time had difficulty recruiting black agents. Freyman in short order recruited three, and became a friend of Olympic track star Jesse Owens.

Because of his counterintelligence experience in New York, the FBI assigned him to direct investigations of the party and its fronts in Chicago. He tried to qualify himself by reading Marx, Lenin, Soviet history, party publications, the writings of former communists, and voluminous FBI files. All the while, he taught himself how to think like a communist and how to talk to a man like Morris Childs.

Jack, coaching Freyman about how best to approach Morris, suggested that he not press for a prompt decision. He likened his brother to a chess player who deliberates before each move, thinking far ahead. Once Jack spoke with him, he would start thinking about the ramifications of collaboration; still, he would want more time.

When Freyman called and asked to see him, Morris said, "I'm not in the movement any more. I have no contacts. But if you want to talk to me, come on over."

Frail, bedridden, scarcely able to raise his head, Morris looked pitiful, and Freyman realized he mustn't stay long. He began by saying that through his work he had come to know Morris as a man of character and intellect who had sacrificed most of his life to a cause. Freyman wondered aloud whether the sacrifice was worthwhile, and he would be grateful if Morris considered a few questions. Had not Stalin betrayed all the ideals of Marxism? Had not communism exterminated millions of innocent men, women, and children? Was it not so that Soviet and Nazi persecution of Jews differed only in method and scope? Which did he think most benefited individual human beings and the world, Soviet communism or American democracy?

"We both know the answers," Morris said.

"How could a good and decent man serve such a cause?"

"When you're in the movement, you learn to close your mind to anything that might erode your faith. You cannot allow yourself to ask, is this right or wrong."

"You said you're not in the movement anymore."

"No, I'm not."

"Then you can ask."

"I suppose so."

Suddenly, Morris paled and took a dose of nitroglycerin. Freyman rose, apologized for overly imposing and asked if they could talk again.

"Come whenever you wish. I don't go anywhere these days."

Freyman knew that Morris was so attached to and dependent upon his benefactor Sonny Schlossberg that he would not cooperate without her assent. As she ushered him to the door, he paused to talk and casually asked her what she now thought about communism.

"I hate it. I hate it for what it's done to Morris, to Jews, to everybody."

"In that case, will you help us?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Help us persuade Morris."

"All right."

Only two people from the party ever visited Morris after Sonny brought him back to Chicago. He occupied himself by reading—the Bible, the Torah, the Koran, John Locke, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and all the works of his favorite author, Thomas Mann. Pleasureful as reading was, he was lonely and increasingly he looked forward to visits by Freyman, whom he liked.

Morris said he knew nothing about where Hall, Thompson, Gates, and Green might be hiding, and he reiterated that he had no contacts in the party.

"You mean you have no current contacts," Freyman remarked. "You have many friends. With our help, you easily could renew contact with them."

"My God, man. I'm not physically able."

"The first thing we're going to do is improve your health. Later we'll set you up in a cover business so you can travel and have a visible source of income. But we're not going to do anything until we get you well."

Sonny again urged him to work with the FBI and pledged to stand by him if he did. Finally, Morris decided. "All right, I'll do as much for you as I can."

Freyman had no authorization to commit the FBI to pay for the expensive medical treatment of someone who had performed no services and might not live long enough to perform any. On the spot, he exercised his own judgment and initiative, hoping his superiors would agree. Once they did, through FBI friends in the medical profession he assembled a team of outstanding cardiologists to treat Morris as long as needed at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota.

A question arose: How could Morris explain where he got the money to pay for the costly treatment? In New York, Jack gave Burlinson the answer.

"I'll go to people all over town and tell them that doctors think they can cure Morris if he goes to the Mayo Clinic and stays there long enough. I'll say these famous doctors and this famous hospital cost a helluva lot of money, and Morris is dead broke, so we're asking our old comrades for donations to save his life. Almost none of those assholes will contribute a dime. But no one will ever say he didn't contribute." Jack noted that the solicitation also would provide a pretext to call on party people and begin restoring relations.

The treatment and new medications administered at the Mayo Clinic transfigured Morris. Color returned to his face, he gained weight, he spoke firmly and walked easily, and he could converse for hours without tiring. Doctors predicted that, if he adhered to the prescribed regimen of diet and exercise, and increased his exertions only gradually, he should be able to resume normal activities in six months or so.

To Freyman, the change in Morris' spirit was even more pronounced than in his body, and he understood why. The party had stripped his life of meaning and purpose, and thereby deprived him of incentive to recover. His decision to cooperate with the FBI restored purpose, and he left the hospital eager to start anew, to lose himself in a new cause.

In New York Jack threw out the bait little by little: Reports from the Mayo Clinic were encouraging. It looks like Morris is going to recover. Morris is up and about. I talked to him on the phone last night, and he sounded great. Morris is out of the hospital, and he's walking a mile a day. Morris wants to go back to work, and in a few months he'll be strong enough.

In 1954, the party underground bit.

Morris telephoned Freyman at a number reserved for him. "An anonymous caller just ordered me to be at a certain telephone booth on the North Side by 2:30 P.M. and to wait there for a call," he reported. "I don't know who it is or what it's about. I'll go and contact you as soon as I can."

Superiors demanded that Freyman at once put Morris under surveillance so they could identify anyone he might meet. Freyman absolutely refused. "Someone is using classic tradecraft, so he will be looking for surveillance," he said. "If he detects it, we lose the whole case. If Morris meets anybody, he'll tell us."

At about 2:35 P.M. the phone in the booth rang and the same anonymous caller instructed Morris to come to a room in the Sovereign Hotel.

The man awaiting him there was Phillip Bart, who had been organizational secretary and chief security officer of the party, and who now was a leader of the underground. He welcomed Morris as an old friend and began an interrogation to ascertain if what Jack said about his recovery was true and whether Morris was bitter about being deposed as editor.

Morris said that though he had not fully regained his strength and stamina, doctors assured him that he would and he felt good. He was also grateful for the donations that made possible his treatment at the Mayo Clinic. Certainly, he harbored no ill will toward the party. Because of his health, he could not possibly have continued working at the paper. Besides, there was no room in the party for pettiness.

Then was he willing to resume party work in the underground?

What sort of work?

"The Reserve Fund is exhausted and we have to have money," Bart said. "To get money, we must reestablish contact with the Russians. You were always close to them. Could you put us in touch?"

Morris promised to try and asked, "How can I reach you?"

Bart said that because he always was on the run, he relayed and received messages through Betty Gannett, who had been office manager at party headquarters in New York. She was of insufficient rank to be prosecuted, and Morris could safely deal with her.

As if by afterthought, Morris mentioned that efforts to contact the Russians might entail travel, and he was not sure when the doctors would allow him to travel. If need be, could he use Jack?

Bart thought that an excellent idea.

Freyman, who had stayed at the office, heard from Morris about 2:30 A.M. "I had a very successful meeting. As soon as security permits, I'll tell you about it."

Once headquarters learned that a meeting had taken place, it teletyped an order to Freyman: "Get out there and interview him." Again, Freyman refused. If Morris judged it safe to meet immediately he would not have said "as soon as security permits."

When the two did confer, Morris said, "It was Phil Bart." Freyman smiled broadly. After Morris reconstructed the conversation, he smiled even more broadly, suddenly envisioning new and grand possibilities. The leader of the underground had invited Morris and Jack into the underground. If Morris could deliver Soviet funds, he would make himself indispensable and securely reposition himself in the highest councils of American communism. He probably would be the principal intermediary to the Soviets, who liked and trusted him. Should he establish clandestine relations with them, he could conceivably insinuate himself into their councils. An operation that began with relatively limited and modest objectives, it now held out the promise of vastly more.

The FBI initially code named the operation SASH. It gave Morris the code designation CG-5824S*; Jack was NY-694S*. Among themselves, FBI agents referred to Morris as "58" or "George"; they referred to Jack as "69." An asterisk at the end of a source designation denoted that the source could never testify in court or be otherwise identified. Usually that meant that the source was a telephone tap, a bug, or a burglary. Uninitiated analysts poring over reports from 58 and 69 for years thought that the FBI was running one hell of an eavesdropping operation.

At FBI headquarters on Pennsylvania Avenue, some supervisor, whose name cannot be retrieved from available records, bravely acted upon an intelligent insight. Freyman, during his FBI career, received seven formal letters of censure from J. Edgar Hoover (along with nineteen commendations). Unbeknownst to Hoover, however, Freyman refused to obey a direct order twice in twenty-four hours. Either refusal surely would have provoked Hoover to censure him or do worse. But Hoover never knew because the unknown supervisor reinforced an earlier headquarter decision: Burlinson and Freyman have brought the case along. Thus far, they've done everything right. They're on the spot; they know what they're doing. Why pester them? Let Chicago and New York run the case and work with each other directly.

That is pretty much what happened for many, many years.

four

THE BREAKTHROUGH

MORRIS CONCEIVED AN OPERATIONAL plan that Jack put into effect by calling upon Betty Gannett and suggesting that Jack ask Tim Buck in Canada to reopen lines of communication between Moscow and the underground American party. On March 25, 1954, Gannett, probably having consulted Bart, emphatically instructed Jack to go to Toronto as soon as possible.

Although Jack knew Buck, at this meeting he represented himself as an emissary of Morris acting under the authority of Gannett, who presided over a skeletal staff at party headquarters in New York. Buck was more than willing to help. He cautioned, however, that in the aftermath of Stalin's death the year before, chaos still reigned in the Soviet party and that the Canadians themselves were having difficulty communicating. They agreed that Jack should return to Canada periodically and that in an emergency Buck would send his friend Elizabeth Mascola to New York as a messenger.

The first results were discouraging. Throughout 1954 and 1955 no word came from Moscow. Morris and Jack did succeed, however, in reestablishing themselves among the comrades. They demonstrated that the Soviets controlled the American party much more massively and minutely than even the FBI suspected, and that Soviet intentions sometimes could be divined from directives to the party. All that was useful, even important. Still, Freyman and Burlinson hoped for much more.

They got it in the spring of 1956 when Jack came back from Toronto with a document Buck characterized as "devastating." Buck attended the Twentieth Communist Party Congress in Moscow and afterward stayed a few days to tend to administrative business with the International Department. En route to Canada he stopped in Warsaw to see his friend, Wladyslaw Gomulka, chief of the Polish party and the puppet Polish government. Gomulka confided that on the night of February 25–26, 1956, there had been a secret session of the congress at which Nikita Khrushchev denounced Stalin and recited some of the atrocities Stalin visited upon the Soviet people. The Soviets did not intend for the speech to be made public, and foreigners were barred from the secret session. But they did send a copy to Gomulka, and he made one for Buck.

The FBI gave the State Department the copy Buck passed on to Jack and after a couple of weeks asked what the State Department proposed to do with it. The State Department denied having received the speech. Thereupon, an irate J. Edgar Hoover produced a letter in which the State Department had thanked the FBI for delivering it.[‡]

Publication of the speech by the State Department wrought moral havoc on communism. It had the same effect on many party members, sympathizers, and intellectuals that the revelations Morris had heard in 1947 in Moscow had had upon him. In the minds of honest and informed people, Soviet communism never recovered as a spiritual force.[‡]

[‡] The American intelligence community has long believed that the CIA obtained the speech from the Israelis. That well may be. But according to unequivocal statements made to the author by FBI Agents Donald E. Moore, Walter Boyle, William Brannigan, and John O'Toole, the FBI procured the first copy available to the U.S. government. Branigan and O'Toole are dead; Moore and Boyle are not.

A tangled federal court ruling in 1956 in effect made further prosecutions of communists under the Smith Act impossible and allowed them to emerge from the underground. The party consequently in 1957 openly convened a national convention that degenerated into a near brawl as antagonistic factions clashed over the implications of the Khrushchev speech and the Soviet invasion of Hungary. At least, though, the party was again functioning. Released from prison, Dennis appointed Morris his deputy and designated him to deal with the Soviets, Chinese, and all other foreign parties. The Soviets finally resumed direct communications by inviting Morris to Moscow in late April 1958.

[‡] Historian Bertam D. Wolfe, who Morris also knew in the party, summed up the import of the speech thusly:

> The speech is perhaps the most important document ever to have come from the communist movement... It is the most revealing indictment of communism ever to have been made by a communist, the most damning indictment of the Soviet system ever to have been made by a Soviet leader.
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> There is about it a nightmare quality, felt alike by those who believe in communism and those who do not. To see one of the chief creators of the atmosphere of terror and of the monstrous cult of the living God calmly reporting to a Congress of those who were all terrorized agents of the terror and votaries of the cult; to hear the confidences as to what went on behind the scenes, torture, false confessions, judicial murder, perfidious destruction of the bodies and souls and very names of devoted comrades and intimates; to see the Reporter expects absolution and forgiveness and even continuance in absolute power because at long last he has revealed some of the guilty secrets in which he shared; to note the broad, self-satisfied smile which deprives the fearful avowals of any value of repentance; to catch in the flood of words only a sua culpa and not one syllable of mea culpa or a nostra culpa; to sense how much greater crimes have been committed against a helpless people by this little band whose deeds against each other are in part being recited; to think that men who are capable of doing such things to each other and tolerating, sanctioning, and applauding such actions, have managed to vest themselves of absolute power over belief and action, over manners and morals, over life and death and the good name of the dead, over industry and agriculture and politics and communication and expression and culture; and then to hear that the system which spawned these monstrous things is still the best in the world, and that the surviving members of this band are still in their collective wisdom infallible and in their collective power unlimited—who can read this recital without a sense of horror and revulsion?

Morris rode from the airport in a curtained limousine to the party hotel, which he entered through a door reserved for foreigners. Having rested a few days at Soviet insistence, he began conferences with Boris Ponomarev, head of the International Department. Ponomarev was a hard-headed, dogmatic ideologue who in the 1930s compelled the American party to stop using a slogan, "Communism Is 20th Century Americanism," on the grounds that communism was an international movement. Now he very much wanted to revitalize the American party as an instrument of Soviet policy, and he professed to be delighted that Dennis had made such an able and trustworthy comrade as Morris its de facto foreign minister.

Ponomarev calculated that the Soviets could give the Americans $75,000 in 1958 and $200,000 in 1959. He solicited suggestions from Morris about how the cash might be delivered, saying he did not want to transmit it through the Soviet embassy in Washington and that a secure channel must be found lest discovery of the subsidies stigmatize the American party as a "paid whore." Morris noted that Tim Buck was willing to be a conduit and that, were the money passed through Canada, it would be more difficult to prove that the Soviet Union was the source.

Morris' old mentor and friend Suslov dined with him twice and shared the Soviet view of world affairs, which in the main was optimistic except with respect to China. Ponomarev had indicated that Soviet relations with China were not all they should be; Suslov said they were bad and worsening.

The Russians were considerate hosts. They spaced discussions so as not to tax Morris physically, and doctors examined him briefly each morning. He dutifully submitted although he had held Soviet medicine in low esteem since 1947 when a Russian physician treated Howard K. Smith for influenza by putting mustard seeds in his socks and prescribing vodka with garlic. A card admitted Morris to the International Department building and its buffet, which offered delicious fare—caviar, smoked salmon, herring, sturgeon, sardines, and a whitefish unfamiliar to him; lamb and veal cutlets, German wursts, and Hungarian sausages; cheese from Denmark and Holland; a kind of deviled eggs; pickled beets, marinated cabbage, and a variety of potatoes; and good, hearty bread and fresh butter. Usually, there was fresh fruit, then a rarity in Moscow. Always there was alcohol: vodka, Johnny Walker Black Label scotch; wines from the Soviet Republic of Georgia, Rumania, and Hungary; sparkling wines and brandy from Georgia. The Soviets knew Morris was Jewish and probably knew that he preferred to be a vegetarian. But he determined never to remind them that he was either and ate whatever Soviet hosts presented. He begged off alcohol during the day by truthfully citing doctors' strictures.

The card also admitted him to what he termed the "speakeasy." Past a plain, unmarked door and guards on the inside, he entered a cornucopia of Western food, drink, and merchandise available to almost no one in Moscow, and it was all free. He had only to point to what his whim fixed upon; all he specified was packaged and soon delivered to his hotel suite.

From the Soviet Union, he flew to Peking to renew relations of the American party with the Chinese, who accorded him an even more lavish reception than had the Russians. Mao Tse Tung conversed with him alone, except for the pretty young woman who interpreted, for nearly five hours. Mao declared that Khrushchev, by his 1956 denunciation of Stalin and subsequent policies, had betrayed the revolution, and the contempt he expressed for him in curdling terms astonished Morris. Other Chinese leaders with whom he spoke were less blunt but their comments persuaded him that the Chinese animus toward the Soviets was real and deeply rooted.[‡] Wang Chia Hsiang, a member of the Secretariat of the

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[‡] Other Chinese leaders with whom Morris conferred included Hsuing Fu, Li Chi Hsin, Tang Ming-Chao, Lin Tang, Yu Chi-Ying, Li Shen Nin, Kang Sheng, Tent Hsia Ping, Hsu Bing, and Lili Ning Yi Ti.

Chinese party; took him aside and offered to give money to the American party on the sole condition that it not divulge the gifts to the Soviets. Clearly, the Chinese intended to compete with the Soviets for influence in the international communist movement.

Morris returned to the United States July 21, 1958, with the first hard, authentic intelligence that a breach was developing between the Soviet Union and China. The Sino–Soviet split long would preoccupy and torment the Soviets, and be the subject of many more reports by Morris.

Soviet cash began to flow from Canada on September 8, 1958, when Elizabeth Mascola came to New York with $12,000 for Jack; on September 19 he picked up $15,000 from her in Toronto. A few days later she brought $17,000 to Morris. Buck handed Morris $6,000 in Toronto, and Mascola gave Jack $25,000 in New York.

By forging relations with the Soviets and Chinese at the highest levels and by producing money, Morris made himself indispensable and securely positioned himself atop the hierarchy of the American party, just as Freyman had foreseen. He, Jack, and the FBI were now in business, business being espionage against the Soviet Union, China, and communism everywhere. The FBI retitled the operation "SOLO," because the operation centered on two spies, 58 and 69.

Dennis became terminally ill, and the International Department chose Gus Hall to assist and succeed him. The two selected Morris to lead the U.S. delegation to an international Party Congress in Moscow beginning in January 1959.

The party congress appointed Morris a recording secretary and assigned him a vault in the Kremlin to store documents. Late one night he accidentally closed the vault door on the little finger of his left hand, completely severing about a half inch. When doctors started to administer anesthesia before sewing up his finger he refused it out of fear of what he might say if anesthetized. Instead, he stoically stuck out the finger while the doctors did their work.

Word of the incident spread and after the congress reconvened in the morning Khrushchev took the podium and melodramatically described the heroism of a comrade who had endured terrible pain rather than risk spilling state secrets even to trusted Soviet physicians. "That comrade is among us today," he bellowed, motioning Morris to join him at the podium. There he embraced him, and holding up the injured hand, shouted, "I give you the last of the first Bolsheviks!" Khrushchev then announced that the remnant of the finger would be interred in the Kremlin wall.

Perhaps merely to test a new channel or perhaps because of temporary problems in Canada, the Soviets sent KGB officer Vladimir Barkovsky on April 23, 1959, to give $50,000 directly to Jack in New York. Payments through Canada resumed May 21, however, when Mascola delivered $41,000, and she returned with lesser sums throughout the year. After one delivery, she took back a letter from Dennis and Hall with a request that Buck forward it to Moscow. The letter certified that henceforth Morris Childs alone was authorized to represent the American party in dealings with the Soviets and Chinese.

After Morris had recovered from his heart attack, Freyman issued him an ultimatum: either marry Sonny or move out of her house. They married, and she, as promised, stood with him in all the intrigues. Doctors in the summer of 1959 discovered that she had inoperable cancer and had less than six months to live. Morris wanted to brighten the last of her life with a trip abroad, and the Chinese encouraged him to bring her along to ceremonies commemorating the tenth anniversary of communist assumption of power in China. They departed for Moscow September 23, 1959, and there Khrushchev incorporated them into his entourage to Peking.

The Chinese sought to detach the Americans from the Soviet delegation by placing them in palatial quarters remote from the Soviets, surrounding Sonny with a medical team led by an English-speaking doctor, and inviting them to remain as official guests for a couple of weeks after the ceremonies. They made it impossible for Morris to decline by adding that both Mao and Chou En Lai wanted to talk to him.

The Chinese soon provided compelling evidence that the deterioration in Sino–Soviet relations had accelerated. When Khrushchev concluded his speech on September 30, they condescendingly insulted him by folding their hands and withholding applause.

During a long audience granted Morris, Mao engaged in a disjointed, meandering diatribe against the Soviets and Khrushchev, whom he characterized as "uncouth, crude, and vulgar." The Soviet Union, he rambled, had become just as imperialistic as the United States, and Mao did not care if the two countries went to nuclear war. China would remain aloof "on the mountaintop and watch as two tigers clawed each other apart in the valley below." The Soviets had broken their word by abruptly stopping their assistance to the Chinese nuclear research and development program. China in turn had foiled Soviet tricks by rejecting a proposal to form a joint Soviet–Chinese naval fleet and refusing to allow emplacement of long-range Soviet radars on its territory. The unprincipled and opportunistic Soviets thought only in terms of five-year plans; the Chinese thought ahead a hundred years, nay, a thousand years. The world would not always remain as it was in 1959. Someday the United States would approach China and court its cooperation. But until the Soviets apologized for Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin and repudiated policies adopted at the Twentieth Communist Party Congress (in 1956), there could be no reconciliation between China and the Soviet Union. China did not want one.

To Morris, Mao seemed to fluctuate from brilliant, logical analysis to illogical, almost incoherent ranting, to raw racism and chauvinism that exalted the inherent traits of the Chinese and their culture above those of all other peoples and societies. Thinking back, he wondered whether if upon visiting the lavatory Mao did not also consult an opium pipe.

Chou En Lai, without any of Mao's bombast, also tried to enlist Morris as a Chinese ally in ideological warfare against the Soviets. He said that the Soviets had proven themselves to be unpredictable and untrustworthy, and reiterated the offer of money for the American party. Chou also took an interest in Sonny, and at a reception he stroked her derriere several times, apparently indifferent to what Morris or anyone else thought. Toward the end of their stay, he said it would be a shame for her to come all the way to China and not see something of the country, and insisted that they avail themselves of a plane put at their disposal for sightseeing.

Accompanied by the medical team, they flew to Shanghai where, in a park, were the signs Browder had described in the 1920s: "No Dogs Or Chinese." The communists had retained them as symbols of colonialism.

On his way back to the United States with Sonny, Morris stopped in Moscow to report his conversations in Peking. The Soviets reacted somberly to his account and said that unfortunately it was consistent with their other intelligence. Ponomarev also advised that the International Department would raise the 1960 subsidy to the American party to $300,000 and that it was considering means of funneling the cash straight to Jack Childs in New York. To discuss this and other operational matters, they wanted Jack to come to Moscow in early 1960.

Upon landing in Chicago on November 5, 1959, Morris telephoned Freyman from the airport: "Sonny is dying." Barely conscious and unable to walk, she had to be carried from the airport. Soon she lapsed into a coma from which she never recovered.

To distract Morris from his grief and remind him that there was still much left to do in life, Freyman burdened him with work. One assignment required a detailed personal evaluation of Gus Hall (aka Arvo Holberg) who, with Dennis' incapacitation, had become general secretary, or boss, of the party. "He is a man without a friend in the world," Morris began.

Hall was a fair, handsome, jut-jawed man, born in Minnesota of Finnish parents who were communists. He joined the party in his early twenties, attended the Lenin School, and worked as an organizer among union members in Minnesota and Ohio. During the 1930s he openly advocated overthrow of the government and was implicated in bombings perpetrated by unionists against nonstrikers. He pled guilty to a misdemeanor charge of maliciously destroying property and paid a $500 fine. After his conviction under the Smith Act, he fled to Mexico, where authorities eventually arrested him and deported him to the United States and prison.

Morris portrayed him as a cold, humorless, robotic caricature of a bomb-throwing Bolshevik and an "ignoramus." Hall once asserted that "ballet is just an excuse for pornography" and that the Bolshoi Ballet should be more accurately named the "Bolshoi

Burlesque." The Hermitage in Leningrad exhibited some of the world's most prized paintings but Hall found it wanting. Returning from the men's room, he grumbled, "They've some nice paintings here. They ought to sell a few and buy some toilets so you don't have to use a hole in the floor." Most people disliked Hall; in fact, Morris knew of no one who actually liked him.

Hall had reaffirmed the status of Morris, assisted by Jack, as his principal deputy responsible for liaison with the Soviets and all other foreign parties. The primary reason, in Morris' judgment, was that they were producing what Hall craved most—money. He was by nature exploitive and avaricious, and the deprivations of prison intensified his greed. During his incarceration, neither the party nor anyone in it gave any help whatsoever to his wife and children, and he was determined that they would never again be impoverished.

And as long as the flow of Soviet cash continued through Morris and Jack, they would not be. After Burlinson or agents working with him counted and recorded the serial number of each bill, Jack would put the money in safety deposit boxes and subsequently disburse it as the general secretary dictated. Whenever Hall wanted money for the party or himself, he had only to call Jack.

Morris summed it up: The more money we can extract from the Soviets, the more Gus will be at liberty to pocket. The more he pockets, the more secure we and the operation will be.

The Soviet summons of Jack to Moscow heartened Freyman and Burlinson and made them laugh. Clearly, the Soviets intended to use Jack just as the FBI was using him—as a clandestine assistant to Morris. That was splendid.

Jack left February 3, 1960, for Prague, where he conferred with editors of the *World Marxist Review*, communists from different countries. One, Chao Yi-Min, slipped him $50,000, a present for the American party from the Chinese. In Moscow, he met Nikolai Mostovets, head of the North American section of the International Department, and his deputy Aleksandr Grechukhin. They discussed alternate ways of transferring money and asked if Jack would assist Soviet "representatives" secretly in New York. To the FBI, the most significant outcome of the conference was an order Mostovets told Jack to relay to Hall. He wanted the American party to establish direct communication lines with the Cuban and Mexican parties, which the Soviets could use if their own links frayed.

Timur Timofeyev (Timmy Timofeevich), the son of Eugene and Peggy Dennis, left in Moscow for the Russians to raise, treated Jack to a good dinner and an enlightening evening. Timmy had grown up with the privileged and pampered children of the Soviet oligarchy, had many friends among them, and circulated among their families.

According to Timmy, from the Soviet perspective the situation in Cuba had become "very good and happy" since Fidel Castro seized power. Castro's brother Raul and two other members of the new Cuban cabinet were steadfast communists loyal to the Soviet Union. The Soviets were gleefully confident that through Castro they could transform Cuba into their first outpost in the Western Hemisphere. They already enjoyed secret relations with him, and formal diplomatic relations would be announced after the forthcoming visit by President Eisenhower to the Soviet Union.

In compliance with Mostovets' order, Hall instructed Morris to arrange talks with the Cubans. Morris arrived in Havana on May 5, 1960. Anibal Escalante, executive secretary of the Cuban party, briefed him for the better part of four days, outlining the web of ties the communists had woven around Castro and inroads they had made into the regime. Escalante too was confident that they would prevail in Cuba.

With a false passport supplied by the FBI, Morris in July 1960 flew to Prague. Following procedures he would duplicate many times there and in other east European capitals, he showed an airport security officer a letter of instruction. The security officer promptly telephoned the International Department of the Czech party, and one of its representatives soon appeared. Morris stayed in a comfortable party apartment while the Czechs arranged a flight to Moscow and notified the Russians when he would arrive.

In Moscow, he met two KGB officers who treated him with deference rather than as a subordinate. They explained that they were to supervise transfers of money and clandestine communications with the American party on behalf of the International Department.

For several reasons, they wanted to start handing money directly to Jack instead of sending it in driblets through Canada. The fewer people involved in any operation, the better. Worthy as Comrade Mascola was, she, unlike Jack, had no professional training.

The sums of cash to be passed in the future, the KGB officer continued, were likely to be greater than an amateur could safely handle. Thus a KGB officer and an alternate in New York would be assigned to work with Jack, and he would know them both. One would meet him secretly outside the city in carefully planned rendezvous. To reduce the frequency of meetings, large sums would be delivered at each and messages could also be exchanged. In time, Jack would be informed of methods by which he and the International Department could communicate through the KGB without personal meetings. One of the officers gave Morris a list of code words to be used in future messages. Each word designated a person or nation. For example, Morris was "Mr. Good" (in later lists he became "Hub"); "Madison" meant the Soviet Union; China was "Hamilton"; and Castro was "Peach."

The FBI would prize all this information, but it paled in comparison to what Morris learned from the International Department. During a closed meeting with leaders of east European parties, Khrushchev venomously denounced China and Mao Tse Tung for "endangering world peace." He ridiculed the Chinese contention that nuclear war "is nothing" and poured scorn on Mao for claiming that the United States was "a paper tiger." Likening Mao to Stalin, Khrushchev accused him of subverting socialism by creating "a cult of personality" around himself and decreed that his writings no longer would be published in the Soviet Union. Heretofore, the Soviets had muted their reactions to Chinese calumny and tried to be conciliatory. Khrushchev's present denunciations amounted to a Soviet declaration of ideological war.

After Morris returned on July 30, 1960, the FBI sent the State Department a report of these statements, and it forthwith responded with an evaluation: "This is the most important single item the FBI has ever disseminated to the Department of State."

Morris had to leave immediately for Havana to represent the

American party at the Eighth National Assembly of the Partido Socialista Popular (the Cuban party). Mingling with communist delegates from all over the world, he gained new insights into developing alliances between their parties and the Cubans. From the Cubans themselves, he brought back more intelligence showing that communist influence on the island was growing.

As the war of insults between the Chinese and Soviets escalated, the Soviets convened a conference in October 1960 in hope of securing a truce and mediating differences, and Morris attended as the American representative. The Chinese, while making fleeting reference to the desirability of unity among all communists, remained intransigent and bellicose. They disdained the most reasonable and conciliatory appeals the Soviets could make without groveling, and refused the least compromise. Instead of improving relations, the failed conference further poisoned them.

When traveling to the Soviet Union, Morris rarely could be sure exactly how long he would need to stay. The men with whom he regularly dealt were important and busy. Unexpected demands upon their time and attention sometimes forced them to reschedule appointments; new subjects could arise necessitating lengthier discussions than planned; occasionally he had to wait until someone he had to see recovered from illness. If he was scheduled to be in Moscow only a couple of weeks or so, he was given a suite at the party hotel on a floor set aside for secret communists or national liberation foreign dignitaries. If he was to be around longer, he lived in an apartment. That was the case in the fall of 1960 when he was a delegate to a conference of eighty-one parties that did not end until December.

The well-heated apartment was situated on an upper floor of a centrally located building whose garbage chutes and stairwells did not reek of clogged refuse and stale urine. It had a parlor, a bedroom, a study alcove, a large safe for storage of secret documents he was allowed to study but not keep, and a decent bath and kitchen. A cook/housekeeper maintained an ample supply of food and drink, and replenished it daily. Before leaving for the day, she insisted on preparing a cold supper even if he was dining out. On such occasions, she took the supper home with her.

Morris soon discovered that members of the International Department liked to visit him in the evening. They may have been sincere in their professed desire to discuss "general problems" or "general intelligence." They undoubtedly were sincere in their enjoyment of the unlimited quantities of whisky and vodka they could imbibe for free. Morris welcomed them and all the inside information they imparted, wittingly or unwittingly. Now and then he did plead fatigue and suggest that prospective callers stop by later. On those evenings, he meant to copy documents by hand.

Ponomarev in late November or early December gave Morris two documents to study. One provided a chronology of events that culminated in the breach between the Soviets and Chinese; the other was a Soviet analysis of the gravity of the breach. Upon receiving the documents from the FBI in late December, the State Department declared them to be "of unique importance."[‡]

By the end of 1960, Freyman, Burlinson, and the few others in the FBI who knew about SOLO could be proud of its results.

At the time, some prestigious journalists, academicians, politicians, and foreign affairs analysts in the United States still believed Fidel Castro to be a crusading votary of liberty and independence for the Cuban people. To them, any suggestion that he might be willing to sell Cuba to the Soviet Union in return for personal status as an absolute dictator would have seemed nothing short of paranoid. The early intelligence emanating from SOLO, however, warned U.S. policymakers of what was likely to happen—and what in fact did happen—in Cuba, and thereby allowed them to plan accordingly.

To much, perhaps most, of the world, the Soviet empire and Peoples' Republic of China in 1960 appeared to be a fearsome monolith occupying a fourth of the earth's land surface and comprising more than a third of its population. Later, when little signs of trouble between them inevitably surfaced, they were widely dismissed as inconsequential. "Experts" could and did argue that far more united than divided the communist partners. For years, some influential U.S. intelligence officials even contended that the indicators were deceptions, part of a grand disinformation scheme.

[‡] Over the years, Morris took many documents out of the Soviet Union. Some were originals entrusted to him for delivery to Hall. Others were illicitly made copies. Interviewed nearly a quarter of a century later, he could not remember with certainty whether those he brought out in December 1960 were originals or copies.

Almost from the inception of the Sino–Soviet split, authentic SOLO intelligence gathered at the highest echelons in Peking and Moscow showed that the breach was real, widening, and perhaps irreparable.

Soviet leaders now welcomed Morris and Jack into their confidence; they relied on them to maintain the financial lifeline of American communism and trusted them to work with the KGB.

Freyman and Burlinson had every professional reason to believe that, if security and Morris' health held, there would be much more to come.

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THE LUCK OF THE FBI

NO ONE PROGRAMMED the events that made two new members available to the team. But Carl Freyman took full advantage of the good luck.

During the annual inspection of the Cryptanalysis Section at FBI headquarters in late 1960, Supervisor Walter Boyle stood accused of two transgressions.

The section chief, Churchill Downing, observed that some of his young civilian analysts and clerks voluntarily were staying after hours or coming in on weekends to do work they thought must be done. Their zeal impressed him all the more because they claimed neither overtime pay nor credit. "Walter, we ought to find some way to reward this extra effort," he said. "You're here all the time. I'd like you to start keeping a record of who's here in off hours so I can note it on their fitness reports." Someone found out about the informal log and filed a complaint that Boyle was attempting to coerce employees into working unpaid overtime.

Then there was the issue of the pretty girl, or "slut," as the inspector chose to call her. While her husband was away taking corporate training, the attractive clerk entertained a male FBI employee overnight at her home. Somehow the FBI learned about the tryst and at 4 P.M. on a Friday fired her for moral turpitude. The woman, who was twenty-three or twenty-four, reacted hysterically. She and her husband had just purchased a house, and they needed two incomes to meet mortgage payments. She did not know what to tell him and feared that dismissal from the FBI would so stigmatize her that she could not obtain another job.

Boyle telephoned his wife at their home in suburban Springfield, Virginia, and told her what had happened. "Friday afternoon is the worst possible time to fire anyone. She will brood all weekend, and she's suicidal. Could we invite her to dinner on Sunday night so she'll have something to look forward to?" A girlfriend dropped her off at Boyle's house; he consoled her by advising that in job hunting she could cite him as a reference, and after a pleasant dinner he drove her to her home in Maryland. Evidently the girlfriend told people in the office of the dinner; in any case, the inspector learned of it.

Leaning across a desk, he kept shaking his finger at Boyle while lecturing him about consorting with immoral former employees. "You stick that finger in my face one more time and I'll break it off," Boyle shouted. For that insubordination, the FBI demoted him from supervisor to street agent and banished him to Chicago through a "disciplinary" transfer.

A garbled account of the incident preceded him to Chicago, and he arrived there in early 1961 with the reputation of a piranha. No one asked him to lunch, for a beer after work, or to join a carpool, and no supervisor would accept him on his squad—until Freyman spoke up. "I'll take him. Let's give the man a chance and judge him by what he does." That was typical of Freyman. But he also had gone to the trouble of examining Boyle's background, which in ways paralleled his own.

Boyle was born April 6, 1929, in Jersey City, New Jersey, into an extended family that included three brothers, a sister, aunts, uncles, and grandparents. His father was a professional barefist boxer, then a stevedore, a dock foreman, and a salesman, and his mother had worked as a secretary in New York. Both parents read widely, quoted literature at the dinner table, and on Saturday afternoons gathered the children around the radio to listen to broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera. Under a pseudonym, his mother, a member of the Third Order of Saint Frances, wrote book reviews for the Carmelite magazine published for priests.

Like Freyman, Boyle benefited from remarkable parochial schoolteachers who disciplined, stretched, and excited young minds. Sister Catherine Pierre was scarcely taller than her first-grade pupils at Saint Cecilia's Grammar School in Englewood, New Jersey, yet she did not hesitate to give their faces a sharp slap or an encouraging pat. She taught Boyle to read and to love reading. "It is a magic key that opens the door to the world." She so thoroughly ingrained in him the multiplication tables that by age seven he could multiply, add, subtract, and divide without pencil and paper. All his life he remembered her with gratitude. He also looked up to the football coach at adjacent Saint Cecilia's High School. His name was Vincent Lombardi.

Boyle's father taught his four sons to box, and they settled disputes by putting on the gloves in a makeshift ring he created by tying rope around four trees in the yard. At school, Boyle thought it only natural to resolve arguments with his fists, and the more prowess he demonstrated, the more challenges he provoked. Endowed with quick reflexes and body coordination, trained by an experienced boxer, and naturally pugnacious, he invariably won, and parents of his antagonists called his parents to denounce him as a hoodlum, menace, and disgrace. "You're acting like a mean, nasty kid and you're going to get us run out of town," his father warned. "If you get into one more fight, when you come home you're going to have to fight me." After the Saturday opera, his father gave him a basketball, took him to Saint Patrick's parochial schoolyard, and taught him to shoot baskets, and Boyle developed into an outstanding basketball player.

In the eighth grade at Saint Patrick's, a tall, bent, and frail sister, Maria Helena, ordered him to stay after class, and he wondered what he had done wrong. "I think there is something special about you," she began. "I want to talk to you about a special chance."

A wealthy Catholic laywoman dreamed of an academy that would mold brilliant boys into a cadre of Catholic intelligentsia with an education equal to the best in the world. To this end, she built a handsome four-story building on East 84th Street between Madison and Park Avenues in New York and there founded and endowed Regis High School. The Church staffed it with gifted Jesuits and scholastics and imposed an inflexible, classic curriculum: Latin, four years; Greek, two years; French or Spanish, two years; logic and ethics, four years; Shakespeare, two years; literature, two years; English composition, four years; ancient and modern history, four years; math (algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and calculus), four years; and religion, every day. The excellence of the school was so renowned that graduates were virtually guaranteed admission to any university, and it cost nothing to attend.

The problem was that thousands upon thousands of boys applied each year and only 140 were accepted. The sister told Boyle that she believed he could be one of them if he was willing to be tutored by her each day after school for the entrance exams.

Boyle entered Regis High School in September 1943, and from the first day it was tough. A Jesuit announced to the freshmen that the rules and standards of the school were unbending, and that probably only half of them would do well enough to be graduated. Boyle commuted by bus and subway from New Jersey, and had to get up at 5 A.M. to be on time for morning communion. Priests cheered the Regis basketball team that he captained but gave him no quarter the next morning, though they knew he could not have gotten home before 1 A.M. After a night game, he was sure to be called upon first. "Mr. Boyle, will you begin the reading?" Practices and games subtracted from his study time, and he struggled academically. But in 1947, he was one of 69 of the original 140 to be graduated.

Columbia University, being a proper Ivy League school, did not deign to offer athletic scholarships to buy professionals. A basketball coach put it to Boyle in a more sophisticated way: "You will receive a loan sufficient to pay all the costs of your tuition, books, clothes, and living expenses. At the end of four years, the loan will be forgiven. You will owe nothing."

Boyle was proud. He could attend a great university, study physics, play basketball, and make his family proud without burdening them. His father, who had quit his job at the docks as a result of an ethical dispute with Henry Ford, president of the Ford Motor Company, gazed upon him with a look that connoted both dismay and sadness. "Borrow thousands of dollars without any intention of repaying them! That's swindling or stealing. Don't you know right from wrong? No son of mine will be part of such a fraud."

Instead of an Ivy League university, Boyle enrolled in small Saint Peter's College, so close to home he could walk to it. He studied physics until the nuclear physics program was dropped for lack of students, then majored in mathematics. After Regis, college was easy; he starred in the classroom and at basketball, and looked forward to marrying a childhood sweetheart upon graduation in 1951. When the North Koreans invaded South Korea in 1950, he tried to join the Marine Corps only to be collared by his father. "An educated fighter is a better fighter. You get your degree first."‡

Upon graduation, he joined the Marine Corps which, after officer training, commissioned him a second lieutenant and sent him to the army artillery school at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. He liked Oklahoma—vast plains perfumed by sage and wildflowers, limitless skies, the purest of air and friendliest of people. At the Bachelor Officers' Quarters, he for the first time in his life had a room all to himself. Some evenings he browsed at the bookstore in nearby Lawton; it was usually crowded, and the interest people out on the prairie evinced in books impressed him. Later he realized that the popularity of the bookstore might owe something to the fact that the town bootlegger dispensed his wares from the floor above it.

Boyle had requested and received orders that directed him to proceed from Fort Sill to Korea in July 1952. Late in the afternoon, the lieutenant colonel in charge of his class proposed a change in the orders. In return for the army training its personnel, the Marine Corps obligated itself to provide instructors at Fort

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‡ One of Boyle's brothers became a physician, another an architect, and the third a university professor. His sister became a nun and teacher, continuing the traditions of Sister Catherine Pierre.

Sill. "You are a mathematician and artillery fire is based on mathematics. Men respect you. You are first in the class, and you can be an exceptional instructor. The army wants you to stay here, and the Marines have agreed. If you agree, your orders will be changed tomorrow and you will finish your tour of duty here."

"Sir, I did not enlist in the Marine Corps to serve in Oklahoma. The war is in Korea."

"Lieutenant, I don't doubt that if you go to Korea you will be one good artillery officer. If you do your duty here, there will be many good artillery officers."

"Sir, I want to think about it."

"I need your answer by 0800 tomorrow."

That night Boyle walked around alone and aimlessly. He could marry his fiancée, live with her in a neat bungalow on the base, and take her to the Officers' Club on Saturday night and to church on Sunday morning where patriotic families would contest for the honor of taking them home to dinner. They could have children, buy a car, take correspondence courses, and arrange for a job after discharge. He would not be maimed or killed, and he would be honorable. Logically, the colonel's rationale was faultless. He knew he could be a good instructor and that it was the duty of any Marine to do what the service wanted rather than what he wanted.

"What is your decision, lieutenant?"

"Sir, I thank you and the army for wanting me. I do not want my orders changed."

Along with other marines and several navy nurses, Boyle flew from California in a Mars Flying Boat equipped with comfortable reclining seats and a full galley. Having ministered to torn and dying bodies evacuated from Korea, the nurses knew what awaited the young men in combat and they treated them affectionately, acting of their own initiative as stewardesses. Boyle was twenty-three, and the nurses looked to him to be about his age; he guessed nobody in the cabin was much older than twenty-five. As they parted upon landing at Barbers Point, Hawaii, the nurses wished each marine good luck and some shamelessly bestowed unmilitary hugs and kisses. Their spontaneous sweetness and poorly masked sadness made Boyle feel like he was at his own wake. Granted four hours liberty, he drank cold beer and, having recoiled at the native dish of poi, enjoyed a memorable steak, and he thought with admiration of the women, to him really girls only a few years away from their dolls, who had volunteered to try to ease the agony of the maimed and dying brought from battle.

In a spartan and noisy yet rugged and reliable DC-3, they flew from island to island, down the Japanese archipelago, and on July 7, 1952, landed in Korea. At the airport, he received his first command as a forward observer (FO). It consisted of a scout who was a corporal; three communications specialists, privates; and a sixteen-year-old Korean interpreter, "Junior." Contemporary technology lessens the need for human forward observers; in Korea they were essential. From a bunker on a barren hillside or snowy peak, they spotted enemy movements or positions and radioed to fire control centers behind the front line (main line of resistance, or MLR) mathematical coordinates of their location. As the American 155- or 105- or 75-millimeter artillery fired, the FOs watched where the shells exploded and redirected the fire (500 yards right or left, increase or decrease range 700 yards) until the shells hit the target. The Chinese and North Koreans understood that the observers spying from posts as much as a mile and a half forward of the MLR called down death upon them; they made the killing of FOs a priority. In Korea an FO's life expectancy was short.

Boyle and his little unit proceeded immediately to the front to support South Korean Marines and within three hours were engaged in fierce battle. He quickly learned from the juvenile interpreter a Korean phrase, *Papyon*, which roughly translated into English as "a shell is on its way." Through his battery commander's scope, he could see smoke that enemy artillery emitted upon firing and shouted to warn the Koreans to take cover. They in turn had learned to shout in English "corpsman, corpsman," which meant someone had been hit and desperately needed medical help. On that first night and succeeding nights Boyle often heard the call for medics and often shouted that shells were on their way.

Later in the summer they moved to an outpost overlooking Panmunjan, where truce talks were taking place while fighting raged unabated everywhere else. The United Nations and communist commands had agreed that neither side would fire into a demarcated zone around the negotiating site. But the Chinese sneaked artillery into the no-fire zone and each night lobbed shells at Boyle's bunker. Some rounds exploded on the mountainside in front of him, others on the slope behind him where troops were dug in. Hearing an anguished call for a corpsman, Boyle ran along a trench and came upon an American marine struggling to press his intestines back into his stomach, completely ripped open by shrapnel, and held him while he died.

Boyle had pinpointed exactly the location of the Chinese batteries in the no-fire zone, and back in the bunker he called for fire upon them. The fire direction center radioed back words to the effect of, "Sorry, those coordinates are in the no-fire zone." He waited and then called for fire on fictitious enemy forces not far outside the no-fire zone, and shells from marine howitzers soon struck quite near the positions he had specified. But Boyle told the fire direction center that they were off target and radioed a string of adjustments which marched the barrage right onto the Chinese guns inside the zone. Once the first howitzer and its ammunition erupted in flame, he radioed, "You're on target. Fire for effect." Spectacular fireworks from detonating Chinese artillery and munitions lit up the night sky until Boyle radioed, "Targets destroyed. Cease fire."

By morning, the marine command had figured out what happened; Boyle was ordered down from the mountain. A jeep screeched up, and an irate lieutenant colonel jumped out. "Did you order those rounds into the no-fire zone last night?"

"I did, sir."

"Did you know you were firing into the no-fire zone?"

"I did, sir."

"Do you realize you have created an international incident?"

"Sir, I don't know about that. I know that those particular batteries won't be killing any more marines, sir."

The Chinese could not protest without admitting their treachery in violating the truce zone, and Boyle heard nothing more about the incident.

Shortly before dusk on October 3, 1952, Boyle and his men climbed into a bunker on Outpost 3 about a mile and a half forward to the front lines. The men they relieved left hastily, hoping to reach the MLR before darkness, and Boyle was trying to organize the outpost and find the maps when the Chinese initiated one of their fiercest offensives of the war. Boyle's service record told Freyman something of what transpired next and why he was decorated on the battlefield with a Bronze Star. The citation accompanying the medal said:

> For heroic achievement in connection with operations against the enemy while serving with a Marine division in Korea from 3 to 5 October 1952. Serving as a forward observer attached to a Korean Marine Corps battalion, Second Lieutenant Boyle displayed exceptional courage, initiative and professional skill in the performance of his duties. He was on an outpost 1,500 yards forward of the Main Line of Resistance when the enemy launched a heavy attack on the position. For a period of 30 hours he was subjected to intense enemy artillery and mortar fire but refused to leave his position until the enemy had been repulsed. During the action he called and directed friendly artillery fire on the enemy, and the accurate fire he adjusted inflicted approximately 400 casualties on the hostile troops. He expressed complete disregard for his personal safety, and repeatedly exposed himself to devastating enemy fire in order to make more accurate evaluations of the enemy dispositions and troop movements. Second Lieutenant Boyle's actions were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service.
>
> E.A. Pollack
> Major General, U.S. Marine Corps
> Commanding (1st Marine Division)

Boyle subsequently volunteered for even more dangerous duty as an aerial observer spotting over enemy territory from a light, slow, unarmed, and unarmored single-engine aircraft. Freyman noted that between January 3 and 17, 1953, he flew twenty low-level missions and received the Air Medal for "courage and devotion to duty," which the citation said were "an inspiration to all who served with him." He made more than 180 additional flights over Chinese and North Korean lines, each lasting about four hours. After ground fire incapacitated the pilot on one mission, he brought the plane back and landed it safely even though he never had any flight training. Before he left Korea in April 1953, the Marine Corps awarded him five more decorations.

Boyle's record in the FBI was also impressive up until his outburst at the inspector. He had worked as a street agent only eleven months when the FBI promoted him to headquarters and made him a supervisor at age twenty-six. In Freyman's experience, that was unheard of. Yet Boyle had justified the decision by excelling in the demanding, frustrating, and lonely work of cryptanalysis.

In sum, Freyman saw in Boyle a young man with great talent and promise. Of course, he would have to behave.

In part because Boyle still looked young enough to be a college student, Freyman assigned him to investigate youthful radicals. Following two suspected bomb throwers, he drove onto the University of Chicago campus. Students photographed his car, identified him as an FBI agent, and raised howls of protests against this "Gestapo-like" intrusion into academe. Freyman tried to conceal the incident from headquarters, then minimize it, then put it in the best light. As a result, both he and Boyle were reprimanded.

Still, he did not give up on Boyle. Two agents assisted Freyman in working with Morris, and when one was transferred, Freyman had an idea. Morris most respected people of high intellect; Boyle had that. SOLO required mastery of complex and arcane subjects; in cryptanalysis, Boyle demonstrated such mastery. The operation presented constant challenges; Boyle had responded more than well to challenges.

The senior agent-in-charge of the Chicago office at the time was James Gale, an old-time Bureau man who believed in delegating authority to subordinates, and he approved Freyman's proposal that Boyle be assigned to SOLO. Headquarters fairly raged and vetoed the assignment. “I’m running this office, and I’ll use the men you send me as I think best. You sent me Boyle,” Gale retorted, and he prevailed.

When they first met, Morris was almost sixty, Boyle only thirty-three. Initially, he treated Boyle formally, even brusquely, but his attitude changed as he discerned those qualities that Freyman had seen.

Boyle surprised him by his extensive knowledge of the operation and of him personally, knowledge acquired from intense study of all 134 volumes of the SASH/SOLO file. Morris was delighted that Boyle on his own started studying Russian at night school so that he could read Soviet publications and documents. And Boyle’s willingness to take calls at all hours and listen to his analyses of new developments in the Soviet Union pleased him. As their relationship came to resemble that of a patient professor and an apt pupil, Morris began to teach Boyle about the Soviets and their mentality. “You must think like they do. Thoughts govern actions.”

Just before Christmas 1961 Morris attended a dinner party in a Chicago suburb, and the hostess introduced him to a beguiling widow, Eva Lieb. To her, he seemed a dapper, cultured, and courtly man, and his stories of foreign travel interested her. There also seemed to be about him an air of mystery that further fascinated, and she found herself hoping he would invite her to a New Year’s Eve dinner. Instead, he called in early January, and she suggested he visit her home in Evanston. They sat by a fire and talked happily for hours. Morris once got up, led her to a window, and pointed to a small red-breasted robin perched in the snow that obviously delighted him. Eva thought, *Anyone who would pay so much attention to a little bird must be a very nice person, kind and sympathetic.*

Morris and Eva started seeing each other often, and he decided he better let the FBI know. “I cannot live without a wife,” he said to Freyman. “I need to find a noncommunist communist.”

“How are you going to do that?”

“I think I’ve found one. She’s a social worker who used to be on the fringes of the party. But she was just anti-Nazi, not really procommunist.”

Verbal rockets rained down from headquarters. How could the

Chicago dunderheads allow the FBI's most prized asset to fool around personally with a damn commie, much less think of marrying her?

"We can't repeal the laws of human nature," Freyman replied. He did agree that Eva should be thoroughly investigated.

As Boyle put it, "Our orders were to find out everything about her down to the color of her toothpaste." They found that Eva came from a patrician family, had earned a degree in sociology from Northwestern University, and married a distinguished chemist who died in a laboratory explosion.[‡] She received substantial compensation from his employer, apparently invested it wisely following advice from a banker brother, and developed financial acumen of her own that enabled her to help others through social work. She had moved in communist circles, but there was no record of her having been a party member; and the results of the investigation of her political views tended to match those Morris gave. Friends characterized her variously as "loving," "witty," "gutsy," "learned," and "every bit the lady."

"I don't see how he or we could do better," Freyman remarked. "Of course, she will have to become an asset. We'll let 58 handle that."

While the FBI investigated, so did Morris, the party and, for all we know, the KGB. He took her on leisurely Sunday afternoon drives in the early spring into the countryside of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan. "Look at how beautiful and healthy our country is and how much it is doing for most people," he said. "Do you love America and all it stands for?"

The question struck her as silly and she might have laughed had not his eyes so directly and seriously stared into hers. "Well, of course. Doesn't everybody?"

On another drive, she spoke up, "I'm about to marry you, but except for the fact that you are a wonderful man and I love you, I know almost nothing about you. What do you do?"

[‡] During the background investigation, Eva told a disguised investigator, "In the 1920s, most of us girls went to college to catch a good husband. I wanted a husband and a degree. In those days, degrees meant something."

"I'm in business. Don't worry. I have a good income from investments."

"What kind of business is it that takes you to China and Russia?"

She silently noted that his response was not an answer. "I'm thinking of starting a new business with my brother Ben. We think there's money to be made and good to be done by selling uniforms and other things nurses need by mail order at prices lower than they can get them retail. I'll take care of the finances, advertising, and marketing, but we'll have time for each other and we can travel."

"Will you take me to Rome? I've studied Italian. Ever since I was a little girl, I've wanted to throw coins into the fountain at Trevi, make a wish, and see if it comes true."

"I'll take you. But not until October."

Freyman, Morris, and Dick Hansen, to whom Boyle was a junior partner, held a council, and all agreed on the principles or strategy. It was absolutely essential that Gus Hall and the ID (as among themselves they now called the International Department of the Central Committee) approve the marriage as one made in communism and accept Eva just as they accepted Morris. As so often happened, Morris' concept of tactics ruled.

"I'll tell Gus I want to marry this lovely lady who is a woman of means and has a solid political background. I'll tell him that just to be sure, I'd like for him to take a look at her himself. Eva can charm snakes out of trees, and he'll like her, and more important he'll smell money. Then I'll tell him that I'd feel more comfortable if the party or maybe even the ID checked her out. Gus can't investigate his own fingernails, and the ID won't care whom I marry. It thinks women only exist to cook, clean, and serve men. Once Gus approves, he and they will be stuck with their decision, and no matter what happens everyone will always defend the decision."

Morris brought Hall to Eva's home, whose oriental carpets, tapestries, art works, leather-bound books, antique furniture, fine crystal, and china proclaimed to him that Eva was just what Morris had said—a cultured lady of means. Nothing so interested Hall as the "For Sale" sign Eva had planted in the front yard in anticipation of moving in with Morris after their marriage. He mused aloud. An elegant house like this surely would command a high price. Maybe Eva would consider donating a small part of her imminent largesse to his "club" which, like her, did all sorts of good works for the needy.

Afterward, Hall sent her three or four small "wedding" presents and cards encouraging her marriage. They married May 31, 1962. The newlyweds wrote a gracious note to Hall and accompanied it with a $10,000 check for his "club." Eva did not remember and available records do not disclose whether the FBI ever reimbursed them for the patriotic and, as it turned out, productive bribe.

Soon after the wedding Jack went to Moscow for operational consultations. During 1961 KGB officers had met him five times in Westchester County and given him a total of $370,000. In anticipation of larger transfers, the KGB wanted to plan with him more sophisticated means of scheduling and conducting meetings. Jack also gleaned prized intelligence from talks with members of the International Department: The Soviets intended to expand and fortify the Berlin Wall while avoiding actions that might provoke war, they regarded President Kennedy as inexperienced but "sagacious," they believed they could now "direct" Cuba, and they were about to instigate a worldwide "peace" campaign to depict the United States as a menace to everybody. Sino–Soviet relations continued to worsen.

Morris and Eva boarded a plane for Rome October 16, 1962, and she was surprised to find that he had purchased first-class tickets. (Later, she learned that Hall, the proletarian, insisted that he and his "secretary of state" always fly first class at party expense.) She dropped a coin in the fountain of Trevi, and Morris asked what she wished. "That we have a long, happy, and successful life together."

After a week or so Morris appeared nervous and restless, and she asked him what was wrong. "I have business in Moscow. I think we should go on."

The lavish and deferent reception accorded them in Moscow surprised and perplexed her. A man named Nikolai (Mostovets) who seemed to be a friend of Morris and to whom people obsequiously deferred, ushered them past customs into a limousine and finally into a three-room hotel suite. Shortly, a pretty woman knocked, introduced herself as Victoria, and in flawless English announced that she would be Eva's interpreter and escort for the duration of her visit. While Morris tended to unexplained business during the day, Victoria and a chauffeur took Eva to museums, galleries, special stores, and dining rooms in what she thought were private clubs. When she returned to the suite, brandy and chocolates were by the bed. Almost every evening, they were guests of Nikolai or Aleskei or other Russians, all of whom acted as if they were close friends of Morris. "Why are we being treated so royally?" Eva asked him.

"Because you are a queen."

Instead of proceeding directly through Europe to the United States as she expected, they stopped for four days in Prague, where Morris again had unexplained business. (He represented the American party at the Twelfth Congress of the Czech Communist Party.) Then he insisted on spending a few days in Zurich where he wrote a great deal, took solitary walks, and made cryptic telephone calls to the United States. The plane tickets Eva had seen listed flights from Zurich to New York to Chicago. Morris produced new tickets that took them to Los Angeles. There, as in Moscow and Prague, they walked straight past customs and immigration inspectors without submitting to baggage checks or questions. Morris told a porter to leave their luggage by the curbside and hailed a taxi. As they got in, Eva exclaimed, "We forgot our bags!"

"Don't worry. They'll be taken care of."

About an hour later in a spacious room at the Beverly Hilton Hotel, Morris said, "Eva, I want you to meet some special friends of mine. I know you will be surprised. I want you to know that I love and trust you and I am sure you'll always do what's right."

Instead of going into the corridor, he led her through a door of their room that opened into an adjacent room. Two of the handsomest young men she had ever seen rose; one was blond with blue eyes, the other had an abundance of perfectly trimmed coal-black hair, bushy, black eyebrows, and equally dark eyes which, Eva in her reminiscences said, "all at once, danced, flirted, reassured, and warned."

"Eva, this is Dick Hansen and this is Walt Boyle. They are with the FBI. And now I must tell you, so am I."

Boyle, who had investigated her and knew everything about her "down to the color of her toothpaste," addressed her as "Mrs. Childs." "You've joined what we hope and believe is the most exclusive club in the world. From now on, you're one of us; you're a member of a new family and a special team."

In that instant, Eva understood that her life had changed profoundly and irrevocably. Suddenly, the odd questions Morris had asked her, his unpredictable and inexplicable actions in Europe all made sense. Do you love America and all it stands for? From now on, she would share his secret life and all the stress and danger it entailed. She thought, *Well, if I'm going to be a spy, I will try to be a good one.*

The next day, the FBI listed her in top secret files as CG-6653S*.

six

INTO THE KREMLIN

BOYLE DROVE FROM THE airport hotel to the Los Angeles field office of the FBI, commandeered a crypto machine, and, alone in a cubicle, transmitted to Washington the first summary report of the mission. The Cuban Missile Crisis of 1962 had traumatized the Soviets. The resolve exhibited by President Kennedy and the United States astonished and dismayed them. Some were accusing Khrushchev of suicidal recklessness by emplacing missiles in Cuba in the first place.

Back in Chicago, during the next days, Morris briefed the FBI in detail about all he had learned, helped Boyle write reports, and, insofar as he could, answered questions posed to the FBI by the State Department, the CIA, the Defense Department, and other agencies. Then he went to New York to brief Gus Hall. When he returned, he had to answer more questions and start preparing for the next mission. Freyman and Boyle marveled at the stamina and energy displayed by a man in his sixties with a chronic heart condition. Clearly, Eva had brightened his life and given him still more reason to live.

The Soviets called the operation they were conducting through Morris and Jack "MORAT" (a Russian acronym for "Morris' apparatus"), and they wanted to safeguard it just as much as the FBI wanted to safeguard SOLO. Both sides took increasing security precautions.

At the Soviets' behest, Jack again detached himself from the party and dealt only with Hall and a few of his closest subordinates. Morris remained a secret member of the Central Committee of the American party and sometimes saw fellow members. But he engaged in no overt party activity in the United States and discussed real business only with Hall.

The operational necessity of constantly currying favor with Hall was for Jack irksome and for Morris odious. Jack did not mind carrying money and messages from the Soviets; that was his job. He did resent being suddenly summoned on weekends to bring cash or run personal errands or work around Hall's house. Hall believed that Jack and Morris were rich, and he asserted the right to partake of their presumed wealth, so they always had to pick up the check. Hall would propose a business dinner, and when Jack or Morris arrived at the restaurant, usually an expensive one, there he sat with his family. Walking along a New York avenue, he stopped, turned, and led Morris into a fancy haberdashery where he bought a suit. When the salesman asked how he wished to pay, he pointed to Morris and said, "He'll take care of it." Several times he required Jack to buy shoes and clothing for his children and once made him pay for his family's groceries. Yet submission to these petty extortions was a price that had to be paid.

The FBI worried that some thoughtful professional in the KGB or International Department might wonder about Morris' supposed wealth and ask questions. Where does his money come from? Is his wife really all that rich? If he is in business, how can he afford to leave at any time and travel abroad for weeks or months?

To answer such questions, Freyman, Hansen, and Boyle, with the support of SAC Marlin Johnson, established a mail-order firm for Morris. They rented presentable offices in downtown Chicago; embossed a sign on the door, "Women in White"; placed advertisements in medical and trade journals offering nurses' uniforms and accessories; and arranged to procure them if anyone ordered something. But who could be trusted to be in the office all the time, to fabricate records showing phantom shipments and profits, to fill orders and to know the purpose of the whole sham?

Morris nominated his younger brother Ben, who was a shoe salesman at Marshall Field's, then one of America's premier department stores. He had a good job and was good at it. Taught about footwear by his cobbler father, he could expertly advise customers. His bosses appreciated him, and he worked in elegant surroundings and had security. After Morris, Freyman, and Boyle talked to him, Ben at age fifty-two agreed to give it up and become manager of Women in White; his wife also gave up a secure job to be his assistant. When Hall next came to Chicago, Morris took him to the offices of Women in White, and Hansen and Boyle made sure the phones rang incessantly while he was there.

With the connivance of a friendly corporate executive, the FBI leased a three-room suite of offices in a high-rise building situated roughly midway between its offices and those of Women in White. The building had a large lobby and multiple street entrances, as well as an entrance through an underground arcade, heavily trafficked, that ran from the railway station. Its manager and maintenance and custodial staff understood that the offices were used by researchers, including a retired professor, employed by an eccentric multimillionaire investor. The FBI lined the walls with books and furnished the place to look like a research center. Whenever Morris came to the building, agents followed him to be sure he was not being followed; they also guarded against surveillance of themselves. Many of the most critical deliberations of SOLO took place in this suite, and over the years it proved to be an ideal sanctuary for conspiracy.

The FBI and KGB, as if partners rather than adversaries, both insisted that Morris travel to the Soviet bloc under a fictitious name. Both knew that the CIA and West European intelligence services tried to track Westerners venturing into the bloc. Unless the traveler was a diplomat, journalist, or someone with a conspicuously legitimate purpose in going there, he or she might fall under suspicion and, if repeated trips were detected, be investigated. The Soviets obviously did not want Morris investigated. The FBI did not want him or anything pertaining to SOLO to come to the attention of the CIA or other Western services. It was not a matter of distrust. The small coterie of FBI personnel involved in SOLO simply followed a fundamental rule of espionage: If someone does not have a clear need to know something, then don't let him or her know anything, and if you have to tell someone a little, tell only a little.

Freyman and the SAC applied this rule strictly to their own colleagues and subordinates in the Chicago field office. They isolated Boyle in a commodious office on the ninth floor of the federal building next to the room where wiretaps were monitored. It was a special, privileged redoubt—windowless and impenetrable. The walls were covered with soundproofing tile. No one except SOLO initiates could enter; only Boyle and his partner were allowed to answer the phone. The bookshelves were crammed with communist tracts and radical literature. Except during chance encounters in the corridors or garage, Boyle rarely talked to his fellow agents; he did not lunch, drink, or party with them; he could not ask for advice or help from them. Only one veteran stenographer possessing the highest security clearances took his dictation and typed his reports. Colleagues, most of them skilled investigators, regarded him as a man of mystery, a recluse who worked in "Sleepy Hollow." Some wondered whether he worked at all because he appeared in the federal building irregularly, sometimes not showing up for days, and no one ever saw any results from him. Perhaps because his envied office adjoined the wiretap room, others more kindly speculated that he was engaged in some extraordinary electronic eavesdropping operation.

To deny other government agencies as well as its own personnel the least clue about SOLO, the FBI granted those running it wide latitude to enlist civilians as unwitting conspirators in the operation. In New York, Burlinson and his men recorded the serial number of every dollar bill the KGB passed to Jack. The Federal Reserve Bank in New York detected in circulation $50 bills, which the arcane arts of money men determined at one time had been in Cuba, and suggested the FBI ascertain how and for what purpose the Cubans were getting dollars into the United States. The serial numbers of the $50 bills matched some of those provided by the Soviets. People at the Federal Reserve simply and very competently were doing their job—too competently. The FBI could not tell them to back off without telling them something about SOLO. Yet if the Federal Reserve persevered and traced more money from Cuba or the Soviet Union to the American party, a public hue and cry about foreign funding of American communism probably would ensue and end SOLO.

Burlinson took advantage of a standing invitation to lunch at the Yale Club with a lifelong friend, an eminent New York banker, and asked a peculiar favor. Could his bank accept from the FBI large sums of cash—hundreds of thousands, maybe more than a million dollars annually—and give back equal sums in different cash, and keep the transactions absolutely secret and make no profit from them? The banker thought a moment before saying, "I suppose this is important." Burlinson nodded. "All right, I will handle it myself." Imposing further, Burlinson asked if the FBI could rent safe deposit boxes under fictitious names and addresses. The banker laughed. "This is turning out to be a very expensive lunch. Maybe we should have gone to a Mafia restaurant; I feel like I'm talking to a don."

Boyle, after making a background investigation, recruited a travel agent who agreed to issue multiple plane tickets for the same journey under any name specified. These allowed Morris to shift his itinerary at will, enabled him to enter and leave the Soviet bloc by different routes, and gave him the option of pausing in Western Europe before proceeding home. Boyle did not have to present a passport or parry inquiries about why people for whom he picked up tickets so often went behind the Iron Curtain. In time, the travel agent taught Boyle how to write plane tickets and permitted him to issue them himself.

Morris always took along lots of medicine for himself and his Soviet friends. For their headaches and hangovers, the Soviets craved aspirin, which seemed hard to get, and Alka-Seltzer, which they did not have. They also prized decongestants such as Contac.

Ponomarev, one of the most privileged men in the Soviet Union, once spent several minutes extolling the wonders of Contac and he counted on Morris to keep him supplied. The labels on bottles of prescription medicine Morris needed had to match the name and background under which he was traveling. Again after a background investigation, Boyle recruited a pharmacist who provided the medications and appropriate labels. If Morris was about to travel as, say, Mr. Peter Schroeder of Cleveland, the labels showed that the medicine was prescribed for Mr. Peter Schroeder and had been purchased from a Cleveland pharmacy.

The FBI considered each reentry of Morris into the United States a time of potential trouble. He carried a false passport and often Soviet documents likely to arouse the curiosity of customs officials who were paid to be curious. Sometimes he also had unusual amounts of cash; not the huge sums such as the KGB delivered to Jack in New York but much more than a businessman or tourist normally would carry. Therefore, the FBI required that whenever he landed an agent be at the airport to persuade customs and immigration authorities to admit him without examination, to take care of trouble if it did arise, and to file a preliminary report of the mission as quickly as possible.

These receptions could not be scheduled in advance because Morris rarely knew in advance when he could leave the Soviet Union. So it was agreed that once he reached the West, usually Switzerland or Scandinavia, he would telephone Chicago. But whom to call? And what kind of number would be answered without fail twenty-four hours a day? Boyle thought, *a physician's number*.

After considerable searching and investigation, Boyle found a Chicago physician who agreed to relay from his home or office at any hour day or night cryptic messages from an unknown overseas caller to Boyle.

The travel agent, the pharmacist, and the physician never received any reward of any kind; they never knew just why they were asked to do what they did. They only knew that their services were important to the United States, and they were.

Morris was supposed to represent the American party at a

Moscow conference in May 1963, but a mild recurrence of his heart problem precluded travel and, as the Soviets had been asking to see Jack, Hall sent him instead.

The greeting at the airport, the limousine, the hotel suite, audiences with Suslov and Ponomarev, and dinners with members of the Central Committee and International Department collectively testified to Jack's new status. He still was an essential tool of the KGB; he also was, if not co-chairman, then vice president of MORAT and a personal emissary of Hall, the American head of state "temporarily out of power," and therefore above the KGB.

Fidel Castro was in Moscow at the time, and the Soviets said all might benefit in the future if Jack got to know him; delicately, they said Castro could be mercurial and that Jack should not reveal the extent of his "friendship" and that of the American party with the Soviet Union. The Soviets contrived to bring them together as if by chance at a dinner, and Castro talked to Jack affably and at length in English, insolently ignoring his hosts. Exaggerating the influence of the American party, Jack cited its efforts to generate popular support for Cuba. Castro thanked him and said he hoped they would meet again, perhaps in Havana.

Officially, the Soviets instructed Jack to inform Hall that border disputes with the Chinese might erupt into armed skirmishes. In hopes of averting conflict and reconciling other differences, they planned to try to negotiate with the Chinese in July.

Privately, some of the Soviets confided information neither Hall nor Jack had any business knowing: In the aftermath of the Cuban crisis, the Soviet Union was relocating its intercontinental ballistic missiles. Khrushchev's power was eroding, and Politburo members were competing to grab some of it. Repercussions from the case of Colonel Oleg Penkovsky, who had been unmasked as a British–American spy, continued; General Ivan Serov, head of Soviet military intelligence, the GRU, and several of his deputies had been fired.

Jack discussed operational matters with KGB officers who showed him a microfilm container that destroyed its own contents if improperly opened. They also trained him to use a new miniature transmitter–receiver for short-range communications in New

York; it recorded a dictated message lasting up to one minute. Having fitted it inconspicuously under his suit jacket and stringing the aerial inside his trouser leg, Jack was to appear in a specified department store or other public place and at the designated moment press a button that caused the device to transmit the message in a burst of a few seconds. A comparable device worn by a KGB officer loitering out of sight in the area would record the burst transmission, and when played back slowly it would become comprehensible. If Jack was to receive a message, he had to do nothing except show up at the appointed time.

The KGB advised Jack that it would leave both the microfilm container and transmitter for him at drops around New York. Ordinarily, KGB laboratories did not design esoteric equipment for just one operation—knowledge of new espionage instruments might help detect other KGB operations around the world. So the FBI looked forward to taking apart and duplicating those promised to Jack.

Analysts were still poring over reports from Jack's mission when Morris came back from Moscow and Prague in August 1963 with much more for them. The Soviets believed that North Korea was contemplating a military attack on South Korea to reunify the two countries forcibly, and the specter of another Korean War appalled them. They were not sure what the Chinese would do; they realized that the presence of American troops in South Korea would guarantee the United States' involvement; the uncertainties were nightmarish.

Castro was behaving like a Latin egotist and prima donna, alternately bellowing and pouting, and relations with Cuba were not entirely satisfactory. The Czechs intended to seek better relations with the United States. So did the Soviets, who still were feeling tremors from the Cuban Missile Crisis.

Most important, the July negotiations in Moscow between Chinese and Soviet delegations led by Teng Hsiao-Ping and Mikhail Suslov were a calamity. Suslov allowed his old friend and pupil, Morris, to read English translations of speeches by him and Teng, and to make copious notes. Morris made almost verbatim copies that documented a fact that many, maybe most, American analysts could not bring themselves to accept: China and the Soviet Union were becoming real, implacable, and emotional enemies.

Teng began the "negotiations" by extolling Stalin. He demanded that the Soviets recant their repudiations of Stalin, abandon the policy of "peaceful coexistence" with the West, renounce the doctrine that World War III was not inevitable, and admit that the war would not start until the United States had subjugated the Third World. In essence, he demanded that the Soviet Union, domestically and internationally, revert to Stalinism.

Suslov, who had attempted to be conciliatory and pleaded for civil, comradely discourse, replied, "Do you really expect to turn the world communist movement back to a situation in which one person rises like a god above the people?... How could you expect the Soviet people, who paid for the personality cult with the blood of millions upon millions of innocent victims, including their best communist sons, to support such a demand?... Why do you justify Stalin's errors and crimes? Why?"

The Chinese then accused the Soviets of cowardice for not looking forward to nuclear war. Some ten months before, during the Cuban Missile Crisis, Suslov sat with Khrushchev and Politburo members as officers of the Soviet General Staff gave their objective, professional judgment of the consequences of nuclear war. He echoed that judgment in his response to Teng: "It is clear that you do not recognize the possibility of preventing a world war. This means that you deny that war can be prevented... Scientific data on modern war and its consequences cannot be concealed from the people. It is estimated that between 700 million and 800 million people would die in the first nuclear blow." Suslov then accused the Chinese of treating the Soviets as enemies, of "intolerable rudeness," and of shouting "slander and lies."

Two days later, Teng countered with charges that the Soviet Union sought better relations with the United States and India than with China. "You are working wholeheartedly and cooperating with American imperialism... It is quite evident that our differences are of a very serious nature... Your great power chauvinism creates a serious threat of a split in the world communist movement… As the saying goes, 'Rein in your horses in the nick of time before you plunge into the abyss…' There is an old Chinese proverb: 'Good medicine is always bitter but beneficial.' We gave you much good advice. Take it."

Morris pointed out to Freyman and Boyle that these exchanges occurred over a span of ten days. After each exchange, Suslov and Teng had time to reflect and consult their respective governments or parties. So the import of the insulting words was graver than the words themselves because they represented the considered and calculated positions of the Soviet Union and China toward each other. Neither man had succumbed to a fit of personal pique and in anger said things he did not really mean.

Continuing his interpretations, Morris said that while Mao himself might be a little crazy, and the Chinese might sound crazy, and their Stalinist beliefs might be crazy, given their premises they were acting logically and there was some truth in their allegations. The Soviets indeed had renounced Stalin and policies resulting in the mass murder of their people. Soviet leaders were chauvinists: they put their personal interests first and perceived Soviet interests above those of international communism. They did behave toward foreign communist parties as Teng said—"like a father toward a small son"—and they did try to buy or control foreign parties for their own benefit.

At the same time, Soviet leaders, given their premises, were acting with equal logic. Since the 1920s they had been governed by a doctrine, the Correlation of Forces, which dictated that you never initiate a war or battle unless the balance of power so favors you that victory is certain or the enemy will realize the futility of even resisting. In a nuclear war with the United States, victory was far from certain; obliteration of all Soviet cities and basic industry was. Soviet strategists comprehended that whatever the other outcomes, nuclear war would leave them with a depopulated, primitive agrarian society vulnerable to hordes of Chinese. The Chinese professed not to fear nuclear war. They did not understand that it would return them to the Stone Age, and they believed they could afford to lose a few hundred million people, people being the one thing they had in abundance. Hence, the

Soviets, in defiance of what the Chinese considered fundamental rules of fraternal Marxism, refused to share nuclear weapons and withdrew technical assistance.

Morris taught Freyman and Boyle that the intentions of the Soviets often could be divined from what they said if you knew how to decipher the meaning of their words. The slogans "peaceful coexistence" and "peaceful competition" did not augur the end of efforts by the Soviet Union to expand its empire through espionage, subversion, propaganda, intrigue, and "wars of national liberation." They meant only that the Soviets would not wittingly risk provoking nuclear war with the United States, as Khrushchev very nearly did in Cuba.

In Morris' judgment, Sino–Soviet differences could not be reconciled; rather, they were destined to worsen because the Chinese would not moderate their ideological demands and the Soviets could not possibly accede to them. Events had proven Morris' past analyses so correct and insightful that Boyle thought he would be derelict if he did not allow headquarters and policymakers to consider this one. So after Sunday morning Mass, he devoted most of the day to incorporating it into a report. Neither Freyman nor Boyle ever uttered profanity, not so much as a "damn"; to them use of obscenities reflected ignorance of the richness of the English language and disrespect for others. But Boyle came close upon reading the headquarters response to his report: "We are an investigative organization; not a think tank. We are interested in facts; not opinions. Take note."

ON NOVEMBER 1, 1963, Morris began what is recorded in an informal FBI history of SOLO as the "Fourteenth Mission." By now the Soviets had established a routine that required him to come to Moscow each autumn to receive instructions for the American party, to submit a budget detailing what the American party proposed to spend in the forthcoming year, to answer questions and offer opinions about conditions and personalities in the United States, and generally to survey the world and discuss strategy. Almost always during these annual consultations, he spent many hours with Suslov, Ponomarev, and Politburo members; usually he also saw Khrushchev and, later, Leonid Brezhnev as well as senior KGB officers. That November he thought he discerned among those with whom he drank, dined, and conferred collective gloom and individual uncertainty.

The Soviets were more exasperated, even enraged, by the Chinese than they had been in the summer. They claimed that China with premeditated malice was arming wild revolutionary bands around the world with Soviet weapons so that the Soviets would be blamed for the mayhem and murder committed with them. It appeared they deliberately had set out to incite enmity toward the Soviet Union both in the West and Third World. Their strident insults and calumny made it difficult even to talk to them, and Suslov despaired, "The more reasonable and conciliatory we try to be, the more unreasonable and bellicose they become." The KGB colonel, who liked to drop by Morris' apartment in the evening for "general intelligence," lots of bourbon, and Camel or Chesterfield cigarettes, expressed Soviet frustrations more grimly. "They don't understand what nuclear bombs can do. If they keep on, someday we may have to give them demonstrations."

The Chinese were competing with the Soviets for ideological influence in the Third World and were courting Castro, who by himself was vexing enough. He had started smuggling arms to guerrillas in Venezuela and promising arms to revolutionary or ragtag gangs elsewhere in Latin America without, Morris inferred, first securing Soviet concurrence. The Soviets did not object in principle to arming insurgents and terrorists; they did that themselves, directly and indirectly. But you had to know what you were doing, what you reasonably could expect to gain, and what you might lose. The Soviets were not sure Castro knew what he was doing and worried that he was becoming more intent upon mythologizing himself as a world leader than in advancing the global interests of the "socialist camp." As he was being sustained by their economic largess and military protection, they considered him obligated to consult them and abstain from impulsive theatrics that might drag them into another nuclear confrontation with the United States. Still, to retain their base in Cuba, they were willing to put up with a lot and indulge him as one would a temperamental child—up to a point.

The Politburo still hoped to use the American party as a means of influencing Castro and communicating discreetly with the Cuban party. Ponomarev observed that when Jack and Castro met in Moscow, each seemed to like the flamboyance of the other and Jack successfully flattered Castro with his inflated accounts of all the American party was doing to help him in the United States. The Soviets hoped to transform this embryonic personal relationship into an auxiliary tool for spying on and influencing Castro, and they proposed that Jack go to Havana under the pretext of delivering a formal communication from Gus Hall. They would make the necessary arrangements, pretending to be acting only as an intermediary of Hall and at his initiative. And they would explain that, to circumvent restrictions prohibiting U.S. citizens from traveling to Cuba, Jack would fly to Havana from Moscow. Thus, they could brief him before the trip and debrief him after his visit to Havana. Ponomarev or maybe his deputy suggested that Jack bring along his wife because her presence might enhance social entrée in Cuba.

Both Morris and Ponomarev understood that the annual review of the next American party budget was largely a charade. Morris laboriously wrote down how much the party needed to maintain headquarters activities in New York; to sustain front groups and publications; to travel, demonstrate, and proselytize; and to pay the salaries and expenses of party leaders. (Much of this was fiction written by him and Boyle.) On the other side of the ledger, he put down how much the party expected to receive from Hollywood and Manhattan donors and from others of the monied radical chic who thought it cute or deliciously daring to contribute. Always there was a deficit, which amounted to what Hall wanted the KGB to slip to Jack at night around New York.

MORRIS WAS IN MOSCOW on November 22, 1963, when President John Kennedy was assassinated. As Soviet rulers hastened to ask him about the possible causes and import of the assassination, he witnessed firsthand the consternation it produced among them. They first of all feared what the assassination might portend for them, but some also seemed personally to regret the murder of the charismatic young president, even though he was an enemy. Having survived the many murders ordered by Stalin, they had tacitly agreed among themselves that after future power struggles in the Soviet Union, the victors would not kill the vanquished, and the specter of political assassination in America mystified and frightened them because in their minds it denoted unpredictability and instability.

The initial confusion produced many questions. Did not well-qualified bodyguards protect the president when he traveled? How could their protection fail unless some of them had been co-opted into a plot? Could the assassination be part of a right-wing or fascist coup? How was it likely to affect the United States' foreign policy and more particularly policy toward the Soviet Union? What kind of a man was the new president, Lyndon B. Johnson? How would he differ from Kennedy?

To these and numerous other queries posed during the day, Morris could offer few factual answers because about the events in Dallas he knew only what the Soviets had told him and he had no special knowledge of Johnson. He did understand the political history and processes of the United States, and, drawing upon this understanding, he offered Soviet leaders analyses that later enhanced his reputation among them as a remarkable seer. In essence, he told them:

> He could not say whether the security men in Dallas had been derelict; considering the dangers to which American presidents exposed themselves by riding around in open cars and mingling with crowds, they might not have been at fault. Pending more details, it was too early to tell.
>
> Many attempts on the lives of presidents had been made; only one, the assassination of Abraham Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth, was politically or ideologically

> motivated. The rest were perpetrated by deranged individuals. Virtually any U.S. citizen could buy and keep a gun; arguably, one percent, or more than a million American adults, were certifiably insane and there was no accounting for what madmen might do, alone or in concert with others.
>
> A covert political coup in the United States, however, was impossible, and rational people of all political persuasions recognized this reality. The U.S. armed forces were obedient to civilian authority and loyal to the office of the presidency, whoever occupied it. Abetted by the FBI, they would crush any incipient coup, violently if necessary.
>
> In the near term, there would be no basic change in American foreign policy. Johnson, having inherited the presidency by chance, would concentrate upon earning it in the 1964 elections. He probably would retain, at least until after the elections, Kennedy's principal foreign policy advisors, heed their counsel, and risk no new initiatives. Additionally, Congress exercised considerable control over foreign policy and Congress' composition remained the same.
>
> Matters would have to be reevaluated after the next presidential and congressional elections.

Ponomarev was talking to Morris in his office about Johnson when subordinates burst in, their faces ashen. Unaware that Morris understood Russian, they ignored him and at once informed Ponomarev that Dallas police had arrested Lee Harvey Oswald for the murder of President Kennedy. Other ostensible facts they rapidly reported explained their alarm, which bordered on panic.

Oswald, a former U.S. Marine, had defected to the Soviet Union and lived there with his Russian wife. Soviet psychiatrists who examined him after he attempted suicide in Moscow concluded that he was very abnormal and unbalanced, if not insane. When he asked to return to the United States, the Soviets were glad to be rid of him and they had no contact with him until a few weeks ago. Then he appeared unbidden at the Soviet embassy in Mexico City and requested a visa to go back to the Soviet Union, saying he intended to travel via Cuba. The embassy, following standard procedures, routinely asked Moscow for guidance. KGB headquarters reviewed his record, adjudged him a useless misfit, and ordered the embassy to brush him off. Accordingly, the Soviets in Mexico City advised Oswald that they could not issue a visa until he obtained a visa to enter Cuba. Forewarned, the Cuban embassy told him it could not issue a visa until he obtained a visa to enter the Soviet Union. This contrived runaround succeeded in turning Oswald away, and the Soviets heard nothing more from or about him until just now.

The KGB swore to the Politburo and International Department that before, during, and after the time Oswald lived in the Soviet Union it never utilized him as an agent or informant. The Politburo had confiscated his KGB file, and the copy that aides gave Ponomarev apparently contained nothing to contradict this claim.

Throughout the excited exchanges, Morris sat mute and phlegmatic, trying to transcribe into memory every word he heard. One of the Soviets finally took note of him and asked, "What are we going to tell this American here?" Ponomarev certified that Morris was completely trustworthy and declared he should be told the truth. Through an interpreter, Morris thereupon heard basically the same account given Ponomarev. Almost pleading, the Soviets beseeched him to believe they had nothing to do with the assassination.

Logic and professional training inclined him to believe them. While the Soviets had not foresworn assassination as an instrument of state policy, even low-level murders had to be approved in advance by the Politburo, and Ponomarev surely would have known of any plan to kill the president. Neither Ponomarev nor other ranking Soviets with whom Morris spoke could have faked the kind of shock he personally observed. If Oswald was as unbalanced as the Soviets alleged, Morris doubted that they would entrust Oswald with a mission tantamount to an act of war. If Oswald was a Soviet assassin, why would he openly present himself at the Soviet and Cuban embassies where CIA or Mexican surveillants were likely to spot him? And what did the Soviet Union conceivably have to gain from the assassination?

However, Morris realized that among many angry Americans logic might not prevail and that the conspicuous Soviet trepidation was justified. The FBI or CIA quickly would ascertain that Oswald had fled to the Soviet Union and probably that he had visited the Soviet embassy in Mexico, and the findings would spawn reasonable questions. The Soviet Union was not known as a champion of human rights nor a haven for foreigners escaping economic or political repression. Why did Oswald want to live there, and why did the Soviets admit him, unless they expected to exploit him? Hundreds of thousands of KGB border guards patrolled Soviet frontiers not so much to keep aliens out as to keep Soviet citizens in! Why did the Soviets let Oswald go? Why did Soviet diplomats talk to him in Mexico?

Ponomarev and Morris had just heard plausible explanations and could see for themselves that they were offered earnestly. But how many Americans would believe whatever the Soviet government said? And what might the supposedly crazy Oswald say? If the U.S. government or a majority of Americans were persuaded that the Soviets had arranged or abetted the murder of the president, the United States would probably retaliate. Lesser provocations had started wars.

The bizarre murder of Oswald in the basement of the Dallas police headquarters after his arrest compounded Soviet fears. Now those prone to blame the Soviets could argue that the assassin had been assassinated to bury evidence of Soviet complicity. Some in the International Department proposed that Morris be sent home forthwith to convince the U.S. government of Soviet innocence.

The absurdity of the proposal was a gauge of the desperation of Soviet officialdom. As Morris diplomatically pointed out, he was among the last persons the American government or public was likely to believe. Although he had not been openly affiliated with the party since 1947, he had been a prominent communist and Soviet advocate. Any protestations by him of Soviet innocence would be construed as evidence of Soviet guilt and, besides, how was he supposed to know what he was talking about? The same held true for the American party, and he urged that it be instructed to limit its statements regarding the assassination to expressions of regret and abhorrence of political violence. He also argued that the Soviet government should officially convey to the U.S. government, secretly or publicly, the complete truth about its dealings with Oswald, down to the last detail.

Ponomarev and Suslov ultimately agreed, and Morris flew back with instructions for Hall, landing in New York December 2. In a motel room near Idlewild Airport (now JFK Airport), he told to Boyle all he had heard and seen in Moscow pertaining to the assassination. Scribbling notes, anxious to be accurate, Boyle grasped the magnitude of the intelligence Morris was imparting and the urgency of transmitting it to Washington. They agreed to dispense with the customary summary report briefly outlining all the information the mission had yielded, and Boyle left for the FBI field office in Manhattan. En route he mentally composed an aseptic report that clinically stated facts and omitted any interpretation or comment. However, the raw facts he personally encrypted and dispatched to headquarters collectively communicated an unmistakable message: The Soviet Union had nothing to do with the assassination of President Kennedy, and its leaders were as stunned by the tragedy as was anyone else.

Without revealing the source of information, agents personally briefed President Johnson; Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, brother of the slain president; and a few other administration leaders. The Warren Commission investigating the assassination received a secret summary of what Morris learned. Thus, within two weeks of the assassination, at a time when public passions and political emotions ran high, U.S. policymakers had compelling evidence that they did not have to act against the Soviet Union.

Nevertheless, Oswald indisputably was a communist sympathizer, a subscriber to communist publications, an adherent of Fidel Castro, and a former resident of the Soviet Union who had wanted to return to the Soviet Union. And the government could not reveal to the public what Morris personally saw and heard in Ponomarev's office. So the communists embarked upon a systematic campaign to persuade the American people and the world that ultra-rightists, rather than a communist sympathizer, killed President Kennedy.

On November 25, 1963, Jack Childs (NY-694S*) called for a "crash" meeting with Burlinson in New York. At 2:26 P.M. that day, the New York office flashed to Director J. Edgar Hoover in Washington a coded dispatch labeled "URGENT" and sent copies to SACs in Chicago, Dallas, and New Orleans. It said:

> On instant date NY-694S* advised as follows:
>
> He contacted Arnold Johnson, CPUSA Legislative Secretary, who advised the informant that Gus Hall had instructed that the informant transmit to the Soviets an important message, which message was to be given to CG-5824S* [Morris] who in turn would give it to the Central Committee in the Soviet Union. The message was to the effect that the Soviets were to notify at once all world communist parties on our behalf to continue public campaign which directs fire against the ultra-right elements and provocateurs in the United States who are the real perpetrators of the assassination of President Kennedy and also to strike against those commentators and others including public officials especially in the South who are falsely accusing the CPUSA and the USA working class. Your statements and articles which have already appeared are most effective and correct and need to be continued.
>
> Johnson also stated that Gus Hall wants NY-694S* to immediately get in touch with his Russian contact in the United States and advise that he assumes that the Russians are still interested in Lee Oswald's wife since she is a Russian and possibly will go back to Russia. The informant is to request that the Russians, in the event they interview her, determine if her husband had any connections with the ultra-right... Informant will attempt to initiate contact November 26...
>
> For information [of] New Orleans and Dallas,

> NY-694S* is an extremely sensitive source and information containing instant teletype should not be reported but used for lead purposes only.

Soviet President Boris Yeltsin in his book *The Struggle for Russia* (Random House, New York, 1994) on page 307 quotes a memorandum KGB Chairman Vladimir Semichastny sent on December 10, 1963, to the International Department. It is based mainly on a report from "Brooks," whom Yeltsin characterizes as "a well-known American communist and KGB agent." "Brooks" at the time probably was the Soviet code name for Jack. Excerpts quoted by Yeltsin state:

> In the opinion of Gus Hall, *the official representative of the Soviet Embassy in the USA* [emphasis added], we would find it expedient to visit the widow of Oswald, since interesting information about events in Dallas can be obtained from her, as a Russian and citizen of the USSR... in the opinion of the Rezident of the Committee for State Security [KGB], a trip from a Soviet Embassy officer to Oswald's wife was not expedient.

Thus Yeltsin and KGB files confirm that Jack did what Hall dictated. So did Morris.

seven

ALMOST CAUGHT

THE SOLO TEAM JUDGED that Eva could be a rejuvenating and sustaining confidant of Morris, and in the beginning that is all the FBI expected her to be. However, through the tutelage of Morris as well as her own intelligence and daring, she transfigured herself from a sweet, caring social worker into perhaps the most effective female spy the FBI has ever had. In Moscow, she gathered from Kremlin wives insights into their husbands' private thoughts and emotions, the kind of intimate personal details no male could obtain. She gradually formed some of the wives into a sort of feminist movement and encouraged them to assert themselves in a male chauvinist world. Eva empowered the women by announcing that she would not attend a banquet or reception unless wives were invited, and her female friends knew that they owed their entrée into high male society to her.

When Boyle warned that interpreters reported every word she spoke to the ID and KGB, Eva said, "So much the better. We'll just be speaking to a larger audience, won't we?" Eva was not only stealing Soviet secrets and smuggling out important documents, she was also becoming an agent of influence—someone who not only reported enemy behavior but also helped affect it.

If Eva could do so much as a female spy, how much could Jack's wife, Rosslyn, do? Surely Roz would be welcome in Moscow. She had gone there in the 1930s to work as a secretary for the Comintern, and her subsequent party record in the United States was unstained. Although she had not been politically active for years, she remained on good terms with Gus and Elizabeth Hall.

While Roz used the excuse that motherhood left her no time for party work, in fact, she had lost all faith in communism and the Soviet Union. She nonetheless supported Jack and Morris when they chose to resume party activity, for reasons she did not understand. She was courteous to the Halls and the few other party members who occasionally visited their home.

Toward the end of a brief vacation in Florida, Jack suggested that on the way back they stop in Washington, D.C. Roz assented, drawing up a detailed list of all the sights they should visit. But the trip did not turn out the way she had planned. When they presented their tickets at the Miami airport, the attendant said that because the coach section of their flight was overbooked, they were being upgraded to first class. Once on the plane, Roz noticed empty seats in coach. At Washington National Airport, two young men, who looked like linebackers for the Washington Redskins, introduced themselves as "friends of Mr. Sullivan" and announced that they had a car for them outside. Roz asked about their luggage. "It will be in the car," Jack said. As soon as they stepped outside the terminal, a limousine with police escort stopped in front of them. Roz had reserved an inexpensive room in Alexandria. Instead, the limousine took them to one of the most elegant hotels in downtown Washington. Without pausing at the registration desk, the young men carried their bags to a lavish suite. Awaiting them in the room were flowers, chocolates, canapés, champagne, and a man Roz had never met—William C. Sullivan, then the FBI assistant director responsible for SOLO. He told her about the operation and Jack's role in it;

then he, in effect, said: Your country needs you. Your husband needs you. Will you join us?

Roz first spoke to Jack rather than to Sullivan, "I'm proud of you."

The Soviets wanted Jack to come to Moscow for consultations with the KGB, and they hoped that afterward he could fly to Havana, see Castro, and then report back to them. Before he and Roz departed in April 1964, Morris composed birthday greetings for Jack to deliver to Khrushchev in the name of Hall and the American party. Boyle thought the letter Morris wrote was outrageously saccharine and obsequious. "This isn't meant for the commanding general of the Marine Corps," Morris said. "You've got to think like they do."

Khrushchev long had been a sycophant. While presiding over the extermination of millions of Ukrainians in the 1930s, he variously characterized himself as "Friend and comrade in arms of Stalin... Closest pupil and comrade in arms of Stalin... Stalinist leader of Ukrainians and Bolsheviks... Closest companion in arms of the great Stalin." In 1944, Khrushchev compelled thirteen poets to write a collective poem to the Great Stalin from the Ukrainian People, and made 9,316,972 people sign the poem before sending it to Stalin. Morris reasoned that Khrushchev, as a former sycophant, was vulnerable to sycophancy.

Morris was right. The letter so delighted Khrushchev that he ordered copies circulated among the Politburo and Central Committee, and he invited Jack to a state dinner honoring Algerian Premier Ben Bella on May Day. Famous marshals, four cosmonauts, and the entire Presidium were present. With much fanfare, Jack was introduced to all as the representative of the American party, and many drank fulsome toasts to him. As Morris had instructed, Jack responded with a treacly toast to Khrushchev, and Khrushchev in turn said to him: "Now this great day is complete. It is truly international and here stands a representative from the country in which this great day gave birth. When I hug you I hug your great Secretary [Hall]. Good health to him. He indeed is a staunch leader of your brave Party. Ah, he is my son! Enjoy yourself on this occasion. Sit with us. You are more than welcome." (The quotations of Khrushchev are extracted from a report Jack submitted to Hall.)

While Ponomarev escorted Ben Bella, Jack dealt with Mostovets and his assistants, Aleksei Grechukhin and Oleg Korianov. At his request, they provided him with an American typewriter so he could write to comrades back home. In plain-language code, he wrote to "Vivian," an FBI mail drop in New York. Decoded, the letter said: "Mostovets and Grechukhin are even more anxious that I go to Cuba than I am myself. It seems that even patrons of the arts are kept waiting at the door while Castro looks at the mirror and admires himself... Things are even worse with the Chinese than one can imagine—much worse."

On May 4, Jack was summoned to meet "a special comrade," the KGB officer overseeing support operations from Moscow. Partially out of his natural insolence but also for calculated operational reasons, Jack treated KGB personnel as his subordinates. Jack made it clear that he was working for Khrushchev, Suslov, Ponomarev, Mostovets, and the august general secretary of the American party, and nobody else. If something went wrong, he loudly and brazenly accused the KGB of incompetence. So the KGB, perhaps at times contrary to its best professional judgment, humored him or left him alone, which is just what he and the FBI wanted.

The support officer looked like a young Abe Lincoln. Speaking perfect English, he addressed Jack by his first name without identifying himself. He exhibited thorough knowledge of operations in New York and several times insinuated he was acting under the direct authority of the Central Committee.

"Look, Mr. X, if that's what you want to be called, I do business with the Politburo and Central Committee personally," Jack said. "If anyone there wants to tell me something, he will do it, face to face. So let's come to the point. Why am I sitting in this hotel room?"

As if unveiling some great technological marvel, the officer produced a microfilm container that would destroy its contents if improperly opened. He began a lecture about its value and functions.

"You guys showed me this thing last year," Jack interrupted. "I know how it works. You said you would give me some at a drop or meet. Is this a museum piece, or do you want me to use it? If you do, get it to me."

The Soviet told him that cryptologists had devised a new code for MORAT communications that Jack would soon be trained to use.

"That's good," Jack said. "Thirty years ago when you were a boy and I was studying intelligence in Moscow, I learned that codes should be changed often. As for the lesson, you'll have to check with the people at ID. They control my time."

Playing his trump card, Mr. X proudly stated that the Soviets had decided to deliver $300,000 to Jack upon his return to New York. He acted as if the money came from his own pocket and clearly expected expressions of gratitude.

"Mostovets already told me that," Jack replied. "It's not as much as my secretary expected, but it will help. By the way, send it in $50 bills; mostly gangsters go around with $100 bills, and they attract attention."

Meekly, the officer agreed that $50 bills would be better.

They parted affably, having agreed to meet later to discuss new cipher systems with a KGB expert.

While Jack awaited a visa to Cuba, Korianov counseled him about how to deal with Castro. "We are very familiar with Comrade Castro. We know him very well. You know that Khrushchev spoke to him twice. He talked to him very precisely, accurately but tenderly, as one to a child… Comrade Castro is a very sensitive comrade. Our experience has been to talk to him most carefully. We even have learned that there are times not to speak to him, since he is a man of many moods. If his mood is good, he will listen, he will agree with you; but should it be bad, he will shout and pout." Korianov stressed that the Soviets did not want the Cubans to know of their interest in his trip and they could not contact Jack in Havana. All they could do was help him obtain a visa and make him comfortable on their plane.

The day Jack was scheduled to meet the KGB cipher expert, a KGB officer greeted him coldly.

"There will be no expert present today, and you will receive no instructions in codes," he began. "I have come to tell you that a very serious situation has arisen in New York, and we are gravely disturbed. The New York *Journal American* on May 14 published an article by columnist Victor Riesel. It said that the head of the FBI knows how the Communist Party is getting its money from Moscow and that he could name names and places and furnish proof in detail of his allegations. There will be no delivery of the money we discussed."

For a moment, Jack could not speak. He felt nauseous with fear. The KGB obviously suspected him; both he and his wife were in mortal peril. Not knowing what else to do, Jack did what he did best. He started playing the big con, trying to bluff his way out of trouble.

"This doesn't make sense!" he shouted. "How could you people make a decision to cripple my party at a time like this? The *Worker* is depending on the National Office for money. The presidential elections are coming up, and we are preparing for a National Convention. This is a rash and hasty decision on the part of your New York comrades. I'm not going to let a faker like Riesel harm my secretary Gus Hall and my party. I'm going to appeal to the highest authority in the Central Committee against this decision."

"I am sorry," said the KGB officer. "There is nothing I can do. The New York comrades have the right to make decisions where security is concerned and such decisions are always final."

"It's not that simple," declared Jack. "I will not go home until this decision is changed. That is what my secretary would expect."

The telephone rang, interrupting the conversation. The Cubans had granted a visa, and Jack needed to be at the airport in two hours.

He now dreaded the trip to Cuba, and he dreaded having to return to Moscow after he was done there. He could not back out without making himself more suspect. But he could try to spare his wife. As he packed for Cuba, he told Roz what had happened and ordered her to take the next available flight out of the Soviet Union. When they parted, Jack wondered if he would ever see her again.

Back in the States, the FBI traced the leak to a senior assistant to J. Edgar Hoover, who was trying to curry favor with the press and Congress. The assistant knew almost nothing about SOLO but had seen reports to Hoover about the cash smuggled into New

York. Since he could not be prosecuted or fired without compromising the operation, the aide was warned to keep quiet and get lost for a while. The FBI made sure that those who fielded any queries from the press, Congress, or other government agencies were totally ignorant of SOLO. To anticommunists in Congress, the FBI said: "It would be wonderful if this were true. But we can't produce a single source who can verify any of that." The Bureau did not say there were no such sources; it said they could not *produce* any. Finally, the FBI managed to convey this message indirectly to a few members of Congress and aides who had contacts with the Soviets in Washington.

After the initial story, no other newspaper paid attention. The storm had passed, though Jack, stuck in Havana, had no idea that he and his wife were safe.

The Cubans placed him in a comfortable little villa. On the second day of his stay, Ramon Calcines, a young member of the Presidium responsible for relations with foreign communist parties, paid a courtesy visit. He said Castro knew Jack had arrived and looked forward to seeing him as soon as his demanding schedule permitted. Calcines added that as Castro kept very irregular hours, he might call at any time, day or night, so Jack should stay in the villa until he heard from him.

Some eight months earlier Hall had stationed Beatrice Johnson, a veteran communist, in Havana to provide liaison between the American and Cuban parties. She came to Jack's villa the third day, looking worn and disheveled, and recounted a tale of endless adversity. The Cubans had consigned her and her small daughter to a slum unequipped with either a refrigerator or fan, and she was forced to keep perishable food in the icebox of a comrade six blocks away. Her savings and the money the party gave her before she left were exhausted; she subsisted on a pittance earned from a menial job with the Cuban party. Ultra-leftist Americans sympathetic to the Chinese continuously deceived the Cubans with malicious lies about the American party, and she had been unable to see Castro or anyone else of importance. She had been "pushed around, beaten up, and isolated."

Just confiding her travails to Jack, whom she had known in

New York, seemed to raise her spirits and energize her. After recounting her woes she gave him a comprehensive briefing about Cuba. They dined together at the villa every evening, and he came to rely on her advice. After a week without any word from Castro, Johnson told him that some people waited for months. She recommended that Jack compose a melodramatic letter to Castro announcing an urgent need to confer. He did so and sent it to Dr. Rene Vallejo, a close friend and confidant of Castro.

A few nights later, both Castro and Vallejo came to the villa. As in Moscow, Castro was quite cordial, and the flattering personal greetings Jack relayed from Hall made him more so. After Jack handed him a letter from Hall, Castro asked, "Should I read it now or take it with me?"

"It might raise some questions, so perhaps it would be better to read it now," Jack answered.

Castro read and studied the letter, then said emotionally, "This is one of the most beautiful documents I have ever read, and I speak from the heart. I will always remember and keep it."

Jack began his presentation by asking, on behalf of Hall, what the American Party could do to help Cuba. "What can we do as a party to build a closer relationship? I also wonder if you would mind meeting our representative. She has been in Havana eight months and still has not been able to meet you."

Castro jumped from his chair and exclaimed, "You mean she has been here eight months! Why? How is this possible?"

"Well, it's possible because many people keep people from seeing you. She has tried and tried hard."

Within fifteen minutes, men marched Beatrice, half-dressed and holding her child in her arms, into the room. Castro courteously introduced himself and invited her to sit and join the discussion.

Jack reviewed efforts of pro-Chinese radicals in both Cuba and the United States to keep the American and Cuban parties apart and lamented that to some extent they had succeeded. He noted that his party could not send literature into Cuba whereas large volumes of Trotskyite, ultra-leftist literature circulated in Havana.

Castro again jumped up, startling everybody. "I never heard of such a situation!" he yelled, with real anger. "I never heard of people who are spreading rumors against us and you. Where are they? Let me know."

Jack replied, "Comrade Castro, I have had a long and hard path to reach you. Our party is very much concerned that this be a successful mission. I feel wonderful to be here in your presence. Everyone in our party has great respect and esteem for you. Let's not spoil this meeting. Let this be a meeting of love.

"Yes, I will tell you who these people are, exactly who they are. They will be listed in a letter formally signed by General Secretary Hall. It will be handed to you in a few days by our comrade here, Beatrice Johnson. The important question is how best to make contact."

"I will give you the best contact I can," Castro said. "That contact will be myself together with your Beatrice Johnson. My companion here, Rene Vallejo, will act as go-between. They should never hesitate to get in touch with each other immediately. This is how we're going to do it." He then directed Vallejo to give Beatrice his address and telephone number and to take down hers. As for literature, he said that the American party could send whatever it wanted through the Cuban Mission at the United Nations.

Having calmed down, Castro asked Jack, "Do you think Oswald killed President Kennedy?" Before Jack could answer, Castro continued speaking. "He could not have been in it alone. I'm sure of that. It was at least two or three men who did it; most likely three."

Castro explained that he and a sharpshooter, using rifles with telescopic sights similar to that found in Dallas, tried to replicate the assassination, firing under the same conditions and from the same height and distance as Oswald had. They concluded that one man could not have fired three shots from the same rifle within the time available.

"Oswald was involved," Castro insisted. "Our people in Mexico gave us the details in a full report of how he acted when he came to our embassy. He stormed into the embassy, demanded a visa, and when it was refused him, he headed out saying 'I'm going to kill Kennedy for this.' What is your government doing to catch the other assassins? Yes, it took about three people."

Beatrice made a suggestion that pleased Castro. She recalled that, during the Russian Revolution when Bolsheviks were under siege from all sides, Lenin wrote his famous letter to the American people. As Cuba was besieged by American imperialism, was this not an appropriate time for Castro to write a letter to the American people?

"Brilliant! Fantastic!" Castro shouted. He proposed to compare in the letter what the Cuban government was doing for students, workers, and farmers with what the U.S. government was not doing. "This is an example of how one party helps another party. This is what is called a closer relationship."

Jack had accomplished every one of his objectives. The party now had a direct link and easy access to Castro personally, which would give the Soviets the hidden link they wanted. Castro had opened Cuba to American party propaganda, which would say whatever the Soviets dictated. He had implicitly promised to confront pro-Chinese radicals and the ultra-left. And he appeared utterly sincere in desiring to keep close ties.

Jack was content to listen as Castro rambled on in English about sugar crops, genetic research, nuclear war, industrialization, chicken breeding, and ways to circumvent the U.S. trade embargo, until he exhausted himself. At the end of the evening, he thanked Jack for coming and Hall for sending him. "You have covered the longest 90 miles in the world. Let this be the beginning of new, closer and better relations between our parties."

Throughout the stay in Havana Jack lived under a shadow of fear cast by "Mr. X" in Moscow. He struggled to conceive ideas of how to persuade the Soviets to disbelieve the Riesel column. Again and again he shuddered because it was so accurate, and he felt helpless. When he returned to Moscow May 30, he was not sure he would ever leave it alive.

Accompanied by Mostovets, he called upon Ponomarev at the International Department and, just before entering the conference, said, "I'm going to fight like hell against their decision [to cease contacts in New York]."

"Look, Jack, let me tell you something," Mostovets said in a warning tone. "Your New York contact [KGB officer Aleksey Kolobashkin] is in Moscow. He arrived yesterday."

"Is he here on vacation?"

"He's in Moscow because of an article of May 14 by Victor Riesel concerning Soviet connections with the CPUSA and also because of Nosenko, who defected in Geneva.[‡] The article has created a very serious situation, and there has been talk about it in Washington. I advise you to be quite careful in your comments to Comrade Ponomarev."

[‡] Mostovets referred to KGB officer Yuri Ivanovich Nosenko who, without ever knowing it, indirectly affected SOLO.

Soon after Nosenko arrived in the United States, influential CIA officers decided that he was a false defector purposely sent to spread disinformation, just as they decided that multiple reports of Sino–Soviet enmity were manifestations of a great disinformation scheme. The CIA, without any legal authority, built a little jail at one of its Virginia installations and locked him there in solitary confinement. For nearly twenty months, the CIA psychologically tortured him while trying to extract a confession, which it completely failed to do. Ultimately, the CIA exonerated Nosenko, made such restitution as it could, and for many years employed him as a consultant.

The FBI from the first judged Nosenko to be a bona fide defector and so told the CIA. There were several reasons. The leads he provided enabled the FBI and other Western counterintelligence services to unearth spies. Nosenko worked in the North American section of the KGB Second Chief Directorate charged with counterintelligence and recruitment of foreigners inside the Soviet Union. He reported that through homosexual entrapment the KGB had recruited a Canadian ambassador in Moscow. During interrogation by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the ambassador confessed and died of a heart attack.

In Moscow, Nosenko had reviewed the KGB file on Oswald and observed the panic at KGB headquarters caused by Oswald's arrest. His accounts of Oswald's stay in the Soviet Union and of Soviet reaction to the Kennedy assassination coincided with what Morris had reported months earlier. So the FBI knew that Nosenko told the truth about perhaps the most important subject of which he had knowledge. Because of the secrecy shrouding SOLO, the FBI did not share these details with the CIA. It simply said he was legitimate.

Released from captivity and officially rehabilitated, Nosenko married a beautiful woman whom he met while she played the organ at a Washington restaurant. She became the organist of the Methodist church in a lovely Southern town, and he became chairman of its board of stewards. Townspeople asked him to run for mayor, which he declined to do because the Soviets had sentenced him to death in absentia. In 1974, he received American citizenship. Before the naturalization ceremony, the presiding judge, in a departure from custom, announced that no photographs of the ceremony would be permitted. Afterward Nosenko, stood on the courthouse steps with his wife, removed a tiny American flag from under his coat lapel, and pinned it on the front.

Instead of the inquisition he feared, Jack received enthusiastic congratulations from Ponomarev, who considered the Cuban trip, which he helped engineer, a brilliant coup. In an ebullient mood, he declared that Jack had "performed an important service" for the parties of both the Soviet Union and the United States.

After answering a few questions about his experiences in Cuba, Jack, despite Mostovets' admonishment, decided to gamble. "With all respect, I must request that you try to use your influence as secretary of the Central Committee to change the decision of the New York comrades," he began. "It will cripple our party, our efforts in the coming presidential election, and all other operations."

"This is a very serious situation which puts both our parties in a most difficult position," Ponomarev replied. "Under the circumstances, I think the New York comrades are the best judges about what should be done."

Jack said that in Cuba he had thought a lot about the Riesel article and concluded that it had to be a fabrication either by Riesel himself or the FBI. First of all, unless one of the New York comrades was leaking information, there was no way the FBI could know about the money transfers, and he was sure all the people in New York were loyal comrades. During the past five years, he received money on many occasions, and if the FBI had known about the deliveries it could have arrested him and the New York comrade with him on any one of those deliveries. The arrests would have caused great embarrassment to the American party and the Soviet Union while enhancing the prestige of the FBI. Why had there been no arrests? If Congress and the Treasury Department ever discovered that the FBI knowingly was allowing the Soviet Union to smuggle large amounts of money into the United States, there would be hell to pay. And if the FBI possessed such secret information, why would it want to publicize it and why through a newspaper that did not enjoy all that much standing?

Ponomarev had no answers, and Jack elected to gamble further. "Has any other newspaper published these allegations?" he asked. Ponomarev knew of none.

Finally, Jack emphasized the contributions that Hall, Morris, and he had made by aligning the American party firmly with the Soviet Union and against the Chinese, by supplying a wealth of political intelligence, and by supporting Soviet causes. Ponomarev acknowledged that these contributions were important and appreciated. "Well," Jack threatened, "if the decision of the New York comrades stands, they can't continue."

Ponomarev rose to shake hands and said, "I will see what can be done to ease the tensions created by this unfortunate situation."

Back in the United States Gus Hall, who disliked Riesel, was disposed to disbelieve the column, and Morris persuaded him that it either was made up out of the whole cloth or that it was an FBI publicity stunt to increase its appropriations. But for the moment, there was nothing he, Morris, or Jack could do.

Jack and the FBI listened, as the radio schedule required, for messages from Moscow. All they heard was "SK," which meant "nothing to transmit." The fate of the operation was still being debated in Moscow.

Then in late June a transmission said that the "300 pairs of shoes" ($300,000) would be delivered as previously planned. A political decision to overrule the professional judgment of the KGB had been made, and in the future it would be difficult for those who had made it—Ponomarev, Suslov, and others—to admit they were wrong.

eight

THE SENSATIONAL BECOMES ROUTINE

THE INDISCRETION IN WASHINGTON that endangered Jack in Moscow infuriated Burlinson, Freyman, and Boyle, and without ranting they vented their wrath in messages to headquarters.

Morris and Jack always feared for their lives when in the Soviet Union. By the early 1960s, Soviet rulers had stopped killing each other but they still sanctioned murder of lesser beings. As Morris said to the FBI, "If ever they find out that we have duped all their leaders and the KGB for all these years, hundreds would vie for the honor of destroying us." Everyone knew that Morris suffered from chronic heart disease and that Jack's health was no better. The Soviets easily could liquidate them: an incapacitating injection, then a lethal injection, then an announcement that Comrade Childs had died of cardiac arrest. Who could prove otherwise?

Neither Morris nor Jack risked their lives for money. Both had enough to retire to the hospitable climates of Southern California, Arizona, or Florida and live in financial security. They asked only that the FBI keep the faith, the secret, and not betray them. Now they felt betrayed, and they were frightened.

"How can we ask these sick old men to go on?" Boyle said to Freyman. "How can we ask them to keep risking their lives, how can we look them in the face if headquarters can't keep a secret? How can I send 58 off on another mission? What will happen to 69 at his next meeting in New York?"

Freyman replied, "When you were over North Korea in that little plane and your pilot was shot up and you didn't know how to fly, did you wail and moan about your problem? Or did you land the plane and save the pilot and live to keep fighting?"

Headquarters did not try to minimize the gravity of the leak to the newspaper columnist. Instead, it implemented new security measures in hopes of preventing future leaks. It further restricted the number of people outside the FBI to whom SOLO reports were shown and the number of people inside the FBI who could have knowledge of SOLO. It established a new system of accountability that would make everyone with knowledge of SOLO suspect if another leak occurred. Heretofore, if Morris at the end of a mission had landed in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, or Boston, Boyle had gone to the local FBI field office and transmitted the initial mission report. Now headquarters decreed that, except for an extreme emergency, SOLO reports could be filed only from the Chicago and New York offices. And it authorized Chicago and New York to inform Morris and Jack of these and other new precautions.

Mollified, if not completely reassured, they elected to go on. So did the Soviets, having seen no repercussions from the Riesel column nor any evidence to corroborate it.

A cataclysm rocked the communist world in October 1964 when the Soviet oligarchy suddenly deposed Khrushchev. Hall instantly dispatched Morris on a crash mission to Moscow to ascertain what had happened and what the coup might mean for the American party. Although they had not expected him, the new Soviet rulers, including Brezhnev, took time to brief Morris fully and frankly. They considered Khrushchev guilty of many "harebrained" and destructive acts. One was his impulsive pledge to finance construction of the Aswan dam in Egypt. "He carried the national treasury around in his pocket," Brezhnev said. His quixotic agricultural policies, among them costly attempts to grow corn on untillable Siberian soil as if it were Iowa farmland, had produced only disaster. His industrial policies had wrecked the economy. And his mad venture in Cuba very nearly had precipitated nuclear war and gotten everyone blown up.

The new "collective leadership" that had succeeded Khrushchev intended to revitalize the Soviet economy, particularly agriculture. Morris, however, saw no indications that they contemplated major departures in foreign policy. Suslov remained entrenched as head of the Ideological Department of the Central Committee, and Ponomarev was secure at the ID. They told Morris that Hall and the American party could continue to rely on the Soviets for financial and political support.

Morris returned to Moscow in December 1964 and again in the spring of 1965, this time with Eva. On both trips they copied or made extensive notes from secret documents entrusted to Morris for study. One provided a detailed account of discussions between the Soviets and Chinese in Moscow during November 1964.

Chou En Lai at the outset declared, "We are talking to you as victors because we believe that Khrushchev's removal was due to the pressure of genuine Marxist–Leninists."

Premier Alexei Kosygin, Brezhnev, and Suslov successively responded that the ouster of Khrushchev had not changed Soviet policy.

"Will you change your program which emphasizes peaceful coexistence?" Chou asked.

"No," answered Brezhnev.

"In that case, there is nothing to discuss," Chou said. "We thought that after the removal of Khrushchev, you at least would abandon the erroneous decisions of the Twentieth and Twenty-second Congresses."

"Comrades of the Chinese Party, suppose we forget the past," Brezhnev replied. "Let us imagine we are starting with a blank sheet. Our task is to find ways and means to end our split and restore unity to the socialist camp."

"Well, since it is obvious that nothing has changed in the Soviet Union, we cannot discuss anything; to put it bluntly, there is no point to this discussion," Chou said. To further conciliatory proposals by Brezhnev, he responded, "If you persist, your fate will be the same as that of Khrushchev. It is obvious that no agreement between the Communist Party of China and the Communist Party of the Soviet Union is possible. You are the willing tool of U.S. imperialism."

Brezhnev interrupted him, "Why make such an irresponsible charge? You are slandering not only our party, but our government and people."

Chou continued, unfazed, "Is it not a fact that Comrade Kosygin shook the hand of the American ambassador who is a representative of U.S. imperialism? You, the leadership of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, are not fighting U.S. imperialism. You are running in the same harness and along the same path with U.S. imperialism."

Everyone fell silent, embarrassed by the acrimonious atmosphere. As the talks ended, the Soviets could not elicit from the Chinese even an agreement to talk again. To Morris, Suslov described the meeting as "horrible."

The Soviets did persuade the Chinese to receive Kosygin in Peking after he visited North Vietnam and North Korea in February 1965. Extracts from other documents showed that, from the Soviet perspective, the Peking conference with Mao and the rest of the Chinese leadership was even more "horrible" than the meeting in Moscow.

According to one of the extracts, "Mao Tse Tung made cohesion between the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and the Communist Party of China directly contingent upon the aggravation of international tensions and the outbreak of war." Mao said that until then "the split has to go on." As for Soviet pleas to put an end to the war of polemics between China and the Soviet Union, Mao declared, "There is nothing to fear from them. They will continue for another ten thousand years." He dismissed Kosygin's pleas for "comradely, business-like" discussions of Sino–Soviet differences as "unsavory." The Chinese, again according to the Soviet account, intransigently and insultingly rejected every gesture of friendship Kosygin offered—cooperation in foreign policy; increased trade; more cultural, scientific, and technical exchanges. To each, they said, "The time is not ripe." The Soviet specialist who compiled the document from which this particular extract came, added, "Vietnam is the most graphic example. The Chinese refuse cooperation. Mao said, 'The people of North Vietnam are doing a fine job fighting without us.' Regarding U.S. bombings in Vietnam, Mao said, 'They are American stupidities. Their bombings have caused only a small loss of life. There is nothing terrible in the death of a small number of people.'"

In this single extract that Eva had wrapped in plastic around her waist before leaving Moscow on April 25, 1965, there was more chilling intelligence submitted by the best Soviet analysts to the highest Soviet leaders:

> The Chinese are discouraging transit shipments by land to Vietnam. [Morris thought the linguist who translated the document into English may have meant *obstructing* or *blocking* rather than *discouraging*; the Soviets had already told him that the Chinese refused to allow Soviet aircraft to fly over their territory to Vietnam.] They want to encourage the conflict and worsen both the military and economic position of Vietnam. They want to embroil the Soviet Union in a military conflict with the United States and, to further this overall policy, want to force Soviet ships with supplies to Vietnam into direct confrontation with U.S. military forces.
>
> Recently, they have started to foist on the European socialist countries their thesis that to render effective aid to the Vietnamese people and the struggle against U.S. imperialism, they must create war in Europe...
>
> On maps issued in China in 1965, a number of sections of the Soviet–Chinese border were designated as "unestablished borderline" and the Chinese names of the cities of Khabarovsk, Blagoveshchensk, and Vladivostok were given in brackets... Chinese authorities are

> engineering the seizure of sections of Soviet territory, organizing unauthorized farming and other work on these lands...
>
> The population in China is being systematically brainwashed in an anti-Soviet spirit. The Chinese people are being conditioned for the possibility of a full break and even armed conflict with the Soviet Union, which is the "chief enemy." The Communist Party of the China press and radio are frantic about the "threat from the North." The Chinese are now holding anti-Soviet mass meetings. On March 6, 1965, for the first time in the history of socialist countries, such a demonstration was held in front of the Soviet embassy in Peking. The Chinese are making anti-Soviet broadcasts in Russian urging Soviet citizens to rise up against the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and against the Soviet government.

The Chinese declared that the Soviet Union and China "have what divides them and lack what unites them; have what sets them apart and lack anything in common."

Other documents Morris saw sounded similar themes. The Soviets appreciated the geopolitical importance of maintaining China as an ally and the danger China would pose as an enemy. They had made every conceivable, reasonable effort to placate the Chinese. The Chinese had rebuffed, often arrogantly and rudely, their every overture.

From his private conversations in Moscow during March and April, Morris garnered more secrets. The "collective leadership" of the Soviet Union was falling apart, and each of its members was scheming to gain undisputed power for himself. The winner of this hidden power struggle almost certainly would be Brezhnev. Under his rule, the Soviet Union would probably seek a stable, nonconfrontational relationship with the United States while engaging in unremitting subversion and ideological warfare against the United States. It would do all it could to undermine the United States in Vietnam without risking war.

Not long after Morris and Eva came home in late April, the CIA termed the report embodying this information "the most significant piece of intelligence data ever supplied concerning the Soviet Union."

As important as it was to know who was likely to rule the Soviet Union and what he was likely to do, to Freyman, the copious data about the Sino–Soviet split was in the long term more important, and he wondered whether its importance was being made clear to policymakers.

Headquarters had enjoined him, Boyle, and Morris from putting opinion or analysis into reports. "We are an investigative organization," it said. That was true and, in Freyman's mind, therein lay a potential problem. As an investigative organization, the FBI at the time had no analytical unit tasked with measuring and collating facts to deduce their underlying or overall meaning. And he was not sure who had seen what.

So Freyman asked Boyle to assemble copies of all SOLO reports pertaining to China dating back to 1958. From them and notes Boyle turned over, he wrote a history of the Sino–Soviet split which delineated a clear pattern of a progressively worsening relationship that had turned allies into enemies. Collectively, the authoritative, consistent reports Freyman cited showed why relations between the Soviet Union and China would not improve; why instead they would only become more envenomed.

Freyman submitted the history to Washington as a report rather than as an analysis and noted he had compiled it on his own time. Headquarters forthwith had an agent take a copy to the White House, which soon said, in effect: Now this is real intelligence; this is as outstanding as you can get; this is what we want.

Subsequently the FBI started asking Boyle, in consultation with Morris, to analyze or comment upon certain reports, developments, or issues. Jim Fox, on becoming Boyle's supervisor, instructed him and Morris to analyze and comment whenever they wished without waiting for nods from headquarters. Thus, to the end Morris was simultaneously an analyst both for the FBI and the Politburo.

Shortly after, Freyman—out of his own initiative and sense of duty—did something original that yielded important, enduring benefits, he did something everyone thought was wrong. He retired from the FBI.

He was at the height of his powers; no one in the Chicago office was more esteemed or respected; and he loved his work. The operation he and Burlinson gave birth to more than a decade ago was generating such spectacular intelligence that the White House, State Department, and CIA clamored for more and more; as Boyle said, "the sensational became routine." If Morris and Jack stayed alive, there was every reason to expect that future results would be even more spectacular. Morris was developing a close personal relationship with Brezhnev, who delighted in direct dealings with a fascinating man the Soviets had come to regard as one of their greatest agents. Morris also retained his longtime friendship with Suslov and Ponomarev, still two of the most knowledgeable and powerful men in the Soviet Union. If need be, he probably could speak directly to his old acquaintance, Yuri Andropov, chairman of the KGB. And he was the chief lieutenant and confidant of Gus Hall, who depended upon him and Jack for what he valued most—money.

After the fifteenth SOLO mission, Freyman and Boyle glimpsed a dazzling possibility that reached beyond collection of information. Jack had influenced the thinking of Ponomarev, persuading him to overrule the KGB; he had influenced Castro, inducing him to establish direct communications with the American party. If Jack could affect the decisions and actions of communist chieftains whom he did not know all that well, what might Morris do with Soviet leaders who were his friends?

Yet Freyman thought like a professional athlete who elects to stop playing before his abilities wane. It was not unusual for him and Boyle to work seventy hours a week, during which they sometimes had to make immediate decisions that were, literally, a matter of life and death. He feared that as he aged, he might not be able to constantly maintain the mental acuity and vigor SOLO demanded.

Then there was Boyle. Partially to put his adopted children in a happy environment, partially to be relatively near O'Hare Airport, Boyle bought a house not far from Freyman's suburban home. The two often rode the commuter train together, and Freyman, ever the astute judge of people, came to understand Boyle probably better than anyone did other than Morris. Boyle could be unconventional, wild, ferocious. How many politically conservative Caucasians adopt black children and integrate them into an all-white neighborhood? How many FBI agents go to church to pray during their lúnch hour? How many men volunteer to fly more than two hundred aerial combat missions, how many earn six decorations in ten months of unceasing combat? How many risk their careers by threatening superiors with fisticuffs? But SOLO itself was unconventional and wild, and it required ferocity. It was, after all, aimed at some of the most murderous thugs and despots in history. Boyle had won the intellectual respect of Morris, who treated him increasingly as a son; Eva doted on him; and he was completely consecrated to SOLO.

Certain that he was leaving Morris and Eva in caring and gifted hands, Freyman bade a cheerful farewell to all and never again involved himself in the operation that represented his greatest achievement. Boyle became, and for the duration of SOLO remained, the principal handler of Morris and Eva. Although he always answered to a supervisor, the Chicago SAC, and headquarters, he made most of the day-to-day operational decisions pertaining to Morris and Eva and drafted all of the reports incorporating the intelligence they supplied.

The secrets Morris gleaned from Brezhnev, Suslov, Ponomarev, and Politburo members during his next three missions to Moscow made Freyman look like a prophet. In October and November 1965, the Soviets convinced Morris with facts and figures that they were doing all they could to assist North Vietnam militarily and politically. Then they gave him a translation of a formal communication from the Chinese party and government to deliver to Hall:

> Frankly speaking, we cannot trust you. We and other fraternal countries learned bitter lessons in the past from Khrushchev's evil practice of control under the cover of aid. The tricks you are now playing on the

> Vietnam question are even less likely to work. China is not one of your provinces. We cannot accept your control. Nor will we help you to control others.
>
> We have carefully observed your activities on the Vietnam question during the past few months. A series of facts compel us to conclude that you are pursuing a policy of appeasement toward the United States, attempting to strike a political bargain with U.S. imperialism and betray the Vietnamese people's cause of liberation, and that you are practicing great-power chauvinism toward fraternal countries, attempting to gain military control over them and hitch them to your chariot of Soviet–U.S. collaboration for domination of the world. Your proposal for a summit meeting of Vietnam, China, and the Soviet Union was an important step in your line of appeasement and great-power chauvinism. You intended to lure us into your trap through such a meeting so that you could obtain qualification to speak on behalf of Vietnam and China in your international maneuvers, strengthen your position for doing a political deal with U.S. imperialism, and build up your capital for deceiving the revolutionary people throughout the world...
>
> You should immediately cease your overt and covert complicity with U.S. imperialism and stop your political dealings with the United States for a sell-out of the Vietnamese people; you should cease to coordinate with U.S. imperialism in plotting the swindle of "peace negotiations" and cease to undermine the revolutionary struggle of the Vietnamese people.

As Suslov pointed out, after railing on and accusing the Soviets of all sorts of treachery and perfidy, the Chinese in a sly gesture of contempt offered "Fraternal Greetings!" With a shrug of despair, he remarked, "It's hopeless."

In addition to documents, Morris brought back intelligence confided to him orally. The competition for supreme power continued among the "collective" leaders, and Brezhnev was still the probable winner. The Soviet economy was in shambles, a condition conveniently blamed on Khrushchev. Because of a shortage of hard currency, the Soviets could afford to give the American party only about $700,000 in 1966, whereas they had forked over more than $1,000,000 in 1965.

During the Twenty-third Party Congress in March and April of 1966, the Soviets briefed Morris in detail about the extent and nature of their military and material aid to North Vietnam, and their plans to enlist Western intellectuals in a propaganda campaign to force U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam. They also gave him another baleful appraisal of their relations with China, which seemed to worsen by the month.

Together with Gus Hall, from August 7 to October 15, 1966, Morris toured Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, conferring with Anton Novotny, president of Czechoslovakia; Walter Ulbricht, boss of East Germany; and Brezhnev.

Brezhnev had triumphed in the competition to become the supreme ruler of the Soviet Union and was now unchallenged. The new leader also happened to like Morris very much and would be an important, though unwitting, source for SOLO intelligence in the future.

In his first meeting with Hall, Brezhnev was much more formal and reticent than when alone with Morris, and while he paid lavish tributes to the American party and Hall, he said little that could not have been read in *Pravda*. Suslov and Ponomarev did. They advised Morris that Brezhnev had triumphed in the competition to become the supreme ruler of the Soviet Union and that he now was unchallenged. Both appeared confident of their futures under his reign, and Suslov said Morris should be happy too because Brezhnev very much liked him.

In the judgment of Suslov and Ponomarev and, Morris gathered, the entire Soviet leadership, China constituted the most urgent and dangerous international problem confronting the Soviet Union. They believed more than ever that China was trying to drag the Soviet Union, Western Europe, and the United States into a nuclear holocaust from which it could stand aloof and after which it would emerge as the dominant power in the world. From Brezhnev on down, everyone in the Soviet oligarchy was truly fed up with the Chinese, or the "yellows," in general and Mao in particular. Passages from Soviet reports and analyses Morris copied or noted suggested why:

> The anti-Soviet campaign in China, which already was widespread, has flared up with new force. On August 20, 1966 the street on which the Soviet embassy is located was renamed "Struggle Against Revisionism." Buildings, fences and roads all around were covered with anti-Soviet slogans in the most extreme language such as "Sweep out the revisionist dogs and devils" or "Revenge for everything when the time comes." Posters hung near the embassy read, "When the time comes, we shall skin you, pull your guts out, burn your corpses, and scatter your ashes to the wind."
>
> Monuments manifesting friendship between the Soviet and Chinese people have been defaced or smashed (for example, the monument to Aleksandr Pushkin in Shanghai, the Soviet–Chinese friendship monument in Shanghai, the summer house of Soviet–Chinese friendship in Hangchow, and others). Soviet citizens permanently residing in China have been subjected to bandit attacks, searches, beatings and humiliation...
>
> The Soviet embassy was subjected to constant anti-Soviet demonstrations for over a fortnight. The loudspeakers blared around the clock, torturing Soviet citizens. The [Chinese] service staff quit the embassy, declaring they had gone on "strike." Anti-Soviet demonstrations in Peking with their outrages continue until this day. This is why the USSR decided to recall families of Soviet representatives in the embassy, the trade representatives, the staff of economic advisers and the Tass office.
>
> The Chinese did not ensure normal conditions for

> the departure of Soviet people. Acts of violence, humiliation and mockery were perpetrated against women and children. The most elementary norms of international law and human relations were violated...
>
> [Chinese] Radio propaganda beamed to the USSR is becoming more intense. Almost every broadcast appeals to the "overthrow" of the Soviet leadership. Anti-Soviet literature is mailed to Soviet institutions and private persons. All sorts of ruses are used by the Chinese to avoid state organs of the USSR [the KGB]. Anti-Soviet brochures are placed between the pages or inside the covers of books, including books for children.
>
> The Chinese embassy in Moscow has become a fount of anti-Soviet literature and rumors spread among Soviet people. The Soviet Foreign Ministry protests this illegal activity but the Chinese diplomats continue their provocative activities. Chinese students studying in the USSR and the citizens of the Chinese People's Republic residing in our country, public figures and tourists are made vehicles of anti-Soviet propaganda.
>
> In the foreign arena, the Chinese are conducting an unbridled anti-Soviet campaign aimed in one way or another at discrediting Soviet foreign policy. The Peking leadership endeavors to smear the Soviet support of the heroic Vietnamese people...
>
> There are constant provocations on the Soviet–Chinese border. More than 450 violations of the border from the Chinese side were registered in 1966.

The most revealing and definitive document the Soviets allowed Morris to study, in this case for just one night, was a "Stenogram" filed by the KGB or Ministry of Foreign Affairs from Peking. Written in a professional and objective style, it reproduced the February 1966 conversation between Premier Kosygin and Chairman Mao. Reading it, Morris could imagine listening to what they said and see in their words the enormity of the chasm between the Soviets and Chinese. He knew that everyone on the little SOLO team, as Eva referred to their closest FBI conspirators, trusted and believed him. But he doubted that others would give credence to his version of the "Stenogram" unless they saw it verbatim. He had no camera, so he labored through the night copying it by hand. Nearly three decades later, some passages leap out from the copy he made for the FBI:

> In Mao's view, war strengthens people and tempers them and therefore war is nothing of which to be afraid… Mao said that although it was true that the raids [U.S. bombing of North Vietnam] were killing some people, he nevertheless feels that this experience strengthens the Vietnamese people… Kosygin then asked Mao if the People's Republic of China would join the USSR in a coordinated plan of action to assist the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. Mao replied that the Chinese did not have to worry about this. The people of North Vietnam can get their revolutionary experience by themselves. They need this experience… Mao then stated in a sarcastic manner that the USSR could deal with the West while the Chinese handled the East… Mao continued in a very crude and offensive manner showing none of the usual Oriental politeness. Mao stated that the Communist Party of China does not favor settlement of these problems [between China and the Soviet Union]… In Mao's opinion, the Chinese Communist Party and the Soviet Communist Party have opposing viewpoints and the Chinese want to state these differences sharply… Mao said sarcastically, "We are dogmatists. We are war-like. We do not believe in disarmament. You get together and discuss general and total disarmament. Discuss your big illusions."… Kosygin then asked Mao if he would agree to a meeting of Communist Parties to reduce frictions among them. Mao responded, "Maybe in a thousand years."… Mao then began to talk in a very strange way. He expounded on how tough the Chinese are. He

> rambled on about how the Chinese walk around in zero weather without coats because they are tough. He explained this in a way indicating that he believes the Chinese are a "super race." He went on like this in a very childish manner.

Brezhnev on September 26, 1966, gathered Hall, Morris, Suslov, and Ponomarev around a table in the Kremlin and spoke with relative candor about the Soviet economy before turning to the even more dolorous subject of China.

He began with agriculture:

> You know about the differences and complexities of our agriculture [just as Morris secretly understood the Russian language, he understood Soviet jargon, in which the words *complex* or *complicated* often meant a *real mess*]. Our assets are that the rural areas are socialist. We have a broad variety of climates and soils in our country. We forced the growth of industry but did not take proportionate action in our agriculture. This is why we are now looking for solutions in agriculture. In an economic sense we need to make farming profitable and then introduce material incentives for our people engaged in agriculture. The problem of raising productivity is in part also related to the use of chemicals, insecticides, etc.... It is necessary to tell the full truth that for three years we had difficulties in agriculture. This was not only due to bad weather but also because of some mistakes. Today, there have been noticeable changes. There is stability and guarantees for the future of those engaged in agriculture... Maybe these things are not important to you in the United States but we have had real difficulties for three years. But in two years now we have made great changes. This change is reflected in a different attitude on the part of agricultural workers toward labor... There has been continuous democratization of collective farms. There

> has been an introduction of pensions for age and disability. Privileges are now given to the farmers that the workers already have. This has improved the mood of the peasantry, and we are getting millions of letters of thanks from the peasantry.
>
> As to industry, just some brief comments on some major problems. Because of rapid growth we have achieved a tremendous level of capital investment in industry. We need to supply all this new industry, and this is why the smallest lagging behind even in one industry, for example, the electrical, has its effects. Because of this tremendous growth, we always have problems. This growth means we need new scientific centers, cadre, etc. We have to be alert to science and technology in other countries. At the same time, we must train engineers and skilled workers for these new industries...
>
> To build our industry, the idea came up to place new plants near the raw materials. As a result, there are new cities where the raw materials are located. This has created problems because it was necessary to build apartments, schools, airports, trollies, railways, stadiums, etc.; this is just another of our problems.
>
> One of the most important problems is creating incentives for greater production and quality. Gradually, we have started to shift work to a five-day week. This again creates its own problems as to how to use equipment, which is idle on these [off] days, in the interest of society, and yet at the same time provide the worker with two days of rest.

In surveying the economy, Brezhnev was dispassionate; when he talked of China, his voice hardened with anger:

> We have not lost [any of] our friends in the world except in China... China's policy hinders our common effort and helps the U.S. aggressive position. The recent

> policy of China has been to try to influence Indonesia, other countries of Asia, events in Africa and even to interfere in Cuba. These policies as uttered by Chen Yi and Liu Shao-Chi ended in failure. In Indonesia, they resulted in the destruction of the Communist Party... The economic policies of China are a complete failure. All their leaps and communes accomplished was to throw their economy back to the year 1958. These are their figures.
>
> We have no contact with the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party. We have only a sketchy picture. In 1960, the Chinese were actively putting forward four points, 20 points, 40 points about banning nuclear weapons and other world issues. Now they are silent. During the past period, there was the impression held by some that if the Communist Party of the Soviet Union reached agreement with the Chinese Communist Party, everything would be all right. Some also felt that the situation between the Chinese Communist Party and Communist Party of the Soviet Union was from bad things done by the Soviet Communist Party. Now, everyone sees that is not merely a question between us and China. How they used to shout about "great power chauvinism." But today things are much clearer and people understand. The Chinese would not mind unleashing a war provided others do the fighting. The Chinese work day and night to stir up conflicts between Parties. They are crude and vulgar.

In a laudatory evaluation of SOLO intelligence, the CIA wrote, "Whoever this source is, he obviously has back-room access." While anything Brezhnev confided to Morris was interesting or important to American analysts, Morris' private conversations with Suslov, Ponomarev, Mostovets, and others in "back rooms" frequently revealed more. Ponomarev two days later gave Morris an even better understanding of Soviet attitudes and intentions toward China:

We foresee no reconciliation with the Chinese... We are against a split in the communist movement; at the same time fear of a split will not cause us to give in on any matter of principle. We will continue to fight for our line... The Chinese Communist Party has its strategic plan to split all the communist parties and establish communist parties under its leadership. They seek to split off from five to ten people and then call them a Party. Already, we have examples of this in Brazil, Chile, Belgium, Switzerland and other countries. This action is worse than anything the Trotskyites ever did. That is why it is very important to expose them... There are some Parties that now agree with the Chinese. Some of these same Parties could not be bought or influenced by the bourgeoisie. Obviously, the Chinese succeeded where the bourgeoisie failed...

One argument of the enemy is that there are no national Parties. The Chinese Communist Party says that the Communist Party of the U.S.A. is an agent of Moscow. So if Moscow asks that polemics subside or stop and your Party automatically stops such polemics without consideration of principles, this would indicate to them that you were following the baton of Moscow. Besides, the Chinese Communist Party is acting in such a way that we may have to intensify our polemics...

The Chinese haven't the slightest understanding as to what is happening in capitalist countries today but they are establishing closer relations with the capitalist countries and class. This is happening in Japan, England, France and West Germany. I want to point out to your Party that some U.S. monopolies are also establishing closer ties with the Chinese. They are doing this through establishments in Japan and other places...

George Picheau (phonetic), a representative of French business, was recently received by Premiere Chou En Lai and he was very attentive to the representative of French business. He told him France should

> not be worried about their recognition of Formosa. He then suggested perhaps the French not only might be interested in opening a trade mission in Peking but also possibly an embassy. If France was not ready for diplomatic relations, Chou En Lai noted that the trade mission could act with ambassadorial powers.
>
> Now let me give you a little detail or story. As you know, information from China is not always complete or reliable.

Top Soviet leaders personally briefed Morris and allowed him to study top-secret documents for several reasons. They wanted to explain their problems, positions, and objectives; they wanted him to understand the rationale behind their orders to the American party so that he more effectively could implement them; and they sometimes wanted his advice. It was a given that he could make notes to aid his memory; he was not supposed to copy a document or reproduce a briefing verbatim in writing. Normally, he and Eva had a fallback or cover story, if by mischance the handwritten copies and overly voluminous notes were discovered: The writings were intended for Hall; they were concealed on their persons to avoid detection by Western customs inspectors; and, oh, he really did not realize there was a limit to how much he should write. On this mission (the twenty-first), such excuses would not be plausible because Hall was along, and as the contraband of Soviet secrets he put on paper grew, so did his apprehensions.

After writing until almost 4 A.M., he lay down exhausted, but anxiety and tension deprived him of sleep. In the morning his frail and ghostly appearance caused Ponomarev to propose that before flying home he rest at a Kremlin resort. Ponomarev even offered to go with him. "You know, we always worry about your health and we both work too much." Morris thought that Ponomarev was sincere, that he was speaking as a real and considerate friend. However, the gesture left him utterly unmoved.

While outwardly accepting the friendship of Ponomarev, Suslov, Mostovets, Andropov, and Brezhnev, Morris regarded none of the Soviet oligarchs as a friend. In myriad conversations with the FBI, he made it a point of honor never to refer to any of them as a friend or comrade or by any other appellation connoting respect or goodwill. He once said to Boyle, "God may forgive them for what they have done; I can't." Eva recalls only one occasion during their long and loving marriage when Morris angrily lashed out at her. He was trying to decompress in Geneva, and they were walking along the lakeshore on a clear, cool evening. She remarked that a Politburo member who invited them to dinner at his *dacha* doted on his grandchildren. "Anyone who cares so much about children must be a nice man," she said innocently.

"Never talk like that!" he shouted. "That man has the blood of hundreds of thousands of people on his hands and he never can wash it off. How do you think he got where he is? Never forget. We are dealing with mass murderers."

Still, under other circumstances he would have gone off with Ponomarev, because during a few days with him on the Black Sea he could have learned a lot. However, two months in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, the stress of stealing secrets while feigning indifference to them, and the burden of toadying to the insufferable Hall had drained him physically and mentally. Besides, he already was surfeited with information he believed the U.S. government needed to know. So he told Ponomarev that he previously had booked reservations for a vacation in Florida and that Eva would be sorely disappointed if they had to cancel their plans and forfeit deposits.

Because the Soviets did not want Morris to be seen in public with Hall, who was listed on customs and immigration records throughout the West as an ex-felon and prominent communist, Morris was able to make the trip back to the United States alone. Hall always flew first class and insisted that Morris, his "Secretary of State," and Eva do the same. Morris felt a little guilty whenever he settled into the spacious forward cabin of a Boeing 707 or 747. Considering his age, his physical condition, how often he flew, the distances he traveled, and the fact that Soviet money usually paid for his tickets, such feelings were unwarranted. Yet, he thought, *Here is a country that can't afford to give most of its children an orange or banana, and it's spending money on first-class tickets.*

In Switzerland, he sorted through all he had learned and formulated for the FBI an analysis of Soviet–Chinese relations.

By the mid-1960s, public demonstrations, published articles, and border clashes provided visible evidence of Chinese animus toward the Soviet Union. But there remained in the American intelligence community those who argued that these indicators were superficial shams devilishly concocted to dupe the West. Other analysts held that despite the obvious differences between China and the Soviet Union, there still was much more to unite them than divide them and that in their mutual interests the most powerful communist nations eventually would negotiate an end to their disputes.

This long had been the Soviet view and hope. The documents Morris saw and the statements Soviet leaders made to him revealed that it no longer was. Ponomarev unequivocally declared that there was no possibility of reconciliation. The Soviets were resolved not to modify their basic positions even if adherence to them meant widening the breach with the Chinese. They were contemplating intensifying their ideological counterattack on China and were urging foreign parties to do likewise.

Mao rudely had told the Soviets to their face that the Chinese had no desire to settle their differences, that they were determined to maintain the split, and that Chinese ideological assaults would continue for a hundred or a thousand years. The Chinese aspired to shatter the worldwide communist movement dominated by the Soviet Union and out of the shambles build a movement dominated by them. They were making subtle, covert diplomatic and trade overtures to the West, and they consciously were accepting clandestine commercial ties with the United States through third countries.

In the Chicago cover office, Morris undertook to explain to Boyle the thinking of both the Soviets and Chinese. The Soviets envied the economic and technological prowess of the United States and feared its military might. They would continue to be its enemy, to try to equal or surpass it militarily, and to outmaneuver it internationally. In the internal lexicon of the International Department, the KGB, and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the

United States for years had been referred to as the "Main Enemy" (*Glavny Vrag*), and the lesser informed still used that term. But the Soviets believed that the United States would act rationally and that when necessary they could have logical talks with the American government. On the other hand, the Soviets now hated the Chinese and did not count upon them to behave rationally. Americans were not clawing at the Soviets' borders or laying preposterous claims to large swaths of their territory, and anti-Soviet statements emanating from the United States sounded positively decorous compared to the vitriol spewing out of Peking and out of Chinese embassies around the world. If the Soviets launched a nuclear strike against any country, it would be China.

As for the Chinese, ideology and dogma committed them to public enmity toward the United States, and for the time being they would oppose American interests on many fronts, including Vietnam. But their assistance to North Vietnam would be measured and limited and would entail no action that might precipitate military conflict with the United States; hence their refusal to coordinate aid with the Soviets, allow Soviet aircraft to fly over Chinese territory, or permit Soviet ships to unload supplies for Vietnam in Chinese ports. The Chinese did not believe that the United States threatened their territory or sovereignty. Morris recalled that in 1958 or 1959 Chou En Lai said to him that, if political philosophies were set aside, China and the United States as nations were not natural enemies. The Chinese did feel threatened by the Soviets, and they looked upon Soviet rulers as traitors to communism, as naked imperialists who were greedier than the Europeans or Americans because they were needier. Daily, the Chinese party tried to indoctrinate the entire Chinese population with the conviction that the Soviet Union was the "Main Enemy."

There was in the data and analysis Morris supplied an implicit and instructive message for American policymakers: When playing poker with the Soviets, play the China card; when dealing with the Chinese, play the Soviet card. Ultimately, the message was heard, comprehended, and acted upon.

After filing all the reports of a mission and answering consequent questions from Washington, Boyle and Morris customarily sat down and reviewed the mission again, dwelling upon incidents and details not incorporated into the reports. These reviews sometimes stimulated insights more enlightening than many of the specifics reported to headquarters, and, in going over the statements Brezhnev made to him and Hall, Morris articulated one of them: Ideology could blind the Kremlin to reality.

Brezhnev cited as a major advantage of Soviet agriculture the fact that it was "socialized"; however, this was the root cause of the chronic agricultural problems. That should have been obvious to Brezhnev and everybody else. Peasants were allowed to till tiny private plots as they judged best and sell for their own profit whatever they grew. While these plots constituted less than 1.5 percent of the land under cultivation in the Soviet Union, they yielded more than half the potatoes and eggs and a third of the vegetables produced in the entire country. The clear reality was that, left to their own devices and given incentives, Soviet farmers could produce prodigiously; the heavily regulated and bureaucratized collective and state farms could not, as they annually demonstrated. No amount of tinkering with this congenitally inefficient and irredeemable system could change this reality. Brezhnev really seemed to believe that by throwing out a few little sops he had brightened overnight the mood of peasants across the land. Indeed, he depicted them as being so overjoyed that by the millions they had taken to their desks, pen in hand, to compose letters of gratitude. The reality was that nothing had changed. The peasants still were enserfed in mean huts on primitive and frequently isolated collectives where almost nobody gave a damn about what was produced or whether machinery ever was repaired or whether crops rotted in open fields. However, ideology decreed that the system of state and collective farms was the best; ergo, it was the best and Brezhnev boasted of it as an "asset."

"Some day that kind of thinking could be dangerous," Boyle remarked.

"Yes, it could be," Morris said. "Look at what it's cost them already."

nine

PLAYING WITH THE KGB

NIKOLAI TALANOV STOPPED HIS car at the edge of a deserted lane that wound through the woods and estates of Westchester County, raised the hood, and focused a flashlight on the engine as if trying to ascertain what was wrong. Another car approached and its headlights blinked a message. He is coming. As far as we can determine, you have not been followed. It was a given that the driver of the second car and his female companion would be watching and guarding from down the lane.

Jack parked behind Talanov, got out, and asked, "Do you need help?"

The FBI had difficulty making Jack pay attention to details he considered mundane or inconsequential. But if Jack sensed that he was to be a central actor in a grand scheme or scam, he acted out his role enthusiastically, and that night he followed the FBI script flawlessly. The script was written to minimize potential threats to SOLO.

Because of atmospheric vagaries, the KGB in Manhattan sometimes could not hear radio transmissions from Moscow. The FBI, with the best equipment in the world, always received them and passed the decrypted contents to Jack. Why could Jack always hear the transmissions when the KGB could not? The KGB, the International Department in Moscow, and Gus Hall collectively were levying upon Jack more tasks than one man reasonably could be expected to perform. How could Jack do so much and do everything unerringly? How could he, upon doctors' orders, periodically retreat to Florida in the winter and still get back to New York whenever something needed to be done? The FBI feared that sooner or later the KGB would ask such questions.

Having identified the problems, the FBI proposed a solution in the form of NY-4309S*, code named "Clip." An American of Russian descent, Clip was an accomplished radioman and photographer. During the 1930s he served as a Comintern agent and throughout Western Europe taught members of the communist underground how to set up and use clandestine radio transmitters and receivers. After the United States entered World War II, he volunteered for the Marine Corps and served honorably. Morris once said of Walt Boyle, "You can take the boy out of the Marine Corps, but you can't take the Marine Corps out of the boy," and that was also true of Clip. After the war, Clip approached the FBI, reported his communist past, offered his services to the United States, and became a reliable, productive FBI asset.

If the KGB could be swindled into enlisting Clip as an assistant to Jack, his presence would largely answer the questions the FBI feared. He lived a considerable distance outside New York, and atmospheric conditions there well might differ from those around the KGB radio room in midtown Manhattan. If the Soviets asked Jack why he heard transmissions they could not hear, he could say that Clip picked them up. Soviet files would portray Clip as an experienced, skilled conspirator; the Comintern had trusted him with knowledge of much of the European underground before the war, and he had vindicated that trust; surely he now could be trusted to relay radio messages and service drops.

The furtive meetings in the countryside were brief, so the FBI script was economical with words. Jack re-created a fictitious encounter that supposedly occurred on the street outside his office (a well-furnished cover office the FBI leased for him at 3 Battery Place). He chanced to run into an old friend and comrade from the 1930s (Clip), whose true name he gave. Clip asked if Jack still was active in the party, and after Jack assured him that he was, Clip requested a favor. Could Jack ascertain what happened to Clip's father in Russia? The request suggested to Jack that Clip retained sentimental ties to the "Mother Country," and it suggested to him an idea. Jack was worried about his capacity to continue by himself to do all that was being asked of him; he needed help and it seemed to him that someone as proven and reliable as Clip could be an ideal assistant, especially with the radio. The comrades knew best; Jack hoped they would think about the possibility.

Talanov a few weeks later gave Jack a photograph of the grave of Clip's father and a sympathetically worded account of his father's last year. He also gave an order to Gus Hall: Investigate Clip. Hall assigned Jack to oversee the investigation; Jack reported that Clip seemed ideologically sound but that both he and Morris wanted the comrades to make the final decision. The KGB then asked if Clip was willing to come to Moscow for talks. In Moscow, Clip passed the ideological examinations; the technical tests by the KGB of his communications skills ended abruptly after only about thirty minutes. The KGB examiner said, "There is no point in going on. You know more than I do. Why don't we have a good lunch?"

To protect both Clip and SOLO, the FBI for many years let Clip think that, in dealings with Jack and Hall, in recording the radio messages—in all he did—he was spying on a Soviet spy ring. Clip, the Comintern agent turned U.S. Marine, did not learn the truth until toward the end. His contributions always were valuable; toward the end they were invaluable.

THE SOLO TEAM ACQUIRED a new and main member in 1966 when the FBI assigned John Langtry to be Al Burlinson's deputy. Langtry soon became a principal handler of Jack and one of the best friends of Burlinson, Boyle, Morris, and

Eva. In selecting him the FBI, whether by sagacity or luck, once again picked exactly the right man.

Langtry was born May 10, 1924, on Long Island, the son of a striking Scottish mother and an American father of Scottish–Irish descent. His father was doing well, managing the family construction business until 1929 when he was killed in an accident. The crash of the stock market that same year wiped out the family assets, and his mother was left a widow without any money. While millions were jobless during the ensuing Depression, she was fortunate enough to obtain employment by a wealthy New York family as a governess. However, alone and working full time, she felt unable to provide the kind of family environment she wanted for her son, so she packed him off to his grandparents in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

There, discipline reigned. One morning at breakfast Langtry refused to eat his oatmeal. "You must eat it, wee laddie," said his grandmother.

"I will not."

Because the public school was only three blocks away, Langtry walked home for lunch. That noon, the only food on the table was the breakfast oatmeal. Again, he spurned it. At dinner he once again faced the cold and now repulsive oatmeal. His grandmother said, "You'll have no other food until you finish your oatmeal." Famished, Langtry forced it down—and learned not to disobey.

He made his own bed, washed dishes, and helped with the laundry. In the winter he stoked the furnace and stacked firewood; in the summer he mowed the lawn and tended the garden. Until he completed his chores and homework, he could not listen to the radio, and he could not look at the newspaper before his grandparents read it. If he complained about being punished at school, his grandparents said, "You deserved it."

At the same time, his grandparents enveloped him with affection; his mother wrote often and sent presents, particularly books; and he was happy. On winter evenings by the fire, his grandfather enthralled and excited him with tales of the Victorian era, of Scottish brigades in India, and of Kitchner at Khartoum. The works of Rudyard Kipling and Alfred Tennyson further fired his imagination, and he dreamed of charging with the Light Brigade and marching behind the bagpipes of a Highland regiment.

The Canadian Maple Leaf flew daily from a tall flagpole in the front yard, but on Langtry's birthday and the Fourth of July his grandfather raised the Stars and Stripes, and the phonograph blared out "The Star Spangled Banner." And throughout Langtry's childhood and adolescence, his grandfather imbued him with an ethos embodied in three words—"God, Flag, Truth."

His grandfather taught other enduring lessons. Once Langtry asked, "Will God punish me if I play with Catholic boys?"

"Laddie, why do you ask such a question?"

"Father LeBlanc says that if Catholic boys play with Protestant boys, they will go straight to hell."

The grandfather said, "No, it doesn't matter to God where you worship. He cares only that you do worship and try to live by His word."

With Canada at war, students underwent mandatory military training during their last two years of high school, and in 1942 Langtry wrote his mother that he intended to enlist in the Canadian army after graduation. She immediately replied, "You will do no such thing. You will join the armed forces of the United States."

In Langtry's mind, the fighter pilot had displaced the cavalry officer as the most romantic and heroic of figures, so he applied for admission to the U.S. navy aviation cadet program. The competition was intense, but the navy accepted him and called him to active duty in January 1943. He was not far away from a commission and, he hoped, aerial combat in the Pacific when the navy in 1944 abruptly reduced the number of aviation cadets, and he finished the war as a meteorologist at Alameda, California.

Discharged in 1946, he applied to several colleges he could afford to attend on the GI Bill stipend and entered the first that accepted him, Drake University in Iowa. The trauma of the Depression had instilled in him as a child a visceral fear of unemployment. An officer at Alameda, an accountant in civilian life, had told him that a competent, honest accountant probably always could find a job. Without much enthusiasm, he earned a degree in accounting and went on to graduate school on a scholarship.

While playing handball at the YMCA, Langtry fell in with the local police chief, who urged him to think about a career in the FBI and extended a special invitation. The chief moonlighted as a security guard in an after-hours hotel nightclub that illegally sold liquor. The FBI watched the establishment because it attracted, among others, criminals and fugitives, and one night the chief introduced Langtry to two agents. They spoke glowingly of the FBI as an elite organization offering adventure, camaraderie, and good pay; more important, it offered a man the opportunity to help protect the public and the nation, to do something of which he could be proud. The prospect of hunting down gangsters and spies seemed very romantic, like being a cavalry officer or fighter pilot, and more romantic than being an accountant.

Langtry most remembered two strictures given to his class at Quantico where he began FBI training in April 1951. One instructor emphasized that, if endangered, an agent must never hesitate to use his weapon: "Better to be judged by twelve than carried by six." Another said, "Sometimes you are going to have to be the 'Director' and make decisions on your own. There will be no manual, no supervisor, no telephone."

The first arrest he made at his first duty office in Savannah, Georgia, entailed none of the glamour he had envisioned. With search warrant in hand, he entered a room where a baby slept on a bed. From under the bed he dragged a frightened fugitive, the baby's father. Within the year, though, the FBI posted him to Chicago and challenging duty on the Underground Squad tasked with finding communists who had gone into hiding after being convicted under the Smith Act. Now Langtry began really to learn about the Communist Party as well as how to work the streets of a huge city. He met and admired Freyman, and heard that Freyman was involved in some important, mysterious operation, but he knew nothing more.

Each FBI agent annually lists his "office of first preference"—the city in which, given the choice, he most would like to work. Langtry put down New York, and in 1955 the FBI transferred him to the domestic intelligence section there. For a decade, he studied and infiltrated informants into the American Communist Party. By the time he was introduced to SOLO he knew as much about the party as any field agent in the FBI, and he knew a lot about the KGB. And his knowledge had been gradually amassed from first-hand experience and the personal tutelage of veterans rather than from manuals and lectures.

Langtry also possessed another body of knowledge hard to acquire from books or lectures. He knew New York: its subways, traffic patterns, and byways, and its bars, ethnic cafés, parks, and museums. And he was almost as familiar with its suburban counties—Suffolk, Nassau, and Westchester. He was at home on the streets, in the subway, and in neighborhood bars, and he moved about the city easily and confidently. Burlinson, while waiting for Jack, was once nearly arrested by a transit officer for smoking on a subway platform. That would never happen to Langtry.

Langtry needed his ability to navigate the city and suburbs because he had to do or involve himself in most of what the Soviets thought Jack was doing.

The KGB radioed transmissions from Moscow three days a week, each day at a different time and on a different frequency. The FBI in Washington recorded and deciphered each transmission, using a copy of the cipher pad the KGB annually issued to Jack, and flashed the plain-language text to New York. (Sometimes a transmission consisted only of the letters *SK* which meant, “We have no message today; as far as we know, all is well.”) Clip also recorded transmissions composed of groups of five numerals. Because neither the KGB nor the FBI in the early years entrusted Soviet ciphers to him, he did not know what the transmissions said. All he could do was photograph the recorded numerals, pass one photograph to the FBI, and leave another in a drop for Jack. Thus, every time a message arrived, Langtry had to take the deciphered text from the FBI offices in Manhattan to Jack somewhere in Queens, then pick up the still-enciphered version from a drop Clip had filled.

Next, someone had to park a few blocks from the Soviet Mission to the United Nations and signal by means of a walkie-talkie that the message had or had not been received. Signals were effected through a small rubber doll that emitted a squeak when squeezed. Three squeaks said yes; five said no. Jack could also call for an emergency meeting, to be held the next day, by making the doll emit seven squeaks. The KGB acknowledged receipt of a signal by sending back from its doll the same number of squeaks heard in the Mission.

Before 8 A.M. five days a week, Langtry had to check a signal site for chalk marks signifying that the KGB desired contact with Jack that day. A chalked *V* summoned him to a brief personal meeting at 4:05 P.M., and an *O* to a lengthier meeting at 7:05 P.M. An *X* announced that the KGB would deposit a message in a drop by 4:05 P.M. (In appealing to the KGB to allow him an assistant, Jack cited the frequent necessity to locate and photograph for Soviet approval new meeting, drop, and signal sites. Actually, the FBI and particularly Langtry did most of the scouting for them.)

The KGB would hand over money directly only to Jack or, in his absence, Morris. Even so, each delivery required much preparation and work by Langtry and the FBI.

The Soviets recognized that if they were caught slipping hundreds of thousands of dollars to Jack, the operation would end, and they strictly followed set procedures to minimize that possibility. Because the KGB believed that the FBI was understaffed and less vigilant on weekends, the transfers almost invariably took place on a Saturday night. The previous Friday afternoon, the KGB officer chosen to pass the money would drive with his family from the city to the Glen Cove estate the Soviets maintained as a weekend retreat, or collective *dacha*. He was trying to persuade any surveillants that he was taking a respite with his wife and children, and wouldn't be working that weekend. But on Saturday afternoon he would drive out of the compound and meander circuitously through the countryside toward the rendezvous point, followed at some distance by another KGB officer. About half an hour before the meeting with Jack, the two would stop at a service station or shopping center to talk briefly and then drive on, the officer behind looking out for the one in front. At the meeting site, Jack's handler would park, raise the hood of his car, and peer at the engine. Jack would stop, get out of the car, and ask if he could be of help. From the trunk of his car, the KGB officer would hand him one to three large packages and a slip of paper with a telephone number and time written on it. Jack in return would give him a cigarette package concealing the microfilm container and a note cryptically listing what was on the film—intelligence reports, messages from Hall or Morris to the Kremlin, answers to Soviet questions, Morris' travel plans. Ordinarily, the exchanges took less than a minute. After Jack drove away, his handler again would meet the colleague who followed him to detect any surveillance. If they were truthful, such KGB countersurveillants always must have reported that they saw no signs of surveillance. For at these furtive encounters among American estates, Jack was the only surveillant.

Meanwhile, Langtry would wait outside a roadside diner, tavern, or all-night pharmacy that he had selected in a previous survey of the area and, at a comparable place he had picked a mile or so away, his supervisor or other agents also would wait. Shortly, Jack would drive up and turn over the packages and slip of paper with the telephone number. “Be damn sure you call it on time,” he would say. Precisely on time, Langtry would dial the number, let the phone ring three times and hang up. The telephone numbers were in public booths around the Soviet Mission, and the three rings assured a KGB officer listening outside that Jack and the cash were safe. Langtry then relayed the money to colleagues awaiting him nearby, and they took it straight to a safe in the New York office.

Once, because of impossible weather, the transfer money from Jack was delayed, and it was agreed that he would hand it over at a motel near La Guardia Airport. The FBI rented adjacent rooms and picked the lock of the interior door that joined them. Burlinson and Langtry waited in one room for Jack and Morris, who happened to be in town, to come to the other with the cash. Morris knocked on their door, then silently and urgently motioned for Burlinson and Langtry to follow him. In the elevator he whispered, “Jack’s had a heart attack.”

While Jack stood by his car in the motel parking lot clutching his chest, Morris opened the trunk to remove the packages of cash. One of the packages had broken, and the trunk was littered with

$50 bills. As Burlinson and Langtry rushed to stuff the bills into a suitcase, Morris rose and banged his head sharply against the lid of the trunk. The spectacle of two old men staggering around and moaning and two younger men frantically scooping up cash entertained onlookers standing on an embankment above the lot.

Having gathered the loose money, Langtry started off with it toward his car while Burlinson helped Morris and Jack into the motel. In the chaos, Langtry had forgotten where he parked, and he paced the lanes of the lot looking for his car. A pickup truck followed him, slowly and closely, turning wherever he did. Langtry stopped and, hand in jacket, confronted the driver, "Just what do you want?"

"Your parking space."

Cardiograms persuaded physicians that Jack had not suffered a heart attack, and they attributed his indisposition to acute indigestion. Morris, except for a cut on the head, was fine, and in his reports to Washington and New York made no mention of the incident.

A few weeks later at a Washington conference, Burlinson, Langtry, and Boyle were rebuked for not sharing more operational details with headquarters. Everyone was on the same side; lessons learned from SOLO could be applied to other operations; and wise Washington elders now and then might lend useful advice. Members of the SOLO team had no intention of telling headquarters or anybody else any more than absolutely necessary, and Burlinson did not want to be saddled with any new reporting guidelines or operational restrictions, so he tried to make everyone forget the issue. "I admit there are some things we do not tell you. I'll give you one example." Burlinson then recounted, perhaps with some embellishment, the events at the motel. Amid much laughter, Burlinson asked, "Do you really want us to put such things on paper?"

"No, we would rather you tell the story when you think it should be told," said the assistant director presiding. "To quote Shakespeare, 'If it ain't broke, don't fix it.'" As the meeting adjourned he invited Burlinson, Langtry, and Boyle to be his guests at lunch.

His words and the conspicuous absence of a luncheon invitation to any of the other assembled FBI brass reaffirmed the unspoken rule that so long governed and sustained SOLO: Let the men who have run the case so brilliantly keep running it as they judge best.

REGARDING THE SOVIET MONEY, however, there was total openness and agreement among Washington, New York, and Chicago and all members of the SOLO team. Over the years, millions upon millions of dollars passed through the hands of Jack, Morris, Eva, Langtry, Boyle, and a few other agents who left their families on Saturday nights. Any one of them could have dipped into the cash with relative impunity but not one of them ever did, and all willingly abided by the most punctilious accounting procedures.

On Sundays, after a Saturday delivery, Langtry opened the packages of money in the presence of a supervisor and several other agents at the FBI office. Teams of two separately counted the bills, photocopied them, and logged the serial numbers of each. They then repackaged the cash according to denomination and locked it in safe deposit boxes at a branch of Hanover Trust Company. When Hall asked for money, agents removed the amount requested, counted it again, listed the amount withdrawn, wrapped it anew, and gave it to Jack or Morris for transfer to him. To accommodate Hall's demands on weekends or holidays, Jack kept up to $100,000 in a hole the FBI drilled into his basement wall. Later an FBI carpenter built a bookcase with a secret compartment, and Jack made sure Hall saw it in his study.

The New York office had to submit to headquarters by the fifth of each month an accounting of receipts, disbursements, and cash on hand. Accountants periodically came from headquarters for surprise audits and invariably found the New York records accurate to the penny.

Although Jack picked up the money from the KGB, Hall made Morris responsible for hiding and managing it. He didn't care where or how it was hidden so long as Jack and Morris produced cash on demand. Because both SOLO and Hall required Morris to be in New York so often, he and Eva rented an apartment there, and it became a kind of financial center. Hall would tell Morris that he wanted, say, $300,000. Morris would call Burlinson or Langtry, and at an appointed time agents would meet him and Eva on the West Side with cash in a shopping bag. Lagging a little behind, agents would follow the couple until they had safely entered their apartment building. Any mugger who accosted them would have been shot on the spot.

Eva usually carried the money because she thought it more appropriate for a woman rather than a man to be seen on the streets with a shopping bag. If Morris and Eva were not in New York, Roz occasionally carted it just as Eva did. Once Jack boasted to Hall that he had just received $500,000. "Give $250,000 to Elizabeth and $250,000 to Morris," Hall ordered. Trailed by agents, Roz marched into the offices of International Publishers, where Elizabeth worked, and handed over the quarter million. Later Hall flew to Chicago and with Morris drove to Minnesota to hide the other $250,000 at the home of Hall's brother.

Langtry more often than not had to work on weekends regardless of whether money was delivered. Unless Boyle was present, Morris and Eva were his responsibility when they were in New York, and he had to be available if they needed anything or had something urgent to report. Boyle came to New York often, usually on weekends, to consult and coordinate. Morris and Jack sometimes joined them for weekend conferences, which took place at the cover office on Battery Place, at Burlinson's home, or in hotel rooms.

As a consequence of these regular contacts and strategy sessions, the Chicago and New York offices at all times knew what the other was doing. Boyle kept Burlinson and Langtry fully apprised of Morris' travels and findings. They in turn informed him of all they learned about the KGB, its personnel, equipment, and methods. As Jack correctly pointed out, if the KGB does something that succeeds in one place it will repeat the action in many other places. So knowledge of the operational techniques observed in New York would be useful to counterintelligence sections in field offices all over the country.

THE PRESENCE OF HALL had precluded the International Department and Morris from conducting the annual budget review when he last was in Moscow, and Morris had to fly back in January 1967. "I want you to look at something," Ponomarev announced as he laid before him a batch of papers. Morris was appalled to see that they were American intelligence reports containing information he had supplied about activities of the American party. "This is serious," Ponomarev said. "How could it happen?"

"I don't know. Obviously, there's a leak somewhere and we have to plug it. Are you at liberty to say where you got them?"

"Someone threw them into the yard of our embassy in Washington."

"Then it could be a provocation."

"It could be. But the information is accurate, is it not?"

"In general, it seems to be."

Gradually, Morris sensed that he was not a suspect, that Ponomarev was alerting rather than accusing him. Nevertheless, he was furious and frightened.

The FBI ascertained the cause of the fiasco. It had enjoyed some success in mounting so-called dangle operations against the KGB and GRU; that is, dangling or parading one of its own before the Soviets and enticing them to recruit him. The Washington field office, which knew nothing about SOLO, was conducting such an operation, code named "TARPRO." After anonymously tossing documents onto Soviet embassy grounds several times, it planned to send a U.S. navy officer to the embassy and have him say to the Soviets: "Look, I'm the guy who's been giving you all those documents, and I can give you more if the money is right." The documents selected did not appear to those who picked them to be particularly sensitive, and there was no indication that they emanated from a sensitive source; they could have come from virtually any informant in the party. (Thereafter, all data produced by

SOLO was considered sensitive, and circulation was further restricted.)

During their last conversation before Morris left Moscow in January, Ponomarev candidly spoke of problems besetting the Soviet Union and the worldwide movement. He saw no hope of repairing relations with China; Castro was a real pain and his machinations in Latin America mainly were counterproductive; there was incipient trouble in Czechoslovakia. The Soviet economy constituted the biggest problem. Agricultural reforms promised by Brezhnev had yet to yield results, and the Soviets needed to buy grain, products, and technology from the West but they had little hard currency. Hall had requested from Brezhnev a subsidy of $1,740,000 for 1967; Ponomarev somewhat apologetically advised that the Soviets could afford only about $1 million. This time when he repeated his *bon mot*, "We can give you all the tanks and planes you want but we have no money," he did not smile.

THE KGB CALLED JACK to Moscow in April 1967 ostensibly for routine operational discussions. The KGB officer directing MORAT from Moscow at the time was Vladimir Kazakov, who had been stationed in the United States and spoke English superbly. In a tone connoting neither friendliness nor hostility, he announced that he wished to review details of the operation with Jack.

Burlinson and Langtry had anticipated that someday the KGB might ask Jack how he handled the Soviet money and suggested that they rehearse an answer. Jack dismissed the suggestion out of hand. "They're not interested in petty crap like that. We don't have to worry."

The first question Kazakov asked was, "After our comrade gives you the money, what do you do with it?"

Jack realized he was about to undergo an interrogation for which he brashly had left himself unprepared, and he strung out his answer, playing for time to conceive explanations for the inexplicable and to leave himself escape routes—or at least enough time to escape from the Soviet Union.

He did what his general secretary (Gus Hall) directed, and mostly that meant he gave the money to Morris. At the instructions of Gus, he kept some money hidden in the ceiling of his basement in case Gus or the party suddenly needed it on weekends.

Why did the general secretary want Morris to be custodian of the money? Jack attacked, "Why in the hell don't you ask him? If you think I'm a [obscenity] informant on my general secretary, you are full of [obscenity]. If you [multiple obscenities] can't do your homework, you are more stupid than I thought." Hall was, under American law, a convicted criminal and fugitive who had fled the law, been caught in Mexico and extradited, and locked in a U.S. prison as communist agent. What would happen to him if the FBI, the Internal Revenue Service, or the New York police found a few hundred thousand dollars in cash at his homes or in his safe deposit boxes? Gus relied on Morris to prepare the party budgets and sequester the party cash. The Feds thought Morris was a decrepit, useless old man and paid no attention to him. That was Jack's opinion; the (obscenity) comrades could decide for themselves.

Probably the interrogation was recorded, and Kazakov together with others that night analyzed Jack's answers and prepared new sallies. The second day Kazakov noted that Morris much of the time was out of the United States. What did Jack do with the money then?

Jack said that usually he hid it in the basement or attic until Morris returned. There were exceptions. Now and then the party needed money immediately. Once, upon orders from Gus, his wife Roz personally delivered $250,000 to Gus' wife Elizabeth. A few times Gus himself had driven to Jack's house on Sunday to get money. The leaders of the American party were not robots; they did what circumstances dictated. Generally, though, Jack turned over the money to Morris, who concealed and disbursed it as Gus ordered.

Later in the week-long interrogation Kazakov raised the broad question bright people on Pennsylvania Avenue had foreseen. Most "special comrades" in New York at one time or another were followed; most undertakings involving fallible humans now and then went awry. Did Jack have any opinion about why comrades participating in MORAT never seemed to be followed or why everything worked so perfectly?

How in the hell would Jack know? He and his brother always had done their jobs. He thought they ought to be thanked.

Like most professional inquisitors, Kazakov reserved the most potentially incriminating questions for the last. "When you give our comrade microfilm do you also give him an index of what it says?"

"I give him a brief list of the subjects."

"How do you make up this list?"

"I type it."

"But you didn't type this list, did you?" Thereupon, Kazakov produced a menacing piece of paper. The FBI put Jack's reports to the KGB on microfilm, and Langtry gave him a handwritten summary of the contents, which Jack was supposed to copy on the typewriter. Jack saw that instead of the typewritten version he had given the KGB Langtry's handwritten notes. With Kazakov staring at him, Jack feigned brazen indifference.

"Any idiot can see that it is not typed."

"Is this your handwriting?"

"No."

"Then who wrote it?"

"My wife."

"Why?"

"Goddammit, I sprained my wrist. It was in a cast. I couldn't type or write, so I dictated to her."

"You mean you have made her aware of our collaboration?"

"Look, Einstein, you guys made her aware. You had me bring her over here, and you talked to her. Remember? Don't you read your own [obscenity] files? She's been in the Party since she was a girl; she worked for the Comintern in Moscow; and there is no way I could do all I am doing without her knowing something about it. Besides, the list is meaningless to her."

On Jack's sixtieth birthday, April 15, 1967, the International Department gave a dinner party in his honor and at his request invited Kazakov. During the festivities, Jack went out of his way to introduce Kazakov to his friends Boris (Ponomarev), Mikhail (Suslov), and Nikolai (Mostovets). Kazakov watched as the most powerful men in the Soviet Union embraced Jack, and he listened as they drank effusive toasts to him.

With a single phone call, any one of these men could enhance his career and buy him a ticket back to the United States where he dearly wanted to take his wife and children, or they could destroy his career and impoverish his family. What was Kazakov to do? Risk antagonizing them by substituting his judgment for theirs, by confiding that, although he had no proof, he suspected that their dear American friend was an American spy who was making fools of them?

After Ponomarev spoke in tribute to Jack, Kazakov rose with the others to applaud. At the end of the evening, he wished Jack good luck and smiled. Jack thought the smile said, *For now you've won. But I know.*

Jack may have been completely wrong. No matter, he resolved, I'm never coming back.

ten

BIG BUSINESS RESUMES

THE INQUISITION OF JACK in Moscow simultaneously alarmed and mystified Burlinson, Langtry, Boyle, and Morris. Jack was the opposite of a coward, and they had never known him to lie to the FBI or his brother. He clearly believed the KGB suspected him, that only the patronage of the International Department saved him, and he was still uncharacteristically afraid.

The mistake Jack made in giving the KGB Langtry's handwritten note along with the microfilm instead of a typed index merited questions. But Jack so plausibly explained away the incident that he was questioned about it only once. What then prompted the unprecedented five-day interrogation? Review of radio messages and contacts with the KGB in New York during the past six months yielded not a hint of an answer.

Langtry submitted a hopeful theory, emphasizing it was only a theory. Kazakov appeared to be a rising star in the KGB, or else it would not have appointed him to supervise the servicing of MORAT in which Soviet leaders, from Brezhnev on down, personally were involved. Maybe he just wanted to familiarize himself with minute operational details so that he could do his job better and, if necessary, demonstrate to the Kremlin that he knew what he was doing. Jack was under extreme stress and maybe it, together with his guilt, caused him to misconstrue the purpose of the questions.

"I hope you're right and you may be," Morris said. "In any case, we must watch and listen to Gus very carefully in coming weeks."

The Soviets communicated with Hall almost exclusively through Jack and Morris because they did not want to associate with him in the United States and lend credence to charges by anticommunists that he was merely their puppet. But Morris believed that, if they ever concluded that he and Jack were actually U.S. agents, the Soviet ambassador at the United Nations or in Washington would warn Hall and, because he was not a subtle man, his behavior would change markedly. If he stopped using Jack as an errand boy or asking for money or calling Morris, if he went to the United Nations or Washington, if he convened unusual meetings at party headquarters, he would be signaling trouble.

Hall gave no such clues. Rather, he confided to Jack his conviction that the FBI had bugged party offices around the country and ordered Jack to hire a specialist to inspect them electronically. Jack duly engaged a private investigator and helpfully drew up an inspection schedule for him. Forewarned of when the investigator was coming to each office, the FBI removed the listening devices before he arrived and put them back after he left. Jack reported, "They're all clean, Gus."

Hall also asked Jack's advice about how to react to a cashiered FBI agent who, angered by his dismissal, approached the party with an offer to supply FBI secrets. Jack did not have to feign concern because he was very concerned. Again he thought quickly. He said that the approach was an obvious FBI provocation, an attempt to entrap Hall. If he accepted classified information, the FBI would arrest him for espionage. Hall told the former agent to stay the hell away from him.

Another good sign appeared in June 1967 after a chalk mark summoned Jack to an emergency meeting with his KGB handler that evening. The KGB officer handed him a copy of a speech Soviet Premier Kosygin planned to deliver to the United Nations about the Seven-Day Arab–Israeli War that had just ended. It was an apologia for Soviet actions and a denunciation of American actions in the Middle East. The Soviets wanted Hall to study the speech in advance so he would understand the positions the American party was to adopt regarding the war. Given the text, the State Department and U.S. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg prepared a devastating rebuttal before Kosygin spoke. Goldberg told the FBI that prior knowledge of just what Kosygin would say was enormously valuable: "I don't know where you got it, but if you get anything else like this, please let me have it."

Manifestly, the Kremlin still trusted MORAT. Whatever suspicions Kazakov may have harbored, the KGB had been unable or unwilling to pursue them, and its failure illustrated the Soviet vulnerability the FBI so long exploited. The KGB had responsibility for conducting the operation and determining operational procedures; it had no control over policy governing the operation. The Politburo, Central Committee, and International Department dictated overall policy, the content of messages, how much money the American party would receive, when Morris came to Moscow. And when he came he talked most of the time to members of the Politburo, Central Committee, and International Department—and to the KGB only at their behest and his convenience.

After a Saturday night exchange of money and microfilm in the New York countryside, the FBI, using a cipher and code the KGB issued to Jack, sent a message to Moscow in his name. Typically, a message said: "To Able-Kit. Received 300 pairs of shoes April 6. Spring." "Able-Kit" meant the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics; "300 pairs of shoes" meant $300,000; "April 6" meant April 3 (in messages, three days were added to the actual date of delivery); "Spring" meant Jack. The absence of other words meant the exchange occurred without incident and that Jack arrived home safely with the money.

The routine told the SOLO team much. Jack and Morris reported directly to the Central Committee rather than to the KGB.

The Central Committee asked them to verify for it that the KGB had followed its orders and had not purloined any of the cash. The Soviet leadership unwittingly had made Jack, Morris, and their FBI confederates superiors of the KGB by retaining all authority over the operation without accepting any responsibility.

Morris warned though that the breach could swiftly and fatally close at any time. Seeing Jack in the veritable embrace of his political bosses, Kazakov retreated. If he had suspicions, he had no proof and was afraid to proceed without it. But if, as a result of some leak in Washington or mischance with documents in Moscow, the KGB ever acquired hard evidence, the patronage of Soviet rulers could not save Morris and Jack. Indeed, the rulers would turn on both of them with a vengeance.

Between October 1967 and June 1968, Morris journeyed into the Soviet bloc four times and mingled with communist leaders from North Vietnam, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary as well as the Soviet Union. He reported that the Vietnamese were as determined as ever to wage war and that the Soviets were organizing all communist parties in the Western Hemisphere into a campaign to force the United States out of Vietnam. He also brought back seven thousand feet of film that showed imprisoned crewmen of the *USS Pueblo*, which had been seized off the high seas by the North Koreans.

In Moscow, Ponomarev expressed concern for the safety of Morris and Jack and the security of MORAT. He said that Morris should continue to deal personally with chiefs of foreign parties and attend international communist conclaves as a secret delegate. However, in the United States the Soviets intended to use MORAT "only for confidential, urgent, and illegal matters."

Shortly after Morris returned from Moscow on June 29, 1968, Jack's KGB handler, Vladimir Aleksandrovich Chuchukin, signaled Jack to come to an emergency meeting. The Soviets wanted Hall and Morris to know the political situation in Czechoslovakia was rapidly deteriorating and there might be trouble. Referring to the Czech leadership under Alexander Dubcek, Chuchukin angrily declared, "If those revisionists don't stop, something will have to be done." Chuchukin summoned Jack twice more in the next ten days to advise him that Soviet efforts to reason with the Czechs and persuade them to return to the party fold, as defined by Moscow, had failed. All Chuchukin said proclaimed to Jack and Morris that the Soviets were about to act against Czechoslovakia. Accordingly, Burlinson notified headquarters that "A Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia appears imminent."

At the time, Assistant Director William Sullivan controlled dissemination of SOLO intelligence and he deemed the report too vague to be forwarded to the White House, State Department, CIA, or anyone else. After Soviet tanks rolled into Prague in August 1968, New York and Chicago vehemently protested the failure of headquarters to circulate vital intelligence that the United States might have used to deter the invasion. Headquarters lamely responded, "You didn't tell us how and when."

When the invasion began, the Central Committee flashed a message to Jack for Hall, exhorting him and the American party to support the Soviet military intervention. If the Soviets had outlawed the baking of bread or sexual relations between husband and wife, Hall would have supported them. But he needed to know what to say and how to defend what in the eyes of many in the West, including many Western communists, was indefensible. To find out, he dispatched Morris to Moscow on August 23, barely two days after the invasion.

When Morris arrived, Ponomarev was engaged in discussions with representatives of the Czech regime newly installed in Prague with the help of tanks and bayonets. While waiting for him, Morris conferred with Mikhail Polonik, who had succeeded Kazakov as the KGB's Moscow manager of MORAT. Polonik spoke to him courteously and respectfully in excellent English, and asked whether he could recommend any operational changes and if he had any complaints about the performance of the "New York [KGB] comrades." Morris saw an opportunity and gently picked it up.

He had no complaints; he had only admiration for men who left their wives and children at night and on weekends to do their duty at personal risk. He also admired the sacrifices of the communications and cryptographic personnel who had to work nights and weekends to service MORAT. Morris had to account for the money, so he was familiar with the deliveries and their dangers, and he could recall only one time, a time when ice and snow made countryside roads impassible, that the New York comrades failed to deliver as scheduled. The radio messages always had been transmitted as scheduled. As for operational techniques, he really was not as qualified as Polonik and his comrades to judge—they had worked impeccably thus far—but he would ask Jack. And speaking of Jack: Sometimes he could be rude, even insolent, to your comrades. He really does not mean to be. He is just letting out emotions he cannot let out anywhere else. Remember, he is constantly risking the ruination of his wife, children, and himself.

Polonik politely interjected that everyone understood the pressures under which Jack labored and that everyone regarded him as a very able and devoted comrade. He thanked Morris for his evaluation of the New York comrades and hinted all might profit if it were repeated to some of Morris' confidants, i.e., members of the Politburo.

The final draft of a communiqué pledging solidarity of purpose and action between the new Czechoslovakian regime and the Soviet Union was completed August 26. Just an hour afterward, Ponomarev received Morris. He looked gray, haggard, and in need of sleep yet seemed glad to see his old friend, someone he could really trust. And he spoke personally and frankly.

The Soviets regretted the necessity of interceding in Czechoslovakia but they had no choice. The "revisionist" policies of Dubcek, his "socialism with a human face," were like a cancer that, unless excised, would grow and spread into Eastern Europe and even the Soviet Union. Unchecked, they conceivably could have propelled Czechoslovakia out of the Warsaw Pact alliance and splintered the international communist movement. Ponomarev acknowledged that the invasion had "created tensions with some parties" in Western Europe and asked if the Soviets could count on the "solidarity" of the American party.

Morris assured him that they could; under the leadership of Hall, the party was disciplined and reliable. A few dilettantes and poseurs might defect, but they did not matter.

"What is the general reaction in the United States?" Ponomarev asked.

Morris could have said: You probably have ensured that Richard Nixon will be the next president; you certainly have secured many, many billions more for the Pentagon; you have validated in the minds of the extreme Left the Chinese charge that the Soviet Union is just another chauvinist, imperialist power. But Morris was not in the business of giving the Soviets intelligence or analyses unless by so doing he served a clearly defined American interest. So he simply replied, "It is not favorable."

They then came to Hall's question about what the party line regarding Czechoslovakia should be. It was an embarrassing question, and Ponomarev disposed of it quickly. It ran: German revisionists, in connivance with the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) and the CIA, with Dubcek acting, wittingly or unwittingly, as their front man, attempted to organize a counterrevolution. Fraternal neighbors of Czechoslovakia detected the plot and requested the Soviet Union to join them in rescuing the Czech people from imperialist aggression.

Morris knew that, to a majority of Americans who paid any attention to it, this explanation would convict the Soviets of being congenital liars as well as a menace. A month after talking to Ponomarev, he found that the Soviet justification of the invasion had been just as ill received by West European communists.

Morris landed in Budapest September 30 as a secret delegate to a conference of European party leaders to plan a more grandiose, worldwide conference. These smaller, preparatory meetings were important to the Soviets because they wanted to guarantee the outcome of the bigger assemblies. But among themselves the delegates talked mostly about Czechoslovakia, and for the first time in Morris' memory their mood was anti-Soviet—not anticommunist, but anti-Soviet. Over dinner, a Soviet delegate gravely told Morris, "Revisionism is a virus infecting all communist parties."

At Budapest, Ponomarev or another Soviet delegate admitted to Morris that the Soviets had failed fully to comprehend what was happening in Czechoslovakia until it was too late to do anything except use military force and that they had miscalculated the political and international consequences of the invasion. "Our military intelligence is perfect. Our political intelligence is just the reverse." Soon Morris saw and read ominous and, to him, appalling signs that this assessment was accurate insofar as it pertained to "political intelligence" and political understanding of the United States.

The long, black limousine that took him from the airport toward his Moscow apartment on November 17, 1968, had to stop, and Morris parted the curtains to look at the passing convoy of tanks, armored personnel carriers, trucks, and artillery. Jets whistled low overhead, and he thought he was in the midst of a military maneuver. In some of the sections of Moscow he traversed, there were more troops than civilians and armored vehicles were everywhere. It was as if the Soviets expected the city momentarily to be besieged.

After a few hours at the International Department, Morris began to understand. The election of Nixon as president of the United States had stunned and frightened the Soviets. They viewed him as a fanatic anticommunist who might attempt to annihilate or overwhelm the Soviet Union by a surprise nuclear attack. Because the Soviets tended to act upon what they believed, this crazy belief was dangerous to everybody. Morris wanted never to appear to be trying to influence the Soviets, and he offered his judgments or analyses only when they requested them. But to the extent their questions allowed, he tried subtly to nudge the new czars in Moscow back toward reality without saying, "You're crazy."

No, the outcome of the election did not astonish him. He recalled telling everyone at the International Department back in the summer that the presidential contest appeared to be close and that either Nixon or Hubert Humphrey could win. True, Nixon was an inveterate anticommunist and he probably would turn out to be a tough adversary. He also was an astute politician adept at divining the mood of the American public, and the public, already deeply divided by the war in Vietnam, hardly was in a mood to start World War III. In any case, there was no immediate danger (i.e., no need to keep tanks rumbling around Moscow) because before undertaking any fundamental changes in foreign policy, Nixon would need time to organize and consolidate his administration.

Boyle hoped to take a few days off during the Christmas season of 1968 to be with his children, and no one would have faulted him for doing so; for years he had been unable to use all the leave to which he was entitled. As it was, he and Morris worked until December 23, driven by the conviction that the incoming Nixon administration needed to be immediately informed of the misapprehensions the Kremlin had about it and their dangers. Much more was required than a simple, straightforward recitation of facts.

Headquarters had instructed the SOLO team to accompany reports with their own explanation of the significance of the contents; no one had empowered them to recommend, much less make political policy. Their interpretations thus had to show policymakers what ought to be done and the likely consequences of inaction without presuming to tell anyone what to do. At the same time, nothing in the analyses could hint that they were made by someone with rare understanding of Soviet mentality derived from lifelong immersion in communism and someone Soviet rulers trusted with their innermost thoughts.

In essence, the analysis Morris and Boyle submitted that December said: The Soviets are proceeding from the irrational premise that upon assuming office President Nixon may order a nuclear attack upon them. Unless they are disabused of this irrational assumption, they are likely to act irrationally.

Morris and Boyle hoped that the Nixon administration would conclude that, by all available diplomatic means, the Soviets must be reassured that the United States had no intention of attacking them.

Evidently it did, for by the time Morris returned to Moscow in March 1969 Soviet attitudes had undergone a striking change that could not have occurred without some American initiatives. All talk about impending war had ceased, and the tanks and troops so conspicuous the preceding November had disappeared. Suslov and Ponomarev said that achievements of understandings with the United States had become a primary objective of Soviet foreign policy. They hoped that Nixon would "see the light of reality" and agree to arms limitations, and they intended to be patient in negotiating with the Americans.

For the first time, however, they explicitly expressed fears that the United States and China would unite against the Soviet Union. Morris could not ascertain whether their concern arose from concrete intelligence collected either in Washington or Peking or whether it was based solely upon analysis of the drift of world events. Regardless, the political intelligence or analysis that the Soviets only a few months before had pronounced abysmal in this instance was excellent.

As for the Chinese, the Soviets seemed on the verge of losing all patience. Never before in all their many conversations with Morris about China, spanning nearly a decade, had the Soviets alluded to the possibility of war. Now they did, declaring they were prepared to employ military force against the Chinese if that proved to be the only way to deal with them. They did not want war and they planned one last appeal to the Chinese, but they were ready for war.[‡]

[‡] An incident that occurred in Washington in early August 1969 illustrates that the Soviets really meant what they said.

KGB officer Boris Davidov, second secretary at the Soviet embassy, invited an American specialist in Sino–Soviet affairs to lunch and put to him a chilling question the Soviets at the time could not ask officially.

Referring to armed clashes along the Soviet–Chinese border, Davidov said, "The situation is very serious. In fact, it is so serious that my government may be forced to take much stronger action."

"What kind of action do you envisage?" the American asked. "A preemptive strike?"

Davidov answered deliberately, "Yes. A preemptive strike is being contemplated, and the use of nuclear weapons is not excluded." Then he put to him the question the Politburo through the KGB had sent him to relay, "What would be the attitude of the United States government if we made such a strike?"

The Soviets knew that the American would report the conversation to the White House, and within hours he did. SOLO intelligence fully and continuously informed President Nixon of the status of Soviet–Chinese relations, and Nixon recognized that an answer of any kind could be construed by the Chinese as evidence that the United States was conspiring against them. Thus he ordered that no response whatsoever be made to Davidov's inquiry or any other like it.

The Soviets elaborated upon these positions while Morris attended an international conference of parties in Moscow during May and June. They were still afraid that Nixon might revert to policies of "Cold War and containment"; they worried increasingly about an accommodation between the Chinese and Americans, yet they remained committed to improving relations with the United States and reaching some arms agreements. Developments in China appalled them. Ponomarev told Morris that Maoists had murdered the former president of China, Liu Saho-Chi, and his wife, and thereby virtually destroyed the Communist Party.

Morris heard more from Brezhnev in September. He had to fly to Moscow to arrange for Hall to go to the funeral of Ho Chi Minh in Hanoi, and when Hall came back to Moscow, Brezhnev briefed him and Morris about secret discussions between Kosygin and Chou En Lai conducted just a few days before on September 13, 1969. The Soviets judged it futile for the time being to try further to settle their ideological differences with the Chinese. So Kosygin proposed some relatively small, practical actions to rebuild civil relations—increased trade, sharing information about world affairs, exchange of newspaper correspondents, mediation of border disputes, and resumption of contacts between friendship societies. Chou listened sullenly and agreed to nothing, and Brezhnev predicted the Chinese would continue to agree to nothing.

In December 1969, during the annual review of the next American party budget, Ponomarev confirmed that the negotiations in Peking had come to naught. The Chinese had resumed their nasty calumny and bellicose propaganda against the Soviets, and Ponomarev despaired, "China is our most important international problem."

He was more optimistic or at least hopeful about relations with the United States. Both Soviet and American negotiators engaged in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) were "playing their cards close to the chest," but the possibility of some agreements existed and the Soviets were willing to make concessions if the Americans reciprocated.

Enabled by SOLO to read the thoughts of Soviet rulers, Nixon, Henry Kissinger, and confidants within a year had transformed the attitudes of Soviet rulers. In November 1968, this little band of oligarchs viewed Nixon as the devil personified, threatening them with extinction. By November 1969, these same men sufficiently trusted Nixon to make dealing with him the foundation of their foreign policy. They did not like him—they still regarded him and the United States as enemies—but they respected him.

By nature and nurture, Kissinger was a scholar not prone to adulatory or extravagant statements. Years would pass before the FBI revealed to him (or to the president) who Agent 58 was and just why he could do what he did. Kissinger had no ties to the FBI, nothing to hide from the FBI, and nothing personally to gain from the FBI. But on his own he went to the FBI and said, "What you are doing is fabulous. You have opened a window not only into the Kremlin but into the minds of the men in the Kremlin. This is unprecedented in modern history."

Through Missions 35, 36, and 37 to Moscow, Morris kept the window open during 1970 and précis of reports by him and Boyle show how wide the view given the United States was:

- A vicious feud rends the Soviet leadership. An ultranationalist faction opposes Brezhnev, advocates rehabilitation of Stalin, and reinstitution of his repressive methods. However, Brezhnev will prevail and purge his opponents.

- The Soviet people are not "pro-Israeli" but they are not "enthusiastically pro-Arab." In fact, they don't give a damn about the Middle East and they increasingly resent Soviet aid to Arab countries, believing that the money should be spent at home. For the Soviets, foreign aid is becoming a domestic problem.

- The Soviets believe they are falling behind the United States in the "scientific and technological revolution" and that, unless they "catch up," their military power and political influence will decline. They intend to allocate more resources to science and technology.

- The East Germans vow that there never will be a reunited Germany or free access to Berlin.

- The Soviet Union has no intention of helping the United States leave Vietnam gracefully and will not cooperate with the United States in any manner regarding Vietnam. On the contrary, the Soviets plan to increase the quantity and quality of their military aid to the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong.

- The Soviets now are convinced that the Chinese want to become a silent partner of the Americans in world affairs.

While Morris was in Moscow, the FBI received a communication from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP), a service it regarded and treated as a brother. A well-placed member of the Canadian Communist Party, revolted by the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, brooded and concluded that he long had been on the wrong side. In the words of Milovan Djilas, the Yugoslav political philosopher who once ranked just below Marx, Lenin, Stalin, and Mao as a communist ideologue, he "thought his way out of communism," just as Morris had. Conscience impelled him to go to the RCMP and detail what he knew about communist subversion. The Canadians naturally were most interested in what the communists were doing in Canada, but toward the end of his confessional the convert told a story that caused his RCMP listener/interrogator to ask, "Are you willing to tell that face to face to the FBI?"

The Detroit field office, being nearest to Toronto, took the testimony and filed a report, which roughly said:

The CPUSA has an "elder statesman" who has ties with many Communist parties throughout the world, including the CPUSSR. He is Morris Childs, who years ago was district organizer in Chicago and later became secretly active in the leadership of the CPUSA. Childs travels extensively for the CPUSA, including trips behind the Iron Curtain. When he travels, he uses assumed names, and when introduced in foreign circles, he is introduced as Mr. So-and-So or as Mr. Smith. Source believes that through the many channels of Childs, the CPUSA is able to obtain funds from Moscow. Source does not know how the funds are passed or handled. Source believes the CPUSA could not sustain itself without outside support. Source said Childs has intimate contact with the leaders of the Canadian Communist Party. Source said he met Childs several times in Prague and considered him a conspiratorial figure. His name never appears among those listed as attending international party conferences, even though he speaks at them. Source said Childs undoubtedly has contact with "elderly statesmen" in Soviet bloc countries.

THERE IS A GREAT old hotel in Ottawa, the Chateau Laurier, some of whose rooms have turrets overlooking the Canadian Parliament. At the hotel, the U.S. legal attaché (the senior FBI agent assigned to effect liaison with Canadian authorities) over lunch thanked an RCMP inspector for the leads concerning the "elderly statesman" and suggested the FBI investigation would be facilitated if his name was not mentioned by anyone, especially the defector from the Canadian party. The inspector glanced at his FBI friend as if to say, "congratulations"; he actually said only, "done." If the Canadians surmised any part of the truth about Morris, they forever kept it to themselves.

MORRIS ALIGHTED AT KENNEDY Airport in New York December 13, 1970, pale and depleted, as he always was after long flights from Moscow through Europe. Boyle asked if he would like to rest before they talked. "No, let's just get to the motel. I have something you may want the right people to see before they begin the holidays." Without unpacking or showering in the motel suite, Morris proceeded to summarize the most important intelligence and his thoughts about it.

The Soviet attitude toward the United States suddenly had become "belligerent, even combative," and among themselves the

Soviets were throwing a tantrum out of exasperation at failure to swiftly euchre the United States into the kind of disarmament and other agreements upon which they banked so much. Through the agreements, they hoped to slow the strategic arms race in those spheres where they felt at a disadvantage and thereby gain time to improve their technology. At the same time, they hoped to use the agreements as a shield from behind which they could attempt to neutralize Western Europe, undermine NATO, and isolate the United States politically. But so far the United States had refused to buy.

Here Morris offered another prescient analysis. The Soviets in the coming months might wail and flail about, making all sorts of menacing noises about the perils (unspecified) to the United States of not promptly coming to terms with them. It would be a mistake to be intimidated by such theatrics because ultimately the Soviets, who could not go to Peking, could only turn to Washington if they wished to treat with a Great Power—and they did. So however loud their bombast, they eventually would quiet down and come around.

"Of course, this assumes they act rationally," Morris said. "We must watch carefully for any signs of irrationality. Walt Boyle, the next year will be interesting."

FBI Headquarters, Washington: February 29, 1988. Seated is Morris Childs, Agent 58, age 85, who has just become the fifth man in history to receive the National Security Medal, which he wears on his left lapel. To the right stands Carl Freyman, the senior surviving FBI member of the SOLO team. He holds the National Security Medal awarded posthumously to Jack Childs. Behind Morris stand Mr. and Mrs. Max Schlossberg.

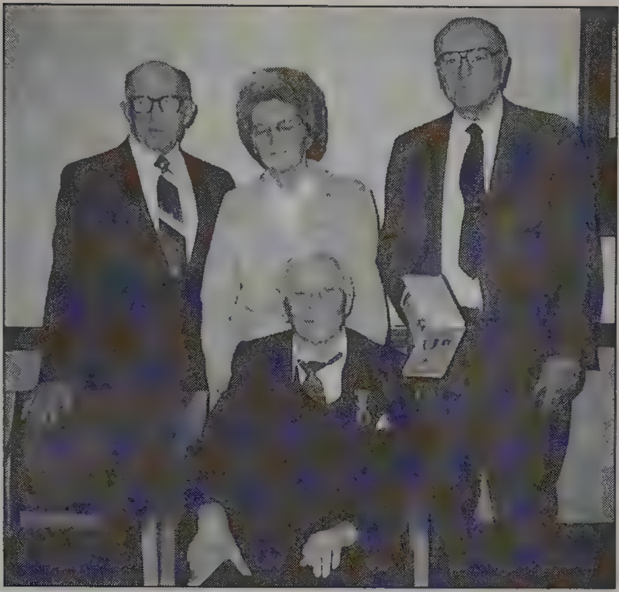

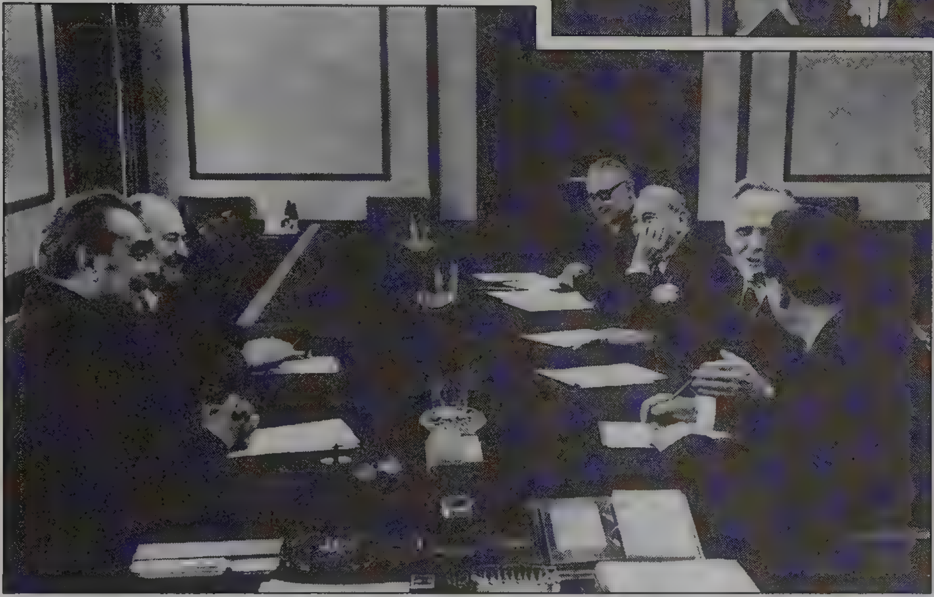

(Left to right) Leonid I. Brezhnev, General Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union; Boris N. Ponomarev, head of the International Department of the Central Committee of the CPSU; Nikolai V. Mostovets, head of the North American Section of the International Department; Morris Childs; Gus Hall; and Igor Mikhailov, Deputy Chief of the North American Section of the International Department. This photograph was taken April 21, 1973, in the Kremlin.

(Left to right) Mikhail Suslov, Leonid Brezhnev; Boris Ponomarev, and Gus Hall. Note that the chair to the right of Hall is not visible. That is because Morris Childs was sitting in it and the Soviet technicians blacked out his image.

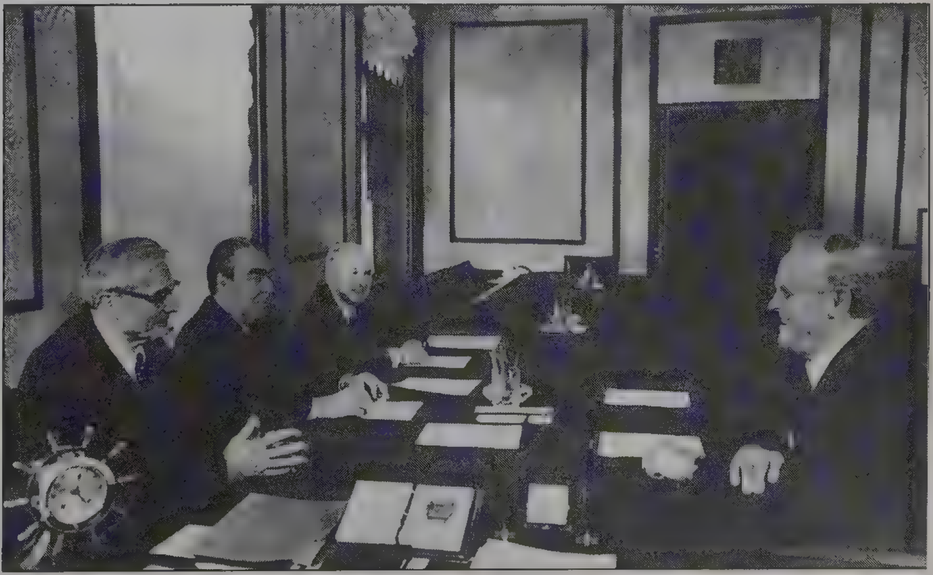

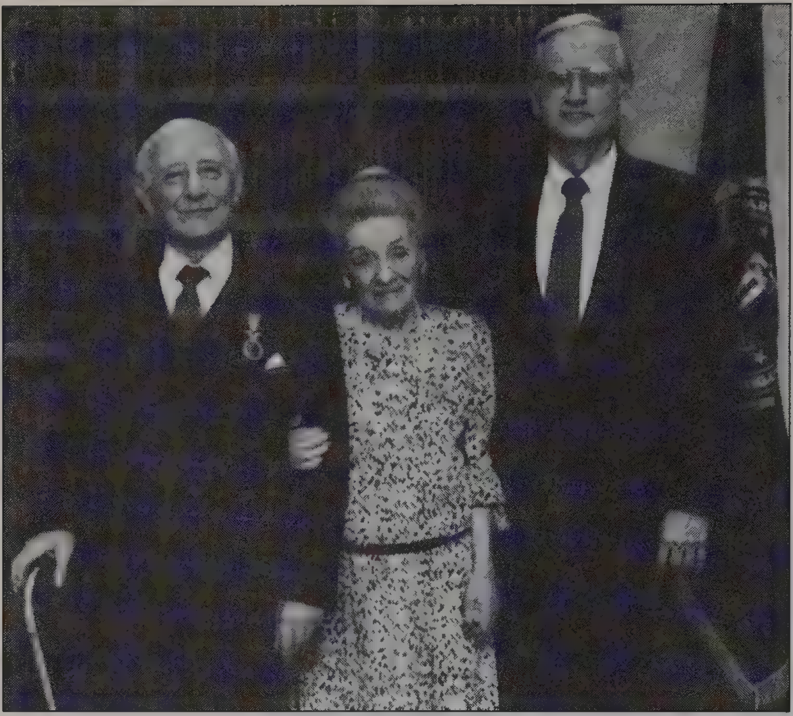

(Left to right) Morris Childs; Eva Childs; and FBI Director William Sessions. The photograph was taken at FBI headquarters on February 29, 1988, after Morris received the National Security Medal.

This is the torn half of a postcard replicating the painting, *Landscape with a Wagon,* by Peter Paul Rubens, on display at the Hermitage in Leningrad. The KGB gave it to Morris for his last mission. The Soviet officer who met him in Eastern Europe identified himself by presenting the other, matching half of the torn card.

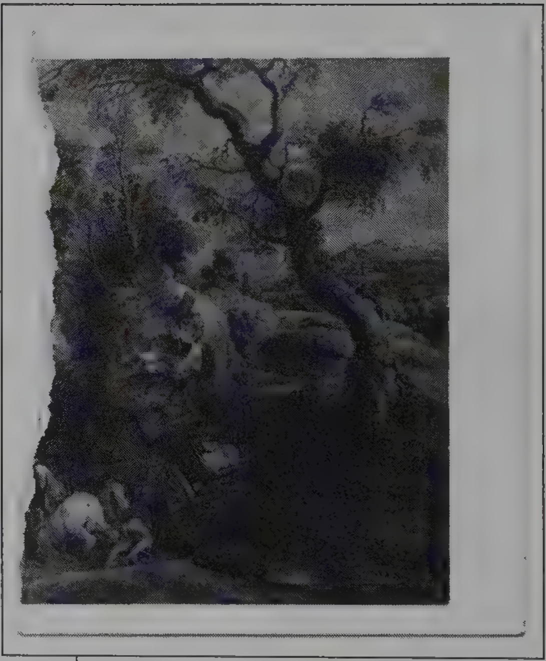

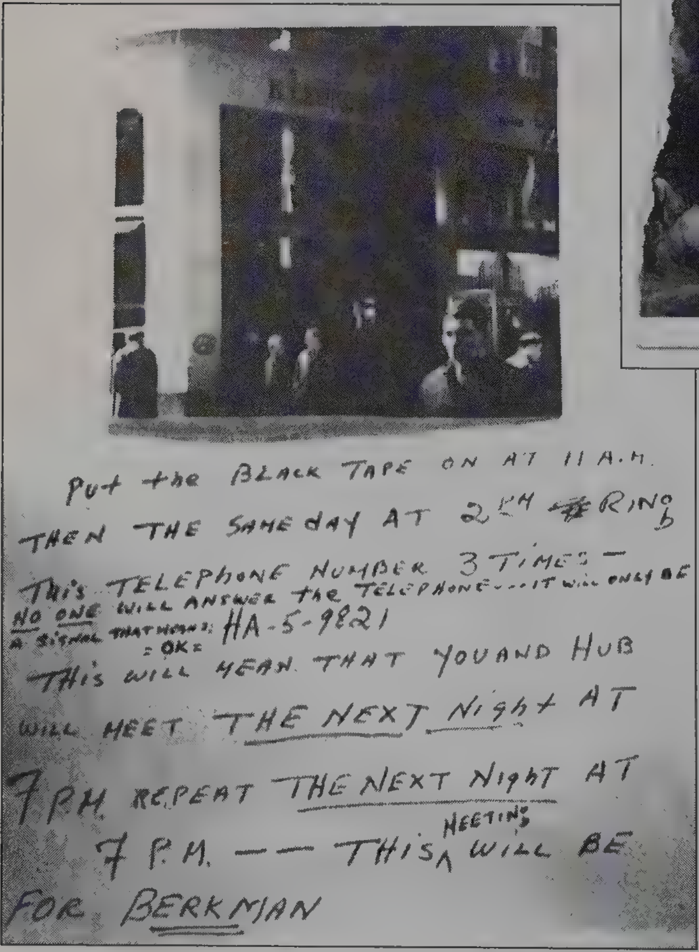

Put the BLACK TAPE ON AT 11 A.M.
THEN THE SAME day AT 2 PM ~~#~~ RING
THIS TELEPHONE NUMBER 3 TIMES —
NO ONE WILL ANSWER THE TELEPHONE...IT WILL ONLY BE
A SIGNAL THAT MEANS: = OK =
HA-5-9821
THIS WILL MEAN THAT YOU AND HUB
WILL MEET THE NEXT Night AT
7 P.M. REPEAT THE NEXT Night AT
7 P.M. —— THIS MEETING WILL BE
FOR BERKMAN

This typifies the myriad clandestine messages the Russians left for Jack Childs in hiding places or "drops" around New York. Translated, it meant that Jack should affix a little strip of tape at the site pictured, then call a telephone booth to signal that he and "Hub" (Morris) were prepared to rendezvous with the Soviets at "Berkman," code name for a meeting place in Westchester or Nassau County. FBI Agent Langtry picked up most messages and afterward phoned the Soviets: All is well.

Morris Childs campaigning for a seat in the United States Senate in 1938 as the Communist Party candidate from Illinois.

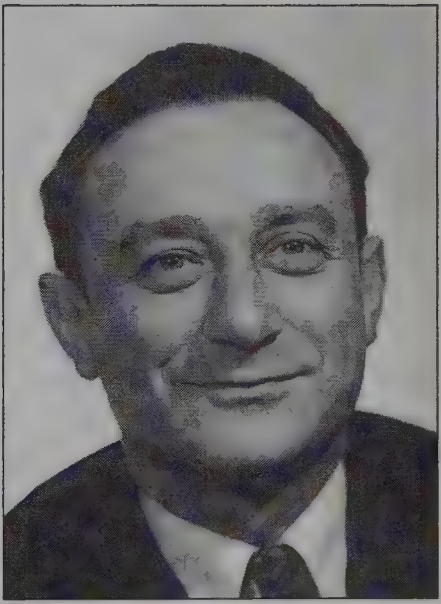

Morris Childs when he was editor of the Communist Party newspaper, the *Daily Worker*, after World War II.

Morris Childs after he became Agent 58.

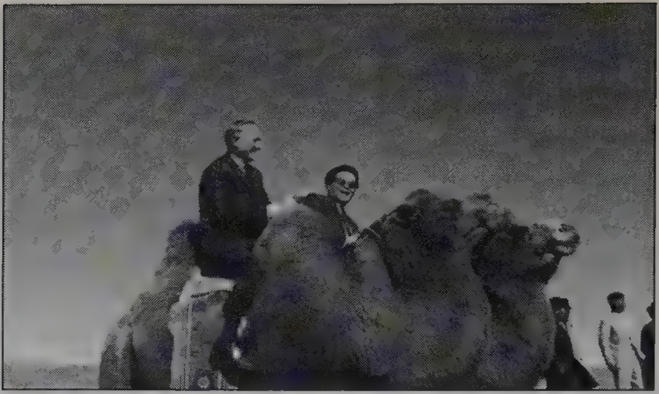

Agent 58 riding a camel while touring Mongolia.

Eva as a young woman.

Eva Lieb Childs as she appeared about the time Morris met her in 1961.

Morris and Eva Childs shortly after their marriage in 1962 and shortly before their first joint mission to Moscow.

(Left to right) FBI Agent Alexander Burlinson, FBI Agent John Langtry, and FBI Agent Steven Bradford.

FBI Agent Carl Freyman.

FBI Agents Alexander Burlinson (left) and John Langtry during an operational crisis in the early 1970s.

(Left to right) Senior Agent in Charge of the FBI Chicago office, Marlin Johnson; track star Jesse Owens, hero of the 1936 Olympics in Berlin; and FBI Agent Carl Freyman.

Walter Boyle when he was commissioned an FBI Agent in 1954 at the age of 25.

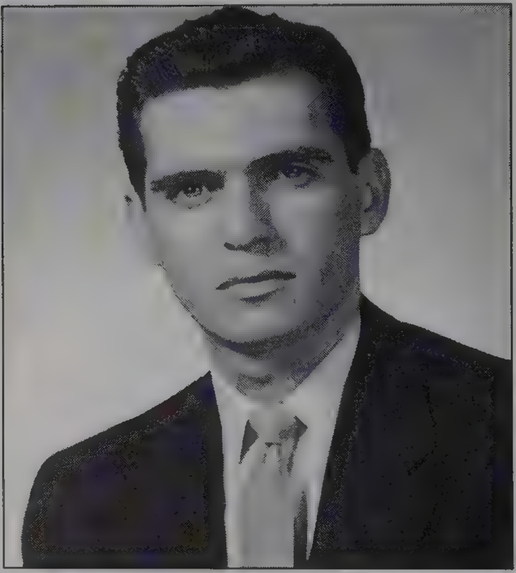

The commanding general of the First Marine Division, E.A. Pollack (left) awards Lieutenant Walter Boyle the first of seven decorations Boyle received for heroism during the Korean war.

Boyle,
With best Wishes
USMC

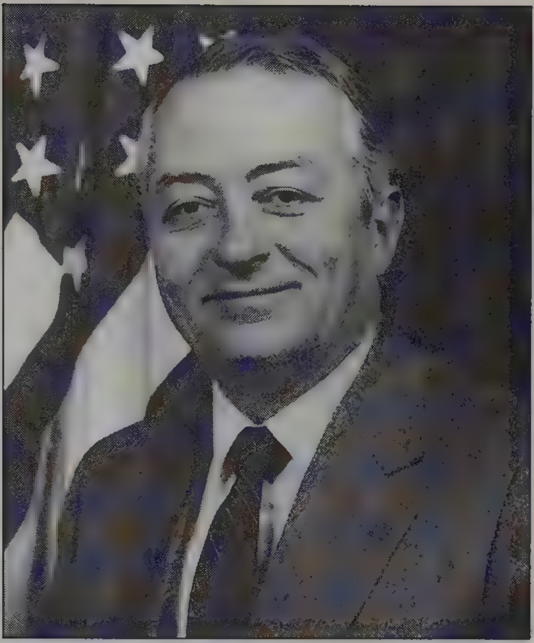

(ABOVE) Special Agent in Charge of the Chicago FBI office, James Ingram (left), in November 1979 presents another of the many FBI commendations Walter Boyle earned.

(TOP RIGHT) Former Assistant Director of the FBI, James Fox.

(CENTER) During the two decades Walter Boyle devoted to Operation SOLO, through Catholic Charities he also adopted and nurtured these six children: (from left to right) Mark, Beth Ann, Matthew, Jeannie, John, and Christopher.

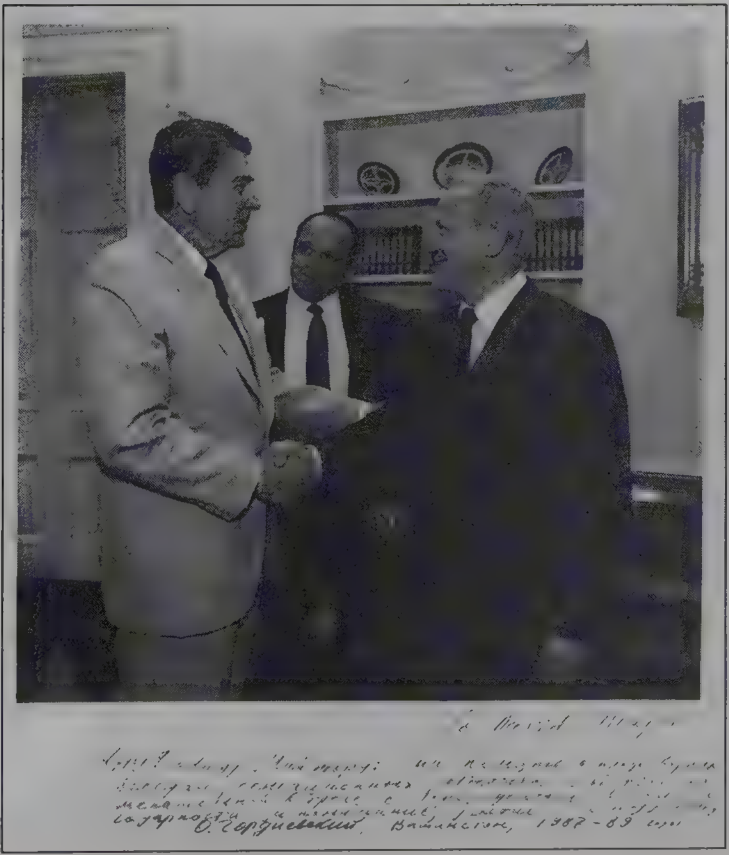

Oleg Gordievsky (right) is introduced to Ronald Reagan by David G. Major at the White House. After the "window" that Operation SOLO opened into the Kremlin closed, Gordievsky and the British brought to President Reagan horrifying information. Reagan acted immediately and decisively upon it to the benefit of all people. *Photo courtesy of David G. Major.*

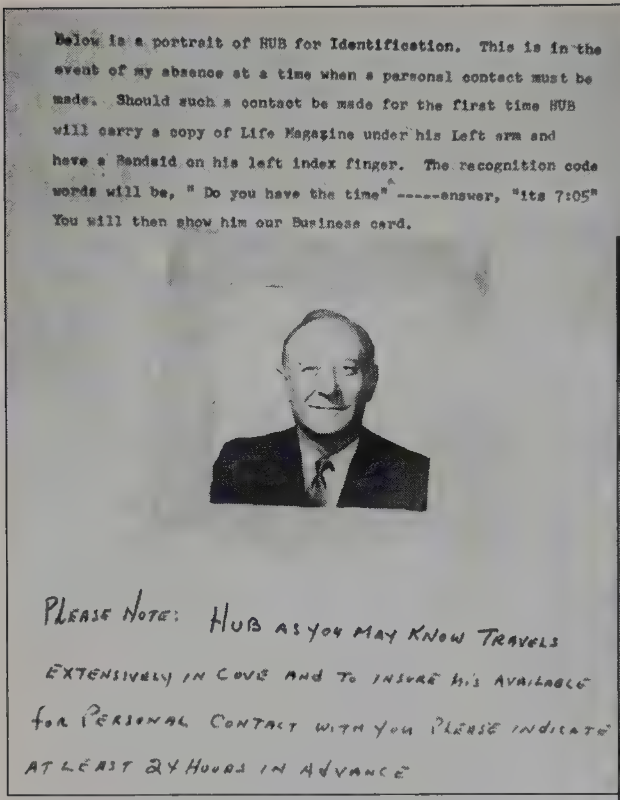

Below is a portrait of HUB for Identification. This is in the event of my absence at a time when a personal contact must be made. Should such a contact be made for the first time HUB will carry a copy of Life Magazine under his Left arm and have a Bandaid on his left index finger. The recognition code words will be, " Do you have the time" -----answer, "its 7:05" You will then show him our Business card.

PLEASE NOTE: HUB AS YOU MAY KNOW TRAVELS EXTENSIVELY IN CONUS AND TO INSURE HIS AVAILABLE FOR PERSONAL CONTACT WITH YOU PLEASE INDICATE AT LEAST 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

The Russians gave Agent 58 this identification note for use in meeting a comrade he did not know. The coded message told anyone from the KGB or the International Department to afford Morris all assistance possible.

(RIGHT) Agent 58 (left) meets a KGB agent in New York after his brother, Jack Childs, died in 1980.

Pictured here are left to right: Nikolai Mostevets (Chief of the North American Division of the International Department a/k/a Comintern); Mikhail Suslov (Chief Soviet Idealogue); Gus Hall (Head of U.S. Communist Party); Leonid Brezhnev (Ruler of the Soviet Union); and Boris Ponomarev (Head of the International Department that controlled all foreign communist parties, except the Chinese, and was one of Agent 58's most intimate friends in Moscow).

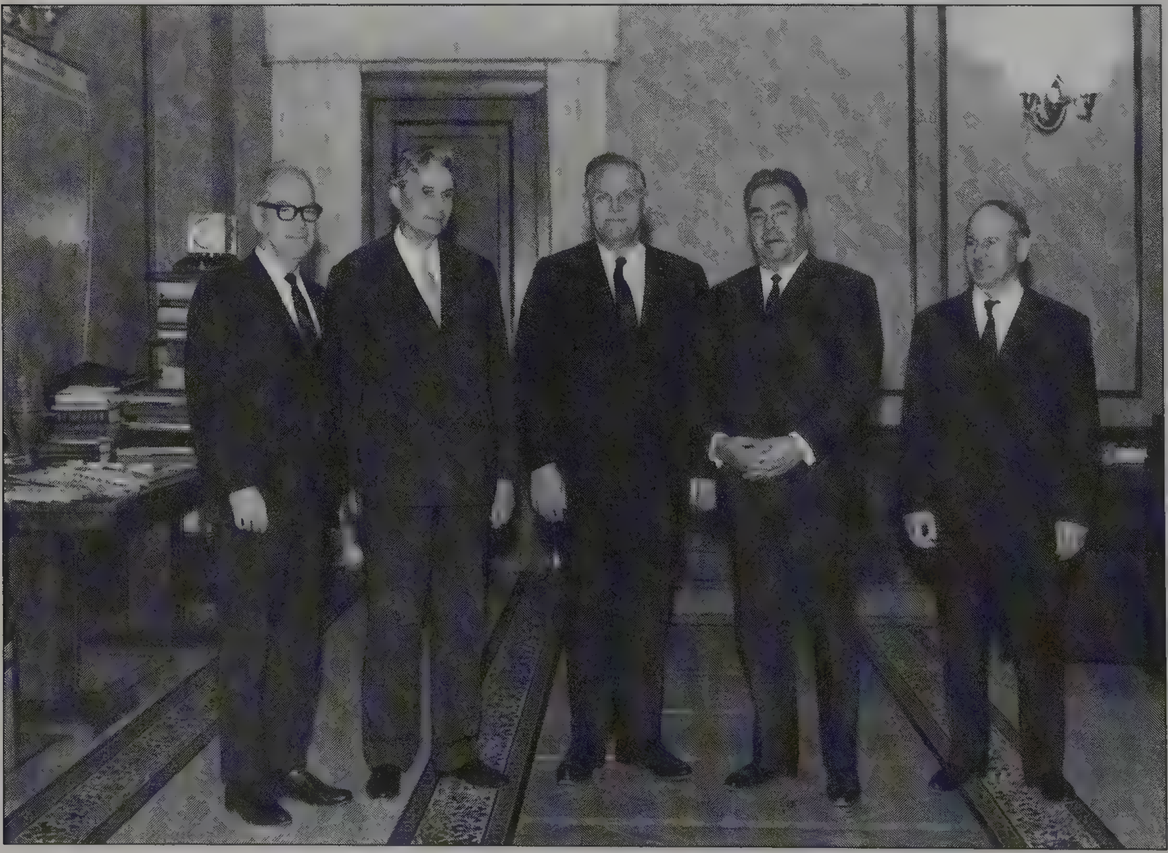

eleven

A CROSSROAD IN HISTORY

WHEN RICHARD NIXON ASSUMED the presidency and selected Professor Henry Kissinger as his national security advisor, the SOLO file offered a clear road map to China. SOLO kept showing the way.

National leaders, particularly Americans, prefer to make great foreign policy decisions on the basis of scientific or objective, verifiable evidence rather than the word of fallible human spies. Stalin in 1941 dismissed warnings from his own and British spies that the Nazis were about to attack the Soviet Union. The Kennedy administration in the summer of 1962 ignored reports from CIA spies indicating that the Soviets intended to emplace nuclear missiles in Cuba. It did not accept the truth until months later when U-2 reconnaissance photographs showed the missile sites and bunkers for storage of nuclear warheads being constructed. Throughout the 1960s the United States emphasized intelligence gathering by technological means rather than through human agents.

But the camera that can photograph the thoughts and intentions of men has yet to be invented. For more than a decade

Operation SOLO had read very accurately the thoughts and intentions of communist leaders. All the readings were consistent with one another, and collectively they predicted that the United States had a historic opportunity to convert China from an enemy into an ally against the Soviet Union.

Just as the solution to a riddle or puzzle seems simple once the riddle is solved, the wisdom of exploiting that opportunity today may seem self-evident. At the time, though, Nixon risked alienating his core constituency, which was militantly anticommunist, and antagonizing liberals sensitive to China's human rights abuses. Additionally, the Chinese were aiding the Vietnamese fighting against the United States (although the aid was less extensive than most imagined). If overtures to China became known and failed, Nixon would expose himself to charges of political treachery and personal perfidy. But the SOLO files made clear that the Chinese were likely to welcome American overtures.

Because the United States and China did not maintain diplomatic relations, first there was the practical problem of how to open up a line of communication. It appears that an American emissary made the first contact through the Chinese embassy in Paris. Other contacts continued as the two nations searched for a mutually acceptable intermediary who could broker arrangements for direct, secret talks.

When Morris visited Moscow in 1971, he discovered that the Soviets had a source in Peking who kept them apprised of these exchanges. The Soviets expressed alarm and anger at what they termed the "growing improvement" in American–Chinese relations and declared that the new U.S. policy was a "slap" at them. They now distrusted the United States more than ever and doubted that it was sincere about disarmament. The Soviets planned to counterattack by organizing a worldwide anti-American propaganda campaign, by arranging a European Security Conference to isolate the United States, and by seeking better relations with Japan.

Pakistan, which had close ties to both the United States and China, ultimately acted as the intermediary in negotiations that culminated in Kissinger's secret trip to Peking in July 1971. The

Chinese in general, and Chou En Lai in particular, accorded him the most cordial and heartening of welcomes. Of all the communist figures Morris ever met, he considered Chou the most brilliant, profound, and engaging. Nixon ranked Chou as a statesman alongside Winston Churchill and Charles de Gaulle. Kissinger characterized him as "electric, quick, taut, deft, humorous," and from the start the two got on well.

Their initial discussions demonstrated the accuracy of all Morris had reported over the years about the irreconcilable enmity between China and the Soviet Union, and about Chinese willingness to ally itself with the United States. The Chinese were not only willing; they were eager. Kissinger later wrote: "China identified security with isolating the Soviet Union, and with adding the greatest possible weight to its side of the scale—which meant rapid rapprochement with the United States."

Chou and Kissinger agreed to communicate through the Chinese embassy in Paris and the Chinese Mission to the United Nations in New York. Chou proposed that they begin to consider establishing formal diplomatic relations and indicated that the problem posed by U.S. recognition of the government of Taiwan as the legitimate government of all China could be ignored for the foreseeable future. Finally, they agreed that Nixon should make a state visit to China, prior to which Kissinger should return in October 1971 for broader, private talks.

Shortly before Kissinger's second journey to Peking, Morris flew to Moscow on Mission 39, one of the most significant of all SOLO operations. Morris intended to prepare for a "state visit" by Gus Hall, during which Soviet rulers wanted to brief him personally. Just before his scheduled departure from New York, Hall suffered gall bladder problems and was hospitalized. Consequently, the Soviets told Morris what they meant to tell Hall and gave him documents to study for the benefit of Hall. Again, he dared to take copious notes, recording long passages of conversations verbatim.

Suslov began by saying, "First of all, just between you, me, and Gus—we don't intend to make this public but we may—Comrade Brezhnev received a letter from Nixon during the latter part of

August. He raised a number of questions but the idea was 'Why don't we get together?' We took our time, and Brezhnev did send a preliminary answer in which he indicated that just getting together could be pleasant but unless we are ready to discuss some concrete questions and solutions, we doubt the advisability of a meeting at this time. As time goes on, we will undoubtedly lay the basis for such a summit meeting in Moscow."

Suslov recounted a recent, unexpected visit by Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott, a large, jocular man who evidently charmed the Soviets:

> I am glad to say that Senator Scott was not in a combative mood and was not fighting our arguments too much as we presented them to him and the [American] ambassador who was present. In fact, we might say he was passive when we became argumentative. We criticized U.S. aggression in Vietnam; we criticized U.S. policy in the Middle East. In fact, we couldn't get any arguments from either [Scott] or the ambassador. Whatever discussion they did participate in was more or less defensive. We talked in a very friendly manner.
>
> I told Scott that Nixon's visit to China will be a complicated thing. It is not as simple as a social call. There is the war in Indochina. It is difficult for the U.S. It is also difficult for the Chinese... We know that Scott was sent by Nixon to see if he can sense our mind. We explained to Scott our principles. We know that Scott did speak on the floor of the Senate in which he truthfully reflected some of these things.

Suslov then meandered away from the conversation with Scott and onto the subject about which Morris most wanted to hear: Soviet reaction to American–Chinese negotiations.

> For the Soviet Union, China is a big problem. But we are calm about the whole problem. As you might say, we are keeping our cool. However, we are not passive.

> We do not know if Nixon and the Chinese will reach agreement or not. We really don't know. It is not a simple thing for the United States after all these years to reach agreement with China.
>
> Then the next thing is, will it be an anti-Soviet agreement? If it is an anti-Soviet understanding, we will certainly oppose it and fight it. We hope that if there are agreements, they will not be harmful to socialist countries.
>
> As you can see, our foreign policy nowadays is not a passive one. We are interested in all continents. We have people on all continents, working, keeping up ties, developing understandings and agreements with these nations on all these continents. In any case, we can assure you that whatever the agreement between the U.S. and China, we will not be taken by surprise. To put the thing in its political framework, I want to repeat again that we are going to pursue our policy and our principles of peaceful co-existence. We are going to negotiate with the United States constantly and we will continue to do so... Serious negotiations are possible and are continuing on the reduction of strategic arms. Now, these negotiations will take time, but I think we can reach agreement. We are also discussing reaching agreement on anti-ballistic missiles, but on this too long discussions are necessary.

Glancing at his notes, Suslov said, "You will be invited to the Convention of the Indian Communist Party which opens October 3. We hope you will go. You should know that Indira Ghandi asked us for an invitation to visit here. We told her that she can come if she wants.

"You know the Japanese are very much worried about the United States' role in Asia again. They are very worried about Nixon's visit to Peking. We can tell by their changed attitude toward us."

The official business of the day had ended, yet Suslov wanted to talk a little more to his friend of forty years. He proposed that the two of them stage an impromptu dinner party that evening at the "Captain's Cabin" and invite whomever Morris wished from the Politburo and Central Committee. If no one was free, then the two of them could dine and reminisce by themselves. The "Captain's Cabin" was an elegantly paneled and richly carpeted redoubt of the oligarchy, probably the most exclusive club in the Soviet Union, serving the best cuisine available in Moscow outside the Kremlin. Under regular circumstances, duty and personal inclination would have compelled Morris immediately to accept the spontaneous invitation. Some of the most meaningful intelligence or insights could be gained at these intimate, alcoholic séances with the rulers. But Suslov had overloaded Morris with intelligence that he wanted to put on paper before any detail faded, so he begged off, pleading fatigue and promising to join Suslov at a farewell luncheon in a couple of days.

Except that he could not sell or bequeath it, Morris by now in effect owned an excellent apartment in Moscow, just as he did in Chicago and New York. The party set it aside exclusively for him, and he kept there a full wardrobe, including a heavy coat and fur cap that made him look like a Muscovite, and expensively tailored suits that identified him to Soviet associates as what they thought he was, a devout communist clever enough to beat the capitalists at their own game of making money. In the armoire, he left a house robe and slippers that he liked to wear while writing because in the colder months the apartment was overheated and the windows sealed shut. In the bath, he left toiletries and a veritable pharmacy of Chicago drugstore nostrums that he passed out to guests.

The Moscow apartment was attended by a staff, but for this evening of work he wanted to get rid of his favorite staff member, Yekaterina, his cook/nursemaid, who would linger after supper to see that all was well—and to take home food after he retired.

This evening Morris told his driver to stop at the "speakeasy"—the Kremlin store where, with a special card, he could walk in and collect imported luxuries, which were promptly delivered, all for free. Morris never entered without feeling hypocritical, and normally he went there only to replenish his supply of presents for his Soviet hosts and hostesses. But that afternoon, he acted just like any other greedy oligarch, ordering piggish quantities of sausage, wurst, caviar, smoked fish, and chocolates. At the apartment, he gave the package to Yekaterina as a present from Eva and sent her home.

After writing down all Suslov said to him, Morris began the analysis he would give to Boyle. In July, Kissinger and Chou En Lai had concluded substantial agreements; yet in September, the Soviets remained ignorant of them. Neither did they seem to know that Kissinger was about to return to China. Morris concluded they either had lost or been unable to communicate with the well-placed source he believed they had in Peking.

Suslov said the Soviets were not sure whether Nixon and the Chinese would "reach agreement" and, if they did, he wondered whether it would be an "anti-Soviet agreement." Morris thought, *What other kind of agreement could it be?* When Morris last spoke with the Soviets in April, they were angry, bitter, and mistrustful of the United States, and contemplating actions to undermine it. Now they were confident that they could trust the United States to come to acceptable terms with them. And Suslov vowed that no matter what Nixon and China agreed to, "We are going to negotiate with the U.S. constantly, and we will continue to do so."

Morris did not know what produced such a stark reversal in attitude in such a short time. He did know that the White House forthwith should be informed that in dealing with China it need not be inhibited by apprehensions about Soviet reactions.

The next day, the Central Committee entrusted Morris with a position paper regarding China, and he copied it almost verbatim. The paper recited the history of failed Soviet efforts to negotiate with the Chinese and dramatized once again the intractable enmity between the two former allies:

> One cannot forget that Mao Tse Tung is trying to make a deal with Washington. Not once but on numerous occasions the Chinese have made it clear that they are going to support Vietnam up to a certain limit but

> they are not prepared to enter a direct conflict with the U.S....
>
> The Chinese in the recent period attempt to achieve their aims by slogans of struggle against the two "super-powers." They are trying to set up a bloc of smaller and middle states to struggle against the two super-states. But the desire for Chinese–U.S. relations testifies to their real intention: to conduct their struggle mainly against the Soviet Union; not against the two "super-powers."
>
> In considering Soviet–Chinese relations, one must consider the fact that an atmosphere of China as a "besieged fortress" is being artificially developed in China, while the reality is that they are developing their militarism. For example, the Chinese army occupies almost every key position in their country. There are no democratic forums in China. There are no elections. A bureaucratic and military dictatorship has been set up in China. [Morris found the Soviet concern at the lack of democracy and elections in China touching.]
>
> Do not exclude the possibility of an alliance between Peking and the U.S. on some questions, having in mind the Peking anti-Soviet policies. But one cannot ignore the deep-seated contradictions between China and the United States.

For Morris, the position paper affirmed conclusions drawn from Suslov's statements and stimulated a few more. The Soviets did not understand that China and the United States in principle already had made a profound deal and had only to elaborate and formalize it. By keeping the Soviets ignorant, the Chinese were exhibiting competence and good faith toward the United States. The Soviets were vulnerable to great self-delusion. For years, the specter of American technology, wealth, and "cowboy violence," as Mostovets once said, aligned with a billion Chinese enemies on their borders, had tormented them. In the past couple of years, they repeatedly had told Morris that this nightmare very well might become reality. Though they did not know what Kissinger and Chou En Lai said to each other, there were conspicuous signs that what they themselves predicted was coming true. Mao, Chou, Nixon, and Kissinger were not sitting down with each other just for herbal tea and roasted duck. But the Soviets could not accept the indications that their own calculations were correct. They preferred to comfort themselves with the hope that the Americans and Chinese might not be able to get together, after all, because of "deep-seated contradictions."

Morris realized that the FBI first would want any information that might benefit Kissinger and the United States in the next secret negotiations with the Chinese, and that he had no right or reason to dispute this priority. But he did scribble a reminder on the back of the envelope containing his plane tickets, "TWA-DD." To him, the notation meant after we've answered all the questions, after I'm finished with the technocrats, tell Walt about dangerous delusions.

MORRIS AND BOYLE WERE still filing reports and answering queries from Washington when Kissinger returned to Peking in October 1971, ostensibly to arrange for Nixon's forthcoming visit. Actually, he and Chou engaged in cordial, candid, and wide-ranging dialogue about major world issues. At the same time, they established an enduring and friendly personal relationship.

Back in Moscow in December for the regular year-end review, Morris found the Soviets again drifting away from reality. The impending accords between China and the United States in a few weeks would dramatically alter the balance of power against the Soviet Union. Yet the Soviets had convinced themselves that the "crisis of capitalism is deepening and that imperialism is in retreat." A relatively minor economic recession in the United States persuaded them that the West was verging on collapse.

What the Soviets long had feared and forecast came to pass in February 1972 when Nixon, Mao, Kissinger, and Chou achieved understandings that, from the perspective of the Soviets, were worse than their gloomiest predictions. In a joint declaration issued at the end of their talks—the so-called Shanghai Communiqué—China and the United States pledged jointly to oppose "the hegemonic aims of others [i.e., the Soviet Union] in Asia." As Kissinger wrote, "In plain language, the United States and China agreed on the need for parallel policies toward the world balance of power." In plainer language, the two nations publicly and formally entered into an anti-Soviet alliance.

That was bad enough, but much more went on in private. The Chinese made it clear that they did not want China and the United States just to be "former enemies," but real friends and partners. Domestically, each nation should abide by its own political, economic, and social principles. Internationally, they should act jointly despite their ideological differences. Kissinger wrote, "Mao took the proposition a somewhat cynical step further by indicating that we would strengthen domestic support for our cooperation if we took occasional potshots at each other—so long as we did not take our own pronouncements too seriously." The Chinese exhorted the Americans to maintain the strongest possible armed forces and weaponry, to stay close to Western Europe and NATO, to forge an anti-Soviet alliance stretching from Pakistan through Iran and Turkey into the Middle East, and, above all, despite domestic pressures steamed up by an unpopular war in Vietnam, to assume and maintain a preeminent role in world affairs. In sum, they did everything within their power to encourage the United States, short of singing "The Star Spangled Banner."

At the same time, the Chinese wished to be a worthy and constructive partner. Insofar as their resources permitted, they would covertly abet Sino–American policies around the globe. Delicately, they hinted they would assist in solving mutual problems in Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos. And they noted that the United States and China were natural trading partners who had much to offer each other commercially.

Morris at the time knew nothing of these historic negotiations because in February 1972 he and Eva were in Poland and Moscow, dispatched there by Gus Hall on an important mission—laying the groundwork for acquisition of Arabian horses to be sold by the American Communist Party (or Hall himself). But in Moscow Morris gathered some truly important intelligence showing that the Soviets really had gone 'round the bend. Three disparate and relatively trivial events persuaded them that the United States had set out "to worsen relations" on the eve of disarmament negotiations: (1) A U.S. Coast Guard cutter had hauled in a Soviet fishing vessel flagrantly poaching in American territorial waters; (2) the FBI had caught and arrested KGB officer Valery Markelov as he tried to steal designs for the new Navy F-14 fighter plane; and (3) the State Department had denied visas to Soviets seeking to attend a convention of the American Communist Party.

Awareness of the Soviet delusions enabled the United States to dispel them by communicating with the Soviets through different channels. Privately and repeatedly, the United States had requested the Soviet Union to keep its trawlers and "factory ships" out of U.S. waters. A Coast Guard officer, acting on his own in compliance with standing orders, simply did his duty in corralling the intruding Soviet trawler. The FBI by law was charged with catching spies, and when it caught a spy, it arrested him without consulting anybody. Markelov was guilty as hell, and if the Soviets had any doubts they could consult the KGB. Nixon was being upbraided by many of his supporters for consorting with Chinese communists who were contributing to the deaths of American soldiers in Vietnam. Why should he invite more outcries by helping the Communist Party stage its convention?

The "TWA-DD," "tell Walt about dangerous delusions," again worked.

THOSE WHO KNEW MORRIS and what he really did knew him to be an extraordinarily brave man, all the more brave because he fully understood the risks he took and the consequences of being found out in the Soviet Union. At the Lenin School in 1930 when his teachers included bomb-throwing, bank-robbing, old-time Bolsheviks, he heard a lecture by a professional Cheka/OGPU torturer. He thought the torturer evil incarnate until he realized that the man, who spoke calmly and smiled frequently, was an insane pervert, a classic candidate for a mental institution. But the torturer obviously was good at his trade. He explained that the trick in torture is not to kill or render a victim senseless until you have extracted what you want. No one can resist skilled, prolonged torture, and you don't have to have sophisticated equipment—a set of chains, a pair of pliers, and a box of matches would do just fine. "Give me a night with a man and I don't care how brave or strong he is, by morning he won't have any teeth or fingernails and he'll wish he didn't have any scrotum, and I'll have him confessing he's the king of England."

Morris also knew that under his friend Yuri Andropov, the KGB had perfected techniques of destroying minds and wracking bodies with deranging drugs. The FBI promised that, were he arrested, it would try to ransom him by releasing jailed Soviet agents. But Morris believed that Soviet rulers would never agree to an exchange that would show how completely they had been duped. Rather, he was certain that should he be caught in the Soviet Union, his death was guaranteed—and it wouldn't be painless. Yet he kept going back.

For all his courage and audacity, he gave to those who did not know him well the impression of being a reticent, even shy man. It derived in part from his habit of listening to others rather than talking himself. When he did talk, he spoke sparsely and rarely delivered speeches, although he was an experienced and able public speaker.

Morris made an exception on an evening in early March 1972 while he, Eva, and other team members were guests of Al and Ann Burlinson at their lovely old house in Scarsdale, New York. Morris was among his best friends, his mood was expansive, and he spoke as a coach might in addressing a team that had just won the championship.

Everyone could be proud of what they together had accomplished over the years and especially proud of their accomplishments regarding China. He said anyone could speculate about "what might have been." He proposed to talk only about what he was sure "had been." Recounting his first visit to Peking in 1958, he reviewed the history of SOLO reports about China and Sino–Soviet relations. From 1958 to now, they gave the United States the benefit of the highest and best Soviet intelligence and estimates pertaining to China while revealing the thoughts and intentions of Soviet rulers toward China. The reporting accurately charted the degeneration of the Sino–Soviet partnership into implacable enmity while tracking the evolution of Chinese attitudes toward the United States. Ultimately and collectively, the SOLO reports showed that, if the United States wanted the Chinese as allies against the Soviet Union in international affairs, it need only ask. And it could be confident of China's answer.

Morris pointed out something else that few others were in a position to appreciate. In personal dealings, the Chinese had for years treated the Soviets rudely or scornfully. As Kosygin complained after another futile negotiating session in Peking, they displayed "none of the characteristic Oriental civility and politeness." Instead, they barely masked their raw contempt. Even the cultured Chou remained frostily aloof and refrained from any gesture suggesting the least goodwill. But from what Morris had been told, he concluded that the Chinese from Mao and Chou on down received Nixon and Kissinger warmly and graciously, speaking to them as if they were old colleagues. Chou and Nixon were well on their way to becoming personal friends. To Morris, that meant the Chinese were trying to tell the Americans, *We really mean it.*

"The new relationship between China and us is a crossroad in history," Morris declared. "We are looking at a historic change. I hope we can say we helped a little to bring it about. I think we can."

twelve

CRITICAL INTRIGUES

THE INTERNATIONAL DEPARTMENT in March 1972 again summoned Morris to Moscow, supposedly to arrange for Gus Hall to travel to Hanoi and Havana via the Soviet Union. Actually, it wanted him available before, during, and after the secret talks between Kissinger and Brezhnev that were to take place in April.

After shepherding Hall around during his Moscow stopover, Morris received a briefing from Ponomarev about current Chinese machinations. The Chinese were just as virulently anti-Soviet as ever, but now they were scheming more cleverly. Instead of reviling the parties of both Eastern and Western Europe as Soviet stooges, they were courting them, enticing them to enter into an anti-Soviet alliance.

"They found a few Italians on *L'Unita* [the Italian party newspaper] whom they bought for five cents, as we would say. One of them spent a month in China and wrote ten pro-Chinese articles for *L'Unita*. They were very well done and very clever in justifying Maoism. The Chinese took the writer to a concentration camp where he saw a professor. This professor said that during the Cultural Revolution he was beaten, forced to clean toilets, etc. But now the professor agrees this was the correct thing to do." The Italian party had brushed off Soviet protests about the articles. The Chinese also were making inroads into the Spanish and Rumanian parties.

Ponomarev declared that Mao had converted China into an armed camp seething with anti-Soviet animosity and that he was murdering anyone who disagreed with him. "Lin Piao was Mao's designated heir but he spoke out against Mao's position. We do not know all the details but Lin Piao was against their anti-Soviet line. So Mao eliminated him like he did Liu Shao-Chi. Liu's flight didn't reach its destination; he was shot down by a Chinese fighter plane."

In passing, Ponomarev confided, "We have good relations with the Cambodian resistance movement" (the Khmer Rouge, who were about to annihilate between 1 million and 2 million men, women, and children, primarily by driving the entire urban population of Cambodia into the jungles).

Kissinger came in April to discuss disarmament agreements that the Soviets hoped Nixon would sign during a summit conference with Brezhnev in May. Brezhnev reviewed the discussions with Morris and asked for advice about how to deal with Nixon. He reported that, because of U.S. actions in Vietnam, parties around the world were screaming at the Soviet Union to cancel the summit conference, but the Soviets intended to proceed unless some cataclysmic event in the next couple of weeks made the conference politically impossible. Brezhnev also said that he had "great respect" for Kissinger, whom he characterized as a "vigorous and smart negotiator not to be underestimated."

From the conversations with Brezhnev and Ponomarev, Morris made three primary conclusions:

(1) The Chinese were keeping their part of the bargain with the United States by doing exactly what they said they would do and urged the United States to do.

(2) The Soviets craved agreements with the United States so much that they would proceed with the summit conference no matter what other communists said.

(3) Whatever Kissinger said to Brezhnev, he said the right things.

Morris arrived in New York on April 30, and the intelligence and analyses he brought were delivered by hand to the White House and put to good use forthwith.

Without consulting or informing the Soviets, the North Vietnamese initiated a massive offensive against South Vietnam. Nixon had to decide between the military necessity of countering the offensive and the perceived political desirability of the summit conference. SOLO told him the Soviets would meet, almost no matter what he did, and on the eve of the summit conference he ordered North Vietnamese harbors mined and blockaded and the aerial bombardment of North Vietnam intensified. Foreign communist parties, privately and publicly, shouted at the Soviets to cancel the summit conference. The Soviets, just as Morris predicted, sent word to Kissinger that the meeting still was on.

On May 26, 1972, in Moscow, Brezhnev and Nixon signed an agreement (SALT I) that restricted the number of strategic ballistic missiles the United States and Soviet Union could maintain during the next five years and an agreement that limited the development of antiballistic missile (ABM) defenses. These modest agreements, which did little to reduce existing arsenals, enraged Gus Hall, who wrote a vituperative letter accusing the Soviets of conniving with the imperialists and selling out North Vietnam, and he ordered Morris to hand the letter personally to Brezhnev.

When Morris read the letter, he realized it had to be rewritten. Only two months before, Ponomarev declared that the Soviets were fed up with "deviationism" in foreign parties, and Hall's angry words could only brand him as a "deviationist." In rewriting the draft, Morris transformed Hall into a loyal acolyte anxiously requesting guidance, yet the revision satisfied Hall because it still conveyed all of his original points. Now, though, Hall himself was not accusing the Soviets of making squalid deals with Nixon and betraying North Vietnam. Such charges were being spread as part of anti-Soviet propaganda, and they had begun to worry members of the American party.

As Morris prepared to leave for Moscow, a seemingly minor incident occurred at the Washington, D.C., Watergate apartment complex in Foggy Bottom between Georgetown and the State Department. A security guard apprehended men trying to break into the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee. At first, the attempted burglary generally was regarded more as a sophomoric stunt than as anything sinister. Republican Senator Robert Dole commented, "I don't know why anyone would want to break into the headquarters of the Democratic Party. All they would find is a bunch of unpaid bills."

The Soviets took Hall's letter seriously, and Brezhnev instructed Ponomarev to give Morris a verbal reply pending a formal response. He said that the Central Committee understood Hall's concerns and wished to explain some facts. The summit conference long had been scheduled, and the North Vietnamese did not forewarn the Soviets of their offensive that provoked the American mining and blockade of Vietnamese harbors. At the time, nine Soviet ships were in Haiphong Harbor, and they barely escaped before it was mined. "When the blockade started, many Soviet ships were on the way to Haiphong. We asked the Chinese to allow these ships to unload at Von Pong [a Chinese port]. The Chinese refused and said they should go to Haiphong. The Chinese wanted a Soviet–U.S. confrontation and wanted us to war with the United States."

Considering all factors, the Politburo decided it was in the interest of Vietnam and worldwide communism to proceed with the summit conference, and the Vietnamese did not object. Far from abandoning the North Vietnamese, the Soviets were increasing aid to them. "Night and day, trains are going to Vietnam… We exerted tremendous pressure on Nixon. Comrade Brezhnev told him it is a barbaric, horrible war in which innocent people are being murdered, and so on. We told him categorically that our people are indignant, that world opinion is opposed to the dirty war in Vietnam, that there is world indignation. We demanded an end to U.S. aggression. This discussion went on for three to four hours, and there was danger that Nixon would leave the room. But he stayed and listened. He tried to justify the U.S. actions but failed. After Nixon went home, we gave hell to U.S. imperialism on our radio and television."

Lies concocted by the "bourgeois press," Ponomarev continued, had grossly distorted the results of the summit conference, and the Soviets needed to give Comrade Hall "more facts and arguments to counter the enemy." But he need not worry. "We have no illusions about U.S. imperialism or about Nixon or about Kissinger or any others. There is no difference between a Nixon and a Johnson—which devil is better? But as Lenin taught us, we can see the difference between aggressive and reasonable people... The Nixon speeches are chiefly demagoguery. But some parts of his speeches can be used."

Ponomarev also had some words about the agreements: "Of course, there is a difference between a document and deeds. But peaceful co-existence means that some documents need to be signed and implemented. We are aware that agreement on partial reduction of armaments and ABMs does not mean disarmament. We know that the number can be reduced but the quality can be improved. This is only a step in the direction of disarmament."

That was the Soviet message to Hall. Over lunch, Ponomarev spoke informally to Morris "as friend to friend," that is, for Morris' ears only. Hall had to be humored, but frankly the Soviets respected and even grudgingly liked Nixon and Kissinger because they were intelligent, they stood up for their beliefs—however wrong those beliefs were—and they gave the appearance of being honest. Of course, there was no such thing as an honest American politician but, so far as the Soviets knew, Nixon and Kissinger had not lied to them.

The Soviets did regard the May 26 agreements as merely a "first step." What they really wanted was a treaty whereby the United States and the Soviet Union each pledged never to launch nuclear weapons against the territory of the other. Morris marveled at Soviet chutzpah. Such a treaty obviously was unenforceable. But it would proclaim to Western Europe, Japan, and China that the United States was unwilling to risk its cities to protect theirs and thereby expose all American allies to Soviet bullying.

Ponomarev remarked that the Americans seemed to be stalling and asked if Morris thought they might come around. Modestly noting his lack of military expertise, Morris asked, "If you were in their position, would you agree to such a treaty?" Ponomarev laughed and shrugged, as if to say *No harm in trying.*

Despite Soviet explanations, Hall remained unplacated, and in October 1972 he dispatched Morris to tell the Soviets that they were making too many concessions to the United States and undermining socialism everywhere. Morris again tried to represent these judgments as Hall's observations rather than opinions, but they nonetheless exasperated and angered the Soviets. They did not understand Comrade Hall's attitude, and, to be blunt, he did not know what he was talking about. Although the Americans had rejected a treaty banning nuclear strikes by the United States and the Soviet Union against each other, the Soviets were convinced that to date Nixon had dealt "honestly and fairly" with them; that Nixon and Kissinger tried to understand their concerns and candidly stated those of the United States. Soviet military and technical experts advised that the American concerns, from the American perspective, were in the main comprehensible and reasonable. In sum, the United States appeared to be negotiating in good faith, and no major foreign communist party, except the American and Chinese, opposed the ongoing negotiations, and the Chinese were hopeless in all matters. So what was the matter with Comrade Hall? Morris, who was well-versed in Sovietese, understood: Comrade Hall damn well better get in line.

Suslov and Ponomarev in many other discussions with Morris talked a lot about Nixon. They very much wanted him to win the presidential election only two or three weeks away but the Soviets had to be discreet in their support of him because if Democratic candidate George McGovern found out, he might get angry. Although they preferred to deal with Nixon and Kissinger above all others, Nixon still confused them. His feats in simultaneously "hijacking China," improving American–Soviet relations, and escalating an unpopular war in Vietnam awed them. How did he do it? Morris thought, *Maybe one reason is that he always knows what you're thinking and what you plan to do, insofar as you know yourselves.*

The Soviets theorized that Nixon's legerdemain was possible because his reputation as an inveterate anticommunist immunized him to charges of selling out to them. But what political tricks or acrobatics would he try next? If Nixon was reelected, the Central Committee wanted the American party to submit a "full analysis and evaluation" of his administration and its likely policies.

Morris and Eva returned to Chicago in time to vote for Nixon, who won the 1972 election by the largest majority ever, winning all of the fifty states except Massachusetts.

After the election, Morris pointed out more examples of Soviet detachment from reality. By October 1972, almost all rational, informed people in the United States knew that McGovern had no chance whatsoever of winning, yet the Soviets still thought he might win. Nixon had escalated the war in Vietnam; McGovern favored ending it on virtually any terms the communists dictated. Yet the Soviets preferred to deal with Nixon, the hawk, instead of McGovern, the dove.

The Soviets wanted the American party to tell them what Nixon was going to do. How on earth would the ragtag party know? Did they think that the party was more astute and knowledgeable than their Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the KGB?

Morris was seventy, and in the past thirteen months he had traveled to the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe six times. He looked forward to a surcease from danger, to rest, and to enjoying the holidays with Eva. But Hall had to go to Moscow in December to attend ceremonies celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Soviet Union, and he demanded that Morris be there with him.

A few days before he left, Jim Fox and his wife invited Morris and Eva to dinner. Fox was proud of his family, his career, and home, and after Eva came to know him and his background she realized that he had cause to be proud. Fox's father drove a bus for the Chicago municipal transit system, and his mother worked at whatever jobs a woman without a college education could find in those days. The family on Sunday morning attended a Baptist church, no matter how inclement the weather or how late his father had driven the night before, and when he was thirteen Fox went to a summer camp sponsored by the church. One of the counselors was an FBI agent, and by the campfire he enthralled the boys with accounts of how the FBI chased gangsters, spies, and Ku Klux Klansmen. Fox came home from camp resolutely sure of what he wanted to do in life.

The counselor told him that the FBI accepted maybe one out of every one hundred applicants and that his chances would be better if he had a law degree. So after making good grades as an undergraduate at the University of Illinois, Fox entered law school. At the end of his first year he was admitted to the law school at Georgetown University in Washington, where he could work as an FBI clerk at nights and on weekends. An assistant dean, however, tried to dissuade him from "throwing your life away" in the FBI and, having failed, refused to transfer to Georgetown the Illinois credits. The university upheld his appeal. After his graduation from Georgetown the FBI accepted him; during training at Quantico, veteran instructors accurately put him down as a future star.

He became one of the youngest supervisors in the FBI (Boyle before his fall from favor had also been one of the youngest), and the Bureau in 1971 chose him to be Boyle's immediate supervisor and therefore a principal participant in its most important operation. By now, the White House, State and Defense Departments, and the CIA beseeched the FBI for SOLO data. Anyone intimately associated with SOLO could gild his or her career with gold. But Fox, in reports to the Chicago SAC and conversations at headquarters, made it a point of honor to stress that the accomplishments of SOLO were the accomplishments of Burlinson, Freyman, Jack, Morris, Eva, Boyle, and Langtry; he just happened along. Boyle says, "Jim always ran interference for us. If anything went wrong, he took the blame. When things went right, and they usually did, he gave the credit to others."

Fox and his family lived in a pleasant suburban house where Morris played with the children, his delight so evident and spontaneous that it was contagious. Eva said, "The family scenes there could have been painted by Norman Rockwell." She remembered the evening just before Morris' departure for Moscow on December 11, 1972.

Before dinner Fox usually said a simple, three-sentence prayer—Eva guessed he had learned it in Sunday School. That night he recited part of a hymn that began “Blest be the ties that bind our hearts in Christian love” and ended ”When we are called to part, it gives us inward pain; but our hearts are joined in hope that we shall meet again.” When Fox raised his head, Eva sensed he suddenly was embarrassed at having said “Christian love.” Eva said, “Jim, that was a beautiful prayer. Amen.” She noticed that Morris’ head still was bowed.

EVA HAD BEEN IN Moscow, Prague, and Warsaw throughout October, and Morris had no intention of dragging her away from home and relatives in December. In an uncharacteristic lapse, he complained before Hall about having to leave her at Christmastide. Characteristically, Hall asked, “What the hell do you care about Christmas?”

Morris cared a lot. He did not observe Christmas in any religious sense, and as a supposedly devout communist and atheist, he couldn’t afford to enter a synagogue or church, even if he wanted to. But he could enjoy the festivities of Christmas—the lights and decorations along Michigan Avenue and Fifth Avenue; shopping for Eva, her nieces and nephews, the children of Boyle and Fox; listening to the Salvation Army bands. In Chicago and New York, the Christmas season for Morris, culturally and spiritually, was a happy time. In Moscow, Christmas 1972 was for him a dreary time.

He had to sit through long, soporific speeches larded with communist clichés he had been hearing for fifty years and had to trail along with Hall to ritualistic and boring meetings. After Hall returned to New York, Morris did receive an enlightening briefing from Yevgeny Kuzkov, an assistant to Ponomarev.

Kuzkov began with a harangue about U.S. actions in Vietnam. “The same point is on our agenda all over the world: stop the bombing and end the war in Vietnam.” Meanwhile, the Soviets intended to do all they could to strengthen the North Vietnamese with more weaponry and supplies.

The infernal Chinese still were at it, vilely defaming the Soviet

Union and conniving to splinter socialism. They had moved troops from coastal areas opposite Taiwan and from the Vietnamese border to the Soviet frontier and were trying to provoke new clashes. Maps being distributed in Chinese schools represented large swaths of the Soviet Union as Chinese territory, and the populace was being drilled and indoctrinated for war with the Soviet Union. Chou En Lai had rejected "friendship" overtures from Brezhnev and told the Japanese that the existing Sino–Soviet friendship treaty was a worthless "scrap of paper."

In the Middle East, the Egyptians had become both a joke and a pain for the Soviets. The Soviets had invested immense resources in Egypt, and what had they gotten in return? After Gamal Abdul Nasser died, his successor, Anwar Sadat, unceremoniously booted the Soviets out of the country "without prior consultations." Then, after unsuccessfully flirting with the West, they had the gall to ask the Soviets for "offensive" weapons. "We said to them: 'The same weapons you have work effectively in Vietnam. You even have some better weapons than the Vietnamese have. What you need as much as weapons, if not more, is morale and spirit. You cannot sit in coffee houses sipping cognac and expect the weapons to work by themselves.'" Kuzkov added that the Egyptians had proposed that Sadat and Brezhnev meet, and that the Soviets said no.

The Soviets were also wary or mistrustful of the North Koreans and the unpredictable dictator Kim Il Sung. The North Koreans' attitude toward the Soviet Union was "give, give, give," and they offered nothing in return. Kuzkov said, "For now, their line is for peaceful reunification of Korea. If they succeed, that is fine, but from what we can see up until now, only God can help. We support their line but from a practical standpoint, how can you unite bourgeois [South] Korea and socialist Korea? Maybe Kim has the answers; we don't."

From Kuzkov's statements, Morris made these deductions, which the FBI subsequently shared with the White House and State Department:

- The United States could expect no help from the Soviets in extracting itself from Vietnam. Despite all the

Soviets said about peaceful co-existence, improved relations, and reaching agreements, they were determined to inflict upon the United States the most humiliating geopolitical defeat they could.

- The actions of the Chinese toward the Soviet Union matched their venomous words. They were consistent with what the Chinese said to the United States and consistent with SOLO reports about Sino–Soviet relations. If anything, the Chinese were growing more belligerent and the Soviets more worried about the Chinese.

- The Soviets held the Egyptians in contempt and were unwilling to invest more in Egypt. The Egyptians might be willing to listen to the United States privately.

- The Soviets feared the unpredictable, and they considered North Korea unpredictable. Relations between the Soviets and North Koreans were not as close as they appeared; the Soviets would not support reunification of Korea by force; and they cared little about Korea except as a danger point.

Morris owed his one pleasant evening around Christmas to Nikolai, the KGB officer who came by for "general intelligence" and bourbon. Nikolai spoke English with an American accent, asked insightful questions about the United States, never talked party cant, affected to believe in nothing except his wife and children, and dared to ridicule the ridiculous: "They say we're about to catch up with America. If that's true, America must be running backward very fast."

However, Morris and Boyle figured Nikolai was important in the KGB; Morris was a very important man in Moscow and the KGB would not allow just anybody regularly to talk to him. So why not utilize him? SOLO constituted one grand deception;

Morris and Jack regularly told the Soviets tactical or operational lies. Morris never purveyed substantive disinformation to mislead Soviet rulers because his influence depended in part upon the accuracy of the information and the assessments he gave them. He might mislead them once but not repeatedly.

He did misrepresent to Nikolai the sources of much of the "general intelligence" he volunteered. Supposedly, it came from a corporate executive or scientist by whom he sat on an airplane, or from his stockbroker or a business associate, or from something Jack had picked up. Almost all facts he reported were gleaned from open sources such as *Aviation Week*, the *Congressional Record*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and the *Economist* of London. But they were interesting and made for commendable reports.

Morris also consulted Boyle about what he should say. Sometimes Boyle asked for advice from headquarters. But FBI agents were not about to saunter through the corridors of the White House, State Department, Pentagon, or CIA saying, "Hey, our man is talking to Brezhnev next week. Anything you guys want to tell him?" And the FBI was not formulating U.S. foreign policy. So whatever Morris said in Moscow, was, in the end, "58's call."

The relative success of the North Vietnamese in using Soviet weapons intoxicated the Soviets, and they boasted to Morris that their weapons were just as good or better than American weapons. Boyle explained to Morris—whose only military expertise came from the Lenin School, where he learned how to blow up trains and stick pins into police horses—that the American difficulties in Vietnam resulted from idiotic strategy and idiotic Pentagon procurement policies of the 1960s, not from technological inferiority, and he introduced him to *Aviation Week*. Morris thought it dangerous for the Soviets to exaggerate to themselves their military prowess. So Morris recounted to Nikolai a fictional conversation he had with a Grumman Corporation executive while flying first class from New York to Los Angeles and drinking a lot of champagne. According to the tipsy executive, whose name Morris unfortunately did not retain, the United States was developing a new generation of fighter aircraft that, the executive claimed, would "rule the skies for decades." But there was something more devilish about these new planes. They not only were fighters; they were bombers. Each could carry miniaturized nuclear weapons many times more powerful than those dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The Grumman man claimed that the coming planes had "special systems" (Morris here concealed his newfound knowledge of avionics, terrain-following radar, and electronic jamming) that would enable them to penetrate any air-defense system in the world. The executive bragged that one fleet of these planes flying from U.S. navy aircraft carriers alone could blow up every city in the Soviet Union. Unfortunately, Morris again could not remember everything; only that the planes were designated by an F followed by two numerals. (Morris well knew he was talking about the F-14, the F-15, and the F-16.) Of course, this was just gossip; the executive was tired and had too much champagne; and if he would give away such secrets to a stranger, how reliable a person was he? Still, to Morris all this seemed like something worth looking into.

Surely, the GRU or KGB knew about the diagrammed capabilities of the F-14, the F-15, and the F-16 (which in flight turned out to be equal to or better than the projections of the designers hovering over computers in New York, Texas, Missouri, and California). At the next Politburo meeting Andropov could announce important, verified intelligence gained from MORAT, which the Politburo itself had instigated and for which it deserved congratulations. Boyle says, "We [the FBI and Morris] played them like a harp."

After they finished the supper laid out by the housekeeper, they drank bourbon and Nikolai asked questions about America. "How much of a factor was religion in the United States?" Morris, a student of the Talmud, Bible, and Koran, lied and said he really didn't pay much attention to religion. But he had read surveys which showed that a large majority of Americans said they believed in God and that a majority said they went to church. Morris then asked how much of a factor was religion in the Soviet Union.

"It's like weeds in a garden," Nikolai said. "You can stomp them out in one place and they keep sprouting in some place else." The party controlled the hierarchy of what was left of the Russian Orthodox Church, but it could not control the feelings of the people. Even many party members wanted their daughters to be secretly married by a priest and themselves wanted to be buried by a priest. Then there were the "sects," the most pernicious being the Baptists because they practiced what they preached. They were sober, diligent workers who showed up on time, did their job honestly, and then went home to their religion. Consequently, managers coveted them as workers and tolerated, even tacitly encouraged, their proselytizing at work—the more good workers the better. "Maybe someday we'll be the Soviet Union of Baptist and Muslim Republics."

Morris thought, *I'll tell Jim that the Baptists are making as much of a nuisance of themselves in the Soviet Union as they are in America.* He also thought, *Blest be the ties that bind.*

One of the verbal agreements of the May 1972 conference between Nixon and Brezhnev stipulated that Brezhnev would visit the United States in June 1973. Brezhnev was both excited and apprehensive about the journey, and in April of 1973 the Soviets called Morris and Hall to Moscow to help him and them prepare for it. Hall in turn asked Morris to help prepare him for the talks at the Kremlin. Morris advised him to explain to Brezhnev that the growing Watergate scandal conceivably could result in the impeachment of Nixon or compel him to resign from office.

At the Kremlin, Hall did explain, but Brezhnev was mystified. He asked, "*Chto etot Vatergate*?"—"What is this Watergate?" Ponomarev replied that it was a petty matter Nixon's political opponents were trying to magnify out of all proportions; it amounted to nothing.

When Hall was present Morris usually deferred to him, saying nothing unless asked a direct question. Now he spoke up, "Boris, that is exactly what I thought until a few weeks ago. I believe Gus felt the same way. No one can be blamed for not understanding Watergate. Most Americans don't understand it or care about it. But things are changing rapidly, aren't they, Gus?"

Hall may have been thuggish, uncultured, avaricious; he was not stupid. He picked up the cue and proceeded with the recitation he and Morris had rehearsed. Nixon's political opponents were trying to exploit a trivial incident to reverse the results of the

1972 elections. He and Comrade Morris thought they might succeed. "There is a real chance that Nixon will be forced out of office and you can't be sure he will be around."

Brezhnev then asked of the assembled Politburo and Central Committee members, "Is this correct?"

Suslov answered, "If Morris [not Hall] says so, it probably is."

Brezhnev nodded at Morris but spoke to Hall. "This is an example of comrádely cooperation between fraternal parties. It is an example of why we so esteem you, Comrade Morris, and your party. We will pay attention to this strange Watergate business."

They talked next about Brezhnev's trip to the United States, and, as Morris said to Boyle, Brezhnev "acted like a little kid going off to his first summer camp." He had confidence in Nixon and Kissinger; but what would happen to him in a land marauded by gangsters, drug addicts, and insane people who daily murdered people, even public officials? Hall, who had been briefed by Morris, who had been briefed by Boyle, assured Brezhnev that he would be accorded a respectful and secure welcome. The United States Secret Service would protect him just as securely as it did Nixon, and he could bring along his own KGB bodyguards with whom the Secret Service would collaborate. It would be good if a few of them went to Washington right away to talk to the FBI and Secret Service.

There were a lot of crackpots in America, and there might be some anti-Soviet demonstrations by a few lunatics walking around with stupid placards. But the U.S. military would keep them far away. "And our party has influence. We will persuade the press that these demonstrators are a lunatic fringe."

Morris thought, *Gus, you couldn't persuade a single American journalist to say that apple pie tastes good.*

Ponomarev invited or commanded Morris to lunch in his office suite, and there Morris discerned why Ponomarev, who only recently had emerged from the hospital, was so sprightly and happy. Morris always hid his knowledge of the Russian language from the Soviets and, except when talking to men of the International Department or KGB who spoke English, he conversed through an interpreter. The interpreters were invariably excellent and invariably male. Now Ponomarev had a new interpreter, Natalia, who was every boy's dream. She had golden hair and blue eyes, and her black dress, which could have come from Marshall Field's in Chicago, did nothing to conceal her lovely contours. She was twenty-five or so, she looked and talked like an American teenager, and Morris guessed she was the daughter of a Soviet diplomat or KGB officer and had gone to high school in the United States. He wondered just what sort of deal Ponomarev had made with her father. The male interpreters were efficient and emotionless; they tried to ease conversation and make it seem as though they didn't exist. Natalia had a sense of shame and humor, and she blushed or giggled when something embarrassed or amused her. Ponomarev indulged her, and you didn't have to be a genius to figure out why.

Natalia both blushed and giggled as she interpreted "delicate matters." Comrade Brezhnev had a pretty young niece of whom he was especially fond. She was an Aeroflot stewardess and a highly qualified nurse who examined Brezhnev at night. She longed to see America. Could Brezhnev bring her along, and could she examine him at night?

Morris replied that the U.S. Secret Service doubtless was not unfamiliar with such matters and that the KGB should talk frankly with the Secret Service. All could be arranged among gentlemen.

Morris, as would any male in the world, admired the physical beauty of Natalia. She won his heart by giggles that showed she recognized the underlying absurdity of the question she interpreted or translated. "What should Comrade Brezhnev wear in America?"

A man who held the power of life and death over the inhabitants of one-sixth of the world's land surface needed to be told by a little seventy-year-old Jew from Chicago what kind of clothes to put on!

Walt, you have to think like they do. Instead of giving the simple, commonsense answer any juvenile clerk at J.C. Penney's would have given, Morris poured out a polemic about clothes. The capitalists had duped American workers into thinking that any one of them could become a capitalist. Clothes in America were a symbol. Most Americans laughed at the goofy garb worn by Comrade Fidel; they wanted to wear clothes like those of a British prime minister or a fashion model. Soviet tailors should take Brezhnev's measurements exactly, then the "special comrades" should have dark suits tailored for him in London, Milan, or New York.

Ponomarev lost his temper and brought Natalia nearly to tears. "He says he is sick and tired, and he used a bad word, of hearing about how much better everything is in the West."

Morris, for the only time in Moscow, lost *his* temper. "Then you tell him to ask his own [obscenity] tailors what to put on Brezhnev's fat ass."

"Sir, I cannot use those words."

"Use any words you want."

Ponomarev rose, picked Morris up, and hugged him. The terrified and beautiful Natalia said, "He says, 'We both are old and tired and we have worked too long. Are we not still friends?'" Morris said that they were.

On the flight out of Moscow, Morris and Eva were the only passengers in the first-class cabin. They declined the champagne but accepted a copy of the *International Herald-Tribune*. As the plane ascended from the runway, people in the rear cabin began to clap, shout, and sing *La Marseillaise*. Morris asked a stewardess why the people were shouting and singing. "Because, monsieur, we are leaving the Soviet Union."

Morris said, "All right, bring us a bottle of champagne."

thirteen

THREATS FROM WITHIN

MORRIS THOUGHT HE UNDERSTOOD all the implications of Watergate, and that is why he had Hall warn the Soviets about its potential consequences. He never imagined that the scandal could affect him and SOLO. But as more and more government officials were hauled before congressional committees and grand juries, as more leaked secrets appeared in the press, Morris and Jack increasingly worried about the security of the operation and their own personal safety. In an effort to reassure them, the FBI convened an operational conference in New York on May 31, 1973, a few days before Brezhnev arrived in the United States. Present were Assistant Director Edward S. Miller, Section Chief William A. Brannigan, Burlinson, Langtry, Boyle, Morris, and Jack.

"We have tremendous concern about security," Miller began. "We have to provide extra special handling of this [SOLO] information because we are operating in special times. Many people are telling everything they know. Despite this horrible situation, we cannot let the whole organization go down the drain. The whole U.S. intelligence community is being tested. We cannot let these desperate people like [John] Dean and [H.R.] Halderman shape the destiny of our country. I assure you that security is absolutely the highest priority in the FBI."

Jack spoke next. "Over almost twenty-two years we have built an apparatus for our government and country and we built it to our specifications. We said we were going to the very top. This is exemplified by my brother's last trip. This is the apex. But the question is how can we save the apparatus in view of these 'desperate people.' We have had some great achievements and I am proud of them. But all the years of sacrifice could go out the window with a situation such as we have today."

Jack complained that since the death of J. Edgar Hoover in 1972, he and Morris felt they were functioning in a void and that they and their accomplishments were being ignored by the FBI leadership in Washington. "I remember a small thing. When my father died, Director Hoover sent a personal representative, an inspector, to express his sympathy. It was a small thing but to me, significant."

Acknowledging that the FBI had experienced turmoil, Miller declared, "When the history of the first one hundred years of the FBI is written, the highlight will be this operation, the people in this room. When the history is written, this operation will be unique, not only in the FBI, but in the world. Nothing could equal it."

Miller stressed how stringently the FBI guarded SOLO intelligence. "We are protecting this intelligence by hand-carrying it by armed messenger to the White House to the man who reads it. He reads it, and it is hand-carried right back to my office. This is how we are protecting the product. We know we have to do everything possible to preserve the security of the operation."

However, Jack for the time being refused to be propitiated, and he continued alternately to brag, then gripe. "We have built this apparatus, and we are very jealous of it. When I say 'we,' I mean all of us including people in the Bureau. It is an apparatus that runs smoothly. We practically think the way the Russians do. My wife is now more involved physically than I am and so is my brother's wife. My brother and I have come to the conclusion that we are prisoners, prisoners of the Communist Party, the Russians, prisoners of the apparatus. I cannot be more than two hours away from a radio message. The only real vacation I have ever had was when I had major surgery while Gus Hall and my brother were overseas. My brother has never had a vacation in twenty years.

"This thing so carefully built through so much dedication can be destroyed by lack of security. When I was overseas getting ready to go to Cuba, a column by Victor Riesel exposed the money operation. This article was shown to me in Moscow and they asked, 'How come?' When I came back from the mission, and it was a good mission, I was promised it would never happen again. But something happened again a few months later when my brother was on the other side."

Morris had additional complaints of his own. "The Russians used to call us in for training in special techniques, codes, radio, etc. When the Bureau would get wind of it, somebody would come running up from Washington and ask us about it. They paid ten times the attention to these little things as to important matters that could affect the fate of the nation. I don't know how much attention is paid to some of these documents my wife and I would spend hours copying." Next he decried security lapses. "So there I sit talking to Suslov, not below the number-three man in the Soviet Union, and he pulls out an excerpt from the *Congressional Record* with a report from the FBI director about the budget and asks about it. I passed it off and remarked that they have to say those things to get their money. But how often can we go through these things?" Finally, Morris said something that must have been hard for him to say. "Human beings, no matter how tough, have sensitivities. I think as you get older, you get more sensitive. We used to get letters from the director after these trips. In the last years, we have come back with all kinds of information. But we don't get these letters any more. This is not only a question of vanity, though we all have some vanity. I am talking beyond vanity—about friendship, loyalty, and esprit whereby you protect your own."

Miller seemed to meditate for half a minute or so before saying, "We could and should have done more. We will." And at once, he tried. Morris and Jack were just as much a part of the FBI family as he, Bill, Al, Walt, and John, and as family members they were entitled to be informed about family business, which of course was private. The death of Hoover naturally precipitated change and invited temporary organizational disarray. The new director, L. Patrick Gray, whose appointment had yet to be confirmed by a hostile Senate, was still adjusting to unfamiliar responsibilities. Gray, other FBI executives, and the FBI as an organization had fallen under severe political attack, which caused personal stress and diverted attention from normal duties.

Morris and Jack had emphasized the necessity of security; the FBI agreed and consequently enforced extraordinary security procedures to safeguard the operation. Because in the main they had succeeded, very few people either at headquarters or in the field, and nobody outside the FBI, had been fully informed of SOLO. Pending Senate confirmation of Mr. Gray and until "the clouds cleared," no one else would be admitted to the "inner circle."

The intelligence SOLO was producing—the verbal and documentary revelations of the thoughts and intentions of Soviet leaders and their reactions to the words and comportment of American leaders—was literally priceless. Miller said he seemed to recall reading in the top-secret files, now kept in special safes in his office, something to the effect that the CIA had offered to pay the FBI any amount of money to be a participant in the operation, even though it was ignorant of the nature of the operation and the identity of its principals. Morris himself that very morning eloquently had traced the effects of SOLO intelligence upon American–Chinese relations, and its contributions to a historic realignment in the balance of world power. Famous men, whose names were well known, hungered for their reports.

"I cannot mention their names," Miller went on. "I can remind you of what you said earlier. Whenever the Soviets talk to Nixon or Kissinger, they consult you before and after the talks. Do you think Nixon and Kissinger are disinterested in what they tell and ask you? Sometimes at the White House or State Department when people hand back reports to our messenger—he of course is more than a messenger—they send along handwritten notes of commendation or appreciation or congratulations. Sometimes we get letters or phone calls. But nobody can say anything about you because nobody knows anything about you; they only know what you produce. We can't tell anybody, not even colleagues I would trust with my life, what the president or secretary of state or director of Central Intelligence says to us in confidence. Maybe we have been remiss. Maybe we should have tried to find some way to circumvent this rule so we could let you know how much what you are doing is valued. But to do that, we would have to tálk about you and SOLO. None of us can have it all ways at once."

On a scale of one to five, Boyle rated Miller's performance a six, and he sensed that it had placated Morris and revived his faith. Langtry, like Boyle, was a military man and, like Boyle, he had kept silent while superiors spoke. But he sensed it was time to speak up and rein Jack in.

Langtry really understood and liked Jack. Undoubtedly, Jack and Morris had conferred before the conference and agreed upon what each would say, so whatever concerns Jack expressed were also those of Morris. Jack worked best on a loose leash so he could exercise his native brashness, initiative, and ingenuity as a self-described con man; but he had to be kept on a leash.

In complaining earlier, Jack mentioned that he recently had been upbraided by his KGB case officer (Vladimir Aleksandrovich Chuchukin). Brezhnev had sent an urgent message for Jack to deliver at once to Gus Hall; the message arrived on a Saturday night, and the KGB had not been able to reach Jack until it signaled on Monday morning for an emergency meeting that afternoon. "We must be able to contact you seven days a week," Chuchukin had said.

Langtry said that the FBI could "guard" (monitor) any and all designated radio frequencies twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week if necessary. But he recalled that when Jack last underwent such intensive interrogation in Moscow, his KGB inquisitor had asked if Jack did not think it strange that everything about the operation always went off flawlessly. Jack should point out to Chuchukin that he precisely followed communication procedures dictated by the KGB and that the radio schedule issued by the KGB called for no transmission that Saturday night, so neither he nor his auxiliary radioman (NY-4309S*) had been by their receivers. Jack (actually Langtry) had checked the signal site on Saturday morning, and there was no call for a meeting. According to the KGB plan, if the right chalk mark did not appear, Jack was free for the weekend.

Jack had been willing to give up many a Saturday and Sunday to smuggle the money. But always he had advance notice; if the KGB wanted to revise the communications plan to provide for sudden, emergency contact on Saturday night or Sunday morning, swell, "peachy keen." In the meantime, *don't blame me for doing what you and your whole organization have told me to do.*

Jack should say something else that Chuchukin, an intelligent man, would have to report, both in the interests of the KGB and self-protection: By effectively demanding that Jack be on call around the clock throughout the week, the KGB was jeopardizing MORAT. While handling clandestine communications, accepting and hiding illegal cash coming in now at an increasing rate that exceeded a million dollars a year, being at the beck and call of Gus Hall, and while supporting Morris, Jack needed and wanted to take care of his own family and business. What would the neighbors think if he skulked around the house all day awaiting messages from Moscow, never going to work or the grocery store? He believed the FBI watched KGB officers whom it had identified and tried to listen to their telephone calls. For Chuchukin to call him at home on a Saturday night over an open line was, as they had taught him in Moscow, suicidal, amateurish, irresponsible, dangerous.

Langtry also played basketball, and with a glance he passed the intellectual ball to Boyle. As reflexively as when he captained championship teams, Boyle picked it up and shot, "Jack, after dumping on the KGB and going through your poor-me routine, why don't you apologize. Say you're sorry for being rude; say you are under a terrible strain; say that you know he, his family, and his organization are under great strain; say you know something about bureaucracy. Then say, 'If there are problems, do you want my brother to bring them up with Brezhnev, Suslov, Ponomarev, or Andropov?'"

Jack and Morris smiled, and Miller saw why headquarters had continued to let New York and Chicago run the case since its inception.

THE CONFIDENCE THAT ALL felt upon leaving the conference was shortlived. Through the summer and into the autumn of 1973, the ongoing Watergate circus, the disclosures of secret information, and the political attacks upon the CIA and FBI mortified Morris and Jack. A barrage of allegations, true or false, compelled Gray to resign as interim director of the FBI (he was accused, among other things, of removing documents from headquarters and throwing them into the Potomac River). At the behest of Boyle, Chicago SAC Richard Held warned headquarters that Morris and Jack again needed some high-level handholding. Morris was due to fly via Europe to Moscow on November 21, so the FBI arranged another operational conference in New York on November 20. Inspector Andrew Decker and Supervisor Brannigan came up from Washington to preside over it, and at first it was a repetition of the May conference.

Decker started by saying that SOLO intelligence was "invaluable and unavailable from any place else," that there were many means of tracking, numbering, and evaluating weapons and military forces, but that "insights into what people were thinking" were more important and rarely attainable.

Morris responded with a review of SOLO accomplishments in the 1970s: Every time there were negotiations about arms control or Vietnam or anything else, we knew in advance what they were thinking and afterward we knew what they thought. "We were always one step ahead."

Morris always had been scared; now Boyle more acutely than ever appreciated just how scared he was. Morris said he thought he understood the United States and the FBI; he understood political disagreements—after all, they were part of what America was about—but he could not understand politicians who struck at the institutions that existed to guarantee the right to disagree; and he frankly wondered whether the FBI still was functional. "This has been a very bad year. How can a person feel secure in these circumstances? We have said if this thing blows, there isn't a place on earth that could hide us. If they found out that for all these years we have duped all of them—Mao, Chou, Khrushchev, Brezhnev, Suslov, Ponomarev, the head of the KGB, and the whole KGB—if it was the last thing they did, they would try to exterminate us. Hundreds of men would vie for the honor of doing that. Tomorrow I leave for Moscow. It is not easy in Moscow. I am a member of the club. I have my own apartment, servants, and driver, and a card that gets me into the speakeasies and anything I want. I can deal with *them*; I've done that most of my life."

The minutes of the meeting paraphrased Morris' next statements (and anyone is entitled to guess why). Despite these amenities, Morris and Eva, when she was along, lived in fear of making the most minute mistake and the necessity of making every nuance right. A little example of how careful they had to be: The Soviets discerned that art galleries and exhibitions delighted Eva, and they took her and Morris to an exhibition of paintings by a Jewish artist who had been "rehabilitated." Several beguiled Eva, and she asked Morris if he had enough rubles with him to buy one. Curtly, Morris told her no; later he explained, "They know I am Jewish; I don't want to remind them of it."

Still, they could manage in Moscow. But they could not manage in Washington; the greatest fear they had in Moscow was of what might happen in Washington. They feared the politician, the journalist, the climbing bureaucrat—the congressional or White House aide—who, from ambition, ignorance, avarice, or malice, might exploit any knowledge of SOLO and thereby betray them.

Like Miller in May, Decker took his time and thought about what to say, and like Miller, he was honest. "The FBI is back on an even keel. Morale never was bad at the operating level. Pat Gray used terrible judgment, abysmal; but we rode it out. If some politicians knew about this operation they probably would exploit it. But they never, ever will know... John Dean would have betrayed his mother, if he had anything on her. There can be a traitor in any organization. Jesus had one. But so far as we know the

FBI has not had one. Doubtless someday we will. But he won't be part of SOLO."

Morris said that in Moscow he probably would be asked about a small story in one of the Chicago newspapers alleging that the Soviets were funding the American Communist Party. Decker replied, "The story was written by a notorious anticommunist, and their records will show that. The story offers no specifics or proof or indications of how the supposed funds are being delivered or what they amount to or what they are being used for. You can be sure that if the reporter had any specifics or evidence, he would have reported them. He did not and everyone ignored the story for just what it is: informed speculation by a young anticommunist. Anyone can ask, 'Who else would give money to the American Communist Party except the Soviet Union?' So it is nothing. You can say, 'The FBI would love to catch Jack or me with the money, and it would have all American television photographing us as they carted us off to jail and it would do that without asking anybody.'"

Decker asked if that would wash in Moscow. Morris answered in one word, "Brilliantly."

Burlinson, Langtry, and Boyle read Jack well; whereas in May he might have been theatrical, he now was earnest and seeking professional counsel. "The Russians have been keeping very quiet. The last time it took four days to meet my contact. When I did meet him, he kept questioning me about security. Then he talked about setting up contingency plans in the event contact is broken."

Jack paused, stared at Decker and Brannigan, and asked, "What did the Watergate committee see?"

Decker replied, "Absolutely nothing, zero."

"Well, the Russians' experience is that an apparatus lasts five years, no longer," Jack said. "But we are still going after five times five years. This gives them cause to reconsider this operation from every angle. My Russian contact worries all the time. He asks me how I am feeling. Then he begins to ask me about Morris. They are very vigilant. Gus is also very vigilant. Sometimes he lets out information to see what will happen. He is testing… The Russians have changed procedures. My Soviet contact will meet and ask if everything is O.K. Then he goes away and comes back in fifteen minutes or half an hour. Also there is a strict order: no messages or talking while handing over money."

Decker's response took Langtry back to the woodlands, rolling hills, and meadows of Virginia, to Quantico where Marines and future FBI agents trained, and he could hear his instructor: Someday you will have to be the director. There will be no supervisor or manual to consult; there will be no telephone. You alone will have to decide, then and there.

Within hours, Morris had to leave for Moscow. There was no time to assemble a committee or make a study; Morris and Jack would construe any ploy to lead Burlinson, Langtry, and Boyle out of the room for even a few minutes of consultation away from them as a sign of distrust; the FBI—the United States—very much needed the trust and services of these two men and their wives, all now in their seventies. So Decker on the spot decided and became for the moment the director. In essence, he proposed or ordered that the FBI and the SOLO team turn things upside down, that they turn quite rational Soviet concerns with security into American advantage.

"For a while, things should be quiet. Jack should miss a few meetings, ostensibly for security reasons. You must realize that their security on meetings is going to be tougher and tougher. They cannot afford to have this operation compromised. They must be scared to death that at any moment the FBI will jump on them."

After missing a meeting, Jack should signal through the "rubber duck" or micro transmitter that he was all right, that something made him think the rendezvous was unsafe, and that he would meet at the fallback date and place. When he met Chuchukin he should appear worried, but not paranoid. He should say that all of his concerns were perhaps irrational; nevertheless, he wanted to report them. Then he should recite a series of fictitious and unverifiable incidents: a van that did not belong to anybody in the neighborhood loitered around his house; a young man and woman parked near his house and kissed and caressed, but his street was not a lovers' lane; his telephone sometimes failed, and the telephone company said it was having problems with squirrels gnawing at its lines—all right, the squirrels were pests, but up until recently they hadn't cut his telephone service.

If the KGB interviewed Morris in Moscow, as it normally did during his year-end visits, he should express concern about security, ask if there had been any more defectors, and demand reassurance that knowledge of MORAT was being tightly held. However, a fine balance had to be struck between convincing the KGB that Morris and Jack were acutely concerned with security and frightening the KGB into believing that the operation had been compromised. Jack should make clear that he was willing to go on, but that everyone had to be very careful. Morris should not bring up security matters with his Politburo buddies; they didn't give a damn about such petty matters, but if they asked about them, he should defer to the KGB. In talking to the KGB, Morris should point out that he had not voiced his apprehensions to the Politburo; in operational matters, he put his trust in the KGB.

Moscow was as cold and laden with snow as when Morris first rode through its streets on a horse-drawn sleigh in 1929, and he and Eva welcomed the warmth and sanctuary of their apartment. By decorating the apartment with small Russian antiques and paintings, Eva had tried to make it into a second home, like the apartment in New York. They kept there extensive toiletries and clothing, including a plaid woolen robe, fleece-lined slippers, and flannel pajamas Eva had given Morris. Morris put them on while Eva gathered supper from the refrigerator, which as always was amply stocked with delicacies. Doctors told Morris that a couple of glasses of red wine a day would do him no harm, might do him some good, and were preferable to sleeping pills, so they uncorked a really fine bottle of Burgundy and before supper looked out on the falling snow that made the city appear pristine. Eva remembered because Morris, who would be seventy-two in May, suddenly and tenderly embraced her and said, "You are the greatest thing that ever happened to me. What a comrade you are." Hastily, Morris corrected himself. "I meant partner." They laughed and proceeded to enjoy the delicious borscht Yekaťerina had prepared along with good, chewy Russian bread. Morris thought, *Bread is the one good thing communism has given the people. No, that's not right. In my childhood we had good bread, and we exported wheat instead of begging for it from the United States and Canada.* Before they fell asleep, Morris said, "Don't forget to make Irina [Eva's escort] get the postcards tomorrow."

Before an extended mission, Morris, with the help of Boyle, loaded big suitcases with all sorts of odds and ends as well as with the customary gifts. When Boyle asked why he was packing some peculiar items, Morris habitually replied, "Just in case." The FBI rented a post office box to which Morris would send cryptically worded picture postcards from Moscow addressed to Mr. Justin Case, as in "Just in case."

It took time for the cards to wend their way to Chicago, and Morris could write relatively few words on them. So the cards were not the ideal means of saying something to the FBI while in the Soviet Union; but they were the only means. By asking the escort to buy cards and the housekeeper to mail them, Morris could proclaim to the KGB his innocence.

Morris in the morning told Ponomarev that the American party needed $3.6 million for 1974; the Soviets, as Morris knew they would, agreed to $1.8 million. Ponomarev and Kazakov, not very delicately, instructed Morris to make Hall understand that "detente with the United States is now the cornerstone of Soviet foreign policy." They did not say it outright but they clearly conveyed a message for Hall: This is the party line and you had better follow it, whether or not you like it.

There was something else Hall must understand. The Soviets recognized that the United States, because of its relatively influential Jewish population, had a special interest in Israel and the Middle East. The Soviet Union also had strategic interests in the Middle East, which was "much closer to us than it is to them." Soviet and American interests in the Middle East conflicted and so the area was a "flash point," which Morris interpreted to mean an area where events could get out of hand and lead to war. The Soviets were prepared to accept American interests if the United States would accept theirs. In return for American concessions and acknowledgment of its right to have a say about what went on in the Middle East, the Soviet Union was ready to declare to the Arab world that Israel had a right to exist as a sovereign state and to establish formal diplomatic relations with it. Thus far, Nixon and Kissinger had been frank and honest in negotiations. True, they had not spoken about their "billing and cooing" with the Chinese ("billing and cooing" were the words used by an erudite and diplomatic Soviet interpreter; the Russian words were different and vulgar). But the (obscenity) Chinese had not been the subject of discussions; so they did not lie about that. Nixon and Kissinger also had honored their word about keeping negotiations and communications secret. But if the negotiations succeeded, everything, or most of it, would come out, and Hall should be ready for the results and ready to applaud them.

The Soviets, who liked Eva and Morris, exhausted them with hospitality. Almost every night there was a dinner with a member of the Politburo or Central Committee; at each Morris tried anew to explain Watergate. But to men who had colluded in the extermination of millions of their fellow citizens, including longtime comrades, Watergate still made little sense.

They landed in New York on December 12, 1973. The heartening sight of Boyle at the airport; the general gaiety of New York preparing for Christmas; the relief from fear that hourly they were being watched and listened to; the comfort of being in an apartment that really was their own, of being able to walk a block or two to markets, delicatessens, carryouts where at almost any hour you could satisfy any reasonable hunger; the family evenings with Jack, Roz, and Langtry at the storybook home of Al and Ann Burlinson; and, compared to Moscow, the overall merriment and jocularity of the people they saw on the streets—all combined to make the first days back home happy.

They stayed the first days in New York because the demands from headquarters were so voracious there was no time to go to Chicago. The first mission reports, once they were circulated, elicited a succession of questions; far from perturbing Morris, they gladdened him because they proved that the intelligence was being seriously analyzed by intelligent people. Like Boyle, he awakened early and was at work at least by 8 A.M.

But on December 17, without consulting anyone except Eva, Morris made a pronouncement to the FBI: Tomorrow he and his wife were setting off on a vacation that would last until January 3. During it, he did not want to be disturbed.

Morris lived to work, and the belief that his work was vital to the United States probably kept him alive, against heavy medical odds. As a child he worked after Jewish school, helping in the cobbler shop of his father; at party headquarters in Chicago, to help after making his rounds as the "Red Milkman," he got up at night to stuff stupid communist leaflets into the mailboxes of Americans who would have skinned him if they caught him. Carl Freyman started the custom by which the FBI weekly assembled a package of Soviet publications for Morris to analyze. Sometimes Morris called as early as 7 A.M. on Sunday to excitedly explain the significance of something he had culled from publications delivered on Saturday. Doubtless, he would enjoy a few free days to visit relatives during the holidays. But that was not the real reason he declared a vacation. He intended to go nowhere, only to hibernate at home. But by making himself officially unavailable, he liberated Boyle to be with his wife and six children before, during, and after Christmas.

After the tranquil holidays, on the night of January 18, 1974, Morris received a telephone call, and when he put the phone down his hand shook. The FBI had just deciphered a message from the KGB to Jack for MORAT: "Suspend all contact until further notice."

Headquarters demanded to know what had happened. In the first hours, Burlinson, Boyle, and Langtry had no answers. Then agents uninvolved in SOLO reported that, on the afternoon of the eighteenth, Chuchukin, Jack's KGB handler, without bothering to pack, bolted from New York for Montreal. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police advised that he flew from Montreal on a ticket that listed his final destination as Moscow. Why? The next day Burlinson or Langtry found the answer.

The morning of the eighteenth a large bookstore on Fifth Avenue displayed in its front window copies of a new book about the KGB.[‡] The book contained a photograph of Chuchukin captioned, "Vladimir Aleksandrovich Chuchukin, a KGB officer assigned to work against Western journalists under the cover of a United Nations appointment." An art or photo editor had placed his picture on a page with photographs, surreptitiously snapped and therefore unflattering, of three other prominent KGB officers who looked like snarling thugs. On the adjoining page appeared photographs diagramming a sinister KGB espionage device. The net effect portrayed Chuchukin as a candidate for the FBI's "Ten Most Wanted" list.

It is hard to say who was more dismayed—people in the Politburo, Central Committee, and KGB headquarters in Moscow, or people at FBI headquarters and the Chicago and New York offices. Something they all prized, for different reasons, seemed imperiled.

During the crisis, communications from headquarters to New York and Chicago were calm, reasoned, and encouraging, in part because of the changes in Washington. Plagued by scandal, the Nixon administration undertook to select as a new director of the FBI a man of unimpeachable rectitude, and it chose the police chief of Kansas City, Clarence Kelley, a former FBI agent. Kelley set out to surround himself with the strongest men he could find, and he appointed Raymond Wannall to be assistant director in charge of intelligence.

[‡] Author's Note: The book was *KGB: The Secret Works of Soviet Secret Agents*, written by me. A European intelligence service identified to me Chuchukin as a premier example of an excellent KGB officer plying his subversive trade out of the United Nations headquarters in New York, and another foreign security service confirmed that Chuchukin indeed was an excellent KGB officer. Neither of these services knew what Chuchukin was really doing in New York and, of course, neither did I. Professional researchers, tasked with documenting or verifying the manuscript, queried original sources. Because the FBI had supplied no information about Chuchukin, they did not ask the FBI for corroboration of the references to him. Thus, the FBI had no forewarning of the exposure of Chuchukin and no chance to ask that he not be exposed.

Wannall had worked in intelligence or counterintelligence for more than twenty years. In all those years, he never heard even an elliptical hint of the existence of SOLO. When he became assistant director, he was fully informed and he in turn briefed Kelley, who was amazed, and said, “Ray, you have the most interesting job in the FBI.”

Kelley granted Wannall broad authority to make policy decisions governing SOLO and told him that the management and protection of the operation would be one of his principal duties during the remainder of his FBI career.

Wannall began by trying to pick up the pieces and put them back together again.

fourteen

THE TRIAL

GUS HALL CONSTRUED THE ABRUPT, unexplained suspension of MORAT (SOLO) as a personal affront and a threat. Morris and Jack provided his main communications link with the Kremlin; they formed the conduit through which the indispensable Soviet cash flowed; and Morris, because of his standing and influence with the Soviets, enhanced Hall's status in Moscow. As weeks passed without any word whatsoever from the Soviets, Hall's apprehensions multiplied and, despite the order to cease all contact, he demanded that Morris by whatever means contact the Soviets to find out what had happened and why.

Still having heard nothing from the Kremlin or KGB, Morris on February 18, 1974, departed New York for Prague. Upon landing he asked to see the chief security officer at the airport and handed him a typed statement previously provided by the Czech Party commanding anyone who read it to help the bearer in all matters. Morris then gave the security officer a telephone number, and representatives of the Czech Party soon arrived and contacted the Soviets, who arranged for him to go on to Moscow.

When Morris entered Ponomarev's office, he was surprised to see Chuchukin grimly sitting there, like a prisoner in the dock, his eyes pleading for help. Defying protocol, Morris strode straight to Chuchukin and greeted him as if he had recovered a lost son. He was overjoyed to see Vladimir safe and well. "Jack has been worried sick about you. Why did you run away without even saying goodbye?"

Before Chuchukin could respond, Ponomarev curtly spoke in a tone communicating that the meeting had not been convened for purposes of good fellowship. "We have a grave and complicated situation."

There ensued what Morris likened to a kind of trial. He was the expert witness, Chuchukin the defendant, Ponomarev the prosecutor or interlocutor. Seated next to Ponomarev was a big man who welcomed Morris with formal politeness but did not identify himself; periodically, he whispered to Ponomarev, probably telling him what to ask next. Morris guessed he was a KGB general acting as judge, jury, and counsel to the prosecution.

Ponomarev, referring to the book *KGB*, began by saying, "We believe you and Jack are in great danger and could be arrested at any time. If you are arrested, the cause of détente will be set back, maybe for many years. We believe this book is part of a plot by reactionary U.S. circles to sabotage détente." He added that they were assessing its consequences and investigating to determine whether mistakes by the "special comrades" (his euphemism for the KGB) brought about this sorry state of affairs. Giving Chuchukin a hangman's stare, he asked whether Morris, Jack, or Comrade Hall found any fault in actions by the "special comrades."

Morris started at the back and worked toward the front. The book perplexed and concerned him too; he had studied it and reached some tentative conclusions, which he offered for whatever they were worth. In his efforts better to understand how the capitalists manipulated the masses, he had been reading the *Reader's Digest* for forty years; it was notoriously and irredeemably anticommunist and reactionary. Its sponsorship of a book slandering the Soviet Union and socialism, therefore, was not surprising. The magazine had been publishing condensations of the manuscript for some time; this publication of the book itself represented no change in U.S. policy. The author claimed to have gained assistance from the FBI, the CIA, "special organs" of other capitalist countries, and Soviet traitors (KGB defectors). Had the author known about the transfer of money, he certainly would have said something about it because that would have made the book more sensational. Morris therefore concluded that neither the author nor any of his sources knew anything about the money. He noted that the book contained a one-sentence reference to Vladimir alleging that he had engaged in "disinformation" operations abroad; if that were true, perhaps those activities brought him to the attention of the author. Since publication of the book, he and Jack had watched for any signs that they were under surveillance or suspicion; they detected none. As for the "special comrades," they had been supportive and efficient, and Jack especially liked and trusted Vladimir because he was so careful and punctual.

Chuchukin said nothing but his face expressed relief and gratitude. Ponomarev thanked Morris for his analysis and the comments about Chuchukin, and said that his judgments would be taken into account. The implications of the book and the question of whether contact could be resumed in New York nevertheless were still under evaluation, and he could not predict the outcome.

Here Morris issued a subtle threat, yet one to which nobody could take exception. He and Jack appreciated as well as anybody the necessity of security; after all, their "necks were in the noose." They understood that the "special comrades" would know best how to manage security, and they in good grace would accept whatever was decided. For fifty years, he and his brother had tried to serve the party; he hoped they had made some small contributions; and he was proud they had helped create a secret channel of communications that for more than fifteen years had proven impervious to the "imperialists" and the FBI. But he and Jack were now in their seventies; their work was dangerous; it was physically demanding; Jack and Vladimir before transferring money had to drive around the countryside for hours in rain, snow, and storms to make sure they were not being followed, and sometimes his brother did not get to bed until 3 A.M.; Morris now was making four or five trips a year to Moscow and Eastern Europe, and travel was arduous. If the "special comrades" judged that the existing channel of communications and money transfers could not be maintained, then an alternate one would have to be established from nothing. If so, then this might be an appropriate time for Morris and Jack "to retire from active service." For the rest of their lives they would of course do all they could to serve the party to which they had devoted most of their lives, but perhaps the time had come for younger, more vigorous men to take over their arduous and perilous duties.

Feigning slight embarrassment and indecision, Morris then took Ponomarev and the rest into his confidence and thereby made them co-conspirators. He was not authorized to speak for his general secretary, Comrade Hall, but in the strictest of confidence, he felt obligated to say that Hall was extremely upset by the severance of contact. Comrade Hall was a loyal and devoted man; he also was a man of principle, consistently rejecting overtures from the Chinese, who wanted the American party in their hands, like the other parties they were courting around the world. So Morris thought that, if contact in New York was to be permanently ended, it would be prudent to have a long talk with Comrade Hall before the Chinese had a long talk with him.

Ponomarev, who rarely displayed emotion, except in voicing vitriol against the West, came from behind his desk, lifted Morris from a chair, hugged him in the Russian fashion, and said, "My dear comrade, my dear friend, you may never retire."

Walt, you must learn to think like they think. Doing just that, Morris in less than an hour had imparted to the International Department and the KGB a message that made all who heard and comprehend it need to run to the lavatory: If you cannot reopen the New York channel, then you lose MORAT, Jack, and me; you may lose Gus and control of the American party, possibly even lose control to the Chinese. You may explain that to the Politburo as you wish, or, if you prefer, Gus and I will explain when we see Brezhnev in May, as you know we will.

When Morris returned to Moscow in late April in advance of Hall, he was informed that things were not as bad as feared and contact would be renewed. A new and well-qualified "special comrade" (Yuri Zhuravlev) had been assigned to work with Jack, and before Comrade Hall spoke to Comrade Brezhnev he should be assured that $500,000 would be delivered to Jack shortly. Radio communications would resume and previous operational procedures remained in effect.

Brezhnev, along with Suslov, Ponomarev, Mostovets, and four Central Committee members, received Hall and Morris cordially on May 6 (Morris made detailed notes of the meeting). After pro forma greetings, Brezhnev remarked, "Life in your country is very interesting. Your press is interesting. I have been seeing all kinds of people, senators, etc., all good friends of your party."

"Many people are beating a path to Comrade Brezhnev's door," Hall responded. "You are seeing more senators than Nixon. This is good because it shows the world the role and power of the Soviet Union. Our relationship [with the Soviet Union] gives our party a much greater status and influence."

Having rehearsed with Morris, Hall briefed Brezhnev about economic and political conditions in the United States. "There is a great deal of political instability which comes from the Watergate affair. There are new revelations every day. This instability will continue this year and part of next year." Hall explained impeachment procedures and predicted political turmoil for another year.

"You are our dear friends and comrades," Brezhnev said. "We did not really appreciate Watergate until you explained it to us. John Reed wrote his book, *Ten Days That Shook the World*. Watergate is taking years shaking the United States and the world. You mentioned the book that has been published with transcripts of the Watergate tapes—we hear that people are lining up in the United States to buy these revelations. It is difficult to tell what will happen to Nixon. We ask all around about him but nobody knows. Even the editor of *Pravda* doesn't know."

"Even Nixon doesn't know," Hall interrupted.

Brezhnev said that no matter what happened to Nixon, the Soviet Union would continue to seek détente with the United States. "We cannot have one policy before lunch and another for after lunch." But there were problems. "During the last visit of Kissinger, we found many difficulties, especially on military matters, but also in trade and credits. We took these up in our Politburo. There were also problems in regard to the Middle East. I was very sharp in telling him that he cannot act alone—without partners—that the [UN] security resolution was a joint Soviet–U.S. resolution. Then Kissinger started his individual diplomacy, as if solving all world problems himself... Kissinger will be in Moscow again soon to finalize Nixon's [forthcoming] visit and to discuss limitations of armaments. The United States claims that there is superiority on the part of the Soviet Union. But he refuses to include U.S. strategic air power, and bases, etc. We do not have to make concessions to achieve balance; the United States needs to do that. I proposed withdrawal of nuclear forces from the Mediterranean Sea—to make it a 'Sea of Peace'—but Kissinger said no. We proposed that planes do not carry nuclear bombs or rockets—'No,' he said."

Kissinger obviously knew what Brezhnev had said to him. Nevertheless, the fact that Brezhnev repeated his proposals to Hall and Morris, as if he really believed in them, was significant, for it showed that he either was very naive or that by "disarmament" the Soviets meant disarmament of the United States. Soviet naval forces in the Mediterranean did not threaten the continental United States; American aircraft carriers and submarines very much threatened the Soviet land mass. Soviet ability to strike the United States with nuclear bombs delivered by aircraft was small compared to American capability to bombard the Soviet Union both from long-range bombers and tactical aircraft ringing its borders. Accepting Brezhnev's proposals would have meant giving up much for virtually nothing.

Seeming to enjoy exhibiting his mastery of foreign affairs, Brezhnev took Hall and Morris on a tour of the world, as seen through his eyes and those of the Politburo. He also recited stupefying statistics to demonstrate that the Soviet economy was sound and its prospects bright.

Upon alighting in New York May 23, Morris was able to tell the FBI what the Soviets oligarchs really thought—oligarchs who lived in total isolation from the people they ruled, who never set foot on a Moscow street except to get in and out of a limousine.

Brezhnev in his economic survey noted that the agricultural situation was still "complicated"—meaning in Sovietese "a real failure" or "an overwhelming mess." For fifty years, Morris had been hearing official excuses for the failure of the Soviet system of state and collective farms imposed upon once-productive farmers tilling and husbanding rich lands and orchards, and of new plans to correct the "complications," and always they were approximately the same. The oligarchs first tried to persuade the people that the agricultural problem was not as severe as the bare shops suggested, and to this end they broadcast statistics, just as Brezhnev had done (which inspired another Russian saying, "If you want milk, just take your pail to the radio"). Then there was the weather, almost always bad (communism apparently brought about an enduring change in the climate of Russia, Ukraine, and the sunny, southern Republics). Next there were boasts, quite justified, about the natural resources and fertile soil of the Soviet Union, whose territory, not including that of its foreign vassal states, occupied about one-sixth of the earth's land surface. Given this natural wealth, things were bound to get better—but they never did.

Always there were new plans to eliminate the "complications." Khrushchev, dazzled during his 1959 visit to the United States by the corn and wheat fields of Iowa, decreed that corn and wheat be planted in uncultivated areas of Siberia; uncultivated because centuries of farmers, tutored only by their fathers and mothers, understood that nothing could grow there. Huge investments in fertilizer and machinery here and there produced corn that grew about a foot high. Now in 1974, Brezhnev told Morris, "The policy in agriculture is very complicated. We are planning the use of areas not much used up to now, such as swamps and dry areas. Big sums of money are required for these projects; some on a broad scale, some on a smaller scale." In other words, we are going to solve our agricultural problems by cultivating swamps and deserts.

Morris did not mock or laugh at Brezhnev just as an oncologist does not laugh at a tumor. He says this is something to be examined and watched, and that basically is what Morris said to the FBI: This is another example of their propensity to dangerously delude themselves, and we had better watch that.

INITIALLY, PROSPECTS LOOKED good. While Morris was still in Moscow, the KGB, as Ponomarev promised, resumed radio transmissions three or four times a week, and on May 18 in dark woods outside Nassau City, New York, Jack's new handler, Zhuravlev, with a finger in front of his mouth—"don't speak"—handed him a package containing $500,000. The KGB again radioed on schedule the reassuring *SK* signals. (To recapitulate, *SK* meant: We have no message today; as far as we know, all is well.) But by June, the continuing fallout from the Watergate frenzy, the hemorrhage of secrets, congressional investigations, and interrogations of the intelligence community, coupled with the exposure of Chuchukin, so frightened Morris that Boyle warned headquarters he needed more reassurance.

Ray Wannall responded by assembling Section Chief William Brannigan, Assistant New York SAC James Ingram, Morris, Jack, Burlinson, Boyle, and Langtry for an operational conference in New York on July 11. Meeting Morris and Jack for the first time, Wannall declared that the value of SOLO, the existence of which he himself only recently had learned, was "tremendous, beyond measure." He had brought everybody together so Morris and Jack could voice any complaints they had and talk about anything they desired.

Morris first said that "the dramatic disclosures which appear from day to day in the press" made him and Jack fear for their lives. The book *KGB* severely harmed the operation and very nearly destroyed it. The book was discussed among Politburo members, and its effects were still being evaluated in the Soviet Union. He believed that mention of Chuchukin in it could only have resulted from a serious security breach.

Jack interjected, "If my contact [Chuchukin] is exposed, how am I not exposed?"

Again, Morris described the psychological pressures of dealing with Brezhnev, the heads of communist states in Eastern Europe, and the egotist Gus Hall; the pressures of having to produce reports virtually every day; his life with only one vacation in twenty years; his fears that the dearth of recognition or appreciation from Washington meant that his and his brother's efforts were not recognized or appreciated.

Morris also lodged a new complaint. Hall watched the money supplied by the Soviets like a miser and acted as if they were his personal funds. If he or Jack dipped into the money too often or too deeply for operational purposes, Hall might remove it from their custody and thereby reduce their power over him. Thus, he and Jack often had to defray operational expenses out of their own pockets. Neither was a pauper, but it did not seem quite right that they should have to subsidize the U.S. government as well as Hall.

The impromptu response by Wannall was worthy of Morris himself. Because of the trust the FBI reposed in Morris and Jack, he wanted to confide some in-house matters so they could understand the FBI rationale that now governed SOLO. Director Kelley had implemented a new concept of "participatory management." Henceforth, each assistant director would be directly responsible for operations and policies within his division. Although the director was to be informed of any major developments and consulted about any basic policy decisions, from now on Wannall was free to make most decisions regarding SOLO without approval from anyone.

The conspicuous rapport prevailing among Morris, Jack, Al, Walt, and John impressed Wannall. If in the future Morris or Jack had any complaints, problems or advice, they should tell Al, Walt, or John as if speaking directly to Wannall.

The security measures safeguarding SOLO were extraordinary, and with the exception of the Chuchukin matter there had been no leaks in a long time. The reference in the book to Chuchukin as a disinformation officer was "old information" that did not emanate from the FBI—it could have come from anywhere—and the FBI did not know it was going to be published (implicitly, this was a Soviet rather than an American security breach). Nevertheless, the Soviet reaction in jerking Chuchukin out of the operation was normal and understandable to everyone. The FBI was doing everything conceivable to protect them; still, the invaluable intelligence they gathered had to be disseminated to senior policymakers if it was to have value.

Brannigan spoke up. SOLO intelligence bore the highest U.S. security classification. Reports could not be copied or passed from one recipient to another. They could not be read outside the continental United States. The reports were hand-carried to the highest policymakers of the U.S. government, read, then returned to the FBI. Brannigan paused, then probably out of a lifetime of conditioning rather than any clever artifice, blurted out raw truth: "Despite all we are doing, despite unheard of safeguards, we cannot guarantee absolute security."

Morris and Jack nodded. They knew there could be no absolute guarantee, and that is why they were afraid. What they craved was the belief that their services were valued and headquarters was doing all it could to sustain them.

Concerning expenses, Wannall said that as a matter of principle he did not want either Jack or Morris to spend a cent of their own on SOLO. Here again he flattered them with honesty. There were bureaucratic procedures of accounting for peculiar expenditures, and sometimes they clashed with even more stringent rules enforced to keep virtually everyone ignorant of SOLO. Occasionally it might be difficult to reimburse a few expenses (how do you justify buying a $600 suit for the general secretary of the American Communist Party without telling accountants something about SOLO?). But if ever money was needed on the spot, Wannall would make sure it was forthcoming.

Morris and Jack should not misconstrue the many questions often asked for weeks after a mission as pressure to produce intelligence. Sometimes reports contained slivers of information which, when combined with many other slivers, yielded important intelligence. The questions, rather than manifesting any pressure, testified to the immense value of the reports.

Wannall's willingness to discuss in-house matters, his treatment of Morris and Jack as fellow agents, his candid and intelligent explanations, and his statement that they could speak to him at any time through Al, John, or Walt completely won over Morris and Jack. They left the meeting restored in spirit and ready to rejoin the battle.

Though he needed to get back to Washington quickly, Wannall asked the others to stay for a brief conference. It was not a conference at all; Wannall simply issued some policy directives. From now on, if Al, Walt, or John discerned in 58 or 69 any dissatisfaction or disillusionment, they were to alert him so the problem could be confronted before it worsened. Al, Walt, and John, in dealings with 58 and 69, were to emphasize that, as far as SOLO was concerned, Wannall was the "director"; when they heard from him, they were hearing from the director of the FBI. Finally, he ordered Boyle after each mission to draft for his signature congratulatory letters to be shown to 58 and 69.

In Kelley and Wannall, the SOLO team had two new champions at headquarters, the most powerful possible. Before long, the team very much would need them.

ON AUGUST 9, 1974, Richard Nixon resigned from office, the first American president ever to do so. In the aftermath of his resignation, Kelley and Wannall made a difficult decision—to violate a fundamental rule that had helped keep SOLO, Morris, Jack, Eva, and Roz alive for an improbably long time. The rule decreed that no one outside the FBI ever could know how SOLO worked or the identities of Morris, Jack, Eva, and Roz. The rule resulted not from distrust of anyone personally but from fear of an inadvertent leak and from awareness that someday the KGB might succeed in penetrating the staff of the White House, the State Department, or the CIA. In the prevailing circumstances, however, Kelley and Wannall concluded that overriding national interests compelled an exception to the rule.

As Brezhnev said to Hall and Morris, Watergate was shaking not only the United States but the world. The scandals and turmoil preceding his resignation had left Nixon virtually powerless in world affairs during his last months in office. Allies of the United States from Western Europe to China and Japan were confused and apprehensive about future American policy, as were Morris' friends in the Kremlin. In Southeast Asia, the North Vietnamese were exploiting internal American disarray by probing and testing to see just how brazenly they could flout the Paris Peace Accords without provoking U.S. retaliation.

Up until now, policymakers eagerly had accepted "Special Source" (SOLO) intelligence without demanding to know who the source was and how the information was procured, and they had submitted to the somewhat humiliating procedure of reading reports in the presence of an armed FBI agent, then handing them back. Now Kelley and Wannall reasoned that, given the international uncertainty and atmosphere of crisis, the new president, Gerald Ford, and Secretary of State Kissinger needed to know the origins of the "Special Source" intelligence so they could better judge whether to make major policy decisions on the basis of it. Accordingly, the FBI fully informed Ford and Kissinger of the nature and history of SOLO.

Wannall instructed Jim Fox and Boyle, without naming Kissinger, to tell Morris what Kissinger said: "This is a window not only into the Kremlin, but into the minds of the men in the Kremlin. This is fabulous."

HALL IN SEPTEMBER 1974 dispatched Morris to Moscow with a letter warning the Soviets that they were misinterpreting political events in the United States and that their misguided public statements were fueling an anti-Soviet campaign. Morris found Ponomarev in an ebullient mood; he believed the tide of communism was rising, even in America.

"You should know that we are getting volumes of communications from your new administration and we value these contacts. We intend to work constantly for the improvement of relations and détente," Ponomarev told him.

"We are well aware and apprised of the past thinking of Ford and Rockefeller. But they assure us that their thinking is quite different than in the past, that they think differently now."

Ponomarev solicited the advice and help of Morris in doing the impossible: persuading American Jews that the Soviet Union did not persecute or discriminate against Jews. "We are planning to send some Jewish persons to the United States. Please tell us what kind of people can we send to improve relations. We have some very famous ones you know about—artists, many writers, scientists. Please suggest to us who could invite them and help their trip. What should they do to overcome the bad anti-Soviet propaganda? We are really perturbed and sometimes surprised that even non-Zionist Jewish people don't understand us and are anti-Soviet. We have given the newspapers the facts. We want this material published. We really want to clarify the Jewish problem. We would like your help on this problem."

Ponomarev was also in high spirits because the Soviets and he personally had just achieved what they regarded, with some justification, as a coup in the United States. They had duped the U.S. Congress into receiving and meeting with a delegation of Soviet "parliamentarians," as if they were members of freely elected British, French, West German, Canadian, or other democratic parliamentary bodies. Heading the Soviet delegation was that great parliamentarian, Boris Ponomarev. As Ponomarev beamingly recounted, in Washington members of Congress fawned over their Soviet counterparts, their colleagues in democratic governance:

> You know that we really had a good trip, our parliamentary delegation to the United States. Our contacts with Congress were good and are continuing. After I came back, we sent letters to the Senate and the Congress. We told them of our hopes for continuing contacts. We invited them, Comrade Suslov and I, and said that it would be very useful to continue these. We also want to convince them that we deal not only with one Party or one administration or one individual. We were able to talk to some of their commissions [congressional committees] from our point of view. I took advantage of the opportunity to speak to them on economy, on cultural matters, figures on trade and industry, etc. We did not stick to just foreign policy questions.

> I was very much impressed with the final reception at a meeting in Congress with a hundred congressmen. Senator Albert [Ponomarev probably referred to Representative Carl Albert] spoke up full of praise. I spoke before them for half an hour… When I finished, they gave me applause and they were not communists and I was somewhat surprised and even happy. So such contacts help to restrain the reactionaries and the anti-Soviet elements.

Ponomarev acknowledged that he did encounter some killjoys or spoilsports who complained about the recent swindle (accomplished in part with the aid of KGB eavesdropping on telephone conversations pertaining to the commodities market) by which the Soviets bought huge quantities of American grain at what critics of the deal called below-market or giveaway prices:

> In San Francisco, there was a big reception given by the City Council and the Chamber of Commerce. There were all sorts of people there from government, industry and commerce. In the speeches, some of them were kind of hard on us on the sale of wheat by the United States to the Soviet Union, and that we were responsible for high food prices in the U.S., etc. But I was told in advance that some might raise that. We decided that we would not run away from discussing this. So we gave our views. We talked from a business point of view. We [I] said, you believe in free enterprise; doesn't a businessman like to get the best deal, the best price possible? Just because some Czarist idiot sold you Alaska for 3 million dollars [the United States bought Alaska for 7 million], should we criticize you for cheating us? Most of the businessmen agreed that when you are making deals, you make the best deal possible.
>
> The chairman of the meeting… actually chastised those who had attacked us. Despite these things, altogether it was a very useful and pleasant gathering and

> we believe more contacts should be made and would help everybody. We, Comrade Suslov and I, got a letter from the [Senate] Foreign Relations Committee signed by [Senator William] Fulbright and he proposed to continue the contacts of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate with the Foreign Relations Committee of the USSR. Of course, there are no workers on the Foreign Relations Committee. Nevertheless, these contacts are important.

Morris realized that they indeed were. Every member of the so-called Soviet parliamentary delegation had to be a member of either the International Department or the KGB or under their control. By establishing direct ties with Congress, these professional Soviet sharks could turn Capitol Hill into a hunting ground and possibly influence the actions of individual congressmen without having to bother with the trained diplomats responsible for the conduct of U.S. foreign policy. Of course, the very concept of a Soviet parliament or Foreign Relations Committee was ludicrous. Morris thought, *Is the U.S. Congress a nursery for children?*

On September 30, the day before Morris departed Moscow, Ponomarev called him in, thanked him for Hall's letter and gave him a formal reply: "On behalf of our leadership, we want to send greetings to your leadership. We appreciate the work of your Party. Although it is still a small Party, it is doing good work. Most important, it is a principled Party. It stands fast, holds the banner of Marxism–Leninism high, and in internationalism it is second to none. We also want to tell you that we appreciate Comrade Gus Hall as an important figure in our international communist movement. We really want to tell him that we appreciate your successes, especially that the CPUSA is breaking its isolation from the masses and is on the road to increasing influence among the people and to further growth. We believe that the situation is more favorable for communists now than ten years ago. And, therefore, we are convinced that you will succeed."

In Chicago, Morris asked Boyle if the FBI could warn members of Congress that, in consorting with Soviet "parliamentarians" and the Soviet "Foreign Relations Committee," they were dealing with skilled, hardened subversives bent on manipulating them. Boyle said he honestly did not know. The director of the FBI or his representatives could testify before congressional committees, and if an individual congressman requested assistance regarding a security matter, the FBI could provide it. But the FBI had to avoid the least appearance of trying to influence a member of Congress or of involving itself in politics. The most Boyle could do was ensure that Wannall read what Ponomarev said and hope that he could devise ways to alert the congressional targets.

Morris and Boyle scarcely had finished all their reports when Hall sent Morris back to Moscow in November with a letter begging for money; it said the party was almost broke and could not sustain itself much longer without an infusion of cash. The Soviets took the plea seriously and promised to deliver $500,000 in early February and $1.3 million more later in 1975.

Ford and Brezhnev had just concluded their first summit conference, and Ponomarev shared with Morris the Soviet assessment of the meeting and the new American president. They considered him a "nice" man with whom they could do business despite his record of anticommunism; in their judgment, he lacked Nixon's experience in foreign affairs and therefore it might be even easier to do business with him.

The Soviets feted Eva as a queen, and in early December her escort and interpreter, Irina, announced that wives of Politburo members had arranged a luncheon in her honor. That meant they wanted her out of the way for the day so the KGB could talk to Morris alone in the apartment. Vladimir Kazakov, the KGB officer who grilled Jack, greeted Morris with unusual warmth and, Morris thought, sincerity. He said the KGB had made an exhaustive analysis of the book *KGB* and determined that Morris was right—the references to Chuchukin doubtless sprang from his prior activities rather than from his work with Jack in New York, and those activities became known to the author not because of any fault of Chuchukin but from some traitor. The KGB was confident that MORAT had not been compromised and that no one involved in the operation had made a mistake. The crisis was over but everyone must redouble vigilance because what they were doing was both important and dangerous.

As he started to leave, Kazakov said, “By the way, Vladimir [Chuchukin] sends greetings and best wishes to you and Jack. And we all thank you.” Both understood why he gave thanks: for absolving Chuchukin and the KGB of guilt during the witch-hunt caused by the book. More than ever, the KGB was Morris’ ally.

After long dinners, Morris and Eva stayed up late copying documents revealing Soviet views of world affairs and the status of communist parties throughout the world. When they left the second week in December, they were tired and eager to go home to quiet and security.

But storms were about to burst upon them.

fifteen

UNDER SUSPICION

WANNALL FLEW TO CHICAGO on February 11, 1975, to personally congratulate Morris on the success of the last mission. In a meeting with Chicago SAC Richard Held and Boyle, he told Morris that the information gathered was immensely important and that it had been hand-carried to "the highest U.S. officials" (President Ford, Kissinger, and the director of the CIA, who then was William Colby).

The gesture heartened Morris, who understood that Wannall was sacrificing a whole day just to say kind words to him. In the security of the cover office and the camaraderie of men he trusted, he tried to tell them what a mission was like, how terrified he had been in Prague when ordered back to Moscow. "Over there, I am always worried. It is like being in a luxurious prison. I am a member of the club. I have my own apartment or, if I stay at the Central Committee hotel, I am given splendid accommodations next to the suite reserved for general secretaries of foreign parties. I am given a safe and a key. I am met at the airport by a special limousine. I don't have to handle my luggage or bother with arrival details. I am greeted by special contacts from the International Department. But when I go to bed at night, I never know what the next day will bring. I try to analyze just where I stand with the Soviets, whether certain people will agree to see me, why they would meet me, whether they would allow me to enter certain buildings if they didn't trust me."

Wannall replied that the few who were aware of what Morris was doing appreciated the enormous strains he had to endure, and again Wannall flattered Morris by sharing in-house matters. Director Kelley had appeared in closed session before the so-called Church Committee, the Senate committee investigating U.S. intelligence agencies. Kelley told them that there were certain subjects he did not want senators or staff members to ask about. If they asked, they would bear full responsibility for the consequences. Wannall emphasized, "SOLO will not be involved."

The conference lasted little more than an hour but in terms of its effects on Morris' spirits it bought more than money could have.

Afterward, over a pleasant lunch Wannall, Held, Boyle, and a supervisor privy to SOLO engaged in amiable banter, and the supervisor asked, "Walt, what would you do if you're on a plane and someone tries to hijack it to Cuba?" Because of hijackings, Boyle insisted on remaining armed while flying. Sometimes he had with him copies of documents Morris and Eva had copied in Moscow, and in any case the FBI did not want him subjected to the mercies of Cuban interrogators.

"The plane ain't going to Cuba," Boyle said.

"But what are you going to do?"

"I said, the plane ain't going to Cuba." They dropped the subject—some things are best left unsaid.

BOYLE KEPT READY A small bag packed with a fresh shirt, underwear, socks, and toiletries so that at any time he could leave immediately for O'Hare Airport, only some twenty minutes away from his home. Around 4 A.M. a call from the physician who relayed Morris' messages in code advised that Morris would arrive that afternoon in Los Angeles aboard a flight from

Oslo. The FBI issued agents a booklet of government vouchers that enabled them to write their own airline tickets to anywhere in the world, and by early afternoon Boyle was at the Los Angeles airport where Morris' flight was listed as "delayed." In the tower, air traffic controllers had no information about when it might arrive or the cause of the delay. Boyle stayed in the terminal through the night, calling the tower hourly until a controller told him the plane had been diverted and would land in Seattle.

In New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles, Boyle developed contacts among customs and immigration officials who gladly helped him and the FBI. In Seattle he didn't have any, but he persuaded authorities there to pass Morris and Eva without questions or inspection. Unbeknown to him at the time, one of the customs officials had second thoughts and panicked. Had he let in narcotics smugglers or Mafiosi or spies? To cover himself, he went to the FBI agent assigned to the airport, said that someone impersonating an FBI agent duped him into admitting two dubious characters and that the impersonator himself appeared to be "under the influence." This allegation was inherently implausible. Why would a trained customs inspector blindly obey the orders of some strange drunk? If he had doubts about the validity of FBI credentials shown him, he could have confirmed or dispelled them by a one-minute telephone call. Did Morris and Eva fit the profile of the types of people inspectors are taught to guard against? Without making any inquiries of his own, the Seattle agent relayed the allegation to headquarters as if it were credible and the FBI soon determined that the allegedly drunken impersonator was in fact Walter Boyle from Chicago.

Kelley was away, and his chief deputy directed Wannall, "Go out there and fire him."

Wannall protested, "But shouldn't we get the facts first?"

"All right, get the facts and then fire him."

Chicago SAC Held called just as Boyle was sitting down to breakfast after early Sunday Mass. "Ray Wannall is here and he wants to talk to you. Please come to the office, the sooner, the better."

It was to have been a family day—the park and zoo followed by hamburgers and sundaes for the six children—and Boyle was disappointed at having to disappoint them, but he was pleased that Wannall had flown out to discuss SOLO.

Wannall was interested in something else. After polite salutations, he said, "Walt, I'd like for you to go to your office now and sit down and write a detailed account of your trip to the West Coast. I want you to put down everything that happened, from beginning to end. You can't include too much detail. Take as much time as you need. Dick and I will be waiting."

Boyle started to exclaim Why! But a stare from Held said, *For your own sake, just do as he says.*

Dutifully, Boyle detailed the whole trip: Upon arriving in Los Angeles, he in accordance with rules notified the Los Angeles office that he was in the area and where he was staying. After learning that the flight from Norway had been diverted, he notified the Los Angeles office that he was leaving the area. When he alighted in Seattle he informed the local field office that he was there; he obtained assistance from customs and immigration officials; he told the Seattle office he was leaving.

Wannall read the narrative slowly and remarked, "It looks like you didn't get much sleep on that trip."

The anger welling within Boyle caused him to blurt out an impertinence that surely would have provoked a less gentlemanly and insightful superior than Wannall: "I didn't go out there to sleep."

"All right Walt," Wannall said. "I'll be here for a few days and I'm sure we'll talk again."

SAC Held was pure, old-time FBI, a Hooverite, relentlessly tough and courageously fair, and Boyle knew that if he could get to him he could get the truth. But every time Boyle peered into Held's office, there sat Wannall on the leather sofa. Finally Boyle persuaded a fellow agent to entice Wannall out of the office, and he was able to speak to Held alone. "What the hell is going on?"

"You're under massive investigation for being drunk on duty. Right now, Ray Wannall is the best friend you have. He and the Bureau are checking out every word you wrote and, thus far, everything checks."

To this day, Boyle refuses to disclose who called him at home late at night. Maybe the call came from Burlinson or Langtry or a secret SOLO ally at headquarters. A better bet would be that the caller's initials were R.H., as in Richard Held. Be that as it may, the caller was informed and spoke authoritatively. Everything Boyle wrote about the trip to Los Angeles and Seattle had been confirmed. Nevertheless, the FBI intended to remove him from SOLO on the pretext that his expertise was needed at headquarters. The caller offered some advice, "You didn't hear this from me, but it wouldn't hurt if you told 58 about the situation. In fact, if I were you that is exactly what I would do and I would do it right away."

IN SELECTING A PLACE to live, Morris had to satisfy the divergent demands of his multiple lives. He needed a home that was in keeping with his ostensible status as a wealthy businessman, which is what Hall and the Kremlin thought he was. But as a devoted proletarian he did not want to live ostentatiously on the North Shore like a greedy capitalist. The necessity of traveling so often and his inability, because of security reasons, to employ servants made maintenance of a house impractical.

Morris solved the problem by buying a penthouse in a handsome building occupied primarily by wealthy and friendly black families. In Moscow Morris was regarded as a comrade so principled that he was even willing to live among the "black asses," as the Russians called them.

Wannall visited the penthouse which Eva, with art, antiques, Oriental carpets, and fine crystal, had transformed into an inviting home. During dinner she flirted with him while Morris entertained with tales of adventures in the Soviet Union, including the story of how he and the director of the Leningrad Shipyard became so drunk that they got into a fistfight with each other. He recalled that, when he first saw Moscow in 1929, trees lined many boulevards and the beautiful architecture reflected the verve and imagination of Russians. But Stalin soon ordered the trees cut down and scarred the face of the city with huge, box-like buildings that glowered menacingly down at the people. Friends in 1947 told him that Stalin later persuaded himself that the felling of the trees, that he had ordered, was part of a plot to enable German aircraft to land on the streets and that he executed many of the "plotters." Eva piped up, "That Stalin, he was such a barbarian."

Over the years, some things had changed for the better; some had not. Ponomarev still expected Morris to bring aspirin, Alka-Seltzer, and Contac; everybody still wanted Camel and Chesterfield cigarettes, and cosmetics. "They want anything American," Eva interjected. "Secretly, they like us, really."

SOLO was not discussed until after dinner. While Morris excused himself supposedly to call Jack in New York, Eva remarked they had heard Walt might be leaving. Well, she understood, nothing is forever; Walt needed to get on with his career, and certainly if anyone ever deserved a promotion, Walt did. Doubtless the Bureau had more important things for him to do, doubtless it had operations more important than SOLO. And Walt had been stuck in Chicago a long time; let's see, how long had he been fiddling around with their little operation—about thirteen years? That was a long time. Of course, nobody understood Morris as well as Walt did, and Morris trusted him, and nobody understood the operation as well as Walt did, except maybe Al (Burlinson) and John (Langtry), but they also heard that Al was retiring.

Wannall, being a young man, might find it hard to understand, but old people tend to get into a rut, to expect, perhaps unreasonably, that things will continue the way they were. Sometimes old people start thinking of a young man as a son, especially when after many years they know they always can count on him. Still, Eva understood, but she wanted Wannall also to understand. Maybe the time had come for her to stop. She had traveled to Moscow at least twenty times; each time she was afraid, and when she wrapped documents around her body she was terrified. She was most terrified when Morris was over there without her. Outside of him, Walt was the person she relied upon most. If he were to go, she did not want to go on. If she did not go on, she was not sure Morris would; Wannall would have to take that up with Morris. Of course, if Morris quit, so would Jack.

To Wannall, it was clear Eva spoke for Morris. She starred in a cabaret written, directed, and staged by him, essentially a reprise of the blackmail he had perpetrated on the Soviets in Moscow. But Wannall was a forthright man, and so he spoke to Morris frankly: yes, the Bureau was considering transferring Boyle to headquarters—what did Morris think? Morris said Boyle was his best friend, and he could not imagine SOLO continuing without him.

Having listened to Wannall's report of his findings and his conversations with Morris and Eva, Kelley asked him if he thought Boyle was innocent. Wannall recited available facts: To the extent investigators could check Boyle's written account, they had corroborated all he said. They had not located any witnesses to the encounter between him and the complaining customs official in Seattle, but no one else interviewed there thought he had been "under the influence"; none of his present or past associates interviewed had ever seen him drink to excess, much less on duty. Boyle had received a disciplinary transfer to Chicago in 1962, evidently for threatening an inspector with physical violence, and not long afterward headquarters had reprimanded him—the reason was unclear. Ever since, his record had been exemplary, as outstanding as it could be. Boyle had for years maintained an intimate professional and personal relationship with the most important asset the FBI had, and the results spoke for themselves.

Do you personally think Boyle can and should remain a linchpin of SOLO?

Unequivocally and emphatically, Wannall said yes. Thereupon, Kelley ordered the allegation against Boyle dismissed and effaced, and decreed that he would remain in Chicago; Wannall was to inform everybody; and if there were any residual problems at headquarters, Kelley himself was to take care of them.

CONGRESS ENACTED LEGISLATION, effective in 1975, mandating that FBI agents retire by age fifty-five, and as Burlinson was nearing seventy, he had to leave after thirty-five years of service. He and Freyman were the fathers of SOLO, and for other team members his departure was akin to the death of a family patriarch. Headquarters continued to make the policy decisions and support the field offices. But in terms of daily operational decisions and the nurturing of Morris, Jack, Eva, and Roz, Langtry and Boyle were now the fathers.

In one of the most odious duties of their careers, the "fathers" soon had to put Morris and Jack under surveillance, placing wiretaps on their home telephones and otherwise looking for indicators that they might be double agents actually working for the Soviet Union. Neither had done anything whatsoever to warrant such suspicion. On the contrary, both had for more than two decades loyally, bravely, and brilliantly served the United States. Again and again, the intelligence they produced had proven to be accurate, and numerous evaluators likened it to intellectual gold.

The FBI decision to investigate its two most important assets and reassess its greatest operation resulted primarily from pressures exerted by CIA counterintelligence chief James Jesus Angleton. A man of formidable intellect, Angleton wielded considerable influence in the American intelligence community and had a personal following in other government agencies, including the FBI. Perhaps as a counterintelligence chief should, he looked skeptically upon defectors and Soviet nationals recruited by the CIA, viewing them as possible double agents sent or made available by the Soviets to purvey deceptive information or infiltrate U.S. operations.

There was a notable exception. Angleton reposed inordinate confidence in KGB Major Anatoly Golitsyn who in 1961 fled from the Soviet embassy in Helsinki where he processed intelligence reports. From these reports, Golitsyn supplied clues that eventually led to the arrest of dangerous Soviet spies in Western Europe, and as long as he presented factual data, he was a very valuable defector.

But there came a time when Golitsyn had no more new facts to give. He replaced them with imaginative theory and conjecture. According to one of his theories, the conflicts between the Soviet Union and China were not real; they were a hoax, a grand disinformation scheme. The trusting Angleton embraced this view until the end of his career. Golitsyn also asserted that the next Soviet defector to arrive in the United States would be a controlled KGB agent dispatched to worm his way into the CIA and to assist other spies on the outside.

The next significant defector to arrive was Yuri Nosenko, who came in 1964. After Angleton and his lieutenants thought they detected serious discrepancies and falsifications in Nosenko's account of himself, the CIA incarcerated and psychologically tortured him in an effort to extract a confession, but he never confessed. The FBI, which possessed information unavailable to the CIA, always considered Nosenko a bona fide defector and ultimately the CIA agreed, as did all other Western security services that interrogated him. Angleton, however, remained unconvinced.

The FBI had recruited a KGB officer, code named "Fedora," who posed as a Soviet diplomat at the United Nations. Queried by the FBI, Fedora confirmed some of what Nosenko had told the CIA and said he was a genuine defector. In Angleton's eyes, he thereby convicted himself of being a double agent participating in a plot to foist off another double agent on the CIA. Angleton thereupon commenced an unremitting campaign to convince the FBI that Fedora was a Soviet plant.

Fedora informed the FBI that the KGB had a contact in the American Communist Party and that it gave money to the party. A few times he notified the FBI that a colleague was preparing to meet the contact and urged the FBI to follow him and identify the contact. Some of those in the FBI swayed to Angleton's view of Fedora later argued that the fact that he provided information pertaining to SOLO indicated that the operation was "contaminated."

On the basis of a statement Ponomarev made to Morris, the FBI, without revealing its source, in September 1973 advised the CIA that the Soviet Union appeared prepared to grant diplomatic recognition to Israel. A short time later, on October 6, Egypt attacked Israel. Angleton then accused the FBI of disseminating disinformation spread to cause the Israelis to relax their vigil when war was imminent.

Finally even those in the FBI who rejected all of Angleton's theses as spurious, and they were a majority, acknowledged that SOLO had gone on for an extraordinarily long time and that a reappraisal might be appropriate.

While also trained to be skeptical, Boyle and Langtry leavened their professional skepticism with common sense, logic, and a regard for demonstrable facts, and both would have bet their lives on the honesty and fidelity of Morris and Jack. Boyle observed to Langtry that, even if Morris were conspiring with the Soviets rather than against them, this veteran conspirator would say or do nothing in the United States to implicate himself because he could talk to the Soviets securely in Moscow almost any time he wished. Hence, telephone taps would be futile. Langtry in turn pointed out that, if Jack were colluding with the Soviets, he gladly would accept their invitations to come to Moscow instead of dodging them, as he had done since 1967. Nevertheless, Boyle and Langtry could not argue professionally against an investigation of Morris and Jack. Espionage can be ugly, and they now embarked upon the new and ugly duty of helping to spy on their friends.

They could, however, argue for adoption of special procedures. Neither Boyle nor Langtry had any income outside their FBI salaries, and Boyle was raising six children. Over the years, both spent their own money on SOLO, in some months quite a bit relative to their incomes. Boyle was authorized to go anywhere at any time at government expense without having to explain why he went; and every conversation with Langtry in a way constituted "official business." Yet when he flew to New York to talk privately with Langtry about "what to do right" within the FBI, he paid for his ticket out of his own pocket.

After talking privately in New York on a Sunday, the two began making some demands of headquarters. The transcripts of conversations recorded by taps on the telephones of Morris and Jack should be read and evaluated by experienced field agents who had nothing to do with SOLO. Such evaluators could not be accused of bias. More important, those involved in SOLO should not see the transcripts because in talking to Morris and Jack they might inadvertently reveal knowledge that could only have come from private telephone conversations. The tapes and transcripts should be destroyed immediately after analysis, and no records of them should be kept anywhere. *Do you have legal authorization for these wiretaps? Would you like someday to discuss them with a congressional committee?*

Headquarters agreed, and the investigation began. Boyle and

Langtry dutifully watched for the least duplicity by Morris and Jack, as they always had—that was their job. Selected analysts in Washington reviewed SOLO files for reports that might have been inaccurate or misleading. The files dated back to 1951. Except for the first weeks when Jack was parrying with the FBI, they found no inaccurate reports. The analysts dismissed as absurd the CIA complaint that the FBI purveyed disinformation by reporting that the Soviets appeared ready to recognize Israel. The fact that war broke out in the Middle East shortly after Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, among others, told Morris this did not prove that what the Soviets said and Morris reported was untrue. It was preposterous to dream that Israel, then surrounded by fiercely hostile neighbors, would drop its vigil on the basis of a single report from an unknown, third-hand source about what the Soviets might do.

The transcripts of the telephone conversations of Morris, Jack, Eva, and Roz revealed not one incriminating word, not one incongruity or contradiction, not one suspicious item. The only thing the FBI learned was that Morris and Eva played a game with each other, much like children played the game "Monopoly." They took equal amounts of money and through separate brokers vied to see who could do better on the stock market. Eva played the game with girlish enthusiasm: "Now, don't you tell Morris I bought this."

In sum, all the taped conversations, surveillance, investigations, and analyses showed that 58 and 69 were just what Boyle and Langtry knew them to be. After about six months, someone at headquarters, probably Ray Wannall, in effect said: Enough. Stop it. Let's get back to fighting our enemies instead of our friends.

No one now challenged the loyalty of Morris and Jack, but doubters advanced a new thesis: SOLO had lasted so long that the Soviets must be aware of it. They were using the operation as a convenient means of smuggling money and using Morris and Jack as unwitting conveyers of disinformation.

Boyle and Langtry asked some questions. Did the Soviets want the FBI to know how much money they gave the American party, down to the penny? Did they want to empower the FBI at any time to create an anti-Soviet scandal and furor by proving that the American party was bought and paid for by them, and thereby effectively destroying the party? Would Brezhnev, Suslov, Ponomarev, Mostovets, and the Soviet leadership take time personally and repeatedly to consort with an American spy? Had they made the communist rulers of Eastern Europe collaborators in their scheme, or did they let them talk freely to Morris without revealing that he was a spy? What about Gus Hall? Had they informed him that his chief lieutenant worked for the FBI? And what about the KGB? Would it share with the FBI through Jack its most sophisticated equipment and communication procedures? And where is all this disinformation—just one example?

Well, the skeptics replied, if the Soviets had not yet realized that the FBI controlled the operation, they were bound to find out soon because the longevity and success of SOLO defied all odds.

When the FBI advised Kissinger of these fears—that SOLO might be or become a vehicle of Soviet disinformation—and that it was thinking of discontinuing the operation, he said nonsense (lore has it that he used another word). As Jim Fox said in his eulogy of Morris, Kissinger declared that no one was better positioned than he to evaluate SOLO intelligence and he would decide whether it was true or false. But he had to have the information SOLO produced. While he respected the judgment of the FBI, SOLO must go on and it would go on. Though Kissinger made no threats, the FBI comprehended that if it did not comply with his dictate, it doubtless would receive a comparable, and possibly less genial, one from the president.

THE THREATS TO SOLO from within the FBI abated, but the threats from without escalated as congressional committees expanded their investigations. Each morning Morris opened the newspaper, fearful of what he might read, and Boyle again warned Washington that he needed reassurance.

Accordingly, the FBI scheduled another conference in New York on October 10, 1975, four days before Morris was to depart for Moscow. Present were Deputy Assistant Director Thomas W.

Leavitt, Section Chief Brannigan, the new New York SAC James O. Ingram, Supervisors Raymond Ruckel and David E. Houser, and Special Agents Thomas J. Devine, Boyle, and Langtry.

Referring to the congressional investigations, Leavitt said, "The times in Washington are not the happiest at the moment but things aren't dull."

Morris, who never learned that he and Jack had been investigated by the FBI, jumped to defend the FBI. "Regarding these illegalities they charge the Bureau with, I would say most things were done by the book. That was a sustaining factor for me. I started a fight against communism because of their extralegal methods, the unbelievable terrors. Maybe there were some capers like COINTELPRO [a counterintelligence program aimed at what the FBI considered to be subversive or terrorist groups; the Bureau has been accused of acting unlawfully in some of its investigations of these groups]. But I am talking about the organization as a whole retaining a legal outlook."

Reiterating his daily fear of being exposed by some leak, Morris said, "It takes a pretty tough heart to work nowadays, especially inside the enemy camp, wondering whether you can go on when you see some of these stupidities. You ask, what are you working for?...

"If I am physically able, and unless Gus Hall has something different in mind, I should take off on a trip in a few days. The Bureau people in charge have to be on the lookout to prevent any bombshell while I'm on the road. With intelligence agencies on the griddle, you never know when someone will pull a boner or go crazy or give something out."

Leavitt emphasized that measures to safeguard SOLO were more stringent than ever and that the intelligence it yielded was distributed only "at the highest levels, to the White House, the State Department, and sometimes the military" (it is unclear whether Leavitt's failure to mention any distribution to the CIA was inadvertent or whether the Bureau had stopped sharing SOLO data with the Agency).

Ingram added, "You have men here in this room—your life is their life. Their entire life is devoted to you."

His words evidently moved Jack and Morris. Speaking of the SOLO team and the FBI, Jack said, "Regardless of the present turbulence, we have reached *a* peak but not *the* peak. I never thought we would reach this level of perfection. I think that means they still trust us, though they are being careful."

Morris said, "I have never run across anybody except dedicated men in the Bureau. The Bureau as a whole is the most dedicated organization I've ever known, maybe with the exception of the early Bolsheviks."

HAVING FLOWN VIA LONDON and Prague, Morris arrived in Moscow on October 17, 1975, and tried more than ever to read obscure signs: Who greeted him at the airport? Familiar friends from the International Department, or new faces that might be those of KGB officers? How was he greeted—with hearty embraces or polite handshakes? Did the reception party have personal messages for him from Ponomarev, Suslov, or Brezhnev? Where would he be lodged, in his apartment or a suite at the party hotel off Arbat street or some place lesser and new? Would his escorts, after taking him to his residence, stay for a drink? How soon would he see Ponomarev, who, barring illness, always was the first Soviet leader he saw? Who else appeared on his schedule? How soon did the "special comrades" (the KGB) want to see him, and just how was their request to see him phrased? Was there any hint that he might have to stay much longer than planned? Would the Soviets maintain or raise the level of payments to the American party?

Most of the first signs were good. Friends awaited him at the airport and were delighted to join him for supper at the apartment. Ponomarev expected him at lunch the next day, Mostovets was counting upon him for dinner the day after, and the schedule outlined was crowded. Ponomarev received him as cordially as ever and, so far as Morris could discern, was genuinely glad to see him. He did say that, because of an unexpectedly poor grain harvest (more bad weather), the Soviets next year might have to lower the subsidy to the American party (in 1975 it totaled $1,792,676).

Then at the end of lunch, Ponomarev mentioned that the "special comrades" had been making a nuisance of themselves and wanted to speak with Morris at his earliest convenience. Could he get them out of the way by letting them drop by the apartment that afternoon? Morris could only say, "Of course."

Kazakov, the KGB officer who supervised MORAT (SOLO) from Moscow, and another officer whom Morris had not met accepted his invitation to pour themselves brandies, thereby signaling that they had not come to interrogate him. They did want his opinions. How much did he think the FBI knew about him?

Morris said that because the party had no sources in the FBI he could not be sure. Doubtless the FBI recognized that he was a communist; after all, he had run for public office as a communist and edited the party newspaper. He assumed that the FBI had some low-level informants in the party; probably it tried to keep an eye on Gus and thus might know that he and Hall saw each other. However, he had not been active in overt party affairs since 1947; he was old and, as any investigator easily could ascertain, his health was not the best, and he owned a legitimate business. Therefore, in his judgment, the FBI did not have much interest in him. About one central fact he was sure: The FBI knew absolutely nothing about MORAT or the money.

Kazakov courteously said it would be helpful if he could explain why he was so certain.

Morris then confidently assumed the role of a professor lecturing the KGB. First, if you excluded Kazakov's comrades, the only people in the United States who knew about the money deliveries were Gus Hall, Jack, Morris, and their wives; and that "radio fellow" the KGB assigned to help Jack (the old Comintern radioman, NY-4309S*). The Central Committee of our party, Morris went on, knows we receive support, but outside the six or seven of us, no one knows how we receive it, and everyone who touches the money has to be extremely cautious. In America, you could commit almost any crime and, even if you were caught, chances were a clever lawyer or a stupid jury or a daft judge would spare you from jail. But the government and courts sternly enforced the income tax law. If you were caught with large sums of cash, whose origins you could not explain and on which you had failed to pay taxes, you went to jail. Thus, handling the money was so dangerous that nobody involved ever talked about it outside the tight little circle.

But there was a more basic reason why Morris was sure the FBI did not know about the money—the same reasoning Boyle and Langtry had used in speaking to headquarters. The FBI was a virulently anticommunist, semimilitary organization; in fact, most of its young agents were former military officers. If the FBI knew about the money deliveries, it could arrest everybody, including "special comrades," and stage a prolonged circus that would sabotage détente, ruin the party, and land everyone in prison. The FBI would love to do just that.

In Russian, Kazakov said to his colleague, "You see, I told you."

The other KGB officer replied in Russian, "Yes, he is remarkable."

Turning to Morris, Kazakov said that his explanation made eminent sense and was very reassuring. Kazakov asked if they could meet again to discuss technical operational details and apologized for burdening him with such matters. It would be better to discuss them directly with Jack, and he wondered if Jack could resume his visits to Moscow.

Morris feared he could not. Because of a combination of emphysema, heart trouble, and other ailments, doctors had warned Jack against attempting long flights. That reminded Morris of something: He hoped that in the future, money deliveries could occur in the spring, summer, and autumn so Jack would not have to expose himself to winter weather.

The preceding June, Morris had made a quick trip to Moscow to obtain Soviet approval of a report drafted by Hall for presentation to the national convention of the American party. While there he learned that Aleksandr Shelepin had been purged from the Politburo after instigating or participating in a coup aimed at dethroning Brezhnev. Morris gathered that the infighting in the Kremlin had not entirely subsided. Now in October Ponomarev told him Brezhnev had secured his position and unquestionably would be reelected general secretary of the party (something Kissinger very much wanted to know).

Ponomarev also told him that upon further assessing the summit meeting between Brezhnev and President Ford, the Soviets were gloomy about the results and additionally were pessimistic about the outcome of the arms limitations negotiations being conducted in Geneva.

As Morris prepared to leave in November, Ponomarev announced that the Soviets would not have to reduce the 1976 subsidy as he earlier indicated. In fact, they could increase it to $2 million and very shortly they would give Jack the last 1975 payment of $350,000.

Flying homeward, Morris mentally composed reports and looked forward to telling Boyle the good news—that the KGB had completely accepted his explanation of why the operation was secure.

But in the United States, very bad news about SOLO again awaited him.

sixteen

UNDER SIEGE

MORRIS ALWAYS FEARED MOST that which he could not control. During decades of dueling with the Soviets, he made not one operational mistake; Jack made just one when he gave his Soviet handler Langtry's notes instead of his own. Together, Morris and Jack long had outwitted the KGB and cynical tyrants who had helped raise the science of mass terror to a new apex. In difficult circumstances, they proved that if the outcome depended upon what they did, they could effectively control the outcome. They could not control the actions of the United States Congress or its ambitious young staff members. And there was nothing they could have done to prevent a Senate committee from demanding FBI files that would expose them and grievously damage the cause for which they continued to risk their lives.

The crisis that developed while Morris was in Moscow during October and November 1975 arose in part from events that occurred many years earlier and only tangentially related to SOLO. It had to do with civil rights leader and Nobel Laureate Martin Luther King. SOLO was never directed at King; neither

Morris nor Jack ever met King or even indirectly dealt with King; neither personally knew anything about him. A few SOLO reports did, however, mention King, and other reports concerned people who became close to him.

To see what happened, we must look back into history and into the communist underground of North America.

During the late 1950s, the FBI retargeted SOLO, aiming it at the Soviet Union rather than at the American Communist Party. Morris and Jack continued, passively and incidentally, to gather information about party activities, especially those that might illuminate secret Soviet actions and intentions. But they and the FBI were vastly more concerned with maintaining the flow of secrets and money from the Kremlin than with anything happening inside the American party; to all involved in SOLO, the party mattered most because through it Morris and Jack could tunnel into the Kremlin.

In the early years of SASH/SOLO, when the objective was to infiltrate the American party leadership, Morris and Jack did provide detailed data about party activities and personalities. One personality they identified was Stanley David Levison, a New York lawyer and business entrepreneur.

By 1946 Levison, then thirty-four, had gained admission into the inner circle of the communist underground. One of his sponsors and mentors was William Weiner, who administered party finances and the reserve fund, the cash hidden for emergencies. Weiner was a friend of Jack and of Sam Carr, the Canadian communist and Soviet espionage agent who attended the Lenin School with Morris and whom Morris and Jack later befriended.

Jack in early debriefings told the FBI that beginning in 1946 Weiner and Levison conferred frequently, and that Levison helped establish party business fronts and collected money from party "angels" in Hollywood and on Wall Street. (Morris confirmed that Levison consulted him while setting up party businesses in Chicago and Michigan.) Jack also advised that, in 1946, Levison gave Weiner $10,000 for the party and Weiner asked Jack to hide the money in a safe deposit box.

Weiner in 1952 instructed Jack to go to Levison's office and meet another underground member with whom he was to cooperate. In

1953, Levison warned Jack that an FBI agent had visited the party business front in Chicago and he offered Jack $200 to help him found another front. In 1954, during a meeting with Jack at the Statler Hotel, Levison said that, as a result of the death of Weiner, he had assumed responsibility for party finances. In 1955 Phillip Bart, the underground secretary who brought Morris back into the party, said that Levison was active in party work. And in 1956, Bart told Jack that Stanley Levison and his twin brother, Roy, who had changed his name to Roy Bennett, were now in charge of party business.

Jack in 1958 reported a conversation with James Jackson, the party secretary in charge of "Negro and Southern Affairs." Jackson claimed that he and Eugene Dennis had conferred with the "most secret and guarded people who are in touch with, consulting with, and guiding [Martin] Luther King." Though he pretended not to know their identities, Jackson characterized them as "party guys far removed from the top level but [who were] playing an important role in guiding these fellows [King and associates]." Jackson thought that "this group may be important in Negro work."

Unbeknown to Jack or Morris, Levison in the 1950s met King and subsequently attached himself to the young civil rights leader as a personal confidant and advisor. At the behest of Levison, King later employed Jack O'Dell in the Southern Christian Leadership Council. Morris identified Jack O'Dell as Hunter Pitts O'Dell, a secret member of the party's governing body, the National Committee. In November 1959 Jackson revealed to Jack that O'Dell was working full time for King and that Levison worked closely with O'Dell.

On May 6, 1960, Jack reported: "Hunter Pitts [Jack] O'Dell is working full time in connection with the King mass meeting to be held in Harlem on May 17, 1960. Working closely with O'Dell are Stanley and Roy Levison [Bennett]. The CP considers [the] King meeting of the most importance and feels that it is definitely to the Party's advantage to assign outstanding Party members to work with the [Martin] Luther King group. CP policy at the moment is to concentrate upon Martin Luther King."

At the time, King was not the object of FBI investigation but his intimate association with Levison and O'Dell sounded alarms, and in 1961 the Bureau decided it should alert the newly elected president, John F. Kennedy, and his brother, Attorney General Robert Kennedy. No one could have been more sympathetic to King than the Kennedy brothers. During the 1960 presidential campaign they publicly defended him and demanded his release from an Alabama jail, fearing he might be killed in his cell. The Kennedy administration had no higher legislative priority than enactment of a federal civil rights law forbidding discrimination against (or preferential treatment of) any citizen on the basis of race, creed, or ethnic origin and guaranteeing every citizen equal access to public accommodations. Thus, hoping to save King and the civil rights movement from embarrassment, President Kennedy and Attorney General Kennedy cautioned King that, by personally associating with and relying upon Levison and O'Dell, he was putting himself and the civil rights movement in jeopardy. King equivocated, then continued to associate with O'Dell and Levison, both openly and secretly.

Some have argued that there is no evidence that, after meeting King, Levison maintained his ties to the party or that in counseling King he acted in behalf of the party. Maybe so. Maybe the scales suddenly and miraculously lifted from his eyes. Maybe, *mirabile dictu*, he suddenly repudiated the ideology that for at least a decade had motivated him energetically to serve the party. Maybe he suddenly decided to devote himself to bringing about full freedom to a minority of Americans instead of trying to impose communist tyranny upon all Americans. Levison, after all, would not have been the first communist to abandon communism.

However, the president, the attorney general, and the FBI had to confront and evaluate some verifiable realities, in addition to maybes, illuminated by SOLO and New York surveillance teams.

And these showed that the party had such confidence in Levison's devotion and loyalty to communism that in the 1950s it still entrusted him with the sensitive duty of managing party finances and keeping all the secrets attendant thereto. What evidence was there that Levison had experienced a dramatic change of heart and outlook?

Usually, people who underwent an ideological metamorphosis and renounced communism did not care thereafter to hobnob with communist believers whose faith they no longer shared. The believers (and the KGB) in turn looked upon defectors from the party as moral lepers to be shunned or traitors to be punished. Yet Levison for years after 1956 enjoyed the comradeship and collaboration of at least two important party officials, Lem Harris, a friend of Jack, and O'Dell, a hidden member of the ruling council of the American party. Manifestly, he had done nothing to erode their trust of him. And Levison of course continued to see his brother, Roy Bennett, who remained active in party finances and donated substantial sums to the party well after 1956.

Then an FBI surveillance team discovered that Levison was seeing someone else—KGB officer Victor Lessiovsky, a sophisticated and engaging operative well known to Western security services. Lessiovsky specialized in influence operations, that is, in inducing influential foreigners to do, wittingly or unwittingly, what the Soviet Union wanted them to do. In Rangoon, he had cultivated U Thant, a talented Burmese who, as the KGB presciently divined, had a future on the world stage. After being elected, with Soviet support, the secretary general of the United Nations, U Thant, brought Lessiovsky to New York in 1961 as one of his three official personal assistants.[‡] Regardless, the FBI well understood that the KGB did not succeed in ensconcing one of its best officers atop the United Nations with the expectation that he simply would serve as an altruistic advocate of amity among nations or as a cultural attaché eager to introduce the American masses to the undoubted wonders of Russian literature, music, art, and science.

[‡] Switching his persona from that of a man worldly and wise enough to run the United Nations to that of an utter innocent from a small Asian country, U Thant later averred that no one ever told him that Lessiovsky was a senior, veteran KGB officer and that of course it never occurred to him to inquire about the background of a Soviet he was employing as one of his three personal assistants.

Immune from American law, at liberty to roam the corridors and chambers of the United Nations and speak with the imprimatur of the secretary general, Lessiovsky could freely stalk big game from all over the world. Would a skilled intelligence officer so emplaced fritter away his time and risk his career (the United States could not arrest him; it could only expel him), by repeatedly indulging himself in idle lunches or amusing cocktail conversation with an undistinguished lawyer (at least, publicly undistinguished) who had nothing to offer the KGB, or with someone who had deserted the party and its discipline, or with someone about whom the KGB knew nothing, someone who could be an FBI provocateur, someone Lessiovsky just bumped into on the street and thought was good for laughs? And why would an ordinary American lawyer and car dealer meet, again and again, with a Soviet assistant to the boss of the United Nations? And why would Roy Bennett consort with KGB officer Lessiovsky?

Despite friendly, personal explanations, pleas, and exhortations from the president and attorney general of the United States, King disingenuously persisted in relying upon a key member of the Communist Party and upon someone regularly dealing with the KGB. King announced that O'Dell was leaving the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, but stayed in contact with him. And he ostensibly severed relations with Levison, but then carefully arranged to maintain both of them surreptitiously through an intermediary and eventually renewed them openly. Why?

Judging that these questions must be answered, Attorney General Kennedy authorized an FBI investigation and electronic surveillance of King and Levison. Morris and Jack were uninvolved in the investigation and wholly ignorant of it. Voluminous SOLO data available to the author show that Jack and Morris made just one brief reference to King in their reports after 1960. On June 25, 1964, the KGB radioed Jack a message for relay to Gus Hall: "We were informed that Robert Kennedy demanded of Martin Luther King that he get rid of Jack O'Dell, who allegedly has close connections with the CPUSA or is a CP member. This is for your information." How did the KGB learn what Robert Kennedy said in a private conversation with King?

FBI listening devices planted in hotel rooms occupied by King and visited by others reportedly recorded words and acts inconsistent with those of a Christian minister and moral exemplar, and salacious rumors about goings-on in saintly hotel rooms spread. According to other rumors, the FBI in a calculated campaign of defamation offered selected journalists the opportunity to hear tape recordings featuring the Reverend Dr. King in action. Supposedly, all these journalists, being prim, proper, and uncompetitive professionals disinterested in scoops and scandal, refused the chance to listen with their own ears.

No matter how accurate or inaccurate these rumors, in 1975 they affected SOLO, as did other FBI actions of which Morris and Jack were ignorant. J. Edgar Hoover abruptly and furiously fired a close deputy, William Sullivan, who as chief of domestic intelligence operations knew all about Levison, O'Dell, King, and whatever the bugs told about activities in hotel rooms. On orders from Hoover, agents changed the lock on Sullivan's office so suddenly that he had no time to clear out his desk. Subsequently, Wannall told Morris this story: "I want you to know that Bill Sullivan has been less than truthful on certain things. When Sullivan left the Bureau, he left so fast that he left a drawer full of supposedly personal stuff behind. We inventoried the contents of that drawer. Among the stuff we found was a letter addressed to King." Wannall generally related to Morris what the letter said. Here are some verbatim quotations:

> KING: In view of your low grade… I will not dignify your name with either a Mr. or a Reverend or a Dr. And, your last name calls to mind only the type of King such as King Henry the VIII…
>
> King, look into your heart. You know you are a complete fraud and a great liability to all of us Negroes. White people in this country have enough frauds of their own but I am sure they don't have one at this time that is anywhere near your equal. You are no clergyman and you know it. I repeat you are a colossal fraud and an evil, vicious one at that. You could not believe

> in God... Clearly you don't believe in any personal moral principles.
>
> King, like all frauds your end is approaching. You could have been one of our greatest leaders. You, even at an early age have turned out to be not a leader but a dissolute, abnormal moral imbecile... But you are done. Your "honorary" degrees, your Nobel Prize (what a grim farce) and other awards will not save you. King, I repeat you are done.
>
> No person can overcome facts, not even a fraud like yourself... You are finished... Satan could not do more. What incredible evilness... King you are done.
>
> The American public, the church organizations that have been helping—Protestant, Catholic and Jews will know you for what you are—an evil, abnormal beast. So will others who have backed you. You are done.
>
> King, there is only one thing left for you to do. You know what it is. You have just 34 days in which to do (this exact number has been selected for a specific reason). You are done. There is but one way out for you. You better take it before your filthy, abnormal fraudulent self is bared to the nation.

Wannall continued, "Well, we searched through the vouchers on the travel of agents and we found that an agent made a trip to Miami on November 21, a Saturday. We talked to that agent. He said he got a call from Bill Sullivan who told him to go to Washington National Airport where a package would be delivered to him. Sullivan told the agent to take the package and go to Miami and then call Sullivan. The agent called Sullivan and Sullivan told him to address the package to Martin Luther King at the address of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and mail it. On that same day, there was another agent—I have the man still working in our division—and he was in the office on a Saturday and Sullivan came out and asked him for a sheet of unwatermarked paper. As you know, Bill did a lot of his own typing, and he typed something on the unwatermarked paper and put it in an envelope and told this agent to take it over to an office. That was the agent who took a package to Miami. Now, if you count thirty-four days from November 21, that Saturday, you come to Christmas... what he was saying was, 'Here is a man of the cloth in the pulpit talking about the birth of Christ,' when he really was an immoral man."

In other words, Sullivan composed and caused to be mailed a letter that sounded like a warning to King that he better confess his sins or commit suicide before Christmas.

At a different time, another package was addressed to King's wife, Coretta, who was never suspected of anything other than being a good wife and was never investigated by the FBI. The package reportedly contained materials a husband would not want his wife to see, materials doubtless compiled and sent by someone in the FBI.

Years later, in 1975, as congressional investigators set out to prove the FBI guilty of violating the civil rights of citizens, they focused upon its alleged treatment of King. While they might question or disagree with many acts of the FBI, relatively few ever were found to have been unauthorized or unlawful; many of the complex, legalistic issues raised were difficult for the public to understand and failed to excite popular wrath. But the degradation of a crusading clergyman who had become a folk hero to many people was something laymen could understand and condemn.

THE SELECT SENATE COMMITTEE on Intelligence Activities under the chairmanship of Frank Church on February 14, 1975, demanded the complete FBI files on fifty different subjects, including King. The demand was so sweeping and so affronted the concept of separation of powers between the executive and legislative branches of government that the FBI, upon the advice of Justice Department attorneys, did not reply. In the spring, Wannall began to receive reports from retired FBI agents that congressional staff members asked them about matters pertaining to King. Some of these agents knew Morris or Jack, or had been peripherally involved in SOLO. And they were aware that the complete King file would reveal to an informed analyst, American or Soviet, that the FBI had penetrated the innermost sanctum of the American Communist Party, and that it was monitoring secret messages transmitted by the KGB to the party. And although the names of Jack and Morris appeared nowhere in the King file, it would not take the KGB long to deduce that they were the penetrations. To a man, the retired agents refused to tell the committee staff anything. Frustrated, the committee issued a new, specific, and formal demand for the King file.

Meanwhile, in an understanding with the FBI, the committee agreed that the Bureau could withhold data that might identify sources or disclose sensitive investigative techniques, provided that two designated Justice Department attorneys concurred that their suppression was justified. Accordingly, the FBI deleted all references that might point to SOLO and so much other material that only about a dozen pages remained. Even though the Justice Department approved the deletions, the sparsity of the few innocuous pages infuriated the committee. It accused the FBI of gamesmanship and duplicity and threatened to subpoena the entire file and to interrogate FBI agents under oath in public session.

Accompanied by Deputy Director James Adams, Wannall briefed Director Kelley about the crisis.

"Do you feel they are going to get the papers?" Kelley asked.

Wannall replied, "Yes. If they are going to subpoena Kissinger then it looks as if they can subpoena and get this material."

As Wannall saw it, the Bureau had two choices. It could abandon SOLO before the committee exposed it and immediately hide Morris, Eva, Jack, and Roz. Or it could gamble by telling Senator Church about SOLO in hopes of persuading the committee to drop its demands for the King file.

Kelley chose to gamble and authorized Wannall to tell Church as much as he judged necessary.

Given the prevailing political climate, the decision to trust an unfriendly senator with information that until recently had been withheld even from the president was not easy. From Capitol Hill a stream of venom poured down on the FBI and the intelligence community in general. Senator Robert Morgan called the FBI "the greatest threat to the United States" and "rotten to the core." Kelley sent him a polite letter suggesting that he had been misquoted. Morgan curtly replied, "I was quoted correctly." Young people who not long ago had joined throngs in the streets to chant "Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho Chi Minh is going to win," now held positions on congressional committees, and defamation of the United States had become a popular Washington sport.

Although Church had treated Wannall courteously, he and his committee appeared aligned with congressional elements hostile to the FBI. He had allowed staff members to violate agreements with the Bureau by attempting to interrogate former agents around the country and by reneging on the pledge to abide by the judgment of Justice Department lawyers about which data could be released. And any politicians, by selectively extracting from SOLO files, could grab headlines such as "FBI Funds U.S. Commies." Yet, to do nothing was disaster.

Wannall waited until Boyle signaled that Morris and Eva were safely out of Moscow and on their way home. Then he called Church and said he urgently needed to discuss a sensitive matter. Before leaving headquarters, he removed from a SOLO safe something fewer than ten Americans ever had seen.

In an ornate and secure chamber of the Senate Office Building, Wannall announced to Church that his committee unwittingly was about to destroy the most important of all American espionage agents and the most vital intelligence operation the FBI ever had sustained against the Soviet Union. Astonished, Church asked, "Can you explain?"

"I can show you." Thereupon, Wannall displayed a photograph of Morris seated with Brezhnev in the Kremlin. Normally, Soviet technicians blanked out or erased the face of Morris from official photographs. But once, in a comradely mood, Brezhnev insisted that a picture of him together with Morris be taken and that Morris be given a copy as a keepsake. As Wannall stressed, the photograph illustrated the kind of access "our man" regularly enjoyed. He proceeded to outline the history of SOLO, its enormous success, its continuing value to policymakers, and the reasons why opening up the King file would collapse the operation and endanger lives.

Having grasped the importance of all he had heard, Church finally said, “I only wish the American people could know. This certainly would open their eyes. It has opened mine.”

They agreed that Wannall should also talk to a few selected staff members without disclosing any details he felt should be suppressed. Church picked three aides, and the ranking Republican on the committee, Senator John Tower, sent a fourth. At the outset of the secret meeting, Church gravely admonished all four: What they were about to hear was extraordinarily sensitive, and not one word of it ever was to be repeated.

While omitting many details, Wannall for nearly two hours entranced Church and the staff with the story of SOLO. He explained why FBI assets (he never named Morris or Jack) had to participate in the deliveries of Soviet money in order to continue the operation. Finally, he again laid out the reasons that caused Robert Kennedy, with the concurrence of his brother, the president, to order the investigation of King and why the file would expose SOLO. The FBI remained ready to cooperate with the committee by all means consistent with national security, but it respectfully requested that the committee steer clear of the issue of Martin Luther King and do nothing that might compromise SOLO.

Church pronounced the official verdict in two words: “I approve.” He added, “I am satisfied that there was every reason in the world for the FBI to be investigating King [he later made the same statement to the entire committee]. Of course, I want none of this talked about. None of this is to leave this room.”

Church categorically assured Wannall that neither he nor any staff member would ever ask any question, publicly or privately, that might imperil SOLO.

A test occurred on November 19, 1975, when Adams and Wannall testified before the committee in open session. A senator raised the issue of FBI actions pertaining to Martin Luther King.

Adams spoke up, “You’re getting into a sensitive area.”

“That’s right,” Church declared. “We will move to another subject.”

It appeared that the FBI had won the gamble. But to win it, the FBI had to betray its solemn word so often given to Morris and

Jack over the years: *Outside a few of the highest people in government, we never will tell anybody about* SOLO. Now somebody had to tell Morris and Jack, an unwelcome task.

Leavitt, Brannigan, Boyle, and Langtry undertook it at a conference with Morris and Jack on December 12, 1975. Leavitt told them just what happened, explaining that the FBI had no choice if it were to prevent them and SOLO from being exposed. No identifying data about Morris and Jack were provided. Wannall had quoted State Department and CIA evaluations and numerous letters from Kissinger attesting to the great importance of the operation. Ultimately, the committee agreed with the investigation of King, dropped its demands for files showing why it began, and pledged to keep the secret.

Then Leavitt acknowledged, "But there are five people in the Senate and two Justice Department attorneys who now know about the operation."

As Jack's face reddened with anger and Morris stared incredulously, Langtry tried to mollify. The committee could subpoena the agents who wrote the reports about Levison and his management of the reserve fund, his continuing ties with Lem Harris and reports by Harris to the party about him, and his relationships with King and the KGB, and could compel them to tell all under oath and in public.

Brannigan also tried. "We told them this was a sensitive operation and that if they exposed it, the country would be the loser."

Unmollified, Jack shouted, "This is serious and shocking."

"I also am surprised and shocked," Morris said. "Once something goes beyond a tiny group of people we no longer have a secret. The danger is that politicians or staff members will betray information for their own self-aggrandizement. We know little about these staff members or their relatives. We must admit to ourselves that we no longer have a secret."

"I would be a fool to disagree," Leavitt said.

"It could reach other senators and congressmen with bigger ambitions. One of them could leak it to the press; that's happened. We have no assurances. Then what about the communists? Do we know all the connections of the communists? We would be fools to think so. From long experience, I know they have connections in Washington. Information gets to them sooner or later. 'Fatso' [a porcine party member, also known as 'Tiny,' who claimed to have entrée to some congressional offices] used to have that job for them.

"There is also an ongoing campaign to use the Freedom of Information Act to ferret out info. The communists are just beginning in that area. The communists' lawyer was censured for being too slow about it... The implications are tremendous both from security and our personal viewpoints. We are in danger of exposure. We have no control over these individuals."

Jack added, "There is a great deal involved here. It's not just the apparatus; it's our families."

Brannigan responded, "We must tell you, as members of our family, that this is what we thought we had to do. Mr. Kelley, all of us, agreed. We cannot give you any guarantees and that is why we are here. We were trying to head off much worse. We were trying to protect you and this operation. This is the most valuable thing the FBI has."

Jack still was not appeased: "The operation is no longer the great secret it was up until now. There were dozens of FBI people involved over the years, but we felt secure. The word of the Bureau was its bond."

Boyle saw that Morris was paying little attention to what anyone said; characteristically, Morris was trying to analyze, to think ahead, and as he did so he mused aloud, speaking more to himself than anyone else. "If they ever found out that we duped all these leaders and the KGB and all the governments that work with them, including Mao, and guys like Gus, they would hound us to the ends of the earth. There is no place on earth where we would be safe. Even the kindest of individuals would want the honor of destroying us... Today Jack received a message from the Soviets to Gus asking, 'Can you see our ambassador?' Tonight I must give the message to Gus. Do you think it is easy for me to see Gus? I am worried. Do I have to carry around a pocket radio to find out when my life is in danger?"

Leavitt interrupted, "I realize this is like being hit between the eyes with a baseball bat, and I understand your feelings." And he proceeded to list the unique security safeguards protecting SOLO—the special safes; the armed couriers; the willingness of the highest people in government to read reports and then hand them back; the fact that only the president, the secretary of state, and the attorney general knew about SOLO. He recited all this and stated that the FBI at any time could "resettle" (i.e., uproot and hide) Morris, Eva, Jack, and Roz. Meaning to pay tribute, he repeated something Morris had heard at least a dozen times: "This is the most important intelligence operation the United States has."

Morris said, "But there is something new, is there not?"

Leavitt admitted there was. The FBI could control what it did; it could not control what congressional committees and their staffs did. And yes, the KGB or anyone schooled in the history could deduce from salient portions of the King file the identities of sources (58 and 69). The Church committee had given its word and thus far honored it. But it could offer no guarantees about the future.

Morris was scheduled to go to Moscow in February 1976 as a secret delegate to the Twenty-fifth Party Congress. Failure to attend this exalted ritual would raise questions and perhaps suspicions. So might Eva's failure to accompany him. By now, the Soviets expected her to be along, and the wives of Soviet rulers looked forward to her gifts, her company, and the invitations to grand banquets. But now Morris was not sure whether they dared go. "We will play it cool. We have to think things out. In view of all that's going on in Washington, we better think. If I am able to go, then we must exert superhuman energy to prevent anything from happening—even if somebody who is supposed to testify has to get sick."

During the discussions, Boyle said almost nothing. Headquarters had not consulted or notified him before baring SOLO secrets to seven people outside the FBI. He understood the necessity of keeping the committee out of the King files. But, like Morris and Jack, he felt betrayed. However necessary the revelation, the Bureau had broken its word and dramatically increased the risks they were running. For all Boyle knew, the congressional staff members Wannall briefed might all be honorable, discreet patriots. But he agreed with Morris, who had said, "I think some of those committees are hiring people who in normal times couldn't have gotten a security clearance to use a government urinal." So what was there to say? Ultimately Morris alone would decide whether to go on.

Morris would of course tell Eva that journeys to Moscow now were much more dangerous and ask if she wanted to go on. Boyle could hear her answer: *It always has been dangerous; how dangerous can dangerous get? If you think it's best to go, let's go. In other words, I'm your wife. I'll accompany you to hell and back, if we can get back. If not, well, there is an end to every story and we have lived a pretty good one. You decide.* For all her cultured grace and coquettish charm, Eva at age seventy-five was still a very tough lady, an American patriot, and a very good spy. If the vote were left to her, it would be "go."

Morris would consult Jack, who was very adept at irreverently giving him, the FBI, and the KGB advice. To the KGB: Stop making these money deliveries in damned blizzards. Stop acting like creeps, spooks, and children. In New York, people don't talk to each other with chalk or crayons or graffiti. They just pick up the telephone. You may have tapped every telephone in the Soviet Union, and I don't give a damn about that. The FBI has sworn to Congress—and they can't lie to Congress unless they want their balls and money cut off—that it has taps on the phones of fewer than two hundred people and I'm not one of them. Morris and I have played a lot of tricks to prove that. To the FBI: We need medical insurance; I need it for my wife and children. I can't run around twenty-four hours a day kissing Gus Hall's ass and screwing the KGB and still run a business. Can the Bureau arrange that? Or does it want to prosecute me for taking 5 percent from all the commie cash I bring in each year?

Outrageous as he may have been, Jack more often than not was right. The FBI came up with the medical insurance. The KGB agreed that if there was a snowstorm everyone could wait until roads were passable, and that phone calls could be made now and then (it never fully abandoned the old-time communications procedures—marks by chalk, crayons, graffiti, and the radio signals that said, "We have nothing to say").

But Jack was a tactician, or as he said in the early days, a "street man," rather than a strategist. In the end, as he had done all his life, he would do whatever his revered brother told him to do.

As the conference adjourned, Langtry asked Boyle, "Do you have time to lift some weights?"

"Absolutely. I need the exercise."

After Langtry's last physical examination, an earnest female medical assistant said to him, "For a man of your age—I mean you are not really old; you're only fifty—but you're in superb condition. You must be an athlete."

"Yes, I am. Almost every night I lift weights."

"I should have guessed from your muscles. What sort of weights do you lift?"

"Scotch on the rocks."

seventeen

TO GO OR NOT TO GO?

AGAINST A LIGHT SLEET, Boyle threaded his way along streets crowded with shoppers, past storefronts brightly decorated for Christmas. The trumpeters and buglers of the Salvation Army in their operatic uniforms were still at it, just as they had been when Morris studied and tried to learn from them in the 1930s. They blared out carols, compensating with vigor for what they lacked in concert skill, and a small woman, who looked to be in her sixties, added to the volume by pounding an immense drum as if it were the devil himself. Thinking of Morris in the 1930s, he dropped a few dollars into the kettle.

About ten minutes after Boyle entered the cover office, the young agent who had trailed him telephoned, signaling that he had detected no surveillance. Boyle liked the agent personally, but then he tended to be prejudiced in favor of all FBI agents who had served as military officers in Korea or Vietnam. You didn't need a doctorate in personnel management to figure out that past combat and danger prepare men for future combat and danger. It was late, Christmas was near, and Boyle ordered the agent to go home to his family instead of hanging around just to follow him back to the FBI offices.

Eva and Morris came carrying presents she had selected and wrapped for Boyle's children, and they gathered in the back room. Morris as usual seated himself in the tall leatherbound chair behind the big desk, a chair reserved for the chairman, the captain, the boss. During one of the New York conferences, Morris remarked that everyone has "a little vanity," and everyone recognized that by seizing the chair whose occupancy connoted command he was indulging his "little vanity," something he did nowhere else.

Years later, reminiscing in her eighties, Eva offered insights about why Morris behaved differently in the back room. "I think he felt more at ease there than anywhere else. You have to understand that in Chicago we always were careful, just like in Moscow. Going to the office wasn't like going to the market or just anyplace. The FBI, they followed us to see if anybody else was following us. Morris told me they even followed Walt when he came to meet us there. Walt and Morris made the guards and cleaning ladies and handymen think we were retired professors and consultants. We gave them presents around Christmas and were nice to them, and they were on our side. The FBI checked the office to make sure nobody had hidden any bugs, so nobody could listen to us. Then there was Walt. You know, Walt always carried a gun, even on airplanes, and you better not fool around with Walt. If anybody barged in on us, well, that would have been just too bad for them. And if we wanted lunch or supper, we could just call one of the delicatessens and pretty soon it would be brought in. So we could just be ourselves and not be afraid and say whatever we wanted. Morris had a study at home and an office at his phony business but he thought of the back room as his real office."

That late afternoon just before Christmas 1975, Morris from behind the desk assessed SOLO. Time and thought had dissipated the consternation and indignation he had felt in New York, and he was thinking ahead calmly, as Boyle had often observed him do.

He feared that disclosure of SOLO to Church and committee staff members portended the beginning of its end. The question was, when and how would it end? Twenty-three years had passed since he met Carl Freyman and agreed to work with the FBI. During those years, there had been some "goofs," leaks of fragmentary information that could have cost him and Jack their necks, but the Bureau had managed to keep SOLO itself secret from outsiders because everyone followed the rules. With a slight smile, he said, "Maybe Walt, Al, and John along the way now and then made up a few new rules of their own. But we followed the most basic rule: if you want to keep a secret, don't tell anybody." Because the Bureau had to break that rule, SOLO no longer was really secret; experience proved that once a secret is let loose, it multiplies and spreads. Having been breached, the wall of security could not be repaired. The breach dramatically increased the dangers to him and Eva. He wondered if it would be rational to continue missions into the Soviet Union knowing that at any time while they were there the secret of SOLO might reach the press, the party, or the KGB.

Morris paused, perhaps hoping that Boyle would contradict him or present some secret or insight showing he was wrong. Boyle could do neither.

To Boyle, the United States in December 1975 seemed to have sunk to a post–World War II nadir. In the aftermath of the American debacle in Southeast Asia, hundreds of thousands of Cambodians, Laotians, and South Vietnamese were being massacred or enslaved by communist conquerors. If friends of the United States were looking at its disarray with dismay, what might the Soviets be thinking and planning? Now more than ever the United States needed to read their minds through SOLO. Yet how much can you ask of an elderly man and woman? The air force, navy, and Marine Corps withdrew young pilots after they had survived a certain number of combat missions. The FBI had already sent Morris on forty-nine missions into enemy territory, and from 1962 on Eva accompanied him on most. You can only roll the dice so many times without losing, and there was no disputing Morris; events in Washington had worsened the odds.

Boyle said, "Morris, honestly I don't know what to tell you."

"Thank you for your honesty, Walt."

Stepping out of the office building, Boyle instinctively looked around and through a minor maelstrom of wind and sleet glimpsed the agent he had ordered to go home. The agent also had orders to cover Boyle and those were the orders he chose to obey. Boyle thought, *You can take the boy out of the Marine Corps, but you can't take the Marine Corps out of the boy.*

Boyle advised headquarters that Morris was engaged in an anguished debate with himself about whether to quit and thereby terminate the operation. If he were to attend the Twenty-fifth Party Congress, he would have to leave for Moscow no later than February 16, 1976. So he would decide before then.

Although Wannall was about to retire, he retained responsibility for SOLO, and he consulted Kelley about the dilemma that necessitated a fundamental policy decision. Kissinger, doubtless with the concurrence of the president, only recently had ordered SOLO continued, declaring it indispensable to formulation of foreign policy. Wannall believed the Church Committee would protect the secret, but he could not guarantee that to either Kelley or Morris. Undeniably, the dangers of continuing the operation had increased and Morris' new apprehensions were justified.

Kelley remarked, "Ray, as I said, you have the most interesting job in the FBI."

On a dreary Sunday night, February 8, 1976, Wannall flew to Chicago to meet Morris and Boyle in the cover office early Monday to discuss the future of SOLO. They were joined by Section Chief Brannigan, Supervisor Houser, and Special Agent Ronald Fries, then working as Boyle's partner. Brannigan later recalled, "Ray and 58 did almost all the talking. The rest of us just sat there. It was like watching history being made."

Instead of broaching the overriding issue that brought them together, Wannall began obliquely by giving Morris an insider's view of relations between the FBI and Congress. "There are two phases in this work: one is foreign, and one is domestic. They have pretty much left our foreign intelligence activities alone. I know on the domestic side we are going to have problems. You see, one of the problems is that some of those congressional staffers were in the student riots of a decade ago. When the streets were burning, they were part of it. So they say, 'How come you are investigating this stuff?' Not the [terrorist] bombings; they think we should be investigating that."

Fearful of spreading panic, the FBI had not fully publicized the threat posed by terrorist bombings but they represented an increasing danger. "In 1973 there were twenty-four bombings; in 1974 there were forty-five; and in 1975 there were eighty-nine bombings. So they seem to be about doubling every year."

Wannall disclosed highly classified details of how the FBI had prevented bombings by penetrating terrorist organizations. "There were three rented cars, packed with explosives and detonators, parked by an Israeli bank and the El Al warehouse in New York. Experts say that if they had gone off, each would have cleared an area a hundred yards around it. If one had exploded in the middle of downtown New York, it would have killed or injured hundreds, probably thousands of people."

The candor and confidences had the desired effect—a relaxed rapport—and Morris lectured about the history of twentieth-century terrorism and the difference between anarchism and Marxism. "Of course, real Marxists approve of mass terror but not individual terrorism. The same was true of individual expropriation [robbery]. In 1917, they would shoot someone for this individual expropriation. Any real Marxist would fight against individual terrorism." But there were always those individuals who would desert Marxist orthodoxy and try to "speed things up" by fostering "alienation" through indiscriminate bomb-throwing.

Then Morris on his own came to the point, just as Wannall, Kelley, and Boyle hoped. "But we are getting away from the problem of the day. I want to preface my statements by telling you that when I think of our operation, I never separate it from what is happening in the world at the moment. You said, without giving guarantees, that the committee will lay off the foreign aspects pretty much, but we will run into problems on the domestic side."

Everyone had sense enough to say nothing as Morris proceeded to articulate and vent his anxieties and grievances; everyone was willing to listen until midnight if need be.

"The popular idea that the First Amendment can be used by the press to steal confidential government documents" threatened SOLO. "We have a president [Gerald Ford] who was not elected and the power of the president has been eroded… I am not one of those who make fun of politicians; we have to have them in our system." But some politicians were egotists who lusted for publicity. "Such individuals with political ambitions don't always put honor or loyalty above themselves… Be assured the Russians have people going over every line of testimony. I know that their people in this country see congressmen… There is the possibility that a politician who got some information will talk to another politician or to his wife and she will talk to another wife. So you can understand why we are disturbed… In New York, there was a statement about there being no guarantees. I understand that. We have our head in a noose, and we know it."

Morris meandered through the history of SOLO and its successes and, almost pleading, tried to make all understand what he considered now at stake. "This trip or this congress is very important. Most of it will be open. The secret stuff the congress won't hear but I will. And I am experienced enough to analyze a speech and go beyond the words. In addition, when I am in that city [Moscow], I meet party leaders from all over the world, friends, and you get information from them you never could get elsewhere and facts the biggest experts couldn't deduce… Everybody is talking about the defeat of the communists in Portugal. Well, we knew a year ago that the Russians were trying to pull the Portuguese communists back. We knew the Soviets didn't care about a defeat in Portugal, that this is where they didn't want to take us on."

Summing up the long soliloquy, Morris rambled a bit: "Within the next two or three days, pending a final decision, I have to move. Because if we decide that I am going or I should say we are going because Eva has been invited and she has been getting more calls about the trip than I have… because we must go on in the usual way just as if nothing has happened, although we know that some things have happened in the last two months…

"I have been talking a lot, but I want you to know what is in our minds and hearts. I don't expect a yes or no from you about whether we should make this trip."

After some moments Wannall spoke slowly and obviously not from a script. "I don't know of any agent, myself included, who has had in the last twenty to twenty-five years the impact on our government's policies that you have had. I say that to tell you how valuable you have been not just to the FBI, but to the United States. There was no question that we were going to tell you everything that has happened, not just because of moral obligation. You have been a part of us; you are part of the family. I want you and your wife to make this decision knowing what all the facts are. Despite the value we put on this operation, we put a higher value on you...

"Next Sunday if you are not on that plane, you will still be FBI as far as we are concerned. No one could ask anybody to do as much for his country as you have done. Our concern is that you get over and get back, if you go. We know that you have gone beyond your physical endurance many times. But you are more valuable than any mission. I want to tell you that this is the greatest operation we ever have had. You are not only giving information; you are giving yourself. If anything happened to you, I would not be able to live with myself. If you decide not to go, we will still be working together; we still will be associates and friends. I cannot tell you to go or not to go. I have to be as honest and forthright with you as I can be."

The disorganized response from Morris suggested to Boyle that the sentiment and sincerity of Wannall's spontaneous words affected him—maybe decisively: "I talked to my brother and we know that no one can make up our minds for us. There is no such thing here as taking a vacation or stopping temporarily. I should have been in the hospital many times but to those people you never talk about how you feel; that doesn't count... I am glad that you have come here today but I am kind of embarrassed and feel kind of bad that you had to come all the way out here. I raised it with my guy [Boyle]. If it were safe, I would have gone to Washington to see you but that would be the worst place for me today... I must tell you that I am sorry to see you leave [retire]...

"You know, in these discussions we cannot always solve every problem; there is not always a neat solution. I don't want to make the situation worse by quitting. I still feel that unless our government agencies go berserk, there is a need for this operation. I am trying to anticipate the final outcome of the investigations and of things that might seem insane. But I know what our country needs."

Morris then digressed and talked about dying. He recounted the adventures of an old Bolshevik friend, a classmate from the Lenin School, who had spied for the Comintern in China at a time when they chopped off the heads of spies, and later in Nazi Germany, where they did worse things to spies. His friend survived to die peacefully in anonymity. But that was how Morris hoped to die. That was not the way he would die in Moscow. Nor would Eva die in peace and dignity. The betrayed wives, quivering under the lash of their own betrayed husbands, would cry like banshees for a degrading death to prove their loyalty.

No one spoke. No one said, *Come on, Morris, that won't happen; they wouldn't do that to you or Eva*. Everyone knew that the Soviets had done just that myriad times and continued to do it, albeit on a lesser and more discreet scale, in the mid-1970s.

They waited for Morris, the captain, to announce the tentative course. "Well, as things stand now, no one can make the decision for us. For reasons I gave before, there can be no interruption [of his trips to Moscow]. Once there is an interruption, we must expect total stoppage. Despite all the heartaches and thoughts and physical problems, we are going along now as if we are to travel.

"I have asked my son to come from the West Coast to talk to me. I won't give him any details, but he knows what is going on generally. I feel proud I kept him out of the party all his life. So he will come, and we will talk things over. I don't know that it will change anything. At least, we will have seen each other.

"So I am preparing. Until the moment I leave, until Walt says goodbye, we won't know whether we will go. I am not asking for guarantees. I am thinking about what can be done by the people in Washington, by the Bureau. You must be alert. You must make sure accidents don't happen and that in these FOIA [Freedom of Information Act] cases something doesn't get out. The only other thing I can say is let's see what happens in the next few days. Next Monday will be the latest I can leave."

Throughout their deliberations, Eva insisted that Morris decide for both of them and did nothing to influence him. On Saturday he said they could no longer delay and demanded that she tell him what she thought. Eva demurred. Morris insisted.

"You're my partner. I have a right to your judgment."

"Well, we've come a long way. Shouldn't we go all the way?"

Morris dialed Boyle at home and said, "Tomorrow, we're making the first leg of the trip."

They flew to New York Sunday morning for a last visit with Jack, and on Monday Boyle took them to Kennedy Airport. Once their plane was airborne, Boyle called Wannall in Washington. "We've launched."

Representatives of the International Department and Nadezhda, Eva's latest personal escort, greeted them at the airport outside Moscow with hearty embraces. In the limousine en route to their apartment, they as usual were presented with a crowded schedule—appointments with Suslov and Ponomarev, banquets, private dinners, a luncheon hosted by Politburo wives in honor of Eva. Brezhnev hoped to talk with Morris but with so many party leaders in Moscow for the congress, he presently couldn't fix a date. Clearly, in one of the world's most exclusive clubs, Morris and Eva were still members in good standing.

Without any evidence, they assumed that their apartment was honeycombed with listening devices and spoke accordingly. "Everyone is so nice here. I'm sure we're going to have a good time," Eva said.

"Yes. I'm looking forward to seeing all our friends."

During the four weeks in Moscow, anxiety about what might happen in Washington added to the physical stress imposed by a business and social routine that would have exhausted a much younger and healthier man. When they landed in Boston March 13, 1976, Morris looked so drained that Boyle refused to let him board another plane. He telephoned Langtry and asked him to inform headquarters that 58 and 66 (Eva was CG-6653S*) had returned safely and that he was driving them to their apartment in

New York. He also asked Langtry to arrange for a physician to come to the apartment that evening. Of course, asking Langtry if he could help was akin to asking the pope if he is Catholic.

Boyle rented the biggest, most luxurious car available and they set out for Manhattan. As they drove, Morris, despite his exhaustion, related what he had heard and seen in Moscow, and he and Boyle mentally composed the first report to headquarters.

Perhaps the most important report from Mission 54 was, on its face, the dullest. The Soviet Union was suffering grievous economic difficulties, and Morris' Kremlin friends recited a long litany of woes: poor quality control; low worker productivity; an inadequate transport system, which delayed shipments of both raw materials and consumer goods; idle factories and empty store shelves; wastage of grain owing to lack of transport and storage facilities; sloth and indifference on state and collective farms; reluctance or outright refusal by industrial managers to put new machinery and technology into use; and an increasing inability to match Western innovations in computers and electronics.

Every industrial economy periodically runs into bad patches, and Morris had heard of Soviet economic difficulties before. But in the past the Soviets had blamed them on aberrations or transient factors that could be overcome by better management, and they seemed to believe their own propaganda. In fact, the KGB Disinformation Department planted stories of grand economic growth in the foreign press, then presented these stories to the hierarchy as evidence that even Western "experts" admitted Soviet successes and potential economic superiority. At home, the government-controlled media constantly disseminated statistics showing growth and prosperity. All these official data also influenced Western thinking, and thus even sophisticates at the CIA consistently overestimated the gross national product of the Soviet Union while underestimating the proportion of it consumed by military spending.

(Once Morris showed Eva a CIA analysis that the FBI had asked him to evaluate. It concluded that per capita income in the Soviet Union was about to exceed that of Italy. Eva through her own eyes had compared life in Rome, Milan, Florence, and Venice with that in Moscow and Leningrad, and she asked, "Is this some sort of intelligence trick?" A smile from Morris told her it was a serious U.S. government document, and they both laughed out loud.)

Now the men who owned the Soviet Union were acknowledging among themselves that their problems were not temporary and that the economy, upon which their power depended, was steadily deteriorating. And they admitted to Morris that nobody had any idea how to reverse the deterioration.

A second report spelled out in three words—*peace and disarmament*—the themes that would undergird and dominate Soviet foreign policy, propaganda, and "active measures" for nearly a decade to come. Morris stressed that these words did not mean to the Soviets what they meant to Americans. *Peace* meant no armed conflict with the United States, not a surcease of local or regional conflicts instigated or supported by the Soviets in an effort to alter the world balance of power or "correlation of forces."

To Americans *disarmament* negotiations implied "Let's sit down in good faith and rationally discuss how we mutually and gradually can reduce our respective arsenals so that neither of us has cause to fear attack from the other." To the Soviets, *disarmament* meant "Let's stop your young warmongers sitting behind their computers in Silicon Valley, Southern California, around Dallas, Austin, and Boston from designing these hellish new weapons. Let's stop Boeing, General Dynamics, McDonnell Douglas, Texas Instruments, Hughes, Rockwell, General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler from inventing the means to produce weapons more efficiently and reliably. Let's stop the Pentagon from picking out teenage geniuses, secretly paying their way through engineering schools at Purdue or Georgia Tech or Texas A&M, then through doctoral programs at Stanford and MIT so they can contrive ever more diabolical weapons."

The Soviets had no intention whatsoever of negotiating any meaningful erosion of their military power. They had every intention of dissuading the United States from entering into a real arms race, which they were running as fast as they could. "Walt, they know now that they could not win."

Morris credited Eva with inspiring the third report. Between the door of their apartment building and the limousine, she whispered: “Keep an eye on Brezhnev. The girls tell me he’s on something.”

That had never occurred to Morris. Everyone was getting old, drunkenness was commonplace at Soviet state functions, and it was not unusual for young aides later in the evening to prop up old men they were around to protect. However, on the many occasions when Morris had been with Brezhnev, he never saw him drink too much. Although the private talk suggested at the airport never materialized, Morris twice observed Brezhnev at official functions and, prompted by Eva, realized that he appeared to be in a trance-like state—scarcely functional.

These three reports from Mission 54 turned out in ways to be as seminal as those from Missions 1 and 2 in 1958 and 1959. Analysts in those years did not believe that the breach between China and the Soviet Union was real and irreparable. Ultimately, Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger did. Analysts in the mid-1970s did not believe that the Soviet economy had plunged into irreversible decline; that the Soviet Union could not militarily match the United States, much less the United States and NATO; that the Soviet Union was an eggshell society waiting to be pierced; or that it increasingly was leaderless. In the early 1980s, Ronald Reagan did believe and act—with results that everyone in the 1990s can see.

THE CHICAGO SAC HAD some good news. For years, Boyle had received outstanding fitness reports or evaluations. They did not, however, specify just what he had done, and personnel managers were suspicious of vague generalities that anybody could write about anybody. And his file still showed that he had been formally censured and demoted for threatening an inspector physically. So for fourteen years he had stayed in the same grade and the same job, the nature of which few at headquarters understood. Evidently, someone—perhaps Wannall or Kelley himself—finally interceded, for now the Bureau wanted to promote and transfer him to “an important supervisory position” at headquarters.

Boyle asked if he still would be involved in SOLO and the SAC said he did not know, but the operation could not continue indefinitely and Boyle should think of his future and the welfare of his family.

On the train home he did think about his family and how pleasant life would be for his six children in the wooded suburbs of Northern Virginia; the educational opportunities; the national museums and galleries in Washington; and the beaches, mountains, and historic sites within easy reach. Transfer to headquarters would erase the old stain on his record and perhaps lead to further advancement. The increase in salary accompanying promotion would increase his pension, and he could retire anytime after reaching age fifty. And in Washington, many an agent had made contacts that resulted in lucrative jobs after retirement.

The SAC, who admired Boyle, asked him if he would like to visit headquarters to discuss his new assignment.

"You said the transfer was not mandatory. I'm not going to Washington."

"I'm afraid if you don't go you won't be promoted."

"There's no way I'll walk away from 58."

"Look! You studied to be an actuary. You know that 58 and 69 can't go on much longer. Walt, SOLO is almost over."

"Maybe. No one, not even Carl or Al or John or I, thought it would last this long. In any case, I'm staying until the end."

eighteen

THE WINDOW CLOSES

BOYLE SET OUT ON November 30, 1976, with Morris and Eva for the airport well in advance of flight time and the launch of Mission 55 to Prague, Moscow, and Budapest. Traffic was surprisingly light, and having checked in at O'Hare with a couple of hours to spare, they waited in a secluded first-class lounge. Such waits tended to be awkward because there was nothing of substance to say. All preparations had been made, everything that needed to be said had been said, and the apprehension all three shared made small talk seem banal. They said goodbye at the door of the lounge, and Eva kissed Boyle on the cheek. "Cheer up, Walt, we'll come back."

"I know you will. I'll be waiting."

As things began to unravel in Washington, headquarters decreed "no more paper"; Morris and Eva henceforth were not to copy documents or make any notes. Morris, however, during conversations in December with men he had known for thirty or forty years did jot down "TWA"—"tell Walt about"—a few times along with innocent reminders only he could decipher.

He found the Soviets in a state of shock, dismay, and confusion induced by the election of Jimmy Carter as president of the United States. They had been sure that Gerald Ford would win the election, and, contrary to their initial expectations, Ford had emerged in their judgment as a reasonable man with whom they could do business. After all, he had approved the Helsinki Accords by which the West, in return for a Soviet pledge to respect human rights, tacitly acquiesced to permanent Soviet dominion over Eastern Europe and the "Brezhnev doctrine," which in essence proclaimed "What's ours is ours; what's yours is negotiable."

To the Soviets, Carter was an enigma. What did a governor from Georgia know about world affairs? What sort of foreign policy would he formulate? They had heard he might select as a principal foreign policy advisor a Polish professor who didn't even have an American name (Carter soon appointed Zbigniew Brzezinski, a scholar from Columbia University, to be his national security advisor), and *Polish Americans were as bad as*—the Soviets, ever deferential to Morris, caught themselves and stopped. He knew they meant *as bad as American Jew*s.

The Soviets were working themselves into a frenzy over the tendency of West European parties now and then to make decisions and set policy independently of Moscow. They likened this "Eurocommunism" to the "American Exceptionalism" of the 1920s and the first stage of Chinese heresy in the late 1950s, and considered it a dangerous phenomenon.

Thank God (despite their professed atheism, the Soviets in talking with Morris used the phrase *slava Bogu* or "thank God") the CPUSA was reliable; the Soviets appreciated its undeviating loyalty and intended to reward it with a $2 million subsidy in 1977. At the same time, they clearly laid down the line they expected the party to follow; *peace* and *disarmament* remained overriding objectives, and they intended to pursue them no matter what Carter did. The unstated but clear message to the American party was *You are to make peace and disarmament your priorities*.

On New Year's Eve 1976, Morris and Eva landed in Boston, and Boyle took them to a motel suite to rest overnight before flying to Chicago. During the night, the racket of men raucously singing or bellowing in Russian awakened them and Eva exclaimed, "I thought we were home! Where are we?" After investigating, Boyle assured them they really were in the United States. The celebration of a visiting delegation of Russians in a nearby room had spilled over into the corridor. Now there was not a sound.

"How do you suppose Walt managed to shut them up?" Eva asked.

Morris said, "Can't you guess?"

In Chicago, after filing the factual mission reports Morris and Boyle undertook to answer the basic question: What does all this mean?

Despite their irrational fears of what Carter might do, and no matter what he did do, the Soviets intended to make the campaign for peace and disarmament the cornerstone of their foreign policy. Why? Morris recalled that, a few years before, someone in the International Department said to him, "Our military intelligence is perfect; our political intelligence is just the opposite." He believed that Soviet intelligence about American science and technology was excellent, and that the Politburo heeded it; the oligarchs, who had no military or scientific expertise, had to rely upon their military and scientific advisors, and they always paid attention to anything they perceived as threatening them personally. To Morris, the Soviets no longer boasted, as they had done in the 1960s, that their weapons were as good as or better than American weapons, nor did they talk about "catching up" with the United States economically. They did talk about the necessity of stopping the United States from proceeding with the development of "hellish" weapons now progressing from computer printouts toward testing and production.[‡]

Soviet scientists and generals understood that the Soviet Union could neither match nor effectively defend against these new weapon systems. They understood that, in a real arms race, superior American technology and economic strength would win—by a wide margin—and they so informed the Politburo. Hence, the peace and disarmament campaign. Its long-term aim was to prevent the United States from entering an arms race; the short-term aim was to halt development or deployment of those "hellish" new American weapons.

[‡] The Soviets did not specify to Morris any particular weapons system that worried them, and he had no plausible reason to ask. Subsequent evidence shows that they feared the oncoming Pershing and cruise missiles, the neutron bomb, and the B-1 bomber—all spawned by technology and production techniques they could not then, or now, equal.

"If you think like they do, it makes all sorts of sense. If you can't win a race, then don't have a race. If they can make us stand still they can walk ahead and I guarantee you they have no intention whatsoever of reducing their military power. The Party and everybody it can influence will denounce any new American weapon as a threat to peace and disarmament."

Morris did not agree that Soviet political intelligence was "the opposite of perfect." If the Soviets so adroitly could collect information—much of it secret—about American science, technology, and military power, why could they not collect facts about American politics that were mostly not secret? The problem—and danger—as Morris saw it, lay in Soviet misinterpretation of political intelligence. Lacking military or scientific expertise, Soviet rulers had to accept the judgments of their generals and scientists. In political matters, however, they claimed supreme expertise. But their judgments were warped because they had isolated and insulated themselves from reality and because they were prisoners of their own dogma, slogans, and past. As an example, he cited Soviet reaction to the election of Jimmy Carter.

The results of numerous public opinion polls and competent commentary published week after week in newspapers across America before the election indicated that the outcome would be close but that there was a strong possibility that Carter would win. Surely Soviet diplomats and intelligence officers reported what any American reading the papers in the smallest hamlet knew. Ardent adherents of the adage "Better the devil you know," the old oligarchs in Moscow *wanted* Ford to win and therefore he *would* win. When he lost, they were shocked and feared it would be more difficult to deal with a Democratic president than a Republican president. To anyone vaguely familiar with the American political landscape, this view was other-worldly.

"Walt, what this means is that they're capable of going off the deep end."

Headquarters responded: "This is a brilliant analysis and we think it is 100 percent correct. But right now within the [intelligence] community you and 58 are 'pissing into the wind.'"

The FBI in the spring briefed the new attorney general, Griffin Bell, and National Security Advisor Brzezinski about SOLO, its accomplishments, its potential, and the ultrasecret procedures governing distribution of SOLO intelligence. The briefers also explained that leaks and ongoing congressional investigations in Washington made continuance of the operation increasingly dangerous and diplomatically suggested that the political consequences of its compromise would not be good. For security reasons, the FBI was considering ending SOLO. Bell in turn fully briefed his friend, the president. Shortly afterward, headquarters notified Boyle and Langtry that Carter had expressly ordered the FBI to continue SOLO and that he personally accepted responsibility for the consequences. "He thinks it's the greatest thing since ice cream."

THE SOVIET UNION, at some pain to its dwindling treasury, maintained armies of spies and legions of diplomats—most of them intelligent, well educated, and fluent in English—to study and supply information about the United States. They could talk to members of Congress personally, attend congressional hearings, see cabinet officers (even the secretary of state), and read an overabundance of news and commentary about what was happening in the United States. Yet Brezhnev wanted Morris and Gus Hall to come over and tell him what *really* was going on.

They traveled separately to Moscow in late May and saw Brezhnev four times. Morris was in effect the number two man in the American party, and since as far as he knew the party in 1977 had not a single source in the United States government, they could report only what they had read in the press. But Hall made it seem as if their information emanated partially from unregistered sympathizers in the government, and Brezhnev was pleased to get the inside story from men he really trusted, from men who had actually run for public office in the United States. (Hall was a quadrennial candidate for the presidency.) At Morris' suggestion, Hall volunteered that the American party would invest all its resources to promote peace and disarmament and, through Morris, coordinate its efforts with the International Department. Brezhnev responded emotionally. The CPUSA was the only party in the capitalist world that truly upheld the principles of Marxism–Leninism. Ideologically, it occupied in the capitalist camp the same position that the CPUSSR occupied in the socialist camp. The CPUSA could have whatever it needed, whatever it wanted.

Hall and his wife departed in early June, leaving Morris and Eva behind to attend to the details of MORAT. Ponomarev ostensibly was ill, and Morris dealt principally with his deputy, Anatoly Chernayev. On June 9, the day before Morris' seventy-fifth birthday, Chernayev casually mentioned, almost as if by afterthought, that Brezhnev wanted to have a private, "working" dinner with him the next night and that an escort would pick him up in a limousine. Though they had talked many times, Morris had never dined privately with Brezhnev, and he thought it odd that Chernayev did not indicate any topics Brezhnev might want to discuss at the "working" (no wives) dinner.

A well-dressed young man called at the apartment the next evening, introduced himself in faultless English as an interpreter, and led Morris to the limousine. Standing by it, flanked by two bodyguards, was a man Morris knew well—Yuri Andropov, chairman of the KGB. Morris thought, *So this is how it ends. He wants the honor of arresting me himself. Eva, I love you.*

Andropov, who spoke a little English, leaned down and hugged Morris. "Old friend, great comrade. It much pleases me to see you." Through the interpreter, Andropov explained that Brezhnev had asked him personally to escort Morris and to join them at dinner.

Morris called the relatively small Kremlin dining room the "Captain's Cabin" because it was reserved exclusively for the most senior captains of world communism. As Andropov opened the door, a chorus of shouts in English rang out: "Happy Birthday!" There stood Brezhnev, Suslov, Ponomarev, Chernayev, Mostovets, and about half the Politburo. While an army quartet accompanied by an accordionist magnificently sang, alternately in English and Russian, "Happy Birthday" and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," the rulers of the Soviet empire came one by one to hug Agent 58 on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday.

Brezhnev placed Morris to his right and gave a toast to "a great man, the last of the true Bolsheviks, our beloved comrade, Morris." The assembled, who had just sat down, stood and applauded. Between courses of the lavish dinner, others offered toasts to Morris, and with such sincerity that Morris had to warn himself: *Don't fall for any of this. Think where you are and who they are. Think about how many millions the men in this room have killed. Think about what Walt and the Bureau will ask.*

While KGB waiters served champagne, brandy, fruit, and cheese, Brezhnev—who remained seated—put on thick glasses and started to read the speech of the evening, the product of considerable research and a talented dramatist.

Morris had joined the party in 1919. Who here has served longer? When the Trotskyites threatened to seize our party headquarters in Chicago in 1927, Comrade Morris organized and led a band of comrades who at the risk of their lives defended and held our headquarters. There was a little truth in this. Obeying orders from Earl Browder, Morris, (the "Red Milkman"), did lead a few scruffy comrades into headquarters and for a few nights they slept on the floor, ready to repel the minions of Jay Lovestone, the heretical "American Exceptionalist." But no one attempted to seize the building, there was no fight or trouble, and Morris had long since forgotten about the incident. But it was recorded in Soviet files, and, in describing it, Brezhnev and his speechwriter made it seem like the battle of the Alamo.

Brezhnev went on rather accurately. As international secretary of the Communist Party of the United States of America, Comrade Morris had won the respect, confidence, and friendship of party leaders throughout the socialist world, and no one had done more to build solidarity among all parties. The CPUSA was the purest of parties, and Comrade Morris for more than fifty years had been a bulwark of that party.

With some difficulty, Brezhnev rose and so did everyone else. He said to Morris, "On behalf of the Communist Party of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, on behalf of the Soviet people and of all comrades here, I have the honor of presenting this decoration." He then pinned on Morris' coat lapel a medal, the Order of the Red Banner.

Subsequently, Chernayev told Morris that Jack had also been awarded a medal and that it would be given to him when he next came to Moscow.

In evaluating the ceremony for the FBI, Morris tried to be objective, just as he did in reporting about Soviet persecution of Jews. He thought the Soviets were sincere, or "as sincere as gangsters can be." They ludicrously overestimated the influence of the American party and credited it with causing phenomena, such as the anti–Vietnam War movement, in which it played only a peripheral part. The old doctrine of "Democratic Centralism" from the 1920s still governed their thinking. Once they made a decision and issued marching orders, everyone in all parties was supposed to march lockstep. Morris, Hall, and the American party, unlike the "Euro-communist" ingrates, always did, and the Soviets appreciated that.

Possibly, too, there was some personal warmth and friendship behind the medal. "I've known some of those bloody thugs since the 1930s." The Soviets, logically, believed Morris and Jack were taking extreme personal risks, and like everyone else they admired valor. They also dearly valued MORAT, which is why they awarded Jack a medal. The gesture of having the chairman of the KGB personally escort Morris and the presence of Brezhnev and the main rulers of the Soviet empire at the extraordinary dinner were personal tributes. But the medals also represented tributes to the American party and MORAT. Morris said, "Right now, we're all right in Moscow. It's Washington we have to worry about."

IN THE PAST, SOLO communications between headquarters and Chicago had sometimes been acerbic, and for that Boyle accepted his share of the blame. After receiving the first reports from one mission, headquarters sent a message with the comment, "58 sounds like a communist."

Boyle retorted, "Over there, 58 is a communist. He is virtually a member of the Politburo. He has to think and talk like a communist. What do you want him to do? Go to the embassy, round up a fife and drum corps, pick up an American flag, and parade into the Kremlin singing 'Yankee Doodle' and talking like John Wayne?"

This earned Boyle a visit in his sequestered office, "the hermit's cave," from SAC Dick Held. He realized Boyle was under unceasing stress, that his work was lonely, and that it was supremely important. "But you don't help yourself or 58 when you make senior people at headquarters look like idiots."

Boyle promised to refrain from sarcasm, and by summer 1977 exchanges between the field and Washington had become collegial and cordial. The Bureau designated an agent at headquarters, Michael Steinbeck, to handle SOLO administrative matters and day-to-day communications with Chicago and New York. He and Boyle talked often through scramblers, which garbled words spoken into a phone at one end of the line and ungarbled them at the other end.

Even though the line was secure, they tended to speak elliptically or in their own informal code, and in August Boyle asked if the weather had improved any. Steinbeck said it had not. "Do you think it is safe to fly?"

"We're trying to decide."

The Soviets planned an elaborate celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the October Revolution, and they fully expected Morris to attend, as did Gus Hall. Boyle wanted to know if the Bureau was willing to risk another mission.

Steinbeck telephoned, in October. "It's a Chicago call. Whichever play you choose, we'll back you up." In other words, the Bureau is willing to take the risk, but let 58 decide. It's his life that's at stake.

Boyle on October 20, 1977, told Steinbeck over the secure line, "We've decided to throw deep." Morris and Eva left for Moscow the next day.

The Soviets initially put them in a suite at the party hotel so Morris could more easily mingle with (and spy on) foreign leaders gathering for the ceremonies. Despite the demands upon their protocol resources imposed by the presence of so many dignitaries, the Soviets assigned a retinue of women to attend Eva and Elizabeth Hall and even arranged for them to have tea with the first female cosmonaut, who to Eva seemed shy and nice.

In the hotel, Morris encountered Fidel Castro, who greeted him heartily and insisted that he and Eva come to dinner at the Cuban embassy.

Castro said the only other guests would be a Spanish couple and pointedly told Morris not to bring a Russian as an interpreter; they would speak English. Castro was an engaging host and especially gracious to Eva. She recalled, "He knew a lot about the United States and he was very interested in our party. He said some snide things about the Russians and I got the feeling he really didn't like them; he wouldn't let any of them come to dinner. They served good steaks and they were a delicacy in Moscow, and after dinner Castro himself poured brandy and asked me if he could smoke a cigar. It was a pleasant evening but he just kept talking and I thought we never would get out of there."

Eva most remembered the sight of Brezhnev at a formal reception. Two men literally held him on his feet; his face was pale and waxen, his eyes glazed, his speech blurred and incoherent. The ruler of the Soviet Union gave every appearance of being comatose and Eva thought, *That man is not going to get well.*

Throughout the four weeks in Moscow, the Soviets were as trusting and friendly as ever. They assembled leaders of South American parties for secret deliberations about how better to coordinate communist activities throughout the Western Hemisphere and invited Morris to participate and make suggestions. Ponomarev said that, despite a shortage of hard currency, they would give the American party $2.1 million in 1978, and he asked Morris to nominate Americans to attend the Lenin School. Except at the reception, Morris did not see Brezhnev, but Ponomarev gave a farewell luncheon for Morris and most of his old acquaintances came.

Eva and Morris started home in mid-November 1977 by flying from Moscow to Prague. About twenty minutes before the Aeroflot plane was to land in Prague, the pilot or co-pilot came to them with an announcement: By order of the "highest authorities," they must return to Moscow at once. They were not to remove their luggage or other belongings from the plane. While the plane was being refueled, they were at liberty to enter the Prague terminal and speak to the Czech delegation awaiting them. Two comrades would escort them and make sure they did not miss the return flight.

Morris and Eva looked at each other and reached for each other's hand. *They have found out, and we are going to die.*

Flying back to Moscow, they held hands, kissed each other on the cheek, exchanged vows of love, and spoke of the wonderful life they had shared. Eva tried to be cheerful, and once she did make Morris laugh by talking about their visit to the Polish horse farm, Gus Hall's idea of the party selling horse meat as beef, and a communist fast-food chain selling "Gusburgers." She tried to be optimistic. "Walt and John and Jim will get us out."

Morris said, "Listen to me. Nobody will be able to get me out. There may be a chance for you. I will tell them I never let you know, that you were just a good wife who did what you were told. I don't know how much they know. If they show you photographs of Walt or John or anyone else from the Bureau you've seen, you must say, 'Yes, I saw him a few times. Morris said he was a party member.' You are innocent. Maintain your innocence to the last, no matter what."

Before descending the mobile stairway from the plane to the tarmac outside Moscow, they embraced for what they thought was the last time.

Eva imagined that inside the terminal goons would handcuff her or physically drag her away. Instead, beautiful children, bearing bouquets of flowers, and Nikolai Mostovets, chief of the North American division of the International Department, greeted them. Mostovets apologized profusely for interrupting their journey and explained that Hall was on his way to Moscow, and Hall insisted that Morris be present while he was there.

Morris never let the Soviets know when he was ill or in pain but he could not conceal the fatigue that drained his face of color; in consequence, during the return visit, they burdened him as little as possible. Ponomarev told Hall that Morris' health was vital to the party and that because of his conspicuous exhaustion he was ordering him to skip the ceremonial dinners. Ponomarev also gave Morris a number through which he could be reached day or night, and urged Morris to call if he needed anything. The Soviets could not have been more considerate.

Nevertheless, each day in Moscow Morris feared what might happen in Washington, and he suffered heart palpitations and excruciating back pains. Only when he saw Boyle waiting inside customs at Boston on November 20 did the knotting tension begin to subside.

FBI Director Clarence Kelley, while delegating responsibility for daily management of SOLO, monitored the operation closely and came greatly to admire Morris and Eva without ever having met them. In one of his last official acts before retiring, Kelley, on January 13, 1978, traveled to Chicago personally to thank them on behalf of the FBI and the United States. His obvious sincerity, simple eloquence, and the fact that he came with nothing to gain personally touched Morris. Now, within a span of a few months, the chairman of the KGB and director of the FBI had gone out of their way personally to honor him.

STEINBECK IN MARCH ALARMED Boyle and Langtry. Congressional committees seeking evidence of illegalities continued to demand FBI files, and in an effort to prevent a House committee from stumbling onto SOLO, Steinbeck had told three congressmen about it. They pledged silence, but now at least ten people on Capitol Hill knew.

The *New York Times* in April published a column reporting facts that, although they did not compromise SOLO, could only have come from someone with knowledge of it. A senior New York agent who knew was under investigation by the Justice Department, and Langtry suspected that the column constituted a veiled warning from him—back off or there will be worse leaks.

Langtry and Boyle then heard from Steinbeck that on May 1, 1978, this same agent testified in a closed session of the Senate Intelligence Committee. Steinbeck did not know what the agent said but the committee had commanded Steinbeck to appear on May 4 to discuss allegations of illegal acts committed by the FBI in the conduct of SOLO.

Boyle and Langtry of course had committed many acts that, if considered in a narrow context, could be construed as illegal. They had procured medical prescriptions and airline tickets under false pretenses, and they had suborned immigration and customs officials and persuaded them to admit into the country without question people traveling under false names with forged passports.

And for years they had prepared and filed irregular income tax returns on behalf of Morris and Jack. Because Morris and Jack worked full time for the government, the FBI eventually decided to pay them salaries (Langtry recalls that they never received more than $30,000 a year) and insisted that they pay taxes on this clandestine income. Langtry asked, "How do we explain the source of income?"

Headquarters helpfully replied, "That's your problem." Langtry solved his by figuring out how much Jack owed in taxes, obtaining a cashier's check for the amount from a friendly bank, and mailing it to the Internal Revenue Service without explanation. Boyle paid Morris' taxes by a more complicated subterfuge, but still a subterfuge.

Langtry and Boyle also violated laws by participating in a conspiracy to smuggle, hide, and disburse millions of dollars in illicit cash (by 1978, the total was approaching $26 million) on which no taxes were paid.

Certainly, Boyle and Langtry did not act with any criminal intent; neither of them profited personally; and no one was harmed, except avowed enemies of the United States waging covert warfare against the United States. To accuse them of breaking the law because they did their duty in accordance with policies specifically approved by presidents of the United States would be a mockery of the law. But in the prevailing political climate, there was no absolute assurance that some publicity-seeking committee or prosecutor might not, now or later, try to mock the law if given the chance. Boyle and Langtry could defend themselves only if the government and courts approved release of the full SOLO story. In any case, the legal costs to them would be ruinous.

At approximately the same time on the same afternoon, agents from headquarters appeared in the Chicago and New York field offices to show Boyle and Langtry the same letter. Neither man could keep the letter or make notes about it. The original would remain in the Justice Department, and a copy would be secreted at FBI headquarters. But if ever circumstances required, the letter would be made available to them.

The letter was from Attorney General Griffin Bell. It granted Boyle and Langtry immunity from prosecution for any authorized acts perpetrated in discharge of their SOLO duties. No one asked Bell to do this. He grasped the importance of SOLO and of his own initiative did what he thought was right for the United States without any possibility of personal or political gain.

Boyle says, "At the time, we had more to fear from some of our fellow countrymen in Congress and the press than from the enemy. So the letter was very heartening. We were deeply appreciative of the voluntary and noble gesture by Griffin Bell. In retrospect, I only wish I had been allowed to keep a copy."[‡]

Headquarters in June summoned Boyle and Langtry to Washington to confer with senior Bureau executives about the future of the operation, and none of the factors discussed was encouraging. The *New York Times* had published another article with information obviously supplied by someone with some knowledge of SOLO; the source had not yet betrayed the operation, but how much more would he leak? And Steinbeck in fending off allegations that the FBI was breaking the law had to reveal to the Senate committee many more operational details than Wannall disclosed when defusing the issue of Martin Luther King. Some were exciting, dramatic details—the kind people like to tell wives, girlfriends, journalists, or anyone else they hope to impress. The FBI no longer could be sure how many outside the Bureau knew of SOLO or who all of them were. There was also increasing danger that the operation inadvertently might be exposed through records that had to be produced in response to lawsuits and demands lodged under the Freedom of Information Act. The ongoing attempts of congressional committees to prove the FBI guilty of wrongdoing, any wrongdoing, remained a threat.

[‡] Because Boyle and Langtry were not allowed to keep copies of the letter, they think—but are unsure—that the grant of immunity applied to all members of the SOLO team.

MORRIS AND EVA RETAINED all their mental acuity and were intellectually capable of dealing with the Soviets. However, Morris was now seventy-six and in terrible health, and the arduous journeys to Moscow and Eastern Europe exhausted his reserves. When Boyle met him after the last mission, he was bent over and hobbled by back pains, and his voice barely rose above a whisper. How much longer could he retain the necessary physical stamina? How much longer could he even live? How much more could the United States justly ask of these elderly people who for so long had done so much?

Assistant Director James Nolan, who presided over the meeting, concluded it by saying there seemed to be general agreement that the FBI should not further risk the lives of 58 and 66 (Eva), that it should quit while it was ahead. No one dissented, and most nodded affirmatively. Back in Chicago and New York, Boyle and Langtry for the first time discussed with Morris, Eva, and Jack the discontinuation of SOLO.

On June 29, 1978, Steinbeck transmitted urgent messages to Chicago and New York: The president and attorney general have overruled the decision to "disengage." In compliance with their explicit orders, the Bureau must continue SOLO.

Professionally, Boyle doubted the prudence of their order. Personally, Boyle—who in an election between a Democratic dogcatcher and a Republican dog would have voted for the dog—considered it courageous and admirable. Politically, Carter and Bell had everything to lose. By substituting their judgment for that of the FBI, they implicitly accepted responsibility for the lives of Morris and Eva; if Morris and Eva were lost and the public found out, they would be blamed. If SOLO were exposed and only part of the story came out—the part proving that the government long had suppressed irrefutable evidence that the American Communist Party was a wholly owned lackey of the Soviet Union—how would conservatives and anticommunists react? If the Soviets discovered that the FBI for two decades had made fools of their rulers, how would *they* react? Carter and Bell had nothing personally to gain; they believed the United States did.

While the president or attorney general could direct the FBI to continue an operation, only the FBI could determine how to continue it, and on July 25 Steinbeck relayed a terse message from headquarters to Boyle: "No more trips."

Boyle told Morris that he and Eva should maintain relations with Gus and Elizabeth Hall, and if necessary meet the KGB in New York. Jack would go on as before, transmitting and receiving messages, by radio and through drops, and picking up money. But the Bureau had determined that further missions into the Soviet Union would be too dangerous; Morris and Eva could never again leave the United States.

Steinbeck on August 11 sent another alert. Under threat of subpoena, the Justice Department had released to Senate staff members a comprehensive study justifying the legality of SOLO. The study laid bare the operation, and the FBI had no idea how many people might read it. Steinbeck next reported that a retired FBI agent who, as a surveillant in Chicago during the early 1960s, had learned something about SOLO, was blabbing about it to anyone who would listen. The loon had also written a manuscript, a copy of which the CIA had recovered from the debris of the Jonestown massacre in Guyana. Because the former agent seemed daft, apparently no one had paid any attention to him thus far. But if the Soviets got word of what he was saying or saw the manuscript, they would pay attention and understand.

The FBI now judged the operation hopelessly insecure, and on September 15 headquarters unilaterally decided to end it and begin to "disengage." Listen to Eva:

> Jack, Morris, Walt, John, and I got together in a hotel suite in New York. Now, Walt and John always were perfect gentlemen. But they were very tough boys; you have to be tough to do what they did. But they still were boys and I always could tell from the way they looked when something was wrong.
>
> They told us that it was too dangerous for us to go on, that the Bureau had decided to close down the operation. Maybe they said slowly or gradually. But it was all over.
>
> I think that at first we—Morris, Jack, and I—were glad. You know, we always were scared. Then I saw that Morris and Jack were sad. This had been their life. They really loved our country. They really were proud to help it. And now it was about to be over. It was a big change for all of us.

Six days later, Steinbeck frantically called Boyle. The attorney general again had overruled the Bureau and ordered it not to stop. "Mike, I've done exactly what you said. I've told the main players exactly why the game is over. I can't go back now and rewrite the rules. You're going to have to tell the coaches that. Tell them what has been said, cannot be unsaid; tell them, you can't put the toothpaste back into the tube."

Steinbeck responded the next day. "We concur. Your comments are appreciated. They will help us explain to those who still want to play."

Morris was supposed to come to Moscow in October for the annual strategic, operational, and budget consultations. Following another FBI script, he went to New York and on October 3 while talking to Hall, he suddenly gasped and bent over, pretending to be disabled by back spasms. He dissuaded Hall from calling for an ambulance; it would be safer if a party doctor looked at him in the apartment. He asked Hall to help him to a taxi. Meanwhile, Eva, following the same script, beseeched Elizabeth Hall, as one wife to another, as a fellow member of their feminist club in Moscow, to help. Morris tried to hide sickness from her; she knew he was very sick and belonged in the Mayo Clinic. The party was Morris' whole life, and he was determined to keep his appointments at the Kremlin. Eva feared he could not survive the journey; would Elizabeth please make Gus order Morris not to go to Moscow, to go to the hospital instead?

Early the next morning, an agent chalked a mark near a subway station signaling the KGB that a message had been deposited in a drop. The message said that because of illness Morris could not travel to Moscow. Pending his recovery, communications could be effected by radio and through drops. That afternoon, Elizabeth called Eva and said Gus wanted Morris to enter the hospital and not to worry about anything else.

The FBI, recognizing that SOLO someday must end, over the years developed a number of contingency plans for ending it. The most basic provided for emergency "evacuation and resettlement" of Morris, Eva, Jack, and Roz. On an hour's notice, agents could bundle them into hiding and then to residences in an area of the country where Soviet diplomatic personnel were forbidden to enter. Boyle scouted for desirable homes in Nevada and Southern California and kept current a list of those available for purchase. However, the sympathetic reaction of Hall to Morris' presumed illness showed that presently there was no emergency requiring Morris and Jack to suddenly disappear.

At an operational conference on October 25, 1978, the FBI tentatively decided to attempt a "field compromise" or ruse that would compel the Soviets to end the operation and make them think they were responsible for its collapse. According to the plan, Jack would request a personal meeting with his KGB handler and make sure their conversation was incriminating. Through a long-range microphone, agents would record the conversation, confront the KGB officer with the tape, and make a clumsy attempt to recruit him. The officer would race to the Soviet Mission and report that the FBI was onto him and Jack. The Soviets would then warn Jack and Morris that they were in danger, cease contact, and wonder what they had done wrong.

The FBI, however, saw no need to try the ploy immediately. Until a clear compromise or crisis occurred, it could continue to milk intelligence from the Soviet radio transmissions to Jack and from his contacts with Hall. Jack falsely told Hall that while in the Mayo Clinic Morris had suffered a "cardiac incident" but doctors expected him to recover. Subsequently, Morris showed Hall a letter from a physician warning him not to make any long flights.

Continuing messages from Moscow did yield some valuable intelligence. One to Hall instructed the party to organize a propaganda campaign aimed at preventing deployment of Pershing and cruise missiles in Europe. Another directed it to discredit and vilify National Security Advisor Brzezinski. Such messages again enabled the United States to read Soviet minds and act accordingly. Carter did order deployment of the missiles, and the Soviets unwittingly enhanced Brzezinski's status.

THE FBI HAD ESTABLISHED an Analytical Unit and staffed it with gifted men and women who tried to solve riddles pertaining to crime and espionage. They also looked at data released pursuant to court orders or Freedom of Information Act demands.

A widow of a party member had filed a lawsuit accusing the FBI of defaming her late husband, and an analyst studying records the court compelled the FBI to give her made and reported a finding, *viz*: On the basis of records now available to the CPUSA, I conclude that Morris Childs of Chicago, former editor of the *Daily Worker*, is and long has been an asset of the Bureau. I also conclude that his brother Jack Childs of New York, known to be a confidant of Gus Hall, probably is and long has been an asset of the Bureau. I do not need or want to know whether these conclusions are correct. I respectfully submit that if Soviet analysts study the same data, they can draw the same conclusions.

Reporting this to Boyle on January 12, 1979, Steinbeck asked if Chicago thought it was time to proceed with the "field compromise." Boyle said he wanted to talk to 58.

Eva in a 1993 interview recalled:

> We had a lot of clever ways of talking to each other. We never answered the phone the first time it rang. If it

> rang a certain number of times, that meant Walt would call back in a certain number of minutes and the number of rings told us what we were supposed to do. I remember that 'four short, then three long' meant that the FBI was coming to take us away, even if I was in my nightgown...
>
> Walt called us to the hideout [the cover office]... Walt was Irish, you know, and he could be very charming and funny. So could John [Langtry]. John was Scottish and Irish... They treated me mostly like I was a queen; sometimes like I was their kid sister. They always made me feel welcome and I sat in on a lot of conferences.
>
> Morris and Walt were very smart, and they really could talk to each other, and they didn't use many words. Walt asked Morris about some trick to end the operation. Morris said, "Why now?" Walt said, "You're right." That's the way they talked. So we kept on going. Of course, we didn't go over there any more.

A telephone call on September 7, 1979, astonished Morris. Nikolai Mostovets was traveling in North America. Surely he was aware that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the FBI would not be indifferent to his travels. The Soviets always tried to conceal their relationship with Morris, yet from a Chicago hotel Mostovets called to invite him and Eva to dinner at the Cart Restaurant on the Chicago Loop.

Friendly and solicitous, Mostovets expressed Soviet concern about Morris' health and suggested he come to the Soviet Union and rest in a party sanitorium. Morris explained that, although he would like very much to come, doctors had forbidden him from traveling any long distance. Mostovets said that all of Morris' friends looked forward to the time when he could travel and resume work.

The FBI concluded that none of the SOLO leaks had yet reached or been understood in Moscow. But in late spring 1980, Steinbeck warned that, because of information made public in the suit brought by the widow of the party member, headquarters believed that Morris was in danger, and Boyle alerted him to be ready to flee at any time.

Morris usually kept hidden in Chicago substantial amounts of Soviet cash upon which Hall could draw if for any reason Jack was unavailable. On May 28 in New York he falsely told Hall that neighbors reported men had been making inquiries about him and that he feared he suddenly might have to go into hiding. Therefore, he wanted to return all party funds in his possession, and he gave Hall $225,437 in cash. Hall, himself a former fugitive, understood and agreed that for the time being he and Morris should communicate through their wives or Jack. Elizabeth on June 2 flew to Chicago and collected from Eva the remaining party funds Morris had retrieved from a hiding place.

Jack, who suffered from chronic bronchitis, emphysema, and heart problems, fell ill. In his place Morris five times in June signaled the KGB requesting a personal meeting in hopes of discussing a possible successor to himself. For reasons no one understood, the KGB in New York did not respond.

Worried about Jack, Hall on June 29 visited him at his home and urged him to go to the Mayo Clinic, which seemed to have worked wonders for Morris. On August 11, an ambulance transported Jack to a New York hospital. On August 12, 1980, Steinbeck called Boyle: "69 just died of cardiac arrest."

Eva said, "Morris was very sad. He and Jack were different. But they were brothers for seventy years and they'd been through a lot together and they were close. We all were close. Morris' youngest brother was killed in the war. Ben [the brother who ran the cover business in Chicago] had died. All his brothers were gone."

The FBI could still talk to the Kremlin through the old-time Comintern radio operator, NY-4309S*, and they exchanged messages that culminated in a meeting on August 21 between KGB officer Konstantin Koryavin and Morris. Koryavin said the Politburo and all of Morris' friends in Moscow deeply regretted the death of Jack and inquired about Jack's family. Morris replied that the family was all right but that he feared he might be under FBI investigation. Given that and his failing health, he and Hall were thinking about someone to replace him. Hall nominated a man the KGB code named Caesar, and the Soviets, through radioman "Clip" (NY 4309-S), transmitted detailed instructions for a meeting with him on September 6 in Vienna. There, from the shadows, FBI Agent Charles Knox watched as two men furtively greeted each other on the street. One was KGB officer Anatoly Portyanoy, who had worked with Jack in New York for three years. But Knox did not recognize Caesar, and there were so many KGB countersurveillants around the rendezvous site that he dared not follow him. After months of detective work in the United States, the FBI finally identified Caesar and tried to recruit him. An old-time Party member, Caesar angrily refused to help. The FBI then laid before Caesar's lawyer the evidence of his clandestine collaboration with the Soviets and warned that if it continued Caesar would be subject to prosecution as an unregistered foreign agent. Thus Caesar instantly became useless to the Party, the KGB, and the International Department.

The Soviets continued to send messages through 4309, and Eva and Elizabeth stayed in touch until the summer of 1981 when headquarters warned it believed that Morris was in imminent danger.

A HUGE VAN PARKED in front of Morris' apartment building and out of it stepped a fine-looking moving crew. Their overalls were immaculate; none had a pot belly; each had a bulge in his pocket, the kind a revolver makes. The chief of the crew was Walter Boyle, and that day he launched Morris and Eva, Agents 58 and 66, on their last FBI mission—this one to a lovely, hidden home watched over and visited by men and women of the FBI.

The window into the Kremlin and the minds of the men in the Kremlin finally had closed.

nineteen

DANGEROUS DARKNESS

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THE window into the Kremlin closed provides another measure of the importance of Operation SOLO to the United States, and to the world.

A Royal Air Force helicopter on September 16, 1985, landed CIA Director William Casey in the courtyard of an old fortress by the sea in England. It was a redoubt of British intelligence, alternately known as MI-6 and the SIS. Among those awaiting Casey were Christopher Curwen, director of MI-6, and Oleg Gordievsky, who for some sixteen years had spied for the British from the upper reaches of the KGB.

At the apex of his Soviet career, Gordievsky was acting *Rezident* in charge of KGB operations in the United Kingdom; in other words, all KGB officers in London were taking orders from a British spy. In 1985 Gordievsky fell under suspicion, he believes, because of betrayals by one of the most squalid traitors in American history, CIA officer Aldrich Ames (responsible for the execution of at least ten U.S. agents in the Soviet Union; in 1994 he was sentenced to life imprisonment). The KGB recalled Gordievsky to Moscow, put him under virtual house arrest, and began an interrogation. In accord with an emergency contingency plan, Gordievsky signaled MI-6 that he was about to be caught, and, in one of the most daring feats of peacetime espionage ever, the British plucked Gordievsky out from under the eyes and clutches of the KGB. (The rescue plan was so audacious that the British ambassador in Moscow reportedly threatened to resign if it was attempted. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher is said to have replied, "Chris [Curwen] probably will resign if we don't try it. I need Chris."

While Gordievsky was stationed in London, meetings between him and MI-6 occurred only about once a month and usually lasted less than an hour. Much of that time was devoted to agreeing upon arrangements for the next meeting, and Gordievsky did not have a chance to elaborate on what he was reporting. He did manage to tell the British something about a worldwide KGB operation code-named "RYAN" (*RYAN* is the transliteration of a Russian acronym for the words *Raketno-Yadernoe Napadeni*, which mean "nuclear missile attack"). To the British, the operation sounded crazy—because it *was* crazy.

Casey came to the fortress to glean insights from Gordievsky that might benefit President Ronald Reagan during his first meeting with Mikhail Gorbachev, soon to take place in Geneva. Among other subjects, Gordievsky brought up Operation RYAN and Casey was so stunned that he asked if the remainder of the conversation could be recorded so that Reagan himself could hear it. Gordievsky said he would be honored.

In the Oval Office of the White House, Casey handed Reagan an MI-6 report comprised of forty pages of basic text and twenty-two pages of appendices. Casey told him the report was exceedingly important. The president sat down and without pause but with mounting dismay, read every word. Then, in alarm, he summoned his national security advisors.

One of them, David Major, the first FBI agent ever to serve on the National Security Council, says, "It was a masterful report. What the British had to tell us was incredible, sometimes comical. But they told us in such detail and in such a way that we could see for ourselves that what they were reporting was true."

The British report showed that some of the dangerous possibilities against which Morris warned had come to pass. In the early 1970s, Morris began to discern specific, factual examples of how the increasingly old men who owned the Soviet Union were increasingly isolating or insulating themselves from reality—that they were making themselves captives of their own boilerplate cant and propaganda. Consequently, they could ignore or misinterpret authentic information, just as Stalin did when both British and Soviet intelligence warned him that the Nazis were about to invade the Soviet Union.

They read little from the Western press, and what they did read about political or military affairs they distrusted as propaganda. They were congenitally conspiratorial and gave more credence to what some spy told them than to what some respectable journalist wrote. Morris exploited this ignorance by regularly reading the more enlightening publications of the United States and United Kingdom. He also read newspapers published in Chicago, New York, Washington, and Los Angeles as well as Soviet publications, and he learned to judge which journalists and commentators were the most reliable and astute. Consequently, he dazzled Soviet rulers with the breadth of his knowledge and the depth of his insights. They marveled at the intelligence-gathering capabilities of the loyal American party, and they believed Morris because he was their spy; he was *nahsh*—"ours." Back home, Morris warned that the old men in the Kremlin could misconstrue ordinary and unrelated events into a horrific conspiracy. This is very dangerous, he would emphasize, because they act upon their thoughts. *They are susceptible to dangerous delusions.* And many times in Moscow Morris jotted down "TWAs"—reminders to "tell Walt about" some dangerous Soviet delusion.

At American behest, the British brought Gordievsky to Washington, and David Major ushered him into the Oval Office to talk to the president. Meanwhile, MI-6 and the CIA pooled resources to confirm and expand upon what Gordievsky had reported. The following is a summary of what Gordievsky reported and of Anglo–American conclusions.

KGB Chairman Yuri Andropov at a Politburo meeting in May

1981 announced portentous news. "The new U.S. administration [the Reagan administration] is actively preparing for nuclear war and a surprise attack upon the Soviet Union is a distinct possibility." Andropov somberly explained that the threat was all the graver because NATO, China, and Japan (which had no offensive military capability) were conniving with the United States to start World War III. Therefore, discovery of when this fiendish international cabal planned to strike must henceforth be the overriding priority of all Soviet intelligence. This worldwide operation would be code-named "RYAN."

Senior KGB officers in the field recognized that the underlying premise of RYAN—that Ronald Reagan suddenly had united the entire industrialized world plus China in a plot unprecedented in history to kill hundreds of millions of people—was insane. So, initially, they regarded the operation as a transient absurdity, something not to be taken seriously, something that would soon pass, like a sudden summer rainstorm. That did not happen.

With this seminal information from Gordievsky, the British and Americans traced the paranoia of the Soviets back to the late 1970s when they learned that the United States was perfecting guidance systems that would enable missiles and bombs to hit within a few feet of any target. (During the Gulf War, televised films showed for all the world to see missiles going down the ventilation pipes of buildings or demolishing narrow bridge spans in Iraq.) Then the KGB or GRU learned that President Jimmy Carter, in consequence of the new accuracy of the weaponry, had authorized a study to determine whether it might be practicable to revise American nuclear strategy from "counter-city" to "counterforce." Bluntly put, the question was, *should we blow up Soviet missiles and weapons instead of Soviet people?*

If Morris still had been sitting in the Kremlin three or four times a year, he would have explained to the Soviets: *This is a study. It is not policy. It's like four guys sitting around at their club after a few sets of tennis and drinking iced tea or orange juice and speculating with each other. You know I am not a military man and your generals will know best and if you want our party to find out more, we will try. I have the impression that generals when they* *have nothing else to do always are gabbing with each other about what might be.*

But Agent 58 was no longer sitting down three or four times a year in the Kremlin.

The imminent advent of two new American weapons systems, the cruise and Pershing missiles, magnified the paranoia. The cruise missile flew only at about the speed of a commercial jet airliner. But a combination of new technology—space, photographic, computer, and microelectronic—empowered any one of the U.S. armed forces to program it to fly so low over water, hills, and dales, through any weather, that no Soviet radar could detect it. The Pershing flew fantastically fast, so fast that if launched from West Germany, the Netherlands, Italy, or the United Kingdom it could hit Moscow or any target in the western Soviet Union within ten to twelve minutes. No Soviet interceptor or missile could stop it. Both the cruise and Pershing missiles carried miniaturized thermonuclear warheads many times more powerful than the atomic bombs that obliterated Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945. The men who owned the Soviet Union had constructed for themselves lavish underground shelters stocked with provisions to survive nuclear war. What they proposed to do upon emerging from their caves into a devastated and depopulated land is unclear. But now Soviet scientists told them that no shelter, however deep and heavily armored, could withstand the accuracy and blasts of the new American missiles. And the Soviet oligarchs needed more than twelve minutes' notice to get themselves and their families to the bunkers. Hence, the potentates felt personally threatened.

Other factors joined to feed the paranoia. From 1977 or so until 1984, the Soviet Union essentially was leaderless. As Eva reported to the FBI, Brezhnev by 1977 was almost comatose. Upon succeeding him, Yuri Andropov soon became mortally ill and nonfunctional. His successor, Konstantin Chernenko, was both a nobody and senile and soon died. Boris Ponomarev and Mikhail Suslov also died.

Then came Ronald Reagan. The Soviets dismissed his anti-Soviet rhetoric during the 1980 presidential campaign as political demagoguery. They anticipated that if elected he would privately come to terms with them in the mutual interests of the Soviet and American "ruling classes." To their astonishment, Reagan once in office appeared to them to mean what he said and to be setting about doing what he said he would do. Quite openly, he set about rejuvenating the United States military into a force capable, if necessary, of fighting and winning a war against the whole world. He publicly called the Soviet Union an "evil empire"; more terrifying to the Soviets, he privately called it a "cancer" to be excised from the body of mankind; and most terrifying of all, Reagan was matching his words with deeds, and more and more Americans seemed to be applauding what he said and did.

Then the Soviets learned, principally through their satellite Polish intelligence service, of an American program to develop a system to protect the United States and its allies against missiles launched against their people. The program was called the "Strategic Defense Initiative," or SDI. Some American journalists, happily joined by Soviet propagandists, succeeded in pejoratively labeling it "Star Wars"—by implication, a mad, diabolical scheme to turn the heavens into a battleground and thereby defile the universe.[‡]

Whether SDI was a good or impractical idea is irrelevant to this story. Relevant is that Ronald Reagan considered he had a duty to protect the American people from enemy attack, and the Soviets (as Morris had warned that at any time they might) misconstrued the motives of his support of SDI. The Soviets had a reverence for American technology, ingenuity, and productive capacity. They believed that, if Americans put their heads together and decided to do something, they probably could do it. Landing American men on the moon in 1969 may have contributed little to science; maybe the grand voyage through space was a political stunt. Stunt or not, it was a technological feat the Soviets could not duplicate. The Soviets, rightly or wrongly, believed the Americans could through SDI construct a system of defenses against ballistic missiles and thereby endow the United States with the capability of striking first against them in confidence that whatever missiles the Soviets had left after a first strike could be intercepted.

[‡] For more than twenty years, Soviet and American missiles had been pointed at each other. They would all sail through the skies at approximately the same altitudes and on the same trajectories. The interceptors the SDI program hoped to develop would fly no higher than Soviet missiles except when they intercepted them at launch. (As the best research indicates, no American journalist or politician has referred to Soviet missiles flying through the same space as "Star Wars.")

Failure of the KGB and GRU in the summer and fall of 1981 and throughout 1982 to uncover any plans by anyone to attack the Soviet Union did not alleviate fears in the Kremlin or at KGB headquarters, which officers in the field called the "Center." To the contrary, it intensified them. To the Kremlin, the absence of evidence meant either that its many conspiratorial enemies were being devilishly clever in concealing their war plans or that the KGB and GRU were being dangerously indolent.

Consequently, the Center progressively increased pressures on *Rezidencies*, or outposts around the world, to produce evidence of the existence of a plot that did not exist. In February 1983, the Center warned them of a "growing threat of war." It emphasized that "prior discovery" of enemy attack plans had "acquired a special degree of urgency" because the Soviet Union had to have advance warning *so it could strike first.* In June 1983, the Center cabled: "U.S. continuing secret preparations for nuclear war." And in November 1983 the KGB formed at the Center in Moscow a special section staffed by more than fifty KGB officers to magnify RYAN.

Still, the legions of KGB and GRU officers and all their subsidiary spies in all the capitals of the West could not come up with a single conventional indicator of an impending attack—unusual mobilizations, evacuation, or government decrees reordering civilian life. In London, Paris, Bonn, Washington, Miami, San Francisco, and Tokyo life seemed to be merrily rolling along as usual. The KGB and GRU reported they could discern no evidence, no fact hinting of an impending attack, but the same crowd in Moscow, which had doted on every word of an American spy and heeded his advice, disregarded the reassuring reports from their own people.

Instead, the Center ordered foreign outposts to look for "seemingly unimportant developments in the civilian sector" and issued a long list of "indicators" to be spotted. It also conveyed a message that chieftains in the field interpreted to mean *Tell us what they (the Center) want to hear or you will suffer.*

Continuously goaded, the *Rezidencies* scraped up bits and pieces of trivia, usually from newspapers or television newscasts. The London *Rezidency* reported that some roads and bridges outside the city were being repaired. Officers in the special RYAN section at the Center, who felt that their careers depended upon telling the Kremlin what it demanded to hear, rated this revelation quite important. After all, missiles could be transported over the roads and bridges undergoing repairs. The Center commended the London *Rezidency* for the report but censured it for transmitting such vital information by pouch rather than by instant cable.

According to the Center, unusual activity during nonworking hours was likely to occur in government buildings, and KGB officers were to stand on the streets to keep watch "for lights burning late at night." Thus, if the president and his wife invited their children or old friends up to the private quarters of the White House late at night for a chat and a snack; if harried men and their secretaries stayed late at night to finish a report or assignment; if some janitor or cleaning woman forgot to turn off the lights in offices at the Pentagon, CIA, or FBI—war might be drawing near. Efforts to arouse "anti-Soviet sentiment" constituted another danger sign. Thus, any Western politician or publication taking exception to the Soviet tactics of maiming children in Afghanistan with explosives disguised as toys also fanned paranoia in Moscow.

The Soviets and their communist allies joined in one of the most massive propaganda campaigns ("active measures") in history to prevent deployment in Europe of the cruise and Pershing missiles. Ronald Reagan, in effect, said "to hell with you"; the British, West Germans, Dutch, and Italians, in effect, said "bring them [the missiles] on over." They were "brought over" and made ready to fire, and now at KGB headquarters the pronouncements regarding RYAN bordered upon the hysterical.

Morris Childs never saw the British report that so shocked both

William Casey and the president. It would not have shocked him; he, like they, would have been very alarmed, but not surprised. "TWA-DD"—tell Walt about dangerous delusions.

According to the report, Vladimir Kryuchkov, the head of the First Chief Directorate, the man in charge of all foreign KGB operations, made the following statements at a conference of the KGB leadership in January 1984. (Morris warned that Soviet rulers had made themselves prisoners of their own "cant and propaganda," and, with the exception of a few technical references, what Kryuchkov said could have come from a Bolshevik manual Morris studied at the Lenin School in 1930.)

> Reactionary, imperialist groups in the U.S.A. have openly embarked on a course of confrontation. They are increasing tension in literally all sectors of struggle between the two opposed socialist [political] systems and in consequence the threats of outbreak of nuclear war have reached dangerous proportions... American monopolies would like to recover the positions they have lost in recent decades and conquer fresh ones... The White House is advancing in its propaganda the adventurous and dangerous notion of survival in the fire of thermonuclear catastrophe. This is nothing else than the psychological preparation of the people for nuclear war.

The Center in February 1984 cabled to the *Rezidencies* a directive that evoked wide-eyed disbelief. Declaring that nuclear war might erupt at any moment, it ordered officers to recruit spies in banks, insurance agencies, hospitals, church organizations, and slaughter houses:

> In order to restore and regulate the stability of the country to function in the period after a nuclear missile strike, the political–military leadership of capitalist states will pay particular attention to seeing that the system of financial credit operates uninterruptedly...

> More intensive activity may take place in the period of preparation for RYAN at branches of banks involved in insurance and credit operations. Banking personnel *at any level* [emphasis added] may have information of interest to us about the action being taken.

Post offices were sure to know when the attack was coming because "these institutions are used to make a preliminary check on addresses of mobilization contingents and for measures to ensure stable functioning of national communications." As "mass slaughter of cattle" would precede the attack, butcher shops and slaughter houses needed to be watched. The Center was sure that Western governments would tip off "leaders of national and international religious organizations, the Vatican, and institutions abroad" about their war plans.

The directives conjured up this surrealistic scenario: *The whole Western world, plus China and Japan, was plotting a surprise nuclear attack. Everyone had been so secretive that the Soviets could not find any clue about the impending attack. However, on the eve of the attack, government, military, or security emissaries throughout the West would drop by the bank or the post office, or call their insurance agent, and say, in effect, "We're going to attack the Soviet Union next week. Make sure the mail gets through; get my credit card statement out on time; keep my policy in order." To meat packing companies or their local butcher: "We're going to attack the Soviet Union next week, so we'll need some extra meat." And of course the French, British, or American ambassador in Rome would request an audience with the pope: "Your Holiness, I just stopped by to let you know that next week we're going to blow up the Soviet Union. We thought you might want to say a prayer for all those commie bastards we're going to kill."*

Some honest KGB officers in the field protested to their superiors that Operation RYAN had become insane. But the operation had gained such powerful patronage and momentum in Moscow that no one in authority dared try to stop it. On the contrary, some KGB bosses or *Rezidents* in the field cynically inflamed Kremlin paranoia by forwarding ridiculously meaningless reports.

Having been rebuked for making insufficient contributions to RYAN, London *Rezident* A.V. Guk on March 9, 1984, a Soviet holiday, summoned a subordinate to the nearly empty Soviet embassy. According to a radio report, British and American troops that day were conducting a joint exercise at Greenham Common where cruise missiles were based. The fact that the British press and radio publicized the exercise made clear that it was routine, that there was nothing secret about it. Nevertheless, at Guk's orders, the junior officer flashed to the Center a message assigned the highest priority and labeled "of strategic importance." It said: "In connection with our task to watch for signs of enemy preparations for sudden nuclear missile attack against the Soviet Union, we report that on 9 March the U.S. and British armed forces conducted the first field exercises with cruise missiles based on Greenham Common."

For reporting what the British press and radio had reported, the London *Rezidency* received a commendation, and a few days later it won another. The Center had explained that nuclear explosions burn people and that treatment of burns requires blood plasma; therefore any attempt to increase supplies of blood plasma was a prime signal that the West was about to pounce. Great Britain annually asks public-spirited citizens to donate blood. In several reports the *Rezidency* represented this yearly well-publicized appeal as a sinister phenomenon related to RYAN and for that received praise.

Not being fools, other *Rezidents*, like Guk, sensed the message: *Show us what we want to see and you prosper; show us nothing and you will suffer*. Hence, the KGB locked itself and its masters into an accelerating cycle of fear and increasingly strident alarms.

In April, then again in May 1984, the Center warned that war was about to erupt at any minute. On July 4, 1984, it ordered *Rezidencies* to report every two weeks on RYAN *even if they had nothing to report*, and its levies grew even more unrealistic. For example, officers in the field were to report at once any infiltration into the Soviet Union of "sabotage teams equipped with nuclear, bacteriological, and chemical weapons." It was as if the Center expected Western governments to invite KGB officers out to a military airfield or submarine base to wave farewell to the departing saboteurs, who presumably had shown them the nuclear weapons they had in their hip pockets.

It got worse. The Soviets estimated that no more than ten days would elapse between the time the West finally decided to attack and the attack began. They concluded that, even if they learned of the decision to attack the moment it was made, ten days would not be enough for them to organize and launch a first strike of their own. Therefore, on a wall at KGB headquarters, they put up a kind of doomsday graph. A number of red bars on the graph represented separate "indicators" that the West was about to strike. If reports caused enough bars to rise to a specified level on the graph, the Soviets automatically would launch missiles in a massive preemptive strike against North America, Western Europe, China, and Japan.

Former National Security Advisor Robert McFarlane recalls that Americans returning from Moscow reported that Soviets told them they knew they were about to be attacked. He says, "The idea was so preposterous that we couldn't make any sense out of those reports and we dismissed them."

Having escaped to London in 1985, Gordievsky detailed the full history of RYAN. He said that, after Mikhail Gorbachev assumed power in March 1985, L.P. Zamoyski, deputy director of the KGB's Analytical Directorate, declared that RYAN was "absolutely useless"; the KGB admitted it had failed to gain insights into "the real thinking of NATO and the U.S." But as far as he knew, the operation continued and the doomsday graph with those awful red bars still was on the wall.

In October 1985, Ronald Reagan arrived in Geneva early and before meeting Gorbachev walked around the estate where they were to talk. He looked inside a charming chalet on the grounds and told the Secret Service men guarding him that by 10 A.M. the next morning he wanted a fire blazing in the fireplace.

Upon being introduced the following day, Reagan told Gorbachev that prior to their formal discussions he wished to speak to him alone, man to man. He invited Gorbachev to bring his own interpreter and take a walk with him. Alone with Gorbachev and the interpreter before the fire in the chalet, Reagan declared that the United States had no intention of attacking the Soviet Union and that it was dangerous to everyone for the Soviets to think otherwise. He insisted that Gorbachev come to the United States and see for himself that there were no preparations for an attack.

In large part, thanks to a British spy and loyal allies, Operation RYAN, which ultimately menaced all mankind, was finally put to an end.

Had Operation SOLO still been alive, RYAN never would have been born.

EPILOGUE

JACK CHILDS ENTERED A New York hospital August 11, 1980, and died the next day at age seventy-three. The Soviet Union in 1975 awarded him the Order of the Red Banner (awarded only to those who distinguish themselves in battle); the United States in 1988 posthumously awarded him the National Security Medal. Had it not been for Jack Childs, Operation SOLO would never have occurred.

Alexander Burlinson, who worked with Jack for twenty-four years, lived the life of a country squire after his retirement in 1975. He continued to smoke cigarettes, rub his ulcer, play the piano, and compose poetry almost until his death October 10, 1990. He was eighty-five.

Carl Freyman, who recruited and developed Morris Childs into Agent 58, still lives with his wife of more than half a century in the same pleasant house outside Chicago where many SOLO sorties were planned and analyzed. He retains his mental acuity and good spirits, and for a man in his eighties enjoys good health. Those privileged to study the secret history of SOLO regard Freyman, along with Burlinson, as a legendary figure of the FBI.

John Langtry lives in New York, where his son is an outstanding young FBI agent. Although physicians have forbidden him to "lift weights" ("Scotch on the rocks"), he stills meets his many friends in neighborhood taverns and attends monthly luncheons where active and retired agents gather to renew friendships and to talk about what the FBI has done right and wrong, and what it ought to do. As throughout his FBI career, Langtry always is one of the most popular men present.

James Fox, as assistant FBI director in charge of the New York field office, also became popular among union, business, religious, and political leaders, and most of all among the FBI personnel he led. Fox often appeared on national television to answer questions after agents under his direction arrested terrorists ultimately convicted of bombing the World Trade Center in New York in 1993. He planned to retire January 3, 1994, and on December 4, 1993, a New York television station interviewed him about his FBI career. Toward the end, the interviewer asked about the public statements of an FBI informant who claimed he had given the FBI advance warning of the bombing. Fox said, "Salem did not warn us. Nobody warned us. If we had been warned, we would have prevented the bombing." (Testifying under oath, the informant later admitted that he had never given the FBI any forewarning, just as Fox said.)

FBI Director Louis Freeh on December 10 telephoned to inform Fox that in consequence of these three sentences he was placed on administrative leave as of 5 P.M. that day until his official retirement. In other words, he was to clear his desk, get out, and never come back.

Freeh had ordered that no one comment on the case of the bombing of the World Trade Center pending the trial. Fox agrees that by impulsively telling the truth, he violated an order. Few others, in or out of the FBI, think that by telling the truth in nineteen words Fox harmed the FBI. Nevertheless, two weeks before Christmas his long and luminous FBI career ended suddenly and sadly.

Before his suspension, between 250 and 300 people had registered to attend a retirement dinner in honor of Fox. Now he expected only about half that many, and he understood that friends still in the FBI might consider it imprudent to come. When Fox entered the banquet hall at the New York Hilton Hotel, more than a thousand men and women stood to applaud. Among them were clergymen, union leaders, financiers, corporate executives, politicians, and hundreds of men from the FBI, including a defiant delegation from headquarters. The Democratic governor of New

York, Mario Cuomo, and the Republican mayor of New York City, Rudolph Giuliani, led the tributes to the son of a Chicago bus driver, to Eva's "favorite Baptist Indian." Fox silently prayed, *Please let mother and father see what they have done.*

Today Fox is executive vice president of the Mutual of America Life Insurance Company, a columnist for *Forbes* magazine, a consultant to the Columbia Broadcasting System, and a member of the board of directors of several major corporations.

Walter Boyle officially retired in January 1980 after twenty-six years in the FBI. In declining a promotion and transfer to headquarters, he had said, "There is no way I ever will walk away from 58." So the day after his retirement, Boyle returned as a "consultant" working out of the cover office in Chicago, doing what he had been doing since 1962. He stayed eighteen more months until Morris and Eva were safely hidden and until SOLO ended or at least until it seemed to have ended.

Today Boyle works in corporate security for a large conglomerate and fights gangsters. He lives in an attractive home with a lovely wife and at sixty-six remains in superb physical condition, weighing about the same as when he joined the Marine Corps forty-five years ago. He dotes on his children and grandchildren, whose happy lives have been made possible by him and Catholic Charities of Chicago, to which Morris and Eva donated the $10,000 bonus from the FBI. He is also close to his brothers and older sister, who has been a nun for more than fifty years. John Langtry and he talk often. As Eva said, "We always had a lot to talk about."

Boyle and other agents packed Morris and Eva off in August 1981 to a condominium apartment high in an elegant building north of Miami. It gave them spectacular views of the Atlantic Ocean, the Inland Waterway, moored yachts, and the lights of Miami. The apartment was spacious enough to allow each a study and to accommodate guests. Guards patrolling the lobby twenty-four hours a day permitted no one they did not recognize to go near it without first consulting Morris or Eva.

FBI agents visited often, and they formed special friendships with three of them: Ivian C. Smith, Wesley Roberts, and Barbara

Moser. Smith first called upon them after taking charge of the Miami field office, and he realized he had stumbled onto a gold mine of intelligence that still could be mined. Eva recalled, "After I.C. [Smith] became boss, it was kind of like we were back in business. People started coming down out from Miami and down from Washington, and they brought us up to Virginia and treated us like royalty. They asked Morris lots of questions about what was going on in Russia, and they asked me about wives and people we knew in Moscow, and sometimes they asked about things that happened a long time ago. These talks perked Morris up; he could stay up explaining things all night without getting tired."

Since his first heart attack in the 1940s, Morris long had beaten both the medical and actuarial odds. Many times ambulances rushed him to hospitals and physicians feared for his life, yet always he came home. In late May 1991, Eva had to summon an ambulance and this time she sensed that he would not be coming home. She stayed at the hospital, and when he died on June 2, she was holding his hand.

Eva in June 1991 was eighty-one or ninety-one or somewhere in between, and there was nothing more she could tell the FBI. However, Smith had secured a written commitment from Washington that the FBI would provide for Morris and Eva for the rest of their lives, and it did. The Miami office arranged for Eva to have a female companion; Agents Roberts and Moser visited often; Jim Fox called regularly from New York; and nieces and nephews from Chicago came to see her. Still, the FBI and Eva were careful to conceal her whereabouts from all but the most trusted people. As late as 1993, Gus Hall made inquiries in Chicago in an effort to discover where she was.

Eva very much looked forward to publication of the story she and Morris lived, and she was prepared, in secure surroundings, to talk to journalists and historians about it. Having heard that she had been in the hospital, I in June 1995 telephoned her, and she assured me she was going to be all right. Three days later, Eva died.

Some one hundred relatives and friends, including quite a few young people, gathered in the same Chicago chapel where services for Morris were held. There was no longer any reason to conceal the truth, and a eulogist announced the presence of five representatives of the Federal Bureau of Investigation—Barbara Moser, Wesley Roberts, Carl Freyman, James Fox, and Walter Boyle. Characterizing Eva as an American heroine, the eulogist told something of her feats as a spy and her contributions to the United States. This time the gasps from the congregation expressed awe and pride rather than shock and anger. After the service, many of the mourners, especially young people, crowded around to shake the hands of the FBI agents.

I remarked to Wes Roberts that it was especially sad that Eva did not live to see the book she made possible. "She read every word of the manuscript," he replied. "She died a happy and fulfilled woman."

APPENDIX A: SOLO MISSIONS

MORRIS CHILDS (CG-5824S*) accomplished fifty-two missions under FBI control into the Soviet Union and other communist countries; Jack Childs (NY-694S*) accomplished five. Eva Childs accompanied Morris on all but two of his missions from 1962 onward. Listed below are the dates and destinations of each mission. The five missions made by Jack Childs are designated "Agent 69"; otherwise, the missions listed were made by Morris Childs. The list does not include missions to Canada and Mexico.

First Mission	4/24/58–7/21/58	Moscow, Peking
Second Mission	1/18/59–2/26/59	Moscow
Third Mission	9/23/59–11/11/59	Moscow, Peking, Shanghai
Fourth Mission (Agent 69)	2/3/60–3/10/60	Prague, Moscow
Fifth Mission	5/5/60–5/10/60	Havana
Sixth Mission	7/9/60–7/30/60	Prague, Moscow
Seventh Mission	8/1/60–8/25/60	Havana
Eighth Mission	9/22/60–12/17/60	Moscow

Ninth Mission (Agent 69)	6/18/61–7/13/61	Moscow
Tenth Mission	10/2/61–12/5/61	Moscow
Eleventh Mission	10/16/62–12/19/62	Moscow, Prague, Budapest
Twelfth Mission (Agent 69)	4/28/63–5/21/63	Moscow
Thirteenth Mission	8/7/63–8/25/63	Moscow, Prague
Fourteenth Mission	11/1/63–12/2/63	Moscow
Fifteenth Mission (Agent 69)	4/19/64–6/5/64	Moscow, Havana
Sixteenth Mission	10/19/64–10/29/64	Moscow
Seventeenth Mission	11/30/64–12/31/64	Moscow
Eighteenth Mission	2/19/65–4/26/65	Moscow
Nineteenth Mission	10/19/65–11/12/65	Moscow, Prague
Twentieth Mission	3/18/66–4/25/66	Moscow, Prague, East Berlin
Twenty-first Mission	8/7/66–10/15/66	Moscow, Prague, Berlin
Twenty-second Mission	1/8/67–1/30/67	Moscow
Twenty-third Mission (Agent 69)	4/2/67–4/18/67	Moscow
Twenty-fourth Mission	10/19/67–12/4/67	Moscow
Twenty-fifth Mission	2/21/68–3/16/68	Prague, Moscow
Twenty-sixth Mission	4/17/68–5/6/68	Prague, Budapest
Twenty-seventh Mission	6/8/68–6/29/68	Moscow
Twenty-eighth Mission	8/23/68–8/29/68	Moscow
Twenty-ninth Mission	9/27/68–10/10/68	Budapest, Moscow
Thirtieth Mission	11/15/68–12/2/68	Budapest, Moscow
Thirty-first Mission	2/22/69–3/31/69	Budapest, Moscow
Thirty-second Mission	5/17/69–6/30/69	Budapest, Moscow
Thirty-third Mission	9/5/69–9/18/69	Moscow
Thirty-fourth Mission	11/30/69–12/18/69	Moscow

Thirty-fifth Mission	2/20/70–3/5/70	Moscow
Thirty-sixth Mission	4/8/70–5/7/70	Moscow, Budapest
Thirty-seventh Mission	11/24/70–12/13/70	Moscow, Berlin
Thirty-eighth Mission	3/14/71–4/19/71	Prague, Moscow
Thirty-ninth Mission	9/5/71–9/17/71	Moscow
Fortieth Mission	11/24/71–12/16/71	Moscow, Warsaw
Forty-first Mission	2/5/72–2/16/72	Moscow, Poland
Forty-second Mission	3/19/72–4/30/72	Moscow
Forty-third Mission	6/2/72–7/5/72	Moscow
Forty-fourth Mission	10/4/72–10/26/72	Moscow
Forty-fifth Mission	12/11/72–1/6/73	Moscow
Forty-sixth Mission	4/9/73–4/30/73	Moscow
Forty-seventh Mission	11/21/73–12/12/73	Moscow
Forty-eighth Mission	2/18/74–3/7/74	Moscow
Forty-ninth Mission	4/22/74–5/23/74	Moscow
Fiftieth Mission	9/6/74–10/3/74	Moscow
Fifty-first Mission	11/25/74–12/13/74	Moscow
Fifty-second Mission	6/2/75–6/16/75	Moscow
Fifty-third Mission	10/14/75–11/5/75	Moscow, Poland
Fifty-fourth Mission	2/16/76–3/13/76	Moscow
Fifty-fifth Mission	11/30/76–12/31/76	Moscow, Budapest
Fifty-sixth Mission	5/24/77–6/25/77	Moscow
Fifty-seventh Mission	10/21/77–11/20/77	Moscow, Prague

APPENDIX B: SOVIET PAYMENTS TO THE U.S. COMMUNIST PARTY

THE SOVIET UNION BEGAN supplying money to the U.S. Communist Party through SOLO in 1958. Initially, representatives of the Canadian Communist Party gave the money to Jack or Morris Childs in Toronto or New York. Beginning in 1960, KGB officers handed the money to Jack Childs during clandestine meetings around New York. Listed below are the amounts the Soviets paid each year. Occasionally, when Morris Childs was in Moscow, the Soviets gave him in foreign currencies the equivalent of a few thousand dollars. Some of the amounts listed are odd because of the conversion of these currencies into dollars.

1958	$75,000
1959	$200,000
1960	$298,885
1961	$370,000
1962	$172,000
1963	$583,606
1964	$739,032
1965	$1,054,616
1966	$743,829.19
1967	$1,049,069.90

1968	$1,141,354.80
1969	$1,516,808.90
1970	$1,066,742.80
1971	$1,043,440.12
1972	$1,634,370.80
1973	$1,260,344.26
1974	$1,832,376.80
1975	$1,792,676
1976	$1,997,651.28
1977	$1,981,594
1978	$2,355,612
1979	$2,632,196
1980	$2,775,000

APPENDIX C: KGB OFFICERS IN SOLO

THE KGB FOR TWENTY-FIVE years assigned officers posing as diplomats at the United Nations to deal with Jack and Morris Childs—to pass messages, documents, and money, and to receive messages from them. Listed below are the names of these officers and the years they worked in SOLO (which the Soviets called MORAT) while posted in New York.

1958-61	Vladimir Barkovsky
1962	Valenin Zaitsev
1962-63	Aleksei Kolobashkin
1963	Grechchukin (first name unknown to author)
1964	Aleksei Kolobashkin and Vladimir Chuchukin
1965-68	Nikolai Talanov (assisted by Ivan Belov)
1968-74	Vladimir Chuchukin (assisted by Yuri Germash and Vladimir Tulinov)
1974-77	Yuri Zhuravlev
1977-80	Anatoly Portyanoy
1980-82	Konstantin Koryavin

APPENDIX D: SECRET COMMUNIST DOCUMENTS

THE DISPARATE DOCUMENTS reproduced below illustrate secret communications and relations between the communist parties of the Soviet Union and the United States. Two also illustrate how Morris Childs exploited his knowledge of communism to manipulate the Soviets.

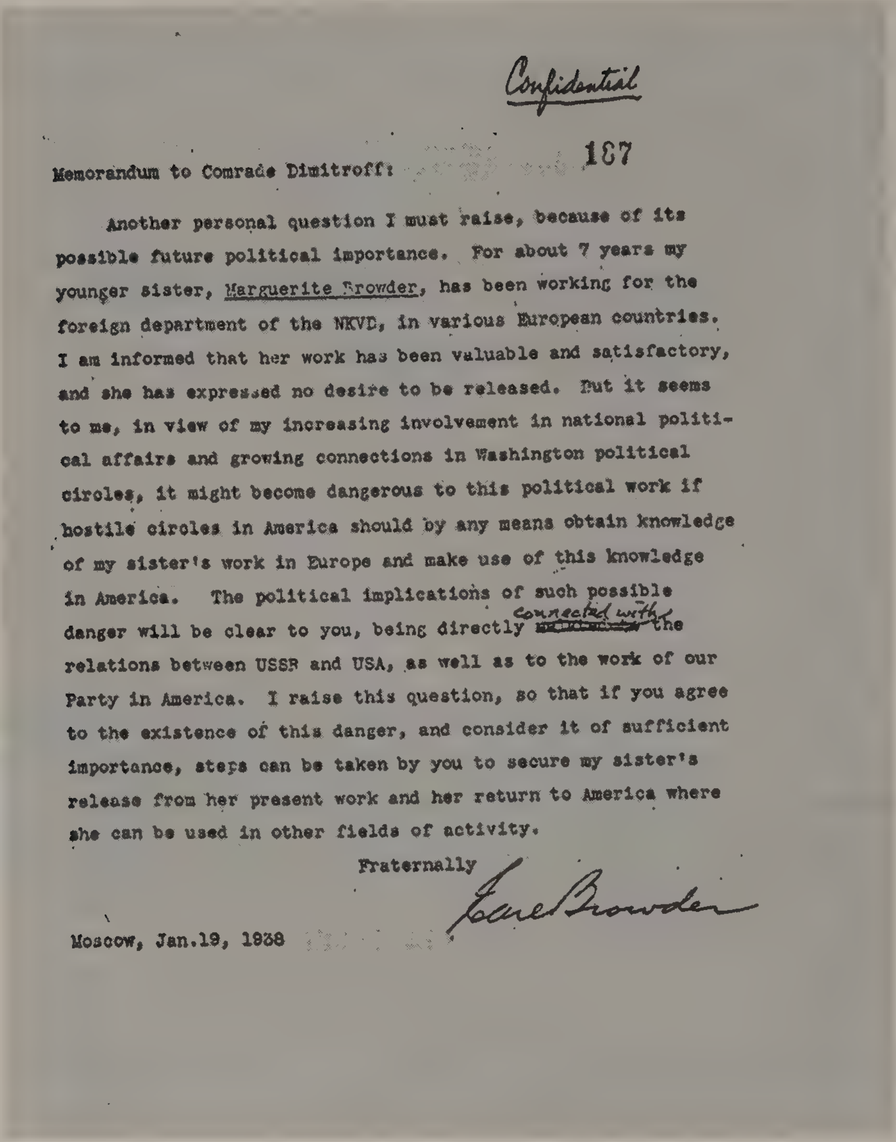

Confidential

187

Memorandum to Comrade Dimitroff:

Another personal question I must raise, because of its possible future political importance. For about 7 years my younger sister, Marguerite Browder, has been working for the foreign department of the NKVD, in various European countries. I am informed that her work has been valuable and satisfactory, and she has expressed no desire to be released. But it seems to me, in view of my increasing involvement in national political affairs and growing connections in Washington political circles, it might become dangerous to this political work if hostile circles in America should by any means obtain knowledge of my sister's work in Europe and make use of this knowledge in America. The political implications of such possible danger will be clear to you, being directly connected with the relations between USSR and USA, as well as to the work of our Party in America. I raise this question, so that if you agree to the existence of this danger, and consider it of sufficient importance, steps can be taken by you to secure my sister's release from her present work and her return to America where she can be used in other fields of activity.

Fraternally

Earl Browder

Moscow, Jan.19, 1938

"Memorandum to Comrade Dimitrov"

Earl Browder, head of the American Communist Party, addressed this memorandum to Georgi Dimitrov who in 1938 was chief of the Comintern. Dimitrov forwarded it to Nikolai Yezhov, chairman of the NKVD (predecessor to the KGB) with a recommendation that Browder's sister be relieved of espionage duties in Germany. The willingness of the Soviets to accede to Browder's request is an indicator of the importance they attached to Browder and the American Party. Historian Herbert Romerstein discovered the memorandum in Soviet archives.

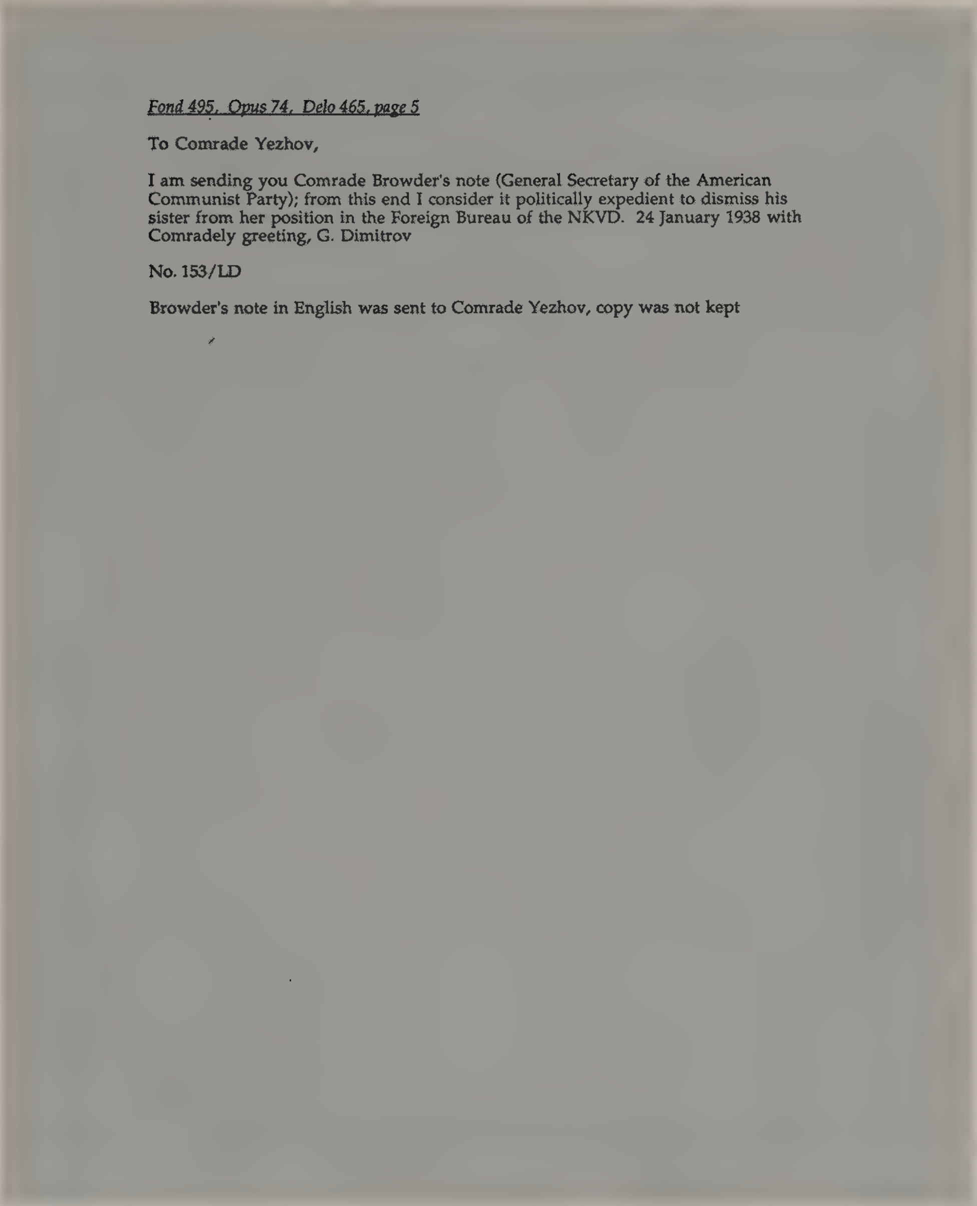

Fond 495, Opus 74, Delo 465, page 5

To Comrade Yezhov,

I am sending you Comrade Browder's note (General Secretary of the American Communist Party); from this end I consider it politically expedient to dismiss his sister from her position in the Foreign Bureau of the NKVD. 24 January 1938 with Comradely greeting, G. Dimitrov

No. 153/LD

Browder's note in English was sent to Comrade Yezhov, copy was not kept

Translation of carbon copy from Comintern files.

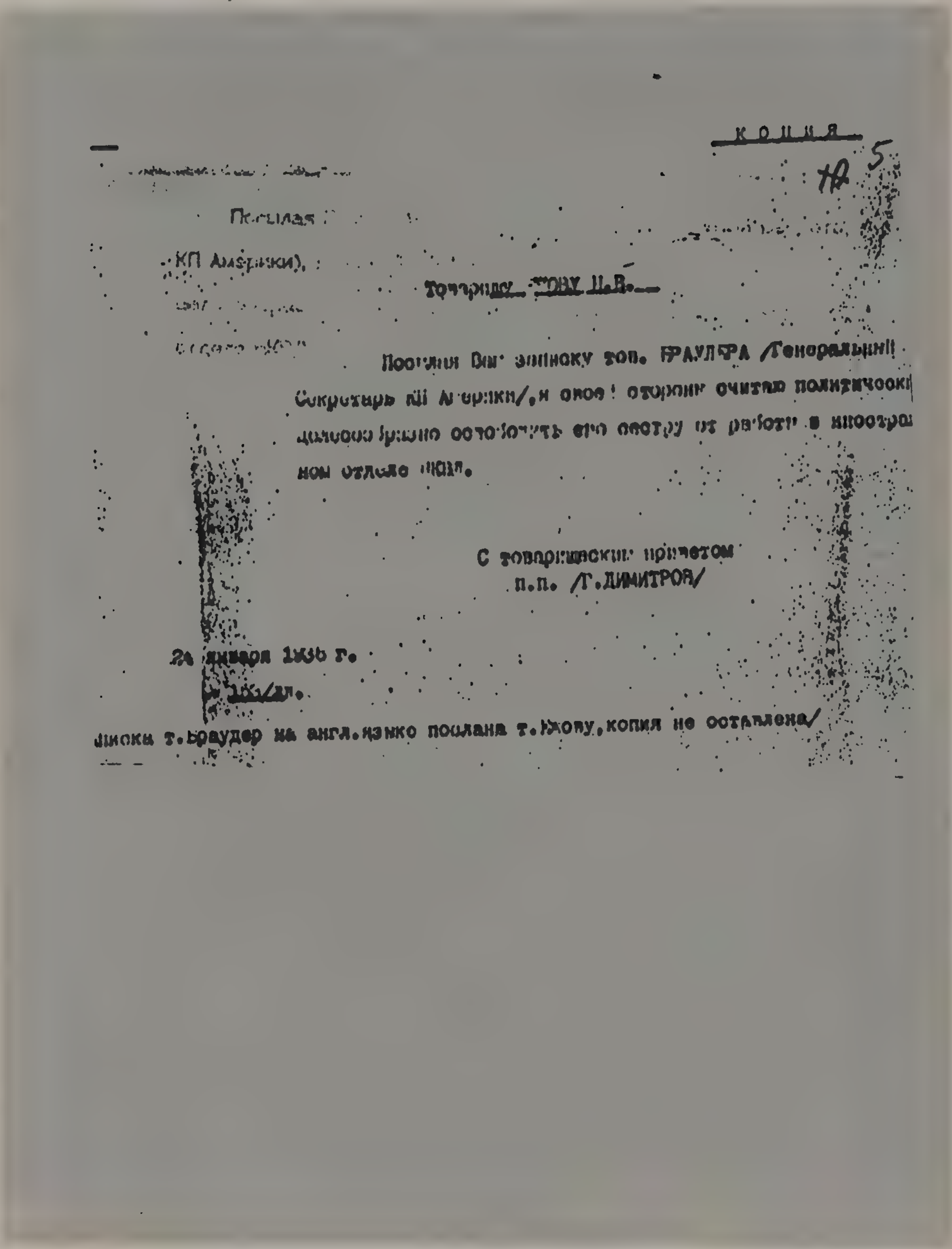

К О П И Я

№ 5

Посылая

КП Америки),

Товарищу ЕЖОВУ Н.И.

Посылаю Вам записку тов. БРАУДЕРА /Генеральный Секретарь КП Америки/, и со своей стороны считаю политически целесообразным освободить его сестру от работы в иностранном отделе НКВД.

С товарищеским приветом
п.п. /Г.ДИМИТРОВ/

2[illegible] января 1936 г.
№ [illegible]

/Записка т.Браудер на англ.языке послана т.Ежову, копия не оставлена/

Carbon copy from Comintern files.

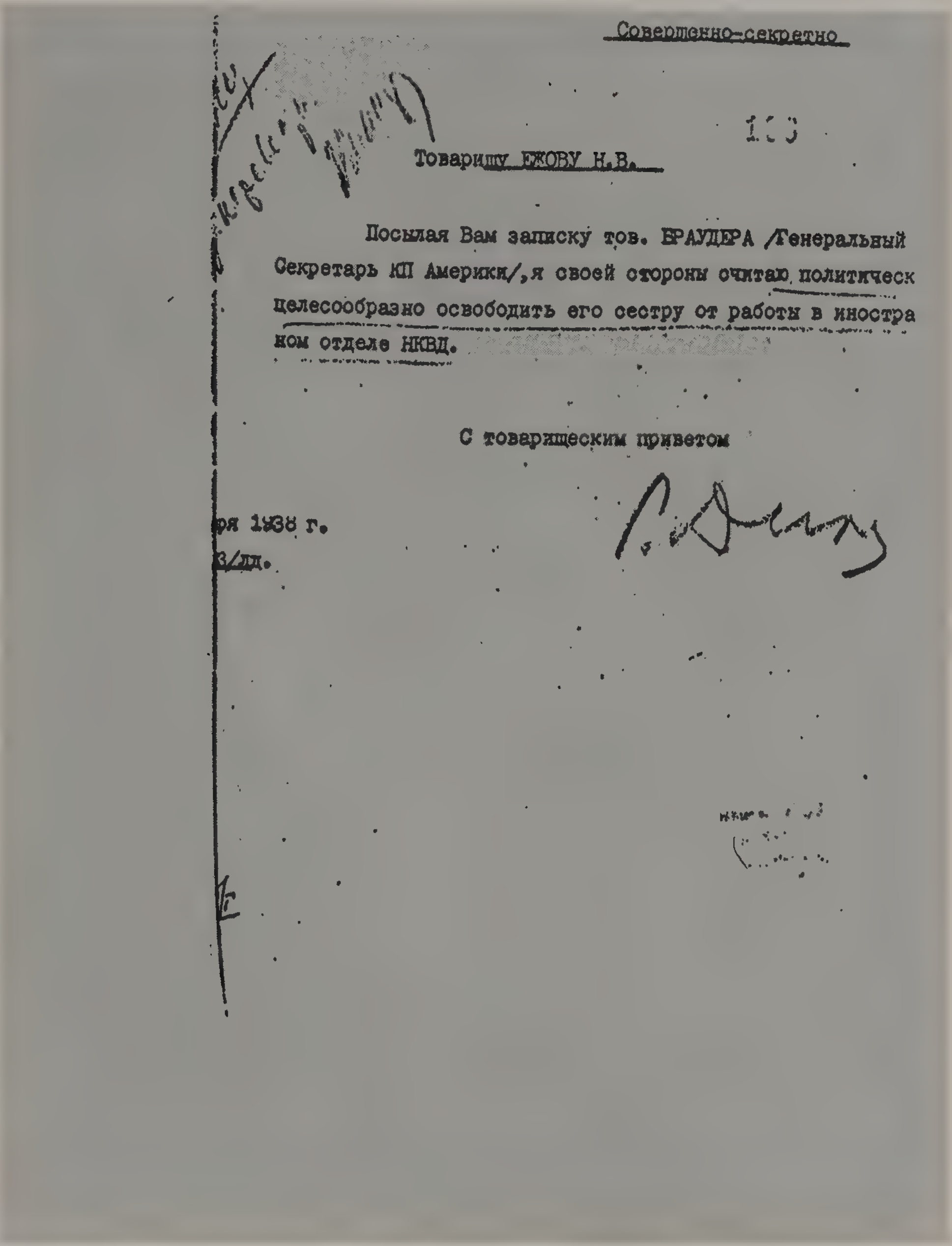

Совершенно-секретно

1[illegible]

Товарищу ЕЖОВУ Н.В.

Посылая Вам записку тов. БРАУДЕРА /Генеральный Секретарь КП Америки/, я своей стороны считаю политическ целесообразно освободить его сестру от работы в иностра ном отделе НКВД.

С товарищеским приветом

ря 1938 г.
3/дд.

Original letter from KGB files. Signature is G. Dimitrov; the letter is marked top secret in upper right hand corner.

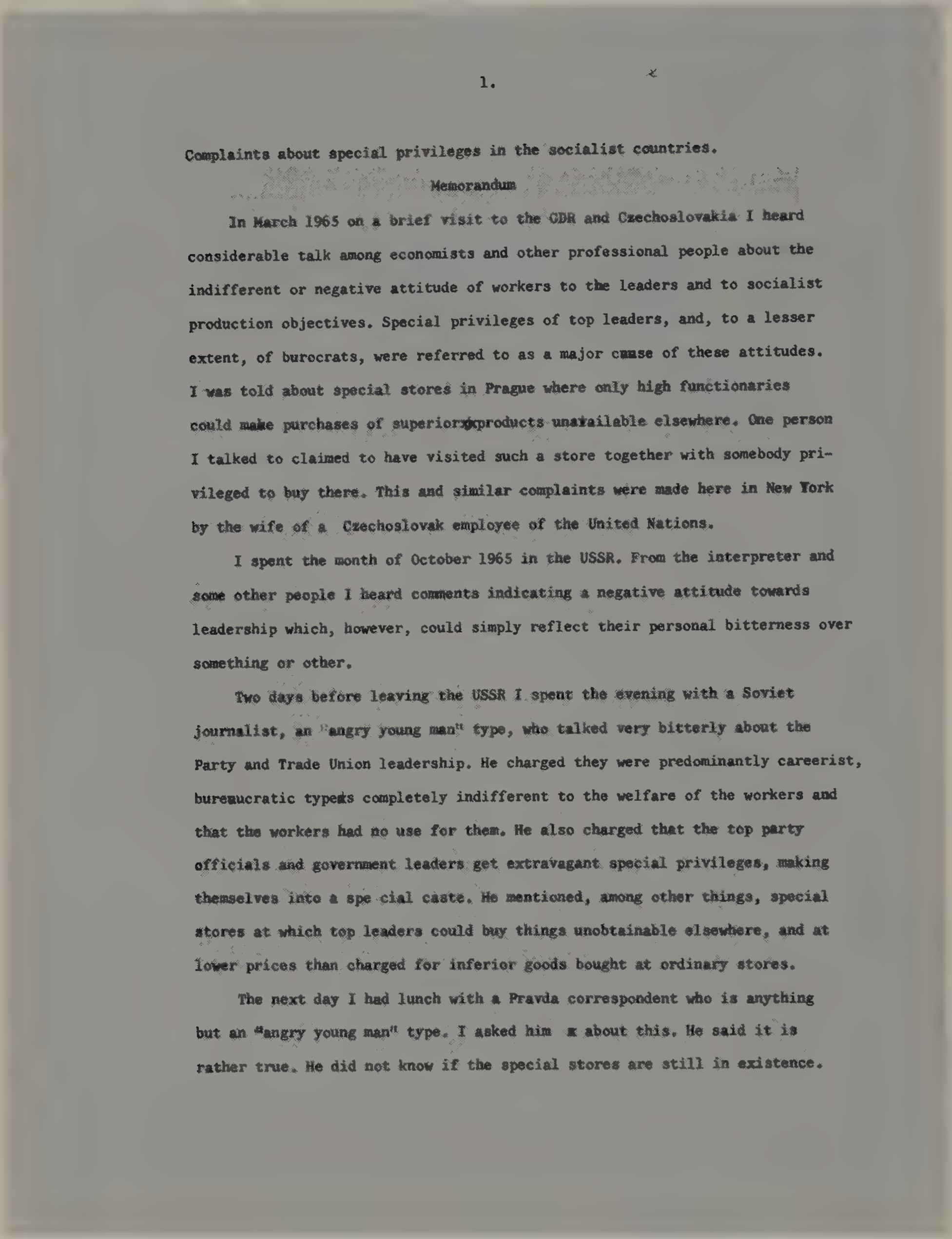

1.

Complaints about special privileges in the socialist countries.

Memorandum

In March 1965 on a brief visit to the GDR and Czechoslovakia I heard considerable talk among economists and other professional people about the indifferent or negative attitude of workers to the leaders and to socialist production objectives. Special privileges of top leaders, and, to a lesser extent, of burocrats, were referred to as a major cause of these attitudes. I was told about special stores in Prague where only high functionaries could make purchases of superior products unavailable elsewhere. One person I talked to claimed to have visited such a store together with somebody privileged to buy there. This and similar complaints were made here in New York by the wife of a Czechoslovak employee of the United Nations.

I spent the month of October 1965 in the USSR. From the interpreter and some other people I heard comments indicating a negative attitude towards leadership which, however, could simply reflect their personal bitterness over something or other.

Two days before leaving the USSR I spent the evening with a Soviet journalist, an "angry young man" type, who talked very bitterly about the Party and Trade Union leadership. He charged they were predominantly careerist, bureaucratic types completely indifferent to the welfare of the workers and that the workers had no use for them. He also charged that the top party officials and government leaders get extravagant special privileges, making themselves into a spe cial caste. He mentioned, among other things, special stores at which top leaders could buy things unobtainable elsewhere, and at lower prices than charged for inferior goods bought at ordinary stores.

The next day I had lunch with a Pravda correspondent who is anything but an "angry young man" type. I asked him about this. He said it is rather true. He did not know if the special stores are still in existence.

"Complaints about special privileges in the socialist countries"

Like virtually everybody else, Morris Childs knew well that in communist countries the *Nomenklatura*, or ruling class, enjoyed privileges, perquisites, and luxuries denied the general populace. Morris himself frequented one of their special stores where he could select quality imported products for free. Yet to burnish his image as an old-time, idealistic Bolshevik, Morris submitted this memorandum to the International Department of the Central Committee, as if he had discovered something shocking.

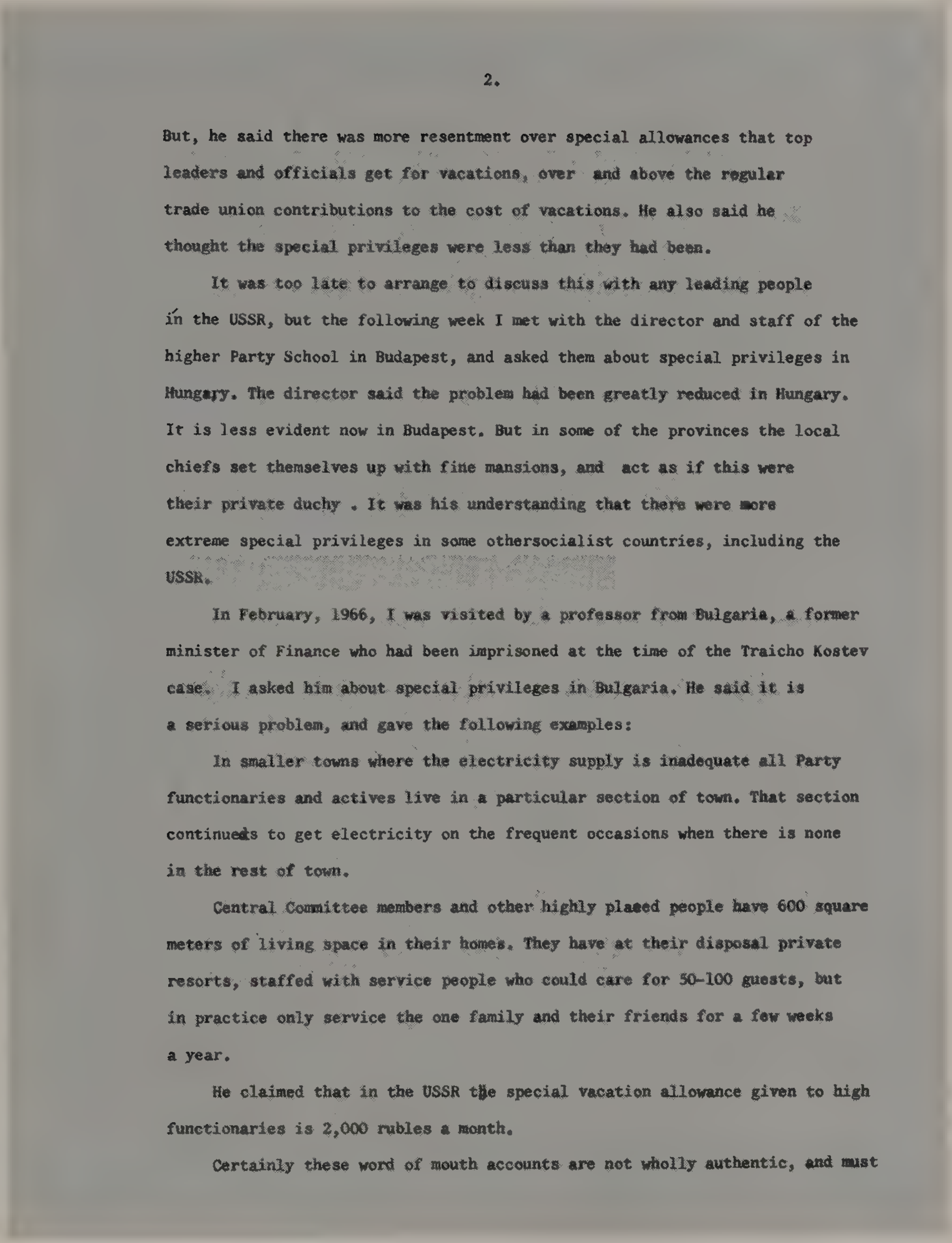

2.

But, he said there was more resentment over special allowances that top leaders and officials get for vacations, over and above the regular trade union contributions to the cost of vacations. He also said he thought the special privileges were less than they had been.

It was too late to arrange to discuss this with any leading people in the USSR, but the following week I met with the director and staff of the higher Party School in Budapest, and asked them about special privileges in Hungary. The director said the problem had been greatly reduced in Hungary. It is less evident now in Budapest. But in some of the provinces the local chiefs set themselves up with fine mansions, and act as if this were their private duchy . It was his understanding that there were more extreme special privileges in some othersocialist countries, including the USSR.

In February, 1966, I was visited by a professor from Bulgaria, a former minister of Finance who had been imprisoned at the time of the Traicho Kostev case. I asked him about special privileges in Bulgaria. He said it is a serious problem, and gave the following examples:

In smaller towns where the electricity supply is inadequate all Party functionaries and actives live in a particular section of town. That section continues to get electricity on the frequent occasions when there is none in the rest of town.

Central Committee members and other highly placed people have 600 square meters of living space in their homes. They have at their disposal private resorts, staffed with service people who could care for 50-100 guests, but in practice only service the one family and their friends for a few weeks a year.

He claimed that in the USSR the special vacation allowance given to high functionaries is 2,000 rubles a month.

Certainly these word of mouth accounts are not wholly authentic, and must

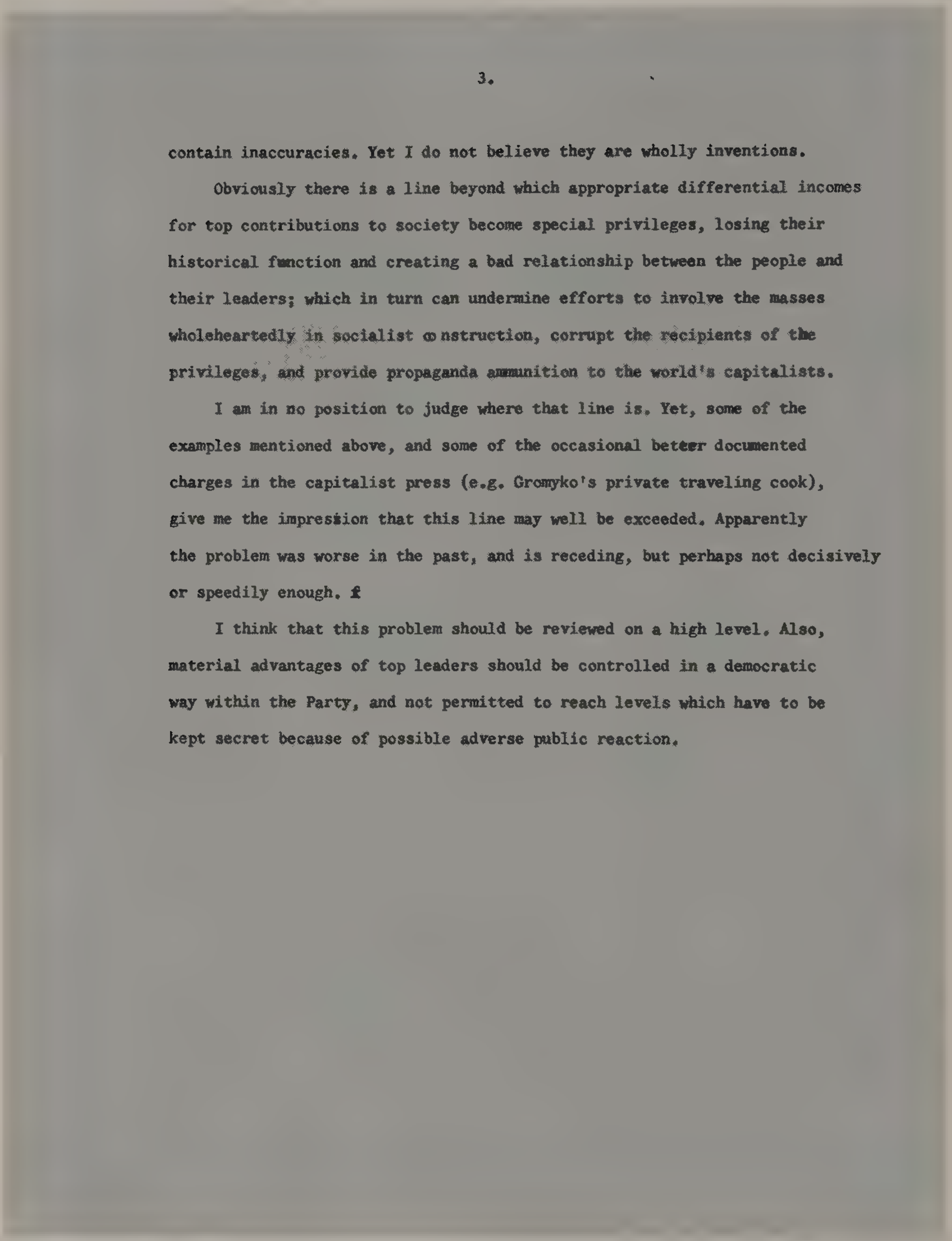

contain inaccuracies. Yet I do not believe they are wholly inventions.

Obviously there is a line beyond which appropriate differential incomes for top contributions to society become special privileges, losing their historical function and creating a bad relationship between the people and their leaders; which in turn can undermine efforts to involve the masses wholeheartedly in socialist construction, corrupt the recipients of the privileges, and provide propaganda ammunition to the world's capitalists.

I am in no position to judge where that line is. Yet, some of the examples mentioned above, and some of the occasional better documented charges in the capitalist press (e.g. Gromyko's private traveling cook), give me the impression that this line may well be exceeded. Apparently the problem was worse in the past, and is receding, but perhaps not decisively or speedily enough.

I think that this problem should be reviewed on a high level. Also, material advantages of top leaders should be controlled in a democratic way within the Party, and not permitted to reach levels which have to be kept secret because of possible adverse public reaction.

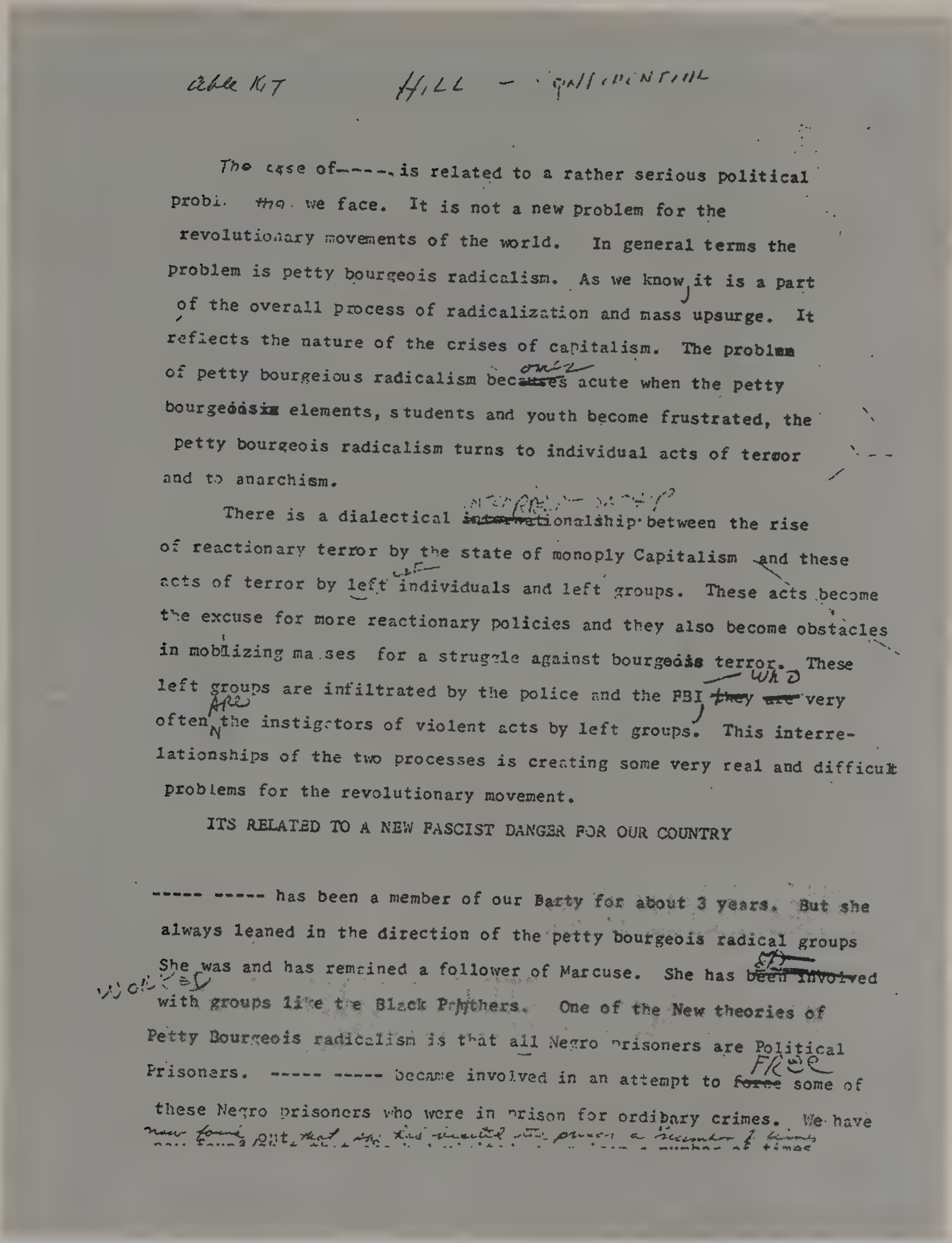

Able Kit Hill – Confidential

The case of-----is related to a rather serious political probl. tha we face. It is not a new problem for the revolutionary movements of the world. In general terms the problem is petty bourgeois radicalism. As we know, it is a part of the overall process of radicalization and mass upsurge. It reflects the nature of the crises of capitalism. The problem of petty bourgeious radicalism bec~~auses~~ omes acute when the petty bourgeoisie elements, students and youth become frustrated, the petty bourgeois radicalism turns to individual acts of terror and to anarchism.

There is a dialectical ~~internat~~ionalship between the rise of reactionary terror by the state of monoply Capitalism and these acts of terror by left individuals and left groups. These acts become the excuse for more reactionary policies and they also become obstacles in mobilizing masses for a struggle against bourgeois terror. These left groups are infiltrated by the police and the FBI, who ~~they are~~ very often are the instigators of violent acts by left groups. This interrelationships of the two processes is creating some very real and difficult problems for the revolutionary movement.

ITS RELATED TO A NEW FASCIST DANGER FOR OUR COUNTRY

----- ----- has been a member of our Barty for about 3 years. But she always leaned in the direction of the petty bourgeois radical groups She was and has remained a follower of Marcuse. She has ~~been involved~~ worked with groups like the Black Panthers. One of the New theories of Petty Bourgeois radicalism is that all Negro prisoners are Political Prisoners. ----- ----- became involved in an attempt to ~~force~~ free some of these Negro prisoners who were in prison for ordinary crimes. We have now found out that she had visited the prison a number of times

“Able Kit—Hill—CONFIDENTIAL”

Morris Childs could talk and write like a communist, as well as think like one. In this rough draft of a memorandum to the International Department, he displays the mastery that helped convince communist dictators that he truly was one of them. (“Able Kit” was the contemporary code for the Central Committee of the Communist Party in the USSR.)

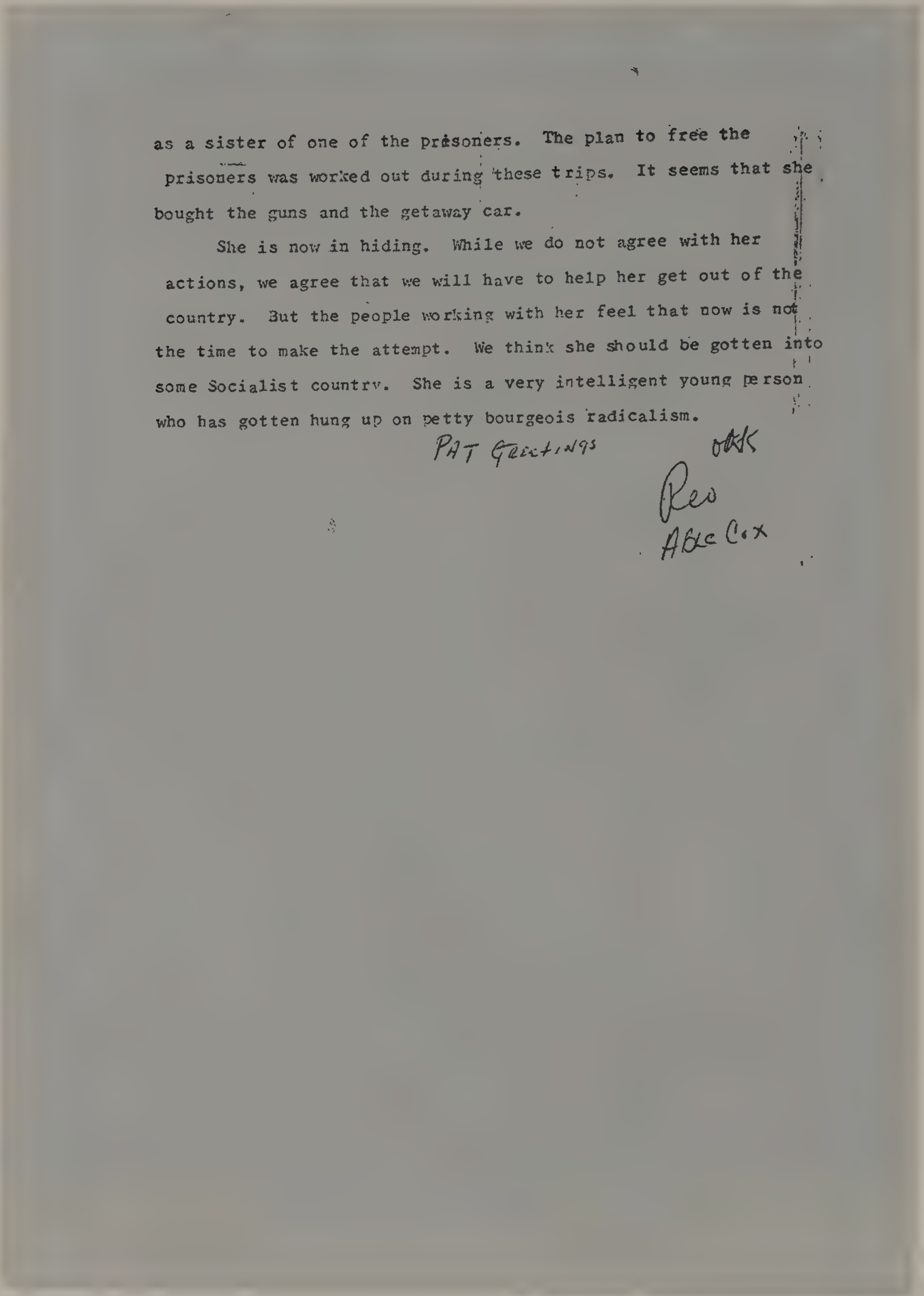

as a sister of one of the prisoners. The plan to free the prisoners was worked out during these trips. It seems that she bought the guns and the getaway car.

She is now in hiding. While we do not agree with her actions, we agree that we will have to help her get out of the country. But the people working with her feel that now is not the time to make the attempt. We think she should be gotten into some Socialist country. She is a very intelligent young person who has gotten hung up on petty bourgeois radicalism.

PAT Greetings

OK

Red

Abe Cox

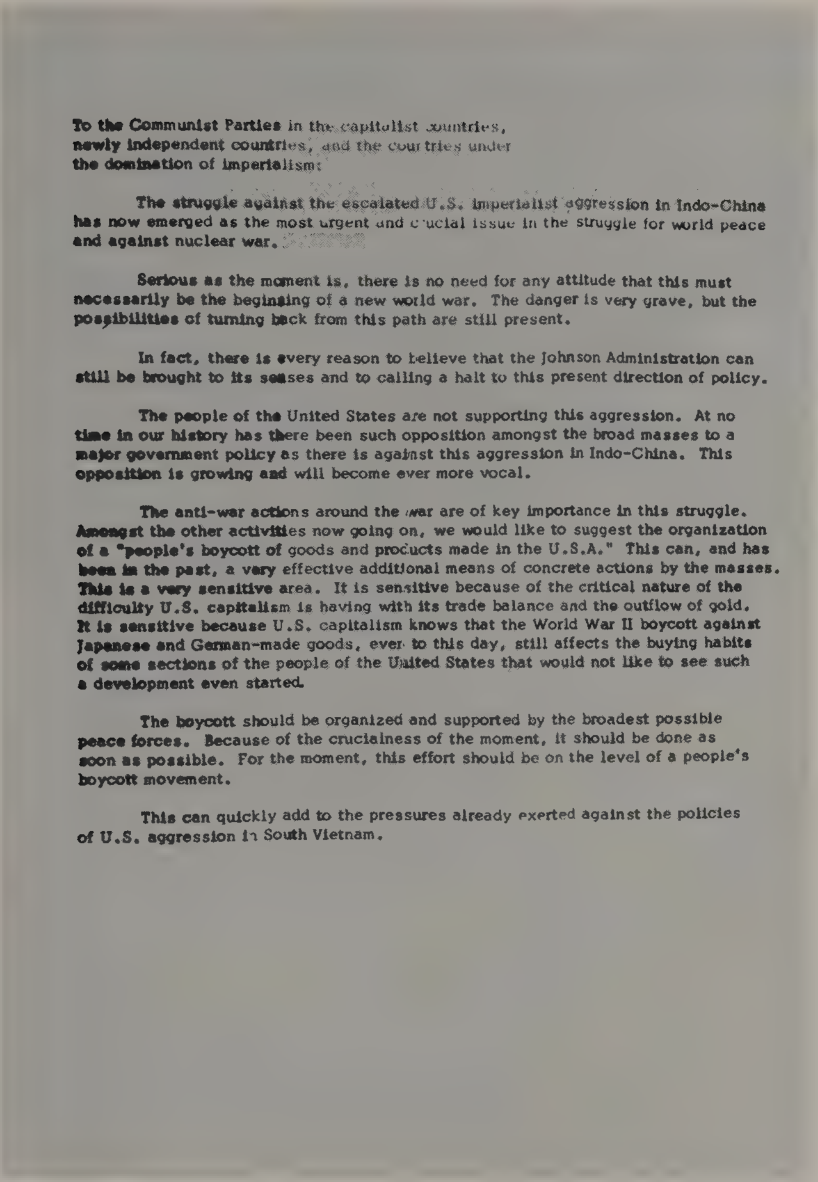

To the Communist Parties in the capitalist countries,
newly independent countries, and the countries under
the domination of imperialism:

The struggle against the escalated U.S. imperialist aggression in Indo-China has now emerged as the most urgent and crucial issue in the struggle for world peace and against nuclear war.

Serious as the moment is, there is no need for any attitude that this must necessarily be the begining of a new world war. The danger is very grave, but the possibilities of turning back from this path are still present.

In fact, there is every reason to believe that the Johnson Administration can still be brought to its senses and to calling a halt to this present direction of policy.

The people of the United States are not supporting this aggression. At no time in our history has there been such opposition amongst the broad masses to a major government policy as there is against this aggression in Indo-China. This opposition is growing and will become ever more vocal.

The anti-war actions around the war are of key importance in this struggle. Amongst the other activities now going on, we would like to suggest the organization of a "people's boycott of goods and products made in the U.S.A." This can, and has been in the past, a very effective additional means of concrete actions by the masses. This is a very sensitive area. It is sensitive because of the critical nature of the difficulty U.S. capitalism is having with its trade balance and the outflow of gold. It is sensitive because U.S. capitalism knows that the World War II boycott against Japanese and German-made goods, even to this day, still affects the buying habits of some sections of the people of the United States that would not like to see such a development even started.

The boycott should be organized and supported by the broadest possible peace forces. Because of the crucialness of the moment, it should be done as soon as possible. For the moment, this effort should be on the level of a people's boycott movement.

This can quickly add to the pressures already exerted against the policies of U.S. aggression in South Vietnam.

"To the Communist Parties in the capitalist countries..."

The Soviets regularly issued instructions to Communist Parties throughout the world and expected them to be obeyed. This order received by the American Party is typical.

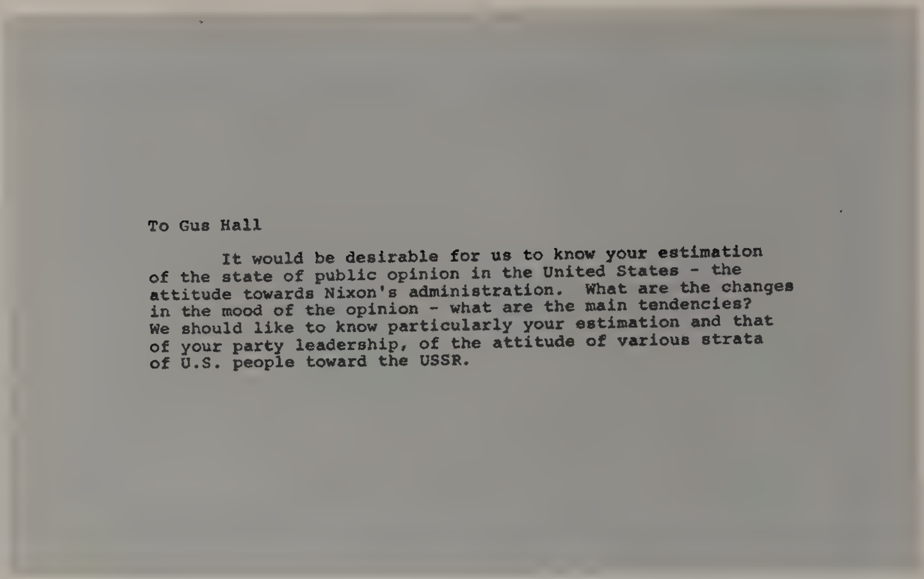

To Gus Hall

It would be desirable for us to know your estimation of the state of public opinion in the United States - the attitude towards Nixon's administration. What are the changes in the mood of the opinion - what are the main tendencies? We should like to know particularly your estimation and that of your party leadership, of the attitude of various strata of U.S. people toward the USSR.

"To Gus Hall"

The Soviets repeatedly asked Hall to analyze public opinion and political trends. Most of the responses actually were composed by Morris. This is a deciphered request to Hall.

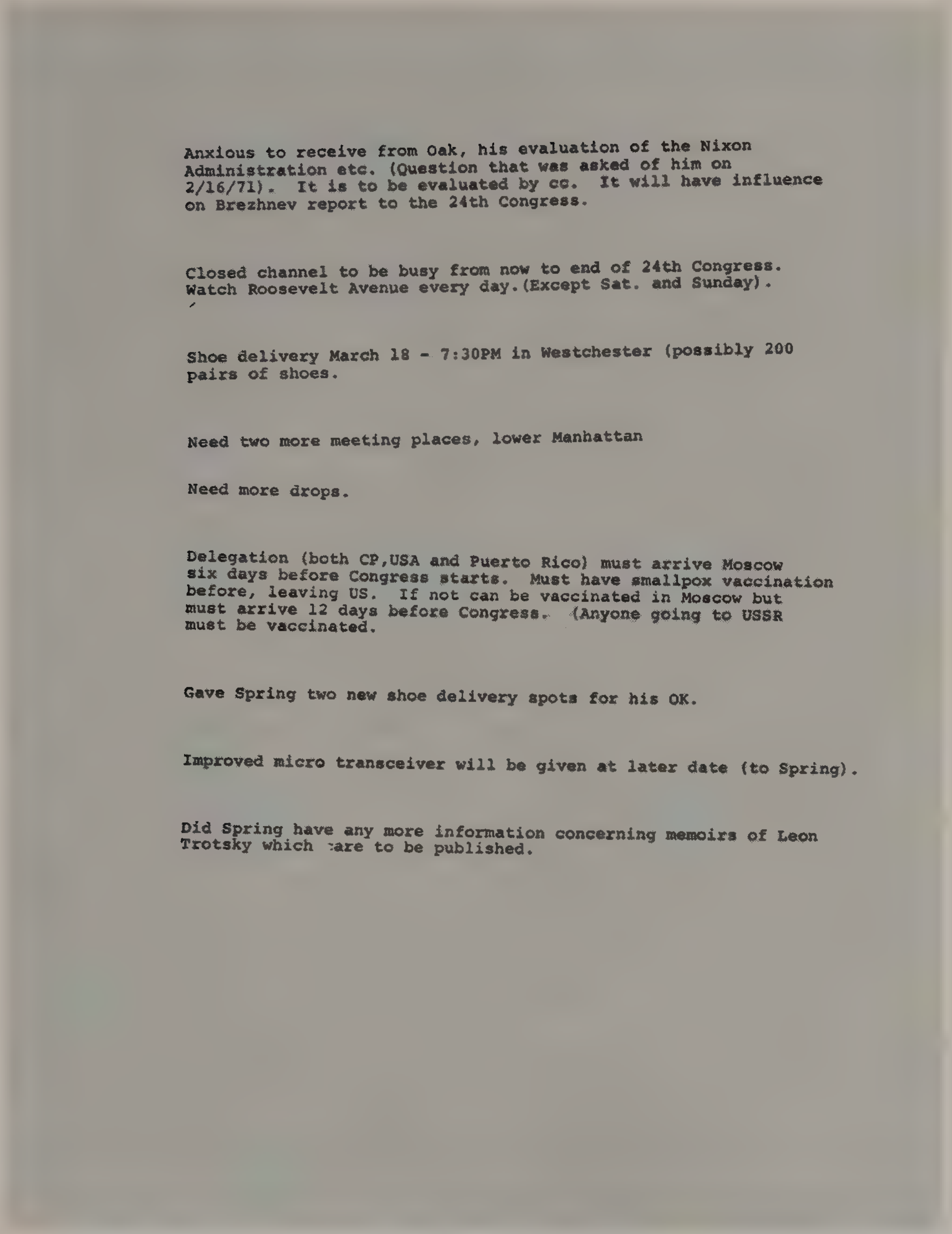

Anxious to receive from Oak, his evaluation of the Nixon Administration etc. (Question that was asked of him on 2/16/71). It is to be evaluated by cc. It will have influence on Brezhnev report to the 24th Congress.

Closed channel to be busy from now to end of 24th Congress. Watch Roosevelt Avenue every day.(Except Sat. and Sunday).

Shoe delivery March 18 - 7:30PM in Westchester (possibly 200 pairs of shoes.

Need two more meeting places, lower Manhattan

Need more drops.

Delegation (both CP,USA and Puerto Rico) must arrive Moscow six days before Congress starts. Must have smallpox vaccination before, leaving US. If not can be vaccinated in Moscow but must arrive 12 days before Congress. (Anyone going to USSR must be vaccinated.

Gave Spring two new shoe delivery spots for his OK.

Improved micro transceiver will be given at later date (to Spring).

Did Spring have any more information concerning memoirs of Leon Trotsky which are to be published.

"Anxious to receive from Oak"

This is a representative operational message radioed by the KGB to Jack Childs on behalf of the International Department. This version has been deciphered but still contains some code words: "Oak" means Gus Hall; "Spring" means Jack Childs; "Shoe" means money; "200 pairs of shoes" means $200,000. In the first paragraph, "cc" stands for Central Committee.

INDEX

Able Kit, 351
ABM. *See* Antiballistic missile defenses
Adams, James, 270-272
Agent 58. *See* Childs, Morris
Agent 66. *See* Childs, Eva Lieb
Agent 69. *See* Childs, Jack
Agriculture, 133-134, 141, 231
Albert, Carl, 238
American Communist Party. *See also* Communist Political Association: attempt to rerecruit Morris, 49-50; denial of visas to Soviets seeking to attend convention, 187; Dennis as leader, 35-37; disbandment of, 33; as early target of SOLO operation, 262; emergence from the underground, 55; FBI arrest of officials, 42; Hall as leader, 58; KGB contact in, 251; Morris as editor of *Daily Worker*, 36-38, 41; national convention, 55-56; party budget, 97; report of informant, 173-174; Soviet anger at disbandment, 35; Soviet belief in the American party, 11; Soviet payments to, 339-340; subsidies from the Soviet Union, 56, 58, 59, 61, 64; treatment of Morris during illness, 41
"American Exceptionalism," 20, 294
American imperialism, 93-94
American journalists, 38, 39-40
Ames, Aldrich, 315
Analytical Directorate, 326
Analytical Unit, 311
Anarchism, 283
Andropov, Yuri, 4, 24, 188; perceived nuclear threat from U.S., 317-318
Angleton, James Jesus, 250-251
Anti-Soviet propaganda, 131
Antiballistic missile defenses, 193
Arab countries, 172
Arab-Israeli War, 163
Assassination of President Kennedy, 97-104
Aviation Week, 202

Bart, Phillip, 49-50, 263
Bell, Griffin, 297, 306-309
Bella, Ben, 107-108
Bennett, Roy, 263, 265
Bourgeoisie, 136
Boyle, Walter: accused of impersonating an FBI agent, 244-247; analysis of FBI reports, 125; assignment by Freyman to SOLO, 6, 70, 78-79; attitude toward headquarters, 300-301; Bronze Star decoration, 77; communication with Burlinson and Langtry, 154; concern over investigation of SOLO operations, 304-307; duration of service with Operation SOLO, 12; educational background, 71-73; at Eva's funeral, 333; family background, 70-71; FBI accusations against, 69-70; gift to

Catholic Charities from Eva and Morris, 9; informing Morris and Jack of Senate committee's knowledge of SOLO, 273-275; interviews with, xii, xiii-xv; investigation of Eva Lieb, 80, 84; letter of immunity from prosecution, 306; meeting to consider Morris' and Eva's trip to Twenty-Fifth Party Congress, 282-287; meeting with Morris and Eva to consider ending SOLO, 279-281; meeting with Morris to congratulate on mission success, 243-244; military career, 73-78; offer of promotion, 290-291; operational conferences, 209-219, 232-235, 255-256; placement of Morris and Jack under surveillance, 250, 251-253; reaction to FBI leak, 119-120; rebuke from headquarters, 152; recruitment of civilians as conspirators in SOLO, 89-90; reflections on Morris after his death, 5, 8, 10-12, 14-15; report from Morris on trip to Twenty-Fifth Party Congress, 287-290; report on Soviet reaction to Nixon election, 169; reports of Missions 35, 36, and 37, 172-173; responsibility for Morris and Eva after Freyman's retirement, 126-127; retirement, 331; review of missions with Morris, 140-141

Brannigan, William A.: informing Morris and Jack of Senate committee's knowledge of SOLO, 273-275; meeting toconsider Morris' and Eva's trip to Twenty-Fifth Party Congress, 282-287; operational conferences, 209-215, 215-219, 232-235, 255-256

Brezhnev, Leonid, xiv, 4, 96; appearance at formal reception, 302; attitude toward Soviet agriculture, 133-134, 141, 231; birthday dinner for Morris, 298-300; briefing of Morris, 120-121; briefing on secret discussions between Kosygin and Chou En Lai, 171; comments on China, 134-135; comments on Soviet economy, 133-134; communication with Nixon, 179-180; disagreements with Kissinger, 229; disarmament agreement, 193; discussion with Morris on summit conference with Nixon, 192; meeting with Hall and Morris, 229; photograph with Morris, 271; preparation for trip to U.S., 204; relations with China after deposition of Khrushchev, 121-122; reports on inability to function, 289-290; response to Hall's letter, 194; Soviet attitude toward, 172; struggle to gain power after deposition of Khrushchev, 124; summit conferences, 192, 194, 240; as supreme ruler of the Soviet Union, 129

Brezhnev doctrine, 294

British intelligence, 315-327

Browder, Earl Russell, 299; appointment of Jack to Young Communist League, 25; disbandment of the American Communist Party, 33; expulsion from party, 35; influence on Morris, 19-20; memorandum to Comrade Dimitrov, 344-347; as new leader of American communism, 20

Brzezinski, Zbigniew, 294, 297

Buck, Tim: as conduit for Soviet funds to U.S. communists, 56, 58; delivery of Krushchev speech to U.S., 54; refuge in Chicago with Morris, 20; reopening of communication between Moscow and American party, 53

Budapest, 167-168

Budenz, Louis, 36

Burlinson, Alexander C.: assignment of Langtry as deputy, 145-146; communication with Boyle and Langtry, 154; death of, 329; debriefings of Jack, 43-44; duration of service with Operation SOLO, 12; Morris' speech at house of, 188-189; operational conferences, 209-215, 217-218, 232-235; reaction to FBI leak, 119-120; rebuke from headquarters, 152; recruitment of banker as conspirator in SOLO, 88-89; relay of transfer money, 151-152; retirement of, 249

Burlinson, Ann, 188-189

"Caesar," 314

Calcines, Ramon, 111

Cambodian resistance movement, 192

Canada: communist party difficulties, 53; as conduit for Soviet funds to U.S. communists, 56, 58, 59, 64; identification of Russian spies in, 37-38

Canadian Communist Party, 173

Captain's Cabin, 182, 298

Carr, Sam, 24, 29, 37-38, 262

Carter, Jimmy: orders to continue SOLO operations, 297, 307-308, 309; Soviet reaction to election of, 294, 296; study to revise American nuclear strategy, 318

Case, Mr. Justin, 220
Casey, William, 315-316
Castro, Fidel: dinner with Morris, 302; early intelligence on, 66; manipulation by Soviets, 63, 91, 92, 96-97; meeting with Jack, 91, 97, 112-114; theory of Kennedy assassination, 113
Catholic Charities of Chicago, 331
The Center, 321, 323-324
Central Committee (Soviet), 29, 91. *See also* International Department of the Central Committee; control of Operation MORAT, 163-164; position paper regarding China, 183-184
Central Intelligence Agency, 5; attempt to buy into FBI Operation SOLO, 9-10; Casey's trip to England, 315-316; investigation of Morris and Jack, 250; treatment of Nosenko, 115n
Chateau Laurier, 174
Chen Yi, 135
Chernayev, Anatoly, 298
Chicago, Illinois: communication with New York office, 154; as headquarters for Operation SOLO, 9, 12, 13, 87-88; Morris as chief of American Communist Party, 29; Morris' effort to unmask an industrial spy, 20-21; Morris' youth in, 18-19
Chicago Art Institute, 18
Chicago Tribune, 30
Childs, Ben, 19, 33
Childs, Eva Lieb, 15; on atmosphere of the back office, 280; consideration of discontinuing SOLO, 276; dates and destinations of missions, 335-337; death of, 332-333; dinner with Jim Fox, 197-199; dinner with Mostovets, 312; on end of SOLO, 308-309; enlistment of Elizabeth Hall's help concerning Morris' health, 309-310; evacuation of, 314; at exhibition of paintings by Jewish artist, 216; FBI code designation for, 5, 84; FBI investigation of, 80-81; first meeting with Morris, 79; life in Miami apartment after SOLO, 331-332; luncheon in honor of, 240; marriage to Morris, 82-83; meeting with Boyle to consider ending SOLO, 280-281; Mission 55, 293-294; mission to Moscow after deposition of Khrushchev, 121, 123; at Morris' funeral, 5, 6-7; in Moscow apartment with Morris, 219-220; opinion on safety of attending Twenty-Fifth Party Congress, 287; as partner in espionage, xiv, 84, 105-106; playing stock market, 253; pocketing of $10,000 reward, 9; on reports of Brezhnev's ability to function, 289-290; return of plane to Moscow, 302-303; on Soviet economy compared to Italy, 288-289; threat to quit, 248; transfer of money for Hall, 154; trip to celebrate October Revolution, 301-302; trip to Twenty-Fifth Party Congress, 287; on use of telephone codes, 311-312
Childs, Jack. *See also* Operation SOLO: advice to Hall on accepting information from dismissed FBI agent, 162; appointment to Young Communist League position, 25; attempt to influence Castro, 91, 97; care of Morris during illness, 42; as clandestine assistant to Morris, 62; code designations for, 51, 64; consideration of discontinuing SOLO, 276-277; copy of Kosygin's United Nations speech, 163; countryside meetings with Talanov, 143, 144-145; dates and destinations of missions, 335-337; death of, 313, 329; discussion of Castro with Korianov, 109; friendship with William Weiner, 262-263; hiding money for transfer, 153; informed of Senate committee's knowledge of SOLO, 273-275; as intermediary between Morris and the FBI, 45, 48, 49; KGB training for use of short-range communications, 91-92; meeting with Castro, 112-114; meeting with Chuchukin, 164-165; meeting with Mr. X, 108-109; meeting with Ponomarev, 116-117; message from KGB to suspend contact, 220; mission to Canada, 53-54; mission to Germany, 26-27; missions to Moscow, 61, 62-63, 91; operational conferences, 209-215, 215-219, 232-235; operational message radioed by the KGB, 355; reaction to FBI leak, 119-120; reaction to Kazakov interrogation, 161; receipt of $500,000 from Zhuravlev, 232; recipient of the National Security Medal, xiii; recruitment by FBI, 43-45; recruitment by Germans, 28; relay of transfer money, 151-152; release of information connecting SOLO to, 311; signal and meeting sites, 150-151; sixtieth birthday party, 158-159; Soviet offer of $300,000, 109; state dinner with

Khrushchev, 107-108; training in Moscow, 25-26; treatment of KGB personnel, 108; trip to Cuba, 111-114; trip to Washington, D.C., 106-107; week-long interrogation of, 156-158

Childs, Morris. *See also* Browder, Earl Russell; Operation SOLO; Summers, Harry: acquaintance with figures of international communism, 17n; analysis of FBI reports, 125; analysis of Soviet attitude toward U.S., 174-175; apartment in Moscow, 182; attempt to read signs from Ponomarev's reception of, 256; attitude toward Soviets, 138; birthdate, 17; birthday dinner given by Brezhnev, 298-300; birthday greetings to Khrushchev, 107; bravery of, 187-188; briefing from Kuzkov, 199-200; briefing from Ponomarev on China, 191-192; briefing on secret discussions between Kosygin and Chou En Lai, 171; as chief party organizer in Wisconsin, 28-29; code designations for, 4n, 51, 64; as communist candidate to U.S. Senate, 31-32; complaints about special privileges in socialist countries, 348-350; conclusions on impending summit conference, 192-193; congratulations from Wannall on mission success, 243-244; consideration of trip to Twenty-Fifth Party Congress, 275, 282-287; copy of Stenogram, 131-133; courtship of Eva Lieb, 79-82; dates and destinations of missions, 335-337; death of, xiv, 332; deception of Hall concerning poor health, 309-311; delegate to Eighth National Assembly of Partido Socialista Popular, 64-65; dinner with Fidel Castro, 302; dinner with Jim Fox, 197-199; dinner with Mostovets, 312; discussion with Nikolai, 201-204; diverted flight from Norway, 244-246; as editor of the *Daily Worker*, 36-38, 41; education at the Lenin School, 21-24; education in Chicago, 18-19; eulogy by Fox, 7-8; evacuation of, 314; family name, 17; health problems, xiii-xiv, 24-25, 35, 41, 48-49, 90-91; hiding money for transfer, 153-154; informed of Senate committee's knowledge of SOLO, 273-275; as lead delegate to Twenty-First Communist Party Congress, 58; leak of activities supplied in American intelligence reports, 155; letter from Hall warning Soviets of misinterpretations, 236; life in Miami apartment after SOLO, 331-332; marriage to first wife, 28; marriage to Sonny Schlossberg, 59; meeting to consider safety of trip to Twenty-Fifth Party Congress, 282-287; meeting with Boyle to consider ending SOLO, 280-281; meeting with Brezhnev and Central Committee members, 229-231; meeting with Brezhnev to provide information on U.S. news, 297-298; meeting with Chernayev, 298; meeting with Koryavin, 313-314; meeting with Polonik, 165-166; meeting with Ponomarev after Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, 166-167; memorandum to the International Department, 351-352; message to Ponomarev, 220; Mission 39, 179; Mission 55, 293-294; mission for acquisition of Arabian horses, 186-187; mission to Moscow after deposition of Khrushchev, 120-121; in Moscow apartment with Eva, 219-220; Moscow's dossier on, 30-31, 33; operational conferences, 209-215, 215-219, 232-235, 255-256; photograph with Brezhnev, 271; playing stock market, 253; position paper regarding China, 183-184; postcards sent to FBI, 220; poverty of, 29-30, 41; preparation for Brezhnev's trip to U.S., 204, 205-207; reaction to FBI leak, 119-120; reasons Soviets shared information with, 137; recipient of Order of the Red Banner, 4; recipient of the National Security Medal, xiii; recruitment by FBI, 46-48; relay of transfer money, 151-152; release of information connecting SOLO to, 311; renewal of contact with Soviets, 228-229; report of informant, 173-174; report on Soviet reaction to Nixon election, 169; report on trip to Twenty-Fifth Party Congress, 287-290; reports of Missions 35, 36, and 37, 172-173; return of plane to Moscow, 302-303; return to Moscow in 1958, 56-57; review of missions with Boyle, 140-141; revision of Hall's letter to Brezhnev, 193; secret delegate to conference of European party leaders in Budapest, 167-168; selection of home, 247; Soviet briefing at Twenty-Third Party Congress 129; speech at Burlinson's home, 188-189; threat to retire, 227-228; tour of Eastern Europe and

the Soviet Union, 129; trip to celebrate October Revolution, 301-302; trip to Moscow after suspension of MORAT, 225-228; trip to Moscow following Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, 165; trip to Moscow with letter of request for money from Hall, 240; trip to speakeasy, 182-183; trip to Twenty-Fifth Party Congress, 287; trips to Soviet bloc between October 1967 and June 1968, 164; turning over remaining funds to Hall, 313
Childs, Phillip, 19, 33, 41
Childs, Rosslyn: recruitment by FBI, 106-107; transfer of money for Hall, 154; trip to Washington, D.C., 106-107
Chilovsky, Benjamin. *See* Childs, Ben
Chilovsky, Jakob. *See* Childs, Jack
Chilovsky, Joseph, emigration to America, 18
Chilovsky, Moishe. *See* Childs, Morris
Chilovsky, Phillip. *See* Childs, Phillip
China. *See also* Sino-Soviet split; *specific Chinese leaders*: anti-Soviet campaign, 130-131; attitude toward U.S., 139-140; Brezhnev's comments on, 134-135; Browder's trip, 20; contempt for Krushchev, 57, 59-60; conversion from U.S. adversary to ally, 177-178; deterioration of relationship with Soviet Union, 170-171; differences with Soviets over nuclear war, 93, 94-95; Krushchev's denunciation of, 64; Morris' trip to renew relations in 1958, 57-58; negotiations with Soviets, 91, 92-93; negotiations with U.S., 180-181, 183; on perceived Soviet-U.S. collaboration, 127-128; position paper regarding, 183-184; reaction to U.S. bombings in Vietnam, 123; Shanghai Communiqué, 186; Soviet attitudes toward, 135-137, 173; tenth anniversary of communist assumption of power, 59-60
Chou En Lai, 12, 60; meeting with George Picheau, 136-137; meeting with Kissinger, 179; reaction to Khrushchev's deposition, 121-122; secret discussions with Kosygin, 171
Chuchukin, Vladimir Aleksandrovich: complaint to Jack, 213; meeting with Jack, 164-165; meeting with Morris after suspension of MORAT, 226-228; publication of photograph, 222-223
Church, Frank, 14, 269-272
Church Committee, 244
CIA. *See* Central Intelligence Agency
"Clip," 144-145
COINTELPRO, 255
Cold War, 42
Collective farms. *See* State and collective farms
Collective leadership, 121
Comintern, 25. *See also* International Department of the Central Committee; Browder as primary American agent, 19-20; detachment of Jack to Germany, 26-27; dossier on Morris, 30-31, 33; orders to Morris to seek Senate seat, 31; secret document, 345-346; Stalin's abolishment of, 32
Communist International. *See* Comintern
Communist party. *See also* American Communist Party; Comintern; International Department of the Central Committee; *specific communist countries*: world leaders acquainted with Childs, 17
Communist Party of the United States of America. *See also* American Communist Party: report of informant, 173-174
Communist Political Association, 33
Congressional Record, 202, 211
Convention of the Indian Communist Party, 181
Correlation of Forces doctrine, 94
Cover story, 137
CPUSA. *See* Communist Party of the United States of America
Cruise missiles, 319, 322
Cuba. *See also* Castro, Fidel: communication lines with American Communist Party, 63; Eighth National Assembly of Partido Socialista Popular, 64-65; Oswald's request for a visa, 100; Soviet influence on, 96-97; subsidies to American Communist Party, 89
Cuban Missile Crisis of 1961, 85, 92, 93
Cuomo, Mario, 331
Curwen, Christopher, 315-316
Czechoslovakia, 62, 63, 92; deteriorating relationship with Soviets, 164-165; Twelfth Congress of the Czech Communist Party, 83

Dacha, 150
Daily Worker, 36-38, 41
Dangle operations, 155
Davidov, Boris, 170n

Davis, Angela, 8-9
Dean, John, 210
Decker, Andrew, 215-219
"Democratic Centralism" doctrine, 23
Democratic Republic of Vietnam. *See* North Vietnam
Dennis, Eugene, 263; appointment of John Gates to replace Morris, 41; arrest of, 41; Hall named as successor, 58; as leader of the American Communist Party, 35-37; release from prison, 56
Detente, 220, 226
Deviationism, 193
Devine, Thomas J., 255-256
Dimitrov, Georgi, 344-347
Disarmament, 192-193, 230, 289
Disinformation, 115n, 253-254
Disinformation Department, 288
Djilas, Milovan, 173
Documents, 344-355
Dole, Robert, 194
Doomsday graph, 326
Double agents, 45-46
Dubcek, Alexander, 164

East Germany, 173
Economist, 202
Egypt, 200, 201
Eisler, Gerhardt, 29
Emory University, 30
England, 315-316
Escalante, Anibal, 63
Eurocommunism, 294
European Security Conference, 178
Evacuation and resettlement plan, 310

Fallback story, 137
"Fatso," 274
FBI. *See* Federal Bureau of Investigation
Federal Bureau of Investigation: Analytical Unit, 311; appointment of Kelley as director, 223-224; arrest of top leaders of American Communist Party, 42; arrest of Valery Markelov, 187; assignment of Langtry as Burlinson's deputy, 145-146; bugging of party offices, 162; Chicago field offices for SOLO, 9, 12, 13, 87-88; code designations for Morris and Jack, 51; concealment of identity of Morris, 5; concern for publicizing classified information, xi-xii; congressional investigation, 254-256; dangle operations, 155; death of J. Edgar Hoover, 210, 212; decision to end SOLO, 307, 309; delivery of Krushchev's speech to State Department, 54; demand by Select Senate Committee for files, 269-270; formation of Underground Squads, 42-43; Gray as interim director, 212; leak to columnist concerning money transfers, 110-111; mail drop, 108; mandatory retirement of agents, 249; Operation SASH, 51; operational conference, 254-256; participatorymanagement, 233; prevention of terrorist bombings, 283; reaction to newspaper leak, 120; recording of KGB radio transmissions, 149; recruitment of Ben Childs, 87; recruitment of black agents, 46; recruitment of civilians as conspirators, 13, 88-90; recruitment of Jack Childs, 43-45; recruitment of KGB officer, 251; recruitment of Langtry, 148; recruitment of Morris Childs, 46-48; recruitment of Rosslyn Childs, 106-107; surveillance of Martin Luther King, 267; "TOPLEV" program, 42
Federal Reserve Bank, 88-89
"Fedora," 251
Field compromise, 310
Fighter aircraft, 202-203
Ford, Gerald: explanation of SOLO operations, 236; Soviet reaction to defeat of, 294; summit conference with Brezhnev, 240
Foreign Relations Committee, 239
Foster, William Z., 35-36, 41, 42
Fox, James, xiii, xv; administrative leave from FBI, 330; analysis of FBI reports, 125; dinner with Morris and Eva, 197-199; eulogy of Morris, 7-8; at Eva's funeral, 333; at Morris' funeral, 3-5, 10-12, 14-15; retirement dinner, 330-331
Fox, John William. *See* Childs, Jack
France, 136-137
Freedom of Information Act, xiii, 274
Freeh, Louis, 330
Freyman, Carl. *See also* Operation SOLO: attempt to recruit Morris, 45-48; duration of service with Operation SOLO, 12; at Eva's funeral, 333; influence on Morris, 19; interviews with, xiii, xv; at Morris' funeral, 5; reaction to FBI leak, 119-120; report on Sino-Soviet split, 125; retirement from FBI, 125-126; retirement years, 329; support for Boyle, 70, 78
Friendship monuments, 130
Fries, Ronald, 282-287
Fulbright, William, 239

Gannett, Betty, 50, 53
Gates, John, 41
Germany: communist party in, 25; declaration of war against the U.S., 32; delivery of money to communist underground, 26-27; invasion of Soviet Union, 32
Ghandi, Indira, 181
Giuliani, Rudolph, 331
Glavny Vrag, 140
Goldberg, Arthur, 163
Golitsyn, Anatoly, 250
Gomulka, Wladyslaw, 54
Gorbachev, Mikhail, 316, 326; meeting with Reagan, 326-327
Gordievsky, Oleg, 315-327
Gouzenko, Igor, 37-38
Gray, L. Patrick: as interim director of FBI, 212; resignation of, 215
Grechukhin, Aleksandr, 62, 108
Greenham Common, 325
Gromyko, Andrei, 253
GRU, 321-325
Guk, A.V., 325

Haiphong Harbor, 194
Halderman, H.R., 210
Hall, Elizabeth, 302
Hall, Gus, 42; approval of Eva Lieb, 81-82; currying favor with, 10, 86; at funeral for Ho Chi Minh, 171; as general secretary of American Communist Party, 58, 61-63; hospitalization of, 179; letter warning Soviets of misinterpretations, 236; meeting with Brezhnev and Central Committee members, 229-231; meeting with Brezhnev to provide information on U.S. news, 297-298; preparation for Brezhnev's trip to U.S., 204; profile of, 61-62; reaction to Riesel article, 117; reaction to Soviet-U.S. disarmament agreements, 193, 196; reaction to suspension of MORAT, 225; recommendation that Morris enter hospital, 309-310; requests for money transfers, 153, 240; Soviet letter to, 354; suspicion of FBI office bugging, 162; tour of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, 129
Hangchow, China, 130
Hanover Trust Company, 153
Harris, Lem, 265
Held, Richard: investigation of Boyle allegedly impersonating an FBI agent, 245-247; meeting with Morris to congratulate on mission success, 243-244; operational conference, 215-219; talk to Boyle concerning his attitude towards headquarters, 301
Helsinki Accords, 294
Hitler, Adolf, 39
Ho Chi Minh, 171
Holberg, Arvo. *See* Hall, Gus
Hoover, J. Edgar, 9, 54, 103; death of, 210, 212; firing of William Sullivan, 267
Houser, David E.: meeting to consider Morris' and Eva's trip to Twenty-Fifth Party Congress, 282-287; operational conference, 255-256
Hungary, 56

ID. *See* International Department of the Central Committee
Income taxes, 305
India, 93
Indian Communist Party, 181
Individual terrorism, 283
Indonesia, 135
Ingram, James O., 232-235, 255-256
Instructions to Communist Parties, 353
Internal Revenue Service, 305
International Department of the Central Committee, 38; assumption of function of Comintern, 32; control of Operation MORAT, 163; Hall named to succeed Dennis, 58; Jack's sixtieth birthday party, 158-159; memorandum from Morris, 351-352; subsidies to American Communist Party, 56, 58, 59, 61, 64
International Publishers, 154
Irina (Eva Childs' escort), 220, 240
Israel, 54n; report that Soviets may recognize country, 253; Soviet attitude toward, 172; Soviet interest in, 220-221
Italian party, 191-192

Jackson, James, 263
Japan, 32
Jewish citizens: persecution by Stalin, 38-39; Ponomarev attempt to improve relations with Americans, 236-237
Johnson, Beatrice: friendship with Jack, 111-112; meeting with Castro, 112-114
Johnson, Lyndon, 98, 99, 102
Journal American, 110

Kazakov, Vladimir: analysis of *KGB* book, 240-241; interview of Morris, 257-258; invitation to Jack's sixtieth

birthday party, 158-159; message to Hall, 220; week-long interrogation of Jack, 156-158
Kelley, Clarence, 14; admiration of Morris and Eva, 304; appearance before Church Committee, 244; appointment as director of FBI, 223-224; decision to inform Ford and Kissinger of SOLO operations, 235-236; decision to keep Boyle in Chicago, 249; exposure of SOLO to Senate Select Committee, 270-272
Kennedy, John F.: assassination, 97-104; Castro's theory of assassination, 113; Cuban Missile Crisis, 85; defense of Martin Luther King, 264; Soviet opinion of, 82
Kennedy, Robert F., 102, 264
KGB: contact in the American Communist Party, 251; Disinformation Department, 288; fear of nuclear war, 321-325; Jack's training for use of short-range communications, 91-92; message to suspend contact, 222; officers in SOLO, 341; Operation RYAN, 316-327; operational message radioed to Jack, 355; radio transmission difficulties, 143-144; radio transmissions from Moscow, 149; relay of transfer money, 151-152; signal and meeting sites, 150-151; transfer of funds to American Communist Party, 64, 82
KGB: The Secret Works of Soviet Secret Agents, 223n, 226-227
Khmer Rouge, 192
Khrushchev, Nikita: 4, 12, 94; Chinese contempt for, 57, 59-60; denunciation of China, 64; denunciation of Stalin, 54; erosion of power, 91; meeting of Soviet General Staff, 93; recognition of Morris' heroism, 58-59; birthday greetings from Morris, 107; deposition of, 120-121; as sycophant, 107
Kim Il Sung, 200
King, Coretta, 269
King, Martin Luther, 261-269
Kissinger, Henry: build-up of Soviet trust, 171-172; disagreements with Brezhnev, 230; discussion with Brezhnev on disarmament agreement, 192; explanation of SOLO operations, 236; insistence that SOLO continue, 254; negotiation with China, 221; secret trip to Peking, 178-179; Shanghai Communiqué, 186
Klehr, Professor Harvey, 30
Knox, Charles, xiv
Kolobashkin, Aleksey, 114
Korea. *See also* North Korea; South Korea: Boyle's service in, 75-78
Korianov, Oleg: discussion of Castro with Jack, 109; as Mostovets' assistant, 108
Koryavin, Konstantin, 313-314
Kosygin, Alexei: Peking conference, 122-123; relations with China after deposition of Khrushchev, 121-122; secret discussions with Chou En Lai, 171; Stenogram of 1966 conversation with Mao, 131-133
Kremlin: assignment of vault to Morris, 58; fear of nuclear war, 321
Krumbein, Charles, 36
Kryuchkov, Vladimir, 323
Kuusinen, Otto, 24
Kuzkov, Yevgeny, 199-201

Labor unions, 33
Langtry, John: arrangement of signal and meeting sites, 150; assignment as Burlinson's deputy, 145-146; college education, 147; communication with Boyle and Burlinson, 154; concern over investigation of SOLO operations, 304-307; duration of service with Operation SOLO, 12; family background, 146-147; FBI training, 148; illness, 6; informing Morris and Jack of Senate committee's knowledge of SOLO, 273-275; interviews with, xiii, xv; knowledge of KGB officers, 13; knowledge of New York City, 149; letter of immunity from prosecution, 306; military service, 147; operational conferences, 209-215, 217-218, 232-235, 255-256; placement of Morris and Jack under surveillance, 250, 251-253; rebuke from headquarters, 152; recruitment into FBI, 148; relay of transfer money, 151-152; retirement years, 321-322; weekend work, 154
Latin America, 96
Leavitt, Thomas W.: informing Morris and Jack of Senate committee's knowledge of SOLO, 273-275; operational conference, 254-256
Lenin School, 21-22, 187-188
Lessiovsky, Victor, 265-266
Levison, Roy. *See* Bennett, Roy
Levison, Stanley David, 262-265, 266
Lewis, John L., 33

Lieb, Eva. *See* Childs, Eva Lieb
Lin Piao, 192
Liu Saho-Chi, 171
Liu Shao-Chi, 135, 192
London *Rezidency*, 322, 325
Lovestone, Jay, 20, 299
L'Unita, 191-192

Mail-order firm established for Morris, 86-87
"Main Enemy," 140
Major, David, 316
Mao Tse Tung, 12, 57, 60, 94, 183; attitude toward Soviets, 139, 140; meeting with Kosygin, 122-123; Ponomarev's briefing concerning, 192; reaction to U.S. bombings in Vietnam, 123; Stenogram of 1966 conversation with Kosygin, 131-133
Maoists, 171
Markelov, Valery, 187
Marxism, 283
Mascola, Elizabeth, 53, 58, 59, 64
Mayo Clinic, 5, 48-49, 309
McFarlane, Robert, 326
McGovern, George, 196, 197
Mediterranean Sea, 230
Mexico, 63, 100
Middle East, 172, 220-221
Milburn, James, xiv
Miller, Edward S., 209-215
Molotov, Vyacheslav, 39
Money transfers: relay of, 151-152; Riesel article, 110, 115-116; week-long interrogation of Jack concerning, 156-158
MORAT. *See* Operation MORAT
Morgan, Robert, 270-271
Morning Freiheit, 38
Morris, Ben, 19, 87
Moser, Barbara, 331-332, 333
Mostovets, Nikolai, 62-63, 82-83; desire for Cuban trip, 108; dinner with Morris and Eva, 312; greeting for Morris and Eva in Moscow, 303; meeting with Hall and Morris, 229; warning to Jack, 114-116
Mr. X, 108-109

Nadezhda, 287
Nasser, Gamal Abdul, 200
Natalia, 206-207
National Committee, 263
National Security Council, 316
National Security Medal, xiii, 329
Nazi party: Morris' Senate campaign against, 31-32; treatment of German communists, 25
Negro and Southern Affairs, 263
New York City, 37; communication with Chicago office, 154
New York comrades, 109-110, 116
New York Times, 304
Nikolai (KGB officer), 201-204
Nixon, Richard: build-up of Soviet trust, 171-172; communication with Brezhnev, 179-180; conversion of China from adversary to ally, 177-178; disarmament agreement, 193; negotiation with China, 221; reaction to North Vietnamese offensive against South Vietnam, 193; resignation of, 235; Soviet reaction to election as President, 168-170; summit conference, 194-195
NKVD, 344
Nolan, James, 307
Nomenklatura, 348
North Korea, 92, 200, 201
North Vietnam: offensive against South Vietnam, 193; reaction to U.S. bombings in Vietnam, 123
Nosenko, Yuri Ivanovich, 115n, 251
Novick, Paul, 38
Novotny, Anton, 129
Nuclear war, 93, 94-95
NY-4309S. *See* "Clip"

October Revolution, 301
O'Dell, Hunter Pitts. *See* O'Dell, Jack
O'Dell, Jack, 263-264, 265, 266
OGPU (secret political police), 23-24
Operation MORAT, 86, 91. *See also* Operation SOLO; control of, 163-164; message to Jack from KGB to suspend contact, 220; new communications' code, 109
Operation RYAN, 316-327
Operation SASH, 51, 262
Operation SOLO. *See also* Operation MORAT; *specific participants*: assistance in converting China from U.S. adversary to ally, 177-178; Boyle's assignment to SOLO, 78-79; Chicago field offices, 87-88; dates and destinations of missions, 335-337; early intelligence from, 66, 67; early years of, 262; KGB officers in, 341; operational conferences, 209-215, 215-219, 232-235, 254-256; results of fifteenth mission, 126; results of fourteenth mission, 95-96; retitled from Operation SASH, 58

Operation TARPRO, 155
Operational conferences, 209-215, 215-219, 232-235, 254-256
Order of the Red Banner, 4, 300, 329
Oswald, Lee Harvey, 99-102, 113
Oswald, Lee Harvey, Mrs., 103-104

Pakistan, 178
Paris Peace Accords, 236
Parliamentary delegation, 237-239
Participatory management, 233
Peace and disarmament campaign, 289, 295-296
Pearl Harbor, 32
Peasants, 141
Peking, China: anti-Soviet demonstrations, 130; Kissinger secret trip to, 178-179
Peking conference, 122-123
Penkovsky, Colonel Oleg, 91
Peoples' Republic of China. *See* China
Perlman, Molly, 38
Pershing missiles, 319, 322
Picheau, George, 136-137
Politburo, 91, 96, 97, 100, 163
Political police. *See* OGPU
Polonik, Mikhail, 165-166
Ponomarev, Boris, 56, 61, 66; attempt to improve relations with American Jews, 236-237; attitude toward China, 171; attitude toward Nixon administration, 169-170; Boyle's knowledge of, 12-13; briefing of Morris on China, 191-192; on China as international threat, 129-130; concern for security of operation, 164; leak of activities supplied in American intelligence reports, 155; meeting with Hall and Morris, 229; meeting with Jack, 116-117; meeting with members of Congress, 237-238; meeting with Morris after Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, 166-167; meeting with Morris after suspension of MORAT, 226-228; message to Hall, 220; opinion of Ford, 240; preparation for Brezhnev's trip to U.S., 205-207; reassessment of Ford-Brezhnev summit meeting, 259; reception of Morris, 256; response to Hall's letter, 239; response to Soviet-U.S. disarmament agreements, 195-196; on Soviet attitudes toward China, 135-137; Soviet involvement in Kennedy's assassination, 97-102; at state dinner honoring Ben Bella, 108
Propaganda campaigns, 131, 322
Pushkin, Aleksandr, 130

Radio propaganda, 131
Radio transmissions: difficulties with, 143-144; rubber doll signal, 149-150
Railways, underground communist line, 29
RCMP. *See* Royal Canadian Mounted Police
Reader's Digest, 226
Reagan, Ronald, xiii, 4, 316; attitude toward Soviets, 318, 319-320; meeting with Gorbachev, 326-327
Reed, John, 229
Religion, 203-204
Religious sects, 204
Revisionism, 167
Rezidencies, 321-325
Riesel, Victor, 110, 115-116, 211
Roberts, Wesley, 331-332, 333
Romerstein, Herbert, 344
Roosevelt, Franklin D., 33
Royal Canadian Mounted Police, 173
"Rubber duck," 218
Ruckel, Raymond, 255-256
Ruling class, 348
Russian Orthodox Church, 203-204
Russian Revolution, 19
RYAN. *See* Operation RYAN

Sadat, Anwar, 200
SALT. *See* Strategic Arms Limitation Talks
San Francisco, California, 238
SASH. *See* Operation SASH
Schlossberg, Sonny, 42, 47; illness of, 59, 61; marriage to Morris, 59
Science and technology, 134, 172
Scott, Hugh, 180
SDI. *See* Strategic Defense Initiative
Sea of Peace, 230
Secret documents, 344-355
Select Senate Committee on Intelligence Activities, 269-270
Semichastny, Vladimir, 104
Serov, General Ivan, 91
Sessions, William, xiii
Seven-Day Arab-Israeli War, 163
Shanghai, China, 130
Shanghai Communiqué, 186
Shelepin, Aleksandr, 258
Sino-Soviet split, 56, 58-60, 64-65, 92-95, 122-125, 200-201
"SK" radio transmission, 117, 149, 232
Smith, Howard K., 40-41

Smith, Ivian C., 331-332
Smith, Walter Bedell, 40, 41
Smith Act, 148; court ruling against prosecution of communists, 55; passage of, 42
Socialized agriculture, 141
SOLO. *See* Operation SOLO
South Korea, 92
Southern Christian Leadership Council, 263
Soviet-Chinese friendship monuments, 130
Soviet parliamentary delegation, 237-239
Soviet Union. *See also* International Department of the Central Committee; KGB; Operation MORAT; Politburo; Sino-Soviet split; *specific Soviet leaders*: as ally to U.S., 32; anti-Soviet campaign in China, 130-131; arrest of Lee Harvey Oswald, 99-101; attitude toward Nixon administration, 171-172; attitude toward Reagan, 318, 319-320; build-up of paranoia, 317-319; Correlation of Forces doctrine, 94; delusions about U.S.-Chinese relations, 185, 187; deposition of Khrushchev, 120-121; deterioration of relationship with China, 170-171; differences with China over nuclear war, 93, 94-95; economic difficulties, 288-289; economic disorder, 129; fear of another Korean War, 92; German invasion of, 32; intelligence concerning U.S. and Chinese activity in Vietnam, 123-124; invasion of Prague, 165; Morris' invitation to Moscow in 1958, 56; Moscow conference of foreign ministers, 38; negotiations with China, 91, 92-93; Order of the Red Banner award to Morris, 4; payments to the U.S. Communist Party, 339-340; poaching in American territorial waters, 187; propaganda campaigns, 322; purchase of American grain at below-market prices, 238-239; reaction to election of Carter, 294, 296; reaction to election of Nixon, 168-170; reaction to U.S.-Chinese negotiations, 178, 180-181, 183; reasons for sustaining American Communist Party, 11; secret documents, 344-355; subsidies to the American Communist Party, 4, 56, 58, 59, 61, 64; Treaty of Alma Ata, 15; Twentieth Communist Party Congress, 54; Twenty-third Party Congress, 129
Spanish Civil War, 30
Speakeasy, 182-183
Special comrades. *See* KGB
Special Source intelligence. *See* Operation SOLO
Stalin, Josef, 93; abolishment of Comintern, 32; detention of Lovestone, 20; Krushchev's denunciation of, 54; persecution of Jews, 38-39; trust in Hitler, 39
Stalingrad, 24-25
Stalinists, 20
Stanford University, xiv
Star Wars, 320
State and collective farms, 133, 141, 231
Steinbeck, Michael, xii, 301, 304
Stenogram, 131-133
Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, 171, 193
Strategic Defense Initiative, 320-321
Struggle Against Revisionism, 130
The Struggle for Russia, 104
Sullivan, William C., 267-269; efforts to recruit Rosslyn Childs, 106-107; failure to disseminate report on Soviet-Czechoslovakia relations, 165
Summers, Harry, 21
Summit conferences, 192, 194-195, 240
Suslov, Mikhail: attitude toward Nixon administration, 169-170; Boyle's knowledge of, 12-13; briefing on communication between Brezhnev and Nixon, 179-180; on China as international threat, 129-130; meeting with Hall and Morris, 229; as mentor to Morris, 24; as negotiator with China, 92-94; relations with China after deposition of Khrushchev, 121-122; Soviet reaction to U.S.-Chinese negotiations, 180-181, 183; Soviet view of world affairs, 56; on visit from Hugh Scott, 180
Switzerland, 83

Talanov, Nikolai, 143
TARPRO. *See* Operation TARPRO
Ten Days That Shook the World, 229
Teng Hsiao-Ping, 92-94
Terrorist bombings, 283
Thatcher, Margaret, 316
Third World countries, 96
Timur, Timofeyev (Timofeevich, Timmy), 63
"Tiny," 274
Tito, Josip, 24
"TOPLEV" program, 42
Tower, John, 272

Transfer money. *See* Money transfers
Treaty of Alma Ata, 15
Trotskyites, 136
Truman, Harry, 38; application of the Smith Act, 42
Twentieth Communist Party Congress, 54
Twenty-Third Communist Party Congress, 129
Twenty-Fifth Communist Party Congress, 287

U Thant, 265
Ulbricht, Walter, 24, 129
Ultra-nationalist faction, 172
Underground Squad, 148
Unestablished borderline, 123
United Communist Party of America, 19
United Mine Workers, 33
U.S. Congress: investigation of FBI, 254-256; mandatory retirement of FBI agents, 249; meeting with delegation of Soviet parliamentarians, 237-238; passage of Smith Act, 42
U.S. Justice Department, xii-xiii
U.S. Secret Service, 205
U.S. Senate: demand for FBI files, 269-270; Morris as communist candidate, 31-32; Senate Intelligence Committee, 305
U.S. State Department: denial of visas to Soviets seeking to attend American Communist Party convention, 187; importance of FBI documents on Sino-Soviet breach, 64, 66; publication of 1956 Krushchev speech, 54-55
U.S. Supreme Court, 42
USS Pueblo, 164
USSR. *See* Soviet Union

Vallejo, Rene, 112-113
Venezuela, 96
Vietnam. *See also* North Vietnam: Soviet attitude toward, 173
"Vivian" mail drop, 108
Von Pong, 194

Wall Street Journal, 202
Wang Chia Hsiang, 57-58
Wannall, Raymond, 14; appointment as assistant director of FBI, 223-224; decision to inform Ford and Kissinger of SOLO operations, 235-236; exposure of SOLO to Senate Select Committee, 270-272; investigation of Boyle allegedly impersonating an FBI agent, 245-247; meeting to consider Morris' and Eva's trip to Twenty-Fifth Party Congress, 282-287; meeting with Morris to congratulate on mission success, 243-244; operational conference, 232-235; Sullivan's letter concerning Martin Luther King, 267-268; testimony before Senate committee, 272; visit to Morris' and Eva's penthouse, 247-249
Warren Commission, 102
Warsaw, Poland, 54
Washington, D.C., 56
Watergate, 194, 204, 229
Weiner, William, 262-263
Westchester County, New York, 143
Wisconsin, 28-29
Wolfe, Bertram D., 55n
"Women in White" offices, 86-87
World Marxist Review, 62
World Trade Center, 330

Yekaterina (Morris Childs' cook/nursemaid), 182-183
Yeltsin, Boris, 104
Yezhov, Nikolai, 344
Young Communist League, 25

Zamoyski, L.P., 326
Zhuravlev, Yuri, 229, 232

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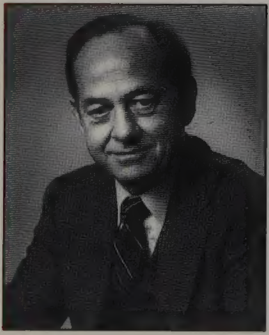

JOHN BARRON was senior editor at *Reader's Digest* for twenty years before retiring to northern Virginia in 1991. He is the author of five bestsellers: *KGB: The Secret Work of Soviet Secret Agents*, *Murder of a Gentle Land*, *MIG Pilot*, *Breaking the Ring*, and *KGB Today*. He is considered a preeminent authority on Soviet intelligence by the U.S. government and has been an expert witness in seven major spy trials.

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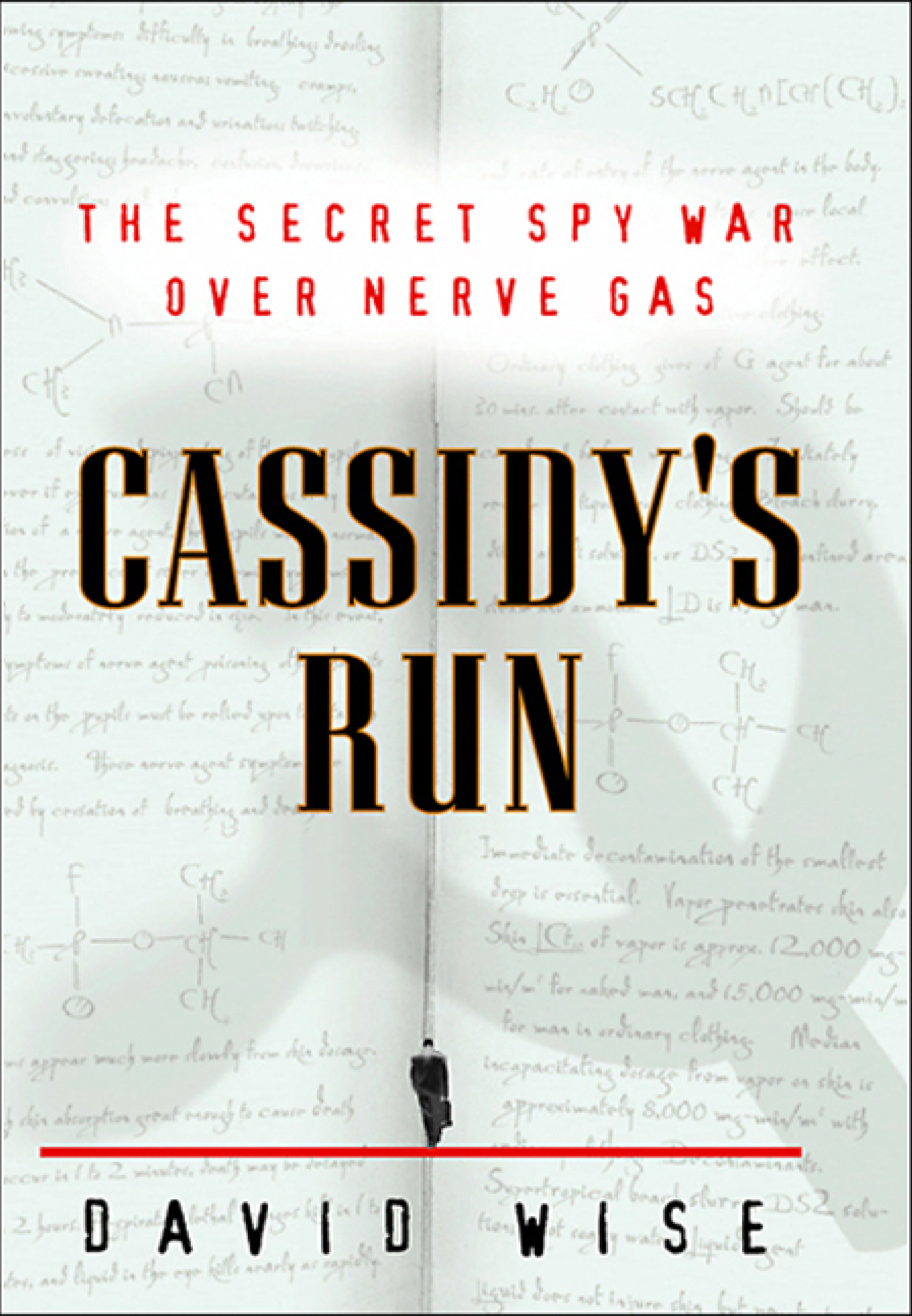

THE SECRET SPY WAR OVER NERVE GAS

CASSIDY'S RUN

DAVID WISE

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CONTENTS

TITLE PAGE

DEDICATION

1. “LIKE A POLE THROUGH MY GUT”

2. THE DANGLE

3. WALLFLOWER

4. ORANGE PEELS FOR BREAKFAST

5. RECONTACT

6. THE DECEPTION

7. WASHINGTON GAME

8. AND THE VOLGA TURNED WHITE

9. THE NUN

10. “THEY MIGHT SHOOT ME”

11. SUNDANCE

12. PALMETTO

13. IXORA

14. THE BIG APPLE

15. A SECRET MEDAL

16. THE PROFESSOR

17. SHOW TIME

18. ENDGAME

19. THE TURNING OF IXORA

20. MOSCOW: A DEADLY SECRET

21. CASSIDY’S RUN

NOTES

AUTHOR’S NOTE

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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TO ROBERT D. LOOMIS

CHAPTER: 1

“LIKE A POLE THROUGH MY GUT”

The Cessna 172 seaplane had run into a sudden, dangerous summer storm. Flying low above the lake country in northern Minnesota, the light craft, with the pilot and one passenger aboard, was being buffeted by strong winds and torrential rain.

The pilot called the tower in Hibbing. He said he had to make an emergency landing. In the brief, terse conversation, he indicated he would try to set the plane down in Sturgeon Lake, northwest of Chisholm. But at the last moment, tossed about in the howling wind and rain, the pilot apparently changed his mind and attempted to land in Dewey Lake, which was much smaller but nearer to his position. The Cessna approached the north end of the lake, close to the shoreline. It was 5 P.M., Thursday, August 25, 1977.

Certain officials of the United States government were keenly aware of the flight and its secret purpose. The two men aboard were not vacationers looking for a fishing camp, nor were they businessmen returning home. The pilot, Trenwith S. Basford, and his younger passenger, Mark A. Kirkland, were both special agents of the FBI.

Only two weeks earlier, Mark Kirkland had turned thirty-three. His wife, Julie, decided to throw a surprise birthday party.

“There was Mexican food, I hired a flamenco dancer. A lot of friends came, Boy Scouts, people from the neighborhood, and a few from the office.” The couple’s two little boys had a great time at the party. “Kenneth was two months shy of being three, Christopher was one year old.”

The Kirklands had a good life together. They lived in Minnetonka, near Minneapolis, in an old, three-story farmhouse they were renovating. A devout Mormon, Mark was the leader of the local Boy Scout troop. Five years before, he had realized his lifelong ambition of becoming an FBI agent.

Normally clean-cut and clean shaven, Kirkland was a striking figure at his birthday party in long, shaggy hair and a full beard. Julie knew why; her husband was undercover on a case. He had not told her a lot of details, but she knew he was trying to pass as a college student. “People at church, the Mormon church, questioned him about it,” Julie said. “It wasn’t common to have shaggy hair.”

Julie was concerned about the case. It seemed to involve a lot more than college students. At twenty-five, with two small children, she worried that her husband’s work might put him at risk. This was not an idle fear. Two years earlier, Mark’s best friend and fellow FBI agent, Ron Williams, had been killed on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation near the tiny village of Wounded Knee, South Dakota.[1] Mark and Ron had served in Army intelligence together, joined the bureau around the same time, and went through training together at the FBI academy in Quantico, Virginia. Both were assigned to Los Angeles and then to Minneapolis. "Mark was best man at Ron's wedding," Julie recalled. "And he was out at the Oglala Sioux reservation when Ron was killed."

Then there was all the flying Mark was doing. Lately, he had been up on several aerial surveillances with Tren Basford. Julie deduced it was connected to the same case.

When he left on another surveillance two weeks after the surprise flamenco party, she admonished him gently. "I knew he was going up in the plane. I said, 'Don't be a kamikaze, don't push the plane to the limit.' He had a pat answer. He kissed me on the forehead and said, 'You worry too much.' "

That was on Tuesday. Now it was two days later. Julie Kirkland remembered every detail of that day. "In the late afternoon I had gone with friends, John and Geri Christianson, to the Farmer's Market to buy peaches and tomatoes. We were going to make some baskets for shut-ins at church. At the market it was a beautiful late summer afternoon, with a few rain showers, then sunshine and very pleasant, but I got this sensation of freezing cold and a sense of panic. Through my head the words were echoing, *Go home.* The Christiansons could see the panic in my face. I said, 'I have to go home.' I got home, and the baby-sitter was there. And Kenny had been crying. I put Kenny on my knee and said, 'What's the matter?' And he said, 'Daddy's crying, Mom.' "

Tren Basford's wife, Letitia, was also uneasy. As a pilot's wife, she paid close attention to the weather, and she knew her husband was flying that day. Despite the sunshine, the wind had come up. Gray, fast-moving clouds occasionally darkened the sky. "I was concerned that day because it was a very strange day with strong and conflicting winds. I was at the State Fair outside Saint Paul, and I didn't like the weather." The wind seemed to keep changing directions, whipping across the open fairgrounds.

Still, she knew her husband was a good and careful pilot. "He had held his pilot's license for ten years and owned his own plane for seven. He was experienced with floatplanes. I would stay up at our lake place in Canada all summer and he would fly up weekends." In fact, he planned to fly there when the surveillance was over; Letitia was to drive up, take their boat in, and meet him at the cabin, on Jackfish Lake.

Tren Basford was a straight arrow. A tall, quiet man, he was looking forward to his retirement in four months after serving thirty-five years in the FBI, mostly during the era of J. Edgar Hoover. Born in Red Lodge, Montana, he had been raised in Minnesota; his father was a dentist, his mother an English teacher.

When he was only thirteen, while on his paper route, he saved a man's life. The *Minneapolis Evening Tribune* ran his picture, and the headline told it all: BOY SCOUT SAVES VICTIM OF GAS POISONING, SLIPS AWAY AFTER "GOOD TURN." The man, A. H. Warner, had been working on his car in his garage when he had been overcome by carbon monoxide. Young Tren heard Warner's wife cry for help, and he performed artificial respiration on the unconscious man for ten minutes before an ambulance arrived; then, quietly, he left.

He met his future wife at the University of Minnesota, where her father, August Charles Krey, was head of the history department. They dated for five years, then married in 1941, after Tren had graduated from the university's law school. He joined the FBI in 1942, working in Newark, Baltimore, and New York during World War II. He handled everything from espionage and sabotage to criminal work. In one of his first cases, Basford joined the search for the eight Nazi saboteurs who landed at Amagansett, on Long Island, and at Saint Augustine, Florida, by submarine during the war; all were captured, and six were executed. Basford was transferred to Minnesota in 1957, where he investigated bank robberies and other criminal cases.

Coming home was a happy assignment for Basford, who loved hunting, fishing, and flying. Every year when the walleye season opened on May 15—probably the biggest holiday of the year for Minnesota fishing enthusiasts—Basford was in the lake country. During hunting season, he brought back venison, wild duck, and pheasant.

Letitia, whom everyone called Tish, knew little about her husband's work. She did not know why he was flying that day. "I simply assumed he was working on an important case. It was none of my business. I go back to Hoover's day, when if you were asked what your husband's business is, you said, 'He works for the government.' During the war, I couldn't get a library card because I wouldn't tell them where he worked. Tren never told me very much about what he was doing."

In the days before Basford got his plane, he and Tish traveled by car and canoe "around the Gaspé and Cape Breton Island, all though Maine and the Maritimes, up to Yellowknife and across Canada to Alaska. We portaged into wild lakes and watched the northern lights. We always took the small roads and the unfrequented ones."

As the years went by, Tish Basford had more reason to admire the quiet, handsome man she had married. "He helped to rehabilitate some of the people he had arrested. We had ex-felons using the band saw in the basement and calling him when they had troubles. He was a kind, thoughtful, and compassionate man."

Julie Kirkland still had the odd, cold sensation when she returned from the Farmer's Market. She felt growing apprehension that something had happened to Mark. She cleaned the house, made dinner for the kids, gave them baths, and put them to bed around 8 P.M.

Then she made her first call to the bureau. Most often, on an aerial surveillance, the plane would put down for the night wherever the target stopped, and the agents would go to a hotel.

"Usually when they got into a hotel, they could patch me through," Julie said. "I called the bureau operator, and she was shaken. I asked, 'Can you patch me through?' She was very nervous and said, 'I don't believe they're back to their room yet. I'll have them call you.' I waited another hour and called again. The feeling of coldness returned. The operator again said they are not at the hotel. She said, 'I'll have to have someone call you.'

"I waited and called the bureau again. This time I was aggressive. I said, 'Give me an FBI agent *now.'* She blurted, 'I think someone's on their way to talk to you.'

"Sometime between eleven and midnight, there was a knock on the door. John Shimota, an agent and a dear friend, and Dave Flanders, the assistant agent in charge, were there.

"I believe it was John Shimota who told me. But I knew. When they were banging on the door, I said, 'I've got to answer that door.' I just couldn't bring myself to answer the door. Then I heard one of the agents talking about breaking a window. So I had to go to the door. When I opened it, I said, 'I know, you guys.' They looked kinda surprised. They asked me to sit down. I said I wanted to know what happened to Mark. They kept asking me to sit down.

"They said, 'There's been an accident. Honey, you've got to sit down.' I said, 'He's gone, isn't he?' And John said, 'Yes, he's gone.' And he held me in his arms.

"I'd been living with it for hours. I kept saying, 'This cannot be happening to me. This can't be true. What about my boys? They'll never know their father.' I was very upset. I didn't cry for about an hour. I felt like someone had rammed a pole through my gut. I can't explain the physical pain I felt."

The first call to the Saint Louis County sheriff's department had come in at 5:05 P.M. from Fred McLeod, who lived on the west side of Dewey Lake. He had heard something and believed a plane might have crashed in the lake. A moment later, a woman who lived at the lake called in with a similar report. Deputy Sheriff John Anderson and Nick Milkovich, the twenty-four-year-old township police chief, jumped in Anderson's squad car and headed north for the lake. On the way, the Hibbing police department radioed that an eyewitness had reported a plane upside down in the northeast side of the lake, with only its tail above water.

By 5:25 P.M., the officers were at the scene. The yellow and white Cessna, with the aircraft number N84260 clearly visible at the rear of the fuselage, was resting upside down in about twelve feet of water. In the laconic language of the sheriff department's report, there was "no visible sign of life."

The plane had crashed directly in front of the lakeside home of George Pajunen. According to the official report, "Pajunen stated he heard a plane flying low, then a loud noise and then silence." Several residents went out in small boats to try to rescue the plane's occupants, but there was nothing they could do. One eyewitness thought the plane had tried to land twice and on the third attempt had lost power and plunged into the lake. Other residents reported it had been raining hard and that there had been fog in the area when the Cessna crashed.[2] Deputy Anderson also noted the fog.

To Nick Milkovich, the most telling evidence that the plane had had engine trouble was that it had gone down so close to shore. Milkovich had flown a lot in floatplanes, and he knew that normally a pilot tried to land into the wind and to stay well clear of trees, which meant that the plane ordinarily touched down toward the center of a lake, not near the shore.

Milkovich also had reports from residents in Chisholm, to the south, who said the plane, its engine sputtering, had a few minutes earlier flown low over the town, as though it might try to land in Longyear Lake right in Chisholm.[3]

More deputies arrived. The county medical examiner and divers were summoned. The plane's floats seemed to have exploded, and the fuselage was twisted, indicating that the plane had gone into the water nose down and flipped over. The pilot and his passenger had died on impact, still strapped in by their seat belts.

Tish Basford was sorting laundry when they came up the walk. John Otto, the special agent in charge in Minneapolis, and his wife, and Basford's partner, Frank Grady, and his wife, arrived around 10:30 P.M.[4]

"When I saw them," Mrs. Basford said, "I knew. I think every law-enforcement wife knows it might happen at some time. John Otto was unbelievable, I will never forget his great kindness.

"I do not blame the bureau, it was an act of nature. Tren never had to face the ravages of old age, disease, and futility. He died in his prime, being useful and doing what he most liked to do."

The FBI, the Minneapolis *Star* reported the next day, said that the two agents were "on routine investigations" at the time of the crash. The FBI spokesman in Minneapolis, Arthur Sullivan, professed not to know "where they were flying from or their destination." Sullivan seemed to go out of his way to assure reporters that Basford had "worked his entire career in what we call criminal matters, not security cases." The Minneapolis *Tribune* similarly reported that FBI officials said the agents "were on routine business at the time, helping Duluth authorities in a number of cases."[5] The St. Paul *Dispatch* said the FBI explained that the two men "had been in Duluth assisting agents there for several days." These stories and others did not indicate that anyone in the news media had questioned why, if the agents were working in Duluth, their plane had crashed some seventy miles northwest of that city.

The FBI's statements were a cover story. In fact, Kirkland and Basford at the time of their deaths had been conducting airborne surveillance of a University of Minnesota professor. The professor had been driving north, toward the Canadian border, with his wife and two children. Other FBI agents in cars had been trailing the target on the ground.

The FBI made a calculated decision to mislead the press and the public about the circumstances of the deaths of the two agents. For years, even the agents' wives and families were told nothing. Until now, the secret has been kept.

The bureau could not afford to divulge the truth, for the crash of the Cessna threatened to unravel the longest-running espionage case of its kind in the history of the cold war, an extraordinary drama that had begun two decades earlier.

The University of Minnesota professor was a Soviet spy, a trained agent of the GRU, the Glavnoye Razvedyvatelnoye Upravlenie, the Soviet military-intelligence agency.

The existence of the case was known only to the president of the United States, his national-security adviser, and a handful of federal officials.

At the highest levels of the United States government, it was codenamed Operation SHOCKER.

CHAPTER: 2

THE DANGLE

On a warm night in August 1959, Commander Boris M. Polikarpov, who was listed as the assistant naval attaché at the Soviet embassy in Washington, left the YMCA on G Street, two blocks from the White House, after a game of volleyball.

The Y was only a few minutes' walk from the Soviet embassy on Sixteenth Street, a beaux-arts mansion built by the widow of George M. Pullman, the inventor who designed the railroad sleeping cars that bear his name.[1]

Polikarpov was a short, tough-looking Slav, with slicked-back straight hair and coarse features. His official position was a cover job. He was in reality a spy, an officer of the GRU. Muscular and physically fit, he had been selected for the YMCA volleyball team that traveled around the Washington area to play other clubs in competition. He had been posted to Washington more than a year earlier.

On this night, Commander Polikarpov noticed an American army sergeant, in uniform, sitting on the steps of the Y and enjoying the summer evening. He was one of the Thursday-night regulars. They had played together in pickup games for several months, sometimes on the same team, sometimes on opposing teams. They did not really know each other, however.

"Hi, have you had dinner yet?" the Russian asked.

The sergeant said he had not. He fell into step with his occasional teammate, and they walked together to a little Italian restaurant nearby.

A big, strapping man of thirty-nine, Sergeant Joseph Edward Cassidy, at six foot one, towered over Polikarpov. Born in Erie, Pennsylvania, Cassidy had spent five years in an orphanage, dropped out of high school, and gotten a job at the local steel plant. He had worked in the intense heat of the open-hearth furnace, turning scrap metal into molten steel. He entered the army in 1943, during World War II, and decided to stay after the war ended. At the moment, he was a first sergeant assigned to the army's nuclear power field office at Fort Belvoir, Virginia.

At the restaurant, although Polikarpov did not give his name, it was clear to Cassidy that his new friend was a foreigner. His English was imperfect, and he spoke with an accent. Over chicken cacciatore, the two men chatted about volleyball. The Russian asked how long Cassidy had been playing at the Y. Five months, the sergeant replied. There was more small talk, and they parted.

For Polikarpov, a trained intelligence officer, the familiar espionage dance had begun. The casual encounter, a friendly dinner, and the Russian, with luck, might gradually be able to develop the American sergeant into a paid source, a spy for Moscow. Polikarpov had already known how long Cassidy had been playing at the Y. He had watched him since he had first showed up in March and had noticed him in uniform before. Although Cassidy was only a noncommissioned officer, there was no telling what information he might have access to or might be able to obtain in the future. It was entirely possible that the big, amiable sergeant, if handled carefully, might be recruited as an agent in place—a mole inside the United States Army.

The thought was surely exciting to the GRU officer, for a good recruitment might bring a medal; it would certainly be a giant step toward a promotion. His superiors would be pleased.

Above all, this recruitment would be safe. Cassidy was no walk-in, a volunteer spy who had showed up unannounced at the embassy or the consulate, offering his services in return for money. The GRU was well aware that the United States military and the FBI often sent such wouldbe double agents. The Russians were always extremely wary of these bogus volunteers, suspecting, often rightly, that they were really working for American intelligence.

But here the shoe was on the other foot. It was Polikarpov who had spotted Cassidy as a possible developmental. The big sergeant seemed a simple man who enjoyed sports and a good meal. The GRU officer could hardly wait until next Thursday; he would invite the sergeant to dinner again.

The next morning, Cassidy drove alone to a fried-chicken restaurant on U.S. Route 1 and Kings Highway, a few miles north of Fort Belvoir. He met there with two agents of the FBI. He reported the approach by the volleyball player and their dinner together. Those were the words that, for many months, the FBI agents had been hoping they would hear.

Inside the intelligence division of the FBI, the news was electric. Polikarpov had made contact. WALLFLOWER was operational.[2]

The genial sergeant was, in the jargon of the spy world, a dangle. He had been carefully selected by the bureau and army intelligence and put in the way of Boris Polikarpov. Much like a metal lure flashed to a bluefish in the surf or a delicately tied mayfly presented to a trout in a mountain stream, Joe Cassidy had been sent to play volleyball at the YMCA, where, from its surveillance, the FBI knew that Polikarpov played on Thursday evenings. Now, after five months, Polikarpov had taken the bait.

The following Thursday, Cassidy lounged on the steps outside the Y again. Years later, he remembered those first contacts with clarity. “I always made a point to get out front of the Y ahead of him,” he said, “so he’d see me in uniform when he came out.” On this second Thursday, Polikarpov greeted Cassidy and asked if he had a car.

Cassidy’s blue Buick was parked nearby, and he offered his friend a ride.“We went in my car to a different restaurant,”Cassidy recalled. Dinners with Polikarpov soon became a regular Thursday-night event. “A number of times we went to the Old English

Raw Bar along the Potomac. He liked oysters on the half shell." During their second dinner together, Polikarpov introduced himself simply as"Mike."He didnot reveal that he was a Russian or that he worked at the embassy.Cassidy didnot press him.

In the course of their early conversations, Polikarpov asked Cassidy casually whether he was married, where he lived, how long he had been in the army, and where he was assigned. At the time, Cassidy and his wife lived in Alexandria, not far from his job at Fort Belvoir. Cassidy explained that he worked in the nuclear power area; his job was to help train operators for the army's nuclear power plants at Belvoir, Idaho Falls, and in Alaska.[3]

Occasionally, Cassidy asked a question, but "Mike" seldom answered. "When I would ask questions he would answer with a question."

Russians like to drink, and Cassidy felt he had to keep up. "Polikarpov was drinking vodka on the rocks. I was drinking bourbon and ginger ale. Some nights we would not break up until around two A.M. Although I watched my drinking, I felt I had to play the game.

"Sometimes with a glow on, he would have me drop him off in locations in Washington that I was not familiar with, like Walter Reed Army Medical Center. I would have a job trying to find the Fourteenth Street bridge. I would get home, grab a few hours sleep, then go off to work."

Polikarpov, like a skilled spy, was proceeding slowly. He knew it was important to cultivate a source gradually. But after several dinners, it was time for the first move.

"One night we were eating, and he said, 'Joe, can you do me a favor?' I said, 'If I can.' "

Polikarpov took the plunge. "We're interested in some nuclear power information," he said.

"I don't know what country you're from," Cassidy replied, "but I'm loyal to my country. I would never do anything to hurt my country."

"No, this is peaceful," Polikarpov protested. "We in Russia have some—"

"Oh, you're from Russia?"

Polikarpov nodded. "We have some desolate areas," he continued, "where we would like to get power. I'll pay you for the information." Polikarpov paused. "Joe, I don't want you to do anything improper." But it was terrible, the Russian went on, that there were people in his country who had no electricity. All he was asking Cassidy to do was to help him help his people obtain basic necessities.[4]

Cassidy waited a long moment, as though he were turning the matter over in his mind. "OK," he finally replied. "Since I consider you my friend, I will try to help you, within limits. As long as it's peaceful, I'll see what I can do."

"Mike" then asked Cassidy to meet him with the documents a few days later at 10 A.M. on a residential street just off Route 1, half a mile north of the sprawling Belvoir military complex.

"Don't wear your uniform," the Russian said.

"I have to," Cassidy replied, "I'm working."

Then wear an overcoat, Polikarpov instructed him. Cassidy said he would but pointed out that the coat would be olive drab and would still bear his sergeant's stripes.

Before the scheduled meeting with Polikarpov, Cassidy joined two of his FBI handlers at the chicken restaurant on Route 1. The agents handed him documents that had been cleared to be given to the GRU officer.

At the rendezvous with the Russian, Cassidy produced the material. "I have to have it back," he warned.

"No problem," Polikarpov said, "I'll have it back this afternoon." Around 3 P.M., they met again, and Polikarpov, having had time to photograph the documents, gave them back to the sergeant.

Later, Cassidy met the FBI men again at the restaurant, returned the documents to them, and was debriefed. The same procedure was followed in a subsequent series of meetings. Polikarpov pressed for any and all information Cassidy could get on nuclear power. In each case, Polikarpov took the documents from Cassidy in the morning and, like clockwork, returned them in the afternoon so that Cassidy could supposedly slip them back into the army's files.

No money changed hands at the first rendezvous, but Polikarpov paid Cassidy for the documents he brought to their later meetings. Cassidy turned the money over to the FBI agents.[5]

In March 1960, Polikarpov handed Cassidy off to a second "Mike," who took over the meetings. Polikarpov and Cassidy continued to play volleyball at the Y on Thursday evenings. The FBI identified WALLFLOWER's new control as Gennady Dimitrievich Fursa, another GRU officer, who was listed simply as an "attaché" in the political section of the Soviet embassy. But Fursa missed two meetings, and the FBI had Cassidy express his concern to Polikarpov at one of their volleyball games.

Although Cassidy continued to pass documents to the Russians under the FBI's guidance, he was distracted in 1960 by personal problems. "My marriage was souring," he said. One of his army buddies, also a noncommissioned officer, was put on orders for Korea. "It gave me an idea: Why not me, too? This may be the way to save the marriage. My marriage vow was very important to me. I felt I had to try to make it work. Maybe if we were separated for a while things might be different. Maybe a year away from home might patch things up."

WALLFLOWER's plan to leave the United States for an overseas post dismayed the FBI, but the bureau had little choice but to go along with Cassidy's wishes. The human factor was central to the success of any espionage operation; it could not be ignored. Cassidy clearly wanted to get away from Washington for a time. The army and FBI approved his transfer to Korea.

Before he left in September 1960, the Russians gave him recontact instructions for his return. That was welcome news to the FBI, since it meant the operation might not be over after all.

“I was told to take a red crayon and crush it on the sidewalk in front of a photography store in Washington,” Cassidy recalled. “And the next day I was to walk with a pipe in my mouth and a book in my hand on a residential street in Maryland, and someone would come up to me with a code phrase. The contact would ask, was a certain movie house nearby? Cassidy was to give a prearranged reply.

WALLFLOWER memorized his instructions. He would see, when he came back from Korea, whether his wife, or the Russians, were waiting for him.

CHAPTER: 3

WALLFLOWER

When Joe Cassidy began his dealings with the Russians in the late summer of 1959, it was still the era of tailfins and jukeboxes, the last decade of a Main Street and Norman Rockwell America. Microchips, MTV, and the Internet were light-years away.

It was the height of the cold war. A little more than a decade earlier, on March 5, 1946, Winston Churchill had delivered his famous speech at Westminster College in Fulton, Missouri. "From Stettin in the Baltic to Trieste in the Adriatic, an iron curtain has descended across the continent," he warned. "Behind that line lie all the capitals of the ancient states of Central and Eastern Europe."

At home, the 1950s had seen the rise and fall of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin. Although he ultimately self-destructed, the legacy of suspicion he sowed by exploiting a supposed communist menace at home influenced domestic politics and American foreign policy for decades. Dwight Eisenhower was in the White House. Schoolchildren hid under desks during air-raid drills as protection against a feared nuclear Armageddon. More than 100,000 citizens built fallout shelters and stocked them with water, canned food, and flashlights.

Abroad, the CIA overthrew the governments of Iran and Guatemala and attempted unsuccessfully to unseat President Sukarno in Indonesia. The Soviets, meanwhile, crushed the revolt in Hungary, maintaining their grip on Eastern Europe.

It was a time of spies, of secret battles fought in the shadows, and not only in distant places such as Vienna and Berlin. The American public read about a series of sensational Soviet espionage cases in the United States itself, including the arrest, conviction, and execution of the "atom spies," Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

In this cold war environment, the FBI under J. Edgar Hoover was not content merely to detect and catch Soviet spies; when possible, it tried to run agents against them. Thus, in 1958, the FBI and the army began planning what eventually became known as Operation SHOCKER.[1]

In those years, the FBI had a classified program known as DESECO, for Develop Selected Contacts. The purpose was to develop sources who could provide information about the targets of the KGB, the GRU, and other East-bloc intelligence services.

According to Charles Bevels, an FBI agent who ran SHOCKER for several years, the case originated under the DESECO program. "The FBI interest," Bevels said, "was to identify the contacts made by the Soviets. If we could turn the contacts around to work for us, that was to our advantage. But, in addition, under the program certain people were selected to be put into contact with the Russians."

Because the double agent passes genuine classified information, even though the documents have been cleared for that purpose, his handlers want some benefit in return. One reason for transmitting real secrets, of course, is to convince the opposition that the agent is trustworthy. In turn, that opens up the possibility of a grand deception, of eventually slipping in bogus documents, false information designed to mislead and confuse an adversary government.

Inside American intelligence agencies, operations of this kind are known variously as deception, double-agent, or counterespionage operations.[2] In the1990s, the FBI's National Security Division, in its internal documents, more often used the term "perception management" to describe these operations.But this latest term of art boils down to the same thing as its predecessors—tricking an adversary into believing false information by persuading it that a source is selling America's secrets.

The central purpose of Operation SHOCKER was to build up to a major deception of the Soviet Union. In addition, SHOCKER had several other objectives: to learn the identities of the GRU's officers in the United States; to discover how it recruited Americans as agents, and how it ran them; and, by the questions the Russians asked of the source, to learn what gaps existed in the Soviets' knowledge of the American military.

The FBI also hoped that the operation might flush out Soviet "illegals"—spies operating without benefit of diplomatic cover. Intelligence officers working out of the Soviet embassy in Washington, the Soviet mission to the United Nations in New York, or UN headquarters, could be watched and their contacts sometimes identified. Illegals, by contrast, are normally almost impossible to detect, since they can be anywhere and blend in with the general population. But an illegal put in contact with WALLFLOWER might be spotted and identified.

From the FBI's perspective, there was one other fringe benefit to the operation. The GRU agents occupied with running an agent under FBI control had less time to spot and recruit real spies.

According to Phillip A. Parker, a former senior FBI counterintelligence official who played a key role in Operation SHOCKER, another advantage the bureau gained from a counterespionage operation, even if the Russians eventually caught on, was that "dangles . . . make them suspicious of the real guys—the real walk-ins."

Every double-agent operation, however, carries within it a risk. For the most part, real secrets are given away to the opposition, information that could prove harmful to the United States. Ideally, a delicate balance is maintained between the risks and the benefits.

In Operation SHOCKER, the FBI was responsible for all operational aspects. Together with the army, the FBI screened and selected a military man to be dangled to the Russians. The bureau ran the agent. The army provided the agent as well as the "feed"—the classified materials to be released. Within the Pentagon, an elaborate system of secret panels reviewed the feed. Ultimately, the Joint Chiefs of Staff approved the documents given to the Russians. The entire procedure was supersensitive and highly secret.

After months of planning, and a good deal of pulling and hauling between the bureau and army intelligence, the FBI was ready to move. Early in 1959, Joe Cassidy was told by his commanding officer at Belvoir to report to a meeting at the post library.

"When I got up there, there were twenty-five to thirty other top-grade sergeants, and I thought, What's going on here? Somebody said, 'I think it's a security problem.' We were called in one by one. There were two civilians there.

"They asked me how long I'd been in the army, what my name was, where I worked. Just general things like that." Cassidy was puzzled by the odd interview.

"About two days later, I was told to report to the intelligence office. The same two civilians were there." As Cassidy later found out, the two men across the table were Donald A. Gruentzel and John Buckley, both special agents of the FBI. Gruentzel, the lead agent, was a stocky, sandy-haired Midwesterner known around the bureau as "Gruntz" or "Madman," the latter sobriquet a tribute to his aggressive driving style.

Gruentzel has been credited by his counterintelligence colleagues with creating Operation SHOCKER and recruiting Joe Cassidy as its star actor. Gruentzel was not a man who talked much about himself, but he was respected as a very tough agent. He earned a law degree at Creighton University, in Omaha, and had joined the bureau in 1951. His father had worked in a restaurant, and Gruentzel loved to cook. "Nothing fancy," said one FBI man, "Gruntz was a meat-and-potatoes man. He could cook dinner for two dozen people or fifty people."

Like Charlie Bevels, Gruentzel and Buckley worked out of the FBI's Washington field office on the S-3 squad, the counterintelligence unit that monitored the GRU.[3]

Cassidy was puzzled at first by their questions. "They started asking had I ever played volleyball." The FBI, as it turned out, had come to the right man. "In my early days as a first sergeant at Fort Lee, Virginia," Cassidy recalled, "my Company E would play A Company in volleyball. We played for a case of Coke for every three games won. A Company ended up owing us some fifteen hundred cases of Coke."

The FBI men asked Cassidy if he would mind playing volleyball at 6 P.M.every Thursday at the Y in Washington. "I said, No, I wouldn't mind. At that time they revealed who they were. It was clear I was being dangled. I knew I was bait, but I didn't know for what purpose or what country was the target. I was excited about it.

"They told me I was to linger after playing and see what happened. They said, 'You might be approached by someone with a foreign accent.' I asked, What am I supposed to do then? Just go along with it, they said. And go in uniform. They gave me the code name WALLFLOWER."

In this almost casual way, Joe Cassidy, with no previous training in intelligence or espionage, was launched on a career as a spy. He had no way to know that it was to become his life’s work.

CHAPTER: 4

ORANGE PEELS FOR BREAKFAST

Joe Cassidy's earliest memories are of the orphanage to which he was sent at age three, an institution with the grim, Dickensian name of the Home for the Friendless.

He was born on June25,1920, in Erie, Pennsylvania, the third of five children.His father was a foreman at the electric company."My mother died from TB when I was about three years old,"Cassidyre counted."My youngest sister, Maxine, died, I'm told, shortly after birth. I do not remember my mother or my young sister.I faintly recall being at the grave site at the burial of my mother, and some one gave each of us a ring."

His father, suddenly a widower and unable to care for the children, placed Cassidy and an older brother and sister in the Home for the Friendless. Cassidy's younger sister, Shirley, was taken in by a childless couple.

Cassidy and his siblings hated the orphanage. "My breakfast every morning all those years consisted of a bowl of milk with pieces of bread broken into it." It wasn't enough for a growing boy. He supplemented his diet by scavenging for scraps, even garbage. "I can remember finding discarded orange peels which I washed off and ate. I was hungry much of the time."

Two stern overseers, Miss Moon and Miss Richardson, ran the orphanage. "We were given chores to do, and one of mine was to make beds. I would leave breakfast early, and on the way to the dorm I'd pass a cabinet where food was kept. The keys were almost always left in the lock. I would sneak in there and find something to eat." Cassidy was so little at the time that he had to stand on a stool to reach the forbidden food.

"One morning, I took a banana. I had eaten about half of it when Miss Moon entered the dorm. I shoved the banana under the mattress. She came over to me and sat down, and the half-eaten banana squished through the peel and then through the metal springs and plopped on the floor. Miss Moon heard the banana fall and really gave me hell. And from then on, the keys were never left in the lock."

The Home for the Friendless was a frugal place, and its officialdom had calculated that the orphans' shoes would wear out more slowly if they were worn only in winter. "During the summers, we were made to go barefoot, which I hated. I was always stubbing my big toe. To this day I don't like to go barefoot except in the shower or to bed."

About the only happy moments for Cassidy were on Sundays, when his father visited. His father brought a bag of candy, but he was required to hand it over to Miss Moon or

Miss Richardson, who divided it up among the children. Cassidy and his brother and sister complained to their father that they had little enough to eat, as it was. But there was no place to hide from the formidable Miss Moon, since any one coming to see the orphans was restricted to a community visiting area. “My Dad’s solution was to bring the Sunday funnies, and with me on his lap and my brother and sister beside me, he would open the paper in front of him and read us the funnies while we hid behind the paper and ate the candy.”

After five years in the orphanage, Cassidy and his siblings got a reprieve. His brother, Robert, was about to become a teenager, which meant he was too old for the Home for the Friendless. “My Dad persuaded his mother, who lived in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, to come to Erie and provide a home for us.”

To Cassidy, by now age eight, his grandmother was like an angel of deliverance. No more sodden bread for breakfast, no more orange peels. “There was plenty of love and togetherness. We all finally got to know each other. In the orphanage, my sister lived with the girls, my brother was with the older boys, separated from me. We would see each other from time to time, but it wasn’t family.” At long last, in his grandmother’s house, Cassidy could enjoy a normal childhood.

For a boy who had literally been starved for years, the corner grocery store was nirvana. “We found out that the grocery store carried a running tab for families in the neighborhood. My Dad paid the bill every two weeks on payday. Well, I thought this was great—on the way to school in the morning I would stop in and get a dozen chocolate cookies. Next time, it was two bananas, or an orange and two apples.” The boy, still psychologically conditioned by his years in the orphanage, worried that someone might examine the grocery bill and confront him. But his father never said a word.

As a teenager growing up during the Depression years, Cassidy got into the usual boyhood mischief, none of it serious. When he was fourteen, his father remarried, and his grandmother moved to her own apartment. A year later, while in the ninth grade, Cassidy asked his father if he could quit school. “He finally agreed if I had a job.” Cassidy found one at four dollars a week, working for the Mehler Beverage Company up to sixty-five hours a week as a helper on a soft-drink truck.

Cassidy’s hometown, although the third-largest city in Pennsylvania, had none of the historic importance and social distinction of Philadelphia and none of the wealth and power of Pittsburgh. Situated on Lake Erie, in the far northwest corner of the state, Erie was geographically cut off from the rest of Pennsylvania. It was an industrial town with harsh, frigid winters that brought huge snowdrifts and that seemed to last half the year.

But if life in Erie was lackluster, and the hours on the job long, anything was an improvement over the orphanage. And Cassidy soon found work much flashier than hauling root beer. His best friend, Ray Dailey, knew Jack Parris, who owned a local nightclub. Although Prohibition had been repealed two years earlier, admittance to the

Parris Social and Athletic Club was speakeasy style. "To enter you rang a bell at the top of the stairs, and an eight-inch slot would open, and a buzzer was pressed to let you in.

"They had slot machines, and pool tables in the rear, up over the Richmond Brothers clothier on State Street, and we went there often to shoot pool. Then we got to watching the floor show on Saturday nights. Soon it evolved to helping out at the bar when they were very busy. Washing glasses, et cetera. One night I was asked by a patron to fix a couple of Tom Collinses, and before long I was a regular bartender.

"Jack was quite an entrepreneur. He was raised in a poor Italian family and soon not only owned the club but a model and hobby supply store, which I ran for a while, and a neon-sign company. We became good friends, and a lot of times he would give me his Packard to drive some of the showgirls home."

For a sixteen year old, tooling down State Street with showgirls in a fancy car was a definite step up from hauling soft drinks. But Cassidy did not entirely neglect the spiritual. "Although my family was Presbyterian, and we went to Presbyterian Sunday school, all my friends were Catholic. On Saturday night, we'd tend bar, work all night, and then go to mass. We ran two floor shows, the last one at two A.M. We'd close at five-thirty, wash glasses, and straighten up the place. We would leave the bar at five forty-five, run over to the cathedral a few blocks away for six o'clock mass, and then back to Clark's restaurant for breakfast on Jack's tab. I've gone to Catholic church ever since."

By now, Cassidy had a steady girl, Ray Dailey's sister, Pat. "We always bought the five-cent new song list each week, and we listened to the Lucky Strike Hit Parade together on the radio.

"These were Depression days. Wages were low, but we could buy ground beef four pounds for a quarter. My grandmother helped me buy a car for thirty-five dollars. Gas was seven or eight cents a gallon, and they cleaned your windshield and checked your oil and tires."

When Cassidy was eighteen, he found work at Erie Forge and Steel Company as a laborer, laying railroad ties. It was tough work, but soon the war in Europe brought better jobs at higher wages. Cassidy was offered a job as third helper on the open-hearth furnace. Wearing dark glasses and long-sleeved wool shirts to protect themselves from the intense heat, the helpers shoveled sand into the furnace, to repair holes caused by the extremely high temperatures.

"There were about five guys in a circle, taking turns," Cassidy recalled. When the furnace's hydraulic doors opened, a machine called a charger fed scrap metal into the flames. "What comes out is molten steel."

After a few months, Cassidy was promoted to second helper. He still had to shovel sand into the furnace, but now he also got to tap it out. "When it's time to tap it out, you open up the back of the furnace. You poke an air hose into the back of the furnace until the molten metal starts to pour. The crane operator takes the ladle and pours it into an ingot, about fifteen feet by six feet."

It was hard work, but by now Cassidy was a rugged, handsome young adult. After Pearl Harbor, the steel plant was working overtime, and Cassidy's friends were going off to war. Because his job was considered essential to the war effort, there was little chance he would be drafted. But Cassidy chafed to join up.

"By late 1942, most of my buddies were in the service, and one of my best friends had already been killed. I told the personnel office I'd like not to be exempt from military service at my next call-up. They honored my request, and I was drafted in February 1943." Private Cassidy reported to Fort Lee, in Petersburg, Virginia, for basic training, and then was selected to attend school to become a drill instructor.

He rose rapidly through the ranks, and after a year he was promoted to first sergeant, skipping several grades. Cassidy also got engaged to Pat Dailey, but he did not often go home to Erie to see her, because of the expense and lack of leave time.

Hilda Marie Prince, a young woman from Petersburg who worked in the PX, noticed the good-looking sergeant. When Cassidy's grandmother died in the late summer of 1943, Prince heard about it and urged Cassidy to stop by before he left on emergency leave for the funeral.

He did. "She had a bag of food for me to take on the trip." Cassidy was touched by the gesture. When he returned, they dated and were married after the war. "Eleven months later, we had a daughter, Shelby Jean." But Cassidy's marriage to Hilda went rapidly downhill. "As I look back now, I do believe she saw me as a ticket out of the burg-Petersburg, that is—because the marriage was a bust right from the start."

In 1947, Cassidy was transferred to the First Cavalry Division in Japan and detailed to the 302d Reconnaissance Company. His wife and daughter remained in the states. After a year, he was shipped back to Fort Lee, where he remained until 1952, when he was assigned to the Far East Command. The Korean War was under way, and Cassidy, again without his wife, was sent to Japan, expecting he would end up in Korea. Instead, he was detached from his unit and assigned to Kokura, Japan, as an administrator in the office that identified the remains of GIs killed in action and shipped them home for burial. It was a grim but fortunate assignment for Cassidy; almost everyone in his old outfit was killed in the war.

A year later, the army allowed dependents to join their spouses in Japan. Hilda and Shelby Jean arrived in Kokura. Hilda was finally out of Petersburg, but she was unhappy in Japan. She wanted to return home but took a job in the PX and stayed on until Cassidy's tour ended in 1955. They returned to the states and bought a home in the Strawberry Hill section of Alexandria, Virginia. That December, a son, Barry J., was born into their cheerless marriage.

Cassidy was assigned to a clerical job in the adjutant general's office at nearby Fort Belvoir. It was dreary work, and when Cassidy heard of an opening at the base's nuclear field office, he applied and was accepted. The office supervised a school for nuclear power plant operators, as well as the Belvoir power plant itself.

In April 1959, Cassidy earned a high-school general-equivalency degree, twenty-four years after he had dropped out of the ninth grade. Four months later, he was called in for the interview that was to change his life forever.

Joe Cassidy, nightclub bartender, steelworker, and career army man, unexpectedly metamorphosed into WALLFLOWER, a neophyte spy and counterespionage agent for the FBI, working against the highly trained, professional officers of the Glavnoye Razvedyvatelnoye Upravlenie. On the face of it, the match seemed unequal.

Could an amateur such as Cassidy really be expected to fool the Russians? If the Soviets ever discovered the truth, they might retaliate against him. He was playing a potentially dangerous game; if he lost, he realized, he might just end up dead.

CHAPTER: 5

RECONTACT

When Cassidy left for Korea in September 1960, he told the second “Mike” that he expected to return in December 1961. But he did not make it back until February 1962.

The FBI, anxious to keep Cassidy in play against the Soviets, wanted him near Washington. The arrangements were made quietly. Much later, Cassidy was told that his records had been flagged; he was not to be given new assignments by the army in the usual manner. Cassidy received orders to report from Korea to the Maryland Air National Guard office at Edgewood Arsenal, on the Chesapeake Bay, fourteen miles east of Baltimore.

Cassidy landed in San Francisco and took a bus across the country. He had hoped the time away might improve relations with his wife. It did not. “When I got back to Alexandria, I called my wife, and she picked me up. At the house, I said, ‘I’ve been assigned to Edgewood.’ ‘Well,’ she said, ‘you’re going to be assigned there by yourself. I’m not going with you.’ So I slept on the couch that night.”

Angered and disappointed but not entirely surprised by the final breakup of his family, Cassidy reported to Edgewood. After he found a furnished apartment, he drove to Newport News, Virginia, to get his teenage daughter, who was living with an uncle. His son, now six, stayed with his mother.

As soon as Cassidy and his daughter were settled in at Edgewood, he got in touch with the FBI. His bureau handlers fretted that the army’s delay in returning him to the states might have spooked the Russians. Although it was two months later than planned, the FBI decided to have Cassidy follow his instructions for recontacting the GRU. There was little else the bureau could do.

Cassidy drove from Edgewood and crushed the crayon in front of the photography store in downtown Washington. The next day, as instructed, with pipe in mouth and book in hand, he strolled along a residential street in Maryland. But no Soviet spy appeared to inquire about the nearest movie theater.

For several months, until May or June, Cassidy dutifully crushed crayons in front of the photo store on the designated days and walked the specified street with pipe and book.

Nothing happened.

“The bureau tried different ways to recontact the Soviets,” Cassidy said. “They put up an index card at the Y saying, ‘Lost watch,’ and it gave my name and phone number at Edgewood. There was no response.”

Finally, in August 1963, the FBI tried a risky and unorthodox ploy. “Don Gruentzel came up with the idea. I met him in Washington one day. He wrote a note that said, ‘I’m back from Korea’ and gave the telephone number of my office at Edgewood. It said, ‘I’m the person you were involved with at Belvoir.’ We got in his car and drove to Sixteenth Street, across from the Russian embassy. There were some kids, maybe ten or twelve years old, playing on the street. He called one over and gave him the note and told him to deliver it to the embassy and give it to whoever came to the door. Don gave him fifty cents. I said, ‘Maybe you should have given him the fifty cents when he came back.’

“From where we were parked, we were in a position to see what happened. We watched the kid deliver the note. The person who opened the door didn’t look around. He took the note and went inside.”

Not many days afterward, Cassidy was in his office in Edgewood when he received a phone call. “It was a foreigner, speaking very slow in a low voice. . . . He said he was glad I had returned from Korea, and he arranged a time and place for a meet, near Greenbelt, Maryland.” WALLFLOWER was back in business.

The meeting took place on September 19. This time, neither Polikarpov nor Fursa appeared. A third Russian, Boris G. Kolodjazhnyi, showed up. He was listed as first secretary of the Soviet embassy, but to Cassidy, predictably, he introduced himself as Mike.

Cassidy’s assignment to the National Guard was of little interest to Kolodjazhnyi. But the GRU officer was well aware of the main activity at Edgewood, the army’s chemical-warfare center.

There, in the laboratories at Edgewood, army scientists operating under the tightest secrecy experimented with and developed the nerve gases that were the most lethal agents in the nation’s controversial arsenal of chemical weapons.

The Russians now believed they were close to achieving one of their prime objectives: penetrating a major U.S. defense activity. From their perspective, Cassidy’s new assignment proved that even a noncommissioned officer was worth recruiting, because he might, in time, have access to information of enormous value. The GRU man pressed Cassidy. “He knew what was at Edgewood. He wanted to know about the chemical center. I told him I didn’t know anything.”

The bureau set out to remedy the problem. It began orchestrating Cassidy’s transfer to the nerve-gas laboratory, a process that took several months.

In October, Cassidy met again with the GRU. This time, yet another officer showed up. His name was Mikhail I. Danilin, and he was to become Cassidy’s principal Russian handler. The fourth Mike served as Cassidy’s Soviet control for eight years, longer than any of the others. On the State Department diplomatic list, he appeared as an attaché in the cultural section and later as an embassy third secretary. As was the case with his predecessors, he was an officer of the GRU.[1]

At six foot one, Danilin was a big man, as tall as Cassidy. He was softspoken, quiet, handsome, and dark haired. He, too, pressed Cassidy for everything he could learn about nerve gas. They met again three times in the spring of 1964.

As Cassidy recalled it, the strings for his move to the nerve-gas laboratory were pulled by Special Agent James F. "Jimmy" Morrissey, who later succeeded Don Gruentzel as his case agent. A short, clever Boston Irishman, Morrissey was a leprechaun with a law degree, a fanatic Red Sox fan, and a man of great charm, with a natural talent for counterintelligence.

"Morrissey brought a guy from army personnel to talk to me," Cassidy said. Soon after, Cassidy was recommended for promotion, and on June 10 he moved into a slot in the Weapons Development and Engineering Laboratories (WDEL) at Edgewood, known as "Weedle." The companion lab at Edgewood, the Defense Development and Engineering Laboratories (DDEL), was called "Deedle."

In October, Danilin met again with Cassidy. The GRU officer was, of course, delighted to hear that Cassidy had been transferred to the weapons lab. Cassidy was where the Russians wanted him. Danilin asked where Cassidy worked in the lab and what documents he saw. He bombarded Cassidy with all sorts of questions about nerve gas. "He was interested in formulas and method of delivery," Cassidy said. Danilin also inquired about incapacitants developed at Edgewood—such as BZ, which can cause disorientation and temporary paralysis—and riot-control agents such as CS. His main interest, however, as might be expected, was in nerve gas.

Cassidy was not a scientist—he had never even gone to college—but one of his jobs at the weapons laboratory was to file the documents produced by the chemists and engineers.

The Strangelovian world in which Cassidy now found himself was one that operated in deepest secrecy, with almost no public knowledge of its existence. Nerve gases are among the more horrible weapons ever developed, no less deadly than nuclear bombs and biological agents such as anthrax, Ebola virus, or the bubonic plague. A tiny drop of nerve gas, inhaled or in contact with the skin, can kill almost instantly.

Closely related to common insecticides, nerve gases were unknown until the approach of World War II. Appropriately, they were first developed by the Nazis. In 1936, Dr. Gerhard Schrader, a chemist with I. G. Farbenindustrie in Germany, had discovered the first nerve gas by accident while researching compounds to kill insects. He synthesized an organophosphorous ester known as tabun, or GA.

Soon, Schrader and Nazi scientists were developing far more powerful nerve gases: sarin, also known as GB, which Schrader discovered in 1938, and soman, known as GD. The Nazis built a nerve-gas production plant in Breslau, disguising its output under the code name Trilon, a popular soap. At the end of the war, the Soviets captured German stocks of nerve gas, dismantled the plant in Breslau, and transported it back to the Soviet Union. U.S. Army intelligence found Dr. Schrader, however, and obtained the nerve-gas formulas from him. As a result, American scientists, too, were able to replicate tabun, sarin, and soman. In the 1950s, British and American scientists developed another powerful nerve gas, VX.

By the 1960s, both the United States and the Soviet Union had extensive chemical- and biological-warfare (CBW) programs, which were important targets for intelligence operations. Edgewood was a prime objective for the Soviets, as were Fort Detrick, Maryland, the government's center for germ-warfare research, and Dugway Proving Grounds, a huge restricted area sixty miles southwest of Salt Lake City that tested both chemical and biological weapons.[2]

Sarin, soman, and VX remain the world's three principal nerve gases today. All three work by inhibiting the action of cholinesterase, a key enzyme that controls the body's nervous system, including breathing, brain function, and muscle movement.

Cholinesterase neutralizes the buildup of acetylcholine, a nerve-impulse transmitter, in the body. Acetylcholine must be present for an impulse, or message, to jump from one nerve ending to the next. This is how humans are able to think, breathe, and move.

But when nerve gas inhibits the production of cholinesterase, nothing neutralizes the acetylcholine, and the nervous system in effect runs on fast-forward, spinning wildly out of control. As one government official put it, "All three nerve gases work by making people forget to breathe." The respiratory muscles convulse, and death follows, generally from asphyxiation.[3]

The term *nerve gas* is a misnomer, since the chemicals are actually liquids delivered in a fine mist by an aerosol spray. Sarin has perhaps become the best known nerve gas, in part because it was used by the Aum Shinrikyo cult in a terrorist attack in the Tokyo subways during the morning rush hour on March 20, 1995, killing twelve persons and injuring five thousand. (Two months later, the cult leader, Shoko Asahara, was captured and charged in the attack along with forty of his followers.)

All nerve gases are organophosphorous compounds. Although they are lethal, they have different properties and varying degrees of effectiveness. Some, for example, require smaller doses than others to kill people. Some nerve gases penetrate clothing better than others. Scientists also speak of "persistent" or "nonpersistent" agents. That is, some more-volatile gases, such as sarin, evaporate quickly and are considered nonpersistent. Others, such as VX, evaporate much more slowly and can remain in an area, still deadly, for a week or two.

Sarin (GB) is a colorless, odorless liquid. A 1996 Material Safety Data Sheet issued by the army's Chemical and Biological Defense Command at Edgewood states that "effective dosages for vapor are for exposure durations of 2-10 minutes."[4] Soman (GD) is described as a "colorless liquid with a fruity odor. With impurities, amber or dark brown with oil of camphor odor." Like sarin, it can kill in two to ten minutes. VX is odorless, but, unlike sarin and soman, it is viscous, with the consistency of motor oil. It can be colorless or slightly yellowish. One drop on the skin kills. The army's safety-data sheet warns: "Death usually occurs within 15 minutes after absorption of a fatal dosage."[5]

Bernard Zeffert, a former chemist at Edgewood, perfected VX for the army. “We got VX from the Brits who created it,” he said. “When people in the process lab were gearing up for production of VX, they got poor results.” Zeffert and Jefferson C. Davis, Jr., tackled the problem. “We conducted an experiment and published a paper, in-house only, on the bond energies of phosphorus and sulphur.”

As a result of their work, Zeffert and Davis received the patent, along with the army, for a link in the process of making a precursor of VX. Davis, who had a master’s degree in chemistry when he entered the army in 1954, was sent to Edgewood. In his early twenties, he suddenly found himself making nerve gas. “Among the GIs there was a sort of black humor about it,” Davis recalled. “We’ll do what the army wants for two years.”

The scientists on the permanent staff of Edgewood Arsenal had a pleasant life. Their laboratories were located on a scenic, wooded peninsula that stretches into the northern end of the Chesapeake Bay, south of Havre de Grace. They lived in nearby towns like Bel Air, comfortable suburbs of Baltimore. They married, raised children, and went to work in their labs, making some of the deadliest concoctions known to humankind. Few would admit to any qualms about their work. Like some nuclear scientists, many found justification in the fact that the Soviet Union also had chemical and biological weapons. Soviet scientists thought much the same way.

“By and large, it was a ‘we better keep up’ kind of mentality,” recalled Davis, later the chairman of the chemistry department at the University of South Florida. “We had a sense of duty at the time.” But Davis said his own views changed. “The more you learn, the more you wonder about the saneness of it all. I think later a lot of people were not happy that that sort of stuff should be developed or used. I feel we should destroy the reserves of nerve gas and never use it.” But the disenchantment Davis felt later was not typical. Many of the scientists at Edgewood argued that using nerve gas was actually a more humane and sure way to kill enemy soldiers than leaving them bleeding to death on a battlefield.

When the Edgewood scientists retired, many continued to live around Bel Air as they slipped into their seventies and eighties. They remained a close-knit group.

Benjamin L. Harris had been technical director of the army’s chemical labs for eleven years when he left Edgewood in 1981. The retired nerve-gas scientists, he said, formed a club called the GOBs, for Good Old Boys. In the early 1990s “the Good Old Boys still met in Edgewood every Friday at Vitali’s restaurant, in a motel at the junction of Route 24 and I-95.” By 1997, their ranks had dwindled to four. “Now they meet at Denny’s, across the road.”

Not all the ex-scientists at Edgewood joined the GOBs. Saul Hormats was definitely not a member of the club. White-haired and bespectacled, in his mid-eighties when interviewed for this book, Hormats was a maverick who had broken with his fellow scientists and publicly opposed the development and use of nerve gas. Born in Troy, New York, he grew up in Baltimore, earned a chemical-engineering degree at Johns

Hopkins University in 1931, and three years later started at Edgewood. He worked there for thirty-seven years, serving as deputy director and then director of development, before he retired in 1972. Not one given to false modesty, he described himself as "the godfather of chemical warfare in the United States."

Hormats explained how Edgewood was organized into a research group, which worked on the nerve gases, and a development section, which designed a production facility. "Production plants were scattered around the country, one at Pine Bluffs, Arkansas, for example.

"We ran toxicity tests on animals—mostly mice and dogs. It was done by our medical division. We had to make damn sure the stuff was stable, effective, not flammable, et cetera. It was then put into a one-fifty-five-millimeter shell, and sometimes an eight-inch shell, or a four-point-two mortar shell. All with GB."[6]

Just to the north of Edgewood Arsenal is the army's Aberdeen Proving Ground, a weapons-test area. "Aberdeen would take a shell and fire it to see the trajectory, strictly for munitions testing. Target effects were all done at Dugway," said Hormats.

At Edgewood, the scientists concentrated primarily on sarin (GB). But they progressed to more compounds designated with letters of the alphabet, beyond GA (tabun) and GB. They skipped over GC, for fear that it might be confused with phosgene (CG), an older poison gas used widely in WorldWar I.[7]

The Edgewood chemists also experimented with soman (GD), and conducted research on a nerve gas designated only as GE, an ethyl version of sarin. They experimented as well with cyclo sarin (GF), a colorless, odorless nerve gas that is apparently as lethal as its cousins. According to Jeff Smart, Edgewood's official historian, "We only standardized GB. We decided to declare it the main agent and produce it on a large scale." Although no one at Edgewood would confirm it, there is some evidence that the scientists also may have conducted research into GH, a nerve gas that combines an organophosphorous compound with isopentyl alcohol.[8]

The chemists at Edgewood were not content with this research. They strove at great length and at considerable expense to develop an even more powerful nerve gas. In the end, however, the technical problems they encountered were insurmountable. But this failure was to become the core of Operation SHOCKER

From the questions the GRU asked Cassidy, it was clear the Soviets were anxious to know which nerve gases were being produced and put into weapons. Had the United States decided to choose one of the three gases, or was it developing more than one?

The GRU was also eager to discover whether the United States was developing a binary system to deliver nerve gases. In a binary system, the chemicals that combine to form nerve gas are kept separate—in two compartments in an artillery shell, for example—and mix only on approach to a target. A binary system is a much safer way to store the gas and reduces the danger to pilots and troops who must handle it. Moscow also wanted to know if the scientists at Edgewood might be working on newer and even deadlier forms of nerve gas. At a meeting in May 1965, Danilin asked Cassidy to find out the formula for the version of VX produced in the Edgewood lab. He gave Cassidy a hollow battery as a concealment device, as well as a specially treated sheet of carbon paper for secret writing. The carbon would enable Cassidy to send a message to the Russians on what appeared to be a blank piece of paper.

As it turned out, in asking Cassidy for information about binary weapons, the GRU was inquiring into matters at the cutting edge of American nerve-gas technology. According to William C. Dee, a veteran official at Edgewood, Ben Witten, chief of organic research at the facility, came up with the concept of a binary system in 1957. In a test chamber at Edgewood, and in field tests of VX at Dugway, it worked.[9]

Saul Hormats, however, stopped the development of binary weapons in the 1960s. “It was put on ice by me for two reasons,” he said. “So that other countries wouldn’t get it. I didn’t want third-world nations making them in a barn in the boondocks. And second, it had no military value whatsoever. With the straight GB you had more agent in the shell; it is more efficient than the binary. The binary shell is a base ejection shell, which means the nerve gas shoots out the back of the shell and goes up in the air. With unitary munition it bursts right on the target. It is a different kind of shell, and it works better.”

The United States did not begin production of binary artillery shells until 1985, almost two decades later. By the late 1980s, 155 mm binary shells containing sarin were being produced, Dee said, each containing 6.5 pounds of the gas.

“I was furious when Reagan revived binary weapons,” said Hormats. But by that time, of course, he had retired and left Edgewood.

In March 1966, Danilin gave Cassidy a rollover camera, a spy gadget developed by the Soviets to copy documents that was a kind of predecessor of today’s handheld scanners. “The camera was about the size of a pack of cigarettes,” Cassidy recalled, “but not as thick.” Cassidy simply rolled the camera over the document, and it automatically took a picture. He could capture an entire page in three passes of the camera. Cassidy did not have to extract the film. “I would give the whole camera to the Soviets and exchange it for a new one.” Over time, the GRU gave Cassidy three rollover cameras.

FBI technicians examined these cameras, and one detail bothered Charlie Bevels. “They all had high serial numbers,” he recalled. “I wondered: Who else has these things?”

An indication of the GRU’s trust in Cassidy was the fact that Danilin did not interrogate him on where or when he was able to use the rollover camera without being seen. At one point, Danilin did suggest that Cassidy take the material into the men’s room to copy it. That was not an option, Cassidy explained; there were no doors on the stalls at Edgewood. “I could have taken the documents to my car,” he said. “But they didn’t ask, and I didn’t explain.”

The documents that Cassidy photographed and passed to Danilin were selected by army intelligence and approved at the highest echelon of the Pentagon, the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

One of those who ended up clearing the “feed,” as counterintelligence agents call such material, was Tom O’Laughlin, a former FBI agent who by 1962 had moved over to the Pentagon, as the direct result of a diktat by FBI director J. Edgar Hoover. According to Bevels, O’Laughlin ran afoul of Hoover’s edict that FBI agents had to meet strict weight standards. “Hoover had a physical and found that his weight was higher than the Metropolitan Life standard,” Bevels said. “He went on a diet and felt so good he decided everyone would have to do it. . . . [Tom] had a lot of trouble making weight.”

The problem with the feed, of course, was the need to balance Cassidy’s credibility with the requirements of secrecy. These contradictory demands could never be completely reconciled. As in every such operation, some secrets had to be given away in order to protect the double agent. Officials in Washington were thus passing secret information to the Soviets, the disclosure of which by anyone else could have resulted in a long prison term for violation of the federal espionage laws.

The difficult balancing act often led to tensions between the FBI and the Joint Chiefs. The bureau wanted to keep the Russians convinced by passing significant documents, but the Pentagon was reluctant to part with its classified secrets.

Bevels recalled the conflict. “It was hard to get the military to give us stuff. Sometimes we wanted to put classification stamps on documents that weren’t classified, and we had trouble getting clearances from the military even to do that.”

The meetings with Danilin almost always took place in the parking lot of a bowling alley in Springfield, Virginia, a Washington suburb. There, Cassidy passed the documents that he had photographed.

“We would meet at nine P.M., always on a Saturday night. I suppose this is when America is out partying and has its guard down.”

Danilin, overjoyed to have a mole inside Edgewood, urged Cassidy to obtain everything he could on the nerve-gas program. He emphasized he wanted as much as possible about the chemical formulas and the makeup of the binary system. “He would say, ‘Find me anything you can on binary.’ He wanted information on all the nerve gases. He asked about VX. He asked about sarin. He asked about GD—‘Get everything you can about it.’ ”

After two years, and with the Russians well hooked and pushing for every scrap Cassidy could provide, the counterintelligence agents in the FBI decided the moment they were waiting for had arrived. Danilin and the GRU trusted Cassidy.

It was time for the deception.

CHAPTER: 6

THE DECEPTION

Joe Cassidy was a plainspoken man, not by nature guileful. But the FBI agents who originally recruited him had unexpected good fortune; the modest master sergeant possessed the one quality that would carry him through. Joe Cassidy was a natural actor.

And that quality was precisely what the FBI was counting on as the bureau and intelligence officials in the Defense Department began planning the deception late in 1965.

In intelligence operations, deception material is also known as disinformation. Ironically, the very word *disinformation,* although adopted by U.S. counterintelligence, appears to have originated with the Russian word *dezinformatsiya.*[1]

In 1959, the KGB created a disinformation department known as Department D, part of the First Chief Directorate (FCD), headed by General Ivan I. Agayants. Its duties included fabricating documents and planting false intelligence to confuse and mislead foreign governments.

In the Pentagon, an elaborate machinery existed to create and approve disinformation. False information was controlled by a whole series of secret boards under J-3, the operations umbrella of the Joint Chiefs. The FBI's requests for deception material dealing with nerve gas were referred to one arm of J-3, the United States Evaluation Board (USEB), a little-known interagency intelligence committee. Its members were the heads of the intelligence organizations of the military services, along with representatives from the FBI and the CIA.

The USEB was the first panel to rule on any deception operation that involved the military. After the USEB, the proposal moved over to another unit under J-3, the Special Assistant for Clandestine and Special Activity (SACSA). After SACSA approved the plan, since SHOCKER was an army project, it was sent to the army's deputy chief of staff for operations (DCSOPS, pronounced "dess-ops"). Finally, after DCSOPS signed off on the proposal, it moved to the army's Office of the Chief of Research and Development (OCRD), which prepared the feed for the FBI.[2]

At FBI headquarters, the deception operation was supervised by Eugene C. Peterson, a veteran counterintelligence agent in the Soviet section. A big, burly, professional counterspy, Peterson had the face of a boxer—a broad pug nose with a horizontal scar between intent blue eyes, a face with a lot of miles on it. In the course of his twenty-eight-year career with the FBI, he worked on most of the major Soviet cases of the cold war.

Despite his tough-looking exterior, Peterson was an affable, pleasant man from Aberdeen, South Dakota, where his father drove a laundry truck and his mother worked as the firm's bookkeeper. Peterson enlisted in the army air corps out of high school, then graduated from Northern State Teachers College in Aberdeen in 1951 and joined the FBI. He began his counterintelligence career in Puerto Rico in 1960. Four years later, Peterson was transferred to headquarters to work against Soviet spies. He rose to chief of the Soviet section in 1976.

Although an elaborate structure of Pentagon boards and committees had approved SHOCKER, the actual control of the operation rested in the hands of a small number of people—Peterson at FBI headquarters, successive case agents at the Washington field office, and across the Potomac in the Pentagon, Taro Yoshihashi, the army's top counterespionage expert. A quiet, self-effacing man who worked deep in the intelligence bureaucracy, Yoshihashi was a double-agent specialist and thus the FBI's point of contact inside the Defense Department.

Born in Hollywood, California, to a Japanese-American family, Yoshihashi earned a degree in psychology from the University of California at Los Angeles and joined the army in 1942, not long before the rest of his family was evacuated to a relocation camp in Cody, Wyoming. Assigned to General Douglas MacArthur's headquarters in Brisbane, Australia, Yoshihashi maintained files on all Japanese Army units with the help of MAGIC, the decrypted messages obtained after the United States broke the Japanese code.

After the war, the army sent him to investigate the biologicalwarfare experiments conducted by the Japanese against civilians in Manchuria. He was assigned to the Pentagon in 1968. As a double-agent specialist, Yoshihashi was also the army's representative on the staff of USEB.

As in the case of many obscure government panels, USEB's staff really ran it. "In the five years I was there," Yoshihashi recalled, "the principals at USEB only met once, in January of 1972. The meeting was in the basement of the Pentagon in one of the J-3 offices." James J. Angleton, the CIA's controversial chief of counterintelligence, showed up for the rare meeting. Angleton, who trusted no one, had nearly destroyed the CIA trying to unearth moles who he was convinced were burrowing away inside the agency.

At the meeting, he was true to form. "Angleton was the agency representative. At one point he said, 'I have a lot of interesting information I could give you, but I'm not sure about your security here.' I thought, what a lot of b.s."

Although the CIA, through its membership on USEB, was aware of the nerve-gas deception, it exercised no operational control. In the jargon of the intelligence world, Cassidy was the FBI's "asset," not the CIA's, nor the army's.

"The army's role was merely providing support," Yoshihashi noted. "It was a bureau operation. I would get requests from Gene Peterson.

"The bureau would bring in documents from Edgewood and say can we release these? Gene or the bureau's liaison agent would bring the documents over to the Pentagon. Then I would go to DCSOPS for approval. In some cases, I would make a recommendation that material should not be released. Most of the documents that we approved, except for the deception, were true information."

Yoshihashi and Peterson, while responsible along with a few other officials for managing the operation, did not deal directly with Cassidy. That was the job of the case agents in the field. And during the deception phase of SHOCKER, that meant Jimmy Morrissey.

In the fall of 1964, a major shift of positions had occurred in the FBI's Washington field office. Ludwig Oberndorf, the counterintelligence chief, was assigned to headquarters. Special Agent William J. Lander took over S-3, the GRU squad. At the same time, Donald Gruentzel, who had been Cassidy's case agent, was promoted to supervisor of S-2, the KGB squad. It thus fell to Jimmy Morrissey to run Cassidy during the most sensitive phase of the operation.

In its final form, the plan was, in a sense, a triple deception. "There were G-series gases up to letter H," Yoshihashi said. "The deception was to say we now have GJ. It was fictitious." Secondly, the claim of a new and powerful GJ nerve gas might lead Moscow to conclude, by implication, that the Edgewood scientists had also created a nerve gas labeled GI. The third aspect of the deception was that the bogus documents to be passed to Moscow by Cassidy were also to reveal that GJ existed in binary form.

The decision to tell the Soviet Union about a breakthrough nerve gas designated GJ had a grain of truth embedded within it, since the Edgewood scientists had in fact tried to do so and failed. The effort had taken place, but the results disclosed to the GRU were false.

Most former officials privy to the deception declined to discuss it. One ex-FBI agent familiar with Operation SHOCKER, however, agreed to talk about the deception, the most sensitive phase of the long-running case, on the condition that he not be named. "We had spent a lot of money, and we thought, hell, make them do it. It was hoped the operation would lead the Soviets in turn to spend time and resources on trying to develop the same weapons system, in binary form. It was a 'we tried and couldn't so let's make them spend money on it' attitude."

The FBI's files confirm this purpose. In December 1965, FBI headquarters informed the Washington field office that the deception operation had been authorized based on material developed by the army. The deception would involve a lethal chemical agent, many times more effective than any then available. For #8220;technical" reasons, it was said, the United States had decided not to deploy this weapon but would pass the information to the Soviet Union in a controlled manner. The objective was to cause the

Soviets to conduct extensive research and to commit money, personnel, training, and material to replicate or defend against a chemical agent that the United States had not actually produced and therefore had no intention of using.

Another former FBI official, who also insisted on anonymity, was willing, cautiously, to describe the nerve gas that the Soviets were led to believe had been developed. "It was very unstable and could not be stored, so it could not be put in a weapon. It would not maintain its toxicity. *And there was no antidote for it.* So the idea was, we give it to the Soviets, they make it, and then discover it's unstable and no antidote exists, so it can't be used. Because how would they protect their own troops?"

Now the double-agent operation had escalated into a risky, highstakes gamble. For at its core, the deception over nerve gas was designed to mislead Moscow into believing that the United States was ahead in the chemical-warfare arms race.

Any deception operation carries with it a risk. The documents passed by Cassidy to Mikhail Danilin contained enough true information mixed in with the false to get the Russians to believe all of it. The risk was that Soviet scientists might find the true information valuable and use it to make breakthroughs that had eluded America's scientists.

The Joint Chiefs, the army, and the FBI agents who actually ran the operation knew and weighed the danger. But they also knew that the Soviets were already engaged in full-scale research and production of nerve gases. The competition between the two countries to develop newer and more lethal nerve gases was already a reality. Because of that, the officials in Washington reasoned, it was worth the risk to try to lead the Soviets down an expensive false trail.

Another ex-FBI official said the scientists had reassured the bureau that the formula could safely be passed. "We were assured it wouldn't work," he said. "So it sounds great and looks great, but it will break down at the end. It was made in the lab but never put into production." Had the bureau considered the risks? "Yes," he replied, "they did, but since they were assured it wouldn't work, they felt it would be OK."

One of those who worried about where the operation might lead was Henry Anthony Strecker, who served in a senior post in army intelligence at the time.[3]

The whole business made Harry Strecker nervous. "I remember sitting in on a bureau briefing with Gene Peterson where they talked about an operation out of Edgewood," he said. "We called it *spiel* material, which means 'play' material. I remember a nerve gas we didn't make. Someone at the briefing expressed concern that if we drove the Soviets to looking into a bogus formula, is there a legitimate concern we might drive them to a breakthrough we don't want them to have?"

CHAPTER: 7

WASHINGTON GAME

Early in 1966, Cassidy began passing the false information about nerve gas to Mikhail Danilin. From the Soviet embassy in Washington, the disturbing intelligence about GJ, the powerful new chemical weapon developed by the United States, was relayed to Moscow.

The deception phase of Operation SHOCKER continued for three and a half years, until July 1969. Throughout this period, the GRU pressed for more information about the new nerve gas, and Cassidy obliged with more documents—some real, some fake.

Cassidy's importance to the Russians had suddenly increased spectacularly. New, more secure arrangements were needed to pass the vital film coming out of Edgewood and to transmit instructions to the sergeant. In March 1966, Danilin unveiled to Cassidy two kinds of spy paraphernalia that were to be used for communication between them.

First, he introduced Cassidy to microdots—tiny, circular specks of film on which vast amounts of data could be reduced to a size no bigger than a printed period. He was to receive future instructions on microdots, Danilin explained. To enable Cassidy to enlarge the microdots to make them legible, Danilin gave him a portable microdot reader.

At the same meeting, Danilin gave Cassidy a short course on how to make an artificial, hollow rock. From that time on, Danilin said, the GRU's microdots and the rollover cameras from Cassidy were to be exchanged inside fake rocks. The rocks, he explained, needed to be so realistic-looking that they could safely be left in a park, in the woods, or even on a street.

"He told me how to take the rollover camera and wrap it in waxpaper, then tinfoil over that, and then cover it with plaster of paris. Plaster of paris is a gray powder.You add water and mix it in a bucket,and it has the consistency of dough or Spackle.You mold it around the tinfoil and let it harden.It made a coatinga bout aquarter of an inch thick.It would dry in an hour.Sometimes I'd rubsand or dirt in it.The rocks were light gray, or darker."Cassidy quickly became expert at fashioning the phony rocks. Toany casual observer, they were in distinguishable from real ones.

Now the meetings and exchanges of material between Danilin and Cassidy began to follow a set procedure, a sort of espionage ballet. The choreography seldom varied.

"First I would go to a drop site and leave my rock, with the rollover camera inside. The drop sites were listed in the instructions. A lot of them were near Burke, Virginia," a Washington suburb. Cassidy then drove to a designated point in nearby Springfield.

While he was en route, a Soviet retrieved Cassidy's rock. In Springfield, " 'Mike' would be waiting on the street. Or I would park and walk a block to where he was waiting. Then he would get in my car and we'd drive to the parking lot of the bowling alley. Always at nine P.M. At the personal meetings, nothing would pass. We'd part around eleven."

This way, the Russians reasoned, if something went wrong and the FBI swooped down on the parking lot, neither man had any documents. They were just two people chatting by a bowling alley. At the meetings, Danilin discussed the previous batch of material Cassidy had provided and what he might be looking for next. "When we left the bowling alley we'd drive in my car to wherever he said, and I would drop him off. It was always different from where I picked him up but always in Springfield."

Cassidy then drove to a prearranged spot to pick up a fake rock that Danilin had left for him before their personal meeting. Inside were instructions in secret writing, a microdot, and cash. The instructions listed more drop and pickup sites and the dates of future meetings.

"The next day I would give the rock to the FBI." Although Cassidy had the portable microdot reader, it was much easier for the FBI to blow up the microdot in its laboratory and relay Moscow's instructions to Cassidy. Neither Cassidy nor the FBI would easily have found a microdot inside a rock, but Cassidy was always told where to look. Those instructions came on what appeared to be a blank sheet of paper with secret writing, or SW as it is known in the espionage trade. Cassidy then steamed the sheet of paper and the message became visible.

Usually, the microdot was tucked away in a slit in a matchbook cover that was placed inside the rock. One matchbook had a picture of a Mississippi River paddle steamer; the SW instructions told Cassidy to look under a particular section of the paddle wheel.

In addition to enlarging the microdots to full-page size, the FBI photographed the entire contents of every rock retrieved by Cassidy, including the cash. These were all recorded on eight-by-ten color prints.

The bureau watched most of Cassidy's meetings with Danilin, and it kept the Russian's apartment under surveillance. The FBI also tried to follow and photograph Danilin when he cleared drop sites, but that was extremely difficult in the remote, wooded areas of northern Virginia favored by the Soviets. The Russians chose such isolated areas because it was fairly easy to spot anyone who might be following them. Normally, a Soviet agent also had a partner watching his back.

"Physical surveillance of Soviets at a drop was almost impossible," Charlie Bevels said. "They were aware of it, and they ran countersurveillance. Once Danilin was scheduled to clear a drop in a very dark, rural area. The lab wanted to use infrared film to get a picture of him clearing the drop. I said no. Because when you use an infrared flashbulb, if you are looking straight at it, you can see it go off. I didn't want to take the chance."

On another occasion, the bureau was frustrated in its surveillance efforts by the unexpected. "I remember one personal meeting they had at the Rose Hill shopping center in northern Virginia, off Franconia Road," Bevels said. "We had cameras, and we were in a house that the owners left at our request. We assured them that the house will not be disturbed, there would be no shooting. We had given them twenty-five dollars; go out to dinner, we'll be here a couple of hours. But at Rose Hill some guy in a huge tractor trailer, Interstate Movers was their name, parked it right in our way. We couldn't see anything."

The GRU understood that Cassidy was not passing secret documents for ideological reasons. As far as the Soviets knew, he was betraying his country for dollars. Since Cassidy never split open the rocks before handing them over to the FBI, he never knew exactly how much money they held. But according to Charlie Bevels, "the rocks often contained ten thousand dollars at a time, usually in a little Baggie, rolled up inside the rocks. Sometimes there was more than that."

But at the meetings with Danilin, Cassidy, playing his role, continually pressed for more money. If the Soviets tended to think of Americans as greedy and materialistic, then he would meet their expectations. "I was always crying for money. I have a teenage daughter, child-support payments for my wife, I have to buy food, clothes, insurance. The piddling amounts you're giving me aren't worth the chance I'm taking."

Despite Cassidy's complaints to the Soviets that he was being underpaid, the money was rolling in, albeit into the FBI's coffers to finance the operation. With the GRU paying Cassidy tens of thousands of dollars, the Russians worried that he might display his new wealth conspicuously. His Soviet handlers warned him to spend money carefully and to avoid buying anything that would attract attention.

Intelligence work is highly compartmentalized. Although Taro Yoshihashi monitored the operation from the Pentagon and was deeply involved in the feed, he never met Joe Cassidy, though he admired him from afar.

"I felt Cassidy was one of the most competent double agents we ever had," Yoshihashi said. "For example, when he bought a freezer, he said to the Soviets, 'I have enough cash now to buy this, but I did a down payment just like everybody else.' "

When Cassidy needed to write to the GRU, he was instructed to use the special carbon paper he had been given earlier. He recalled how it worked: "The carbon was reddish but dark, it looked normal except for the red color. I would take a sheet of ordinary paper and make a pencil mark to show the writing will be on that side. I would put the special carbon on top of the paper, another paper on top of the carbon, and clip the three together. Then I would take a pencil and write the message. It left no visible marks on the bottom sheet. I'd give the top sheet to my FBI handler and save the carbon paper to use again. I was left with a blank sheet of paper with the invisible writing. I would put that sheet with the secret writing in the rock."

Cassidy used this method to confirm a meeting date or a drop site or to answer requests from Danilin. "Sometimes he would ask whether I could get him something, and I would respond in a letter that I could or could not, or I was still looking for it. Sometimes I wrote to say a drop site they proposed was no good, it was in an area where there were too many people around."

Cassidy got on well with Jimmy Morrissey. As it happened, he had a lot in common with his new case agent. Both were born into working-class Irish American families, and they hit it off from the start.

Morrissey was a quintessential Boston Irishman, with a soft New England brogue. Born in Charlestown, the blue-collar neighborhood of triple-decker houses that sent John F. Kennedy and Thomas P. "Tip" O'Neill to Congress, the FBI man was one of five children of immigrants who came over from County Waterford around the turn of the century; his father was a freight handler at a cold storage warehouse.

In the "wilderness of mirrors," as counterintelligence has been called, seemingly unrelated spy cases often interlock, their threads becoming entangled with one another. So it was with one GRU case that had an impact on Morrissey and, at least indirectly, on Cassidy. In New York in January 1962, FBI agent John Mabey made one of the most important recruitments of the cold war. He persuaded Colonel Dimitri Fedorovich Polyakov of the GRU to pass secrets to the FBI. Mabey gave him the code name TOPHAT. Polyakov, who rose to the rank of general, provided information of enormous value during eighteen years as a spy for the United States.[1]

TOPHAT told John Mabey that he had trained a GRU agent whom the FBI had persuaded to cooperate, and who provided leads that enabled the bureau to arrest a GRU team of illegals, Robert K. Baltch and his wife, Joy Ann. The couple had taken the identities of a Roman Catholic priest from Amsterdam, New York, and a housewife in Norwalk, Connecticut, neither of whom were aware that their identities had been stolen by Russian spies. Jimmy Morrissey handled the Baltch case. It was only after completing the assignment that Morrissey was able to take over as case agent for Joe Cassidy.

Polyakov had also provided leads that led the FBI to investigate Herbert W. Boeckenhaupt, a young air force sergeant who repaired code machines for the Strategic Air Command. Boeckenhaupt was meeting secretly with a GRU officer in Washington.

The FBI's counterintelligence agents customarily worked several cases at a time. The Boeckenhaupt case was also assigned to Morrissey, who by then was simultaneously juggling the Cassidy operation. On Halloween of 1966, the FBI arrested Boeckenhaupt in California. He was charged with betraying the Strategic Air Command's codes to the Soviets, convicted in May 1967, and sentenced to thirty years.

During the summer of 1966, the GRU informed Cassidy that they would communicate with him from then on in encoded SW, as well as in plain text on microdots. A six-digit numerical code, he was told, was to be keyed to a dictionary and concealed on pages of SW. The coded messages would back up the microdots.[2]

In August, Cassidy picked up a hollow rock containing a rollover camera, a microdot, and a three-by-four-inch miniature dictionary. Entitled *The Universal*

Webster, it was part of a series called Langenscheidt's Universal Dictionaries, published by Barnes and Noble.

Cassidy explained how the code worked. "Each six-digit group led to a word. Suppose I got a message with the number 243124. I would go to page 243, then to the first column because of the 1, then to the twenty-fourth word on the page. The word might be *meet,* the first word in a message that said, 'Meet me at Springfield bowling alley nine o'clock Saturday ten October.' "[3]

In March 1967, Cassidy recovered another rock containing an addition to the code, a numerical key designed to make the code a bit more difficult to crack. "To each group I would add 062520, my birthday. The sum would then work with the dictionary the same way."[4]

Although the deception phase of Operation SHOCKER was designed primarily to persuade Moscow that American scientists had developed the nerve gas GJ in binary form, there is evidence that documents dealing with deadly biological weapons were passed to the Soviets as well.

Charles Bevels, who succeeded Morrissey as WALLFLOWER'S case agent, said an army scientist at Fort Detrick had worked on a biological agent called Strain X that became part of the deception operation. "Joe passed the biological information. His job at Edgewood was administrative, he had no technical knowledge. His story [to the Russians] was that he came across this report at Edgewood."

Although Bevels could not recall the nature of the disease or toxin labeled Strain X, another former FBI man, John J. O'Flaherty, who later followed Bevels as Cassidy's case agent, said that among the materials passed to the GRU by WALLFLOWER were documents dealing with "botulinum toxin type E." In all likelihood, this was Strain X.

Toxins are poisons produced by some microorganisms and plants; snake venom is also considered a toxin. The CIA used shellfish toxin for the tiny poison darts developed by its technical experts to kill human targets, although CIA director William E. Colby testified to the Senate intelligence committee in 1975 that "I do not know of any actual use."[5]

Because toxins are so lethal, they are attractive to biological-warfare scientists around the globe. Botulinum toxin, produced by *Clostridium botulinum* bacteria, is among the world's deadliest poisons. It can result in paralysis and death.

Stephen Prior, president and CEO of DynPort, a company in Reston, Virginia, that produces all the vaccines for the Defense Department to counter a potential germ-warfare attack, explained that botulinum bacteria "can elicit seven different toxins, A through G. The strains of *Clostridium botulinum* were isolated by various scientists. Each strain produces one or more toxins."

Scientists at Fort Detrick concentrated on the Hall strain of botulinum (named after the scientist who first isolated it), since it produces large amounts of Type A toxin, which is one of the most lethal forms of botulinum. “In animal studies,” Prior said, “type E is one of the more potent toxins but less potent than type A.”

Type E was discovered as the cause of two serious outbreaks of botulism in 1934, one in New York State that was traced to canned herring from Germany, and the other in Dnepropetrovsk, Ukraine, also due to fish.[6] Type E is most often found lurking in the soils of Alaska, northern Europe, and Japan.

According to Benjamin Harris, Edgewood’s former technical director, the formula for yet another deadly toxin may also have been passed to the Russians. Asked whether he was aware of any deception operations during his years at Edgewood, Harris replied, “I know they were engaged in that as a matter of course. I was aware of one incident where we were asked by the intelligence people to supply information on a toxin that was not a good candidate for use as a weapon.

“It was ricin. It was considered a toxin because it was produced by a living organism, the castor-bean plant. We did not consider it a good candidate because it was difficult to come by in large quantities and had not been synthesized at that time.” Harris was never told in so many words to what use the information was put, but he said his impression was that it was passed to the Soviets.

The Edgewood scientists did not consider ricin a good weapon, but the KGB did. During the evening rush hour on September 7, 1978, Georgi I. Markov, a Bulgarian émigré, writer, and opponent of the Soviet-backed regime in Sofia, was walking in London when a man jabbed him in the back of his right thigh with the sharp tip of an umbrella. Mumbling an apology, the man disappeared into the crowds. Four days later, Markov was dead, the victim of a tiny metal pellet containing ricin toxin.

After the collapse of communism, the new government of Bulgaria admitted that its spy agency had been responsible for the famed “poison umbrella” murder of Markov. More details were provided by General Oleg Kalugin, the former chief of counterintelligence for the KGB, who said that General Sergei Mikhailovich Golubev, of the KGB’s Directorate K, was dispatched to Sofia, along with a second officer, to advise the Durzhavna Sigurnost (DS), the Bulgarian secret service, on the hit. In Sofia, the ricin was tried on a horse, which died, and a prisoner, who did not, because the pellet failed to release the toxin. The KGB also provided the umbrella and the poison pellet that were used to kill Markov. It is at least possible, therefore, that the umbrella attack employed the formula that Benjamin Harris believed had been passed to the Soviets.[7]

Early in 1967, as Cassidy recalls it, two unusual events occurred on one night when he met with Danilin at the bowling-alley parking lot. When Cassidy picked up Danilin, a second man was with him. “This was the only time there were two men, and there was no explanation of why a second person.” In the parking lot, “Mike asked, ‘What did you put in the rock?’ ” Cassidy briefed the GRU man on the latest batch of documents he had copied with his rollover camera.

“And then he briefed me on what they wanted me to look for. And the three of us got in my car, a blue Oldsmobile, and drove off to a residential area nearby. Mike motioned me to stop and to get out of the car, which was unusual, because normally only he got out of the car. The normal thing was, after a meeting, I would drop him off and I would stay in the car. So all three of us got out, near a streetlight.

“Joe,” Danilin said, “this is my friend Mike, he’s a real good guy, and he’ll take good care of you.”

Cassidy was startled by what happened next. “[Danilin] gave me a bear hug and released me and held my head in both hands and kissed me on the cheek.

“And he said, ‘I’ll never see you again.’ It was dark, but from the streetlight I could see tears welling up in his eyes and slowly making their way down his cheek. It was a very emotional scene, and I was truly taken aback by it.”

To the FBI, Danilin’s tears were further evidence that the GRU man completely trusted WALLFLOWER. Danilin was parting sorrowfully from a revered and valuable agent. And if the Soviets believed in Cassidy, they might also believe in the bogus nerve-gas formula he had given them.

CHAPTER: 8

AND THE VOLGA TURNED WHITE

The Soviet nerve-gas program—the equivalent of Edgewood Arsenal, Dugway, and the other facilities in the United States—was run in secret laboratories in Moscow and in equally guarded test sites and production plants located along a five-hundred-mile stretch of the Volga River.

In Moscow, research and development was conducted at the State Scientific Research Institute of Organic Chemistry and Technology, at 23 Shosse Entuziastov, four and a half miles due east of the Kremlin, not far from Izmailovo Park, the site of the capital's popular flea market. There, scientists experimented with sarin, soman, and VX and sought to create newer and deadlier forms of nerve gas as well. Some 350 miles to the east, the test sites and plants stretched almost in a straight line from north to south along the Volga River basin. In the north, in the Chuvash republic, some of the formulas created in the labs in Moscow were produced in a plant in Novocheboksarsk, a suburb of Cheboksary, the capital of the region.

About 250 miles to the south, near the city of Volsk in the Saratov region, were two Shikhany military sites where Soviet nerve gases were developed and tested. Finally, another 250 miles south in Volgograd was the Kirov Chemical Works, known as Khimprom, a major production site. Part of the facility was the Nazi nerve-gas plant captured by the Soviet army after World War II and brought back to Russia. The Moscow research institute also had a branch in Volgograd.[1]

In 1949, Boris Libman, a twenty-seven-year-old Latvian-born physical chemist and chemical engineer, began work at the pilot plant in Volgograd, in the section where nerve gases were produced and tested in small amounts.[2] At the Volgograd plant, Libman's work soon caught the attention of his superiors and by 1958—the year that Operation SHOCKER was created—he was named chief engineer. In 1960, he received the Lenin Prize for his work on both sarin and soman. The prize came with ten thousand rubles, a significant sum at the time.

Volgograd began producing sarin (GB) in the pilot plant in 1949 and went into large-scale production in 1959. It also began turning out small amounts of soman (GD) in the late fifties.

As the Soviet scientists attempted to divine what the United States was doing in its nerve-gas research and production, some of the information filtering to Libman and the officials at Volgograd had been gleaned by the espionage operations of the GRU. The intelligence data flowed to Volgograd from the Moscow research institute, which in turn received it from an arm of Soviet intelligence with the cover name of the Institute of Medical Statistics.

Additional intelligence information was provided to Volgograd directly by the chemical-intelligence unit of the GRU. The unit passed along data about U.S. research on binary nerve-gas weapons and about BZ, the incapacitant developed at Edgewood.

More important, in 1972 Soviet intelligence learned the actual formula for VX, which had been invented in Britain and shared only with the scientists at Edgewood. Full-scale Soviet production of VX started in 1972 at Novocheboksarsk.

A dozen years earlier, Soviet scientists had read in the openly available literature that the United States was gearing up to produce soman. But the information was incorrect, although production had been under consideration.

At Edgewood in the late 1950s Benjamin Harris had in fact urged his bosses to commit to large-scale production of soman. Harris, a chemical engineer, had served in the Army Chemical Corps during World War II. He had been an assistant professor at Johns Hopkins University when he began consulting at Edgewood on how to handle the sarin that had been captured from the Nazis. “I went around to storage sites and advised people on handling the GB. How to open containers safely.” In 1949, Harris left academe for full-time work at Edgewood.

At that time, the scientists at Edgewood and army officials were still debating which of the major nerve gases to choose for large-scale production. Harris did a study of soman (GD): “I came to the conclusion that [its] increased toxicity and other properties made it a more efficient chemical agent.”

There was, however, a problem. Unlike sarin, which is produced with ordinary alcohol, soman relies on pinacolyl alcohol, a much more exotic substance.[3] “It was a lot more expensive to manufacture, because it is a much more complicated alcohol, for which a plant would have to be built. There was no large-scale plant available in the U.S. at that time.”

But in Harris’s view, the cost of producing the pinacolyl alcohol was outweighed by the advantages. “If one makes a cost-benefits analysis of the cost of delivery of a weapon to the target, the cost of the fill is an insignificant portion of the total. The cost of delivery is much higher.

“Everybody knew soman was more toxic, and it is also more persistent, because the heavier alcohol makes the gas more persistent. Among the gases, GD, soman, is in the middle; it lasts longer than GB, but it’s not as persistent as VX. You can make it more persistent by putting in a thickener. I urged them to make GD,” Harris said. “I made that recommendation to Sy Silver,” Edgewood’s technical director at the time.

“We didn’t do it. They decided to make GB. It was decided at a high level.”

Saul Hormats recalled the decision. “Soman was not used,” he said, “because I decided GB was better, more volatile, you get a fast cloud with it. You would have to make a new alcohol for soman, and GB used normal alcohol, already available. You can't buy a big tank-car load of pinacolyl alcohol, but you can buy one of rubbing alcohol."

But none of this was known at the Kirov Chemical Works in Volgograd.

Large-scale production of sarin (GB) had begun at Volgograd in 1959 but the Russian scientists considered soman the best nerve gas they had at the time. They had first learned of it when the Soviet army captured the Spandau lab, west of Berlin, at the end of the war.

"At first, the Russian military establishment was against GD," said a former Soviet scientist who preferred not to be identified. "They were interested in VX. Then they changed their minds. If America had large-scale GD, we must have it."

And so, by 1960, the Russians had committed to large-scale production of soman, in the mistaken belief that the United States was following the same course. But they faced the identical problem of how to extract pinacolyl alcohol. Although relatively simple to produce today—it is used in the manufacture of a number of herbicides and fungicides—at the time, pinacolyl alcohol required five stages of electrolysis to produce. Work began on construction of a separate unit of the vast Volgograd complex to perform the electrolysis and begin full-scale production of soman.

With the Lenin Prize and increasing responsibility for the Soviet nerve-gas program, Boris Libman's star was on the rise. Then, early in February 1965, a frightening event took place that was, for Libman, a harbinger of personal disaster. A levee on the Volga was destroyed by melting snow. At the plant, there was near panic because Libman and the other scientists feared that they might have contaminated a tidal pool behind the levee. If so, there was a real danger that tens of thousands of people in the lower regions of the Volga might be poisoned.

Hurriedly, the scientists began testing the river as far as twelve miles downstream. To their immense relief, they found no traces of nerve gas. After a day and a half, the levee was repaired, and the danger passed.

For Libman, however, the reprieve was short-lived. Four months later, on June 15, he looked out at the river and was horrified at what he saw. The Volga had turned white.

That, as closer inspection revealed, was the visual effect of thousands of fish that had died and turned belly-up. The immense fish kill extended for fifty miles along the river. The nerve-gas plant was immediately suspected as the logical cause.

Libman, however, soon discovered what he believed to be the real source of the ecological disaster: The huge Volgograd hydroelectric power station had closed its gates, and the river was twelve feet lower than normal. As a result, the heat of the sun had made the water warmer. All the dead fish were sturgeon, which are more sensitive to high temperature than other fish.

Libman's protests were to no avail. As the chief engineer at the plant, a nonethnic Russian, and a Jew, he was an obvious target. Nor was it easy for Libman to prove that pollution from the nerve-gas plant had not somehow contributed to the fish kill. Libman might also have been blamed because Moscow had begun a large-scale program of hydropower construction up and down the Volga; to admit that the power station had caused the fish kill might have brought that project to a halt.

On March 9, 1966, Boris Libman was convicted of negligence and sentenced to two years in a prison labor camp in nearby Volsky. At the time, he was forty-three years old. He was stripped of his military medals and fined ten thousand new rubles, which was ten times the value of his Lenin Prize and the equivalent of two years' salary. Six other officials of the chemical plant were convicted and fined but not sent to prison.

In an interview with the author in Moscow in 1993, Vil Mirzayanov, a scientist who worked for years in the Soviet nerve-gas program, blamed the fish kill on the chemical plant. "Boris Libman was chief engineer of the Volgograd plant in charge of soman production. Some of the soman toxins polluted the Volga, and the fish went belly-up. [Aleksei] Kosygin, then the prime minister, ordered someone be made an example, and Libman became the scapegoat."[4]

In the prison camp, Libman worked first as a foreman of a construction crew, building houses. After some months, he was allowed to work in a chemical plant during the day, developing phospho-organic stabilizers for rubber. To do so, he left the prison during the day but had to be back inside by 10 P.M. Any later than that would be considered an escape, and five more years would be added to his sentence.

Although sentenced to two years, Libman was let out after one year because nobody else could start up production of soman at the Volgograd works. The soman production plant opened, with Libman back on the job, in 1968.

In 1972, Libman was transferred to Novocheboksarsk to oversee the full-scale production of VX. The Soviets, however, were not content with mass production of soman, sarin, and VX. Two scientists, Pyotr Petrovich Kirpichev and Vladimir Uglev, were working at Shikhany 1 on a new nerve gas, the like of which the world had never seen before.

Whether the formula for GJ that was passed to Moscow in Operation SHOCKER inspired this Soviet effort may never be known without access to the closed archives of the GRU. But in 1973, Kirpichev and Uglev perfected the new substance, said to be eight to ten times more powerful than any nerve gas then in existence.

Its name, which means "newcomer" in Russian, was Novichok.

CHAPTER: 9

THE NUN

In 1968, Joe Cassidy was living in an apartment building on Moravia Road in Baltimore and commuting to his job at Edgewood Arsenal. He noticed the attractive high-school teacher who lived in an apartment one floor above him, but they had only a nodding acquaintance.

Marie Krstyen in turn was aware of the tall, good-looking sergeant. Occasionally, she glanced out the window and watched him play catch with his son, Barry, who lived with his mother in Alexandria but visited on weekends.

Early in March of that year, the wife of another tenant in the building left in a huff, after stripping the apartment clean. The distraught husband was wandering the hall. Marie Krstyen and Cassidy took pity on the fellow and tried to calm him down. The wandering wife returned in a few days, and Marie and Cassidy started dating. She was forty and had never married; Cassidy was forty-seven.

“On the first date, he took me to the Playboy Club,” she recalled. Krstyen was not sure that his choice was such a great idea, but Cassidy, a member, was fond of the prix fixe menu; drinks were only $1.50, as was dinner. On his sergeant’s salary, he considered the place a bargain. As the waitresses in their brief, cottontail outfits ministered to the couple, Cassidy began probing to find out more about his new friend’s background. For Krstyen, it was a turnoff.

“He kept asking a lot of personal questions,” she said. “I didn’t like that at all.”

Marie Krstyen, of course, had no way of knowing why her date was asking so many questions. In part, Cassidy grilled her out of normal curiosity. However, while he did not need the FBI’s permission to see a woman, he was aware that the bureau would want to know as much as possible about anyone he was dating. If it turned serious, he knew, they would have to do a background check.

Despite getting off on the wrong foot that first evening, Cassidy soon recovered and made a decided impression on his schoolmarm neighbor. “He swept me off my feet,” she said. “There was something about him that got me. He seemed a very loyal and truthful guy. He seemed genuine.” Since Cassidy was living a double life and pretending to the Russians that he was a money-grubbing traitor, he was anything but genuine. But Marie Krstyen had fallen in love.

“He had good manners, he always greeted people, he was a perfect gentleman. Everybody called him the Sarge, and everybody loved him. I was teaching at night, and Joe always checked to make sure I got home.

"I usually went to his place for dinner, because he did the cooking. In the latter part of April, at dinner at his apartment, he presented me with an engagement ring. He just floored me. But I did accept it, and I'd had nothing to drink."

Cassidy remembers the scene about the same way, with one nuance. Marie, he said, had hesitated. "She sat there looking at the ring. But finally, she said, 'Yes.' I put it on her finger. The next day her students whispered, 'Miss Krstyen's engaged.' It went around like wildfire.

"Within a few days I told the bureau I was going to get married. I had already told them I was dating her. So in March the bureau had started checking her out."

What happened next alarmed the FBI and dismayed Cassidy as well. "Marie had mentioned she came up from Atlanta. And I knew she was a teacher, but anything else I didn't know. So I told the bureau she was from Atlanta, and they couldn't find any trace of her.

"So I queried her some more, what did you do in Atlanta? And finally she said she came from Montgomery, from Alabama." Still, the FBI could not find any trace of Krstyen. And why had she changed her story? She seemed to have materialized in Baltimore out of thin air without any past history. Yet that was impossible. Could Krstyen be a Soviet swallow? That was the term that Russian intelligence used for a female agent dispatched to seduce a male target. Perhaps the innocent-looking schoolteacher was actually a Russian working for the GRU, sent to check up on Cassidy's bona fides.

Finally, the FBI solved the mystery. For twenty years, Marie Elizabeth Krstyen had been Sister Miriam Joseph of the Vincentian Sisters of Charity. For part of the time, she had lived behind the walls of a convent. Small wonder that the FBI had trouble with its background check.

Cassidy was relieved at the news, although slightly embarrassed that he had taken an ex-nun to the Playboy Club. But he wondered why Krstyen had not revealed her previous life.

"I never told him I had been a nun," she said, "because I wanted him to be himself. I didn't want him to act different."

But Cassidy had not revealed his secret either. "I never told her about my other life," he said.

In a sort of gift-of-the-magi, O. Henry twist, Marie Krstyen née Sister Miriam Joseph, and Joe Cassidy, aka WALLFLOWER, had concealed their secrets from each other. Even as their wedding date approached, Cassidy was still not authorized by the FBI to tell her the truth. She did not yet know the extent to which her own life was to change when she married a spy.

But why had Krstyen told Cassidy she had come up from Atlanta? "I did say Atlanta," she recalled, "but all I meant was I changed planes in Atlanta. I had come from Montgomery. I did spend about a week in Atlanta with friends."

Marie's father, John Krstyen, was born in Czechoslovakia and came to America as a child of ten. Her grandfather was Hungarian; later, she wondered if her Eastern European family background had added to the FBI's concern when the bureau finally figured out who she was.

Marie Krstyen was born on March 20, 1927, in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, where her father worked for Bethlehem Steel, fixing machinery. Her mother, Mary Kondash, was the daughter of a local businessman. "Our family was Catholic, my mother converted when we were small. I went to a parochial school, and I wanted to be a teacher, so the nuns said, 'Join the convent.' It was a way of getting a college education."

She had entered the convent, which was in Pittsburgh, at age eighteen. Even early on, there were harbingers of her eventual decision to return to the secular life. Sister Miriam alone would not bow her head during prayer before mealtime and was admonished by the nuns. She was told she was too proud, and was not showing the proper degree of humility. "But I felt humility is truth. And if my feelings were the truth, then why should I bow my head? I consider religion very personal, between you and your God."

For any infractions of the rules, the nuns were forced to kneel at the crucifix in front of some three hundred other nuns in the cafeteria and eat their meals on their knees. Independent-minded, and a touch rebellious, Sister Miriam questioned the practice. She was required to eat several meals on her knees, however, for minor transgressions.

But her goal of a college education was met. "The Vincentian Sisters sent me to Duquesne University, which is also in Pittsburgh, in 1947." The sisters ran schools and hospitals. Sister Miriam taught school and later transferred to hospital work. She was sent by the order to a rural area of southwest Missouri, where she worked in the local hospital and attended Saint Louis University in the summers, earning a master's degree in hospital administration.

In 1958, she was transferred to Saint Jude's Hospital in Montgomery, where she found herself in the midst of the turmoil over civil rights. "All the black patients were sent to Saint Jude's," she said. "Because of that, there were phone threats to blow up the hospital. Martin Luther King came to the hospital several times and visited patients who had been beaten during civil-rights demonstrations, and some white demonstrators. I would meet him at the door."[1]

In the spring of 1965, Sister Miriam Joseph turned thirty-eight. "I wanted to get back into teaching. I asked to change from hospital work and was turned down; they said they would have to train someone else. So in January I left the order." After her brief stopover in Atlanta, she arrived in Baltimore, where her sister Helen lived, and found work as a teacher.

In the spring of 1968, Cassidy's divorce became final. Krstyen and Cassidy set their wedding date for the third week in June, but an obstacle arose. "I was marrying a divorced man and had problems with the church," Krstyen recalled. "I went to different priests. It would have been over a thousand dollars to get an annulment. I'd never been married, and I said to the first priest, he [Cassidy] has nothing to do with this. But I was told, 'You can't receive the sacraments.' "

To be told she could not receive communion and the other rites of the Roman Catholic church was not acceptable to the former Sister Miriam Joseph. Joe and Marie were married in June as scheduled, but it was three years before the issue of the sacraments was resolved. "I finally found a priest who said, 'You go right ahead.' To me, religion is more than some rules a priest makes up. To me, religion is my relationship with God. I go with a peaceful heart and mind to the sacraments."

The wedding took place in the chapel at Edgewood Arsenal. The chaplain who officiated was a Protestant, but he performed a Catholic service. Jimmy Morrissey and his wife attended the wedding, Marie recalled, "but I didn't know who they were."

The bride was in for a shock. "One day shortly after the marriage," she said, "Morrissey shows up at the apartment and flashes his badge. He said, 'Your husband is involved in secret work for the United States, working with the FBI and the military.' He didn't give any details. He said, 'There are times when he will have to go out for the whole evening or overnight.' "

When Morrissey had left, Marie turned to her husband.

"You never told me you were involved in anything like this," she said. "Now I understand why you were asking all those questions about me." Cassidy, her "truthful guy," could only smile and shrug.

After the initial astonishment had worn off, Marie began to worry. "I did not resent the fact that it had been kept secret. I knew there was a reason it had been kept secret. But I had some questions. Was it dangerous? The question was running through my own mind, but I did not press Joe about it. I figured it would become clear in time."

Jimmy Morrissey became a familiar figure in their marriage. Cassidy shielded his wife from much of his activities, but the nature of his mission gradually became clear to her. "I realized it was spy work," she said. "I figured it out. I knew about double agents. I read about them in a spy novel or saw a movie. I figured he was a 'good' spy. But Morrissey never mentioned the country. I didn't know the country was Russia until Joe told me that the FBI had worried I was a plant."

One way or another Marie was drawn into her husband's intelligence work. "Once in the early 1970s," Cassidy said, "we were leaving Petersburg, Virginia, and I had to go somewhere, to a picnic grove, so I could get a shortwave transmission from Moscow. She walked Beau, our silver poodle, and kept watch while I got the transmission."

Cassidy could hardly have concealed his secret life from Marie. Although for the most part he used the rollover cameras to photograph the documents he passed to the Russians, on instructions from the Soviets he also bought a camera and a tripod to copy material. At times, Marie saw Cassidy taking pictures of documents or steaming letters on the stove to develop secret writing.

Marie made sure that the spy paraphernalia was kept out of view. "We kept the equipment in the guest room," she said. "I always made sure the tripod and camera and radio were hidden when we had guests."

Marie Cassidy did not have to wait very long to learn whether her husband's espionage work might be dangerous. In October 1968, only four months into their marriage, Cassidy received a microdot instructing him to travel abroad—something that had never happened before. He was to go to Mexico City for a meeting. The instructions gave the date and the time of night that he was to be on a certain street. He was not asked to bring any documents.

It was an alarming turn of events, for both Cassidy and the FBI. It was not clear why the Soviets wanted to meet Cassidy outside the United States. For the first time, WALLFLOWER might be in real danger.

CHAPTER: 10

“THEY MIGHT SHOOT ME”

The KGB was responsible for counterintelligence within the Soviet military, including the GRU. So it was not unreasonable to believe that if Moscow had somehow discovered that Cassidy was an American spy, he could be targeted.

As the poison-umbrella attack on Georgi Markov demonstrated, the KGB had the capability to assassinate its enemies or to provide its allies with the means to do so. In the 1950s and 1960s, the KGB carried out a number of hits, some successful.[1]

In 1954, for example, Nikolai Y. Khokhlov was dispatched to Frankfurt to assassinate the leader of an anti-Soviet exile group. He was armed with a noiseless gun disguised as a cigarette pack that fired bullets laced with potassium cyanide. Instead of carrying out the hit, Khokhlov defected. But in 1957, Moscow sent Bogdan Stashynsky, who later described himself as a professional killer for the KGB, to liquidate Lev Rebet, a Ukrainian exile leader in Munich. He murdered Rebet with a special gun that fired a spray of prussic acid, the liquid form of cyanide. Two years later, with an improved model of the vapor gun, he assassinated Stefan Bandera, another Ukrainian exile leader in Munich. Stashynsky later fled to West Germany and was convicted of the murders and sentenced to eight years in prison.

In 1964, the KGB attacked Horst Schwirkmann, a wiretap expert for West German intelligence who had been sent to Moscow to debug Bonn’s embassy there. After completing his assignment, Schwirkmann visited the famous Zagorsk Monastery, an hour northeast of Moscow. He stopped to admire a painting of the Resurrection. A middleaged man who had been kneeling and praying by it arose and stood politely behind Schwirkmann, who suddenly felt what seemed like ice water on his left buttock. Within seconds, the West German technician was in agonizing pain, and his skin had blistered. Hospitalized and given intensive medical treatment, he almost lost his left leg but survived. U.S. physicians determined he had been sprayed with deadly nitrogen mustard gas.

Within the KGB’s First Chief Directorate, its foreign-intelligence arm, the assassination unit was first the ninth, then the thirteenth department. In 1965, Peter Deriabin, a KGB defector, testified to a Senate committee, “The thirteenth department is responsible for assassination and terror. This department is called the department of wet affairs, or in Russian *Mokrie Dela. . . . Mokrie* means ‘wet,’ and in this case *mokrie* means ‘blood wet.’ ”

During the time that Cassidy was working as a double against the Russians, then, the KGB was capable of assassinating its enemies, although it may have later abandoned the practice. In 1989, Victor Gundarev, a KGB colonel who had defected in Greece three years earlier, told the author, “Yes, they had *Mokrie Dela.* I don’t know a single case in the last fifteen years or more. But there is risk.” Because of the perceived risk, however remote today, most Soviet and Russian defectors in the United States, including Victor Gundarev, live under assumed names in the CIA’s equivalent of the Justice Department’s witness-protection program.[2]

The risk was much greater, of course, during the height of the cold war, when Cassidy was instructed to go to Mexico. At the time, the summer Olympic games were under way in Mexico City, and there were no flights or hotel rooms available; the city was completely booked.

Cassidy kissed his bride good-bye but said very little about why he was leaving the country. “Just that it was involved in that work,” Marie remembered.

From Baltimore, Cassidy flew to Dallas, rented a car, and drove to Brownsville, on the Mexican border, hoping to catch a flight from there. He went to a travel agency. “There were no flights to Mexico City, but I was told to keep checking,” Cassidy recalled. “I kept checking for several days and finally decided I would have to drive.”

Having heard stories of *bandidos* waylaying travelers, Cassidy was not thrilled about the prospect of driving. “The next day the travel agency called and said they had a flight from Matamoros, Mexico, just over the border from Brownsville.” Cassidy turned in the rental car, hailed a cab, took it over the bridge to the dusty, decrepit airport in Matamoros, and caught his flight.

On the plane, Cassidy’s fears crowded in. The FBI’s agents usually watched when he met his Soviet handlers in northern Virginia. Their presence offered a measure of reassurance and protection. But counterintelligence in Mexico might not be possible; the bureau would be operating outside its turf.[3]

Yet if Cassidy did not keep the appointment in Mexico City, the Russians might conclude that he was a double agent. Operation SHOCKER could collapse. Cassidy decided he had to go.

Since the hotels in Mexico City were full, the travel agency had made arrangements for Cassidy to stay with a Mexican family. He had several days to kill while waiting for the appointed night. “I spent a week in Mexico posing as an Olympic tourist. I got tickets to boxing, track and field, and swimming.”

Cassidy had arrived early in Mexico City for two reasons. First, he wanted to be sure he got there in plenty of time. “The other reason was a cover story: I went to Mexico to go to the Olympics. That was what I told my family and friends. After all, I had just got married, so why was I flying off to Mexico? I told everybody I already had these arrangements.”

Cassidy was no James Bond, sipping magnums of Dom Pérignon and dining at expensive restaurants with gorgeous women. Having been warned about the water and food, he subsisted on beer, which he did not much like, and peanuts at a downtown bar. Cassidy, who grew up on his grandmother's mashed potatoes and gravy in Erie, was partial to simple fare; he shunned the tacos and tortillas. His menu expanded a bit when he discovered that the top-floor restaurant of the Hilton hotel had cornflakes. "I was afraid of the milk," he recalled, "but hell, I was hungry."

Finally, the night of the meet arrived. Cassidy hailed a cab and took it to what turned out to be a desolate, remote barrio on the outskirts of the city. "The meeting was set for nine P.M. I got there [at] eight-thirty or eight-forty-five. I left the cab and walked to the designated spot in the middle of the block.

"There was nothing there, just several houses built out of wooden boxes. The whole area was a slum. There were shacks across the street and a couple smoking, playing some sort of a game, bent over a board. I could see them by the streetlight." Looking around, Cassidy realized he was the only American anywhere in the area. "I felt pretty conspicuous, over six feet, with white, close-cropped hair. I don't know if there was any bureau countersurveillance or whether the CIA was notified. I was hoping the bureau had me under surveillance."

As he stood there in the dark, Cassidy wondered why Mexico and why he was told not to bring any documents. Did the GRU suspect him? Was he about to be kidnapped?

For the first time since it had all begun almost a decade earlier with volleyball and oyster dinners along the riverfront in Washington, he was frankly scared. "I thought they might put me on a plane to Moscow, give me the truth serum, and shoot me."

No one stepped out of the shadows at 9 P.M. Cassidy waited for an hour beyond the appointed time, then walked to the corner and waited another half an hour before a taxi came along. The taxi did not stop, but about ten minutes later it cruised by again, and this time it picked him up.

Disappointed but also relieved, Cassidy flew back to Baltimore and reported to the FBI that the Soviets had failed to make contact. At home with Marie, Cassidy made light of his trip at first. He told his wife he had seen some boxing matches and track-and-field events. He joked about his trouble finding something to eat. It was only some time after his return that he revealed to Marie his fears about the trip.

In December, at his next scheduled meeting with his GRU handler, Cassidy complained bitterly. The new "Mike," to whom Danilin had handed him off, had been identified by the FBI as Oleg Ivanovich Likhachev, a GRU officer listed as a third secretary of the Soviet embassy.

Likhachev was not his real name, however. The GRU man was using his wife's maiden name in his career as a spy, probably to avoid any potential embarrassment to the memory of his father, a decorated Soviet general during World War II. Likhachev's father, General Ivan Chernyakhovsky, was killed in action in February 1945.[4] Had Likhachev been caught in a spy scandal and expelled from the United States or another country, there would be nothing to connect him with his famous father.

“I was steaming,” Cassidy recalled. “I said, ‘Jeez, Mike, I just got married and you send me off to a foreign country and nobody shows.’ He said, ‘You were supposed to have been told the meeting was canceled.’ That’s all he said.”

Jack O’Flaherty, soon to become Cassidy’s new FBI case agent, had his own theory about the hat dance the GRU put Cassidy through in Mexico. “It could have been a test to see if he would leave the country,” Flaherty said. “If he resisted, they might conclude he was under control.”

CHAPTER: 11

SUNDANCE

By the spring of 1969, Cassidy had been stationed at Edgewood for seven years, and the FBI began to fret that the Russians might regard it as a suspiciously long time for him to remain in the same job. Moreover, the nerve-gas deception was winding down after three and a half years.

It had been difficult enough to keep Cassidy in the Edgewood lab as it was. Shortly after his marriage, Cassidy was informed by the army that he was being sent to Karlsruhe, Germany. There was some suspicion within the FBI that the army wanted to transfer Cassidy there so it could take over the case. (Because the FBI operates primarily within the United States, if the case moved abroad the army would have jurisdiction.) Morrissey managed to outflank the army and squelch the transfer. According to Charlie Bevels, the FBI had to maneuver around the army bureaucracy more than once.

“Cassidy’s name kept showing up on a list for Vietnam,” Bevels recalled, “and every six months or so Jimmy Morrissey had to go to the Pentagon and get his name off the list. Joe was uneasy because he couldn’t explain it to anybody. He didn’t want any special privilege.”

The army inadvertently solved the bureau’s problem that spring by promoting Cassidy, a master sergeant, to an E-9, the rating for sergeant major. “Since there was no E-9 slot at Edgewood, I had to find a slot,” Cassidy said. “I checked and found one open at the United States Strike Command [STRICOM], in Tampa, Florida. I put in a request for transfer.”

Unknown to Cassidy, the FBI was orchestrating his move to Tampa. The bureau, Phil Parker recalled, saw a major benefit that might flow from the transfer. “The GRU’s officers in the embassy could not meet him in Florida, because of travel restrictions on Soviet diplomats, who were normally confined to a twenty-five-mile radius of Washington.” As a result, he said, the FBI hoped that the move would force Moscow to surface a new contact, perhaps an illegal, who might lead the FBI to other unknown Soviet agents.

Nothing is easy in the bureaucracy. If the FBI was going to run an espionage operation out of STRICOM, the military had to be told. Tom O’Laughlin, the ex-FBI man then working for the Joint Chiefs, was designated to bell the cat. He traveled to Tampa and briefed the base commander, a four-star general. O’Laughlin was successful in his delicate mission. The general agreed to accept Cassidy.

Operation SHOCKER was now set to move to Tampa. STRICOM, located at MacDill Air Force Base, was the Pentagon's unified command for a large group of army, air force, navy, and Marine Corps units around the country. The command was created in 1962 by President John F. Kennedy. As its name implies, its purpose was to allow the military to respond quickly to a flare-up anywhere in the world.

In July, as Cassidy prepared to move to Florida, he received instructions from Oleg Likhachev to return on the day after Christmas to Washington, where he would meet "an old friend."[1] While Cassidy would have no difficulty getting leave to make the trip north, for the moment these instructions frustrated the FBI's plan to force the Soviets to reveal a new contact.

The following month, Cassidy said good-bye to Jimmy Morrissey and Charlie Bevels, and he and Marie left for Tampa. He contacted the Tampa FBI office and met with Dennis R. Dickson, who served briefly as his case agent. In the files of the Tampa office, WALLFLOWER was given a code number, TP510.[2] He and Marie bought a house on the water in St. Petersburg.

At FBI headquarters, Gene Peterson chose a new code name, ZYRKSEEZ, for the case that the FBI had up to then designated as CHOWLINE and the Joint Chiefs called SHOCKER. Peterson chose the loopy spelling of Xerxes for a crafty practical reason: He knew he would be able to use it right away, without the usual bureaucratic delay for approval. The panjandrums in charge of such matters could see at a glance that ZYRKSEEZ was unique; it would not have to be laboriously checked against previous bureau code names because there was no way in the world it would duplicate a cryptonym already in the files.[3]

Even so, Peterson was given a hard time over the code name. A few days later, someone from the records branch called him, complaining vociferously about the unusual spelling.

"What's with this ZYRKSEEZ?" the file keeper asked. "We can't pronounce it."

"You don't have to pronounce it," Peterson shot back. "All you need to know is where to file the damn card."

In December, as instructed, Cassidy returned to Washington. On the day after Christmas, he waited on a street in Prince Georges County, Maryland, at the designated time. As promised, an "old friend" appeared.

Mikhail Danilin, by now a second secretary of the Soviet embassy, was back from Moscow. He smiled broadly at the sight of the agent he had lamented he might never see again.

After the two men had greeted each other, Danilin instructed Cassidy to pick out several drop sites in the St. Petersburg area. That would be good news to the FBI; the bureau's plan appeared to be working.

Danilin told Cassidy to bring the description of the locations to their next meeting. Once the drops were agreed upon, Danilin said, Cassidy was to buy a camera, photograph military documents from MacDill, and place the film in hollow rocks at the drop sites at designated times and dates. The agent who cleared a drop would leave a paper bag as a signal that the film had been picked up. Cassidy was to return to the drop site each time and verify that the paper bag was there.

Then Danilin explained that "another USSR agent" might clear the drops in Florida. Cassidy agreed to his instructions but grumbled to Danilin about having to come north at Christmas, leaving his wife by herself.

To the FBI, Danilin's passing mention of "another USSR agent" was important additional evidence that the bureau's plan was on target: Given the restrictions on travel by Soviet diplomats, the agent almost had to be an illegal.

In the world of espionage, illegals are a prime catch. Because illegals do not operate under diplomatic cover, they can be anywhere—the woman who works in the hair salon down the street, the friendly clerk in the hardware store, or even the neighbor next door. Unless illegals are identified by a defector, they are virtually impossible to find. Their spying usually goes undetected.

Back in Florida, with the help of the FBI, WALLFLOWER drove around St. Petersburg picking out likely drop sites for the GRU. Most were in residential areas or near stores or office buildings, which would make surveillance that much easier for the bureau. In a park or wooded area, it would be difficult for the FBI to get close enough. Cassidy was to explain to the Soviets that the Tampa Bay area was less rural than northern Virginia, compelling him to select sites in more populous places. As instructed, he also bought a 35 mm camera.

Then, in May 1970, he met his new FBI case agent, a tall Irishman from Brooklyn who still retained a trace of his New York accent along with a lot of street smarts. At age thirty-five, John J. O'Flaherty was already a bureau veteran. The two men took to each other immediately, the start of a lifelong friendship.

At six foot two, Jack O'Flaherty was a handsome, impressive-looking man with an athlete's build. The son of a mounted policeman in New York, he was born in Brooklyn but grew up in the Rockaways in Queens. He went to St. John's University and joined the police force in 1957, working the four-to-midnight shift and attending law school at St. John's by day. "A family friend, Mike O'Brien, encouraged me to apply to the FBI and gave me an application," O'Flaherty said. "From time to time, he needled me, what happened to that application I gave you? So, finally I applied."

He joined the FBI in March 1961 at age twenty-six, worked as an agent in North Carolina, and was assigned to the Cuban squad in New York, his first taste of foreign counterintelligence work. He married and, after a tour in the San Juan office, arrived in Tampa in August 1968.

On July Fourth weekend 1970, Cassidy drove north to Washington for another meeting with Danilin at their old haunt, the parking lot of the bowling alley in Springfield. The Soviets approved most of the drop sites he had selected, and Danilin accepted Cassidy's explanation about why the drops were to be in more built-up areas.

Cassidy received a packet of what looked like ordinary lead of the type that is loaded into a mechanical pencil. He was instructed to crush the lead, dissolve it in water, and use the solution to raise the secret writing he would receive from the Soviets. This replaced the earlier method of steaming.

Almost six months later, Cassidy went to Washington again. On the day after Christmas, he picked up three hollow rocks containing two new rollover cameras to use in addition to his 35 mm camera. There were also instructions from Danilin for the first drop in Florida. The message said: "6 Mar. 9:00. Base of bush by large palm tree at Rafael Blvd. and Snell Island Blvd. (south of stop sign)."

After collecting the rocks, Cassidy met with Danilin, and then drove back to Florida, where he turned the rocks over to O'Flaherty. In Tampa, arrangements had to be made to select the classified documents that Cassidy would photograph for the GRU. An ad hoc committee of representatives of the armed services was created at STRICOM to screen the feed before the Joint Chiefs in Washington gave final approval.

Snell Isle, misnamed because it is really a peninsula along Tampa Bay, is a quiet, mostly residential section a mile and a half long and less than a mile wide. Almost half the area is taken up by a private golf course.

With the first pickup by the Russians scheduled for the night of March 6, 1971, O'Flaherty swung into action. He tried to leave nothing to chance in preparing for the moment of contact. There was a two-story condominium directly across the street from the drop site on Snell Isle. O'Flaherty approached Jerry Koontz, a seventy-four-year-old widower who lived on the second floor, overlooking the palm tree. Koontz was a retired sales manager for Sinclair Oil. "He allowed us to use his apartment."

Also in the line of vision of the drop site, catercorner and a block away, was a building that housed the Tampa Bay Engineering Company. O'Flaherty approached William O'Neill, the firm's president, and asked if the FBI could take over the building on the night of March 6. O'Flaherty never explained the reason, but he assured the executive, "There won't be any shooting." O'Neill agreed.

On the evening of March 6, the stakeout was ready. O'Flaherty waited in the dark in the condo across from the palm tree with his FBI team and a bug-eyed Jerry Koontz, for whom retirement had never been this exciting. "In the front room were two photographers, Fred Webb, who was in charge of the FBI photo lab, and George Austin, and two agents, Joe Hall from the Washington field office, and Larry Doyle from New York. Five of us in the dark, watching."

The two visiting FBI men were counterintelligence agents, experts at spotting Soviets, in case Danilin or anyone else from Washington dared to risk violating the twenty-five-mile rule. The photographers were looking through a night-vision scope.

Promptly at 9 P.M., Joe Cassidy placed three hollow rocks at the base of the palm tree. Inside were rollover cameras with photos of eleven documents, one stamped TOP SECRET, nine marked SECRET, and one CONFIDENTIAL. The document marked TOP SECRET was entitled “CINPAC Keystone Robin (Charlie) Movement Planning Conference (U) MSG DTG 110338Z DEC 70.”

If all went according to plan, a Russian spy would appear within half an hour. Would he arrive by car? On foot? O’Flaherty had attempted to cover all the bases. “We had an agent with a tie-clasp camera riding the bus line in case the illegal arrived by bus.” Other agents were in the engineering offices as backup, watching from a distance.

Time ticked by as O’Flaherty and the four other FBI men in the condo strained to see any activity around the palm tree, which was nestled against a thick hedge. George Austin was peering through the night scope.

“All of a sudden George says, ‘I see a hand,’ ” O’Flaherty recalled. “We couldn’t see anything. But through the night scope he could. The individual had come from the opposite side, from behind the palm tree, and reached through the bushes. His fingers were inches from the rock, groping for it, and then he gave up. He comes out from behind the bushes. My first thought is, Is this a professional spy? He has white slacks on. The last thing he should be wearing.” Through the night scope, the photographer could see the man was young, tall, and slender, with dark hair and glasses.

“He comes out front, and the cameras are going. He picks up the rocks and puts them in a bag. And then he walks away, south on Rafael. Now we’ve got a person, and he’s moving in a direction where we did not have anybody.” It was 9:23 P.M.

O’Flaherty silently cursed. The skinny Soviet spy in white slacks was eluding their grasp, and there was nothing they could do about it. Who was he? Had agents been stationed on Rafael Boulevard, they might have been able to get a closer look or a better picture, but it might not be possible to identify the man from the photographs, since he was almost certainly an illegal, an unknown face.

The FBI had decided in advance not to try to follow whoever appeared at the drop. SHOCKER had been running for twelve years, and O’Flaherty was not about to blow the operation by putting men on the street; if the spy became aware that he was being tailed, the game would be over. “We wanted fixed surveillance for security reasons, no cars,” he said.

Luck was on the bureau’s side. The unknown spy had forgotten to leave a paper bag by the palm tree to signal that the drop had been cleared. He realized his mistake and came back. Seven minutes later, at 9:30 P.M., a light blue Volkswagen suddenly appeared. The man jumped out, with the car’s motor running, and left a Publix supermarket bag at the base of the tree. Then he got back in his car and zoomed away.

Through their night-vision scope, the photographers could make out the license plate: 1E-17128. From the condo, O’Flaherty called Joseph F. Santoiana, Jr., the FBI’s special agent in charge (SAC) in Tampa, at his home. The SAC called in the license number and asked Tampa to run the plate. By the time O’Flaherty and his team reached the office, they had their answer. The Volkswagen belonged to a rental agency in Miami. Around midnight, teletypes were sent out to Miami and to FBI headquarters in Washington reporting all that had happened.

SHOCKER had surfaced an unknown spy and created a new case. The FBI gave it a separate code name: PALMETTO.

Now the FBI's task was to identify the man. Before dawn, a teletype arrived from headquarters instructing Tampa and Miami to follow up but emphasizing that the surveillance be discreet.

The FBI was moving with an excess of caution. "Sure, we could have staked out the rental agency," O'Flaherty said, "but they [headquarters] were very concerned about blowing the case."

At 7 A.M., Special Agent Sam Jones, of the FBI's Miami office, checked with the rental agency in Miami, an establishment known as Lester-U-Drive-It. Donald W. MacArthur, the manager, identified the man who had rented the car and returned it an hour earlier. He was apparently Mexican but had produced a Canadian driver's license. The name on the license was Gilberto Lopez y Rivas.

MacArthur remembered that when Lopez rented the car, he had said that he had arrived in Miami on a Greyhound bus. Jones reasoned that he might have left the same way. The FBI man went to the Greyhound terminal and spoke to the ticket clerk. Jones brought with him the photographs taken through the night scope. But the clerk shook his head; he could not remember selling the man a ticket.

"You know how many people we get going through here?" the clerk asked. He paused, then recalled something. "Wait a second—bad breath! The guy had bad breath! I remember him now." The clerk had given the man directions to San Antonio. He suggested the most direct route, but Lopez bought a ticket on an earlier bus with stops in New Orleans and Houston.

"Now we alerted all the divisions along the way," O'Flaherty said. "FBI agents were watching the Greyhound terminals in all three cities, New Orleans, Houston, and San Antonio.

"Several agents were getting on buses to try to spot him. The Greyhound with Lopez aboard arrived in New Orleans the next day. The FBI saw him on the bus. Agents boarded the bus in New Orleans and watched him leave the bus in Houston. He took a cab to Houston Intercontinental Airport." The agents did not want to get in too close and did not trail the taxi, though they later interviewed the driver. He said his passenger had entered the terminal. Checking further, the FBI established that he had boarded a Braniff flight to Mexico City. Jean Hadid, a Braniff ticket agent at the airport, identified Lopez.

Lopez was gone, at least for the moment, south of the border. The FBI knew nothing about him yet, except his name, if it was his real one. But O'Flaherty knew one thing, as he looked back on the kaleidoscopic events of the last forty-eight hours: Something unprecedented in the history of espionage had occurred. The man who called himself Gilberto Lopez y Rivas was the first illegal ever surfaced by a double-agent operation of the FBI.

CHAPTER: 12

PALMETTO

Having traced the man in the white slacks to Mexico City, the FBI made an astonishing discovery. Gilberto Lopez y Rivas, on an espionage mission to Florida for Soviet intelligence, had rented the Volkswagen in his true name.

The bureau now had enjoyed two lucky breaks. Had Lopez not initially forgotten to leave the Publix bag at the drop site, or had he used false credentials to rent the car in Miami, the FBI might never have identified the skinny young man who picked up WALLFLOWER's three rocks on Snell Isle.

Gradually, the details about Lopez emerged. The son of Gilberto Esparza Lopez, an accountant, and Rosa Morgado Rivas Lopez, he was born in Mexico City on March 6, 1943, which meant that he was celebrating his twenty-eighth birthday on the day that the FBI agents had watched and photographed him from Jerry Koontz's condo.

Lopez attended the Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México, where he earned a master's degree in 1969. For two years, from 1967 to 1969, while a student at the university, he was a research assistant in anthropology for the International Olympic Committee in Mexico City.[1]

In 1968 Lopez had married another anthropology student, Alicia Castellanos. The couple had a boy, Nayar, and later another child, Ali.

Lopez was a leftist and an intellectual, and it was clear that his central concern—and possibly the driving force behind his decision to engage in clandestine work for the GRU—was his outrage over the treatment of Mexicans and Mexican Americans in the United States.

Fury over the plight of Chicanos in America appeared in almost all of his published writings. In 1971, the same year that the FBI identified him, Lopez published *Los Chicanos: Una minoría nacional explotada.*[2] The book's title reflected his view of the United States as a nation of ruthless gringos exploiting poor Mexicans.

Many Mexicans and Americans have sympathized with the problems faced by Mexican Americans, especially migrant workers who often toil in terrible, unsanitary conditions, performing backbreaking labor for low wages. Millions of Americans supported the efforts of Cesar Chavez to organize the grape and lettuce workers in California. Most of those who champion the attempts of Mexican Americans to achieve a better life, however—even those who are harsh critics of American society—do not act on their views by becoming spies against the United States. Lopez did. Somewhere along the line, probably while he was a student at Mexico's national university, Gilberto Lopez was recruited and trained by the GRU.

Five months after he had flown back to Mexico, Lopez reentered the United States at Brownsville in August 1971, with his family. Through records of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, the FBI learned his destination: Salt Lake City. Lopez, as it developed, was returning to school. He was working toward his Ph.D. in anthropology at the University of Utah.

He was placed under surveillance in Salt Lake City, and his apartment was wiretapped and bugged. George M. Owen, an FBI wireman, was sent out from headquarters to install the electronic surveillance on the PALMETTOS.[3]

Even though the drops in Florida were now activated, Cassidy traveled to Washington again on July 3, 1971, to get new instructions and meet personally with Mikhail Danilin.

The GRU officer said he had received the documents that Cassidy had left on Snell Isle, which meant, of course, that Lopez had gotten them safely to the Soviets in Mexico City.

Danilin then told Cassidy what kinds of documents he wanted from STRICOM. He instructed Cassidy to look in particular for documents dealing with future U.S. military exercises. They discussed the dates and locations of the next several drops in St. Petersburg.

Inside the hollow rock that Cassidy picked up before the meeting was a package containing ten thousand dollars and new instructions on a microdot concealed inside a postcard. The package also contained a blank sheet of paper with secret writing that duplicated and backed up the instructions on the microdot.

Cassidy was told he would be sent to Mexico again the following July. This time, Danilin provided detailed instructions for the contact. Cassidy was to stay at the San Marcos Hotel. On July 22, before noon, he was to confirm his arrival by placing a red chalk mark on a white fence pole on Calle Río Lerma, near his hotel. Also described were a dead drop where he would leave his film, a meeting site, and various signal sites. Cassidy was not thrilled at the news; aside from the risk of meeting the Soviets abroad on dark streets, there were the gastronomic dangers lurking in Mexico City.

The next domestic drop was set for the night of September 10, 1971, at the same palm tree on Snell Isle. O'Flaherty again prepared to station agents in Jerry Koontz's condo and in the engineering company. Learning from the previous drop, O'Flaherty arranged this time for a third observation post.

"The third spot was a private school on Snell Isle Boulevard. I approached the dean, Gordon Tucker. He had to check with the board. Charles Randolph Wedding, who later became the mayor of Saint Petersburg, was on the board, and he approved."

Promptly at 9 P.M., Cassidy made the drop at the base of the palm tree, as O'Flaherty and the agents with him watched. This time, Cassidy left films of a document stamped

TOP SECRET, another marked SECRET, and a third marked CONFIDENTIAL, as well as other material.

The document marked TOP SECRET was entitled “USSTRICOM . . . Programming Plan 2-71,” dated June 22, 1971. It described the establishment of the U.S. Readiness Command under instructions from the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

The document stamped SECRET dealt with the withdrawal of U.S. forces from Vietnam. It was called “Letter of Instruction for the Eighth Incremental Redeployment of U.S. Army Forces from RVN (U) - AGDAA(M) (6 JULY 71) OPS OD TR July 14, 1971.”

As the FBI agents waited, tension built inside the darkened condo. Then, around nine-thirty, the telephone rang, and O’Flaherty grabbed it. “An agent at the school site called me on an open phone line, a land line as we refer to it. ‘Jack, looks like we’ve got him here. Female driving, child in the car, and another unidentified male.’ ” Gilberto Lopez was back, this time with his wife, Alicia, their young son, and a second man. The FBI cameras were whirring away.

O’Flaherty continued his narrative: “The subject gets out of the car, a gray Renault, license number LP9414, about a block from the drop site, and starts walking east on Snell Isle Boulevard. He cuts into a yard and again comes out from the bushes. This time he comes right around in front of the tree and picks up the rock. He left a paper bag at the tree. It was a Publix bag both times.

“His wife stops right below our LO, the lookout. She pulls up the car past the intersection and waits for him about a block beyond the drop. He crosses the street, walks a block to the car, right under the engineering firm. He gets in, and they drive off the island at the eastern end.”

Three months later, on December 20, the espionage ballet was repeated, with the FBI at the same three observation posts. Inside the hollow rock this time were films of three documents stamped SECRET, including another one dealing with troop pullouts from Vietnam, dated September 24, 1971, and entitled “Letter of Instruction for the Ninth Incremental Redeployment of U.S. Army Forces from RVN(U), - AGDA-A(M) (17 SEPT 71) OPS OD TR.”

As Cassidy was placing his fake rock, FBI agents saw a white two-door Vega, with Florida plates, 1E-23144, cruising north on nearby North Shore Drive. At 9:29 P.M., Gilberto Lopez appeared again, on foot, but with a bold new approach, O’Flaherty recalled. “Lopez, his wife, and their two-year-old son walk up. They’re holding the kid’s hand. Lopez, actively assisted by his wife, began searching the area under the bushes, and they clear the drop. They left in the Vega.”

The Russians were picking up the pace. Cassidy had now had three drops and a personal meeting in Washington in only nine months.

Four days after Christmas, although it was not the usual form of communication from the Soviets, Cassidy received a one-page letter, dated Christmas Day, in the mail, addressed to him at his home in St. Petersburg. Inside was what looked like a blank piece of paper. To develop it, Cassidy used the special pencil lead he had received from the GRU. But it was not an easy task.

"The lead was difficult to crush," O'Flaherty said. "Joe was using a rolling pin for a while to crush it into powder and then add water. The idea was to dissolve it and use a cotton swab on the blank page, and it would raise the writing. The lab said the writing itself was prepared from barium, strontium, and lead and raised with tetrahydroxyquinone. The lab identified that as the chemical in the special pencil lead."[4]

As Cassidy swabbed cotton over the blank sheet he had received, the words slowly appeared:

"Dear Friend, Thanks for your efforts Top Secret September document was good. For it I'll pay three thousand for whole September package I owe you six thousand. Don't worry about money, I never failed you."

The letter went on to approve the next series of numbered drop sites. "Places 2, 5, 6, 7 aren't good, so correct our schedule as follows: September ten place ten; December twenty place three . . . I need new Secret document . . . now your film are good. My best wishes for New Year."

The letter also informed Cassidy: "Your trip abroad is canceled." For Cassidy, it was a reprieve from another round of beer, peanuts, and corn flakes in Mexico City.

But for the FBI, the cancellation posed a puzzle. The counterintelligence analysts speculated that it was linked to the FBI's recent arrest on espionage charges of Walter Perkins, an air force master sergeant. Perkins had been the highest-ranking noncommissioned intelligence officer in the Air Defense Weapons Center at Tyndall Air Force Base, in the Florida panhandle. He had had complete access to classified information on sophisticated air-to-air missile systems. He had been arrested by the FBI in October at the Panama City airport as he prepared to board a plane for Mexico City with five classified documents in his briefcase. According to the FBI, Perkins was en route to meet his GRU handler.

At Perkins's court-martial, an air force counterintelligence agent in the Office of Special Investigations said the tip about Perkins had come from the police in Tokyo, where the sergeant had been formerly stationed. An informant said that Perkins had been in contact with Edward Khavanov, a Soviet colonel in the Tokyo embassy. OSI then put Perkins under full-time surveillance, installing six video cameras in his office that recorded him copying information from classified documents onto index cards. Perkins was convicted and sentenced to three years by a military judge.

In Salt Lake City, where he had been sent to bug and wiretap the Lopezes, George Owen was alarmed at what he saw. FBI agents there, more attuned to following around bank-robbery suspects than Russian spies, were too obvious to suit Owen, according to Charlie Bevels. "Owen came back and told headquarters, 'I've watched those guys handling surveillance. Every bureau car has antennas nineteen feet high.' "

Hearing of Owen's dismaying report, Robert J. Schamay, an FBI counterintelligence agent in Washington, urged that something be done, fast. Schamay, six foot four with the frame of a linebacker, volunteered and became the case agent in Salt Lake City.

Wiretapping and bugging the Lopezes had presented problems, Schamay remembered. "They lived in married housing at the university with one child, the little boy. They were in a two-story concrete building, on the top floor. George had put in the technical coverage, but it was hard to do in a concrete building." Owen installed a dual-purpose microphone that tapped the phones and also allowed the FBI to overhear room conversations. The microphone was concealed in a wall telephone; the FBI had managed to gain access to the spies' apartment long enough to switch the wall phone for an identical "hot" unit. The bureau had also installed a remote surveillance camera, trained on the entrance to the building, that transmitted its pictures to a television screen in the FBI's office downtown. Agents conducted physical surveillance of the couple as well.

Since illegals working as Soviet spies are rarely identified, the bureau wanted to learn as much as possible about the Lopezes and their actions. Eugene Peterson, supervising the case from FBI headquarters, decided to insert an undercover agent who would have the difficult and delicate mission of trying to become close to the PALMETTOS.

Peterson reviewed the files of several hundred FBI agents, looking for just the right candidate. Finally, he narrowed the field to fourteen agents with Hispanic backgrounds. From the list, Peterson zeroed in on Aurelio Flores, a twenty-nine-year-old agent in Miami. Not only was Flores of Mexican-American background and bilingual in Spanish and English, he was almost exactly the age of Gilberto Lopez.

Peterson sent the paperwork up to John P. Mohr, the number-three official of the bureau. Mohr noticed that Flores had a toddler.

"What about the child?" he asked. "There might be a security problem."

Peterson was incredulous. "He's only eighteen months old," he protested.

"Yeah," Mohr said, "but my grandson is eighteen months and he says, 'Grandpa G-man.' "

Mohr had a point, although as events were to unfold, it was not the undercover agent's child who talked out of turn. Headquarters approved Peterson's choice, and Flores prepared to move to Salt Lake City with his wife and son.

Peterson arranged a new résumé for Flores. Peterson contacted a former FBI man who was chief of personnel security for a large private corporation in Miami, and the ex-agent agreed to insert a fake employment record for Flores into the company's files.

Aurelio Flores, a compact man with brown hair and hazel eyes, was born in Del Rio, Texas, graduated from Saint Mary's University in San Antonio, and served as a captain with the army airborne special forces for five years before he joined the FBI in 1970.

To go undercover in Salt Lake City, ideally Flores would have used a completely new identity with backstopped documentation. There was a problem, however. Since the plan was for Flores to approach Lopez as a fellow student, Flores applied for admission to the University of Utah as a graduate student in geography."We would have had to change my college transcripts if I used another name," he said."I used my own name."

If Flores succeeded in befriending Lopez, it was possible that the Soviets might check on his background. As a precaution, the bureau asked various government agencies and private companies to alert it if anyone made inquiries about Flores. "We checked to make sure no one was checking on me. We had 'stops' at different places [so that] in case they were asking questions, we would know."

Flores was accepted by the university and arrived on campus in January 1972. Lopez, he discovered, was an avid badminton player, and Flores briefly considered approaching him as a fellow enthusiast. He decided there was a better way.

The PALMETTOS had enrolled their two-year-old son, Nayar, at a Montessori school day-care center not far from the university. Flores did the same with his son.

"The first time I went to the day-care center, I parked behind his car and locked him in. So he had to wait until I left to get out."

In the parking lot, Flores apologized in Spanish for blocking Lopez.

"Dispénsame," Flores said, excusing himself. "I'll get out of your way."

"No problem," Lopez replied. He seemed pleased to meet another Spanish-speaking parent.

In the days that followed, as they both visited the day-care center, Flores gradually got to know Lopez. "We had to wait for the children, and I introduced myself."

Soon, they became friends. Flores was patient. Lopez liked to talk politics, and Flores made a point of being a good listener. "I listened to his ideas on Marxism and Stalin. He was an admirer of Stalin.

"One day [the PALMETTOS] were going to a function at the anthropology department. There were poetry readings for visiting scholars, that sort of thing. They asked me to baby-sit."

Headquarters could scarcely have expected Flores to get any closer to the target. It might have been unprecedented in the annals of espionage: A Russian spy had unknowingly asked an FBI agent to baby-sit for him.

Whenever Lopez planned to travel to Mexico, or to Florida to service one of Cassidy's drops, he told Flores that he was getting ready to take a trip. Of course, from the wiretaps on his apartment, the FBI usually knew that.

Although Flores had not worked undercover before, he proved to be ingenious and creative. One night, Flores and his wife invited Gilberto and Alicia to their home. "I had him over to dinner and saved all the glasses so we had a full set of prints from him and from her. We loaded the plates into the dishwasher, but they didn't notice we didn't put the glasses in. We got very good prints."

Lopez and his wife had very different personalities, Flores recalled. "She was a good swimmer; he was afraid of the water. So sometimes I could get her at the deep end of the pool and talk to her alone. He would stay in the shallow end. She spoke French, some German. She had traveled through France and had lived with a family in France. She was quite a linguist.

"He was more gregarious, talkative, would have made a hell of a salesman. Go right up to you at a party and start talking. She was more the quiet, intellectual one." But Alicia made one basic conviction clear, Flores said. "She hated Americans."

Similarly, Lopez trusted Flores only because of his Mexican background. "Once Gilberto told the two kids, mine and his, that they must always be friends and not fight. He said to them, 'You must get a pencil and stick it into the blue eyes of the gringos.' "

Lopez was paid well for his espionage work. "The Soviets were paying him in cash every time he made a pickup. We had access to his bank accounts. After each visit to a drop site in Florida he would make a deposit in his bank account. They would pay him between eight thousand and twelve thousand dollars per drop." Out of the total, however, Lopez had to pay his tuition and travel expenses.

From the wiretaps, the FBI learned that Lopez was planning to move with his family to Austin in 1972. The Mexican had received a Ford Foundation grant to study anthropology at the University of Texas.

Lopez broke the news to Flores, though he did not realize, of course, that his good friend already knew it.

"I said, 'Great, good luck.'Then I said, 'I'm not that happy here myself.' " Flores had previously mentioned to Lopez that he had grown up in Texas. "He said, 'Maybe you need a change. Maybe you should transfer, too. I'll call you when I get over there.' So when he called, I said, 'I've been thinking about it, and I've decided to go over there, too.' "

Flores applied on his own to the University of Texas and again was accepted as a graduate student in geography. He moved to Austin in 1972.

The FBI had no difficulty gaining access to the duplex the PALMETTOS rented in Austin. "While I was still in Salt Lake," Flores said, "Gilberto sent me a key to his place in Austin."

For the drop on the night of Saturday, April 1, 1972, Cassidy had selected and Danilin had agreed to a site in central St. Petersburg, a popular trysting place bordered by Straub Park and the North Yacht Basin. The FBI took up positions nearby, ready to photograph whoever appeared. At 9 P.M., Cassidy placed his rock at the base of a metal pole of a street sign at the intersection of Bay Shore Drive Northeast and Fifth Avenue Northeast.

Inside were films of seven documents stamped SECRET, and others marked with the lower classifications of CONFIDENTIAL and FOR OFFICIAL USE ONLY. One of the documents labeled SECRET, dated December 23, 1971, again related to the pullout of American forces from Vietnam and was entitled "Letter of Instruction for the Tenth Incremental Redeployment of U.S. Army Forces from RVN."

The pickup proved to be another family affair. At 9:20 P.M., FBI agents spotted Gilberto Lopez and his wife walking near the drop site. Lopez was carrying his son in a backpack. They stopped at the street sign, and Alicia Lopez put down a black-and-white-striped plastic shopping bag.

Looking like an ordinary couple fussing with their baby carrier, Alicia helped take the backpack from Gilberto. He then kneeled as though adjusting the backpack, and as he did so he reached down, picked up the hollow rock, and slipped it into the shopping bag. Then he helped arrange the carrier on Alicia's back. They walked off, Gilberto smiling and carrying the plastic bag. To any passersby, the episode would have looked innocuous. The FBI captured the whole scene on film.

Mission accomplished, the Lopezes returned to their downtown hotel, the Sorrento, for the night. But Lopez, despite the smooth performance, had a touch of television's Maxwell Smart in his spying activities. Once again, he forgot to leave the troublesome paper bag. At 9:52 P.M., he returned to the drop site and remedied his error.

The next day dawned warm, and O'Flaherty spent most of his Easter Sunday morning in a stiflingly hot panel truck, watching the hotel. The Lopezes left, and O'Flaherty followed them to the train station.

"They got on a train to Washington. I gave the ticket agent a hundred dollars in exchange for the bills they gave the ticket taker, as evidence, in case we could trace the serial numbers. We assumed he was on his way to make his drop to Danilin."

When Lopez returned to Salt Lake City, the FBI learned he was planning to take a brief trip to Mexico. "There was some indication he might clear a drop on the way," Schamay said. "In May, we mounted a massive surveillance which started in Salt Lake. We used planes, campers, motorcycles. He drove into Arizona and then through New Mexico. We used a lot of people. We had people at all the exits from the city. First to pick him up leaving was the motorcycle, a special agent dressed like a typical biker. We had other FBI men dressed like cowboys."

To avoid detection, the bureau switched vehicles and people. "The motorcycle went into a pickup truck, then, when day light came, we used the airplane." The surveillance ended at El Paso, as Lopez crossed the border into Mexico. But the results of the enormous surveillance were disappointing to the FBI."We never saw him do anything," Schamay said.

In July, Cassidy traveled to Washington once more to meet with Danilin in Springfield. In the hollow rock at the pickup site, Cassidy received twelve thousand dollars and new rollover cameras, photographic equipment, and film. Concealed in the rock as well were capsules containing the same organic chemical compound that was in the special pencil lead that Cassidy had struggled to crush. The capsules, the Soviets hoped, would prove easier to dissolve in water.

At their meeting, Danilin pressed Cassidy to provide more TOP SECRET documents, especially "like you gave last September." But, all in all, from the Soviet point of view, matters were progressing smoothly; there had now been four successful drops in

Florida, the secret documents were flowing, and, through Cassidy, Moscow had achieved another intelligence coup. It had penetrated a vital American military center, the United States Strike Command.

When the PALMETTOS went to Austin, the FBI moved its entire surveillance operation. Even before the Lopezes arrived in Austin, the FBI had cased the house they had rented. The couple was moving into one half of a duplex. The bureau discovered that there was a crawl space over both sides of the duplex. Carroll T. Allen, an FBI technical expert at headquarters, was dispatched from Washington to install video cameras in the crawl space and prepare the house electronically before the PALMETTOS moved in. The rooms were bugged, the telephones tapped.

Allen worked in the hot, cramped crawl space of the duplex to install the miniature concealed cameras, which were so small that they operated through two tiny pinholes drilled into the ceiling. "They put in two video cameras," Charlie Bevels said, "one over the top of his [Lopez's] desk, and one from the side."

The sophisticated cameras worked, allowing the FBI to watch the Lopezes inside their home. "Lopez had a secret cache where he kept his espionage paraphernalia, microdot reader, and other material," Bevels said. "So we could see him on video taking out his materials."

The video camera sent back live pictures to a duplex the FBI had rented about five hundred yards away, where the bureau's technicians had all of their equipment. Through the video, the FBI watched Lopez put on a headset and listen to radio signals. The National Security Agency (NSA), the nation's global electronic-eavesdropping arm, had been picking up the encoded signals for a long time but had not known to whom they were being sent.

Then Lopez made a grievous operational error. A former senior FBI official familiar with the case explained what happened. "He took off a headset to say something to his wife, and we heard five-digit coded roadcasts from Moscow or Havana coming through the headset. And we were able to match them with the shortwave broadcasts we had suspected were directed to him. If he had never taken the headset off, we never could have confirmed it."

The headset figured in another incident that took place when Flores was baby-sitting for Lopez's son, Nayar. What happened proved that even the most careful spy cannot protect himself against the unexpected. "One time I had the TV on at my apartment," Flores recounted, "watching a war movie, just Nayar, my son, and myself, in the middle of the afternoon. Gilberto's little boy didn't talk much. In the movie, a ship was sinking, a torpedo hit it or something, and a radioman puts on a headset and starts sending an SOS. The little boy jumps up, runs to the TV, points at it, and says, 'Papa, Papa!' "

When the Lopezes left Austin for two weeks on a trip, the FBI entered the duplex and removed his shortwave radio, which was of East German make. The radio was sent to headquarters, taken apart, and analyzed. "We got back in before he returned and it would be missed," Flores recalled. "So we knew what frequencies he would receive. Later, the Soviets modified the radio and made it digital. We could not hear the signals, but we were getting them from NSA. Our equipment read it as good as his did."

Although the FBI could watch Lopez receiving radio signals, they could not read the content of the encoded messages. Determined to decode the encrypted signals, the FBI again waited until the Lopezes were away on a trip. Using the door key that Lopez had sent to Flores, FBI agents entered the apartment and copied the "one-time pads" containing the random numbers that Lopez used to decode his radio signals.[5] Now the FBI was able to decipher and read all of PALMETTO'S messages.

"He would burn the pages of the one-time pads after using them," Flores said. But destroying the pages no longer made any difference; the FBI had them.

Lopez received a wide variety of encoded messages from the Russians. Flores recalled, "Some Soviet agents were being thrown out of England, and he would get a message, 'Don't worry, you're in no danger.' Some were, 'Cancel plan A, we are doing plan B.' He would be told to go to Mexico or Florida. And some were personal messages, 'Congratulations on your son's birthday,' or your birthday. Or, 'We are very happy with what you're doing. You're doing a marvelous job for us.' The messages were brief."

The video camera enabled the FBI to read some of the messages at the very moment that Lopez decoded them. "When he wrote something on his notepad, we could see it," Flores said. The camera also revealed the tensions in the Lopez household. All was not harmonious on the domestic front, according to Charlie Bevels. "At one point she [Mrs. Lopez] had a gun and pointed it at him and told him to quit bugging her. She was going to blow his head off."

After some months, Lopez and his family moved out of the duplex and into a single-family house in another section of Austin. The couple also acquired a large, unfriendly dog, Flores recalled. "They bought this big black female dog, a German shepherd, named Brea, which means black tarin Spanish. A big vicious dog, barked a lot. I became friends with the dog. I made sure I played with the dog and fed the dog, so if they [FBI technicians] needed to go in, I could go in. But when the PALMETTOS went on a trip, they took the dog with them, so that problem did not come up."

Lopez continued to service the drops in Florida. On the night of September 10, 1972, Joe Cassidy left a rock at a new drop site at Anvil Street and Twenty-sixth Avenue North, in St. Petersburg. The film contained one document stamped SECRET and several marked with lower classifications. The document stamped SECRET must have pleased Danilin because it was the first to deal with nuclear weapons. Dated February 1, 1972, it was entitled "Operational Feasibility in Mating Nuclear Bombs to Aircraft." A March 1971 document marked CONFIDENTIAL was headed "General Flag Officer Staffing in OJCS and JCS Activities."

The factory of the Morgan Yacht Company overlooked the drop site, and O'Flaherty and his agents, having obtained permission from the owner, were waiting on scaffolds along the windows inside. "Lopez arrives at 9:27 P.M. in a white Pontiac with black hardtop, with his wife and son," O'Flaherty said. The car parked at the corner. Lopez got out, knelt at the stop sign, and picked up the hollow rock. He returned to the car, and they drove off.

Nearly two months later, on November 2, Cassidy received a letter from Danilin. The paper inside appeared blank, as usual. When he developed the secret writing and showed it to the FBI, the message was unnerving. Danilin asked *by name* for specific U.S. military documents that he wanted. How could the GRU have obtained such a shopping list of secret documents? The implication was both obvious and scary: Moscow had a genuine mole buried somewhere in the American military, perhaps one who had access to an index or list of classified material but not to the actual documents.

One document Danilin requested was entitled "Vol. II - Joint Strategic Objectives Plan for Fiscal Year 1975-1982 (USOPFY 75-82)." Danilin also asked Cassidy for data on the yield and number of warheads of Minuteman III and Poseidon missiles.

Then in December, five days before Christmas, Cassidy put down another rock at the street sign by the marina along Bay Shore Drive. Inside was film of four documents marked SECRET and of others with lower classification stamps. The document marked SECRET, although not the one Danilin had requested, was dated September 19, 1972, and was called "Nuclear Capabilities Reporting, JCS message No. 5252."

At 9:22 P.M., a yellow compact with Florida plates cruised by the drop site. Four minutes later, Lopez was seen alone nearby, walking south on Bay Shore Drive. At the street sign, he picked up the rock, put it in a camera case, and strolled away. Lopez had checked into the St. Petersburg Hilton the day before at dawn. He checked out the next day and took a Greyhound bus to Washington, D.C.

The next drop in St. Petersburg took place on April 1, 1973. The Russians had approved a new drop site in a quiet residential area at Eighty-ninth Avenue North and Fifth Street North. Casing the area, O'Flaherty saw that it was next to a construction site. The builder, Aaron Applefield, allowed the FBI to use the model home on the site as a lookout post. Fred and Pearl Redfield, an elderly couple whose home overlooked the drop site, also allowed the FBI to use their house. An agent loitered on the street in a phone booth.

Cassidy put down his hollow rock at 9 P.M. It contained photographs of three documents stamped SECRET and of several others marked with lower classifications. At 9:33 P.M., the waiting agents spotted Lopez driving alone near the drop site in a yellow late-model Fiat. A moment later, Lopez, with his German shepherd on a leash, approached the corner, doing his best to look like a neighborhood resident out walking his dog. He picked up the rock, got back in the Fiat, and took off.

Lopez then drove to Washington. Again not wanting to alarm the spy, the FBI did not tail the car but instead set up a "picket surveillance," with agents stationed along his likely route.

This was the last drop and pickup in Florida. One month earlier, Cassidy, at age fifty-two, with thirty years in the service, had retired from the army. That did not discourage the Soviets, who were making plans to use their mole in a new capacity. WALLFLOWER had left the military but not his life as a spy.

In Austin, the PALMETTO case took a bizarre and astonishing twist. Flores had done his job so well that Lopez tried to recruit him.

"He came by one night and pitched me in my living room in Texas. He wanted to recruit me. He said, 'I have friends in Mexico that work for another government. I told them about you, and they are very interested.' He asked to take a photograph of me 'to show to my friends.' I said sure, so he took a photograph of me.

"He said, 'They won't come here, you have to go to Mexico.' "

Headquarters debated the risks of letting Flores travel to Mexico. "Finally, the bureau said, 'No, don't go. You know too much about the technical side.' The cameras we used in Austin that worked through the pinpricks in the ceiling were the same kind that were used by NASA in the moon landing. We got the cameras from NASA. The bureau didn't want the Soviets to know we had that technology. They were concerned I might be invited to Nicaragua or the Soviet Union and given sodium Pentothal."

There was another reason that the FBI declined to let Flores go to Mexico. "If we operate outside the U.S., we are going to have to let the CIA know about it. The bureau did not want to involve the CIA."

In the summer of 1974, the Lopezes left their books and furniture with Flores and went off to Europe. "They visited the Soviet Union," Flores said. "They told friends they had been all over Europe. It was a cover story. We think he spent the summer in Moscow."

That autumn, Flores prepared to end his undercover role and transfer to the bureau's Los Angeles division. The PALMETTO assignment, and the pretense, had not been easy on his wife. He had already followed Lopez to two cities. "I thought I had done enough. I wanted my son to get into first grade in California and not be uprooted again."

Flores told Lopez he and his family were moving away. "Gilberto was already thinking about leaving Austin. When we were saying good-bye, he said he had applied to the University of Minnesota. He said he might become a professor."

CHAPTER: 13

IXORA

When Cassidy, still on active duty, had met with Mikhail Danilin in Washington in July 1971, the microdot inside the hollow rock that he retrieved at his drop site contained an extraordinary set of instructions. Cassidy was ordered, if he detected military preparations for war, to call a telephone number in New York City.

The instructions also provided the "parol," or recognition dialogue, that Cassidy was to speak to the man who answered the telephone. The microdot gave the man's name as Edmund Freundlich, and his address as Apartment 1A, 2770 Kingsbridge Terrace, Bronx, NY, 10463.

The FBI quickly verified that this was in fact the name and address of the man in apartment 1A. Clearly, Edmund Freundlich was a Soviet "sleeper agent," a faceless spy among the millions of people in New York City, whose job was to serve as a sort of one-man early-warning system in the event of a planned nuclear attack on the Soviet Union. A sleeper agent is a long-term spy planted inside an enemy country with orders to engage in a minimal amount of espionage activities, or none at all, so that he can be activated primarily in case of war or an emergency.

While no target was specified, the primary concern of the Russians was obviously to obtain advance news of an attack against the Soviet Union. A warning call that the United States was mobilizing against some other country would certainly have been of interest to the Soviets as well. But whatever other duties may have been assigned to him by Moscow, Edmund Freundlich's most important job was to wait for the phone call that might mark the start of World War III.

If Freundlich ever received a phone call alerting the Soviets to a nuclear attack, the conversation would be cryptic and the meaning indecipherable to anyone who overheard it. On the microdot Cassidy got from Danilin, he was told that if he had to make the call, he was to go to a pay phone, dial the number, and inquire about an order for books.

Cassidy was instructed to say, "Mr. Freundlich? That's [*sic*] Rex, how about my order for [a number indicating a future date] books?"[1] The number given would signify the number of days until the attack and would depend on the circumstances. In the microdot, Cassidy was given an example of three numbers: 11, 22, and 55. The numbers were to be understood as single digits; thus 11 would mean one day, 22 two days, and so on. For example, if Cassidy called on October 10 and believed an attack was to be launched on October 12, he was to say, "That's Rex, how about my order for twenty-two books?" Freundlich was to respond, "For twenty-two it's okay." After that, Cassidy was instructed by the Soviets to "just hang up the receiver." He was to follow up with a letter, which would appear to be a business letter confirming his book order, but on the back of the letter, using secret writing, he was directed to provide details of the U.S. plan of attack.[2]

There was only one problem with the instructions Cassidy received on the microdot. The phone number he had been given by the Russians was wrong: The last two digits were transposed. Cassidy had been told to call a number ending with 2835. But when the FBI looked up Edmund Freundlich in the Bronx telephone book, it found that his number ended with 2853.

One would suppose that with the warning of a possible nuclear Armageddon depending on Joe Cassidy, the GRU would have made sure that the telephone number he had been given was correct. But the devil is in the details, and things often go wrong in the spy business, as in any other human endeavor. This, however, was a wrong number to end all wrong numbers.

To the bureau, the fact that the GRU had provided the true name and address of its sleeper in New York was seen as further evidence that Moscow completely trusted Joe Cassidy. For the Soviets to share this information with Cassidy was an extraordinary expression of confidence in him.

Operation SHOCKER had now flushed three illegals: Gilberto Lopez y Rivas, his wife, Alicia Lopez, and Edmund Freundlich.

The FBI opened a new case file on Edmund Freundlich. At the bureau's headquarters in Washington, Gene Peterson gave him his own code name: IXORA. Ixora is a tropical plant that Peterson had cultivated in his garden in Tampa, where he worked for the FBI before coming to Washington. "It's also called the iron bush, because the trunk would get a black mold on it," he said. "It has beautiful red flowers. It only blossoms on second-year wood. When you trim it, you have to know it won't bloom until two years later. It's like forsythia that way."[3]

A reclusive, fifty-two-year-old bachelor, Freundlich seemed an unlikely spy. He appeared to have few friends and to live a drab, colorless existence. But perhaps that is precisely why he was chosen for his role—a gray man who blended almost invisibly into the background.

Edmund Freundlich, according to records of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, was born in Vienna on April 14, 1919. The family name means "friendly" in German, an dispronounced "Froyndlish."

In March 1938 Hitler's army marched into Austria and the country was annexed as part of the Third Reich. On August 14, five months after the Anschluss, Freundlich, then nineteen, entered Switzerland at Diepoldsau, just across the Rhine from Austria, as a refugee from the Nazis. Freundlich spent the war in refugee camps in Switzerland. According to records of the Swiss police in the canton of Saint Gallen, he spent time in a camp at Schönengrund, near Appenzell, and for four years, from February 1940, he was in a camp at Diepoldsau. The police files show that from November 13, 1944, until April 20, 1945, he was at the immigrant work camp at Zurich-Seebach. He left Switzerland and returned to Austria on August 29, 1945.

But the bare-bones records of the Swiss police do not tell the whole story. Two of Edmund Freundlich's brothers also made their way to Switzerland in 1939 and later to the Dominican Republic. His brother Oswald emigrated to New York in 1951 and went into business chartering cargo ships.

According to Oswald's son, Robert, Edmund's mother, Anna, was a Catholic who converted to Judaism when she married his father, Wilhelm. "Wilhelm was abusive and gambled away his wife's small business. Anna and Wilhelm tried to enter Switzerland at some point but were turned back. I'm not sure if they were stopped at the border or got in and were turned back and went to occupied France. We found their names on the train list, the trains that went to Auschwitz."

Edmund's brother Oswald was also sent to the refugee camp in Switzerland at Schönengrund, where he met his future wife, Gina. A Swiss guard, later honored in Israel for his actions, forged documents and saved Gina and her entire family, as well as other refugees who lacked required papers and would otherwise have been shipped back to Germany and the death camps. "After the war," Robert recalled, "Edmund had a complete breakdown and was institutionalized in Austria, for up to a year. I visited him in 1964. He worked in the Austrian equivalent of our social security. That was the first time I ever met him. It was an overwhelming experience, he looked so much like my dad, it was stunning."

Sponsored by his brother, on April 16, 1968, Edmund Freundlich was admitted to the United States on an immigrant visa, after swearing he would not engage in "espionage . . . or in other activities subversive to the national security." On his visa application, he listed his address as Kirchberggasse 24, Vienna, and his occupation as office worker. His decision to leave Austria for America puzzled Robert's wife, Jill. "For many years he didn't want to come here," she said. "Then, suddenly, he wanted to come." What his family did not know, of course, was that he had been recruited by Soviet intelligence and was to work as a spy in New York.

Jill was fond of Uncle Edmund. "He had almost a childlike quality, he gave very thoughtful, wonderful presents to the children. He was good-looking, tall, he had a poet's face, sandy hair. He was almost six feet tall. He lived in Kingsbridge Terrace, in a very poor neighborhood, mainly Hispanic. He lived in a hovel. His apartment was small and dirty. He kept every piece of paper, newspapers piled floor to ceiling.

"He never married. He never brought a date to family gatherings. He did not seem interested in material things. He was into natural things and holistic medicine. He was a lovely, sweet, genuinely nice person. A good-hearted person. If you didn't get onto politics, anything controversial, he was lovely.

"He had a healthy distrust of the government and was pro-Russia. He hated the way the Americans treated the Indians, pushed them off their land and was still treating them badly. He talked openly about liking the Russians. There would be political debates. Robert would argue with him."

Robert Freundlich confirmed that he got into political arguments with his uncle. "He was not so much pro-Russian as anti-U.S. A highly neurotic man. It was extremely difficult to have rational discussions with him."

A year after Edmund arrived in the United States, he went to work at Pergamon Press, in Elmsford, New York, near Tarrytown, at a salary of $13,000 a year. He commuted by bus each weekday.

This may not have been a random choice of an employer. The man who owned Pergamon Press, Robert Maxwell, born Ian Ludwik Hoch in Czechoslovakia, also fled the Nazis in 1939 and built a publishing empire in Britain and the United States, acquiring the Mirror Group in London, the New York *Daily News,* and the American publishing company Macmillan, in addition to Pergamon. Maxwell was close to the Soviets, and a number of his executives at Pergamon were also from Eastern Europe. Whether Maxwell had any knowledge that he had a Russian spy on his payroll is unknown, but, whether by chance or not, Freundlich obtained work with the one publisher in the United States who maintained friendly relations with the Soviets during the cold war.[4]

Laszlo Straka was president of the publishing house in 1971, when Cassidy was given his microdot instructions. He said Maxwell started the press in the late 1950s as a subsidiary of the British parent company of the same name. Born in Hungary, Straka spent his whole career working for the Maxwell interests.

"We were a scientific-technical publisher, and the American branch also published some journals," Straka recalled. "Edmund Freundlich was a low-level employee. He actually worked for a separate company, also headquartered at Pergamon, with the same phone number, called Maxwell Scientific International, which bought and sold back issues of scientific journals. It was run by Dr. Edward Gray, originally Ed Grunberg, a Romanian Jew. It was Dr. Gray, now dead, who hired Edmund Freundlich.

"He worked as a cataloguer of the scientific journals. So he was in the records ends of things. He always carried around his lunch in a little brown bag. I knew he was from Europe. A quiet sort of man, kept to himself."

Straka confirmed that Maxwell had strong links to the Russians. "The English Pergamon did a fair amount of Soviet translations, and Maxwell considered himself a sort of ambassador to the Soviets and visited Russia frequently. We distributed Soviet scientific journals in the U.S."[5]

Robert Miranda, a former vice president of Pergamon, also remembered Freundlich. "He was a sort of a recluse type of a guy, very smart but a loner. He collected all kinds of material, he was a continuous collector of junk. I wondered if it had to do with his years in the camps."

Lori Miranda, Robert Miranda's daughter, worked directly with Freundlich. "I worked for the microfilm department, and Eddie worked with back issues. We all sat in the same room. The thing I remember most about him, he was a pack rat. The microfilm used to come in little square boxes. Every once in a while I gave him the boxes, and he was very excited. Offbeat, but a nice guy.

"One time he drew a picture of a thumb and put it on the wall and wrote, 'Press here.' People would come over and press it. It was a joke. Eddie enjoyed that."

Freundlich was placed under surveillance by the FBI, and his apartment was wiretapped. His own brother had trouble feigning interest in Edmund's life. The FBI listened to Edmund on the telephone, talking on and on to his brother, and Oswald would start to snore.

Donald F. Lord, a former FBI agent and one of many assigned to watch IXORA, said the bureau discreetly moved into Freundlich's apartment house. "We had an apartment in the same building. He was on the ground floor. We were on the third floor. But we could see him from the window when he went out and walked across the courtyard. It was frustrating. He didn't do anything. He would just ride the subway or walk around the Bronx."

Charles T. Weis, who headed the bureau's GRU squad in New York, remembered the lookout post because he had lugged a spare bedroom set from his house and wrestled it into the Bronx apartment with the help of another FBI agent.

"We had spot surveillance on IXORA because he was so predictable," Weis said. "Initially we were on him all the time. It wasn't necessary to maintain continuous surveillance once we established a pattern—what time he went to work and when he came home and what he did on weekends.

"We could see whatever he did, which wasn't very much. He was a real lost soul."

Edgar Dade formed much the same impression of IXORA. "He was a strange bird, pale complexion, frail, you would never think he was a spy. You would never think he was anything."

Dade did remember one incident. Late at night, Freundlich left his apartment and took a trip by subway to Manhattan. "I was on the surveillance," Dade said. "It was difficult because the train was almost empty." Dade watched as Freundlich got off in midtown and went to the main post office, where he mailed a letter. "In Soviet intelligence procedure, that was considered a safer way to mail a letter," Dade said. The probable reason, he explained, is that if a spy is seen dropping a letter in a mailbox, it can be retrieved by a counterintelligence agency more easily than if it is mixed in with thousands of letters at a central post office. "He was definitely doing something," Dade added. "You don't normally go all the way downtown from the Bronx at night by subway to mail a letter." Freundlich often traveled around New York City, mostly by subway, and some of his trips—such as his late-night excursion to the main post office—appeared to be related to an intelligence purpose.

On December 9, 1971, with the bureau listening in on his telephone, Freundlich received a cryptic call late at night. The call might have been a warning of some kind of military action. Freundlich left the building and did not return until after 2 A.M. To the

FBI agents who followed him at a discreet distance, Freundlich appeared to be "dry-cleaning" himself in the classic manner of a spy, changing trains and doubling back on his trail, in an effort to lose any possible surveillance. It was an exercise that agents on both sides usually carried out before a meeting. He was not seen meeting with anyone that night, however.

Jill Freundlich recalled one mysterious facet of "Uncle Eddie's" life. "Edmund had one friend in the U.S. whom he referred to as 'Amigo.' He never mentioned his name."

The FBI was anxious to learn more about Freundlich and to determine, if possible, how he would communicate with the Soviets if he ever received a warning call from WALLFLOWER. Although Cassidy's instructions were clearly meant to provide Moscow with advance warning of a U.S. attack on either the Soviet Union or another country, the FBI decided the instructions were general enough that he might be justified in making the call if a conflict anywhere in the world resulted in American forces being put on a high state of alert.

In May 1972 the military forces of India and Pakistan clashed in Kashmir. That could have been a sufficient pretext for the call, but at the time, U.S. forces were still deployed in Vietnam, and on May 8, they mined Haiphong harbor. Because of the possibility that the mining might escalate the conflict, STRICOM and American forces worldwide went to a DEFCON 4 state of alert.[6]

Following instructions from the FBI, Cassidy placed a call to Freundlich at his apartment and gave the parol inquiring about his supposed order for twenty-two books. He followed up with a letter in which, in secret writing, Cassidy advised Freundlich that the U.S. military had gone on a worldwide alert, which was true, with forces in the Pacific at a higher degree of alert.

To what extent the FBI considered the risk that the phone call might trigger a Soviet reaction is uncertain.[7] Since the warning came in the context of an escalation in Vietnam and a possible war on the Indian subcontinent, rather than an attack on the Soviet Union, perhaps they felt the danger was minimal. Yet the phone call warned of possible war; Cassidy stuck to the script and did not say anything specific about Kashmir or Haiphong. The language of the parol gave no clue that the warning related to regional conflicts; only the follow-up letter pointed to Asia. One might conjure up a scenario out of *Dr. Strangelove,* in which the Soviets, panicked and persuaded that the United States was about to initiate a nuclear war, launch a preemptive first strike. As with the deception over nerve gas, risks were taken in the cold war that may have seemed reasonable at the time but in retrospect are chilling.

As soon as Freundlich received Cassidy's warning call, he left his apartment and was gone for several hours. The FBI agents who had him under cautious surveillance believe he put his report in a dead drop near a building on the Grand Concourse, in the Bronx. But they could not be sure of that.

As Robert C. Loughney, one of the FBI agents, put it, "After IXORA got the call, and he reacted, the question was how close to get with our surveillance. If we went forward with a full-court press, he would know we were into his knickers."

In July 1972, two months after his telephone call to Freundlich, Cassidy traveled to Washington to meet with Mikhail Danilin. At the meeting, Cassidy recounted, "I mentioned I had called the New York contact. And Danilin was surprised. He looked a little bewildered but passed it off right away and didn't question me. It was clear to me he didn't know what I was talking about."

The FBI concluded that no one in the GRU had told Danilin about Cassidy's call. Certainly, Freundlich was under standing orders to report any call from Cassidy and possibly other sentinels. Perhaps there were real Soviet spies in the American military with similar instructions; there was no way to know. The cryptic call IXORA had received six months earlier might have come from a real spy. But either the GRU had cut Danilin out of the loop, for some internal bureaucratic reason, or it had simply neglected to keep him informed.

Danilin may well have let his organization know exactly how he felt about what had happened. On November 2, when Danilin asked Cassidy for specific military documents by name—implying the existence of a genuine mole—he also ordered him to destroy the instructions and parol for the telephone warning.

He was directed to have no further contact with Edmund Freundlich. Uncle Eddie would receive no more calls from Joe Cassidy. But the FBI had plans for IXORA.

CHAPTER: 14

THE BIG APPLE

In June 1973, four months after he retired from the army, Cassidy got a letter from his Soviet controllers instructing him to purchase a shortwave radio.

"Buy a new Zenith Royal 7000 radio," the message said. "Do it outside your home city and without registering your name. Pay in cash."

Cassidy acted on his instructions. "I bought the radio for around two hundred and fifty dollars, a Zenith Royal 7000 Trans-Oceanic," he said. "I still have it." The Russians provided him with certain times and frequencies to listen to Radio Moscow on the mornings of the first and third Mondays of each month. The messages were transmitted in Morse code, in a cipher keyed to the same miniature dictionary, *The Universal Webster,* that Cassidy had been given by the Soviets nearly seven years earlier. He used the dictionary to decipher the coded messages.

In early September, Mikhail Danilin left Washington for the last time. Cassidy was told in the June letter that his next personal meeting, with a new "Mike," was to take place in December in New York City where Russian intelligence officers worked under diplomatic cover at the Soviet mission to the United Nations and in the UN secretariat. "Return in your package both special cameras unless you have a new job with an access to classified documents," the instructions continued. "Your messages to me are okay but in the future try to leave larger margins on both sides on the top and at the bottom of the sheets you are writing on. . . . Do not forget to steam my letter before developing."

Finally, the letter asked Cassidy to brush up on his cryptography. It included sixteen six-digit groups containing a coded test message. "To refresh your skill in reading my coded messages try to work out this one," the letter said.

A few days before Christmas, Cassidy drove north from Florida to keep the rendezvous with the Russians. "I had to drive," he recalled. "If I flew, it would look funny going through security with a hollow rock full of film."[1] The fake rock, it had also occurred to him, might look to security like a good place to hide drugs. Aside from Cassidy's concerns about airport security, he was going to need a car in New York to go to all the drop, signal, and meeting sites specified by the Russians. In the end, however, O'Flaherty decided to transport the rock north.

In New York, Cassidy checked into a motel in Howard Beach, Queens, which, to the vast embarrassment of both Cassidy and the bureau, turned out to be a hot-sheet motel, whose patrons used it for quickie sex. Next day, WALLFLOWER moved to the Hilton near John F. Kennedy International Airport.

Meanwhile, O'Flaherty flew to New York from Tampa, carrying a gym bag with the hollow rock, which contained the two small cameras and films of secret documents that Cassidy had photographed before he retired. O'Flaherty, with his FBI credentials, would have no trouble going through security. But no one at the airport bothered to ask why he was traveling with a rock in his carry-on bag. In New York, fortunately, O'Flaherty had not been booked at the seedy motel; he stayed with his mother in Rockaway Point, Queens, in the house where he had grown up.

Cassidy's instructions from the Russians, were, as always, detailed and meticulous. "Come to New York City on December 22, 1973 (Saturday)," he was told. "At 2 P.M. leave your stuff at the following place: From 104th Street in Queens walk west along 165 Avenue to its dead-end. Put your package behind the right side of the concrete wall with railings preventing cars from going further." If for some reason the dead drop was not suitable, he was given a "reserve place" in Brooklyn.

The meeting place with the new "Mike" was to be an antique shop in Brooklyn. "At 4 P.M. come to the entrance to 'Bea's As Is' at 3004 Avenue J. Stay there for 3–5 minutes then walk slowly along right side of Avenue J, turn right to New York Avenue, turn right to Avenue K, towards Nostrand Avenue. Have a book size package in yellow wrapping in your hand and a smoking pipe in your mouth."

The instructions then supplied the seemingly odd parol that was to be used for identification. "If someone approaches you and asks: 'Could you tell me where is the nearest drive-in theatre?' You should answer: 'Beltsville Drive-in is the nearest I know but the best one is Rockville Drive-in Theatre.' "[2]

If no one approached Cassidy, he was told to "repeat the whole thing on the next day."

After the personal meeting with the new "Mike," Cassidy was instructed to go to a dead drop in Brooklyn to pick up his rock: "My package will be between the pole and metal fence going along 36 Street."

The GRU was not making matters easy for Cassidy in the Big Apple. To signal that the pickup had taken place successfully, he was to drive all the way to the Yorkville section of Manhattan and place "a horizontal line with a red marker on the lamp pole located at the south-eastern corner of the intersection of the First Avenue and 90 Street (near Mobil Gas Station) in Manhattan, NYC." But not just anywhere on the pole. "It should be put on the side of the lamp pole facing First Avenue and as high as approximately 3–4 feet from the ground." The Soviets undoubtedly wanted the mark to be facing the street at that height so it could easily be seen from a car driving by.

If Cassidy failed to establish contact with the GRU on either day, he was given several alternate dates to appear at the antique shop. He was directed to "come to New York City on the last Saturday of last month of each quarter (March 30, June 29, September 28, December 28, 1974 . . . etc.) until we meet at 4 P.M. Stay at the entrance to 'Bea's As Is' Shop." But if he received a postcard signed "Mike," he was to appear at the shop at 4 P.M. two weeks after the date on the card.

O’Flaherty met Cassidy in New York and gave him the hollow rock. At 2 P.M. Saturday, Cassidy hid the rock in the dead drop in Queens. Then he drove to a shopping mall in Flatbush to kill time until the meeting. At 4 P.M., he was waiting in front of the antique shop, yellow package in hand and pipe in mouth. FBI agents had the shop and the entire area under surveillance.

Cassidy did not have to start down the complicated route he had been given. A man approached and asked about the nearest drive-in theater. Cassidy gave the required reply. They began walking slowly along the street, talking as they went. The Russian introduced himself, not surprisingly, as “Mike.” He proved to be none other than Oleg I. Likhachev, the same officer who had handled Cassidy for a time in Washington four years earlier, before Cassidy had been transferred to MacDill.

Likhachev, now stationed in New York, explained that the rock that Cassidy was to pick up in Brooklyn after their meeting would contain a vial of acetone, which he was to use in the future as the first step in developing secret writing. The Soviets had coated their invisible writing with a new, protective chemical layer that required the use of acetone as a solvent before steaming the pages and crushing the capsules to develop the writing as before.

When Likhachev confessed he had not yet retrieved the rock that Cassidy had left two hours earlier, Cassidy complained and pretended to be highly upset. The previous “Mike,” he let Likhachev know, had always cleared the dead drop quickly. Any delay, Cassidy implied, was jeopardizing his security. He did not need to spell out the reason for the GRU man; if someone accidentally happened on the rock, opened it, and turned the film over to the authorities, the documents might be traced back to Cassidy.

Likhachev sought to soothe his agent. “We really like you,” he said. “You’re number one with us.”

Now that Cassidy had returned to civilian life, Likhachev encouraged him to find employment that would continue to give him access to information of interest to the Russians. He suggested a mapmaking agency or a government printing office where regulations or manuals were produced.

As they strolled along the Brooklyn streets, Likhachev worked the conversation around to his main purpose.

“Do you have any trouble getting on military bases?” he asked.

“No,” Cassidy replied, “I have a sticker on my car.”

“We’d like you to make several trips around the country,” Likhachev said. “You’ll be traveling around checking bases.” He then assigned Cassidy to go to the Dugway Proving Grounds in Utah, the nerve-gas test site, and to several other military bases.

“At Dugway, where you see humps, especially look for humps with pipes on them, let me know. And anything else you can find out about Dugway.” The Russian also asked Cassidy to travel to Key West and find out how many submarines were based there. He was instructed as well to visit the Orlando naval-training center and a nuclear-ammunition depot at the air force base in Charleston. Finally, he was told to spy on a

1,700-acre former army base at Slidell, Louisiana, across from New Orleans on the north side of Lake Pontchartrain. The base, once used as an artillery range, had been turned over to the Louisiana National Guard. The Soviets apparently suspected the army was hiding nerve-gas stocks at Slidell because they directed Cassidy to look for twenty mounds with pipes sticking up from them, the same configuration he was told to look for at Dugway. But Likhachev told Cassidy, without explanation, not to travel to the West Coast or New England.

Finally, Likhachev pressed Cassidy to find a replacement for himself, now that he had left the army. "He wanted me to try to develop other sergeants," Cassidy recalled. "Did I know a sergeant who could do the work I was doing? He said, 'There is a weakness in every man. We try to exploit it.' "

Cassidy realized he was in a delicate position; how could he satisfy the Soviets and still get out of the assignment? Cassidy remembered Nicky, a master sergeant at Edgewood Arsenal who had a job similar to his but in the other lab (DDEL). "I went up to Edgewood and took him and his wife to dinner—to renew my friendship, to see if he was still there and had the same job."

With the FBI's approval, Cassidy passed on the sergeant's name to the Soviets. Behind the scenes, the bureau then warned Nicky that he might be contacted by a foreign intelligence service. The sergeant did receive a phone call from a foreigner, but the caller hung up.

Later, the Russians urged Cassidy to set up a meeting between one of the Soviets and the new sergeant. But Cassidy refused, and he hit upon a good excuse. It was too risky for him, he warned the GRU. "I told the Soviets I didn't want to divulge to the sergeant what I was doing."

After the meeting with Likhachev, Cassidy drove first to the dead drop to pick up his rock, then into Manhattan to leave the red mark on the lamp pole in Yorkville. Afterward, he made the long drive back to Queens to meet with O'Flaherty and other FBI agents waiting at the house in Rockaway Point.

O'Flaherty recalled the scene. "We sat at the kitchen table and got a hammer and broke open the rock gently. We counted the money and looked for the microdot and the secret writing."

It was close to midnight when Cassidy drove back to the Hilton. It had been a long day. But now, as a civilian, he had a new assignment; he was to crisscross the country spying on military bases for Moscow.

Cassidy headed home for Florida, but there was a problem. It was the time of the gas shortage, and he was running low. On his way from New York, he drove through Springfield, Virginia, where Charlie Bevels lived, and at 2 A.M. "we gave him twenty-five gallons of gas," Bevels recalled. "I think it was Christmas morning."

For Cassidy, it was another Christmas Day spent on the road, away from Marie. It was getting increasingly hard to explain to the neighbors.

For some time now, the couple next door had been expressing curiosity about why Cassidy traveled so often. “In Saint Petersburg,” Marie Cassidy said, “the Mitchells, Bill and Betty Mae, especially Betty Mae, a school administrator, were suspicious. They wondered why Joe would go away for several days at a time. I would say, ‘You know the military. Especially Strike Command, they’re all over the place.’ No one else ever suspected.”

CHAPTER: 15

A SECRET MEDAL

By 1974, Joe Cassidy had been living his hazardous double life for fifteen years, pretending to the Soviets that he was a traitor to America. Other than his wife, Marie, he could confide in no one. Not even his children or his closest friends had a clue.

Those inside the government who did know the truth decided that, after so many years, Cassidy's extraordinary service to the nation deserved recognition. The problem was that any award or accolade would have to be secret.

Early in 1974, Cassidy was told that he would be given a medal in private by the president of the United States, Richard Nixon.

"The presentation was supposed to be in the White House by the president," Cassidy said. "But because of Watergate, I was told it wouldn't be possible. He was resigning or heading toward resignation." The award ceremony was switched to the Pentagon.

Cassidy, modest to a fault, said, "I didn't care it wasn't the president. I was surprised I was going to get anything." Still, he was impressed by the initial news. "To go to the White House and get a medal? I was surprised."

Accompanied by Marie, Cassidy arrived at the Pentagon for the ceremony. Gathered around Cassidy were the FBI case agents who had watched over him for fifteen years: Jimmy Morrissey, Donald Gruentzel, and Charlie Bevels from the Washington field office, and Jack O'Flaherty and Dennis Dickson from Tampa. On hand as well was Eugene Peterson, the deputy chief of the Soviet section, who had supervised the operation for a decade. Instead of Nixon, General Creighton W. Abrams, the chief of staff of the United States Army, presented the medal to Cassidy on February 2.

Creighton Abrams, the son of a railway mechanic, was only five foot nine, but as compact as one of the tanks that he commanded in World War II, when he led a battalion onto the beaches of Normandy and later punched through the Nazi lines that had encircled the 101st Airborne division at Bastogne.[1]

It was a proud moment for Cassidy. Wearing a seersucker jacket and a summer tie—he had just arrived from Florida—the former sergeant major, a tanned, white-haired, handsome figure, stood erect in the flag-bedecked office as General Abrams pinned the Distinguished Service Medal on him. The award is the fourth-highest U.S. military decoration, and the highest civilian noncombat medal. The accompanying citation read:

> The United States of America
>
> To all who shall see these presents, greeting:

> This is to certify that the President of the United States of America authorized by act of Congress July 9, 1918 has awarded the Distinguished Service Medal to Sergeant Major Joseph Edward Cassidy for exceptionally meritorious service in a duty of great responsibility.

Marie Cassidy, too, received recognition from the government for her contribution to Operation SHOCKER. General Abrams presented her with the army's certificate of appreciation and a citation, prepared and dated a month earlier, that read:

> Mrs. Joseph Edward Cassidy
>
> On the occasion of the retirement of her husband from active duty with the United States Army has earned the Army's grateful appreciation for her own unselfish, faithful and devoted service. Her unfailing support and understanding helped to make possible her husband's lasting contribution to the nation. Given under my hand this 2nd day of January 1974 Creighton W. Abrams (signature), General, United States Army, Chief of Staff.

After Abrams pinned on the medal and congratulated the Cassidys, the five FBI agents lined up behind Cassidy and his wife for an official photograph. Everyone was smiling.

Except for that brief moment when the picture was taken, there was no way that Cassidy could be allowed to wear his decoration; if seen, it might endanger the security of the entire operation. As soon as the secret ceremony was over, General Abrams took the medal back.

Cassidy, accompanied most of the time by Marie, and Beau, their miniature poodle, began spying on military bases around the country for the GRU and writing detailed reports for the Russians on what he found. First, however, he sent the reports to the FBI. "They would screen them and tell me what I could give to the Russians." The bureau provided him with a per diem allowance for his expenses on the road. Although Marie Cassidy did not make the drive to Dugway, she was at her husband's side as he reconnoitered the bases at Key West, Charleston, and Slidell, Louisiana.

As a retired career military man, Cassidy, as he had explained to the Russians, had a sticker on his car that gave him access to any base in the country, whether army, navy, air force, or marine. He, Marie, and the dog could drive right in.

Cassidy used the special carbons that the Russians had supplied to record his observations in secret writing. When done, he steamed the pages to seal in the chemicals, then folded them several times to make them as small as possible in order to fit inside the fake rocks he passed to the Soviets.

Cassidy had already demonstrated that he was a good actor, and his handwritten memos proved him a good reporter as well, with a clear writing style and a trained eye. His report from the air force base at Charleston was a typical example.

> The 437th Military Airlift Wing of the Military Airlift Command is stationed here. Inquiries revealed they provide airlift services, combat equipment and

> troops, to all parts of the world for all of the Dept. of Defense. They employ C-141 Starlifters but I did see a few other types of planes. Takeoffs and landings were numerous throughout the days I was there—so much so I thought there must be a training mission also but could not confirm.
>
> There are about 8000 military and civilian personnel assigned. I roamed the base at will but found no ammo dumps. About 8 miles southeast of this base (see #2 on map), I located a U.S. Navy base. . . . I saw 10–15 large warships, several large landing crafts, at least 3 submarines which I was told were nuclear powered. These ships were anchored on the Cooper River. The roadway on the Cooper River side was fenced the entire length and all entrances to this area manned by guards. . . . A badge was required to gain admittance to any area on this side of the road.
>
> Signs on buildings and fence of this area read "Mine Assembly Group" "Fleet and Marine Warfare Training Center" "Missile Submarine Training Center" "Submarine Squadron Four" "Nuclear Material Supply Center" and "Mercury Exclusion Area."

Eight miles north of the base, Cassidy's report continued, he found an installation with a sign at the entrance that read POLARIS MISSILE FACILITY ATLANTIC. He added: "I could not gain admission to this place but could only see large administration building and a few smaller buildings within. . . . A military shopping area was located for the next ½ mile and was outside fenced area." Nearby, he reported he saw a sign for the General Dynamics Corporation, "indicating government contractors were active in the area."

Next, Cassidy came upon a nearby naval weapons facility. "I proceeded to this facility and [in] about 1/2 mile I came to the guard gate (see #6 on map). Because of the military sticker on my car I am never questioned on entering a military base," Cassidy reported. "But at this one I was stopped and asked the nature of my business."

Now, for the first time on his trip, Cassidy was in a potentially tight spot. He knew he might have had some difficulty explaining matters. *Well, you see, I'm a Russian spy, but I'm not really a Russian spy, because I'm actually working for the FBI, and no, I have no way to prove what I'm saying, but please, fellows, I'm not making this up, you've got to believe me*. Cassidy also knew it might be a trifle awkward to explain away the map in the car on which he had pinpointed the location of every military base for miles around.

He need not have worried; security was loose as a goose. "I did not identify myself," he wrote, "but explained I happened to be in the area and would like to see the base. He waved me through." With a sigh of relief, Cassidy drove through the gate. Inside, "there were several guarded roads leading to interior of this area. As I left the facility returning to Route 52 I noticed the whole length of the south side of area along road was fenced and signs reading 'Gov't Property' (See #7 on map). About 1½ miles there was a gate with guard shacks inside and sign reading 'Munitions Trucks Entrance.' There was some activity inside and several Navy pickup trucks were observed. . . . On one fence was sign ‘Group 8.’ ”

At Slidell, Cassidy had disappointing news for the Soviets, who had hoped he would find evidence of a clandestine nerve-gas storage area. There were no signs of the kind that warned “No Admittance—Gov’t Property,” and he added, “The whole area seemed a very unlikely place for 20 semi-underground repositories.” At Dugway, Cassidy had reported seeing the mounds with pipes sticking up out of them. There were no mounds at Slidell, nor did the base have roads of the sort that the army might use for transporting a cargo as delicate as nerve gas. “The road to the city airport, dump and golf course is one of the better ones in the area,” Cassidy reported, “but it is partially dirt and all chuck-holes.”

As a consolation prize, Cassidy told the GRU that he found a Slidell Computer Complex that belonged to NASA and was completely fenced and protected by uniformed guards. “About 200 cars in parking lot,” Cassidy noted.

On April 20, 1974, Cassidy was back in New York City for the second time. He drove to a drop site and put down a hollow rock containing reports of his trips to military bases in Florida. At 4 P.M., he met Oleg Likhachev in front of a radio repair shop on East 233d Street in the Bronx. As the two walked along the street, Cassidy filled Likhachev in on the results of his reconnaissance. Likhachev asked Cassidy a lot of rapid-fire questions, whether he had obtained civilian employment with a printer, where he was hiding material from his wife, and what bases he would travel to next.

After their meeting, Cassidy went to pick up the rock the Soviets had hidden near the New York Botanical Garden. Cassidy began walking north on Webster Avenue toward the rock, which was secreted in a space between a garage wall and the end of a fence. As he did so, something spies always fear seemed about to happen.

Just as Cassidy approached the drop site, a little girl leaned over and reached for the rock. Dead drops are not foolproof; there is always a chance that someone will pick up one of the hollow rocks and discover its contents. The little girl almost had the rock in her grasp when her mother shooed her away.

Relieved, Cassidy scooped up the rock and hurried off. To signal he had cleared the drop, he then drove into Manhattan to leave a line on the same lamppost he had marked five months before. After that, he again joined O’Flaherty at the house on Rockaway Point.

Breaking open the rock, WALLFLOWER and the FBI agents found an A&P matchbook with the word *Raincheck* on the cover. Under the second *c* was the microdot with new instructions.

On October 19, Cassidy returned to New York for another meeting with the Soviets, and once again the unexpected happened at a drop site. At 2 P.M., Cassidy was supposed to leave his rock at the base of a tree near the end of a footbridge that crossed the Belt Parkway in Brooklyn. As he approached the drop, he saw smoke billowing up. A teenager had flicked a cigarette into a trash heap near the tree. Someone had turned in an alarm, and the New York City fire department was on its way; Cassidy could hear the sirens getting closer. He hesitated, then decided to stick to the plan. He dropped the rock and fled.

Only minutes after Cassidy scrambled out of the way, there were fire trucks and hoses all over the place. In an apartment building overlooking the site, the two FBI agents covering the drop could hardly believe the pandemonium unfolding before their eyes. This was definitely not in the script. Special Agent Jim Lancaster, whose Deep South accent marked him as an alien in Brooklyn, recalled the scene. “There was this fire, and the rock was right by a tree. Me and Ricky Shapiro were looking out the window and we said, ‘Oh god, the fire department is going to see this funny rock, and it’s going to burn up.’ ”

To the agents’ relief, the rock and its flammable contents survived the blaze intact. Two hours later, Cassidy was walking along Sixty-fourth Avenue in Queens, as he had been instructed to do on the microdot in the matchbook, when Likhachev fell into step beside him. Cassidy told the GRU man that he had looked for a civilian job in Tampa at the United States Readiness Command (REDCOM), as STRICOM was now called, but none was available.

Likhachev asked how the Morse transmissions were going, whether Cassidy was receiving them at the “principal time.” Cassidy said he was; he had not had to use the alternate transmission times that the Russians had provided as backup.

At their next meeting in March, Likhachev said, he would explain a new code. Likhachev asked whether Cassidy might be able to obtain topographical maps; after discussing that, they parted. Cassidy drove to Brooklyn to pick up Likhachev’s rock, then into Manhattan to mark the same lamp pole, and back to Rockaway Point to meet with the FBI.

Cassidy continued visiting and reporting on military bases around the country, and in March he returned to New York, drove to Brooklyn, and hid a hollow rock on the south side of Holy Cross Cemetery, near Cortelyou Road. Two hours later, he rendezvoused with Likhachev on a park bench in Brooklyn. After their meeting, he drove into Manhattan, and this time he left a piece of yellow tape facing outward on a lamppost at York Avenue and Ninety-first Street. The day ended, as usual, at Rockaway Point.

Six months later, in late September, Cassidy was back in Brooklyn, hiding a rock at another cemetery two hours before he met Likhachev near the Fort Hamilton athletic field. They discussed Cassidy’s latest surveys of military bases, and the Morse transmissions. Likhachev said a new person would be his contact at the next meeting in April 1976; Cassidy should be ready to use the parol, since they did not know each other. But the new Mike, Likhachev assured him, would be up to speed on the case.

Cassidy then picked up his rock at a dead drop in Brooklyn, left a signal in Manhattan, and returned to the kitchen table at O’Flaherty’s mother’s house, where the rock was broken open. For the first time, it contained two microdots, because the message from the Soviets was longer than usual. It directed Cassidy not only to spy on additional military bases but to try to obtain emergency planning documents from city, county, or state offices.

Although there had still been no discussion of the "new code" that Likhachev had mentioned, the secret writing in the rock instructed Cassidy to travel to a location in the Bronx for a meeting on the first Saturday after he received a Morse transmission with twenty groups or to go to a dead drop in the Bronx for a pickup if he received a coded radio message with twenty-four five-digit groups.

In April, Cassidy was back in the New York area, this time to leave a rock at a drop site in suburban Yonkers with more reports on military bases. The FBI had seen Likhachev moving around New York several times with Vladimir Vybornov, who was listed as a "public relations officer" at the Soviet UN mission. His wife, Aleksandra Vybornova, also worked in the public relations office. The bureau predicted that Vybornov would turn out to be the new Mike, and it was right.

On April 10, FBI agents watched Vybornov fill a dead drop near Pinebrook Boulevard in New Rochelle, in Westchester County. He was accompanied by a woman, believed to be Aleksandra. Cassidy cleared the drop, left a piece of yellow tape on a lamp pole at 201st Street in Manhattan, and traveled to Rockaway Point. There was no meeting this time with Vybornov, but instructions on a microdot inside another A&P matchbook told him to prepare for a meeting with the new Mike in October.

Cassidy's report to the FBI of his first meeting with Vybornov, on October 9, 1976, was detailed and meticulous, as usual. At 2 P.M., he left his rock at the base of a street sign at Palmer Avenue in the Bronx. The rock contained a report of his reconnaissance of military bases in Georgia.

He then drove around to kill time before the meeting. "I parked the car just off Gun Hill Road . . . at approximately 1552 hours. I waited in the car until 1557 hours and I then walked to the spot arriving at 1600 hours." Cassidy pretended to be waiting for a bus. "I noticed a person in dark clothes w/umbrella at the corner of NW Fenton and Gun Hill. . . . This person stopped in front of me and as I looked at him he asked me about a drive-in and when I responded he smiled and said 'Hi I'm another Mike.' We shook hands."

As they strolled along the street, the sixth Mike talked about the wet weather and wanted to know where Cassidy had parked; he had not brought his own car, he said, because of the rain. The new Mike not only had a halting command of English, but it was soon apparent he was not cut out for a career in espionage. Vybornov, it became clear, wanted to break all the spy rules because of the inclement weather.

He asked Cassidy to drive back to the drop site at Palmer Avenue, retrieve the rock he had just left there for Vybornov, and bring it directly to the Russian. They would then simply exchange rocks in Cassidy's car. This was an unprecedented request, a total departure from spy etiquette. It flouted the GRU's elaborate procedure for using dead drops to avoid risks. But first, Vybornov had a lot of questions. As they continued walking, he asked if the microdots were legible. Cassidy said they were OK. He then told Cassidy to be sure to keep the secret writing paper wet when he developed it. That puzzled Cassidy, who explained that he dipped the paper in acetone, but after steaming it the sheet dried out rapidly. There was no way to keep it wet. Vybornov did not respond and Cassidy concluded that the Russian was in over his head.

The new Mike then grilled Cassidy closely about his children and household, apparently to reassure Moscow that his family, friends, and neighbors remained unaware of his espionage activities. “He said, ‘Do you hear from your son and daughter?’ I told him I hadn’t heard from my son since he graduated from high school. ‘How about your daughter?’ ” She was busy with a new career in nursing in Alexandria, Cassidy replied. “He asked if I received correspondence from friends and relatives. I said very seldom. He said, ‘Do they visit you?’ I said we have very few houseguests.”

Vybornov persisted, Cassidy’s report to the FBI continued. “He said, ‘What kind of a house do you have, something like this?’ and he pointed to a two- or three-story rowhouse we were just passing. I said no, Mike, and smiled. ‘We don’t have houses like that in Florida. I live in a house all by itself and on one floor.’

“He said, ‘Does your wife know anything about this?’ I said, ‘No, nothing and I want it kept that way.’ He asked if neighbors were friends of mine. I said a few of them were. He said do they visit? I said I’m not on a social basis with neighbors. We speak when we see each other during the day and that’s about it.

“He asked how finances were and I told him not so good. He said there was $4,200 in my package and . . . he hoped this would help.” Cassidy, who always complained he needed more money, replied, “But Mike, I’m missing the big paydays.”

He reminded Vybornov that he had provided the name of Nicky, the sergeant at Edgewood, but had not been paid for that. “I missed the payday on Nicky,” Cassidy protested. Vybornov adopted a sheepish expression as though he agreed.

Vybornov, Cassidy reported to the FBI, then pressed for a document outlining a plan for industrial mobilization in an emergency that Cassidy had said he had access to at a local university. “We are very much interested in it. We would very much like to have that but not if you have to expose yourself. Do not take and reproduce if you must give your identity. Do not give name, address, phone number—nothing. It’s not worth it to us, but get it if you can.”

As they walked along Eastchester Road toward Gun Hill Road, they were nearing the drop site. “He said he would walk very slowly up this road and that I was to get the car, pick up my package, and then pick him up . . . about five blocks away. . . . I told him I would be back in six or seven minutes.”

Cassidy retrieved his rock, got in his car, cruised along Eastchester, and spotted Vybornov in the middle of the block. “As I pulled to the curb he came over and got in. I pulled my rock from my jacket pocket and gave it to him. . . . He pulled his from his raincoat pocket.” There was no need to put tape on the light pole, Vybornov said, "because I already know you have [the rock]." It was the only time that Cassidy and a Russian had simply handed the rocks to each other.

"He had opened the door and was getting out. I noticed he had left his umbrella in the car in his haste to leave and I hollered and opened the door and extended it to him. He made several stabs at it before he caught the handle. . . . To me he lost his composure—seemed he was very anxious for us to separate and me to get the hell out of there." WALLFLOWER gunned his car and took off.

Inside the rock handed to Cassidy was a message in secret writing. It provided his schedule for 1977, called for drops and meetings in April and October, and gave the dates and times of the radio transmissions he was to receive. It asked him to provide the industrial-mobilization plan, and to reconnoiter a nuclear-ammunition depot at the air force base in Charleston.

The message also instructed Cassidy, in case the Soviets should ever lose contact with him, to go to New York City on the last Saturday of January, April, July, and October and wait, pipe in mouth in front of the antiques store in Brooklyn at 4 P.M., holding the usual book-sized package with yellow wrapping. If contact was not reestablished, he was to try again the next day.

In Cassidy's appraisal to the FBI of the meeting, it was plain that he had been underwhelmed by Vybornov. "He seemed to have his game plan and stuck with it. This did not include any comments or discussion from me—just answer the questions. He was far from being polished like, say, Mike #1. He had hard features and could pass for alongshoreman or a lumberjack. He wanted to dominate the meeting—and did—and was very confident, bold, hard as a rock, until he started out of the car when he seemed to lose all his composure in attempting to grab the umbrella."

Cassidy kept his cool at his meetings with the Russians, and he did this time as well, despite Vybornov changing the procedures and peppering him with questions. But he found each encounter with the Soviets nerve-racking. "I was always on pins and needles worrying that I was going to blow it," Cassidy confessed. "I was worried I would contradict myself or make a mistake and blow the thing apart." Cassidy was on edge even though the Russians never indicated the slightest suspicion that he was anything but a genuine mole.

"I felt they trusted me and believed me," he said. "I had a job to do and I wanted to do it."

Marie Cassidy remembered that her husband usually had trouble sleeping before a meet. "He had sleepless nights, plenty of that, and stomach problems. He would eat very little before he'd go." The former nun said she had no appetite on those nights either.

"I was worried about the danger," she said. "I could see how nervous he was before a meeting. There were middle-of-the-night meetings. So I burnt my candle and prayed."

CHAPTER: 16

THE PROFESSOR

In 1976, Gilberto Lopez y Rivas, busy as he had been with his espionage activities, finally received his Ph.D. from the University of Utah.[1] By then, he was back in Mexico City, where he had been working as a researcher at an anthropological institute. But he did not remain there, as Robert Schamay, who had been the FBI case agent in Salt Lake City, learned in October.

"I was out hunting on a mountain in southern Utah in October of 1976, and a game warden knocked on the trailer. He said I had a phone call. I come off the mountain and find a pay phone in a little dinky town, and it's Gene Peterson. I have to be in Minnesota as soon as possible."

Peterson, by now Soviet section chief at FBI headquarters, was continuing to supervise the spy case. He ordered Schamay to cut short his hunting trip and get moving. "Next morning," Schamay recalled, "I was off the mountain, back home in Salt Lake, packing, and on Monday I'm on a plane to Minneapolis."

Two years before, while still a student in Austin, Lopez had told Aurelio Flores that he might be moving to Minnesota. Headquarters had plucked Schamay off the mountain because the bureau had learned that the PALMETTOS had in fact surfaced there. Gilberto Lopez y Rivas, Soviet spy, was now an assistant professor of Chicano studies at the University of Minnesota. Professor Lopez had the distinction, in all likelihood, of being the first Russian spy ever to become a member of the faculty of that institution. The university, of course, knew nothing of his other, secret life.

Manuel Guerrero had brought Lopez to Minneapolis. Guerrero, then chairman of the university's Department of Chicano Studies, was short one professor for the fall semester. "We advertised in the *Chronicle of Higher Education,*" Guerrero said. Lopez had answered the ad and traveled to Minneapolis for a job interview. "I hired him," Guerrero continued. "He was hired on the basis both of his résumé and the interview. Gilberto was a very amicable, social person. He made a lot of friendships."

Lopez, his wife, and their children settled into faculty housing off Fourth Street, on the ground floor of a two-story garden apartment. The FBI wiretapped the place; it did not attempt to install room bugs as it had done in Austin.

Alfredo Gonzales, a colleague in the Chicano studies department, recalled that while Lopez served on the faculty, a Spanish club made a film called *Minnesotanos Mexicanos*. "It was a documentary of Mexican Americans in Minnesota, and he is shown in the film twice. He is tall, very thin, and slender, with dark brown hair, light skin. A European type, not Indian. He had a strong voice, a heavy accent but good English. I knew him socially, but he never once mentioned his political views. He never discussed politics. He had strong views on the historical treatment of Chicanos. He never mentioned the Soviet Union. He loved to talk about opera, and art, and history."

The university offered Chicano studies as a major for undergraduate students. The faculty taught a wide variety of courses dealing with the history and social status of Mexican Americans, bilingual education, and the Spanish language. The university bulletin for the summer of 1977, for example, lists a typical course taught by Professor Lopez. Entitled Chicano History, it offered four degree credits and covered "Mexican American history, including such areas as migration, labor movements, Chicanos in agriculture, the 'pachuco' phenomenon, border conflict, and regional history."[2]

The FBI watched Lopez and listened to his telephone conversations to try to determine whether he was still servicing dead drops for the GRU while exploring Chicano history for his unsuspecting students. The bureau's counterintelligence agents hoped that Lopez would lead them to one or more Soviet spies.

After Robert Schamay flew in from Utah, he remained in Minnesota for three months. His primary task was to brief Mark Kirkland, who had been assigned as the case agent by the Minneapolis office. "Mark had the ticket on it," Schamay said. "He was a nice, hardworking kid from Salt Lake, anxious to do a good job."

Around the same time, Charles W. Elmore, a thirty-one-year-old FBI agent in New York, asked his fellow agent Jim Lancaster about the PALMETTO case. Elmore was from the West Coast and wanted badly to get back there. Perhaps, he thought, if he volunteered to go out to Minnesota to help on the PALMETTO case, he would be rewarded with his office of preference. A quiet, good-looking man, Elmore was single and had no ties to New York. More important, he was fluent in Spanish. He won a transfer to Minneapolis and went to work translating the wiretaps of the Lopezes' apartment.

Back in Washington, Phil Parker had been transferred to FBI headquarters from the Washington field office early in 1976. He had been head of S-3, the GRU squad in the field office. Now Parker was determined to do something about the PALMETTOS. At headquarters he became the case supervisor and the major player in the events that unfolded.

"It had been my squad's case," he said. "I had participated in surveillance of several of the meetings between WALLFLOWER and the Russians. Both stationary and rolling surveillances"—meaning stakeouts in a building, or cars driving around in the area.

At headquarters, Parker was assigned to the Soviet section of Division 5, the intelligence division.[3] He was forty years old. A tall, handsome Virginian, Parker defied the conventional straight-arrow appearance long adhered to by FBI agents, a code that had been strictly enforced by J. Edgar Hoover and lingered on even after his death. Parker sported a handlebar mustache that made him look like an old-fashioned movie villain or a bartender in a Wild West saloon, for which he took a great deal of good-natured ribbing from his less flamboyant colleagues. When it came to counterintelligence work, however, Parker was all business.

He had not set out in life to become a counterspy. In fact, Parker might never have joined the FBI had the pay been better for high-school teachers. He was born in Chesapeake, Virginia, across the Elizabeth River from Norfolk. His father had been a radio operator on merchant ships, and his mother worked as a printer. Parker attended public schools, went to college for a while, and in 1955 joined the air force, which sent him to Syracuse University to study Russian.

The air force then assigned Parker to England in an intelligence job, where he met his future wife, Jill, an attractive Englishwoman from Bedford. After returning to the states, Parker finished college, and then earned a master's degree in Russian at Indiana University. He also traveled to the Soviet Union, visiting Moscow, Leningrad, and five other cities.

Back home, Parker taught Spanish and Russian at a local high school and coached junior-varsity football. Parker enjoyed teaching but was trying to support his now-growing family on $5,500 a year. In 1965, at age twenty-nine, he applied for a job at the FBI.

The bureau sent him to its training base at Quantico, Virginia, to learn to shoot, then to the Seattle office, and then to language school in Monterey to study Bulgarian. In 1967, he was assigned to the Washington field office, where he acquired the basics of counterintelligence work and followed Bulgarian spies around the capital. Three years later, Parker moved to the GRU squad.

"The GRU was our main target," Parker recalled. "We also handled some Polish and East German cases. We worked out of the Old Post Office building. The squad had great morale. We turned some Soviets. Our job was to identify which ones were intelligence officers." In 1973, Parker was promoted to head of the squad. Three years later, he was transferred to headquarters.

"When I went to headquarters," he said, "my sole goal was to close this case with an arrest."

The FBI had sent Mark Kirkland to the Minneapolis division in June 1973. He was twenty-eight. It was there that he began flying with Tren Basford on aerial surveillances. Kirkland and his wife, Julie, moved into their farmhouse in Minnetonka and started a family. Their first son, Kenneth, was born in 1974, and a second son, Christopher, was born in 1976, the same year that Mark was handed his first big case—the PALMETTO file.

From an early age, Kirkland's ambition was to be an FBI agent. He was born into a Mormon family on August 8, 1944, and grew up in Centerville, Utah, north of Salt Lake City. "Centerville was a very small town, but he was kind of a rebel," Julie Kirkland said. "He had a motorcycle and bleached his hair white once." He went to high school in nearby Bountiful, and then struck out on his own.

"He was only eighteen or nineteen when he left to be an FBI clerk. His parents were very unhappy that he was leaving town. He couldn't wait to get out of Centerville."

Kirkland moved to Los Angeles, enrolled in California State University, and began working for the FBI in the spring of 1964. He was tall, dark-haired, handsome, and single. Two years later, he married a young woman who also worked as a clerk in the bureau. They had a daughter, Kristin. Kirkland and his best friend at the FBI, Ron Williams, had both joined the army reserve, and they each did a three-year hitch in Germany, where Mark worked in intelligence. Kirkland returned to the states and to the FBI in the summer of 1969. Soon afterward, his youthful marriage ended in divorce.

A year later, Julia Searle, who had grown up in Venice, California, graduated from high school there and landed a clerical job at the FBI in Los Angeles while attending college at night. She was eighteen, with dancing eyes, a pug nose, and long brown hair. Kirkland was eight years her senior. He worked the night shift, on a different floor, but they met, early in 1971, and began dating. Mark and his friends called her Julie.

That same year Kirkland graduated from Cal State, and the following January he and Julie were wed at the Mormon temple in Los Angeles. Three months later, at age twenty-seven, he was appointed a special agent of the FBI.

Julie Kirkland's parents were both teachers. Her father had a doctorate from UCLA and taught theology at Santa Monica City College; her mother gave private lessons in piano and music theory. Like Mark, Julie came from a Mormon background.

Three months after their marriage, the FBI sent Kirkland to Oklahoma City, for what the bureau calls a "first office" assignment. Less than a year later, he was assigned to Minneapolis.

Julie Kirkland soon became aware that her husband was working on a big case, although she did not know its nature, or the code name PALMETTO. Mark said little about the case. But he grew the scraggly beard and long hair, and Julie realized he was operating undercover. Having worked for the FBI herself, she was able to put some of the pieces together. "I knew the name Lopez, I knew they were at the university, and Mark had installed the equipment, the cameras, and listening devices, and I knew they were monitoring from a nearby apartment. Mark didn't come home and blab, but I had held a top-secret clearance, after all, and it wasn't hard for me to figure out what was going on."

One of Kirkland's first moves was to try to place informants close to the PALMETTOS. The Kirklands had become friendly with a family that lived in the neighborhood, and Mark recruited the woman as an FBI source. At his request, she enrolled in one of Lopez's courses.

"I just knew him as a student," said the woman, who asked not to be named. "I talked to him a couple of times after class and at student-teacher conferences. It was a course in Chicano studies, and he definitely felt Chicanos were mistreated. He talked about the plight of the Mexican peasants and the ones that came as migrant workers. He was focusing on low wages, poor housing. I wrote reports to Mark on Lopez once a week or more. Mark had wanted me to arrange to baby-sit for Lopez, who had both children with him. I was planning to tell him I was in dire straits in the hopes he would say 'We need a baby-sitter.' "

The bureau's other undercover source was a man also enrolled as a student. Both were designated "134s," which in the jargon of the FBI means informants. Kirkland himself mixed with students on the campus to gather intelligence on Lopez. Despite the blanket coverage, however, including the wiretaps and physical surveillance, the FBI never detected Lopez servicing any dead drops in Minnesota or contacting the Soviets.

As the months slipped by, Julie Kirkland became increasingly concerned about her husband's assignment. This was a spy case, and it very likely involved the Russians. She worried about Mark's safety.

"I remember confronting him and saying, 'You obviously are trying to unravel something.' He said, 'For your own good, Julie, let's not talk too much about it.' He said, 'If anything ever happens to me, it's better if you don't know anything.'

"Mark had gone to Washington for the case, and he told me that the information had gone to Attorney General Griffin Bell.

"Right before he died I'd gotten pretty insistent. I didn't think it was good for our relationship for Mark to be so deep in a secret life that I wasn't part of. How long would he stay in espionage work? It gave him the thrill he liked, but it wasn't good for family life.

"On the day he left, he thought the Lopezes were going over the border into Canada. He didn't say what the bureau suspected the Lopezes were planning to do in Canada. I had two babies and I really didn't want to know.

"I was concerned about his flying all the time. He flew a lot with Tren Basford, but Mark was not trained as a copilot. Mark talked Tren into delaying his retirement so the plane would be available. It was Tren's private plane."

And then it was Tuesday, August 23, and Mark Kirkland kissed Julie good-bye on the forehead and told her not to worry.

Two decades after the Cessna went down in Dewey Lake, Julie Kirkland still felt the pain of her husband's death. She had remarried and her two sons were grown men now. But the shadow was always there, even when the days were bright.

"We have a very nice life," she said. "But we can never replace what Mark was to us. You don't forget."

Soon after her husband's death, Julie Kirkland sat down to write a private account of all that had happened. As if entered in a diary, she recalled her feelings in the days before Mark's death, and afterward. "Ever since Ron Williams, Mark's best friend, was killed last year I've taken to worrying and being fearful for Mark," she wrote. "He has been working undercover and I know so little about his daily activities any more. I'm insecure about it.

“We had an argument the morning he left. . . . I feel bad about it now, I wish I hadn’t been upset. We smoothed it over though and I hugged him a lot. Kenny was so sweet—hugged Daddy a lot, too. I still worried—mostly I think because I don’t understand the case—Top Secret. I hated us not sharing. . . .

“The days were sweet with the babies. I’m used to being on my own with them. Mark is gone a lot and me and the little boys are great buddies.

“I planted flowers around the front of the house. Just took care of the boys and home. Mark called every night.”

Then came the entry for August 25. She wrote of her growing fear that night, and her call to the FBI operator, who sounded odd and obviously knew more than she was saying. “The minutes ticked by like hours. I was cold and nervous. I began praying, but nothing helped. . . . Mark *always* called me from the field.”

“Sometime between 11–12 I heard cars in the drive, not one, but several. I was panicky. My heart sank. I pleaded with God to stop this from happening, to please, please not take my husband from me. But I knew it was happening.”

Then came the knock on the door that, at first, she could not bring herself to answer. She sat on the top step of the stairs, knowing what it was, and finally forced herself to go down and answer the door.

When she received the horrific news from John Shimota and the other FBI men, she wrote, “I kept saying over and over ‘It can’t be true, it can’t be true.’ ‘What about our boys? Won’t they ever know their father?’ . . . I was shaking all over. Very cold still. My teeth chattered.

“Then John said Tren was gone, too.”

The next few days were a blur. Her father, neighbors, people from church came to comfort her. A close friend, Barbara Olsen, took care of the boys. She slept little.

Alone at the funeral home by Mark’s coffin, she looked at her husband for the last time. “By the side of his casket I promised him I would raise good men he would be proud of. And I will.”

Then she kissed him good-bye.

The next day she took Mark Kirkland home to Utah. At the graveside, “I thought Mark would have loved this day. It was a breathtaking day, blue skies, wispy clouds, pleasant temperature, breezy.” They buried him next to his father, below the mountain in Centerville where he had spent his childhood.

Back in Minnetonka, Julie finished writing.

> We are alone now—me and Kenny and Chris. In a big old antique house in Minnesota. What happened to the dream we started only five and a half years ago? I don’t know why this happened. I do know we will be OK. And Kenny and Chris will be good men someday. They are such perfect little boys already.
>
> I had the FBI insignia carved on Mark’s gravestone. I want anyone who sees it to know how much he loved America and believed in what he was doing.

He died being an FBI agent—what he always wanted to be. He died serving others. I wanted him to be remembered as a husband, father, and an FBI agent.

—Sept. 1977
Julie Kirkland

CHAPTER: 17

SHOW TIME

For Phil Parker, the tragic death of the two agents was a severe emotional blow. He felt a personal responsibility, asking himself over and over whether he might have been able to act sooner and do more to bring about an arrest. Had he done so, he thought, the accident might never have happened.

Parker had flown to Minneapolis several times to confer with Kirkland. The two had become good friends, a bond strengthened by their shared determination to roll up the PALMETTOS.

But the plane crash was more than a torment for Parker, it was also a catalyst. He had been importuning the Justice Department for more than a year to act on the case, and now he intensified his efforts. The time had come to move, he argued, to close out the operation that had begun almost two decades earlier when Joe Cassidy was first dangled to the Russians on the volleyball court.

Moreover, the fatal accident itself posed a potential danger to the operation. Parker and others were alarmed that the crash of the Cessna might tip off the PALMETTOS to the fact that they were under surveillance. The remote lake in northern Minnesota where the plane had gone down was near where the Lopezes were camping. If the couple heard reports or read news stories about the crash and the loss of the two FBI agents, they might connect it to their presence in the area and try to flee.

Aware of this new danger, Parker made certain that the bureau continued to keep a close watch on the Lopezes. In Minnesota, Dennis Conway took over the PALMETTO case. He and Kirkland had been good friends; Conway had been one of the agents who came to break the news to Julie the night of the plane crash. Conway, who grew up in Sioux City, Iowa, had played football for Notre Dame. “We called him ‘No-Neck’ because he was built like a fireplug,” Phil Parker said. “He was an outstanding agent.”

Parker still hoped, as did Conway, that Lopez would lead the FBI to a spy or spies in the GRU’s network in North America. But it never happened, and the FBI was increasingly frustrated.

“They took some funny trips,” Parker said. “There were some suspicious activities. Their actions on some of the trips they took to northern Minnesota indicated they were watching for surveillance. But we never saw them clear a drop or meet anyone. We don’t know why they were driving to Canada when Mark was killed.”

To move the case forward Parker needed approval at a higher level. Although most Americans probably view the FBI as an all-powerful agency that can arrest spies when it wants to, in fact, in sensitive cases involving national security, the bureau takes its marching orders from the Justice Department.

And in 1977, that meant John L. Martin.

For twenty-four years, until he retired in 1997, Martin was the official who decided which spies to arrest and prosecute. He also orchestrated a number of East-West spy swaps during the cold war. Working in the shadows and unknown outside the closed world of intelligence, Martin chose which espionage cases would be prosecuted and make the front pages and the nightly news. The rest never became public. As head of the internal-security section of the department's criminal division, he was the official who determined, in effect, whether the spies came in from the cold.

On the couch of his office at the Justice Department, Martin kept a stuffed wolf in sheep's clothing, a gift from fellow prosecutors. Its meaning was unmistakable; secured to the wolf's forehead was a red star.

Within the FBI, some officials regarded Martin as overly cautious; they felt he allowed the prosecution only of cases he was sure the government could win. Over his career, however, Martin had cleared the way for some big wins: John A. Walker, Jr., who headed the notorious family ring of navy spies that sold codes to the KGB, convicted and sentenced to life in prison; Jonathan Jay Pollard, convicted of spying for Israel and sentenced to life; Ronald Pelton, a former National Security Agency official who sold secrets to the KGB, sentenced to life; Richard Miller, the first FBI agent to be convicted of espionage, sentenced to life; Aldrich H. Ames, the CIA supermole, sentenced to life for betraying the CIA's Soviet agents, causing ten to be executed; and Christopher Boyce and Andrew Lee, who sold satellite secrets to the Russians and whose story was told in the book and movie *The Falcon and the Snowman*—Lee was sentenced to life, Boyce to forty years.

Some got away. Edward Lee Howard, an ex-CIA officer who revealed the secrets of the agency's Moscow operations to the KGB, escaped to the Soviet Union. And Felix Bloch, a State Department official suspected of spying for the KGB, was subjected to a media circus after a news leak identified him; he was dismissed from his job but never indicted.

Martin, raised in upstate New York, joined the FBI after he graduated from Syracuse University Law School in 1962. He investigated the mob in New Orleans, then was sent to Mississippi to assist in the probe of the 1964 murder of three civil-rights workers. He left the FBI in 1968 to join a Washington law firm, but three years later went back into the government as an attorney in the Justice Department. When he took over the internal-security section, few spies had been prosecuted; government intelligence agencies feared too many secrets might be revealed. Then, in 1980, Congress passed the Classified Information Procedures Act, which provided for ways to protect secrets in federal trials; under the law, judges can prohibit or limit the introduction of classified information in open court. The law had an impact. Seventy-six spies were prosecuted under Martin, all but one convicted.

"I'm a firm believer in giving them their full constitutional rights and then sending them to jail for a lifetime," Martin said when he retired.[1]

But the tough-guy stance, as Phil Parker was to discover, did not apply in every instance; if Martin chose not to prosecute an espionage suspect, the public never got to know about the case.

Pushing hard for action against the PALMETTOS, Parker walked across the street from FBI headquarters in the J. Edgar Hoover Building to see Martin, whose office was not in the headquarters of the Justice Department but on Ninth Street. Martin turned the case over to Joseph Tafe, one of his staff attorneys.

A short, chubby man with sandy hair and glasses, Tafe at first seemed receptive to Parker's entreaties. The FBI man became a frequent visitor to the Ninth Street building. To Parker's dismay, however, the department seemed to be moving at a glacial pace.

In the spring of 1977, FBI headquarters had asked the Tampa office to find out if Joe Cassidy would be willing to testify in open court and to travel to Washington to confer with Justice Department attorneys. Cassidy agreed to both requests.

If there were any signs that the PALMETTOS were planning to escape, the bureau wanted authority to arrest them. Tafe began drafting a twelve-page criminal complaint to have ready in case the Lopezes tried to bolt. The complaint called on a federal magistrate to issue warrants for their arrests.

On the face of it, the government already had a strong case against the PALMETTOS. There were photographs of Lopez and his wife retrieving films of the documents, many marked TOP SECRET, that Cassidy had placed at the dead drops. And Danilin had assured Cassidy that he had received that material.

But the department was waffling on whether to prosecute on the basis of the copious evidence already in the hands of the government. In the course of the investigation, the FBI had wiretapped and videotaped the PALMETTOS and entered their apartments to place bugs. The Justice Department lawyers could foresee trouble in the courtroom over the bureau's counterintelligence techniques. The entries, taps, and bugs would surely be challenged on Fourth Amendment grounds by the defense.

John Martin, Parker said, raised additional objections. "John argued there is nothing illegal in picking up a package per se. He said it was just an unusual form of communication; you don't have to use the post office, you can leave things in rocks. And Martin said the information in the package had been cleared for transmission to the Soviets and therefore was not classified."

James E. Nolan, Jr., a former high-ranking FBI counterintelligence official, said Martin's view was that clearing material to pass it to the Soviets "constituted a de facto declassification. He felt that made it unusable for prosecution."

Legally, however, the question of whether the feed had technically been declassified or not fell into an arcane, gray area. Nobody really knew. An equally strong argument could be made that a document stamped TOP SECRET was exactly that.[2]

“The documents were approved for passage to a hostile government,” Parker pointed out, regardless of whether the feed was classified. “You have the conspiracy charge—it had classified markings on it so you would have to assume the person who picked it up would know he was not authorized to have it.”

The real reason for the Justice Department’s caution, however, was the backstage debate over the wiretaps and entries. The issue was further complicated by the fact that some of the techniques used by the FBI in the PALMETTO investigation had been approved by the attorney general, but some had not.

Despite the legal hurdles, at first Parker was encouraged by the apparent support he received from Martin and Tafe. “At the outset, Tafe said, ‘I think we can do a prosecution on this case,’ ” Parker asserted. “John Martin said face-to-face to me in his office in the Ninth Street building, ‘Yes, I think we have a case.’ ”[3]

As the months slipped by, however, it soon became apparent to Parker that nothing was happening. “What we wanted was prosecution. All we got was talk.” Days and weeks went by with little action. “I’m an easy-going guy,” Parker said, “but I was kicking over trash cans.”

The FBI man had run into a bureaucratic brick wall. “I had been fighting with Joe Tafe for eighteen months to give me an answer,” Parker said. “I even spoke to the U.S. attorney in Minnesota, Thor Anderson.” Whenever Parker approached Tafe, he said, the Justice Department attorney would say, “ ‘I’m busy.’ I could never pin him down.

“We’d been talking for months. . . . I go into his office, and I said, ‘We’re ready to go, are you going to make a decision on it?’ He said, ‘Damn, I just haven’t been able to get to it.’ That’s when I kicked over the trash can rather than hit him in the head. Tafe said, ‘Calm down!’ and I yelled a little bit.”

Parker decided on the spot it was time to confront the Lopezes. As the case supervisor, he had the authority to do that much, with or without the Justice Department’s approval. Once he did so, he knew, the case would be over, one way or another. Either he would get a confession and win permission from the department to make an arrest, or he would at least have the satisfaction of knowing he had done all he could. Parker had a few parting words for Tafe. “I said, the hell with it, I’m going out to Minneapolis to do an interview. Probably we should have done it before.”

It was late May 1978. The Justice Department officials led Parker to believe that if Lopez confessed, there could be a prosecution after all. “Talking to Tafe and Martin, it was, like, ‘If we get an admission, you’ll authorize an arrest?’ And they said, ‘Yes.’ ”

Tafe had concluded there might be a way to pick his way through the legal minefield. With a confession, the government would have a clean case—it would not have to rely on electronic evidence. There was a great deal of other evidence, such as the photographs of the Lopezes clearing drops in Florida, that was not obtained through wiretaps or similar means. And Cassidy was willing to testify in open court.

Parker’s decision to fly to Minnesota meant that the criminal complaint would have to be at the ready. On May 24, a teletype went out from FBI headquarters to Tampa and

Minneapolis advising those offices that Tafe would fly to Tampa with the complaint, which was to be filed in court if the subjects attempted to flee. Tampa was instructed to warn Joe Cassidy that his name might be about to be made public and to make arrangements to protect him.

The next day, the text of the complaint was teletyped to the FBI office in Tampa for its information. Headquarters advised that if the Justice Department filed the complaint, it would do so in the United States District Court in Tampa before Magistrate Paul Game, Jr., since the alleged criminal acts had been committed in that part of Florida. The complaint was entitled *United States of America* v. *Gilberto M. Lopez and Alicia C. Lopez,* and charged them with violation of Section 794(c) of Title 18 of the U.S. criminal code, the key espionage statute that prohibits the transmittal of defense information to a foreign power. The law provides the same punishment for conspiracy to violate the statute.[4]

The criminal complaint named Mikhail I. Danilin and Oleg I. Likhachev as "co-conspirators but not defendants." Since the two Soviets had diplomatic immunity, they could not be arrested. The complaint charged that the four "did conspire to communicate, deliver and transmit to a foreign government, to wit, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics . . . information relating to the national defense of the United States, with intent and reason to believe that the said information would be used to the advantage of said foreign government."[5]

The complaint then said that Joseph Cassidy "was acting as a double agent for the FBI. . . . The FBI has been aware of and has supervised Mr. Cassidy's activities as an apparent agent of the USSR during the course of the events stated herein." The complaint listed the details of all of Cassidy's meetings with Danilin and Likhachev, as well as the clearing of the drop sites in Florida by Lopez, sometimes accompanied by his wife. It ended by asking the magistrate to issue "a warrant for the arrest of defendants Gilberto M. Lopez and Alicia C. Lopez."

To all appearances, the espionage complaint and Parker's flight to Minneapolis were being carefully coordinated for the likely arrest of the PALMETTOS. According to Jack O'Flaherty, Cassidy's case agent in Tampa, the FBI office there was instructed to make a hotel reservation for Tafe. "I personally went over on lunch one day and made the reservation at the Sheraton, one block from the FBI office in Tampa." All the ducks were in a row.

But the bureaucratic wheels slowly turning in Washington mysteriously ground to a halt. With no explanation, O'Flaherty was told to cancel Tafe's hotel reservation. "I canceled it on Memorial Day weekend," he said.

Despite the about-face in Washington, Parker flew to Minnesota as scheduled, still determined to get a confession. At the same time, he arranged for Aurelio Flores to meet him in Minneapolis. "The undercover agent was there for a couple of reasons," Parker recounted, "mainly because of the shock value, and because he spoke Spanish."

Carmen Espinoza, an FBI agent from New York who was also fluent in Spanish, flew out to Minnesota to interview Alicia Lopez. Both Lopez and his wife spoke good English, but Parker was covering all bases.

When there are two suspects in a case, police and FBI agents normally try to interview them separately. One might break even if the other does not, and separate interviews make it more difficult for suspects to coordinate their answers to questions.

Espinoza, later an assistant U.S. attorney in Connecticut and a Superior Court judge in Hartford, was bilingual, born in Puerto Rico, and a graduate of Brown University and George Washington University Law School. “They needed a Spanish-speaking female agent,” she recalled. “My name popped out of the computer.” Espinoza had joined the bureau only two years earlier, and she was intrigued at the prospect of participating in her first espionage case.

In Minneapolis on June 3, Flores checked into the Sheraton Ritz and called the professor. Parker had scripted the scenario.

Flores sounded casual on the telephone. “I said, ‘Hey I’m in town, come on over.’ So he said, ‘I will.’ He came over to the room. He was glad to see me.”

“What are you doing here?” Lopez asked.

“I’m on a business trip, just passing through town.”

Parker and Dennis Conway were waiting in an adjoining room. After a minute, they knocked on the door. Flores let them in.

“Gilberto,” Flores said, “this is Phillip Parker and Dennis Conway, and we are all FBI agents.”

Lopez looked stunned.

“We showed him our credentials,” Flores said. “He turned pale. He looked like he was going to faint. We told him someone was talking to Alicia at this moment.”

Agent Conway read Lopez his rights. He was told he would be interviewed about his and his wife’s espionage activities.

Lopez stared at Flores. “He said, ‘How long have you been an agent? You just got a job with them?’ He may have thought the bureau somehow found out about him and approached me to help them. ‘No, Gilberto,’ I said, ‘I’ve been an agent since the first day I met you.’ That’s when he sat down.

“He said, ‘From the very first day that I met you, you were an agent?’ I said, ‘Yes. We knew you were a Soviet agent, and we made an effort to get close to you, and that was me.’ He kind of went into shock.”

Parker picked up the story: “He didn’t say anything at first. He was sweating. We said, ‘We know you’ve been working for the Soviets.’ He didn’t respond.

“We continued talking. Most of the talking was done by Flores, in English and Spanish. We used all the interview techniques—good guy, bad guy. Flores was being sympathetic, we want to get your side of the story. I was the bad guy. Aurelio was expressing sympathy for the plight of Hispanics in Mexico and in the U.S.”

Parker had come armed with FBI surveillance photos of Lopez and his wife clearing dead drops. He spread them out on the table. “We showed him the photographs after about twenty minutes. We wanted him to know we knew everything he’d been doing over the past seven years. We showed him surveillance logs, to persuade Lopez we’d been watching him for a long time.” The agents also showed Lopez three-by-five-inch bureau index cards listing the radio transmissions he had received from the Soviets. But it was the photos that seemed to do the trick.

“Soon after that he said, ‘Yes, I have worked for the Russians, I am working for the Russians, and I will.’ ”[6]

According to Flores, Lopez admitted he had been active in three countries. “He said he had been working for the Soviets, that he had worked for them in Mexico, the United States, and Calgary, Canada.”

Parker pressed Lopez for a motive. “He said, ‘It’s not that I love the Russians, it’s that I hate the United States.’ ” Lopez, Parker said, explained he had spied for the Russians “because of how the United States has treated Mexico, throughout history. And because of the way Chicanos are treated in the U.S.” Mexico, Lopez said, was a puppet of the United States; he had spied for the Russians because any enemy of the United States was his friend.

“He admitted it was him in the pictures,” Parker said. “He never admitted meeting Danilin in Washington. We talked to him about three hours. Some of it was, how do you like Minnesota, the weather. We would change the subject.”

Conway said the bureau hoped to turn the PALMETTOS. Once Lopez confessed, instead of being arrested, he might agree to work for the FBI against the Russians, becoming a double agent for the United States. Or as Conway put it: “Our main purpose was to try to flip the guy. We were trying to give him a break. We gotcha: You can go to jail, or you can work with us. It was a little more sophisticated than that, but that was the bottom line.”

It is a classic maneuver in spy cases and has often worked. In questioning an espionage target, the FBI will attempt—without making any actual promises—to lead a suspect to think he might be able to avoid prison by confessing or acting as a double agent. And sometimes such cooperation does get the suspects off the hook. In this case, Parker encouraged Lopez to talk but offered no guarantees.

“We would not say if he became a double for the bureau he would not be prosecuted. It would depend on the extent of his cooperation. If he turned over to us half a dozen recruitments by the GRU, there was a good possibility he’d walk.

“We’re not after you, we’re after the people who are running you. If you’ll cooperate with us, things will go easier for you. We didn’t promise him he would walk. We did not say we were going to arrest him.”

The FBI agents, Parker said, asked Lopez “when and how he was recruited and by whom. He would not say. He seemed on the verge of cooperation at various points, and we did what we could to make him roll over.”

While the FBI men were questioning Lopez at the hotel, Alicia Lopez was simultaneously being interviewed by Carmen Espinoza and an agent from the Minneapolis office. The two agents had moved in as soon as Lopez had left for the hotel.

"They lived in a town house," Espinoza said. "We rang the bell, she answered. I went in, and we spoke in Spanish. We told her they were caught. We showed her surveillance photos of them making the drops, some with their child. She was hard as a rock. She was a tough cookie. She said we had fabricated the photographs. She didn't believe it. She wasn't going to say anything, and we're making all this up."

When Espinoza reported that Alicia Lopez was stonewalling, Parker decided to bring the PALMETTOS together. "We had told Lopez his wife was also being interviewed," Parker related. "At that point, we suggested he call his wife. We were at an impasse. He agreed to call his wife and ask her to come to the hotel.

"She showed up about half an hour later. She and her two kids were brought over by Carmen Espinoza and the other agent." Now there were nine people in the room, five agents and four Lopezes. "When Alicia walked in, her husband said, 'They know everything.' "

"Don't say anything," Alicia shot back.

Recognizing Flores, she embraced him. "She gave me a hug and a kiss," he recalled. "She said, '*¿Qué pasa?* What is this all about?' "

The PALMETTOS, of course, knew what it was all about. It was Parker's move. "We decided to leave them alone in the hotel room, and we went to eat," he said.

Parker wanted the Lopezes to have time together to talk over their predicament. But Parker was apprehensive; he had checked the windows in the room, which was on the fourteenth floor, and knew that they could be opened. "I was worried about a suicide pact," he said. "They're in the room, and they're saying, 'Oh shit, what are we going to do?' and they go out the window. That is not a nice thing to happen."

As soon as Parker had left the hotel, he went across the street to the FBI office and called Gene Peterson at FBI headquarters to report that Lopez had confessed. "I briefed him on what Lopez had said. . . . He said, 'OK, get it into a 302,' which is an interview report. I said, 'When do we get the authorization to arrest?' He said 'We'll get back to you.' "

In less than an hour, Peterson called back, having talked to the Justice Department. Parker shook his head at the memory of that moment. "Pete said they wouldn't authorize it."

Parker was crushed and furious. His disappointment was shared by Peterson, who had supervised the case for so long. The bureau had by then worked the overall operation for twenty years—the longest espionage case of its kind in the history of the cold war. Two FBI men had died. The Justice Department had refused to move unless Parker got a confession, and he had just gotten it. But still the answer was no.

The FBI agents returned to the hotel, but the Lopezes declined to say more. “Lopez said, ‘What are you going to do to me?’ We said we don’t know yet, or words to that effect.” Parker then told the Lopezes they could go.

Aurelio Flores said the news seemed almost disappointing to the couple. “They wanted to be martyrs, to go on trial. He [Lopez] said, ‘We want our kids sent back to Mexico, and we want to stand trial.’ They wanted the publicity.

“Alicia said, ‘Why are you letting us go, we could have a trial.’ She said, ‘Is this like a spy swap? The Soviets have somebody they are going to exchange for us?’ She said to Gilberto in Spanish, ‘Ask Aurelio, why are they letting us go?’ ” There may have been another reason why the Lopezes were scared, Flores said. “I think she was worried about what might happen when they got back to Mexico and had to explain to their handlers what had happened. She didn’t say that, but I felt that.”

Espinoza, too, remembered that the Lopezes were reluctant to leave, though for another reason. “They thought they were going to be killed if they walked out the door,” she said. “They didn’t want to leave. I had to convince them it was OK. Finally, they walked out and left.”

Parker knew the spies were slipping out of his grasp, but he was not ready to give up just yet.

The FBI continued to watch the couple. “The Lopezes were under surveillance from the time they left the hotel,” Parker said. Two days later, Parker got word that the Lopezes were leaving for the Minneapolis–St. Paul airport.

Lopez may have thought there was safety in numbers. Arturo Madrid, the chairman of the Spanish department, got a frantic call from Manuel Guerrero, Lopez’s colleague and friend. “He said, ‘Arturo, I need you to meet me at the airport.’ ” With another professor from the Spanish department, Madrid sped to the airport, where he met Guerrero. “Manuel said, ‘I can’t explain right now. I need you to come to the gate with me. Gilberto is leaving on a plane for Mexico City right now.”

The FBI agents conducting the surveillance had followed the Lopezes to the airport. With several other agents, Parker also drove to the terminal.

He found a telephone and called William O. Cregar, the assistant director of the FBI in charge of the intelligence division.

“They’re in the terminal,” Parker said. He pleaded with his superior in Washington to try to reverse the decision. “I’ll call back later,” Parker said.

“No, they’re not going to authorize,” Cregar replied.

Parker watched the Lopezes get on the plane.

As the airliner taxied toward the runway, he called Cregar again.

“We’ve got one chance,” Parker said. “They’re going to land in San Antonio. It’s not too late.”

“Forget it,” Cregar said.

It was clear that the conversation was over. Parker added, “I was not in a position to question Bill Cregar.”

Totally frustrated, Parker watched until the plane carrying the Lopezes was only a speck in the distant sky.

He alerted the FBI's San Antonio office, where Edward J. O'Malley was the assistant special agent in charge. "O'Malley had two of his biggest, toughest guys board the plane. One of the agents leaned over and said, 'Have a good trip, Mr. Lopez.' As the agents got off the plane, Lopez threw up."

Professor Rolando Hinojosa-Smith, the new chairman of the Chicano studies department at the University of Minnesota, was startled to get word that day that Professor Lopez had vanished. "I went to work one day, and all of a sudden I was confronted with a missing professor," he said.

No accurate explanation was given to Lopez's students for his mysterious departure. Another faculty member took over his classes.

Among the faculty, there was a good deal of buzzing over the unexpected, fast exit of Lopez and his family. Hinojosa-Smith reported Lopez's abrupt departure to Frank J. Sorauf, an eminent political scientist then serving as dean of the College of Liberal Arts. But Sorauf had apparently already learned something about what had happened, according to Arturo Madrid. Along with a few other colleages, Madrid knew that Lopez had been confronted by the FBI. Madrid recalled speaking with Hinojosa-Smith at the time.

"I remember saying to Rolando we really must protest this, this is outrageous," Madrid said. "And Rolando said, 'Well, I've already taken it up with the dean, who has informed me that Gilberto was operating as an agent of a foreign power.' "

In the days that followed, word spread among Lopez's closer associates on the faculty that he had somehow been involved with Cubans. It was a cover story encouraged by Lopez himself.

Arturo Madrid remembered running into Lopez a year later in Mexico. "I was in Guadalajara, and I saw Gilberto Lopez at a conference I was at," Madrid said. "He came up and thanked me profusely for having come to the airport that day. I kept Gilberto at a distance. I remember talking to my friend Jorge Bustamente. . . . I said, 'Be careful, he [Lopez] was acting as an agent of a foreign power.' Years later, Jorge told me what happened" the day Lopez and his wife fled to Mexico. "He said he had got a call from Lopez from San Antonio saying, 'It's a life-or-death situation, meet me at the airport in Mexico City.' He came off the plane white as a sheet, scared to death, looking all around, and they drove him to his father-in-law's house. He told Jorge he had been a courier for the Cubans and the FBI had shown him incriminating photos in which he was giving or receiving something from somebody from the Cuban mission to the UN, or the Cuban office in Washington."

When Gene Peterson had relayed the disappointing word from headquarters on June 3, Parker recalled, he said the Justice Department attorneys, in refusing to authorize the arrest, “had alluded to the entries in Austin.” Yet the department’s internal-security lawyers had known of the taps, bugs, and videos of the PALMETTOS before Parker ever went to Minneapolis to confront the Lopezes.

The decision to let the spies go was due in part to the complex legal issues involved but also to a confluence of external political factors. The PALMETTO case came at a time when the law governing electronic eavesdropping in espionage cases was evolving, and the government’s power to intrude in the life of the individual for purposes of national security was being reexamined by Congress and the courts.

Probably no murkier area of law existed at the time than that surrounding wiretaps, bugs, and surreptitious entries in foreign-intelligence cases. The FBI’s use of these methods reflected the long and continuing tension in America between liberty and security. The Constitution was designed to protect against government intrusions and violations of the rights of the individual. The FBI, with responsibility for catching spies and terrorists, focused primarily on its mission. And the courts tended to give the bureau more latitude in counterintelligence investigations against foreign targets than in ordinary criminal cases.

In 1936, President Franklin D. Roosevelt authorized J. Edgar Hoover to collect intelligence on domestic “subversive activities.” In 1940, Roosevelt approved warrantless wiretaps in such cases, as well as against spies. Wiretaps can be installed from outside a building, but installing bugs to pick up room conversations normally requires entry into the premises. Hoover, a bureaucratic master at protecting himself, pressed the Justice Department for permission to plant bugs in national-security cases, authority he finally won in 1954. In 1965, however, Lyndon Johnson’s attorney general, Nicholas Katzenbach, changed the rules; from then on, the attorney general would have to give written approval in order for the FBI to plant bugs.

Under Hoover, the FBI had carried out literally hundreds of “black bag” jobs—illicit entries—many to install bugs. Hoover ostensibly banned the practice in 1966 after a subordinate pointed out that burglaries were “clearly illegal,” but the break-ins continued. In any event, the prohibition did not apply to break-ins to plant bugs against or search premises of foreign targets.

Two years later, Congress passed the Omnibus Crime Control Act of 1968, which required court warrants for wiretaps and bugs in criminal cases. Congress said nothing, however, about national-security targets, a loophole that allowed such practices without a warrant in spy cases. The law also contained a disclaimer that said the statute did not limit the powers of the president to authorize whatever was necessary to collect foreign intelligence or to protect against foreign spies.

In 1972, the Supreme Court in *United States* v. *United States District Court for the Eastern District of Michigan,* known as the Keith case, barred warrantless wiretaps for domestic-intelligence purposes, but it was and has remained silent on the use of taps in foreign-intelligence cases. Between 1971 and 1976, when the various techniques were used against the PALMETTOS in Salt Lake City, Austin, and Minneapolis, the law was unclear on the status of warrantless wiretaps, bugs, and entries in espionage cases. During the early 1970s, the approval of the attorney general was required by Justice Department policy but not by law or presidential executive order.

In 1976, President Ford issued an executive order on foreign counterintelligence requiring the attorney general, then Edward H. Levi, to issue guidelines allowing warrantless taps and bugs in espionage cases with the approval of the attorney general. The guidelines were classified. In 1978, President Carter issued a similar executive order.

Finally, in 1978, Congress attempted to dispel some of the legal fog by passing the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act (FISA) and creating new machinery to govern eavesdropping and entries by the government in espionage cases. Since October 1978, when FISA was signed into law, wiretaps or break-ins to place bugs to eavesdrop on agents of foreign powers must be authorized by a special court.[7] This judicial machinery did not exist, however, when the PALMETTOS and IXORA were subject to electronic surveillance.

In the PALMETTO case, it was not entirely clear why the Justice Department raised questions about the FBI's entries at the eleventh hour, after Lopez had confessed. "The Justice Department knew everything about the case all along," Parker said. "I talked to Tafe about the entries."

Because some of the FBI's actions in the case had not been approved by the attorney general, Parker said, "we all knew it might be a problem. We knew that from the beginning, but we were willing to go to court with it. If DOJ [the Department of Justice] wasn't, why didn't they say that at the start?" Given the fuzzy state of the law at the time, Parker felt the department might well have prevailed had it chosen to prosecute.

In meetings with the Justice Department lawyers, FBI officials insisted that there had not even been any unauthorized entry in Austin. Some weeks before the confrontation in Minneapolis, Peterson recalled, he and Parker met with John Martin. "We told Martin unequivocally that nothing was acquired from any unauthorized techniques. There was no trespass."

Peterson's argument rested on the unusual physical circumstances in Austin, where a camera had been installed in a crawl space that was above but not part of the PALMETTOS' duplex. But the camera's pinhole in the ceiling, however minute, could be regarded as an "entry."[8] And the bureau's agents had gone into the Lopezes' house when they were away. On the other hand, since Lopez had freely sent a key to Aurelio Flores, it could also be argued that the entry was consensual. But a defense attorney would certainly maintain that the key had not been given to Flores so that his associates could copy Lopez's code pads and remove his shortwave radio.

Peterson said Martin was noncommital in response to his arguments and indicated he would take the matter under advisement. On June 3, Peterson said, after receiving word from Parker that Lopez had confessed, he went to see Martin again. "Martin said he could not approve prosecution because of the entry in Austin. Martin said something about the political climate not being right to prosecute where the use of the techniques is going to come out. John Martin had never lost an espionage case. That was a factor."

Bureaucratic confusion also played a part in the department's refusal to authorize the arrest of the PALMETTOS. In 1971, a message went out from FBI headquarters to Tampa and Salt Lake City informing both offices that President Nixon's attorney general, John N. Mitchell, had authorized an entry into the Lopezes' apartment at the University of Utah to install a microphone. Mitchell, Nixon, and the president's national security adviser, Henry A. Kissinger, were all briefed regularly on the progress of the PALMETTO case.

As a result of this message, the FBI agents who tapped and bugged the Lopezes in Salt Lake City believed they were acting under the authority of the attorney general. The message, however, was in error. There is no record in the FBI's files that the request for approval by the attorney general ever left the bureau.

In retrospect, it is clear that several external events, and politics, played at least as great a role in the department's decision as any points of law. It was the post-Watergate era; six years before, Richard Nixon had tried to use the CIA and the FBI to coverup a burglary at Democratic National Committee headquarters. Then, in 1975, the Senate intelligence committee headed by Idaho Democrat Frank Church had revealed abuses by the nation's intelligence agencies—drug testing on unsuspecting subjects, assassination plots, and mail opening by the CIA, and "black bag" jobs by the FBI. The intelligence agencies were on the defensive.

In April 1978, less than two months before Parker flew to Minneapolis to interview the Lopezes, a federal grand jury had indicted two senior FBI officials, Mark Felt and Edward Miller, for authorizing break-ins to search the homes of relatives and acquaintances of fugitive members of the Weather Underground.[9] "The government has to speak with one voice," said a Justice Department attorney who worked on the PALMETTO case. "We're prosecuting somebody at a high level in the FBI for illegal activities, then we're going to go prosecute a case where the bureau was doing the same thing?" The searches in the Felt-Miller case did not take place as part of a foreign counterintelligence investigation, however. But from a political viewpoint, prosecution of the PALMETTOS might have appeared inconsistent.

Finally, the espionage convictions in May of Ronald L. Humphrey, an employee of the United States Information Agency, and David Truong, an anti–Vietnam War activist, also influenced the department's response. Attorney General Griffin Bell had authorized the use of a video camera in Humphrey's office and a bug in Truong's apartment in Washington, both without warrants, but the attorney general had not approved the camera in Austin.[10]

Some weeks after the PALMETTOS had fled to Mexico, the Justice Department sent formal notice to the FBI of its decision not to prosecute the Lopezes, citing the wiretaps and entries as the chief reasons. The case had been reviewed by the deputy attorney general, Benjamin R. Civiletti. By that time, however, the horse was long since out of the barn.

There remained several unexplained aspects to the way the Justice Department handled the case at the end, allowing the two spies to escape. Phil Parker never found any of the department's explanations either satisfactory or clear. Nor was he told why the criminal complaint was never filed in Tampa. The bottom line was that the government permitted two Soviet spies to escape. For Parker, it was particularly galling.

Even two decades later, the Justice Department's decision to let the Lopezes go still rankled inside the FBI's National Security Division, which has responsibility for counterintelligence. John F. Lewis, Jr., who retired in 1998 as assistant director of the FBI in charge of the division, was blunt in his assessment. "Despite the years of intense investigation, a confession from the male PALMETTO, photographs of both subjects receiving classified information, and the loss of two special agents' lives, the PALMETTOS were allowed to board a plane in Minneapolis bound for Mexico on June 5, 1978."

After watching the PALMETTOS' plane disappear into the Minnesota sky, a gloomy Phil Parker drove back to town. There was one more chance to gather additional evidence against Lopez. "We wanted a search warrant for his apartment," Parker recalled. "The owner of the apartment said the commode was stopped up. We immediately thought Lopez had been getting rid of stuff."

But Parker and the other FBI agents were spared the indignity of delving into the Soviet agent's toilet. It was catch-22: "DOJ wouldn't authorize a search warrant," Parker said, "because there was no plan for prosecution."

CHAPTER: 18

ENDGAME

In the wilderness of mirrors that is counterintelligence, both sides now studied the shadows and reflections and engaged in intricate probability analyses of each other's stratagems. When an espionage operation goes bad, the intelligence agency responsible for the case conducts a damage assessment that normally explores multiple possibilities: The operation may have been betrayed by a mole or by a double agent; a spy may have practiced sloppy "tradecraft," such as neglecting to evade surveillance; or the opposition may have penetrated the agency's codes and communications.[1]

Back in FBI headquarters in Washington, Phil Parker decided to try to turn the flight of the Lopezes to the bureau's advantage. Perhaps their departure could still be used to sow confusion inside the GRU. "In their damage assessment, they would have to figure out where it went wrong," Parker said.

It had been more than five years since Lopez had appeared at Cassidy's last drop in Florida; the GRU, Parker reasoned, might trace the trouble back to Cassidy, but it might also logically assume that Lopez had been detected in more recent espionage activity. The FBI had followed Lopez north toward the Canadian border a year earlier because it thought he might be picking up material from real Soviet spies, not just from Joe Cassidy. "We had a strong suspicion Lopez was servicing others," Parker said.

The intelligence division believed, therefore, that the FBI's questioning of the Lopezes would not automatically lead the GRU to conclude that Cassidy was a double agent. For that reason, the FBI decided to try to keep Cassidy in play. Jack O'Flaherty recalled, "We had Joe try to continue to contact the Soviets and follow his instructions. And he did get some more messages."

Parker agreed that Cassidy should continue to try to maintain contact with the Russians. "There were so many potential scenarios as to how we got onto Lopez. We certainly didn't know what Lopez told them. Did he tell them he'd been approached by the FBI? . . . They [the GRU] could have thought it was tradecraft lapses," he said. "They might figure the FBI saw Cassidy meeting with someone from their embassy. The FBI could have followed Cassidy to Tampa and then picked up Lopez's trail."

And Lopez himself, Parker reasoned, would have fallen under suspicion in Moscow, since the Russians would not have known about the battle over the case between the FBI and the Justice Department. "The Soviets would have to wonder, Why did we let him go? We wanted to make them leery of why Lopez was allowed to leave the United States. We were hoping they would think Lopez had been turned."

Keeping Cassidy in play with the Russians presented other hurdles, aside from the possibility that the operation had been compromised once the FBI had confronted the PALMETTOS. In April 1977, six months after his last meeting with the GRU, Cassidy received an envelope through the mail with a fictitious New York City return address. The one-page letter in secret writing canceled the 1977 drops and meets with no explanation. It instructed him to wait for a postcard that would give the dates of future meets and told him to check for radio messages as well. In November, however, he received another letter terminating radio transmissions until further notice. In February 1978, the FBI passed word to its counterintelligence agents that it had learned that the GRU was freezing its agent operations in the United States pending a reevaluation. Cassidy might have been caught up in an across-the-board suspension of activities.

By late summer, however, Cassidy's link to the Russians seemed even more tenuous. On August 2, two months after the Lopezes had flown the coop, Cassidy received a plaintext greeting card from the Russians: "Departing for Europe, I'll get in touch next summer. Mike." The Soviets appeared, for the moment, to be keeping their options open. But the message could also be read as a good-bye note, which is how Cassidy took it.

"I was kind of down in the dumps," he recalled. "I figured this might be the end of it. Somehow my cover was blown. And I really didn't want it to end. It was exciting to me." Despite Cassidy's momentary gloom, the FBI instructed him to not give up and to try to keep in contact with the Soviets. The rock he had received at his last meeting in New York had contained instructions and specific dates for reestablishing contact should it ever be lost. The FBI approved a plan for Cassidy to attempt re-contact in New York the following year.

But a month before he left for New York, Cassidy found himself literally thrust into the public spotlight. It was an unnerving experience. Spies like to remain in the shadows, and they normally avoid attracting attention to themselves. Yet in September 1979, Cassidy unexpectedly ended up onstage with Kathie Lee Gifford at Disney World.[2] The son-in-law of Cassidy's old army buddy Woodrow James was appearing on the same bill in Orlando and had arranged a front-row booth at the show for the unsuspecting Cassidy.

At the time, Gifford had gained a measure of fame as the featured singer on the television game show *Name That Tune.* The Cassidys, enjoying the nightclub act from their ringside seats, were in for a surprise. "I didn't know it was a setup," Cassidy said. "She was singing and came and got me and said, 'This is my number-one fan, the president of my fan club.' She was on the TV show where you were supposed to guess the songs. She told me she would sing a little and when we get to the title you hum it." They would do this a couple of times, Gifford indicated, and then she would sing all the words, revealing the title to the audience. Flustered by suddenly finding himself in the glare of the spotlight, Cassidy blew it. The acting skills that had been good enough to fool the Russians for two decades failed him. He recognized the songs. "I sang the title," he said. "I did it each time."

In October, Cassidy drove to New York. On the last Saturday of the month, one of the alternate dates he had been given to reestablish contact with the Soviets, he once again waited in front of the antiques store in Brooklyn, yellow package in hand and pipe in mouth. He brought along a hollow rock containing the film of the emergency planning document and his report, in secret writing, of his trip to the nuclear-weapons depot in Charleston.[3] But no one showed, either that day or the next.

Cassidy made one last attempt. He telephoned the Soviet mission to the United Nations and asked for Mike.

"We don't have any Mike," he was told. "Nobody's here."

"Mike owes me a lot of money," Cassidy protested. "I want my money."

"Nobody's here," the operator said. "They've all gone to the beach."

Cassidy was skeptical of the explanation. "It was October!" he recalled. "So I went back to Florida. That was the end of it." It had been almost twenty-one years since Joe Cassidy had begun his risky career as a spy on a spring evening in Washington.

Not long afterward, the FBI learned that Mikhail Danilin had been posted to Canada. The bureau proposed a joint operation with Canadian intelligence. Under the plan, Cassidy would be sent to Ottawa and accidentally bump into Danilin. The GRU officer would immediately realize the encounter was no accident, that Cassidy was under American control. That in turn would jeopardize Danilin's own position: His prime source had turned out to be a double. "The hope was that Danilin, seeing Joe, might be impelled to defect," Jack O'Flaherty said.

The bureau contacted Cassidy, who was ready and willing to take part. "But the Canadians said no, the political climate was not right," O'Flaherty said. "The bureau then proposed that Joe just go on his own, but Ottawa said no to that, too."

Phil Parker pushed for the Canadian operation, though he did not really expect to turn Danilin. "I don't know that we thought he would actually defect. He seemed a pretty solid Soviet. There was no real hope in my mind that Danilin was going to roll over and start working for the FBI.

"But if Danilin ran into Joe, he would have to report it, and that would cause some disruption. The whole idea was to play with their minds. . . . It would make them wonder—at what point was the case under control of the FBI? From the beginning? After two years?" In other words, the GRU would wonder whether Cassidy had been a double agent from the start or whether he was a genuine spy for Moscow who had been detected and turned by the FBI.

Soon after the FBI proposed the operation to the Canadian service, however, Danilin left Ottawa. O'Flaherty wondered whether the Canadians had approached Danilin on their own and tried to "pitch" him to defect. Danilin would have been obliged to report the approach, and he would automatically have been sent back to Moscow.[4]

On September 16, 1980, Joe and Marie Cassidy journeyed to Washington for another secret award ceremony, this time at FBI headquarters. Cassidy's work was done. Once again, his case officers gathered to honor the man who had, in total anonymity, given so much to his country. Jimmy Morrissey was there, along with Donald Gruentzel, Jack O'Flaherty (resplendent in a three-piece suit), and Charlie Bevels.

Cassidy was presented with a simple certificate with a blue border. Its langauge was cryptic: "The Federal Bureau of Investigation expresses its appreciation to Sergeant Major Joseph Edward Cassidy for service in the public interest." The certificate was signed "William H. Webster, Director."

Webster also wrote a letter to Cassidy thanking him "for your accomplishments in the sensitive area of national security. You have over an extended period of time assisted FBI personnel in achieving our goal whenever called upon and your efforts were absolutely vital to our country's defense."

Marie Cassidy, too, received an award from the FBI, a gold plaque that read simply: "Marie Cassidy, in appreciation 6/68–9/80."

Near the conclusion of the ceremony, someone handed Cassidy his Distinguished Service Medal that General Abrams had taken back more than six years earlier at the Pentagon. With a self-conscious smile, Cassidy, now in mufti, posed for pictures holding a case that displayed the DSM, a gold eagle set against a blue background below a broad red-and-white-striped ribbon.

Now, at last, it was his to keep.

CHAPTER: 19

THE TURNING OF IXORA

By late June 1978, the FBI had been watching Edmund Freundlich, code name IXORA, the GRU sleeper agent in New York, for almost seven years.

Now that the PALMETTOS had flown back to Mexico, it was possible that the GRU damage assessment would affect IXORA. Although Moscow could not be sure how its operations had been penetrated, it might well choose to play it safe and cut its losses. IXORA could be pulled out of New York.

If the bureau was to make a move, the timf to act might rapidly be running out. The decision was made to approach IXORA and try to turn him into a double agent for the United States. That delicate mission was assigned to Special Agent James Kehoe and two other counterintelligence agents in New York City, Jack Lowe and Dan LeSaffre.

In attempting to turn IXORA, however, the bureau was taking a risk. If Freundlich chose to tell his Soviet handlers of the approach, his information would point to Joe Cassidy, who had been told to call Freundlich in case of war. It was possible, of course, that real Russian spies inside the U.S. government had also been instructed to call Freundlich if they detected military preparations for an attack, and in that case the GRU would not be sure that Cassidy was the problem. But, combined with the bureau's approach to the PALMETTOS, any tip by IXORA to the GRU would certainly have removed any lingering doubt about Cassidy's real allegiance.

James Kehoe, the case agent for the IXORA operation, was a tall, bespectacled New Yorker, gray haired and balding, and considerably older than the other two agents assigned to make the approach. A Fordham graduate, Kehoe was a veteran counterintelligence agent who had participated in the capture of Rudolf Abel, a KGB colonel who had slipped into the United States as an illegal. Abel, who had posed as a struggling artist in Brooklyn, had been convicted and sent to prison but had been traded in 1962 for the CIA's U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers.

Kehoe's partner, Jack Lowe, had known Powers. Lowe, a big man, blond and heavyset, had grown up in Norton, Virginia, where the U-2 pilot's father was a cobbler. Lowe had joined the bureau in 1972 and had been assigned to foreign counterintelligence in New York. As it turned out, one of the first drops Lowe covered was Joe Cassidy putting down a hollow rock.

Dan LeSaffre, the third agent, was six foot three and 210 pounds, an athlete and college baseball player from Methuen, Massachusetts. He graduated from Bridgewater State College, south of Boston, joined the bureau in 1972, and had been working in foreign counterintelligence in New York for two years. With LeSaffre at the wheel, the three agents drove to Broadway near West 230th Street, where Freundlich's car pool usually dropped him off, a few blocks from his apartment.

The three agents, all fairly big men, got out and surrounded IXORA at 5:30 P.M.They flashed their credentials.

"We want to talk to you," Kehoe said. "We need you to come to our office so we can talk privately."

Freundlich looked scared to death. "He volunteered to come with us," Lowe said, "but we were helping him volunteer. We had hold of his arm and were moving him toward the car. In the car, he was visibly shaken. Taking deep breaths, swallowing, hands shaking. He had that 'Oh shit' look. A lot of this was fear of the unknown—what's going to happen to me? When you are doing something over the years, you know it's wrong and that one day the knock may come on the door." For IXORA, it had come.

"He thought it was like what he had experienced in Europe. It took us a while to explain to him that we weren't going to kill him. We weren't going to harm him. We just wanted his cooperation."

The FBI men drove Freundlich to the bureau's office in Manhattan at 201 East Sixty-ninth Street. For maximum psychological effect, they took him upstairs to the offices of the special agent in charge. "We took him to the executive conference room outside the SAC's office, a very official-looking place. We began to talk to him. There was no video, no tape running."

The counterintelligence men knew this game very well. IXORA was trapped and fearful. "He is wondering was he caught because of something he did?" The agents painted a grim picture for Freundlich: The Soviets would never trust him now; they might even assassinate him.

Then the agents offered IXORA a lifeline. "Part of the conversation was to put him at ease, to show him there was a way out," Lowe said. "We'll protect you. There is a way out. We need to know the details."

As the evening wore on, gradually IXORA began to cooperate. "He said he had done some things for the Soviets, but not bad things. The turning took several months. It was a slow process over time—he did not tell us everything all at once."

Freundlich revealed astonishing details. If he received a warning that a nuclear attack was imminent, he was to flash the word to the Russians from a vantage point in the very heart of New York City.

"He was given a radio that worked and played music," Lowe said. But it was no ordinary radio. "When he got a call warning of military preparations, then he was to go to Sixty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue. Just inside the wall of Central Park, there was this huge rock. He was to climb up on the rock, take out the radio, and open the back."[1]

Under the rear panel of the special radio were buttons that activated a tiny transmitter concealed inside. It broadcast to the Soviet mission to the United Nations a few blocks away on East Sixty-seventh Street between Third and Lexington avenues. "He had a choice of one of five buttons. He would push the button that matched the number in the parol."

The radio buttons were in sequence, numbered 11, 22, 33, 44, and 55. If, for example, Joe Cassidy placed an order for twenty-two books, as he did early in May 1972, Freundlich would push the 22 button on the radio. Since the double-digit numbers signified single digits, his call warned of a military action in two days.[2]

IXORA was instructed to back up the signal he transmitted by placing a message in a dead drop. He could not show the radio to the FBI, because he no longer had it; he had returned it to the Soviets at their request.

The radio and the signal procedure posed some intriguing questions for the FBI's counterintelligence analysts. Was there an unknown number of real Russian spies out there? Or were there other sentinels in the United States like IXORA, with the identical mission, each outfitted with the same type of radio?

"We think IXORA was set up just for Joe," said one FBI man. The bureau's experts speculated that the Soviets would not have risked having other agents telephone IXORA, for fear that if Freundlich or one of the other agents was detected, the entire network of spies would be jeopardized. Yet IXORA had received a cryptic call in December 1971 that might have been some sort of warning, though IXORA never knew the identity of the person who telephoned him.

Former agent Robert Loughney believed there had to be other IXORAS as well. "Our theory is IXORA was one of several people," he said. "You have to assume they were not putting all their money on one horse."

Jack Lowe agreed. "There might be other IXORAS. We did not know of any others, but based on our knowledge of their operations we had to think there would be."

While it might seem incredible that there was a spy with IXORA'S singular mission, living inconspicuously in New York City during the cold war and simply waiting for the telephone to ring, it was not really surprising in retrospect. "It was at a time," Lowe noted, "when the Soviet Union was deathly afraid of attack by the U.S."

The initial questioning of Edmund Freundlich at the FBI office in Manhattan lasted for almost four hours. "We took him back home around eleven P.M.," Lowe recalled.

Now that IXORA had begun to talk, the FBI met with him almost continuously. "There were three and a half months of very intensive discussions," Lowe said. "We were trying to see him every other day." Little by little, Freundlich's motivation for becoming a spy, and the details of his recruitment, emerged. It was in Switzerland that he had first come to the attention of Russian intelligence.

"In the Swiss camps," Jack Lowe said, "one person he met gave his name to the Russians and said, 'This man might be of help to you.' He [IXORA] was easily manipulated, and found it hard to say no to people who asked him for favors.

"When he returned to Vienna at the end of the war, the Soviets came to him and said, 'We'd like you to deliver some letters, little things we can't do for ourselves.' He was receptive because the Communists had been kind to him. They paid him. And a big point in their favor—they weren't Nazis."

Freundlich was given espionage training before he came to America in 1968, and he also told the FBI he received additional training in the United States. He was shown how to leave signals, such as chalk marks on telephone poles, and how to fill and empty dead drops. He also had some minimal training in photography.

Before he left Vienna, he was given a tie by his Soviet handler in Austria. "He was to show up here wearing the tie, at one of the meeting sites," Dan LeSaffre said. "That was the parol."

Freundlich was not taken again to FBI headquarters in Manhattan, Lowe said. "We went to restaurants to meet him. . . . We went up to West Point one summer day and walked through the museum. We found a German restaurant nearby.

"We took a long weekend trip to Boston and toured Boston with him, solidifying the relationship." All the while, IXORA was revealing more. "He identified to us close to fifty dead drops, locations, and meeting sites. Mostly in the Bronx, some in Brooklyn. He showed us the signal sites."

In addition to waiting for a warning telephone call, IXORA also acted as a cutout, a conduit for letters. He told the FBI that when letters arrived at his apartment with a certain return address or other indicator, he delivered them to dead drops. In the jargon of Soviet intelligence, he was serving as a "dead letter box."

One meeting site in front of a theater in Brooklyn was what the Soviets called IXORA'S "constant condition site"—a location where a spy was instructed to show up, usually once a year, to indicate he was still alive and well.[3] The FBI encouraged Freundlich to continue to go to the site, though now the bureau would be watching. "In his case, he was to go to the site on Thanksgiving Day and simply stand there for about ten minutes," Lowe said. "A GRU guy would drive by and recognize him. To verify he was OK." The bureau assumed that the Russians had chosen Thanksgiving Day on the theory that the FBI's counterintelligence agents would be home eating turkey.

It fell to Dan LeSaffre, as one of the younger agents, to work on the holiday. "I covered the constant-condition site on several Thanksgivings because I was single at the time. We used a fixed location site, a Port Authority police office, catty-corner from the theater. A Jewish deli was open, and I went for corned beef or a hot dog. That was my Thanksgiving dinner."

In late July or early August 1978, about two months after the first approach to IXORA, the FBI was able, with his help, to establish the identity of Freundlich's GRU control. His name was Nikolai I. Alenochkin, and he was a Soviet intelligence officer undercover as first secretary and later counselor of the Soviet mission to the United Nations.

Alenochkin was identified through a photo lineup, Lowe said. The FBI agents met with IXORA in an Old Europe-style restaurant near his apartment and showed him a series of photographs. The bureau knew who the likely GRU illegal-support officers in the UN mission were.

Freundlich pointed to Alenochkin's photo. He had, as it turned out, met him twice. "Alenochkin came to his house one night, and they went into the bathroom to talk and sat on the side of the tub with the water running in the tub and the sink."

IXORA said he had also met Alenochkin at the constant-condition site in 1975 or 1976. Freundlich said he had not been active for two years and that it was at Alenochkin's request that he had returned the radio to the Russians. His only assignment now was to appear in front of the theater every Thanksgiving Day.

Sheila W. Horan, then a young counterintelligence agent in New York, worked on the IXORA case and got to know Freundlich. "Jim, Dan, and I took him to dinner several times. Not interviewing him, just talking about his past. We wanted to maintain the relationship. He, Freundlich, liked Jim very much.

"He was the ultimate Caspar Milquetoast. He had no friends, just his brother and his nephew. He had no outside interests whatsoever. Work and home, that was it. The perfect spy. He was not vulnerable to anything. Nobody would look at him twice." She paused and added, "He was a nice guy."[4]

Within a few months, after giving Freundlich a polygraph test, the FBI was satisfied that IXORA had been turned. He did not ask to be paid in his new role as an American agent. "He lived very frugally," Lowe said. "We'd slip him small amounts of money for expenses."

By early fall, the agents offered no objections when IXORA said he planned to visit London. When he returned, he proudly presented two souvenir nail clippers to Lowe and LeSaffre. "On the handle of the nail clipper there is the insignia of the Queen's Guards. He brought one to me and one to Dan. By which time he had told us a great deal."

Unknown to his family and to the Russians, "Uncle Eddie," the nondescript loner who commuted each workday to his low-level job at Pergamon Press, and who seemed to have no friends and no life, had just switched sides in the cold war. It was a triumph of quiet counterintelligence work by Kehoe, Lowe, and LeSaffre.

Without Joe Cassidy, of course, IXORA would never have surfaced. IXORA was an almost invisible man, an unremarkable man who would never be noticed in a crowd, who had escaped the Nazis, and whose mission in life was to climb up on a rock in Central Park and, if that dreadful day ever came, signal the start of World War III.

The GRU had all but dropped him, but the FBI had one more mission in mind for IXORA.

CHAPTER: 20

MOSCOW: A DEADLY SECRET

They came for Vil Mirzayanov early on the morning of October 22, 1992.

At 7:30 A.M., the agents from the successor to the KGB's internalsecurity arm closed in on his fourth-floor apartment at 14 Ulitsa Stalevarov in Moscow. The two-room flat was not far from the nerve-gas laboratory where he had worked, at the State Scientific Research Institute on the Shosse Entuziastov.

Mirzayanov let the men in only after they threatened to break down the door. His sons, Iskandar, twelve, and Sultan, four, were too young really to understand, but his wife, Nuria, a thin, dark-haired poetess, understood all too well. The Soviet Union had collapsed almost ten months before, but some things, including the dreaded knock on the door by the secret police, did not appear to have changed.

They arrested Mirzayanov and took him to Moscow's infamous Lefortovo Prison, where the interrogations began. A short, bespectacled man, whose mild exterior masked a tough, inner strength, Mirzayanov was a fifty-seven-year-old physical chemist who had worked in the top-secret Soviet nerve-gas program for almost three decades. As a senior researcher, he had been involved directly in the development in Moscow of the nerve gases that were tested and produced in the plants and military sites along the Volga basin. His specialty was mass spectrometry.

In October 1993, Mirzayanov, although no longer in prison, was awaiting trial on charges of having revealed state secrets. If convicted, he faced a sentence of up to eight years. He was taking an additional risk by agreeing to a series of interviews with the author, in which he talked in detail about Russia's chemical weapons and the history of its nerve-gas program.

In the late 1970s, Mirzayanov said, he began to have pangs of conscience. "It occurred to me I was engaged in a criminal enterprise. I had participated in the development of weapons of mass destruction. When I came to this conclusion, my work in the research institute became a struggle with myself." Although he had harbored these misgivings for years, it was not until Mikhail Gorbachev came to power in 1985 and relaxed some of the authoritarian controls of the Soviet state that he felt he could speak out.

"It was only during perestroika that I could share my views with other people. My wife knew, of course, but if I spoke to anyone else, the KGB might hear. So it was inside myself. I felt I was a member of a criminal gang and I didn't want to do this." Then in October 1991, Mirzayanov boldly went public in *Kuranty,* a Moscow daily.

In his brief but extraordinary article, Mirzayanov said not much had really changed; the KGB still controlled people in defense installations, telephones were bugged, dissenters destroyed or fired. “My own secret research institute in the center of Moscow has been poisoning people for decades by its harmful emissions,” he wrote.

Even as the nations of the world were completing work on a treaty banning chemical weapons, the article continued, Viktor Petronin, the institute’s chief, told his staff that “capitalism did not change, we have the same potential enemy, and that our civic duty is to consolidate the country’s defense power.”

Then, obliquely, and with no details, Mirzayanov dropped his bombshell: “The development of a novel chemical weapon was in full swing, the agent was tested on an open range in the most environmentally dangerous area.” He added, “So the question is, why are they trying to deceive the West?”

Amazingly, there was no public reaction by the Soviet government. But in January 1992, only days after the collapse of the Communist state, Mirzayanov was fired by the research institute. His older son, not understanding, taunted him. Why didn’t he go to work like other people? Their income cut off, the family was barely able to scrape by. Mirzayanov had a small pension, and his wife earned a little from writing. A Norwegian humanitarian organization contributed forty dollars a month, and the Carvallo Foundation in Cambridge, Massachusetts, gave him a modest grant in recognition of his moral courage.

Perhaps his background explains Mirzayanov’s willingness to take on the establishment at the cost of his career. He was a Tatar, a Turkic-speaking, mostly Muslim minority that historically has had troubled relations with Russia. In the thirteenth century, the Tatars mixed with the Mongol forces of Genghis Khan, and their very name became synonymous with the invading hordes. Mirzayanov grew up on the European side of the Ural Mountains and moved to Moscow as a young man. He studied chemistry and began work in the nerve gas program when he was thirty.

A month before his arrest, Mirzayanov and Lev Fedorov, a physical chemist, courageously coauthored a revealing article in *Moscow News* that elaborated on what Mirzayanov had hinted at a year earlier. As far back as 1987, the Soviet Union claimed to have halted all production of nerve gas, they wrote. But Soviet scientists, they continued, had developed in binary form the world’s most powerful nerve gas, which Mirzayanov later identified as Novichok, or “newcomer.”

Mirzayanov knew a great deal about the super nerve gas; his last job had been to measure air and soil samples around the research laboratory to see whether enough chemicals had escaped to enable the CIA or other foreign intelligence services to detect the presence of the new gas.

In the Moscow interviews with the author, Mirzayanov said that Novichok was“eight, may be ten times more toxic”than any nerve gas in the U.S. arsenal. Russia’s total stockpile of nerve gases, which the government had officially declared at forty thousand metric tons—the world's largest—could cause devastation equal to that of a major nuclear attack. "Tens of millions could be killed by the entire inventory,"he said.

Although he estimated that "probably less than a thousand tons" of Novichok had been produced, "theoretically several hundred thousand people could be killed" by even that amount of the deadly new gas, "if people have no protection and are out in the open. Even if they only breathe fumes they may not die but there could be terrible consequences. Nerve gas can cause mutations in the next generation and in future generations after that."

According to Mirzayanov, the super nerve gas was developed in 1973 by Pyotr Petrovich Kirpichev, a Soviet scientist at the research institute's branch at Shikhany, near Volsk. "The binary form was developed in Moscow, the substance itself was done in Shikhany," he said. Two years later, Kirpichev was joined in his research by Vladimir Uglev, who helped to perfect Novichok.

"Uglev claims the binary form of the gas can be produced in a garage," Mirzayanov said. "He exaggerates a little, but it is basically true."

Some of Novichok's properties cannot be measured, Mirzayanov said, at least by anyone who wants to live to tell about it. "In pure form the binary gas is colorless, and since it is lethal you would not want to taste or smell it." Was Novichok odorless? Mirzayanov was asked. "If you smell it you're dead," he replied, "so no one knows if it smells. It is basically invisible."

The effect of Novichok on humans was described chillingly by one victim, Andrei Zheleznyakov, a Soviet scientist exposed to only a residue of the gas in an accident in the spring of 1987 in the same Moscow laboratory where Mirzayanov worked. The two scientists were friends.

Zheleznyakov was a member of a select and secret group that tested Novichok at the institute. His job was to blend two components of the nerve gas and measure the temperature of the end product. The higher the temperature during the blending process, the more toxic the nerve gas. The test equipment was housed inside a fume cabinet to protect the scientists working outside it.

One morning in May, Zheleznyakov switched on the fume cabinet as usual, and something went wrong. He later described what happened in an interview with *New Times,* a Moscow magazine. "I saw rings before my eyes—red, orange. Bells were ringing inside my head, I choked." Gripped by fear, "I sat down, and told the guys: I think it has got me." His chief told him to go home and lie down, he would feel better. "They assigned me an escort, and we walked past a few bus stops. We were passing the church near Ilich Square when suddenly I saw the church lighting up and falling apart. I remember nothing else."

Mirzayanov provided additional details. When the accident occurred, he said, Zheleznyakov's chief "told him he was drunk and to go home and did not call an ambulance. They took him to the square and dropped him there. He fell on the street, a friend brought him back, and then they called an ambulance."

Zheleznyakov was taken to the hospital by KGB agents, who told physicians that he had been poisoned by eating bad sausage. The KGB agents made the doctors sign a pledge never to talk about the case. Zheleznyakov was kept in strict isolation. His heart was barely beating, and the level of cholinesterase in his bloodstream was close to zero.

After he had spent eighteen days in intensive care, the doctors managed to save his life. But he was left totally disabled, diagnosed with, among other illnesses, cirrhosis of the liver, toxic hepatitis, and epilepsy. In July 1992, he died.

Unlike his doomed colleague, Vil Mirzayanov did not work on the final, binary form of Novichok, but he participated in the development of A-230, one of the precursor chemicals of the powerful new nerve gas. The initial tests of Novichok, he said, were carried out at Shikhany and in Nukus, Uzbekistan, eighty miles south of the Aral Sea. The final military tests were conducted between 1986 and 1989 in Nukus, he added.

Without access to the top-secret archives of the Soviet nerve-gas program, it is not possible to know whether the nerve-gas formulas passed to the Russians by Operation SHOCKER led, directly or indirectly, to the development of Novichok. But there is evidence that information obtained by Soviet intelligence about the American nerve-gas program did influence Moscow's own decisions and efforts.

Vil Mirzayanov said that both the Soviet version of VX, known as Agent 33, and binary weapons, such as Novichok, "were developed in response to American programs and Soviet intelligence. I sometimes saw intelligence information, sourced to American sources but not to individuals. No other country had nerve-gas research. We even knew what chemicals were developed in what laboratories.

"In 1965, when I started at the research institute, there was no talk of binary weapons. In the early seventies, work began here on binary. I think we saw some intelligence information." Some of that information could have come from the Joint Chiefs via Operation SHOCKER. Data about GJ—the nerve gas pursued but never attained as a weapon by American scientists—was passed to the GRU between 1966 and 1969; the formula supposedly would have produced a result in binary form.

Mirzayanov said that in the early 1960s, the Soviets obtained VX from the United States through intelligence and had synthesized it in Volgograd by 1963. "The people who did it got the Lenin Prize. Leonid Zaharovich Soborovsky was one, and a woman named Ia Danilovna Shilakova. She was the first to synthesize Agent 33. We know the formula for VX, but the Americans don't know our Agent 33 formula. Agent 33 is a binary weapon, a combination of two chemicals."

One reason that Mirzayanov risked all by going public, he said, was that the Soviets had concealed Novichok from the world. In September 1992, negotiations were completed in Geneva on the Chemical Weapons Convention, which requires participating countries to declare and then destroy all chemical-warfare stocks. The United States and Russia have signed and ratified the treaty. But as Mirzayanov noted, Novichok was not listed by Russia among the types of nerve gas it possessed.

Five years after signing the treaty, Moscow had still not acknowledged Novichok in its inventory of nerve gases. In 1998, however, a senior U.S. arms-control official, who spoke on condition of anonymity, confirmed the existence of Novichok. Although both sides have pledged to dispose of their chemical weapons, and began to do so after signing the Chemical Weapons Convention, the Russians still possess the unacknowledged super nerve gas—a weapon that, if ever produced in sufficient quantities, could be used to instantly kill millions of Americans.

Until Vil Mirzayanov spoke out, however, no one knew that the Soviets had developed Novichok. He was convinced that the reason the Russian government wanted to keep the existence of the powerful nerve gas secret was to avoid having to destroy it under the Chemical Weapons Convention.

On January 24, 1994, the closed trial of Mirzayanov began in Moscow City Court. He was charged with revealing state secrets. At the time that Mirzayanov went public, however, the laws dealing with chemical weapons were themselves secret. Mirzayanov and his lawyer argued that under Russia's new constitution, a person could not be convicted on the basis of secret laws.

Mirzayanov told the author that he was charged with violating part 1, the state secrets section, of article 75 of Russia's criminal code. "There is a top-secret list of what constitutes state secrets," Mirzayanov related. "As soon as you are put in prison, you are told there is such a list. I was shown the list once, so was my lawyer, but we were only allowed to keep it for one day and not copy it." It was, he said, "just like Kafka."

The scientist refused to participate in or testify at a secret trial. Predictably, three days later, Mirzayanov was arrested again and held for almost a month, this time at Matrosskaya Tishina, a maximum-security prison in Moscow.

U.S. Ambassador Thomas Pickering issued a statement in support of Mirzayanov, protesting that "someone could be either prosecuted or persecuted for telling the truth about an activity which is contrary to a treaty obligation of a foreign government."

Around the world, human-rights activists rallied to Mirzayanov's cause. Their efforts were spurred in the United States by two determined women in Princeton, New Jersey, environmental activists Gale M. Colby and Irene Goldman, who bombarded opinion leaders, journalists, members of Congress and others with faxes and updates on the Mirzayanov case.

Then in February, a month after the trial began, Mirzayanov was among the first persons to be freed from prison under a new habeas corpus law. He went home to Nuria and his sons, but the charges were not dropped. Finally, on March 11, Russia's chief prosecutor closed the case for what a spokesperson said was lack of evidence.

Mirzayanov was free. But the Russians still had Novichok.

CHAPTER: 21

CASSIDY'S RUN

In many ways, Operation SHOCKER was a microcosm of the cold war. Like so much that happened during that unique and dangerous period, it was conducted in secret. It ran for twenty-three years, which made it the longest espionage operation of its kind in the history of the cold war. It was marked by success, failure, triumph, and tragedy.

SHOCKER was a classic illustration of how the cold war was fought by the intelligence agencies of the two sides, largely unseen by the public. For more than four decades, the often dangerous games of espionage were played in the shadows. The opposing armies clashed in a silent war known only to the combatants.

Operation SHOCKER and the two cases it spawned, PALMETTO and IXORA, demonstrated both the lengths to which Soviet intelligence went to seek to penetrate America's defenses and the efforts of the FBI's counterintelligence agents to contain the threat and protect the nation's security. In the process, both sides experienced gains and losses.

SHOCKER, as this book has revealed, cost the lives of two FBI agents. It may arguably have placed the lives of many more Americans at risk by providing Soviet scientists with the formula for a secret, albeit unstable, nerve gas—information that might have proved useful or spurred the Russians to accomplish a breakthrough in that deadly field.

At the same time, SHOCKER achieved many of its intelligence goals. Ten Soviet spies were identified, including three illegals: the PALMETTOS and IXORA.[1] The surfacing of the illegals, rare in the annals of espionage, alone justified the lengthy counterintelligence operation, at least in the view of the FBI agents who ran it.

By the questions the Soviets put to WALLFLOWER, the FBI and the Pentagon discovered a good deal about what the Russians knew and did not know about American military strength and secrets. The United States also learned more about how the Soviets recruited and ran American agents and more about their tradecraft techniques as well, from hollow rocks, new chemicals for secret writing, and rollover cameras, to codes and communications.

In addition, the six Soviets sent to handle Joe Cassidy were kept busy running a controlled source, which left them less time to recruit and run real spies. From defectors and Soviet scientists now in America, the FBI obtained fragmentary feedback indicating that the Russians had wasted time and money trying to replicate or counter GJ, the nerve-gas formula fed to them by Joe Cassidy. But as Vil Mirzayanov disclosed, they also developed Novichok.

Operation SHOCKER was only one skirmish in a much larger war. Both superpowers were secretly working at full tilt to develop hideous nerve-gas weapons. If the sarin and VX brewed in the labs of Edgewood or the soman and Novichok produced in the plants along the Volga had ever been unleashed in war, millions of people might have perished. Few Americans or Russians knew about the secret research conducted and the nerve-gas weapons produced in their respective countries.

During the cold war, the world lived with the constant threat of nuclear annihilation. The essential insanity of the period was captured by a single, familiar acronym: The nuclear strategy of the United States, mirrored by that of the Soviets, was officially called Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD).

As the cold war has receded into history, the nuclear danger has diminished but by no means disappeared. Today, there is increased concern over the threat of biological and chemical warfare.The 1995 sarin attack in the Tokyo subways and the emergence of terrorism at home—including the bombings of the WorldTrade Center in NewYork and the federal building in Oklahoma City—have led to greater public awareness that the new peril might come not from the atom but from weapons of all kinds, including a droplet of nervegas or a microscopic anthrax spore.

The vulnerability of American civilians and the nation's military forces to chemical and biological warfare has become a politically volatile issue. Gulf War syndrome, the unexplained illness that has struck thousands of U.S. troops who served in the 1991 war against Iraq, is blamed by many veterans and at least some experts on exposure to nerve gas. After years of denials, the Pentagon admitted in 1996 that American troops might have been exposed to nerve gas when combat engineers blew up an ammunition dump at Khamisiyah in southern Iraq in March 1991.[2]

The political sensitivity of anything to do with nerve gas might explain why the Pentagon has refused to make any information available about Operation SHOCKER. The Defense Department, it can be assumed safely, does not want to explain why it approved passing *any* data about nerve gas to the Russians, especially information about a nerve gas for which there is no known antidote, even though the gas was never perfected and put into production.

One of the army intelligence agents who worked on Operation SHOCKER for many years had a son who served in the Gulf War. He spoke about the risks of the deception phase of Operation SHOCKER but would not allow his name to be used. Even so, he was extremely reticent and guarded in his comments, until suddenly he blurted out, "Wouldn't it be a shame if you killed your kid because of something stupid you did twenty years ago?"

Behind his comment were presumptions that the information passed from Edgewood to Moscow in some way enhanced the Soviet nerve-gas program and that the Russians in turn helped Saddam Hussein to acquire chemical weapons. But the extent of such aid is uncertain. Vil Mirzayanov has asserted that the Soviets gave Iraq Agent 33 and perhaps other chemical weapons, although he also said he was sure that Novichok was not sent to Iraq.

Some of the people involved in the Iraqi chemical-weapons program did study in the Soviet Union. For example, Dr. Emad el-Ani, a leading Iraqi chemical-weapons expert, studied at the Timoshenko Defense Academy, the Soviet chemical-warfare school in Moscow. And in 1995, Russia's Federal Security Service (FSB) said it had blocked an attempt by Lieutenant General Anatoly Kuntsevich, former deputy chief of Soviet chemical-weapons forces, to sell five tons of nerve-gas components to Syria. The FSB reportedly concluded that the chemicals were really destined for Iraq.

According to American officials, there is little evidence that Iraq received significant assistance from the Soviets in procuring or producing its supplies of nerve gas. One high-level U.S. arms-control official said that Saddam Hussein obtained the equipment he needed to manufacture nerve gas mostly from Western European companies. The chemicals themselves, such as ordinary alcohol and organophosphate compounds, are easily available. "It is probably not beyond the ability of a reasonable Ph.D. in organic chemistry to mix the stuff together," the official said. "It's not clear they would need help from the Soviets."

A CIA official cautioned that the agency had only fragmentary information on possible Soviet help to Iraq's nerve-gas production and added, "By the mid-nineteen eighties, they [the Iraqis] had pretty much indigenous capability. They did not have to go outside."

Charles A. Duelfer, the deputy chairman of the United Nations Special Commission (UNSCOM), which was created after the Gulf War to search for Iraqi weapons of mass destruction, said, "We have no firm evidence that there was direct Soviet involvement in the Iraqi chemical program. . . . Which is not to say it didn't happen, but we haven't seen any direct evidence."

Few of the scientists on either side seemed to have many regrets about their role in developing nerve gas; Vil Mirzayanov and Saul Hormats were the exception, not the rule. "Millions of civilians will die if nerve gas is used," Hormats, the former director of development at Edgewood, said in an interview with the author. "We would kill a whole generation of babies." Hormats worked at Edgewood for thirty-seven years, and his views changed only gradually. "Had we gone to war with the Soviets in the nineteen fifties, CW would have been a decisive weapon," he said. "We would have won more battles, and less of our soldiers would have become casualties. My responsibility was to help our army fight the war with minimum casualties and the greatest chance of success. As for morality, is it more moral to kill a soldier, to disembowel him and leave him to die, or to have him take a whiff of gas and die in five minutes? Which is more moral? The immorality—and half a dozen generals would say same thing—is the sons of bitches who get us into war, not how the war is fought."

By the early 1980s, however, Hormats's opinion of nerve gas had changed sharply. "Because by then it was a war against civilians, the Soviet army would not be harmed. They had masks and protective gear. CW would not contribute to our winning the war. A chemical war in the fifties was moral; a chemical war in the eighties would have had no effect on winning the war and would only have harmed civilians."

Hormats, white haired and in his mid-eighties when interviewed, had lost none of his intellectual vigor. "War is a failure of democracy and of government," he said. "We ought to worry more about getting into wars, not how we fight them."

It is easy and even fashionable to say with the benefit of hindsight that the cold war was a useless conflict or that intelligence operations such as SHOCKER ultimately had no impact on the outcome. But those arguments overlook an essential truth. One does not have to resort to Reaganesque rhetoric about evil empires to understand that there is a critical difference between democratic institutions and totalitarian governments.

Indeed, the history of the twentieth century is the history of the battle between democracy and dictatorship, between governments, however imperfect, where the people rule and governments of the right or left whose rulers crush freedom to maintain their power. The cold war was a part of that larger conflict. It was fought, to a considerable extent, by the intelligence agencies on both sides. The men and women who carried out these operations believed they were doing what was right in that time and place.

Looking back, few regret the effort. Colin T. Thompson participated in the hidden war for several decades, mostly in Asia, as a clandestine officer of the CIA. He is a thoughtful man, far from a gung-ho defender of all of the agency's schemes and operations. But, reflecting on the cold war years, he asked: "What were we supposed to do? Let the Soviets take over the world?"

That same conviction—that somehow the battle needed to be fought, even if the victories were few and limited—motivated men such as Phil Parker, Jack O'Flaherty, Gene Peterson, Charlie Bevels, Jimmy Morrissey, Mark Kirkland, Tren Basford, and the other FBI agents who participated over the years in Operation SHOCKER.

But the central figure, upon whom the entire operation depended, was Joseph Edward Cassidy, a plain American soldier, who saw his duty and performed it without question even as it took over, and at times could have endangered, his life. None of the frustrations of the operation—the escape of the PALMETTOS, or the risky decision to pass information about nerve gas to the Russians—in any way detracts from his own service.

For twenty-one years, Cassidy successfully pretended to be a traitor to his country, an Aldrich Ames inside the United States Army. He played his extraordinary role to perfection and never once slipped up to betray his true loyalty. In an age of few heroes, Joe Cassidy was a genuine American hero.

"Cassidy," Phil Parker said, "had a good run."

During the life of the operation, more than 4,500 pages of classified documents, all cleared by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, were passed to the Soviets in exchange for hundreds of thousands of dollars. One former bureau official with knowledge of the case said the Russians paid their "agent" more than $200,000. The FBI would not divulge the overall cost of the operation.

Gilberto Lopez y Rivas and his wife resumed their academic careers after their precipitous return to Mexico in 1978. Their past remained a secret. But some of Lopez's former colleagues at the University of Minnesota later heard additional shards of information about the pair.

The story that Lopez was only helping the Cubans circulated after he left the campus, but Professor Rolando Hinojosa-Smith learned something more when he ran into Lopez at a conference in Mexico. "I went to teach creative writing at the University of the Americas in Puebla in the late seventies. He came down to see me because I was chairman of department, and he had left all of a sudden, and he apologized. But he said he can't come back to us. I said, 'Well, you broke a contract but that's not irreparable, it was only a summer course.' He said it was impossible for him to come back. He said, 'I'm a member of the Communist Party.' "

In the 1980s, Lopez gained media attention in Mexico as a firebrand anti-American activist. In May 1983, for example, after the murder of navy Lieutenant Commander Albert Schaufelberger, an American military official, in El Salvador, Lopez led a street demonstration of four thousand people that blocked rush-hour traffic in Mexico City for hours.

"The death of the North American is the natural result of U.S. intervention in the country," Lopez declared. "Latin American nations have the right to assassinate those people who meddle in internal affairs in a direct manner." The marchers outside the American embassy chanted: "If you don't want to die, leave Salvador."[3]

By the 1990s, Lopez had become prominent in Mexican politics as a leading member of the Party of the Democratic Revolution (PRD), the main opposition party of the left in Mexico.

In late March 1991, Lopez was in Moscow again, this time as a participant in a three-day conference on "Lenin and the 20th Century." Although the Soviet Union was only nine months away from collapse, *Pravda,* the Communist Party newspaper, reported the event in familiar phrases, referring to Lenin as "our great compatriot."[4]

While researching this book, the author discovered that Lopez was working at the Instituto Nacional de Antropología e Historia in San Angel, a section of Mexico City. At the time, his wife, Alicia, was teaching in the anthropology department of the Universidad Autónoma Metropolitana in nearby Ixtapalapa.

In a telephone conversation, Lopez was asked whether he would be willing to be interviewed. From his reaction, it was clear that the call came as a big surprise. "Well," he said carefully, "I have to consider my position here and that of my wife."[5]

It was pointed out that Lopez was safely in Mexico and could talk about whatever he had done if he wished. Besides, the cold war was over. Lopez said he would meet with the author if he came to Mexico, but he was not promising an interview. Soon afterward, Manuel Guerrero called the author from Minnesota. Lopez, he said, had thought about the request and definitely would not agree to an interview.

In 1997, Lopez was elected to the Mexican Chamber of Deputies, the lower house of the Mexican Congress. As a PRD congressman, Lopez became the spokesperson, and for a time the head, of the congressional commission attempting to mediate the conflict in Chiapas, where Zapatista rebels took up arms in 1994, calling for more democracy and Indian rights.

In the summer of 1998, Lopez accused President Ernesto Zedillo of escalating the Chiapas conflict and preparing to crush the rebels militarily. The federal and state governments, he said, "displace the Chiapas indigenous people from their communities, they massacre them; they pursue them; they torture them, and they jail them."[6] In July, when two U.S. diplomats were detained by suspicious villagers in Chiapas, Lopez called their presence "open meddling" in Mexican affairs.[7]

Until the publication of this book, Lopez's previous secret life as a Soviet spy was undisclosed. His term as a member of the Chamber of Deputies is up in 2000.

Early in May 1981, Freundlich, having cooperated with the FBI for three years, was asked by the bureau to approach his Soviet control, Nikolai Alenochkin. From the unexpected contact by the illegal, Alenochkin would immediately surmise that IXORA had been compromised.

Dan LeSaffre was IXORA'S case agent when the bureau orchestrated the approach. "Our objective was to get rid of Alenochkin," he said. "Once he's been approached by IXORA, he has to report it." And once he reported the contact, he might be sent back to Moscow.

"We did not expect to turn Alenochkin, a heavy-duty GRU man," said the FBI's Jack Lowe. "But it might cast a shadow on Alenochkin with his own people. It makes them rethink all the cases and freeze other operations."

Alenochkin was serving his third tour in the United States. He had handled IXORA in the 1970s and had returned to New York a little over a year earlier. The FBI believed he was the deputy resident of the GRU station inside the Soviet mission.

When an approach of this sort took place, LeSaffre said, the Soviet officer "would often go under 'house arrest.' . . . He would never be alone. There would always be someone with him, even to drive to the office."

From the bureau's point of view, there was a logical reason to disrupt the GRU's operations and attempt to force Alenochkin's departure from New York. True, he would simply be replaced. "But when you start replacing officers they are usually not as good," LeSaffre explained. "When you get rid of a top-grade officer like Alenochkin, you may get a lesser one in his place."

For the encounter with Alenochkin, Edmund Freundlich wore a tiny recorder for two reasons: so that the FBI's counterintelligence agents could gauge Alenochkin's reaction and to make sure that IXORA followed instructions and did not try to deceive the bureau.

The ploy succeeded. Alenochkin, who normally could have been expected to remain in Manhattan another two or three years, was abruptly recalled to Moscow on August 7, a little more than a month after IXORA approached him.[8]

Edmund Freundlich died in New York at age seventy-one on the day after Christmas 1990. His nephew, Robert, lived in a New York City suburb with his wife, Jill. They were flabbergasted to learn from the author that Uncle Edmund had been a Russian spy.

"I had a sense he had in some way been active pursuing his communist leanings," Robert said. "But I didn't know it involved doing anything that remotely approached espionage."

Jill Freundlich could scarcely believe that this kindly, avuncular man had a secret life. "Everybody loved Uncle Eddie," she said. "I have two children and there are several others in the family. He loved children."

When Jill and Robert Freundlich cleaned out Edmund's apartment, they kept few of his possessions. "There were many letters signed 'Amigo,' Edmund's unknown friend, that Robert found . . . ," Jill said, "but he threw them away."

There was one keepsake she recalled, however, that perhaps, in retrospect, revealed something of the inner life of the man who had survived the Nazis, then toiled at a nondescript job for Robert Maxwell while living a double life as a spy for Moscow, waiting for the telephone call that might signal nuclear Armageddon.

"He had his mother's notebook," Jill remembered, "with a four-leaf clover in it."

Mikhail Danilin was still working for the GRU in Moscow as late as 1993. According to a friend, he had broken a leg and then was hospitalized with a heart attack late that year. In 1994, he died in Moscow.

Boris Libman, who ran the soman plant for the Soviets after he was let out of prison, emigrated to the United States in 1990 and eight years later was living quietly in an East Coast city.[9]

Vil Mirzayanov, too, came to the United States in 1995, after all charges against him were dropped. He was admitted under a law that assists Soviet scientists in emigrating. His wife and sons joined him, but the marriage broke up. In December 1997, Mirzayanov married Gale Colby, the activist from Princeton who had rallied to his cause.

Robert Schamay, the FBI man who was pulled off the mountain to go to Minnesota in 1976, was shot during a bank robbery in Salt Lake City in 1982.[10] Schamay recovered from his wound and retired to the Sun Belt seven years later.

Charles Elmore, the young FBI agent who had translated the PALMETTO wiretaps in Minneapolis, won his desired transfer to California after the Lopezes fled to Mexico.

On August 9, 1979, he had just begun work for the day in the small resident agency in El Centro, California, 110 miles east of San Diego, when James Maloney, an employee of the federal job-training program, walked into the office with a shotgun and killed Elmore and a second FBI agent, Robert Porter, then shot and killed himself. Maloney had been arrested and questioned by the FBI seven years earlier after an anti-Vietnam War protest in San Francisco.[11]

Jack Lowe, one of the FBI agents who had helped to turn IXORA, was working at bureau headquarters in the 1990s. On his desk he kept a small gift, a memento to which no one paid any particular attention, a nail clipper bearing the insignia of the Queen's Guards.

Phil Parker retired to his native Virginia, where he worked as a security consultant. Joe Cassidy's case agents, Jack O'Flaherty, Charlie Bevels, Jimmy Morrissey, and Donald Gruentzel, have al lretired.O'Flaherty lived not far from the Cassidys, and their families remained close over the years.

Joe and Marie Cassidy retired anonymously to the Sun Belt, revealing to no one their double lives. They did not tell their friends and family; even Cassidy's own son and daughter knew nothing of his years as a spy. To their neighbors, the Cassidys seemed a typical older couple. Marie remained active in dancing and theatrics in the pleasant community where they lived, and Joe, to those who knew him, appeared to be a genial, retired army sergeant, just another ordinary American content to live out his golden years peacefully in the sunshine.

Julie Kirkland remarried and built a new life for herself in the far West. But she has never forgotten her years with Mark. Their sons are grown men now.

The government never formally acknowledged to her that Mark Kirkland died while working on an espionage case for the FBI. In April 1991, however, the bureau held a ceremony at its new Minneapolis field office at which both Kirkland and Tren Basford were given official recognition for their service. Julie and her children were there, along with Tish Basford and her son and granddaughter.

At the ceremony, a wall was unveiled in which the names of the two agents, and other FBI agents who had died in the line of duty, are inscribed. On behalf of Mark, Julie Kirkland received the FBI's purple cross, which the bureau gives to the families of fallen agents, and a citation. The citation did not say anything about national security or espionage, but she was told the truth informally. That day, Julie Kirkland said, "was the first I got the name of the case-PALMETTO. Dennis Conway told me."

The purple cross rests in a walnut box. The medal is a five-pointed gold cross that surrounds a medallion with a purple star at its center. It hangs below a white ribbon with a purple center stripe. Officially, the medal is known as the FBI Memorial Star.

A brass plate on the box bears these engraved words: "In memory of Mark A. Kirkland, Special Agent, Federal Bureau of Investigation, United States Department of Justice. In honor of Special Agent Kirkland who lost his life in a plane crash in Dewey

Lake, Minnesota, on August 25, 1977, while conducting an aerial surveillance for the FBI in connection with a highly sensitive matter. Mr. Kirkland's performance in this case was in the highest traditions of the Bureau and this special acknowledgment is presented in his memory. William S. Sessions, Director, April 26, 1991."

Julie Kirkland treasures the purple cross. She keeps it in a place of honor, on a shelf in the dining room of her home.

"I think I'll give it to my son Kenny," she said. "It means a lot to him. He was only three, but he remembers his father."

NOTES

CHAPTER 1

1. Williams and Jack Coler, another FBI agent, had both been killed in a June 1975 shootout at the Oglala Sioux reservation, the scene of a seventy-one-day siege in 1973 by supporters of the American Indian Movement (AIM). Dozens of AIM activists shot at the agents' car; one, Leonard Peltier, was convicted and sentenced to life. His conviction became a cause célèbre for Robert Redford and other supporters, including the Dalai Lama, who argued that Peltier deserved a new trial.
2. Minnesota was experiencing freak weather conditions that week. The day after the fatal crash, tornadoes ripped through Crow Wing, Wadena, and Otter Tail counties in central Minnesota, injuring seventeen persons. Some of the worst damage occurred in Brainerd, about a hundred miles from the crash site.
3. The exact cause of the crash may never be known. The National Transportation Safety Board, which investigates most aviation accidents, has no record of the crash. Betty Scott, an NTSB spokesperson, said that in 1977 the NTSB did not investigate crashes of planes flying on government business, although it sometimes does today. "Even though the plane was owned by an individual, if it was on official business, it would not be in our system."
4. Otto later rose to associate director of the FBI, then the number-two position in the bureau, and for nearly six months in 1987 he served as acting director after FBI chief William H. Webster left to head the CIA.
5. FBI agents are rarely killed in the line of duty. The *Tribune* story noted that the last two agents to die on duty had also been stationed in Minneapolis—Ron Williams and Jack Coler, killed in 1975 at Wounded Knee.

CHAPTER 2

1. Mrs. Pullman never lived in the house. She sold the ornate mansion in 1913 soon after it was completed; a few months later it was sold again, this time to the czarist government. It did not become an embassy until the United States recognized the Soviet Union in 1933.

2. Cassidy would have preferred a more exciting code name, but he had no choice; WALLFLOWER it was. Most FBI code names for individuals are chosen at random and have no special meaning.
3. Although the public was generally unaware of it, the army in those years operated its own nuclear power plants, including a plant at Fort Belvoir, used for research and training as well as to generate electricity. The Army Corps of Engineers built the plants in the early 1950s, mostly to provide power to military bases in remote areas. In addition to the plants at Belvoir, Idaho Falls, and Fort Greeley, Alaska, the army also ran a nuclear plant for the air force in Sundance, Wyoming, and one in Greenland, nine hundred miles from the North Pole. By 1973, the army was out of the nuclear power business, and the plants had been shut down.
4. Polikarpov, in this first request, asked for information about nuclear power, a much less sensitive topic than, for example, nuclear weapons. Often, an officer of the GRU or the KGB made an initial request for something even more innocuous—perhaps an unclassified telephone book or manual. If the potential recruit provided it, the officer would ratchet up a notch and ask for a more important document. From there, the officer might ask for secret information and offer to pay for it. Polikarpov was more or less following the traditional script.
5. Under government rules, the FBI was allowed to use the Soviet money it received in this manner to pay the actual costs of the double-agent operation. Any amount over that had to be turned over to the Treasury. One of the ironies of the espionage activities of the cold war is that the Russians actually ended up paying part of the cost of their own deception in SHOCKER. The money flowed both ways, of course; during those years, hundreds of thousands of dollars were paid by the CIA and other U.S. intelligence agencies to sources who were actually working for the KGB or the GRU, or equally for both sides.

CHAPTER 3

1. The code name changed over the years, partly for reasons of security but also to distinguish various phases of the case. The operation's first code name was CHOWLINE. Later, both the FBI and the army used the code name ZYRKSEEZ (the phonetic spelling of Xerxes, the Persian king who ruled in the fifth century B.C.).By 1971, the code name SHOCKER had been adopted by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the same year the FBI chose the code name PALMETTO for the University of Minnesota professor in what became the final stage of the long-running affair. Also in 1971, the FBI coined the code word IXORA for a startling offshoot of the case. To avoid unnecessary confusion, the operation is generally referred to here as

SHOCKER, the name used at the highest level of the Pentagon, although it was not a cryptonym used by the FBI.

2. There are some nuances and differences among the various terms. Not every double-agent operation, for example, involves transmitting false information to an adversary service.
3. S-2 was in charge of counterintelligence against the KGB in Washington. S-1, known informally as “Deep Snow,” handled Soviet cases of especial sensitivity. All three squads were supervised by Ludwig W. R. Oberndorf, “Obie” to all in the bureau.

CHAPTER 5

1. Of all of Cassidy’s Russian case officers, Danilin was the only one actually entitled to call himself “Mike,” since his first name, Mikhail, is the Russian equivalent of Michael.
2. Something went terribly wrong at Dugway during a nerve-gas test on March 14, 1968. Some 6,400 sheep were killed in two Utah valleys, apparently by a cloud of VX. Although the army has never officially taken responsibility for the sheep kill, it has skirted close to an admission. A month after the sheep died, the army said evidence “points to the Army’s involvement.” In January 1998, Colonel John Como, Dugway’s commander, said that a test of “a lethal chemical agent at Dugway . . . may have contributed to the deaths of the sheep.” Despite the army’s half denials, the government compensated the ranchers for their lost animals.
3. Atropine, a derivative of the deadly belladonna plant, is a principal antidote to nerve gas. Belladonna, which means “beautiful lady” in Italian, is a highly poisonous plant of the nightshade family with purple or red flowers. Another antidote is 2-PAM, pralidoxime chloride, one of a class of chemicals known as oximes that restore the normal action of cholinesterase. 2-PAM, however, is ineffective against soman (GD) after two minutes. Both atropine and 2-PAM, along with an injector, are contained in the MARK-I kits provided to U.S. troops.
4. The army’s chilling official description of sarin goes on to warn:
   Symptoms of overexposure may occur within minutes or hours, depending upon dose. They include: miosis (constriction of pupils) and visual effects, headaches and pressure sensation, runny nose and nasal congestion, salivation, tightness in the chest, nausea, vomiting, giddiness, anxiety, difficulty in thinking and sleeping, nightmares, muscle twitches, tremors, weakness, abdominal cramps, diarrhea, involuntary urination and defecation. With severe exposure symptoms progress to convulsions and respiratory failure.

5. Scientists express the degree of deadliness of a nerve gas with the term *LD* (for lethal dose) *50,* meaning the amount that will kill 50 percent of those exposed to it. The smaller the amount needed to reach LD50, the stronger the agent. For VX absorbed through the skin, the LD50 is ten milligrams for a 154-pound man. For skin exposure to soman, the LD50 is 350 milligrams.
6. In addition, the army in the mid-1960s had a wide variety of weapons capable of delivering both GB and VX, including 105 mm howitzers, 105 mm rocket launchers, and Honest John and Sergeant missiles. The air force had thousand-pound bombs containing 198 gallons of GB.
7. Phosgene chokes its victims and can cause death by asphyxiation. It was also rumored among the scientists at Edgewood that GC was a code sometimes used in military medical records for gonorrhea.
8. Iraqi scientists working for Saddam Hussein reportedly developed a nerve gas that is an analogue of GH, using isobutyl alcohol.
9. The precise way that binary nerve-gas weapons work is classified, but scientists familiar with them said that as the shell is fired, the contents push back in what is called a setback. The setback ruptures the disk that keeps the two chemicals apart. The rotation of the shell in the air mixes the two components. By the time the shell nears the target, the chemicals have mixed and produced nerve gas.

CHAPTER 6

1. The FBI’s official intelligence glossary defines disinformation as “carefully contrived misinformation prepared by an intelligence service for the purpose of misleading, deluding, disrupting, or undermining confidence in individuals, organizations, or governments.” Leo D. Carl, *The International Dictionary of Intelligence* (McLean, Va.: International Defense Consultant Services, 1990), p. 110.
2. The Department of Defense has declined to make any comment about Operation SHOCKER. For four years, the United States Army Intelligence and Security Command (INSCOM), in Fort Meade, Maryland, insisted in response to several Freedom of Information Act requests by the author that it had “no record” of Operation SHOCKER under that or any of the several other code names used for the operation over more than two decades. As far as the army was concerned, it never existed. At the author’s behest, Kenneth H. Bacon, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, asked the secretary of the army, Togo D. West, Jr., whether any information about the operation could be released. West ordered a review. On May 27, 1997, Bacon responded to the author, saying that the files had indeed been

located but remained classified and would not be released. When subsequently pressed, Bacon said, “There is a security issue here.” He declined to elaborate.

3. Strecker was assigned from 1965 to 1968 to the army’s Office of the Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence (OACSI, but often called just ACSI and referred to in-house as “ohax-see” or “ax-see”). His successor was Taro Yoshihashi.

CHAPTER 7

1. In 1985, Polyakov was betrayed to the KGB by the CIA’s Aldrich H. Ames, and three years later he was executed.
2. Although Danilin did not explain why the microdots were in plain text and the SW encoded, the logic was not hard to follow. If one of the hollow rocks left for Cassidy was somehow found-by a child playing, for example-the finder would not see the microdot, and the piece of paper would appear blank. Encoding the text of the SW provided another layer of security.
3. The dictionary had 413 pages set in two columns of type. The Soviets instructed Cassidy that the first three digits indicated the page number, always between 100 and 413, the fourth digit indicated the column, and the last two digits indicated the placement of the word.
4. Now, however, the code became a little more complicated. Because the fourth digit of his birth date was number 5, the number given to Cassidy always had a 5, 6, or 7 as the fourth digit, so that the sum when added to 5 would indicate column one or two. For example, one actual message Cassidy received contained the number 135685, which, added to his birth date, produced 198205, which meant the word “last.” The next number was 249692, which, added to his birth date, resulted in 312212, which led to the word “Saturday.” The message also included 152685, which, when added to his birth date, produced 215205, indicating the word “March.” Thus the numbers were part of a message scheduling a meeting in New York City for the last Saturday in March, 1975. The code was laborious to translate, but it worked.
5. Select Committee to Study Governmental Operations with Respect to Intelligence Activities, United States Senate, 94th Congress, vol. 1, “Unauthorized Storage of Toxic Agents,” p. 19. The dart, which the CIA preferred to call “a nondiscernible microbioinoculator,” was fired by a noiseless dart gun, accurate up to 250 feet. The victim would feel nothing when struck, and no trace of the microscopic dart would be found through any later medical examination of the dead person. The agency also stockpiled cobra venom.
6. Charles L. Hatheway, “Toxigenic *Clostridia,*” *Clinical Microbiology Reviews* 3 (January 1990): 71.

7. Whether the information about ricin was passed to the Soviets, either in the deception phase of SHOCKER or in a separate, parallel counterintelligence operation, is not clear. In 1985, Vitaly S. Yurchenko, a senior KGB official, told the CIA about Special Lab 100, a laboratory in Moscow where KGB scientists developed and tested poisons for operational use. The Russians may have thus extracted ricin on their own.

CHAPTER 8

1. Formerly Stalingrad, the river port city was devastated in World War II, but the surrender of Hitler's forces there in 1943 was the turning point for the Soviet army, which then went on the offensive along the eastern front.
2. In both the United States and Russia, the chemists in the pilot plants typically worked with small quantities and attempted to devise the processes that would take place in a full-scale plant. In a full-scale production plant, chemical engineers turned out nerve gas by the hundreds of pounds or tons. At Edgewood, nerve gases were tested initially in a process laboratory, even before the work moved to a pilot plant.
3. Pinacolyl alcohol combined with methyl phosphonofluoridate creates soman, or pinacolyl methyl phosphonofluoridate. The second chemical component of soman is identical to that used in sarin; only the alcohol is different.
4. Mirzayanov's theory about why the fish died might be correct, but full-scale production of soman had not yet begun in 1965, the year the fish kill occurred. The electrolysis plant that was needed to produce the necessary pinacolyl alcohol was still under construction at the time, and major production of soman at Volgograd did not begin until 1968.

CHAPTER 9

1. In May 1961, John M. Doar, an official of the Justice Department's civil rights division, was on the scene in Montgomery when the Freedom Riders were beaten with baseball bats and lead pipes at the Greyhound bus station. Doar also went to St. Jude's to investigate the threats against the hospital. Sister Miriam greatly admired Doar "because he protected St. Jude's. John spent part of one night by the switchboard with me listening to the threats. He had a set of earphones and could listen to the calls coming in." In 1974, Doar was counsel to the House Judiciary Committee that voted to impeach President Richard Nixon.

CHAPTER 10

1. In *From Russia with Love,* Ian Fleming, the creator of James Bond, popularized SMERSH as "the official murder organization of the Soviet government." In fact, during World War II, the Soviet army did have special units called SMERSH to spy on the armed forces, liquidate disloyal elements, and track down Nazi agents.
2. The KGB went out of existence after the collapse of the Soviet Union in December 1991. In Russia, the spy organization split into two principal parts: The Russian foreign intelligence service, the old First Chief Directorate, became the Sluzhba Vneshnei Razvedki (SVR), which carries out espionage abroad. The Federal Security Service (FSK, later the FSB) became the successor to the KGB's internal-security and counterintelligence departments.
3. Although the FBI sometimes conducts surveillances abroad in espionage cases, if it informs the local intelligence service, the risk of a leak increases. If it does not do so, and the foreign government discovers it, there may be unpleasant diplomatic repercussions. Moreover, the CIA is unhappy when the FBI operates in foreign countries, since foreign-intelligence operations are primarily its responsibility.
4. In recognition of his service, the Soviet government awarded a lifetime pension to his widow and money to his children, Oleg, the future spy, and his sister, Neonila, until they completed their educations. Likhachev's father-in-law, Ivan A. Likhachev, was a major player in the industrial development of the Soviet Union and ran the Stalin automobile factory for years. He was familiar with American automobile production and design, having toured all the major auto plants in the United States during the early 1930s. He had even worked at Ford plants in the United States for two years.

CHAPTER 11

1. Cassidy had thirty days' leave every year and could get away almost any time, but the Soviets may have reasoned that it would look normal for him to travel around holidays.
2. TP stood for "Tampa." He was also given another coded designation, TP510-OA. The last two letters stood for "operational asset."
3. Xerxes, the Persian king, was only indirectly the source of the code name. Peterson rode into headquarters every day with an FBI agent whose initials were F.X. and whose nickname was Xerxes. The name popped into Peterson's head as he was casting about for a new cryptonym. Although Peterson had his own reasons for the phonetic variation, the FBI sometimes deliberately skews code words to give them

added security. A mole inside the FBI who overheard the code name ZYRKSEEZ for example, would very likely look in files under the letter *X* and not find it.

CHAPTER 12

1. It was in October 1968, while Lopez worked for the Olympic Committee, that Cassidy attended the games in Mexico City and waited in vain in the barrio for the Soviet contact who never came.
2. Mexico: Editorial Nuestro Tiempo, 1971; 3d ed., 1979. The title translates as *The Chicanos: An Exploited National Minority.* Lopez has also been published in English. See *The Chicanos: Life and Struggles of the Mexican Minority in the United States* (New York: Monthly Review Press, 1973).
3. Although PALMETTO was the FBI code name for the Lopez phase of the operation, the term was used interchangeably to refer to the case, to Lopez himself, or in plural form to Lopez and his wife, Alicia.
4. Tetrahydroxyquinone is an organic compound used in chemistry as a titration indicator to detect the presence of barium and other substances.
5. One-time pads, usually no bigger than a postage stamp, are printed on nitrated cellulose, which burns instantly. A spy receiving a message in encoded five-digit groups first subtracts the random numbers on the one-time pad and then converts the resulting total into words from a matrix containing the letters of the alphabet. Each page is used only once and burned. Since only two copies of the pad exist, one in Moscow and one in the possession of the spy, the codes are virtually unbreakable.

CHAPTER 13

1. Whoever wrote the parol probably did not know English very well and used “That’s Rex” instead of “This is Rex. . . .”
2. The letter would almost certainly arrive after the attack had begun, making it only marginally useful. In a bizarre touch, if the date of the likely attack was more than a week in the future, Cassidy was instructed only to mail a letter to Freundlich rather than use the telephone at all. To the FBI, the Soviet plan did not make a lot of sense. Apparently, the GRU had much more faith in the postal service than do most Americans.
3. Ixora, often grown in greenhouses, is named after the Hindu deity Isvara.

4. Maxwell's financial empire was collapsing at the time of his mysterious death in November 1991. Maxwell, sixty-eight, disappeared during the night from his hundred-foot yacht in the Atlantic, near the Canary Islands. His body was found hours later, floating in the sea. Although Spanish authorities said Maxwell had died of a heart attack, his death was ruled a suicide by Lloyd's of London, which refused to pay his insurance. To support its conclusion, Lloyd's noted that Maxwell had asked his private jet to circle the yacht, the *Lady Ghislaine,* on November 4, the last full day of his life, as though in a final salute.
5. On November 14, 1991, shortly after Maxwell's death, *The Times* of London reported that the British Foreign Office was investigating allegations that the Soviet Communist Party had aided Pergamon Press financially by placing it in the category of "friendly firms" that were given priority in settling Soviet debts.
6. DEFCON stands for "defense condition." There are five categories of alerts. The lower the number, the greater the level of readiness. For example, DEFCON 5 is the normal state of alert; DEFCON 2 means war is imminent; and DEFCON 1 means hostilities have begun. On May 8, when U.S. forces went to DEFCON 4, the Pacific Command was already at DEFCON 3 because of the Vietnam War.
7. If officials at headquarters did weigh the risk, they did not communicate this to the Tampa office, according to Jack O'Flaherty.

CHAPTER 14

1. At the time, Americans were just becoming accustomed to security precautions at domestic airports. Six months earlier, on December 15, 1972, the FAA had imposed the rule that all passengers and carry-on baggage be screened by metal detectors and X-ray machines or searched by hand.
2. On the face of it, the parol seemed fairly wacky, since both Maryland cities were more than two hundred miles away. Perhaps Danilin, being unfamiliar with the geography of New York, simply stuck to locations he knew. On the other hand, in the unlikely event that the Soviet spy went up to the wrong person—not too many people would be walking around Brooklyn with a pipe and a yellow package—whoever was approached would certainly not recommend a movie theater in Rockville. Conversely, in the one-in-a-million chance that a real stranger came up to Cassidy and asked directions to a drive-in theater, his reply would be so baffling that there certainly would be no danger of Cassidy mistaking the person for his Soviet contact.

CHAPTER 15

1. At the time of the Pentagon ceremony the former U.S. commander in Vietnam was suffering from lung cancer, but it would not be diagnosed for another two months. He underwent surgery in June to remove his left lung but died on September 4, 1974, at age fifty-nine.

CHAPTER 16

1. The title of his dissertation was "Conquest and Resistance: The Origin of the Chicano National Minority in the Nineteenth Century (A Marxist View)."
2. "*Pachuco* is a term for a cool guy, a Mexican American in the 1940s who wore zoot suits and was considered a hipster," according to Lisa Navarrete, director of public information for the National Council of La Raza.
3. In 1993, the intelligence division was renamed the national security division.

CHAPTER 17

1. *The Washington Post,* July 31, 1997, p. A13.
2. There was reason to believe that the material passed to the Soviets by Joe Cassidy was not legally declassified. "If we did declassify a document passed to the Soviets," said one former counterintelligence official, "we would have to declassify every copy and every other document like it. If the Soviets ever managed to obtain a second copy stamped 'declassified,' they'd know we were playing games."
3. Even two decades later, with the cold war over, the two Justice Department attorneys were not eager to talk about the PALMETTO case. Martin refused to comment. Tafe, still a lawyer in the internal-security section, declined to speak on the record.
4. Under the 1972 Supreme Court ruling outlawing capital punishment, there was no death penalty for espionage from that year until 1994, when Congress, in the wake of the Aldrich Ames spy case, restored the penalty if certain criteria were met. (The Supreme Court restored capital punishment in the states in 1976.) Had the Lopezes been convicted of espionage in 1978, they could have been sentenced to a prison term of any number of years or life, but they would not have faced the death penalty.
5. The espionage statutes generally bar disclosure not of "classified information" but of "information relating to the national defense." Since 1951, documents have been classified by presidential executive orders, not by law. In practice, since the

1960s, the Justice Department has generally taken the position that data must be classified at the level of secret or above to fall within the definition of "national defense" information. But the statute does not require that the documents be classified. Under the language of the espionage laws, therefore, even if the material left in the rocks had technically been "declassified," that would not necessarily bar the prosecution of a person who retrieved it and passed it to a foreign power.

6. The official report that Parker filed afterward, known as a 302 report, summarized the interview: "RIVAS was shown photographs of both he and his wife engaged in espionage activities. . . . Upon viewing the photographs he stated, 'You have all of the evidence.' RIVAS further admitted that he was a Soviet agent. . . . RIVAS said he decided to work actively against the United States at a very young age. He explained that he could have become a terrorist or do nothing to help his country. But he decided to work for the Soviets in order to make a positive effort."
7. The requirement that the FISA court approve break-ins to conduct physical searches in foreign-intelligence cases, except in places such as embassies, was added to the law by Congress in 1994, following the arrest of CIA mole Aldrich Ames. Beginning in June 1993, the FBI wiretapped Ames's home with a FISA court warrant. On October 9, again with a FISA warrant, bureau agents entered his house to bug the rooms while the Ameses were out of town attending a wedding in Pensacola, Florida. During the same entry, the FBI also searched the premises and downloaded his computer without a warrant, acting on the authority of Attorney General Janet Reno. Had the case gone to trial, Ames's lawyer, Plato Cacheris, was prepared to test the warrantless search. Ames, however, pleaded guilty to conspiracy to commit espionage, and there was no court case.
8. Robert L. Keuch, a deputy assistant attorney general in the criminal division during the PALMETTO investigation, says he would take that view. "Once you've made a pinhole, I think you've entered."
9. Both were convicted and fined for violating the civil rights of the persons whose homes were searched; they were pardoned by President Reagan in April 1981.
10. Humphrey and Truong were convicted of spying for Vietnam. They were each sentenced to fifteen years.

CHAPTER 18

1. When the CIA began losing agents inside the Soviet Union in 1985, for example, the agency first grasped at the possibility that poor tradecraft by the agents or a code break explained the losses. Only much later did the CIA face up to the probability that there was a mole within, a Russian spy who turned out to be

Aldrich Ames. Partly because of the institutional reluctance to think the unthinkable, it took nine years to catch him.

2. The entertainer, then twenty-six, was billed as Kathie Lee Johnson at the time.
3. This time Cassidy did not conceal the rock at a drop site, since his instructions did not specify one.
4. Both the KGB and the GRU recalled anyone who had been pitched by a Western intelligence service, in order to remove the officer from any temptation. Failure to report a pitch was regarded as a very serious offense.

CHAPTER 19

1. The rock, as big as a house, is located to the north of a playground in an area of the park known as “The Dene,” a British term for a dune or sandy area near the seashore. The rustic shelter that sits atop the rock formation now was not there at the time that IXORA was active.
2. IXORA told the FBI that he had once sent a signal from the Central Park rock, but that he could not remember the date or the circumstances. Oddly, and for reasons IXORA never explained, he did not transmit from the rock after he received the warning call from Cassidy in May 1972; the watching FBI agents saw him go straight to a dead drop. After Freundlich began cooperating with the FBI in 1978, he was not asked why he had failed to go to the rock; the bureau did not want to compromise Operation SHOCKER by revealing to IXORA that it knew about the call.
3. The procedure is also known within Soviet intelligence as giving “a sign of life.”
4. Twenty years later, Sheila Horan, in Nairobi and wearing a white hard hat, became a familiar face to television viewers all over the world as head of the FBI team that investigated the August 7, 1998, terrorist bombings of the U.S. embassies in Kenya and Tanzania.

CHAPTER 21

1. The ten spies were the six Soviets who handled Joe Cassidy, IXORA’S control, and the three illegals. The six Soviet handlers were Boris M. Polikarpov, Gennady Dimitrievich Fursa, Boris G. Kolodjazhnyi, Mikhail I. Danilin, Oleg Ivanovich Likhachev, and Vladimir Vybornov. The seventh Soviet spy was Nikolai I. Alenochkin, IXORA’s handler. The three illegals were Gilberto Lopez y Rivas, and his wife, Alicia Lopez, the PALMETTOS; and Edmund Freundlich, IXORA.

2. A CIA report released in 1997 provided further details; the munitions stored at the site included 122 mm “binary sarin” rockets “filled with a mixture of GB and GF.”
3. “Leader of Protest March Calls U.S. Adviser’s Death ‘Logical,’ ” United Press International, May 27, 1983. Schaufelberger, thirty-three, of San Diego, was one of six members of a group assigned to El Salvador to coordinate military aid. He was shot in the head four times while waiting in a car for a friend on a college campus in San Salvador.
4. The newspaper’s account mentioned Lopez as one of four notable foreign speakers.
5. More recently, word filtered back to FBI headquarters in Washington that Gilberto and Alicia Lopez had divorced.
6. Associated Press, June 11, 1998.
7. The *Houston Chronicle,* July 31, 1998, p. A28.
8. The approach to Alenochkin was one of the last moves in Operation SHOCKER, which ran from its beginnings in 1958 until 1981, when Alenochkin was contacted by IXORA and Danilin left Canada. Within that time frame, Cassidy’s own role extended almost twenty-one years, from the day he was dangled to the GRU in March 1959 at the YMCA in Washington until his final telephone call to the Soviet mission in New York in October 1979.
9. His son, Michael, had preceded him. Because the family is Jewish, Michael, who is also a chemist, received permission to leave the Soviet Union for Israel. From there, he made his way to the United States. Libman then came to visit his son and received permission from the immigration authorities to stay.
10. Schamay and another FBI agent were depositing some evidence money in the bank, when the bank robber made the mistake of getting in line behind them. Schamay was shot in the shoulder but helped to subdue the man, Robert James Anderson, who was convicted and sentenced to twenty-five years for attempted bank robbery and ten years for assault on a federal officer with a deadly weapon.
11. Elmore thus became the third FBI agent to be killed, at least indirectly, in Operation SHOCKER; he had volunteered to go to Minnesota to work on the PALMETTO case as a way to get back to the West Coast.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

It was in 1991, a few months before the collapse of the Soviet Union, that I first heard fragmentary reports of an extraordinary espionage case that had lasted for more than two decades during the height of the cold war.

In the course of the operation, I was told, two FBI agents had been killed while engaged in aerial surveillance. Secret nerve-gas formulas had been passed to the Soviets as part of a massive but potentially dangerous deception operation. A Mexican couple was involved, but the Justice Department had allowed them to escape at the last moment.

Not one word of the dramatic case had ever been made public. It remained locked in the government's classified files. Researching the story would be, to say the least, a challenge.

I began to try. At the heart of the operation, I learned, was an American double agent. I found out that he was a noncommissioned army officer, but for five years, for perhaps understandable reasons, no one would tell me his name or where he was.

I did discover the identity of Mikhail Danilin, his principal Soviet control, however. With the support and encouragement of Mike Sullivan, the executive producer of television's *Frontline,* I went to Moscow in 1993 to try to find and interview him and to see if I could learn more about the case from Russian officials or files. Where to begin? There are no telephone books in Moscow, but through my contacts I was fortunate enough to find someone who knew Danilin and got in touch with him at my request. Word came back that Danilin was close to retirement but still worked for the GRU and could not speak with me. Still playing his role as a spy, Danilin claimed through my intermediary that "he had nothing to do with the case. It belonged to someone else."

I knew better, but the Danilin route was blocked. The Soviet Ministry of Defense refused to answer any questions about the case. Soon after I left Moscow, Danilin died. I later spoke with his widow, Margarita, but she declined to provide any information about him or his career.

The Pentagon was no more forthcoming than the Soviets. My requests for files under the Freedom of Information Act brought the misleading reply that the army had "no record" of the case. In 1996, I approached Kenneth H. Bacon, the assistant secretary of defense for public affairs, who was responsive and asked the then secretary of the army, Togo D. West, Jr., to review the matter. Secretary West agreed. After many months I was told that yes, the files existed after all, but, no, nothing would be released, for reasons of national security.

Around the same time, however, I learned the identity of the American double agent and gained his cooperation and that of his wife, who had shared his secret life. It was a major breakthrough in my knowledge of what the Joint Chiefs of Staff had called Operation SHOCKER. Over time, I was able to interview many former FBI agents, who gradually began to provide details of the case and its two offshoots, PALMETTO and IXORA. A number of Pentagon sources cautiously talked to me as well. The more I learned, the more I realized that SHOCKER was emblematic of how the cold war had been fought in secret by the intelligence agencies of the two superpowers.

All the while, I appealed to the FBI to open its case files and assist me in telling the story. Although some of the bureau's senior counterintelligence officials felt that with the end of the cold war the story could now be told, they were unwilling to help unless the army also agreed to make information available, and it refused. There the matter remained until finally, late in 1997, John F. Lewis, Jr., FBI assistant director in charge of the national-security division, broke the logjam. Beginning in the summer of 1998, Lewis and James T. "Tim" Caruso, head of the FBI section concerned with Russian intelligence, provided limited but valuable assistance that helped greatly in my understanding of the history of the PALMETTO and IXORA cases. They also made it possible for me to interview several current and former agents who might not otherwise have talked with me.

To research this book, I conducted some 450 interviews with almost 200 persons. I am indebted first and foremost to Joe and Marie Cassidy, who spoke to me at length and answered all of my questions with abiding patience and good humor. I shall always value their friendship and generous assistance.

Julie Kirkland, the widow of Special Agent Mark A. Kirkland, was enormously helpful and also earned my enduring gratitude. I am greatly indebted as well to Letitia Basford, whose husband, Special Agent Trenwith S. Basford, perished in the same plane crash.

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This is the eighth book on which I have been fortunate enough to have Robert D. Loomis, vice president and executive editor at Random House, as my editor. His talent is legendary, and deservedly so. I am grateful for his steadfast support on this book, which is dedicated to him, and for his friendship of more than three decades.

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—David Wise
Washington, D.C.
June 16, 1999

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

DAVID WISE is America's leading writer on intelligence and espionage. He is coauthor of *The Invisible Government*, a number one bestseller that has been widely credited with bringing about a reappraisal of the role of the CIA in a democratic society. He is the author of *Nightmover: How Aldrich Ames Sold the CIA to the KGB for $4.6 Million; Molehunt; The Spy Who Got Away; The American Police State;* and *The Politics of Lying* and coauthor with Thomas B. Ross of *The Espionage Establishment; The Invisible Government;* and *The U-2 Affair*. Mr. Wise has also written three espionage novels, *The Samarkand Dimension; The Children's Game;* and *Spectrum*. A native New Yorker and graduate of Columbia College, he is the former chief of the Washington bureau of the *New York Herald Tribune* and has contributed articles on government and politics to many national magazines. He is married and has two sons.

OTHER BOOKS BY DAVID WISE

NONFICTION

The U-2 Affair (with Thomas B. Ross)

The Invisible Government (with Thomas B. Ross)

The Espionage Establishment (with Thomas B. Ross)

The Politics of Lying

The American Police State

The Spy Who Got Away

Molehunt

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FICTION

Spectrum

The Children's Game

The Samarkand Dimension

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so many secrets, so highly classified, in such a short period of time.

CAPTURING JONATHAN
POLLARD

10:58:39
10:58:37
11-15-85
10:51:22

How One of the *Most Notorious Spies* in American History Was Brought to Justice

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SPECIAL AGENT, NCIS (RET.)

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The latest edition of this work has been brought to publication with the generous assistance of Marguerite and Gerry Lenfest.

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Jacket and chapter opening images include unclassified surveillance photos extracted from the NIS evidence video of 15 and 18 November 1985. —PETER BURCHERT

To my wife, Gail,
my best friend and the most loving person
I have ever met and for
my dear mother and father and
our entire family.

CONTENTS

Preface
List of Acronyms

1 A Dream Come True
2 Pollard Launches His Career
3 The Double-Agent Ruse
4 Pollard's Battle with the Navy
5 Red Flags
6 The Israeli Connection
7 The Point of No Return
8 A Thief in the Night
9 The Fall Guy
10 The Ten-Year Plan
11 Tall Tales
12 A Secret Tip
13 The Wheel Begins to Turn
14 The Beginning of the End
15 A Twist of Fate
16 Pollard Balks
17 The Confession
18 A Fatal Blunder
19 A Spy Left Out in the Cold
20 Unrepentant

21 No Time to Lose
22 Operation Foul Play
23 Israel Confronted
24 Guilty
25 The Damage
26 The Sentencing
27 The Aftermath
28 More Sinned against than Sinning?

Epilogue
Appendix
Acknowledgments
Notes
Index

PREFACE

Over the course of eighteen months, between June 1984 and November 1985, Jonathan Jay Pollard, an intelligence analyst working in the U.S. Naval Investigative Service's Anti-Terrorist Alert Center (ATAC), illegally took highly sensitive national security secrets from almost every major intelligence-gathering agency in the United States for the purpose of providing them to a foreign government. What he took, and subsequently sold to Israel—more than one million pages of classified material—would fill a six-by-ten-foot room with the stacks rising six feet high. No other spy in the history of the United States has sold so highly classified documents, in such a short period of time, as Jonathan Jay Pollard. Tragically, long before he started spying, the Navy had many opportunities to fire him but didn't. As a result, his espionage activity did irreparable damage to the national defense of the United States.

I was the assistant special agent in charge of foreign counterintelligence at the Naval Investigative Service's Washington, D.C., field office when the Pollard case broke wide open in November 1985. The account that follows tells the inside story of Jonathan Pollard, untold until now, and held closely by the government for the past twenty years. I interrogated Pollard and garnered the confession that helped lead to his arrest and subsequent conviction and life sentence.

Since 4 March 1987, controversy has swirled around the life sentence Pollard received. A handful of books and thousands of articles have been written, the majority of which denounce his sentence as unjust. What the public doesn't realize is that Pollard was a master of deceit and manipulation who repeatedly beat the system. Nor does the public realize the extent of the damage he inflicted.

Because his case never went to trial, and so much of the information surrounding it is still classified, over the years many unanswered questions have arisen. Uncertainty has fueled speculation, rumor, and lies, all fanned by the far-fetched stories Pollard himself makes up in his prison cell.

My goal in the following pages is to set the record straight. What bizarre behavior did Pollard exhibit that might have served as a red flag for espionage? How did security break down? What mistaken assumptions and leadership failures enabled him to continue ransacking America's defense intelligence? How was he really caught, and what went on inside the investigation? What did Pollard confess to immediately following his arrest and in debriefing sessions following his guilty plea? What other countries was he illegally involved with before and during his spying activities with Israel? What are the significant events of his life, while in prison, that keep him in the media today? What role did the so-called Weinberger memorandum play in Pollard's sentencing? These questions and many more will be answered for the first time.

The true Pollard story is a textbook case of a disastrous counterintelligence failure. To this day, it haunts the people who held top management positions in the Department of the Navy when Pollard was active there. But out of tragedy come lessons. In addition to presenting a behind-the-scenes account, my hope is to provide vital insight into how Pollard's espionage activities could have been prevented. I will consider my effort in writing this book worthwhile if it raises awareness about the need for vigilance on the part of those entrusted with protecting the national defense secrets of the United States.

It was after five years in the U.S. Marine Corps and eight years in city law enforcement —working undercover operations and then working on organized crime in the intelligence unit—that I joined the Naval Investigative Service (NIS) as a civilian special agent. (Although in the mid-1980s, during the Pollard investigation, the NIS was renamed the Naval Security and Investigative Command [and today is known as the Naval Criminal Investigative Service], to prevent confusion I will stick to the acronym NIS throughout this book.)

After joining the NIS, I was assigned to the naval base in Charleston, South Carolina. I found myself increasingly interested in the world of counterintelligence and counterespionage operations many times called double-agent operations. Foreign governments committing or attempting to commit espionage against the United States have always been a major problem. Double-agent operations are conducted and designated to identify hostile agents recruiting military personnel or civilians and/or handling walk-in, wanna-be spies; take up the hostile foreign country's personnel time by providing them with a supposed provocateur, who pretends to be a legitimate spy; and identify what are called essential elements of information that every hostile country targeting the United States is trying to acquire through volunteers or recruiting American spies and other means. Following some training I took my first stab at recruiting a double agent. His name was William Tanner, a civilian engineer working on submarine communications at the Naval Electronics Engineering Command in Charleston. Tanner convinced an East German intelligence officer that he was a spy who was willing to sell his nation's secrets for money. The officer, Alfred Zehe, was arrested, and a subsequent trial in Boston culminated in his incarceration. He was later released in the largest spy swap in history.

In 1981, three years before Pollard met his Israeli spy handlers, I was assigned to the NIS field office in Naples, Italy, to work criminal cases. From this base I worked counter-narcotic operations during several U.S. Navy ship port calls. Both the NIS confidential source and the host country's police source would attempt to buy narcotics from drug dealers, and the local or federal police would make the arrest. I had the opportunity to go to Israel with Special Agent Steve Einsel to work one of these operations, and while there we took the time to sightsee, traveling to the border at the Golan Heights, visiting Bethlehem and the Garden of Olives, and eating lunch in the community kitchen of a kibbutz on Israel's remote northern border. It was the trip of a lifetime. Little did I know there would come a time when I would draw on my experiences in Israel to coax a confession from a person who would become one of the most notorious spies in U.S. history.

Eventually, back in Naples, I was assigned as the squad leader for foreign counterintelligence. My squad and I recruited and trained a double agent for an operation we initiated against the Soviet Intourist Bureau in Rome. Operation Sackett Land was launched some two years before Pollard's arrest. Ultimately this operation would lead to the defection of a Soviet KGB officer to the United States. The information he provided to the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) and the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) about American spies working for the Soviets was invaluable. In an incredible twist of fate, what he told them indirectly caused Jonathan Pollard's wife to panic while trying to dispose of Pollard's stacks of classified information. This set off a chain of events that led to the arrest of both husband and wife.

The information presented in the pages that follow is an accumulation of facts taken strictly from unclassified sources: extensive personal interviews with NIS and FBI agents and navy brass who were personally involved with the Pollard case; public court records; unclassified reports of the navy judge advocate general (JAG) administrative investigation; NIS reports; debriefing reports following Pollard's guilty plea, all retrieved under the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA); and my personal recollections of Pollard before and during the investigation. The information contained in this book was submitted to the Department of the Navy's Office of the Chief of Naval Operations, Information and Personnel Security Section, for a pre-publication security review. The content was authorized for public release and officially stamped on 15 June 2005 indicating there were "No security objections to open publication."

In writing this book, my goal is not to demonize Israel and its intelligence agents, regardless of the strain in diplomatic relations the Pollard case caused between that country and the United States. This is a sad story of how a close ally made a terrible mistake and was caught. Nor is my goal to demonize Pollard. I have tried to present the information about this highly publicized spy without bias, based on the facts of the case. I hold no personal grudge against him. He continues to fight for his freedom with great determination and wide exposure, and that is his right. But the fact remains that he lost his way because of a misguided notion that it was okay to sell his nation's secrets. He took the law into his own hands to "help" an ally, believing that, when the time came, Israel would save him from capture. This was a fatal miscalculation. When it was too late, he found no one to turn to, and in a panicked last-minute decision, made in the heart of the U.S. capital, he drove through the gates of the Israeli embassy only to discover it offered no asylum.

ACRONYMS

AIPAC	American Israel Public Affairs Committee
ATAC	Anti-Terrorist Alert Center
CAF	Central Adjudication Facility
CIA	Central Intelligence Agency
Code 22B	NIS Special Operations Division (Counterespionage)
DCID	Director of Central Intelligence Directive
DCII	Defense Central Index of Investigations
DIA	Defense Intelligence Agency
DIS	Defense Investigative Service
DNI	Director of Naval Intelligence
FBI	Federal Bureau of Investigation
FOIA	Freedom of Information Act
HPSCI	House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence
JAG	Judge Advocate General
KGB	Committee for State Security (Soviet Union)
LAKAM	Lishka Lekisherey Mada (Israel Bureau of Scientific Relations)
MENAS	Middle East and North Africa Summary
NCIC	National Crime Information Center
NCIS	Naval Criminal Investigative Service
NFOIO	Navy Field Operational Intelligence Office
NIC	Naval Intelligence Command
NIS	Naval Investigative Service
NISC	Naval Intelligence Support Center

NOFORN	No Foreign Dissemination
NOSIC	Naval Ocean Surveillance Information Center
NPIC	National Photographic Interpretations Center
NSA	National Security Agency
ONI	Office of Naval Intelligence
PLO	Palestinian Liberation Organization
PRC	People's Republic of China
RAN	Royal Australian Navy
RASIN	Radio Signal Notations
SA	Special Agent
SCI	Sensitive Compartmented Information
SPINTCOM	Special Intelligence Communications
TF 168	Task Force (TF 168 conducted human intelligence positive military collection operations)
TS	Top Secret
WNINTEL	Warning Notice: Intelligence Sources and Methods Involved

CAPTURING JONATHAN
POLLARD

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10:51:22

Chapter 1

A DREAM COME TRUE

In early June 1984, a bespectacled nearly thirty-year-old man with a dimpled chin, chubby cheeks, and wavy, receding hair left his modest apartment in Washington, D.C., and walked two blocks to the fashionable Hilton Hotel, spread across seven manicured acres at 1919 Connecticut Avenue. In the lobby, a sumptuous space lit up by a massive crystal chandelier, he glanced around and located the person he had come to meet for lunch, a stranger to him until now. After a quick consultation, the two decided to eat in the Hilton's refurbished coffee shop, at a corner table where no one would overhear their conversation.

Hilton Hotel, Washington, D.C. —SHANNON OLIVE

It was a watershed moment in the life of this man—the first step in the culmination of a lifelong dream. For the guardians of America's national security, it was a disaster in the making. Jonathan Jay Pollard, a naval intelligence analyst, had recently been temporarily assigned to the ATAC, a newly established division of the NIS. As a watch stander, he was responsible for answering phones, interpreting classified information about potential terrorist activity, and writing draft reports for review before they were disseminated to the fleet. His position gave him access to the most highly classified material the defense intelligence community possessed.

His lunch partner, Israeli air force colonel Aviem Sella, was a striking, articulate man with a slightly pointed chin and a lean, trim build. A famed fighter jock and an Israeli national hero, he was the exact opposite of the bookish, baby-faced Pollard, who had been a social outcast for much of his life. Some said that Pollard was a wise guy and a troublemaker, a flamboyant, loose-lipped person who invited insults and basked in attention, whether positive or negative. The analyst claimed he was harassed because he was Jewish. Whatever the case, he had spent much of his life on the sidelines, and like many a sidelined youth, over the years he developed an active fantasy life. During his undergraduate years at Stanford University he told a lot of far-fetched tales, most notably, bragging to acquaintances about working for the Israeli foreign-intelligence agency Mossad and being a colonel in an elite Israeli army outfit. He dreamed of someday becoming a real spy. Now, after years of longing for it, his opportunity had arrived.

In the annals of spy lore, the encounter at the Hilton would have been laughable had it not led to such a disastrous result. Both the analyst and the air force colonel were wet behind the ears. Though, in the past, Pollard had tried to pass classified information off to various people, his attempts had been bungled. Despite all the big talk about working for Mossad, there is no indication that up to this point he had ever given someone classified information for money. As for Sella, he was a pilot and a student, not an intelligence operative. Currently he was attending New York University, working on his doctorate in computer science and raising money for Israeli bonds by lecturing about his combat missions. Sella was an excellent speaker, well known throughout the New York Jewish community for the riveting accounts he gave of his legendary exploits. But he knew little about the art of recruiting a spy.

When the two men met for lunch, both were nervous. Colonel Sella didn’t know what to expect from the figure sitting across the table from him. Sure, someone had sung Pollard’s praises, saying that he was a brilliant man and an ardent Zionist, but the person who made this claim was just a passing acquaintance. Was the colonel doing the right thing? Sella made up his mind not to say much of anything other than impressing the analyst with his background. He would just listen to what Pollard had to say and report it to his superior at the Israeli consulate in New York City, Yosef Yagur.

Although Pollard had his own reasons for being cautious, by nature he was less inclined to hold back. No sooner had they met than he pegged his lunch companion as the Chuck Yeager type, and his nerves began to settle. Before long, Sella was telling Pollard that he had shot down Soviet-piloted MiG aircraft over the Suez in 1969, and Pollard was addressing Sella as Avi. Anyone with Russian blood on his hands is all right with me, Pollard thought, and he began giving Sella a detailed description of the high-level access he had working for the ATAC.[1]

Israeli Air Force Colonel Aviem Sella. AP/WWP

Pollard cited specific examples of what he could get his hands on, including documents classified TS for top secret and SCI for sensitive compartmented information, the U.S. government's highest classification level.[2] He had access to classified materials housed at the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), the CIA, the National Security Agency (NSA), the Naval Intelligence Command (NIC), the Naval Intelligence Support Center (NISC), and the National Photographic Interpretations Center (NPIC), among others, and he knew how to exploit security "chasms."[3] The analyst was blunt: he wanted to work as an undercover agent for Israel. His ultimate goal, he admitted, was to immigrate to Israel, but for now he was willing to stick with his job and exploit holes in the U.S. intelligence system on behalf of the Jewish homeland.

Sella was stunned. What this fellow was telling him was so incredible and so bold that, thinking it must be a setup, the Israeli glanced around the room to see if anyone was watching. "I can't believe that security is so lax in the U.S. government," he said with a skeptical look.

Pollard, a nonstop talker, kept chattering away about his access, claiming that he could get signal intelligence in addition to technical information. His manner was so convincing that Sella in turn began to relax. No one could be this bold and sincere at the same time. Pollard must be telling the truth.

The colonel had already been authorized by Yagur to set up another meeting as well as a clandestine communications plan, but only if he believed Pollard to be sincere. By now, Sella was sold. This was a golden opportunity, one that he couldn't let slip through his fingers.

Leaning forward on his elbows, Sella said they were going to set up a communications link using pay phones near Pollard's apartment. The analyst should locate several phones and write down their numbers. Not wasting a second, Pollard catapulted out of his seat and told his companion to wait right there, he would be back soon. About twenty minutes later, he returned to the coffee shop with the numbers scribbled on a piece of paper and handed it over. Sella assigned each phone number a one-letter code from the Hebrew alphabet.[4]

The plan was that the colonel would ring Pollard up at his residence at a specific time and give him the code letter that corresponded to a given pay phone. As soon as Pollard heard the Hebrew letter, he was to hang up, go to the appropriate phone, and wait for Sella to call with further instructions.

The colonel told him to bring to their next meeting anything he could get his hands on about Saudi Arabia and Soviet air defense systems. He needed several samples of the types of classified material to which Pollard had access. Then Sella began pushing the button to test his companion. In June 1981 the colonel had led a raid on a nuclear reactor facility in Tuwaitha, Iraq. He had been only verbally briefed following the mission and was dying to see the damage inflicted. Could Pollard produce satellite photos of the outcome?[5] Sella figured that if there were any such photographs being held by the United States, they were probably coded top secret. That would be a good test of Pollard's claims.

When lunch was finished, the two men parted ways with a warm handshake. Sella promised he would soon be in touch.

If the meeting had started with nervousness on both sides, it ended with joint elation. The colonel was under the impression that he would be Pollard's operational case officer. This was far different from downing Soviet MiGs, but it was thrilling just the same. As for Pollard, he was in his glory. Although the issue of pay had not been mentioned, for years he had been dreaming about espionage, and now here he was, exiting the Hilton with a secret code already established, an Israeli war hero as his handler, and a virtual warehouse of highly sensitive defense material to disclose. And this was only his first meeting. . . .

Barely keeping his joy in check, he hurried home. Pollard had a girlfriend, Anne Henderson, with whom he shared everything. Before his encounter with Sella he had told her about it, saying this was his big chance to help Israel, and she had encouraged him to go forward with the meeting. Now, as soon as he walked through the door of his apartment, he spilled everything to Anne. His dream was coming true. Not only was he about to become a spy for Israel but also, he was convinced—though no promises had been made—Israel was going to pay him. He and Anne were on their way to a better life.

“Insider betrayal is the most dangerous threat to our national security and national economy.”

RON OLIVE
Special Agent, NCIS

11-15-85
10:51:41

Chapter 2

POLLARD LAUNCHES HIS CAREER

Jonathan Jay Pollard was born 7 August 1954, in Galveston, Texas, the youngest of three siblings in a close-knit, accomplished Jewish family whose patriarch, Dr. Morris Pollard, was a well-known research microbiologist. Before Jonathan reached his eighth birthday, Morris was offered a prestigious position as head of the Lobund Laboratory at Notre Dame University, and the family relocated to South Bend, Indiana.

A slender child with an inquisitive mind, Jonathan consumed books. He had a dimpled chin, thick brown hair always neatly combed from left to right, and full cheeks that were partially covered by owlish black-framed eyeglasses. Considered a sissy, he was an easy target at school. Bullies taunted him, chased him home, picked fights with him. As a result of the constant turmoil, his family decided to enroll Jonathan in a private Jewish school. There he flourished, playing the cello and reading every book he could lay his hands on.

His father traveled overseas extensively and often took the family along. While Jonathan was still in his early teens, they went to Germany and visited the concentration camp at Dachau. The experience shocked him, kindling a deep, enduring loyalty to Israel and the Jewish people. In 1970 Jonathan was accepted into the summer science school at the world-renowned Weizmann Institute in Israel. It was the most exhilarating time of his life, despite the trouble he had getting along with other students. One of his instructors alleged he was a troublemaker.

After finishing high school with honors, Pollard attended Stanford University, where he started using drugs and bragging about working as a secret agent for Mossad. Some of his classmates wrote him off as a kook, but others believed his crazy stories.

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Naval Intelligence Support Center —NIS PHOTO

Pollard graduated with a degree in political science and was accepted into the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts University in Boston. After attending Fletcher for two years, he failed to complete final papers in several courses and dropped out. This didn't matter to Pollard. The young man, whose only exposure to espionage at this point was likely to have been a John Le Carré novel or a James Bond movie, was eager to jump-start his career as a secret agent.

While looking for a job, Pollard came across an opening for a graduate fellowship with the CIA, headquartered in Langley, Virginia. The CIA called Pollard for an interview. At the time, the CIA was one of the few government agencies that required a polygraph examination of prospective employees. The polygraph questions were designed to uncover any circumstances that might make an employee susceptible to compromise or blackmail.

Pollard easily skated through the security questions. No, he had never had access to classified information. Yes, he had used Thai sticks and hashish one time, and had smoked marijuana—not on just a few occasions, but about six hundred times, between July 1974 and March 1978.[1] Needless to say, he was turned down for the job.

During the summer of 1979 Congress approved a grant for the navy to hire thirty intelligence analysts. Pollard applied for a position with the Navy Field Operational Intelligence Office (NFOIO) located in Suitland, Maryland, which was part of the NISC. Rear Admiral Thomas A. Brooks, U.S. Navy (Ret.), who was a captain at the time, informed me that he hired Pollard in September of that year as an intelligence research specialist to work on Soviet issues. Pollard, like most young analysts hired right out of college, had to be trained from the ground up.

His position required a security clearance for top secret (TS) and sensitive compartmented information (SCI) classifications. SCI clearances, which allow access to some of the United States' most closely guarded defense secrets, are given only to military and civilian personnel with a "need to know" for their specific area of concentration. Pollard also had to undergo a special background investigation ensuring that he was trustworthy and stable enough to handle such highly sensitive information.

In those days the Defense Investigative Service, or DIS (now called the Defense Security Service), had the responsibility of conducting background investigations for personnel requiring special clearances. Background investigations took an enormous amount of time, and by mid-November 1979, the DIS wasn't close to finishing Pollard's. His first assignment was to get a feel for how the Soviets were thinking by studying Soviet history, culture, and publications. He spent a lot of time at the Library of Congress conducting research while waiting for the clearance to come through. At the end of the month, Pollard was granted an interim TS clearance after a national agency check revealed no criminal background and no incriminating information from any of the agencies consulted, including the CIA, the FBI's National Crime Information Center and identification fingerprint division, and the Department of State's passport office.

On 7 December the navy special security officer who authorized SCI clearances provided Pollard's command with an interim waiver giving him temporary access to SCI as well. It is common practice to issue waivers; without them, commands could not immediately place hired personnel in the specific sensitive jobs they were initially hired for. In essence, however, this creates a "Catch 22" situation. The waiver would expire in August 1980, at which point, Pollard hoped, the background investigation would be complete. Immediately after being indoctrinated into several SCI programs, he was assigned as a watch stander in the Naval Ocean Surveillance Information Center (NOSIC), a component of the NFOIO.[2]

At one point during the background investigation, the DIS asked the CIA for any information it might have on Pollard. The CIA claimed—mistakenly, it turns out—that Pollard's right to privacy prevented it from releasing information on him.[3] Thus the DIS never learned that Pollard's application for a position with the CIA had been outright rejected.

This job was his first exposure to extremely sensitive national security information. With it, Pollard entered the rarefied world of which he had only dreamed as a child, a world where he could physically lay his hands on defense secrets that just a select few in the United States, the most powerful nation on earth, ever had the occasion to share.

Admiral Brooks remembered Pollard at this time as being an impressive, smart, knowledgeable young man. Nothing had showed up in the background investigation that caused concern about his employment. "The CIA," Brooks lamented, "didn't tell the navy they had kicked him out."[4]

At the time, Mr. Richard Haver was technical director of the NFOIO and the special assistant to then-Captain Brooks. Haver was the first person at the center to sense that

Pollard was a potential danger.

One afternoon in the late fall of 1979, Pollard approached Haver outside the NFOIO and informed him that he had contacts with the South African government. He expressed concern that the navy was having problems keeping track of merchant vessels and gunrunners operating out of the South Atlantic. Pollard offered to solve the problem; all he needed was permission to run a back-channel collection operation against the South Africans. His father had been the CIA station chief at the American embassy in South Africa, Pollard claimed. As a renowned microbiologist, Morris Pollard traveled extensively overseas giving lectures and attending conferences, and he was on the board of several government agencies, including the Defense Department. What his son told Haver was patently false—Morris did not work for the CIA, nor was he ever assigned to the U.S. embassy in South Africa. Jonathan also told Haver that he knew a South African intelligence officer from college, which was true.

Haver was taken aback, not least because Pollard's comment about his father was probably a downright lie. How could an analyst who was still wet behind the ears make such an absurd, brazen proposal?[5] Haver had heard many stories about Pollard during the time he was waiting for his clearance to come through. Apparently, he had impressed some people with his intellectual capabilities; others just thought he was an oddball.

Haver listened politely to Pollard's proposal, made some noncommittal answer, and promptly went to Captain Brooks, saying that he thought the analyst had the makings of a troublemaker and should be terminated. Brooks heard Haver out and told him he would look into the matter. Haver repeated his recommendation: Pollard should be fired, right then. After all, the analyst had been on the job for merely a couple of months. He was still on probation. All Brooks had to do was tell him his services weren't needed and that would be the end of it.

Captain Brooks had a background in military human intelligence. Rather than heeding Haver's warning about firing the analyst, Brooks decided that Pollard, because he had claimed to have a connection with South African intelligence, might be useful to Task Force 168 (TF 168), a secret outfit that ran operations to collect human intelligence for the navy. It operated under tight constraints and focused solely on collecting military intelligence from certain designated countries. The CIA coordinated its efforts and monitored it closely. TF 168, as I understand it, dealt strictly with positive intelligence collection, that is, using human sources to collect information.

In February 1980 Captain Brooks, apparently believing Pollard not to be a threat, turned him over to TF 168 as a possible recruit. Pollard was vetted by the outfit as a potential collection source while retaining his analyst position under Brooks. In vetting

Pollard, TF 168 did a background interview instead of a background check. During the interview, Pollard claimed to have applied for a commission to become an officer in the Naval Reserve. This was false. He also misrepresented his educational accomplishments, overstated his language ability, failed to mention his history of drug use, and, again, lied about his father's relationship with the CIA.[6] TF 168 hired Pollard on.

A month later a position opened at the NISC's surface ships systems division in Suitland, Maryland. Looking for a pay increase, Pollard applied for the position. Since his business with TF 168 was conducted on the side, he was able to work for both outfits simultaneously. He told TF 168 the story of his connection with a South African naval intelligence officer whom he had befriended in graduate school. Later the officer returned to South Africa, but not before introducing Pollard to the naval attaché at the South African embassy in Washington D.C.

In the late 1970s and early 1980s, the United States and most of the free world shut off South Africa from intelligence sharing because of that country's official policy of apartheid and the atrocities associated with it. The one democratic country that allegedly refused to do so was Israel. Intelligence information and media reports claimed that the South Africans were getting ready to test Jericho missiles capable of carrying a nuclear device, and that Israel was very much interested in the results.

TF 168, the super-sleuth command of the navy, insisted that Pollard not tell anyone about their association. Pollard turned right around and told no less than four supervisors in the surface ships division. Moreover, he could not resist bragging to his coworkers about his personal encounters with official representatives of South Africa.[7] Why, one might ask, did the man draw attention to himself with such reckless abandon? For, as it turns out, Pollard was engaging in more than just braggadocio. In fact, it was at this stage of his career that he first passed highly classified information to someone who had no need to know.

During his debrief session in July 1986 following his arrest and guilty plea, Pollard "said he approached the South Africans on his own initiative (1979/80) in order to obtain information on a Soviet ship transiting the South Atlantic that was of interest to the U.S. Navy. Pollard was given a photograph of the ship in question by the South African, and Pollard later gave the South African a photograph of a Soviet submarine stationed at Luanda (Pollard obtained the photograph from work). Pollard said he reported this contact to his Navy supervisor and was later put in contact with TF 168, which wanted to collect information on South Africa through Pollard."[8]

Pollard hoped to convince the navy of his established relationship and therefore be given permission to mount an operation against the South Africans. It was after these contacts with South Africa that he approached his supervisor. Pollard never revealed to the Israelis his prior involvement with the South African embassy.

Pollard later contended in court records that he had never passed classified information to South African government officials without authorization from his handlers at TF 168. He was trying to cover himself. In an unclassified portion of an NIS briefing report, however, he did admit to disclosing classified information, without authorization, to a South African representative. The information concerned foreign ship and troop movements, and equipment and shipment of aircraft involving three separate countries.[9] Pollard did this, he claimed, to curry favor with the South Africans.

In Pollard's sentencing motion before the court, his comments relating to his association with South Africa—with the exception of one sentence—were redacted. In reply to Pollard's motion, close to eight pages of the government's response were also redacted and classified secret because they provided specific details about involvement with the South Africans.

No evidence has ever shown that Pollard took money from any South Africans, and the U.S. government never charged him with passing classified information to South Africa. He seemed to possess a sense of inflated importance and a keen desire for recognition—traits the CIA's polygraph test hadn't detected. It was just a matter of time before his ego burst any remaining constraints and took to the skies.

In March 1980 Rear Admiral Sumner Shapiro, then-director of naval intelligence (DNI), met Pollard for the first time at a party commemorating the anniversary of the Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI). The affair was held at the plush Naval Officers Club in Bethesda, Maryland. Admiral Shapiro and his wife were fulfilling their duty in the receiving line, greeting people as they arrived, when along came Jonathan Pollard, accompanied by a young civilian friend. Planting himself in front of the admiral, Pollard began talking nonstop. Shapiro smiled and rattled off a few pleasantries, then turned to the next person in line. But Pollard would not stop talking. This kid is strange, Shapiro thought. Pollard almost had to be pried away from the receiving line. Later, the analyst and his companion approached the admiral again and rambled on for about half an hour.

It was obvious to Shapiro that Pollard was trying to suck up to the boss and impress his friend by talking with the DNI. He was "a young kid desperately seeking attention, very immature and loose with the truth," the admiral told me.[10] Though mildly annoyed, Shapiro didn't give the incident much more thought.

Around the time of that anniversary party, Pollard was growing increasingly distressed. He had laid out his plans to initiate a collection operation against the South Africans, and TF 168 wasn't listening. Pollard then demanded a meeting with the DNI to explain his plan of action. (Pollard evidently told the people at TF 168 that he personally knew the DNI, and if they didn't listen to him, surely Admiral Shapiro would.) TF 168 caved in to the pressure, and on 16 April 1980, Pollard showed up at Shapiro's door for a meeting.[11]

Somebody in the admiral's chain of command had decided this meeting was important enough to schedule. Word had filtered up to Shapiro that there was a young civilian analyst claiming to have had contact with a South African attaché. Because relations with South Africa were strained, South African operatives might be trying to penetrate the ONI. The last thing the admiral needed was some young kid playing James Bond.[12]

Present at the meeting were Admiral Shapiro's executive assistant, Commander Francis Carden, two representatives from TF 168, and two CIA representatives.[13] As soon as Pollard walked into the office, Shapiro recognized him as the guy from the party in Bethesda who had made a pest of himself.

Pollard launched into a detailed account of how he had visited South Africa while his father worked there, presumably under the auspices of the CIA—the same old tale he had reeled off to Rich Haver and Captain Brooks. "We've got a kook on our hands!" the admiral exclaimed after Pollard had finished his presentation and left the office.[14] At their first encounter Pollard had merely been a blip on the admiral's radar. Now Shapiro was worried. Had South Africa recruited this fellow? He would have to check Pollard out and get him under control.

The admiral ordered Pollard moved to a job that didn't require access to TS/SCI material.[15] Captain Brooks, informed of Shapiro's decision, immediately set the process in motion, informing the commander in charge of the NOSIC and the operations officer that he wanted Pollard moved out of the SCI environment.

According to the JAG manual investigation, arrangements were made to move Pollard within the same complex, to the Soviet/free world merchant ship division at the NISC, where he would be required to have only a secret clearance. During the same time period, however, Pollard was hired for the new GS-7 position in NISC-33 he had applied for previously. The problem the command faced was that in his new position, Pollard still needed an SCI clearance. He worked in the merchant ship division for merely two weeks before he formally changed jobs on 4 May 1980. He moved from his first position at NFOIO, a command dealing with operational intelligence, to NISC, where the focus was on scientific and technical intelligence.[16] Pollard was right back in the middle of access to SCI information. The ball was dropped somewhere along the line, and Pollard managed to beat the system—if only temporarily.

Meanwhile, in response to a request from Admiral Shapiro's office, TF 168 arranged to have the CIA assess Pollard's operational trustworthiness. The CIA evaluators spoke with Pollard and listened to his story, trying to determine the potential for problems were he to conduct operational activities. Afterwards they informed Admiral Shapiro that in their opinion Pollard was a risk and shouldn't be used in any collection operation. Precisely what they said is unknown because the full CIA assessment remains classified.

Admirals grow accustomed to people trying to butter them up. Sycophants pop up out of nowhere, and if an admiral is lucky, they vanish. Little did Admiral Shapiro know that the eccentric man who had tried to make a good impression on him in the receiving line at the Bethesda Naval Officers Club wasn't going away any time soon. The name Jonathan Pollard would come to haunt him for decades.

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Chapter 3

THE DOUBLE-AGENT RUSE

After Pollard became an analyst in the NISC's scientific and intelligence division (NISC-33), unbeknownst to anyone at his command, he began whisking TS/SCI material out of the office and taking it home. He would read the material and bring it back to work the next morning—but not all of it. Some remained in his apartment.[1]

Meanwhile, Admiral Shapiro, still struggling to find out what Pollard was up to, if anything, put in a call to Special Agent Sherman Bliss, deputy director of the NIS as well as Shapiro's special assistant for counterintelligence and investigations. Shapiro told Agent Bliss about the growing suspicion that Pollard had made overtures to the South Africans without the navy's knowledge. Could Bliss help clarify the analyst's activities? Bliss had an idea: the NIS could tell Pollard that it was considering using him in a double-agent role. Blindly ambitious, the analyst seemed keen on being a double agent. Whether he liked it or not, he would have to agree to undergo the assessment required of any candidate for the job. It was a promising ploy, and Admiral Shapiro promptly gave his authorization.[2]

Code 22B, the NIS's special operations division, was responsible for conducting counterespionage double-agent operations. Special Agent Kenneth Anthony, Code 22B's supervisor, had recently received orders to take over an NIS office in Japan, and because he was leaving in a few weeks, he assigned Special Agent John Odom, an operations desk officer with a lot of Code 22B experience, to be Pollard's case control agent. In an allusion to his impending departure, Anthony named the scheme Operation Swan Song and, for reporting purposes, assigned Pollard the code name Sy O Nara.[3]

TF 168 informed Pollard that the NIS was thinking of using him as a double agent. Pollard was ecstatic, no doubt under the impression that his talk with the DNI had borne fruit. When some eighteen years later I asked Bliss for his take on Pollard, he replied, "In my opinion, Pollard was a wanting spy with a budding 007 complex."[4] The NIS had to make this look good so as not to raise any suspicions that it was a sham. First, Pollard was officially transferred from TF 168 to Code 22B. Then, on 16 July 1980, he was introduced to his new case handler, Special Agent Odom.[5]

Getting Pollard on the polygraph was the only reason this scheme had been undertaken in the first place. Oddly, as it turned out, he didn't know that potential double agents had to submit to a lie detector test. Caught unawares, and having already committed serious security violations, the analyst wasn't prepared for the trauma that lay ahead.

The person chosen to administer the examination was Special Agent Milt Addison, the very man who had developed the NIS's counterintelligence polygraph program. He had a pleasant personality, but at six feet five inches tall, his imposing figure could intimidate someone answering questions with sensors attached to his chest, fingers, and arm. Before the encounter, Agent Anthony gave Addison a limited briefing, deliberately omitting the fact that Operation Swan Song was a ruse so that he wouldn't go into the examination with a biased opinion. Addison needed to have an open mind, unclouded by anything Anthony or Odom might tell him about the subject.

Hilton Hotel, Springfield, Virginia —RON OLIVE

In recruiting double agents, it was standard NIS operating procedure to meet in a secure, relaxing, quiet environment where a polygraph test and interviews could be conducted without interruption and without producing anxiety in the candidate. Odom contacted Pollard and arranged to meet him on 23 July at the Hilton Hotel, where I-395 crosses Old Keene Mill Road in Springfield, Virginia. Though he didn't want to scare Pollard, Odom did want to catch him off guard, and for that reason the analyst wasn't told beforehand that Agent Addison would be present to administer a polygraph.

Agents Addison and Odom were waiting for Pollard in separate adjoining rooms. Pollard arrived, entered Odom's room, and was informed of the procedure to recruit him as a double agent. Odom handed him a declaration of cooperation, which he would have to sign before going any further. The document read:

> I, Jonathan Jay Pollard, voluntarily agree to assist the Naval Investigative Service in a counterintelligence matter in the interest of the United States and to maintain absolute secrecy concerning this relationship. I understand that all information, equipment, funds, or other material obtained from a hostile service as a result of this operation are the property of the U.S. Government. Further, I understand and agree that I may be administered periodic polygraph examinations (lie detector tests) as a matter of operational security. This relationship may be terminated at any time by either me or the Naval Investigative Service. After termination, I will not disclose this relationship or any information acquired by me during it without the express consent of the Naval Investigative Service.[6]

Although the declaration said that he might have to undergo a polygraph, it didn't say that an agent was sitting in the very next room ready to administer one. Pollard signed the declaration with boyish zeal. No sooner was the ink dry than he was ushered into the adjoining room and introduced to Agent Addison. It would be a long ordeal for all, starting around six thirty in the evening and not ending until three thirty the following morning.

"It was the hardest polygraph I ever did," Agent Addison later recalled, adding that after the first series of questions, "Pollard went bonkers." That is, he began shouting and shaking and making gagging sounds as if he were about to vomit. Pollard repeatedly staggered into the bathroom. Although he may have had an upset stomach owing to stress, Addison believed that he was faking his sickness.[7] Addison assured him that he was free to stop the test at any time. Pollard agreed to continue, but he reacted negatively to every question.

The first set of questions concerned possible security violations: Have you given us any false or misleading information about your background? Have you ever had contact with a foreign intelligence agent? Have you ever provided classified material to an unauthorized person? Have you ever associated with a dissident or subversive organization? Have you told anyone about your contact with NIS?

The second set of questions involved lifestyle: Have you ever committed a serious crime for which you were not caught? Have you ever been involved with illegal drugs or narcotics?[8]

One of the strongest negative readings on Pollard's polygraph had to do with unauthorized contact with a foreign intelligence agent and providing classified information to an unauthorized person. He also fared poorly on counterintelligence questions asking whether he had given false or misleading information about his background. According to Addision, his reactions produced “very ragged” polygraph charts. Whatever lies he was telling, Pollard did admit, however, to prior drug use, making false statements, and making unauthorized contacts with the representatives of a foreign government.[9]

Addison tried everything conceivable to calm the analyst down, giving him soda, numerous breaks, anything he wanted, but no matter what he tried, it was fruitless. The agent explained that it was important to verify or refute certain information in the answers, but because of Pollard’s emotional reactions, Addison couldn’t get him completely through any question. In the end, Addison judged the entire exam “inconclusive,” meaning Pollard had been unable to clarify the gray areas. He would have to retake the test at another time. Alas, that time never arrived.

Following the test, Addison filled out a technical data sheet documenting the results. Never before in his eighteen years of conducting polygraph exams, he commented, had he formed such a strong opinion about someone’s need to seek professional medical help. Pollard should never be used as a double agent, Addison stated emphatically, nor should he be granted access to highly sensitive information.[10]

Pollard appeared to have developed an aversion to the NIS, and I believe it was this polygraph exam that precipitated it.[11]

On 24 July, Agent Addison briefed Agent Bliss and the NIS’s assistant director for counterintelligence, Special Agent Ronald Ruesch, about the polygraph session. The two agents immediately contacted Admiral Shapiro, informing him of the polygraph results and recommending possible courses of action. These included removing Pollard’s security clearances, firing him if it were administratively and operationally feasible, and getting him an emotional evaluation. The navy contacted Dr. Neil Hibler, a clinical psychologist with the U.S. Air Force Office of Special Investigations. He was the first psychologist to also become a trained investigator in the federal government. Dr. Hibler consulted with law enforcement agencies to help them determine candidates’ fitness for duty and counterintelligence. Based on his interview with Pollard, Dr. Hibler recommended that Pollard not be employed in an operational capacity. He further recommended that Pollard’s work-related access be temporarily suspended and he be assigned nonsensitive administrative duties.[12] Hibler provided Pollard’s command with the names of four mental health professionals in the Washington, D.C., area who had high security clearances. Any of them could perform a mental fitness-for-duty evaluation of Pollard.

Less than two weeks later, detailed polygraph reports—probably written by Agent Odom—were turned over to the NISC’s outgoing commanding officer, Captain Jean

Sheets, who in turn briefed Captain Chauncey Hoffman, prospective commanding officer of the NISC. The JAG manual administrative investigation* stated that neither man requested additional assistance from the NIS regarding Pollard's admissions about drugs, false statements, and unauthorized contact with the representatives of a foreign country. Nor did NIS director Captain Jerry Soriano look further into the matter.[13]

Later, after he'd retired as an admiral, Hoffman told me that initially he believed Pollard should be given the ax. Evidently Rear Admiral John Butts, commander of the NIC, informed Hoffman that this wasn't an option. I never discovered why the navy command was so reluctant to get rid of Pollard. It should be pointed out, however, that terminating civilian employees in the 1980s was perceived to be all but impossible. Most officers considered it a highly risky business, because if the employee sued and won, it was the officer who would pay the price. No officer wanted a lawsuit hanging over him on his watch. The fact that a lot of time and effort went into grooming new analysts might also help explain their reluctance.

At any rate, according to the JAG investigation, "The decision to allow Pollard continued access to secret material was based on the fact that while there were serious misgivings about his judgment, it was not clear that he represented a security risk of sufficient degree to warrant termination of all his access to classified information, which for all practical purposes, [would mean] his termination. It was the view of both Admiral Butts and Admiral Shapiro that Mr. Pollard was worth attempting to salvage, but only if the risks were kept to a minimum by reducing his access and keeping him under close monitoring."[14] Admiral Shapiro obviously didn't know that Pollard was in a new job that required TS and SCI clearances.

On 6 August, Agent Odom and NIS Special Agent Michael Barrett met with Pollard. According to the report they wrote up afterwards, he was "in good spirits. . . . At first he appeared to be somewhat on guard, but he soon relaxed and became quite talkative."[15] At this meeting Pollard was terminated as a double agent.

Toward the end of the month, Pollard's commanding officer informed him he was being reassigned to less sensitive duties, and he transferred from NISC-33, Soviet surface combatants, back to NISC-34, Soviet merchant ships. Pollard inquired if his new assignment was permanent. If not, could he return to his previous position? The command told him that was a possibility, but they made no promises.[16] On 28 August the analyst was formally debriefed from all his TS/SCI code-word programs and his clearance was reduced to secret.

In mid-September 1980, while the navy was trying to figure out what to do with Pollard, his one-year probationary period ended. For a non-veteran excepted civil service employee, it was a significant milestone. "Had he been fired for cause during that probation period, Mr. Pollard would not have had recourse to the remedies available to career employees under the civilian personnel system,”[17] Captain Laurence Schuetz later wrote in his report for the JAG’s administrative investigation. Two months later, Pollard was promoted to GS-9 and was earning more than eighteen thousand a year.

Pollard should have been fired or relieved of his duties for any one of the admissions he made during the NIS polygraph. It would have been within the navy’s rights to terminate the analyst without giving him a reason, though the people in charge of his case, admirals Butts and Shapiro and captains Hoffman and Brooks, might not have realized this. Certainly the decision not to lay him off didn’t arise out of stupidity or incompetence, for these were highly intelligent, accomplished officers. Perhaps in the end their decision was based on a sincere desire to give a brilliant young man who had the potential to be a great analyst a second chance. Unfortunately, not firing Pollard when they had the opportunity would be the worst personnel decision they ever made.

The reluctance of navy leaders to fire Pollard proved fatal for the national defense of the United States. It was a counterintelligence failure of catastrophic proportions, yet the signs of trouble were obvious from the very beginning.

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* A JAG manual investigation is an administrative investigation based on chapters II through VI of the Manual of the Judge Advocate General. The command having custodial responsibility for the material compromised convenes the investigation. The purpose of a JAG manual investigation is to answer, in detail, questions about the who, what, where, when, and why of the security violation. The JAG manual investigation gives the command an opportunity to make a critical review of its security posture. The terms JAG manual investigation, JAG manual administrative investigation, JAG’s administrative investigation, and JAG investigation will be used interchangeably in the text.

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Chapter 4

POLLARD'S BATTLE WITH THE NAVY

Pollard could have continued to work for the navy with a secret clearance and nothing more would have been said, but because he wanted his TS/SCI clearance back at all costs, it was imperative that he obtain an evaluation of his mental health. According to Mark Shaw in his book *Miscarriage of Justice*, Pollard approached his father for advice on which psychiatrist to choose. This, despite the fact that Pollard had the names of four security-cleared psychologists. Morris Pollard got in touch with an acquaintance who recommended Dr. Neil Pauker, based at Johns Hopkins. Pauker "saw Jay several times and pronounced him fit," Morris told Shaw.[1] (Pollard preferred for people to call him Jay.)

With this clean bill of health, Pollard was positive he would get his SCI clearance back. In October 1980 he provided Captain Hoffman, commander of the NISC, with a copy of Pauker's evaluation and informed him that he wanted his clearance restored immediately. Not so fast, Pollard was told. Because this was a navy matter involving fitness for duty, he would first have to receive an evaluation from one of the four previously mentioned security-cleared psychologists.

Not pleased with Captain Hoffman's response, Pollard filed a grievance against him on 3 February 1981, and addressed it to Admiral Butts, commander of the NIC. Though the navy redacted sections of the grievance, this is the gist of it:

> During the spring and summer of 1980 I was employed as an analyst by NISC-33, working on Soviet surface combatants. At this time I was also involved in a rather sensitive collection effort outside NISC that eventually resulted in my being turned over to the Naval Investigative Service (NIS) for reasons of personal safety. Due to the severe mental and physical mistreatment I experienced at the hands of NIS (they had apparently forgotten on whose side I

> was), I asked my branch head for help in extracting myself from what was fast becoming an intolerable situation.[2]

Pollard went on to complain about his transfer from NISC-33 to NISC-34. In failing to inform him that the transfer would be permanent, Captain Hoffman had not been forthright: "[H]is actions have . . . prevented me from advancing in my career, humiliated me in the eyes of my coworkers, caused me extreme financial hardship, and produced a degree of mental trauma in my life that I find unbearable."

Pollard claimed that because he had "agreed to this set of humiliating conditions under protest," he "should have received written orders explaining the actions expected" of him.

> Whether this latter oversight was committed unconsciously or not I have no way of determining, but it was a significant omission by the command and is the root cause of this grievance.
>
> Even though I was physically moved to NISC-34, organizationally I was still considered as filling a NISC-33 billet by the relevant branch/division heads seeing to the firsthand observations of my mental competency and the consequent expectation that I would be coming back to my old position in short order. In the meantime, however, another complication arose that affected a promotion I was due for in September. Both my former and then current supervisors had approved a grade jump from GS-7 to GS-9 as part of my career ladder advancement. I was not officially informed of this promotion until December due to the indirect intimidation of the responsible branch chief. . . .[3]

On 16 March Pollard received a memorandum from the NIC commander with his findings. "Based on a thorough review and investigation" of Pollard's grievance, Butts stated, "it has been determined the relief you seek cannot be granted." The actions taken by the NISC's commanding officer were in accordance with navy regulations and the policy of the Office of Personnel Management. The command, moreover, had the right to reassign an employee to a position of equal grade. "This decision is final and there is no additional right of appeal," Butts concluded.[4]

Pollard conceded, and in March and April had several appointments with an approved navy doctor. "Pollard is thoroughly capable of handling the duties of his job and does not represent a risk to security," the doctor concluded. He added, however, that "Mr. Pollard needed additional mental health therapy."[5]

After receiving the psychologist's evaluation of Pollard in late April, Captain Hoffman sent a memo to the navy special security officer, Captain Earl DeWispelaere, who handled all requests for SCI clearances, inquiring whether Pollard's adjudication process was still pending because there had been no response since December 1980. He wanted to be notified in writing concerning Pollard's current eligibility for an SCI clearance.[6] In early May Captain DeWispelaere sent Admiral Butts a summary of Pollard's history, and Butts in turn wrote to Captain Hoffman with DeWispelaere's comments:

> [S]ubject was given access to Sensitive Compartmented Information (SCI) based on a waiver granted on December 7, 1979. He was debriefed by the NISC Command Security Officer (CSO) on June 9, 1980, for [SCI compartments] GG/CY/CL/MA/DN . . . and on August 28, 1980, he was debriefed for [SCI compartments] SI/GG/TK/ES and placed in a non-SI [special intelligence] billet. His debrief occurred prior to . . . eligibility being granted. Accordingly, his case was closed and [is] not pending. An eligibility determination is not appropriate since the subject was not at the time of adjudication in an SI billet nor is he occupying one now.
>
> Commander, Naval Intelligence Command, makes eligibility determinations for access to SCI on all "suitable" nominees. Procedures for nominating personnel are contained in paragraph 1133 of the Navy Department. . . .[7]

In mid-May Captain Hoffman requested that Captain DeWispelaere make yet another determination about Pollard's eligibility. DeWispelaere responded once again, making his point as clear as possible: "He is not a suitable candidate for SCI access . . . accordingly, request submission of another individual to occupy SCI billet. . . ."[8] There were inconsistencies in the dates of employment entered on Pollard's personal qualification statement and on his official personnel file, but DeWispelaere didn't discover these.

Frustrated by all the hurdles, Pollard informed his supervisor that he had a lawyer, and if his clearance was not restored he would pursue legal action to regain his SCI access should it prove necessary.[9] That message apparently reached the higher echelon.

On 21 July, Pollard wrote a memorandum to Admiral Butts requesting that Captain Hoffman "be advised that I am a suitable nominee for access to SCI. . . ."[10] The next day Captain Hoffman conceded to Pollard's demands. In a memorandum to Admiral Butts, Hoffman wrote that Pollard was highly intelligent and doing a great job in his position with the merchant ships division: "Mr. Pollard has steered a straight course. . .

. In fact, his former supervisors in the Surface Ship Division at NISC strongly desire that he return to his old position because of his excellent analytical abilities. . . . It would be my recommendation that Mr. Pollard's access to SCI be reinstated."[11]

This memo was forwarded to the new navy special security officer, Captain Milton Lloyd McCutcheon, with a request for yet another opinion on Pollard's eligibility for SCI access. On 4 August Captain McCutcheon informed Admiral Butts, "Given the history to date, I cannot recommend that Mr. Pollard be given access to SCI." His report included extracts from various reports, one of them the NIS assessment from the previous year.[12]

That fall Captain Hoffman sent yet another memo to Admiral Butts recommending that Pollard's access to SCI be reinstated and asking for a status report on his clearance.[13] It may be that Hoffman was concerned about mounting threats from Pollard to sue the U.S. Navy and everyone involved.

In October 1981, after receiving outstanding evaluations saying that he had performed his duties above and beyond expectation, Pollard was promoted from a GS-9 step 2 to a GS-11 step 1. He was now making more than twenty-four thousand dollars a year. So far, the lack of SCI clearance wasn't curtailing his career advancement, but that didn't stop the analyst from aggressively pursuing his dream. He wanted to be somebody again. Having once tasted the thrill of reading highly sensitive documents, and having enjoyed the prestige that came with it, he desperately wanted his clearance back.

And that's just what Jonathan Pollard got. In the report of the investigation conducted by the JAG years later, Admiral Butts was said to have ordered the reinstatement of the analyst's TS/SCI access in mid-January 1982. Before reportedly making this decision, Butts consulted with the DNI, Admiral Shapiro. He concurred, the clearance should be restored; nevertheless, Pollard would still have to be watched closely. Shapiro gave specific instructions about this, asking for quarterly reports on Pollard's progress.[14]

In an interview I had with Butts years later, in his retirement, he admitted that he was the person responsible for keeping Pollard on. He emphatically stated that contrary to what Captain Schuetz had written in his JAG investigation report, he, Butts, did not authorize or restore the TS/SCI clearance. According to Butts, he decided that Pollard could retain his *secret* clearance only. His work would have to be monitored, and eventually, *if* he kept up his work, he could be reinstated and briefed back into SCI programs.

Whatever the case may be, Pollard's SCI access was restored on 19 January 1982.

No one in the office of the DNI, NIC, or NISC asked the NIS for assistance in monitoring Pollard's activities. He was reassigned to his old position as an analyst with

NISC-33, reporting to Captain Hoffman. On 20 April, after carefully monitoring him for three months, Hoffman submitted his first quarterly report to Admiral Shapiro. Pollard's performance and behavior, he informed the DNI, had been outstanding. Among other accomplishments, the analyst had authored nearly a dozen NISC weekly wires, briefed a naval sea technology advisory group on the Falklands crisis, and increased production from his fellow analysts. His supervisor had received complimentary remarks after a briefing Pollard gave to another command on the Indian Ocean navies. "Pollard applies himself with great dedication," Hoffman pointed out, adding with rather naive sincerity, "He routinely works a ten-hour day and at times on weekends."[15]

To the seasoned Admiral Shapiro, working long hours and weekends was a red flag for possible espionage, especially considering Pollard's checkered history. But it was only a red flag, not a firm indication that something was wrong. He forwarded the report to Admiral Butts and the deputy director of naval intelligence with a short note: "We need to continue to monitor this one very closely. Cases like this have been known to do a . . ." he wrote, then added a turnaround symbol.[16] In other words, cases like this have been known to come back and bite you in the ass.

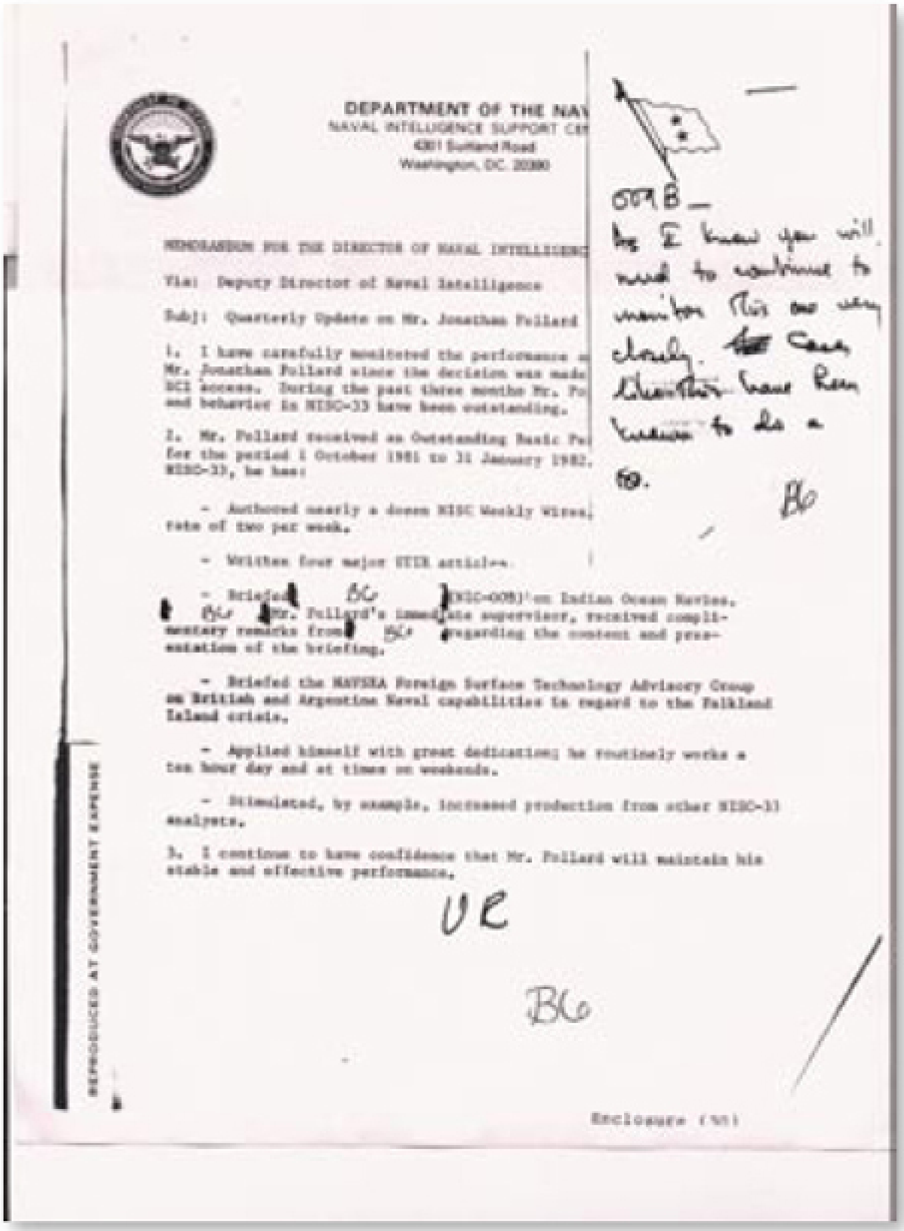

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAV
NAVAL INTELLIGENCE SUPPORT CE
4301 Suitland Road
Washington, DC 20390

MEMORANDUM FOR THE DIRECTOR OF NAVAL INTELLIGENC

Via: Deputy Director of Naval Intelligence

Subj: Quarterly Update on Mr. Jonathan Pollard

1. I have carefully monitored the performance a Mr. Jonathan Pollard since the decision was made SCI access. During the past three months Mr. Po and behavior in NISC-33 have been outstanding.

2. Mr. Pollard received an Outstanding Basic Pe for the period 1 October 1981 to 31 January 1982. NISC-33, he has:

- Authored nearly a dozen NISC Weekly Wires, rate of two per week.

- Written four major STIR articles.

- Briefed B6 (NIC-OOB) on Indian Ocean Navies. B6 Mr. Pollard's immediate supervisor, received complimentary remarks from B6 regarding the content and presentation of the briefing.

- Briefed the NAVSEA Foreign Surface Technology Advisory Group on British and Argentine Naval capabilities in regard to the Falkland Island crisis.

- Applied himself with great dedication; he routinely works a ten hour day and at times on weekends.

- Stimulated, by example, increased production from other NISC-33 analysts.

3. I continue to have confidence that Mr. Pollard will maintain his stable and effective performance.

VR

B6

Enclosure (50)

REPRODUCED AT GOVERNMENT EXPENSE

OO9B —
As I know you will need to continue to monitor this one very closely. Some Christians have been known to do a 90.

B6

Admiral Shapiro's handwritten note (on top right hand corner) attached to memorandum enclosure to JAG manual investigation.

On 20 July, right on schedule, Captain Hoffman sent his second quarterly update to the DNI. "Pollard has made significant and valuable contributions to NISC's mission and his performance has been exemplary," he wrote. In addition to displaying a potential for leadership, "Mr. Pollard continues to demonstrate stability, resourcefulness, and maturity in the performance of his job." And, again, the analyst was working "long hours voluntarily to complete assigned tasks."[17]

Time moves on, people are transferred or retire. By October 1982 Hoffman had become commander of the NIC. Following Admiral Shapiro's retirement, Admiral Butts moved up to the position of DNI. The NISC reports on Pollard had indicated that he was still performing stellar work. Captain Hoffman wrote a note to Admiral Butts and attached it to the October 1982 report that crossed his desk: “I recommend we secure these reports.”[18] In response, Admiral Butts promptly authorized the request to stop them.[19] Hoffman then wrote an informal note to Captain David Cooper, who was taking over as commanding officer of the NISC: “Give me a verbal as needed on subject’s status/progress only if downward.”[20]

No updated reports on Jonathan Pollard, either written or verbal, were ever delivered again. The analyst had won his battle with the navy, and the navy didn’t even realize it was in a fight—at least not until 21 November 1985, when it was too late.

11-
10:58:46

Chapter 5

RED FLAGS

In 1981, while Pollard was waging his battle to secure an SCI clearance, he met Anne Henderson. The analyst was smitten. Anne was an intelligent, attractive redhead with large blue eyes and a magnetic smile. She became infatuated with Pollard because of his keen mind, articulate conversation, and gentle manner. In the summer of 1982 she moved into his apartment in Arlington, Virginia. Now Pollard had everything he wanted—his job back, a promotion, his SCI clearance, additional responsibilities, and a beautiful woman. Just when everything seemed to be on the right track, however, problems began to surface.

Although Pollard had been receiving outstanding performance reports, he was showing more signs of instability. His coworkers often wrote off his odd behavior as harmless, the reflection of a brilliant mind. Not everyone was so ready to overlook it.

In the previous year, around the summer of 1981, Lieutenant Commander David G. Muller Jr. was assigned to the NFOIO, the part of the ONI responsible for analysis of foreign naval operations and tactics. He formed a world navies branch that dealt with the Soviet Union, China, Cuba, North Korea, and various Middle Eastern countries. Pollard, whose office was upstairs, often came down to talk with Muller and his staff about what they were working on. He impressed Muller, who thought “he was bright, very positive, and had good information.”

An opening came up for an analyst in Commander Muller’s branch, in 1982, and when Pollard expressed interest in the position, a pleased Muller promptly scheduled a formal interview. Based on Pollard’s past interactions with the commander, he was a shoo-in for the job.

When the analyst came in for his interview, Commander Muller almost did a double take. “He was bedraggled, he looked physically exhausted and stressed, and his clothes were all askew,” Muller later told me, adding that Pollard must not have taken a shower in a couple of days. The first thing Pollard said when he walked in was, “I’m sorry I’m late. You won’t believe what I’ve been up against this weekend.” When Muller asked what was wrong, Pollard told him that some members of the Irish Republican Army had kidnapped Anne. Muller sensed it was a blatant lie, yet Pollard seemed genuinely upset. He had spent the entire weekend without sleep, he claimed, chasing the terrorist thugs around the greater Washington area and engaging them in quick negotiations by phone. He had just rescued Anne a few hours earlier and barely made it to the job interview.

Astonished, Muller glanced at Pollard's dirty wrinkled shirt. No doubt there was something terribly wrong, but it had nothing to do with the IRA or Anne being kidnapped. This guy is really strange and I don't want him in my branch, Muller thought. He cordially thanked the interviewee for coming in, hastily putting an end to Pollard's bid for the job. Muller didn't remember Pollard coming around his branch anymore after that.[1] In retrospect, Muller told me, he could kick himself for not taking it a step further and going to security.

In the winter of 1982–83 Pollard and Anne moved to the Dupont Circle area of Washington, D.C., into apartment 304 on 1733 20th Street. Later, after his arrest, Pollard admitted that he and Anne had smoked marijuana and used cocaine on several occasions at Washington-area parties.[2] Pollard was living on the edge. Drug use is a red flag for security and counterintelligence investigators, and if the analyst's supervisors had found out, his SCI clearance could have been revoked. Fortunately for Pollard, if not for the United States, no one reported him during this period.

At least, no one with a name. In late 1983 an anonymous caller did telephone the NISC's Consolidated Security Office alleging that he had witnessed an altercation involving Pollard at a Georgetown bar. The caller claimed that Pollard had identified himself as an intelligence analyst. Pollard's department head at the time counseled him regarding the episode and reported it up the chain of command, but it never reached Captain William Charles Horn, the navy's new special security officer for SCI clearances, and nothing ever came of the incident.

THE NELSON
1733

The Nelson, Pollard’s apartment in the Dupont Circle area of Washington, D.C. —MONICA JENNINGS

In the meantime, although he had been promoted to a GS-12 step 1 and now made thirty-plus thousand dollars a year, Pollard was starting to have problems managing his money. It was common knowledge that he had credit card debts, loan debts, debts on rent and incidental items. He missed his rent payment on 1 December 1983, paid it at the end of the month, then missed subsequent payments due on 1 March and 1 April 1984. The landlord initiated legal action to have Pollard and Anne evicted. At the end of April they paid up again and the landlord stopped the eviction process. Some of Pollard’s coworkers were aware he was having financial difficulties, but no one informed his supervisors.[3]

To help him out of his financial mess, the analyst borrowed money from a coworker. After several months of not paying the money back, Pollard began writing checks to the coworker to cover the loan, but all the checks came back from the bank marked "insufficient funds." Then the lender told Anne Henderson about the situation. Within hours, Anne had repaid the entire loan in cash.[4]

Pollard was growing reckless. Highly intelligent, he nevertheless apparently didn't possess enough sense to realize that this sort of behavior could invite suspicion and spell the end of his SCI clearance.

None of these red-flag incidents was reported to Pollard's supervisors or any security or counterintelligence professionals, however. Now that Pollard wasn't being closely monitored, the only way his activity could be uncovered was through a special background investigation. These were undertaken just once every five years for people holding TS and SCI clearances.

Perhaps more significant, the analyst who had previously received so many outstanding performance reports began to slack off on the job. His demeanor and attitude changed, and a number of coworkers and supervisors started regarding him as a problem employee. He paid no attention to his assigned work, instead concentrating on projects that he found personally interesting. He failed to meet deadlines. He ignored administrative paperwork. He complained about his work being excessively edited. He even questioned the professional competence of his immediate supervisors, expressing his dissatisfaction to his peers and those above his supervisors in the chain of command.[5] Oddly, he continued to receive excellent performance reports.

During all this turmoil, Pollard continued to put in long hours and work weekends. On many occasions he was alone in the NISC's SCI facility. The facility was under twenty-four-hour security protection, and strict guidelines had to be followed for handling documents. For example, no copied, printed, or written material could be removed without the permission of a supervisor or destroyed without two people present. Despite the security wall, all the extra time Pollard spent alone in the SCI facility should have been cause for concern. The truth is, no one was paying attention, and certainly no one was reporting suspicious behavior.

As Pollard continued his downward spiral in 1983 (and into the spring of 1984), world events were reshaping the way the Department of the Navy collected intelligence. Who could have predicted that as the department streamlined and improved its efforts, the result would help Pollard fulfill his wildest dream?

On 18 April 1983, a suicide bomber drove a van filled with two thousand pounds of explosives into the U.S. embassy in Beirut, Lebanon, ripping open the façade of the seven-story building and killing sixty-three people, including seventeen Americans. Exactly six months after the attack on the U.S. embassy, a terrorist bomb destroyed the U.S. Marine Amphibious Unit Compound at Beirut International Airport on 23 October.

A lone Hezbollah terrorist driving a Mercedes Benz stake-bed truck accelerated through a public parking lot south of the battalion headquarters, barreled over barbed- and concertina-wire obstacles, and passed between two Marine guard posts without being engaged by fire. Entering through an open gate, the truck bypassed one sewer pipe barrier and moved between two others, flattened the sergeant of the guard's booth, penetrated the lobby of the building, and blew up while the majority of the occupants inside were sleeping. The TNT packed an explosive force of more than twelve thousand pounds as it ripped the building from its foundation. Two hundred twenty Marines and twenty-one other service members died as a result, and more than one hundred were injured.

The assault on the Marine barracks was one of the largest foreign terrorist attacks against the United States in history, and the DNI lost no time calling a meeting in response. Although at first it wasn't clear how intelligence collection should be overhauled, the Navy Department came to the conclusion that it needed a means of accessing, analyzing, and getting "all source" information to fleet and navy installations—that is, a central repository of intelligence that could give advanced warning to U.S. Navy and Marine Corps commands about pending terrorist attacks.

It was a tremendous undertaking, one that should have been done long before. The NIS took on the task. Along with the ONI, it began working feverishly to set up a center with computers that had secure links to all military intelligence collection commands. The new NIS unit was called the Anti-Terrorist Alert Center (ATAC).

Start-up personnel were being drawn from various NIC components. In May 1984 Captain Duane Feuerhelm, the NISC's executive officer, discussed the possibility with Pollard of his being assigned, at least temporarily, to one of the analytical positions in the ATAC. Frustrated in his current position, Pollard thought it might be a good idea to try something new, so he expressed an interest.[6] This was good news for the NISC. Though Pollard was still receiving positive evaluations from the supervisors about whom he was so bitterly complaining, the analyst had been a thorn in their side for a long time.

NIS Seal belonging to author.

Over the next six to eight weeks, a group consisting of five officers and five enlisted personnel began working in the ATAC's research and development division. Rich Perkins from the DNI's office was put in charge of the unit. NIS Special Agent Richard Sullivan reported to Perkins, and Perkins reported to Special Agent George Bedway and Bill Worochock, the NIS's deputy assistant director of counterintelligence. Secure computers and teletypes were set up along with terminals giving direct access to highly classified information coming in from the navy's Special Intelligence System. The first "watch standers" for this new makeshift analysis division were Sullivan and Lieutenant Ron Brunson, who worked twelve-hour shifts reading operational intelligence reports and intelligence information reports coming in from all over the world, including naval attaché message traffic from the Middle East. The U.S. Navy did not want to be caught off guard again.

With TS/SCI coming in on the secure networks, access to the area was highly restricted, the ATAC was turned into an SCI storage facility, and security procedures were implemented.

After several months the officers and enlisted personnel were scheduled to return to their original commands unless strings could be pulled to keep them at the ATAC longer. In June 1984 Pollard transferred to the ATAC for a six-month tour as a watch stander; officially, he still worked for the NISC. His watch-standing duties consisted of answering phones and reading intelligence traffic, intelligence information reports, and attaché reports coming in from everywhere. This information would be summarized in an ATAC report, turned over to a regional analyst for evaluation and approval, then dispatched daily to the fleet. Though the position was less prestigious than being an analyst—analysts assessed intelligence information and decided which commands had a need to know—Pollard didn't mind. Working as a watch stander gave him plenty of access to SCI information. In fact, after thinking it over, he decided that he just might like this job full time.

From June to October Pollard reported to Rich Sullivan, who thought Pollard was pretty savvy and solid—a “real sharp” analyst, a fellow who acted as if he’d been around the intelligence community most of his life. After Pollard had been a watch stander for four months, seven positions opened for regional analysts in the ATAC’s threat analysis division. He promptly applied. Sullivan was on the review board, along with Bedway and Tom Filkins, a civilian employee of the NIS.

“My recollection is that I didn’t want to hire Pollard, but I may in fact have voted for him. I can’t be sure, but I’d like to think I said no,” Sullivan told me.[7] Whichever way Sullivan voted, Pollard got the job. As a member of the board responsible for hiring him, Sullivan remains bothered to this day that he did not check the analyst’s clearances. Apparently, employees nominated for duty in the ATAC were not vetted against NIS investigative or counterintelligence files; only their personnel records were reviewed.[8]

The NISC’s civilian personnel office produced Pollard’s official file, which contained nothing concerning his grievances, his fitness-for-duty evaluation, or his affiliation with TF 168 or NIS. There were no red-flag espionage indicators, only promotions, performance reports, his application for employment, and the personal qualifications statement he had completed to obtain his clearance. No one reviewing his official records noticed the inconsistencies in the dates of employment entered in his personal qualification statement and his personnel file.[9]

The records were quickly evaluated for signs of poor performance or anything that might stand out as a potential problem. According to his performance reviews, the candidate was highly intelligent and possessed an excellent analytical mind.

No one who had worked at NIS headquarters in 1980 still did in the fall of 1984. For one reason or another, all the managers and supervisors who might have provided more insight into Pollard had either left the organization or moved on to other assignments. Every person in the Code 22B division—the division that had handled the polygraph test Agent Addison administered to Pollard—was new, but that was immaterial. It wouldn’t have occurred to the ATAC review board to check the files at this elite, highly secretive division. Furthermore, no one from Pollard’s command had ever informed the navy special security officer of the analyst’s work with TF 168. No one thought to check the files of TF 168 any more than they thought to check Code 22B files. It just wasn’t common practice.

And so, on 14 October 1984, the NIS hired Pollard permanently as a desk analyst responsible for reviewing and interpreting classified information concerning potential terrorist activity in the Americas, which included the Caribbean and the continental United States.

Pollard was given a courier card, renewable annually, signifying that he had an SCI clearance, and his credentials were forwarded from the NIC to various government agencies, including the CIA, the DIA, and the NSA. The courier card allowed him unfettered access to all government libraries housing sensitive information. With it, Pollard could carry TS/SCI code-word material—provided it was properly wrapped—without fear of being searched.

In addition to free access to intelligence agencies, Pollard had access to data explaining sophisticated intelligence-gathering systems and to intelligence collected by those systems. ATAC personnel could use the repositories housing this information and retrieve sensitive data for specific reasons, but only if they had a need to know for a given job or project. They were basically operating on an honor code, meaning the government trusted them to limit their access on a need-to-know basis. Even though Pollard worked the Americas desk—one of his responsibilities was to cover domestic terrorism, another was to produce intelligence reports for deployed U.S. battle groups—he continued to access highly classified documents having to do with the Middle East. He violated the code with abandon.

Once again, Pollard had slipped through the cracks. The NISC had eliminated a headache, and now that headache fell once again on the NIS.

10:58:49

Chapter 6

THE ISRAELI CONNECTION

Between 1981 and 1984, while Pollard was moving from one job to another, he was also disclosing, or attempting to disclose, classified information to people with no need to know. The way he went about it was clumsy, if not downright naive. Pollard pushed information on anyone who showed the least bit of interest—even on those with no interest at all. Did he do this in hopes of monetary reward, or simply to impress people with his knowledge and access? Probably both. He was mired in debt, and certainly, ever since childhood, his peers had ostracized him. Maybe Pollard was thinking he could help Israel and at the same time pick up some easy cash. No one would be hurt or the wiser.

In one of his earliest bumbling attempts, he approached an Australian officer who was working on a temporary basis in the NISC under a personnel-exchange liaison program run by the Royal Australian Navy (RAN) and the U.S. Navy. Pollard began disclosing highly classified information to the officer that was coded NOFORN, for no foreign dissemination. As time went on Pollard grew bolder, revealing more and more documents. The RAN officer—who had no need to know—became so distressed over this that he called his supervisor back in Australia. Allegedly, the Australians began to wonder if this might be some sort of CIA ruse. Perhaps Pollard was trying to get them to take the bait. Being close allies, the Australians could not imagine the Americans setting such a trap. Nevertheless, they decided to bring their naval officer back before things got out of hand.

Not until Pollard was apprehended years later did the Australians realize he was a spy. As soon as they heard about the arrest, they contacted U.S. government authorities to explain the RAN officer's encounter with him. Pollard subsequently admitted in an NIS debriefing report following his guilty plea that he had provided classified information to an officer of the Royal Australian Navy. But, he claimed, it was only a single secret message, a copy of the official U.S. position regarding disengagement from New Zealand, originated by the Department of Defense Joint Chiefs of Staff. [1] Later he would alter his story, saying that his supervisors ordered him to show the RAN officer classified information because the Australians were close allies. There are no known facts that suggest the Australian naval officer engaged in any improper or illegal activity. No further investigation was conducted, nor was Pollard charged with a violation in this case.

In another disturbing incident, Pollard disclosed classified information to nongovernment employees who had no need to know. In the introduction to the government's memorandum in aid of sentencing it states, in part,

> With respect to defendant's claim that he was motivated by altruism rather than greed, a number of articulable facts demonstrate that this claim is superficial rather than substantial. Initially, it must be recognized that defendant's espionage relationship with the Israelis is not the only instance where defendant has disclosed classified information in anticipation of financial gain. The government's investigation has revealed that defendant provided to certain of his social acquaintances U.S. classified documents which defendant obtained through U.S. Navy sources. The classified documents which defendant disclosed to two such acquaintances, both of whom are professional investment advisers, contained classified economic and political analyses which defendant believed would help his acquaintances render investment advice to their clients. Defendant also gave classified information to a third social acquaintance who defendant also knew would utilize it to further the acquaintance's career.
>
> Defendant has acknowledged that, although he was not paid for his unauthorized disclosures of classified information to the above-mentioned acquaintances, he hoped to be rewarded ultimately through business opportunities that these individuals could arrange for defendant when he eventually left his position with the U.S. Navy. In fact, defendant was involved in an ongoing business venture with two of these acquaintances at the time he provided the classified information to them. . . .[2]

Pollard approached all sorts of people in his eager quest to impress others and share classified information, but he singled out one group for special consideration: the Israelis.

In tracing the history of his contacts with the Israelis it is difficult to sort fact from fiction. Some of the information we have comes from Pollard's own mouth, in the form of confessions made after his guilty plea. This was probably one of the few times he felt compelled to tell at least a good portion of the truth, for he wanted to get his wife's sentence reduced. But Pollard has changed his stories repeatedly, either consciously or because he is so tangled up in far-fetched tales that he himself can no longer distinguish between truth and fantasy.

Pollard, whose loyalty since his teens had been split between the United States and Israel—ethnic paranoia, he called it—toyed with the idea of immigrating to the Jewish homeland. But because his parents resisted, he decided to assist Israel in some other way.

Israeli flag —ELECTRONIC MEDIA

In 1981 the Mossad's files showed that he had informally applied for a job with the American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC) in Washington, D.C. During his interview he told members of the committee "a very detailed story of AIPAC being watched by the Department of Justice, maintaining that its phones were bugged." Pollard was turned down for the job.[3] No one in the U.S. government will ever know for sure what Pollard told the AIPAC. There are no facts to show or suggest that AIPAC was involved in any way with Pollard. In fact, they wanted nothing to do with him.

The following year Pollard sat in on an exchange conference attended by the Israeli Defense Force and the U.S. military—or so he claimed in an NIS and FBI debriefing that took place in July 1986, following his guilty plea. According to navy officials, the idea that Pollard, a lowly analyst, ever attended a high-level official conference between Israel and the United States is ludicrous.[4] At any rate, Pollard insisted that he had been present, and furthermore, that he had been horrified by certain anti-Semitic remarks coming from the mouths of American analysts. In his mind, U.S. disclosure documents didn't reflect the tenor of the agreements for the exchange—in other words, the U.S. Navy was withholding information about terrorists that was vital to Israel's defense. At one point, he maintained, he heard an American exclaim, "Let 'em lose a couple of pilots and they'll figure it out!" The combination of anti-Semitic remarks and the U.S. Navy's refusal to share information was too much to bear. In his own words, Pollard "snapped." "I watched the threats to Israel's existence grow," he said, "and gradually came to the conclusion that I had to do something."[5]

At the same conference, Pollard approached the Israeli military attaché and, addressing him in Hebrew, pitched an offer to spy. The attaché made no overtures to take him up on his offer. Pollard saw the same man at another conference in October 1983, but the two never spoke. Frustrated, Pollard thought perhaps he should approach the military attaché at the Israeli embassy in Washington. That would require an intermediary, and he didn't have one. Once again Pollard entertained the idea of immigrating to Israel, but when he proposed this to Anne, she dug in her heels, adamant about not going. His next thought was to work in the United States for an Israeli defense company, but that didn't happen either. Then, he "considered quitting the intelligence community and going to work in the private sector, taking with him a stockpile of classified documents to pass to Israel, but he decided this was unprofessional."[6]

How could he provide secrets to the Israelis? Pollard was eager to forge ahead. He was an analyst with an almost photographic memory and a great fund of knowledge. He was a good liar and he had the gift of gab. He was an expert at manipulation. He had the access, he knew the security procedures. Most important of all, he had the courier card to transport TS/SCI anywhere in Washington, D.C., without being searched or questioned. His opportunity was just around the corner.

Dr. Morris Pollard was a good friend of Gustav Stern, a former owner of Hartz Mountain Food who had thrown parties to raise funds for Morris's research programs in microbiology at Notre Dame.[7] Gustav's son, Steven, a wealthy stockbroker in New York, was about the same age as Jonathan and had attended several of the parties. Pollard renewed his association with Stern sometime in 1983.

Late in that year, Steven called Jonathan from New York to discuss prospectuses on an Israeli military company and a Belgium mutual fund. The two also discussed the effect on the oil market of a possible Persian Gulf/Strait of Hormuz closure.[8] Through the spring of 1984 they stayed in touch, discussing business prospects and the plight of Israel. Steven was deeply impressed with Pollard's analytical abilities and his knowledge of world affairs.

At one point Steven attended a Zionist conference at L'Enfant Plaza in Washington, D.C., and the two arranged a brief social meeting. Anne went along.[9] Soon thereafter, around the time Pollard transferred to the ATAC, Steven called from New York to say that he had met an interesting colonel in the Israeli air force who had spoken at a lecture promoting bonds for his country. His name was Aviem Sella and he was pursuing a graduate degree in computer science at New York University. According to Steven, Colonel Sella was a bona fide Israeli war hero. Steven sought him out after the lecture and informed him of Pollard's passionate loyalty to Israel.

Steven asked if Pollard would like to meet the air force colonel. "Pollard recounted that he immediately said to himself, 'That's my opportunity to begin providing information to the Israelis.'"[10] A real war hero! The answer was yes, and they arranged for Steven to give the colonel Pollard's phone number.

When the Pollard case broke in November 1985, Steven E. Stern told FBI officials that he never thought Pollard intended to spy for Israel and that the introduction arranged between Sella and Pollard was strictly because of Pollard's love for Israel. The FBI follow-up investigation found no connection between Stern and Pollard's spying for Israel. The investigation of Stern was not pursued and no charges were brought against him, nor was he considered a conspirator or possible accomplice in the Pollard spying activities.

It was early June 1984, and Pollard had just started working as a watch stander in the ATAC. No more than a couple of days after Steven had broached the subject with him, Pollard got a call in his apartment. Aviem Sella was on the other end of the line. Pollard could hardly contain himself. The colonel came across as mild-mannered and articulate on the phone. Would Pollard like to have lunch? Sella would be flying into Washington anyway to attend a conference at the Hilton Hotel, just a few blocks from Pollard's apartment.

The answer was an enthusiastic yes.

Thinking it would be advantageous to have someone help him with the logistics of providing intelligence to Israel, Pollard decided to recruit a friend who had roomed with him for a semester at the Fletcher School. His plan was to present to Israeli intelligence a preexisting ring that could begin spy operations with minimal start-up time. His friend, a Jew sympathetic to Israel, worked at the Voice of America, was well traveled, and had access to highly placed individuals.

Although Pollard and Anne Henderson were not yet married, she was the girl of his dreams, and he shared everything with her. When he told her about his plan to pass secrets to Israel and to recruit the ex-roommate, they discussed the wisdom of the move. In Anne's *60 Minutes* interview with Mike Wallace on 1 March 1987, he asked if she and Pollard had discussed spying for Israel. Anne replied, "Oh yes, we did"; she further admitted she knew exactly what she was getting into.

After a lengthy discussion, they decided that Pollard should approach the fellow. That wasn't all. Though she would initially deny it later, Anne herself planned to participate in Pollard's spy ring and to join him in the recruitment attempt.

And so, one Saturday evening, Anne and Pollard showed up unexpectedly at his ex-roommate's doorstep. No sooner had the visitors set foot inside than they began berating him for his pedestrian lifestyle and hinting that he could "live better." Pollard told him there was money to be made if he would help him deliver certain classified documents. For whom? the friend inquired. "The brothers," Pollard answered, referring to the Israelis. He went on to say that Anne was going into business for herself, and he wanted to help her. When the friend asked how much money he would make, Pollard replied, "Oh, this would be roughly two to three thousand dollars." Apparently he meant monthly.[11] Then he repeated, "Anne needs assistance." Pollard explained that his friend would be responsible for delivering and disseminating documents.

Finally, Pollard cut to the chase. "Well, do you want to join us?" he said bluntly. Taken aback, the acquaintance gave a noncommittal answer.

As they were driving home, Anne turned to Pollard in distress. "This was a bad idea," she said. "I think you should just forget that you had this conversation."[12] He might have been an ardent Zionist, but the ex-roommate hadn't shown any enthusiasm for Pollard's idea, nor had he displayed any expression of sympathy.

The next day the friend called and met with Pollard and told him that he wanted nothing to do with this scheme, adding that if the analyst was serious about it he was going to the authorities. "I was just telling stories, if anyone ever asks," Pollard replied, as if nothing had happened.[13]

Anne initially denied any attempt to recruit Pollard's former roommate in a memorandum in aid of sentencing presented by her attorney on 26 February 1987. In it attorney James F. Hibey picks apart the government's accusations that Anne participated in a recruitment attempt. He argues it was just a conversation taken out of context by a friend who cannot be deemed reliable. The memorandum reads, in part,

> . . . in order to imply that Mrs. Pollard was involved in the planning stages of Mr. Pollard's scheme, the government describes in detail a visit by the Pollards to a friend's apartment. . . . The government alleges that, in the course of this visit, Mrs. Pollard and her husband jointly attempted to recruit the friend to participate in Mr. Pollard's activities, However, the government's account of this visit, based on the account of the "friend," is simply inaccurate and untrue. It represents the use of incredible information to make a serious allegation of criminal conduct without any safeguards of reliability. . . .
>
> The Pollards went to visit their friend on a Saturday evening in the spring of 1984, hoping to persuade him to go out to dinner with them. . . .
>
> It is true that Mr. Pollard attempted to solicit his friend's participation in whatever might come of Mr. Pollard's initiative to work for the Israeli government. . . . Mr. Pollard and his friend discussed a proposal to aid the Israelis. . . . Mrs. Pollard did not participate in this discussion, although she had accompanied her husband to the friend's apartment and apparently overheard parts of it. . . .
>
> Disjointed quotes about "Anne's going into business for herself" and Mr. Pollard's proposed plan being "for the Brothers" (meaning the Israelis) are strung together as if there were a relationship there. What that relationship could

> possibly be is a mystery that even the government does not attempt to explain. . . .
>
> Furthermore, the friend's story is contradicted by the Pollards' account of the visit, and by their insistence, verified by separate polygraph examinations that Mrs. Pollard never attempted to "recruit" anyone. The friend has not submitted to a polygraph examination; he has not been cross-examined. The Court should discount the friend's version of events, as used by the government, as inherently untrustworthy and incredible.[14]

In order to end this matter once and for all, the government filed with the court a "government's reply memorandum in aid of sentencing" on 3 March 1987, just one day before her sentencing, stating, "Not only is her statement denying her activities in this regard patently false, but no such claim was ever certified by the government's polygraph examiner." The government decided to reveal her recollections of the reasons why Pollard thought he needed a backup to help him in his spying activities. The following excerpts are taken from the court record of the FBI polygraph examiner, Special Agent Barry Colvert:

> Anne Henderson Pollard stated that the Washington friend had grown up in Detroit in a predominately black neighborhood and his "Jewishness" had been an impediment to him while growing up and in later life in seeking employment. . . . She described the Washington friend as being violently "anti-Arab" and espousing, at least in private, the same views with regard to the need for the security of the state of Israel as her husband Jonathan Jay Pollard.

Anne Pollard leaves U.S. District Court on 4 June 1986 after she pleads guilty to two charges brought against her by the government. —WASHINGTON TIMES

Anne Henderson Pollard stated that during the spring of 1984 a number of terrorist incidents had occurred throughout the world that were directed at Israeli citizens and American Jews. These escalating incidents greatly disturbed both Jonathan Jay Pollard and Anne Henderson Pollard. Jonathan Jay Pollard became upset with the fact that he was unable to provide any assistance to the state of Israel. . . .

Anne Henderson Pollard stated that Jonathan Jay Pollard had tried to assume the nature of this assistance and had anticipated that he might need a “backup” . . . and that in the event he was unable to make these trips he would need someone to go in his place. He felt that it was extremely important that this person be as committed to the state of Israel as he, Jonathan Jay Pollard, was. . . . Both Jonathan Jay Pollard and Anne Henderson Pollard considered the Washington friend to be reliable, intelligent, a “quick study,” and felt that he was as completely “pro-Zionist” as they were. . . .

YITZHAK RABIN WAY
East 42ND St
ONE WAY

Israeli Consulate on the corner of East 42nd Street and Yitzhak Rabin Way, New York City, NY—TODD CAMERON WESTPHAL

> She stated that she had gone to the Washington friend’s apartment with Jonathan Jay Pollard knowing in advance that he would at some time during the evening ask the Washington friend for his assistance. . . . When Jonathan Jay Pollard ultimately asked the Washington friend for his assistance, he was unable to provide any exact details as to the nature of this assistance, only that he would need his help. The Washington friend’s response, according to Anne Henderson Pollard, was one in which he did not say “yes” [and] did not say “no.” Anne Henderson Pollard stated that she felt very negative “vibes” about this conversation as the Washington friend did not show any enthusiasm for the idea presented by Jonathan Jay Pollard. She noted no expression of sympathy and felt immediately that Jonathan Jay Pollard should never have brought this subject up with the Washington friend.[15]

Pollard’s disappointment did not last long. He was, after all, scheduled to meet Colonel Aviem Sella, a man who had flown combat missions during the Six-Day War, led the daring air raid on the Osirak nuclear reactor facility in Tuwaitha, Iraq, and masterminded an air assault in the 1982 war in Lebanon during which Israel shot down ninety Syrian MiGs. Before arriving in New York to pursue his degree, Sella had served three years as chief of Israeli air force operations.

Sella wanted to meet Pollard too. Quite aware that this was a delicate matter requiring discretion, he decided to contact Yosef "Yossi" Yagur at the Israeli consulate in New York City. Yagur reported to the scientific intelligence-gathering unit of the Israeli prime minister's office, the Lishka Lekisherey Mada (LAKAM). LAKAM gleaned its scientific and technical information from governments and corporations around the world, its operatives attending events such as trade shows and business meetings and combing through news articles and other public sources. Some information was also collected in clandestine operations.

Yagur was concerned about Sella meeting Pollard. After all, they didn't know anything about this American. Furthermore, Sella was a war hero, not a clandestine operative trained to run foreign agents in the field. But Sella was eager to meet with Pollard. Yagur, after getting permission from a higher-up, gave the air force pilot the go-ahead, with a warning to be careful. Sella's decision to meet Pollard would prove to be fatal. It eventually ruined his career, made him a fugitive from justice, and caused a serious riff between the United States and Israel.

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Chapter 7

THE POINT OF NO RETURN

Following his initial meeting with Colonel Sella, Pollard immediately set out to locate documents that would impress the Israelis and convince them that he was serious. Sella returned to New York and briefed Yagur about the meeting. Yagur in turn briefed the man in charge of the operation, Rafael Eitan. Born in 1926, Eitan had a long, colorful history. Reportedly he had fought in the Jewish underground in the 1940s and in the war for Israel's independence in 1948–49, during which he was severely wounded. Eitan had run secret intelligence operations for Mossad for twenty-five years, most notably the operation that captured Nazi war criminal Adolph Eichmann in Buenos Aires, Argentina, thus making Eitan an Israeli national hero.

Though Eitan gave Sella permission to proceed with the operation, he told the colonel to be watchful and gauge whether Pollard could really produce. Within a week or so, as planned, Sella called and gave Pollard the Hebrew letter for one of the phone booths close to his apartment. The analyst ran all the way and picked up the phone, out of breath. They arranged to meet again at the Hilton near Pollard's apartment.

Rafael Eitan —DANIEL BAR-ON, BAUBAU PHOTOWIRE

This second meeting occurred on a Saturday in July 1984. Pollard drove to the nearly deserted ATAC, gathered a briefcase stuffed with TS/SCI material, returned home, then walked to the Hilton with the briefcase. When he met Sella in the lobby the colonel said he wanted to go somewhere else to talk, and Pollard suggested Dumbarton Oaks.[1] Dumbarton Oaks is a famed research library with an adjoining public park situated on the crest of a wooded valley in Georgetown. In the hotel garage was Sella's rental car with New York plates. The two men went downstairs, got into the car, and set off. When they reached their destination, they parked the car and found an out-of-the-way picnic table near the back of the park where they could talk without being overheard.

Pollard opened his briefcase and pulled out a bulky three-volume series on Saudi Arabian ground forces and a ground logistics study classified TS. Scanning this material, Sella couldn't believe his eyes. "I've never seen anything like this before," he remarked to Pollard. The most sensitive documents Israel possessed on Saudi Arabia were Exxon maps.[2]

With the enthusiasm of a child, Pollard reached into the briefcase again. Watching Sella for his reaction, the analyst pulled out his prize: satellite photographs from the pilot's raid on the nuclear reactor facility in Tuwaitha, Iraq. Because the photographs still had satellite-positioning information in the margins, they were marked TS. Sella's mouth dropped open. This fellow really did have access.

Sella proceeded to specify what sort of technical and scientific information Israel needed. For example, "air defense information on other countries, such as cockpit layouts, uplink and downlink communication systems, radar and navigation beacons." He stressed, however, that Israel "did not need much terrorist information from the United States."[3] (This is something Pollard's handlers would tell him repeatedly in the future because he persistently turned a deaf ear and insisted on supplying such information.)

Presently Sella brought up the issue of money, but nothing was decided. The colonel gave all the documents back to Pollard with the exception of the satellite photographs, which he kept. Maybe these were souvenirs, or maybe he wanted to show Yagur an example of what Pollard could produce for Israel.

Pollard wasted no time preparing for his next meeting, gathering highly classified message traffic on anything he could get his hands on that the Israelis might want. If he couldn't copy it, he would write it out. Over the next two weeks he took numerous Middle East and North African summary (MENAS) traffic messages. He also accessed every national intelligence daily message from the NISC. He took an NSA study on Egyptian air defenses classified TS and screened every hard copy report from U.S. defense attaché offices in the Middle East. All this and more Pollard stockpiled near his desk with what appears, in retrospect, to have been reckless abandon. He would later explain that he was able to get away with this because stacks of TS/SCI material were lying all over the ATAC offices.[4] It was common practice to amass such material and no one thought twice about it.

Pollard was sweating bullets to impress the Israelis. This was no longer child's play. He had reached the point of no return.

About a week after their second meeting, Sella called Pollard again. This time, he told the analyst to bring his documents to the Holiday Inn in Chevy Chase, Maryland. On or around 21 July, Pollard duly met Sella in the garage there, parked his vehicle, and climbed into the same rental vehicle the colonel had driven before.[5] Carefully watching to make sure no one was trailing them, they headed to a house on Deborah Street in Potomac, Maryland. Sella told Pollard to remember the route so that in the future, he could drive there by himself.

Seasoned spies often use the "dry-cleaning" process to shake off possible pursuers. In dry cleaning, the spy employs both fixed-point surveillance, pulling over and parking, and mobile countersurveillance, taking a circuitous route before heading to a meeting site. It is doubtful the two neophytes practiced dry cleaning.

You would think, at the very least, that Pollard and his Israeli handler would have devised a more sophisticated system for passing secrets. During the Cold War, one of the tried-and-true methods was to deliver an envelope containing classified documents, or film taken of classified material, to a drop site, or dead drop, for later pickup by the handler. As for payment, the handler would leave money at either the dead drop, or some other designated location, with a marker—such as a small piece of tape on a mailbox, or a brand-name soda can at a specific location on the side of the road—indicating that it was ready to be picked up. This reduced the risk of exposure because the spy and the handler didn't meet each other.

Not so with Sella and Pollard. Incredibly, for their third meeting the analyst brought with him, not just a bulging briefcase, but two large suitcases stuffed full of highly classified national defense information, as if he had just arrived in town and was settling in for a long stay. This, despite the fact that he had attended several counterintelligence awareness briefings given by the NIS that alerted the audience to various methods spies used to deliver documents to their handlers. Subtlety was not Pollard's forte.

As they entered the residence, the analyst noticed that all the blinds and curtains had been drawn. A man came up to Pollard and greeted him without introducing himself. Not until later would Pollard learn that the man was Ilan Ravid, scientific consular at the Israeli embassy in Washington. Ravid and Sella began rummaging through the contents of the suitcases, astounded by the wealth of materials.

Soon a third, unknown person began shuttling documents to the second floor for copying. Pollard informed his handlers that they needed to return just the highly classified documents, those code-worded TS/SCI which he had to sign out from the intelligence agencies. He would return those documents and manuals the following Monday morning. The Israelis could keep the rest of the material, the message traffic, because he didn't have to sign for them. There would be no paper trail.

Pollard and Sella sat at the dining room table discussing Israel's current state of readiness—Sella gave him a lengthy briefing on this subject—and reviewing the documents. After each was reviewed, the unknown man took it upstairs for copying. Pollard noticed a large Hasselblad camera in his possession. At one point the man took color film out of the refrigerator before going back upstairs. He also photocopied Pollard's NIS analyst credentials and courier card.

Sella told Pollard that he would have to make a trip abroad to meet the man in control of the field operation, Rafael Eitan. "The old man," as Sella called him, would define more precisely Israel's collection priorities. Pollard was warned that at the meeting Eitan would also try to replace Sella with a new handler, Yosef Yagur. The colonel, who didn't want to be removed from the operation, asked Pollard to intervene and try to persuade the old man not to make the switch. Pollard agreed.

At the same meeting, Sella said, Eitan would determine the compensation Pollard was to receive. How much did Pollard need? The analyst jokingly told Sella two hundred thousand would be nice. That wasn't going to fly, Sella told him flatly. Ravid questioned Pollard about his current salary and instructed him to bring his government pay stub and Anne's, without her knowledge, to the next meeting. (At the time Anne was working in the press room of the National Rifle Association producing brochures on firearms safety for hunters, among other duties.) They discussed a "salary" based on Pollard's income of thirty thousand without going into specifics.[6]

As they continued to sit at the dining table, Sella explained that a meeting in Paris was scheduled for November 1984. He instructed Pollard to make plane reservations for himself and Anne, to whom he had become engaged on the Fourth of July. Pollard should book a suite at the Paris Hilton Hotel. The Israelis would reimburse him. It was impressed upon Pollard that Anne must not know a thing about the operation, and he lied, assuring them she did not. As for how Pollard should explain his newfound wealth and the trip, Sella told him to tell Anne that a rich relative who owned a jewelry business was paying for the trip, and this was to be an engagement gift. The Israelis would get Anne a good-paying job with a Jewish firm when this was over, Sella promised.

Before the trip to Paris, Sella wanted Pollard to arrange a dinner meeting at the Four Ways restaurant near his apartment so that the colonel and his wife could meet

Anne and better assess her. Sella would introduce himself as an old college chum and a potential business contact.

After all the copying was done, Pollard packed up his two suitcases and departed with Sella. Later, he would have to bring a whole stack of the same classified documents back to Ravid's house because the original film had been overexposed.

LAKAM was daring beyond belief—or simply incompetent. It was bad enough that they had an American spying against their close ally on that ally's home turf, but to bring him into an Israeli consular's residence with suitcases full of highly classified material was incomprehensible. Furthermore, the operational security was blatantly flawed, violating every clandestine contact procedure and other spy modus operandi. One can only conclude that the Israelis felt it was safe because the FBI didn't conduct surveillance of embassy personnel from allied countries. LAKAM must have believed that no one would ever suspect Israel of betraying its trust by spying against the United States of America in its own backyard. They were right.

Not long after the first meeting at Ilan Ravid's house, Pollard called Anne in Ohio, where she was attending a business meeting, to ask her if she could cut her trip short and return to Washington. He had set up a dinner meeting with Aviem Sella and his wife, and they wanted to meet her. Shortly afterward Anne caught a flight back to Washington. In addition to assessing Anne's devotion to Israel, Sella wanted their future contacts overseas to be relaxing. Anne should feel comfortable with Yehudit (Judy) when Pollard was in meetings.

Four Ways Restaurant, Washington, D.C. —NIS PHOTO

This was the first time Anne was to play her part, feigning ignorance of the operation. In fact, Pollard had already disclosed to his fiancée the plan to go to Paris and meet "the old man" in charge. On 28 July, the two couples met at the Four Ways restaurant, not far from Pollard's apartment.[7] The dinner was a success. As Pollard knew she would be, Anne was impressed with Sella and Yehudit, and, likewise, Sella approved of Anne. The colonel informed her that a business trip to Paris was being planned and she would be invited to accompany Pollard. Later, he cautioned Pollard again that Anne could not be told anything about the operation.

Sella and Pollard began making deliveries at Ravid's house every two weeks or so, and there was no attempt to be any more discreet than during the initial trip. Again, instead of a single briefcase, Pollard toted suitcases filled with highly classified documents. The deliveries included three separate, running intelligence summaries the Israelis wanted: the MENAS originated by the NSA, the Indian Ocean littoral summary, and the Mediterranean littoral summary, the latter two originated by the navy's Sixth Fleet ocean surveillance information facility in Rota, Spain. From the Sixth Fleet facility alone, Pollard took away thousands of highly classified messages—in fact, every message the facility generated, from the time the ATAC was placed on distribution in early August 1984 until his arrest in November 1985.[8]

Meanwhile, Pollard's financial troubles worsened. On 5 July 1984, while he was still on temporary duty at the ATAC and officially employed by the NISC, the Suitland, Maryland, branch of the Consolidated Civilian Personnel office had received a letter of indebtedness regarding an employee named Jonathan Jay Pollard. The letter, from the Navy Federal Credit Union, specifically stated that "his payments for a personal loan and a line of credit loan were both three months in arrears." The navy personnel office forwarded the letter from the credit union to the NISC with a reminder that "the employee should be informed of the navy's policy concerning indebtedness and that failure to pay a just debt may result in adverse action."[9] Although the letter did not specify what, the rules allowed for disciplinary action and even removal of an SCI clearance. The NISC in turn requested that Pollard's command counsel him on this matter and forward the results to the personnel department at the Suitland branch.[10]

In theory, if not always in practice, the U.S. government does not allow people who cannot take care of their own finances access to its most sensitive information. The command later counseled Pollard, and he signed a memorandum to that effect. Under pressure to make good on his loans, on 30 July he paid the credit union $300 for the share check loan and $592.80 for the line of credit loan. Both payments were made in cash.[11] While Pollard was being transferred from the NISC to the ATAC, no one at the NISC provided copies of Pollard's letter of indebtedness to the navy special security officer or to anyone at the NIS.[12] Another red flag was ignored.

In November and December 1984 Pollard again missed his rent payments. While the apartment manager was preparing to file an eviction notice, Pollard made good on the payments. That winter, the NIS security officer asked Pollard to submit a new statement of personal history to initiate an updated special background investigation because his TS clearance had expired. He never complied with this request.[13]

Pollard returned home one night and found a tag hanging on his doorknob informing him that maintenance had been performed in his apartment. Furious that someone had gone into his apartment without his or Anne's knowledge, he immediately went to the manager with his complaint. Apparently, a maintenance man had fixed some windows. Pollard told the manager never to allow anyone in his apartment again without him being present because he had "some stuff in there." He worked for the government, he explained, and sometimes brought home classified material.[14] The manager had no legal responsibility to report Pollard's admission to having classified documents in his apartment. Once again, fate seemed to smile on the amateur spy: no call was ever made.

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Chapter 8

A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

With his trip to Paris fast approaching, the ATAC analyst was elated. He would be meeting Israel's espionage master-mind, Rafael "Rafi" Eitan. After leaving Mossad at the behest of his good friend Ariel Sharon, Eitan had served as the head of LAKAM. He had also been the counterterrorism adviser to Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir. Working for Eitan would be the thrill of a lifetime. Unbeknownst to Pollard, the legendary spymaster who had been responsible for capturing Eichmann would soon be making history again, and Pollard would play a role in it.

Still cautioning him not to let Anne know anything, Pollard's handlers also told him that he would have to wed her because Judaism did not condone common law marriage. So, in November 1984, the two lovers traveled to Paris with plans to buy an engagement ring. They checked into a suite at the Paris Hilton International that cost three hundred dollars a day. Little did Sella know that Pollard's fiancée was not only aware of the operation, but she had also given it her personal stamp of approval.

Sapphire and diamond ring worn by federal agent for evidence photo —NIS PHOTO

The day after Pollard and Anne arrived, the colonel phoned them at the Hilton. It was decided that Sella's wife would take Anne shopping while he and Pollard prepared for the meeting with Eitan.[1] The two men went over classified items Pollard was providing to the Israelis, reviewed background information on Syrian MiG pilots training in Russia, and discussed the effect on the balance of power in the Golan Heights if Syria were to deploy a certain type of missile.[2]

Afterwards they met the women for lunch at the hotel, then went to Mappin and Webb, a jewelry store on Place Vendome, to look at a ring Anne had seen earlier in the day. The ring, with a two-carat sapphire surrounded by two carats' worth of small diamonds, cost ten thousand dollars.[3] Anne had fallen in love with it, but Pollard said he couldn't afford it.

Luxuries were showered on the couple during their stay in Paris. The operation was anything but subtle. That evening the two couples went on a dinner cruise, and at one point a roving photographer, without asking permission, took pictures of them together. Furious because it would compromise the operation if the press got a picture of him and Pollard together, Sella ripped the camera out of the photographer's hands and seized the roll of film.[4] Instead of being inconspicuous, the novice spies were attracting still more attention to themselves.

The colonel was upset, and not just about the photographer. Apparently, Eitan wanted to assign someone else as Pollard's handler. For the second time, Sella asked Pollard to intervene. Would he talk with Eitan, try to convince him not to make this switch? Again, Pollard agreed.

Several days into the trip, while Anne went shopping again, Sella took Pollard to meet Eitan. The ride from the Paris Hilton took about thirty minutes and they ended up in a residential area with lots of apartment buildings. For some reason Pollard was under the impression that the apartment he and Sella visited belonged to an elderly German couple, but no doubt it was an Israeli safe house used to meet undercover operatives. Yosef Yagur, who had long wavy hair and dark, penetrating eyes, met them at the door and introduced himself, using only his first name. Pollard followed him into the living room and there he was, seated in a chair, the legendary spymaster. He was a short, chubby man, balding, with a pleasant smile and thick glasses that magnified his eyes.

Pollard crossed the room and held out his hand. "You're one of us," Eitan said, shaking it. He told Pollard that the material he was providing Israel was vital to its survival.[5]

After a small ceremony during which Pollard was sworn in as an Israeli citizen—there was no documentation to make it official—he was handed a detailed briefing paper on the forces arrayed against Israel in the Middle East. The document, in Hebrew and classified TS, appeared to Pollard to have come from an Israeli prime minister's briefing paper.

Eitan leaned forward in his chair with an intent look and began questioning his guest. Did the CIA have any dirt on Israeli cabinet members? Any psychological studies on them? Could Pollard identify any Israeli "rats" working in the country? Did he know anything about the Syrian order of battle? Pollard didn't answer these questions.

Their conversation consumed the entire morning. Following a catered lunch, Eitan discussed the "essential elements of information" that Israel wanted Pollard to obtain—documents, for example, pertaining to Soviet aircraft, air-to-air missiles, and surface-to-air missiles, and any chemical and biological weapons in Arab hands, including neutron bombs. One item the Israelis were keenly interested in was the so-called radio signal notations manual or RASIN manual. This was a roadmap to signal intelligence that described America's global listening profile, geographic slice by geographic slice. At the time, however, the Israelis didn't quite know what it was or where it came from. Pollard's handlers wanted the spy to locate and copy the most up-to-date edition. Pollard said he would try to find out what it was and who had originated it.[6]

Over the next few days several more meetings took place. Repeatedly, Pollard was told that he would be "taken care of" if apprehended by U.S. authorities. Eitan assured him that the U.S. response would be "contained," in other words, the United States would take no action because of the close relationship between the two countries. Pollard, Eitan reiterated, was "one of them."

The spymaster directed Pollard to provide passport photos of himself and Anne. They were Israeli citizens now, the spymaster said, and he wanted to make everything kosher.[7] The name on Pollard's passport would be Danny Cohen, after the famous spy Eli Cohen, who in the 1960s had gone undercover to Damascus and was later executed by the Syrians. Pollard was on cloud nine. Cohen—it was a name to be proud of, the name he would use after the operation when he moved to Israel.

The Israelis told Pollard that they were going to buy Anne her engagement ring. Sella had gone back inside the jewelry store and convinced the shop owner to reduce the price by three thousand dollars. Still, it was clearly expensive, and not yet purchased. They needed to make up a story so that no one would wonder how Pollard, on his salary, could afford the ring. Pollard came up with a subterfuge about an Uncle Joe Fisher, the black sheep of a family of diamond brokers in Europe. He dictated a fake letter from Uncle Joe to Anne, and Sella scribbled it down on Hilton letterhead stationery. In the letter Uncle Joe said he was sorry that he wouldn't be able to attend Pollard's wedding, and that he was sending the engagement ring as a gift to Anne. He ended the letter saying, "I hope that this 'surprise' will make up for my absence. Wear it in good health! Your Uncle, J. Fisher." Anne, the Israelis told Pollard, was to carry this letter with her at all times to prove who had given her the ring, in case she was asked. She would not actually receive it until after returning to the United States.[8]

During the meetings the Israelis also provided Pollard with basic training—just the bare bones. For example, if he was ever asked to take a government polygraph exam, he should resign his position first. Pollard didn't need to be told twice about that. The last thing he wanted was to endure another polygraph. He hadn't told the Israelis he had already taken two, neither of which turned out well.

Again he was assured that Israel would take care of him if he were ever caught. He could escape by way of the Israeli embassy in Washington, they said. But they never provided Pollard with a plan—not even the most basic countersurveillance techniques, none of the instructions he would need to get out of the United States in a hurry, no code words to use when calling his handler to implement an escape, no secondary contact numbers in the event he couldn't get in touch with his handler. Without realizing it, Pollard would be left out in the cold.

Eitan, like Sella before him, expressed little interest in the terrorist and counterterrorist information that Pollard had persisted in supplying to the Israelis. They already had sufficient information on that subject, they reiterated; Pollard shouldn't waste his time.

When the topic of Pollard's new handler came up, the American urged Eitan to reconsider and keep Sella on. He was comfortable with Sella, Pollard argued. But Eitan was adamant that he be cut out. He told Pollard that the colonel had some important matters to tend to at his airbase and that he had to be "isolated" from the operation. End of discussion. Pollard had been led to believe that his new handler lived in Israel, but he now found out that Yagur was in fact the scientific attaché to the Israeli consulate in New York City. In the future, when they had meetings in Washington, Yagur would be arriving from the Big Apple, not Israel. Eitan wanted the two men to continue having operational meetings in Europe, but Pollard disagreed, saying the navy special security officer might get suspicious about all his trips overseas.

To reimburse him for this first trip to Paris, the Israelis gave him approximately ten thousand in cash. Eitan also established Pollard's "salary": fifteen hundred a month, a figure based on his navy pay.[9] The figure was woefully below what Pollard had hoped for, but the Israelis didn't want him to have too much unexplained cash. They knew the FBI looked at unexplained or sudden affluence as an indicator of espionage. Despite their concern, they did not provide Pollard with any training on how to conceal his extra earnings.

After leaving Eitan with an itinerary, Pollard and his fiancée departed Paris and traveled around Europe for three weeks, staying at luxury inns. Their hotel charges alone exceeded four thousand dollars, and the restaurant bills, as they ate their way through France, Italy, Austria, and Germany at four-star establishments, were equally high. With all the fine dining and little exercise, Pollard started to put on weight. His belly now protruded over his belt, his cheeks were chubby. He was sporting a mustache and his hairline had receded, which made him look older and more mature.

Back in the States, Pollard and Anne played fast and loose with their extra cash, blowing it mostly on food, drink, and drugs. They were living the good life now. Neither seemed to realize the gravity of the step they had each taken or the consequences should they be discovered. Instead of lying low, Jonathan and his fiancée were virtually advertising their crimes to the world.

As for Sella, he was none too pleased about being replaced as Pollard's handler. In the coming months he would maintain frequent contact with the spy in America's capital, but only socially. Neither could have predicted that the colonel who had launched Pollard's clandestine career would eventually play a key role in its termination.

Once the three-week European vacation ended, Pollard returned to spying. During one of his next deliveries to the Israeli diplomat's residence in Potomac, he was given the ring purchased for Anne in Paris, along with the letter from "Uncle Joe" to carry with her at all times.

The DIA was one of the facilities hardest hit by Pollard, his "gold mine."[10] He spent a lot of time in its central library, which stored all Defense Attaché Office messages and other intelligence reports, including military intelligence from the Middle East and around the world. Pollard combed this repository and took whatever he wanted, meaning everything he could carry out at any one time.

The normal procedure for analysts who wanted specific classified documents from the DIA library was to fill out a certified request form and send it to the library, which would arrange to have the documents ready for pickup. But Pollard wasn't interested in just a few specific documents. In his search for as much information as possible, he skipped the request forms and hunted for documents himself. He would stroll into the library, scan the computer system for defense attaché officers' reports from Baghdad, Damascus, Riyadh, Cairo, Algiers, and Pakistan, pull up the reports on the computer, copy them, and put them in his briefcase with no audit trail. Unlike intelligence information reports, TS and SCI documents were available only in hard copy, and Pollard had to sign them out. For these, he would complete a check-out form and drop it off at the desk before exiting the building. No one ever verified what he had in his briefcase. Because of his courier card he was never challenged. If it was too late to return to his office, he would store the material at his apartment.[11]

Another of Pollard's methods was to retrieve messages from the Special Intelligence Communications (SPINTCOM) center in the basement of NIS headquarters. He would order material from his computer terminal upstairs in the ATAC. Once the center obtained the material, they would call and tell him it was ready for pickup. As at the DIA library, he had to sign for TS and SCI material. After doing so, he would return to his office and place the material in a drawer until he had enough to transfer into a sturdy briefcase that could hold at least four to six reams of paper.

Sometimes, in a single day, Pollard would make two or three trips to his car, a 1980 Ford Mustang with a fold-down backseat that gave him access from inside the vehicle to the trunk, where he kept a suitcase. On occasion he drove over to Sam's Car Wash in Suitland, right outside the back gate of the NISC (from which he also removed information). While the vehicle went through the wash cycle, he transferred material from his briefcase into the suitcases in the trunk. On other occasions Pollard would find a secluded park in Maryland and transfer the documents into his suitcases. If he were taking material from the SCI libraries at the DIA, he would park in a secluded area on Bolling Air Force Base to transfer it.

In his quest for highly classified information, Pollard was an expert at deceit and manipulation. Early in the operation when the Israelis wanted to get their hands on intelligence about the joint Egyptian-Argentine Condor missile, he called an acquaintance at his former place of employment, the NISC, who steered him toward a DIA analyst who happened to have information on the subject. After contacting this person by phone, Pollard visited him at DIA headquarters.

As a cover story, Pollard told the DIA analyst that the NIS was working on a technology-transfer case involving an Egyptian missile engineer who was approaching U.S. companies on the West Coast looking for information. Without questioning Pollard or verifying his comments, the DIA expert provided him with a complete, highly classified folder on the Condor and even showed him where to find the copy machine. Pollard would later claim that the Israelis had been aware merely that Egypt was attempting to build a medium-range ballistic missile. They wanted him to fill in the gaps.[12]

Wednesday, 23 January 1985, would be one of Pollard's last drops at Ilan Ravid's residence in Potomac, but he didn't know that yet. Still feeling elated from his trip to Paris two months earlier, he wanted to make a big impression. Following his previous drop-off at the house, he had continued to collect highly classified information for almost two weeks and had stored it in the ATAC. He was supposed to make the delivery on 21 January, but that evening he and Anne, along with some friends, attended an inaugural ball for President Ronald Reagan at the Shoreham Hotel.

At about 6:00 PM on Tuesday, 22 January, Pollard drove back to his office, knowing everyone had left for the day except two ATAC watch standers. His office was located on the second floor of the NIC-1 building, which also housed NIS headquarters. The security setup and layout in the SCI facility were flawed, allowing Pollard easy access. The area was supposed to be highly secured, but classified material did not have to be locked up. Sometimes it would accumulate several feet high and be left for the night, stacked on the floor or under analysts' desks. The two watch standers stood duty on the far side of the ATAC, answering phones and gathering intelligence reports from classified computers. Pollard's cubicle was located at the other end of the center. There were two doors into the ATAC, one near the watch standers, another at the far end through which Pollard could enter. His cubicle was no more than twenty feet from this door, separated from it by a small office and adjoining space, and the watch standers wouldn't be able to see him enter and exit because their view was obstructed by cubicle partitions.

Pollard was determined to remove every document he had stacked up in his work area during the previous two weeks. He segregated the messages from TS/SCI publications, which had to be signed out and returned. Carrying either his briefcase or a box stuffed to the gills, Pollard hauled the material down the corridor to the elevator and rode it to the first floor, then walked past the security guard and out to his car parked near the entrance to the building. Once in a while he would go and strike up a conversation with the watch standers, in case they were growing curious.

The security guard at the front desk did present a slight problem. The courier card authorized Pollard to remove classified material without a search, but to get back into the building after each trip to his car he had to ring a doorbell, it being after hours. The guard would have to get up, leave his small office, and open the door. To alleviate the problem, after a couple of trips Pollard informed the guard he was moving material from NIC-1 to NIC-2—the building next door—for a project he was working on. Pollard was lucky. The security guard didn't want to keep getting up to open the door, so he put a block down between the frame and the door to prop it open.

Pollard made some fifteen to twenty trips to his car, filling five suitcases to the brim. It took him nearly five hours to complete the task. Just before 11:00 PM, he finished and went home.[13] The security guard never made an entry into the logbook about Pollard's unusual actions that night, nor did he notify his relief. Security was lax, procedures were ignored; no one had the common sense to harbor suspicion.

On 23 January Pollard made his drop-off at Ravid's house. Ravid, Yagur, and a third person whom Pollard had never met were there. The Israelis had already had a taste of what their operative could produce in volume; this time, the spy had outdone himself. Two suitcases contained TS- and SCI-coded publications that Pollard had to return on Monday morning, and right away the Israelis attacked those, pulling out the documents and running upstairs to copy them. The other three suitcases held highly classified messages that didn't have to be returned. At this meeting his handlers provided the analyst with two black leather briefcases in which to carry additional documents.

Van Ness East
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Van Ness Apartments, Washington, D.C. —SHANNON OLIVE

Up to this point the Israelis had felt fairly secure using Ravid's residence, but the material being passed was so voluminous and highly classified that they decided it would be prudent to choose a new temporary drop-off location. Irit Erb, who worked as a secretary at the Israeli embassy, had a place in the Van Ness Apartments at 2939 Van Ness Street N.W., not far from the embassy. Her apartment was quickly outfitted with a high-speed Xerox machine, and Yagur instructed Pollard to drop material off there in the future. After being furnished with keys to Erb's garage and apartment, in the event she wasn't home, Pollard began drop-offs every other Friday evening, unless there was a publication or a message he felt the Israelis needed ASAP.[14]

During his next encounter with Yagur, Pollard was introduced to an Israeli agent referred to as Uzi. Eitan had decided Uzi would soon be taking Yagur's place as Pollard's handler. The analyst never learned Uzi's real name. They needed a meeting place other than Erb's apartment, Yagur and Uzi said. The embassy had asked an American-Israeli lawyer who lived in Israel to purchase an apartment for embassy business. One was purchased in the Van Ness complex for $82,500.[15]

This new apartment was equipped with several sophisticated high-speed copying machines, and Erb began photocopying material there during weekends. Pollard would typically deliver the classified documents to Erb's apartment on a Friday evening. Erb would copy or have copied the documents for which Pollard was accountable, in order that he could retrieve them, usually on Sunday, for return to their classified repositories the following Monday. Materials such as messages or cables which Pollard was not accountable for were left with Erb.[16] On the last Sunday of every month, Yagur would fly or drive from New York and meet with Pollard at the newly purchased apartment to give him his monthly salary of $1,500 and to issue new instructions.

It was at one of these meetings that Pollard complained about his compensation. The work he was doing for Israel was dangerous, he argued, and the quality of the information he provided was better than anything Israel had ever seen through intelligence exchanges with the United States. He wanted more money. Unbeknownst to Pollard, the Israelis had already decided to raise his salary but they hadn't told him. How much? Yagur wanted to know. "Up it by a thousand," Pollard replied.[17] Yagur passed the request on to Eitan and it was approved. Now Pollard would start receiving $2,500 a month.

During this same meeting, the issue of the radio signal notations (RASIN) manual resurfaced. The only thing Pollard had been able to find out was that the manual dealt with extremely sensitive signal intelligence. Later, at a meeting in February 1985, Yagur showed him a copy of the first chapter of the manual. After looking it over, the analyst realized it was an NSA document. According to Pollard, Yagur told him that using this first chapter the Israelis had been able to access the uplink of the Soviet Military Assistance Group in Damascus, and that they "needed the whole manual to see if it was economically and technically feasible to decrypt the uplink signals."[18]

How did the Israelis get their hands on the first chapter of the RASIN manual? This question, and the fact that the Israelis were asking for documents by exact title, sometimes even by identification number, later led U.S. investigators to suspect that there had been someone else besides Pollard passing information to Israel. The news media would dub this mystery figure Mr. X, but his existence has never been proven. Still, the hypothesis raises interesting questions that persist to this day.

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Chapter 9

THE FALL GUY

In 1983 Kurt Lohbeck was working as a congressional staffer, rubbing elbows with high-ranking politicians and young people who had taken jobs in Washington on the coattails of the new president, Ronald Reagan. It was a heady time in the nation's capital, but Lohbeck was bored. One day he met a young woman who was well versed in the Afghanistan conflict. At that time Lohbeck knew precious little about the landlocked Muslim nation that the Soviets had invaded in 1980. She told him that since the Soviet invasion, American news coverage of the war consisted of a total of fifteen minutes. It was astounding, she said, that the invasion of a neighbor by a country the size of the Soviet Union wasn't getting more news coverage. Lohbeck, once a journalist who had freelanced for local television and radio stations in Texas and New Mexico, was stunned himself. After doing some research and discovering that no one wanted to cover the story because it was too dangerous, he raised some money to go to Afghanistan and make a documentary about the conflict. Before he knew it, he was in Pakistan meeting with top government officials and members of the Afghan resistance.[1]

One of the mujahideen (Islamic guerrilla commanders), Abdul Haq, believed that Afghanistan could some day prevail, forcing the Soviet invaders out. Over the years Lohbeck and Haq formed a lasting bond of trust. Because of the doors Haq opened for him, Lohbeck was allowed to interact with the mujahideen during every phase of the war and to shoot inside video footage. His was the first real coverage of the war from the point of view of the resistance. CBS, impressed by his footage and incredible stories, hired him on as their "man in Afghanistan."

Lohbeck eventually spent years in Afghanistan with the resistance fighters, returning to the United States for about three weeks a year. During one of those visits, in January 1985, he attended a party at a friend's house in Washington. The friend happened to be a close friend of Newt Gingrich, then-Speaker of the House of Representatives. At the party a person Lohbeck had never seen in his life walked up to him and said, "Oh, I'm glad you're safe. We've been following you and we've been worried about your safety." The guy was with a short, attractive redhead. Confused, Lohbeck asked who he was, and the fellow introduced himself by whipping out a picture with a caption that read, "Jonathan Jay Pollard employed as an analyst with the Naval Investigative Service." Pollard introduced the woman as Anne Henderson, his fiancée.

Embassy of the Islamic Republic of Pakistan-Washington, D.C. —ELECTRONIC MEDIA

Why would any intelligence agency be interested in his activities in Afghanistan? Lohbeck wanted to know. After all, he was reporting everything to CBS, telling the world everything that was happening. This wasn't a secretive operation.

"We've been following you," Pollard repeated. "We can't talk here, there are too many people, but we have to get together."

They made arrangements to meet for dinner the following night at a German restaurant in the vicinity of New York Avenue. When Lohbeck arrived, Anne and Pollard were already waiting at a table for him. Out of the blue, the analyst pulled out a stack of classified situation intelligence reports, primarily CIA reports on Afghanistan. Lohbeck, along with some other journalists, was already getting such reports every Monday morning in Afghanistan, most of which were classified. The difference was that the situation reports offered by Pollard identified source and place of origin. To protect sources, such information is almost never revealed, particularly not in sensitive documents.

Lohbeck read over the reports, telling Pollard this was interesting stuff but adding: "A lot of it is bullshit. I know for a fact during that time period the Soviets weren't doing this in that part of the country, it was in another part of Afghanistan." Other information in the reports seemed credible. After dinner they parted ways, agreeing to get together again.

No sooner had he returned to his apartment than Lohbeck called Sam Roberts, then foreign editor of CBS News in New York, and told him about Pollard showing him classified information on Afghanistan. What should he do? "Come up to New York and talk it over," Roberts replied. [2]

During their meeting Roberts was quite stern. He told Lohbeck that because of his unique situation in Afghanistan, "everybody will try to co-opt you intelligence-wise."[3] Frequently, reporters knew more about what went on than the intelligence agencies. Roberts guessed that Pollard was an intelligence operative trying to recruit Lohbeck into passing information to him about Afghanistan. Lohbeck agreed. Roberts said, in so many words, that if the reporter wanted to stay on with CBS News he could not allow himself to be co-opted. Roberts kept insisting that Lohbeck couldn't let Pollard think he was going to become an intelligence agent, because he was not, he was a reporter. The lecture sank in. Lohbeck understood him loud and clear.

Throughout 1985 Lohbeck's visits to the States became more frequent. Every time he returned, he met the analyst for lunch or dinner several times. Pollard continued showing him classified documents, mostly coded secret but with some TS information. The intelligence dealt primarily with Soviet troop movements and plans for Afghanistan and Pakistan. One day over lunch, Lohbeck recalled, Pollard brought in a particularly memorable item. About an inch thick with a cover, photos, and drawings, it was a Soviet document, translated into English, that dealt with military plans for Pakistan once the invaders had solidified their control over Afghanistan. Pollard studied Lohbeck as he read it over. Then out of nowhere the analyst said, "Do you think you could sell this to Pakistan?"

"Jay," Lohbeck replied firmly, "my relationship with the Pakistanis is that they give *me* information, I don't give them information. I have a fairly good relationship with the Pakistani intelligence service. This relationship is the reason I can get in and out of Pakistan and Afghanistan. They're not going to pay me for anything."

On another occasion, at a coffee shop near Pollard's apartment, the analyst brought along a publication dealing with U.S. communications ability, classified TS. Lohbeck sat drinking coffee and skimming through it. Then he handed it right back and said, "Jay, I don't want to walk out of this coffee shop with this in my hand."

Pollard responded, "Well, we could sell it to somebody."

"Not *we!*" Lohbeck shot back. "I don't want anything to do with this." The reporter said that he informed CBS about Pollard trying to sell this publication, but nothing was ever said about it again.

On one occasion Pollard took Lohbeck to a location he believed was NIS headquarters. The analyst pulled into the parking lot and told him to come along. Inside the building Pollard flashed his identification. Lohbeck waited in the lobby while

Pollard got on the elevator. When he returned about fifteen minutes later they got back into his car. The analyst reached into his overcoat, pulled out a stack of classified documents, and said, “Look at this, it’s some good stuff.” Pollard starting laughing at how easy it was to sneak the material past the lax security at NIS headquarters.

Lohbeck took the material home to peruse it and gave it back to Pollard the next day. “Jay’s only comment was to say I was missing an opportunity to make a lot of money,” Lohbeck told me.[4] He didn’t know what Pollard ended up doing with the material.

Pollard also proposed a scheme to Lohbeck to sell foreign arms to Afghanistan via Saudi Arabia, which apparently appealed to the reporter because that way he could help the resistance fighters as well as make some money on the side. They would both get a commission. But Lohbeck steadfastly refused to sell the maps and other bits of classified information Pollard put into his hands.

Despite Lohbeck’s refusals the two became fast friends, no doubt in part because the analyst was interested in Afghanistan, Lohbeck’s passion. Pollard wanted him to be the best man at his wedding. At one point the reporter was getting ready to go back to Afghanistan when Pollard called him from Paris to say that he was getting married there. Lohbeck suggested that since he was flying to London the next morning en route to Afghanistan, he could take a short detour to Paris for the wedding.

When Lohbeck arrived in London, he called Pollard’s room at the Paris Hilton. A man answered the phone and Lohbeck asked if Pollard was there. “Who’s this?” the voice came back.

“This is Kurt Lohbeck.”

“What do you want?” the man demanded.

Lohbeck said, “I want to talk to Jay. I’m supposed to meet him tomorrow.”

The man on the other end of the line said, “Oh, he left.” Lohbeck finally got around to asking who the man was and he responded, “Uh, this is his uncle, but Jay has left.” Lohbeck often wondered who that man was on the other end of the phone. He is now convinced it was Rafael Eitan.

Lohbeck skipped the jaunt to Paris, and as it turned out, Pollard did not get married there. The next time Lohbeck saw Pollard and Anne in the States, she was sporting a huge blue sapphire surrounded by diamonds, and they still weren’t married.

“How the hell did you buy that?” the reporter asked.

“My uncle paid for it,” Pollard replied.

Pollard continued his attempts to make contacts with other countries. One time Lohbeck went with him to see Argentina’s defense attaché on Connecticut Avenue. Pollard appeared to be good friends with the guy; they greeted each other by first name. Pollard asked the attaché whether the Argentines would sell their Cobra antitank weapon to the Afghans if he found someone to pay for it. The answer was yes.

Pollard then took Lohbeck to the South African military attaché's office near 19th and M streets. He and the attaché appeared to know each other well. The South African suggested a scheme by which they could make the weapons sale to Afghanistan happen. The Argentines would sell the weapon to the South Africans, who would pay for it and then sell it to the Afghan fighters. Lohbeck and Pollard would get the commission. Anne, at Pollard's request, had obtained Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms forms so that they could register as international arms brokers. When Lohbeck found out about the forms he became upset, fearing that a background check would be initiated.[5] But no price was ever set, the deal didn't happen, and as far as Lohbeck knew, the Cobra antitank system never surfaced in Afghanistan.

The only other country Pollard talked to Lohbeck about was Taiwan, which he said had antitank weapon systems that might be equal to or better than the Argentines' Cobra.

Later, after his arrest, Pollard revealed to investigators other contacts he had made in hopes of gaining commercial contracts. He claimed to have met with a South African diplomat at a hotel off Dupont Circle to discuss the sale of night-vision scopes for the mujahideen. Supposedly, the sales would take place through a trade organization called NIMROD International. Within days the South African diplomat contacted Pollard with a price breakdown, which he later showed Lohbeck. According to Pollard, Anne attended both of those meetings. The arrangement was for the analyst, through Henderson, to receive a percentage of the sale as a commission if a contract was executed. [6] Again, no deal went through.

Pollard later told investigators that in addition to the Argentines and South Africans, he had contacted people from the embassies in Washington of these countries:

- Taiwan's. He approached the Office of Special Liaison to discuss obtaining the Bumblebee wire-guided missile.
- Brazil's. He and Anne went to this embassy and spoke with a woman about obtaining the Cobra missile.
- France's. Here he made inquiries about purchasing the short-range Mistral air defense infrared missile for the mujahideen.
- Sri Lanka's. He approached this embassy regarding ultralight aircraft but never followed up.
- Kenya's. He inquired about ultralight aircraft but never followed up.[7]

While all this wheeling and dealing (or rather, would-be wheeling and dealing) was going on—Pollard had a lot more success passing classified information to the Israelis than turning himself into a big-shot arms trafficker—Pollard continued to do drugs. Lohbeck witnessed several instances of cocaine use. Pollard carried around a one-gram vial of the stuff, and he and Anne would snort it through a rolled-up dollar bill, not only in front of Lohbeck, who didn't participate, but also sometimes openly in restaurants.[8]

The analyst was living recklessly, and it should have served as a warning to Lohbeck, but it didn't. During the period of their friendship, he had no idea that Pollard would eventually attempt to make him the fall guy for the crimes that Pollard himself was committing.[9]

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Chapter 10

THE TEN-YEAR PLAN

In the summer of 1985, Yagur informed Pollard that he and his fiancée should prepare for another trip abroad, this time to Israel. Again he pressured Pollard to marry Anne. The Israelis offered to pick up the entire cost of the trip to Israel as well as the honeymoon. Pollard was thrilled. He hadn't been to Israel since attending the Weizmann Institute in 1971. Anne would finally get a chance to see the country where, he hoped, they would spend the rest of their lives and maybe have children. Getting married in Israel would be a dream come true.

When Yagur found out about Pollard's plan, he nixed that idea. When two people get married in the Jewish religion, a rabbinical investigation is conducted to prove, among other things, their Jewish heritage. Pollard couldn't get married in Israel because doing so would require such an investigation, and Yagur and Eitan were afraid it would draw attention to the couple. That was fine with Anne, who wanted the wedding to take place in Venice. The couple planned to take several weeks off, traveling first to Israel, then to Europe for the wedding and honeymoon. It would be an expensive trip, but they didn't have to worry about it taking a toll on their finances. They made arrangements through Cal Simmons Travel Agency in Georgetown, planning to stay in nothing but first-class hotels.

That wasn't going to work while they were in Israel, however. Pollard would have an operational contact meeting in Tel Aviv. For fear of attracting too much attention, Yagur told him not to ask for a suite at the Tel Aviv Hilton. Instead, Pollard should pose as a tourist of modest means and stay in a regular guest room.

In late July Pollard and Anne flew directly from New York to Tel Aviv on El Al Airlines because security was better on an Israeli carrier—at least for someone spying for Israel. Nevertheless, as Pollard recalled, "El Al security in New York almost did not let Anne on the flight because she did not look Jewish."[1] Pollard did not elaborate on this statement. Perhaps because of her Irish family name and her red hair, the Israelis believed Anne was not Jewish.

Upon their arrival in Tel Aviv, Pollard and Anne checked into the Hilton. Yagur called and made arrangements to meet them that evening.

Pollard and Anne attended a dinner held in their honor at Uzi's residence; Yagur and Sella and their wives were also there.[2] During this dinner and subsequent meetings with Eitan, the analyst was encouraged to double his espionage efforts. He learned that Uzi, being groomed to take over as his handler, was an international arms dealer who sold weapons to Iran. Pollard's antennae shot right up. Still harboring the pipe dream of selling arms to Afghanistan, the analyst talked to Uzi about a contact he had with the South Africans. It was incredibly careless of him to broach this subject. No handler wants an agent doing international arms deals on the side that might attract attention and compromise his effectiveness as a spy. The only element of discretion Pollard can be said to have observed was in not telling Uzi that this situation had once gotten him in trouble on an NIS polygraph exam.

The next morning Anne went shopping and sightseeing with Yagur's wife while he and Pollard visited Eitan, who was in the ophthalmic ward at Beilinson Hospital for eye surgery because of an injury he had received earlier that summer. Security for this undertaking was extremely tight. The Israelis had to "clean" the entire floor, that is, remove anyone who might question Pollard's presence and make sure no Americans were in the area.[3] As he and Yagur were about to enter Eitan's room, a guard in civilian clothes started to search the analyst, but stopped when Yagur gave the order.

Eitan's room was cramped and sparsely furnished, just a bed and no chairs. When Pollard and Yagur walked into the room, a nurse was cleaning out Eitan's eye. After the nurse departed, Eitan and Yagur went over a computer-generated list of the material the analyst had passed them so far. The publications were meticulously sorted by title and serial number, the messages by date-time groups, the intelligence information reports by originating defense attaché office and number. It was a lengthy list, to say the least, and Pollard didn't know why they were reviewing it with him.

When Eitan produced photographs from the NPIC, Pollard noticed that the photo of the bomb damage inflicted on the nuclear facility in Iraq he had given to Aviem Sella was missing. Sella must have kept it for himself after the meeting at Dumbarton Oaks, Pollard thought. The analyst didn't mention it to Eitan.

Eitan praised Pollard for the excellent job he was doing, which far exceeded expectations. The spymaster, who had once been under the impression that the U.S. security system was as good as Israel's, could hardly believe his good fortune. Since their last meeting, Pollard had provided the missing chapters of the precious RASIN manual. The manual, which according to Eitan had already been put into partial operational use, had helped "break out" the specific signals the Israelis were interested in without a big waste of time and money. They were working on exploiting the satellite uplink signals at the Soviet Military Assistance Group headquarters in Damascus. Eventually, they would be able to read the signals, Eitan added, and “then the fun would begin.”[4]

The spymaster described the information the Israelis hoped to glean from the uplink as an “indications and warnings” asset, which in the event of hostilities would be crucial. Because they had the RASIN manual, the Israelis would be forewarned on exactly what the Syrians and Russians might be planning. Israel believed the Soviets would be completely integrated into the Syrian military command.

Pollard had also provided the Israelis with a DIA study that detailed an invasion scenario in which Syria attacked Israel at a point along the Golan Heights. Eitan told Pollard the Israeli planners were upset about this document because it didn’t fall in line with their own scenario.

Later that afternoon Pollard revisited the question of what would happen if he and Anne were caught. Eitan told him not to worry, that “no drastic action would be taken against [you]—it hasn’t happened in the past. We haven’t taken action on the U.S. collecting here.” If something did go wrong, the Israelis would take care of him. When Pollard asked for specifics, Eitan dismissed the topic. [5]

Raising his voice, the analyst pointed out that he was taking great risks. He was worried about his safety. He was providing Israel with a wealth of information. He wanted assurances, and he deserved a raise. The argument became so heated that the guard outside the door looked in to make sure everything was all right. Eitan refused to increase the analyst’s salary because of the risk that he would be discovered with unexplained income; it was much too dangerous. Rather than offering Pollard more, the spymaster fueled his anger by pushing him to “redouble” his espionage efforts.

As the argument continued, however, Eitan did offer a carrot. Instead of giving their informant a pay raise in cash every month, the Israelis would establish a Swiss bank account in the name of Danny Cohen. This would be part of a ten-year plan. Pollard would continue his services to Israel, and in return, every year for the next ten years, they would deposit thirty thousand dollars into the Cohen account. Pollard wouldn’t have access to this money until the operation was over, at which point he would be given the signature cards that allowed him access to the accumulated funds. Eitan assured Pollard that thirty thousand a year was what he would make if he were living and working in Israel. They were taking a long-range view of this operation. After ten years Pollard could bow out and relocate to Israel. Yagur hung his head when Eitan made these remarks. [6]

It happens in the career of every spy: The initial excitement and intrigue wear off and disillusionment begins to set in. Pollard was emotionally devastated by Rafi Eitan’s revelation that the operation would continue for ten more years, and he was unable to respond. Though he appreciated the offer, he was still upset. Ten more years of this was more than he had ever bargained for.

On the ride back to the hotel Yagur said to Pollard, “You’re obviously not ready for this.” No, he wasn’t. Yagur counseled him to put this behind him for the time being and enjoy the rest of his visit in Israel. [7] Should any U.S. personnel in Tel Aviv recognize him, the Israeli cautioned, he should say he was there for a trade conference or for his honeymoon. The next day Pollard and Anne moved into the King David Hotel in Jerusalem and were provided with a tour guide who spoke perfect English, as well as the use of a car for three days, all expenses paid. They visited the Golan Heights, Massada, Jericho, and a Palestinian refugee camp. At one point during the tour, the driver commented that they must be VIPs because it was unusual for the prime minister’s office to call and arrange for Israel’s best tour guide for three days—all expenses prepaid.[8]

Yagur’s advice about enjoying himself had fallen on deaf ears. Pollard was having a difficult time concentrating on the tour. He was worried, really worried. Newspapers around the world were plastered with headlines about spies being arrested. Several spies operating in the Department of the Navy had been arrested in recent years, not to mention others uncovered in the NSA, the CIA, and the FBI. At the time the most infamous case in the navy was the Johnny Walker spy ring. Walker, who had recruited his son Michael, his brother Arthur, and his friend Jerry Whitworth, had been arrested on 19 May 1985. Pollard could hardly sleep at night.

Two days into the tour, distracted and anxious, he called Yagur at home and demanded to see the old man again. In addition to assurances that the Israelis would provide him with safe asylum if he were detected, Pollard wanted to rehash the subject of money. Yagur promised he would arrange another meeting. The analyst should go to the Tel Aviv Hilton and Yagur would pick him up there. While Pollard and Anne were on the road from Jerusalem to Tel Aviv, a car pulled up behind them and the driver began honking. By chance—or perhaps because of surveillance—it was Yagur. The tour car stopped and Pollard switched cars while his fiancée stayed behind.

Yagur drove him straight to the hospital. This time, instead of going to Eitan’s room, Pollard was directed to the security office. Eitan stormed into the room, holding one hand over his bad eye, agitated by Pollard’s demand to see him again. The whole operation “stunk,” Pollard complained, and demanded to know how it was decided the operation would last ten more years. He had to have more money. Eitan repeated that he could not give him more money. The Swiss bank account would be set up, and if something did happen they would take care of Anne. In the midst of Pollard’s continued badgering, Eitan abruptly ended the conversation. “Okay, look,” he said shortly, “take two thousand more and have a good time in Europe. End of discussion. I've had it! *I'm* running this operation," and he stormed out.[9] The meeting lasted no more than fifteen minutes.

There was nothing more Pollard could do or say. Yagur drove him to the Hilton, where he caught a cab back to Jerusalem. That night, while Pollard and Anne were having dinner with Yagur and his wife, Pollard was handed an envelope containing twelve thousand dollars, two thousand more than he was initially going to get for his travels.[10]

Pollard departed Israel with no concrete reassurance that the Israelis would, in fact, rescue him should he be caught. There was still no escape plan, no emergency phone number, no safe house in which to hide until arrangements could be made to sneak him and Anne out of the United States.

From Israel the couple traveled to Venice, where they were married on the ninth of August. After the wedding their itinerary took them to Vienna, Zurich, Paris, and London, a trip so exhilarating that Pollard put all concern about his safety behind him. They enjoyed luxury accommodations in every city and even in between, spending one night on the Orient Express in a cabin that cost seven hundred dollars.

After they returned home, the biweekly deliveries resumed. At a meeting with Yagur, Pollard was shown the Israeli passport bearing his picture and the name Danny Cohen. The document was a demonstration of gratitude for his services. Pollard was pleased, doubly so when Yagur told him that right after leaving Israel he had flown to Switzerland and made a deposit of thirty thousand dollars.[11] Yagur would hold on to the passport and the bank signature cards for the time being, until Pollard emigrated to Israel.

The Israelis had lured Pollard, and now they had him hooked. The ten-year plan was a means of stringing him along and maximizing the volume of intelligence he gave them. Why should they enrich him all at once? That would only invite detection (because sudden wealth would serve as a red flag) or outright defection. His payment—$2,500 in cash every month and $30,000 every year for ten years accumulating in a Swiss bank account—was paltry considering the grave risk he was taking, and the Israelis knew it. For the incredible volume and quality of intelligence Pollard was feeding them, the money he received amounted to nothing more than thirty pieces of silver.

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Chapter 11

TALL TALES

Despite Pollard's worries about getting caught, he continued to spread stories abroad that were a bizarre mix of fact and fiction. It is not clear what his motives were. In some cases he seemed to be trying to impress people, in other cases, trying to deceive them. And then there were stories so fantastic that they appeared merely to reflect the workings of a delusional mind. Whatever his motives, one thing was certain: Pollard was raising eyebrows.

One evening, around the time the analyst returned from his honeymoon, the NIS's assistant director for counterintelligence, Lanny McCullah, was working in his corner office on the second floor of the NIC-1 building, some forty feet from the ATAC spaces. It was about five o'clock. Exhausted after a twelve-hour day, he was still doing paperwork when Pollard suddenly popped into his office. The analyst asked whether McCullah knew anyone who could help him. When McCullah asked what was wrong, Pollard told him that his fiancée had been kidnapped from a gun show and was being held hostage in a motel nearby. He said he had reported the license plate number to the FBI, but they weren't doing anything. McCullah, too preoccupied to pay him much heed, glanced up, told Pollard to follow-up with the FBI because he wasn't going to get involved with them, then turned back to his work. Pollard thanked him and left. McCullah told me years later that he wished he had paid more attention to Pollard's comments. They would have signaled his instability.[1]

On another occasion Rear Admiral Cathal "Irish" Flynn, director of the NIS at the time, was in the ATAC making small talk with the analyst when suddenly Pollard told him that he had once been arrested in Damascus and thrown into jail, where he was tortured. He didn't say for what. Israeli hero Eli Cohen was tortured by the Syrians and hanged for treason. Perhaps Pollard was fantasizing that he himself was Cohen. The name, after all, appeared on his fake passport. Or perhaps he was delusional. Whatever the case, Flynn was taken aback. Pollard seemed quite serious. Babbling on, the analyst claimed that he knew people in the Israeli security service and that the Israelis bugged hotel rooms.

Then, Pollard jumped to an entirely different subject: the NIS's vulnerability assessments of port security. The assessments were nothing but a big joke, he told the admiral brazenly. This erratic conversation happened in the course of ten short minutes. Pollard, Admiral Flynn concluded, was disgruntled. In fact, he seemed to hate the NIS.

Not long afterwards, over dinner at a navy function, Flynn expressed his concerns to Jerry Agee, the ATAC commander. Agee shrugged it off, commenting, "That's just Pollard."[2]

According to Richard Sullivan, a supervisor in the ATAC at the time, Pollard told him that he had earned an advanced degree in mathematics, and that his father, Morris, had been the CIA station chief in Prague, Czechoslovakia, during the spring of 1960.

While Pollard continued to tell tall tales, his work, once highly praised by supervisors, began to go downhill. Though he worked the Americas desk, he was still obsessed with the Middle East. When he began neglecting his intelligence reports, Sullivan and two other analysts in the division, Ron Brunson and Robert Bouchard, repeatedly had to massage them in order to get intelligence out to the fleet. [3] Pollard was also missing deadlines for status reports and product reviews, and it was discovered that he was several months late in filling out a security update form. His supervisor, Tom Filkins, taking heat from Commander Agee, gave Pollard a verbal warning regarding his performance and said that if it didn't improve, he would receive a written warning. To Pollard, however, warnings were like water off a duck's back.

I didn't know Jonathan Pollard in the summer of 1984 when I was transferred into a job with special operations at NIS headquarters. I had been assigned as a desk officer at Code 22B responsible for counterespionage operations against nations that were either Communist or hostile to the United States. I was never sure why I'd been transferred into special operations—probably because of my involvement in a string of successful operations as a counterintelligence squad leader in Naples, Italy. Personally, another field office would have been my choice, but I made the best of the transfer and quickly adapted to the headquarters way of doing business.

One project I became involved with—way out of my purview—was to make a Navy Department presentation on reporting suspicious activity. The old counterintelligence awareness briefings, called collector's briefings, that presented the methods Communist and hostile countries used to try and recruit U.S. sailors and Marines were sorely outdated. I wrote a proposal for a short training film on counterintelligence awareness and submitted it. To my surprise, it was approved. The film featured a sailor who was tricked into committing espionage after falling in love with a "swallow" (spy lingo for a female agent who seduces people for intelligence purposes) KGB agent and explained how the trap worked. Ten months later the film was set to go into production.

In June 1985 I lived in Virginia and commuted to the office with Frank Bloomingberg, head of the NIS's polygraph program, and Victor Palmucci, the NIS's executive assistant director. The promotion board was to meet that day and Palmucci was a senior player on the board. Up for a promotion, I kept my thoughts to myself during the drive in.

I had been late getting up that morning, and in my haste I grabbed my shoes from the closet, shoved them on, and hurried out the door into the predawn darkness. It was Bloomingberg's turn to drive that morning; Palmucci was sitting in the passenger's seat, and I was alone in the back. When we had almost reached headquarters, the sun started to rise and I happened to glance down at my shoes. There, staring back up at me, was a black shoe on my left foot and a dark maroon shoe on my right. Both were the exact same style. You've got to be kidding me! I thought, my heart sinking. If there were any chance of my getting a promotion, it would be over when Palmucci saw this. I could just hear him saying, "You want to be promoted to a supervisory position and you can't even match your shoes—forget about it!"

When we arrived at the office, we climbed out of the car and I let my fellow carpoolers walk about twenty feet in front of me, then hurried into my office and removed my shoes. It was seven o'clock, and the closest shoe store wouldn't open until nine. For two hours I padded around the office in my socks, worried that my boss, Special Agent Phil Comes, would see me and spread the story of my stupidity all over headquarters.

Lucky for me, that didn't happen. I ended the day on the promotion list, which was disseminated to all NIS offices and headquarters' divisions, and a few weeks later was offered a job as assistant special agent in charge of counterintelligence at the NIS's Washington Navy Yard field office. This was a prestigious position that carried with it major responsibilities. I was elated.

At the time, Pollard was working in the ATAC. We still hadn't formally met, though I recall passing him in the hallway because the ATAC was located just down the corridor from the Code 22B offices. This was about three or four weeks before my August transfer to the field office. One day, out of the blue, Pollard showed up in the Code 22B spaces, introduced himself, and congratulated me on my pending promotion. No sooner had I thanked him than he launched into a story about—what else?—a good friend of his who was the naval attaché at the South African embassy in Washington. It was a drawn-out account of how this attaché might be able to get me information on arms sales to the mujahideen in Afghanistan.

The first thing that popped into my mind was, Is this guy a nut? But the more I listened, the more he sounded like someone who knew what he was talking about.

Pollard was still chattering away when I interrupted him to say that I didn’t think there would be a navy connection. Instead of information on arms sales to the mujahideen, would this attaché friend of his be able to give me anything on planned terrorist attacks against navy personnel and installations in the United States and around the world? That was the type of information I could use. (This reminded me of one of our missions in Naples. We were to collect information on terrorist threats against the Department of the Navy. The Italian police allowed Special Agent Joe Riccio and me to interview a member of the *Brigate Rosso* [Red Brigade] and a member of the *Prima Linea* [Front Line]—terrorist organizations at that time. The two members were under arrest and cooperating with the police. They gave us intelligence on their plan to ambush and kidnap or kill Admiral William J. Crowe Jr., commander in chief of Allied Forces, Southern Europe. It was a big coup for the Naples office and for us.)

Yes, Pollard said, the attaché could provide well-placed intelligence about planned terrorist attacks. Listening to him, I started imagining what a big impression I would make at the field office if I were to get my hands on some good intelligence. Of course, before using this attaché as a source of information, I would have to get permission from headquarters and the Department of Defense. In the meantime, I asked myself, what harm would it do just to talk to the guy? Pollard said he would approach his friend and arrange a meeting.

The story seemed too good to be true. After all, I didn’t know Pollard, and why would he want to help me? But hope overrode my natural inclination to be suspicious.

A week passed. By now we were on a first-name basis. Every time I ran into him in the hallway I would say, “Hey, how are you doing, Jay? Did you talk to your contact yet?” Every time his answer was no, and he had a different excuse.

One day he told me he was going to set up a meeting in a small movie theater somewhere in downtown Washington. Well, the only small movie theaters I had heard about in D.C. were devoted to porn. I told Jay that wouldn’t work because it would be too dark in a theater, we couldn’t have a proper conversation. I preferred a restaurant. He agreed and said he would let me know the details. The last time our paths crossed before my transfer to the field office, he said he would continue trying to set up the meeting, but it never materialized.

After my transfer in August I didn’t hear from Pollard again, nor did I try to call him for an update. He was nothing but a storyteller who liked to impress people with his supposed contacts, I concluded, and didn’t give the matter another thought. Besides, I had my hands full with my new job. Without knowing it, I adopted the same distorted thinking as everyone else who encountered Jonathan Jay Pollard. I wrote him off as harmless.

As assistant special agent in charge of counterintelligence, I had my work cut out for me. The educational film I had written on counterintelligence awareness, “The Waiting Man,” was now in production, and the director had me playing myself. My agents and others at headquarters appeared in portions of the film, while local professional actors played the main characters. Everyone did a great job of acting—everyone, that is, but me. Take the worst spaghetti Western you ever saw, then take the worst actor in it, and his acting would be Oscar caliber compared to mine. The film was later shown to U.S. Navy sailors and Marines around the world, and it took the better part of a year to live down my performance.

One other item on my agenda, besides supervising upwards of eighty counterintelligence investigations, was to conduct protective service details for foreign defense officials. This fell under “extra duties” at the field office. And it just so happened that in November the minister of defense for Israel, Yitzhak Rabin, was coming to town to conduct fundraisers for Israeli bonds.

To coordinate the detail, some of my agents and I met with the chief security officer at the Israeli embassy. The officer, whose name escapes me, was extremely difficult to work with. He kept demanding changes to our protocol, and he wanted to dictate where Israeli agents would be placed while Rabin was in motorcades and walking around. He seemed to forget that he was in our country, not his. I didn’t agree to most of his demands. After all, if something went haywire, it would be my reputation on the line. Furthermore, although there was a threat against Rabin’s life in the Middle East, there wasn’t the slightest hint of a threat against him in the United States. For that reason, I told the security officer, we could put only a third of our agents on the protective detail. The security officer said this was unacceptable.

Back at the office one of my agents, Rich Cloonan, told me to stand by. He said every time Israeli security was planning for the arrival of their minister of defense, it played out the same way. The NIS would try to reduce the detail owing to a lack of threat and, lo and behold, within forty-eight hours the ATAC would receive a phone call from the State Department indicating that an unidentified individual had made a threat. Sure enough, the threat came in no more than twenty-four hours later. Whether it was real, perceived, or contrived made no difference. I had to initiate a full detail with more than thirty agents, reducing our resources at the field office to a skeleton crew.

So far, I was doing well in my new job. It was much bigger than I had anticipated, but I liked challenges, and a challenge is exactly what was in store for me. Though there was no way I could have known it at the time, the Jonathan Jay Pollard case was about to blow wide open, right in the middle of my watch.

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Chapter 12

A SECRET TIP

It was just a matter of time before the analyst was discovered. Even spies who are trained in their craft and possess the utmost discretion run the risk of arrest. Pollard had neither training nor discretion.

The man who can be credited as the first both to notice Pollard's suspicious activity and to take it seriously enough to follow through by reporting it was a coworker of the analyst's who did not want his name revealed. To this day, few know his identity. During an interview I had with him, I didn't ask why he wanted to retain his anonymity. It was none of my business, and besides, I understood that without a guarantee of anonymity, much suspicious activity in the intelligence community would never be reported. At any rate, he is a true hero, the only person I know of in the whole sordid saga of Jonathan Jay Pollard who had the courage and patriotism to come forward and report that something "was out of the ordinary and just didn't seem right." This chapter is his story, and the story of the dedicated supervisor to whom he reported.[1]

On Friday, 8 November 1985, shortly before 5:00 PM, Pollard's ATAC coworker wasn't feeling well. He decided to go home a few minutes early. Just before leaving the office, he spotted Pollard holding up a list of document titles attached to the front of an envelope. The envelope contained TS/SCI message traffic he had just retrieved from the SPINTCOM center in the basement. The messages, as always, were double wrapped and sealed with brown masking tape. Pollard was telling some other analysts how stupid he was for requesting all the wrong documents from the center downstairs. He was upset; now he had to go back downstairs to the computer room and destroy the documents.

An ATAC analyst could order TS and SCI material from a special computer with links to all intelligence agency networks, military or civilian. Once the requested documents had been gathered, a SPINTCOM employee would call the analyst to say they were ready for pickup. The analyst would then go downstairs to the computer room, show his or her credentials and courier card, sign for the messages, and pick them up. An analyst who was finished with a TS/SCI document had to sign it back in. Most of the time returned material was destroyed under the two-person rule; that is, the person who ordered the material would have someone witness it being shredded, then sign a notice verifying that it had been destroyed.

Naval Investigative Service (NIS) Headquarters, Suitland, Maryland. —NIS/FBI AERIAL PHOTO

The coworker wasn't paying much attention to Pollard. He left the ATAC, got into his car, which was parked directly across from NIS headquarters, and waited for his wife, who happened to work in an office nearby.

While waiting, he observed Pollard's wife drive into the half-circle parking lot and pull up directly in front of the entrance to NIS headquarters and the NIC-1 building. She got out of the car and set off toward the building when, suddenly, Pollard emerged from the lobby and came down the steps to meet her. In his hand was an envelope sealed with brown masking tape, just like the one he had been complaining about a few minutes before.

The coworker thought to himself that Pollard could never have gone down to the computer center in the basement and destroyed the material so fast. This must be the same package. Where was he taking it? Thinking the analyst was probably going to drop it off at another intelligence agency, the coworker was about to blow it off. Then Pollard got into the car with his wife and headed away from the NISC. Maybe he's going to the DIA, the colleague thought. But Pollard's car turned in the opposite direction.

On the drive home with his wife, who also had a security clearance, the coworker told her what he had witnessed and voiced his suspicion. All kinds of crazy ideas were running through his head. Why had Pollard's wife picked him up? Would he show the material to her, or worse, to a foreign country? Should he report what he had seen? And if so, to whom? If he told someone, his name might be brought up during an investigation. What if he was wrong and falsely accusing Pollard of something he hadn't done? What if the word spread throughout headquarters and he was labeled a snitch? His colleagues would no longer trust him. He would be shunned, and risked losing his job.

Then he began to rationalize his coworker's actions, coming up with excuses. What if Pollard had been authorized by his supervisor to take the classified material somewhere? Pollard would never commit a security violation. Stop overreacting, he told himself.

While he agonized over the matter, his wife listened. Finally, she told him that if he felt so strongly there was something wrong, he needed to report it. Although still fearful that his suspicion might be unfounded or not believed, he decided to call his supervisor, Commander Agee, when he got home.

Before being promoted to commander of the ATAC, Jerry Agee had been assigned to the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean. In 1983 he was off the coast of Lebanon analyzing the terrorist intelligence reports that streamed in from across the region. He had also recruited military personnel from Communist countries for collection operations.

The coworker made up his mind not to tell Agee exactly who it was he had seen. This would prevent a lot of embarrassment if he were wrong. All he would say was that he had seen someone take something out of the building, it was late in the afternoon, and the person did not head in the direction of one of the intelligence agencies. No big deal.

Back at home, he phoned Commander Agee, hoping he was still at work. When Agee answered the phone, the coworker cautiously told him the story of what he had seen. Agee asked him who the person was, and when he didn't respond, the commander said jokingly, "Was it Ron Brunson?" referring to a hardworking analyst in the ATAC who also happened to be a prankster. The coworker didn't think it was funny. Suddenly it dawned on him that by withholding the name he might force Agee to start a witch-hunt that would eventually blow up in his face. He had no choice. It was Jonathan Pollard, he admitted, then pleaded with Agee to conceal his identity. He was anguishing over this, he said, afraid he might be accusing Pollard of something he hadn't done. Agee told him not to worry.

In an attempt to get this resolved quickly, the coworker suggested, Agee might want to check Pollard's office to see if there was a torn manila envelope in his wastebasket, on his desk, or somewhere else in his cubicle. That would indicate that Pollard had removed the material in the package and left it in his office rather than removing it from the building. If not, Agee might want to go downstairs to the Special Intelligence Communications center and see whether or not Pollard had returned the materials and had them destroyed. There was no getting around the fact that the coworker had seen

Pollard take a package out of the building taped the way TS/SCI documents were always taped. He knew Pollard had classified information; he just didn't know where he had taken it.

Jerry Agee. —RON OLIVE

Commander Agee thanked him and told him again not to worry; he would keep this to himself. While there might be a reasonable explanation for Pollard's behavior, Agee had no doubt that the coworker had accurately reported what he had seen. He was not one to overreact in any situation.

As soon as he hung up, Agee took the elevator down to the communications center to see whether Pollard had picked up or returned some SCI documents that day. The logbook showed that the analyst had indeed picked up SCI message traffic at about 4:00 PM, but there was no indication that the documents had been returned or destroyed. He had signed out numerous lengthy messages, and their subject matter, interestingly, did not lie within his area of responsibility. The documents dealt with intelligence in the Mediterranean and the Soviet Union.

Commander Agee hurried back up to Pollard's cubicle and began poking around, first checking his wastebasket for an empty manila envelope. Nothing. Nor was there a torn envelope on top of Pollard's desk. He did notice some papers on the Middle East but didn't think much about them. Next he checked the "burn bag," used for disposal of classified information. When full, a burn bag is sealed and taken to a secure location awaiting transportation to the Pentagon. Once at the Pentagon it is deposited in an incinerator for destruction. There was no empty manila envelope in the burn bag. Then Agee glanced under the desk. Highly classified documents and message traffic were arranged in two-foot high stacks, but again, no envelope.

Back at his desk, Agee sat down and began to work through what he knew. Late in the day Pollard had definitely signed for highly classified materials whose subject lay outside his purview. They had not been returned and could not be found in or around Pollard's desk. His immediate conclusion was that the ATAC employee's report of events was probably true. Pollard had the security documents with him. Then the question was, why had he left with those materials, where were they, and why would he commit such an egregious security violation?

It was about eight o'clock on Friday night. Tired, Agee realized that he could have missed the materials during his quick search, or that Pollard could have locked them up in his safe. Should he simply call Pollard and ask him where the materials in question were? No, he quickly decided. First, Pollard was a notorious fabricator and unlikely to tell the truth, and second, it would give him the opportunity to return the materials quietly and claim they had never left the ATAC. Agee decided to wait until Tuesday (Monday would be Veterans Day) to approach Pollard, without telling him the source of the information. It was late. Tomorrow was Saturday and the commander was looking forward to a restful weekend.

On his way home to Annapolis, however, he couldn't stop mulling over the problem of Pollard. The analyst's behavior had been remarkably eccentric over the past year, and in spite of that he had been assigned to work the terrorism problem on the Americas desk at the ATAC. Although Pollard had requested an assignment to the Middle East desk, he was refused because he lacked the experience. Besides, another analyst already held that job. Was Pollard unhappy? He had been missing deadlines for reports, and his supervisor, Tom Filkins, had given him the verbal warning regarding his performance. Agee himself was upset with Pollard for being months behind in producing a paper on the Caribbean. Yet the analyst was obviously working diligently, out of the office a lot collecting materials and meeting with analysts at various intelligence organizations. On the other hand, if Pollard was going to such lengths to collect information, why would he delay writing up the Caribbean report?

When Agee finally made it home, his wife, Karen—also a naval intelligence analyst—asked why he had been delayed. He explained that he had a problem with one of his employees. A serious security violation might have occurred. She asked what "serious" meant.

Over a late-night dinner Agee laid out his concerns, and Karen's "comments laid bare the issue he faced." She was blunt about the need to pursue this further. Agee knew she was right, but the question still facing him was how.

Commander Agee couldn't sleep that night. It was three o'clock in the morning and a gut feeling told him he needed to go back to work. So much for his restful three-day weekend. By five he was in his car and by six he was back in the ATAC. He asked the watch standers if they had seen the kind of manila envelope that held TS/SCI material discarded in the trash or lying around. No, they answered. And so Agee began a cubicle-by-cubicle search of the ATAC, looking in every trash can and burn bag, on top of and underneath every desk. He searched Pollard's cubicle again. No envelope.

While in Pollard's space Agee decided to check out the stack of highly classified documents, books, and message traffic he had noticed the night before. He started sifting through the material. To his shock, which swiftly turned to aggravation, he noticed little under Pollard's desk that dealt with his area of responsibility. In fact, the material dealt almost exclusively with the Soviets, their missile systems, and the Middle East. It came from various intelligence agencies, but mostly from the DIA. In all, Pollard had thousands of pages of highly classified information. What is he doing? Agee thought angrily. The more he saw, the more questions he had.

Pollard was a strange bird. He said crazy things. He was missing deadlines and delaying production in the ATAC. Agee had caught him in lies. The analyst had been given a form to update his SCI clearance that was due in August. It was now November, and the form still hadn't been turned in. What if Pollard had been removing messages? What if—no. Agee stopped in the middle of the thought. He feared something was wrong but couldn't bring himself to admit it. Just like his employee had done the night before, Agee was rationalizing away his suspicions.

Returning to the communications center to determine just how much classified information Pollard had been signing for and what type of information it was, he confronted the staff member at the window. "I can't tell you why I'm asking and you can't say anything to anyone," Agee told the sailor. He wanted a computer printout of the titles of everything Pollard had requested during the previous six months.

When Agee saw it, he almost did a double take. The list was incredibly long. Every week for six months the wayward analyst had been picking up message traffic packages, almost all coded TS or SCI, and almost all dealing with the Middle East and the Soviet Union. Just as significant, most of the packages were picked up on Fridays.

The ATAC commander's stomach turned. Clearly, Pollard's action of the previous Friday was not a random event but part of a deliberate pattern of behavior. Each Friday evening he probably took the classified material out of the facility. He has to be giving this stuff to somebody, Agee thought.

Kurt Lohbeck? About six months earlier Pollard had told Agee about the freelance reporter who was slipping over the mountains from Pakistan into Afghanistan, reporting on the Afghan insurgency against the Soviets. Pollard wanted permission to task Lohbeck with getting information about arms sales to the Afghans, but the ATAC commander said no and told him to discontinue his contact.

By now, Agee was convinced the Pollard affair was no simple security violation. It was much more serious than that—possibly even espionage.

As he gathered more data, Agee tried to piece together the evidence in a rational manner. The volume and nature of the materials Pollard had accumulated indicated more than a passing interest in the terrorist threat in the Middle East. In fact, the materials had to do with U.S. military operations in the Mediterranean and the latest Soviet weapon systems. In Agee's analysis, although the Soviets were probably keen to know more about U.S. military activities in the Mediterranean, they wouldn't be acquiring technical material on their very own systems. Moreover, many countries in the eastern Mediterranean possessed those same Soviet-produced systems. There was only one country that would have an interest in all the materials Pollard had in his possession, Agee thought. Yet that would be difficult, if not impossible, to prove.

The implications of an allegation would reach far beyond the U.S. Navy and its intelligence organizations. The manner in which the NIS handled this explosive situation was critical, Agee realized. He went back up to his office and, knowing he couldn't keep this to himself until Tuesday, thought of calling Lanny McCullah, NIS's assistant director for counterintelligence. At first he hesitated. After all, Agee was a commander in the navy. If he were wrong, his career could be over. For that matter, if he were right it could be over. Either way, he had to do something, and right away.

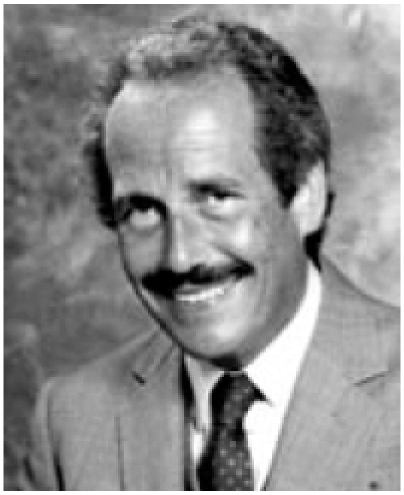

Lanny McCullah in memoriam. —PROVIDED BY DARLENE MCCULLAH

McCullah was an outstanding assistant director with broad experience in the intelligence community. He had worked for the Menlo Park, California, Police Department in the early sixties, and later as a special agent with the Office of Naval Intelligence. In his position with the NIS, he had sat on numerous intelligence committees and had testified before the House and Senate intelligence committees on policy recommendations and navy spy cases.

So, on a sunny Saturday morning in early November, Agee called to say he needed to discuss something with him that couldn't wait. McCullah told Agee to drop by his house. Agee hurried over to McCullah's suburban home, pondering how to break the news to him. Shortly after he arrived, they shared a beer on the back porch while Agee briefed him.

The two doubted that Pollard was actually engaged in espionage. What country could be so foolish as to recruit someone like Pollard, of all people?[2] McCullah told Agee that on Tuesday morning he would brief Admiral Cathal Flynn, director of the NIS.

That weekend, neither Agee nor Pollard’s anonymous coworker could have realized the incredible events that were about to unfold. Had it not been for these two conscientious men, U.S. national security would have suffered an even more severe blow, and Jonathan Jay Pollard might have escaped to Israel without ever having to pay the price.

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Chapter 13

THE WHEEL BEGINS TO TURN

On Tuesday morning, 12 November, Assistant Director McCullah arrived early to work so he could get his foot in Director Flynn's office before anyone else. Flynn was a colorful figure who had attended schools in Ireland, France, and Spain before graduating from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1959. After spending thirty years with the navy SEALs, he was promoted to rear admiral and took over as head of the NIS.

After briefing Admiral Flynn on what had taken place since Friday, McCullah said he didn't know whether a foreign government was involved, but something was definitely wrong—so wrong that Flynn would probably have to tell the Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral James D. Watkins, and Secretary of the Navy John Lehman. Following his talk with Flynn, McCullah arranged a meeting with the FBI for late Tuesday morning.

Special Agent Lisa Redman —RON OLIVE

NIS headquarters called that morning and summoned me to an urgent meeting. Because of the Rabin detail and other pressing commitments, I asked if someone else could attend in my place. In that case, I was told, I should send one of my best agents.

Special Agent Elizabeth "Lisa" Redman, not on the Rabin detail, was without doubt one of my best agents. I had once wondered what made a quiet, seemingly timid woman like her become a federal agent in the first place. Then something happened she didn't like

—an investigation gone awry—and it was as if a fire had been lit under her. Without yelling, she made her point of view known. Agent Redman was extremely competent and thorough in everything she did, which was why, years later, she became the assistant inspector general for investigations with the Department of Homeland Security.

I told her about the meeting at headquarters in Suitland and asked her to attend in my place. She was to brief me upon her return. Others at the meeting that Tuesday morning were Agent McCullah and his deputy, Agent Lance Arnold; Commander Agee; Lieutenant Commander Thomas Connelly, an NIS attorney; and several FBI agents.[1]

After Commander Agee briefed everyone on the events that had unfolded since Friday evening, Agent McCullah told the FBI he wanted them to open an investigation on Pollard. Their response was lukewarm. They had other cases in the works, they said, and couldn't spare the manpower. What they didn't mention was that these included two major spy cases that were about to break wide open.

McCullah was adamant. The NIS was dealing with a serious security violation at the least—espionage, at the worst. He wanted the FBI to open an investigation and surveil Pollard, using helicopters or fixed-wing aircraft in the air and its Special Surveillance Group on the ground. The FBI agents insisted they couldn't spare the time.

According to McCullah, one supervisor from FBI headquarters asked if Pollard was at work. When informed that he was, the agent said, "Let's just pull him in here and talk to him about it. I'm sure he'll have a reasonable explanation."

McCullah, whose underlings affectionately called him the Prince of Darkness, prided himself on never chewing out anyone who didn't deserve it. His management style was like Wyatt Earp's. He held people to the highest professional standards but never asked anybody to do anything he wouldn't do himself. When he heard the FBI agent suggest that they have a casual chat with a man suspected of possible espionage, his fist came slamming down on the table. "Damn it," he exclaimed, "if you don't want to conduct this in a professional manner, then we'll handle it ourselves without you!"[2]

Taken aback, the FBI agents agreed to open a preliminary investigation; the meeting was adjourned.

In a preliminary investigation, the FBI's procedure was to gather background information on the individual in question through the National Crime Information Center (NCIC). Not until FBI headquarters authorized a full-field investigation could the Washington field office obtain a search warrant or order wiretaps, which it did through the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court. The problem was, it could take months for FBI headquarters to authorize a full-field investigation.

Later in the day McCullah asked Commander Connelly about the legality of putting a surveillance camera in Pollard's work space. Would that intrude on his right to privacy? Connelly answered that there was no "expectation to privacy," that Admiral Flynn could issue a command-authorized search based on probable cause. The equivalent of a federal search warrant from a magistrate judge, this would allow for a video camera, but no sound.

Unfortunately, Admiral Flynn had already left town on other business. Connelly would have to go up the chain of command.

The first thing out of Redman's mouth when she came back to brief me was, "They think Jonathan Pollard might be a spy."

"Gee-sus krist, you gotta be kidding me," I said.

Having worked at NIS headquarters, I knew the people there had a tendency to make mountains out of molehills. Why would this be any different? But that didn't matter. Mountain or molehill, once the investigation opened, my squad would be handling the case. NIS headquarters had oversight and made policy; investigations were usually left up to the field offices.

Personally, I never had a problem with the Prince of Darkness. If someone was right or presented facts that made sense, McCullah would usually listen and back down. Nonetheless, I didn't want to find myself being chewed out on his red carpet, and to avoid that I vowed to continue at full speed with the investigation.

I told Agent Redman to open an initial action lead sheet, that is, a short report describing why Pollard was being investigated. Of course, being suspected of and committing a crime were two different things. The action lead sheet indicated that an inquiry was being initiated to prove or disprove the allegation. We didn't have to wait for a green light from NIS headquarters to proceed; unlike the FBI, we could move forward with a full investigation.

To keep things quiet, I decided to classify the action lead sheet as a secret/no-foreign-dissemination document, and to provide it to headquarters through a back channel.

Redman informed me the FBI was opening a preliminary investigation. Since the FBI had jurisdiction over civilian cases like this, we usually had to follow their lead. With the FBI involved, this case could go on for months or years without closure or arrest. In normal espionage cases, evidence was gathered slowly, piece by piece, secret search warrant by secret search warrant, until a solid case could be made. I was somewhat relieved not to have to deal with it all. What I didn't know was that NIS headquarters, Lanny McCullah to be exact, had a different idea of how this case was going to be conducted, an approach that would cause me many sleepless nights and repeated bouts of heartburn. Alka-Seltzer became my best friend.

On 13 November Agent Redman visited the FBI's Washington field office at Buzzard's Point, in a run-down neighborhood on the banks of the Anacostia River, to discuss the case. She also checked Pollard's personnel records but found nothing of significance.

The command-authorized search was issued, allowing the NIS to place two pinhole video cameras in Pollard's cubicle in the ATAC. The cameras were to be installed in the drop-ceiling panels. The first would give an overhead view of the entire cubicle: Pollard's L-shaped desk, his desk drawers, and his safe. When Pollard worked at his computer, positioned at the inner corner of the L, the camera would show a left-side view of him. It would be placed in such a way as to catch him storing documents and other material. The second camera would give a view of a small passageway leading to Pollard's cubicle. In this area, some ten feet from his cubicle, was a wooden mailbox with slots where ATAC members picked up message traffic and administrative materials. The camera's eye allowed a side view of the mailbox.

The trick now was to find a way to install the cameras without causing suspicion in the ATAC. Being an SCI facility, it was manned around the clock with no fewer than two people in the spaces at any time. The ATAC never shut down. To get the cameras into place the NIS technical services branch, Code 26, was called into action. The agents in Code 26 were experts at covert surveillance. They devised a plan in which Commander Agee would inform ATAC employees that, owing to an increase in the electrical load from more and more personnel and computers, the power would be shut down and the ATAC rewired.

The bugging itself would actually be completed at night, when only two watch standers were on duty. This would minimize suspicion and prevent a total disruption of ATAC activity. And so, for about two hours on Wednesday, the ATAC shifted to another location, its staff limiting their work to answering phone calls. Later, the technicians ran wiring through the drop ceiling and rigged up the closed-circuit television cameras with a view of Pollard's cubicle and the small passageway leading to it.

The camera monitor was set up in the office of Special Agent Jack Tuckish, assigned to photography and tech services. His office was almost directly across the hall from the ATAC and his doors were always locked. Both cameras operated around the clock, taping every minute, and the monitor was always on, its black and white split screen giving simultaneous views of Pollard's cubicle and the small passageway. Because most of the field office was still on the protective service detail for Israeli Defense Minister Rabin, NIS headquarters took the job of rotating its agents to watch the monitor. Agent Redman set up the schedule.

NIS headquarters also wanted outside surveillance on Pollard. McCullah initiated this with headquarters personnel and told me about it as an afterthought. Special Agents Robert Cathcart and Pam Connelly were tasked to watch Pollard's car in the parking lot and follow him in the event he went anywhere during his lunch hour.[3] I was none too happy about the use of headquarters personnel for this task because it meant that headquarters would make some decisions outside of the field office. To compound the situation, my special agent in charge, John D'Avanzo, was still on vacation. Without him, I thought I wouldn't have much influence with headquarters should a major decision have to be made.

At the surveillance monitor in Tuckish's office, the agents watched black and white images of Pollard at work, putting papers in his desk and in envelopes and packages, but they couldn't read any of the documents because of the poor resolution. This was 1985—the image was comparable to that produced by a camera recording a bank holdup.

On Thursday, 14 November, the analyst ordered a large batch of classified documents from the SPINTCOM center. Commander Agee arranged to withhold these from Pollard to see how he would react. In fact, I believe Agee stored the documents in his safe. He told someone at the center to make up an excuse as to why the documents were delayed—and to make it sound good. When Pollard called down to the communications center asking for the documents, he was told that because of a computer glitch his package wasn't ready. He could pick it up on Monday. Reportedly, Pollard was furious.

Friday, the fifteenth, the camera monitor caught something significant.

It started at 10:51:00 in the morning, according to the monitor's time clock. Pollard stepped into the passageway outside his office, glanced into the cubicle across from the mailbox, then walked out of sight of the hallway camera. Twenty-four seconds later he returned to his desk with a briefcase, which he placed upright on the floor, half under his desk. The briefcase was a standard size, some five inches deep. It had two roller combination locks on top, one on each side of the handle. Pollard left his cubicle and returned six and a half minutes later.

11-15-85
10:59:00

Then the following sequence of events occurred:

10:57:48	Pollard shoved the briefcase under his desk, out of sight of the person in the cubicle next to his, sat down, and appeared to open the briefcase.
10:58:36	He opened the lower left-hand drawer of his desk, removed some papers, reached in again, pulled out a batch of documents about two inches thick (approximately five hundred sheets), then reached under his desk and placed the documents in the briefcase.
10:58:58	He was removing a three- to four-inch stack of documents from the same drawer when suddenly, seeing something out of the corner of his eye, he stopped and started to close it. The analyst in the opposite cubicle entered the passageway and moved out of sight. Pollard went back to what he was doing, using both hands to pull a large bundle from the drawer, then bending over and reaching under his desk again. The coworker came back down the passageway and turned into her cubicle. Pollard, busy cramming documents into his briefcase, didn’t seem to notice her.
10:59:11	He began shuffling papers in the drawer, then pulled out another stack and, with some difficulty, for now the briefcase was getting full, shoved it in. After much squirming and shifting about in his chair, he finally closed and locked the briefcase. Finally, he sat up, looked back in the drawer, which was still a little over half full, and quickly thumbed through the remaining pages.

11:00:29 He closed the drawer and removed a folded piece of paper from his shirt pocket. (The NIS later inferred that this was a “shopping list” of documents the Israelis had requested.) After looking over the paper, he opened the drawer again, dropped the paper in, and closed it.

11:00:56 Getting up from his desk, he tucked his shirt in and put on his sport coat. Finally, he slid the briefcase from under the desk and, bringing it along, briskly walked down the passageway and out of sight of the camera.[4]

Based on the standard of five hundred sheets in one ream of copying paper, it was estimated that in the short space of about three minutes, Pollard had removed up to three thousand pages of highly classified information.

Murphy’s Law states that anything that can go wrong will go wrong. The person assigned to the monitor for that period, whoever it was, happened not to be watching during this three-minute episode, and it wasn’t discovered until months later. I found out about it when everyone else did, during a viewing held for the assistant U.S. attorney’s office to determine if the film contained any evidence useful for a possible trial. “Gee-sus, tell me this isn’t so!” I exclaimed when I realized the oversight. I was just as shocked and angered as my colleagues.

To make matters worse, the surveillance agents outside had failed to pick up Pollard leaving the parking lot. As it turned out, the analyst departed early without permission from his supervisor and didn’t return to work that day.

The Israelis must have had a busy time copying material at the Van Ness apartment over the weekend. At least they got an earlier start on that particular Friday.

When Pollard failed to return to work on Friday afternoon, Lanny McCullah was fit to be tied. It didn’t help that the FBI hadn’t moved forward an inch on Pollard. While they were dragging their feet, he might have had a spy sitting right down the hall from his office. I received a call from Lance Arnold, McCullah’s deputy assistant director, informing me they wanted surveillance on Pollard after work on Monday. Arnold also called the FBI field office and FBI headquarters to inform them of the plan.

Throughout the weekend the hidden cameras were monitored, but Pollard didn’t return to the ATAC. That was fine with me. I had a chance to rest up, which proved to be a good thing. That weekend would be the last time I’d be getting any R&R for quite some time to come.

11-[illegible]5
11:[illegible]36

Chapter 14

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

On Monday morning, 18 November, I called the FBI's Washington field office and laid out the last-minute plans for the surveillance. Having missed the meeting on the previous Tuesday, I was under the impression that, at a minimum, the FBI would have their fixed-wing small aircraft in the air, their Special Surveillance Group on Pollard, and at least a dozen agents assisting. Not so, I was told. They could spare only two agents and they would be lucky to dig up a single vehicle. "What the hell are you talking about?" I said. This was crazy. The FBI field office numbered about seven hundred agents, a little less than the NIS's entire worldwide organization. Surely they had resources to spare.

Apparently, every agent in the FBI office was out on other investigations, everyone, that is, except Special Agents Lydia Jechorek and Kenneth Farmer, who were made available for the Pollard case. On our end, only Elizabeth Redman and I could tend to Pollard because my other agents were winding down the protection service detail on Defense Minister Rabin.

I wondered how we would conduct a moving surveillance from Suitland, Maryland, to Dupont Circle in Washington, D.C., at the five o'clock rush hour, with less than a handful of agents. Commander Agee was going to have the communications center release to Pollard the documents he had ordered the week before. It didn't take me long to nix the operation. If our suspect disappeared in the hectic commuter traffic, which was highly probable, we stood to lose even more SCI material. In addition, McCullah would come down on me hard. I told my FBI colleagues that it wouldn't work, pointing out that if Pollard went into an apartment complex other than his own with the material and came out empty-handed, we would lose the classified material.

But McCullah had insisted that we get to the bottom of this right then. That being the case, our only option was to wait until Pollard walked out of headquarters with the package that afternoon and then approach him when he started climbing into his car. We would have no reason to arrest him at that point. Though we knew the coworker had seen Pollard leave with classified documents on Friday, 8 November, he could say he dropped them off with an analyst at another agency, picked them up Tuesday morning, and brought them back. All we could do was ask him to speak with us voluntarily to clear up some questions. If he were innocent, Pollard would have no reason not to feel comfortable talking to us.

I discussed this option with NIS headquarters and they agreed the surveillance was too risky. We would take our chances with the interview. I was surprised that McCullah, who had been so dead set against an interview just one week before, agreed to this plan.

That Monday, Special Agent Bob Cathcart and Deputy Assistant Director for Counterintelligence Lance Arnold were monitoring the cameras surveilling Pollard. He spent the entire workday at the ATAC, reading his message traffic, thumbing through documents, and stuffing various papers in the same drawer from which he had taken papers the Friday before. At one point Arnold observed Pollard pull a note from the bottom left-hand drawer of his desk, check it, then begin rifling through files. He peered at the note a second time, then a third, then returned it to the drawer.[1] In the afternoon the cameras caught the following sequence of events:

15:24:00	The monitor showed a note taped to the front of Pollard's chair, informing him his package was ready to be picked up from the communications center. Pollard had already seen the note and was retrieving the documents.
15:25:34	He arrived back at his cubicle with the package, removed the note from the chair, pulled a folded piece of letter-sized paper from his pocket and read it intently, tore it in half, then put it in the burn bag under his desk.
16:39:57	He entered the cubicle with large envelopes. After removing two small stacks of classified information, earlier retrieved from the communications center, from his bottom left-hand drawer, he placed them in an envelope. After borrowing Scotch tape from a nearby cubicle, he taped the envelope shut and inserted it into another, larger envelope, approximately thirteen by fifteen inches, secured it with masking tape, and placed the large envelope in a basket on his desk.
17:02:41	Pollard stopped at his mailbox and began to read message traffic. Commander Agee came up and stood next to Pollard, likewise reading his message traffic. Neither man looked at the other or spoke.
17:06:58	Back at his desk, Pollard finished a cup of coffee, rubbed his forehead, and sat for a minute in deep concentration. He then stood up, opened his left-hand desk drawer, and turned the small combination lock on the top edge of the drawer. He retrieved a

> tissue and appeared to be wiping the lock off as if he spilled something on it, then closed the drawer again. He tucked the back of his shirt in—he wasn't wearing a sport coat that day—and after retrieving the envelope with the documents inside, turned off the light. In the aisle outside his cubicle he checked his mailbox one more time before disappearing from sight. The time on the monitor read 17:08:36.[2]

While this was happening, Redman and I climbed into separate vehicles in the parking lot. At about 4:30 PM, FBI agents Farmer and Jechorek arrived in a banged-up van that looked as if it might have been seized at the first Woodstock music festival; all it lacked was graffiti. I gave them an extra radio so Redman and I could communicate with them. Inside NIS headquarters, everyone involved had radios too, including McCullah.

By now, several people had gathered around Cathcart and Arnold to follow Pollard's moves on the surveillance cameras. I was the only one stationed outside who could recognize Pollard. McCullah tried to reach me on the radio to say that the suspect was on his way out of the building, but Murphy's Law took hold again and his radio didn't work. While McCullah cursed his bad luck and told Agent Connelly to contact me immediately, Pollard exited headquarters. I saw him come down the front steps and head toward the large parking lot across the street.

Unbeknownst to me as I sat there watching, Pollard was playing a high-stakes game with the Israelis. He had good reason to be concerned. Between January and October 1985, ten spies had been arrested for espionage—navy spy Johnny Walker, his son Michael, his brother Arthur, and friend Jerry Whitworth; an air force enlisted man by the name of Edward Buchanan; CIA spy Sharon Scranage; navy spies Bruce and Michael Tobias; Stephen Hawkins*, an enlisted navy man; and Francis Pizzo, a civilian working for the Navy Department—and more arrests were imminent.

Had it not been for his arrogance and greed, maybe Pollard would have listened to the instinct that told him his behavior was turning more reckless by the day. But he didn't. He missed his chance to cut the Israelis off. Little did he know that over the course of the next few minutes, the fears he had expressed to Rafael Eitan would be realized, and the cushy life he and Anne had built for themselves would come tumbling down.

Clutching his taped-up package, Pollard closed the distance between himself and his car. I radioed Redman and Jechorek and described Pollard. We pulled out of our parking spots and from our separate locations zeroed in on the suspect, driving slowly so as not to alert him. It was critical that he not be given the opportunity to start his car and pull off before we stopped him. Upon reaching his vehicle, Pollard opened the front door. As he slid into the driver's seat, Redman walked up and, flashing her badge and credentials, identified herself as an NIS agent. Then the FBI agents converged on Pollard.

At first he looked confused. When I joined the group and caught Pollard's eye, neither of us acknowledged the other. Redman and the FBI agents said they wanted to talk with the analyst about some issues that needed straightening out and asked him politely if he would mind returning with them to NIS headquarters. Without hesitation, Pollard agreed. We escorted him to a space on the first floor of the building that had been set up for an interview. It was in the NIC-1 area (NIS headquarters was housed on the second and third floors). Once inside, I informed Pollard this wouldn't take long; we just needed to talk to him about a couple of matters.

I had decided not to join the interview, which left three people to conduct it. This was still too many in principle, but I wanted to make sure my agent was present. Redman, Jechorek, and Farmer began the session at approximately 5:30 PM. Since Pollard was not under arrest or accused of anything and had voluntarily agreed to the interview, he was not advised of his rights. At any time he was free to go. All he had to do was say, "I've had enough, I'm going home." The interviewers asked him what was inside the envelope he was carrying. He responded by giving them general titles. The agents decided not to open the package because Pollard had not yet been accused of a crime. Instead, they began posing questions about his job and the ATAC.

In the meantime, I went upstairs to see how the search was going. On my way I informed Arnold of what was going on on the first floor. The area around Pollard's workstation had been cordoned off with crime scene tape. Cathcart and another agent, Al Sipe, who was working the Walker family spy case with the FBI and had been pulled off to assist with the search, got to work. Cathcart was the first to look over the material on top of Pollard's desk, which included a lot about Soviet weapons capabilities. Though tempted to look in Pollard's desk, he decided to wait until the command-authorized search from the navy came through.

At about six o'clock I hurried down the hall past the office of Director Flynn, who was out of town on business. Flynn's executive assistant, Special Agent David L. Brant, appeared in the hallway and asked what was going on. "Right now I don't have time to talk," I said as I shot by him. Looking back, that was probably a mistake because Brant was on the fast track at the NIS and would eventually become civilian director of its successor, the Naval Criminal Investigative Service (NCIS).

Back downstairs I waited around outside the interview room. Agent Redman came out and informed me that Pollard said he had intended to drop off his package at the NISC to be analyzed by a friend with whom he used to work. According to her, Pollard said he did this all the time, giving information to analysts in other commands to compare their conclusions about the contents to his own. Pollard had given Redman the name of the individual, and she gave it to me. It was a plausible story, I thought, but it seemed late in the evening to be dropping off highly classified material. Regardless, it had to be checked out, not later, but right then.

I phoned Gerry Nance, the assistant special agent in charge of general crimes at the NIS's Washington field office, who had been put on standby in case we needed him. Nance was a mild-mannered agent who knew his job well. Explaining the situation, I asked him to come over to NIS headquarters. He radioed Jeff Jenkins, a hardworking young agent who at the time was conducting a search of an officer's residence, and told him to drop everything and head over to headquarters. As soon as they arrived, I sent them over to the NISC to check out Pollard's story. About twenty minutes later they called to tell me that the individual whom Pollard had named had left the building hours ago.

"Contact the duty officer in charge," I told Nance. "Get his home phone number and address, and go over there and interview him."

About an hour later, Agent Nance contacted me and said the person had not seen Pollard in more than six months, had had no dealings with him on any analytical issues during that time, and was not expecting him to drop off a package at his desk that evening. According to this individual, Pollard knew he always left work at four in the afternoon. Not good. I passed this information on to Redman, and she confronted Pollard with it. He explained that when this person was not available to analyze material, he would deliver it to another analyst, someone at the DIA, and he gave Redman that individual's name. This version of his story would also prove to be false.

Pollard admitted to nothing. While he was explaining away every question the agents asked him, ready with an excuse for all his actions, authorization for a search had arrived from the navy. I dashed back upstairs to find Cathcart and Sipe, now joined by Arnold, in the analyst's cubicle packaging evidence. They seized what seemed to me to be everything Pollard had on, in, and around his desk and safe. I told Arnold and Commander Agee what was happening downstairs. McCullah was nowhere to be seen, but I didn't think much of it at the time.

Downstairs again, I ran into Jechorek and Farmer taking a break from the interview. I took them aside and told them that we desperately needed authorization from Pollard for a permissive search of his apartment. A permissive search is one voluntarily agreed to, conducted without a warrant and with the suspect present. The FBI agents were highly skeptical. They didn't know how much longer they could hold Pollard. They were now about two and a half hours into the interview and he continued to deny any wrongdoing. As I watched them go back into the interview room, my hope began to fade.

During the next break Redman stayed in the room with Pollard. The FBI agents told me that just as they had feared, the analyst declined to give them a permissive search. Without probable cause that a crime had been committed, it would be tough to get a federal search warrant for Pollard's apartment. Without any evidence of a crime, they went on, they were probably going to have to terminate the interview.

"You can't do that!" I said. "We have to keep talking to him because he has these documents for a reason—he was taking them somewhere, and his explanation doesn't check out." Furthermore, I pointed out, Pollard hadn't told his supervisor or anyone else he was leaving to drop the documents off. Of course, he was free to go at any time, but we needed to stall him for as long as possible.

“We’ll have to ask our supervisor,” Farmer said.

The answer was what I’d feared: They couldn’t hold Pollard too much longer if he didn’t admit to something.

Redman emerged from the interview room and said that Pollard, who was late for a dinner engagement with his wife and someone else, had asked to call her. Redman allowed him to make the call but remained by his side. Pollard phoned Anne and informed her that he was tied up at work. Redman heard him say, “Why don’t you go to dinner without me? . . . Go ahead and take Chris the *cactus*, you know, the *cactus* we bought for her birthday?” Anne said something on the other end to which Pollard responded with a curt yes before hanging up.

A few minutes later, he asked if he could call his wife back because he had forgotten to tell her something. Again, he was told it was all right. This time Pollard told Anne not to forget the *wedding album* because the neighbors hadn’t seen their wedding pictures.

All of this struck Redman as odd. Men weren’t in the habit of reminding their wives to show off wedding photos—if anything, it would be the wife reminding her husband—and as for the cactus, Redman thought it sounded like a code word.

“You might be right,” I said. “Make sure you take notes on exactly what happened.”

Redman’s hunch was correct. As we would later find out, on the very eve before the interview, Pollard, who seemed to have had a premonition that he was on the verge of arrest, had spoken with Anne about what to do in case he was ever in trouble. He came up with the code word *cactus*, the name of a new weapon system that had recently been popping up in classified message traffic. If he ever uttered this word in any context, it meant that he was in trouble, that she was to clear the classified documents out of the apartment, and then contact Avi Sella or Yosef Yagur. *Wedding album* was another code, to remind Anne that their wedding album contained classified documents pertaining to China. At the time, Anne was still looking for a job with the Maryland-based public relations firm CommCore, which hoped to get a contract with the Chinese embassy in Washington. Pollard had taken these documents to help her with a proposal she was going to make to the company and the People’s Republic of China’s embassy.[3]

It was now three or four hours into the interview and Pollard was still denying that he had done anything wrong. According to Redman, he was rambling on about his life and his job. At approximately nine that night, the FBI agents emerged from the interview room and said they couldn’t hold Pollard any longer. When I asked if they’d had any more luck securing a permissive search, they told me Pollard wouldn’t give one. His reason was that his wife sometimes smoked marijuana to ease the severe pain caused by a stomach disorder, and there might still be some marijuana in the apartment.

“We have to keep talking to him,” I insisted. “We need that permissive search. If we don’t get it, the case could fall apart.”

They trudged back into the interview room and I set about trying to get a search warrant based on Pollard's spontaneous comment regarding the marijuana, asking Nance if he or one of his agents on the drug squad could get in touch with the D.C. police narcotics division. Was there a magistrate in D.C. who would give us a search warrant based on Pollard's slip?

Later Nance got back to me and said he'd contacted the D.C. narcotics detectives. The good news was they could probably find a magistrate to issue a warrant. The bad news was that it probably wouldn't hold up in court. Suddenly I was faced with the old "fruit of the poison tree" dilemma. If we found classified documents based on a bad warrant for drugs, the evidence would be inadmissible in court.

"Great," I said with a hefty dose of sarcasm. There was no way I was going to take that chance.

By now it was around ten at night. One more time Jechorek and Farmer emerged from the interview. "This is it, we *have* to let him go."

I urged them to hold out just a bit longer, telling them this was the last chance we might ever have to snag someone who might have committed serious crimes against the United States. While they called their supervisor again, I went back upstairs and told Arnold and Nance that the FBI was about to pull out and go home. I couldn't stall them much longer. Commander Agee, who overheard the conversation, said he needed to get Pollard's badges and have him sign a waiver that his clearances would be suspended until further notice and he was not to come back into the building until this was straightened out. He couldn't leave until this was done.

"Why don't I talk with Pollard while we take care of all this administrative stuff?" he said.

Our options were running out, and nobody was getting anywhere, so I reluctantly agreed to let him talk with Pollard. Agee was the officer in charge of the ATAC, not a federal agent, and to my knowledge he wasn't trained in conducting interviews, but I decided to break the rules and let him do it. This was a huge investigative blunder on my part that could have backfired in everyone's face. I didn't realize how much Agee hated Pollard.

"Go on downstairs," I said. "Tell Agent Redman I said it's okay for you to take care of this administrative business."

All the agents left the interview room. Agee had Pollard sign the forms and he took his access badges and courier card. It didn't take long for the ATAC commander to start accusing Pollard of spying. Before I got back downstairs, Agee had lost his temper and was screaming at him. Agent Jechorek, hearing the commotion, had to bust into the room and physically escort Agee out of the room, leading him by the arm. Another break was announced and Pollard went to the rest room on the first floor.

I was crushed, thinking I had blown it. Up to this point Pollard seemed to be enjoying the attention he was getting. He kept rambling on and on, but at least he was talking, buying us time and increasing the chance that he would let slip some vital piece of information. Now, however, there was the danger that Agee had upset him and that Pollard would clam up. Nobody accused of being a spy, given what had happened, would continue to cooperate. To make matters worse, Farmer and Jechorek told me their boss had ordered them to terminate the interview in no more than thirty minutes. Thirty minutes, period!

When Nance found out the FBI was leaving in thirty minutes, either he or Arnold called McCullah. According to Nance, McCullah began yelling and threatening to handcuff Pollard to his chair until morning. It was probably just hyperbole, but knowing McCullah, I couldn't be positive. One thing I was sure of: If Pollard were let go, the assistant director would be furious.

The three interviewers were waiting for Pollard to return from the rest room when I saw him coming around the corner. I was directly in his path, and our eyes met. Deciding I had nothing to lose, I reached out and stopped him. He had tried to befriend me once with his story about the South African attaché, and although we hadn't talked since I'd left for the Washington field office, it was time to use that slight connection to try and turn the tables on him. Our conversation went something like this.

"What's going on, Jay?"

"I don't know," Pollard replied. "Everyone's asking me what I was doing with those documents. I keep telling them but they won't believe me. Then Jerry Agee comes in and starts yelling at me, accusing me of being a spy."

I ignored that comment. "Look, Jay, you know and I know this is all bullshit, so why are you doing this? Why don't you just give us a permissive search? Nobody's going to find anything. We can get this thing straightened out and call it a day." I was pulling stuff out of the air, talking as fast as I could to see what, if anything, he would respond to. He didn't say anything; he just listened.

"If it's about the marijuana, forget it!" I went on. "Just between you and me, I don't give a damn about marijuana in your house. I'm not going to nail you on some measly marijuana charge, Jay. We just need to search your place to see if there are any documents there, and if we don't do the search, your life and my life will be miserable. You know we won't find any, so what's the big deal? Don't do this to yourself. Go back in there and give them permission to search your apartment. I'm tired and you're tired. Let's just get this over with and we can both go home."

Pollard stood there, poker-faced and dead silent. A few seconds ticked by, then he turned on his heels and walked back into the interview room. I lost him, I told myself. I blew it and it's over.

A short while later, sometime before eleven, Redman emerged from the interview room with a gleam in her eyes. "Pollard gave us permission to search his apartment," she announced.

I couldn't believe my ears. It was as if a huge burden had been lifted off my shoulders. Not until later did it occur to me that Pollard, rather than being persuaded by my argument, must have figured that after all his rambling talk, he'd given Anne plenty of time to get rid of the classified information. Apparently, he felt it was safe to go home.

Thank God, we've overcome the first major hurdle, I thought. We hurried out into the parking lot and headed to our cars, not wasting any time. Not, that is, until the FBI agents started up their battered hippie van. The headlights wouldn't come on. So, Farmer jumped into Redman's government vehicle and Jechorek climbed into my car and we set off, following Pollard home.

In the meantime Anne, frightened out of her wits, had been scrambling around the apartment trying to follow her husband's vague command. *Cactus, wedding album*. . . . She wasn't practiced in the art of disposing of classified documents, certainly not the reams and reams of documents that Pollard had amassed. And what happened while her husband was being interviewed for nearly six long hours at the NIS was a twist of fate so uncanny that even the most experienced counterintelligence agents in the business were astounded when they heard the story.

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* Stephen Hawkins admitted that he had taken secret messages and confessed to the idea of selling them to a hostile intelligence service (espionage). He was charged with wrongful removal of classified material and wrongful destruction of a top secret message.

11-
11:00:38

Chapter 15

A TWIST OF FATE

When she hung up the phone, Anne's head was spinning. Cactus? Wedding album? She and Jay had only just worked out the code words. Was there something her husband knew that he hadn't told her? Was the FBI onto them? Whatever the answer, Jay was in trouble. Anne had been getting ready to go out for dinner. Aviem Sella, Pollard's original Israeli handler, and his wife happened to be in Washington, and they were supposed to meet the Pollards for dinner.[1] Chucking those plans, she hauled the nylon-cloth suitcase out of storage, one of several Jay used to make deliveries to the Israelis, and frantically began stuffing it with classified documents. There were so many! She had to make sure she got every single page. She couldn't forget the classified documents on China she had been working on.

Small nylon suitcase containing classified documents —NIS EVIDENCE PHOTO

Working against the clock, not knowing how much time she had left, she clapped the suitcase shut and dragged it to the front door of their apartment. Her plan, devised without the luxury of forethought, was to throw the suitcase in a dumpster located in the alley behind their apartment building. That was easier said than done. The suitcase weighed about seventy pounds, and Anne, in addition to being petite, was out of shape, her girth having spread from their month after month of fine dining.

With much huffing and puffing, and now feeling sick to her stomach, she dragged the suitcase down three flights and out the rear entrance of the apartment building. The dumpster was on the other side of the alley. Glancing to her right and left before crossing over, she spotted a car at the end of the passageway. Her heart almost stopped beating. It had black-wall tires and two antennas on the trunk, the engine was running, and she could hear the dry, scratchy sounds of radio static. Two men sat in the front seat. The scene matched everything Jay had told her about government agents and their unmarked cars. They had to be FBI. She and Jay were under surveillance!

Alley behind the Pollards' apartment —RON OLIVE

The evidence in the suitcase had to be destroyed, but how? Certainly she couldn't take it back up to her apartment. For all she knew, the FBI would come knocking on her door at any time. Besides, the suitcase was too cumbersome to drag back up the stairs. No, it would have to be moved elsewhere. At her wit's end, Anne decided that the only course of action was to approach the neighbors. Surely her need for help could be explained in a manner that would not arouse their suspicion. And so she lugged the suitcase back into the building and across the floor, placing it under the first-floor stairwell.

She then hurried upstairs and knocked on her neighbors' door. Christine Esfandiari —the woman with whom Pollard had told his interviewers at the NIS he and Anne would be dining that evening—poked her head out and beheld a very distraught-looking woman. Ms. Esfandiari asked Anne to come in but she refused, launching into a frantic, breathless explanation of how her husband was in big trouble and she needed help removing a heavy suitcase from the building. When Ms. Esfandiari questioned her about the suitcase, Anne said that she had asked Jay to help her out with some information on the Chinese embassy and that the suitcase contained classified documents.[2] They were going to burn them but never got around to it, she added. Please, could Christine help her?

By now the husband, Babak Esfandiari, an Iranian studying in the United States, had come to the door. Eventually, he agreed to help out. Anne asked him to retrieve the suitcase from under the first-floor stairwell and transport it to the Four Seasons Hotel in Georgetown. She would meet him there in the lobby, take the suitcase, and somehow destroy the documents.[3]

FOUR SEASONS
HOTEL

Four Seasons Hotel —RON OLIVE

After slipping Babak ten dollars for the taxi ride, Anne left and walked around the neighborhood for a short while to see if anyone was following her. Thinking the coast was clear, she hailed a cab, but just to be on the safe side, she made the driver take a circuitous route to the hotel. She had him drop her off a block away from the Four Seasons, and then walked in circles in case she was being trailed. In the meantime, Mr. Esfandiari retrieved the suitcase, caught a cab, and went directly to the hotel. He looked for Anne in the lobby, then the bar, thinking she might be having a drink. After waiting for what seemed like a long time, he went outside and took a cab back home, bringing the suitcase with him. Shortly thereafter, Anne arrived and began looking for Babak.

Seeing no sign of him, she started to panic and called the Esfandiari residence to find out if Babak had left his apartment yet. Yes, Christine replied, he should be at the hotel. Frightened, Anne finally called Aviem Sella at the Holiday Inn in Bethesda, Maryland.

O’Donnell’s Seafood restaurant located half a block from the Holiday Inn in Bethesda, Maryland —RON OLIVE

It was around ten o’clock. Sella answered the phone. He was worried, he told Anne, because she and Pollard hadn’t shown up for dinner. Anne said she had to meet right away, alone—it was urgent. They arranged to meet at O’Donnell’s, a restaurant about half a block from the Holiday Inn. There they sat in a private booth and Anne spilled the whole story.

“Are you sure he’s in trouble?” Sella asked.

“Yes! You have to help me.”

Sella seemed unresponsive, so Anne began raising her voice. Presently, Sella told her to wait where she was, he had to make a phone call.[4]

No doubt Sella’s impassivity was a facade hiding panic inside. The Israelis supposedly believed Anne knew nothing of her husband’s spy activities, but certainly they weren’t that naive. After getting up from the table, Sella made a beeline for the nearest pay phone and put in a call to Yosef Yagur.

When he returned, Sella informed Anne that he couldn’t stay. He asked her if she wanted to leave with him. No, she replied, Jay needed her. Sella gave her Yagur’s phone number and told her to have Pollard call his handler later if he got the chance. Anne was not to worry; everything would be all right. His parting comment was, “You don’t know me; you’ve never met me; you’ve never heard my name.”[5] Though confused, Anne nodded in agreement. Sella said he would call her later at the apartment to see if everything was okay, then hastily departed.

Sella had no diplomatic immunity in the United States. If caught, he would go to an American jail. He had to flee the country. Because of the late hour, however, National Airport had no outgoing flights and the rental car agencies were closed. Not wasting time, he contacted the Israeli embassy, and someone there procured him a car. After one more call to Anne, he decided, he and his wife would hightail it to New York and jump on a plane back to Israel.

It was close to midnight. A thousand thoughts raced through Anne's head. Where, oh where, was Jay? Was he all right? Was he in jail? She was afraid to head back to the apartment but had nowhere else to go. Maybe Jay would be there when she returned. She hoped so, because there was no one else who could help her. In her entire life, Anne Pollard had never felt so alone.

If Anne had known the identity of the person those FBI men in the alleyway behind her apartment building were really looking for, she might have done something different with the bulging suitcase. She might have simply called a cab herself, climbed in with the suitcase, and made off somewhere with the evidence. But that is not what happened. What happened was an extraordinary coincidence, one that would prove to be the linchpin in bringing Jonathan Jay Pollard to justice.

On 1 August 1985, Don Kidwell was the counterintelligence officer in the CIA's Rome station. While he was reading a debriefing report about a high-ranking KGB officer who was missing the tips on two of his fingers, Kidwell received a phone call from the marine security office.[6] Someone wanted to see him. He headed downstairs to a waiting room on the first floor. Right away Kidwell noticed that the tips of his visitor's two middle fingers were missing. The man introduced himself as Colonel Vitaly Yurchenko, the number-two KGB officer in charge of Soviet spy operations in North America. He wanted to defect.

During Yurchenko's debriefings, he told intelligence agents about three American spies he knew of who were currently operating for the Soviets. One was Edward Lee Howard, a CIA employee. When this news filtered down to the FBI they immediately put surveillance on Howard at his residence outside of Santa Fe, New Mexico, but it was too late. Howard managed to elude FBI surveillance and flee to Moscow before an arrest.

Another spy—or so Yurchenko thought—was a sailor who went by the name of Thomas E. Hayden, stationed in Naples, Italy. What the KGB defector did not know was that Master Chief Hayden was a double agent whom I had vetted, recruited, and trained with the help of Special Agents Joe Riccio and Brent Barrett in a counterespionage operation dubbed Sackett Land. Hayden's mission, launched in 1983, was to portray himself as a traitor willing to sell out his country for money. He had been feeding his Soviet handlers a string of classified information the navy had approved for the operation, and they took the bait.

Operation Sackett Land ended in August 1985 after Yurchenko flew in from Moscow to meet Hayden. Yurchenko drilled the sailor, asking him if he knew any NIS agents who gave briefings on the base. Hayden stood fast in denial, frightened that his cover had been blown. The next day Yurchenko defected. The NIS believed he had been looking for the name of an NIS agent to facilitate his defection. For his service to his country, Hayden would later receive the U.S. Navy Legion of Merit medal.

The third spy Yurchenko named, Ronald Pelton, had been operating within the NSA. Like Pollard, Pelton was an intelligence analyst with a brilliant mind and a photographic memory. He had been passing TS/SCI information to the Soviets, and Yurchenko was his initial contact in Washington, D.C. One of the most damaging pieces of information Pelton disclosed dealt with a sensitive navy operation to gather intelligence on Soviet communications. He would later be convicted and sentenced to three concurrent life sentences.

When Anne went to the alley on the night of Monday, 18 November, to dispose of the suitcase, she saw what she thought were FBI agents on surveillance. She was right about that, but they weren't watching Anne or her husband. The agents didn't know the Pollards from Adam and Eve. In fact, they were on the outer perimeter working with other agents who were surveilling the residence of Ronald Pelton's girlfriend, where the Soviet operative often stayed, which just happened to be in very close proximity to the Pollards' apartment.

Who would ever have imagined that the fate of the man who would prove to be one of the most notorious spies in the annals of American history would be sealed because the FBI, on a given night, happened to be surveilling another spy? The actions Anne took that night, mistakenly thinking she was being watched, set off a chain of events that enabled the NIS and the FBI to gather evidence against her and her husband that resulted in their expeditious arrest and subsequent prosecution. It was an incredible twist of fate.

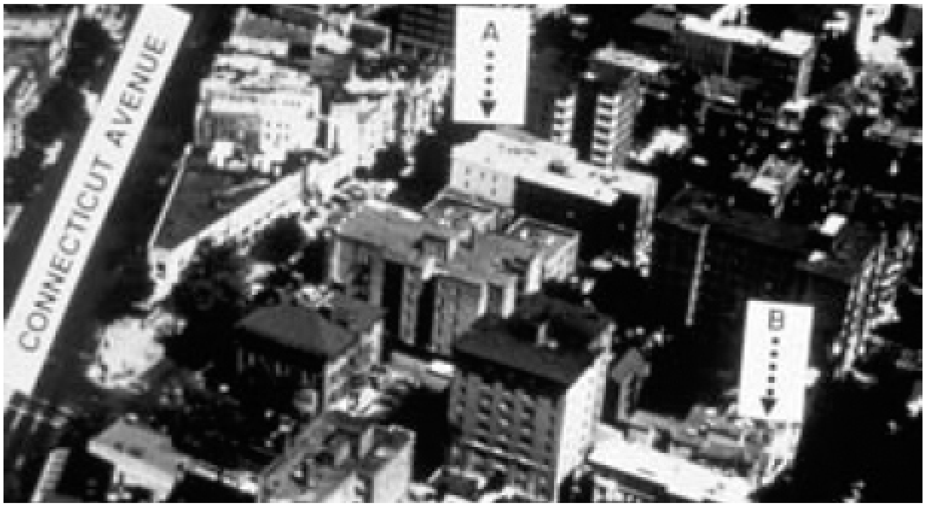

Aerial view of Pollard (A) and Pelton (B) apartments —NIS/FBI AERIAL PHOTO

When we arrived at the Pollards' apartment, it was close to midnight, and Anne was not yet home. The small apartment had a kitchen to the left of the hallway, a combined living room and dining area, and another short hallway that led to the bedroom, an unkempt space with dirty clothes piled several feet high in the closet.

While Farmer, Jechorek, and Redman searched the back bedroom, I stayed in the living room/dining area with Pollard, who wasn't talking much. He looked bedraggled and was too nervous to sit down. It was late and Anne wasn't home from dinner yet, which seemed strange. I made a joke about how long she'd been at dinner. "She should be home soon," he said curtly, without cracking a smile.

Sure enough, some twenty minutes later Anne returned. As far as I knew she was just coming home after dinner with the neighbors. Still, she looked pale and nervous, and I could tell something was wrong because of the way she shuffled over to the couch and sat down with her arms crossed over her stomach, as if in pain. Pollard asked her if she was all right and she said yes.

"We won't be long," I assured her. "We're searching the house and we'll be done as quickly as possible." She didn't say a word to me or her husband, and she studiously avoided my eyes.

While the search was in progress, Pollard's phone rang and Anne got up and answered it. It was late, and Washington wasn't the safest city; I figured the neighbors were calling to see if she had made it home safely.

"I can't talk, Uncle Joe," she said. "I've got unexpected guests. Yes. No, it isn't." Then she hung up.[7]

Pollard didn't ask who it was and Anne didn't say a word to him, which struck me as odd. Later, I would find out that Uncle Joe was Aviem Sella.

It took about forty-five minutes for the agents to complete their search. They emerged from the bedroom with approximately thirteen TS/SCI documents and fifty-plus documents classified secret, almost all which had been stashed in a box under the pile of dirty clothes in the closet. Some were found under the bed.[8] Most had old dates but were classified nevertheless. The FBI agents asked Pollard why he had all these documents in his house.

"Look, I'm an analyst and I have a lot of work that I can't always finish at the office," Pollard said, or words to that effect. "Sometimes I bring my work home with me. I just forgot about these."

As I scanned through the documents, either Farmer or Jechorek must have called their supervisor, because when I looked back up, they informed me that the FBI was backing out of this case and turning it back over to the NIS. I couldn't believe my ears.

"What?!" I said.

They went on to say this was obviously an administrative issue and they were letting us handle it, implying that Pollard posed no more of a threat to the United States than an absentminded professor.

I was so mad I couldn’t see straight, but I kept my cool. “Okay, if you say so.” To this day, I have no recollection of how the FBI agents got back to their office. Perhaps Agent Redman drove them. They certainly didn’t catch a ride with me.

Pollard had been scheduled to take an NIS polygraph the next day, Tuesday, regardless of how it turned out with his interview. Before Redman and I departed, I informed him that he had to come into the field office the next morning to take the exam. He gave me a funny look and said okay.

“Be there at ten thirty,” I said, and we left with the documents. We now had both secret and TS/SCI classified documents from Pollard’s apartment, which at a minimum was enough to get him fired by the navy for mishandling classified information, illegal possession of classified national defense information, improperly safeguarding SCI material, and several other charges. Now that the FBI had backed out, however, there was no chance the U.S. attorney’s office would even think about prosecuting Pollard for illegal possession of national defense information. Their hands were full of “real” cases dealing with polished spies, not amateurs. They were gearing up for Pelton’s arrest and were also poised to apprehend Larry Wu Tai Chin, a CIA analyst who had been spying for the Chinese in excess of thirty years and was later convicted on three counts of espionage. Prior to his sentencing date he hung himself in his jail cell.

After returning to the office to secure the classified documents, I drove home in the wee hours to get some desperately needed shut-eye. On the way there I mulled over the events of the past few hours. Assistant Director McCullah was going to hit the roof when he found out what had happened. I winced at the thought of telling him about the documents we’d found at Jay Pollard’s residence, not to mention the FBI’s decision to drop out of the case. In retrospect, McCullah should have been the least of my worries. If I’d known then about the incredible whirlwind of events that was about to whip up, I might have just stayed home.

No sooner had they been left alone than Anne filled Pollard in on what had happened to her. In the mistaken belief that they were still under surveillance, if not by the FBI then at least by the NIS, the couple went to an all-night coffee shop and looked around to make sure no one was watching them. Then, using a pay phone, Jay dialed the number Sella had given Anne. Yagur answered. Was Pollard all right? he wanted to know. Had Israel’s involvement been mentioned or come up in the interview?

No, he wasn’t all right, Pollard replied, and no, Israel had not been mentioned. Yagur told Pollard to stall for at least seventy-two hours, at which point he would get back to him. Then he hung up. Pollard was convinced that a mission was gearing up at that very moment to rescue him and his wife. He couldn’t have been more wrong.

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Chapter 16

POLLARD BALKS

Suddenly I found myself driving back to work, wondering where the few hours of sleep had gone. Tuesday, 19 November—it was going to be a bad day. I could feel it. Agent Redman was already in the office when I arrived, along with a cluster of agents who had been on Defense Minister Rabin’s detail.

I went to the safe and retrieved the documents we had seized the night before. Lanny McCullah would be calling, and I wanted to confirm my earlier count of how many TS/SCI and secret-coded documents we had unearthed at the suspect’s apartment. As predicted, McCullah called me from headquarters and wanted to know “what the hell” was going on. My account only stoked his fire. “How many agents do you have on this?” he demanded. “What’s your next move? Where is Pollard now? Where are the documents?”

I informed him that the Rabin detail had ended, that now that I had my agents back, everyone was going to be working this case. We knew what needed to be done, and I was on top of it. I didn’t feel on top of it, but that wasn’t something I needed to tell Wyatt Earp.

Had the FBI stayed in the game I would have had to follow their lead, but they hadn’t, and now the onus was on me. Only eight o’clock and already I was tense. “I’m going to put together a surveillance and investigative plan,” I assured McCullah, sounding more confident than I felt. “But I’ll need some time.”

It bothered me that McCullah was taking his frustration out on me, but I understood how he felt. The Pollard matter was proving to be one giant mess. I would have been a lot more upset had I known the reason McCullah hadn’t been at NIS headquarters when we brought Pollard in for the interview. Lance Arnold told me several months later that the assistant director had had tickets to the Redskins football game! Nothing was going to interfere with Monday night football live.

When he found out Pollard was coming in later to take a polygraph, McCullah calmed down. I told him I had to go, not to worry, we would keep him informed.

“Make sure you do,” he said before releasing me. “I want to be updated on everything!”

With all the other pressure on me, I didn’t need headquarters breathing down my neck, but I had no choice in the matter. Before hunkering down with the surveillance plan, I went into Gerry Nance’s office to vent. He was still the acting special agent in charge.

“Gerry,” I announced in a calm voice, “I have to ask you for a big favor. I want you to call headquarters.” I paused, then yelled, “And tell them to quit calling me, to let me do my job, and to stay off my ass while I sort this out!” Of course, I didn’t expect Nance to make the call, but I sure felt better letting off steam. It wasn’t until years later that Nance told me he did in fact pass the message on to McCullah. I laughed. Maybe that’s why no one called me from headquarters for the rest of that day.

Around ten thirty that morning, Redman came into my office to tell me there was a problem with Pollard. I sighed. “What’s wrong with him now?”

“I’ve got him on hold. He says he isn’t feeling well and doesn’t want to come in for the polygraph.”

“I can’t believe it!” I said, hitting the desk with the palm of my hand. “Transfer the call to my office, will you?”

How was I going to handle the analyst this time? It was absolutely critical that Pollard not worm his way out of the polygraph. I had no idea he had already taken two such tests, one with the CIA and one with the NIS. Nor did I know of the hatred he harbored for the NIS as a result.

Pollard came on the line and I said hello and asked him what was going on. He answered that he hadn’t gotten much sleep the night before and his stomach was upset. He didn’t think he could make it in for the polygraph.

Still trying to make light of the investigation without being threatening, I informed him that none of us had slept well the night before either. “It’s in your best interest to take this stupid polygraph test, Jay. Let’s get this over with once and for all,” I said, adding that once he had passed the test he could go back to work with a clean slate. That was a white lie. On account of the documents we’d found in his residence, he would never go back to work in the ATAC—or anywhere else in the government. For all intents and purposes, his work as an analyst was over.

Then Pollard made a comment that set off alarm bells in my head. “Ron, I don’t mind taking a polygraph if they only ask me about the Soviet Union or the Soviet bloc countries.”

If they *only* ask him about the Soviet Union or the Soviet bloc countries? For the first time I had a gut feeling that something was wrong—very wrong. My mind spun. Why would he make such a statement to me on the phone? What did it signify?

Up to this point, no one was close to believing Pollard was an outright spy, not Agent Redman, not myself, and certainly not the FBI. Commander Agee and Assistant Director McCullah suspected him, though of what they couldn't be sure. It was imperative that we look at the case with open minds. Yes, Pollard could be fired for having classified documents in his possession, but making a criminal case out of it would take hard evidence, not subjective reasoning or panic-based conclusions.

What if this really *was* a worst-case scenario? We couldn't let Pollard off the hook. This might be our last chance to get him on the box. If we couldn't convince him to come in and take the test and he was spying for another country, he would flee the United States. There was almost nothing we could do to prevent it.

Gathering my thoughts, I said in a lighthearted voice, "Jay, you're absolutely right. There's no way you can't pass this polygraph when they ask you about the Soviets and the bloc countries." I was shooting from the hip again. What the analyst didn't realize—or what he'd forgotten—was that the counterintelligence polygraph didn't ask about specific countries, it was very general. The question was, Have you ever committed espionage or sabotage against the United States? "Yeah, you'll pass it," I went on. "I know that and you know that. That's why you need to come in here and get this thing over with." I reiterated that it wouldn't take long and then he could move on with his life.

"I'm really too tired to drive in," Pollard said, digging in his heels.

It was time to get firm with him or lose him forever. "Look, Jay, if you're so tired, I don't want you driving down here anyway. Stay right where you are. I'll have agents from the office pick you up and drive you back home." Then I raised my voice. "This mess can't be put off any longer. We both have better things to do. So just wait there for my agents and don't leave."

At last, he agreed to come in and take the polygraph.

After hanging up the phone, I raced back to the office area where my agents were waiting. "Get to Pollard's apartment *right now*, with a red light and siren if you have to, and bring him over here for a polygraph test." They catapulted out of their seats and took off without further explanation. I wish I could remember their names today, but things were happening way too fast.

Thus we passed the second major hurdle with Pollard. Only later would I find out that he was stalling for time because his handler had instructed him to do so. Yagur's order had clouded his judgment. If Pollard wanted to save his skin, he should have fled the country for Israel the night before, after we'd left his apartment. The analyst was an exceptionally bright man, but it was none too wise to call me late in the morning and say he was too tired to take a polygraph. By now he could have been driving up the East Coast for a flight out of New York, or making his way to Canada. It was foolish, also, to believe that Sella or Yagur would bail him out—but then, just about every action Pollard had taken during his career as a spy had been foolish.

Possessed of a king-size ego and lacking all common sense, much less knowledge of the workings of foreign counterintelligence, he was his own worst enemy. The Israelis hadn't given him any security training. He'd been handing thousands of classified documents over to them every month, and they had done nothing to bring him under control. He had no escape plan. After all this neglect did he really believe, having gotten an order from his handler to stall for seventy-two hours, that someone from Israel would swoop down out of the sky and save him?

Gerry Nance came in shortly after my phone call with Pollard and, seeing how tense I was, asked if I wanted to join him for a quick bite at the officers club, within walking distance of our building. It would take the polygraph operators three or more hours to complete Pollard's initial test, so I had the time. About forty-five minutes later Nance and I took the elevator down and were on our way out when my two agents came through the door with Pollard.

The analyst stopped in his tracks. "Ron," he said in an urgent voice, "I need to talk to you before I take this polygraph."

"Sure, Jay," I said, taken aback. I looked at Nance and told him to go ahead without me, thanked the agents for picking up Pollard, then escorted him into the office spaces at the far end of the hallway that had been set aside for polygraph testing. I had no clue what the wayward analyst wanted to talk to me about. What I was about to find out would wake up the FBI and put everyone at NIS headquarters into a tailspin.

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Chapter 17

THE CONFESSION

Entering the testing area, I ran into Ben Johnson, supervisor of the polygraph program at the Washington field office, and informed him that Pollard wanted to talk with me before taking the exam. Johnson's expression soured. Not only had he been waiting for the analyst for better than two hours, but he also had interviews of his own to conduct, part of a delicately balanced psychological lead-up to the polygraph test itself. I was about to foul this up. But I had seniority over Johnson, and in any event, my hands were tied. Pollard still hadn't been charged with any crime, and because he was here voluntarily, I had to do everything in my power to keep him cooperating with us. I expected my interview to be a short one. I had no idea that it would turn into a full-blown interrogation.

"Is there an interview room I can use?" I said to Johnson. Disgruntled, he pointed to a space off the hallway.

As Pollard and I made our way there, we passed the testing room, its door open and a polygraph instrument sitting on the desk waiting for its next victim. Those were the days before digital technology. The machine was an intimidating metal box the size of a briefcase. Inside were numerous knobs and five or six long, ink-filled mechanical arms that recorded the subject's reactions to questions on scrolling paper. Two pneumographs, accordion-like rubber tubes filled with air, would be connected to the interviewee's chest and upper abdomen to measure respiratory rate. A cuff around the arm measured blood pressure and heart rate, while two tiny cuffs attached to the fingers—and sometimes a metal plate under the fingers—would gauge the amount of sweat. Electric cords connected all these gauges to the polygraph instrument, which was plugged into the wall. By the time polygraph operators had a subject hooked up, he or she already felt guilty about something. It was enough to make the Pope feel intimidated, and not surprisingly, out of the corner of my eye I caught Pollard staring at it uneasily.

We walked into a small, musty office equipped with nothing but three chairs and a World War II–vintage green metal desk, probably made in some federal prison. The space had no windows, just a single fluorescent tube overhead.

It is Department of Defense policy that when someone takes a polygraph test, he or she must be reminded of his or her Miranda rights warning against self-incrimination, and although I would not be the one to administer the test, it occurred to me that it would be a good idea to read Pollard his rights then rather than later. That would protect us both. I thought of going back to Johnson to get a copy of the NIS's civilian waiver of rights form, but not wanting to leave Pollard alone, I looked in the desk drawer first. The metal screeched open and there, on top of a stack of papers, was the waiver form already filled out, with Brian Cropper and Ben Johnson listed as the agents who were going to advise Pollard of his rights.

Taking my pen, I scratched out their printed names and inserted mine above. On the line identifying what Pollard was suspected of, someone had written the following: "I am suspected of the unlawful solicitation, acquisition, and possession of classified U.S government defense information and/or the unlawful disclosure of U.S. government defense information." I read Pollard all of his rights, one by one.

1. I have the right to remain silent and make no statement at all.
2. Any statement I do make can be used against me in a court of law or other judicial proceeding or administrative hearing.
3. I have the right to consult with a lawyer prior to any questioning. This lawyer may be a civilian lawyer retained by me at no cost to the United States, or, if I cannot afford a lawyer, one will be appointed to represent me at no cost to me.
4. I have the right to have my retained or appointed lawyer present during this interview.
5. I may terminate this interview at any time, for any reason.

I asked Pollard if he understood what I had read. He indicated yes. Then I gave him the form to read and asked him to initial each advisement.

Next there was a paragraph that read: "I understand my rights as related to me and as set forth above. With that understanding, I have decided that I do not desire to remain silent, consult with a retained or appointed lawyer, or have a lawyer present at this time. I make this decision freely and voluntarily. No threats or promises have been made to me."[1] Pollard verbally waived all his rights and said he didn't have a problem talking with me.

It was already 1:34 PM when Pollard signed the overall advisement waiver. The day was growing short. At last we began to talk. In retrospect, I suspect that Pollard wanted to speak with me because he was following Yagur's order to stall, but at the time I knew nothing about that and had to wonder what he thought a pre-interview interview would accomplish.

I asked him where he had intended to take the documents the night before. Circling the question, the analyst launched into a drawn-out story about his favorite subject, arms sales to South Africa and through South Africa to Afghanistan. This was déjà vu, but I was willing to see where he was going with it. It dawned on me that our supposed chat was turning into an interview, and putting aside my reservations about Ben Johnson sitting in his office waiting for me to finish, I groped around in the desk drawer, came up with a pad of legal paper, and began scrawling as fast as my fingers would go. Pollard went on and on, spilling individuals' names I couldn't pronounce, much less spell. I was having trouble keeping up with him and had to interrupt several times so that he would repeat what he had just said. This went on for about half an hour.

With almost two decades of law enforcement experience under my belt, I enjoyed conducting interviews—that's what I called them, not interrogations, which sometimes carried negative connotations of verbal and physical abuse—and through repeated practice I had built up a good reputation for garnering confessions from suspects and gleaning information from witnesses. In Pollard, however, I had more than met my match.

Suddenly, in the midst of his grandiose story about international weapons sales, it hit me right between the eyes. What in the Sam *Hell* are you doing, Olive? I said to myself (a phrase my late mother, a dear, deeply religious woman, used to utter both in jest and in earnest, except that she changed the *e* in Hell to an *i*). Pollard was the type of person who, when asked a question about anything, could make the answer last as long as the hours in a day. With just minimum knowledge of any subject, he could relate his views seamlessly, making things up as he went along and eventually convincing you that what he said was solid fact.

In my enthusiasm and desire to get information, any information, I had let my subject gain control of the interview. Rather than answering my question, he was just wasting my time and everyone else's.

As Pollard rambled on, his confidence rising, I slammed my hand down on the old metal desk, which startled him. "Wait a minute," I said abruptly, looking him straight in the eye. "This story has nothing to do with those documents. I don't give a damn about South Africa and their arms shipments to Afghanistan. I want to know where you were taking those documents, and I want to know *now*."

One of the interview techniques I'd learned over the years was that when you raised your voice, you should do so only briefly, to shock the suspect and get his attention. If you kept on yelling, you risked losing his respect. I paused, letting my words sink in, while Pollard just stared at me.

Apparently, he realized he had to deliver some grain of truth to string me along, for now he changed course, veering into a story about how two and a half years earlier he had been introduced at a party to a person by the name of Kurt Lohbeck. Lohbeck was a freelance photographer and reporter covering the war in Afghanistan and, Pollard claimed, he was under the control of a Pakistani defense attaché in Washington. According to the analyst, Lohbeck had asked him for sensitive information about Soviet forces in Afghanistan and Pollard agreed to his request. He said Lohbeck became his friend, and that he would drop a few pieces of classified material off to him once every week or two. "I wasn't paid for the material," Pollard emphasized. When I asked him how the documents were classified, he told me they were coded confidential and secret.

"Are you sure you didn't get paid?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm sure," he replied.

He continued in this vein for another minute or so, at which point I stopped him and in a sincere tone, appealing to his apparent need for recognition, told him he was one of the most intelligent people I had ever met in my life. I praised him for his intellectual resilience and analytical brilliance. However, I continued, there was one thing he might not know as much about as I did, and that was counterintelligence, criminal investigations, security violations, and espionage.

"I've been in this business a long time, Jay," I said, "and I know you're lying when you say you haven't gotten paid for classified material. You walked out the door last night with TS/SCI documents in your hand and you're telling me you had the intention of giving them to this Lohbeck guy for nothin'?"

Pollard just gave me another blank look. I kept pressing him, and eventually he did admit to having passed top secret material to Lohbeck about once a month and receiving a small amount of money.

"How much?"

"About a hundred dollars."

"That's bullshit, Jay! You don't get a measly hundred dollars for giving someone top secret information."

Briefly, the image of Ben Johnson impatiently waiting outside flitted through my mind, but I couldn't break off the interview just then. It would be an egregious violation of standard procedure to interrupt a suspect who had started to confess—to leave the room and give him time to think. And so I kept firing questions at him, calmly, persistently, challenging every answer that sounded like a lie. Every time I confronted him, the number of classified documents he claimed to have sold multiplied tenfold, as did the amount of money he had received.

I kept the pressure up, determined not to stop until I was reasonably certain he was telling me most of the truth. Well into the interview, about three hours later, Pollard claimed to have received $2,500 a month in exchange for passing thousands of secrets to Lohbeck, and said his contact had paid him a total of about $30,000 for expenses and travel. He named a few of the documents by exact title and provided detailed information from them, and he told me where he had obtained them, from collections that included the intelligence libraries of the NSA, the DIA, the CIA, the FBI, the NISC, and the ATAC.

Supposedly, he dropped the documents off at Lohbeck's girlfriend's house biweekly and later picked them up and returned them to their respective libraries. The most recent payment from Lohbeck, he maintained, had been received on 26 October 1985—left on his girlfriend's coffee table—and the last time Pollard had dropped off a batch of information was Friday, 15 November. The thousands of pages of classified message traffic Pollard didn't have to sign for, he said, Lohbeck kept.

What Pollard had told me so far, if we proved it, could land him and Lohbeck in prison with life sentences. The analyst had confessed to espionage, and I had to inform NIS headquarters what was going on. It was then around four thirty and people would start leaving work soon. This information couldn't wait any longer. I had no choice but to interrupt the interview and leave the room.

Telling Pollard I had to make a call and would be right back, I left and hurried into Johnson's office. He was sitting behind his desk, looking steamed. I couldn't blame him. Agent Johnson was extremely capable. He could have conducted an interview with Jonathan Pollard and come away with similar or better results, and yet here I was, three hours after telling him I was just going to have a short talk with the suspect, emerging from the interview room with a ream of notes. It didn't help matters that I stayed in Johnson's office only long enough to bark out an order.

"Call upstairs and get Lisa Redman and Gerry Nance—I need them down here, now!" Then I vanished back into the interview room.

Within a minute, Agent Redman appeared. I told her to sit with Jay for a couple of minutes, that he had just confessed to providing top secret information and getting paid about $30,000 for it. Redman's face turned slightly red. She performed every aspect of her job with the utmost discretion, but I could see by her expression that she shared my thoughts about Pollard.

I closed the door behind me and gave Agent Nance, who was waiting right outside, a brief account. "Gerry, I want you to drive over to Suitland headquarters as fast as you can and inform McCullah of the situation," I said.

There was no way I was going to personally tell the assistant director for counterintelligence what had occurred. My excuse, certainly a valid one, was that I couldn't leave Pollard because I had to get a statement from him down on paper. But I knew, too, that Lanny McCullah's blood was going to boil, and I didn't want to be in his crosshairs. Later Nance described McCullah's reaction to me. Apparently, cursing to high heaven, the assistant director hurled his inbox off his desk and kicked it across the room, sending it crashing against the wall. I probably would have done the same thing if I'd been in his shoes. After all, he'd had a spy operating right under his nose.

I poked my head into the interview room and asked Redman to wait while I called my FBI counterpart Nick Walsh. This was not over yet. Not by a long shot.

I confess to having harbored, at the time, a somewhat cynical view of the FBI. It was notorious among most federal, state, and local police departments for gathering criminal and counterintelligence information from other agencies, taking over cases, and after a conviction, taking every bit of credit for the investigation, arrest, and final outcome. Ironically, now, when I most needed the agency, it had backed out on me. Nonetheless, I had a good working relationship with the FBI in general, and I had had the pleasure of working with some of its most outstanding managers and street agents, people willing to collaborate for a common cause. Numbered among them were two assistant special agents in charge of counterintelligence at the FBI's Washington field office, Nick Walsh and Joe Johnson.

FBI agent Lydia Jechorek —RON OLIVE

Walsh was a kind, soft-spoken supervisor without an attitude. When I informed him that Pollard had just confessed to espionage, he wanted to know the country involved. The information might be going to Pakistan, South Africa, Afghanistan, maybe other countries, I couldn't be sure. Walsh said he would send an agent over right away. Expecting a small squad, I was dumbfounded when, about half an hour later, I found myself face to face with Agent Lydia Jechorek. After what had happened the night before my trust in her and her supervisor had dipped, but I was willing to give them the benefit of the doubt.

As the case came together over the days and months that followed, Lydia Jechorek proved to be a top-notch FBI agent. Except for a two-year stint in the FBI's Chicago office, she had been in the Washington field office working foreign counterintelligence and espionage investigations, and would eventually pass up many opportunities to fill supervisory positions at FBI headquarters so as to continue working on the street.[2]

After I had filled her in, we proceeded with the formal statement of confession from Pollard. This was critical, because Jechorek gave me no assurances that the FBI would place Pollard under arrest any time soon. We didn't need to get everything—that would take days—just the essential elements of the crime, the information that would prove and convict him of espionage: knowingly passing national defense information to a foreign government or an agent of that government; understanding that the information, based on its classification level, would do harm to the national security of the United States or work to the advantage of a foreign nation; and recognizing that passing national defense information to a foreign government or agent of that government was against the law. We also needed a brief description of what Pollard had passed, where it had come from, and how much compensation he had received in return.

We had Pollard move to another room where we had a computer. I told him I could type out his statement as he relayed it, but the analyst preferred to record it himself in longhand. I agreed, and as Pollard scribbled away, Jechorek and I asked questions to ensure that he included the essential facts.

In addition to identifying most of the libraries and archives from which he had taken classified information, Pollard recorded the classification levels and titles of various materials, explained how he was able to obtain them, and included his cover stories. Below is a summary of the collections and materials he mentioned.

- From the navy's SPINTCOM center he had taken all Mediterranean littoral operations intelligence summaries, all TS/NOFORN (top secret/no foreign dissemination) documents, and various WNINTEL (warning notice: intelligence sources and methods involved).
- From the NISC's sensitive-intelligence libraries and all departments within the NISC he had removed documents of every classification level from secret to TS/SCI. These were primarily lines-of-communication studies on the Middle East and intelligence-data-input studies dealing with Soviet equipment that might appear in South Asia.

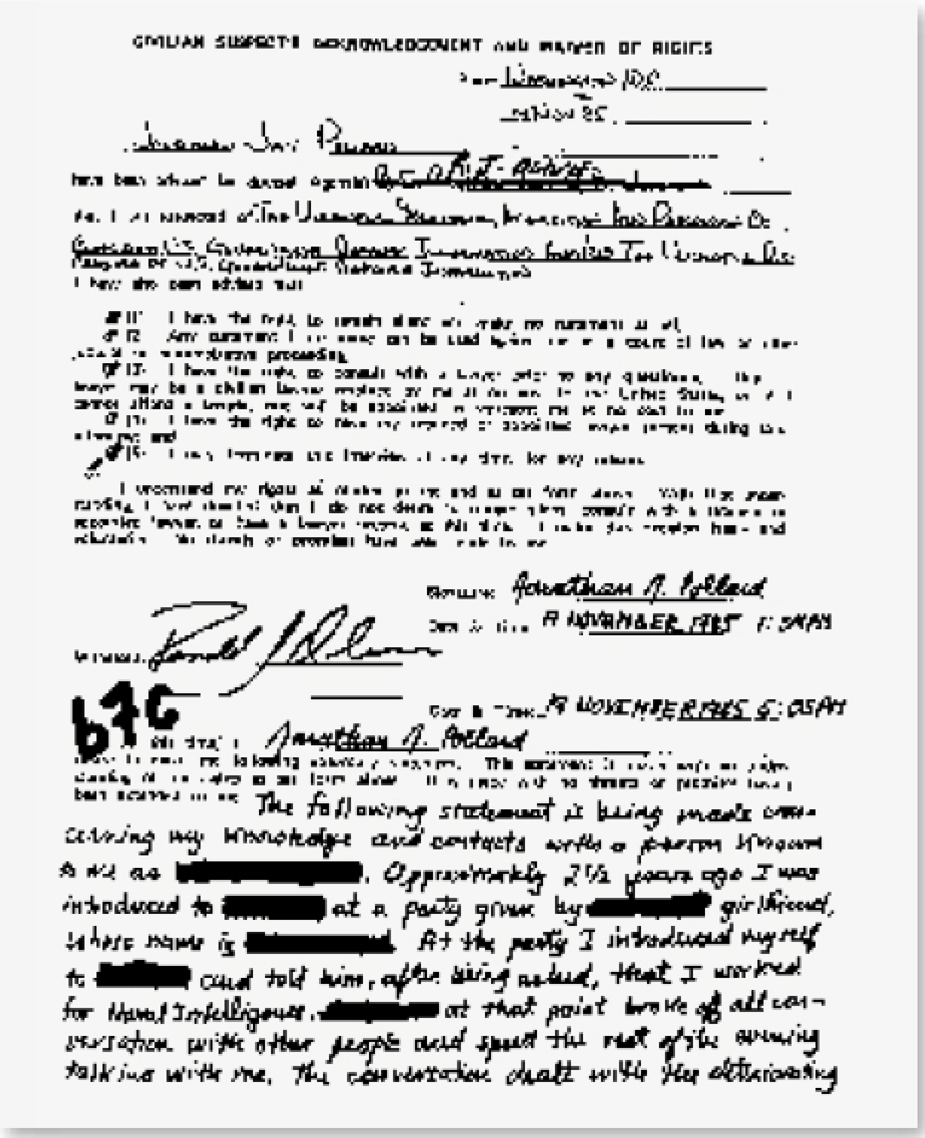

CIVILIAN SUSPECT'S ACKNOWLEDGEMENT AND WAIVER OF RIGHTS

Signature: Jonathan J. Pollard

b7C

Jonathan J. Pollard

The following statement is being made concerning my knowledge and contacts with a person known to me as [redacted]. Approximately 2½ years ago I was introduced to [redacted] at a party given by [redacted] girlfriend, whose name is [redacted]. At the party I introduced myself to [redacted] and told him, after being asked, that I worked for Naval Intelligence. [redacted] at that point broke off all conversation with other people and spent the rest of the evening talking with me. The conversation dealt with the obtaining

NIS unclassified civilian suspects acknowledgement and waiver of rights form signed by Jonathan Pollard —NIS

- From the National Security Agency he had taken the TS/SCI-classified RASIN manual with updates and the *Non-Morse Operator's Handbook*, allegedly to help the Pakistanis break Soviet communications in Afghanistan. For this heist he simply contacted an unwitting woman at the central document disbursement office who provided either originals or copies. Pollard passed his clearances, showed his courier card, signed for the documents, and walked out the front door. Two or three of the manuals he checked out were never returned. He claimed to have lost them.
- From the CIA he had taken documents dealing with Pakistani and Iraqi nuclear developments, their classifications ranging from secret to TS/SCI.

- From the DIA’s Genser Library he had removed an Iraqi ground forces intelligence study, and from the DIA’s Special Intelligence Library, intelligence summaries classified TS, NOFORN, WNINTEL, and ORCON (originator controlled).
- From the FBI he had taken quarterly counterintelligence summaries classified secret and NOFORN periodical reviews copied from classified summaries distributed by the FBI to intelligence agencies around Washington. He received these not from a library but from individual authors. He would contact an author and have him mail the materials directly to his office at the ATAC.
- From the ATAC he had taken intelligence summaries classified secret and TS/SCI.[3]

While he was writing all this out, Pollard rattled on about Lohbeck and his adventures in Afghanistan, and the drop-offs and pickups he had made at Lohbeck’s girlfriend’s apartment. The analyst actually appeared to pride himself on his crimes, and to relish the act of recording them.

When he finished the statement, eleven pages long, I had him swear that its contents were true. After signing it, he agreed to come back the next day and embellish what he had written about his methods of contacting Lohbeck.

Perhaps Pollard thought he was ahead of the game. He had avoided the dreaded polygraph machine and produced a confession that was a big red herring. No doubt he believed that before the next day arrived—before his promised return to the NIS interview room—he would be winging his way to Israel.

It was now about ten in the evening. Before leaving, Jechorek called her office to inform Nick Walsh that we needed a full surveillance on Pollard. That was a huge relief to me. Then the three of us climbed into my car and I drove Pollard home. Although we had a confession of espionage, we still needed solid proof. Furthermore, we needed to know what foreign country or countries were involved before an arrest could be made.

When we reached our destination, FBI agents were already in place surveilling Pollard’s residence. This struck me as odd. I had never seen the FBI respond so fast to a surveillance request, and certainly not at such a late hour. At the time, I had no idea that they were also watching Ronald Pelton down the street.

Heading home that night, I mulled over the lengthy interview with Pollard and the confession he had made. Though convinced that for the most part the analyst was telling the truth, part of his story bothered me, and that was the involvement of Kurt Lohbeck. Why would a freelance photographer and news reporter become embroiled in a major espionage case? In all my years of experience in law enforcement, I'd never heard of a journalist taking reams of TS/SCI material and paying huge sums for it. It didn't make sense. There had to be a crucial part to the story Pollard had intentionally left out.

We had a confession, but we couldn't get a conviction on a confession alone. What we needed was hard evidence proving the act of espionage. Arriving home bleary-eyed, I dragged myself inside and fell into bed, thankful for an end to the day, however belated.

Meanwhile, unbeknownst to me, Pollard had managed to elude FBI surveillance and get himself to a pay phone. Earlier that day, before my agents picked him up for the polygraph, he had had Anne walk around their neighborhood in the hopes that someone would bump into her and slip her an escape plan. That hadn't happened, and now, concerned about not being contacted by the Israelis—what was taking them so long?—he put in a call to Yagur. The phone rang and rang and rang, but no one answered. Perplexed, Pollard contacted the Israeli embassy. As soon as he got through to someone, he identified himself and began explaining his situation. He needed help, now. But the Israeli on the other end of the line, who didn't have a solid command of English, told him to call back the next day.

Growing alarmed, Pollard returned to the apartment. The next day, a Wednesday, he sent Anne out one more time to walk around the neighborhood. Surely someone from the Israeli embassy would pass her a note with the instructions that would save them.

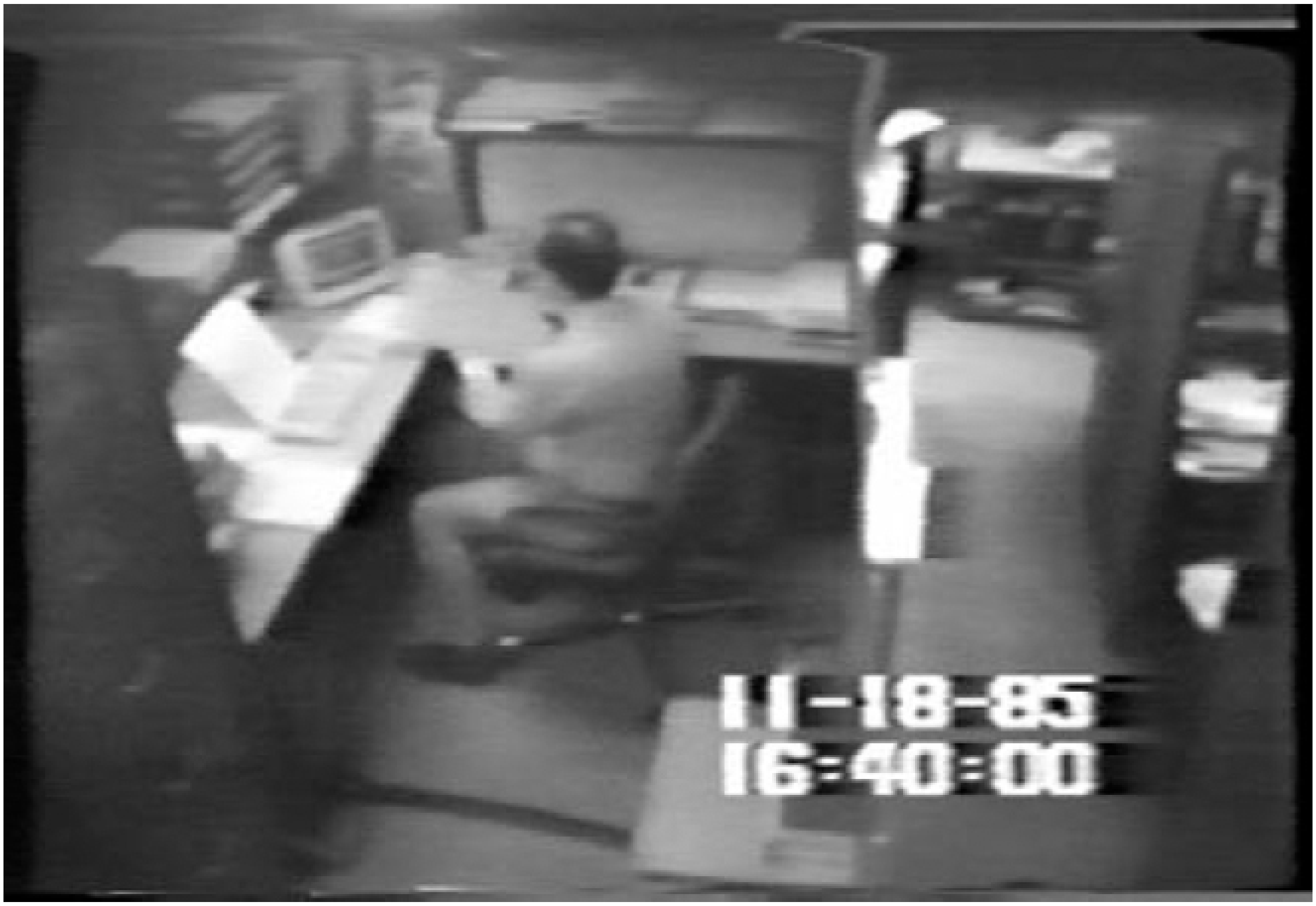
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Chapter 18

A FATAL BLUNDER

On Wednesday morning, 20 November, Special Agent Lance Arnold phoned to give me some interesting news. He had received a call from a naval officer in Norfolk, Virginia, whose daughter had contacted him from Washington, D.C., about an urgent matter. Apparently, on Monday night her next-door neighbor had dropped off a suitcase full of classified documents and asked her to hold on to them. The daughter, who hadn't opened the suitcase, was worried and wanted advice from her father. Arnold told the officer he would have the NIS's Washington field office check into the matter. Not long afterwards, Special Agent Rich Cloonan received a call there. It was Pollard's next-door neighbor, Christine Esfandiari.

Esfandiari recounted how Anne had arrived at her doorstep on Monday night with a breathless story about her husband being in trouble and a suitcase stuffed with classified information they hadn't had a chance to burn. Esfandiari knew Pollard worked with classified information for the navy, and this concerned her. She related how her husband, Babak, had taken the suitcase to the Four Seasons Hotel but hadn't found Anne. Where was the suitcase now? Cloonan wanted to know. In her apartment, she replied. Cloonan told her to make sure the suitcase stayed there, and to have Babak meet him in forty-five minutes at the corner of Connecticut Avenue and 20th Street, near where they lived.

"I'll be by the flower stand," the agent said. "I'll be wearing a tan raincoat, carrying a *Time* magazine, and my name will be Edward Thomas. Have Babak greet me using his first name."

A few minutes later Cloonan and another one of my agents, Joseph Grahek, left the navy yard and proceeded to the designated meeting site. Before parking, they did a security check of the area, dry-cleaning it to ensure that nothing looked suspicious and that the Pollards wouldn't catch Babak talking to Cloonan. The agents scoped out the apartment building—they didn't notice any FBI cars in the neighborhood at the time—and found they had a good line of sight down the alleyway behind it.

A few blocks from the rendezvous, Grahek parked in front of a drugstore and Cloonan set off to meet Babak. As Mr. Esfandiari expanded on his wife's account of what had happened the night before, lo and behold, Anne appeared on the other side of the street, heading toward their apartment building. Esfandiari grew agitated. Anne might spot them and create a scene. Cloonan calmed him down, and she passed by without noticing them.

"Where's the suitcase?" the agent asked

"In the bathtub in my apartment," Esfandiari replied.

Cloonan told him to bring it to the back door of the apartment building, the door opening onto the alley. While Esfandiari went to fetch the suitcase, Cloonan cautiously worked his way to the rear of the building.

Soon thereafter, Esfandiari met Cloonan with the suitcase. The two men walked up the alleyway and out of sight, where they met Grahek with the vehicle and climbed in. After Esfandiari initialed an evidence custody document, the agents, resisting the temptation to open the suitcase—that couldn't be done until a search warrant arrived from the assistant U.S. attorney—sealed it shut with NIS evidence tape to preserve the chain of custody and to protect the evidence from unnecessary contamination.

Before leaving, Cloonan took a written statement from Esfandiari about what had happened, and Esfandiari "affirmed"—being a Muslim, he couldn't swear—that the information was correct to the best of his knowledge.

This was all unfolding while I was still conducting my initial interview of Pollard, before the FBI had been contacted about his confession. Cloonan knew the FBI had backed out of the case late on Monday night; thus, it came as a surprise to him when, a short time later, an FBI field office agent arrived on the scene and demanded that the suitcase be turned over to him. Apparently, the FBI had rejoined the investigation, if not yet officially. That was awfully fast work. Someone from the NIS field office must have contacted the bureau as soon as Cloonan left his office for the rendezvous, or shortly thereafter. The bureau agent had no evidence document with him to maintain a chain of custody, so Cloonan had him sign the NIS form showing the suitcase was being turned over to the FBI.

When Cloonan finished telling me this story, I was amazed.[1] Serendipitously, the very evidence that we needed had surfaced, and before my initial interview with Pollard had even been completed. Who would have believed that Christine Esfandiari's father would be an officer in the navy? Leaving the evidence with a neighbor was a fatal and unpredictable blunder on Anne's part, and it would prove to be a crucial piece of evidence in the indictment and conviction, not just of Jonathan Pollard, but also of Anne herself. A search warrant was later obtained for the suitcase and its contents, which happened to include five classified FBI reports on the People's Republic of China. The FBI laboratory discovered forty separate fingerprints of Anne's on the documents.

Documents found in suitcase that Anne attempted to dispose of —NIS UNCLASSIFIED EVIDENCE PHOTO

Documents from suitcase —NIS UNCLASSIFIED EVIDENCE PHOTO

After talking with Cloonan, I called my boss, Special Agent in Charge John D'Avanzo, who was still on vacation, and informed him of the whirlwind sweeping through the NIS. Could he cut his vacation short? We might need a special agent in charge to give us firepower in any negotiations with the FBI. D'Avanzo said he would be in right away.

At about 12:30 PM on 20 November, Pollard arrived at the NIS field office. After advising him of his rights one more time—again, he waived them—FBI Agent Jechorek and I resumed our interview. Trying to figure out just who Kurt Lohbeck was, we began by asking Pollard to expand on how he had delivered packages to the reporter. He described his modus operandi in detail, saying that usually every other Friday he would leave NIS headquarters and drive directly to Lohbeck's girlfriend's apartment to drop off classified information. If Lohbeck wasn't there he would leave the material on the coffee table. Lohbeck kept the message traffic, but the documents Pollard had signed for would be retrieved at the apartment the following Sunday and returned to their respective libraries and archives on Monday.

Pollard talked about three restaurants that Lohbeck supposedly patronized in the Adams Morgan district: Café Lautrec, the Red Sea, and Massawa, all located on 18th Street NW. Occasionally, Pollard went on, he would call Lohbeck twenty or thirty minutes after a meeting at the apartment and invite him out for a drink at one of these establishments. Lohbeck paid him in person the last Saturday of every month, an amount supposedly determined by somebody else, who deemed it sufficient to keep Pollard satisfied while not being so much as to arouse suspicion. When he raised a complaint with Lohbeck about getting only $1,500 a month, the reporter replied that he would check with his contacts to get approval for a raise.[2]

During the interview, Pollard signed a written consent for a permissive search of the large manila envelope he had been carrying the night of Monday, 18 November, when he was stopped in the NIS headquarters parking lot. The envelope contained twenty top secret messages, thirty-four secret messages, and six confidential messages. Because they weren't publications, he didn't have to return them to their libraries.

When asked if he had ever taken any documents, published or unpublished, out of the country, he said no. Nor had he ever met Lohbeck abroad, although one time, he said, the reporter had requested that Pollard meet him in London or Paris. I asked Pollard to draw a floor plan of the inside of Lohbeck's apartment, which I attached to his statement.

Documents and messages found in the large manila envelope in Pollard's possession—opened on 20 November 1985 —NIS UNCLASSIFIED EVIDENCE PHOTO

I was just about to address my doubts about Lohbeck being involved in espionage when Pollard informed us that Anne wasn't feeling well, that she had a stomach disorder and was scheduled for an outpatient procedure the following morning, Thursday. He needed to get home. Before he left, we had him write out and sign a sworn statement, but because of the circumstances, it was only four pages long. Instead of drilling him on Lohbeck then, I decided to wait until the next day, when we would have plenty of time to pin him down. Pollard said he would come back following Anne's procedure, insisting he had additional revelations about specific classified documents Lohbeck had asked him to secure.

Off the record, he mentioned that Lohbeck had a "thing" for Anne and was in the habit of dropping by their apartment. Pollard feared that if Lohbeck found out he had ratted on him, the reporter might visit them again and his life and Anne's would be in danger. Could they be moved to a hotel? We considered his request but made no promises. With the FBI now back in the investigation, its agents were now surveilling him around the clock, and we didn't have to worry about Pollard slipping out of the country. At least, we thought we didn't.

Agent Jechorek's squad supervisor showed up at my office, a tiny room with only enough space for a four-drawer safe, a desk, and two small chairs for visitors. I waved him into a seat and mentioned the suitcase that had been seized the day before, what a twist of fate it was that Esfandiari's father was a naval officer.

“That’s what I came over here to talk to you about,” the supervisor said, looking upset. Suddenly, he launched into a lecture, telling me the NIS had had no right or authority to seize the suitcase from Pollard’s neighbor. The FBI had jurisdiction in this case and was the only agency that could seize the evidence involved. He didn’t want this to happen again!

Who in the hell did this guy think he was? Perhaps my unassuming office reinforced whatever impression he had that he could lord it over me. I suspected he was the same supervisor who, two days earlier, during our preliminary interview with Pollard, had told Agents Jechorek and Farmer that we had to let the analyst go. I also suspected he was the person who had given them the order to back out of the investigation, leaving me standing in Pollard’s apartment with dozens of secret and TS/SCI messages.

Biting my tongue, I proceeded to tell him in no uncertain terms that number one, the FBI had backed out of the case, and number two, it had been urgent that we act quickly. There had been no time to sit around making phone calls deciding who should or should not pick up a suitcase. My agents had done a professional job and acted quickly to gather and protect what could turn out to be vital evidence in an espionage case. Moreover, the NIS had an 1811 designation, which meant that we were a civilian federal law enforcement agency. As such, just like the FBI, we could seize evidence and serve and execute federal search warrants.

The supervisor backed down, and from that point on the two of us got along just fine.

Cutting his vacation short, John D’Avanzo made a beeline for the FBI’s Washington field office. There he spoke with Nick Walsh and Joe Johnson, assistant special agent in charge of counterintelligence field support, who told him that the Department of Justice wanted the NIS out of the investigation. The FBI would take over from there. D’Avanzo was determined not to let that happen. We later found out through Assistant U.S. Attorney Charles Leeper, who would lead the prosecution of Pollard, that the Department of Justice did not want NIS agents, only FBI agents, testifying when the case went to trial.[3] Eventually, NIS worked this out with the FBI and the Justice Department. We would be a player in the investigation after all, an equal player, or so we thought.

Late on Wednesday evening I was still at my office when D’Avanzo called and asked if I could come over to the FBI field office for a strategy session. I drove over and met with D’Avanzo, Walsh, and Johnson. Both bureau agents had low-key, unexcitable demeanors. They asked if I thought Pollard was telling the truth about Lohbeck. I said I wasn’t convinced that the journalist was Pollard’s contact. Moreover, I had grave doubts about the destination of the classified material. There had to be a particular foreign country involved, but which one?

We all agreed it was too early in the investigation to be certain of anything. If Pollard was telling the truth about Lohbeck, the information he had passed on the Soviets was probably going to Pakistan, Afghanistan, or both. That seemed to make sense. The last country on anyone's mind was Israel.

On the horizon lay a lengthy and time-consuming investigation of Lohbeck. It was going to be hard to make this case stick. Without proof that the reporter was gathering classified intelligence for a specific foreign government, we had no espionage case.

Hard as it is to believe, that Wednesday evening Pollard slipped past the FBI surveillance ring one more time. Again he called Yagur, and again the phone just kept ringing. His handler had said to stall for seventy-two hours. The sandglass was quickly running its course, and it was beginning to dawn on Pollard that maybe he'd been abandoned. Though on the verge of panic, the analyst managed to keep his cool. Okay, so he would have to work this out himself. He was smarter than anyone; he could outfox the NIS and the FBI.

That same night, he and Anne decided that their only recourse was to get to the Israeli embassy. Under Israel's so-called law of return, Pollard, being a Jew, automatically qualified for Israeli citizenship. The embassy was sovereign territory, and once on its grounds, Pollard would be safe from arrest by U.S. authorities. The Israelis, he believed, would give him protection and immunity from prosecution until they could arrange his escape from the United States.

Some classified documents had not been recovered from the Pollards' apartment on Monday night, and they decided to shred all remaining evidence. The couple tore up every paper that could be used against them in court and threw all the scraps in the trash can in their apartment—not a wise move.

Pollard hadn't been lying about Anne's outpatient procedure scheduled for Thursday morning. Dr. Herbert A. Moskovitz, her internist, later wrote to the court that she had a motor abnormality of the stomach that caused delayed digestion and great discomfort, and that she needed an endosmotic procedure to correct the problem.

Pollard and Anne packed a suitcase Wednesday night, and this time it didn't contain classified documents. Instead, it had everything they needed to start a new life: pictures, credit cards, birth certificates, social security cards, their marriage certificate, and other important documents. They packed it up, along with a small red carrying bag, knowing that the outpatient procedure was a convenient excuse should the FBI stop and question them about having a suitcase in the car. They also planned to take their cat, Dusty. Transporting a feline to the hospital would be less easily explained, but then, Pollard had a proven track record of worming his way out of tangles. His plan was in place. All he had to do was call the embassy one more time and let them know in advance that he and his wife were coming. Escape was certain.

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Chapter 19

A SPY LEFT OUT IN THE COLD

Early Thursday morning, 21 November, Pollard left his apartment and slipped past surveillance for the third time. FBI Agent Mike Rolince told me later that no one knew how this had happened. Perhaps the proximity of Pollard's apartment and Ronald Pelton's girlfriend's caused some confusion, or perhaps there was a temporary absence of eyes because the FBI field office had been stretched to the limit. In addition to Pollard, they were surveilling Pelton and Larry Wu Tai Chin. Whatever the cause of the foul-up, it must have given a boost to Pollard's confidence in his ability to outmaneuver the authorities.

With no one trailing him, the analyst made his way to a pay phone, dialed the Israeli embassy, and this time got a security officer on the other end who spoke English. Again he explained his story and announced his intent to seek asylum. The officer told Pollard to come to the embassy, but only if he could shake surveillance. He should arrive at around ten thirty or eleven that morning, at which point the security gate would be open. Then the officer got a description of Pollard's car and hung up.

Pollard returned to his apartment and gave Anne the news. Free at last! Elated, they gathered their suitcase, their cat, and the small red carrying bag, piled into their 1980 Ford Mustang, and drove to the Washington Hospital Center for Anne's procedure.

By now, whatever chinks there had been in the FBI's surveillance were closed and a full team was shadowing Pollard. The analyst later claimed he knew he was being watched, but the agents conducting the surveillance, priding themselves on their ability to trail a suspect invisibly, disagreed. At any rate, when the Pollards arrived at the hospital, one agent followed them in, thinking Anne would be staying overnight because of the suitcase in the Mustang. That proved not to be the case. An hour or so later, when the procedure was over, the couple went down the elevator, returned to their car, and drove away.

Agent Rolince was in the lead surveillance vehicle, in front of the Pollards' Mustang. Following the Mustang was a vehicle carrying Agent Max Fratodei, another with Agent Phil McNally, and following him, several more cars transporting members of the FBI Special Surveillance Group. Rolince assumed the Pollards would be returning to their apartment. Instead, the analyst began driving in a different direction, going up Wisconsin Avenue Northwest and then making several turns that suggested he knew he was being followed and was trying to lose his pursuers. He drove in circles, down one street and then another, leading the FBI into an unfamiliar neighborhood. Presently, the suspect turned right onto Van Ness, then put on his blinker for another right turn. Now he was at the corner of Van Ness and International Drive. One agent cautioned his team not to arouse Pollard's suspicions. "Who cares if he's suspicious?" someone said over the radio.

What unfolded next was unorthodox by FBI standards. Normally, when the FBI is about to arrest a suspect for espionage, they have gradually built up their case with wiretaps and photographs and other evidence gleaned from deliberate investigative efforts. When the suspect is moving about, the surveillance team has a good idea where he or she is headed and stations agents at the destination point pending the arrest. In this case, however, they had only had their suspect under surveillance for three days. Nobody knew what country Pollard was working for, if any, or where his Mustang was going. Rolince later told me no one on the FBI team would have ever suspected their quarry was zeroing in on the Israeli embassy. Israel wasn't even on the FBI's criteria country list.

So yes, the surveillance team was supposed to be cautious and not arouse suspicion, but at the same time they were intent on preventing Pollard's escape.

At the time, I was working in my office at the Washington Navy Yard, out of touch with what was unfolding, but my agents from the NIS, Rich Cloonan and Veronica "Ronnie" McCarthy, were in the operations center at the FBI field office. The surveillance team was communicating Pollard's progress by FBI radio, and Cloonan and McCarthy were listening in. When Cloonan heard the agents mention the corner of Van Ness and International Drive, it occurred to him that the only place of importance in that area was the Israeli embassy. Because he had worked out the protective detail for Defense Minister Rabin just a few weeks earlier, he knew the neighborhood like the back of his hand. But this was just a fleeting thought, and Cloonan didn't act upon it. No one had any idea that Pollard was working for the Israelis.

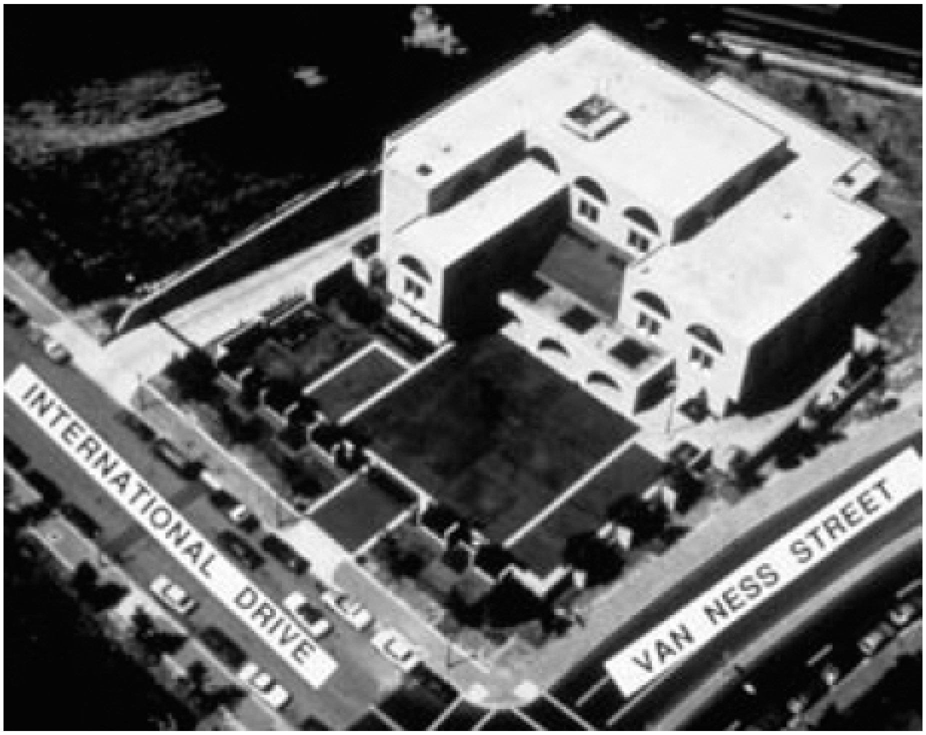

Aerial view of Israeli Embassy, Washington, D.C. —NIS/FBI PHOTO

According to Rolince, what followed next happened so fast it was hard to keep track of events. At approximately 10:20 AM, Pollard turned onto the 3500 block of International Drive. In response, Rolince executed a U-turn halfway down the block and pulled off to the side, then watched as Pollard entered a compound where a secret service car was parked. Agent Fratodei, not familiar with the location, got on the radio and announced that the Mustang was heading into some kind of mission. As soon as the car pulled through the gate, it closed, cutting off Pollard's pursuers. Then the Mustang proceeded down a driveway and came to a stop under an overhang.

According to several later reports, an embassy deputy drove through the gate ahead of the Mustang. Rolince told me that while this was possible, he didn't recall seeing any other car.

Israeli Embassy driveway, Washington, D.C. in 2005 —RON OLIVE

Though the FBI agents still couldn't identify the compound, it didn't take them long to grasp what was happening. This was obviously some sort of official residence, and Pollard was trying to seek asylum.

As the G-men piled out of their cars, the FBI radio erupted with the news: "Pollard just turned into the Israeli embassy!"

Back in the operations center, Cloonan's hunch was confirmed. That was it—Pollard had been spying for Israel. Phones began ringing off the hook and people flew into action. McCarthy dashed upstairs to an office where the FBI special agent in charge was holding a meeting with his assistants and the NIS special agent in charge, John D'Avanzo.

"You'll have to interrupt the meeting," McCarthy told the secretary breathlessly. "Something important has broken in the Pollard case."

"They can't be interrupted," she responded, whereupon McCarthy blew by her, burst through the door, and said, "I'm sorry to barge in, but I thought you needed to know. Jonathan Pollard just entered the Israeli embassy."[1] That got their attention.

Meanwhile, the street outside the embassy was beginning to look like a parking lot for a Redskins football game, except the cars were all FBI. The bureau had the entire compound surrounded. The surveillance teams radioed headquarters and told their supervisors what was going on, setting off a flurry of flash phone calls to VIPs that didn't die down for twenty minutes. The FBI was in a legal gray zone. Because they couldn't make an arrest unless a violent felony crime was committed in their presence, a grand jury handed down an indictment for an arrest, or the attorney general authorized one, they had to await word from the Department of Justice.

What ensued is not entirely clear. Evidently, two men were at the embassy gate, a guard and a uniformed secret service officer. One FBI agent also saw a man standing in a window looking down on the proceedings. After Pollard's Mustang stopped under the overhang, the person in the window disappeared. Someone emerged from the embassy and began talking to Pollard under the overhang.

According to Rolince, who spoke to the secret service officer afterwards, it was this officer who was instrumental in keeping Pollard outside the embassy building. Evidently, the officer, whose name Rolince didn't recall, told the Israeli conferring with Pollard that because this case involved espionage it came under the FBI's jurisdiction, and that he couldn't let Pollard remain on the embassy grounds. A discussion ensued, and at last Pollard was told that he could come into the embassy but only after parking his Mustang on the road.

Pollard's account is somewhat different. According to him, an Israeli vehicle followed his Mustang down the driveway. Pollard stopped and he and Anne got out, whereupon the man in the other vehicle climbed out and came over and embraced him. A second man, a security guard, emerged from the embassy and greeted him. Pollard recognized the man's voice as the same he had heard on the phone earlier. The security guard walked back to the gate and talked to an FBI agent standing on the other side. Then, Pollard claims, he talked to someone else, probably the uniformed secret service officer. Finally, the guard returned to Pollard and said, "I hate to tell you this—you have to leave."

"Do you know who I am?" Pollard replied, incredulous. "Do you know how important it is for me to get to Israel? Can't I claim the right of return?"

Pollard's red Mustang. —NIS EVIDENCE PHOTO

"It isn't permitted," the guard said. "You can leave now or I'll have to let them in."[2]

Pollard believes that had it not been for the presence of so many FBI agents and vehicles, which put psychological pressure on the Israelis, he would have been allowed to stay.

Soon afterward the Department of Justice sent word to the FBI: The bureau could arrest Pollard if he left the embassy grounds and was passed on to the agents on the scene. However, they did not have authorization to arrest Anne.

By now, Anne was crying hysterically and Pollard, having badly miscalculated his moves, was dismayed and confused. Reluctantly, the couple climbed into their car and the Mustang inched up the embassy driveway. As soon as the two front tires touched the blacktop of International Drive, Agent Rolince reached through the window, grabbed Pollard by the arm, and ordered him to turn off the engine. He arrested Pollard and seized his Mustang with all of its contents.

It appears the suspect couldn't wait for a game of one-upmanship. Much to Rolince's surprise, no sooner had he packed Pollard into the back seat of his FBI vehicle than the analyst leaned forward and began chattering away. "You botched it!" he cried. "You thought this was a Soviet bloc operation, didn't you?"[3]

Anne, free to go, told the FBI agents she wasn't feeling well and they drove her and her cat back to the apartment.

D'Avanzo called me from the FBI field office and informed me of Pollard's arrest. The FBI wanted me to come over and interview the suspect again with Special Agent Jechorek. I made a beeline for the field office, on the way over visualizing Pollard handcuffed in the interview room, shoulders sagging, thinking his whole world had collapsed. The person I would be talking to this time would be vastly different from the man who just yesterday, with evident pride, had produced a handwritten statement detailing his sundry crimes. This new man, the wind taken out of his sails, would be frightened and meek. I couldn’t have been more mistaken.

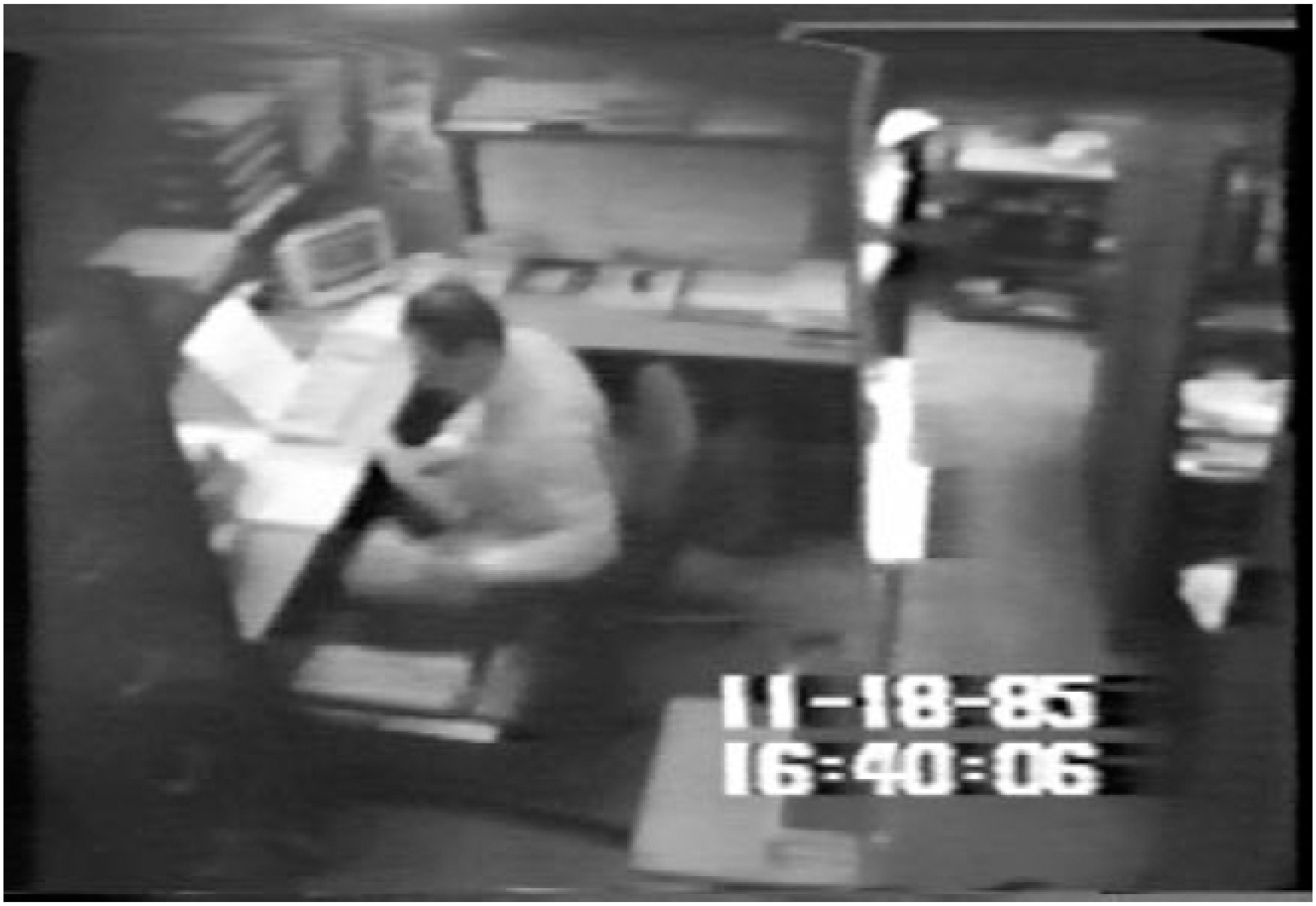
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Chapter 20

UNREPENTANT

As soon as I arrived at the FBI field office, Lydia Jechorek and I joined Pollard in a room in the reception area. We sat down facing him, read him his Miranda rights, and again used the NIS Civilian Suspect's Acknowledgment and Waiver of Rights form to inform him that he was under arrest and suspected of the unlawful solicitation, acquisition, and disclosure of classified defense information to an unauthorized person and/or a foreign government. Pollard read and initialed each waiver.

Before signing the waiver of rights form, Pollard said he was willing to talk to us but would not answer questions in certain areas until he could consult with a lawyer. To clarify what he meant by this comment, and to ensure that he understood the waiver, we told him he could decline to answer any questions, he could consult with an attorney, or he could terminate the interview at any time for any reason.

Pollard under arrest —AP/WWP

"Now don't be stupid," Pollard said sarcastically. "Don't stop asking questions just because I won't answer a certain question. You just move on to the next question."

Ignoring his comment, we asked him one more time whether he wanted an attorney present and he said no. I'm sure Jechorek was thinking the same thing I was: Here was a guy who had admitted to espionage and just tried to gain asylum in the Israeli embassy, who was under arrest and in serious trouble, yet his reaction was one of overbearing cockiness. Pollard showed no remorse for anything. It was as if he were saying, I certainly fooled you, you idiots.

We zeroed in on Kurt Lohbeck right away, asking Pollard if in fact he had passed classified documents to the reporter, as he had told us twice before. Pollard admitted to giving only a few messages and maps to Lohbeck about a year and a half earlier; the highest classification was secret/no-foreign dissemination. He gave us the titles. These included some maps of Afghanistan, message traffic from the DIA concerning Soviet intentions in Pakistan, and a series of messages from the U.S. embassy in Kabul.

Jechorek and I started naming countries other than Israel, asking Pollard if he had ever passed information to them. He said no to each one. He was still lying to us about certain issues, but we wouldn't find that out for another six months. For instance, he denied there had been anyone else involved with him in espionage activity. He also denied passing classified information to any American citizen besides Lohbeck. Pollard claimed he had once driven Lohbeck to the Pakistani embassy in Washington with information concerning Soviet intentions in Pakistan. According to the analyst, when Lohbeck returned to the car, he said he had shown the documents to Pakistan's defense attaché. I suspected it was Pollard who had given the information to Pakistan, not Lohbeck, and the reporter later denied ever disclosing secrets to Pakistan.

Richard Haver, in charge of the damage assessment, later told me that Pollard had, in fact, tried to close a deal with Pakistan by giving them compartmented intelligence he had tucked away on the Indian program. The Pakistanis were standoffish and couldn't get rid of him quickly enough. Pollard left the highly classified documents with them and didn't ask for any money, so they were probably in total confusion about this weird fellow. The relationship between Pollard and Pakistan while he was working for Israel did not bloom because they would not use him, task him, or play his game. In any event, Pollard was never charged with passing classified information to Pakistan.

Pollard's crimes involving Israel were so blatant and the evidence against him so overwhelming that it would be easier for the Justice Department to build a case against him based on his Israeli activity rather than probing what he might have given to other countries. From this point on, therefore, Jechorek and I kept the focus on Israel.

We concentrated our questions on Pollard's reasons for providing that nation with classified information. At one point I asked Pollard if he had given his handlers information partly because he felt the United States was being stingy with defense intelligence. He said that was right, that he had sat in on intelligence-exchange meetings and been unhappy with the U.S. government's tight-lipped policy. Were his earlier handwritten statements about materials he'd passed on and money he'd received false? No, he said, everything was true except the part about Lohbeck.

"You should know that I needed operational time to make plans," he said in a supercilious tone. "Lohbeck was my fall guy."

It was also true, he went on, that he had received $2,500 a month for passing classified material. When asked how he had collected the payments, he said "they" picked the drop sites and he picked up the money from those drop sites. How did he know to use the term drop sites?

"I'm not stupid; I read a lot," he snapped.

Pollard also confessed that "they" had paid for two trips overseas, a four-week vacation in November 1984 and another five-week one in July and August 1985. When asked if he had visited Israel on either trip, he said yes. Money, however, was not what motivated him to spy. He maintained that it was only for operational expenses.

According to the analyst, he had never passed information to a Communist country. When we asked if the information he provided had been handed indirectly to a Communist or criteria county, he said not to his knowledge.

"There's a book written in Spanish in my apartment that should have tipped you off," Pollard remarked at one point. "It deals with arms in Afghanistan and I have no business with it. That should have been obvious to you when you did your search."

Sensing that he was trying to belittle us as a defense mechanism to make himself feel better about his own egregious errors, I ignored the comment. Rather than engaging him in a fruitless confrontation that might result in more lies, I tried to disarm him by making him feel somewhat justified in what he had done, and more comfortable talking about it.

I related my experiences conducting a drug operation in Israel, telling him about a visit I had made to the northern border, marked off with barbed wire, and having lunch at a kibbutz where I had met many fine people. At the time, I didn't know Pollard was Jewish—in fact, no one involved in the investigation, not even his coworkers, knew—but I decided to find out. Did the constant threat of war hanging over Israel and his Jewish extraction partially explain why he had passed classified documents to that country? He smiled and nodded, appearing to believe that I was sincere.

So he was Jewish. Oddly enough, not once during the entire interview did he mention Israel by name. In fact, he studiously avoided the word.

When we asked him if there was still classified information somewhere in his possession, he replied we had it all—the contents of the suitcase dropped off at the neighbors and everything that was in his Mustang. By the way, he added, the Esfandiaris had no idea what was going on and were not involved in any way. They were just friends. He said the contents of the suitcase represented less than what he normally provided to his contact.

As for his method of delivering documents, he explained that he would usually drop them off on Friday and on Sunday pick up those that needed to be returned. "They" would keep everything else. The suitcase in our possession held documents he had picked up from his handlers and intended to return. Pollard described in detail how he would remove the documents, store them in his Mustang, and then, when he made his way to a convenient place—Sam's Car Wash in Suitland, for example, or a secluded location at Bolling Air Force Base—transfer them into the suitcase in the back of his car. Two or three times a day, three times a week, he followed this same procedure. It became a habit with him. The only reason he had purchased the Mustang was for its fold-down backseat, behind which he hid the suitcase.

We asked him why he had gone to the Israeli embassy that morning. He said he had phoned the embassy twice trying to get help, that there was some sort of misunderstanding the first time—he wouldn't elaborate—but that during the second call they told him to come in if he could shake surveillance. Had he gone to the Israeli embassy to seek political asylum?

Yes, he replied.

Under continued questioning, Pollard said he had seen his contact looking out the embassy window. Then he clarified the statement, adding that this person was not one of the contacts to whom he had passed classified information.

He was still carefully avoiding the word Israel. Trying to pin him down, I asked him to respond yes or no to the following question: "Did you pass classified U.S. national defense documents to the Israeli government?"

"Yes," Pollard responded.[1]

We had come far with Pollard during this interview, but we still had a long way to go. The suspect was doing what he liked best—talking—and if that made him feel as if he were in control of the interview, that was okay by me because we were gathering a lot of crucial information. As time went on, he became more and more talkative, and I felt confident that within three or four hours, total, we would have his whole story. But it wasn't meant to be.

A knock came at the door, and when I opened it, two FBI agents I didn't know were standing there. I left the room to see what they wanted, closing the door behind me, and they informed me they had to take Pollard in front of a federal magistrate for an arraignment. It was about two in the afternoon, and they only had until three to accomplish this.

"You've got to be kidding me!" I said.

"We're not."

"You want to arraign him now because the magistrate court closes at three? You're crazy. Pollard's talking; we can't stop now. He doesn't have to be arraigned if he's still talking!"

They had no choice, they said. It was FBI policy to arraign on the day of an arrest.

"I'm telling you you're wrong. No agent has to stop talking to someone who has waived his constitutional rights against self-incrimination and is confessing to espionage. We're in the middle of an interview with Pollard; we *have* to continue."

"Sorry, but we have to get him over there before three."

I kept trying to reason with them. They could take him to the jail that night and arraign him in the morning, I said. But it was useless, and because I was on their turf, I stopped arguing and turned back to the interview room in disgust.

As soon as I told Jechorek what had happened, she went and made arrangements to get an FBI mug shot of Pollard. Frustrated, I sat back down, mulling over the dilemma and not saying a word to Pollard.

He then broke the silence with an off-the-wall comment. "Ron, you know the government shouldn't give high clearances to Jewish people."

Startled, I looked up. "What are you talking about, Jay?"

"It's true," he said, and launched into a theory about there being three classes of Jews: those who travel to the holy land one or more times a year; those who don't or can't travel there but give Israel money and moral support; and, finally, "Jews like me," he said, "who can't afford to travel to Israel or give money. When asked to help, we're willing to do anything for the love of our country."

"That's ridiculous, Jay," was the only response I could frame to such an outlandish remark. Pollard must feel the Israelis have abandoned him, I thought. They've left him out in the cold, and while I had nothing but contempt for the crimes he'd confessed to, I couldn't blame him for being upset.

Jechorek returned, and as we waited for the FBI agents who would process Pollard before taking him to the metropolitan police department for arraignment, she asked him if he felt what he had done was illegal or immoral. "No," he replied.

After being photographed and fingerprinted, he was returned to the interview room for a couple more minutes. "Do you have any personal questions to ask me?" he said, ever ready to chat about himself.

Jechorek wanted to know why he had walked to his car several times a day carrying envelopes that could easily be recognized by coworkers as containing highly classified information.

I'll never forget his reply. "It had become so easy to remove documents, it just didn't make any difference."

Minutes later, the suspect was taken away in handcuffs. Unbeknownst to me, that was the last time I would ever speak to Jonathan Jay Pollard.

During Pollard's booking and processing at the Washington, D.C., Central Detention Facility at 1901 D Street SE, he had to provide information so that a representative of the pretrial services agency could determine conditions for possible pretrial release. In the health history section of Pollard's intake report, dated 21 November 1985, he admitted that three years earlier he had experienced emotional problems and received treatment. In the substance abuse section, the representative wrote, "Drug abuse indicated, no alcohol abuse indicated." Based on the information given to the agency, it recommended "that the defendant report for drug program placement at pretrial services agency."[2] No release bond was set.

At last our suspect was in jail and we didn't have to worry about him escaping. But there was little time to relax. The very next day a miscommunication between the U.S. Magistrate Court in Washington and the Department of Corrections almost resulted in a tragic mistake. Pollard was about to be released on bail, and Anne was doing everything in her power to make it happen.

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Chapter 21

NO TIME TO LOSE

Time was of the essence. Even before Pollard took his wife to the doctor on Thursday morning, the U.S. attorney for the District of Columbia, Joseph diGenova, was busy dealing with the Department of Justice. Other attorneys were drawing up search warrants for the suitcase Anne had left with her neighbors. Three assistant U.S. attorneys were assigned to prosecute the case, and they needed to gather the evidence required to connect Anne with the crime. Charles Leeper was the lead attorney in the Pollard case, David Geneson the lead in Anne's case, while Stephen Spivack and other attorneys would assist. Anne hadn't been arrested and was obviously trying to flee the country, which put a lot of pressure on Geneson.

Anne Pollard under arrest —AP/WWP

In the court records that later emerged, Geneson gave a meticulous description of events that unfolded that day and the next.[1] Everyone at the U.S. attorney's office was working frantically to patch together sufficient evidence to arrest Anne. They wanted to establish that she had known of her husband's activities and had cooperated with him.

After obtaining a search warrant from the Washington, D.C., magistrate, Geneson had FBI agents search the contents of the suitcase on Thursday afternoon and into the late evening. They couldn't just page through the evidence. Each seized document had to be handled with gloves and packaged separately to prevent contamination so that the crime lab could obtain fingerprints and look for possible microdots, which had to be read using a microscope. With microdot technology, a page of instructions or documents could be photographed and reduced to a size less than one millimeter. It was quite sophisticated in its day and particularly popular with the Soviets, who used it to communicate detailed instructions to spies.

On Friday morning, with the clock ticking, several agents from the NIS and the FBI went to the U.S. attorney's office in Washington to obtain three search warrants: one for Pollard's Ford Mustang, another for his apartment, and the third for the small red bag and purse that Anne had carried with her to the Israeli embassy and that had been seized when she left. While the warrants were being prepared, Geneson interviewed NIS agent Lisa Redman and asked her to repeat what she had heard Pollard say the previous Monday when he called his wife and said "cactus." That afternoon the word *cactus* was discovered in a copy of a paper seized from the suitcase. It was apparent to the attorneys that Pollard had used it as a code word to alert Anne to remove the documents from their residence. This critical piece of evidence suggested that she knew full well that the documents in the suitcase were classified.[2]

Hoping for more evidence, Geneson hurriedly dispatched agents to reinterview the Esfandiaris to see if they could recall any further details of their conversation with Anne on the night she left them with the suitcase. But the neighbors weren't home, nor could they be found.

In the meantime, Anne, accompanied by her father-in-law, had dropped by the Central Detention Facility to try to bail her husband out. Because her purse had been seized at the embassy on Thursday, she had no identification to get through the door, much less to see Pollard. On the verge of panic, she spent the rest of the day making calls to the assistant U.S. attorney's office in an attempt to reclaim her identification, credit cards, and cash. She pleaded on the phone with them, saying she needed her identification immediately to make an out-of-town business trip that had been scheduled prior to Pollard's arrest. The very idea of a wife taking a business trip while her husband was sitting in jail on charges of suspected espionage was ludicrous, a clear signal that Anne intended to flee, and as a result the FBI tightened its surveillance knot. But her comment didn't amount to evidence.

When the affidavits for permission to search the Pollards' apartment were approved, NIS and FBI agents hustled over to Dupont Circle. During the ensuing search, they uncovered four documents classified confidential that we had missed on Monday night. Also recovered from the apartment were three large trash bags stuffed with hand-shredded papers. Later, working against the clock, the agents reconstructed some of these, including notes Anne had made on a notepad after reading the classified documents on the PRC. They also uncovered the note in which the fictitious Uncle Joe Fisher informed Anne that he wouldn't be able to attend her wedding, and that he was sending her the diamond and sapphire engagement ring as a gift.

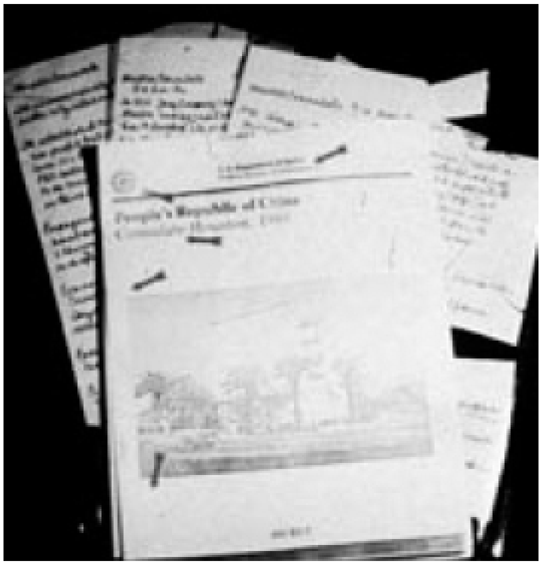

Anne Pollard's handwritten notes transcribed from documents pertaining to China —NIS UNCLASSIFIED EVIDENCE PHOTO

Just when it seemed as if the case against Anne had solidified, the U.S. attorney's office received an alarming phone call from one of the FBI agents surveilling her. He was at the jail, and had just been informed by a corrections officer that a bondsman was there at Anne's request. Pollard was about to be released on bond.

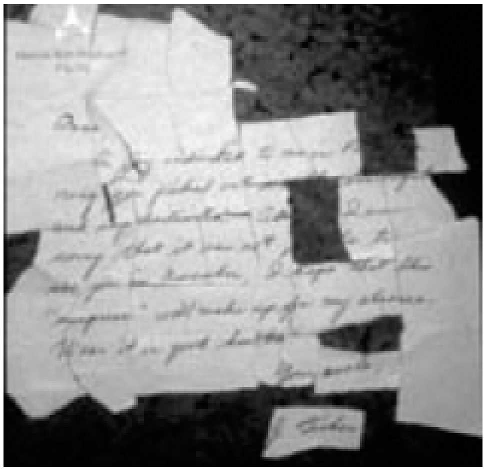

Ficticious letter from Uncle Joe Fisher —NIS EVIDENCE PHOTO

Pandemonium broke out at the U.S. attorney's office. How could this be? The court had a no-bond order for Pollard that was supposed to be in effect until the time of a preliminary hearing. Someone had dropped the ball.

In another flurry of phone calls, Geneson and his colleagues from the U.S. attorney's office communicated with the magistrate court and the Department of Corrections and discovered that word of the no-bond order had never been communicated to the jail. Just minutes before Pollard was to be released, the order went through and the analyst stayed put.

It was a bureaucratic blunder that took valuable time away from the effort to get an arrest warrant for Anne. Not until 6:15 PM was the search warrant for her purse and bag executed. From that point on, the investigation unfolded rapidly—so rapidly it was difficult for the U.S. attorney's office to keep track of what was going on. A search of Anne's personal effects revealed identification papers for both her and Pollard. Included were vaccination records for her cat, estimates of the value of her jewelry, pictures of family and friends, even a giant bottle of expensive perfume. All of these items, the government believed, pointed to Anne's desire to flee the country, taking with her what she valued and thought would be needed. By the time the agents finished going through her effects and all the trash, the government believed it had strong evidence that the Pollards had been attempting to make a clean getaway.

Sometime between 6:30 and 8:30 PM, while Anne was still at the jail, the Esfandiaris came home and underwent a second interview with NIS and FBI agents. They confirmed that on Monday evening, when Anne dropped off the suitcase, she had told them it contained classified documents, including some she had obtained for her presentation to the Chinese embassy.[3] This gave Anne no out if she later lied in court, claiming to have no knowledge of the contents.

As soon as the Esfandiari interview was done and the search of Anne's bag and purse documented, the FBI field office relayed the results to Geneson at the U.S. attorney's office. Geneson in turn contacted the Department of Justice, providing them with the accumulated evidence against Pollard's wife.

Losing no time, the attorney general's office ordered her arrest. On Friday night at about nine, as she and Dr. Morris Pollard were climbing into a taxi outside the jail to go to get something to eat, two FBI agents approached and placed Anne Henderson Pollard under arrest.

It had never been Anne's goal in life to achieve notoriety, but on 22 November 1985 she did just that. Her notoriety had less to do with her own crimes—committed for an engagement ring and the dubious promise of a more comfortable life, if not for love—than with the company she would join, for within the space of five short days, the FBI arrested Jonathan Pollard of the NIS, his neighbor Ronald Pelton of the NSA, and Larry Wu Tai Chin of the CIA.

While all this was going on, Minister of Defense Yitzhak Rabin was in New York continuing his lecture tour promoting Israeli bonds. Special Agent Al Zane, assistant special agent in charge of counterintelligence at the NIS's New York field office, had been called to Washington to work on the Pollard case. On Friday he called Special Agent Ernie Simon at the New York office to see how Rabin's protective service detail was going. Simon told him no one knew what was going on. The evening before, Rabin had been at Henry Kissinger's townhouse in New York City when he'd received a cascade of telephone calls. Rabin left early, asking Simon to return him to his hotel. En route the defense minister told Simon there had been a change of plans and he had to leave for Israel the next morning. Simon made arrangements for an early departure on Friday.

Rabin and his entourage flew off in a commercial plane from a semiprivate airport in Teterboro, New Jersey, owned by the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey. According to Simon, this was not the airport through which Rabin had entered the United States. Normally, the minister of defense flew on private Israeli aircraft. It wasn't until Simon found out about Pollard that he grasped the reason for Rabin's sudden departure.[4]

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Chapter 22

OPERATION FOUL PLAY

Once Pollard and Anne were in jail, the NIS and the FBI created a major task force to investigate the case. Dubbed Operation Foul Play—a reference to Israel's underhanded method of dealing with its closest ally and supporter—the unprecedented collaboration was the result of the efforts of two FBI supervisors, Nick Walsh and Joe Johnson. It was the first time in all my years with the NIS that the FBI worked directly with us as an equal in an investigation, and we formed a close professional relationship.

The Pollard investigation, to my knowledge, was the speediest international major espionage case ever worked, ending in two arrests after less than two weeks. Now the real work began. The job of the task force was to collect background information on Pollard, starting with his years in school, to gather evidence in preparation for trial, and to conduct interviews. Messages went out to NIS offices worldwide that leads on the case might be coming their way, and they should coordinate with local FBI offices.

Task force members from the NIS moved into a command center set up at the FBI field office. Toll-free hotlines were installed, and agents—many of them rookies from FBI counterintelligence divisions throughout the United States—took incoming calls from people offering information. Hundreds of leads resulted, and all the information was clearly documented and cross-checked, resulting in a chain reaction of other leads. All the spy indicators consistently overlooked throughout the years of Pollard's employment emerged and stared us right in the face. The truism I have always believed about the vast majority of spies was proven once again; namely, spies just can't keep a secret. Invariably, someone knew, saw, suspected, believed, or was told something. Only after an arrest is made will the floodgates of information open wide.

With the help of the U.S. attorney's office for the District of Columbia, procedures and policies were established for a smooth operation. To prevent redundant reporting, for example, the prosecutors agreed that, whenever possible, agents from the NIS and the FBI would conduct witness interviews jointly. The attorneys also advised us that all reports from the beginning of the investigation on would have to be declassified in preparation for trial, with the exception of the documents Pollard had removed, which would be evaluated for possible declassification. The assistant U.S. attorneys were to review all reports.

Though my duties as assistant special agent in charge of counterintelligence for the NIS's Washington field office kept me away from the task force's everyday work, I made several trips a week to the command post. The week following Pollard's arrest, Agent Jechorek and I sat down to write an FBI 302 report on the interview we'd conducted with him immediately following his apprehension. (We hadn't interviewed Anne because she requested legal counsel prior to talking.) On one of these trips I also had the opportunity to talk with Assistant U.S. Attorney Charles Leeper about the interview with Pollard that had been interrupted for his arraignment. Leeper verified my earlier claim that Jechorek and I could have continued talking to Pollard as long as he was willing.

The countless interviews conducted in preparation for trial laid bare Pollard's life—drug use, financial problems, attempts to recruit people, failed polygraph tests. The first matter on the agenda that needed to be resolved was Kurt Lohbeck's role.

In late November 1985 Lohbeck returned to Washington from New York, where he had been working on a story about the Soviets using napalm bombs in Afghanistan. His apartment was under surveillance, and no sooner had he put his suitcase down than the doorbell rang. Two agents—one FBI, the other NIS—were standing on his doorstep.

"Are you Kurt Lohbeck?"

"Yes."

"Do you know Jonathan Pollard?"

"Yes." Lohbeck thought they might be doing a background check on the analyst for a promotion.

"We just arrested Pollard for espionage," the agent said flat out. The investigators had decided not to play games with Lohbeck; this interview was going to be straightforward, all the cards on the table.

They asked Lohbeck if Pollard had given him any classified information. Yes, he said, and went and got the material and gave it to them. Had he received any other classified information? Yes, he replied. The agents asked him what his plans were, and he replied that he was going immediately to CBS to tell them what had just happened. Then the agents took the classified material and left.

Two days later Lohbeck talked to the FBI with his attorney, Robert Barnett, present. Barnett asked the agency to obtain a letter from Attorney General Edwin Meese stating that Lohbeck wasn't a target of the espionage operation. The letter came a few days later, at which point the reporter began cooperating with the task force. Once the interviews were completed, the FBI didn't investigate Lohbeck further.[1] Although Lohbeck had received some secret maps of Afghanistan from Pollard and was shown several classified documents, the U.S. attorney's office wanted to focus all its efforts on Pollard and Israel. Furthermore, Lohbeck could come in handy as a witness in the trial phase. Last, there was no evidence Lohbeck had any knowledge of Pollard's espionage activities.

The CIA came forward, providing the task force with a report concerning Pollard's application for a job in 1978. It will be recalled that earlier, when Pollard was applying for a position with the NISC and the DIS was doing a background check, the CIA, in the mistaken belief that it had to protect Pollard's privacy, claimed to have no information on the man. As the report submitted to the task force now revealed, the CIA had in fact talked to thirteen individuals about the applicant, mostly Pollard's relatives and friends. One reference had said he was a fervent supporter of Israel, another relayed that he smoked marijuana. The report also disclosed that Pollard had committed the serious transgression of informing nine foreign nationals that he was applying for a job with the CIA.

In the media frenzy that broke out in the wake of Pollard's arrest, hundreds of newspaper articles, magazine stories, and TV specials exposed his years in college and the events leading up to his arrest, and old friends and acquaintances began emerging from the woodwork with stories about his behavior. Unnamed sources who "were not speaking out in spite" claimed they "saw Mr. Pollard and his wife freebase cocaine on several occasions," and that Jay's cocaine use was enough to cause "a personality swing."[2] In an interview with Pollard conducted during the JAG investigation, the suspect admitted that both he and Anne had previously used marijuana and cocaine.[3] To my knowledge no narcotics surfaced during any searches of Pollard's apartment or vehicle. Besides, the U.S. attorney's office wasn't interested in prosecuting the Pollards for drug use.

Former acquaintances from Stanford University claimed that Pollard had boasted about being on the payroll of Mossad, which was grooming him to be a mole in the U.S. government, that he had dual citizenship, was a colonel in the Israeli army, and belonged to the Golani Brigade, an elite infantry unit.[4] One day Pollard was observed waving a pistol in the air, declaring that everyone was out to get him and his life was in danger. When agents questioned him about working for Mossad, Pollard said the claim had been "an invention" on his part. As for the gun incident, it "was the result of delirium from a fever caused by mononucleosis and hallucinogenic mushrooms."[5]

The task force also interviewed Pollard's coworkers in the ATAC. A pall had fallen over the center, which completely shut down for about a week to do a complete inventory of classified information to determine what was missing. The men and women employed there felt deeply betrayed by the spy who had had the gall to conduct his crimes right under their noses. His arrogance had always been tolerated in the office. Whenever he made an outlandish boast, people would just brush it off, thinking, Oh, that's just Pollard. The devastation they experienced was tinged by guilt and humiliation. Even when dealing with their usual contacts within other agencies, ATAC personnel sensed they were being shunned by colleagues.

At the request of the prosecution team, the task force went to great lengths to prove that the Pollards had received money for spying and spent it lavishly. Unexplained funds would serve as both an indicator of and a motive for espionage. To this end, agents conducted interviews, served subpoenas, and conducted analytical studies, equipping prosecutors to demonstrate the point not just at trial but also during a possible sentencing phase.

The task force discovered that, after taxes, Pollard had been bringing home approximately $1,600 a month as an ATAC analyst at the GS-12 level, while Anne, employed with a trade association until July 1985, had been earning roughly $1,000. Their combined disposable income didn't even begin to cover routine living expenses such as rent, food, and clothing, much less the indulgent lifestyle they lived during the year before their arrest. For example, on their European trip in November 1984 the Pollards stayed at many five-star hotels as they traveled to Marseilles, Saint Tropez, Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, Pisa, Florence, Rome, Venice, Innsbruck, and Munich. No hotel charges and only a few meal charges appeared on their credit card bills and checking account records, making it apparent that they had paid for most of the vacation with cash.

Numerous other indicators of unexplained cash payments surfaced, including the purchase of a gold necklace, a bracelet, and earrings for $2,100 at a Georgetown store in March 1985, half of which were paid for by check. In July, after Anne quit work, the Pollards' legal monthly take-home pay dipped back to $1,600. During the weekend before Jay's arrest they ate out twice, once at Marrakesh, where they treated their unidentified guest to a bottle of Dom Perignon, and once at La Maree, where they hosted Sella and his wife. The cost of the two dinners totaled $448, a quarter of the Pollards' monthly income. The year prior to their arrest the couple expended through their checking accounts their entire combined salary of $29,000 for what appeared to be routine, although hardly paltry, living expenses. In the same period they spent some $30,000 in cash for what can only be described as extraordinary expenses.[6]

Both Jay and Anne insisted that their monthly espionage income didn't make much difference in their lifestyle, but neither the task force nor the prosecutors were buying it.

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Chapter 23

ISRAEL CONFRONTED

As the case was making international headlines, tension between the United States and Israel flared. Israeli officials strongly denied any knowledge of Jonathan Pollard's espionage. They called it a rogue operation run by Rafael Eitan with the help of Yosef Yagur, the Israeli attaché in New York, Ilan Ravid, the scientific consular at the Israeli embassy in Washington, and Irit Erb, a secretary in the embassy. The name Aviem Sella wasn't mentioned, nor had it surfaced in Pollard's initial interviews. By 30 November 1985, the Israelis offered to return the documents Pollard had passed to the conspirators, but they wouldn't allow Yagur and Ravid to be questioned in Washington. An Israeli official told the *Washington Post* his country would "retain diplomatic immunity and that the principle of international diplomacy would not be surrendered under pressure from Washington."[1] The Israelis did promise, however, to undertake a separate investigation of their own.

Furious, U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz fired off a letter to Israeli Prime Minister Shimon Peres demanding to know whether Israel was conducting espionage operations in the United States, what documents had been sent to Israel, and what his country intended to do about the two recalled diplomats, Yagur and Ravid. Members of Congress also demanded answers.

Eventually, through diplomatic channels, the two countries decided that an American delegation headed by Abraham Sofaer, a retired judge acting as a legal adviser for the Department of State, would travel to Israel. There the delegation would retrieve the classified materials and interview Pollard's handlers.[2] The Justice Department agreed not to prosecute them if they were fully debriefed and filed court documents identifying them as unindicted coconspirators.

The delegation, put together by the Justice and State departments, included U. S. Attorney Joseph diGenova, two members of Pollard's prosecution team—Charles Leeper and Stephen Spivack—two people from the Department of Justice, and FBI representatives. No one from the navy was invited. This promised to be a grave mistake. The navy was cataloguing the materials Pollard had passed to the Israelis, which put it in the unique position of being able to grasp the scope of the damage he had inflicted on the defense intelligence community.[3] According to Jerry Agee, commander of the ATAC as well as Pollard's boss, the Department of Justice blamed the Israelis for the exclusion of navy personnel, claiming they had put a cap on the number of people allowed to enter Israel.

When the Justice Department informed Judge Sofaer that no one from the navy would be going, he was puzzled. He called up NIS headquarters and requested a representative from the navy, someone who knew about the classified information to which Pollard had access and who could give him a feel for the analyst and his background. Commander Agee being the obvious candidate, the NIS sent him to the State Department to meet with Sofaer. Agee impressed Sofaer, and the judge included him in his official State Department entourage.

In early December 1985 the delegation left for a ten-day stay in Israel. Agee traveled with Judge Sofaer and his assistant on a separate aircraft, apart from the Department of Justice group. When their plane arrived in Tel Aviv, it was mobbed by journalists waiting for them to deplane. While Sofaer was going through the fanfare of giving statements to the press, a reporter spotted Agee standing in the background. Suddenly, the media descended on him, shoving microphones in his face and taking pictures. One photographer walked right up and snapped a picture just inches from his face, then began taking additional shots from different angles. What the hell is he doing? Agee wondered, guessing the guy thought he was CIA. But no one asked him his identity, and he didn't offer it.

Shortly afterward, a limousine arrived to take them to their hotels. Agee was dropped off at the Jerusalem Hilton, where he would be staying with members of the delegation from the Department of Justice, while Judge Sofaer and his assistant were whisked off to the King David. Reporters were milling around the lobby, and when Agee walked up to the desk and produced his passport to show the clerk, they swarmed around him with their cameras clicking, evidently trying to get a close-up of the inside of his passport. When Agee saw what was happening, he promptly pocketed the passport and told the clerk he would provide it later.

Israeli security, eyeing the delegation warily and suspecting them of mischief at every turn, kept track of their comings and goings at all times. On one occasion, Agee walked into the hotel gift shop, bought a newspaper, and decided to look around outside. The shop had a second door leading to the street and Agee exited that way, not thinking twice about it, to do some sightseeing in the area. After walking two blocks he returned to a chaotic scene. The area outside the hotel was overrun with police cars and plainclothes security personnel—Mossad agents, Agee believed. What on earth is going on? he wondered. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw one officer elbow another and point at him. The second man, glaring at Agee, came up and barked, “Don’t you ever do that again!” Nothing more was said.

On another occasion, FBI Special Agent Eugene Noltkamper, Agent Joe Johnson, and Commander Agee went into the gift shop in the hotel lobby, and when they finished, they exited through two different doors. Agee went his own way, not intending to confuse anyone. When Johnson and Noltkamper got up to their rooms a few minutes later, there was a knock on the latter’s door. It was the same two security people who had been sitting in the lobby logging the delegation members’ comings and goings. They said they wanted to make sure he had a fire exit sticker on the inside of his door. They both came in, and he believed they might have actually put another sticker over the one already on the door. He said it was obvious they were confused as to who went into which room and apparently were trying to account for everyone.[4] The Israelis didn’t seem to understand they were dealing with U.S. counterintelligence experts who viewed their phony ploys as bordering on the ridiculous.

Agee didn’t take part in interviewing the coconspirators, but from those who did he heard about the roadblocks thrown in their way. Every day the delegation was wakened long before dawn and driven from the hotel in Jerusalem to the U.S. embassy in Tel Aviv, about ninety minutes away. The interviews were arranged on Israeli terms. The first several days were spent doing nothing but working out ground rules—what the Americans could and could not ask the Israeli suspects.

The delegation would wait at the embassy all day before being herded onto a bus in which the shades had been drawn. They were then transferred to a van with darkened windows and later switched to yet another van. They were driven to an installation in the middle of nowhere that resembled, not a military base, but a civilian-run facility.

The interviews, according to Noltkamper, were all conducted late at night, in the basement, with the Americans sitting on one side of a big conference table and each coconspirator—one at a time, with his Israeli legal team—on the other.

Compounding the frustration of FBI Agent Noltkamper and the other Americans was the ritual that every time they asked a question, the Israelis would translate it into Hebrew, then the coconspirator would respond in Hebrew, and they would translate the answer back into English. The most annoying part was that the coconspirators spoke perfect English and everybody knew it. But rules were rules.

Needless to say, the delegation would arrive back at the hotel in the wee hours, exhausted, and fall into bed to catch a few short hours of sleep. It was obvious the Israelis had decided not to cooperate fully.

According to Noltkamper, when they interviewed Rafael Eitan, the leader of the spy ring, he immediately began to lie. The U.S. delegation got up and told the Israelis that the interview was over. After a day or two of negotiations, they resumed the interview and this time Eitan was much more straightforward.[5]

Commander Agee had with him a list of classified documents Pollard had passed to his handlers. It was just a preliminary list, for over the course of eighteen months the analyst had taken such a huge volume of material that it would take more than a year to compile a complete list. At first the Israelis handed over sixty-three documents to the Justice Department, saying that was all the analyst had provided. This was a blatant falsehood. The entire delegation knew Pollard had turned over thousands of documents and classified pages, a vast amount of them classified TS/SCI. They could prove this from a cursory check they had done before the trip, and back it up with Pollard's confessions.

When pressed for the return of all the classified material in their possession, including the TS/SCI documents, the Israelis insisted that was all they had. The Americans pushed the issue, showing them Agee's short list of classified information. After continued denials, the Israelis finally conceded and relinquished additional documents.

Fed up with the long travel hours, the Americans decided to move into a hotel in Tel Aviv to be closer to the interview site. When Judge Sofaer informed the Israelis of the planned switch, they said they didn't want the team to change hotels. Rather, they would arrange for future interviews to be conducted closer by, outside of Jerusalem. The Israelis never made good on their promise.

By now the lack of cooperation was so exasperating that Judge Sofaer called Prime Minister Peres and informed him that he was releasing a statement to the press and pulling his team out of Israel. The Israelis backed off somewhat, appeasing the delegation rather than fully cooperating. They still didn't mention Aviem Sella or his involvement in the operation, apparently relying on Pollard's silence.

One day at the Hilton, Agee called up from the lobby to Charlie Leeper's room, which happened to be to the right of Agee's. A stranger with an Israeli accent answered the phone. When Agee asked for Leeper, the person said, "He's in the conference room downstairs having a meeting." This struck Agee as odd. Thinking he might have dialed the wrong room, he took the elevator up to check the number on Leeper's door. Agee was correct—he had dialed the wrong room, the one to the left of his. Who, then, was in the room he had dialed—and how did that person know Leeper was in a meeting in the basement? It dawned on him then that all of their rooms might be bugged.

This was a strong possibility. The U.S. intelligence community knew that hotel rooms where State Department and high-ranking military officials stayed when visiting the U.S. embassy in Tel Aviv were routinely bugged. In fact, official travelers to the embassy received briefings warning them not to discuss classified information in their hotel rooms and not to leave classified documents unattended.

Alarmed, Agee hurried down to the conference room where the interview team was having a strategy session, scribbled a note on a pad, and handed it to Leeper: "Your meeting is being monitored."

The United States kept its agreement not to prosecute Pollard's connections, and despite all the obstacles thrown into the Americans' way, his coconspirators ultimately did for the most part reveal their involvement. But the delegation still knew nothing about Aviem Sella, and they left Israel with just a small fraction of the documents they had received from Pollard—about 163, none classified higher than secret. The FBI's Johnson and Noltkamper carried the recovered documents in two orange diplomatic bags. The two agents had to fly back first class and buy three seats, one for the two diplomatic bags, which they couldn't put in the cargo hold of a commercial plane.[6]

Before the delegation left, the Israelis decided to give them the machine they claimed had been used to copy the documents. It came, they said, from the surplus inventory of the Israeli consulate in New York. There was no way of telling because the serial number had been removed. The FBI later said that the machine was not one of those used to copy the documents.

Agee experienced one last glitch as he was leaving Israel. During his stay he had purchased gifts for his family and copies of several Israeli-English newspapers. Agee recalled that one newspaper featured a full front-page picture of his face with a question mark over it. As Agee was going through the tight airport security, a uniformed security guard asked him if he had enjoyed his stay. Agee replied that he did enjoy his stay "for the most part."

The guard, in a cold, hard voice, stated, "Good, because you will never be coming back here again."

Agee didn't say another word to the guard and moved on to his gate. When he arrived home in Virginia and opened his suitcase, Agee found that its contents had been ransacked: all his gifts were gone, and so were the newspapers he had purchased that told about the Pollard case.[7]

The Israelis must have thought they were being clever, withholding the most highly classified materials, along with Sella's name, from the U.S. delegation. If so, they badly miscalculated the disenchantment Jonathan Jay Pollard felt over being abandoned and left in such a fix.

Chapter 24

GUILTY

Following Anne's arrest, her attorney, James F. Hibey, and his assistant, Gordon Coffee, filed a motion with the court for her release on bond pending adjudication of the case. The government promptly submitted a motion in opposition. After the first hearing on 3 December 1985, the court gave her six days to come up with a proposal for release of some type of collateral, such as the family home. All she could produce was a single painting that belonged to her father-in-law and had no sentimental value to its owner. The government stated, "The loss of such a painting, even given its claimed monetary value, is unlikely to deter further efforts by the defendant to evade prosecution."[1]

At the same time, Anne had her physician send letters to the court attributing her acute abdominal pain to a biliary tract dysfunction. She claimed she had not been permitted to receive proper medical treatment in jail. The chief judge, Aubrey E. Robinson Jr., of the U.S. District Court in Washington, finally ruled in her favor, and on 24 February 1986, Anne was released from jail on a $23,500 cash bond on the condition that she report to pretrial services once a week, call them daily, live in the Washington metropolitan area, obtain employment, report any change of address, and show up for court dates.

As for Pollard, he remained incarcerated in Washington, held without bond. The days were long, and he had plenty of time to mull over his situation. Apparently, he felt he had no options. He had confessed his espionage activities to the NIS and the FBI. The physical evidence against him was overwhelming. And his Israeli coconspirators had been cooperating with the government, telling them how he had been handled and how much he had been paid. Except for family and a handful of friends, everyone was against him. With his fate predetermined, a trial, it seemed, would be a waste of time. His lawyer, Richard Hibey—the brother of Anne's attorney—probably advised him that he had no choice but to plead guilty and take his chances. If he cooperated, the prosecutors would most likely not charge Anne with being an accessory to his crimes or conspiring to commit espionage; they would file lesser charges.

After consulting with their attorneys, both Pollard and Anne decided to plea-bargain. They entered their pleas before Judge Robinson on 4 June 1986. That very morning the federal grand jury returned an indictment against both husband and wife.

Pollard pleaded guilty to conspiracy to commit espionage. Judge Robinson informed him of three options: he had the right to a trial if he wanted one; the government would have to convince a jury of his guilt beyond a reasonable doubt; and there would be no trial if he, the judge, accepted the plea. Did Pollard know the possible maximum sentence for the offense to which he wished to plead guilty? Yes, Pollard replied. A life sentence and a $250,000 penalty.

Judge Robinson wanted to make another point perfectly clear: "And do you understand further that what the judgment of the court would be is entirely at the discretion of the court?" Again, Pollard said he understood.

"Have any promises been made to you with respect to what the sentence of the court will be?" Judge Robinson went on.

"No," Pollard said.

The judge reiterated, "Any representations of any kind?"

"No, no sir," Pollard replied. [2]

Once it had been ascertained that Pollard and his attorney fully understood the potential consequences of pleading guilty, and the rights he would give up, Judge Robinson accepted his plea and remanded him to the U.S. marshals for continued incarceration until a sentencing date could be set.

Anne went through the same procedure, confirming that she understood the two charges against her: conspiracy to receive embezzled government property and accessory after the fact to possession of national defense documents. Having reaped monetary rewards from a foreign government involved in espionage against the United States; having most likely disclosed classified information to her supervisors at CommCore, the public relations firm for which she worked; and having presented a briefing to a senior minister at the Chinese embassy, Anne was getting off easy. She wasn't prosecuted for any of these other allegations, and she remained out on bond until a sentencing date was set. It was Jonathan Jay Pollard the government had its sights set on.

The two plea agreements specified the conditions with which the Pollards would have to comply. These included:

- Submitting to more interviews and polygraph examinations and testifying before a grand jury.

- Responding to all questions put to them by federal law enforcement agents and other government representatives.
- Turning over to the government any property, documents, or information in their possession or control related to espionage activity.
- Testifying fully and truthfully during any grand jury, trial, or other proceeding in which their testimony was determined to be relevant.
- Submitting to a damage assessment by representatives of the military and intelligence communities.

If, after signing his plea agreement, Pollard failed in any way to fulfill these requirements, the agreement would be null and void, the government would prosecute him, if warranted, for espionage, perjury, false statement, obstruction of justice, and other charges, and Pollard would have to waive his right to a speedy trial. As for Anne, if before sentencing she failed to cooperate fully with these conditions, the government would be relieved of its obligation to her under that agreement.

In return for his cooperation in the investigation and damage assessment, when Pollard appeared before the court for sentencing, the government would bring to its attention—and, later, to the attention of the parole board—the extent of his readiness to comply. The government warned that it would recommend that the court impose a substantial sentence along with a monetary fine, and that it still had the discretion to impose the maximum sentence.

The final condition the government made in the plea agreement was that Pollard refrain from any unauthorized disclosure of classified information obtained while he was employed by the U.S. Navy. Should he write anything or "otherwise provide information for purposes of publication or dissemination," he would have to submit it to the director of naval intelligence for prepublication review. Furthermore, Pollard would have to give the government the profits or proceeds from any publication or information describing his employment by the navy, his espionage activities, or the circumstances leading to his arrest.[3]

I assigned NIS Agent Redman to work with FBI Agent Jechorek on coordinating interviews with Pollard and his wife. Because she was out on bond, Anne had debriefings at her attorney's office and the FBI field office, where Barry Colvert polygraphed her. Pollard's initial polygraphs, before and after he was transferred to the federal detention center in Petersburg, Virginia, were conducted at the courthouse in Washington. Every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday morning, Redman and Jechorek would go to the detention center and pick him up, then drive him to a bungalow, or safe house, not far from the prison to be interviewed. Without fail, on each of these trips

Pollard would say to the women agents sitting on either side of him, “How are my two bookends? I love my two bookends,” or words to that effect.[4]

Various intelligence agencies debriefed Pollard, and he basked in all the attention. According to Redman, when Thursdays came around, marking the end of another round of interviews, he seemed to grow despondent.

Among his first revelations were the identity of his handler Aviem Sella and the $300,000 the Israelis had planned to put into a Swiss bank account for Pollard. Proof that the Israelis had dissembled in this matter angered the Department of Justice, and before long the story was all over the news, setting off another flurry of diplomatic recriminations and prompting the department to consider rescinding its promise not to prosecute Rafi Eitan and the other coconspirators. The question now was how far up the conspiracy reached and how much Prime Minister Peres’s administration knew about it. The Americans also wanted to know why no disciplinary action had been taken against Eitan and Sella.

As the interviews continued, Redman gained insight into the dynamics of the relationship between Pollard and Anne. Pollard always asked how his wife was doing, while Anne would rarely mention her husband, much less ask about his welfare. She struck Redman as bitter, arrogant, and defiant. Polygraph examiner Colvert had the same impression. He said that, for the most part, Pollard was easy to interview and cooperative; his wife, on the other hand, was “tough.”

“You had to work hard in an interview with Anne, who thought everything out before she would answer,” Colvert recalled. She was cautious and didn’t want to contradict anything her husband said, while Pollard would just “spit it out.”[5]

For instance, during a pre-polygraph interview with Colvert, Anne told him about her sapphire ring and the subterfuge concerning Uncle Joe Fisher, but she wouldn’t say what had become of the ring. When the government arrested Anne, she hadn’t been wearing it and they couldn’t find it. She adamantly clung to her story that the ring was lost.

Redman and Jechorek didn’t buy it. When a woman has a ring priced at ten thousand dollars, it isn’t easily misplaced. They gave Anne two choices: either she turned the ring over to the government or they were going to have Colvert hook her back up to the polygraph machine. That did it. Anne admitted to stashing the ring, and during her next debriefing she handed it over to the government. An appraisal of the ring valued it at $5,400—slightly less than what it had originally cost the Israelis.

Following a polygraph session in which she revealed what she knew about Pollard’s operation and the Chinese documents, Anne asked her examiner if she was going to jail. Colvert looked her in the eyes and said, “If I were you, Anne, I’d pack my toothbrush." Surprisingly, she thanked him, explaining that he was the only person who had leveled with her about her future.[6]

Pollard spent much more time taking polygraphs than Anne did, and over the many days and hours of exams, Colvert earned his trust. Near the polygraph room in the courthouse there was a small coffee shop. On occasion, to establish a rapport with Pollard, Colvert invited him there for coffee and pastries. (Colvert had obtained permission from U.S. marshals to take Pollard there.) Pollard took him up on the offer, telling his examiner that he was the only person who treated him like a human being. Colvert's talents won over both Pollards.

During his interviews with Colvert, Pollard admitted to passing classified information to countries besides Israel and to individuals other than Israelis, but still the government preferred not to prosecute Pollard for those offenses.

It was Colvert's conviction that Pollard committed espionage not so much for greed or ideology, but rather for recognition. Although he described Pollard as intellectually arrogant and cocky, he had a desperate, childlike craving for recognition. Giving secrets to the Israelis, Pollard confessed, made him dream of being a hero in "the lead tank in a parade going into Jerusalem." That is what the Israelis did for him—they treated him like a hero.

According to Redman, Pollard repeatedly claimed to have been an "Israeli soldier left in the field alone," who was paid only because all Israeli soldiers are paid. He said he took classified documents for ideological reasons, to help Israel, and not for money. Pollard also revealed that following his trip to Israel, he had seriously considered changing jobs. He maintained he had cultivated an attaché at the Saudi embassy and that the Saudis might hire him as an analyst. Saudi Arabia would be a "cleaner" espionage target than the United States. Pollard believed that if he could establish himself with the Saudis, the Israelis might turn him over to Mossad for future operational use. He didn't believe his activities with the Israelis constituted disloyalty to the United States, but he did consider them "dishonest," and the fact he was "living a lie twenty-four hours a day was causing him to burn out."[7]

When the FBI and NIS agents finished their initial debriefings, all the other intelligence agencies had a crack at Pollard, including the DIA, the CIA, the NIC, and the NSA. Gradually, it became clear that the analyst didn't know much about the contents of the majority of the documents he had taken. Not even a man of Pollard's prodigious intelligence could come close to remembering the titles and contents of such a huge volume of material. "If I could see it and touch it, you can assume I got it," Pollard told his interviewers. "My only limitation was what I couldn't physically carry."[8]

Right up until the day Judge Robinson handed his sentence down, memorandums in aid of sentencing went flying back and forth between the defense and the prosecution. In Pollard's memorandums to the court, he made excuses for what he had done and denied some statements made earlier to investigators during debriefings.

In an unusual sixty-one-page motion prepared in August 1986—but not submitted to the prosecution until early March 1987, just prior to sentencing—Pollard relayed a personal story explaining why he had spied, what Israel had learned as a result of his spying, the pernicious effects of being paid for espionage, his remorse, and his personal plans to mitigate whatever damage people perceived he might have caused to the special relationship between the United States and Israel. His story, which began in the 1940s with the plight of the Jews during the Holocaust and included his analysis of the reasons Israel found itself embroiled in continuing conflicts, was passionate, yet bombastic.

His reason for spying, he claimed, was to save Israel and to hurt the Soviet Union. He also said he was motivated by anti-Semitism in his office. The purpose of every statement in the motion was to exonerate himself and to enlist the aid of the Jewish community. The government took exception to his arguments, claiming that in his attempt to cast his actions in a positive light as being for the good of Israel, he was trying to craft a "political solution" to criminal proceedings. Prosecutors reminded the court that in a statement Pollard made to the FBI, he had said that "he would commit espionage for Israel again if given the chance."[9]

Pollard's insistence that he didn't commit espionage for financial gain spurred prosecutors to resolve the issue. FBI agent Colvert polygraphed Pollard again, asking him two questions: whether he had spied for Israel solely for personal financial gain, and whether he had intentionally lied about his true reason for spying. After he had said no to both questions, the polygraph indicated that his responses were deceptive. Pollard insisted he had started spying for ideological reasons, then admitted he was quickly corrupted by the remuneration. He told Colvert he developed an "addiction to money."[10] Among other points, prosecutors showed that in interviews he had admitted his motives were mixed.

On 15 February 1987, three weeks before Pollard's sentencing, Wolf Blitzer came out with an article in the *Washington Post* that caused an uproar in Washington: "Pollard: Not a Bumbler but Israel's Master Spy."[11] At the time Blitzer was a correspondent for the *Jerusalem Post*, and a similar article appeared in that newspaper, along with a cartoon depicting an Israeli soldier sprawled on the ground, being abandoned by four other soldiers walking away with an empty stretcher. *Pollard* was written next to the abandoned soldier.

Based on his interview with the incarcerated spy, Blitzer revealed what Pollard claimed to have provided the Israelis, including reconnaissance satellite photographs of Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO) headquarters in Tunisia, specific capabilities of Libya's air defense system, and movements of American, Soviet, and French ships in the Mediterranean, all of which, according to Blitzer, had allowed the Israeli air force to evade detection and bomb the PLO headquarters on 1 October 1985. Moreover, the author wrote, sources informed him that Pollard had also passed on intelligence about Iraqi and Syrian chemical-warfare-production capabilities; Soviet arms shipments to Syria and other Arab states, including specifics on SS-21 ground-to-ground and SA-5 antiaircraft missiles; and Pakistan's nuclear weapons program, along with satellite photographs of its facility outside Islamabad.

"In general," Blitzer went on, "Pollard gave Israel the pick of U.S. intelligence about Arab and Islamic conventional and unconventional military activity, from Morocco to Pakistan and every country in between. This included both 'friendly' and 'unfriendly' Arab countries."

The government was stunned by the disclosures. Clearly, Pollard was a loose cannon. If ever released from prison, he would be a much larger risk than they had ever imagined.

By allowing a reporter to interview him without a representative from the DNI's office present—indeed, without any authorization at all from the DNI—Pollard had violated his plea agreement. The prisoner claimed he had obtained permission; the government denied it.

During a subsequent interview Pollard blamed the revelations on Blitzer, claiming he had only been confirming information the journalist asked him about. According to Colvert, when Pollard was asked about this in yet another polygraph test, he "blew" it.[12] Soon thereafter, Pollard admitted he had been lying, that it was he who disclosed the information to Blitzer and not the other way around. In the end, the U.S. attorney's office decided not to file papers with the court indicating that Pollard had broken the plea agreement.

As if the Blitzer article weren't alarming enough, Pollard apparently convinced his wife to submit to an interview on CBS's *60 Minutes*. On Sunday evening, 1 March 1987, three days before her sentencing and still out on bond, Anne appeared in front of investigative reporter Mike Wallace before a nationwide audience. The Pollards must have believed that if Anne could explain their rationale for giving secrets to Israel, the American public—or at least Jewish Americans—would demand a more lenient sentence.

If that was their thinking, they were badly mistaken. One has to wonder where Anne's lawyer was. What she failed to realize when she agreed to go on *60 Minutes* was that she would be subjected to questions from a seasoned interviewer who knew how to get information out of anybody. Prior to the interview, many of us involved in the case felt Anne would get probation based on her first-time offense and the relatively minor charges against her. Her chance withered as soon as she admitted to Wallace that she had known exactly what her husband was getting into and that she had gone along with it from the beginning. Angry at Israel for not helping her and her husband after all he had done for them, Anne also blamed Rafael Eitan for not allowing the Israeli embassy to give them asylum.

Wallace quoted aloud from a court document: "[T]he breadth and volume of the U.S. classified information sold by defendant Pollard to Israel was enormous, as great as any reported case involving espionage on behalf of any foreign nation."

"Let's look at that, I mean, any person can logically look at that and say, this is absurd," Anne remarked. "Number one, he was not spying against the United States. Number two, he was not spying on behalf of our worst and bitter enemy, the Soviet Union."

The interviewer cut her off. "So what you're saying is that citizens who believe that they know better than their own government what should be given . . . to an ally should simply take the law into their own hands, Anne?"

"I'm not saying people should take the law into their own hands, but I am saying that when people have a moral belief and are adamant about it, they are expected to do what they can do to better and help those people. My husband felt that it was necessary to do this, no one else had done it." She went on to say that Pollard was paid because he was a "soldier in the field." When Wallace commented that Israeli soldiers were not paid $2,500 dollars a month, Anne agreed, saying, "The amount is determined by their handler."

Anne continued making excuses for herself and Pollard until, finally, Wallace said, "Listening to you, Anne, I get the impression that you feel that everyone else is wrong and you and your husband are right."

"I feel my husband and I did what we were expected to do," she replied, "what our moral obligation was as Jews, what our moral obligation was as human beings, and I have no regrets about that."[13]

Hearing Anne's statement, I recalled what Pollard had said to me about how Jews should not be given high clearances because they would do anything for the love of Israel. It seems as though both husband and wife believed their moral obligation as Jews was to spy against their own country. It was an insult to the American Jewish community. In just three days, she would stand before a judge asking for leniency. Her lack of remorse would come back to haunt her.

In another turn of events, two days after the *60 Minutes* broadcast, the U.S. government indicted Aviem Sella on three counts of espionage, each carrying a life sentence and hefty fines. Israel wouldn't let Sella be interviewed unless the United States gave him immunity, as it had for the other coconspirators, but in light of Israel's earlier lack of cooperation, the government didn't agree to this condition.

Following the indictment, Sella was promoted to brigadier general and put in charge of one of Israel's largest air bases. Moreover, Israel awarded Rafael Eitan with a high-level position as head of Israel Chemical, a large government-owned company.[14] It was a sharp slap in the face, and Congress reacted by threatening to discontinue aid to Israel amounting to billions of dollars. Eitan was given a job to oversee the Cuban water treatment system, and Sella stepped down from his new prestigious position. Because Israel will not extradite citizens wanted for crimes committed in the United States, to this day Aviem Sella is still under federal indictment for espionage against the United States, a criminal fugitive from justice.[15]

Chapter 25

THE DAMAGE

On 19 January 1987, before Pollard was sentenced, Secretary of Defense Casper Weinberger submitted a forty-six-page classified memorandum to Judge Robinson detailing the havoc Pollard had wrought with U.S. intelligence. "Declaration of the Secretary of Defense"—commonly known as the Weinberger memorandum—carried a TS/SCI classification, and to this day most of its contents remain under wraps. The memorandum presented nineteen items illustrating the different types of TS/SCI material Pollard had passed on. These were selected out of hundreds of thousands of classified messages and documents gathered by Richard Haver's damage assessment team at the Department of Defense.

Because the Weinberger memorandum is classified, I cannot address its contents other than to say that the damage Pollard inflicted was colossal. The government estimated how much material he took based both on signature cards and on the signatures he wrote when requesting classified material from libraries, archives, and message centers throughout Washington, D.C., Maryland, and Virginia. Had Pollard gone to trial, the prosecutors would have been able to prove in court that in terms of sheer volume, the classified documents he removed measured at least 360 cubic feet—one million-plus pages delivered over the short period of eighteen months. Add to this the material he removed without a signature, and the total figure, though unknown, would be even more staggering.[1] When presented with these findings, Pollard agreed they were probably accurate.

To put it into perspective, one has to remember that the Pollard case arrived on the heels of the Walker family spy case. Navy radioman John Walker had provided codes to the Soviets for intercepting and deciphering military transmissions. In the Department of the Navy's damage assessment report to the presiding judge in the Walker trial, Rear Admiral William O. Studeman, the DNI at the time, wrote that "the harm caused by John Anthony Walker is of the gravest nature," pointing out that during his eighteen years of spying he had enabled the Soviet Union to decipher more than one million messages.

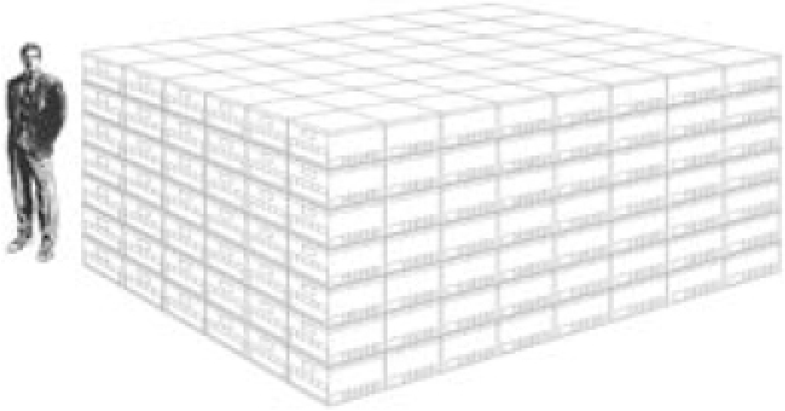

Bankers boxes—visual representation of the sheer volume of classified documents—measured at least 360 cubic feet, one million-plus pages—Pollard provided to Israel over the short period of eighteen months —PETER BURCHERT

Mr. M. Spike Bowman, a well-respected military attorney who worked with the team assessing damage done by Pollard, told me that this case, breaking so soon after Walker's, overwhelmed the Department of Defense. Among the documents compromised were detailed analytical studies containing technical calculations, graphs, and satellite photographs. Many of those studies were hundreds of pages long, including analyses of Soviet missile systems disclosing how the United States collected information. From these documents a reasonably competent intelligence analyst could infer the identity of human intelligence sources. Moreover, some analyses carried the author's name. Disclosure of such specific information to a foreign power, even an ally of the United States, could have exposed American agents and analysts "to potential intelligence targeting."[2]

According to Bowman, when the scope of the damage Pollard had inflicted became clear, Secretary of Defense Weinberger was beside himself. Before submitting his memo to Judge Robinson, he sent it back to the damage assessment team six times asking for harsher words to describe how gravely Pollard had compromised U.S. national security.

Pollard's and Anne's attorneys, Richard and James Hibey, were given access to the Weinberger memorandum—Anne, not being prosecuted for espionage, wasn't allowed to see it—but first they had to sign a memorandum of understanding informing them of the sensitive nature of the documents and ordering them never to reveal their contents to anyone unless authorized.[3] The defense team also had to read and sign a nondisclosure agreement and a security briefing acknowledgment, as well as to undergo special background checks.

In the unclassified portions of the document, Weinberger laid out how damaging it can be to the United States when classified information is disclosed to friendly powers without authorization. The harm can be as great as giving classified information to hostile powers because "once information is removed from secure control systems, there is no enforceable requirement . . . to provide effective controls for its safekeeping. . . . Moreover, it is more probable than not that the information will be used for unintended purposes. . . . [S]uch disclosures will tend to expose a larger picture of U.S. capabilities . . . than would be in the U.S. interest to reveal to another power, even to a friendly one."[4]

Weinberger pointed out that the United States shares intelligence with friendly countries under exchange agreements made by high-level officials after carefully evaluating "the costs of disclosure to our national security versus the benefits expected to be obtained if disclosure is approved." Pollard, he went on, personally confessed to and identified from memory more than "eight hundred classified publications and more than one thousand . . . classified messages and cables which he sold to Israel." According to Weinberger, not one of the publications Pollard provided was authorized for official release to Israel, not even in redacted form.[5]

Those parts of the memorandum addressing the significance of Pollard's disclosures and his compromised sources and methods were almost entirely censored. In a section on the risk to American personnel, Weinberger warned the court, "U.S. combat forces, wherever they are deployed in the world, could be unacceptably endangered through successful exploitation of this data."[6]

When Wolf Blitzer came out with his article in the *Washington Post* describing some of the intelligence Pollard had passed to Israel, it prompted Weinberger, on the eve of the sentencing, to submit another memorandum to the court. In this second memorandum, unclassified, he strongly aired his personal and professional feelings.

> It is difficult for me, even in the so-called year of the spy, to conceive of a greater harm to national security than that caused by the defendant in view of the breadth, the critical importance to the United States, and the high sensitivity of the information he sold to Israel. That information was intentionally reserved by the United States for its own use, because to disclose it, to anyone or any nation, would cause the greatest harm to our national security. Our decisions to withhold and preserve certain intelligence information, and the sources and methods of its acquisition, either in total or in part, are taken with great care, as part of a plan for national defense and foreign policy which has been consistently applied throughout many administrations. The defendant took it upon himself unilaterally to reverse those policies and national assets, which have taken many years, great effort, and enormous national resources to secure.[7]

Pollard had betrayed the public trust and the security of the United States for money. Weinberger went on to say that any citizen, particularly a trusted government official, who sells secrets to any foreign nation, be it friendly or hostile, should be punished not as a common criminal but in a way that reflects "the perfidy of the individual's actions, the magnitude of the treason committed, and the needs of national security."

The defendant had both likened himself to an Israeli pilot shot down behind enemy lines and expressed the hope of emigrating to Israel. "Whatever else his analogy suggests," the defense secretary commented, "it clearly indicates that his loyalty to Israel transcends his loyalty to the United States."[8] Weinberger mentioned the *Washington Post* article without confirming or denying the information Pollard had released to Blitzer: "I have no way of knowing whether he provided additional information not published in that article, but I believe that there can be no doubt that he can, and will, continue to disclose U.S. secrets without regard to the impact it may have on U.S. national defense or foreign policy. Only a period of incarceration commensurate with the enduring quality of the national defense information he can yet impart will provide a measure of protection against further damage to the national security."[9]

In the end, much to Blitzer's relief, an expert analysis of the content of his article revealed that the context was broad and the information not classified. During the sentencing phase, it appeared that Judge Robinson decided to ignore the article and concentrate strictly on the revelations offered by Weinberger in his first, classified memorandum.

Having never read the uncensored copy of that memorandum, and knowing I will never be allowed to, I asked Rich Haver to comment in a general way on the severity of Pollard's crimes. When someone like Pollard takes "the keys to the kingdom," Haver told me, the harm is incalculable and possibly unstoppable. Such information gives a foreign nation not only a step-by-step blueprint of America's intelligence-collection capabilities, sources, and methods, but also the ability to analyze those capabilities and to identify vulnerabilities. It tells a country, in essence, how to test American security systems and avoid detection. When the United States loses its ability to protect its citizens, they stand to lose their freedom.

At one point, Haver said, Pollard was out of the office sick and it disrupted his daily routine of gathering secrets. When the Israelis found out that their gofer had not retrieved messages during that time, they were extremely upset with him. Government officials who participated in the damage assessment suspect that Israel was testing some of the SCI manuals Pollard had turned over to them, conducting clandestine operations to gauge American vulnerabilities. According to Haver, in a larger attempt to override

U.S. intelligence-gathering capabilities, Israel wanted to see if the United States was able to pick up communications on its secret training operations.

Pollard also damaged U.S. relations with Middle Eastern countries. At a time when the United States was trying to establish a working relationship with Tunisia, he provided the Israelis with highly classified satellite photographs indicating the location of the PLO headquarters there. In October 1985 a U.S. delegation was meeting with the Tunisians in Tunis to lay the groundwork for establishing a relationship when the Israelis led a bombing mission on the PLO headquarters. Infuriated, the Tunisians accused the United States of giving away the location to Israel and knowing about the attack. After all, Israel was the United States' closest ally in the Middle East, they reasoned. Nothing the delegates said could convince their hosts otherwise, and the Tunisians promptly asked them to pack their bags and leave.

The U.S. government didn't discover the truth about the satellite photographs until after Pollard was arrested. Pollard's hubris was evident in his taking full credit for the raid. The incident wiped out several years of negotiations with Tunisia and severely hampered U.S. attempts to gain the trust of other Middle Eastern countries, of critical importance in bolstering American foreign policy.[10]

In its memorandum in aid of sentencing, the government emphasized that "the widely published reports of defendant's espionage activities on behalf of Israel have led to speculation within other countries in the Middle East, with which the United States also has enjoyed friendly relations, that defendant's unauthorized disclosures to Israel may have adversely affected the national security of these other Middle Eastern countries." Moreover, allies of the United States "have expressed serious concern that a government employee with such far-ranging access to sensitive information has breached his . . . duty to protect that information." In arguing for a stiff sentence, the government made the point that "if a less severe sentence were ruled out because the foreign nation involved is a U.S. ally, a potentially damaging signal would . . . be communicated to . . . foreign countries contemplating espionage activities in the United States."[11]

In addition to damaging relations with the Middle East, Pollard's activities could have weakened the hand of the United States in its dealings with the Soviet Union. In his book *The Samson Option*, Seymour Hersh alleges that Israel passed some of Pollard's top secret information to the Soviet Union in exchange for Russian Jewish prisoners. Although this has never been proven, it is a fact that a significant portion of the thousands of documents Pollard took from the DIA had nothing to do with the Middle East. According to Stephen Green in an article that appeared in the May 1989 issue of the *Christian Science Monitor*, many such documents contained details about both U.S. and Soviet communications and military capabilities, suggesting that they could have been of use to only one country, the Soviet Union. "This concern was heightened," Green writes, "when, during the Pollard investigation, a Soviet defector in U.S. hands revealed in addition to the two Israeli spies serving prison terms in Israel for spying for the Soviets, Shabtai Kalmanovitch and Marcus Klingberg, there was a third person Israel had not yet caught. . . . This person was well placed in the [Israeli] Defense Ministry and still active."[12]

Colonel Shimon Levinson was another convicted Israeli spy. During an assignment in Bangkok in 1983, Levinson offered his services to the KGB. Two years later, during Pollard's ascent, the colonel was appointed security chief for the Israeli prime minister's office. (Rafael Eitan served as a special intelligence adviser in this same office.) Israel later accused Levinson of passing highly classified nuclear and military intelligence to the KGB, and he was arrested in May 1991.[13] Was Levinson the unknown third spy? And if so, did the Soviet Union receive through him at least some of the information that Pollard delivered into the hands of the Israelis?

The American public will probably never know the true extent of the devastation Pollard visited on the national security of the United States. The lion's share of the information he sold was coded TS/SCI, and that sort of material is rarely declassified. One thing is certain: in terms of volume of classified material that Pollard removed, the U.S. agency hardest hit was the DIA. The loss was so devastating that it prompted officials there to strengthen their counterintelligence awareness program. In 1989, when I served as division chief of counterintelligence investigations at NIS headquarters, the DIA approached me about helping them coordinate interviews for their training film on this subject for their employees. The result, *Jonathan Pollard: A Portrayal*, addressed the damage the spy had done to national security and illustrated the ease with which he managed to commit his crimes. Eventually, the film would be shown to every DIA employee around the world and in many navy commands, making the name Pollard synonymous with treason.

Pollard in prison —AP/WWP

Chapter 26

THE SENTENCING

Pollard had been in jail for fifteen months when at last it arrived: 4 March 1987—sentencing day.* I reached the U.S. District Court a little before the scheduled start, accompanied by Lydia Jechorek and Lisa Redman. The weather seemed to cooperate with the media. It was a sunny day, and television trucks owned by networks from around the world stretched for blocks. We entered through a side door that was reserved for attorneys, judges, and law enforcement officers.

The courtroom was packed with bodies, and seats were in short supply. Lucky for us, some agents had reserved a place for us not far from the bench. Jerry Agee was there, as were other agents involved in the case, including some of Pollard's coworkers from the ATAC. I didn't see the Henderson or Pollard families in the courtroom, though they did attend. While waiting for the hearing to begin, I briefly thought about Jay's and Anne's parents, how they were victims of their children's misguided decisions. What they were about to hear would make this one of the hardest days of their lives. My heart truly went out to them.

The courtroom buzzed with a low undertone of anticipation, but when Judge Aubrey Robinson made his entrance, the voices quickly died. After ordering the defendants to come forward with their attorneys, Robinson read the charges. Defense lawyer Richard Hibey wanted to make sure the court understood that Pollard was pleading guilty to a single count of conspiracy to commit espionage for the benefit of Israel. There was no evidence of any intent on Pollard's part to injure the United States, Hibey emphasized. He also reminded Robinson that in the plea bargain the prosecution had agreed not to ask for a life sentence.

These preliminaries dispensed with, the defense team began its arguments for lenient sentences. With the courtroom hanging on his every word, Hibey spoke first on behalf of Pollard, admitting that his client was "undeniably guilty of the charge to which he pled guilty," but adding that money had corrupted Pollard. His motivation to help Israel was irreparably soiled, Hibey argued, by the addictive effect of accepting money for his work. Pollard's conduct violated the trust put in him as a keeper of the nation's secrets, and when found out he lied long enough to allow his handlers to flee the United States. Nonetheless, the classified information did not end up in the hands of an enemy of the United States, and as a result, Hibey argued, "the facts call out for . . . leniency, for the damage to our national security is, I submit, minimal."

Robinson listened intently without interrupting as Hibey asked him to take into account Pollard's warm, loving family. His aim was to request not that Pollard be put on probation—that would be "a fantasy"—but rather that he be confined in a place where he could receive visitors.

When it came time for Anne's attorney, James Hibey, to speak, he pointed out that the government's case against Jonathan Jay Pollard was vastly different from that against his wife. Anne Henderson Pollard hadn't spied for Israel or China, hadn't participated in operational activities, hadn't obtained, copied, or delivered any classified information to anyone. "Contrary to the government's shrill mischaracterizations of Mrs. Pollard as a mercenary driven by need and greed," she was, in fact, "a wife, albeit a knowing wife, who was motivated by love for her husband."

For instance, he continued, on the night she had tried to dispose of the suitcase and called Aviem Sella, the call was intended to help her husband, not one of his handlers. He mentioned her suffering, particularly under the "cruel conditions" to which she had been subjected in jail. Threats were made against her for being a spy, and she'd had to be placed in protective custody. "Effectively, she was locked down for twenty-four hours a day in a windowless cell, without exercise, without sometimes any communication from any of the other inmates."

And then there was her medical condition, biliary dyskinesia, a rare gastrointestinal disease requiring constant care. Anne, he contended, had not received adequate medication in jail, and what medication was given to her didn't arrive in a timely fashion. As a result, she couldn't eat the food served in jail and had lost forty pounds. Were she to go to prison, she wouldn't receive the frequent medical care she needed.

Hibey denied an accusation made by the prosecution that Anne had tried to recruit a friend of Pollard's, denied that the Pollards' spending habits were lavish—most of their restaurant bills, he told the court, didn't exceed seventy-five dollars—and stressed that his client had never known the contents of the documents her husband gave to Israel. "Mrs. Pollard took no notes on the intelligence information contained in the People's Republic of China documents. She essentially ignored the intelligence information contained in those documents and did not relate any of that . . . to her colleagues at CommCore or to anyone at the PRC embassy."

He asked the court to impose a lenient sentence rather than leaving it up to the parole board, and closed by saying: "We submit that it would be unfair and inappropriate, considering all of the facts and circumstances of her case, to sentence Mrs. Pollard to further incarceration. Probation will serve the ends of justice and will provide her with an opportunity to be a contributing and law-abiding citizen. She has the intelligence and the promise to lead such a life. She should be given that opportunity."

Now it was the defendants' turn to speak on their own behalf. Pollard went first. When he told the judge he would be as brief as possible, I smiled, knowing from experience that if you gave him an inch, he would take a mile. "I have as much time as is necessary," Judge Robinson remarked patiently.

Pollard began by proclaiming that, while in jail, he had had ample time to reflect on his motives and the impact of his actions on behalf of Israel. While his motives "may have been well meaning, they cannot, under any stretch of the imagination, excuse or justify the violation of the law, particularly one that involves the trust of government, and no higher trust than those in the intelligence community. . . . I broke trust, ruined and brought disgrace to my family." Nothing that he might have done to benefit Israel could excuse or justify his breaking the law. "I must admit wholly and unequivocally my criminal culpability before the court. In spite of the fact that I neither intended nor wanted to take monetary compensation for my actions on behalf of the Israelis, I did."

He went on to say that in addition to violating the trust of the nation, he had violated the trust of his wife. Several times he repeated that he had broken the law, but still he tried to defend giving Israel secrets and appeared to have little remorse for doing that.

After a lengthy digression about other courses of action he could have taken, he tried to get back on track. "[When] I am alone, . . . I can rationalize in my moments of desperation the possible good that might come of it, [but] it is cold comfort, because we are, I guess, at the bottom, your honor, a nation of laws."

"You guess?" Judge Robinson interrupted.

Pollard was taken aback. "We are a nation of laws, and not—"

"You aren't convinced of that, are you?"

"I am very convinced of that," Pollard responded smoothly, regaining his composure. "We are a nation of laws, not a collection of individuals that go off in twenty different directions, defining what they consider to be the national interest. . . . I took sectarianism to an illogical extreme. No rationalization, no justification, no explanation, no mitigation, for the breakage of a law."

Winding up, Pollard repeated that he had hurt his wife and broken the law. "And that is something I will have to live with long after this case is but a distant memory. Thank you," he said, and sat down.

Anne opened by saying she was speaking from the heart and not from the text she had prepared. After telling the judge that she loved her husband, wanted to be reunited with him and have children with him, she launched into a defense of his actions.

> [H]e believed that at the time he was doing good for both the United States and Israel and he believed . . . that by strengthening Israel, a vital strategic ally, he was indirectly strengthening . . . the United States, considering the special relationship which both nations share.
>
> My husband and I are vehemently anticommunist and . . . would never do anything to . . . hurt this country in any shape or form. We are dedicated and patriotic Americans and we are also loyal to Israel. We look at Israel as a, shall I say, as a . . . nation or state that represents the end of the systematic extermination of Jews or of mankind in general. . . . I cannot lie and say I was not aware that my husband was assisting Israel at the time, but I can say that my husband fully assured me that he was doing nothing in his power to hurt Israel—or rather, to hurt the United States in any shape.

She did finally say she was sorry for what happened, adding, “at the time I believed it to be correct.”

At one point she touched on the subject of the code word *cactus*. Pollard, she said, had asked her “to remove certain items from the house should he ever use this word, and it came through in his call and I did it.” For her own protection Anne should have stopped there, but like Pollard she had loose lips and couldn’t seem to help herself. “And I can’t say that I would never not help him again. However, I would look for different routes or different ways. . . . I cannot change history but I can say I am very sorry to have seen two nations come to this point, who share such a close relationship. . . . I am very, very sorry to have seen this happen.”

Finally, after asking for leniency and mercy, especially for her husband, she sat down.

Not one time did Anne Pollard admit to breaking the laws of the United States or say she was sorry for doing so. Not one time did she show any remorse for the crime of espionage her husband had committed, and which at the time she knew he was committing. Her presentation to the court, coming on the heels of her interview with Mike Wallace on *60 Minutes*, convinced me that she didn’t have a prayer of getting probation.

On the prosecution side, Assistant U.S. Attorney Charles Leeper was first to address the court. Leeper began by quoting a biblical reference Pollard had used in his memorandum in aid of sentencing about despair being the unforgivable sin. “As I was growing up,” Leeper said, “I was taught that there are, in fact, two sins that are unforgivable, and they are arrogance and deception. . . . It is arrogance and deception which drove this defendant” to commit his criminal acts and that characterized “the way he has sought to defend and excuse the things that he has done.” Leeper referred to a pleading he had received just the night before in which Pollard stated he hadn’t injured the United States in any way. “This defendant,” Leeper went on,

> is saying Jonathan Jay Pollard is right, but the Secretary of Defense in his sworn declaration to this court is wrong when he states that as a result of Jonathan Pollard’s activities enormous damage has been wrought to the national security.
>
> Jonathan Jay Pollard is right, but the president of the United States, when he issued Executive Order 12356, was wrong when he said that the disclosure, the unauthorized disclosure, of top secret information, to any nation, would cause or could be expected to cause exceptionally grave damage to the national security. Jonathan Jay Pollard is right and every administration since 1948, since the creation of the Israeli state, Republican and Democratic alike, have [*sic*] been wrong when they determined that the disclosure policies should not permit the disclosure to Israel of the kinds of secrets that this defendant sold.

He proceeded to tell the court about the staggering volume of documents Pollard had taken, posing a rhetorical question: Was the court to believe that the spy had personally studied each page to weigh the effect of its disclosure on U.S. foreign relations, assessing whether Israel could and would protect it? No, Pollard had decided from the beginning that it was Israel first, right or wrong, “and once he made that judgment, he was on automatic pilot. . . . He no more understands today how much damage he has done to the national security than he understood back then when he was cramming all that stuff in the suitcase. He didn’t care then and he doesn’t care now. In short, your honor, our view is that his argument that he caused no harm to . . . national security is equal parts of arrogance and deceit.”

One area Leeper touched on was the blind contempt Pollard expressed in his memorandum for the U.S. military and intelligence community. “I came to the conclusion that the United States Navy, like many other naval establishments around the world, was the last refuge of the patrician bigot,” Pollard had written. Elsewhere he had commented that he was motivated by “my ideological convictions and sense of outrage over terrorist incidents, which the world seemed to accept with equanimity, so long as the only casualties were Jews. The reaction in my office to the *Achille Lauro* incident, in which an elderly Jewish man, who also happened to be an American citizen, was brutally murdered, bordered on the comic.” Pollard was referring to an incident on the night of 10 October 1985, in which terrorists had attacked a cruise ship, killed Leon Klinghoffer, and later made an escape by plane.

Pollard, Leeper remarked, had failed to mention that when the United States found out that the perpetrators were fleeing to freedom in Tunisia by an Egypt Air 737 commercial airliner, it took immediate action, launching navy fighters from an aircraft carrier in the middle of the night and intercepting the plane, which was forced to land in Sicily.

Leeper highlighted the fact that Pollard had signed numerous nondisclosure agreements and violated every one, including the nondisclosure clause in his plea agreement, signed in June 1986 and violated soon thereafter when he talked to a reporter—Leeper refrained from mentioning Wolf Blitzer by name—without authorization.

After touching on other aspects of the case, Leeper concluded by saying: "When it comes to protecting against further disclosure of U.S. secrets, Jonathan Jay Pollard is not a man of his word. And in combination with the breadth of this man's knowledge, the depth of his memory, and the complete lack of honor that he has demonstrated in these proceedings, I suggest to you, your honor, he is a very dangerous man."

When Leeper was done, Assistant U.S. Attorney David Geneson stepped forward to address the court about Anne. His demeanor was smooth, and his comments—well argued and concise—mesmerized the courtroom. After mentioning that Anne had paid $20,000 in cash to American Express between August 1984 and November 1985, the day the operation crashed, he said

> [T]here is no rationale, be it political, ideological, practical or personal, for the fact that she assisted Jonathan Jay Pollard in undermining this country's national security. Being knowledgeable of his conduct, from its inception, in detail, understanding its implications, accepting the fruits, the benefits, the monetary compensation, the two luxurious trips taken within an eight-month period, she also sought and obtained from her husband classified, secret PRC documents, used those documents, examined them, took notes on them, left her fingerprints on them, and then kept them along with other classified documents her husband was storing in her apartment. . . .

Geneson gave a blow-by-blow account of Anne's actions triggered the night Pollard had called her and uttered the code word *cactus*. Next he launched into her *60 Minutes* interview with Mike Wallace the previous Sunday. When Wallace had asked whether she had understood what she was getting into, her response was, "Very much so." And when asked how everyone else could be wrong and she and her husband right, Anne replied, ". . . I did . . . expected to do . . . our moral obligation was as Jews . . . our moral obligation was as human beings, and I have no regrets about that." Geneson emphasized this comment.

“This defendant comes to this court with a mask of contrition and remorse,” Geneson exclaimed. “She is terribly sorry, according to her counsel, according to herself, about what has happened. Your honor, the government suggests she is terribly sorry that she is caught. . . . [M]oreover, the government believes, based upon how she appeared, what she said, how she acted in a much less emotional environment this past Sunday night, if given the opportunity, she would do the same today as she did before.”

Anne’s characterization of her conduct as a political crime was misleading, he concluded. Rather, it was a criminal act, and should be paid for with “a sentence of incarceration reflective of her lack of remorse and . . . commensurate with the severity of the acts in which she was engaged.”

The defense had the last word. Richard Hibey asked if his brother James could go first.

“Yes, age before beauty?” Robinson said, breaking the tension in the courtroom.

“That’s one way of putting it, your honor,” Richard replied.

Quiet laughter rose from the packed courtroom, then James began his attempt to diminish the harm Geneson had done to his client. He suggested that there was nothing sinister about Anne’s motive, repeating that she had acted out of love for her husband. As for her comment on *60 Minutes* that she had no regrets about helping her husband, Wallace, he contended, had cut her off and asked another question before she could finish her answer. The comment had been taken out of context, he maintained.

“Did you know about it?” Robinson inquired.

“No, your honor, not until it was done.”

“I didn’t think so.”

Hibey’s attempts to salvage his defense argument were strained, and in light of what Anne had said on nationwide television, his conclusion struck me as especially so: “What I am suggesting to the court is she has been punished enough. She will continue to be punished simply by the very virtue of separation from her husband. We ask the court to consider it all, show some mercy, and place her on probation.”

Without further delay Richard Hibey stepped forward, his last chance to speak on Pollard’s behalf. After reiterating that Pollard wasn’t denying guilt—he knew he was wrong and admitted it to the court—the attorney held that in providing documents to the Israelis, Pollard had done no real injury to the United States, and certainly not enough to warrant a maximum sentence.

Judge Robinson broke his silence. “That depends entirely upon what credence I give to what I have read, doesn’t it?”

“That is correct, and that, in the final analysis, your honor, is what I have to rely on. Obviously, all of us, and understandably so, are restricted by the laws involving the discussion in open court of classified information. . . .”

Robinson and Hibey went back and forth about the extent of the damage Pollard had caused to national security, treading gingerly on account of the classified material used as evidence. “The point I am trying to make,” Hibey reiterated, “is that the arguments, both under seal and in the redacted public record, . . . stand for the proposition that the damage here is not serious damage to the United States.”

“Well, then, I would ask you to think and not articulate,” Robinson said.

“Yes sir.”

“But I would ask you to think about the secretary of defense’s affidavit, as it related to only one thing, and I won’t even pinpoint it, as it related to only one area with reference to one particular category of publication, and I fail to see how you can make that argument.”

“Your honor,” Hibey replied, “I must say, in all candor, my recollection of the secretary’s affidavit is not so precise that I can be responsive to you, even in a generalized sense.”

Robinson summoned the attorneys to the bench and a short conversation ensued, put under seal by the court. Afterwards, Hibey changed his strategy and started to mention the terrible conditions Pollard had lived under during his fifteen months in jail.

Robinson said, “Do you honestly think that this is going to make any difference? . . . Give me some credit.”

Hibey went on to contend that what the government had first thought was classified information provided by Pollard to the media—again, he didn’t mention Blitzer by name—had in fact not been, and that should enable Robinson to exercise his sentencing discretion in a “lenient and merciful manner.”

“I wish you would focus on sentencing *judgment* and not discretion,” Robinson responded. “I don’t have unlimited discretion. . . . What I exercise is judgment in the context of everything I know about the case.”

What Robinson was probably referring to was the fact that the U.S. Office of Probation and Parole and the U.S. Sentencing Commission provided guidelines and recommendations on what the prison sentence should be for federal crimes, and the recommendation given to Robinson in the case of Pollard was thirty years to life. He did, however, have the authority, as stated in the plea agreement, to make a final determination given all the facts of the case, regardless of what sort of sentence the prosecution requested.

The exchange continued between Robinson and Hibey, the latter claiming that Pollard’s arrogance and deception would become candor and cooperation should Aviem Sella ever be taken into custody by the United States, since the evidence against Sella would rely solely on Pollard’s testimony. In the end, Hibey suggested the government had not acknowledged Pollard’s cooperation and asked the court for “a judgment tempered with mercy.” Judge Robinson asked the prosecutors if they wanted to respond to Mr. Hibey's claim. Leeper replied that in the "Government's Classified Sentencing Memorandum," a pleading filed on 9 January 1987, Pollard's cooperation had indeed been acknowledged.

"Does that refresh your memory, Mr. Hibey?" Robinson asked.

"Yes sir."

At that point Robinson asked the defense attorneys if another recess was necessary. They said no, but after Pollard said something to his attorney, a five-minute recess was requested. Perhaps he wanted to say one last good-bye to Anne before the sentences came down.

When the court resumed, Judge Robinson summoned the attorneys and their clients to the bench. Anne's attorney stood behind her. As they moved forward, several federal marshals closed in behind the Pollards. Dead silence fell over the packed courtroom and people leaned forward in their seats. Pollard was breathing heavily and Anne had her arms crossed over her stomach as if in pain.

Abruptly Judge Robinson broke the silence. "I think I should state for the record," he began,

> that during my tenure in this court, I have never had more voluminous submissions in connection with the sentencing of a defendant than I have had in this case. And in addition to those voluminous submissions by each side, I have also received numerous communications directed to the court with respect to this procedure.
>
> I have read all of the material once, twice, thrice, if you will, and I have given careful consideration, not only to the submissions, but to argument of counsel, and I pronounce sentence as follows: With respect to the defendant Jonathan Jay Pollard, who is being sentenced for violation of Title 18, United States Code, section 794 c., I commit the defendant to the custody of the attorney general or his authorized representative for his life.

"No, no, no!" Anne screamed, and slumped forward. While she cried hysterically and gasped for breath, the guards to either side of her grabbed her under the arms and with great difficulty tried to keep her up.

The instant Robinson uttered the word *life*, Pollard looked at Anne collapsing into the guards' arms. His face paled and he seemed dazed and confused, like a beaten man with no energy left to respond. The guards to his rear immediately grabbed him by the arms and held him.

Anne was crouched over, still holding her stomach and crying uncontrollably. "With respect to the defendant Anne Henderson Pollard," Robinson continued, talking over her cries, "I commit [her] to the custody of the attorney general or his authorized representative on the first count of the information to a period of five years."

This prompted another screech from Anne, and more hysterical crying. Had it not been for the guards propping her up, she would have collapsed on the ground like a rag doll. Before the sentencing, she must have been convinced 100 percent that she would be released on parole.

By then the courtroom was in an uproar. Robinson pounded his gavel, trying to subdue the voices, but they were still buzzing when he continued. "With respect to the second count . . . , commit the defendant to a period of five years to run concurrent by the counts. In addition, as required by the comprehensive crime control act, I impose a fifty-dollar assessment on each count, which Pollard also received. There will be a special designation with respect to the place of incarceration."

James Hibey shouted over the chaotic noise and Anne's continued screams, "Your honor, could I request that she be allowed to remain on bond pending that commitment . . . and . . . to submit herself directly to the institution?"

"That request is denied," Robinson said emphatically, then rose from the bench and turned to the clerk. "Recess the court."

Pollard tried desperately to grab Anne and comfort her, and as he did, guards and U.S. marshals seemed to come out of the woodwork. They were swarming all over the place. Pollard finally got hold of his wife's arm, but for no more than a split second before he was bundled out of the room by marshals. Anne, now totally out of control, whipping her head back and forth and still wailing "No, no, no," had to be literally dragged out. Reporters scrambled for the doorway, knocking into benches in their rush to be the first to tell the story.

It was a little after five. In the frenzy I became separated from Agents Redman and Jechorek and ended up on the front steps of the courthouse, not far from where U.S. Attorney Joseph diGenova was being mobbed by reporters. I stopped to listen. When someone asked if Pollard would really have to spend his whole life in prison, diGenova responded, "It is likely he'll never see the light of day again."

During years of spinning tales from prison, Pollard has misled the public regarding his sentence. It is therefore important to stress this truth: the stipulation in the plea agreement was that the *government* wouldn't ask for a life sentence, and indeed the government did not. As laid out in the plea agreement, it was the judge who was responsible for determining the sentence. If, based on the federal sentencing guidelines he had been issued, Judge Robinson decided that the former analyst deserved the strictest sentence they allowed, so be it. Clearly, the judge believed that the damage

Pollard had inflicted on the United States justified the punishment of a lifetime behind bars.

Immediately after sentencing, Anne went to the federal penitentiary in Lexington, Kentucky, while Pollard was transferred from the federal penitentiary in Petersburg, Virginia, to a federal penal institution and hospital in Springfield, Missouri, to undergo physical and some psychological testing. In January 1988, after it was determined that he was fit, Pollard was moved to the federal penitentiary in Marion, Illinois, a level-six prison that happened to be home to navy spy John Walker and many infamous, hard-core criminals. For his own protection, Pollard was put in a cell apart from potentially violent inmates. (Oddly, prisoners with a history of violence tend to hate spies.) His cell happened to be next to Walker's. One day Barry Colvert, the FBI polygraph examiner who had gained Pollard's trust during their interviews, dropped by the prison facility to visit Walker and noticed that Pollard occupied the adjacent cell. When he finished talking with Walker he knocked on Pollard's cell door and looked inside. The convict glanced at him and said, "I don't ever want to talk to you again without an attorney." Five years later Pollard was switched to a medium-security prison in Butner, North Carolina.

In June 1987 Richard Hibey filed a motion to reduce Pollard's sentence. The analyst's actions, he argued, had not compromised national security. Moreover, Pollard had cooperated fully with the government, which had failed to give him due credit for this, in breach of its promise in the plea agreement. The harsh sentence could have a deleterious effect on future cases when defendants pleaded guilty because, believing they would get nothing in return, they would have less incentive to cooperate. Then there was the problem of disparity in sentencing. Pollard, Hibey argued, had received a much harsher sentence than defendants in other espionage cases who had spied for allies, and some of them hadn't even cooperated with the government.[1]

In its response, the government contended that every reason cited by the defendant in the effort to reduce his sentence had already been considered and rejected in the court's original decision. The damage assessment provided in Weinberger's memorandum was accurate.[2] As for Pollard's cooperation with the government, during sentencing no specifics had been mentioned in the prosecution's address to the court because they were classified. Only the judge, the defendant, and his attorneys had seen the document that detailed the information Pollard had provided to the government.

In arguing against a reduction of sentence, the government asked the court to consider the fact that Pollard had lied to the court at his original sentencing when he expressed remorse for his actions. Indeed, after the sentencing, the *Jerusalem Post*

Foreign Service had published a letter from Pollard in its op-ed page, "Reflections from a Jail Cell." The government attached this rambling missive, written on 17 March, to its motion. The letter read, in part:,

> Needless to say, our experience at the sentencing was cruel beyond comprehension. Although I would have preferred to have gone down flying my "true colors," the attorney stressed the fact that I had to show remorse if Anne were to stand any chance at all of receiving probation.
>
> Accordingly, I agreed to say things which burned my soul with shame, hoping that by such contrived regret the court's apparent need for a moral victory over my convictions would be satisfied. In hindsight, this recantation, which fooled no one, was reprehensible and debased the memory of those Jews who had found the courage to endure such torment, unsullied by submission to either their persecutors or despair.[3]

Not only was Pollard not remorseful, the government held, but also he had leaked classified information and continued to do so. After the sentencing, the Federal Bureau of Prisons had begun reviewing his correspondence. "Perhaps not surprisingly," the government commented, ". . . on three occasions defendant included extensive classified information in letters to his wife, and more recently in a letter to an attorney/author, who has written critically of the sentence imposed by this court and from whom defendant has sought assistance on the public relations aspects of his case."[4]

As for other spies who had received lesser sentences, the government maintained that all sentences handed out in espionage cases had to be based on the merits of each separate case. It went on to say that the volume of TS/SCI materials Pollard compromised was enormous, as great as in any reported espionage case, and that because of the depth of the defendant's knowledge, his paramount loyalty to a foreign nation, and his refusal to comply with nondisclosure agreements contained in the plea agreement, the defendant, unlike other individuals who had spied for non-Communist countries, would remain a threat to U.S. national security for the foreseeable future.[5]

In its motion the government also noted that on 17 April 1987, the U.S. Sentencing Commission had promulgated more restrictive and uniform guidelines for espionage. Sentences were based on a point system reflecting the severity of the crime. The number of "gravity of crime" points dictating a mandatory life sentence for anyone gathering or transmitting top-secret defense information to aid a foreign nation, whether an ally or not, was forty-two. Pollard's number under these guidelines was forty-eight.[6] A sentence of life imprisonment in cases such as his was now required.

The court denied Pollard’s motion to reduce his sentence, but from his cell he continued to argue that he was right for helping Israel.

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* All quotations regarding the Pollard sentencing are excerpted from the transcript of the hearing. The full transcript can be found by the following citation: *U.S. v. Jonathan Jay Pollard and Anne Henderson Pollard*, Criminal Action Nos. 86-207 & 86-208, 1–65 (U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia, 1987).

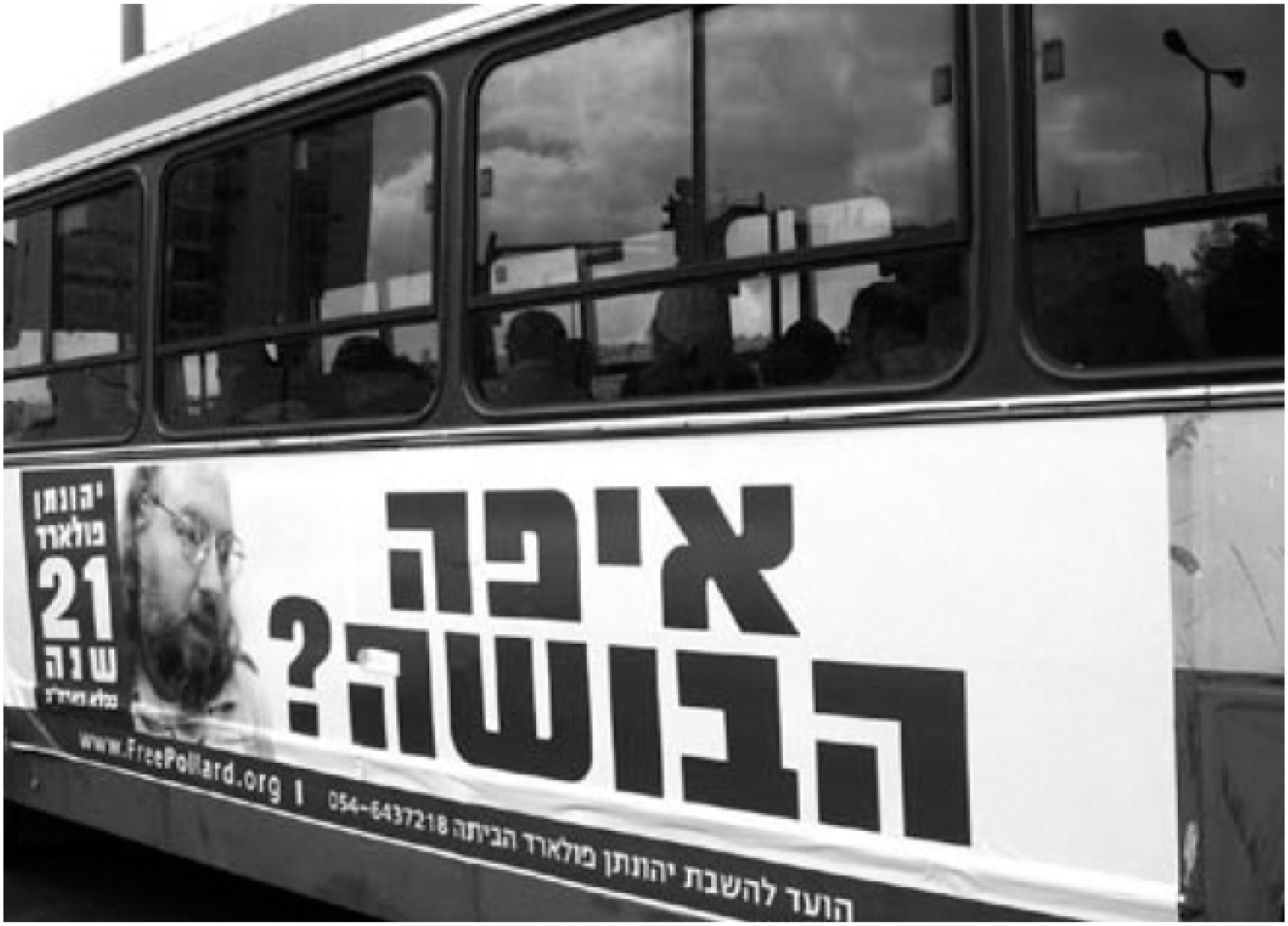
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Poster campaign on side of bus in Israel to win support in Pollard's bid for freedom —ELECTRONIC MEDIA

Chapter 27

THE AFTERMATH

For the past twenty-one years in a bid for freedom, Pollard has orchestrated a brilliant public relations campaign from his jail cell. Assisting in this effort is a list of attorneys that reads like a Who's Who of the legal profession. Since his arrest in 1985, the lawyers he has retained from both the United States and Israel number well over a dozen. Multitalented and high priced, they include Alan Dershowitz, defense attorney, prolific author, and professor at Harvard Law School, and Theodore Olson, the former forty-second solicitor general of the United States and a man who has argued thirty-four cases before the U.S. Supreme Court.

By twisting or omitting relevant facts and making unsubstantiated allegations of anti-Semitism, Pollard has garnered the support of many well-meaning people and organizations that might look at his case differently if they knew the whole truth. In May 2000, in an interview on CNN's *The World Today* with David Ensor, Richard Haver, who was in charge of damage assessment for the Pollard case, described him as a "confused person who loved the thrill of espionage and had security problems long before he worked for the Israelis. . . . Pollard . . . would've compromised the Israelis in a heartbeat, if it had struck him as something that he wanted to do. . . . He has now reinvented himself as a great Jewish patriot. . . ." Several analysts who worked with Pollard in the ATAC told me that at that time, they didn't even know he was Jewish. Indeed, he remarked to Richard Sullivan that he was High Church Episcopalian.

Kurt Lohbeck, the reporter to whom Pollard told investigators he had passed classified materials, would agree that the analyst reinvented himself. On page 136 of his book, *Holy War, Unholy Victory*, he writes: "Jay's reason for selling government secrets to Israel . . . was not a deep personal commitment to Israel, but a personal commitment to his wife and to his pocketbook. Jay wanted to wine, dine, and travel first class and to bedeck Anne with jewelry. He never concealed that he was an intelligence analyst. In fact, he boasted about it, proudly displaying a courier card that allowed him to avoid customs and immigration checks at ports of entry, calling it his get-out-of-jail-free card."

Pollard started his campaign from jail by courting Jewish leaders and was initially rejected by much of the American Jewish community. After gaining the support of ardent Zionists, he used them to help him convince others that he was right and the government wrong. His support group started growing slowly while he was at the federal correctional facility in Marion, Illinois, and picked up speed in the 1990s. Today he has a huge network of supporters in Israel as well as a substantial following in the United States. More than sixty organizations have pushed for his release. From his jail cell he has even managed to pull the strings of the Israeli parliament, the Knesset, on issues that directly affect his bid for freedom. Thousands of news reports, numerous television programs, several books, and a personal web site have made Jonathan Jay Pollard a virtual household name.

It was 11 October 1988, and after lengthy negotiations among CBS, the Department of Justice, and the DNI, Mike Wallace of *60 Minutes* sat down at the federal prison in Marion for an interview with Pollard. Alan Dershowitz was also interviewed in this segment, along with U.S. Attorney Joseph diGenova, Jim Jones of the U.S. Bureau of Prisons, and the woman Wallace had interviewed once before, Anne Pollard.[1]

The DNI had stipulated that Pollard not be interviewed by anyone without an ONI representative present. In fact, two other people attended—an officer from the ONI and a special agent from the NIS. "I see the rats have come out of the woodwork," Pollard commented upon spotting the two men sitting behind him.

The prisoner made an opening statement in which he apologized for breaking the law. He had merely wanted to assist Israel, he said. Then he started talking about the Holocaust and how in the 1940s the United States had abandoned the Jewish people to their fate.

Wallace pointed out that John Walker had received life for spying for the Soviets for twenty years. Why, he asked diGenova, did Pollard receive the same sentence as someone who had spied for a hostile nation and for a drastically longer period? DiGenova replied that the Weinberger memorandum spelled out in detail how severely Pollard had compromised U.S. national security. If the American public were ever given access to what he had taken and sold, the attorney said, "there would be no question about the sentence."

Pollard continued to deny passing any information that would hurt the United States. When asked why he had signed the plea agreement, he replied that the government had been holding his wife hostage and he was told if he didn't sign, her medical care would be withheld. He neglected to mention that months before the plea agreement was finalized, his wife had been out on bond.

Even after he signed the agreement, he claimed, she wasn't given medical treatment because he wouldn't identify the man the media had dubbed Mr. X. (Mr. X was the shadowy U.S. official who the government suspected was still actively spying on behalf of the Israelis.) The suspicion arose from the fact that on several occasions his Israeli handlers had asked Pollard for specific TS/SCI materials, citing exact titles and in some cases document control numbers. The suspicion was never proven. Following his guilty plea, Pollard told Wallace, someone in the government had shown him a master list of Jews suspected of being Mr. X. Though pressed hard by Wallace, Pollard wouldn't say who showed him the list, on the grounds that agents changed their names every time he talked with them.

Then he changed his mind and said that diGenova had shown him the list. Wallace queried diGenova about this. The district attorney adamantly denied the existence of such a list, saying that what Pollard was alleging was an outrageous falsehood, an "example of the level and depth to which he had stooped in order to try and extricate himself from a situation that he, and he alone, was responsible for." Pollard retaliated by calling diGenova "a pathological liar, and an unethical and incompetent attorney."

When Wallace reminded Pollard that several of the U.S. attorneys on his case had been Jewish Americans, he looked agitated and responded, "Yes, and there were Capos also during the concentration camps."

Pollard ended his interview with a quote from Graham Greene's novel *The Quiet American*, saying, "I never met a man who had better motives for all the trouble he's caused."

Wallace spoke with Anne at the federal medical center in Rochester, Minnesota, where she had been moved to receive medical attention. Once again, she was holding her stomach as if in pain. In response to a question about her medical care, Anne compared her situation to "what it must've been like in Auschwitz forty-seven years ago in terms of medical treatment, in terms of abuse—it's terrible." She claimed that her problem had been diagnosed but not treated, and that prison officials had told her she needed to learn how to deal with the pain.

Jim Jones had a different story. He acknowledged to Wallace that Anne was ill and in pain but denied that proper medical treatment had been withheld. She had filed numerous motions to have her sentence reduced or commuted on the grounds that she needed to seek outside medical treatment. The prison doctor had seen Anne, and more than twenty physicians from the Mayo Clinic had examined her. Jones said she had been refusing treatment because, in his judgment, were she to accept treatment and get better, it would remove her excuse for trying to spring herself from jail.

Later in the segment, diGenova commented to Wallace, “What this case is all about is what the Pollards have done to themselves, from day one. This has never been about what anyone has done to the Pollards.”

In January 1988 the Knesset had submitted a resolution to the U.S. Congressional Record in the form of a letter, and Congressman Norman Lent of New York forwarded it to President Ronald Reagan. It was read into the Congressional record on 19 October 1988. The letter read, in part, “We the undersigned, members of the Knesset, the parliament of Israel, ask you to grant executive pardon to Jonathan and Anne Pollard. We are fully cognizant of the complexities of the issue; however, we approach you on a humanitarian basis, assuming that after the Pollards are granted pardon they will immigrate to Israel. Humanitarian considerations especially require that generosity be applied to Anne Pollard, whose health requires utmost consideration of her needs.”[2] The president took no action.

In August 1991, Pollard’s attorney at the time argued before the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in Washington, D.C., that Pollard’s sentence should be commuted on the following grounds: His plea had resulted in a miscarriage of justice, the government had breached its plea agreement, and Pollard’s counsel had been denied access to important evidence. Theodore Olson wrote the brief. President George H. W. Bush followed the lead of his predecessor in the White House by refusing to commute the sentence.

Many years later, in March 2005, I attended a conference on counterintelligence sponsored by the Office of the National Counterintelligence Executive and the George Bush School of Government at Texas A&M University. CIA operations officer Brian Kelley and author and lecturer H. Keith Melton gave a presentation on the Robert Hanssen spy case. Former President George H. W. Bush attended, and after the presentation I had a chance to speak briefly with him. I shook his hand and said, “Mr. President, if you think the Hanssen case is interesting, you may want to read the book I’m writing on Jonathan Jay Pollard.”

He looked me in the eyes and replied: “He belongs just where he is, in jail. You do know there are a lot of people trying to get him out. That really burns me up.”

After serving three years and four months of her sentence, Anne was released on parole in March 1990. Four months later, her husband filed for divorce. Allegedly, Anne, in total disbelief, was served with divorce papers while in the hospital suffering from the stomach ailment that had plagued her for years.

Many conflicting stories circulated in the media about why Pollard decided to divorce Anne. According to one, he thought she was better off leaving him behind and getting on with her life. Other versions attributed the rift to rivalries flaring up between their parents over money and movie rights, and to a dispute over money owed to Anne from Pollard's fundraising efforts.[3] So many charges and countercharges were being bandied about—a situation exacerbated by the meddling of family and attorneys—that almost no one could decipher the truth.

Why the former analyst and the redheaded beauty with whom he had been so smitten divorced will probably never be known. Had Pollard rejected Anne—or was it the other way around? Anne's interviewers had remarked that she hadn't asked after Pollard's welfare when the two of them were in jail, before the sentencing. Whatever the case may be, it was a sordid ending to a sordid love story. Fortunately, their union had produced no children.

On 20 August 1990, the Immigration and Naturalization Service reported that one of the coconspirators in the Pollard case, Ilan Ravid, arrived at New York's Kennedy Airport with a tourist passport and a fourteen-day visa. He provided the address of 3514 International Drive, Washington, D.C. (the Israeli embassy). Although he was interviewed by the U.S. delegation in Israel in December 1985, he was less than forthcoming and did not reveal the names of the individuals in his residence that helped copy the classified documents Pollard provided. The government considered the possibility of asking him to submit to an interview. The NIS Investigative Summary Report indicated that it was unknown whether this interview ever came about.

Anne moved to Israel in 1991, looking to start a new life and bring closure to the Pollard espionage affair. She received her Israeli citizenship shortly after arriving.[4] In 1998, however, she moved back to the United States and settled in California. According to an article in the 23 May 2004 edition of the *Jerusalem Post*, Anne, with the help of a Toronto-based film company, was demanding five million dollars in damages from the Israeli government for what she called "a horrific nineteen years following her arrest," during which the Israelis abused and neglected her. She claimed that while she'd been living in Israel a watchdog of sorts was assigned to her, and that he demanded a monthly accounting of all her actions and expenses. The Israeli government was leaking lies about her and trying to make her leave, she complained. "I left Israel. I couldn't stand it."[5]

As for her ex-husband, when Pollard transferred to the federal penitentiary in Butner, North Carolina, in 1994, he married an ardent admirer and supporter of his from Canada, Ester Seitz. According to Ester, the two were married in a private ceremony during one of her visits to the penitentiary, though reporters could find no official records of the marriage.[6] Since that time, she has dedicated her entire heart and soul to setting him free.

Not long after President George H. W. Bush refused to commute Pollard's sentence, the Orthodox Union of Jewish Congregations of America, representing one thousand synagogues, wrote a letter to Attorney General William Barr strongly recommending commutation.[7] In a two-to-one decision, the U.S. Court of Appeals denied Pollard a new hearing, but in a radio broadcast in April 1992, the president-elect, William Clinton, said he would “reevaluate Pollard’s life sentence and compare it to sentences handed out to other people under similar circumstances.”[8]

While the Anti-Defamation League of B’nai Brith declared they believed anti-Semitism had not been the driving force behind Pollard’s sentence, and the American Jewish Congress had not yet fully thrown its support behind him, more and more newspaper columns, mostly in the Israeli press, began to call for Pollard’s release. On 30 November 1993, in a show of solidarity for Pollard in the Jewish religious community, a full-page advertisement showed up in the *New York Times*, “An Open Letter to President Clinton,” signed by a thousand rabbis. The ad read in part: “We . . . wish to voice our plea for justice for Jonathan Pollard. We in no way condone acts of espionage or any violation of our country’s laws. We nonetheless call upon you, Mr. President, to recognize that the lifetime sentence imposed upon Jonathan Pollard is unduly harsh and grossly inconsistent with the punishment given to other Americans convicted of similar and even worse crimes.” A week later Leonard Garment, one of Pollard’s attorneys, made the same plea in an op-ed piece in the *Washington Post*.

David Geneson, the former assistant U.S. attorney who had prosecuted the Pollards, broke his silence and spoke out publicly about the case in a letter to the *Washington Post*, arguing that Pollard had passed secrets to Israel for money, and that his giving them to an ally didn’t lessen the crime. “What [Pollard] did illegally disclose, and thereby compromise, was a range of this country’s most important secrets, much of which was pure intelligence unusable to the Israelis except as bargaining chips and leverage against the United States. . . .” Pollard’s life sentence was “what he deserved. . . . If a president wants to grant Pollard clemency, so be it. . . . Along with others, I did my part to enforce the law. . . . But let those who press Pollard’s position not minimize, modify or be less than truthful. Jonathan Pollard committed espionage, the effect of which was to inflict grave damage to the national security of the United States. . . .”[9]

Responding to Geneson in the *Washington Post*, Olson denounced a claim of his that the government hadn’t broken the plea agreement. He cited three breaches of the plea agreement, stating that the government had “savagely” attacked “Pollard’s motives and personality” and defamed him by saying he was motivated by money. “The government’s emotional and hyperbolic arguments,” he concluded, “succeeded in securing the harshest possible punishment of Jonathan Pollard—life imprisonment—even though the government had promised it would not seek such a sentence.”[10] This is the central contention of countless books, articles, and motions to the court for resentencing.

Despite mounting pressure from a number of American Jewish leaders, an important political constituency of President Clinton's, he refused to commute Pollard's sentence.[11] Leaders of the American Zionist movement released a statement on 24 March 1994, expressing deep disappointment and vowing to continue pressing for Pollard's release on humanitarian grounds when he came up for parole.

Around August 1995, Pollard filed a petition with Israel's Supreme Court asking for citizenship. His sister, Carol Pollard, had formed an advocacy group called Citizens for Justice for Pollard that sent twenty-plus thousand signatures to the parole board asking for his release, and it was alleged in the press that she and other members of Pollard's family were opposed to his receiving Israeli citizenship because it would hurt his chances of getting parole (something Pollard had never asked for) and clemency. A rift set in between Pollard and his immediate family, and he cut off all ties with them. Later, in a letter Pollard released via electronic media to his sister, he threatened to sue her if she didn't cease speaking to the press about his case. He also wanted a full accounting of the money she had raised through her advocacy group. He was alleged to have told Seymour Reich, president of the American Zionist movement, and Ammo Dror of the Public Committee Office for Jonathan Pollard, to dissociate themselves from his case because of statements they had made to the Israeli press expressing hesitation about supporting his effort to obtain Israeli citizenship.[12]

On 22 November 1995, ten years and one day after he had been arrested outside the Israeli embassy, Pollard was granted full Israeli citizenship. In a ceremony held later at the federal penitentiary in Butner, he was presented with his citizenship papers. The following month Prime Minister Shimon Peres met with President Clinton and asked for clemency for Pollard. The president also received letters from former Israeli prime ministers, defense ministers, and Knesset members pleading for his release. Pollard was confident that his Israeli citizenship would be enough to sway the president to release him. On 26 July 1996, however, his ploy to achieve freedom through Israeli citizenship backfired when Clinton denied his request for clemency.

For twelve years Pollard had been aggressively claiming that his espionage wasn't a rogue operation, that it was sanctioned by the very top echelon of the Israeli government, and for twelve years the Israelis had denied it. Pollard had to find a way to force their hand.

In the spring of 1997, with the help of Ester and a stable of attorneys, Pollard filed an appeal with the High Court of Justice in Israel to prod the government into admitting that in fact he had been its agent.[13] Though the Israelis reportedly tried to ban publication of the appeal, newspapers got hold of the story.

Meanwhile, news leaked that the FBI was investigating the possibility that a top U.S. government official, the mysterious Mr. X, had been passing sensitive information to the Israelis. According to the story, Secretary of State Warren Christopher provided a letter to Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat after Arafat negotiated a withdrawal of Israeli forces from the West Bank with Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu. The letter spelled out U.S. guarantees for the withdrawals. No copy was sent to the Israelis. The NSA managed to tape a conversation between an Israeli intelligence officer in the United States and his supervisor in Tel Aviv in which they discussed how to obtain a copy. The Israeli intelligence officer proposed that they get it from "Mega," whereupon the supervisor was reported to have said, "This is not something we use Mega for."[14] The Israeli ambassador to the United States strongly denied the allegation.

In an article in the *Washington Post* dated 14 December 1997, Netanyahu released a letter he had sent to Pollard in prison. "I hope that our efforts on your behalf will help and that you will be a free man soon," he wrote. The following February Pollard published part of a letter he had written to Netanyahu in which he blamed Eliakim Rubinstein for his arrest and the bitter fate that followed. Rubinstein, who had been the senior official present at the Israeli embassy in Washington, D.C., at the time of Pollard's apprehension, was in charge of the ministerial Israeli committee trying to secure his release. Rubinstein resigned from this position.[15]

The Israeli government tried desperately to come up with a way to appease Pollard without embarrassing the State of Israel. They offered to give a statement to the United States conceding that he had been recruited by Israelis and had acted on behalf of Israel, but without the government's knowledge of the actual operation. Enraged, Pollard demanded that he be recognized as an agent who had been fully sanctioned by the Israelis. Apparently, he told his attorney in Israel to cease all negotiations with the government there.

The Israeli newspaper *Ha'aretz* was a thorn in Pollard's side because it published a series of articles critical of the former spy. In one, Ronen Bergman and Arye Dayan wrote of "Israel's official contention that he was working as part of a rogue operation that was not authorized from above. Every Israeli leader who has asked the U.S. to release Jonathan Pollard has held steadfastly to this position. Acceding to Pollard's request would make liars of four Israeli Prime Ministers (Peres, Shamir, Rabin, and Netanyahu) and two defense ministers (Herzog and Weisman), who would all be shown to have told untruths to three U.S. presidents (Reagan, Bush, and Clinton)."[16] In admitting that it had sanctioned Pollard, Israel would also be confessing that for thirteen years it had lied to the people of Israel and the United States, the U.S. Congress, and numerous Jewish religious organizations.

Nevertheless, on 11 May 1998, Israel issued a formal proclamation that Jonathan Pollard had “acted as an official Israeli agent, handled by those serving as high-ranking senior officials of the Israeli Bureau for Scientific Relations [LAKAM].”[17] In acknowledging its obligation to Pollard and its readiness to assume full responsibility, the State of Israel had succumbed to thirteen years of persistent demands. Pollard, it seemed, had won.

Two months later, the Israeli paper *Ma’ariv* ran a cover story on Pollard’s spy handler Rafael “Rafi” Eitan, who during all the years since Pollard’s arrest had kept relatively quiet about the involvement of the Israeli government. At last he came clean, and all was soon forgiven between him and his former agent. Eitan vowed he would do everything in his power to promote Pollard’s release.[18] Other than Alexander Feklisov, the Rosenberg’s KGB handler, no other spy handler has spoken out publicly for the spy he managed. It was also the first time Eitan admitted the operation had been sanctioned from the beginning.

As time went on, I grew tired of counterintelligence work and wanted to get back to what I liked best, general crimes and homicides, particularly cold cases. When John McEleny, the deputy director of the NCIS, offered me a job as the division chief for death investigations policy and oversight, I jumped at the opportunity. In the fall of 1998, while I was sitting at my desk at NCIS headquarters, my phone started ringing off the hook. At the time, President Clinton was meeting with the Israelis and the Palestinians at the Wye River Plantation in Maryland to hammer out a peace accord. Apparently to induce the Israelis to sign, and urged on by Prime Minister Netanyahu, Clinton had informed him that he would release Pollard.

This was leaked to the media, igniting a firestorm of reports about Pollard’s imminent release from prison and setting the entire American intelligence community back on its heels. The prison authorities told Pollard to pack his bags, he was going home to Israel. Unable to reach Lydia Jechorek at the FBI, I called another professional acquaintance there, Les Wiser, the agent who had led the Aldridge Ames spy case and was still in counterintelligence. What was going on? According to Wiser, as soon as George Tenet, director of the CIA, heard about the carrot Clinton had extended, he met with the president and informed him that he couldn’t arbitrarily release Pollard, that there was more at stake than just releasing a spy and that the entire intelligence community had to be consulted before a decision about Pollard could be made. Furthermore, if the spy were set free, he would immediately tender his resignation as director of the CIA.

Whether such a conversation really took place was questioned for years, and it wasn’t until 2004, when the former president released his autobiography, *My Life*, that the conversation with Tenet was verified. At any rate, Clinton reconsidered and informed Netanyahu that he would take a serious look at the Pollard case and make his decision by January 1999.[19] If not for the steadfast position of Tenet, Pollard might be free today.

The intelligence community was incredulous that Israel would dare use Pollard as a bargaining chip with the United States in such a sensitive and highly politicized peace process. Four former directors of naval intelligence—Admirals William Studeman, Sumner Shapiro, John Butts, and Thomas Brooks—submitted a letter to the *Washington Post* explaining why they did not believe Pollard deserved a pardon. "In terms of sheer volume of sensitive information betrayed," they emphasized,

> Jonathan Pollard rivals any of the traitors who have plagued this nation in recent times. Nobody is clamoring for the release of traitors like Aldrich Ames, John Walker, or Jerry Whitworth. . . .
>
> We who are painfully familiar with the case feel obligated to go on record with the facts regarding Pollard in order to dispel the myths that have arisen from this clever public relations campaign . . . aimed at transforming Pollard from greedy, arrogant betrayer of the American national trust into Pollard, committed Israeli patriot.
>
> Pollard pleaded guilty and therefore never was publicly tried. Thus, the American people never came to know that he offered classified information to three other countries before working for the Israelis and that he offered his services to a fourth country while he was spying for Israel. They also never came to understand that he was being very highly paid for his services. . . .
>
> Pollard and his apologists argue he turned over to the Israelis information they were being denied that was critical to their security. The fact was, however, Pollard had no way of knowing what the Israeli government was already receiving by way of official intelligence exchange agreements. . . . Some of the data he compromised had nothing to do with Israeli security or even with the Middle East. He betrayed worldwide intelligence data, including sources and methods developed at significant cost to the U.S. taxpayer. As a result of his perfidy, some of those sources are lost forever.
>
> Another claim Pollard made is that the U.S. government reneged on its bargain not to seek the life sentence. What is not heard is that Pollard's part of this bargain was to cooperate fully in an assessment of the damage he had done and to refrain from talking to the press prior to the completion of his sentencing. He blatantly and contemptuously refused to live up to either part of the plea agreement. . . . It was this coupled with the magnitude and consequences of his

> criminal actions that resulted in the judge imposing a life sentence. . . . The appellate court subsequently upheld the life sentence.
>
> If, as Pollard and his supporters claim, he has "suffered enough" for his crimes, he is free to apply for parole as the American judicial system provides. In his arrogance, he has refused to do so, but instead insists on being granted clemency or a pardon.
>
> A presidential grant of clemency or pardon in this or any other espionage case—regardless of the foreign government involved or the ideological motivation—would be totally irresponsible from a national security standpoint. It would send a most damaging message to the loyal U.S. citizens entrusted with our national secrets, many of whom have emotional ties to other nations but nonetheless have taken seriously their oath to keep our national security information secret.
>
> It would also say to foreign governments, "Your secrets are not safe with us." In today's multipolar world, where the threat of international terrorism and the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction are constant concerns, intelligence and security cooperation with friendly foreign nations is essential. Anything that causes our friends to be reluctant to share intelligence with us could severely damage our national security. . . .[20]

On 11 January 1999, the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence sent a letter to President Clinton urging him to deny Pollard's request for commutation. They stressed that releasing him would establish two disturbing precedents. First, it would implicitly condone spying against the United States by an ally. Second, it would undermine the United States' ability "to act as an honest broker throughout the world. We maintain relationships with many nations that are not necessarily complementary to one another. Those relationships depend upon our assurances of confidentiality. If you release Pollard, it will convey a message to our partners that we view secrets kept from our friends less sacrosanct." Chairman Richard Shelby signed the letter along with fifty-nine other senators, including Diane Feinstein, John Kerry, Frank Lautenberg, Joseph Lieberman, and John McCain. In the end, President Clinton decided against granting Pollard clemency.

Pollard responded with vitriol, calling Israeli defense minister Yitzhak Mordechai a national disgrace for allegedly messing up the deal to release him and, in reference to Netanyahu, remarking, "You cannot sit with the Americans and pretend to be a guardian of Israel's security while you sit back and let one of your own agents rot in their hand."[21]

Pollard's attorneys from New York, Elliott Lauer and Jacques Semmelman, had been working relentlessly since 2000, presumably on a pro bono basis, filing motions and attending hearings on his behalf. A little over a year after the Senate committee sent its letter, they filed a motion with the Washington federal court to gain access to the highly classified Weinberger memorandum so they could properly defend Pollard in his quest for resentencing. On 29 November 2000, Congressman Anthony Weiner wrote a letter to the U.S. attorney for the District of Columbia requesting that he allow Pollard's attorneys full access to the sealed portion of the memo.[22] The following January, Chief Judge Norma Holloway Johnson denied the motion, upholding the government's claim that Pollard's attorneys had no need to know. His attorneys also filed a separate motion to "vacate Pollard's sentence," which the court also later denied. In August 2001 Judge Johnson dismissed Pollard's motion for resentencing.

Though Pollard was growing despondent, his support continued to gain ground in Israel. Netanyahu, now the former prime minister, met with him in the Butner correctional facility to reaffirm his support for release, and the Knesset sent a petition to President George W. Bush asking that he commute Pollard's sentence on humanitarian grounds. One hundred twelve of the Knesset's 120 members signed the petition.

Pollard's next step was to approach the federal court of appeals. A new chief judge, Thomas Hogan, was assigned to hear his motions. In September 2003 Pollard's attorneys argued their case for a new sentencing and access to the classified Weinberger memorandum. Pollard experienced yet another setback when Judge Hogan refused them access to the Weinberger memorandum—they hadn't proven a need to know—and denied him a hearing on resentencing. They immediately filed another motion with the court to hear their case for a "certificate of appealability," which, if successful, would permit the previous motions filed to be heard and ruled on again. Judge Johnson summarily rejected their appeal.

In June 2004 Pollard had his first major win when a two-judge panel ruled that his attorneys could argue an appeal of the lower court's decision not to reopen his case on sentencing and denying him access to classified information. The following March they presented oral arguments to a three-judge panel of the appeals court. The presiding judges were Judith Rogers, David Sentelle, and Karen Henderson, and Assistant U.S. Attorney Mary McCord presented the government's case. According to some reports, the judges appeared cool to Pollard's attorneys in their bid for a new sentencing and access to classified information. Whatever their feelings, the appellate court set no date for a final ruling.

On 8 May 2005, the Associated Press reported that Pollard had submitted a document to the Israeli Supreme Court in which he alleged that he had been tortured in jail. In one incident, he claimed, he had been stripped naked in a subzero cell and had ice water thrown on him. He was trying to force the Israeli government to declare him a “prisoner of Zion,” a status that had been created for Jewish activists imprisoned in the Soviet Union in the 1970s and 1980s. Supposedly, Israel was legally bound to do everything in its power to get prisoners of Zion released from jail.

Ten days after the AP report appeared, First Lady Laura Bush was visiting the Western Wall in Jerusalem. In a moment of silence, protesters demonstrating for the release of Pollard began chanting, “Free Pollard! Free Pollard!” The Israeli police held them back as Secret Service agents surrounded the First Lady.

On 22 July, in a two-to-one decision, the U.S. Court of Appeals denied Pollard’s appeal.

On 16 January 2006, the Supreme Court of Israel rejected Pollard’s plea to be declared a “Prisoner of Zion.”[23] Then, in February, Pollard’s attorneys petitioned the United States Supreme Court to allow them access to former Secretary of Defense Casper Weinberger’s TS/SCI damage assessment.[24] The attorneys contend that having access will prove that much of the “supposed repercussions” of his spying activities never really happened. They may try to prove that the classified information that Pollard gave to the Israelis was not damaging to the United States.

The week of 13 March 2006 Pollard’s web site reported that: The Committee to Bring Jonathan Pollard Home had launched a massive media blitz throughout Israel, hanging up gigantic posters that featured Jonathan Pollard’s picture and the text (in Hebrew), AYFOH HA’BOOSHA? (Where is the sense of shame?). Citizens were being encouraged to hang the posters and banners on their balconies and buildings that displayed a graphic icon of Pollard and the Hebrew text: ROTZIM ET POLLARD BABAYIT! (We want Pollard home!) The cost of launching this country-wide campaign and where the funds were coming from was not mentioned.

A week later, on 20 March 2006, the U.S. Supreme Court justices rejected Pollard’s appeal to grant him access to classified documents in his sentencing file, among them the damage assessment memorandum by former Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger. Pollard hoped the documents would assist him in his pursuit of clemency from President Bush. The high court moved without comment to let stand a U.S. appeals court ruling that federal courts lack the jurisdiction to review claims of access to such materials in clemency petitions.[25]

On 28 March 2006 Rafael Eitan, leader of the Pensioners’ Party, ran in the Israeli elections and won one of the seven seats his party captured in the parliament. It was reported that a small contingent of Pollard supporters charged into Eitan’s headquarters and accused him of abandoning Pollard.[26]

It was the latest chapter in the dramatic, seemingly endless saga of Jonathan Jay Pollard’s quest for freedom. Most spies, when jailed, fade into obscurity. Not Pollard. No convicted American spies—not even Ethel and Julius Rosenberg—have ever enjoyed as much support from the country they spied for as Pollard. And none has received as much publicity in his own country. Even when selling his nation’s secrets—an activity that demands discretion above all—he drew attention to himself, and incarceration has done nothing to stop that. Today Jonathan Jay Pollard is right where he loves to be—not in jail, but in the spotlight.

Chapter 28

MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN SINNING?

The arguments continue—was Jonathan Jay Pollard's life sentence just or unjust? The federal statute to which he pleaded guilty falls under the criminal espionage laws of the United States. According to Title 18, section (794) (c), a person is in violation of this statute if he or she,

> with intent or reason to believe that it is to be used to the injury of the United States or to the advantage of a foreign nation, communicates, delivers, or transmits, or attempts to communicate, deliver, or transmit, to any foreign government, or to any faction, or party or military or naval force within a foreign country, . . . or to any representative, officer, agent, employee, subject, or citizen thereof, either directly or indirectly, any document, writing, code book, signal book, sketch, photograph, photographic negative, blueprint, plan, map, model, note, instrument, appliance, or information relating to the national defense, shall be punished by death or by imprisonment for any term of years or for life. . . .

Note that the statute speaks of a foreign nation; nowhere does it provide an exception for an ally.

There was a time when the intelligence community and the Justice Department considered it more advantageous to plea-bargain with a spy and assess the extent of classified information compromised than to go to court and risk the disclosure of yet more secrets. In some cases charges were dropped altogether. In fact, between 1966 and 1975, the U.S. government undertook no espionage prosecutions at all. Then, during Gerald Ford's administration, Attorney General Griffin Bell permitted spies to be tried in court because he believed one could do so without compromising state secrets.

The rationale for Pollard's claim that his sentence is unjust is that, before and after his sentencing, others who spied for allies—and in some cases even for the Soviet

Union—received lesser sentences. Because he spied for a close ally, he believes a lenient sentence is justified.

In a brief to the court in 1987, when he was filing a motion to reduce his sentence, Pollard mentioned certain spies who had received lighter sentences.[1] One was Samuel L. Morison, grandson of the renowned naval historian Samuel E. Morison. In 1984, when he was working as an intelligence analyst at the NISC, Morison mailed three satellite photographs to the British publication *Jane's Defence Weekly*. All three documents were classified secret and showed a nuclear-propelled Soviet aircraft carrier under construction. Morison cut off the classification designation from the photographs' borders before sending them. A search of his apartment in Crofton, Maryland, turned up several hundred other documents, both classified and unclassified. Morison was charged with espionage as a lesson to those who would leak classified information to the press. It was the first case of its kind tried under the 1917 Espionage Act, which prohibits anyone with access to U.S. military classified information from disclosing it to an unauthorized person. Morison was sentenced to a two-year prison term.

Another spy mentioned in Pollard's brief was William H. Bell, who worked for Hughes Aircraft Corporation and provided classified information to a Polish intelligence officer, Marian Zacharski, in 1981. The information, none of it classified higher than secret, dealt with "quiet radar," which enabled a tank to direct its radar without alerting the target. The FBI quietly arrested Bell and he cooperated in an effort to entrap his handler. Once the agency had accumulated enough evidence to arrest Zacharski, he was tried and convicted and received a life sentence. Bell, charged under lesser offenses, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to eight years in prison.

Stephen Baba, a navy ensign, was arrested for attempting to sell a document on electronic warfare and two microfilm indexes of key code words to the South African embassy in 1981. None of the material was classified higher than secret. In a strange twist of fate, the South African government returned the three unsolicited documents to American officials, along with a twelve-page letter Baba had written expressing how desperate he was for money. Baba was convicted by court-martial and sentenced to eight years in prison.

Sharon M. Scranage, an operations support assistant for the CIA, was stationed in Ghana, Africa. She and her boyfriend were charged in 1985 with turning over classified information, including the identities of CIA agents and informants, to Ghanaian intelligence officials. The information she provided was not classified higher than secret. She received five years, a sentence that was later reduced to two.

These cases differed from Pollard's in two critical respects. In none was the defendant charged under Title 18, section 794, for delivering national defense information to aid a foreign government, and in none were the charges such that sentencing guidelines mandated a life sentence.

In his brief Pollard also reviewed cases in which the spies had received more severe sentences, but they still could not be given a life sentence. In the mid-1980s Nicholay Ogorodnikova and his wife, Svetlana, both KGB agents, emigrated to the United States. Svetlana was recruited to work for the FBI as an informant on the Russian community in the Los Angeles area. An FBI agent became intimately involved with her. When he retired, Svetlana was turned over to FBI agent Richard Miller, who in turn had an affair with her. She recruited Miller to spy for the Soviets—a tangled web and an extremely embarrassing situation for the bureau. Only one document that Svetlana received from Miller was passed to the KGB. A long investigation resulted in the Soviet couple's arrest and conviction. Nicholay received eight years, Svetlana eighteen in a plea agreement in which she agreed to testify against Miller. After two trials Miller, the first FBI agent ever arrested for espionage, received a twenty-year sentence.

Then there was Ludwig Forbrich, who made an attempt to deliver classified information to the East German government during the Cold War. As often happens in the lives of would-be spies looking for quick money, Forbrich's luck ran out before his plan came to fruition. The FBI caught on to his scheme in 1984, and an undercover agent—posing as an East German intelligence officer—arranged a clandestine meeting with Forbrich. No sooner had Forbrich turned over a single secret document to the agent than he was arrested. Charged with attempted espionage, he received fifteen years.

David H. Barnett, a CIA agent, betrayed the identities of thirty CIA agents and, for $92,000, sold to the KGB details of a CIA operation against the Soviets. Arrested in October 1980, he was sentenced to eighteen years.

These cases were also unlike Pollard's in several key respects. In none did the defendant alert coconspirators to the existence of an investigation, allowing them to escape. In none was classified information destroyed or federal investigators misled. In none did the information carry a TS or SCI designation.

Over the years, Pollard has cited still more cases in his effort to prove that his sentence was unjust. In 1986 Michael H. Allen, a retired navy chief petty officer who was working as a photocopy clerk at the Naval Air Station in Cubi Point, Philippines, was arrested by the NIS on suspicion of espionage. He admitted to providing classified information to unauthorized Philippine officials—a handful of documents, mostly confidential, none classified higher than secret. Secretary of the Navy John Lehman ordered Allen back to active duty and he was convicted by court-martial. He received a sentence of eight years, was fined $10,000, and had to forfeit his military retirement benefits.

Robert E. Cordrey was a private in the U.S. Marine Corps. In April 1984 he began to make phone calls to foreign embassies on the criteria-country list in an attempt to sell classified materials dealing with nuclear, chemical, and biological warfare. Cordrey finally made contact with an intelligence agent from Czechoslovakia. He showed the agent a list of the documents he could obtain, all unclassified, and was told he would be contacted later. The NIS and the FBI caught on to his scheme. After his arrest and conviction by court-martial, he received twelve years of hard labor for eighteen counts of failing to report contacts with citizens of Communist countries. Because of a pretrial plea agreement with the military, his sentence was reduced to two years.

Lieutenant Commander Michael Stephen Schwartz, USN, was charged with passing classified materials to Saudi naval officers between November 1992 and September 1994 while assigned to a military training mission in Riyadh during the Gulf War. Schwartz was responsible for ensuring the Saudi government received both classified and unclassified intelligence, but not until after it had been cleared by the Department of Defense. He chose not to wait for clearance before supplying his counterparts with information designated confidential/no-foreign dissemination and secret/no-foreign dissemination. The documents included military intelligence digests, intelligence advisories, and tactical intelligence summaries. An NCIS investigation concluded that everything Schwartz turned over to the Saudis was releasable information, and the original four counts of espionage were dropped. Schwartz claimed he was trying to support Saudi Arabia in its effort to cooperate with the U.S. military. There is no indication he received money for the documents passed. For minor infractions such as "failure to follow orders," the military allowed him to plead guilty to administrative charges in 1995. He received an "other-than-honorable" discharge and forfeited his retirement pay and other military benefits.

In 1991 Albert Sombolay, a native of Zaire, attempted to spy for Iraq and Jordan while serving in the U.S. Army during Operation Desert Storm. Sombolay contacted the Iraqi and Jordanian embassies to volunteer his services. He passed information on troop readiness to the Jordanians and promised them more information on U.S. equipment and positions. He provided the Jordanians with chemical warfare clothing, boots, gloves, and decontamination equipment. He received $1,300 for his services. Sentenced by court-martial in Germany, he received thirty-four years of hard labor for espionage and aiding the enemy.

Again, in none of these cases—some of which involve severe sentences—did the crimes even come close to Pollard's in terms of both the quantity of intelligence and the level of classification compromised.

In the end, it is not for me or for the public or for the investigators, prosecutors, and defense attorneys to decide what is just or unjust in the case of Jonathan Jay Pollard. It is up to the U.S. Federal Court of Appeals or the Supreme Court to make a final determination.

In doing so, the question of whether Pollard was motivated by ideology or greed will be irrelevant. All governments pay for information to keep spies on the hook. Federal parole and sentencing guidelines do not consider a spy's motive, or whether the recipient of intelligence is an ally or not. The question of anti-Semitism, of which there is no evidence, is also irrelevant. The only consideration in determining a sentence for espionage today is whether top secret material was delivered to a foreign government. If so, sentencing guidelines call for a punishment of thirty-five years to life (or death, if a person aids or abets the enemy in time of war).

Pollard was charged not with intent to injure the national security of the United States, but with aiding a foreign government. It was the highly sensitive nature of the information he compromised, and the staggering volume of that information, that determined his sentence, along with the fact that he failed to live up to the conditions of his plea agreement by speaking to a reporter without first obtaining approval from the DNI. Another probable consideration in determining his sentence was the danger that he might release highly classified information in the future. Pollard could still compromise TS/SCI materials he accessed twenty-one years earlier. To this day, when he receives visitors in Butner, an agent from the NSA is present to listen to his conversations to ensure classified information isn't compromised.

A big issue is whether the government broke Pollard's plea agreement in giving him his life sentence. Joseph diGenova and the Department of Justice strongly deny this; in fact, there are no closing arguments or motions in the court records in which the prosecutors recommended a life sentence for Pollard. The life sentence was decided by Judge Aubrey Robinson.

Moreover—and this is something few people realize—it was stated at the time he was sentenced to life imprisonment that Pollard would be eligible for parole after serving eight years and six months. Not one time, however, has he gone before the board to ask for a hearing. Presumably, this is because he considers himself innocent, and obtaining parole implies that he is guilty but free on good behavior. He now claims that if he does try for parole, it will either be denied him or his hearing will be delayed for another fifteen years.

I had the opportunity to speak on the phone with one of the Justice Department attorneys handling the motions for a reduction of sentence. He informed me that when Pollard was sentenced in March 1987, just before the sentencing guidelines were changed, there was an obscure rule that applied to individuals like Pollard sentenced to life and eligible for parole. Under that rule, if a person has spent thirty years in prison and maintained a good record, he *must* be paroled. Thus, on 21 November 2015, Pollard will automatically be released from prison.

Ironically, Pollard, not interested in parole, will fight tooth and nail for a resentencing hearing. No attorney in the world could fight harder for anyone than those he has working for him. His attorneys firmly believe that they will win him a hearing, and that they have at least a chance of getting Pollard out of jail. His decisions in the past have only hurt his chance of gaining freedom. First and foremost was the decision to alienate himself from his family. If he had stuck with the supporters who knew him best and loved him—his father, mother, and sister—he might be out of prison today. Other mistakes were his insistence that he receive official Israeli citizenship while in jail; failing to show true remorse for his deeds; bragging about how he had single-handedly saved the State of Israel; and insisting that Israel declare him an agent.

If and when he is released, he stands to make a lot of money. It is alleged that Israel doubles the salary yearly for Israeli spies caught and incarcerated on foreign soil. If Pollard's spy salary of $2,500 dollars a month plus the promised $30,000 annual bonus were doubled, he would earn approximately $3.6 million over thirty years. To my knowledge, no other spy in history, in jail or released from it, has been so handsomely rewarded.

On the subject of Jonathan Jay Pollard's fate, one big question hangs in the air: Why is he so adamant about getting clemency or a presidential pardon? For the sake of argument, let me present two hypothetical scenarios.

In the first, Pollard's attorneys win a ruling from the Supreme Court and get a hearing in front of a new judge, who orders his life sentence reduced to thirty years. Pollard has already served nearly twenty-one years. The judge releases him on parole for the remaining nine years, or he goes before the parole board and wins his release. He receives permission to serve out his parole in Israel. Once in Israel, Pollard begins to talk about all the TS/SCI information he removed, detailing its contents on the lecture circuit and to any media outlet that will listen to him. The U.S. government revokes his parole, but the Israelis refuse to turn him over to the United States because Israel has no extradition treaty with the United States and Pollard is now an Israeli citizen. He receives double his back pay and bonuses and lives out the rest of his life in luxury.

In the second, if he holds out for a commutation of sentence or a pardon from the president, and it is granted, it will mean a major victory for Pollard. He will still get all his money from Israel, and at the same time his crime of passing highly classified defense information to a foreign government will be forgiven. Rather than a spy with a tarnished record, he'll emerge from his ordeal a man more sinned against than sinning.

Perhaps this is the reason Pollard is willing to wait for the current or a future president who, for whatever political reason, will say, "Enough, it's time for a pardon." When and if that time ever comes, it will send a loud message to the world: It's okay to disclose national security secrets of the United States as long as they are given to an ally.

The former convict would revel in that outcome. Why? Because it would imply that he, Jonathan Jay Pollard, was right and everybody else was wrong.

EPILOGUE

The navy's decision not to fire Pollard in 1980 was a fatal lapse that resulted in untold damage to U.S. security. But it was not the only failure, and when viewed with the benefit of hindsight, it is certainly not the most shocking

When Rear Admiral John Butts, USN (Ret.), told me that in January 1982, as commander of the NIC, he most certainly did not authorize or restore Pollard's TS/SCI clearance, I was floored. His account contradicted the report of the JAG investigation. According to Butts, he decided that Pollard could retain his *secret* clearance only. His work would have to be monitored, and eventually, *if* he kept up his work, he could be reinstated and briefed back into SCI programs.[1]

Hoping to get to the bottom of the matter, I went straight to Rear Admiral William Horn, USN (Ret.), who from 1982 to 1986 was the Department of the Navy's special security officer and Chief of the Security Division in the Naval Intelligence Command. In a discussion of SCI waivers, Admiral Horn informed me that the DNI and the commander of NIC could give SCI waivers. During his tenure, however, there had been no case of anyone gaining instant SCI access without a prior background investigation—that is, no "blind" waivers. The late Earl Fleischman, then in charge of the NIC's personnel security branch, kept Pollard's security file containing the notes on this issue in a special cabinet in the adjudications branch, not in the personnel folder at Pollard's command. During the NIS and FBI investigation, Horn saw the file. In it was paperwork stating that special security officer Captain Mike McCutcheon, reacting to Pollard's intensifying threats to sue the navy, strongly recommended against restoring his clearance. Horn also saw correspondence from McCutcheon addressed to Pollard's command, in response to repeated requests for a renewed clearance, stating that he wasn't eligible. Horn said this file was probably destroyed during an office move to centralize the navy's personnel security adjudications.[2] According to Horn, after several personal appeals from the commanding officer of the NISC, Captain Chauncey Hoffman, Admiral Butts phoned Fleischman and directed him to restore Pollard's SCI access because Hoffman had promised to limit his access within the NISC to the merchant shipping branch, where he couldn't do any damage. The merchant shipping branch had no TS/SCI material. Pollard would be working with information classified no higher than secret, a clearance he already held.

Did Butts actually restore Pollard's SCI clearance? Perhaps the confusion over this question can be explained by the admiral's belief that Pollard's command wouldn't allow him to work with SCI material until he proved himself, at which point he could be "read in" to SCI programs. This meant he had to listen to a short briefing for each separate SCI program and sign a non-disclosure waiver. This mandatory procedure never transpired.

In any event, Fleischman passed the word to restore Pollard's SCI clearance to the Suitland Federal Complex Consolidated Security Office, but not before writing a memo for the record stating that he had been personally instructed by phone to do so.

In reviewing Pollard's file, Horn was surprised to learn that, although the analyst had regained his SCI access (at least on paper, in Fleischman's memo) and been given an access badge, he had never regained his TS clearance. A directive issued by the director of central intelligence authorizes certain high-level officials to give SCI clearances verbally, not for permanent access but only for short-term necessity, as in times of war or during special operations. Horn cited some U.S. Navy and Marine Corps personnel whose SCI clearances had been expedited quickly, but each of these individuals had already emerged intact from background investigations and possessed TS clearances, making them eligible to be read in to SCI. Regulations mandated that, with or without a waiver, a TS certificate *had* to be issued before someone could be authorized for SCI clearance, and the candidate had to pass a special background investigation before either clearance came through.[3]

According to the records, the matter of Pollard's TS/SCI clearance was closed when his temporary access to SCI was removed in August 1980. After this date, the analyst was not entered into the official navy records of people with SCI clearances. Nonetheless, and despite being told repeatedly by Captain Mike McCutcheon as well as special security officer Captain Earl DeWispelaere that he wasn't eligible for an SCI clearance, Pollard manipulated his way through the system and managed to obtain one. At the time there was a maxim that summed up the responsibility of the special security officer in authorizing SCI clearances: When in doubt, deny. In Pollard's case, the special security officers heeded this advice. It was the NIC commander who possibly ignored it, using his authority to overrule them.

Pollard's clearance came in January 1982, but again, it was on paper only. The stark fact is that from January 1982 until his arrest in November 1985, Pollard had still not passed a special background investigation, he had no TS or official SCI clearance, and he was not read back into SCI programs. The series of missteps boggles the mind. No other spy in history has been able to operate as freely as Jonathan Jay Pollard, who, like a child gone wild in a candy store, not only secretly removed page after page of his nation's most highly classified documents but also did so with flimsy—indeed, nonexistent—credentials. Through sheer persistence, Pollard managed to shatter the glass security wall erected to protect the nation, and in so doing, he caused more harm to national security than anyone else engaged in espionage in recent memory—even the infamous figures arrested during the decade of the spy.

This never-ending story of the notorious navy analyst should serve as a constant reminder to those entrusted with America's secrets of the danger of bending rather than following the rules. When in doubt, deny. Ultimately, the only safeguard the nation has against those bent on acquiring its secrets is the person who, through attentiveness, knowledge, education, and a firm grasp of the threat from within, knows to report suspicious behavior or security violations when "something just isn't right."

APPENDIX

THE NAVY SHORES UP SECURITY

Every time a new espionage case is uncovered there is a knee-jerk reaction, with various government agencies scrambling to implement changes to prevent a recurrence. This was certainly true of the Department of the Navy in the wake of the Jonathan Jay Pollard fiasco. Fortunately, this time the changes actually strengthened security.

No one could have been more upset and angry over the NIS's old system for storing information about double agents than Lanny McCullah, the assistant director for counterintelligence when Pollard was working at the ATAC. After Pollard's arrest, McCullah immediately ordered the NIS's file card system for former sources to be corrected. The changes were entered into the Department of Defense's computerized Defense Central Index of Investigations (DCII). From that time forward, whenever anyone conducted a background check on the DCII, the name in question popped up.

The DCII was the military equivalent of the FBI's National Crime Information Center, used by both federal and local law enforcement agencies to obtain information about arrests, convictions, and wanted persons. When a military agency checking the DCII received a hit on an individual involved in special operations, for example, the text response might read, "For further information, please contact the Naval Investigative Service, Code 22B." A subsequent contact with the NIS wouldn't provide detailed information, but it would indicate that the subject of the search had been involved in a counterintelligence matter. This new procedure was an immense improvement in screening against potential or actual spies. Had it been in place when Pollard applied for a job with the NIS, it would have snagged him.

Additional measures were taken to improve personnel screening. The day after Pollard's sentencing, navy commands received the report that Captain Laurence Schuetz wrote up after single-handedly conducting the JAG's administrative investigation, a monumental eighteen-month task that involved close to one hundred interviews. In the report, Schuetz submitted a list of recommendations and asked for comments from senior navy officers.

The first recommendation was that no disciplinary or administrative action be taken against most of the individuals identified in the JAG report. "No single error, omission, or lapse of judgment" on their part "allowed Mr. Pollard to commit espionage," Schuetz wrote. He pointed out that most personnel who had erred were fulfilling their responsibilities in a manner consistent at the time with tradition and usage. Schuetz recommended that only two officers and a civilian receive letters of censure, which wasn't approved by higher command. As a result, no one was held accountable for mistakes.

Schuetz also recommended that the director of the CIA be asked to "respond truthfully to interagency requests regarding personnel data of a derogatory nature."[1] The Department of the Navy addressed the problem with the CIA, which has agreed to share this type of information during background checks on personnel requiring a TS/SCI clearance.

Another recommendation was for the NIS to brief prospective commanding officers of all navy commands regarding past or present investigations, operations, or collection efforts that could affect those commands.[2] Schuetz pointed out that the NIS had provided a counterintelligence assessment of Pollard resulting in his loss of clearance, then four years later hired him to work in the ATAC with an SCI clearance. "A sustained, pragmatic effort is needed throughout the Department of the Navy to counteract the pervasive tendency toward information loss," Schuetz commented. "The turnover of both military and civilian personnel at most, if not all, navy commands ashore results in a short and often flawed corporate memory."[3] It was almost impossible to address the danger that a high turnover poses to intelligence security.

He also recommended that a "foundation of empirically sound research" be established to vet candidates for security clearances. The DIS had a terrible backlog of background checks, sometimes a year or more. In an effort to catch up, personnel doing the checks often missed or overlooked information, and the result was that many people who didn't have a need to know obtained TS/SCI clearances. Slowly but surely, Schuetz's recommendation was implemented.

He also suggested that the NIS open an investigation into TF 168 and their relationship with Pollard, the statements they made to investigators about this relationship, and whether they had adhered to Department of Defense directives regarding files on human intelligence sources. Schuetz came down hard on the task force, openly accusing them of withholding records and initially refusing to comply with his requests. He cited possible violations, including making false statements and destroying files without authorization. TF 168 denied they had withheld information. No investigation was opened; TF 168 was later disbanded.

Things changed quickly after 8 September 1987, when Admiral L. A. Edney, the vice chief of naval operations, sent a letter following up on Schuetz's recommendations. The navy was going to do everything it could to stop another Pollard from slipping through the cracks. In part, his letter stated that commands had to be briefed on all NIS operations, investigations, and collection operations involving any naval command. Authorizing security clearances became the responsibility of the Department of the Navy's newly established Central Adjudication Facility (DONCAF), and at the direction of the secretary of the navy, clearances were reduced by a third. When personnel lost their SCI access, the adjudication facility now had to be notified immediately.

Now a single organization, and not individual commands, was responsible for making decisions about security clearances. The only exceptions were the NIC, the DNI, and part of the Naval Security Group, which could grant access to personnel who needed to read SCI on a case-by-case basis. They still had to undergo a special background investigation for a top secret clearance first, and they still had to be indoctrinated into SCI programs by briefings and nondisclosure agreements. Authority to revoke SCI clearances, however, rested solely with the DONCAF. The facility established consistent standards that were applied throughout the Department of the Navy.[4]

In the immediate aftermath of the Pollard case, the ATAC implemented the following security steps:

- SCI materials were moved from individual analysts' files into a central repository.
- Courier cards were held by the watch and inventoried at each shift change. Unnecessary cards were revoked.
- Non–watch standers could work in the ATAC from six in the morning to six in the evening on weekdays. Variations of the schedule and overtime on weekends or holidays required management approval.
- ATAC personnel were required to submit to periodic and random counterintelligence polygraph examinations.
- Random "baggage" inspections were instituted for personnel entering and leaving the NIC-1 building. These were later made universal.

The Department of the Navy directed that new security manuals be written and new security procedures be put into place. An espionage hotline was launched, and a separate hotline was put in place for the chief of naval operations so that questions about security issues could be answered immediately. In the naval intelligence and cryptology communities, a "passive listening post" program was implemented whereby employees watched suspected security violators, but it was later abolished because of privacy act concerns.

Among the other factors that led to the breakdown of the security system, which assisted Pollard in his espionage activities, were:

- Providing a set of NIS credentials
- Permanent certification of his clearances to DIA, CIA, and NSA
- Allowing him to carry his ONI courier card at all times
- Unchallenged access to intelligence libraries and librarians (NISC and DIA)
- Analyst sharing attitudes
- Availability of unfettered access to copy machines in secure locations
- Failure to challenge, verify, and enforce the need-to-know rule
- Portal security personnel were lax, with or without a courier card
- Failure to report suspicious activity

Although in the wake of Jonathan Jay Pollard's arrest the Navy Department's reforms helped to bolster security, it should be noted that in reacting to intelligence violations a bureaucracy can go overboard. The last thing the government needs is a hundred additional procedures and directives to observe every time a spy is flushed out of hiding. The problem of enforcing security should be addressed not by adding more layers of bureaucracy to an overloaded system, but by motivating personnel to follow those practices already in place, and monitoring them. The biggest danger to security is a complacency and a failure to report on the part of those who observe colleagues nonchalantly committing major security violations or engaging in suspicious activity.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Nearly five years ago I started writing the story of Jonathan Pollard's capture. As I talked about the project to people in different walks of life outside of government, I was surprised to find them fascinated by the crime of espionage, whether they knew much about the topic or not.

So began the slow, on and off—and at times aggravating and frustrating—process of writing this book. My family and friends supported my effort to tell this story. First and foremost among them is my best friend and loving wife, Gail. Her unwavering support and encouragement kept me moving forward. Making this book a reality would never have happened if not for her efforts, helping me tirelessly every step of the way.

When this book was nothing more than a lengthy essay about Pollard's arrest, I showed our good friend April Lane a draft copy. I can't thank her enough for helping me at that stage. Her comments and suggestions on the manuscript and her belief that this is an intriguing story worth telling were both valuable and encouraging. I also want to thank freelance editor Magon Kinzie, who took what had grown to be a voluminous draft manuscript and whittled away at it until it was ready for a publisher to review.

Gail then e-mailed a query letter to a handful of various publishers, and to my amazement, four of them were extremely interested. When Mark Gatlin, the editorial director of the Naval Institute Press, received that letter, he personally phoned me to say he had waited twenty years for someone to tell the real story about Pollard. Mark became my strongest professional advocate in making this book a reality, and for that I am extremely grateful. Mark and the staff of NIP—Press Director Patricia Pascale, Managing Editor Linda O'Doughda, Creative Director Chris Onrubia, Marketing Director Inger Forland, Publicity Manager Susan Artigiani, and Editorial and Production Coordinator Jessica Schultheis—were all very supportive.

After NIP accepted the manuscript, they hired freelance editor Connie Buchanan to fine-tune it. She is one of the most professional and outstanding editors in the country. A modern-day Michaelangelo, she chiseled away at the hard stone pages to form the words into a smooth work of art called a book. I cannot thank her enough for her efforts.

I also want to thank the special agent corps and the support staff of the former Naval Investigative Service, known since 1992 as the Naval Criminal Investigative Service. With a mission of worldwide law enforcement, counterterrorism, and counterintelligence for the Department of the Navy, they are second to none, and I was proud to be a part of that agency. To the individuals mentioned in the book who gave me their time and input, I am deeply grateful. The deaths of NIS agent Lanny McCullah and FBI agent Nick Walsh saddened me, not least because they won't see on these pages an acknowledgment of the part they played in this investigation.

I have special thanks to give to my immediate family. To my son, James Matthew, and my daughter, Shannon Rae, for their love and support. To my stepchildren, Stephanie Mariotti and Thomas Corda, for their encouragement. To my sisters, Loraine Grix, Dolores Netzela, and Marian Dobyns, and their husbands, Art, Bill, and Tony, respectively, who passed before their time. To my sister Shirley and her husband, Bob Eckardt, especially, for reading a draft manuscript and offering sound advice. To my parents-in-law, Thomas and Eunice Howard, and sister-in-law, Glenda Burton, who steadily supported my efforts.

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NOTES

CHAPTER ONE. A DREAM COME TRUE

1. Freedom of Information Act (FOIA), Pollard's post-guilty plea NIS debriefing report, 23 July 1986, 90.
2. Government's Memorandum in Aid of Sentencing, date unreadable but believed filed in January 1987, 3–4. (SCI is principally data about sophisticated technical systems for collecting intelligence, as well as the intelligence product collected by the systems. Conventional intelligence activities employ human sources; SCI intelligence collection primarily employs technical systems. Because of the extremely fragile nature of SCI, compromise of a technical collection system is much like the loss of a network of agents.)
3. Pollard's post-guilty plea NIS debriefing report, 23 July 1986, 90.
4. Ibid.
5. Ibid.

CHAPTER TWO. POLLARD LAUNCHES HIS CAREER

1. Unclassified portion of the Navy Draft Damage Assessment, 5 May 1988, no longer available for review by author. It is referenced in an unclassified report of consistent theme in Pollard's Campaign for Commendation dated 14 July 1993, 40 prepared by the intelligence community.
2. FOIA request from the office of the Judge Advocate General (JAG). U.S. Navy JAG manual administrative investigation, 5 March 1987, 7, ¶ 4.
3. U.S. Navy JAG manual administrative investigation, 5 March 1987. Fourth endorsement to Captain Schuetz investigation, from Vice Chief of Naval Operations, Rear Admiral L. A. Edney, USN (Ret.), 6 April 1990, 44, ¶ 7.
4. Rear Admiral Thomas A. Brooks, USN (Ret.), interview by author, 26 August 2004.
5. Richard Haver, who led the damage assessment in the Pollard spy case, interviews by author, February 2001, June 2001, and September 2004; e-mail correspondence to author, 29 May 2001 and 29 September 2004.
6. U.S. Navy JAG manual administrative investigation, 5 March 1987, 7–8, ¶¶ 6–7.
7. Ibid., ¶ 10.
8. FOIA NIS results of interview debriefing report following Pollard's plea agreement, 24 July 1986, 36–37.
9. 1988 NIS Unclassified Briefing Report; former NCIS Assistant Director for Counterintelligence Special Agent (SA) Lanny McCullah (Ret.), interview by author, 5 July 2001.
10. Rear Admiral Sumner Shapiro, USN (Ret.), interview by author, 19 June 2001; e-mail message to author, 13 July 2004.
11. U.S. Navy JAG manual administrative investigation, 5 March 1987, 8, ¶ 11.
12. Shapiro, interview by author, 19 June 2001; e-mail correspondence to author, 13 July 2004.
13. U.S. Navy JAG manual administrative investigation, 5 March 1987, 8, ¶ 11.

14. Admiral Shapiro, interview by author, 19 June 2001; e-mail correspondence to author, 13 July 2004.
15. U.S. Navy JAG manual administrative investigation, 5 March 1987, 8, ¶ 12.
16. Ibid., 8–9, ¶¶ 13–15, and encl. 10.

CHAPTER THREE. THE DOUBLE-AGENT RUSE

1. U.S. Navy JAG manual administrative investigation, 5 March 1987, 9, ¶ 18.
2. Ibid., ¶ 20.
3. NIS SA Kenneth Anthony (Ret.), interview by author, 29 August 2003.
4. NIS SA Sherman Bliss (Ret.), e-mail correspondence to author, 30 September 2003.
5. U.S. Navy JAG manual administrative investigation, 5 March 1987, 10, ¶ 22.
6. Ibid., encl. 11; a Declaration of Cooperation volunteering to participate in a double agent operation, dated 23 July 1980, signed by Jonathan Jay Pollard.
7. NIS SA Milt Addison (Ret.), interview by author over the events of Pollard's polygraph, 30 August 2003.
8. Taken from Milt Addison's copy of his old counterintelligence security test question structure.
9. U.S. Navy JAG manual administrative investigation, 5 March 1987, 11, ¶ 29.
10. Addison, interview by author, 30 August 2003.
11. Rear Admiral Cathal "Irish" Flynn, USN (Ret.), telephone interview by author, 22 May 2002.
12. Dr. Neil Hibler, interview by author, 26 September 2001; e-mail correspondence to author, 1 September 2004.
13. U.S. Navy JAG manual administrative investigation, 5 March 1987, 11, ¶ 29.
14. Ibid., 11–12, ¶ 30.
15. Ibid., 11, ¶ 27; NIS SA Mike Barrett, telephone interview by author, March 2004.
16. Ibid., 12, ¶ 31, encl. 12.
17. Ibid., ¶ 33.

CHAPTER FOUR. POLLARD'S BATTLE WITH THE NAVY

1. Mark Shaw, *Miscarriage of Justice: The Jonathan Pollard Story* (New York: Paragon House, 2001), 76.
2. U.S. Navy JAG manual administrative investigation, 5 March 1987, 13, ¶ 42, encl. 15.
3. Ibid.
4. Ibid., ¶ 43, encl. 19. Memo from Commander, Naval Intelligence Command, to Pollard. Subject: "Employee Grievance," date stamped 16 March 1981.
5. U.S. Navy JAG manual administrative investigation, 5 March 1987, 26, ¶¶ 7–8.
6. Ibid., 15, encl. 21.
7. Ibid., ¶ 49, encl. 22. The abbreviations contained in the memo identify specific SCI code word programs. An individual must be briefed into these programs and sign an acknowledgment statement regarding non-disclosure to unauthorized personnel.
8. Ibid., 16, ¶ 51, encl. 24.
9. Ibid., 12, ¶ 36.
10. Ibid., 16, ¶ 53.
11. Ibid., ¶ 54, encl. 26.
12. Ibid., ¶ 56.
13. Ibid., ¶ 57, encl. 27.
14. Ibid., 17, ¶ 60.
15. Ibid., encl. 29.
16. Ibid., encl. 30; Shapiro, interview by author, 19 June 2001.
17. U.S. Navy JAG manual administrative investigation, 5 March 1987, 17, encl. 31.
18. Ibid., 18, ¶ 68.
19. Ibid., ¶ 69, encl. 32.
20. Ibid., ¶ 70, encl. 33.

CHAPTER FIVE. RED FLAGS

1. Commander David G. Muller Jr., USN (Ret.), telephone interview by author, 14 January 2005.
2. Captain Laurence Schuetz, USN (Ret.), interview of Pollard while Pollard was incarcerated awaiting sentencing, 7 November 1986; Schuetz, telephone conversation with author, 7 September 2004.
3. U.S. Navy JAG manual administrative investigation, 5 March 1987, briefly mentioned Pollard's money problems throughout the investigation. Following Pollard's arrest, criminal investigations and interviews of coworkers also contributed to learning of Pollard's financial problems. This information was also discovered based on post-arrest investigative interviews of the Borger Management Company rental supervisor who rented Pollard the apartment.
4. Uncovered during post-arrest criminal investigation; Muller, interview by author, 14 January 2005.
5. U.S. Navy JAG manual administrative investigation, 5 March 1987, 19, ¶ 82.
6. Ibid., 20, ¶ 84.
7. NIS SA Richard Sullivan (Ret.), interview by author, 12 March 2002.
8. U.S. Navy JAG manual administrative investigation, 5 March 1987, 20, ¶ 86.
9. Ibid., ¶ 87.

CHAPTER SIX. THE ISRAELI CONNECTION

1. Pollard identifies an Australian navy officer in his Second Memorandum in Aid of Sentencing, submitted on 2 March 1987, 31–32, two days before he was sentenced. Pollard's debriefing report dated 29 July 1986, 51.
2. Government's Memorandum in Aid of Sentencing Introduction, following Pollard's guilty plea, motion date unreadable but believed filed in January 1987, 39, 40.
3. Wolf Blitzer, *Territory of Lies* (New York: Harper & Row, 1989), 9. Wolf Blitzer, who apparently had access to Israeli intelligence files, was the chief Washington correspondent for the *Jerusalem Post*.
4. In an interview with Richard Haver, I asked him what his take was on Pollard's claim that he had actually attended an official U.S. government exchange with Israel about highly classified intelligence information. Haver informed me that Pollard was not high enough in the chain of command to be involved in such an exchange. Shapiro, the former DNI, also verified Haver's statement and explained the process, which involved only high-level government civilians and high-ranking military officers.
5. NIS debriefing report of Pollard following his guilty plea, 23 July 1986, 89, ¶ 11.
6. Ibid., 90.
7. Blitzer, 3, 7.
8. NIS debriefing report on Pollard, 23 July 1986, 86, ¶ 2.
9. Ibid.
10. Ibid., ¶ 3.
11. Government's Memorandum in Aid of Sentencing, introduction for Anne Pollard, filed 7 January 1987, 4, 5.
12. Government's Reply Memorandum in Aid of Sentencing, ref. Anne Pollard, filed 3 March 1987, 5.
13. Government's Memorandum in Aid of Sentencing, introduction for Anne Pollard, filed 7 January 1987, 5.
14. Anne Henderson Pollard's Memorandum in Aid of Sentencing, filed 26 February 1987, 34–39.
15. Government's Reply Memorandum in Aid of Sentencing, ref. Anne Pollard, filed 3 March 1987, 3–5.

CHAPTER SEVEN. THE POINT OF NO RETURN

1. Pollard's post-guilty plea NIS debriefing report, 23 July 1986, 91, ¶ 13.
2. Ibid.
3. Ibid.
4. Ibid.
5. Ibid., 92, ¶ 17.
6. Ibid., 92–93, ¶¶ 18–19.
7. Pollard's post-guilty plea NIS debriefing report, 29 July 1986, 40. The date was confirmed by credit card receipts during the post-arrest investigation.

8. Ibid.
9. U.S. Navy JAG manual administrative investigation, 5 March 1987, 20–21, ¶¶ 89–92, encl. 34, with sub-enclosures.
10. Ibid.
11. Ibid. Having a TS/SCI code word clearance is not a right given to government employees. It is a privilege extended only to those who need to know in order to perform their duties. To retain that privilege, a certain set of personal standards must be maintained. These standards are specifically addressed in a Director of Central Intelligence Directive (DCID) 6/4 on "Personal Security Standards and Procedures Governing Eligibility for access to SCI." It covers a wide range of issues from temporary access to SCI information to mandatory investigations whenever adverse or derogatory information is discovered or inconsistencies arise that could impact an individual's security status for SCI access. Thirteen separate guidelines are set forth from allegiance to the United States, drug involvement, and financial considerations, to emotional, mental, and personality disorders, to security violations and misuse of technology systems.
12. Ibid., 21, ¶ 92.
13. Ibid., ¶ 105; Schuetz interview of Pollard, 7 November 1986.
14. U.S. Navy JAG manual administrative investigation, 5 March 1987, 22, ¶ 106.

CHAPTER EIGHT. A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

1. Pollard's post-guilty plea NIS debriefing report, 23 July 1986, 93, ¶ 21.
2. Ibid.
3. Government's Reply Memorandum in Aid of Sentencing for Anne Henderson Pollard, 3 March 1987, 12.
4. Pollard's post-guilty plea NIS debriefing report, 23 July 1986, 94, ¶ 21.
5. Ibid., ¶ 22.
6. Ibid., 94–95, ¶ 22. The RASIN manual is mentioned in many electronic sites; Seymour M. Hersh, "Annals of Espionage—The Traitor," *New Yorker*, 18 January 1999, 26.
7. Pollard's post-guilty plea NIS debriefing report, 24 July 1986, 30.
8. Ibid.
9. Ibid., 31.
10. Ibid., 32.
11. Ibid.
12. Ibid., 34.
13. Ibid., 32, 33.
14. Ibid., 33.
15. Post-arrest FBI and NIS inquiry on Van Ness apartment property tax documents. The Department of Justice conducted no investigation and did not bring any charges against the Israeli attorney.
16. Government Factual Proffer filed 4 January 1986, 6.
17. Government's Memorandum in Aid of Sentencing, 41, date unreadable but believed filed in January 1987.
18. Pollard's post-guilty plea NIS debriefing report, 24 July 1986, 34.

CHAPTER NINE. THE FALL GUY

1. This chapter is based on personal interviews with Kurt Lohbeck and what he recalled of his relationship with Pollard. The Taliban killed Abdul Haq in an ambush during the U.S. war against the Taliban and al-Qaeda following the terrorist attacks on September 11, 2001. To this day, Lohbeck considers Haq like a brother and has never gotten over his death.
2. Lohbeck, interviews by author, 8 and 11 December 2002. This incident was also reported in the book by Kurt Lohbeck, *Holy War, Unholy Victory* (Washington, D.C.: Regnery Gateway, 1993), 132.
3. Taken from the Lohbeck interviews by author, 8 and 11 December 2002, regarding the conversation Lohbeck had with his CBS boss as he recalled it. Lohbeck also mentions several other incidents in speaking with the author, which are in his book.

4. Lohbeck, 133; Lohbeck, interviews by author, 8 and 11 December 2002.
5. Pollard's post-guilty plea NIS debriefing report, 5 August 1986, 60.
6. Pollard's post-guilty plea debriefing report, 29 July 1986, 50.
7. Ibid.
8. Kurt Lohbeck, interviews by author, 8 and 11 December 2002, regarding his personal observations of Pollard's drug use. Pollard later admitted to drug use.
9. No charges were ever brought against Pollard for these unauthorized contacts in commercial arm sale ventures while he was employed with the U.S. Navy. It is unknown whether Pollard disclosed classified information to these embassies to win their favor, and, to my knowledge, the FBI pursued no investigation. Neither Pollard nor Anne were indicted, charged, or prosecuted for any crime involving these contacts. They were also never charged with any drug violations, nor were any drugs found, to my knowledge, based on later searches in their apartment. Lohbeck cooperated with the government via CBS attorney, and no indictment or charges were brought against Lohbeck.

CHAPTER TEN. THE TEN-YEAR PLAN

1. Pollard's post-guilty plea NIS debriefing report, 29 July 1986, 41.
2. Government's Memorandum in Aid of Sentencing, date unreadable but believed to have been filed in January 1987, 31.
3. Pollard's post-guilty plea NIS debriefing report, 29 July 1986, 41.
4. Ibid., 42.
5. Ibid., 43.
6. Ibid.
7. Ibid., 44.
8. Ibid.; during Pollard's arrest, NIS and FBI agents seized numerous pictures of Anne and Pollard. Some were taken while on their Israeli trip, and, if necessary, would be used in the trial. Copies of the unclassified photographs seized from the Pollards were used in briefing the espionage case.
9. Ibid.
10. Ibid., 45.
11. Government's Memorandum in Aid of Sentencing, date unreadable but believed filed in January 1987, 32.

CHAPTER ELEVEN. TALL TALES

1. McCullah, interview by author, 5 July 2001.
2. Flynn telephone interview by author, 22 May 2002.
3. Sullivan, interview by author, 12 March 2002; e-mail correspondence to author, 12 October 2005.

CHAPTER TWELVE. A SECRET TIP

1. Jerry Agee, interview by author, 17 June 2001; e-mail correspondence to author, 20 August 2001 and 18 September 2004; telephone interview of Pollard's coworker by author, August 2001 (interview was conducted in confidentiality, and the name of the interviewee is withheld by mutual agreement).
2. McCullah, interview by author, 5 July 2001.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN. THE WHEEL BEGINS TO TURN

1. Due to numerous years passing since 1985 and there being no written report on the meeting, McCullah and others have differing opinions about, or don't recall, everyone actually present at the meeting.
2. McCullah, interview by author, 5 July 2001.
3. NCIS SA Robert Cathcart (Ret.), e-mail correspondence to author, 30 September and 21 October 2003.
4. FOIA surveillance tape of Pollard's actions on 15 November 1985.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN. THE BEGINNING OF THE END

1. NCIS SA Lance Arnold (Ret.), mail correspondence to author, 10 February 2002; FOIA video surveillance tape.
2. FOIA surveillance tape of Pollard's actions on the afternoon of 18 November 1985.
3. Government's Reply Memorandum in Aid of Sentencing, ref. Anne Pollard, 3 March 1987, 8.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN. A TWIST OF FATE

1. Government's Memorandum in Aid of Sentencing, ref. Anne Pollard, 7 January 1987, 10.
2. Ibid., 11.
3. Ibid., 12.
4. Ibid.
5. Ibid., 13.
6. Double-agent operation "Sackett Land" was declassified by CIA and NIS in 2002. Renowned, true-story espionage author David Wise wrote a short article on this operation in *Gentlemen's Quarterly (GQ)* magazine in the November 2000 "Men of the Year" issue titled "Spy on a Tightrope," 314.
7. Government's Memorandum in Aid of Sentencing, ref. Anne Pollard, 7 January 1987, 13; like comments made in front of author and Pollard.
8. Grand jury testimony of FBI Agent Eugene Noltkamper, 27 November 1985, 21. The author personally recalls counting thirteen TS/SCI documents but does not remember the exact number of secret documents. Court records show somewhere around fifty-seven.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN. THE CONFESSION

1. Author's recollection of events that took place on 19 November 1985. Rights form taken from a copy of the FOIA interview and interrogation form used to advise Pollard of his Miranda warning.
2. FBI SA Lydia Jechorek and author remain friends and keep in touch from time to time. She retired in 2003 only to find she just couldn't stay away from the street and "the chase." She returned to the FBI as a retired annuitant in 2004.
3. FOIA unclassified written statement and confession of Jonathan Jay Pollard, 19 November 1985.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN. A FATAL BLUNDER

1. NCIS SA Richard Cloonan, e-mail correspondence with author, 12 March 2001.
2. FOIA interview statement from Pollard, 20 November 1985.
3. NIS SA John D'Avanzo (Ret.), interview by author, 21 August 2001.

CHAPTER NINETEEN. A SPY LEFT OUT IN THE COLD

1. NCIS SA Veronica "Ronnie" McCarthy, interview by author, 29 August 2003.
2. Pollard's post-guilty plea NIS debrief report, 24 July 1986, 36.
3. Michael Rolince, special agent in charge of counterterrorism at the FBI's Washington Field Office, interview by author, 17 June 2003. This interview referred to the events that occurred 21 November 1985.

CHAPTER TWENTY. UNREPENTANT

1. Information taken from interview of Pollard by the author and SA Jechorek, previous notes and recollection of events that transpired during the interview and in public court documents; Government's Memorandum in Aid of Sentencing for Pollard, January 1987, 13–14.
2. Retrieved from federal public court records in the case file of Jonathan Jay Pollard, 86-0207, District of Columbia pretrial services agency, 21 November 1985.

CHAPTER TWENTY--ONE. NO TIME TO LOSE

1. Memorandum in Support of Government’s Motion for Pretrial Detention, 2 December 1985, 8–12.
2. Ibid., 10.
3. Ibid., 11.
4. NCIS SA Al Zane, e-mail correspondence with author, 5 October 2003; NCIS SA Ernie Simon, e-mail correspondence with author, 10 December 2003.

CHAPTER TWENTY--TWO. OPERATION FOUL PLAY

1. Lohbeck, interviews by author, 8 and 11 December 2002; Lohbeck, *Holy War, Unholy Victory*, 134.
2. John McCaslin, “Friends of accused spy for Israel remember ‘brilliant’ cocaine user,” *Washington Times*, 27 November 1985.
3. U.S. Navy JAG manual administrative investigation, 5 March 1987, 18, ¶ 71, reference “Z” indicated interview conducted with Pollard by Schuetz on 7 November 1986; Captain Schuetz, telephone interview with author to discuss this interview with Pollard, 7 September 2004. Pollard’s pretrial services agency interview at the D.C. jail showed Pollard indicated his drug use and emotional problems, 21 November 1985.
4. House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence (HPSCI) Report 100-5, “United States Counterintelligence and Security Concerns—1986,” 7; Ruth Marcus, “Exaggerations Marked Stories of Spy Suspect,” *Washington Post*, 30 November 1985.
5. Pollards post-guilty plea NIS debriefing report, 23 July 1986, 92, ¶ 16.
6. Government’s Memorandum in Aid of Sentencing for Pollard, date unreadable but believed to have been filed in January 1987, 17–21.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE. ISRAEL CONFRONTED

1. William Claiborne, “Israel Offers to Return Documents,” *Washington Post*, 30 November 1985.
2. “Israel OKs questioning by U.S. in Pollard Case,” *Washington Times*, 3 December 1985.
3. Agee, interview by author into what was going on behind the scenes during the trip to Israel, including the personal experiences and frustrations he went through during his trip, 17 June 2001.
4. FBI Agent Eugene Noltkamper (Ret.), telephone interview with author concerning his recollections of the events that transpired, 17 September 2004.
5. Ibid.
6. FBI Agent Joe Johnson (Ret.), telephone interview with author, 10 September 2004.
7. Agee, interview by author, 17 June 2001.

CHAPTER TWENTY--FOUR. GUILTY

1. Government’s Opposition to Application for Review of Magistrate’s Order Denying Bail, 6 December 1985, 7.
2. Court transcript of Pollard pleading guilty before the Honorable Aubrey E. Robinson Jr., Chief Judge, United States District Court, Courtroom 9, 4 June 1986, 7.
3. Letter from U.S. Attorney’s office to Richard Hibey, 23 May 1986, 3. The entire letter speaks specifically to the actual plea agreement requirements of Pollard and the government; Government’s Memorandum in Aid of Sentencing for Pollard, date unreadable but believed to have been filed in January 1987, 22–23.
4. Former NIS SA Elizabeth “Lisa” Redman, interview by author, 19 June 2001.
5. FBI SA Barry Colvert (Ret.), interview by author, 18 September 2001. Colvert was the Pollards’ FBI polygraph examiner.
6. Ibid.; Jechorek, interview by author, 17 June 2003.
7. Pollard’s post-guilty plea NIS debriefing report, 6 August 1986, 65.
8. Redman, interview by author in reference to the debriefing of Pollard, 19 June 2001.

9. Governments Reply to Defendant's Sentencing Memorandum of Jonathan Pollard delivered to defense 3 March 1987, filed with the court 25 March 1987, 24.
10. Ibid., 13, 14.
11. Wolf Blitzer, "Pollard: Not a Bumbler but Israel's Master Spy," *Washington Post*, 15 February 1987.
12. Colvert, interview by author, 18 September 2001.
13. CBS television news program *60 Minutes* aired on 1 March 1987, interview of Anne Henderson Pollard by world-renowned news commentary and investigative reporter Mike Wallace.
14. Joe Pichirallo, "Israelis May Lose Immunity," *Washington Post*, 11 June 1986.
15. Department of Justice attorney, John J. Dion, chief counterespionage section, telephone interview with author, 22 March 2006.

CHAPTER TWENTY--FIVE. THE DAMAGE

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2. Government's Memorandum in Aid of Sentencing, date unreadable but believed to have been filed in January 1987, 48–49.
3. Court Protective Order for Pollard's Defense Attorney, filed 24 October 1986, with attachments.
4. Redacted copy of the Declaration of the Secretary of Defense, which details the TS/SCI damage assessment, 19 January 2001, 4. Pages six through twenty-one of part one were deleted from the court documents along with numerous other pages.
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11. Government's Memorandum in Aid of Sentencing, date unreadable but believed to have been filed in January 1987, 48–19.
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13. Norman Polmar and Thomas B. Allen, *Spy Book: The Encyclopedia of Espionage* (New York: Random House, 1998), 333. The authors released a new edition early in 2005 (also obtained via electronic sources).

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2. Government's Opposition to Motion to Reduce sentence, 13 July 1987, introduction.
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4. Government's Opposition to Motion to Reduce Sentence, 13 July 1987, 15.
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15. Associated Press, “Israeli attorney resigns from ‘Free Pollard’ committee,” 11 February 1998 (also obtained via electronic media).
16. Ronen Bergman and Arye Dayan, “I want to be your spy,” *Ha’Aretz*, 24 April 1998. This article was translated into English from an unclassified Tel Aviv embassy quotation from the magazine and guide supplement.
17. Reuters, “Israelis concede: Pollard’s our spy,” *Washington Times*, 12 May 1998. Several papers all over the world reported this admission by the Israelis.
18. Ben Caspit, “Rafi Eitan Vows to Bring Pollard Home,” *Ma’ariv*, 6 July 1998, electronic media.
19. *Arabic News.com*, “Wye Plantation Israeli demand threatened finished agreement,” 23 October 1998.
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2. Rear Admiral William Horn, USN (Ret.), e-mail correspondence with author, 10 August 2003, and 9 and 10 September 2004.
3. Ibid.

APPENDIX

1. U.S. Navy JAG manual administrative investigation, 5 March 1987, 28.
2. Ibid., 29.
3. Ibid., encl. 43.
4. Ibid.

INDEX

Note: *Italicized* page numbers indicate illustrations or photos. Page numbers followed by *n* refer to end notes.

abandonment of Pollard by Israel: Anne Pollard on, 211; *Jerusalem Post* on, 209; Pollard on, 166, 182, 202
accountability for Pollard case, 266
Achille Lauro incident, 226–27
action lead sheet, 111–12
Addison, Milt, 18–20, 40
Afghanistan: Lohbeck in, 75; Pollard's attempted arms deal for, 78–80, 280n9
Agee, Jerry, *102;* briefings on Pollard case, 110, 125; and delegation to Israel, 198–202; initial suspicion of Pollard, 101–7; interview of Pollard after capture, 127–28; sentencing hearing and, 221; and suspicions of Pollard, 92, 143; video surveillance and, 113; withholding of documents requested by Pollard, 114, 119
Agee, Karen, 104
AIPAC. *See* American Israel Public Affairs Committee
allegations, anonymous, against Pollard, 34
Allen, Michael H., 256
American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC), 45
American Jewish Congress, 243
American Zionist movement, 244
Ames, Aldrich, 248
Anthony, Kenneth, 17
Anti-Defamation League, 243
Anti-Terrorist Alert Center. *See* ATAC
Arafat, Yasser, 245
Argentina, mujahideen arms deal and, 79–80
arms dealing: Pollard's attempt to broker deal for mujahideen, 78–80, 280n9; Pollard's interest in, 84
arms sales, Pollard's offers to get information on, 94
Arnold, Lance: briefing on Pollard case, 110; and conduct of investigation, 117, 123, 141–42; and interview of Pollard after capture, 128; and recovery of Pollard suitcase, 159; search of Pollard's office, 124–25, 127; video surveillance and, 120–21
arrest of Pollard, 174–75, *177;* booking and processing, 182–83
ATAC (Anti-Terrorist Alert Center): concerns about Pollard, 99–107; document request system at, 100; documents taken from, 70–71, 100–101, 114–16, 120–23, 151, 156; establishment of, 38; handling of classified materials at, 57, 70, 268; impact of Pollard case on, 194; installation of surveillance cameras in, 112–13; Pollard's income at,

195; Pollard's office at, 69; Pollard's transfer to, 1, 38–40; role of, 38–39; search of Pollard's office at, 123–25, 127; security reforms after Pollard case, 268; security setup at, 69–70, 182, 268–69
Australia, Pollard's attempt at espionage for, 43–44

Baba, Stephen, 254–55
background investigations and interviews: in FBI preliminary investigation, 110–11; for hiring and promotion, 9–11, 36, 39–40, 61, 193, 263; reform of process after Pollard, 266–68
bail: for Anne Pollard, 203, 205; for Pollard, 183, 186–88
Barnett, David H., 256
Barnett, Robert, 193
Barr, William, 243
Barrett, Brent, 136
Barrett, Michael, 22
Bedway, George, 38–39
Beirut, terrorist attacks on U.S. in (1983), 37
Bell, Griffin, 254
Bell, William H., 254
Bergman, Ronen, 246
Bliss, Sherman, 17, 20–21
Blitzer, Wolf, 209–10, 215–17, 227, 230
Bloomingberg, Frank, 93
B'nai Brith, 243
booking and processing, 182–83
Bouchard, Robert, 92
Bowman, M. Spike, 214
Brant, David L., 123–24
Brazil, mujahideen arms deal and, 80
Brigate Rosso (Red Brigade), 94–95
Brooks, Thomas A., 8–11, 23, 248
Brunson, Ron, 38, 92, 102
Buchanan, Edward, 122
Bush, George H. W., 241, 243
Bush, George W., 250, 252
Bush, Laura, 251
Butts, John: on damage done by Pollard, 248; as DNI, 31; Pollard's security clearance and, 25–29, 261–63; and retention of Pollard, 21–23, 31

cactus (code word), 125–26, 186, 225
Carden, Francis, 14
Cathcart, Robert: search of Pollard's office, 123–25; surveillance of Pollard, 113; video surveillance and, 120–21
CBS, 75, 78, 193, 210
Central Adjudication Facility (DONCAF), 267–68
Central Intelligence Agency. *See* CIA
Chin, Larry Wu Tai, 139, 169, 189
Christian Science Monitor, 218–19
Christopher, Warren, 245
CIA (Central Intelligence Agency): assessment of Pollard, 15; debriefing of Pollard, 208; documents taken from, 77, 151, 156; failure to share information on Pollard, 9–10, 266; investigation of Pollard and, 193; Pollard job interview at, 8, 193; Pollard's access to documents at, 3; Pollard's South Africa operation and, 14; spies arrested by, 87, 189; spies at, 135, 139, 256; TF 168 and, 11
Circuit Court of Appeals, U.S., 241
Citizens for Justice for Pollard, 244

citizenship, Israeli: for Anne Pollard, 242; for Pollard, 64–65, 88, 166, 244–45, 259
civil service employees, difficulty of firing, 21–22
classified materials: amount taken, ix, 213, *214*; Anne Pollard's removal from apartment, 129, 131–37, 225 (*See also* suitcase of classified documents); courier card and, 40, 46, 48, 70, 100, 268; delivered to Israeli agents, 55–60, 67, 70–71, 85–86, 88, 117, 154–56, 210; delivered to other nations, 207, 248; delivered to Pollard from Israelis, 64–65; found in Pollard's residence, 138, 141, 187, *187*; handling of at ATAC, 57, 70, 268; Israel's exploitation of, 217–19; Israel's return of, 200–202; offered to Pakistan, 77–78; Pollard's access to, 1, 3, 10, 40–41 (*See also* security clearance); Pollard's destruction of remaining documents in residence, 166, 187; Pollard's misuse of, 12–13, 17, 20, 41, 43–45, 76–77, 99–101; security reform after Pollard, 268; surveillance videos of removal, 114–16, 120–21; targeted by Israeli agents, 4, 56, 60, 65–66, 72–73, 116, 239. *See also* damage from Pollard's espionage; evidence of espionage
Clinton, Bill, 243–45, 247–50
Cloonan, Rich, 159–62, 170–72
CNN, 237
Code 22B: Olive at, 93–94; Pollard's interview for, 17–22; turnover at, 40
Code 26, video surveillance and, 112–13
Coffee, Gordon, 203
Cohen, Danny, 65, 86, 88
Cohen, Eli, 65, 92
collector's briefings. *See* counterintelligence awareness briefings
Colvert, Barry, 50, 206–8, 210, 233
Comes, Phil, 94
CommCore, 126, 204, 223
Committee to Bring Jonathan Pollard Home, 252
communication channels, between Pollard and Israeli agents, 4
confession after arrest, 177–82; FBI interruption of, 181–82
confession before arrest, 145, 147–57, 162–64; formal statement, 154–56, *157*; investigators' doubts about, 165–66; Miranda rights and, 148–49, 155, 162
Connelly, Pam, 113
Connelly, Thomas, 110–11
Cooper, David, 31
Cordrey, Robert E., 256
counterintelligence awareness briefings (collector's briefings), 93, 96
counterintelligence awareness films, 93, 96, 219
counterintelligence investigations, storage system for information on, 265–66
courier card, 40, 46, 48, 70, 100, 268
Court of Appeals, U.S., 243, 251–52, 257
Crowe, William J., Jr., 95
Czechoslovakia, spying operations by, 256

damage from Pollard's espionage, 213–19, *214;* defense arguments on, 222, 229–30, 251–52; DNIs on, 248–49; Geneson on, 243–44; Pollard on, 239; prosecution's statement on, 225–27; Weinberger memorandums on, 213–17, 229, 234, 239, 250–52
D'Avanzo, John: and arrest of Pollard, 175; and conduct of investigation, 113, 162, 165–66; NIS role and, 165; and Pollard's flight to Israeli embassy, 172
Dayan, Arye, 246
DCII (Defense Central Index of Investigations), 265–66
Defense Attaché Office, 68
Defense Central Index of Investigations. *See* DCII
Defense Intelligence Agency. *See* DIA
Defense Investigative Service. *See* DIS
Defense Security Service. *See* DIS

Department of Justice: and arrest warrant for Anne Pollard, 188; and arrest warrant for Pollard, 174; investigation of Anne Pollard, 185–88; *60 Minutes* interview and, 238
Department of the Navy, spies arrested by, 87
Dershowitz, Alan, 237–38
DeWispelaere, Earl, 27–28, 263
DIA (Defense Intelligence Agency): debriefing of Pollard, 208; documents taken from, 68, 85, 105, 151, 156; Pollard's access to documents at, 3; Pollard's damage to, 219
diGenova, Joseph, 185, 198, 232, 238–40, 258
Director of Naval Intelligence. *See* DNI
DIS (Defense Investigative Service), 9, 267
divorce from Anne Pollard, 241–42
DNI (Director of Naval Intelligence): on damage from Pollard's espionage, 248–49; and monitoring of Pollard, 29; response to terrorist attacks in Lebanon (1983), 37–38; security clearances and, 267; *60 Minutes* interview and, 238
DONCAF. *See* Central Adjudication Facility
double agent operations: conduct of, xi–xii; Pollard's interview for, 17–22; storage system for information on, 265–66. *See also* Operation Sackett Land
drop points, for passing secrets, 57–58, 71–72
Dror, Ammo, 244
drug use by Anne Pollard, 34, 67, 81, 126–27, 129; investigation of, 193–94, 280n9
drug use by Pollard, 7–8, 20, 34, 67, 81, 194; booking process and, 182–83; investigation of, 193–94, 280n9
"dry-cleaning," 57
Dumbarton Oaks, 56
Dusty (cat), 167, 169, 175

East Germany, spying operations by, xi, 255
Edney, L. A., 267
Eichmann, Adolph, 55
Einsel, Steve, xi
Eitan, Rafael "Rafi," 55; Anne Pollard on, 211; biographical information on, 55, 219; and first Pollard contact, 55; Israel's identification as rogue agent, 197; Israel's lack of punishment for, 206; Israel's reward of, 212; political career of, 252; and Pollard's handler, 64, 66–67, 71–72; support for Pollard's release, 246–47; ten-year plan for Pollard's spy career, 86; trip to France to meet, 58–60, 63–67, 79; trip to Israel to meet, 83–88; U.S. questioning of, 200
engagement ring, *63*, 64–67, 207
Ensor, David, 237
Erb, Irit, 71–72, 197
Esfandiari, Babak: contact with Anne Pollard, 133; as witness, 159–60, 180, 186, 188
Esfandiari, Christine: contact with Anne Pollard, 132–33; as witness, 159, 161, 164, 180, 186, 188
espionage: applicable statues on, 253; other cases of, 87, 122, 254–57; other U.S. spies for Israel, *see* Mr. X; U.S. prosecution of, 253–54
Espionage Act of 1917, 254
espionage by Pollard: lack of caution in, 67, 81, 84, 122, 144, 182; methods, 68–70, 180; motives, 18, 44–45, 179–80, 208–9, 223, 226–27, 237–38, 257; other attempts at, 2, 43–44, 77–78, 207, 248; Pollard's remorse for, 177–78, 182, 209, 224, 234–35, 259; Pollard's views on, 208; security gaps allowing, 268–69; system for passing secrets, 57–58, 71–72. *See also* classified materials; damage from Pollard's espionage; payment for espionage
espionage hotline, 268
European travels: after Israel meeting, 83, 88; after Paris meeting, 67; trip to Paris to meet Eitan, 58–60, 63–67
evidence of espionage: against Anne Pollard, 185–88; manila envelope of documents, 163, *163*; need for, 157; suitcase of documents, 161, *161–62*
Executive Order 12356, 226

Farmer, Kenneth: assignment to Pollard case, 119; capture of Pollard with documents, 121–23; and interview of Pollard after capture, 123, 125, 128; and search of Pollard residence, 137; withdrawal from case, 138
FBI (Federal Bureau of Investigation): agents assigned to Pollard case, 119; in alley behind Pollard residence, 132, 135–37; analysis of Pollard suitcase, 185–86; and arrest of Pollard, 173–75; briefing on Pollard case, 109–10; briefing on Pollard confession, 153; capture of Pollard with documents, 121–23; documents taken from, 151, 156; full-field investigation delay, 111; interrogation of Pollard, post-plea, 206–8; interruption of Pollard confession, 181; jurisdiction conflicts with, 164–65, 191; Mr. X investigation, 245; Olive's views on, 153; return to case, 160–61; seizure of Pollard suitcase, 160–61; slow pace of investigations by, 112; spies arrested by, 87, 255–56; spies at, 255; surveillance of Pollard, 119, 156–57, 164, 166, 169–72; views on investigation, 143; withdrawal from case, 138–39, 141, 160, 165. *See also* Operation Foul Play; preliminary investigation by FBI
Federal Bureau of Investigation. *See* FBI
Feinstein, Diane, 250
Feklisov, Alexander, 247
Feuerhelm, Duane, 38
Filkins, Tom, 39, 92, 104
financial troubles, 36, 60–61
firing of Pollard, reluctance about, 21–23
Fisher, Uncle Joe, 65–67, *187*, 207
Fleischman, Earl, 261–62
Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, Tufts University, 8, 48
flight from U.S. *See* Israeli embassy, Pollards' flight to
Flynn, Cathal "Irish": background of, 109; briefing of, 107, 109; investigation of Pollard and, 123; personal contact with Pollard, 91–92; and surveillance of Pollard, 111
Forbrich, Ludwig, 255–56
Four Seasons Hotel, Georgetown, 133, *133*, 159
Four Ways restaurant, 59–60, *60*
France, mujahideen arms deal and, 80
Fratodei, Max, 170–71
Front Line *(Prima Linea)*, 94–95
full-field investigation by FBI, delay in, 111

Garment, Leonard, 243
Geneson, David, 185–86, 188, 227–28, 243–44
Ghana, spying operations by, 255
Gingrich, Newt, 76
Grahek, Joseph, 159–60
Green, Stephen, 218–19
Greene, Graham, 240
guilty plea of Pollard, 203–4

Ha'aretz, 246
handler(s) of Pollard: changes in, 66–67, 71–72, 84; classified materials targeted by, 4, 56, 60, 65–66, 72–73, 116, 239; cooperation with investigation, 203; flight from U.S., 222; Israel's identification as rogues, 197; promises of protection, 65–66, 85–88, 139 (*See also* rescue hopes); prosecution of, 197, 206; Sella's desire to remain, 58, 64; U.S. questioning of, 197–202
Haq, Adbul, 75, 279n1
Haver, Richard, 10, 178, 213, 217, 237, 278n4
Hawkins, Stephen, 122
Hayden, Thomas E., 136
Henderson, Karen, 251
Hersh, Seymour, 218
Hezbollah: terrorist attacks on U.S., 37

Hibey, James F., 49, 203, 215, 222–23, 228–29, 232
Hibey, Richard, 204, 215, 221–22, 228–30, 233
Hibler, Neil, 21
Hilton Hotel: Jerusalem, 198–99, 201; Paris, France, 59, 63, 79; Springfield, Virginia, *18*, 18–19; Tel Aviv, 87–88; Washington DC, 1, *1*, 55–56
Hoffman, Chauncey, 21, 23, 25–31, 262
Hogan, Thomas, 250–51
Holiday Inn: Bethesda, Maryland, 133–34; Chevy Chase, Maryland, 57
Holy War, Unholy Victory (Lohbeck), 237–38
Horn, William Charles, 34, 261–62
Howard, Edward Lee, 135

Immigration and Naturalization Service, 242
intelligence-gathering systems: Pollard's access to information on, 40; Pollard's compromising of, 214–15, 217–18, 248
interrogation, post-plea, 206–8
interrogation after arrest, 177–82; FBI interruption of, 181–82
interrogation before arrest, 123–29; Agee's portion of, 127–28; decision to attempt, 120; Pollard's call to wife from, 125–26; Pollard's excuses for behavior, 124. *See also* confession before arrest
interrogation of handlers, 197–202
investigation after arrest, 191–95; of Anne Pollard, 185–88; cooperation of Pollard in, 205; interrogation, 177–82; interrogation of handlers, 197–202
investigation after confession: FBI and, 156–57, 164–65; investigators' doubts about confession, 165–66; recovery of suitcase of classified documents, 159–61; strategy of, 165–66
investigation before confession: FBI withdrawal from, 138–39, 141; initial suspicions, 101–7; opening of, 109–12; search of Pollard's office, 123–25. *See also* interrogation before arrest; permissive search of residence; preliminary investigation by FBI; surveillance; video surveillance
Iraq, spying operations by, 257
Israel: advantage taken of Pollard, 88–89; Anne Pollard emigration to, 242; back pay due to Pollard, 259; bugging of U.S. delegation rooms, 201; exploitation of classified materials, 217–19; lack of cooperation in investigation, 199–202, 206, 212; Olive in, xi, 179–80; Pollard's bid for support from, 238; Pollard's childhood visit to, 7; Pollard's courtship of, 45–48; Pollards' first contact with, 1–5; Pollard's loyalty to, 7, 45–46, 234, 237–38; Pollard's trip to, to meet Eitan, 83–88; and questioning of Pollard's handlers, 197–202; recognition of Pollard as agent, 245–47, 259; response to Pollard case, 197; scientific intelligence gathering by, 53; significance of spying by, xii; South Africa and, 12; support for Pollard in, *237*, 238, 240, 243, 245–47, 250, 252; treatment of Anne Pollard, 242; withdrawal from West Bank, 245
Israeli agents. *See* Eitan, Rafael; Erb, Irit; handler(s) of Pollard; Ravid, Ilan; Sella, Aviem; Uzi; Yagur, Yosef "Yossi"
Israeli Bureau for Scientific Relations. *See* LAKAM
Israeli citizenship: for Anne Pollard, 242; for Pollard, 64–65, 88, 166, 244–45, 259
Israeli consulate, New York City, *52*, 53
Israeli embassy, *171–72;* Pollards at, 173–74; Pollards' flight to, 166–67, 169–72, 180, 188
Israeli High Court of Justice, 245
Israeli passport for Pollard, 65, 88
Israeli security: difficulty of working with, 96–97; heavy-handed tactics of, 199
Israeli Supreme Court, 251

JAG administrative investigation, 21–22, 29, 266–67
Jane's Defense Weekly, 254
Jechorek, Lydia, *153;* assignment to Pollard case, 119; background, 153–54; capture of Pollard with documents, 121–23; interrogation of Pollard after arrest, 175, 177–82; interrogation of Pollard after capture, 123, 125, 128; interrogation of Pollard post-plea, 206; and investigation after arrest, 192; Pollard's confession and, 153, 162; Pollard's potential release and, 247; and search of Pollard residence, 137; sentencing hearing and, 221, 232; and surveillance of Pollard, 156; withdrawal from case, 138

Jenkins, Jeff, 124
Jerusalem Post, 209, 242
Jerusalem Post Foreign Service, 234
Jewish Americans, support for Pollard, 238, 242–44
Jews, Pollard on, 181–82
job evaluations of Pollard, 28–31, 33, 36, 38–40
Johnson, Ben, 147, 149, 151–52
Johnson, Joe, 153, 165, 191, 199
Johnson, Norma Holloway, 250–51
Jonathan Pollard: A Portrayal (film), 219
Jones, Jim, 238, 240
Jordan, spying operations by, 257
Justice Department, Pollard's handlers and, 197–98

Kalmanovitch, Shabtai, 219
Kelley, Brian, 241
Kenya, mujahideen arms deal and, 80
Kerry, John, 250
Kidwell, Don, 135
Kissinger, Henry, 189
Klingberg, Marcus, 219
Klinghoffer, Leon, 227
Knesset, Pollard case and, 238, 240, 245, 250

LAKAM (Israeli Bureau for Scientific Relations; Lishka Lekisherey Mada), 53, 59, 246
Lauer, Elliott, 250
Lautenberg, Frank, 250
Leeper, Charles, 165, 185, 192, 198, 201, 225
Lehman, John, 109, 256
Lent, Norman, 240
letters from prison, 234–35
Levinson, Shimon, 219
Lieberman, Joseph, 250
lies and fantasies: during employment, 10, 34, 45–46, 91–92, 105, 208; Pollard as expert at, 69; during post-arrest interrogation, 178; during pre-arrest confession, 150–52, 156, 162–66; during pre-arrest interrogation, 124, 126–27, 129; during search of residence, 138; as youth, 7, 194
Lishka Lekisherey Mada. *See* LAKAM
Lohbeck, Kurt: in Afghanistan, 75; early relationship with Pollard, 76–81; investigation of, 192–93; NIS suspicions about, 105; on Pollard's motives, 237–38; Pollard's post-arrest statement on, 178–79; Pollard's pre-arrest efforts to blame, 150–54, 156–57, 162–66

Ma'ariv, 246–47
McCain, John, 250
McCarthy, Veronica "Ronnie," 170–72
McCord, Mary, 251
McCullah, Lanny, *106*; briefing of Admiral Flynn, 109; briefing of FBI, 109–10; briefings on Pollard case, 106–7, 152–53; and capture of Pollard with documents, 121–22; character of, 111; conduct of investigation and, 112, 117, 119–20, 128, 139, 141–42; conversation with Pollard, 91; and surveillance of Pollard, 111, 113; suspicions of Pollard, 143
McCutcheon, Milton Lloyd "Mike," 28, 261, 263
McEleny, John, 247

McNally, Phil, 170
Meese, Edwin, 193
Mega, 245
Melton, H. Keith, 241
microdots, 185–86
Middle East, damage to U.S. interests in, 217–18
Miller, Richard, 255
Miranda rights, confession and, 148–49, 155, 162
Miscarriage of Justice (Shaw), 25
Mordechai, Yitzhak, 250
Morison, Samuel L., 254
Moskovitz, Herbert A., 166
motives for espionage, 18, 44–45, 179–80, 208–9, 223, 226–27, 237–38, 257
Mr. X, 73, 239; FBI investigation of, 245
Muller, David G., Jr., 33–34
My Life (Clinton), 247

Nance, Gerry, 124, 127–28, 145, 152–53
Naples, Olive in, xi, 94–95
National Crime Information Center. *See* NCIC
National Photographic Interpretations Center. *See* NPIC
National Rifle Association, 59
National Security Agency. *See* NSA
Naval Criminal Investigative Service. *See* NCIS
Naval Intelligence Command. *See* NIC
Naval Intelligence Support Center. *See* NISC
Naval Investigative Service. *See* NIS
Naval Security Group, 267
Naval Security and Investigative Command, x
NCIC (National Crime Information Center), 110–11
NCIS (Naval Criminal Investigative Service): as new name of NIS, x; Olive at, 247
Netanyahu, Benjamin, 245–48, 250
New York Times, 243
NFOIO (Navy Field Operational Intelligence Office): concerns about Pollard, 10–11; departure of Pollard, 15; hiring of Pollard, 8–9; Pollard interview at, 33–34
NIC (Naval Intelligence Command): debriefing of Pollard, 208; grievance filed with, 25–27; and monitoring of Pollard, 29; Pollard's access to documents at, 3; security clearances and, 267
NIMROD International, 80
NIS (Naval Investigative Service): and ATAC, 38; capture of Pollard with documents, 121–23; concerns about Pollard, 91–92; documents taken from, 68; evaluation of Pollard, 17–22; grievance filed against, 26; headquarters in Suitland, Maryland, *100*; hiring of Pollard, 40; interrogation of Pollard, post-plea, 206–8; investigation of Pollard after arrest, 191–95; jurisdiction conflicts with FBI, 164–65, 191; and monitoring of Pollard, 29; Olive at, 92–97; opening of Pollard investigation, 109–12; seal of, 38; Pollard's aversion to, 20, 92, 142; recovery of suitcase of classified documents, 159–61; renaming of, x; security reforms after Pollard, 265–69; security setup at, 78; *60 Minutes* interview and, 238; spies arrested by, 256; turnover at, 40. *See also* ATAC; Olive, Ronald J.
NISC (Naval Intelligence Support Center): allegations about Pollard received by, 34; documents taken from, 151, 154; evaluation of Pollard, 21; grievance filed against, 25–27; hiring of Pollard, 8–9; job evaluations at, 28–31, 33, 36, 38–40; and monitoring of Pollard, 29; Pollard's access to documents at, 3; Pollard's financial troubles and, 61; Pollard's personnel file, 39–40; positions held at, 11, 14–15, 17, 22, 26, 29; promotions, 22–23, 26, 28, 36; reluctance about firing Pollard, 21–23; spies at, 254
Noltkamper, Eugene, 199–200
NOSIC (Naval Ocean Surveillance Information Center), Pollard at, 9, 14

NPIC (National Photographic Interpretations Center), Pollard's access to documents at, 3
NSA (National Security Agency): debriefing of Pollard, 208; documents taken from, 151, 155–56; Mr. X investigation, 245; Pollard's access to documents at, 3; spies arrested by, 87, 189; spies at, 136

Odom, John, 17–19, 21–22
O'Donnell's restaurant, 134, *134*
Office of Naval Intelligence. *See* ONI
Office of Probation and Parole, 230
Ogorodnikova, Nicholay and Svetlana, 255
Olive, Ronald J.: and arrest of Pollard, 175; background, x–xii; briefing on Pollard case, 111–12; capture of Pollard with documents, 121–23; and conduct of investigation, 165–66; confession of Pollard to, 145, 147–57; and FBI withdrawal from case, 138; films on counterintelligence awareness, 93, 96, 219; first meeting with Pollard, 94; and flight to Israeli embassy, 170; friendship with Pollard, 94–95, 128–29; interrogation of Pollard after arrest, 175, 177–82; interrogation of Pollard before arrest, 123–29; and investigation after arrest, 192; in Israel, xi, 179–80; jurisdiction conflicts with FBI, 164–65, 191; in Naples, xi, 94–95; at NCIS, 247; at NIS, ix, 92–97; NIS seal of, *38;* opening of Pollard investigation, 111–12; and polygraph of Pollard immediately after capture, 142–44; and search of Pollard residence, 137–39; sentencing hearing and, 221, 232; views on FBI, 153; views on investigation, 143
Olson, Theodore, 237, 241
ONI (Office of Naval Intelligence): anniversary party for, 13; *60 Minutes* interview and, 238
"An Open Letter to President Clinton," 243
Operation Foul Play, 191–95
Operation Sackett Land, xi–xii, 136
Operation Swan Song, 17–18
Orthodox Union of Jewish Congregations of America, 243

Pakistan, Pollard's approach to, 77–78
Pakistani embassy, *76*
Palmucci, Victor, 93
pardon: Clinton's flirtation with, 247–50; Pollard's insistence on, 249, 259–60; requests for, 240, 244
Paris, France, trip to meet Eitan, 58–60, 63–67, 79
parole: Pollard's eligibility for, 244, 249, 258–59; Pollard's refusal of, 249, 259–60
"passive listening post" program, 268
Pauker, Neil, 25
payment for espionage, 56–59, 65–67, 72, 86–89; back pay due from Israel, 259; defense statement on, 222; DNIs' statement on, 248–49; government statement on, 244; investigation of, 194–95; Lohbeck on, 238; Pollard's statements on, 151–52, 163, 179, 206, 209, 223; prosecution statements on, 227; sentencing and, 257
Pelton, Ronald, 136, *137*, 139, 157, 169, 189
Peres, Shimon, 197, 201, 206, 245–46
Perkins, Rich, 38
permissive search of envelope carried from ATAC, 163
permissive search of residence: attempts to obtain, 125–29; conduct of, 137–39; permission given for, 129; Pollard's excuses after, 138
Pizzo, Francis, 122
plea agreement, 204–6, 210, 222, 227, 230, 232–33, 239, 241, 244, 249, 253–54, 258
PLO headquarters, Israeli bombing of, 210, 217–18
Poland, spy operations by, 254
Pollard, Anne Henderson (wife), *51, 185;* anger at Israel, 211; arrest of, *185*, 188; arrest of Pollard and, 173–74; attempt to flee, 185, 188; bail for, 203, 205; and bail for Pollard, 183, 186–88; divorce, 241–42; drug use, 34, 67, 81, 126–27, 129, 193–94, 280n9; on emigration to Israel, 45; engagement and marriage, *63*, 63–67, 79, 83, 88; financial troubles and, 36; fingerprints on classified documents, 161; income of, 195; informed of Pollard's detainment, 125–26; interrogation of, 206–7; investigation of, 185–88; involvement in espionage, 47–52, 76–77,

100–101; involvement in mujahideen arms deal, 80, 280n9; Israeli efforts to avoid involvement of, 59–60, 63; Israeli evaluation of, 59–60; Israeli promises of protection for, 88; lawsuit against Israel, 242; life after prison, 242; NIS recovery of suitcase and, 160; notoriety of, 188–89; in Paris, 63–64; plan if caught, 126; plea agreement and, 204–5; and Pollard's first contact with Israel, 5; polygraph tests after capture, 50–52, 206–7; in prison, 233; relationship with Pollard, 33–34, 48, 59, 206–7, 224–25, 241–42; remorse of, 225, 228; removal of classified documents from apartment, 129, 131–37, 225; rescue plan and, 157; and search of residence, 137–38; *60 Minutes* interviews, 48, 210–12, 225, 228–29, 238, 240; stomach problems of, 126, 166–67, 169, 203, 222–23, 240–41; surveillance of, 186–87. *See also* sentencing of Anne Pollard
Pollard, Carol, 244
Pollard, Jonathan J., *177, 220;* anger at Israel, 202; arrest of, 174–75, *177*; childhood and youth, 2, 7–8; failure to flee, 144; fame of, 238; fears of detection, 86–87; first meeting with Israeli agents, 1–5, 47–48, 53, 55; misguided beliefs of, xii; plan if caught, 126; relationship with family, 244–45, 259; remarriage of, 242; second meeting with Israeli agents, 55–56; third meeting with Israeli agents, 57–59; ultimate goal of, 3, 65, 83. *See also* espionage by Pollard; *other specific topics*
Pollard, Morris (father): and arrest of Anne Pollard, 188; and bail for Pollard, 186; biographical information, 7; Pollard's claims about, 10–11, 14, 92; Pollard's espionage connections and, 47; and psychological evaluation of Pollard, 25
polygraph tests, as condition of ATAC employment, 268
polygraph tests of Anne Pollard, 50–52, 206–7
polygraph tests of Pollard: during hiring process, 8, 18–21, 23; immediately after capture, 138–39, 142–44, 147–48; during investigation, 50, 206–7, 209; Israeli instructions on taking, 66; machine used for, 147–48; Miranda rights and, 148
Potomac, Maryland, 57
preliminary investigation by FBI: capture of Pollard with documents, 121–23; closing of, 138–39, 141, 160, 165; opening of, 110–12; search of Pollard residence, 137–38; slow pace of, 117
Prima Linea (Front Line), 94–95
prison: Anne Pollard in, 233, 240; Anne Pollard release from, 241; monitoring of visitors' conversation, 258; Pollard in, *220*, 233; Pollard's letters from, 234–35; Pollard's near release from, 247–48; Pollard's public-relations campaign from, 237–38, 248, 251; risks in releasing Pollard from, 210, 234–35, 258. *See also* sentencing of Anne Pollard; sentencing of Pollard
prisoner of Zion status, 251
promotions at NISC, 22–23, 26, 28, 36
protection, Israeli promises of, 65–66, 85–88, 139. *See also* rescue hopes
psychological characteristics of Pollard, 13, 18, 28–29, 43; CIA assessment of, 15; cockiness after arrest, 177–79, 181; confidence in avoiding capture, 166, 169; enjoyment of debriefings, 206; unstable behavior, 14, 19–20, 33–34, 36–38, 45, 91–92, 94, 104–5, 194
psychological evaluations, 21, 25, 27
Public Committee Office for Jonathan Pollard, 244
pursuers, "dry-cleaning" method of foiling, 57

The Quiet American (Greene), 240

Rabin, Yitzhak: Pollard case and, 189, 246; visit to U.S., 96–97, 109, 113, 119, 141, 171, 189
radio signal notations manual. *See* RASIN manual
RASIN (radio signal notations) manual: Israeli interest in, 65, 72–73; Pollard's confession of delivery, 155–56; Pollard's delivery of, 85
Ravid, Ilan: Israel's identification as rogue agent, 197; meetings with Pollard, 58–60, 67, 69–71; U.S. questioning of, 197, 242
Reagan, Ronald W., 69, 240
recruitment of other spies by Pollards, 48–52, 223
Red Brigade *(Brigate Rosso)*, 94–95
Redman, Elizabeth "Lisa," *109*; briefing of Olive, 111–12; capture of Pollard with documents, 121–23; FBI debriefing of, 186; and interview of Pollard after capture, 123, 125–27; and Pollard's confession, 152–53; post-plea

interrogation of, 206, 208; profile of, 109–10; and search of Pollard residence, 137, 141; sentencing hearing and, 221, 232; views on investigation, 143
reforms of security after Pollard case, 265–69
Reich, Seymour, 244
remarriage of Pollard, 242
remorse for espionage: Anne Pollard and, 225, 228; Pollard and, 177–78, 182, 209, 224, 234–35, 259
rescue hopes, 139, 144, 156–57, 166; dashing of, 166, 182; Pollards' anger at dashing of, 202, 211
residence(s), 34, *35, 137;* alley behind, *132;* Anne Pollard's removal of classified materials from, 129, 131–37, 225; classified materials found in, 138, 141, 187, *187*; FBI in alley behind, 132, 135–37; Pollard's destruction of remaining classified documents in, 166, 187; post-arrest search of, 186–87. *See also* permissive search of residence
Riccio, Joe, 94–95, 136
Roberts, Sam, 77
Robinson, Aubrey E., Jr., 203–4, 208, 214, 217, 221–24, 228–32, 258
Rogers, Judith, 251
Rolince, Mike, 169–71, 173–74
Rubinstein, Eliakim, 246
Ruesch, Ronald, 20–21

The Samson Option (Hersh), 218
Saudi Arabia: intelligence given to Israel on, 56; Pollard's desire to work for, 208
Schuetz, Laurence, 22, 29, 266–67
Schwartz, Michael Stephen, 256–57
SCI (sensitive compartmented information) clearance, 9; eligibility for, 278n11; Pollard's difficulties retaining, 14–15, 20–22, 25–29, 261–63
scientific intelligence gathering, by Israel, 53
Scranage, Sharon M., 122, 255
search of Pollard residence: post-arrest, 186–87; pre-arrest, *See* permissive search of residence
search of Pollard's office, 123–25
Secret Service, Pollards' flight to Israeli embassy and, 173
security, key to maintaining, 269
security clearance: eligibility for, 278n11; importance of following rules for, 263; reform of process after Pollard, 266–68
security clearance for Pollard: difficulties in retaining, 14–15, 20–22, 25–29, 261–63; at NISC, 9; potential threats to, 34–37, 60–61; suspension of after capture with documents, 127–28. *See also* background investigations and interviews
security reforms after Pollard case, 265–69
security setup at ATAC, 69–70, 182, 268–69
Seitz, Ester, 242, 245
Sella, Aviem, *3;* desire to remain as Pollard's handler, 58, 64, 66–67; dinners with Pollards, 131, 195; evaluation of Anne Pollard, 59–60; first meeting with Pollard, 2–4, 47–48, 53, 55; flight from U.S., 135; impact of meeting with Pollard, 53; indictment of, 212; Israel's failure to mention, 197, 201–2; Israel's response to, 206, 212; in Israel with Pollard, 84; and night of Pollard's capture, 131, 133–34, 138, 222; in Paris with Pollard, 63–64; Pollard's revealing of, 206; Pollard's willingness to testify against, 230; second meeting with Pollard, 55–56; third meeting with Pollard, 57–59
Sella, Yehudit (Judy), 60, 63–64, 84
Semmelman, Jacques, 250
Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, 249
sensitive compartmented information clearance. *See* SCI clearance
Sentelle, David, 251
Sentencing Commission, U.S., 230, 235

sentencing of Anne Pollard: Anne Pollard's statement, 224–25; defense arguments, 49–50, 222–23, 228–29; efforts to reduce, 240; Pollards' reaction to, 45, 231–32; prosecution arguments, 50–52, 227–28; sentence received, 231–32; sentencing hearing, 221–32; *60 Minutes* interview and, 211–12, 225, 228–29
sentencing of Pollard, ix; defense arguments, 221–22, 229–30; efforts to reduce, 233–35, *236*, 237–52, 254–57, 259; espionage law and, 253; fairness of, 253–58; government memorandum on, 218; plea agreement, 205–6, 210, 222, 227, 230, 232–33, 239, 241, 244, 249, 253–54, 258; Pollard memorandums on, 208–9, 225–26; Pollards' reaction to, 231–32; Pollard's statement, 223–24; prosecution arguments, 225–27; sentence received, 231; sentencing guidelines and, 230, 255, 257–58; sentencing hearing, 221–32; *60 Minutes* interview and, 239; Weinberger memorandums on, 213–17, 229, 234, 239, 250–52. *See also* pardon
Shamir, Yitzhak, 63, 246
Shapiro, Sumner: on damage done by Pollard, 248; and Pollard's fitness for duty, 13–14, 17, 20–23, 29–31, *30*
Sharon, Ariel, 63
Shaw, Mark, 25
Sheets, Jean, 21
Shelby, Richard, 250
Shultz, George, 197
Simon, Ernie, 189
Sipe, Al, 123–25
60 Minutes: first interview with Anne Pollard, 48, 210–12, 225, 228–29; interview with Pollard, 238–40; second interview with Anne Pollard, 238, 240
Sofaer, Abraham, 197–98, 201
Sombolay, Albert, 257
Soriano, Jerry, 21
South Africa: Baba case and, 254–55; mujahideen arms deal and, 79–80, 149; Pollard's claimed contacts in, 10–12, 94–95; Pollard's "operation" against, 12–14, 17
Soviet Military Assistance Group, 72, 85
Soviet Union: in Afghanistan, 75; exploitation of Pollard information by, 218–19; Pollard on, 209; Pollard's delivery of U.S. intelligence on, 12–13, 72, 85; spying operations by, xi–xii, 135–36, 213–14, 255–56
special background investigations, 36, 61, 263
Special Intelligence Communications center. *See* SPINTCOM
SPINTCOM (Special Intelligence Communications center), 68, 100, 114, 154
Spivack, Stephen, 185, 198
spying. *See* espionage
Sri Lanka, mujahideen arms deal and, 80
Stanford University, Pollard at, 7–8, 194
Stern, Gustav, 47
Stern, Steven E., 47–48
Studeman, William O., 214, 248
suitcase of classified documents: Anne Pollard's removal from residence, 129, 131–37, 225; documents in, 161, *161–62;* FBI analysis of, 185–86; NIS recovery of, 159–61
Sullivan, Richard, 38–39, 92, 237
Supreme Court, U.S., 251–52, 257, 259
surveillance after capture, by FBI, 156–57, 164, 166, 169–72
surveillance before capture: capture of Pollard with documents, 121–23; difficulties of, 119–20; FBI reluctance to undertake, 119; inadequacy of, 116–17; initiation of, 113, 117; NIS request for, 110. *See also* video surveillance
surveillance of Anne Pollard, 186–87
suspicions about Pollard, 14–15, 17–22, 29–31, 91–92; causes for, 34–37, 41; first action taken on, 99–107
Syria, Israeli intelligence and, 85

Taiwan, mujahideen arms deal and, 80
Tanner, William, xi
Task Force 168. *See* TF 168

Tenet, George, 247–48
terrorist attacks in Lebanon by Hezbollah (1983), DNI response to, 37–38
terrorist attacks on Jews, Pollards' reaction to, 51–52
terrorist information, supplied to Israel, 56, 66
TF 168 (Task Force 168): investigation of, 267; lack of documentation about in Pollard's file, 40; Pollard and, 11–15, 18
Tobias, Bruce and Michael, 122
training of Pollard, by Israel, 66–67, 144
Tuckish, Jack, 113
Tufts University, Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, 8, 48
Tunisia, U.S. relations with, 217–18

U.S. security system, Israeli views on, 85
Uzi (Israeli agent), 71–72, 84

Van Ness Apartments, *71*, 71–72, 117
video surveillance: inadequate monitoring of, 116; installation of cameras, 112–13; legality of, 111; quality of images, 113; suspicious actions recorded by, 114–16, 120–21

"The Waiting Man" (film), 96
Walker, Arthur, 87, 122
Walker, John, 87, 122, 213–14, 233, 239, 248
Walker, Michael, 87, 122
Wallace, Mike, 48, 210–12, 225, 228–29, 238–40
Walsh, Nick, 153, 156, 165–66, 191
Washington Post, 197, 209, 215–16, 243–45, 248
Watkins, James D., 109
wedding album (code word), 126
Weinberger, Casper, 213–17
Weinberger memorandums, 213–17, 229, 234, 239, 250–52
Weiner, Anthony, 250
Whitworth, Jerry, 87, 122, 248
Wise, David, 281n6
Wiser, Lee, 247
The World Today, 237
Worochock, Bill, 38

Yagur, Yosef "Yossi": first Pollard contact and, 2–4, 53, 55; as handler for Pollard, 66–67; Israel meeting with Pollard, 84–88; Israel's identification as rogue agent, 197; Paris meeting with Pollard, 64; Pollard's capture and, 134, 139, 166; post-confession calls to, 157; reaction to Eitan's plan for Pollard, 86–87; replacement of Sella by, 58; on trip to Israel, 83; U.S. meetings with Pollard, 66–67, 70–72; U.S. questioning of, 197
Yurchenko, Vitaly, 135–36

Zacharski, Marian, 254
Zane, Al, 189
Zehe, Alfred, xi

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As a special agent, he worked criminal and CI investigations, counterespionage special operations, and terrorist issues overseas and in the United States; he also held senior management positions in the Washington, D.C. area. Mr. Olive was the primary architect of the first felony crimes major case response team, and he planned and implemented the first Systems Technology Protection Program for the Department of the Navy. During Desert Storm, he led a team of special agents into Italy and Crete on a Counter-Terrorist Surveillance Detection operation against threats posed by Saddam Hussein on Navy installations and personnel.

For these and many more accomplishments, Mr. Olive became the first recipient of the NCIS Counterintelligence Career Achievement Award. He holds a master's degree in Administration of Justice and now runs his own Consulting and Confidential Investigations Company near Phoenix, Arizona. Mr. Olive teaches for the Department of Energy Counterintelligence Training Academy and works with the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children, Team Adam—Missing Child Rapid Response System.

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THE TRUE STORY OF
THE WALKERS: AN AMERICAN SPY FAMILY

HOWARD BLUM

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Destined to create headlines for its reporting and win literary acclaim for its fast-paced narrative, here is the first *definitive* account of the Walker spy family—the fascinating tale of John Walker, Navy communications expert, who recruited his son, his brother, and his best friend into what has been called "the most damaging spy ring in American history."

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BOOKS BY HOWARD BLUM

Fiction

WISHFUL THINKING

Nonfiction

WANTED! THE SEARCH FOR NAZIS IN AMERICA

I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE...

The True Story of the Walkers: An American Spy Family

327.1

by Howard Blum

SANTA RITA H.S. MEDIA CENTER

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This book is, appropriately,
dedicated with gratitude
to loyal friends:
Marcy and Peter Aschkenasy;
Ed Koch; Lindsay McCrum;
and, not least, Dan Wolf.

A NOTE TO THE READER

This is a true story. Every name, incident, date, and conversation is recounted as it occurred. To accomplish this, the author has relied on extensive interviews with members of the Walker family, their friends, federal and military agents, police officials, unpublished letters, confidential government documents, including FBI investigative reports and debriefings, and trial transcripts. A more detailed explanation of the author's method of attribution and a complete chapter-by-chapter listing of his source materials are included in a final note.

CONTENTS

THE WALKER FAMILY AND THEIR FRIENDS 11

PROLOGUE: DANCING IN THE DARK 15

PART I: GAMES 23

PART II: COOPERATION 109

PART III: NETWORK 181

PART IV: RUS 263

PART V: WINDFLYER 327

PART VI: CELEBRITY 369

EPILOGUE: "HOPE YOU'RE NOT A SPY / GEE, YOU'VE GOT NICE THIGHS" 413

A NOTE ON SOURCES 421

THE WALKER FAMILY AND THEIR FRIENDS

JOHN A. WALKER, SR. (The Night Walker), the head of the clan, and former disc jockey
MARGARET L. WALKER (née Scaramuzzo), ex-wife of John, Sr.
JOHN A. WALKER, JR. (Johnny, Jaws), their second son and head of the spy ring
BARBARA WALKER (Barb, née Crowley), Johnny's former wife
MARGARET WALKER (Mags, Maggie), Johnny and Barb's oldest daughter
CYNTHIA WALKER, their second daughter
THOMAS WALKER (Tommy), Cynthia's illegitimate son
LAURA WALKER SNYDER, their youngest daughter
PHILIP MARK SNYDER (Mark), her husband
CHRISTOPHER SNYDER (Chris), their son
MICHAEL L. WALKER (Mike), Johnny and Barbara's son
RACHEL WALKER (née Allen), Mike's wife
ARTHUR J. WALKER (Art), Johnny's older brother
RITA C. WALKER (née Fritsch), Art's wife
ANDREA, ERIC, AND CURT, their children
JAMES WALKER (Jimmy), Johnny's younger brother
GARY WALKER, Johnny's half brother
DOROTHY WALKER, Gary's mother and second wife of John, Sr.
JERRY A. WHITWORTH (Jer), Johnny's operative and best friend
BRENDA L. REIS, Jerry's wife

JUNE LAUREN ROBINSON (Laurie, née De Wolf), Johnny's partner in Confidential Reports, Inc., detective agency
HENRY ROBINSON, her husband
PAMELA K. CARROLL (P.K.), Johnny's girlfriend
PATSY G. MARSEE (Pat), Johnny's girlfriend
ROBERTA K. PUMA, Johnny's former employee
PHILIP PRINCE (Phil), Johnny's former partner in Confidential Reports
JOSEPH A. LONG (Joey), Johnny's boyhood friend
BILL C. WILKINSON (Billy), Johnny's shipmate and Ku Klux Klan head
DONALD C. CLEVENGER (Don), Johnny's shipmate
DANIEL RIVAS (Dan), sailor and former part-time employee of Confidential Reports, Inc.
SHALEL WAY, psychic and friend of Barbara Walker
MARIE HAMMOND, friend of Laura Walker Snyder
REV. PAT ROBERTSON, founder of the Christian Broadcasting Network and presidential candidate
ALEKSEY GAVRILOVICH TKACHENKO, Soviet embassy official in Washington who was Johnny's KGB postman

All happy families are alike, but an unhappy family is
unhappy after its own fashion.

Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*

Live the adventure.

United States Navy recruiting slogan

PROLOGUE

DANCING IN THE DARK

Rachel Walker sat at a table in the back, her tongue playing with the salt along the rim of her margarita, and watched them take the stage. She had come because she needed to hear their song—the one about her. And she had come because there was still one final secret to be revealed. Her surprise, she called it.

The last time she had seen them, fourteen months and a lifetime ago, she had been the one performing. She was wearing her Rambo outfit: camouflage-colored G-string, khaki pasties, and a toy revolver stuck into a red plastic holster strapped loose around her waist. She was supposed to wave an American flag too, but she drew the line; she felt silly enough.

Still, all said, she had a good time. She got into the music, forgetting herself, getting reckless. That seemed to please the crowd at Donald's Go-Go no end; those guys, mostly squids from the Norfolk Navy

Base, could really whoop it up. And that was fine with her. "Pure Fantasy Land," she joked. Where was the harm?

A girl, though, had to watch out for herself. Rachel'd step down from the stage and an awful lot of guys would want to buy her a beer. Of course she knew where they were coming from: Here was this girl, twenty-one, you could see she made a point of staying in shape, and she put on a show like she wanted to hump the whole Seventh Fleet. "Sweet thing," these sailors would say, closing in on her, making their moves, grinning as they just about drooled out the words, "your ship has come in." She couldn't blame them for trying. Except it wasn't that way at all.

Because Rachel was in love.

In fact, the only reason she was dancing at Donald's was to earn some extra money so she could visit her husband, Mike. Just a month ago she had watched him, a surfboard under one arm, a duffle bag under the other, climb the gangplank of USS *Nimitz*. Her twenty-two-year-old yeoman first class. And he'd be off at sea for the next six months; hell, that meant—Rachel, who had a way with numbers, figured—nearly one-third of their entire married life so far would be spent apart! There was no way she could bear that. So she took the gig at Donald's, showing up after her classes at Old Dominion, and dressing up any way they wanted. It was pretty low-life, she admitted, but how else was she going to earn that kind of money? She needed to talk to Mike; she needed to find out what he was really up to. All that mattered was graduating in June, and then hooking up in Italy with her honey. Her showing up in Naples, that would blow Mike away for sure!

Rachel had a policy, then, of steering clear of the customers. She'd be sweet, but kind of distant. That was her rule. She only broke it once—on that April night in 1985. The last time she had met them.

They were sitting at a table, all five of them, and one of them, the one with lots of jet-black hair, called out and asked her to join them for a beer. She could tell straight off they weren't sailors, and maybe that made her feel safer. It certainly made her curious.

"What do you guys do?" she asked, coming over but still not sitting down.

"We're a band."

"Far out," Rachel gushed.

"Yeah," and she noticed that the one with all the dark hair was doing the talking, and that he really was kind of cute. "We're Elvis From Hell."

That clinched it. The name was just too much. It was just the sort of name Mike would really get off on. So she took a seat, and asked where was that beer they'd promised.

A lot of beers later, after listening to the bass player go on about how they were exploring a new sound—neo-Gothic death rock, he called it—Rachel couldn't seem to find a reason not to go back to the band's apartment. Besides, she later offered, part explanation, part apology, she was eager to hear them jam.

They were blasters, all right. Once at their apartment, they didn't waste any time. They plugged in their guitars, turned up the amps, broke into a riff, and Rachel felt as if the ceiling above her head were going to take off for outer space. No way she could sit still. Before she knew it, she was up and rocking.

That's when one of the guys in the band got the idea about the video camera: Get Rachel into her Rambo outfit; have her go through her moves while we're playing. It'd be a dynamite video. Something for MTV.

Rachel was reluctant. It was one thing to dance in a bar full of sailors; it might be something else again to do her number in an apartment with the guys from Elvis From Hell.

But then she thought about Mike.

He had written to her about the tape one of the guys on board had received from his wife. There she was, letting it all hang out in this sheer black negligee; it had really packed the squids in, the night it was shown on the wardroom VCR. Well, Rachel thought, maybe she could give that bimbo in the negligee a run for her money. And maybe it wouldn't hurt to give Mike a taste of what he had to look forward to. Keep him thinking of her.

Anyway, it seemed like a good idea at the time. "Why not?" she finally agreed, and went to change into her costume as the guys set up the camera.

At first it was a lot of fun. Then, and she would later take part of the blame, it started getting out of hand. She was doing her routine same as usual, a lot of bumps and grinds, but now she started thinking about Mike. Spacing out on him. That moved her to another level. Even she had to admit, things were getting kind of raunchy.

"Shake that th-aa-ng, mama!" someone from the band was yelling.

"Hump that wall!" another voice urged.

That's when Rachel realized things had gone too far. She immediately stopped dancing. Right away she got back into her clothes. She wouldn't listen to their attempts to patch things up; she simply hightailed it out of the apartment.

It wasn't until she was back in her own house that it occurred to her she had left without Mike's tape. She was cursing her stupidity when the phone rang. She figured it would be one of the guys from the band, probably the dark-haired one, wanting to know what he should do with the tape. She'd tell him, all right.

"Hello," she barked into the phone.

Only it wasn't Elvis From Hell; it was her father-in-law, Johnny Walker. And all at once she wasn't angry; she was scared.

In an instant, she had this truly terrible vision: Johnny Walker, the renowned private eye who was always sneaking around on some hush-hush case, had been tailing her all night. Now he was calling up to gloat.

But it wasn't that at all. It was just strange.

Johnny wanted to know what type of degree she'd be getting in June. It was after midnight; her father-in-law hadn't called her up in at least four months; and now he was asking about her major. What was this all about?

She had no choice, though, but to play along. A B.A., she told him. With a concentration in biology.

Not marine biology? he asked. She thought he sounded disappointed.

Well, she had taken a course in marine bio, but that wasn't her specialization.

But you've studied marine bio, right?

Yes, she agreed.

And you liked it . . .

Well enough.

Would you consider doing your graduate work in marine bio?

Well . . .

But he interrupted: I mean if I got you into this Navy program I heard about. You'd go to school for free. I know this guy who works in SOSUS development. That's the hydrophone system we use tracking subs. Real interesting stuff. I was bragging about my brainy daughter-in-law and he said she sounded just like what the Navy needed.

Figured you'd fit right in. If necessary, he'd pull a few strings. As a favor to me. How that grab you? You interested?

The last time Johnny Walker, the proud twenty-year veteran, had tried to get her to join the Navy, she just blew it off. That had made things pretty difficult between them. So this time she was more careful. Besides, he was Mike's father. He had a private plane, a houseboat; there certainly was no downside to humoring him.

So Rachel said, It might be just the thing.

Now that seemed to please her father-in-law tremendously. Great, great, he enthused. You'll send me your résumé in the morning?

First thing, she lied.

Then, after reminding her to be sure to drop it off at his office, he hung up.

It wasn't until she was in bed, finally, the long, strange night coming to an end, that she got around to wondering: What was Johnny really up to? What would happen to that tape? And when would she get to see her Mike?

She fell asleep before she had any answers.

Now, fourteen months later, watching Elvis From Hell take the stage, she had all the answers. And they were beyond anything she could have ever imagined.

She now knew that the tape, after being offered to the Christian Broadcasting Network for $50,000, would be confiscated by Agent Love of the FBI.

She now knew that Johnny had telephoned her because a KGB agent in Vienna had instructed him to do so.

She now knew that she would not get to see Mike for another twenty-five years—unless she visited him in prison, or he was pardoned.

And she now knew the Walker family secret: They were a family of spies.

Still, there was one last surprise: hers.

So she sat there, feeling weary, waiting for the band to sing its song. The one called "Wife of a Spy." She hoped it would help her find the final shove of will she needed. Maybe if she could grab on to some anger, she could do this one last thing. No matter how much it hurt. And then she would be free.

PART I

GAMES

I

Johnny Walker, a fifteen-year-old usher, was standing in the aisle of the Roosevelt Theatre when he saw the man leave without his rifle. The movie that night had been *From Here to Eternity,* and Johnny could understand how somebody could get really caught up in it. After the first couple of times he had seen it, he was telling anyone who would listen that it was the greatest damn movie ever to come to Scranton, Pennsylvania. He couldn't wait to tell his best buddy, Joe Long, about the scene on the beach, Burt Lancaster and Deborah Kerr just about doing it. Joey grabbed the free pass right out of his hand. The next afternoon on their paper route, the two boys had a lot of giggles over that. It was sexy, all right.

But now the movie was in its "third smash week," well on its way to breaking all the box-office records for 1953, and Johnny was getting bored. He passed his time in the dark theater playing Tit. The rules of the game—Johnny had both invented and christened the sport; his brothers Art and James along with Joey were his eager competitors—were simple: You got 25 points whenever you could spot some balcony Romeo trying to cop a feel, 50 points if he succeeded, and a bonus of 100 points if your hero actually managed to forage past the fortifications of sweaters, blouses, and whatevers to gain access to the Promised Land. Johnny, always imaginative, never failed to run up a big score. He claimed to see all kinds of things in the dark back rows of the Roosevelt balcony. That was how he had first happened to notice the man with the rifle under his seat.

It was hunting season, the autumn hills surrounding Scranton were running with deer, so it was a pretty common sight to see a coal miner toting a rifle or even a bow as he headed off after a buck for the winter freezer. The man in the balcony must have just come back from a Saturday in the woods; he probably decided taking in the movie at the Roosevelt would be preferable to getting through another evening with his wife. The feature had already started when Johnny watched the hunter take a seat toward the rear of the balcony. He shoved his rifle under his seat as matter-of-factly as if it were an umbrella. In his coat pocket he had a half-pint of something and Johnny saw him take a draw. That was all Johnny needed. He caught him with a stern beam from his flashlight. Its illuminated message: Drinking is prohibited. But the deer hunter was in no mood to be pushed around by a skinny teenager in a red usher's jacket. He just raised the bottle toward Johnny, a toast, really, and took a good long swig. Daring the kid.

Johnny lowered the flashlight instantly. He wasn't going to mess with a coal miner on a Saturday night in Scranton. And that was when the beam got a good look at the rifle. It was a goddamn cannon! More like something you'd use to go after bear or maybe even elephants. It had to be the biggest gun Johnny, who had done some hunting in his time, had ever seen.

The hunter, meanwhile, was getting bolder, just about chugalugging from his bottle. It was a challenge, but Johnny wasn't taking it. He decided this was not the occasion to push his authority. He shut off the flashlight and hurried toward the front of the theater. He convinced himself he had seen some kids smoking in the first row.

By the time the movie was over and the houselights were back on, Johnny had forgotten about the hunter. Then he saw the man heading out the front door. From the way he was weaving, Johnny decided it was a pretty good bet the hunter had drained one bottle and started in on another as a chaser. But there was also something else that Johnny, a born watcher, noticed—the man wasn't packing his cannon.

Johnny quickly went to the balcony. The gun was still under the seat, next to a dead soldier of Jim Beam. He thought about chasing after the man. Or at least taking the rifle to the front booth and leaving it with Mr. Kilcullen, the manager. Except he really didn't think about it too much. Straight off, he knew he had other plans.

He made sure he was the last to leave the theater that night, telling Mr. Kilcullen he'd lock up. When he went upstairs to the four-room apartment his parents had over the movie house, the gun was wrapped in his red usher's jacket.

''Where'd you get that?'' asked James. The two brothers shared a bedroom and James, who was two years younger, worshiped Johnny because his brother was simply the coolest person in the world.

''Some hunter was drinking during the movie, so I grabbed him by the collar. Chucked him out. Then he tried to wise off, and I had to deck him. Figured I might as well grab the pussy's gun and teach him a lesson.''

''Wow,'' said James.

Sister Rosario was standing by the blackboard explaining all about hypotenuses, but Johnny Walker wasn't listening. He had failed geometry last year, and figured he would fail it again this year, too. What good was geometry going to do him, anyway? When he turned seventeen he was going to quit school, say so long St. Patrick's High, and become a marine. He'd be off in Korea killing Commies. What did he care what the sister had to say about hypotenuses? Just as long as she wasn't waving that damn yardstick of hers in his face. Let her think I'm just eating it up.

So while the sister droned on, Johnny kept his head in his notebook by writing a note to his buddy Joey. He was eager to tell his friend about the hunter he had beaten up and the rifle he had taken. The date on the gun, Johnny wrote, was 1893. ''It is an old army rifel, and only 1 shot. You have to open a *breach* to put the bullet in. Then you pull back the hammer. It's a powerful rifel.'' He signed the note, ''Buzzzzz Saw Walker.'' And, as he always did, he drew a small saw after his signature.

That afternoon when Johnny and Joe Long picked up the evening edition of the *Scranton Times* to deliver, they decided that on Saturday they'd go up into the hills and see just how powerful that old gun really was.

Johnny spent the entire week planning Saturday's hike. It was the sort of thing he loved to do. In his mind it was no longer a trek through the foothills of Chinchilla, the town a few miles north of Scranton along Route 6. No, General Buzz Saw Walker was mounting a raiding party against a division of Chinese Communists bivouacked in a Korean mountaintop fortress.

His troops—Sergeant Joe Long (Topkick, the general called him) and Private James Walker—rode out on their bicycles first thing Saturday morning, ready for combat. The battle plan had been precisely outlined in blue crayon on a gas-station road map; each soldier was outfitted with camouflage-patterned canteens purchased from a downtown Army and Navy store; the general and his topkick communicated by a pair of walkie-talkies that Johnny had ordered last Christmas from an ad in a comic book; and strapped over the commanding officer's shoulder was a weapon with the date 1893 on its barrel. A bazooka, Buzz Saw told his men.

By midafternoon the assault on the hill was over. It had been a glorious victory for the Marines. The general, by his own count, had engaged in hand-to-hand combat at least a dozen times with the Commies, leaving a trail of broken Chinese arms and necks as he moved, undaunted, up the hill. As for the bazooka, it was a ferocious weapon. Not only did it actually fire, but it also was dazzlingly accurate. Every time Buzz Saw took aim at a rock or a tree, he claimed he hit a Red tank broadside. And that was pissing Joey Long off.

"You missed by a mile," Joey would complain, certain Johnny had not even come close to the tree he was aiming at.

"Like hell. Dead center perfect," said the general.

"Look, let's just check out the tree . . ."

"Hey, ask James if you don't believe me."

And James, loyal to his commanding officer, reported, "Course he hit it, Joey, Johnny's a great shot."

There was genuine dissension in the ranks by the time the troops were heading down the hill. The general and his sergeant were barely talking when James spotted the deer.

"Look at that. Off by the rocks," said James, careful to keep his excitement muffled.

About a hundred, maybe a hundred and fifty yards away, the boys saw a deer. It was a fine big buck just standing there.

"Let me take a shot," Joey whispered to his friend. "I can nail him."

But Johnny shook his head, brought the rifle off his shoulder, and took aim. The first shot was wide, and the buck was off and running. In his excitement, it took awhile to reload. The buck was deep into the woods when he got off his second shot.

"I wounded him," said Johnny confidently.

"Like hell you did," said Joey. He would have liked to have taken the meat home to his parents.

"I'm telling you I hit him," Johnny said. "I didn't have to work tonight, I'd trail that deer and show you."

The boys were still arguing as they rode their bikes into town. They stopped at Green Ridge Corners. The Roosevelt Theatre was there, the Walker apartment right above it. Joey got off his bike to give Johnny back his walkie-talkie. It was getting dark. It wouldn't be long before the lights on the marquee would go on.

"You're a rotten liar, John Walker," Joey shouted.

Johnny shouted back, "Am not. I hit that deer."

The two boys must have been going at it at the top of their lungs for a while when a man opened up the window above them.

"Goddamn you, you little bastard. I hear you raise your voice one more time, I'm gonna kick your ass again."

"I shot a deer today," Johnny boasted to the man leaning out the window.

His father, John Walker, Sr., hurled a bottle of whiskey at the boy. Johnny got his hands up quickly to protect his head, so the bottle bounced off his arm and crashed against the sidewalk.

John Walker, Sr., was still shouting something from the window as the two boys ran down the block.

Joey was shaking. But Johnny looked like he was going to cry.

"I'm gonna get that bastard someday," Johnny finally managed to say.

"Hey," said Joey putting an arm around his buddy, "what you complaining about, Buzz? You shot a deer today."

"I did," said Johnny Walker. "And that's more than my father's ever done."

• • •

During the last days of World War II, a war he spent fighting personal battles, John Walker, Sr., came home. He returned to Scranton, the town on the Lackawanna River where he was born and where he had met his wife. He came home because everything else had failed. He was out of work, broke, and had three sons to support. He was hoping maybe he'd get a break and an old buddy would give him a job playing piano somewhere. After six months, he settled for being manager at the Roosevelt Theatre.

It took another three years, but he finally got his break. A gig working the late slot on "The Voice of Scranton," radio station WARM. "Johnny Walker the Night Walker" he called himself, and he spun records for insomniacs and people working the lobster shift. Lots of Rosemary Clooney, Bing Crosby, Johnnie Ray. When he thought he could get away with it, he'd stick in some jazz and hope the squares wouldn't complain. Sometimes he'd fool around on the studio organ, ripping through a hot, improv verse of, say, a Doris Day song. Then he'd break straight into the record. It was a good gimmick, and the Night Walker had quite a following. "Johnny had the gift of gab, for certain," remembers George Gilbert who also worked at WARM in the early 1950s. "He had a smooth, smooth voice. A radio voice." He was even earning $85 a week. Yet by the time he threw the bottle at his son in the fall of 1953, John Walker, Sr.'s, life was falling apart at the seams. Again.

Many marriages are inspired by a glimpse of a larger life and then, as this youthful ideal is knocked down by circumstance, disappointment turns them nasty and unforgiving; and so it had gone with John Walker and Margaret Scaramuzzo. John was the oldest child of a large family of Irish immigrants who had wound up in Pennsylvania mining coal. Two generations later, John wanted something grander. He was playing piano in the roadhouses around Scranton when he met Margaret. She had grown up with seven brothers and sisters in a large white house on Allen Street. It was a home where Italian was spoken at the dinner table and a picture of the pope hung above the living room sofa. When the Scaramuzzo family wasn't in church, it seemed as if they were always at the family store, and, together, they made the Boston Fish Market on Penn Avenue in downtown Scranton prosper. Each of the four daughters would bring a $2,000 dowry with her to the altar; there would also be a place for their husbands in the family business. But by eighteen Margaret, with her jet-black hair, her church choir voice, and a hard laugh that (as it still would two generations later) ricocheted through conversations, felt there was something more ahead of her than a future in a fish market. She had the inkling that there was a whole other America beyond the foothills surrounding Scranton. When she met John Walker, she also met, for the first time, a fellow believer. He shared her faith: She'd be a famous vocalist, another Rosemary Clooney; he'd be the leader of a band of renown. Together they planned their escape.

For a while it worked. He got a job in Washington working for Warner Brothers. He was only a salesman, but at least it was, he convinced himself, show business. Most of the week was spent on the road, selling Warner films to movie houses throughout the South. On weekends he would try to make it home to his wife. But after a few years of driving his Ford down dusty southern roads, John Walker had traveled to some grim conclusions: Margaret would sing only in church; and, more painful, his band would play only in make-believe ballrooms. His show business career had peaked. Now when he returned to his new home in Richmond, Virginia, the house where Margaret was raising his three young sons—Arthur, John, Jr., and James—the journey only reinforced his woeful sense of losing something he had never really had. Regret led him to alcohol; and alcohol led him into despair. From there things got rotten.

It became the sort of household where the children quickly learned to stay out of their father's way. John, Sr., always seemed to have a drink in his hand and a chip on his shoulder. Anytime he decided the boys were wising off, he'd punch them. If he went after them with his belt, the welts would be visible for days. If he disappeared for a night and Margaret dared to call him on it, he wouldn't think twice about knocking her around, too.

Things go so bad that after one argument, Margaret took an overdose of sleeping pills. John, Sr., though, had been drinking, so maybe that was why he wasn't too upset. He just told Art, eight, and John, Jr., six, "Better keep her awake or she'll die." Then he left the house. The boys fed her coffee and kept her walking around the bedroom and she pulled through.

A year later, in 1944, the family wasn't so lucky. John, Sr., was heading down to Richmond on U.S. 1 from the Warner office in Washington when his Ford slammed head-on into a car pulling onto the highway. There was so much blood that the cops who rescued him from his ruined car were certain he wasn't going to pull through. But the accident didn't kill him. The lawsuit might just as well have.

There was some talk that John had been drinking before the collision on U.S. 1, and when the suit was settled John's savings were wiped out. The house in Richmond was sold off, too. Somehow, he lost the job at Warner's. John tried driving a cab for a while, but that didn't work out either. Drinking had become a full-time occupation.

It was at that point, cornered, that Margaret took the children and returned to Scranton. John followed. For a while the boys were farmed out to relatives, each to a different Scaramuzzo aunt. During the Christmas season, Margaret worked at a department store taking photographs of the kids sitting on Santa's knee. By Easter, however, John, Sr., got the job at the Roosevelt Theatre. He rented the apartment above the movie house. It was small, but the family now moved back together. He also joined Alcoholics Anonymous and, in time, found the will to confront his responsibilities. John, Sr., was soon feeling ambitious. That's how he wound up being Johnny Walker the Night Walker on WARM.

But all that fell apart, too. He started drinking again, smacking the boys around. Margaret was certain there were other women. When a hospital bill came in the mail for maternity care, she tore into him, but she paid it. John, Sr., just laughed at her. And that's pretty much the way things had gotten to be by the time he threw the bottle down at his son.

Late at night in his bedroom above the Roosevelt Theatre, Johnny would lay in bed with a Bakelite microphone near his pillow. A cord stretched from the microphone to the transmitter on a table near the window. The diffused, orangish glow from the candescent tubes was the only light in the room. Johnny had built the radio from a kit he had purchased with his paper route money. He had even climbed up on the roof and erected an antenna with a tall mast. When the weather was good, he could pick up stations as far away as Cleveland. Late at night, though, he would just tune in WARM, "The Voice of Scranton.'' He kept the volume low, only a whisper, so that James, in his bed across the room, could sleep. But while James kept his eyes closed, many nights he lay there awake in the dark, another listener. He, too, heard his father's easy, sensible voice, his radio voice, reaching across the night. And then he would hear another voice, closer, but still soft. A solemn child's voice whispering into a Bakelite microphone over and over again: ''And this is Johnny Walker *Junior* the *real* Night Walker. . . .''

Art was the first to leave. When Johnny was a junior at St. Patrick's, his older brother decided he had had enough. Not that Art had ever made a big thing of his predicament. To the gang at Pantages, the malt shop on Main Avenue where the kids huddled in packs around the jukebox, he was simply happy-go-lucky Art, everyone's favorite. You had to like him: letterman in football and baseball, second trumpet in the band, lead actor in the school plays, altar boy, B plus average. Rita Clare Fritsch, the daughter of the night supervisor in the main post office, and a real looker, was his steady. But in the middle of his first year at the University of Scranton, Art, nineteen, told his friends he was quitting school to join the Navy. Everyone was surprised.

''Thought you were going to get your degree. Go to law school and everything,'' his old St. Patrick's classmate Vince Talberi challenged. Vince had use of his family's Olds 88 and Art and Rita would double with him and his girl just about every weekend.

Art didn't answer him straightaway. It was his way—his ''big brother routine,'' James called it—to keep things inside. Years later after extraordinary circumstances had cost him his right to mysteries, Art would finally share a measure of what he had gone through: ''My dad would come home, and I'd be the one who would have to go down and take the flak. The two younger ones would stay up there hiding and I would have to take whatever flak a drunk wants to give you, a whipping or whatever. I worked hard at masking emotions. . . .''

In those days in Scranton, Art still felt it was his responsibility to keep things under control. He told Vince, ''I'm joining the Navy to see the world.''

The world he was fleeing would remain his secret. He hoped.

• • •

Not long after Art had enlisted, Joey Long quit school, too, and joined the Marines. Johnny Walker, always lonely, never the sort to hang out at Pantages, no varsity letterman, and certainly not a student, now found himself completely alone.

The sixteen-year-old chased after his big brother and best friend with letters. For a while he was writing three, four letters a week. A typical letter, written on Roosevelt Theatre stationery, would begin:

> Dear Joe,
>
> I just wrote a letter to Art, so I thought I would write you one too . . .

St. Patrick's was the sort of institution that when anybody acted up, Mother Vincent, the principal, would douse the offender with a bucket of holy water and announce to the class, "The devil is in the room." Johnny hated the place.

> "Dear Joe"—he wrote in his loopy adolescent script—"School is getting harder every year. I wish I could be at Parris Island with you. Do you miss me?"

Mr. Kilcullen promoted Johnny to head usher at the Roosevelt. He was making $24 a week. But with Art and Joey gone, the job had lost a lot of its appeal.

> " 'Powder Ridge' "—he reported in another letter to Private Joseph Long—"is the movie tonight. We had a good picture in Sunday and Monday. 'Stalag 17' was the name of it. It's about prisoners of war (POW) in Germany (World war 2). Stalag means prison camp in German. There is no one to use my passes in the movie now."

Art always had his steady girl, Rita. Johnny, a short, skinny kid, combed his thin black hair into a pompadour and made it a point to smile a lot. He bought an old jalopy and played with the engine, he was good at that sort of thing, and then gave it a new coat of blue paint. The car really shined. He called it "The Blue Streak." Johnny wanted a girl, too.

> "I got a new girl friend, her name is Marilyn. In your next letter tell me if you want me to send you a sexie one. You know."

—and just to make sure, the seventeen-year-old schoolboy decorated his letter to his buddy in the Marines with a sketch of a naked woman shaped like an hourglass.

> "I got another girl friend"—he announced in a quick letter scribbled in pencil a month later. "She is from Mississippi, a southern state. The only thing is, she went back about a week ago, so I'm looking for another one."

> "I don't remember"—began another note to Parris Island—"if I told you about my new girl friend or not, so I will tell you again. She is *very pritty,* has a nice face, and is *very sexie.*"

With his older brother and best friend gone, though, Johnny mostly kept to himself. He went to work at the Roosevelt or stayed in his room listening to the radio he had built. Some nights he drove The Blue Streak around looking for kids. But there was only James to lead on his hikes. And there was no one really to play his games.

> "Art will *not* be home for Christmas. I won't have anyone to help with the trains. If you're home in time you can help me."

All he could hope to do was to share through the mail some of the secret world he was busy inventing.

> "Well Joe boy, I have to go now. Don't show this top secret letter to anyone."

• • •

It was only a matter of time before Johnny started acting out some of his riskier fictions. On the night of May 27, 1955, opportunity nudged him forward; and one of his games finally turned dangerous.

He was killing time that spring night at a candy store a few blocks from his home, on Jackson Street, when the talk turned to cars. No wheels in Scranton were faster than The Blue Streak, Johnny boasted. Talk is cheap, answered a guy the kids called "Goat." Goat didn't go to St. Patrick's, and he had a tough guy's rep, a real "rock." Johnny had seen him around and had always been impressed. So before he knew it, he and Goat were in The Blue Streak tooling it to Pittston, a town about ten miles south of Scranton. Goat said he knew a girl there.

But the girl wasn't home; or maybe there wasn't even a girl at all. Goat had other things on his mind. The Blue Streak was pushing eighty as Goat told his new friend about all the stores he had been boosting. In the past two weeks alone, he claimed, he had pulled down quite a score: $577, to be exact.

Bet you don't make that much in two, three months working the Roosevelt, said Goat.

For certain, said Johnny.

Well, challenged Goat, you up for it?

Five hundred and seventy-seven dollars is an awful lot of money, Johnny was thinking. And Goat kept at it. He taunted, You chicken?

So Johnny, without much consideration, fell into the next act of his life. They were heading back toward Scranton when they stopped and broke into an Esso station on Main Street in Duryea. The damn place, though, had been closed up real tight for the night. There was nothing to grab. The pair rode off empty-handed.

At that point, back behind the wheel of The Blue Streak and speeding down Route 6, Johnny knew he could call it quits. He had shown Goat he had the balls. But climbing scared-assed through the window of that dark Esso station—and this was something he would never forget; there was many a late night ten and even twenty years later when he, getting kind of grave, almost bashful, would share this indelible moment of self-awareness with his drinking buddies—Johnny Walker had discovered something: He dug it. No way he was going to stop now.

They were passing Marianelli's Esso station in Old Forge when they decided to go for another score. They jimmied a door this time and found $3 lying around. On the way out, they grabbed two tires to throw into the backseat of The Blue Streak. Down the block from the service station was old man Marianelli's used car lot. They were on a roll, so they figured why not. They grabbed whatever they could find —four quarts of oil, six cans of car polish. And then they struck pay dirt—a tin money box.

Except the money box only had business papers inside. Cursing, they gave the papers to the wind and drove The Blue Streak on toward Scranton.

The game, though, was getting good. When they drove by Cuozzo & Gavigan's, the clothing store on North Main, there was nothing to discuss. The Durkan Funeral Home had a lot next door and Johnny pulled in.

The front door of the clothing store was locked tight, and even though it was getting near midnight, the boys figured you might attract some attention jimmying a door right out on North Main. In the back alley, though, there was a ventilator that Johnny found he could pry loose. He climbed in, Goat followed. It was dark and spooky. But they kept on crawling, on hands and knees in the pitch black, a tight space, until they entered a room. One of the boys quickly hit the light —Christ, they were in the john. And when they tried to open the john door, they got nowhere. It was too thick to jimmy; after a lot of pushing and shoving, they realized it must be barricaded on the other side. They had no choice but to call it a night.

Johnny was crawling back out of the ventilator when, all of a sudden, he stumbled. His foot kicked a board, and the board flew off into the metal grate, which went crashing to the concrete sidewalk. It was a hell of a racket. Both boys jumped to the ground running.

But just as they were coming out of the dark alley, Officer William Shygelski spotted them. He had been heading up North Main to check out the noise.

Stop! the officer ordered.

Goat darted back into the shadows. Johnny kept on going. He took a running jump and started over the wooden fence surrounding the funeral home parking lot.

Stop! the officer repeated.

When Johnny didn't, the officer fired at him. Johnny was scared stiff, but he didn't look back. He didn't look at the officer and he didn't look for Goat. He made it over the fence and ran for all he was worth to his car. In a flash The Blue Streak tear-assed out of the parking lot.

Officer Shygelski saw the car take off and, revolver waving in the air, ran into the middle of North Main and stopped a passing car.

Follow that blue car, the officer told the driver.

Johnny, meanwhile, thought he had it beat. No cop on foot was any match for The Blue Streak. Johnny, nice and cool, the model citizen, had pulled up to a red light at the corner of North Hyde Park and Jackson. He figured—or so he would say when he told the story years later—that all in all it was a pretty wild night. Then, with no warning, he saw this crazy cop get out of the car behind him. Of course The Blue Streak started to burn rubber. Next Johnny, watching the whole incredible thing in his rearview mirror as if it were the big screen at the Roosevelt, saw the cop drop to one knee, take aim, and try to put one straight into his gas tank. The goddamn bullet went right through his rear bumper! Johnny, now genuinely scared, had his foot flat against the pedal. The Blue Streak was really moving. But, more amazing, the cop wasn't giving up.

The officer jumped back into the car he had commandeered and told the driver to give chase. Johnny was watching it all happen, but he wasn't believing it. It was better, he would someday joke, than any movie. And he was the star.

The Blue Streak hightailed it up Washburn, and the cop followed. Johnny cut over to Keyser, and he still couldn't lose him. But Johnny had a plan—he was heading for the highway. Nobody was going to catch The Blue Streak on the open road. And by the time he was running down the Morgan Highway, the needle on The Blue Streak edging past 90, there wasn't another car in sight.

It was just about then, though, that Johnny Walker realized he could have been killed—that crazy cop was firing real bullets!—over $3, four quarts of oil, and a couple of tires. All he could think about was why the hell was that cop making such a big deal? What was the harm?

He drove all night—"on the lam," he'd tell his buddy Joey—and found himself in Williamsport, a city about 110 miles southwest of Scranton.

It was in Williamsport that, while getting coffee in a diner, Johnny Walker, the seventeen-year-old fugitive, became friendly with a twenty-two-year-old housepainter. Johnny began to tell him some story about how he was in town, passing through on his way to his grandmother's. It didn't take Johnny long to weave the yarn together. By the time the coffee cup was drained, Johnny found that even he was believing it. And why not? He was always good at making things up, stretching reality.

Not that the painter cared. People, Johnny was learning, are easy to con. You want to park your car in my driveway and get some rest, the painter suggested to him, be my guest. For the next two nights Johnny kept The Blue Streak in the painter's driveway and slept inside the car. On the third night, the painter told him he could sack out on the living room couch. Johnny, grateful, gave him the two tires he had stolen from the Esso station in Old Forge. "Fair's fair," Johnny told him.

It was during his days in Williamsport, on his own in a strange town, that Johnny allowed his imagination to embroider circumstance. In his mind, his escape became something he had seen Jimmy Cagney pull off on the screen at the Roosevelt. He began to cultivate his self-image as Buzz Saw Walker, "Public Enemy Number One." Let the police come looking; he gave the dumb coppers the slip once, he could do it again. No problem. In fact, he felt just fine. And it was in this mood, full of his imagined self, that he made his big mistake—Johnny called a girl he knew in Scranton. Don't worry, he told her. Everything is great. And if you ever need me, he added in what he was convinced was the perfect touch, you can write care of a greeting card shop in Williamsport. He gave her the address.

The next day, June 1, 1955, the Williamsport police arrested John Walker, Jr., in front of the greeting card store. The girl had ratted on him. Two days later, after Johnny was returned to Scranton and locked in the county jail, it didn't take him long to give the police Goat's name.

It was another lesson that would last him a lifetime: Betrayal is a very repetitious habit.

"I can't see anything in favor of any one of you," Judge Otto P. Robinson told the two youths when they stood before him in Juvenile Court three weeks later. "You are just two crooks. The only thing in favor of you is that this is the first time you have been in court." The judge then sentenced John Walker and Goat to indefinite terms at the state correctional institution at Camp Hill.

But during the morning's recess Arthur Walker met with Judge Robinson in his chambers. Art, twenty, already a submariner, was in his Navy whites. He was erect, clean-cut, confident: a recruiting advertisement come to life. He told the judge what it was like growing up in the apartment above the Roosevelt Theatre. He also made a suggestion: Don't send Johnny to Camp Hill; let him join the Navy. The Navy will straighten him out.

That afternoon the judge brought the two seventeen-year-old boys back into the courtroom and he announced that he had decided to put them on probation.

''In a year or so,'' he lectured, ''you boys will be in the service and when you go in there they will ask you if you have a criminal record. . . . The officer for the Army will ask us about you and we would like to say, 'Yes, they were in a little trouble but since then they were able to straighten themselves out.' The Army doesn't want crooks.''

And the judge, concluding, gave them some advice: ''This is a chance for you fellows to go straight. Don't make another mistake. You've got to be honest or you go to Camp Hill. Learn the Ten Commandments and obey them and you won't be in further trouble.''

Johnny Walker, it seemed, learned another lesson, a schemer's Golden Rule: No jam was so tight that with a little shrewd prying, you couldn't slide your way out of it. A smart guy can always find an angle.

The waiting was the hardest part. Johnny did not return to St. Patrick's for his senior year and he also refused to go back, even for a month or two, to his job at the Roosevelt. That part of his life was over, he announced. He would simply wait. ''I have decided not to get a job, just be a bum,'' he wrote Joey that July. So he spent the summer of '55 waiting first to turn eighteen, and then waiting for his naval enlistment papers to go through. He was bristling to get out of Scranton and into the world.

But his father, John Walker, Sr., beat him to it. Just days after his son's eighteenth birthday the Night Walker didn't show up for work. He didn't say anything to the radio station, or his wife, or his sons.

He left no note, and certainly no money. He just drove off on a fine August morning and never came back. It really wasn't much of a surprise when, after a while, the family heard some talk that a young woman, Dottie, had gone away with him.

Finally, ten weeks after his eighteenth birthday, on October 25, 1955, Johnny was on a bus heading to the U.S. Naval Training Center at Bainbridge, Maryland. As the bus sped down the highway, quick glimpses of the Pennsylvania countryside reflecting through his window like so many bad memories, he could not help wishing the bus would hurry up and get there, and he could begin his life as a man.

2

Barbara Crowley was nineteen years old and two months pregnant, but that wasn't the only reason she was in a hurry to marry Johnny Walker. She was afraid that if he kept dragging out this . . . courtship, he'd learn the truth. And then she'd lose her sailor forever.

It wasn't that Barbara had lied. Or, at least that was what she kept telling herself. It was just that maybe she had given Johnny the wrong impression. She knew too well how he could get, high-hatting people, cutting them all the time. So there was no way she was going to tell him the truth about her family. No way, because the reality left her ashamed and feeling dirty. The way sex sometimes leaves you dirty.

She had come of age in the sticks, more a cabin than a home. Things were very close, everybody always on top of each other. There were seven kids and no money. Shoes and clothes were passed down, from sister to sister. There were a lot of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for dinner. Besides, the long Maine winter can be a heartache, no matter what.

When Barbara was nine, her father had died. That's when they moved from East Boston to Mercer up in Maine and a hard life started to get bad. Her mother had always been drinking, the kids had gotten used to that as best they could, but now there was the partying.

There were lots of strange men hanging around. Lots of bottles, lots of giggles. Other sounds, too. One time Barbara came home and found her mother and some guy going at in the living room. They didn't stop when she came in.

One of her sisters was like that, too. She'd pick up a fellow and bring him to her bedroom, and Barbara, sleeping across the room, would hear the bedsprings wheezing to beat the band for a good part of the night. Sometimes Barbara, curious, would take a peek. She got quite an eyeful. Or sometimes when she was sleeping, she'd get the feeling there was someone's "date" watching her real close. Once, asleep but feeling funny, she bolted out of a dream only to see some guy scooting off her bed and dashing out of the room. Or perhaps it was just part of the dream.

She must have been ten when her mother married a man everyone called Smitty. He liked to hug the girls a lot. Maybe too much. Not like a daddy, Barbara felt. Except he made a big point that the kids should call him "Dad." Barbara refused; even as a child she had a way of digging in her heels. You call me Dad, he ordered for what he was determined would be the last time. But Barbara wouldn't give in. So he slapped her. Smitty, she taunted back. So he just kept on belting and belting and belting her. She missed two days of school, she took that much of a beating. But she never called him "Dad."

Barbara always blamed Smitty for what she called "getting everyone's juices going." After Smitty moved in, a cousin of hers started getting fresh. This cousin gave one of her sisters in particular a real hard time. And Barbara knew this wasn't right.

Barbara's grandfather was a full-blooded Cherokee. People always said there was never any doubt where Barb got her looks: She had his jet-black hair, thick and shiny like a cat's, and Cherokee cheekbones, sharp and high. He lived a couple of miles up the road, but she would simply cut through the woods and get there in nothing flat.

He had spent a lifetime as a carpenter, and was good and careful with his hands. He liked things done right. When he was seventy-two, he happened to glance at one of Barb's algebra books and became curious. He went to the library, borrowed a book, and darned if he didn't teach himself algebra. People also said there was never any doubt where Barb got her brains, too.

The two of them would talk and talk, jawing on just about everything. It was her granddad who told her, "The only thing they can't take away from you is your pride." He also told her, "You find yourself a man, then you stick by him, little girl."

He lived till he was ninety-two, and while Barbara never got to see him very much after she moved away from home, she always said, especially after a drink or two, that there wasn't a day went by when she didn't think of her granddad; or about the things he had taught her.

She had just finished the ninth grade, only fifteen years old, but Barbara looked like a woman. Her cousins noticed the changes, too. Things were becoming tense. She knew the situation would only get harder; there was no way in the world she was going to put up with any of that stuff. So Barbara left. She didn't run away because, she would always make a point of saying, running away means there was somebody who wanted you to stay. She decided on Boston because it was all her experiences, at the time, had the imagination to desire: the capital of the world beyond the woods.

Barbara took a job in a department store, selling blouses. It was quite an education to see people spending that kind of money merely to look pretty. She didn't get jealous, really. Still, she did think about it, all those people spending all that money. She passed a lot of nights doing a lot of wishful thinking. That kind of thought is bound to breed ambition.

Yet, it was Barbara's roommate who really convinced her not just of the necessity, but also of the possibility of her life's becoming more than it had been. This girl was the first person Barbara encountered who had attended, for a while at least, college. She was also the first Jew Barbara ever got to know. Barbara, who took her Catholicism seriously, had grown up feeling Jews were different. But, she was to learn, not in the ways she had anticipated.

On Friday nights, her roommate's parents would have the girls over for dinner. They sat around a dining room table covered with a white, lacy spread. The dishes were a rose-patterned china and the knives and forks were real silver, heavy in your hand. Platters were filled with food, chicken usually, or maybe a roast. There was always plenty, and everyone seemed genuinely glad the more you ate.

The real discovery around the dinner table, though, was the conversation. Barbara didn't want to make too big a deal out of it, but she had never heard anything like this before: parents actually talking to their children, caring about them, people interested in each other. Things up north had just been nasty and loud.

Barbara, for the first time, got a glimpse of how comforting family life could be. Best of all, this girl and her family really took to Barbara, watching out for her, caring about her. It was natural, then, that Barbara returned their affection, treating them as if they were her parents. And in a way, she reasoned, they just about were. Especially since, she decided, she was more or less an orphan. In time, it became a convenient reality when asked about her folks to tell people, or at least give the impression, that her roommate's parents were really her own.

So when Barbara Crowley happened to go to a church dance and met a twenty-year-old sailor with a real sly smile, it was only natural that she described her family home as a big yellow clapboard house with a picket fence in Dedham. And by the time this Johnny Walker was getting really interested in her, when they were going roller skating on the weekends and ending up more often than not in the backseat of his Pontiac, when both of them were telling everyone it was "love at first sight," she realized things had gotten out of hand. The truth had been pretty well tattered. Except it was too late to do anything about it because Johnny Walker had fallen for it. There was no way of knowing how he'd feel after he learned the truth. Still, Barbara must have had an inkling.

Years later, decades after finally stumbling upon the truth about the Crowleys, John Walker would remain bitter. It stuck in his craw, even after circumstances had caught up with him. Sentenced to be in a prison cell for the rest of his life, Johnny, undeterred and unrepentant, would go on instead about how Barbara had lied to him. "Real shock!" he wrote. "Sick and disgusting family which would have prevented their relationship to have grown if JW knew them."

By that time, though, Barbara figured her lie was pretty meager in the scheme of things. Besides, all she had really done was invent a cover. The first of many.

3

It was one of the ironies of desire that while Barbara was stretching the truth a bit, so was her sailor. Johnny Walker, despite everything he was confiding to Barbara in the backseat of his Pontiac, figured there was no way he, a frisky twenty-year-old, was ever going to get married. Or, for that matter, even stay in the Navy.

At first, Johnny really took to the Navy. After what he had gone through in Scranton, the Bainbridge Training Center in Maryland might just as well have been summer camp.

"Well old pal," he wrote to Joe Long in October of 1955, "I have been in the Navy 1 week. I'm having the greatest time of my life. You were an idiot to join the Marines. This Navy boot camp is soft as hell. I was working harder in civilian life . . . The damn chow is better than at home. I have more free time than at home."

The competition with the other sailors seemed to spur Johnny on. It wasn't like St. Patrick's where doing well meant learning things, useless, obscure things, from books. At Bainbridge, a sailor could go to the head of the class simply by playing the sort of games Johnny had always played with Joey. For the first time, Johnny became familiar with success. He was really quite proud of himself.

"Yesterday I was made chief semaphore sender of the company," he informed his Marine Corps buddy, archly replacing the Roosevelt Theatre letterhead with stationery imprinted with the battleship *Missouri* blasting its 16-inch guns. "Semaphore is sending signals with those little flags. You must know what it is. Well they made me an instructor on it. When I see you, I'll teach you how.

"I already told you that I was second platoon leader, and on the staff. The staff carries cutlasses. So watch your ass when you come down, or I'll stab you."

Johnny was also busy taking all kinds of tests at Bainbridge. He scored particularly high for electronic aptitude. Maybe it was just that he had been putting together radios since he was twelve, so he had a real jump on most of the other sailors. The truth was, though, he genuinely enjoyed fooling around with all the equipment. Getting the various wires and tubes in the right place, he had told his brother James, was like solving a mystery.

The only problem seemed to be his eyes. The Navy, after checking his body out from stem to stern, had told him he had weak eyes. They wanted him to wear glasses. Johnny hated the heavy black-framed glasses they gave him. He told people they made him look queer, not at all like a sailor. Even if he didn't wear them much, he realized the Navy had him listed for now and forever in its records as a four-eyes. He knew that could limit his future assignments. Worst of all, it could very well interfere with his, as he called it, "master plan."

Still, it was a confident Johnny Walker who wrote to Joey as boot camp was ending: "I have been doing pretty good in my tests so far, and I might get a good school out of this Navy."

The Navy sent Johnny in the winter of 1956 to the Naval Schools Command in Norfolk, Virginia, which was just what he wanted: He was going to be trained as a radioman. In those days at Radio A school, the electronic technology was rather basic. Most ship-to-shore communication was done by high-frequency transmissions and Johnny, who boasted to his instructors that he had been playing around with radios forever, had no trouble mastering HF. The rest of the course was dull, the sort of skills that take a good deal of practice and only a little talent: learning to type, sending Morse, and getting down the official shorthand for Navy message traffic. Yet, Johnny was very gung ho and wound up being the second-fastest typist in his class. But that was something he didn't brag about; typing, he would explain years later to a teasing friend who watched amazed as his fingers darted about the keyboard, was like packing a gun in your back pocket—something a man doesn't advertise, but something that sure comes in handy when you need it. (And all the friend could think was only Johnny Walker could equate packing a piece with knowing how to type. How very Johnny.)

Another subject that the instructors spent a lot of hours on in A school was security. Nothing too technical; the special responsibilities that came with a knowledge of cryptography and top secret cipher machines would be disclosed only to those trainees who climbed up the rating pipeline. But the drill for E-1 was still substantially the same for the "tape apes" who wore E-9 patches: Loose lips sink ships.

A radioman, went the standard lecture, is the first on the ship to know what's going on. He reads all the messages that go in and out. If the sailors on board want to learn where the ship's going and when the ship's coming into port, the one they ask is the radioman because he's up on all the news. The radio room, the trainees are told, is a repository of secrets. The tape ape's job, his sworn duty, is to keep it that way.

Not all the training in Norfolk was in the classroom. Johnny started hanging out in the squid bars in Ocean View. A guy could always buy a good time. So Johnny learned to pay for sex. And he learned to get his money's worth.

Now when he wrote to his buddy in the Marines, it was as the swaggering sailor: "Hey, shit, I'll be home for Christmas for a 14 day leave. . . . See if you can get a leave at the same time so I can take you on a good old Navy liberty. Scranton better watch out because I'm going to wreck that town."

On that leave he got to know a nursing student he had first met in church. She had long red hair and, as Johnny told Art, "she sure

SANTA RITA H. S. MEDIA CENTER

knew how to fill a sweater.'' They spent a lot of time together, but on New Year's Eve she called and said she had the flu. Maybe it was true, but after that Johnny managed to spend the remainder of his leave without their paths crossing.

When he returned to Norfolk, he wrote Joey about her:

> . . . I was going with a student nurse from the state for a while there. I met her on my last 15 day leave. We were going pretty strong for a while, but she got too damn serious so I ended it. I sure hated to give that stuff up, those nurses are pretty hot stuff you know. As she used to say, she knew what made me tick.

The letters sent while Johnny was still at radio school were all typed in big capital letters as if they were official naval communications. Joey Long got a real kick out of that, and he was pretty impressed by how well his buddy had learned to type. But what really caught his eye and set him thinking was the signature. No more ''Buzz Saw Walker.'' No more cartoon sketches of menacing blades. These days the letters were signed a terse (and unfamiliar; Johnny couldn't help testing out new identities) ''Jack.'' Everybody's growing up, Joey decided.

Now that A school was coming to a close and Johnny, nearly twenty, was certain he had become both a sailor and a man, his intention was to get on with his ''master plan''—submarines.

Part of the allure of submarines, even the old diesel subs, was that they were special. They weren't called ships like the other vessels in the Navy; subs were boats. And their crews, the men who wore the arm patches showing a boat's prow and conning tower flanked by leaping dolphins, weren't merely sailors; they were known throughout the service as submariners. It was a distinction that wasn't easily earned: A man had to have a good deal of guts and a bit of recklessness, too, to go down 400 feet beneath the sea. Johnny, who liked his share of romance and danger, was intrigued. It was the sort of rep he wouldn't mind bringing into a bar.

The other attraction—and this is what got him thinking about subs as soon as he finished boot camp—was that his brother Art was al-

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ready a submariner. In fact, Art, now married to Rita for almost a year, had the look of what sailors call a "hot runner"—someone who slides up the rating's pole. Boosted by impressive evaluations from his executive officers, Art seemed to have quite a future in subs. Straight out of Bainbridge, the Navy had sent him to Fleet Sonar School in Key West, Florida, and then to Submarine School in New London, Connecticut. By the time Johnny was finishing up at Norfolk, Art had served on SSN *Torsk*, a diesel sub, for nearly two years. Just twenty-three, he had become the boat's senior sonarman. And Lieutenant Commander Siple, the *Torsk*'s CO, gave him the sort of evaluation that was bound to lead to more opportunities: "Walker is considered to be an excellent candidate for officer status."

The way Johnny figured it, there was no reason his older brother should be the only one grabbing the glory in the Walker family. Besides, if Art could make it, then it'd be just as easy for Johnny. Maybe easier: Having a brother in subs—and a hot runner at that—should help.

So when Johnny filled out his "dream sheet"—the Navy has sailors list their preferences for future assignments—he put in for subs. He wanted to be a radioman beneath the sea.

Johnny got his E-1 patch, but he didn't get his dolphins. The detailer at the Command Office read the naval surgeon's note about John Walker, Jr.'s, weak eyes on the trainee's 88, the standard medical examination report form. Boats, the detailer therefore decided, were out. Johnny was assigned to the radio room of the USS *Johnnie Hutchins*, a destroyer escort ship. His duties aboard the *Hutchins* were routine: Listening to the International Distress 60 at 500 kilocycles for any Morse Code SOSs; and tuning in to the International Life Code and Life Distress Circuit at 2182 kilocycles in case any civilian ships were in danger.

Twice a month, Chief Collins, the chief petty officer who ran the radio shack, put his team through the security drill. The emergency action plan, the Navy called it. The sailors called it "bash and trash." Each radioman was assigned a certain amount of equipment and matériel to burn, shred, or pound to pieces with a hammer. Whatever happens, the lecture went, don't let our secrets get in enemy hands. It could cost lives.

Johnny's assignment—come hell, high water, or the Russians, Chief Collins instructed—was to grab the wooden mallet that was kept on the wall in the radio shack and pound the cryptograph machine into smithereens. Hit it with all your might, Walker, the chief ordered.

Back in his bunk, Johnny, like a gruff echo, would amuse his shipmates by approximating the chief's bark pretty accurately. It got so that the entire radio room, after a day's work and a couple of beers, would join Johnny in a mimetic chorus of Chief Collins's favorite refrain, "Sailor, just don't let the Commies get their fuckin' red hands on it."

There's a joke, more or less, that the execs tell the squids whenever it's evaluation report time: Know what a 4.0 sailor is? A man who can walk on water and not get his feet wet. Joke or not, there weren't many people aboard the *Hutchins* who would have doubted that Radioman Walker was shooting for this ideal. In less than a year—no time at all by Navy standards—he had made E-2, his evaluations were "superior" in all categories, and he let it be known that he was a lifer, the Navy would be his career.

But—and this was Johnny's secret—he was just conning them. He would hide behind his smile, do his job, and let the fools think whatever they wanted. He had already make up his mind. He was going to put in his four and get out. He hated the *Hutchins*.

He hated his boring work; he hated doing a 4 to 8 and then putting in some rack time only to wake up and find himself having to eat goddamn meat loaf for "breakfast"; and he hated that the *Hutchins* was taking on reservists for training cruises. These spoiled rich kids, weekend sailors, really rubbed him raw. "These reserve training ships are a real racket," he wrote Joey, knowing his buddy, another guy who never had too many advantages, would understand. "I can't stand these shit head reserves."

Most of all, though, he hated his life on the *Hutchins* because it labeled him as ordinary. "I might as well be a shitty TV repairman," he complained to his brother James. Johnny missed the games. On the *Hutchins*, the reality was so oppressive that there was little room for even his imagination to help him invent escapes.

There was also something else—he still wanted subs. Just thinking about Art wearing dolphins, that really hurt.

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Of course Johnny never told any of this to Barbara Crowley. He knew what kind of confident man rich girls like her wanted. From the first night, Johnny was certain he knew just how to play her.

The *Hutchins* had been harbored during the icy winter of 1957 up in Boston, and Johnny, along with a bunch of guys from the ship, found themselves one evening at a dance in a church basement. Barbara had been standing with a girlfriend across the room when Johnny spotted her. No way you could miss that black hair, black as coal. When there was a slow record, he asked her to dance. The rest was pretty simple. They danced. They talked. She told him all about her fancy job at the department store, all about her parents with the house up in Dedham. Johnny told her he, too, had big plans. Someday, he said, Admiral Walker. She didn't know whether to believe him or not, but then he let loose a smile that would stay in her mind forever. "His rascal's smile," she would fondly recall, enjoying the memory even when she was a grandmother. By the end of the evening both of them knew he was going to drive her home.

The roller skating was Barbara's idea. There was a rink near her apartment, and after some cajoling, she finally got Johnny to go. He had never skated before; it was not the sort of thing boys did in a coal-mining town, but he took to it right away. He got really good, learning, after only a couple of times out, to do figure eights. Mostly, though, his arm close to Barb's waist, his fingers putting a soft pressure on her hip, they would do slow, looping circles about the rink. They would skate for hours, skate and talk.

They talked about the future. Barbara wanted a home where she could raise a family, some place like her parents'. She promised to take Johnny up to Dedham one afternoon and introduce him. He told her a family would be nice, but these days being a sailor was too exciting. He had his career to think about. He was still going on about "Admiral Walker," and she still couldn't tell if he was *really* joking.

Then there was the time Barbara, who could get devout when she found herself talking about her Catholicism, asked Johnny if he believed in God. I was an altar boy, he told her. That's not an answer, she chided. ''Do you believe in God?'' she repeated.

He waited awhile; perhaps, she felt, playing in his mind with a quip. When he finally got the words out, though, there was a quality to his voice, a soft and somber Johnny Walker, that made her think he was really confiding something:

''Barb, when I was a kid my dad used to give my brothers and me a real hard time. It didn't matter what we did, whether we were right or wrong, if my dad was in the mood, he'd just haul off and tear into us. Now, why am I tellin' you this? Well, 'cause the fact of the matter is, sure, I believe in God. But He ain't the sort of God the sisters used to tell us about. The way I see it, He's more like my father. He's gonna give you a hard time no matter what if He's in the mood. So the trick is, go out there and do what you want—and just hope you get lucky.''

Then, from out of nowhere, Johnny, the old Johnny, flashed her one of his rascal smiles; and once again she couldn't tell if he really meant what he was saying.

The spring day when she learned the *Johnnie Hutchins* would soon be leaving Boston harbor for a long cruise down the East Coast was the day Barbara finally decided to confront her sailor. She didn't know how he'd take to the news that he was going to be a father. She should have realized, though, that by now Johnny was just as much in love with her as she was with him.

''Well,'' he said, giving her belly a fond pat, ''I guess we'd better get married.''

They didn't tell anyone; and they never told each other that part of the reason was that there really was no one to tell. They just went to a justice of the peace in Durham, North Carolina. The justice didn't have an office or anything, just his grocery store. His wife was the witness. They were married on June 4, 1957. Afterward, Johnny decided to call his mother in Scranton. That night he went back to his ship. Barbara, as happy as she'd ever been, spent the night in the rooming house by herself.

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"The best Christmas present ever," Johnny rejoiced. Because two days after Christmas in a hospital in Brooklyn, New York, Barbara gave birth to a baby girl. But it wasn't an easy birth. Barbara developed toxemia, and the Navy doctor told the new father to be prepared; he didn't think either the mother or the baby girl would pull through. Johnny sent for a priest; he couldn't think of what else to do.

Nature, however, worked its way. The doctor was Italian and he told Barb to drink a lot of red wine; that would make her milk richer. Johnny and she had a couple of laughs over the advice, but they decided they might as well give it a try, and it led to some interesting evenings. In time the baby was christened Margaret, after Johnny's mother. And Johnny, who was now a radioman on the aircraft carrier *Forrestal,* was quick to give out cigars to the guys in the shack. He even bragged to his chief that "I changed a diaper." Barbara, too, thought things had gotten pretty wonderful when she heard her husband tell one of his buddies, "I took one look at little Margaret and I fell in love forever."

The only problem seemed to be money. At least that was the only one Johnny, a twenty-one-year-old father, would talk about. He was earning $130 a month base, with another $77 a month added as a family allowance. It didn't go very far: Margaret's crib was a dresser drawer. They made up their minds not to have other children for a while.

There was something else, however unarticulated, that also ate away at Johnny. He wanted subs. Or he wanted out.

But things just didn't seem to go Johnny's way. This time when he requested subs, the Navy assigned him to a sub tender, the USS *Howard W. Gilmore,* based in Charleston, South Carolina. That was like, he told his brother James, a guy wanting to live like a rich man, so they make him a butler. He was pretty bitter about the whole thing and was counting the days till he could get out.

At home things had gotten out of hand, too. Johnny and Barb had made up their minds to have no more children, but one night, both of them a little tight, resolutions became more spontaneous. So Cynthia was born in Charleston in the winter of 1959. She was a sickly baby, always crying, and Barb, a twenty-one-year-old mother with another infant to care for, was overwhelmed. The more Cynthia cried, the more Barbara resented her. But that didn't help; the guilt only made things worse.

The breaking point, though, had to be when Barbara, just two months after Cynthia was born, found herself pregnant for a third time. Johnny told her to get an abortion, but she wouldn't hear of it. She was too much of a Catholic. Instead, she reached a compromise with her husband and the dogma: She would try to induce a miscarriage. She made a point of lifting heavy boxes. She carried a boxy club chair across their small living room. Once, after screwing up her courage, she even took a tumble, sort of, down a flight of stairs. But the baby was stubborn. In April 1960, their third daughter, Laura, was born.

That's when Johnny lost it. He had figured the only upside to this third child was at least the odds were pretty good he'd get a son. After two girls, he felt he was due. When the doctor congratulated him on being the father of a 7¼-pound baby girl, Johnny stormed out of the hospital. He didn't go see his wife, he just went looking for the nearest bar. He didn't come home for three days. By then, he was a mite contrite. But there was no use asking him where he had been; even he couldn't remember.

There was nobody Johnny could turn to but his big brother. Art had gotten him out of a jam with the judge in Scranton, and now Johnny needed him again. He had to believe Art, a boot ensign on a training submarine in Groton, Connecticut, would help him out. Johnny, for once, just put it to his brother straight: He was a twenty-two-year-old father of three baby girls and he was broke. A hundred bucks would sure help. Art, now a father himself, told him, ''That's a lot of money.'' But the next day Art wired the $100.

Not that Art ever really had much of a choice. Looking back at the incident almost thirty years later, he would explain: ''It wasn't always monetary. A lot of what was between us was protective feelings for one another in childhood, watching out for each other, protecting your brother, you know? It's what you did, what you were supposed to do.''

So when Johnny, full of despair, confided to his older brother that not only was he broke, but also he didn't see how things would be getting better next year when he was a civilian, Art took the bait. Thought you were going to be a lifer like me, Art said. You? Johnny barked at him. You got it made—you're in subs. The goddamn Navy put me on a boat, I'd sign on for another four for certain.

Johnny tried to sound surprised when his brother suggested maybe he could help. Art said he'd talk to a few people he had met in Groton. Maybe one of them could do something.

Six months later, in October 1960, Johnny Walker, back in control once more, wrote to his Marine buddy:

> Hi Joey,
>
> Its been so long since we communicated, I can't remember what ship I was on or what I was doing. . . . I was pretty bitter at the Navy at the time and had decided to get out on 4 rather than ship over. However, I got to know some people after returning to the states who would help me get into submarines, so I shipped over after all. . . .
>
> Sometime this week I'll be transfered again; this time to the USS Balo, a submarine here in Key West. So, I'll be finally making it aboard subs after wanting them since I enlisted.

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At the start of every cruise, just as the tug was pushing the sub's bow toward the channel, Johnny Walker would sit at his desk in the radio shack with a roll of toilet paper. On each perforated square he would write a number. He'd start at one and continue, consecutively, to seventy: a square for each scheduled day of the voyage. Then, as the boat was beginning to feel the chop of the open sea, he'd carefully wind up the roll and position it, always, in the right-hand corner of his desk. It would be his way of keeping track of time.

Time for submariners was that makeshift. Once the hull began reverberating with the diving alarm, and the crew could hear the hard whoosh of rushing air as the vents on the top of the ballast tanks were opened, they knew they were descending, slowly, to a continuum without sunrises or sunsets. Underneath the sea, days became nights; nights became days. Even veterans could be spooked by this, it was so unnatural. The Navy, concerned, tried to impose a bit of structure: While clocks on surface ships were changed to conform to the local time zones, clocks on a submarine were permanently set to Zulu, or Greenwich mean time. Johnny's roll of toilet paper seemed to ease his buddies' anxieties more successfully, though. At the end of each twenty-four-hour period, the tape apes would gather round his desk. Then one of the guys, usually Don Clevenger, a big, beefy good-time Texan who shipped out with Johnny on a lot of boats, would pucker up like he was about to kiss his sister; but, instead, he'd break into a humming, put-on rendition of "Taps," while Johnny, getting into the mock ceremony, would rip off one of his flimsy, numbered squares. Another day was now officially done.

In this manner, for the next six years, his voyages were measured out. Yet if there ever was a perfect time in Johnny Walker's life, a time when his ambitions, talents, and even personality were appreciated and, better, encouraged, it was during his tours as a radioman on submarines. He threw himself into everything: the hot runner poring over tech manuals, determined to make chief; the submariner, proud of his dolphins, kicky with the dangerous thrill—and prestige!—of his profession; and the wiseass games player eager to invent diversions, now in the name of morale. All the levels he lived on, Johnny discovered to his profound satisfaction, could run loose in this narrow world under the sea.

Not that life on a sub, especially toward the end of a long cruise, couldn't grind on him. It was hard duty. Worst of all, though, was when he was just starting out in subs back in 1961 and he caught one of the last of the World War II–class diesels, the USS *Razorback*. He learned to hate the very smell of that boat, its air heavy with the high stench of machine oil and battery acid. In the summer, things on that boat could get really rank. Once down in Key West, Johnny was sitting at his desk in the shack in just his skivvies and a rakish beret—things were pretty casual in the diesel Navy—when the story started moving through the boat that a thermometer in the engine room had hit 130.

Johnny and the other eighty-odd submariners crammed into a steel can that was not much more than 300 feet long by about 27 feet across the beam didn't have much trouble believing the rumor. Nothing they could do about it, however. There were only two narrow stall showers on board: one was used as a storage bin for fresh vegetables, the other was for the officers. It got so the wardroom was known as "the goat locker." And it got so that a commanding officer was willing to look the other way if his crew got caught up in a little inspired mischief. Just the sort of fun that Johnny loved to instigate.

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There was the incident, then, of what became known to the crew as "the tasty turd." It happened when Johnny decided a scheme was needed to get a boot ensign off everyone's back. The ensign had just come to the *Razorback* from the academy and was puffed up with a textbook vision of a spit-and-polish Navy. On the shakedown cruise, he didn't let up: The crew must be in proper uniform at all times, officers were to be saluted, and shifts were to start and end precisely on schedule. But when he went after their berets, that really ticked off Johnny.

It was during his first cruise on the *Razorback* that Johnny had begun sporting the black beret. He started wearing it about the time he grew his thin strip of black mustache; and also about the time he was becoming particularly troubled because he could no longer kid himself—he'd be bald by thirty. So he wore a beret, and he was convinced it looked pretty cool. The other tape apes must have thought so, too. A lot of the guys picked up on it; some even took the time to sew their dolphins on the cap. Now you'd enter the shack and just about everyone would be wearing a black beret. Except, the ensign informed them, it wasn't Navy. The berets had to go.

That's when Johnny decided the ensign should be taught a lesson. He and his buddies sat around until they came up with a plan that, spurred on by a couple of beers, involved the design and construction of a reasonable facsimile of a coil of human excrement. One of the tape apes volunteered that he was a bit of a sculptor. And he had told the truth: He was able to do really impressive things with peanut butter. But when the time was right, it was Johnny, always daring, who snuck the ugly little turd onto the ensign's desk.

"What the hell is this?" the ensign barked.

Radioman Walker, deferential and obliging, stepped forward. He looked curiously at the foul concoction for a moment. Then he stuck his thumb into it and, without a second's hesitation, popped his thumb into his mouth.

He took his time chewing; like an actor, he understood how to play a crowd. There was also a lot of pensive licking of his lips. Until, finally, he looked the ensign straight in the eye and with a big smile lighting up his face, Johnny announced, "Tastes like shit, sir."

Another time, when the *Razorback* was stationed as an open exhibit at the Seattle World's Fair in 1962, Johnny gave the crew some more laughs. This one, too, was Johnny's favorite sort of joke—some sucker was at the short end.

A group of civilians was working its way through the narrow boat, when one of them asked about a sign that read, FLOOD SAFETY.

The standard drill was that the sign would flash whenever the sub was rigged for a dive: A glowing FLOOD SAFETY simply meant the ballast tanks were being flooded with water.

Johnny, though, found it more enjoyable to invent another explanation; it was, after all, one of his little vanities, this gift of pulling stories out of nowhere. He told the inquisitive civilian that a flashing sign meant big trouble. When you see that sign flashing, he explained, you'd better practice your swimming because it means the sub is going "gray lady down."

That caused a couple of the rubes to gulp, and the submariners to share a couple of sly winks. It might just as well have been applause.

Now, encouraged, Johnny waited a minute or two, and as the procession of civilians was studying the sonar console, he flipped a switch. Immediately the big red letters started flashing: FLOOD SAFETY . . . FLOOD SAFETY . . .

That was Johnny's cue. He let loose with a bloodcurdling shriek, "Oh my God, that's it!" Then he tear-assed down the deck toward the ladder to the main hatch. He took the ladder two rungs at a time until his head was sticking out in the fresh air. And then, for the first time, with his buddies cheering him on, he looked over his shoulder and what did he see? Every one of those dumb-ass civilians, eyes bulging with fear, breathless, lined up behind him.

Or at least that's the way the tape apes, still hooting over the escapades of their prankster buddy, would tell it for the next twenty-five years.

Johnny was also particularly partial to a bit of fun if it had an edge of risk to it. There was the night, then, in Seattle when he and his buddies were returning to the *Razorback*, the boat still parked in its World's Fair berth, and they became intrigued by a gigantic blimp tethered across the way. Johnny made a slow tour of the silver blimp, kicking it here and there with all the curious concern of a man pounding the tires of a car he was thinking of buying. That gave everyone a laugh. Of course that only prompted Johnny. He was always quick to up the ante.

"Hey, let's cut her loose," he announced.

It was one of those late-night ideas that seemed pretty swell at the time. The guys cheered him.

He was on his knees, his pocket knife sawing through the thick tether, when a security guard noticed the crowd of sailors. The guard started to head toward them. "What the hell are you doing?" he demanded.

The guard's shout was signal enough for most of the submariners to head for the darkness. But not Johnny. He was digging the game; the risk only made it sweeter. He held his ground, cutting away.

It must have been when the guard got close enough to see the knife in Johnny's hand that he fired the first shot. Still, Johnny kept at it. Suddenly there was another shot. And only then did Johnny, whooping with delight, take off.

The blimp never had left the ground, but the way they told it the next day in the wardroom that didn't matter much: Crazy Johnny Walker had pulled off another one. Some old coot was firing away at him, but Johnny was determined to cut that sucker loose. That's one tape ape with brass balls.

Johnny, loving the spotlight, never felt prouder.

Not all the risks, however, were from gun-toting security guards. It wasn't always smooth sailing on the *Razorback*. "If a guy doesn't have what it takes, no way he's going to last in submarines," Johnny would still be boasting in the years when his days at sea were only a grandfather's memory. To prove his point, he passed more than a few Happy Hours entertaining people with the story of the time the *Razorback* "just about went gray lady down." Forever the actor, he'd get grim when he'd tell this one. Except some of his drinking cronies were willing to bet that macho Johnny had no idea how grim he came across in this yarn; or, to tell the truth, how just plain damn scared he sounded.

It happened in the water outside Seattle. The boat was cruising submerged at about 400 feet, merely a dozen feet above its maximum safety depth of 412 feet, when, all of a sudden, it started to dive. Uncontrollably. A freshwater pocket from the nearby Columbia River was playing havoc with the ballast of a boat rigged for saltwater oceans. The crew could hear the hull starting to creak. Millions of tons of water were shoving against the steel, pounding like angry fists. The creaking was getting louder, insistent: a steady groan. Something had to give. And the boat was still diving: 410 . . . 415 . . . 420 . . . 425 . . . "That was when I started praying," Johnny admitted.

Maybe his prayers were answered. Or maybe the boat simply passed through the freshwater pocket. But suddenly someone let out a cheer: The boat had started to rise.

Johnny, his tone also making a trip upward from its graver depths when he told this story, would unfailingly end with a glimmer of philosophy: "Once you heard the hull creaking, it's a sound you'll never forget. And once you heard that sound, like death calling to you, a man comes to realize he can go at any time—so why not grab it all while you can?"

In those days, "grabbing it all" largely meant one thing to Johnny —boomers. Any submariner worth his dolphins felt the same way. Boomers, as the nuclear-powered boats armed with nuclear ballistic missiles were called, were the hottest ticket in the Navy. With the launching of the *George Washington* in 1959, the first nuclear boat armed with solid-fuel thermonuclear missiles capable of being fired while a submarine was submerged, it was clear that boomers were the capital ships of the future. The potential for secrecy, surprise, and destruction would change warfare forever. Naturally Johnny, the hot runner and the games player, wanted to be part of the team Admiral Hyman Rickover was shaping into the nuclear Navy. "You got to understand," explained Bill Wilkinson, Johnny's buddy in the radio shack, "the guys on boomers were select, an elite bunch. They were something more than regular sailors. They were special. And that's what Johnny and I wanted to be. That's what we always talked about."

There was also something else goading Johnny. Something he wouldn't talk about to the guys in the shack. Sure, he was all for breaking out of the pack of sailors. He knew he was sharper than your average squid. But when it came down to it, there was really just one sailor in the entire Navy whom he was out there competing against—his older brother, Art.

Art was an officer, an accomplishment Johnny with his run-in with the law in Scranton had little chance of matching. But the way Art's career was shaping up, it seemed certain he was never going to make it to boomers. That made Johnny's desire really fierce.

Barb and the three girls were living in Vallejo, California, then. When he was first assigned to the *Razorback,* he had put in for Pearl Harbor—now that would have been something, Johnny dreamed—but the Navy wasn't eager to ship a family of five across the Pacific. Not that he was complaining. He was away at sea for months at a time, and when he was home the California sunshine made Scranton seem a million gray miles away. Johnny didn't mind that at all. And nobody could say he wasn't glad to get home to Barb, or that she wasn't head over heels over her sailor. He'd come back from a cruise, seventy days at sea, and they'd just about rush to the bedroom. They could have stayed between the sheets forever.

It was in Vallejo that Johnny was convinced his luck was finally catching up to him. Johnny always had this thing about destiny. He believed that he was a lucky person, that he was special. That's what got him through, he said, all the heartache in Scranton. As a kid he told himself he was just biding his time: My day will come. And now an adult, a husband, a father even, he found himself still waiting. He was just waiting, he told Barbara, for his luck to catch up with him. Maybe, he even admitted to her, he was getting a little tired of waiting.

Then things started to click. He was taken off the *Razorback* and assigned to an advanced radio school. That was a good sign: The Navy wanted the radiomen on subs to know not only how to operate all the equipment, but also how to repair the various machines; boats were crowded enough without having to find room for the electronic technicians who shipped off on surface ships. It seemed pretty clear, he felt, the Navy wanted to keep him in subs. He was all for that, too.

Then, when Barb got pregnant Johnny figured his fourth child *had* to be a boy. You spin the wheel four times, he told his brother James, you got to figure the odds are getting more on your side. This time he was right. On the first day of November in 1962, Michael was born. The moment the screaming infant was handed to his mother, Barbara took one look at his bald, pink head and told her husband, "Well, he's got your hair, that's for sure." Johnny, staring at his child, a son finally, was so damn happy, he couldn't help but laugh.

It was also while he was in Vallejo in 1962 that another of Johnny's wishes came true: He was selected to be a supervisory radioman aboard the maiden voyage of the *Andrew Jackson*. The *Andrew Jackson* was a boomer.

The *Andrew Jackson* was the largest and fastest submarine in the world when it was officially commissioned in 1963. It was 425 feet long and 33 feet in diameter, and if it wanted to sprint, the boat could, submerged, hit speeds approaching 25 knots. This boat was, especially after diesel duty, a submariner's dream. Its three levels had room for showers, man-size bunks (with foam mattresses!), a cafeteria that didn't run out of fresh vegetables, a radio shack that six tape apes could squeeze into, a library with a shelf of old *Playboy*s, and, once a week, a movie that a submariner might have heard of would be shown in the rec room. The *Jackson* didn't even smell like a submarine. Its 300 tons of air-conditioning equipment and charcoal granulated air scrubbers gave the boat a refrigerated, almost antiseptic smell. Test-tube air, boomer crews called it. But Johnny figured those guys had never been on a diesel boat in July. He breathed deep, and liked it just fine.

But all this was icing. The *Jackson* was designed and commissioned for one purpose only: to be the deadliest man-of-war in the history of the world. Its teakettle, as the crew called the 24,000-horsepower nuclear reactor that powered the boat, enabled the *Jackson* to leave its home port of Charleston, South Carolina, and proceed submerged to any ocean in the world. Its ultimate mission? The crew had no illusions about that: Beyond the conning tower were sixteen Polaris missiles with thermonuclear warheads. Each missile could be fired from 100 feet beneath the sea and could travel 2,500 miles in the air. Navy analysts put the kill estimate for a Polaris with, say, the Kremlin as its ground-zero target at approximately 500,000 humans. One missile could destroy a city; sixteen missiles could go a long way toward destroying the world. So there wasn't much a submariner could do but try not to think about it. "Sherwood Forest" was what the crew called the area where the missile silos rose straight up from the deck like so many thick primeval trees. That made the whole thing easier to deal with.

Of course, practicing to blow up the world was part of the game submariners played. The Navy called it "WSRT"—Weapons System Readiness Test. "Bingo time," Johnny called it.

The drill would start with the alarm bell ringing on the ELF radio in the boat's radio room. This signaled that COMSUBLANT, as the Norfolk-based commander of the Submarine Force in the Atlantic was tersely designated in all naval communications, was sending a Z flash—top secret and top priority. The radio room would immediately go on combat footing. And Johnny, the shack's supervisor, would be on the horn to the conning tower. In seconds the entire boat would hear the announcement: "All hands man battle stations . . . All hands . . ."

It takes, however, some time for a message to travel across the country and under thousands of miles of oceans. The *Jackson* was one of the first boomers to trail a lengthy wire antenna attuned to the Navy's extremely low-frequency transmitter hidden in the lonely woods of Michigan's Upper Peninsula. This ELF transmitter passed on its coded messages slowly, about one character every thirty seconds. Each message was sent in three-letter blocks. The duty radioman would record the message on tape. The whole shack would be watching him.

When the entire message was received and transcribed onto high-speed tape, the duty radioman would hand the six inches or so of tape to his supervisor, John Walker. ELF signals were not encrypted in standard code but in "onetime pad." This "pad" was a book distributed to all boomers every six months and filled with randomly generated transpositions for each letter of the signal. Each three-letter group in the message corresponded to a word or phrase in the book. The book was Johnny's responsibility. It was kept in the safe in the radio room vault. Johnny now removed it; and every man in the shack knew the loose-leaf book had the power to destroy the world.

Johnny did the deciphering by hand. It took about three minutes to unravel an ELF message. It was tense work. Three minutes was a long time to live with the fear of discovering one awful phrase: This is not a drill.

Johnny finished, quickly double-checked his work, and then rushed to the boat's attack center. The captain and the executive officer would be waiting. Both men carried keys around their necks at all times. If the message in Johnny's hand matched the phrase inside the sealed envelopes they had already removed from their safes, they would have no choice but to follow orders: The captain would go to the conning tower and insert his key in the Polaris console; the exec would hurry to the Missile Control Center and insert his key into another console. With a twist of their wrists, the countdown to World War III would begin.

"Boom time" was the sort of drill that really got everyone on the boat's juices going. From the moment the ELF bell sounded, it was a race. Submariners were like athletes, always competing against the clock to see if they could shave a second or so off their best time. The entire procedure was monitored by computers; a digital display announced every passing second. But what really gave the game its spark, Johnny would tell his drinking buddies long after he had ever shipped off on a sub, was that until the moment when you waited for the captain to reach for the key around his neck, you wouldn't know if it was a game . . . or the end of the world. "Now if that doesn't teach a man how to handle pressure," Johnny used to say with a grin, "nothing will."

The other side to the pressure was the coming up with ways to defuse it. Here again Johnny was a natural, a man born to play before an audience. Everyone had a favorite Johnny Walker story. There was the time in Charleston when Johnny tried to smuggle Peg Leg, the one-legged hooker, on board in his duffle, or the one about the grain alcohol and bug juice cocktail party he hosted in the shack, or did you hear about the smiling face he painted on a tape ape's behind to greet the sub's doctor who was coming around with his proctoscope? Or how about when Johnny began spicing up the *Old Hickory News,* the boat's daily paper, with the choicest snaps from the latest *Playboy,* and when one of the officers complained, what does Johnny do—he runs a picture of some naked guy in the next issue instead. Or, talk about inspired mischief, there was the night at the sub base in Rota, Spain, when Johnny ran off with a five-foot potted plant, stowing it in the radio shack for the entire voyage, while each day he ran an "AP" story in the *Old Hickory News* detailing Franco's desperate search for the missing plant—and wouldn't you know it, Johnny invented so many sidesplitting stories about that silly plant that the boat's captain gave him a commendation for keeping up morale. That was vintage Johnny, everyone agreed: the jester having the last laugh.

So no matter what the port, Johnny would be elbowed up to the bar, telling jokes, singing the raunchiest songs, winking at all the bargirls, the master of ceremonies till closing time. He'd weave on back to the sub, and in the morning he'd greet his buddies with the same line: Great thing about the *Jackson* is the 619 painted on its hull. Looks the same right side up or upside down. A pie-eyed submariner's bound to find his way home to this boat.

Loose crew, tight boat. That's the formula a generation of boomer skippers—all Rickover protégés and, therefore, comfortable with ambivalence—has used to command their boats. It meant awarding commendations for pranks. It meant looking the other way if your crew rolled in a little under the weather after a night of liberty. It also meant letting your crews have their small fun because once at sea they were playing against a real enemy.

While the other armed services routinely run exercises against allies or themselves, one side pretending to be the bad guys, there is no pretense under the sea. Every day, under 130 square million miles of ocean, U.S. attack boats are constantly playing hide-and-seek with Soviet ballistic missile submarines. The Navy calls this strategy "defense in depth." The objective is to be prepared, the moment a shooting war begins, to meet and destroy enemy submarines as far forward as possible before they reach their missile or torpedo launching areas.

It is a strategy that, explains Admiral James D. Watkins, former chief of naval operations, has resulted in an "era of violent peace." And it is a stategy that, explained John A. Walker, former chief radioman on two nuclear ballistic submarines, has resulted in "for sheer heart-in-your-mouth thrills, the best goddamn game anybody's ever come up with."

. . .

Sonar operators on a sub work six-hour one-in-three rotating watches. They sit by their instrument panel, headphones on, listening to the sounds of the sea. They listen to the glide of sharks, the whoosh of water currents, the honk of whales. They learn to discriminate and categorize. Yet all the time they are waiting for one telltale noise: the sound of a Russian boomer. It can be a noise that ranges in sonic magnitude from the ferocious rumble of a nuclear generator to the soft, but distinctive hiss of a collapsing bubble caused by a boat's propeller screws. When this revelatory sound is isolated and the identification of an enemy boomer is confirmed, the game begins.

The boat now begins to work the enemy sub. The drill is known as "sprint and drift." Once the crew spots a target, a boat dashes to a more concealed position; then, drifting quietly, the boat again makes sonar contact with its target; only to sprint once more as it rushes into firing position. It takes a navigator who can play the sea currents, and a skipper with a killer's instinct: a man who can lead his boat as if on cat's feet to his prey.

As soon as the boat is in a position to pounce, the fire-control team takes over. The range data—distance between the two boats, water depth, sea-current speeds—are fed into a high-speed computer. A shooting solution—the precise angle, the precise depth—is plotted. In a matter of moments the team has the exact running time it would take one of the boat's Mark 48 torpedoes with their half-ton warheads—wire guided, and able to hone in on the enemy with its own active sonar at about 50 knots—to reach the target. The enemy is a target dead in the boat's sights—except it is only a game.

All the skipper can do is rub it in. And maybe have some fun with his $150 million toy.

The order now is for "Yankee search." That's the ironic way one boomer captain announces himself to another. The enemy boat is immediately bombarded with active sonar. Each *ping!* is salt in a skipper's wounds. It's like sneaking up on somebody on tiptoes in the dark and whispering, "Bang! Bang! You're dead." It's the sort of thing that really rankles a boomer crew sitting there four hundred feet under the sea.

It's also a dare. The captain is announcing to his enemy that my boat is going to stay on your tail—unless you're good enough to lose me. So the game of shadowing begins. The two boats—hunter and roamer, that's how submariners designate the players—start to sprint and drift through miles of often uncharted ocean depths. It's a pursuit that continues until the roamer, now rigged for ultraquiet, silently maneuvers onto an undetected course; or the hunter goes off after game or prey; or one of the boats, speeding through the ocean at 30 knots, plunges head-on into a whale, or an iceberg, or the knife-edged ridge of an underwater mountain.

As Johnny said, "For sheer heart-in-your-mouth thrills, the best goddamn game anyone's ever come up with." And submariners play it 365 days a year.

Sometimes, though, it's a little too "heart-in-your-mouth." The *Andrew Jackson,* Johnny Walker supervising the radio shack during the winter of 1964, was heading submerged to a duty post in the Mediterranean. The mission was routine: maintain SLOC and URG; that is, in case shooting begins, provide protection for this vital sea line of communication and also give logistical support to the fleet already in position. In the meantime, she—submariners use the feminine pronoun to refer to an American or allied boat; Russian subs were always "he"—had standing orders to remain undetected.

She failed.

The boat was rigged for ultraquiet and drift, the teakettle switched to low, as it entered the Strait of Gibraltar. This was standard procedure: The Soviets usually have a boomer stationed somewhere along this fifty-mile-toll-booth strait to the Mediterranean. All a skipper can hope to do is tiptoe by him.

The first *ping!* caught the *Jackson*'s sonar chief by surprise. Then a series of *ping!ping!ping!* echoed through the entire boat. Now the whole crew knew it: They had been sitting in the sights of a Russian attack sub. That could really shake a skipper up; but suddenly there wasn't time for consideration.

"Conn, sonar," the chief now reported, "he just flooded his tubes."

It was a sound that a sonarman rarely hears in even a violent peace. The sound of a torpedo tube being opened is a sound that is a press of a button away from war.

Immediately the battle station alarms rang out in the *Jackson*. The skipper gave orders to turn rudder, hoping to give the Russians minimum target profile. Fire control desperately tried to solve the changing target geometry. Johnny, though, doubted there was time; he sat by his radio feeling that in a moment he'd be sending a Z flash—boat under attack. And the entire crew, battle quiet, waited to hear the pneumatic sound of a fish with a fifty-ton warhead closing in on them.

Except the Russian skipper let the *Jackson* drift on by. He was just having fun. This time.

''Nothing like knowing you're about to die,'' Johnny always said, ''to make you know how to live.''

5

Always, after a couple of beers, Bill Wilkinson would latch onto the same wistful memory. He and Johnny could be sitting elbows up in Newport News or even Hong Kong and, sure enough, Billy would get that mushy look in his eyes and start right in: ''Ever tell you, padn'r, 'bout the best darn bar in the world? A little place in Houston, Texas, I used to frequent from time to time. They called it The House of Bamboo.''

It got so Johnny—who had a right; he was the senior chief aboard their boat, the *Simon Bolivar*—would lose patience with his buddy. ''Hell, Billy,'' he'd finally let loose, ''put a cork in it. The way you go on 'bout that joint, you'd think they got gold on tap. It's only a goddamn bar.''

''Might be just a bar to you, Chief,'' Billy would snap back, ''but to those of us who been there, it's The House of Bamboo.'' He'd make sure to play with that syllable some, stretching that ''booooo'' just about across the length of the bar. And there'd be no backing off now. Instead, relishing his advantage, he'd throw Johnny a wallop of a wink, the sort of gesture that was drawn wide enough for a man to fill in the blank spaces as his imagination saw fit.

A seventy-day voyage on a boomer, weeks on end cruising deep below the sea, gives a man a lot of time to fill in the blanks. Johnny, always imaginative, got to thinking about The House of Bamboo quite a bit.

After he played with fantasy long enough, it started taking on the patina of a good idea. The way Johnny explained it, it seemed natural, logical even, that he'd want to open a bar. After all, wasn't Chief Walker—or "chiefie weefie" as the crew teased him, mimicking the yelping come-on of the Hong Kong bargirl who took a real fancy to Johnny—the fleet's favorite, the life of every party? Wasn't it Johnny who was always up for a little fun? Doesn't that sound like the sort of good-time guy who'd have the squids lining up shoulder to shoulder for any bar he'd open?

Not that Johnny was a juicer. Sure, he liked a beer or two, and if there was something to celebrate, he'd spring for a glass of harder stuff. "Bartender," he'd bark, "I'll have a shot of the scotch that's named after me—Johnnie Walker." He got a kick out of that line, all right; he tried it out in bars from Virginia Beach to Manila. But more nights than not, Johnny nursed his beer. He liked to keep in control, even when he was acting a bit wild.

Truth was, he hung out in bars because he liked to perform. He could walk into a bar in a strange city anywhere in the world and Johnny knew he could always find what he was looking for—an audience. Now twenty-eight, he was starting to realize he wouldn't be in the Navy forever. He'd need a new stage. Running a bar, his *own* bar, didn't sound like a bad idea at all.

Naturally, Billy Wilkinson was in the deal from the start. Both men had been in the *Bolivar*'s radio shack since the boomer's maiden voyage in 1965. All that close time under the sea gives submariners a chance to check each other out; by the end of a cruise, a sailor will tell you, you either want to break a guy's neck, or you'll risk your own for him. The way it worked out, Johnny and Billy had gotten pretty close.

It wasn't just that there was a lot of rascal in Billy, too. Sure, with his slow, smooth country-boy twang, and thick black pompadour—oh, how balding Johnny envied that mop!—Billy was always up for a night of honky-tonkying. But come the morning after, like his buddy the chief, he was all Navy. "Being on a nuclear sub," Billy was still bragging years after his last active duty, "meant we were the cream of the crop. We were special and we did special work. Johnny and me, we both were first-class radiomen. Real wizards.''

Like most of the guys in the shack who, when you came down to it, earned their living preparing to fight the Russians, Johnny and Billy also shared much the same way of looking at the world. Of course Johnny voted for Goldwater in '64; he even made sure Barb went out and gave the Republicans her vote, too. But sitting around jawing with Billy in the shack all day gave Johnny's instinctive hard-line politics a bit of refining. The way Billy went on, the Jews, Negroes, and Commie liberals were planning to take over the U.S. of A., while real Americans, guys like Johnny and himself, were risking their lives each day for their country. It was about time real Americans started standing up for their beliefs. That made sense to Johnny, too.

So just before Johnny was promoted to senior chief in 1966 and the Naval Investigative Service ran another background check on him, there were some new additions to Chief Walker's résumé. Under clubs and affiliations were listed the John Birch Society and the National Rifle Association.

Johnny's promotion was routinely approved. It was the hot runner's eighth jump in pay grades since enlisting. ''Really remarkable,'' Johnny called it. He was also given a top secret/crypto clearance. He was now, as they say in the Navy, ''cleared for the world.''

While the two submariners, both billeted in Charleston, were on shore leave from the *Bolivar* during the spring of 1966, the plan for the bar really began to take hold. They spent their days shooting pool and scheming. Especially Billy. Now playing with the idea full-time, he came up with all kinds of notions. To his way of thinking, a bar was just the starting point.

The real money, he told Johnny, was in restaurants. Someplace in the country, a place with tablecloths, where a guy might drive his wife and kids on a Sunday afternoon for a fried chicken dinner—that was the ticket, he now insisted.

Johnny didn't know about that. He was thinking along the lines of a beer and shot joint. A real squid's bar. But that didn't slow down Billy. His imagination kept pumping. From out of nowhere popped up his best idea yet—Go-Karts. Put up a Go-Kart track right next door to their restaurant and people'll flock to their door like bees to honey. All they needed was the land. A couple of acres, say.

Acres? Johnny wasn't so sure about that at all.

Circumstances, though, helped him start coming around. Part of it had to do with how the Walkers were living in Goose Creek. All six of them were crammed into a bulky, gray, cinder-block cube—"genuine Navy ticky-tack," is the way the kids remember it—in Men Riv, the development named after South Carolina's Mendel Rivers, the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. If you asked Johnny, though, "They should have named it after the guy they named that prison after—Sing Sing."

He felt cramped, all right. But it wasn't only the wailing of four kids packed into a couple of narrow rooms that was roughing up his calm. Things just didn't feel right. "Maybe I was never cut out to be a husband or father," he told friends. Or maybe he was starting to realize he needed room, room to live on all his different levels.

He did his best to blame it all on Barb. "Relationship turned sour in 7th year," he would write, looking back on those days as if he alone had been jilted by fate. He, the proud senior chief, was the "high achiever," while Barbara "tended toward lazyness and drinking." If you listened to Johnny, the kids—Margaret, a big-eyed redhead was the oldest at eight; Mike, the youngest, was a skinny three-year-old—might as well have been raising themselves. To hear Johnny tell it, Barbara spent her afternoons drifting through the waterways around Charleston in an old rowboat. She'd go with the current, a glass in one hand and his service revolver in the other. When she spotted a snake, she'd take aim and, in a flash, pop his head off. Course, Johnny would explain as he tickled the listener with the ironic edge of one of his big smiles, there was just one snake she really wanted to pop—but I've always been too fast for her.

The line always got a round of laughs, which might have been reward enough for Johnny. But that wasn't the only reason it got such prominence in his barroom repertoire. To Johnny's way of thinking, you tell a story often enough, it's as good as true. And that sort of truth sure made things a lot easier for him.

"You're only young once," Johnny would tell Billy, when he felt the need to justify his stepping out on Barbara. But Billy didn't fall for that. He was damn sure chiefie-weefie had made up his mind to stay young forever. Look at him: For 1,200 bucks, money he had scraped together, Johnny had just bought a bright orange MGB. Now a two-seater wasn't the most practical car when a guy has a wife and four kids. But there Johnny would be, top down, a beret or a baseball cap hiding his bald spot, tooling around Charleston. And squeezing his family into the car didn't appear to be a problem at all. He had other passengers.

Oh, did Johnny love to brag! He wanted his buddies to know he was a real stud. He'd get pretty graphic, all right. Making sure he told you how he did this to them, then that, before flipping them over for some of what they really liked. Maybe, Billy and some of the other guys got to thinking, the chief liked the telling better than the kissing. But then again, when you're stuck on a boomer for seventy days any story is a good one.

Almost any story, that is. One of Johnny's yarns truly got Billy's hackles up. The way Johnny told it, he was going hot and heavy with the wife of an old shipmate from the *Jackson*. Soon as her hubby shipped out, ol' Johnny made a beeline for his buddy's bedroom. The bed would still be warm, and Johnny would be cuddling up with his friend's wife.

''Johnny,'' Billy would remember coming down on his chief, ''there are certain things a man don't do—and screwing a so-called buddy's wife is one of them.''

''Hey,'' said Johnny, ''all's fair in love and war.''

Billy shot him a look. ''This ain't war and it sure as hell ain't love.''

Johnny nodded; he could be easy. ''Well then,'' he said, ''how about this— All's fair.''

But Billy couldn't stay mad at Johnny. How can you get mad at a guy if you can never tell if he's giving you the gospel, or just putting you on? You never knew with Johnny. Besides, Johnny now was talking up the idea of a restaurant, too. The way he went on, a place in the country was his scheme from the start. Said it was just the thing Barbara and the kids needed. And again, maybe he meant it; or maybe he just thought it made sense to put them out in the sticks while he was tomcatting around Charleston. You never knew with Johnny.

They searched everywhere. Billy heard about a Go-Kart track somewhere south of Charleston, so one afternoon they jumped into the MG and checked it out. The owner was friendly enough and he had a bit of advice: You want to make a buck, these days miniature golf is the ticket. So they began scouting miniature golf courses. Awful lot of work setting up one of those things, they decided. And, naturally, they were chatting up restaurant owners all over town; Johnny could charm the pants off just about anyone. But he couldn't change the facts: A restaurant was a damn expensive proposition, and an iffy one at that. Gradually, their ambitions started narrowing: A place where a guy could wash down his cheeseburger with a couple of brews and still get some folding money back from the five he had placed on the bar seemed more like it.

Johnny held on to at least a piece of the old dream, though. He wanted enough land so that someday he could put a house behind his restaurant for his family.

That's how they found the place in Ladson, a country town a half hour's drive north of Charleston. It wasn't much: a one-story concrete-block house about the size of the wardroom on a boomer. But it sat there next to an asphalt parking lot, clumps of weeds pushing through the cracks; and stretching beyond this strip of concrete, another four acres or so of dry, sun-spotted fields went with the place. That was the clincher.

''What do you think?'' asked Johnny.

''The House of Bam-booo,'' said Billy.

And so it was settled.

Or, at least that's what the two submariners would have liked to believe. Except now they had to talk money. Before, when it wasn't real, price was never a serious consideration. ''Ballpark figures'' can be squeezed tight enough to fit any conversation. Not that Johnny was a worrier. He lived in the happy-go-lucky world of imagined profits, not risk capital.

This time it served him well. For a while at least. The price was a real steal—$16,000 for the house and the land. For $1,000 down and a $95-a-month mortgage it was theirs. Only in America, Billy rejoiced.

Of course, you get what you pay for. The house was pretty much a shell. But that seemed to encourage Johnny. It gave him a new world to invent from scratch. He was full of industry, tearing down walls, putting up new ones, splashing buckets of white paint all over the place. He even recruited some local teenagers to help him. Johnny paid them off in burgers and sea stories, and none of the kids felt cheated. They hadn't heard much about the sophisticated tricks of Hong Kong whores before Chief Walker came to town. Johnny, a master, played the kids just so. He got a kick out of watching the youngsters get fired up. Made a real Navy work crew out of them, he bragged.

When he wasn't running around with a paintbrush or a hammer, Johnny was off someplace wheeling and dealing. He moved throughout the state cutting bargains on a used pizza oven, a gas grill, Formica-top tables, dozens of chairs, even a pool table. Billy was getting a little anxious as these wondrous additions kept materializing. No way we're going to be able to pay for all of this, he complained. Johnny told him to relax; once the place was opened they'd be raking in the dough. We'll be able to pay off everything, he insisted. In fact, Johnny revealed, he was already thinking about expanding. There was a lot across the way that might be perfect. Think I'll talk to the owner, he announced.

It was a heady time, all right. Finally, when the paint was dry, the grill all set to fry, the pool table polished up, and a couple of cases of beer waiting in the cooler, the place was ready to open. Or so Billy thought. Except Johnny had one last touch. The way he explained it, there had been this bar in Hong Kong, an "A number one watering hole," he called it, that had rows and rows of amber plastic beads hanging down like curtains from the ceiling. When you walked into the place, you had to shove them aside, and the beads sort of cracked and tingled like pennies bouncing off a frying pan. It was a noise that always got Johnny excited, in a party mood. So God knows where he found them, but somehow he got them, and just before the place was to open he strung this long curtain of plastic beads by the door and another by the pool table. Some of his crew, the kids, thought it was pretty fruity. But Johnny paid them no mind. "You kids know shit about class," he lectured.

There was just one more last-minute change. From the start, when it was only a daydream, it seemed simple enough to call the place The House of Bamboo. A tribute of sorts, Billy and Johnny had figured. But now that the place, *their* place, was real, nobody was too happy about giving it somebody else's name. Especially Johnny.

Aren't there some kinds of laws that stop us from using a name some other joker's already grabbed? he decided. Copyright? Libel? Johnny wasn't too sure about the particulars. He just knew that he wanted something original. His own. So he came up with The Bamboo Snack Bar.

In October 1966, The Bamboo Snack Bar opened for business.

Even before the snack bar started serving, Johnny had bought a used house trailer and staked it down in a back corner of his four acres facing a stand of woods. His family moved in there during the heat of summer. It was tight quarters, not really better than Men Riv, with Margaret and Mike sharing one room, Cynthia and Laura in another, and Johnny and Barb camping out on the foldout sofa in what was supposed to pass for the living room. Still, maybe it was getting out of Goose Creek, or perhaps the upswing in Johnny's mood sparked everyone, but this was a happy time for the Walkers. They were a family again, and Johnny, for a while at least, had a go at playing daddy.

He had the knack, too. The childhood games player started playing games with his own children. The woods behind the trailer became a land of adventures: Johnny took the kids hiking; taught them how to build campfires; led them on overnights, mischievously spooking them with ghost stories; he even built them a tree house. There was nothing Daddy didn't know: He could explain the mystery of how the TV in the living room actually worked; or he'd take apart the radio and then, to everyone's cheers and amazement, put it back together again so that it played as good as new; and on a warm summer's night he'd line his crew up in front of the trailer and announce that all those stars up there were actually part of something called constellations—look, there's a bear, and a man . . . Everything was fun: On Saturday mornings the gang would watch cartoons, Daddy giggling the loudest; on Sundays he'd whip up a pancake breakfast; and if there was housework to do, everyone pitched in, with Daddy leading the way, first making sure, though, that the jazz station—he loved bebop—was blasting through the trailer. He was the wisest, bravest man his children could ever imagine. Once, down at the shore, Laura, just a toddler, got carried off by a wave. She still remembers being kicked and tossed around, swallowing so much salty water that she simply faded out. And then, all of a sudden, she remembers being in her daddy's arms, her being able to breathe again, and everything being all right. Growing up, she tried to hold on to that memory for as long as she could.

One time, walking in the woods behind the trailer, Johnny told Margaret a secret. She was the oldest, a freckled-faced nine-year-old, so she figured she had a right to know important things. She listened carefully as her daddy told her something he said he had never told anyone.

''Know what I think is going to happen when we get this restaurant going?'' he began. ''I think that one day, out of the blue, your granddaddy, my father, is just going to walk in. Course he won't know it's his son's place or anything, but he'll just be driving by and figure from the looks of it that it might be the sort of place he'd like to stop in for a beer. And when he walks in the door, there I'll be to greet him.''

Johnny Walker, Sr., didn't drop in and, more noticeably, hardly anyone else did either. Johnny would sit at the bar waiting for his audience, but no one came. There were lots of theories: The snack bar was too off the beaten path; the local Baptists weren't the sort to cotton to roadhouses; foreigners from up North couldn't expect to move into the community and start coining money; and on and painfully on.

Failure hurt Johnny to the quick. He took it very personal. He'd walk into the empty place, and now the sound of the jingling curtain of beads cut him deep down inside. The empty silence worked on him. There was no way he could fit failure into the way he looked at himself. He was a hot runner, a submariner, a senior chief. Not some screwup. He'd have to invent a way out.

He started building a case against Barbara, and this indictment drained all his love. How could there be any profits, she was drinking them up. She was the one who couldn't even fry a burger, who kept the snack bar looking like a pigsty. She was the one who got them in trouble with the cops, she was the one caught drinking out front with Nora the cook on a Sunday afternoon in Baptist country and got slapped with a $50 fine. It was Barb who tore into the local college president, some Bible thumper, when he came to complain that she was serving his God-fearing students. "I'll serve anyone who's of age and got the fifty cents for a beer," she yelled back at him. That didn't help community relations at all, Johnny fumed.

Industrious and creative, he found it easy to work up quite an anger. In Johnny's mind the snack bar became Barbara's doing, and, therefore, it was her failure. So he just discarded them both. He couldn't wait to go off to sea; he was that eager to escape.

Johnny wanted to pretend it wasn't his problem, but when he came back from his cruise, the trailer was littered with past-due notices. The IRS was sending certified letters. He decided not to look at the mail; that made it easier. But Barbara also wouldn't let him forget. She was bitter; she figured he was screwing around, and that hurt. Vodka made things easier for her, until things got out of control. God, she would lash into him. And come the hazy mornings, embarrassed but still vindictive, she would plot her revenge.

Maybe, then, she led herself into it. She was working the bar, serving a customer or two and keeping pace herself, when the beer distributor walked in. He was in a mood, all right. Wanted his $200 or else. Barbara bought him a drink. Anything but a beer he said, so they laughed and that kind of broke the ice. They sat and had a couple. And at closing time he just came out and said it: You sleep with me, and I'll forget about the $200.

What surprised Barb even more was that she didn't slap his face or anything. She just walked away. Hell, maybe he thought she was thinking about it; and maybe she was.

But early the next morning, when Johnny came rolling in from God knows where, she was full of fire. She had reached quite a pitch, fueled by booze and anger and indignation. When she told her husband about the beer distributor's proposition, it was a teary confession.

Johnny, undaunted, looked her in the face and didn't miss a beat: "For two hundred bucks you'd be a fool not to fuck that guy."

He was beyond caring.

Things kept falling apart in bunches. Suddenly Bill Wilkinson decided he had to bail out. He had a right: The monthly nut was staggering, what with the mortgage, the beer bills, and the payments due on all of Johnny's fancy purchases. Worse, there were some family problems and Billy found himself in a real jam. He needed every penny he had. Johnny didn't think twice about offering to buy his buddy out. At the time it seemed like a good idea. He wanted Billy to like him.

Except he didn't have the money.

Johnny felt like doom itself. He had really wedged himself into a corner this go-around—drunken Barb, the four screaming kids, a stack of bills, the goddamn IRS, and now Billy, too. What the hell was he going to do?

Desperation, though, is a narrow domain: instinct commands. There was, after all, one person he could turn to. Johnny had gone running to him that time in Scranton when the judge was getting ready to throw the book; he had sought him out when three daughters, one straight after the other, had eaten away all of an E-2's savings; and he had talked to him, begging him just about, when it looked like he would never make it to subs and the only thing left to do was finish up and get out of the Navy altogether. Once again, the pattern held. Johnny reached out to his older brother Art.

As luck would have it, Art happened to be in Charleston. The two brothers had, until recently, not seen each other for nine years. If it had been up to the Navy, it would have been even longer. Art was a lieutenant on the *Grenadier,* one of the last diesel subs, and the boat was under way to the base in Guantánamo Bay, Cuba, when it developed propeller problems. The boat's orders were quickly rewritten: Put into Charleston for minor repairs. Minor repairs, however, stretched into a complete overhaul. The *Grenadier* was moored in Charleston from July 1967 to January 1968.

During those six months, Art was the engineer in charge. Commander George R. Robey, Jr., his commanding officer, thought Art did quite a job: ''He has an almost uncanny ability to ferret out problems, often before they arise, and take timely and efficient action to correct them.''

Johnny, as always, bought the first round. Put your money away, he insisted, Charleston is my port. Art, getting into the mood, drank to that. And why shouldn't they tie one on? he figured. They had a lot to celebrate: one a lieutenant, on the fast track from seaman to admiral; the other an enlisted man, but a senior chief on a boomer. So they drank to Scranton, to old times, to where they'd been, and to where their careers would take them. Lost time, sea stories, baby pictures—all were trotted out by the time last call came around. That had been the first night, the easy one, and Johnny played it as a prelude to what he really wanted to talk about.

The next time, no longer strangers, they took longer looks at each other. Art, now a father of three, bars on his shoulders, had filled out; it was as if he had become fleshy and adult with the responsibilities of command. Johnny, though balding like his older brother, still was a slight, thin presence, almost clownish with his shabby mustache. Which suited Johnny fine. He let his older brother tease him. He laughed at Art's jokes. He flashed his familiar warm smile. Johnny had, after all, become quite a performer.

When the moment was right, not the next time, or even the time after that, but when he felt the old ground was once more fertile with sentiment, he poured his heart out to his big brother. Art had no choice but to listen.

Perhaps he also had no choice but to bitch, hem and haw for a day or two, but then finally to surrender. Art, already well-noted for his "timely and efficient action," took a Household Finance Loan for $1,000 and gave the money to his little brother. But there was more to his generosity! Art, perceptive, a man also marked by his "uncanny ability to ferret out problems," had some brotherly advice. This, too, was meant as compensation, a secret down payment, brother to brother, on a hope for the future: a new adventure.

Art told Johnny a story. It was real; it was true; but since he kept it deliberately vague, it had the impact of a fable—you had to draw your own moral.

Back when he had been stationed on a training sub up in Groton, Art began, a lot of the guys were thinking about ways to make an extra buck. All sailors, he told his brother, manage to get themselves in a hole every now and then. Anyway, that's when a couple of the guys came up with the idea of selling the armature out of the electric motors. It was copper, and you could always get a good price for that.

They had it all worked out. There was a restaurant, Monte's, some of the guys would go to in Brooklyn on the weekends. The place was always packed. Great veal and peppers.

Mafia? Johnny interrupted, fascinated.

Who knows? Art continued. They didn't show you membership cards or anything. But they were willing to make deals. They'd buy copper, they'd buy anything. They were always friendly to sailors.

And that was the end of the story.

Johnny pressed Art, he nudged, he cajoled, but Art wouldn't give any names. Now don't jump to any dumb-ass conclusions, Art told him. I'm not saying I was involved in that or anything. It's just a story, sailor to sailor, brother to brother.

But for Johnny, given his mood, it was something more.

6

The ride, always a grind, had turned nasty. An unseasonably cold evening—January 23, 1968—had, as he drove north, become a chill, runny night streaked with sprinkles of wet snow. The five-hour trip up I-17 from Charleston to Norfolk had stretched into eight. And still he took it slow; he pulled into the right lane whenever he caught some cowboy in his rearview mirror gunning his rig and coming up tight on his tail. On a night like this he had a real fear of his little orange car, one taillight cracked and dark, being rear-ended by a galloping sixteen-wheeler. So it was after eleven—his crew would cover for him, he knew—when Warrant Officer John Walker finally drove his MG through the main gate of the Norfolk Naval Base. He downshifted to acknowledge the Marine guard's quick salute, and then headed to flag country.

It was a slow, twisting ride across the base. The wet, icy winds coming off the Chesapeake had made the road very sloppy. His defroster wasn't working, so he had, constantly, to use his hand to clear an oval out of the filmy condensation on his windshield. Not that there was much to see: The base, battened down for the storm, seemed deserted. Which suited him fine. He pulled into the parking lot across from the complex of squat, two-story concrete buildings off International Terminal Boulevard, the headquarters for the Atlantic Fleet, praying the late watch tonight would be easy duty. But it wasn't only the ride; after the last two days with Barbara in Ladson, Johnny figured he deserved it.

Out of the blue, nine months ago, as Johnny was finishing up a Mediterranean cruise on the *Bolivar,* a promotion came through. He received his commission—warrant officer. And then, before he had a chance to get used to his new stripes, a month later only, came the real surprise. Sure, he had known the Navy might take him off the *Bolivar;* detailers like to rotate the senior radiomen. He had hoped to serve, though, on another sub: Boomers were at the top of his last dream sheet, with diesels as his backup choice. A lot of good it did him. After twelve years in the service he had caught on that a sailor might as well believe in Santa Claus as believe in dream sheets, but he still hadn't anticipated the grand swings of Navy logic. In April 1967, he was pulled from all boats. He was ordered to report to COMSUBLANT Operations. Johnny couldn't believe his luck.

It wasn't only that his being assigned to the commander of submarine operations for the entire Atlantic Fleet was Johnny's jump into high-command, hot-runner country, the sort of duty an ambitious 4.0 sailor likes to have on his roster. There was also something else: COMSUBLANT—along with the rest of the command under CINCLANT, the three-star admiral who controlled the Atlantic Fleet—was billeted on the Norfolk Naval Base. And Norfolk was 475 miles from four wailing kids, a moody wife, and a business that was sliding further downhill each day.

For a while, a couple of months at least, Johnny tried putting in his duty days in Norfolk and then, stoking himself up with caffeine, heading off on an all-night drive to Ladson. The ride gave him time to brood. He thought about Barb, the real hard case he felt she had grown into—and how she was dragging his life straight down; and he thought about the kids, the rug rats, he called them, and how they were always kicking and screaming and cutting into his Happy Hour money; and he thought about The Bamboo Snack Bar, how Barbara had screwed it up, drinking up the profits, scaring off the locals, shredding his future into small pieces as he, her victim, could only watch. By the time he'd reach Charleston, he'd be in no mind to deal with it all. Sometimes, it would be easier to hunt up a few old shipmates, buy a round or two for them, and get a nice soft buzz—a bit of attitude adjustment, he'd say—before pulling up to his battered trailer. Of course, that would only make things worse.

Then there were the confident times. Johnny would head down to Ladson determined to set things right. He'd make a go of the snack bar, put in pinball machines, a jukebox. He'd tell himself: A bar takes time to catch on, that's all. As for Barb, they were head over heels once upon a time; that's still got to count for something. But come the end of another tense evening, his hopeful thoughts would slam into reality. He'd close up the bar with three singles in the register; and rather than crawl in next to a wife who, wild and taunting, had shouted "baldie" at him—was that before or after he called her a lush? what did it matter anymore? he decided—he'd sleep in little Mike's bed.

It became easier not to make the trip. He'd just telephone Barb and tell her things were hopping at COMSUBLANT. My country needs me; let the old witch argue with that, he'd plot. And then he'd run off like a kid playing hooky from school.

A new buddy, Chief Marsh, was teaching him how to sail and Johnny, as he did with any game that grabbed his attention, threw himself into it. He passed many sunny afternoons on the bay, grinding winches, unfurling spinnakers, hoisting sails. Naturally, a little fun grew into another greedy fantasy: One day he'd buy his own boat, a real hot one, very fast. That's not all he told his new buddies: Johnny was getting a little on the side. While the wife was down in South Carolina managing his business—he had this bar that was raking it in, he boasted—he was also taking care of business. There was this hot number, a secretary on the base, who couldn't get enough of Johnny. She, too, became part of Johnny's barroom repertoire. The story went like this: I'm a married man, he had dutifully confessed after their first roll in the hay. Course I knew that, she answered pridefully. That's why I was so careful not to get any lipstick on your boxers. Now that's my kind of girl, Johnny concluded, *real thoughtful*. And a room full of sly laughter affirmed his judgment.

Still, as thoughtful as this secretary was, Barbara somehow had gotten wind of her. Or maybe, knowing Johnny, she was just playing out loud with her suspicions. Either way, it didn't matter. From the moment Johnny came home that third January weekend in 1968, Barb was on his case. They were broke, she shouted. He was a pig, a bum. So he came back at her. You're lazy, a lush, he snapped. But when she sneered he was a screwup, a failure just like his father, that was when Johnny, not even thinking about it, hit her. One quick slap. And that was that.

On the slow, sloppy ride back to Norfolk the next night, Johnny was really low. He felt there was just no way out of the life he had become caught up in. He hated Barb. He couldn't put up with the four kids. He was broke; the IRS was still demanding back taxes. Art's money, hard to borrow, had been too easy to spend; it was all gone. Maybe he was just like his father. And that realization, he would later claim, made him want to kill himself. Just end it all.

World weary, his sad conclusions his only company for the past eight hours, Johnny left the parking lot on that chill January night and walked to Building Two. There were Marine guards at the main door, but he was quickly buzzed in. He rode the elevator down a flight; the stairs would have been faster, but he was just too tired. In the basement, still in no hurry, he headed down a pale yellow corridor toward another pair of secured doors. Maybe he should have called in sick, he was thinking. But, always very Navy, he quickly let that excuse slide. Pep talk time, instead: C'mon, sailor, he lectured himself, Ladson, Barb, all that crap—stow it. Duty calls. Still, when he reached the doors—gray steel as thick and solid as a wall—he wasn't up for shooting his usual lines with the Marine guards. It must have been obvious. Without hesitation, Johnny was buzzed in.

The heavy doors opened; and right away the sudden bright lights and the active noise—the clickety-clack of high-speed printers, the fuzzy whine of radio transmitters, the voices of a dozen sailors—helped to bring Johnny around. Crammed into this cluttered space—an area not much larger than the end zone of a football field had been partitioned into four work stations—was the communications operations room for the entire Atlantic submarine fleet. If a submariner's wife had a baby or the President wanted to launch Polaris missiles at Moscow, the message would be sent from here. And as soon as he walked through those doors, for the next eight hours, Warrant Officer John Walker was in charge.

Most days, this was Johnny's kind of duty. He felt, he'd tell people, as if he, a poor kid from Scranton, was close to all the secret doings that were going on in the world. There was a big map at the front of the room, he'd still be bragging a decade later, and on it were little squares, blue for diesels, bright red for boomers: the location of every one of our subs. Know what the Russians would give for that kind of info? he'd challenge. Or for an idea at what those subs were up to? That's why, Johnny would go on, just about all messages coming and going to these boats would be in code. Before a message would be transmitted, it would be encoded with a garbled text; and when a message was received at COMSUBLANT a yeoman would have to run it through one of the cryptograph machines to decipher it before a clear text would appear on the printer. Not that all the messages were top secret. Most of them were unclassified GENSER, general service communications, the daily sort of messages that any ship might receive; communications including Familygrams from a wife informing her submariner husband that their son had just cut his first tooth to a NINKS announcement ("all submarines copy this message") that a raunchy bar in Manila was now off-limits. The drill, though, was to send these routine messages in code, too. It was another safeguard; that way the Russians couldn't be sure if the garbled text they had intercepted was a battle order or the announcement of the winner of the World Series. Makes the game nice and complicated, Johnny would explain with an insider's grin.

After the message had been received and deciphered at COMSUBLANT, part of Johnny's job was to supervise its routing. If it were routine, a Familygram, say, it would be printed on white paper. Then, one of his tape apes would put it through Autodin, the automated switching system for military communications that works similarly to a telephone exchange. A wife across the country would find her lovesick submariner's telegram waiting for her with the morning's mail. However, if the decoded message had a priority designation—confidential traffic would be printed on green paper, secret on yellow, and top secret on pink—Warrant Officer Walker would check the message personally for transmission garbles before logging it on the disclosure sheet and sending it upstairs, usually by hand, to one of the admirals in flag country. That way, there wasn't much going on in the Atlantic

Fleet, especially concerning submarines, that Johnny didn't know about. And, as he liked to say, he often knew it before most admirals.

To hear Johnny describe his job, he was right in the middle of a hush-hush, global—he was partial to that word; it sounded so authoritative—game. A keeper of secrets, he called himself. It was just the sort of occupation that suited him. Except tonight, after the woeful couple of days in Ladson, after his dredging over and over through his hopeless situation during that rough eight-hour ride, he just wanted easy duty. Let them move routine GENSER, Familygrams. He was counting on a couple of cups of strong coffee—there was a percolator outside the vault in the crypto room—and the time to thumb through a sailing magazine.

Johnny got his cup of coffee, but he never opened his magazine. At about 1:30 A.M.—the way he remembers it—the bell started ringing on the "hot" printer. A Z flash was coming in. It was the first of many. They were moving "yellow" just about nonstop for the next eighteen hours.

By the following evening, the flash information had spread way beyond the windowless basement room in Norfolk. It was all over the news: The USS *Pueblo* had been boarded by the North Koreans, one sailor dead, the crew captured. There were even published reports speculating that the ship had been on some sort of intelligence mission off the east coast of Korea when it had been attacked.

But that was just the half of it, Johnny was thinking when he listened to Walter Cronkite the next night. After an endless watch in the communications room—bedraggled Johnny and his crew had been ordered to work a piggyback shift—he had no illusions: The *Pueblo* was a spook ship; of course it had been on a SIGNIT (signals intelligence) assignment monitoring transmissions from Soviet ships. Hell, that was how the game was played. He also knew for certain that the entire crew was in North Korean hands. That was rough, but it went with the territory. The real disaster, though, was still taking shape. Flag country knew it, and so did Warrant Officer Walker. In fact, all hands in the communications room had been grumbling about it from the moment COMSUBLANT had caught the first Z message from the *Pueblo*. It had been a vivid bit of raw intelligence:

"We need help. We are holding emergency destruction. We need support. SOS SOS SOS. Please send assistance. Please send assistance. Please send assistance. Please send assistance. SOS SOS SOS. We are being boarded."

The tape, forwarded from Pacific Fleet Operations, was played and replayed in flag country; and its analysis offered few consolations. The concern, it seemed, centered on the radioman's verb tenses. They were active. The boarding had occurred, if the panicky tape ape banging out the Z flash had been accurate, *in the midst* of "emergency destruction."

It was possible, then, that the cryptograph machines aboard the *Pueblo*—a KW-7 and a KL-47—were now in enemy hands. It was possible that the ship's TECHINs, the bulky repair manuals that explain precisely how these machines operate, were now being scrutinized by the North Koreans. And it was possible that the Russians would soon have their first chance to inspect a KL-47 cryptograph machine. The same sort of KL-47 machine that, standing in a corner of the COMSUBLANT crypto room about two yards from Johnny's desk, was used daily by the entire Atlantic submarine fleet to transmit and receive messages.

Before Johnny had been assigned to Norfolk, in the days when keeping secrets was simply his instinct, not his profession, the Navy had him do a term at its crypto school in Vallejo, California. Most of the training was mechanical; crypto machines can break down and a radioman, especially on a sub, needs to know how to repair them. However, during the first week of the course the Navy likes to reveal a little bit of what the instructors call "the big picture."

The standard overview lecture—and if Johnny didn't catch this one, the chances are the one he heard probably covered the same ground; every crypto instructor, after all, gets his brief from the National Security Agency—starts with, for the Navy, a surprising show of candor.

The instructor, usually a chief petty officer, is hulking over a lectern at the front of a room filled with attentive radiomen as he launches into his presentation. The best way to keep a secret, he barks out, is not to share it. Any husband knows that, the chief slips in mischievously; and one can imagine Johnny, the eager student of secrets, latching on to the joke and following right along.

The thing is, the chief continues, the Navy, same as most married men, doesn't always have the luxury of keeping its secrets to itself. So we settle for the next best thing: making sure our secrets are shared with only those we want to share them with. For example, when Op Orders are sent out over the air, we want only the ships in the battle group to pick up on them—not the Russians. Just as a sailor at sea has to be real sure the sweet promises he's mailing to the dish he met in some bar don't wind up in the same envelope he's sending to his wifey, adds the chief, once more ad-libbing; and once more, for certain, winning the squids over.

The chief, if he's been at it for a while, knows enough to wait a moment for the laughter to fade. Then, again all Navy, he gets into the heart of his lecture. So we protect our secrets with cryptography, he explains. What's cryptography? Cryptography—and now the chief is off and running; he's got his definitions down pat—is taking the text of a message, correspondence, or communication and placing that text in a form that is unintelligible to anyone receiving it other than those people who are its intended recipients. More simply put, he adds, cryptography is the language the Navy uses to communicate among itself. And it's impenetrable. What does that mean? It means we can send any message we want anywhere in the world, and if the goddamn Russians pick it up off the airwaves, all they'll have for their troubles is a bunch of electronics beeps. The code is impossible to break. Ivan'll get diddley.

At this point the chief usually turns his back to the class and draws three letters on the blackboard—NSA. Any of you tape apes got an idea what that stands for? he demands. And perhaps because most of them do—you don't get into the course unless you're a hot runner radioman—the chief generally answers his own question: That's the National Security Agency. They're the bright boys up at Fort Meade in Maryland who supervise this country's communication security. The whole show. All the crypto machines we use in the Navy, all the codes we run in the machines—the entire cryptographic system is designed by these whizzes up at Fort Meade. Millions of dollars spent, he says with a touch of true awe, just to keep secrets. And it's money well spent: The system works.

It works, that is, it's impenetrable—and now the chief is walking away from the blackboard and heading toward a chunky machine encased in a dull gray metal—because a cryptographic system consists of two components. The first component is something we call cryptographic logic.

And while he's talking, the chief, with a bit of furtive ceremony, is unscrewing the heavy steel lid of the crypto machine that's resting on the table next to his lectern. Sometimes this model is a KW-7, the machine that was used throughout the Navy for standard teletype communications; other times he might choose a KL-47, the machine that encrypts the messages sent over the fleet's submarine broadcast channel; but, for Johnny's lecture, the chief most likely demonstrated on a KWR-37, because that was the specific machine Johnny's class was being trained to repair. Once the chief has removed the top, he reaches into what he identifies as "the pregnant part" of the machine and extracts a circuit board.

Waving the foot-long circuit board to the class like a man who has just used it to return a serve, the chief points out the words at the top of the board: CONFIDENTIAL CRYPTO. Know why this piece of equipment is classified confidential? he asks. But again his challenge is rhetorical. That's because, he continues without missing a beat, this board, along with two others inside the machine, is programmed with a very powerful algorithm or mathematical formula that enables the user to encrypt the plain text of a communication. A bunch of scientists at NSA might have been holed up for four, five years working on nothing but the formula contained on these boards.

Now the chief—and every senior instructor is also a bit of an actor—turns grim as he shares a disturbing thought: If the Russians or whoever were able to get their hands on the information contained on all these boards, their bright boys would be able to construct their own machine that could receive our most sensitive communications. They'd be able to plug into our cryptonet, for sure. (And if a sailor should ask, the chief, putting on an air of sheer astonishment that anyone would have questions about the obvious, explains that a cryptonet is the term used to designate all the stations that employ the same crypto system to communicate.)

However, and now the chief switches moods dramatically and his voice is shrewd and triumphant, that would sure put Ivan close, but still no cigar. Ol' Ivan wouldn't be able to decipher or, as they say at NSA, decrypt what we're transmitting throughout our cryptonet unless he could get his hands on the other component of the system—the cryptographic key.

Once more the chief turns to his crypto machine and pulls open a smallish steel drawer. This here, he tells the class, is what we call the CRIB—the card reader insert board. It's where we insert the keying material. Now, the keying material for this particular machine comes in the form of an IBM-type computer card. Different machines, though, might use tapes, lists, or another type of card as the keying material. A machine that uses lists, for example, doesn't have a crib but a permuter tray on which the key list numbers are set manually. Regardless, the keying material is printed for all the machines by the NSA and then delivered by the ARFCOs—that's the Armed Forces Courier System, the chief adds—to all the users.

Now look closely at this card, he instructs his class, as he waves a flimsy, perforated key card toward them. See the inscription on it—TOP SECRET NOFORN. That means that these damn things are not only top secret, they're also not for distribution outside United States channels. And why is that? Well, sailors, that's because these pieces of cardboard are what set the codes. These little holes you see allow electrical energy to pass through certain spots so that the logic is fundamentally changed. The card tells the machine what circuit board to use or what direction to move a certain circuit board so that a message can be decrypted. And each day the Navy changes the key. We insert new cards into each Navy crypto machine every twenty-four hours. A sub sitting on the bottom of the Indian Ocean, say, might be tied into the Pacific Fleet cryptonet, but if it's a Tuesday and the radioman hasn't set his machine with Tuesday's key card, then all the sub's going to receive from CINCPAC is indecipherable mumbo jumbo.

These cipher cards, then, are part of the national treasure, sailors. And the Navy treats them that way. Cryptographic material probably has the most rigid control procedures of any material in government. Every monthly book of thirty key cards, each individual key card even, is serially numbered and relentlessly monitored from the day it is produced at Fort Meade till the day it is destroyed at the duty station by the CMS—the initials stand for Communications Material Security, the chief breezily adds—custodian. And even the CMS custodian has to round up another sailor at the end of a day to sign a statement that he witnessed the destruction of the keying materials.

Which brings us, sailors, to the bottom line: You men are now becoming part of the process. You men are being trusted to keep your country's most confidential secrets.

It's at this point that the chief more often than not pauses. But it's not mere theatrics; he now takes his time with each word for the simple reason that his life's work, everything the Navy has trained him to believe, resides in his final rhetorical question: What would happen if the Russians got their hands on both the logic *and* the key for any one of our machines? Well, he says, the best way to understand that kind of disaster would be to compare it to a poker game. A poker game where one side would be able to know what cards the other side was holding. Except, sailors, the stakes for this particular game of poker happen to be the future of the world.

One week after the *Pueblo* sent out its first SOS, a series of events began quickly to unfold which, when linked together by opportunity and circumstance, would go a long way toward shifting the odds in the chief's poker game. It started in Wakkanai, Japan. A radioman at this NSA-run station on the northern tip of the island was routinely monitoring the facsimile link between Pyongyang, the capital of North Korea, and Moscow. "All of sudden," a member of the intelligence station staff has been quoted as recalling, "there was this special transmission, and all these secret-code-word documents were coming across. All the *Pueblo* stuff was coming across. Everything was captured."

Of course by the time this information reached the basement operations room of COMSUBLANT, the role played by Source Wakkanai—as it was known at NSA—had been sanitized from all transmissions. Yet, the flash was all over Norfolk flag country: The *Pueblo*'s crypto machines and TECHINs were in Russian hands.

It was also around this period—the tail end of January 1968—that COMSUBLANT had a scare over a shipment of cipher cards. The CMS custodian receiving the delivery of February key cards noticed that the package's outer seal was undone. This was in violation of

NSA controls. Warrant Officer Walker was informed. An investigation was immediately begun.

Before the day was over, the situation was cleared up. The seal had not been broken; the cards had not been tampered with; the error was simply negligence. A new clerk at the manufacturing facilities in Fort Meade had failed to affix the outer seal to the package. Still, coming so soon after the capture of the *Pueblo,* the unsealed shipment of cipher cards had everyone talking.

The next link in this haphazard chain was forged a few days later in an Ocean View bar. The name of the bar has long since been forgotten; it could have been any of a handful of squid joints that are scattered across four seedy blocks less than a twenty-minute ride from the Norfolk Naval Base. But what remains indelible is that a bunch of sailors, tape apes, were sitting around having a few beers. And that Johnny Walker was one of them.

Not that Johnny was the life of this party. His troubles were still cutting into him. A ton of debts, a lush of a wife, four screaming rug rats—it was a hell of a woeful load he felt he was toting. Who could blame Johnny for looking to his buddies to help him kill the rest of another long night?

So the gang of radiomen had a few; and a few more; and, as is often the case when friendship is based on a common pride, the talk eventually found its way to their job. Naturally someone brought up the *Pueblo*. The feeling around the table was the crew should have gone down with the ship rather than let the Russians get their hands on the crypto equipment. That led to somebody's mentioning the panic over the cipher cards. From there it became just one long gripe: Hell, they're always screwing up the delivery of those damn key cards. It's a joke, the security. They just made a big deal of this time 'cause of the *Pueblo*.

That was when one radioman—and again his name is lost; it is doubtful that even the culprit could today, twenty years later, identify himself, so inconsequential were his intentions—finally came out and said it: Sailor wanted to, he could just make copies of those damn key cards. Who the hell would stop him? Tell me the Russians wouldn't pay good money to get their hands on those babies. . . .

Sure, all you do is call up the KGB, said one of the guys, trying to make the scheme seem wild and crazy and impossible.

But the schemer wouldn't be put off. You got it, he announced. Just call up the Russian embassy in D.C. Tell any one of those Ivans you got key cards. He'll listen, all right.

And then, just as quickly as it started, the conversation took another boozy turn. Again, no one really remembers why. The best speculation has it that there probably was a girl—was she the subject of a raunchy story? the punch line of some squid's joke? or perhaps the real thing, a live, in-the-flesh female who had caught one of the sailors' eye?—behind this development.

The truth is, it does not matter. What matters is that Johnny Walker listened very carefully to the conversation that night.

Later, as he lay in bed, Johnny played with all the pieces: his brother's strange story about a restaurant in Brooklyn, the capture of the *Pueblo,* the cipher card scare, a barroom scheme. And by and by, for the first time, he was beginning to imagine a way out.

7

Johnny couldn't find the Russian embassy. He kept walking down the street, but nothing looked right. He took the scrap of paper from his raincoat pocket and checked the address he had copied from the Washington phone book: 1125 16th Street. This was Sixteenth Street, all right. But the number on the building in front of him was already 1200 and something. He must have walked past the damn place. He had been looking out for a big, official sort of building. With a sign. Or at least a flag. He hadn't seen anything like that. Nothing he could do though, but turn around and backtrack. It had to be somewhere nearby. Still, the thought crossed his mind, they sure weren't making it easy for him to become a spy.

Up to that moment, everything had gone quick and smooth. Not that he had a real plan. It all just sort of happened. One night he was in Norfolk looking for a way out of his life. And come the morning, he had simply decided to invent a new one. Once he had reached that decision, instinct, the lure of a new game, took over.

On his first night back in the operations room, the barroom conversation goading him, he set out to steal a key list. It's hard to imagine, he would later try to explain, but there was no room in his plotting to consider what he was doing; his calculations focused only on the act: the challenge of pulling it off. He was charged with excitement. But after that first night Johnny knew he—he alone!—had them all beat. He went to the safe where the ready crypto was stored; shoved a key list sheet between the pages of one of his sailing magazines; and then, when no one was looking, oh so very calm, Warrant Officer Walker ran the cipher list, a month's worth of settings for a KL-47 machine, through the Xerox machine outside the vault. Ten minutes later—but each of those minutes pounded through him full-speed—the original was back in the vault, and the copy nonchalantly wedged between the glossy pages of *Sail.*

The game had moved forward so easily, the thrill of fear felt so much more invigorating than the dull, hopeless corner his life had become boxed into, that how could Johnny resist pursuing it to the next level? Truth was, he didn't even consider the possibility. The game was getting too good; the play was now the only thing.

With the copy of the key list in his back pocket, Johnny, on his first duty-free morning, set out in his orange MG. It was a four-hour drive from Norfolk to Washington, D.C., and Johnny used the time to flesh out his scheme. He thought things out step-by-step, the way the Navy had taught him, he would one day state, seemingly untroubled by the irony: He would drive up to D.C., head to a local gas station where he could copy the address of the Russian embassy from the phone book and get a downtown map that would help him plot out the route, and then he'd simply show up at the front door and tell them what he had to sell; cutting the deal would be the fun part. It was a simple plan, but then the game was still new.

It was only after he had written out the address from the Washington directory that Johnny, like any actor searching for the dimensions of his new role, tried to get clever. What if, it suddenly occurred to him, he had been followed from Norfolk? What if the FBI had the embassy staked out and spotted his car with its naval base stickers? What if on leaving the embassy the Russians followed him to his car and traced his real identity—he was determined to play his part under a stage name—through his license plate? All the what ifs ran through him like an electric charge. But Johnny might just as well have been glowing from all that energy. He enjoyed the idea of outsmarting people whom he felt were trying to get an edge on him. He added a new tactic to his plan: He would park his car about a mile from the embassy and then hail a cab to take him to Sixteenth Street. He would even walk the last block or so for added protection. That would throw off any tail, he reasoned. And he congratulated himself on this final shrewd touch.

In all that plotting, in all his hours on the road with a top secret key list in his back pocket, did Johnny Walker, a sailor for the past twelve years, ever really think about the friends or country he was about to betray? Years later he would greet the question with a limp smile and then a flood of genuine astonishment at his interrogator's naïveté. Finally, like a child giving in to a stern parent, he would offer an apology of sorts: ''It was a desperate act,'' he said. But he might have added: Reasons? There was simply no reason not to. Allegiance? A man's allegiance is only to the game he's playing at any given moment. Betrayal? To betray something, a man has to believe in something.

These unarticulated responses and the sentiments that provoked them, though, were worlds away from Johnny's deliberations as he walked down Sixteenth Street on that evening in February 1968. His concern was finding the damn Russian embassy. It was dark, nearly five, and cold. If he didn't find the place soon, he figured he would give up. For good. Sashay down Sixteenth Street two days running, the FBI would be sure to get a beat on you.

That's when, down toward the end of the block, he saw a black iron gate being opened as a car pulled out and headed into traffic. Immediately he realized he had been standing in front of the freakin' embassy for the past few minutes; the building was protected by a fence and then set back from the street. That had to be the entrance at the corner; he had walked right by it. Feeling foolish, he hurried to the gate before it was once more slammed shut.

Johnny took one look at the man standing by the gate and instantly decided that if he wasn't the embassy chauffeur, than he sure looked like he was made for the job. It wasn't that the guy was in uniform; he was wearing a regular sport coat and a shirt, no tie, real casual. Except he did have on this silly hat with a visor, like a Navy officer's, only the guy's hat seemed a size or so too small, like a child's beanie or something. Whatever it was, it didn't make the guy appear to be too swift. Still, Johnny figured the guy with the hat would have to do. It was now or never.

"I want to talk with someone in security," Johnny announced. He had given his opening line some thought; he had wanted something that sounded authoritative, knowledgeable, but not too off-the-wall.

The guy with the hat just stared at Johnny.

Was he going to blow a whistle, call the police? Johnny wondered.

It was too late to run, though. Nothing Johnny could do but try again. Except this time his voice slipped: "I want to talk with someone in security."

The oaf didn't say a word. He just looked confused.

And that's when it occurred to Johnny that of course the guy would be confused: He didn't speak English. Why the hell hadn't he thought of that before?

But just when he was becoming edgy with panic, just as he was mulling whether to run like hell or to try in slow, careful Pidgin English to explain himself one more time, the man at the gate turned to him and without even a trace of an accent said, "Follow me."

Almost two decades later, Johnny would be asked to draw a diagram of the interior of the Russian embassy and his sketch would be applauded for its accuracy by a group of skeptical critics. "As if I ever could forget anything about that day," he shot back at them, eyes near bulging, raw temper showing; which frightened them, and told them something too, for until that wild moment they had only seen Johnny playing the good sport.

He would always remember, he told them, switching back to his accommodating role, walking into the embassy through the front door, the chauffeur leading the way. It was so dark, shadowy, inside the embassy that for a moment he felt disoriented and yet the sensation was oddly familiar. Then it fell into place: It was dark like a submarine. And that gave him a rush of confidence.

The chauffeur led him to the reception area and started to say something, it might have been in Russian for all Johnny could make out, to the woman seated at the desk. Johnny, though, was in a hurry. He didn't think it made good sense for an American naval warrant officer to stand around in the lobby of the Russian embassy. So he cut in, this time talking to the woman. "I want to see someone in security," he tried again. Maybe he had raised his voice, or maybe there was something in his tone. But as quick as he got the words out, a guy in a dark suit moved into position behind him. He was a big guy, solid. A bonecrusher, Johnny decided. Johnny figured it might be wiser just to stand there real quiet and wait.

And still nobody said a word to him.

Five, ten, an eternity of minutes later, Johnny was in a real state. What have I gotten myself into? he was wondering. Am I waiting for the cops? The KGB? Or some goon with a rubber hose?

The three Russians—the chauffeur, the receptionist, and the bonecrusher—just stood there watching him. Nobody said a word.

So, finally, when this guy came up to him, about thirtyish, nice suit and all, and asked how he could help, Johnny was grateful. Johnny flashed him one of his well-rehearsed gushy smiles and, feeling kind of dumb to keep repeating the same line, offered it once more: ''I want to see someone in security.''

This time it worked. The man led him down the hall, stopping at a wooden door that couldn't have been more than twenty-five feet from the reception desk. He gave the knob a twist; the door was unlocked, which seemed to surprise the Russian for a moment; and recovering, more cautious than polite, Johnny felt, he held the door open for his guest. Then he followed Johnny into the room and shut the door behind him.

''I'm an American naval officer,'' Johnny began, knowing that fudging the facts was the least of his sins today.

The Russian merely looked at Johnny dully. He was seated behind a metal desk and Johnny sat across from him in a chair of some sort of modernish design. It was a small room without a window. The bookcases were empty and the desk top was bare. There was nothing in the room to show that it was part of the Russian embassy, or that its occupant was a KGB officer. It could have been a business meeting, a salesman making his pitch to a disinterested prospective buyer. Except it wasn't.

When the Russian didn't respond, Johnny, tiring of a game where he was not in control, figured it was time to show the Russian what he had come to deal. That should shake up Ivan, he imagined. He reached into his back pocket and took out the 8½-by-10-inch photocopy of the key list for the KL-47. He kept it tight in his hand, but he let the Russian get a good look at the classification at the head of the page: TOP SECRET NOFORN.

Then, uneasy and oddly unsure of himself, he went into his spiel.

He rattled nervously on about how the paper in his hand was the cryptographic key for an entire month of radio messages for the whole Atlantic submarine fleet. Better than that, he said, this crypto channel was used for only the most important messages, Op Orders at the very least. The traffic on this channel was so restricted, he insisted, that only a select few radiomen were allowed to transmit or receive it.

Everything Johnny said was the truth, but he knew he was sounding a bit out of control. Maybe he was trying too hard. But, Christ, that damn Ivan was spooking him. He just sat there listening, not saying a word. All stony-faced. Johnny couldn't tell if this was making any sense to the Russian, so the only thing he knew how to do was to keep trying harder; Johnny was, after all, inventing his role as he went on.

Finally, the Russian cut him short. He asked to see the key list.

Johnny, irrationally, he realized later, refused. How was he going to make the guy pay, once he gave up the list? Suppose the Russian was planning on ripping him off? No, he told Ivan. Let's make a deal. Tell me what it's worth to you, and then I'll let you see it.

I want to inspect the product first or we cannot cooperate, the Russian explained flatly. We will talk price later. Or not at all.

Johnny knew this wasn't a bluff; son o' bitch was holding all the cards. Ivan the Glum would get his way, or he'd walk for certain. And Johnny hadn't come this far to drive back to Norfolk empty-handed. Besides, there was something comforting about the way he talked about the product and cooperating. (Johnny, the actor trying on the role of fieldman for the first time, would remember the Russian's cool, precise use of English for the rest of his life. It was, he would one day insist, his first lesson in his new language.)

So since there was no choice, Johnny, always adaptable, folded. Without even a shrug or a whimper, he handed the Russian the cipher list. It was, he knew, the real thing: Let Ivan take a good, long look. What could Ivan pull?

Except the Russian *did* pull something. He took the list and announced, I want to study this in private.

Before Johnny could protest, the Russian got up from his chair and headed out of the room.

You wait here, he told Johnny.

And that was all Johnny could do.

• • •

When the Russian returned, it was as if Johnny had never given him a top secret key list. He could not have seemed less interested in access to the United States naval codes. He was, in fact, apparently interested in only one thing. And this insistence was scaring the bejesus out of Johnny.

Before we go any further, the Russian declared in his expressionless, no-nonsense way as he took his seat, I must know your name.

Johnny was prepared for this one. From the start he had been convinced that it would be wiser to keep his real name to himself; it'd be a level of protection in case things got nasty with the Russians. For a day or so, then, he had been trying on names the way he often tried on moods. Yet, instinctively he seemed to realize that the strength of a good cover was in how tightly the lie fitted around the truth. He needed, therefore, a name that was like Johnny Walker but was not Johnny Walker. He played with the problem awhile. Until it came to him: Johnnie Walker was a whiskey; wouldn't a brand by any other name do the trick? That's how he settled on Harper, I. W. Harper. I spell it just like the bourbon, he imagined himself saying. That would be a good joke, not unlike one of his all-time favorites, all right; and perhaps an even better one because he was certain the dumb Ivans would never get it.

Except, on the ride up to Washington Johnny realized that maybe he had outsmarted himself. I. W. Harper? What the hell does "I." stand for? The Russians are going to ask me that for sure. His mind started racing: Ira . . . Izzy . . . Isaac . . . Shit, they all sound too Jewish. No way the Russians are going to believe that I'm some Jew naval officer.

Time running out, Johnny settled on something familiar: a family name—his younger brother's. So when the Russian asked him to identify himself, Johnny, playing it cool and friendly and sincere, said, James Harper.

The Russian, impassive as a commissar, nodded. And then he asked, You have identification with you? Driver's license? Military papers?

Johnny had not counted on this, but he thought he could still hang on to his script. When all else failed, he told himself, fill the stage with indignation. He'd simply huff and puff a bit: Course I got a license. An ID. But we got to trust each other. How we gonna do business without trust?

I need to see proof that you are who you say you are, the Russian explained. He wasn't arguing; he was stating a rock-solid fact.

What about the key list? I want it back now, Johnny demanded.

The Russian chose to ignore the request. Instead, he repeated in the dullest possible voice, I need to see proof of your identity.

Proof! Johnny shouted, trying on a new tone for effect. I'm here. That's proof enough. And Johnny, desperate, let his histrionics lead this argument to all sorts of rhetorical heights until he was just plain exhausted.

When Johnny's performance was done, the Russian, low-keyed and dour, once more told the sailor the rules: I need proof of your identity, or we cannot proceed any further.

And by now Johnny, utterly dejected, believed him.

There is a certain moment in nearly every sort of transaction when, though the deal is not yet done, someone makes a slip, a concession, and both parties know full collaboration is only a matter of time—and who will be setting the terms.

So it was when Johnny dug into his wallet and pulled out his military ID card. There was his picture in the right-hand corner and beneath that, typed in block letters was his name: JOHN A. WALKER, JR. There was nothing he could do, though, but hand the card to the Russian.

He had to throw out one script, but he quickly set to inventing a new one. He reached now for a professional tone, one man of the world confiding in another:

You know how it is, he told the Russian. It wasn't that I was lying to you. I just thought I might protect myself some. Till I got to know you better.

The Russian did not let on that he had the slightest idea what Johnny was talking about. He simply took the card and, without even looking at it, placed it in his pocket. Then he stood up.

You will wait here, the Russian instructed, and once more he left the room.

• • •

Now I've done it, Johnny moaned to himself as he sat there waiting for the Russian to return. They've got the key list. They know who I am. Now they're checking me out—with who, the goddamn FBI? A crazy scene played in his mind: Hello, Norfolk? You got some top secret communications man down there name of Walker, John A.? Sure do; and by the way, who wants to know? Oh, just the KGB. . . .

They kept him waiting in that little room for at least twenty minutes. He didn't know if it would be all right to get up and walk around. What the hell, he finally decided. He stood up and took a few steps. Then he looked out the door, sly like, and saw the bonecrusher standing there. On guard. So Johnny went back to his chair and sat down.

He was scared stiff.

''Why is this not signed?'' The Russian had returned, and clearly intent on keeping Johnny off balance, brought with him a new mood —belligerence. He waved the key list toward Johnny and repeated, ''Why is this not signed?''

Now it was Johnny's turn to be confused: He did not know what the Russian was talking about. Finally, uncertain of what else to try and hoping not to sound like he was pleading, Johnny told him the truth: ''They're never signed.''

In time the Russian believed him; or at least was appeased.

His manner retreated to its previous mechanical way. He was as proper as an undertaker, calm as a commissar. But he was now talking, asking questions. Lots of them.

Johnny knew they were getting down to business. At last.

The Russian wanted to know on what circuits the key list was used; and Johnny could tell the guy knew a bit about cryptography, but was no expert. He wanted to know about Johnny's former duty stations. How much longer he anticipated being posted at COMSUBLANT. Where he anticipated he'd next be billeted. Whether he thought he'd get a promotion. But most of all, the Russian wanted to know what secret codes, operation orders, and technical manuals a warrant officer had access to. And years later, an odd pride still ringing in his voice, Johnny would reconstruct his response to the Russian: ''I was totally honest. Exactly what I had access to—which was everything.''

He later added, perhaps thinking further explanation was necessary, "I was in charge of the entire communications while I was on watch."

All that remained, then, was to cut the deal. The Russian set the price for the copy of the key list. Was it $1,000? $2,000? It was the first of many deals, and a small one at that, and Johnny quickly forgot the exact amount. He does remember, though, that he took the money, all in cash, and stuffed it in his pocket. He also agreed to meet with the Russians again. Only now, Johnny, the quick learner picking up on their tradecraft, said he would "cooperate."

Which had been his master plan from the start: a steady new income, an exciting new game. And feeling pretty good about his foresight, he handed the Russian the schedule, his next month's Norfolk watch bill, that he had brought with him. Pick a day that's good for both of us and I'll drive on up, Johnny told his new friend.

The Russian chose a day about three weeks off, but he would not allow Johnny to walk into the embassy again. There is the question of security. I have a list of procedures for you. You are to listen and memorize them.

Johnny grabbed on to the new word, but the Russian's procedures were too complicated, and not that he wanted to make too much out of this, he was too damn scared to get it all straight. In the end though, he just had to come out and say it: I got to write this down. I'm too nervous to remember all of it.

So the Russian, making a disdainful face Johnny would never forget, violated all the rules of the trade and allowed him to take notes while listening to the instructions for the next face-to-face: It would be at a Zayre's department store just across the river in Alexandria; Johnny would carry a *Time* magazine; he would walk left, then right a hundred yards, and so on in a quick series of twists and turns; eventually an agent would contact him in the parking lot. Johnny was to bring with him another month's shipment of key lists. He was also to supply a written account of all the sensitive material that passed through his command.

You want a shopping list, so to speak, Johnny interrupted.

But the Russian ignored this attempt at a joke. He only added that the amount of Warrant Officer Walker's remuneration would be in direct proportion to the number and quality of the classified documents he produced.

And then, nearly two hours after Johnny had walked through the front door of the Russian embassy, the meeting was over.

He did not leave through the front door. First they bundled Johnny up in a bulky overcoat and put an absurd, wide-brimmed hat—the Russians must have a thing about silly hats, Johnny was thinking—on his head. For good measure, one of the Ivans, there were three new ones now, pulled the hat low over his eyes. In case someone outside is watching, he explained; and the possibility made Johnny want to tremble.

But before he could work himself up, they guided him out a rear door, the three Ivans leading the way like linemen on a sneak play and Johnny, of course, was the quarterback. In no time at all they crossed a tiny courtyard and Johnny was shoved into the backseat of a waiting car. One Ivan got in on either side of him; the third sat in the front next to the driver. They ordered Johnny to crouch down as they pulled out of the embassy compound; to this day he is not sure if they were trying to help him or simply show him that they meant business when they pushed him to the floor.

Once they had gone for a bit, Johnny was told he could sit up. That felt better. He explained to them where his car was parked. No one seemed to care. They just kept driving.

That's when Johnny started to panic. Where were they taking him? I'm going to be late for my watch, he tried. It's a four-hour ride back to Norfolk, he insisted. People might get suspicious if I'm late, he explained.

The Russians didn't say anything. They just kept driving. First slow for a block or two. Then fast. Johnny, trapped in the backseat between two mute hulks, watched as the car ran a couple of red lights. Then it slowed down again, allowing traffic to pass. The goddamn Russians, he realized, were crisscrossing back and forth about the city. And all the time Johnny couldn't help wondering where they were going to wind up. Or what they were going to do to him when they got there.

But, after nearly an hour's worth of stop-and-start driving, they didn't do anything to him. They simply pulled over about a block away from his orange MG, had him return the hat and coat, and then they sped off without even saying good-bye.

By the time he reported for duty that night as watch officer in the communications room for the Atlantic submarine fleet, it was way after 11:00 P.M. and Johnny was really done in. Still, as he sat at his desk near the crypto vault, a keeper of secrets now holding onto another one, it's not hard to imagine that he was silently congratulating himself. Because he had pulled it off—he had become a spy.

PART II

COOPERATION

8

Nearly ten miles outside Moscow, driving southwest toward the village of Tëplyystan, a two-lane road abruptly breaks off from the main highway. Exiting here, though, is discouraged. The large sign at this intersection is a warning: HALT! NO TRESPASSING! WATER CONSERVATION DISTRICT.

Still, if one were curious one could disregard the sign and follow the curving road. It is a beautiful drive, the road leading deeper and deeper into a thick forest, until suddenly a militia post blocks the way. Soldiers are aiming automatic weapons, ordering the car to a halt. And then it is only a matter of time before the trespasser learns that despite the high-collared *gymnasterkas* these guards are wearing, they are not the regular soliders of the Moscow militia. Their uniforms are a disguise, more cover. These are troops of the KGB.

The KGB, as the Komitet Gosudarstvennoy Bezopasnosti is commonly known, is the Committee for State Security for the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Its mission, both at home and abroad, is to preserve, defend, and expand the power of the Communist party. Its soldiers are a secret police force throughout the Soviet Union, its agents a secret army throughout the world.

If, however, one can convince these KGB guards he is on official state business, the gate is raised. The tree-lined road continues far into the forest; and then, just when one might suspect that it will go on and on through the woods, it all comes to a halt. It ends in a traffic circle. A sign orders all cars to be parked; fanning out around the circle are the lots. From this point, one is allowed to proceed only by foot.

It is a short walk from the parking lots to a high chain link fence. The fence is topped with barbed wire. A guardhouse protects the single entrance gate; turnstiles, similar to the ones in the Moscow subways, are just inside the gate. The bronze-colored plaque on the guardhouse says SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH CENTER.

To enter, it is necessary to have an official pass. The pass is buff-colored and has the bearer's photograph. Each pass is inspected by the armed sentries. The soldiers have blue stripes on their khaki service trousers and blue stripes on their lapels. There is no longer any pretense: These are the markings of the KGB Guards Division.

The path beyond the guardhouse cuts through a neatly manicured lawn; in spring and summer flower beds along the walk are bright with color. At the end of this walkway, a four-hundred-yard trip that seems much longer during the painfully cold winter months, stands a building shaped like a three-pointed star. It even appears to glow, too; its seven stories are faced in aluminum and glass, and the materials catch the sun. Which pleased its Finnish architects, and surprised the Soviet officials who hired them.

A set of double glass doors opens onto the building's entrance. Once again, it is necessary to show one's pass to an armed sentry. Then one can proceed across a wide marble lobby toward the elevators. The offices are on the upper floors; only a cafeteria—vodka is something of a tradition in most state canteens; however, beer is as close to a real drink as one can order here—and a newsstand share this ground floor. In the middle of the lobby, though, is a pedestal supporting a massive bust. Fresh flowers are placed daily in a vase beneath this sculpture. Regardless, it is a grim, rather stern sentry. But that is appropriate: It is the face of Feliks Dzherzhinsky, the first chief of the Soviet secret police.

And this is the headquarters for the First Chief Directorate of the KGB.

The First Chief Directorate conducts the committee's foreign operations. It is a highly bureaucratized organization, divided into three separate directorates and eleven separate geographic departments. These departments control the Line PR—the letters stand for the Russian words meaning "political intelligence"—agents who work out of the embassy KGB Residencies throughout the world. These Line PR agents, often under consular cover, are the fieldmen responsible for recruiting new agents and maintaining communications with agents already in place: devising the procedures for each meeting, servicing drop sites, and administering the transfer of funds from the Moscow Center bankers—as the accountants working out of the main KGB headquarters on 2 Dzherzhinsky Square are known—to their covert operatives. Each Line PR man is the "handler" of many "assets": part psychologist, part tough guy, part salesman, and part housekeeper.

There is, however, one instance when the Line PR officer does not run the agent in his territory. In fact, the operation will be handled so clandestinely that the KGB Residency will not be informed of the existence of this asset, or even the identity of his Soviet handler.

This is a Department 16 case.

Department 16, run from an upper floor of the First Chief Directorate headquarters, is the most compartmentalized of all KGB divisions. It is also the most secretive: its officers control only one case; its fieldmen, working under deep cover, handle only one agent.

Department 16 directs cryptographic cases. Its assignment is to steal foreign codes and ciphers.

On that evening in February 1968, as soon as Johnny Walker was hurried into the backseat of the embassy sedan, a process was begun that would entwine his life—and his family's—with irrevocable decisions made in the star-shaped building hidden in the woods near the village of Tëplyystan.

The Washington embassy Line PR officer—and there is nothing in subsequent events or reports to suggest he did anything but follow standard tradecraft—sent a coded flash message informing Moscow Center that he was in possession of possible American naval cryptographic material. A detailed report of his meeting with the American warrant officer—is there a tape?—and the procedures he had set for the next face-to-face would follow. Once this report was written and encoded (and it is difficult to imagine a KGB officer leaving his desk that evening until this was accomplished), both it and the 8½-by-10-inch copy of the key list would be folded into a metal container not much larger than a shoe box; the container—standard Soviet diplomatic issue—held a minute pyrotechnic charge that would explode if the box was improperly opened or even suddenly shaken. The KGB officer would then hand-deliver the container to the embassy's courier-in-residence. By the time Johnny finished his late watch at COMSUBLANT that night, his stolen key list might very well have been on an Aeroflot jet to Moscow. What is certain, though, is that there was no additional action by the embassy KGB officer. Moscow Rules: Back off after the initial pass. Promise the asset the world, but hold off till Center wires further instructions.

There were none. It is now known that the agent in the Washington Residency never heard another word about his report; presumably he reasoned that the Directorate cryptographic analysts had determined that the key material was of little value; or that they had come to the conclusion that the American warrant officer was actually an FBI CI-2 provocateur. This was not, however, the determination.

Within weeks after the key list had been received at Moscow Center, the decision was reached to make Warrant Officer John A. Walker, Jr., a Department 16 asset. A case officer was selected to control the operation. He would pull the strings; the handler, a fieldman, would make the asset jump. So a work name was taken off a computer list and assigned to another Department 16 operative. He was immediately posted to the Washington embassy's Ministry of Foreign Affairs. His instructions were to bury himself deep in the cover of his ministerial duties, stay clear of the KGB Residency, and beginning with the drop at the Virginia department store, to run Johnny Walker.

9

Johnny, trying out his new life as a spy, was in the parking lot when he heard the voice.

''Hello, my friend,'' it called.

Immediately, Johnny found the accent, guttural with intrigue, a real treat. Then, eager, and of course scared, he turned toward the voice. First thing he noticed, though, was the Russian's coat: It was a trench coat, belted, collar up. Just like in the movies. All that was missing, he later joked, was the background music. So what if he had to rely on the strings of his heart for the *dum . . . da . . . dumdum*? Johnny was having a blast.

What a day it had been! Full of the game, as meticulous in his organization as if he had been leading his gang on a hike in the foothills of Scranton, Johnny had moved through Zayre's department store. The Russian's dictated procedures were his gospel. The recognition signal, a copy of *Time,* was under his arm and he kept to the prescribed route: first one way, then another, up a flight, then down. With the passing of the years, the precise path of his maze would become blurred; and only Johnny's wiseass quip would survive: Would Ivan make his pass in ladies' underwear?

But Johnny made it through ladies' underwear, and through men's furnishings, across the entire ground floor, and was now heading outside. The procedures specified the parking lot, and Johnny, taking his time, reaching for a bit of nonchalance, headed that way. He worried he was being followed: FBI? Naval Intelligence? KGB bonecrushers? And he worried, always comfortable with contradictions, that he wasn't being followed: There'd be no meet, no money, no game.

Yet as he walked through the parking lot, from out of nowhere it seemed, came the voice. Johnny could have just about cheered.

At first.

Things started out fine. This new Ivan with his trench coat was very impressive. He knew about communications, and Johnny enjoyed talking spy business with him. They discussed the various crypto systems at COMSUBLANT—KL-47, KWR-37, KG-26 (whose keying materials, Johnny complained, were a bitch to steal; the cards were cut as they were put through this equipment), and the KL-7. The Russian also zeroed in on the different circuits and frequencies for these machines; and that seemed to Johnny the smart way of going about things: If you knew the specific broadcast frequencies for naval radio traffic, you wouldn't have to waste your time monitoring the airwaves. Ivan in the Trench Coat also seemed really impressed when Johnny offered that Annex Kilo documents for the Atlantic Fleet were available in the communications room; while Johnny, too, gave the guy points for knowing that Annex Kilos were summaries of operation orders and operation plans.

When the talk turned to money, the Russian, getting very military, had a bit of a lecture: The pay would always be in cash, usually in fifties; twenties were too bulky, he explained, and hundreds were recorded in banks after each transaction as if they were checks. The safest place for the new money he'd be making, the Russian instructed, was in a safe-deposit box. As for spending, the way Johnny was reading Ivan, the advice came down to this—don't. But if you did, keep your purchases simple. A Chevy, say, rather than a Cadillac. And use a cashier's check; it's a good way of washing cash. The last thing you want to do, warned the Russian, is to attract attention. Things could get complicated if anyone—including your wife—

started asking questions about where all this money was coming from. Johnny found himself quickly nodding in agreement; he didn't even want to think about that.

What the new spy did want to pursue, though, was something more immediate, and more comforting: How much was coming to him?

Ivan didn't beat around the bush. He just threw out the numbers: between $2,000 and $4,000 a month. It was a salary Johnny claims he never debated, which may, however uncharacteristic, be true; or, perhaps is just Johnny's way of dealing with his inability to nudge the bottom line a little higher. Regardless, the figures, of course, had been set by the Department 16 case officer back in his office in the woods and therefore were immutable.

Johnny, the way he tells it, focused on the gap. What did he need to do to earn $4,000 rather than $2,000 a month?

Quality, explained the Russian, was the key. If the product was tech manuals or crypto, the money would be good. If Johnny could obtain a full month of key list settings, the money would be very good. Naturally, the Russian added, Johnny would not be paid until after the product was carefully evaluated.

Which led Ivan into his next question: Where was the material Johnny had obtained since his visit to the embassy?

That was when things fell apart.

At the time, Johnny thought he was being clever. Resourceful, even. No one at the embassy had told him how he was supposed to deliver the documents he was copying at COMSUBLANT; so Johnny, embracing his new role, began playing with the problem. Course he could just put the documents in a bag, carry it right under his arm with his *Time* magazine as he walked through Zayre's. Which might be fine; unless he was followed by the FBI; or Naval Intelligence; or, and there was no way he was going to share this with Ivan, the Russians conked him one from behind and took away his bargaining chip—for free. So the master spy worked out his own set of drop procedures: He stored the copied key lists and cipher cards in a rented locker at Washington National Airport. Shrewd, huh?

No, snapped the Russian. It was not shrewd, it was stupid, dangerous. Didn't Johnny know anything about airport security? Didn't he notice how well lit locker areas are? Worse, airport lockers are always being checked for bombs, for guns. What would happen if some curious airport policeman started thumbing through a pile of papers marked TOP SECRET NOFORN? Perhaps a squad of FBI men had the locker already staked out, just waiting to see who was going to make the pickup.

There was a long, thoughtful moment, and then the Department 16 fieldman tried something else out: Perhaps that was Warrant Officer Walker's plan? Perhaps he and the FBI were working together?

The way Ivan in the Trench Coat posed the question, his words as measured as a vow, quickly convinced Johnny that playing dumb just might save this sailor's life.

God, did Johnny puff smoke. He charged full steam ahead reciting all the real and imagined risks he was taking. Yet what did he get in return? He's accused of working for the FBI. Incredible! Especially when all he had done was something stupid. Hell, he was new to all this; he's bound to make mistakes. So how about this: Why doesn't he just go to the airport, pick up the documents, and meet the Russian back at Zayre's. Okay?

And what do you know, the Russian agreed.

After all that, Johnny himself was pretty relieved when he returned to the locker and he didn't hear some guy barking through a megaphone: We've got you surrounded. Put up your hands . . .

And by the time he was in the airport parking lot, the documents in a bag under his arm, he was feeling a little put out about the prospect of driving back to the department store.

Except now it wasn't necessary.

Without a word of explanation or excuse for this change in plans, the Russian was waiting for Johnny. Perhaps Ivan in the Trench Coat had followed him to the airport, Johnny guessed. Or had a KGB surveillance team been on his tail all along? Instinct, though, told him not to ask these questions. Instead, he simply handed the package to the Russian.

In return, the Russian handed him a sealed envelope. Inside, the veteran fieldman announced to his novice, were the procedures for the next drop. Johnny was to follow these instructions precisely. It was too dangerous to continue meeting face-to-face. If there were extraordinary problems, a means of getting in touch with him was included in the procedures. Agreed?

No problem, Johnny proclaimed. Similarly, the date of the next drop was quickly settled.

It was only as Johnny was getting into his MG that the Russian handler, almost as an afterthought, asked his asset if he anticipated having any trouble obtaining additional quality product.

Johnny, not finding it necessary to lie or embellish for perhaps the first time that day, told him, ''Easiest thing in the world.''

How easy was it for a COMSUBLANT radioman, and a rather low-ranking sailor at that, to steal top secret key lists and tech manuals? It was a question that was later asked quite often of Johnny Walker; and one which he seemed proud to answer:

> Q. How were you able to copy this material?
>
> A. On the Xerox machine.
>
> Q. How did you get access to it? What was it about your responsibility that made you able to copy this stuff?
>
> A. Almost anybody could have done it. It's just a matter of going to the safe where the ready crypto was stored and taking it to the Xerox machine. Of course, it had to be covered or hid and put something on top of it. One could just walk to the copy machine with a book. It's just enough to conceal it.
>
> Q. What did you do with the material you were copying before you made your next connection?
>
> A. I just kept it in my room at the naval station where I was living and carried it to my next meeting.

So Johnny, used to living on many levels, now added another one. A shift as watch commander; a shift as spy. Loyalty never was much of a problem because Johnny, the games player, lived in a world where beliefs changed as quickly as the adventure itself: The rules of each game were inviolate for only as long as he was playing that particular bit of sport. The 4.0 sailor, therefore, set out to become the master spy. He devoted himself to his new task. There was so much his Russian handler gave him to learn:

> *Procedure for summoning me to an exchange*
>
> Normally a schedule of fixed dates will be set for every exchange. However, if for some reason we fail to conduct it on these dates or if you need to summon me to an exchange outside the pre-arranged schedule use please the following procedure:
>
> Mark the signal of the appropriate shape (which as you know has to be changed after each successful call to an exchange) at one of sites you've got on hand on a Thursday night. The schedule of choices will be as follows:
>
> 1st Choice—First Sunday after the Thursday on which you marked the signal.
> 2nd Choice—First Saturday after 1st choice.
> 3rd Choice—Second Saturday after the second choice.
> 4th Choice—Second Saturday after the 3rd choice . . .
>
> The current *shape of the signal to be used* to summon me to an unscheduled exchange is "K" (Letter "K") . . .
>
> *Procedure for a face-to-face meeting outside the country*
>
> (To be used if you need to see me urgently)
> Mark the signal shaped like this—6 (Figure Six) on a Thursday night at one of the sites you've got on hand . . .
>
> *Procedure for an extraordinary face-to-face meeting in the country*
>
> (To be used only in case of an extreme emergency)
> Mark the signal shaped like this—ϟ(the lightning) on a Thursday night at one of the sites you've got on hand. We'll meet then at 20:45 (alternative time 21:15, should one of us be late) at the telephones at the 7/11 store located in Fairview Plaza in Virginia at the intersection of Little River Tpke. (Rte. 236) and Tedrich Blvd. (on the right-hand side of rte. 236 if you are coming from

> D.C.). For easier identification please hold small "Dart Drug" paper bag in your left hand while standing at the telephones . . .
>
> *Procedures for summoning you to a face-to-face meeting*
>
> If something extraordinary causes me to summon you to a personal meeting I'll use the following procedure: I'll mail you a card of the kind you know about . . .

If all this wasn't enough, Johnny only had to make a delivery to be informed in another block-printed, handwritten note that the signal site was being changed. Johnny had visions of Ivan in the Trench Coat driving around Washington and its suburbs (their playground, Johnny knew, was limited; travel for Russian diplomatic personnel was restricted to a twenty-five-mile radius around the city) looking for inconspicuous places for a warrant officer to place a chalk mark:

> Draw your signal in white chalk or crayon on the wall of the Kitchen Korner store running along 16-th Rd. S.;
>
> Draw your signal in red chalk or crayon on the first concrete post of the railing on the right hand side of the bridge on S. Walter Reed Dr. . . . ;
>
> Draw the signal in white chalk at your waist level from the ground on the near wall of the house on the left side of the alley in the middle of the wall . . .

And so on. The instructions were so convoluted that Johnny got to asking himself, Don't these Ivans know English? Which only made him laugh, because of course they really didn't.

The best part of the game, though, was the deliveries. Dead drops, the Russians called them; and Johnny, too, wasted no time in picking up on the phrase. Yet what Johnny admired, marveled at, really, about these procedures was the way the Russians had them so well planned. It was—and here, too, Johnny was at home with the irony—very Navy.

The tradecraft for each dead drop was always the same. Weekends were the chosen time; the Russians believed the FBI, paunchy capitalists, put in only five-day weeks. So on a Saturday night Johnny would follow the map he would have received at his last exchange.

The map would lead him to some remote spot in the woods of Maryland or Virginia; the isolation not only allowing the fieldman to make his drop unnoticed, but also giving Johnny plenty of opportunities to look in his rearview mirror in case somebody was on his tail.

Yet if glancing over his shoulder and following the map wasn't enough of a job, there were also the photographs. The Russian, with a meticulousness that Johnny would never stop finding sort of insulting, had laid out the procedures for the drop in a series of photos. All along the route, the handler and his asset were to exchange safety signals—empty cans of 7-Up; no other soda, for reasons Johnny never could determine or dared to ask, would do. Therefore, on one photograph there would be a precisely ruled arrow pointing to, say, a telephone pole and the block letter instruction: I DROP MY INITIAL CAN HERE. Until, after often a half-dozen of these exchanges, Johnny would come to the photograph with the instruction: YOU DROP YOUR FINAL CAN HERE. Then there would be the dead drop. Johnny would leave a garbage bag packed with genuine trash; only under the garbage, in another carefully sealed bag, would be the treasure: a pile of top secret naval documents and key lists.

After Johnny made his drop, he, always scared stiff and always having the time of his life, followed the route to the final site. There, another garbage bag would be waiting. Inside would be his treasure: A "Dear Friend" letter evaluating the last shipment of material, a KGB shopping list for the next drop, and the cash.

All in all, Johnny thought it was a pretty good way to spend a Saturday night.

Not long after he met his handler at the department store, probably at his second or third drop, Johnny received his first piece of spy equipment. Inside the garbage bag was a Minox camera; and Ivan in the Trench Coat, always one to make sure of things, also included in the package a copy of the owner's manual.

Johnny, who really didn't know much about photography, now had a new activity to master. Not that he minded. He delighted in how the camera fitted just so into the palm of his hand; that made each practice session another round of intrigue. He was really into the game by now. He even destroyed the manual the Russian had given him—a touch of tradecraft Johnny thought up—and, instead, substituted his own, less suspicious handwritten instructions. "Parameters," he called these notes: Use black-and-white film, Plus X Pan, ASA 125; set camera to one one-hundredths of a second to photograph from 18 inches from the document; use a light bulb at least 75 or 100 watts; have light bulb one foot from the documents you're photographing.

He began using his new piece of equipment in the spring of 1968. It really helped production.

Q. When you used the camera, I assume that you were trying to copy as much material at one time as possible; it that a fair statement?
A. Yes.
Q. Where did you go in the message center in order to accomplish that?
A. There was a vault-type office as I recall in the crypto—in the on-line room that was available for use.
Q. You have to go in there and shut the door?
A. Yes.
Q. Was there any risk of detection by a superior officer or anybody else during that period that you were concerned with?
A. It's a risky business, yes.
Q. Approximately how long would it take to photograph an entire month's worth of keying material?
A. Maybe 20 or 30 minutes, depending on what system you were talking about.
Q. Let's say the KWR-37. Now: In that you'd have a separate card for each day of the month?
A. Yes.
Q. How long would it take you to photograph that using a Minox camera?
A. Three to four minutes.

The Minox camera, though, was run-of-the-mill when compared with the contraption he found in the garbage bag at his drop site a few months later. Inside was something the Department 16 whiz kids had designed especially for Johnny Walker. It was an instrument for decoding the internal wiring system of the KL-47 crypto machine. It, too, fitted into the palm of his hand, and, complete with battery, weighed about fourteen ounces. NSA scientists would later, with some admiration, call it a ''rotor decryption device''; they estimated it cost at least $50,000 to manufacture. Johnny, with equal admiration, would someday boast that it was ''real James Bond.''

Rotors, since World War I, have been the key internal mechanism of many military crypto machines. They are wheels—gears, really—made of Bakelite or hard-rubber insulating material. Around the circumference of each rotor are twenty-six—one for each letter of the alphabet—evenly spaced electrical contacts. Each contact is connected at random by a wire to a contact on the opposite face; electrical current travels along this wire from one point on the circumference to another point on the opposite side.

The contacts on the starting, or input, face represent plaintext letters; those on the opposite, or output, face are ciphertext letters. To encipher, the radioman pushes the button which fires a burst of current into the rotor at the input contact of the desired plaintext letter, say, *h;* this current then runs along the wire and comes across the ''hot printer'' as the ciphertext letter, say, *b*.

The daily key lists, however, manipulate the turning of the rotors so that a current entering at a specific point will no longer emerge at the same point as before. A rotor, then, will produce as many cipher alphabets as it has positions; that is, twenty-six.

Naval crypto machines usually have more than one rotor. Five rotors, each with twenty-six positions, will create 11,881,376 cipher alphabets. Which comes down to this: There would be, cryptologist David Kahn has determined, a different alphabet for *each letter* in a plaintext far longer than the complete works of Shakespeare, *War and Peace,* the *Iliad,* the *Odyssey, Don Quixote, The Canterbury Tales,* and *Paradise Lost* all put together.

But a KL-47 doesn't have five rotors. It has eight. Which made its encoded messages impossible to crack. Until Johnny Walker began playing around with his rotor decryption device.

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Johnny wasn't too keen on this piece of equipment. Like any cranky fieldman, he had quickly reached the point in his career where dumping on the bright boys, safe in their offices, was part of the trade. Still, he might have had a case when it came to using the rotor decryption device. It was a bitch to operate without anyone noticing, and that only made a risky business a lot more tense.

Sneaking the tiny device into the COMSUBLANT crypto room was the easy part. It was once he got inside the room that the process gave him the willies. Johnny would have to remove the rotor from the KL-47 and place it, like a record on a spindle, on his instrument. Then he'd fold out the two hinges from his machine, each copper-tipped hinge sticking out like the claws on a lobster. One "claw" would be placed on the input contact point of his machine, the other on each output point on the rotor until a light on his machine glowed: an electrical circuit had been completed; the logic had been revealed. Point one, say, on his device corresponded to point 5, say, on the KL-47's first rotor. And then he'd have to repeat the process for the twenty-five remaining letters. And then for the seven remaining rotors. And he'd have to make sure he was keeping an exact list of the corresponding contact points for each rotor. And all the time in the crypto vault, while he was checking the contact points with his little machine and writing his findings down on a page of notebook paper, Johnny couldn't stop feeling that any moment someone was going to pop in and ask him just what the hell he thought he was doing.

But no one ever did. Johnny, to his immense pleasure, was a perfect spy. In fact, things were going so well, what with the money coming in, and the game being such great fun, that Johnny, brimming once more with confidence, figured the time had come to have a go again at being a husband and father. He decided to move his family to Norfolk.

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She might as well have been the big winner on one of those TV game shows. That was the only way Barbara Walker could understand it: One day she and the kids were living in a trailer; the next day they were living in Norfolk in a fancy apartment house with a doorman. She couldn't believe her luck.

All of a sudden, there was so much: fuchsia wall-to-wall carpeting; a teakwood dining table with matching chairs; a black-Naugahyde-covered bar and four Naugahyde stools; an electric broiler; a king-size bed with a fluted, gold-leaf, Mediterranean-style headboard; and even—Johnny's choice—a foot-high replica of Michelangelo's David to stand on the new dresser. She couldn't believe her luck.

No matter how hard she tried.

At first, when Johnny had come down to Ladson during the summer of 1968 and told her he had rented an apartment in Norfolk, all she could think about was no more grilling burgers and pulling drafts—it was about time! The Bamboo Snack Bar should have landed belly-up a stack of bills ago. Only Johnny announced he had no intention of closing the snack bar. He'd just hire a cook and a waitress, or maybe he'd rent the place out. Someday, he promised, the joint would be a gold mine. And not seeming to have a care or debt in the world, he was quite prepared to wait for someday. Very strange; but then again her Johnny was a man of many moods.

Finally, the car packed with boxes and stuffed with four kids, when the time came to make the drive to Norfolk she was just glad to be getting out of South Carolina; and she was hoping, now that she and Johnny were going to be back together again full-time, things might smooth out between them. She took a lot of daydreams, a lot of expectations with her.

They pulled up to this high-rise on Glenroie Avenue, the Algonquin House, and as her daughter Laura would remember, it was if they had stepped into a fairy tale. There was a doorman going, ''Hello, Mr. Walker,'' and a somebody called a concierge, and the kids were all running off and bringing back excited reports that ''Mommy, there's a pool out back'' or ''They even got a Ping-Pong table in the basement.'' Then the elevator ride up to the apartment with all the furniture, and the brand-new kitchen appliances, and the glass doors to the balcony where you could sit with a drink in your hand, and, after eleven years of a scrimping-and-saving marriage, just watch the river flow—it was all she had ever wanted. And, of course, impossible. This wasn't strange . . . it was wrong.

''Know how it is,'' she would try to explain a lifetime later, ''when you're taking a shower and all of a sudden you feel this lump in your breast? Well, you could do something, go to the doctor, get an X ray, or whatever. Or you could just hope that tomorrow it'll be gone. Well, that's the way it was in the Algonquin House.''

So Barbara did a lot of hoping about tomorrows; and a lot of drinking to get through the days. She didn't know what would be worse: Asking Johnny the question, or dealing with his answer. But either way she knew her life—and the life of her family—would never be the same. His secret terrorized her.

It was only a matter of time.

• • •

She had been drinking, which was a handy excuse. Not to mention that she just knew Johnny was screwing around; there had to be some sort of proof, a love letter or something lying around. That, too, seemed like a good enough reason. Or maybe it was just an accident. Or maybe there are no accidents.

Whatever the reason, not long after they had settled into the Algonquin House, Barbara found herself poking around Johnny's desk.

Johnny's desk. Even the phrase rankled her. Through their marriage, wherever they were living, Johnny always seemed to need a separate place, a place where he would do his business. A place—a corner, even—that tied him, and him alone, to the large world out there. A world, Barbara felt, where Johnny, the life of every party, was frolicking about, inventing new lives and alibis as he drifted into new bedrooms. While Barbara, a stranger in even this corner of her own home, was ignored.

At the Algonquin House, Johnny's space was the biggest yet. He had bought some sort of Chinese screen and used it to divide the bedroom in half: On one side was their bed, on the other was *his* desk. It was a real sore point to Barbara.

So one morning when vodka, or jealousy, or simply instinct started tugging on her, she decided to do some exploring. She crossed the bedroom and stepped into the wall-to-wall carpeted territory on the other side of the screen—Johnny's world.

There was a new desk, dark shiny walnut, and as big as the dining room table. On top of it was a stack of papers; a neat pile as was Johnny's way. Barbara rushed through them. But she knew she wouldn't find anything; clues are always hidden. That's why she tried the center drawer. It was locked. She pulled and pulled, defeat only making her more ferocious, more obsessive. And feeling this way, unable to walk away from the secret, she rushed into a decision: She would jimmy the lock.

It took only a couple of hectic minutes working with a screwdriver for the lock to give; then, like a rabbit pulled from a hat, the drawer slid open.

She quickly scattered handfuls of papers; until, as if drawn by some force, some intuitive magnetism, she reached deep into the drawer and found what she knew she had been searching for: a tin box; and, she never doubted, the fortress protecting Johnny's secret.

What should she do? Barbara could open it and have the answers to questions she did not even dare ask. Or she could put it back, walk away, top off her drink, and hope that life would just go on.

But of course there was no turning back. Life could not go on. Once the questions, the doubts about her wonderful, impossible new life had been announced in her own mind, there could be no pretending. The truth, however dangerous, was a compulsion. Curiosity, rage, even guilt—all conspired to push her forward.

So she opened the tin box.

Inside was money; $2,000 in cash, she counted. A puzzling, extravagant sum. But it got even wilder.

There was an envelope containing photographs of trees: a forest, perhaps. On each photograph a precisely ruled arrow pointed to a specific tree or rock. Written on each photograph in careful block letters—the script of an engineer? an architect? she wondered—were the strangest things. YOU DROP INITIAL CAN HERE. What could that mean?

There was also a map of Virginia, and underneath the map was a note. It was handwritten in capital letters, the same painstaking script as on the photographs. At the top of the page, printed in red, was an instruction: PLEASE DESTROY! The letter was addressed, ''Dear Friend.'' She read the page, and then read it again.

She didn't understand it all, but it was pretty clear the writer was angry. He wasn't at all happy with the ''quality'' of the last ''delivery.'' There were a whole lot of things he wanted his dear friend to get for that next shipment that sounded technical and scientific. Most of all, he made it clear he wanted information ''on rotor.''

Barbara wondered: What the hell is going on here?

It was all, she decided, beyond her. Probably something to do with Johnny's Navy work. At least they weren't love letters. Maybe he wasn't cheating on her. Now isn't that nice. So all she had to do was close the box, straighten up the desk, get on over to the other side of the Chinese screen, and not give it another thought because it only proved one thing—there was no other woman. Things weren't so bad after all.

She clutched onto this way of thinking with all her might. For as long as she could. In the end, though, it just ripped in two under all that pressure.

It was an evening perhaps two weeks after her discovery. She had been drinking; she always seemed to have a glass in her hand these days. Johnny was home, the kids were in bed, and it just sort of snuck up on her. There was a squabble. Something she said? Something Johnny said? So much dirty water has passed under the bridge since then, the specifics are bound to be muddied. But all at once, as if on command, she couldn't hold back and everything fell into place.

''Traitor,'' Barbara shouted at her husband.

Johnny did not look surprised. Only angry.

''You're a spy,'' she accused. Hoping he would deny it.

Instead he punched her. Once, in the face. And when she cried out, he hit her again.

He did not want the neighbors to hear, he whispered.

It was as much of an apology as she would get.

Was Johnny hoping to recruit her? Was it pride? Was it relief at finally having an audience for this huge last laugh he was having on all the squares? Or was Johnny, the great manipulator, simply casting his net, sucking her in, scurrying in those first moments for the tone, the angle of persuasion that would restrain his wife from turning him in? By now, even Johnny Walker is no longer sure; besides, his motives are never simple.

Both of them remember, though, how after the crying and the screaming had run their course, in this lull full of false calm and real danger, Johnny, taking advantage of the competing pulls of these contradictions, took the stage to share his secret.

He had been snowed under with debts, he said without a trace of embarrassment as he started in. He had no choice. So he grabbed the only thing he could think of to shovel himself out—his Navy job. What harm did it do? It was all a big game, government against government. People, sailors, friends—these were real things that didn't enter into it at all. Besides, he purred, a lot of people were doing it. As for the drops, the tradecraft he had learned, the risks he was taking, the money he was earning for his family—now that was something! Who else could have pulled it off but Johnny Walker, he proclaimed, as if begging for a round of applause.

Later, as they lay in bed before going to sleep, he asked her again, You understand how it is?

She told him she did. Which was easier than wondering how she would wake up in the morning and explain her two black eyes; or how she would live with the knowledge that her husband was a Russian spy.

Yet, two days later, she seemed to resolve things. Johnny read her decision his own way:

> Q. What was her stated reason for going along with you on the drop . . . ?
>
> A. Like most alcoholics, she would drift between love and hate during those periods. She wanted to work with me and be a good spy, and then the next day she would revert to the other self. I have no idea.

For Barbara, however, her logic was single-minded:

"I suggested it," she said. "I wanted him to know how much I cared."

It was, the way Barbara remembers it, a routine Department 16 dead-drop exchange:

"We rented a car, and we flew to Virginia, rented a car at the airport, drove to a motel, stayed there for a little while, and we got in the car and drove around.

"John was following directions from a map. We drove for some time, I don't recall how long.

"We went back to the motel. He waited. It was dark by then. He made a phone call. Then he told me it was time for us to go.

"We followed the same route that we had followed earlier. John stopped at a designated spot and left a bag that appeared like it had trash in it. He got back in the car, and we drove a very short distance, a matter of feet, got out again, picked up something, got back in the car. We went back to the motel."

> Q. Did you know what it was that John Walker picked up?
>
> A. Money.

The next day, in her kitchen at the Algonquin House, Barbara set up her ironing board while her husband unpacked the trash bag. Inside were rolls and rolls of $50 bills bound with rubber bands. Every bill had been so tightly rolled that even with the rubber band removed, it still curled up in your hand. That spooked Johnny; the fieldman in him figured it was something the FBI might pick up on. So he wanted Barbara to iron each of the fifties until they were nice and flat. Normal, he called it.

It took her maybe a minute or so to press each bill. Still, she had to be very careful, holding a corner of the bill down with one hand as she moved the iron back and forth over the rest. All the time she was ironing, her husband was warning her, Slow now. A fifty can go up like *that*.

She had finished off nearly a bottle of vodka by the time she was done ironing. It didn't help.

That night, as Johnny did his watch in the operations room, Barbara sat by the phone. At last, she picked it up.

"Operator," she managed to say into the receiver, "can you give me the number for the FBI?"

"One moment, please. . . . "

But Barbara, utterly helpless, hung up the phone.

And in that way, her decision was made.

The secret became part of both their lives, something rarely mentioned, something always there. It was what made them different; and no one knew it.

Johnny could handle it. He simply thought up a new script and, naturally, cast himself in the leading role. That way when one of his buddies suggested, Hey, Johnny, living a little high on the hog, ain't we? there was no problem. Reaching for the check, Johnny would brag that The Bamboo Snack Bar was raking it in. Just as a shrewd businessman like ol' Johnny Walker knew from the start. And best of all, this bit of cover allowed him to present himself to his kids and the Happy Hour crowd as the man he would have liked to have been if things had worked out.

Barbara, though, was no match for her husband. She was having a rough time. She couldn't handle the guilt.

And since neither of them could dare to talk about what was really eating away at their marriage, any small problem could rush off full-pitch in a flash. More often than not, by the time it was done playing itself out, the kids would wind up in the middle.

Those kids—Maggie the oldest at ten, Cynthia, Laura, and Mike, the youngest, five—got quite an education. Like the time their mom smashed their dad's brand-new tape recorder to the floor, and he's bellowing he'll fix her all right she don't make things right; so, drink in hand, she has to get the four of them out of bed and beg them to help her put the damn machine back together again. Or the time Mom and Dad came back from this Caribbean cruise, which must have been no vacation at all the way they were going at each other as they walked in the door, and the sitter said she had had her hands full, and that was all their father, full of fury, needed—he took his Navy belt to each of them. Or the time on their dad's new sailboat, Johnny, the teacher, tying a rope around Laura's waist, as she floated along learning to swim, when all of sudden Barbara threw a bottle at him, and after that it was all downhill. All those days; all those nights when the kids lay in bed and heard the shouts and sobbing from the bedroom, and all they could do was just lie there, afraid of what might be coming next.

Johnny blamed it on Barbara's drinking. Barb, worse off, could only blame it on herself. But since she couldn't set things right without destroying what little remained of her life, all she could settle for was revenge.

That's how, not long after her first drop, she started having an affair with Johnny's older brother, Art.

Was their pillow talk full of love? Passion? Or was Barb merely trying on Johnny's way of living—betrayal?

Whatever. In time it became just another dirty secret she was holding onto. That didn't help things at all.

Which is only one way of looking at it. The other way was that Lieutenant Commander Arthur Walker, husband, father of three, was shacking up with his younger brother's wife. That wasn't a pretty picture, either.

Art, though, didn't seem to pay it much mind. Like Johnny, he was simply taking advantage of a situation that had happened to come his way. Loyalty didn't enter into things as long as he was getting his share.

Besides, also like Johnny, he was used to playing roles. He was stationed at the Atlantic Fleet Anti-Submarine Warfare Tactical School in Norfolk. His assignment: He was the orange submarine commander in the large-scale tactical exercises conducted by the entire Atlantic Fleet senior commands. The orange team was the enemy.

He was so good at it that the Navy in September 1969 detailed him to the National Cryptologic School at Fort Meade to teach NSA analysts a course in sonar/antisubmarine warfare tactics. His presentation, according to the commandant of the school, "demonstrated professional ability of the highest order."

On the home front, Art was getting good marks, too. He and Rita seemed to have the perfect marriage; he was the ideal father. One commanding officer at the ASW school, Captain R. H. Ewing, concluded Art's fitness report with the judgment that "LCDR Walker and his wife are a definite asset in the social activities of the command. He has evidenced all those qualities desired for command and he highly is recommended for promotion." The next commander at the school, Captain A. F. Blair, was also full of praise, noting that "LCDR Walker is active in community affairs. He coaches Little League baseball and football and is a member of the board of directors of the community swim club."

Even Johnny's kids couldn't help thinking about how different Uncle Art and his family seemed from their out-of-control way of life. Laura, then nearly nine, remembers her time in the Algonquin House this way:

"We lived in the same area as my uncle Art who would often come to visit with his three kids who were roughly our age. We always felt we couldn't measure up to our cousins because they seemed so perfect, so good, such a happy family. We had been taught to believe we were bad, dirty, disorganized, and unworthy of love."

Yet all along Art, burying himself in deep cover, was keeping a dirty secret just like Johnny. One was betraying his country, the other his family. For both brothers it was a habit that would become a way of life.

• • •

Meanwhile Johnny, the 4.0 sailor, was having a difficult time following orders from both the U. S. Navy and the KGB. The pressures took their toll. On September 9, 1969, after nearly a year and a half of spying, he received a poor fitness report. It was his first in fourteen years in the Navy:

"Chief Warrant Officer 2 Walker is an individual with excellent potential as a communications specialist. However, during this reporting period he has allowed his performance to fall below his previous level. The apparent lack of interest in his job, with the consequent reduction of reliability of his performance have contributed directly or indirectly to numerous serious mistakes . . . "

Johnny, though, was simply wrapped up in another game. He was doing much better at this new one.

Q. How much were you getting paid at your pickup points during this period?

A. I'm not sure. I think it was three thousand a month. Possibly four thousand.

Q. Now, starting with the time that you made your arrangement with the Soviets at the embassy in 1968, approximately how many months' worth of crypto key lists material were you able to copy . . . ?

A. A year's worth . . . Close to 100 percent on the KWR-37, and to a lesser degree on the remainder.

Still, instinct was telling Johnny not to press his luck. His CO was on his case, the last evaluation made that clear. Warrant Officer Walker would get a real careful going-over from now on. That was the last thing Johnny needed. Besides, Barb was all over the place. With her drinking, there was no telling what she might wind up doing. Or whom she might talk to.

Maybe the whole Walker family needed a change, he decided. So he called his detailer and asked for an early transfer.

It came through in October 1969. The radio school at San Diego, California. Which suited him fine: Sun. Sailing. And the chance to spy on the Pacific Fleet.

II

Johnny, who never failed to be positive when things were still new, had big plans. All the long way across country, nothing seemed to detour his schemes and dreams. The car was packed with four antsy kids; Barb was jumpy from all the Cokes she was drinking, another good intention gone awry; and he had to watch his foot on the pedal because he was dragging his twenty-four-foot sailboat, *The Dirty Old Man,* behind him. Still, Johnny started out each day on that trip during the fall of 1969 believing his future was as bright as the southern California sun. "We're coming in from the cold," he constantly rejoiced to Barb, sharing both a private joke and a wish; and when they reached their last stop, San Diego seemed to bless his ambitions by giving him a big, brilliant day with the temperature shooting past 80.

That first warm night, they camped out with an old submarining sidekick, Don Clevenger, and Johnny, full of glee, didn't hold back. With the westerlies coming off the Pacific, a glass of his namesake for attitude adjustment, and a buddy to impress, he was tireless. He gave Big Don a picture-window look into the good life his newfound income from the snack bar was going to help him buy. Big Don, the perfect audience, did nothing but gush, which only encouraged Johnny. ''A man can sink his teeth into life out here,'' Johnny, hungry as ever, predicted to his former shipmate.

While Barbara, sticking to oceans of Coke as her own act of faith in the regenerative powers of southern California, kept her tongue. Though she did think: My Johnny, he'd be searching for the angle at his own hanging. Then, just as quick, she let her conscience tiptoe around the secret for at least the millionth time while she hurried to convince herself that her small joke had nothing to do with the life she was living—or the future.

From his first day at his new post, Johnny, never a man to quibble, embraced it. True, love was just a flash of temper away from boiling hate for Johnny. But this new job and title fulfilled a pet ambition—authority. It was quite a kick, his prancing around as assistant director of the Practical Applications Laboratory (or PRACTEC as they called it in keeping with the Navy's tradition of making a mouthful of jargon as sleek and as menacing as a frigate). His empire, just two hangarlike buildings at the San Diego Naval Training Center, was a mock-up of the real thing: training laboratories built to resemble the radio rooms on two separate destroyers and also a shore station. Yet for Johnny, the whole artificial setup gave his job the dignity of theater; and, so inspired, he truly got into the performance of his newest role—teacher. He devoted himself to being the model chief, the ''fount of all wisdom,'' as they say in the Navy, the squid's best and wisest friend. If you couldn't get the hang of a piece of crypto equipment or a transmitter, you wouldn't have to blink before Chief Walker would be right there waiting to take you through it one more time.

A less receptive audience, however, were the fifty or so instructors Johnny had under him. Some of these senior radiomen didn't take too well to Johnny's operational belief that an opinion was just as good as a fact. They got a little perturbed when their boss would be the fount of all wisdom, even when he didn't have the slightest idea of what he was talking about. No matter what the topic, from the intricacies of Autodin to the size of tits, Chief Walker had to get in the last, definitive word: Johnny always knew best, or at least he was always willing to tell you he did. It got so, the way radioman Michael O'Connor, one of Johnny's instructors recalls it, that there were a couple of nicknames for Chief Walker flying around PRACTEC. Johnny's drinking buddies, those who would put up with his bragging for a laugh or two, called him "the dingdong." It was a name they felt suited a man who was so quick to ring his own bell. The radiomen like O'Connor who couldn't stand Johnny no way at all called him "the shithead."

Not that Johnny cared. He was, after all, the boss; the rumblings of underlings simply served to remind him he was on top. No, his job was just fine. The problem was his trade was awful.

There was plenty of crypto gear at PRACTEC—a KWR-37, a KG-14, and a KY-8 machine. But, as Johnny discovered, those machines were not for active military communications. They were training machines—with training key lists. Message traffic, classified SECRET at best, a couple of tech manuals—that was all Johnny, sneaking around in the dead of night, could focus his Minox C on. Pretty slim pickings for a master spy.

Still Johnny, the dutiful agent, enthusiastically played the game. Every six months or so he'd catch the red-eye on a Friday night to Washington National Airport, rent a car, and then go for a drive in the woods leaving a trail of 7-Up cans behind him. By Sunday, he'd be back in San Diego, the typical jet-setting executive coming home after a quick look at his business interests out East. Only he'd be carrying an attaché case stuffed with bundles of tightly rolled $50 bills.

These days the attaché case didn't have much heft to it; the quality of product he was delivering was worth only $2,000 a month. That was a disappointment; but one that Johnny, never as greedy for money as he was for excitement, could have put up with till his next posting. What was working him over, though, were the letters Ivan in the Trench Coat was leaving at the drop site. They were addressed "Dear Friend," but they weren't friendly at all.

For any control officer, the most difficult part of running an agent is gauging his asset's mood. The officer, working from his desk, has to make judgments about an agent—a man he's never even seen or met—off in the field. At best, this is a tricky bit of tradecraft; at worst, it is the stuff of wild hunches. Changes, good or bad, make case officers suspicious.

From the distorting perspective of distance, it is almost impossible to determine whether the sudden decline in the quality of your asset's product is due to bad luck, or to the fact that the FBI is now helping him snap the pictures. And this conclusion is only a shrewd deduction away from another: Maybe the FBI or Naval Intelligence had been behind this source all along.

A control officer who spends his time exploring these dark alleys can get pretty jumpy: Is his asset going to come to the drop with a piece of gold, or with the FBI?

By the spring of 1970, this was the dilemma confronting the Department 16 control. Yet all he could do was instruct his fieldman, the handler working out of the Washington embassy, to keep probing the asset.

And, more troublesome, the responses they were getting from Warrant Officer Walker were not very reassuring.

Consider the case Johnny, more rash than shrewd, was building against himself: He was instructed not to inform anyone of his espionage activities. But Warrant Officer Walker abruptly admitted in his next ''Dear Friend'' letter that he had told his wife. Alarm bells rang in Department 16, but their outward response was fraternal. ''Be careful,'' Ivan in the Trench Coat wrote his agent. And, he asked a few questions: Your wife, is she loyal, courageous, and steady as a rock? Johnny, afraid to lie—who knew if they were watching his house, testing him?—wrote back that Barb was an off-the-wall alcoholic. But don't worry, everything was under control. Which must have really reassured Moscow Center.

Then, just as Johnny was delivering shipments of solid gold—months' worth of key lists, rotor settings, Op Orders—he wrote that he was leaving COMSUBLANT. For a radio school. And he was leaving a year early. Why not just announce he was working for the FBI, that he'd become a double agent?

Perhaps even more incriminating—and here one has to rely on the informed insights of the teams of intelligence agents, the backbeaters, who would re-create the history of every moment of Johnny Walker's professional life—was the timing of their agent's sudden decline: It was just as the Navy was expanding its role in Vietnam.

On September 30, 1968, when Vice Admiral Elmo R. Zumwalt, Jr., the first naval officer of three-star rank to be assigned to Vietnam, took command, the personnel strength of the Navy forces stood at 38,386. Under his leadership, as the Paris Peace Talks dragged into 1969, the Navy moved to pressure the enemy in Nam Can with Operation Market Time, Silver Float, and Sea Float. Before these missions were launched, the Vietcong sent English-language leaflets on wooden rafts down the Cua Lon River in Nam Can vowing they would "blow the American Navy out of the water." Their promise was horribly enforced; casualties were high. It was almost as if, commanders said at the time, "the Vietcong knew when we were coming and were waiting for us." Two decades later, military analysts would theorize that was exactly the case. They would blame Johnny Walker.

Then suddenly in 1970 Johnny stopped providing the Russians with access to naval codes. It was another clue in the pattern Department 16 was tracking, a clue leading to a dangerous conclusion: Warrant Officer Walker had turned on his Russian masters.

So they began threatening Johnny. First they cut his money in half, but that was just a slap on the wrists. When Johnny didn't respond, they got tough. We are losing confidence in you, Ivan in the Trench Coat wrote to his dear friend. You must win us back, prove yourself again, Ivan instructed. Or else there might be "grave consequences." And the word "grave" was underlined twice.

For the first time since Johnny had begun cooperating, he suddenly realized he could be killed. It was as if the precisely ruled lines under the word "grave" were two spears aimed at his heart. He was overrun with fear.

He had no choice but to take more chances. Dismissing instinct and tradecraft as weak sisters, Johnny, believing he was fighting for his life, wrote a memo to his CO. No copy of this note still exists (which perhaps was precisely Johnny's intention); one can only imagine the passion that lay beneath the bare bureaucratic facts. The memo, as reconstructed, went something like this:

As assistant director of the Practical Applications Laboratory, Chief Walker was dedicated to ensuring the best and most complete education of apprentice radiomen. To facilitate this goal, however, Chief Walker needed to be knowledgeable about the latest advances in naval communications. Therefore, he was requesting that he be appointed the Registered Publication Supervisor.

Against all odds, the request was approved. Johnny was given access to the latest top secret naval communications manuals. And so were the Russians. Which made both Johnny and his Department 16 control breathe a little easier.

It was natural, too, that Johnny's shaky mood had its effect on Barb and the kids. Life in their little dream ranch in San Diego became a real roller-coaster ride. One night Johnny would come back from the training center full of jokes and stories, giving his daughters ten cents each for back rubs or a quarter if they played barber and ran a comb through his thin strands of hair. The next night he'd come home barking, ''Do you know what silent contempt is, young lady? That's when just the way you're eyeballing me is plain, rank insubordination.'' And then he'd go after them—Margaret mostly; she was the oldest, nearly thirteen—with his belt. Or he'd punch them, right in the chest, as if they were a man. Only little Mike could escape these sessions. Even when Mike, almost eight, had been caught shoplifting, Johnny didn't want to hear about it. ''Boys will be boys,'' he decided. Same as Mike's sisters didn't complain when night after night, waking up full of bloodcurdling shrieks from one of his nightmares, Mike would crawl into one of their beds. He was so cute, after all. How could they help but spoil him?

With Johnny all over the place, every day acting from another script, it was no wonder Barb's resolve broke. Or maybe she just missed her drink. No matter. The fact was, not long after they had settled into the house with the yard and the pool table in the family room, Barb began topping off her Cokes with something extra. From there it was just a short what-the-hell to drinking her vodka straight. That's when things got bonkers.

There was the time, then, when Cynthia threw sand in another child's face and Barbara, wild with rage, decided to teach her daughter a lesson. She taped Cynthia's eyes shut and made her sit all day on the front lawn; that way she'd know what it was like to be blind.

Or that first Halloween in San Diego when Barb, out of the blue, decreed that her kids were not allowed to trick or treat. Instead, they were ordered to sit in the living room, and when other kids rang the bell, no one was to answer. The Walker children had to sit there nice and quiet, learning some sort of lesson. Until finally when their door bell wouldn't stop ringing, their mom, beside herself over something, ran outside and yanked the bell straight off the door.

And so on, and so on.

Guarding the secret was costing Barbara. Somedays she felt she just couldn't pay the price any longer. It was such a burden. Even she didn't know what might happen next, and that scared her.

One night, taking herself by surprise, she picked up the phone and called the FBI in San Diego. She began with a question.

"If someone knew someone was spying," she asked the man who answered the phone, "could they give that person protection?"

He said, "No."

"Well, forget it," Barbara shot back. And she hung up the phone.

Except, she couldn't forget it.

So their life in San Diego, despite all their hopes, quickly became just another wish that didn't amount to anything. Unless you count what the Walker girls would call "the shooting incident."

It happened on a tropical San Diego night when Barb, fed up with Johnny's catting around, decided the time had come to teach him a lesson. She'd ambush him in the living room and give the two-timer a greeting he'd remember—with his service revolver.

She waited, the gun in one hand, a glass in the other. And she waited; until sleep got the better of her anger. When Johnny came rolling in near dawn, he found her passed out on the living room couch. Still clutching the revolver.

Which pissed him off no end. He decided to give her the fight she was looking for.

Did they go at it! The kids heard yells and screams and curses like it was the end of the world. Margaret, being the oldest, led them all into the bathroom. It didn't make any sense, but at least they were together.

All four of the kids were huddled, crying and shaking, when they heard their father taunt, "Go ahead, Barbara. Pull the trigger."

She didn't, and he came right at her. There were some real loud slaps. When they pulled apart, Johnny was holding the gun. Now Barbara was pleading, "No, Johnny. Please. Don't."

Suddenly there was a shot.

Margaret, working on instinct, knew she had to get help. She climbed out of the bathroom window. Crying, she ran down the street in her pj's, heading toward the neighbor's house. Yet before she got there, she stopped. She realized what she was doing: Suppose her father had shot her mother. And suppose she told the neighbors and they called the police. Why, then she'd be turning her father in. There was no way she could do that. All she could do was return home. And hope things got better.

Johnny was only aiming at the ceiling that night. The next time, though, was a worry. He decided to move into bachelor quarters at the naval base for a while. So perhaps things did get better.

At least he thought so. He spent most of his time during the fall of 1970 at PRACTEC or down at the San Diego Yacht Club on *The Dirty Old Man*. That was how on a November Saturday just before Thanksgiving he happened to ask one of the new radio instructors if he'd like to go for a sail. Maybe have a couple of beers afterward.

"Sounds great," said Jerry Whitworth.

12

Jerry Whitworth was seventeen when he tracked down his father. That feat meant a lot to him, and it was a story he often told close friends. Then again, Jerry only had best friends; it was as if he collected them.

Way back in 1957, Jerry would begin as though launching into a fable, he had joined the Navy to see the world. He wound up stationed as a storekeeper at the Hunter's Point shipyard in San Francisco. Yet you didn't catch him complaining, no sirree. He had busted out of Paw Paw Bottoms, Oklahoma, and that was good enough for this sailor. No more granddaddy's house with the chickens running helter-skelter in the dirt yard and the flat acres of soybeans out back as far as your eyes can see; no more waking up on Sunday mornings to the sounds of "We Shall Gather at the River" coming from the New Covenant Free Will Baptist Church next door; no more pumping gas at Billy Phillips's after school and on weekends; no more, he groaned, "staring plum into a future that was just plain hickey." He was a kid, only seventeen, but he knew there had to be a lot more to life than perching your buns ten hours a day on a John Deere Tractor, or make-believing that come Friday night you might finally meet the gal of your dreams at Beverly's Drive-In over in Fort Smith. Get right down to it, he'd take being a sailor, even a storekeeper third class, ten out of ten times over being some dust-kicking Okie. At least a storekeeper had a chance at a future. And some good times.

The other thing about the Navy, Jerry, in no hurry since he truly loved to weave a story, went on, was the people you got to meet. Guys from all over the U.S. of A. Educated. Not like the ragtime cowboy rednecks he had hung out with at Muldrow High. Sailors were men who were hunting for an experience or two. Case in point was Roger Olson, who these days was living on a Chinese junk in Papua, New Guinea, but back then in Hunter's Point was already everything Jerry wanted to be.

Naturally, since Rog was his best buddy and at the very least the brother he should have had, Jerry from the start poured out his life to him. A woeful piece of business, for sure: Jerry never had a real family. His dad had only married his mom to give their kid a last name. Just a month after Jerry was born, Johnie Ike Whitworth skedaddled to California. Jerry's mom then up and married a drunk, an ornery drunk, who had no use for another man's son. So Jerry was shipped off to his grandparents' farmhouse. Which was okay . . . but when you stopped and thought about it, not okay enough.

To hear Jerry tell it, his problems caused his buddy Rog no end of pain. Rog, one of life's romantics, wanted to make things right; and maybe he was a little curious, too. Anyway, he asked Jerry, "Whereabouts in California your old man settled?"

Jerry wasn't sure. "My uncle Willard said Ike Whitworth promised to keep on running till he came to the ocean."

"That all you know?" Rog pressed.

Jerry was never one not to try and please a best friend. He gave it some thought. Till it came to him: Uncle Willard once mentioned that Ike Whitworth had built himself a restaurant. Named it after some Okie hash house up in Saddlesaw . . . The Blue Moon Cafe, that was it. Running it with his new wife, if Uncle Willard had the skivvy.

"All right," said Rog. "We got a name. Now we need a place. C'mon, Jer. Think."

But all Jerry could come up with was that the town started with an *M*.

Rog, though, would not be thrown. He was a California boy, raised south of Fresno, in the valley, so he knew his way around. He just started rattling off names. Modesto? Moorpark? Maxwell? Mendota?

"Mendota," Jerry repeated. "Yeah. That sounds kinda familiar."

And when they called Mendota information they were told there was a Blue Moon Cafe on Crescent Street.

Which left them both pretty excited. Rog, because it was something the way after all these years he had solved the puzzle; while for Jerry it was, he'd admit to you straight off, a bit more complicated: He was closing in on the chance to grab the one thing he had missed most in his entire life—to be part of a family.

So on their first weekend pass the two sailors followed the signs pointing the way to MENDOTA—THE CANTALOUPE CENTER OF THE WORLD. Galloping down Highway 99 in Rog's Dodge Charger, it was certainly a quest; and the Blue Moon Cafe held the grail.

When they got to the restaurant, Jerry—whose voice at this point usually took on the portentousness of a drum roll—saw him. There, behind the counter, was his spitting image, though a little older of course: tall, fence-post lean, and with the sort of broad, high forehead that leads folks to think a quiet man is thoughtful rather than slow on the uptake.

Jerry had worked out what he was going to say, but when he saw his father plans fell by the wayside. He just rushed up to the counter and blurted, "You don't recognize me, do you?"

Which was, Jerry always would be the first to volunteer, not the swiftest thing to say. A look should have told him Ike Whitworth was not the sort to play games. He was also pretty busy.

"Can't say that I do," Ike answered, and headed for the kitchen.

Jerry, though, stopped him. "Well," he said, "I'm from Paw Paw Bottoms and I'm your son."

Ike looked at him, studying him sort of, and then growled, "How the hell I'm supposed to recognize you? You grown some, boy." He was laughing as he said it; it had been seventeen years after all. But it wasn't the greeting Jerry had expected.

And then Ike, dishes in his hand, told his son, "Step aside now, boy. Have a seat. We'll get around to talking when I take my break."

Four, maybe five hours passed before Ike got a chance to get away from behind the counter, Jerry would tell you, his face even today collapsing into a pile of ruins as he spoke. Worse, by the time father and son were finally sitting together there didn't seem much to say.

When Jerry walked out of the Blue Moon Cafe he made sure to pay for his meal. No one argued.

There wasn't much to knock around on the way back to the base. Though these days when he told the story, Jerry, wiser, would say, "I guess things never really work out the way you imagine them to." And he'd repeat what he told Rog as they pulled into Hunter's Point: "It's good to be home."

"So it was just a stroke of luck I got to meet my father," Jerry, who prided himself on being thoughtful and therefore knew a good yarn should have a moral, would conclude. Then he'd try on one of his half smiles, tug for a beat on his beard, and, very deadpan, flick off his punch line—"Bad luck."

Johnny Walker, Jerry's newest best friend and boss, was in the Lighthouse, a San Diego jazz joint in the winter of 1971, when he heard this tale. A bunch of the PRACTEC radio gang was around—George Moore, Mike O'Connor, a couple of others—and nobody really knew if Jerry's story was aimed at Johnny, or another best friend, or all of them. You couldn't tell if Johnny was hearing this for the first time or the fiftieth. But what everyone is sure about is that Johnny, who knew a bit about iffy fathers, and escapes from small towns, and dicey luck, was not sharing a thing. He held on to his confidences; grandstanding always seemed to get in the way of any sort of genuine revelations. Most he offered that night in the Lighthouse when Jerry finished was a raised glass and a bit of philosophy: "Life's a bitch, ain't it?" Which most people read as a toast; but then again, knowing Johnny, it might have been a challenge.

Still, there was no denying that Jerry Whitworth from Paw Paw Bottoms had been shaped by some of the same hard traveling and fanciful thinking as Johnny Walker from Scranton. Maybe that's what interested Johnny; or maybe it was just convenient to have someone around; or maybe it was friendship, though such a natural emotion seems too easy an explanation for anything Johnny did. The fact was, though, that after their first day on *The Dirty Old Man,* the two sailors spent a lot of time together. They'd be out on the boat, crewing in the Wednesday-afternoon yacht club beer can races; and at command parties; and taking flying lessons from Bruce Beazley at Lindbergh Field; and listening to jazz at the Lighthouse; and finishing off a pitcher at Boom Trenchard's. And all the time Johnny would be picking up the rest of Jerry's story in pieces. ''Probing,'' he would later call it.

A lot of what Johnny discovered was sort of what you'd expect in a petty officer, first class, assigned to a naval training center: The hot runner radioman, a onetime Sailor of the Month with a file of impressive fitness reports, coming to PRACTEC after a billeting on the USS *Arlington,* a state-of-the-art communications relay ship. On board the *Arlington,* Jerry had quite a tour, participating in communications support for the recovery of the Apollo 8 and Apollo 10 manned spacecrafts and in President Richard Nixon's summit meeting at Midway Island. He'd come a long way, Jerry would tell you, from the soybean fields of his hometown.

Johnny, however, knew too well about disguises to leave it at that. So he kept digging a little deeper, and the yield got a bit more interesting.

On this ambiguous level—which was familiar turf to Johnny—there was a Jerry Whitworth who wanted something more than the Navy. He had a collection of scattered, but rather intellectual ambitions: Maybe he'd become an engineer, or he'd go off and study geology at the University of Arkansas, or perhaps he'd become a stockbroker and live on Knob Hill. He didn't talk about it much, but he had left the Navy for a spell. Enrolled at Coalinga College, roomed with Rog Olson, and drove a school bus to help make ends meet. But the responsibilities that went along with these dreams were too demanding and, shamefaced, he chucked it all, settling instead for a career as a radioman. At least on the surface.

Yet Jerry, despite his tail-dive in college, saw himself as real brainy. It was one of his vanities. Like the way he'd find the time each day to do the crossword puzzle—in ink!—and then he'd make sure that the rest of the radio gang would ooh and aah. Or he'd be always reading something, *U.S. News & World Report, The Wall Street Journal.* And there'd be a paperback, *The Fountainhead,* mostly, in his back pocket. Always going on about Ayn (''Not Ann,'' Jerry kept correcting his boss) Rand, Jerry was. Johnny, who had no time for books since reality was adventure enough, shrugged off Jerry's egghead routine as a lot of smoke. Especially after Jerry announced that he was a card-carrying member of the Libertarian party. However, when Johnny, who didn't mind a discussion, started pressing him on how could he hold with that sort of freewheeling mumbo jumbo and still "yes sir" his way through the Navy, Jerry, flustered, backed off. The way Johnny figured it, Jerry paid his Libertarian dues for the same cockeyed reason his buddy had grown his beard: The fool wanted people to think he was a heavy thinker, a sixties sort of guy. But Johnny was never one to make too big a thing out of this; aspirations, he knew, were almost as good as the real thing.

Not that there wasn't, for sure, a bit of the free-spirit rebel in Jerry. When he wasn't threatening to chuck the Navy to become a stockbroker or a geologist, he'd be confiding his plan to restore a Chinese junk with Rog Olson and sail around the world. Just as he'd be smoking a joint one moment, and spit-polishing his shoes the next. Yet who was Johnny to call him on the contradictions?

Besides, Johnny, a little wayward himself, was real impressed with this reckless, gung-ho side of Jerry's. He found a lot to admire in Jerry's tales about scuba diving along the California coast to get a front-row look at the migrating whales. Or, calling themselves the Red Baron and Snoopy, the two of them would go at it over Lindbergh Field seeing who could get the most tricks out of a pretty tame Piper Cub. While on *The Dirty Old Man,* the two buddies sailed into a few storms, only to come out of the rough weather still talking to each other, which, both sailors knew, meant a lot.

Then there was Johnny's forever favorite topic of conversation—sex. One can imagine his devotion to this round of vetting. Leering like a carny barker, that would be Johnny's style, he began to ferret out the clues. He'd build bridges, getting down and dirty as he boasted about all the time he had put in exploring sin. Course for Johnny, daydreams often would get confused with explicit memories of some world-class partying. But Jerry, who needed heroes, didn't know that. He was impressed, and agreeable, and as malleable as a novice at a confessional. It didn't take him long to spill his lifelong secrets to his new, probing best friend.

First of all, there was Jerry's short-lived marriage. He had been twenty-eight when he married Evelyn Woodhouse, a nineteen-year-old San Diego State University student. He had met her at a Libertarian party meeting (now Johnny saw the upside to reading Ayn Rand) and next thing Jerry knew, they were married. And the next thing he knew after that was they were divorced. The marriage officially lasted ten months, but most of the time Jerry was at sea. Evelyn served Jerry with papers while he was on board the USS *Ranger* and she wouldn't even tell him why. That still hurt.

But, as Johnny learned, Jerry didn't give up chasing women. Especially younger women. In fact, it was thanks to Johnny that his thirty-three-year-old buddy got to meet a real special sixteen-year-old.

It was Chief Warrant Officer Walker, assistant director of the Practical Applications Laboratory, who assigned his ace instructor to chaperon a group of high-school science winners. The students came to San Diego from around the country, and Petty Officer Whitworth was detailed to them day and night. By the end of the week, Jerry, always on the lookout for new friendships, made three of the kids promise to write him; and for years all three dutifully corresponded. But Jerry, as he announced to all his closest friends, was only in love with one of them—sixteen-year-old Brenda Reis, from Kintyre, North Dakota.

Which struck Johnny as plenty odd. But not as odd as when Jerry told him it wasn't just young girls who caught his fancy—he had a thing about young boys, too. That blew Johnny's mind, and he couldn't wait to tell Barb about the weird games Jerry was playing. Yet after a while, Johnny began thinking about it some; and he worked it over in his mind until he saw it as just another experience out there worth having, another disguise to try on at least once. So he did.

Jerry's heart, no doubt, was a pretty complicated treasure chest. But as Johnny was sorting through the goodies, he made one discovery that above all others got his canny fieldman's mind running with possibilities. It happened on a sunny Saturday afternoon at the San Diego Yacht Club. Johnny was rigging *The Dirty Old Man* for an afternoon's cruise when Jerry, as planned, came aboard. Only he brought a date with him. "I want you to meet my boss," Jerry, still small-town polite, said as he made the introductions. Johnny found himself shaking hands with a Navy nurse who, he later offered, "is a real dumpling." All afternoon Johnny kept on checking her out. But that didn't seem to bother Jerry one bit. In fact, as they were tying up at the dock and making plans to have a sundowner or two, Jerry took his friend aside and, not making too big a thing out it, whispered, "You want her, I'll disappear." And he did. But not before Johnny realized that above all the pulls of sex and romance, Jerry Whitworth was simply a guy looking to be liked by his friends. The sort of guy who'd maybe do anything for a best friend. Even help him get lucky for a night, which, Johnny bragged, he did.

Yet the intensity of Johnny's probing began truly to grow when, as he put it, he uncovered the existence of "larceny in Jerry's heart." The evidence—not too large a file; Johnny would only need plenty of convincing if the object of his attention proved honest—was centered around two seemingly casual conversations.

First, Jerry happened to tell his friend that he was ripping off the Navy. Each month he was drawing his married serviceman's allowance, only he had been divorced for four years. This, clearly, was small-time. But Johnny, the master thief, appreciated the attitude.

By the time he had maneuvered Jerry through another apparently aimless bull session, Johnny was convinced he had found a fellow traveler. It happened out on the boat. Johnny, the outlaw, was praising Jack Nicholson. Jerry agreed he was the real thing. You see *Easy Rider*? Johnny threw in, a natural question; but he was upping the ante. Loved it, Jerry answered. So Johnny, as if it had just come to him out of the blue, asked, What about the dope deal Nicholson and those other guys tried to pull off? You ever figure you'd be up for something like that? And Jerry, shooting the breeze with his best friend, didn't have to think twice before admitting, "A onetime score. I'd be up for that, all right. I'd take the money and know what to do with it."

Which was just what Johnny wanted to hear. It was the one bit of evidence that allowed him to assemble all his other clues into a pattern. Because all along, Johnny was talent spotting. His friendship was real; but it was also an operational strategy. Johnny had, it seemed, reached a troubling conclusion: His days as a spy were numbered. What with the Russians on his back over the poor quality of his training center product, what with Barb saying God knows what to God knows whom, what with the hassle of having to crisscross the country on weekends to make drops—it was all going to blow up in his face. Unless he got help. He needed someone who was smart. Someone who had access to top secret crypto. Someone who had larceny in his heart. Someone who'd trust him like a best friend.

But before Johnny, reluctant but resigned, could make his pitch, the Navy intervened. He had requested early transfer from shore duty, notifying his detailer that he wanted to serve in Vietnam, and the Navy Department suddenly agreed. In December 1971 he was ordered to report to the USS *Niagara Falls*, a combat supply ship assigned to the Pacific Fleet. His orders also stated that Chief Warrant Officer John Anthony Walker, Jr., would serve as the ship's Communications Material Security custodian.

And that meant Johnny, to his great delight, was back in business. Alone.

13

What a cakewalk it was! What easy trade Johnny had! Like a fox guarding the chicken coop, it was all there for his, the CMS custodian's, taking: ship-to-shore KW-7 key lists; broadcast crypto punch cards for the KWR-37; and booklets thick with ninety days of cipher settings for the KL-47, the KW-47, and the KY-8 crypto machines. Not to mention tech manuals, Op Orders for the Pacific Fleet, and top secret message traffic. There was nothing to it; the ship's crypto vault was Johnny's private library. His and his Minox C camera.

> Q. During the three years that you were on the *Niagara Falls,* how successful would you estimate that you were in terms of the percentage of crypto material that you were able to obtain for these five different machines?
> A. Near 100 percent.

Security was a lock waiting to be picked; on board ship it was never a clever spy's headache. The Navy and the NSA had spent their energy and money devising sensible precautions to deter foreign intelligence organizations; the traitor, or "cognizant agent" as they insist on saying in the trade, was never considered a likely possibility. "It wasn't that we didn't lock the barn door," a member of a NSA damage assessment team explained. "We locked it, all right—but only after we put Johnny Walker inside the barn." Outsmarting these trusting boobs wasn't even much of a game for Johnny.

Take the security procedures for top secret key lists. A booklet of key lists—a month's worth of ciphers—for a crypto machine would be sealed immediately after its manufacture at Fort Meade. Then Armed Forces Couriers would deliver the packages to the *Niagara*. If a seal was found broken before the ciphers were to be used, the drill was to gather up the radio gang, and get ready for the captain's personal investigation. Johnny, the make-do spy, had no problem sidestepping these precautions. He'd saunter into the vault, slice the official seal with his pocket knife, photograph his product, and then reseal the packages with Scotch tape. Or, if that wasn't handy, masking tape. Either would do the trick.

Same as the Navy put a lot of stock in its Background Investigations Review Procedure. Every five years the Naval Investigative Service was required to update the BI of anyone holding a top secret or crypto clearance. A way of weeding out the apples that might have gone bad. Yet there wasn't much to it, really. Get a NIS agent to accept your pledge of anonymity and he'll throw you a helpless shrug and then admit: "We ring a few doorbells, telephone a few COs. Basically, we're looking to see if a sailor has started flying the hammer and sickle on his front lawn or has come into sick bay complaining of a slight case of heroin addiction. Anything a bit more subtle has a good chance of falling through the cracks."

Still, Johnny was nervous. It didn't take much arithmetic for him to determine that his BI update would take place in 1972. And the more he thought about some ramrod NIS investigator asking a vodka-sipping Barb if she happened to notice anything unusual lately in her husband's behavior, the more he got the willies. No way, Johnny decided, he could take a chance on that. So he conducted his own BI update. It cost him $2.98.

The money was spent on a replica of the official NIS stamp. He had it made at a stationery store. After that, it took a bit of boldness, but Johnny didn't falter: He lifted a standard pink-colored BI form from supply; typed in that a 1971 reinvestigation of Chief Warrant Officer

John Anthony Walker, Jr., had determined no derogatory information; gave his handiwork a firm embossing with his lookalike stamp; and, when the coast was clear, slipped the sheet into his service record. At his next drop he billed the Russians for the $2.98.

Even the Navy's special precautions for "hot" wartime messages and Op Orders seem foolhearted. Battle plans and intelligence reports were often too lengthy and complicated to transmit over secure radio; speed and accuracy were best served if an ARFCO—an Armed Forces Courier—picked up the sealed messages at Command in Saigon and delivered them by hand to outlying bases or ships.

Johnny, while on board the *Niagara Falls,* served two tours in Vietnam: the first for ten months, the next for eight. On each of these tours he was an ARFCO. ". . . made frequent trips to Da Nang & Saigon. Carried courier material to U.S. ships in the Tonkin Gulf, being dropped from a helo on a sling. Was shot at in the helo and encountered a rocket attack in Da Nang," he would brag, still full of the thrill, in a letter written years later to his oldest daughter.

Course he couldn't tell her the best part. There was Johnny, bullets flying—though probably more ferociously in the retelling than in the heat of battle—as the chopper lowered him over the bouncing ship. Swinging in the breeze, he'd jump from the sling, hit the deck running, and make straight for the exec with his package. He'd get a priority message from ComNavForV in downtown Saigon to a ship in the Tonkin Gulf in twelve hours flat. With a photographic copy to the Russians within six months.

That was Johnny's only operational problem, the lag between his collecting the product and the drops. With the *Niagara* on long combat deployments in the Pacific, it was impossible for Johnny to sneak off for a drive through the Virginia woods every three months or so. All he could do was wait, and continue shooting pictures. He'd store the film in cigarette packages. Each roll of Minox film had thirty-six exposures. After a little practice, he could wedge six rolls of film, one on top of the other, in a Marlboro package. When the *Niagara* docked in Alameda, California, Johnny'd walk down the gangplank with his Samsonite attaché case in his hand. Inside the case would be three packages of Marlboros concealing eighteen rolls of film. The 248 photographs would be developed in a Department 16 darkroom.

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The game was going so good that Johnny, daring and greedy, decided to take a few risks. It was in 1973, after almost two years on board the *Niagara*, that he figured there was just no point in waiting so long between drops. These delays were, at the very least, bad business: The Russians were paying $4,000 a month; however, when he'd return from a cruise, shoot across country, make his delivery, and pick up his garbage bag filled with, say, nine months of salary, it'd be a flat $36,000. Not a penny of interest! For those nine months the Russians had use of his money. That wasn't fair at all.

So he decided to do something about it. Johnny, who could pump up a cover story in the same time it took to flash one of his salesman's smiles, gave his CO a hard-luck saga. Seemed his restaurant in South Carolina, which had been going great guns, Johnny offhandedly slipped in, was suddenly a little rocky. And the only thing he could reckon, he confided to his captain, one man of the world to another, was that his managers were up to a little hanky-panky. To put it bluntly, sir, they're stealing me blind while I'm off serving my country.

The next thing a giddy Johnny knew, he was at Saigon Airport waiting to catch a military flight to San Francisco. He had a ten-day emergency-leave pass in his pocket, and his attaché case in his hand.

As soon as Johnny got off the plane from Saigon, Barbara noticed his hair—it was all there. Incredibly, he had a full head of shiny black hair.

''My plastic hair,'' he explained. ''Bought it in Hong Kong. What do you think?'' he asked, for once seeming unsure of himself.

''Makes you look younger,'' Barb said, which was the truth. And it makes the top of your head look slick and flat like the deck of an aircraft carrier, which also was the truth, but no way was she going to say that. She hoped.

Johnny came home to the new house in Union City, California, a stranger, really, after so much time away, and walked into a very unhappy family. His three girls, now teenagers, had grown up into a way of seeing things he didn't even have the slightest chance of understanding; not that he tried. Drugs, alcohol, and sex had been called on to fill a lot of vacant spaces; but these gaps just kept on expanding out of control, until each of the girls, like their mom, was floating freely, nothing to hang on to. Everyone had a grudge; and a pile of pain; and everyone was sorry.

To hear Margaret, then fifteen, tell it, she was always spoiling for a fight, a victim ready to take her parents on. Her mom would order her not to see a certain guy, she'd go out of her way to walk arm in arm with him down the street. Then her dad with his goddamn strap would get into the act; but the next morning, her arms and back a gaudy black and blue, she'd wear a tank top to breakfast. Let 'em see she had been beaten, but she wasn't giving in. Yet all her daddy had to do was talk about the Filipino girls, how pretty they were with their long, straight hair sliding down to the small of their backs, and Maggie would start ironing her hair and letting it grow. Not that her dad ever noticed. Still, plenty of guys did. She was quite a looker, and she did a lot of running around.

Laura was unhappy in her own way. A pudgy thirteen-year-old, she didn't have any real boyfriends. Which is not to say she didn't hang around with a fast crowd. Dopers, mostly. She was high a lot of the time; toking up seemed like the easiest way to get through the day. Naturally, her mother noticed. Barb, at least once, even tried to rescue Laura from the riffraff she was running with. She caught up with her daughter at a neighbor's house and started issuing commands. When Laura didn't swing into gear quick enough, her mother took off her shoe and began pounding her with the heel. Blood was pouring down her face, the way Laura remembers it, and she was screaming for her mother to stop. "You're killing me," Laura pleaded, but her mother kept on hammering. Until at last Barb, exhausted, stopped. She walked off and left her bloody daughter to take care of herself.

Things got so that Laura began thinking about just ending it all. She went to her mother's night table where the guns were kept. There were five revolvers, but she chose the one with the ivory handle. It weighed heavy in her hand, and then felt ice-cold as she let the nozzle touch her forehead. Slowly, she started to pull the trigger. But as soon as she felt it give, in the instant that it all became real, she dropped the gun and ran from the room. Still, thoughts about suicide were always around back then.

While now, another woman living in another world, she thinks about something else that happened in those Union City days. She remembers Johnny really tearing into Maggie, whipping the living hell out of her, because Barb told him his little baby was sleeping around. And she remembers being furious at her mom for ratting on Maggie; and then her mom, staring her down before announcing, "We don't keep secrets from one another."

But, despite the varieties of denial, there was a secret. One time in Union City, Barb came back from her shift at Cecilia's, the hamburger joint she was working in, only to find a sailor waiting for her. When he said he had something to tell her, she began to prepare herself. "It's bad news," he went on and she poured herself a drink and got ready to deal with the day she knew was going to turn up eventually. So when the sailor revealed that Johnny was having an affair with his wife, Barb, who had gone on the warpath a couple of weeks ago after she found a pair of ladies' suede boots in the trunk of the new MG, could only laugh. The sailor was glowering at her, yet Barb was laughing into her drink, and wanting to tell him, Buddy, you don't know the half of it.

By the time Johnny came home on emergency leave, then, things were pretty far gone. Battle lines had been drawn; but Johnny, who saw nothing in his family worth fighting for, wouldn't allow himself to be pushed into the fray. Instead, rather than do without the pleasure of an audience, he went out and bought one—a German shepherd puppy. Sailor, Johnny named him. "My favorite child," he'd say; maybe it was true, but every time he repeated it, the words caused a lot of hurt.

Johnny, though, hadn't flown halfway across the world simply to buy a puppy. It was a business trip. And already jet-lagged and combat weary, he decided he needed his wife's assistance. "Help me," he asked. So she agreed.

They flew out of Oakland on a pleasant, warm Friday afternoon, and that cold night checked into a Holiday Inn in Fairfax, Virginia. The change in weather seemed to signal that they were entering a new territory; one with new rules.

The next morning, waking up to a sky full of autumn, he told Barb, "You drive." It would be easier, Johnny said, if he navigated; he'd keep the Russian's directions in front of him and call out the twists and turns for her.

"Me?" she said.

"Why not? You like to drive."

On the long plane ride across the width of the country, she had prepared herself, she believed, for everything. *Help me,* Johnny had asked. It was that simple. She could handle what she was about to do because she had one life to live and one man to live it with. She would stand by him; and pledge her allegiance to her family and their future.

Except she wasn't prepared to drive. She hadn't brought her license. And she was afraid to tell her husband, the spy and the tyrant.

So she drove through woods blazing with fall colors, woods like those in Maine. She became a little homesick; one of her sisters, the youngest, an artist, had died recently and she was in Barb's thoughts a lot these days. Her sister, only thirty-one, had been fine one day, in bed with a brain aneurysm the next. That was how it went. And until it did, family was all there was. *Help me,* Johnny had said. There was no choice. Just action. And then, her mind here and there, it was suddenly night. Johnny said he would drive now.

The headlights of the rented car bounced across the woods. She had the drop procedures in her lap, and she was calling out the directions to her husband. But it wasn't necessary. After the morning's dry run, Johnny, the smartest man in the world, seemed to have the maneuvers down pat. He moved through it all very swiftly, finding one 7-Up can, leaving another. The woods—tall, leafless trees—looked thin and fragile and vulnerable when silhouetted by the headlights. For some reason that bothered her.

Back in the Holiday Inn, Johnny scooped up fistfuls of $50 bills from the garbage bag; he might have been grabbing popcorn from a tub, there was so much. He was really very happy. He told her she did good. She wanted to believe there was something tender in the way he said it.

The next morning Johnny had an idea. Or maybe he had it all along, but waited until now to share it. He told Barb he was concerned about getting all that money back to California. Suppose, he said, they searched his bags at the airport. It made more sense, he explained, for Barb to carry the money; they were less likely to frisk a woman.

While Johnny watched, she sewed the money into the lining of her coat. But there was just too much; $36,000 in $50 bills is quite a bundle. Whatever couldn't be stuffed into the lining was placed into Holiday Inn envelopes. She then taped the envelopes around her waist. With her sweater on nobody would notice, Johnny told her.

Still, with the envelopes of money pressed against her waist and wearing her long coat on top of that, she felt as if she were carrying a heavy load. It really weighed on her.

On the plane, she quickly ordered a vodka. Then another. To celebrate, she told Johnny when he gave her a look. But suddenly the vodka wasn't good enough and everything she had previously decided was so much sand and she knew once and for all she hated him; and she hated herself. She felt like she was going to be sick. That's when she started sobbing.

Get a hold of yourself, Johnny warned. And his eyes, daggers, were darting around the cabin.

So she managed to; or maybe she kept on with her dribble of clenched sobs all the way across the country and no one noticed or even cared. All she remembers was that by the time they were back in Union City, she couldn't wait to get out of her coat, rip the money off her skin, and jump into a bath.

She would have stayed in the bathwater forever if she could have convinced herself it would make her clean. When that failed, she tried to believe a bottle of vodka would be an easier way toward salvation. That got her nowhere, either.

In a couple of days Johnny returned to the Pacific. They parted without saying a word.

A quick footnote—or so it seemed at the time—in the growing itinerary of Johnny's more significant travels, both domestic and foreign, was logged three months later. In February of 1974, the *Niagara Falls,* on deployment in the Western Pacific, made a supply stop at Diego Garcia.

The men stationed at Diego Garcia called it "the Rock." This was a cranky, but appropriate description of this lonely strip of coral atoll located in the Chagos Archipelago, about a thousand miles off the southern tip of India. It was also an assessment the Navy, rarely sympathetic, didn't debate: A tour on "the Rock" was type-3 hardship duty, volunteers only, for usually just eight months at a time.

Yet starting in October 1972, after an agreement was reached by the governments of the United States and Great Britain, which had formal administrative control over the island, Diego Garcia became the site of the Joint US/UK Limited Communication Facility. Which was another way of saying that the island was to be turned into a floating spook house: It would be a ground station for spy birds, both Classic Wizard ocean surveillance satellites and White Cloud satellites capable of monitoring radio communications and radar emissions from Soviet submarines and ships; an acoustical intelligence (ACOUSTINT) installation of underwater hydrophones for tracking Soviet boomers was to be laid in its waters; and a storehouse for a variety of nuclear weapons, props for the very last act of any Asian conflict, was to be built.

Among the first volunteers for duty on Diego Garcia, in February of 1973, was Petty Officer, E-5, Jerry Whitworth. Jerry, the individualist and adventurer, saw an opportunity to "go native" on the eleven-square-mile island populated with Quonset huts, four hundred or so sailors, and enough nuclear bombs to blow up the planet.

By the time his old buddy Johnny Walker happened to stop by, he was dying for a best friend to talk to.

Two days of R and R for Warrant Officer Walker. Sun, calm water, and nearly forty-eight hours of nonstop talking. What did the two friends discuss? By now, both men have forgotten. Oh, no doubt Jerry gave Johnny the grand tour—his steel barracks, the reef where he scuba dived, the beach where he took his evening strolls. Did he tell Johnny, as he had written to nineteen-year-old Brenda Reis who was off attending a Farm Bureau Citizenship Seminar, "Spiritually, I can really get to it . . ."? Or did he simply talk, more to Johnny's interest, of the English teacher he was carrying on with in Singapore?

Most probably, though, Johnny, eager to command, set the tone: telling jokes in his syrupy Happy Hour voice, bragging about the money The Bamboo Snack Bar was raking in, and all the while tapping another source. "Probing," as he called it. For a spy never has a day off. He simply gathers information for the far-off day when he might need it.

Six months later, that far-off day, much to Johnny's regret and amazement, was at hand. By August 1974 his assignment as CMS custodian aboard the *Niagara Falls* was history. His "exceptionally high level of performance," as his last fitness report described his work, had won him a tour back in Norfolk flag country. And that was, as past experience had taught him, a slippery hunting ground for even a surefooted fieldman. Especially one with a wife one drink away from turning on him. Caution and instinct were telling Johnny to come in from the cold. Just as greed was signaling only a fool would give up the garbage bags full of loot. But what really convinced him to give his long-bubbling plan a try was the death of Sailor. The German shepherd had been put to sleep while Johnny was away at sea; the dog had quickly turned wild and mean growing up in an out-of-control home. At first Johnny raged. He accused Barb of destroying the one thing he loved. But, in time, Johnny—the ex-altar boy could be religious when it suited his purposes—saw the death of Sailor as a sign, an omen of sorts: He would be his family's next victim. Unless he protected himself.

14

Boom Trenchard's Flare Path doesn't seem like a sailor's sort of bar. There's a forest of woody-grained, milk-chocolate-colored Formica until, stretching bountifully across a long rear wall, there's the salad bar; a pair of gold link chains suspends a sheet of clear plastic like a protective cloud over the goodies, so you can be sure a stray bit of gunk won't land in the chunky blue cheese or the Bac-Os. While its wacky name, honoring a World War I British ace, is a nudge and wink because—get it!—large picture windows look straight out on a contemporary flare path—the landing strip of San Diego's Lindbergh Field. It's the kind of place where the wine list wedged in between the salt and pepper shakers on each table offers, in a breezy IBM Selectric script, the helpful reminder that rosé goes equally well with meat, fish, or fowl. And when you order a beer, the bartender makes a show of pouring it down the side of your glass.

Yet night after night, Boom's draws the radio gangs from the Naval Training Center. They come because there are rows of jacks embedded along the bar and in the tabletops. Just ask, and the waitress'll hand you a set of Bakelite headphones; plug 'em in, and you got the tower across the way at Lindbergh Field coming in loud and clear. You can be sitting there, nursing a cold one, and all the time eavesdropping on some traffic controller talking in a Cessna or a jumbo jet. The best of both worlds, for sure. Besides, what tape ape didn't feel more at home wearing a pair of 'phones?

That's how Johnny Walker, the resourceful recruiter, happened to settle on Boom's for his meeting with Jerry Whitworth. Two sailors sitting over a couple of beers, or even going at it hard and loud if things turned dicey, wouldn't require too much of a cover story. And after all, Boom's was an appropriate place for talking someone in. Though Johnny, reliving the discussion, called it his "sales pitch." Which might have been ironic since what he was asking his best friend to sell was, quite truly, his soul; or, knowing Johnny, it just might have been his flat, businesslike way of looking at things.

So they met at Johnny's suggestion on a September afternoon in 1974. It was in that valley of restaurant time after lunch and before cocktails, and Boom's was nearly empty; which, of course, was precisely what Johnny had hoped.

He arrived first, and chose a table in a lonely row smack up against the window. He ordered a scotch, then thought twice about drinking on duty, and told the waitress to make it a beer instead. When she headed toward the bar, he began looking out the window. But Johnny wasn't paying any real attention; the landings and takeoffs were a background performance to the heavy traffic flying through his anxious mind.

About twenty minutes later, Jerry made a point of shaking Johnny's hand before taking the seat across from his friend. For Jerry, this was everyday Paw Paw Bottoms politeness, but the gesture always rankled Johnny; there was something, he believed, of the politician in it. This afternoon, though, he was all smiles. "Hey, Jer, ol' buddy," he said as they clasped hands, "long time no see." Jer, dressed in a pair of khakis and a blue golf shirt with a fox running across his left breast, was grinning too. Though Johnny was thinking: Strip him of his petty officer's whites, and Jer seemed to shrink some. Not that Johnny had any problems with that.

Jerry, a jogger, ordered a Lite beer. But by the time the waitress brought it over, he was going on so that he didn't even notice. Normally, Johnny might have cut him short, telling him to drink up before his beer went stale. These soul-searching routines were another thing that didn't play too well for Johnny. Truth was, he thought it was kind of fruity, Jer's carrying on like a teenage girl telling all to her diary. But this afternoon, Johnny, the most obliging pal in the world, just let him gush. Of course, it helped that everything Jerry was confiding to his best friend was only proving Johnny's first-glance insight—the time was right.

Since filing his retirement papers last May after his tour at Diego Garcia, Jer had been doing a little of this and little of that; or, as Johnny who was only between duty stations summed it up, "Jerry was drifting between lives."

A lot of Jerry's squid dreams, the kind of last-laugh thinking that's only too easy with an exec riding on your back, were coming up short. A case in point was The Great Escape to the South Pacific fantasy. Just before retiring, he told Johnny, he and Rog Olson had made up their minds to chuck it all and sail to the South Pacific. But after a summer of dry-run cruising around Mexico's Baja, California, Rog decided another year's teaching high school might make a lot more sense; and Jer, though he had nothing better to do, had to admit that he was having second thoughts about a lifetime on a twenty-foot boat.

These days Jerry, putting a whole list of grander plans (stockbroker? geologist?) on the back burner without a word of explanation, was keeping himself in beer money by spotting sailfish. A dentist, Dr. Johnstone, had hired him. He'd get up with the sun each morning and fly a little two-seater job over the Gulf of California. The trick, he explained in his slow, labored way, was to be on the lookout for their big dorsal fins. Those mothers ride high through the water like the conning towers on a sub. Even from the air, if you look careful, you can't miss 'em.

Johnny greeted this information with only a thin grin, which Jerry, who knew his buddy some, found a bit of a puzzle. Wasn't like Johnny Walker, who had something to say about everything, not to jump in with a put-down. But, the way Jerry was coming to see it, either Johnny couldn't have given a hoot about his problems; or he was too busy plotting his next move like some chess master; or—and this possibility was most hurtful—he simply figured there wasn't much sport in going after a man that far gone. Still, Jerry didn't feel like retreating. I got no complaints, he insisted with the wistfulness of a man with at least a million. When that floated by, Jerry shot off a quick volley of other likely stories: I mean, I get out in the open; I get to fly; it's not like I'm stuck behind a desk or anything. Until finally, near about at his wit's end from the silent treatment Johnny was dishing him, Jerry came right out and said it, "I mean, what else am I going to do?"

So Johnny decided to tell him.

Not even now, though, did Johnny rush into it. He gave Jerry, wisely, some room; he played coy even; yet all the time he held out the prospect of adventure. "What I'm offering," Johnny started in, "is an illegal activity." "Even discussing it," he went on as he also tried to decipher the big-eyed look Jerry was giving him across the table, "is illegal." "If you want to talk about it, we will. If you don't, we won't. That'll be the end of it."

The decision to go on, Johnny repeated, was Jerry's. And then he sat back and waited: waited for Jerry to run off screaming for the cops; waited for the NIS agents to run out of the kitchen and grab him; waited for a hundred years to pass.

But all of a sudden there was nothing to wait for because Jerry, eager and excited, didn't have a second thought: "I'm interested," he said.

And yet—years later he would still congratulate himself on this touch—Johnny still held back. A small piece of theater, playground make-believe straight from his days as a twelve-year-old ringleader in Scranton, was hauled out to bind Jerry even tighter.

"I want you to swear a blood oath," Johnny announced. If, after hearing the proposition, Jerry didn't want any part of it, he had to swear on his life that he would not turn Johnny in.

"Will you swear?" Johnny repeated.

Not that he placed great weight on the sanctity of Jerry's pledge. He was shrewd enough to realize that an oath of allegiance from a man who you figured was ready to betray his country wasn't necessarily a promise carved in stone. But nobody understood better than Johnny how contradictions are the stock-in-trade of a wayward mind, or what the oath was really holding out to Jerry. It was an initiation rite into a world of intrigue. And it was a way of offering Jerry something else he had always wanted: to be a part of a family, even a secret one.

Of course Jerry swore the blood oath.

So Johnny, selecting only a few choice bits of the truth to throw into his stew, served up an explanation of sorts. He told Jerry he had been involved in selling classified material for a number of years, that it was profitable, and that he thought Jerry was ''a perfect candidate'' to build into the business.

The time was right, said Johnny, the big thinker, for expansion. He envisioned—and that was one of his favorite words; it had a real sweep of power and destiny—a two-man operation. He needed a partner, someone who would also be in a position to gather the right material. Johnny would then become, he said, more of a ''go-between''; he would collect the material from this associate and deliver it to the buyers.

''You interested?'' Johnny asked.

Jerry didn't answer straight off. He had a whole host of questions, and Johnny handled them with a repertoire of moods; candor, ignorance, and indignation were all trotted out in the course of the performance. He even stuck to the truth when it served his purpose. But mostly he had himself some fun.

So when Jerry asked how many years he had been involved, Johnny, with all the pride of a magician, revealed it was going on right under Jerry's nose at PRACTEC. As to when he had started or how, Johnny grumbled that Jerry had no right to ask that. And when Jerry asked how the deliveries were arranged, Johnny interrupted. We call them drops, he said, knowing full well that this keyhole peak into a James Bond world was going to leave his buddy begging for more. But Johnny wasn't talking. As if insulted by the prying, he announced that he simply would not comment on any of Jerry's other questions about procedures. Though he did share a bit of tradecraft, and told Jerry about the Minox C. He described how the camera fitted into the palm of your hand, real easy to use. He knew Jerry, who had a radioman's fondness for gadgets, would get a charge out of that. And he was right.

Jerry's big question, though, the one he kept pressing Johnny on, was, ''Who are the buyers?'' He made it clear he wanted to know from the get-go who was paying money for classified material.

Since this was so important to Jerry, Johnny told his buddy he would tell him the truth.

"I'm not sure," he said. The buyers were, he explained, simply people he had met. Who they precisely were, well, just between best friends, Johnny did have his suspicions: Maybe they were the Mafia, or some allied country like Israel, or maybe even a private defense organization like the people who published *Jane's Fighting Ships*. But when you got right down to it, Johnny admitted with a hint of embarrassment, he just didn't know for sure.

That seemed to satisfy Jerry. In fact, Johnny took it as a real good sign that Jerry was curious, but not too fussy.

The time had come, then, for Johnny to play his ace—the money. He told Jerry he was proposing a "fifty-fifty split." "A fair deal," was how Johnny described it; and he made the offer with such sincerity that Jerry had little choice but to believe that Johnny wasn't the sort to cut any other kind of deal.

Each month, Johnny explained, Jerry could count on making anywhere from $2,000 to $4,000. Pay was based on "the quality of the product"; crypto material, however, was a consistent money-maker. But don't expect low-level crypto like KY-8 key lists to go for as much as broadcast circuit or KW-7 ciphers. The people he was dealing with knew the ropes.

And there was one other thing. Naturally, Johnny added as if it were the most natural thing in the world, before I could cut you in on the deal, you'd have to reenlist.

But rather than let Jerry run too long with that thought, he quickly pulled out another of his, as he called them, "selling points." "There's no risk," Johnny declared. "The chances of getting caught are about nil." Proof of this, he went on, was the fact that he had been involved for a while and no one was ever on to him. If one guy can do it, why not two? "There's no reason why we should ever get caught," Johnny reasoned.

Jerry, giving it a moment's consideration, was tempted to agree.

Yet Jerry, now getting into the game, and clearly more than halfway there, had two large concerns.

The first was Johnny's wife. Jerry had seen enough of Barb—he had even visited her twice up in Union City while Johnny was off in Nam—to know she was real stormy weather. With a few pops in her, who knew what she might do.

Johnny, who had exactly the same worry, told Jerry the situation was under control. As long as Barb continued to be ''adequately compensated,'' she shouldn't be a problem.

Jerry agreed; since he had no money, he was willing to believe it could solve any problem.

Which left only one last fear: Would Johnny promise never, under no circumstances whatsoever, to reveal Jerry's name to the buyers?

''Sure thing.''

''Never,'' Jerry insisted.

''Never,'' agreed Johnny Walker.

And that was that. The deal was done. To be sure, there were still a few things to arrange—Jerry's reenlistment, his new duty assignment, the date of his first payment. But these were small matters that could easily be worked out among friends. And partners. And spies.

So Johnny called for another round; there was a coy toast to the future; and as Boom's became thick with the Attitude Adjustment crowd, both men fell into deep cover. It was Jerry's first chance to practice living two lives.

Nearly a month later, on October 10, 1974, Jerry signed his reenlistment papers. The Navy, glad to have him back, promoted him to an E-6 rating and guaranteed that he would be assigned to an advanced radioman school in January. Jerry was hoping for satellites; that would be money in the bank.

Johnny, meanwhile, was driving with his family across country to Norfolk.

At first, Barbara refused to go. She called the kids into the living room, and as they sat before her on a row of barstools, she announced she was getting a divorce. She had put up with enough, and the girls saw her point. Besides, everyone was wrapped up in their California lives; they didn't see any reason to traipse across America simply because their father had a new duty station. The family would do just fine without him.

Except that wasn't what Johnny wanted. When Barb told him her decision that night, he wouldn't buy it. He grabbed her by the arm, and, with the girls watching, led her into the bedroom. Then he closed the door. This time there was no shouting; the girls only heard their father talking softly, carefully, like a doctor, one of them said. In the morning Barb announced to the kids that there would not be a divorce. The family was going back to Norfolk together.

It was a pretty rocky trip. They rode in a van with a motorcycle strapped over the rear tire, and they were towing *The Dirty Old Man* behind them. There was a lot of yelling, a lot of screaming. Real catfights. Then Barb started complaining she wasn't feeling well. They were crossing Texas when she started hemorrhaging; in no time flat she was sitting in a puddle of blood.

Johnny pulled the van into a rest area. The girls wanted him to take their mother to a hospital. But Johnny said it was nothing to worry about; besides, he was on a tight schedule. And he told his wife, "C'mon, Barb, get your act together. Don't die on me."

Barbara obeyed; by nightfall the bleeding had mostly stopped. On Saturday they checked into a motel outside Washington. Just as Johnny had promised the Russians he would.

That evening, while his wife and four children waited for him in their room, he drove off into the Maryland woods. After a while he dropped a garbage bag next to a telephone pole. Inside the bag was Johnny's last haul from the *Niagara Falls*. There was also a letter written to his "Dear Friend." Johnny announced that he had taken it upon himself to recruit another agent. The new man was his best friend, a career radioman, a petty officer—Jerry Alfred Whitworth.

There was no reason, Johnny had decided, to keep the name a secret.

15

After a month in a motel, the six of them camping out in a room crammed with cots, Johnny found the house he had always wanted. It was a boxy two-story Colonial on Old Ocean View Road in Norfolk, and Johnny bought it for $1,500 down; the remaining $45,000 was covered by a GI mortgage. The Walkers moved in just after Thanksgiving, 1974, and Johnny was very proud. It was the biggest house he had ever lived in, and certainly the grandest he had ever owned. From the outside, it was two-tone, like one of those half-and-half cookies Mike was forever munching: The top floor was white clapboard, while the bottom level was all red brick. The window trim was a contrasting jet black, nice and dignified, which was important to Johnny. And along the front walk, there was a row of germander hedges pruned so that they nestled close to the lawn like a line of green gumdrops; Johnny liked that touch, too. Best of all, though, there was room for a family to spread out—a living room, a family room big enough for a pool table, and, Johnny's pride, his first real den.

The only thing was, the house was haunted.

The Walkers spent their first night in the new house sleeping on the floor. The furniture hadn't arrived, but anything was better than another crowded evening in that dingy Little Creek motel. Besides, it was going to be fun, all of them huddled on their bedrolls like they used to do in the woods behind the trailer in Ladson. Except Laura heard a noise. Something creaking upstairs. Johnny went up, but couldn't find anything. Crazy thing was, the creaking got louder. So Johnny grabbed a flashlight and went poking around the basement. Nothing, he reported back. Only the creaking turned fiercer, like it was laughing at them. That's when Cynthia started to cry. Mike, too. Everyone was hearing the creaking, if that was what it was. It kept on, a steady, high-pitched whistle, like the sound kids make when they put their lips tight over an empty bottle of Coke and blow deep.

Laura, scared stiff, didn't know what else to do, so she started humming. Soft, at first. The only song she could think of was "The Star-Spangled Banner." It was silly, she knew, but she kept at it. And then Maggie joined in. But now they were all singing. Johnny, too. All of them were singing, "O say! can you see . . . " Their voices growing strong, like a choir, Laura thought, and they all sang together, louder and louder, until they couldn't hear the creaking.

That's how the Walkers got through the first night.

The presence didn't go away, though. One time Johnny and Mike were in the kitchen when, looking through the doorwell toward the family room, they saw a spiraling wisp of gray smoke. They hurried over, but they couldn't find anything. No fire, and certainly no smoke. Barb, meanwhile, was always smelling it. It followed her around the house, creeping up on her with the same sweet fragrance. It smelled like a juicy apple when you first bit deep into it, except now this aroma gave Barb the creeps. She knew it was an evil presence. And one afternoon Laura was in her bedroom when she saw it standing in the doorway. It was a big shadow, foggy, but definitely something. Suddenly, the radio on her dresser turned itself on and the music started building, filling the room, while the shadow started vibrating, dancing to the song. Laura, beside herself, started praying: "Our Father, who art in Heaven . . ." Her voice got louder, and the music grew softer, and the figure slowed down until everything was back to normal. For the time being.

So from the first, the Walkers took it for granted that the house on Old Ocean View Road was haunted. In time they all agreed that it was cursed, too.

Night after night, Barbara, a drink in hand, would sit in the family room staring at the TV. She would draw the blinds and make sure the lamps were off; the light from the screen would be the only illumination in the room: It was a cave of shadows.

Sometimes she would sit there talking to herself, pleading. "Please stop, please stop," she would beg. Nobody knew what she was talking about.

Another time she dumped all the contents of her purse into an ashtray and lit a match. Flames jumped up from the pile, but Barbara didn't budge. If one of the kids hadn't rushed in to put it out, the whole place might have gone up.

Johnny just wrote her off.

One of the first things Johnny did after moving in was install a dead bolt on the door of his den. The den was, he informed the kids, his "inner sanctum." No one was allowed to enter without knocking. It was paneled in a light walnut wood and there were red, white, and blue curtains dotted with little anchors on the windows. There was a book case holding the eighteen volumes of *The World Book Encyclopedia* and a large collection of *National Geographic*s. On the walls were framed photographs of all the ships and submarines Johnny had served on; he had put a lot of effort into gathering this collection and he was glad he finally had a room where he could display it. It showed people how he had spent the last nineteen years of his life, and he thought it was quite a testimony to all he had seen and done. Of course, it only told part of the story.

There was a wall socket behind his desk that was easy to unscrew. Inside this hollow he kept the souvenirs from his other life—drop procedures, meeting signals, Minox film. It would have been something, he used to think, if he could've framed all of this and put it up on the wall, too. Show people the whole story.

There would be Johnny, then, locked into his "inner sanctum," while at the other end of the house, Barbara would sit in the darkened family room staring at the TV. That left the kids pretty much on their own. It wasn't the best of situations.

The girls always seemed to find themselves landing in hard places, and then would wonder why their luck was so thin. Part of the answer, they knew, was the drugs; they were stoned a good deal. Also, the guys they were running with made trouble easy to find. They hung out at a downtown pool hall. Maggie, seventeen, and Laura, fifteen, were pretty bold, too. There were a lot of one-night stands. Everything was fast and loose. "They weren't boyfriends who really cared about me, just guys that I was sexually attracted to. Sexual attraction became my criteria. I had to be turned on or I wouldn't go out." That's the way Laura remembers it. It was a time, she says, "when we were trying to push things farther and farther until it would all blow up in our face." "We were just looking for a chance, an opportunity to start anew."

Everyone wanted out. Everyone wanted to run away. Laura ran off to Wisconsin, and then to California. They brought her back each time, but she still kept trying. On her third try, Cynthia and another friend came along. They were singing "California, Here I Come" when the cops caught them on a bus outside Washington, D.C. Which was a real bummer. That night, back in the house on Old Ocean View Road, Laura and Cynthia tried to burn it down. Barbara freaked and called the cops.

So they spent a night in a detention center. They were put in separate cells. Each cell had a bed, a toilet, and a sink. In the morning, a judge remanded Cynthia, who had a pending court appearance involving a stolen bicycle, to a home for teenage girls; Laura was released in her mother's custody. Only Barb, full of tears, told the judge, "I don't want her." So Laura spent the next month in the correctional home, too.

"That was rock-bottom," said Laura.

Margaret was the only one of the girls not to run away. When she was seventeen, she simply moved out. Her father told her, "Go if you want to," and her mother drove her to the bus.

She went to Hayward, California, and moved in with a twenty-seven-year-old guy, a carpenter. There was a problem straight off when she couldn't enroll in the local high school because she was a minor without parental supervision. But Maggie, never one to give up, worked that one out: She had the guy she was living with become her legal guardian. She even got Johnny and Barb to sign the papers. And at first it was a hoot, the idea of shacking up with your guardian;

but then, when she thought about it some, it brought her down to think how easily her parents had—literally—written her off.

Things with the carpenter also soon got out of hand. It seemed he liked to smack her around. He'd get stoned and moody and the next thing Maggie knew he was slapping the daylights out of her. She'd be scared and hurting, but the irony didn't escape her: She had left a father who liked to go after her with a strap only to move in with a guy, her guardian, too, who got his jollies tearing into her.

One night the pounding just got to be too much. She wanted out, but she needed help. So she went to the cops. An officer came back with her, to protect her while she packed. Only while the officer was watching her, he also happened to spot her stash of grass. She wound up in jail that night. The next day she was on a bus back to Norfolk. Going from one prison to another was the way she looked at it.

Johnny, too, was only biding his time. After nineteen years as a sailor and seven as a spy, he was preparing for the next stage of his career. He had big plans, but he realized he first had to get his network, as he called it, in place. Meanwhile, he shoved aside all the unhappiness in his home because it had little to do with the lives he was living; and he kept his hand in trade.

He had a brief assignment, just two months, as communications officer on the staff of the commander of Atlantic Fleet Amphibious Forces. Then he was transferred to the staff of the commander of Surface Forces.

> Q. Did that particular office then provide you with access to pretty much all of the operations of the surface Atlantic Fleet?
>
> A. I would say the majority of it.

There was only one crypto system, a KG-13, at this duty station and it was set with key cards. At the beginning of each month, Johnny would find an excuse to wander into the vault and in about twenty minutes he could photograph a month's worth of cards.

A. It was simple enough to do . . .
Q. Were you able to copy nearly or approximately 100 percent of the material for that particular machine?
A. I'd say maybe 85 percent, roughly.
Q. What was the reason for your not being able to accomplish a full hundred percent?
A. Just inability to get my hands on the book or being absent in the beginning of the month.

Johnny was also always on the lookout for Op Orders or war game evaluations. The Russians were real hot for any information on naval tactics, so he'd always make a point of snapping these documents. Once he got his hands on a paper that detailed how U.S. surface ships would set up a barrier to block Soviet subs in case of war. Sub deployment strategies were another product his "Dear Friend" was constantly requesting, so Johnny figured that might earn him a bonus. But mostly, especially after the *Niagara Falls,* it was pretty slim pickings. The Russians must have thought so too; they cut his pay down to $2,000 a month.

Yet things began to look up for Johnny when on January 2, 1975, Jerry Whitworth was assigned to the Satellite Communications Agency training program at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. It was a five-week course and strictly hot runner country. The Navy was in the process of switching its primary communications system from high-frequency radio transmission to an ultrahigh-frequency satellite network. Four satellites—one for each of the naval communications areas—would orbit over the earth at an altitude of 22,300 miles and would serve as relay stations for messages sent between ships and shore communications centers. The men who were trained in Sat Com technology would be controlling naval communications for the rest of the century. A man could get sizably rich given that kind of run, Johnny realized.

But he also understood that an agent in place is not the same as a "hot" agent; only crime, not intentions, pays. So Johnny, the master spy hoping to become the spymaster, summoned his recruit to a face-to-face in Norfolk. Jerry arrived from Fort Monmouth on a warm February weekend full of false spring. The glorious weather was cover story enough—a chance to sail, have a few beers, two old buddies unwinding in the sun. But if anyone had cared to check, they would have found that the two friends spent most of the sunny weekend behind the locked door of Johnny's den, the red, white, and blue curtains drawn tight.

It was a spy school. Johnny tried to teach Jerry all he had learned after seven years in the field. It was a curriculum filled with the details of a thousand behind-the-lines missions—how the Minox worked best without a flash; how the photocopy machine would do for key lists, but key cards came out a bit blurry; how a Q-Tip box could conceal a stash of film cartridges; how the click of the shutter fills a crypto vault with thunder. And through it all, there was a fieldman's heartfelt refrain—it's the risk that makes it fun; it's an adventure that never ends.

But Johnny was also shrewd enough to know that war stories, tradecraft, and a bit of philosophy might not be enough to bind Jerry, a man whose ambitions were always in flux, to the game. So he took an uncharacteristic gamble—he advanced Jerry $4,000 of his own money. The Russians still had not responded to Johnny's letter announcing the new recruit, Jerry still had not come up with any product, but Johnny figured he'd take the chance. Sometimes you first have to spend money before you can make it. He paid his agent $3,000 in $50 bills for the month Jerry had already put in at Sat Com school—education was a legitimate business expense, Johnny decided—and another $1,000 as an advance against February's salary.

Not that Johnny didn't get anything in return for his money. Jerry gave him a copy of the school's *A Tactical Satellite Communications System Preliminary Tech Manual.* It wasn't a classified document, but the gesture filled Johnny with hope: His recruit seemed eager. And it would give Johnny a chance to bone up on satellites; after all, the first rule of selling was to know your product.

Jerry had some good news, too. In March, after he graduated, he'd be starting another tour at Diego Garcia. He'd be the petty officer running the Satellite Communications Division of Naval Communication on the island. And that meant he would be in charge of all classified and crypto material in his command; the CMS custodian would deliver the monthly draw directly to Petty Officer Whitworth.

• • •

But all a handler can do is send his asset out into the field. Only the agent can act. His is a solitary deed.

So Johnny, trying out the role of control officer, his millionth disguise in a million lives, taught himself patience. He did his job, he continued his trade, he stayed with his family. But all the time he was waiting, waiting for the sign that he could go on to the next stage of his career—a grander and maturer treason.

Months passed, and still Johnny didn't panic. He made plans, but he didn't execute them. He had schemes, but he didn't try them out. The model deskman, he simply worried and hoped for word from the field.

And then in July he received a letter from Jerry on Diego Garcia: "I finally made my first dive. It was real good. My future dives don't look very diverse. Will have to wait and see. Most of these things are so dated."

It was precisely what Johnny had been waiting for.

Before the month was over, he moved out of the house on Old Ocean View Road. He didn't tell Barb or the girls where he was going, he simply came by one night and loaded up the van. It took awhile. There were boxes and boxes he carried from the house, and the slamming screen door signaled his comings and goings. It was a horrible rhythm; everyone in the house heard it, but no one said anything.

When he was done, Johnny called for his son. The boy was crying. His father told him to walk with him toward the van.

"Stop whimpering," Johnny ordered.

Mike tried, but it was no use.

"Look," Johnny said at last, "I'm going to tell you something. A secret."

The van was a wall between them and the house; Mike was standing by the door on the driver's side when his father revealed the address of his new apartment.

"Got to promise me you won't tell anyone," he made his almost thirteen-year-old son pledge. "Not your mother. Not your sisters. No one."

"You can trust me, Dad. It's our secret." Mike had stopped sobbing; the knowledge gave him confidence.

Satisfied, Johnny got behind the wheel. The engine was revving.

Mike called out, ''I won't tell on you.''

And Johnny, like a proud admiral, threw his son a sharp salute. Mike, the best little recruit in the world, returned it, holding his salute until his father's van had disappeared down the length of Old Ocean View Road on a sticky summer's night.

The Scranton paper boys, Buzz Saw Walker (*r*) and best buddy Joey Long, 1954.

1

After Johnny's father deserted the family, his mother helped make ends meet by taking photographs of children on a department-store Santa's knee. Here is fourteen-year-old Johnny with Santa.

2

3

Barbara and Johnny Walker's three daughters—Margaret, Cynthia, and Laura—in a snapshot mailed to friends for Christmas, 1961.

Warrant Officer John A. Walker, Jr., at about the time when he walked into the Soviet embassy in Washington with a KL-47 key list in his pocket.

4

Johnny, the happy-go-lucky "tape ape" aboard the USS *Niagara Falls*. He was also the ship's CMS custodian and was delivering nearly 100 percent of its crypto material to the Russians.

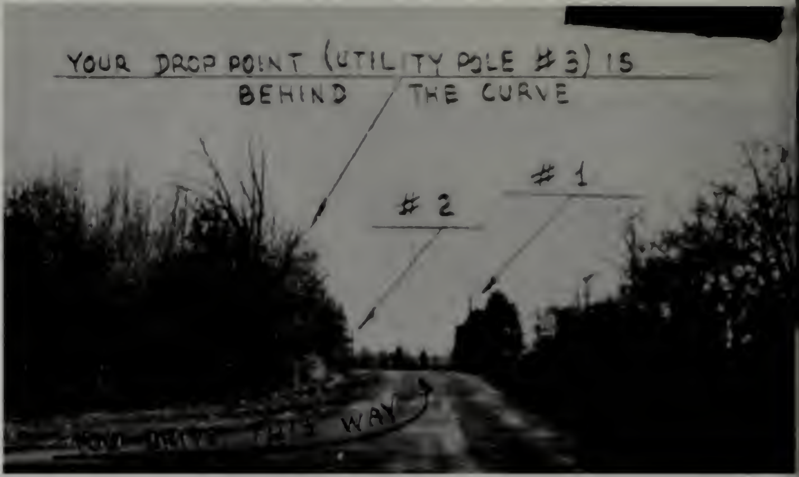
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YOUR DROP POINT (UTILITY POLE #3) IS
BEHIND THE CURVE
# 1
# 2
YOU DRIVE THIS WAY

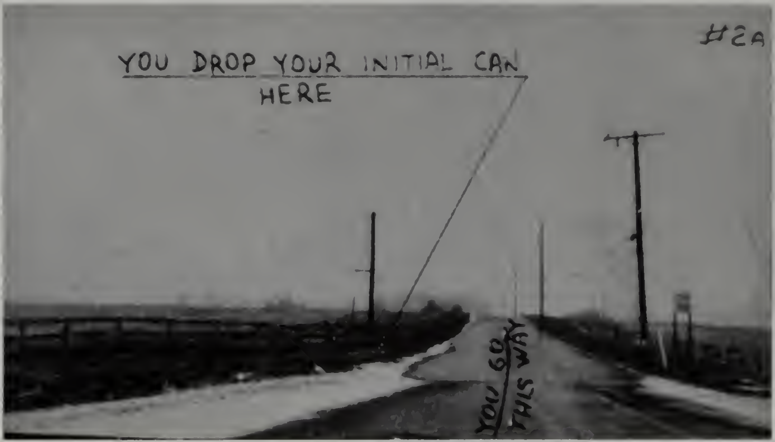
#2A
YOU DROP YOUR INITIAL CAN
HERE
YOU GO
THIS WAY

The Department 16 KGB handlers meticulously mapped out their most important asset's drop route according to Moscow Rules.

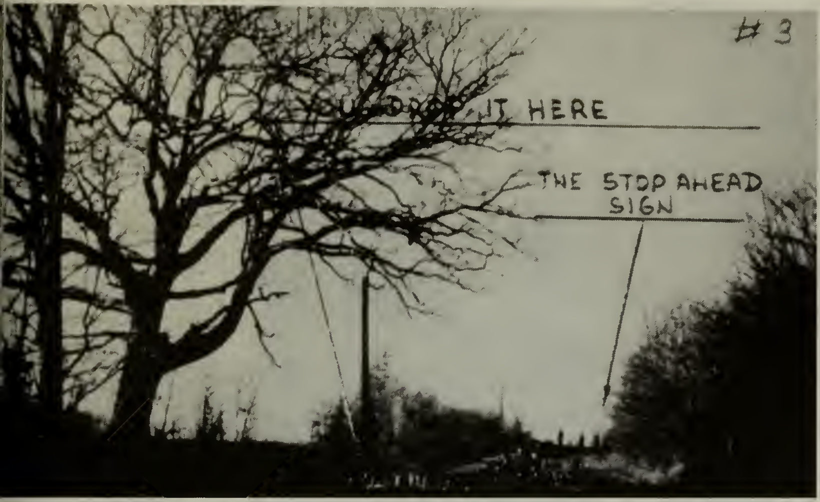
#3
U DROP IT HERE
THE STOP AHEAD SIGN

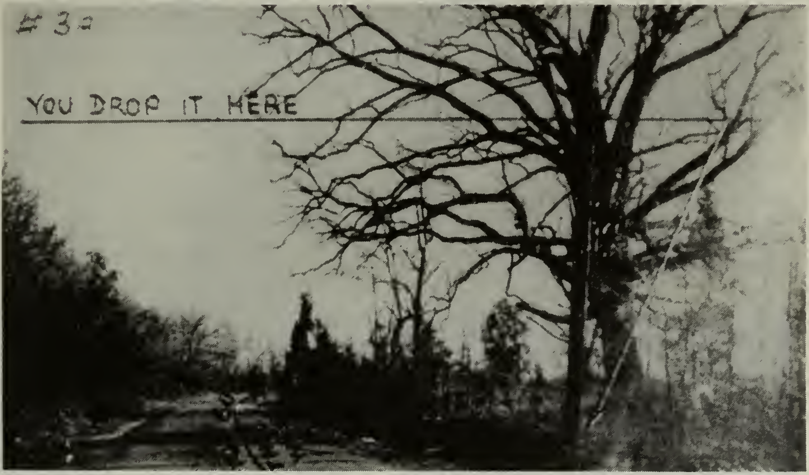
#3a
YOU DROP IT HERE

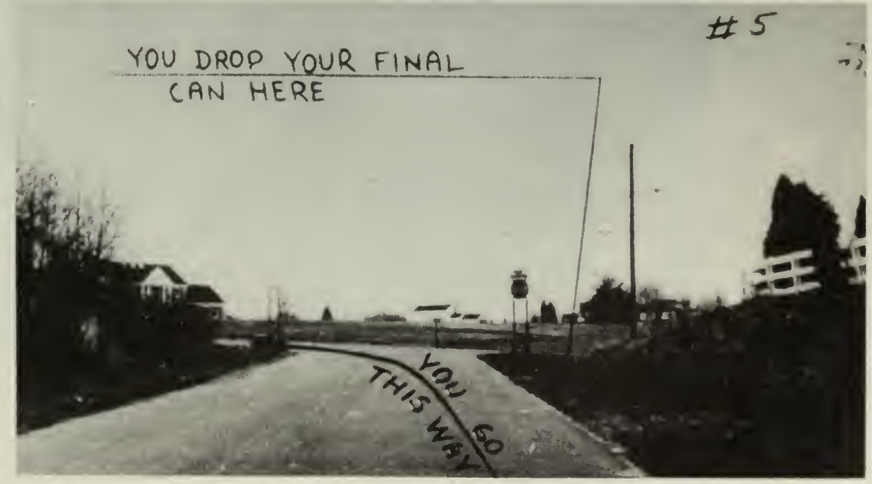
#5
YOU DROP YOUR FINAL CAN HERE
YOU GO THIS WAY

me
So
horny

7

When Jerry Whitworth was late for the meet in Hong Kong, Johnny missed his face-to-face with the KGB. The fallback in Casablanca was a week off, so the jet-setting spy flew to Manila to kill time with the local lovelies.

8

Johnny and his mom. He took her to Europe for her birthday; going through customs on the way home, he made her wear a money belt stuffed with cash he had received from the KGB.

9

Margaret, the oldest daughter, moved out at seventeen. She had the carpenter she was living with become her legal guardian.

10

"Johnny's Jewels": P.K. Carroll (*r*) who wore his "unengagement ring," and Laurie Robinson, his favorite detective.

guide
THRU
JULY 10
SOUVENIR

11

Laurie Robinson, cover girl. She wanted to be one of Charlie's Angels, but she wound up working, unknowingly, with a KGB spy.

12

Barbara Walker's dilemma: Either she could betray her country; or she could destroy her family.

13

Mike Walker on his dad's houseboat. He took his surfboard on board the USS *Nimitz*, where he stuffed his duffle bag with classified documents.

14

Father and son: party animals and spies.

15

Rachel Walker. "Choose, Mike," she begged her husband. Choose us; or choose your dad.

16

Perfect cover. Johnny Walker, private eye, was hired by defense contractors to sweep their offices for electronic bugs.

Johnny, the spymaster, enjoyed the rewards of international espionage. He bought himself a plane . . .

17

N28386
N48098

18

. . . and a houseboat, a van, and land in Florida and the Bahamas. Meanwhile Barbara was living off food stamps in the backwoods of Maine.

19

The FBI, angry and vindictive, ripped the toupee off Johnny's head moments after his arrest.

Aleksey Tkachenko, the Soviet embassy official in Washington who was Johnny Walker's KGB postman.

20

21

Johnny in chains. Still clowning and now a celebrity.

23

Art Walker, with and without his toupee. He bought a gas barbecue, new brakes for the car, and a new hairpiece with the $12,000 he received for passing classified documents to his brother. He called it his "Happy Hour money."

22

24

Mike in his jeans, red Converse hightops, and chains as he arrived at Andrews Air Force Base.

F.B.I.
NORFOLK VIRGINIA
F.B.I.
NORFOLK VIRGINIA
FBI
BALTIMORE, MD
FBI
BALTIMORE, MD

25

A family of spies.

26

Laura Walker Snyder, her son Christopher, and Pat Robertson at a taping for the CBN "700 Club" show. Johnny Walker's grandson refused to talk to the TV evangelist.

Jerry Whitworth, who grew up in Paw Paw Bottoms, Oklahoma, dreamed of the big time, and wound up full of remorse.

27

28

29

Barbara wrote: "God, I hurt. Do you know what it's like to live everyday knowing the decision I have made has done this to my son?"

30

Johnny Walker about to have his last laugh at his best friend's trial. Betrayal is easy, a fact of life.

PART III

NETWORK

16

In the spring of 1976 an Air Force Titan IIID rocket was launched under strict security from the Eastern Test Range at Cape Canaveral, Florida. Its payload was a Lockheed Keyhole-9 (KH-9) satellite. The launch crews, however, called the satellite ''Big Bird.'' The crews were working under orders from the National Reconnaissance Office. This organization, a joint CIA–Air Force group, had no nickname. Even its existence was classified information.

Big Bird was launched into a north-south polar orbit. Its flight had an apogee of approximately 155 miles and a perigee of about 100 miles. Every three and one half days Big Bird completed an identical ground track route. For accuracy, though, each segment of the route was overflown twice a day—once in daylight and once in darkness. The satellite's inclination was approximately 96.4 degrees. This took Big Bird directly over the Soviet Union and China.

Big Bird was an orbiting spy station. It weighed twelve tons and was fifty-five feet long. Infrared scanners on board were capable of detecting underground missile silos, the silos' temperature being warmer than the surrounding earth. Its multispectral scanners were able to reveal camouflaged equipment. But the core of the satellite was a superhigh-resolution camera. This camera could distinguish objects eight inches across from a height of ninety miles.

For this particular mission, a slight ellipicity was programmed into Big Bird's orbit, which allowed the satellite to maintain a somewhat longer "dwell time" along its northern ground track. This was a territory which included the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics Northern Fleet submarine base at Polyarny, the ice-free seaports along the Kola Peninsula, and the shipbuilding yards at Svererodvinsk.

At the completion of its ground track circuit, Big Bird jettisoned its canisters of film. As these reentry vehicles floated toward earth, they were recovered in midair by Lockheed C-130s stationed at Hickam Air Force Base in Hawaii. From Hickam, the film was then routed by special Air Force jet across the country to Langley Air Force Base in Virginia. At Langley, the package was transferred to the custody of an armed CIA courier. Approximately forty-five minutes later, the courier delivered the package to an official in a cement building in the rear of the Washington Navy Yard. The building was tall, had few windows, and was painted a jarringly bright yellow. It was the headquarters of the National Photographic Interpretation Center.

At the NPIC, teams of photo analysts began processing the film. Computers disassembled the developed pictures into millions of electronic Morse code pulses. Each spot was manipulated; intensity and contrast of color were programmed through hundreds of combinations. When the image-enhancement process was completed, the resolution of the photographs of the Soviet submarine fleet was vividly clear—clear enough to confirm Naval Intelligence's latest operational hypothesis, and, in time, lead some analysts toward another, more frightening theory.

Over the past eight months, the Office of Naval Intelligence had been coming to the conclusion that there was a new class of Soviet attack subs in the water.

The first clue was the mission reports being logged by dispirited U.S. sub drivers. Soviet boats in the North Atlantic and the Mediterranean were having remarkable success in eluding their American shadows. The scenario for each confrontation was disturbingly similar: The Russian boat would just sit as if daring the enemy to come and get him; then, once a boat accepted the challenge, the Soviets would outmaneuver her. The Soviet boats could not only dive deeper, but they could also sprint faster than anything the United States threw at them. Computer simulations at Norfolk were estimating that these Soviet boats were capable of running submerged at 48 miles an hour and their depth limits were 2,500 feet; American attack boats, including those still under construction, were designed to reach at most 35 miles an hour, at maximum operating depths of about 1,475 feet.

Also, there were the SOSUS reports. There was an entirely new noise under the sea—an extremely loud noise. One of the primary laws of submarine construction was that noise increases in geometric proportion to speed: the faster the boat, the greater the racket. ''The Russians would put the pedal to metal on a boat in the Barents Sea,'' a COMSUBLANT ASW expert recalled, ''and we'd get a Flash from a SOSUS station in Bermuda.'' ''It had to be something new.''

And now the Big Bird photographs confirmed it. The Russians had built a submarine with a new hull. This hull was snub-nosed, more bluntly shaped than the American boats' rounded lines. But even more significant than the hull's configuration was its metallurgy. An analysis of the infrared photographs of these new boats revealed the hull was made of titanium. Titanium is an extremely strong, yet low-density, highly corrosion-resistant metallic element. It had previously been used by military engineers in jet fighter designs; other military applications had seemed too expensive or farfetched. Yet it was these titanium hulls—a significant technological advancement—which made the Soviet Alfa class attack boats the fastest, deepest-diving submarines in the world.

At first, though, ASW tacticians were not overly concerned by the Alfas. The key strategic element in submarine warfare is stealth, not speed. It is the ability of a boat to sneak up on its target, rather than outrace it, that makes the nuclear submarine such a remarkable war machine. In fact, as initial reports from Office of Naval Intelligence analysts indicated, U.S. scientists had experimented with titanium hull metallurgy, but had rejected the technology after computer analysis demonstrated that the boats would be extremely noisy. The Soviet navy, naval analysts concluded, had commissioned a sub fleet that was fast enough to outmaneuver even the newest Mark 48 torpedoes.

but was of limited strategic value because its cavitation sounds echoed through the oceans like the sirens of ambulances shrieking through city streets.

Which meant the Soviet Union had wasted hundreds of millions of dollars in the design and commissioning of this new submarine.

Or—one intelligence analyst finally dared to say—it meant that Soviet naval tacticians no longer had to include acoustical detection as a factor in their strategic thinking. Soviet boats, despite the racket they made, could sneak past American SOSUS lines *because they knew precisely where these hydrophone nets were deployed.* Soviet Alfas would not have to creep up on tiptoes to shadow U.S. boomers *because the Soviet navy already knew where these boats were positioned and where they were proceeding.* If this analysis was correct, with the commissioning of the Alfas capable of dodging U.S. torpedoes, the Russian Navy's strategic advantage was complete: The Soviet Union could successfully initiate a first strike against the United States and survive retaliation to a greater extent than previously imaginable.

But this doomsday theory, naval analysts hurried to convince themselves, was based on an incredible hypothesis: U.S. naval secrets had been completely penetrated.

Which was impossible.

Or was it?

While officers of the Naval Intelligence Command in Suitland, Maryland, anxiously investigated these conflicting theories, intelligence agents in the star-shaped building in the woods outside Tëplyystan were exploring related concerns. They—in a much more specific way, of course—were also wondering what Johnny Walker was up to.

Ever since Warrant Officer Walker had announced that he had recruited another operative and that he was planning to retire from the Navy, Department 16 officers had been debating the implications of his message.

To some in the KGB, the obvious conclusion was that Walker had been turned. The FBI had caught him, and now planned to run him as a double. The new recruit was clearly an FBI agent who would feed Walker a steady flow of disinformation. Walker's planned retirement, this theory deduced, was further evidence that American counterintelligence agents were now running the operation: A civilian Walker would never have direct access to top secret material and, therefore, would be unable to double-cross his CI-2 squad controllers; or as the spooks, at home with convoluted plot lines, worked it out—it was insurance that their double could never be turned and then run as a triple agent. There was, these Department 16 officers argued, only one secure course of action—terminate the operation.

Another school of KGB thought, however, focused on the psychology of their star asset. What would be more logical, these agents argued, than Warrant Officer Walker's aggrandizing, even entrepreneurial gambit? What else would one expect from a capitalist spy? His leaving the Navy, these supporters argued, was only proof of his concern for security. Termination, this view held, would result in the unnecessary disruption of an operation that could help the Soviet Union win World War III.

In the end, the Department 16 debate was settled, as are so many operational analyses in intelligence bureaucracies throughout the world, by a compromise. The new policy would be communicated to Walker in a "Dear Friend" letter at his next drop. All the opposing KGB theorists could do in the meantime was await Walker's reaction.

And so as spy satellites focused their high-resolution cameras on Soviet submarines and KGB agents tried to second-guess their American counterparts, Johnny Walker, oblivious to the global speculations he was creating, remained doggedly active in Norfolk. He was busy proceeding with the next stages of his own, as he called it, "master plan."

On April 9, 1976, Johnny withdrew $18,000 in $50 bills from his safe-deposit box. The next day he met with Jerry Whitworth on *The Dirty Old Man*. Jerry had just completed his tour on Diego Garcia; he was on a seventy-day leave before his assignment to the USS *Constellation*. As the sailboat drifted through the Chesapeake Bay, Jerry gave his handler two Q-Tip boxes; each box contained Minox film cartridges packed one on top of the other like fingers in a fist. Johnny, in return, gave his agent two 8-by-10-inch manila envelopes. The envelopes held the money from his safe-deposit box: $2,000 for each of the past nine months of "dives." This payment, like the previous one, had not been authorized by his Soviet control. It was simply Johnny, the investor, planning for his future.

Two months later, on June 22, 1976, Johnny finalized another preliminary step toward the realization of his scheme. His divorce from Barbara became official. Citing "irreconcilable differences," the court decree ordered John Walker to pay $10,000 in cash to his wife, and $500-a-month child support for his three minor children; Barbara Walker was also granted her husband's share of the home on Old Ocean View Road, undeveloped property in Florida, and a leased 1976 Chevrolet Monte Carlo. Johnny signed the agreement, but then, always thinking, made Barb a separate offer—he would buy back the house and its furniture from her. Barb, who had enough of that haunted house, and enough of Norfolk, and enough of her husband, was glad to make the deal. She and the four kids would move in with her sister up in Maine. Perhaps, she hoped, the change would do everyone in the family some good; after all, Margaret had just had an abortion, while Cynthia was pregnant and not saying a word about marriage.

On the first Thursday in July, then, Johnny came over to the house to help Barbara pack up the Chevy, and also to get her to hand over the key. Except when he got there, the house was empty. Completely. Not a stick of furniture. Not a sheet. Not a towel. Not a bar of butter in the refrigerator. The night before Barbara and the four kids had taken everything from the house. Including the furniture Johnny had purchased. It was the family's last laugh at Johnny; and it was also their first conspiracy against him.

Little made Johnny more vengeful than inconvenience, but as he proceeded toward his ultimate goal he had no time for smaller plots. On July 31, after nearly twenty-one years in the Navy, Chief Warrant Officer Third Class John Anthony Walker, Jr., retired honorably from the Navy. He was thirty-nine years old and the holder of the Navy Commendation Medal, three Good Conduct ribbons, the National Defense Service Medal, and the Vietnam Service Medal. And he had loved the Navy even while he was betraying it.

He refused his retirement party, telling his friends, with unappreciated irony, that there was nothing to celebrate. Instead, he went home to the empty house on Old Ocean View Road. His only company was a bottle of his namesake. Johnny sat cross-legged on the hardwood living room floor in a house haunted, for this night at least, by a lifetime of memories. He would tug on the bottle, and scenes from a dozen ships in a dozen ports would tug on his mind. He was filled with an unanticipated and powerful sadness. For an entire melancholic night—a night when spy satellites orbited across the heavens and Alfa-class subs sprinted under the oceans at remarkable speeds—he was, he naively believed, alone with all his past lives, all his past secrets.

17

It was the goofiest come-on Roberta Puma had ever heard. Guys were always coming up with some kind of line, but this one won the prize. A business deal, he called it. Sure. A trip up to Maryland. A late-night drive through the woods. And then—surprise!—a quick jump on her bones when they get back to the motel. Leave it to Johnny Walker to work up a kooky ploy.

Of course she should have seen it coming. Ever since last spring when Roberta had taken the job as manager of the apartment house he had just purchased in Willoughby, there was no doubt that Johnny Walker was on the make. She knew the type: ex-Navy, ex-husband, and now ex-citing. God's gift to women. Some of these old-salt Casanovas a girl had to watch out for. But Johnny, he was nothing more than silly. An ass patter just waiting to be put in his place. Which was exactly what Roberta had done whenever he got out of line. And oh would he look cowed.

Still, you had to give Johnny Walker credit. That man could talk a blue streak. Always had a new gimmick, her boss did. Like the time over lunch when he launched into that weird game of twenty questions.

"Suppose," he had started in, "someone offered you some money. Would you be willing to spend a month in jail, say, for ten thousand dollars?"

Roberta shot him one of her give-me-a-break looks, but Johnny was not going to be reined in that easily.

"Well then suppose," he went on, "someone offered you fifty thousand. Would you be willing to spend two months in jail for that kind of money?"

Roberta didn't answer. What was the point? Johnny Walker was simply the strangest man she had ever met.

So Johnny kept at it; and since he was her boss and was buying lunch, Roberta let him.

Finally, when Johnny's eyes seemed near to glowing with a shifty sparkle and his voice was silky sweet and his smirk might just as well have been that of a man savoring a real indecent gulp of fantasy, Roberta decided this had gone far enough. He had just asked if she'd be willing to spend a year in jail for $500,000. And all of a sudden Roberta was truly uncomfortable.

"No," Roberta said, her tone packed with authority, "I wouldn't spend a weekend in jail for any amount of money. Any amount."

That settled things. Until today's goofy proposition. "A sleuth-type operation," Johnny called it. He told Roberta they'd drive up early Saturday morning to Maryland; she'd help him out with a hush-hush job he was conducting ("I can't really explain what it's about," Johnny apologized, but somehow managed to imply he had sworn this oath of confidentiality to at least the President); and she'd make a nice bit of money for her time. Naturally. And in the morning with his toupee on the nightstand, he'd be asking was it as good for you as it was for me.

Roberta told Johnny, who after all was paying her salary, she'd give the idea some thought. For about the next thousand years, say; but she kept that part to herself.

Except that night when she was entertaining one of her girlfriends with the details of her boss's Mission Impossible proposition, it started to take on dimensions of a real sidesplitter. Now she knew who Johnny reminded her of—Peter Sellers. As Inspector Clouseau. She could almost imagine Johnny Walker, the great detective, asking her to "come into my rhume." It was really, when she looked at it this way, too funny.

Her friend was cracking up, too. "You gotta go along with him," she urged Roberta. "It'll be worth it just to see how far the charade will go."

So the next day, keeping a straight face, Roberta told her boss she was available for his secret mission.

On April 4, 1977, a week before he had recruited Roberta for the "sleuth-type operation" in Maryland, Johnny was busy with another furtive assignment. For this role, he followed a separate, much more direct script; though, of course, it was simply one more act in the same grand plot he was living.

This scene opened in the den of his house on Old Ocean View Road. There was a new, larger desk to replace the one Barbara had dragged off to Maine. Johnny sat behind the desk in a leatherette swivel chair. Despite the jeans and Frye boots he had taken to wearing these days, Johnny read his lines as though he were an officer in dress whites; after twenty-one years in the Navy, he had, if nothing else, picked up the tone of command. Opposite him, sitting rigidly in a wooden ladder-back chair—Johnny chose his props as carefully as any stage manager—was his agent, Jerry Whitworth.

Life had been smiling on Jerry these days. It seemed he had the best of both of the double lives he was leading. Five months ago, he had been promoted to chief petty officer aboard the aircraft carrier *Constellation*. He was now "the fount of all wisdom"; if there was a question in the radio shack, the bottom line was "ask the chief." He enjoyed his new position for its power, and for its access.

Jerry was now awarded a top secret clearance. He was put in charge of the maintenance and operation of the carrier's satellite communications systems and its cryptographic machines. He was cleared for the world, and, therefore, had the world on a string. Since his return from Diego Garcia, he and his handler had had two previous meets, both in San Diego. He had given Johnny Q-Tip boxes crammed with film cartridges, and in return he had received a total of $16,000. Jerry had flown through the money: $1,017.71 for Chinese lamps and velour couches from Trend Furniture, $4,437 in cash at the Fun Bike Center for a BMW motorcycle, $900 for scuba equipment at New England Divers, $2,000 cash down for a red Fiat Spyder.

His annual Navy salary was $8,960. That year he spent $8,822.22. All in cash.

So there were trips through the mall. Madcap, screw-the-price shopping sprees. But best of all, Jerry, the loner, now had someone to impress with all his accumulations. Last April on the way back to San Diego from his meeting in Norfolk, the $8,000 he had received from Johnny still in his duffle bag, he had stopped off in North Dakota to visit with Brenda Reis.

Brenda was now twenty-one, a student at the University of North Dakota at Grand Forks. For the past year she had been writing to a lonely sailor, nineteen years her senior, living in the middle of the Indian Ocean on an island she had never previously known existed. It was an improbable courtship; and perhaps that in itself was the only clue to the mystery of its success.

''In many ways I envy you, Jerry. You have traveled so extensively, seen so much of this world and life, and have had time to do adventurous things,'' she wrote him.

Or she could be coy: ''I will feel much safer when I know how to defend myself; this campus has its share of sex-crazed males!''

Sometimes she was spiritual: ''Are you a Christian . . . ? Your answer will certainly have no influence on our relationship, I just want to know how and why you feel as you do.''

Other times, sentimental: ''In order to do all of that, you had to give up having a so-called 'home,' didn't you? Does it bother you that you don't have roots planted deep someplace, or do you?''

But, always, Brenda was solid: ''One more comment. You wrote, 'The thought has occurred to me that someday this correspondence with me could become an obstacle to you . . .' I thought you knew me better than that! Only society's materialistic people forget friends —remember, I'm not part of society and I consider your friendship as one to be highly valued.''

When Jerry, the newborn spy, arrived in North Dakota, he asked Brenda to marry him. They were married a week later in a wedding chapel in Las Vegas. The only witnesses were the chapel employees; their names were stamped on the license.

Jerry decided not to tell Johnny that Brenda was his wife. He thought his handler would be more impressed by his agent's shacking up with a twenty-one-year-old. Besides, he was quickly learning one of the essential rules of his new trade: Truth is capital; fiction, a much more convenient currency.

The meeting in Johnny's den moved quickly. Some handlers use gossip as cement, but Johnny, gauging his asset, ran a tight ship. The preliminaries were brief. Yes, Johnny lied, retirement was a blast. The wholesale car radio business he had started with his brother Art (who had put in his papers back in 1973) was taking off, which was another lie. And, yes, Johnny the new bachelor was getting all the action he could handle, which, oddly enough, was true. Then with the small talk out of the way, Johnny fell out of his smarmy Happy Hour voice and found the blunt, no-nonsense bark of a chief warrant officer. "Now let me see what you have," he ordered.

Jerry handed him the rolls of Minox film and then, familiar with the routine, immediately started into his report. He was a meticulous fieldman; the Navy had trained him well. He talked carefully, with knowledge and precision, about all the material he had collected since his last meet with Johnny. It was a long speech, but Johnny gave Jerry center stage for as long as he needed; a clever control learns the facts before trying them out. When Jerry finished, only then did Johnny's debriefing begin.

Johnny's, too, was a disciplined performance. Going slowly, scratching out notes with a ballpoint on a schoolboy's lined, three-hole paper, he went back over all the key lists and crypto machines in Jerry's command. Question after probing question.

Johnny, though he tried not to make too big a deal out of it in front of his agent, was pretty shook up by what he was hearing. There had been so many innovations since his days in the presatellite Navy. Like the KG-36 crypto machine Jerry had mentioned. That was a new one on Johnny. So, taking on the manner of an alert salesman quizzing a supplier about his new line, Johnny dutifully bombarded Jerry with a bundle of questions, and then wrote: "KG-36. Programmable Insert. Sat High Data Rate. (KL and picture of reader and access to TM)."

Q. Would you tell us what the notes refer to?

A. Mr. Whitworth was describing to me a little bit about how the equipment was set up.

> He's telling me that the key list is put into the equipment using a programmable insert and that the equipment worked on satellite with a high data rate.
>
> In parenthesis, Mr. Whitworth is saying to me that he has the "KL," which is the abbreviation for the key list and picture of the reader.
>
> The reader would be the item that the crypto would be set up into.
>
> And, lastly, "access to TM." "TM" means technical manual. And Mr. Whitworth was saying he had access to the technical manual.
>
> Q. And what was the significance of the fact that he had access to the technical manual . . . ?
>
> A. Well, the technical manual then went on the shopping list. I would talk to my contact about it and see if they wanted it. If so, Mr. Whitworth would photograph it.

When the debriefing was over, Johnny handed his friend $8,000 in $50 bills. And, one spy to another, he told Jerry things were going just great. The sort of quality product Jerry was coming up with would make the buyers jump up and applaud.

Which was a lie . . . and a prayer. The Russians still had not responded to Johnny's announcement of his new recruit. And that made things iffy at best. These days Johnny was going around thinking he saw a hulking Ivan waiting for him in every shadow. Some bonecrusher wanting to powwow about the new recruit. Or maybe wanting to do something more than talk. As for Jerry's new material, Johnny was certainly banking on that. He was only afraid he might have to use it to bargain for his life.

"This is mobile one, proceeding to accident scene." Roberta was speaking into the CB microphone in Johnny's car and was trying, with some difficulty, to be the perfect straight man. Though the six-packs she had been putting away all evening, she realized, might have something to do with the problem. Still, any way you sliced it, it had been a long, kooky day.

They had driven to Maryland that afternoon and first off Johnny had insisted they stop at the airport to rent a car. Next thing she knew, he took off in the rented Ford and told Roberta to take his car and tail him. That was kind of a lark, playing follow-that-car just like in the movies. It was only when she realized where Johnny was leading her that the game wore kind of thin—the Rockville Ramada Inn.

Soon as they pulled into the parking lot, she jumped out of the car and didn't waste any time letting Johnny Walker know he was fooling with the wrong girl. Boss or no boss, this was not the sort of "sleuth operation" she had in mind. Only she could have saved her breath. For once she didn't have to beat Johnny off with a stick. He was odd, sort of serious. As if he was really into the silly game he still insisted on playing.

He gave her a bunch of photographs of country roads and a set of instructions, "procedures," he called them, she was to follow to the letter. In fact, just to make sure she would have everything down pat, they were going to take a trial run. Right now, he ordered. So with Roberta driving and Johnny sitting next to her cradling the photographs, they headed off into the Maryland woods.

"This is it," Johnny said after a half hour's twisting drive. His arm was indicating a stand of trees hugging the dirt road up ahead. In the photograph on his lap an arrow shot from the word HERE and was aimed directly at the foot of a tall beech. The identical beech that Johnny was now pointing to. "This is where you look for the first 7-Up can."

But there's nothing there, Roberta corrected.

"Don't worry," he promised, "the can will be there tonight."

It really was the craziest thing, Roberta decided. But at least he was keeping his hands to himself. What was the harm of playing along with him?

And now tonight, the game had gotten even weirder. She was alone in the car (if you didn't count the six-packs she had brought along for the adventure). Johnny said he had to be "out in the field." Roberta figured that was another way of saying he was parked over a cold one in the Ramada Inn lounge. But what the hell, she had gone along this far. And not to make too big a deal about it, she was kind of curious to see how all this drama was going to end up.

Ten minutes later when she spotted the first 7-Up can precisely where it was supposed to be, she figured Johnny was going to an awful lot of trouble just to do a number on her, but she played along. "This is mobile one, proceeding to the accident scene,'' she announced into Johnny's CB.

She waited for a moment, nearly laughing out loud at how ridiculous all this would seem if anyone were watching; and, a chaser to her embarrassment, she treated herself to a slug of beer. When there was no return transmission, she followed the plan to ''proceed at normal speed'' to the location of the second can.

Wouldn't you know it, the damn 7-Up can was now there too. That Johnny Walker was too much. So, getting off on all the silliness, she obeyed the next procedure and returned to the Ramada Inn. Johnny had told her to wait by a pay phone in the lobby, and that was exactly what she did.

At midnight the phone rang. Roberta picked it up and listened as Inspector Clouseau informed her that she was to proceed at normal speed to the drop site and deliver the package.

Which had to be the dopiest line of hokum she had ever heard. But probably not any dopier, she imagined, than her 10-4ing the call and agreeing to drive once again into the pitch-black woods. She followed the route to the telephone pole Johnny had pointed out earlier that afternoon; and next, the model accomplice, she reached into the backseat and took out the package. It was a goddamn plastic garbage bag! You could see the trash in it, paper cups and everything. But, trying to pretend there was nothing unusual about leaving a bag of smelly trash by a telephone pole at 12:30 on a Sunday morning, that it was the sort of dream date every girl should have once in her life, she made the drop. What a horny fruitcake that Johnny was! There had to be easier ways to impress a girl. She was smiling all the way to the airport as she, obeying her nutty boss's final order, drove to the rendezvous site.

When she caught up with Johnny at the rent-a-car counter, he was still into his hotshot Mission Impossible routine. He was very grave, wanting to know if she had had any problems following the procedures, if the drop had gone down without complications. Roberta, who guessed that by now she had put away a keg of beer, was having fun. She was yes-sirring and no-sirring Johnny, making out like she hadn't caught on that this was nothing but a wacko's scam. It was really pretty funny.

And, just as she had been expecting all along, Johnny finally put on the moves. C'mon, Roberta, he began in that little boy's whine of his that he must have thought was kind of cute, what say we spend the night at the Ramada? It's been a bitch of a day. Why should we knock ourselves out by driving back tonight? Let's say we get a good night's sleep, eat a big breakfast, and then drive back in the morning.

And let's say, Roberta swiftly informed him in no uncertain terms, we don't. Five minutes later they were back on the interstate.

It was only now as they were heading toward Virginia that the thought crossed Roberta's mind that Johnny didn't put the moves on her until after he was assured the drop had been completed. Could he have really been taking all this seriously? Now, *that* was too weird even to think about.

When Johnny dropped Roberta off at her apartment, he gave her an envelope. "This is your share," he said. A polite escort, he then waited until she had disappeared inside the building before driving off.

Roberta didn't give the envelope too much thought. She washed up and changed into her nightgown. Then she got around to opening the envelope. Inside was $1,500. Roberta was stunned.

What was going on? Maybe it was one of her boss's tricks. Perhaps, she wondered, Johnny was testing her, trying to see if she was honest enough to volunteer that she had been overpaid. But then again, for all she knew it was just another of his attempts to impress her. Whatever it was, Roberta was certain she didn't like it. She telephoned Johnny right away.

"There must be some mistake," she said into the phone. And Johnny, for once, didn't put up too much of a fight. He quickly agreed to come by tomorrow and pick up most of the money. Roberta went to bed feeling she had outsmarted her boss once again.

Of course, there was no way for her to know that by the time she had spoken with Johnny, he was wrapped up in other, larger problems. He had just finished reading, and then rereading, the "Dear Friend" letter he had retrieved while Roberta was off on her own in the woods. The Russians were not pleased at all by the unauthorized recruitment of another agent. The time had come, the letter said, for a face-to-face meeting, the first in nearly a decade. Johnny was to travel to Casablanca to explain himself.

18

The smell was terrible. As soon as they got out of the big Monte Carlo, tired and bitching after two days on the road, the smell near about knocked them over. There was chicken crap, and hog slop, and horse manure all over the front yard, and the July sun had made it sharp and ripe. They were ready to get back in the car and keep on driving. Except there was no place for Barbara Walker and her four kids to go.

The end of the line was a farmhouse in Anson, a community along the Kennebec River just outside the mill town of Skowhegan, Maine. It was the Nelsons' farm, Barb's older sister, Annie, and her husband, Bob. Not that it was much of a farm; Bob was working these days as a logger; it was steady pay, and he had let the farm go its own way. The neglect was starting to show.

The arrival of Barb and her four kids swelled the crowd inside the farmhouse to eleven. It was a big house; it rambled willy-nilly across a flat stretch of dirt-brown land that had been cleared from the forest a couple of generations ago. Since it was an old place, and money had always been hard to come by, it wasn't too comfortable. The Nelsons hadn't gotten around to putting in a toilet till 1965, and there still wasn't a shower. There was a bathtub, but the well was a problem; once the tub was filled, everyone had to use the same water.

Hardscrabble, then, was one way of looking at it. Except coming from the brick house on Old Ocean View Road with its family room with the pool table and color TV, and the wood-paneled den, and the three bathrooms, the Walker kids were more direct. "White trash" was how Margaret saw it. It was about the only thing the kids could agree on.

Barb didn't much like the way things were working out, either. Anger and bitterness had once made running off to the woods of Maine seem like her last shot at salvation. She had figured a stretch of rugged country between her and that bastard Johnny Walker might give her some peace. And, of course, there was the secret. She was hoping, praying, she could escape from that too.

It just wasn't that easy. She was still paying the price. She was hiding out in these godforsaken woods at the end of America, and still the secret found her. That only made her feel double-crossed. Especially when she thought about Johnny living in their old house in Norfolk. Shacking up with someone new, if she knew her Johnny. Hell, the last she heard, he was even talking about buying his own plane. It wasn't fair, and most days she could work herself into a real vengeful state. But even in all her fury, the guilt wouldn't let up, staying close, cutting through her like sin.

Vodka was her best friend. She was miserable.

The kids found solace in pot. There was a lot of home-grown up in the backwoods, and it was dynamite grass. Mike, now fourteen, was a real head. The girls, too, were into smoke. They would meet in the woods at night and turn on. It was one of the ways they showed everyone that they were city kids, not hillbillies.

It wasn't the best way of making friends.

Sometimes, though, people got too friendly. The marriage of one of their Nelson relatives was on the skids, so this cousin moved back into the farmhouse. From the start, he had his eye on Laura who was nearly seventeen and had a way about her. As Laura tells it, he jumped her one night after everyone else had gone to bed. He was kissing, and pawing, and trying to climb all over her. And she couldn't stop thinking that he was filthy, and gross, and her cousin.

That just about settled it. So after nearly seven months in the farmhouse in Anson, they moved to a house in Skowhegan on French Street. It was real narrow, with matchbox-size rooms. It was also, if you asked Laura, "piss yellow ugly." The rent was $87 a month, which might not have been too bad if Johnny had been keeping up with his child support. But he wasn't. Food stamps helped out some, though.

Margaret never moved into the house on French Street. She had enough of Maine, and, instead, moved in with her uncle Frank and his family in Boston. She got a job in a department store, like her mother had almost twenty-five years ago. But this was only stopgap. Maggie had dreams of being a commercial artist, of someday working, perhaps, for an advertising agency. She was simply putting together a nest egg. The way she had it mapped out, she would move back to Norfolk and enroll in college. Take some business courses; that would give her an edge. By the year's end, she had done it, too.

Getting her life together, as Maggie called it, was a real obsession to her. After all the rough times she had put up with, she was very serious about wanting something more. She was a looker, with a redhead's shoot-first temper, and she was determined to do things her way. A lot of her hard-nosed attitude grew out of her not trusting anyone, for which she sure had her reasons. But even if you took the time to understand where she was coming from, she still could be quite a handful. Maggie was a girl packing a lot of anger.

There still were four of them in the little "piss yellow ugly" house. Cynthia, eighteen, had given birth to a son, Tommy. When she first arrived in Maine, she had written to his father in Norfolk. But the father never answered. The story she heard from one of her Virginia girlfriends was that he was denying the child was his, and anyway he had gone off and enlisted in the Marines. After Tommy was born, Cynthia wrote to the marine's parents. They answered. They wrote that the last they had heard, their son had gone AWOL. He also, Cynthia should know, wasn't really their son, but a foster child they had sort of adopted. And, though they didn't put too fine a point on it, they made it clear that an illegitimate grandson just wasn't their problem.

Which Cynthia decided was their loss. She was a watery-eyed, vaguely blond, rail-thin girl. A pale presence. She was so thin and colorless, in fact, that it was as if all fun itself had been boiled out of her. In her calm, matter-of-fact way, Cynthia moved through her life without any great expectations; that way she was never disappointed or surprised.

Since Cynthia and her son needed their own room, Mike and Laura had to double up. A blanket was strung between their beds as a gesture toward privacy. It worked out fine, though, because the two teenagers were real good friends. They hung out with a lot of the same crowd, went to the same parties, and, naturally, spent a lot of time getting high.

Laura was still into sex. She was sleeping around some, that never stopped, but these days she was having second thoughts. Making some guy just wasn't the be-all or end-all it once was. And that was confusing her.

All this running around didn't leave too much time for school. Laura was doing well at Skowhegan High. Only thing was, she wasn't showing up all that often. There was talk she wouldn't be able to graduate.

Mike, an eighth grader at the Skowhegan Area Junior High, wound up getting suspended. The way his principal, Royce Knowles, saw the problem, Mike ''was different.'' ''He didn't dress or behave as our kids did.'' The way Mike saw things, he was just a whole lot hipper than these backwoods hicks. He'd let his freak flag fly, and if they couldn't put up with it, that was their tough luck.

But it was Mike who, finally, was given the boot. He was transferred to an alternative tutorial program run by Marti Stevens out on her farm. Barb couldn't pay for the tutoring, so Mike had to feed Marti's thirty cows and clean out her barn. It didn't make him like his classes any better.

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Complaining about things, Barb came to realize, was like howling at the moon. It didn't get her nowhere. So, instead, she tried to take a giant step away from her misery and went looking for a job. The Dexter Shoe Company hired her. It was tough going: forty hours a week at the factory cementing outer soles. She'd come home bone-tired, glue splattered over her clothes, the high, sharp smell still strong in her nostrils, and all she could do was sack out on the couch until it was time to go off to work the next morning. Once while working on the line, exhaustion snuck up on her like a mugger and knocked her right out. She was unconscious for only a minute or so, but the experience left her shook. Still, a half hour later she was back cementing.

The good thing about the job was the pay. She brought home as much as $300 some weeks. It wasn't easy money, but it sure made life easier.

She used the money to get out of that tiny house. The baby's crying had become a real strain on all of them; so when they moved to the larger apartment on Maple Street it was as if they had escaped from something dangerous. Everyone was really very relieved.

But, looking back at things, what made the move something to be remembered was their new neighbor.

He was an Army recruiter.

That man had a mighty sensible way of looking at things, the way Laura figured it. Hang around Skowhegan, where was she going to wind up after graduation? Cementing shoes like her mother? Taking care of some fatherless baby like her sister? Or maybe she'd go around with a buzz all the time like her brother?

The way this neighbor kept on selling it, the Army was her ticket out of the boondocks. Her chance to make something out of her life.

Not that her father didn't have anything to do with the way her mind was starting to run. She had a picture of her dad in her room, and just looking at it used to give her a thrill. There was Johnny in his dress whites, cap square on his head, standing at attention. Everything was so clean, and precise, and razor-sharp. Everything her life was not. And so it became everything she wished for.

There was also something else. She wanted to please her father. Johnny had always been telling her that the military was a way to see the world, to live the good life. You could do a lot worse, he had lectured her, than doing a hitch in the armed services.

So on career day at school, just as she was finishing up her junior year, when her neighbor got up on the auditorium stage and gave his pitch for the Army, Laura decided then and there to sign up. There were a lot of tests and medical exams she had to go through first, she knew that. And getting her diploma next June was no foregone conclusion, what with all her cut classes. But her mind was made up: After graduation she was going to enlist in the Army. She had her heart set on becoming a radio officer.

A decision like that was too good to keep a secret, and Laura phoned her dad in Norfolk. ''I'm so happy you're doing something with your life,'' Johnny told her. ''I'm really happy you're going into the military.''

When she told him she planned to go into communications, Johnny was near to gushing with pleasure. Laura had never heard him like that before. It made her feel loved.

Before hanging up, Johnny repeated to Laura that he was very proud of her. He had to go out of town, but as soon as he got back, he'd call.

''Where you going?'' Laura asked.

''Nowhere special,'' said her father. ''Just a business trip.''

19

Johnny flew into Casablanca on a midmorning flight from Cairo and took an airport bus to town. It was an extremely bright, dusty August day, the high sun already drenching the city in sweat, and Johnny, adding to his misery, imagined surveillance teams following his every move into enemy territory. The fact that he was late, the fallback tonight was the best he could do, didn't help his mood any. It also wouldn't win him any points with the Russians. And that, he knew, could be dangerous.

Johnny had traveled across the world—the ticket in his pocket read Norfolk to New York to Tokyo to Hong Kong to Bangkok to Tehran to Cairo to Casablanca—and though finally at the end of his trail, he was still lugging a bundle of doubts about the purpose of this mission. The Russians, as moody as his ex-wife, had sent him such contradictory signals. First the note announcing they were on the warpath: You have violated procedures and you're hereby summoned to a face-to-face in Casablanca to explain yourself. Then, at his next drop, the ''Dear Friend'' letter was actually friendly: Whitworth's product was quality material, enclosed you'll find all his back pay, and we look forward to shooting the breeze with you in Casablanca.

That note had set Johnny, who was quite familiar with changes of heart as well as false promises, thinking. Either the Russians had come around to understanding the beauty of the network he was creating; or, the suspicious fools had set a honey trap: Shower him with money, feed him a line, do whatever it takes to lead Johnny Walker smiling and greedy into a dark alley in the Casbah. Where a Moscow Center hit squad will be waiting. One more American tourist killed for his traveler's checks wouldn't even rate a line in the *International Herald Trib.*

So that's why Johnny decided to take some insurance with him to Morocco. And that was why he was late. Though, it really wasn't his fault. The way Johnny looked at it, if you had to blame anyone, you might as well blame the U.S. Navy.

For two days, Johnny had waited in room 802 of the Hong Kong Holiday Inn. For two endless days he watched Kung Fu movies on the TV, ordered room service, and spent a lot of time looking at the view toward the harbor. He wouldn't leave. Whenever he got up from the bed and paced about the room, he could feel the money belt under his shirt rubbing against a tire of fat. The door was locked and bolted, but he wore the belt, as tight as a goddamn girdle, he ranted, at all times; he even slept with it under his pajama top. There was $8,000 inside the belt. The money was very important to Johnny. He planned to use it to buy the bargaining chip that could save his life in Casablanca. Except the seller had not shown. The seller was now two days late; and each hour's passing left a spy in a foreign land feel as if his future was drifting further and further away from home.

Then, on August 12, 1977, the house phone rang.

''Where the hell you been?'' Johnny barked. But before Jerry Whitworth could answer, Johnny instructed him to come right up.

Relax, Jerry told his control as Johnny closed and then locked room 802. The *Constellation* had engine problems outside of Subic Bay; we just anchored in Hong Kong this morning. But Johnny didn't relax until Jerry, sitting on the bed opposite him, had finished his report on the product he had collected over the past four months. Only then, the Q-Tip boxes crammed with Minox film cartridges scattered across the bedspread, did Johnny come around to believing that the two days killed in a Hong Kong Holiday Inn had been time well spent.

It was quite a haul. Jerry had photographed tech manuals for the KW-7 and the KWR-37 cipher machines, months worth of key lists for these machines, and a foot-high stack of classified message traffic.

But the real gold was the information on two new, experimental systems. The first was the KY-8. This new version of a standard Navy crypto machine tied battle group commanders at sea directly to Norfolk flag country or even the Situation Room in the White House. It was ultrasecure, a voice link to be used in wartime operations; and Jerry Whitworth had photographed a TECHIN diagraming the system. The KY-8 might just as well have been a party line.

The other twenty-four-karat find—and Johnny's jackpot bargaining chip—was the details of a top secret research project being conducted on the *Constellation.* The project involved establishing a new, intricate frequency pattern for broadcast communications from ships at sea. These lower-wattage transmissions were designed to prevent the Soviets from vectoring in on the locations of American vessels. Petty Officer Whitworth was deeply involved in the project; and now it was only a matter of time until the Soviet navy was too.

When the debriefing was finished, Johnny grew confident. Jerry—his discovery! his trainee!—was a master thief. The Russians would serenade Johnny with a thousand balalaikas, toast him with cases of vodka. In this euphoric mood, the fact that he was sitting in a Holiday Inn in Hong Kong on the very day he had an appointment in Casablanca did not seem too troublesome. He could make the fallback in plenty of time. In fact, now that he thought about it, there was enough time to make a little detour. He remembered from his last WESTPAC cruise a girl in Bangkok who had long, straight black hair that reached to her waist. He remembered how she rocked on his lap, dainty, light as a feather. And he remembered what she did with her hair. That settled it. Johnny booked a night flight to Thailand. The fallback was days away; not to worry. Besides, all work and no play would make Johnny a dull spy.

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The taxi driver told him there must be some mistake. It was nine days later, Johnny's first night in Casablanca. He was sitting in the backseat of a cab in front of his hotel, and he had just given the driver an address that had been left for him six months ago in the Maryland woods. But the driver, despite the rough time he was having with English, was emphatically telling Johnny it was a mistake. You not want to go there, mister, the driver insisted. It not good for foreigners. Not safe at night.

To Johnny, an agent on his own behind the lines, the warning loomed like a promise. Suddenly all his doubts hardened into terror. His "insurance," the golden bargaining chips of Minox film clanking in an envelope in his pocket, abruptly felt like little more than loose change. Hong Kong, Bangkok—those sort of confidences and good times were scenes from another life. Tonight, in an instant, Johnny was petrified.

But, he also knew, there was nowhere to run. An alley in Casablanca, an alley in Norfolk. A bullet is a bullet. After a moment he told the driver there was no mistake. He repeated the address.

The meet was to be played by Moscow Rules; the KGB had set the tradecraft in the last "Dear Friend" letter. Johnny left the cab, the driver shaking his head grimly, at a dark street corner whose name he instantly forgot. He continued on foot, as ordered, along a route that led him through a maze of narrow streets. He walked, he estimated, at least a half-mile; and for the entire distance he was certain pavement artists echoed his footsteps, watchers eyed him from parked cars, and hit men targeted him in their sights. A bit of body talk, a magazine, was clutched in his left hand.

The recognition signals, word code, had also been established six months ago. "Excuse me, didn't I meet you in Berlin in 1976?" was the opening. Johnny's response: "No, I was in Norfolk, Virginia, during that hectic year."

But on this August night, the Department 16 handler, as nervous as his agent, ripped up the script. Eagerly he called out from the darkness, "Welcome, friend. We have been worried about you."

But not as worried as I've been, Johnny felt like saying.

His glasses were fake. That was the first thing Johnny noticed. And he thought: a real nifty disguise. If that was the best the KGB could come up with, maybe there was reason for everyone to worry. But once the Department 16 agent started talking, Johnny became a little more impressed.

He was bigger than Johnny, nearly six feet, and had a spy's face—pleasant, the kind that gets lost easily in a crowd. His English was accented, but it came out effortlessly; he didn't speak in cumbersome, literal translations of Russian sentences. Best of all from Johnny, the salesman's, vantage point, the Russian was knowledgeable about communications. This Ivan, Johnny was certain after throwing him a few leads, had been in a radio room or two. He'd know gold.

But just as Johnny was beginning to lead the Russian through his sales pitch, the KGB man cut him short. "Do you have something?" he demanded.

Johnny did not hesitate. He gave the Russian an envelope containing the Minox cartridges he had collected from Jerry. He waited for the Russian to hand him his payment; it should be about $30,000, Johnny guessed. Instead, the agent, clutching Johnny's envelope to his side as if it were a holster, started to walk off. There was nothing Johnny could do but follow. And as they walked, a man with fake glasses and a man with fake hair taking a late-night stroll through the near-empty back streets of Casablanca, they talked, naturally enough, spy talk.

"Why were you late?" the Russian pressed.

All day Johnny had been debating how he would deal with this question. Yet when the moment came, all the master inventor could think of was the truth.

Look, he argued, though not too desperately, he hoped, the delay was worth it. What would have been the point of coming all the way to Casablanca without first stopping off to pick up a shipment in Hong Kong? It wasn't his fault the *Constellation* had engine problems.

The Russian, however, threw a fat hand through the night as if literally to brush aside this explanation; he had no interest in discussing mechanics. Rather, he came to a halt; and, fixing a face as stern as any worn by the ruler-waving nuns at St. Patrick's back in Scranton, he got to the heart of the matter. He began to reprimand Johnny for recruiting Jerry Whitworth.

It was only then that Johnny realized that he was home free. There wasn't going to be a bullet in the back. There wasn't going to be an end to all the fun and games. There was just going to be a dressing down from Ivan Four-Eyes. After eight years with the sisters and another twenty-one in the Navy, Four-Eyes couldn't lay a glove on him. So Johnny, newly confident, adopted one of his favorite roles: He came out fighting.

"The setup is perfect," he said, cutting the Department 16 officer off without an apology. "I know Jerry. I know what I'm doing."

By the time Johnny had finished his barrage, the Russian was retreating, and Johnny felt like a champion.

"Please do not do it again. Consult us first. Please," asked the Russian a little helplessly.

Johnny didn't argue. Neither did he make any promises he didn't intend to keep.

The stroll continued, and the talk turned to security. The Russian, putting on his nun's face again, began a catechism Johnny had been hearing from the KGB for the past nine years: If it's not safe, don't do it; watch how you spend your money; don't buy anything flashy; use safe-deposit boxes, not bank accounts; and, once again, the KGB Golden Rule—don't take chances.

Johnny had mastered all these lessons long ago. It was not only insulting, he felt, but it was also a waste of time. Here he was in Casablanca with a genuine Russian agent and they were feeding him grade-school stuff. He wanted something sexier, real spook tradecraft straight from Moscow Center. So, one professional to another, he asked Ivan Four-Eyes, Isn't there something I could read to learn about surveillance techniques. A KGB manual or something?

The Russian considered the request for a moment. And then, as if confiding a state secret, he told Johnny Walker, There is something I can suggest. It gives a very good description of how to tail someone.

. . . Yes? begged Johnny.

Finally, the KGB operative broke down and told him: It is a book. *The French Connection*. By Robin Moore. It's even in paperback, I think.

Johnny didn't laugh. But he no longer wondered where the KGB had picked up their phony-glasses disguise trick: There must be a pile of Superman comics in Moscow Center, too.

The conversation had continued for nearly an hour when the KGB man, as though determined to give a dutiful five minutes to every topic on his prearranged list, began an attempt at exploring the heart and mind of his companion. ''Are you a Communist?'' he asked.

Johnny tried to look insulted. He stared hard and said nothing. It was a question that did not deserve an answer.

Ivan Four-Eyes, though, would not be deterred. He went on about all that Johnny was contributing to the Russian people, to the cause of socialism.

Johnny nodded; it was a gesture meant to signal, Say what you got to say, Ivan, but don't expect me to buy it.

So Ivan, a flexible control, tried out another bit of KGB logic: It's people like you who are helping the cause of world peace. As long as the superpowers are able to keep track of each other's military machines, world peace can be preserved. You are a world patriot.

A world patriot! Now that was a lie Johnny would gladly live with. Thank you, he told the Russian, as pleased as any emperor with a new set of clothes.

After the money was exchanged—$30,000 in $50 bills can be stuffed into a package about as big as a lunch box, Johnny learned—there remained only one last order of business on the Russian's agenda. A final surprise.

From this evening on, the Department 16 case man, putting on his official voice, announced, we want to conduct meets abroad on a regular basis. Now that you are retired, you are free to travel?

Sure, said Johnny who had just been paid $30,000 for having the adventure of his life.

Good, said his handler. Is there any country you would prefer?

Johnny's mind started previewing possibilities, but all his ideas quickly funneled down to one very important bottom line: You'll pay all my travel expenses? Including what it costs me to meet with Whitworth?

Of course.

Johnny, then, could be equally generous: Anywhere in the world you want, I'll be there.

Well, suggested the Russian, would you like India?

India? For Christ sake, why do you want to meet there?

Fine, the Russian decided in an instant. We will meet in Vienna.

As if to seal the bargain, he promptly handed Johnny an envelope. Inside were two pages of handwritten instructions for a January face-to-face in Vienna. The document was titled "The Vienna Procedure." Did he have, Johnny wondered, another envelope in his pocket with "The New Delhi Procedure"? It was a question Johnny never asked.

A moment later, the two spies parted. Johnny, always careful, glanced over his shoulder and saw his new friend, Ivan Four-Eyes, offer an oddly affectionate wave before he disappeared into the Moroccan night. Then Johnny, as self-satisfied as only a man who has won himself a future full of riches and excitement can be, walked a bit before finding a taxi to take him back to his hotel.

A decade had to pass before a more fitting parting scene would be suggested to Johnny. Would have thought, said the wag, that someone with your sense of the dramatic, Mr. Walker, would have turned to the KGB man and vowed, "I think this could be the beginning of a beautiful friendship." Then the two of you, arm in arm, could have waltzed off into a foggy Casablanca night.

That really cracked Johnny up, especially since laughs these days were hard to come by. He liked this rewrite so much, in fact, that the next time he gave an account of the Moroccan meet he included a final scene exactly as had been suggested. Which was just Johnny's way of playing along; or, then again, he might have convinced himself that it really had happened that way.

There was, however, good reason for Johnny's parting from the KGB man to have been a pretty rushed business. Johnny had someone waiting for him in his hotel room. That afternoon Pat Marsee had flown in from Norfolk. Johnny had bought her ticket. She was thirty-five years old and was in charge of curriculum preparation at the Armed Forces Staff College. She was cleared for handling "Secret" and "Confidential" documents. And she believed that Johnny Walker was an international businessman and that he loved her.

20

In the months that followed his trip to Morocco, Johnny, the brilliant manipulator of the Great Game, began to transform his network into an international organization. All his previous doubts and suspicions were, typically Johnny, yesterday's small concerns; today he was in spy heaven, the KGB's star agent. Of course, he still held on to a few fears—that man behind him in the bank line; was his the same polished pink face that had followed him into McDonald's this morning? the couple going at it in the Mustang parked on Old Ocean View Road; were they simply two kids who didn't want to say good night?—but these were small, occasional throbs. And when these jitters snuck up on him, Johnny, never consistent, often welcomed them: They were part of the drama, the rush, that made the game his life had become worth playing.

On the calendar Johnny kept in his den, the calendar where "Dent" meant his teeth were due for a cleaning and "Oil" was a reminder that the van was due for six new quarts, the box for January 21, 1978, had a more cryptic notation: "F/F-1." Johnny carefully penciled in this reminder as soon as he had returned to Norfolk. It meant: face-to-face meeting with the KGB in Vienna. It was four months off, and there was so much to arrange.

His operative had to be notified. A letter to Jerry c/o USS *Constellation,* Pacific Fleet, made the most sense. Have you still been collecting souvenirs? Johnny wrote. Would love to see them as soon as possible.

Jerry, a hard worker, had a bundle, but the problem was he was off in the Pacific while Johnny was in Virginia. What about meeting on Thanksgiving in San Diego? Jerry replied. Fly out for some turkey and I'll throw in a peek at my souvenirs.

So two months later, after Jerry had carved the bird, and Johnny had put away a pile of dark meat, a drumstick, a mountain of stuffing, and two slices of Brenda's homemade pumpkin pie, the two friends went for a ride. They drove toward the beach. It was Johnny's idea to conduct their meeting in Jerry's Fiat; houses, the master spy explained, were a cinch to bug. Jerry, the skinny apprentice still hungry for a bit of tradecraft, happily devoured this tidbit. He drove to a roundabout where they could park the car and stare out at the Pacific. Sunset came, and it was a beautiful spot for a debriefing.

> Q. Did you receive anything from Mr. Whitworth in San Diego in November of 1977?
>
> A. Yes, sir. Normal exchange. I received some cryptographic and other materials.

Two days later, Johnny was back in Norfolk. He was a very active spy. He strung red, yellow, and green Christmas lights along the eaves of his house; argued with some long-haired weirdo hawking Christmas trees for at least twenty minutes before convincing the kid to knock his price down; lugged the tree home in the back of his van and set it up, lights and all, in the family room; went Christmas shopping for his mom and James still in Scranton, and Art living across town; stopped in every other day or so at the apartment house he owned; decided to screw Art's advice, and expanded Walker Enterprises so that it now sold retail as well as wholesale car radios; spent a night locked in his den writing a "Dear Friend" letter itemizing Jerry's Thanksgiving shipment; and found a travel agent to book tickets for his Viennese holiday next month.

It was in the midst of this hectic season that Laura called from Maine with a problem: She had cut too many classes; it didn't look like she was going to graduate in June. And no diploma, she reminded her father, meant her preenlistment agreement with the Army was out the window too. She could forget about a posting in communications.

How can I help? her dad quickly volunteered.

Well, Laura explained, pretty certain that this was going to get her nowhere, there is one thing. I can enroll in a correspondence school to make up the credits I'm missing. It'll be a lot of work, but I'll get my diploma in June.

Terrific, Johnny rejoiced.

He sounded so genuinely pleased that Laura was even able to dare to tell her father the reason she had called in the first place: The thing is, Dad, these correspondence courses are expensive. They want a hundred dollars.

I'll send a money order off today, Johnny said without even waiting for her to ask.

And the next day when it arrived in Maine, Laura felt like the luckiest girl in the world: Her father loved her so very much.

Johnny was convinced the whole operation was going to go up in smoke over an order of pancakes. He was furious. But all he could do was sit there in this fleabag hotel dining room and curse the goddamn KGB. The cheap sons of bitches! None of this was his fault. How the hell was he supposed to know a stack of pancakes could cause such a crazy fuss?

Things had started falling apart not long after Johnny arrived at Schwechat Airport on the morning of January 20, 1978. He hurried through passport control (when the immigration officer asked, "Business or pleasure, sir?" Johnny truthfully boasted, "Both"), swore that he had nothing to declare (except, under his shirts, an envelope stuffed with Minox C cartridges), and headed out of the terminal searching for the bus that would take him into Vienna.

That was his first mistake. Austria was freezing. He had on his J. C. Penney car coat and a pair of jeans: Norfolk winter clothes. He didn't own a scarf or a pair of gloves, and these days he wasn't partial to hats—they messed up his rug. It never occurred to him that Vienna in January could be a bone chiller. But now he felt the icy wind whipping right through him, and it didn't help his mood, always a bit on edge before a meet, one bit.

Still, as instructed, he took a drafty bus—the goddamn heater must be on the blink to boot, he decided—to the center of town and then hailed a taxi. He gave the driver the address of the hotel the KGB had chosen and settled into a corner of the cab; it was good tradecraft never to give the watchers too clear a target.

He had been scrunched on a plane—Soviet agents, he had been told, do not fly first class; or at least not at Moscow Center's expense—since 3:20 yesterday afternoon, and now he was glad to be heading to his hotel. He had his day all planned: Have room service send up a burger. Cuddle up in a nice warm bed. Put in some serious rack time. And then, a bright-eyed and bushy-tailed spy, he'd give the Vienna Procedure a dress rehearsal run; work out all the kinks before show-time tomorrow.

So much for plans. As soon as he got to the hotel, Johnny, full of rising fury, chucked even his modest hopes. The place was a dump. More a boardinghouse than a hotel. One quick look and he knew he could cross off any ideas about room service; he'd be lucky if he could get them to change the sheets. But what really had him going was that nobody in the whole place spoke English. No one knew what he was talking about.

Checking in became an international incident. The guy at the reception desk, his face locked in a loony smile, kept repeating, "Dank you, dank you, mein Herr." But he obviously hadn't the slightest idea what Johnny was attempting to explain. Guests were summoned to consult. It was a madhouse of Pidgin English and sign language. Johnny, dumbfounded, just fumed. The tiny reception hall was filled with what seemed like a dozen voices blabbering in some thick guttural language that had to be Austrian or German or whatever the hell they spoke in this part of the world. All Johnny could do was stand there; yet all the time he was certain the natives were busy asking each other what Herr Valker was doing in this flophouse and not the Hilton like a genuine American businessman. Finally—it seemed like years—a boy who had to be playing hooky from grade school showed Johnny to his room. He was led into an ice-cold closet painted a cheery battleship gray. Johnny figured it was the secret agent suite. So much for plans. And so much for cover.

The next morning, though, after a frosty, but good night's sleep, Johnny was once more the gung-ho agent. He hurried downstairs, his heart set on a big breakfast.

There was a dining room of sorts, and whitish cloths were covering the tables. That was encouraging. A heavyset woman brought over a brief, typed menu that Johnny didn't have the least hope of understanding. He just tossed it aside, and, full of good cheer as he headed into his big day, ordered coffee, black, and a stack of pancakes.

The waitress smiled knowingly and disappeared. Minutes later she returned with a cup of coffee bubbling with steamed milk and a piece of pastry.

No, Johnny corrected her, shaking his head a couple of times so she'd get the point. A bl-ack cof-fee and pan-cakes, he repeated. He emphasized each syllable thinking that might clear up the confusion.

The smiling waitress returned this time with a cup of coffee floating with whipped cream like a goddamn ice-cream soda and a slice of chocolate layer cake resting on a doily.

And that's when Johnny lost it. Or, at least it seemed that way to him at that tense time. He began barking at all the numbskulls in this poor excuse for a hotel, tearing into the silly waitress, and repeating in a voice that was much too loud for cover, ''Pancakes, goddamn it. I wanted pancakes.'' Then he stormed out of the dining room leaving behind a very confused waitress; and for some unknown reason, the guy with the loony grin from the reception desk trailed after him repeating, Johnny swore, ''Dank you, mein Herr. Dank you.'' While all the time Johnny was thinking, I've blown it now. The CIA should be pulling up to the door in a minute.

But the CIA didn't come. Instead, Johnny, hungry, sulked in his room till lunch. Then he went out and found a café where he managed to have a sandwich and a Coca-Cola without incident.

It had started snowing, softly at first, early that afternoon and by the time Johnny was preparing to leave the hotel for his meet, the snow was coming down in flurries. Johnny considered waiting till the fallback, two days off. But the prospect of being holed up in his closet of a room left him colder than the weather. With the Vienna Procedure in his pocket and his car coat collar turned up, he went out into the storm.

At 18:15 p.m. . . . walk from Schönbrunn Palace and Park Grounds on Schönbrunner Schlosstrasse and its continuation Schönbrunner Strasse to Ruckergasse . . . Johnny, punctual to the minute despite the weather, followed the KGB route exactly. The palace with its pale yellow facade, rows of deep green shutters, and its roof packed with fresh white snow seemed something out of a happy child's coloring book. He hurried by the main entrance, two tall obelisks crowned with eagles standing guard; the gilded birds were dusted with snow. . . . *stop at the window of the "Komet Küchen" store* . . . Which Johnny did. He also tried searching the reflection in the store window, but a fat lot of good that did him; all that was mirrored was a dense screen of white. Still, the moment's pause allowed a thought to jump into his head: The signal for a crash meet in the United States was a white chalk line drawn on the wall of the Kitchen Korner store on Walter Reed Drive. A coincidence; or were kitchen stores with alliterative names standard KGB handwriting? . . . *for easy identification, please carry your camera bag on your left shoulder and hold a small paper bag in your hand* . . . But who the hell was going to make out these safety signals in a blizzard, Johnny cursed . . . *You'll see a Stadtbahn Station* . . . And there it was, ominously empty on a stormy night like this . . . *Cross it when reaching this intersection. Turn around and walk back one block on Meidunger Hauptstrasse, then left and one block on Neiderhof Strasse, right and one block on Viventogasse, right and one block on Reschgasse to Meidunger Hauptstrasse* . . . And why don't you have me do cartwheels, too, while you're at it? Johnny fumed. His toes, he was certain, were near to freezing and his toupee was wet with snow . . . *At 18:55 p.m. stop at the men's apparel store "Bazala Internationale Kleidung"* . . . Johnny arrived there to the minute and discovered, to his joy, that the store was in an arcade . . . *Browse around its window displays inside short passages in the corner section of this building from 18:55 to 18:58 p.m.* . . . That was two minutes longer than Johnny generally spent looking at clothes, but at least his toes were starting to thaw . . . *You'll be contacted at the "Bazala" store or somewhere on your* *route* . . . And, as promised, while Johnny tried to look interested in what the well-dressed Austrian man was wearing these days, a familiar voice called from the darkness, "Greetings, friend."

It was Ivan Four-Eyes, the KGB man from Morocco.

"Have you something?"

Johnny handed over the cartridges of film he had picked up from Jerry at Thanksgiving.

"You will wait," Ivan ordered.

So Johnny, stomping his feet to keep warm, his hands deep in his pockets, waited in the breezy arcade. Ten cold minutes passed. Worse, when the Russian returned—without the package, Johnny observed—he wanted to go for a stroll. Like Casablanca, he explained. Except it was 900 degrees in Casablanca, Johnny wanted to scream. There wasn't a goddamn blizzard raging like tonight. But, the obedient asset, he said nothing. For the next forty minutes he walked, talked, and shivered.

The Department 16 control had many questions about Jerry. He wanted to know about his personal life: Does he drink? Use drugs? Is he happily married? Is he a homosexual? Johnny quickly invented answers he hoped would reassure the KGB. The way Johnny told it, his agent was brave, loyal, courageous, and true . . . he just happened to be a traitor in addition to all that.

Ivan listened; and perhaps he believed all he heard, or perhaps he simply decided to move on to his next series of questions. Tell me about Jerry's tradecraft, he asked. Where does he take the photographs? What precautions does he take? Why is his access so good?

Here Johnny, the fieldman who had worked a similar source for years, didn't need to lie. He described how radio rooms on board ship were designed. A chief petty officer and a CMS custodian doesn't have to answer to anyone, he explained. He can walk into the crypto vault anytime he wants. The keys to all the military secrets in the world are his for the taking.

The Russian seemed to agree. He told Johnny they were having no trouble decoding naval communications. Actually, he corrected himself, almost no trouble. KWR-37 messages were not "breaking." Could Johnny think of any reason why this should be?

Johnny, who took pride in doing his job well, considered this for a moment, but couldn't come up with an explanation. I'll ask Jerry, he suggested.

Suddenly Ivan got all official. No, you will not ask Whitworth. We do not want to discourage him. You are not to tell him we are having problems with any system. Understand?

Sure, said Johnny, though he felt a little wounded. After all, he was just trying to help.

The flurries began to taper off. The streets were empty. The two spies' footsteps were soft, almost soundless, cushioned by the fresh-fallen snow. The rooftops were etched in white. The night was intensely still. Ivan Four-Eyes gave the same lecture he had in Casablanca about not taking risks or spending money lavishly. Johnny nodded, trying not to look too indifferent. The Russian next trotted out his line that Johnny was a "world patriot." Again Johnny tried to show a bit of enthusiasm, but after shivering in the cold for nearly two hours he no longer cared much about saving the world; he just wanted to get warm. Then, at last, the Russian handed Johnny a package stuffed with $50 bills and the instructions for their next meet.

Vienna in July. Is that all right with you? he asked Johnny.

Johnny said that was fine. He did, however, have one request. He refused to stay in the same hotel the KGB had booked him into for this meet. Let them pay for a Hilton or a Holiday Inn. Some place that knows how to treat Americans. Some place where I won't stick out like a foreign agent.

Ivan said he would see what he could do.

Precisely how Johnny's request was reviewed is a secret still buried deep in the files of Moscow Center's espionage bureaucracy. But an incident that occurred on the very day—January 24, 1978—that Johnny returned to Norfolk perhaps had some influence on its disposition. It was on that day that the COSMOS 954, one of the Soviet Union's nuclear-powered radar ocean surveillance satellites, malfunctioned. The multimillion-dollar satellite fell to earth over Canada, spreading a wide cloud of radioactive debris with its descent. The Russians were embarrassed; the Canadians were furious; and Soviet naval intelligence had lost a valuable source of monitoring the U.S. fleet.

Against this costly disaster, the extravagance of a four-star hotel, a place where a spy could have his pancakes, might have seemed a small price for even the normally stingy Moscow Center bankers to pay. Especially if they considered the scope of naval intelligence this agent was providing.

That March at a drop outside Washington, Johnny received a ''Dear Friend'' letter informing him that he was welcome to stay at the Vienna Hilton. The KGB would pick up the tab.

21

Still, one thing was missing from Johnny's world. Its absence was as painful as an unreturned love. Which, when he thought about it some, seemed to sum up the problem pretty neatly: There he was an actor on a secret stage throwing his heart into the performance of a lifetime; only, there was no audience—unless you counted the KGB; and Johnny didn't count them at all—to stand up and cheeer. Johnny needed to hear the sound of applause. To walk into one of his favorite watering holes, The Lone Pine Inn, say, and feel the admiring gazes and hear the envious whispers that his entrance created—that's what was missing in Johnny's life.

To make matters worse, Johnny had few illusions about the figure he was cutting to his Happy Hour buddies: The old salt put into dry dock; let him buy you a drink and he'll flood you with tales of submariner glory. Hell, even Johnny was getting seasick of these same old stories; and the depressing truth that he hadn't set foot on a boomer since 1967—eleven years ago, and on another planet—didn't bring him any cheer, either. All that people saw, Johnny brooded, was a middle-aged hustler trying to make a buck pedaling car radios. *Car* *radios?* That was some way for a secret agent to earn his living. And an awful job got shabbier when, after the IRS posted $31,000 worth of liens on the door, there was no way Johnny could continue to dust off the usual lies and brag that he was working a gold mine.

Even Jerry Whitworth—who was just a legman when you came right down to it—knew something was missing. At the last exchange in San Diego, Jerry began whimpering, "Doesn't it bother you that we'll both probably die without anybody knowing how good we were?" Johnny felt like shouting, "Bother me? It breaks my heart. And by the way—what's this 'we'? This is my network." But he kept his thoughts to himself; a shrewd handler reveals little to his asset.

No, Johnny decided, he needed something that would give his public life the same sort of star quality that made him glow so brightly to a secret few. He needed, he realized with full understanding of his dilemma, a lie that was an equal to the truth.

There was also something else Johnny needed. He required an explanation for the high life he was living on a warrant officer's pension. Thirteen thousand a year didn't get you sailboats, a plane, a van, land in the Bahamas, an eight-room Colonial, and still leave enough left over to buy the next round for the house. Especially when your only other source of income, Walker Enterprises, was going belly up. How much vague talk of "clever investments" and "killings in the silver market" could he get away with?

Not to mention all the trips he was always taking. Oh, Johnny worked up some story about a pinball machine business he owned with a partner on the Coast—even Johnny was amazed when that piece of nonsense popped magically into his head—and that helped to explain his trips to San Diego. A bit. But all his trips to Europe? The Far East? North Africa? Oh, I was just off selling a few car radios in Casablanca. Johnny, who never had any problems with any lie, knew he'd have a rough time with that one.

What Johnny needed, then, was a pretext story that made sense. Or, as they say in the trade, a good cover.

Good cover, field agents are taught, is a lie that runs pretty close to the truth, yet is flexible enough to be stretched over a multitude of fictions. But for Johnny, whose requirements were always something more, cover had to be not just a rationale, but also a calling. He wanted an explanation for all the mysteries of his life; and even more urgently, he wanted a role where he could take a bow or two. Once again he wished to be chief warrant officer, to lead James and Joey Long on hikes through the hills of Scranton, and to make Art see that his little brother was sitting on top of the world.

That would be good cover. Leave it to Johnny Walker to find the perfect cover. One that solved all his problems.

In the winter of 1978 Johnny applied for a job with Wackenhut Security in Norfolk. He had decided to become a private investigator.

Phil Prince, Wackenhut's director of investigation, conducted the interview. He took to Johnny straight off. Phil had put in twenty-two years with the Marines, won a battlefield commission in 'Nam, was wounded three times, and had received the Silver Star. Johnny Walker was a 4.0 sailor for twenty-one years, had top secret clearance, and had served on nuclear subs and as a naval intelligence courier in Saigon. What was there not to like? They were two old Navy boys, and Norfolk was a Navy town. He hired Johnny on the spot.

Before starting work, though, Johnny had to get his private detective's license. He enrolled in a course at Thomas Nelson Junior College, and that was kind of a lark. The way Johnny looked at it, it was like, say, Merle Haggard—who was far and away the wisest man Johnny could imagine—having to take songwriting lessons.

Still, the course did have something going for it: Johnny Walker, PI, had no trouble getting a pistol permit.

He chose a .38 Smith & Wesson. "It ain't the biggest gun, but if you know what you're doing," he explained to the Attitude Adjustment crowd at The Lone Pine, "it'll get the job done." He wore it in a waist holster, butt out. Seemed like he never took it off. There he'd be shooting the breeze with some square in white loafers and a matching white belt and ever so casually, Johnny'd let his jacket sort of slip open just enough for white shoes to get a peek at his .38. Would that loser's eyes pop! Cracked Johnny up every time.

• • •

Once he started at Wackenhut, Johnny, never one to do things halfway, put in a lot of time. He took all kinds of cases—he tracked runaways, cornered cheating husbands, searched for missing heirs. But out of all the work that came his way, one type of case became his specialty—workmen's compensation claims.

It was a real charge, Johnny told his PI pals, to go one-on-one against some schemer who thought he had what it takes to mastermind an insurance rip-off. These jokers would claim all kinds of illnesses, invent the flimsiest of injuries—all to make a buck. They'd get away with it, too. They'd be laughing at the dumb-ass insurance companies all the way to the bank. Until Johnny came along.

Sure, the phonies were smart. Only Johnny Walker was smarter.

The flashy plots Johnny would launch to trap his archenemies! He had a closet full of disguises, a file full of scripts.

There was The Cowgirl Gets Her Man:

She'd be done up in a wide-brimmed white Stetson, white pointy-toed boots, and matching gold lamé blouse and pants. The pants were real tight. Johnny, aiming his telephoto lens through the one-way smoked-glass window of his Chevy van across the street, would joke that he could make out the date on the nickel in her back pocket.

As soon as the cowgirl—one of Johnny's “operatives,” of course—rang the doorbell, Johnny'd start clicking off photos: He'd get the mark flashing a half-moon grin as he collects the two tickets he “won” to a downtown country and western joint; then, the shots now a little grainy, you see the mark sitting in the cowboy bar, clinking glasses with the tight-panted cowgirl; and finally, there's the mark, his face lit with the good time he's having, two-stepping with the cowgirl across the dance floor.

The next day the mark'd be hauled in front of the workmen's comp board: The fall from that ladder last month really messed up your inner ear. Can barely walk, huh? But dancing's another thing? Look at these photos, buddy. Case closed. Stop the disability checks.

Or, The Ton of Fun:

At about 4:00 A.M. one morning, two 50-pound bags of cement just happen to fall out of a speeding truck and land right on the front lawn of a Virginia Beach split-level. Another bit of happenstance, naturally, is that the owner of this house is having a patio built and cement is one of the things he can use most in the world. But, still one more quirk of fate, the guy has a bad back; he injured it so severely while driving his rig that he can't even work. Lucky for him, though, he still gets his disability checks.

So much for his luck. In the morning, when the homeowner discovers the two bags of cement on his front lawn, he does what any able-bodied trucker would do. He hoists the 50-pound bags, one over each shoulder, and carries them to the patio site.

How was he supposed to know that Johnny Walker was in the van across the street taking pictues the whole time?

Or, The Eat Your Heart Out:

Mr. Johnson? This is WPIC, Norfolk, and we've called to tell you the good news—you've won $50 worth of groceries. Just come on down to the Bi-Lo market within an hour and it's yours.

So an elated Mr. Johnson would jump out of his sickbed and trot off to Bi-Lo's. There the checkout girl—who bore an uncanny resemblance to the operative in the cowgirl suit—would load up Mr. Johnson's bags with pounds of free food. Turkeys, hams, sack of potatoes—she'd stuff 'em all in. And as Mr. Johnson, his arms filled with his hefty bounty, headed out the electric-eye door, there'd be Johnny Walker with his telephoto lens to document another miraculous recovery.

Sometimes, though, Johnny's schemes left him a little red in the face. Like the time he was hired by a contractor who was being sued for shoddy workmanship. The plan Johnny came up with involved his posing as a reporter and going to interview the lady who was making all the fuss. Once he was in her home, he'd get her to hand over her copy of the home improvement contract. He'd say he needed it for his story; he'd return it the next day. Only, somehow the contract would disappear. Now how was the lady going to continue to sue the contractor if she didn't have proof of their original agreement?

Only the scam backfired.

When Johnny called to set up the interview, he made the mistake of telling the woman that he was working with Fred Talbot, a *Ledger-Star* reporter who had been writing articles on contractor abuses. The woman, after agreeing that Johnny could come by, had second thoughts. She called Fred Talbot at the *Ledger-Star*.

So when Johnny the reporter came by, Fred Talbot and a *Ledger-Star* photographer, John Shealy, were hiding behind the bar in the living room. They let Johnny go into his pitch, how he was Talbot's right-hand man, how he also did writing for the Reverend Jerry Falwell's publications, and how he just needed to borrow the contract for a day.

That's when Talbot and his photographer, flashbulbs popping, jumped out from behind the bar.

That was one case Johnny had to run away from.

Some people, however, held more of a grudge than others. When Johnny kept on hounding Edward Garcia, showing up at his house on Indian River Road in all sorts of disguises, the Garcia family got a lawyer. Stephen Swain, representing the Garcia family, hit Johnny with a suit demanding hundreds of thousands of dollars damages for illegally invading their property while posing as a ''Boy Scout leader looking for a campsite, a surveyor purporting to survey the land, a bird-watcher attempting to take pictures of wildlife and a Catholic priest.''

To which Johnny (at least while he was in Denny's downing the $1.99 Build-A-Breakfast with one of his operatives) replied, ''Screw 'em if they can't take a joke.'' Though he did seem upset about the failure of his bird-watcher disguise. ''It was a pretty good one. I wore binoculars. Even had a picture book. Never thought they'd see through that one.''

Yet while people saw the PI lurking beneath the bird-watcher's getup, no one saw the spy hiding in detective cover. This level of Johnny's convoluted life continued, too, at full pitch. In February he flew his own plane across country to San Diego for his meet with Jerry. Like schoolboys boning up for a final, the two spies lay on the floor of Jerry's den, tech manuals spread before them, and tried to determine why the KWR-37 was not decoding. Johnny had promised Ivan Four-Eyes he wouldn't mention this problem to his agent; however, a broken promise was pretty small in the scheme of things, Johnny figured, if he could get the crypto breaking. Besides, he liked the challenge. He wanted to show the Russians that he and his network could solve something the whole KGB couldn't. And in the "Dear Friend" letter he left on March 11 in the Maryland woods he did just that. So much for problems with the KWR-37.

But it was at his next meet with Jerry, in July in San Diego, that Johnny received some information he knew would really interest the Russians. He could hardly wait to share it.

Eight days later, on July 15, 1978, Johnny, the world traveler, was in Vienna. He was walking that night near a festively lit Schönbrunn Palace, the two tall fountains in the front courtyard cascading noisily, when a voice called out, "Hello, my friend."

The routine with Ivan Four-Eyes was the same as on the night of the blizzard. Johnny gave him the film cartridges, and then the Russian disappeared. When he returned, empty-handed, the handler and his asset took a stroll. It was a perfect Viennese summer's night; the cool breezes off the nearby River Wien were a delight. They talked like old friends.

It was only as the debriefing was ending that Johnny announced he had some additional news.

"Jerry's been transferred," he said.

That seemed to take the Russian by surprise. For a moment he seemed unable to continue. At last he managed to ask, "Where?"

"The *Niagara Falls,*" Johnny revealed with a triumphant grin. "My old ship. And it gets better. He has the same billing—CMS custodian."

"I think," agreed Ivan, "we are very lucky."

The future, indeed, was looking bright to Johnny that summer. Two weeks after his return to Norfolk, Laura visited him. She had gotten A's in both her correspondence courses and was now on her way to Fort Jackson, South Carolina. Johnny took her to dinner, introduced her to all his friends, gave her a clock radio as a graduation present, and kept telling her how proud he was of what she had accomplished.

On the August day she left Norfolk, Johnny drove her to the Greyhound station. He parked and, carrying her bag, walked with his daughter to the bus. As passengers started boarding, Johnny handed Laura, to her amazement, a $50 bill. ''I know how awful it is to be in the service and to be broke,'' he told her. Then, equally amazing, just as she was to board, he gave her a hug.

''You're the only one of my daughters to amount to anything,'' he said, his farewell voice finding an appropriately sentimental pitch. ''I got high hopes for you.''

22

One evening not long after Laura had gone off to the Army, Johnny was working in his den when the phone rang. He picked it up and heard an unfamiliar male voice.

"This Johnny Walker? The private investigator?"

Johnny, who had been doing his spy accounts, quickly switched lives. "You got him."

"You the same Johnny Walker who served on the *Bolivar* with a Bill Wilkinson?"

"What the hell is this all about?" And Johnny's mind is racing: Could Billy have stumbled onto something? Could he have run to the FBI or the Navy with his suspicions?

"Well, Mr. Walker," the voice got around to explaining after Johnny, in just a flash, had imagined at least a dozen possible disasters, "it's about the Ku Klux Klan and a chance for you to do some detective work. A little checking up on your old friend. You interested?" And he added, "I'll pay well."

Quickly, Johnny's mood seesawed back to normal. He invited the caller to the house on Old Ocean View Road at seven the next night.

Yet as soon as he hung up the phone, Johnny felt near to busting a gut. This was really too much. Here were the feds or maybe NIS (as all sailors call the Naval Investigative Service) reaching out for him to go poking into the intrigues of Billy Wilkinson, once coconspirator in The Bamboo Snack Bar and now Grand Dragon of the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. I mean, Johnny decided, Mr. Mysterioso on the phone has to be working for the government: Who else could have gotten his hands on the *Bolivar* service records? Who else would care what the KKK was up to? Oh, it should be a pretty interesting meeting tomorrow night. Then, not allowing himself to waste too much time toying with the possibility of his working undercover for the United States, Johnny returned to his bookkeeping. His travel expenses had to be carefully documented if he wanted to be reimbursed by the KGB.

In the months before receiving the phone call, Johnny, who thought it was part of his job to keep up with what was going on in the Navy, had been reading a great deal about the Klan. SAILORS WEARING SHEETS CREATE RACIAL INCIDENT ABOARD AIRCRAFT CARRIER was one headline. SHIPBOARD RACIAL FIGHTS SPARK NAVY KLAN PROBE was another. Then there was the report that a cross had been burned aboard the carrier *America,* and a follow-up article stating that the Navy was particularly concerned about the Klan's success in recruiting Norfolk-based Atlantic Fleet sailors.

But Johnny really got to thinking about the Klan after the *Virginian-Pilot* started running stories about a scheduled KKK rally ten minutes away in Virginia Beach. One day it's the Anti-Defamation League demanding that the Navy discipline any sailors who attend. The next day it's the Navy Department declaring the event off limits for naval personnel. And in all the stories there's a big deal made of the shindig's featured speaker—Grand Dragon Bill Wilkinson. So that's what Billy's up to, Johnny read with some interest. More than a decade had passed since their days in Charleston, and Johnny had often wondered what had become of his drinking buddy.

Still, he wasn't curious enough to attend the rally. He made do with the *Virginian-Pilot* account: "The Ku Klux Klan," Wilkinson had declared, "is fighting for free enterprise and whites' rights." The Klan was "fed up with government preference for non-Aryans," he told his "cheering supporters."

Which goes to show, Johnny reasoned, that he wasn't the only tape ape who had served in the shack of a nuclear submarine and then gone off and done something with his life. And when, perhaps ten days later, he received that strange call, it just reaffirmed to Johnny how far his old buddy had come up in the world.

The man who arrived for the meeting with Johnny was in his early thirties, clean-cut, and even wore a suit and tie. A real flag-waver, Johnny judged with approval. A Mr. Squeaky Clean. He gave a name, which Johnny, who had been around some, didn't pay much attention to. Later, he also gave an office phone number; when it turned out to be an answering service, Johnny wasn't surprised by that either.

The man had a cop's confidence. He didn't beat around the bush. Right away he told Johnny the setup: Johnny was to contact Bill Wilkinson and announce his heartfelt ambition to join the Klan. Billy would undoubtedly welcome his old shipmate on board; he'd even make him some big mucky-muck in the Virginia organization, Mr. Squeaky Clean predicted in his airy, yet assured way. Then, once Johnny was a card carrying KKKer, the next phase of the operation would commence. Johnny was to work as an undercover informant. By hook or by crook, he was to obtain the name and address ("If you can find out their shoe sizes, I want to know too," the man joked, or at least Johnny thought it was a joke) of every Virginia-area Klansman. For his services, Johnny would receive $1,000 in cash, $500 as soon as he accepted the offer and the remainder after he had formally joined the Klan.

That kind of an assignment up your alley? Mr. Squeaky Clean concluded, keeping his pitch low-key; he might just as well have been asking about the weather.

Johnny answered with utmost sincerity: "I'm your man." While he thought to himself: And you can run off and telex that to your bosses in Washington, too.

• • •

The ceremony took place in the living room of Bill Wilkinson's house in Denham Springs, Louisiana. Johnny, dressed in his new white robes, the pointy hood over his head, raised his right arm and made one more pledge of allegiance he had no intention of keeping. When the initiation was over, Bill, wearing a robe with a grand dragon's Maltese cross stitched over his left breast, gave his new recruit a Knights of the Invisible Empire membership card. He also announced that he was immediately promoting Johnny to Kleagle, the highest rank in all of Virginia.

And so Johnny added one more disguise and one more identity to the multilayered masquerade his life had become: He was a Russian spy posing as a patriotic detective now posing as a Klansman. Yet, he believed in nothing; therefore, he betrayed nothing. His only loyalty was to the elaborate game he was playing; and in that great adventure—his only reality—the one rule was to win.

The Kleagle returned to Norfolk and immediately threw himself into this new role. He called Debbie Atkins at radio station WNIS in Portsmouth and said he was the Ku Klux Klan's state organizer. Bet I'd be an interesting guest for your show, he suggested. It took a little convincing, but she agreed.

Johnny showed up for the program looking, he felt, like a Klan leader. He wore a sky-blue polyester suit, an uncommon bit of formality for Johnny but a dressy touch he felt his lofty title deserved. He also brought with him two bodyguards, guys with beer-barrel bellies and long hair. One wore a National Rifle Association T-shirt, and went around showing off hairy forearms as thick as telephone poles. Both men carried rifles. They insisted they had to patrol the woods around the station while the Kleagle was on the air, Johnny's orders; and another example of the meticulous staging that went into all his performances.

Once on the air, Johnny, Atkins found, was a curiously jolly Klansman. He was there to tell the world that he had irrefutable evidence that blacks were intellectually inferior to whites. He also had proof that the Holocaust had never taken place. But he hadn't come to argue. His manner was that of a man who knew what was what, and if you didn't believe him, it was your loss.

When the show was over, he collected his rifle-toting bodyguards, and after thanking Atkins for her time, he drove off.

And that was the end of Johnny's public Klan career. His secret role lasted a little longer. Within two months of the broadcast, he called the answering-service number Mr. Squeaky Clean had given him. He proceeded to read off the roll of the entire Virginia cell. There were twelve names.

Naturally Johnny, who was accustomed to grander intrigues, was disappointed. It wasn't until years later that he learned this brief walk-on role was, after all, an escapade worthy of Johnny Walker. It seemed that while he was ratting on his buddy, the Grand Dragon was also ratting on him: Bill Wilkinson was a paid informant for the FBI. That meant, the way Johnny worked it out, that while some government agency (the NIS most probably, he decided) was paying him to join the Klan, another arm of the government was paying Billy to recruit Johnny. So, actually, Johnny had been a spy posing as a detective posing as a Kleagle for an FBI informant posing as a Grand Dragon. It was pretty funny, each side thinking they were putting one over on the other. Anyway, the way Johnny added things up, he had gotten the best deal: He was the only player getting paid by the KGB, too.

23

For her sixty-seventh birthday, Johnny took his mother to Europe. It was Margaret's first trip abroad, not to mention her first time on a jet, and the journey was the grandest adventure of her life. She had grown up in a home where Italian was spoken at the dinner table and Pope Pius XII's portrait hung over the living room sofa; the chance at last to walk through a land that had existed so vividly in her imagination made her rejoice.

They arrived in Rome on June 21, 1978, and that afternoon Margaret asked her son to take her to the Vatican. As soon as she entered the Holy See, excitement rushed through her like the shock of a miracle; just being this close to His Holiness was a blessing. At St. Peter's Margaret crossed herself, lit a candle, and, head bowed low, went on her knees to pray. She prayed for the souls of parents, for her sons, and for her grandchildren. She thanked God, the God who had tested her faith with years of hardship and misery, for sanctifying her old age with the comfort of a son like Johnny.

For, as she would always remember, the emotion as strong in her memory as the holy glory of the Sistine Chapel or the jubilant moment she first sighted the shining dome of St. Peter's, throughout that trip it was Johnny's presence as much as anything else that gave her joy. How proud she was of the successful man he had become.

For Johnny, too, the trip was a triumph. As a child in the apartment above the movie theater, he would often lay awake, restless and thoughtful, while his brothers slept. Wrapped tight in the scratchy khaki Army surplus blanket he had bought with money from his paper route, the Night Walker show soft background music, he would create Paradise: A land without raging, drunken fathers; a land where mothers never weep or do without; a land where he is everyone's hero. And now this childhood someday was today. It was his creation. Not James's. Not Art's. But his. His gift to his mother.

So perhaps it was only fitting that on the last leg of the trip, after Rome, after Naples, and after they had checked into the room in the Vienna Hilton with its windows looking directly out onto the Stadtpark, Johnny received his reward. One that was totally unexpected.

The walk-and-talk was a love fest. The KGB man, his glasses disguise as lame as ever, Johnny noted, was quite pleased with the quality of the product Johnny was delivering since Jerry's posting to the *Niagara*.

I bet you are, Johnny felt like saying. Last December, Johnny had met with his agent in the Philippine Plaza Hotel in Manila. Seventy-two hours later Johnny flew into Chicago carrying photographs of the diagrams of the KW-7, KY-8, KG-14, KWR-37, and KL-47 crypto machines. Jerry had also photographed advance key lists; the Soviets would now be able to break naval messages in "real time"—at the same moment as they were sent by American ships.

The Russian continued: Whitworth's access is truly remarkable. Again Johnny, choosing to play the flattered asset, simply let his control's compliments continue to pour. Though he could have yelled: Remarkable? It's perfect. Jerry's the CMS custodian. He can run through the crypto vault grabbing whatever catches his fancy. It's like he was one of those souped-up housewives barreling down the aisles on "Supermarket Sweep." Better, maybe. Since I had the same duty, we already know what's worth loading up on. We got our tradecraft down. It's foolproof, Ivan.

As the two spies continued their evening stroll through Vienna's 13th district, the streets of this industrial section as nearly empty as its dark buildings, it became clear to Johnny that his handler had something up his sleeve. The Russian's manner was bubbly and coy; he might have been a child bursting to share a secret. Which left Johnny thinking: You're a real sharp secret agent, Ivan. Can't even keep a secret, can you?

But, the Department 16 officer managed to hold back. It wasn't until after the money had been exchanged—Johnny and Jerry were earning $4,000 a month each—that Ivan, a father bringing out the scrumptious dessert now that his obedient boy had finished all the vegetables, made his announcement.

Even though Johnny had seen something coming, he was still taken by surprise.

''In recognition of your outstanding contribution to world peace,'' began Ivan, finding his official voice, ''you have been awarded the rank of admiral in the Navy of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.''

Smiling proudly, he shook Johnny's hand. But, still not satisfied, he shrugged as if to say the hell with cover, and he kissed Johnny once on each cheek.

''Congratulations, Admiral Walker,'' said Ivan.

Johnny, genuinely taken aback, could only repeat, ''Admiral Walker.'' Then, he, too, broke into a grin.

No doubt about it, Johnny liked how it sounded.

Admiral Walker needed his mother's help.

It was the morning after his promotion and mother and son were in the room overlooking the Stadtpark. They were busy packing for an afternoon plane from Schwechat that would fly them to New York. There was so much to do; the airport bus was leaving in a half hour; and Johnny, a master of timing, launched into his pitch:

Mom, you know I carry a lot of money in my business. Well, flying is prime time for crooks, pickpockets. I was thinking, though, that maybe you can help me out. What say you wear my money belt? Nobody's gonna expect a sweet lady like you to be carrying a fortune. How about it?

What mother could refuse the best son in the world?

So in a moment Johnny was strapping around his mother's waist the belt filled with the cash he had received last night from the KGB. Margaret, embarrassed, quickly pulled her sweater over the belt.

After a minute, you'll forget you have it on, Johnny reassured her.

By the time Margaret arrived at Kennedy Airport the next morning, her son's prediction had proved accurate. When the customs officer asked if she had anything to declare, Margaret truly answered no. She was waved ahead. While Johnny, next in line, moved toward the officer and was ordered to open his Samsonite two-suiter. But Johnny had nothing to hide; it was another successful operation. His sixty-seven-year-old mother was the ideal accomplice. Just as he knew she would be when he had invited her to Europe in the first place.

A little over a month later, on August 13, 1979, Jerry came to visit his control.

> Q. And what happened when he was in Norfolk and the two of you met?
>
> A. We conducted our normal spy business in preparation for the September drop to the Soviets.
>
> Q. What did he give you?
>
> A. That was still the *Niagara Falls* material. That was really the best he produced throughout the whole period of cooperation, the best cryptographic.

Yet later that same sticky Monday afternoon, the two men still locked in Johnny's den, Jerry sitting as always in the ladder-back chair, Johnny in the big swivel chair behind the desk, it was suddenly crisis time; and the dissolution of the spy ring became a grave and likely possibility.

There are, basically, two sorts of field agents. Both operatives see shadows, hear footsteps, and plot out the casual movements of each day as though they were trapped behind enemy lines. The difference, however, is that one agent—the perfect spy—relishes every tense minute; it is the way he needs to live: his is a natural talent. For the other agent, it is a struggle to continue; courage or greed or romance can be called on to fight his fears for only so long: his complicated life will, eventually, become too much.

From the start, Johnny understood that it was just a matter of time before Jerry would want to escape.

Jerry, who never made any decision easily, moved into his story slowly. As he spoke, the red, white, and blue curtains in Johnny's den flapped weakly with every small cool breath from the air conditioner; this slight, steady noise a counterpoint to Jerry's wide, hesitant circles of speech.

Just a week ago, Jerry began, he had learned that the *Niagara Falls* was going into dry dock. Overhaul, renovations—he wasn't too sure what the Navy had planned for the ship. However, he was certain of this: It was his sign, his signal. He was being told to quit while he was ahead. To take the money and run.

Oh, he went on, there were other reasons too. How long could he continue telling Brenda that the extra money was coming from some top secret work he was doing for the Navy? That lie, he admitted, tormented him.

Then there was his buddy, Roger Olson. Rog had finally gotten it together to set off and sail around the world. Maybe he should join him. Maybe that was the sort of challenge he should be chasing.

Anyway, it came down to this. He was putting in his papers requesting transfer to the fleet reserve. Once they were approved, his retirement would become effective in a year. He'd be out of the Navy by September 1980. And also out of the spy business.

Johnny, a patient handler, didn't argue; that would have only created a solid opponent for Jerry's vague logic. Instead, he gave Jerry $12,000 in cash, the agent's KGB salary for the last three months. In $50 bills, it was a heavy bundle. It would feel, Johnny hoped, even heftier to a sailor whose total annual salary as a chief petty officer was $10,702.

Well, where they posting you? Johnny coolly wondered.

The package of money lay like a boulder in Jerry's lap.

The Communications Center at Alameda, Jerry answered.

Well, Johnny asked at last, you gonna keep on cooperating till your papers go through?

. . . Just till my papers are processed, Jerry agreed.

So Jerry would quit; or he would not quit. Johnny decided it would be a fool's game to try to predict. Yet in the days that followed, Johnny, slow and cautious, did begin to understand that it was high time to move beyond Jerry. There would be risks; yet there was also the prospect of a greater game. Of course, it was an idea, an ambition that Johnny had long been nurturing. And now, prompted by Jerry's threats, its time had finally come.

24

"Blood is supposed to be thicker than water," Johnny would one day write in an attempt to explain his behavior in the months that followed his conversation with Jerry. And looking at it that way, what occurred was, perhaps, natural and inevitable. But then again, if it hadn't been for two incidents beyond Johnny's control, his plan to become the Godfather of spies, as he called it, would never have moved forward quite so quickly.

The first event was a marriage.

From the start, the marriage had a lot working against it.

The couple was broke. Laura was an E-2 stationed at Fort Polk in Louisiana. Mark, the way Laura recalls things, was a dealer who had a habit of smoking up all the profits. He'd convince some heavy to front him a stash, promising to cover his debt as soon as he had sold a fistful of nickel bags. Only Mark couldn't seem to get it together; either he wasn't cut out to be a salesman, or maybe he liked weed too much. By the end of the week there'd be two goons pounding on the door demanding they get paid or they're gonna kick some ass. It was a rough business. Army paychecks can only go so far. The couple was thousands of dollars in the hole. And the hole just kept on getting deeper.

Love can conquer all, though, Laura had always wanted to believe. However, the hurtful truth was, Laura was never too sure of Mark's love. The more she gave it thought, the more convinced she grew that Mark was still pining for his ex-wife. It truly messed her up to think Mark was simply settling for her; she had grown up feeling like a loser in a household of competing women and now being the consolation prize just seemed more of the same.

Still, when she came right down to it, it was pride that convinced Laura to marry. She was pregnant, soon she'd be starting to show, and there was no way she was going to allow herself to wind up like her sister Cynthia. The idea of raising a child on her own was too gross even to think about.

Anyway, the sex was terrific.

So that summer, in August 1979, Laura Walker and Mark Snyder went to a justice of the peace near Fort Polk and got married.

A month later they headed north to tell their parents the news. It only made things worse.

''That was a real dumb-ass thing to do, running off and marrying a junkie,'' Johnny, inflating his son-in-law's small-time pot dealings to suit his anger, lectured his daughter. They were sitting in Knickerbocker's, a Norfolk steak house he'd go to when he was in the mood for something fancy, only tonight the place brought no comfort. Johnny was angry. In fact, he had worked himself up into such a state that he was way past easing into any sales pitch.

The way he saw it, he was riding to his daughter's rescue. Johnny was, he would say, giving Laura the chance to get in ''the mainstream of American life.'' Her life was ''the pits.'' The family business, the good father reasoned, was her only shot at a future. He was doing her a favor.

So, pushing aside his $6.99 New York strip, Johnny just came right out and said it: ''How would you like to earn some money while you're still in the Army?''

It would sure come in handy, Laura told her father.

And that's when Johnny said something about prison. Either her father said, "You're already in prison. You have a two-year hitch with the Army, and that's prison." But then again, maybe he said, "Would you be interested in making a great deal of money even if it meant you might spend two years in prison?" To this day, Laura's not sure. At that moment everything became jumbled, out of sorts. But whatever her father said, it scared her, and fear surely must have shown across her face. Because Johnny, once more on guard, began to back off.

But Johnny wasn't leaving the field. He only retreated to the salad bar. He helped himself to another mountain of Boston lettuce, and, giving the tongs a real workout, crowned this pile with a fringe of raw onion slices. (Onions were one of his favorite vices; he was forever popping Tic Tacs as a sort of penance.) A couple of spoonfuls of Thousand Island dressing, pink and gluey, was the final touch.

Fortified and calm after this strategic interlude, he returned to the table and fired his only other shot. From the start, before he let a father's anger get in the way of business, he knew he had only two approaches to play: money and love. So much for money.

He tried love. His kind of love.

"You're a loser," he started in on his daughter, convinced he was proclaiming the sad truth. "You're a failure like all my kids. You'll never amount to anything," he continued, recklessly salting a lifetime of wounds.

Laura was trembling from the attack.

Then, miraculously, her father held out the possibility that all was not lost. He would kiss her wounds. She could win his love. All she had to do was cooperate. "Let me help you make a lot of money," Johnny nearly begged.

His daughter was listening, she wanted to please him, she needed the money—all signs were go. But Johnny, as though flirting with Laura's affection, held off. Instead, a concerned father, he asked about her work. He wanted to know what exactly were her duties at Fort Polk. What were her prospects for advancement? Say into Fort communications? An area like that would give you access to classified information, I bet.

Of course, Laura agreed. And she thought: Maybe my father is truly interested in me. And she also thought: Just don't hurt me.

So, his hand played, the mood set, Johnny, in command, told his daughter how things could be: "I know people who'd be willing to pay you for classified information. You could help them, and you could help yourself. We'd all make money."

Laura was stunned. It made no sense. Yet it also made perfect sense. Everything was at once explained: her mother, her father, her family. In that instant she, too, had become a keeper of the secret; and also in that instant, she, too, felt and understood its power: Things could never be the same.

But, like a patient given a fatal diagnosis, she struggled against the truth. To have jumped to her feet, to have shouted, "Go to hell," to have stormed off, would have only served to convince her that the impossible was undeniably true. Besides, he was her dad.

In desperation, she tried the next best thing.

But I'll be out of the Army in a couple of months, Laura argued with an intensity that took her by surprise. They won't let me stay in once I really start to show.

She even, reaching frantically for whatever came her way, attempted to slip off with the help of a joke: The Army doesn't make uniforms for pregnant soldiers, you know. Even camouflage fatigues won't hide this belly in a couple of months.

Johnny, the spymaster, was beyond jokes.

"You can always get an abortion," he told his daughter. "That'd solve everything."

Laura would never forgive her father for that.

Still, she didn't say no. And she didn't say yes. "Wishy-washy" was how she would describe her response.

Whatever. Johnny wasn't concerned. Everything he was saying made perfect sense to him; how could his daughter not come around to seeing things his way? Give her time, he told himself, she'll have to come aboard. What else has she got to look forward to? In his mind's eye he clearly saw Laura and her junkie husband crawling down a long, dark road—until they reached a sign announcing DEAD END.

Johnny'd wait.

Right or wrong never entered into any of his plans. All he saw were opportunities. Same, he was convinced, as everyone else.

So, just after he asked the waitress for the check, he promised Laura, ''The offer's always open. If you ever change your mind, it will still stand.''

It was the least a father could do for his daughter.

That night when Laura told her husband about her father's proposition—and she would swear on the Bible that it happened this way; Mark, just as firmly, would declare she was all wrong—she was still shaking. Mark, she said, plain lost it. He started screaming, cursing. Totally out of control. He threatened, Laura claimed, to punch Johnny Walker in the face.

But, according to Laura, it was only after he called her father a ''traitor'' that she broke into tears.

And now that the very word she had been thinking all afternoon had finally been spoken, its echo would not stop: *Traitor. Traitor. Traitor.*

She didn't know what to do. But of course she did. It was just easier not to act. Or perhaps it was harder: Her silence (and love) made her an accomplice. The only thing she knew for sure was that what she had to do was impossible; Johnny was her dad. So Laura did the only thing a daughter was able to do—nothing.

The second event that hastened the pace of Johnny's recruiting was similarly gloomy—a bankruptcy.

On December 31, 1979, Walker Enterprises, the car-radio business the brothers had started three years ago, officially passed away. Despite its brief life, it had managed to leave behind some impressive debts: a secured note—the brothers' homes were the collateral—for nearly $20,000 with the F&M Bank; $18,000 to the Clarion Corporation for merchandise; and a whopping $31,000 to the Internal Revenue Service.

Art Walker was overwhelmed. He felt as if he had slipped from the top rung of a ladder and was drifting helplessly toward a very hard fall.

Rita, the girl he had first dated when they were juniors at St. Patrick's in Scranton, would often tell the story about the time she and her husband Art had their biggest blowout. It started up over a lawn mower, but as Rita would be the first to tell you, it was really about something else.

It was a summer's morning and there was Art all set to mow the lawn; somehow, what with all the running around lately, things had gotten pretty scraggly-looking. Only just as Art was about to head out to the garage, one of the neighbors came by.

"Hey, Art," he asked, "my mower's on the fritz. Can I borrow yours?"

"Be my guest," said Art automatically.

Two minutes later the neighbor, pushing the mower in front of him, was heading to his yard, and Rita was fit to be tied. She tore into Art, calling him a patsy, a man who can't say no, who's always getting pushed around. She even brought up another sore point: How when the kids were younger—there were two boys and a girl, the two oldest in college—Art could never spank them? She'd have to lay down the law because Art, Mr. Nice Guy, couldn't hurt a flea.

Art, who never argued, simply shrugged. It was his way of saying, I am what I am.

Only now, he saw that he was crumbling to sand under the pressure of all his debts. Since leaving the Navy six years ago, he had shaped out a life on Chickasaw Court in Virginia Beach. He was president of the Civic League, a Little League coach, the man who shot the starter's gun at the Labor Day Swim Meet—and now everything was going to be taken away. He could say good-bye to the L-shaped redbrick ranch in Carolanne Farm (the "farm" named in the 1960s after the developer's daughters); there were already two mortgages, not to mention the secured loan, out on the place. He'd have to pull his kids out of college, and the thought of doing that just made him want to cry. And how was he ever going to tell Rita precisely how bad things had gotten? He'd rather die.

They had gotten so bad, that one afternoon in January 1980, when

Johnny picked Art up for lunch, there was no way Art could even think about eating. His arms and legs weighed a ton. There was no point to anything, and he knew things would never get better.

Still, Johnny somehow managed to get his brother into the pickup truck. He drove to Charlie's Waffle House on Newtown Road. They were sitting in the parking lot. Art, beyond caring, was slouched right up against the door; it was as if he wanted to roll himself up into a ball and disappear.

"I could cry," Art told his brother, and he was that close.

"Come on, let's walk," said Johnny, his long-lost pal.

The moment was, of course, a recruiter's dream. But for Johnny, it was also something more: It was the chance to save Art, the older brother who had always pulled him out of jams; and it was the opportunity to reveal—at last!—to someone whose praise Johnny coveted what a grand and exciting adventure he had made out of his life.

They had started walking across the Waffle House parking lot when Johnny, without preliminaries, told his brother, "I have friends who will pay for classified information." There was no need to beat around the bush; Johnny had the confidence of a man about to make good on a long-imagined ambition.

"Now I know where you get your bucks," was all Art could manage.

By the time they walked into Charlie's it was pretty well settled. Johnny, though he knew he was fooling no one, had waved a few false flags around. He said his friends had connections to publishers, gave *Jane's Fighting Ships* as an example. Art shot him a look, but he kept on listening. He never once made as if he wanted to run off. He even seemed interested when Johnny told him it would make sense to get a job where he'd have access to military secrets. Some civil service job, or maybe something with a defense contractor.

Not that Art had agreed to anything. But, Johnny observed, as soon as they sat down in the restaurant, Art ordered a stack of pancakes. He attacked them like a starving man.

• • •

Over the next month Art began looking for a job. He went to the hiring office at Norfolk Naval Base. Only low-level, GS-3, GS-4, spots were open. So Art went to the federal building downtown and filled out an application he hoped would get him a position with a higher rating. Meanwhile, his brother was telling him, forget the government. ''Think high tech,'' Johnny advised. ''Those big manufacturers making missiles and satellites, that's where all the jobs are,'' said Johnny.

While Johnny went on about the ''military-industrial complex'' and Art still waited to hear from the feds, Rita spotted an ad in the *Virginian-Pilot*.

''Here's one,'' she said over breakfast one morning, the paper in her hand. ''And look at this—it's just up the street from your old office on Greenwich Road.''

On February 19, 1980, Art went for an interview with the VSE Corporation, a nationwide engineering company that held extensive research-and-development contracts with the Navy.

Ronald Baptre, the personnel interviewer, talked with Art for nearly twenty minutes. After Art left his office, Baptre filled out in longhand the answers to a series of questions on the VSE Pre-Selection Employment Appliction:

Describe applicant's attitude (stating those things you feel applicant personally holds as most important in a position): willing and cooperative attitude.

Describe applicant's reaction to technical interview: pleased.

What do you think impressed applicant most on this interview?: job opportunity.

Three days later, on Washington's birthday, Art was hired. His pay was $6.25 an hour and he was assigned to ''United States Navy carrier and ship maintenance planning.''

His work involved trips to the Norfolk Naval Base; however, some days he'd arrive at the base and the guards would give him a hard time about certain areas being off limits. Other times Art would be working on a project and he'd get pretty far into it only to have to pass it on to someone who was cleared. So it made sense for his department manager to apply to the Defense Industrial Security Clearance Office (DISCO) for a classification for Arthur L. Walker, Lt. Cmdr., USN, ret.

VSE CORP
ATTN: DOD SECURITY SUPERVISOR

FM DISCO, COLUMBUS, OHIO
DISCO-C-212-0122 SUBJECT: LOC ISSUE
LETTER OF CONSENT ISSUED BY DISCO TO—
EMPLOYEE NAME: WALKER, ARTHUR JAMES
SOCIAL SEC NR: 210-26-2064
CLEARANCE LVL: SECRET
CLEARANCE DTE: 30JUL80
THIS IS AUTHORITY TO GRANT ACCESS TO DOD CLASSIFIED INFORMATION AT LEVEL INDICATED ABOVE. THE LETTER OF CONSENT WILL FOLLOW BY MAIL.

And by the time Johnny learned of his brother's security clearance, he had some other news: Jerry Whitworth had written to the Navy Department to withdraw his request to retire.

25

With Jerry's posting to the Naval Communications Center at Alameda, Johnny soon found himself caught between the conflicting lunacies of his agent and his control. It was an uncomfortable place to be. Jerry was scared stiff; the Russians were suspicious; and Johnny was near to telling both of them where to get off. Yet Johnny, the spy in the middle, was also a resourceful professional: He set out to make things right for everybody.

Jerry's desk was his problem. When he had first learned of the duty, it had seemed ideal: He was CMS custodian; he managed the Autodin Center which handled message traffic for the worldwide Defense Communications System; and he had access to a variety of crypto circuits, including the keys for the KW-26 machines which encrypted Autodin transmissions to military bases throughout the world. As Jerry gleefully wrote to his handler, he was the "chief in charge of Tech Control—the heart of Naval Communications." The problem, though, was his desk.

Jerry's desk was in the back of the Communications Center—wedged right between two other desks. Behind him sat Frank Olea; in front of him sat Keith Hamlin. And Jerry could feel their eyes on him every minute of his tour. On the *Niagara,* there was a crypto vault a spy could disappear in, and still, each click of his Minox would boom about his hideout. At Alameda, a cramped and friendly place, the rapid noise of the camera's shutter would turn a dozen heads as though he were spraying the room with a machine gun. He didn't dare.

So it was a very shaky agent Johnny confronted when he flew into Oakland on January 18, 1980. As soon as the two spies got in Jerry's Toyota, Johnny could see he was in for a rough visit. They weren't even out of the airport parking lot before Jerry was telling him he had pretty slim pickings.

Johnny, who these days saw his network growing by leaps and bounds, was in no mood to put up with Jerry's fears. "Just save it for the debriefing, okay," he growled, cutting his operative off. Jerry drove the rest of the way to his home in San Leandro without saying a word. While Johnny, feeling the silence, was thinking: This is great. I'm running a spy who pouts like a ten-year-old.

The den in the town house Jerry had bought last year was a loving replica of Johnny's—same big desk with its leatherette swivel chair, same uncomfortable ladder-back opposite the desk, and same row of ship photographs framed on the beige wall. And, just as in the house on Old Ocean View Road, it was Johnny who now took the seat behind the desk.

It was a very short debriefing. Jerry had been telling the truth: He didn't have much to show. Oh, there were a few copies of low-level documents, task-force information mostly, that Jerry had been able to slip into his attaché case when no one was looking. But that was it.

"You know," Jerry announced after his brief report, pausing only to tug on his beard and put on a hangdog face that made Johnny want to throttle him, "maybe I should've quit, after all. Maybe I've just plum run out of luck."

While Johnny, biting down hard on his tongue, wanted to scream, No chickenshit, you've just plum run out of guts.

Johnny, though, kept his opinions to himself. He wasn't ready to throw in the towel. Not by a long shot. There had to be a way to make Alameda work. There had to be a strategy, a twist of tradecraft that would solve all their problems.

And if there wasn't, he'd just have to invent one.

How about a van? Johnny suggested.

It was that same depressing January afternoon and the two spies were still in Jerry's den.

Huh? said Jerry. He really never could keep up with the way his friend's mind worked.

But by now Johnny was off and running. Yes, he lectured, the words flying from him in his enthusiasm. You say you can't use the camera because there's no vault at Alameda. No hideout, no photos. I read you. Well, if I'm still understanding things right, it's no biggie to shove a few papers into your attaché case and bring 'em on home. There's no security check at the front door, right?

The guard just salutes, said Jerry, still wondering where all this was going.

Well, then, you could sneak a key list out . . .

No way, Jerry interrupted in his slow, mourner's drawl. Alarms would be ringing so loud you'd hear 'em in Norfolk. They check the crypto inventory at the end of every shift.

However Johnny was ready: That's why you're gonna return the key lists before your shift is over. No one will ever know you borrowed them.

Johnny now had Jerry's complete attention as he continued: That's where the van comes in. It'll be a photo studio on wheels. Same way I've been using my van in my detective cases. No reason why you shouldn't be able to stroll out of the office at lunchtime with a key list in your attaché case, and go for a rest, nice and private, in your van. Course you'll be snapping pictures, not zzz's. An hour later, the key list is back where it belongs and no one's the wiser.

What do you say? Johnny concluded, quite pleased with himself.

Jerry, perking up a bit, admitted, It could work.

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It was a silver-blue van with maroon curtains on the windows. It cost $11,310.30 and it had a Formica table in the back that folded out if you wanted to have a picnic; or if you needed a backdrop to photograph top secret key lists.

The van would be parked in the Alameda base lot, a short walk from the Communications Center. "It's a lifesaver," Jerry made a point of telling all his new buddies, including Frank Olea. "At my last checkup the doc discovered ol' Jer had a bum ticker, ordered me to take it easy. Laid down the law, all right. So I figured better safe than sorry. And wouldn't you know it, the doc was right. A little bit of rack time at lunch, and I'm a new man. The van's a humdinger of a place to stretch out. Especially if I remember to pull the curtains tight. Can't have any of that bright California sunshine keeping me up."

It seemed a real shame to Frank that a guy as young as Jerry had cardiac problems. He looked in good shape, but you never know. One thing did strike him kind of odd: Why a man going off for a snooze would take his attaché case with him to bed. But that was none of his business, anyway.

Q. At this time, what was Jerry Whitworth's duty assignment in the Navy?

A. The Communications Center at Alameda . . .

Q. What was he producing at that time from that duty station?

A. His production there was excellent for cryptographic. He had two circuits: an Autodin circuit, plus a line to Stockton which was covered by the KW-7.

Q. And how consistent was the crypto he got for those circuits?

A. Excellent. Near 100 percent.

Yet, just when Johnny succeeded in getting Jerry's end of the operation back on track, the Russians got on his case. After a dozen years as a KGB star, Johnny felt he didn't have to take this crap. So he just let it rip. Of course, he would later admit, having to walk through the streets of Vienna in another goddamn blizzard might also have played a part in finally pushing him over the edge.

On the night of January 26, 1980, when he caught up with Ivan

Four-Eyes, there was a building snowstorm and not a word of welcome. Ivan greeted Johnny with only a succinct question: Why was Whitworth transferred?

I already told you in the letter I left at the drop in the States, he answered sharply. The *Niagara*'s in dry dock.

But Ivan was not put off. The Department 16 officer condemned him with the steely eyes of a Gulag jailer. His words had the cadence of a final decree: Whitworth was assigned to the ship for three years. All American Navy postings are for three years. You will explain to me why this was changed.

Why? I'll tell you why, Johnny shouted. The goddamn ship needed goddamn repairs. That's why.

But the Russian was firm: I am asking you, why was Jerry transferred?

Johnny stood there, dripping with wet snow, and thought this was all too crazy. One week he's baby-sitting a mopey Jerry, the next week he's getting the third degree from a KGB man who doesn't even have the brains to come in out of a storm. He'd had it.

"You dumb assholes," Johnny shouted, not caring if all Vienna heard him, "he lost his fucking access. I explained that. Am I dealing with idiots?

"And one more thing," he said, his voice no longer a shout, but still as strong and steady as a pointed gun, "I'm freezing my chops off. I'm going to get a cup of coffee."

Ivan Four-Eyes stood there as Johnny marched off through the snow; he was as motionless as the statues flanking the entrance to the Schönbrunn Palace across the road. After half a block, a distance that for all an angry Johnny knew he had covered in one furious leap, he turned back toward the KGB man. "You coming?" he called.

. . . Yes, I think I will, said Ivan.

The Russian made it clear he would not discuss business in the café, but the twenty minutes out of the snow was victory enough for Johnny. When they returned to the street, the snow had stopped, and Johnny was warm from two cups of strong, black coffee. He was prepared to listen, and to explain.

Johnny, taking things step-by-step, went through the story of Jerry's transfer one more time. This time Ivan understood. In fact, he added, he had never doubted Johnny's story. It was his bosses who had been suspicious. He would inform them there had been no need to worry.

Since Ivan was being so friendly, Johnny figured the time was right to tell him about Jerry's van. Particularly about what it had cost. The $11,000 had come out of his pocket. But it was a business expense, and he was hoping the KGB would cover it.

Of course, said Ivan, the now generous handler. And speaking of money, he went on, there was another issue. It was the feeling in the KGB that it had become very risky to carry large sums of cash through customs. With all the imperialist concern over terrorism, said the annoyed Russian, airport security has been greatly improved. Therefore, perhaps it would be safer to make all payments at the dead drops in the States. Do you agree?

Yes, said the suddenly happy spy, glad that he'd never have to take his mother to Europe again.

Jerry Whitworth, a man of roller-coaster moods, was also back to being a happy spy when Johnny met with him in May. ''Follow us,'' Jerry and Brenda announced as they led Johnny and his girlfriend Pat Marsee out of the Oakland arrivals building. ''We've got a real treat for you.''

With a bit of ceremony, Jerry opened the side door to his van. ''Da da!'' he chimed. Inside, candles flickered across the narrow space; the curtains had been drawn tight. On the table, now covered with a white cloth, was a platter displaying a wedge of Brie. Next to the cheese, two bottles of champagne were chilling in an ice bucket.

Everybody had a pleasant buzz on by the time the van pulled up to the stucco town house in San Leandro.

The next day, when the agent and his handler finally had a chance to be alone, Johnny gave Jerry reason to celebrate—$100,000 in cash. It was all in $50 bills and Johnny had picked it up twelve days ago in the woods outside Washington. The KGB hadn't made a payment since February 1979, and now, with this fortune, Jerry was paid in full.

''I've never held a hundred grand before,'' Jerry said. He was scooping up handfuls of $50 bills and tossing them in the air like confetti. ''I don't know how I'll spend it.''

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Jerry learned that spending money was not very difficult at all. Four days later, on the first of June, he took his VCR into EID's TV to be repaired. The man told him it would take two weeks. Fine, said Jerry and he handed over the machine. But then, just as he was heading out the door, Jerry decided two weeks was a long time. He bought a new VCR for $1,218.

He had the time of his life going through $47,853 over the next six months.

Except by December, Jerry was wanting out again. A team of NIS had been poking around Alameda looking into a rape case. Yet just their presence gave Jerry the willies. Then when he was assigned for three months to Stockton to help install a new communications system, Jerry was certain the NIS was on to him. Which, of course, was absurd. But Johnny was having a hell of a time convincing Jerry of that.

In fact, as Christmas came around, the only thing bringing Johnny some cheer was that this year he'd be spending it with his son. Mike, at his father's suggestion, had given up on Maine and moved in with Johnny. The boy cut his hair, promised to get stoned only now and then, and Johnny, without a word of complaint, enrolled him in a private school. So far things had worked out really well between the father and son, and Johnny had high hopes for the future.

26

So as Johnny headed toward his forty-fifth birthday, he began to discover the joys of fatherhood. He and his nearly eighteen-year-old son would make the rounds of all the squid bars challenging each other to chugalugs. Other nights they'd hit the topless strip and then it'd be a contest who'd be the first to yell to the bimbo bouncing onstage Johnny's favorite come-on: ''Sugar, long as I got a face, you got a place to sit.'' Or maybe it'd be just an evening at home, *The Devil and Miss Jones* on the VCR in the family room and the two of them getting nicely stoned on weed. They were sitting there, lounging at opposite ends of the plaid couch, when one night Johnny promised his son, ''Someday, I'll tell you how I make my money.'' Mike, who thought his father was the coolest, figured Johnny probably dealt a little dope on the side. Which was fine with him: What better source could a guy have than his dad? While Johnny never imagined he could ever feel so close to any of his children.

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Johnny, though, was not only a father, but also a grandfather. He had never seen Laura's son, already more than a year old, and by now he was real eager. Of course, the unfinished business between him and his daughter had something to do with it, too.

It worked out nicely because Laura and her husband were living these days in Hayward, California, about a twenty-minute drive from Jerry. He could make a pickup from his agent; and then have a recruiting session. Paid for courtesy of the KGB. It was all so convenient that Johnny decided his scheme had to be blessed.

Johnny couldn't believe he had forgotten his camera. It was just too stupid. And the more he worked his lapse over in his mind, the angrier he got at himself.

Truth be known, he had never expected to feel this way. But if the kid sitting on his lap wasn't the cutest, he was darn close. Johnny was convinced Christopher had his granddad's famous smile. How could Johnny head back to Norfolk without a picture? Something to keep in his wallet; maybe he'd even flash it at Art or some of the guys at the Lone Pine. The hell with what it cost.

Laura, he instructed his daughter who was at the wheel, I got to buy a camera. Head for the nearest mall.

So while Johnny hunted for a .35 millimeter, Laura sat in the car and decided that there was no understanding her father. Last time they had spoken, just before she had left the Army, he had torn into her but good, telling her what a screwup and a loser she was. How she had blown the big chance he had offered her. Then last night he calls up out of the blue, and says he's twenty minutes away at Uncle Jerry's; why don't I come on by in the morning and bring his grandson with me. He wants to talk. And now, the same man who used to call his kids rug rats is crazy over my son. Who knows what's going to happen next?

But while Laura found it hard to admit even to herself, she did have an idea about what Johnny wanted to talk about. It terrified her.

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''Smile,'' Johnny insisted.

Christopher refused to cooperate. He wouldn't stop crying.

''Goddamn it,'' he ordered his daughter, ''will you get that kid to lighten up.''

Christopher, though, had a mind of his own. He didn't take to coaxing.

Johnny, who never liked a struggle, decided to pack it in. They were sitting on a bench in a park in San Leandro. It was a cool January day, and the park was nearly empty. Christopher, at last, found a reason not to cry; he occupied himself with climbing down from the bench and heading toward the grass. Laura watched him from her seat.

Johnny was no longer following his grandson's antics. There was, he abruptly realized, switching roles without the least effort, more important business at hand. He placed the camera on the park bench; it was Laura's only clue that a new act was about to begin.

''There's an age limit,'' he suddenly announced. ''My man in Europe is concerned that you're getting older. You're going to be too old to get back in the Army if you wait any longer.''

Laura was afraid to refuse her father. ''What about Christopher?'' she tried.

''I'll take care of the kid,'' Johnny said; and Laura thought of the four children whom he had never taken care of. ''I'll even adopt him. Hire a nanny to watch him.''

Johnny went on to explain what his daughter would have to do, while Laura attempted to keep her eyes and thoughts locked on Christopher crawling by the seesaw. He told her his people were looking for all kinds of information. ''Anything is valuable.'' But best of all were codes, ''any kind of codes you could get your hands on.'' He told her there was really nothing to it: ''You can photograph the documents on the premises, or you can take 'em home to shoot and then return 'em the next day. It's simple.

''We'd be partners,'' he coaxed. There'd be good money for both of them: Laura could expect to make $500 a month plus bonuses for each document she produced. ''A genuine partnership,'' he repeated, holding out once again this promise of a father's love.

But Laura still found it impossible to say yes. Or to say no.

Johnny gave it one last shot: Look, I know you could use some money. Right?

There was no doubt about that, Laura had to agree. Her husband had declared bankruptcy a month ago.

How about I help you out? he suggested. Would, say, $1,500 come in handy?

Laura said without any hesitation, It'd make all the difference.

Johnny promised to send a check. The money to him was a down payment, three months advance on the salary he'd be paying his daughter. For Laura, however, the money was a loan. She needed to believe that.

As they were leaving the park, Johnny got further proof, he was convinced, that things were going his way. Christopher offered his grandfather the biggest smile in California, and Johnny grabbed his new camera, focused, and shot off nearly a roll of film.

Yes, the afternoon had worked out just perfect.

Three weeks later, on February 13, 1982, Johnny went to Vienna prepared to tell Ivan Four-Eyes about his plans for his brother, Art, and his daughter, Laura. He was also prepared for the weather: He wore electric socks. But he wasn't prepared for what the Russian had in store for him.

When the KGB agent greeted Johnny that night, there was another man accompanying him. "I want you to meet my successor," Ivan Four-Eyes said.

The new Russian, Johnny judged, was built to last. He was a dark mountain of a man as broad as the Kremlin wall. And about as friendly as a galloping cossack. When Johnny went to shake his hand, Ivan the Terrible came close to yanking it off. He still hadn't spoken, and Johnny was uncertain he knew how. The fact that he had managed to learn to walk on his hind legs seemed miracle enough.

Ivan Four-Eyes, though, was full of speeches. His mood was sentimental. He recalled his meets with Johnny, starting with the one in Casablanca. There were, he said, so many memories. Theirs had been a genuine friendship. And as a memento of all they had done together, Ivan Four-Eyes had brought Johnny a present.

You didn't have to do that, Johnny argued weakly.

No, I insist, said the Russian. He reached into his pocket and handed Johnny a red Paper Mate ballpoint pen.

Thanks, Johnny lied. But it did give him some pleasure to see that Ivan the Terrible's eyes were now glowing with envy.

It didn't strike Johnny, then, as the best time to break the news that he had been recruiting new agents. He left the face-to-face without saying a word to either of the Ivans about his ''Godfather operation.'' It made more sense, anyway, to wait till Laura had reenlisted; then he'd tell the Russians. Besides, if things worked out, by then he'd have another piece of big news to share. For on that same February day that Johnny was in Vienna, his son was in a naval recruiter's office in Norfolk signing his preenlistment papers. Mike would join the Navy in September.

But even in the most carefully planned espionage operations, there are unforeseen events. Five months later, on July 2, 1982, Laura came home to an empty apartment. On the kitchen table was a shoe box filled with bills. On top of the pile was a note. It was from Mark, her husband. He wrote that the rent was due and he was leaving. There was a page crammed with reasons and excuses, but Laura read through these jumbled sentences quickly. She was searching for something else, and she was afraid she would find it. Her instinct was right. Mark had saved it for the bottom of the page: ''I'm taking Chris. I'm sorry I had to do this but I can't live without him.''

Five days later Mark finally called. He swore—or at least this is how Laura remembers the call—he would tell the FBI about her father if she ever tried to take Christopher from him.

PART IV

RUS

27

In Natagutskaya Station, the railroad settlement town near the foothills of the Caucasus Mountains where he was born, it is easy to live out a small, anonymous life. Certainly, that seemed his destiny: He worked as a telegraph operator, a movie projectionist, and a sailor. Then, in 1936 he joined the Komsomol, the youth branch of the Communist party. He was twenty-two, and his ambitions suddenly had opportunities to pursue.

Within four years, he was assigned to Karelia, a territory in the northwest corner of the Soviet Union. When the Great Patriotic War came, Finnish troops claimed much of the land, and he fought against them. It was hard, guerrilla combat, and he proved brave and resourceful. His valor was noticed and praised by Otto Kuusinen, the leader of the Finnish Communist party. Comrade Kuusinen became a valuable friend.

It was on Comrade Kuusinen's recommendation that he was appointed to an administrative post with the Central Committee. He performed so successfully that he won a diplomatic assignment to Hungary. The next year, at forty, he was appointed ambassador.

As columns of Russian armor were preparing to move into Hungary in November 1956, his role as ambassador was to reassure the new nationalist government of Imre Nagy that the Soviet Union was neutral. By the end of the month Soviet tanks had rolled through Budapest and Nagy had been arrested.

The next year he was rewarded with an appointment to the Central Committee. He was chief of the department that controlled the Communist parties of Eastern Europe and China. The position gave him an opportunity to travel, to participate in Politburo meetings, and to demonstrate his skills to an influential audience.

After ten years with the Central Committee, in 1967, Yuri Vladimirovich Andropov became chairman of the KGB.

He had been KGB chairman for nearly a year when Warrant Officer John A. Walker, Jr., walked into the Soviet embassy in Washington hoping to sell a KL-47 key list.

For the next fourteen years, Yuri Andropov personally directed his Department 16's handling of John Walker.

His decisions were ultimately responsible for an espionage operation that succeeded in leaving United States forces vulnerable to a Russian attack. If war were to be declared, Soviet military theorists firmly believed—an opinion that, in time, would also be seconded by an American admiral and a secretary of the navy—the Soviet Union would now hold a strategic advantage. Or, if the Soviet Union decided to launch a first-strike attack against the United States, Russian nuclear submarines could destroy a devastating portion of the American Fleet within the first hours of combat; victory—if there can be one in the aftermath of a global, thermonuclear war—was now a feasible Soviet military scenario. And, while peace continued, international political decisions could be made not only from strength, but also, in many cases, with prior knowledge of the strategies of American diplomatic and military leaders.

Yuri Andropov was a hero of the Soviet Union: He had unlocked the gates guarding the armory of American secrets.

On November 11, 1982, he was elected general secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist party of the Soviet Union. Yuri Andropov was ruler of the party, and, therefore, ruler of the nation.

The next day, on the front page of *The New York Times* a dispatch from Moscow speculated about the long-range consequences of Premier Andropov's leadership. Yet in the offices of the Central Intelligence Agency, there were many intelligence professionals more concerned with understanding the past than with predicting the future:

What, these backbeaters anxiously wondered, had the head of the KGB accomplished that would have brought him to the most powerful position in the Soviet Union?

Thoughts about the past and predictions of the future were also on Barbara Walker's and Shalel Way's minds that same winter. The two women, a deck of Tarot cards spread between them, were huddled around a kitchen table in a Maine farmhouse. It was an icy, moonlit January night. "A night," declared Shalel, "of psychic destiny." Which, the way Barb looked at it, was maybe laying it on too thick. But then again, it was a night that set in motion events that would finally give the CIA backbeaters an answer. One they were hoping not to find.

Shalel Way had a gift. Since she was four, she "always knew what people were thinking." It had taken her awhile, though, to realize it was selfish not to share this talent. In her "gypsy days," as she dubbed them, she had played guitar in San Francisco, planted trees for the state of Arkansas, and headed a "utopian" commune in the Maine woods. But now that she was twenty-seven, Shalel and her six-year-old son, Brefney, had returned to her hometown of Skowhegan. She was making a living holding Tarot-psychic readings.

"All questions answered," she promised. "Future, spirit guides, and even stock tips are accurately unfolded." Over the past eleven years her readings had proved to be 95 percent accurate. She had kept careful track.

Barbara knew Shalel's parents, Larry and Mary Ann Vique, real well. It was the Viques who had first told her about their daughter. They could tell Barb was having a rough go of it; maybe Shalel could help her get a handle on things.

Barbara, never one to check out even her horoscope in the paper, was ready by now to try just about anything. The secret had made a hell out of her life, and she didn't see any way out it. She wanted help.

Still, when she saw the feather sticking out of Shalel's headband her expectations nose-dived.

But Barb was game. She sat at one end of the Formica kitchen table, while across from her Shalel dealt the Tarot cards into two rows. "The cards," Shalel explained, "work through dreams. People dream their futures and through the cards a dream's meaning is revealed."

At last, she picked up one of the cards and held it directly in front of Barbara's face. "The significator," Shalel called it.

"Is it familiar?" Shalel asked.

The card showed a tower perched on a mountain. Lightning bolts were attacking the tower. Bodies—victims—hurled through space.

Barbara answered, "That's my dream."

It was the first time Barbara had told anyone about her dream. She rose from the table and began to pace. Talking all the time: "In my dream it's a skyscraper. Like the Empire State Building, sort of. It's all in flames. People are trapped inside. Some are diving from the windows. I can hear their screams. But it's too late. They're being burned alive."

Barb's face was wet with tears. She was standing by the kitchen sink. Above the sink was a mullioned window and an opaque plastic sheet was nailed across it for weatherproofing. From where Shalel was sitting, Barbara appeared framed by the moonlight that filtered through the heavy plastic. Synchronicity, Shalel decided.

When Barb found the will to continue, it was as if she had completed the running of a long race; she was drained, exhausted, but not daunted. "You have to understand," she said, "it's not a fire in my dream. It's Armageddon. The end of the world."

Shalel nodded, waiting. She would always believe she knew what was coming next.

"What's so horrible, so goddamn terrifying," Barbara went on in her flat, logical way, "is I can stop it. Me. I can save all those people. . . ."

And once she had gone that far, there was no point in holding anything back: "Shalel, it's not a dream."

"I know," said Shalel, coaxing. She added, "You have to do something. You must try to save all those people."

Barbara answered, "I will. I'm really going to get him for this. That's my country."

It was a vow.

She would not allow herself to cry. Instead, her words had that perfect calm that comes with a resigned anger: "I can save this country, all right. All I have to do is destroy the people I love most in the world."

28

When Rachel Allen was twelve, her stepfather held a .44 to her head. He shoved the nozzle into her ear and told her, ''You call the cops and I'll pull the trigger.''

The trouble had started that evening when he had come home drunk. Not that there was anything strange about that; ever since the auto accident had messed up his back and cost him his job as a security guard, he couldn't seem to make it through the day without drowning his sorrows. Only this evening, he was also packing a real attitude. He tore into Rachel's mom something fierce, going on about how she was his wife so he'll damn well sleep in her bed. It was scary. But when Rachel heard the slap—and Rachel knew his temper too well; her stepdad had bloodied her nose after their last set-to—she decided there was no reason to put up with this. The twelve-year-old picked up the phone and announced she was calling the cops. Next thing she knew, there was this gun at her head.

Rachel was shaking, but she told him, ''Put that damn thing down.'' Her stepfather wouldn't. He held it hard against her ear all the time she was talking to the police. After she finished the call, the gun seemed a little pointless, so he put it down on the bed. By now he was crying, and so was Rachel.

He spent the night in the drunk tank, and the next morning when he came home his bags were packed and lined in a neat row in the garage. That was the way that marriage ended.

Seven years earlier, the marriage between Rachel's mom and natural father had just sort of petered out. Maybe it had been a bit of unfocused thinking from the start. Dora Kartafelt was the daughter of Orthodox Jews from Brooklyn, New York. Carl Earl Allen was the son of Southern Baptists from Smithfield, North Carolina. Carl, twenty-one and a naval dispersing clerk after five years in the service, was in New York City awaiting deployment to Panama when he met Dora, a nineteen-year-old secretary working in the Chrysler Building. Two weeks later they were married.

Neither of their parents were too happy about the match. But the Kartafelts saw it as a sin. That really hurt Dora. For her own sake, and, in time, for her children's. The Kartafelts, though, were not to be turned. Years later, when one of their nephews became a transsexual, the Kartafelts were still willing to accept Joan into their home; after all, he had been Bar Mitzvahed as John. But the three Allen grandchildren—Rachel and two older brothers—had been brought up to go to church on Sundays. That was unforgivable.

When Dora and Carl's marriage came apart, they were living in Chesapeake, Virginia. He had retired from the Navy, never making it past clerk, first class, and was now working as a government auditor. Dora got the house, the three kids, and, it seemed to her, all the bills. She took a job as a patty packer; that meant eight hours a day preparing sandwiches that would be sold in vending machines and in 7-Elevens. It paid minimum wage. She'd stick with it for the next ten years.

After her second divorce, Dora's life settled down; all that was left was the job at Stewart's Sandwiches and her kids. The boys were a bit of a problem; smart, one was even a member of the National Honor Society in high school, but they always seemed to be making trouble for themselves. Either they'd be running away, or they'd be smoking pot. Two divorces had worked them over good.

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Rachel was Dora's blessing. She had become a sad-faced, serious girl. The kind of kid who cleaned up her room simply because if she didn't do it then her mother would have to. Always very adult. She didn't complain, not even when she had to wear a neighbor's daughter's hand-me-downs. And when she started high school, no one had to tell her to get a job in the afternoons. She just went to the Taco Bell and signed on. Her grades didn't suffer too much; she had made up her mind to go to college and that was that.

"I don't have to worry about you," Dora would tell her daughter whenever Rachel started to apologize for coming home late from school or work. Rachel, as was her way, did worry some about her mom. It was unfair for her mother to work so hard, and then for the family to have to do without. She thought about that a lot.

What with her job and schoolwork and helping out around the house, Rachel didn't have time for a lot of friends. Most of her free time was spent reading; she loved mythology.

In her four years at Great Ridge High School, she had one date. She asked her chemistry lab partner to take her to the junior prom. He was six feet four and she was five feet two. When they got on the dance floor, they attracted quite a crowd.

She didn't mind not dating. All they ever seemed to talk about in her hygiene class was sex. The films were worse. The thought of being manhandled by some teenage boy with galloping hormones scared the poo right out of her.

She didn't go out with any boys all through her freshman year at Old Dominion University, either. Which was just as well; she had signed up for the university's biology program—she still wasn't sure whether she wanted to be a doctor or a research scientist—and that was challenge enough. Then there was her job at Kinney Shoes in the mall. Also, she was now living with her father and his wife; they were close to ODU and had a Toyota she could use. Her life seemed about as full as it could get.

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Then, as she began her sophomore year, it started bothering Rachel that she had never dated. She decided it was because she was too gross; no guy wants to go out with a porker. So she stopped eating. Really stopped. She'd have a glass of orange juice for breakfast, and then she'd only drink water for the rest of the day. On Sundays, though, the family went to the Western Sizzler after church. Her father made her come along. She'd fill up a plate with lettuce from the salad bar and pick at it just to please him.

In three months she went from 119 to 87 pounds. She looked a lot less because she had made a point of buying clothes that were a couple of sizes too large. She was convinced she was a real load.

After Christmas, Rachel met a guy. David was in her skin-diving class and he was twenty-five, six years older than Rachel. She couldn't believe how happy she felt to be, at last, in love. He'd take her out to dinner and make sure she finished everything on her plate. In one month she gained six pounds, and she didn't mind at all.

Rachel wanted to marry him. But just as the term was ending, he told her he had another girlfriend back home. Maybe it would be better if she started dating other people this summer. Rachel said she couldn't, so David told her she had to understand that it was over between them: She might as well forget about him.

The pain was unbearable. All she could do was think about David. She had been brought up to believe you don't sleep with a guy unless you intend to marry him and it came as a real shock that not everyone felt the same way. With all her sadness, she didn't even realize she had stopped eating again.

After her finals, though, she went out and got a summer job. She was a hostess and a cashier in the lounge at The Lone Pine Inn. She worked from 5:00 P.M. to 2:00 A.M. six days a week and that suited her fine.

Things were always jumping. There was a smoked-glass partition as soon as you walked into the Lone Pine and it served to divide the place in half, more or less. On one side was the restaurant; the prime rib dinner for $7.95 was a bargain and it brought in a lot of families. While in the dim-lit lounge where Rachel worked, you got a mixed crowd; singles looking to meet somebody over a beer would be shoulder to shoulder with the Virginia Beach executives who stopped in for a quick one after work each night and, part of the ritual, kept putting off heading home to the wife and kids.

The only downside to the job, Rachel felt, was having to deal with all the guys who were coming on to her. But they were mostly old goats, in their forties maybe, with their shirts pulled so tight across their guts that the buttons would be close to popping. It was kind of pathetic, Rachel thought, if they really believed a nineteen-year-old girl would be interested in the likes of them. So she never took their come-ons too seriously, and in no time at all she got pretty good at blowing them off.

One guy, however, was pretty persistent. He had a toupee and aviator glasses and a beard and a roll of pudge just above the belt buckle of his jeans. He'd come over to the register where Rachel worked and he'd stare and then he'd shoot her this real slick dick smile. She felt like telling him, ''Look all you want, buddy, 'cause that's the most you're ever gonna do.'' The first couple of weeks he had kept on asking her out for a drink when she got off work, but she laughed him off. Then he started coming by with a girlfriend, a blonde not more than two years older than Rachel, so Rachel figured he had moved on to greener pastures. And that was a relief. Now when he'd ask for change to play Pac-Man, she'd tell him, ''I'm only gonna give you three quarters for your dollar. You come to me at the end of the evening and I'll give you the rest. That way you won't spend all your money on those silly games.'' She'd put on a stern, maternal voice, and it always made him laugh.

He told her he was a private detective. Rachel said she thought only people in movies had jobs like that.

''No way. And in real life the PIs are braver and more handsome than the ones in the movies,'' said Johnny Walker.

Rachel also got to know Art Walker. He was another regular at the Lone Pine. He'd come in and right away he'd say to her, ''I haven't had my hug today.'' She'd give him a hug, and not think twice about it. Course it wasn't the sort of thing she'd ever dream of doing with Johnny; that would be gross. But Art was so kind and friendly that hugging him was simply nice. All the girls did it. Just as everyone called him ''Uncle Art.'' He was a teddy bear. You had to like him.

• • •

So one Saturday night while Rachel was working in the lounge, Johnny came up to her. She could tell he had a bit of a buzz on.

"Just how old *are* you?" he asked as though he suddenly made a great discovery.

"Nineteen," said Rachel.

"You know, I have a son your age."

"That's nice." And she was thinking: Then why don't you go home to him?

But Johnny's wheels were spinning: "Look, I've got an idea. We're all gonna be out on my houseboat tomorrow. Why don't you come by and meet him. You kids might hit it off. What do you say? About four?"

"Maybe," said Rachel, figuring if she kept things vague it would cause less of a hassle than a flat-out no.

The next day, Father's Day, June 21, 1982, after Rachel and her dad and his new family had returned from Sunday lunch at the Western Sizzler, the phone rang. Rachel was the first to reach it.

"Well," asked Johnny Walker, "you're still coming out to the boat this afternoon? Right? I promised my son."

Rachel copied down the directions and then wanted to know, "How'd you get my number?"

"Us private detectives have our ways."

Rachel's father wasn't too keen at first about his daughter's running off somewhere on Father's Day. But by three-thirty he had settled into his favorite chair and was watching a baseball game on the living room TV. He told her to do whatever she thought best.

It was only as Rachel was driving out to the boat that it occurred to her that maybe she was being played for a fool. There'd be no one but Johnny Walker on the boat. Him in a pair of swim trunks with his gut hanging out. If he tried to touch her, she'd show him he had made a real bad error in judgment.

Except when she got to the dock, she could see P.K., Johnny's young blonde, stretched out on a blanket soaking up the sun. So she relaxed. The boat, too, was a surprise. Rachel had no idea what a houseboat was going to look like and the fact that it was sort of square tickled her.

As soon as she got on board, Johnny handed her a gin and tonic and, bubbling, said, ''Glad you made it. Mike'll be thrilled. Let me get him.''

But before he could call for his son, Mike came up from below. He was in a pair of cutoffs and he wasn't wearing a shirt, and Rachel could see he had a surfer's tan. To cover his surfer's body. Oh, he was short, maybe five feet five, but Rachel was only a small drink of water herself. Best of all, he had this dark curly hair, like David's. Rachel had a thing about dark hair. Yes, no doubt about it, he was cute. Real cute.

''What high school you go to?''

Rachel was trying to find something to talk about with Mike. He kept on flashing her this grin, so she knew he was interested, but the conversation had been getting nowhere. The other night Johnny had told her his son was still in high school; he had lost two years after he had gotten into some trouble in Maine. Rachel, remembering this and now desperate, was ready to try anything to get the ball rolling.

But Mike was putting her off: ''You wouldn't know it. It's just a small place. It's private,'' he added as though that explained everything.

''Try me,'' Rachel said. ''I've lived around here all my life. Maybe I have heard of it.''

''Ryan High,'' he said without much hope.

''My stepsister goes there!'' Rachel was near to rejoicing. Why she knew dozens of kids at Ryan. They were always coming by her dad's home. Mike knew them, too.

From there, the talk just flowed.

Though, Rachel would one day admit, she was also thinking: Ryan? Mostly money goes there. And his father has a boat and he says he has a plane. Who knows?

That night the four of them went back to the house on Old Ocean View Road for a spaghetti dinner. There was a lot of red wine and a lot of laughs. Johnny and P.K. packed it in early. It had been a long day in the sun. But Mike asked Rachel if she wanted to check out a little TV. Sure, she agreed.

They went off to the family room and started watching a movie about a dog. "He's a stupid puppy. Let's bag it," Mike was insisting before the first commercial. But Rachel was genuinely fascinated. Besides, she was in no hurry to go home.

When the movie was over, Mike walked Rachel to her car.

"I had fun," he told her. "Would it be okay to give you a call?"

"That'd be great," she said.

Three days later she was still waiting for his call. And for three days she hadn't eaten a thing. She had just met him, and now she was missing him that much.

Then on the evening of the third day, he came into the lounge. They sat at a table and talked and Mike had a couple of drinks. After he had paid up, he said he was going surfing tomorrow. Would she like to come along?

"Love to," Rachel said.

"I'll come by about eleven," he promised.

Later, when she went to her Toyota in the parking lot, she found a long-stemmed red rose wedged under the windshield wiper. There was also a note: "See you tomorrow."

She couldn't sleep that night she was so excited.

Mike picked her up the next morning and they drove to Virginia Beach in his yellow Mazda flatbed truck. All he wanted to talk about was surfing. He told her how he used a Canyon board, they were the best. Though Shawn Thompson was not bad if you had to make do. But WRVs were not cool at all; they were kid stuff, for Sunday surfers. And, he told her, he was definitely not your weekend-variety surfer. His board was a tri-fin board, not a faggot's single fin. Gave you zoom. That way when you're getting tubed—riding with a humongous wave hanging over you like a wet curtain of doom, he explained—the rush is dynamite. And all the while he was talking, he kept on rewinding the cassette on his tape deck so that the same song played over and over. "I Wanna Be Sedated" must have filled the cab of the little yellow truck at least a dozen times in a row. Full blast.

''Joey Ramone is the coolest,'' Mike announced, his hand pounding out the beat on the dashboard as he drove.

''. . . Uh-huh,'' said Rachel.

Even though Rachel was sitting on the beach she couldn't help feeling excited as she watched Mike, now in his wet suit, paddling out for a wave. Then, when he got to his feet, and this gigantic wave was breathing down his neck and the board was zipping through the water, she, too, was up on her feet and cheering before she realized it. He was her man, and she was so proud.

On the way back from the beach, Mike told her he had to work a case for his dad. Did she want to come along?

So for twenty minutes they tried to follow some lady in a red 280 Z who maybe was going to a motel. But once they got out of traffic, the lady put the Z into fourth and there was no way the little yellow pickup could stay with her.

''Solid gone and that was all she wrote,'' said Mike. ''That's the way it sometimes is in surveillance work.'' It was an apology, but Rachel wasn't disappointed at all. It had been just about the best day of her life. It wouldn't take much for her to fall in love with her surfing detective.

That night, when she left work at the Lone Pine and headed to her car, she found another long-stemmed rose under the windshield wiper.

No, she decided, it wouldn't take much at all.

Their next date was to go see the X-Rays who were playing at the Wave, a club down by the beach. But Mike told her she first had to ''get a new look.'' He took her to the mall and bought her a red miniskirt, a black leather vest, and a pair of black fishnet stockings.

After her shift at the Lone Pine, she went into the ladies' room and changed. She felt silly, even trampy, when she looked in the mirror. But when she came out of the john, Mike was waiting and he gave her a big kiss. ''Très hot,'' he said. And that was all that mattered.

Course, he was wearing mascara and black eyeliner, but after a while Rachel hardly even noticed.

When the Fourth of July got near, Mike told her a bunch of his friends were going down to Cape Hatteras for the weekend. They'd watch the fireworks, have a few beers, camp out. Did she want to come along? It should be fun, he promised.

Rachel knew exactly what kind of fun. She told her dad she was spending the weekend at a girlfriend's house.

The two of them spent Saturday and Sunday at the Frisco Campgrounds. They didn't really hang out too much with Mike's buddies. In fact, they never really seemed to leave the back of the little yellow truck.

For the rest of the summer Mike and Rachel went everywhere together. He tried to teach her how to surf, and she tried to teach him how to scuba dive; once Johnny came along and videotaped a lesson, yelling to his cautious son, "Don't be such a pussy." Or they'd go out to the houseboat on a Sunday afternoon for gin and tonics, and afterward Johnny would take them to Mama's, an Italian restaurant in Tidewater. When they went to hear The Motels at Peabody's and all the punkers started trashing the place, Rachel had the time of her life. And some nights after her shift they would just drive to Sandbridge, watch the ocean, share a six-pack, and talk until the sun came up.

Every time Mike said, "I love you, bunny," Rachel became the happiest woman on the planet.

In September, just as Rachel was starting her junior year, they had their first fight. They were having breakfast in the house on Old Ocean View Road when Mike told her, "I have to tell you something."

Rachel didn't like his tone at all.

"I'm going into the Navy," he announced. "Look, if I could get out, I would, but they won't let me. I signed up last February. Before I met you. It was my dad's idea. Hell, I didn't know what else to do. I couldn't get into college. There's nothing I can do about it now."

Rachel had one question: "When do you ship off?"

"In December. The fourteenth."

Rachel was quiet for a moment, and all of a sudden her eyes were wet with tears, and finally she managed to say, "What do you want me to do while you're gone?"

"That's a good question." Rachel could tell Mike was hurting too. But he wasn't ready to make things easier. "I just don't know," he said after some thought.

"Well, when you get some answers, tell me."

Rachel ran from the house. She couldn't believe he hadn't asked her to marry him.

For two weeks they didn't speak. Rachel cried whenever she was alone. She never felt like eating. Then after classes one afternoon she went to her car and found a rose under the windshield wiper. A note said, "Thinking about you."

That seemed to settle things. They spent every day together until he was to go to boot camp at Great Lakes, outside of Chicago. They had an early Christmas. Mike gave Rachel a gold ring with a green stone set in the middle; it reminded her of the picture she had seen in *People* of Princess Di's emerald. Mike told her it was "a promise ring."

On the night before he was to leave, Rachel stayed at Mike's house. It must have been after 2:00 A.M. when she woke up and discovered he was not in the bed. She found him downstairs in the family room. The lights were off and Mike was crying.

"I just want to run away," he told Rachel through his tears. "I'm scared. I don't want to join the Navy. I don't. I wish my father hadn't made me."

So Rachel hugged him, and held him, and he cried and cried in the dark.

29

Rita was in a state about Art. Her husband was sleepy all the time. Men do like to sleep, she realized, but this wasn't normal. He'd come home from his job at VSE, and he'd fall asleep right at the kitchen table. While she was talking to him. But that wasn't all. One night he sat down to watch TV and the next thing she knew his hands were up around his throat and he was gasping for air like he was choking. It scared Rita half to death.

Art said it was nothing, but she laid down the law: He had to go see a doctor. So Art went for a MEDCOR checkup. The Navy doc listened to his heart, and gave him a blood test, and told him as far as he could tell Art was healthy as a horse. Do you smoke? the doc asked. Two packs a day, Art admitted, a little shamefaced. Well, that must be it. Cut down on the cigarettes and you'll be a new man.

But Art couldn't stop smoking; it was easier to give up on doctors. It was about that time the nightmares started. Each night the same awful scream would come bursting from Art, the wail ripping through the entire house. "Like he was in agony," was the only way Rita could describe it. It tore her apart, too.

Things were bad enough, then, before Art decided a drink or two might help. Art, the sailor who never liked the taste of liquor, who never had a drink at home unless there was company, now kept a glass and a bottle of scotch next to his TV chair. The alcohol just took him lower.

But worst of all was the night Art came home looking for his shotgun. He told Rita he wanted "to blow his brains out." He was drunk, yet Rita was certain he was serious. She sat with him and tried to get him to talk. He wouldn't tell her anything. All he did was cry. When he fell asleep, she went to the medicine cabinet in their bathroom and removed the razor blades, the scissors, and a bottle of aspirins.

She didn't know what else to do. And she didn't know what was wrong.

How was Rita to know she was watching her husband become a spy? Each stage of Art's misery was his acknowledgment of another level of betrayal. Like so many little lies, his treason had been gradual; until it was too late, and the only way out was with a shotgun.

In the beginning, was the first theft.

As soon as he took the job at VSE, Johnny's prodding began. Art decided he might as well get his brother off his back; after all, Johnny had covered his share of the debt to the bank. What would be the harm if he gave his brother a look at some documents? *Unclassified* documents. The distinction was very important to Art.

So at the end of his shift one afternoon, Art put the electronics section of a ship's information book and the technical manual index for LHA class ships into his briefcase. They weren't classified; he'd return them the next day. Where was the crime?

That evening, briefcase in hand, he went to Johnny's house. His brother took a quick look at the documents and made a face. "Nothing here's classified," Johnny complained to his brother. Still, Johnny made photocopies of a few pages from the tech manual. "You never know what people will pay for," he told his newest operative.

The next day Johnny met Art after work and handed him a white envelope. Inside was $6,000. "Up-front money," Johnny called it. Art should consider it payment for the "look" last night and an advance against more important deliveries in the future.

When Art went home that night he fell asleep at the kitchen table. It was the first time, and when Rita woke him up he thought she was kidding.

"If I'm going to do this shit," Art told his brother later in the week, "I need some methodology." The $6,000, he was convinced, had gone a long way toward solving all his problems.

"Tradecraft is what we call it," corrected Johnny, completing the first lesson.

The next lesson took place in the den on Old Ocean View Road. "The primary method," Johnny instructed his asset, "is photography." A lot of agents, Johnny went on, use a Minox. But for Art's purpose, Johnny was recommending a Kodak 110 camera. It's much easier to focus, he explained. All you do is put the documents on a desk and sight them through the viewfinder until the writing's legible. Then you can snap away. Try it, he told his brother.

Art, camera in hand, played spy. "Simple," he agreed.

"But how do I get stuff now?" Art demanded. "What's the methodology for getting my hands on it?"

Johnny, a patient control, told his brother a good field agent has to make things up as he goes along. "You look and see what you've got, and then you use your own ingenuity."

"But that could be difficult," Art moaned.

"Yeah. You've got to think. You've got to charge on. You've got to do it," Johnny urged.

But Art knew he didn't have to do anything. He was not a field agent. That was just crazy Johnny talking. Still, he told himself, it might be interesting to see if he could shoot a photograph. Just for the fun of it. But certainly nothing classified.

So one night he took some ship plans home with him. The plans were unclassified; he didn't even have to sign them out. But he would later say, "it was pretty challenging because they are very large and there are lots of pages." After a little practice, he got the Kodak 110 down pat. There was nothing to it, just like his brother had said.

When he was done he left the film at Johnny's office. He also put a note on his brother's desk: "Film in drawer."

He hadn't done anything really wrong, so he didn't see any reason to keep it a secret.

And he had no idea why he had started drinking.

Every now and then Johnny was mentioning the $6,000. Art, grateful, decided, he would explain, he might as well "see what I can do."

On September 21, 1981, Art went to the VSE security officer and signed out for the damage control book for the USS *Blue Ridge*. The *Blue Ridge* was the command and communications ship for the Pacific Fleet. The booklet was classified confidential.

Art went back to his desk and removed what he considered the most vital sections of the book—information regarding tank capacity, troop carry capacity, and ship stability. He placed these pages—they were about an inch thick—into his briefcase. He made sure to return the rest of the damage control book to the security officer. Then he went to lunch. Taking his briefcase with him.

He never got a chance to eat. He went to his brother's office and began photographing the pages. He used two rolls of film, and when he was done he left the cartridges in Johnny's desk drawer.

When he returned to the office, he checked out the book again and put the photographed pages back in. At four-thirty he returned a complete book.

Where was the big deal? he asked himself.

Years later, however, he got an answer when the senior intelligence officer for the Atlantic Fleet described the damage control book as a "bible for sabotage." "A Russian saboteur could determine where to place a single mine that could sink the ship or how to poison the crew through the ship's drinking water," he stated.

At the time, though, Art was more concerned about his mysterious nightmares.

For a while, Art didn't photograph anything. Why should he? he told himself; he wasn't a professional spy. But in April 1982, a project he was working on gave him access to computer tapes of ship casualty reports for the LHA class of ships from 1976 to 1980. These CASREPs on the Navy's newest assault vessels—each ship could carry 2,000 marines and 30 helicopters—were classified confidential.

Maybe this was the sort of thing Johnny was looking for, Art decided.

He took a chunk of the computer pages home with him in his briefcase. That night he photographed them in Johnny's office.

The next day at lunchtime he put the rest of the printout in his briefcase. Johnny was waiting outside in his van. They drove to the K-Mart parking lot; finding a space there would be no problem.

Johnny arranged the pages on one of the gray velour seats in the back of the van, and his brother began taking photographs.

But Art's heart started pounding. He thought he was going to have a heart attack in the back of the van in the K-Mart parking lot. "I can't do it, Bubba," he told Johnny.

So Johnny took over. Only Johnny, with a professional's pride, wouldn't use the easy-focus Kodak. He took his time and aimed his Minox C.

Somehow, that made Art feel more at ease. If Johnny was taking the pictures, then Johnny was the spy. Not Art. He wanted to believe that very much.

Only that night he woke up screaming again.

"Once you start sinning," Art would one day explain, "you either stop sinning or you just keep going and going and you carry this guilt around, subconsciously perhaps, but there is always a bit of tenseness. It's one of those things that you push back inside, you know, that makes you worse for it. It eats on you and it would be nice to tell someone, but who can you tell?"

That was Art's life as a spy.

He earned a total of $12,000 for his work. Part of that money, about $5,000, he returned to Johnny as a partial repayment toward the business debts his brother had covered.

The rest he kept in his briefcase. He didn't want Rita to know about it. He said, "It was my Happy Hour money. I bought some stuff . . . a gas grill, a new hairpiece, brakes for the car."

And he wanted to blow his brains out.

30

And while on both coasts the agents, despite swirling fears and doubts, continued their missions behind the lines, their control went off to Atlanta on the trail of a rock star.

Johnny, just as he was starting to recruit his brother, had made another career move. He had left Wackenhut to become a partner with his former boss, Phil Prince, in Confidential Reports, Inc. This new detective agency was, of course, more cover. But, much cleverer, it also created new opportunities: The agency gave polygraph examinations to sailors who needed evidence to refute the Navy's spot checks for drug use; it paid—under the table, naturally—at least a half-dozen Norfolk police officers who provided motor vehicle, criminal, and credit information about clients; and it was hired to sweep for electronic devices the offices of VSE, on Art's recommendation, and the Newport News Shipbuilding Co., the contractors for the Navy's fleet of Tomahawk missile-armed attack submarines.

"The trademark of the professional investigator," the military-brown Confidential Reports brochure explained, "is integrity, ability, and dedication." The same qualities which, conveniently enough, are found in the professional spy. In time, Johnny had no doubt, these two roles would merge: The naval contractor's office being swept would also simultaneously be bugged; the sailor with the drug problem would be a cinch to blackmail; and the cop who was willing to break the rules for a price would break larger laws for larger fees. Johnny, who got most of his ideas from television anyway, envisioned Confidential Reports becoming "the base of operations" for his network; "like that headquarters they had on 'The Man from U.N.C.L.E.' " was how he saw it. The fact that Phil Prince didn't have the slightest idea about this grand scheme only made the cover that much better.

For now, though, as he waited for his ring to solidify into a family operation, he threw himself into another set of opportunities that came his way through his detective agency—Johnny's Jewels, as Debbie Coursen, the Confidential Reports' office manager, called them. And that was how he wound up on the way to Atlanta hoping to deliver a message from a redhead with a great pair of legs to Mick Fleetwood of Fleetwood Mac.

The Case of the Reluctant Rock Star ended with a bullet. The redhead had hired Johnny Walker because she was in love with Mick Fleetwood. She had—or so she claimed; she did have a tendency to exaggerate that Johnny fully understood and excused—spent a night with Mick after the group's last show in Norfolk. She told Johnny, who tried to keep his grin under control, that she loved Mick and she was certain Mick loved her. She knew Mick wanted to be with her, but his managers and roadies were keeping them apart. Could Mr. Walker just deliver a message to Mick? If only Mick knew where he could reach her, if only he had her phone number, he'd come to her, she insisted. She was sobbing a river of tears.

Now, now, said Johnny, as he got up from his desk and put a consoling arm over her shoulder while also managing to take a good look at her majorette's legs. I think I can help you, he promised.

That night he took her to the Lone Pine for dinner, his treat. After dinner he took her to his house for a nightcap. You're in no shape to be alone, he advised her. She must have agreed because she stayed the night.

Next week, however, after he tracked the group to Atlanta and tried to confront Mick Fleetwood or at least his manager, things didn't work out as well. The KGB spy who had penetrated the Atlantic Fleet Submarine Communications Room couldn't get past the lobby of Fleetwood Mac's hotel. Neither Mick nor his manager would take a call from the house phone. The best Johnny could do was leave the redhead's message with the desk clerk.

Johnny never knew if the rock star received his message; however, he did learn that the redhead never spoke to Mick. After waiting for his call for two weeks, she tried to kill herself. She took a pistol and fired it point-blank into her chest. The bullet missed her heart and nicked her lung before exiting. When Johnny visited her in the hospital, she told him she had found God. Six months later she was working at the Christian Broadcasting Network in Virginia Beach as a volunteer. She still visited Johnny from time to time, though.

But more often Johnny had to settle for the opportunities that came his way from a juicy divorce case. "These divorcées are great for business," he told his partner. "Yeah," said Phil, not too happy about the way things were going, "monkey business." Yet Johnny, proud of his routine, would keep his office door open so his associates could listen as he reeled in the brokenhearted:

CLIENT: My husband is having an affair.

JOHNNY: A pretty woman like you? Impossible!

CLIENT: . . . it's true. When I confronted him, he slapped me.

JOHNNY: Why, you don't need that. You don't need a man who abuses you. Not a pretty woman like you.

CLIENT: It's just that my husband doesn't care about me. That's why he's sleeping with someone else. I want you to find out the bitch's name.

JOHNNY: Well, in my experience, and I've worked hundreds of cases like this, more important than finding out anybody's name is trying to get back together with your husband. You do want to stay together?

CLIENT: . . . I'm not sure.

JOHNNY: Course you do. And the way to do it is to make him jealous. Get back at him the way he's been hurting you. Give him a dose of his own medicine. You understand what I'm saying?

CLIENT: I think so.

JOHNNY: Maybe, and this is difficult for me to say, it's a problem of your sexual habits. You do enjoy sex, don't you?

CLIENT: . . . Yes, but . . .

JOHNNY: Well, maybe you got to try some new techniques. Learn some things.

CLIENT: I . . .

JOHNNY: Look, I don't know exactly how to ask this—Do you enjoy oral sex?

And at this point Johnny would usually have to get up from his desk and close the door to his office. The laughter from the next room would be getting too distracting.

Not all of Johnny's Jewels, however, were one-night stands. He and P. K. Carroll, who at twenty-two was younger than two of his daughters, were pretty much a couple; which is one way of saying Johnny was with P.K. when he wasn't off two-timing her. She was a thin blonde with a pixie haircut and, oddly, a linebacker's angry, competitive tension. It would take a lot of people by surprise when she came on like a barroom sailor on Cinderella Liberty. For a slight girl, they'd say, she sure knew how to carry herself.

P.K. had met Johnny in 1981 while she was in the Navy and was attending fire fighting school. It was tough-guy work, all that "holding the wild hose" and "dogging down hot doors" on flaming ships. She liked it fine, only it gave her too much free time. That's how she happened to perk up when she came across an ad in the *Virginian-Pilot:* The Confidential Reports agency was looking for part-time investigators.

Phil Prince interviewed her and, after hearing about how she had served with the Shore Patrol before going off to fight fires, hired her on the spot. He also invited P.K. to his partner's forty-fourth birthday party. That afternoon she went with Phil to pick up cold-cut platters at Farm Fresh and nothing better to do, she stayed for the fun. "It'll be a good way to meet the clients," Phil told her.

By ten that night the party in the agency's offices was down to empty bottles, but a group was going back to the birthday boy's house. "Why don't you come along?" Johnny Walker asked P.K.

In the family room on Old Ocean View Road, with *Insatiable* on the VCR, P.K. proceeded to put away a fair amount of bourbon. She had never seen a blue movie before and to her surprise, it was turning her on. When Johnny, her employer and host, asked her to spend the night, she figured why not? No biggie.

A year later she was out of the Navy and living with her mother in Seattle when who should call her but her old boss. "Been thinking of you," said Johnny. "How about you coming back East and working for us?" So she soon was working part-time for Confidential Reports and living, a little more than part-time, in Johnny's house. But P.K. had a future full of full-time plans. She was training to join the Norfolk Police Department. "The best idea in the world," Johnny told her. She was also trying to move into the house on Old Ocean View Road on a permanent basis. "We'll have to think about that one," said Johnny. But he had bought her a ring, a ruby surrounded by a circle of ten tiny diamond chips. It cost him $500 and he called it their "unengagement ring."

A newspaper ad also attracted another part-time investigator to the agency. In time, she would become Johnny's best friend, his partner, and his victim. The way Johnny looked at it, theirs was a love story. It wasn't because they were lovers, though Johnny got a charge out of giving people that impression. But because Laurie Robinson, model and private eye, was the one woman who, though she never knew all the details, could have understood the risky game of Johnny's scattered ambitions. In her own way, she was a player too.

Before she had married the weight lifter with the twenty-one-inch biceps and after she had divorced the rock soundman who tried to kill himself with an overdose of Quaaludes, Laurie had been married to a spy. Of course by then she had also caught her mother having an affair; was beaten bloody by her Marine colonel father; had run away from home and, nearly fifteen, called herself Jenny and lived on her own in Washington for two years; had a school for the emotionally disturbed closed down after the director shot her full of Thorazine and tried to rape her; ran away from a foster home after her "dad" climbed into bed with her; worked as a bartender in a half-dozen clubs; drove a silver-blue Corvette with a T-top and a gold stripe; gave the eyewitness testimony which helped convict a member of the Greek Mafia of arson; and did runway and bikini modeling. But in all her twenty-seven years, the brief marriage to the spy was the most exciting time of all because the Marines had to come and rescue her.

Laurie, twenty, had met the spy when she was bartending in Washington. He was Iranian, and, Laurie felt, when people used words like tall, dark, and handsome, they must have been thinking about Hussein. He was also polite; she had never known a man who held the car door open before. And he was a real sharp dresser, his suits nipped tight in the waist and the top three buttons always undone on his pastel-colored silk shirts. He told her he worked at the Iranian embassy. That was true. But after she went with him on two occasions to a dumpster in a Maryland alleyway where, each time, he picked up a duffle bag, he told her the rest of the story: He worked for SAVAK, the Iranian Secret Service. "This is my business, baby. It don't concern you. You don't see nothing, baby."

Which was fine with Laurie. Anyway, she was in love, sort of.

When Hussein and one of his friends asked her to join them on a trip to Iran, she quickly decided it was an adventure she didn't want to miss. The two men had talked of palaces and servants. And, for a change, she could afford not to work for a couple of months; there was about $5,000 left from the insurance settlement she had collected after the MG she had been driving went off the side of the road and she had come *this* close to dying.

"Count me in," she told them.

The trip was a ton of fun. There were servants to wash her feet. She stayed at a villa on the Caspian Sea. She went to the palace and talked with the shah at a polo match. But she shouldn't have smoked the dope. It was raw opium, real mind-bending stuff, and she lost two whole days. For those two days, everything was kind of whiffy. When she came out of the fog, she was in Hussein's parents' house in Tehran and he was telling Laurie she was his wife. He had the marriage certificate to prove it.

Now that Laurie was Hussein's wife, he expected her to act like a proper Iranian woman. If she wanted to shop at the marketplace, she now had to dress in black, with a veil over her face.

"Come again?" Laurie told him. "I think I'll just catch the next plane to the U.S. of A., thank you."

"But you can't leave, you are my wife. Besides, how will you buy your ticket?"

"I have money," Laurie said.

"That's our money now," said Hussein. "I'm holding it."

And me too, Laurie thought.

Two days later Laurie had a chance to make her escape. She waited till Hussein had left and then snuck out through the servants' entrance. Her plan was to head for the American embassy. But she couldn't find it. She couldn't work the phones. And she couldn't find anyone who could speak English. Finally, on Queen Elizabeth Street, she saw a school and ran inside.

The man who ran the school was a former U.S. Air Force colonel. He was only too glad to help a lady in distress. He called the vice consulate at the American embassy, an old buddy. Five marines were dispatched to rescue Laurie.

But as soon as the marines started to lead Laurie out of the school, Hussein and three of his friends appeared.

"If you take my wife, I will kill you. I will kill anyone who takes my wife," Hussein started shouting at the marines. One of his friends began pounding on the embassy car.

The marines unholstered their sidearms.

Guns drawn, Hussein yelling ferociously, Laurie was escorted by five marines to the car. Fifteen minutes later, without a shot fired, she was inside the embassy.

For nearly three weeks Laurie was, in effect, a hostage in the American embassy. It took that long for an arrangement to be worked out between the Iranian government and the U.S. State Department. According to the final settlement, Hussein would be allowed to reenter the United States, and his wife would be allowed to leave Iran.

On the day of her departure, Laurie was taken to the airport under the protection of another armed escort of marines. Hussein, somehow, was there waiting for her. "Baby, let me talk to you. I just want to talk to you, baby," he was shouting. But the marines held him off.

The next day she was back in New York.

And the day after that she was living with her grandmother in Virginia Beach. It didn't take her long to get a job working nights behind the bar at Rogue's. Her days were spent with the crowd everyone called "The Beach Group." There was always a volleyball game, a keg, and good dope. What more could you ask out of life?

But as she was closing in on thirty, Henry, the soft-voiced weight lifter who worked as a bouncer at the club, gave her something to think about. "You still want to be serving drinks when you're forty?" he asked her. It was the first time she had ever looked that far ahead, and what she saw didn't make her comfortable. Worse, if she spent another ten years in the sun, Laurie worried she'd be one big wrinkle. No doubt about it, she decided, it was time to find a new line of work.

"I wanted something different. Not your nine-to-five job because I'm not a nine-to-five girl," she would explain. "I kept on thinking about it and always saw the same fantasy in my mind—Charlie's Angels. You know, the TV show was hot then. I envisioned myself like Farrah Fawcett. As one of the Angels. It was my fantasy. That's what life's about right? Fantasy."

When Johnny Walker interviewed her for the job, he asked her why she thought she'd make a good detective.

"Because I can con anybody out of anything," Laurie answered without a second's thought.

She got the job.

Two years later, Laurie became Johnny's partner in Confidential Reports. Phil Prince had left because he just didn't feel like working with Johnny Walker anymore; though if he had made a scene, Johnny had a surprise for Phil—he had bugged the ex-marine's office. The tapes, gossip mostly, were insurance Johnny never had to use; Phil was glad to walk.

Laurie and Johnny, meanwhile, were having the time of their lives. They both loved the games. As Johnny would write to her one day, "I could never get over the fact that we were *paid* to run around and have fun. I guess I love you and what was great was that I could feel that way without sex involved . . . or any contact at all. I could have stayed on the road with you permanently at $150 a day + expenses . . . "

Only years later, though, would Laurie stop and think about some of the games they had been playing. The background checks especially were giving her real pause.

The way Johnny had explained it to her, the client was a Midwest construction company. A number of sailors, officers, had applied for jobs with the company and Confidential Reports had been hired to determine if these naval officers could be trusted. "Run-of-the-mill BI" was how Johnny described it. Still, when Johnny and Laurie worked a case, they liked to add a certain touch of intrigue to the investigation; otherwise what was the point, right?

Johnny came up with the Free Dinner Scam; it was their "foot in the door." Laurie would hang out at the officers' club on the Norfolk Naval Base until she could strike up a conversation with the mark. "You know," she'd say after the second drink, "I work for a restaurant promotion company in the Tidewater area that's trying to give away free dinners. All you have to do is give me the list of the men in your command and their Social Security numbers, and I'll pick two numbers out of a hat. The lucky sailors'll get a free night on the town." And all the while the officer is thinking he wouldn't mind a night on the town with this five-foot-ten brunette. As Laurie remembered, "Ten out of ten times, it worked. I made contact with the subject."

The next phase of the operation required what Laurie called "charm." "I would just hang around the officers' club talking to the guy until he said something like, 'You know, you're an awful nice-looking lady,' and then I knew I was home free. We'd go out to dinner or for drinks and basically they'd be telling me how wonderful they were and I'd be asking them about their life and career." In all that conversation, of course, Laurie would never get around to telling the officers she was married to a weight lifter. She thought it might spoil the mood.

Her instructions from Johnny were clear. He wanted to know if these officers were susceptible to blackmail. "Find out if they have anything to hide," Johnny ordered. The client, the way he outlined it, wanted men he could trust, not men who had histories that could be used against them.

Laurie filed "at least ten" background reports on Navy officers for Johnny. She covered a lot of territory: "I wrote up reports on a commander who bragged he had access to the war room. Then there was one, an officer on a carrier, who told me about how he was cheating on his wife, and if the Navy ever found out, that would ruin his chances for promotion. There was even a lieutenant commander, a guy with a fairly high security clearance, who was addicted to gambling—horse racing, Atlantic City, the Bahamas. This guy went where the action was."

Yet these days, a detective out of a job and living in another world, Laurie has to wonder if she was playing talent spotter for Johnny's next batch of recruits. If things had worked out differently, would Johnny have made his sales pitch to a lieutenant commander who liked the horses?

But at the time, Laurie was just wrapped up in the hush-hush fun and challenge of each new case. Things were going so well, in fact, that a local radio station gave Johnny an award. He was the "Hometown Hero" of the month for his work in tracking down missing children.

Which was sort of funny, because it was P.K. who called up the radio station in the first place and told them all about Johnny.

But there was something ironic about it too. And not funny at all. Because Johnny's daughter, Laura Walker Snyder, was missing.

The last time Johnny had spoken to Laura she told him about Mark's threat to turn her father in to the FBI if she tried to take back her son.

"I can't believe you'd tell your junkie husband about my private life," Johnny had shouted into the phone.

He then asked, "Do you still love him?"

Mark had just taken her child. "No," she answered.

"Well," Johnny said, "how would you feel if he weren't around anymore?"

"Wouldn't bother me," said Laura. Her father could kill her husband for all she cared.

But nothing happened to Mark, and Laura remained separated from her son. Then, on July 4, 1983, exactly a year and two days after her husband had run off with Chris, Laura decided she could no longer bear the pain of living without her child. It wasn't right. She didn't even know if Chris remembered her. She couldn't go on like this. She called her mother in Maine for help.

Mom, Laura announced, I have to get my son back. I'm going to go to Maryland and take him. He's mine. We belong together. If Mark wants to call the FBI, let him. I've suffered enough.

Barbara screamed through the phone, No. You can't do that, she insisted. It'll ruin all our lives. Your father will have to spend the rest of his life in jail. We'll all suffer. You can't take the risk.

Laura, tearful and hopeless, hung up. She could either be a mother to her son; or she could destroy her family. The choices overpowered her. Either way, her life would be torn apart.

So Laura let her anger run. She, aching all the way, followed its hard mood: If that's the way her mother felt, the hell with her. In fact, the hell with all of them—her mother, her father, her husband, the secret. She would just run away, disappear. And try to forget.

She ran away, but she couldn't forget.

31

Jerry Whitworth, too, would have liked to run, but he couldn't find the will. Instead, he decided to buy a new camera.

In August 1982, he had been promoted to senior chief petty officer. It was an honor for a career sailor, but it was rotten luck for a spy. His new duties at the Naval Communications Center in Alameda gave him little access to crypto. Jerry, whose nerves were stretched so tightly these days that he was picking up ominous signs in even his wife's smiles, saw this as his perfect way out—out of the ring, out of trouble, and, in six months, out of the Navy. He planned to put in for his retirement.

But when his control came to San Leandro at the end of August for their scheduled exchange, Johnny reminded Jerry about what he'd be giving up. He urged Jerry to put in for a seagoing command. One last three-year deployment at sea, one last shot at glory days like they enjoyed aboard the *Niagara*, at new $100,000 stacks, at a fresh round of champagne celebrations in the back of the van. Go out in a blaze of glory, he urged his asset, and we'll both get seriously rich.

By the end of the day, Jerry had come around to seeing things

Johnny's way. Partly, this was because Jerry's convictions were only as strong as the last argument he heard. But, that is not to say the pull of friendship didn't have something to do with Jerry's change of heart; his control was his best buddy and pleasing him mattered greatly. So Jerry, a man of many motives, called up his detailer. Within the week his transfer came through: As of October 2, 1982, he would be assigned to the USS *Enterprise,* a nuclear-powered aircraft carrier.

Since he was going back into the field, the agent decided to get his equipment in working order. On September 23 Jerry went to Pacific Camera. The shutter on his Minox C had been jamming.

''Take a lot of pictures, don't you?'' the man behind the counter asked.

''Guess so,'' Jerry said nervously.

''You must,'' said the man. ''The shutter mechanism is plum worn-out.''

Jerry had to laugh; he had been a very busy spy.

This was no simple repair job, the man brusquely went on, no doubt upset that his amused customer failed to see the enormity of the problem. The camera, he explained with undisguised glee, would have to be sent to the factory. Wouldn't be ready till mid-October.

Jerry had no choice but to buy a new camera. He bought a Minox C for $399 in cash. But he made sure he got a receipt; he'd need it to be reimbursed by the KGB.

Also on that same day, Jerry, who never failed to be organized, telephoned Olden Camera in New York. He said he was going on a trip and he wanted to order all the Minox film the store had in stock. Five days later the package from Olden arrived at his home in San Leandro. ''Sorry,'' read the note scribbled on the invoice, ''only 20 rolls.''

It would have to do. He was going to be at sea for six months and he planned to bring home a lot of souvenirs.

It was a long, hectic cruise. This was his first tour as senior chief radioman, and his responsibilities were a real weight on Jerry. He now ran a shack with fourteen men on a carrier that often received 2,000 messages in a single day. Things would go pretty much nonstop during each of his eight-hour shifts; and, worse, his new duties kept him away from crypto material on a daily basis. He had to think up all kinds of excuses to disappear into the vault. That didn't help his nerves at all.

The endless cruise on the *Enterprise,* though, did give Jerry a chance to see the world; and, after all, that was why he had joined the Navy in the first place. It was pretty exciting—Africa, Australia, Japan. So whenever he could grab a minute, before hitting the rack or going off for chow, say, Jerry would talk into a cassette recorder. When the sixty minutes were filled with the cluttered details of all he had seen and done and thought, he planned to send the tape to his best friend. Jerry, cynical but not a cynic, truly believed Johnny would be interested.

"And we were in Masai country," Jerry spoke into the recorder, his tone a pilot's authoritative twang, "and these Masai people still live the way they've always lived. The exception being they do a lot of trading with the tourists and there are certain places where they have outlets for their wares which is mostly, uh, necklaces and things like that, spears and some things that would be considered artwork, I guess . . . But we had a damn flat right in the middle of their country . . ."

". . . so after Mombasa, then, our next port of call was Australia. Perth was wonderful. Absolutely wonderful. I stayed ashore the entire time. I stayed at the Hilton. Rented a car for two days and drove around the countryside and went to the, uh, a preserve there. Actually, it's a national park where they have water activities and associated activities, uh, lots of barbecue areas. They also have a kind of minizoo there. Primarily for the koala bears and Brenda is very fond of koala bears so I made a special effort to get some good pictures of koala bears. . . ."

". . . I went to Nagasaki yesterday, the first time I've been there. I always did want to check that out. Uh, it was a good tour, except the weather was lousy. Raining all the time. And, uh, I did, I don't know if 'enjoy' is the right word, I did appreciate the tour very much. I enjoyed the new things I saw and especially the atomic bomb museum. It was, uh, very informative and worthwhile. . . ."

". . . We've been playing a lot of games with the Russians while we were in I.O. (Indian Ocean). There was a Russian carrier *Kiev* . . . It was down there and we played a lot of games with her. And now we're up in Japan and Korean area and we've been surveilled every day by the Russians. Every day. Flashed messages all over the place. They've been disrupting our flight operations too. Which pisses off the air devils. It kind of makes me laugh to tell you the truth. . . ."

". . . Well, I'm feeling pretty tired now. I'm taking a fade. So I'll talk to you later when I'm more alert . . ."

"Well, I'm back, Johnny, and I've had my nap. I have a feeling that a bunch of this tape—and I haven't gone back to listen to it—it's gonna be kind of a bore because I was so tired. . . ."

Yet even while Jerry was at sea, he still found time to spend the cash that was crowding his safe-deposit box. By now Brenda, who still believed the money was earned by secret work Jerry did for the Navy, had also joined the sprees. Her say was real important to Jerry. She was studying for her doctorate in nutrition and Jerry counted on her to teach him about the fine things in life. Brenda's accomplishments, the touch of class she brought to his life, made Jerry, the sailor with *The Fountainhead* in his duffle, love her more.

On December 6, Brenda sent a telegram to the *Enterprise* telling her husband she had learned of a special offering of Dali prints. She had bought one. It had cost her $1,597. Should she buy three more at a special price?

Jerry wasn't a big Dali fan. His instructions were to buy only one more print.

In fact, if things had been left to Jerry, after the money had been spent on necessities like computers, skin-diving equipment, and a new Toyota, he would have been happy to plow all the cash into new investments. His dream of becoming a stockholder, of being another one of those shrewd guys he read about in *Barrons* who were constantly making killings in the market, had turned serious. True, since 1978 he had lost $29,997. But he liked the action, and Jerry was always one to hope.

On March 11, 1983, while he was aboard the *Enterprise* and on his way to Japan, Jerry, always thinking, sent a telegram to his wife:

"I'd like you to buy 10 Krugerrands ASAP. Use cash. Associated Foreign Exchange with an address in San Francisco is a good place to buy. Discretion, please."

Of course, in between running the radio shack, touring, and deciding how to spend his money, Jerry was also a secret agent.

Q. Can you describe the material that you received?

A. Yes. Cryptographic was somewhat of a disappointment. It was sketchy at best. So he augmented that with a large supply of messages, which he described as a year's worth.

These messages—including intelligence flashes, operational communications, operational orders, and letters of instruction—provided the details of FLTX-83-1. It was information, a Navy expert on strategic planning would one day testify, that could "give the Soviet Union a distinct advantage in any large-scale naval battle."

It was the Pacific Fleet's largest series of maneuvers since World War II. Navy Secretary John Lehman's "forward strategy," the policy of moving American warships into "high threat areas" near the Soviet Union, had never been so boldly practiced. For three weeks starting in March 1983, the forty-ship FLTX-83-1 armada conducted naval exercises closer to the Soviet Union than ever before.

The sea and air surrounding Alaska's Aleutian Islands—450 miles from Russian military outposts on the Kamchatka Peninsula—were filled with constant activity. There were three aircraft-carrier battle groups accompanied by Air Force B-52 bombers, advance warning aircrafts (AWACs), and F-15 fighters. American nuclear attack submarines began operating for the first time beneath waters that were the normal patrol area of Soviet submarines. And there were more than 23,000 American military men involved. Including Jerry Whitworth, the senior chief petty officer who ran the message center on the *Enterprise* during the entire exercise.

Throughout the maneuvers, American tactics were aggressive. They became truly provocative, though, as FLTX-83-1 was ending. On April 4 a formation of at least six planes from the *Enterprise* and the *Midway* violated Soviet airspace with a flight over the island of Zeleny in the Kurile archipelago. After the official protests from the Soviet Union were filed, the State Department suggested, off the record, that the overflights were a navigational error.

But there was no official Navy admission of the incident, and certainly no attempt at an apology. Rather, when Admiral James D. Watkins, chief of naval operations, testified to the Senate Armed Services Committee a year later, he contended, "Our feeling is that an aggressive defense, if you will, characterized by forward movement, early deployment of forces, aggressiveness on the part of our ships, is the greatest deterrent we can have. And the Soviets really understand that . . . Kamchatka is a difficult peninsula. They have no railroads for it. They have to resupply by air. It's a very important spot for them, and they are as naked as a jaybird there, and they know it."

This was not true. By the time the admiral appeared before the Senate committee, the Soviet positions were no longer as defenseless as the admiral imagined—Jerry Whitworth had provided the Russians with the strategy an American attack force would employ. This knowledge now made the defense of a "difficult peninsula" a tactical possibility. Perhaps, the whiz kids in Trends and Intentions were guessing, the Russians would even have the advantage.

There was also, some American intelligence officials believe, another consequence of the FLTX-83-1 messages that Jerry Whitworth photographed: These communications confirmed to the Soviet Union that the violation of their territory by American jet fighters was not an accident.

On June 12, 1983, John Walker left a garbage bag in the Maryland woods filled with copies of message traffic from the *Enterprise*. Nearly three months later, on September 1, a Korean Air Lines civilian jet flying off course passed over the Kamchatka Peninsula. A Russian SU-15 interceptor jet fired two missiles, each with 70 pounds of high explosives, at the plane. The 269 people on board were killed.

Secretary of State George Schultz announced the destruction of Flight 007 in a 10:45 A.M. television appearance: "The United States reacts with revulsion to this attack. Loss of life appears to be heavy. We can see no excuse whatsoever for this appalling act."

In the months that followed, however, numerous excuses, rigorous theories, and farfetched speculations would be offered in attempts at understanding the Soviet Union's decision to shoot down a passenger jet. It would not be until the incident had passed from many people's minds, nearly four years later, that National Security Agency backbeaters would suggest another factor that could have contributed to the Soviet Union's aggressiveness: Information passed by John Walker to the KGB encouraged the Soviet Air Defense Force to believe Flight 007 was a deliberate provocation.

"We burned them with the overflight during FLTX-83-1 and thanks to Walker they knew it for sure," an NSA officer suggested. "You embarrass a guy, he's bound to get a little trigger-happy. It would make sense to me that the message traffic Johnny Walker passed on helped to create a shoot-first-and-ask-questions-later attitude in the Soviets. It was just bad luck for them that this time it was a civilian jet."

But Jerry, as his long cruise continued, wasn't thinking of how the photographs he was taking would be used. He was simply tired. As the tape in his cassette was winding down, so was Jerry:

". . . so I'm very disappointed in the ship. I don't like it. And it's a ballbuster spiritually and otherwise. I'll just be glad when we get back to the States . . ."

32

The sandbar was the final sign. As the *Enterprise* sailed into San Francisco harbor at the end of its six-month cruise, the carrier landed on a sandbar. It was stranded. For the more than 5,000 men on board looking forward to liberty it was a restless, grumbling nineteen-hour ordeal. But for Jerry Whitworth it was liberating. He stood on the flight deck catwalk in the midst of a crowd of curious sailors caught up in watching the little tugs struggling to rescue a 60,000-ton gray hulk, and he felt wonderfully free. Even happy. His mind for once was set: He would give up his career and his trade. He had two masters and, a true double agent, he could proudly say he had served them both well. Until now. Now he'd retire from the Navy and from spying. Because now, more than any moment in his long doubt-filled voyage, he was certain of his fate: If he continued he would wind up beached like the *Enterprise,* and then it would take more than a fleet of tugs to free him.

Large decisions, he reminded himself as he stared out toward the Golden Gate Bridge, are reached in strange ways. That had been the story of his life. And the telegram in his pocket, he now understood, had been telling him all along that he was on the brink.

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A few days before, on the twenty-fifth of April, he had received a cable from Brenda. He had kept it in the pocket of his khakis ever since. It made his heart race:

"My darling . . . I long to have you home. Look for the white 1957 Rolls-Royce, a chauffeur and me, the lady in red. Come Thursday A.M. I'm going to show you how a real homecoming should be. The backseat of a Rolls is only the beginning, so get some rest. You've got a meeting with destiny. Smack, smack. Your yearning woman."

But now Jerry, no stranger to codes, understood the true significance of the Lady in Red's message. *A meeting with destiny,* Jerry read for at least the dozenth time. Brenda, though she didn't know it, was on the money about that, all right. In his energized state, filled for once with resolve, everything fit neatly: It was destiny that had made him a spy and now it was destiny (that sounded a lot more grand than a goddamn sandbar) that was telling him to quit.

He couldn't wait to tell his yearning woman the news. Or at least the flash that he was shoving off from the Navy. He'd become a stockbroker, the money would be rolling in. So what if his Krugerrands were nose-diving. Gold would soon be zooming. He knew these things.

Jerry was in such a bouncy, happy-go-lucky state when Brenda and the rented white Rolls met him on the dock that he didn't even bitch about the expense of having to pay for the day spent on the sandbar: $438.78 might be a bundle for some sailors, but not for a man who just had a meeting with destiny. Jerry, suddenly a sport, threw in a $20 cash tip for the chauffeur. The Rolls had a right-hand drive and he thought that any driver who didn't get flustered by that kind of inconvenience deserved a reward.

It was really, he would always recall, a wonderful homecoming.

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It was only later that Jerry began to worry about his control. He wanted to believe it would be as simple as saying, "I don't love you anymore." But it turned out to be as complicated as that, too: Jerry still wanted Johnny's affection—only not at the going price. There was also another concern: He understood that Johnny, his best friend, was quite capable of killing him.

So on June 3 when Johnny came to San Leandro for the scheduled exchange, Jerry was prepared. He lied. The lies, however, were only smoke, cover for the big scam Jerry was pulling on his control. It was a maneuver—''insurance,'' Jerry would call it—that Johnny never suspected.

After all the practice, Jerry had become quite good at deceit.

Johnny arrived at the June 3 meet with worries of his own.

First, his last trip to Vienna, the face-to-face back on January 15, had been a disaster. Johnny had been set to tell his new handler he had worked out a way to keep wishy-washy Whitworth in the ring—offer Jerry a million dollars. It might sound like a lot of money, Johnny was ready to argue, but the KGB should look at it as a $100,000-a-year salary for the next ten years. If he could persuade Whitworth to remain in the Navy for another decade, he planned to suggest, a million dollars would be a bargain for what they'd be getting.

But Johnny never got the chance to make his pitch. From the moment they met, Ivan the Terrible began to tear into Johnny. He ranted about the poor quality of Whitworth's Alameda product. Then, from out of nowhere, he brought up old suspicions about Jerry's sudden transfer from the *Niagara* three years ago. He even went on about Johnny's showing up late in Casablanca, and that's when Johnny knew his handler was off the wall. Either this new Ivan was trying to lay down the law at his first meet, Johnny decided, or the KGB was getting truly paranoid. No matter. It was bad news all around. And certainly not the time to bring up a million-dollar deal. Johnny would just have to wait; and hope that Jerry didn't do anything dumb in the meantime.

Second, there was Laura—and her husband. That was a real dangerous situation. Unguided missiles, no doubt about it.

And last, there was Gary. For a while, it had seemed like incredible luck. Johnny's father, the old Night Walker, had remarried and moved to Temperanceville on Virginia's Eastern Shore. One of his kids—Johnny's half-brother—was in the Navy. Gary Walker was a helicopter crewman assigned to an antisubmarine warfare squadron. And

ASW information, Johnny knew, was money in the bank. But it got even better: Gary was based in Norfolk and had taken an apartment in Willoughby, a couple of blocks from where Johnny kept his houseboat. Naturally Johnny worked it out so that his long-lost half brother and he got to strike up a friendship. Only thing was, when Johnny finally made his offer and said he knew a way of making money that might be a little shady, Gary shot him down. Didn't want to hear another word. It was a real disappointment, and Johnny didn't have much hope of things ever working out.

So, all this weighing on him when he came to San Leandro that June day, the last thing Johnny wanted was more headaches.

Jerry didn't provide them. Or so Johnny thought. Jerry's haul from the *Enterprise* was quality. Jer had taken a foot-high stack of documents—not only photographs, but also the actual messages—off the carrier. There was, however, a small problem. Jerry was in the midst of moving, Brenda was transferring to the University of California at Davis for her dissertation research, and the dumb movers had packed up everything. Including most of his take from the *Enterprise*. But not to worry, Jerry explained. He had the crypto key lists film, and a bunch of the stolen papers, maybe a third of the pile, were still unpacked in his den.

Johnny was suddenly suspicious. He didn't know whether to buy that story about the movers. But Jer, like a carny barker giving a rube a taste of what was waiting inside the tent, waved a couple of messages at his control. Johnny read them; and just as quickly as his doubts had popped up, they now vanished. The papers were solid gold: It was message traffic detailing the penetration of Soviet territory by a pack of F-14s. That'd get Ivan the Terrible to back off, he silently celebrated.

The rest of the messages, Jerry told his friend, would be no problem. Johnny could pick them up before his next drop; they'd certainly be unpacked by then.

Jerry, to Johnny's continuing delight, was even upbeat about the future. In October, he told Johnny, the carrier's assistant communications officer was being transferred. Jerry figured that he had a pretty good chance at taking his place and becoming CMS custodian. That meant that next May when the *Enterprise* was scheduled for another long WESTPAC deployment, he should be able to get his hands on top-quality crypto. Anyway, he was on the *Enterprise* till October 1985, and he planned to make the most of it.

"Sounds great," said Johnny.

Only it wasn't.

Johnny's first surprise came in the mail. Four months later, in October 1983, he received a printed invitation to a party at the Oakland Hyatt Regency celebrating Jerry Whitworth's retirement from the Navy.

That bastard has finally done it, Johnny fumed.

Still, in January Johnny flew to California to pick up the remaining photographs of the *Enterprise* documents. There was more money to be made off Jerry, he told himself. He just had to play him right. As he drove up to the olive-colored trailer in the Rancho Yolo Mobile Home Park that Jerry was now leasing, Johnny promised himself he would keep his anger in check.

It didn't take him five minutes to break his promise. Jerry told him that he hadn't gotten around to photographing the rest of the documents and Johnny started raging.

"Don't fuck with me," he threatened. "This is serious stuff. You double-cross the people I'm working for, and they'll kill you. Who do you think you're working for, some little guy in western New York?"

For once Johnny wasn't acting. He was scared. Scared of what Ivan the Terrible was going to say if he showed up empty-handed in Vienna next month. Whitworth's sudden retirement was going to shake up the Russians enough; he didn't want to give them anymore reasons to be suspicious.

Johnny's fear got to Jerry. He took one look at his old buddy and he could imagine Johnny going for his neck.

Look, he told Johnny, I have the documents here. I just need to photograph them.

"You damn well better," Johnny warned.

Only Jerry insisted that the photographic session not take place in the trailer; he was wary of Brenda's coming home from school and catching them. So the two of them, both on guard, the tension sparking like an electrified fence strung up between them, went to a motel.

It took over an hour. They acted as a team, and the cooperation gave them a chance to work off their anger. Jerry set up on a wooden dresser a high-intensity lamp he had brought from the trailer, and then played cameraman. Johnny, the carton full of stolen documents resting next to him on the bed, fed Jerry a new page each time he heard the shutter click.

When they were done, Johnny was feeling pretty good about things. Maybe there was a chance that Jer would come back into the fold, get a civilian defense job or something. Anyway, at least there wouldn't be any more surprises.

The last surprise was the biggest. Johnny believed it could get him killed.

Ivan the Terrible broke it to him at their next face-to-face on February 15: The film Johnny had delivered last June—Whitworth's first batch of key list photographs from the *Enterprise*—was worthless.

Worthless? Johnny repeated, in no mood to play straight man for another of the Russian's thickheaded accusations.

But it was not a joke. The Russian announced that the film was shot out of focus. Each photograph was illegible, nothing but gray fog. The Russian's voice was a hard, lashing whisper: "What kind of game are you two trying to play? This could be very dangerous."

At that moment Johnny could imagine a KGB hit team sighting him in their rifle scopes.He waited for the bullets.

Yet in that instant, the moment before his execution, he was certain he understood what Jerry had been up to: Jerry had fogged the pictures because he knew he was going to retire all along and he was afraid the KGB—or Johnny—would then refuse to pay him the money he was owed. That's why, for the first time, Jer had risked taking the actual documents off the ship. Pay Jerry the money he had coming to him, let him live in peaceful retirement, and Jer would keep his end of the deal. Jerry could shoot the photographs anytime; after all, Johnny had seen the carton full of documents. The fogged pictures, Johnny realized, were Jerry's insurance that he wouldn't get double-crossed. He wasn't out to screw Johnny or the Russians, he was simply making sure they wouldn't screw him. It was actually pretty ingenious, thought Johnny.

And now that Johnny had worked all this out in his mind, he set off with the passion of a man fighting for his life—which he had no doubt he was—to convince the Russian. He even, as he wrapped up his story, told Ivan he had hopes of Jerry's coming back into the network.

The Russian listened. His face was stone. "This is a very dangerous situation, very dangerous," he kept warning. But there were no bullets.

He also issued a new order to his agent: From now on, Walker would refrain from mentioning the names of his operatives in any conversation or correspondence. It was bad security. Instead, the KGB devised a code name for each member. He would repeat it and Walker would memorize it. It was best not to have any written record. Agreed?

Yes, said Johnny quickly. And he felt the rifle aimed at his back being lowered. For the time being.

On the plane back to New York, Johnny, never one to follow orders, wrote the code he had memorized the day before into a small loose-leaf notebook. He started at the top of the page:

D = Jerry. *He's not out of it yet,* Johnny thought.
K = Art. *He's jumpy, but he's still game.*
F = Gary. *A dead end, but it didn't hurt to keep the Russians hoping.*

It was Johnny's last entry, though, that gave him the most hope. It was his newest recruit, and the future of his network:

S = Mike.

33

Mike was watching. Mike was waiting. Mike was ready. Just as his father told him he would be.

Four months ago, after he had come back from his shakedown cruise aboard the carrier *America,* something made Mike mention to his dad that he had seen his first classified document. He was just making conversation, the two of them shooting the bull over a beer, but he had this feeling his dad would be interested. Johnny was. Not that Mike saw him jump up or give a shout or anything. He simply told his boy, "Yeah, there's a lot of jobs in the Navy that require clearance." Yet Mike could tell his dad was pretty pleased. Sons know that about their fathers.

Still, it wasn't until about a month later, in July 1983, that Johnny told Mike what was on his mind. They were sitting in Johnny's den, and that made Mike feel good to begin with; the den, after all, had always been his dad's "inner sanctum." Just sitting there, talking man to man, meant Mike, the not quite twenty-one-year-old yeoman, was a grown-up. Mike was going on about how this fire-breathing chief was really on his case; though, of course, the point of the story was not so much to complain but to show his dad he really was a sailor, he really lived in a world where there were chief petty officers, and most of all, he really wasn't a kid. Mike kept up his moaning about his job at the Oceana Naval Air Station down in Virginia Beach, how it was mostly clerical crap, typing memos, handling the registered mail, things like that. But he did have a secret clearance, and that was a kick. In fact, he told his dad, he was kind of surprised he had been cleared without a hassle; when he first signed on, the Navy had come down hard because the preinduction physical had shown enough ''unauthorized substances'' in his bloodstream to get the lab technicians high. ''I sure cleaned up my act pronto,'' he insisted. Though he didn't really have much of a choice. Hell, he moaned to his dad, you can't even afford good grass on a yeoman's pay. That's when Johnny, sitting in his leatherette swivel chair, leaned across his desk and said, ''Well, I can pay you if you deliver classified material to me from your work space.''

It just came out. It was like when Mike learned about sex for the first time. He always somehow knew it was out there, it was just that the details were never too clear. Then when he found out everything, it made a whole lot of things fall into place.

Mike never really had to say yes or no; Johnny took it for granted that his son would go along with him, and he was right. So it wasn't much later that, without much fuss, the training sessions began. Father and son would huddle in Johnny's ''workroom,'' one of the girl's old bedrooms on the second floor. First week was the Minox drill. Johnny would spread out a long row of papers; and, in his warrant officer's voice, he'd explain to his recruit how the camera had to be held precisely eighteen inches from the object to be photographed, and how the film speed should be set at 110. Then he'd make Mike, never too good with his hands and even worse with his dad hanging over him, try it. It took a lot of trying. The ''scenarios,'' as Johnny called them, went a lot better. Johnny would play the officer and Mike the young spy. ''Sailor,'' Johnny's voice would boom, ''what are you doing with those documents? They're classified.'' Mike, who had inherited the talent, would put on an innocent face and find a confident manner and launch without a moment's hesitation into a fallback story about how he must have forgot, or how he was on his way to the burn bag, or how he was sorry, sir, he was just about to take them to the chief. Other times, Johnny would pass on stray bits of knowledge, and he spoke with such authority that Mike knew his dad could only be talking from hard-won experience. "You always got to listen," he'd tell his son. "No matter what you're doing, you got to be able to hear footsteps." Then, almost on tiptoes, Johnny'd walk across the room and Mike, keyed to the noise, would swear that he was hearing the pounding beats of a kettle drum. Johnny also lectured Mike about patience. "Every time the chief goes to the safe, catch a number. It'll take time, but in a week you'll have the entire combination. Just don't rush things." And so the training went, one generation passing the family business on to the next.

Then, all of a sudden, it was December and Mike was at his desk in hangar 200 and the time had finally come to become his father's son. He listened. He waited. He watched. His father hadn't told him about the squadron of F-14s that would be going through a landing drill in his belly. His father hadn't told him that his shirt would become a river of sweat. But his father said that for all spies, for all men actually, there was a moment when you either had to do it—take the leap, or live forever with being a coward. Either you had the guts, or you didn't.

So Mike did it. He reached into the burn bag and pulled out a thick document. He didn't look at it too carefully. But it was stamped SECRET across the top of the page and beneath that there was a picture of a jet plane. He held it in his hand for a second as though he were waiting for it to explode. He looked up and the chief was still jabbering away on the phone. That wasn't an M-16 spraying him; the admin officer was only typing up his latest memo. Alarm bells hadn't gone off. And since he was this far along, Mike, trying to be cool, which was difficult since his hands were greased in sweat, stuffed the document under his jacket. He knew he looked like he had gained a hundred pounds, but as he walked out of the office no one seemed to notice. Twenty yards to his truck. Then five yards. He started the engine, and no one stopped him. Wave to the guard at the gate, his dad had told him. But don't overdo it; not too friendly, don't want him to think you're a homo. Mike, though, forgot about the wave. Eyes straight ahead, the document under his jacket scalding his chest, he drove through the gate. No one cried "Halt." There were no rifle shots. Nothing. Yet it wasn't until he turned onto Princess Anne Road that he realized he was home free. All right! Far fucking out! So he popped a cassette into the tape deck, turned the volume all the way to the right, and as the music blasted through the little yellow truck he was certain the Ramones were singing just for him.

In twenty minutes he was in the den on Old Ocean View Road. Johnny bolted the door and Mike handed him the stolen document. His father looked at it and said it was good. ''Took a lot of guts,'' Johnny acknowledged.

At last Mike was a man. He was also his father's son. And he was a spy.

Mike got married just about a week later. Rachel made all the arrangements. It was one more secret.

When Mike had gone off to boot camp, Rachel thought she would never survive. It didn't get any easier after he was based back in Norfolk, but shipping off to sea all the time. There was no point to anything unless she was with Mike. She had to know that they would be together forever. When she told Mike she wanted to get married, he said he felt the same way.

She tried easing into the subject with her dad. ''Wait till you finish school,'' he told her. But that was more than a year off. ''You can either give me a ceremony, or you can give me a hard time,'' she told him. ''Only don't be surprised if you come home one day and I'm moved out.'' Her father said, ''Don't you dare, young lady.''

Mike didn't get much further with his dad. ''What do you want to do that for?'' Johnny asked. ''You screw women, you don't marry them.''

But on a Sunday two weeks before Christmas, December 10, 1983, Mike and Rachel went to a justice of the peace in Sandbridge. Rachel had waited tables Saturday night at Chi-Chi's, a Mexican place, so she would have enough to pay for the ceremony. On Sunday morning, a wet, cold, nasty day, Mike went surfing while Rachel sat in his truck and watched. When he came out of the water, they started drinking champagne; Rachel had been sure to buy three bottles the night before because she knew the liquor stores would be closed on her wedding day. After they finished the third bottle, Rachel asked

Mike, "You sure?" "Positive," he shot back. So they went and did it.

That night they moved into an apartment near the beach that Rachel had rented a couple of days before. A mattress was their only furniture.

"This is all I ever wanted," Rachel told her husband.

"Hey," said Mike, "a stereo wouldn't be half bad."

They put off seeing their parents till Christmas. When Rachel had first called her dad and told him, he had hung up the phone. But on Christmas he gave them $100 and said he knew everything was going to work out. Johnny gave them $50 and a popcorn popper. "Welcome to the family," he told Rachel.

34

Payday was coming! All the spies were excited.

Mike, who had his heart set on a new Subaru wagon with four-wheel drive so he and his tri-fin board could plow straight across the beach to the ocean's edge, was really keyed. He had been a spy now for almost four months and had made a half-dozen dives; the last time around he had even dared to have a go at the safe. "No guts, no glory," his dad snapped at him after Mike had admitted he was finding excuses, so of course after that there was no chickening out. Still, it had taken him nearly a week of watching to get all the numbers in the combination, and then when he finally spun the dial, he was shaking like some pimply Ryan sophomore about to pay $10 to lose his cherry. He had to run through the whole thing three times before he got it right. The moment he heard the safe *click!* open, he damn near had a cow. He had earned his Subaru, all right. So on April 14, 1984—the day before he knew his dad was going to pick up the money—Mike put in a call to his handler.

"Hey, guy," he asked, "everything all set? the money coming tomorrow?"

Johnny exploded: "We don't talk about this on the phone. Ever." Then he slammed the receiver down so hard that Mike was sure it had cracked in two.

Johnny's mood, no doubt, wasn't helped by the fact that his son wasn't the only spy eager to count his money. Jerry Whitworth was in town and he was expecting a windfall. Jer, though retired, had not been paid for the last fifteen months, a period stretching back to his tour at Alameda. The way he figured it, the KGB owed him at least $60,000.

But Jer, knowing the way to Johnny's heart, hadn't simply shown up in Norfolk empty-handed. He had reshot the first third of his haul from the *Enterprise* and brought the film along with him. "No chance these are fogged," he assured Johnny. Though, despite all the room Johnny was giving him, he wouldn't admit that he had purposefully bungled the shooting the first time around.

"Let's just drop it," Johnny said at last. He wasn't sure he could pull off a part where he had to huff and puff because someone was lying.

Anyway, he went on graciously, that was in the past. Or so Johnny promptly agreed once Jerry volunteered that he had come prepared to discuss the future.

Jerry, who loved to tug on his beard and mull things over, had spent a lot of time thinking about what he was going to do now that he was out of the service. He had traveled across country to Norfolk by train and, very Navy, had used the solitary time to line up his options like so many steps in an Op Order. Becoming a stockbroker, he announced, was last week's idea. His new thoughts—plans that came to him as houses and farms and fields flashed by his window like the rapid heartbeat of America—were jotted down on the back of his Amtrak ticket. Now, sitting on the familiar ladder-back chair in Johnny's den, he took the ticket from his pocket and, with a military cadence, began to read:

One (Jerry was lost if he couldn't do things by the numbers). Get a civil service job.

Two. Get a position at NCS Stockton hopefully in near future. Most likely that would be a GS 5/6 crypto operator in the tech control division.

Three. Also I will check out the Air Force in satellite area.

Four. I plan to make myself known to a large segment of government and civilian organizations just to see what is out there. An example: CIA.

Five. Brenda's situation. Graduates December '84 (Ph. D.). I'm committed to giving her first option on location (within reason); consequently where we go from Davis is unknown at present.

Six. In sum: There are a lot of ifs but I won't bite off my nose.

When Jerry finished reading, he looked across at Johnny expecting to see a big, pleased grin. He was disappointed. All this good news was too good. It was exactly what Johnny wanted to hear. And that's what bothered Johnny. He had fallen for this hopeful line before—only to get screwed. Johnny hadn't forgotten that sitting opposite him was the same sneak who had slipped him fogged film to pass on to the KGB and who had retired without any warning.

But Johnny, as always, kept his true thoughts to himself. He told Jer, "They all sound pretty good to me. I'll pass it on to my friends at the drop tomorrow. They'll be glad to know they can count on your getting back to business." Yet Johnny, the disillusioned spymaster, knew all he could count on Jerry to be was wishy one day and washy the next. It was a real pain.

That's why when payday came, Johnny had to laugh.

Mike was the first person he let in on the joke. On April 16, just back from Maryland, he called up his son and told him to come on by the house.

When Mike got there, Johnny told him to take a seat at the kitchen table. They had a cup of coffee, a little father-and-son chitchat about married life, and then it was business. The den was off limits this morning; Johnny explained it was filled with papers from the drop site that didn't concern Mike. Mike gave a small nod, but in his mind he was sure of one thing—the den was stuffed with money. And his imagination raced a little quicker after Johnny disappeared only to return with a stack of twenties.

Johnny counted off fifty of the bills and passed them to his son. "Your share. A thousand dollars."

Mike held the fortune in his hand. A red Subaru, that would be bitchin', he told himself.

Johnny, no stranger to greed, didn't miss the glow in his boy's eyes. "Be careful with your money. Don't blow it."

Mike, excited, told him how he was going to make a down payment on a car.

"Well," Johnny said, "you gonna have to earn a lot more money if you want to pay off that car. So maybe it's time I teach you how this business is run. Let me show you something."

Johnny retreated to the den and this time came back with a piece of paper. He put the page on the kitchen table, but he made sure to cover most of it with his hands.

"Just read this part here," he instructed his son.

In between Johnny's spread hands, a single sentence was exposed. It had been printed by a dot matrix computer. Mike read:

"S: Photographs were good. This man receives $1,000."

"That's you," Johnny told his son the secret agent.

This is real cool, Mike thought: I have a code name.

But Johnny, grim, went on. "This is what happens when you screw up." He revealed another paragraph of the letter to Mike:

"D: The photographs were bad. This man receives no money."

"Let this be a lesson," Johnny preached; "you only get paid for what you steal."

He was the wise father passing on the secret of his success.

Jerry had a fit. He ranted. He cursed. He bellowed.

"It's not fair," he kept repeating. "Not fair."

Johnny agreed; what did he have to lose?

"I deserved to be paid," he moaned. "You got to tell them that."

Johnny agreed to that too; it didn't cost him anything.

But Jerry, rarely insistent, wanted Johnny to promise that he would argue his case. "When's the next drop?" he asked.

"January," Johnny admitted. Though he would never think of telling Jerry it was in Vienna.

"Well, you have to tell them all I've done," Jerry hounded. "All I got off the *Enterprise*." And just to make sure Johnny would know what to say, he wrote it out on a piece of lined paper. It was a short brief:

"I got *all* 'S' [Secret] & above & important 'C' [Confidential] GENSER [General Service] TFC [traffic] of the 12 mos."

Johnny read the page and, nothing if not a born salesman, beefed up the argument. He wrote:

"Pic of new device—roll dispenser.

Includes flag, Battle Force Cdr. [Commander]"

He promised his old agent that the pictures Jerry had of the new NSA roll dispenser for crypto material would be a real strong selling point.

"They were just playing with you," Johnny said. "Getting back at you for fogging up the film the last time. I'm sure they'll pay you." But the truth was, he had no idea how Ivan the Terrible would respond. It might even serve Jerry right if he got stiffed. Anyway, it really wasn't his problem.

Jerry's anger was building. All the way across country, as the train moved closer to California, as the width of the entire country spread between him and his ex-best friend, his temper seemed to fan out too. He brooded and brooded till he was ill with despair. He couldn't forget and he couldn't forgive. It was the unfairness of it all, that's what was really working him into a state. He had been loyal—to them, at least—and how did they repay him? With nothing! Zero! When he was owed $60,000, money that was going to buy Brenda's and his future. He could not understand their betrayal. It broke his heart. And his rage might just as well have sprung from jealousy it was that wild, that self-righteous, that wounded, until—

He decided to get back at them.

On May 7, three high-pitched weeks after his trip to Norfolk, he waited till Brenda went off to classes and then sat himself at his Formica desk in the rear of the trailer. He put a blank page into the IBM Selectric and, at last, began to type:

> Dear Sir:
>
> I have been involved in espionage for several years, specifically I've passed along Top Secret Cryptographic Key Lists for military communications, Tech manuals for same, and etc.

> I didn't know that the info was being passed to the USSR until after I had been involved a few years and since then I've been remorseful and wished to be free. Finally I've decided to stop supplying material—my contact doesn't know of my decision. Originally I was told I couldn't get out without approval, this was accompanied with threats. Since then I believe the threats were a bluff.
>
> At any rate the reason for this letter is to give you (FBI) an opportunity to break what probably is a significant espionage system. (I know that my contact has recruited at least three other members that are actively supplying highly classified material.) (I have the confidence of my contact.)
>
> I pass the material to my contact (a US citizen) who in turn passes the material to a contact overseas (his actual status—KGB or whatever—I don't know). That is not always the case tho, sometimes US locations are used. A US location is always used to receive instructions and money.
>
> If you are interested in this matter you can signal me with an Ad in the Los Angeles Times Classified Section under "Personal Messages (1225)." What I would expect to cooperate is *complete immunity* from prosecution and absolutely no public disclosure of me or my identity. I will look for an Ad in *Monday editions only* for the next four weeks. Also, I would desire some expense funds depending on the degree that my livelihood is interrupted.
>
> *The Ad:* Start with "RUS:", followed by whatever message you desire to pass. If your message is not clear I'll send another letter. If I decide to cooperate you will hear from me via an attorney. Otherwise nothing further will happen.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> RUS

Jerry, a remorseful D and now a hopeful RUS, then took the letter to be photocopied. That way it would be harder to trace; he had learned quite a lot from nine years in the field. When this was done, he drove to Sacramento—the postmark would be a false clue; more tradecraft—and mailed the letter. It was addressed to:

Agent in Charge
FBI
450 Golden Gate Ave.
San Francisco, CA 94118

On Monday, May 21, just above the instructions to "Go, CHICAGO CUBS, go!" a three-line message appeared in the Personal Announcements section of the *Los Angeles Times:*

> RUS: Considering your offer.
> Call weekdays 9 a.m.–11 a.m. 415/
> 626-2793 or write ME, SF.

The number reached a newly installed phone in the office of John Peterson, a special agent assigned to the Soviet Section of the FBI. His phone never rang.

RUS, so like Jerry, sent two letters that summer promising to "come clean," but sentiment came easier than action. The FBI, though, remained eager:

> "RUS: Haven't heard from you, still want to meet. Propose meeting in Ensenada, Mexico, a neutral site. If you need travel funds, we'll furnish some at your choice location in Silicon Valley or anywhere else. Please respond to the above."

Yet it was on the same August Monday the FBI's proposal appeared in the *Los Angeles Times* that, across the country in Virginia Beach, the secret was also being threatened. Someone else was convinced she had been treated unfairly. Someone else wanted money.

Barbara Walker had been drinking. When she couldn't find any vodka in her daughter-in-law's apartment, she made do with the Triple Sec. It was a full bottle and soon the clear liquid was level with the top of the label. The liquor gave her conviction.

"Rachel," she ordered her daughter-in-law, "I want you to drive me to the Federal Building downtown."

"Come on, Barb . . ."

It had been that kind of week for Rachel. Barb, in town for a vacation and to get to know her new daughter-in-law better, had seemed fine at first, real upbeat; earlier that summer she and Cynthia had moved from Maine to Cape Cod and that seemed to have helped her mood. Then someone, maybe it was Margaret, had to let it slip out that Johnny was shacking up with a twenty-four-year-old blonde. It went downhill from there. Fast.

One afternoon Barb, really in her cups, kept repeating, "I'm just afraid of what's going to happen, so afraid." Rachel, her patience tattered by now, shot back, "Just spit it out, okay?"

So Barbara did: "John is a spy. He's been hurting you and he's been hurting me."

"Sure thing," said Rachel. When she happened to mention it to her husband, Mike said, "Yeah, Mom should really write for Hollywood."

And now, two days later, she wanted to go to the Federal Building. Rachel didn't know what to do with her. Rachel was glad when Barb, just like that, changed her mind. "I'm going to Johnny's office," she announced.

Barb, as determined as any boxer climbing into the ring, marched into the offices of Confidential Reports and demanded to see Johnny Walker.

"Let me check if he's free," Laurie Robinson told her.

So Barbara slapped Laurie across the face and, all in one swift motion it seemed, continued down the hall to her ex-husband.

As soon as she saw Johnny, she started screaming. Everybody could hear it.

"You owe me alimony," she insisted. "I want ten thousand dollars."

"Tone it down," Johnny advised.

But she didn't. She kept on threatening to "tell everything," to "tell it all," unless Johnny gave her what she was owed. "Ten thousand," Barb repeated. "Alimony."

Johnny, who had been there before, just let her run. It wasn't until her hand was wildly played that he took over.

"You don't want to do it, you don't want to do it," he said as if he were reciting a prayer. "Too much is at stake for the entire family. You wouldn't do it to your children." His final warning came out almost as a whisper; after all the thick noise the four soft words seemed to float one by one in the air: "Think of your children," he said.

She did, and she surrendered. When Barb left the office, both Johnny and she were convinced the secret was invulnerable.

RUS agreed. He wrote his last letter to the FBI during the week that Barbara returned to Cape Cod:

". . . Since my last note to you I've done a lot of serious thinking and have pretty much come to the conclusion that it would be best to give up the idea of aiding in the termination of the espionage ring previously discussed."

35

Then, just when the FBI had given up hope of finding RUS, when Jerry had returned to thoughts about getting a job with the CIA, and when Barbara was convinced the secret would never be revealed, the prodigal daughter returned. Laura, after sixteen months of hiding, after losing her child and finding God, called her mother and asked for help.

Barbara had spent the day—November 23, 1984—unloading trucks. From 6:30 that morning till her shift ended at 2:30, she had been working the loading dock at The Christmas Tree Shop. It was, she decided, a hell of a way to spend her forty-seventh birthday.

She wasn't one to whine, but that day she was really low. The work was hard, November was the busy season, and it all, especially on her birthday, seemed a rotten deal. She had grown up dirt-poor, white-trash Johnny, damn him, had always sneered, and now after nearly a half-century of chasing around the country and raising four kids, she had come full circle: a gray-haired grandmother stranded in a windswept tourist town lifting crates for $3.50 an hour.

She had paid a hell of a price for keeping the secret. No doubt about that.

When she clocked out at the close of her shift, her arms ached. There was this tingling line of pain, starting at her waist and heading toward her biceps, that she would get by the end of each day. She trudged down narrow Main Street in West Dennis, the town bundled up in the heavy gray of a Cape Cod winter, thinking about a long, hot bath. And, of course, a birthday cocktail.

The top-floor apartment she shared with Cynthia and Tommy, now seven, was on the wrong end of town, too far away to see or even hear the ocean. The downstairs of the white stucco building was occupied by The Word, A Christian bookstore. They were friendly people and Barb, still a country girl, liked that. She threw them a wave as she climbed the stairs.

The bath was a bit of hope, but the first vodka and water was salvation. Things were once again possible.

Cynthia prepared dinner. The chicken was overcooked and dry. For dessert, though, there was a cupcake—strawberry icing, Barb's favorite—with a candle stuck in its middle. Cynthia made a big deal, turning out the lights as she brought it in. Tommy sang, "Happy birthday, dear Grandma . . ." I'll drink to that, Barb decided. So she did.

After dinner, everything mellow, Barb was sitting in the living room listening to Tommy practicing the violin, when the phone rang.

It was Laura.

Out of the blue. The last person she ever expected.

"Help me, Momma," Laura begged.

She was calling from Fredonia, New York. She was attending Peter Piccolo's School of Hair Design in nearby Buffalo. And, in the past sixteen months, she had found God. God had heard her cries and saw her tears. God had told her the time had come to regain custody of her son Chris.

"Help me, Momma," Laura begged again before hanging up. "You've got to make a choice."

Barbara poured another two inches of vodka and looked at the phone. It was a long night.

In the end, the future won out: Her hopes for her grandchild, for the life he could have ahead of him, made her previous fears seem like wasted promises.

''Operator,'' Barbara said into the phone, ''can you give me the number for the FBI in Boston?''

She was filled with a decisive joy as she dialed. Try to get the story straight, to start at the beginning, she lectured herself. The number was ringing. She wanted to be formal, careful. She hoped the liquor wouldn't sneak up on her.

''FBI,'' announced the voice on the other end.

''I want to report something,'' said Barbara.

''. . . Yes?''

A moment. Then another. Finally—

''I want you to know my ex-husband is a spy.''

PART V

WINDFLYER

36

On January 7, 1983, the Soviet embassy in Washington submitted a DS-1497 notice to the State Department's Office of Protocol. The form was a ''Notification of Appointment of Foreign Diplomatic Officer.''

Three days earlier, according to the information on the DS-1497, Aleksey Gavrilovich Tkachenko had arrived at John F. Kennedy International Airport in New York. He was thirty-eight years old, a native of Moscow, and for the past five years had worked in the Soviet Union for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He was now assigned to the Soviet embassy in Washington. His title was third secretary.

When his wife and children arrived a week later, an additional form was filed with the Office of Protocol. His wife, Olga, was thirty-five and would be working at the Soviet embassy as a secretary. There were two daughters, Oksana, twelve, and Masha, six.

Copies of the DS-1497 forms were sent to the FBI. The Washington Field Office's CI-2 squad immediately instituted routine surveillance on the new diplomat and his wife.

The couple took an apartment in the Hamlet Hill development in Alexandria, Virginia. They paid $520 a month for two bedrooms. The Soviet Mission rented the furniture. It was bulky and rococo and finished in a plastic grained to resemble mahogany. Burnt orange wall-to-wall carpet already covered the living room. The Tkachenkos added a few touches to give the narrow, low-ceilinged rooms a homey feeling: Above Masha's bed was a crayon rainbow she had drawn, and on the hall mirror a blue-and-white bumper sticker was fixed at a jaunty slant. The bumper sticker read, PRESIDENT REAGAN—BRINGING AMERICA BACK.

The CI-2 watchers decided electronic surveillance of the apartment was unnecessary. After months of looking at the new diplomat they had found nothing worth pursuing. His desk at the embassy was in Siberia, far off from the crowd of KGB residency spooks on the top floor. He didn't do any talent spotting; there were no reports of his showing up at local colleges to use the libraries, or ever finding the urge for a beer in a bar down the road from a military base, or calling up a left-wing journalist to talk about détente. And he certainly wasn't a pavement artist, one of the small army of low-level hoods who used diplomatic cover in between working backup on mainstream residency operations.

The most the watchers could come up with on Aleksey Tkachenko was his look—he had the look of a soldier. For a Russian serving on the embassy circuit, a tour where the nightly rations often were foie gras, Beluga caviar, and iced Stolichnaya, he was surprisingly fit. He had the build and heft of a man who made an effort to stay in shape. Then there was his hair. None of that long sideburned, East European hipster look some of the Ivans affect once they come to swinging America. Tkachenko had the close-cropped brown hair of a soldier.

Big deal, the watchers ultimately decided. Since when is good taste a crime? Did any Russian who jogged have to be a Moscow Center hood? The final verdict about Tkachenko was that, amazingly enough, he was what he claimed to be—a diplomat. His file was graded Persil: (after the popular German detergent): investigated in depth, but found to be of no intelligence value.

This was a mistake. Aleksey Gavrilovich Tkachenko was a Department 16 operative. He had been trained at the Surveillance College in Leningrad, and now he had been sent to Washington to serve as a handling officer. His job was to choose drop sites, write up procedures, deliver cash, and retrieve products for shipment. He was the postman for the most significant espionage operation the KGB had ever run in America. His asset was John A. Walker, Jr.

37

It was the one thing Barbara never expected. After she had made the call, she decided there was no point in going to sleep. She was certain the FBI, lights flashing, brakes screeching, would soon be pulling up to her house. She prepared herself, rehearsing what she would say, how she would act. When no one had knocked on her door by six that morning, she realized she was being silly: The FBI had more important things to do than question her—they were off in Norfolk arresting Johnny and Art. She might as well go to work; they'd come for her at The Christmas Tree Shop. When her shift was over and the FBI still had not shown, she rushed to buy an afternoon paper. In her mind she read the screaming headlines: SPY RING BUSTED; EX-WIFE SAVES NATION. There wasn't a line.

That night she sat on the edge of the flowery couch, a vodka and water in one hand as if for balance, and leaned toward the TV. She followed every word from Tom Brokaw's lips. He, too, seemed totally unaware that last night she had done something extraordinary. Barbara couldn't believe it. Throughout the sixteen years she had struggled to find the will to make that call, she had tortured herself with grim visions of the inevitable consequences—the men she loved in handcuffs; or there would be a shootout, Johnny, his .38 blazing, refusing to surrender without a fight; or Art, whipped by guilt, would simply reach for a bottle of sleeping pills. But in all her wild and despairing dreams, she had never imagined that this would happen—Nothing. It made no sense. In desperation and confusion, she called Laura.

"I've turned your father in," she announced as soon as her daughter answered the phone.

Laura was stunned. There was no relief, only excitement.

"I've called the FBI and turned your father in," Barbara repeated. "I did it for you, so you could get Chris."

The FBI, Barbara went on, would probably soon be calling; she had given them Laura's number. Though, Barbara admitted, for all she knew the G-men might decide to swoop down on the spies first; the safety of the country, after all, was at stake. Just make sure you listen to the news tomorrow, Barbara advised her daughter. In the meantime, she said, all we can do is get ready.

So that night, November 24, 1984, two women, one a loading-dock worker at The Christmas Tree Shop, the other a student at Peter Piccolo's School of Hair Design, prepared themselves for the role they would play in putting an end to a KGB spy ring. They waited for the FBI to call. And they waited.

It wasn't until eleven days later that the FBI got around to calling Barbara. Agent Walter Price of the Hyannis Field Office asked if he could come by.

"I'm waiting," Barb barked into the phone.

When he got to the apartment above The Word bookstore on the evening of December 5, he found that Mrs. Walker had been waiting with a bottle of vodka. Or at least what was left of it. Well, he thought as he took out his notebook, we're off to the races tonight.

"You get to speak to a lot of kooks in this business," he would later recall, hinting at his mood as the interview continued. "Everybody's got some crazy story to tell the FBI. But it's our job, so you listen.

"I sat there taking notes, and she sat there talking and drinking. And I remember thinking she sure got a lot of details, and she does sound pretty intelligent. But no, I don't think I was convinced she was telling the truth."

The next day, though, he typed a 302 report. He had been an agent for fifteen years and despite what he was certain was an off-the-wall tale about picking up garbage bags full of cash in the Maryland woods, discipline prevailed. His report detailed, point by crazy point, all of Mrs. Walker's allegations.

At the bottom of the page he typed in the file designation—65–0. The "65" signified it was an espionage report. The "0" meant nothing in the interview required further investigation.

The report arrived in the Boston Field Office two days later. It was placed in the Zero File.

Barbara and Laura still waited. Their fears were leaping all over the place. It was very rough going.

"Maybe they thought I was crazy," Barb tried out on her daughter. With genuine embarrassment, she admitted that perhaps she had had a drink or two the night the FBI came by; to calm herself, she explained. Maybe, Barb suggested, Laura should call Agent Price. It couldn't hurt.

All through Christmas and into the New Year, Laura thought about calling the FBI. It was one thing to urge her mother to turn in her father; it was another to pick up the phone and do it. She also thought about Chris, and about what Christmas had been like without him. At last, on January 24, 1985, she called.

The night she decided to make the call had not been a good one to begin with. Laura was having man trouble. She had just moved to Buffalo and the guy whose house she was living in was acting weird. Real supermacho, saying how it was his house, his furniture. Laura knew he was falling in love with her, but she wanted no part of a setup like that. The thing was, she had no money, no place to go, so she had to make do. She'd put in a hectic day doing rinse jobs at Peter Piccolo's only to come home to some guy who was trying to jump her. It was too much. And now she had to call the FBI.

Yet, she managed to make the call. She actually had Agent Price on the line and she could hear herself saying that her father was a traitor. But in the middle of the most difficult conversation of her life, the guy she was living with came into the kitchen and started yelling at her. Right while she was on the phone with the FBI. How could anyone have expected her to keep things straight? Worse, when she called Barb and said she didn't think it had gone too well with Price, her mom started dumping on her, too. Laura just burst into tears. She was so stressed out she wanted to die.

Things were just hanging in the air, going nowhere.

In every well-oiled bureaucracy, however, there is always one more spin of the wheel, one more procedure in an infinite process. Eventually, the system, its supporters promise, will justify itself. Such in its own slow, cumbersome way was the case with the FBI.

In February a supervisor at the Boston Field Office was making the quarterly review of the Zero File. It was a grim chore. There was, as always, the usual collection of lost and desperate stories—the pensioner who hears Radio Moscow through his molars; the cleaning lady who's certain Martians have taken possession of her body. And now the interview with an alcoholic loading-dock worker at The Christmas Tree Shop who insisted that her husband, the private detective, was actually the head of a Soviet spy ring.

Yet, amazingly, the Boston supervisor saw something in the report Agent Price had filed. It wasn't so much any specific detail of Barbara Walker's story as the *totality* of the details. Crazies spin wide, vague stories that trail off into a sputter of hunches. They generally do not invent tales of clandestine exchanges made after completing a complicated, but precise route. He immediately sent a flash summary of Agent Price's 302 to Washington headquarters. As an afterthought, he also decided to route a copy of his summary to the Norfolk Field Office; Mrs. Walker had claimed her ex-husband was still living in the area.

The Washington Office ignored the flash from Boston. Norfolk did not.

The AIRTEL from Boston with a 65 designation arrived on the desk of Joseph Wolfinger. He had put in fifteen years with the bureau and since 1972 had specialized in FCI—foreign counterintelligence. For the past three years he had run the Norfolk office's eleven-man FCI squad.

He read the summary carefully. Where one agent saw a convoluted yarn about twists and turns in the woods he saw something else—textbook KGB tradecraft.

He reached for his phone.

On March 7, Special Agents Paul Culligan and Chuck Wagner from the Buffalo Field Office interviewed Laura Walker Snyder in her living room. She had just returned from beauty school and was still dressed in her uniform of black pants and white lab coat. Agent Wagner sat in an orange, velveteen armchair. Agent Culligan brought in a plastic-covered chair from the kitchen. Laura sat on a wooden coffee table; it was uncomfortable, but she was between the two men and that, somehow, was more important. She couldn't wait to begin. The agents had their notebooks open.

Just as she started to tell her story, the phone rang. No, she told the caller, she couldn't talk now. She'd have to call him back. He said that'd be impossible. He was leaving in the morning. Well, she said, it was just one of those things, but right now she was very busy. She hung up, and quickly went back to talking to the FBI.

She told the two agents all she could remember. She explained about her son; she recited her story about her husband's threats; and she described each of her father's attempts to recruit her.

This report was not placed in the Zero File.

Before the week was over, the FBI gave Barbara Walker a lie detector test. As the needle jumped with her every breath, she answered an hour's questions. It had all started, she said, in 1968. Her ex-husband was involved. Also her brother-in-law. Perhaps an old Navy buddy of John's on the West Coast. She doubted there was anyone else.

When the blood pressure cuff was removed and the examination was over, the agent turned to her and said, "You have difficulty dealing with lies, don't you?"

That was the story of my married life in a nutshell, she felt like telling him. Only now it didn't matter. She was free.

So, nearly four months after Barbara's birthday phone call, nearly seventeen years after she had first learned of her husband's treason, the FBI was finally on the trail of Johnny Walker.

The Norfolk FCI squad had been officially on the case for nearly a week when it occurred to them that the investigation needed a code name.

Bob Hunter, the special agent selected by Wolfinger to manage the day-to-day operations, came up with ''Family Affair.'' ''Can't say it doesn't fit,'' he tried.

The problem was, shot back Dave Szady, it fit too well. Might give the whole shooting match away if it leaked, he continued. And Szady had the final say. He had seniority; he normally worked out of Washington where he was in charge of coordinating FBI operations against Soviet military intelligence.

The squad of agents threw around other code names. It was a good game.

They were getting nowhere, though, until Szady suggested ''Windflyer.'' Name of a horse I had one day at Bowie,'' he told them.

''How'd it run?'' asked Hunter.

Szady answered, ''In the money.''

''Let's hope your luck holds,'' said Hunter.

In all the Operation Windflyer 302s, a file that in time would be nearly two yards high, there was no mention of the call Laura received in the midst of her first interview with the FBI. At the time, it didn't seem important to her, or to the agents. It was only later, after it was too late, that Laura recalled it was her brother Mike who had telephoned on that evening in March. He was leaving in the morning for a six-month Mediterranean cruise aboard the aircraft carrier *Nimitz*. It never occurred to Laura that the next time she would talk to her brother he would be in jail.

38

In the chill Norfolk dawn of March 8, 1985, Mike walked toward the gangplank of the *Nimitz* carrying his Canyon board under one arm and his duffle bag under the other. He was going to sea for 206 days and he was prepared. He had his surfboard because he had heard there were some killer waves hitting the coast of Israel. And he had his duffle because it was the easiest way to smuggle stolen documents off the carrier. The only thing was, he was in a real funk. That morning he and Rachel had another set-to. It was a hell of a way to leave things just as he was heading off for six months. But the girl simply refused to understand he didn't have much choice: His dad was pressing him.

Three weeks after his wedding, back in January of 1984, Mike was transferred from the fighter squadron based at Oceana in Virginia Beach to the *Nimitz*. He was made a departmental yeoman. That meant, basically, he was in charge of giving out the Ping-Pong balls in the rec room. It wasn't the sort of duty that brought smiles to his control.

But for Rachel the first eight months of her marriage were the happiest in her life. They moved from the beach and took an apartment on Hampshire Avenue in Norfolk. The rent was kind of high, $375 a month, so Rachel went off to work tables at Chi-Chi's after her classes. It was a busy time for both of them.

Still, they found time to walk hand in hand when Rachel would hurry to the carrier to catch her sailor on his meal break, cuddle in front of the TV with a bowl of popcorn for the late-night Chiller Thriller flick, and go roller skating in the park on Sundays. Then there was Sparky.

It hadn't taken Rachel long to start in on Mike about getting a dog. She told him she wanted something around when he was off at sea and, always very practical, a puppy seemed like a lot less hassle than a baby; besides, there'd be time for that. Mike was all for the idea. He wanted a beach dog, a black Lab that would run with him through the surf and catch a Frisbee in its mouth. Rachel had her heart set on a Dalmatian, a little black-and-white cutie like the ones in that Disney movie, *101 Dalmatians*. So they compromised. Sparky was a Dalmatian pup, but from the start Mike tied a paisley bandanna round its little neck and taught the dog not to be afraid of the water. They both loved the dog; Rachel even carried pictures of Sparky in her wallet. When Mike made the down payment on the red Subaru wagon with money he told his wife he had earned doing free-lance detective work for his dad, the couple figured they had everything in the world going for them. ''All my life I was waiting to be happy, and then it had finally happened,'' Rachel remembered.

In September, just as the *Nimitz* was coming out of dry dock and heading off on a ten-day shakedown cruise, Mike's request for a change of duty was approved. He was transferred to the Administration Office in the carrier's Operations Department.

''. . . I had daily access to classified documents,'' Mike would recall. ''. . . I routinely handled messages regarding U.S. Navy exercises, ship coordinates, Navy operations, and Defense Intelligence Agency messages which contained mainly information about various countries in the world. The messages would come into my office on the MPDS [Message Process Distribution System] which was linked to the Communication Center on the ship . . . I also routed messages which contained information regarding U.S. tracking of Soviet submarines. I was responsible for routine messages and deciding who would get them. I was also responsible for deciding whether the messages were of any value or whether they should be thrown in the trash.''

It was so easy, there was so much to take, that he couldn't think of any real reason not to go back to work for his father. Anyway, there were thirty-seven payments due on the Subaru.

In his den one night during the week after Thanksgiving, Johnny sat at his Apple computer and inventoried his son's latest shipment of documents: Fleet Tactical Library Cover and Deception manual; Air Strike Operations; Surface Strike Operations; Planned Maintenance Subsystems; Countermeasure Set AN/SLQ-17; Nuclear Tomahawk Land Attack Cruise Missile (TALM-N); Force Management Plan; Nimitz Mediterranean Deployment Mid-Cruise Report; Anti-Ship Missile Defense (ASMD) Doctrine: Satellite Vulnerability; Electronic Warfare Countermeasures; Maintenance Instructions, *Nimitz*; Vulnerability Reports of Recon Satellites; Satellite Vulnerability CINCLANTFL; New U.S. Naval Mines; Destructor MK 36 and MK 40 Mines; Open Ocean Surface Threat Commander Tactical Wing Atlantic; and thirty-three Naval Intelligence flashes sent to the carrier.

I'm gonna have to get that boy a bigger duffle bag, he thought proudly.

Mike's captain, John Findley, Jr., was also pleased with the job the sailor was doing: ''Seaman Walker is an outstanding, alert and bright yeoman striker. *Hard charging, completely dependable*, and unhesitant in the assumption of responsibility, he has willingly volunteered for additional duty and responsibilities . . . A *dynamic leader—self starter*. Exemplary in conduct . . . Seaman Walker is highly deserving of this 4.0 evaluation.''

• • •

Only Rachel understood. The clues, like the soft, regular drip of blood from a wound, were unavoidable.

At first, though, she refused to let her mind follow the trail. In the fall of 1984 when she noticed a stack on the kitchen table of naval documents, the one on the top of the pile stamped CONFIDENTIAL, she asked her husband, "What's this all about?" It seemed odd; she had grown up a Navy brat and you pick up things along the way.

"Nothing," Mike snapped; and he might just as well have slammed on the brakes the way his tone and abruptness made her jump. He tried to apologize by adding breezily, "Just some stuff I need for work I'm doing with my father."

There were a lot of questions she could have asked—if she wanted to know the answers. So she tried, "Hamburgers okay for dinner?" For some reason, she suddenly wanted to believe it was the largest dilemma in their lives.

The next time was not so easy. Margaret and her new boyfriend, a Navy lieutenant, had come by the apartment. The lieutenant was heading to the john when something on the bedroom dresser caught his eye. It was a Navy publication. "Hey, Mike," he called out, "what the hell is this doing here?"

Rachel listened as Mike struggled: "It's . . . uh . . . uh . . . something I'm doing. For the chief. The chief knows. Yeah, he told me to work on it at home." Rachel realized she was praying Margaret's boyfriend would believe her husband; and, for the first time, she understood there was no reason he should.

"Well," the lieutenant, not ready to come down too hard on Maggie's brother, warned, "you shouldn't be doing this, Mike. You can get in big trouble, anyone catch you with this. You read me?"

"Yes," said Mike, "I read you."

I don't, Rachel lied to herself.

So everything had to wait until the morning when Rachel, putting together a wash, began to hunt through Mike's duffle for dirty skivvies. When Mike came home that evening, the wash had not been done and a wide circle of papers lay strewn across the bed.

"What have you been doing?" Mike cried out as if scalded. "This is none . . ."

Rachel, instantly weary, cut him off: "Tell me, Mike, please tell me." Yet she silently begged: Just don't tell me the truth.

Instead, he said, "Sit down, bunny, we have to talk."

Mike sat on the bed, near the papers. Rachel, eager to flee, kept marching across the room; but there were four walls, and anyway she was already trapped. Both of them were scared. They might as well have been talking about death.

"I can get busted for this," Mike began. "What I'm doing's illegal, but it's for my father," he explained with a son's logic. "It's part of his detective work. He's paying me for it."

Rachel begged her husband to give it up. "You'll get in trouble, Mike," she pleaded.

"I'm careful. I know what I'm doing."

"Mike, please . . ."

"Bunny, don't you understand, it's for my dad."

"Please, Mike. For me. Stop for me."

Neither one ever said the word "spy."

That night Rachel slept on the living room couch. She didn't want to be in the same bed as Mike. She had told him he would have to choose. "Who means more to you—your father or me?" she had challenged.

"It's not that simple, bunny."

"Choose, Mike," she had begged. Choose me. Choose us. Choose our life.

"Don't do this to me, bunny."

But she already had. And it was his choice, more than anything else, that hurt. It was, Rachel felt, his worst crime.

She got used to the couch.

It wasn't long before Rachel decided to get off the pill. They were sleeping apart more often than not so it seemed the right time. It was the sort of decision, though, Rachel felt she should share with her husband.

"Well, I don't want children," Mike said.

Now that he had come out and said it, Rachel agreed.

"I mean not just now, but never," said Mike.

His wife said, "That's exactly what I meant—never."

They gave each other all kinds of reasons, how in the Navy you can't be sure of your future assignments, how you're always moving, how both of them had come from broken Navy homes. Yet there was one reason, as if by unstated agreement, they refused to mention. It was, in fact, the only reason. All the rest were only so many excuses for why they never wanted the power and responsibility of being parents.

It was Mike's idea to have the vasectomy. Rachel understood immediately and agreed. The Navy doctors, however, were reluctant to perform the operation on a twenty-two-year-old sailor. What if you change your mind next week or next year? suggested the surgeon.

"I'll never want to be a father," Mike promised.

At twenty-two, married less than a year, Mike had a vasectomy. He would never be a father; and, more importantly he felt, he would never have a son.

The night before Mike shipped off on the *Nimitz,* Rachel brought it up again. Perhaps it was the sight of her husband packing his duffle that scared her; or perhaps she just knew what he was going off to sea to do.

"Promise me you won't do it anymore?" she asked.

"Bunny, I'm careful . . ."

"This could hurt us so, Mike . . ."

"I'm careful . . ."

"Don't you see, Mike, how dangerous this is?"

"Look, my dad knows how to take care of things. After this cruise I'll get out. I'll quit the Navy. We'll move to California. We'll get a house on the beach. You'll see . . ."

Her husband, the man she loved most in the world, was going away for six months and on their last night together Rachel slept on the couch.

• • •

In the morning, Rachel drove Mike to the dock. They were hardly talking. Mike took his surfboard and his duffle out of the rear of the red station wagon.

"C'mon," he asked, "walk me to the ship."

"No."

He waited. At last he started walking off toward the carrier.

"Hope you have a nice cruise," she called out to him. "Maybe you'll even grow up."

Mike didn't turn around. He just kept walking, a short sailor weighed down by a surfboard under one arm and a duffle bag under the other.

Rachel watched him through her tears.

39

Mike, alone at sea, wrote to his wife nearly every day.

Dear Rachel,

Hello bunny, I love you. How are you today? Good I hope, things are just fine with me. We are underway again and steaming hard for the eastern side of the Med. We will operate in the area just north of Greece for about two weeks, and then in port Haifa.

I am looking forward to liberty there. I would love to catch a few waves. I miss surfing so bad. . . .

Anyway, I really had a good time in Toulon. I wish you were there to help me with my French. Communication was done in sign language. You would have loved the way they dressed. These people know how to punk out. I mean they have it on the States. I bought this radical yellow plaid jacket . . .

I guess you had a good time at the U2 concert. I wish I could have been there. I heard some U2 while I was in France and I got a little bummed out. I would just like to see you now with all your friends. Speaking of music, I was really surprised to hear the music they listened to there. I was in this little bar and they had a juke box with all the cool songs, Ultravox, U2, Oingo Boingo, etc. . . .

I met this guy the other day, he's from Arizona, not California, but he lived in LA for a while, anyway he is really cool. He doesn't act like a total idiot in front of people, sounds like he has a pretty decent girlfriend and he surfs. I think I am going to hang around with him during the cruise. . . .

I look forward to the day that I can hold you, I'm not talking about making love, just holding. I miss your touch something awful. I think that the first night we are together . . . we should just hug and kiss and save the more intimate things for another day. Do you get that feeling sometimes?

Well bunny, now that we are underway again I will be writing a little more. I kind of slacked off for a couple of days. Thinking of you often, I love you.

Michael

S also kept in communication with his control.

Jaws,

Hey guy, how are you doing? . . .

I asked you in my previous letter what I should do about the increasing amount of photos I have been acquiring. Do you have any suggestions? At the rate I am going I will have over a hundred pounds of souvenirs. I have run out of space and sooner or later I will have to weed out the ones that are not so important to me. Currently I have two boxes that weigh about 15 lbs. apiece. Looking for a little advice . . .

Would I be asking too much if I were to ask what the status is of my previous photos? I would like to know if they were developed yet, and if so how did they come out?

Not much more to write about. I will keep in touch.

Michael

• • •

After her husband had been at sea for a month, Rachel also took an alias. She called herself ''Roxanne,'' same as the girl in the Police song who walked the streets for money. It was her dancing name, the name she used when she put on her Rambo outfit with the camouflage G-string and got on the runway at Donald's. That's how she met the guys from Elvis From Hell and went off with them to shoot their video.

Looking back at it all, Rachel would shake her head and say the whole thing was real low-life. But it was the quickest and easiest way she knew to make money. And at the time, nothing was more important than making money. If she could earn enough to meet Mike in Naples in June, she was sure the two of them, an ocean away from his father, would be able to work things out. Rachel had decided to talk tough to Mike. She would even threaten divorce. That would make him stop. She just needed to be alone with him, to thrash it all out before there was any real damage.

40

In Johnny's world, all was calm. Or so he thought. While Jerry considered resuming his role of RUS, while Barbara and Laura met with the FBI, while Rachel tried to convince Mike to end his cooperation, and while Art thought about putting a shotgun into his mouth, the ring's control believed things were going just great. In fact, Johnny had returned from his Vienna face-to-face in January 1985 full of triumph. And, given his narrow view of the dramas that were intersecting his complicated life, it was understandable: He had gone to the mat with his handler on two issues, and to his surprise, Johnny had won them both.

The first victory was actually one for Jerry. Johnny had argued his agent's case for compensation before the glum sidewalk court of Ivan the Terrible and the verdict was unequivocal. "Tell Jerry he will be paid. Make him understand," Ivan ruled, and he made sure to repeat his finding at least four times.

The other coup, though, was all Johnny's. The night of the meeting, January 19, was another bonechiller. The professional fieldman was decked out in his spy gear of parka, ski hat, gloves, scarf, boots, electric socks; and still Johnny was freezing. After more than a decade of shivering on the streets of Vienna, Johnny had plain had it. Look, he challenged the KGB man, this doesn't make sense. Don't you guys have a place nearby we can go to. This is insane.

Incredibly, Ivan the Terrible agreed. He told an amazed Johnny that now that you mention it, there has to be a better way of meeting than stomping around in the ice and snow. Perhaps, he said, their next meeting could be across the border in Czechoslovakia. Immediately Johnny's mind filled with a warm picture of a cozy safe house, fire burning, a plate of sausages on the table, and a bottle of schnapps for a thirsty spy.

''Yeah,'' said Johnny, ''anything's got to be better than whispering in a goddamn blizzard.''

The Department 16 agent concluded this first segment of the meet with the assurance that the procedures for the Czech face-to-face and Whitworth's money would both be left at the next drop in Maryland. And now having given (and given in), he also hoped to receive. He had two assignments for Johnny.

The first involved Johnny's daughter-in-law, Rachel. In his last ''Dear Friend'' letter, Johnny, always selling, had announced that Rachel was going to graduate with a science degree. Did Johnny think he could persuade Rachel to join the Navy?

There's a chance, said Johnny who was confident he could persuade anybody to do anything.

Well, the Russian continued, now as eager as any suitor rushing to make his intentions known, the plan at Moscow Center was for Johnny to try to place a member of his ring in the Navy's SOSUS research program. Rachel, with her science background, seemed like the perfect candidate.

''She might be at that,'' Johnny agreed. (Though, of course, he was unaware that this potential recruit was these days wearing a plastic pistol around her waist as she got funky on the runway at Donald's.) The prospect of a member of his ring—and a family member, to boot—involved in the Navy's submarine underwater detection system seemed like a real growth opportunity. ''I'll talk to Rachel,'' he promised.

The KGB's other plot involved Art. Ivan the Terrible, in his long-winded, grave way, went through a detailed plan hatched in Moscow Center. It involved, the best Johnny could follow, some James Bond device the Soviet whiz kids would manufacture for Art. When Art, through his work at VSE, noticed that ships were suddenly being taken out of dry dock before their scheduled repairs were completed, he was to press the button on this electronic device on the double. Once the button was pressed, if Johnny was still tracking Ivan's story, an alarm would go off in KGBland: The United States is placing itself on a higher defense posture; war must be in the wind.

I'll try out the idea on Art, said Johnny. Though he felt like telling the Russian to make sure the device had only one button; two buttons would require more cooperation than his brother seemed willing to give these days. But, Johnny realized, there was no percentage in sharing that with Ivan.

As the face-to-face ended, the Department 16 control handed Johnny the procedures for the next drop in Maryland. He asked his asset, "It's set for the nineteenth of May. Should that be a problem?"

"Can't see why," said Johnny blindly.

When he returned to Norfolk, Johnny, who was still confident Jerry would soon be back in the ring, was quick to spread the good news. He, sticking to the photography word code he used with all his agents, wrote:

"Had a buyer for the photography equipment you asked me to sell. We haven't agreed on a price yet, but the age of the equipment will cause us to receive less than I had hoped. Also the fact that the accessories are no longer available will affect the outcome. . . . Anyway, I expect to get a final offer early summer, and we'll be in touch."

> Dear Johnny,
>
> . . . It was nice to hear from you . . . I was beginning to wonder if a jealous husband had given you the Goetz treatment (smile).
>
> How am I really doing? I won't deny it, there have been many reflections on my decision to retire and subsequent decisions. And still, I can't say I'm entirely happy with the outcome. When it gets to the bottom line tho, I believe that once Brenda & I are into our new careers I'll be happy with my strategy and that it

> will succeed. This period (Oct. 83 to now) has been rough on my mental health at times. . . .
>
> Take care.
>
> Always,
>
> Jerry

Which, Johnny decided, was typical Jerry: unhappy on the one hand, and undecided on the other. Johnny, however, had no doubts about the bottom line: As soon as the money ran out, Jerry would come out of retirement.

Meanwhile, Johnny went on to his next bit of spy business. He called his daughter-in-law.

He asked Rachel if she was interested in joining the Navy's SOSUS program, never telling her, naturally, that the idea had originated in Moscow Center.

Rachel agreed to drop off her résumé, never telling him, naturally, that all she wanted to do after the long evening with the guys in Elvis From Hell was get off the phone and go to bed.

And, while Johnny thought he was putting one over on Rachel, and while Rachel believed she was humoring her father-in-law, a third party was having the last laugh on both of them. The FBI was monitoring John Walker's phone.

Yet the FBI's investigation continued so secretly that only later was Johnny able to understand the significance of two seemingly unrelated incidents that spring. At the time, both events seemed simply odd—which, Johnny had good reason to believe, was normal for the perpetual chaos that was the condition of his life.

Out of the blue, Laura called him in April. Johnny was surprised. He would have been even more surprised if he had known that before making the call Laura had pushed the "record" button on a tape recorder provided by the FBI.

When the Windflyer agents heard the tape, they were disappointed. Laura, the new operative trying to catch an old one, had tried her best to hook her father. In a rapid-fire, almost screechy recital she had cast all her lines: She was thinking of getting a job in the Army reserves. Or perhaps at Eastman Kodak, which had a lot of defense contracts. Oh, Laura also added in a thunderously obvious afterthought, she forgot to mention she had taken a preemployment exam at the CIA.

Johnny, who had set enough traps in his time, knew something was up. He never imagined it was the FBI, but he did believe Laura had some scam going. Clearly enjoying himself, he danced around the bait. He talked with his daughter for fifty-five hectic minutes and in the entire transcript there wasn't one direct, incriminating admission of espionage. John Walker, the Windflyer team grumbled, had outsmarted them.

They were wrong. Buried in the last pages of the thick transcript was a small suggestion by Johnny. He told Laura that since she was living in Buffalo she should find the time to visit his favorite great-aunt. He was really fond of the woman, and he knew his daughter would be too. Why don't you go visit her? he urged.

The suggestion was dismissed by the FBI as irrelevant to the scope of their investigation. It was a corner of the transcript that, in those early weeks, was never underlined, never circled, never discussed.

At the time, the FBI was still wrapped up in trying to make its case.

So they enlisted another double agent.

When the Windflyer team first learned Barbara Walker was coming to Norfolk for Easter to visit Margaret, many of the agents felt the operation was as good as dead. If Laura with her freight-train subtlety hadn't already alerted her father, well then you could count on Barbara to finish things off. After a few pops, Barbara would probably tell her husband the FBI was waiting outside so would he please hurry and type up a confession.

But that was only one school of thought. Other agents, particularly

Bob Hunter, believed the ex-wife was the best way to throw Walker off the scent. If Walker suspected anyone of plotting against him, it had to be Barbara. If she could now convince him there was nothing to worry about, Windflyer could continue to build its case.

There was, however, one very large leap of faith in Hunter's plan: Barbara, a skittish actress who had a hard time following scripts, would have to give the performance of her life.

She did. Even in spite of the scare Johnny gave her.

Johnny took his ex-wife to McDonald's for dinner.

"If I didn't have to leave the Navy because of your threats," he told her between swallows of a Big Mac, "I could have made a million dollars more."

"Well," Barb said, "I would never have turned you in. I don't have the nerve." She delivered her lines precisely as they had been written.

And, also as had been planned, Johnny believed her because he needed to.

"I've talked to all the children except Margaret," Johnny continued. "They all agree you mustn't say anything." Barbara nodded; it was as if her ex were reading from the FBI's script. Then Johnny added, casually enough, "If you do, you would ruin Michael's career."

And suddenly, for one tense moment, the action seemed to be moving in a direction that neither Barbara nor the FBI had ever anticipated. *Michael?* Barbara's mind was close to screaming. *What have I done?* But, despite her panic, she found the inspiration to ad-lib, "Are you saying Mike's working for you?"

"No, no," Johnny quickly corrected her, "I'm not saying that at all. It's just that he's up for a secret clearance and if you say anything, you'll ruin his chances."

I can live with that, Barbara thought. Reassured, she returned to the script.

An hour later Johnny was driving Barbara back to Margaret's house. As he pulled into the driveway he turned toward his ex-wife and, grinning like a man who had survived a duel, told her, "I knew you wouldn't turn me in. I knew you wouldn't want to see your fifty-year-old husband in jail."

• • •

Perhaps distance, though, brings perspective. Mike was on an aircraft carrier heading toward Greece when he wrote his wife:

"You mentioned something about my mother coming down. Did everything go okay? I hope so. I received a tape from my father and he said she was down for Easter. Did you spend any time with her? I understand it was not a very good visit from my dad's point of view. My mother continues to ask for money. I get the feeling something is going to happen."

41

There was, the Windflyer team realized, more than simply whim in Supervisor Dave Szady's decision to christen the operation with a racehorse's name. In every successful undercover investigation, as in every lucrative day of handicapping, the hours of preparation are endless. Research, surveillance, and plotting are, in both occupations, the stuff that gets you, tickets in hand, to the win window. Yet, a dicey fact of life in both the field house and the field office, all the homework in the world is nothing but good intentions coming into the stretch. Heading toward the wire, you need luck. And so far Windflyer had not been blessed.

After four months of living with Johnny Walker, after listening to his calls, and probing—discreetly, of course—into his life and career, the FBI had little to show. They could make the case the man was a sleazy private detective and a rotten father, but that was a long way from an espionage conviction. In all the hours of telephone transcripts, there had not been one admission of spying. In all the days and nights of watching, they still had not caught him in the act. Windflyer was near to breaking stride. Then the agents got lucky.

A death provided the break. On May 16, 1985, the FBI was listening as Johnny received a call announcing that his great-aunt in Buffalo had died. The funeral, Johnny was told, was on Sunday; when should they expect him to arrive? I can't, Johnny explained. I have business, important business, down in North Carolina on Sunday. I'm sorry, but there's no way I can get out of it.

A half-hour later, Johnny received another call. This relative really tore into him: What do you mean you can't come to the funeral? Your aunt was like a mother to you. You have to be there. Forget about your big deal business. Get someone else to take care of it.

Look, Johnny answered, and if he wasn't ashamed, he was doing a good job of acting, this business is something I simply can't postpone. Only I can take care of it. Any other day, you know I'd be there. But on Sunday I have to be in Charlotte.

When he hung up, the FBI had the clue they had been waiting for —only the agents didn't know it. It wasn't until later that afternoon when one of the surveillance team happened to mention the great-aunt's death to Bob Hunter that things began to fall into place.

''Just like Walker to flake out on going up to Buffalo for his great-aunt's funeral,'' the agent grumbled. Hunter thought about it for a moment; and then, with an unnerving rudeness that even caught himself by surprise, snapped, ''No, it's not like him at all.''

Ten minutes later the Windflyer team was rereading the transcript of Laura's call. And now they zeroed in on the small section where Johnny urged his daughter to visit his favorite aunt. The same great-aunt whose funeral he now was too busy to attend.

Must be pretty important business Walker has scheduled for Sunday, Joe Wolfinger, a cautious supervisor, tried out on Hunter.

But his agent was too excited to be coy: ''Joe, it's finally coming down. Sunday is drop day.''

In the meantime—four days that were an eternity—the FBI could only wait. Life, relentless, continued.

On Thursday, three days after she had graduated from Peter Piccolo's School of Hair Design, Laura made her escape from the apartment in Buffalo. The guy she had been living with had gotten out of control. The only way she could get him to back off was by going to bed with him. And that only bummed her out worse; she felt like a prostitute. So now, while he was at work, she was packing up and running away. She would move in with a friend, Marie Hammond. It was a six-hour drive to Marie's house in Canton and she couldn't wait to get on the road.

On Friday, Bob Hunter kept a long-standing appointment to address his son's government class at First Colonial Beach High School. He ended by telling the students that any day now they might be reading about one of his ongoing cases. Can't tell you about it yet, but when you see the headlines, you'll understand what I'm talking about.

Later that day, Johnny stopped by Art's house. He was lending his brother a 35-millimeter camera so Art could take pictures of his son's college graduation that weekend. Johnny gave his brother the camera and left. He didn't want to hang around because he knew Rita couldn't stand him.

On Saturday, Jerry Whitworth took his examination to become a securities trader. He had failed the test the first time, but he had his hopes for this go-around. Though he might have been a little jumpy if he had known FBI agents had him under twenty-four-hour surveillance. He had become a prime suspect in the Windflyer investigation. There were even some people in the San Francisco office who were certain Whitworth was also the mysterious RUS.

On Saturday, too, Johnny called Rachel. He apologized for not being able to attend her graduation from Old Dominion tomorrow, but he had important business out of town. Maybe he could make it up to her by giving a special graduation gift? Well, Rachel quickly leaped in, she was trying to get enough money together to visit Mike when the *Nimitz* docked in Naples next month. Could Johnny help her out? Her father-in-law said he'd see what he could do.

And that night, Johnny sat in his den and wrote a letter on his Apple computer:

> Dear Friend,
>
> This delivery consists of material from "S" and is similar to the previously supplied material. The quantity is limited, unfortunately, due to his operating schedule and increased security prior to deployment. His ship departed in early March, and they operated extensively just prior to deployment. The situation around him looks very good, and he is amassing a vast amount of material right now. His last correspondence indicated that he

now has material that would fill two large grocery bags. Storage is becoming a problem. As is obvious, I did not make a trip to Europe to pick up material for this delivery.

His schedule does fit fairly well with our meeting, and I plan to meet him during a port call which will give me two days to make it to our meeting. I will arrange to pick up the best of his material and deliver it in bulk; photographing it on the road does not seem practical. . . .

''D'' continues to be a puzzle. He is not happy but is still not ready to continue our ''cooperation.'' Rather than try to analyze him for you, I have simply enclosed portions of two letters I've received. My guess? He is going to flop in the stockbroker field and can probably make a modest living in computer sales. He has become accustomed to the big spender lifestyle, and I don't believe he will adjust to living off his wife's income. He will attempt to renew cooperation within two years.

''F'' has been transferred and is in a temporary situation giving him no access at all. He is having difficulty in making a career decision in the navy. He is not happy and is experiencing family pressure with our father who is 73 and in poor health. He married a younger woman who has a significant drinking problem. ''F'' feels obligated to support them. He may come around, and good access is possible.

''K'' and I have discussed your proposal, and I will pass on some extensive details when we meet. Briefly, he is involved in carrier and amphibious ship maintenance planning. He would instantly recognize unrealistic schedules or see that ships were ''off their normal schedules.'' This may provide a basis for information we seek. Otherwise, he has no useful material.

So I will see you as scheduled and hope I will make the Primary date with no problem. I'm sure you have access to S's port schedule and can anticipate my moves in advance. I am not providing his schedule in this note for the obvious reasons.

Good luck . . .

And then it was Sunday.

42

The day, more luck, broke with watcher's weather. It soon became a warm, bright May Sunday, the sort of pleasant, cloudless afternoon that was made for going places; and for following where people were going. The ground teams would have no trouble blending in with the caravans of Sunday drivers out celebrating a sunny day of rest. While 4,000 feet above, the single-engine surveillance plane would have perfect visibility. The only hitch was, Johnny Walker didn't seem to be going anywhere.

Early that morning of the nineteenth, there had been a false alarm. At just minutes after seven, at a time when most of his neighbors on Old Ocean View Road hadn't picked up the Sunday papers from their doorsteps, Johnny was bouncing out the door and heading toward his van. He was dressed in jeans and a blue golf shirt with a tiny alligator lounging across its left breast; on his feet were ripple-soled sneakers decorated with galloping kangaroos. As he hurried to his silver-and-blue Chevy Astro van, the word was passed to the watchers: Wake up, gentlemen. It's game time.

It wasn't. Johnny led them down Tidewater Drive straight to Mc-

Donald's. While Agent John Hodges banked his tiny plane into wide circles above the Golden Arches, the suspect had breakfast. Bob Hunter, a coffee in hand for cover, was close enough to see that his prey was gobbling an Egg McMuffin and hash browns; the agent, a jogger, had a brief, troubling flash that cholesterol would ambush Walker before he had his chance. But in a moment, looking none the worse for the meal, Hunter rejoiced, Johnny was heading to his van. The surveillance teams got ready, set, and then followed Johnny straight back to his driveway. He disappeared inside the house.

The watchers watched. Old Ocean View Road was waking up. Families were going off to church. Two hours later, the families returned. Soon barbecues were being lit, the smell of charcoal carrying through the clear spring air. Kids zipped along on their bikes. There was the constant thud of a baseball being thrown with determination into a mitt; a voice yelled, "C'mon, burn it in there." And Johnny hadn't budged. His house was silent. The curtains were drawn. The watchers watched.

Finally, just before two, Johnny emerged. He was dressed as earlier, except he had on a black nylon windbreaker. It was the sort of jacket a man might wear if he expected rain; or if he expected trouble. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, so the watchers passed the word: Walker was packing his .38 under his coat.

Johnny walked toward his van. Three steps, and he stopped abruptly. He looked left, then he looked right. There was an airplane above him; a truck down the street; and a Chevy Cherokee just across the way. But Johnny didn't see anything unusual. He got into his van and drove off.

The FBI was right on his tail. Things were looking good. Yet it didn't take more than ten minutes for the Windflyer team to be caught totally by surprise.

From his plane, John Hodges was the first to report the new development. Walker was not heading south to Charlotte. The van was moving north on Interstate 64. Toward Richmond? Washington? Johnny's destination was now anybody's guess.

Wolfinger played it safe. He stopped at a pay phone and called the Washington Field Office. "Windflyer may be coming your way," he reported.

Within minutes a coded signal went out over beepers throughout Washington. It announced: Report on the double to the Windflyer Command Center! More than sixty agents stopped whatever they were doing—later they would compare notes about abandoned golf games, half-painted houses, and exasperated wives—and, without much explanation, headed off on a Sunday afternoon to help trap a spy.

Johnny, his radio tuned to a jazz station, hadn't noticed a thing. He was now barreling along Interstate 95 at a steady sixty; there was no longer any doubt that he was going toward Washington. Above him the plane had him perfectly beaded. The car teams, getting cocky, were bored with hanging two or three lengths back. For a while a couple of the watchers rode alongside of Walker; it was good for a laugh.

Then, after about an hour and a half on the road, just as Johnny led his band into Woodbridge, Virginia, someone started shooting at the FBI. Or at least that was what the agents, for an impossibly tense interlude, believed. But it wasn't gunfire; it was—perhaps more frightening—spontaneous combustion.

Agent Beverly Andress was driving a hundred yards behind Johnny's van when, in the middle of sending a message, her transmitter burst into flames. Her fellow agents watched as instantly her car was filled with smoke. Had Walker shot at her? Should they return the fire? Should they pull Walker over?

In a moment, however, Andress was out of her car and signaling a thumbs-up to her buddies. They didn't know what had happened—later it would be worth a joke about Bev's talking into her cigarette lighter by mistake—but they knew enough to let things keep on going.

So they followed Johnny's van as he took the Beltway around Washington and, crossing the Cabin John Bridge, entered Montgomery County, Maryland. It was there that Johnny lost them.

Montgomery County is horse country. White-fenced acres of rolling, emerald-green meadows parallel twisting, dirt roads for miles until the fields end in thick stands of woods. It's the sort of country that attracts weekenders from Washington, tweedy people who repair the crumbling stone fences and talk at cocktail parties about brood mares. It's also the sort of terrain that's perfect for what, in another sort of fieldman's trade, is known as "dry cleaning": You can spot a tail on the open stretches of the road, and then you lose him in the woods.

And that's what Johnny did. He doubled back along Cloppers Road, cut over into Whites Ferry Road, and floored it on Query Mill Road. By 4:45 there was no sight of the van. The plane was useless; the thick spring foliage was a green umbrella covering the narrow roads.

Confidence collapsed into anxiety. Bob Hunter, directing the surveillance teams in the area, worried that Walker had made them and bolted. A new plane arrived from Washington. It flew in wider and wider circles. It couldn't find the van.

It was six. Then seven. It got dark. Some of the agents decided there was no hope. The show was off. Walker had run. Or maybe he had changed his mind. Or maybe he had been on his way to meet some woman all along; that would be very Johnny, the agents knew. Then again, this could be part of his tradecraft, full of starts and stops, twists and turns; wasn't that how his ex-wife had described his behavior when she had accompanied him on a drop? We waited this long, Hunter decided, we'll wait a little longer.

Hardly anyone spoke; what was there to say? It was dark. They were tired. They knew the past four months had all come down to this night, this chance. They waited.

Suddenly, at 7:48, Agent James Koluch, his voice as dull as a dispatcher's, spoke into his walkie-talkie: The suspect is in view. A cheer went up at Windflyer Control. The agents in the field felt a rush, the kind football players get before a kickoff. Everyone was now certain: A drop was about to go down.

The only light in the woods was from Johnny's van. Silhouetted in this strong, almost eerie illumination, Johnny walked from his van and headed toward a utility pole. He was in a field near the intersection of Dufief Mill and Quince Orchard roads. The crunch of his steps was the loudest sound in the slow spring night. And agents in camouflage outfits lay belly down in the woods and watched him through infrared binoculars. They saw him lean a 7-Up can against the base of the pole. Johnny then hurried to his van; he moved awkwardly, a man not used to exercise. The van sped north.

A decision had to be made, and quickly: Should they grab the can, a container big enough to hold a roll of film; or should they wait, take their chances, and hope they'd be able to retrieve it when the operation was completed?

The Windflyer team was still smarting from losing Walker for three full hours. This made them cautious. They decided to grab the can. It was the wrong decision. The 7-Up can did not contain any microfilm. It was only Johnny's safety signal. It said: Everything is fine, proceed to rendezvous point.

Its absence screamed an entirely different story.

Minutes after the can was retrieved, Koluch broadcast another flash: a 1983 blue Malibu sedan, license number DSX-144, was entering the area.

At Windflyer Control the license number was immediately fed into a computer. DSX signified the vehicle was registered to the Soviet embassy; the 144 was assigned to Aleksey Gavrilovich Tkachenko. He was listed as third secretary at the embassy and, according to the CI-2 vetting, of no intelligence importance. That appraisal was instantly changed.

The Department 16 legman, as his file was being sped to Windflyer Control, continued to drive slowly down the dirt roads of Montgomery County. His wife was next to him in the front seat and one of his daughters was in the rear. It was good cover; like his asset, he, too, believed espionage should be a family trade.

The Russian was also well trained. He stuck to the rules: no 7-Up can, no drop. By nine he was hurrying down River Road and heading back toward Washington. He would need to send an emergency flash to Moscow Center: The drop had been aborted.

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Johnny, though, did not know his handler—and his money—were speeding away.

Agent Bruce Brahe, dressed in camouflage fatigues and lying (he would find out tomorrow) in a patch of poison ivy, watched as Walker got out of his van. Johnny, in no hurry, walked toward the woods at the intersection of Partnership and Ferry roads. Something was in his hand; then Johnny moved out of the glow of his van's headlights and his actions were lost to the FBI. When he returned to the van, though, he was empty-handed.

Had the drop just gone down?

As soon as Johnny drove off, Brahe, flashlight bouncing in the darkness, ran to the area where he had just seen Walker. He looked around. The woods were filled with a spy's hiding places. He picked up a log. It was light enough. He was certain it was a phony. He searched for the opening. When he couldn't find it, he tried breaking the log in half. When that failed, he tried slamming the phony log against the tree. When he was certain the log was just a log, he threw it deep into the woods. Exasperated, he continued his search, kicking rocks, knocking trees. He was making a lot of noise, and he wasn't having much success.

Finally, at the base of a pole with a NO HUNTING sign he saw a brown paper bag. He kicked it. And he knew! The sound he heard was not the soft thud of week-old garbage. This was a hard, fresh clang. He shined his light on the bag, and removed two soda bottles. The caps had been replaced on the empty bottles. Better, the bottles had been rinsed out. Encouraged, he stuck his hand deeper into the bag and found a package. It was an inch thick and wrapped in a white plastic garbage bag. The corners of the bag were folded like hospital corners on a bed and taped with white adhesive.

Brahe grabbed the bag and stuck it under his arm as though he were a halfback heading into the end zone. He ran at full speed into a cornfield a hundred yards off. Other Windflyer agents were waiting there. Within minutes the garbage bag was on its way to FBI headquarters on Pennsylvania Avenue.

Espionage experts in the FBI laboratory undid the package's hospital corners. They found the "Dear Friend" letter; and beneath it were 129 documents stolen from the *Nimitz*.

Johnny, however, still wanted his money. At 10:30, then at 10:47 he drove back to the contact point. The FBI agents could see the glow from his flashlight darting through the woods. He searched the area methodically: Nothing. An agent, crouched behind a tree, was close enough to hear him curse in desperation. But Johnny drove off. He parked in the Quince Orchard Shopping Center and tried to think this thing through. This had never happened before. Had he gotten the date wrong? Or was the KGB double-crossing him? Were they taking their revenge for Jerry's fogged photographs?

Yet in all his anxious, scattered thoughts, it never once occurred to him that the FBI might be on to him. Just as it would have never occurred to him that the couple locked in a late-night embrace in the car a stone's throw away were agents James McKay and Katie Southern.

It must have been 11:30 when he returned to the drop site. The plastic bag holding his money was still not there.

Johnny realized something was very wrong.

It was late, after midnight, so Johnny checked into the Ramada Inn in Rockville. He registered as John Johnston. It would be the last identity he would ever invent.

While Johnny slept in room 765, the FBI prepared to make its move. Agents Hunter and Koluch were in room 750. They put on bulletproof vests and they checked their revolvers. Before they stepped out into the hall, they made a promise to each other: They were going to take Johnny Walker alive.

At 3:30, as the two agents crouched on the bright geometrically patterned carpet near the seventh-floor elevators, Agent William Wang made a call to room 765.

"Hello, Mr. Johnston," the agent said, "this is the front desk."

". . . yes?" said Johnny, foggy with sleep.

"Is your van the blue-and-silver Chevy with the temporary plates?"

"What's up?" In an instant Johnny was awake.

"Well, there's been an accident. A guy ran into it. He's at the desk now so if you could come down with your insurance forms, we can clear this whole thing up."

"I'll be down," said Johnny. But he didn't like the sound of this at all.

The two agents waited by the elevator. Their guns were drawn. They kept listening for the sound of Johnny's door to open.

When it did, Johnny didn't walk to the elevator. He went to the service stairs. Slowly he eased the door open. He looked down the stairwell. He looked up. It was empty. Still, something didn't seem right. He returned to his room.

In the hallway the agents waited. Was Walker on to them? Would he come out firing? Should they bust into his room?

A minute passed. And another. Bob Hunter was gripping the gun in his hand with all his might. Then they heard the door to room 765 swing open and, without any hesitation, Johnny went to the elevator.

Hunter and Koluch, guns drawn, yelled, "FBI! Stop!"

Johnny drew his .38, turning toward the agents.

"Drop your weapon," Hunter ordered.

They were five yards apart. Johnny hesitated, and then let his gun drop to the carpet.

He was grinning.

Koluch slammed him against the wall.

"You're under arrest," said Hunter, "for violation of the espionage laws of the United States."

And with Johnny's hands cuffed behind his back, Agent Koluch ripped the toupee off the head of the man who had betrayed his country. It was the most he could do.

At 6:20 that morning, Rita answered a knock at her door. It was the FBI.

"Your brother-in-law, John Walker, has been arrested for espionage. Can we come in and talk with you and your husband?"

Rita was still in her nightgown. "I'd like to put on my robe first," she said.

"No," contradicted one of the agents.

And just as he spoke, Art called from the bedroom. ''What's all the racket?''

Rita told him.

''Let them in,'' he said at last.

While the FBI agents were interviewing Art at the Norfolk Field Office, Mike was sitting in the master of arm's office on the *Nimitz.* The carrier was anchored off the Israeli coast, and NIS Agent Hitt was busy searching through the yeoman's belongings. Mike waited, and filled the time with a letter to Rachel: ''At this time I have no idea what has come up, although I would imagine it is pretty serious . . . If I end this letter on an unhappy note please contact my father as soon as possible.''

Mike never got to send the letter. Agent Hitt found fifteen pounds of classified documents hidden behind an air-conditioning unit near the sailor's bunk.

At just about the same time—11:00 A.M. in California—Jerry was also thinking about Johnny Walker. He was writing his friend on his new IBM computer. It was a friendly, conversational letter, full of his plans to buy a new house and news of Brenda's job prospects. He also wrote, ''The camera situation is probably settled, but in case one or more are still wanted I'm amenable to anything reasonable.''

Jerry's writing was interrupted by a knock on the trailer door. It was two FBI agents. He, too, never got to mail his letter.

PART VI

CELEBRITY

43

The New York Times

AT LEAST 135 U.S. AGENTS FOLLOWING UP CLUES IN NAVY SPY INQUIRY

By Philip Shenon

June 25, 1985—The search for members of a Navy spy ring has turned into one of the largest espionage investigations in American history, involving more than 100 agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and more than a dozen bureau field offices, officials said today.

They said the investigation also included 35 Navy intelligence agents, Federal prosecutors on both coasts and several Justice Department employees. The investigators have followed up on leads that have taken them as far afield as Oklahoma and Louisiana. . . .

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U.S. NAVAL INVESTIGATORS SERVICE
REPORT OF INVESTIGATION (RUC) 11 JUN 85
ESPIONAGE
I/WINDFLYER
REQUESTED BY/ FBI NORFOLK, VA.
MADE AT/ BEEVILLE, TX./ J. Y. NICHOLS, SPECIAL AGENT

SYNOPSIS

1. Mrs. Janice Styron Donnell was interviewed after she alleged to possess information that might be pertinent to the CWO John Walker, Jr., investigation. . . .

   Interview of J. S. Donnell

2. Mrs. Janice Styron Donnell, Beeville, Tx. . . . was contacted at her residence and related the following:

   Mrs. Donnell said her husband retired as an RMC from the U.S. Navy in 1952 and is deceased. Mrs. Donnell said that in 1942, while her husband was overseas with the U.S. Navy, she took a job with the U.S. War Department at Bluthenthal Air Base, near Cherry Point, NC, as a motor pool driver. She recalled that during this time frame she was dispatched to drive some civilian agents (possibly CID) to a large three-story ocean-side house. She recalled that the agents searched the house and found a radio set concealed in a closet on the second floor and the only person at the house was a man named "Walker" (NFI), approximately age 60. She said that from her observation she concluded that the house was used as a warehouse and that Walker was utilizing bi-wing pontoon aircraft to ferry food provisions to German U-2 boats that were operating off the Atlantic coast. She said that Walker was, in her opinion, a "full-blooded German" by judging physical characteristics and accent. Mrs. Donnell said that she had not thought of the man's name in years until reading of the recent USN espionage case involving CWO Walker. Mrs. Donnell offered that this case may go back further than suspected and offered that CWO Walker may have been a descendant of the Walker she met in 1942. Mrs. Donnell said that out of her allegiance to the U.S. Navy and the U.S. she felt obligated to report this matter.

3. Files of NISRO New Orleans contain no further information of pertinence to this matter other than that reported herein.

And Mrs. Donnell from Beeville, Texas, was just the starter. Johnny Walker and his three operatives—a ring of career sailors—had served at twenty-two duty stations, had lived in a half-dozen Navy towns, and had hung around a fair share of squid bars. A lot of sailors knew them, and today's headlines jarred a fleet of memories. The 135 investigators were kept plenty busy.

44

Things were totally out of control. Laura thought she just might bottoms up a bottle of pills one night, so she could get out of waking up in the morning. It was all too much. It had been bad enough when, without any warning, just as she was chopping onions for tacos, she heard Tom Brokaw from the other room: " . . . arrested for espionage, John A. Walker, Jr. . . . " Laura had started it, but now that it was over she couldn't stop crying. The next day, though, when two FBI agents showed her a copy of the "Dear Friend" her dad had written, she really fell apart.

"Maybe you'll give us a hand. Got any idea who these guys might be?" asked Paul Culligan in his friendly, laid-back way. Then he gave her the letter to read.

She only had to skim it. "K" was Uncle Art, and that was a surprise and a heartache. But "S" was Mike, and that was devastation. Her baby brother! What had she done! Guilt grabbed her tight and wouldn't let go. She wanted to cry, but was too lost. Everything was without any reason.

When she saw Mike on the news being led off a Navy transport jet at Andrews Air Force Base, it was like a dream. How could it be real? He was in jeans; he had on his red Converse high top sneakers; he looked about sixteen with his floppy brown hair cut short; and his arms were in chains. He was a spy. He was her brother. She had done this to him.

She hated herself, and she hated her life.

There was no peace. When she went to get the dog's hair cut with Marie Hammond, whose house in Canton she had moved into two days before Johnny's arrest, the press surrounded her. They were shoving microphones at her, yelling questions nonstop, knocking on the windshield of the Toyota. She felt she was being treated as if she were the criminal; and that only helped to reinforce her hopeless feeling that she had done something very wrong.

She didn't know what to do; and for days couldn't do anything. Marie decided she had better step in.

"Laura," she said, "no way you're gonna get through this by yourself. You need a lawyer. And you need someone you can talk to. I know someone who's both of those things."

"I'll try anything," Laura promised. "Who?"

"Pat Robertson—the head of the Christian Broadcasting Network."

In 1959 God had told Pat Robertson, a lawyer and an ordained Baptist minister, to start a Christian television station. Twenty-five years later, his Christian Broadcasting Network (CBN) was the third-largest cable network in the country. His hour-long talk show, "The 700 Club," was watched daily by approximately 4.4 million Americans, in addition to millions of viewers in 45 countries around the world. In 1985, more than 600,000 "700 Club" supporters contributed $139 million to CBN. And Pat Robertson, the television evangelist, was seriously considering—and, if the polls were accurate, being seriously considered by the voters—running in the 1988 Republican party primaries for president.

Marie Hammond, who never failed to watch "The 700 Club," believed Pat Robertson had brought Jesus into her life and had filled her days with love and hope. She insisted Laura call him. "He'll know how to help you," she pledged. She gave Laura the toll-free National 700 Club Center number in Virginia Beach.

• • •

The voice at the other end of the phone prayed with Laura, but it wasn't enough. It didn't help. Laura needed, she decided, to speak to someone who actually talked with God. She knew, instinctively, only Pat Robertson himself could help her. She made up her mind to refuse to give up until she got through to him; it was as if, she would later say, the Holy Spirit was urging her on. But after a half-dozen calls, the closest Laura got to Pat was his secretary, Barbara Johnson. Barbara offered to pray with Laura, but she refused. Laura only wanted to speak to Pat. Finally, after Marie got on the phone, Barbara agreed to put a note on Pat's desk. "Pat will call you," Barbara promised before she hung up.

Pat Robertson didn't call. Jackie Mitchum, one of the "700 Club" staff members, did. She told Laura that someone from "The 700 Club" wanted to interview her. Would Laura be willing to come down to Virginia Beach? All expenses paid, naturally.

Laura was delighted. The chance to get away from Canton, from the press surrounding the house was, truly, a godsend. The opportunity to be counseled by Pat Roberston himself, though, was a miracle.

Laura, Marie, and Marie's thirteen-year-old son, who was bankrolling the trip with the money from his paper route until the expense check came, caught a plane that afternoon. It was a pretty unpleasant flight. One of the flight attendants at La Guardia recognized Laura's name. She told Laura her brother and father should be hung. No, hanging was too good for them. They should be drowned. Laura wondered how anyone could be so cruel. She felt worse than ever. The plane landed at Norfolk at about eleven-thirty that night and the travelers were met by CBN's Ken Green. Laura was worn out, but Ken was bubbling.

"I know all the networks have been trying to get you," he said. "We're thrilled to have you on the air. This is a feather in CBN's cap."

Laura immediately wanted to go home. She felt used. She had come down to Virginia Beach to be counseled, to meet Pat Robertson, not to appear on a TV program. If she had realized this was the kind of interview Jackie Mitchum had been talking about, she would never have agreed. ''These people don't care about me at all,'' she moaned to Marie.

''You've gone this far, there's no backing out now,'' Marie told her.

When they got to the hotel, there was a basket of fruit and a bottle of wine in the room. Marie and her boy rang up room service. ''See, this isn't so bad at all,'' Marie said.

Laura prayed with Ken Green before he left and that helped.

The next morning Laura was driven to the CBN studios. She was taken to a room where a man brushed her hair into place and helped her apply makeup. As Laura waited in the Green Room, she no longer felt like a criminal. It was incredible, but after all she had been through, people were suddenly treating her as if she were a movie star. When she was called, she went onstage. A microphone was hooked to her dress, the crew bowed their heads in prayer, and then the taping began. Danuta Soderman, one of the ''700 Club'' regulars, asked the questions. Laura was very calm. She sounded like a straightforward young woman who was trying very hard to hold back tears. Seven minutes had been scheduled for the interview; it lasted twenty. The CBN staff was quite pleased.

It was only later that Jackie Mitchum told people that when Pat Robertson saw the tape he became very nervous. ''That woman has to be an impostor,'' Jackie recalled his saying. ''She's too pretty, too self-confident. She must be an actress.'' He ordered CBN's security staff to investigate. It held up the broadcasting of the interview for a couple of days.

After the interview was over, Laura, almost feeling like herself again, told Jackie the saddest part of this whole thing was that she was still separated from her son. She wanted Christopher back, but she didn't know how to get him. She didn't even know where her husband, Mark, was living.

Jackie took her upstairs to talk with Guy Evans, a CBN attorney.

Guy solved half the problem in an instant. I'm sure your husband's been subpoenaed by the Baltimore grand jury that's investigating the case, he said. Just call the federal prosecutor down there. He'll have Mark's address.

Laura had no trouble getting through to Mike Schatzow, an assistant U. S. attorney. Just two months ago she had tried to trap her dad on the phone. This time she was trying to put one over on the government. But now she was sitting in the offices of CBN; she had God on her side. She told the prosecutor she had lost her husband's address. Could he help her out? Schatzow was only too glad.

Laura hung up the phone and let out a victory shriek. She was jumping up and down and she was hugging Marie. Then, her mood coming down like an express elevator, she considered the obstacles. Chris was living with his dad in Laurel, Maryland, wherever that was. She didn't have a car. She didn't have any money. She didn't know what she was going to do.

Guy Evans offered to help. He said CBN would lend her a car and give her $500.

Laura, Marie, and Jonathan, Marie's thirteen-year-old, left Virginia Beach that night. Laura was convinced they were on a mission from God.

Laura saw her son! It was Saturday morning, June 15, and she was parked on Old Stagecoach Road across from the address Schatzow had given her. Chris was playing on the lawn, a thin, blond-haired, brown-eyed boy. Her son! And then, just as soon as she spotted him, Mark called the boy to come inside. She had been *that* close.

Next, as if on signal, thunderclouds began to roll in. Laura could feel them. If it started to rain, Chris certainly wouldn't be coming back out. She gripped Marie's hand and the two women prayed. The clouds passed.

They waited in the sunshine. Jonathan had joined some children playing on the lawn. Make a lot of noise, Laura had told him, so Chris will hear and want to come out. Jonathan whooped it up. A half hour passed. Jonathan was getting hoarse. Then Chris came down the stairs.

Jonathan wasted no time. He grabbed Chris's hand and led the boy toward the car.

Laura ran to them. "I'm your mother," she said as she hugged and kissed her son. In a moment, Chris was on her lap and Marie, foot hard on the pedal, was driving off. "I've missed you so, I've missed you so," Laura told the son she had not seen in three years.

"Do you know who I am?" she asked her five-year-old. They were in the car, Marie still driving like a bank robber, and they were returning to Virginia Beach

Chris nodded. "You and Daddy used to fight all the time in California," he said.

He started crying. "Take me home or Daddy will whip me," Chris begged. "We have to go back. We're going on a picnic today. Daddy won't know where I am."

Laura tried to make her son feel better, but it just wasn't working. Still, when they stopped at a McDonald's and Chris had a cheeseburger, she wanted to believe the worst was over.

Laura called Mark as soon as she arrived at the hotel in Virginia Beach. "I saw the whole thing," Mark told her. He had been watching from the balcony as she had driven off with Chris. He had already called the police. And, he told her, the police had called the FBI.

Laura, near the end of a long day, didn't panic. She called Paul Culligan, the Buffalo FBI agent who had that nice way about him. Paul said he had already gotten a flash on the incident. But there was nothing to worry about. Mark and she weren't divorced. No one had legal custody of the boy. She had a perfect right to take her son anywhere she wanted.

Everything suddenly seemed to fall into place. All she had been through—the arrest of her father, her brother, her uncle—had been worth it. Laura had her son.

Celebrating, she called Jackie Mitchum to thank her for her help. The "700 Club" office said Jackie was in California for a TV special. Laura reached her in Los Angeles.

Jackie didn't know who Laura was.

Laura explained.

"This is a tremendous story for the Christian community," Jackie decided. She told Laura she wanted her and Chris to fly out to Los Angeles for a taping. This time with Pat Robertson himself. Marie and her son could come along.

The next day the four of them were on a plane to Los Angeles.

They checked into the Century Plaza Hotel. Jackie arranged a trip to Disneyland. There was also a luncheon at the hotel for born-again Hollywood stars. Laura couldn't believe how many people she recognized. There was even one of the women from "Dynasty." And then in the middle of the luncheon Pat sent word that he wanted to see her.

It was, she would say, sort of an anticlimax. She didn't need counseling anymore. She had her son. An old boyfriend had seen her on "The 700 Club" and was flying down from San Francisco; they had plans to sit on the beach and unwind. It was hard to believe that less than a month ago her father and brother had been arrested for espionage. Now she was famous.

They made her bring out Chris for the taping. He sat on Laura's lap. When the cameras started rolling, Pat announced to the audience how God had fulfilled His promise to Laura and had returned her son. Pat, smiling, tried to get Chris to speak. Chris wouldn't. Pat tried again. Chris turned away. Johnny Walker's grandson refused to be recruited.

45

Art broke. His collapse was similar to his recruitment—he confessed in stages.

On the morning of May 20 when agents Carroll Deane and Beverly Andress came to his door, Art poured coffee for everyone and went off to speak with them in his den. Rita, still in her nightgown, stayed in the kitchen with another team of agents.

Art said he had no indication of his brother's spying. Oh, about four years ago, Johnny had mentioned he was doing some contract work for *Jane's Fighting Ships*. Said it wasn't a bad way to make money. But, Art claimed, he ignored his brother. "Never have I passed on anything," he insisted. "It's something I wouldn't even consider. Even for my brother."

When the agents told him he might want to get an attorney, Art said he didn't need one. "I have no concern along those lines," he stated. "I'm clean," he kept repeating. It was as if he was trying to reassure himself.

The next morning Art was waiting at the FBI offices in the Federal Building for the agents to arrive. He had on a sky-blue leisure suit and he looked lost in it; it was as if he had shrunk overnight. Even his voice was smaller. He told the agents he had been thinking about what he had told them yesterday and he "wanted to talk to help his situation." "I don't see where clamming up and getting a lawyer would do any good," he went on. He realized he'd probably lose his job anyway.

The agents looked at each other: That was the least of it, buddy. But if he was only prepared to go one step at a time, they were willing to sit back and let him slowly walk himself to the edge.

They talked for hours, and by the end of the afternoon Art had told them he had given his brother unclassified documents. He also admitted he had known Johnny was a spy.

Art, again unsummoned, returned to the FBI offices on Wednesday with a list of things he wanted to discuss. Let's start at the beginning, he declared. But once he began, he forgot his list and rushed straight to the end: Yes, he had photographed classified documents for his brother. As Art, with a doctor's matter-of-fact detachment, described his thefts, he smoked Camels nonstop. A fresh one was lit with the stub of the cigarette already in his mouth. He was surrounded by smoke; it was a thin, gray screen between him and his interrogators. He had received $12,000 he finally told the agents. For some reason, the money seemed the hardest part of the story to confess.

When he was finished, they asked him to take a lie detector test. Art, shaking, agreed. So, he was asked if he had ever spied while on active duty. If he had recruited Johnny. If he had provided a foreign intelligence service with information other than the documents he had already cited. He answered no to all these questions. At the end, he seemed out of breath. The examiner described his answers as "deceptive."

Six days later, on May 28, Art drove his wife to Baltimore. She was scheduled to testify before the grand jury, and he didn't want her driving alone. Still, he wasn't very good company. Art's troubles seemed to be choking the life out of him; he was gasping, unable to breathe. He thought he would suffocate. He decided maybe things would get better if he just told the truth. The complete truth. He wanted to be able to breathe again. In the car, on the way to Baltimore, he told Rita about his affair with Barb. He wanted to be honest with her, and he was also trying to save himself. If people would forgive him, then maybe he could stop struggling and breathe.

He, forever the uninvited guest, waited in the hallway outside the grand jury room while Rita testified. He was standing there, staring into space, when he decided there was no longer any point. He couldn't continue like this. Bob Hunter, the FBI agent, was nearby, so Art asked him to tell Mike Schatzow he was willing to appear.

When Art took the stand, he was astonished that words were coming from his mouth. He had previously doubted he had the strength. He could hear his words, but his voice was unfamiliar. He felt cut off from life, and he was reaching back toward it.

Q. You can just get up and walk out. Do you understand that?
A. Yes, sir.
Q. You don't have to say anything before you go to walk out. You can just get up and walk out. Do you understand that?
A. Yes, sir.
Q. You have the right to be represented by an attorney. Are you represented by an attorney?
A. No, I am not. . . .
Q. Let me ask you some questions now. During what . . .

Art told them everything.

The next day, May 29, four FBI agents came to the house on Chickasaw Court and arrested Arthur Walker. He had been up all night wondering when they would come. He spent the entire night listening for the sounds of their cars.

When they marched in, Art handed them a letter that had come in yesterday's mail; he wanted them to know straight off he was on their side. The letter was from Johnny. It had been written in the Baltimore County jail. Art had refused to open it; he thought that would impress the officers. One of the agents read it aloud: "Don't worry, Art. I'll take care of things. I'll tell them you weren't involved, that you had nothing to do with it. Which is the truth." Then they led Art away in handcuffs.

He was charged with seven counts of espionage and placed in solitary confinement. The light in his cell glowed around the clock. A closed-circuit camera stared at him. Art was lonely, but he was no longer choking.

In prison, he thought a lot about God:

"The priest here, he's a little older than me—in his sixties—and real nice and I made a confession and he gave me communion and, man, it had been a long time. We had a chitchat and I mentioned that I had been an altar boy when I was age seven or eight for quite a few years and that John was one too, and I liked it. Everything was in Latin and it was fun. And he says, 'Do you remember any of it?' And I said, 'I don't know.' And he gives me the first line—*'Introibo ad altare Dei.'* And the response popped right out of me—*'Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meum.'* He grabs my hand and shakes it and that was really neat, really neat."

It wasn't much of a trial. His lawyers had tried to plea-bargain. They were willing to plead guilty to conspiracy, which carried a life sentence. The way Sam Meekins, one of his court-appointed attorneys explained it, "Art was more a patsy than a spy." The government wouldn't listen. "You don't put a knife in your country's back and come in and ask for some kind of deal . . . " countered Stephen Trott, an assistant U.S. attorney general.

Art waived the right to a jury; the thought of twelve of his neighbors staring at him seemed more punishment than he could bear. Still, throughout the five-day trial one of the government's exhibits was propped against the jury box. It was a blowup of a photograph of Johnny Walker. Art's eyes were drawn to it. He didn't want to look, but he couldn't help himself. It really spooked him.

Otherwise, he was a model defendant. He was the first on his feet when Judge J. Calvitt Clarke, Jr., entered the courtroom; well-trained, he stood at ramrod attention. When one of the government's witnesses, his supervisor at VSE, Emil Popa, took the stand and couldn't recognize the defendant without his customary toupee, Art helped out. "Over here, Emil," he called. Art, as always, wanted everyone to like him.

On August 9, 1985, Judge Clarke took fifteen minutes to consider the proceedings and then found Arthur Walker guilty on all seven counts.

The sentencing was three months later. Art, stammering, yet still standing at attention, told the court: "I'd like to take this opportunity to apologize to all the citizens of our country who—for what I did breaking my oath, dishonored myself, devastated my family. Nobody could be sorrier for anything that they ever did than I am, Your Honor."

"All right, sir," responded Judge Clarke. And then he sentenced Art to three life terms in jail plus another forty years, the sentences to run concurrently. There was also a $250,000 fine.

Johnny, meanwhile, was hanging tough.

On the day after his arrest, he called P.K. collect. "I'll probably never see you again. Just pretend I got hit by a truck." A few days later he called Laurie Robinson: "I've always been prepared for this. I always knew Barbara would push the button sooner or later."

When he sat down with the FBI on July 2 for his first formal interrogation since his arrest, he told the backbeaters the "true story of how I became a spy." He said he had bumped into a Yellow Cab driver one night at the Norfolk Naval Base. The cabbie told him a guy could make a few bucks selling classified papers. If Johnny was interested, he should go down to a corner bar and ask for "Joe." Johnny did. Joe put him in touch with some other people. And that was that.

The backbeaters, fuming but game, turned to damage assessment. Well, they asked, what specific documents and crypto material had Johnny passed to the Russians? Johnny told them not to quibble: "If I had access, color it gone."

Other than that, Johnny wasn't talking much. "I had to preserve my defense at this point," he later explained.

As for prison, he was sending out signals that he'd have no trouble doing the time.

> Dear Laurie,
>
> . . . Everything is going well with me. It is almost a vacation. You remember me bitching about the 3-piece suits and traffic and endless tension. Well, I sure as hell dropped out, but not quite as planned. The jail is really fine: air-conditioned, 3 or 4

movies a week, TV, radio, too much food. I spend a lot of time in the library and have tackled four big books I have been putting off for years. In fact, you won't believe this . . . there is even sex! Since I am regarded as the nation's biggest criminal in 30 years, it makes me a goddamn celebrity. People ask for my autograph. Well, the librarian just had to have the *ultimate* autograph . . .

Well, kiddo, I'm heading for the movie. Will you be my pen pal?

As ever & love,

Jaws

Johnny, though, didn't plan on spending too much time in prison. He still had a few tricks up his sleeve.

46

Margaret couldn't get the scene out of her mind. She'd lay in bed, staring at the pink ceiling, thinking about it. Wishing. Just before her life had fallen apart, she had gone to the movies with some friends. They had waited on line at the Cinemax to see *Back to the Future*. It was a pretty funny flick, and Michael J. Fox was kind of cute, but she went off to work the next day and never gave it a second thought. Then, after her family name became a curse and nothing seemed important anymore, one scene from the movie suddenly started playing and replaying in her head; it had popped into her mind from out of nowhere, and now she couldn't get rid of it.

It was the scene where the Michael J. Fox character comes home after his trip back in time. He walks into the same house, he has the same parents, the same kid sister, but nothing's the same—everything is the way it should be; not the way it was. The parents are no longer losers, the sister is no longer a joke—things have worked out and it's —shazam!—one big, happy family.

That was the scene in her mind. And that was her wish. Except her life was stuck in the present. It was tearing her apart. She hated her father for what he had done; and she hated herself for hating him: he was her dad. She just wanted to come home one day like Michael J. Fox and find that—shazam!—everything was the way it should be. But life wasn't that kind of movie. And even wishing became hard after she got the call from Johnny about "The System."

"It's an emergency." Johnny announced when he reached his daughter in September, less than four months after his arrest. "You have to come down here right away. We have to talk," he ordered. Margaret recognized his frantic, scheming voice, and took a deep breath.

"What's up, Dad?" she asked.

"We can't talk now. Not on the phone. You have to come down here."

So that Sunday Margaret drove down to the Federal Detention Center in Rockville, Maryland; Rachel, hoping to see Mike, came with her. As soon as the two women walked up to the glass screen in the prison interview room, Johnny, full of business, commanded, "Margaret and me got some personal affairs to discuss. If you don't mind, Rachel, we'd prefer to be alone."

But when Rachel left, Johnny didn't have much to say. He held a long finger up to his lips signaling "quiet." "The rooms are probably bugged," he added as an explanation. Then, from underneath his shirt, he took out a pile of papers. He held one of the pages flat against the glass screen. Margaret read one word—"Escape."

He held the pages up one after another and Margaret, sitting across from her dad, quickly read them; it was as if Johnny had written his plot on cue cards. Margaret was immediately in a state. She expected guards to swoop down on her and cart her off. It was all too weird, she kept telling herself. Her role in the plan—as best she understood it, that is, and things were rolling by rapidly—came down to this: Two men, one a former marine, were going to call her up and ask for her help. They would identify themselves by referring to "The System." Whenever Margaret heard the code word, she was to obey the caller instantly.

There was one other matter. Margaret was to pay these callers $200,000. She should cash in his life insurance to get part of the money. The remainder would be raised by selling something Johnny had for her.

Uh-oh, Margaret thought. What is he getting me into?

Johnny, though, coolly signaled for a guard to come over. "Could you give this envelope to my daughter?" he asked. The guard opened the envelope and found nothing suspicious; it was passed to Margaret.

"You should be able to get a hundred, two hundred grand easy for this," he told his daughter. Margaret was as scared as she had ever been in her life.

It wasn't until the evening that Margaret found the nerve to look at what was in the envelope. There were twelve legal-size pages. At the top of one page, Johnny, in his cramped, narrow hand, had written the address of *Playboy* magazine. Margaret, fascinated, started reading. It was an interview between an anonymous questioner and Margaret Walker; or that's what the editors at *Playboy* were supposed to think—Johnny, sitting in his cell, had written both parts. The substance of the dialogue, too, was fiction; yet reading the long, rambling sentences, Margaret had the sad feeling that her dad, writing about himself with third-person objectivity, truly believed the flattering "truths" he was inventing. It was as if Johnny Walker, like the Michael J. Fox character, had been able to snap his fingers and—shazam!—enter a reality that suited him:

> Q. Was it dangerous?
>
> A. Silly question—I'll bet half the intelligence agencies in the world would have loved to eliminate him. I know he was in dangerous situations as a private detective and was shot at more than once. He told me that PI work was safe in comparison.
>
> Q. How start & why?
>
> A. JW always a political conservative and hater of communism. He joined the John Birch Society in about 1959 . . . The US government was basically liberal and socialist. As such, government never told public the full extent of Soviet threat. He would read top secret reports on a certain subject, then the

opposite in *Time* which showed government not only lied to public, but made world more dangerous by doing so . . .

JW was also more religious than most thought. He was a devout catholic with 11 years of catholic school; he was an altar boy as a child. He believed strongly in the bible and believed, as many, that the prophecies of Revelation would come to pass in his lifetime. As war in the Middle East intensifies, and the chance for Soviet involvement increases, world peace could be improved by making Soviet secrets *public*. In short his motives (I believe) were to screw the Russians while keeping the world safer . . .

Q. Why involve family?

A. Why not? Blood is supposed to be thicker than water. Family members should provide a safe nucleus where one could feel safe from being compromised . . . Laura agreed, accepted money, then declined. JW made a mistake with her, but with his ex-wife having knowledge, it probably didn't matter. She would never accept that they had "fallen out of love." She just had to get her revenge. She threatened him for years (to turn him in). I don't know how he was able to live with her "big threat" hanging over his head. My mother never could get on with her life after divorce. It is sick to hate someone 10 years later—hate enough to send to prison for life, or even death. She is now a complete alcoholic.

Q. Did your mother know Michael was involved?

A. How could she not? If JW made a recruitment pitch to daughter Laura while she was in Army, wouldn't he also recruit son in Navy? . . . If mother was concerned about Michael's possible involvement and arrest, why didn't she simply ASK him? or my Dad? That is the most unforgiveable thing she did, to destroy my brother's life.

Q. What now?

A. Dad is prepared for his fate. I guess he always was ready for arrest with someone like B lurking behind him. I guess Dad never expected her to destroy Michael as well.

The courts have already been brutal to Art, we can expect the worst for JW & M.

Margaret read, and her anger grew. Even from prison her father was reaching out, trying to manipulate her life. He would not let up.

Of course, she wouldn't send these lies ("I never saw him hit B and I don't believe he ever did"; that line in the "interview" really had her seeing red) to *Playboy*. Of course, she wouldn't get involved in "The System."

Yet Margaret understood she was already involved, and that only turned her mood fiercer. She was her father's daughter, and she was now his latest coconspirator. Her choices—her share of the inheritance, at last—were either silence or betrayal. She could allow her father to escape, and it never occurred to Margaret that Johnny would fail; or she could turn her father in to the FBI. She hated him, and all he had done; but he was her dad. She lay in bed, staring at the pink ceiling, hoping things would change; yet after all the shazams! in the world nothing was different. She didn't have her father's gift. And it was destroying her.

But Johnny was jumpy. When he got the feeling that Margaret wasn't moving fast enough on "The System," he called Laurie Robinson. He told Laurie that she was to contact Dan Rivas, a sailor who used to do free-lance work for Confidential Reports. There'd be $100,000, maybe $250,000 for Dan and her to split if they would help him out. "I've got everything arranged. I need Danny up here immediately," he said. "Only the two of you can help me pull off what I've got planned," Johnny pressed. "Time is of the essence, of the essence," he ranted. He promised to call back in a day or two. He sounded, Laurie thought, very desperate.

Laurie hung up the phone and almost had to laugh, it was so damn, achingly sad. Here she was out of work, broke, the FBI talking tough about her to the papers, saying that maybe she knew more than she was admitting, all because she had the bad luck to be Johnny Walker's business partner. No doubt about it, Johnny had ruined her life. And yet—this was the punch line—he was still her friend. What was she supposed to do? Run to the FBI, or simply run?

Behind her house was the barn where she kept her two horses, Brandy and Whiskey. For no reason at all, she went out back and started grooming them. The smell of the hay was comforting. She rubbed Brandy's white nose; he was her favorite. She started brushing his coat. She made it into slow and careful work. Moving the wire brush back and forth kept her busy. Until, scaring herself, she suddenly shouted, "Damn you, Johnny Walker." She broke into tears, and she hugged Brandy tighter and tighter.

When Johnny called on September 16, she taped the conversation. The next day she delivered the cassette to the FBI.

47

But Johnny was relentless. He waited patiently; took a bead on all the angles; and then, timing his shot perfectly, found another ''System.''

In the weeks following his arrest, he had been a man—and a symbol—easy to despise. ''They should be shot,'' decided Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger. Senator Strom Thurmond, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, agreed: ''People on Capitol Hill are really disgusted and frustrated when a citizen is willing to sell his country down the creek.'' And Senator Patrick Leahy, the ranking Democrat on the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, said, ''The Walker case has made a number of people finally understand the dangers of espionage. They know we're not talking about some bad James Bond movie.''

Johnny, however, didn't panic like Art. He was patient, even disciplined. He knew they would come around. After all, he had something they wanted. It was the same commodity he had always pedaled—information.

• • •

The damage assessment teams were worried. For the professionals who concerned themselves less with the sensation and more with the aftermath of scandal, anger was a luxury. Johnny's if-I-had-access-color-it-gone quip had not been funny at all: It was probably true. The NSA and the Navy were eager to know what specific information Walker had passed to the Russians. Johnny, in no hurry, continued to stonewall them.

The prosecutors in the Justice Department had other, anxious concerns. Without Walker's cooperation, Whitworth might be able to beat an espionage conviction; the evidence against Jerry was largely circumstantial unless Johnny would testify against his buddy.

However, all these problems and concerns became nothing but small troubles after a diligent CIA backbeater circulated a disturbing document. It was the transcript of an interview with a recent defector.

In July, two months after Johnny's arrest, Admiral Vitaly Yurchenko, deputy chief of the First Department of the First Chief Directorate of the KGB, had walked into the U.S. embassy in Rome and announced he wanted to defect. Within a week, he was sitting in the dining room in a CIA safe house not too far from Washington while four American agents threw questions at him. It did not take long for the interrogators to ask about the Walker ring.

There was a tape, of course, of the interrogation, and according to those who have heard it, Yurchenko's voice was wonderfully mellifluous, even charming, as he toyed with his new friends in the CIA. The Walker ring, he began, no, he had no direct knowledge of the case. But, contradicted one of the backbeaters, you were the principal KGB security officer at the Soviet embassy from—there was a rustle and a pause as the agent checked his papers—1975 to 1980. If it had been a major operation, surely you would have known about it?

Well, responded Yurchenko, I didn't know about it. And then, like the cat caught coughing up the canary, he revealed—until it was over. Then I heard plenty.

It was a Department 16 case, explained the defector, chiding his ignorant questioners. They would never inform another department of an ongoing operation. But after it ended, when the KGB backbeaters were trying to understand why Walker had been arrested, he was given a peek at the file. And, a professional gloating over the success of his comrades, Yurchenko proceeded to tell the agents in the safehouse dining room what he had learned.

The transcript of his lecture was quickly classified top secret; however, a summary of sorts by John Martin, chief of the Internal Security Section, Criminal Division of the Justice Department, captured the distressing spirit of its revelations:

''From his briefings, Yurchenko learned the KGB regarded the Walker/Whitworth operation to be the most important operation in the KGB's history.

''Yurchenko stated that the information delivered by Walker enabled the KGB to decipher over one million messages. . . .

''The KGB officers who handled the operation received important promotions and decorations for their success. One of these officers secretly received the Hero of the Soviet Union award after the Soviet Navy expressed its delight over the success of the operation. Two other KGB officers involved with the Walker/Whitworth operation were awarded the coveted Order of the Red Banner. . . .

''Yurchenko was informed by a high KGB official that the information learned from the Walker/Whitworth operation would have been 'devastating' to the United States in time of war.''

It was this defector interview that left Johnny holding all the cards.

Johnny moved. He cut his deal. He insisted it include his son. The Justice Department drew up a settlement contract for both spies to sign. It terms were: Both John and Michael Walker would cooperate ''fully and truthfully'' with the government and would testify against Jerry Whitworth. In return, John Walker would be sentenced to two life terms and a 10-year term, to run concurrently. Michael Walker would serve two 25-year terms and two 10-year terms, to run concurrently.

Under federal law, the father will be eligible for parole in 10 years. The son in 8 years and 4 months.

Mike's attorney predicted his client would be out of prison before he turned forty.

''It's theoretically possible,'' shot back Mike Schatzow when asked about the spies' being paroled, ''just as it's possible this building might fall on us. I think the chances of both happening are about the same."

Barbara waited restlessly for the dawn on October 28, 1985, the day Johnny and and Mike were formally to plead guilty at the Baltimore Federal Court House. She had not slept. She was in a Holiday Inn near the courthouse and she had been crying all night. She lay in the dark sobbing, thinking about Mike. Yesterday she had visited him in the Harford County Detention Center. She had been on one side of the glass partition, he had been on the other. She wanted so much to touch him. They had to speak through phones.

Eleven months ago she had made a decision: For love, for her daughter's future, for the sake of her grandchild, she would tell her secret. She knew there would be consequences. Two men she loved —Johnny and Art—would be destroyed. She was resigned to living with this responsibility, this pain.

But she never, *never* imagined her son was also part of the secret. And for this, she could not forgive herself. This she could not endure.

Barbara continued to sob. Sleep was hopeless. Perhaps, she decided, she would feel better, more in control, if she could get her thoughts in order, if she could write them down. That had helped before. She got out of bed and searched for a piece of paper. She could not find any. Then she noticed a brown paper bag; inside had been last night's dinner, a ham sandwich. The bag would have to do. She began to write:

> Sometimes you are alone in life. It is 5:21 a.m. and I am sitting in a motel room in Baltimore . . . I know only God can know and understand what my pain for my son is. I wonder what it would be like to cry forever.
>
> I have always thought my children are part of me and that my children were conceived in love because I dearly loved their father. I know that I can never tell him this because I know he is responsible for the terrible fate of my son . . .
>
> God, I hurt. Do you know what it's like to live everyday knowing the decision I have made has done this to my son? My baby. And I did this to him. May God have mercy . . . "

She continued writing until there was no more space on the paper bag. It was time to leave for the courthouse. But she decided not to go. She could not bear to see her son standing there, a prisoner, next to his father, another prisoner. Instead she flew back to Cape Cod.

The next morning she was on the loading dock at 6:30. Another Christmas was coming, and things would soon be very busy.

48

The secretary of the Navy was furious. The day after the sentencing agreement with the two spies was announced, Navy Secretary John Lehman, Jr., began fuming. And fuming. Until, according to what a Justice Department official told *The New York Times,* he "went off the reservation."

"We in the Navy are disappointed at the plea bargain," he asserted in a statement to the press. "It continues a tradition in the Justice Department of treating espionage as just another white-collar crime, and we think that it should be in a very different category." "The acts," he went on, "were traitorous acts and ought to be treated differently than insider trading."

Which only made the secretary of defense, who had approved the deal after being persuaded by John Martin's arguments, furious. Two days later it was his turn to go "off the reservation."

Caspar Weinberger issued the sort of statement that newspapers described as "a rare public criticism of a senior official": "Secretary Lehman now understands that he did not have all the facts concerning the matter before he made injudicious and incorrect statements with respect to the agreement. Secretary Lehman now has all the facts and is in complete agreement with the government's decision.''

And so the feud began, the Navy on one side, the Justice Department on the other. It was just Laurie Robinson's luck that she'd wind up in the middle.

The feud seeped down into the ranks. The naval investigators, like their boss, were enraged. They felt the Justice Department—and its agents, the FBI—had allowed John Walker to betray the Navy—and get away with it. They decided to make a case against the confessed spy that would not be covered by his plea bargain. The NIS set out to prove John Walker was a murderer.

Still, it was Johnny, having fun in prison, who originally put the idea into their angry heads. It had occurred to him, now that he was busy shaping his life into the stuff of legends, that a master spy should have some notches in his gun. He started telling stories; reality, even the high-pitched sort that energized his daily life, was never sufficient for him. He wrote to P.K. that someone was once ``on to him'' and he had no choice but to ``take him out.'' He told Mike in one of their jailhouse conversations how he had admitted to his handler in Vienna that someone was suspicious of his activities. The Russian, Johnny confided, issued an order: Kill the suspect. It would be, Johnny had the Russian saying, proof of Johnny's loyalty. Johnny, naturally, obeyed; and never one to skimp on the details that help a yarn along, he created for his son's enjoyment a vivid death scene in the foggy, predawn woods of Germany.

Of course, Johnny's storytelling did not go unnoticed, which was fine with him. The NIS read his mail; they heard his jailhouse conversations. They grew eager. Here was their case; even the Justice Department couldn't allow Walker to cut a deal on murder. Their enthusiasm was intensified by the confident, detailed authority with which Johnny spun his tale about the shooting in Germany. It was so real, it had to be true. The agents, the honor of the Navy goading them on, never understood that truth for Johnny was a cumbersome situation. It didn't have too much to do with actuality, but that didn't mean Johnny didn't believe his inventions with all his heart.

To complicate matters, which was the normal course of events in

Johnny's intersecting worlds, one of his buddies was also talking to the NIS about murder. Dan Rivas, the Confidential Reports' freelancer, the man Johnny described as "the best investigator in the world, next to myself," the man he was hoping would rescue him from prison, was also trying to work a deal. Rivas had been court-martialed by the Navy after bugging the Norfolk flight tower where he worked; it had been, he explained apologetically, part of a prank to embarrass his bosses. It had backfired. Now, he was hoping the Navy would restore his rank if he would tell them all he knew about Johnny Walker. The Navy brought the sailor from his new post in Okinawa to Washington to tell his stories.

The FBI listened to Dan, and then told the NIS that "Rivas was all theirs." "He exaggerates," said an FBI official. "Other things he's said don't check out. A lot of people think he doesn't know what he's talking about. Still, the Navy has bought him hook, line, and sinker."

So, the NIS wound up investigating the case of the murdered go-go dancer. And then the strangled radioman. Not to mention the case of the suspicious suicide of a police officer.

The body of Garland Joyner, Jr., a thirty-nine-year-old police detective, was found on the morning of March 18, 1984, floating facedown in Warwick Creek in northeastern North Carolina. His revolver, four rounds missing, was found in the water. According to the medical examiner's report, Detective Joyner, who was right-handed, held the gun backward in his left palm and pulled the trigger with his thumb. The body was extensively bruised, but these contusions were dismissed as consistent with his falling into the creek. The death was officially ruled a suicide.

The detective's widow, however, with the hope of collecting insurance money that was denied to her because of the suicide verdict, hired a lawyer, Billy Franklin, to dispute the medical examiner's ruling.

It was a matter of chance that the same Billy Franklin was asked by the Norfolk Police Department to administer a lie detector test to probationary policewoman Pamela K. Carroll on the day following the arrest of her boyfriend for espionage. Billy, in his slow, deep drawl, started asking P.K. questions about her relationship with John

Walker. While P.K. was calm, even confident, in her answers, Billy, to his surprise, found himself growing agitated. Something the woman said had jarred him, only he couldn't quite figure out what it was. It was after the examination was over that it came into focus—a brown Confidential Reports business card had been found on the creek bank across from Joyner's body.

This bit of evidence, slim and circumstantial, was passed on to the intelligence assessment teams. The NIS ran with it. They learned Joyner was also working as a contract agent for the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms and, at the time of his death, was investigating a gun-smuggling ring. When Dan Rivas was told this, he suddenly recalled, "Hey, hey, hey. Johnny had approached me with a scheme to smuggle three hundred thousand dollars worth of Uzi machine guns to Latin America. Maybe we got something here?"

The NIS decided perhaps there was something, too. As their investigation continued, there was more encouragement. A suit by Mrs. Joyner to collect $130,000 in life insurance payments that were initially denied her because of the suicide ruling was settled out of court. The insurance company agreed to pay $125,000.

The go-go dancer was also a sailor with access to classified information. Carol Ann Molnar had been assigned to the Armed Forces Staff College in Norfolk. And at nights, under another name, she danced topless at the squid clubs.

On the afternoon of February 8, 1983, a friend of Carol Ann's called the police and reported her missing. She had last been seen at 3:00 A.M. on February 6 on the stage at the Galleon Club in Norfolk. Her car was soon found, but the dancer remained missing until May 1. On that morning, her body washed ashore beneath the piers near the Naval Air Station. She had been shot.

The murder was never solved. Neither the Norfolk homicide detectives nor the NIS agents assigned to the case were able to establish any convincing leads. The case was abandoned, and it most probably would have remained forgotten if Johnny Walker had not been arrested. Yet in the weeks following May 19, 1985, NIS investigators retrieved the Molnar file. A number of coincidences had gotten them thinking.

First, Carol Ann worked for over a year at the Staff College in an office with Pat Marsee, the same Pat Marsee who had flown to Casablanca in 1977 to meet Johnny.

Then, there was where she was found. Carol Ann's body drifted ashore a couple of hundred yards across from where Johnny docked his Thunderbird Drift-R-Cruise houseboat.

And, there was also the clubs she danced in—Bob's Runway, the Wayside, the Galleon. These bars were all on Johnny's late-night circuit.

But it wasn't until the day before Christmas, 1985, that all these coincidences came together for the NIS into a theory of sorts. On that day two agents were on Okinawa interviewing Dan Rivas. When they showed him a photograph of Carol Ann Molnar, Dan, after some thinking, said he recognized her. He had been with Johnny in a hotel bar in Northern Virginia when the girl in the photograph—who was a real looker, by the way, he added with a grin—showed up for "an appointment." When Dan left the two of them at the bar, they were "busy talking about something."

It was then that one of the NIS agents reached into his briefcase and took out a black ski mask. "Recognize this?" the agent asked.

"It's mine," said Dan matter-of-factly. "I kept it in the back of Johnny's van. We used it for nighttime surveillance work on divorce cases, things like that."

The ski mask had been found in the backseat of Carol Ann Molnar's car.

But there also was another ski mask. And another murder. And another story from Dan Rivas.

When Dan was brought to Washington by the NIS, the agents asked him about Pamela Ann Kinbrue. A watch engraved with the initials PK had been found in Johnny's house. The FBI was convinced it belonged to P. K. Carroll. The NIS was not so certain.

The body of Pamela Ann Kinbrue, a Navy radioman, was discovered on March 26, 1982. She was found in her automobile, hands bound behind her back. The car was submerged in the Chesapeake Bay, near a ramp used for seaplanes. She had been strangled until unconscious, and then she was drowned.

The only clue to the murderer was a ski mask found in the back of the car.

"You ever hear of this Pamela Kinbrue?" an NIS investigator asked Dan Rivas.

Dan considered the question for a moment. When he seemed sure of his facts, he announced that Johnny Walker had said he had killed her.

After being interviewed by the NIS in Washington, Dan went down to Virginia Beach to visit Laurie Robinson. Laurie and her husband, Henry, were real glad to see him; Dan was a reminder of the old days when things were hectic, but still a lot of fun. Yet, Dan was acting really weird, even for him. He was walking around the house carrying an attaché case. Laurie, a detective, noticed there was a circle of perforations on the side of the case.

"You're not going to believe this," she told her husband, after finding an excuse to drag him out to the barn, "but that jerk is taping us."

"Laurie, since we got married, I've learned to believe anything."

Never adverse to a good plot, Laurie decided she'd play along. "We'll give him something to tape all right," she told Henry.

Later that night as they sat in the narrow living room, Laurie told Dan about a case she had worked on with Johnny. "Operation Rainstorm," she called it, the name popping into her mind because when she glanced out the window it looked like rain. She, a quick worker, cooked up a story about Johnny's buying nuclear secrets from a bunch of submariners. Can't imagine, she told Dan, why the damage assessment boys have never asked me about Rainstorm. But, she said, that was their problem.

Dan sat on the green couch listening to his friend, his attaché case resting on the coffee table.

Two weeks later when Laurie appeared before a federal grand jury in Norfolk investigating John Walker's possible involvement in three unsolved murders, the prosecutor asked her about her knowledge of Operation Rainstorm.

"I don't have the slightest idea what you're talking about," she told him. And she didn't.

The prosecutor proceeded to introduce a transcript of Laurie's conversation with Dan Rivas. It was written on stationery headed, "U.S. Naval Investigative Service."

"Oh that," Laurie exclaimed. She told the grand jury that the entire conversation with Dan was a put-on. She didn't know he was working with the NIS. She thought he was being goofy. Operation Rainstorm was just something she made up.

Well, said the prosecutor, if it's just something you've made up, how do you explain this: "Operation Rainstorm" was the code name of a top secret antisubmarine warfare exercise . . . .

Jesus, thought Laurie.

An exercise, the prosecutor continued, in which Chief Warrant Officer John Walker, Jr., was a key participant.

Laurie, who had married one spy and gone into business with another, had done it again.

And while Laurie tried to explain the accident of her choosing the name "Rainstorm," and while the NIS continued to investigate three murders, Johnny prepared himself for the most public performance of his life.

49

San Francisco, a city of life-styles, was well represented in courtroom 2 on the 17th floor of the federal courthouse throughout the trial of *United States of America, plaintiff,* v. *Jerry Alfred Whitworth, defendant.* The defense team consisted of one New Left lawyer, another who wore a gold stud in his left ear, and an investigator who was formerly a *Ramparts* correspondent. The prosecution was led by an assistant U.S. attorney suffering from alopecia areata; all his body hair—including his eyebrows and eyelashes—had started falling out, perhaps coincidentally, after Interpol had informed him he was the target of a vengeful Colombian cocaine dealer's hit team. The coprosecutor had taught school in a Chicago ghetto, married and divorced a policeman, went to law school, and now was living with the man who had alopecia areata. The judge, John Vukasin, was nicknamed ''Judge Vacation''; an article in *The Los Angeles Daily Journal* explained by quoting a public defender: ''He takes a lot of vacations and when he's here he isn't here.'' And sitting daily at the defense table to the right of the judge was the slim, sad figure of Jerry Whitworth. Before the trial, Brenda had bought him two suits: one gray, one blue. Both were too short, the sleeves not quite reaching his wrists. He made sure to alternate the suits; one day he would be in his blue outfit, the next day in his gray outfit. His one maroon tie never varied. He watched the proceedings grimly, taking notes, never speaking.

It was a long trial. It started in March 1986 and didn't end until July. There were over two hundred witnesses and more than two thousand exhibits. The pages of transcripts and exhibits and motions and discovery information piled on top of each other would reach past the hoop on a basketball backboard if anyone were interested in creating such a tower. FBI and NIS agents had flown all around the world to gather evidence. The prosecutors had gone off to sea on an aircraft carrier, had traveled to Vienna. Witnesses were flown in from Papua, New Guinea, and Germany. For example, there was the testimony of plaintiff's witness Siegfried Jaedicke, of Giessen, Germany.

> Q. Is it possible to determine, by examining a Minox camera, whether it has been subjected to heavy usage?
>
> A. Yes.
>
> Q. How can that be determined?
>
> Mr. Tamburello (for the defense). Your Honor, once again, my objection is foundation, in terms of whether or not expertise is required. And what "heavy usage" means, in light of the fact that we're dealing with an interpreter, I don't know if he's a technician. From what I understand, he's not. I don't know if he was a manufacturer of the camera. My understanding is he's not. If he's an engineer; I don't know.
>
> Mr. Farmer (for the prosecution). I'll cover that.
>
> The Court. Go ahead.
>
> Q. (By Mr. Farmer) Mr. Jaedicke, what qualifications do you have to examine Minox cameras for technical signs of wear?
>
> A. I am manager of the customer service department . . .
>
> The Court. How long have you been involved in supervising repair of cameras?
>
> The Witness. Since 1971.
>
> The Court. About how many cameras have you supervised repair or maintenance on?

The Witness. We have constantly repairs . . .

The Court. How many cameras have been repaired while you had this responsibility?

The Witness. Exact numbers are not known to me.

The Court. Approximately?

The Witness. Fifty or a hundred.

The Court. Fifty or a hundred cameras since 1971?

The Witness. I think I misunderstood. I am misunderstood because I'm not repairing them myself. I supervise the repair . . .

The Court. Only 50 or 100 cameras have been repaired under your supervision in the last 15 years?

The Witness. A higher number of cameras is being repaired, but these . . .

The Court. I understood you to say that you are in charge of customer relations. And, included within that, is camera repairs; is that correct?

The Witness. Which is true, but which I do not personally do myself.

The Court. Don't do what yourself?

The Witness. The repair of cameras.

The Court. Don't do what yourself?

The Witness. I do not generally repair the cameras themselves.

The Court. People under your supervision and direction repair the cameras; is that correct?

The Witness. Yes.

The Court. So for 15 years you have been in charge of people who repair cameras; is that correct?

The Witness. Yes . . .

The Court. All right. That's what I was—what we have to find out is whether or not you have had sufficient experience to testify about the wear and tear of cameras . . .

The Interpreter. Vielen Dank.

The Court. What did you say?

The Interpreter. Vielen Dank.

Mr. Larson (for the defense). Your Honor, considering the hour, and not trying to be a pill—

The Court. Pill?

Mr. Tamburello. Yes . . .

And so the trial went for over one hundred days. It cost the government more than one million dollars.

All the Walkers appeared. Art, sitting rigidly in his chair and staring deep into the distance; Mike, pale and nervous, and looking like a teenager caught shoplifting; Barbara, who got sick when she first stepped into the witness box and had to leave; Laura, who told the court she had traveled to San Francisco with the "woman that is writing my life story"; and Margaret, who wore a ribbon in her red hair and made sure the prosecution and the defense had to pull every response out of her. The high point of the trial, though, was Johnny's appearance.

On April 28, John Walker took the stand. He declared to the world that he had recruited his friend, his son, and his brother as spies. He was smiling as he spoke, as though repressing a secret hilarity. It was as if he were trying to convey one last lesson to Jerry across the courtroom: Betrayal is easy, a fact of life.

Johnny was on the stand for over a week. The defense called him a liar:

"Your common sense tells you that when a man comes into this court, raises his hand, takes the oath, swears to tell the truth so help him God, and then looks you in the face and tells you a lie, you have to be very seriously concerned about the rest of what he said.

"Now I submit, ladies and gentlemen, that when Mr. Walker took that oath, when he raised his hand, when Lani, the clerk, swore him in, that man had no sense at all of the meaning of an oath. He doesn't owe allegiance to any God. The only God that he owes allegiance to is himself. . . ."

The prosecution didn't argue: "Now, John Walker is of course every bit the bad person that the defense has held out. . . . He is a master of deception. John Walker's a dog!"

• • •

On July 24, 1986, the jury found Jerry Whitworth guilty of seven counts of espionage and five counts of tax evasion. A month later he was sentenced. Judge Vukasin called him "a zero at his bones." "He believes in nothing."

Jerry was asked if he wanted to speak. He rose slowly. His legs appeared to be rocking, as if he were on the deck of a ship. "Except to say I'm sorry," was all he managed to get out.

The judge then read the sentence: 365 years in prison, and a $410,000 fine.

There was another, less public result of the four-month trial. The experience helped to bring the Walker family back together again—though, of course, in their own fashion.

As the trial was beginning, the Walkers were fighting viciously. The issue was money—the money to be made from the sale of the Walker Family miniseries.

From the start, Johnny had been thinking big bucks. He wrote to P.K., "We have already been approached, but the first offer was too low at $750 thousand for book & movie rights. We're looking at $5 million minimum into a trust with Mags in charge. We plan to help those who were hurt by this, particularly Mike . . . and others." He hired a Washington law firm that had represented some of the Watergate criminals in their entertainment ventures.

Barbara, meanwhile, was off pursuing her own deal. She was represented by a Boston law firm and by a man she described as "Bob Dylan's agent." Her personal adviser, however, was the Cape Cod realtor who owned the building where she lived, the two-story house with The Word bookstore on the ground floor. He announced that he was "reviewing all of Barbara's offers." Prospective authors and producers were required to send a list of their credentials to his realty office.

Barb, though, did attend some meetings on her own. For one, she was flown to New York by a producer and taken to the Plaza Hotel in a black Cadillac limousine. "I hate black," she told the producer. The next day she was driven around the city in a white limousine.

Laura hired her own ghostwriter. She wanted to tell "a Christian story."

Rita hired a Norfolk lawyer, a former Navy man, to handle all of Art's offers. He suggested that the price for an interview with Rita would be about $5,000.

Margaret and Rachel decided to sell their story as a team. Mike told Rachel whatever she wound up doing, he'd go along with.

It was a real competitive situation. Each of the Walkers wondering who was going to get the best deal, who was going to get the biggest contract, who would land the TV miniseries. Throughout the negotiations, Margaret was the one daughter and sister everyone was still talking to.

''You can forget about me doing any movie where Barbara or Laura are involved,'' Johnny told his daughter.

''I wouldn't work with your dad for all the money in the world,'' Barb told her daughter.

''I'll stick with Rachel,'' Mike told his sister. ''Whatever she decides, I'll do. I owe her.''

And Art said he really didn't want a movie at all. ''Wouldn't it be better if people just forgot about us?''

So each of the Walkers was pretty set in his ways. ''I'll make my own movie, I got plenty of story in me,'' Barbara announced, though any of the family members might just as well have said it.

But that was before the networks' and cable stations' Rights and Permissions offices sent a distinct message to all prospective producers—the project cannot proceed unless the producer has secured the rights from *all* the principal Walker family members.

The chances of a miniseries sale didn't look too good after that.

But Johnny, as always, was plotting. He had put together a package of agents to sell to the KGB; certainly he could put together a package of spies to sell to an agent. He just needed the opportunity to talk to everyone, to work on his operatives. The Whitworth trial gave him his chance.

For over a month, while they waited to testify in the San Francisco courtroom, Johnny, Art, and Mike were transferred to the Oakland City Jail. Mike and Art shared a cell; Johnny was just down the corridor. They got to spend a lot of time together. Johnny did a lot of talking.

Mike was the first to call his sister.

''Margaret, I'm backing out of the deal with you and Rachel.''

''How can you do that? You gave us your word.''

''Look,'' he explained, ''Dad knows what's what. I got to listen to him.''

Not long after that, Art spoke to his wife. Johnny would be advising him from now on. Whatever deal Johnny arranged, he'd be part of it. He told Rita, Johnny would get the best deal for all of them.

When Barbara learned that all the men in her family were about to make an agreement with Phoenix Entertainment, she hurried not to be left out.

''I didn't go along with your father. I signed my own deal,'' Barbara explained to her daughter.

''But, Mom, that was the same producer Dad signed with.''

''. . . well, you didn't expect me to walk away with nothing after all I've been through, did you?''

And then came the call Margaret had been anticipating.

''Hey, Mags . . .''

''Look, I thought you weren't going to make a deal without me. I thought you were going to put me in charge. I thought you weren't going to work with Mom. You lied to me.''

''Would I lie to you?'' asked Johnny Walker.

Margaret was breathing hard and fast. She could not speak.

''Hey,'' her dad said at last, ''I did what I thought best for the family.''

Which is not to say Johnny hadn't learned from experience. The five-million-dollar movie and book package he was trying to put together for his family was a lot sweeter than the last deal he had cut for them. It was about five times the entire sum the ring had earned from the Russians: Mike had received a total of $1,000; Art, $12,000; Jerry, $332,000; and Johnny, over seventeen years, approximately $750,000. A lot of people thought the KGB had made out like bandits.

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The New York Times

WEINBERGER SAYS THE WALKERS GAVE SOVIETS MUCH KEY DATA

By Michael R. Gordon

April 16, 1987—Defense Secretary Caspar W. Weinberger said today that the John A. Walker Jr. spy ring had given Soviet officials information on a wide range of highly sensitive subjects . . .

"The Soviets gained access to weapons and sensor data and naval tactics . . . and surface, submarine and airborne training, readiness and tactics," Mr. Weinberger said.

Mr. Weinberger said the classified information provided to the Russians also enabled them to learn about the location of American ships and transit routes for those ships. The Russians also learned about military intelligence activities.

"The information stolen by Walker enabled the K.G.B. to decipher more than one million messages," said Mr. Weinberger. . . .

Mr. Weinberger said the K.G.B. considered the Walker family spy ring to be "the most important" operation in its history. . . .

"We now have clear signals of dramatic Soviet gains in all areas of naval warfare, which must now be interpreted in light of the Walker conspiracy," he said.

EPILOGUE

"HOPE YOU'RE NOT A SPY/ GEE, YOU'VE GOT NICE THIGHS"

The only light was directed toward the stage, so Rachel, sitting in the back of the club, was hidden. She was nervous; she wasn't sure she should have come. All day, after her stepsister had told her they were playing at the Cafe Local down by the beach, she had been toying with the idea of checking them out. First, she had decided she wasn't going to go because, well, it was finally over; and then, she realized she had to go because no way was it over. There was still something to take care of. If she could find the nerve.

The five guys in Elvis From Hell were tuning up. The Local was very hot and crowded. The spotlight burned on Chris's, the lead singer's, face; Rachel thought he looked ready to howl at the moon.

He told the crowd he was about to sing a song about a hometown boy and his wife. The band behind him by now was revving like the fleet of cars at the starting line of the Indy 500. The name of the song, he said, was ''Wife of a Spy.'' He put his lips so close to the mike that Rachel for a moment wondered if he was about to kiss it. Then, he started to sing:

"Rachel was a Walker;
Michael was a talker.
She had no idea
To Russia he would squeal.
She liked to get her kicks
As one of Donald's chicks.
She would shake her tail
And documents he would sell. . . ."

Rachel listened. She had the woozy sensation of seeing the last fourteen months—the weeks, the days, the hours—since Mike's arrest spread like so many impossible moments before her. Elvis From Hell played on, and her mind went its own way. . . .

Oh, she had been one of Donald's chicks, all right. She had been strutting her stuff for the money that was going to get her to Italy, and to her husband. She was going to straighten Mike out once and for all, lay down the law about the work he was doing for his dad. But Mike never made it to Italy. Instead, she got a call from her mother, frantic, telling her, "Rachel, put on the news. Hurry." The man on the TV was talking about a father and son spy ring, and Rachel knew she had run out of time. She would never be able to fix things now.

When she heard that Mike was being flown in to Andrews Air Force Base, she drove on up. It was a five-hour trip, but she wanted a glimpse of him, to wave or something. She couldn't get close. An officer told her Mike was being taken to the FBI office in Baltimore; she rushed back to the red Subaru and headed off. In Baltimore, she got lost. She drove into a gas station and asked some guy if he knew where the FBI was—which, of course, she realized later was a pretty dumb way of going about it—and he looked at her like maybe she was public enemy number one, so she broke down in tears. She was crying her eyes out. She was lost, and she didn't know what to do. The only thing she could think of was to call the FBI and ask for help. They sent a car for her.

When Mike was brought into the room, he had on jeans and a surfing T-shirt. And he was handcuffed.

"Hi, bunny," said Rachel.

Mike looked at his wife and whispered, ‘‘I’m in serious trouble now.’’ He covered his head with his shackled hands like a man trying to protect himself from falling debris.

‘‘I don’t know what’s going to happen,’’ he said after a while.

They both started to cry.

Rachel was with her husband for nearly thirty minutes. When she left, the FBI asked a teary-eyed Mike if he was willing to make a statement. He admitted everything. At the time, he just wanted to make up for all the pain he had caused his wife. He wanted to repent.

It was only later that Rachel would accuse the FBI of using her. ‘‘They wore Mike down with me,’’ she complained. But by then she was coming to terms with the fact that a lot of people had used her; this was just one more nasty item in a long list.

Take for example, she thought, those bastards up on the stage.

‘‘. . . We talked her into leaving,
In us she was believing.
In front of the lens
She danced three hot numbers;
Rachel, my dear, what a silly blunder . . .’’

She couldn’t understand why they were going on like this about her. Real hip dudes. Sure, just so long as they could make a buck. The bastards.

‘‘. . . Hey, girl, you dance so well.
You had that look
And we could tell.
The tape we made we tried to sell
But guess what—
Detective Love.’’

At least there was some justice, she thought. Served those creeps right. It was even sort of funny. Hey, if *Playboy* called tomorrow and wanted to do a centerfold on the wife of a spy, be my guest. That’s how she was feeling these days. But at the time, it really had her twisted.

It started about a month after the arrest when Laura telephoned. Laura was famous now. She was working for CBN. And Rachel wasn't too fond of her. Rachel understood what Laura had done, but that didn't mean she had forgiven her for Mike.

Laura wanted to know if Rachel had ever made any kind of videotape.

. . . No, said Rachel, waiting.

Laura asked if she was sure about that.

Rachel was in no mood to be interrogated.

Laura, though, continued. Didn't Rachel recall a rather suggestive dance? A dance while she was wearing, said the born-again sister-in-law, "erotic attire."

Oh that tape, Rachel told her. She didn't have to explain anything to Laura.

Well, Laura went on, CBN had been approached by the father of one of the guys who had made the tape. Said he was going to sell it to the *National Enquirer* unless CBN bought it first. He wanted $50,000.

By now Rachel had just plain lost it. That was all her father needed. One day he picks up the paper to read his son-in-law is a spy; the next day he gets to see pictures of his daughter in her camouflage G-string. Rachel was crying hysterically.

Laura told her not to worry. CBN, she said, would get the tape. They'd buy it. All Rachel had to do was sign a release.

A release, Rachel started shouting. Are you trying to blackmail me too? Is CBN trying to latch onto another Walker? Well, they can forget about that. She hung up the phone in a huff.

But before Elvis From Hell could sell the tape to the *Enquirer* and before CBN could stop them, the FBI did. The tape was confiscated from the band by Agent Love. It was evidence in an espionage investigation, he said. It couldn't be sold.

Which served all the schemers right, Rachel concluded.

Chris, his face twisted into a pout, was heading back into the chorus when Rachel walked out:

". . . Hope you're not a spy,
Gee, you've got nice thighs . . ."

She had heard enough. She had put up with enough. Her mind was set.

When she got home, it was late but she knew if she waited till the morning she might change her mind. She found a pad and a pen, and tried to find the words. She thought about telling Mike about the song; the old rock dog would probably get off on it. But, there was no point anymore. Instead she began to write:

"I do love you, but we know it would never work. We are in two different worlds now, they can't seem to get together."

She was telling her husband, the person she loved most in the world, she wanted a divorce. It was the only way. She was twenty-two, and she had lived a lifetime. She just wanted to go away.

She wrote about destiny, and learning from each other; and after a page and a half she almost convinced herself this just was another Navy romance that had gone on the skids.

For a moment she considered telling Mike the rest of her news. How last month, when she was laid up again with female trouble, she had told the doctor to take care of business. The doctor warned that after a tubal ligation she'd never be able to have children. That's fine with me, she agreed. There was no way she would ever want to bring children into this world. She didn't want to love anyone ever again. She was certain a child would only betray her; or, in time, she would betray the child. It was what life was all about. She was twenty-two, and it was the one lesson she had learned.

She decided not to tell any of this to Mike. Her problems weren't his anymore. She put the letter in an envelope and found a stamp. It was very late, but she knew she wouldn't be able to sleep unless she dropped it in a mailbox.

"C'mon, Sparky," she called, "take a walk with Momma."

As she walked to the mailbox, the letter slipped from her hand. She watched it floating to the pavement when, in an instant, Sparky jumped up and caught it in his mouth as if it were a Frisbee.

"Good dog." She gave him a hug. "Your daddy'd be so proud of you," she told the Dalmatian. "He taught you well."

Then she took the letter from the dog's mouth and put it into her pocket. She turned toward home. It was late. She might as well wait until morning to mail the letter, after all.

A NOTE ON SOURCES

In all spy stories—as, similarly, in many love stories—there are at least two versions of the truth: that of the betrayer and that of the betrayed. In the attempt to tell the history of the Walker family—which is both a love story, of sorts, and an espionage case with international implications—the search for truth is further complicated by the varied and often conflicting needs and responsibilities of the assorted personalities and institutions involved. Consider the obstacles a writer faces in his attempt to tell "what actually happened":

In such a bitter and unhappy family as the Walkers, a thousand small and large crimes have hardened attitudes and distorted memories. A wife's angry and vivid recall, for example, is dismissed as vengeful by her self-protective spouse. Or, a daughter's painfully articulated accusations against her father are viewed by the accused as a shiftless brat's rantings. It would be impossible to emerge from such a home without some ax to grind, some wrong one is determined to avenge, some sin or embarrassment one is eager to cover up. It was a family where growing up and living together was a shattering experience; it would be naïve to believe that truth—that is, objective reality—was not, therefore, scrambled in the minds of the family members.

Then, since this story is not only about family secrets but also involves state secrets, there are government institutions—and their agents—intent on keeping a thick layer of mystery over the activities of the Walker spy ring. The motivation of these close-mouthed organizations—the FBI, the NSA, the NIS, the CIA; agencies whose daily trade is secrets—is often an understandable concern for national security; the Walker ring had, after all, disclosed to the KGB, according to Rear Admiral William Studeman, the director of Naval Intelligence, information that had "powerful war-winning implications for the Soviet side." However, on occasion it has been self-interest rather than larger, patriotic considerations that has encouraged these agencies to turn up their trench-coat collars and offer, for the record at least, a terse "no comment" to a badgering reporter. For example, there was the FBI's official reluctance to discuss the four-month delay in following up on Barbara Walker's initial phone call, or its error the night of the arrest which allowed the KGB agent—and, perhaps more significantly, his "Dear Friend" letter to Walker—to escape. Similarly, the Navy refused to discuss, for attribution at least, how relatively low-ranking sailors like John Walker and his son—Mike also had a history of drug use—were allowed access to such crucial defense secrets. Also, there was another element which made dealing with these organizations difficult: Their agents live in a hush-hush world and it suits both the demands of their job *and* their personalities to throw a cloak of secretiveness over their complex intrigues.

Another problem which further complicated the search for truth was the character of many of this story's principal participants. Treason is a habit, a way of life. For a man like John Walker, the "truth" is simply a pragmatic device: He often employs it to create the reality he needs, rather than to describe what actually occurred. His account of his life ranges from the self-serving—he testified under oath at the Whitworth trial that he never struck his wife—to the fantastic; that is, his jailhouse conversations with his son about a murder in Germany or his seduction of the prison librarian were both pure invention. He is a man with a remarkable imagination and little conscience: a perfect spy, but not a very reliable source. Other members of his family and some of his friends—Navy buddies and Happy Hour drinking partners—have also let the truth get a little ragged. Often it is because they have something to hide—they are guilty and ashamed by their actual or tacit complicity in John Walker's treason. Or—a more curious phenomenon but also one that is fitting in a tale about an American scheme—occasionally these "friends" are as eager as Johnny Walker to invent stories. They want to share, however vicariously, in his notoriety.

Yet, this is a true story. This book is a factual account of the activities of John Walker and his family and friends.

To re-create as accurately and as objectively as possible what actually happened I have established a number of research standards:

All directly quoted dialogue is just that. Either it was specifically recounted by at least one of the participants or a witness in an interview with this writer, or it was told to a federal investigator, or it was actual courtroom testimony.

When I explore what an individual is thinking or feeling, it is no casual narrative device, but a reporter's using the facts as he discovered them to describe a scene as accurately and as completely as possible. For example, when I write about John Walker's anger and fears after Whitworth passed "fogged" film to the KGB, it is based on specific comments Walker made at the Whitworth trial (pp. 26-3042, 25-2927, and passim in the transcript) and was further detailed by Walker in conversations that were related to me by the government agents involved in his debriefing. Or, when I write (at the end of part 1) that Walker was looking out the bus window, eager to begin his life as a man when he left Scranton to join the Navy, this small incident was related to me by both James Walker and Joe Long; both men had the scene *and* the emotions re-created for them in conversations and letters they had with John Walker. And when Rachel Walker's reaction to dancing on the runway at Donald's are depicted (in the Prologue and Epilogue), this description is based on lengthy taped interviews with Rachel.

Another standard I have used to help give some order to complex and often contradictory "facts" is to adopt the dates that are on the naval service records of all the participants in this story as the actual dates when certain events occurred. (These service records were helpful in other ways, too. A case in point: When James Walker told me the story about his brother and the rifle at the Roosevelt Theatre, he couldn't—understandably after thirty years—remember the theater manager's name. However, on Arthur Walker's enlistment papers the manager, Mr. Robert Kilcullen, was cited as a reference. My mentioning this jarred James's memory.) And, all dates for espionage activities used in this book conform not to Walker's mercurial memory but rather to the dates determined by federal prosecutors and submitted in court records.

I applied these standards to shape this book from what, after nearly a year and nine months of research, became—quite literally—a room full of tall piles of source material.

My primary source of information was the 117 interviews I conducted. In the course of my research I spoke with nearly all the Walker family members: These ranged from brief telephone conversations with John Walker and longer ones with Michael to lengthy personal interviews and phone conversations with Barbara, including one marathon call that lasted over three hours during which she shared what she had written in a Baltimore motel room the morning before her son's sentencing. Other interviews include at least nine taped hours with Rachel Walker as well as four interview sessions of significant length with Laura Walker Snyder. Friends of John Walker also granted interviews. I conducted, for example, at least twenty taped hours of interviews with Laurie Robinson, while Bill Wilkinson talked with me on two occasions, Don Clevenger at least five times, and Dan Rivas on eight different occasions.

Members of various government agencies—specifically the backbeaters who interviewed Walker and Whitworth—also granted numerous interviews. These men requested anonymity and were often difficult to track down. A small story: The National Security Agency—which played a key role in this affair and yet has refused to discuss publicly the Walker case in any significant detail—became more accessible after a study of the court papers of a 1984 case involving cryptographic material stolen by sailors on the USS *Peoria* revealed the names of NSA damage assessment experts who would, a year later and in greater secrecy, be assigned to analyze the consequences of the Walker ring. The FBI was also reluctant to discuss the case for the record in much detail; however, John Wagner, special agent in charge of the Norfolk Field Office, gave a valuable interview and tour of his facilities and Special Agent Robert Hunter was a source of fascinating, but nonclassified information; for example, how the Windflyer name originated. Government sources at other agencies also gave lengthy, detailed interviews (and have provided such documents as the Naval Investigative Service report that is quoted in the opening of part 6). I have promised to repay them by keeping their identities secret.

Another valuable research tool was the stacks of government documents (some remain classified) and investigative reports (including confidential FBI 302s of the interrogations of the Walkers) and legal affidavits (including previously undisclosed grand jury minutes) that I have collected in the course of my research. Directly quoted dialogue in the book is often taken from these FBI summaries of interviews with the members of the ring or their families.

Letters, many never published before, were also used in the telling of this story. For these exclusive letters I am particularly grateful to Joe Long, who volunteered the twenty-three letters he exchanged with John Walker over a period stretching back thirty years; to Margaret Walker, who provided solely to this writer the long, rambling autobiography John Walker composed in prison, which is cited throughout the book; and to Rachel Walker, who shared her husband's Navy and prison letters.

A large and rich source of information was provided by the transcripts of the two trials in the Walker case—that of Arthur Walker and the much more involved trial of Jerry Whitworth (this transcript totaled 6,206 pages in 56 volumes). John Walker took the stand at the Whitworth trial for over a week (the Q. and A.'s throughout this book are taken from the trial transcript), and all the Walker family members testified at length. Also, FBI agents, naval officers and NSA officials offered valuable background and technical information at these trials. And, in the course of these legal proceedings a mountain of exhibits —ranging from the security clearance ''Faxgram'' sent by DISCO to the VSE corporation quoted in part 4 to the rotor decryption device described in part 2—were introduced.

The various books, newspaper articles, and government publications I consulted on topics ranging from cryptography to ASW warfare were a final source. Of the more than one hundred books and naval department extracts and ''backgrounders'' consulted, a few works were particularly valuable: James Bamford, *The Puzzle Palace;* John Barron, *The KGB Today;* Seymour Hersh, ''*The Target Is Destroyed*''; David Kahn, *The Codebreakers;* and Jeffrey Richelson, *The U.S. Intelligence Community*. The newspaper reports that I relied on most frequently were the well-written and detailed accounts in *The*

New York Times by Phil Shenon and Stephen Engelberg; the many articles in *The Virginian-Pilot and Ledger-Star* by Tony Germanotta, Jim Morrisson, and Patrick Lacey that time after time were scooping papers around the nation on breaking news; a thoughtfully written and meticulously researched background report on Jerry Whitworth by Nancy Skelton in the *Los Angeles Times;* and the accounts in *Scranton Times* by Francis DeAndrea that first revealed the details of John Walker's arrest record. I also consulted two books about the Walker case: *Family Treason* by Jack Kneece, which was most valuable for an amusing summary of John Walker's Navy hijinks; and *Breaking the Ring* by John Barron, which reported new details about the FBI's apprehension and debriefing of Walker.

The specific sources for the information in each chapter of this book are as follows:

Prologue

Author interviews: Rachel Walker (RW); Michael Lance Walker (MLW); Laura Walker Snyder (LWS); Ed Whitby; Chris Esterley; FBI sources.

Documents: FBI transcript of conversation between John Anthony Walker, Jr. (JAW), and RW (as related to author).

Chapter One

Author interviews: James Walker, Joe Long (JL), Mrs. Margaret Walker; members of the Fritsch family; George Gilbert; George Schreiber.

Documents, letters, and articles: letters from JAW to Joe Long; Navy service records of JAW and Arthur Walker (AW); St. Patrick's High School yearbook; *Scranton Times;* JAW autobiography; Scranton court records.

Chapter Two

Author interviews: Barbara Walker (BW); LWS; Margaret Walker (MW); Cynthia Walker (CW); Shalel Way (SW); Anne Crowley Nelson.

Documents: FBI interviews with BW; JAW autobiography.

Chapter Three

Author interviews: BW; MW; LWS; James Walker; Navy buddies (anonymous).

Documents and letters: JAW to JL; AW, JAW service records.

Chapter Four

Author interviews: Don Clevenger (DC); Navy buddies; Bill C. Wilkinson (BCW), James Walker, BW, MW, Laurie Robinson (LR).

Documents and books: JAW service record; *Family Treason;* naval orientation documents on submarines; *Defense Electronics* articles; *Surface Warfare Magazine* articles; Navy Department ''Backgrounders.''

Chapter Five

Author interviews: BCW; BW; MW; LWS; LR; DC.

Documents and transcripts: FBI interviews with AW, JAW; BW, JAW testimony at Whitworth trial; AW and JAW service records; JAW autobiography.

Chapter Six

Author interviews: FBI, NSA agents; BW; MW; BCW; DC; Norfolk naval officials; San Diego Naval Training Center instructors; David Kahn.

Documents, transcripts, and books: FBI interviews with JAW and AW; JAW, AW testimony at Whitworth trial; *The Puzzle Palace; ''The Target is Destroyed''; The Codebreakers;* Earl David Clark, Admiral Lawrence Layman, Admiral Robert Kirksey testimony at Whitworth trial.

Chapter Seven

Author interviews: FBI, NSA agents.

Documents and transcripts: JAW at Whitworth trial; FBI, NSA debriefing reports.

Chapter Eight

Author interviews: FBI counterintelligence agents; CIA officials.

Documents, testimony, books, and articles: Raymond Carver, John Barron at Whitworth trial; *The KGB Today;* sentencing memorandum by John Martin, chief of the Internal Security Section of the Justice Department; statements in *The New York Times* by Caspar Weinberger.

Chapter Nine

Author interviews: FBI, NSA agents; David Kahn.

Documents, transcripts, and books: Clark, JAW testimony at trial; JAW FBI debriefings; Whitworth trial exhibits; *The Codebreakers;* a "statement of facts" memorandum by assistant U.S. attorney Michael Schatzow.

Chapter Ten

Author interviews: BW; LWS; MW; DC.

Documents and transcripts: JAW, BW testimony at Whitworth trial; Schatzow memorandum; BW FBI interviews; AW FBI interviews; Rita Walker testimony at sentencing hearing; AW, JAW service records.

Chapter Eleven

Author interviews: MW; LWS; BW; DC; RW; Michael O'Connor; FBI CI-2 agents; NIS agents.

Documents, transcripts, and books: O'Connor, JAW, BW at Whitworth trial; Admiral William Studeman; *Vietnam: The Naval Story,* Frank Uhlig, editor.

Chapter Twelve

Author interviews: Johnie Whitworth; Billy Phillips; Adele Olson; Willard Owens; Michael O'Connor; Sheila Robinson; Peter Massa; Russ Stetler; James Larson; William Farmer; Leida Schoggen; Shary Ratliff; LWS; MW; BW; LR; Dan Rivas.

Documents, transcripts, letters, and articles: JAW, BW, LWS, Roger Olsen testimony at Whitworth trial; Whitworth debriefing reports; Skelton in *Los Angeles Times;* bail letters written to U.S. attorney by a dozen Whitworth friends and relatives; Whitworth service record.

Chapter Thirteen

Author interviews: FBI, NSA agents; BW; MW; LWS; CW.

Documents, transcripts, letters, and official publications: JAW, BW testimony at Whitworth trial; JAW, Whitworth service records; JAW autobiography; FBI debriefing of JAW; U.S. Navy ''Backgrounder'' on Diego Garcia; Brenda Reis letter quoting Whitworth, submitted as trial exhibit.

Chapter Fourteen

Author interviews: Stetler; Massa; O'Connor; LR; BW; LWS; MW.

Documents and transcripts: JAW, BW, O'Connor testimony at Whitworth trial; FBI debriefing reports; Whitworth service record.

Chapter Fifteen

Author interviews: LWS; BW; MW; RW; LR; Michael Lance Walker (MLW).

Documents, transcripts, and letters: JAW, BW, LWS, MW, MLW testimony at Whitworth trial; Whitworth service record; FBI debriefing reports; Whitworth letter to JAW.

Chapter Sixteen

Author interviews: NSA, CIA, NIS agents; BW; LWS; MW; LR.

Documents, transcripts, books, and articles: JAW testimony at Whitworth trial; Norfolk, Virginia, County Court records; *The Puzzle Palace; The U.S. Intelligence Community; Newsweek,* 6/10/85; *The New York Times Magazine,* 12/7/86; *U.S. Naval Institute Proceed-*

ings, various issues; *Surface Warfare,* various issues; JAW autobiography.

Chapter Seventeen

Author interviews: Schatzow; Stetler; FBI, NSA agents.

Documents, transcripts, letters, and articles: JAW, Roberta Puma testimony at Whitworth trial; article by Puma in *The Virginian-Pilot,* 5/25/85; Schatzow memorandum; IRS documentation of Whitworth spending; Reis letter to Whitworth; debriefing reports.

Chapter Eighteen

Author interviews: BW; LWS; Anne Nelson; MLW; RW; MW; CW; SW.

Transcripts and articles: BW at Whitworth trial; *Somers Reporter* articles, Skowhegan, Maine; *Washington Post* stories from Skowhegan by Sharon LaFraniere and Ruth Marcus, 6/10/85.

Chapter Nineteen

Author interviews: FBI, NSA agents; LR.

Documents, transcripts, and books: JAW testimony at Whitworth trial; debriefing reports; hotel receipts submitted at Whitworth trial; *Breaking the Ring.*

Chapter Twenty

Author interviews: LWS; MW; FBI, NSA agents.

Documents, transcripts, and books: JAW calendar submitted at Whitworth trial; JAW testimony at Whitworth trial; debriefing reports; documents recovered from JAW's house by FBI; *Breaking the Ring; The U.S. Intelligence Community.*

Chapter Twenty-one

Author interviews: FBI, NSA agents; LR; RW; LWS.

Documents, transcripts, articles, and books: JAW testimony at

Whitworth trial; *Family Treason; Virginian-Pilot* stories; legal papers filed by Stephen Swain.

Chapter Twenty-two

Author interviews: FBI; Stetler; BCW.

Documents, transcripts, and articles: JAW testimony at Whitworth trial; trial memorandum by Stetler; James Ridgeway in *The Village Voice,* 6/25/85.

Chapter Twenty-three

Author interviews: Mrs. Margaret Walker; James Walker; RW; MW.

Documents and transcripts: AW, JAW testimony at Whitworth trial; AW interviews with FBI; JAW debriefings.

Chapter Twenty-four

Author interviews: LWS; Mark Snyder; MW.

Documents, transcripts, and articles: LWS, JAW, AW, BW testimony at Whitworth trial; Rita Walker testimony at sentencing hearing; numerous *Virginian-Pilot* stories on Arthur Walker; FBI interviews with AW; Schatzow memorandum; VSE records submitted at AW trial.

Chapter Twenty-five

Author interviews: FBI, NSA agents; Massa; O'Connor; MLW.

Documents and transcripts: JAW, MLW, O'Connor, Frank Olea, Pat Marsee at Whitworth trial; debriefing reports; IRS receipts; JAW pay record submitted at Whitworth trial.

Chapter Twenty-six

Author interviews: LWS; MLW; RW.

Documents, transcripts, and books: JAW, LWS, MLW at Whitworth trial; debriefing reports; FBI interviews with LWS; *Breaking the Ring.*

Chapter Twenty-seven

Author interviews: CIA officials; BW; SW.

Documents, articles, letters, and books: *The KGB Today; The New York Times* articles; letter SW to author.

Chapter Twenty-eight

Author interviews: RW; MLW; BW.

Documents: MLW service record.

Chapter Twenty-nine

Author interviews: FBI agents; Samuel Meekins.

Documents and transcripts: AW, JAW at Whitworth trial; Rita Walker at grand jury and sentencing hearing; FBI interviews with AW, Rita Walker; indictment of AW; AW trial transcript passim.

Chapter Thirty

Author interviews: LR; P. K. Carroll (PKC); Henry Robinson; FBI agents; LWS; BW.

Documents, transcripts, and articles: Confidential Reports files; LR, JAW, LWS, BW testimony at Whitworth trial; *Virginian-Pilot* articles; FBI interviews with LR.

Chapter Thirty-one

Author interviews: FBI, NSA, NIS agents; Stetler.

Documents, transcripts, books, articles, and letters: JAW at Whitworth trial; receipts entered as evidence in Whitworth trial; Whitworth service record; transcript of taped letter Whitworth to JAW; telegrams submitted at Whitworth trial; *"The Target Is Destroyed"; The New York Times Magazine*, 12/7/86.

Chapter Thirty-two

Author interviews: FBI, NSA, NIS agents; Stetler.

Documents, transcripts, and letters: JAW, Gary Walker testimony at Whitworth trial; Reis letter submitted at trial; IRS receipts; Whitworth service record; notes recovered by FBI at JAW house; debriefing reports; Gary Walker interviews with FBI.

Chapter Thirty-three

Author interviews: MLW; RW; FBI, NIS agents; MLW classmates (anonymous).

Documents and transcripts: FBI interviews with MLW; statement of facts signed by MLW; MLW service record.

Chapter Thirty-four

Author interviews: MLW; RW; Stetler; BW; LR; MW; Sheila Robinson; PKC; Shary Ratliff.

Documents, transcripts, and letters: JAW, MLW, BW at Whitworth trial; notes recovered by FBI at Whitworth trailer and JAW house; RUS letters submitted at Whitworth trial; JAW autobiography.

Chapter Thirty-five

Author interviews: BW; CW; MW; LWS; RW; Chester Buck; Walter Price; FBI agents.

Documents, transcripts, and articles: BW, LWS at Whitworth trial; *The New York Times* interview with BW by Jane Perlez, 6/20/85; LWS on ‘‘The 700 Club’’; FBI interviews with BW, LWS.

Chapter Thirty-six

Author interviews: FBI agents.

Documents: State Department ‘‘notification of appointment’’ forms; pictures of Tkachenko apartment taken by FBI; FBI CI-2 reports.

Chapter Thirty-seven

Author interviews: BW; LWS; Walter Price; Robert Hunter; John Wagner; FBI agents.

Documents, transcripts, articles, and books: BW, LWS at Whitworth trial; FBI interviews with LWS, BW; FBI trial memorandums; FBI agents testimony at AW and Whitworth trials; *Breaking the Ring;* Perlez in *The New York Times.*

Chapter Thirty-eight

Author interviews: RW; MLW; MW.

Documents and transcripts: MLW at Whitworth trial; MLW statement to FBI; MLW service record; documents found at JAW house by FBI.

Chapter Thirty-nine

Author interviews: RW.

Letters: MLW to RW; MLW to JAW submitted in Whitworth trial.

Chapter Forty

Author interviews: BW; RW; LWS; MW; FBI, NSA agents.

Documents, transcripts, and letters: JAW testimony at Whitworth trial; debriefing reports; AW interviews with FBI; JAW to Whitworth, recovered from house by FBI; Whitworth to JAW submitted as trial memorandum; debriefing reports; transcript of JAW call to RW; transcript of LWS call to JAW; MLW letter to RW.

Chapter Forty-one

Author interviews: Wagner; Hunter; Szady; FBI agents.

Documents and transcripts: testimony by FBI agents at AW and Whitworth trials; affidavits submitted at both trials by FBI agents; AW, JAW testimony at Whitworth trial; transcript of JAW call to RW; JAW letter recovered by FBI.

Chapter Forty-two

Author interviews: Wagner; Hunter; Szady; FBI agents.

Documents, transcripts, letters, and books: testimony by FBI agents at AW and Whitworth trials; affidavits submitted at both trials by FBI agents; AW, JAW testimony at Whitworth trial; *Breaking the Ring; Family Treason;* Rita Walker at sentencing hearing; AW, Rita Walker interviews with FBI; MLW to RW letter confiscated by NIS; Whitworth letter confiscated by FBI.

Chapter Forty-three

Author interviews: FBI, NIS agents.

Documents and articles: *The New York Times,* 6/25/85; NIS.

Chapter Forty-four

Author interviews: LWS; Mark Snyder; Marie Hammond; Jackie Mitchum; Schatzow; FBI agents.

Documents, transcripts, and articles: LWS on "The 700 Club"; CBN brochures; Michael Kramer in *New York* magazine on Pat Robertson, 8/18/86; Robertson's *The Secret Kingdom; The New York Times* on Robertson, 9/12/86; LWS at Whitworth trial.

Chapter Forty-five

Author interviews: Samuel Meekins; Hunter; Schatzow; FBI agents.

Documents, transcripts, letters, and articles: FBI interviews with AW; AW at Whitworth trial; affidavits of "version of crime" AW submitted at his trial; grand jury testimony by AW, Rita Walker; *Washington Post* interview with AW as quoted in *Family Treason;* transcript of AW trial; transcript of AW sentencing; FBI interviews with JAW; JAW letter to LR.

Chapter Forty-six

Author interviews: MW; LR; RW; Dan Rivas; John Hooker; FBI, NIS agents.

Documents, transcripts, and letters: LR, MW at Whitworth trial; LR, MW interviews with FBI; JAW autobiography.

Chapter Forty-seven

Author interviews: CIA, NIS, FBI agents; Schatzow; Fred Warren Bennett; RW; MW; BW.

Documents and articles: *The New York Times*, 7/22/85; JAW, MLW plea bargaining contracts; debriefing reports; John Martin sentencing memorandum.

Chapter Forty-eight

Author interviews: LR; Henry Robinson; Dan Rivas; PKC; Billy Franklin; Kenneth Toffy; Keith Dodgson; MLW; RW; NIS, FBI, ATF agents.

Documents, testimony, and articles: *The New York Times*, 11/2/85, 11/5/86; PKC at Whitworth trial; NIS interviews with Rivas; numerous *Portsmouth Times* articles on Joyner; North Carolina State Bureau of Investigation reports; Pitt County autopsy reports; Spencer review of autopsy; Molnar, Kinbrue service records.

Chapter Forty-nine

Author interviews: Larson; Tony Tamburello; Farmer; Schoggen; Katherine Bishop; MW; RW; LWS; BW; PKC; Tom O'Hearn; Rob Scheidlinger; various producers.

Documents, transcripts, and articles: *Los Angeles Daily Journal*, 7/21/84; Siegfried Jaedicke, BW, LWS, MW, JAW, MLW at Whitworth trial; sentencing transcript of Whitworth; IRS records at Whitworth trial; AW to PKC letter in *People* magazine, 12/9/85.

Epilogue

Author interviews: MW; LWS; Ed Whitby; Chris Esterly; FBI agents.

Documents: Song with permission of Ed Whitby; RW letter to MW.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Howard Blum, journalist and novelist, has received wide critical acclaim for his work. As a staff writer for *The Village Voice* he won Columbia University's coveted Meyer Berger Award. During his six years as a reporter for *The New York Times,* he received over a dozen journalism awards and was twice nominated for the Pulitzer Prize for Investigative Reporting. His nonfiction best-seller, *Wanted! The Search for Nazis in America,* sparked congressional hearings and resulted in the deportation of Nazi war criminals from this country. His novel, *Wishful Thinking,* was praised by many literary critics. His investigative reporting on the Walker case—which led to this book—made national headlines when his story about the spy ring appeared on the cover of *The New York Times Magazine* and in *Life*. Mr. Blum lives in New York City.

(continued from front flap)

Times. His last nonfiction book, *Wanted! The Search for Nazis in America*—a *New York Times* and international best-seller—shocked a nation. Similarly packed with startling information, his new book already made headlines when excerpts ran as the cover story of *The New York Times Magazine* and in *Life*.

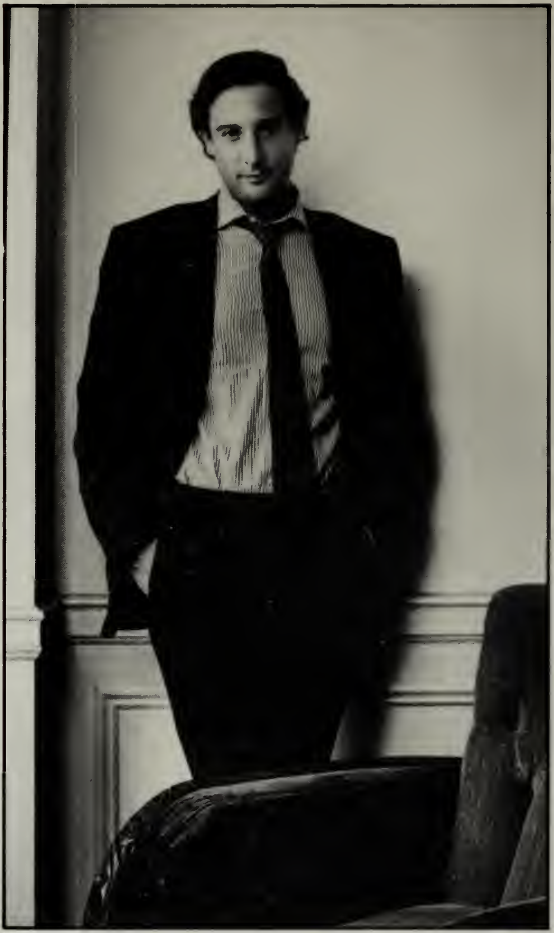

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Inside the investigation and capture of Ana Montes, Cuba's Master Spy

TRUE BELIEVER

BY SCOTT W. CARMICHAEL

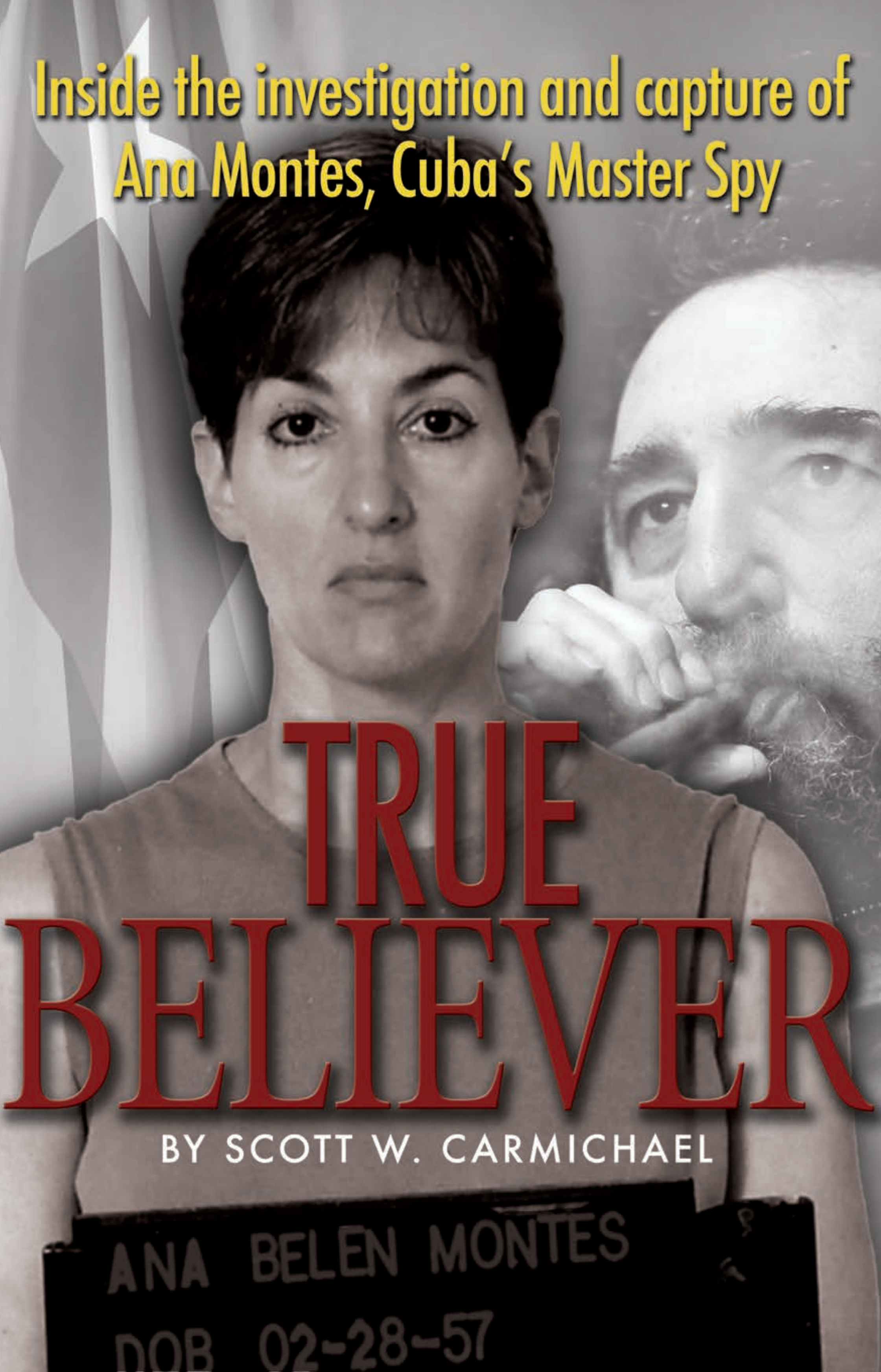
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SCOTT W. CARMICHAEL

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CONTENTS

Preface vii

1 An American Hero 1
2 The Interview 11
3 The Making of a Mole Hunter 23
4 A Spy among Us 29
5 Leaks and More Leaks 33
6 Thanks, but No Thanks 38
7 Getting on Track 42
8 No Ordinary Analyst 50
9 Keeping Her in the Bubble 61
10 Project 1923 68
11 Derailing a Plum Assignment 83
12 The Freeze 93
13 Suspicious Activity 100
14 A Long Summer 104
15 Borrowing the Lady's Purse 110
16 September 11 117
17 End Game 124
18 The Aftermath 128
19 No Ordinary Spy 135
20 Why She Did It 144
21 How She Got Away with It 151
22 Why It Matters 156
23 The Death of a Warfighter 163

Epilogue 175
Index 181

PREFACE

MY NAME IS SCOTT W. CARMICHAEL. I work for the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA) in Washington, D.C., and I am a mole hunter.

Mole hunters are spy catchers. More accurately, we are internal affairs specialists, like those employed by large police departments. We're employed by federal agencies on a full-time basis to identify and investigate the small number of employees who may betray the United States by providing its secrets to foreign powers.

In the professional parlance of my world, I'm a counterintelligence investigator. And as you might imagine, I am not the most popular guy in town—at least not within my own agency. But that's okay, because this isn't a popularity contest, after all. It's serious business. I often tell managers that if they see me coming their way, it's not because I'm bringing them *good* news.

To me, being a mole hunter is not just a job—it's a mission. If, like me, you have spent time in uniform, you understand the meaning of that term. It's the mission that truly counts, not the individual, and the mission that must be accomplished, for the good of all. To accomplish my mission at DIA, I weed out a handful of bad elements in an agency that is otherwise populated by committed professionals whose job is to provide intelligence support to grunt-level warfighters in uniform—literally a life-or-death proposition. At DIA we take that responsibility very seriously. Frankly, being "popular" or even "liked" was never part of the deal when I first set foot in the agency back in 1988.

Several years ago, I informed the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) of a growing suspicion that one of our own DIA employees, Ana Belen Montes, was secretly an agent of the Cuban government. The evidence at first was weak, but I worked with the FBI over several years to develop the facts and finally bring her to justice. This book is the inside story of that long and ultimately successful spy hunt.

You may have read something about Ana Montes in the newspaper, or you may have heard a little about her on the evening news. But from what I can tell, those reports missed the significance of her case. You see, Ana Montes was arrested on September 21, 2001, just ten days after the September 11 terrorist attacks on the United States. Few news organizations—much less the American public—had much attention to spare for any other story. So it's not surprising that she faded from the public eye so quickly, if she ever registered at all. At best, her case came off as just another spy story.

But I know better. And now you, too, will learn the rest of the story. For the truth of the matter is that Ana Belen Montes was an extraordinary agent, certainly not "just another spy." The average spy case has far less impact on national security. Often it involves a small amount of less sensitive information, passed on during a short period—perhaps just once.

Ana Montes, by contrast, operated for sixteen years with impunity, becoming the U.S. government's top intelligence analyst on Cuba at the same time she was reporting to the Cuban government. She not only passed on U.S. secrets to Cuba but also helped influence what we thought we knew about Cuba.

Montes had no prior connection to Cuba; her parents were Puerto Rican, and her father was a U.S. Army officer. She was born on a U.S. Army base in Germany and spent her high school years in Towson, Maryland—a homegrown agent if ever there was one. Her case shows once and for all, if the fact required demonstrating, that Cuba has mounted a lasting, effective intelligence effort against the United States that we should pay considerably more attention to. I am confident that Cuba's efforts to penetrate the U.S. intelligence community at a high level didn't end with Ana Montes' arrest.

Who cares about Cuba? Just remember that Cuba has taken an active role (sometimes, a military role) around the world for many years, whether in Latin America, Africa, or elsewhere. Like any nation, it also shares intelligence with its allies, just as it's generally understood that the United States sometimes shares intelligence with Britain, Australia, and other allies. So when Cuba gets hold of our secrets—secrets that affect battlefield safety and the war on terrorism—Cuba's friends are likely to get the same information. And that's reason for concern, since Cuba has been aligned with such countries as Iran, Saddam Hussein's Iraq, Syria, the People's Republic of China, and North Korea.

As you'll see later on, at the time of her arrest, Ana Montes was within twenty-four hours of learning our detailed war plans for the post–September 11 invasion of Afghanistan. To say the least, I wouldn't want that kind of information entrusted to the government of Cuba and its allies, and I don't think the families of our service members then about to deploy to Afghanistan would have liked it either.

Or let me put it more simply: There's a reason secrets are classified. Our specialty at DIA is military intelligence. Sharing those secrets with a hostile power inevitably puts members of our armed forces at risk.

I harbor no personal animosity toward Ana Montes, even though I was part of the investigation that led to her arrest. I didn't know her well enough as a person to suffer from any sense of personal betrayal by her. We were not friends, and barely even acquaintances. Having said that, I do have feelings about her crime. I abhor what she did. I feel nothing toward Montes the person, but I detest her actions. Spying for another country may sound dashing and romantic, but it's not. And for a trusted government employee like Montes, it's a double betrayal. Even after all these years as a mole hunter, that's my reaction to any spy we discover within the DIA staff. Their betrayal sickens me, angers me, and saddens my heart. I'm glad that I played a role in catching her and putting an end to her activity. I just wish that it hadn't taken me so long to recognize her as a spy.

Some details concerning the Montes investigation are far too sensitive for public consumption. After all, members of the Cuban Intelligence Service are reading this book, too, and I am not about to reveal sensitive details of our investigation to them. I, on the other hand, am fair game.

I am fifty-five now, as I write these words. But I am just beginning to hit my stride as a counterintelligence investigator. I ride into work every morning with a smile on my face and a song in my heart. I feel, and sometimes act, like a kid of eighteen or twenty. But in terms of wisdom and experience, I am much more mature than that. In 1995, well before the Montes investigation, I received the National Intelligence Medal of Achievement for my work in counterintelligence, primarily for work in support of FBI investigations. I know what I am doing in this business, and I intend to become even better. My friends describe me as an absolute bulldog for determination and a maniac for focus on my mission. I believe they are right.

In writing this book, I've come to the task as a participant in these events, not an outside observer. I don't pretend to be a reporter or an academic; I didn't do additional library research or formal interviews. Instead, I've chosen to write about my own experience: what I did and what I know. It's the best way I can think of to bring you inside my world of counterintelligence and give you a front-row seat on the first major U.S. espionage case of the twenty-first century.

There are more spies operating in Washington today—of that, I am certain. Now, during a time of war, those spies and their activities quite literally threaten the lives of the brave young men and women in uniform whom we are sending in harm's way against terrorists and the regimes that support them. Fortunately, I am in a position to do something about it. And I can assure you I will strive to do so, every day.

TRUE
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AN AMERICAN HERO

FOR ME, THE ANA BELEN MONTES case began very simply. One day in April 1996 I got a phone call from a fellow Defense Intelligence Agency employee, Reg Brown. Reg is an analyst at DIA; at that time, he had been employed by the agency for seventeen years. He was a counterintelligence analyst specializing in Latin America, and Cuba was a country in which he had developed particular expertise.

The DIA is a big place, but as it happened, I already knew Reg personally. My wife Jennifer and I had known him for almost eight years. (Jennifer also works at DIA.) He's a genuinely caring and empathetic person, with a ready wit, a warm smile, and a very approachable manner. He's academically oriented and shares with his fellow analysts an interest in current events around the world. Like many analysts, Reg is also a bit shy and introverted, which might explain in part why he and I seem to get along so well—because I tend to be quite the opposite.

Analysts like Reg are at the very heart of the DIA. They are the experts who perform the agency's core mission of assessing the military capabilities and intentions of foreign powers. They create intelligence products upon which the senior leaders of our country rely to make decisions affecting the lives of our service men and women and the security of U.S. interests all over the world. As for the rest of the DIA employee population—security specialists like me, logistics personnel, and computer specialists, and so on—it's very simple. We exist to support the analysts.

Reg came to me in confidence with a concern about another DIA analyst. Her name, he said, was Ana Montes. When I say that he came to me in confidence, I mean to say that he was hesitant, despite our friendship, to share his concerns about Ana. Like most people, Reg wasn't eager to talk about one of his colleagues. It's a basic fact of the U.S. counterintelligence business that it's not easy for most Americans to point a finger of suspicion. We're conditioned from childhood against doing so. We don't tattle-tale. We don't snitch. We don't narc one another out. We don't even voice suspicions about another person without pretty solid evidence, because we don't want to get an innocent person in trouble with the law. And let's be honest. If you're wrong, sharing suspicions can also backfire. If others learn you've caused trouble for a co-worker, especially one who is innocent of any wrongdoing, they'll label you as untrustworthy. You might as well pack your bags and find yourself a new job on another planet.

So that's what I mean when I tell people that Reg is one of the true heroes of this story. We can't thank him enough. Because despite all that I just described, Reg still took a look in the mirror and did the right thing. He talked to me.

Reg had kept his concerns to himself until he attended a counterintelligence awareness briefing for DIA employees that month. The message sent to employees during those briefings was quite simple: Report your security and counterintelligence concerns to DIA's staff of professional investigators. They'll conduct a discreet investigation to establish the facts, and your name will be held in confidence.

With that final encouragement, Reg made his decision. He came forward and related his concerns to me. I promised to be discreet. Swore to it, actually, several times, before he finally, reluctantly confided in me. As he laid out the situation, it was clear that while he and Ana both worked on Cuban topics for the DIA, they weren't really co-workers. As a counterintelligence analyst, it was Reg's job to assess the effect that Cuban intelligence operations might have upon U.S. military operations. In the past, for example, Cuban and U.S. interests have crossed paths in Africa, where thousands of Cuban troops once served in Angola, and in Latin America. In the 1980s, Cuba provided military advisors to the Sandinista government of Nicaragua during its struggle against the Contra rebels. At about the same time, there were also rumors of Cuban support to the FLMN (Farabundo Martí Liberation Front) rebels in El Salvador. We can reasonably assume that wherever Cuban military forces may be found, Cuban intelligence officers may operate against U.S. interests. It was Reg's job to gauge the impact of those intelligence operations. Just a precaution.

Ana Montes, on the other hand, was by then the DIA's primary political and military analyst on Cuba, a position she had held since 1992. In other words, while Ana assessed the capability of Cuban military forces to interfere with U.S. military operations, Reg assessed the capability of Cuban intelligence to interfere with U.S. military operations. They performed similar, but not identical, duties. Both worked in the DIA's Defense Intelligence Analysis Center, or DIAC, based in a large, modular building on Bolling Air Force Base, outside Washington, D.C. You might think of it as a huge think tank. It consists of seven floors subdivided into thousands of work cubicles. Ana and Reg worked for entirely different directorates within the DIA management scheme. Ana was in the Directorate for Intelligence Production, generally known as DI, while Reg worked for the security office, which is responsible for both security and counterintelligence issues. Their cubicles were on different floors of the DIAC.

But they did cross paths professionally. Whenever Ana produced a written position paper on a Cuban issue for dissemination to the intelligence community and the Joint Chiefs of Staff (JCS), she circulated a draft of that paper ahead of time to several DIA offices, including the one in which Reg worked. Since Reg was the Cuba expert among the counterintelligence analysts, he routinely reviewed Ana's work before she shipped the product to the rest of the community. In the same way, Ana routinely reviewed Reg's work before it went into a final format for dissemination. The net result was that Reg and Ana were professionally familiar with each other, communicating occasionally on the telephone or via e-mail and sometimes seeing each other at meetings and conferences to discuss issues related to Cuba.

Reg had harbored concerns about Ana for some time. His concerns stemmed not from a single incident or observation but from an accumulation of small incidents and observations that troubled him in the aggregate. This is fairly typical in counterintelligence. Spies are very good at staying hidden—that's their job—and the first sign of an agent's activities is often a small one.

For example, Ana was one of several analysts from the intelligence and academic communities in the Washington area who occasionally met with Cuban faculty members from the University of Havana to discuss academic issues of mutual interest. There was certainly nothing wrong with that. In fact, attendance at such academic forums by analysts from any number of federal agencies was, and still is, a fairly common occurrence in Washington. Reg told me that Ana's attendance at those meetings was not suspicious in and of itself. But it still bothered him.

Reg also observed something else. Ana seemed unusually aggressive in her efforts to gain access to sensitive information, both inside and outside DIA. Now, what he noticed was pretty subtle. This wasn't a case of someone sneaking into a darkened building in the dead of night. She wasn't prying into safes or filching someone else's paperwork. Instead, he was talking about networking, attending meetings and conferences, and aggressively seeking participation in special projects. He told me that Ana had even wangled an invitation to an ad-hoc discussion of counterintelligence issues sponsored by another federal agency. If anyone from DIA should have attended that counterintelligence meeting (since it was an ad-hoc meeting, no one from DIA was actually *expected* to attend the meeting at all), it was Reg. Yet Reg hadn't even known that the meeting was taking place. Ana had essentially invited herself to participate in a discussion of counterintelligence issues that focused on Cuba.

While that may sound fairly minor—and more like office politics than espionage—the fact is that it was exceedingly bad form, at a minimum, for an analyst to cross professional lines that way. Ana's area of responsibility was Cuban political and military affairs, not counterintelligence. She made matters worse by failing to even mention the meeting to Reg, either before or after it occurred. It was almost as though she were hiding the fact of her interest in the meeting, and of her attendance at the meeting, from Reg. That, Reg felt, was suspicious.

So much for small clues and unusual behavior. The biggest part of Reg's report to me was potentially far more eye-opening. It involved a major international incident less than two months earlier—Cuba's decision to shoot down two private U.S. aircraft in international air space on February 24, 1996, killing all four of those aboard.

The planes were flown by members of a private organization called Brothers to the Rescue (BTTR), essentially a Cuban émigré group established to provide assistance to Cuban citizens who risked their lives while attempting to escape the island by sea. Too many unfortunates found themselves adrift, off course, and out of food, water, and fuel, far from the shores of the United States. Left to the elements, unknown numbers died. BTTR decided to lend a hand by patrolling the skies above those troubled waters. Its self-appointed mission was to spot vessels in trouble and then alert the U.S. Coast Guard to provide assistance as needed. Its members were truly Brothers to the Rescue.

But the organization had another function that was not related in any way to at-sea rescue operations. The Cuban government complained repeatedly that BTTR aircraft were violating Cuban airspace and dropping propaganda leaflets over Havana. The organization had a political as well as humanitarian agenda. The Cuban government called on the U.S. government and the state of Florida to curtail the organization's flights, but the flights continued. Finally, the Cuban government threatened to shoot the aircraft from the sky, if necessary, to stop the harassment.

Now, that was quite a threat. The BTTR aircraft were operated by U.S. citizens and others with permanent resident alien status. Shooting down a civilian aircraft is tantamount to murder. The murder of U.S. citizens is not something that a sovereign foreign nation should undertake lightly. And yet that was the course of action that Cuba said it would pursue.

On February 24, two Cuban MiG fighter jets armed with air-to-air missiles shot down two BTTR aircraft operated by three U.S. citizens and one permanent resident alien. The shootdowns occurred in international airspace, over international waters in the Straits of Florida, as the aircraft were headed for home. Cuba was in their rearview mirrors, so to speak. The aircraft had earlier violated Cuban airspace by flying over Havana without permission, but they posed no threat to Cuban security at the time of the shootdown. The bodies of pilots Armando Alejandre Jr., Carlos Costa, Mario de la Peña, and Pablo Morales were never recovered from the sea.

Reg Brown naturally took an intense interest in the story. U.S. forces under the control of the Defense Department's Southern Command (Southcom) began to scramble in response to the shootdown—which was a Cuban military action, after all. It was Reg's job to assess the threat to Southcom forces posed by Cuban intelligence in the region. Reg was fully engaged. And the first thing he noticed was that the United States was losing the war of public opinion. Incredible as it seemed, the United States was being blamed for the shootdown. The Cubans had just murdered four people in cold blood, and yet the heat was suddenly on the U.S. government to explain its failure to prevent the aircraft from taking off from U.S. soil in the first place.

The day after the shootdown, retired U.S. Navy admiral Eugene Carroll stated in a televised interview that he had personally warned members of the U.S. government that Cuba was threatening such a shootdown. The admiral related that he had recently traveled to Cuba, where he met with representatives of the Cuban armed forces. The Cubans had informed him of their frustration with BTTR overflights of the island and asked him what would happen if they shot down BTTR aircraft. Admiral Carroll said that he told them it would be a public relations disaster. Upon his return to the United States, he said, he met with U.S. government officials and warned them a shootdown was bound to occur unless the government did something to curtail the BTTR flights. The officials, he said, told him they had been aware of such threats by Cuba for several months.

And just like that, the Cuban government found itself in a very favorable position in the battle for public opinion. The Cubans weren't viewed as the bad guys, after all; they were the victims. And the deaths of U.S. citizens were attributable to negligence by the government of the United States.

To Reg, the timing of these events seemed awfully convenient for the government of Cuba. Too convenient, perhaps. The Cubans had used their meeting with a former admiral to pass on a message to the U.S. government; he had met with U.S. government representatives on the day before the shootdown, February 23, 1996; the shootdown occurred on February 24; and, the next day, February 25, Admiral Carroll reported Cuba's recent threat in his televised interview. From there, it was an easy step for the world to blame the United States, deciding, in effect, that it was at fault. Reg wondered whether the short interval between the U.S. briefing and the shootdown had been planned ahead of time by Cuban intelligence in what's called an "influence operation"—essentially, a covert attempt to influence public opinion. He began to look into it. What he found, in the middle of that series of events, was Ana Montes.

First of all, he confirmed Admiral Carroll's report. The admiral did meet with representatives from the U.S. government on the day before the shootdown. Ana had arranged that meeting. As he had said on television, the admiral had led a team from his think tank, the Center for Defense Information, on a trip to Cuba in January 1996. Ana contacted him sometime after his return to the United States to request a meeting between the admiral and representatives of various federal agencies so that all could hear about his experience on the island. The admiral agreed, and the meeting took place on February 23.

The fact that it happened immediately before the shootdown was odd, and yet possibly coincidental. The fact is, analysts, academics, think-tank members, diplomats, lobbyists, socialites, and everybody—everybody—in Washington are forever mixing and meeting and discussing everything under the sun. This is Washington, D.C., after all. It is the center of the nation's political universe. Meeting and talking and sharing ideas and experiences is what people do here. (Some might even say the production of hot air is our biggest local industry.)

So it seemed merely odd to Reg, at the time, and suspiciously convenient for the Cubans, perhaps, that Ana had arranged the meeting with Admiral Carroll. But it was not sufficiently suspicious to prompt a report of the matter to me. Not immediately, anyway. Reg cogitated over it for several weeks, put it together with his previous worries, attended that counterintelligence awareness briefing, and then decided to lay it all on the table.

Reg's focus was on Ana's possible role in arranging the timing of events surrounding the shootdown (which, again, was nothing more than speculation and possibility). But he did note one additional item. It seemed a minor thing at the time, but still, it was rather odd. So Reg mentioned it to me—and it's a good thing he did.

Another analyst had told Reg about a strange incident involving Ana's behavior at the Pentagon just after the Brothers to the Rescue shootdown, and Reg passed on the story to me. Given her work as the DIA's military and political analyst of all things Cuban, Ana was, of course, called to the Pentagon after the shootdown to provide intelligence support. She was a key player. She was *the* senior intelligence expert on the Cuban military in the building that day. In fact, she was the senior intelligence expert on the Cuban military in the entire nation.

Now, in our military culture, some things are simply understood. I'm not sure how things work elsewhere, but I do understand how things work in the military. It goes something like this: If the chairman of the JCS or the secretary of defense, or their designated representatives, call you into the office because they deem your presence and participation necessary to the defense of the nation, then you simply go into the office and remain at your post, doing your job, until they consider your presence no longer necessary. That's it. No ifs, ands, or buts. Walking away at such a time just doesn't happen. It would be about as unlikely—and as noticeable—as a surgeon deciding to leave work in the middle of an operation.

Ana Montes understood that as well as anyone on the staff. She'd been employed by DIA for more than ten years when the shootdown occurred, so she was no rookie. At that critical time, the generals and admirals looked to her for answers to their most pressing questions. What had actually happened in the skies near Cuban airspace? They needed the facts, not speculation. What was the Cuban military preparing to do next? What were they *capable* of doing? How were they likely to respond to a variety of responses by the U.S. military to the shootdown? Ana was the woman with the answers.

Yet according to the analyst who talked to Reg, Ana left early. It happened after she received a personal phone call at the Pentagon. After the call, she announced not once, but twice, that she simply had to leave by 8:00 PM. And she did.

Before continuing the story, I should mention yet another unwritten rule at the Pentagon during times of crisis: You don't take personal phone calls. Ana stood within the very nerve center of the United States' military response system that day. She had no time, or she should have had no time, for personal business, however urgent.

Well, there was a serious disconnect here. Serious enough, anyway, for another analyst to have made a mental note of Ana's behavior and to have mentioned it to Reg Brown. The other analyst also said that Ana seemed very agitated by the call she took that day. No one overheard the conversation, but Ana's determination to leave the Pentagon by 8:00 PM was clearly related to it.

Reg Brown's read on the situation was this. If Ana was actually a Cuban agent, as he was beginning to suspect, then she was ideally placed within the Pentagon immediately after the shootdown. She would have known exactly what the U.S. military planned to do in response to the shootdown. But the flip side of the situation was that she was also trapped there, incommunicado, with no means of passing that information on to Cuba.

At the time, the Cubans would have been absolutely desperate for information about U.S. military plans and intentions in the wake of the shootdown. They would have been tearing their hair out to communicate with such a valuably placed agent, to learn whether the U.S. military planned to attack Cuba and, if so, when, where, and how. And so, Reg surmised, the Cubans simply called her at work, right there in the Pentagon, and instructed her to submit a report to them no later than 8:00 PM—which would have accounted for the deadline that Ana gave to her co-workers that day. Reg had quite an imagination.

That was pretty much the extent of Reg's story as he told it to me that day in April. In summary: a curious and possibly suspicious chain of events surrounding the February 24 shootdown of the BTTR aircraft by Cuban MiGs plus Ana's questionable early departure from her duties at the Pentagon after the shootdown in the wake of a personal phone call. That and Reg's gut-level feeling that something about Ana Montes was simply not right.

I had been a counterintelligence investigator at the DIA for almost eight years when Reg approached me with his concerns. I had never heard of Ana Montes prior to that point. She had never gotten into trouble of any kind, and concerns about her had never been raised to the DIA security office. She maintained a very low profile in the agency and appeared to be a model employee. But I found what he told me interesting and worthy of follow-up work.

I sensed that Reg's motives in telling me his story were pure. He had not related his tale in an effort to harm or defame his colleague. Instead, he seemed genuinely concerned about the possibility that she was serving as a Cuban agent of some kind, and he simply wanted someone to test his theory, come what may. The indicators of such service were thin and certainly subject to debate. But I had learned from hard experience that gut instinct has great value. I simply had to follow up Reg Brown's intuition.

Now, I work in the intelligence community. Under the law, I can go only so far in investigating a possible spy for the federal crime of espionage, and I certainly can't arrest one. In the United States, investigating and arresting criminal suspects, including possible spies, is the responsibility of law enforcement, not the intelligence services. In other words, it's the FBI's job. I felt there was enough information in Reg's story to take it to the FBI, and I did so. But I must say that they were not terribly impressed—not at first, anyway. I couldn't blame them. The reality was that there was simply nothing solid in Reg's account upon which they could build an investigation. So I planned to resolve Reg's concerns by interviewing Montes myself when time permitted.

In the meantime, a number of other cases competed for my attention. At the time, I was one of only two DIA employees who specialized in counterintelligence investigations. With a DIA employee population of seven thousand spread out all over the world, and with many of them in direct contact with foreign intelligence officers on a daily basis, I had a lot to keep me busy. In truth, I pretty well put Ana Montes on hold while working other cases.

About six months later, in October 1996, Reg Brown called me once again. The guy would not give up. During the summer of 1996 he had learned that Ana had been selected to represent DIA in a special Cuba-related joint project, along with representatives from other agencies in the intelligence community. Apparently, no one else from DIA had been considered for the project because, according to Reg, Ana had orchestrated the selection process to her advantage.

That bothered him. He knew it wasn't proof of wrongdoing. In fact, he realized that aggressiveness, competitiveness, curiosity, and enthusiasm are positive attributes in the analytical world. Reg realized that he stood on shaky ground by voicing additional concerns about Ana, but his instincts told him that something sinister lay behind her behavior.

After talking with Reg, I agreed to approach the FBI again. This time, although the new evidence was not much stronger, they agreed with me that the time had come for me to set up an interview. I began planning my interview—and my first encounter—with Ana Montes.

2

THE INTERVIEW

MY INTERVIEW WITH ANA MONTES took place on November 7, 1996, soon after Reg Brown contacted me for the second time about his concerns. In preparing for it, I reviewed the standard security file that DIA maintained on her. I noted a concern expressed by a co-worker at the Department of Justice (DOJ), someone who had worked with Ana more than a decade earlier, that Ana had voiced strong disagreement with the U.S. government's policy toward Cuba. I thought it interesting—and unusual for someone in Montes' position. In my line of work, such an anomaly is called a clue. I also noted that Ana had successfully completed a DIA-administered counterintelligence scope polygraph examination in 1994, just two years earlier. Her file was filled with accolades from previous supervisors and co-workers, and she exhibited no indicators of a troubled or disgruntled employee.

I decided to focus my interview of Ana on three issues: her role in arranging the debriefing of a retired U.S. Navy admiral just before the shootdown, the personal phone call she reportedly received while in the Pentagon after the shootdown, and her views regarding the U.S. government's policy toward Cuba. Everything else mentioned by Reg seemed easy to explain.

I called Ana a couple of days in advance to schedule the interview. She mistakenly supposed that I was simply updating her security clearance, a routine procedure that is conducted about every five years for federal government employees with high-level security clearances. I told her that I was not involved in her background investigation but that I had another issue about which I wished to speak with her. It would be just Ana and me, alone in the interview room.

Ana arrived a bit late for the interview, perhaps five minutes past the hour, and she immediately attempted to take control of the situation. She informed me that she had recently been appointed to the position of acting division chief, a job that encompassed many new duties, responsibilities, and demands upon her time. She hoped that our interview was not going to require too much time, because she had so many other things to do. She was very businesslike, polite, and pleasant. Masterfully done. In effect, she put me on notice that her time was valuable and that she wished to spend as little of her time with me as possible.

Well, no kidding.

Some of my friends tell me that I bear a striking resemblance to the late comic Chris Farley, the fat guy who appeared as a regular on the TV show *Saturday Night Live* some years ago. We look alike. Other friends compare me in appearance to the Pillsbury Doughboy for similar reasons. So I get poked in the tummy a lot. The fact of the matter is, I do not look like Louis Freeh or Edgar G. Robinson or James Bond, or any other ruggedly handsome G-man type. That's not me. I'm just a chunky, Joe-average white guy with a pleasantly round face. I'm not at all threatening in my appearance. I'm not intimidating. I seem to be easy.

But the reality is, I'm not a pushover who can be manipulated by chutzpah. Counterintelligence folks are not like that. We are a fairly independent, self-confident, and, generally, smug bunch. We are akin to submarine commanders in that we develop a rather skewed view of the world in the practice of our professions. Submarine commanders perceive only two types of vessels sailing the ocean blue: submarines and targets. In other words, they view themselves as something special—as hunters—while everybody else is just a target for the table. Counterintelligence guys have the same attitude. We're not intimidated or impressed by anyone. We have a mission to accomplish, and we don't care whether the target is a private or a general officer, a rowboat or an aircraft carrier, an analyst or a division chief. Targets are targets. In this particular case, Ana Montes happened to be the target. By attempting to maneuver out of my way, she simply heightened my interest in her. Bad move.

Although her behavior got my attention, that's not to say that I developed a deeper suspicion of her simply because she felt uncomfortable in my presence and wanted to minimize the time she spent with me in an interview. Not at all.

To a certain extent, everyone feels that way about submitting to an interview with a security or counterintelligence investigator. We factor that reaction into our evaluation process.

But her reaction did get me thinking, and the follow-on to it was interesting because it was not what I expected. Investigators deal with people a lot. The interview process is familiar territory for us. We learn to read people—not so much by what they say as by the nonverbal signals they involuntarily emit while under stress. We anticipate that people will react and respond in certain ways to what we say, at least in a general sense. Interpreting those nonverbal signals is not an exact science; it's an art. I must admit that I have no great skill in that particular art form compared to some of my counterintelligence colleagues, but even I can spot the obvious once in a while. Such was the case during the opening round of my interview with Ana Montes.

I'd dealt with this particular situation many, many times in the past. An interviewee enters the room and tries to seize control of an uncomfortable situation—in this case, by announcing that she was busy and short on time. Fine. The required response, on my part, is to regain control of the situation. In many cases, I can do so simply by acknowledging the comment, which makes the person feel more at ease, and then ignoring it. I get busy, I talk, I smile and establish rapport, then I ask some nonthreatening questions—and before you know it, the interviewee is so comfortable that he or she is actually happy to spend the needed time. Hey, I look like Chris Farley, so people should be happy to spend time with me. And that's how it usually works.

Sometimes, if the interviewee seems insistent on cutting the interview short, my response must be more direct and equally insistent. I'll say something like, "Look, I understand that you're very busy. But we have some business to conduct here, and we simply have to spend enough time to complete the interview process properly. Your security clearance is important. So let's just spend enough time to get this interview out of the way. It might take a while." Most people concede the point when I'm reasonable about it.

Ana wouldn't go for that. She was pleasant enough. But she made it clear that she was watching the clock. So I realized that I had to either cancel and reschedule the appointment or serve notice that she would simply have to take time for the interview as originally scheduled. Rescheduling was no option. It would have been tantamount to a concession that her time was more valuable than my own—that her business was more important than my business. Psychologically, she would have established a pecking order in which I was subservient to her. Nope. I couldn't have that. Not under the circumstances, anyway. I did not intend to engage in a debate or negotiation with her. She needed to understand that it was going to be either my way or the highway. So I suggested that she might be a spy.

Although I can't recall my exact words, I said something like this: "Ana, this is not a routine interview, and it has nothing to do with a background investigation. I do not conduct background investigations. I am a counterintelligence specialist here at DIA, and my job is to look for spies within DIA. Now, I've noticed some behavior on your part during the past year or so that suggests you might have been involved in a Cuban intelligence operation—a Cuban intelligence influence operation. And we're going to sit here and talk about that." Boom. Just like that.

It must have been a shock for her. I recall very vividly the stunned look upon her face. I heard not another word about her limited time or her busy schedule. Suddenly, she had all day to spend with me—which was my desired effect, of course. She eyed me like a hawk throughout the rest of the interview. I had more than her full attention. She was focused not only on my words but also my face, alert to every possible nonverbal cue. But I did not see fear or panic in her eyes.

Now, bear in mind that I did not honestly believe, at that time, that she was a spy. On the contrary, I had every reason to believe she was a loyal, true blue, all-American DIA analyst. Her employment references were impeccable. Previous employers absolutely loved her and sang her praises to DIA when she first applied for employment with us. Her performance during eleven years of employment with DIA had been beyond outstanding; she was a distinguished employee, a producer, and an award-winning, nose-to-the-grindstone, get-the-job-done type of person.

In eleven years, Ana had risen from the entry-level job of intelligence research specialist to acting division chief, a position of responsibility that very few employees could ever hope to reach during a twenty-year career. She had no financial problems and lived modestly enough to suggest that money and the things that it could buy were not motivating factors in her life. She'd committed no known security violations during eleven years of service, had been the focus of no security investigations, and appeared for all the world to have conducted her life in a low-key and responsible manner. And, of course, she had successfully completed that polygraph examination just two years earlier—the trump card.

All of those were pretty good indicators that Ana Montes was good to go and I was wasting both my time and hers with an interview that was based on little more than the well-intentioned gut feelings of one person who was not even a co-worker but just a professional colleague in occasional contact with her. I can assure you, from my own experience, that many counterintelligence specialists in federal government service would not have wasted their time on her at all, under the circumstances.

Fortunately, however, I'd been burned in the past, years earlier, when I failed to heed the gut-level feelings of a naval officer who sensed that there was simply something wrong with a fellow officer. Nothing else. Just a strong feeling that the other guy was not quite right. I was younger and less experienced then, so I'd blown it off—much to my embarrassment and dismay some time later, when I learned that that Navy officer's instinct was absolutely right on the money. Well, I'd learned my lesson, and I vowed at that time: never again. And that's why this interview was happening in the first place.

As I look back, though, Ana's response to my charge should have surprised me. I expected the shock, and I expected that she would stop trying to limit our time together. Those were my limited objectives in making my accusation in the first place. In hindsight, I now realize I should have expected to see and hear something else from her as well—disbelief and denial, even exasperation. And yet, she expressed none of that, or not at first. I should have realized that something was missing in her reaction—she was like the dog that didn't bark in a Sherlock Holmes story. But I missed it. I think now that I was so pleased with myself for having accomplished my goal of shocking her into submitting to the interview that I missed the obvious.

Think about it for a minute. If you were an innocent, hard-working, and loyal employee and some schmuck of an investigator who looked like Chris Farley or the Pillsbury Doughboy suddenly, inexplicably suggested that you were, in fact, a foreign agent spying against your country, how would you react? At a minimum, most people would say something like, "What? Excuse me? What did you say? Now just hold on there. You think I did what? I don't believe that I heard you correctly, buddy. You had better not have said what I think you just said. Why are you wasting my time with this? What do you mean by that?"

But she didn't say anything like that. She was simply stunned into silence. And I missed it.

What a klutz. I'd broken a cardinal rule of counterintelligence investigators. First, you must believe that the spy exists—that espionage is actually taking place. Without that baseline belief, you cannot expect to actually find a spy. You'll miss the clues, miss the indicators, and miss the vapor trails in the mist when you happen upon them. You have to be looking for the signs; otherwise, you'll fail to recognize them when you see them. An investigator should take note when the dog fails to bark. But I missed it. Sherlock Holmes, I'm not.

In retrospect, I should have known better than to enter into an interview, searching for answers to specific questions, without first putting my game face on—my skeptical, suspicious, show-me, prove-it-to-me attitude. I'd left it at home that day, apparently. And although I was following up on Reg's concerns, it seems I hadn't really, fully learned my lesson about listening to the gut feelings of others.

But if I missed that clue, I picked up some others. As the interview went on, I asked Ana to make a couple of lists for me. One was a list of people outside DIA she considered to be colleagues or close professional associates. The other was a list of people with whom she most often spent her off-duty time. My objective was twofold. First, I wanted to learn as much about her as possible. Second, I wanted to prepare the groundwork for my later questions about her conduct at the Pentagon after the Brothers to the Rescue shootdown, when Reg had heard that she received a personal phone call and left early.

One of the people on her lists was, it seemed to me, most likely on the other end of the line. By asking her to make the lists, I hoped to jog her memory, so she would be thinking about those people later on, when I asked her about the call. After writing their names on paper, it should have been easier for her to recall the phone conversation. Bear in mind that the shootdown occurred in February; our interview took place in November. Lots of water had flowed over the dam since February, and I expected her memory to be somewhat hazy. The lists would help.

Ana began to compile the lists of contacts. As she did so, she pointedly drew my attention to the name of a professional colleague who, she suspected, might be a Cuban agent. That was interesting. Her seemingly helpful remark suggested a classic attempt to distract an investigator's attention away from herself and onto another person. Guilty people do that a lot. Innocent people simply want to know why you suspect them of anything at all. At most, an innocent person will mention another suspect in passing. But Ana truly wished to incite my interest in the other person, and she offered to fill me in on all kinds of rumors. She was clearly trying to get me off on a tangent.

My alarm bells went off, but I feigned disinterest. I suggested that we might talk about the other person later, if we had extra time. But I wanted to address her issues first. And I made a mental note of her attempt to create a smokescreen.

I would get to my questions about the phone call in a moment, having laid the groundwork with the lists. But Reg's most interesting issue, from an investigative perspective, was Ana's role in arranging for the debriefing of Admiral Carroll to occur on February 23—one day before the shootdown. Ana needed to give me a satisfactory explanation for her role in setting the debriefing, especially the timing. She'd better not attempt another smokescreen.

Her answer to my question was perfect—absolutely perfect, and therefore disarming. It also had the ring of truth to it. The debriefing of the admiral had not been her idea at all. The son of another DIA employee had traveled to Cuba with the admiral in January 1996. He told his father about the trip, and the father, in turn, mentioned the trip to another DIA employee, who happened to know Ana professionally. That employee simply called Ana and alerted her to an opportunity to debrief someone who had recently traveled to Cuba. Debriefings of people like the admiral are quite common, so Ana agreed to do so. She called the admiral, they juggled their respective schedules until they found a date that was mutually convenient—February 23—and that was it. The bottom line was this: The debriefing hadn't been her idea at all. She certainly hadn't received instructions from Havana to interview the admiral.

Her answer took the wind right out of my sails. It so happens that I knew both of the DIA employees in this little tale. I'd worked with them for many years, and I could count on both of them to tell me the truth. If they corroborated Ana's story, then she was off the hook. To say the least, it would have been a stretch to suggest that Ana conspired with the Cubans and with two other DIA employees—both of whom had impeccable security records, including successful polygraph examinations—to debrief Admiral Carroll on a particular day, all as part of a Cuban intelligence influence operation. Nonsense. It appeared that Reg Brown's gut feeling and analytical observations had led me astray.

After the interview, I followed up Ana's story, and as I expected, the two other DIA employees readily corroborated her account. Reg Brown's best issue against her was kaput. It seemed that the debriefing of Admiral Carroll and the nearly immediate shootdown were merely coincidental after all.

Ana had provided satisfactory answers to questions about the admiral's debriefing, and I sensed that the rest of the interview was going to go smoothly. She was about to be absolved of any suspicion that she was working for the Cubans. I turned to the other issues on my agenda. There were just two more: Ana's personal phone call while working in the Pentagon right after the shootdown, which reportedly led to her early departure, and her disagreement with the U.S. policy toward Cuba.

Twenty-plus years of experience in dealing with people told me that she lied when I asked her about the phone call. I couldn't prove it, but I knew it. She claimed, flatly, that there had been no such call, no personal conversations on the telephone throughout that day. Not that she could recall, anyway.

I asked her the time she left the Pentagon that day, and she acknowledged leaving at about 8:00 PM. I asked whether that seemed early under the circumstances and whether others had left or were leaving around that same time. She recalled that she had been in the Pentagon since 6:00 AM and that it had been a long and stressful day, given the pressure under which she had been working as the senior intelligence expert advising the Joint Chiefs during a crisis. By 8:00 things had calmed down and she felt it was okay to leave. She couldn't recall whether anyone else left before then or whether anyone else was leaving at the same time. She denied telling anyone in advance that she had to leave by that time.

I then asked her to describe in detail her movements after leaving the Pentagon, and she provided a wealth of facts about her return home. Nine months had passed, and she remembered all those details. But she didn't remember making or taking a personal phone call, and she didn't remember telling people in advance that she intended to leave by 8:00 PM. We worked our way through her lists of colleagues and personal contacts to see if that changed her mind. Her final answer was no. There had been no such telephone call that day.

Bullshit. Forgive me for the use of questionable language to make my point, but I was the guy sitting in the room with her on November 7, 1996, and I know what I'm talking about. My assessment was that she lied to me.

The employee who said she had witnessed the telephone call and Ana's subsequent agitated behavior, who claimed to have heard Ana announce insistently, twice, her need to depart by 8:00 p.m. had no reason to lie, exaggerate, or fabricate that story. Hers was merely an observation, not an indictment of wrongdoing. She simply related the story to Reg Brown because her gut told her something fishy was happening before her eyes. The story seemed credible to me. It probably happened. Ana could have swept all of my doubts away by telling me who called. But she lied instead.

Looking back, I now understand why. Earlier in the interview, after she explained the role of other DIA employees in arranging the debriefing of Admiral Carroll, I made a point of telling Ana that I would check out her story in order to corroborate it. I told her very clearly that I would talk with the other DIA employees, since I could not simply take her word for it. Well, Ana had no problem with that. She understood my need to confirm the story. More important, she understood that I would go the extra mile to verify that she was telling the truth.

I believe that's why she lied to me about the telephone call in the Pentagon. She knew that I would check it out. If she told me that a person on one of her lists had called, or that anyone else had called, then I would talk to that person. Consequently, she could not simply toss out a name to me. She'd get caught in a lie. Her only option, then, was to deny that such a telephone call took place. And that meant she had to deny the fact that she announced, more than once, to her colleagues in the Pentagon that day that she intended to depart the Pentagon no later than 8:00 PM.

Ana was uncomfortable as she denied the story of the phone call. She was visibly nervous. But why would she lie about such an innocuous thing as a telephone call? Unless, of course, that call had come, incredibly, horrifically, from the Cubans.

Now I was on alert but confused. How was I to reconcile her innocent explanation about the admiral's debriefing, which later checked out as perfectly true, with the apparent lie about the telephone call? What was going on? Was it possible that the telephone call was truly personal—perhaps a lover insisting that she come to bed—and that she simply did not want to reveal something that personal to me? It was entirely possible. I remained open-minded (while reminding myself that she had, after all, successfully completed a polygraph examination just a couple of years earlier) but troubled.

Finally, I asked about her disagreement with the U.S. government's policy toward Cuba. Ana had acknowledged that opinion in two previous security interviews. I wanted to see whether she would provide a consistent answer to the same question.

Once again, she blew me out of the water simply by admitting her disagreement. She thought that the U.S. approach toward Cuba was in error. Like many other like-minded people, she had long believed that the U.S. government's approach toward Cuba was mistaken and counterproductive. She believed that if the United States wished to encourage the growth of democracy in Cuba, there were better ways to go about it than by confronting them, isolating them politically, containing them, blockading them, and preventing the free flow of trade. The policies and practices of the last four decades simply had not worked, and there must be a better way to get what we wanted out of the Cubans. Many people in government and academia also believed that the government's policy toward Cuba was mistaken. Some members of Congress thought so, too. Ana was very articulate and spoke with conviction. This issue was an emotional one for her.

Having said all that, Ana continued, she had learned long ago that some people mistake disagreement for disloyalty, so she no longer engaged in political discussions at the office. She said that she had never advocated the overthrow of the United States and that she had never done anything against the United States. It was true that she disagreed with U.S. policy toward Cuba, she said, but she was not disloyal.

Wow. She was good. Better than that, she was impressive—extremely sharp, quick, businesslike, mature, decisive, assertive, confident, and in control. Her answers to that question and to my other question about the scheduling of the admiral's debriefing were more than satisfactory. I could not make a case against her. As for the only other issue, the phone call and her departure from the Pentagon during the shootdown crisis, I had only my gut feeling that she lied to me. I didn't know why she had done so, but leaving work early was no crime. Now I had just two gut-level feelings to go on, Reg's and my own. She lied to me when the truth would have served just as well. Something was wrong.

As I mentioned earlier, I easily confirmed Ana's story about the debriefing of Admiral Carroll with the two DIA employees she had mentioned. Then I updated Reg on the results of my efforts. I could see that he was disappointed. He was genuinely worried that Ana the Spy, as he saw her, was going to slip away, scot-free.

Reg drew my attention to a flaw in Ana's story about how she scheduled the debriefing of Admiral Carroll. Reg couldn't let her completely off the hook on the issue of the timing, despite the fact that she did not initiate the debriefing idea. I might have dismissed his observation, but I understood that Reg is an analyst. He is trained to integrate little pieces of information into a whole picture that makes sense. As an expert on the Cuban Intelligence Service, he understood far better than I did the nuts and bolts of how that organization actually worked. So I listened to him.

Reg was interested in the delay of about three weeks between the time that Ana called the admiral in early February and the actual date of the debriefing on February 23. He surmised that she would have reported her activities to her Cuban handlers shortly before or after calling Admiral Carroll for an appointment. The delay before the debriefing would have given Havana plenty of time to put an influence operation together.

In Reg's scenario, Ana might not even have known anything about it. The Cubans could have suggested an approximate date, and she might have complied without knowing why the date had been selected. Reg thought that the Cubans might also have suggested that she raise the issue of overflights by Brothers to the Rescue aircraft during the debriefing. Next thing you know, the debriefing occurs, Cuba's reaction to the overflights is discussed, the shootdown takes place the next day, and the following day the admiral describes the advance warning on television. A public relations coup for Havana, and they get away with the murder of four people (three of them U.S. citizens) in international airspace. Perfect. But it was all a great stretch of the imagination and purely speculative.

The only arguments in favor of Reg's theory were these: It made some sense and it fit the facts. The alternative was to accept the very long shot that the timing of the debriefing of Admiral Carroll and the timing of the shootdown were purely coincidental, unrelated events. As a longtime investigator, I doubted that the timing was entirely coincidental. So once again, I stuck with Reg, and with my own growing feeling that something was wrong here.

My supervisors were not terribly impressed with my "case" against Ana. She was an outstanding employee with a spotless security record who had passed our polygraph just two years earlier. On top of that, her story about the debriefing of Admiral Carroll had checked out. I was dead in the water.

The FBI was not overly impressed, either. I provided a verbal back-brief to them and they accepted a copy of my written report, but they were not ready to jump on the Ana Montes bandwagon.

And that was that. There was no evidence to suggest that Ana was a spy—just Reg's intuition and my own belief that she lied to me about some telephone call, the nature of which was a mystery. We couldn't polygraph her based on that alone. And in retrospect, it seems unlikely that a polygraph would have established evidence of her involvement in espionage. After all, she beat our polygraph in 1994; we had no reason in 1996 to believe that another exam would have produced different results.

I closed my case on Ana Montes at the end of November 1996. I didn't forget her, but I couldn't justify the expenditure of additional time and resources to investigate an employee who appeared, on the surface, to be loyal and hardworking.

The results at the time may not have been as positive as Reg would have liked, but his report had planted a seed of doubt in my mind, as it should have. That seed germinated in my mind for nearly four years before finally taking root. It would reveal itself on the surface in a most unusual way.

3

THE MAKING OF A MOLE HUNTER

ALTHOUGH I DIDN'T REALIZE IT AT THE TIME, my interview with Ana Montes was the beginning of a truly major mole hunt, one that might fairly be called historic. In a way, I'd been preparing for it all of my life. I had cut my teeth in the intelligence business twenty-six years before that interview, while serving as an enlisted man in the U.S. Navy. After entering boot camp in San Diego in November 1969, I scored well enough on a foreign language aptitude test that the Navy sent me to study Mandarin Chinese at its language school in Monterey, California. The United States was embroiled in the Vietnam War at the time, and the Navy was naturally concerned about the security of its operations in the Tonkin Gulf, a part of the South China Sea to the east of North Vietnam.

A potential threat to those operations was posed not by the North Vietnamese but by the People's Republic of China, which maintained a large naval presence at the southern tip of Hainan Island in the gulf. The U.S. Navy feared that China might enter the war, so they employed linguists to keep an eye on Chinese naval operations just in case. I spent two and a half years in the Far East doing exactly that.

When I got out of the Navy, I took advantage of the GI Bill to attend college at the University of Washington in Seattle. My bachelor's degree was in East Asian studies, with an emphasis on China. But I had no real direction in my life, so I returned to my roots in Wisconsin after graduation. There I worked for my dad for a while in his machine shop.

I liked working for my dad. His shop was dirty, greasy, and unkempt—a guy's kind of place. I found it very gratifying to work with my hands, creating things of value from raw materials. Besides, it tickled me to think that I was almost certainly the only college-educated Chinese linguist in the metal-fabricating business. But after a year or so, I became restless. So I answered an ad in the paper and took a job as a cop.

I had never aspired to a career in law enforcement, but I liked the work, and I spent the next seven years of my life earning a living as a patrolman in the small Wisconsin town of Edgerton. I discovered I had a knack for working with people, which is what law enforcement is really all about. Just talking to folks, communicating. Occasionally, of course, it also calls for wrestling with a drunk in a bar or with an irate husband or wife during a domestic dispute. But mostly, police work is an exercise in the art of dealing with people under sometimes stressful situations. I found that I could do that and I enjoyed it.

I worked the night shifts for seven years and learned a lot about people from that experience. One thing I learned early on was that some people are simply wired differently than others, and I could never hope to understand them, much less to change them. The experiences in life that shaped their personalities and values were beyond me. I'll revisit that lesson later in the context of the Ana Montes case.

Over time, once again, I became restless. I was thirty-three years old, and while I was happy enough in my job as a cop, I was not satisfied with my accomplishments in life. I went back to work for the Navy in 1984, but this time as a civilian investigator for NIS, the Naval Investigative Service (later called the Naval Criminal Investigative Service, or NCIS). At first, I conducted criminal investigations for the Navy as an NIS special agent in the San Francisco Bay area. Then, in 1985, I switched to my current specialty, counterintelligence, and I've never looked back.

Counterintelligence is a specialized investigative and operational discipline aimed at countering the efforts of foreign intelligence agencies to acquire sensitive information about U.S. plans, capabilities, and intentions. That's a mouthful. But the concept is quite simple. Foreign intelligence officers reside and work in our country and around the world, and their job is to recruit Americans who are willing to provide U.S. secrets, whether for money or some other reason. It's our task in counterintelligence to detect, investigate, and neutralize their efforts.

I enjoyed my first experience in that line of work at NIS' office on Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay. I also met and married my wife Jennifer, who was also an NIS agent, while I was there. Based on my track record in San Francisco, NIS then offered me a tour of duty at its headquarters near Washington, D.C. Jennifer transferred to Washington at the same time.

Some agents might consider a tour of duty in Washington, especially at NIS headquarters, something to avoid. Headquarters seems so far removed from the action, and it's loaded with bureaucracy, oversight, and petty politics. But I felt lucky to work there, because exposure to a broad range of major issues at that level forced me to learn a lot about the business of counterintelligence. Lessons I learned at NIS headquarters came in very handy during the Ana Montes investigation.

In 1988, about a year after the birth of our first child, Jennifer and I were hired by the Defense Intelligence Agency. My job at DIA was to conduct counterintelligence investigations whenever the agency developed so much as a suspicion that one of its employees might be engaged in espionage.

It seems that very few Americans are familiar with DIA. The agency was established on October 1, 1961, about five months after the failed U.S.-backed Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba. The Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) is often blamed for the Bay of Pigs fiasco. I don't know about that. I may work for the Department of Defense (DoD), but I do not claim to possess one scintilla of expertise in the art of war. So I can't pass judgment. (I'll have more to say later, though, about how the Bay of Pigs episode has affected Cuban intelligence priorities ever since.)

But I do know this: Congress had already been debating for several years the need to establish another intelligence agency, separate from the CIA, that would specialize in military intelligence. The individual armed forces already had their own intelligence services, as they do today. But there was no single agency drawing together military intelligence across the board. Policy makers called for an agency that would provide Pentagon decision makers with accurate information about the military capabilities and intentions of potential adversaries. The need was already recognized; at most, the public uproar over the Bay of Pigs served merely as the final catalyst for the creation of DIA.

In a sense, DIA serves as the Pentagon's scout. The agency surveys the lay of the land before the troops go in—long before hostilities break out, if they ever do. DIA analysts piece together potential adversaries' capabilities and intentions out of information that comes into the agency from a variety of sources—human agents, satellite imagery, intercepted foreign communications, and more.

Among other things, DIA seeks to determine an adversary's troop strength and weapons, where its forces are located, and where they are likely to be if hostilities commence. It needs to know how the enemy is likely to fight—strategy and tactics—and to identify its strengths and weaknesses. Far in advance of any actual hostilities, DIA locates, catalogues, and prioritizes every legitimate military target—every tank, plane, and ship; every bridge, power plant, and airport; every ammo dump and manufacturing facility—and puts them on a target list. When and if the day arrives, virtually anywhere in the world, when U.S. forces need to take out those targets, they can do so—quickly, efficiently, and with minimum risk to themselves. That's what DIA does for a living.

DIA also stays on top of political events around the world, and it tracks the movements of foreign military forces as they respond to world events. Wherever U.S. interests are threatened, DIA is prepared, at a moment's notice, to brief senior Defense Department decision makers with hard facts regarding the situation on the ground—including the size, composition, and capability of any foreign adversary with whom U.S. forces are likely to contend. In fact, that's what Ana Montes was doing at the Pentagon after the Brothers to the Rescue shootdown.

In a perfect world, DIA would maintain a complete library of current data on every potential adversary and every potential military target in the world. But resources and opportunities to collect information about foreign military forces are limited. So instead of maintaining a complete picture of our adversaries and their intentions, we are left with a mosaic—not quite a complete picture, but enough of a picture, in most cases, to understand the whole. That's where DIA's analysts come in. They are experts at mosaic reconstruction. Give them a piece of information here and a fragment of information there, and experienced analysts who truly know their stuff can fill the gaps with experience and logic.

About two years after I joined DIA, for example, Iraqi military forces moved up to the Kuwait border in July 1990. A debate quickly ensued among members of the U.S. intelligence community regarding Iraqi leader Saddam Hussein's true intentions. Many argued he was simply staging a show for effect and that Iraqi forces would withdraw in good order after making their point.

One DIA analyst, however—perhaps the only such analyst in the U.S. intelligence community—believed otherwise. He knew with near certainty that Saddam Hussein intended to invade Kuwait because he had studied the minutiae of Iraqi military operations for more than a decade. He knew from experience which preparations Saddam's military juggernaut always made before attacking opposing forces. He saw every one of those attack indicators emerge on the ground along the Kuwait border.

As a result, on the first day of the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait, that DIA analyst became a very popular guy within certain circles in Washington. First, he briefed the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, then the secretary of defense, and finally the president. Just as we did that day, DIA ultimately serves the warfighters, the policy makers, and the decision makers of the executive branch of government. They are our customers—the consumers of our intelligence product.

We are a proud and dedicated bunch at DIA. The agency's success over the years is self-evident to historians and analysts. Congress has been well pleased with our efforts, and the uniformed men and women of our military have been well served by their own intelligence agency. DIA's motto is "Committed to Excellence in Defense of the Nation." But it's more than a slogan. It's a credo.

There are several thousand DIA employees, including our core staff of analysts, at offices throughout the Washington metropolitan area. Other DIA employees are stationed at DIA offices all over the world, including the staffs of defense attaché offices attached to U.S. embassies in more than a hundred countries.

Defense attachés serve as military advisors to their ambassadors and as principal liaison officers to the host country's military forces. They also interpret military-related events in that country. A defense attaché is a bit like a foreign correspondent, except that the defense attaché is usually on the scene first and has the experience in military affairs to more accurately assess and report events.

In 1991, I had my first openly acknowledged success at DIA (we don't talk about everything that we do) when I identified a DIA employee at a U.S. embassy as a spy. His name was Frederick C. Hamilton.

Fred was a civilian employee at DIA's office in Lima, Peru. I'd never characterize him as a big fish in the espionage pond, but to me, the investigation was a great success—not only because I identified him and assisted in obtaining his confession, but because, at the time, my partner and I were virtually the only people on Earth who believed that espionage was even afoot in Lima, Peru.

(I had paired up with another counterintelligence investigator at DIA to work the case.)

We certainly had reason to believe that there was a leak of classified DIA reports from the U.S. embassy in Lima. Somehow, they were reaching the government of a neighboring and sometimes hostile country, Ecuador. But after a review of the situation, a seasoned FBI agent in Washington gave it as his opinion that the leak could be attributed to sloppy security practices at the embassy rather than an embedded spy. He speculated that a cleaning woman or another embassy worker had swept the reports into a bucket or that someone had inadvertently thrown the reports into the trash. Some Ecuadorian intelligence agent, completely unrelated to the embassy, was probably checking through the discarded waste and coming up with the reports that way. I spent the summer of 1991 trying to convince him otherwise.

I argued that the leak had to be deliberate. The specific materials that were reaching the government of Ecuador were of very high value, so the odds favored a leak by someone who knew those materials well. Many Americans on the embassy staff had access to the materials. But by discreetly gathering information and conducting analysis, I narrowed the list of suspects down to Fred Hamilton.

I failed to convince our seasoned FBI agent that my theory was more likely than his own. So my partner and I traveled to Lima to confront Fred with our suspicions. He confessed. We then turned Fred over to the FBI, and Fred was sentenced to serve a few years in federal prison for his trouble.

Despite that difference of opinion, I hasten to add, I've had a great working relationship with the FBI ever since. They are a pleasure to work with. Most of my work is performed with one particular squad at the FBI's Washington field office, but I've had opportunities over the years to work with many FBI agents throughout the country.

4

A SPY AMONG US

BY THE LATE 1990S, THE U.S. INTELLIGENCE community had had reason to believe for a number of years that a Cuban spy might be operating among us, perhaps in the very heart of the nation's capital. No one knew who the spy was or where the spy was employed. But it seemed obvious that a spy of some kind existed within the community.

Indications of a spy's presence were manifest. There was the CIA's persistent difficulty in running Cuban agents. It seemed that every operation was doubled back against the CIA by an incredibly effective Cuban Intelligence Service as agent after agent defeated CIA polygraph examinations. (Polygraph exams, conducted in mutually convenient locations, are common when working with recruited agents overseas.) Technical intelligence operations suffered as well, mysteriously drying up after short periods of exploitation by U.S. intelligence, as though the Cubans had been tipped to our methods.

Signs of the problem went back many years. During the 1980s and early 1990s, Cuba seemed to possess foreknowledge of U.S. military and intelligence operations in El Salvador, Nicaragua, and Panama. Taken together, these anomalous failures in our intelligence efforts begged for an explanation.

Some attributed the failures to the massive Soviet and Cuban (later, Russian and Cuban) signals intelligence collection effort at the Lourdes communication facility in Cuba. The Russians and Cubans were masters at intercepting and exploiting information carelessly divulged during telephone conversations that were either originated by or placed to U.S. officials. For years, analysts and pundits alike cited Cuba's Lourdes installation as an easy explanation for the Cuban intelligence successes against the United States. Still, we couldn't rule out the possibility that one or more human spies worked among us, within the U.S. intelligence community, on behalf of the Cuban Intelligence Service.

For most of us in the intelligence community, Cuba's motives for such a penetration were a given. Earlier, I referred to the April 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion, an effort by the United States to overthrow the fledgling communist regime of Fidel Castro Ruiz. The proxy force of poorly trained and unsupported Cuban refugees was quickly defeated by the Cuban army at the Bay of Pigs. Thus was born, in blood, the modern era of Cuban-American relations.

There followed a series of covert attempts against the life of the Cuban leader that confirmed his belief that the United States would remain forever his mortal enemy. In October 1962, Castro and his ally, the Soviet Union, moved to level the playing field against the superpower to his north. With Castro's cooperation, the Soviets introduced nuclear missiles to the island in an effort to deter future U.S. attacks. The gambit worked. The missiles were removed, but only after tense negotiations produced an agreement that included a promise by the United States to never again invade the island of Cuba. Castro won.

Castro made clear in the decades that followed, however, that he did not believe the United States would hold to that promise. Right into the twenty-first century, he believed that the United States would one day again invade Cuba. Cuba's entire military strategy, its defense of the homeland, was grounded in that basic tenet. An entire generation of Cubans born in the four decades since the Bay of Pigs fiasco continued to believe that an invasion by U.S.-supported ground forces would one day occur again.

Castro also drew a more specific lesson from the Bay of Pigs operation. At first, the U.S.-backed invasion had some short-lived success in its attempt to overwhelm Cuban military forces and end communist rule of the island. The Cuban defenders were taken by surprise and unprepared to handle the initial assault. The invasion force originally drove Cuban defenders inland, as planned. Ultimately, of course, the weight of Cuban reinforcements and their determined counterattacks saved the Castro regime during three hectic days of fighting.

Castro vowed never again to allow the United States to catch him off guard with an attack. In the years that followed, he tried to eliminate the element of surprise by gathering information about U.S. plans, intentions, and capabilities. He needed intelligence. So he recruited spies.

Spies are relatively easy to recruit and to plant where needed. Anti-Castro Cuban émigré groups based in the Miami-Dade area of Florida were a prime target. In September 1998, the FBI's Miami field office arrested several of these spies and their handlers, collectively known as the Wasp network, in a roundup that effectively neutralized the Cuban effort against those groups. It made perfect sense that the U.S. government itself was also a Cuban intelligence target.

One tool used by counterintelligence investigators in their efforts to identify a possible Cuban agent was the development of a straw man. A straw man may be nothing more than a list of general characteristics—in this case, describing the type of individual who would most likely spy for Cuba. Such a straw man served as a template against which investigators might measure potential suspects to gauge the likelihood that a particular suspect was a Cuban agent.

A number of attributes are considered in developing a straw man. At the top of the list is an agent's gender. We had no hard information about gender, but it seemed likely to analysts that most Cuban spies were male. That deduction was based in part on the simple fact that the vast majority of Americans convicted of espionage during the modern era, about 93 percent of them, have been men. Of course, the possibility that an American spying for Cuba or for any other country might be a woman can never be entirely discounted, but the odds clearly favor males over females; 93 percent is a figure that cannot be ignored.

Next on the list of data points for a straw man is employment. Again, no solid information was available from which to work, but analysis of Cuban-related intelligence anomalies over the years suggested that a Cuban spy might be employed generally within the federal government and possibly within the U.S. intelligence community itself. The intelligence community includes a large number of agencies; given the integrated nature of the intelligence community today, a spy might find employment in any one of the agencies to gain access to virtually the same information. The spy could be anywhere.

It seemed likely, though, that a Cuban spy would be employed as a specialist in Latin American affairs. That was not necessarily the case, of course, but again the odds weighed in favor of a spy positioned to provide Castro the information he most urgently required: information about U.S. plans and intentions toward Cuba. No one could seriously discount the possibility that a Cuban spy might specialize in some other geographic region or in a particular discipline like counternarcotics, chemical and biological warfare, or counterterrorism. But it seemed a fair bet to some analysts, for the purpose of constructing a straw man, that Cuba preferred to recruit Latin America specialists.

That's about it. The Cuban spy among us, then, might be a man, might be employed within the intelligence community, and might be a Latin America specialist. Maybe. For that matter, there might be more than one of them. Unfortunately, this basic straw man was far too generic to be of practical use to a mole hunter. More specific information was needed to support our efforts. But such information was not easily obtained.

When investigators do obtain a few tidbits of information about a particular spy who is active among us, we too often hoard that information for security purposes rather than share it with our counterintelligence colleagues. That is a mistake.

And that is precisely what happened in the case of Ana Montes. A tidbit of information that might help identify a Cuban spy surfaced within the counterintelligence community. The tidbit was jealously guarded by investigators, both to ensure the security of its source and to prevent the spy from learning about their investigative efforts. I was not initially made privy to the information, and I had absolutely no idea that anyone was actively looking for a particular Cuban spy—until someone on the "inside" of the case violated security by leaking word about the investigation to one of my colleagues at DIA.

5

LEAKS AND MORE LEAKS

IN SEPTEMBER 2000, AN ACQUAINTANCE of mine at DIA, Chris Simmons, developed a tidbit of information about an ongoing effort by the FBI to identify a particular agent spying for Cuba. Like Reg Brown, Chris was a DIA counterintelligence analyst. He shared the tidbit with me and my partner, Karl James. Or as we all know him, Gator.

Gator is a retired special agent of the U.S. Air Force's Office of Special Investigations, an investigative arm of the Air Force that works both criminal and counterintelligence issues. He is a native of Louisiana, where his father worked as a game warden, and Gator grew up on the edge of a bayou. Gator claims that he never had a dog or any other pet while growing up, but he'd leave dinner leftovers near a hollow log by the water outside his house to feed the alligators every day. His nickname around the office has been Gator ever since he first told that story, and I wouldn't feel comfortable calling him by any other name.

Gator and I were a team: a Yankee from Wisconsin and a Rebel from Louisiana. As the DIA's only counterintelligence investigators at that time, the two of us constituted a counterintelligence cell within DIA's Security Investigations and Polygraph Branch. When we considered the tidbit of information that Chris Simmons had shared, we agreed from the outset that the odds were stacked against us, but it wasn't hopeless. I cannot reveal the particular information with which we had to work, but I can say that it was pretty generic stuff. Nothing special.

Fortunately, Gator and I were engaged in nothing more interesting than routine paperwork at the time Chris called. With nothing much better to do at that particular moment, we just naturally jumped at the chance to have some fun by trying to "identify a spy." For now, remember, it was all informal, back-channel communication—certainly not an official investigation.

We brainstormed a bit first. In our business, it's better to frame the problem and develop a logical approach to solving it than to simply jump in and thrash about. Counterintelligence investigators tend to be very thorough and methodical in the way that they go about their business. It seemed likely, then, that investigators who were working the case had already tracked down virtually every investigative lead that Gator and I might develop in our brainstorming session—and they certainly had a head start on us. But Gator and I decided to give the investigation a shot anyway. We loved the challenge, and the opportunity to succeed where others had failed was simply too much to resist.

So we set everything else aside to focus for a short while on someone else's Unknown Subject (UNSUB) case. For us, it was a diversion from the mundane work that presently occupied our time. It was a challenge, a lark. We were just looking to have some fun, and we had little realistic hope of success.

Fifteen minutes later, I identified Ana Montes as the UNSUB. That's all the time it took.

In the counterintelligence business, we know an awful lot about the private lives of our employees. Such is the nature of employment within the intelligence community: Employees surrender or waive many of their rights to privacy to qualify for security clearances. Gator and I are therefore privy to a wealth of information about DIA employees as part of our professional work. We know everything about their backgrounds, their families, their friends, their education, and their earlier employment. We know their habits, their hobbies, their addictions, and their fears. We know their doctors, their lawyers, and their various maladies and afflictions. We are intimately familiar with their finances, their clubs, their memberships in organizations, and virtually everything that anyone would ever care to know about anyone else. All of that information, and much more, is available to us at the click of a mouse.

Gator and I also have access to a broad range of DoD information. That data happens to be information to which other agencies, particularly non-DoD agencies, do not have access. We routinely tap into that data from our desktops during the course of the workday to mine it for information that might help us in our jobs.

In this case, we understood instinctively what we had to do, and we simply went to it. With the understanding that our sister agency had probably already run queries on databases and records that we shared or otherwise had in common, we decided to focus our efforts on those databases to which we had unique access. Gator worked on his desktop system and I worked on mine. We queried various databases for matches to the otherwise insignificant tidbit of information that we'd received about the mysterious spy operating somewhere in the intelligence community.

The system produced more than a hundred files for my review. I clicked through them quickly, looking for anything that might intuitively jump out at me and grab my attention. The odds were against that happening, of course, but I was in a race with Gator and I wanted to grab that golden ring before he had a chance to do so.

The routine that I normally follow in conducting such reviews is to perform a quick, cursory scan of the files once and then return to the beginning of my search to review each file slowly, in detail, for content. I was looking first for names I might recognize and then for any comments that might be documented in association with the names. The reference to Ana Montes was perhaps the twentieth such file in the queue.

When her name popped onto the screen, I froze, stunned. Until that moment, honestly, the thought of Ana had not even entered my mind. I was simply too engaged in figuring out how best to query the system to have reflected on my own past experience with Cuban issues. It had been four years, after all, since I had talked to Ana, and a lot had happened since then. I had worked many investigations during the intervening four years and I had traveled to perhaps a dozen or more countries. For all intents and purposes, I'd forgotten about her. The appearance of her name on the screen was totally unexpected. But when I saw it, I realized immediately that I'd found the UNSUB. My jaw just hit the floor. I believe my exact words, at that moment, were, "Oh, shit."

I said it twice. This wasn't fun anymore. The thousand-to-one shot had suddenly come home. This was serious, and a sense of dread washed through me as I stared at the screen. The sound of my voice drew Gator's attention, and he wondered what had happened. Then it occurred to me that I was the only person on Earth who knew that Ana Belen Montes was almost certainly a spy—a major spy—and that, should I suddenly die from heart failure or something, no one on Earth might ever find that out. After all, there were more than a hundred names in the list I'd pulled up. I turned to Gator and drilled him with a rapid-fire recitation of my earlier experience with Ana. He could hardly believe it.

My quick briefing of Gator lasted several minutes. After that, I shifted into another gear. It was time to get down to business. My first thought was to alert the FBI. But I set that action aside to accomplish something that seemed, to my mind, of greater urgency: I had to stop Chris from spreading the word about this case. By sharing the information with me, he had almost certainly led to a major breakthrough, but now that we had a suspect in mind, I didn't want her to hear a word of it.

Chris didn't know that I had identified Ana as a possible suspect, of course, and I refrained from informing him of that fact during our conversation. My rationale was simple. I assumed that Chris was acquainted with Ana professionally, and I didn't know how he might react to the news that she was a suspect. Moreover, I couldn't control his reaction. Chris' office was in the DIAC at Bolling Air Force Base in Maryland, and I was in the Clarendon section of Arlington, Virginia—more than ten miles away. Instead, I simply informed him that I'd identified a possible suspect and that it was imperative to put a lid on the case before the suspect heard that our DIA security office was even looking for an UNSUB. Chris' response was not encouraging. The word on the investigation was already out.

I was amazed by the speed with which word had spread about the case. From Chris, the information had gone to one of his co-workers, and from there to that person's supervisor. From the supervisor, word spread to other colleagues within DIA, all of whom, fortunately, were security or counterintelligence specialists. Within half an hour of Chris' return to his office after he learned the information, employees in all three major office buildings occupied by DIA in the Washington area had learned that an investigation was underway to find a spy in Washington matching Chris' tidbit of information.

This was a problem. Ana was very well connected within DIA. She had been around the agency for about fifteen years, and she knew a lot of people in each of our buildings. She had established excellent networks within the agency, and it would be natural—even expected—for someone to share the gossip about a local espionage investigation that involved Cuba with our senior Cuba analyst. If that were to happen, our prospects of catching Ana in the act of committing espionage would be reduced to nothing. We would be lucky to catch her before she reached the airport en route to Havana.

Even though he didn't know the identity of our suspect, Chris understood the problem. From our conversation, I drew up a short list of the DIA offices whose employees were now aware of the basic fact that the security office was searching for an UNSUB and then ran down the stairs to the fourth floor to see Drew Winneberger, the chief of security at DIA.

Drew is the man who had hired me to work at DIA twelve years earlier, and over the years I had established some credibility with the man. He listened as I quickly briefed him on the problem at hand. Without hesitation, he issued a cease-and-desist order via e-mail to the offices in question and thereby put a stop to the leak. Both of us then followed up the order with secure telephone calls to the supervisors of those offices. Those actions were not a certain remedy, given the limits of human nature, but they were as much as we could accomplish on short notice. We were assured, at least, that no one had attached the name of Ana Montes to the news of the UNSUB investigation. For now, that information was closely retained within the confines of my office. We could only hope that the novelty of knowing something about an ongoing espionage investigation would die a natural death among those who had heard of it before it reached Ana's ears.

6

THANKS, BUT NO THANKS

IT WAS TIME TO NOTIFY THE FBI about the UNSUB. Immediately after returning from Drew Winneberger's office to my own cubicle, I placed a call to FBI headquarters. The supervisory special agent who answered my call seemed genuinely interested in my claim to have identified a possible espionage suspect, but equally concerned that so many people had become aware of the ongoing investigation.

Compromising the integrity of a national security investigation is a serious matter. In addition, although Ana Montes was not officially under investigation by anyone yet, the potential compromise of a case before it even got off the ground required immediate attention. I related every detail that I could recall about the leak and Drew Winneberger's immediate action to put a halt to the information flow. Only after giving assurances that we had the matter under control was I able to focus on the fact that I had identified a possible suspect in the UNSUB investigation. The FBI agreed to meet with Gator and me downtown the next day.

I've worked directly with FBI agents on a variety of issues over a career that now spans many years. I know quite a few of them, and they know me. But most of the agents with whom I work are field agents, agents assigned to the FBI's Washington, D.C., field office who work cases on the streets, as I do. My experience in working with the FBI extended to very few agents at FBI headquarters. So not surprisingly, most of the agents with whom Gator and I met the next day were strangers to us, and we to them.

Had we met on neutral ground to discuss an issue of little or no consequence, our being strangers might not have mattered. But that was not the case. Gator and I were meeting with some of the FBI's leading experts on Cuba to discuss the rather incredible notion that two total strangers from a rather obscure intelligence agency, who possessed no particular expertise in Cuban matters themselves, might have identified almost by accident a major spy operating within the very heart of the U.S. intelligence community. When it came to Cuba, Gator and I were amateurs. FBI agents were the pros.

We had a steep credibility hill to climb in the FBI's office that day. To make matters worse, we carried with us the stigma of having been recipients of a leak of national security information about an espionage investigation in which the FBI naturally had some interest. That was a bad thing. I realized shortly after our arrival that we had some explaining to do.

My first priority was to address the leak and to assure them that it was under control. I gave those present a verbal briefing on the initial leak to Chris Simmons, without identifying his source, and then provided a list of DIA employees who had subsequently learned about the investigation. I assured them that a cease-and-desist order had been issued, and I expressed my hope and belief that DIA employees on the list would move beyond the topic of the investigation during the next few days as they pursued their own work. (That is, in fact, what happened. The leak turned out to be a brief blip on their radar screens that faded with the passage of time.)

Despite the awkwardness of that topic, I was relieved to see we were still operating on a friendly basis. Now I really wanted to get beyond the question of the leak to discuss our discovery of Ana Montes.

I had brought to the meeting a folder filled with information about Ana—her employment history, application forms, background investigation reports, and a report that documented my November 1996 interview with her (which, of course, I had also coordinated with the FBI at that time). I was eager to share what we knew.

I launched into my briefing with great enthusiasm. I must have prattled on for about ten minutes when Steve McCoy, a senior and very experienced agent assigned to the Washington field office of the FBI, politely interrupted my discourse. Steve wasn't one of the agents I knew from the field office, since he wasn't on the squad I worked with most frequently. Until that point in the meeting, he hadn't said a word; he'd listened. But he made up for his earlier silence during the next couple of minutes with several good points that seemed to rebut my case. In the end, even I had to admit that Ana seemed an unlikely candidate for espionage.

Elements of my own briefing came back to haunt me. For example, the fact that Ana appeared to be a model employee only served to weaken the basis for suspicion against her. She was a stellar performer at work who earned numerous awards and early promotion. She exhibited none of the standard espionage indicators—none of the behaviors normally associated with espionage. She had committed no known security violations and had apparently complied with DIA security regulations that required her to report foreign contacts and foreign travel. The bottom line was this: She was not a problem employee.

Also, of course, she was a woman. As I mentioned earlier, 93 percent of Americans prosecuted for espionage in the United States in the modern era (since 1950) have been men. To put it the other way, only 7 percent have been women. In addition, those American women who do engage in espionage typically have done so with male partners. They don't act alone. Among those convicted for espionage, the only exception to that rule in the modern era was a U.S. Army civilian employee in West Germany named Svetlana Tumanova. Her involuntary cooperation with the KGB during the late 1970s and the 1980s was enforced by threats against the welfare of her family in the Soviet Union. Our suspicion, then, that Ana Montes had willingly engaged in a lonely war of espionage against the United States ran completely counter to the weight of U.S. counterintelligence history.

There was even the issue of ethnic background. Historically, Latinos had comprised only 5 percent of Americans prosecuted for espionage during the modern era. Of the women prosecuted for espionage or related offenses, only three were Latinas: Aldrich Ames' wife, Maria del Rosario Ames, and two members of the Cuban Wasp network, Linda Hernandez and Amarylis Santos, both of whom belonged to the network with their husbands. Ana was of Puerto Rican ancestry. Statistically, we could almost rule her out as a suspect based on ethnic background alone.

Additional demographic attributes argued against our suspicions of Ana as well. There was the issue of education, for example. Of all the people prosecuted for espionage in the United States since 1950, less than 14 percent held advanced degrees. Yet Ana had earned a master's degree from the prestigious School of Advanced International Studies at Johns Hopkins University. There was also the matter of her security clearance. Only 15 percent of Americans prosecuted for espionage during the modern era held the highest level of security clearance when they began spying. That level is Top Secret clearance with authorized access to sensitive compartmented information, or TS/SCI for short. That meant she had been screened, vetted, investigated, and judged by competent federal authorities to be a responsible U.S. citizen worthy of the government's trust. Ana not only had held such a security clearance for years, even before coming to DIA, but also routinely accessed a great deal of sensitive compartmented information throughout her normal workday.

In my briefing, I'd also mentioned the best argument of all in Ana's favor. She had successfully completed DIA's counterintelligence scope polygraph examination in March 1994, seemingly with flying colors. It was hard to argue with that. Besides, as Steve went on to tell us, lots of federal workers, contractors, and others in or near the U.S. intelligence community matched favorably against the tidbit of information I had used as the basis for my computer query. Ana Montes' name had appeared on my screen, to be sure, but Ana was certainly not the only match. She appeared to be nothing special.

The meeting was over, and Ana Montes was neither in nor out as a suspect. Steve accepted my folder of materials about her and promised to review it and get back to me. With that, Gator and I were essentially dismissed. Have a nice day.

7

GETTING ON TRACK

I WAS SOMEWHAT DISHEARTENED by the FBI's initial reaction to my suspicions about Ana Montes, though I really should have anticipated their response. They were professionals, after all, who were trained to review information objectively and to reach conclusions after conducting a dispassionate analysis of relevant facts. Intuition plays a role, but a relatively minor role, in such deliberations. In this case, I had posited for their consideration a theory of Ana's involvement in espionage that was based on very few articulable facts. My strongest argument to date, frankly, was a gut-level intuition that I was right. I needed more facts.

Ordinarily, I might have been satisfied to sit back, give Steve McCoy plenty of time to review the information about Ana that I had provided, and await his Eureka! moment. But alarm bells were ringing in my head. If I was correct in my assessment, Ana had already been spying for the Cubans for many years. The damage to national security from an analyst with such top-level access—and a strong professional influence on U.S. policy—had to be enormous. Any delay in neutralizing her activity would result in additional damage, and we couldn't sit by while that occurred. We needed some action.

Unfortunately, facts were hard to come by. Chris Simmons informed me that the person who initially told him about the investigation—a person he and I referred to as Big Mouth to avoid using her name—held additional tidbits of information about the UNSUB spy. She was hesitant to share that information with DIA, however, owing to its sensitivity. She also faced the threat of administrative sanctions if she provided additional information to us.

That information was gold to us. If it matched favorably against what we knew about Ana Montes, it would strongly support our argument that Ana was indeed the spy. I needed that information. To date, I hadn't pushed the issue with Big Mouth. In my overly optimistic frame of mind, I had assumed that the FBI would jump all over my discovery of Ana, immediately open an investigation, and quickly gather the evidence required to support her arrest. I was wrong.

In theory, I could have asked Steve to provide additional information about the UNSUB, but he seemed so upset about the initial leak of information to DIA that, in my view, he wasn't about to volunteer more. I understood his concern. Leaks can compromise investigations, and from his point of view, one leak was more than enough. Big Mouth simply had to come through for us. My immediate priority was to obtain just one more tidbit of information about the unidentified spy from her. We would have to be very persuasive to overcome her natural reluctance to risk the ire of the FBI on our behalf.

I spent the following week clearing my desk of other cases. I also asked Gator to begin the process of gathering additional records concerning Ana's assignments at DIA. I wanted them ready for review by the FBI as soon as they needed them. Gator, of course, had no personal history with Ana. Given our initial reception by the FBI on that issue, he had developed some doubt that she was identifiable with the UNSUB. But my gut-level impressions from the 1996 interview fit together too well with what I had learned already. I just knew that I was right. Frankly, I wasn't going to take no for an answer.

Chris Simmons contacted Big Mouth and persuaded her to reveal a bit more about the UNSUB. She was encouraged by our initial success in identifying someone at DIA as a possible match for the UNSUB, and she offered to provide just one additional bit of information to us—not everything. If that information, too, matched favorably against our unnamed suspect, then she might consider releasing even more information at a later date.

With that additional tidbit in hand, I began to research Ana's life. By the end of the week, I had developed enough additional favorable matches against the UNSUB to convince even Gator that I had the right person. I was traveling a hundred miles an hour in my head, anticipating the tasks that we would have to accomplish during the FBI's investigation. But I hadn't yet received feedback from the FBI's senior agent about my package of Ana Montes material.

Exactly one week after our initial meeting, I called Steve for a progress report. He hadn't completed his review of my materials but he hoped to do so soon. Again, I was disappointed. Still, I hadn't lost heart. I knew that virtually every tidbit of information provided by Big Mouth to date could be matched against information documented in the pile of materials on Steve's desk. All he had to do to find them was to read the material. Eureka! was close at hand.

Another week (six days, actually) went by with no word from Steve. By that time, I was beginning to worry that he'd blown me off entirely, and my frustration was building. I'd found two more points in which Ana appeared to match the UNSUB. My desk was clear of other work. I was ready to rock and roll. Where was Steve?

Unable to wait any longer, I took a trip downtown to his office. I was tired of dealing with him over the phone, and I hoped that a personal visit would nudge him in the right direction. Upon arrival, I called Steve and offered to come up to his office for a short meeting. He concurred, and I hurried to the elevator with high expectations. My heart sank as I approached his desk and observed my folder. The cover had been folded back, but nothing inside seemed to have been disturbed. It appeared that he had opened my file only after I called from downstairs.

I was mistaken. In fact, Steve had reviewed my file in its entirety and had initiated an investigative effort that could prove decisive in resolving the question of whether or not Ana Montes was the UNSUB. As Steve explained, it would just take a little time. I'd have to be patient.

The meeting was very short. I refrained from mentioning the fact that I'd received additional information from Big Mouth and that I'd already matched that information to Ana Montes. I was more convinced than ever that she was identifiable with the UNSUB, and I had additional facts to support that theory. But I didn't want to upset Steve with the fact that Big Mouth had leaked additional information to DIA. I understood intuitively that I could not force my conclusion on him or any other agent. He would have to reach his own conclusion at his own pace. The fact that I was already convinced of Ana's involvement in espionage carried very little weight.

My experience with the FBI a decade earlier, when I spent months trying to convince an agent that Fred Hamilton was a spy, had taught me a very valuable lesson. Hounding an FBI agent (in fact, hounding anyone) in situations like this can be counterproductive. Pressure only causes some individuals to dig their heels in deeper against you. It was better to spoon-feed pieces of information to Steve and to let that little light bulb over his head turn itself on. He'd have to reach his own conclusion.

The following week, I began the process of sharing my case with Steve in small pieces. I did it by fax. Two or three times that week, I faxed little memos to Steve in an effort to nudge him in the right direction. "Take a look at this" and "Take a look at that." But I had to be careful. I didn't want to alienate the guy. And it seemed that he just barely tolerated my interest in the case as it was.

The game I played with Steve at that stage of the investigation of Ana Montes was both uncomfortable and frustrating. But I saw little recourse. The FBI makes its own decisions on whether to open an investigation. They are the big dog on the block, and the rest of the intelligence community depends for its security on the ability of the FBI to make the right decisions. If the FBI declined to open an investigation, DIA did have the option of investigating Ana's activities itself, as my partner and I had done with Fred Hamilton. That's not the preferred option, though. DIA has limited authority and resources to conduct such an investigation. We can't do a proper job of it alone. We need the special authorities, the manpower, the expertise, and the other resources that only the FBI can bring to bear.

In short, the prospects for a satisfactory resolution of the issue against Ana Montes, in the absence of FBI participation, would have dropped to near zero. I couldn't let that happen. I simply had to persuade Steve that Ana was the UNSUB.

I spent two weeks faxing materials to Steve, building my case, and hoping that he would have that Eureka! moment. At the end of that time, I ran out of ammunition. My research produced a match of virtually every data point from the UNSUB to Ana Montes. The facts seemed clear: Ana was the one. She was the UNSUB.

On October 12, 2000, I called Steve again for a status report. He had received my faxes and reviewed my material, but he had not opened an investigation on Ana. Nearly a month had passed since I first brought Ana to the attention of FBI headquarters. I'd been patient as I played my silly little game of spoon-feeding hints to Steve, but now I was out of additional information, out of arguments, and I'd failed to achieve my goal of persuading the FBI to open an investigation. There was only one more thing I could do. I told Steve that I wanted to meet with his squad leader to discuss the issue.

The very last thing anyone wants to do, in a situation like this, is to seek redress from an agent's supervisor. It's like saying, "Hey, I can't deal with you. You must be a dolt, or something. I need to speak with someone who is intelligent, who can understand English, and who can make a rational decision." To go above an FBI agent's head like that is insulting. It is offensive. And it was potentially damaging, professionally, for both Steve and myself. I truly hated doing it, but there appeared to be no logical recourse. Ana Montes was a spy, in my estimation, and I simply had to push the issue.

Gator and I prepared for the meeting with the squad leader. We anticipated the arguments that Steve might present against our theory that Ana was identifiable with the UNSUB, and we discussed the strengths and weaknesses of those arguments. Then I typed up a summary of my findings to date. I produced matching lists, with the UNSUB data points listed on the left-hand side of the paper and the matching data about Ana on the right-hand side of the paper. Tidbit for tidbit, the match seemed obvious. This was going to be a make-or-break meeting. I simply had to convince Steve's supervisor that I was right.

The moment we were introduced, I sensed victory in the air. I could taste it. Steve's supervisor, Diane, was possibly the nicest, most gracious FBI agent I'd ever met. She was personable, perfectly reasonable, and very open. Diane was a person with whom I could do business. I felt confident.

The meeting proceeded pretty much as Gator and I had anticipated, but in a far less confrontational manner than we had feared. It involved a rational and dispassionate exchange of information and views, and it seemed that Gator and I had anticipated virtually everything that Steve tossed onto the table for discussion—except for one item. Unfortunately for Gator and me, that one piece of information appeared to knock Ana Montes right out of consideration as a match against the UNSUB.

The new information took Gator and me by surprise, and we were not prepared to address it at that time. We needed to digest it and cogitate over it. But our case against Ana was clearly in trouble at that point. I could have engaged Steve in a long, drawn-out conversation about the new information, but I decided to keep my mouth shut, simply asking a couple of questions for clarification. The purpose of the meeting, after all, was not to brainstorm with peers in front of Diane, but to persuade her that my findings warranted an investigation.

After the meeting, I was actually much more intrigued than concerned about Steve's new information. I remained firm in my belief that Ana was the UNSUB, and his information didn't shake that belief one whit. But Steve had tossed a new variable into the equation that required an explanation. It was as though he had asked, “If Ana’s the UNSUB, then how do you explain this?” I just had to think about it for a while.

At the time of the meeting, however, I was concerned about the effect that Steve’s new information had on Diane. If she found it persuasive, then I had a problem. It was my turn. I explained to her that I had matched a wealth of information known or suspected about the UNSUB against the corresponding information that was known about Ana. They were a good match. In a form of reverse logic, I argued that, if Ana Belen Montes wasn’t the UNSUB, then we must believe that two persons existed in the world who exhibited precisely the same characteristics and same attributes. That likelihood seemed so small that she must be the UNSUB. I then went over each data point in turn, making observations as I went along.

I thought my presentation was persuasive. It seemed logical, even compelling. But in the end, I lost. More facts were required before the FBI could justify an investigation of Ana Montes. That was that. Our meeting with Steve and Diane occurred on Friday, the thirteenth of October—not my lucky day.

As we prepared to leave the office, Steve asked for a copy of the material I’d brought along to the meeting—my lists matching the UNSUB data points against information that we knew about Ana. His request was both interesting and encouraging. It occurred to me that perhaps my presentation had made an impression upon him after all.

Gator and I huddled after we returned to the office. Steve’s new information bothered us greatly. Ana was the UNSUB, of that we were certain. But we had to find an explanation for the information. Something was wrong.

You may wonder why we would second-guess the FBI’s better judgment on this matter. The FBI is, after all, the FBI. They are the experts. They know best. If in their judgment a DIA employee is not a good espionage suspect, then logically, we should have received their judgment as good news and rejoiced over it rather than continuing to argue the issue with them. A reasonable response might have been to drop the matter entirely, with a sense of relief, and move on to other work.

The answer comes down to gut instinct—intuition. Gator and I had the advantage of twenty-plus years each of successful experience in the counterintelligence field, combined with an intimate knowledge of DIA and an insider’s understanding of the culture, environment, and internal workings of the U.S. intelligence community. I also had the memory of my 1996 interview with Ana

Montes, during which, I was convinced, she had lied to me. Together, we simply knew that Ana fit the attributes of the UNSUB Cuban agent.

The woman was going to be investigated, either by us—DIA security—or by a joint unit of FBI and DIA investigators. Gator and I continued to press the issue because we believed so strongly that we were correct. If our efforts to persuade the FBI of the validity of our viewpoint had failed to date, it must be a reflection of our own failure, not theirs. We had to keep working at it.

I think it was Gator who discovered our mistake. And I emphasize that it was *our* mistake, not that of the FBI.

Steve's new information was based on an analysis of raw data that I had faxed to him a couple of weeks earlier. In reviewing that data after our meeting with Steve and Diane, Gator realized that we had failed to verify it. We had simply dumped the data from one of our systems onto a spreadsheet, assumed that it was accurate, and faxed it to Steve.

Well, there is an old saying you may be familiar with. Never assume anything, because it will make an "ass" out of "u" and "me." We had acted like rookies. In our rush to shovel information to Steve, we had failed to verify the accuracy of data on the spreadsheet. And sure enough, some of the data was inaccurate. We confirmed it three ways from Sunday, and then I called Steve to tell him the news. He wasn't in, so I faxed copies of our data to his office, along with an explanatory note, and hoped for the best.

I came into work the next day, Saturday, October 14, to prepare a memo for Steve that essentially summarized the basis for our suspicion that Ana was identifiable with the UNSUB. The memo ran to eight pages, and I worried about it all day. I barely slept that night. On Sunday morning I awoke early to pace the living room.

Jennifer, my wife, had mounted a couple of my awards on a wall behind the piano, including my National Intelligence Medal of Achievement for work in support of FBI national security investigations. I am not an I-love-me-wall kind of person. I tend to tuck award citations into the bottom drawer of my dresser, but Jennifer had insisted that particular award be placed on display.

As I walked past my award citation on Sunday morning, I couldn't help myself. I'd been through so much during the past month, so much frustration, knowing in my heart, in my gut, and from all of my experience that Ana Montes was a Cuban spy, while others in the counterintelligence community had tried but failed to identify her as the UNSUB. Given the depth of Ana's access to classified material and her influential position within the U.S. intelligence community, the stakes were very high in bringing her to justice. Yet I couldn't seem to persuade a single, well-intentioned FBI agent and his supervisor that I was right.

I broke down, bawling. You can only imagine what went through my wife's mind as I sat at the kitchen table with a cup of coffee in my hand a short while later, sobbing uncontrollably as I vented my spleen at that damned FBI agent. Needless to say, I missed church that day. I was too upset to function. I don't recall saying any prayers, either. But God must have been listening anyway.

The first thing on Monday morning, Steve called me at work. Wow. That was something new: Steve calling me. I'd spent a month trying to get this guy's attention, and he turned it around to initiate a call to me.

He wasn't excited. That's not his style. Steve simply said something about having gotten off on the wrong foot. He then gave me his home phone number and his pager number, adding that since we might be working together for a while, we ought to exchange that kind of information. He'd read my material and found it interesting. But he wanted to check a couple of other things out, and he asked whether I might be free for another meeting.

We were finally on the right track. Steve's turnaround was phenomenal. He had experienced that Eureka! moment over the weekend. It had simply taken a while for him to break out of one paradigm and form a new one. Of course, he wasn't completely sold on the idea that Ana Montes was the UNSUB. He was too much the professional to lurch from one extreme to the other overnight. But he was definitely leaning in that direction, and it wouldn't take much to convince him entirely. I was no longer worried.

From that moment, Steve remained at the nerve center of the Montes investigation. As the senior case agent, he orchestrated the investigative efforts of a large and varied team. It was a tough assignment, and he performed magnificently. His co-case agent, with whom he shared much of the responsibility, was a thirty-year-old agent named Pete with only three years of experience with the FBI. In terms of his FBI career, Pete was, in a sense, still a rookie. But he was also a former cop from Philadelphia. I found him to be well organized, knowledgeable, dependable, and well grounded in common sense—a real asset to the investigative team. We were clearly in good hands.

My job wasn't over. The FBI team still needed me as an action officer at DIA, where Ana continued to work daily throughout the case. That made sense, since I had originally interviewed her and made that first identification with the UNSUB. For this case, Gator would be my invaluable assistant.

8

NO ORDINARY ANALYST

BY THIS TIME GATOR AND I already had a pretty good sense of Ana Montes' life and activities from her official files. The picture of this formerly "invisible" DIA employee would become even clearer as we learned more details in the weeks and months to come. As Steve McCoy had pointed out from the beginning, her life to date was hardly a likely portrait of a spy—at least, not on the surface. Instead, the record showed a compelling picture of career success, built from hard work and talent.

Ana was born on February 28, 1957, at a U.S. Army base in Nuremberg, Germany, where her father was stationed at the time. Her father was a uniformed U.S. Army officer, a psychiatrist in the army medical corps. Both Dr. Montes and Ana's mother were from Puerto Rico, meaning they were U.S. citizens. Ana was their oldest child. She was later joined by a sister, followed by two brothers.

The family returned to the United States when Ana was about a year old, transferring first to an Army post in Knoxville, Iowa, and then to one in Topeka, Kansas. Although Ana spent her formative years in the Midwest, it wasn't exactly a settled life. Army life never is. The children of career officers find it difficult to develop lasting friendships as they are uprooted every few years. It hurts to leave one's friends, so the family itself provides continuity for the children, forming strong bonds to compensate for the transitory nature of military life. Such was the case, I believe, for Ana and her parents and siblings. She remained closest, even as an adult, to the members of her immediate family.

When Ana was ten, the family moved to a comfortable ranch-style home in Towson, Maryland, a tree-lined suburb north of Baltimore. There she lived until she graduated from high school. It was the longest period of permanent residence she had experienced thus far.

I can't resist noting that the area in and around Baltimore is rich in American history. Francis Scott Key penned the words to *The Star-Spangled Banner* aboard a ship in the city's harbor as he watched British frigates fire rockets at Fort McHenry during the War of 1812. Ana's childhood home is only about twenty miles from the spot. The giant American flag that flew over Fort McHenry during the battle, inspiring Key's patriotic words, was hand-sewn just a stone's throw from the fort. It is now being preserved for display at the Smithsonian in Washington, D.C., about sixty miles from Towson. Annapolis, Maryland, home of the United States Naval Academy and the resting place for Revolutionary War hero John Paul Jones, is forty-five miles to the south. Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, location of the famous Civil War battlefield, is an hour to the west. Philadelphia, site of the Continental Congress and home of the Liberty Bell, is only an hour and a half to the north. In a way, Baltimore is situated in the very heart of this country's history—the city is a part of it and is surrounded by it. To me, it's a crowning irony that Ana Montes spent such an impressionable segment of her young life surrounded by the very essence of the American past, only to betray it all later as an adult.

Ana's parents insisted that the children speak only English at home, but Ana still learned some Spanish. (It was only as an adult that she developed near-native fluency.) She must have had a chance to practice it in the summers, when the family often visited relatives in Puerto Rico. Her father strongly supported the position that Puerto Rico should achieve independence from the United States, and he voiced that opinion freely in letters and articles. It was and is a political position shared by many Puerto Ricans. Although a minority have taken a radical path to achieve their goal, Dr. Montes favored a peaceful resolution to the issue. His loyalty to the United States was never in question. Ana's mother worked in Baltimore for the Commission for Equal Opportunity in Employment and was an active member of the Hispanic Society of Baltimore.

Ana attended Towson's Loch Raven High School, which opened in 1972, making her class one of the first at the school. As the date of her graduation from high school approached in 1975, Ana's parents announced their intention to divorce. It was an amicable separation, but divorce can be difficult for children, even those who are entering adulthood. For Ana, the experience likely forced her to mature more quickly than she might have otherwise.

After high school, Ana attended the University of Virginia in Charlottesville, Virginia. She majored in foreign affairs with a concentration on Latin America. Professors described her as a serious student, and her grades reflected that fact. She graduated after four years in the top third of her class with an overall grade point average of 3.28. Her academic advisor, Professor Robert Evans, later described her as "shy but pleasant." To her credit, Ana supported herself financially at college by working as a waitress for the university's Food Services Catering Office, which catered social events sponsored by the university for visiting dignitaries, professors, and administrators.

Following her freshman year, Ana spent the bicentennial summer of 1976 employed by the Public Defender's Office in Baltimore as an investigative assistant. She interviewed low-income defendants to determine whether they were eligible for free legal counsel, questioned defendants about their arrests, and forwarded their accounts to the public defender for consideration. I'm sure she never would have imagined she would be a defendant herself someday.

Ana spent her junior year studying abroad at the Institute of European Studies in Madrid. Sounds nice, but the time spent in Madrid was no vacation. Ana supported herself while in Madrid as a bilingual secretary for Richard Gunther, a political science professor at Ohio State University. She typed up his tape-recorded interviews with Spain's national and regional political leaders. She also tutored a Spanish businessman in English. All of this on top of attending classes and earning high academic marks.

During her senior year, Ana elected to pursue an independent course of study in Puerto Rican politics. That tells us something about her interests at that time of her life, but there is no indication that she had yet turned her attention to Cuba. She sent a synopsis of current political conditions in Puerto Rico to U.S. Senator John Warner of Virginia after graduation. Her paper outlined the possible consequences that current trends in Puerto Rican politics might have on Puerto Rico, the United States, and the international community.

Ana completed her undergraduate work in May 1979. During a four-year course of study, she earned an impressive mix of As and Bs, a record marred by only two Cs. As I went through her records, I noted that one of those Cs was for a class on international law. Granted, it wasn't a criminal law class, but I remember joking to myself that perhaps she should have paid closer attention to that course, given her later troubles with the law.

Ana's next stop in life, not surprisingly perhaps, was Puerto Rico. She lived with an aunt in San Ignacio during the summer of 1979 and found temporary employment for two months in San Juan as a receptionist for a law firm. She performed so efficiently in the latter capacity that the firm decided to expand her portfolio to include administrative duties. When that work slowed, she moved on to a temporary administrative position in the special services division of Sacred Heart University in Santurce. Her supervisor at Sacred Heart, Ada Oliveras de Lugo, was so impressed by Ana's productivity that she considered nominating her for the position of subdirector of the division after only two months.

Instead, another opportunity knocked for Ana Montes, in the form of Quinlan J. Shea, senior management counsel for the DOJ's Justice Management Division. After Shea spotted Ana at work in Puerto Rico, she encouraged her to apply for an administrative position with the DOJ in Washington. Ana got the job. Years later, Shea would describe her enthusiastically as an "outstanding worker and delightful person." She recommended Ana to DIA with glowing comments like, "recruiting her was one of the smartest things I ever did. If you can get her, take her!" Unfortunately, we did.

Before coming to DIA, however, Ana worked at the DOJ's Office of Privacy and Information Appeals for almost six years. She was a real worker, just as Shea attested. Hired as a clerk-typist, Ana performed so well that her supervisor directed her into a special paralegal training program. Thus Ana continued a pattern of success on the job through an arduous work ethic. She became one of three paralegal experts for the DOJ who specialized in the provisions of the 1974 Freedom of Information and Privacy Act (FOIA).

FOIA enables members of the public to obtain copies of U.S. government records. It's particularly handy for those who want to know what the government has in its files about themselves. So would you like to know what the FBI has to say about you? It's simple. Just submit a FOIA request to the FBI, and the FBI will provide you with copies of FBI reports about you. Of course, the government may not provide absolutely everything it has on you. Certain types or categories of information are exempt from provisions of the act, including classified information, confidential information about other people, and so on.

Somebody working for the government has to review every line of the file in advance to determine whether any of the information should be withheld from you. That was Ana's job.

Once again, Ana excelled at her work. Her high rate of productivity made her an ideal employee in the eyes of her supervisors, who routed the most difficult and sensitive cases to her. In March 1980, after completion of a background investigation by the FBI, the DOJ granted her a Top Secret security clearance with authority to access sensitive compartmented information. With that level of security clearance, Ana could review the most sensitive files in the FOIA office—those related to the national security of the United States.

As I mentioned earlier, the government of the United States does not easily grant access to sensitive compartmented information. That information derives from particularly sensitive sources and methods, and it must be tightly controlled to avoid compromising the sources. Only specially cleared individuals are allowed to handle such information, and even they are cleared only for the particular "compartment" or broad category of information needed in their work. Special background investigations are conducted to determine whether persons nominated for this access have established through their past actions that they are responsible, trustworthy, and loyal.

Background investigations are time-consuming and expensive, requiring months of gumshoe effort to gather together the facts and records of a person's life. Federal agencies that request such investigations have limited resources. But Ana appeared to be a good bet. Those who knew her best recommended her without reservation for a position of trust with the United States government.

Ana's performance was consistently rated at the outstanding level. Supervisors praised her "excellent organization and attention to detail" and characterized her as an "exceedingly rare" employee. Even before she completed three years at Justice, she was promoted from the GS-4 pay grade as a clerk-typist to the GS-9 pay grade as a paralegal. She was clearly a stellar performer, a self-starter. In September 1982, the same month she received her promotion to GS-9, Ana began to attend graduate-level classes on a full-time basis at the Washington-based School of Advanced International Studies of Johns Hopkins University. Not many federal employees are capable of holding down a full-time job while completing demanding graduate-level classes at one of the country's premier universities. Yet Ana maintained such a constant, efficient effort at work that office productivity during her two-year course at Johns Hopkins hardly suffered.

In addition to pursuing a master's degree at the School of Advanced International Studies, Ana also volunteered as the unpaid business manager of *INFOBRAZIL*, a newsletter produced by the school's Center of Brazilian Studies. The newsletter job was a challenging volunteer role that included everything from significant editorial tasks to dealing with finances. Ana performed all of that work, held down a full-time job at the DOJ, attended classes, and completed her regular class work for a master's degree. She was a model of self-discipline, drive, and focus.

Ana completed her coursework in May 1984 and continued her employment with the DOJ. She was promoted once again, to the GS-11 pay grade, but a paralegal could not expect much higher pay, even with a master's degree. Future promotion prospects at Justice seemed limited. It was time to move on. Besides, by that time, Ana had accepted yet another responsibility in her life. As we would later learn, while attending graduate classes at Johns Hopkins University and simultaneously working full time at the DOJ, she had been recruited to work as an agent for the Cuban Intelligence Service.

Ana began to look around for other employment opportunities that would provide greater access to classified information that would be of interest to Cuba, while continuing the forward progress of her career. As she searched for a new job, her high-level security clearance gave her a leg up on her competition. In Washington, security clearances can be used like currency. Applicants with an existing government security clearance can go to work immediately in sensitive positions, while those without must go through a lengthy and expensive process. Federal agencies within and around the Washington Beltway like to hire people who already possess the requisite clearances for their jobs.

Ana applied to the Special Research Division of the Library of Congress, the Office of Naval Intelligence, the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and DIA. Interestingly, she did not apply to either the CIA or National Security Agency (NSA), two intelligence agencies that administered preemployment polygraph examinations to applicants. DIA did not do so at that time.

Ana's supervisors at the DOJ offered glowing recommendations, including those I quoted earlier. One called her an absolutely outstanding employee. Another said she was one of the best employees their office ever had. She was described as diligent, conscientious, highly productive, creative, and professional in her behavior and attitude. The man who had originally hired her noted that his recommendation of her was total and made with no qualifications, hesitation, or reservation; Ana's character, reputation, and loyalty were above reproach. He highly recommended her for a position of responsibility. One supervisor also noted that Ana was competent in the handling of national security information.

Once at DIA, Ana's upward career trajectory quickly resumed. She was initially hired as an intelligence research specialist in September 1985. An intelligence research specialist is not an analyst; the specialist gathers and packages raw information for later review by analysts, performing a function rather like that of a research librarian. In short order, however, Ana graduated into a full-time analytical position, where she continued to attract favorable notice.

Ana looked like a good fit for the analyst's role. About half of DIA's employee population consists of uniformed military intelligence specialists, who rotate to Washington to add their real-world warfighter perspectives to our analysis. The other half of DIA analysts are civilians. Some are former members of the uniformed military services. A U.S. Army officer might serve thirty years as an intelligence specialist, for example, stationed at various bases around the world. Upon retirement, he'll take his knowledge, skills, and abilities to DIA, where he'll focus on a specific area of interest.

But many DIA civilian analysts, like Ana, have no prior uniformed service. We draw them from universities and colleges all over the country; schools in the Washington area and surrounding region contribute a good number to our ranks. Ana's degree from the University of Virginia was not unusual. Nearby universities share in the culture that surrounds the U.S. seat of government. Students who want to walk the world stage study here. They vie for jobs at the Department of State, populate the offices of every federal agency, and join the ranks of the U.S. intelligence community. They want to play on that stage. The very prospect of doing so, for them, is exciting and fulfilling. And so it was for Ana Montes on her path to DIA.

In 1991, Montes was selected to participate in a fast-track program for future managers. The next year, she participated in the Exceptional Intelligence Analyst Program offered by the director of central intelligence (DCI), an independent study program that allowed her to spend a year working on an analytical project of her own choosing. Very few analysts in the entire intelligence community were chosen for that program.

In August 1996, DIA's Directorate for Intelligence Production was reorganized. Ana was selected to serve as an acting division chief while the dust settled. (That's the position she held when I interviewed her that November.) Her stint in management apparently convinced her that real job satisfaction, for her, was more likely to be found in an analyst's cubicle than in a manager's office.

She so informed her supervisors and thus limited her future promotion prospects, apparently out of sheer devotion to her work.

That year, Ana was also selected as one of three senior members of the intelligence community for a special community-wide project mandated by George Tenet, the director of central intelligence. Exposure at that level cemented Ana's professional reputation throughout the U.S. intelligence community as a player, a professional whose opinions counted. Ana was, at that point, the queen of Cuba within the U.S. intelligence community, the top analyst on the subject. She had arrived. She was not universally popular, but from all she commanded respect.

Ordinarily, analysts with no additional supervisory or managerial duties rise no farther than the GS-13 pay grade, earning perhaps as much as eighty thousand dollars per year. (Technically, DIA employees fall under the equivalent GG system, so Ana was then a GG-13, not a GS-13. Same pay, different system.) Many analysts remain at that pay grade until retirement. But exceptions can be made. For those very few employees whose performance is demonstrably exceptional, the federal government offers the Exceptional Impact Program, or EIP. Just a handful of EIPs are awarded per year. Ana received an EIP promotion to GS-14 in May 1999, and she continued to excel.

During her sixteen years with DIA, Ana consistently earned outstanding or distinguished marks on her annual evaluations. She received special recognition for contributions to DIA's mission on ten occasions, including a performance award of two thousand dollars in cash in August 2000, just months before the investigation began.

Ana specialized in Latin American affairs, with a special interest in Cuba, throughout her career. She served as DIA's principal analyst for El Salvador and Nicaragua from 1986 to 1991, a span of time that coincidentally encompassed much of the Iran-Contra scandal. Lt. Col. Oliver North, USMC, a military advisor to President Reagan's National Security Council, secretly sold parts for U.S.-made surface-to-air Hawk missiles to Iran. He then used the proceeds to covertly support the Contra rebels in Nicaragua against the Cuban-backed government of Daniel Ortega. Ana, the Cuban agent, and Ollie, the anticommunist rebel of the Reagan era, thus worked in secret on opposite sides of the policy fence on the issue of Nicaragua.

While Ana's primary responsibility in the late 1980s was to analyze the military situation in El Salvador and Nicaragua, she also served as a back-up for DIA's full-time Cuba analyst. In 1992, she assumed the position of DIA's primary political/military analyst on Cuba. She had remained on the Cuba account ever since. The combination of her long service as a Cuba analyst, her undoubted expertise, and her many contacts throughout the intelligence community gave her enormous influence.

Ana was adept at using that influence. She could charm and beguile superiors with the best of them. She also had the ability, and exercised the will, to cut offenders to the quick when they dared to question or cast doubt upon her views or to advocate a view in opposition to her own. Several junior analysts learned the hard way about the dangers inherent in crossing her on any issue on which she considered herself to be an expert—or the expert. Some openly admitted that they feared her. We found that it was not unusual to find Ana seated alone at meetings and conferences, apart even from her immediate co-workers. Frankly, she seemed to prefer things that way.

I found it interesting that Ana avoided contact with her co-workers. She rarely attended social functions—birthday parties, hail-and-farewell parties, and so on—with them. That wasn't for her. She could certainly be pleasant, but idle chatter and personal interactions with others seemed to be something that she tolerated, at best, and avoided if she could. Part of that may be attributable to natural shyness, low self-esteem, or an introverted personality. But part of it, I suspect, was a desire to keep those people at a distance, out of her life, and away from her innermost secrets. She was, after all, betraying those people on a daily basis.

It's not easy to betray a friend; it's much easier to betray a stranger. So I suspect that Ana kept her co-workers at a distance to minimize whatever pain she was bringing upon herself by her daily betrayal of those people through espionage. They weren't important to her. Nothing personal.

The picture we built of her private life away from work wasn't much different. Ana was a very private person. To the best of our knowledge, she had no great friends in Washington, despite having lived there for twenty-one years. Neighbors were superficial acquaintances at best. No one was close to her—again, perhaps by design, given the nature of her work for Cuba. She had a number of boyfriends throughout her life, but it wasn't until a man I'll call Bill came along (for privacy reasons, I won't use his real name) that she seriously considered settling down. We don't know what the attraction was between Ana and Bill. Certainly, they shared a professional interest in Latin America. Bill also served as an intelligence analyst for the Department of Defense, and he too was a Latin America specialist, although unlike Ana, he was based in Miami at the time.

It wasn't just that common interest that brought them together, though. They were opposites, and if there is truth to the maxim that opposites attract, there exists a ready explanation for their relationship. Bill was the gregarious extrovert to Ana's aloof introvert. He was wild, spontaneous, and energetic, where she was reserved, methodical, controlled, and serious. He was relatively young (eight years younger than Ana), where she was mature. Bill was somewhat innocent and trusting by nature; Ana was the opposite.

You might think a counterintelligence guy like me would suspect that Ana had no personal interest in the guy at all, that she targeted him coldly for later exploitation or even planned to recruit him as a witting dupe in her espionage activity. A skeptic certainly might think so. At the time of her arrest, Bill was scheduled to begin a new assignment with direct daily access to the United States' war plans.

I don't believe that was Ana's motivation, though. I think she truly wanted to develop a long-term, personal relationship with someone. I suspect she craved some sense of normalcy for herself, for her future. Perhaps she dreamed of taking her retirement nest egg, chucking the espionage bit, and settling down in sunny Miami near her mom some day. Perhaps Bill embodied her hopes for that better, less lonely future. If so, of course, it never came to pass.

Ana Montes was variously described by people in her life as reserved, shy, quiet, aloof, cool, independent, self-reliant, and standoffish. She was called intelligent, serious, dedicated, focused, hard-working, of high moral character, sharp, and quick. On the flip side were descriptions featuring words like manipulative, venomous, unsociable, and ambitious. Still another crop of adjectives included charming, pleasant, confident, and compassionate—as well as businesslike, professional, no-nonsense, assertive, deliberate, calm, mature, unflappable, capable, and competent.

In other words, Ana wasn't much different from many of the people that you know in your own life. At forty-three, her personality was, like most people's, many-faceted and complex. But never, to my knowledge, did anyone describe her as happy, joyful, or fun. There is a saying in the counterintelligence business: There is no such thing as a happy spy. I believe that maxim applied to Ana Montes.

One thing is certainly true: Ana had an awful lot going for herself. She came from a solid, well-grounded family whose love had supported her since childhood. She was smart and had been educated at some of the best schools the country had to offer. She was possessed of an admirable work ethic—one that struck others with awe and that clearly could have carried her to success in any working environment. She was healthy, attractive, and personable. And yet . . .

She was flawed. I am not going to play the role of amateur psychiatrist. I do not pretend to know or to truly understand how Ana's mind was wired. But even I can recognize the obvious when it strikes me squarely in the face. The flaw in her psyche is most evident when I reflect on the close relationship she enjoyed with members of her family. She was closest to members of her immediate family, her brothers and sister and her mother. (As we came to realize, her relationship with her divorced father, who died in 1998, was more complex, and often antagonistic.) In a *Miami Herald* story, Ana's mother Emilia said that the Freudian psychoanalyst "was a very strict disciplinarian. . . . [Ana and Alberto] clashed. Her family was everything to her—the emotional anchor of her life. And yet, though she loved her family members and depended upon them for emotional support all of her life, she nevertheless betrayed them in the most profound way.

You see, Ana was not the only member of the family to secure employment with the U. S. government. As later reported by the *Miami Herald*, Ana's sister was employed by the FBI's field office in Miami, the same office that broke Cuba's Wasp spy network in and around Miami in September 1998. Ana, as we now know, was firmly on the Cuban side of the fence by that time. Her younger brother was also employed by the FBI, as was his wife. Remarkably and tragically, members of Ana Montes' immediate family were employed by the very agency that ultimately arrested her.

How did this small nuclear family, the members of which were bathed in essentially the same homogenous milk of life experiences, produce such contrasting siblings—with Ana committing the crime of espionage for so many years while her siblings worked as loyal government employees? It boggles the mind. Although Ana must have been aware of this incredible disconnect, she still spent holidays, including Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Eve, with her brothers and sister, their families, and her mother right up to the time of her arrest. She kept virtually everyone else at a distance in her life, but not family.

Ana must have known or suspected, or feared at least, that one day she would be caught. Surely it must have occurred to her that everyone in her life would be affected in the worst way by her arrest, and family most of all. Yet she risked them all, gambling their reputations and the peaceful anonymity of their lives in order to satisfy her needs, whatever they were, to spy. As I mentioned earlier, I learned back in my policing days that there are some people that I just cannot understand.

9

KEEPING HER IN THE BUBBLE

MY BREAKTHROUGH DISCUSSION WITH Steve McCoy occurred on Monday, October 16. He opened a preliminary investigation and was already in the planning stages for his formal request to open a full field investigation. There was much to do. At DIA, Gator and I began a scramble to accomplish the myriad tasks that were necessary to support an FBI investigation. We had already cleared away our other cases as much as possible. Now everything else in our office was put on hold.

It almost went without saying that we wanted to keep Ana totally unaware of the investigation. Counterintelligence investigations are by necessity very discreet efforts to collect information about a suspect's activities around the clock. Ideally, the suspect never realizes that he or she is under the microscope until the final act, the arrest. Until that time, the suspect remains in a bubble of ignorance—happy in his or her assumption that everything is normal. If the suspect is still actively engaged in espionage, he or she will continue to spy, never suspecting that the FBI is watching and recording those activities for evidentiary purposes at trial.

On the other hand, a suspect who detects surveillance or other questionable activity will go to ground in a heartbeat. Espionage is a stressful business. A spy must be forever on the alert for the possibility that someone suspects what is happening. Failure to detect or avoid surveillance means going to jail, possibly for life. If it's committed during a time of war, espionage equates to treason, and the spy can face the death penalty.

So the stakes are high on both sides. It's a game in which the FBI excels, but they often need cooperation from someone on the scene. That was my job as we worked to keep Ana Belen Montes inside the bubble.

In Ana's case, the bubble of ignorance extended to her co-workers and supervisors. We didn't want any of them to become aware of the existence of the investigation. Our rationale didn't stem from a concern that those around her could not be trusted with that secret—all of them had Top Secret security clearances with access to sensitive compartmented information and had proven themselves to be mature and responsible—but from the simple fact that they were human.

Many of the men and women with whom Ana worked had known her for more than a decade. While some may not have liked her particularly, they had established over time a pattern of behavior toward her that was comfortable, predictable, and "normal." We couldn't afford to allow anyone who routinely worked near her or who had worked closely with her for a long time to become aware of the investigation. Such knowledge naturally causes a change in one's attitude toward a formerly trusted colleague, now a suspected spy. Ana would surely notice any sudden change in a colleague's attitude or behavior pattern. She was as sharp as a tack and very alert. So we enlarged the bubble. None of her inner circle of contacts would become aware of our suspicions about Ana Montes' espionage activities until we arrested her at the end of the case.

At the same time that we began establishing—and protecting—the bubble, we also had to move quickly to inform others about the pending investigation. I fully briefed Chris Simmons on the status of our case and alerted him to stand by to support me. He and another DIA counterintelligence analyst, John Kavanagh, would become an invaluable resource for me throughout the operation because of their knowledge of the way that Cuban intelligence operated.

On October 17, the day after my meeting with Steve, I delivered an eyes-only desk note to the front office informing the director and deputy director of DIA in writing that a DIA employee was under investigation by the FBI. The desk note was merely a formality. I assumed that Drew Winneberger, as the chief of security at DIA, had provided a courtesy briefing to the director by secure phone that morning. DIA's director at that time was Vice Adm. Thomas R. Wilson, U.S. Navy.

First thing the next morning, Admiral Wilson called Col. Merritt Smith, the U.S. Army officer who served as Drew's deputy. The admiral sought Colonel Smith's counsel on briefing "the principals"—in this case, the secretary of defense and the director of central intelligence—about the turn of events at DIA. I advised Colonel Smith that it was a little early for that kind of exposure.

My next meeting with Steve occurred on Thursday, October 19. It went well. We addressed every issue in detail and confirmed that Ana Montes deserved our fullest attention. The purpose of our meeting was really to dot some i's and cross some t's in support of Steve's paperwork.

We were clicking along smoothly now, and the excitement was beginning to build even within Steve. His demeanor had changed dramatically from our first meeting, and he actually cracked a joke or two. I sensed that he had to work at the process of being warm and visibly friendly, because it wasn't a natural part of his makeup. To this day, I don't know whether the calm exterior on the guy is the product of a disciplined mind or whether he's simply half-asleep half the time. I suspect he consciously keeps himself under control at all times under all conditions. By contrast, I tend to suppress my personality only until I feel comfortable with a person. After that, stand back. I can become pretty animated. We were an odd couple.

I learned during our meeting that Steve was a law-school graduate. That was good. I knew then that he'd be meticulous about the preparation of paperwork, a crucial piece of any investigation. I also suspected that he would be particular about every other detail along the way, which was good, too. We needed someone like that in charge.

There remained an awful lot of work ahead of us, but taking the time to talk and get to know one another was as important as any task that we might perform that day. Whatever rapport we managed to develop during those first few hours together might have to carry us through some hard times ahead. We needed to build a bond of trust as well, but that would come with time and experience in working together.

From the very beginning of the investigation, since I'd first met Steve at his headquarters, I had been trying to provide the FBI with some perspective about the degree of Ana's access to classified information and to key policy makers. I wanted to impress upon Steve and his colleagues that Ana Montes represented a significant penetration of the U.S. intelligence community. I had worked within that community for more than a decade and had developed an appreciation for the sheer volume of highly classified information to which the average analyst had daily access. But I sensed that Steve and the others didn't quite get it yet and that they had a very steep learning curve ahead of them. They needed a wake-up call. Ana was no ordinary spy.

The following day, I stumbled across a Top Secret document that effectively made my point. Steve was not available that day, so I ran over to his office and requested a meeting with his supervisor, Diane. I handed her an excerpt from the document and directed her attention to the classification, explaining that Ana's access apparently exceeded even my own previous estimate. Then I launched into another of my concerns—the possibility that Ana Montes had high-level contacts within the FBI, just as she did in so many agencies. We needed to get the situation under control before the investigation was blown.

Diane was pleasant and courteous, but she seemed to be confused by my very presence. It suddenly dawned on me that Steve had not yet had a chance to inform his own supervisor about our continued work on Ana Montes, and that Ana was now considered a viable suspect. As far as she was concerned, that issue had been addressed and closed exactly one week earlier. She had no idea what I was talking about.

I slowed my pace and briefed her on my most recent meeting with Steve. Diane had likely been busy all week on some other matters and hadn't had much contact with Steve since we'd last talked. No wonder she seemed confused. From her perspective, I had simply returned to her office like an annoying bad penny. She might have suspected that I was selling this particular package of goods a little too hard, but I assured her that it had been Steve's idea to meet again. Clearly, she needed to get back in touch with her agent. We agreed to talk again the following week, after she had talked with Steve.

With so much to accomplish in the earliest stage of the case, we were moving fast. There wasn't always time to keep everyone up to speed on everything we were doing, a fact that occasionally caused some internal communication problems like that one.

Gator and I were busy during the first few weeks of the joint investigation, running back and forth between our Arlington office and the DIAC at Bolling Air Force Base, where Ana Montes worked. We were gathering records and preparing the groundwork for future investigative efforts.

We had a scare early on when word of the investigation leaked to a Navy counterintelligence analyst who specialized in Cuban issues. Fortunately, the leak was reported to me immediately and I was able to jump on it before the Navy analyst left the building. She knew Ana Montes professionally, and luckily (under the circumstances), she didn't care for her at all. I had a long conversation with the Navy analyst and her supervisor, both of whom understood the need for secrecy. Our list of persons who were aware of the investigation was growing, and we were practically paranoid about leaks.

I normally visited the DIAC no more than once or twice per week, but now I was in the building several times per day. I began to worry about overexposure. I hadn't actually seen Ana since my interview with her in November 1996—nearly four years earlier—but I had to assume she would remember me from that meeting. Now I was deathly afraid that she might spot me during my many forays into the building. One such occasion would not pose a problem. Twice, though, within a short span of time, might put her on alert.

So it was a shock to see her on the elevator. About two weeks into the investigation, on November 1, Gator and I were still running around like madmen to gather materials and information that the FBI would need for its investigation. I'd been through this drill before, and I had a pretty good idea of what the FBI would require, once headquarters approved Steve's request for a full field investigation. There was much to do, and I was lining up my ducks in the DIAC.

One of those ducks involved communications. Gator and I had just visited a trusted engineer in the basement of the DIAC to coordinate future efforts. After the meeting, we stepped onto an elevator to travel to our next appointment. It was lunchtime—not that we had time to eat lunch that day—and a number of people with trays of food boarded the elevator after us. One of them was Ana. To this day, I don't know whether or not she saw me. If she did, she gave no sign. Instead, she settled into a corner and ignored the world—an elevator wallflower. I pretended not to notice her and cursed myself for carelessness. I swore to take precautions from that point on, and I did so. I didn't see Ana again until the day of her arrest.

I had lunch with Reg Brown the next day. Reg and I had had some contact since he first reported his suspicions about Ana to me in 1996, but we hadn't spent much significant time together since then. I casually pumped him for some information about the shootdown of the Brothers to the Rescue aircraft, as though it had just occurred to me. I didn't tell Reg about Ana. He had transferred out of the counterintelligence discipline and into another field of analysis for DIA. Technically, Reg didn't have a need to know about her. So I kept the information to myself. That was not an easy thing to do.

Steve was busy, too. From what I could gather during our daily telephone conversations, he spent a considerable amount of time during the first few weeks of the preliminary investigation performing internal records checks, clearing his desk of other matters, and preparing his request for a full field investigation. That request was a detailed affair and it was very important to us. If successful, the request would serve as the justification for the tremendous resources that the FBI would have to allocate to conduct a proper investigation. It is no small step to take the FBI from a preliminary investigation of an individual to a full field. We're talking money here—and the commitment of scarce resources that have to be transferred away from other potential investigations. Steve's headquarters required a detailed account of his investigation to date, an account that must logically conclude that the FBI's elephantine bureaucracy needed to turn and march in this new direction. It was not an easy task.

By November 7, about three weeks into the preliminary investigation, Steve was prepared to submit his request for a full field investigation to his headquarters. I had been having lots of fun, anticipating future requirements, gathering and collating information, and just running around to prepare for the full field investigation, while Steve had been sitting with his nose to the grindstone in front of a computer terminal, drafting his request. The headquarters building of the FBI was just five blocks away from the Washington field office where Steve worked, so Steve hand-carried his report to headquarters. It was a Tuesday, election day, and voters all over the country were flooding into the polling booths to elect George W. Bush the next president of the United States. Steve was performing his duty as well that day.

We learned after the fact that Ana spent the following Thanksgiving holiday with her brother and his family. At the time, we knew only that she had taken leave for the holiday and we enjoyed a short respite from our duties. My fiftieth birthday fit in about then as well.

The end of November 2000 approached, and Steve still hadn't received authority to open a full field investigation on Ana Montes. We were busy enough collecting and collating information to build a good profile of Ana and preparing for future efforts, but we wanted to do more. Only with the authority of a full field investigation could we seriously attack the problem of monitoring Ana's activities. The transition from a preliminary investigation to a full field investigation required both Washington field office and FBI headquarters personnel to navigate a frustrating, bureaucracy-laden process. It took time.

Still, it appeared that the authority to open a full field investigation on Ana was imminent. On November 27, I sent another desk note to Admiral Wilson. With the opening of a full field investigation in the near future, we were about to cross a threshold. The director now notified his own bosses, the secretary of defense and the director of central intelligence. From that point on, scrutiny of our investigation from those levels of the executive branch became necessary—and acute. We had to show some progress.

With the full field investigation imminent, Gator and I set the stage to monitor Ana's every movement throughout her workday at the DIAC. A million details required our attention. But on the day I sent my desk note to Admiral Wilson, alerting him that the investigation would soon cross that threshold, Ana Montes informed my immediate supervisor that she was about to leave the DIAC.

10

PROJECT 1923

AS WE NOW LEARNED, ANA MONTES had applied months earlier for a fellowship with the National Intelligence Council (NIC), a senior advisory body to the director of central intelligence on regional and transnational issues. The NIC had its offices at CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia.

The fellowship program enabled selected analysts from the U.S. intelligence community to conduct research for a year on topics of special interest and concern to the DCI, who was then George Tenet. The analysts coordinated their research projects with senior members of the council. For all intents and purposes, however, NIC fellows were empowered to run around the U.S. intelligence community, gathering intelligence from the most sensitive intelligence sources, to satisfy their research needs. They had super access within the intelligence community. Montes was the first DIA employee selected for one of these prestigious assignments. Some of DIA's credibility as a member of the intelligence community was therefore vested in her success.

Montes' management chain within DIA's Directorate of Analysis and Production, as it was now known (it was still familiarly known to all as DI, its former acronym), had scrupulously screened and blessed the application. At the NIC, Fulton Armstrong, the national intelligence officer (NIO) for Latin American affairs, was in frequent telephone and e-mail contact with Ana. As NIO, he was the senior subject-matter expert on Latin American affairs for the DCI, and he welcomed Ana's participation in the fellowship program under his personal tutelage. They had discussed the nature of her research project in some detail, and preparations were already underway to launch Ana further and deeper into the U.S. intelligence community.

Montes' DIA managers and the NIC staff fully expected her to report for duty at Langley as a research fellow at the beginning of the new year, just five weeks away. She had wound up her affairs at DIA and essentially transferred her Cuba account into the temporary care of a subordinate. Incoming requests were now routinely routed from her desk onto that of her subordinate, and she was ready to go. She had only to navigate a few administrative matters before her departure. One of them was a polygraph exam.

Ana's last such exam had been administered by DIA in March 1994, six and a half years earlier. It was outdated. She would need another exam before reporting for duty with the NIC.

We were just six weeks into the preliminary investigation. But we were limited in our ability to keep tabs on Montes without the authority to conduct a full field investigation and without the authority granted by a special court under the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act (FISA) to employ intrusive methods to monitor her activities at home and at work. In truth, we were both deaf and blind to her activities at that point. That's why we didn't know a thing about the NIC fellowship until Montes sent a routine e-mail to my boss, Jerry Craig, requesting that he complete a notification form for the NIC on the results of her 1994 polygraph examination.

The revelation of Ana's pending NIC assignment threw us for a loop. Such an assignment meant, for one thing, that all of our advance preparations for future monitoring of Ana's activities at the DIAC were for naught—she would be in Langley. It also meant that my role in the investigation would soon end. There was little that I could offer the FBI if Ana was temporarily out of my purview.

Our greatest concern, though, was the increased access to classified information that Ana would enjoy while assigned to the NIC. We could not imagine that George Tenet would even allow her to report for duty at CIA headquarters. Yet nothing would be more likely to alert Ana to our investigation than the last-minute derailment of an important assignment, blessed throughout the community, accepted by her own management chain and that of the NIC, and in the works for months. A last-minute cancellation would surely cause her to go to ground. This was a major problem.

Ana knew that she would have to submit to another polygraph examination before reporting to the NIC. With her e-mail, she was purposely attempting to skirt the system by requesting Jerry Craig to complete the form regarding her earlier polygraph exam and forward it to the NIC. She understood from her years of government service that the filing of such a form was probably an administrative rubber stamp. She hoped to slide it into the paper mill at the NIC instead of actually submitting to a new polygraph examination. But someone up in Langley was on the ball. He or she realized upon receipt of the form that Ana's polygraph was outdated and sent it back to DIA. Through an exchange of e-mails with Jerry Craig, Ana then agreed to submit to a DIA-administered polygraph test to satisfy the NIC's requirement. She was scheduled to return to work from her Christmas vacation on Monday, January 3, 2001, so her polygraph at DIA was scheduled for the next day. She would report to the NIC at Langley the next day, January 5, 2001.

On the surface, it was all very routine. But behind the scenes, we were scrambling.

Almost immediately after Montes' first e-mail to Jerry Craig, Drew Winneberger and I traveled to the Pentagon to brief Admiral Wilson, the director of the DIA, on the Ana Montes investigation. The admiral maintained his primary office in the Pentagon, where he served a variety of masters.

Among other things, the DIA director provides intelligence support to the policy side of the Defense Department house as an advisor to the secretary of defense. He provides direct intelligence support to the warfighter side of the house as the intelligence officer for the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. He also, of course, responds to the intelligence needs of the major combatant commands (for example, the U.S. Central Command, which directed military operations during Operation Desert Storm and would later do so for Operations Enduring Freedom and Iraqi Freedom) and other major military commands (for example, the Transportation Command, which is responsible for the transportation needs of U.S. forces).

The director wears two hats. In addition to his role as DIA director, he's also the director of military intelligence (DMI), with oversight responsibility for the military intelligence budget shared by the Army, the Navy and Marine Corps, the Air Force, and other defense agencies that perform intelligence functions. He produces studies, estimates, and other intelligence products for decision makers in the government, including but not limited to members of Congress and the president. It's for all of these reasons that the director has his main office at the Pentagon.

This was my first face-to-face meeting with Admiral Wilson. The deputy director of DIA, Mark Ewing, was also present. Drew introduced me, and I then conducted the briefing, detailing for the director and his deputy the facts that supported our suspicion that Ana Montes was identifiable with the FBI's UNSUB. The facts were not conclusive, but they were compelling. Admiral Wilson clearly grasped the gravity of the situation. He planned to notify the secretary of defense and speak with DCI George Tenet. It went without saying that Drew would keep the admiral abreast of events in the case as they unfolded.

Admiral Wilson and George Tenet discussed the Montes situation, and Tenet, in turn, contacted the FBI about the case. On December 4, 2000, Tenet hosted a meeting attended by Wilson and an assistant director of the FBI. I was not present for that meeting and was not privy to their discussion. But I imagine a consensus was reached to the effect of: This is serious and we'd better get on top of it. Let's get this situation under control.

The pressure was on, and yet we still lacked authority to conduct a full field investigation and FISA authority to employ intrusive methods to collect information about Ana Montes' activities. We were limited by law to conducting records checks, performing some physical surveillance, and conducting interviews, but to keep Ana from suspecting our activities, none of the interviews would be conducted until sometime after the arrest. Our hands were effectively tied.

Meanwhile, Ana's assignment to the NIC continued to move forward. No decision to cancel her assignment had been made, and the FBI still had some time to gather information about her activities. Time for action, though, was running very short. Ana was due to report to the NIC in exactly one month.

George Tenet could have nixed Ana's assignment to the NIC at any time, of course, and that would have been that. The problem of Ana's gaining access to even more information than she enjoyed as a DIA analyst would have been fixed. But again, such an action would have alerted her and almost certainly led to a premature and unsatisfactory conclusion. No one wanted that. Everyone wanted to catch her in the act of committing espionage—if, in fact, she was still engaged in that activity.

The latter issue was something that hung like a cloud over everyone involved in the early stages of the Ana Montes investigation. We did not know whether she was still actively engaged in espionage. We felt confident that she was the UNSUB and that she had therefore engaged in espionage for the Cuban

Intelligence Service in the past, but whether she continued to do so in the present was unknown.

In fact, there was good reason to believe that Ana might be either dormant or permanently inactive. In the wake of the FBI's 1998 arrests of members of Cuba's Wasp network, Chris Simmons and other counterintelligence analysts assumed that any other agents still on Cuba's books would have gone to ground—temporarily inactive—until the coast was clear. Ana Montes could have been among them. We knew, too, that Ana had been suffering from anxiety and sleeplessness for several years, since about July 1997, and that she continued to consult with a counselor and receive medication to resolve those medical issues. (Employees with a security clearance are required to tell us about mental-health treatments.) It was entirely possible that my interview of Ana in November 1996 was a source of stress that led, in part, to her anxiety and sleeplessness.

As recently as late 1998 or early 1999, Ana had talked of getting out of government service and seeking a job in the private sector—perhaps in a think tank, a number of which dot the landscape of the Washington metropolitan area. It wouldn't have surprised us a bit to learn that she had quit the spy business altogether and that we had opened a case on a former, rather than an active, agent.

Still, our guts told us that she was still active. She was far too valuable to the Cubans, given her access to classified information and her influential position within the intelligence community, to terminate her espionage altogether. More likely, if the Cubans were concerned about her health or her security as their spy, they had simply told her to go quiet for a while. We believed that she would show her true colors eventually, providing, of course, that circumstances would allow us to investigate her at all. Everything seemed to hinge on the DCI's decision whether to allow her into the NIC.

Personally, I could not imagine George Tenet allowing her to report for duty at Langley. To do so would have been irresponsible, not to mention politically untenable. How could he have later defended such a decision to members of Congress and to the American public? To me, it seemed like a no-brainer: She wasn't going to the NIC. So I started to shop around for something, anything that might be used to at least delay that assignment until the DCI made his decision.

Our problem was compounded by the fact that we could not inform anyone within Ana's chain of command at the DI about our need to delay her assignment to the NIC. Had we been able to talk to her managers, we could have concocted a simple scenario to put the brakes on her departure from DIA. But we couldn't risk informing anyone who worked with her or supervised her that she was under suspicion. All of them remained inside the bubble of ignorance, where they could be of no help to us. We explored the possibility of using the NIO for Latin American affairs, or perhaps someone else at the NIC, to slow the processing of her assignment. That option was similarly ruled out, however. We were on our own.

Whatever scenario was employed to delay Ana's NIC assignment, it would have to come from within DIA, and it could not involve anyone who knew her or who supervised or regulated her work, since they were inside the bubble. The scenario would have to fool not only Ana, who was a very savvy employee of the federal system, but also everyone in her chain of command, including the deputy director for intelligence and everyone in the NIC, including the NIO for Latin American affairs. No one could suspect that anything unusual had happened to Ana, least of all Ana. No one could suspect that anyone, particularly an investigator for DIA security, had manipulated events behind the scenes. As Steve McCoy's action officer at DIA, it was up to me to make this happen. Fortunately, I'd done things like this before.

In this case, luck appeared in the form of my old friend Bobby Speegle. Bobby was a retired Air Force colonel and a longtime civilian employee of DIA who happened to be one of my wife's co-workers in DIA's Office of the Inspector General. He is an experienced intelligence professional whose quiet demeanor and remarkable physical resemblance to the late Winston Churchill endear him instantly to friends and strangers alike. His appearance is that of a kind and gentlemanly old duffer, but I know Bobby to be as wily as a fox. I like him principally because he is a can-do kind of person. He gets the job done. Bobby Speegle was exactly what I needed.

Within the Office of the Inspector General, Bobby was responsible for the conduct of investigations to resolve intelligence oversight issues against DIA employees. On the rare occasion when a DIA employee violated federal restrictions governing the collection of information by intelligence community members, Bobby stepped in to establish the facts of the matter. Ana, it seemed, had violated such a restriction, and he was already in the early stages of his routine investigation. Her infraction was a minor affair, but it seemed ideally suited to my purpose of delaying her assignment to the NIC without alerting her to the fact that "Security" was pulling strings behind the scenes. I didn't want her to so much as suspect that she was being manipulated in any way.

I couldn't think of a better qualified intelligence officer than Bobby to help me pull this off. I made an appointment to see him on December 12. Time was growing short. Ana was scheduled to leave the area for her vacation on the twenty-second. We had ten days to accomplish our mission of delaying her NIC assignment.

Bobby had already sent a memo to the deputy director for analysis and production, the senior civilian within Ana's chain of command, advising that he had initiated Project 1923. This was simply the official name for an inquiry to resolve concerns that Ana had violated regulations governing contacts between members of the intelligence community and members of the media. The memo was dated December 7, 2000, so it was a very recent notification of action.

The investigation concerned an incident that took place some months earlier. In August 2000, Ana had read an article in *Soldier of Fortune* magazine that documented the experiences of former U.S. Special Forces members who occasionally traveled to Cuba on vacation to parachute into the ocean with Cuban Navy Special Forces from hovering helicopters. She had sent an e-mail to *Soldier of Fortune*, identifying herself as a DIA employee and expressing interest in contact with the author of the article. A short time later, the author called her, and they engaged in a conversation from which Ana gleaned the information that interested her. The author seemed agreeable to a formal interview, so Ana made arrangements for someone else to talk to the man.

That action exemplified Ana Montes, the analyst. It demonstrated her initiative to accomplish an analytic mission for DIA. But it also violated a procedural regulation. Contact with members of the news media is heavily regulated within the intelligence community. The standard practice is to avoid members of the media altogether. This is for their own protection, lest people suspect that they work for U.S. intelligence. In fact, no such service is ever performed by the media on behalf of the U.S. intelligence community. If Ana had taken an interest in the topic of an article, she should have found some way to gather more information without contacting the author. Someone complained about her action, and Bobby's Project 1923 was launched.

The fact is, this sort of thing happens from time to time. Clearly, Ana Montes was not attempting to use a member of the media to collect intelligence from anyone. She just wanted to debrief him. But she committed an infraction by directly contacting the guy, and that infraction was properly placed under investigation by Bobby Speegle. The facts developed during Bobby's investigation would be dutifully reported to DIA's Office of General Counsel, and perhaps further up the chain of command to the Office of the Secretary of Defense. But the infraction warranted no more than a slap on the wrist, and everyone in Ana's chain of command knew it. Her violation was not uncommon.

Still, I thought it might be useful. So I briefed Bobby on the case and then spent an hour or so brainstorming with him. We developed a plan to use Bobby's investigation to our advantage. I briefed the plan up and down the chain of command, and it was approved for action, with one addition. We were now required to delay Ana's polygraph examination as well—also in a way that would avoid alerting her. And, of course, a significant delay would be preferable to a short-lived, temporary delay.

Bobby and I consulted again. In the meantime, the investigation continued to cook along. In mid-December, FBI headquarters provided authority to conduct a full field investigation, a decision that released significant resources to support the investigation and allowed Steve to bring additional investigative methods to bear. Many members of Steve's squad thereafter supported the Ana Montes investigation to the exclusion of lower priority cases, and Steve had authority to task FBI technicians and other specialists to support his case. The FBI was rolling.

At DIA, we were active, too. To get ready for the time when FISA authority would be granted to collect information on Ana's activities at work by more intrusive means, we gathered blueprints and maps of Bolling Air Force Base and prepared to electronically monitor Ana's activity while at work. Gator periodically gathered and perused telephone logs, e-mail records, and computer files in an effort to keep a finger on Ana's pulse until we received authority to employ intrusive methods. ("Intrusive methods" include techniques such as electronic surveillance, physical searches of home and work locations, and so on.) This was a very busy time. The pressure to stay on top of the situation was enormous, now that the director of DIA, the secretary of defense, and the DCI were all engaged on the issue.

To top things off, Gator and I also handled other counterintelligence issues for DIA at the same time. We were the only counterintelligence specialists within DIA's Security Investigations Branch, so we filled our rare slack moments during the Montes investigation with unrelated issues that affected the security of DIA. It was a madhouse.

On Monday, December 18, we were ready to launch our mini-operation to temporarily delay Ana's assignment to the NIC and simultaneously postpone her polygraph—all without alerting her. People above my pay grade were begging us to delay Ana's assignment to the NIC by even a day or two, perhaps a week.

I contacted Bobby Speegle; we rehearsed every facet of the plan, and then we launched. Ana planned to depart the Washington area on Friday and join Bill in Cancun, Mexico, for some fun in the sun. She expected to take her polygraph exam the day she returned then head straight for Langley and her NIC assignment. If all went well, we would nix the NIC for the time being and delay her polygraph, while ensuring that everyone remained securely inside the bubble of ignorance.

Bobby, of course, would have known nothing about Ana's NIC assignment and her date with the polygraph examiner had I not informed him. That's just the way the system works. As a member of the inspector general's staff, Bobby worked in a world that was administratively separate from the Directorate of Analysis and Production, within which Ana worked. He couldn't be expected to know everything that went on within DI. It would have seemed odd if he had walked into the directorate fully knowledgeable about its business. The people with whom Bobby was about to deal on my behalf were very experienced in the ways of the agency. It would be hard to pull a fast one on them without raising eyebrows. So we had to make Bobby's knowledge of the facts plausible, and quickly.

Our first stop was Marty Scheina, the chief of the Latin America Division and Ana's second-level supervisor, one step above her branch chief. Marty was also the DIA manager who originally hired Ana in 1985.

Bobby's meeting with Marty was ostensibly a courtesy call on the division chief of the subject of his intelligence oversight investigation, Ana Montes. A visit of this sort was expected before Bobby launched into his investigation of Marty's subordinate. Bobby's true mission, however, was to "discover" from Marty that Ana was scheduled to go to the NIC soon. With that information in hand, Bobby's next task was to suggest a delay in that assignment until sometime after the intelligence oversight investigation, to avoid the appearance that DIA was sending an analyst over to the NIC who carried the baggage of an on-going investigation with her. That would be a bad precedent to set, since Ana was the first DIA analyst to participate in the NIC fellowship program.

It sounded good in theory. In practice, it almost went that well—but not quite. Bobby was successful in eliciting from Marty the fact that Ana was scheduled to go to the NIC, but his suggestion to delay that assignment fell as flat as a pancake. In fact, Marty reacted rather angrily to it. He had been around long enough to know that Ana's infraction was minor. He even admitted to having knowledge of her contact with the author of the *Soldier of Fortune* article. It was no big deal, and he argued against any delay of Ana's assignment on those grounds. Bobby left it at that. At least he had accomplished our first objective.

Bobby reported back to me on his meeting with Marty. We agreed that Bobby should brief his own boss, Bud Uthe, the DIA's inspector general, in order to preempt any effort by Marty or Marty's chain of command to torpedo Bobby's suggestion. That's how the bureaucratic game is played, not only in DIA, but everywhere. To win, you must understand the culture of the agency in which you operate, the personalities that populate that agency, the internal politics and dynamics of that population, and the common tactics that are used to maneuver around the playing field. Because of the need to maintain the bubble around Ana, we found ourselves in the position of manipulating the master manipulators, people who really knew their way around DIA. We had to anticipate their every move.

Bud Uthe agreed to back Bobby's suggestion. It made sense to delay the assignment anyway. It really wasn't such a good idea to send someone over to the NIC who had a cloud over her head. If anyone called to complain about Bobby's position, he would put his full weight as inspector general behind it.

As it happened, Bobby already had an appointment to see Caryne Wagner, deputy director for analysis and production, on an entirely separate issue. Caryne was at the top of Ana's chain of command, several managerial levels above Marty Scheina, a distant subordinate. Bobby decided to weave the Ana Montes situation into the conversation with an offhand remark. "By the way . . ."— that sort of thing. His hidden purpose, of course, was to obtain agreement from the senior manager in Ana's chain of command that the NIC assignment should be delayed.

We believed she would go for it. Our only real concern at that point was that Marty might have beaten us to the punch. A savvy bureaucrat, Marty certainly would have alerted his own managers to Bobby Speegle's proposal to delay Ana's assignment. That report would have begun filtering its way through the chain of command, first via telephone calls, and then, most likely, by e-mail, all the way up to Caryne Wagner. If the information had already reached her, then she would be prepared to counter Bobby's suggestion. Bobby would have to deal with the situation, whatever happened.

No problem. Caryne Wagner had formerly served on the staff of a congressional intelligence subcommittee. She was very attuned to the concept of preparing the political battlefield before launching an initiative. Ana Montes represented DIA's first foray into the NIC fellowship program, and she wanted Ana to be an astounding success. Success would then breed more success. A cloud, on the other hand, would not do. So the request for a small delay of perhaps a couple of weeks, until Bobby could wrap up his inquiry, seemed reasonable. She would pass the word down the chain to Ana's supervisor. So far, so good.

Bobby's next move was to call Ana. Again, there was a pretext for the call. It was ostensibly a courtesy call, just touching base with his suspect to introduce himself before he officially launched his inquiry. That was common practice in the polite world of intelligence. This time, Bobby's true objective was to learn from Ana, supposedly for the first time, that she was scheduled for a polygraph examination. He would then set the stage for a delay in the exam itself.

During our brainstorming sessions, we had realized that Bobby and Ana were taking their vacations on nearly the same dates. Ana was scheduled to return to work on Monday, January 3, 2001, and then undergo her polygraph the next day. Bobby intended to return to work on January 4. We wove those facts into our scenario as well.

Ana, of course, had been fully informed about the intelligence oversight investigation. We assumed that Bobby's December 7 memo had made its way to Ana and that she would already have discussed the entire issue with her branch and division chiefs. Again, that's just the way the system worked. We presumed they would have prepared themselves for Bobby's visit, long before he first contacted Marty.

Bobby's visit to Marty would have been similarly dissected and discussed with Ana. She would be fully prepared for Bobby's call. Everyone understood how the game was being played.

But we had some tricks up our sleeves. In their phone conversation, Bobby told Ana that he was aware of her pending assignment. He congratulated her on her selection and wished her the best of luck. But first, they would have to resolve this little matter of the intelligence oversight violation. Bobby said that the violation itself appeared relatively minor on its face, but that he would have to go through the process of gathering facts to establish the truth. He assumed that she would prefer to resolve the issue as quickly as possible. Ana agreed. To that end, Bobby offered to expedite his own inquiry. He was terribly busy for the rest of the week, and thereafter he would be on vacation, but he suggested they get together for a formal interview as soon as he returned from vacation—on January 4, say, at nine o'clock in the morning in Bobby's office at the DIAC.

Bobby's proposal, of course, was music to Ana's ears. The guy was reasonable, accommodating, and he even minimized the severity of the intelligence oversight violation. This would be a breeze. She immediately accepted his offer. Then there was a pause, as we expected, as she checked her schedule. January 4, of course, was the date of her polygraph examination. She was scheduled to report to the polygraph suite at DIA's Arlington, Virginia, facility at eight o'clock that morning. She had a schedule conflict. Bobby waited to hear all about it.

Ana informed Bobby that she was scheduled to take a polygraph during the morning of January 4, to satisfy a requirement established by the NIC. Was there another date and time that might be convenient for the interview?

That was the pitch. We'd backed her into the corner, and then made an offer she couldn't refuse. Bobby expressed mild surprise and disappointment at not being able to meet with Ana as soon as he got back to work on January 4. It was too bad about that polygraph appointment. He suggested, though, that she might want to check with the polygraph branch about their policies regarding administering exams to employees who were under investigation. It was Bobby's understanding that our polygraph examiners didn't like to administer exams in that situation, because employees tended to become distracted and upset about their investigations, and those emotions could mess up the polygraph charts. Bobby was pretty sure that the polygraph examiners wouldn't even administer an exam, under those circumstances. He suggested that she check with them.

As we expected, Ana jumped at this chance to get out of a polygraph examination. She had passed a polygraph before. For all we knew, she might have been trained by the Cubans to defeat our polygraph examination. Perhaps she had no fear of it. But she was also human. No human being on earth would choose to submit to a polygraph examination if there was an opportunity to get out of it.

We had a back-up plan, in case Ana did not take the bait. But the back-up plan would have been used only as a last resort, because it ran a greater risk of alerting her. Had Ana not taken the bait, then we would have waited a couple more days before sending an e-mail to her, suggesting that DIA security was aware of the existing investigation and wished to delay the polygraph examination. I didn't like that plan, and I'm glad we didn't have to use it. Somewhere in the back of her mind, eventually, Ana would have questioned how the polygraph examiners became aware of the existence of Bobby's investigation. Ordinarily, they wouldn't. That alone might have been enough to cause her to go on alert.

Fortunately, we were right. Ana didn't hesitate to skip the exam. She informed Bobby, on the spot, that she would commit to an interview in his office at nine o'clock in the morning on January 4. She would also discuss the issue of her investigation with the polygraph examiners.

Bobby called me immediately to advise that our plan had worked. I got off the phone to find my boss Jerry Craig. I discovered that Jerry and Drew Winneberger, the chief of DIA security, were in the lobby area outside the entrance to our office suite, near the elevators. A Christmas party was in progress, and they were chowing down on goodies in the lobby while I sweated bullets in my office, trying to manipulate Ana Montes and her supervisors into playing things our way. Jerry was seated on some kind of makeshift chair, and I nearly bowled him over in my haste. I needed his help to follow this through to a successful conclusion.

I simply told Jerry that we expected an e-mail on his system pretty soon, and that he'd better get back into his office to receive it. I gave him one of those you-know-what-I-mean looks, and jerked my head back toward his office.

Ana had timed it perfectly. We no sooner walked through Jerry's office door than a ping sounded on his computer. It was an e-mail from Ana, looking for guidance just as Bobby had suggested.

In his reply, Jerry affirmed his policy regarding the administration of polygraph examinations while an employee is under investigation. It simply was not done. Ink tended to spray all over the place, and the average employee could not satisfactorily complete an exam under those circumstances. Ana's polygraph would, indeed, have to be rescheduled for some time after the investigation was completed. Jerry copied Bobby Speegle on his response to Ana and asked Bobby to apprise him whenever the inquiry was done. That was that.

The beauty of our plan was that security's fingerprints were not on it. No one would have suspected that Scott the counterintelligence guy was pulling strings behind the scenes, because we wove our agenda into an existing condition. That's how this job is done.

Upon reflection, Ana would have to blame herself for her temporary predicament. She was the one who committed the intelligence oversight violation, after all. She had set her own destiny in motion. I had simply nudged it in the right direction. Her chain of command had directed the delay in her NIC assignment—a delay that we now controlled. Its duration could be lengthened or shortened according to our needs; all we had to do was call Bobby. Ana herself had initiated the effort to delay her own polygraph. Bobby had simply planted the seed. She did the rest.

We suspected that Ana would report the entire sequence of events to her Cuban handlers, if she were indeed an active agent. It had to appear—to them as well as to Ana—to be a natural and predictable progression of events. Her handlers might suspect that DIA counterintelligence was operating behind the scenes, manipulating events. However, an examination of the facts, as known and presented by Ana Montes, would force the conclusion that Ana had simply messed up with the magazine article. She had brought the heat down on herself. Besides, she ultimately benefited from a delay in the polygraph examination. She would now have more time to prepare for the examination, whenever it was finally administered, and that was a good thing, not a bad thing. We were confident that Ana and her handlers had not gone on alert.

At the same time, Ana remained well aware of the continuing risks she ran as an agent. That Thursday night, December 21, she went to Mass—a break with her usual routine. She usually attended Mass on Sundays, at St. Thomas Apostle Church in northwest Washington, D.C. (The same church, as it happens, that was used by Aldrich Ames as a signal site to communicate with his Russian intelligence handlers.)

Now, it's not unusual for Catholics to go to Mass before Christmas. Maybe Ana was simply taking advantage of her last night in town to attend Mass alone. But still, it seemed unusual for Ana, who did not ordinarily go to the church at night in the middle of the week. I would have expected her to wait for the holidays, when she could go with her mother and sister on Christmas Eve or Christmas Day.

We began to look into it. And we found a coincidence, which bothered me, because I don't put much stock in coincidence. December 21 is the feast day of Saint Peter Canisius, a sixteenth-century Jesuit priest who is sometimes called the second apostle of Germany for his work in restoring Catholicism to that country. More relevant to this story, Canisius also served briefly as a Vatican spy. Or rather, as a Vatican secret agent of sorts. After the conclusion of the Council of Trent, the pope named him as a secret nuncio, charged with delivering the council's decrees throughout Germany. Despite the danger, Father Canisius succeeded in his mission. He was the perfect agent.

Is it possible that Ana Montes went to church on the feast day of Saint Peter Canisius to seek his protection and his blessing for her work as a spy? "From one secret agent to another, hey, would you please give me a hand? Keep me from getting caught." Is that what she was doing at Mass that night? I don't know. But I am uncomfortable with coincidences.

When Ana returned from her vacation, she met with Bobby Speegle as planned. The interview went well, and Bobby suggested that he might complete his inquiry by the middle of January. Routine processing of his report might require an additional week or two, as it made its way through the approval chain and then over to security for adjudication. After that, his report would be forwarded to the polygraph shop for their review. At that point, the polygraph examiners should be prepared to administer an exam. He would expedite the entire process for her. Ana was a happy camper.

The powers that be in pay grades above my own had asked us to buy a delay of at least a day or two in Ana's move to the NIC—perhaps a week, if it could be managed. A delay meant breathing room, time to think, time to develop additional plans for dealing with Ana Montes, and time to implement those plans as necessary. We had bought them at least a month, and that could be stretched to six weeks without alarming Ana.

Still, it was only a delay. Ana still expected to move on to Langley and her assignment at the NIC. No final decision had been made to derail that assignment, or to allow her to proceed to the NIC assignment, for that matter, while still under investigation. No one knew what the future would bring, but at least we had some time to prepare. If, as I suspected, a decision was made soon to cancel her assignment to the NIC altogether, then we would have to devise another operation behind the scenes to terminate that assignment—again, without alerting her that she was under suspicion.

We were happy. But perhaps it was we, and not Ana, who remained ignorant. Her interview with Bobby Speegle had occurred at nine o'clock on the morning of January 4, 2000. Around 4:30 that afternoon, close to her usual quitting time, she placed a call to an FBI analyst at headquarters whom she had met several years earlier. As it happened, that analyst was currently supporting the Washington field office on an important case: the Ana Montes investigation. The call at 4:30 must have reached a voice messaging system, because it lasted only a minute. But she didn't give up. The next morning, first thing, she placed a call to the same number again. Ana Montes was reaching out to an FBI contact, and we didn't know why.

11

DERAILING A PLUM ASSIGNMENT

AS IT TURNED OUT, ANA MONTES' CALLS to her contact at the FBI in early January would remain one of those loose ends that occur in any case. We immediately informed Steve McCoy and his team that she had made the calls, but our worst fears were not realized. While Ana was clearly being vigilant, she didn't know the investigation was underway.

Meanwhile, we awaited the submission of paperwork to the FISA court to obtain authority for the use of intrusive methods to collect information about Ana's activities, both at work and off the job. Counting the preliminary phase, the investigation had been running for nearly three months, but we were still extremely limited in our efforts to monitor Ana's activity. We couldn't catch a spy unless we could see what she was doing. The only thing we had in our bag of tricks was physical surveillance, and even that seemed spotty at times. Nothing unusual had been noted.

We suspected that Ana's Cuban handlers had cautioned her against removing materials from work, in any event. By now we believed that she had worked for the Cubans for many years. That fact alone suggested not only that she was of great value to them but also that they had reason to trust her deeply.

In the espionage business, value and trust can change the entire dynamic of the relationship between an agent and his or her foreign handlers. Low-level agents of limited seniority are expected to provide hard materials, like paper reports, disks or CDs, video images, photos, or other media. Such items can be evaluated independently from any commentary or supplemental verbal information that the agent has to offer. Low-level agents, even those who provide hard materials of great value, are not trusted to provide accurate information without supporting documentation. By contrast, high-level agents—those with longevity and a proven record who are also considered motivated and reliable—may provide valuable verbal reports, even without supporting documentation. Ana Montes likely fit into that category of agent. She might not need to take anything home from the office to do her spy work. Especially after the arrest of Cuba's Wasp network, that would certainly be the safer course.

Then, too, Ana had been in some danger of exposure at one point in her career. My interview with her in November 1996 must have given her and her handlers cause to pause—or at least the motivation to adopt more secure methods of communication and to avoid risks like removing materials from work. It seemed likely, then, that her handlers might have encouraged Ana to take information out of the workplace in her head then record her thoughts in some fashion in a relatively safe location, like at home.

That theory made some sense, but we might have been blowing smoke, for all we knew at the time. Still, there had to be some reason for her apparent lack of activity. She was either taking information out in her head, or we were missing the removal of hard materials, or she was no longer active. In any event, we certainly weren't gathering evidence of any active espionage in the absence of the FISA court order that would enable us to move a little closer to the target. We were frustrated.

At DIA, our end of the investigation entered a stage of near-listlessness. Mid-January passed, and no decision regarding Ana's assignment at the NIC was relayed to our level in the field. It seemed as though, with the pressure off, everyone had forgotten that the delay in her assignment to the NIC was only temporary. We hadn't actually fixed anything yet. I wondered whether anyone at CIA was actively pursuing a decision.

At the FBI, meanwhile, Steve was very busy, as were the agents on his squad. Steve had established teams of agents to support him, and those teams continued to prepare for the day when FISA authority would finally be granted. We conducted a walk-through of the DIAC for Steve's agents to familiarize them with the layout. Everything was all set, except the authority to activate those intrusive collection methods.

To the best of my knowledge, in fact, the FISA application hadn't reached the court yet. It was still bouncing around among, and between, the attorneys at FBI headquarters, the FBI headquarters staff supporting the investigation, and Steve, all of whom were tweaking the application to develop the best possible product for submission to the DOJ's Office of Intelligence Policy and Review (OIPR). The request would go to the FISA court only after OIPR approved it.

On January 18, 2001, one member of a congressional oversight committee was briefed on the Ana Montes investigation. That investigation was just one of many briefed to the committee that day. Two days later, George W. Bush was inaugurated as the forty-third president of the United States.

A few days after that, Ana's boyfriend Bill submitted to a routine counterintelligence scope polygraph examination administered by the Air Force. Bill had been indoctrinated into a sensitive DoD program, meaning he had received a formal briefing that included any special security measures for the program. Now he was required to successfully complete the examination before gaining access to program information or materials. His submission to a polygraph examination under the circumstances was entirely routine. Bill completed the exam with flying colors.

Gator and I were somewhat relieved by the news that Bill had successfully completed a polygraph examination. We had begun to suspect that Ana was either out of the espionage business altogether and therefore felt free to pursue a personal relationship with Bill, or that she was targeting Bill for future use as a witting or unwitting conduit for information that he alone could access for her. We reached no conclusions about the issue at that time, but we felt a little better about Bill, in any event.

On January 29, Ana Montes sent an e-mail to one of my co-workers in the security office, Linda Hatch. The e-mail informed Linda that Ana was no longer seeing a psychiatrist or counselor and that she was no longer taking medication to resolve her medical condition.

Ana's note was an interesting claim, in light of the fact that the FBI had established that she regularly filled her prescription and continued to see a counselor. With the completion of Bobby Speegle's investigation fast approaching, to be followed quickly by the polygraph examination, we surmised that Ana wanted to go on record as having no medication in her bloodstream during the examination. I considered asking a nurse to stand very visibly nearby during

Ana's polygraph, then suggesting that we were about to draw blood for a lab test, as though it was a recently enacted procedure for polygraph exams. But I never proposed it. Although it was nice to imagine, the last thing we wanted to do was to make Ana nervous.

The next day, January 30, Drew Winneberger and I traveled once again to the office of the DIA director, Admiral Wilson, at the Pentagon. We met members of DIA's Office of General Counsel in the admiral's outer office, and all of us trooped in to answer his questions. Wilson expressed his frustration with the slow pace of the investigation to date, and we similarly lamented the lack of FISA authority that might have provided greater insight into Ana's activities.

To make matters somewhat worse, our ploy to delay the National Intelligence Council assignment was running out of time. I recall that we were a rather glum and dispirited lot at that point in the investigation. Nothing seemed to be going our way.

Drew Winneberger met with a representative from CIA security a couple of days later regarding Ana's possible assignment to the NIC. It seemed unlikely that George Tenet would allow Ana to work at the NIC under the circumstances, but no firm decision had been passed down.

I could see the writing on the wall. We had to develop a scenario to finally derail the NIC assignment, and it would have to be done without raising the slightest suspicion on Ana's part. The latter seemed an impossibility. Ana was once again communicating directly with Fulton Armstrong, the NIO for Latin American affairs, and making plans for her upcoming assignment. Her management chain in the DIAC had already cut Ana's workload and transferred assignments and accounts to other analysts. Ana was as good as out the door. And I was desperate for ideas.

I discussed a couple of scenarios with Bobby Speegle that followed logically from his intelligence oversight investigation. Perhaps there was a lack of candor issue we could use. It appeared that Ana had attempted to manipulate DIA's Office of Public Affairs to contact the author of the *Soldier of Fortune* article without volunteering the fact that she had already done so. I suggested, in desperation, that we could blow that incident out of proportion. Bobby was obviously thinking more clearly than I was in those days, because he correctly pointed out that such a ploy would not hold water. We needed to think of something else.

Having drawn out the investigation as long as he could, Bobby had recently submitted his investigative report to the Office of General Counsel for review. I understood that that office had the option, if warranted, to refer the matter to the Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Intelligence Oversight as a serious violation that was worthy of their review. I thought that we might parlay that review into a justification for the director of DIA to set aside Ana's appointment to the NIC. That suggestion fell flat, as well. It was time to look elsewhere for an idea.

I brainstormed with my counterintelligence analysts, Chris Simmons and John Kavanagh, and I desperately reached out to Reg Brown, as well. Reg had sensed our interest in Ana through a combination of our own carelessness (we had been asking for his opinions and guidance on a number of Ana-related issues lately) and his amazing ability to form a whole picture from the pieces of mosaic that we offered. After all, he was an analyst.

This time, we settled on a scenario to designate Ana as a "mission essential" analyst, someone whose knowledge, skills, and abilities were needed so urgently to accomplish a high-priority mission that DIA simply could not afford to let her go elsewhere, even temporarily. We decided to mount an operation to convince Ana and everyone in her chain of command that, owing to a series of events beyond everyone's control, she simply had to stay at DIA.

Once again, we wove real-world events into our scenario. The event this time was the implementation of Plan Colombia, the American effort to provide support to the government of Colombia in their war on drugs. The new Bush administration had made support for Plan Colombia a priority. Since Plan Colombia was implemented largely by the DoD's Southern Command, the success of Plan Colombia was a priority for the department. DIA would likely play a role in supporting the DoD's efforts in Plan Colombia. Now, all we had to do was to develop a role for Ana Montes that was so central, so important to DIA's support for Plan Colombia that we could not let her go to the NIC.

We needed an angle. Ana was a Cuba specialist, not a Colombia specialist. Fortunately, we had learned an interesting fact. After her many years on the Cuba account, Ana was currently slated to move to the Colombia account upon completion of her NIC fellowship. That fact gave us some wiggle room, but it wasn't enough to designate Ana Montes as "mission essential"—the only person who could do the job. Only that designation could justify the cancellation of her NIC assignment.

Once again, we had to spin a story that would be readily accepted not only by Ana Montes but also by everyone in her DIA chain of command and everyone at the NIC who expected her imminent transfer to Langley. To remain inside the bubble of ignorance, they all had to be fooled by our scenario.

Our difficulty was that Ana simply wasn't "mission essential" for Plan Colombia—unless we added a Cuba component. Ana was our Cuba expert, so Cuba had to be part of our scenario. Now, I did not know whether Cuba actually posed a threat to the success of Plan Colombia. I had no idea. But even a layman like me could imagine that the government of Cuba, which seems to oppose virtually every initiative taken by the United States in Latin America, not to mention other corners of the globe, might also oppose this effort in Colombia. Why not? It seemed plausible. And clearly, if Cuba posed a threat to the success of Plan Colombia, DIA could justify retaining Ana, its expert on Cuba, to support Plan Colombia. We could put the habeas-stoppus on her plans to leave the agency to work at the NIC.

All we needed now was some high-level concern about the possibility of a Cuban threat to the success of Plan Colombia. We needed someone at the right level to stand up and say, "Hey, wait a minute. Time out. What about the Cubans? Are they going to work against us in Colombia? Is this effort to assist Colombia going to be torpedoed by Fidel Castro? Somebody needs to look at this problem for us."

DIA's answer would be, "Let's put Ana Montes to work on that question. We'd better keep her here at DIA for a while. Cancel her assignment to the NIC." So we decided to manipulate the system. We planned to generate those kinds of questions at a high level and to create a demand for Ana Montes to remain at DIA. This was going to be fun.

Ordinarily, this is not the kind of operation that counterintelligence investigators develop, just to keep an investigation in play. It's difficult to implement and it's too complicated. It violates the KISS principle: Keep It Simple, Stupid. On the other hand, we were desperate, we were running out of time, and we were hamstrung by the requirement to keep Ana, her co-workers, her supervisors, and everyone at the NIC inside the bubble of ignorance of our investigation. Whatever we elected to do in our effort to keep Ana Montes at DIA and away from the NIC, it had to fool everyone, and it had to be done quickly. That's a tough assignment.

Reg Brown knew the system best, and he was instrumental to our success. Reg understood the culture, the process, and the flow of information throughout the process within which the analysts lived every day of their lives. Me? I had spent more than a decade working with and around DIA's analysts, but I was not one of them. My knowledge of their day-to-day working environment was limited. I had to defer to Reg's best judgment.

Reg believed that in order to succeed, the scenario required some real-world, real-time requests for priority support from the office of the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and from Southcom, specifically directed at DIA. Southcom and JCS would have to request a study of the potential negative impact upon the success of Plan Colombia by Cuba. Ana's management chain would then begin the process of building a priority by talking about the new emphasis. The director of DIA could announce from his lofty perch a need for seasoned analysts to work the problem immediately. Ana would have to stay at DIA. We had a week to accomplish this.

Reg got on the phone and called a colleague at JCS to discuss Plan Colombia. Then he wove into the conversation the possible threats to Plan Colombia that might be posed by various elements in the region: by Colombian insurgents, by Venezuela, and by Cuba. Finally, he suggested that a study of the problem might work to Southcom's benefit, and to JCS' benefit as well. All that was required, really, was a validated requirement submitted by JCS asking DIA to perform a study on the issue. Reg even offered to draft the requirement for JCS, and he did so. The draft requirement specifically tasked Ana's office to take the lead on the project, naming two additional DIA elements, including Reg's office, to collaborate on the project.

The requirement for a DIA study entered an automated tasking system the next day, and within hours it was being discussed at the highest levels of DIA's Directorate for Analysis and Production. Reg's fingerprints were nowhere to be seen. He then served as an action officer in support of the request, and he exploited that position to stir the pot among his fellow analysts on the new tasking, including Ana. I was amazed by the ease with which an individual could lead the intelligence community around by the nose. The most remarkable aspect of the entire thing was that the study actually had merit.

The real question, though, was whether the scenario was believable. No one could be left with so much as a nagging feeling that something was not right about this turn of events. I was also concerned that our scenario ultimately had to focus the spotlight on Ana, which could make her suspicious. At some point soon, we would have to ensure that Ana was selected to serve as *the* analyst to save the day for DIA on the suddenly elevated, high-priority requirement to study a Cuban question on Plan Colombia. We would be doing so at the last minute, just before she reported for duty with the NIC. The timing would be awfully coincidental, as she was foiled once again by circumstances in her attempt to get to the NIC.

This time the delay would come because she was so special—too special, in fact, to be released. Such a scenario would certainly feed her ego, but I feared that Ana would sense that something was wrong as soon as the spotlight conveniently fell upon her shoulders. If she went on alert, our case would effectively grind to a halt.

Still, something needed to happen. On February 7, I attended a meeting to discuss Ana's proposed assignment to the NIC and the options to derail it. The decision was announced to my level that day: Ana Montes would not be allowed to set foot inside the National Intelligence Council. How we prevented that from happening was our call.

Everyone turned to me. Only DIA could stop Ana from reporting to the NIC. Preferably, this would be accomplished without alerting her. It would be nice if we could cancel her polygraph examination, too, without letting her know that something unusual was happening behind the scenes. The logic behind that was simple. If Ana took and seemingly "passed" a polygraph test, as she had before, that would have to be reported to the FISA court. We didn't know how the court would view that circumstance, but it seemed best to avoid the issue altogether.

We had just a few days to accomplish all of the above. Any ideas?

I assured everyone that, indeed, I had a scenario in mind and that I had already launched Phase One. The relief on their faces was palpable. I briefed them on the particulars and all agreed that our scenario was sound. They wished me the best of luck and said they would stand by for the results. I can tell you that I wasted no time whatsoever in getting out of that room and back to my office. I had an awful lot to do.

On Tuesday, February 13, Drew Winneberger and I met again with Admiral Wilson and his deputy Mark Ewing at the Pentagon. The FISA authority had still not been issued. We were four months into the investigation and had nothing to show for it except our ulcers. At the meeting, I briefed the admiral on our Plan Colombia scenario to keep Ana Montes in place at DIA. I acknowledged up front that the scenario was weak. Wilson judged it even less kindly. He suspected that Ana would see right through the scenario and go on alert, and that any scenario that put the spotlight on her was doomed to the same outcome. He was right, of course. Ana was no fool.

Then he proposed an alternate scenario, just thinking out loud. Instead of focusing directly upon Ana, he suggested we do something that would cast a wider net and simply scoop Ana up along the way. Something that would not appear to be directed at her but would prevent her, nonetheless, from going to the NIC. He had that something in mind, and it revolved around the common practice of loaning analysts on a temporary basis from one agency to another within the intelligence community.

The very practice of sending DIA analysts to other agencies was one of the admiral's pet peeves. He saw lots of talent on the outbound track and very little brought back into our agency in return. We seemed to operate at a perpetual net loss through programs that enabled DIA analysts to spend their talent like currency at other agencies for weeks or months at a crack. Typically, as many as two hundred DIA employees were deployed to provide temporary support to other agencies at any one time. While our analysts were supporting other agencies, Admiral Wilson was placed in the uncomfortable position of having to respond to congressional complaints that DIA wasn't getting its work done, or that the agency was understaffed. He was tired of it.

So he proposed his scenario: an agency-wide freeze on all external analytical assignments. Just a temporary freeze, perhaps, while the agency studied the issue and attempted to develop a more equitable, manageable process for assigning analysts on a temporary basis to other agencies within the intelligence community. Exceptions could and would be granted—but not for Montes. She would have to stay at DIA.

The admiral's plan would effectively stop Ana from going to the NIC, but not without significant cost to DIA and the rest of the intelligence community. A proposal to cease cooperating with other members of the community on the routine exchange of analysts would generate discontent. First would come complaints at all levels, starting within DIA. Senior managers within the agency would have to quell the groundswell of grousing among analysts, who viewed the exchange program as a perk. Complaints would then filter into DIA from other member agencies of the intelligence community, each of which routinely loaned analysts to DIA under the exchange program and in turn depended upon DIA's expertise to accomplish its own mission. Finally, Congress would ask the admiral to account for the freeze. Admiral Wilson was willing to take that heat and to deal with it in order to advance the investigation into Ana Montes' activities on behalf of the Cuban government.

The deadline imposed by the completion of Bobby Speegle's investigation was fast approaching. It would be best to implement the agency-wide freeze right away. Waiting until the last minute would make it look a bit too coincidental in terms of Ana's departure for her NIC assignment.

But how to do it? A major announcement out of the blue would certainly seem suspicious. We didn't want anyone at the agency, particularly Ana, to wonder why the director chose that particular moment to halt the agency's participation in analytical exchanges. We needed a triggering event, an incident or event that would serve as a context for the announcement. Whatever we chose to do, it would have to clearly and convincingly explain the admiral's rationale for implementing a freeze, including the timing, all without any connection to Ana Montes.

The admiral had the perfect solution. He would throw a fit.

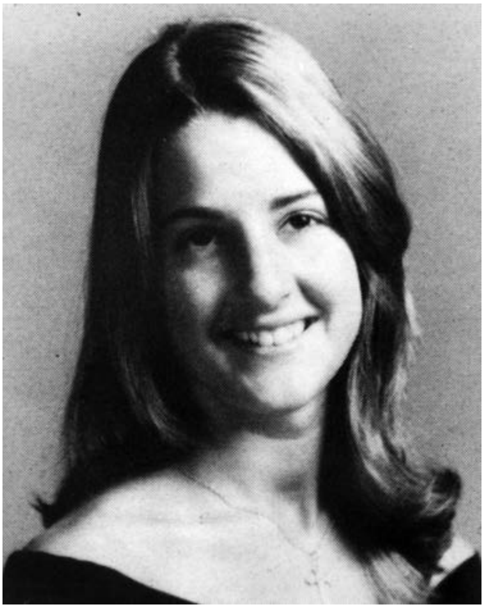

Ana Montes' senior portrait for her high school yearbook. She graduated in 1975 from Loch Raven High School, located just north of the city of Baltimore, Maryland. (Courtesy Baltimore County Public Schools)

Montes (second from right, middle row) poses with the members of the American Field Service chapter at Loch Raven High School. Ana's sister Lucy is second from left, middle row. Above the photo the yearbook reads: "The A.F.S. is an organization designed to foster mutual good will and understanding between nations…." (Courtesy Baltimore County Public Schools)

DIA analyst Montes, principal U.S. analyst for El Salvador and Nicaragua, visiting U.S. Army bases in El Salvador during a spring 1987 orientation tour. A few weeks after Montes visited his base, U.S. Army Special Forces Staff Sergeant Gregory A. Fronius was killed by Cuba-backed guerrillas. (Defense Department photo)

A casual shot of Montes from the 1975 yearbook. (Courtesy Baltimore County Public Schools)

Staff Sgt. Gregory A. Fronius, U.S. Army Special Forces, just before leaving for El Salvador in 1986. (U.S. Army photo)

Greg Fronius training an indigenous soldier. (Courtesy of Celinda Carney)

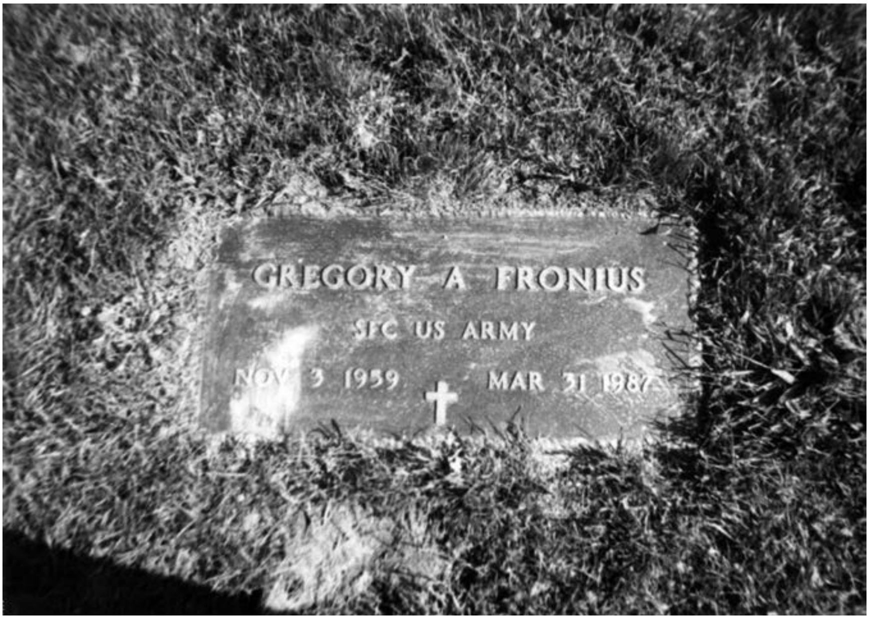
GREGORY A FRONIUS
SFC US ARMY
NOV 3 1959
MAR 31 1987

Cemetery marker for Greg Fronius. (Courtesy of Celinda Carney)

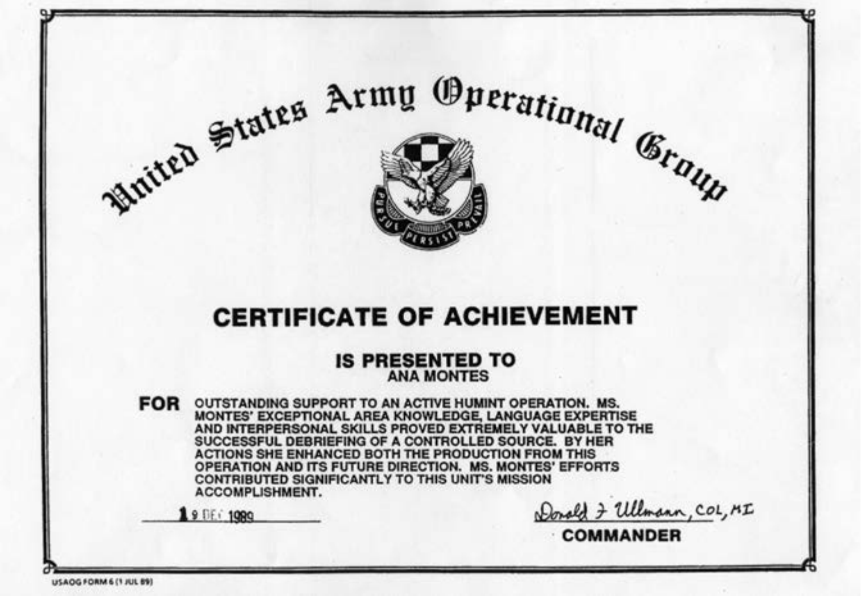

United States Army Operational Group

CERTIFICATE OF ACHIEVEMENT

IS PRESENTED TO
ANA MONTES

FOR OUTSTANDING SUPPORT TO AN ACTIVE HUMINT OPERATION. MS. MONTES' EXCEPTIONAL AREA KNOWLEDGE, LANGUAGE EXPERTISE AND INTERPERSONAL SKILLS PROVED EXTREMELY VALUABLE TO THE SUCCESSFUL DEBRIEFING OF A CONTROLLED SOURCE. BY HER ACTIONS SHE ENHANCED BOTH THE PRODUCTION FROM THIS OPERATION AND ITS FUTURE DIRECTION. MS. MONTES' EFFORTS CONTRIBUTED SIGNIFICANTLY TO THIS UNIT'S MISSION ACCOMPLISHMENT.

19 DEC 1989

Donald J Ullmann, COL, MI
COMMANDER

USAOG FORM 6 (1 JUL 89)

U.S. Army Certificate of Achievement awarded to Montes in December 1989 for her support to the human intelligence operation in El Salvador. (Defense Department photo).

Montes receiving an award from then-DIA director Lt. Gen. Harry E. Soyster, U.S. Army. (DIA photo)

Marty Scheina, who hired Montes at DIA in 1985 and was still her supervisor when she was arrested, awards Montes a DIA Special Achievement Award. (DIA photo)

In 1997, then-Director of Central Intelligence George J. Tenet gives Montes a Certificate of Distinction, the third highest national-level intelligence award. (Office of the Director of Central Intelligence photo)

Ana Montes' condominium building in Cleveland Park, near the National Zoo in Washington, D.C. Montes placed her antennae close to the window of her corner unit to receive coded messages from Havana three nights per week. (DIA photo)

Montes (front, in white) assumes her characteristic assertive posture in a meeting at DIA. (DIA photo)

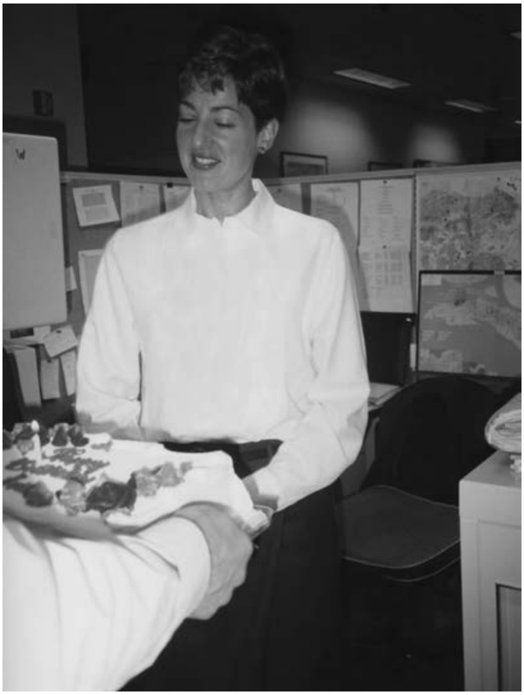

Ana celebrates a birthday in her DIA cubicle, on a wall of which is a map of Cuba. (DIA photo)

Contrary to a perception that Montes was cold and distant, Montes shows a lighter side with military officers at DIA. (DIA photo)

BAYVIEW PARK
SOUTH

Montes caught in a rare casual moment by her boyfriend during their summer 2001 vacation in Miami. (DIA photo)

Montes' mug shot after her arrest on the morning of September 21, 2001. (Justice Department photo)

ANA BELEN MONTES
DOB 02-28-57

12

THE FREEZE

AFTER THE MEETING WITH ADMIRAL WILSON, Drew Winneberger and I drove from the Pentagon to the DIAC on Bolling Air Force Base. Our objective was to brief Ana's senior manager, Caryne Wagner. Until that point, Caryne was inside Ana's bubble, completely unaware of our investigation. Now we needed her assistance to execute the freeze.

Caryne was surprised and concerned to learn about the investigation, but she accepted our briefing instantly and turned immediately to how she could help us. On hearing the plan, however, she questioned how she could handle the flood of complaints that would naturally flow from analysts to first-line supervisors and then to her office after a freeze was announced. She did not deal with the nuts and bolts management of day-to-day operational affairs within the DI. That function was left to her deputy, Dave Curtin. So her bottom line was simple: Dave had to join the team.

That was a big step, and risky. Dave had known and worked with Ana for approximately a decade. Less than two years earlier, while serving as Ana's second-level supervisor, he had engineered her special EIP promotion to the GS-14 level. Professionally, he thought the world of her, putting him near the top of our list of people whom we wished to avoid during the Ana Montes investigation. Learning that his star analyst was actually a spy would be a huge shock, making it difficult for him to maintain a "business as usual" attitude toward her. Still, Caryne was correct: Only Dave could run interference for her by handling Ana's supervisors. We agreed to brief him as soon as possible.

On Valentine's Day, February 14, Ana departed for Miami to spend a week with her boyfriend Bill. A couple of days later, a judge on the FISA court authorized the use of intrusive techniques to collect information about Ana's activities. The FBI swung into high gear, and our advance preparations began to pay off as systems went into place to actively monitor Ana Montes around the clock. We waited hungrily for her return from Miami.

So far the investigation had produced very little. The FBI had developed one additional, though key, piece of corroborating evidence that matched Ana Montes against another data point. But that was all of the additional evidence that we had gathered in four months. There's only so much that can be accomplished through a review of records and physical surveillance.

On February 21, Drew Winneberger and I traveled to the DIAC again, this time to brief Dave Curtin on the case. I laid the case out for him piece by piece. He was devastated. But by the end of the briefing, he seemed even more convinced than I was that Ana Montes was a spy.

The broad implications of her activities on behalf of the Cubans could be fully appreciated only by intelligence professionals like Dave. The rest of us, laymen by comparison, are capable of grasping only a vague and superficial understanding of the damage that Ana Montes caused our nation. Dave also took the depth of Ana's betrayal personally. I am certain that it bothers him to this day. He was one of several senior members of the U.S. intelligence community who thought the world of Ana Montes as an analyst. Dave had gone out of his way to ensure that she enjoyed opportunities for advancement and opportunities to broaden her experience and value to the intelligence community. Dave was simply devastated.

He agreed to play a key role in the admiral's scenario. The managers in Ana's chain of command would raise Cain about the freeze, but he was determined to do his part in support of the investigation, however painful it might be for him personally.

Another week passed before we could advance the admiral's scenario. On Wednesday, February 28, Admiral Wilson hosted a meeting in his Pentagon office that was attended by some pretty heavy hitters at DIA, including his deputy, Mark Ewing, his military aide, Capt. Joseph Stewart, Caryne Wagner, and Dave Curtin. Drew and I completed the list of attendees. The purpose of the meeting was essentially to establish the mechanics of the admiral's scenario, including the timetable.

This time, the mechanics were fairly simple. Caryne would feed a "meatball" to the admiral during a weekly video teleconference meeting with senior DIA managers. The meatball would be an off-hand comment to the effect that DI was unable to meet some specific requirement because key analysts were on assignment to another agency. The admiral would then throw his fit, and everyone who participated in the video-teleconference would be on notice that some kind of change was in the offing. It would then be up to Mark Ewing to announce the freeze of external assignments and up to Dave to ensure that Ana's was among them.

After listening to Admiral Wilson that day, I believed the plan would work. He launched into a tirade about external analytical assignments and the ill effect that those assignments had visited upon his agency. It truly did make him angry. I must admit I found it somewhat amusing to listen to him as he railed on about a topic that I found to be abstract and generally inconsequential. I can tell you this, though: It really upset him.

The senior executives were prepared to launch Admiral Wilson's scenario the next morning. Our meeting broke up, and I observed to Drew that it was Ana Montes' birthday. She turned forty-four that day. We were preparing quite a birthday present for her. Her agency's senior managers were pulling strings behind the scenes in an effort to ensure that her forty-fifth year was spent in prison.

Bill surprised Ana by showing up in Washington on her birthday. He would remain in town through the weekend. If our scenario worked, it would be a week of surprises.

The admiral's tantrum went off according to plan. He commented during the next morning's video-teleconference with senior DIA managers that Plan Colombia seemed to be heating up. He then casually asked Caryne Wagner, who "owned" the analytical assets at DIA, how she planned to address the issue and whether she was sufficiently staffed to do so. Caryne delivered the meatball. DI, she responded, had several initiatives under way to address the issue, but unfortunately, some of her best analysts were temporarily assigned to joint task forces or other external assignments, and she was experiencing some difficulty drawing from internal resources to meet the requirement. She would do her best. That was the admiral's cue.

They got an earful, and it was all from the heart. Admiral Wilson did not have to fake his hissy fit; it was real. There must have been no doubt in the minds of the admiral's senior managers but that something was about to be done about the agency's "problem" with external analyst assignments. By the end of the day, rumors about the admiral's performance had filtered down from his senior managers to the rank-and-file analysts in the agency.

Mark Ewing's role as deputy director of DIA was to serve as Admiral Wilson's action officer. On Friday morning, March 1, he sent an e-mail to DIA's senior managers, including Caryne Wagner. His e-mail mentioned the admiral's concerns about external analytical assignments and announced an immediate, temporary freeze on those assignments until a proper study of the problem could be completed. Caryne forwarded the e-mail to Dave, with an instruction to put it into effect. Dave was now the key player in our effort to freeze Ana Montes at DIA.

Dave first forwarded the e-mail to his own senior management staff and then followed up with a telephonic summons to each of his managers to attend a meeting in his office that morning. Dave understood his managers, and he understood the culture at DIA. His managers would salute the admiral's order smartly and feign compliance, but they would work behind the scenes to secure exceptions to the new rule for their favorite employees. Ana was one of them.

Fortunately, Dave was a master of the bureaucratic game and was able to anticipate every move that his managers were likely to make on Ana's behalf. He wished to deal with those maneuvers as directly as possible, without drawing any direct attention to Ana. During the meeting, he announced that exceptions to the new policy would be accepted on a case-by-case basis. Given the fervency of the director's feelings on the issue, however, they couldn't expect much in the way of grace. Dave asked his managers to compile lists of the analysts who would be affected by the freeze and to e-mail those lists to him before the end of the day.

As Dave had suspected, the list from Ana's direct chain of supervisors did not include her name. Her immediate supervisors had probably omitted her name intentionally in an effort to slip her past the freeze because she had already been selected and processed for the NIC assignment. She practically had one foot out the door already. Dave was ready for them. A quick phone call to her third-level supervisor did the trick. Ana's name was back on the list, and she was frozen.

Montes' immediate chain of supervisors assured Ana that they would obtain an exception to the freeze on her behalf. They submitted a request for such a waiver, but of course the request was denied after careful review by DIA's senior managers. The fix was in.

Nevertheless, the bureaucracy continued to work in support of Ana Montes. Fulton Armstrong and his subordinates at the National Intelligence Council also worked from their end of the analyst exchange pipeline to obtain a waiver for Ana. We were confident that the director and deputy director of DIA could withstand any attempt by the NIC staff to obtain a waiver. Still, their continued efforts gave Ana some reason to hope that her assignment to the NIC might occur after all, despite the freeze. As you'll see, that flicker of hope nearly cost us dearly.

Shortly after Mark Ewing's e-mail was transmitted to senior managers that Friday morning, I participated in a meeting at FBI headquarters. I briefed those present on the status of the admiral's scenario and assured them that we had the situation under control and could now proceed with the investigation.

Everything was clicking along for us. The full field investigation had been granted, the FBI had developed some good information that enabled the Department of Justice to obtain FISA authority for the use of intrusive intelligence collection techniques, and now we had fixed Ana Montes in place at DIA. George Tenet would be pleased to know that DIA had kept Ana away from his National Intelligence Council. And as far as we knew, Ana was ignorant of our activities behind the scenes. She remained inside the bubble.

There remained only one bump in the road: Ana's polygraph appointment. Upon learning from Bobby Speegle that his investigation was complete, Ana contacted our polygraph team to request again that they schedule her for a polygraph so that she could zip up to the NIC as soon as possible. She was clearly still hoping that a way could still be found to release her from the agency-wide freeze. We fudged things a bit in order to buy additional time, but Ana's polygraph was scheduled for March 14, less than two weeks away.

This was a potential problem. FISA warrants that authorize the use of certain types of investigative techniques are good for only ninety days. After that, the FBI and Justice Department must renew the warrants to continue using those very intrusive investigative techniques against a suspect. The renewal affidavit must include a summary of pertinent information developed through investigation since the preceding warrant was issued. If Ana did well on the DIA polygraph exam, as she had in the past, those results would have to be included.

Once again, it seemed best to avoid the issue altogether. In other words: No polygraph examination for Ana Montes. That was not so easily accomplished if the goal was to cancel the appointment without alerting her. We couldn't risk putting Ana on alert by asking the DIA polygraph team to contact her out of the blue, unexpectedly and without explanation, to cancel the polygraph appointment.

But I had a plan. I suspected that Ana would do us all a favor by canceling her own appointment with the polygraph team, if only we gave her enough time to do so. I didn't volunteer that thought to anyone but Gator, however. I kept my counsel and merely offered assurances to everyone else that DIA would work to develop some means to cancel Ana's polygraph appointment. I doubted they would accept my belief that the best course of action was to simply sit tight, do nothing, and allow Ana to cancel the polygraph appointment by herself.

My rationale was simple: Ana Montes was still the same person. When offered an opportunity to avoid a polygraph examination during her conversation with Bobby Speegle back in December, she had jumped at the chance to do so. I believed that she would do it again. She had only to realize that, since she wasn't going to the NIC assignment after all, there was no need for her to take a polygraph test.

On Thursday, March 8, someone way above my pay grade called to discuss my efforts to cancel Ana's polygraph examination. The polygraph appointment was less than a week away, and he was worried. Ana's polygraph was scheduled for the following Wednesday. I told him we were still working on it, but in fact I was just buying time.

On Monday, I received yet another call from another person at a high level. At the news that Ana's polygraph had not yet been canceled, my caller all but accused me of deliberately sabotaging the investigation by failing to take actions to cancel the polygraph appointment. By then, even I was beginning to sweat. If Ana submitted to our polygraph examination and inexplicably passed it, my superiors would have me for lunch.

My caller was taking notes on our conversation. Finally, she summarized our exchange rather sarcastically, "So, let me see if I understand you correctly. Your plan is to wait and do nothing. And you're hoping that Ana Montes is going to pick up the phone to cancel her own appointment, is that right?"

Well, yes.

At nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, the day before the scheduled exam, Gator and I participated in a meeting with our polygraph team, including Harry Pittman, who served as DIA's polygraph team leader, my boss Jerry Craig, who was responsible for both the polygraph team and the investigations team of which I was a member, and Dave Cameron, the designated examiner. At this stage of the game, we were resigned to the fact that the polygraph of Ana Montes was going to occur as scheduled and that we would have to simply deal with the results of that polygraph, come what may. We understood that the investigation of Ana would continue, regardless of the examination results, and abiding by any decisions by the FISA court that might stem in part from those results. We had to play the cards that were dealt.

It was ten o'clock, and we'd been meeting for an hour. As we gathered our things to leave, a distinctive bell alerted everyone present to the receipt on Jerry's personal computer of an e-mail from within the agency. It was from Montes. And you should have seen the look on Jerry Craig's face when he announced that Ana was inquiring whether she really needed to take a polygraph test in light of the fact that her assignment to the NIC had been indefinitely postponed.

Needless to say, we accommodated her request to cancel the polygraph.

13

SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY

WITH THE SUCCESSFUL EFFORT TO DERAIL Ana Montes' assignment to the National Intelligence Council and the cancellation of her polygraph examination, the change in our attitudes was palpable. Ana was firmly in place at DIA, apparently not on alert, and we had all systems up and running to monitor her activities very closely around the clock.

The FBI's physical surveillance had been underway for months by March 2001. The team had established a good baseline for Ana's normal, routine behavior. Now they were looking for anything out of the ordinary that might suggest she was engaged in some kind of clandestine contact with the Cubans. Nothing of consequence had been detected to date. Ana's polygraph had been scheduled for Wednesday, March 14, 2001, but we had obligingly canceled the exam upon receipt of her e-mail in Jerry Craig's office the previous day. March 14, then, was just another day at the office for Ana Montes.

But March 14 was anything but just another day for many of us, as Vice President Dick Cheney, Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, and Director of Central Intelligence George Tenet visited the DIAC. It was a combined courtesy call and orientation tour for the new vice president and secretary of defense, and as you might imagine, there was a lot of brass inside the building that day. Lots of security, too. Inside our DIAC command post, not far from

Ana's cubicle, we kept close tabs on her activity. To the best of our knowledge, she took no special interest in our visitors.

Weeks passed, and still we observed nothing out of the ordinary in Ana's behavior—nothing to suggest that she was actively engaged in espionage. Her typical work day ran from eight o'clock in the morning to five o'clock in the afternoon. You could almost set your watch by her. She was very punctual. And Ana had her nose squarely on the grindstone, all day long. I mean, the woman did not stop to take a breath. She worked continuously, throughout the day. At eight o'clock in the morning, Ana would walk directly to her cubicle on the sixth floor of the DIAC, and without a pause she would turn her computer on and wade directly into her workload. No time was wasted waiting for the coffee to perk. No stopping for a doughnut in the cafeteria. No chit-chat with her co-workers. Just work. It was as though she'd think about work during the commute to the office, and when she arrived, she simply dove into it.

She'd work straight through to lunchtime, nonstop, and it wasn't busywork. On the contrary, she was very efficient. The woman simply gobbled up the workload. For lunch, Ana would typically go downstairs to the cafeteria, toss a salad or a bowl of soup onto her tray, and take it back to her cubicle, alone. She worked through lunch virtually every day, in her cubicle, at her desk, with her computer keyboard at hand. At five o'clock— sometimes at four-thirty—she'd go home. She almost never worked later than five during the normal workweek and almost never went into work on a Saturday or a Sunday.

On a typical evening after work, Ana performed personal errands as most of us do, shopping for fresh vegetables and other foods for dinner. She ate sparingly, and only food that was good for her. She might stop by the local pharmacy or pop into the dry cleaning shop on the corner. Afterward, she'd head for home, a condo in Washington's Cleveland Park district, near the National Zoo. Once she got there, she usually stayed put, rarely venturing out at night. She was a homebody, and she kept her place tidy and neat. Several times per week she worked out at the gym for a couple of hours, perhaps to relieve the stress of living a double life. She attended Mass regularly, rarely missing a service.

And she was a reader. Ana's library at home was filled with volumes of history and of political studies of Latin America, as you might expect of a Latin America specialist. Fidel Castro and Che Guevara, Castro's late comrade who supported armed resistance to capitalism throughout Central and South America, figured quite prominently on her shelves.

I was certain that I had matched the right person against the FBI's UNSUB data points. But even I was beginning to doubt that Ana Montes was still active. There were times when I wished I could simply will her to remove some classified material from the DIAC, but we did not observe her doing so.

Bill arrived in Washington in time for Easter. He was scheduled to attend a three-week training session at DIA, of all places, and his classes were right there in the DIAC, just a short walk from our DIAC command post. On May 16, we learned that Bill had accepted a new job within the DoD. He hoped to report for his new assignment by the end of the summer, some time after DIA adjudicated his security clearance to ensure that he met the personnel security standards for his new billet. Gator and I would be reviewing the nomination package forwarded to DIA for Bill's security clearance. And so life continued on, frustratingly uneventful.

That Sunday, May 20, 2001, Ana followed her normal routine of attending Mass then going shopping in the afternoon. She patronized a Hecht's store on Wisconsin Avenue in Chevy Chase, Maryland. Members of the surveillance team had seen her enter that particular store many times in the past. In fact, she went there almost every Sunday, except when she had other appointments or when Bill was in town. As usual, she parked her car on the top deck of a parking garage next to Hecht's then walked from her car into the store.

A short while later, Ana exited the store at the lower level and sat down on a half-wall located next to two public telephones. She glanced at her watch, and at exactly 1:30 PM she placed a short call from one of the telephones that lasted perhaps a minute. She then walked to her car and left the area. Members of the surveillance team took note of the call, suspecting it was for operational purposes. They knew Ana carried a cell phone wherever she went. She had it with her when she placed the call from the public telephone near Hecht's. There was something odd about that call.

Ana then drove south on Wisconsin Avenue, seemingly headed back home. Unexpectedly, however, she parked her car on the street then doubled back on foot in the opposite direction, walking north along Wisconsin Avenue for a couple of blocks. As she did so, she passed a public telephone booth that appeared to be in good operating order.

Next she crossed Wisconsin Avenue and entered a sporting goods store at the end of the block, spent a few minutes inside, then emerged with a shopping bag in one hand as though she had just purchased an item. In Washington's Northwest section, Wisconsin Avenue is a wide, busy street with two lanes of traffic in each direction. Those doing the surveillance thought the fact Ana chose to cross such a major street suggested she had a specific destination in mind. After leaving the sporting goods store, Ana walked to a nearby public telephone booth. At exactly 2:00 PM she placed another brief call from the public phone. She then walked back to her car and drove home.

14

A LONG SUMMER

FBI AGENTS AND THEIR CO-WORKERS in Miami likely participated in a low-key celebration on June 8, 2001. Convicted members of the Cuban Wasp network received their prison sentences that day. Their sentencing was the culmination of more than five years of effort by the FBI and the Justice Department, and I imagined that Ana's sister was among those at the FBI who joined in celebration of the victory over Cuban intelligence. She could rightly feel proud and happy about her contribution to the operation's success. Ana, by contrast, might well have spent June 8 in fear that she might someday share the Wasp network's fate at the hands of the FBI. Ana and her sister, it seemed, had never been so far apart.

Fortunately, Bill came to town shortly after June 8. He was scheduled to participate in an interagency study on the intelligence community's collection efforts against Cuba, and he would be in Washington for about two weeks. Bill's visit occurred at just the right moment. Ana needed the company and emotional support after the announced sentences of the Wasp network. Though she couldn't share her concerns with Bill, his presence would serve as a much-needed distraction for her troubled mind.

Throughout much of the spring, Ana participated in developing a national intelligence estimate (NIE) on Cuba. NIEs are intelligence community assessments that greatly impact the formulation of U.S. foreign policy. As the queen of Cuba—the top U.S. Cuba analyst in the community—Ana was in a position to greatly influence U.S. foreign policy.

In the late spring and through June, she worked to update the intelligence community assessment (ICA) of the Cuban armed forces, a document that would serve as a basis for contingency planning for military engagements with Cuba. An ICA is the intelligence community's way of saying to the country's warfighters, "This is what you're up against. This is what the Cuban military is capable of doing, and this is what they are likely to do in any given situation." The assessment goes into great detail.

Fidel Castro's mole was writing the intelligence community's assessment of Cuba for use by U.S. war planners. This was not low-level stuff. To put it another way, a Cuban agent was spending her summer shaping the U.S. military's approach toward Cuba in the event a crisis developed between the two nations.

It was true that others above Ana's station, such as Fulton Armstrong, the NIO for Latin American affairs, might review her assessment and provide input to ensure her key judgments reflected those of the broader intelligence community, but those judgments were largely her own. Besides, those senior reviewers knew and respected her work. If we hadn't derailed her assignment, she would have been working with Armstrong at that moment as part of her research fellowship. It was Ana Montes, the intelligence community's premier expert on Cuban political and military affairs, who developed the basic analysis behind those "broader intelligence community" judgments for the NIE and the ICA in the first place. That's why Ana was tasked to draft both documents.

The fact that Montes was so heavily involved in the process of establishing U.S. foreign policy and military doctrine weighed heavily on Admiral Wilson's mind throughout the summer. Ultimately, he was responsible for the decision to leave her in place, with access to the nation's innermost secrets, while the FBI's investigation plowed ahead. He felt justified in that decision as long as the investigation showed progress. Still, the admiral was constantly aware of his responsibility to balance the need to protect our national security against the needs of the FBI for more time to complete its investigation. It was a weighty responsibility that he bore alone. As DIA director, he could terminate Ana's continued access to sensitive information whenever he felt it necessary. But removing that access would almost certainly alarm Ana and reduce the likelihood that the FBI would be able to gather sufficient evidence to support a prosecution of her in federal court. The admiral stood in the middle, like a fulcrum balancing two options.

In the meantime, pressure built steadily throughout the summer to lift DIA's ban on external analyst assignments—the policy that had the secret objective of freezing Ana in place at DIA. We met again with Admiral Wilson and his deputy director Mark Ewing to discuss our options. Internal pressure from DIA analysts was manageable, but external pressure from the rest of the intelligence community was rising. Ewing foresaw a need to lift the freeze by the end of the summer. We would have to develop a Plan B to keep Ana at DIA.

My wife and I had long planned to take a vacation with our kids in July 2001. We drove down to Disney World for a few days and then boarded the *Disney Magic* for a cruise into the Caribbean. Coincidentally, Ana and Bill planned to take a vacation at about the same time, traveling first to Miami and then to Puerto Rico for a Montes family reunion—another indication of their growing intimacy. The *Disney Magic* sailed within eighteen miles of the Puerto Rican shoreline on the evening of July 8. I stood on our balcony peering into the distance and wondering whether Ana sensed my presence at that moment. It seemed that I could not get away from this woman even while on vacation.

Soon after my return to the office, the lack of progress in our investigation prompted Admiral Wilson to call a meeting on July 19. He called for an extensive search of Ana's residence under authority of the FISA warrant as soon as practicable in order to move things along. The admiral was a patient man, but his patience had limits.

The search warrant was open-ended, but there was something special we were looking for. Earlier, I mentioned the possibility that Ana might be taking information out of the DIA in her head then writing it down elsewhere—most likely at home—and encoding it for delivery or transmission. If she was still an active spy, that theory explained why no physical materials were leaving the building. It also suggested that she was likely to have an encryption/decryption system hidden away—again, most likely at home.

If Ana was passing on coded information, we also thought we knew how. Despite owning a cell phone, she had continued to make use of a variety of public pay phones. The FBI team had learned that these calls were directed to pagers in New York City. Our assumption was that she was punching in numeric codes during the phone calls, which her Cuban handlers could pick up and decode from the pagers. We needed to find that encryption/decryption system. (Her handlers also sent coded messages in the other direction, from themselves to Ana, but they used a different method for those. We eventually learned that she received the messages on a shortwave radio.)

The problem with searching Ana's condo was that it had to be done discreetly. Needless to say, we didn't want to let Ana or any of her neighbors know that something was going on. To search an entire residence both thoroughly and surreptitiously, we simply had to get Ana out of town for at least a full day, if not longer.

Ana's next scheduled business trip outside the Washington area was a trip to Miami in September 2001. Even that date, we knew, was not set in cement. It could slip or be canceled altogether. Besides, September was too far off. We needed her to take an official trip sometime soon, preferably in August. Dave Curtin was the only person who could make this happen, so I tapped into him for the second time in the investigation. He didn't disappoint me.

DIA has a facility in Huntsville, Alabama, called the Missiles and Space Intelligence Center (MSIC). Located on the Redstone Arsenal near the Marshall Space Flight Center, MSIC is staffed, like the DIAC, with DIA analysts. Dave had just returned from a business trip to MSIC, so he chose it as the site for Ana's business trip.

Ana wouldn't be going alone. Dave organized a high-priority, short-fuse conference on an issue that would require a broad spectrum of expertise. Only the most senior and experienced analysts from DIA were chosen to participate in the conference, all hand-picked by Dave. Dave threw his conference together in just a couple of days.

Ana's supervisors, however, had other plans. As it turned out, Ana didn't really want to go to the conference. She understood the need for a conference to iron out some longstanding problems between MSIC analysts and DIAC analysts, but she didn't understand the choice of venues. MSIC was about a thousand miles south of Washington, and the very thought of traveling that far for a two-day conference seemed a poor use of her time. Her supervisors substituted the name of another analyst on their list of participants, omitting Ana's name altogether, and attempted to slip the list past a busy Dave Curtin while giving their prize analyst a break.

They should have known better. Dave had a habit of getting into work early to read his e-mails and clear his desk of administrative matters before launching into his day. I caught Dave on the way out of the DIAC at about six-thirty the next morning as I was on my way into work. He told me about the attempt by Montes' supervisors to torpedo his plan and about his own response. That was Dave at his bureaucratic best.

Fortunately, another analytical unit under Dave's purview had attempted the same trick. Dave shot a response back down the supervisory chain, scorching every recalcitrant manager in turn. He didn't have time for their games. These people were on his list for a purpose. Each offered something unique and necessary for the conference and had been hand-picked. Then Dave articulated his rationale for having selected both Ana and the other analyst and he wrote that he would see them all on the plane. End of story.

I loved it, for several reasons. First, because Dave's response was certain to get Ana out of town, as we desired. Second, because word of Dave's response was bound to filter down to Ana, and it would appeal to her ego. It would make her feel special and important—so important that her own ego would quell any suspicions that might otherwise have arisen about the sudden departure from Washington for a distant locale. Finally, I loved it because he handled the turn of events by himself. He simply knew what needed to be done, and he did it. I like that.

Sure enough, a team of twenty analysts left Washington for the conference in Huntsville, Alabama, on Tuesday evening, August 7. Ana Montes was among them. But our efforts were for naught. Every investigative action taken during Ana's absence failed to produce more evidence of operational activity on behalf of the Cuban Intelligence Service. If she had crypto materials—or any other incriminating possessions—apparently she hadn't left them behind when she went on the trip.

This lack of results was truly a crushing blow. The admiral had spent much of the summer reminding us of the need to show progress in the investigation. We risked additional damage to national security by allowing Ana to continue her employment at DIA, and he could justify keeping her on the payroll only as long as the FBI's efforts showed significant progress. The admiral would not be amused by this setback.

Sure enough, Admiral Wilson called a meeting the day after the search. We believed we had enough evidence against Ana to terminate her employment at the agency. Whether the Justice Department felt it had sufficient evidence to support charges that she had violated federal statutes as well was another issue, and not our own. Everyone understood that Ana could not be allowed to continue her access to classified information forever. The FBI had had its shot.

Meanwhile, internal and external pressure against the admiral's freeze on external analytical assignments was nearing the breaking point. It might be time to close this thing down.

Wilson decided to schedule a meeting with the FBI to discuss the end game for their investigation. A meeting was set for August 20. We were beside ourselves with frustration. Ana simply had to have that encryption/decryption system somewhere close by.

The next day, Friday, August 10, FBI headquarters hosted a retirement party for Terry Holstead, one of the senior managers involved in the Ana Montes investigation. Terry had put in more than thirty years with the bureau, and quite a crowd turned out to celebrate his transition to retirement. Gator and I were among them. Someone commented that Terry's true forte with the FBI had been his ability to forge bonds with outside agencies. I had to agree that Terry had forged a bond with DIA and earned my respect as he worked to keep the investigation on track. I smile now, imagining that Terry was fishing in some trout stream out West the day that Ana was finally arrested. And happy to be there.

It was around that time that our thoughts turned to Ana's tote bag. She carried it wherever she went, and she never seemed to leave it anywhere. Perhaps the crypto materials were inside the bag. Maybe she carried those materials into work every day to keep them close and safe. We needed to get close enough to search that bag.

Getting to the tote bag while Montes was outside of work was impossible. She practically slept with the thing. We needed a plan to get to it while she was at work, inside the DIAC.

15

BORROWING THE LADY'S PURSE

THERE WAS VERY LITTLE TIME LEFT. Admiral Wilson's meeting with the FBI was scheduled for Monday, August 20. That left us just over one week—or five full workdays, Monday to Friday—to devise a means to search Ana's tote bag while she was at work then successfully execute the plan. I was the DIA action officer, so responsibility for developing the plan fell to me.

Back in my high school algebra class, I learned a valuable problem-solving strategy. To solve a seemingly complex problem, it's best to break the problem down into its component parts. Solve each part, and you've solved the problem. That was the approach I took to borrowing Ana's tote bag.

The difficulty lay in not getting caught. Ana shared a large cubicle with one other analyst in an open-bay workspace of similar cubicles. The cubicles were occupied throughout the day by Ana's co-workers, the people with whom Ana had worked for many years. They formed their own little village, of sorts, in a corner on the sixth floor of the DIAC. Like the occupants of any village, Ana and her co-workers had settled into a comfortable routine of daily life. They were used to one another, used to the ebb and flow of activity around them, and quick to note the introduction of anything out of the ordinary—like strangers.

Now I broke down the problem into its component parts. I had to introduce one or more strangers to the village, have one of them take Montes' tote bag and remove it from her cubicle, retain it long enough for a thorough search, and return it to its original spot in her cubicle, all without Ana's knowledge, without alerting her cubicle mate, and without raising an eyebrow among her co-workers. To complicate matters, Ana rarely left her cubicle for more than a few minutes at any time during the day, and she was never observed to leave the tote bag in her cubicle during a prolonged absence.

It took me about fifteen minutes to develop my plan. I spent the rest of my day on Friday making necessary arrangements.

On Monday, August 13, Drew Winneberger briefed Admiral Wilson on the plan. The admiral understood that this was an effort to find the crypto material that had eluded us during the prolonged search of Ana's residence. But he also understood it was risky. If we were caught—if anyone raised an alarm—the entire investigation could come to a crashing halt. Ana would go on alert, and we might as well close the case. With the admiral's meeting with the FBI so few days away, however, that risk was worth taking. We planned to execute our operation Thursday morning.

I spent most of Monday making contacts within the agency, briefing necessary participants on their roles within the plan and securing their commitments. That afternoon, I took my oldest son to the doctor. He'd suffered an injury during football practice and, you know, one cannot stop being a dad, even while planning to steal a lady's purse.

Tuesday was a disaster. I spent the better part of my day at home, waiting for an air-conditioning repairman to rescue my family from the heat of the Washington summer. The brake light on our van was beginning to fail as well, and I was just waiting for something else to go wrong. Bad luck, they say, comes in threes. I just wanted my bad luck to expend itself that day.

The next morning, Ana deviated from her usual route to work to place a call from a public telephone to a pager based in New York City. She was communicating with her Cuban handlers again. I spent the day double-checking everything and everyone for the next day's event. We were ready.

Thursday morning, Ana parked in her usual spot in a parking lot across the street from the DIAC. She dropped some mail off at a post office box beside the parking lot then walked into work. A member of the surveillance team took note of her use of the mailbox. In doing so, he paused just long enough to catch the eye of an alert Bolling Air Force Base policeman, who suspected something unusual was going on. He was right. Ana Montes continued to walk in blissful ignorance toward the DIAC, but the surveillance team member found himself in the embarrassing position of having to explain his rather suspicious conduct to a cop who was just doing his job. Score one point for the base police.

I met with three members of the purse-snatching team in a staging room on the sixth floor of the DIAC about eight-thirty that morning. Two technicians joined us shortly thereafter, including one who was prepared to operate a portable X-ray device, if needed. That made six of us crammed together inside a very small workspace. Another arrival, Lt. Carl Schweitzer of DIA's police force, squeezed into the room, followed by one more technician, Josh Mosley, a Navy enlisted man whose specialty was "comms." Josh worked with fiber optics and other communication equipment. He would be playing the "computer guy." Everyone seemed ready to roll.

Like the components of the problem, the components of our plan seemed simple and straightforward enough. The first was to remove Ana from the area and keep her under control for a sufficient period of time to accomplish the search of her tote bag. The second was to encourage her to leave her tote bag behind while she was engaged elsewhere. The third was to remove her unsuspecting cubicle mate from the area and keep him under control for a sufficient period of time to accomplish the search. The final component was to distract Ana's co-workers and introduce two strangers among them without causing undue alarm. Here's how it worked.

Dave Curtin had set the stage for me the previous Friday by sending an e-mail to about twenty DIA analysts, inviting them to a meeting scheduled for nine o'clock that morning. The purpose of the meeting was ostensibly to discuss the status of DIA's response to an event that had occurred just a week or so earlier. The event involved Venezuelan-U.S. relations, but it had broader implications for the region as well, particularly for Venezuela's neighbor Colombia. Fortunately for us, Cuba played a role, too. This was not a fabricated event. It actually occurred. Each of the experts whom Dave called upon to attend his meeting was fully aware of it, and Ana was among them.

We decided to hold the meeting in a conference room on the seventh floor of the DIAC, just a short walk down a corridor and up the stairs from Ana's cubicle. That made the meeting convenient for her, and we surmised that she might feel comfortable leaving her tote bag behind if the meeting were held just a short distance from her cubicle. The meeting site was within her comfort zone.

Through Dave, we also gave Ana some responsibility to brief attendees on the Cuban piece of the issue in question. By assigning her that role, we ensured that she would view the meeting with some seriousness. This was business—her business—and Ana was a featured speaker. She might be expected to bring some notes and a notebook to such a meeting, but not something as unprofessional as a tote bag. We hoped that she would feel inclined to leave it behind.

We decided, too, to start the meeting at nine o'clock with a view toward concluding the meeting at ten-thirty. Ana usually arrived at work by eight o'clock, and she habitually placed her tote bag on a corner of her desk. We wanted to start the meeting late enough so that she would have a chance to plant that tote bag in its usual place in her cubicle. We also scheduled the meeting to end by mid-morning to avoid a break-up around lunchtime. That avoided creating a situation in which Ana might feel compelled to take her tote bag to the meeting so that she could then hurry to the cafeteria for lunch. Instead, she should expect to have plenty of time to return to work in her cubicle before lunch.

Dave would have to keep Ana inside the conference room for at least an hour and a half by force of personality alone. I knew he would do so. The fact is, Dave is a very feisty guy, with a bit of a temper. When Dave summons his subordinates to a meeting, it is understood that everyone stays until Dave is satisfied that all issues have been sufficiently aired. No one walks casually out of a meeting hosted by the boss.

Still, we took no chances. We planted another asset inside the meeting—John Kavanagh, one of the counterintelligence analysts and Cuban specialists who supported me throughout the investigation. John's instructions were simple. In the unlikely event that Ana Montes should leave the room for any reason before ten-thirty (for example, should she become sick and head for the bathroom to vomit), John would reach for the telephone and call our DIAC command post to sound the alarm through a code phrase. We would have only seconds, literally, to react.

And so, at precisely 9:00 AM on Thursday morning, August 16, Dave Curtin called me on our phone in the DIAC command post and spoke a code phrase to indicate that Ana had arrived in the conference room for the meeting. I told Dave to keep her there and we would do the rest. We then dispatched Josh Mosley, the Navy technician, to Ana's general work area. Josh had supported us throughout the investigation, and he impressed me by his maturity and poise. He was very low key and unflappable under pressure, and he kept his mouth shut. My kind of guy.

Josh's job was essentially to provide a cover for action. He would distract Ana's co-workers by pretending to search for a computer glitch in the general area. It was a perfect cover story. DIA is a computer-heavy, computer-dependent agency. Computers are everywhere, and they are forever breaking down. Ana, in fact, had had a number of computer and computer-related problems during the previous six months.

DIA employees are quite used to seeing computer guys pulling up the carpeting and flooring to search for broken wires and the like. That meant that Josh was a familiar, friendly face. I knew Ana's co-workers would immediately accept him into their midst and ignore him. He could wander freely among them. It was just Josh, after all, and computer problems were rampant.

Not long after Josh arrived in the general area of Ana's co-workers, Lieutenant Schweitzer, the daytime shift supervisor for the DIA police force, initiated a telephone call to clear Montes' cubicle mate, Steve Smith, from his desk. Steve—or at least something belonging to him—was about to have an accident.

I had scouted the parking lots around the DIAC for several days before the operation, and I usually found Steve's van parked in close proximity to Ana's vehicle in the parking lot across the street. Schweitzer called Steve to tell him that his van had apparently been hit by a hit-and-run driver in the parking lot. He assured Steve that an officer had found no visible damage. But he asked Steve to join him in the DIAC lobby anyway; the two of them would walk outside to take a look. It was the oldest trick in the book, but it worked.

Carl Schweitzer was a retired cop, a former D.C. Metropolitan Police sergeant. For many years, he had worked the night shift in the Southeast section of Washington—an area that includes some of the most dangerous parts of the District of Columbia. He was a grizzled old veteran and a talker with a real talent for BS. I trusted him to keep Steve happily engaged for at least an hour.

The final component of the plan was the most risky. It involved the actual seizure of Ana's tote bag and its removal to our room for a thorough search. We had selected a "bagman" to perform that assignment. This was the crucial phase of the plan. The entire investigation could go down the tubes if Ana returned to her cubicle before her tote bag did. In fact, the operation would turn into a fiasco. Ana might engage the thief in a shouting match in her workspace, and God only knows what might happen next. It wouldn't be pretty.

I had the easiest job of all. I stayed behind in our staging area and choreographed the operation.

With Ana and Steve out of the way and their co-workers effectively distracted by Josh, the computer guy, our bagman walked down the long corridor toward Ana's cubicle. He was dressed casually, and our scenario called for him to join Josh near Ana's cubicle. The bagman had a cell phone with him. In the event that Ana left the meeting upstairs for some reason, the DIAC command post would alert the bagman via cell phone. His instructions were simple: If the phone rings, don't take the time to answer it. Just drop the tote bag where you found it, and head north out of the area. With luck, our bagman would clear the cubicle space before Ana arrived, right on his heels.

Josh and the bagman rooted around the area briefly in search of their illusory computer problem and then worked slowly into the cubicle itself. Once inside, Josh provided cover by continuing his search for the source of the computer problem. The bagman moved toward Ana's tote bag.

First, he crushed the outside of the bag with his hands to determine whether it might have disks or other items hidden within its seams. Finding that the bag was soft all around, he opened it and removed Ana's address book and a small black purse festooned with cowboy fringes. He placed them into a small toolbox provided to him earlier by Josh Mosley. Then the bagman opened the file cabinet in which Ana habitually stored her pocketbook; he placed the pocketbook into the toolbox as well, and left the area.

Josh remained behind in Ana's cubicle and continued to perform his ruse for the benefit of any co-workers who might glance his way, while the bagman marched straight down the long corridor to our DIAC command post. It must have been excruciating for him. His route back to the command post was the same path that Ana would have to take back to her cubicle. His worst nightmare, at that point, would have been the vision of Ana walking down the corridor toward him. It was a very narrow corridor, and the two of them would have brushed shoulders as they passed.

Fortunately, that didn't happen. Back in the command post, our bagman conducted a legal search of the purse and pocketbook (remember, we were operating with the FISA court's permission). He and I then walked to a nearby room to photocopy Ana's address book. The entrance to the room faced the corridor that the bagman had just passed, so we were again at some risk of discovery. I stood near the doorway to provide interference in case anyone else tried to enter the room to make copies.

We got lucky. The pocketbook contained some evidence: the prepaid phone card that Ana had used to place all of her operational calls from public telephones to Cuban pagers in New York City. Next to that card was a slip of paper. Notations on the slip matched the codes that Ana had punched into the phones to send to the pagers. This was good stuff—physical evidence that directly tied Ana Montes to telephone calls placed to the Cubans, combined with part of her communications plan for those pagers. The operation was a success.

Within thirty minutes, the search was complete and Ana's property was back in her cubicle. Neither Ana nor any of her co-workers had an inkling that anything unusual had occurred in their area that day.

We didn't find all the crypto materials we'd hoped for, but we had scored a victory of sorts with the evidence that was recovered. We also boosted Admiral Wilson's confidence that we were capable of retrieving evidence under difficult circumstances. The operation bought us a little more time for the FBI to continue its investigation.

The next day, Friday, August 17, Ana and Bill left the Washington area en route to Cape Cod, where they participated in Bill's family reunion. They would remain out of the area until the following Wednesday, August 22.

16

SEPTEMBER 11

THE TWO WEEKS AFTER OUR SEARCH of Ana's tote bag were uneventful. Pressure continued to build to lift the freeze on external analyst assignments, and given the seemingly poor prospects for fresh developments in the investigation, Admiral Wilson was inclined to bring the matter to a close. On September 10, he proposed a meeting comprised only of Defense Department members to develop a departmental position on the future of the investigation. The admiral would host the meeting, representatives of the Office of the Secretary of Defense would participate, and a position would be formed and subsequently presented to the FBI and the Justice Department. At least, that was the proposed scenario.

The principal players checked their schedules and agreed to meet on September 21 for their discussion. On September 11, 2001, however, the planned meeting was overcome by events. The terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center towers in Manhattan, followed by a similar attack on the Pentagon and the crash of a commercial jetliner in Pennsylvania, changed everyone's priorities.

I witnessed part of the Pentagon attack that day from a colleague's office on the seventh floor of the DIA's Arlington office building. His office in the northeast corner of the building offers a panoramic view of Washington, D.C. In the distance, the Washington Monument pierces the sky, and beyond it is the dome of the U.S. Capitol.

The Pentagon can't actually be seen from the office. It is hidden by the trees that dot the hillsides of Arlington National Cemetery to the east. But we know its general location beneath us. I drive past the Pentagon every day while commuting to and from work. Ronald Reagan Washington National Airport is also largely hidden from view, just to the south of the Pentagon. We can't see its terminal buildings, but the path that aircraft take on approach to National Airport runs right past our windows. We watch them go past every day. We don't see the planes that fly from another major Washington airport, Dulles, more than half an hour to the west on the other side of our building.

For me, the first news of the attacks came when I walked past my colleague's office that morning and observed several of my co-workers huddled inside watching the news on a wall-mounted television. An aircraft had hit one of the World Trade Center towers and speculation was already rife among those gathered in the office that the crash was the result of a terrorist attack, not a freak accident. As we watched the news, another aircraft hit the second tower, confirming our suspicion. This was no accident.

Like Americans everywhere that day, we remained glued to the television for quite a while. Thoughts of an attack on Washington were given voice, and several of us nervously scanned the skies for indications that an aircraft was headed our way. After nearly an hour, the others drifted back to their desks to speak in hushed tones about the attack, leaving me alone in the office, still watching the television.

I was the first to notice the puff of smoke that appeared over the ridgeline just beyond the trees to our east. My first thought was that a house might have caught fire. But then I recalled that there was no housing in that area, only Arlington Cemetery. Beyond that was the George Washington Parkway, and beyond that, the Pentagon.

That first puff of smoke turned into an expanding billow, changing in color from white to gray. It occurred to me that there might have been a major accident on the parkway beyond my view and I alerted the others in my office to the smoke, which by then dominated a good portion of the view to the east. Minutes later, a network correspondent announced that the Pentagon had been hit by an aircraft. We were stunned.

I didn't see the aircraft strike the Pentagon, despite the fact that I was looking toward the window at the time of the attack. We learned later that the aircraft that struck the Pentagon had taken off from Dulles Airport, about twenty-five miles to our rear as we looked out over the Potomac.

One member of our staff reported later that she observed a commercial aircraft circling the center of Washington minutes prior to the attack—a flight pattern that was prohibited by law and likely caught her eye owing to its unusual path. But the aircraft apparently circled back to the west and beyond our view. I never saw it. In its final glide toward the Pentagon, the aircraft flew from the southwest, which would have been just beyond my field of vision.

I spent the rest of the day expecting another strike on Washington. The White House and the Capitol had not been hit—both were obvious high-value targets—and the Pentagon had been struck only once, so I fully expected another strike at any moment. It was too early for anger, and fear never entered the picture. I simply recall an overwhelming sense that there was more to come that day. As we later learned, of course, another strike was intended. But thanks to the actions of its passengers, the fourth hijacked plane crashed in Pennsylvania instead of reaching its target in Washington.

Seven DIA employees died in the attack on the Pentagon, including a close professional acquaintance of my wife, and many other DIA employees were injured. Admiral Wilson and his staff were spared but had to work out of other offices in the Pentagon for several days while the smoke and other noxious gases vented from their section of the building.

Ana's boyfriend Bill was in town that day. With all U.S. airports shut down in the wake of the attack, Bill was stuck. He couldn't return to Miami, so he stayed with Ana.

A few days later, President Bush declared war on the terrorists and the nations that harbored them. With that pronouncement, I knew that the Ana Montes investigation was nearing an end, and soon. Admiral Wilson and the secretary of defense would never allow Ana to continue her employment at the Department of Defense while the country was at war. I called Steve McCoy at the FBI, who agreed with that assessment. We had only to determine when and how the end game of the investigation would be played.

The DoD kicked into a war footing, and that included DIA. Routine work was set aside, and our analysts organized themselves to process the war plan that was sure to come out of the operations (J3) staff in the Pentagon. Intelligence and operations always work side by side during times of war to ensure that American warfighters receive the best information available about their adversaries. DIA employees stationed in the Pentagon and across the river in the DIAC buzzed with activity.

Those assigned to the Pentagon returned to work the day after the September 11 attack and continued to work endless hours for days on end thereafter, despite the threat and fear of additional attacks that could have been launched against the building. Each one deserves our praise and respect. As they came to work, they understood the danger they faced. Many were also still mourning friends and colleagues wounded or killed in the attack.

The southwest corner of the Pentagon was a blackened shell that continued to burn for days after the attack. The roof caught fire, and smoke and gas poured through the building. Although another strike could come at any time, those brave men and women remained at their posts, carrying out the order that their commander in chief had issued to plan the opening phase of the war against terrorism, the war in Afghanistan. We now know that, under the most stressful circumstances imaginable, they planned it well.

By Friday, September 14, Ana Montes was also fully engaged in planning DIA's support to the war effort. Her branch chief officially transferred that date to his next Army assignment, and Ana assumed the duties of branch chief and acting division chief. Dave Curtin let us know that, owing to Ana's seniority and experience, she had been selected to serve as one of several analytical team leaders whose teams would process target information from the operations staff in the Pentagon.

The targets had not yet been selected. It was understood that Afghanistan was on our scope, but the J3 operations people in the Pentagon were still working to develop their target lists. Once they made their selections, analysts at DIA and the U.S. Central Command in Tampa, Florida, would review those lists and update them as necessary.

By that Friday, Ana was involved in planning how to organize and train our analysts to process imagery and other source information in support of the warfighters. But she didn't have her hands on the war plans yet. Meanwhile, Bill managed to get out of town to return to his duties in Miami.

During the week, there had been talk among the DIA analysts about possible targets for the war on terrorism. That Afghanistan would be attacked was a foregone conclusion. Still, Cuba remained on the State Department's list of countries that supported international terrorism, and some thought that the United States might finally settle the Cuban issue by force. Ana simply had to reach out to Havana.

After work on Friday, Ana drove home and then set out on foot toward the National Zoo, just a few blocks away. She entered the zoo by the pedestrian gate and walked for some distance inside before retracing her steps back to the entrance. By coming back the same way, she'd completed a standard surveillance detection route while inside the zoo. It was obvious that she intended to engage in some kind of operational activity.

At the entrance to the zoo, she approached a public telephone and placed two back-to-back telephone calls to a pager in New York City. She must have had a lot to say, because the pager could not accept in one call all of the numeric codes that Ana wished to transmit.

Admiral Wilson had been very busy after September 11, but Ana Montes was never far from his mind. On Monday, September 17, Wilson discussed the situation with Drew Winneberger and announced his decision. Ana would never place her hands on the war plans or any information related to them. Period. He wanted her out of the agency immediately.

By this time, we were frantically scrambling to put additional coverage in place against Ana. We thought she might be prepared to pass defense information to the Cubans—an act that could lead to a charge of treason during a time of war if the evidence demonstrated that Ana knew or should have known the Cubans would pass her information along to the Taliban in Afghanistan. Drew pleaded for additional time on behalf of the FBI. Admiral Wilson offered only to think about it and scheduled a meeting for the next afternoon to discuss the situation. He was in no mood to take additional risks.

On Tuesday, September 18, we essentially abandoned hope of catching Ana in the act of passing defense information to the Cubans. The writing was on the wall, and everyone accepted it without further discussion: No one was willing to risk the loss of war planning information to the Cubans or to anyone else. The FBI shifted gears and began to prepare for their final move, the arrest of Ana Montes for conspiracy to commit espionage.

That afternoon, Admiral Wilson learned during our meeting in his office that Ana and some other analysts were to participate in some training on target processing the next weekend, September 22 and 23. Ana might gain some initial access to targeting information, however, on Friday. The admiral's decision was clear. His drop-dead date and time for removing Ana Montes from the agency was Friday morning. He wanted her out of the agency as early that morning as possible.

Steve and his team were very busy people that week. Steve was fully engaged in the process of drafting the affidavit that would support an arrest warrant for Ana Montes. That draft would make its way through many layers of review, both within the FBI and the Department of Justice, before Steve could swear to its contents before a federal judge in time for the arrest on Friday.

Pete, Steve's co-case agent, organized the FBI teams that would effect Ana's arrest and the searches of her workspace in the DIAC, her vehicle, her safe-deposit box, and her residence. Nothing was left to chance. The FBI always plans every phase of every case. Like Boy Scouts, they are always prepared, and every member of every team understood his or her role.

A decision was made to arrest Ana Montes at work in the DIAC. Though the odds of obtaining her cooperation during an interview were slim at best, they would improve if the FBI attempted an interview prior to placing her under arrest. The best place and time for that conversation was in the DIAC on Friday morning. We wanted it to be done in a low-profile, low-key manner. No theatrics.

In my role as Steve's action officer in the DIAC, I assumed responsibility for the logistics of the interview, the arrest, the search of Ana's cubicle following the arrest, and follow-on actions that were related to her arrest. Steve and Pete would conduct the interview and finally place Ana under arrest. I was simply a stage director, operating behind the scenes to ensure that everything ran smoothly.

On Wednesday, I drove downtown to the Washington field office to meet with Steve, Pete, and some of their team leaders. I observed Steve in conversation with an attorney outside the FBI building, and I waited until they broke before approaching Steve. Steve was obviously under a lot of stress, but he was handling it well. There was a lot to be done, and he was responsible for everything.

Steve and I took a minute to walk and talk outside in the sunshine, and I remember talking philosophically with him about the sudden end of the case, and cracking a few jokes to ease the weight of stress that had accumulated during the past few days. Steve and I had been working closely together on the Ana Montes case for about a year. It had been a long and tough road, and in some ways we regretted that it was coming to an end. I'm really glad that in the midst of all the activity that occurred during the final days of the Montes investigation, in the midst of the many telephone calls and meetings and decisions and the many actions that each of us was to take in the days ahead, Steve and I managed to steal some time away from the madness just to talk together in the sunshine for a while. For me, those were the most pleasant moments of the entire case.

Thursday, September 20, the day before Ana Montes' arrest, was an extraordinarily busy day for me. I wrote an operations plan to cover the logistics of the arrest, Ana's removal from the DIAC, the search of her cubicle, and perhaps the most important action of the day—breaking the news of Ana's arrest to her co-workers.

The latter action was foremost in my mind. We were at war, and Ana's co-workers were about to commence the processing of target packages for the war in Afghanistan. If ever they needed a sense of serenity and focus in their professional lives, this was it. Yet the arrest of Ana Montes—someone with whom many of them had worked for about a decade—would naturally upset and distract even the strongest among them. We had to help them deal with the trauma of Ana's arrest. So the timing and the framing of the announcement of the arrest was important to us.

At the end of the day, I called Steve at his office to assure him that I'd considered every detail. I launched into my briefing almost immediately, but Steve stopped me short with, "Scott, Scott. Listen. Do I really need to hear all the details?" He was as close to exasperation as I'd ever heard him. It dawned on me that Steve was up to his ears just then, preparing for the interview of Ana Montes—one of the most important interviews of his professional life. The last thing he needed at that moment was a distraction from me or from anyone else. "No," I acknowledged. "You're right. You only need to know that I've taken care of everything over here and that it'll go smoothly tomorrow." We were ready.

17

END GAME

THE BULK OF DIA'S SECURITY OFFICES are located in the agency's office building in Arlington, Virginia, the same building from which I had seen smoke coming from the Pentagon on September 11. We have limited space in the DIAC itself. I arranged for the use of space within the offices of the inspector general, on the fourth floor of the DIAC, for the interview and the arrest of Ana Montes.

The inspector general has a large suite of offices at the northeast corner of the DIAC. Individual offices line the north wall of the suite, with views of the U.S. Capitol and the Washington Monument. Bud Uthe, the inspector general, offered his conference room for Ana's interview. He would be out of town on business on Friday, but his assistant inspector general for administration, Leroy Elfmann, would lend a hand as needed.

My wife worked for Bud Uthe as an assistant inspector general for inspections, but she was in training at the time. I commandeered her office to serve as the FBI's command post on the scene. Drew Winneberger would also be on the scene at the time of Ana's arrest, so I borrowed Bobby Speegle's office, during his temporary absence from work, to serve as Drew's command post.

Although Ana had no history of heart ailments or other serious medical disorders, we also had a nurse on standby. Dave Curtin had told us Ana had collapsed several years earlier upon learning that she had been unexpectedly promoted. We prepared for the worst, placing the nurse in a room near the conference room. The nurse had a wheelchair handy, as well as everything that might be required in the event Ana suffered anything from a fainting spell to a heart attack.

Thus a cast of thousands seemed to be on hand to spring the surprise on Ana Montes that she was under arrest by the FBI for conspiracy to commit espionage. Leroy Elfmann, though, was the only member of the inspector general's office present that day who knew exactly what was about to occur. The word given to everyone else was simply that security was interviewing someone in the conference room that morning, and the inspector general's staff should ignore us.

By ten o'clock, everyone was set. Steve and Pete were safely tucked away inside the conference room. One of my colleagues and the registered nurse were closeted nearby. Molly, an FBI special agent, was also a member of the arrest team; she staffed the FBI command post. Drew Winneberger sat patiently inside Bobby Speegle's office.

I had arranged a pretext telephone call to bring Ana downstairs to the inspector general's office area. To handle that detail, I called once again upon Dave Curtin. Dave had been running around DIA for days with his hair on fire, beating the war drums and preparing his large staff of analysts to handle the surge of requirements that were certain to flow from the Pentagon during the coming months. He was really a very busy guy. But he understood the need for his participation in this final exercise. Ana would listen to him, and she would obey a direct request by Dave to meet him in the inspector general's conference room.

Dave placed his call from the FBI command post at about 10:15 AM. He was sharp. He began his conversation with Ana by recounting some crisis that had arisen that very morning, just one in a myriad of such matters with which Dave had had to deal during the past week or so. Ana was aware of the current crisis, and she commiserated with Dave. After a minute of such conversation, Dave switched gears. "In the middle of all this, Ana, I get summoned down to the IG office to deal with an issue on one of your subordinates. And frankly, I don't have time for it."

Dave knew that Ana was serving, temporarily, as an acting division chief. Whatever issue the inspector general might be addressing about one of her subordinates was of concern to Ana. "I need you to come down here to deal with this for me," he said. "And then I've got to get back upstairs for a meeting with Caryne," referring to Caryne Wagner. "I'm down here with Leroy Elfmann. Just come on down, and Mr. Elfmann can explain this thing to you."

That was Dave's last action in support of the Ana Montes investigation. He'd been my go-to guy since the day that we first briefed him into the case. I believe he performed admirably. Dave did not go upstairs to participate in a meeting with Caryne Wagner after completing his call to Ana Montes. He joined Drew Winneberger in Bobby Speegle's office to witness the very end of the case.

After Dave's call, Leroy Elfmann told his receptionist to expect a visit by an employee named Ana Montes. She should simply direct Ana toward Leroy's office, at the end of the hall. I slipped into my wife's office and waited there with Molly.

A couple of minutes later Ana arrived and Leroy ushered her into the conference room, where Steve and Pete were already waiting. We passed the word along to the Washington field office, where Steve's supervisor and others had their own command post.

There was no way to know just how long Steve, Pete, and Ana might remain in the conference room. The longer, the better. Steve hoped to plant a few thoughts in Ana's brain from the outset, I was sure, just to get and hold her attention. With luck, Ana would listen as they advised her of her Miranda rights, and then continue to listen until she was persuaded to cooperate.

No such luck. Steve had his say, and he advised her of her rights. But Ana invoked her right to silence and her right to consult with legal counsel. That ended the interview process on the spot. Steve informed Ana that she was under arrest, and the door to the conference room opened some twenty minutes after Ana first entered the room. Molly searched Ana after her arrest.

I had arranged for Gator and Bo Edmundson, a lieutenant from our DIA police force, to escort the arrest team out of the building. Bo waited at the end of the hall. As the arrest team approached, I briefly held them in place until Bo could secure one of the service elevators for the ride down to the basement level of the building.

The arrest team consisted of Steve, Pete, and Molly. I asked Steve to ensure that he seized Ana's DIA badge before leaving the building. The U.S. Marshals would presumably have seized the badge during their in-processing of Ana as a prisoner, but I wanted Steve, as the FBI's senior case agent on the investigation, to have that badge as a remembrance of our joint effort on the case.

Ana never looked my way. Or if she did, I didn't catch her in the act. I did glance at her, though, and I found her to be as cool as ice. There was no sign of emotion on her face. Except for the handcuffs on her wrists, she might have been standing in line to purchase a ticket at the movies for all the emotion she displayed. It was eerie.

And then they were gone. That was the last I saw of Ana Montes. I had too much work to do just then to reflect upon that moment. But I recall it now as surreal. I'm glad that I refrained from saying anything to her. At that point, there was really nothing to say.

Bo sealed the elevator and escorted the arrest team down to the basement level. From there, it was a fairly short walk down a corridor to the DIAC service entrance where the FBI had parked their cars that morning. Gator and Bo led the arrest team down the corridor. They passed a number of DIA employees as they walked along, but no one noticed anything out of the ordinary. There was no commotion. Ana Montes very quietly left the building, never to return.

18

THE AFTERMATH

AS SOON AS THE ARREST TEAM ENTERED the elevator to take Ana Montes downstairs, I hustled our nurse and her security escort to an adjacent elevator to follow. We were taking no chances with Ana's health while she remained on the premises. If she fainted or suffered any other medical malady while the team escorted her from the DIAC, our nurse would be prepared to assist. Fortunately, the team left without incident.

With Ana's arrest out of the way, we popped the bubble of ignorance that had surrounded her for nearly a year. Two actions were launched simultaneously: briefing her co-workers and beginning a meticulous search of her cubicle for anything that might be of evidentiary value.

Drew Winneberger and Dave Curtin walked to Ana's work area, assembled her mystified co-workers, and marched them upstairs to a conference room for the briefing. An FBI evidence collection team swept in immediately after her co-workers left and cordoned off Ana's cubicle with police tape. It was a very smooth operation.

Upstairs, Drew addressed Ana's co-workers. Both he and Admiral Wilson were sensitive to the need to deal properly with the emotional trauma that was bound to result from Drew's announcement, so a team of counselors from DIA's Employee Assistance Program stood by in the wings to assist. After a brief personal introduction, Drew got directly to the point.

“I have an announcement to make concerning RAL-1 employee Ana Montes,” he began. RAL-1 was the internal office designator for Ana’s office within DIA. “Ana Montes was arrested by the FBI a short while ago. The FBI arrested Ana under suspicion that she engaged in a conspiracy to commit espionage against the United States. There will likely be a short public announcement about the arrest later tonight, or possibly this weekend. The director will issue a statement to DIA employees sometime next week. Ana will not return to work.”

I’d drafted Drew’s announcement. I wanted him to say the word “arrest” several times during the briefing to ensure that it had a chance to sink in. The human brain can process only so much information, especially when the information is delivered verbally. Repetition of the word “arrest” would ensure that particular fact would sink in, even if the rest of his message fell by the wayside. I added the statement “Ana will not return to work” to emphasize that this was not a mistake, that her co-workers had not misunderstood the announcement, and that the action was final, not a temporary bump in the road after which Ana might be expected to return to work.

“I know that this is a shock,” Drew continued, “and that you have a lot of questions. We cannot answer your questions at this time. That fact is bound to cause frustration for you—we know that. But we ask for your patience. The entire story concerning Ana’s arrest by the FBI will come out eventually. In the meantime, we simply have to allow the legal process to work.”

Drew then addressed their emotions and how to deal with them. “You are going to experience a wide range of emotions over the next few days and weeks. This is a shock. You are going to feel confused, frustrated, angry, and sad. You will experience denial and disbelief. Those are normal human emotions, and you are going to experience them. But you can’t keep them bottled up inside. You have to vent those emotions. So talk to someone about how the arrest of Ana Montes makes you feel. Find someone in whom you can confide your feelings and then do so. We encourage you to meet with Employee Assistance counselors to work through the difficult days ahead.”

Drew then provided some guidance for the immediate future. “You will naturally talk to one another about Ana’s arrest during the days ahead. You have to do so, in order to vent your emotions. But we do have some Do’s and Don’t’s for you, and we ask you to follow these simple rules.” By this point in Drew’s presentation, I expected Ana’s co-workers to have processed no more than “Oh, my gosh, Ana really has been arrested!" Their brains would be addled and overloaded, and we couldn't realistically expect them to comprehend and remember instructions for the future. But we provided some direction anyway, in hopes that at least a handful would actually take in the entire message and later guide their colleagues along our recommended paths of behavior. Shock and disbelief were registered on every face in the conference room.

"Do not initiate telephone calls to anyone outside of RAL," Drew continued. "That means: Don't call your usual contacts at Southcom, J2, CIA, NIMA [National Imagery and Mapping Agency], NSA, the State Department, or other agencies. They will hear of Ana's arrest soon enough. Keep your discussions about Ana to yourselves. Consider Ana's arrest to be an in-house matter, and act accordingly."

We hoped to minimize speculative gossip about Ana's situation for a couple of reasons. The first was Operation Enduring Freedom, the intensive effort in the wake of the September 11 attacks to remove the Taliban from power in Afghanistan and to attack al-Qaeda bases there. Ana's former co-workers and analysts throughout the U.S. intelligence community would begin supporting the operation in earnest the very next day, a Saturday. This was no time to lose focus. We wanted to minimize the distraction from that mission that Ana's situation was bound to cause throughout the intelligence community.

We also wanted to prevent our analysts from exchanging information about Ana with those who might someday be called upon to testify regarding Ana's case. People should testify in court to what they know, not what they hear from others. An exchange of speculative gossip about Ana could taint later testimony in court, and we hoped to minimize the complications that might arise from gossip.

Drew continued his instructions, turning now to the subject of incoming calls about Ana. "You can expect lots of calls from your usual contacts during the next few workdays," he said. "People are curious, and they will call. When people call, you should tell them, 'I'm sorry. I wish I could talk to you about that. But I have been instructed to not discuss Ana Montes at all. We will have to talk about something else.'" We wanted Ana's co-workers to discuss their feelings with one another, but we did not want them to speculate about the basis for Ana's arrest. That was asking a bit much, we knew, but we had to make the effort.

Next, Drew put Ana's co-workers on notice that the FBI would be interviewing some, if not all, of them in the coming days and weeks. "You are the people who worked closest to Ana Montes. You are her co-workers. So the

FBI naturally has an interest in speaking with each of you." The interviews, he explained, would probably happen right here, in the DIAC building.

I had already prepared a list of Ana's co-workers and colleagues for the FBI to interview, summarizing each one's known relationship with Ana and the issues to which that person might be able to speak with authority. In general, Drew said, those present should wait to hear from the FBI. Anyone with information about Ana Montes and espionage that the FBI should know "sooner rather than later" was told to contact me. No one called me to request an immediate interview.

We also had to prepare Ana's co-workers for the sight of FBI agents at work in her cubicle. More than one agent was involved in the search effort, and the agents had parked a couple of flatbed dollies nearby to haul Ana's materials away. It was a bit of a spectacle. Drew told the group that the search was already underway; FBI personnel were in the cubicle and would be for several hours. "For the time being," he explained, "we cannot allow you to return to your own cubicles. You will be permitted to return to your own cubicles sometime after the FBI has completed its work in Ana's cubicle." Several people were subsequently given a chance to retrieve their purses and wallets, but they were not allowed to remain for long.

Finally, Drew stated clearly, "The arrest of Ana Montes was in no way connected to the terrorist attacks against the United States that occurred last week." Of course, the *timing* of Ana's arrest was related to the attacks. With wartime conditions suddenly upon us, we could no longer let Ana remain active as a spy. What this statement meant was that there was no connection between the September 11 attacks and the Ana Montes espionage case.

After the briefing, most of Ana's co-workers, barred from their usual work space, went down to the cafeteria to pass the time and exchange commiserations. Their initial reaction to the news was predictable and universal: shock and disbelief. More than one person broke down in tears, and one began sobbing uncontrollably. Several accepted the assistance offered by professional counselors.

The rest of my day was spent tying up administrative loose ends. I kept busy, as did Gator. For Pete and Steve McCoy, the hard part of the investigation had just begun. As my own role was winding down, theirs was shifting from one high gear to another as they dealt with daily demands from the Department of Justice for information to support the prosecution of Ana Montes. I played no role in that effort.

Later that day, I wandered up to Ana's cubicle to check on the status of the FBI's search effort. Marty Scheina, Ana's second-level supervisor, saw me in the area and waved me into his office. He just needed to talk—to vent.

When he hired Ana Montes at DIA, nearly sixteen years earlier, Marty had considered her an ideal, if possibly overqualified, candidate for the vacant intelligence research specialist billet he was trying to fill. He was immensely pleased at securing Ana for that position. Over the years, Marty had continued to supervise Ana, right up until the day of her arrest. He'd watched her develop into one of the finest analysts in the agency, indeed, one of the finest analysts in the intelligence community. He had supported her as faithfully as a well-served supervisor can possibly support a stellar employee. And now this.

Marty was the very embodiment of dismay. He was completely at a loss to comprehend what had just happened. At that moment, Marty just needed someone to listen and to tell him that he had done nothing wrong himself. He could not fathom Ana's actions. He had spent more than twenty years in the intelligence business, virtually all of that time as a Latin America specialist. Ana Montes had negated much of what he had accomplished. He felt that his entire professional career had been for nothing. I could not argue against that assessment, but it wasn't his fault. He'd have to start over. The sense of betrayal for Marty was both deeply personal and professional.

I later spent some time with Ana's cubicle mate Steve. Steve told me that he accepted the announcement of Ana's arrest the moment the words were spoken. He did not experience a moment of disbelief, though he'd never imagined that Ana might be engaged in espionage or any other unlawful activity. He simply accepted it as fact. And then he got angry. Steve had probably been closer to Ana, on a personal level, than anyone else at DIA. He had shared a cubicle with her for about five years, and during that time they had developed a personal rapport, if not a true friendship. Like Marty, Steve felt a deep sense of personal betrayal, and he could not forgive her.

I could go on, but I'll describe just one more person's reaction. Lourdes Talbot was the youngest analyst in Ana's division, a Princeton graduate who was exceptionally bright and warmly personal. Like Ana, she was of Puerto Rican descent. Ana had taken Lourdes under her professional wing. For Lourdes, Ana had been a role model—a strong, independent, smart, and capable analyst, seemingly devoted to her trade, who exhibited a work ethic matched by none. Lourdes, too, took Ana's actions as a betrayal of trust. Tears welled easily at the corners of her eyes when she spoke about her experiences with Ana at DIA.

None of Ana's immediate co-workers, the people she worked with every day, had ever suspected that she was a spy. She had fooled them all. None of them communicated with Ana again.

A few of Ana's colleagues, both at DIA and at other agencies within the community, later claimed that they "just knew" that Ana was a spy or that her arrest had not surprised them all that much. But none of them, except Reg Brown, had stepped forward to make their views known to security officials before Ana's arrest. I suspect that their views of Ana had the advantage of 20/20 hindsight.

My active role in the Ana Montes investigation ended shortly after Ana's arrest. I was, quite honestly, tired of dealing with her by then and happy to have reached the end. I still had to deal with an occasional question or request from Steve or Pete, but I walked as far away from the case as possible after Ana left the DIAC for the last time.

Neither Gator nor I attended the small number of formal hearings at the federal courthouse in Washington, D.C., on the Montes case. We both felt the same way. Satisfaction was not to be found in the spectacle of her misery but only in the knowledge that we'd done our best to neutralize her efforts inside our agency.

Ana retained Plato Cacheris as her legal counsel—a good choice. His experience in dealing with national security matters, specifically espionage, was unmatched by any other member of his profession. His previous clients included convicted CIA spy Aldrich Ames and convicted FBI spy Robert Hanssen.

Cacheris and the Department of Justice reached a plea agreement, which Ana signed. Its terms required her to plead guilty to one count of conspiracy to commit espionage, to submit to a debriefing by the FBI, and to serve a twenty-five-year sentence. During the debriefing, Ana was expected to fully disclose her activities on behalf of the Cuban Intelligence Service. Her truthfulness would be tested by FBI polygraph examiners, and the deal depended on it. Because she had agreed to plead guilty, there would be no trial—only a sentencing hearing after much of the debriefing was complete.

Ana was sentenced to twenty-five years on October 16, 2002, more than a year after her arrest. At the sentencing, she read a statement that sought, among other things, to explain, if not justify, her espionage. She stated in part, "Your honor, I engaged in the activity that brought me before you because I obeyed my conscience rather than the law. I believe our government's policy towards Cuba is cruel and unfair, profoundly unneighborly, and I felt morally obligated to help the island defend itself from our efforts to impose our values and our political system on it. . . . I did what I thought right to counter a grave injustice."

She had kept busy doing so. Based on the information gathered before and after her arrest, we now know that Ana spied for the Cubans for nearly sixteen years. For much of that time, the Cubans would broadcast coded messages to Ana several times a week. After receiving the messages on her shortwave radio, she decrypted them using a system provided to her by Cuban intelligence. As we had surmised, Ana didn't remove materials from work to pass along to her Cuban handlers—the information was in her head. Upon arrival at home each afternoon, Ana stored her recollections of the day's events on a floppy disk.

For years, she handed disks to her Cuban handlers about twice a month during meetings in the Washington area. At the meetings, Ana also provided verbal briefings to the Cubans and answered their debriefing questions. Communication via pagers was simply an alternate system at that time.

Ana's long-standing routine was interrupted by the arrests in September 1998 of the Wasp network in Miami, Florida. The personal meetings in Washington ended shortly thereafter, a fact that accounted for our failure to catch her red-handed in a meeting.

The government of Cuba, at least, seemed to appreciate her efforts. A few months after Ana's arrest, Foreign Minister Felipe Perez Roque commented in an online exchange, "I feel deep respect and admiration for Ana Belen Montes. She has already spoken for herself about her relationship with Cuba and her motivations." He noted that she had claimed to have received no money from Cuba and added, "I can confirm that. She acted compelled by ethics and an admirable sense of justice." He closed with the thought, "The day aggression and terrorist attacks against Cuba stop and we are allowed to live in peace it will no longer be necessary for men and women of the moral stature of Ana Belen Montes . . . to sacrifice their lives, their families, and personal interests to defend our people's tranquility and right to live."

I can understand the foreign minister's sentiments. But I align my own more closely with those expressed by U.S. District Court Judge Ricardo Urbina. As he stated at Ana's sentencing, "If you can't love your country, then at the very least you should do it no wrong."

19

NO ORDINARY SPY

ANA MONTES WAS NOT SIMPLY A SPY. She was a super spy on the order of Aldrich Ames at the CIA; the FBI's Robert Hanssen; John Walker, whose spy ring betrayed the U.S. Navy's top-secret codes to the KGB; the U.S. Army's Clyde Lee Conrad, who gave the U.S. and NATO war plans for Europe to Hungary, which passed them to the Soviets; and Jonathan Pollard, the naval intelligence analyst who spied for Israel.

Some have speculated that a wily Cuban intelligence officer spotted Ana Montes and tricked or verbally seduced her into her role as a spy, as though Ana were some kind of naive victim. But that is not the case. Ana was not a foolish innocent who helplessly fell into someone's trap. She did not enter into the business of espionage without realizing what she was doing. Once she began spying, she was truly a master spy. She was serious about her espionage from day one. She spied from within DIA for almost sixteen years, from September 30, 1985, until the day of her arrest on September 21, 2001, making her one of the longest-running spies in U.S. history. She operated alone. And she didn't accept a dime in payment for her services.

Ana Montes was a true believer. She spied out of a conviction that Fidel Castro was both the savior of the Cuban people and a champion of oppressed masses throughout the world, particularly in Latin America. Castro was her hero, and Ana served as his eyes and ears—and, in a sense, his voice—inside the

U.S. intelligence community. I doubt the Cubans ever seriously pressed her to accept money for her work. Ana would have been offended had they done so.

Far from tiring of her endeavors over the years, moreover, she celebrated her own success. Early in the investigation, we gathered together as much background information about Ana as we possibly could. Most of it was the kind of superficial information that could be discreetly obtained. One such item was her leave history. "Leave" is military jargon for time taken off work—vacations, sick time, and so on. It's all categorized as leave by the military. We reviewed Ana's leave history, searching for patterns. Patterns of behavior tell a lot about a person, and we wanted to learn as much as we could about Ana's life and her routine. One such pattern struck us as odd. She habitually took leave on September 30.

Now, that might not seem so strange at first glance. Employees commonly take their vacations at the same time every year, but there was, nevertheless, something peculiar about it. Some years she took leave on September 30, but *only* on September 30. If September 30 happened to fall on a Wednesday, for example, she'd take that Wednesday off work and return to work on Thursday as usual. Sometimes she'd take a vacation and other times she'd call in sick. But it was always September 30, and sometimes only September 30. That drove us batty.

We began to look for something in her life that could give that specific date significance, but we came up empty-handed. September 30 was not her birthday, nor that of any member of her immediate or extended family as far as we knew. Was it perhaps the date of a loved one's death? Not that we could discern. The wedding date for her parents, her brothers, her sister, an aunt, an uncle, a niece, a nephew, anyone in the family? No. The birthday of a best friend or acquaintance, perhaps? We checked. Nada. Was it some kind of religious holiday, anniversary, or annual celebration? Again, no. Or was it a date with some special political or historical significance? Well, nothing that appeared relevant to Ana, anyway.

We scraped and raked through what we knew of this woman's life three ways from Sunday, but we could attach no special meaning to that date. Then one day it dawned on Gator that September 30, as I mentioned near the beginning of this chapter, was the anniversary of Ana's first day on the job with DIA. September 30 was the date she was sworn in as a DIA employee, the date she was first processed into the agency.

Now, I've known many, many federal employees during my twenty-plus years of federal service. None of them were so enamored of their jobs, so delighted with their federal employment, so exceedingly happy to work for Uncle Sam that they actually took off their anniversary date to celebrate. In fact, as far as I know, I happen to be the happiest federal employee ever. I absolutely *love* my job. But I couldn't tell you my exact anniversary date to save my life. It's either in late July or early August. Take your pick. I have no idea.

So Ana's celebration of her start date at DIA was odd, but what were we to make of it? Here's an employee of astounding accomplishment on the job who has no time for her co-workers, whom she generally avoids like the plague. Are we to believe that she's celebrating the fact she has this particular job, the joy of coming to work each day in her shared DIA cubicle? I don't think so. She didn't seem to celebrate anything. It made no sense.

Then we theorized that the date had some very special significance to her life. September 30 was the date she first set foot into DIA. Could it also have been the date that she first penetrated the U.S. intelligence community at the behest of her Cuban handlers? Was it possible that she took September 30 off every year to celebrate the anniversary of her success at having become the greatest spy in the history of the Cuban Intelligence Service? Was she toasting her own success at spying? Yes, that was possible, and it made sense.

It was the only theory that made any sense at all, which dumbfounded us at that early stage of the investigation. It suggested that Ana Montes had been spying for the Cubans for approximately sixteen years, her entire career with DIA—from day one. It suggested that she had entered her employment with DIA as a spy, already fully recruited and possibly tasked by the Cubans to secure employment with a federal agency that promised access to information that was of interest to Cuba.

If so, she'd hit the jackpot when she secured employment as a DIA analyst. Remember that in 1985, Ana had also applied for positions at the Library of Congress, at the Office of Naval Intelligence, and at the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Instead, she landed a job with an agency that gave her intimate access to the very heart of the beast—the U.S. military. That made September 30, her first day at DIA, a date to remember.

American spies of the recent past, like Aldrich Ames and Robert Hanssen, were a danger to the United States and of value to their foreign handlers because of their access to the nation's secrets. That was, of course, more than bad enough. What makes Ana Montes so extraordinary, though, is that she not only had access to the United States' innermost secrets but also actually *created* many of the secrets—the highly classified assessments representing what we thought we knew about Cuba. In the wake of her arrest, the intelligence community has had to reassess the validity of every judgment she supported or established during the previous sixteen years. The combination of access and influence made Ana, in my humble opinion, one of the most dangerous spies in U.S. history.

The greatest real or potential damage to our national security from the secrets that she stole had little to do, directly, with Cuba. It had much to do with Cuba's friends. Like other nations, Cuba shares intelligence with countries whose interests are in line with its own interests. Information provided to Cuba by Ana Montes would have naturally found its way to nations such as Russia, China, Libya, Iran, Iraq, Syria, North Korea, and, potentially, any and every country or political movement that opposes the United States. Information is currency. Castro could spend it as he liked to advance his own interests, and his greatest interest was in keeping the United States on the defensive. He was not our friend. He almost certainly provided information derived from Ana Montes to the United States' adversaries.

Ana was able to acquire such secrets through her work as the government's top Cuba analyst, of course. But she also benefited from the information sharing that occurs every day in the intelligence community. DIA does not operate in a vacuum. For example, the CIA and DIA share responsibility, along with other members of the community, for strategic intelligence, such as the threat to the United States posed by foreign intercontinental ballistic missiles. The two agencies also overlap on international trafficking of illegal narcotics, counterterrorism, and nonproliferation of weapons of mass destruction. Specialists from DIA work with counterparts from a long list of intelligence agencies, all focused on slightly different aspects of the same overarching issue. Networking is necessary to ensure that nothing of importance falls through the cracks.

The dynamics of shared responsibilities and common missions, combined with the human desire among analysts to associate with people who share their interests, leads the analysts to share information—within limits. The CIA, NSA, and FBI, in particular, have developed reputations for being stingy with their information. They may go so far as to provide generic summaries of information to other agencies when necessary, but they do so only reluctantly, and they rarely share information that could reveal their sources or methods.

Still, even the most stringent efforts to protect proprietary information from disclosure to counterparts at the DIA, Drug Enforcement Administration, and other members of the intelligence community fail under the pressure of networking. Professional relationships develop over years of attending the same meetings and conferences and manning joint task forces. Analysts share information, and eventually they share professional confidences that involve national secrets. In the end, there are no secrets, or at least very few secrets, between them. Ana Montes worked within the intelligence community for twenty-one years, first at the Department of Justice and then at DIA. Throughout that period of time, she networked. She was a master at the process of breaking down barriers to her access to classified information.

In recent years, another kind of networking, the interconnections between computer systems, has also broken down walls of silence and barriers to access. Computers have become the technical salvation of analysts—and the bane of counterintelligence types like me. Computers enable analysts to process information more efficiently and to share it as well. Information flows smoothly to the analysts, among the analysts, and between the analysts. That includes lots of information derived from secret sources and by secret means. The daily flow of information is staggering. There are mountains of it in our mainframes.

And now we have Intelink, a closed Internet-style system that makes finished reports quickly available to other members of the intelligence community. CIA analyses, DIA analyses, NSA products, and combatant command plans are all posted to Intelink. Once upon a time, bound reports were hand-carried only to the analysts who needed the information to accomplish their missions.

But with Intelink, anyone with authorized access to the system may view any product that has been posted to the system. A junior enlisted member of the armed forces assigned to an office in Japan can access finished intelligence reports from the CIA, DIA, NSA, or the National Geospatial-Intelligence Agency (NGA), on issues in Africa, Central America, the Middle East or Europe. An intelligence research specialist in Germany can view the daily intelligence briefing provided to the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff moments after the chairman receives it. If an authorized Intelink user in Bogota, Colombia, wants to see the latest satellite photo of some obscure military base outside Kigali, Rwanda, it's available on the screen within an hour or so after the photo was snapped. The need-to-know principle no longer applies. Information simply flows.

The integration of intelligence information ensures that those who need it receive it in a timely fashion. That's a good thing. But the improvement was purchased at the cost of security. The increase in efficiency and broader access that such integration provides also increase the damage to national security if just one member of the intelligence community abuses that privilege of access, as Ana did.

The sheer volume of highly classified material available today simply boggles the mind, and it causes sleepless nights for counterintelligence guys like me. With the advent of shared computer systems, an analyst in Washington can electronically sift through tens of millions of pages of the government's most sensitive information to find those golden nuggets of information in which he or she has the greatest interest. For spies with the right clearance level, it's a candy store of information. Spies in Washington can use their computers to deliver tailor-made intelligence "take" to their foreign masters. There is no need to burden their handlers with piles of superfluous information, as American spies have done in the past.

Ana Montes enjoyed tremendous and deep access to the United States' secrets by virtue of her position at DIA. But perhaps her most valued access was to people, to colleagues within the intelligence community upon whom she could exercise influence.

Influence can be a subtle weapon. A word of encouragement here, a frown of doubt there—over time, its effect is equivalent to that of sprinkling drops of water on a rock, shaping it, even wearing it to dust. Conversely, influence can be wielded like an axe, eliminating contrary or contrasting views in a single, merciless chop. Ana had the knack for using influence however it proved necessary.

Ana exercised influence like few spies in U.S. history before her. She had the power to shape perceptions and to influence policy. Whenever members of Congress or their staffs queried the U.S. intelligence community about an issue related to Cuba, Ana authored DIA's response. On those occasions when the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff provided testimony to Congress on issues related to Cuba, Ana drafted his remarks. Fidel Castro himself might as well have dictated our policy and positions concerning Cuba. Ana drafted NIEs and ICAs on Cuba. She was no ordinary intelligence analyst—and therefore no ordinary spy.

Ana also stayed at the Cuba desk at DIA for almost a decade. That's a long time for an analyst to remain on a single account. It's not unusual for an analyst to work continuously in a particular geographic region like Latin America for years on end. But to remain on a single account for a decade is somewhat unusual.

I suspect that Ana remained on the Cuba account for two basic reasons: It dovetailed nicely with her purely academic interest in Latin America and (the obvious) Cuban intelligence wanted her there. Her position on the account gave her direct access to the information in which her handlers had their greatest interest. Of equal importance to them, it also enabled her to build seniority and influence regarding her favorite subject, Cuba.

Other analysts in the intelligence community tended to rotate in and out over time. After a short stint on a Cuba account, for example, an analyst at some other agency would move on to some other country. His or her replacement would necessarily be junior in experience on the Cuba account to Ana Montes, the acknowledged expert throughout the community on issues pertaining to Cuba.

In time, whatever Ana had to say about Cuba was considered by other members of the intelligence community to be solid. True, she couldn't stray too far from reality in her analysis, because she had to support any position on any issue relative to Cuba with facts. But facts are subject to interpretation. Ana could, and did, exercise her prerogative as the senior expert in the community on Cuban political and military affairs to interpret facts as she chose. She could subtly spin, suggest, or ignore them. Her influence gave her other levers as well. For example, she could demand more data than was available before forming a judgment on any issue related to Cuba, or she could undermine a junior person's position or opinion, should it suit her purposes to do so. She was the queen of Cuba accounts, and everyone in her little world knew it.

Sticking with the Cuba account for a decade or so also gave Ana the ability to do something else that was equally powerful. She developed professional relationships with colleagues who, in time, advanced, moved into management, and sought jobs in other agencies where they rose to lofty positions.

One of these old friends, for example, had worked with Ana during the early 1990s. The same individual later served as the director for inter-American affairs at the National Security Council (NSC), formulating policy options on Latin America and Caribbean issues for presentation to the president through National Security Advisor (now Secretary of State) Condoleeza Rice. The director for inter-American affairs at the NSC, then, was an old colleague of Ana Belen Montes.

In the spring of 2001, while our investigation of Ana Montes was in progress, Ana and the DCI's national intelligence officer for Latin America met in the Old Executive Office Building next to the White House to brief the NSC on an issue related to Cuba in which Ana was recognizably a subject matter expert. Now that is influence in action.

Yet another former co-worker from the early 1990s rose to become the defense intelligence officer for Latin American affairs, the defense intelligence establishment's senior subject matter expert on Latin America. The DIO directly advises his boss, the director of military intelligence—the other hat worn by the DIA director. Although the CIA is more familiar to most Americans, the vast majority—perhaps two-thirds—of the intelligence community's multibillion dollar budget goes to the defense intelligence agencies. That means the DIO for Latin American affairs has major influence on the decision makers in our government. And he operated on a first-name basis with Ana, who served as his own subject-matter expert on Cuba.

Still another former colleague, a supervisor from the mid-1990s, rose to become the deputy assistant director for intelligence at DIA. It was he who nominated Ana for her promotion to the GG-14 pay grade. Ana Montes was golden, and these contacts formed a serious network for the exercise of her influence on behalf of Fidel Castro.

At the grass-roots level, Ana also maintained contact with Latin America specialists within every agency of the intelligence community. Over the years, those contacts moved like liquid throughout the community and academia and the plethora of think tanks that dot the landscape around the Beltway. Ana knew them all, and when she spoke to Cuba specialists in Washington, they listened.

And then, of course, there was Bill, Ana's boyfriend. My own gut-level assessment, as I wrote earlier, is that Ana was genuinely interested in their relationship on a personal level, and nothing more. But the skeptic within me believes that the Cuban Intelligence Service was fully aware of Bill and fully prepared to exploit that relationship. Bill was as innocent a dupe as there ever was, in my opinion. He did not know about Ana's involvement with Cuban intelligence. But he was about to get his hands, quite literally, on the United States' war plans at the time of Ana's arrest in September 2001.

Ana Montes was a perfect spy for Cuban intelligence. From her perch on the sixth floor of the DIAC, the intelligence community's queen of Cuba quietly gathered secrets to which she had authorized access and reached out to other members of the intelligence community, either to pump them for information or to influence their thoughts, opinions, and conclusions about Cuba.

In crisis situations, where a U.S. military response to Cuba might be contemplated, Ana Montes was one of the very first employees called into the Pentagon to advise and support the top brass. She was the perfect spy, right inside the Pentagon, watching our every move.

It was almost as though she had been born and raised in Havana, recruited into the clandestine service, and then given a false identity to enter the United States and get a job inside DIA. With her use of a shortwave radio, Ana was like the German spies operating in London during World War II with secret radios in their suitcases, posing as British citizens as they exchanged coded messages with Berlin. Except, of course, that Ana happened to be a U.S. citizen, born and bred. And in the morning, she went to work in the DIAC to find the information that her Cuban handlers had directed her to obtain for Cuba—information Cuba was likely to share with any number of associated states and organizations whose interests were inimical to those of the United States.

Maintaining that routine required extraordinary self-discipline, dedication, and commitment. Ana Montes was no ordinary spy. She was not in it for the money, or for the short haul. She was a master spy and, for Cuba, the perfect spy.

20

WHY SHE DID IT

I VISITED ANA'S CUBICLE ONE NIGHT during the investigation. My visit was lawful and to accomplish a specific task. But while I was there I paused to take in a sense of the place, to absorb the vibes, if you will. From experience, I knew that I could learn a lot about another human being by simply placing myself quietly within that person's space and noting my impressions.

Something was missing. I couldn't put my finger on it at first, but I soon realized that the cubicle was absolutely devoid of personality, of personal items. There were no pictures, photos, knick-knacks, birthday cards, or flowers, much less drawings or stuffed animals. The stuff of life, which most people use to decorate their work spaces, was simply not there. Ana either suffered from such low self-esteem that she deemed herself unworthy of a personal life or, more likely, she wished to prevent others from knowing her at all. I suspect she purposefully kept such items from her workplace in order to avoid the attention that such things tend to invite from others.

But looking closely, I did find something. And it may have been more telling about Ana and her motivation to spy than any number of photos or knickknacks. The walls of Ana's cubicle were, like so many others in the DIAC, covered with paperwork, tacked to her cubicle walls for quick and easy reference. Most of it was typed on standard 8–1/2-by-11-inch paper and rather neatly arrayed, one sheet closely aligned to the next across the walls. But on the wall that faced her computer monitor, at eye level and in plain view of anyone seated at her desk, a handwritten note caught my eye. It drew attention to itself, first, by its position on the wall. Unlike the other sheets of paper, the note was cockeyed, as though Ana had haphazardly pinned it to the wall in some haste. Upon close examination, I noted that it was in script, not typed, and that the ink appeared faded, as though it had been pinned to the wall for a long time. I read the words several times before the message sank in:

> The king hath note
> of all that they intend
> by interceptions
> which they dream not of.

I'm no literary scholar, but even I recognized the writing style of William Shakespeare when I first read those words. I had no idea which play it came from, or the context within which the words were spoken onstage. But I caught the gist of it anyway. My translation into modern-day English: The king is aware of their plans, and he developed his awareness of their plans by a secret and hidden means, the existence of which they cannot even imagine.

These could be the words of a spy or, variously, those of a counterspy. It depends upon the context. In fact, as I later learned, the passage was taken from act 2, scene 2 of Shakespeare's play *Henry V*. In the scene, members of the king's family are discussing traitors within the court. One is rattled and enraged by the fact that the king has allowed the traitors to continue their activity rather than simply arresting them. The other is calm and patient, noting that the arrests will be effected in time. The first speaker then acknowledges that the king is fully aware of everything that the traitors plan to do; moreover, the king has learned of their plans by a means that the traitors cannot even imagine.

Again, I'm no literary scholar. Shakespeare and I—well, we parted ways after I graduated from high school, and gladly. But I'm entitled to my opinion. And this is where I put my money: I believe that Ana held a very romantic and heroic view of her own role as a spy. She viewed herself as a heroine. The "king" in this passage—her passage—is, I believe, a reference to Fidel Castro. Not Uncle Sam.

I think that Ana twisted the context. If I am correct, then Ana Montes viewed herself as the "interceptions," the secret means by which Fidel Castro received all of Uncle Sam's plans. Castro was aware of all that Uncle Sam intended to do, and he was made aware of those plans by Ana the secret agent, whom Uncle Sam did not even suspect. My first reaction upon reading those words upon her wall was: Cool. It was as though I could look right into her heart. I understood from those words, intuitively, what drove her.

The beauty—the genius—of pinning that passage to her cubicle wall is pure Ana Montes because the passage can just as well be interpreted as a very patriotic statement. If challenged or even casually questioned by a passerby, Ana could reasonably explain that the "king" in the passage is a reference to Uncle Sam, that she is collecting information by secret means on his behalf against her target portfolio, Cuba, and that she pinned the passage to the wall to inspire her continued efforts. Pure genius, I think, and just like Ana, in that she always prepared an answer to any question, she anticipated every challenge, and she left nothing to chance.

Why did Ana Montes commit espionage? I have some ideas about her motives and her psyche. My ideas are drawn from years of experience in the business of dealing with people and, more specifically, from years of experience in the business of dealing with people who commit espionage. That said, I readily acknowledge that I cannot say exactly what drove Ana to spy. I haven't been inside her head. It's hard to say what, exactly, was going on in there. I'm not a psychiatrist.

Someone once created a handy acronym, MICE, to summarize the most common motivations for people who spy against their country. It stands for Money, Ideology, Coercion, and Ego. The idea is that people who spy do so for one or more of those reasons. Well, I've always felt that individuals in my business who have enough spare time and imagination on their hands to create this sort of thing ought to spend their energies more productively on the business of actually catching spies rather than on creating more acronyms. But MICE is a widely accepted acronym, so let's take a closer look and see how Ana Montes stacks up against it.

Money. For some spies, the problem is either need or greed; they need more money because they are in debt, or they greedily lust after more money than they can legally acquire. The solution to either problem, for people who are wired somewhat differently than you or me, and who have access to secret information, is to spy for cash. During the 1980s, the so-called Decade of the Spy, John Walker, James Hall, Jonathan Pollard, Ron Pelton, and many others were linked by a common thread—money. But we never found a hint that the Cubans paid Ana any money for her espionage, and there's no evidence she wanted them to. Besides, a more frugal and subdued life-style than that of Ana

Montes could not be imagined. She could teach the rest of us a thing or two about financial discipline. I have to conclude that money simply did not factor into Ana's decision to become a spy.

Ideology. Ideology is a body of doctrine that drives grand social or political movements. Doctrines like communism offer sweeping changes in relationships between human beings and promise to improve the quality of people's lives through political and social transformation. The opportunity to participate in such change, to "make a difference," can be a great motivator for spying, particularly for the romantics among us. But it has motivated very few Americans to commit espionage in recent years. I don't know why that is the case. During the 1930s, the 1940s, and the 1950s, a number of Americans spied for the Soviet Union out of a conviction that communism would save humanity by offering equity to everyone, creating a utopia. In their eyes, spying for the Soviet Union, therefore, was conducted for the benefit of all mankind. But spying for ideological reasons or out of political conviction seems to have fallen out of vogue for Americans after the height of the Cold War.

But not for Ana Montes. Certainly part of her motivation for spying was ideological. Like many other Americans, as she told me openly in our interview, she believed the U.S. approach to Cuba was counterproductive and oppressive. Ana was also Puerto Rican and was raised in a family that advocated achieving the political independence of Puerto Rico from the United States by peaceful means. The political independence of Puerto Rico is an emotional issue for many Puerto Ricans. Fidel Castro has often tried to play upon the sentiments of those who favor political independence by championing the cause of Puerto Rican independence against the oppressive Yankee colonizer of the north, presented as a mutual foe.

Ana Montes clearly viewed herself as a lonely heroine, willing to risk her freedom and her family's good name to serve the righteous cause of lifting oppression from the masses in secret league with her king, Fidel Castro. She was not an advocate of communism, but ideology was definitely part of this spy case.

Coercion. I'm not aware of any vulnerability in Ana's life that could have been exploited by use of blackmail. Besides, anyone who has spent any amount of time with Ana Montes can predict her likely response to an effort to force her cooperation: She'd laugh at the attempt. She could take care of herself. Some analysts employed by another federal agency said they actually feared her, though not because she would cause physical harm to anyone. Ana simply possessed a force of personality that was fearsome. She was one tough cookie who did not suffer fools gladly and offered no quarter in the face of opposition. During her arrest, she was pure ice. I can't picture Ana surrendering to blackmail or coercion. Nobody could have forced her to do anything that she didn't want to do.

Ego. Ego is a big motivator. I believe it played a major role in Ana's decision to step into the espionage arena and, more important, in her many decision points thereafter to continue to engage in espionage over a very long period of time.

In the MICE equation, "ego" refers to self-esteem and the emotional drivers that control behavior. Often, events and situations which occur early in life, during childhood, imprint themselves heavily upon the psyche and serve to influence a person's day-to-day behavior until death. For example, a person who grows up poor may develop a psychological "need" for more money that is never satisfied, regardless of the amount of money that he or she accumulates during a lifetime of employment. The perpetual need for ever greater amounts of money is perceived, not real, but for the individual, it is just as urgent.

Those who commit espionage are driven to do so in order to satisfy very personal, and perceived, psychological needs. They discover that the act of espionage at least temporarily satisfies those needs. Thus someone who feels unappreciated at work may become a spy in order to "get even" with a supervisor who has treated him or her unfairly. Someone who feels small and inconsequential in life can transform himself into a Big Man on Campus in the eyes of foreign intelligence handlers—he can become a very important person, indeed, to them. Perceived needs carry the weight of reality inside a spy's head.

What was Ana's need? And what drove her to attach so much weight to satisfying that need that she was willing to risk her reputation, her career, her freedom, and the well-being of her family and friends? What was so important?

I struggled throughout the investigation to understand what drove Ana Montes to spy against her country. The Shakespearean quote that I found pinned to her cubicle wall offered a hint: Ana viewed herself as some kind of secret champion for Fidel Castro, and she delighted in that role. Later, prior to sentencing, Ana herself offered an explanation: She was morally outraged by the U.S. government's policies toward Nicaragua and Cuba, policies which caused harm to poor innocents and served to oppress them. Ana viewed herself as their heroine, someone who sacrificed herself on their behalf against a bullying northern neighbor, the United States.

Hers was a seemingly noble cause, and I am certain that she reveled in it. But what caused such rage within this young woman that she felt compelled to act in a manner that most of us consider to be irrational, irresponsible, and unlawful? After all, many people disagree with the policies the United States follows in its dealings with Cuba. U.S. senators and congressmen are among those who feel strongly that our approach to Cuba is counterproductive, even wrong. But they don't commit espionage to right the wrong. Ana did so. Why?

Spying for Cuba was important to her. It satisfied a deep and very personal need. What drove such rage? What happened to this young woman, perhaps early in her life, to create such a need within her? Why was Ana Montes so angered by the effect that U.S. government policies had, or were perceived to have, upon the Nicaraguan and Cuban people that she felt compelled to insert herself as their savior?

The answer to that question began to surface during the course of the investigation. Among Ana's writings were references to abuse that she and her siblings had suffered at the hands of a domineering father and the deep-seated guilt that Ana continued to feel for not protecting her younger and weaker siblings from his bullying. Ana was the oldest child, and she naturally felt responsible in part for their safety and well-being. As she saw it, she'd failed them. She should have done more. And she never forgave herself for failing to intervene and spare them from someone she viewed as an abusive bully.

Guilt is a powerful motivator. It drives each of us and our behaviors, in unconscious ways, throughout our lives. A child who steals candy from a convenience store may feel shame for the rest of his or her life, and the resulting guilt may drive a lifelong obsession for meticulously lawful behavior into old age. Failure to save a playmate from injury or death can drive a child to pursue employment as a doctor, a nurse, or any other profession that he or she views as helpful, even life-saving. Childhood experiences affect us in both positive and negative ways, and they sometimes mar us forever.

Was the abuse that Ana and her siblings suffered at the hands of their late father really all that bad? Perhaps not. Ana's siblings and mother offer differing views and different recollections of family dynamics and specific events that occurred within the Montes household while Ana was growing up. One person's strict and unbending discipline may be another person's abuse, and it would be unfair to Ana's father to label him as an abusive person if he was not. But that's hardly the point. What matters is the effect that his disciplinary actions had upon Ana.

Ana grew up to be a self-perceived heroine who sacrificed herself on behalf of a weak and seemingly helpless group of people who suffered at the hands of a bullying northern neighbor. She would accept no money or other compensation for doing so. After all, hers was a noble cause. She may have been unable to protect her younger, weaker siblings from their father during their childhood, and she continued to suffer from guilt for that "failure" throughout her life. But she made up for it. She became a heroine in Havana. And that must be quite an ego trip.

Whatever the motivation to commit espionage, it must satisfy a deep-seated psychological need within the spy. When espionage occurs voluntarily, without coercion, strong emotional drivers must work to overcome the usual inhibitions that keep most of us from even considering a commission of the act.

My job at DIA is a mission. It is more than just a job. It is a serious, focused, single-minded pursuit of spies within our agency. And I am driven.

But my drive and focus as a mole hunter pale by comparison to the drive and focus exhibited by Ana Montes as a spy. The reality is that while I have spent the last twenty years or so on a simple professional mission, Ana Montes spent her time at DIA on a crusade. She was a true believer, out to slay the dragon.

21

HOW SHE GOT AWAY WITH IT

HOW DID ANA MONTES GET AWAY WITH IT? First, we must give the Cubans their due. They ran a highly placed agent under our noses for many years without detection. That's not an easy task. It required the disciplined employment of espionage tradecraft that has been designed, tested, and proven through years of practice to deny U.S. counterintelligence the ability to discover their agents. It worked.

It shouldn't surprise us that the Cubans were capable of running such an operation successfully. After all, Cuba has been closely aligned for several decades with the Soviets, and later the Russians, the acknowledged masters of human intelligence, who continue to be perhaps the very best in the business. We may assume that the Cuban intelligence officers selected to run Ana's operation were trained by Russian experts and that Ana's controllers were among the best Cuba had to offer.

The reality is, the Cuban Intelligence Service has been kicking our butts in the intelligence business for decades. We've underestimated them. They've scammed us, they've tied up our resources on worthless, controlled operations, and they've essentially run circles around us since Fidel Castro first gained control of the island. The FBI's success in 1998 against Cuba's Wasp network in Miami notwithstanding, the U.S. record of success against Cuban intelligence operations has been dismal. Ana Montes was the first major Cuban spy caught by the FBI since Castro came to power in 1959.

And yet we continue to underestimate the Cubans. Not long after the Montes investigation, I expressed my concerns to a seasoned U.S. counterintelligence professional. To my surprise, he dismissed my concern that Cuban intelligence might be more sophisticated and more expert than many in U.S. counterintelligence had earlier imagined. He scoffed, "But Scott, it's just a little island." It was as though the physical size of the place and its population were measures of Cuba's ability to steal U.S. secrets! I'm sorry, but there is no such correlation.

We must give Ana Montes her due, too. She did some things very well. First, she maintained a low profile and avoided the attention of the DIA security office and the FBI for many years—no extravagant expenditures, no flashy cars, no questionable work after hours or on the weekends. She did little to draw attention to herself.

During my first eight years on the job at DIA, I never so much as heard her name in any context. For all intents and purposes, our security office did not know her. She simply did not come up on our scope until 1996. No security violations, no security infractions, no questionable or suspicious behavior was attributed to her. She just came into work every day on time, did her work, and then left for home at the end of the day.

Starting in 1989, DIA's security office launched a significant effort to raise the counterintelligence awareness of DIA employees through a briefing program we called DICE, for Defensive Information to Counter Espionage. The Decade of the Spy, the 1980s, had just concluded, and DIA's security managers realized a need for a proactive program to protect the Agency from foreign agents operating within its walls. The primary objective of DICE was to encourage co-workers to report suspicions or concerns about their fellow employees to the security office. That's a hard sell to make in the United States, as I've mentioned, but an energetic and charismatic security employee named Ray Semko did a fine job of it. Lots of employees reported lots of concerns about lots of other employees. For years, not one of them stepped forward to report suspicions about Ana Montes. It was not until 1996 that a DICE briefing prompted a DIA employee, Reg Brown, to report any concerns about her.

Of equal significance was Ana's ability to win the trust and confidence of her superiors. She performed superbly in that regard. It's hard for any supervisor to develop negative thoughts, much less suspicions, about an outstanding employee who makes the supervisor look good at every turn by consistently churning out outstanding work products—especially one who is happy to step aside and allow the supervisor to share the credit. Ana Montes was a star. What supervisor in his or her right mind would run to the security office to point a finger of suspicion at his best employee? Ana's good attitude and effort at work shielded her from any suspicion that might otherwise arise.

Then there's the question of the polygraph. Ana submitted to a DIA-administered counterintelligence scope polygraph examination in March 1994, and she beat it. She passed. The Cubans have an established track record of training agents to defeat polygraph examinations. Ana was just one of many who have done so.

I am not a polygraph examiner. I cannot explain how she managed to defeat our exam. But I can speak with some authority about the level of credence that investigators assign to polygraph results.

Those of us who work most intimately with the examiners understand that the test is not infallible. True, we like the polygraph. It is a great tool for investigators. I believe it serves as a deterrent to most spies, or would-be spies, who consider penetrating our agency, and it is most useful as a tool to support our favorite and most effective investigative technique, the interview. Still, investigators are fully aware of the fact that the polygraph can be beaten, particularly by those who are trained by experts to do so. We never rely solely on polygraph results as an indicator of a person's past behavior.

If polygraph results could stand alone, we wouldn't bother to conduct general background investigations and more specific security investigations on our employees, as we do. We'd simply polygraph every employee, continuously, and be done with it. So while test results are certainly factored into the decision-making process, they are never the only indicator of an employee's suitability for access to classified information.

Polygraph results may be used by some in the decision whether to grant access to an employee or in judging whether an employee may have committed an offense, but only after weighing other suitability indicators and behavioral factors. Then, if the call is a close one, the trump card of the polygraph is sometimes played: "Well, she *did* pass her polygraph examination, so, all other factors being equal, she appears to be good to go."

Still, I wish I could tell you how she defeated that exam. And then, of course, we missed some indicators that she did exhibit during the early years of her employment with DIA. For example: She lied. In fact, she lied about two things when we first hired her. Lying is an integrity issue; it could have been used to eliminate her from consideration during the hiring process, had we known of it then, or when we reexamined her suitability for access to classified information. Instead, we overlooked the lies when they came to light. We rationalized them away.

At the time we hired Ana in 1985, we asked her about past drug use. She admitted to some minor use of marijuana and cocaine when she was in college. Such experimentation, in which all too many American kids participate, especially at that age, is driven by peer pressure, curiosity, and wanting to fit into the in-crowd. Ana said that she had last used drugs in 1979, while she was an undergraduate at the University of Virginia and before she accepted employment with the Department of Justice as a FOIA paralegal. That was not true.

We know that because she corrected the story herself years later. She voluntarily admitted to us that she had used cocaine on a few occasions in 1982 while employed by the Justice Department, while she had a Top Secret security clearance. There are many reasons why an employee might volunteer such information. It's possible that someone else was going to report the matter to security anyway, so she simply jumped the gun and self-reported it. There are other possibilities, too, but her motivation in reporting the lie is not relevant to my point here. The bottom line is, she lied, and we let her get away with it.

She lied on another issue, too. On one of her application forms for employment with DIA, Ana indicated that she had received a master's degree from Johns Hopkins University upon completion of her coursework in 1984. The truth was, Ana owed a couple of thousand dollars to the school for a tuition loan. The school withheld the degree pending receipt of her payment. So technically, she had not yet received the degree when she completed her application in 1985. Another lie, but again, we let it slide. The lies were relatively minor and they were easily rationalized by the security office.

Ana informed us about these lies in 1991. That's six years after she came on board with the agency. By then, she had established herself as a superior employee, earning outstanding and distinguished performance evaluations year after year. In 1991, she was accepted into the DCI's Exceptional Analyst Program, giving her a year to study a topic of her choice while receiving her federal salary. Her supervisors already thought the world of Ana Montes. A couple of little white lies were easily forgiven.

Still another issue surfaced early in her career with DIA—loyalty. The issue was raised by a former co-worker at the DOJ who stated in 1985, during Ana's initial security background investigation with the DoD, that Ana Montes had voiced her disagreement with the U.S. government's policy toward Cuba. When pressed, the former co-worker would not suggest that Ana was disloyal, and she expressed doubt that Ana would ever compromise classified information. But the former co-worker felt uncomfortable enough about Ana's deep-seated disagreement with the U.S. government that she made an issue of it during the background investigation.

Now, we did follow up on this one. Ana was challenged on three occasions—including my interview with her in 1996—to account for her disagreement with the U.S. government's policy toward Cuba. Each time she provided the best of answers: It was true. She *did* disagree with the U.S. government's policy and approach toward Cuba. It had been ineffective and even counterproductive in its effort to bring democracy to the Cuban people. But—and this is a big "but"—she noted that it was her right as a U.S. citizen to disagree with her government. A lot of people do. She disagreed with the policy, and yet, she claimed, she remained a loyal American who had never done anything to harm the United States. It was the perfect answer, wrapped in the U.S. flag.

So what were we to do with a U.S. citizen, who happened to be a DIA analyst, who disagreed with government policy? It was her right to disagree. Although those of us in the security field might be uncomfortable with an employee who disagrees with government policy on any issue, the fact is, we could not tar and feather her. We had to let it go.

This business of mole hunting can be difficult and frustrating. It's a bit like trying to find ghosts in a fog. The only indication of their presence may be a vapor trail, and that's not much to go on.

I do wish that spies would paint great big glowing, gooey blobs on their foreheads for easy identification. Green ones, perhaps. It would certainly make my job much easier. But spies do not do that. Ana Montes certainly didn't. She simply slipped through the fog, never calling attention to herself for a moment. And so she got away with espionage for a long time.

22

WHY IT MATTERS

SINCE THE FALL OF THE BERLIN WALL and the end of the Cold War, I've sensed an increasingly blasé attitude among the American people toward the crime of espionage. Now that the Cold War is over and the threat of instant immolation by a Soviet nuclear attack is no longer credible, it seems that we view spying as an anachronism, a meaningless game played by fogies of the past, as though espionage were of no consequence or relevance to the modern era. Unfortunately, nothing could be further from the truth.

The world is a dangerous place, and we are sending our youth into it. U.S. military forces are engaged in activities in more locations around the world than at almost any other time in the nation's history. And not everybody out there likes us. We need to support those kids, so they can make it back home alive and in one piece. We don't need someone to stab them in the back by stealing, or failing to protect, secrets that may be vital to their safety. They're in enough danger already.

I've got three kids of my own, all boys. If any of them comes to harm because of the traitorous actions of some future Ana Montes, well, I won't be happy. That's why espionage matters. As for the Ana Montes case, here's a sample of what could have happened while Ana was on watch at DIA. Let me be clear. What I've listed below are the obvious occasions for potential damage, the clear risks that existed during the period she was a Cuban agent. I can't state that she and the Cubans took advantage of each one of these openings, although they had the opportunity. Nor can I prove that Montes was responsible for the loss of American lives in combat. But decide for yourself.

El Salvador and Nicaragua

Ana Montes was the DIA's principal analyst for El Salvador and Nicaragua in the late 1980s, her first years at the agency. She knew more about the military situation in those countries than virtually anyone else in the United States. It so happens that the United States and Cuba were fighting, in effect, a proxy war in the region at that time. In El Salvador, the United States supported the government against the rebel FMLN forces; in Nicaragua, it supported the Contra rebels against the Sandinista government. The United States had troops on the ground in El Salvador, working as military advisors and trainers for the Salvadoran army. More than twenty young U.S. military men died in that conflict. In Nicaragua, it's possible that some Americans assisted the Contra rebels in the field, although I have no knowledge of such activity. Anything's possible.

Meanwhile, according to local and regional media, the Cubans were providing arms and support to the FMLN in their fight against the Salvadoran government. Both Cuba and Nicaragua also openly declared that more than a thousand Cuban military advisors were in Nicaragua to train, support, and advise the Nicaraguan military against the Contras. The Cubans denied, however, that any of their troops—many of whom were combat veterans from a jungle war raging in Angola since the mid-1970s—operated in the field in support of Nicaraguan forces.

Confusing, isn't it? The point is, U.S. troops were in the field, the Cubans were supporting our adversaries in the field, and Ana Montes, already a Cuban agent, was in a position to tell the Cubans everything the U.S. government knew about the military situation on the ground in El Salvador and Nicaragua. Ana's knowledge of the size, structure, disposition, status, and plans of the Salvadoran military, along with the size, structure, disposition, status, and plans of the U.S. forces in El Salvador—some of them Special Forces operating in the field—was encyclopedic. Her knowledge of Nicaraguan forces, the Contra rebels facing them, and U.S. efforts to support the Contras was equally in-depth.

The chief of Nicaraguan intelligence during that time was a Cuban officer. We can only speculate whether he received any special help from Havana as a result of information received from Cuba's agents within the U.S. government—

or whether Ana Montes provided information to the Cubans that ultimately led to the deaths of U.S. troops or contractors in El Salvador or Nicaragua. More on this one in my final chapter.

Panama

In 1989, U.S. forces jumped into Panama to apprehend General Manuel Noriega, to disarm and disband the Panama Defense Forces, and to restore political stability to the region in defense of the U.S. strategic interest in maintaining the viability of the Panama Canal. But the operation didn't go quite as well as planned. Twenty-three of our boys were killed in action or died later from wounds suffered in action, and many more were wounded. U.S. Navy Seals were trapped in the open on the airport tarmac while attempting to disable Noriega's personal aircraft. Army Rangers and airborne troops suffered heavy casualties because the Panama Defense Forces had been placed on alert and were waiting for our combat troops as they floated to the ground.

Noriega received word of the action more than a week before the first U.S. troops landed. Rumor had it that Cuba's signals intelligence site at Lourdes had intercepted telephone conversations between U.S. general officers back in the States, alerting the Cubans to planned troop movements in advance. That's quite possible. It is also possible that the Cubans planted that rumor to cover the fact that they had actually received information from an inside source, a spy in Washington. There is a lot that I don't know. But Cuba's interests in Panama did not mirror our own; they did not want us there. Does anyone doubt that Cuba would have alerted Manuel Noriega to an impending U.S. attack if it learned of it?

Ana Montes did not provide intelligence support to war planners for Operation Just Cause. Her assignment at the time was Nicaragua and El Salvador, not Panama, so the plans for the invasion would not have automatically come across her desk. On the other hand, as a cleared DIA Latin America specialist, she could have gained access to them if she chose to do so. Again, I don't know that Ana Montes said a word to the Cubans about U.S. military plans, intentions, or movements toward Panama. Perhaps she didn't. My point is simply this: Here is one more real-life occasion when a spy in Ana's position could easily have caused damage with life-or-death results. Espionage does matter.

Cuban Émigrés and Opponents of the Castro Regime

Ana Montes was also in a position to harm Cubans, both in and out of Cuba—and particularly those opposed to Castro's regime and sympathetic to U.S. aims. While I don't expect many Americans to shed tears over those losses, I suspect that some Americans, especially those whose relatives remain in Cuba, may feel otherwise.

Many Cubans serving in the government or the military fled their country during the sixteen years that Ana was actively spying for Cuba, from 1985 to 2001. Upon reaching the United States, some may have volunteered statements in which they identified other officials and military officers in Cuba who had grown tired or disillusioned with Castro's regime. Ana would have routinely read such reports and could easily have passed those names along to her Cuban handlers. Did the Cuban government take action against officials and officers named in those reports? I wonder about their relatives, too. Could Ana have Cuban blood on her hands? I don't know.

Operations Desert Shield and Desert Storm

I remember arriving at work at the DIA every morning during Operation Desert Shield, the build-up to Desert Storm. The United States was shipping the equivalent of a mid-sized city to Saudi Arabia, using every ship and plane it could find. Every morning, I'd fire up my computer and read the daily sit-rep, the situation report that tallied every bean, bullet, and body bag being shipped to the Persian Gulf. It was absolutely amazing. The daily sit-rep typically ran to one hundred pages. At the time, the very existence of F-117A stealth fighters was a big secret, but we were flying them to the gulf region in advance of the offensive. The sit-rep provided their numbers and their final destinations. Everything that we were throwing into the gulf was detailed in those reports. Ana certainly had access to those reports. I wonder now whether she read them, too.

It wasn't just the sit-reps. All kinds of intelligence reporting was being created back then. Mini–task forces were formed and mid-range and longer-term analytical teams studied a variety of what-if scenarios. One such task force was located right on the sixth floor at the DIAC, just around the corner from Ana's cubicle.

Ana was not directly involved in planning and support for the Gulf War. Her expertise lay in Latin America. But she had access. And the Cubans? Well, they were not exactly supportive of Desert Shield or Desert Storm. We can only imagine whether they might have provided information to the Iraqi regime, if they had acquired any information of value to Saddam Hussein. I have no information to suggest that Ana Montes passed information about our plans or details of our build-up along to her Cuban masters. Still, communications between Ana and her Cuban handlers throughout Desert Shield and Desert Storm were heavy, and Ana was certainly in a great position to access insider information that was of interest to Cuba and to countries with which Castro was aligned.

Operation Uphold Democracy

In 1994, U.S. forces were sent to Haiti to support President Jean-Bertrand Aristide following an attempted coup by his political rivals. An intelligence task force focused intelligence support on the subject for U.S. policymakers.

Even though Aristide was a socialist, Cuba strongly opposed what it saw as U.S. interference in its own region, the Caribbean. The cornerstone of Cuba's foreign policy remained the belief that the United States would one day invade Cuba and topple its government. Fidel Castro, his brother Raul, and other senior Cuban leaders openly stated to the media that they thought the use of military force in Haiti to calm social unrest was simply an attempt by the United States to establish a precedent. They believed the United States planned to follow up by fomenting unrest in Cuba, giving it an excuse to invade.

Where was Ana? As the DIA's top Cuba analyst, she was a member of the intelligence task force on Haiti, of course. But she was not just any member of that task force. Ana later received a Special Act Award for drafting an information paper for the Office of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Office of the Secretary of Defense. The paper was then presented to the National Security Council as it crafted policy for the White House on targeting sanctions against violators of the Governor's Island accord, the agreement between Aristide and those who had ousted him that mandated his return. Castro's agent had drafted the basis for White House policy. *That* is influence.

As usual, Ana also had direct access to the intelligence that supported U.S. troops in the field. She knew what they were doing, what they were going to do, and when and how they were going to do it. I assume, therefore, that Fidel Castro knew all of that, as well.

The Cuban Shootdown of Brothers to the Rescue Aircraft

We've pretty well covered this incident, in which the Cuban military shot down two civilian aircraft in international airspace, killing all four aboard. But it serves as such an excellent example of what a spy can accomplish for another country and against the interests of the United States that I feel compelled to mention it again. Ana Montes was in a position to influence decision making and to provide false or skewed information directly to the decision makers in the offices of the Joint Chiefs of Staff that day. Had the United States decided to respond militarily, she was also in the perfect position to warn Cuba in advance and provide every detail of the plan. Had the men and women of our armed forces participated directly in any such attack, their lives would certainly have been placed in great peril as the Cubans prepared for their arrival.

Plan Colombia

During the summer of 2001, Ana Montes prepared to relinquish the Cuban account to another analyst at DIA during her planned absence on her year-long NIC fellowship. Ana's supervisors decided they would place her on the Colombia account when she came back to the agency . It may be pure coincidence that the latest focus of Cuba's attention at that time was also Colombia—specifically, Plan Colombia, the U.S. initiative to support the government of Colombia in its fight against drug traffickers. As I mentioned earlier, rumor had it that the Cubans opposed Plan Colombia. In fact, rumor had it that the Cubans were supporting rebel forces arrayed against the government of Colombia, once again pitting Cuban military interests against those of the United States.

U.S. Special Forces troops were in Colombia to train members of the Colombian military. Technical advisors were there to assist in maintaining U.S.-manufactured equipment and in training Colombian forces to maintain it. As a Colombia analyst, of course, Ana Montes would have had full access to everything that the United States military was doing in Colombia. Who could doubt that she would have turned all of that information over to her Cuban handlers, and that Havana would have exploited that information to our detriment in Colombia? I'm sure that our Special Forces troops in Colombia are happy to know that Ana has been removed from the scene—as are their spouses, children, parents, friends, siblings, aunts, and uncles.

The War on Terrorism

It's a good thing we stopped her in time. Cuba is not our friend. Fidel Castro opposes the United States' current counterterrorism initiative. He's aligned with some states that may support, sponsor, or harbor terrorists, or have done so in the recent past. In the months preceding the September 11 attacks, Castro toured Syria, Libya, and Iran. While in Iran, he crystallized his goals regarding the United States when he said, "Iran and Cuba, in cooperation with each other, can bring America to its knees." If Ana Montes were still operating at DIA, it would not be beneath or beyond Fidel Castro or his successors to share information received from her with those countries and other supporters of international terrorism.

Of course, this particular window of opportunity never opened for Ana Montes. At the time of her arrest, she was about to gain access to many details of our preparations for war in Afghanistan—virtually everything. Fortunately, we could arrest her before that happened.

23

THE DEATH OF A WARFIGHTER

The media paid scant attention to the Ana Montes story at the time of her arrest and eventual conviction. Bigger stories dominated the news during the fall of 2001, and in any event, spying for Cuba seemed relatively inconsequential.

But any time the media informs us that an American has committed the most heinous of crimes, the crime of espionage, we should push the media and our government to answer the most obvious of questions: Did anyone die? Because that is the worst consequence of the crime. Other damage to national security may occur, and does, but the death of American warfighters is the ultimate measure of a spy's depravity. We should know about death when it occurs.

In the case of Ana Montes, someone did die. His name was Gregory A. Fronius, and his story can now be told in its proper context.

To be fair, Ana Montes was not solely responsible for Greg's death. Other spies were at work when Greg died, and they likely contributed more directly to his death than did Montes. But she was there. She was involved. And she chose to stand against a warfighter rather than support him, as she was sworn to do. She therefore shares responsibility for his death. At the very least, she stood on the wrong side of the fence when he died.

Some time after Ana's conviction, the National Counterintelligence Executive (NCIX) was tasked to conduct a damage assessment of her espionage. As part of that assessment, NCIX asked DIA and the FBI whether Ana was responsible for the deaths of any U.S. military members. I conducted some research to answer that question, and that is how I stumbled upon Greg's story. My initial sources of information were some old newspaper reports and a couple of after-action reports that were written by the Department of Defense. In writing this chapter, I also contacted Greg's brothers and their families, his wife and kids, and a few other knowledgeable people in order to gather some more information about who Greg was as a person. Although he is gone, I wanted to get to know him as well as I could—not just as a faceless statistic, but as a human being.

For me, this story is a reminder of the ultimate reason for my work, the terrible price that U.S. service members and their families risk paying every day to preserve our freedoms. Whatever I can do, or DIA can do, to support warfighters like Greg—and bring them home alive—we will do. In the best sense of the term, we, not people like Ana Montes, are the real "true believers." Our mission is to make sure stories like this don't happen again.

I begin with the end of the story. Gregory A. Fronius was killed in action in El Salvador in the early morning hours of May 31, 1987. He was a Green Beret, one of America's finest warfighters. He was an expert in the use of small arms and in the execution of small unit tactics. His job was to train members of the Salvadoran armed forces, with a view toward increasing their combat capability.

I mentioned the Special Forces mission in El Salvador in the previous chapter. Their role was critical to the success of the U.S. policy to contain and reverse the spread of communism in Central America. In 1979, the Marxist-oriented Sandinistas, supported by Cuba, had gained control of Nicaragua. As I noted earlier, a Cuban general officer was appointed to establish and run Nicaragua's fledgling intelligence service. President Ronald Reagan chose to support a reactive insurgency known as the Contras to retake control of the government from the Sandinistas.

Meanwhile, in the neighboring country of El Salvador, a coalition of Marxist political parties was laying siege to the democratically elected government in a guerrilla insurgency. The rebel FMLN forces waged an incessant and bloody military campaign throughout the 1980s, supported by both Nicaragua and Cuba. The United States provided military training and support to the Salvadoran armed forces in their battle against the FMLN. That's where Greg

Fronius and approximately fifty additional members of the U.S. Special Forces entered the picture.

Members of the U.S. Special Forces are extraordinary men. They share a mental toughness that enables them to single-mindedly focus upon accomplishing difficult missions under the most hazardous of conditions. They are winners, and only the finest are chosen to join their ranks. Greg Fronius was one of them.

I asked Greg's brother Anthony what we should know about Greg. Anthony answered without hesitation, "Greg Fronius was a patriot. He loved this country." He added, "We used to tease Greg because he was born on Election Day—November 3, 1959—and Greg was such a flag-waving kind of guy." That was the day John F. Kennedy was elected president. Greg was also, by all accounts, a carefree and colorful spirit. He was a playful, red-haired, and freckled all-American kid. He loved to climb trees, wrestle in the yard with his brothers, go camping, and swing like Tarzan from the rope swings his brothers would hang over the river near home. Later on, those activities gave way to playing loud music (1950s and 1960s rock and roll was his favorite), driving fast, playing practical jokes on his friends and family, and chasing girls. "He wasn't just the life of the party," his sister-in-law Darlene told me, "Greg *was* the party!" He ran the show, and he was a popular guy.

Greg was the youngest of three brothers born in Plainsville, Ohio. His dad died when Greg was about nine years old. Mom remarried, and the family shuttled back and forth between Plainsville and southwest Pennsylvania until finally settling down in Connellsville, Pennsylvania, when Greg was about fifteen.

As the youngest of three boys, Greg grew up tough. He and his oldest brother Steve used to play Army in a local junkyard. "Greg always played to win," Steve recalled. Warfare was, after all, a serious business. They used glass bottles as hand grenades, tossing them in earnest at each other. The explosions of glass fragments were proof against the familiar shouted claims of childhood battles: "You missed me!" Greg didn't miss. Family members already knew that someday Greg Fronius would become a soldier. He was made for it.

In high school, Greg went out for wrestling, and he loved it. "Greg would come home after school and draw a big circle in the yard," Darlene told me, "and then he'd take on all comers. I can still picture him out there." The last thing you ever wanted to do was to injure Greg Fronius. Steve recalled a time when he and Greg were wrestling in the house. Things got out of hand, as they often do with brothers. Furniture crashed, the couch overturned, and a coffee table lay practically in splinters. Then Steve heard the crack of Greg's fingers, and he backed away for fear of causing further injury.

Not so Greg. His response was more like that of a wounded animal. Steve took the brunt of Greg's wounded wrath that day, as he vividly recalls. It was emblematic of the indomitable spirit that Greg would exhibit during the final fight of his life. He simply refused to lose.

Greg joined the Army in 1977. He was eighteen years old. Everyone who knew him believed that he would someday join the Special Forces. "Greg's favorite movies were *The Blues Brothers*—because he loved the music—and *The Green Berets*, starring John Wayne," Anthony recalled. Greg always laughed at the "Provo's Privy" scene in *The Green Berets*, in which a building at Fort Bragg is named after a fallen Green Beret. It's an amusing scene, meant to evoke nervous laughter from the audience through a little black humor.

But his favorite part of the movie, contrary to what one might expect of the macho image of the Special Forces, was the last scene, in which John Wayne walks quietly onto the beach with a young Vietnamese boy. The boy has just lost his favorite Green Beret, a casualty of combat, and he is both saddened by his loss and frightened for his own future. He looks up to John Wayne and asks, "Who is going to take care of me now?" Wayne places a hand on the boy's shoulder and responds, "We will, son"—meaning that the Green Berets would take care of him. It is a tear-jerker of a scene. It was Greg's favorite because it spoke to him about the core mission of the Green Berets, whose motto, "De Oppresso Liber," means "To free and protect the oppressed." Greg viewed the Green Berets not as the macho commandos of Hollywood's "Rambo"-style films but as the quiet professionals they are in reality.

During his early years in the Army, Greg was assigned to a unit in Panama, where in 1981 he met his future wife, Celinda. She was a university student in Panama employed by a local Panamanian company. They met at a dance.

"There was nothing shy about Greg," Celinda later recalled. He didn't speak a word of Spanish, and Celinda's English was limited to a few words. But that didn't stop Greg from courting her. His natural confidence won her heart. He also charmed her family. "Greg was fun," Celinda explained. "My mother and brothers just fell in love with him." Greg and Celinda soon married, and their first child—Greg Junior—was born later that year.

In 1983, Greg completed the Army's rigorous Special Forces training at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Next, he studied for a year at the Defense Language

Institute in Monterey, California, the same place where I learned Mandarin Chinese back in 1970. Greg was there to study Spanish in preparation for his assignment to the 7th Special Forces Group, then based in Panama.

Typically for him, Greg made new friends in Panama quickly. “I think he knew more people in Panama than I did,” Celinda told me. “Greg could never just sit down somewhere. He was always jogging and lifting weights.” Every spare moment, she said, was spent with Greg Junior. “Greg was really good with kids. He was always taking them somewhere—to the beach or downtown. Wherever he went, Greg Junior went along.”

In 1985, a second child joined the family. Francine was just a toddler when Greg died, so she has no memory of him. Today Francine soaks up stories about her father like a sponge.

I sat in her mother’s kitchen one day and told Francine a story about her father. I had heard it from Doug Vander Pool, a fellow Green Beret. During their assignment in Panama, members of the 3rd Battalion of the 7th Special Forces Group were parachuting from helicopters at a height of ten thousand feet. As he stood to position himself for the jump, Doug’s parachute prematurely deployed. The wind caught the chute and threatened to yank him from the helicopter to a certain death. Acting instinctively, Greg quickly wrapped his arms around Doug’s body and pulled him into the helicopter to safety, saving his life. Doug felt a debt of gratitude, but Greg, typically, just shrugged it off. He had simply done what had to be done.

In January 1987, Greg was assigned to the 4th Infantry Brigade of the Salvadoran Armed Forces (ESAF). He was stationed at the 4th IB’s headquarters compound in a place called El Paraiso—in English, Paradise. The compound was about as far from a true paradise as one might imagine.

El Paraiso was in the heart of FMLN-controlled territory, about thirty miles east of the capital city of San Salvador. The compound had been built by Green Berets earlier in the war, and the ESAF considered it impregnable. It was a fortress and a showpiece. When foreign dignitaries visited El Salvador, they commonly toured the 4th IB’s compound at El Paraiso, presented as an example of El Salvador’s military might and a symbol of its determination to prevail. Located as it was in the FMLN’s back yard, the 4th IB’s compound at El Paraiso was also a thorn in the side of the FMLN and a priority target for enemy attack. There was reason to believe that such an attack was imminent.

Greg Fronius was one of only three Green Berets assigned to support the 4th IB. His job was to provide basic infantry training to ESAF troops. Under the rules of engagement, he couldn't even leave the compound except to provide training for ESAF forces or to provide humanitarian relief to the local citizenry. He was not allowed to patrol or to engage in any combat operation, short of self-defense. Greg Fronius was an American warfighter. But this was someone else's war, and Greg's mission in El Salvador was to train ESAF troops, not to go into battle alongside them.

The compound served as a base of operations for approximately two thousand ESAF soldiers. Most of them spent their time securing transportation routes against FMLN efforts to disrupt the fragile Salvadoran economy, patrolling roads and securing bridges. These were purely defensive operations. But a small contingent of Salvadoran Special Forces also based in the compound engaged in offensive operations, disrupting FMLN military operations in the district by attacking and killing as many FMLN rebels as possible. Offensive operations by these Special Forces late in 1986 and early in 1987 were very successful. But the FMLN had a few cards up their sleeves—trump cards, in fact, in the form of collaborators or infiltrators located inside the compound at El Paraiso.

The 4th IB's compound at El Paraiso, the impregnable fortress of the Salvadoran Armed Forces, was in reality quite vulnerable to enemy attack. Its vaunted security posture, which consisted of multiple layers of mine fields, barbed wire, and various other defensive measures typical of a U.S. Special Forces base camp, had a hollow center—ESAF troops recruited by FMLN guerrillas to betray the camp. Their recruitment was facilitated by the Salvadoran government's practice of pressing peasants into military service. Many ESAF troops were youngsters forced into service by a government desperate for military manpower. The FMLN found such unwilling, unhappy ESAF troops to be fertile ground for its recruitment efforts. Armed with insider information, the FMLN was thus able to mount effective attacks against the camp. A number of collaborators were reportedly discovered among 4th IB troopers in the months before Greg's death.

The majority of ESAF troops, however, were loyal. They called their new Green Beret trainer Sergento Rojo, Sergeant Red, because Greg's flaming red hair contrasted so sharply with his pale skin. His hair was almost orange. Celinda laughs when telling the story about Greg dressing up as a clown for a kids party in Panama—his hair was so naturally suited to a clown costume that Greg didn't even bother to don a wig.

Sergento Rojo proved to be a popular instructor. His ESAF troops liked his energy and his enthusiasm, and they liked his confidence in their abilities. He proved to be popular outside the camp as well. Part of Greg's duties were to provide humanitarian assistance to villagers who lived nearby. He identified medical needs within the village of El Paraiso and channeled medicine to the children. Sergento Rojo was a father, and he had an affinity for the kids.

Greg happened to be the only American trainer in the camp on March 31, 1987. One Green Beret assigned to the 4th IB had returned to Panama for the birth of a child, and the third Green Beret was on leave in San Salvador. Most of the ESAF troops assigned to the 4th IB were also absent from the camp that night, having deployed to various locations on assignment.

At approximately two o'clock on the morning of March 31, 1987, three FMLN Special Forces sapper units threaded their way through the minefields around the camp and penetrated the fence line at the perimeter of the camp's defenses. Perhaps with help from collaborators inside the camp, the sappers and their accompanying security teams quietly dispatched ESAF sentries and entered the interior of the compound unopposed and undetected. Greg Fronius and the remaining ESAF troops slept soundly in their bunks.

FMLN sapper units were well trained. A typical unit was comprised of ten to fifteen men. Some were sappers, specialists in explosive ordnance; the others provided covering fire as the sappers placed their explosive charges. Vietnamese military experts provided their training in camps supported by the Nicaraguans and Cubans.

The sappers in these three units carried eight-hundred-gram explosive satchels meant for use against personnel, not the buildings and structures of the camp. Their black-clad security forces were armed with H&K MP-5 automatic 9-mm machine guns, weapons favored today by police SWAT and antiterrorist teams throughout the world. In 1987, they were at the cutting edge of small-arms technology.

A fourth guerrilla unit slipped into the camp and established a firebase on a hill overlooking the encampment. Greg and his ESAF compatriots slept on. The guerrillas had achieved total surprise. They placed mortars inside their firebase and zeroed them in on preselected targets.

And then all hell broke loose. It began with a mortar barrage that poured exceptionally accurate fire on the compound without interruption for more than two hours. Buildings housing the command section, administrative offices, and troop barracks were bombarded. Sappers lobbed their charges into officers' quarters and the barracks. Chaos and confusion reigned as the guerrillas methodically destroyed the camp and killed or maimed its occupants. Accounts of Greg Fronius' actions during the FMLN assault vary in some particulars. Pandemonium reigned, and the scattered defenders caught only glimpses of him in the darkness. But eyewitness accounts agree that his determined defense of the camp was heroic and inspiring.

Awakened by the din, Greg grabbed his weapon and gear and exited his quarters. According to one account, Greg was hit in the shoulder by a bullet as soon as he stepped outside; the impact knocked him into a nearby ditch, where he applied a battle dressing to the wound.

The last thing that most people would even think to do after receiving such a wound is to rejoin the battle. Better to hunker down and wait for help. Greg moved to engage with the enemy.

As he crossed the compound, he attempted to rally ESAF troops to stage a defense of the camp. But panic reigned, and that effort failed. He then entered the courtyard surrounding the 4th IB's Tactical Operations Center (TOC). The TOC was the nerve center of the camp, the point from which a centralized defense could be conducted and from which communications to summon a rescue by ESAF forces around the country would emanate. The TOC was so central to the survival of the 4th IB that it was housed in a specially constructed bunker that was designed to withstand a determined enemy assault for at least thirty minutes—enough time to summon help.

Greg Fronius was intimately familiar with the TOC. He knew it offered a safe haven from the murderous environment in which he stood. Inside of the TOC were many of the ESAF officers who remained in the camp. He would have been welcome to join them. A prudent man would have done so until help arrived.

But Greg Fronius did not go inside the TOC. We don't know the circumstances that influenced him, but Greg clearly made a conscious decision to bypass the safety of the TOC to accomplish something he considered a higher priority than his own safety.

Across from the entrance to the TOC, and forming one side of the courtyard, was a berm—a piece of high ground. Any fighter standing on top of that berm had the tactical advantage of a direct line of fire toward the TOC. One armed with rocket-propelled grenades or a recoilless rifle, for example, could launch a direct assault against the TOC's vault door. As an expert in small unit tactics, Greg must have instantly recognized the danger a small force of guerrilla fighters on the berm would pose to the TOC. In fact, guerrillas had already occupied the berm. One explanation for Greg's next action was that he decided to defend the TOC by seizing the high ground of the berm or by sweeping the guerrilla force from it.

Alternatively, Greg may have bypassed the proffered safety of the TOC because he was committed to joining the ESAF's Special Forces in defense of the camp. This theory holds that Greg had made a pact with his counterparts to join forces in the event of an FMLN attack—or that Greg simply decided to cross the encampment to join them to defend the camp. If so, he would have run pell-mell past the TOC and over the berm en route to the Special Forces barracks.

Whatever his intentions, Greg Fronius never made it. Eyewitnesses reported he climbed a staircase from the courtyard to the top of the berm. As he approached the top step, two guerrillas confronted Greg and engaged him in a firefight at close quarters. A third guerrilla soon joined his comrades. Greg killed one of his attackers and probably wounded a second before the impact of guerrilla bullets knocked him back down the stairs.

Greg lay at the bottom of the staircase, grievously wounded. Lacking cover of any type, he was exposed to additional guerrilla fire. Two ESAF troopers at the edge of the courtyard tried to go to his aid. Greg saw them and waved them away. The risk of enemy fire was too great.

During the battle, the air burst from an enemy mortar round sprayed shrapnel down on Greg where he lay. The concussion from the explosion and the shrapnel, combined with his existing wounds, completely incapacitated him. According to one witness' account, the FMLN sappers later detonated an explosive charge under his body in retaliation for his having killed one of their comrades.

About three hours after it began its assault against El Paraiso, the FMLN force disengaged, melting away into the coming dawn. It left behind a scene of near-total destruction and death. Greg Fronius lay dead. Of the ESAF inhabitants of the encampment, nearly half were killed or wounded. For their part, the FMLN suffered only eight dead. It was a decisive victory for the rebel forces.

For his courageous actions on March 31, 1987, Greg Fronius posthumously received the Silver Star.

The attack had been so meticulously planned and so flawlessly executed that military experts almost immediately attributed its success to Nicaraguan and Cuban assistance. The rebels could not have done it alone. Some believed that the attack had actually been planned in Nicaragua or Cuba. An FMLN commander who participated in the attack later acknowledged that he had received special training in Cuba in the use of mortars.

Then there were the reports of collaborators among the ESAF troops themselves. How else could one account for the ease with which the attackers circumvented the mine fields and other defenses, the ease with which they dispatched the sentries, and the accuracy of their mortar fire? Could it have been purely coincidental that the attack occurred when the vast majority of ESAF forces were absent on field assignments, leaving the camp in a weakened if not defenseless position? It all pointed to the use of spies.

We now know that another spy was in the picture—a Cuban agent who had been at El Paraiso just weeks before, who had detailed knowledge of the camp's defense posture and the planned ESAF operations that would leave it nearly defenseless, and who had received briefings on the camp's security measures. Ana Montes had visited the camp weeks before the attack commenced.

In 1987, of course, Ana was not yet the DIA's principal Cuba analyst. She was still the agency's El Salvador and Nicaragua analyst, an expert on the military capabilities of both countries, with detailed and extensive knowledge of their militaries. As the United States increased its assistance to El Salvador during the 1980s, its insights into the Salvadoran military grew proportionately.

Ana knew every nut and bolt in the Salvadoran inventory, every bean and bullet, and many of their plans. It was her job. She was aware of the existence and mission of U.S. Special Forces on the ground and she read their after-action reports and sometimes participated in their predeployment briefings. Ana was intimately familiar with their operations.

In February and March 1987, Ana Montes took an official U.S. government-sponsored trip to El Salvador. She was in-country for five weeks. That is a long time to spend in a small country. One could almost walk around the perimeter in that period. But Ana didn't do that. Instead, her mission in El Salvador was to acquire some sense of the "ground truth" in the country to augment what she already knew. She met with a variety of U.S. military members and government employees at the embassy and made site visits to ESAF facilities throughout the country. One of her stops was in El Paraiso, where she undoubtedly received briefings on the security posture of the country's showpiece encampment and on planned operations to keep the

FMLN off balance in the region. I have no reason to believe that she and Greg Fronius ever met.

Ana was an active Cuban spy in 1987, regularly meeting with her Cuban handlers in Washington to provide information that she gleaned from work. There is no indication that Ana met with Cuban intelligence officers during her trip to El Salvador, but she certainly met with them upon her return home. And Ana got back to Washington just weeks before the attack by FMLN forces.

Did she provide actionable intelligence to her Cuban handlers about the security situation at El Paraiso? We don't know. Only Ana and her handlers know the answer to that question.

I do not blame Ana Montes for the death of Greg Fronius. To begin with, I don't know for a certainty that any information she might have provided to her Cuban handlers supported the planning for the attack against El Paraiso. We will likely never know if it did. Chances are, the attack on the compound at El Paraiso would have taken place regardless of any input Ana Montes might have provided. It seems likely that rebel forces received a sufficient amount of intelligence from collaborators and other sources to plan and execute a flawless attack with or without her. That means Greg would have died a hero's death regardless of Ana's betrayal.

As I wrote at the beginning of this chapter, for me, that's not the point. At a time when Greg Fronius depended upon her and others like her for support, Ana Montes was standing firmly in the Cuban camp. Through her chosen role as a Cuban agent, she stood opposed to everything that Greg was trying to accomplish. She stabbed him in the back.

The simple fact is this: The trusted DIA analyst who had just visited Greg's compound, the quietly dressed, professional woman who listened so attentively to all the briefings, was working for the other side. For that reason alone, whatever use the Cubans made of any subsequent trip report, I believe that Ana Montes betrayed Greg Fronius when he needed her most.

EPILOGUE

SHORTLY AFTER ANA MONTES' ARREST, I was invited to say a few words about the Montes investigation to a body of senior counterintelligence investigators representing various elements of the Department of Defense and other members of the intelligence community. My comments focused upon the ease with which the Cuban Intelligence Service had managed to penetrate DIA with their agent. They had only to meet her, recruit her, and encourage her to seek employment with my agency. Ana did the rest.

The point of my remarks was this: If it was so easy for the Cuban Intelligence Service to plant Ana Montes inside my agency, then we must assume that the Cuban Intelligence Service did it again, in other agencies as well. Cuban intelligence officers would be derelict in their duties if they failed to do so. Ana was undoubtedly skilled, bright, and dedicated. But she is far from the only intelligence professional in Washington with those attributes. She was indeed a super spy, but that's no reason to believe there aren't plenty of Cuban agents still operating at a similarly high level.

I concluded that the Cuban Intelligence Service had the capability to penetrate the U.S. government as thoroughly as the former Stasi, the East German intelligence service, had penetrated the West German government and its intelligence services during the Cold War. I assume the Cubans have done so. We have to do something about it.

My remarks were received with some interest but little action.

It was my hope that the Defense Department counterintelligence community, at least, would be motivated by the Ana Montes case to launch a full-time, dedicated, and focused effort to search for Cuban agents within the department. I met again with a subset of the original group to discuss my experience with Montes and the insights into Cuban Intelligence that I had gained from that experience. Again, my goal was to stimulate interest in launching a serious, concerted effort to search for additional Cuban agents who may be at work today inside the Department of Defense.

Once again my remarks were received with some interest and appreciation. The group made an effort on a part-time basis to conduct a broad search for Cuban agents within the Defense Department. But none of my counterparts, I am afraid, exhibited a level of motivation to finding Cuban spies within our defense establishment equal to the level of motivation exhibited by Ana Montes as she conducted espionage against us.

There seemed to be no sense of urgency within my community about detecting and countering the effects of Cuban penetrations of the U.S. government. It's as though my peers viewed Ana Montes as an anomaly, an exception rather than the rule—as though the Cubans just got lucky with Ana Montes.

I disagree. I suspect that Montes was the rule. The true exceptions may be the hot-dog vendors, the lawn caretakers, and the other low-level agents whom the Cubans may employ inside or outside of our military bases to watch the comings and goings of military aircraft, U.S. Army divisions, and U.S. Navy ships. My fear is that Cuban Intelligence is so good at their trade, they've recruited many Ana Monteses among us and planted those agents wherever they deem necessary within the U.S. government to advance their interests. It was easy for them to recruit Ana Montes. How can we deny the likelihood that they've recruited many others within the intelligence establishment?

Ana Montes was on a crusade. If we are to detect the additional Cuban agents I assume are among us, then we must go after them with equal zeal and determination, and with an almost fanatical sense of purpose. That focus and drive seems to be lacking.

Which brings me to this book. I originally wrote it to purge myself of the frustration I felt in dealing with my peers within the DoD counterintelligence community on this issue. They needed, I thought, to better understand the nature and extent of the threat posed to the United States' security by the efforts of the Cuban Intelligence Service to recruit and run spies among us. Cuba employs a very capable body of intelligence professionals who could be bleeding us dry and selling us out to our many adversaries around the world. There's no rule, as some seem to think, that information that comes to Cuba stays in Cuba. The information that the Cubans glean can be used against us; leaks to the

Cubans can cost American lives. This is a serious business, and it requires a serious response.

I essentially abandoned my effort to light a fire under my peers and opted instead to publish this book. The media coverage of the Ana Montes case was woefully inadequate. It failed to capture the exceptionally grave damage to national security that was inflicted by just one motivated woman. Few in the media seemed to care, and as a result, the public simply did not "get it." I hope this book will in some small way set the record straight and, in the process, increase public awareness of the threat posed to our way of life by the Cuban Intelligence Service and the agents they've almost certainly placed among us.

I will receive no compensation for this work. It's not about money. I waived my copyright and released this manuscript without conditions to an acquaintance in the publishing business who seemed to understand and appreciate my frustration with the system in which I work. He arranged to funnel the proceeds from the sale of this book to the children of Greg Fronius, who gave his life to advance the interests of the United States. I think that's appropriate. Ana Montes may or may not have been responsible for the deaths of American fighting men and women through her espionage, but in a rather ironic twist, her story will assist the family of one such warfighter in another fashion. I like that.

Steve McCoy has retired from the FBI and is now pursuing private interests. Pete continues to serve us as a special agent of the FBI; he is good at his job, and the American people can expect to reap the benefit of his accomplishments in the future. Steve, Pete, and their many colleagues at the FBI who conducted and supported the investigation of Ana Montes deserve our respect and heartfelt thanks. These are good people. I wish the media would stop bashing their organization.

Chris Simmons and John Kavanagh continue to serve as counterintelligence analysts for DIA. We forged a bond through our experience on the Ana Montes investigation that promises an interesting and productive future for us as we continue to work together in the world of counterintelligence. Never in my experience had investigators and analysts worked so closely or productively with one another as we did during the year that we focused our combined efforts on Havana Ana. May our experience serve as a model for future investigations and operations.

Reg Brown also remains at DIA and, from what I gather, has no immediate plans for other employment. That's good. He talks occasionally about shucking the intelligence business altogether and earning a living from his pastime, making pottery, but I hope he's not serious. You make beautiful pottery, Reg, but I need you where you are. To my knowledge, never before in the history of U.S. counterintelligence was a spy identified and eventually brought to justice through the application of analytic methods. Reg did that. I want him to stay around to point me in the right direction again.

Bobby Speegle is close to retirement age but remains at the time of this writing at DIA, serving us all. Thanks, Bobby. You were great. You deserve an Oscar.

Dave Curtin accepted an offer to work for another agency of the federal government that is directly involved in the war on terrorism. Dave, I stand in awe of you. You always came through for me when I needed you most. You required so little direction, and you really know how to get things done. The American people are fortunate that you've chosen to serve us in your current capacity.

Gator speaks incessantly about seeking employment elsewhere, but I think it's just talk. He loves this line of work, and we have a lot of fun together at DIA. We share a common view of our world. But remember, Gator: You can't expect to find a spy under every rock or behind every tree. You simply have to believe that a spy is there, somewhere, and that if you look under every rock and behind every tree, you will eventually find him. I expect Gator to remain welded to my hip for another decade or so.

Ana Montes will serve her time productively, I am sure. Knowing Ana, she'll be running the place before too long. I understand that she remains unrepentant about providing information to the Cubans. She still believes that she did the right, just, and moral thing in supporting them, and I suspect that she will hold that view for the rest of her life. That's fine. At least she's no longer in a position to cause the rest of us any harm. Ana Montes is now incarcerated near Fort Worth, Texas.

Ana's boyfriend, Bill, has had a rough time of it. He requested and received permission to remain in contact with Ana after her arrest, up until she was convicted. He sensed, understandably, that she needed his support during an emotional time in her life. But he made clear to me, during one of several meetings on the subject, that his support for Ana would end if and when she was convicted of the crime. Bill was as good as his word. Part of him feels sorry for Ana, but he can never understand or condone what she did. He is torn, but Bill is moving forward with his life without her.

As for me, I continue to march. There are some among my peers in this business who take exception to my having published a book about my experience on the job. It goes against their grain. Some may even avoid working with me in the future, for fear that their actions and words will end up in a book somewhere or because they feel that I've crossed an ethical line by publishing this story. I understand. So be it.

I remain firmly focused on my mission. I am not a writer. I am a counterintelligence investigator. And my job is to detect and investigate espionage and suspected espionage within the Defense Intelligence Agency. I've performed that job for almost two decades now, and I expect to continue performing it until my youngest son, now ten, graduates from high school. I'm not going away.

The readers of this book will undoubtedly include members of the Cuban Intelligence Service and the other agents whom they've placed among us. To the Cuban service, I doff my hat. Well done. I hope that more than one of you was fired, however, when you lost Ana Montes as your agent. As for the spies among us, those who still work for Cuban Intelligence: Watch your back. You may soon find me or one of my compatriots from the FBI standing behind you, ready to put the cuffs on.

INDEX

Afghanistan, 120
Alejandre, Armando, 5
Ames, Aldrich, 40, 81, 133, 135, 137
Ames, Maria del Rosario, 40
Armstrong, Fulton, 68–69, 86, 97

Bay of Pigs invasion, 25, 30
Big Mouth, 42–43
"Bill" (Montes' boyfriend), 58–59, 102, 104, 119; effect of her betrayal on, 178; growing intimacy between Montes and Bill, 106; personality of, 59; possible exploitation of, 142
Bolling Air Force Base, 75
Brothers to the Rescue (BTTR), 4–6; mission of, 4–5; possible effects of Montes' spying activities on, 161
Brown, Reg, 1, 65, 87, 177–78; as an expert on the Cuban Intelligence Service, 20–21; initial concerns of about Montes, 2, 3–4, 8–9; knowledge of the culture of analysts and information flow, 88–89
Bush, George W., 85, 119

Cacheris, Plato, 133
Cameron, Dave, 99
Carmichael, Scott W., vii, ix, 179; briefing the FBI on suspicions of Montes, 39–40; experiences of working with FBI agents, 38–39, 44–45; formulation of plan by to search Montes' tote bag, 110–16; interviewing techniques of, 13–14; law enforcement career of, 24; marriage of, 25; military career of, 23; mistrust of coincidences, 81; opinion of the Cuban Intelligence Service, 151–52, 175–77; personality of, 63; preparation of arrest logistics for Montes, 122–23, 124–25; presentation of information concerning Montes to McCoy's superior, 45–47; receipt of the National Intelligence of Achievement award, ix, 48; relationship with Steve McCoy, 44–45, 49, 122; work of for the Naval Investigative Service (NIS), 24–25
Carrol, Eugene, 5–7
Castro, Fidel, 30, 135, 138, 147, 160; effect of Montes' spying on Cuban émigré opponents of, 159; tour of Syria, Libya, and Iran by, 162
Castro, Raul, 160
Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), 25
Cheney, Dick, 100
Colombia, 112. *See also* Plan Colombia
Conrad, Clyde Lee, 135
Costa, Carlos, 5
counterintelligence, 24, 61; information available to counterintelligence agents, 34. *See also* straw man
Craig, Jerry, 69, 70, 80, 99
Cuba, viii, 112, 120, 134, 148–49; intelligence community assessment (ICA) reports of, 105; military activity of, 2–3; sharing of intelligence secrets with other

Cuba (continued)
countries, 138; shoot down of the BTTR rescue planes, 4–6; support of communist insurgencies in El Salvador and Nicaragua, 164. *See also* Bay of Pigs invasion; Castro, Fidel; Cuban Intelligence Service
Cuban Intelligence Service, 20–21, 29, 30, 71–72, 179; poor record of U.S. success against, 151; recruitment of spies by, 30–32; Russian influence on, 151; threat of to the United States, 176–77; underestimation of by U.S. intelligence organizations, 151–52, 176. *See also* Wasp network
Curtin, Dave, 93–94, 96, 107–8, 112, 120; personality of, 113; role of in the actual arrest of Montes, 125–26; work of in the war on terrorism, 178

defense attachés, 27
Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), vii, ix, 25–26, 119, 124; civilian and military analysts of, 56; Directorate for Analysis and Production, 56, 76, 89; "intrusive" investigative methods of, 75; and the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait, 26–27; motto of, 27; operation of to cancel Montes' assignment to the NIC, 87–92, 94–99; operation of to delay Montes' assignment to the NIC, 75–76, 81–82; pay scales of, 57; policy of loaning DIA analysts to other government agencies, 91; pressure on to lift the ban on external analyst assignments, 106, 109; relations with the media, 74; Security Investigations and Polygraph Branch, 33; security specialists of, 1–2; specific responsibilities of, 26
Defense Intelligence Analysis Center (DIAC), 3, 65, 69
DICE (Defense Information to Counter Espionage), 152

Edmundson, Bo, 126, 127
Elfmann, Leroy, 124, 125, 126
El Salvador, 3, 29; possible effects in because of Montes' spying activities, 157–58, 172–73
El Salvadoran Armed Forces (ESAF), 167–68
espionage: blasé attitude of Americans toward the crime of espionage, 156–57; and information sharing among intelligence agencies, 138–39
Evans, Robert, 52
Ewing, Mark, 71, 90, 94, 96
Exceptional Intelligence Analyst Program, 56

Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI), 9, 28; early leak in the investigation of Montes, 64–65; formal investigation of Montes by, 62, 66–67, 104–5; power of to initiate investigations, 45, 75; reactions of to suspicions of Montes as a spy, 40–41, 42, 44; surveillance of Montes by, 100; thoroughness of, 121–22.
FLMN (Farabundo Martí Liberation Front), 3, 157, 164, 167–68; attack of on the El Paraiso compound, 169–72
Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act (FISA), 69, 90; attempts to acquire FISA authority to investigate Montes, 83, 84–85; ruling by the FISA court to use intrusive methods in the Montes' investigation, 94
Freedom of Information and Privacy Act (FOIA [1974]), 53–54

Fronius, Gregory A., 163, 173; childhood of, 165–66; death of, 164; heroic action of in defense of the El Paraiso compound, 170–71; marriage and family life of, 166, 167; military career of, 166–67; personality of, 165; popularity of among ESAF troops, 169; service of in El Salvador, 167–71

Gunther, Richard, 52

Hall, James, 146
Hamilton, Frederick C., 27–28, 44, 45
Hanssen, Robert, 133, 135, 137
Hatch, Linda, 85
Hernandez, Linda, 40
Holstead, Terry, 109
Hussein, Saddam, 26–27

Intelink, 139
intelligence information, integration of, 140
Iran, 57

Kavanagh, John, 87, 113, 177
KGB, 40
Kuwait, invasion of, 26–27

James, Karl ("Gator"), 33, 45, 47–48, 75, 99, 178
Joint Chiefs of Staff (JCS), 89

Lourdes communication facility (Cuba), 29–30, 158

McCoy, Steve, 39–40, 44, 49, 61, 119, 123; personality of, 63; preparation for the affidavit to allow arrest of Montes, 121; preparation of for formal investigation of Montes, 65–66, 84–85; retirement of, 177
MICE (Money, Ideology, Coercion, Ego), 146–48
"mission essential," 87–88
mole hunters, vii
Montes, Ana Belen, vii–ix, 151, 178; ability of to win the trust of her superiors, 152–53; access of to classified information, 63–64; arguments against her being a spy, 40–41; arrest of, 126–27; assignment of to the NIC, 68–69, 71–72; birth of, 50; career path of at the DIA, 56–58; celebration by of her start date at DIA, 136–37; childhood of, 51; confirmed lies of, 154; connection of to Cuba, viii; and the debriefing of Admiral Carroll, 6–7, 17, 20–21; delay of Montes' polygraph by Speegle and Carmichael, 78–80, 97–99; descriptions of her personality by those who knew her, 59; disagreement of with U.S. policy toward Cuba, 19–20, 154–55; drug use of, 154; early career of, 53; flaws of, 60; friends of in the intelligence community, 141–42; graduate school education of, 54–55; high school and college education of, 52–53; identification of as the Unknown Subject (UNSUB) of an investigation, 34, 35–37, 42, 43–44, 45, 46–47, 48, 71; impeccable job performances of, 14, 40, 53, 54, 55–56; influence of, 58, 140–41; initial interview of as being a possible spy, 13–14, 16–19; low profile of, 152; medical issues concerning, 72, 85–86; methods used by to communicate with her handlers, 106–7; motivations for her becoming a spy, 146–50; odd

Montes, Ana Belen (continued)
  behavior of after the BTTR shoot down, 7–8, 20–21; opinion of U.S. policy toward Cuba, 19–20; passing of polygraph test by, 11, 21–22, 41, 153; persistence of in staying at the same intelligence post as a spy, 140–41; personal life of, 58–60; plea agreement of, 133; possibility that she stopped spying, 71–72; reaction of to her interview, 15–16; reading habits of, 101–2; reasons for the success of her spying operations, 151–55; responsibilities of at the DIA, 3, 57–58; and the *Soldier of Fortune* magazine incident, 74, 77, 86; specific work of concerning Cuba, 104–5; statement of at her sentencing, 133–34; as a super spy and true believer in Castro, 135–38, 142–43; suspicious behavior of, 102–3; work of at the Department of Justice's Office of Privacy and Information Appeals, 53–54, 55; work habits of, 101
Morales, Pablo, 5
Mosley, Josh, 112, 113–14

National Counterintelligence Executive (NCIX), damage assessment report of Montes' spying activities by, 163–64
National Intelligence Council (NIC), 68, 69, 97
national intelligence estimates (NIEs), 104–5
Naval Intelligence Service (NIS), 24–25
networking, 139, 140
Nicaragua, 2, 29, 148; possible effects on of Montes' spying activities, 157–58
Noriega, Manuel, 158
North, Oliver, 57

Operation Desert Shield/Operation Desert Storm, possible effects on of Montes' spying activities, 159–60
Operation Enduring Freedom, 130
Operation Uphold Democracy, possible effects on of Montes' spying activities, 160–61
Ortega, Daniel, 57

Panama, 29; possible effects on of Montes' spying activities, 158
Pelton, Ron, 146
Pentagon, 9/11 attack on, 117–19, 120
Peña, Mario de la, 5
Pittman, Harry, 99
Plan Colombia, 87–89; possible effects on of Montes' spying activities, 161–62
Pollard, Jonathan, 135, 146
polygraph exams, 29, 153

Reagan, Ronald, 164
Rice, Condoleeza, 141
Roque, Felipe Perez, 134
Rumsfeld, Donald, 100

Saint Peter Canisius, 81
Sandinistas, 164
Santos, Amarylis, 40
Scheina, Marty, 76–77; reaction of to Montes' arrest, 132
Schweitzer, Carl, 112, 114
Shea, Quinlan J., 53
Simmons, Chris, 33, 36–37, 42–43, 62, 72, 87, 177
Smith, Merritt, 63
Smith, Steve, 114; reaction of to Montes' arrest, 132
Soviet Union, 30
Speegle, Bobby, 73–80, 86, 178; delay of Montes' polygraph by, 78–80;

meeting of with Montes, 81–82; Project 1923 investigation of Montes by, 74–75; responsibilities of, 73–74
spies, 61–62; duties of high-level agents, 84; duties of low-level agents, 83–84; percentage of that are female, 40; percentage of that are Latino, 40; percentage of that are male, 31, 40. *See also* spies, motivations of
spies, motivations of: coercion, 147–48; ego, 148; ideology, 147; money, 146–47
Stewart, Joseph, 94
straw man, 31

Talbot, Lourdes, 132
Tenet, George, 57, 68, 69, 97, 100; meetings held concerning the Montes case, 71
terrorism, war on, 162
Tumanova, Svetlana, 40

Unknown Subject (UNSUB). *See* Montes, Ana Belen, identification of as the Unknown Subject (UNSUB) of an investigation
Urbina, Ricardo, 134
U.S. Department of Defense (DoD), 34, 70, 119
U.S. Department of Defense Southern Command (Southcom), 5, 87, 89
U.S. Department of Justice (DOJ), Office of Intelligence Policy and Review (OIPR), 85
Uthe, Bud, 77, 124

Venezuela, 112
Vietnam War, 23

Wagner, Caryne, 77–78, 93, 94–95, 96
Walker, John, 135, 146
Warner, John, 52
Wasp network, 31, 60, 72; sentencing of, 104
Wilson, Thomas R., 62–63, 66–67, 71, 86, 106; alternative plan of to cancel Montes' assignment to the NIC, 91–92, 94–96; deadline of for removing Montes from DIA, 121; as director of military intelligence (DMI), 70; national security responsibilities of, 105–6; opinion of the DIA plan to cancel Montes' assignment to the NIC, 90–91; responsibilities as director of the DIA, 70
Winneberger, Drew, 37, 57, 70, 80, 86, 90, 93–94; briefing of Admiral Wilson by, 111; briefing of Montes' co-workers after her arrest, 128–31
World Trade Center, 9/11 attack on, 117, 118

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SCOTT W. CARMICHAEL serves as the senior security and counterintelligence investigator for the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA) and served as the lead case agent for the DIA on the Ana B. Montes espionage investigation. He has accumulated a total of twenty-six years of federal service, including a four-year tour as a Chinese-Mandarin linguist in the U.S. Navy, employment as a special agent of the Naval Criminal Investigative Service (NCIS), and more than eighteen years as a counterintelligence investigator for the DIA. His awards include the National Intelligence Medal of Achievement, the National Intelligence Meritorious Unit Award, two DIA Director's Awards, numerous Letters of Appreciation from the director of the FBI, and many lesser forms of recognition for contributions toward the successful resolution of a variety of national security matters. He lives with his wife and three sons in the Washington, D.C., metropolitan area.

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Confessions of a Spy

The Real Story of ALDRICH AMES

Pete Earley

Author of *Family of Spies*

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>
> —Aldrich Ames to Pete Earley

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PETE EARLEY

CONFESSIONS

THE REAL STORY OF

OF A SPY

ALDRICH AMES

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FOR KEVIN MICHAEL EARLEY

CONTENTS

PROLOGUE: THE DRAMA BEGINS 1

PART ONE: THE SEEDS 15

PART TWO: LOVE AND BETRAYAL 89

PART THREE: FALSE STARTS 171

PART FOUR: NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD 255

PART FIVE: A FINAL PERFORMANCE 303

SOURCES 353

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY 363

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS 365

He had two lives: one open, seen and known by all who cared to know . . . and another running its course in secret.

—Anton Chekhov,
The Lady with the Dog

CONFESSIONS OF A SPY

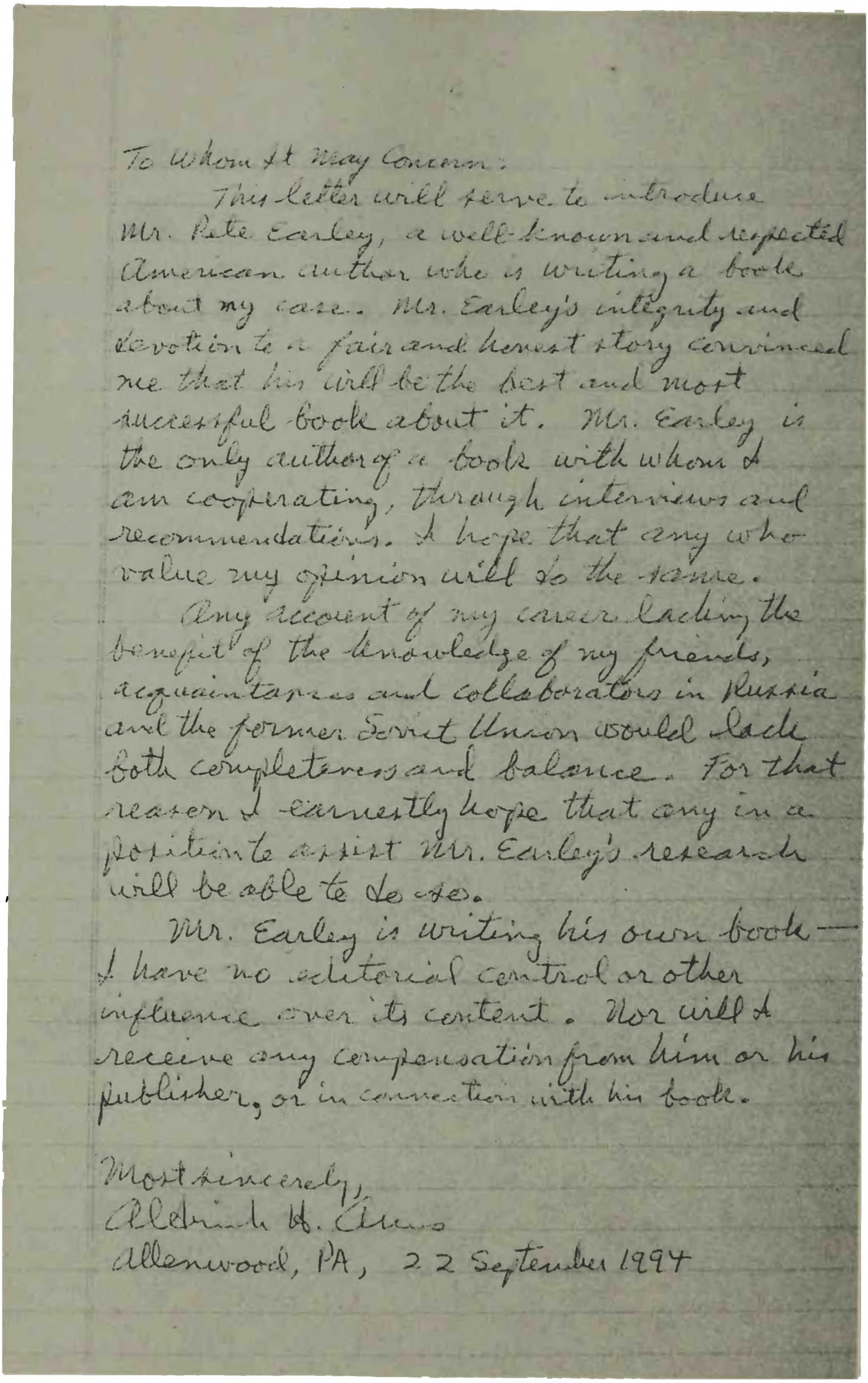

To Whom It May Concern:

This letter will serve to introduce Mr. Pete Earley, a well-known and respected American author who is writing a book about my case. Mr. Earley's integrity and devotion to a fair and honest story convinced me that his will be the best and most successful book about it. Mr. Earley is the only author of a book with whom I am cooperating, through interviews and recommendations. I hope that any who value my opinion will do the same.

Any account of my career lacking the benefit of the knowledge of my friends, acquaintances and collaborators in Russia and the former Soviet Union would lack both completeness and balance. For that reason I earnestly hope that any in a position to assist Mr. Earley's research will be able to do so.

Mr. Earley is writing his own book — I have no editorial control or other influence over its content. Nor will I receive any compensation from him or his publisher, or in connection with his book.

Most sincerely,
Aldrich H. Ames
Allenwood, PA, 22 September 1994

PROLOGUE

THE DRAMA BEGINS

How do you break *into* a jail?

Aldrich Hazen Ames had just admitted he was a KGB spy in early 1994 and I wanted to interview him one-on-one for this book. But how? He was being held under tight security in the Alexandria Detention Center, a high-rise jail south of Washington, D.C., and the U.S. Department of Justice was already steaming about Ames and the media. He and I had met briefly shortly after he was arrested, when his clever court-appointed defense attorney, Plato Cacheris, had taken several television personalities and authors in to see his notorious client. In all, Ames had met briefly for off-the-record talks with three other authors and me. All of us wanted his exclusive cooperation. No one could pay him because the government would seize any such funds, and I wasn't about to offer him any editorial control over this book. Still, I knew Ames had plenty of reasons to talk. He was enraged over how the government was treating his wife, Rosario, and he claimed the CIA was unfairly smearing him as a drunk and a deadbeat. He was also savoring the notoriety.

On July 7, 1994, a gossip columnist at *The Washington Post* revealed that Ames had been meeting potential interviewers in his jail cell. Federal attorneys were outraged. Mark J. Hulkower, the assistant U.S. attorney in charge of prosecuting the Ameses, sent an irate letter to Cacheris. "Having learned of the parade of media personalities to the jail in recent days," he complained, "it seems that this would be an appropriate time . . . to iron out the details . . . of your client's future contacts with the media." Reminding Cacheris that it was *still* against the law for Ames to divulge classified information, Hulkower warned, "It is for the U.S. government, *not Mr. Ames*, to determine what is classified." From now on, Hulkower declared, Ames would not be permitted to meet with anyone from the media unless the CIA approved of the visit and had one of its censors attend the entire interview.

"I've got some good news and bad news for you," Cacheris quipped when he called me. "The good news is that Ames has decided to work exclusively with you on a book."

"And the bad news?" I asked.

"I don't know how you are going to get in to see him now without the CIA censoring everything he says."

I knew the government had good reason to be jittery about Ames. He had worked inside the CIA's Directorate of Operations, known by its initials as the DO, for thirty-one years. He knew many of the CIA's most sensitive secrets and he had played a role in many of its most daring Cold War spy games. His speciality was the KGB, the very organization that later had become his master. But I suspected the government had other reasons besides protecting national security for wishing to keep him quiet. From the moment of his arrest on February 21, 1994, the CIA and the FBI had engaged in a two-pronged public relations attack. Retired and anonymous CIA employees characterized Ames as an inconsequential, bumbling bureaucrat who spent most afternoons napping at his desk. The FBI, meanwhile, dazzled the media with a series of self-serving briefings. The bureau even granted New York author Peter Maas exclusive access to its special agents so he could rush the FBI's story into print. In the opening pages of his book *Killer Spy*, Maas boasted that the "real story" was not Ames and his spying, but "how Ames was pursued and captured by the FBI!"

Such government hogwash made me skeptical. If Ames was such an incompetent boob, why had the CIA given him access to its choicest secrets? And if the FBI had really done such a swell job, why had it taken *nine* years to catch him? There had to be more to this story than the public was being told.

It is usually easy to investigate a notorious figure, but Ames was different. Because he had spent most of his government career working undercover, the CIA could legitimately hide information about him from the public. There was only one way for me to learn who Ames really was and why he had become a traitor. I had to spend time *alone* with him. I had to learn what made him tick, how he viewed himself and the world.

But how? How could I get inside the jail, especially now that Hulkower had issued new rules restricting the media's access to Ames?

Or had he?

I'd spent most of my career in Washington, D.C., and one of the first lessons that I'd learned as a journalist was that federal bureaucrats liked to issue orders *without* consulting the people who actually have to carry them out. I figured Hulkower had notified the CIA and FBI about his new guidelines. But I wondered: *Had he bothered to tell anyone working at the jail?*

I drove to the Alexandria Detention Center and asked to speak to the sheriff. He was busy so his secretary suggested that I talk to Undersheriff Richard R. Ruscak, the jail's no-nonsense administrator. He welcomed me with the same coolness that one shows a door-to-door salesman. I explained that Ames had agreed to work exclusively with me on a book and that I wanted to begin interviewing him. Ruscak was not impressed. If he let me into the jail to talk to Ames, he said, he would have to let in everyone else in the media who requested interviews. "That's not something we are equipped to handle," he said firmly.

I noticed that Ruscak had not mentioned Hulkower's letter, so I decided to keep trying.

"But you really won't have to let everyone else in," I argued, "because Ames doesn't want to talk to anyone else—just to me."

Ruscak didn't reply, but I could tell from his expression that my argument had not changed his mind. And then I got lucky.

"I won't be a problem," I said. "I spent a year inside the maximum security prison in Leavenworth, Kansas, doing research for my last book, so I'm used to being around inmates and officers." I handed him a paperback copy of my book *The Hot House: Life Inside Leavenworth Prison.*

"Hey, I just finished reading this!" Ruscak replied. A friend had recommended it to him; even better, Ruscak had enjoyed it. For several minutes we talked about the main characters and how difficult running a jail was.

"When you walked in here, I was planning on telling you, 'No way are you seeing Ames!'" Ruscak said, "but I guess it will be okay—as long as Ames says he wants to see you, and his attorney doesn't object."

We shook hands and I started to leave, but then stopped. "I'd really like to interview Ames in the attorney/client room in the jail rather than in your normal visiting area," I explained. "If that's okay?" I knew that inmates had to talk to their visitors in the jail's visiting room over telephones while sitting on opposite sides of a thick window, and I had a hunch that Ames would refuse to speak over a telephone, for fear the government would tape-record his conversation.

"Sorry," Ruscak said, "that room is only for lawyers."

I asked Ruscak if I could start that night, and he promised to notify his captain. I was afraid to visit Ames during the day because the FBI and CIA were still debriefing him (he'd pleaded guilty earlier) and I didn't want to risk bumping into anyone who might tip off Hulkower. Around eight P.M., I strolled into the jail's empty lobby. Trying to look calm, I made my way to the jail's control center, a fortified glass booth that looked like the drive-in window at a bank. I was worried. What if Ruscak had telephoned Hulkower or gotten a copy of the prosecutor's letter about the new media guidelines governing Ames?

"Can I help you?" a deputy asked through an intercom.

"I'm here to interview Aldrich Ames. Undersheriff Ruscak approved it this afternoon."

The deputy flipped through a stack of papers. "Sorry," he said, "but I don't have a memo on this."

I could feel myself sweating.

"I'll have to call the shift lieutenant," he said.

Time slowed. I glanced at the clock in the lobby and watched the red minute hand slowly sweep around the dial. After several minutes, I heard a loud thump, the sound of a heavy steel bolt being turned inside a lock. A steel door to my left opened, and a petite woman dressed in a crisp white shirt and creased blue pants stepped forward. She was the lieutenant in charge of the jail at night.

"I'd like to interview Aldrich Ames," I said. "Mr. Ruscak approved it this afternoon."

"I know," she replied, "but there's a problem."

Damn! I thought. They found out about Hulkower's letter.

"No one wrote a memo about this," she continued, "but I was talking to Mr. Ruscak earlier today and he told me it had been approved, so I guess it is okay."

She spoke to the deputy in the control room and then turned to me. "Where would you like to interview him?"

"Uh, er, when I was here earlier with Mr. Cacheris to see Mr. Ames, we all met in the attorney/client interview room upstairs and it was really convenient."

She turned back to the deputy. "Have them take Mr. Ames to the attorney/client room. It's empty now so there shouldn't be any problem."

A few minutes later, I was standing inside the interview room waiting for Ames. Neither of us said anything when a guard brought him inside, but as soon as the officer left, we shook hands, and both of us grinned.

"You got in without a censor!" Ames exclaimed. "I didn't think you would! This is amazing, simply amazing!"

At that exact moment, the guard came back inside the room.

"Sorry, Mr. Earley," he said, "but the control center just called me."

I could feel my face turning red. I figured that someone had either found Hulkower's letter or been told that Ruscak did not want me talking to Ames inside the attorney/client room. I looked at Ames and noticed that his face betrayed nothing.

The guard handed me a legal form and pen. "You were supposed to sign this before coming upstairs." It was a standard release form. I scribbled my name and the guard left.

Ames burst out laughing. "I wonder," he said, "what would happen if two guys with Russian accents tried the same thing that you just did? Do you think the jail would let them in here to talk to me?"

For the next several weeks, we met nearly every night. No one ever questioned my comings and goings. We were left entirely alone in the attorney/client room. One night, Ames seemed distracted. I asked why, and he pressed a finger to his lips, indicating that we shouldn't speak. He bent down and examined the underbelly of the table that we were using. He was searching for hidden microphones. He examined both of our chairs next and then searched the walls. There were no obvious bugs. "I'm sorry, but I just can't believe the agency is letting you come in here night after night like this," he said. "It's crazy. This just doesn't make any sense. I could tell you everything!" He looked at me. "Last night I was wondering if you might be working for them, you know, trying to find out if I will tell you something different from what I am saying to them in the CIA/FBI debriefings."

"Well, I'm not," I replied indignantly. "No self-respecting journalist works for any government agency, particularly the CIA."

Ames laughed. "Is that what you really think?" he asked, hinting that I was being naive.

During our nightly sessions, Ames answered every question that I asked. No subjects were off limits, including questions about classified information. I tape-recorded more than fifty hours of our conversations. One night when I got to the jail, Ames announced: "They know we've been talking! The FBI told me that one of its agents saw your name on a list of visitors. I hope you got your tapes in a safe hiding place!"

I did.

"Don't tell me where," he said. "I don't want them to ask me."

"Why? You're not good at keeping secrets?"

My joke surprised him and he seemed to relax. "If I were in charge of this case, I'd arrest you tonight when you left the jail. I'd confiscate your tapes," he said.

I didn't know if he was teasing or not. "I don't think the FBI wants to arrest an author," I said. "Think of the first amendment implications."

"Trust me," he replied, "if the FBI knew what was on your tapes, they would want them destroyed."

I began feeling uneasy. Ames had asked only one concession from me in return for his exclusive cooperation. He had made me promise that I would leave for Russia immediately after we finished our interviews. "If you go to Moscow, the FBI and CIA will never be certain if I told you something that was classified or if you learned it on your own from the Russians," he had explained. "No one will be able to trace anything back to me."

That night the jail's elevator seemed to take forever to descend from the interview room to the lobby. Would the FBI be waiting with handcuffs? The doors opened. I peeked out—no one was there but the guard in the control booth. I hurried to my car, glancing over my shoulder as I walked. No one followed me nor was the FBI waiting at my home.

The next morning, my telephone rang.

"This is Mark Hulkower. I'm the assistant U.S. attorney prosecuting Aldrich Ames. I've been told that you have been interviewing him in the jail—going in to see him at night—all alone."

"Yes," I replied.

"That should never have happened. You should not have been allowed in there with him," Hulkower grumbled.

I didn't reply, and for a few seconds the line was quiet.

"I can promise you, Mr. Earley," he continued, "you will never be allowed to see him again without someone being in the room with you. No one is supposed to be interviewing him alone."

A few days later, Ames was taken to a maximum security federal prison in Pennsylvania, where he was kept isolated from other inmates. As far as I know, he has never been allowed to speak to anyone in the media while he has been in prison, without a CIA censor being present in the room.

I kept my promise to Ames a short time later by boarding a British Airways jet for London, the first stop on my trip to Moscow. I went to England to interview Oleg Gordievsky, a former high-ranking KGB officer who had been working as an agent for the British Secret Intelligence Service, known as MI-6, for eleven years, before he was mysteriously recalled to Moscow and accused of being a traitor. Ames had been accused of telling the KGB about Gordievsky. If MI-6 had not helped Gordievsky escape from Moscow during a daring daytime operation in 1985, he would have been executed.

I met Gordievsky in an English pub, where we sipped dark ale and talked about his days as a spy. "The KGB still uses drugs to make people talk," he warned. "They drugged me at lunch by spiking my drinks. So please be especially careful when you are in Moscow, particularly if they invite you to lunch."

The next morning, I left for Russia. I had never been there. I do not speak Russian. I had no idea of what to expect. Ames had given me a letter of introduction to give to the KGB.* Ames urged the KGB in his letter to let me read its files about him. He had told me that the KGB would be suspicious of my visit and assume that I was a CIA spy. "You will have to convince them that you aren't," he warned.

On the flight to Moscow, I was suddenly struck by the sheer craziness of what I was doing. Here I was, an author, flying into Moscow after meeting for more than fifty hours *alone* with a KGB mole who was still being debriefed by the CIA and FBI. What was I getting myself into?

A German foreign correspondent, a friend of mine, had given me the home telephone number in Moscow for Boris Aleksandrovich Solomatin, a retired KGB general. For nearly twenty years during the height of the Cold War, Solomatin had overseen most of the KGB's anti-American spy operations. He had been the KGB's chief *rezident* in Washington, D.C., in 1967 when U.S. naval officer John A. Walker, Jr. had volunteered to become a

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*After the breakup of the Soviet Union, the KGB underwent a number of reorganizations. In 1994, spying outside Russia was conducted by the Russian External Intelligence Service, or *Sluzhba vneshney razvedki* (SVR). Inside Russia, the KGB's functions were taken over by the Ministry of Security and Internal Affairs or *Ministerstvo bezopasnosti I vnutrennykh del* (MBVD). For the sake of simplicity, I will refer to Russian intelligence as the KGB in most places in this book.

KGB agent.* Solomatin had personally overseen the Walker spy case for an incredible *eighteen* years. Once again, luck was on my side. I knew Walker personally. He had been the subject of my first nonfiction book, *Family of Spies: Inside the John Walker Spy Ring*, and I hoped to use my relationship with him to interest Solomatin in meeting with me.

"Please tell me, how is my friend John Walker?" Solomatin asked as soon as I introduced myself over the telephone. His voice sounded friendly. I started to explain why I had come to Moscow, but when he heard the name Rick Ames, Solomatin cut me off. "Let's not discuss such matters over the telephone." The next day we met in the lobby of a popular Moscow hotel. Short, square-shouldered, his voice deep from years of chain smoking, Solomatin was now seventy years old, yet he remained a handsome man with a finger-cracking handshake, piercing eyes, and a quick mind. I told him that I wanted to interview the KGB officers who had "handled" Ames. He chuckled.

"My government has never said that this Mr. Ames was spying for us. It is our intelligence service's policy to never make such comments. What is to be gained by such admissions? Nothing! So I am telling you that you will not have any success in Moscow getting anyone to discuss this case."

"General Solomatin," I continued, dropping my voice to a whisper, "last month I spent fifty hours talking to Aldrich Ames in his jail cell without anyone else being present. Just him and me, and he told me that he wants your government to talk to me about his case. He has given me a letter." I handed him an envelope. He opened it slowly and read the message carefully. It was the note that Ames had given me, asking the KGB to cooperate with me.

"Your country's FBI and your CIA permitted you to talk to this man in jail?" he asked.

I told him how I had gotten in to see Ames, but I could tell by his reaction that he didn't believe me.

"Someone will call you," he said, tucking the letter into the pocket of his heavy wool coat. "Please enjoy your stay in Moscow."

It was midnight when the telephone rang in my rented apartment.

"A car will come for you at ten o'clock tomorrow," a voice said. "Please be standing outside your building."

The English was excellent, without a trace of a Russian accent. I didn't sleep that night. The next morning at exactly ten, a white Volga limousine arrived outside the apartment building. The driver, who stood well over six feet and weighed close to three hundred pounds, opened the rear door. I bent down and peered inside.

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*The CIA and KGB both use the word "agent" to describe someone who is spying for them. Employees are called officers, as opposed to the FBI which calls its employees special agents.

"Hello, Mr. Earley, won't you please join me?"

It was the same voice I had heard on the telephone. I stepped into the car.

"You may call me Yuri," my host in the back seat said, extending his right hand. "It is a name Americans can pronounce without too much difficulty." We shook hands and he said: "It would be better if we do not talk while we are in the car."

The Volga moved across the snow-covered streets in silence for about twenty minutes before we arrived outside a nondescript apartment building. "General Solomatin has invited us for some refreshments in his apartment," the man I was told to call Yuri explained.

The general's wife, a pleasant woman wrapped in a heavy pea-green coat, was kissing Solomatin on the cheek and leaving as we stepped from the elevator. Solomatin welcomed us inside and led the way into a living room, where two bottles of Coca-Cola and homemade apple strudel waited. Yuri sat across from me and listened without interruption, as I explained again how I had gotten into the jail to interview Ames. When I finished, Yuri spoke to Solomatin in Russian for several minutes.

"Forgive me for being rude and speaking in Russian," he said, "but your story seems so, well, so, so simply impossible to us."

Yuri began questioning me, looking for some error, a slip-up that would expose me as a liar. A few minutes later, he spoke again to Solomatin in Russian. Their discussion grew loud and animated, and it appeared to me that they were arguing.

Addressing me, Solomatin said in English: "In our country, what you did, getting in to see this man—why it just could not be done. My friend here seems to believe that it could not have happened in your country either."

Both looked directly at me. "Well, it did," I replied, sounding a bit peeved. "And if either of you really understood how the bureaucracy in Washington, D.C., works—you would know it is true."

"May I ask you a few questions about Mr. Ames?" Yuri said politely. Without waiting for me to reply, he began interrogating me. It became clear that Yuri either had met with Ames in the past or had been intimately involved in the KGB's handling of him. He simply knew too many details about Ames to have gleaned them from news accounts. I apparently passed his test, because he eventually stopped grilling me about Ames. "What do you want from our government?" he asked.

"I want to meet Ames's handlers, the men in the KGB who actually controlled him. I want to interview them for my book. I want information about the agents Ames exposed—the men who were executed by your government."

This time it was Solomatin who spoke in Russian to Yuri for several minutes, as I waited, completely clueless about what was being said.

"I will come for you in two days. We will have lunch and talk about your requests," Yuri said abruptly.

His driver took me back to my apartment.

Two days later, at precisely ten o'clock, the same Volga arrived, with Yuri sitting in the backseat. Only this time, the car zipped in and out of Moscow's heavy traffic, darting up and down several narrow streets. We rode together in silence for nearly an hour before we arrived at a dreary concrete slab apartment building. I had assumed that we were going to eat in a restaurant, but Yuri said it was not a good idea for the two of us to be seen together in public. The entrance to the building was dark—only one of the three light bulbs in the lobby was lit, there were no windows near the entrance, and even though it was midmorning, it was an overcast day. Someone had urinated on the linoleum floor in the tiny elevator.

Yuri and I stepped inside and he pushed the seventh-floor button. The elevator groaned as it climbed upward. Yuri led me to an apartment without a number on the door. A thin woman, blonde and attractive, opened the door. She was young and wore a black skirt and dark blue blouse. There was no ring on her right hand where Russian women traditionally wear their wedding bands. Yuri kissed her on both cheeks. She blushed. She shook my hand and led us into a room where a table had been prepared for lunch. She pulled out my chair, and as I sat down, I noticed that Yuri and I were not sitting directly across from one another. He was about five inches to my left. It was then that I saw an antique walnut buffet directly behind him. In the center of it, at my eye level, was a mirror. I was staring at my own reflection and immediately suspected that there was a video camera hidden behind it. Our lunch was going to be recorded.

The woman poured us vodka. I declined, but Yuri insisted that we toast "world peace." She handed me a cut crystal glass. I raised it to my lips, but Oleg Gordievsky's warning in London kept me from drinking the contents. The woman brought appetizers and after Yuri and I sampled them, he removed a note card from his jacket.

"Please tell me why Mr. Ames thinks he was caught?" he began, reading from the card.

"He blames you," I replied. "I mean, the KGB."

"Why?"

"Because as soon as he began telling you the names of the KGB officers who were working for the CIA, you arrested them and had them shot. He told me it was as if you had put a big neon sign directly over the CIA building in Langley with the word *mole* written on it."

"But, my friend," Yuri said, "let's not forget that your government says Mr. Ames began spying in 1985. Most of the executions in my country took place that same year or the next. If we are guilty of putting up a big neon sign, as you say Ames claims, then why did it take your CIA and FBI nine more years to arrest him?"

"I don't think the CIA wanted to admit that it had a traitor working for it, and I don't think the FBI is as clever as you do."

"Pete, c'mon, how can this be possible?" Yuri said, in a friendly voice. "Think about what you are asking me to believe. Intelligence services all over the world know that they can be penetrated. They watch for the very first sign, the very first hint of such treason. Surely the CIA is not so inept as to not see this big neon sign. No, my friend, perhaps there is another reason why in 1994 they suddenly arrested Mr. Ames."

"Like what?"

Yuri paused. "Did Mr. Ames mention anything to you about someone in my country, perhaps here in Moscow, possibly turning him in—telling the CIA about him? Does he believe that he was sold by us to the Americans?"

This line of questioning was making me nervous. "No," I answered. "Ames never said anything to me about that. Besides, I thought Ames gave you the names of everyone in your government who was working for the CIA. Surely he was aware of the danger of someone in Moscow exposing him."

"Yes, of course," said Yuri, "but, my friend, maybe this person was not an agent. Maybe it was someone in our government who sold out Mr. Ames. If this is true, then perhaps Mr. Ames would not have learned about this person until after his arrest. I assume he is being debriefed. Did the people debriefing him give him any clues?"

I didn't like the direction our conversation was going. "I simply don't know," I replied. "If there is such a person in Moscow, Ames certainly did not mention his name to me. Do you think that Ames was betrayed by someone in your government?"

Yuri's reply was noncommittal. "In politics and spying, there is much treachery."

He moved to the next question on his card. Some thirty minutes and dozens of questions later, he finished. At that same moment, our hostess entered with the main course. "Come, let us eat and then I will tell you what you want to know," Yuri said. When we finished, he removed another index card from his pocket.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied eagerly.

"My government will not comment officially on whether or not Mr. Ames was working for the KGB. However, I have been authorized to tell you unofficially that we believe there is sufficient proof to show that Mr. Ames is not responsible for the identification of these traitors who were arrested in 1985 and later executed. In each case, these men were captured because of mistakes which they made, or that the CIA or other U.S. agencies made, and this is what brought them to the attention of our well-trained KGB officers. I am now willing to discuss with you how each of these spies was exposed. Let us begin with the traitor Oleg Gordievsky."

Yuri was following a carefully crafted script, and for the next twenty minutes he provided me with detailed explanations designed to exonerate Ames completely. I could not hide my frustration. Ames had admitted to me that he had sold the KGB the names of more than twenty agents, including a woman, who were working for the CIA and FBI. Yet Yuri was insisting that Ames had not helped either the KGB or the Soviet Union's military intelligence service, known as the GRU, or *Glavnoye razvedyvatelnoye upravleniye*, identify any of these agents. I suddenly realized that I had been naive to think that the KGB would be willing to discuss the Ames case with me. At the end of his monologue, Yuri asked if I had any additional questions. I turned my eyes away from him and stared directly into the mirror across from me.

"Only one," I said. "If Aldrich Ames didn't provide the KGB and GRU with a single bit of worthwhile information, then why was he paid more than two million dollars—the most ever paid to an American traitor?"

Yuri did not flinch. What proof did I have that the former Soviet Union had ever paid Ames? he asked. There was absolutely nothing in writing that could be traced to the KGB or the GRU. Of course, the FBI had claimed that it had found notes in Ames's apartment after his arrest that suggested he was a KGB agent, but how could anyone be certain that they were genuine?

I saw no point in arguing, but I couldn't resist one final jab. I shut my notebook.

"What you say may be true, but I don't think so. I am certain that Mr. Ames was spying for your government, if for no other reason than because he has personally told me that he was."

Yuri shrugged. "Do you have any other questions?" he asked.

"No."

Our hostess returned, and Yuri gushed over the meal. "Tell me Pete, wasn't this meal wonderful?" he asked.

I nodded.

"And Russian women," he continued. "Tell me, are there any women as beautiful as Russian women?" The young woman smiled.

Neither of us spoke as we waited for the elevator. I was irritated. When the elevator's doors opened, I noticed that the urine on the floor was still damp. It smelled. I suddenly felt as if the entire building reeked. I almost gagged. As the elevator slowly descended, Yuri spoke to me in a voice that was barely a whisper.

"Come now, my friend, did you really think my government was going to admit Ames was one of ours? Don't you remember how your president and Congress reacted when Ames was arrested? How angry they were? What good would it do us to make such an admission? How would this help us? Please don't think we are so stupid."

He had been looking straight ahead, but now he turned to face me. "Pete, I like you. You seem like an honest man. Perhaps I can be of some help to you—how do you say it in Washington, D.C.—off the record?"

"Unofficially," I said, "without anyone ever knowing your name."

The elevator doors opened. The temperature outside had dropped a few degrees, and I was glad that the driver had kept the engine running so it was warm inside. Yuri gave him instructions in Russian. The Volga rolled forward, its tires making a crunching sound as the driver maneuvered through the apartment's vast parking lot. I could see no order to how the cars had been left. There were no straight lines of bumpers facing bumpers. Instead the vehicles were parked haphazardly, as if their owners had simply driven them as far as they wished or could, and then stopped. Some were ice-encrusted, their sides splattered with grime. Others, not driven recently, were buried under mounds of dirty snow. Together, they formed an unintentional maze through which we now weaved.

We rode in silence. My thoughts were on Aldrich Ames and one of our last meetings in jail. I had been worrying aloud about the other authors who were hurrying to write books about him. I knew that they would move up their deadlines in a race to be the first to publish. I did not want to compete in this market-driven rush. Although Ames was cooperating exclusively with me, I was not going to blindly accept everything that he told me. It would take time to verify his claims, to interview his friends, his critics. Ames had laughed at my stewing.

"Don't worry," he told me, "no one will ever get the complete story unless they talk to me and the KGB."

He had then taunted me. "You were good enough to find a way into the jail. Now the question is, can you get the KGB to cooperate with you?"

"Do I really need the Russian side?" I remembered asking.

He had looked disappointed. "Of course you need it! There are things that have never come out about this case. There are still secrets that only a few know."

I had immediately asked him to elaborate, but he had refused.

It had been a suspenseful moment between the two of us that night in jail, and Ames had squeezed from it every bit of drama that he could. " . . . *Things that have never come out about this case . . . still secrets that only a few know.*" I could hear his voice in my head. At the time, I had thought that he was simply being melodramatic. He loved theatrics. But as I sat next to Yuri in the back seat of the Volga as it slipped onto a major Moscow artery, I looked out of the car window and saw the majestic outline of the Kremlin in the distance. At that moment, I began to suspect that Aldrich Ames had not been exaggerating, not at all.

PART ONE

THE SEEDS

The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

—William Shakespeare,
The Merchant of Venice

CHAPTER 1

Why did he commit treason?

"Treason?"

He repeats the word out loud as if he is shocked by it. The word itself sounds evil, doesn't it? he says. He prefers spying. It is easier on the ear, exotic even, much more civilized. He chuckles. Wasn't that part of the game, one of the tricks learned at the CIA's legendary training school known as the Farm, a few hours south of Washington, D.C.? His job as a CIA case officer was to make the unthinkable sound pedestrian, to persuade a target that there was nothing sinister about sharing his nation's most closely guarded secrets with a foreign superpower. Of course the pitch always sounded better if the recruiter himself honestly believed it were true and appeared sincere when he spoke about how their actions would "promote world peace" and "usher in democracy." Rick Ames had been a believer—once. There was a time, early on, when he had been faithful to the cause. But later? Ah, no, no. Too much had happened. By then he had come to see the intelligence wars differently. "They are mostly a silly game," he explains. Adults wearing children's masks, trying to sneak peeks at each other's cards, like schoolboys cheating at penny ante poker. What purpose does it all serve? Who really gains? He pauses, composing his thoughts.

Who is the greater fool? he asks, his voice intense. The man who believes his own lies and spends his nights rationalizing the obvious contradictions in his life? Or a man who sees the lies for exactly what they are and, recognizing them, uses them for his own purposes? He chuckles, and just as quickly begins to cough, the result of too many cigarettes. He has smoked since he was a teenager, and he is not going to stop now that he is in his mid-fifties and confined in jail. There are too few pleasures behind bars.

Treason. Why did Rick Ames betray his country?

He toys with the question, addressing it in the third person, as if he himself is curious to discover an answer. Was it some event that sparked Rick Ames to become a traitor or had the seeds for it always been in his blood, slumbering inside some defective DNA, waiting to burst free? The conversation amuses him. Could his betrayal have been preordained? Which of our actions are truly our own? he asks. Which are determined before our birth? Were his parents somehow to blame? Or some childhood trauma long repressed?

Treason.

He shuts his eyes. "I assume you want to know about my past." That is where everyone always begins, isn't it? An author must find an explanation for his subject's criminal behavior, some hidden defect that explains the monster his subject has become. The public expects it, no, the public *demands* it, doesn't it? he says. A social autopsy must be performed. Someone must declare: "Ah, this is why Rick Ames did what he did!" His imperfections must be magnified, put on public display, vigorously condemned. Otherwise, readers might wonder: *Could I have done what he did?*

Treason.

The cough returns. He allows his mind to drift back through the years to when he was a boy. Where to begin? Where to begin? He wishes he had a cigarette, but he smoked his last one an hour ago. He coughs again, and then he starts.

Dolly had one good eye. Rick was four when he ran up on the plowhorse's blind side. He had watched his father harness Dolly the day before and he wanted to get her ready by himself. Startled, Dolly kicked, and her right hoof caught Rick in the chest, knocking him several feet through the air. He hit the ground unconscious. His father found him. His mother thought he was dead. After a few minutes, Rick came around, and the doctor later decided that there had been no permanent damage, although he was certain that if the kick had been an inch higher, it would have killed the boy. This is Rick Ames's earliest memory of his own life.

During World War II the Ames family rented a farm on the outskirts of River Falls, Wisconsin, then a town of four thousand residents, located about twenty-six miles southeast of the Twin Cities Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minnesota. Rick's parents, Carleton and Rachel, tended chickens and grew vegetables for themselves and to sell. The money supplemented the $37.50 per week that Carleton earned teaching European history and sociology at the River Falls Teacher's College. As soon as the war ended, Carleton quit farming and moved into a bungalow at 423 East Cascade Avenue. It was only a few blocks from the college and the grand house on Squirrel Knob Street where Carleton's parents, Jesse Hazen Ames and his wife, Louise, lived. Jesse was not surprised when his son gave up farming. It was another one of Carleton's foolish escapades.

Everyone knew Jesse was a hard man to please. By the end of the war, Jesse was completing his twenty-eighth year as president of the teacher's college. Town historians would later credit him with single-handedly transforming a lackluster ordinary school into a thriving, nationally accredited, four-year institution. It was River Falls' biggest business. Even before he had accepted the college presidency in 1917, Jesse had distinguished himself by coauthoring a series of successful American history textbooks with his brother, Merle. Jesse was perhaps the town's most important citizen and he played that role well. He gave orders only once and demanded perfection. That was how he ran the college and, everyone assumed, his home.

Jesse's wife, Louise, was at least a foot shorter than her rail-thin husband and was as gregarious as he was dour. The daughter of a Canadian congregationalist preacher, Louise was an accomplished musician who had sung with a professional opera company while still in high school. The couple had two sons and two daughters. Of them, Carleton always seemed the most promising. He was River Falls High School valedictorian in 1922, and few were surprised when he announced that he intended to be a teacher, like his father. Three years later, Carleton graduated from college with a teaching degree and then something completely unexpected happened. He announced that he was going west in search of adventure. A few days later, he left town without any real idea of where he was going. Occasionally he wrote home, but Jesse was so angry he refused to read the letters. Louise kept them. Carleton worked briefly for an undertaker, taught at four different high schools, landed an acting job at the Pasadena Playhouse in California, and joined the

Army Air Corps, only to wash out of pilot training because of poor hand-eye coordination. At one point, he worked as an organizer for a teacher's union and befriended Golda Meir, who was also working as a union organizer.

After twelve years, Carleton returned home, broke and jobless, and Jesse arranged a teaching job for him at the college. On his first day as a professor there, he met Rachel Aldrich, an amazingly self-poised and beautiful twenty-year-old coed. Her father, John Aldrich, was a Harvard graduate who had moved to Wisconsin to operate a dairy farm. Her mother, Mabel Luckman, was a voracious reader and liberated freethinker clearly ahead of her times. From the start, Mabel disliked Carleton Ames. It wasn't because he was thirteen years older than her daughter. Mabel pegged him as a loser. Despite Mabel's warnings, however, Carleton and Rachel were married in 1938. Rick Ames was born on May 26, 1941, about the same time that his mother graduated with a teaching degree. Everyone called him "Ricky," although his real name was Aldrich. Carleton liked first names and last names that began with the same letter. A second child, Nancy, was born one year after Rick, and another daughter, Alison, was born in 1945.

Carleton and Rachel's best friends in River Falls were Mel and Margaret Wall, whose son, Charles "Chuck" A. Wall, was the same age as Rick. The two couples played bridge, attended campus lectures and theatrical plays, went on picnics. When Carleton decided to form a band to perform at the college's annual Faculty Frolics talent show, Mel and Margaret Wall joined right in. The men recruited six other professors, and since none of them could afford the five dollars to rent a tuxedo, they wore their academic caps and gowns when they performed. They called themselves the Tuneful Tooters. Rachel and Margaret cajoled another professor's wife into forming a singing trio. They were the Teacher's Pets, and they went along with the band to various weekend gigs, at other schools mostly. Carleton played the trombone and three other instruments. He also wrote plays. His best, *Birds Have Nests*, was performed twice by students at River Falls. It described the housing shortage during the war. Carleton directed the productions. Rick thought his dad was swell.

Remembering those days later, Ames would describe a childhood so innocent that it sounded as if it had come directly from an *Ozzie and Harriet* or *Leave It to Beaver* 1950s television script. Nearly every Saturday, Rick and Chuck Wall spent their afternoons at the local movie theater, watching a Superman serial and Bugs Bunny cartoon followed by a Western. The price was twenty-seven cents, about half of Rick's weekly allowance. He spent the remainder on candy bars. At age nine, Rick and Chuck started camping overnight by themselves along Pete's Creek, which meandered through the college campus. Everyone knew everyone else in River Falls. If the boys had a problem, they could run to the closest house.

Ames could not recall ever seeing or hearing his parents argue or fight or gossip or even swear during his childhood. On a typical weekday night, Carleton and Rachel would sit in the living room after dinner, with the radio playing classical music or jazz, and read. Rick and his sisters usually joined them, each with his or her own book. By age ten, Rick was reading three or four books each week, and Alison routinely shocked her baby-sitters by reading bedtime stories to *them!* She was three.

There were a few malicious moments, but not many. Cousin Louise from Minneapolis always visited for two weeks in July, and she would later recall how Rick had surprised her one summer morning when she was using a rope bridge to cross over a creek. Rick had run ahead, and started rocking the bridge when she was about halfway across.

"Please, Rick," she screamed. "Stop. I'm scared! Stop!"

But he rocked harder—so hard that Louise burst into tears and fell to her knees. The next day, Rick took her to a neighbor's house, where there was a moving sale going on. The young girl bought a tiny teapot and she and Rick played together all day with it. When she left that summer for home, she told Rick that she was naming her new teddy bear after him. Most days Rick was really fun to be with, but every once in a while he would do something really mean, Louise said later. He always seemed so sorry afterward, though, that you just had to forgive him.

In 1949, Carleton began spending his summers at the university in Madison, working on his Ph.D. It was a move that would eventually lead to dramatic changes in his and his family's life. Carleton's doctoral thesis, which he defended in 1951, described Burma's struggle for independence from the British, and his academic adviser, Paul Knaplund, was so impressed by Carleton's understanding of Burmese politics that he quietly forwarded a copy to a friend who worked at the CIA. The agency had an immediate interest in Burma because it had been operating a covert operation there that had turned into a disaster. "Project Paper" had started in 1949, shortly after Mao Zedong had forced Chiang Kai-shek's nationalist followers out of China, which had ended a bloody civil war. The bulk of Chiang Kai-shek's troops had fled to Taiwan, but five thousand soldiers had crossed China's southern border into Burma, where they took refuge in the country's remote northern mountains. General Li Mi controlled these troops, and the CIA had immediately started sending him money, supplies, and weapons, because it wanted him to return to China and unseat Mao. Between 1949 and 1951, Li Mi's soldiers crossed the border twice but they were no match for the communists. In December 1951, China accused the United States of trying to overthrow its government by secretly funding the general's troops. Secretary of State Dean Acheson hotly denied the charge, but a few days later, the *New York Times* published evidence that showed General Mi was, indeed, on the CIA's payroll. Acheson was forced to retract his denial, badly embarrassing the Truman White House, and the CIA had been ordered to stop funding its secret war. The Burmese government had panicked. The prime minister of Burma, U Nu, worried that China might use the debacle as an excuse to invade his country, so he announced that Burma would no longer permit any U.S. foreign aid programs to operate inside its borders. The CIA had been using aid programs to smuggle shipments to Mi's troops. As soon as the CIA stopped supporting Mi, he abandoned his plans to invade China. Instead, he used his troops to seize control of the region's lucrative heroin trafficking operations. Overnight, with the help of weapons the CIA had provided, the general became one of Southeast Asia's most lethal drug lords.

In early 1952, a stranger appeared on the River Falls college campus asking for Carleton. He had come to offer him a job. U.S. aid programs were still banned in Burma, but the government allowed academics to do research there. If Carleton would apply for a sabbatical from his teaching job, the CIA would arrange for him to receive a study grant from the privately funded Catherwood Foundation to conduct research in Burma, the stranger explained. As far as anyone would know, Carleton would be writing a college textbook, a natural follow-up to his doctoral thesis, but he would actually work as a CIA officer. The agency would give him the names of Burmese politicians and military leaders it wanted interviewed. He also would be expected to deliver cash to publishers in Rangoon whose newspapers were secretly being bankrolled by the CIA.

Carleton was thrilled. The agency was offering him a chance to serve his country, earn a better salary and travel overseas. Rachel agreed that it was a great opportunity. Although they were not supposed to tell anyone, Carleton and Rachel told their parents. Rachel's mother was horrified. "There has to be something wrong with a job if a person isn't supposed to tell anyone the truth about what he actually does," she snapped. Jesse Ames proved equally reticent. Why couldn't Carleton be satisfied working at the college in River Falls, just as he had done?

On March 17, 1952, Carleton officially sought leave of absence. "I have been requested to spend some time in the service of the U.S. government," he bragged. "This is in the intelligence service, probably in the Far East." A few weeks later, the Ames family moved to Washington, D.C., where Carleton was trained to be a case officer. They left for Burma in early September 1953. Rick was twelve years old, Nancy was eleven, Alison was eight. None of them had a clue about what was really going on.

Because Carleton was supposedly doing private research, he did not move into the U.S. embassy compound but instead rented a spectacular house in one of Rangoon's most affluent neighborhoods. Surrounded by a high privacy wall, the house had been used during the war as headquarters for a Japanese cavalry regiment. The two-story villa came with an array of exotic servants: Ba Win, a dignified and aloof Burmese bearer; Sammy—no one knew his real name—a black Madras cook who plunged his hand into boiling water while cooking to determine how hot the water was; Ba Nee, the Ames family's chauffeur who had been a machine-gunner with the Burma Independence Army, fighting first with the Japanese and later against them; and a procession of maids, clothes washers, and housekeepers. In all, there were thirty-one servants and family members living in the compound.

The Ameses arrived during the Festival of Lights, a local holiday, and at dusk a troupe of dancers came to perform a *pews*—a Burmese drama in which performers make up their lines extemporaneously without anyone knowing how the show will end until it is over. Rick stayed up all night, mesmerized by this strange new world.

As part of his cover, Carleton joined the very fashionable, Europeans-only Kokine Swim Club in Rangoon; the very British and proper Rangoon Yacht Club; and another exclusive for-men-only club. He and Rachel began hosting elaborate dinners for the country's most influential politicians, its war heroes, various U.S. embassy officials, and members of Burma's avant-garde, including a popular Burmese film actor, Maung Maung Tau. Each Sunday, Carleton would send his children off to the yacht club and meet privately with his CIA contact. Sometimes the officer gave him money to deliver; more often he quizzed him about cocktail chitchat and interviews that Carleton had done. It was during one of these Sunday sessions that Carleton mentioned a Russian named Victor M. Lessiovsk,* whom he had met at a cocktail party. Carleton's CIA boss was flabbergasted. Most Soviets were afraid to fraternize with Westerners, for fear that someone in Moscow would become suspicious of their loyalty and immediately call them home. The fact that Lessiovsk was a known KGB agent made Carleton's encounter with him even more tantalizing. Was Lessiovsk trying to recruit Ames? Carleton was ordered to get as close as he could to Lessiovsk, and during the next few weeks, he tried several times, but always failed. His boss made a notation in his file: Carleton Ames was not good at recruiting. It was a tag that would later come to haunt his son too.

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*Lessiovsk would continue to be a prime CIA target. After leaving Burma, he eventually was assigned by the KGB to the United Nations, where he became a popular dinner guest among New York City's social elite. Jacqueline Kennedy would later ask for his assistance in arranging a private audience for her with Pope Paul VI during his 1965 visit to the city. The KGB found the fact that a Kennedy had to seek the help of one of its officers to meet the Pope especially hilarious.

At the CIA's request, Carleton did manage to befriend Edward Michael Law Yone, the founder and editor of Burma's biggest English-language newspaper, called *Nation.* He was an adviser to Prime Minister U Nu and a useful source for gossip. Rachel Ames helped by becoming good friends with Law Yone's wife, Eleanor. They got along so well that the two women went on a long summer vacation together in 1954. The Law Yones' children, Bryon, Marjolaine, and Wendy, were about the same ages as Rick, Nancy, and Alison, and during the tedious train ride north from Rangoon to Kalaw, a former British resort in the mountains, the youngsters instinctively paired up. "I was surprised at how adventuresome Rick was," Bryon Law Yone said later. "He wanted to experience everything there was about Burma, to eat every dish, see every pagoda."

Carleton took Rick with him that fall on a trip to meet Kyaw Saw, commander of the North Burma Army and the chief rival of Ne Win, commander of the South Burma Army. During the trek north, Carleton explained how the two commanders had once been friends. Both were members of Burma's famed Thirty Comrades, thirty young men who had been smuggled out of the country before World War II and taken to Japan for combat training. When the war started, they returned home to fight the British and, later, the Americans. Eventually most of them changed sides and fought the Japanese. Now they were fighting each other. This flip-flopping struck Rick as strange. When they arrived in Kyaw Saw's camp, the commander invited both father and son to dinner. That night, Kyaw Saw entertained them with war stories.

In 1955, Carleton's two-year tour in Burma ended. Rachel called the children together. They were not returning to River Falls, she announced. They were going to live in the Washington, D. C., area. She didn't explain why. All three children were scared.

"You have nothing to fear about moving into a new community," Carleton lectured them. "You are Ameses. You are special. You are smart and you will do well."

Years later, Ames would recall his father's pep talk that day in Burma with crystal clarity, as if the ghost of Carleton Ames himself had appeared in the Alexandria jail to repeat it. His father had not spoken arrogantly; rather his lecture had sounded as if being a member of the Ames family was more of an obligation, some might say a burden, than a reward. Rick had not questioned for an instant his father's judgment. He genuinely believed that he and his sisters *were* different. Grandpa Jesse Ames had been a leader. An entire town had looked up to him. Rick had watched his father dine with Burmese generals and movie stars. It seemed obvious to him that Carleton was someone who mattered. Did that mean he was also destined to become someone important? Of course! He was going to leave his mark on the world.

THE WORDS OF RICK AMES

My father smoked Chesterfields and sometimes a pipe. I remember he smelled of pipe tobacco. He always read to us a lot, and my most vivid recollection is him sitting in his living room chair in River Falls and me sitting on his lap or on the footstool, listening to him reading me Wizard of Oz *stories. I could smell the smoke in his smoking jacket and there was a smoking stand with a zinc-lined humidor compartment next to the chair, and I remember how wonderfully safe it was having him hold me and read to me about Dorothy and Toto.*

My parents always seemed super-busy and happy. I don't remember any tense times. On weekends, we'd pile in their bed in the mornings and Dad would read the comics. But manners! Oh, manners! There was absolutely no talking back, no door-slamming, and we learned that Dad didn't buy every fad toy. I remember my bitter disappointment when "all the kids" had blue Civil War-style forage caps and Dad refused to buy me one. He said a fad was no reason at all, that being like all of the other kids was not something to aim for.

I was told that I was a good child, but, of course, I had faults. I was caught stealing a candy bar at O'Brien's Cafe, the adult hangout, on Main Street, and Dad marched me down to return the candy bar and to apologize to Mr. O'Brien personally. I never shoplifted again. Another time, I shot out the elementary school principal's car side windows, all four of them. It was on my birthday and I used my brand-new Red Ryder BB gun, which I never saw again.

Everything seemed to revolve around, not just us kids, but the house, the home, family. We had relatives everywhere. Holidays were big family events. In *the summer, big Ames family picnics were held at Uncle Ken's farm outside River Falls. Autumn and winter holidays were big dinners, at our house mostly. In the summer, we'd also drive up to my great-grandparents' cottage on Sand Lake. My great grandfather had built boats there in his machine shop. He'd invented a log peeler, too, and I can recall that he played the violin with tremendous vigor and enthusiasm, even though he was quite old.*

Grandpa and Grandma Ames lived close by, and I spent a lot of time with them on weekend mornings and after school in the afternoon. Grandpa Ames was immensely dignified and always formal, even to me, but Grandma was warm and, I remember, always organizing something. She would set up a card table and tell me it was a sheriff's office or a bank or a lemonade stand. Once she told me it was an insurance business and I ended up writing a policy for Grandpa's cigarette holder. He smoked Old Golds in a holder like FDR's. While he was much too dignified to get down on his knees and play, he would tell me stories about American history.

Funny, I don't remember much about my father's relationship with his father. We did not speak much about feelings and there was never any gossip. I know all of this sounds pretty routine but when I look back on it, it seems to me that we were *different from other families. Mom and Dad always impressed us with the need for manners, ideas, integrity. They were friends with the only Jewish couple in town, and I remember Dad explaining to me about Jews, anti-Semitism, and the evil of prejudice. When I saw a black man for the first time in St. Paul, Dad told me about slavery and discrimination. There was also a flavor of being* not *better than others, but being held to different, and implicitly higher, standards. I see it almost as a class distinction now, though Mom and Dad were devoid of what could be called snobbishness or reserve, much less pretending to be from better origins. The idea was that individual integrity and worth was of paramount importance. Also independence, and a refusal, the way I got it anyhow, to whine, beg, draw attention to oneself, brag, or push forward. Stoicism was the virtue, and one's own efforts and sense of value sufficient reward. Praise, though we got it and knew our parents' pride in us, was worth nothing by itself, and shouldn't be pursued for its own sake.*

I spent a lot of time with Dad. He always included me. He knew all about tools and fixing things and had a workshop and always had some project going. Dad and I built a large model train setup in the basement. Still, his love was his books. I remember a review that he wrote for Wisconsin Historical Review, *in which he tore to pieces a book about Paul Bunyan. During the thirties, American folk heroes were promoted heavily and kids were immersed in tales of* *big John Henry, Pecos Bill, Paul Bunyan and the like. Dad saw it for what it was: commercialism and somewhat politicized New Deal, American populism. In his book review, he showed that Bunyan was the creation of a lumber company publicist. Dad drew on interviews with his grandfather and other retired loggers to argue that no such folk stories about Paul Bunyan had ever been told or known in logging camps. I was struck deeply by his insistence on the truth and on the significance of that truth.*

It is hard for me to describe the sense of comfort and security which we had there in River Falls, nestled as we were in the midst of the college, relatives, and in our own home. It seemed so safe, so closed off from the rest of the world. As I grew older, I used to think that those days there really were from a different time, as if my parents were actually from a generation twenty years behind their own.

Of course, the big adventure was Burma, and it marked all of us. It really contributed to this feeling of being different. We didn't go to the embassy school, didn't live in an American house, and Mom and Dad socialized very little with the official Americans.

Weekends were terribly exciting. On Saturdays we'd go swimming or sailing, sometimes both. Sundays were far more structured. First, the swimming club, where I played center forward on the men's water polo team, after playing in the kid's water polo game. I was tall and fast enough for both! Then to the sailing club, where I crewed for the adult A-license races and then sailed in B races by myself.

I quickly learned the streets and immersed myself in the culture. I munched sugar cane, drinking its juice, and occasionally smoked a cheroot, more for effect than enjoyment. I rode my bicycle all over and took the buses—old lorries with rickety wooden bus bodies—downtown to the library and the military post. I usually went by myself, and a favorite spot was the Shwe Dagon pagoda, only a fifteen-minute walk from our house. It was an incredible place, especially at night. The real fascination was the covered staircases rising from the street entrances. They were lined with booths, shops, and vendors, selling everything to the crowds moving up and down under hundreds of bare electric light bulbs. A half-dozen times or more, I would sneak out of bed and the house around ten or eleven and wander up and down those stairs, drinking in the exciting sounds, smells, and sights, all the while eating constantly.

Here is a shameful secret, which I've never before admitted. I ate like a horse at home but was always hungry, never satisfied. My allowance went a long way in buying snacks on the street and at the swimming and sailing clubs.

But two or three times, I remember being ravenously hungry and no doubt greedy for a big Chinese meal. I knew where Dad kept his money and so I liberated, feeling guilty as hell, the equivalent of a couple of dollars in kyats. I took the bus downtown and walked to a side street near the Sule pagoda and went into a big, popular Chinese restaurant. There I would stuff myself in solitary greed, returning home to eat dinner a few hours later, feeling fat, satisfied, and guilty. Some people, especially women, hate eating alone, but I never have minded it.

Every so often, Dad would take us out to Nam Sin's Chinese restaurant. Our cook at home made Indian, Anglo-Indian and Burmese dishes, but not Chinese, so this was a real treat. Even today, I remember those meals as perhaps the best Chinese food I've ever eaten. We always ate at a big circular table in one of the private dining rooms, and Dad would talk to us about world events. Dad had always talked a lot about the life and death struggle taking place between the free and communist worlds. But one night he stunned me with a particular application of it. He depicted the suppression of freedom and the brutal conditions of life under communist regimes as being so inhuman and dehumanizing that he said [he told Nancy and me because there was just the three of us there that night] that he would rather see us dead than living under communism. Dead! Can you imagine? Amazed, in helpless disagreement with his premises, I had no response, but I wondered about it for years. The brutality of Dad's words was utterly surprising, and despite my belief in his ideals, I think I recognized and was reacting to the implicit denial of humanity to those hundreds of millions of people. And, finally, I didn't believe it and, in a way, didn't believe Dad, either, that he could, however hypothetically, wish Nancy and me dead.

Over these years, I've thought from time to time of that conversation and my silent, stunned reaction. And my rejection of Dad's assertion stayed with me in many ways. What emerged in me was a belief that whatever the evils of a government and the sufferings inflicted upon a people, no human beings can simply be written off. Regardless of the amount of human cruelty and brutality under communism, we all share a common humanity, whether we were the oppressed or the oppressors. In the end, we are all human creatures.

That conversation sticks in my mind, even now, because for perhaps one of the first times in my life, I found myself passionately disagreeing with my father. Of course, I did not speak out. I was young. I simply finished my meal.

THE WORDS OF OTHERS

He was an awkward boy. I remember he used to run after me and try to kiss me! He wore a sarong for a few days, but he didn't know how to sit properly. Most Burmese men pull up the bottom of the sarong to keep from exposing themselves when they sit with their legs spread but Rickie pulled up the top layer and completely exposed himself one day to my sister and me. He got so embarrassed he never put on a sarong again!

—Wendy Law Yone

He has no redeeming values. I don't see any hope for him to ever improve. I don't blame him as much as I blame our headquarters for sending him out here.

—Evaluation of Carleton Ames,
CIA station chief in Burma

When I first read his father's file, I was shocked at the parallels. Here was this father from River Falls, Wisconsin, I mean, we aren't talking Chicago here, and he is teaching at what really was a community college at the time, and he comes to Washington, D.C., with three kids and a wife and all that responsibility and he gives up a steady job and changes careers in his mid-forties to run off and become a spy in Burma. I mean, the guy obviously was chasing some dream, but he didn't achieve it, and I think Rick followed right in his footsteps.

—Sandy Grimes, CIA

Rick Ames devoured a series of books by the British author Leslie Charteris about the swashbuckling fictional hero Simon Templar, "the Saint." The Saint was the James Bond of his day, a dashing, debonair British adventurer who traveled the world rescuing damsels in distress, smoking cigarettes, drinking highballs, and solving mysteries. In Burma, Rick Ames signed himself "Simon Templar."

—David Wise, *Nightmover* (one of four books published
about Ames the year after his arrest)

Espionage is a drastic thing to do. You turn your back on your country, your own mother and your father, and everything of value you have been taught in school and growing up. It was easy for us to see why someone in a repressive sys-

tem would do this—but Rick Ames? Look at his past. What possible reason could he have?

—Jeanne R. Vertefeuille, CIA

Mom and Dad told us that we were gifted—we had our health, brains, good looks, and strong *family affections. They told us we had unlimited opportunities awaiting us. Rick and I have talked about this at length. There was no arrogance when they told us these things. It was explained to us almost as if having these gifts were an obligation. You were expected to do more.*

—Nancy Ames Everly, Rick's sister

Rick Ames would have known exactly what he was doing in betraying the information: he was sentencing the victim to death. He knew any important source he passed on to the Russians would be shot. . . . He has the blood of a dozen officers on his hands. He would have had my blood, too, had I not managed to escape.

—Oleg Gordievsky,
KGB officer working for the British, who claimed he was betrayed by Ames

CHAPTER 2

Carleton Ames told his son the truth in the spring of 1957: "I work at the CIA." The agency operated a summer jobs program for its employees' children, and Carleton wanted sixteen-year-old Rick to apply. Rick had believed his father was a State Department bureaucrat. He was shocked. Carleton told Rick that he couldn't tell anyone else. Ames would later remember his father's explanation. "You and I both know that lying is wrong, son," Carleton had told him. "But if it serves a greater good, it is okay to lie. It is okay to mislead people if you are doing it in the service of your country, but it is never okay to lie or mislead people for your own personal benefit."

Rick worked as a clerk at the CIA that summer in an old government office in Washington, D.C., where he spent most of his time making fake money that was used in training exercises at the Farm. Rick tacked a map of the world on his bedroom wall and stuck pins in every country where there was a conflict. Someday he would be a CIA officer just like his father.

Unbeknownst to Rick, his father's career was floundering. The Rangoon station chief gave him such a negative performance review that the agency required Carleton to undergo a six-month probationary period after he returned home. He passed muster, but was never again sent overseas. Carleton would garner some praise for his knowledge of the Communist Party in Indonesia and his skill at writing "black propaganda"—news reports that appeared legitimate but were actually stories planted by the CIA in foreign newspapers, usually to stir up anticommunist feelings. But for the most part, Carleton was pushed into a desk job and quietly forgotten. He had started drinking heavily in Rangoon and, back home, his family soon began witnessing the degeneration that comes with chronic alcoholism. Armed with a six-pack of beer, he would escape to his study to drink alone at night and read. When rumors about Carleton's drinking leaked back to River Falls, few were surprised. Of Jesse and Louise Ames's four children, three were alcoholics.

In contrast, Rachel Ames bloomed after she was hired to teach English at a new suburban high school in McLean, Virginia. "Rachel was a beacon," one of her former students would later recall. "We worshiped her. She was the absolute best teacher most of us ever had." Rachel and a fellow history teacher decided to teach American history and English together as one class, and their team-teaching approach earned them national recognition. Rick was banned from taking his mother's classes, however, and since she taught all of the school's college prep English courses, that meant he got stuck in the regular English program. Ames would later credit this slight with helping him make friends with two dissimilar groups, those who were college-bound and those who weren't. Rick's best buddies in the "smart set" were Wes Sanders and John Souders, both "CIA brats" just like him. The three were nicknamed the Triumvirate, because they went everywhere together, and each had played a role in the drama club's performance of *Julius Caesar*. Rick was also close friends with Margaret "Peggy" Anderson, on whom he had a crush during high school. "We considered ourselves very mature," Anderson, now a history professor at the University of California at Berkeley, said later, "and we actually were for our age. We all smoked and had endless arguments about politics. We weren't beatniks, but we thought of ourselves as being coffeehouse intellectuals."

Rick's pals in the noncollege group were Bob Duncan and Chuck Windley. "Bob was brilliant, but neither of us cared about our grades," Windley said later. "We simply did what we wanted to do in school and we had absolutely no respect for authority. None whatsoever." Duncan and Windley loved playing pranks and drinking beer at the Brickskeller, a D.C. bar that claimed it had more brands of beer than any other saloon in the nation's capital. "Rick and Bob Duncan were always playing fantasy games," said Susan Seeley, Duncan's sweetheart in high school. "When Bob and Rick and I would go out someplace together, we would pretend that we were wealthy socialites or that we were on some secret mission. We would never go as ourselves. What was so witty about Rick was that he would take on these characters and actually become them."

Rick always wore a trench coat to school. Everyone knew he wanted to be a spy. Rick and Windley even developed a secret way of communicating. Certain words had double meanings. If you blew smoke through your nose while you were smoking and telling a story, it meant that you were lying. Rick used to tell Peggy Anderson some real whoppers while Windley tried to keep from laughing. Windley had never known anyone who could seem as sincere as Rick was when he was lying.

Even though Windley was still in high school, he was an accomplished magician, having performed on a vaudeville stage in New York City at age fourteen. "Rick had no interest in actually doing magic," Windley said, "but he loved the deception aspect of it. He became my secret shill." One weekend, Windley led a seance at a party in the basement of Bob Duncan's house. About ten teenagers held hands and formed a circle around a table. Windley put a glass milk bottle, with a string and fishing weight hanging inside it, in the center of the table, and flipped off the lights. He said the spirits would answer the group's questions by moving the fishing weight so it would clink against the glass. One clink meant yes, two meant no. Seconds after Windley started chanting, everyone heard a clink. Windley announced that he was in contact with a notorious killer, which produced a lot of laugher when the teenagers began asking what it had been like for him to be executed in an electric chair. Near the end of the seance, Windley fell into a trance, and a voice that didn't sound anything like his own revealed that the murderer had used a candle to mark his initials on one of the rafters in the unfinished basement. The teenagers turned on the lights and began their search. "Here it is!" a girl squealed. The killer's initials had been marked in candle-black on a rafter, just as the voice had said. Everyone accused Bob Duncan of being part of the scam, since the party was in his house, but Duncan seemed genuinely shocked. Windley never told his classmates how he had pulled off the stunt, even when he was asked about it twenty years later at a high school class reunion. But Ames knew. "It was Rick who was moving the card table with his foot—shaking the weight so it clinked against the glass," Windley said. "Everyone was trying to catch me, so they weren't watching him." Before the seance, Windley had distracted Duncan long enough for Rick to sneak downstairs and write the initials on the rafter. "I used Rick a lot in my magic and he never ever told a single soul about his part. *Never!* Do you know how rare that is? Most people want to take credit, but Rick got his kicks from fooling people."

No one was surprised when John Souders and Wes Sanders were inducted into the National Honor Society because of their excellent grades.

But Rick didn't get asked to join, even though he was a National Merit Test semifinalist. His grades were mediocre because he didn't do his homework. "I'd procrastinate and I was lazy," Ames later admitted. But the real reason for his poor marks was his attitude. "I have a character flaw that never got corrected. If someone says, 'Hey, you got to do this,' and I don't want to, I don't argue about it, I simply don't do it. What's odd is that I react this way without ever really considering the consequences. I never look ahead. I just do what I want."

One weekend, when a group of kids went raspberry-picking in West Virginia, Rick doubled over in pain. His appendix had ruptured. He was rushed to a local hospital, but the doctor there couldn't find Rick's appendix. Rather than make a larger incision, the doctor just probed around with his fingers until he found it. Afterward, Rick couldn't eat without vomiting. He was hospitalized again and nearly died. Another operation revealed that the first doctor had "misarranged" Rick's internal organs, blocking the passageway to his stomach. Sanders visited Rick at the hospital and was shocked when he saw how emaciated he was. Sanders was afraid Rick was going to die, but Rick joked about it. "I remember listening to him in the hospital and thinking that he had real problems with intimacy," Sanders said later. "John Souders and I could talk about our feelings, but that was really difficult for Rick. I began to think that he used his wit and jokes as a shield to keep other people from really getting to know him."

Their senior year, Sanders was chosen Most Talented. Souders was named Most Likely to Succeed. Rick was declared Wittiest. A few weeks before graduation in 1959, Windley announced that he was taking his magic show on tour that summer, and he asked Rick to go with him. They had been putting on a popular two-hour performance in a local church on Saturday mornings that featured magic by Windley, and a melodrama with Rick playing the much-booed Snidely Whiplash. Rick wasn't certain his parents would approve, so Windley came to dinner at his house and pitched the idea. Carleton thought it was great, but Rachel was appalled. The next morning, Carleton made Rick an offer. "You don't have to go to college," he said. If Rick wished, he could spend the summer touring with Windley and then move to New York to pursue an acting career. Carleton was willing to give him the money that had been saved for Rick's college tuition. "Everyone deserves a chance to chase a dream," he told Rick. "I'll handle things with mother." Rick didn't know what to do, so he didn't do anything. When school ended, Windley left town without him.

In August 1959, Rick enrolled at the University of Chicago. He wrote to Peggy Anderson nearly every week at the Virginia college she was attending. Nearly forty years later, she would still have his letters. In them, Rick writes excitedly about how much fun he is having as a member of the Blackfriars, a student drama group, and how he is spending all his time at the theater. Rick barely passed his first year. He flunked out his second. "I knew I was going to flunk out but I just gritted my teeth and refused to do anything about it. I was having too much fun working at the theater." Carleton and Rachel were upset. "They put a real guilt trip on me because I didn't have a scholarship and it had placed a real financial burden on the family," Ames recalled. Worse, it was the first time that anyone in the family had failed academically. "Both of my parents were trained teachers. They couldn't believe that I had flunked."

Rick stayed in Chicago, performing bit parts in a few plays at night, working at a temporary employment service during the day. He began using the name Al, started drinking heavily, didn't shave, moved into a cheap rooming house in one of Chicago's worst neighborhoods, and became best buddies with a marijuana-dealing pothead. Horrified, his parents begged him to return home. Rick told them in a nasty note to leave him alone. Not long after that, he was held overnight in jail on a car theft charge but was released when the police learned the car belonged to one of his friends. A discouraged Rick woke up late one morning in December 1961 with a hangover and his rent due. He hadn't eaten in three days and his shoes had cardboard tucked inside because of holes. He rode the bus home. Carleton was waiting, just as his own father, Jesse, had been when he had returned to River Falls after twelve years of wandering. Carleton told Rick not to worry. He would help him get a job at the CIA.

CHAPTER 3

Rick moved into a cheap apartment in Washington, D.C., with Bob Duncan, his buddy from high school, who was studying chemistry in college and getting high on marijuana. Rick stuck with beer. The worst thing the agency learned about Rick when it did a routine background investigation was that he and a buddy had gotten drunk once and gone for a joy ride on a stolen bicycle. Rick was hired as a clerk-typist in what was then called the Records Integration Division of the DO. He helped file cables that were being stored because they were no longer needed. Most were from the CIA's overseas stations, and Rick spent every free moment that he had reading them. The other clerks only worked in the file room temporarily while they were waiting for openings in the agency's Junior Officer Training (JOT) program, but Rick wasn't eligible because he didn't have a college diploma. He enrolled at George Washington University but got sidetracked the following summer when a friend in Chicago offered him a job as the technical director at a summer theater. Rick told the agency's personnel department that he needed a leave of absence to enroll in a foreign language course that was only being offered at the University of Chicago. The CIA approved his request. No one checked to see if he was lying.

Rick had fun, but the theater had lost its appeal. He wanted to become a CIA officer. When he returned to work that fall, a young blonde woman was sitting at what used to be his desk. Rick was shocked when he saw her face. She could have been a twin of his sister, Nancy. They even had the same first name. Nancy Jane Segebarth had just graduated from an Ohio college and was from Orchard Park, a suburb of Buffalo, New York, where her father was a bank executive. She was waiting for an opening in the JOT program. Rick used the desk next to hers, and they began going to lunch together and became friends. "We didn't begin dating for at least a year and a half, just before she left for the JOT program."

In 1964, Rick's youngest sister, Alison, became so despondent that Carleton and Rachel were afraid that she might kill herself. Psychiatrists said the twenty-year old was suffering from schizophrenia, but Rachel blamed herself. She decided that she had demanded too much from all three of her children. That was part of the reason why Rick had flunked out of college and why Alison was now depressed. Everyone in the family visited Alison as often as the hospital allowed, except for Rick. He went once and that was it. "I just can't handle this," he told his mother.

That same year, the American School in Karachi, Pakistan, contacted Rachel and offered her a job teaching English for two years. Carleton offered to stay behind to take care of Alison. He didn't want to apply for early retirement at the agency and he had lost all interest in living overseas. Rachel took the job, and Rick moved in with his father to keep him company. Carleton's drinking was worse than ever. At work he was often caught sleeping at his desk. "It had all seemed so idyllic in River Falls during the 1950s," Ames recalled. What had happened? One afternoon when Rick was searching through some old boxes in the attic, he found a love letter that Carleton had written Rachel before they were married. Carleton described how wonderful their life together was going to be; they would travel and have experiences in foreign countries that others in River Falls only could dream about. Rick tucked the note back in the shoebox where he had found it. He never mentioned it to his father.

Rick's driver's license was suspended after he was arrested three times for alcohol-related violations. He was drinking a lot at night. Without a car, he couldn't commute from the Virginia suburbs to the agency and college, so he moved back in with Duncan in the city and rode a bicycle everywhere. In September 1967, he graduated with a solid B average from George Washington University, and immediately applied for the JOT program. Carleton retired from the CIA, after working fifteen years there, during the same month in 1967 that Rick was accepted by the JOT program. There were more than seventy members of his JOT class, making it one of the largest ever, and nearly all of them were white men. The Vietnam War was gobbling up intelligence officers as fast as the CIA could send them overseas.

At the Farm, students were divided into two groups after they completed a couple of weeks of basic instruction. Employees who wanted to work as analysts in the Directorate of Intelligence (DI) were sent back to Langley for specialized training. Those who had signed up to become case officers in the DO were given paramilitary training and taught how to work as spies. As in other government bureaucracies, the CIA had developed a step-by-step procedure for teaching employees how to do their jobs. Rick was taught that he was supposed to follow these steps when recruiting a spy: Step one, the "assessment stage," consisted of (1) deciding what sort of information the agency needed to obtain; (2) identifying people who knew this information; (3) determining who among them you could get close to; and (4) picking one of these people as your "target." Stage two was "evaluation": What was the best way to take advantage and exploit the target—money, intimidation, blackmail?

"The entire focus was on identifying a person's weaknesses," Ames said later. "Once you learned where a target was vulnerable, you could develop a plan to take advantage of him or her." The third step was called development. "You had to find some clever way to get close to the target, so that he would not suspect you. You needed to befriend him or her," said Ames. If a CIA officer was interested in recruiting a Bulgarian who played tennis, the case officer would find someone who belonged to the same tennis club as the Bulgarian, and arrange an introduction. The club member who made the introduction was called an "access agent," because he was giving the officer access to the target. The "approach" and the "pitch" came next. It could take months of preparation before an officer would make a pitch. A good case officer had to be patient. The hardest pitch for a target to turn down was a request from a friend, Rick was told. "The better friends that you became with a person, the better the chances of using him."

The CIA told its case officers that a good way to make a potential target feel at ease was by asking him or her for nonclassified material first. "We didn't give a damn about the papers," Ames explained. "We wanted to get the target used to bringing us documents. In a lot of cases, we would pay outrageously generous amounts for totally worthless documents." The cash was how the CIA got its hook into an agent, because it made him or her obligated to the case officer. It also provided the agency with evidence of that person's spying.

After a successful pitch was made, the case officer had to "handle" the agent. "You had to keep the target producing and safe." The next step, considered by many the ultimate test of a good recruiter, was when the case officer turned over the agent to someone else to handle. "Most recruitments are made on the basis of a personal friendship," Ames said. "If you were able to turn over an agent to someone else, that meant a change in the relationship had occurred. The handler had developed the agent so well that he was now working for the agency instead of an individual." There was one final step. "Termination" happened when the CIA decided an agent was no longer needed. Someone had to tell the agent that he was being cut from the payroll.

Rick enjoyed the lectures by veteran CIA officers at the Farm the best. These were the real Simon Templars of his boyhood dreams. One of his favorite speakers was the case officer who had handled Colonel Oleg Penkovsky, one of the CIA's most important Soviet agents. In 1962, a U-2 spy plane flying over Cuba had taken photographs that showed that launch sites for Soviet-made missiles were being constructed on the island. However, U.S. intelligence officials were not certain what sort of missiles were being sent to Cuba, or what stage the construction process was in. Penkovsky had provided that information, which proved vital to President John F. Kennedy's decision to blockade the island. Penkovsky had been caught and executed by the KGB shortly after he helped the US.*

"At the Farm there was a great emphasis on camaraderie, and there was a subtle effort made to dissolve any moral misgivings that you might have about right and wrong," Ames claimed later. "You were told that you were now part of an elite service, that you were selected because you were one of the best and brightest, and that your job was paramount to the very survival of the United States. Because of these things, you were entitled to lie, cheat, deceive. You did not have to obey laws in any foreign countries. Only the laws of the U.S. had any jurisdiction over you. Of course, we were told there were some lines the agency would never cross, such as trying to assassinate someone. That was something the Soviets might do, but not us. What we didn't know at the time was that there had already been a number of CIA assassination attempts."*

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*Rumors surfaced after his death that Penkovsky had been executed by being lowered alive into a blast furnace. The KGB had supposedly filmed his execution to show to recruits as a warning. Over the years, this story has been reported as fact in numerous books and magazines. After Ames was caught, one author claimed in a book about the case that the KGB had lowered an agent betrayed by Ames into a blast furnace. These blast furnace stories are complete nonsense. Penkovsky was shot by the KGB, and none of the agents whom Ames betrayed were ever lowered into furnaces, according to the CIA, FBI, and KGB.

Some of his classmates, especially those with strong religious convictions, began dropping out of the DO program, Ames said later. "They just couldn't tolerate the duplicitous nature of the job, as well as the widespread, and I mean widespread, drinking that went on." Rick drank a lot at the Farm, often with his CIA instructors. In his eyes, it was part of the DO's macho image. The highlight of the DO's training program was the Live Problem Exercise, a role-playing game. Students were told that a disastrous series of political events had resulted in the United States being carved into different nations. The Republic of Virginia was the last remaining stronghold of democracy. The northeastern states were under the control of the communists. The South was a modern-day Confederacy. There was a People's Republic of West Virginia and an equally redneck independent Republic of Texas. California was under the control of anarchists. Rick and his classmates were divided into teams and given assignments. One squad was told to learn whether or not the Confederacy had nuclear weapons, another was ordered to recruit an agent. The entire exercise took place in the neighboring town of Williamsburg.

Near the end of his training in 1968, Rick asked to be assigned full-time to the Far East (FE) division, a hot spot at the time because of the Vietnam War. He spoke passable Chinese, which he had studied in college, but his interview with FE division officials went badly, and he had to fall back on his second choice, the Soviet Bloc, later renamed the Soviet Eastern Europe (SE) division. He worked at the SE branch in Langley for four months and was then offered his first undercover assignment. He was being sent to Ankara, Turkey, to see if he could put what he had learned at the Farm into practice. His job would be recruiting. His targets were the Soviets. Rick was ecstatic. He was finally going to be a CIA spy.

There was only one hitch. He and Nancy Segebarth had been dating exclusively for some time, and Rick knew if he didn't ask her to marry him before he left for Turkey, he would probably lose her. She was now an analyst in the DI. "Was I madly in love with Nan? No. Was I committed? Yes. Was there a great deal of affection? Yes. And there was certainly physical attraction. Yes, that was there," Ames said later. "But passion? No, not in the beginning and never afterwards, and I think the same was true on her part. It was more of a mature fondness for each other. I remember that we didn't have sex until after we were married, even though she was twenty five and I was a year older. Neither of us pushed for it, which should have been a warning sign to me. But we enjoyed each other's company and we never had any huge arguments. We were both intellectually well suited for one another, and we both felt it was time for us to get married, and that seemed to be enough."

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*According to testimony by the agency before Congress, the CIA has been involved in assassination attempts in Cuba, Zaire, and the Dominican Republic. All three failed.

A problem surfaced. The CIA had an opening in Turkey for Rick, but there wasn't one for Nan. If they married, she would have to resign. Once they got to Ankara, the CIA could rehire Nan as a "contract employee," but she would lose her seniority and other benefits. "We spent hours discussing it, and finally, Nan agreed that she would give up her job." Their wedding was on May 24, 1969. "Looking back, I think I felt a certain obligation to get married. It was what I had always believed you did, and I think all of the problems that were happening to my parents at home and with my sister, Alison, contributed to some basic need which I had for some sort of family stability, some sort of reassurance in the family system. I guess deep down I wanted my parents to see that I had turned out okay, to be proud of me. I had finally finished college and had gone to work at the CIA and this would be the next logical step—settling down by getting married."

In family discussions, Rick called his bride Nan, to distinguish her from his sister, Nancy. Nan's family liked to vacation on North Carolina's Outer Banks, so she suggested that they honeymoon near the resort town of Duck. One morning while they were walking along the beach, Rick spotted a teenager thrashing in the waves. He swam out and brought the boy back to the beach. Later that afternoon, he saw another swimmer, who had been caught in a riptide and was being pulled out into the ocean. He saved that boy's life, too. After he was arrested for being a KGB mole, Rick would think a lot about those two boys. It made him feel good to know that their lives had been saved because of him.

THE WORDS OF RICK AMES

It's funny about actors, you know. I've always thought of Ronald Reagan this way and I noticed this in me, too, and in other people whom I have known *as actors. If you play a role, say you play a role as a pilot in a play and you get wrapped up in it, in a funny way you think you really have become a pilot. You think you know something special, something expert and real about being a pilot! Of course you can't fly a plane, but you convince yourself that you are a pilot. I always thought Ronald Reagan was playing the role of a president even when he was the president. He became the role that was in his head. Once he figured out what that role was, he knew exactly what he was supposed to do. That made playing the role—being the president—easy for him.*

QUESTION: Do you feel more comfortable playing a role, say, as an actor, than in being yourself?

Role versus self, huh? Many answers come to mind.

- *Don't we all play roles in life? Maybe the question actually should be who assigns us these roles and why do we accept them?*
- *What's the difference between playing a role and being yourself? Doesn't the fact that you choose a role for yourself reveal some truth about who you are? Reagan as president.*
- *Or are you asking me if I am playing a role right now? Am I spinning an illusion for you and your readers? Hiding my true self? Am I trying to manipulate you into creating an image of me in your book that I am concocting as we speak?*
- *Do I even know for sure what my own feelings are? Have I become my perceived role? Or is the role that I perceive, the true me?*

None of this is easy for me to answer because I know that I often feel artificial as a person, as if I am somehow forced into playing some role or have drifted into playing roles that are different from who I actually am. Sometimes it's because I don't like or want to do what I'm doing; sometimes it's because I feel that somehow, in ways not clearly understood or articulable in speech and action, I'm not doing or being what I am, feel to be, or want to be. But I don't know, honestly, whether I am more this way than other people.

So.

Please note I did not say "So what?" or even say "So there!" I simply said "So." I mean, what's the point here?

[Long pause]

You must understand that self-exposure does not come easy for me. I have always seen myself as someone who is friendly and candid in almost all circumstances, and yet I recognize that I am often unable to open myself up fully *or allow any true familiarity to show in many situations. I am not the sort of man who can talk easily about his feelings or gush with strangers during the cocktail hour. Because of this, some people will tell you that I am consciously or unconsciously arrogant when, in fact, I am simply reserved.*

Again, I say, so.

[Long pause]

Now the relationship between acting and theater, and role-playing in espionage, now that is interesting. The crucial difference is this: in the theater there is a willing suspension of disbelief. An audience voluntarily suspends its disbelief when watching a performance, and in this way it joins the actor in creating an entertaining illusion. This is not the case in espionage. Let me preface this by saying that most agents volunteer and come into the situation knowing fully what they are accepting, the risks, et cetera. But in some instances, a case officer will choose a role to play. He becomes an actor. The purpose of his performance, however, is not the mutual construction of an entertaining illusion, it is exploitation through deception. And this is where another talent, or trait, is required that goes beyond acting. It is the ability to assess a person's vulnerability, figure out your target's desires and then to purposefully construct a reality or a scenario that entices that target. This demands role-playing at an extreme because the purpose is to deceive and manipulate. It is also a betrayal of trust.

What you must understand is that the essence of espionage, even the most innocuous sort, is betrayal of trust. One might almost say that this is the defining element, because without it, there is no espionage. A soldier doing reconnaissance behind enemy lines may be shot as a spy, but he is not betraying a trust. But an American military attaché who assiduously acquires the friendship and trust of his Iraqi counterpart on the diplomatic circuit and uses it not for the traditional exchange of military gossip but to support a CIA recruitment attempt is betraying a trust. And when an academic acquires the private and compromising views of his Chinese host and passes them on, he is betraying a trust. Now the extent to which this variety of behavior is reprehensible, corrupting, and justifiable is open to discussion, certainly. But the defining element is always a betrayal of trust. That is what is at the core of the intelligence officer's world—betraying another person's trust in you.

How does this relate to me personally? I lacked the talent and skills of a naturally gregarious person. What I did have, however, was the ability to focus on a target, establish a relationship, manipulate myself and himself into the situation or frame of mind I aimed for, and then to construct and make the ap-

proach. This I was good at and I had the ability to do it as myself or as another person altogether—businessman, academic, rich, poor, married, unmarried, liberal, conservative. A lot of otherwise successful recruiters have trouble with this. Now it may be that some extra layer of role-playing, a false or altered identity, helped me to be more successful, just as it might hinder case officers who feel simply being themselves and inviting a target to a family cookout is the best way.

Now, how does this role-playing affect me personally? This becomes confusing. I blame Stanislavsky and the Method for forever muddling these together, in the sense that many are tempted to believe that successful acting means the ability to merge, substitute, or even assume the personality of the actor with that presumed to be the character's. This is simply not so. Acting is an art in which techniques determine almost everything and, once again, there is no such thing as a one-man show—the audience must choose to participate. So what am I saying here?

I guess what I am saying is that I had no problem slipping into roles in my professional life, no problems playing roles. I could do it in my personal life, as well, also with great ease. I guess the difference is that in my personal life it was a defensive mechanism, I think. Deception was involved, but more for my own protection than for manipulation.

Of course, deception always involves manipulation, doesn't it? Hmm. I guess the role playing was essentially to hide who I really am. But again, how different is that? This is how we all are, is it not?

THE WORDS OF OTHERS

The bottom line is that our job as recruiters is to exploit people. That is what we do and the only way you can justify that is if you believe in what your side is doing. If you don't believe that what you are doing is not only the right thing for your country, but is also right with your sense of justice and your sense of what needs to be done to protect democracy, well then, there is nothing to keep you from crossing the line. I think Rick simply lost those feelings—if he ever had them. I'm not sure he did.

—R. Patrick Watson, FBI

Aldrich Ames? I hope he rots in hell forever!

—Son of a Russian executed after Ames exposed him as a CIA spy

Did Rick do something immoral? He hurt his son, but that was about it. Look, all of those spies who were executed knew what they were doing. Just like him, they were taking a chance. I don't feel sorry for any of them, and as for Rick, hey, he's my friend and I don't know anyone who could have pulled off something like this as well as he did!

—Chuck Windley, high school friend

At a Christmas party on December 20, 1973, Ames became so drunk that he had to be helped to his home by employees from the CIA's Office of Security. The following Christmas, Ames also became intoxicated and was discovered by an agency security officer in a compromising position with a female CIA employee.

—Select Committee on Intelligence report,
United States Senate

I thought I'd be shot. I never knew any story of people arrested by the KGB who ever got out again. I never knew anyone who went into Lefortovo prison and got out alive.

—Vladimir Potashov, a spy identified by Ames for the KGB

Rick was certainly not materialistic when he first joined the agency and was married to Nan. He was really, well, just unkempt. His hair in particular was hanging down to his shoulders and I swear he just cut it with scissors by himself. It was certainly not groomed or stylish and it didn't even look clean or anything. He had these old glasses that were clearly out of style. He had bad teeth and he smoked all the time. He loved to talk about ideas. He was not the kind of guy who you would sit around with and talk about the weather or what the cafeteria had for lunch that day.

—Jeanne R. Vertefeuille, CIA

John Souders called and told me that Rick was going to go to work full time at the CIA. I asked him where? And John said, "Rick wants to join the DO." I remember saying, "Oh, God!" You see, both of my parents worked at the CIA, and I know what it can do to the people who work there. People in the CIA divide themselves into two lines—analysts and those who go into operations, like where Rick was going. There is nothing immoral or amoral about the analytical side, the so-called DI, but everyone knows that the Directorate of Operations exists in a complete and total moral vacuum. People who go covert have to suspend all of the moral categories by which other people live their lives. You *can't tell your neighbors what you do. You have to lie to people every day, but the worst thing is that you really enter an ethical wasteland. It's the real-life Machiavellian world of* The Prince, *where decisions about human beings and international politics are made exclusively on the basis of* Realpolitik. *Rick was one of my closest friends and I was afraid for him. I was afraid of what might happen to him when he disappeared into that murky world.*

—Wes Sanders, high school friend

CHAPTER 4

The KGB was reluctant to share its technology, even with its satellite republics, but the CIA was generous in the late 1960s when it came to doling out telephone wiretapping devices. "The Turkish intelligence service was cash-strapped, so we gave it a half million dollars' worth of wiretap equipment and taught its people how to use it," said Ames. "They repaid us by tapping the lines at the Soviet embassy and then giving us the tapes. This happened not only in Turkey but all over the world, particularly in Central and South America."

Before leaving Langley, Rick pored over the intelligence reports that were being sent from Ankara, and he noticed that several mentioned a young officer in the GRU. A French businessman had become friends with the GRU officer and had told the CIA about him. "I devised a rather complicated plan for recruiting this GRU target," Ames recalled. Rick wanted to frighten the GRU officer by making him believe he was about to be arrested as a spy by Turkish intelligence officers and booted out of the country. Rick figured the young officer would panic. The Soviet would not want to return to Moscow, where living conditions were harsh. GRU officers who were expelled from a country often had trouble leaving the Soviet Union again once they had been identified as an intelligence officer. "The idea was to make him vulnerable and desperate. Then we would step in and offer to save his ass by intervening with the

Turks," said Ames. "The entire threat would be a scam, but he wouldn't know it." Ames said his bosses approved of his scheme, but when he arrived in Ankara, he was told that a more senior case officer had been chosen to run the operation. "This guy needed his ticket punched—something on his resume that would get him his next promotion—and I was told that my turn would come later," Ames said.

Rick didn't get upset until he discovered that the case officer didn't speak Russian and knew only a few words of Turkish. Those were the only two languages that the GRU officer spoke. "There was absolutely no way we were going to be able to successfully pitch and recruit this guy, since our man wasn't going to be able to even talk to him coherently," said Ames, who had taken a crash course in Turkish before being sent to Ankara. "Everyone knew it wasn't going to work, but no one cared. The point was that the station would be able to report that it had made a recruitment attempt, and everyone would be congratulated." Just as Ames predicted, the Russian didn't understand the pitch, and the ruse failed. "The CIA case officer got his promotion, so it didn't matter to him that we hadn't recruited anyone."

In Ankara, Rick used his actual name, but he told everyone that he was a civilian employee working for the United States Air Force. To help with the masquerade, he worked in Ankara at the headquarters building of TUSOLOG, an acronym for the Turkish United States Operations and Logistics Command center. He was supposedly involved in some sort of long-range logistical study, but he spent all his time hunting for targets to recruit.

Before arriving in Ankara, Rick had envisioned himself playing a cat-and-mouse game with the KGB as it tried to catch him rendezvousing with a Soviet agent in some exotic, poorly lit Ankara bar. Instead, he found himself sitting at a desk, filling out intelligence reports and answering cables.

"After Richard Nixon won the 1968 elections, word went out that the new president wanted the agency to stop being a Mr. Nice Guy when it came to the Soviets. The incoming administration was tired of the Russians screwing around with us, and every station was ordered to get creative and come up with some serious covert action plans. I thought, *At last we are going to go out and actually recruit a Soviet.* But our station chief had a different definition of what getting tough meant." The Soviet Union had invaded Czechoslovakia and ousted Czech leader Alexander Dubček in August 1968, so the station chief in Ankara printed thousands of stickers that protested the invasion. Ames spent his workdays strolling through the city, slapping "Remember Dubček, Remember '68" stickers on walls and the windows of office buildings. "We wanted to make it look as if the Turkish people were really outraged by the Czech invasion." Rick spent several weeks distributing stickers and still had a large box of them left over. One afternoon, he and another case officer climbed onto the roof of a tall downtown building and dumped the boxes over the side that overlooked Ankara's busiest intersection, treating the lunchtime crowds to a momentary deluge of pro-Dubček stickers. "We wrote this up as a big station accomplishment!"

Nancy Segebarth Ames found life in Ankara just as frustrating as her husband did. In a perfect example of bureaucratic absurdity, the same CIA personnel office that had required her to resign as a DI analyst did not object when she was hired in Ankara to work as an administrative assistant in the same office as Rick. She soon had a reputation for being smart, aggressive, and outspoken. At home and in the office, she seemed to dominate her husband.

One year into his assignment, Rick finally got to test his recruitment skills. An American college professor teaching in Ankara volunteered to introduce Rick to a Turkish student who was a member of DEVGENG, a radical student organization dedicated to overthrowing the Turkish government. The student, who Rick was supposed to recruit, was a close friend of Deniz Gezmis, one of DEVGENG's leaders. The CIA was interested in penetrating DEVGENG because Turkey was being rocked by unrest. Prime Minister Suleyman Demirel had been forced to resign and the country was under martial law. Newspapers were being censored, books were being banned, illegal arrests were being made, and there were rumors that government execution squads were kidnapping dissidents at night from college campuses. Rick personally favored most of the democratic reforms that were being advocated by the government's critics, but he knew the United States was not about to challenge the established government. The National Security Agency used Turkey as a site for numerous listening posts built to intercept Soviet communications. Turkey was where the United States stockpiled some of its nuclear arsenal, and the Turkish government was a vital supporter of NATO. Having an informant inside DEVGENG would give the CIA a hefty bargaining chip to use when trading favors with those in power.

The American college professor who knew Rick's target was confident that she would help them, mainly because the professor was having a sexual affair with her. Rick decided to pose as a State Department official interested in pursuing democratic reforms in Turkey. He chose a restaurant away from the university for the meeting and arrived early enough to make certain it was safe. He would later recall what happened. He had chosen a table in a back corner and had passed the time by watching the smoke from his cigarette vanish into the stale air. The cafe smelled of grilled lamb and human sweat. An unintelligible babble rose from the men and women speaking rapidly at several tables near the restaurant's entrance. Rick was anxious. Would she come? He silently cursed himself for choosing such a seedy place. The student was in her early twenties and a former beauty contest winner. The professor had shown him a photograph. She was going to stand out in this haunt of watermelon-bellied men and dowdy women.

As he had feared, everyone stared when the student stepped inside, but she didn't seem worried when he waved her back to his table. Rick had never felt relaxed around attractive women, and still didn't, even now that he was married. He still wore thick black glasses, had a permanent cowlick and found it difficult to make polite chitchat. "I believe we both want the same things here," he told her. It was the opening to a speech that he had been rehearsing for several days. He assured her that the United States wanted to push for reforms, but explained that it had to work behind the scenes because of its relationship with the existing government. His main priority was preventing bloodshed, he said. He didn't want her or her friends arrested, tortured, or murdered, but he couldn't help them unless he knew more about DEVGENG and its plans. He was lying, of course. He did not plan on helping her or DEVGENG. But he would later recall that he had sounded earnest and convincing that day in the restaurant, and she had swallowed the bait.

"The key to recruiting someone is always to offer that person exactly what they want from you, while making it appear as if there is no downside for them," Ames later explained. After he made his speech, he had slid an envelope that contained seventy-five dollars across the table. "We know you are not doing this for money but what I am asking will take your time and I want to compensate you for that," he told her. "I want you to have this to help with your expenses each month." Rick knew seventy-five dollars a month was a large amount for her. It meant the difference between struggling to survive and being able to live comfortably. She tucked the envelope in her pocket. At that moment, he knew he had her.

A few days later, Rick met her in his car at a corner near the university. As they drove around Ankara, she told him the names of the other students in DEVGENG, as well as the date of the group's next meeting. He passed along this information to his chief of station, who contacted Turkish intelligence. Much to the CIA's surprise, the Turks weren't interested. They already had several sources in DEVGENG. Rick met with his agent twice more but she didn't tell him anything useful, so he was ordered to terminate the relationship.

They met in the same cafe where he had pitched her. She was late and seemed upset. He didn't ask why. Instead he slipped her an envelope that contained two hundred dollars. "My country is grateful for your help but I do not think there is much else we can do working together," he would later recall telling her. "We want you to know that what you did was very helpful." If she ever wanted to contact him again, all she had to do was go to any U.S. embassy and ask to speak to an intelligence officer. "Just give your name," he said. She seemed shocked. He wasn't sure, but he suspected that it was because she had only now understood that she was dealing with the CIA, and that her name was in some file somewhere ready to be called up if she ever were needed.

The woman asked if Rick had spoken to their mutual friend, the college professor, and Rick said that he hadn't. "Did you know that he stopped seeing me?" she asked. Before he could reply, she continued, "He found himself a new girl, a younger student." They drank the rest of their coffee without comment, and then she left. Rick had not known how she was going to react. He had been warned that some agents panic when they are told that their monthly stipend is going to end. Some are relieved. Others offer to do more. He had been worried that she was going to be angry, since he had not done anything to help her or DEVGENG. "The whole process had been much easier than I thought, actually," he said later. "That was my first recruitment."

Rick attempted another one a few weeks later. "It was the classic setup. Nan and I invited this fellow and his wife to dinner. He worked in the Turkish foreign ministry and I had spent quite a bit of time developing a friendship with him. We had gone fishing, been on picnics with our wives, gone sailing, all that sort of thing, and when I felt comfortable enough, I decided to pitch him." Rick began complaining about his job and how he was having trouble getting reliable information that he needed for a special report. He was really being pressured to get the report written, he said. His next promotion depended on it. His dinner guest asked Rick what sort of information he was trying to find. "It has to do with intelligence estimates about the Soviet military," he replied matter-of-factly. "That sort of thing." Rick implied that the report was being written for NATO, and he subtly reminded his friend that both the United States and Turkey were NATO members. "I wanted him to think we were all on the same team," said Ames. Finally, Rick asked his pal if he could get the information for him from the Turkish intelligence service. "I remember that he agonized and agonized over it. It took him several days, but he finally gave me some material and I gave him some cash." At the CIA station, Rick got credit for another recruitment.

"You quickly learn that everyone you meet is a potential target. That is the way you always think, so while you can develop a personal relationship with people and these can be genuine and can grow, these relationships are always an offshoot of your original and primary mindset, which is to evaluate every person and use the ones that you can use. What's odd is that I discovered I was fairly good at manipulating people, but I was never good at using those skills for self-promotion within the agency. I never cultivated my bosses, never suggested that they come over for dinner. I never felt comfortable doing that sort of thing and I always had problems with authority. I have never felt at ease with people who are senior to me."

Rick was ready to return home when his two-year tour ended, but the Ankara station was shorthanded. Despite his protests, he was told that he had to extend his tour for another six months. He sulked, and became even more depressed when his parents visited and he learned that Carleton had inoperable cancer and a short time to live. Rick's father and mother had reunited after Rachel's teaching tour in Pakistan had ended. Alison had been treated and released for her mental troubles and was doing better. The family seemed to be pulling itself back together.

In July 1971, Dewey Clarridge arrived in Ankara as the new deputy chief of station, eager to shake things up. "Dewey ordered me to get out and recruit some Soviets. We really didn't have many Soviet agents. He said, 'Throw a few parties, mingle more with the Turks,' but I didn't feel comfortable with that and simply dragged my feet. Dewey got really pissed off when I ignored his instructions." Before Clarridge arrived, Rick had received excellent performance ratings from his bosses and had been promoted twice. Clarridge rated Rick as low as possible. Worse, he wrote in the evaluation form that he really didn't believe Rick would ever be an effective case officer. Rick had trouble working "face-to-face . . . with unknown personalities who must be manipulated," Clarridge noted. He also wrote that Rick's personality was too reserved for him ever to become a successful recruiter.

Clarridge's evaluation was devastating, especially since Rick's job was recruiting Soviets. "Nan and I talked about whether or not I should switch over to the DI analytical side or try to move into the foreign service at the State Department. Nan didn't want to get her old job back at the agency. She had had enough of the CIA, and I should have left the agency, too. Instead, I just sort of soldiered on and headed back to headquarters, not knowing exactly what was going to happen next. That was typical of me. But when I got back, I was told that I had been chosen to spend a year in the foreign language school studying Russian, and that meant I was being groomed for another promotion. I thought, *Wow, I guess that lousy rating by Clarridge didn't hurt me at all.*"

THE WORDS OF RICK AMES

When Nan and I returned to the states in 1972, we moved into a house in the Virginia suburb of Reston, which was one of the first planned communities, and much to my surprise, Nan really got involved. It started when she went to a couple of Reston Community Association meetings, and then out of the blue she volunteered to help Joe Fisher, a Democrat, campaign for a local congressional seat against Joel Broyhill, a longtime Republican conservative. She did one hell of a job! She went out and really ginned things up, you know, knocked on doors and found a big latent talent as an organizer, and it made a big difference in helping Joe win the upset. After Joe won, he hired her to do some sort of analytic study, and the next thing I know she is running for a seat on the Reston Community Association board. It was a side of her I had never seen. She got real involved in getting the county to build lower-cost housing in the community for minorities and the poor, and I supported her in that.

My father died that summer. He was sixty-seven. It bothered me a lot. He told me when he came to Ankara that he was proud of me. You know, proud that I was serving my country. Mom was still in Hickory, North Carolina, and she was getting involved in local politics, too.

Nan and I were still getting along okay. Maybe in Turkey, you know, we started to realize that we just didn't find each other as interesting sexually as before, but there were never any fights or arguments. We decided not to have children. I didn't feel like I wanted children and when the subject came up, we would both decide "Well, maybe later," but later never came. I don't know why I didn't want them, because later with Rosario, I did. I guess I thought that

Nan didn't want children, and maybe she thought I didn't want children; of course, later on I learned that she had wanted children. The truth is we were fooling each other and fooling ourselves. I mean, we deceived the hell out of ourselves during our marriage in terms of what we wanted and our ability to communicate that to each other. We weren't really communicating and listening to each other, but each of us just sort of pretended that everything was okay and acted as if we ignored the problems, then they would not exist. Of course, by the time we realized we were both pretending, it was too late.

In Turkey, we had gone to a party and I had overindulged and had gotten a bit too relaxed. I wasn't falling-down drunk or anything, but I got kind of loud and slurry, and Nan really was embarrassed and got on me for it. If I even had two drinks at a party after that, I would hear about it, because she didn't drink at all. And, of course, after she got on the Reston Community Association board, there were parties and she would always be apprehensive about whether I'd drink too much or not.

Drinking has always been a struggle for me. I have vacillated between considering myself beyond self-help and total denial. Before I left home for college, I don't think I'd consumed more than a dozen beers and glasses of wine. I'm quite sure I never even tasted anything stronger. My first autumn at Chicago, I got drunk on Scotch with friends in the dormitory, but quickly switched to gin for our weekend parties. By the next spring, I had drifted into the theater group's circle, dropped the dorm parties, and drank beer when I could afford it at the taverns favored by the theater people. For many years after that, I seldom drank liquor, only beer and wine, which gave me plenty of opportunities to feel high and, often, drunk.

I guess I should mention that an enduring pattern to my drinking has been its social aspect. I have always felt inhibited, uncommunicative, unable to make small talk and to enjoy intimacy with others, even friends and colleagues. Social drinking, together with the effects of alcohol itself, made me feel more able to relate to and deal with others. As time went on, I noticed two things. I always seemed to drink more and longer than most, and often got drunker. Others seemed more in control and able to pick up and leave. I couldn't. I always was a bitter-ender. While still in college, I had blackout episodes, when the last hour or so of a binge would be completely lost to me the next morning. I guess nothing disastrous ever happened. I was told that I was always a friendly and sentimental drunk.

CHAPTER 5

“I’m pregnant,” the woman could be heard crying in Spanish on the tape recording.

“I’ll take care of you, don’t worry,” came the answer, in clumsy Spanish with a heavy Russian accent.

Such talk normally did not interest officers of Colombia’s intelligence service, known by the acronym DASS, but when they recorded this brief exchange over the telephone, they decided to investigate. The woman was calling from Madrid and speaking to someone at the Soviet embassy in Bogotá. He said he couldn’t speak freely over the embassy line, and suggested she call him at a nearby public telephone.

DASS agents were watching later when Alexander Dmitrievich Ogorodnik cautiously approached the ringing receiver. The conversation confirmed what they suspected. Ogorodnik was having a sexual affair with Pilar Sanchez,* a Colombian visiting relatives in Spain. Shortly after Sanchez returned home, two DASS agents demanded that she introduce them to Ogorodnik. If either she or the Russian refused to cooperate, DASS would make their affair public. Sanchez would be humiliated, and Ogorodnik would be recalled to Moscow. Sanchez agreed to cooperate, but Ogorodnik balked. He would only deal with the CIA, he said. Two weeks later, Ogorodnik and a CIA case officer met in a Turkish steambath in downtown Bogotá. The Soviet agreed to spy for the agency. In return, the CIA promised to pay Sanchez's childbirth expenses, move her and her newborn daughter to Spain, and give her enough money to open a child care center.*

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*Not her real name.

The CIA desperately needed Soviet "assets." For six years, the agency's SE division had been ravaged by the paranoid rambling of James Jesus Angleton, the CIA's legendary mole hunter, whose obsession with catching a KGB agent inside the agency had ruined the careers of several innocent employees and crippled recruitment efforts. William Colby, the agency's newly appointed director, was in the midst of firing Angleton in 1974, and had just given the SE division a kick in the pants when Ogorodnik surfaced. "The Soviet division still wasn't producing agents to operate against the Soviets," Colby told Tom Mangold in *Cold Warrior.* "I had to give them speeches to stress the importance of their mission. 'Let's go, let's go!' I told them. 'Let's recruit all over the world!' It must have had some effect because one of the guys went off and promptly recruited a Russian in a steambath!"

Now that Ogorodnik was aboard, Havilland Smith, the chief of the Latin American (LA) branch in the SE division, needed someone to "handle" him. A CIA officer in Bogotá would retrieve whatever information Ogorodnik left at dead drops (prearranged sites where an agent and his handler could leave packages for each other), but a desk officer in Langley would ultimately be responsible for sorting through Ogorodnik's deliveries and finding ways to use him best. Smith chose Rick, who had just completed learning Russian at the agency's language school and needed an assignment. No one knew whether or not Ogorodnik would turn out to be much of a spy, and Smith was curious to see how Rick would perform as a handler. Ogorodnik was given the cryptonym KNIGHT, and because he was from the Soviet Union, the prefix AE was automatically added to that codename. AE was used to identify Soviet assets. The new spy was listed in directories as a low-level diplomat, but everyone thought he was KGB.

"In the 1970s we were sure that every Soviet who was allowed to travel outside the USSR either was KGB or GRU or controlled by them," Ames said, "but Ogorodnik kept insisting he was a genuine diplomat. Our station chief in Bogotá finally called him a liar to his face, so Ogorodnik says, 'Okay, you're right. I am KGB!' and he gives us this long description of KGB operations in Bogotá. When we checked, we discovered his stories were a bunch of baloney, because he really was a diplomat. Rather than being thrilled, everyone was disappointed, because the mind set was that only information about the KGB, GRU, and the Soviet military was worth collecting." That view quickly changed when analysts in the DI read what KNIGHT sent them. The Soviet embassy in Bogotá was hardly a hot diplomatic post, but the ambassador was privy to a continuous flow of cables from Moscow that explained the Kremlin's attitudes toward Latin America and matters being debated in the United Nations. "The stuff was dynamite, and then our agent's access got even better," Ames said. Seven months after Ogorodnik became an agent, he announced that he was being recalled to work in the Global Affairs Department of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Moscow. It was one of the Soviet Union's most important and well-guarded bureaucracies. Every Soviet ambassador was required to submit an annual report to the ministry analyzing the local political situation in his country, along with an appraisal of what the embassy was doing to further the goals of communism. Through Ogorodnik, the CIA would be able to see the world *exactly* as the Soviet leadership was viewing it.

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*She and her daughter still operate it today.

The CIA issued Ogorodnik special writing pads to use. Each pad had its own individual encryption code. Only a person with an identical pad could decipher the message. The CIA also issued him a T-100 spy camera disguised as a tube of lip balm, but capable of taking one hundred photographs. Ogorodnik was given a new crypt, too. There was always a chance that the KGB had somehow discovered that a CIA mole known as KNIGHT was working in the Soviet embassy in Bogotá. If KNIGHT suddenly was mentioned in cable traffic to and from Moscow, the KGB would deduce that KNIGHT was someone who had recently moved to Moscow from Colombia. Ogorodnik's new name was TRIGON, and to further protect him, a new prefix was added. Unlike AE, his new prefix, CK, did not refer to a specific country but simply meant the case involved an SE division agent. Overnight, Rick found himself in charge of a hot case.

He was frequently called on to give briefings to the top DO brass. One morning, Havilland Smith was waiting when Rick reported to work. TRIGON wanted a suicide pill to swallow if he were caught in Moscow, Smith announced. Rick was surprised. He didn't know that the agency made "L" (lethal) pills, but Smith told him that they had been issued in rare cases during World War Two to officers being sent behind enemy lines. Smith suggested that Rick convince TRIGON that he didn't really need one. He tried, but TRIGON was adamant, so the CIA's technical branch hid an L pill inside a cigarette lighter and sent it to TRIGON. A few months later, TRIGON sent word he needed another suicide capsule because he had lost the lighter. The agency sent him one hidden inside an expensive ink pen.

In Moscow, TRIGON began photographing hundreds of Soviet diplomatic cables, including candid reports written by the current Soviet ambassador to the United States Anatoly Dobrynin, who was stationed in Washington, D.C., and by the Soviet ambassador to the United Nations, Oleg Troyanovsky, in New York City. TRIGON's material was so important that the CIA implemented a separate system to distribute it. The diplomatic reports that TRIGON photographed were translated and printed verbatim on paper with a blue edge. They were dubbed the Blue Stripe Reports and were delivered by couriers to the White House, the State Department, and the National Security Council. Henry Kissinger reportedly studied them closely.

Rick's handling of TRIGON impressed Havilland Smith, so much so that he decided to take Rick with him to New York for a meeting with a Soviet diplomat. Smith had recruited this agent and was personally handling him. If the Russian, who worked at the UN Secretariat, liked Rick, Smith planned to turn the case over to him. New York City was a Mecca for recruiters. The CIA had sixty employees in its office there. They worked closely with the FBI field office, which had two hundred special agents on call just to shadow Soviets. Some of the G-men didn't even have desks in the FBI's Manhattan office because they spent all of their work days on the streets. The CIA and FBI estimated that of the seven hundred Soviets who were employed at the UN, the Soviet Mission, or the UN Secretariat, at least half were either KGB or GRU officers.

Smith and Rick arrived early at a CIA safe house in the Bronx, near a subway line that many Soviets used to commute between the UN headquarters in Manhattan and the Soviet residential compound in Riverdale. Sergey Fedorenko, whose CIA crypt was PYRRHIC, was late.*

"Is something wrong?" a concerned Smith asked. "Were you followed?"

Fedorenko grinned. The cocky Soviet had always bragged that he didn't need the CIA to tell him how to keep from being caught by the KGB.

"Is anyone ever on time in New York?" he quipped. Roguishly handsome, Fedorenko was thirty years old, two years younger than Rick. He was a Camel cigarette-smoking, straight-talking, quick-witted rebel with a cause. He had a reputation for being absolutely fearless, some might even say reckless. No one was going to force him to take Rick as his new handler unless he wanted him. Over several bottles of beer, the Russian sized up Rick. He liked what he saw. Rick's hair fell over his ears, and he was wearing black boots. Based on those two observations, Fedorenko decided Rick was not a typical Washington bureaucrat. He also liked Rick's curiosity.

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*By this time, the CIA had changed the AE prefix that it used to identify the Soviet Union to GT. It frequently changed these prefixes. For simplicity's sake, I have chosen not to include the prefixes in the remainder of this book.

"I am an idealistic idiot," Fedorenko proclaimed. "When I was a small boy, my grandfather used to read me a quotation that went like this: 'Don't be afraid of your enemies, because all they can do is kill you. Don't be afraid of your friends, because all they can do is betray you. But always be afraid of silent indifference, because that is where all crimes will be committed.' I refuse to be silent or indifferent toward what the KGB is doing to my country."

That night Fedorenko expressed feelings that Rick would hear repeated by other Soviets during the coming years. Fedorenko said he loved his country, but despised the corrupt Communist Party system, and especially hated the KGB. His grandfather had spent ten years in a forced labor camp in Siberia because he had used a piece of newspaper as toilet paper that had Joseph Stalin's photograph printed on it. A KGB informant had been next in line at the communal toilet and had received extra privileges for retrieving the soiled newsprint as evidence and reporting the insult. "That's the service I want to destroy." At the end of their meeting, Fedorenko told Rick: "I will work with you. I am now placing my life in your hands." After pausing for a moment, he added, "Please don't screw up."

Rick began making bimonthly trips to New York to meet the agent, and during the next two and a half years, the two men became close friends. Often, after they finished their long sessions together, they would relax over glasses of wine, and Fedorenko would tell Rick about what life had been like growing up in the USSR. He had a talent for storytelling. Fedorenko had been born during the Great Patriotic War (World War II), when much of Russia was starving. He had been illegitimate and unwanted. His mother wanted an abortion, but the town doctor refused to end the pregnancy because she was already several months along. His mother abandoned her unnamed newborn in an overcrowded, underfunded public orphanage, where he nearly starved to death twice—but Fedorenko proved to be a survivor. As a teenager, he showed an unusual skill at playing chess and was blessed with a keen mind for mathematics. A teacher arranged for him to enter Moscow's prestigious Aviation Institute, which was responsible for the successful Soviet space program. Fedorenko became an expert on guided missiles, which were being seen as the weapons of the future, and his work soon came to the attention of one of the Soviet Union's most important diplomats, Nikolai Fedorenko.

The senior Fedorenko had served as the Soviet ambassador to the UN, spoke flawless Chinese, and had served as an interpreter when Mao Zedong first visited Stalin. He was also the father of Yelena Fedorenko, one of the most sought-after women in Moscow. In 1964, *Vogue* published a photograph of Yelena. "Vivid, with a deeply romantic Russian look, Yelena Fedorenko is a refreshing blend of brains, grave poise, and young exuberance. A world traveler at nineteen, she has lived, with her diplomat parents, in China, Japan, the United States—and naturally Russia." Sergey and Yelena fell in love, and after they married, the new husband adopted his famous father-in-law's last name since the elder Fedorenko did not have any sons and did not want his name to die out. Yelena's father arranged for Fedorenko to become the youngest member of the Soviet's SALT I treaty negotiation team, and had pulled the necessary strings to get him hired at the UN by Arkady N. Shevchenko, who in 1972 became Under Secretary General of the UN, the second most important person there. Fedorenko could have had an easy life, but his hatred of the KGB and his rebel's attitude was always leading him into trouble.

Fedorenko told Rick that the KGB had visited him and Yelena in Moscow shortly after it learned that he had been chosen to work at the UN. "They expected me to help them spy, but I told them I would be too busy to play their dirty games and kicked them out of my apartment." Fedorenko's father-in-law was called, and the younger Fedorenko was summoned for some parting advice. "Tell the KGB in New York that you will be happy to help, and then do whatever they ask you to do so poorly and so stupidly that they will leave you alone," the diplomat suggested. It was good advice, but Fedorenko was too stubborn to follow it. The KGB's *rezident* in New York City was Boris Aleksandrovich Solomatin, and he reacted quickly when Fedorenko snubbed his officers. He called Yelena into his office and berated her for doing a lousy job as a switchboard operator at the Soviet mission, where she had been put to work. By the time he had finished, she was in tears, and her husband got the message. "He was showing me how the KGB could make life for my family difficult."

A short time later, a KGB officer asked Fedorenko to drive to New England and look at a radar station that was under construction. Most Soviets working in the United States had to get special permission from the State Department to travel more than twenty-five miles from their diplomatic posts, but Fedorenko worked at the UN Secretariat, and its employees could travel freely in the United States without permission. Fedorenko thought the trip would be a waste of time. "The radar site will be surrounded by a fence. I will not be able to see anything," he replied. This time, however, he suggested an alternative. He volunteered to snoop around at the Hudson Institute, a New York think-tank with close ties to the Pentagon, the National Security Council, and the State Department. The KGB officer was thrilled.

Fedorenko telephoned Donald Brennan, the institute's director of studies, whom he had met earlier at the SALT I negotiations, and the two agreed to meet for lunch. Brennan was a prime KGB target. His expertise was nuclear weapon systems, and his wife was the daughter of a top executive at the Boeing Corporation, the major builder of the B-1 bomber and a leader in developing Stealth technology. The KGB wanted Fedorenko to befriend Brennan and win his trust. Once that was done, Federenko would introduce Brennan to a KGB recruiter. But when the two met for lunch, it was the Soviet who volunteered to become a spy for the American. "Don, can you introduce me to some of your friends in Washington?" Fedorenko asked. A month later, Brennan arranged for Fedorenko to speak at a scientific seminar in the nation's capital. Havilland Smith was seated in the front row and stayed late to speak with Fedorenko.

One of the first revelations that Fedorenko had told Smith was that three KGB officers were trying to penetrate the Hudson Institute. The FBI was already aware of attempts by two of the men, but no one had suspected the third because he was a respected Soviet scientist. He had befriended several institute members, including Brennan, who was stunned when he learned that the scientist was a spy.

During interviews with me, Fedorenko, who now lives in the United States, would insist that he had never provided the CIA or the FBI with any information about the Soviet military. His entire reason for spying during the mid-seventies had been to damage the KGB by exposing the names of their officers and clandestine operations. Ames and the FBI agents who debriefed Fedorenko would claim that the Russian had done more than talk about the KGB. "Sergey told us all about the SS-4, the intermediate range missile that the Soviets had tried to install in Cuba, and about other missiles too," Ames said. His most valuable contribution at the time, however, was his explanation of how the Soviet defense industry actually worked. "We didn't have a clue about how the Soviets decided which weapon system they were going to build or how they chose who got what contract. We didn't even know who actually made those sorts of military decisions." Fedorenko's expertise was so pivotal that the Pentagon completely revised its estimates of the Soviets' overall military strength in the late 1970s because of what he said, Ames claimed.

"I don't want your money," Fedorenko said, when he first volunteered to Smith. "I don't want to be obligated to you. I am doing this on my own and I will do it my way." Just the same, the CIA began putting aside cash for him.*

In the fall of 1973, Fedorenko told Rick that a KGB officer named Valdek Enger was pressuring him to steal documents from the Hudson Institute. After his initial meeting with Brennan, Fedorenko had convinced the KGB that security was too tight there for him to steal anything. Enger wanted him to try again. Rick suggested that Fedorenko avoid Enger, but the feisty spy didn't like that advice. It might make Enger suspicious. He wanted to begin feeding Enger bits and pieces of information. That way it would make the KGB less suspicious of him. Rick checked with his bosses, and they agreed. During the coming months, the agency arranged for several scientific reports to be funneled through Brennan to Fedorenko, who then presented them to Enger. "These were not classified, but they were very sexy," Fedorenko said later. As expected, Enger was elated, so much so that he began spending more time with his new source. Despite his hatred of the KGB, Fedorenko soon found himself liking Enger. "He was harmless, almost an idiot, but lovable." He also learned that Enger was an excellent source for KGB gossip. Because of his position, Enger was privy to which Soviets were having sexual affairs, which were drunks, which were suspected of being disloyal: information that Fedorenko passed on to Rick.

One night, Fedorenko arrived at the CIA safe house still chuckling over

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*Ames later helped Fedorenko open a checking account after he defected to the United States. Because Fedorenko did not have a permanent U.S. address at the time, he listed Ames's home address as his own. It was the discovery of this account that made public Fedorenko's spying during the 1970s. The *Washington Post* inadvertently exposed Fedorenko when one of its reporters noticed that the FBI had found a joint checkbook with Fedorenko's name on it when it collected evidence at Ames's house. The reporter wrote a story raising questions about Fedorenko's links to Ames, and within days Fedorenko's relationship with the FBI and CIA was made public. Fedorenko was furious, because he was afraid that the Russian government might punish his relatives in Moscow, but none of them was arrested or questioned.

an exchange that he and Enger had had earlier. KGB *rezident* Boris Solomatin's tour was over, and his successor, Yuri Ivanovich Drozdov, was eager to prove himself. He had demanded that his officers recruit more Americans. "Enger is under tremendous pressure, so he asked me if I would invite an American diplomat over to my apartment for a cookout," Fedorenko told Rick. "Enger says to me: 'We can grill some shiskabobs and then pitch him.' I said, 'Valdek, what can we offer him to spy?' and he says, 'Well, we don't have any money, but maybe we could give him a nice Russian fur hat.' I said, 'Valdek, you aren't going to get a man of his caliber to betray his country for a fur cap,' and he says, 'Well, who could we get to betray his country for a fur cap?' I told him, 'Only one of our people!'"

Fedorenko and Rick laughed all night.

Rick's commute to New York soon became routine. He would leave Washington before dawn on a commuter train and take a taxi to the FBI's New York field office, where he would chat with R. Patrick Watson, a special agent who was also assigned to handle Fedorenko. Oftentimes, Watson and Rick would eat lunch and discuss the questions they would ask their agent later that night. Rick would buy some steaks and wine for the evening and then take the subway to the safe house to prepare dinner for himself and Fedorenko. One afternoon in 1975, while riding on the subway to the safe house, Rick fell asleep. He woke up just as the subway car was about to pull away from his exit. Rick bolted out the doors just as they were closing and started down the ramp. Then he realized he had left his briefcase on the train. Inside it were snapshots that Fedorenko had taken at a recent party. He had written the names of the Russians in the photographs on the back of each picture. "There were over three hundred Soviets living in the Soviet residential compound and it was near the end of the line. I knew most of them rode the subway. It was clearly a hot zone." If Rick's briefcase were found by the KGB, Fedorenko was sure to be identified and arrested. Rick was only a couple of stops from the end of the subway line, so he raced to the other side of the tracks and waited for the subway car that he had been riding to return. When it arrived, he raced inside, but his briefcase was gone. "I ran to the safe house and called Watson."

Neither Rick nor Watson said anything about the missing briefcase when Fedorenko arrived at the safe house that night. Neither warned him that he could be in grave danger. As far as they knew, KGB agents could have been examining Rick's case at that very moment. When Fedorenko left, as carefree as ever, Rick was terrified that he would never see him again. The next morning, Watson called Rick. "We got it!" A woman had found the case and had looked through it for some sort of identification papers. When she saw the photographs and read the Russian names on them, she had become frightened. The next morning, she called the FBI. Rick's bosses put a reprimand in his personnel file. "That night was one of the worst in my life," he said later. "I can still remember how upset I was, because I thought I was going to be responsible for getting Sergey killed."

Despite that screwup, the agency promoted Rick to its New York City office and gave him an even bigger case than Fedorenko. He was assigned to help handle Fedorenko's boss, Ambassador Arkady Nikolaevich Shevchenko, the number two man at the UN. Originally, Shevchenko had wanted to defect when he first contacted the agency in 1975, but the CIA had sent one of its best recruiters to meet the diplomat, and he had convinced him to postpone his defection and work as an agent.

"We had Shevchenko, who had access to a wealth of diplomatic cables and information. We had TRIGON in Moscow photographing many of the same diplomatic cables that Shevchenko was telling us about, and we had Sergey Fedorenko giving us information at the UN too," Ames said later. "None of them knew about the other. We also had a fourth source, an agent whose crypt was FEDORA. He was supplying us with stuff from the Soviet residency in New York. It was just a gangbuster time!"

Rick and Nan moved into a glitzy one-bedroom apartment in a building called The Revere at 400 East 54th Street in Manhattan. From their living room they could see the East River. Despite their new surroundings, they were flat broke. They'd lost Nan's salary when she'd quit her job to move with Rick, and the prices in midtown Manhattan were much higher than they were used to paying. "We were so busted that when we went to visit Nan's folks in Pennsylvania, we had to take the bus." One of Rick's relatives would later recall visiting him and Nan in New York. "Rick was wearing really old clothes and the two of them were barely scraping by, but neither seemed to care. Money just wasn't that important to them."

Nan found a job working for the lobbying group Common Cause, and Rick got a pay raise. Still, he was peeved. He didn't think that he was being promoted as quickly as he should have been, and he thought he knew why. "I was not punching the right bureaucratic tickets. I was handling really important cases, but the promotion panels only paid attention to one thing—recruitments. I wasn't recruiting anyone, so I was not on the fast track." Ames began trolling the city in search of vulnerable Soviets. The CIA's main office was in the Pan Am Building, but he worked undercover from a dummy corporate office in a skyscraper on Lexington Avenue and 42nd Street. When he met Soviets, he was supposed to tell them that he was a businessman from the Midwest who came to New York frequently. "It was a really poor cover. I mean, what's a businessman from Ohio going to have in common with Soviets?" Despite his best efforts, he couldn't find anyone to recruit. "It didn't bother me, because I really didn't have time anyway to develop any contacts. I was too busy with Fedorenko and Shevchenko."

Technically, Rick was not Shevchenko's handler. That job belonged to the deputy chief of the New York station, but he was busy and let Rick do it. In mid-1977, James Dudley Haase took over the deputy's job and he decided to take control of the case. Haase was a forty-six-year-old heavyset ex-Marine. Shevchenko was a refined, piano-playing, and poetry-reading diplomat. They didn't hit it off. "Shevchenko had an awful lot of personal problems with his marriage and his drinking, and whenever he would get drunk with us and become weepy, Jim's reaction would be 'C'mon, quit sniveling, straighten up and be a man!' and that would just make Arkady even more miserable, so I would sort of hold his hand and quietly build him back up so we could send him out the door again."

Rick developed a personal fondness for the diplomat. "The first thing every CIA officer is told is 'Never fall in love with your agents.' And that is always exactly what happens anyway. I'm not talking about a sexual relationship. I'm talking about letting down your professional guard so that you begin believing everything that the agent tells you and begin worrying more about his best interest instead of your country's." Shevchenko was given the cryptonym DYNAMITE, and it proved a fitting tag. "He'd walk into the safe house and say, 'I've had it. I've done enough! I'm ready to defect,' and Jim and I would begin talking to him and getting him excited about what he was doing and get him to promise to hang on until the next session at the UN ended or whatever. He was too good a source to lose."

Shevchenko kept the CIA apprised of the ongoing feud in the Kremlin between Leonid Brezhnev and Aleksey Kosygin about how friendly the USSR should be toward the United States. He told them what the Kremlin was ordering Soviet ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin to do at the UN, what the Soviets' position on arms control talks were, even the Soviets' fallback positions in the SALT I talks. He provided details about how the Soviets' commitment to the fighting in Angola was weakening, top secret data about Soviet economics, even reports about the rapidly declining reserves in the oil fields in the Volga-Ural region. "Shevchenko's access was unbelievable. All we had to do was ask and he could get us an answer."

Not long after he began working with Shevchenko, Rick learned that Sergey Fedorenko was being recalled to Moscow. "Suddenly, I had Sergey wanting to defect, too, and one of my biggest accomplishments was convincing him to go ahead and return home," Ames recalled. "Of course when it came time for my next promotion, I once again got turned down because I hadn't recruited anyone. It was a joke. I was responsible for keeping Fedorenko on board, but that didn't count." Fedorenko was being assigned to work in the same foreign ministry office as Alexander Ogorodnik, TRIGON, when he returned to Russia. "We actually took Sergey into New Jersey and put him through an abbreviated version of the internal training program that we put our own officers through at the Farm," Ames said later. "That's how much we valued and trusted him. We'd never done that before." Rick gave Fedorenko a man's black leather purse as a gift at their last meeting. They hugged each other.

"Be careful," Rick said.

Fedorenko laughed. What did he possibly have to fear?

CHAPTER 6

MOSCOW

On July 15, 1977, Martha Peterson, a young CIA officer serving undercover at the U.S. embassy in Moscow, casually strolled across a bridge that spans the Moscow River. When she reached the grass on the opposite side, she paused, glanced around, and then stooped over. She was about to put what appeared to be a rock on the ground when a black Volga shot forward and screeched to a stop in front of her. Its back door flew open and a Russian woman bolted out. Without saying a word, she grabbed Peterson, spun her around, and ripped open her blouse, revealing a radio receiver taped to her chest. Peterson had been using it to monitor KGB surveillance, and had mistakenly thought that she had "gone black," agency lingo for getting out of the embassy without being followed, a nearly impossible task in Moscow at the time. Two men shoved Peterson into the car and drove to Lubyanka, the KGB's imposing headquarters near the center of Moscow.

The rock that Peterson was putting on the ground was a CIA concealment device with rubles hidden inside it. She had been leaving the money for Alexander Ogorodnik, better known as TRIGON.

"I am a United States diplomat!" Peterson protested, when she reached Lubyanka. "I have diplomatic immunity." But the KGB questioned her for two hours before begrudgingly freeing her. She was declared persona non grata that same day and ordered to leave the USSR. TRIGON, meanwhile, had vanished.

Sergey Fedorenko read about Peterson's expulsion in the Soviet newspaper *Izvestia*. The KGB gave the newspaper photographs of the fake rock, secret writing materials, and a miniature camera that it said the CIA had provided its spy.

A friend from the foreign ministry telephoned Fedorenko later that same day. Had Fedorenko heard who had been arrested? the caller asked. Before Fedorenko could reply, his friend announced: "It was Ogorodnik!" Fedorenko felt betrayed. "Why did they need two of us working in the same department?" he complained later. The next day, he received more jarring news. He was being removed from his job and assigned to a different place to work. Fedorenko tried to stay calm. He kept reassuring himself that just because the KGB had arrested Ogorodnik, that didn't mean it knew that he was a CIA agent, too. Still, a thousand "hads" nagged at him. Had Ogorodnik done something stupid to expose himself? Had the CIA made a mistake? Or had someone inside the CIA betrayed its spies to the KGB? It was that last possibility that terrified Fedorenko the most. He had always prided himself on being smart enough to elude detection. But if there was a mole in the CIA, he was doomed. Fedorenko went to see his powerful father-in-law at his dacha outside Moscow. On his son-in-law's behalf, Nikolai Fedorenko had asked a few questions of his old friend Boris Solomatin, and had been given a warning. "The general says there is a whore lying in your files," Nikolai Fedorenko said. The younger Fedorenko understood the expression. Someone in the KGB had raised questions about his contacts with Americans. He was suspected of being a spy. That was all Solomatin had said. During Fedorenko's return drive to Moscow, he reviewed all of his recent contacts with Rick and Watson. Had he made a mistake? He couldn't think of anything that he had done wrong, and once again, he wondered if he had been fingered by someone inside the CIA. Who?

Yelena was still at work when Fedorenko entered their quiet apartment. He poured himself a drink and sat down to think. Suddenly he sensed that something was wrong. Nothing seemed out of order in the apartment, yet he suspected it had been searched. He hurried over to his collection of jazz records. More than three thousand of them sat upright in a row that stretched along one entire wall. He kept them arranged according to his eclectic tastes. Several, he noticed, were out of order. Someone had removed them, probably grabbed a handful at a time, and not put them back correctly. He was sure the KGB had been there. He slipped an LP out of its cover, removing the two sheets of white paper that protected it from being scratched. Good, he thought. The KGB had missed his trick. Before he came to Moscow, he had been given sheets of secret writing paper by the CIA. The paper was treated with a clear chemical substance. Whatever he wrote would vanish and could only be recovered when the paper was "developed" with another chemical. He had hidden these special papers in his albums, making the separate sheets look as if they were the sleeves for his records. He removed all the albums that contained the secret sheets and dashed into the bedroom where he had hidden his spy camera. He packed the spy gear into an empty tennis ball can and, later that night, after Yelena was asleep, he tucked the container inside his jacket and took his dog outside for a walk. By the time he reached a nearby park, he felt confident that he was not being followed. Using his pocketknife, he punched holes in the ends of the tennis can and then buried it. He estimated that it would take about a month for enough water to seep inside to ruin the contents. That gave him time to retrieve the spy gear if he decided he was being paranoid. He would later recall that as he hurried back to his apartment that night, there was only one loose end that remained. "I hoped like hell that the CIA was smart enough not to try to contact me."

Six weeks after Peterson was expelled from Moscow, the CIA confirmed through various diplomatic sources that TRIGON was dead. Several stories have surfaced over the years about how he died. The most popular first appeared in the 1983 book *KGB Today: The Hidden Hand*, by John Barron, a writer with friendly ties to the CIA. According to this account, Ogorodnik was arrested and taken to Lubyanka, where he immediately admitted that he was a spy and began lecturing inquisitors about the evils of communism. Having delivered his own eulogy of sorts, Ogorodnik asked the guards if he could use his own fountain pen to sign his confession. When they foolishly handed it to him, he snapped it open and swallowed the suicide capsule that was hidden inside. He died instantly. Another version popular among American writers has Ogorodnik committing suicide after he is tortured for several hours. In this version, Ogorodnik is again portrayed as a gallant anticommunist, faithful until death. There is no mention in either of these versions of his love affair with Pilar Sanchez or the money that the agency was giving him in fake rocks.

I went to Moscow twice to conduct interviews for this book, and during my month-long trips, I spoke to nearly two dozen retired and active KGB officials. One of these men claimed that he had been on the team sent to arrest Ogorodnik. "Luckily for me, I was assigned to drive the car that day," he said, laughing. "We had just put the traitor Ogorodnik in the rear seat—two of our officers were seated next to him—when he managed to remove a pill from his pocket. He swallowed it before our men noticed. I became aware of what was happening when Ogorodnik began thrashing around wildly, and I heard my comrades cursing at each other while trying to subdue him and make him vomit. I drove as fast as the car could go to a hospital, where doctors tried to drain his stomach, but it was too late. We later discovered that he had gotten a pill, perhaps from a fountain pen. I was able to avoid punishment because I was merely the driver, but my comrades were demoted."

Admiral Stansfield Turner, who was then the director of the CIA, ordered Leonard McCoy, the deputy chief of counterintelligence, to investigate why Ogorodnik had been caught. Almost immediately, McCoy's probe got sidetracked. A few weeks before Ogorodnik disappeared, he had delivered a roll of microfilm to the CIA in Moscow. The film contained photographs of diplomatic cables, including one written by the Soviet Union's ambassador to the United States, Anatoly Dobrynin, describing a private conversation between himself and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. According to the cable, Kissinger was furious because Jimmy Carter had been elected president and was replacing him with Cyrus Vance. Kissinger was quoted in the cable viciously attacking both men, whom he reportedly described as "amateurs." He was then quoted giving Dobrynin advice about how he could outsmart Vance and his negotiators during the SALT II treaty talks. SALT I was scheduled to expire in October 1977. If the cable were genuine, and if what Dobrynin had written was an accurate reflection of their talks, then Henry Kissinger had committed, in the opinion of some CIA officials who read the cable, an act of treason by aiding the Soviets in the SALT negotiations.

Not everyone, however, felt the cable was genuine. The cable could have been disinformation planted by the KGB to embarrass Kissinger. No one knew for certain when Ogorodnik had been arrested, and it was possible that the KGB had found the microfilm, manufactured a fake cable, and added it to the film intentionally to embarrass Kissinger and confuse the CIA.

For several days, a closeknit group of senior CIA officials debated whether or not the cable was real and, if it were, whether the former secretary of state had betrayed his country. Both superpowers knew that Kissinger and Dobrynin had a special relationship, dating back to when Kissinger had been President Nixon's national security advisor. Historians would later credit the two men's "back channel" communications with helping pave the way for détente. It made sense to those who thought the cable was genuine that Kissinger would be angry about being removed from his perch on the world stage, and that he would lash out at Carter and Vance. They also pointed out that the controversial cable was found in the middle of a roll of microfilm. The documents on either side of it were clearly genuine. Why would the KGB jeopardize these other documents just to embarrass Kissinger? Finally, the men who thought the cable was legitimate argued that the Kremlin had no reason to blast Kissinger, since the Soviets had wanted Gerald Ford to continue as president and Kissinger to stay on as his secretary of state.

Those suspicious of the cable rejected all these arguments. The KGB was notorious for being anti-Semitic, and Kissinger was Jewish. The hard line KGB wanted détente to fail. What better way to undermine the SALT negotiations and détente than to leak a document that raised questions about Kissinger's loyalty? As for the other cables, exposing them was necessary in order to make the Dobrynin cable seem legitimate.

After several heated debates, the CIA bureaucracy decided to simply pass the buck. A carefully written memo about the Dobrynin cable was sent to the Carter White House. What happened next is unclear. To this day, the CIA has never acknowledged that the Dobrynin cable ever existed. Nor did the Carter White House ever comment on it. Periodically, stories about the cable have leaked out. The first detailed mention of it was made in the 1989 nonfiction book *Widows*. Retired navy admiral Elmo R. Zumwalt, Jr., referred to the cable briefly in a column in *The Washington Times*. But no one has ever been able to explain what happened to the cable. Ames claimed in interviews with me that he knows. "Kissinger still had friends in powerful places and they took care of him," Ames said. "All traces of the cable conveniently disappeared." Ames told me that he had looked for the Dobrynin cable in 1984 after he had reached a position in the SE division where he had access to Ogorodnik's case file. "I had heard so many rumors that I decided to investigate. I found the actual negatives from the microfilm that Ogorodnik had sent us, but there was one strip missing. It contained the photographs of the Dobrynin cable. I asked what had happened to that strip, and I was told that the strip had simply disappeared." According to notes in the files, several inquiries had been made to learn who had removed the strip, but no one had ever been able to identify who had taken it.

A retired senior CIA officer from the SE division, who was familiar with the Ogorodnik file, confirmed for me in an interview the gist of what Ames said. This officer acknowledged that the strip of negatives that contained the Dobrynin cable had indeed been removed and was presumed to have been destroyed. No one knew by whom.

I tried to find Dobrynin's original cable in Moscow at the foreign ministry, but despite repeated attempts, I failed. At one point, I asked an aide to Yevgeny Primakov, who in 1995 was the head of the External Intelligence Service (SVR), which succeeded the KGB, if I could have a copy of the cable. After several weeks, the aide told me that such a cable did exist, but that it would not be made public. He suggested that I not "emphasize its importance" in this book. "Ambassador Dobrynin had a reputation for sometimes exaggerating his own importance, much the same, I believe, as Mr. Kissinger did," the aide said. "Because of this, you should not assume that our leaders paid as much attention as you might expect to such a cable."

Someday the Dobrynin cable may surface in Moscow, if it still exists, but even if that happens, I am certain no one will know whether or not it is genuine, or if what Dobrynin supposedly wrote was an accurate reflection of what he and Kissinger said.

After the CIA washed its hands of the Dobrynin memo, McCoy again set out to discover why TRIGON had been caught. He decided that the spy himself was to blame. Sources in Moscow told the agency that hidden cameras inside the foreign ministry had caught Ogorodnik photographing diplomatic cables with his spy camera. The investigation of TRIGON's arrest was closed.

Five years later, the CIA would discover the real story behind Ogorodnik's arrest. In 1973, the same year that Ogorodnik became a spy, the CIA hired a man named Karl Koecher to work as a translator and assigned him to work in the SE division. A loud, hot-tempered Czechoslovak, fluent in Russian, French, Czech, and English, Koecher seemed to be a rabid anticommunist with excellent credentials. He was a naturalized American citizen who, along with his wife, Hana, had immigrated to New York City in 1965 to avoid religious persecution in his homeland. Koecher's mother was Jewish. Both Karl and Hana had passed routine lie detector tests and CIA background investigations. No one had any clue that the couple were actually "illegals"—Czech spies trained to infiltrate foreign governments. Surprisingly, the Koechers did not try to blend into the bureaucracy, as one might suspect. At least twice a week, the forty-year-old Karl and Hana, who was ten years his junior, swapped spouses with other couples or attended sex parties in the

Washington suburbs, according to investigative reporter Ronald Kessler, who based his 1988 book, *Spy vs. Spy*, in part on exclusive interviews with the couple. The Koechers frequented New York City sex clubs, and Hana would later brag of having had sex with numerous CIA employees, a U.S. senator, reporters from several major newspapers, and Pentagon officials.

Just how the Koechers discovered TRIGON's actual name remains in dispute. Some claim Hana learned it during one of her sexual trysts with an agency employee. More likely it was Karl who identified Ogorodnik, after being assigned to work at SCREEN, a crypt for a translation and analysis unit in the SE division. His job there was to translate stolen written reports and telephone conversations that had been secretly tape-recorded by the agency. Most of these materials were in Russian or Czech. Some were from TRIGON.

Koecher left the CIA before Ogorodnik's suicide, but he returned occasionally as a part-time employee to work on special projects. The FBI would later claim that it had become suspicious of Koecher after he was spotted giving documents to a known Czech spy. But Ames told me that explanation was a cover story used by the CIA and FBI to protect one of its sources. "We caught Koecher because a Czech source of ours working in their intelligence service told us about him." The Koechers were arrested in December 1984, and Karl confessed, but his statement was inadmissible in court because the two FBI agents and the CIA officer who had interrogated him made promises that they never intended to keep. The Justice Department couldn't risk taking the case to trial, so it agreed to swap the couple for the release of Soviet dissident Anatoly Shcharansky.

In interviews with me, Ames would insist that there was yet one more mystery about Ogorodnik that has never been made public. "We always assumed that Ogorodnik had lost the first suicide pill that we gave him [the one hidden in the cigarette lighter]," Ames confided, "but after he killed himself, we began hearing stories that he had actually used the pill to murder a woman in Moscow. It was a girlfriend whom he wanted to get rid of. Of course, the agency decided this was just Soviet disinformation, because none of us wanted to admit that we might have been responsible for giving him the means to kill an innocent woman."

When asked about this story, the KGB showed me a death certificate for a woman who had been found in her Moscow apartment in mid-1976. According to this document, the woman had died after ingesting a poison thought to be cyanide. There was no record of the woman having any living next of kin, so there was no way for me to learn much about her or prove that she had been Ogorodnik's girlfriend or that she, indeed, had even been murdered.

What is known is that TRIGON's suicide rattled the CIA officers who worked in Moscow. They were afraid that the incident might prompt the KGB to try a "provocation," a term used to describe a trap when one intelligence service sends an officer to pose as a potential spy and then arrests the person who comes to recruit him. Sure enough, a short time after the CIA learned about Ogorodnik's suicide, a CIA officer working in the U.S. embassy found a note tucked under the wiper of his car. The writer claimed he had access to military information that was so valuable it could "tip the balance of power." He said he worked at the Research Institute of Radiobuilding, the scientific branch responsible for developing and improving the USSR's radar systems, and he wanted to meet a CIA officer.

At around this same time, a CIA officer was ambushed by the KGB on his way to a meeting with a Soviet agent known by the cryptonym BLIP. The officer was booted out of the USSR, and the agency subsequently learned that BLIP had been arrested. CIA director Turner ordered the entire SE division to "stand down." All meetings with "assets" in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe were postponed. Obviously, something was wrong, and he didn't want any more Soviet assets disappearing on his watch.

Gus Hathaway, the CIA's chief of station in Moscow, thought Turner was overreacting. An aggressive manager, Hathaway asked for permission to contact the mysterious note-writer, who seemed eager to volunteer his services. But Turner and his advisors suspected the note was part of a trap, and Hathaway was told to remain in "stand down" status. A few weeks later, another note appeared. This time, the writer enclosed some technical details about one of the Soviet's radar systems, but even that disclosure was not enough to convince Director Turner that the volunteer was genuine. Hathaway began to fume. Someone needed to contact the note-writer, he argued. Turner said no. A month later, a thin, grim-looking man ran up to a CIA officer when he stopped his car at a light near the U.S. embassy and tried to hand him a third note. Horrified, the officer sped away. Now the director was confident that this was a KGB provocation. Everyone knew that the KGB watched the American embassy twenty-four-hours per day and tailed most CIA officers who worked there. What sort of fool would risk such a direct approach? Only someone who had nothing to lose because he was not a genuine spy. Two weeks later, the same man made another unsuccessful attempt to talk with a CIA officer. In a strongly worded cable, Hathaway offered the director's office a compromise. He asked for permission to call the note-writer at a number scribbled at the bottom of one of his notes. Director Turner reluctantly agreed.

"There's a package waiting for you," Hathaway told the man who answered the telephone. It was hidden at a telephone booth near the radar institute. The CIA was watching when the thin man hurried to the public booth and grabbed the package. It contained a list of questions about Soviet radar, detailed instructions about how and where to leave the answers to those questions, and a five-hundred-ruble note, worth about five hundred dollars at the time. A week later, the thin man left his reply at another telephone booth. Inside that package, the agency found detailed answers to all of its technical questions. All doubts about whether or not the note-writer was a double agent quickly vanished. The information he provided was so secret that the agency knew instantly the KGB would never have risked releasing it. A CIA officer was sent to greet the agency's newest volunteer.

"My name is Adolf Tolkachev," the Soviet told the officer. Overnight, Tolkachev became one of the agency's most important spies. He provided the United States with detailed information about the electronic guidance systems used in the Soviet MIG fighters, as well as details about the countermeasures the MIGs used to elude U.S. aircraft. Even more important were the technical drawings he gave the CIA of the Soviet's Stealth technology. The CIA had lost an extremely valuable asset in TRIGON, yet despite its own best efforts to ignore him, the agency had gained a new spy as important, some might say even more valuable, in Tolkachev.

CHAPTER 7

Arkady Shevchenko was frightened. He asked Rick and Jim Haase to meet him at the CIA safe house they used for emergency meetings. It was an apartment in the same building where Shevchenko and his wife lived. On March 31, 1978, a Friday, the ambassador hurried down the three flights that separated the two units and burst inside. He had received a cable calling him back to Moscow, he said, and he didn't want to go. For twenty-seven months, he had been a spy. He was ready to defect.

Shevchenko would later write in his 1985 book, *Breaking With Moscow*, that he hadn't been certain why he was being called home, but Ames and others in the agency told me that the diplomat had been afraid that his wife, Lina, had gotten them into trouble. She was friendly with Lidiya Dmitriyevna Gromyko, the wife of the Soviet foreign minister Andrey Andreyevich Gromyko, and the two of them had been engaging for months in "speculation." Lina Shevchenko would buy fur coats and antiques in New York City and ship them to Lidiya Gromyko for resale at inflated prices in Moscow. This was illegal, and Shevchenko had warned his wife to stop, but she had called him a coward and insisted that all the *nachal'niki* (bosses) used their overseas tours to get rich. "We had been worried for weeks about Arkady's continuing inability to get a hold on his own life and his deteriorating relationship with his wife," said Ames, "and we had decided a few weeks earlier to take him on a short vacation out to a cabin in the woods. We were going to have the director of the CIA give him a medal and pump up his ego."* Rick and Haase tried to get Shevchenko to change his mind about defecting, but he was adamant, so the agency decided to hide him at the cabin it had already rented. Rick asked Shevchenko if he had told his wife that he was going to seek asylum. "No," he replied. He had been afraid that she would turn him in to the KGB. She was asleep upstairs. Rick suggested that Shevchenko write his wife a letter. They sent him up to his apartment to leave it in an obvious spot where she would find it in the morning. Making him return to his apartment was a good way to check how serious he was, Rick and Haase decided. A few minutes after he left them, Shevchenko reappeared, carrying an overnight bag. "Let's go," he said. Rick and Haase hurried him downstairs to a waiting car, which sped out of Manhattan.

Everyone was too nervous to sleep when they got to the cabin. They knew the defection of the number two official at the UN would spark worldwide headlines. At first light, Shevchenko called his apartment to ask Lina to join him. The FBI was waiting to help her defect. A man answered the phone.

"Lina?" Shevchenko asked.

"*Yeeyo nyet doma.* [She's not at home.]"

Shevchenko dropped the phone. He was sure it was the KGB.

His defection was the lead story on television that night and front page news the next morning. "We had everyone trying to find where we were hiding him," Ames recalled. "The Russians, the media, everyone was after us." The agency decided to move Shevchenko after a truck from a television station was spotted in the area. They took him from one hotel to another. Rick continued to be his escort. The Soviets demanded that Shevchenko meet with them in person to insure that he had not been kidnaped. A meeting was arranged in Manhattan. Shevchenko was taken there in a convoy of FBI cars. Soviet ambassador Dobrynin and Soviet UN ambassador Troyanovsky were the only Russians allowed to meet with him. Troyanovsky told Shevchenko that his wife had been flown back to Moscow and was horrified by what he had done. The KGB was questioning Shevchenko's grown daughter and son, Troyanovsky added. He suggested that Shevchenko rethink his decision. Shevchenko demanded that his wife and children be released, otherwise he would not resign his post at the UN, which the Soviets were demanding that he do. The meeting turned into a heated exchange of insults, and Shevchenko stormed from the room. A second meeting held a few days later was equally tense. Worried that the KGB might try to kidnap Shevchenko, the FBI instituted even more security. "When we left the second meeting and were crossing the Brooklyn Bridge, the FBI agents in the back of our convoy simply stopped and parked in the middle of the Brooklyn Bridge," Ames recalled. "They blocked all of the traffic trying to cross the bridge for about ten to fifteen minutes while we got away."

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*Intelligence services often issue awards to spies to boost their morale. Sergey Fedorenko was given thank-you notes that he was told had been written by Henry Kissinger, and the KGB awarded John Walker, Jr., the honorary rank of admiral in the Soviet Navy for his spying.

As the negotiations between the Soviets and Shevchenko continued to drag, tempers flared. "The pressure was incredible and none of us was happy," Ames said. He and Shevchenko found themselves alone one afternoon in the living room of a guest house on the grounds of an estate owned by a wealthy businessman outside New York City. "Arkady lost it. He had been threatening to redefect all day, and finally, I lost it, too. I said, 'Listen, Arkady, if you want to go back, we can get in that car outside, and I will personally drive you up to 67th Street and hold the door open for you in front of the Soviet mission! If you can't control yourself and see yourself functioning in the United States, then say the word and we'll leave right now.' Arkady started screaming at me. 'Who do you think you are—talking to me like that?' Which is exactly the reaction I wanted. I wanted to remind him that he was someone who was extremely important and capable of taking control. For about a half hour, we shouted at each other, and then we calmed down. We were both exhausted. Afterwards we had some stew, and he asked me what I would have done if he had said, 'Take me to the mission!' I laughed and said I would have driven him as far as 64th Street before turning around."

Eventually the furor died down, and the agency arranged for Shevchenko to return to his apartment. The KGB had stripped it bare. There was no trace of anything personal from his previous life. A few days later, Shevchenko was informed that Lina was dead. The KGB said she had become so depressed that she had committed suicide. He didn't believe it and still doesn't. The agency decided to buy Shevchenko a house in a Washington, D.C., suburb. Rick rode from New York City with Shevchenko to a Sheraton Hotel in Washington, D.C., which was to be his temporary quarters until he chose a house. "We shook hands, and on an impulse I took out a pad and I wrote my home phone number on it. I had never given anyone else my real phone number and I was breaking a rule, but I told him that if he ever needed anything he could call me. I really meant it and he thanked me and got out of the car, and that was the last time I ever saw him. I was immediately relieved to be rid of him, because I hadn't been home for a month, but I really was moved by my experiences with him."

Nan had saved newspaper clippings about Shevchenko for Rick, but they only talked briefly about it after he got home. Nan had a new job and was busy. "She was consumed with her own work, and her interest in what I was doing was at the vanishing point. We didn't talk much. If I was at home, we would watch television or go to a show. We were drifting apart, but neither of us seemed to care. It was like, 'Why bother'. At least that is how I perceived us." They had been married nine years.*

Rick began drinking at night before he went home. He also began calling Peggy Anderson, his old high school pal. She was married, but not happily. Rick would babble about how he wished he had married her instead of Nan. "He was very lonely," Anderson said later. Rick started dating other women. Initially it was for sex, but his one-night stands soon led to more serious betrayals. He had two love affairs, both with women at work. If Nan knew, she never let on. There were no angry accusations, no screaming fits.

Rick and Nan were close friends in New York with David and Angela Blake. Occasionally David would see Rick with other women, but because Rick was a CIA officer, David assumed the women were part of some cover story. "Nan and Rick liked going to the opera and they had a wonderful collection of classical and opera records," said Angela Blake. "But most weekends, they would invite us over for dinner and Rick would cook Chinese. We would just sit around and discuss things. We did notice that you rarely saw any affection between them, but neither of them were very demonstrative. There certainly was no indication that either of them was miserable."

Said Rick, "Because we didn't argue and fight, it appeared as if we were content, but there was no passion, and certainly not much sex. I felt Nan and I were simply playing the role of a husband and a wife. I just figured this was how things were after a few years. Besides, I was really busy at work."

The SE division was in the midst of another crisis, this time about the pending publication of *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald*, by Edward Jay Epstein. CIA officials had obtained an advance copy of the book and were enraged, because it revealed that the CIA had two high-ranking

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*Nancy Segebarth Ames declined to be interviewed for this book.

Soviets spying for it. Epstein had learned about them while investigating the assassination of President Kennedy. According to the book, shortly after the assassination, the agency had questioned a key Soviet source known as FEDORA about Oswald. Epstein said that the CIA had access to another important Soviet, known as TOPHAT, if it wished to do additional checking on Oswald's possible ties with the KGB. The agency had never faced a problem like this before. Epstein was about to reveal the cryptonyms of two Soviet agents who were still active agents. "People were livid," said Ames. "The book was not only going to put FEDORA and TOPHAT in real danger, it was going to terrify our other Soviet sources. They were going to wonder if their cryptonyms were going to be published next. What made the matter worse was that we all suspected that we knew the name of Epstein's source: James Jesus Angleton. We felt certain that he had betrayed us."

Few within the agency were as legendary, controversial, or ruthless as Angleton. The bony, bespectacled counterintelligence chief had been convinced that a KGB mole had burrowed himself into the agency, and during the 1960s and early 1970s, Angleton had led an obsessive witch hunt for this phantom traitor. One of the reasons top CIA officials believed Angleton was the source behind the leak was that he had always suspected FEDORA and TOPHAT of actually being under the KGB's control. Of course, by 1974, when he was finally fired after serving twenty years as the nation's top spycatcher, Angleton had become convinced that nearly every Soviet recruited after 1960 was a double agent. Senior CIA officials knew in 1978, when they obtained an advance copy of Epstein's book, that Angleton was a deeply embittered man. Still, even his harshest critics had not thought that he would reveal information about two active agents. "I can't stress enough how utterly shocked everyone was," Ames said later. When Angleton was confronted by the agency, he denied that he was Epstein's source and instead blamed William Sullivan, a high-ranking FBI official, for the leaks about FEDORA and TOPHAT. Inside the agency, however, Angleton remained the chief suspect.

"I remember wondering during all of the uproar," Ames said, "how a man who had been so close to the heart of the CIA could have done what he did. I can't emphasize enough what an extraordinary betrayal it was at the time."

The agency knew that trying to block publication of the book would only call attention to it, so the CIA decided to warn the two agents and offer both a chance to defect. FEDORA, whose real name was Aleksey Isidorovich Kulak, was in the most danger because he lived in Moscow and was mentioned in several of the book's passages. The other spy, TOPHAT, was Dmitri Fedorovich Polyakov, a GRU general stationed in New Delhi, India. The agency decided that Gus Hathaway, who was still the Moscow chief of station, needed to contact FEDORA. Although Hathaway refused to be interviewed for this book, Ames and others still in the agency confirmed that Hathaway went to elaborate steps to leave the U.S. embassy without being followed. He then telephoned FEDORA from a pay telephone, stunning the spy. Choosing his words carefully, Hathaway warned him that something was going to appear in the United States that could endanger his life. He offered to ex-filtrate FEDORA and his family from the USSR, and promised that FEDORA's "friends" would make certain that he was well provided for in his new home. Despite the danger, FEDORA decided to stay put. "We will never contact you again," Hathaway was later quoted as telling him. The agency sent another officer to warn Polyakov and make him the same offer. He, too, declined the agency's help. A short time later, Epstein's book was published. Neither FEDORA nor TOPHAT was arrested, but Polyakov's tour was cut short and he was ordered to return to Moscow. Later, Polyakov would be told by a friend that he had come under suspicion for being a spy because of the book. Neither man was of any use to the United States again as an agent. "Angleton was never punished," said Ames.

Shevchenko's defection left Rick spyless, so the agency assigned him another promising Soviet to handle. He was a prominent Russian scientist who had been recruited by an FBI agent in San Francisco, but was now working in New York. His crypt was BYPLAY.* Rick liked BYPLAY, and the two men soon became friends. Rick's work in New York impressed his bosses. In late 1978, the chief of the CIA's African division, Clair George, asked Rick if he was interested in becoming the deputy chief of station in Lagos, Nigeria. The chief there would be Milton A. Bearden, a personable, cowboy-boot-wearing Oklahoman whom Rick really liked. "Lagos was one of the largest and most active African posts, and it was one of the spots where the agency sent officers who were clearly being groomed for better jobs," Ames said later. He rushed home to tell Nan, but she was not enthused. She had just gotten a promotion at her job, and she reminded him that she had already tossed away one career because of their marriage. She was not going to leave New York. "I really agonized over what to do," Ames said later. "I thought about going without her. She just sort of said, 'Well, you have to do what you have to do, and I have to do what I have to do,' but that always seemed to mean that I ended up doing what she wanted." Rick turned down the Lagos offer. A few months later, Rick was offered a job at the Moscow station, but he turned it down for the same reasons as before. "I went to see Clair at headquarters after that, but it seemed clear to me that my refusal had muddied the waters. My decisions showed I was not willing to sacrifice everything for the company."

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*BYPLAY has never been identified publicly nor was he ever arrested by the KGB, even though Ames would later admit that he had told his KGB handlers about him. The CIA does not know why BYPLAY was not arrested. I attempted to interview him in Moscow but was told that he did not want to meet with me. I have chosen not to reveal his name or provide readers with any information that might endanger his life today.

Rodney W. Carlson, the New York branch chief, warned Rick that no one in the SE division got to stay in Manhattan forever. At about this same time, BYPLAY was called back to Moscow, once again leaving Rick without any agents to handle. He began trolling. After Ames was arrested, the CIA would insist that he had never recruited a single Soviet as an agent during his entire career, but Ames would insist that he had recruited several Soviets. None, however, turned out to be very productive. Such was the case during 1979, and Rick grew restless. One night, while he was attending a party given by a wealthy American businessman, Rick met Thomas Kolesnichenko, a senior correspondent for *Pravda*. Rick introduced himself as Frank Madison, one of the aliases that he used, and told the heavyset, gregarious Russian that he was a Sovietologist employed by a nonprofit think tank in New Hampshire. Rick invited Kolesnichenko to lunch a few days later, and the two men soon started meeting regularly for meals in some of the city's most expensive restaurants. Because of his position as a senior *Pravda* correspondent, Kolesnichenko knew many of the rising young leaders in the Communist Party, including Mikhail S. Gorbachev. "I remember having lunch with Thomas after Yuri Andropov left his post as head of the KGB and accepted a spot on the central committee. Thomas told me, 'The deal is done. My country's next leader is going to be Andropov.' And by God, he was right!" Ames said.

Rick began filing detailed reports after his sessions with Kolesnichenko, but none of his bosses paid any attention to them. They dismissed Kolesnichenko as a "party hack" and "propagandist" and questioned why Rick was wasting so much time with him. Rick got angry. He argued that Kolesnichenko was "an insider" who understood how his country worked better than nearly all of the CIA's so-called experts. "Thomas knew his country was going to radically change once [Leonid] Brezhnev and the members of the Kremlin's old oligarchy died," Ames later said. "But the agency was only interested in finding out who was in the KGB and what the KGB was plotting. I began to realize how shortsighted this was." Under Kolesnichenko's tutelage, Rick began to see the USSR through different eyes. "I began to learn that what held the vast Soviet system together, and ensured it would all creak roughly in unison, was not merely the Communist Party. It was a highly evolved network of personal and institutional relationships, mostly developed after 1953, and the result of a myriad of political, economic, personal, and other sorts of pulling and hauling. It was this *nomenklatura* which defined the Soviet system and that was something which Sovietologists and historians had understood almost since World War II, but which we in the agency still did not comprehend."

Although the agency had made it clear that it did not consider Kolesnichenko's views worthwhile, Rick continued to file memos crediting the reporter with important insights. "No one listened. Having a guy explain Soviet foreign policy in Soviet terms, like Thomas was doing, was perceived within the agency as nothing but a big yawner."

Rick began losing interest in his job. "All the CIA wanted to do was catch spies, it really didn't want useful intelligence." In October 1980, he was reprimanded for leaving a safe unlocked that contained top secret documents. "When my first two-year tour in New York ended, I thought, 'Hey, this is fun, I'll stick around for another tour. Then when the next one ended, I thought, 'This is still fun, besides where can I go?' But by 1980, it was not much fun anymore. I felt stuck because of Nan, and I began to resent it, although I never told her that I did."

One morning, Rick was walking down Second Avenue from his apartment to his Manhattan office, when he turned a corner and looked west along 42nd Street. "The street sort of drops away beneath you, and as I made the turn and was standing up there, I looked out and there were about forty thousand people moving up and down the sidewalk, and all of a sudden, I thought, *I've got to get out of here!*"

In January 1981, Rick was told to report to Langley for a meeting with Gus Hathaway, who had returned to headquarters after finishing his tour in Moscow. He told Rick that a young case officer in Mexico City had been caught stealing money. The officer had claimed that he had recruited a Soviet diplomat, but was actually pocketing the money that the CIA was giving him for his agent. The officer had been fired, leaving a slot in Mexico City vacant. Did Rick want it?

"It seemed like the perfect solution," Ames said later. Mexico City was only a few hours away by airplane. Nan could stay in New York. He could live in Mexico. They could get together once or twice a month for weekend visits. Lots of professional couples had commuter marriages, he told himself. "I talked it over with Nan, and we agreed it was a good idea, so I took the job. I don't think either of us had any idea about what was going to happen when we began living apart. We were just blithely going along, pretending that nothing was wrong."

THE WORDS OF RICK AMES

By the time I left New York, I was really beginning to change how I perceived the agency and intelligence. Beginning with TRIGON and later with Arkady Shevchenko, we were getting really good—and I mean first-class—political information about the Soviets. We were getting really top-notch military information from Tolkachev and Polyakov, too. I mean we were getting it all. Don't forget we also had our spy satellites sending us back intelligence. And do you know what all of this data—from human agents and the satellites—kept telling us over again and again and again and again? It told us that we were disproportionally stronger than the Soviet Union and the Warsaw Pact. It told us that Soviet forces couldn't compete with us. The bottom line was that with only the most minor exceptions, we were consistently superior militarily to the Soviets. It didn't matter whether we were talking about our bombers, our nuclear warheads, our megatonnage, our missiles—in every damn area—whether it was the quietness of our submarines, the quality of our aircraft avionics, the training of our pilots—everything you could think of—we were light-years ahead of them. The only military advantage the Soviets had was bodies. They had more men.

You must understand that this reporting was consistent in the intelligence community starting right after World War II and going up to the collapse of the Soviet Union. We did our job. We consistently drew a picture of a Soviet Union and Warsaw Pact that never would decide to fight a war against us. And yet, decade after decade, the political leadership in both parties ignored that intelligence. They were committed to running around screaming, "The Russians are coming! The Russians are coming!" Every administration pushed the Soviet threat. Every administration misread it. Every administration overestimated it. It wasn't just Reagan, it was Carter before him and Ford before him and Nixon *and JFK before him. Why? Why did they do this? Because it was good politics! No president wants to be seen as being weak on communism and that translates into being strong on defense. Americans had to be Number One no matter if the other superpower was incapable of striking back. I read TRIGON's reports, and those diplomatic cables showed a feeling of helplessness among Soviet policymakers. They believed that they were under terrific pressure. Their cables were filled with statements about how the Soviets felt that they were losing in every way. They knew they were falling behind—were being passed by the United States economically and militarily. And yet Henry Kissinger and Gerald Ford and later the Democrats all blustered about a resurgence in Soviet aggressiveness and military power. The Russians are notorious for blustering and then backing down. We knew this.*

TRIGON died. He gave us fantastic political intelligence and it cost him his life. What good did it do? Not one damn bit of good, because none of it mattered. That was the CIA's dirty little secret. Every White House ignored what the evidence overwhelming showed was true. They preferred to push the myth. They preferred to say the sky was falling. TRIGON died. Why? For what? When I left New York City, I knew that much of what I was doing was for nothing. Soviets were risking their lives to tell us information that our leaders didn't want to hear and refused to use. I knew it, and I began to realize that much of what we were doing really was just part of a silly game.

THE WORDS OF OTHERS

Henpecked, lazy, a nerd with an attitude, Ames, 52, sounded like a small-timer on the FBI tapes that led to his arrest last week on charges of espionage.

—*Newsweek* cover story, March 7, 1994

What really amazed me about Rick is that I thought he had a feeling of loyalty to the people whom he dealt with and that is the betrayal that I can't understand—the personal betrayal. I can understand why he didn't have any loyalty to the agency. I can understand how he could have lost his way so that there came a point when it didn't matter to him if he was the recruiter or the recruitee. But what I can't understand is how he lost his loyalty, not only to his coworkers, such as me, but his friends, people like Sergey Fedorenko! How can you ever justify betraying the people closest to you?

—R. Patrick Watson, FBI

The National Intelligence Estimates were not inaccurate or misleading, former CIA director Stansfield Turner said, but were simply "irrelevant" to the president in making policy.... "How could we have thought we possibly needed more [missiles]?" former CIA director Stansfield Turner asked. He said the agency should have told President Carter there was no need to build more weapons, except for purely political reasons. "What it should have said to him, in my view, was simply two words: 'Too much.' We and the Soviets both have too much firepower to need any more," said Turner.

—*The Washington Post*, December 3, 1994

After his arrest, Ames made it sound as if the Soviets were never a military threat. Obviously, he forgot about what they did in Afghanistan, Nicaragua, and Angola.

—Senior CIA official, SE division

Nan was very cold. My husband and I went to look at a rug she and Rick were selling before they moved to New York City, and she was basically rude. She was not a nice person at all, and that surprised me, because he really was.

—Sandy Grimes, CIA

Valdik Enger came to Moscow on a holiday in 1978 and I met with him. He was depressed. He told me that a U.S. serviceman had offered to spy for the KGB, but he suspected it was an FBI trap. Still, he was ordered to keep meeting with this man. I asked Enger why he was being told to take such a risk, and he replied, "Politics!" The KGB's rezident *agent in New York City was being pressured to recruit American spies so Enger was told to keep up with the meetings.* I saw Enger after he was released from an American prison and had returned to Moscow. The KGB had abandoned him. He was bitter. "Sergey," he said. "I meant nothing to them. My life meant nothing." I was angry. The FBI already knew Enger was KGB because I had identified him for them. Rick and I had fed Enger information. Why did they have to arrest him? What did it accomplish? All it did was make the KGB more suspicious of me in Moscow because I had met with Enger. The KGB wondered if I had betrayed him. His arrest was stupid.*

—Sergey Fedorenko, CIA

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*In May 1978, Enger and Rudolph Chernyayev were arrested in a wooded area of New Jersey searching for a package. The FBI had caught them in its trap. Neither Russian was protected by diplomatic immunity. They were found guilty and sentenced to fifty years in prison, but were released as part of a diplomatic exchange one year later.

I'm sorry, but I really can't help you. To tell you the truth, I don't remember much about him at all.

—Arkady N. Shevchenko, after Rick Ames's arrest.

He was not a male chauvinist. He wasn't strong enough to be one. When his first wife, Nan, got into politics, suddenly Rick got into politics. We used to warn him about getting into trouble, because he was a government employee and wasn't supposed to campaign. Looking back on it, I now see that it was Nan's personality that he latched onto. He was seeking her approval, trying to please her, no, it was more than just that. It was like he was trying to become just like her, because he was too weak to have a personality of his own.

—Sandy Grimes, CIA

PART TWO

LOVE AND BETRAYAL

Love looks not with the eyes, but with
the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid
painted blind.

—A *Midsummer Night's Dream*
William Shakespeare

CHAPTER 8

The CIA station in Mexico City was a mess when Rick arrived in October 1981. The chief was preoccupied with planning his upcoming marriage to a Mexican woman half his age. His deputy was a heavy drinker who disappeared, sometimes for days at a time, on suspected binges. On his second day at work, Rick was taken by the deputy to lunch with a coworker at a nearby restaurant and bar. They began with a round of rum and Cokes and then ordered another. Four hours later, a famished Rick asked if they were ever going to eat something. Raising his glass, his coworker replied: "This is lunch."

Rick began avoiding the deputy. As the senior SE Division officer in the station, Rick had plenty to do. Mexico City was a prime meeting spot for the KGB and its U.S. spies. It was close, simple for U.S. citizens to enter, and, once there, a spy could easily disappear into the city's population of fifteen million. The wake-up call for the CIA and FBI had come in 1975, when Andrew Daulton Lee, a California dope dealer, had waltzed into the Soviet embassy in Mexico City and sold the KGB the operating manual for the Rhyolite system, the most technologically advanced spy satellite at the time. His best friend, Christopher Boyce, had stolen it from his employer, TRW Inc., the satellite's manufacturer. Both had been arrested in 1976 and sentenced to prison. After that fiasco, the FBI and CIA tried to beef up security in Mexico City, but it was the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA) that came up with the best way to undercut the natural advantages that the Mexican capital offered its Soviet guests. It began flooding the Soviet embassy with so many volunteer spies that the KGB must have wondered if the entire U.S. military was for sale. The trick, of course, was that these walk-in spies were double agents, completely loyal to the United States. Rick had heard about the military's double agent program, but even he was stunned when he discovered how many agents were being dangled in front of the KGB during the 1980s. "Worldwide, we had more than one hundred double agent cases going on at all times, and the majority of them were in Mexico City," he said later.

About once a week, military intelligence would send some low-ranking Air Force, Army, or Navy noncommissioned officer to Mexico City with orders to volunteer as a spy. These walk-ins often brought classified documents with them as proof that they were legitimate traitors. The documents were real, but they had not been stolen. A special Pentagon panel, whose only job was to sift through stacks of classified information for the double agent program, had decided nothing would be lost by leaking the documents to the KGB and GRU. It usually took the KGB and GRU several months before they could be certain a walk-in was a double agent, and by then, the United States had already sent another double agent to volunteer. One of the purposes of this revolving door was to ensure that the Pentagon always had a pipeline ready for feeding disinformation to the enemy if a war broke out. But the main benefit was that it helped U.S. intelligence identify which Soviets in the embassy were KGB and GRU officers, and what procedures the Soviets used when someone volunteered. The constant turnover in volunteers also wasted the Soviets' resources and kept them confused.

"The funny thing was that the Soviets knew our program was effective, but they couldn't duplicate it," Ames said. KGB and GRU defectors told the CIA that it was difficult to get the Soviet military to turn loose classified documents. "Even if a document were of no real value, no one in the Soviet military was willing to sign off on releasing it, knowing that it was going to be passed to the West," Ames said. "They were afraid that a few months later, they would be called before some Stalinlike tribunal and be shot for treason."

Rick was eager to prove himself in Mexico, and he soon came up with two ideas. The agency had tried repeatedly, without success, to plant microphones inside the Soviet's motor pool. At one point, it had planted bugs in several luxury cars that were being shipped to a new car dealer in a Texas border town. The agency persuaded him to offer the cars to the Russians at bargain prices. The Soviets bought the cars, but the KGB dismantled each vehicle in Mexico City and removed all the microphones.

It was Rick's idea to use the double agent program to plant a bug in an embassy car. Because the KGB couldn't tell if a volunteer was a legitimate spy or a fake one when he first walked into the Soviet compound, it always had to assume that he was an actual traitor and that meant he had to be smuggled out of the embassy without being seen by the FBI and CIA. The KGB generally dressed a new volunteer in a heavy coat, pushed a hat over his head and slipped him into the back seat of an embassy car, which then whisked out of the Soviet compound into the winding streets of Mexico City. Once the driver was certain that he wasn't being followed, the new spy would be dropped off at a taxi stand. Rick figured a double agent could hide a microphone in an embassy car while he was being driven around the city. The risks were obvious. If the KGB found a bug, it would know the walk-in was a double agent. But if Rick's plan worked, the agency would be able to listen to private conversations by anyone who later used the car. The DIA agreed to give one of its walk-ins a microphone, and he successfully hid it under the front seat of a Soviet car. It worked perfectly, but only until the car returned to the Soviet compound. Rick learned later that the KGB carefully swept each vehicle for bugs each time it was driven outside the embassy grounds.

Rick's second scheme was a bit more complicated. He had noticed from reading CIA case files that most U.S. citizens who were spying for the Soviets had come to Mexico City to meet with their handlers on a Thursday afternoon or Friday morning, and had returned to the States the next Monday. This extended weekend schedule gave them enough time to contact the KGB and GRU and negotiate a deal. Rick suggested that the agency use its computers to identify passengers who were flying to Mexico for weekend jaunts. The agency could then compare this list to military personnel records. "If someone—say from the army—showed up on both lists, then we would do a bit more checking and find out what he was doing in Mexico City." The CIA implemented the operation, but only for a few months. It was scuttled after the agency's in-house lawyers began questioning whether the CIA had the authority to review travel records of innocent U.S. citizens who were not suspected of breaking any laws.

In January 1982, Rick received a flattering cable praising his performance. It was written and signed by the CIA's new Latin American division chief, Dewey Clarridge, the same officer who had given him a damning evaluation years earlier in Ankara! A few weeks later, Rick was promoted to the government rank of GS-14, a grade level for senior employees. "It had taken me forever to get my other grade promotions in New York City, and here I was suddenly being promoted the first time I became eligible. I thought, *Hey, I am still competitive in my career after all.*"

Rick was also having fun. For the first time he was working under the guise of the State Department, which meant he had entree to the city's vast diplomatic circuit and its formal receptions, cocktail parties, and elegant dinners. His status gave him access to a much higher level of potential recruits than when he had posed as a businessman from out of town visiting New York, or when he was in Ankara working as a civilian Air Force employee. Rick had more spending money, too. He was earning $44,029 a year now, but that wasn't why he had more cash in his pockets. Rick had his entire paycheck automatically deposited in the New York checking account that he shared with Nan. He didn't need it, because the agency paid his rent in Mexico City and gave him another $360 a month in overseas premium pay. Plus he had an expense account for entertaining. Rick moved into a comfortable one-bedroom penthouse in a building that housed a bookbinding company, in a semi-industrial area of the city. He had decided to rent it as soon as he saw it. When the air wasn't filled with smog, he had a great view of the city. Besides, it seemed almost predestined that he would live there. All but three letters of the Spanish word for penthouse had worn off the elevator button. The remaining three were: C-I-A.

Despite their promise to one another, Rick and Nan were so busy with their jobs that neither of them took time to meet. Rick began dating Helen Riggs, an American businesswoman working in Mexico City.* He tried to keep his affair secret from his coworkers by never taking her to any embassy functions. His closest pals at work were a group of men with whom he ate lunch once or twice a week. Both Irwin Rubenstein and Richard Thurman worked for the State Department. David T. Samson, who was Rick's closest friend in Mexico City, was identified as a State Department employee, but was a CIA officer like Rick. Tall, slender, with jet-black hair and a radio announcer's smooth voice, Samson was in his early thirties and had a reputation for recruiting women as agents, usually by romancing and bedding them. He had arrived in Mexico City four months before Rick, and was under the direction of the Far East (FE) division, which had sent him there to recruit Asians working in embassies. But he had been given a new assignment shortly after he had arrived. "A fast-tracker had wanted my job, so I had been reassigned," Samson explained later. A fast-tracker was someone who was being promoted as quickly as possible. In this case, it was an employee whose father-in-law happened to be one of the CIA's division chiefs. "It was pure nepotism, and I found it really disgusting," Samson recalled. "At one point, this guy left a briefcase full of intelligence reports in a Mexican taxi. That's how incompetent he was. It was a security violation for him to even take them out of the embassy, and he ended up losing them, but because of who his father-in-law was, everyone just looked the other way. He wasn't even reprimanded, and Rick and I both were furious about that."

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*Not her real name.

Samson had been put in charge of recruiting informants inside Mexico's fledgling Communist Party, a task that often involved Rick, the embassy's top Soviet expert. During the 1950s and 1960s, the FBI and CIA had successfully recruited a large number of informants inside the Communist Party in Mexico, but during the 1970s, priorities had changed, and most of these sources had been cut from the payroll. Now that Ronald Reagan was president and his longtime friend, William Casey, was running the CIA, infiltrating the Communist Party in Latin America had become a top priority once again.

Finding new informants turned out to be tougher than anyone had imagined. Rick and Samson were both having trouble recruiting spies. Anti-American feelings were running strong in Mexico, which made Samson's task difficult. And Rick was having trouble even meeting Soviets stationed in Mexico. The Carter administration had irritated the USSR by supporting the rebels in Afghanistan, and President Reagan and Director Casey were backing the contras' efforts to overthrow the communist government in Nicaragua. "It was damn hard to find a Soviet who was willing to come outside his embassy and even talk to you in 1981," Ames complained. "They were hiding in their compound, and you can't recruit them if they never come out in public."

One morning, Samson suggested that Rick join him at a luncheon being hosted that afternoon by the Asociación Mexicano de Consejeros, Secretarios y Agregados Diplomáticos, better known by its acronym, AMCOSAD—the diplomatic association in Mexico City. Most nations belonged, including the United States and the USSR. Once a month, each embassy would send a cadre of diplomats to the association's luncheon meeting. The group also hosted periodic social outings, such as trips to various Mexican cultural sites and resorts. The purpose of AMCOSAD was to encourage "good will," but most intelligence services used it as a way to watch each other and meet potential recruits. The USSR always sent a large contingent to AMCOSAD, and the CIA was certain that Igor Shurygin, who was listed as the cultural attaché at the Soviet Embassy, was actually the "head of the KR-Line" in Mexico City. (That was the KGB's term for the officer in charge of counterintelligence.) Rick and Samson guessed that Shurygin's main function at AMCOSAD lunches was to watch other Soviet embassy employees.

Years later, after Ames was arrested, a noted author, and even some FBI agents, would insist that it was Shurygin who had first recruited Ames in Mexico City. They would report that Ames and Shurygin had become good friends and drinking buddies in Mexico City and had spent hours together. While sensational, neither the facts, CIA intelligence reports, nor Ames's own statements support such wild speculation. "My relationship with Shurygin was quite perfunctory," Ames told me in interviews. "I recall one five- to ten-minute conversation with him at an AMCOSAD party. Otherwise, we never exchanged more than polite greetings at AMCOSAD lunches. The idea that the two of us went off drinking together is a complete fabrication, and rather farfetched if one thinks about it."

A high-ranking CIA official directly involved in investigating the Ames case would insist during interviews with me that Ames was never seen drinking with Shurygin, nor had Ames ever reported having any long sessions with the Russian, as was reported in some books and news articles. David Samson also told me that he doubted the so-called Shurygin recruitment theory. "Rick and I were scared to death to be alone with a guy like Shurygin," Samson said, "and I am sure he would have been scared to be alone with us, too." The reason: neither side wanted to be pitched by the other. "If you get pitched, your own people become suspicious. They wonder what the other guys are seeing in you that makes them think you are vulnerable," said Samson, "and the Soviets, in particular, often sent anyone whom we pitched back to Moscow whenever they heard about it." Other CIA case officers in interviews with me said that the agency did not always become suspicious of an employee who was pitched, but "eyebrows were raised" whenever it happened. On the other side, retired KGB general Boris Solomatin told me that being pitched by the CIA could ruin a KGB officer's career.

At AMCOSAD lunches, the sharks such as Rick, Samson, and Shurygin gave each other wide berth and instead looked for smaller fish to swallow. Such a target appeared in early 1982, when Maria del Rosario Casas Dupuy attended her first AMCOSAD luncheon.

Rosario was the new cultural attaché at the Colombian embassy, and she caused quite a stir in the male-dominated diplomatic corps. "She was like a breath of fresh air entering a room stale with cigar smoke," recalled one State Department employee. Richard Thurman remembered her this way: "Rosario was clearly a cut above most women who came to these events. She was single, attractive, and she arrived with impressive academic and intellectual accomplishments. Everyone wanted to engage in conversations with her."

Although Rosario was twenty-nine years old and an intellectual, she had spent her entire life cloistered in academia, and many of the hardened diplomats who met her thought she was incredibly naive. "It was clear that she was new to the diplomatic world from the way that she spoke," Rick's State Department friend, Irwin Rubenstein, said later. "Our first reaction was that she must have had some important relative who got her a political appointment, because few people go out as cultural attachés without first serving as junior officers. So there was an immediate assumption that she was well connected politically, and in Latin America, that usually also meant that her family had money."

Samson first noticed Rosario when he overheard her speaking English. It was flawless and he assumed that she was a new State Department employee as he pushed his way through a crowd of men who had encircled her at her first AMCOSAD appearance.

"We must be colleagues at the U.S. embassy," he said, sticking out his hand. "I'm Dave Samson."

Rosario laughed. "I'm Colombian."

They began chatting and Samson learned that she was living at her aunt's house in Mexico City because she had not yet found an apartment. She also didn't own a car. He offered to show her around town, and they made a lunch date. "I found her immediately interesting, both personally and professionally," he later recalled. "The best time to befriend and recruit a woman is when they just get into town, because they are looking to make friends and they will not have established a routine or be hooked up with a boyfriend yet. This is when most women are the most vulnerable."

Samson began wooing Rosario. When she didn't receive her first paycheck because of a bureaucratic foul-up, he loaned her money. When she needed a ride, he drove her wherever she wanted to go. Rosario had no idea that he was looking at her as a potential recruit. "I thought he just wanted to be my friend," she said later. "Dave seemed to want to listen to a lot of what I had to say. He used to joke. He'd say, 'I'm not trying to get romantically involved with you, because I don't feel comfortable with women who are far more intelligent than I am.' When I decided to get my own apartment, he said, 'Do you have hangers?' and when I said, 'No,' the next day he showed up with hangers and light bulbs. He was very generous."

Whenever they were together, Samson was constantly filing away information about Rosario. He learned that she had a history of tragic romances. While she was teaching at a college in Bogotá, Rosario had fallen in love with an older, married professor. That affair had ended after he had refused to leave his wife for her. Samson discovered that one reason Rosario had moved to Mexico City was because she was having an affair with a married airline pilot who had been transferred to Mexico. Not long after they met, Samson and Rosario became lovers, even though he warned her that he had a steady Mexican girlfriend. She told him that she didn't mind, because she was still seeing her pilot boyfriend. She was waiting for him to leave his wife and marry her.

Not long after they became lovers, Samson told her the truth about his job. She was shocked. "When you hear the words CIA and you are Colombian," she recalled later, "you shiver because the image is so totally negative. But then I knew this person, and he's a normal human being, so I said, 'Oh, that's nice' and simply let it slide."

A few nights after he made his confession, Samson asked Rosario if she would do him a favor. "One of my jobs is to watch the Soviets and the Cubans and to try to figure out what the communists are doing, and you know all of these people, and it would be helpful if you could share with me some of your insights and tell me the sort of things that they tell you, so that I can figure them out," he said.

Rosario was confused. "What exactly do you want to know?" she asked. "What do you want me to tell you? Just gossip?"

"Sure, anything you might hear," he replied, with a shrug. Samson would later recall her response: "She said, 'Okay, if it will help you out.' And that is just what I expected her to say. You see, I knew she would have a difficult time telling me no, because she was a friend, and most times when you approach a friend subtly like that, it is an easy sell because a friend will be embarrassed to turn down what seems to be such an innocent request."

Rosario soon became a helpful source, according to the intelligence reports that Samson wrote about her at the time. In his reports, which are still on file at the agency, Samson said Rosario routinely told him about her meetings with Latin American diplomats as Colombia's cultural attaché. Most of the information she provided was gossip, rumors about who was sleeping with whom, but Samson also reported that Rosario had told him which of her friends still living in Colombia belonged to leftist groups that the CIA considered anti-American. Samson soon asked Rosario for another favor, this one a bit more risky. He needed an apartment where he could meet one of his sources in the afternoons without being seen. "I knew Rosario needed money, so I pitched it to her as something that we could do which would help both of us." Samson offered to pay her $200 per month and assured her that he would always tell her in advance when he was coming, would only meet his source on days when Rosario was at work, and would always leave the place so tidy that she would never know anyone had been there.

"I thought it was weird," Rosario said later, "but he was my friend, so I said, 'Okay,' and gave him a key."

Samson used her apartment for meetings with a retired Mexican federal police officer who had worked off and on as an informant for the FBI since the early 1950s. The officer had been part of the network the United States had used to keep track of what was happening inside the Communist Party, and Samson was paying the officer to help him rejuvenate that old system of informants. "This old fart had a big estate outside the city and when I first met him, he took me to a cave on his property that had a set of iron bars across the entrance. He told me that the FBI had built it for him back in 1951 or 1952, when the communists had a big international Communist Party meeting in Mexico City. He had gotten his men to kidnap Gus Hall (the head of the American Communist Party) and put him in that cave. They held him there for four days, until the meeting ended, because the FBI didn't want Hall speaking at that meeting."

Rosario's apartment was a perfect meeting spot for Samson. Because the Mexican was well known, Samson didn't want to meet him in a hotel, nor did he want to use one of the agency's safe houses in Mexico City. "Neighbors are always curious when they hear that the home next to them has been rented, yet they know that no one is living there," he said. "You can bet that they will be watching when someone does show up."

In the fall of 1982, Samson and Rosario both ran for seats on AM-

COSAD's four-member board of directors. Traditionally, AMCOSAD's president was from Mexico, the host country. Two of the seats were reserved for a Soviet and a U.S. diplomat. The last slot was taken by someone from Latin America. Samson was elected treasurer, Igor Shurygin was chosen vice president, and Rosario was elected secretary. How much Samson had to do with Rosario's decision to campaign for the secretary's slot is impossible to discern now. In interviews, Rosario vehemently denied that Samson had anything to do with her decision to run. He also insisted that Rosario had sought the office entirely on her own. "I didn't exploit her in this incident. . . . She was my friend." At the same time, Samson later admitted that Rosario's election to the board created a quandary for him. Igor Shurygin was always wary whenever someone from the U.S. embassy was near him. But what was he like when he thought he was with other foreigners? The Soviet spoke excellent Spanish. Would he let down his guard when he was with Rosario, an attractive, single, Spanish-speaking Colombian who was obviously not an experienced diplomat? Would he tell her gossip that would be useful to the CIA, or even attempt to recruit her to spy on the U.S.?

"There is no doubt that the situation with Rosario was really ripe for exploitation by either side, because she was just so incredibly naive," Samson said. "She didn't understand what she had really gotten into. She thought she was just doing me these simple little favors and she didn't have a clue where she was being led. And this really gets to the heart of the problem that all of us in the intelligence business face: How far are you willing to go to exploit someone who you really care about? The question for me was how far did I want to push her."

As it turned out, Rosario's access to Shurygin did not end up mattering much. The reason was Rick Ames.

CHAPTER 9

David Samson introduced Rick to Rosario at an AMCOSAD tour of the National Anthropological Museum in Mexico City, but both of them were busy and didn't pay much attention to one another. In November 1982, a mutual friend from the Canadian embassy invited them to a dinner party in her apartment. They ended up sitting on the living room floor discussing Umberto Eco, Carlos Fuentes, Gabriel Garcia Marquez, and other authors they both liked. Rick thought Rosario was brilliant and beautiful. She thought he was sweet and better-read than any American she had ever met. Someone turned on some music and Rick asked her to dance. Rosario didn't know he was married. He hadn't mentioned it and didn't wear a ring. She thought he was a diplomat. He didn't own a car, but she had bought a used one, so she offered him a ride home. He invited her up to see his penthouse. They spent that night together. "Sex between us was fantastic," Ames said later.

He promised to telephone her the next day, but didn't. By this time, Helen Riggs, his businesswoman girlfriend, had returned to the States, but he was dating a coworker at the U.S. embassy. Three weeks went by, and when Rosario didn't hear from Rick, she got angry. She was between boyfriends. When her affair with the married pilot had ended, she had thought that she and Samson might become a couple, but he was still seeing his Mexican girlfriend. "Rick pulled a disappearing act," she complained later. "The guy just totally vanished."

Rosario didn't have a date to AMCOSAD's Christmas gala, a formal affair, but she felt obligated to attend because she was a board member. She arrived feeling lousy. A doctor had just removed a mole from her arm and the incision still hurt. Samson waved her over to his table. He was there with his girlfriend and Rick was sitting next to his date. The only unoccupied chair was next to Rick. He jumped up, pulled out the seat, and spent so much time talking to her that his date became visibly annoyed and demanded that he dance with her. Rosario said goodnight. "I was old enough to realize that he wasn't obligated to call me, but it was strange how he had vanished and then after the Christmas dance, he did the same thing again. He acted interested, but then vanished and never called." Rosario spent Christmas Day at her aunt's house in Mexico City. Rick spent it working. On an impulse, he decided to fly home to spend New Year's Eve with Nan, and surprised her at their New York apartment. She was about to meet friends, and she didn't invite him to join her. He sat alone in the apartment, drinking, and flew back to Mexico City on New Year's Day. *It is gone. My marriage is over,* he told himself during the flight. Yet he still wasn't certain he wanted a divorce. "I was feeling sorry for myself—in a passive semi-state of denial."

Rosario's mother, Cecilia, who was visiting from Bogotá, answered the telephone when it rang in Rosario's apartment the next morning. "It's an American," she announced. Rosario assumed it was Samson.

"Dave, I thought you were going out of town for New Year's," Rosario said.

"This is Rick, Rick Ames." He was irked that she had assumed it was Samson. He asked her to dinner.

"No, I'm sorry, but I just can't. I've got to wash my hair," she replied.

Rick nearly laughed. He hadn't heard that excuse since high school. He asked again and then begged. Finally, she agreed. He arrived that night armed with flowers and chocolates, and spent fifteen minutes flattering Cecilia while waiting for Rosario to appear. Over an expensive dinner, they discussed T. S. Eliot and Emily Dickinson. Since her mother was staying at her apartment, Rosario didn't invite him up. He wanted to suggest that they go to his apartment, but he figured she would say no because he had not called her after their last lovemaking session. They kissed outside her apartment like teenagers, and later that night she wrote in her diary that she really liked him, but doubted if he would ever call her again. He seemed afraid of relationships. A few days later, Rick telephoned and invited her to dinner again. Rosario said she didn't want to go out. She asked him to come to her place. She was a gourmet cook. After they ate, they went to bed.

"Rosario and I went out last night," he told Samson the next day at work. "I thought you ought to know."

Rick knew Samson was using Rosario's apartment as a safe house. "It was Rick's way of telling me that he was serious about Rosario. On the one hand, Rick is my buddy and I was happy for him. On the other hand, I thought, 'Hey wait. Rosario is mine.' But I didn't love her and really wasn't interested in pursuing her, so I thought this was a great way out for me and it was good for Rick, too."

Rick began dating Rosario steadily. She was the one bright spot in a tour that was quickly turning bad. Director Casey had put Dewey Clarridge in charge of the agency's ill-fated efforts to help the contras fight the leftist Sandinista government in Nicaragua, and that meant Clarridge was constantly dropping in on the Mexico City station, which he often used as his Latin American base of operations. Clarridge hadn't liked how the station was being run, so he had put a new station chief in charge. Albert D. Wedemeyer was a veteran LA division officer and West Point graduate with a famous father, General Albert C. Wedemeyer, who had been commander of the U.S. forces in China during World War II. Clarridge had chosen John W. Sears, a veteran LA hand, to work as Wedemeyer's deputy. Both men made pleasing Clarridge their top priority. "Rick's bosses didn't want to waste station resources recruiting Russians. Everything was being focused on the contras or Cubans," recalled Diana Lynn Worthen, who worked for Ames in Mexico City as an intelligence assistant. "The Soviets were not a high priority. In fact, they didn't even make it on the priority list." Rick's conduct didn't win him any sympathy. While his new boss, John Sears, watched, Rick got drunk at a diplomatic party and began yelling at an equally drunk and obnoxious Cuban diplomat. A short time later, Rick was in a car accident and was so intoxicated that he didn't recognize the embassy security officer who'd been sent to smooth over things with the Mexican police. Sears sent a cable to Langley recommending that Rick receive counseling for alcohol abuse as soon as he returned to the States.

Rick seemed cursed at work, even when he was trying to do his best. Before Wedemeyer took charge, Rick was given permission to hide listening devices in the apartment of a Soviet diplomat. A CIA technician flew to Mexico City to pick the lock on the diplomat's apartment and plant the bugs, but he couldn't get the lock to open, so he made a mold of it and returned to Langley to make a duplicate key. By the time the technician was ready, Wedemeyer was in charge, and he didn't think the operation was worth the risk. Rick threw a fit and finally got his approval to go ahead. The technician returned and, this time, easily opened the door. Rick had chosen a night when he knew the diplomat and his wife would be attending a reception. Just to make sure that no one surprised the technician, Rick called in the station's "close support team" for help. This team was a group of five to ten Mexicans who were paid by the CIA to help during clandestine operations. Mostly, they were used to shadow targets. The listening devices were installed and worked fine. Rick was thrilled and then, twenty-four hours later, all of the bugs went dead. Everyone assumed there had been a mechanical failure. Wedemeyer was upset—the entire operation had been a waste of time—but Rick smelled a rat. He noticed that the Mexican who had been in charge of the close support team during the operation had never been given a polygraph examination or undergone a routine background investigation, even though he had worked for the agency for more than ten years. Rick suggested that he be given a lie detector test. It showed that he had been lying when he said that he had never worked for any other intelligence services except the CIA. A follow-up investigation confirmed that he had been under Soviet control for years and had been tipping off the KGB every time the close support team had been called upon for help.

"It was a really big scandal," said Samson, "and the station just covered up the entire mess, because the Office of Security at the embassy and LA division were so embarrassed about it." Rick was outraged. The station was blaming him for the bungled bugging operation and covering up the real culprit. After that, Rick had started drinking heavily.

"All of us were concerned about Rick," said his State Department friend Richard Thurman. "He was depressed and beginning to express some real skepticism about what our country was doing in Latin America. He was a bright and sensitive guy and I was afraid that we were going to lose him, literally, because of his drinking. And then Rick started going out regularly with Rosario and he really became crisp and clear again and seemed to focus. She really made him cut back on his drinking." Rick's other lunch partner from the State Department, Irwin Rubenstein, also noticed the change. "Rick told me that he was seeing Rosario and it was beginning to get serious. I was pleasantly surprised, because he clearly needed somebody, and I thought she would be good for him—you know, among other things, help him cut back on the drinking."

In March 1983, Rosario discovered that Rick and Samson were planning a weekend away in Acapulco. Samson was taking his girlfriend, Katarin, but

Rick hadn't said anything to Rosario about joining them. She knew that Rick and Samson had planned the trip months in advance, before she and Rick had become a couple. Still, she wanted to go along, so she asked Rick why he hadn't invited her. A red-faced Rick apologized and immediately asked her to join them. But she could tell something was bothering him as soon as they checked into their beachfront hotel in Acapulco on Friday night. The next morning, Rick said he had an upset stomach and disappeared for a few hours. Later, when the four of them were sitting by the pool, he again said that he needed to go inside and take a nap—alone. Rosario couldn't figure out what was wrong. A few minutes later, a porter told Samson that he had a telephone call. He handed him a telephone.

"Oh God," Samson said jokingly to the women. "I hope there hasn't been a revolution somewhere." It was Rick calling.

"I'm in the hotel lobby," Rick gasped. "You've got to help me! You've got to keep Rosario busy shopping all day!"

Helen Riggs, Rick's former girlfriend, was staying in the same hotel. He had originally invited her to join him in Acapulco, and he had not wanted to hurt her feelings by telling her about Rosario. The rest of that day, Rick raced back and forth between his two dates. He spent Saturday night with Rosario and Sunday morning apologizing to Helen about how he had gotten drunk and fallen asleep on the beach. Just when it looked as if he was going to pull off his escapade, Riggs appeared by the swimming pool when Rick and the others were having a drink. Rosario later recalled what happened next. "This woman comes walking over and Rick jumps up and he introduces Dave and his girlfriend, Katarin, and then he turns to me and says, 'And this is Katarin's friend.' I was totally humiliated, especially afterwards when it became clear who this woman really was."

Rosario was furious, but on the flight back to Mexico City, Rick apologized, and by the time they had landed, she had forgiven him. They began spending all their free time together and Rosario was sure that Rick was in love with her. Then one night while she was cooking dinner for him at the penthouse, Rick got a call from Helen Riggs. She was coming to Mexico City on business and wanted to make a lunch date. Rosario kept waiting for Rick to tell her that he was romantically involved with someone else, but he chatted away as if he were all by himself in the apartment, and even said that he was looking forward to seeing her when she got to town. "I was angry as hell," Rosario recalled, "but Rick says to me: 'What's the point in hurting her feelings?' I said, 'Her feelings? What about my feelings?' And he said, 'Why do you worry? I'm with you, aren't I? You're my choice. The hell with her.' That was supposed to be enough."

A few days later, Rosario told him how she felt. "Rosario dropped a bomb on me because she just came out and said that she had fallen in love with me and that she needed me and that I needed her and, by God, she was going to win my heart," said Ames. "I almost stood up and ran out the door. She wanted commitment, and I agonized and agonized over what I should do. No one in my family had ever gotten a divorce before. You just didn't do that. I also knew that I would have to face Nan and I would have to have a confrontation with her. I didn't want that. Besides, I kept asking myself, *Do I really love this woman?* I mean, what is love anyway? I had thought that I had loved Nan once, hadn't I?" Rick told Rosario that he needed time to think about what she had said.

Not long after that, Rick and Rosario went to Acapulco again with Samson and his girlfriend. While the women went shopping on a beautiful Saturday morning, the two CIA officers sat in beach chairs drinking Bloody Marys. Rick told Samson about TRIGON and Shevchenko, and how they had delivered top-notch political information to the agency. "No one gave a damn," Rick complained. He talked about how smart Thomas Kolesnichenko, his *Pravda* friend, had been. "No one in the agency wanted to hear what Thomas had to say." Pretty soon, Samson was complaining about the CIA, too. He said that Director Casey was furious because he didn't think the station was providing him with enough information about the Mexican economy. "I was sent here to recruit Chinese, not to write reports about the value of the peso!" he grumbled. The morning soon turned into one long, drunken gripe session. "I always thought that I was just as cynical as Rick was, because of some of my bad experiences," Samson recalled later, "but it suddenly dawned on me during our talk that Rick's cynicism about the agency had turned into pure hatred. He really had come to detest the agency, not just the people he worked for, but the institution itself and what it stood for."

During their beachside talk, Rick mentioned that Henry Steger, a translator at the U.S. embassy, had been pitched by the Soviets. Igor Shurygin had offered Steger, who worked for Rick, $50,000 in cash to become a KGB spy. By this time, Rick and Samson had drunk enough that both of them were feeling high, but Samson would later claim that he had no trouble remembering what they discussed next. "I said to Rick, 'How would you do it if you wanted to sell secrets to the Russians?' Rick had obviously thought about it, because he said, 'Well, here's how I'd do it,' and then he explained how he would only deal with them through a 'cut-out'—a false identity—and through dead drops, so that they would never know who he was. He didn't ask me how I'd do it, and we just sort of let the subject drop. But I kept thinking, 'You know, Rick has really given this matter a lot of thought.' It really struck me, but then I figured that part of his job was understanding the Soviets and how people contacted them."

When the foursome returned from that trip in late June, Rick told Rosario that he was finally ready to tell her how he felt.

"I love you and I am ready to make a commitment," he announced. "I will tell Nan that I want a divorce, but there is something you need to know about me first." Without warning, he blurted out that he worked for the CIA.

Rosario was speechless. "I kept thinking, 'This can't be true. I fell in love with a diplomat, not a spy!'"

If they were going to get married, Rick explained, Rosario would have to become a U.S. citizen, or he would have to quit his job, because CIA case officers couldn't be married to foreigners. Rosario wasn't listening.

"Does this mean you work with Dave?" she asked. "Do you mean to say that you've known about my apartment all along—that he was paying me?"

"Yes, and I'm very proud of you," he replied.

"Why?"

"Because you told Dave that you would never tell anyone what he was doing and you didn't even tell me—so we knew that you could keep secrets."

Rosario felt betrayed. "What are you doing with these creeps? Why are you wasting your time, your talents? You're supposed to be a diplomat."

"Look, it's something that's not forever," he said. "I can probably retire soon."

Rosario kept thinking about how he and Dave had been testing her, smugly knowing that she was a paid informant. She thought it was nauseating.

Rick's tour in Mexico City was scheduled to end that September, but he was actually leaving the embassy before then because he wanted to take a short vacation. He had rented a rustic bungalow in Playa del Carmen on the Gulf of Mexico, which in 1983 was still largely undeveloped. "This was going to be my dream vacation. I was going to take a whole bunch of books to read—all of Dickens's works—and a whole lot of booze to drink, and I was going to sit there on the beach and just drink and read and be by myself."

Already upset about Rick leaving, Rosario became even more distraught when Rick announced his plans.

"What about me?" she asked. "What about us?"

Reluctantly, he invited her along. Rosario called it their "honeymoon." Together on the beach they planned their future. He would return to Washington, where he was being reassigned, and find them an apartment to live in. As soon as his divorce was final, Rosario would quit her job and join him. They would get married. He would resign, find another job, and they would live happily ever after.

Rick didn't trust Mexico's postal system, so he asked Diana Worthen, his intelligence assistant, if she would make certain that Rosario got his letters. He'd mail them to her through the embassy diplomatic mail pouch. Worthen liked Rick. She had met Rosario at an embassy party but did not know her well. Rick and Rosario spent a tearful night together, and then he left Mexico City. A few days later, Worthen called Rosario. A letter from Rick had arrived. The two women met for lunch, and Rosario gave Worthen a letter to mail to Rick. Before long, the two women were meeting so often to exchange letters that they became friends.

It was an odd coupling, even though the two women were about the same age. Worthen was shy, conservative. She had been reared in the Midwest and had gone to work in the agency's secretarial pool fresh from college. She didn't date much. Rosario was happy to have a friend. She had not realized how much of her social life had revolved around Rick and Samson, who also had been transferred. She wasn't interested in dating anyone else, so she and Worthen began going to various diplomatic functions together and spending their weekends shopping. Rosario seemed to know every curio shop and boutique in the city, and she loved going from one shop to another, comparing prices, even though neither of them had much money.

Worthen had never known anyone quite like Rosario. Her new Colombian friend could speak five languages fluently and was able to talk about almost any subject as if she were an expert in it. She was a Colombian blue blood. Her father, Pablo Casas Santofimio, was from a family that had once owned thousands of acres of land in the Colombian state of Tolima, but he had turned his back on the family's wealth as a young man and chosen a career as a teacher. He was the first Colombian ever to receive a degree in mathematics from Bogotá's National University, and that is where he had met Rosario's mother, Cecilia Dupuy de Casas. She had been a dashing beauty in college, a mixture of French and South American bloodlines. Her ancestors had arrived in Colombia in the late 1800s from Corsica and had made a fortune selling the latest imported goods from Paris to Bogotá's wealthy upper class. Cecilia had been studying philosophy and literature when she met Pablo. He had found her to be a rather eccentric woman. She loved nothing better than to dance all night to the hot sounds of Cuban salsa and listen to avant-garde artists and writers argue about the meaning of life. Tears came to her as easily as laughter. She was self-centered, sometimes neurotic, but she had a lust for life that he envied. In 1949, Princeton University awarded Pablo a full scholarship, so he and Cecilia moved to the States. They returned home three weeks before Rosario was born in December 1951.

Rosario had adored her father and endured her mother. When she was small, her father's colleagues at Bogotá's National University used to joke that she was the safest child in the city: If she ever got lost, the police would know instantly where to take her, because she looked so much like him. Rosario was always eager to go with him to his office, and when he came home from the university, she was waiting at the door.

"What's the most important thing in the world?" he would ask her. Beginning at age four, she would repeat the correct answer: "To be orderly."

It was something that her mother never was. Rosario continued to favor her father as a young girl. Like him, she learned to love mathematics and literature, and she grew up believing that there was no profession as profound as teaching, no better place to spend one's life than inside the ivy-covered towers of a university. It wasn't the knowledge as much as it was the simple act of learning that she was taught to value. Rosario had been shy as a teen, completely introverted except when she was in the classroom. She was the student always determined to earn the highest marks, the one whose hand shot up instantly whenever the teacher asked a question.

Her mother, Cecilia, cajoled and dominated her. Why didn't she have boyfriends? Why was she always so stuffy? Rosario's younger siblings, Claudia and Pablo, eventually rebelled against their mother's hovering, but Rosario never did.

In 1969, Rosario graduated from the American School in Bogotá, where the majority of students were the sons and daughters of U.S. embassy employees. At the high school graduation, Rosario gave her valedictory speech in Spanish, even though English was the official language at the school. It was her way of declaring her pride in Colombia and Latin culture. "I will never marry an American," she told her best friend. "Americans think they are better than anyone else." Rosario enrolled at the University of the Andes in Bogotá but dropped out during her first year after she contracted a life-threatening case of malaria. By this time, her father had left teaching for politics, and she went to live with him on an island under Colombia's control off the coast of Nicaragua. He had been appointed its governor. Her father and mother were living apart, but were not divorced. Under her father's care, Rosario recuperated but remained depressed. She felt as if she had failed. Her father sent her to Europe. She spent six months there and then enrolled at Princeton University, but was soon unhappy and returned home. She moved in with her mother, and both of them enrolled as students at the University of the Andes. Her friends and relatives began to remark that Rosario seemed to be turning into almost a twin of Cecilia. They received their diplomas together in January 1976. The university hired both of them as professors. Rosario taught Greek and worked on her Ph.D.

By the spring of 1982, she had spent twelve years in college, either as a student or teacher, and she wanted a change. Her father was now the president of a university in Tolima, and he invited her to a lunch honoring Colombian president Julio Cesar Turbay Ayala. Afterward, Turbay offered Rosario a ride back to Bogotá aboard the presidential jet, and she told him that she was thinking about moving to Mexico. She did not mention that she had fallen in love with a married pilot who was being transferred there. President Turbay invited her to lunch at the presidential palace a few weeks later and offered her the job of cultural attaché. That was how she had come to Mexico City.

Diana Worthen knew Rosario was a member of Colombia's social elite. Yet she clearly didn't have much money, and that struck Worthen as odd. "In Latin America if you are a wealthy woman, you don't work," Worthen said later. "It was just not something a Latin woman ever did, and I knew Rosario was putting in long hours at her job, so that told me that her family was not wealthy."

Rosario later explained the inconsistency. "My mother likes to call us 'impoverished aristocrats.' I grew up around people with wealth, but we never had it." Her father could have taken millions of dollars in bribes when he was a politician, she said, but he refused. She went to top schools, but only because she was awarded full tuition scholarships. When she toured Europe, she had stayed with relatives and had ridden everywhere on the bus to save her money.

"What you have to understand about Rosario is, when I first met her in Mexico City, she was very nice, very sensitive and very unassuming," Worthen said later. "She never flaunted her education or her family connections. She wasn't a snob at all. In fact, she went out of her way not to be snobby to people."

Rosario and Worthen shared a hotel room during an AMCOSAD outing to Cozumel, Mexico. Rick called her at the hotel. Rosario was ecstatic. She had been afraid that he was going to vanish again as soon as he got back to the States. Rick invited her to spend Thanksgiving with him in Washington, D.C., where he was living with his sister, Nancy, and her husband. Rosario accepted. Rick's younger sister, Alison, and his mother spent Thanksgiving day at Nancy's too. Everyone loved Rosario. Rosario assumed that Rick had told his wife that he was in love with another woman, but he hadn't. In fact, Rick hadn't told Nan a thing about Rosario. When he had first returned to the States from Mexico City, Rick had spent a week with Nan in New York at their apartment, but he had not been able to muster enough courage to tell her that he wanted a divorce. He had saved that for a letter that he mailed to Nan after he moved into the basement at Nancy's house. He blamed himself in the letter for their marital problems. He said there was an "emptiness and hollowness" in their marriage. A week later, Rick went to meet Nan face to face. "She was stunned and shocked that I wanted a divorce," he said later. "She didn't understand why, and that really surprised me, because I figured she was as unhappy as I was. I insisted, and she agreed, sort of. I got the feeling that she wasn't going to push it."

Rosario asked Rick over the Thanksgiving holidays if he had filed for divorce. He mumbled something about how he was still working on it, and she returned to Mexico thinking that he would soon be rid of Nan and ready to remarry. Cecilia decided to spend the Christmas holidays with Rosario in Mexico City, and by chance, David Samson was on the same flight leaving Bogotá as she. They chatted and he wished her Merry Christmas when they landed. An upset Rosario called him the next morning at the U.S. embassy. Her parents' maid in Bogotá had found Rosario's father dead in his bed that morning of natural causes. Rosario and Cecilia were hysterical.

"Call Rick," Samson suggested. She did.

Rosario and Cecilia flew home that same day to arrange the funeral. A week later, Rosario returned to Mexico City. Her father had always been the rock in her family. Rick was waiting at the airport.

"Pack your bags," he said. "I want you to come live with me."

Rosario collapsed into his arms.

"Promise you will take care of me," she said. "I need someone to take care of me."

He held her close and spoke to her as if she were a child.

"I will. Don't worry, I'll always take care of you."

THE WORDS OF RICK AMES

Nan, my first wife, seldom drank more than a glass of wine at dinner, and we never drank at home at all. I would go to parties and sometimes get a definite high. The drinking got more serious in New York and on foreign trips. It wasn't boredom or loneliness that made me drink, rather the attraction was having a timeout period just for myself, when I could relax and lose myself for an afternoon or evening. I always took care to arrange these binges at times when I didn't need to work and would not be called. Typically, I would just sit in a hotel room with a book and read and drink myself to sleep, consuming most of a fifth of vodka or cognac in one sitting. I don't think anyone at the agency knew about this binge drinking when I was traveling.

Things got worse in New York. I began drinking in various bars without her knowledge. I seldom got fully drunk and only did this once or twice each month, except when I knew she was going to be away. I didn't crave alcohol, but it seemed to be answering some need I had for a timeout away from everything—work and Nan, too. We were beginning to go in different directions.

By the time I went to Mexico, I had developed quite a repertoire of drinking behavior, and Mexico City gave me much fuller opportunities for getting drunk, because I had no wife or home to rush back to at night. I had lots of free time and I spent lots of it binge drinking. My colleagues in Mexico were much harder drinkers than in New York. Parties were more frequent, and booze was cheap. I began taking long lunches with my colleagues, and I was getting drunk alone at night in my apartment at least once or twice every week. Of course, by this time, people were beginning to notice, and I was getting a reputation for overdoing it in social settings, but no one really said much. You have to realize that hard drinking had been an accepted part of the CIA culture for many years. James Angleton was famous for getting loaded every day at long lunches. There was still an element of macho pride in being an officer who could go drink-for-drink with other men.

Rosario was used to and enjoyed social drinking, and at first I don't think she was alarmed by my habits. In practice, I used her willingness to drink with me as a license to drink freely, without guilt, always stopping short of total drunkenness. I also used to egg her on, but only managed to get her to the point of a social high three times. By 1984, she stopped drinking, except for a glass of wine at dinner or at a party. She said it was because of her weight, but I think it was her attempt to get me to stop. I tried and even promised several times to not drink at home. But I always cheated, sneaking in a bottle of liquor and then concealing it or lying about it. Because Rosario disliked me drinking at home, I took up the practice of drinking alone at lunchtime, when I would consume four or five double vodkas at least once a week, sometimes twice. I really had no choice, since Rosario kept close tabs on me at night. This created problems, because I not only had to hide my drinking from my colleagues at work but also keep it from Rosario.

THE WORDS OF OTHERS

He's a greater traitor than Benedict Arnold.

—R. James Woolsey, CIA

Here is my hypothesis. Rickie is drawn to the CIA. His father worked there, and he sees the agency as having a certain glamour. But then he gets into it, and he discovers that it is a government bureaucracy just like all the other government bureaucracies. Now some are good, but most are filled with time-servers—people who get promoted because they have been there a long time or they have rubbed the right apple. I can see Rickie, who was always very creative but never good in a bureaucratic setting, not doing well and waking up one day and saying to himself, Is this how I should spend my life? *The sad thing about Rickie is that I don't think he would have had the gumption to do what any decent person would have done at that point, which is to simply get out. You see, Rickie always avoided confrontation, and I think basically that behind his mask, he is a very fearful person. This is not wimpiness. Obviously he took a lot of risks being a spy. So I don't mean that. Rather it is a basic gutlessness—an inability to take his life in his own hands and take responsibility for his own actions.*

—Margaret "Peggy" Anderson, high school friend

Of course we drank, but I never saw him falling down drunk like the CIA and FBI have claimed. He was always in control of his faculties. I never knew he was married, though. He kept that hidden, and when my wife and I had dinners with him, he always arrived with a new woman on his arm, and he always made it clear from the way that he touched her that they were more than just friends.

—Thomas Kolesnichenko, *Pravda*

I think Rick really wanted to make an impact on history. I think this was important to him. Now, the normal person might dismiss this as megalomania, but I think he genuinely thought that he had a chance to affect history by doing what he did. How many people have a chance to nudge history in one direction or the other? Not many. But he did. He really did!

—David T. Samson, CIA

When sentenced to what Russians euphemistically refer to as vyshaya mera *[the highest measure of punishment], the condemned person is taken into a room, made to kneel, then shot in the back of the head. It is part of the Stalinist tradition.*

—Death of the Perfect Spy [Dmitri Polyakov], *Time* magazine

The branch chief job was a make-or-break job for him. He had really done well in New York, while Mexico had been a mediocre tour, you had to count it as a loss, so the jury was still out on Rick Ames.

—Jeanne R. Vertefeuille, CIA

CHAPTER 10

In September 1983, Rick seemed like an excellent choice for his new job as counterintelligence branch chief in Soviet operations. He spoke and read Russian, had a flair for writing clear, crisp, and thorough reports, was considered to be a KGB specialist, and, most important of all, was remembered by those in charge as someone who had done exceptionally well in New York handling big Soviet cases. No one paid any attention to his lackluster job performance in Mexico City or his periodic alcoholic outbursts.

"Everyone knew that no SE officer was going to do well in Mexico City," a retired SE division officer said later, "because the entire station was focused on the contras and Nicaragua. I think members of the review panel just sort of skipped over the negative evaluations Rick got in Mexico City and looked back on his New York years."

It was Rodney W. Carlson, Rick's last boss in Manhattan, who first recommended him for the branch chief slot at CIA headquarters. Carlson was reorganizing the counterintelligence functions in the SE division. Rick would oversee the operations in the USSR, and Jack P. Gatewood would handle those in Eastern Europe. The two men had worked for Carlson in New York and had gone through the agency's career training program together.

Carlson had not selected Rick by himself. The SE division's Personnel Management Committee, which was composed of the SE division chief, his deputy, the chief of SE operations, the chief of external operations, and the chief of internal operations, had voted on the choice. Federal investigations would later discover that no one on the committee was aware of Rick's drinking problem or that he felt alienated from the agency and its mission. The criticisms that John W. Sears, the deputy chief in Mexico City, had cabled to headquarters, after Rick had gotten into a drunken shouting match with a Cuban diplomat, had been routed to the CIA's medical operations office, which provided employees with alcohol abuse counseling. But no one on the personnel committee was shown a copy of the cable. Nor did the committee members know that Rick was living with a foreign national and one-time CIA source.

Rick had finally arrived. As branch chief, he had access to nearly all the agency's sensitive Soviet cases, including the actual names of most of the Soviets' "human assets." He had access to details about the agency's clandestine operations in the USSR, and he would be told whenever the agency recruited a new agent there. In short, little about the CIA's Soviet operations was being held back from him.

On his first day at his new job, he read the agency's files about the two agents whom he had handled in New York, Sergey Fedorenko—PYRRHIC—and the Soviet scientist BYPLAY. According to the files, Fedorenko had not been in contact with the agency since 1977, when he had been called back to Moscow. But there was a note in his file that said a diplomat had spotted him at an arms control meeting in Moscow in 1981, so the agency knew he was still alive. He was reportedly working at the Institute of USA and Canada Studies, headed by Georgy A. Arbatov, at the USSR Academy of Sciences. The agency had not been in touch with BYPLAY since he had returned to Moscow. However, he had been seen at a scientific conference. Rick wasn't surprised that both had lost contact with the agency. It wasn't unusual for a Soviet to help the United States only to vanish after returning to Moscow. Though clearly dangerous, spying outside the USSR was not nearly as threatening as dropping off a package of classified materials at a dead drop in the KGB-infested center of Moscow.

Rick began reading the dossiers of other Soviets spying for the agency. He discovered that a new generation was now under his protection. In the late 1950s and early 1960s, Colonel Oleg Penkovsky, the GRU officer who had helped President Kennedy identify missiles in Cuba, had been the agency's premier agent. After he was executed, the spies FEDORA and TOPHAT had stepped forward. They had been forced into retirement after publication of the book *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald.* No sooner had those men fallen from the screen than TRIGON, Arkady Shevchenko, Fedorenko, and other lesser-known spies had appeared. Adolf Tolkachev, whom the agency called SPHERE, was currently its hottest asset. He was the electronics expert the agency had turned away repeatedly in Moscow in 1977. Since then it had paid him more than two million dollars for information. That was a paltry sum compared to the *billions* of dollars in research costs that Tolkachev had saved U.S. taxpayers. "Around the agency, people liked to say that Tolkachev paid the rent," Ames said later. "Everything else we did was nice, but Tolkachev made the entire CIA budget worthwhile! He basically handed us the entire Soviet avionics system. If a war in Europe had started, we would have had unquestioned air superiority."

The SE division's second most important source in 1983 was not a human asset but a technical one known as TAW. It was so secret that the file Rick was given to read only contained bits and pieces of information. In 1979, the CIA had discovered that the Soviets were building a super-secret communications center twenty-five miles southwest of Moscow near a town named Troitsk. Underground tunnels connected the center to the KGB's first chief directorate headquarters and its main headquarters in Lubyanka. These tunnels contained the cables for telephones, fax machines, and teletype messages, and were thought by the Soviets to be secure. The CIA, however, had managed to bribe a member of the construction crew, and he had given the CIA a blueprint of the tunnels. In 1980, a CIA technician was hustled out of the U.S. embassy in Moscow hidden in a van. After the driver was certain that he was not being followed, he drove out of Moscow to a remote area, where the technician jumped from the van, and hid in the woods. He located the communication tunnel, crept inside, and installed a sophisticated monitoring and recording device. From that point on, the CIA was able to obtain recordings of the KGB's most important messages. It was one of the most astounding and successful operations ever launched by the CIA. "The Soviets didn't have a clue what was going on," Ames told me during our private conversations, disclosing the existence of TAW for the first time ever in a book.

Ames learned about another fantastic clandestine operation by reading agency files. It was called ABSORB, and it sounded as if it had come from the pages of a James Bond novel. By 1983, the CIA had identified the precise location of every permanent ground-based nuclear missile in the USSR. But it wasn't sure how deadly these missiles were, especially after the Soviets began developing MIRVs (multiple independently targeted reentry vehicles). Some MIRVs could hold as many as ten warheads. CIA scientists began looking for ways to tell how many warheads were in each missile, and they soon came up with a scientific formula. They knew that each warhead emitted a tiny amount of radiation. By measuring the amount of radiation being emitted by each MIRV, one could tell whether it contained ten, six, or four warheads, and how powerful each warhead was. That left the agency with only one problem: How to get an accurate radiation reading? Sending a spy into a missile-launching silo with a Geiger counter was unrealistic.

At this point someone noticed that most Soviet nuclear warheads were manufactured in the western USSR and shipped over the Ural Mountains to the Far East, where they were installed in sites for firing at the United States. The only practical way for the Soviets to move the warheads was on the Trans-Siberian railroad, which begins in Moscow and travels some 5,750 miles east until it reaches the seaport of Vladivostok. Branch lines connect Moscow with the rest of Europe. At some point along the route, a train traveling from Vladivostok to Moscow had a good chance of passing an eastbound train carrying a nuclear warhead. Although the trains might only be together for a few seconds, a souped-up Geiger counter, if the agency could find a way to put one on a train car, might be able to get a reading from the warhead.

That was the theory behind ABSORB, and by 1983, when Rick first read about it, the agency had already spent close to fifty million dollars on the project. It still had not perfected its Radiation Detection Device (RDD), but it had done some interesting test runs using the railroad. In one test, the agency had hidden a number of sophisticated cameras inside a false wall built in the side of a cargo container like those pulled by semitrailers, which can be loaded onto trains or ships. Through a friendly Japanese company, the agency had arranged to have this container shipped across the USSR from Vladivostok to eastern Europe. The cameras had been rigged to snap photographs whenever the train crossed an adjoining track. Many of these tracks connected the railway to military manufacturing plants, so each time a train went by a weapons plant, the cameras snapped a photograph for the CIA. Thanks to those missions, the agency knew that ABSORB was possible. The trick was to perfect the RDD so that it would switch on whenever it began to detect minuscule amounts of radiation, and then flip itself off. The CIA was on the verge of sending an RDD across the USSR when Rick took charge. It had sent a rigged cargo container to Japan, where it was being included in a shipment of containers filled with ceramic vases that were being transported from the coast to Hamburg, Germany. As with TAW, details about ABSORB were revealed by Ames during our talks.

As Rick read through the stacks of Soviet files, he began to realize that he was in an extraordinary position. The CIA had more spies working inside the USSR in 1983 than at any previous time in its history. Besides Tolkachev, Ames was aware of at least twenty other agents and some one hundred covert operations, although few were as exotic as TAW and ABSORB. Most were minor operations, such as planting listening devices in a Moscow apartment owned by Soviet officials. The enormity of the CIA's access to Soviet secrets was breathtaking. "My God," he later explained, "We had penetrated every aspect of the Soviet system. We had spies in the KGB, GRU, Kremlin, scientific institutes—everywhere." Like a piece of Swiss cheese, the USSR was riddled with holes dug by moles. If he needed more proof, Rick got it when he read about a CIA-controlled agent working in Moscow known as MEDIAN, the cryptonym for Vladimir Potashov. He worked at the same institute in the same department as Sergey Fedorenko, PYRRHIC, although neither spy knew about the other. "We had spies working on top of our other spies!"

Besides the files of agents working inside the USSR, Rick also had access to information about Soviets who were working for the CIA *outside* the Soviet empire. Two caught his eye. Both were stationed inside the KGB offices at the Soviet embassy in Washington, and both were providing the FBI and CIA with incredibly good intelligence about what was happening there. Valery F. Martynov, whose cryptonym was GENTILE, was a KGB lieutenant colonel assigned to Line X, the KGB division charged with stealing scientific and technical intelligence. He had been recruited by Rick's boss, Rodney Carlson, and he was still personally handling the agent. According to notes in his file, Martynov had agreed to spy for political reasons after he had become disillusioned about widespread corruption inside the KGB.

High ideals were not what had made KGB Major Sergey Motorin, known as GAUZE, switch sides, however. He had been blackmailed by the FBI shortly after he had arrived in the States in 1980. FBI agents had tailed Motorin to an electronics store in suburban Chevy Chase, Maryland, where he had tried to buy an expensive combination television and stereo record player on credit. Because he was a foreigner and had diplomatic immunity, which meant the store owner couldn't file any civil claims against him in court, his application for credit was rejected by the store. After Motorin left the store, the FBI rushed inside and convinced the store owner to help them entrap Motorin. The owner called Motorin and suggested another way for him to buy the electronics that he wanted. The owner said he was willing to let Motorin pay part of the $950 price with cases of Russian vodka, which the KGB officer could buy through the embassy duty-free for $4.50 per bottle. At the time, Russian vodka was selling for $12 per bottle in U.S. liquor stores. Motorin agreed and when he returned to the store with several cases of Russian vodka, the FBI was waiting with its video cameras. It confronted Motorin as he was leaving and reminded him that it was against the law in the Soviet Union to sell or trade duty-free goods abroad. Motorin quickly agreed to spy.

In his new job, Rick was not expected to handle day-to-day spy operations. Rather, it was the branch chief's job to sit back and study ways those operations could be improved. He was also responsible for devising new ways to protect the CIA's agents. Rick noticed a pattern in the files that he studied. In nearly every case, the CIA had caught Americans who were spying for the KGB and GRU because of information provided to it by KGB and GRU traitors who had been recruited by the United States. The same was true in reverse. In nearly every case, the KGB and GRU had learned about the CIA's "human assets" because someone in U.S. intelligence had tipped them off. A prime example involved William Kampiles, a former low-ranking CIA officer who had strolled into the KGB *rezidence* in Athens, Greece, in 1978 and offered to sell the Soviets a technical manual for the KH-11 (Keyhole) satellite, a new secret communications satellite being used by the military. What Kampiles had no way of knowing was that the duty officer who met him when he stepped into the Soviet compound was a spy for the CIA. The agency had recruited Sergey Ivanovich Bokhan, whose crypt was BLIZZARD, several years earlier. He passed a message to the CIA about Kampiles, who was arrested when he returned to the States. "The biggest threat to each side's spies are agents coming over from the other side and snitching on them," Rick said later. It was as simple as that.

Rick began coming to work early and staying late. He was getting excited about his job again. One afternoon, he asked Rodney Carlson for permission to root through the agency's SAWDUST records. Even today, few files are as embarrassing to the CIA as SAWDUST, the codename given to James Jesus Angleton's agency-wrecking mole hunt in the 1960s and 1970s. "Anyone who knew any agency history had heard about SAWDUST, and the management that was running the agency in 1983—folks such as Rod Carlson—had been absolutely traumatized by the damage that Angleton had done. I wanted to read the actual documents myself, and Carlson told me to go ahead."

For several days, Rick pored over the yellowing papers. It was a grim and ruthless tale. In the early 1960s, Angleton had become so convinced that a defector named Yuri Nosenko was a double agent still working for the KGB that the counterintelligence chief had arranged for the CIA to hold Nosenko prisoner for *four years and eight months!* At first Nosenko had been locked in an attic room stripped of everything except a bed. He had been fed only weak tea, watery soup, and porridge. Later he was blindfolded and taken to a concrete cell at the Farm that had been built just to hold him. There he underwent what agency officials would later euphemistically describe to Congress as a "hostile interrogation." Kept in total isolation from the outside world, Nosenko was not allowed to have a watch, reading material, or anything that he could use to keep himself entertained. At first he was given toothpaste in a tube, but it was confiscated after he was caught trying to read the writing on the tube while hiding under his blanket. The lights in his cell were turned off and on at weird intervals to disorient him, making it impossible for him to keep track of when it was day or night. The agency gave him massive shots of Thorazine, a powerful drug used in prisons to make inmates complacent, and other psychotropic drugs. Nosenko would later charge that he had been given LSD, but the agency would deny it. Three times during his incarceration Nosenko was given lie detector tests, but the first two tests were rigged so that the machine showed that he was lying regardless of what he said. At one point he was kept strapped in a chair for seven hours, with the lie detector equipment still attached to him, while his examiners took a long break. He was told that he was going crazy, that he had been abandoned by everyone who knew him.

When the agency was later forced by Congress to defend its vicious treatment of Nosenko, Angleton and his superiors said that they had been convinced that he was a double agent and were simply trying to get him to admit to it. It turned out that Nosenko was a genuine defector. His statements were much more credible than those being told by Anatoly Golitsin, the Russian who Angleton was convinced was the only Soviet defector not being manipulated by the KGB. "I was struck by the sheer insanity that had gone on," said Ames. "I remember reading the files and thinking to myself, *How could people who consider themselves to be moral do such things?* And the answer that came back, of course, was that they were not moral at all. That is why they could do what they did."

Nosenko was not Angleton's only victim. In July 1967, he deliberately betrayed one of the CIA's own agents, Yuri Loginov, by telling the South African intelligence service that Loginov was a KGB spy. Arrested by the South Africans, Loginov was held in prison for two years, during which time Angleton steadfastly denied that Loginov had ever worked for the CIA, even though he had served the agency loyally for eight years. Angleton was angry because Loginov had told his handler that Nosenko was a legitimate defector and that Golitsin was a liar. In 1969, Angleton arranged for Loginov to be sent back to Moscow as part of a swap for dissidents, even though the spy didn't want to go, and the agency suspected that he would be executed if he were sent home.*

"Most of what I was reading in the SAWDUST files had already come out during congressional investigations of the agency," said Ames, "but seeing the actual cables and seeing Angleton's handwritten notes—I mean, God damn, this was history that I was holding!"

Because Rick had oversight of various operations in Moscow, he was told about a clever idea that had been implemented two years earlier at the CIA station there. It was called the "clean slot" operation and was the brainchild of Burton Lee Gerber, who had been the agency's chief of station in Moscow at the time. Gerber had noticed that it was nearly impossible for his officers to leave the U.S. embassy without being followed by the KGB, but several low-ranking State Department employees seemed to come and go as they pleased. One reason the KGB always knew who to follow was because the CIA employees worked out of the CIA's offices in the embassy and were generally senior agency employees who had already served abroad elsewhere, often in jobs where they had recruited Soviets. The KGB already had collected thick files about them before they arrived in Moscow. Gerber decided that a CIA officer fresh from the Farm, who had never been overseas, would not be so easy for the KGB to identify, particularly if this employee was assigned a full-time State Department job and told to avoid the CIA's offices. To further keep this employee's real job a secret, only his fellow CIA colleagues and the ambassador would know about him, and he would only be used during emergencies, when the station chief needed to get someone out of the embassy without a KGB tail.

Gerber's suggestion was greeted with skepticism by his bosses. They were reluctant to send a novice officer to Moscow and they hated to have one of their employees working full-time for the State Department. But Gerber eventually won over his critics and a clean slot officer was sent to Moscow in late 1981. Rick was told that the clean slot operation had proven to be a real success, enough so that the agency had decided to send a second novice employee to Moscow in early 1983 as a replacement for the first. This new officer was Edward Lee Howard, a thirty-one-year-old former Peace Corps volunteer, whose maturity had impressed his teachers at the Farm. Because no one was certain what sort of emergency Howard might be called upon to handle, he had been briefed about the Moscow station's most important operations, including TAW, and had been told about the human assets working there, including Adolf Tolkachev. In April 1983, about five months before Rick arrived at headquarters as the new branch chief, a routine polygraph test had revealed that Howard had lied when he was asked about his past drug use while in the Peace Corps. Without warning, the agency had fired him in May and had chosen another fresh recruit to take his place. Rick was told that Howard's replacement was being hurried through the process so he could get to Moscow as quickly as possible.

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*The CIA later learned that Loginov had somehow survived.

Rick didn't bother to read Howard's file. Since he was no longer employed by the agency, it didn't seem important. Only much later would Ames come to realize just how important Edward Lee Howard was to become in his life.

THE WORDS OF RICK AMES

When I became branch chief, I collected all the studies the agency had written on Soviet cases over the previous ten to fifteen years. As I studied these cases, it suddenly occurred to me that no serious thought had ever been made by the agency to examine the overall philosophy of what was happening. And because that had never been done, there was no serious understanding of the KGB. Now here I am, maybe six to eight months into my job, and I'm thinking, My God, I'm the biggest expert on the KGB that this entire division has! Why should that be? How can that be? *I had read all of the KGB investigation manuals. I had read all of our reporting, and, knowing what I had learned, when I read our counterintelligence reports and our analysis, I said to myself,* These things lack a real connection with what the KGB really is. None of these people has a grasp of the reality of the KGB, the Soviet Union and how it works.

At first I thought, Is it possible that I am just smarter than everyone else? *While that was very satisfying, deep down I knew it couldn't be true. I really respected and admired many of my colleagues. And then I figured out what was happening. You see, no one really took seriously what all of the Soviet agents who we had handled over the years had told us. Now I'm not kidding about this. This is the truth. Let me give an example. Regardless of what we were told by our KGB sources, we always assumed that the KGB had all of the resources in the world, that if the KGB needed ten thousand officers to do surveillance and go around and find a needle in a haystack—why, it could come up with ten thousand officers. When everything else failed, we always decided that the reason a case got compromised was because someone from the KGB had seen our source at a dead drop or meeting with his handler. We never wanted to blame ourselves for our failures, so we always painted this mythical picture of the KGB as some huge tiger that was nearly invincible.*

Do you know how many officers the Seventh Directorate of the KGB in Moscow really has working for it full-time doing surveillance? It has 250 full-time agents assigned to follow people. That is not many. Believe me, you would be shocked to know how many the FBI has just to follow Soviets in New York City alone. Did you know that the KGB doesn't have enough tape recorders for its officers to use? And it certainly doesn't have enough transcribers fluent in English to sit around and listen to every American telephone call that comes into Moscow. The KGB is like any government bureaucracy—it has limited resources and it has to use them the best way that it can. But we never wanted to believe this because it was important for us to believe in the myth of the invincible tiger. Why? Because we wanted to be an invincible tiger too, and we couldn't justify ourselves to Congress and the American public unless we told them that the KGB was an invincible tiger that had to be stopped.

Now don't misunderstand me here. I am not saying that the KGB was a paper tiger. It was a real tiger with real claws and real teeth. I do not now nor did I ever have any illusions in 1983 about that. Let me tell you a story. Once upon a time in San Francisco a KGB officer [Boris Yuzhin, whose cryptonym is TWINE] at the rezidency *began photographing documents for us with a neat little camera we gave him. One day, he loses the camera. Everyone panics in Langley, but nothing happens, and eventually this guy goes back to Moscow. In 1985, Vitaly Yurchenko defects, and he tells us about this case. A cleaning woman found the camera and gave it to the KGB. So now the KGB knows there is a spy in its midst. The KGB narrows it down to two suspects: the real guy and* *a fellow who works in the foreign ministry.* The KGB calls both back to Moscow. It begins watching both but it can't tell which one is the agent. So what does it do? The first thing it does is search both men's apartments, but neither has anything incriminating. Now the KGB knows that we communicate with our agents in Moscow by sending them brief messages over shortwave broadcasts, and both of these suspects have shortwave radios.*

Now at about the same time the KGB is searching for our agent, one of our engineers at the agency discovers that you can electronically trace our shortwave radio broadcasts. This engineer gets everyone in the agency in an uproar by creating this image of the old World War II radio cars going up and down the streets of Moscow listening to broadcast frequencies and determining which radios are tuned to our frequency. He wants to completely redesign the shortwave radios that we give to our agents and put a special shield in each one to keep the Soviets from tracking signals to it. I argued against this idea, because it was more dangerous to give our agents shortwave radios that obviously had been altered by the agency than to believe the KGB was capable of zooming in on a specific radio during one of our transmissions. Why did I feel this way? Because Moscow is a huge city composed of huge apartment complexes and ten million people. Even if the KGB had the technology—is it really capable of zeroing in on a single radio in a single apartment? This is what I mean when I say seeing a huge tiger when one didn't exist.

I asked Yurchenko if the KGB had caught the spy, and he told me that it had taken each man's shortwave radio and put a microphone in it, so that officers could sit in the apartment next door and monitor what each of the suspects listened to. Now that is the real tiger! The KGB didn't have the technology to do what the invincible tiger would do, but it did do something.

The funny thing is that the KGB never heard anything of value, because we did not send this fellow any messages. I asked Yurchenko who he thought the agent was, and he told me it was the foreign ministry guy—the wrong one. Of course, the KGB did end up arresting our agent, but not because of anything it did electronically. I told the KGB his name. That's how the real tiger found out.

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*The Russians later told me this was Igor Samsonov.

CHAPTER 11

Love was enough. At least at first.

Just before Christmas 1983, Rick and Rosario moved into a modest apartment in Falls Church, Virginia, a suburb. Rick owned a 1974 Volvo, but not much else. Except for his clothes and a few books that he had brought back from Mexico City, everything else was still in the New York apartment with Nan. Rick and Rosario picked out furniture at a discount store and began buying cooking utensils and dishes. It was really astonishing how much it took to furnish a place, Rick thought. He used his and Nan's American Express card to cover most of the costs. A few weeks later, he had to spend another $800 when the Volvo broke down. Rosario was still grieving about her father's death and worried about how her mother was coping in Bogotá. She telephoned Cecilia nearly every day. Rick didn't complain, even though their monthly telephone bills soon exceeded $400. He got a second credit card and immediately ran it up to the maximum $5,000 limit. It didn't matter. For the first time in years, he was happy. Rosario seemed happy too. She baked bread, bought a typewriter so she could work on her Ph.D. dissertation, and fussed over him as soon as he walked through the door. She didn't have any friends, but she didn't complain. They had each other.

At night, they planned their future. She wanted children and, much to his own surprise, he told her that he wanted them, too, even though he was now forty-two. He had promised her during their vacation in Playa del Carmen that he would quit the CIA as soon as they could afford it, and he had meant it. He hadn't decided yet what he would choose for a second career. Maybe he would work as a journalist. He loved to write. Or perhaps he could get a consulting job somewhere. Maybe he would become a businessman. "The world is ours," he told her. She liked how that sounded, but she was quick to remind him that Bogotá would always be her home. "Sometimes I think I'm Colombia's last patriot," she joked. "Everyone else wants to be just like the Americans!" Colombia was where she would raise her children, where she planned to grow old.

He liked the idea of being an expatriate, a citizen of the world. Before Rick had gone to Mexico, he had belittled Latin America and its culture. Nearly everyone he knew had done the same, especially in the government. It didn't matter if you worked for the CIA or State Department, assignments in Latin America were considered second rate. Nothing seemed quite so ludicrous, Ames said later, as watching Henry Kissinger, Cyrus Vance, or some other State Department official during a rare visit south of the border, uncomfortably professing the gravity and importance of Latin America to their daily concerns. Ha! The self-perceived elites in the DO were the Soviet folks, and everyone knew it. They were the front-line warriors who did battle with the real enemy. The Middle Eastern group dominated by Arabists came next in Rick's mental ranking, because the Arab–Jew conflict always kept the area on the front burner. Next came the Asia hands, losing ground since the Vietnam War, but still powerful. Of course anyone who asked to be sent to Western Europe was viewed as an ease-seeking dilettante. Still, because of Europe's bi- and multilateral ties with the United States, an ambitious officer could do well there. The African nations were seen inside the CIA as the province of cowboys who didn't really have to work for a living. Who really cared if Zaire, or whatever it was being called now, fell to the communists? That left Latin America as the safe and comfortable refuge for the mediocrities. Rick hadn't cared that Latin America wasn't seen within the DO as a good job when he had gone to Mexico City, because the assignment had seemed to be the perfect compromise with Nan. But now he felt as if he had been transformed in Mexico. In retrospect, he saw his entire experience there as exhilarating, bewitching. He had been reborn in Mexico City. A completely new creature had crawled from a cracked cocoon into a bright new world there. The food, drink, travel, conversation—everything in Mexico City had awakened his senses and contributed to his feeling of new life.

In Mexico City he had felt as if he could re-create himself, not only professionally, but personally, and that is what he had done.

Rosario was the catalyst. Falling in love with her and being in love—something he had thought was impossible after his sterile marriage to Nan and his empty sexual affairs—now made him feel as if everything and anything were possible. In one swift burst of clarity, he had seen a way out of his humdrum existence, a vision of what he thought could be, not what was. He had wanted desperately to strip himself clean of the past, which hung like a dead skin clinging to his frame, pulling him down. He wanted desperately to rid himself of his dead-end marriage to Nan, his growing sense of a lack of purpose in his life, his bad habits of drinking and aimlessly drifting, and his general lack of human vitality. Rosario! Ah, she is what had saved him. In Mexico, he had not only fallen in love with her, but with everything that she represented and was. He had never been to Colombia, but why did that matter? Rosario said it was a fantastic place to live. He saw it through her eyes and that was good enough. How could he not be happy there? It was part of her.

With this new sense of pride in Colombia and fascination with Latin American culture, he had started to recognize for the first time just how strong a sense of political and cultural alienation he now felt from the United States. He absolutely hated Ronald Reagan and his Hollywood vision of America, as proclaimed in sixty-second sound bites beamed through television sets to families enslaved by their adherence to a mass culture that proclaimed how great life was for those who wore the correct deodorant, drove the snappiest car, and drank beer brewed the old fashioned American way. "Reagan's presidency, politics, and rhetoric are absolutely abhorrent to me," he complained to Rosario. "I can't stand to hear his sentimental and hypocritical words, and I feel nothing but complete revulsion for most aspects of popular culture in the United States." Ah, but in Latin America, surely things there were different. Rosario loved books, fine art, gourmet food, good conversation. Now there was a culture they could share! He felt sure that Latin America was where he now belonged.

Rick had been sent to Mexico City to clean up a mess left by an officer caught lying and stealing. When he returned to headquarters, he not only felt that he had accomplished that professional task, but had also started to clean up his personal life and become an entirely new person. That was how his new year began in 1984, full of expectations, hope, and confidence.

And then the Volvo broke down again. A mechanic said it wasn't worth repairing, but Rick had the work done anyway. Rosario wanted a new car, so he bought her a Honda Accord financed by a loan from a credit union. As the weeks turned into months, Rick began to worry. Rosario seemed sad. She was lonely. In Mexico City, she had been overwhelmed with her duties at the embassy, fawned over at diplomatic receptions, questioned about her views on world affairs at dinner parties. Now she had little to do but wait for him. She couldn't work, because she was in the States on a tourist visa. Every six months she had to leave the country and then apply for reentry. The first time she returned to Bogotá to see her mother, Rick wondered if she might stay there permanently. The six-month provision began to grate on them both. She resented dividing her life into six-month chunks. She began to complain. Who was she now? They weren't married. She didn't have a job. She wasn't going to school. The few times that they went out, Rosario cringed each time they met someone, and Rick stumbled over the introductions. Sometimes he called her his friend from Mexico City. Other times she was his girlfriend, as if they were teenagers. Finally, he began introducing her simply as "Rosario," with no other title, and to her that seemed sadly fitting. She was losing her identity, she complained. In Mexico City she had never been the "other woman," but now she was—and that was all she was.

As required by agency regulations, Rick had submitted an "outside activity" report to the Office of Security shortly before they began living together. In it, he had formally notified the CIA that he was engaged in a serious relationship with a foreigner and one-time CIA asset. On April 17, 1984, he filed another report, informing the agency that he intended to marry Rosario. This triggered a background check of her. The agency telephoned five people who Rosario had listed as references on a CIA form. All vouched that she was a good person. Investigators would later learn that at this point the agency's security system broke down. The chief of the counterintelligence (CI) division recommended that Rick be moved to a less sensitive job if he went through with his marriage. This recommendation was given to the CIA's director of personnel, but he did not believe that it was his responsibility to decide who should and shouldn't be working in critical areas because of their spouses. That decision needed to be made by the chief of the SE division. And that is where the system failed. The personnel director never sent the counterintelligence chief's recommendation to the SE division chief. Consequently, none of Rick's bosses was told about the suggestion, and Rick's marriage was okayed without comment.

The fact that the CIA had to approve of her was insulting to Rosario.

What right did the agency have to ask questions about her? Rick laughed and reminded her that the background check was merely the first step. CIA employees weren't permitted to marry foreigners. She still had to become a U.S. citizen. Rosario hadn't said much about that requirement when he had first mentioned it in Mexico, but now that it was time for her to actually renounce her Colombian citizenship, she cringed. The State Department didn't have any such rule about spouses, she complained. Diplomats could be married to foreigners. Why did she have to turn her back on her beloved Colombia? It wasn't fair.

"You know I'm not a diplomat," he told her.

"The man I fell in love with was," she replied icily.

Rick got all of the appropriate naturalization papers and gave them to Rosario. He also reminded her that she had to pass a written exam before she could become a citizen. The night before the test, he asked if she wanted to review some of the sample questions.

"Of course not!" she replied, insulted. "This is a test they give to ignorant immigrants who have just stepped off a boat and they pass it, so obviously it is a very silly exam."

Rick was afraid to ask how she had done after she got back from taking the test. She mentioned it herself. She had gotten a perfect score. Rick asked if she wanted him to go with her to the swearing-in ceremony. "Some people really make it a big celebration," he said encouragingly. As soon as those words left his lips, he knew he had made a mistake.

"I don't care what I say when I raise my hand or what papers I sign," she snapped, "I'm not an American and I will never be one and no ceremony will change that." She did not want him at the "funeral," she added. Rick felt guilty. Several times a day, it seemed, she would remind him that she had fallen in love with a diplomat, not a CIA bureaucrat.

In 1984, David Samson was reassigned to agency headquarters, and he often stopped to see Rick and Rosario. "The walls of that apartment were slowly closing in on her," he recalled later. Rosario's best friend from Mexico City, Diana Worthen, also returned to Langley to work for Rick, and she noticed how unhappy Rosario was. "I felt so sorry for her," Worthen said later. "Rosario was bored. There was nothing for her to do and she had no friends." Worthen came by one Saturday to take her shopping. Rosario turned down her offer. She and Rick could barely afford to buy groceries, she complained. Rick noticed that Rosario had started to talk about how much better life was in Colombia, how much more fun they had had in Mexico City. What had happened, she asked, to the "old" Rick—the one who always wanted to try a new restaurant or jet off to Acapulco for a weekend? A big evening now was a trip to his sister Nancy's house for popcorn and a game of Trivial Pursuit. After her father's death, Rosario had wanted someone to take care of her. Rick had been doing that fine at first. "He babied me, which I liked," she said later. Now Rosario felt abandoned. Rick's priority, she grumbled, was his work.

Rosario had always assumed that Nan knew about her. But Nan called the apartment shortly after Rosario and Rick had moved in together, and it became clear from what Rosario heard Rick saying that his wife had no idea that they were living together.

"Rick, she's going to find out, and then she will be bitter," Rosario warned. "Why not tell her? Are you ashamed of us?"

"No," he replied. In Virginia, a couple without children had to live apart for six months in order to qualify for a no-fault divorce, he said. What was the point of telling Nan that he had fallen in love with someone else, particularly since Nan lived in another city? "I just don't see why I should hurt her feelings," he said. Rosario seethed. It was the same thing he had said about Helen Riggs, his old girlfriend in Mexico City.

One afternoon, Rosario answered the door, and a process server stuck an envelope in her hands. Nan had found out about them and had filed for divorce, charging him with mental cruelty. Rosario was livid, and when he got home, she confronted him.

"It really doesn't matter who files, does it?" he replied, "as long as one of us files."

It mattered to Rosario. "Look, the way his family explained things to me was that I was not to blame for the failure of his marriage," Rosario said later. "The whole situation with Nan had been an unbearable one for years and years and years, but he never had the guts to go face that lady. It was a big cop-out not to tell her the truth, and I realized exactly what he was doing. It was easier on him if she thought he was leaving her for some other woman, because then *I* was the one to blame. *I* was the home wrecker. *I* had destroyed their perfect marriage. It was so much like Rick to do that. To let *me* take the blame."

By late 1984, other pressures besides Rosario's grumbling had started to shatter Rick's vision of his rebirth. He was sinking further into debt. He got a signature loan from the CIA credit union for $7,500 but it provided only temporary relief. He soon had close to $34,000 in unpaid credit card bills.

Nan, whose name was still on the charge cards, made it clear that she wasn't going to help pay for her husband's love nest. Rick's annual salary was about $45,000. He figured that he needed nearly twice that per year to keep up with just the basics that he and Rosario seemed to need. Depression set in.

A frightened Rosario called Rick's sister, Nancy, late one night. "Rick hasn't come home!" she explained. "I don't know where he is. I think he may be out drinking." Nancy tried to reassure her. Rick would be home later. Staying out having a few drinks was his way of letting off steam. Rick eventually staggered in. Rosario cried.

In September 1984, Rodney Carlson asked Rick if he wanted to spend four weeks in New York with two other officers, helping the station there, because the UN General Session was about to start. Rick immediately agreed. He wanted to take Rosario with him. She was excited. They stayed in the San Carlos Hotel in Manhattan, and Rosario spent her days visiting museums and her evenings eating with Rick in different restaurants. The CIA picked up the tab. It felt like old times, but three weeks into the assignment, Rick was called before John MacGaffin, the chief of the station. One of Rick's fellow agents had complained: How come Ames gets to bring his girlfriend with him to New York?

"Do you have a woman staying with you?" MacGaffin asked.

Rick said he had gotten permission to bring Rosario, but he couldn't remember who at headquarters had told him it would be okay. He and Rosario were getting married as soon as his divorce became final, he added. MacGaffin didn't like it. He had no choice, he said, but to report Rick to Burton Lee Gerber, who was now the chief of the SE division.

"No need to bother him," Rick told MacGaffin, "We'll move out of the hotel today." He would use the standard per diem that the government paid its employees for out-of-town travel to rent a room on his own. MacGaffin still didn't think it was right. The agency already was renting a room for Rick. Why should he charge the government for another one? He said he was going to report Rick anyway. Rick didn't tell Rosario why they were checking out of the hotel. He knew she would be humiliated. When Rick returned to CIA headquarters a week later, Gerber took him aside.

"Why was everyone upset with you up there?" he asked.

Rick told him about Rosario.

"Is she your wife?"

"Going to be," said Rick.

Gerber asked if she was a foreigner. Rick said she was going to renounce her Colombian citizenship as soon as they married.

"Rick, taking her with you was not good judgment at all," Gerber lectured, giving him a verbal reprimand. "I expect more out of you than this."

Although he didn't show it, Rick was incensed. He really admired Gerber, and his criticism had stung. "What was the big deal?" he later complained. "Most guys up there were screwing their secretaries or women they would pick up in bars, but everyone got excited because I took Rosario with me."

If Rick had any doubts about how much Rosario preferred living in a large city and how much she despised their suburban apartment, they vanished after the New York trip. Rosario chattered nonstop about how great it had been to be in a city which had decent restaurants, plays, culture. All anyone in Washington, D.C., ever talked about was politics and the Redskins football team. One afternoon in the fall of 1984, Rick heard that a job in the CIA station in Rome was coming open in 1986. He asked Rosario if she wanted him to apply for it. "Yes!" she replied with excitement. She had always wanted to live in Rome. The more they talked about it, the more both of them became enthusiastic about the move. A tour in Italy—the idea reminded both them of their days in Mexico City! Rosario would enjoy living in such a historic city, and he would finish out his CIA tour in an exotic foreign post.

In late September 1984, Rick rode the train to Manhattan for a meeting with Nan and her divorce attorney. Rosario had given him a pep talk before he left. She was afraid he wouldn't be tough enough. She reminded him that Nan earned a higher salary than he did and there were no children to support. Rick promised that he'd be firm, but as soon as he walked into the attorney's office, he shrank. He couldn't get over how angry Nan was. She felt betrayed. Rick agreed to pay the $33,350 in credit card charges and other debts, to sign over all of their joint property, and to pay Nan $300 per month for forty-two months beginning in June 1985. In return, Nan agreed to give up any claims she had on his CIA retirement pay.

Rick knew Rosario was going to be furious when she learned what he had done. On the train ride home, he thought about what he would tell her. Did the settlement really matter? The most important thing was that the marriage was over. He and Rosario were free of Nan. Rome awaited them. Life would be good. Then he thought about the debts. How was he going to pay them? He didn't like the idea of asking for professional help from one of the agency's credit counselors. After all, he was in management. What would his supervisors think if they found out that he could not manage his own finances? For a moment, he thought about applying for a second job. He had seen a help wanted sign that very morning at a 7-11 convenience store near the apartment. He pictured himself standing behind the counter ringing up a sale on the cash register, and he wondered how it would feel if one of his colleagues came in. He just couldn't picture himself wearing a uniform and dispensing lottery tickets and Slurpees. As the train moved closer to Washington, he had another thought. "I decided I could rob a bank." That was where the money was, as the old joke went. For about half an hour, Rick plotted exactly how he would stick up the branch bank where he had his checking account. In this Walter Mitty fantasy, he saw himself putting on a disguise, driving his car to a safe spot where it wouldn't be seen, dashing inside. He didn't own a handgun, but he assumed he could buy one cheap somewhere. He could even use a toy one. He really wasn't going to hurt anyone. The only question in his mind was, did he really have the guts to go through with it? He convinced himself that he did. After all, he was desperate. How much money would he get? "I thought about it for a while and I decided it wouldn't be enough." He would have to rob several banks, and that idea scared him. He needed $34,000 to pay his debts and another $12,600 to pay off Nan, in total about $47,000. That figure stuck in his mind. $47,000! Where could he get $47,000? Suddenly he thought of another figure. "Fifty thousand—that's what Igor Shurygin had offered Henry Steger in Mexico City when he pitched him. That would be more than enough to pay off my debts."

By the time the Amtrak train pulled into Union Station in downtown Washington, Rick had abandoned the bank robbery idea and was imagining himself as a KGB agent. In his mind, he had played out the steps that he would need to take. He had seen himself flying to Vienna and walking into the Soviet embassy there to volunteer. He would have an edge over most traitors, he had thought, because he would know whether or not the CIA had any of its spies working in that embassy. "At this point, this all was just a fantasy, a mind game. It was like the bank robbery, not something I really intended to do."

That soon changed.

THE WORDS OF RICK AMES

I returned to Washington from Mexico City excited by the prospects of renewal, deeply in love with Rosario, and thinking of a future full of new possi-

bilities. I was looking forward to caring for and being cared for in ways I had never thought of before. I was vividly aware of how I, myself, had thrown away my first marriage. I blamed myself for my inability to love, share, and depend upon another person. But I was sure that all of this was going to change once Rosario and I were together.

Okay, okay, I know I'm getting a little wrought up here, but I really looked at myself as an exile of sorts, looking ahead as an immigrant to a new life. At the same time, there were practical problems: confronting Nan, getting a divorce, getting Rosario here and adjusted to our new life. Still, I felt confident.

The reality was both promising and rebuffing. Being intensely in love, I found, did not solve or ease all my difficulties. The divorce dragged. I felt anxious and finally desperate over my financial prospects. My study of Spanish languished, and I began to feel as if I had overestimated my ability to "Latinize" myself. Would I really be able to live in Colombia? Could I become this new person and recreate myself? My insular, isolated personality was resistant to my and Rosario's desires to be real, open, and honest. I was finding it hard to learn how really to love. And then there was the drinking. None of this was, to me, at least, delusional, but it gnawed at my confidence in renewal and, I think contributed to my feeling of desperation. I know this sounds a bit analytical, perhaps objectified and depersonalized in a way, but it is difficult for me to describe it in any other terms.

Let me tell you something really fascinating. It tells a lot about me, but I'm not sure what. After I was arrested, and the FBI was debriefing me, this guy asked me how much I was in debt because of the divorce settlement. I immediately said, "Oh, fifty to seventy thousand." Then he brought out the papers. Yeah, I had to pay off the debts, but they were only about $35,000. The rest was $300 per month over a three-and-a-half-year period. Now that is still a lot of money, but the point is that when he showed me those figures, I was shocked. In hindsight, my financial situation was not really as desperate as I had remembered. I could have gotten some guidance, but instead I convinced myself that I was in this huge hole and didn't have any choice but to do what I did. Now? Now I see things differently. The truth is that things weren't really that desperate, even though I convinced myself that they were. That says something about me. You see, I really didn't have to do what I did. I didn't!

So why did I do it?

It's a damn good question. At the time, I told myself that I was doing it for the money. And that is what I still tell people. I say, 'Let's be clear about this. There is no question. I did it for the money.' But now I am wondering if that is *really an accurate answer. Was it just for the money? Or was getting the money just a way for me to excuse or justify what I had wanted to do all along?*

[Long pause]

Okay, let's think this through. I am certain that I was genuinely feeling desperate. My God, I was going to rob a bank. So I was genuinely desperate. I rejected the bank robbery idea because it wouldn't give me enough money. So obviously I was feeling desperate and I was feeling desperate because I needed money. So we know that both of these feelings are accurate recollections of what I was experiencing at the time. But this continues to beg the real question, doesn't it?

Why did I immediately think that I had to do something illegal? I never even thought about sitting down with a credit counselor. Why did I descend immediately into thinking of selling out my country? Why?

Now that's the real question, isn't it? Why did this betrayal come so easily to me?

I just don't know. Let me think.

CHAPTER 12

Opportunity knocked just before Thanksgiving in 1984. It was Rodney Carlson at the door. Was Rick interested in helping the FBI recruit a Soviet press attaché?

Of course, Rick replied. "Who's the target?"

"Sergey I. Divilkovsky," Carlson replied. "He knows your old buddy, Thomas Kolesnichenko [the *Pravda* correspondent who had been friendly with Ames in New York]."

Divilkovsky had recently been transferred from the UN to the Soviet embassy in Washington, and when the FBI surveillance team that watches the embassy noticed him, it sent a "tracer" to the CIA, asking for information about this new face. Carlson knew plenty. When he had been the station chief in New York, he had befriended Divilkovsky. In a lengthy cable, Carlson gave the FBI a background sketch that included such insights as the fact that one of Divilkovsky's close relatives had been arrested recently for shoplifting. The FBI reacted to Carlson's cable by suggesting that he renew his friendship with Divilkovsky, but Carlson balked. He had been posing as an out-of-town businessman in New York, and he was afraid that Divilkovsky would get suspicious if he suddenly reappeared in Washington. Carlson was also already handling GENTILE, Valery Martynov, and he didn't think it was wise for him to handle two agents in Washington. What if the KGB found out about one of his informants? It might follow him to a second source. Carlson talked it over with John Murphy, the CIA station chief in Washington, and he agreed that someone new needed to be brought in. Rick's name came up. Carlson called Divilkovsky and suggested that he have lunch with Rick Wells, the alias Rick was using. He told the Soviet that Mr. Wells worked at a think tank and was really interested in learning more about the USSR.

Divilkovsky met Rick six times during November and December, but the lunches were always awkward. "I was a little too pushy at our meetings," Ames said later. "I'm pretty sure I scared him." Just before Christmas, Divilkovsky announced that he didn't have time to continue their lunch meetings, but another embassy employee, Sergey D. Chuvakhin, might be willing to meet with "Mr. Wells." Rick and his bosses were surprised. Why was Divilkovsky pushing Rick off onto one of his coworkers? That just wasn't done. In a sense, Divilkovsky would be vouching for Rick, saying that he was worth meeting. Carlson, Murphy, and Rick talked about whether it might be a KGB trap, but Chuvakhin was not thought to be KGB. He was reportedly a diplomat who specialized in arms control. Rick called Chuvakhin. Although friendly, Chuvakhin said he was much too busy to meet for lunch. He suggested that Rick call him in another month when he might have more time. Rick called in January 1985, but got nowhere. In February, he called twice, and both times was put off. What neither Rick nor the agency knew was that Chuvakhin had no intention of ever meeting Rick. "Divilkovsky had become suspicious of this Rick Wells," a retired KGB officer, who was stationed at the Soviet embassy in Washington in 1985, told me during an interview in Moscow. "So Mr. Divilkovsky did a very wise thing. His way of getting off the hook was by offering Mr. Wells another fish: Mr. Chuvakhin. What the Americans didn't know was that Chuvakhin, while a brilliant man, was known to have the disposition of an angry snake, and he abhorred most Americans."

Sometime in February, Ames would later claim that he couldn't remember the exact date, he and several of his CIA colleagues went to London on an agency trip, and one night while they were drinking in the hotel bar, one of the women officers announced that she was a practicing witch. "I've learned how to use my powers to tell when someone is a traitor," she declared. Rick began teasing her, but she was serious. "I looked at her and almost laughed in her face," Ames recalled later. "Here she is telling me this while I'm sitting there thinking about how I might betray my country. I said to her, 'Well, maybe you will have a chance to prove your powers someday.'"

Ames has always told the same story when asked how he became a spy. "One of our sources in the USSR had told us that the Soviets were going to have two or three double agents approach us and volunteer to spy. Well, wonder of wonders, these double agents popped up. I remember one of them approached one of our military attachés while he was traveling in the Ukraine. This was very important, because it gave me an idea. I had been thinking about how I could contact the Soviets, but I didn't want to really harm anyone. I thought, *Gosh, I could tell the KGB about these three cases and demand fifty thousand dollars. The KGB would have to pay me, because if it didn't, it would be admitting that these were double agents. So I'd get my money without really harming anyone because these weren't real traitors.* It was the perfect scam."

Rick called Chuvakhin and bullied him into agreeing to meet for lunch on April 16, at the Mayflower Hotel, which was only a few blocks away from the Soviet embassy. An hour before their lunch date, Rick typed a note demanding $50,000. "I wrote down: 'I am Aldrich H. Ames and my job is branch chief of Soviet counterintelligence at the CIA. I served in New York where I used the alias Andy Robinson. I need $50,000 and in exchange for the money, here is information about three agents we are developing in the Soviet Union right now.' I then attached one page from the CIA's SE division internal telephone roster to the note. I underlined my name."

Ames wrote his note to a specific person at the embassy: KGB general Stanislav Androsov, the KGB *rezident*. However, Rick did not refer to Androsov by name. Instead, he addressed him by his KGB pseudonym, *KRONIN*. The KGB, like the CIA, never used its employees' actual names in internal correspondence, for fear the messages might be intercepted by the enemy. In all CIA correspondence, Ames was referred to as Winfield Leggate. "I used his KGB name because I wanted to make it clear that I knew a lot about him." The agency had learned Androsov's KGB codename from Valery Martynov, GENTILE, one of the spies it had working in the Soviet embassy. Ames put his note inside an envelope, which he then addressed to "Gen. Androsov. KGB *Rezident*." He put this envelope into another envelope which he left blank. Ames planned to hand the blank envelope to Chuvakhin during lunch. He assumed the diplomat would open the letter, see Androsov's name, and then deliver it to him without opening it and reading the contents.

Rick arrived at the Mayflower half an hour early. "I had two or three double vodkas just to relax." Chuvakhin was supposed to join him at one o'clock. At two o'clock, Rick was still waiting. By two-thirty, he realized he had been stood up. He had been drinking vodkas nonstop to calm his nerves. "I kept trying to figure out what to do. I thought, *Okay, giving him the letter is a crazy idea. I'll just forget the whole thing.* But I had already made my decision, and I had convinced myself that it was the only way to solve my financial problems. Then I thought, *God, I can keep calling this guy forever, and he may never come out for lunch.* So I decided to improvise. I decided to walk right in the Soviets' front door. I knew the FBI would be watching the embassy, but I figured I could explain it to them later, because they knew I was supposed to be recruiting this guy, so I had another stiff drink and stepped outside."

When he reached the Soviet embassy, Rick hurried through the iron gate and rushed into the building's lobby. He was stopped by a guard sitting behind a reinforced glass wall. "I asked him if Mr. Chuvakhin was in. I said, 'We were supposed to have lunch.' The guard says, 'I'll get him on the phone,' and he does, and then he says that Chuvakhin will be down to see me in a minute."

Rick moved away from the glass partition and stood in a corner. It was now or never. Screwing up his courage, he walked over to the guard and pulled out the envelope. "I tore it open and took out the envelope that had Androsov's name printed on it. I slid it through the opening in the bulletproof glass to the guard. He grabbed it, looked at it, did a double take, and then he put it down and I just looked away. Chuvakhin came down, and I went over and told him that I had been waiting for him at lunch and asked why he hadn't showed."

Chuvakhin said he had forgotten. He didn't apologize. Rick told him that he wanted to reschedule their lunch. "I'll call you in a few weeks," he said.

"I'll be busy," Chuvakhin replied.

Rick grinned. "We'll see."

He left and went to a bar, where he downed some more vodkas. The next day, Ames apologized to the CIA's station chief, John Murphy, for not warning the FBI in advance about his trip to the embassy. "Murphy was really pissed, so I said, 'Look, the guy stood me up at lunch, so I improvised. There was no time to call the FBI.'"

Rick figured it would take the KGB several days to investigate him. It would also need time to collect his money. He waited two weeks, and then called. "Chuvakhin tells me, 'I'm still really busy, why don't you call me next week.' But I could tell by the way he said that, that he was not just brushing me off this time. I felt sure he had been told to tell me this." One week later, Rick telephoned the embassy again, and Chuvakhin agreed to meet him at the Mayflower Hotel for lunch on May 17. "Before we hang up, Chuvakhin says to me: 'Could you stop in at the embassy and pick me up before we go?' I said, 'No problem' but my mind is going, *What the hell is going on? Why do they want me to come there again, and what is the FBI going to think?*"

Ames decided to protect himself by calling Murphy and telling him about Chuvakhin's request. "I figured the FBI had probably monitored the call from the embassy and I acted as puzzled as everyone else about what was happening. I knew that none of these guys in the FBI or CIA would be suspicious of me, because I was a senior officer and had been doing this for so long. We all sat around trying to figure out what Chuvakhin was up to."

Rick was about to celebrate his forty-fourth birthday. He had worked at the agency twenty-three years. He had no regrets. "I knew exactly what I was doing, and I was determined to make it work."

This time, Chuvakhin was waiting in the lobby when Rick walked in. He motioned for Rick to follow him down a hallway which led to a large conference room. Rick stepped inside and Chuvakhin, remaining outside, closed the door, leaving Rick alone in the room. "Another Soviet came in . . . we shook hands, and he took a letter out of his pocket and handed it to me. He was afraid the room might be bugged, so he indicated with his hands that he wanted me to open and read it. It said 'We accept your offer and are very pleased to do so' or something like that. Then it said, 'Mr. Chuvakhin is NOT a KGB officer, but we have evaluated him and consider him reliable and mature, and he will be able to give you the money and be available to lunch with you if you care to exchange more messages.' I stood up and scribbled on the back of his note: 'Okay. Thank you very much.' We shook hands, and then I went out of the room, and Chuvakhin says, 'Let's go to lunch.'"

"Chuvakhin and I walked over to Joe and Mo's restaurant and we talked about arms control, and then, as he was getting ready to go, Chuvakhin says, 'Oh, here are some press releases that I think you will find interesting,' and he hands me this shopping bag with releases in it. I said thanks and left." Rick hurried to his car but he didn't look inside the bag until he was safely on the road driving away from the city. He pulled off onto a scenic overlook along the George Washington Parkway next to the Potomac River. What he was looking for was wrapped in brown paper at the bottom of the bag. He tore open a corner. "There were one-hundred-dollar bills wrapped tightly inside. Every one of them was a hundred-dollar bill! It was fifty thousand dollars. I was totally exhilarated. I had pulled it off."

That night, he hid the money in his closet, and on May 18, he deposited $9,000 into his checking account. He didn't want to deposit all of the cash, because he knew that banks were required to report deposits of $10,000 or more in cash to federal treasury agents. There was no way he would have been able to explain to investigators where he had gotten so much cash. Telling Rosario about his newfound wealth, however, had been easy, Ames claimed later. The $50,000 was a loan with no interest that he had gotten from an old college chum named "Robert" who owed him a big favor. "I told Rosario that Robert worked for a labor union and lived in Chicago, and the reason I was saying this was because I wanted her to assume that he was connected to organized crime or doing something that wasn't quite legal, so she wouldn't ask me too many questions." Rosario didn't, Rick recalled. "She figured this guy was a friend, and this was between him and me."

Two days after Ames made his first bank deposit, the FBI arrested John Walker, Jr., in a Maryland suburb of Washington. Walker had left a bundle of classified documents stolen from the U.S. Navy for the KGB in a grocery bag filled with trash and left by the side of a road. During the coming days, the FBI revealed that Walker had been the head of a family spy ring and that Walker himself had been spying for the KGB for eighteen years. The media called him the "spy of the decade."

Rick read everything he could about Walker's arrest because he was afraid that someone inside the Soviet embassy had tipped off the FBI. By this time, Sergey Motorin, GAUZE, had been recalled to Moscow and was no longer working in the embassy, but Valery Martynov, GENTILE, still was, and Rick wondered if Martynov had fingered Walker for the FBI. He thought about asking his boss, Rodney Carlson, because he was handling Martynov, but Rick was afraid Carlson might become suspicious of him if he asked too many questions. "The press reports said Walker's wife, Barbara, had turned him in, but that struck me as a cover story at first—something the FBI had ginned up to protect its real source. I immediately thought *Oh God, they are going to find out about me too! What I did.*"

Rick was scared. "My scam was supposed to be a one-time hit. I was just going to get the fifty thousand dollars and be done with it, but now I started to panic. I felt caught, trapped."

On June 13, 1995, Rick met with Chuvakhin at Chadwicks, a popular

Washington restaurant. The KGB had not asked him for any additional information, but Rick had decided on his own to give the Soviets the names of every CIA "human asset" that he knew about, with the exception of two names. Besides the names of U.S. spies, Rick also had decided to tell the KGB about Oleg Gordievsky, the KGB *rezident* in London who was spying for the MI- 6. Rick also had tucked seven *pounds* of CIA intelligence reports into the bottom of a shopping bag for the KGB. He had carried these classified documents out of the agency in a brown bag one night when leaving work. None of the CIA guards stationed at the doorways had asked to look inside the package.

Since Ames's arrest, four books and thousands of articles have been written about him, but none of them has accurately identified all the agents he betrayed. Most accounts have reported that Ames double-crossed ten men. What follows is as complete a list as possible of the agents whose identities he revealed. It is based on my one-on-one interviews with Ames and later discussions with the CIA, FBI, KGB, and several relatives of spies who were executed. I have chosen to identify some of these men only by their CIA cryptonyms, because they have never been arrested by the KGB or GRU, and are still living in Russia. U.S. intelligence officials are not certain why these agents were not punished. It is possible that the KGB felt it needed corroborating evidence before it could arrest them. Some of these agents may have escaped punishment because of family or political connections. It is also possible that a few of them were double agents, actually working for the KGB. The Soviets did use at least one double agent to deflect suspicion away from Ames. This has never before been made public. Even Ames does not know this agent was actually working for the KGB. I will reveal more about him later in this book. Readers should be aware that the KGB insisted during interviews with me that several of the agents on this list already were under investigation when Ames identified them on June 13 at Chadwicks restaurant. In these cases, Ames confirmed what the KGB claimed it had already learned from other sources.

Agents Identified by Aldrich Ames

1. BLIZZARD	Sergey Bokhan
2. VANQUISH	Adolf Tolkachev
3. TICKLE	Oleg Gordievsky

4. WEIGH	Leonid Poleschuk
5. MILLION	Gennady Smetanin
6. FITNESS	Gennady Varenik
7. VILLAGE	Still Living in Russia
8. COWL.	Sergey Vorontsov
9. GENTILE	Valery Martynov
10. GAUZE	Sergey Motorin
11. MEDIUM	Vladimir Potashov
12. TWINE	Boris Yuzhin
13. JOGGER	Vladimir Piguzov
14. TOPHAT (also known as ROAM)	Dmitri Polyakov
15. ACCORD	Vladimir Vasilyev
16. GLAZING	Still Living in Russia
17. TAME	Still Living in Russia
18. BACKBEND	Still Living in Russia
19. VEST	Still Living in Russia
20. EASTBOUND	Still Living in Russia

After June 13, Ames would betray: PYRRHIC, BYPLAY, MOTORBOAT, and another Russian volunteer given the cryptonym PROLOGUE. Although it has not been widely reported, a woman would also become one of Ames's victims. Gennady Smetanin's wife, Svetlana, was arrested and later imprisoned for five years because she had helped her husband commit espionage. The CIA never gave her a separate cryptonym, but it considered her one of its agents. This brings the total number of agents betrayed by Ames to *twenty-five*—more than *double* the number that has been previously made public. Five of these agents were never prosecuted, and this is the first time their cryptonyms have been revealed.

When Rick and Chuvakhin finished their lunch on June 13, Ames knew that he had put nearly all of the agents whose names were on the list in mortal danger.*

Ames would later tell federal investigators and two members of Congress, who interviewed him in jail, that he was not certain why he had decided to gave the KGB the names of all the Soviet agents known to him. "My memory is sort of a blur," he said. But he would later confirm in interviews with me that there were two reasons for his decision: *fear and profit.* Ames had been afraid, especially after John Walker, Jr., was arrested, that one of the CIA's sources would somehow learn about what he had done. The best way for Ames to protect himself was by giving the KGB the names of every "U.S. intelligence asset" whom he knew. Their arrests and executions were simply a matter of self-preservation. Greed also played a role. He knew that if he became a KGB spy, the Soviets would pay him "as much money as anyone could ever use."

"All of the people whose names were on my June 13th list knew the risks they were taking when they began spying for the CIA and FBI," Ames told me during our jailhouse sessions. "If one of them had learned about me, he would have told the CIA, and I would have been arrested and thrown in jail. Now that I was working for the KGB, the people on my list could expect nothing less from me. It wasn't personal. It was simply how the game was played."

THE WORDS OF RICK AMES

A lot of the barriers that should have stopped me from betraying my country were gone. The first barrier was [the idea] *that political intelligence matters. It doesn't. Our foreign policy is conducted in such a massively internal and political way that there is virtually no chance of any outside influence altering it. On a tactical level, yes, good intelligence matters. If TRIGON had told us that the Kremlin was about to start a war, of course*

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*A few weeks before Ames met with Chuvakhin, Sergey Bokhan, BLIZZARD, defected to the United States at the urging of the CIA's Burton Lee Gerber, then chief of the SE division. The KGB had been investigating Bokhan because of information from sources other than Ames. Obviously, Bokhan was in no danger when Ames gave his name to the KGB, since the Russian already was living in New York City.

that would have been important. But the truth is that no one in our government really pays attention to political intelligence because there are too many other agendas.

Another barrier that collapsed had to do with what others had done. Henry Kissinger crossed the line when he helped prepare the Soviets for the SALT II negotiations. TRIGON's cable proved this. Angleton betrayed agents who had helped us. He used them and sent them back knowing that they would be imprisoned or killed. He held and tortured Nosenko and everyone knew it was wrong, but no one wanted to tell the emperor that he was not wearing any clothes. Now I realize these men's actions do not excuse mine, but they did influence my decision making and help grease that slope.

I also had come to believe that the CIA was morally corrupt. No, my feelings were more intense than this. I had come to believe that it was a dangerous institution. The CIA is all about maintaining and expanding American imperial power, which I had come to think was wrong. We have no right to behave as if we somehow should find an interest in every culture and then pursue our interests in those cultures.

By 1985 I also felt I knew more than anyone else about the real Soviet threat, the real Soviet tiger, and I did not believe that what I was about to do would harm this country. Look, the Russians love to bluff and bluster, and they do it all the time. They have to do it. Why? Because they are scared. The only time they claim to be strong is when they are feeling weak. That is the purpose of deception and bluster. Telling them the names of their traitors did not risk putting us at war or threaten our military superiority. And finally, I personally felt totally alienated from my own culture. I did not feel any sense of loyalty to what mass culture had become. I did not feel part of our society.

All of these things worked against the potential barriers. The truth is that there was only one barrier left, and that was one of personal loyalty to the people I knew and, unfortunately it was not a very strong one.

How does treason fit into all of this? In some ways not at all. I would love to say that I did what I did out of some moral outrage over our country's acts of imperialism or as a political statement or out of anger toward the CIA or even a love for the Soviet Union. But the sad truth is that I did what I did because of money and I can't get away from that. I can't defend what I did.

Now let me explain something else. I was afraid. Falling in love with Rosario was difficult, conflicted, but it also seemed to me to be a matter of life and death—really. I am being serious here. My failures with my first wife, my sense of loneliness and alienation from warmth and humanity, all convinced me that if I failed in loving Rosario, only a kind of living death or suicide re-

mained for me. So you see, Rosario herself was not my salvation, but we *would be—but only if there could be a* we. *I could only survive if I could find a way for* us *to survive. And that is what this really is all about and the real reason why I did what I did.*

Why did I do it? I did it for the money. Period. I am not lying. I wanted the cash. But the reason I needed the money was not for the reasons most people want money. I did not want it for a new car or new house, but rather for what it could guarantee. It seemed to be the only way for me to guarantee that the us *I desired so desperately would survive. It would make* us *possible and, therefore, make our love a lasting one. I wanted a future. I wanted what I saw we could have together. Taking the money was essential to the re-creation of myself and the continuance of us as a couple. Do you understand now why I did it for the money but did it really for something else entirely? It all made sense at one point, until I did it, and then the enormity of what I had done sort of settled on my shoulders. I was not worried about the KGB pressuring me after I got its $50,000. They were not going to blackmail me. They would simply wait for me to reappear. I didn't stay away long. People ask why I turned in retired agents no longer spying. You must understand that I was totally alone. I couldn't tell anyone, but even beyond a sense of danger, it was this feeling of tremendous, tremendous, ah, I don't know how to describe it, but of tremendous—my God, I had talked to the KGB! I had sold out! I was suddenly a man with no one to help me. And so I kept saying to myself,* What to do? What to do? *I thought the cash from the KGB would solve all of my problems, but now I had to worry about security, survival, protecting myself.*

[Laughs]

So you see, my turning to the KGB was actually a great act of cowardice. I decided to let the KGB worry about keeping me safe. I decided not to deal with the enormity of what I had done. The way not to deal with it was by giving the KGB everything that I knew in one sitting, not because I wanted millions of dollars, but because it was quick and the easiest way for me to get a sense of relief. I told myself, Okay, give them everything, the whole thing, and then let them worry about it. *I knew they had to take care of me. Here is where the cowardice came in. I had walked away from the protection that the agency gave me and I was in the cold and I didn't like it, so I moved to the other camp and said, 'Okay, guys, now you protect me.'*

I was never an admirer of the Soviet system, but I do feel a sense of continuing obligation and gratitude to the KGB, and I guess the reason is because the KGB stuck with me, and protected me and I think the men who became my handlers developed a genuine warmth and friendship for me.

You know love has never come easy for me. I am reserved, uncomfortable with small talk and causal sociability, skeptical of others' opinions and motives, with a mix of arrogance and shyness. I've always had difficulty dealing with superiors, had few real friends, etcetera, etcetera. I've always felt alone and a bit unworthy. I'll never forget my sister Nancy's reaction after I returned from Mexico. I stayed with her for a month or so and finally brought myself to tell her about Rosario and our intentions to marry. Her immediate sympathy and support for me—not directed against Nan—was an immense relief. There's no way, I know and knew, it could have been otherwise, but still it was hard to tell her about Rosario, and my relief seemed hardly distinguishable from surprise! This is, I think, characteristic of me. I don't like admitting failure. I was incredibly apprehensive about my first phone call to Nancy [Everly] from jail and her first. Part of this was my shame, but the other was a mistaken, baseless fear that Nancy would withdraw her love. Now I know I'm ranging on psychobabble here, and I know that some will accuse me of simply seeking sympathy and reconstructing history to my liking, but I am being as genuine as I can be. I have always quietly doubted myself, my own self-worth, and I was afraid to risk losing what I had. This is my innermost fear—that those who claim to love me will walk away once they see who I really am. Where does this come from? I don't know. Neither my mother nor father ever seemed to me to condition their love. I know the real answers are in me, but I am afraid that I am blind when it comes to seeing them. All I know is that this fear is real and it often surfaces, and when it does, I reach out for someone, and hope they will be there and not abandon me.

THE WORDS OF OTHERS

Treason is an unnatural act. It's like incest. So, knowing Rick like I do, I know he had to have spent a tremendous amount of time sitting around thinking about what he had done and ways to ease his conscience—you know—to rationalize and justify what he had done. He had to.

—David T. Samson, CIA

CIA Director R. James Woolsey denounced Ames in a speech as a "malignant betrayer of his country" and a "warped, murdering traitor."

—*The Washington Post*, July 19, 1994

I can't think of a more appropriate job than working for the CIA for someone who wants to cop out of having to show his true feelings.

—David Blake, close friend

Does it really matter why he did it? He killed people, it is as simple as that.

—Relative of Gennady Grigorievich Varenik, CIA *spy executed by* KGB

You know, I read the SAWDUST files. I knew about everything horrible that Angleton did, and so did most of us in senior management, but we didn't go out and sell out our country because of it.

—Paul Redmond, CIA

Nan is to blame. After they came back from Turkey, she decided she didn't want to go anywhere else. He had been offered a great job . . . but he never went. He never was able to make the right choices in that sense, because she wouldn't go, and that was what started him down this pathway. If anyone is to blame, it is her.

—Rosario Ames

I remember Rick telling me once, "Never tell anyone your true feelings." It was weird. We were only seventeen, and I was in one of my periodic mood swings. He had been trying to comfort me, and he suddenly just said it: "Never tell anyone your true feelings. Let them believe an illusion." I didn't know what in the hell he was talking about.

—High school classmate

CHAPTER 13

At about the same time in May 1985 that Ames was making his first contact with the KGB, Vladimir Zaitzev was ordered in Moscow to report to the office of General E. M. Rasshchepov, head of the Seventh Directorate of the KGB, which was responsible for surveillance inside the USSR. Zaitzev was the commander of a special "Group A" team, sometimes called the Alpha unit, which was used by the KGB to make commando-style arrests. Zaitzev usually got his orders from the director of the Alpha unit, not a KGB general, so the young commander was nervous as he waited outside Rasshchepov's office. Sitting there, he quickly reviewed his own recent actions, as he later put it, "looking for possible sins that you can get into trouble for."

An attaché led him in to see Rasschepov, who welcomed him as if they were close friends, beckoned him to sit in an overstuffed chair, and politely asked about his family. After hot tea was served with cookies, the general told Zaitzev that he had been chosen to make an "illegal arrest," a term used by the KGB to describe the abduction of a hostile suspect for interrogation.

"You must not even let a hair fall from the head of this subject," warned Rasschepov, who added that the suspect was "under no circumstances to commit suicide" before he was questioned. Without being told, Zaitzev knew that Rasschepov was referring to the embarrassing suicide of Alexander Ogorodnik, TRIGON, the CIA spy who had swallowed cyanide while under arrest. "You will be told later who you will be sent to bring in," the general concluded. "Meanwhile, pick your very best men and get them prepared."

Zaitzev was worried. "You must remember that this was when the situation in our country was rather complicated," he explained in an article that was published in a KGB internal publication. Mikhail Gorbachev had been elected that March as General Secretary, rumors about reforms filled the Kremlin, and Zaitzev feared he was about to become "embroiled in some high-stakes political game" by being ordered to arrest a member of the Politburo or some other top party official.

A few days later, Zaitzev returned to Rasschepov's office and found a second general waiting to give him orders. This general didn't introduce himself, but Zaitzev deduced from his brisk manner and his comments that he was from the KGB's First Chief Directorate, the organization responsible for foreign intelligence. He clearly outranked Rasschepov, if not militarily then politically. This new general removed a black-and-white photograph from a folder and handed it to Zaitzev.

"This is the man you will arrest. His name is Adolf Tolkachev. He is an American secret intelligence agent," the general said.

Zaitzev was ordered to return in forty-eight hours with an arrest plan for both generals to review. He didn't need that much time. He was back the next afternoon. Tolkachev owned a dacha outside Moscow that he visited every weekend during the summer, and he was reputed to be a heavy drinker. "If our client doesn't like to miss the opportunity to get drunk, it would be logical to suppose that during the weekend at his dacha . . . he will probably drink to relax," Zaitzev explained. Knowing how harshly the Soviet police treat drunk drivers, Zaitzev speculated that Tolkachev's wife would insist on driving them back to Moscow on Sunday afternoon. Zaitzev would have two of his men pose as police officers near the road leading to Tolkachev's dacha. One of his men would be busy scolding the driver of a van that would be stopped by the side of the road. The other police office would order Tolkachev to pull over. As soon as Tolkachev's car stopped, a squad of men would burst from the van, surround the car, and overpower Tolkachev. Two cars filled with additional officers would be nearby in case Tolkachev somehow escaped. The generals nodded their approval.

Shortly after five o'clock on the following Sunday, Tolkachev and his wife began their return trip to Moscow from their dacha. As they approached the main road, a policeman ordered them to stop. Just as Zaitzev had predicted, Tolkachev's wife was driving, and she obediently pulled her Zhiguli sedan off the road. "Before she even realized what was going on, my team had her husband all tied up and packed away in our vehicle. Handcuffs! Clothes cut off to ensure that he could not take any hidden poisons! . . . He was in shock because of the suddenness of the maneuver." Zaitzev's men videotaped the arrest to show the generals. Tolkachev was taken directly to Lefortovo Prison for interrogation. A few hours later, he signed a full confession.

"Tolkachev was taken to spots where he left secret signs for his people or carried out other previously agreed-upon activities to indicate to them that he was all right," Zaitzev recalled.

On June 13, 1985, Paul M. Stombaugh, Jr., a thirty-three-year-old employee at the U.S. embassy in Moscow, was surrounded by a swarm of KGB agents as he was walking toward a park for a meeting with Tolkachev. The CIA station sent an urgent cable that same night to Burton Lee Gerber, the chief of the SE division, in Langley. Tears formed in Gerber's eyes as he read the message. If Stombaugh had been ambushed, then Gerber correctly assumed that the KGB had already arrested Tolkachev, and Gerber knew what that meant. The KGB would eventually execute him. Gerber had succeeded Gus Hathaway as the station chief in Moscow in 1980 and had personally overseen the Tolkachev case for more than two years. Oftentimes, Tolkachev had sent the agency notes that explained why he was helping the United States. In them, the spy described himself as a "Russian patriot" and wrote that he wanted to help "destroy" the Communist Party because in his opinion, it was ruining his country. Gerber had admired Tolkachev. *How had the KGB found out about him?*

On June 14, the morning after Stombaugh was caught, Gerber telephoned Rick. "We got something going on here we need to talk about right now!" he said. As Rick hustled up the stairs to Gerber's fourth-floor office, he fought back a surge of panic. The day before, June 13, was the day he had met Sergey Chuvakhin at Chadwicks restaurant and given him the roster of Soviet agents working for the CIA. Ames later recalled his feelings that morning. "I wondered, *Did I screw up? Does he know already? Has someone told on me?* I honestly thought I might be greeted by two security officers with handcuffs when I entered Gerber's office." Instead, he found a somber Gerber sitting behind his desk, studying a stack of cables.

"Last night, Stombaugh was arrested and is being expelled," he announced. "There is a problem with Tolkachev. Let's figure out what went wrong, and if we've got a problem, let's get it fixed."

Rick nodded and immediately did some mental calculations. He had given Tolkachev's name to Chuvakhin around noon on June 13, and they had spent more than an hour together. Moscow was eight hours ahead in time from Washington. The soonest that Chuvakhin could have gotten word to Moscow about Tolkachev would have been 9 P.M. That would not have given the KGB enough time to arrest Tolkachev and ambush Stombaugh, and that meant Rick couldn't have been responsible for Tolkachev's arrest.* "I immediately wondered if Tolkachev had done something stupid or if the station had done something stupid, and then I thought to myself, *Is it possible that the KGB has* another *mole working for it, besides me, in the CIA?*"

Rick spent June and much of July looking for reasons why Tolkachev had been caught. He would later say that he saw nothing ironic about the situation: having a CIA officer, who was a KGB spy, investigating how the KGB had caught a CIA spy. When Rick was doing his job at the agency, he focused on being as good a CIA officer as he could, he said later. When he was working for the KGB, he focused on being as good an agent as he could. It was as if there were two different compartments in his head marked CIA, KGB. "Of course, when I was at work, I would pick up cables to give the KGB, but I never went out of my way to get anything that would not routinely cross my desk. I never sought out information from my colleagues. This compartmentalization was for my own protection. It reduced risks, because I didn't have to invent excuses or remember lies."

Still, there were times that summer when Rick felt overwhelmed, not only at work but home. Rosario left in late June for a six-week seminar in Chicago on literary criticism. Rick's divorce from Nan was scheduled to become final on August 1. He and Rosario planned to get married on August 10. Rosario's mother and brother were arriving from Bogotá in late July for a short vacation and the wedding. Rick's mother was driving up from her home in North Carolina to meet Rosario's family. Besides dealing with the wedding and his job, Rick was still delivering documents to the KGB during his lunch meetings with Chuvakhin. "If we pitched some guy in Greece, I'd make sure the KGB heard about it, or if we were launching some clandestine action against the Soviets, I'd tip them off." Among the cables that Rick delivered to the Russians were reports that he was writing to Gerber about the

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*The CIA would later determine that Tolkachev was arrested June 9, or four days *before* Rick gave his long list of CIA spies to the KGB.

Tolkachev investigation. Rick never asked Chuvakhin or the KGB for any information, nor did he offer to help the KGB mislead the agency. Such moves would be too risky. "I played everything as straight as I could." He faithfully reported his lunch dates with Chuvakhin to John Murphy, the CIA's station chief in Washington, and to the appropriate FBI intelligence agents. After each lunch, he wrote in his reports that his meetings with Chuvakhin were certainly worth continuing, but that the Soviet had not shown any interest in espionage or weaknesses that could be exploited. "Basically, I just kept saying that I needed more time to work on him."

With each day that passed, Rick's fears about being caught began to lessen. On July 31, however, the KGB shocked him. When he arrived at Chadwicks restaurant, he found Chuvakhin and three *additional* Soviets waiting to have lunch with him. Worse, all of them were sitting at a table in front of the restaurant's picture window! Rick gasped. What if someone saw him there? When he discovered that one of his lunch partners was Viktor I. Cherkashin, the counterintelligence chief at the embassy, he got even more jittery. He knew the FBI routinely tailed Cherkashin. Its agents could be photographing him with them right now! "What was I supposed to say? 'Gosh, guys, guess who I bumped into today, good old Vic Cherkashin. We just sat down and had a bite together.'" Rick was still fretting that afternoon when he returned to his office. He knew the agency and the FBI would expect him to file a report about his lunch, but he didn't know what to write. He was afraid to lie and leave the three additional Russians out of his account. Someone might have seen him with them. Yet if he put them in, the FBI was bound to ask why they had joined him. "I decided to do nothing. I decided to stop writing reports about my lunches. I was hoping no one would notice."

Ames would later tell the FBI and CIA that the KGB never told him why it had decided to have the extra Soviets meet Rick for lunch. But during one of my trips to Moscow, I spoke with Viktor Cherkashin, and he claimed credit for the idea. "We knew the CIA often gave its officers polygraph tests, and one of the questions it always asked was 'Have you recently had any unofficial contacts with KGB or GRU officers?' The lunch was done to give Ames an alibi or excuse if he indicated deception when asked that question. He could honestly say that three Soviets had surprised him while he was eating lunch one day with a potential recruit. We were trying to help protect him."

Shortly after 11:00 A.M. on August 1, a Thursday, Burton Lee Gerber received an urgent cable from the CIA station in Rome that contained exciting news: Vitaly Sergeyevich Yurchenko had walked into the U.S. embassy that morning and had announced that he wanted to defect. Gerber immediately informed Gus Hathaway, who was now the CIA's chief of counterintelligence. Yurchenko was arguably the biggest Soviet catch in the entire history of the CIA. His most recent assignment had been as deputy chief in the First Department of the KGB's First Chief Directorate. That meant he had helped oversee most of the KGB's *clandestine operations* and its *spies* in the United States and Canada. Gerber and Hathaway were scheduled to attend a retirement luncheon at noon being hosted in the reception area on the seventh floor by CIA Director William Casey. Both arrived smiling. The reception was for Edward J. O'Malley, the FBI's counterintelligence chief, and the room was filled with the nation's top intelligence officers, as well as FBI director William H. Webster. Hathaway quietly spread the news about Yurchenko as he made his way across the room, leaving an electrified buzz behind him. Casey was jubilant. Yurchenko's defection was just the boost that he needed because Congress had recently rebuffed his efforts to continue supplying U.S. aid to the contras fighting to overthrow the government of Nicaragua.

As soon as Gerber returned to his office that afternoon, he consulted with his deputy, Milton Bearden, and Rodney Carlson, the head of the SE division counterintelligence group. The three of them agreed that Rick would be put in charge of debriefing Yurchenko. He understood how the KGB worked, had done well handling important and often temperamental Soviets, and could write reports quickly. Rick was called into Gerber's office and told about the defector. Yurchenko was scheduled to arrive aboard a U.S. military airplane early Friday morning at Andrews Air Force Base on the southeastern edge of Washington. In less than twenty-four hours, Rick was expected to become the agency's expert on Yurchenko. Others would find a suitable safe house, arrange security, and make certain that the agency and the FBI agreed about how the defector would be handled. Rick would be responsible for coming up with a prioritized list of questions. No one had to tell him what the first was going to be. Were any U.S. citizens working for the KGB as spies? If so, who?

At 8:30 P.M. on that same Thursday, Gerber received another urgent cable from Rome. Yurchenko had revealed that an American had contacted the KGB in Vienna during the fall of 1984, and had sold the Soviets the names of several Russians working for the CIA as spies. The defector had never met this U.S. traitor, who he called "Robert," but he knew that the spy had once worked for the CIA and was being groomed for an assignment in Moscow when he had been abruptly fired. SE division chief Gerber was a devout Roman Catholic and a precise man, who always chose his words wisely and rarely swore, but when he finished reading the cable, he exclaimed: "Damn! He's talking about Ed Howard."

Once again Gerber called Rick into his office, this time to brief him about the Edward Lee Howard fiasco. Gerber wanted to make certain that Rick was ready to question Yurchenko more thoroughly about Howard as soon as the defector arrived in the States. Gerber had never met Howard, but he had heard plenty about him. Howard had been fired in May 1983 for lying about his previous drug use while serving in the Peace Corps before he joined the agency. He and his wife, Mary, had moved to Santa Fe, New Mexico, and Howard had found a good job there, but he had been unable to get over his bitterness toward the agency. He had started drinking heavily, had made a number of strange telephone calls to CIA employees, and had become despondent. In February 1984, Howard had gotten into an altercation outside a bar, pulled a pistol, and fired it. The police had arrested him, and he had eventually been found guilty. But because he had not been in trouble before, Howard had been placed on probation and ordered to undergo several hours of psychiatric counseling. Howard had blamed the agency for his mental problems, and in May 1984, he had stopped at the CIA during an East Coast business trip and had demanded that it reimburse him for his court-required psychiatric care. On September 24, 1984, the agency had sent two officers to New Mexico to meet with him. One was a former colleague, the other a CIA psychiatrist. During this meeting, the two officers slipped Howard an envelope with $200 in it to cover the cost of his therapy. Howard had accepted the money and had assured them that he had overcome his anger at the CIA.

Howard had then made a shocking disclosure. In the fall of 1983 during a trip to Washington, Howard had sat on a park bench outside the Soviet consulate for several minutes, trying to decide whether or not he should go inside and sell CIA secrets to the KGB. He had decided not to do it, he told his two stunned CIA visitors. But he had considered it. The officers hurried back to headquarters, where they repeated Howard's tale to senior agency officials. During questioning, however, both men agreed that they thought Howard had seemed relaxed and seemed to have overcome his fury at the agency. He had been clearheaded and chipper. Gerber had been one of the agency officials briefed about Howard and, at the time, he had decided that this mood change in Howard was a good sign. After reading the Rome cable on August 1 about Yurchenko's description of "Robert," Gerber now suspected that the real reason why Howard had been so cooperative and chipper on September 24 was that he had already exacted his revenge.*

"How much does Howard know about our Moscow operations?" Ames asked.

Gerber said he couldn't be certain, because he had been in Moscow when Howard was hired, trained, and fired. And then, Gerber suddenly felt ill. The pieces had come together. He had just recalled that Howard was being trained to be the "clean slot" officer in Moscow when he was fired.

"Howard's the one who betrayed Tolkachev!" he exclaimed. "I'm sure of it."

In reports published after his arrest, Ames would be described as being absolutely petrified when he arrived at Andrews Air Force Base on August 2 to greet Yurchenko. Several authors and journalists would write that Ames had worked himself into a drunken frenzy the night before because he was terrified that Yurchenko would step from the C-5A cargo plane onto the tarmac and dramatically jab a finger at Ames and declare: *It's you! You are a CIA mole!*

But such conjecture is simply untrue.

"I knew I was safe," said Ames. "It was apparent that he didn't know anything about me. If he had, I would have been one of the first persons he would have identified in Rome."

Walking up to the defector, Rick smiled, stuck out his hand, and repeated several lines that had been written by the agency for just such occasions. "Mr. Yurchenko, welcome to the United States. I bring you greetings and welcome from Director Casey. Do you believe that you are in any imminent danger?"

Yurchenko seemed a bit confused. He glanced around the well-guarded airfield and shook his head, indicating no.

"Good," said Rick. "If you come with us, we have a comfortable area prepared for you."

Rick led Yurchenko into the back seat of a waiting agency car and slipped in beside him. Not wishing to miss anything, two FBI agents crowded into

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*Gerber apparently was right. The FBI and CIA would later claim that Howard had contacted the KGB during an eight-day trip to Europe in September 1984. He had returned from that trip on September 23, *one day* before he met the two CIA officers!

the back seat of the car with them. Rick introduced himself as Phil. When the car started to pull away, Rick took a card out of his pocket. Once again, this was standard CIA procedure. The card contained a message written in both English and Russian.

> If you have anything extremely important to tell us which you would like to tell only to the director of Central Intelligence or some other senior U.S. government official, tell me now and I will take you directly to him.

Yurchenko studied the card and then said: "Nyet."

The security officer driving the car had been told to spend at least a half hour "dry cleaning," driving evasively to ensure that the KGB was not following. Two other "chase" cars filled with armed officers were part of the escort. Rick thought the delay was a waste of time. Yurchenko had been awake for more than forty-eight hours, and Rick wanted to get him to the safe house in Herndon, Virginia, so he could rest. Although Rick was not supposed to begin interrogating Yurchenko until they got there, he decided to make absolutely certain that the defector didn't know anything about him.

"Are there any other *really* important leads or indications that you know of that may indicate that the CIA has been penetrated by a KGB mole?" he asked. Ames later recalled Yurchenko's reply: "Yurchenko looks at me, and says, 'Well, something strange happened in April.' He told me that he had been in Moscow and had heard through the grapevine that the counterintelligence chief at the Soviet embassy in Washington had made an unexpected trip back to Moscow and had met personally there with the chief of the First Chief Directorate. There had been speculation that something big had happened in Washington, but Yurchenko said he hadn't heard anything more. Of course, I knew what had happened in Washington. April is when I had first volunteered. That meeting had been about me!"

Yurchenko said he was exhausted when they reached the safe house, but he was too excited to sleep, so Rick and an FBI agent began debriefing him. One of his first revelations was that the KGB *rezident* in London had been recalled to Moscow and put under house arrest because he was suspected of being a British spy. "I knew instantly that he was talking about Oleg Gordievsky, and my first thought was, *Jesus Christ, we've got to do something to save him! We've got to get a cable to London and tell the Brits.* And then I realized that I had given the KGB Gordievsky's name. I was responsible for his arrest! This is how compartmentalized I was. While talking to Yurchenko, I was consumed by the need to get more information to help save Gordievsky. I genuinely was worried about him. Yet at the same time, I knew I had exposed him."

It was late when Rick got home that night. He wrote his notes in longhand. He planned to drop them off at the agency the next morning for his secretary to type while he was at the safe house debriefing Yurchenko. He would put a copy aside, of course, for the KGB. At this point, Rick knew that the agency had identified Edward Lee Howard as a spy, but he didn't feel any obligation to warn either Howard or the KGB. He would later claim that he hoped the FBI would arrest Howard. "My attitude was: 'Let's catch this bastard before he does more any more damage.' I know that sounds crazy, because I was a KGB agent, too, but that was how I felt."

Yurchenko made a number of dramatic revelations during the coming weeks. He identified another KGB agent, a former employee of the National Security Agency, who had contacted the KGB in 1980. Although Yurchenko didn't know the traitor's actual name, the FBI identified him as Ronald W. Pelton.* Yurchenko also told his debriefers about "spy dust," a chemical which the KGB was squirting inside cars used by employees at the U.S. embassy in Moscow. The chemical was invisible to the naked eye, but could be seen through special glasses. The KGB looked for traces of it on the skin and clothing of Russians whom they suspected of being CIA spies. For example, if a CIA officer ever gave an informant a ride in his car, the passenger would be marked with spy dust.

Rick was mesmerized by Yurchenko. Even though he and Rosario were getting married in less than one week, he was having so much fun that he hated to leave the safe house at night. Yurchenko also liked him. When the Russian learned that Rick would be taking a day off to get married, Yurchenko wrote a message on a five-ruble note and presented it to him as a wedding present. "Dear Phil," it said. "On the day of your wedding I wish you to be happy and lucky." He signed it: "Alex."

Ames would later tell me that he had provided the KGB with copies of all of the notes that he wrote during Yurchenko's debriefings. "I gave the KGB the address of our safe house, too, and the telephone number for the phone there in case they wanted to try calling him direct some night!" Rick met Sergey Chuvakhin about every two weeks with packages of stolen documents. In exchange, Chuvakhin gave him bundles of cash. Usually, both men hid their packages in the bottom of shopping bags, which they exchanged after lunch.

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*Pelton was arrested on November 24, 1985, and later sentenced to life in prison.

Although Rick now had plenty of cash, he did not flaunt it. He did not want to attract attention. His wedding on August 10 was a low-budget affair. Rosario was Roman Catholic, but no local priest would agree to marry them, because Rick was divorced. Rick was an atheist, but his mother had been a member of the Unitarian Church in Oakton, Virginia, so he contacted the minister there, and he agreed to perform the ceremony. About twenty guests attended. Rosario wore a short white party dress that she had bought on sale at Bloomingdale's. Rick bought several bottles of champagne and Rosario served guests pieces of a traditional Colombian wedding cake that she had made herself. The meager refreshments surprised their New York friends David and Angela Blake. "We're Jewish and we kept wondering: *How can you have a wedding without feeding people?*" Angela said later. They decided Rick and Rosario were broke. Only one person at the wedding had noticed that Rick and Rosario seemed to have more money. A few days before the wedding, Diana Worthen had stopped at their apartment and had found Rosario and her mother, Cecilia, laughing about a stupid error that Rick had made. The two women had spent hours one day shopping and had been totally exhausted by the time they finished. Rosario had put all of their purchases into a large plastic garbage bag that she found in the car trunk, because she didn't want to make several trips from the car to her eleventh-floor apartment. As soon as she and her mother stepped inside the apartment, Rosario put down the bag and went to take a nap. Rick came in a few minutes later and assumed the bag was trash. He carried it downstairs and tossed it into a dumpster. By the time Rosario realized what had happened, the trash had been hauled away.

"Oh my God," Worthen said, after hearing the story. "You lost everything?"

"Oh, it wasn't so much, only about seven hundred dollars' worth," Rosario replied.

Her reaction startled Worthen. Only a few months earlier, Rosario had turned down an invitation to go shopping because she and Rick didn't have any extra money. "Now she was acting as if losing seven hundred dollars was funny," Worthen recalled. "Rosario and her mother just went out and bought everything again the next day."

Not long after Rick's wedding, the agency moved Yurchenko from the safe house into a spacious two-story Colonial-style house in a suburb called

Coventry. The agency told him that it would buy him a comparable house after the debriefings ended and he had time to decide where he wanted to live. The CIA also said it would pay him an annual salary of $62,500 per year, and give him $50,000 worth of furnishings. Rick met with Yurchenko more than twenty times during August and September. Sometimes they spoke informally during strolls around a nearby pond and meals. Rick felt sorry for him. Yurchenko was convinced that he was dying of stomach cancer, and he soon developed a reputation as a chronic complainer. Just as Rick had done with Shevchenko, he became the agency's unofficial babysitter. It wasn't an easy task.

"Someone in Rome had promised Yurchenko that the agency would not tell the USSR that he had defected," Ames said later. Under a long established practice, both sides usually required defectors to meet face to face with a representative from their former country to prove that they had not been kidnapped or abducted. Yurchenko was furious when he learned that the CIA was going to tell the KGB that he had defected. He told his debriefers that the KGB could not seize any of his property (primarily his dacha) or his belongings in the USSR unless it had proof that he had changed sides. His family still lived in Moscow and he didn't want them to suffer. "We were shocked because we thought the KGB could do whatever it wanted," Ames said later, "but Yurchenko told us the Soviet system was much more legalistic than we had ever imagined."

One reason Yurchenko had defected was because he had fallen in love with Valentina Yereskovsy, the wife of a Soviet diplomat stationed in Montreal. He was certain that she would leave her husband and join him in the United States once he got settled. Without telling Canadian authorities, the FBI smuggled Yurchenko across the border in September so that he could meet secretly with his girlfriend. He waited outside a high-rise Montreal apartment building with his FBI guards until he saw Yereskovsy's husband leave for work. Then he scampered up to the sixteenth floor and knocked on his lover's apartment door. She was stunned and told him that she never wished to see him again. Yurchenko returned to the States dejected. "Yurchenko was lonely. None of us really would hang around and chat with him much at his house," Ames recalled, "When it came time for us to go home, we'd run off to our wives and families, and he wouldn't have anything to do but listen to the bullfrogs in the pond croak."

One Sunday, Rick decided on his own to brighten up Yurchenko's weekend. The Russian had mentioned that he wanted to meet Rick's new bride, so Rick took Rosario to Yurchenko's house for lunch. Yurchenko was delighted. He cooked his specialty for her: a chicken that was put in a saucepan filled with water and salt and steamed for about an hour. Rosario thought it was half-cooked, the worst-tasting meal that she had ever eaten, but she enjoyed being fawned over by the Russian. SE Division Chief Gerber was irritated when he learned that Rick had thumbed his nose at the agency's security regulations by taking his wife to eat lunch with Yurchenko. When Rick explained why, however, Gerber backed off. Gerber and his deputy, Milton Bearden, began discussing ways to make Yurchenko feel better about his new life. "How about giving him $1 million?" Bearden asked. He had calculated that it cost the U.S. government at least $1 million to support a Soviet defector during his lifetime after he was granted asylum. Rather than paying Yurchenko a yearly salary, Bearden suggested that the agency impress him by issuing him a check for $1 million. Gerber liked the idea. "Defectors often look at how much money they are being paid as a signal of how valuable or important they are in the West," Gerber was later quoted as saying. The agency would be sending Yurchenko an ego-building message, especially when it told him that he was the first defector ever to be paid $1 million. The two men decided to arrange a private dinner for Yurchenko with CIA director Casey, too.

Yurchenko's mood improved, but not for long. Someone told the media about him. He was furious when he read about himself in *The Washington Times*. It would be impossible later to determine who had tipped off the press. Some would claim it was Congress, others would blame Casey.

While Yurchenko's debriefers searched for ways to keep him from falling into another slump, the FBI tried to find sufficient evidence to arrest Edward Lee Howard in New Mexico for espionage. Except for Yurchenko's statements, there was none. The bureau had been watching Howard and it appeared that his contact with the KGB had been a limited-time affair. On September 19, the FBI sent three agents to confront him. Their goal was to get him to break down and confess, but he admitted nothing. Howard seemed unflappable. The next morning, September 20, however, the FBI received help in rattling Howard from an unexpected source. The KGB announced in Tass, the state-controlled news service, that Adolf Tolkachev had been arrested for spying. Howard knew the FBI couldn't tie him to Tolkachev's arrest, at least not yet, but he also knew that he had violated his five-year probation on his earlier assault conviction by traveling to Europe without first getting permission from the court. The FBI was bound to find out about his overseas trip, and it could play hardball by revoking his probation and putting him in prison for one year. On Saturday afternoon, September 21, Howard and his wife drove from their house, located about twelve miles outside Santa Fe, to a restaurant for dinner. Howard was certain that the FBI was shadowing them. He had noticed several men who looked like FBI agents watching his house earlier that day. Mary was driving their 1979 Oldsmobile when the couple left the restaurant's parking lot after dark that night. During their trip home, she slowed while turning a curve on an isolated road, and Howard leaped from the passenger side of the car. Mary quickly swung a life-sized dummy that Howard had made into place in the seat next to her, so the FBI agents following them would think Howard was still in the car. What the Howards had no way of knowing was that the FBI was not following them. The agent who was supposed to be watching their house that afternoon had not seen them leave. Howard was safe to flee to Moscow.

The FBI was badly embarrassed by Howard's escape, and it blamed the CIA, in part, for contributing to the disaster. The bureau criticized the agency for not telling it earlier about Howard. It was particularly irked at the CIA for not telling it in September 1984 that Howard had admitted fantasizing about walking into the Soviet consulate and selling U.S. secrets to the KGB.

At about this same time, an FBI agent assigned to a special squad inside the FBI's Washington, D.C., base station noticed that Rick had stopped filing reports about his lunchtime meetings with Chuvakhin. The FBI sent four inquiries to the CIA asking about the missing reports, but none was answered.

Rick told Yurchenko goodbye in early October. The agency had agreed to send Rick to Rome as the Soviet branch chief in the station there. He and Rosario were supposed to report to Italy in mid-1986. Meanwhile, they were going to study Italian full-time at the CIA's language school. On Monday, November 4, one of the school's instructors interrupted the Italian class and told Rick that he had an urgent telephone call. It was Burton Lee Gerber's secretary. The SE division chief wanted Rick to report to his office immediately. "I felt a true sense of panic," Ames said later. "I thought about simply running away, because I truly believed that I had been caught. I thought another defector had come over and had identified me as a mole."

In fact, just the opposite was true.

"Yurchenko has redefected," Gerber announced. On Saturday, November 2, Yurchenko and a young CIA security officer had driven into Georgetown, a ritzy area of Washington, to eat at Au Pied du Cochon, a French restaurant about one mile from the Soviet residential compound. After they finished, Yurchenko asked: "What would you do if I got up and walked out? Would you shoot me?"

"No, we don't treat defectors that way," the officer replied.

"I'll be back in fifteen or twenty minutes," Yurchenko announced. "If I'm not, it's not your fault."

Yurchenko left. The officer waited several minutes for him to return and then went outside to find him. A nearby movie theater was showing a Russian film, and the officer assumed that Yurchenko had gone inside. The officer showed the theater attendant his credentials and went inside, but he didn't see Yurchenko there. By the time he had called Gerber for advice and had notified the FBI, Yurchenko was already inside the Soviet compound. On Monday afternoon, Yurchenko announced at a press conference that the CIA had abducted and kidnapped him in Rome. He claimed the agency had used drugs to control him for more than three months while it interrogated him. He personally attacked Gerber and criticized all his CIA and FBI debriefers, except for one. The officer he had known as "Phil" was not mentioned. When Yurchenko revealed that the CIA had planned on paying him $1 million to betray his country, a grin appeared on Gerber's face for the first time that Monday. "Thank you, Mr. Yurchenko," he said out loud. Yurchenko had just done the agency a favor, he explained to the other CIA officers watching the news conference on the television in his office. If there were any KGB or GRU officers listening, Gerber figured the $1 million offer was going to make them salivate. "We didn't pay him, did we?" he suddenly asked. The answer was no. The agency had still been processing all the necessary paperwork when Yurchenko fled.

"A couple of officers in SE division really wanted to burn Yurchenko," Ames later recalled, "by releasing the tape recordings that we had made during his debriefings. They would have shown that he hadn't been drugged and that he was having a good time telling us KGB secrets, but Gerber, much to his credit, said, 'No, let him go.' The agency had gotten everything it wanted out of Yurchenko, and we weren't going to pull an Angleton-like trick and betray him with the tapes just because he was heartbroken and wanted to go home. It was a really decent thing to do."

On November 6, Yurchenko boarded a Moscow-bound Aeroflot Ilyushin jet with an escort of four KGB agents, and waved to the media photographing him. About two weeks later, Yurchenko held another news conference in Moscow claiming, among other things, that the zipper on Director Casey's trousers had been open when they had dinner together. Once again, he attacked all the agency and bureau officers who had debriefed him, except for Rick. Everyone in the SE division assumed that Rick had escaped criticism because Yurchenko had genuinely liked him. Rick figured there was another reason.

Although Rick was spending most days studying Italian, he still reported to the SE division most nights. No one thought this was odd, because he was expected to keep track of what the division was doing. But he had another reason for the trips. He was stealing classified information for the KGB. The Soviets told him in a written note in late 1985 that it wanted to meet him outside the United States as soon as possible. Rick suggested that the KGB meet him in Bogotá, since he and Rosario were planning on spending Christmas there with Rosario's mother. The KGB sent him a note confirming the "initial contact point" and time for the meeting. They told him to carry a copy of *Time* magazine under his arm and told him what to say when his contact met him. Rick and Rosario flew to Colombia that December, and on a Tuesday night just before Christmas Day, Rick announced that he needed to buy a present for his mother. Rachel Ames was flying to Bogotá to spend part of the holidays with them. Rosario was worried about Rick going out by himself, but he assured her that he would be safe. One of Colombia's largest shopping malls, Uno Centro, was located near Cecilia's apartment, and Rick said he would find something there. Rosario reminded him that they had been invited to eat dinner with several of her relatives at nine o'clock. "Don't be late," she warned. Unbeknownst to Rosario, Rick had already chosen a present for his mother. It was an emerald, and he raced over to the mall and bought it for $3,000 in cash. He then rushed outside, hailed a cab, and thirty minutes later was at the spot where he was supposed to meet his KGB contact.

"Excuse me, didn't I see you in Paris recently?" he heard a voice say. Rick turned and faced a tall, muscular man in his early fifties with striking silver hair.

"No, perhaps we met in Vienna," he replied, repeating the words that he had been instructed to say.

"I have a car waiting," his KGB contact said. He led Rick to a sedan. "It would be better if we did not speak any more until we reach our destination." They slid into the car's rear seat, and the driver shot out into the traffic. Rick had wondered where they would talk. He knew the KGB detested meeting in restaurants, which could be bugged. Sometimes they spent hours walking the streets with their agents. He had no idea where they were going, until he spotted a flag hanging outside a large, walled compound. It was the Soviet embassy. Rick wondered if it was being watched by Colombian intelligence officers. He began to fidget. His KGB companion seemed to sense his fear. Without being asked, he handed Rick a baseball cap and muffler to help him hide his face. Moments later, they were inside the compound and out of sight of the street. The KGB officer led Rick into a small room in the embassy. The Soviet seemed as excited as Rick was. He suddenly grabbed Rick, gave him a big hug, and kissed him on both cheeks. "You may call me VLAD," he announced, beaming. He poured them each a vodka and offered a toast to Rick and their efforts to bring about "world peace." Rick almost burst out laughing. "He was doing the exact same things that we do whenever we meet one of our spies," Ames recalled later. "He was building a rapport, talking about how our actions were going to benefit both our countries and humankind. It was the same spiel we used on them."

Rick mentioned that he didn't have much time, so they switched to drinking mineral water and got to work.

"Is Mr. Chuvakhin still acceptable to you as a contact?" VLAD asked.

Rick said he was. They spent more than an hour talking about what the KGB wanted him to steal for it and different ways for them to communicate with each other. They both were enjoying themselves. VLAD would suggest an idea, and Rick would tell him that the CIA already had a better way of doing the same thing. Then Rick would make a suggestion, and VLAD would tell him how the KGB had improved on it.

"I'd like you to tell me the name you are using in your internal reports about me," Rick said at one point. "I have a reason for asking. If the CIA gets a cable that mentions my cryptonym, or a defector mentions it, I will be forewarned."

VLAD agreed that it was a good idea. "We are calling you LYUDMILA in our cables," he said. "It is a woman's name." Rick thought that was a good ruse. "What would you like to call yourself in your notes to us?" VLAD asked.

"KOLOKOL," said Rick.

"Why have you chosen the Russian word 'bell?'" VLAD asked.

"It's the name used by Aleksandr Herzen's nineteenth-century reformist journal that had an impact on modernizing Russian thought. He chose it for its cultural resonance—a warning!" Rick replied, showing off his knowledge of Russian history. And then he added, "There's also a bit of irony in using the letter K." James Jesus Angleton had spent his career searching for a KGB mole whose name reportedly began with the letter K. "Out of respect for Angleton," Rick quipped, "I think it is only appropriate that I sign my notes with a K." He smiled, but he wasn't certain if VLAD understood the sarcasm.

It was 9:40 P.M. when Rick returned to his mother-in-law's apartment, and Rosario was fuming. Cecilia asked why he was so late. Rick said he had gotten lost. He told them that he had to put away the present that he had bought for his mother before they could leave to eat dinner with Rosario's relatives. Hurrying into the bedroom, he tucked the $50,000 into the bottom of his suit bag. When they got to dinner, Cecilia made some joke in Spanish about how Americans are always getting lost, and everyone laughed.

Rick was happy to see his mother when she arrived a few days later. He knew how much she enjoyed visiting foreign countries. Cecilia suggested that they drive to Cartagena, a seaside resort, so Rick, Rosario, Rachel, Cecilia, and Rosario's younger brother, Pablo, packed themselves into a van that Rick rented, and drove north. Everyone had such a good time that Rick and Rosario decided to buy a condominium there. He told his mother that they had gotten it cheap because the condominium complex was still under construction and the builder needed cash to finish. Rick, Rosario, and Rachel breezed through U.S. Customs when they returned to the States in January 1986. No one checked the suit bag where the KGB's cash was still hidden.

That spring, Rachel visited them again in Virginia. She had come to see her grandson, one of Nancy Everly's boys, graduate from the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland. Rachel was staying in the guest bedroom at Rick and Rosario's apartment, and one night she and Rosario decided that they would get up early the next morning and go shopping together. When she didn't get out of bed the next day, Rosario telephoned Rick. He discovered that his mother had suffered a heart attack in her sleep. Rick was overwrought. Rosario was surprised when she saw how emotional he was. Rick always seemed in control. She often joked about how in control he and his sisters were. Every time Rosario called him at work about some emergency, he would assure her in an irritatingly paternalistic voice that everything would be fine if she would just calm down. That was the Ames family way: *Don't betray any emotions, just deal with the problem at hand.*

Rick and Nancy made the funeral arrangements. Only one person from the agency called to offer his condolences. It was Burton Lee Gerber, the SE division chief. Rick and Rosario were scheduled to leave for a brief Club Med vacation the morning after the funeral. Nancy thought Rick might cancel the trip, but Rosario didn't want to do that. Later that night, after Rosario had gone to bed at the hotel, Rick poured himself a vodka and sat alone in the darkness. The last twelve months had been incredible. He had gotten divorced, remarried, become a spy, helped debrief Yurchenko, met his KGB handler in Bogotá, and now had buried his mother. He thought about his parents. They had been so proud of him. He had really straightened out his life after fumbling for a few years when he was living in Chicago. Sitting there, he thought about the nasty letter that he had written to them after he had flunked out of college, telling them to butt out of his life. In a strange way, he decided it was best that they were dead. *Now they will never know the truth,* he later recalled thinking. He felt relieved.

Rick and Rosario completed language school that spring. Rosario got the equivalent of an A plus. Rick got a C, which meant he could handle some basic Italian but wasn't fluent. A short time later, Rick received a notice from the CIA's Office of Security, informing him that it was time for his routine background investigation. Every employee was supposed to undergo a routine investigation and take a polygraph test every five years. Rick had forgotten that he was due for testing. He decided to ask VLAD for advice. He had heard rumors that the KGB had discovered a way to fool the lie detector machine. VLAD told him to "remain calm, get a good night's rest, eat a good breakfast, and convince the examiner that you want to be helpful in answering all questions." Rick was disappointed. He had hoped the KGB had invented some sort of pill that would help a person conceal his reactions. He thought the test had gone well, until the woman giving it announced that the machine had noted that he had reacted slightly to one question, possibly indicating an attempt at deception.

"Which one?" he asked.

"Why don't you tell me which one you think it is?" she replied.

Rick shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I can't imagine."

She read him the question: "Have you ever been approached or pitched by a foreign intelligence service?" She asked Rick if he had any idea why the machine showed he was stumbling over that query.

"I guess it's because, you know, I have been involved in a lot of developmental relationships with Eastern Europeans and I, myself, have pitched them and oftentimes they were probably thinking about pitching me at the same time I was pitching them," he replied. As an afterthought, he added that he was nervous because he was leaving soon for Italy and he thought he might be pitched there.

The examiner said that she would give Rick a few minutes to relax, and then ask him that same question again. As he was sitting there, Rick suddenly realized that he had never been pitched by the KGB. "The question was written incorrectly. It was: 'Have you ever been approached or pitched by a foreign intelligence service?' and I hadn't been! I was the one who *approached* them! I wasn't lying when I said I'd never been pitched."

When the examiner asked Rick the question again, he answered, "No," and this time the machine didn't indicate a reaction.

"I thanked the examiner and walked outside the building and it was a beautiful Friday, and I stopped and took a deep breath and just felt absolutely great about being alive," Ames said later. "I was deeply in love with Rosario, I had just passed my polygraph, I had more money than I could ever spend, and I was on my way to Rome, which was a city that Rosario and I both wanted to live in. It is hard to describe just how much of a high I was on at that moment.

"I said to myself, *You've finally done it, Rick. You're on top of the world.*"

PART THREE

FALSE STARTS

Counterintelligence people are like wolves chewing dry bones—you have to take away the bones and make them find new quarry.

—John LeCarre,
The Spy Who Came in from the Cold

CHAPTER 14

THE OTHER SIDE

In 1985, the KGB operated in Washington, D.C., from the top floor of an imposing turn-of-the-century stone mansion built, but never lived in, by Mrs. George M. Pullman, widow of the railroad sleeping-car magnate. The last czarist government, the House of Romanov, bought the rectangular four-story structure from her for an embassy, and the communists later moved in. Located three blocks north of the White House, the Soviet embassy was a forlorn place guarded by a fence of pointed iron bars. Drab gray shutters covered all the windows, which were kept sealed. Some forty KGB officers worked inside four cramped rooms on the fourth floor, and the air captured inside reeked of cigarette smoke so thick it could be seen floating aimlessly under the harsh fluorescent lights, which burned twenty-four hours per day for security reasons. Each office handled a specific task: political intelligence, foreign counterintelligence, scientific and technological intelligence, and technical operations. There was only one entrance to the fourth floor, and it was protected by a thick steel door that could only be opened by punching the correct numbers into a sophisticated digital lock. No one was allowed inside wearing a jacket or suit coat, a security precaution aimed at making it more difficult for a spy to smuggle in a miniature camera. Special screens were built around the offices to shield them from FBI eavesdropping.

The chief *rezident* was Stanislav Andrevich Androsov, a KGB bureaucrat appointed to the Washington post in 1982 largely because of his friendship with Vladimir Aleksandrovich Kryuchkov. At the time, Kryuchkov was in charge of the CIA's chief rival: the First Chief Directorate, the KGB's foreign intelligence operation. He had been in power eleven years by 1985, and during his tenure he had earned a reputation for politicizing the directorate. Kryuchkov had forced several veteran KGB officers, such as General Boris Solomatin, to retire and had replaced them with party hacks loyal to him. Androsov was considered a Kryuchkov lackey, and many of the KGB officers under his command viewed him with contempt, in part because of an embarrassing incident that had occurred shortly after he became the KGB *rezident*. In 1983, Androsov decided to erect a large map of Washington, D.C., outside his office. Every KGB officer was required to use a pin to mark on the map where he was going before he left the embassy. With a quick glance, Androsov could tell from the map where his troops were at any given moment. Viktor Cherkashin, the KGB's counterintelligence chief at the embassy, was horrified when he saw Androsov's map. "If the FBI or CIA has corrupted one of our officers, all this spy has to do is look at this map every morning, and he will know where our men will be that day," he complained.

Androsov scoffed at the warning, so Cherkashin set out to prove his point. It didn't take him long. He found the evidence that he needed in the KGB's own files. "We knew the radio frequencies which the FBI used to communicate with its agents when they were following us," Cherkashin explained years later, during an interview with me in Moscow, "and we could tell from their radio conversations who the FBI was tailing and who it wasn't. We kept very complete records of this." Before May 1982, it was clear that the FBI did not know which employees at the embassy were KGB or GRU officers. On an average day, the FBI might follow ten Soviets, but only six of them were in the KGB or GRU. In May 1982, however, the FBI's accuracy rate dramatically improved. "If ten people left the embassy, the FBI only followed the six who were KGB officers," Cherkashin recalled. Worse, the FBI often showed up at a location where the KGB officer was going before he did! "I immediately asked myself, 'Why is the FBI so brilliant now at identifying our men?' What happened in May 1982?" To him, the answer seemed obvious.

"We have an American spy working in the embassy," Cherkashin told Androsov. "Someone is telling the FBI what our men are doing by looking at your bloody map."

Androsov still didn't believe the counterintelligence chief, so one morning Cherkashin announced that a new pin was being added to the map. It represented a "clean" officer working under disguise inside the embassy. No one except for the ambassador, Androsov, and Cherkashin knew this officer's identity. Cherkashin told everyone that he would personally mark the clean officer's location on the map each day, so other officers would not inadvertently lead any FBI agents following them into the area where the clean officer was working. During the coming week, Cherkashin faithfully moved the clean officer's pin. Of course, there was no clean officer. Cherkashin was simply running a test. Three days into the experiment, the KGB intercepted radio chatter between an FBI surveillance team and its base station. The FBI team was waiting at the spot on the KGB's map where Cherkashin had put the clean officer's pin. It had been sent there to get a photograph of the new KGB officer.

Cherkashin now had the evidence he needed to convince Androsov that his map was a mistake. It also seemed obvious that there was a CIA mole working on the fourth floor. But who? Cherkashin compiled a list of all KGB officers who had worked at the embassy in May 1982 and compared it to his current roster. One name stuck out. "For reasons I cannot go into, I immediately suspected that (Valery) Martynov was the FBI spy."

Cherkashin was right. Although the FBI and the CIA have never revealed the exact date when Martynov was recruited, both agencies have said he started in "early 1982." Cherkashin read Martynov's personnel file and learned that the 38 year-old KGB officer and his wife, Natalya, along with their two small children, had arrived in Washington on November 4, 1980, the day Ronald Reagan was elected president. Martynov claimed to be a cultural affairs attaché, but his real job was to steal scientific and technical information. In late 1982, Martynov had obtained technical drawings of several electronic components used in older U.S. weapons systems. Even though the drawings were of outdated weapons, Martynov was given the Order of the Red Star, a prestigious decoration, for the theft. Cherkashin was suspicious. There was nothing in Martynov's records that revealed how he had stolen the documents. Was it possible, Cherkashin wondered, that the CIA and FBI had provided the information to the spy to help advance his career and make Martynov appear less suspect as a mole?

By April 1984, Cherkashin felt he had enough circumstantial evidence to arrest Martynov. He presented his accusations to his boss. "Androsov was very impressed by my work," Cherkashin recalled, "but he wanted to wait until May, when one of Kryuchkov's most trusted deputies was scheduled to come from Moscow for a routine inspection. Androsov said that exposing Martynov during the inspection would be a very good thing for my career, and his, too."

Cherkashin was elated when the deputy arrived. "I thought he would be appreciative of my discovery, but he began yelling at me. 'Don't you know what is happening in Moscow right now! If word leaks out that our Washington station has been infiltrated by an American spy, Kryuchkov will be humiliated and ruined, and the entire service will be badly embarrassed.'"

Two months earlier, Yuri Vladimirovich Andropov, the general secretary of the USSR and former head of the KGB, had died, and Kryuchkov, who had been one of Andropov's favorites, had lost his strongest patron. A longtime Andropov rival, Konstantin Chernenko, had been elected general secretary, and Kryuchkov was now worried that he was about to be replaced as chief of foreign intelligence. All Chernenko needed was an excuse to oust him. "Kryuchkov's deputy told us to transfer Martynov into a less sensitive job where he had no access, and to eventually send him back to Moscow where he would be dealt with quietly," said Cherkashin. "I was so furious about these political games that I took the special report I had prepared about Martynov and put it in a paper shredder. I said to myself, *The hell with catching this guy.* No one cares."

Eleven months later, Ames boldly walked into the Soviet embassy and volunteered to spy. Because Cherkashin was the counterintelligence chief at the time, he was deeply involved in what happened there after Ames appeared. The interview that Cherkashin gave me is the first he has ever granted an author, and much to my surprise, his account of those key days in early 1985 differ from what Ames has always claimed. During the interview, Cherkashin confirmed that the KGB's first contact with Ames at its embassy was on April 16, 1985, when he handed a guard in the lobby an envelope addressed to Androsov. But Cherkashin insisted that Ames *did not* reveal his true name in that letter, nor did he include a page from the SE division phone list with his name highlighted.

"He told us his name was 'Rick Wells' and said only that he worked for the CIA," Cherkashin recalled.

"How did you know that Ames was a legitimate traitor?" I asked.

"Because in his letter, he told us about two or three important CIA spies."

"Who were these men?"

At this point, I expected Cherkashin to restate what Ames has always said: that the men who he identified in the letter were double agents.

"In his very first letter, Mr. Wells [Ames] told us the names of two traitors: Valery Martynov and Sergey Motorin. He also wrote about other very sensational and important Western spies who had penetrated our service."

Cherkashin's answer startled me. I thought he might be confused. "Are you certain that Ames wrote the names of Martynov and Motorin in that *first* letter in April 1985?" I asked.

"This is not something I will ever forget," Cherkashin replied, "particularly since I was already suspicious of Martynov. Yes, I am sure. Rick Wells [Ames] gave us the names of Martynov and Motorin, and this act, by itself, convinced us that he was a senior CIA officer, because we knew only a few officials would be told the names of spies in our embassy."

What Cherkashin had just told me was significant. I knew the FBI and CIA were not convinced that Ames had told investigators the truth about his first contacts with the KGB. They were particularly suspicious of his story about how he had tried to "scam" the KGB by demanding $50,000 in exchange for useless information about three double agents. The investigators had given Ames several polygraph tests, and all of them had shown that he was being "deceptive" whenever he answered questions about the scam and the contents of his April 16 letter to the KGB.

At this point in my interview with Cherkashin, I made what I now consider to be a tactical blunder by asking him for a third time if he was absolutely certain that Ames had betrayed Martynov and Motorin in his first letter.

"What does Ames say happened?" he asked me.

"He says he didn't tell the KGB the names of any real agents until June 13," I explained.

Now it was Cherkashin who appeared surprised. "Perhaps you should talk to Kobaladze about the exact sequence of events," he stammered, referring to Yuri Kobaladze, the Russian Foreign Intelligence Service's public relations spokesman. "I'm sure he can resolve this question for you. Perhaps I am, well, let's just say that I'm sure whatever Mr. Ames said is the truth."

Clearly, Cherkashin was backpedaling. Before our interview, he had mentioned that he had retired from the KGB in early 1991 and had not been in communication with anyone from it since then. He said he had not read any books written about Ames nor studied any of the Russian newspaper articles published about him. This seemed important to me, because I suspected that Cherkashin would have parroted Ames's original story back to me if he had known about it before we had started our interview.

Which account is accurate? Did the April 16 letter contain the names of three double agents, as Ames insists, or is Cherkashin's version the truth? In interviews with me, Ames has always insisted that he tricked himself into becoming a KGB mole. "My fifty-thousand-dollar scam was supposed to be a one-shot deal," he recalled. "I didn't realize I had crossed the line until it was too late and I couldn't go back." But that is not how Cherkashin remembers the situation. According to him, Ames had demanded fifty thousand dollars and, in return, had identified at least two spies working for the CIA—the equivalent of twenty-five thousand dollars per head.

While I was in Moscow, I tried to find Ames's April 16 letter to Androsov, but the KGB refused to show it to me. Until it surfaces, it will be impossible to know for certain what really happened. What follows, then, is pure speculation. I mention it only because several federal investigators believe it could be what actually happened. There are several reasons why Ames might have done what Cherkashin says that he did. Ames knew the most dangerous time for a spy is when he volunteers, and he also knew that the CIA and FBI had at least one informant working inside the Soviet Embassy in April 1985.* It was impossible for Ames to know beforehand who he might meet when he walked into the embassy. It was also impossible for him to know what rumors might swirl through the building after he left. Ames had to make certain that the KGB knew it had a CIA spy working in the embassy, otherwise Martynov might learn about him. The best way for Ames to protect himself was by fingering Martynov before he could tell the CIA about its newest traitor.

When I told Ames what Cherkashin had said about the April 16 letter, he replied: "Cherkashin is mistaken. The only names I put in my first letter were the names of double agents. I have no reason to lie about this. After all, I have admitted that I later identified Martynov and Motorin in my June letter. My first letter was part of my scam."

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*After he was arrested, Ames told me that Motorin and Martynov had both been working inside the embassy that April. However, records show that Motorin returned to the USSR in January 1985, and was working in Moscow at the KGB's headquarters when Ames volunteered. The CIA would later find notes that showed Ames had been present during briefings at the agency when Motorin's January departure from the United States was discussed, so its investigators would decide that Ames had known in 1985 that Motorin was gone—a fact he simply had forgotten by the time he spoke to me.

Some federal investigators, however, believe Ames has plenty of reason to put a spin on his story. "Ames wants us to believe he sorta stumbled into becoming a mole, you know, sorta got sucked into it," said an FBI agent familiar with the Ames investigation. "But if he gave Martynov and Motorin's names right off—that's cold, man, like putting a gun to both men's heads."

After my gaffe during our interview, Cherkashin once again picked up his story about what happened when Ames volunteered. "Androsov called me into his office as soon as the lobby guard brought him the letter. We immediately agreed that this Rick Wells was a legitimate and very important CIA source."

"How could you be so certain?" I asked.

"Because he identified Mart— uh, er," Cherkashin answered, stopping before he mentioned Martynov's name. "Let me just say this: the letter contained sufficient information for us to know that it was written by someone who was high-ranking in the CIA and was willing to help us."

Cherkashin and Androsov kept Ames's letter secret from everyone else in the embassy. A short time later, Cherkashin flew to Moscow, where he hand-delivered the letter to Kryuchkov.* One of Kryuchkov's deputies, Lieutenant General Vadim Kirpichenko, was also present. After that meeting, Kryuchkov and Kirpichenko went to see Viktor Chebrikov, the chairman of the KGB. Even though Kryuchkov was the chief of the First Directorate, he was not authorized to withdraw more than $10,000 in U.S. currency from the Military Industrial Commission unless he explained in writing how he intended to use the money. At the time, it was against the law for Soviets to spend any currency except rubles. The military commission was the only entity in Moscow that had access to large amounts of foreign currencies. As KGB chairman, Chebrikov could withdraw $50,000 for Ames without being questioned. I was later told that Chebrikov, Kryuchkov, and Kirpichenko decided that all information about Ames would be kept a closely guarded secret. Only *seven* KGB officers, I was told, were ever told Ames's actual name during the nine years that he was a KGB spy.

It was also decided that Ames would be "run" from Moscow by Kirpichenko, who had experience overseeing sensitive KGB cases. In the early

*It is unclear when Cherkashin made this trip. Ames said that KGB defector Vitaly Yurchenko told him that the counterintelligence chief in Washington (Cherkashin) had flown back to Moscow in April, indicating something important had happened at the embassy. Cherkashin told me that he returned to Moscow "immediately after receiving the [April 16] letter." But the U. S. Customs Service and the FBI have no record of Cherkashin leaving the United States until May 20. He returned May 31.

1960s, Kirpichenko had been the case officer who had handled Sami Sharaf, the director of Egypt's intelligence service. Kirpichenko gave Cherkashin explicit instructions about how Ames was to be treated. Moscow would take care of everything. No one at the Soviet embassy would be told anything of importance about Ames. Nor was anyone there authorized to read the contents of any future packages that he might deliver. This included Androsov and Cherkashin, despite their rank. Because Ames already had been in contact with Sergey Chuvakhin, it was decided that he would serve as the KGB's go-between, even though he was not a KGB officer. This would work to the KGB's advantage, Kirpichenko told Cherkashin, because neither side would suspect that Chuvakhin was engaged in a clandestine operation. Chuvakhin was to be prohibited from discussing anything with Ames during their lunches except for normal chitchat about world politics. Cherkashin would be in charge of preparing the KGB's deliveries at the embassy. Money would be sent from Moscow, along with notes, in diplomatic pouches. Cherkashin would be responsible for guarding the money and notes until Chuvakhin was ready to leave the embassy for his lunch exchange with Ames.

As soon as Cherkashin returned to Washington, he called Chuvakhin into his office. "I told Mr. Chuvakhin we wanted him to begin having lunch with Rick Wells, and, much to my shock, he refused. He told me, 'I'm not a KGB man. Let one of your boys do this dirty work.' I was unsure how to proceed." Cherkashin sent a cable to Kirpichenko. A short time later, a humbler Chuvakhin appeared in Cherkashin's office and apologized.

On May 17, Ames returned to the Soviet embassy and was led into a conference room to meet Cherkashin face to face. "There was only one reason why this meeting was necessary," Cherkashin said later. "Kryuchkov was not going to give fifty thousand dollars to an American unless he had someone in the KGB meet that person. I was going to be blamed if this turned out to be some sort of clever trap." After they met, Ames was paid fifty thousand dollars.

On that same day, May 17, a top secret cable was sent from KGB headquarters in Moscow to Oleg Gordievsky, the KGB's *rezident* in London. The message informed Gordievsky that he was to return to Moscow at once to brief Chebrikov and Kryuchkov about "England's foreign policy." Gordievsky had been secretly spying for MI-6 for nine years, and he had never received a cable like this one, ordering him home. "It had been written in a hurry," Gordievsky told me later in London. "Even more suspicious was this premise that Chebrikov wanted to discuss English foreign policy. Che-

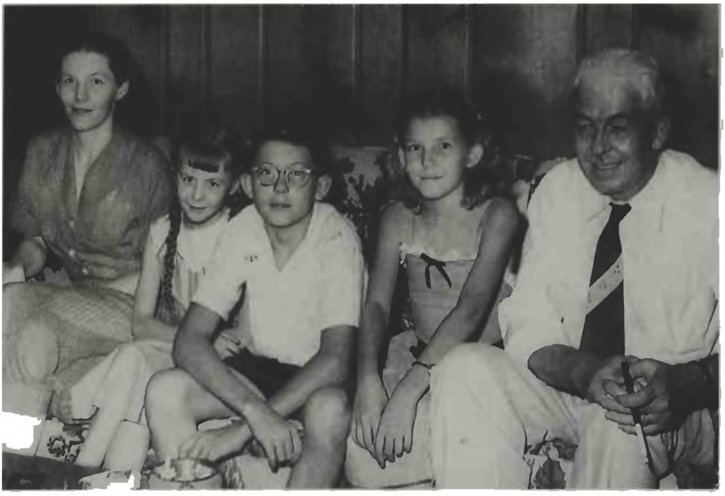

The Ames family in Washington, D.C., where Carleton was training for the CIA. Left to right: Rachel, Alison, Rick, Nancy, and Carleton. *(Photo courtesy of Nancy Everly)*

Rick the Boy Scout with his uncle Frank LaBrash, a West Point cadet. *(Photo courtesy of Nancy Everly)*

Rick(left)in high school, shortly after the family returned from Burma in 1955. *(Photo courtesy of Nancy Everly)*

Rick after dropping out of the University of Chicago in 1962. He grew a moustache and took up skydiving. *(Photo courtesy of Nancy Everly)*

Rick and Rosario in Acapulco, April 1983. Shortly after this, he announced that he was in love with her and willing to divorce his wife. *(Photo by Dave Samson)*

Rick and Rosario at their wedding in August 1985, shortly after he became a spy.

Vladimir Kryuchkov: The Ames case helped him rise to head of the KGB.

Viktor Cherkashin, the KGB's counterintelligence chief at the Soviet embassy in Washington.

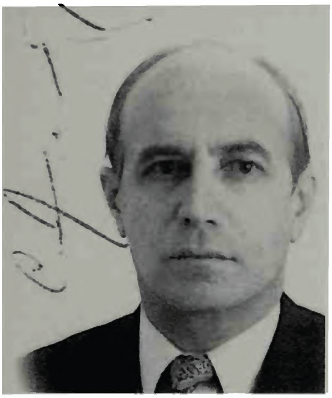

Stanislav Androsov, chief *rezident* at the Soviet embassy in Washington.

Sergey Chuvakhin, who passed Ames shopping bags of cash in exchange for stacks of CIA documents. *(FBI photo)*

Sergey Divilkovsky, the embassy employee Ames was supposed to recruit.

General Dmitri Polyakov, codenamed TOPHAT, the CIA's greatest Russian asset until Ames betrayed him. His body was dumped in an unmarked grave.

KGB Lt. Colonel Valery Martynov, codenamed GENTILE, and KGB Major Sergey Motorin, codenamed GAUZE. Both were executed when Ames named them. *(FBI photos)*

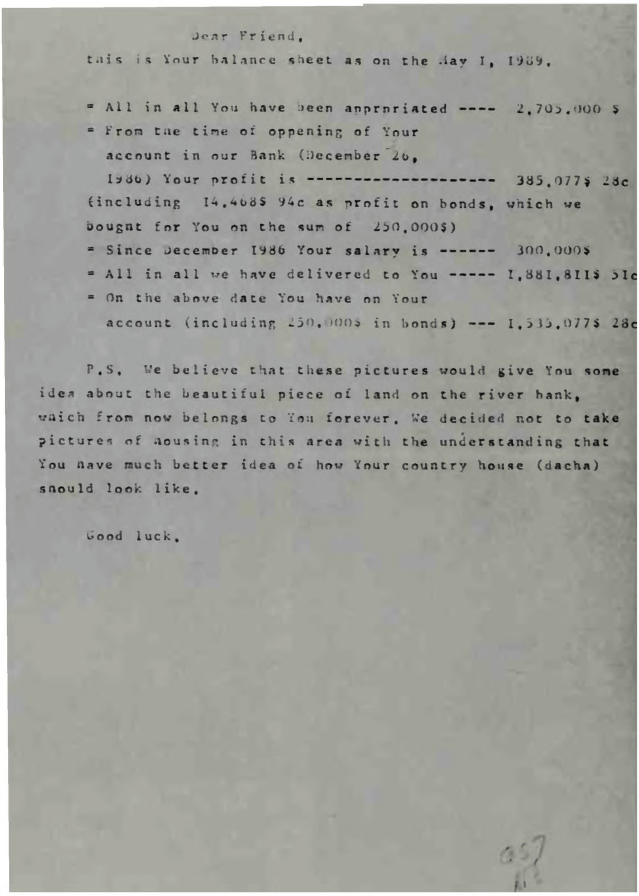

Dear Friend,

this is Your balance sheet as on the May I, 1989.

= All in all You have been apprpriated ---- 2,705,000 $
= From the time of oppening of Your
  account in our Bank (December 26,
  1986) Your profit is -------------------- 385,077$ 28c
(including 14,468$ 94c as profit on bonds, which we
bought for You on the sum of 250,000$)
= Since December I986 Your salary is ------ 300,000$
= All in all we have delivered to You ----- I,88I,8II$ 51c
= On the above date You have on Your
  account (including 250,000$ in bonds) --- I,535,077$ 28c

P.S. We believe that these pictures would give You some idea about the beautiful piece of land on the river bank, which from now belongs to You forever. We decided not to take pictures of housing in this area with the understanding that You have much better idea of how Your country house (dacha) should look like.

Good luck.

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Ames's "balance sheet" from the KGB in June 1989, indicating he had been paid more than $1.8 million. *(FBI photo)*

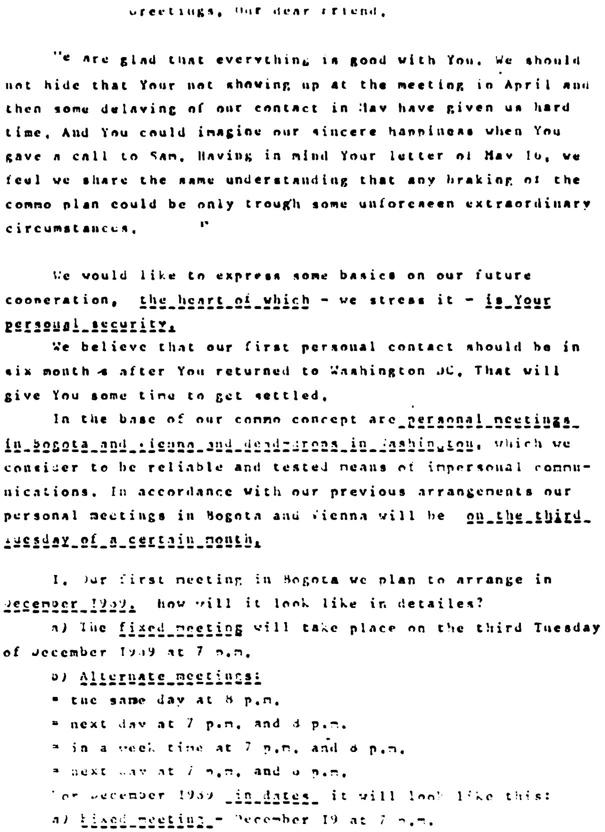

Greetings, Our dear friend,

We are glad that everything is good with You. We should not hide that Your not showing up at the meeting in April and then some delaying of our contact in May have given us hard time. And You could imagine our sincere happiness when You gave a call to Sam. Having in mind Your letter of May 16, we feel we share the same understanding that any braking of the commo plan could be only trough some unforeseen extraordinary circumstances.

We would like to express some basics on our future cooperation, the_heart_of_which - we stress it - is_Your personal_security.

We believe that our first personal contact should be in six months after You returned to Washington DC. That will give You some time to get settled.

In the base of our commo concept are_personal_meetings_ in_Bogota_and_Vienna_and_dead-drops_in_Washington, which we consider to be reliable and tested means of impersonal communications. In accordance with our previous arrangements our personal meetings in Bogota and Vienna will be on_the_third_ Tuesday_of_a_certain_month.

I. Our first meeting in Bogota we plan to arrange in December_1989. How will it look like in detailes?

a) The fixed_meeting will take place on the third Tuesday of December 1989 at 7 p.m.

b) Alternate_meetings:

- the same day at 8 p.m.
- next day at 7 p.m. and 8 p.m.
- in a week time at 7 p.m. and 8 p.m.
- next day at 7 p.m. and 8 p.m.

For December 1989 _in_dates_ it will look like this:

a) Fixed_meeting_- December 19 at 7 p.m.

First page of a nine-page KGB letter to Ames in June 1989, explaining future procedures and meetings. *(FBI photo)*

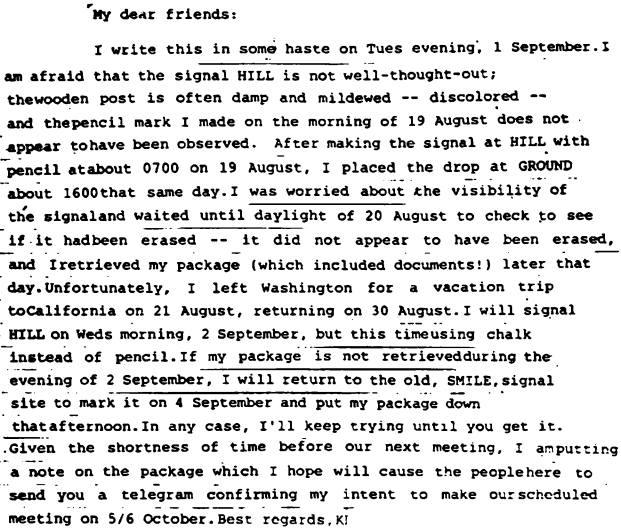

My dear friends:

I write this in some haste on Tues evening, 1 September. I am afraid that the signal HILL is not well-thought-out; thewooden post is often damp and mildewed -- discolored -- and thepencil mark I made on the morning of 19 August does not appear tohave been observed. After making the signal at HILL with pencil atabout 0700 on 19 August, I placed the drop at GROUND about 1600that same day. I was worried about the visibility of the signaland waited until daylight of 20 August to check to see if it hadbeen erased -- it did not appear to have been erased, and Iretrieved my package (which included documents!) later that day. Unfortunately, I left Washington for a vacation trip toCalifornia on 21 August, returning on 30 August. I will signal HILL on Weds morning, 2 September, but this timeusing chalk instead of pencil. If my package is not retrievedduring the evening of 2 September, I will return to the old, SMILE, signal site to mark it on 4 September and put my package down thatafternoon. In any case, I'll keep trying until you get it. Given the shortness of time before our next meeting, I amputting a note on the package which I hope will cause the peoplehere to send you a telegram confirming my intent to make ourscheduled meeting on 5/6 October. Best regards, KI

A note from Ames to the KGB, September 1992, reconstructed from a printer ribbon recovered from Ames's trash a year later. *(FBI photo)*

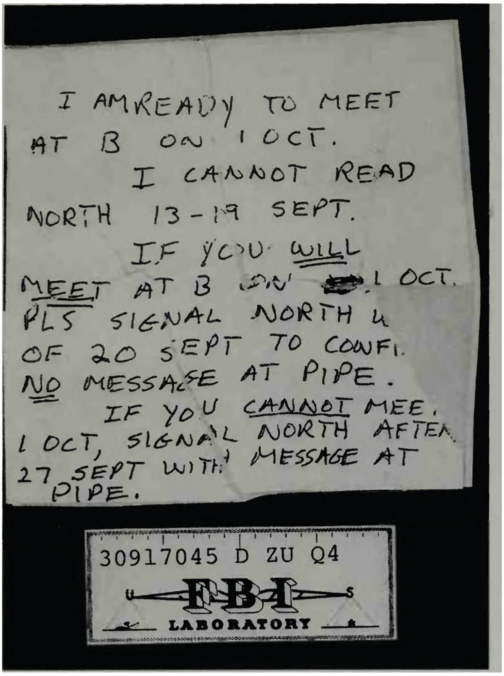

I AM READY TO MEET
AT B ON 1 OCT.
I CANNOT READ
NORTH 13-19 SEPT.
IF YOU WILL
MEET AT B ON 1 OCT.
PLS SIGNAL NORTH U
OF 20 SEPT TO CONFI.
NO MESSAGE AT PIPE.
IF YOU CANNOT MEE.
1 OCT, SIGNAL NORTH AFTE.
27 SEPT WITH MESSAGE AT
PIPE.

30917045 D ZU Q4
U
S
FBI
LABORATORY

A torn note recovered from Ames's trash, September 15, 1993—the first definite evidence that he was a spy. *(FBI photo)*

The mailbox codenamed SMILE at 37th and R streets. Ames's chalk mark signaled the Russians that he could meet ANDRE in Bogotá on November 1, 1993. *(FBI photo)*

Ames photographed by an FBI camera as he waited to meet ANDRE in a Bogotá shopping mall. *(FBI photo)*

OXFORD RUSSIAN ENGLISH DICTIONARY
New Geographical Dictionary

The CIA mole-hunting team. Left to right: Sandy Grimes, Paul Redmond, Jeanne Vertefeuille, Diana Worthen, Dan Payne

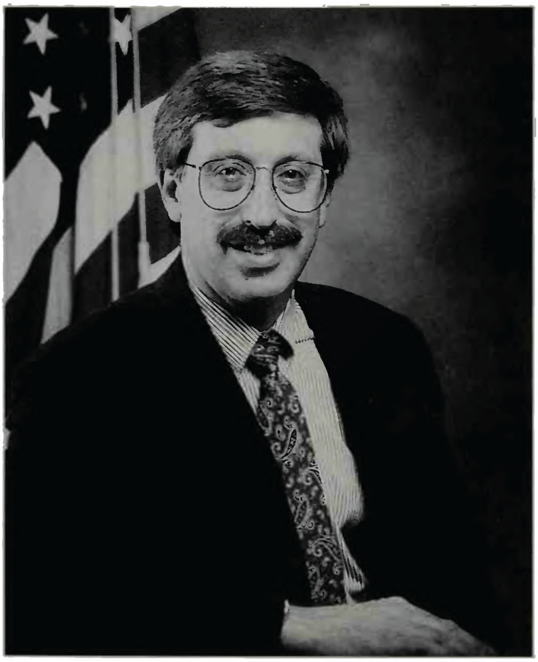

Special Agent Leslie G. Wiser led the FBI team. *(FBI photo)*

The happy couple. Rick and Rosario shortly before the arrest.

FBI agents swarming around Ames on February 21, 1994. Handcuffed and put in the back of a car, Ames was heard admonishing himself, "Think, think, think." *(FBI photo)* brikov was a man who knew nothing about foreign policy and never cared about it. I asked myself, *What is the real meaning of this telegram?*" The next day, another telegram from Moscow arrived. It was more polished, and it listed several topics that Chebrikov wanted to discuss. "There was no mention in this telegram of English foreign policy."

Gordievsky contacted his MI-6 handler. "Do you think they are on to me?" he asked.

"My controller agreed that the telegram was suspicious, but he assured me that there was no way I could have been compromised by a mole inside MI-6," Gordievsky said. "Only a few top people in the British government knew I even existed."

On Sunday morning, May 19, Gordievsky landed at Sheremetyevo airport outside Moscow, and immediately sensed something was wrong. He saw a customs officer telephone someone and report his arrival. That had never happened before. When Gordievsky reached his apartment, he knew before he opened the door that it had been searched. He and his wife, Leila, used only two of the three locks, but someone had bolted all three. The next morning, Gordievsky was taken to Yasenevo, the headquarters of the First Chief Directorate on the outskirts of Moscow. He was escorted to an empty office and told that his rushed meetings with Chebrikov and Kryuchkov were being indefinitely delayed. A week went by. No one spoke to him. He was being watched constantly and assumed the KGB was waiting for him to contact his British handlers. On Saturday, one of Kryuchkov's deputies, KGB general Viktor Grushko, invited Gordievsky to his dacha for lunch. While they were eating sandwiches and drinking Armenian brandy, two KGB officers from Directorate K, the office responsible for hunting down moles, arrived with a second bottle. "This brandy had been drugged, because when I drank from it, I became almost a different man and began talking without being able to even control my own words." Gordievsky's two interrogators pelted him with questions and accused him of being a British spy. He was given a piece of paper.

"Confess now," he was ordered. When he refused, he was told, "Don't you remember? You confessed a moment ago. Confess again!" In his drugged state, Gordievsky wasn't certain what he had said, but he didn't believe he had confessed. "I kept telling myself, they must not have any evidence, otherwise they would not need me to confess." Gordievsky woke up the next morning in one of the dacha's bedrooms, with a splitting headache. He was taken back to his apartment in Moscow, and for the next three days, he was left alone. On May 30, he was called before Grushko again. "General Grushko told me that my family had been called back to Moscow from London and that they were being held under guard. Then he said: 'We have known for a very long time that you have been deceiving us and are a traitor, but if you confess, you can continue to work for the KGB and you will only be reprimanded.' I thought, *How stupid do you think I am? You will shoot me if I confess.* I said nothing, and as I was being taken out, General Grushko turned and said, *'Mr. Gordievsky, if you only knew from what a peculiar source we learned about you, you would not be so proud.'* I kept thinking, *What does he mean—a peculiar source?* I decided someone had identified me as a spy, but it couldn't have been anyone who was British, otherwise it would not be a peculiar source."

Gordievsky was taken to a KGB "sanatorium," a resort outside Moscow, where he was held for several weeks. On two occasions, he was allowed to visit his wife and two daughters in Moscow, and it was during one of these visits that he sent a message to the MI- 6. In July 1985, Gordievsky was released from the sanatorium and taken back to his apartment. On July 19, he went for an afternoon jog along Leninsky Prospekt, a major thoroughfare in Moscow. It was part of a routine that he had intentionally established. The KGB team watching him did not pay much attention as he ran down the busy street, and when he turned a corner and jumped into the back of a waiting van, Gordievsky felt certain that no one had seen him. Gordievsky was smuggled across the Soviet border into a friendly European country. MI-6 had successfully snatched him out of the USSR. His wife and daughters, however, remained behind. "The first thing I did in England was tell the MI-6 about General Grushko's 'peculiar source' comment. None of us could figure out who had betrayed me," Gordievsky recalled later.

To this day, there is an ongoing debate within the CIA, the FBI, and the MI-6 about the identity of the "peculiar source." Ames continues to insist that he is not to blame for identifying one of England's more valuable spies. Several CIA officials, who spoke to me about the Gordievsky case on the condition that they not be quoted by name, also believe that Ames was not the first agent to betray Gordievsky to the KGB.

"The dates don't match," Ames told me. The first telegram that Gordievsky received ordering him to return to Moscow was sent to London on May 17. Ames insists that he didn't tell the KGB that Gordievsky was a traitor until June 13. "There is no way that I can be held responsible for what happened to Gordievsky, and since I am not the one, then that can mean only one thing," Ames excitedly told me. "The Brits have a problem! They got a mole of their own in MI-6 who gave up Gordievsky before I did! They have a penetration! That's what I will tell MI-6 when they come here to see me."

There is another possible explanation. Ames could be lying. I asked Viktor Cherkashin during our interview if Ames had identified Gordievsky in his April 16 letter. But Cherkashin balked at telling me anything more about the letter, and instead suggested that I ask the Russian intelligence service's public relations man.

Did Ames tell the KGB about Gordievsky in his April 16 letter? Initially, Cherkashin had told me during our interview that the April 16 letter contained the names of two or three spies and information about "*other very sensational and important Western spies who had penetrated our service.*" Had he been referring to Gordievsky?

Once again, we can only speculate. As the KGB's *rezident* agent in London, Gordievsky could be viewed as the most important agent, after Tolkachev, who Rick knew about. Telling the KGB that its *rezident* in England was an MI-6 spy was certain to alarm the Kremlin. It would also be an easy way for Ames to prove to the KGB that he had access to extremely valuable information. Because of Gordievsky's position within the KGB, it was also possible that he might hear gossip or learn about Rick in some way. His rank and his access, some federal investigators suspect, made him a prime target for Ames. "He would have wanted to get rid of Gordievsky as soon as possible in order to protect his own neck," an FBI agent close to the investigation said later.

When I asked Ames about this theory, that he had identified Gordievsky in April 1985, he again insisted that he was not responsible for Gordievsky's recall on May 17 to Moscow. "Listen, I didn't give up Martynov, Motorin—or Gordievsky—until I gave the KGB my complete list of names on June 13," he said. "You cannot blame me for Gordievsky. The Brits have a mole. It is as simple as that."

There are other possible explanations for Gordievsky's arrest besides a mole. The KGB could have unmasked him on its own. The CIA had identified Gordievsky in early 1985. The detective work had been done by an officer in the SE division, who had used two clues to identify the British spy. The officer knew from classified KGB documents that MI-6 was sharing with the CIA, that the British had someone inside Soviet intelligence working for them and that spy was privy to information about England, which suggested that he worked at the Soviet embassy there. The SE division officer also knew that a Danish intelligence officer had once let slip that the MI-6 had recruited a KGB officer in 1974 while he was stationed in Copenhagen. Using those two clues, the SE division officer had compiled a list of KGB officers who had worked in Copenhagen in 1974, and a list of KGB officers currently stationed in London. When he compared them, Gordievsky's name jumped out. Of course, no one in the CIA suspected that Ames would use this detective work as he did.

When I asked the KGB how it had learned that Gordievsky was a traitor, I was told a rather unbelievable story. In March 1985, a telephone operator at the Soviet embassy in London was waiting for a bus, when she saw Gordievsky leave an apartment with a group of "British-looking men." She thought this was odd and reported it. Gordievsky was put under surveillance and later photographed meeting with MI-6 officers, the KGB told me. The KGB said the woman was later poisoned by MI-6, because the British were afraid she would identify Gordievsky as a spy. This story seems absurd. If the KGB had photographic evidence, it would have confronted Gordievsky with it when he was recalled to Moscow. Still, this was the KGB's official explanation. Unofficially, one of Kryuchkov's former aides told me that the story about the telephone operator was disinformation. Gordievsky was identified by a paid KGB source, he said, "and it wasn't Ames."

During our interview in England, Gordievsky told me that he still does not believe anyone in British intelligence betrayed him. "Mr. Ames is responsible for what happened to me," Gordievsky said. "It cannot be a coincidence that on the day I received my telegram calling me back to Moscow, the KGB paid Mr. Ames fifty thousand in blood money."

Who identified Gordievsky? The debate continues, but few disagree about what fate awaited him if he had not been rescued. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher ordered MI-6 to keep Gordievsky's escape a secret in July 1985. This is why the CIA did not know that he had been recalled to Moscow and put under house arrest, until Vitaly Yurchenko defected in August and told Rick and other debriefers about Gordievsky. The main reason why Thatcher kept Gordievsky's flight a secret, according to accounts published later in the British press, was that she did not want to embarrass the USSR. Mikhail Gorbachev had been elected general secretary only five months earlier, and Thatcher did not want to hamper his efforts at reform. Her willingness to keep mum, however, did not lessen KGB Chairman Chebrikov's outrage over the escape. He demanded to know how the MI-6 had been able to snatch a KGB *rezident* off a busy street in the center of Moscow in broad daylight when he was under suspicion of being a British spy! Chebrikov asked Kryuchkov for an explanation, and the chief of the First Chief Directorate, in turn, vented his anger at General Grushko. What happened next tells much about how politics work inside the Kremlin. It has never been made public before. It is based on interviews with two retired KGB officers who worked for Kryuchkov. For their own safety, neither will be named.

When the Politburo asked how Gordievsky had escaped, Chairman Chebrikov and Kryuchkov blamed the Second Chief Directorate, the branch of the KGB responsible for maintaining internal security and conducting counterintelligence investigations. The fact that *no one* in the First Chief Directorate had ever told the Second Chief Directorate that Gordievsky was a suspected spy and needed to be investigated was not mentioned. Nor did anyone reveal that it was Grushko's men in the First Chief Directorate who were watching Gordievsky when he escaped.* Politics were at play. In late 1984, it had become obvious in Moscow that Konstantin Chernenko was in failing health and would not be able to continue as the party's general secretary. This had set off a scramble. Even though KGB chairman Chebrikov was a longtime Communist hard-liner, he had correctly recognized that the reform-minded Gorbachev was going to be elected the next general secretary. The KGB threw its weight behind Gorbachev, a fact noted in several newspaper articles at the time and later in books. After Gorbachev was elected, he made Chebrikov a voting member of the Politburo, something he had long wanted. Chebrikov had a total of sixteen directorates and various departments under his supervision as KGB chairman. Each was headed by an ambitious man eager to be his successor. Although Kryuchkov was one of the least popular of all these KGB managers, Gorbachev liked him and Chebrikov was grooming Kryuchkov to succeed him as KGB chairman. It was these connections that saved Kryuchkov and General Grushko from being reprimanded for Gordievsky's flight. In an official report, the Politburo was told that it was the *Second Chief Directorate* whose sloppiness allowed Gordievsky to slip away, even though it had had nothing to do with it.

"Gordievsky's escape was a terrible embarrassment, and it was decided that no other spies would ever be given another opportunity to escape," a retired Kryuchkov aide told me later. Chebrikov and Kryuchkov briefed

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*At the time, the Seventh Directorate was responsible for surveillance inside the USSR. However, the First Chief Directorate did not tell it about Gordievsky or ask for its help, either.

Gorbachev about Ames. "They did not tell him the real name of Ames. Gorbachev was told that the KGB had successfully planted a mole inside the CIA, and this mole had identified a number of traitors," a former aide to Kryuchkov explained. "The discovery of Mr. Ames showed the CIA and FBI were still continuing to infiltrate and undermine our government."

During the summer of 1985, Vladimir Zaitzev and his fellow Alpha Team members, who had successfully snatched Adolf Tolkachev from his car on June 9, received orders to prepare for a new round of sensitive arrests. It was in the midst of this stewpot that Vitaly Yurchenko defected in Rome.

At least two books have been written about the Yurchenko defection, yet even today FBI and CIA investigators are still debating whether or not he was a genuine defector or part of some clever double agent plot intended to fool the United States and cast suspicion away from Ames. What has always been missing from these debates is the KGB's side. Here is the Soviet version, as told to me by Cherkashin.

On August 1, Cherkashin received an urgent message at the Soviet embassy in Washington, signed personally by Kryuchkov. "He told me Yurchenko had disappeared in Rome and was presumed to have defected." The rest of the cable, Cherkashin recalled, was about possible ways to help protect Ames. Even though Yurchenko had recently helped oversee KGB clandestine operations targeted at the United States and Canada, Kryuchkov wrote in the cable that the defector had not been included in the tightly controlled loop of KGB officers handling Ames. Still, it was possible that Yurchenko might have overheard gossip about him. "Kryuchkov gave me two instructions in the cable," said Cherkashin. "I was to let Ames know that the KGB was ready to help him escape from the United States if he wished. We were prepared to do in Washington what the British had done in Moscow with Gordievsky! Mr. Kryuchkov also instructed me to determine if it was necessary for us to have a special team flown into the U.S. to silence Yurchenko. I understood this message to mean that Kryuchkov was willing to authorize the immediate execution of Yurchenko, even though he was under the protection of the CIA and the United States."

Cherkashin was supposed to contact Ames as quickly as possible, but Ames was busy debriefing Yurchenko and did not meet his KGB contact for lunch until three or four days had passed. "When Ames told us he had been chosen to debrief Yurchenko, it was clear that he [Ames] did not feel in any danger from the defector, so we did not discuss Mr. Kryuchkov's offers of escape and other proposals with him."

Cherkashin said Kryuchkov was badly embarrassed by Yurchenko's defection and that morale in the KGB had slumped. A few weeks later, Yurchenko called Cherkashin on the telephone. "Yurchenko asked me what would happen if he came home to the Soviet Union," Cherkashin recalled. "I contacted Kryuchkov, who told me that we were to tell Yurchenko whatever he wanted to hear. We were to do everything to get him back." Yurchenko's decision on November 2 to redefect was not a spur-of-the-moment act, as it has often been portrayed in the U.S. media, Cherkashin said. "We spoke more than once on the telephone." It was during these calls that Yurchenko first mentioned that he had been kidnapped and drugged by the CIA. "I told him that we understood how evil the CIA could be and that he would receive a hero's welcome if he came back to his motherland. All would be forgiven."

A car was waiting to whisk Yurchenko to the Soviet residential compound as soon as he finished eating with his CIA guard in a Georgetown restaurant. "Androsov and I both kissed and hugged Yurchenko and greeted him as a great hero. Kryuchkov, himself, had approved of this charade." Meanwhile, Yurchenko was surrounded by armed guards. "I said, 'Vitaly Sergeyevich [Yurchenko], these men are here to protect you, because you and I both know the FBI is capable of doing anything—even breaking into our compound or our embassy to try to kidnap you back again.' He thanked me, but Yurchenko knew exactly what was going on," Cherkashin said. "I will now tell you a great secret. On the night that Yurchenko came back to us, I had an order signed by Kryuchkov, himself, giving me the power to have Yurchenko 'commit suicide' if I felt there was any chance that he might try to escape again. He would not have left us alive for a second time."

According to Cherkashin, Yurchenko announced that he was not "returning home with empty hands." Yurchenko told Androsov and Cherkashin that he had learned the name of a KGB traitor. An FBI agent had accidentally revealed that the bureau had recruited a new source who worked in the Soviet embassy.

"I remember thinking: 'What a perfect traitor this man Yurchenko is,'" Cherkashin recalled. "Before he defected, he learned as much valuable information as he could, so he could betray the KGB to his new comrades in the U.S. Now he wishes to come back, so he learns as much as he can about the CIA and FBI and betrays them to us. He made me want to vomit."

I later asked federal investigators if Yurchenko had inadvertently been told during his debriefings the name of a Soviet source. I was told that he had. An FBI agent mistakenly let slip that the bureau had recently recruited an agent known as GLAZING. After Yurchenko returned to Moscow, GLAZING was summoned home, arrested, and interrogated for several days. However, he was eventually released without explanation. He still lives in Moscow, and neither the FBI nor the CIA have any idea why he escaped without being punished. This foul-up during the debriefings has never before been made public. I was told that the FBI agent who endangered GLAZING was not reprimanded. By the time Yurchenko redefected in November 1985, the KGB already knew about GLAZING. Ames had included GLAZING's name on the June 13 list that he provided the KGB.

Cherkashin said he received another urgent cable from Kryuchkov a few hours after Yurchenko voluntarily returned. "I was instructed to pick one officer from each of our four departments to serve as an honor guard for Yurchenko." Cherkashin thought the order was one of the stupidest that he had ever read, until he finished reading the entire message. "It was brilliant. The purpose of the honor guard was to get the CIA spy, Valery Martynov, out of the U.S. without arousing the suspicion of the FBI or CIA. He was going to be one of the honor guards." Kryuchkov was worried that Martynov would defect if he were ordered to return to Moscow. "We did not want to have another Gordievsky-style escape," said Cherkashin. The night before Yurchenko was scheduled to return to the USSR, Cherkashin didn't sleep. "I wasn't worried about Yurchenko. I was worried the FBI would see through our ploy to get Martynov out of the U.S. and back to Moscow. I was afraid they would grab him."

Martynov followed Yurchenko up the portable stairs leading to the Aeroflot flight on November 6. "Martynov had no idea that he would be arrested as soon as the airplane landed at Sheremetyevo airport. We later heard that Kryuchkov was so pleased that he actually gave the other honor guards decorations, even though they didn't do anything!"

According to Cherkashin, Yurchenko was a genuine defector. It is doubtful, however, that his comments will sway those diehards inside the CIA and FBI who continue to believe that Yurchenko was part of some resourceful KGB ruse to protect Ames. "Vitaly Yurchenko . . . is a typical son-of-a-bitch," General Boris Solomatin replied when I asked his opinion. "I don't know of a single proved case of kidnapping of the Soviet people by Americans. . . . It doesn't happen, and not because the American special services consist of only righteous people who would not do such a thing. They simply are afraid that we will retaliate, and they are afraid rightly."

According to Oleg Gordievsky, "The idea that Yurchenko was sent to protect Ames is total nonsense. The KGB would never have let Yurchenko ruin the information that he did in order to protect someone like Ames who, at that point, was in no serious danger."

Yuri Shvets, a former KGB major who worked at the Soviet embassy in Washington when Yurchenko returned to the USSR, told me during an interview, and later wrote in his 1994 book, *Washington Station: My Life As a KGB Spy in America*, that he was told by the KGB officer who interrogated Yurchenko in Moscow that the defector had broken down, confessed, and begged Kryuchkov for forgiveness after he returned home. "Yurchenko's confession was hidden because Kryuchkov wanted the Politburo to believe that Yurchenko was part of some KGB master plot—not that he had fled to the West like so many were doing at the time," Shvets said.

Finally, Ames himself is convinced that Yurchenko was a legitimate defector. "He didn't know anything about me. There was never a knowing wink or comment. The KGB never bragged about how they had sent him to protect me."

If Yurchenko was part of some brilliant plot, he certainly has never been rewarded for the ingenious role he played. Today he lives in a rundown apartment, where he receives a KGB pension that barely provides him with enough rubles to buy food. He refuses interview requests and turns away when approached by Westerners. His neighbors claim that he suffers from depression.

In August 1986, Cherkashin was awarded the prestigious and, up to that point, rarely given Order of Lenin, the second highest award in the Soviet Union. No one was told why, but Cherkashin said later it was because of his role in the Ames case. "Kryuchkov gave out ten Orders of Lenin that day, and minor awards to dozens of other KGB officers," Cherkashin said. Such awards had always been given in private before, because the KGB did not want Western intelligence services wondering why the decorations were being given. "Kryuchkov put on a big show. He wanted everyone in the Kremlin to think the KGB was doing a great job under his leadership." After the ceremony, Cherkashin was informed that he was being reassigned to a desk job in Moscow. He also learned that he would never again be permitted to travel outside the USSR for fear that he might say something that would expose Ames. "I was the first KGB officer to meet this man. It was a high point of my career, and it also destroyed it."

CHAPTER 15

INSIDE THE CIA, 1985–1986

Federal investigators would later look back and try to pinpoint when the CIA should have first realized that something terribly wrong was happening to its Soviet spies. Some would claim that Adolf Tolkachev's arrest in June 1985 should have set off an alarm. Others would argue that the first hint had come when Vitaly Yurchenko announced in August that Oleg Gordievsky had been mysteriously recalled to Moscow. But Ames himself would name September 1985 as the pivotal month. It was when the KGB first tipped its bloody hand.

The first clue surfaced on September 14, during a briefing in SE division chief Burton Lee Gerber's office. Rodney W. Carlson, the head of the SE division's counterintelligence staff, was recounting what he and an FBI agent had learned the night before during a secret meeting with Valery Martynov, GENTILE, the CIA spy operating inside the Soviet embassy. Martynov had told them troubling news. The KGB's *rezident*, Stanislav Androsov, had just returned from a trip to Moscow and had disclosed that a KGB officer had been caught picking up a package left for him by the CIA. Martynov wasn't certain who the officer was, nor where he had been arrested, but Androsov had said the spy had shown up drunk at the dead drop site.

"You're describing WEIGH," Gerber declared suddenly, using the cryptonym given Leonid Poleschuk. "I'm sure of it." Gerber knew Poleschuk liked to drink, and that the CIA had left a package for him on August 2 in Izmaylovskiy Park in Moscow. Gerber called Sandy Grimes into his office. She was Poleschuk's case officer. He told her that Poleschuk might be in trouble. "Damn," she said. Leaving the dead drop had been her idea. She felt sick. She felt responsible. She told herself that her decision had been the right one at the time. She reminded herself that Gerber had made the final call. He had agreed that leaving a dead drop for Poleschuk was the right thing to do. She had merely suggested the drop. But those rationalizations didn't quiet her conscience. "I kept wondering," she said later, "Did I do something wrong? Is it my fault?"

Grimes, blonde and attractive, had joined the agency in 1967 directly out of college, and had risen up the ranks of the male-dominated CIA bureaucracy into a top management slot by working harder, and oftentimes smarter, than many of her male counterparts. Her first contact with Poleschuk had been in the early 1970s, when he was a KGB political intelligence officer stationed in Nepal. Roguishly handsome and a playboy, Poleschuk had provided a few useful tidbits to the agency in return for spending money. Back then, Grimes had been the desk officer in Langley responsible for making certain that the CIA station in Katmandu had enough cash to pay him and that he was issued a package of CIA spy gear when his overseas tour ended. Poleschuk had promised that he would stay in contact, but as soon as he returned to Moscow, he had ditched his spy gear. For more than a decade, the agency had not heard from him, and then in early 1985, he had resurfaced as the head of the KR Line (counterintelligence) at the Soviet embassy in Lagos, Nigeria. As brash as ever, he had walked into the U.S. embassy and volunteered to resume spying. By this time, Grimes was in charge of Soviet–Eastern European operations in Africa, and she had been thrilled by Poleschuk's return. In Katmandu, he had not really had access to many secrets, but his job in counterintelligence made him a highly desired source. The CIA didn't have many sources in Soviet counterintelligence, and Grimes knew Poleschuk's real value was in his potential. After his African tour ended, he undoubtedly would be reassigned to a counterintelligence job in Moscow, where he would be able to provide the agency with vital information.

In May 1985, Poleschuk announced that he was being recalled to Moscow for his annual home leave. Each year the KGB brought its officers back to the USSR for a short vacation. Poleschuk wanted the CIA to pay him some money, but he was nervous about trying to smuggle it into the country. That was when Grimes had suggested delivering $20,000 in rubles to him at a dead drop in Moscow. "Eventually, WEIGH is going to be recalled," she had told Gerber, "and he could really help us there, but not if he dumps all of his gear and we lose contact for another ten years." The dead drop would give the CIA a chance to prove it could operate safely in the Kremlin's backyard without putting him at risk.

Rick Ames had disagreed with Grimes. He had claimed that leaving a dead drop for Poleschuk was too risky. Grimes had not said anything, but she suspected that Rick was just being petty. In April, she had been promoted to the GS-15 pay grade level, bypassing Rick, whose last promotion had come four years earlier. The move between the GS-14 and GS-15 pay levels was viewed as a critical career step in the agency. Employees who were in their forties, such as Rick, and still stuck at the GS-14 level, understood that their careers had peaked. Grimes had bumped into Rick after her promotion was announced, and he hadn't even whispered a polite congratulations. "Rick, to me, did not have good operational sense," Grimes said later, "and our disagreement about Poleschuk was just one more instance where he didn't understand our business. My promotion added fuel to the fire."

SE division chief Gerber and his deputy, Milton Bearden, had agreed with Grimes, and she had instructed an officer in Moscow to go ahead with a dead drop. A ruble-filled fake rock had been left for Poleschuk at a prearranged site in Izmaylovskiy Park. As an extra precaution, Grimes had told the Moscow station not to put a message in the delivery. If Poleschuk were caught, she wanted him to be able to argue that he had found the rock by accident or claim that the money was from some other illegal enterprise besides espionage. She also told the station not to send anyone to make sure that the rock had been picked up. That simply doubled the chances of a CIA officer getting caught. If Poleschuk didn't get the rock, the $20,000 would stay sitting on the ground.

On October 2, Grimes was given a cable from Moscow that confirmed her worst fears. Poleschuk had been arrested by the KGB while picking up the fake rock. Grimes needed to notify Poleschuk's handler in Africa. "How do you tell someone in writing that your friend, and theirs, has been arrested and is about to face a firing squad?"

SE division chief Gerber reviewed the case alone in his sixth-floor office. *How had the KGB known?* Gerber was fifty-two, tall, thin, reserved, academic in manner, deeply religious. On the walls near his desk were photographs of wolves. He was fascinated by them. The return address labels that he attached to his personal letters had wolves printed on them. So did his favorite necktie. He read about them, took vacation trips to nature preserves to study them, admired their cunning, courage, and resiliency. As a boy growing up in Ohio, Gerber had delivered newspapers and had gotten into the habit of rising early to read the news, although the word "read" really didn't adequately describe what Gerber did: devour. Every story, every detail, every typograpical error, was noted. After baseball, world events were his favorite. At age ten, he decided that he would join the foreign service and live abroad after he grew up. World War II had started when he was thirteen, and Gerber had gone to the library and carefully noted the dates when the United States had gone to war. He deduced that his country called upon its young to fight about every twenty-five years, and he was disappointed because his calculations showed that he would reach draftable age during a period of peace. The CIA gave him what he had wanted: foreign travel and an ongoing battle against communism. He took the loss of Poleschuk personally. The Russian had been one of his troops.

Gerber replayed the last few months in his mind. He was certain that Tolkachev had been betrayed by Edward Lee Howard. He was certain that Operation TAW, the agency's taping of the KGB and GRU's communication lines at Troitsk, also had been betrayed by Howard, because he had been trained to sneak into the communication tunnel and remove the tapes that were used to record conversations. TAW had recently stopped working. But Howard could not have been responsible for Poleschuk's arrest. Howard had been fired in 1983. Poleschuk had reappeared in Africa in early 1985. There was a slim chance that Howard might have learned that Poleschuk had been a spy in the 1970s, but that was unlikely. Old files were kept locked in a vault, and Howard hadn't been authorized to go inside it. If Howard wasn't behind Poleschuk's capture, what, or who, was? The KGB *rezident* had said that Poleschuk had shown up drunk at the dead drop. But Gerber didn't know if that was true. It could be KGB disinformation. Of course, if the KGB *rezident* was intentionally spreading disinformation to his own men, that meant something, too. Surrounded by his photographs of wolves, Gerber considered the whys and pondered the what-ifs.

In October 1985, the SE division received a cable from its station in Lisbon, Portugal, with more bad news. A CIA case officer there had been scheduled to meet, on October 4, with Gennady Smetanin, known by the cryptonym MILLION, but he hadn't shown up. At their last meeting on August 6, Smetanin had said that he was being recalled to Moscow on home leave, but he expected to return in plenty of time for their October 4 rendezvous. Smetanin and his wife, Svetlana, had been spying for the agency since 1983. The agency had dubbed the GRU officer MILLION, because that was how much money he had asked for when he volunteered. When the agency balked, he'd dropped the figure to $360,000. He claimed he needed it because he had embezzled that much from a GRU account and was about to be caught. The agency had paid him the money, but had been suspicious of his story. No one believed that a GRU officer stationed in a small post such as Lisbon could steal $360,000 without it being noticed. Smetanin later admitted that he had been lying. He hadn't stolen any money, he was just trying to get the best price he could for his services.

Again, Gerber studied the case. What had happened to Smetanin? Was the fact that he and Poleschuk had both disappeared during home leaves signifigant?

In mid-November, another spy vanished, this time in Germany. Gennady Varenik, a KGB officer known as FITNESS, had been seen last by his case officer, Charles Leven, on November 4. They had agreed to meet again later, but Varenik had missed that meeting, and when Leven checked, he had discovered that Varenik's wife and children were gone, too. Leven had met Varenik in April 1985, shortly after the young KGB officer had volunteered to spy. Varenik had embezzled seven thousand dollars and was scared. He had used the money to buy a dress for his wife, new furniture for their apartment, clothes for his daughters, and books for himself. The CIA gave him enough cash to pay back the KGB.

"Varenik told me that the KGB had drawn up contingency plans for a covert operation that, in essence, called for the murder of American soldiers and their families," Leven later recalled. The KGB had sent Varenik to find restaurants near U.S. military bases where it could hide "minibombs." The KGB planned on exploding these bombs when the restaurants were busy, and then blaming the carnage on German terrorists. The Soviets hoped the bombings would upset U.S.–German relations, make it appear as if the U.S. military was no longer welcome in Germany, and remind Germans that they were not safe from terrorist acts. "The idea of killing innocent Americans made Gennady sick," Leven said later. "It wasn't that he was pro-American. He was simply outraged that the KGB was planning on killing innocent men, women, and children."

Leven's reports about the minibomb plot caused a stir in Langley. Several veteran SE division officers doubted the KGB would ever carry out such a "cowboyish covert action." But others argued that the minibomb plot was an example of just how monstrous the KGB could be. "We told the White House about the minibomb plot, and you can imagine how President Reagan and his advisers reacted to it," Ames said later. "It was proof that the Evil Empire still existed."

Leven believed the minibomb plot was real. The CIA had sent officers to several of the restaurants where Varenik claimed the bombs would be placed. "All of the information he had told us was accurate," Leven said.

Besides the minibomb plot, Varenik claimed that three top members of the West German government were actually KGB moles. "Gennady gave us a wealth of information about the KGB operations in Germany. He wanted to do as much damage as he could to the KGB," Leven said. "He had come to hate it."

In October, Varenik had contacted Leven in a panic. He felt certain the KGB was about to activate its minibomb operation. "Gennady said, 'I don't know what to do. We have to stop this.' He said, 'If you want me to defect, I'll do that and go public.' But I told him not to do that just yet, to sit tight, and let us monitor the situation," Leven later recalled. On November 4, Leven met Varenik at a hastily called meeting in a CIA safe house. "Gennady said he was being sent to East Berlin to be briefed about the minibomb plot. We were both really nervous about what might happen next." The two men agreed to meet as soon as Varenik returned from East Berlin and felt it was safe. Leven had waited for a signal, but none ever came. Now he was afraid Varenik had been arrested and his family hustled back to Moscow.

In a cable to Leven, Gerber asked if Varenik had noticed anything odd happening at the KGB *rezidency*. Leven recalled that Varenik had told him that the KGB *rezident* in Bonn had been called to Moscow unexpectedly in September, but that Varenik did not notice any change in him when he returned.

Gerber made himself a note. The KGB's *rezident* in Washington had told his men about Poleschuk after returning in *September* from Moscow. The KGB's *rezident* in Bonn had been called back to Moscow in *September*, too. Was this significant or a meaningless coincidence? Gerber had three missing agents. He was absolutely certain now that Howard could not be blamed for all of them. Varenik had only been a spy for eight months. Howard couldn't have known about him. *There had to be another explanation.*

In another area of the CIA's complex, Gardner "Gus" Hathaway, head of the CIA's counterintelligence division, was reaching the same conclusion as Gerber about Varenik's disappearance. He was also asking himself the same question: *If not Howard, then who, or what was to blame?* At age sixty, Hathaway had spent nearly forty years working exclusively in Soviet–Eastern European operations. He'd never been interested in any other area. It was Hathaway who had insisted that the agency meet Tolkachev, and he had been the station chief in Moscow who had warned FEDORA that he was in danger. Inside the agency, Hathaway was famous for single-handedly stopping a squad of KGB officers, posing as firemen, from entering the CIA's most sensitive communication area in the U.S. embassy in Moscow during a 1970s fire. Everyone else had run to safety, but Hathaway had blocked the doorway and refused to move when the ax-carrying fake firemen appeared. Hathaway never spoke to the media. Still, his name had surfaced periodically over the years in articles and books. He was always described as having an "aristocratic" presence, an "acerbic" wit.

Hathaway and Gerber began comparing notes, exchanging ideas. The Christmas holidays and the new year brought both men more bad news. In mid-December, the agency confirmed that Gennady Smetanin, MILLION, and his wife, Svetlana, had been arrested. They had been dragged off a train in handcuffs while returning to Moscow from a relative's house. The KGB would later claim that it had found forty-four diamonds sewn inside the leather belt that Svetlana was wearing. In January 1986, the agency confirmed that Varenik also had been arrested on November 4 when he had crossed into East Berlin.

Hathaway and Gerber agreed that it was time for action. In January 1986, Gerber told Sandy Grimes about the losses. He also told her that the agency had just recruited two new agents in Eastern Europe. "I'm putting you in charge of keeping these two men alive," he said. Gerber explained that he wanted her to handle the new spies personally. She would deal directly with the case officers in Eastern Europe who were meeting the agents face to face. She would report directly to Gerber. There was no need to tell anyone else in the division about the new recruits. She could choose one person to help her. Without hesitating, Grimes said she wanted Diana Worthen to work with her. Gerber wasn't surprised. He knew the two women had been part of a similar "back room" operation in the 1970s, run out of a corner office on the fifth floor. Employees were told the office was just another secretarial pool where clerks typed, filed, and shuffled paperwork, but its real function had been to support TOPHAT, Dmitri Polyakov. The GRU general was sending the agency so many Soviet military secrets that it couldn't keep up. Gerber liked the idea of pairing Grimes and Worthen. If word leaked out inside the agency that Grimes was handling a new spy, everyone would assume the agent was someone in Africa, not Eastern Europe, because Grimes was the African branch chief. Worthen worked in counterintelligence (CI), and CI employees rarely handled spies in the field. "The security that Gerber, Grimes, and Worthen put in place was really draconian," one of their bosses later recalled. "There was no way that those two women were going to let anyone find out the names of the new recruits."

Director Casey also was briefed in January. Hathaway, Gerber and his deputy, Milton Bearden, and Clair George, the chief of covert operations, told him that agents were disappearing and being arrested and no one was sure why. "What the hell are you doing about it?" he demanded. They were investigating to see if the KGB had found a way to intercept CIA communications, Casey was told. It seemed like a logical step. After all, the CIA had managed to tap into the KGB and GRU's communications lines in Operation TAW. Said a CIA officer later: "The thinking was, 'Hey, if we did it, then they probably have, too.'"

Casey decided to launch his own investigation. He asked John H. Stein to look into the losses. Stein was an old hand when it came to Soviet–Eastern European operations. He had been the SE division chief and the deputy director of operations, and was just completing a stint as the CIA's inspector general, an appointment that had put him in charge of ferreting out waste, fraud, and abuse in the agency. Stein asked Casey when he expected him to finish his investigation. "Yesterday," Casey replied.

A series of key events unfolded with breathtaking speed during the next few months.

- In February 1986, the agency learned that the KGB had stopped a westbound train on the Trans-Siberian railroad on January 24, and seized a cargo container filled with electronic sensors. Operation ABSORB had been exposed.*

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*The KGB would later tell me that it had profited handsomely from ABSORB. Not only did it seize the CIA's advanced technology, but it managed to extort $500,000 from the Japanese company that had agreed to ship the CIA's fake cargo container to Hamburg, Germany. The KGB threatened to accuse the Japanese company of being a CIA front unless it paid it $500,000 in hush money, which it did, according to the KGB.

- On March 10, the KGB ambushed CIA case officer Michael Sellers while he was en route to a meeting with a spy known as COWL. The CIA did not know COWL's name, because he had never told it to Sellers, but it later learned that COWL was Sergey Vorontsov, a KGB officer assigned to the local Moscow KGB office. Ironically, it was the Soviets who revealed Vorontsov's true name. After Sellers was declared persona non grata and expelled, the Soviet government sent a letter of protest to the State Department and identified Vorontsov as the spy Sellers had been going to meet. Vorontsov had been a spy since 1984, and had told the CIA about how the local KGB watched the U.S. embassy in Moscow. In a meeting in 1985, Vorontsov gave Sellers samples of spy dust, the chemical that the KGB was spraying into U.S. embassy cars to help the KGB keep track of its occupants.
- In mid-March, a spy known as VILLAGE was ordered to return to Moscow from his station in Surabaja, Indonesia. Once he crossed the border, he was not heard from again.

In late March, an anonymous letter writer contacted the CIA with an offer to help. A CIA case officer in Bonn, Germany, found a letter tucked in his mail box written by someone who claimed he could tell the CIA why Gennady Varenik had been caught—in return for $50,000. The writer identified himself as a KGB officer and said he had been friends with Varenik. To prove that he was telling the truth, he wrote in his letter that Charles Leven was the CIA officer who had been handling Varenik. Leven was working undercover as a State Department employee at the time, and no one was supposed to know about him and Varenik. The writer also hinted that the KGB had found a way to intercept CIA's messages. Under *no* circumstances, he wrote, should his letter be mentioned or sent to CIA headquarters "by electronic means."

The Bonn case officer sent the letter by courier to CIA headquarters, where it was studied by Hathaway, Gerber, and Paul Redmond, Jr., who had replaced Rodney Carlson as the head of the counterintelligence group inside the SE division.* The three men dubbed the letter writer Mr. X, and quickly agreed to pay him $50,000. A case officer in Berlin was told to deliver the cash to a site in East Berlin that was described in the letter. A few days later,

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*Hathaway was in charge of the CIA's counterintelligence staff. Redmond was chief of the counterintelligence staff *within* the SE division. Although their interests regularly overlapped, these were two separate staffs.

another letter arrived. This time, Mr. X gave them specifics. He said the KGB was electronically intercepting CIA cables that were being sent overseas through the agency's secret communications center in Warrenton, Virginia. He also accused Charles Leven of pocketing money that the agency had given him for Varenik. Once again, Mr. X asked for $50,000 and offered in the future to tell them more specifics. There was a mole at the Warrenton facility, Mr. X added, as a teaser.

Mr. X's claim that the KGB was electronically intercepting CIA cables sounded real to Gerber, Hathaway, and Redmond. Most of the agency's messages went through the Warrenton center, and if the KGB had found a way to read those messages, then it could have learned the identities of the spies. But Mr. X's accusations against Leven seemed absurd. Leven had worked for Gerber in Moscow, and Gerber trusted him. So did Hathaway. The accusation made Redmond suspicious of Mr. X. "The KGB had sent us similar notes in previous cases, and it always put something nasty about our case officers in them," Redmond said later. Mr. X's accusation against Leven had done more damage to Mr. X's credibility than to Leven's reputation. Even so, the three men agreed that Leven should be questioned and Mr. X paid.

While they were waiting for Mr. X to respond, Redmond decided to run a test of the Warrenton communications center. He arranged for two messages to be sent overseas. The first cable was sent through the communications center to the CIA station chief in Nairobi. It said that Gerber's deputy, Milton Bearden, would be arriving there soon to recruit a specific KGB officer. Several weeks later, a cable was sent from Nairobi to CIA headquarters, announcing that Bearden had successfully recruited the KGB officer as a CIA spy. Redmond's second cable was sent from headquarters through the Warrenton facility to the Moscow station. It disclosed that the CIA had successfully recruited a KGB officer stationed in Bangkok. Redmond's cables were untrue. The agency had not recruited either KGB officer. But if the KGB was intercepting the CIA's messages, Redmond figured that both KGB officers would be immediately recalled to Moscow for interrogation. He sat back and waited. "I had chosen two KGB officers who were not nice guys at all, and I hoped, quite frankly, that if the KGB was reading our mail, that it would arrest these guys and their careers would be ruined," said Redmond. Nothing happened. The officers were not called back to Moscow.

Mr. X sent the agency a total of six letters during 1986, and in each, he would repeat his claim that the KGB was reading the agency's cables. But by the fall of 1986, Redmond's test was complete, and Gerber and Hathaway were convinced that Mr. X was a fraud, albeit an expensive one.

Meanwhile, the agency had received more bad news. On May 7, Erik Sites, who was identified as a U.S. embassy attaché, was arrested while trying to meet a CIA spy whose cryptonym was EASTBOUND. The CIA would not learn until several years later that EASTBOUND had been a "dangle," a KGB officer who had volunteered to spy specifically to entrap a CIA officer and pass along bad information.

"What the hell is going on in Moscow?" an angry Casey demanded, after Sites was declared persona non grata and booted out of the USSR. It had been four months since he had been told about the 1985 losses, and no one seemed to know any more now than in January. Casey pushed John Stein to hurry up his investigation. A short time later, Stein delivered his ten-page study. He concluded that each of the cases that he had reviewed had contained "the seeds of its own destruction." The losses, he said, did not appear to be related. Some were caused by Edward Lee Howard, others by mistakes made by CIA case handlers or the spies themselves. There was no evidence of any electronic penetration of the agency, or of a much feared mole, Stein wrote.

Stein's report didn't convince Hathaway, Gerber, or Redmond. In May, Hathaway sent a cable to Jeanne Vertefeuille, the station chief in Libreville, the capitol of Gabon in West Africa. Her tour there was scheduled to end in June, and he informed her that he had a special assignment waiting as soon as she returned. Vertefeuille liked and admired Hathaway, and she immediately agreed to accept whatever job he wished, but a number of problems forced her to extend her tour until late October.

Federal investigators would later criticize Hathaway and the agency for waiting for Vertefeuille before launching a formal investigation of the losses. The five months between Hathaway's cable to Vertefeuille and her arrival at Langley, however, were not the main reason the CIA's top managers did not pay as much attention to the 1985 losses as they should have. A few weeks before Vertefeuille's return to headquarters, a Nicaraguan soldier fired a surface-to-air missile at a low flying C-123 cargo airplane. It was a direct hit. The airplane crashed. The lone survivor, Eugene Hasenfus, appeared at a press conference four days later in Managua, and revealed that he had been delivering weapons to contra rebels trying to overthrow the Sandinista government. His flight had been financed, he said, by the CIA. Congress was outraged. It had imposed a two-year ban on supplying aid to the rebels, and it immediately suspected that the White House and Director Casey had circumvented the law. The agency came under siege. This event immediately pushed all other emergencies off Director Casey's desk.

Meanwhile, Hathaway, Gerber, Redmond, and Vertefeuille, who had recently arrived, continued to monitor the KGB's actions in Moscow. On October 22, Tass announced grim news: "The CIA spy, Adolf G. Tolkachev, has been executed." The killing of the agency's human assets in Moscow had begun.

That same month, the CIA learned that Sergey Motorin, GAUZE, and Valery F. Martynov, GENTILE, both were in prison. They had been arrested in August 1985—*more than one year earlier.* Motorin was the KGB officer whom the FBI had blackmailed into becoming a spy; Martynov was the CIA's spy inside the Soviet embassy who had returned to Moscow as part of an honor guard chosen to accompany Vitaly Yurchenko home. *Why had the KGB kept their arrests secret?* At one point, the KGB had arranged for Motorin to telephone his girlfriend in Washington, D.C., from Moscow. The FBI had been monitoring that call and had heard Motorin assure her that he was fine. Obviously, the telephone call had been part of a KGB ruse. "The KGB was clearly trying to keep us from learning about something that had happened in 1985," Redmond said later.

In November 1986, Vertefeuille began meeting with the members of her special task force. All of them had been chosen by Hathaway. His choices were: Fran Smith, Benjamin Franklin Pepper, and Daniel R. Niesciur. Smith was a veteran SE officer. Pepper had retired several years earlier and was best known for being the leading opponent in the 1960s to James Angleton's paranoid theories. Niesciur, who had recently retired, was the author of a comprehensive study of Larry Wu-Tai Chin, a CIA mole who had spied for the communists for nearly thirty years.

Paul Redmond, Jr., was delighted that Hathaway had appointed a task force to investigate what were now being called "the 1985 losses," but he was frustrated with the pace at which the agency was moving. He was also worried that Casey and his top lieutenants were so preoccupied with the developing Iran-Contra scandal that they were not paying enough attention to the bloodletting in Moscow. "Redmond is not a detail person," a former CIA colleague said later. "His contribution to the agency has been and always will be his willingness to stand up and demand that something be done. He's not afraid of anyone, and he loves to lead charges." Redmond decided it was time to lead a charge. He drafted a memo for Casey. "The KGB is wrapping up our cases with reckless abandon," he declared. "Forty-five Soviet and East European cases" have been jeopardized.

Redmond's memo didn't contain any new information. It simply recapitulated and highlighted what he, Gerber, and Hathaway had been discussing for months. But Redmond infused it with the fire and outrage of a Bible-beating evangelist. He also went on record saying that he suspected the agency had been penetrated by a mole. Redmond sent his memo to SE division chief Gerber for his approval and comments. Gerber told Redmond to tone it down. Redmond had cited several old cases in his memo, dating back to the 1970s and TRIGON. Gerber suggested that he focus only on agents who had been compromised since 1985. Redmond made himself a list.

1. SPHERE	Adolf Tolkachev
2. TICKLE	Oleg Gordievsky
3. WEIGH	Leonid Poleschuk
4. MILLION	Gennady and Svetlana Smetanin
5. Operation TAW	
6. FITNESS	Gennady Varenik
7. Operation ABSORB	
8. COWL	Sergey Vorontsov
9. VILLAGE	
10. EASTBOUND	
11. GENTILE	Valery Martynov
12. GAUZE	Sergey Motorin

By his count, ten agents had been arrested and, he assumed, would soon be executed. That was outrageous! He didn't know of another case in agency history where so many agents had been caught. He sent a revised memo to Gerber and in it he once again warned that there could be a mole burrowed in the CIA.

Gerber read and reread Redmond's memo. He agreed with what Redmond was saying. That was part of the reason why he had instituted stringent safeguards to protect the SE division's new agents. But talk about a mole also made Gerber nervous. He did not want the CIA to become engulfed in another agency-wrecking, James Jesus Angleton witch hunt. This time if there was going to be a mole hunt, Gerber was determined to make certain that the mole was identified without the reputations of innocent employees being destroyed. Gerber suggested a few minor changes to Redmond's memo and then forwarded it up the chain of command. Both men waited for a reaction. None came.

In December,.Casey suffered a seizure while working in his office and collapsed. Doctors discovered a malignant tumor in his brain and hospitalized him. His deputy, Robert M. Gates, was appointed acting director. He would later testify that he was never told how serious the 1985 losses were.

THE WORDS OF RICK AMES

[CIA Director R. James] *Woolsey has called me a "serial killer" and compared me to Benedict Arnold. First let me address the "serial killer" charge. I did not execute anyone, did I? And if our courts had retained capital punishment for espionage, a number of the agents whom I betrayed would have had blood on their hands, too! Would Woolsey have called Polyakov a serial killer?*

His comments about Benedict Arnold are more fascinating. As someone who tries to distinguish history from legend, folklore and official myth, let me comment, knowing, of course, that I have read both of Kenneth Roberts's excellent novels, Arundel *and* Rabble in Arms, *which have long been taken as the definitive portraits of Arnold. I can only assume that Woolsey no doubt heard something about Arnold somewhere and rushed to make the comparison, because it doesn't fit.*

Arnold promised to betray West Point for money and position, and although the betrayal of West Point failed, he did profit handsomely. I also profited handsomely, though temporarily. This analogy ultimately fails, however, on several levels.

Arnold was fed up [and] embittered, and dissented from the bulk of his political and military leaders. In fact, he felt persecuted, and probably was. In those circumstances, in those times, national and institutional loyalties had not hardened into law, tradition, myth, and orthodoxy. A man who dissented from the Revolution could see himself morally and ethically free to choose sides, even to change them, though perhaps not for personal gain. The cause of independence had become the War of Independence and Arnold had come to believe that those conducting the revolution did not deserve to win it and that he would no longer support them, so he chose to switch sides.

Now let's look at my case. My immediate motivation to con the Soviets was *purely financial, but my choice in mid-June showed and foreshadowed a more complex mixture of motives. The fact that I could even conceive of the con game that I implemented demonstrates a striking inhibition, and one must wonder: what were some of the elements—beyond a midlife crisis and a new wife—which prompted such eagerness? Obviously I did not feel persecuted, as Arnold did, but I had come to believe that most of my leaders were engaged in folly and were carrying out this folly in spectacularly incompetent ways. The basic folly, of course, was the demagoguery of the Cold War and the corruption or misuse of the intelligence process. In some strange way, I, just like Arnold, came to believe that I had the personal right to make these judgments—that I understood these things better than my leaders—and having reached this point, I acted upon those feelings and accepted the risk—just as he had. The quality of my betrayal was fundamentally more radical than Arnold's. Arnold took up arms against the government and nascent country, which trusted him, and plotted to turn over the strategic West Point to help the British win the war and crush the Revolution, with surely great loss of life among his soldiers. In my case, I am convinced that American autonomy, safety, and interests were not at hazard, nor were American lives. Tremendous harm was inflicted upon a relatively few people, a responsibility I cannot deny or evade, and many felt great pain and anguish over it all. But to put it starkly, we were not at war, despite the decades of hype and lies.*

I'd like to go off on a sidelight here. Nathan Hale is the official patron saint of the CIA. It is his statue that stands out front. But within the culture, dating back to the earliest days in the agency, the true *fascination and admiration is not for Hale but for Major John Andre—the British officer who handled Benedict Arnold. He was later captured and hanged after Arnold's escape. Within the agency, Hale is considered to be a bit of a wimp, but admiration for Andre—the case officer rather than the spy—is almost unbounded. The fact that he was an English gentleman helped, but I think there are deeper and more significant roots for this adulation. Having been both a case officer and a spy, I can tell you clearly that there is a difference in attitudes toward both roles. The agency's leadership, as opposed to the rank and file, has consistently denigrated and despised the spy. One of Allen Dulles's favorite lines was Sir Francis Walsingham's line about how he had gone out and "hired a low fellow" to spy. Meanwhile, Andre is described as the model of professionalism.*

To me, this is a comment about the inherent depravity of espionage. All of us, in truth, detest a traitor, no matter how he sugarcoats his treason or justifies his betrayal or—in the case of those who help us as agents—how our coun-

try glorifies him. The truth is that the man whom we really admire is the one who convinces another to betray his own country—not the one who actually commits the treason.

THE WORDS OF OTHERS

My husband was a good father; honest, kind, strong. We met in a theater and fell in love at first sight. He was handsome. Our wedding took place in the summer of 1970. I was a teacher. He was an officer of that special agency. Unlike so many in his service, he did not drink, smoke, or go out with other women. He loved to read adventure stories—Jack London. In 1980 we had our first daughter. Our life was beautiful. There was so much love. We were excited when the KGB said he was being sent to Germany in January 1982. His father was an important man in the KGB, and he wanted to please him. In Bonn, my husband worked himself to exhaustion each day but the others in his secret group—hah—they goofed off and laughed at him. Our second daughter was born there, but things were extremely difficult. There was not much money for clothing, even for food. I didn't mind, but he was worried that he was not providing enough for his family, and he became depressed. He found a German who agreed to help him with information, but this man was really a German spy, and my husband was afraid that we would all be sent back to Moscow in disgrace. He told me he was going to an important meeting in East Berlin in November 1985, and later that day, one of his coworkers came to me with a note from my husband saying I should take our children and come immediately to Moscow. We grabbed a few things and left, but I had forgotten my passport, and when I returned to our apartment, the KGB officers were searching it and wouldn't let me in. In Moscow, they told me he had been arrested for smuggling, but that I didn't need to worry because his father would protect him.

—Gennady Varenik's wife

My son did not betray our motherland. Yes, he told the agents of the CIA about the plot to put bombs in the places frequented by Americans, but I do not believe he gave them anything that damaged our nation. I retired from the KGB. I was decorated in the Great Patriotic War. Later, I was responsible for suppressing dissidents and interrogating spies. I did my job well, and my conscience is clear. My son said to me before he left for Germany, "I will take re-

venge on the fascists for the twenty million people who perished in the war!" But I never wanted him to follow in my footsteps. He was always too trusting, too sincere, too scrupulous. He romanticized about it too much from reading too many novels. Romantics are the first to fail in the line of duty. You must be a hard man to work in intelligence, and my son was a dreamer. Once he told me about problems with his boss in Germany—how this man sent him to take his wife shopping and running errands. He told me that his colleagues were drunks. I told him that he should not talk about such things. The people must always believe the KGB is filled with strong men. Yes; these men can sometimes be hard, but the people will only respect men if they fear them. He was wrong to turn to the wolves of the CIA. They used him. He was a boy, really, a good boy who made a mistake. Had he been in any other profession, the penalty would not have been so great. A few years in prison, and he would have been free. But in the KGB? They had to show they were strong men.

—Gennady Varenik's father

His father was in the KGB, and he had wanted to please him, but he had become disillusioned. Many of his colleagues were promoted because of reports they wrote based on what they saw on television or made up. We were the same age, but his life was completely different from mine. We had long talks, trusted each other, became friends. My wife and I had tried for a long time to have a baby, and when we finally did and he heard about it, he gave me a gold medallion. "This is for your son," he said. "Someday tell him who it is from." When I heard about his arrest, I couldn't sleep for three months. I kept thinking, Did I do something wrong? *I wondered about his daughters and wife, but I was afraid to contact them. I came back to CIA headquarters after he was executed, and I remember Rick Ames coming into my office and the two of us talking about the losses. He could tell how upset I was. I told him that I would never find any peace until I knew what had happened to Gennady—who had betrayed him. I remember Rick just looking at me. He didn't say a word.*

—Gennady Varenik's CIA handler

This man was a traitor. Why romanticize him? He was a nobody. We did not find any real basis to suppose that he had committed this treason for ideological reasons. Of course at the trial, he spoke about this alleged plot to kill U.S. servicemen and about corruption in the KGB. What would you expect him to say? The law was very clear about his fate. I am proud of the job that I did and shed no tears for this traitor.

—KGB investigator

They would not give him the packages I took with me to Lefortovo prison. He looked like a dead man when I was allowed to see him. His face was pale and he mumbled. I tried to fight back the tears, but I couldn't. I told the children that their father had died in an airplane crash. I told them that he was a soldier and that he had jumped out of the plane with a parachute. I said, "Maybe he did not die and is in a faraway country where he misses us, writes letters every day, but for some reason, the letters don't reach us." During our last visit, he told me that he never did harm to his homeland, only the KGB. They didn't let us attend the trial. We received a letter saying he had been executed on February 25, 1987, but it is possible he is still alive. Isn't it? This has happened in some cases before. I can never marry another man. I am a Russian woman, and once we fall in love it cannot happen again. I want to believe he will come home. So much has changed. Our daughters are grown. He missed those years but I will tell him about them. I will tell him how difficult it was to live here without him. How good it is to have him back with me. We will laugh about our sorrows. Once he returns, we will be able to go on with our lives. We will still have our final years together—once he comes home.

—Gennady Varenik's wife
(written with help from Ilya Milstein,
editor of *Ogoniok* magazine)

CHAPTER 16

IN ROME, 1986-1987

How did Rick Ames explain the money? By July 1986, he had spent the $50,000 that "Robert from Chicago" had "loaned" him, yet he still had plenty of cash. "I told Rosario that my friend, Robert, and his associates were going to invest lots of money in Europe, and since we were about to leave for Rome, they had decided to pay me a commission to watch their investments," Ames said.

Years later, Rosario would repeat the same story as her husband about the generous Robert from Chicago. "Rick's explanation didn't sound weird at all. . . . I know tons of people in Colombia who make their living from investments and making commissions," she said.

The Ameses insisted in interviews with me that Rosario had never showed any curiosity during their marriage about the source of Rick's cash. She had never asked for details about Robert from Chicago, had never asked Rick to tell her Robert's last name, had never wondered why Robert had never visited, had never sent a Christmas card, a letter, or even telephoned. Nor had Rosario ever questioned why her husband did not report his "commissions" on their joint income tax returns, which she signed, even though these earnings exceeded his CIA salary by tens of thousands of dollars. The federal agents who interrogated Rick and Rosario thought their story about Robert was concocted and that both of them were lying about how much Rosario knew. So did most of their close friends and even members of their own families when I interviewed them. By July 1986, a new side of Rosario's personality had started to emerge. Gone was the sweet innocence. She was more demanding, more dominating. The idea that she would blindly accept the Robert from Chicago explanation seemed preposterous to those who knew them well. It seemed equally preposterous that anyone would hire Ames to oversee millions of dollars of foreign investments, since he had no experience, had never shown any previous interest in investments, and had managed his own finances so poorly that he had gotten himself heavily in debt.

None of this, of course, means that Ames told Rosario the truth about his income. But few would later believe that she was as naive as she claimed. Diana Worthen, who was still close friends with Rick and Rosario in 1986, would later offer this explanation. "I think Rosario probably asked Rick about the money, and he brushed her off in such a way that she knew not to ask anything more. Rather than pushing for the truth and possibly hearing something that she didn't want to hear, she just decided to keep quiet, and started spending and enjoying the money."

Spend and enjoy they did.

Once they landed in Rome on July 22, 1986, neither Rick nor Rosario made any attempt to hide their affluence. Rosario replaced her entire wardrobe. She charged such large amounts during one all-day shopping spree that the bank which had issued the Ameses a credit card called Rome to ask Rick if someone had stolen his charge plate and was trying to steal as much as possible before the account was closed. Rosario's closets overflowed with designer dresses from Rome's best boutiques. The most dramatic transformation, however, was in Rick's appearance. Gone were the tattered J. C. Penney navy blazers, the polyester gray slacks and socks bought at half price. Now Rick favored $1,500 custom tailored Italian silk suits with monogrammed shirts and hand-sewn leather shoes. His teeth, which were yellow from years of smoking, were capped. His old thick black glasses frames were discarded. He began wearing his hair cut stylishly. He drove an Alfa Romeo sports car, wore a Rolex. He and Rosario dined in Rome's finest restaurants; their telephone bills alone topped $5,000 per month, because of Rosario's daily chats with her mother in Bogotá. They spent their weekends sightseeing, always traveling first class, staying only in Europe's most elegant hotels.

From the start in Rome, Rosario alienated most of Rick's coworkers. She had taken one look at the apartment their predecessor had rented and had declared: "I'm not going to live here!" It was located on the outskirts of the city in an apartment complex similar to those found in the States, and it was where most other embassy employees lived. "This is so typical of Americans," she complained, after inspecting the unit. "They move to a foreign country and immediately find a place that is as close as possible to what they left behind." Rosario rented an apartment in Velabro, a chic older section of downtown Rome near the Roman Forum. The CIA paid for new carpet and had all the rooms painted. Rosario finished the decorating. It looked elegant, expensive.

Rick and Rosario were invited to a station party one night. Rosario didn't think much of the other women there. Several were working as secretaries at the embassy because they couldn't work anywhere else in Rome.

"Are you interested in a secretarial position?" someone asked.

"Certainly not!" Rosario snapped. "I was the cultural attaché and assistant to the ambassador in Mexico City. I'm used to having secretaries, not being one." It was one of several icy remarks she made that night. Afterward, Rick gently chided her for being "haughty."

"I'm not haughty," she fired back. "My friends come from all sorts of social levels, but what do I have in common with these American women?" Most of them were mothers, she said. She didn't have children. Most of them "get their thrills shopping at the U.S. commissary for frozen American pizza." She was a gourmet cook. Years later, Rosario would complain that she had never been accepted by the wives of other embassy employees in Italy because, in her own words, "I didn't wear sneakers or dress in a sweat suit all day. I knew I didn't fit into the U.S. embassy community in Rome, and quite frankly I didn't want to." Rosario had not come to Italy to live like an American or worry about promoting her husband's career. "In Rome, I found out that I was *just* the wife of somebody," she said later, "and that was not me! The American wives don't really participate in anything, especially at the first secretary rank where Rick was working—he never got invitations to go anywhere."

Rosario set out to find her own social circle. "I just got into a taxi and told the driver to take me to the Italian foreign ministry, and I walked in and told them I wanted to join the club for diplomats' wives." The women in charge were shocked. "They said, 'Oh you must be from the Colombian embassy,' and I said, 'No, my husband is an American diplomat,' and they couldn't believe it—first because I spoke Italian, and no other American wives had bothered to learn the language—and because no one from my husband's rank had ever joined before." Rosario soon became a regular at the club meetings, and friends with the wives of several ambassadors. "What social life we had in Rome was because of me, not Rick," she bragged. "He never wanted to do anything." The fact that her husband held a much lower job than most of the husbands of the other women in the club didn't bother Rosario. "His job was *his* problem. His rank was funny to most of them. Of course, their normal mixing would be with people who were further up in the diplomatic ranks, but these were the educated and wealthy people with whom I'd always associated, and, of course, they accepted me without any question."

Rosario began hosting lunches at her apartment, and she rekindled her Colombian contacts. When Julio Cesar Turbay Ayala arrived in Italy as Colombia's new ambassador to the Vatican, it was Rosario who hosted a reception at her apartment welcoming him. Turbay was the former Colombian president who had appointed her to be cultural attaché. She felt indebted. "He asked me if I would teach him Italian, so I began going to the ambassador's residence very often in the afternoons on the pretext of teaching him Italian, but really just to have tea with him and his wife."

The whirlwind that Rosario was causing in Rome's diplomatic circles didn't go unnoticed. One night a jealous wife of a top aide to U.S. ambassador Maxwell M. Rabb confronted Rosario at a reception held in the New Zealand embassy. "This woman comes running over to me and says, 'What the hell are you doing here?'" Rosario later claimed. "So I told her the name of my friend from New Zealand, and explained that she had invited me. I said, 'Is that so hard for you to understand?' Later this same woman comes over and says to me, 'Are you enjoying yourself being around all these blond Anglo-Saxons?' She was terribly offensive and racist, but there was nothing she could do about me being there."

Rick thought it might help Rosario's image if they gave a party for his coworkers and their spouses. He also wanted her to meet Alan D. Wolfe, the CIA chief of station, and his deputy chief, John P. Gower. The party was a disaster. Wolfe liked to swear and he told several raucous jokes that night.

"I don't think there is anyone more coarse and uncivilized in all of Rome than Alan Wolfe," Rosario complained to Rick, after their guests had gone. "He came here, got drunk, and spilled stuff all over my carpet. He was disgusting." Rosario thought Rick's coworkers were drab and vulgar. "CIA employees fit a certain mold," she said later. "They all had really bad taste, they dressed badly, and they fit the stereotype of the ugly American. . . . Rick accused me of intimidating the people he worked with. I guess I came across as being too snobbish or too intellectual at these little parties that I had to go to with him—his branch or whatever it was called—but so what? One of his coworkers asked me if there were any horses in Colombia? I mean, really. We're in the middle of the Amazon. Yes, there are horses. I can't be blamed for not finding much to discuss with such people."

Rosario began whining. "The myth that Rick was going to take care of me quickly began to crumble in Rome," she said. "If I wanted something, I had to find it. If I wanted to have a party, I had to do it. . . . I had to prod him to do the least little things." She began to think of him as "someone who was turning into an old man."

When David Samson visited them in Rome, he noticed uncomfortable silences and flashes of anger. "At times, Rosario would treat Rick with complete contempt, and it was unpleasant to be around them." Rick and Rosario's friends from New York, David and Angela Blake, also were startled during a 1986 visit. "Our first surprise was the obvious wealth. It was staggering. We both assumed Rosario had money," David Blake said, "either that or the CIA was paying for all this as some sort of cover story for Rick." The Blakes noticed something else. "When they were first married, there had been a certain puppy-dog quality to Rick's relationship with Rosario," Angela Blake said. "He was constantly lighting her cigarettes, bringing her drinks, waiting on her. Rosario also was attentive to him, and seemed to want to do things for Rick, but in Rome, she was constantly belittling and criticizing him. We began to notice that she was forever talking about herself, and she had a real disdain for other people. It was an aspect of her character that we simply hadn't seen before."

Rick always defended Rosario. "She's a bit high-strung," he'd say at a party whenever she was rude, or he would joke about how she was a "hot-blooded Latin." For her birthday that year, he organized a surprise party at her favorite restaurant. He invited the Colombian ambassador and his wife, and four other couples. Rick paid cash when he was brought the bill. Rosario told him the surprise party was the most romantic thing that he had ever done for her. But her admiration didn't last. A few days later, she accused him of caring more about his job than he did about her, when an emergency at the embassy made him fifteen minutes late for dinner.

"You're always apologizing," she told him, "but you don't mean it or you'd stop doing these things that irritate me."

The next day, he brought her flowers. He hated confrontations. Besides, he had more pressing problems. Before they moved to Rome, he had heard about the 1985 losses. "Unlike everyone else, I knew what was going on and I thought, *What the hell is the KGB doing? It's going to get me caught.*" The KGB had given Rick a note in Washington, D.C., telling him that VLAD would meet him in Rome on October 20, outside a pharmacy near the Piazza Re di Roma. Rick got there early and was upset. He had spotted blood in his urine about an hour before their meeting. His father had died of cancer, and Rick was sure he had it, too. He didn't mention his problem to VLAD, but he kept thinking about it, and he didn't pay as close attention as usual to what VLAD was saying.

VLAD showed Rick a photograph of Aleksey Khrenkov, the officer from the Soviet ministry of foreign affairs who was assigned to the Soviet embassy in Rome. He had been chosen to be Rick's new go-between. VLAD suggested that Rick and Khrenkov begin meeting for lunch. "Perhaps you will tell your CIA bosses that you are trying to recruit him," VLAD said. Rick nodded. Khrenkov would introduce himself to Rick at an upcoming diplomatic association. They both were members.

"My friend, I have some unfortunate news to share with you," VLAD continued. "We have been forced to close everyone down on the list that you provided us."

Rick was stunned. "Everyone? You've arrested everyone on the list? All of the spies?"

VLAD shrugged. "Most of them. This is being done as we speak."

"Jesus Christ!" Rick exclaimed. "You're going to get me arrested! Why not just put up a big neon sign over the agency with the word *mole* written on it?"

"You must understand this is not what we wanted to do," Ames would later recall VLAD assuring him. "VLAD told me that the decision was out of the KGB's control. It had been made at a much, much higher level. He said to me: 'You may rest assured that we will not do this again precipitously. If you give us such leads in the future, you can trust us to protect you, and we are trying everything that we can to deflect suspicion away from you.'"

Rick felt overwhelmed. "From that date on, I knew, deep down I knew, I was doomed. There was no question that I was living on borrowed time."

The KGB was trying to make it appear as if it had learned about the spies by tapping into the agency's communication system in Warrenton, Virginia, VLAD said. "We are also blaming [Edward Lee] Howard, of course, and we are open to any of your suggestions."

Rick mentioned money. The KGB had told him that it had put aside $2 million for him. He wanted as much of it as he could get—now. "Unfortunately, it is difficult to deliver such sums in shopping bags," VLAD replied. Rick suggested the KGB transfer it electronically into a Swiss bank account, but VLAD said that was impossible. It could be traced. "How about German bearer bonds?" Rick asked. "You can buy them and then give them to me. They're as good as cash." VLAD said no. Rick assumed VLAD was stalling. He knew the KGB didn't want to pay him everything at once, because it would lose control of him. "Just get me as much cash as you can," Rick said. When Rick got home that night, he checked his urine. It was bloodier than before. He couldn't sleep. He got up and had several drinks. Suddenly, he realized that he hadn't been paying attention when he and VLAD had agreed on a time for their next meeting. Rick thought they were supposed to meet the very next night at the same place, but he couldn't remember. VLAD was supposed to give him more cash. The following evening, Rick waited outside the pharmacy, but VLAD never came.

Rick told a nurse at the embassy about his urine. She sent him to a doctor for tests, who told him he had a urinary infection. Rick was relieved. A few days later, he received a cable from headquarters, asking him to return to Langley. The agency wanted him to brief two Canadian intelligence agents who were investigating claims that Vitaly Yurchenko had made about KGB moles working in their government. "Someone had screwed up. All the stuff Yurchenko had told us about Canada hadn't been tape-recorded for some reason," Ames said later. The only notes about Canada were the ones he had taken. He returned to the States on November 12. "I learned that we didn't have a single asset left in Moscow, not a single one. The whole network had been arrested. I couldn't believe the KGB had done that to me." Rick was told that Jeanne Vertefeuille had been put in charge of a task force investigating the losses. He also heard that Paul Redmond, Jr., thought the agency had been penetrated by a mole.

Rick knew both of them. He liked Vertefeuille, but not Redmond. Although Rick and Redmond were about the same age, they had little in common. Short and energetic, Redmond was the son of a well-to-do Massachusetts insurance executive and the product of elite prep schools and Harvard College. But it was Redmond's impertinence, not his pedigree, that made him something of a legend in the SE division. Redmond didn't always play by the rules, and he didn't let anyone bully him. Typical was an incident that happened after Redmond received an order from Director Casey that he thought was stupid. A wealthy businessman, who had been a major contributor to President Reagan's election campaign, had read a newspaper article about Vitaly Yurchenko's defection and had written a personal letter to Casey asking for help. The businessman wanted to know if the CIA had questioned Yurchenko about the disappearance of Raoul Wallenberg, the Swedish businessman who had helped nearly 100,000 Hungarian Jews escape deportation to Nazi death camps during World War II. The Soviets had arrested Wallenberg in 1945 on trumped-up charges of espionage, and even though the KGB later admitted the arrest had been a mistake, Wallenberg was never seen again. The Soviets later claimed he had died of a heart attack in a Moscow prison in 1947, but periodically reports would surface about how he was still being held somewhere in Russia. Casey had sent the letter to Burton Lee Gerber, who, in turn, had sent a copy down the line to Redmond. The letter irritated him. He didn't want a campaign contributor telling him how to interrogate Yurchenko, nor did he think chasing Wallenberg's ghost was a good use of his men's time. He tossed Casey's request into a file drawer and forgot about it.

"Do you have an answer for Director Casey?" Gerber asked a few days later.

"Yes, I have dealt with his request in an appropriate manner," Redmond replied.

Gerber, who was familiar with Redmond's frequent insubordinations, asked him to explain.

"I've not done a damn thing, because it's a waste of time and a stupid question."

Gerber ordered Redmond to get an answer for Casey. A short time later, he sent his reply to Gerber. "Yurchenko says he doesn't know anything about Raoul Wallenberg," he wrote, and then he added: "He also doesn't know where Jimmy Hoffa is buried." It was classic Redmond.

Rick returned to Rome on November 15 and wrote a memo about his trip for VLAD. He gave it to Aleksey Khrenkov, his new KGB contact, when they met for lunch. Khrenkov was much livelier than the stone-faced Sergey Chuvakhin in Washington. The Russian told him that he was thrilled to be working with him. Khrenkov added that his grandfather had been one of the Bolsheviks who had marched with Lenin during the great October Revolution. "He'd be proud of me now if he could see me sitting here talking to someone important like you," Khrenkov said. Rick beamed. Khrenkov handed Rick a shopping bag with $60,000 in cash hidden inside. Rick was worried about depositing it in Rome, because he wasn't familiar with Italian banking laws and had no idea how a clerk might react when given that much cash. He decided to open a Swiss bank account. It was the first of two checking accounts that he would open in Zurich. The second account was for his mother-in-law, but Rick controlled it. Running the KGB's cash through Cecilia's account helped substantiate the cover story he was spreading among his coworkers—that his wealth was coming from Rosario's side of the family. Rick didn't have any trouble getting Cecilia to sign all the necessary papers. He had started sending her money each month, at Rosario's request, and he always paid for her airline tickets whenever Cecilia wanted to visit them in Rome. She owed him.

Rick got along with his mother-in-law, better than Rosario did, he claimed. Cecilia acted as if she were a queen. She was totally self-absorbed, and she talked endlessly about how wealthy and socially important her ancestors had been. Rick thought she put tremendous pressure on Rosario to live up to impossible standards. She was constantly picking at her for the way she dressed, cooked, ran her house. Rosario would eventually revolt, and the two women would start screaming at one another. But as soon as Cecilia returned to Bogotá, Rosario would be on the telephone, asking her for advice.

Rosario was particularly lonely during Christmas in 1986. Rick was, too. It was the first time either of them had been away from their relatives over the holidays, and without children around, Christmas morning seemed no different from any other. Rosario had always wanted to have children, and she decided now was a perfect time to start. Rick agreed. He was forty-five. "I didn't even think about how being a KGB spy might ultimately affect all of this. I just wanted a child."

That spring, doctors told Rick that his younger sister, Alison, had advanced breast cancer. Rick and Rosario flew to see her. She was in worse condition than Rick had thought. Doctors told him that Alison's prognosis was not good. Rick had never liked hospitals. He began to worry about his own health. He and Rosario flew to Bogotá after visiting Alison. They stayed with Cecilia for a few days, and then drove to their condo in Cartagena. From there they drove north to La Guajira, where they had bought several acres of beachfront property from one of Cecilia's friends. She had arranged the deal. Their 150 meters of beachfront property was Rick's favorite place to go. There was a rustic bungalow there but little else, only coconut trees and sand. When they returned to Rome, Rosario decided that she was tired of

Rome. It hadn't been as much fun as she thought it would be. She wanted to spend all of July in Bogotá with her mother. Rick obediently drove her to the airport.

VLAD arrived in Rome a few days later. With Rosario gone, Rick had started drinking heavily at night. He met Aleksey Khrenkov in front of a restaurant, and the two of them slipped into the back of a nearby sedan. Rick crouched down in the rear seat while the driver spent at least a half hour weaving through Rome. When the car stopped, Rick discovered he was inside the Soviets' residential compound. VLAD was waiting inside. He led Rick up a staircase into the attic.

"We built this room just for you," VLAD said, opening a door. The room was enclosed by two walls with a five-inch gap between them. Music was piped into the gap to prevent anyone from using electronic devices to listen in on what was being said inside. As was his practice, Rick had brought along copies of secret cables that he had stolen from the embassy. The stack was about fifteen inches high. VLAD seemed depressed when Rick handed him the stack of cables.

"I could tell he wanted to say something, but he didn't want to offend me," Ames recalled later. "Finally, he says, 'You know, there's an awful lot of the information that you give us, even though it is very valuable and very interesting, that we simply can't handle.' VLAD told me that Moscow couldn't keep up with processing all the documents I was passing! I was told that I was too much of a good thing!"

VLAD suddenly stood up from the table where they were sitting and began pacing. "There is something I must ask, as one professional intelligence officer to another," he said after a few moments. "Please do not be offended."

Rick said that he wouldn't.

"Oftentimes we have found that people who come to us do not tell us everything they know, especially about people who are special to them," VLAD continued. "I am certain this is true among your agents, too. There is always a reluctance among sources to reveal the names of people who, for instance, they personally recruited."

Rick understood where VLAD was going. The KGB had correctly guessed that he was holding back the names of spies he had handled personally. A face flashed before Rick's eyes. It was his friend from their days in New York: Sergey Fedorenko, PYRRHIC. Another face followed Fedorenko's. It was BYPLAY, the Soviet scientist whom he had befriended ten years earlier.

"Tell me, my friend," VLAD continued. "Are there others who you would now like to mention?"

For a second, Rick sat quietly, thinking about Fedorenko and BYPLAY. He knew the KGB had arrested and was executing nearly everyone whose name he had already revealed.

"You're right, of course," Rick replied. "There are two more spies." Rick told VLAD about Fedorenko and BYPLAY. After they finished talking, VLAD handed Rick another thick bundle of one-hundred-dollar bills. When he got home, he drank himself to sleep. The next night, Rick got drunk at a reception in the garden of Ambassador Rabb's residence. He began arguing with another guest and then walked outside and passed out in the street. The police took him to a hospital. The next day, he couldn't remember a thing. When he reported to work, Rick bumped into his station chief, Alan Wolfe. "He told me that I needed to be more careful. I gave him a kind of a hangdog and apologetic look and said . . . that he was right. I knew people were suckers if you told them right off that you were really, really sorry and were embarrassed about how you had acted. They'd feel sorry for you." That night, Rick got drunk alone in his apartment.

About a week after his meeting with VLAD, one of Rick's coworkers gave him a folder filled with documents and photographs from the Italian intelligence service. "The Italians are trying to figure out who this big shot is who came to Rome a few days back, and why he was here," Rick's coworker explained. Rick opened the file and saw VLAD's face looking back at him from a photograph. The pictures showed VLAD arriving at Leonardo da Vinci International Airport, where he had been met by the Soviet embassy's counterintelligence chief. Rick fought an urge to panic. "Of course, I knew why VLAD had been in Rome—to meet me," he recalled. Had the Italians seen or photographed him meeting with VLAD or Khrenkov? He quickly scanned the photographs. He wasn't in any of them. Rick decided not to tell VLAD about the photographs. He was afraid that VLAD would insist that they begin meeting in Vienna. The KGB felt safe meeting foreigners there, but Rick didn't want to be bothered. It was more convenient having VLAD come to Rome.

Rosario extended her stay in Bogotá for another month, and when she did finally get home, she broke into tears as soon as she walked off the airplane. She had suffered a miscarriage, she said. "It's okay," he assured her. "You can get pregnant again." Rosario wasn't so sure. She was worried that she was getting too old. She decided to begin taking large amounts of vitamins. She didn't like any of the brands that were sold in Rome, so she called Diana Worthen and asked her to begin buying and sending her vitamins.

"After the miscarriage, Rick wouldn't touch me for a long time," Rosario claimed later. "He said he didn't want to harm me and all this, but it was more than that. It was a lack of interest. It was like he couldn't be bothered with sex any more." When a month passed without them making love, Rosario started to fuss. One night she told Rick that she wanted to make love, but he couldn't perform. The next night she tried again, and he was impotent. She was insulted, and suggested that he visit a doctor to find out what was wrong. An examination showed there was nothing physically wrong. Rosario decided Rick didn't find her attractive anymore. He swore that he did. He was just tired from working so hard. Rosario decided he was having a sexual affair with another woman. But when she confronted him, he laughed. They both avoided making love for a while, and then Rick suggested that they get away for a short vacation. They decided to drive to Frankfurt, Germany, where one of Rosario's friends from Colombia lived. They made all the necessary arrangements, but just before they were scheduled to leave, Rick's sister, Nancy Everly, called. Alison had died of breast cancer. Nancy assumed Rick was coming home for the funeral. "I can't," he mumbled. "It's impossible for me right now." Rick didn't tell her why: He didn't want to irritate Rosario by canceling their vacation.

When they first left Rome for Frankfurt, Rick felt guilty about missing Alison's funeral, but he soon began feeling better. He had bought a Jaguar sports car from a British diplomat, and the 1983 silver-gray XJ-6 moved effortlessly through the Alps. When Rick reached the German autobahn, where there was no posted speed limit, he accelerated and soon was holding the car steady at the equivalent of 130 miles per hour. "I know it sounds a bit silly, but I must admit at that moment, I felt as if I was living one of my childhood fantasies," he said later. He felt like Simon Templar, the Saint, a British agent driving in his Jaguar across Europe.

CHAPTER 17

INSIDE THE CIA

On December 14, 1986, a young Marine guard sauntered up to the CIA's chief of station in Vienna, Austria, during a Christmas party for U.S. embassy employees, and whispered: "I'm into something over my head. I need to talk to you about it."

The station chief led Sergeant Clayton John Lonetree by the arm into a hallway and asked what the matter was. In a voice cracking with emotion, Lonetree revealed that he had been recruited by the KGB as a spy at his previous duty station.

"Where were you stationed before coming to Vienna?"

"Moscow," Lonetree replied. "The U.S. embassy in Moscow."

During the next nine days, a CIA counterintelligence officer interrogated Lonetree in a room at the Intercontinental Hotel in Vienna. After every session, the officer sent detailed cables to Langley. Jeanne Vertefeuille and her task force greeted the news about Lonetree with guarded optimism. At first glance, it appeared that the Marine could have been the reason why the KGB had been able to identify the CIA's spies. But Vertefeuille and her team knew that in their profession, first appearances often were deceiving. Judging from the cables, it appeared that Lonetree had been entrapped in a classic KGB sex trap.

Lonely and emotionally insecure, Lonetree had been the only

Native American assigned to the Marine guard force in Moscow in late 1984. In his first letter home to his father, Lonetree had written that he was an oddity in Moscow because of his Indian ancestry. The first time Lonetree attended a diplomatic reception, he was surrounded by a group of Warsaw Pact generals who wanted to know how American Indians were treated in the United States. At first, Lonetree was leery of the two hundred Soviet employees who worked at the U.S. embassy, but eventually he fell in love with one. Violetta Sanni was a Ukrainian Jew who worked as an interpreter at the embassy. Shortly after they became lovers, Sanni introduced Lonetree to her "Uncle Sasha," who she claimed was interested in Native Americans. Uncle Sasha would later be identified in the media as Aleksey Yefimov, a KGB officer. That, however, was an alias. His real name, which has not been made public before, is Aleksey Yegorov. No one would later be able to prove for certain whether Sanni had actually loved Lonetree or was a KGB pawn used simply to seduce him. No matter, Lonetree soon found himself being pressured by Yegorov for information about his job and coworkers.

On March 10, 1986, Lonetree's eighteen-month assignment at the embassy ended and he was reassigned to Vienna. Uncle Sasha came to visit him there, and gave Lonetree a teary-eyed letter from his much-missed lover. Lonetree gave Yegorov a discarded U.S. embassy telephone book that he had recovered from a trash can, and a fire drill poster that showed the floor plan of the CIA station in Vienna. Yegorov paid him $1,800 for each item. Lonetree spent the money on gifts for his Soviet sweetheart. The next time Lonetree met Yegorov, the KGB agent showed him several photographs of embassy employees who the KGB suspected were CIA officers. Lonetree recognized three of them and pointed them out.

At this point Lonetree began to panic. He was scheduled to meet Yegorov again on December 27, 1986, to finalize plans for a secret trip back to Moscow to meet Sanni. In his own mind, he didn't think the information that he had given Yegorov was significant, but he knew that if he returned to Moscow with Yegorov's help, he would be viewed by both sides as a full-fledged KGB spy. He decided to tell the CIA what he had done and volunteer to help them run a double-agent ploy against the KGB. Ironically, Lonetree didn't know who the CIA station chief in Vienna was, so Lonetree asked Yegorov.

After Lonetree confessed on December 14, he told the CIA counterintelligence officer debriefing him at the Interconential Hotel that he wanted to atone for his sins. He offered to kill Edward Lee Howard for the CIA.

Howard had surfaced in Moscow on August 7, 1986, nearly one year after he had jumped from his car into the New Mexico desert and vanished. In an interview on Russian television conducted by a KGB agent, Howard insisted that he had never done anything illegal, nor had he, in his words, "inflicted damage on any Americans or jeopardized the security of my country." No one in the CIA or FBI had believed him.

Lonetree said he was willing to continue meeting with Yegorov and return with him to Moscow. Once there, Lonetree would convince Yegorov to introduce him to Howard. He would then draw Howard out into the open, so the CIA could grab him, or he could kill Howard with his bare hands.

It is impossible to tell now if the CIA ever took Lonetree's offer seriously during his debriefings. But what is now known is that the agency let Lonetree *believe* that it was going to use him in some sort of clandestine operation. It wanted to keep him talking, and talk he did. After the CIA had learned everything that it could from him, Lonetree was asked if he would mind repeating his story to some other intelligence officers, described by the CIA officer as "my colleagues." Lonetree immediately agreed, without knowing that the men he was about to meet were not CIA officers, but criminal investigators from the Naval Investigative Service (NIS) sent to build a case against him. The CIA cannot make arrests. Within minutes, a gullible Lonetree was blabbing away.

Vertefeuille and her task force pored over Lonetree's statements, looking for evidence that he was to blame for the 1985 losses. The more they looked, the more convinced they became that he wasn't responsible. They began to focus on other clues. Meanwhile, the NIS charged Lonetree with espionage on January 27. On its own, it also began looking at other Marines who had been stationed with him in Moscow.

Vertefeuille and her task force decided that there were three possible explanations for the 1985 losses:

1. Leaks by Edward Lee Howard

2. Human errors, such as poor "tradecraft" by a CIA officer or the spy himself

3. Something unknown or, as Vertefeuille liked to put it, "the question-mark factor." This included a technical or human penetration of the CIA.

This did not mean that the task force believed all the losses had been caused by one of the above. "Burton Gerber continually warned me not to look for a 'monocausal' explanation," Vertefeuille said later, "so none of us saw these three as mutually exclusive." The breakdown simply gave the team a place to get started.

On paper, it looked as if investigating those three explanations would be easy. Surely Howard's bosses would be able to tell the task force what he had been trained to do and what spies he had been told about. The task force, however, discovered that determining what Howard knew and didn't know was not nearly so simple. For example, there was no reason for Howard to have been told about Operation ABSORB, and no one at the agency thought he had been. But when the CIA went through a number of personal papers that Howard had left behind in his desk, it discovered several notes in his handwriting about the secret Trans-Siberian rail operation. *How had he found out about* ABSORB? No one knew.

Trying to figure out how many of the CIA's spies had been caught because of mistakes made by the agency or by the spies themselves also proved difficult. For example, after the agency confirmed that Poleschuk, WEIGH, had been arrested at a dead drop delivery in Izmaylovskiy Park, it heard at least three different explanations for his arrest from sources in Moscow. The first was that Poleschuk had been drunk when he went to pick up the fake rock that had been left there for him. The second was that he'd been spotted by the KGB because a youth conference was being held in the park, and there were more KGB officers patrolling the area than usual. Finally, the agency was told that the KGB had followed a CIA case officer to the park and seen him put the fake rock there. The KGB had arrested Poleschuk when he had showed up to claim it. *Which was true?* No one knew.

The third possible explanation for the losses, the so-called question-mark factor, proved the most maddening for the task force. During its first month together, the task force identified forty-four different "links" that the doomed spies had in common. For example, nearly all of them had been paid in rubles at some point. Because only the Soviet Union used rubles as its currency, the U.S. government had to buy them from the Soviet treasury. *Had the KGB discovered a way to mark the rubles being bought by the* CIA *so that they could be traced once they were spent in Moscow?* No one knew. Another link was the CIA's pouch system. Most of the spies had given documents to the CIA at one time or another. The CIA depended on the military and State Department courier networks to hand-carry sensitive materials back and forth between Langley and its stations overseas. *Had the KGB found some way to examine the contents of diplomatic pouches during international transit?* No one knew.

The most obvious link shared by the spies was that they all worked for the CIA. And that proved to be the most complicated link of all. For example, Tolkachev had worked as a spy for eight years. *How many departments in the agency had received cables about him? How many secretaries had handled intelligence reports emanating from Tolkachev? How many of those departments and those secretaries had received information about the other spies? How many had received information about Tolkachev and Poleschuk, but not about Varenik?* No one knew.

Years later, the task force would be criticized for "wasting time" collecting minutiae and "looking at individual trees while missing the forest." Critics would claim that Vertefeuille and her team had been reluctant to see what was painfully obvious—that the agency had been *penetrated* by a mole. It was suggested that Vertefeuille and her task force had not wanted to admit that someone in the CIA was a traitor. That charge would outrage Vertefeuille and her cohorts. "I always knew that we could have a traitor in our midst," she said later. "I was not an ostrich with my head in the sand. Nor, I believe, were the people I was working with. The problem was to decide if there *was* a mole at this point."

Vertefeuille and the other team members all knew the damage Angleton had done looking for a mole. "We *all* agreed that we would not act in any Angletonian fashion," she said later. That meant letting the evidence lead them to a mole—if there was one—not picking a suspect and then trying to prove that he or she was a traitor.

The problem was that no one had ever found a mole based purely on detective work. Every spy caught by a U.S. intelligence service in recent history had been nabbed because of a snitch. Vitaly Yurchenko had told the CIA about Edward Lee Howard. Howard had told the KGB about Adolf Tolkachev. Traitors betraying traitors. That's how moles were exposed. What Vertefeuille and her task force were trying to do had never been done before.

At fifty-four, Vertefeuille did not fit the stereotypical image of a CIA case officer, particularly Hollywood's version. She looked more like someone's grandmother or fifth-grade English teacher than a James Bond heroine. Short, unassuming, gray-haired, Vertefeuille had worked for the agency for thirty-two years, having joined it in 1954 directly from college. In those days, women were automatically assigned to the secretarial pool at the CIA. Few were ever offered career training. The fact that Vertefeuille had graduated with a degree in European history and spoke German didn't matter. Vertefeuille was assigned the task of typing letters for the agency's senior managers. Back then there was no way to correct a typing mistake on the original, and nine carbon copies that had to be made. If she hit a wrong key, the entire page had to be redone. Vertefeuille's meticulous personality paid off. She was one of the first to be issued an electric typewriter, and in less than a year, she was sent to Senegal to handle the station's administrative duties. Her boss there soon recognized that her talents were being wasted on clerical work. He quietly began sending her out on more exotic assignments. In the early 1960s, Vertefeuille became one of the first women in the agency to be sent to the Farm for career training. Out of sixty-six trainees, seven were women. They were not allowed to take the same courses as men—the agency didn't believe women could endure the physical training—nor were they taught how to use weapons. In the 1970s, she was chosen to head the Biographic Branch in the SE division. If a KGB officer appeared in Athens and no one was certain who he was, they called Vertefeuille. Most of the time she knew from memory the officer's name, last post, and what sort of cases he had been involved in. If not, she knew where to find that information. She had a knack for making connections when others simply saw random dots. In a study that she wrote in the 1970s, Vertefeuille described several common-sense ways for CIA officers to identify their opponents. One typical tip: at Soviet embassies abroad, the ambassador was supplied with a chauffeur and a limousine. Mid-level employees and "straight" (non-KGB) officers rode in car pools or bought used cars if they could afford them. However, KGB officers always drove brand-new Western-made cars. Inside the agency, Vertefeuille was known for being a stickler for details, someone not afraid to correct her bosses whenever they made a mistake.

In mid-March 1987, a ghost returned to haunt Vertefeuille and her team. The NIS announced that it had found evidence of widespread spying by the Marine guard force in Moscow. The key piece of evidence, the NIS said, was a confession by Marine corporal Arnold Bracy, who had served in Moscow with Lonetree and had been disciplined there for unauthorized contact with a Soviet woman. The NIS said that Bracy had admitted allowing KGB officers to roam through the U.S. embassy in Moscow at night. Within days, the NIS arrested several other Marines and charged them with helping the KGB sneak into the embassy at night to photograph documents and plant bugs in the Communications Program Unit, where the embassy's most important cipher machines were kept.

The NIS's accusations caused an international panic. The embassy in

Moscow was ordered to cease all classified communication with the outside world and to stop using all computer terminals, electric typewriters, and even manual typewriters, for fear they might be bugged. Embassy officers were told to whisper, and to write all their reports in longhand. All correspondence was hand-carried out of the Soviet Union by couriers. The State Department spent $30 million replacing sophisticated communications gear and shoring up embassy security. Caspar W. Weinberger, then secretary of defense, compared the damage to Iran's "seizing our embassy in Tehran. . . . We're very, very distressed. It is a very great loss." For the first time in history, the entire twenty-eight-man Marine guard force was replaced. In a special appearance before the news media, President Ronald Reagan condemned the security breach and added that he had long suspected that the KGB was planting listening devices in the trouble-plagued new U.S. embassy, which was still being constructed in Moscow. In April 1987, a specially equipped communications van was flown to Russia so Secretary of State George P. Shultz could feel comfortable sending messages back to the White House about the tense, ongoing intermediate range nuclear forces (INF) negotiations. During a news conference, Shultz complained: "We didn't break into their embassy, they broke into our embassy. They invaded our sovereign territory and we're damned upset about it."

Lawyers for the accused Marines, meanwhile, claimed the entire NIS investigation was a fraud. Overzealous NIS investigators had fabricated evidence, lied, and threatened young Marines, they charged.

Vertefeuille and her task force didn't know what to make of the charges. Based on what the NIS was now telling the agency, it suddenly looked as if Lonetree and the other Marine guards could have been responsible for the 1985 losses. "We thought that they might have let KGB technicians into sensitive areas of the embassy, including the CIA station," said Vertefeuille. The task force immediately put aside the other leads that it was pursuing and began investigating whether Lonetree, Bracy, and their fellow guards could have done what the NIS claimed they had. Daniel Niesciur led the task force's probe by examining stacks of "watch logs," lists that showed when and where Lonetree and Bracy had been while standing guard at the embassy.

In the midst of this national brouhaha, Paul Redmond called on Sandy Grimes for help. "You are going to hate me for giving you this assignment," he warned, "but I need you to inventory every scrap of paper that is in the CIA station in Moscow. We have to assume a worst-case scenario here. If the

KGB did get inside the embassy, we need to know what it might have seen there." Grimes asked Diana Worthen to help her.

It would take months for Grimes to collect, copy, and inventory more than 60,000 pages of cables, reports, and other classified papers that the CIA found atop desks, in files, and tucked away on shelves in its Moscow station. Reading, filing, and inventorying the paperwork was a daunting task. One afternoon, while Grimes was sorting through a large bundle of intelligence reports, Worthen walked into the office wearing a brightly colored Italian scarf.

"Where did you get that beautiful scarf?" Grimes asked.

"Rick and Rosario sent it to me," Worthen replied. Rosario had asked her to send several packages of vitamins to Rome, and Worthen had received several scarfs in return as thank-you gifts.

"You're kidding!" Grimes replied. "That's a Salvatore Ferragamo scarf. It must have cost several hundred dollars."

Both women were surprised. They had never heard of Rick being so generous. "Maybe I should start sending Rosario vitamins," Grimes quipped.

While the task force was preoccupied with the Marine guard scandal, and Grimes and Worthen were spending months digging through mountains of embassy papers, the agency learned that two more of its spies had been arrested. Once again, the KGB had done its best to keep the arrests a secret. Vladimir Potashov, known as MEDIAN, had been arrested in July 1986. He had worked at the Institute of U.S.A. and Canada, and had been a spy since 1981, when he had surprised Harold Brown, then secretary of defense, at a strategic arms meeting by asking if he would arrange for him to talk privately with a CIA officer. It was the first time that anyone in the agency could remember a defense secretary recruiting a Soviet spy. The agency also heard rumors that the KGB had arrested Vladimir Piguzov, whose cryptonym was JOGGER. He had been recruited during the 1970s in Indonesia, but had not been in contact with the agency since 1979, when he returned to Moscow. His arrest surprised the agency. It now knew that the KGB had arrested spies who had worked for it as recently as eight months ago and as long ago as eight years!

With the arrest of Potashov and Piguzov, the agency now knew that twelve of its spies had been arrested. Vertefeuille already was familiar with all of the cases that had been compromised, but others on her team were not. Each arrest meant the task force members had to study a new case. It meant they had to learn as much as they could about each individual spy, his family, his job assignments, his career moves, his reason for spying. None of the spies remained a stranger. Each file wore a human face.

One of the ironies of espionage is that the CIA and KGB frequently mirrored one another. Each time one of the CIA's spies was arrested, Vertefeuille and her task force knew their counterparts in Department Five of Directorate K would be studying the same case, but from a completely different angle. The CIA would try to learn why its spy had been caught. The KGB would try to assess how much damage the spy had done. The task force knew that Piguzov's case was going to be particularly difficult for the KGB to assess. His most recent assignment had been at the KGB's training academy, the equivalent of the CIA's Farm, where he had had access to the true identities of all new KGB recruits and detailed psychological profiles of two generations of KGB officers. The KGB usually was able to force detailed confessions out of the spies it captured. Still, its investigators would have to wonder if Piguzov was telling the truth when he claimed that he had not spied for the agency since 1979.

The CIA was not the only federal agency investigating the 1985 losses. The FBI had formed its own six-person team to determine why Valery Martynov, GENTILE, and Sergey Motorin, GAUZE, had been caught. Tim Caruso, a counterintelligence supervisor at the FBI's Washington, D.C., base station, was put in charge of the probe. He called the investigation ANLACE, the name for a menacing medieval dagger, the sort used to stab someone in the back. It seemed appropriate. When the CIA's Gus Hathaway heard about ANLACE, he suggested that the FBI and CIA begin sharing information. Several joint meetings took place, and the two teams met twice for overnight conferences out of town. "We had somewhat different missions," Vertefeuille said later. "The FBI was worried that there might be a mole in the bureau, while we were investigating what might have gone wrong in the agency."

On June 12, 1987, the Marine Corps dismissed all charges against Corporal Bracy. "He is innocent not because of any technicality or lack of evidence," his Marine Corps attorney, Michael L. Powell, declared at a press conference. "He is innocent because the things they said he did, didn't occur. They did not happen. They were fantasy in the minds of [NIS agents]. Fantasy." The Corps had dropped all charges against Bracy, after questions were raised about how the NIS had interrogated him and the other young Marines it had charged. Bracy's so-called confession, in particular, had caused the Corps to question the validity of the NIS's evidence. The two NIS investigators who had interrogated Bracy on March 17, had received a message from their headquarters that had set a " seventy-two-hour reporting deadline." The agents took this to mean that they had seventy-two hours to find Bracy, interrogate him, and wrap up their entire investigation. In fact, the message meant only that they were supposed to file a report within seventy-two hours after they finished interviewing Bracy. Because of this miscommunication, the two agents interrogated Bracy for more than sixteen hours, during which they administered five lie detector tests. At the end of the interrogation, Bracy had signed a confession. But within seconds, even before he had left the interview room, Bracy was recanting his statement. "We've got ourselves a spy!" Bracy would later recall one of the agents gushing.

That summer, the Marine Corps dropped the charges it had filed against the other Marine guards. It went ahead with Lonetree's court-martial, however, based on his initial statements about his Soviet lover and Uncle Sasha. On August 13, Lonetree was found guilty by a jury of eight Marine officers and sentenced to twenty-five years in prison.* Lonetree submitted to several lengthy debriefing sessions with FBI, CIA, NSA, and other US intelligence services after his court-martial, and by early 1988, nearly all of them had reached the same conclusion: The NIS had badly bungled its investigation and dramatically overdramatized the entire Marine guard scare. After spending nearly a year studying the charges against the Marine guards, Vertefeuille and her task force were reaching much the same conclusion. Niesciur's review showed that Lonetree and Bracy had only been together on duty twice in positions at the embassy where they could have let the KGB inside. "Opinions changed over time," Vertefeuille said later, "but we eventually became more and more convinced that it would have been impossible [for the Marines to have done what the NIS claimed]."

The State Department agreed in early 1988. "Our judgment today is . . . there were no Russians in the secure parts of the embassy," Robert E. Lamb, a State Department spokesman, announced at a press conference.

In early 1988, Grimes and Worthen also finished their mind-numbing inventory of the CIA station in Moscow. They reported that the KGB could have learned the names of all the spies who had been arrested, except for one, if it had somehow gotten into the CIA station. Division Chief Burton Gerber, Gus Hathaway, and Paul Redmond were surprised. No one had realized how many sensitive documents were being stored in Moscow.

Grimes and Redmond went to lunch not long after she completed that study. It was his way of apologizing for giving her such a dreadful assignment.

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*His sentence was later reduced to twenty years.

"Tell me something, Paul," Grimes said. "Why would the KGB recruit a Marine guard in Moscow, but never ask him to steal anything from the embassy there?" She was referring to Lonetree, and his claim that he had never provided any information to the KGB until he was sent to Vienna. Without waiting, Grimes answered her own question. "Either they figured Lonetree didn't really have access to anything of value, or they didn't need his help because they already had someone else giving them information."

By the spring of 1988, Vertefeuille and her task force had eliminated Lonetree and his fellow Marines as a reason for the 1985 losses. The task force also had decided that there didn't appear to be any leaks at the CIA's communication center in Warrenton. Meanwhile, the agency had heard that another of its spies had been arrested. KGB lieutenant colonel Boris Yuzhin, known as TWINE, had volunteered in the mid-1970s while stationed in San Francisco. Once again the KGB had kept Yuzhin's arrest on December 23, 1986, a secret for more than one year. That brought the total number of spies to thirteen.

As always, Redmond was ready to lead a charge. He contacted a friend of his who worked in the FBI's counterintelligence division, and they agreed to launch a joint CIA/FBI operation. The FBI called it BUCKLURE, as in the lure of big bucks. The CIA called it RACKETEER, simply because Redmond liked the sound of it. Each agency began spreading the word: The U.S. government was willing to pay a reward of $1 million in cash to anyone who could tell it how the KGB had identified the thirteen agents who had been arrested. Redmond was going back to the fundamentals. "What we need to solve this case," he told his colleagues at the agency, "is a source—someone in the KGB who can tell us what happened."

Once word spread about the $1 million bounty, Redmond assumed it would only be a matter of time before someone in the KGB or GRU came forward.

He was right.

CHAPTER 18

IN MOSCOW

It was a warm Friday afternoon on July 4, 1986, when retired GRU general Dmitri Fedorovich Polyakov received word at his dacha that he was to report at ten o'clock on Monday morning to GRU headquarters in Moscow for a special presentation. He was not told why, only that a car would be sent to take him there. His first thought was that the GRU was having a surprise retirement party for one of his former colleagues, but after his youngest son, Peter, arrived at the dacha later that night, Polyakov became suspicious. Peter, who had followed in his father's footsteps by joining the GRU, had spotted two ambulances lingering near the road that led to his father's dacha. Their appearance seemed odd, because the closest town was too tiny to have its own ambulance service, and there was no apparent reason for ambulances from Moscow to be parked by the rural road. Peter and his father both knew that the KGB and GRU sometimes used ambulances as cover when they made arrests. An Alpha Team could hide in the rear of the vehicles, and the sight of an ambulance was not as alarming in an area as the arrival of police cars.

Peter mentioned that he had been told to report at 10:00 A.M. on Monday to GRU headquarters for an important meeting—just like his father. The senior Polyakov did not want to upset his wife. Sunday was his sixty-fifth birthday, and she had invited their sons and neighbors to a party at the dacha. He told Peter not to say anything about the ambulances or the Monday meeting. Despite their outward demeanor, both men were worried. In June 1980, Polyakov had been recalled to Moscow from New Delhi on what was supposed to be a routine home leave. However, he had been told during that vacation that his tour in India was being aborted, and he had been reassigned to a desk job at GRU headquarters. Polyakov had made some discreet inquiries, and had learned that he was suspected of being a U.S. spy. He had come under suspicion because of the 1978 book *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald*, but that, by itself, wasn't enough. One of his rivals at the GRU had become convinced that he was a traitor, and it had been this man who had continually questioned his loyalty.

Polyakov had retired a short time later and had assumed that, once he had left the GRU, his rival's hatred of him would dissipate. Now he wondered if he had underestimated his opponent. Polyakov had spent the last several years working on his dacha. He had built it completely with his own hands. To relax, he had played with his granddaughters and, occasionally, written articles for gun magazines about hunting rifles. He and his wife had two adult sons. A third boy had died in the early 1960s, when the family had been stationed in New York. Polyakov had asked for permission to have his son undergo an operation in a New York hospital, which could have saved the boy's life, but the GRU had said no. It was about this same time that Polyakov had approached a U.S. military official about working for the United States. That had marked the start of his extraordinary *eighteen* years as a U.S. spy. Inside the CIA, Polyakov was considered the most productive Soviet spy in U.S. history. He had provided the CIA with more than one hundred issues of the classified version of *Military Thought*, a document that revealed what the Soviet's high command was thinking and planning. He had given the agency thousands of pages of documents about Russian weapons, including technical data about Soviet-made antitank missiles, which allowed U.S. forces to defeat those same weapons years later when they were deployed by Iraq during the 1991 Gulf War. More than twenty-seven file drawers at the agency were stuffed with stolen Russian secrets provided single-handedly by Polyakov. During the Vietnam War, he had provided the CIA with important information about the size, structure, and capabilities of North Vietnam's troops. In the early 1970s, he had revealed that China was about to end its close ties with the Soviet empire—information that helped Henry Kissinger, then U.S. national security adviser, and President Nixon forge their 1972 opening into China.

Over the years, Polyakov had helped the CIA identify at least six Americans and one British officer who were KGB spies. Although the British case had taken place in the early 1960s, it was still being discussed inside the CIA twenty years later because of the clever way it had been solved. Polyakov had given the CIA *photographs* he had taken of *photographs* that a KGB spy had taken of secret documents that described U.S. guided weapon systems. By studying Polyakov's photographs of the KGB spy's photographs, the CIA was able to trace the secret documents to the missile guidance branch of the aviation ministry in London where Frank Bossard worked. He had been arrested and sentenced to twenty-one years in prison. One of the very first bits of information that Polyakov had given the FBI in the 1960s resulted in the exposé and expulsion of several Soviet "illegals," spies who had come to the United States as immigrants and had wormed their way into sensitive government jobs.

On Sunday, Polyakov's second son, Alexander, arrived at the dacha, and he, too, mentioned that he had been instructed to report on Monday to GRU headquarters for a meeting at 10:00 A.M. Surrounded by his granddaughters and two sons, Polyakov celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday that night as if he had no worries about the future. The next morning, he rose early and dressed in his finest GRU uniform. No one had told him to wear it. After carefully adding all the decorations he had been awarded during his career, he kissed his wife goodbye and stepped outside, where a car was waiting. When he arrived at GRU headquarters, he was immediately arrested and accused of being a spy. Without flinching, Polyakov announced that he would not speak to anyone except for KGB chairman Chebrikov. Polyakov was driven to Lubyanka, where he met privately with Chebrikov for more than an hour. During that session, the two men negotiated the terms of his arrest. Polyakov agreed to sign a full confession and submit to several months of debriefings by the GRU and KGB. In return, Chebrikov agreed that no one else in the general's family would be arrested, and that his wife would be permitted to keep the dacha that he had built. Everything else that he and his wife owned would be confiscated. In August, his wife and two sons were allowed to visit him briefly in prison. Even though he had not been in custody long, Polyakov already was a changed man. His ruddy complexion was gone, his natural cheerfulness replaced by a haggard mix of exhaustion and depression. Without ever asking, his family knew what his fate would be once the interrogations ended: *bratskaya mogila*—a common, unmarked grave.

Yasenevo, the headquarters of the KGB's powerful First Chief Directorate, rises from flat pastures southeast of Moscow. From the windows of the upper floors in what is known as the main building, you can see modern-day peasants working in oat fields. From those same windows, if you cast your gaze downward, you will find a granite bust of Lenin staring back at you across a pond and carefully landscaped grounds. The main office building is connected to smaller structures: an auditorium, library, clinic, sports complex, and swimming pool. There is a newer twenty-two-story building next to the old one, and a separate dacha complex. A passerby might mistake Yasenevo for a private college, were it not for the double row of chain link fences, the guard dogs, armed sentries, motion detectors, and other modern gizmos used to detect and deter unwanted guests. Vladimir Kryuchkov had worked hard to become the master of Yasenevo. Bald, humorless, in his mid-fifties, he had started out his professional life as a factory worker, but had studied correspondence courses at night and become a prosecutor and then a diplomat. His mentor, Yuri Andropov, had brought him into the KGB and helped hone his political skills. Kryuchkov was a hard-driving workaholic. Behind his back, his aides said Kryuchkov was a KGB officer *twenty-five* hours a day. He was a formal man, even with his own children. He ruled Yasenevo and his home with a disciplined hand. In a country where vodka flowed freely as the unofficial national drink, Kryuchkov was a teetotaler. He constantly fretted over his health, frequently squeezed a tennis ball during meetings to tighten his grip, disliked small talk.

Kryuchkov had never looked kindly on those who had dared question his judgment, even when he was later proven wrong. He had sacked several up-and-coming officers, most notably Oleg Kalugin, who later became well known in the West. Despite his position, Kryuchkov knew little about his main adversary. One of his pet theories, according to Oleg Gordievsky, was that Jews in New York City, and not Watergate, were behind the ouster of Richard Nixon as president.

Kryuchkov had depended heavily on Lieutenant General Vadim Kirpichenko for advice. Together they had chosen Vladimir Ivanovitch Mechulayev, the KGB officer who Ames knew as VLAD, to handle their most important spy. Inside the KGB, Mechulayev was known as a "tough guy." The students at the KGB's training academy had given him that tag because of his lectures. Others often complained in their speeches about how difficult it was for the KGB to compete against the CIA, which had more money and better technology. Not Mechulayev. Odds meant nothing to him. "He honestly believed in the superiority of the Soviet system," recalled retired KGB major Yuri Shvets. "That's why he was considered tough. He never doubted communism. He was a perfectionist too. He paid close attention to all details." Mechulayev had been *rezident* in Ottawa, Canada, and he had served in New York City. He felt comfortable around Americans.

One of Kryuchkov's former aides told me during an interview in Moscow that Kryuchkov had introduced Mechulayev to Edward Lee Howard in October 1985 when the CIA turncoat was secretly brought to Moscow by the KGB. Howard had made his way from the United States to Europe, where he had contacted the KGB at a Soviet embassy. He had been smuggled into the USSR on September 24, 1985, and eventually taken to a dacha outside Moscow. Kryuchkov had taken a personal interest in Howard, and had gone to the KGB dacha where Howard was being debriefed to welcome him. A short time after that, Kryuchkov had introduced Mechulayev to Howard. I was told that during October through December, Mechulayev met repeatedly with Howard, quizzing him about the CIA. All of this was in preparation for Mechulayev's first meeting with Ames over the Christmas holidays in 1985 in Bogotá—although Mechulayev certainly never mentioned anything about Ames to Howard. Even though he was welcomed as a defector, Howard was not trusted by the KGB.

* * *

In July 1987, Mechulayev returned to Yasenevo from meeting Rick in Rome and went immediately to brief Kryuchkov and Kirpichenko. Kryuchkov led his two officers from his office through his private gymnasium and into a sauna that he had ordered built with KGB funds. The walls of his sauna were lined with wood imported from Finland, the sinks were marble, the fixtures imported. He often talked to his senior generals while relaxing naked in the sauna. Even if the CIA found a way to bug his office, he was certain it could not listen to conversations here. Nor was there a way for anyone to secretly tape-record his comments if they were sitting nude next to him.

Mechulayev told his bosses that he had warned Ames that the spies he had identified were in the process of being arrested, and he told Kryuchkov and Kirpichenko of Ames's stunned reaction. Mechulayev assured them that he had told Ames that the KGB was doing everything it could to keep the arrests secret. Mechulayev then told his two sauna-mates that Ames had suggested that the KGB exploit the Marine guard embassy scandal that was making headlines in the United States and in Moscow. I would later be told by one of Kryuchkov's former aides that Ames's suggestion had struck Kryuchkov and Kirpichenko as funny. Why had it taken Ames so long to think of it? they joked.

According to Kryuchkov's former aide, the First Chief Directorate had not been told about Lonetree when he was first recruited by the KGB. This was because Lonetree had been approached by the KGB's Second Directorate, and its director was still angry about the way that Kryuchkov had blamed him for Oleg Gordievsky's escape from Moscow. Kryuchkov had learned about Lonetree later, when KGB Chairman Chebrikov decided to tell him about TYULPAN (Russian for "tulip"), the codename for the Lonetree case. Kryuchkov's former aide told me this about the Lonetree case. The KGB had never seriously discussed using Lonetree to sneak a KGB officer into the U.S. embassy at night. The reason: It was too risky. Getting inside was only the first step. The rooms used by the CIA were filled with safes, detection devices, and surveillance cameras. But the main reason the KGB did not try to sneak into the embassy was politics. "We would not have dared to undertake such a foolhardy operation in 1986," the aide told me. At the time, Gorbachev was desperately trying to convince the West that it needed to finance perestroika with hard currency and favorable trade terms if it wanted his reforms to succeed. "You Americans give us in the KGB credit for being much more daring than we often are. Can you imagine the political repercussions if one of our agents had been caught inside your embassy? Gorbachev would have had Chebrikov's head." There was another reason why Chebrikov would not have used Lonetree to sneak a KGB officer into the embassy. The KGB already had several KGB informants working inside the U.S. embassy as interpreters and other staff personnel. They had more access than Lonetree did and were better trained, better motivated, and more reliable.

It was *not* Lonetree's access as a spy that interested Chebrikov, but his value as a propaganda tool. No Native American had ever defected, and Chebrikov was convinced that the United States would be badly embarrassed if Lonetree defected, and denounced the government that had murdered and robbed his tribal ancestors.

Shortly after Lonetree had been reassigned to Vienna, Chebrikov had ordered the Second Directorate to turn him over to Kryuchkov, since his department handled all KGB spies in foreign countries. Chebrikov had wanted

Kryuchkov to find a way to get Lonetree to defect, and Kryuchkov had been working on a plan to woo the Marine back to Moscow, when he had confessed to being a spy.

As it turned out, Lonetree's confession and the NIS's overzealous investigation of the Marine guards had resulted in creating an effective smokescreen for Ames. "To tell you the truth, we never did anything to promote this scandal in your country about the Marines and the embassy," the former aide to Kryuchkov told me. "We simply sat back and celebrated what you were doing for our favorite hero [Ames]."

During the coming months, Mechulayev met repeatedly with Kryuchkov and Kirpichenko. They often talked about ways to protect Ames. In early 1988, they heard that the CIA and FBI were offering a $1 million reward to anyone who could help them explain why so many of their spies were being arrested. After conferring with Kirpichenko, Kryuchkov decided it was time to send the CIA someone who could answer their questions.

CHAPTER 19

The CIA was under new management.

Director Casey died on May 6, 1987, and President Reagan nominated acting director Robert M. Gates for Senate confirmation. But Gates was forced to withdraw his name after Congress began raising questions about his possible involvement in the Iran-Contra scandal. Reagan's next choice was FBI director William H. Webster, and on May 26, he became the agency's fourteenth director. At the CIA, he was respectfully addressed as "judge," even though it had been nearly a decade since he had sat on a federal court bench. The title fit the sixty-two-year-old administrator. In a capital city where duplicity and doublespeak were often seen as regrettable but perfectly acceptable behavior, Webster had earned a reputation for honesty and straightforwardness. President Jimmy Carter had brought him to Washington to run the FBI after it had been sullied by Watergate and other scandals, and during his nine-year tenure, Webster had worked wonders there. Now he was being dispatched to do the same at the CIA. Its top DO officials were spending much of 1987 testifying before Congress about "The Enterprise," the codename that Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North had used to describe his convoluted effort to keep money and weapons flowing to the contra rebels in Nicaragua.

Webster arrived at the CIA with a broom in hand. Clair George, the director of covert operations, resigned because of his role in the Iran-Contra affair. Webster disciplined seven others, including Dewey Clarridge, who had written the scalding fitness evaluation of Rick Ames in Turkey in 1972. Several months later, Webster began instituting several reforms aimed at improving relations between the agency and the FBI.

Webster knew that the bureau and CIA often were reluctant to share information and help each other when it came to espionage investigations. He wanted to put an end to the petty jealousies and turf wars that had caused friction in the past. In April 1988, he announced the formation of a Counterintelligence Center (CIC) at Langley. It was going to be a joint FBI and CIA operation, he said. The purpose of the center would be to serve as a clearinghouse for counterintelligence information gathered by both agencies. According to a press release issued at the time, Webster planned to force the FBI and CIA to begin cooperating by physically "putting people in each other's offices." The FBI, Webster said, would immediately send two special agents to Langley to work in the center alongside counterintelligence investigators from the CIA. This forced cooperation would ensure that each of the two bureaucracies would know what the other was doing at all times. Webster named Gus Hathaway as the CIC's director. Congress hailed Webster's announcement and he was praised in newspaper editorials. But what Webster, Congress, and the media didn't know was that Webster's grand plan was never implemented. The FBI didn't send anyone to Langley in 1988 to work at the CIC as ordered. It didn't send anyone in 1989 or 1990, either. It wasn't until 1991, when the CIA asked for help in the Ames investigation, that the FBI finally sent two agents to work at the CIC.

Besides creating the CIC, Webster, and his successor at the FBI, William Sessions, also signed a written pledge that said the CIA would notify the FBI whenever it learned that a CIA employee might be a foreign spy. This "Memorandum of Understanding" was in direct response to Edward Lee Howard's embarrassing escape from the FBI. An investigation of the Howard case had showed that Gus Hathaway and Burton Gerber had not told the FBI in 1984 that Howard had admitted to the agency that he had fantasized about contacting the Soviets during his 1983 trip to Washington. The bureau accused the two men of hiding this information because it was embarrassing. Hathaway and Gerber said that they hadn't known it was their responsibility to tell the FBI that an ex-agency employee was having adjustment problems. The memorandum was written to clarify the issue.

One reason the FBI and CIA frequently bumped heads when it came to tracking spies and preventing the loss of U.S. intelligence was because the two organizations had different goals. The differences were perhaps best described by Gerber when he gave lectures to new employees. "FBI agents are trained to think like bank guards," Gerber said. "CIA officers are trained to think like bank robbers." The FBI was responsible for arresting spies and protecting secrets. The CIA's main function was to gather intelligence. Tempers flared when both agencies were asked to do the same job, and there was one area that often brought them together: mole hunts.

The creation of the CIC, in effect, put Jeanne Vertefeuille and her task force out of business. She was named deputy chief of the Security Group, and chief of the Investigations Branch within the Security Group. That typically confusing bureaucratic title basically meant that she was given a number of new jobs, each of which was considered more important than finding the cause of the 1985 losses. Although no one in the CIA would later admit it, the bloodletting in Moscow was simply not much of a priority any more. Years later, Congress would demand to know why. There would be lots of finger-pointing. Webster would testify that he was never made aware of just how serious the 1985 losses were. His deputy, Robert Gates, would make the same claims, although Vertefeuille would later produce records that showed she had briefed Gates about the losses in July 1988. Hathaway, Gerber, Redmond, and Vertefeuille would later insist that they had remained committed to finding the cause of the 1985 losses. They were simply preoccupied with tasks that seemed more important at the time. It is difficult now to judge what did and didn't seem important in 1988, but a glance at how the new CIC allocated its time, money, and workforce raises questions about some of the CIA's priorities. One month after it opened, CIC staffers launched an intense investigation to learn if the KGB was tapping telephone calls from Nancy Reagan to her astrologer in San Francisco. The CIC was worried that the first lady might inadvertently reveal some White House secret by asking the astrologer a question about world affairs.

Part of the reason why the 1985 losses were not a priority by 1988 was because the CIA mistakenly thought the damage was over. As far as the CIA knew, the wave of arrests had petered out. There was a growing feeling that whatever had caused the losses was no longer a threat. None of the new agents who had been recruited since mid-1985 had been arrested. Even more important, the devastation in Moscow had happened during Director Casey's watch. A new management team was now in place, and it wanted to look toward the future, not dwell on the past. The CIA's top managers hoped to impress their new bosses with new ideas, not by dredging up bad memories.

There was one person assigned to the new CIC, however, who still wanted to explore the 1985 losses. Dan Payne was a twenty-nine-year-old investigator employed by the CIA's Office of Security. Within the agency, the security office was not held in high regard. It was responsible for performing background investigations of employees, providing bodyguards for defectors and visiting dignitaries, and safeguarding the agency's buildings and grounds. Oftentimes, other employees looked upon security officers as glorified night watchmen, whose chief job was making sure office doors were locked at night. Payne had worked hard to dispel that image. He had joined the CIA in 1984 and had been assigned a number of grunt jobs. One of them was helping protect Vitaly Yurchenko. Payne was the security officer who had driven Rick and Yurchenko from Andrews Air Force base to the CIA safe house when the KGB defector had first arrived in the United States. Payne had risen rapidly up the ranks since then, and when the CIC was formed, Gus Hathaway had specifically asked the Office of Security to loan Payne to the CIC for two years. Hathaway needed good investigators, and he liked Payne's enthusiasm.

He assigned Payne to work for Vertefeuille. They already knew each other. In 1986, Vertefeuille's task force had asked Payne and two other investigators to compile a list of every CIA officer who had traveled to Moscow during 1985. The task force thought that one of these officers might have stolen information from the Moscow station about the CIA's agents and sold it to the KGB. Payne had interviewed several CIA officers, and it was during these interviews that his easygoing manner and boyish charm paid off. People tended to underestimate him. He was easy to talk to. During an interview, Payne would get his subjects to relax and then ask them to tell him about their coworkers. His subjects would tell him which of their coworkers were disgruntled and who was having financial problems, sexual affairs, drinking problems. Once they finished, Payne would turn the tables. "Just as you have provided information to me about your coworkers," Payne would say, "I will be asking them about you. It might be a good idea if we discuss some of the things that are likely to come up, so I can hear them from you first." Few left the interview room without revealing their innermost secrets.

The task force never got anywhere with its theory about a possible leak in Moscow, but the exercise had gotten Payne hooked on finding an explanation for the 1985 losses. When he reported to his new assignment at the CIC, Payne told Vertefeuille that he wanted to continue the probe on his own. He also told her that he had a new idea for how to investigate the losses.

"Let's hear it," Vertefeuille said.

"The Office of Security spends most of its time investigating employees who are considered security risks," Payne said. "These are usually employees who are alcoholics, disgruntled, heavily in debt, or suffering from some other personal problem. This has always been a good way to identify a problem employee, but not necessarily a spy." Payne had noticed that the KGB had paid John Walker more than $1 million. Despite repeated warnings from the KGB to keep a low profile, Walker had spent his cash on a sports car, an airplane, a posh apartment, and a houseboat, even though it would have been impossible for him to have afforded these niceties on his Navy pay. "The Drug Enforcement Administration and Internal Revenue Service have used financial investigations for years to track down drug dealers and tax evaders," Payne continued. "Why can't we track down spies by looking at people who are spending lots of unexplained cash?"

Vertefeuille's task force had talked about looking for someone in the agency who was living beyond his income, but no one had known how to do it. Payne did. He had taken several courses on his own that showed investigators how to identify money-laundering schemes and find hidden assets.

Payne even had a "target." He'd identified a CIA employee who had been spending more cash than usual. This employee had known about some of the spies who had been caught, and he'd also been having trouble passing recent polygraph tests. Vertefeuille was impressed by Payne's initiative. She told him to "go for it."

* * *

Rick drank a champagne toast. Rosario was pregnant. Life was good. Even at work. Alan D. Wolfe, the CIA's chief of station in Rome, was being replaced by Jack Devine. Rick considered him an old friend. They'd started out working in the CIA's Records Integration Division in the early 1960s, and Devine had come to his wedding when he'd married Rosario. Rick assumed they would get along better than he had with Wolfe. Rick had been irritated by the last performance evaluation Wolfe had given him. "Ames handles no ongoing cases," Wolfe had written. "Ames's efforts to initiate new developmental activity of any consequence have been desultory."

Wolfe wasn't the only officer who thought Rick was lazy. Rick had developed a reputation as someone who was quick to spout off opinions and complain, but slow to really do much. The only Soviet who Rick showed any interest in was Aleksey Khrenkov, and Rick kept telling Wolfe that the chances of recruiting Khrenkov were minimal. After a while, Rick stopped writing reports about his lunches with Khrenkov. Wolfe noticed and asked why he wasn't turning them in. "Our lunchtime conversations are not really worth writing about." If that was the case, Wolfe replied, then why was Rick wasting his time and the CIA's money taking Khrenkov to lunch? Wolfe suggested that he stop meeting the Soviet. "No," Rick replied, "I think I'd better keep meeting him. One never knows what might happen." Wolfe said he wanted Rick to stop meeting Khrenkov. Rick said he would begin paying for his lunches with Khrenkov out of his own pocket. Incredibly, no one found that odd.

"I encouraged everyone to think that Rosario was rich and I was living off her," Ames later recalled, "and in some ways that backfired, because people thought less of me because of that. The truth is that in Rome I simply began losing interest in my job. Part of it was age, part of it was my disillusionment. I mean, I kept asking myself, *Why are we bothering to do this?* And then, of course, the ultimate devaluer was that I was working for the KGB and it was hard for me to continue going through the motions at the station."

Some of Rick's colleagues would later claim that Rosario was partly to blame for Rick's mediocre performance. Rosario called him three or four times a day, always in a panic about some emergency. Rick had told everyone that she was pregnant and that she had suffered a miscarriage the summer before. Still, her daily calls became an office joke. After a while, Rosario's daily harangues began to bother Rick, too. "Rick told me I didn't have any consideration for his work and this-and-that," Rosario said later. "The truth was, he didn't have any consideration for me and what I was going through!" Their son, Paul, was born in November 1988. Rick enjoyed being a father. Rosario liked that at first, but soon began to resent how much time he spent fussing over the baby. One night she made it obvious that she wanted to make love, but he didn't respond. She got angry. The next day, he bought her a small gift. That made her feel better.

Rick paid for Cecilia to fly from Bogotá to Rome. Rosario said she needed her mother there to help with the baby, even though they already had an older married couple as live-in servants. After Cecilia arrived, Rick made a trip to Zurich. He had gotten $125,000 in cash from the KGB. That brought the total in his Zurich accounts to $1.5 million. It wasn't enough. "I knew I needed to retire and get away from the agency, to move to Bogotá, but I kept thinking, *Well, it looks as if I'm still safe and the Soviets are still holding lots of money for me in Moscow,* so I would decide to stick around and get just a little more."

Christmas came and went, and during the spring of 1989, Rick and Rosario began making plans for their return to the States at the end of July. Neither of them spoke seriously about him retiring. One morning, Rick got a telephone call from the Marine guard in the lobby at the embassy.

"A Mr. Clean is here to see you, sir," the guard said. That was what the guards had been told to say whenever someone walked in and said they wanted to see a CIA officer. Rick grabbed a packet of language cards and hurried downstairs. The cards contained simple instructions, such as "Please write down your full name" and "Please tell me your occupation." On one side, the phrases were printed in English, and on the other, they were written in the major languages spoken around the world. No matter where someone was from, a CIA officer was supposed to be able to use the cards to communicate with him. Luckily, the man waiting downstairs spoke enough English that they could understand each other.

The volunteer was given the codename MOTORBOAT by the agency.

After Ames was arrested, MOTORBOAT would be identified in the media as an intelligence officer from Czechoslovakia. A few stories would list him among the agents who were executed. This is incorrect. MOTORBOAT was from Bulgaria. In 1989, he was a government employee, and he was secretly working with a group that would later help topple the communist government of President Todor Zhivkov. MOTORBOAT told Rick that he was offering his services as a spy because he wanted the CIA to help finance and organize demonstrations against Zhivkov.

During our private interviews in the Alexandria jail, Ames told me that MOTORBOAT had provided the CIA with information about a U.S. government employee who was under the control of the KGB.

"MOTORBOAT told me about a penetration in the United States government," Ames said. "This person is a U.S. citizen. He was recruited by the Bulgarians, and they later turned him over to the KGB to run."

"Did MOTORBOAT identify this American?"

"MOTORBOAT said he knew the guy who did the recruitment and this guy told him that he had recruited an American who did such and such, in such and such a place, and that the case was turned over to the KGB, so it was a real recruitment," Ames said.

"Did MOTORBOAT fill in those 'such and such's, I mean, did he tell you where this government employee worked?"

"Yes, but I'd better not say anything more."

"Why, this is an old case, right?"

"As far as I know, the agency has never been able to track this person down. It has several suspects who are being watched, and it knows that this was a real recruitment, but it is still an open case, so I can't say anything more, really."

"Are you saying that as we speak, here, in 1994, that to the best of your knowledge, there is a U.S. government employee out there somewhere still under the control of the Russian government? Another spy besides you, you know, who is working in the CIA, FBI, White House, or God knows where?"

"I have to be careful here, uh, look, MOTORBOAT identified a U.S. citizen. He said this person had been recruited by Bulgarian intelligence. He said the Bulgarians had turned this person over to the KGB when this person left Eastern Europe and returned to the United States. I know this is still an active lead. I don't want to say anything more."

In early 1996, I met with several CIA officials and told them what I had learned about MOTORBOAT. At that point, the CIA asked me informally not to publish any information that would reveal the identity of MOTORBOAT. I was asked to describe him as being from Czechoslovakia. I was told that if I published any details about MOTORBOAT and his meetings with Ames, I would be putting MOTORBOAT's life in danger. This struck me as odd, because Ames had told me that he had already identified MOTORBOAT to the Russians. I mentioned this. "It is possible that the KGB, for a variety of reasons, never told the Bulgarians about him," I was told. Obviously, if the CIA was worried about me identifying him, MOTORBOAT was still alive and had never been exposed. I told the CIA that I would not publish any detailed information about MOTORBOAT, but I said that I would identify him as being from Bulgaria. I also said I would print that he had provided valuable information to the agency during the toppling of the Bulgarian communist government. I then explained why. If I were to mislead readers intentionally by saying MOTORBOAT was from Czechoslovakia, and the truth about MOTORBOAT was eventually made public, then readers would wonder how many other facts I had changed in this book. It was then suggested that I describe him as being from Eastern Europe. I declined. The fact that the CIA had a key source in Bulgaria and that this source wanted the CIA's help in overthrowing the communist government was worth noting. I then asked the CIA if what Ames had told me about a "penetration of the U.S. government" was true. The CIA declined to comment on this question.

Ames told me that after he met with MOTORBOAT, Jack Devine asked him to arrange for MOTORBOAT to be taken to a safe house so that he could be debriefed.

"I was dead set against it," Ames said, "because I thought it would put MOTORBOAT at risk. . . . I said, 'Well, Jack, you are just going to have to order me to meet with him, because I don't think it is safe.' And Devine told me, 'Well, I think it is worth the risk,' and he sat down and wrote a memo to the file, saying that I didn't want to do it but he was ordering me to do it."

Ames told me that he was required to meet MOTORBOAT at a safe house. "I must admit it was a very strange situation for me to be in," Ames said. "Here I was, I mean, I was working for the KGB, right, and here I am interviewing a Bulgarian who is telling me about a penetration of our government by a U.S. citizen, someone who the KGB had under its control. It was a rather weird sensation."

Ames told me that he later passed everything that he had learned about MOTORBOAT to the KGB. "Only a few days earlier, I was arguing strenuously with Jack Devine about putting MOTORBOAT in danger. Now, I was telling the KGB all about MOTORBOAT. All I can say is that I had been genuinely worried about protecting MOTORBOAT at the moment when I was arguing with Devine. It is just another sign of how compartmentalized I was."

During their final meeting together in Rome, Aleksey Khrenkov gave Rick a nine-page letter. In it, the KGB explained how it would contact him after he returned to the States. The KGB also gave Rick a shopping list. It asked him for the identities of any CIA or FBI spies who had managed to penetrate the KGB, the GRU, or the Soviet government. It then asked him for the names of CIA or FBI employees who Ames thought could be recruited. It also gave him a tally of his money. "Dear Friend. . . . all in all, you have been appropriated: $2,705,000." Of that sum, Ames had been paid: $1,081,811.51. The remainder was being held in a bank in Moscow. The KGB said it had decided to pay Rick an annual salary of $300,000, in addition to what already had been put aside for him. The KGB also gave him three Polaroid color photographs. "These pictures show the beautiful piece of land on a river bank which now belongs to you forever," the note said. It explained that the land was a prime spot for a dacha if he decided to defect and live in Russia. "Good luck!" the note ended.

Khrenkov told Rick to destroy the note and photographs as soon as he had looked at them, but he didn't do it. "I kept the damn note and the pictures. Don't ask me why. . . . I felt the KGB was being genuinely nice to me and I just didn't want to destroy the letter or pictures."

Before returning to the States, Rick made another hurried trip to Zurich to deposit his first year's salary of $300,000. When he, Rosario, and Paul returned on July 20, 1989, to Washington, Diana Worthen was waiting at the airport to welcome them. They had asked her if they could leave several suitcases at her house. They were only going to stay in town for a few days at a hotel, before leaving for a month-long vacation in Bogotá. Worthen had gladly taken in their extra luggage and had invited them over for dinner one night. Rick was dressed better than she had ever seen him, and Rosario wore a chic dress. They still seemed like the same old Rick and Rosario to her, however, despite the expensive clothing. It wasn't until after they returned from Bogotá in September 1989 that Worthen began to notice their new wealth. Rosario had stopped by Worthen's apartment one afternoon with a list of houses that she and Rick were thinking about buying. Rosario showed it to Worthen. Every house on the list cost more than a half million dollars. "I just assumed they had managed to save up quite a bit of money while they were overseas, because they didn't have to make a house payment," she said later.

Rosario began complaining about what a hassle it had been for them to bring their servants from Italy to the United States. They were an older Filipino couple who had lived with them in Rome, Rosario said. "They are on vacation in the Philippines now while we work out our problems with immigration. They needed a holiday and so did we."

"I hope you didn't have to pay for them to go home," Worthen said, joking.

"Of course we did," Rosario replied. "That's how these things are done."

Rick and Rosario took Worthen to see the house they had bought. It was a five-bedroom, two-story house on North Randolph Street in Arlington that had been owned by a lawyer. It had cost $540,000.

"Geez," said Worthen, who thought the split-level house was huge, "what are you going to do? Have a family of ten move in the downstairs with you?"

Rosario wasn't amused.

* * *

Despite Rick's lackluster performance in Rome, he was given another plum assignment when he returned to work at headquarters. Memories would later differ about who was responsible for appointing Rick as the new chief of the Western European branch of the SE division. By the time Rick returned, Burton Lee Gerber had been named chief of the Europe division and his former deputy, Milton Bearden, had become the SE division chief.

Bearden would later tell reporters that he had tried to kick Rick out of the SE division and had done everything that he could to get rid of him. His statements would dumbfound many of the people who worked with both men. "It was Bearden who took Rick back," said one. Said another: "I always thought Bearden and Rick got along really well." Regardless, Rick's new assignment gave him access to virtually all of the SE division's clandestine operations. His appointment could have unleashed another round of KGB arrests and executions, had it not been for the compartmentalization that Gerber had implemented earlier; the so-called back room operation being run by Sandy Grimes and Diana Worthen. Ames would later acknowledge that his new job had given him access to a slew of CIA intelligence reports and secret studies. Before leaving his office at the end of a typical workday, Rick would stuff handfuls of classified material into his briefcase and simply walk past the guards stationed at the doorways.

In November 1989, not long after Rick had returned to work, his telephone rang, and a voice said: "You'll never guess who has reappeared." It took Rick a moment to recognize the voice. It was R. Patrick Watson, the FBI agent Rick had worked with in New York City twelve years earlier. Although they hadn't kept in close contact, Rick had heard that Watson was now a deputy assistant director in the FBI's national security division, which meant he helped oversee the FBI's entire counterintelligence operation.

"So who's resurfaced, Pat?" Rick asked.

"It's Sergey, Sergey Fedorenko! He's been spotted in town, and I understand he will be having dinner tonight at the Madison Hotel around seven o'clock," Watson replied. "I was thinking we should join him."

Fedorenko was already eating with another Soviet in the hotel's restaurant when Rick and Pat Watson arrived. They sat across the room from him. Fedorenko noticed them come in, but did not acknowledge that he had seen them. He simply continued eating, and after several minutes, he excused himself, and walked into the men's room. Rick casually walked across the room and stepped into the men's room, too. Fedorenko had already checked to make sure no one else was there. The Russian hugged him.

"Rick! Rick! It's so great to see you!" he said.

"We've got a room upstairs," Rick replied, pushing an extra hotel key into Fedorenko's hand. "Can you join us later?"

"I must go back to our hotel first and get rid of my dinner guest, but then I'll sneak out. Yes, it can be done," Fedorenko answered. He was still holding Rick in his arms. "I wasn't sure we would ever see each other again, my friend."

Rick grinned. "We were afraid that Howard had betrayed you and that you had been arrested," he said.

"Who's Howard?" Fedorenko asked. Rick quickly told him about Edward Lee Howard, and then Fedorenko returned to his table. Rick waited a few minutes before rejoining Watson.

"It's all set," Rick said. "He'll meet us as soon as he dumps his dinner partner."

Just before 10:00 P.M., Fedorenko tapped on the door of the hotel room. Now it was Watson's turn for a hug. Fedorenko was excited to see them both.

"I was afraid they'd arrested you," Watson said.

"Yes, this business about Howard," Fedorenko replied. "It's terrible."

Years later, when Fedorenko recalled his meeting with Ames and Watson at the hotel, he would wonder if Ames had shrewdly manipulated him. "There was a reason why Rick mentioned Howard's name to me when we were alone in the men's room. I could tell he was nervous, but I didn't know why. Now I know that he was the one who had betrayed me and that is why he was trying to put this idea in my mind that Howard was responsible. He wanted Howard's name to be on my tongue, and it worked. When I mentioned Howard's name to Pat, I was confirming that Howard was the traitor. From that point on, the conversation always centered on Howard. Rick was very smart doing this."

Fedorenko announced that he had been appointed to a special team in Moscow that was advising Mikhail Gorbachev on some of the reforms that he was implementing. "Life is full of delicious ironies," Fedorenko beamed. "Can you guess what branch of Soviet government I am now helping write regulations for?" Rick and Watson didn't have a clue. "The KGB! I'm on a team advising Gorbachev on how to restructure the KGB!"

Although Rick and Watson wanted to ask intelligence-related questions, they spent the first hour listening to Fedorenko recount what had happened to him after he left New York City in late 1977. He told them that he had buried his spy gear in a park when he learned that TRIGON (Alexander Ogorodnik) had been arrested at the foreign ministry. He recalled how he had gone to work at the Institute of U.S.A. and Canada Studies. "The KGB watched everything I did." His apartment was repeatedly searched. "They tried to trap me." No Soviet was allowed to be alone with foreigners during the early 1980s, he explained. "We always had to be in twos when we met foreigners." But the KGB had told Fedorenko that he could meet with foreigners by himself. "They wanted to catch me slipping them a note." Fedorenko had not been permitted to leave the country, but he managed to slip into Hungary in the mid-1980s. "I had written Rick a letter, but when I approached the U.S. embassy, I saw that the KGB had the place surrounded. It was too dangerous." Fedorenko destroyed the letter and returned home.

There were several times during the past twelve years when Fedorenko thought he would be arrested. He was once in a meeting at the institute arguing about Soviet–U.S. arms negotiations, when a colleague had accused him of being "pro-American." The accusation had badly embarrassed him, and he and his accuser had become bitter enemies. Not long after that squabble, Fedorenko learned that his accuser had been arrested by the KGB and charged with being a CIA spy. He was Vladimir Potashov, MEDIAN. "The entire time Potashov was attacking me and acting like he hated America, he was actually helping your side."

The incident had scared Fedorenko, because he did not know how the KGB had learned that Potashov was a spy. "I thought I would be next." Strangely, the KGB began backing away from him, and it recently had told him that he could travel outside the country once more. "The only reason I can imagine for this is because I am now advising Gorbachev. The KGB knows it would have to have extremely strong evidence to arrest one of Gorbachev's advisers."

Watson asked the Russian if he were still willing to help the United States. "Of course," said Fedorenko. He had been excited when Gorbachev had first come into power, but now he was worried that Gorbachev was backing away from some of his reforms, especially when it came to muzzling the KGB. In 1988, Gorbachev had replaced KGB director Viktor Chebrikov with Vladimir Kryuchkov, who had been chief of the First Directorate. Because Chebrikov had been a Communist hard-liner, Fedorenko had been happy to see him go and, at first, it appeared that Kryuchkov was eager to support Gorbachev's new vision. But now there were rumors that he was advising Gorbachev to slow down and adopt a more conservative tack. "I'm worried about where this is leading," Fedorenko said.

The three men's reunion ended that night with Fedorenko promising to contact them again in a few months, when he was scheduled to attend a conference in Canada.

Watson suggested that Fedorenko keep his eyes open for any "interesting material" that he might come across when he got back to Moscow.

"Yes, it will be just like the old days," Fedorenko said.

"Yes," Rick replied. "Just like the old days."

One afternoon, Rosario invited Diana Worthen over for coffee. She wanted to show her some fabric samples. Worthen had just had new drapes put in her living room, and Rosario was about to buy drapes, too.

"Help me choose," said Rosario.

"Okay," replied Worthen, "which room are you going to do first?"

"What?"

"Well, it's so expensive, I figured you'd want to do one room at a time, so we need to pick which one you want to do first," Worthen explained.

Rosario laughed. "Diana, don't worry about the price. I'm going to have the whole house done at once." Now, let's choose fabrics."

It was the draperies that had done it, Worthen said later. When she was driving home that night, she started adding up the price of buying and installing all the drapes in the Ames house. "I thought, *Where the hell did they suddenly get all of this money?*" By the time she reached home, Worthen was so upset that she couldn't sleep. For at least one week, she didn't say a word to anyone, and then finally one afternoon in late November, she went to see Sandy Grimes. Closing the office door behind her, Worthen said, "Sandy, I really need to talk to you in private about something."

Grimes could tell that Worthen was upset.

"I know this sounds terrible, and I feel like I'm being a real rat doing this," Worthen continued. "I mean, these people are two of my closest friends, but I think there is something that you need to know about them. I'm talking about Rick Ames and his wife, Rosario."

THE WORDS OF RICK AMES

The easy answer is to blame Rosario, to say that I was afraid that I would lose her unless I had enough money to keep her happy, and that is what I told myself at first. That she was to blame. That I really had no choice after the divorce, because of Nan. That I would have lost Rosario unless I had the cash.

But the truth is that Rosario hadn't demanded that I have great sums of money when we met. I was the one who was convinced it was necessary.

Why? Why did I do this? I had never cared about or been interested in money or even accumulating things before I met her. Even after I began getting these large amounts, I never controlled the money well. I mean, I like comfort, good food, toys such as the Jaguar, but I proved to be too generous with my friends, indulgent with Rosario, and even careless about the money I was paid. There was still a part of me that didn't really care about the wealth. Why then did I think it was so necessary to have it?

Why?

I have come to believe that blaming Rosario is a very superficial reason. The real blame lies in my self-doubt and my own fears. I was convinced that I had to have lots and lots of money because not having it was a public confession of weakness and inadequacy on my part. Deep down, I knew Rosario wasn't going to leave me because I didn't have large sums of money. She had never been rich. It was me! I didn't want her to think less of me, especially after she learned that I wasn't who she thought I was in Mexico City. I wasn't a diplomat. I didn't want to look like a failure in her eyes. Nor did I want to admit to myself that I was weak, that I was inadequate. After Rome, having the money became more important, not because of what I could buy with it, but because of what it said about me.

What did it say?

It said Rick Ames was not a failure.

THE WORDS OF OTHERS

What did Rick Ames ever achieve? What was he successful at? Was there anything? Was he a successful husband? A successful father? We know he wasn't successful at his job. So how did he get the recognition that he wanted so desperately? He was only successful in one area—betraying other people.

—Sandy Grimes, CIA

Rick always had this problem and it shows in Ankara, Mexico City, and in Rome. He just didn't do well when he had to get out in the streets, where it was illegal to do what he was doing and he didn't have anyone to protect him if he got caught.

—Jeanne Vertefeuille, CIA

My brother never cared about money. He never worried about it, and then when he comes home from Rome, he shocks us all by his spending. It wasn't just that he bought nice things. It was really gluttony. One Gucci watch wasn't enough. They had to have four or five Gucci watches.

—Nancy Ames Everly, Rick's sister

He was upset because he didn't feel he was being appreciated at work and he wasn't getting any promotions. He said, "Tell me what I'm doing wrong." So Rosario and I sat there in the kitchen, and we spent several hours telling him what he needed to do to improve as a manager and to impress the people he worked with. He just didn't get it, though.

—Diana Worthen, CIA

As far as I was concerned, Alan Wolfe, the chief of station in Rome, had a bantam rooster complex. He was a short guy and really, really nasty. Rick was really intelligent, and yet he always ended up working for some prick who knew how to get ahead in the agency. It had to grate on him.

—David T. Samson, CIA

Rick doesn't think anyone can get close to him. . . . It's his arrogance, really. He doesn't think anyone is as smart as he is. He figures he can manipulate everyone.

—Rosario Ames

Rick's first wife, Nan, told me during the divorce: "The thing you must remember about Rick is that he is an actor first. He feels much more comfortable playing a role than himself."

—David Blake, close friend

PART FOUR

NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD

> The surest way to be deceived is to think one's self more clever than others.
>
> —La Rochefoucauld
> Maxims 127

CHAPTER 20

Diana Worthen had no trouble convincing Sandy Grimes that the source of Rick and Rosario's newfound wealth needed to be investigated. Secretly, Grimes had always suspected that the 1985 losses in Moscow were the handiwork of a KGB mole, and Rick seemed to her to be a likely suspect. Early on in her career, Grimes had felt sorry for Rick. They had ridden together in a car pool in the 1970s when both of them lived in Reston, and Rick had struck her as being a good-hearted but inept case officer. She could still picture those days. He was never ready when the car pool arrived. Its members would wait for five or ten minutes, and then someone would finally suggest that they leave without him. As if on cue, Rick would come running outside, his hair uncombed, his shirt untucked, his pants pockets sticking out. He'd be holding his tie in one hand and a crumpled jacket in the other. His hair never looked as if he washed it, his fingernails were always dirty.

Although Rick hadn't cared much about his looks back then, Grimes had liked his enthusiasm for his job. Everyone in the car pool worked at the CIA, and Rick had talked about how much fun he was having. That changed. After Rick was passed over for promotion to the GS-15 level in 1985, he developed a reputation for being argumentative, resentful. Grimes had been stunned by the "new" Rick Ames who had returned from Rome. It just wasn't the expensive Italian suits, newly capped teeth, erect posture, or improved grooming. "Rick had undergone an almost complete personality change," Grimes later noted. "There was an air of confidence that I'd never seen before. He exuded it, and I couldn't believe it, because he certainly wasn't getting his ego stroked professionally by the agency." There was another difference. "The gentleness was gone."

Grimes popped up from her chair as soon as Worthen finished telling her about Rick and Rosario's new lifestyle. "We have to tell Paul," she said, referring to Paul Redmond.

"Are you sure?" Worthen replied. "I mean, what if I'm wrong? I feel like such a rat already, but I don't want to be right about this either, you know, because they are two of my closest friends, and all."

"Paul needs to hear this. If there's nothing to it, Rick will never find out, and if there is, then Rick's not really a friend, is he?"

As soon as the two women entered Redmond's office, Grimes warned him. "You aren't going to like this, but Diana has something important to say that you need to hear."

After Worthen recounted her story, Grimes added: "You know Rick had access to every case we lost."

Redmond listened, but was preoccupied. "Why don't you tell Jeanne about this?" he suggested.

Worthen went to see Jeanne Vertefeuille at the CIC. She was busy, too, so she sent Worthen to talk to Dan Payne. By this time, Worthen was beginning to wish that she had never mentioned her suspicions to anyone. Still, she told Payne about Rick and Rosario's unexplained wealth. Payne had just finished investigating the finances of another CIA employee, the target he had chosen for his first financial investigation. His research had shown that the employee's spouse had inherited $100,000, and that was why he was able to spend more money than he was earning. There was no evidence that showed the employee was a spy. Payne did not know Worthen well, and some of what she was telling him sounded minor, but he promised to look into Rick's finances.

The telephone was ringing when Worthen got home. It was Rosario inviting her over for dinner that weekend. Worthen tried to act as if nothing were the matter, but she was upset when she put down the receiver. "I had no other life than my work," she said later. "My job meant everything to me, so I felt I had to tell the agency about Rick and Rosario, and yet, I hated myself for even thinking that Rick could be a traitor, because he had been my boss in Mexico City and he and Rosario were probably my closest friends."

Paul Redmond would later candidly admit that he could not remember what Worthen and Grimes had told him about Rick during their rushed meeting in November 1989. He was now the deputy director of the SE division and he was swamped with work. The Berlin Wall had just come down. Demands for democratic reforms were sweeping across Eastern Europe. Countries that had been difficult for the CIA to penetrate were suddenly opening their borders. A new generation of political leaders was taking power, and many of them were more afraid of the old KGB than the CIA. But there was another reason why Redmond had not paid much attention to the two women. His $1 million reward for information had flushed out a new source in Moscow, and it now looked as if the 1985 losses had not been caused by a mole.

Vladimir Smetanin, who was given the codename PROLOGUE, was a high-ranking KGB intelligence officer with access to KGB files about the arrest of the CIA's spies. Smetanin had been exactly the sort of source that Redmond had hoped to attract.* Unlike other informants in Moscow, who were simply repeating gossip, Smetanin had given the CIA internal KGB documents. These records showed the spies had been caught because of good detective work, good luck, and errors by the CIA and the spies themselves. According to the secret KGB reports, several CIA case officers thought they had managed to slip out of the U.S. embassy without being followed when, in fact, the KGB had been watching them. Other documents cited errors that the spies had made that made the KGB suspect them. The agency had analyzed the documents that Smetanin had given it, and they appeared genuine. Even more important, the names of each agent's case officer, the dates that the case officers were spotted outside the embassy, and the locations where they were seen, all matched information that the CIA had in its files.

While Smetanin's evidence was important, it was not the only reason why Redmond was beginning to have doubts about a mole being burrowed inside the agency. The 1985 losses seemed to be a one-shot event. None of the agency's new spies had been arrested. Nor had the Soviets uncovered any of the agency's recent clandestine operations. It was as if the KGB had been able to peek through a window into the CIA for one brief moment in 1985, before someone closed the blinds. If the KGB had a mole operating in the CIA, why wasn't he still giving them information?

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*The CIA declined to say how much it paid PROLOGUE for his cooperation.

Unlike Redmond, Jeanne Vertefeuille would later remember exactly why she had been busy in November 1989, when Worthen came to see her. She was embroiled in an investigation that has never been made public until now. At the time, it had seemed more important than questioning Rick and Rosario about their spending. During the fall of 1989, a stranger had approached a young CIA officer stationed in Latin America and had identified himself as an investigator from the CIA inspector general's office. He had shown the employee his diplomatic passport, and a letter supposedly written by the director of the CIA asking all agency employees to answer any questions asked by the stranger. He said that he was investigating everyone at the local CIA station and he quizzed the young officer about her coworkers there. The young officer had started feeling uneasy about the stranger a few days later and had reported the incident. The agency had sent a package of photographs to the station, and the young officer had picked out a picture of the stranger. She claimed it was Philip Agee, a renegade former CIA officer who had resigned in the mid-1970s and had written a book called *Inside the Company: CIA Diary*, which had infuriated the agency. In his book, Agee had revealed the names of dozens of CIA officers working undercover. If the agency had a hate list, Agee's name would have been printed right under Edward Lee Howard's at the top.

When Worthen came to see her, Vertefeuille had been getting ready to leave for Latin America to question the young employee. The agency was worried about what Agee might do with the information if, indeed, he were the stranger. It was also afraid the stranger might have used his ploy elsewhere. Vertefeuille would later send a worldwide cable to all of the CIA's stations describing what had happened and warning employees to be careful. The fact that she did not have time to check on Worthen's claims didn't hamper the investigation, Vertefeuille later said. "I would have sent Diana to talk to Dan Payne in any event, because it was his job to carry out the investigation of the 1985 losses."

Dan Payne began his investigation by pulling three files: Rick's personnel file contained his job performance evaluations; a file kept by the Office of Security held summaries of the polygraph tests he had been given and the results of background investigations into his past; and a "201 file" contained information about Rosario. A 201 file was what the agency opened whenever it identified someone as a potential "asset." The CIA had started keeping a file on Rosario when David Samson recruited her as a source in Mexico City. Payne had read hundreds of personnel files, and although Rick's drinking was mentioned, the investigator did not consider anything in Rick's record particularly shocking. "Heavy drinking is not uncommon among some employees in the DO," Payne said later. "While performance often suffers, most do not go out and commit espionage." The file on Rosario contained ten pages of comments by Samson and some newspaper articles about her father. The clippings identified Rosario's father as a political-party big shot, governor of a Colombian province, and rector of a large university. Worthen had told Payne that Rosario hadn't had much money in Mexico City, but Payne thought she might have inherited a large sum after her father died. That was what had happened in the case he had just finished investigating. So Payne called several Latin American experts at the CIA, and all of them agreed that Rosario's father had probably been wealthy based on his social standing. "I was told that in Latin America, prominent positions go hand in hand with money—lots of it!"

Worthen had said that Rick and Rosario had recently bought a half-million-dollar house, so Payne drove to the Arlington County courthouse to examine the property records housed there. Within a matter of minutes, he had found a deed that confirmed that Rick and Rosario had paid $540,000 for their new home. But Payne couldn't find any record of them taking out a mortgage on the property. He spent several hours looking through record books, but there was no mortgage on file. When he got back to the agency, he went to see Vertefeuille.

"This is really odd, Jeanne," he said. "Rick bought this half-million-dollar house, but there's no record he took a mortgage out."

"You must have missed the papers," she said. "Why don't you look again tomorrow?"

The next day, Payne returned to the courthouse to search again, but he couldn't find a mortgage.

"It's not there," he told Vertefeuille that afternoon. "I checked again."

"Someone has made a mistake somewhere," she said. "Maybe they misfiled it or put it in the wrong book. Go back tomorrow and look again."

Payne spent a third day scouring the record books, but again couldn't find a mortgage. This time, Vertefeuille believed him. Both thought it strange. *Who buys a half-million-dollar house without borrowing money?* Payne told

Vertefeuille that he was going to request information about Rick's bank deposits. He wanted to see if Rick had ever deposited $10,000 or more in cash at one time at his bank. Payne knew the KGB always paid in cash, and he figured that a mole in Rick's position would be worth at least $1 million to the KGB. That was a lot of cash to bury in the backyard. By this time, the Christmas holidays were approaching, and Payne was scheduled to report on January 5, 1990, to the Farm for training. The agency had decided to put him through the same training classes it gave its case officers. It had already sent one of Payne's fellow investigators through the course. The agency wanted Payne to know the same tricks that its case officers were taught at the Farm, since he was responsible for doing internal investigations. Otherwise, a dishonest case officer could use information that he had learned at the Farm to fool Payne. The United States Customs Service, a branch of the Department of the Treasury, kept track of large cash deposits made at banks. Payne hand-carried his request to the Customs Service during the last week of December 1989. Then he returned to his office and began packing for the Farm. His training was supposed to end in March. He figured that would be plenty of time for the Customs Service to check on Rick's records.

The KGB did its best to keep the execution of GRU general Dmitri Polyakov a secret, but news eventually filtered back to the agency. After the KGB had finished debriefing him, Polyakov had been led into a room, ordered to kneel down with his back to his executioner, and shot in the back of the head so that the blast would make his face unrecognizable. His body had been taken to a secret location, where it had been buried in an unmarked grave. A form letter had been sent to his wife and two sons. It said that Polyakov's sentence had been carried out. A box marked "execution" had been checked.

At about this same time, the CIA learned that another spy, Vladimir Vasilev, known by the cryptonym ACCORD, also had been arrested and executed. He had helped the CIA catch Clyde Lee Conrad, a U.S. army sergeant, in 1988. The agency had led the media to believe that there were other explanations for Conrad's arrest in order to protect Vasilev, but he had provided the CIA with proof that Conrad was a spy. Although the case did not spark many headlines in the United States, the agency considered Conrad a major spy. He had sold the KGB the defense plans that the NATO alliance would have used if Europe were attacked by the Soviets. He'd also provided the Soviets with crypto, the secret codes that NATO countries used to encipher and decipher messages.

Diana Worthen and Sandy Grimes had worked closely with Polyakov, and both were distraught by his execution. In the mid-1970s, Worthen had been sent to New Delhi, solely to help the CIA case officer there take care of the prolific GRU spy. "Polyakov asked us for some fish hooks once, because he loved to fish," Worthen said later. "I mistakenly ordered some that were twenty times larger than what he wanted, and he told his handler to tell me that he wasn't trying to catch whales. He had a good sense of humor." Grimes had helped handle the Polyakov case from headquarters during that same time period. "I felt like he was part of my family because I knew so much about him and his family, even his father-in-law's pants size. He had a forty-two-inch waist," she said. "I had to schedule my vacations to correspond with his home leave back to Moscow, because I couldn't be gone unless he was taking a break." She had always admired him. "He had fought in World War II and was aware of the great human sacrifices that had been made by his country—all for nothing—because only a handful of people in Moscow were benefiting. He was worried that the United States really didn't understand the Soviet mind or what a dangerous threat communism was." Grimes had always told herself that she would resign from the CIA if anything ever happened to Polyakov. "That's how strongly I felt about him and our obligation to protect him. When someone you work that closely with is caught and executed, it really destroys you." Now, she told Worthen that she would never quit until she knew why Polyakov had been caught.

One afternoon, Rick strolled into the office that Worthen and Grimes shared without bothering to knock. Worthen immediately covered several papers on her desk and Grimes shot him an angry look. Word had spread inside the SE division that the two women were running a "back room operation," and no one was supposed to enter their office without knocking, even when the door was open. Rick ignored Grimes's stare.

"Diana, how would you like to take a ride in my new car?" Rick said cheerfully.

"Sure, Rick, what'd you buy?" Worthen replied, as she diplomatically maneuvered Rick back into the hallway away from Grimes.

"A Jag," he replied, referring to his new Jaguar XJ-6 sedan. "You know I loved the one I had in Italy."

Worthen had never ridden in a Jaguar. "Gosh, Rick," she gushed. "What'd you do, rob a bank?"

Rick grinned.

* * *

In late 1989, Rick had no idea that Worthen had raised questions about his spending. He felt confident that he had covered his tracks. "I was never worried about the CIA catching me. I knew how inept the organization was." Rick opened eight separate bank and brokerage accounts in the United States. He shuffled his money between them. He also "laundered" it through his mother-in-law's Zurich account before transferring it by wire into his various accounts. He had paid for his house with money from Cecilia's account to make it look as if she had bought the house for them. To further the ruse, Rick contacted William Bruce Gair, a Virginia attorney and friend, and told him that Cecilia was buying the house as a present. Gair recommended that Rick get his mother-in-law to sign a "gift letter," just in case someone at the IRS or the agency questioned the purchase. Rick got Cecilia to sign one. "Cecilia never felt it was her place to ask any questions about money. I had bought the apartment in Bogotá where she was living, and I was supporting her each month, so she just went along with whatever I told her to do," Ames said later.

Records would later show that Rick transferred $652,080 from Switzerland into his various U.S. accounts during late 1989. In 1990, he transferred another $199,990 by wire into the States. Rosario would later insist that she thought all of the money came from commissions that Robert from Chicago had paid her husband.

Rick's job as chief of Western European SE operations didn't last long. With all the changes taking place in Europe, Milton Bearden decided to reorganize the SE division. Rick was put in charge of Czech operations. For a KGB mole, it was a lousy assignment, and Rick soon began to fuss. When he heard that the deputy chief's job in Moscow was about to become vacant, Rick began lobbying Bearden for it. Serving in Moscow would be a "fitting finale" to his career, he said. But Bearden chose someone else, so Rick came up with another proposal. He asked Bearden to create a task force that would be responsible for investigating the credentials of all Eastern Europeans who were now volunteering to work as CIA spies. The KGB would probably try to slip a few double agents into that crowd, Rick warned. He could help the agency separate the legitimate sources from the false ones. Bearden turned him down. Rick was worried. There was always a chance that a former Eastern European intelligence officer, who had somehow learned about him, would step forward. "I just hoped like hell that the KGB was protecting me."

In early 1990, Rick's ego got a boost at work. With Bearden's approval, Rick was chosen to serve on a promotion panel. He helped decide which CIA case officers were promoted to the GS-12 pay level. After Ames was arrested, there would be speculation in the press that he had divulged information about these up-and-coming employees to the KGB. But Ames denied it. "I'd already told the KGB who I thought it might approach," he said later. "There was nothing in those records that was worth noting." Still, being on the panel gave him a thrill. Always before, he had been the one begging for a promotion. Now he was helping make those decisions.

In interviews, Rosario would later claim that she no longer loved Rick when they returned to the States from Italy in 1989. She would insist that they were on the verge of a divorce. Those statements shocked her close friends. None of them could remember Rosario ever talking in 1989 about filing for a divorce, although there were signs that her relationship with Rick had visibly become less affectionate. "I still felt they loved each other, but the relationship had really, really changed," said David Samson, who stayed with them three different times at their house during late 1989 and early 1990. "I mean, Rosario just dominated Rick. She was the queen of the house. I used to look at him and think, *God, here's a guy who probably wishes he could just go out and drink a few beers and relax*, but he didn't dare because he knew Rosario was going to tear his head off the next day if he ever did. She was just picking at him all the time."

Samson was astounded the first time he saw Rick and Rosario's new house.

"How did you pull off buying this place?" he stammered.

"Cecilia popped for it," Rick replied.

Samson thought that was strange. "I asked myself, *How could Cecilia pay for this?* because I didn't think Rosario's family had any money. I mean, I was the one who had loaned Rosario money in Mexico City and I was the one who was paying her to use her apartment as a safe house. Then I remembered that her father had been a politician and there are plenty of examples where Latin American politicians steal millions. I thought, *Well, maybe Cecilia figures this is a solid marriage and now that she has a grandson, she is letting go of some of her cash.*"

Samson asked: "Did the Office of Security buy your explanation about Cecilia?"

"Yeah," Rick replied. "I got a gift letter from her, and as soon as I showed it to them, they knew it was legitimate." He was lying. He had never shown anyone at the CIA the gift letter that Cecilia had signed.

Rick showed Samson the Jaguar. It had cost close to $50,000. "Rick told me that he had planned on buying a used one, but the salesman convinced him that the price for a new one wasn't that much more and he had just decided to go for it."

One night, Samson and Rick started drinking vodka and arguing about politics in the kitchen after dinner. Samson was a Reagan supporter. Rosario got tired and marched upstairs, but an hour later she reappeared and demanded to know when Rick was coming to bed. Samson noticed that whenever the conversation wasn't about her, Rosario seemed to lose interest. By this time, Rick and Samson had finished a bottle of vodka and were drinking wine. Rick told Rosario to go to sleep without him but an hour later she reappeared in the kitchen and this time, she really told him off, but he was drunk and he didn't care that she was angry. That made her even more upset. She announced that she was going to sleep in a spare bedroom. "I don't think Rick even noticed I wasn't in our bed," she later complained. "The next morning, Rick says, 'Why are you mad at me? What did I do?' I was so furious I could barely speak to him."

That night Rosario found a bouquet of red roses waiting for her when she came in from shopping. There was a letter of apology attached to the flowers. "Rick used to write me a letter every time he got drunk as a skunk or we had a fight. . . . It was his way of saying he was sorry. . . . That's what made it hard. . . . The next day he was back to the same lovable person. He'd write 'Don't leave me. I can't live without you,' and being the stupid person that I am, I would feel sorry for him. Looking back on it, I now see that he really knew how to manipulate me . . . and in a strange way, I became totally dependent on him."

Rick suggested that Rosario go back to school. She suspected he wanted to get her out of the house, "so I would lay off and leave him alone for awhile," in her words. Still, she liked the idea. She began visiting the numerous universities in the D.C. area, but none suited her. "Washington may be full of universities," she complained, "but I really think the only one that's worth anything is Georgetown." Even it didn't have the classes that she wanted. "Your universities are not as good as what we have in Colombia," she said. Just the same, she enrolled in three philosophy classes at Georgetown University and Rick hired a nanny to take care of Paul during the day so that Rosario could attend classes and study. The Filipino couple who had come with them from Rome had quit as soon as they had received the documents that they needed to work in the United States. They said later that they had grown tired of Rosario's tirades.

Midway through his training course at the Farm, Dan Payne heard that Karl Koecher had been spotted traveling in Western Europe. Koecher and his wife, Hana, were the Czech "illegals" who had worked at the agency in the mid-1970s and were responsible for telling the KGB about TRIGON. Payne knew that Koecher had provided the Czechs with personal information about his coworkers while he was working in an operation known as SCREEN. Most of the employees involved in SCREEN were native Russians or Eastern Europeans, hired to translate tape recordings of conversations overheard by the CIA through wiretaps and other electronic bugs. Most of these employees had moved to better jobs inside the CIA after SCREEN ended, and during the late 1980s, several of them received letters from long-forgotten relatives living in the Soviet Union asking for help; others had been approached by KGB officers who knew intimate details about their lives. It was clear to the agency that Koecher had given the KGB a list of employees he thought might be vulnerable. That was why the KGB had started contacting them. Payne had been assigned in the 1980s to interview these employees.

"I had tried to 'see through Koecher's eyes' when I did these interviews," Payne later recalled. "I was trying to figure out why he had chosen these people. What was it about them that made him think they were vulnerable?" Payne had always wondered if Koecher had recruited someone in the agency to be a mole. Perhaps he had blackmailed a case officer who had slept with his wife during one of their wild sex parties."I knew Koecher's only loyalty was to money," said Payne, "so while I was at the Farm I proposed that the agency offer him fifty thousand dollars in return for a series of face-to-face interviews." Payne thought that he could get Koecher to tell him if the KGB had recruited a mole. Koecher had a huge ego, Payne said later. The key would be appealing to his vanity. The agency contacted Koecher, and Payne was told during the last week of his training at the Farm that the Czech spy had agreed to meet him in Bonn, Germany.

Payne hurried back to Langley to prepare for his interviews with Koecher. The agency had already booked a flight for him. When he returned to his office, Payne found a report about Rick's finances waiting on his desk. The Customs Service had found three "hits." A Virginia bank reported that Rick had deposited $13,000 in cash on October 18, 1985. He'd deposited another $15,660 on February 18, 1986. More recently, he had converted Italian lire into $22,107 at a bank on August 1, 1989, after returning from Rome. While those cash deposits were large enough to be reported, they were not staggering figures. Payne left for Bonn.

"It is nice to finally meet someone I know so well," Payne told Koecher when they met in a hotel lobby in March 1990. Koecher's response: "Files don't tell you everything."

At the same time Payne was meeting with Koecher in Bonn, Vertefeuille was sorting through reams of intelligence files the CIA had received from the new reunified German government. These documents were copies of files that had been kept by the much-feared East German intelligence service, known as STASI, considered by many to be the best of the communist world's spy operations. Under the direction of the infamous spy-master, Markus Wolf, STASI had successfully infiltrated several foreign governments. The CIA station chief in Bonn had reviewed some of the STASI files before they were shipped to Langley, and he had made an alarming discovery that he referred to Vertefeuille for further investigation.

The STASI files showed that during the early 1980s the East Germans had not known which employees at the U.S. embassy in West Berlin were diplomats and which were CIA officers. But in 1985, STASI had suddenly been able to positively identify everyone in the CIA station in West Berlin, except for one man. *What had happened?* The station chief in Bonn thought the answer was obvious: STASI had penetrated the station with a mole. If that were true, then it was possible that the STASI mole had returned to the agency, learned the names of the CIA's agents in the SE division, and passed them to the KGB.

Vertefeuille sent a cable to Payne in Bonn, suggesting that he meet with the Bonn station chief as soon as possible about the STASI files. Payne got that message during his second day of interviews with Koecher. The two of them were playing mental chess. The Czech agent would hint that he knew about the 1985 losses and then pull back. Payne suspected that Koecher was baiting him, trying to get Payne to tell him what the agency knew. It was frustrating. Payne had told Koecher that he wanted to interview him at least three times, with breaks in between. That would give Payne a chance to check out what Koecher was telling him, to see if he were lying. They agreed to end their first session after three days and meet again in a few weeks. Payne hurried over to the Bonn station once Koecher left.

During the next several months, Payne would jet back and forth between Germany and the United States to interview Koecher and investigate the STASI files. Eventually, he and the Bonn station chief were able to reconstruct how the East Germans had identified all of the CIA officers except for one in West Berlin. *It had nothing to do with a mole.* "Whenever an American diplomat crossed into East Berlin, he was required to show the border guards a 'flag card,'" Payne later explained. Flag cards were issued to diplomats who frequently crossed between West and East Berlin. They contained the card-holder's photograph, his or her name, a description, and an identification number. Payne learned that a clerk working in the CIA station had decided that it was a waste of time to send all the CIA officers to the military office that issued flag cards, so she had requested a large block of blank flag cards, which she had filled out and distributed to the CIA officers. These cards were numbered consecutively, and a STASI officer noticed one day, when two well-known CIA officers crossed the border, that they had flag cards whose numbers were only a few digits apart. This same officer was able to identify another CIA employee a few days later. He noticed that the number on the CIA officer's flag card fell in between the digits of the other two. The STASI officer deduced that all of the CIA officers had been given flag cards from the same block of numbers. "After that, it was simple for them to fill in the blanks," said Payne. The only CIA employee who was never identified was an officer who had never crossed into East Berlin.

In the fall of 1990, Payne returned to Langley, tired and disappointed. By this time, he had finished with Koecher and had decided that the Czech had not known anything about a mole. He'd also plowed through most of the STASI files, although he still had a few more translated copies to read. Then he could get back to checking on Rick's finances. It was tedious work, but Payne returned to the STASI files, and as he neared the last of the records, he hit pay dirt. He discovered a file filled with intimate information about a CIA employee who had been stationed in Germany during the early 1980s. It was obvious that STASI had been trying to recruit the employee. Payne recognized the name. The case officer still worked for the agency, and during 1985, he had been in a job where he would have known the names of the CIA's agents in the SE division. It looked as if Payne had finally found a mole.

CHAPTER 21

In June 1990, Rick announced that Robert from Chicago needed him to fly to Zurich to take care of some investments. Rick told Rosario that he didn't want anyone to know he had left the country. "If anyone asks, tell them I'm in New York," he said. Rick was required by CIA regulations to inform the agency whenever he traveled abroad. Rosario promised that she would lie for him. Of course, Rick was lying to her. He was going to meet VLAD in Vienna. He flew to New York first, and then to Zurich, to cover his tracks in case Rosario called the airlines. There he bought with cash a ticket for Austria.

Rick was drunk when he met VLAD. The Soviet hustled Rick into a waiting car and gave him a hat to pull over his head. Their sedan darted down several streets and then turned into the Soviet embassy grounds. Rick would later claim that he had been so groggy during their meeting that he couldn't remember much about their conversation, although he knew that they discussed the collapse of communism in Eastern Europe.

"I remember asking him what the hell was going on, because I was sure that we were being overrun with agents wanting to sell the agency information about KGB operations," Ames said later. VLAD assured him that his identity was being kept secret in Moscow. "You have no reason to fear," Ames would later quote VLAD as saying. VLAD mentioned that Vladimir Kryuchkov was now the director of the KGB and that Kryuchkov was indebted to Rick. "You have helped this man's career immeasurably," VLAD said. "He will always protect you."

Rick told VLAD that Sergey Fedorenko had resurfaced. "He volunteered to begin helping us again." This was the second time that Rick had betrayed his "close personal friend." On the way back to his hotel, Rick bought a bottle of vodka. He began drinking it as soon as he entered his room. Suddenly, he realized he hadn't telephoned Rosario as he had promised.

"Where are you?" she asked.

"I'm here in Zurich at the Hotel Savoy where we always stay," he replied.

"No, you're not! I tried to call you, and the receptionist at the Savoy's front desk said you weren't registered there as a guest."

Rick struggled to free his mind from the vodka. He later remembered how scared he was. "Rosario had me! She knew I was lying and probably thought I was meeting some babe somewhere. She always had this fantasy that I was cheating on her. I guess I shouldn't have been so disturbed that she thought it, because it kept her from thinking other things, like the fact that I was spying, but it was always very painful to me that she thought I was betraying her."

Rick assured Rosario that the Hotel Savoy's front desk clerk had made a mistake. "I'm going downstairs right now and clear this up! You call the hotel first thing tomorrow and you'll see. I'm not letting them humiliate my wife like this."

As soon as he put down the receiver, Rick raced to the airport. He caught the next flight to Zurich, and was in the hotel when Rosario called the next morning.

"I really gave the clerk hell," he assured her. "There was some sort of mistake, a new person was working when I checked in or something."

Rosario was fooled. "You know they really should be more careful," she said. "They could really cause a person a lot of embarrassment doing dumb things like this."

Rosario told him that his boss at the agency had called about an emergency. He needed to call Langley.

What happened next is disputed. Ames would later claim that he had telephoned the agency over a regular telephone line from Zurich, and that his boss had told him that Fedorenko was in Canada and needed to speak to him. "I asked them where he was staying and then telephoned the hotel," Ames said. "It wasn't dangerous. The KGB can't listen to every telephone call that is placed across the Atlantic!"

The CIA would later insist that this did not happen. "Rick's boss would never have given an agent's true name over an open, international line!" Vertefeuille said later.

What no one disputes is that Fedorenko did receive a telephone call from Rick at some point. The Russian did not know where Rick was calling from. Fedorenko said he wanted to defect. "I'm not sure Gorbachev is going to survive. I'm tired. I want to live in the United States." Rick passed the word up the chain of command, and the agency arranged for Fedorenko and his wife to cross the border into the United States. The agency brought them to Washington, D.C., where they moved into a CIA safe house. Fedorenko had never asked for any money when he was a spy in New York, but Rick had assured him during the 1970s that the agency was putting aside an annual salary for him. "Everyone had forgotten about this until Sergey resurfaced," Ames said later. "It turned out that the entire time Fedorenko was in Moscow, his salary had been automatically deposited." The CIA was holding $330,000 for him, but when Rick tried to withdraw it, Paul Redmond objected.

"Fedorenko is a double agent," Redmond said.

Rick was furious. "What proof do you have?"

Redmond showed him a memo that his deputy, Paul Stombaugh, Jr., had written about Fedorenko. According to the memo, a KGB officer —identified in the memo only by the cryptonym PROLOGUE—had told the agency that a double agent had managed to pass false information to the CIA and FBI in New York during the 1970s. Redmond and Stombaugh were convinced that PROLOGUE was describing Fedorenko.

Rick had never heard of PROLOGUE. "This guy isn't describing Sergey," he said. "He's lying. Sergey is not a double agent."

Redmond refused to budge. He insisted that Fedorenko be given a polygraph test. "I couldn't believe it," Fedorenko said later. "At first, I thought it was a joke. Why were they suspicious of me after all of those years?" When the polygraph operator asked him if he were a double agent, Fedorenko indignantly replied, "No!" The machine recorded a nervous reaction. The operator told Fedorenko that the test indicated that he was being "deceptive." Fedorenko began cursing, and demanded to be taken back to the safe house. Now Redmond and his deputy were certain Fedorenko was a fraud. Redmond said that he was going to recommend that the agency send Fedorenko back to Moscow. Fedorenko pleaded with Rick. Even his politically powerful in-laws wouldn't be able to save him if he were deported. "I will be put in prison and executed!" Fedorenko said. Rick tried to go above Redmond. "Rick really stuck his neck out to help Fedorenko," Vertefeuille recalled. Although several veteran SE officers, including Vertefeuille, did not believe that Fedorenko was the double agent being described by PROLOGUE, Redmond and Stombaugh won out. Desperate, Rick telephoned R. Patrick Watson at the FBI and asked him to intervene. A few days later, Redmond, Stombaugh, and Rick met with Watson at FBI headquarters. Redmond was blunt: Fedorenko was dirty. "Every one of our assets except for this guy was busted in Moscow from 1985 to 1986," Redmond said. "Why wasn't Fedorenko arrested?" He told Watson that Fedorenko matched the description of a double agent that had been provided to the agency by a reliable source.

Watson was unconvinced. He had always liked Fedorenko, but he would later claim that it was more than his personal affection that had made him disagree with Redmond. Watson had asked the FBI's top Soviet analyst, Jim Milburn, to review the information that Fedorenko had provided the bureau in the 1970s. Every statement that the Russian had ever made was compared to what the bureau had learned later from other sources. "In every case, the significant information Sergey gave us checked out," Watson said later. "I can't explain why the KGB did not arrest him, but there is nothing in our files that suggests Fedorenko is or ever was a double agent."

Watson told Redmond about Milburn's research. "Our position is that Fedorenko was a legitimate spy for the United States," Watson said.

Redmond mentioned that Fedorenko had failed a polygraph test, but Watson brushed that aside. Although he didn't say anything, Watson suspected the CIA had rigged the test to intimidate Fedorenko. "The FBI's policy always has been that if you put your life on the line for the bureau, we owe you big-time," Watson explained later. "We are not going to walk away from you. I don't feel the CIA always felt this way about the people it had used."

Watson told Redmond that the FBI would take responsibility for Fedorenko. It would arrange for him and his wife to stay in the United States permanently, and would support them financially until they could find jobs.

"You're making a mistake," Redmond said.

"Then it's my mistake, not yours," Watson replied.

As soon as Rick got back to his office, he filed the necessary paperwork to collect the $330,000 for Fedorenko. The agency issued the check, and Rick hand-carried it to him. "The only reason you aren't on an airplane heading back to Moscow is because Pat Watson saved your ass," Rick said.

A sad look came over Fedorenko's face. "The reason I'm staying here is because the KGB is regaining its power. I'm afraid it is going to take control of all foreign travel outside Russia again, and if I go home, the KGB will never let me out." For a moment, Fedorenko didn't speak, and then he added: "You know, I thought you guys were different, but the truth is you are all the same."

Rick learned later that the FBI had arranged for Fedorenko to work as a senior research fellow and visiting professor at the Naval War College in Newport, Rhode Island.

In August 1990, SE division chief Milton Bearden told Rick about a new long-range planning directorate the agency was creating. "Milt says to me, 'Rick, you're always talking about changes you would make in the agency, maybe you should join this new fancy plans directorate.' I didn't think Milt was trying to get rid of me, but I went to see the person in charge." Rick liked the idea of helping shape the CIA's future, but the chief of the new office didn't think much of Rick's views. "I told him it was time to really cut back the size of the agency, and he told me he thought the CIA was going to need at least three hundred more employees within five years," Ames recalled. "Needless to say, I didn't get the job." A short time later, Bearden mentioned for a second time that Rick should look for another job. "I began to think Bearden wanted me out, but I thought it was because I was unhappy with my assignment, not because he suspected me of being a mole."

Rick decided to apply for a job in the CIC. Gus Hathaway had retired in March, so Rick talked to his replacement, and in October 1990, Rick became an analyst there. He was now a member of the *very department* that was responsible for protecting the agency from KGB moles. Jeanne Vertefeuille and Dan Payne worked in offices right down the corridor from him. Rick began writing papers about his speciality: the KGB. He announced in a paper that the CIA had never really understood its chief rival. While the KGB exercised tremendous power, it was still a "huge Soviet bureaucracy" plagued with all the same weaknesses that other Russian agencies shared. "I wrote a long paper about how the KGB was not some monolithic organization, but was regionalized. Sometimes the KGB in Moscow had no idea what a regional KGB outpost was doing." Not everyone agreed with Rick, and he soon began arguing with his supervisor, Kay Oliver. "She was afraid to say anything too controversial," Ames later complained. "I began slipping copies of my papers to Milt Bearden, and even Paul Redmond, and they really, really liked my stuff—at least that is what they told me."

Rick was supposed to meet VLAD in Vienna in October, but he flew to Zurich first. After his last experience with Rosario calling the Hotel Savoy, he liked spending at least one day in Switzerland before continuing on to Vienna. He also had some banking to do. VLAD had given him the home telephone number of a KGB officer stationed in Vienna and had told Rick to call the officer at precisely 8:00 A.M. on the day *before* their meeting. Rick was supposed to wait ten seconds after the officer said "Hello," and then hang up without saying a word. The call would be his signal to the KGB that he was in Vienna and ready for their meeting. The KGB had told Rick to make the telephone call from a public pay phone in Vienna, but he used the phone in his hotel room instead. He caught a flight to Vienna that afternoon and checked into the Intercontinental Hotel. The KGB had warned him not to stay there because it was the most popular hotel in Vienna for U.S. tourists, but he didn't care.*

The next morning, Rick looked in a directory for the address of the Cafe Palermo, the site VLAD had chosen for their meeting at 7 P.M., but he couldn't find it. He searched for the address in a local restaurant guide. It wasn't listed. Rick asked the hotel's concierge if he knew where it was. He had never heard of it. The concierge took Rick outside, where a taxi was waiting, and asked the driver if he knew the address of the Cafe Palermo. He didn't. Rick began to worry, but the concierge said he would call a taxi dispatcher and get directions. When Rick returned from lunch, the concierge handed him a slip of paper with the cafe's address written on it. A taxi took him there just before seven o'clock. The sign outside read: *Pizzeria Palermo.* Rick thought it was odd that VLAD would choose a pizza joint for a spy meeting, but he assumed the Russian had his reasons. He waited two hours. VLAD didn't show up. VLAD had told him that if they ever missed connections, they should try to meet the next night at the same time and same location. The next morning, Rick checked with the concierge again and was assured that the Pizzeria Palermo was the only restaurant in Vienna with Palermo in its name. Rick returned to the pizzeria. Once again,VLAD didn't show up. He left Vienna empty-handed. After Ames was arrested, the FBI would show him photographs of the Cafe Palermo in Vienna. "It was this huge restaurant in the center of the city with a big neon sign with palm trees on it," he said later. "I think I spoke to the only concierge and taxi driver in the city who didn't know where it was!"

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*It was also the hotel where the CIA had spent nine days interrogating Sergeant Clayton Lonetree.

Rick was irritated during the flight home from Vienna. He had been expecting to be paid at least $100,000. He decided to deliver VLAD a message through a dead drop. He wanted to apologize for missing their meeting and he wanted the KGB to pay him some money. Early one weekday morning, Rick drove into Washington and turned north onto Connecticut Avenue, a major city thoroughfare. His destination was St. Thomas Apostle Church on Woodley Road, a residential street that was popular with the KGB because many of its officers used it as a shortcut when driving between the Soviet residential compound in northwest Washington and the Soviet embassy located downtown. Rick turned left from Connecticut Avenue onto Woodley Road and parked his Jaguar directly in front of the Roman Catholic church. There was a brick wall in front of the building, and Rick used a piece of white chalk to draw on it a horizontal mark about five inches long. VLAD had told him that whenever he wished to arrange a dead drop, all he needed to do was mark the wall before 8 A.M. on any day except Saturday and Sunday. Rick correctly assumed that the KGB had ordered one of its officers to drive past the church each morning on his way to work to check for his signal. In keeping with the KGB's philosophy of making dead drops as simple as possible, the Soviets called Rick's signal site "church."

Then Rick drove west to Massachusetts Avenue, another major route through the city. He turned north, passing Washington National Cathedral as the morning sunlight danced across its stone towers. He crossed into Maryland and turned onto Little Falls Parkway. Minutes later, he entered Little Falls Branch Park. Rick had been instructed to walk along an asphalt footpath. After about five minutes, he came to a pedestrian bridge that spanned a creek. In his instructions, VLAD had called this "bridge." Rick was carrying a four-inch thick package of stolen CIA documents in a shopping bag. He had wrapped them inside a black plastic garbage bag to keep out moisture and hide the contents. He looked around. Earlier, he had encountered a woman walking her dog, but he didn't see anyone now, so he stepped off the path and reached underneath the bridge. Its beams were supported at each end by slabs of concrete, and Rick had been told to leave his package on top of the slab at the southeastern end. The only way anyone would know a package was hidden between the beams was if they had seen Rick hiding it. Rick walked back to his car and left. He had been told the KGB would "unload bridge" between 7:00 and 10:00 P.M.

In a note he had put in his package, Rick told VLAD that the CIA had recruited a new KGB spy known as PROLOGUE. Rick also suggested that they stop writing messages on paper and begin communicating by exchanging computer disks.

Shortly after 9:30 that night, Rick told Rosario that he needed to go into CIA headquarters to handle a minor problem. He promised to be home before midnight. He drove to "church" to see if the chalk mark was still there. VLAD had told him that the KGB would erase it after one of its officers picked up his package at "bridge." If the mark was on the wall, Rick would know something had gone wrong. It was so dark he couldn't tell, so he parked and stepped out of his car to inspect the wall. It had been wiped clean. Rick drove to Little Falls Branch Park and started down the asphalt footpath. Just before he reached the bridge, he heard footsteps coming up fast behind him. He spun around, not knowing what to expect, and almost collided with a jogger just as alarmed as he was. Rick waited until the runner had disappeared in the blackness. He took a deep breath, stepped off the path and reached under the bridge. A parcel was there. He could tell from its weight and dimensions that it contained several bundles of bills wrapped tightly inside a garbage bag. He dropped it into the shopping bag he was carrying and started walking back to his car. Suddenly he realized how crazy this was. He was carrying several thousand dollars in cash while walking alone in a park late at night. *Wouldn't a mugger be surprised when he opened the trash bag? And there would be nothing Rick could do if he were robbed. He couldn't report the theft to the police.*

The package contained $37,000 in hundred-dollar bills and a message. The note said the KGB was sending someone new to meet him in Bogotá in December, which was when he was scheduled to meet VLAD again. Rick wondered if he had gotten VLAD into trouble by showing up drunk in June and then missing the October meeting. He'd liked VLAD. The KGB hadn't put as much cash in the dead drop as Rick had wanted. He made a mental note: *Got to find a way to get more cash at dead drops!* Rick took $30,000, divided it into thirds, and deposited it at three different branches of his bank. He had decided that making deposits of $10,000 or more really wasn't dangerous, since everyone knew he had money. What he was trying to hide was its source, not that he had plenty of cash.

In early December, Rick flew to Bogotá. He told Kay Oliver, his supervisor, that his mother-in-law needed his help. "I filed the necessary paperwork to travel and told Kay that I was willing to stop by the CIA station there and brief our people about what was happening in Eastern Europe," Ames said later. "I wanted to make my trip to Bogotá look more normal. I mean, what sort of mole tells the CIA when he is going to meet the KGB? Besides, making contact with the CIA station gave me a reason to leave Cecilia's apartment at night without arousing suspicion. Rosario and Cecilia always wanted to know where I was going because they were afraid I'd get lost. This way, I could tell them I needed to stop at the embassy."

Rick waited outside Bolicentro, a bowling alley in the Unicentro mall near Cecilia's apartment. A stranger walked up to him.

"Haven't we met in Vienna?" he asked.

"No, but perhaps we met in Paris," Rick replied, repeating the exchange that the KGB had mentioned in its dead drop message. They shook hands and stepped outside, where a car was waiting.

"Where's VLAD?" Rick whispered.

"He has retired and is now enjoying an easy life," the Russian said. "You may call me ANDRE." He opened the back door of the sedan. "It would be better if we do not talk while we are in the car." They rode in silence to the Soviet residency. Rick eyed his new contact. He was taller than VLAD, in good physical shape, and in his late fifties. He was nearly bald. What black hair he had was slicked back. There was an odd-shaped bump on one side of his skull, some sort of growth, Rick imagined. When they got inside the residency, ANDRE poured two shots from a bottle of vodka and offered a toast. "To you and our continued success!"

Rick downed the shot and noticed that ANDRE did the same. He was waiting for ANDRE to pour him another, but he didn't. VLAD had always been generous with vodka.

"I want to talk to you about money," Rick said. "Why can't you put more in the dead drops? If you squeeze it together, you could easily get a hundred thousand in each one."

ANDRE frowned. "That is too much to put into a package, I think." But he promised to investigate. ANDRE took a card out of his coat pocket and began reading from his notes. He asked about Rick's new job at the CIC. Even though Rick was an analyst, he worked inside what was known as a "vaulted area." No one could enter the office where he worked unless they punched a secret code into an electronic lock on the entryway door. The entire area was thought to be secure, as if it were one big safe, and that meant the file cabinets were kept unlocked. Because Rick was studying the KGB, no one thought it was strange for him to root through the files. Although he couldn't find out the names of any current CIA agents, he could look through old Soviet case files that the KGB was curious about. He also had access to cables that described double agent cases the CIA was currently running against the KGB.

Rick asked ANDRE what the KGB was doing to protect him from being identified by a KGB traitor. "How about this new agent, PROLOGUE?" he asked. As far as Rick knew, PROLOGUE was still providing information to the CIA. "Can he find out about me?"

ANDRE smiled. "You have nothing to fear from this man. Of this you can be absolutely certain."

* * *

In August 1990, Dan Payne decided to run a routine credit check on Rick and Rosario. He wanted to see if they were running up large bills each month. The credit check showed that Rick and Rosario had charged about $3,000 during August 1990. Payne didn't consider that an outrageous amount. The report said the couple had a good credit rating.

Payne returned to his investigation of the mole suspect whom he had read about in the STASI files. That probe was taking most of his time. The only reason he had bothered to check on Rick and Rosario's credit was because of their house. He didn't like loose ends and he was still trying to figure out how they had bought it without taking out a mortgage.

Payne's investigation based on the STASI records had taken a curious turn. He knew from the STASI files that the KGB had paid money to a source in Germany, and it appeared, at first, that this money had been paid to the suspected mole. But when Payne began investigating the mole suspect's personal finances, he couldn't find any cash that wasn't accounted for. Nor had he found any examples of extravagant spending. How was it possible, he kept asking himself, that the STASI records could show that several thousand dollars had been paid to an informant and yet there were no records of the suspect ever receiving any extra cash?

At about this same time, Payne received a tip from the SE division. A KGB source in Moscow claimed that the KGB had successfully recruited a CIA employee in the 1970s. The source didn't know the employee's name, but the description he gave was similar to one that a different KGB source had provided to the agency several months earlier. Payne decided to compare the two tips. Maybe he could identify a suspect if he combined the two descriptions.

In late November, Payne noticed that it was about time for Rick to undergo a mandatory security review. Every CIA employee was supposed to be given a polygraph test and undergo a background examination every five years. These were done by the Office of Security. Rick had passed his last polygraph test on May 2, 1986. Payne met with Vertefeuille and her boss at the CIC, Raymond Reardon, to discuss Rick's upcoming review. "We didn't want to do anything at this point to tip our hands to Rick," Vertefeuille said later, "so we decided that we couldn't bore in on the financial questions more than usual, but we decided that a well-briefed polygraph examiner could lead the conversation in the right direction." On December 5, 1990, Payne typed a two-page, single-spaced memo that raised questions about "Ames's lavish spending habits over the past five years." As examples, Payne mentioned Rick's $540,000 house, how Rosario had recently renovated the kitchen of their house "sparing no expense," and Rick's Jaguar sports car. He also noted that Rick had made three cash deposits of more than $10,000. But Payne did not want to be accused later of using Angleton tactics to smear Rick, especially if he weren't the mole. "There may be a logical explanation for Ames's spending," he wrote. Rick's mother had died and she could have left him an inheritance. "Ames's in-laws are well-connected politically in Colombia," he added. "The money could have come from [them]."

"There is a degree of urgency involved in our request," Payne concluded in his memo. "... We are quickly running out of things for Ames to do without granting him greater access."

On January 22, 1991, the security office sent Ames the forms he needed to fill out so that it could give him a polygraph test. Rick had until March 4 to return them, but he missed that deadline. The security office began pestering him and he turned them in on March 10. Rick's polygraph was scheduled for April 12—some four months after Payne had written his memo.

On the same day that Rick was scheduled to take his test, Payne received a copy of a background report about Rick that had been done by a security officer. She had interviewed twelve people, including Rick's bosses and neighbors. After Ames was arrested, investigators for the Senate, House, and even the CIA inspector general's office would make public three shocking statements from Rick's background report:

- One coworker says Ames was assigned to CIC "under a cloud." Another says the SE division did not trust Ames.
- In Rome ... Ames routinely left his safe open.... at least once a week there was evidence that Ames had been drinking during his lunch hour.... Ames could not be expected into the office before nine or ten o'clock.

- One of Ames's coworkers said he didn't think Ames was a spy, but wouldn't be surprised if that someday came to light. When asked to explain his remark, the person retracted it . . . but said he didn't trust Ames as a colleague.

On the basis of these statements, the CIA would be hotly criticized for not immediately identifying Rick as a mole. While the CIA deserves criticism for the errors that it made during its mole hunt, it is unfair to claim that Payne should have known from reading the background investigation that Rick was a mole. The lengthy report contains many positive, even laudatory statements about Ames that were never made public, and *everyone* who was interviewed said that they would recommend Ames for continued access to classified information. The person who said that he thought Ames was a spy, and then retracted that statement, explained that he did not trust Ames because they had tangled over the Fedorenko case. Nearly everyone who was interviewed said they were aware that Ames had lots of money. But none of them thought that was alarming because they had heard that Rick had gotten his money from his wife's family. Even Ames's drinking habits did not worry any of the people who were interviewed. "I didn't flinch after reading the background investigation about Rick," Payne said later, "because we already knew about his lavish lifestyle and drinking."

What the CIA should have been hotly criticized for is how the Office of Security handled Dan Payne's December 5 memo that had raised questions about Rick's finances. Someone—the CIA has refused to reveal who is responsible—decided that Payne's memo contained too much detailed information about Rick. So *all* mention of Rick's expensive house, remodeled kitchen, sports car, and cash deposits were deleted from the memo before it was given to the background investigator and polygraph examiner. As a result, Rick was *never* asked any of the tough financial questions that Payne had wanted asked during the polygraph test.

Rick was not worried about taking another polygraph. He had passed his first one less than one year after he had given the KGB the names of nearly all the SE division's agents. If he had made it through that test, he figured he wouldn't have any trouble with this one.

"Are you trying to hide anything from the CIA?" the examiner asked him during the test.

"No," said Ames.

The machine showed no nervous reaction.

"Are you or have you ever been in contact with a foreign intelligence service without the agency's knowledge or approval?"

"No," said Ames.

The machine did not show any reaction. It didn't on any of the other questions either, until near the end of the exam, when the examiner asked:

"Are there any contacts you have had with foreign nationals that you wish to hide from the CIA?"

"No," Rick replied, but this time the machine noticed that Rick had a nervous reaction, indicating possible deception.

The examiner asked Rick why he had reacted to that question.

"I really have no idea."

Rick was told to think about it and return for a second test in four days. When he did, he was tested by a different polygraph operator. Before he was hooked up to the machine, Rick tried to establish a rapport with the operator. "I wanted to seem really, really concerned and helpful." This time, Rick would be asked only one question—the one about his contact with foreign nationals.

"Have you thought about this?" the examiner asked before posing the question.

"Absolutely, and all I can think of is that my wife is Colombian, and I've met dozens of her friends and colleagues in Bogotá. I guess the machine is picking up on the fact that I really don't know anything about most of these people." Just in case that lie didn't work, Rick offered another. He was thinking about retiring, he said, and opening a business in Colombia. He'd talked to a number of foreigners, and some of them could have had ties with foreign intelligence services without him ever being told.

The examiner asked him the question. Rick answered. The machine showed that he was being deceptive. The examiner told him not to worry. He had passed.

THE WORDS OF RICK AMES

QUESTION: You didn't know most of the agents personally, but you knew Sergey Fedorenko. He was your friend, yet you turned him over to the KGB, knowing that the Russians had been arresting and executing the others. How could you do this?

I told VLAD about Sergey for the first time in Rome in late 1986. VLAD had just apologized to me about how the KGB had lost control of the situation and had been forced by others, the Politburo, I presume, to arrest all of the agents whose names I had given them. There's no question I was nervous and tense when I learned this, but I didn't have steam coming out of my ears. I did tell VLAD that his government's actions had put me in grave danger. But I did not react strongly or panic, because the truth is that I knew the sensational impact of my reporting would have been extremely difficult to contain within the confines of the KGB. What did I expect would happen? Did they have a choice? At the same time, I had no interest in pressing VLAD for details about why they had done what they did. I was trying to bury my feelings of guilt and dismay over the executions, I think. In any case, VLAD was quick to tell me what had happened in the most reassuring terms he could find, and he assured me, and of course I was looking for reassurance, that it would not happen again, implying quite plausibly and reasonably that after the initial shock, the KGB had itself been assured that it would decide how to do things in the future and the executions would stop. This made sense to me, and I was also affected by what I believe was the frankness of VLAD's statements. After all, it is not normal to tell an agent about the loss of control over operational security back in headquarters! Now this may be a small point, but it was small points like this which accumulated to shape and retain the respect and confidence I had in VLAD. So it was in this context that I told him about Sergey—knowing and feeling comfortable that Sergey would not be executed, and maybe not even arrested.

You must understand that I had felt all along that I shouldn't hold anything back from VLAD. Sergey was literally burning a hole in my pocket. I wanted to tell VLAD about him and, in a sense, I was looking for the right opportunity to unload his name, and this meeting with VLAD was the right time. Why? Because I did not want to lose the trust and confidence I felt that I had begun to establish with VLAD, and I felt that VLAD now would feel obligated to prove to me that the KGB could control those who had demanded blood. So I described for VLAD the nature of Sergey's past reporting on classified military research, and I must admit that the stakes were high for Sergey. I was clearly putting him at risk. My revelations certainly made him vulnerable. But I also told VLAD why I thought Sergey should be spared. VLAD gave me no explicit commitment, and I expected none. Yet he indicated by his reaction that there would be "no problems," and I took that to be an implicit commitment that nothing would happen to Sergey. I admit that I am rationalizing here. There is no doubt I put Sergey's life in danger, and I am eager to find some excuse that *absolves me of this. But Sergey was not punished, and it is a comfort to me to have learned over time that my judgment and confidence in VLAD was not misplaced.*

Now you may ask: How could I condemn the others and spare him? That is obvious. He was a friend. The others weren't. But let's be frank. The men I betrayed knew what they were doing. They knew the risks. Do you believe any of them would have hesitated to have reported me if they had learned my name? So their deaths, while sad to me, are not really my responsibility. They have no one to blame but themselves for putting their lives in danger. This does not mean that I don't feel some guilt. Of course I do. But these were not innocent men.

I just thought of a story which I haven't thought of for years. I'm not sure why or what it means. Shortly after I arrived in Mexico City, I had several drinks too many at a TGIF [Thank God It's Friday] office party. I've forgotten now how the conversation between me and a couple of others went, but I haven't forgotten how I turned maudlin. I described how agents I'd worked with had lost their lives, and the burden of responsibility I felt—not because I or others were somehow to blame—but simply that this was a burden we all should feel and share. I was emotional, and tears came to my eyes. Also, I exaggerated for effect the facts of some generally described assets. I had the suicides of TRIGON and Shevchenko's wife in mind. I don't know what the others thought, but I knew I was trying to impress them, both with the point I was making and with my own, tragic self. You can imagine the contempt I felt for myself afterwards. I put it out of my mind, and no one ever referred to it. But I've often wondered why I felt compelled to do that in Mexico. Why did I feel the need to identify or proclaim our joint responsibility for these people's tragedies? I guess the reason I thought of that story is because there was a time when I felt strongly about our agents. I felt that all of us had a commonness.

There's something I'd like to mention here. My father's career, my agency employment in high school, my sense of belonging to the agency and my lifelong fascination and study of what it's all about, led to an irrational, mostly unconscious, feeling that the CIA belonged to me. Of course, this is not reasonable, and I've always scorned the talk of the good old days when the agency "really" cared about and took care of its people. My semiconscious feelings were not so much that of being a member of a strange sort of family, but of a much more personal feeling of being possessed and possessing. This is an important component, I think, of what I and others have called my arrogance, my delusion or belief that I could not only think as I thought, but, out of anxiety and other motives, act as I did.

It's interesting to think how different not only my career but my own feelings and thoughts, too, might have been had I not encountered such a rogues' gallery of incompetent and sometimes vicious [in the sense of behavior and habits] superiors in my field assignments. In Turkey, New York City, Mexico City, and to a lesser extent in Rome, I worked for a collection of men who were almost universally despised, pitied, or condemned. This bred a very casual contempt for authority, I suppose, and probably magnified my admiration for those who resisted such low values. It's very odd, but my experiences working at headquarters were rather different. I wonder how my attitudes would have been affected had I worked, for example, for Milt Bearden in Africa, who I greatly admired.

I had better make something clear here. I am not exaggerating about the nearly dozen men I say were incompetent and generally contemptible, mostly professionally but often personally as well. Some of my bosses were disgusting men who took great joy in seducing the wives of their own employees and viciously destroying officers' careers.

Now back to my possessiveness. I felt a personal alienation in the mid-eighties, almost as if "they" had taken the agency from me. And my feelings of alienation certainly intensified once I began my relationship with the Russians. Did I feel cast loose from a personal commitment to the agency? Yes, I . . . felt a sense of not only independence, but perhaps abandonment, and with that abandonment, my belief in the struggle between the light and darkness evaporated. I became a mercenary, beholden only to myself. My own wants became paramount.

THE WORDS OF OTHERS

Rick could have gotten millions from the KGB without telling them anyone's name. He could have just told them about technical operations. He didn't have to do what he did, and he did it completely on his own. The KGB didn't have to pry information out of him. Look at Polyakov. The guy was a grandfather! He was retired! He wasn't even spying anymore! He was living in his dacha playing with his grandchildren! Why did Rick have to tell the KGB about him? Why?

—Sandy Grimes, CIA

Traitors are not all the same. Sure, some of the Russians we recruited were doing it for money. Some of them were despicable characters. But others were not. We in the United States have so many outlets if we don't like what our government is doing. You can write a letter to the president, run for Congress, join some protest group or organizations to fight for change. They didn't have these outlets, particularly Eastern Europeans who didn't like what the Soviets were doing to their countries. For many of them, espionage became a way of protesting the injustices which they saw.

—Jeanne Vertefeuille, CIA

I used to tell Rick when we had fights—Why don't you hit me? It would be better than saying or doing the type of thing you're putting me through, which is psychological torture.

—Rosario Ames

I don't think Rick perceives himself as being a bad American. I mean somone like John Walker, why, he hurt his country, but Rick, he was doing a spy-versus-spy thing. The nation was never at risk because of Rickie.

—Chuck Windley, high school friend

A number of times when we went to lunch, Rick would get wasted, and then he would say, "Please don't tell your wife that you were out with me, because I don't want her to tell Rosario because of all of the trouble it will cause at home."

—Richard Thurman, State Department

Rick loved acting, better than anything in the world.

—High school friend

Not too many people are real men. They don't have the guts, the courage, the honor to be called a man, and I thought he was. He was not man enough to stop this from happening to me, to protect me.

—Rosario Ames

CHAPTER 22

After their December 1990 meeting in Bogotá, the KGB officer known to Rick only as ANDRE returned to Moscow with exciting news. ANDRE, whose real name was Yuri Karetkin, presented Lieutenant general Leonid Shebarshin, the new head of the First Chief Directorate, with a note Rick had written.

"I have learned that PROLOGUE is a cryptonym for the Second Chief Directorate officer I provided you information about earlier . . . ," it read.

Shebarshin grinned as he listened to Karetkin recite how the CIA's Paul Redmond had accused Sergey Fedorenko of being a double agent, based on information provided by PROLOGUE. Obviously, the CIA believed PROLOGUE was a legitimate agent.

PROLOGUE was a fraud. All the KGB documents that Vladimir Smetanin (PROLOGUE) had provided to the CIA about the 1985 losses were KGB disinformation. The details in those records—about the spies, their CIA handlers, and the dead drops in Moscow—had been gleaned by the KGB when it had interrogated the CIA spies after their arrests. The documents had been carefully fabricated with one purpose: protecting Rick.

Shebarshin went to tell Kryuchkov. The new KGB chairman was in dire need of hearing good news. The Soviet economy had plummeted since Gorbachev had come to power. The entire USSR seemed to be unraveling. Nationalists in Russia's fifteen republics were demanding independence, especially in the Baltic states, where a million people had formed a human chain four hundred miles long one day as a demonstration of solidarity in support of breaking free from the Kremlin. At first, Kryuchkov had backed Gorbachev's policies. He had promised that the KGB would become a more open, kinder, and gentler intelligence service. But when Lithuania and Latvia began challenging Moscow's authority in late 1990, Kryuchkov convinced Gorbachev to send in troops, and on January 13, 1991, Soviet solders killed fifteen demonstrators in Lithuania's capital. Seven days later in Latvia, four more protesters were shot.

Most Americans paid little attention to the turmoil in the USSR because on January 16, 1991, President Bush launched an air attack on Baghdad. The Persian Gulf War was underway. But not everyone in the U.S. government was focused on Iraq. Inside the CIA, the Soviet-watchers were hearing reports that Gorbachev was in deep political trouble. In late April 1991, the agency's Office of Soviet Analysis sent President Bush a still-classified report entitled "The Soviet Cauldron," which warned that a coup d'état was in the works. One of the plotters, it said, was Kryuchkov.

Rick flooded SE division chief Milton Bearden's office with unsolicited opinion papers about the discord there. He also secretly flew to Austria that spring to meet ANDRE.

The CIA's Office of Security sent Dan Payne and Jeanne Vertefeuille a memo. As far as it was concerned, Rick had successfully passed his five-year security clearance. It planned on giving him a clean bill of health. Payne and Vertefeuille were not so sure. The "missing" house mortgage still bothered them.

"We need to find out once and for all if Rosario's family is rich," Payne said. Vertefeuille agreed and decided to send a CIA officer to Bogotá to investigate. When the officer returned about a week later, he told them that Rick's in-laws were indeed wealthy. They owned vast amounts of real estate and operated a successful import-export business and part of a chain of ice cream stores. The officer said Rosario's family had once donated land worth several million dollars to the city for a soccer field and sports arena. The officer's report convinced the Office of Security that Rick was not a risk. It announced that it was closing its investigation of him.

Payne and Vertefeuille reviewed what they knew. Rick had passed two polygraph tests; his relatives were rich. Still, both of them felt uneasy. "I'm not convinced that we should take him off our suspect list," Vertefeuille said. Payne agreed. They would simply move him down a few pegs.

Payne went back to investigating the CIA employee whom the STASI records suggested was a mole.

Payne and Vertefeuille would not learn until months later that they had been misled. The officer sent to Bogotá had not done any investigation on his own. Instead, the Bogotá station had asked one of its paid informants to tell it about Rosario's family. No financial reports were ever checked, no property records examined. The entire report about Rosario's family had been based on a *single* informant, who had based his opinion on gossip and hearsay. Even more incredible, a few weeks after this informant gave the station incorrect information about Rosario, the station discovered that he had provided it with inaccurate information in another, unrelated case. It fired him. But no one told headquarters that the man who had only a few weeks ago vouched for Rick's rich relatives had been deemed an unreliable source.

* * *

Diana Worthen was miserable. She had heard that Rick had passed his security clearance and she took that to mean that her suspicions had been proven wrong. "I really felt bad about accusing him," she said later. "But then something would happen with Rosario or Rick, and I'd think, *Wait a minute. This just doesn't make sense.* And I'd get suspicious again. It was driving me nuts!" Worthen talked to Sandy Grimes about it. They were still working together in SE division. Grimes assured Worthen that she had done the right thing in raising questions about Rick. Grimes didn't care what the Office of Security had decided. She remained convinced that Rick was the mole. She just didn't have any proof. Worthen decided to ease out of her relationship with Rick and Rosario. She thought that they spoiled Paul, and she really didn't enjoy being around the toddler. It was a good excuse to let the friendship die.

In early 1991, Vertefeuille applied for the job of chief of the counterespionage group at the CIC. She had been the deputy of the group for three years and her boss, Raymond Reardon, was leaving. The agency picked someone else. It also chose Paul Redmond, Jr., to become the new number-two official at the CIC. He was now Vertefeuille's boss. She was less than two years away from the CIA's mandatory retirement age. Redmond asked her what she wanted to do.

"I'd really like to take a fresh look at the 1985 losses," she said. "Our agents who were executed deserve someone giving it one more 'good old college try.'"

Redmond liked the idea. It had been five years since he had written his fiery memo demanding that then-director Casey investigate the losses, and he agreed. She planned on working alone, but a few days later, she and Redmond were briefing two FBI special agents about another matter at FBI headquarters, when someone asked Vertefeuille what she was going to do now that she was so close to retirement.

"Jeanne's going to take another look at the 1985 losses," said Redmond.

"Hey, we'd like to buy into that," replied Robert Wade, the FBI's liaison with the CIA. The FBI's ANLACE task force, which had been created to investigate why Valery Martynov (GENTILE) and Sergey Motorin (GAUZE) had been arrested, had disbanded in 1987 after concluding that the bureau did not have enough information to know why the two spies had been caught. Redmond and Wade cut a deal. The FBI would send James P. Milburn, its Soviet expert, and Jim Holt, a veteran FBI agent, to the CIC to work with Vertefeuille.

On the drive back to the CIA, Redmond asked Vertefeuille if she wanted someone from the agency to help her, too.

"You have someone in mind?" she asked.

He did.

"Who?"

"Sandy Grimes."

Grimes had recently told Redmond that she was going to resign because she didn't like her new boss in the SE division and she was still upset about Polyakov's death. Redmond didn't want to lose her.

"Sandy would be great," Vertefeuille said, "but under one condition."

"What's that?" Redmond asked, surprised that she had a requirement for taking Grimes.

Vertefeuille pointed out that she outranked Grimes. "I'll only take her on the task force if she agrees to work with me as an *equal.*"

Redmond laughed, and when they got to the agency, he asked Grimes if she wanted to help Vertefeuille investigate the 1985 losses.

"You've just made me the one offer that will keep me from resigning," she replied.

In June 1991, Vertefeuille and Grimes moved into their new fourth-floor quarters. Vertefeuille had been assigned an office that was barely big enough for a desk. If more than three people wanted to talk to her, one of them would have to sit on the safe because there wasn't enough room for three chairs. Grimes didn't get an office. She was assigned a cubicle outside Vertefeuille's office. Judging from the appearance of their new surroundings, their task force was not a high priority. In fact, some employees thought that Redmond was playing favorites. No one had known what to do with Vertefeuille after she was passed over for the chief's job, and Grimes was clearly unhappy at her job. The task force's codename was JOYRIDE.

Not long after the two women moved in, Rick stopped by and spoke to Grimes. His office was only a few steps away. "Hey, what's going on here?" he asked.

"We've formed another task force to look at the 1985 losses," Grimes said, watching to see his reaction. She was still convinced that he was a mole. Rick didn't flinch. Instead, he offered to give the task force advice if it wanted to tap into his expertise on the KGB.

Later, Vertefeuille mused over Rick's offer to help. Although she was not convinced that he was a mole, Vertefeuille still considered him a prime candidate. "Rick thinks we're just a couple of dumb broads, doesn't he?" she said.

Grimes nodded. Rick was acting as if he didn't have a care in the world.

* * *

On June 17, 1991, during a closed session of the USSR's Supreme Soviet, KGB chairman Vladimir Kryuchkov declared that he had uncovered evidence that "sleeper agents" planted by the CIA in the 1970s had moved into key positions in the Gorbachev government. These CIA-controlled spies were undermining the Soviet economy and encouraging the Soviet republics to break free. Kryuchkov said he had shown Gorbachev evidence of this conspiracy, but the general secretary had refused to take action. (One of the names Kryuchkov had shown Gorbachev was Sergey Fedorenko.) Kryuchkov's attack was part of a carefully coordinated attempt to strip Gorbachev of his authority, but the Supreme Soviet refused to go along.

Three days later, Jack Matlock, the U.S. ambassador to the Soviet Union, sent a top secret message to Secretary of State James Baker: the mayor of Moscow had warned him that Kryuchkov and three others were about to oust Gorbachev in a military coup. Baker personally warned Soviet foreign minister Alexander Bessmertnykh, but in a telephone conversation later that same day with President Bush, Gorbachev brushed off the plot. There had been rumors about a coup for months and nothing had ever happened.

The reason for this new round of Soviet unrest was a treaty Gorbachev was about to sign which would allow the Soviet republics to begin governing themselves. Hard-liners in Moscow were correctly afraid that once this so-called Union Treaty went into effect, the USSR would be dissolved. On August 18, a Sunday, two days before the treaty was scheduled to be signed, Gorbachev and his family were vacationing at a retreat on the Black Sea, when one of his bodyguards announced that a "special" delegation from Moscow was at the main door. Suspicious, Gorbachev reached for a telephone and discovered the line was dead. Seconds later, the delegation pushed its way into Gorbachev's office and put him under house arrest.

Analysts in the U.S. intelligence community began suspecting that a coup was underway when they examined images beamed to them from a spy satellite orbiting over Gorbachev's retreat. *The satellite shots were so precise that analysts could tell by looking at them that Gorbachev's Volga limousine had not left the compound for the airport and his return trip to Moscow as scheduled.* They also showed that an unusually high number of armed guards had surrounded the building. A short time later, Tass announced that the Soviet Union's vice president was taking charge because Gorbachev had become "ill." A "state of emergency" was being imposed by a junta that included Kryuchkov. As news of the coup swept across Moscow, tens of thousands of Russians mobbed the Russian parliament building where Boris Yeltsin and his band of supporters were opposing the junta. At the CIA, Rick watched live broadcasts of Soviet tanks and armored personnel carriers moving into position to attack Yeltsin and his stubborn supporters. If the Soviet military were going to attack Yeltsin, the CIA was certain it would do so at dawn on Wednesday morning.

When the sun rose that morning, however, it was the putsch that had fallen. Kryuchkov and two other coup leaders were arrested that afternoon after they commandeered an Aeroflot jetliner and flew to the Crimea to beg Gorbachev for mercy. By nightfall, Yeltsin loyalists had rounded up the other plotters. One shot himself.

On August 22, 1991, a mob formed outside Lubyanka, the KGB headquarters on Dzerzhinsky Square. As television cameras recorded the event, a man scaled a towering black statue of Felix Dzerzhinsky, the founder of the Soviet secret police. The statue overlooked the square, and as the mob watched, the man looped a rope around the statue's neck and tossed the rope into the crowd. Within seconds, the mob was trying to topple "Iron Felix," but it refused to fall. Afraid that there would be a riot, city officials sent a crane to help, and within minutes Dzerzhinsky had fallen. The Soviet parliament chose Vadim Bakatin, an outspoken KGB critic, to take charge of the service. He accepted the job after setting one condition: that he could dismantle the KGB.

Rick was scared. As long as Kryuchkov had been in control, he knew he was safe. Now he wasn't sure. Three days after the failed coup, Milton Bearden's secretary asked Rick to report immediately to the SE division chief's office.

"My first thought was that someone in the KGB had defected and identified me as a traitor," Ames later said.

Bearden told Rick to sit down. "I thought he was going to tell me that he knew I was a mole. Instead, Milt says he is putting me in charge of a special group that he is creating to destroy the KGB. Milt says, 'Rick, I want you to drive a stake into the KGB's heart.'"

Rick couldn't help himself. He broke into a huge grin.

Dan Payne solved the mystery. STASI had recruited a German in the early 1980s, but it wasn't a CIA employee. It was a *friend* of a CIA employee. STASI had been paying the friend to get close to the employee, learn everything that he could about the officer, and then try to get him to discuss classified information. That was why there were records of STASI payments yet no record of the employee being paid. He went to tell Vertefeuille and Grimes. Although he was not a member of their task force, he was still trying to solve the 1985 losses.

Vertefeuille and Grimes were now teamed with the FBI's Milburn and Holt. The two G-men hadn't known about some of the CIA agents who had been caught in 1985 because the FBI hadn't been told about them. Vertefeuille told Milburn and Holt that they could read any of the files they wished, except for CIA medical/psychological records. She hadn't asked anyone for permission to show the two FBI men the CIA files, nor was she about to. She knew that if she did, her request would get bogged down as it made its way up the CIA's chain of command. Someone would worry about the precedent being set. One advantage of being close to mandatory retirement, she joked, was that she could take risks that someone who was worried about their career would never dare. No one would later be able to recall when there had been such good cooperation between the FBI and CIA.

By the fall of 1991, the task force had compiled a list of eighty KGB officers who were likely to have known about the 1985 losses because of their rank or position or because they were hotshot KGB investigators. The task force used a computer to identify where the KGB officers had been stationed and where they had traveled during 1985. They were looking for some sort of pattern that might reveal that one of the KGB officers was meeting a CIA mole somewhere. They didn't find one. The task force members turned to bribery. *The CIA and FBI agreed to pay as much as $5 million to any KGB official willing to identify a CIA mole.* The task force picked four KGB officers from their list to approach. None accepted the offer.

The task force had also identified 198 CIA employees who at one time or another had had access to one or more of the compromised cases. Vertefeuille and Grimes felt the list was too big. "We need to trim it to twenty or so names," Grimes said.

Milburn asked how the two women planned to do that.

Vertefeuille suggested that they vote. They would give the list of 198 names to a total of ten people, six others besides the four of them. Those ten would pick the twenty people on the list who they thought were most likely to be a Russian mole.

Milburn and Holt didn't like the idea. Relying on a poll to whittle down a suspect list ran against everything they had been trained to do in the FBI. There was nothing scientific about "gut reactions."

"We don't have a choice," said Grimes. "We've got to cull this list."

The FBI agents skeptically agreed to go along with the poll. Besides the four of them, the task force asked Dan Payne, Paul Redmond, and four FBI officials to rank the "candidates"—Redmond insisted that they not be called "suspects" because he did not want to be accused later of smearing anyone's reputation. Ironically, Redmond was one of the 198 names because he had known about the cases.

Names at the top of each person's list were awarded five points. Second choices were given four points. When all the lists were turned in, Vertefeuille tallied the results. Rick had the most votes: twenty-one points. The next "candidate" had seventeen points. Although Sandy Grimes was the only person who had listed Rick as her first choice, his name was on *everyone*'s list—all ten.

Vertefeuille and Grimes arranged for the CIA's medical department to have two of its psychiatrists review the list of "candidates" that had been identified by the ten voters. They asked the psychiatrists to pick out the persons who best fit the psychological profile of a mole based on exhaustive studies done by the government. The psychiatrists chose five people who seemed to fit that profile. Rick was not one of them.

Now that it had its list narrowed down, the task force decided to begin interviewing the "çandidates," including Rick. It didn't want to tip off him or the other suspects by interviewing just them, so it chose forty CIA officers to question. In order to further hide who was and wasn't a suspect, the task force agreed that it would ask everyone the same basic questions. Despite these precautions, Milburn and Holt were nervous about using the word "interview" to describe the sessions. If Rick or anyone else said something incriminating, his lawyer might later claim that his constitutional rights had been violated because he had been "interviewed" by two FBI agents without first being read his rights. The team agreed that if anyone admitted any wrongdoing, Vertefeuille and Grimes would immediately leave the room so that the two FBI agents could take charge and read the suspect his constitutional rights. The team interviewed nearly a dozen employees before calling Rick into the interview room on November 12, 1991.

Rick immediately announced that he had made a foolish mistake in early 1985 that might have caused the losses. "I left a safe unlocked overnight," he said, doing his best to sound embarrassed. "I thought it was locked, but it was open when I came in the next day." After pausing for dramatic effect, he added, "What really bothers me is that safe had a sheet inside it with the combinations for all of the other safes written on it. If someone had seen that sheet, he could have opened all of the other safes and learned about our agents."

Ames later told me that he had intentionally mentioned the safe incident to "misdirect" its investigation. "I wanted them to worry about who might have come in and gotten into all of the other safes." He thought his trick had worked. "When I walked out of the interview room, I felt I had answered all of their questions without saying anything incriminating. I honestly, still had no idea that they were looking at me as a suspect."

The members of the task force discussed Rick when they were certain that he was out of earshot. Vertefeuille thought Rick's comments about the safe were overkill. "He mentioned it at the beginning of the interview and then brought it up again out of the blue," she noted.

Grimes agreed. She accused Rick of performing. "He was way too slick," she said. Rick seemed to have a ready answer for every question. "How come he is the only one who didn't say, 'Oh gosh, let me think, what was I doing back then, it was so long ago, I can't remember? He knew instantly everything that he was doing and when he was doing it.'"

At one point, Vertefeuille had asked Rick what he thought had gone wrong in 1985, adding, "Some people think the agency might have a mole working in it."

Without hesitating, Rick had replied that if there was a mole, he had to be someone who had died or left the agency. Otherwise, why hadn't any of the agency's newest sources been arrested. And then Rick had said that the losses that couldn't be blamed on Edward Howard could have been caused by other problems. "How long is the arm of coincidence?" he asked rhetorically.

Grimes thought Rick had memorized his answers in advance. Just the same, she and Vertefeuille agreed that Rick had stumbled over the final question.

If you were going to contact the Soviets, how would you do it? Vertefeuille had asked.

Later, Grimes would recall that Rick had been caught-off guard. "Here is a guy who loves to play intelligence games, who thinks of himself as an actor and who really gets off on role-playing, and suddenly he falls completely out of character when he is asked that question." Other employees had described elaborate ways to contact the KGB without being caught. Rick said he would walk into the Soviet embassy and volunteer.

The next morning, Diana Worthen came to talk to the task force. After Rick was interviewed, he had talked to her. He had asked her if she had been interviewed by the task force. "Not yet, Rick," she had replied, lying. "Was it difficult?"

"Well, the last question was sort of puzzling," she quoted Rick as saying. "They asked me 'If I was a spy, how would I contact the KGB?' and I was just wondering if they had asked everyone that or just me?"

"Oh, thanks a lot, Rick!" Worthen had replied. "Now I know one of the questions, and when they ask me, they'll think I'm the mole because I'll have an answer ready!"

Rick had chuckled, and then had said, "Oh, I never thought about that. I guess someone who was worried might figure out some answers in advance."

* * *

A few days later, Rick was called before Milton Bearden. Rick thought he was going to be congratulated because of the work he had been doing. "When

[Vadim] Bakatin was put in charge of the KGB, the agency went all out to congratulate him and tell him that we supported his efforts to reform the KGB," Ames told me later. "Now here is something no one has ever made public. *I was the one who was writing all of Milt's telegrams to Bakatin!* Can you imagine? But wait, it gets even juicier. Bearden is getting ready to go to Moscow to discuss ways we can cooperate with the KGB, you know, exchange information about terrorists and narcotics and stuff like that, and we are giving Bakatin so much information that Milt decides we need to ask Bakatin for something in return, but he can't decide what. That's when I wrote Milt a note, suggesting that Bakatin give us the plans that the KGB had used to plant listening devices in our new embassy building in Moscow. I mean, Bakatin is telling everyone that he is reforming the old KGB and we are now all friends, so anyway, Milt does, and you know what? *Bakatin gave us the blueprints! He tells us exactly where the KGB had put every one of its bugs in the new embassy!* The CIA will never admit that, but it's true! We know where all those bugs are! So I thought Milt was going to pat me on the back."

Instead, Bearden told Rick that he was being transferred to the agency's Counternarcotics Center (CNC). "Milt said he was reorganizing the entire division and he really didn't have a place for me, which was true. He said, 'Rick, you could really be an asset in the CNC.'"

* * *

As 1991 came to a close, the four members of the task force still remained divided on whether the 1985 losses had been caused by a mole and, if so, who that traitor was. Only one person was absolutely convinced that Rick was a traitor. Just before Christmas, Sandy Grimes decided to make a list of important dates in Rick's life and career. She began with the day that he first reported to work at the agency. Grimes reviewed Rick's overseas travel reports, vacation dates, even his sick days, and put all those dates into the time line she was creating. It was mind-numbing work, but Grimes didn't complain. She was going to catch a mole.

CHAPTER 23

Sometime in 1992, Rosario discovered that Rick was working for the KGB. At least that is what both of them claimed after they were arrested. Federal investigators, however, noticed numerous inconsistencies in their stories, especially when they were questioned before they had a chance to write letters to each other in jail. These investigators wonder how much of what follows, if any, actually happened.

In interviews, Rosario said she needed a wallet to use in her purse, and she remembered that Rick had a red one that she had given him in Rome, which he no longer used. She found it in a dresser drawer, and when she looked inside it, she found a note. "The KGB had given it to me," Ames said later, "and it mentioned something about my mother-in-law and a meeting in Bogotá. Rosario called me at work in a panic."

"None of my friends or family knew that Rick really worked for the agency," Rosario said later, "so I wanted to know: Why was someone mentioning my mother in a note?" Ames said he brushed aside her questions for several days. Finally, he took Rosario to Germaine's, a Vietnamese restaurant in Washington, and during dinner announced: "I'm working for the Russians." He told her that there was no Robert from Chicago, there were no million-dollar commissions. It was the KGB that was paying him for information.

"Her first reaction was pure horror," Ames claimed later. "She wanted to know if she and Paul were in danger, and I assured her that the Russians were being super-careful on their side and we had to do the same."

Said Rosario, "I can't describe the panic, the shock. . . . I didn't want to believe it. Why was this happening to me? I tried to shut it out. It's not possible, I told myself. Then Rick told me the Russians had asked for my photograph and Paul's. I was scared to death. . . . He knew the effect it was going to have on me."

Rick was scheduled to meet ANDRE in Caracas, Venezuela, in October 1992, and he would later claim that before he left, Rosario made him promise he would tell the KGB that he was going to retire. "Rosario and I agreed it would be better if she didn't know too much, so I never really told her much about what I was doing. We never really ever talked about it, but the anxiety would build up and she would fly off the handle. When that happened, I knew the reason."

When he met ANDRE, Rick never mentioned retirement. He was worried about KGB security. There had been at least five separate government investigations of the KGB, and one of Bakatin's first actions as its new director had been to fire two of Kryuchkov's most trusted deputies.

"How do I know Bakatin isn't going to tell the CIA about me?" Rick asked.

"Because we have not told Bakatin about you," ANDRE replied.

Rick was stunned. The KGB had not told its new director about its most important spy.

Under Bakatin, the KGB had been dismembered. Each directorate had become a separate organization in order to dilute the KGB's strength. Yevgeniy Primakov, a career journalist and academician, had been appointed head of Russia's foreign intelligence. Primakov, a Middle Eastern scholar, had first come to the CIA's attention because of anti-American stories that he published in *Pravda* in support of the Palestine Liberation Organization. ANDRE said that Primakov had been briefed about Rick, and so had Yeltsin, but Russia's new president had not been told Rick's real name.

"Mr. Primakov wants to thank you for your continued help," ANDRE said. He gave Rick a bag. There were five "bricks" of brand-new hundred-dollar bills tucked inside. They totaled $130,000. It was the largest individual cash payment that the KGB had given Rick at a meeting.

* * *

In late March 1992, Paul Redmond paused one afternoon while walking past Dan Payne's desk at the CIC and suggested that he take another look at

Rick's finances. Payne was busy writing up his report about the STASI mole case. He and Vertefeuille had already agreed that he would focus on Rick in about three weeks. "Redmond was always bitching about something," Payne said later. So Payne ignored him.

About a week later, Redmond paused as he was walking by Payne's desk again. "Have you started on Ames yet?" he asked good-naturedly. Payne hadn't.

Another week went by, and this time when Redmond walked past Payne's desk, he said: "Dan, I'm getting pissed off! Get on Ames!"

Payne was still finishing his reports. Two days later, Redmond called Payne into his office.

"You have really pissed me off now," Redmond said. "I want you to drop everything else you are doing and get on the Ames investigation."

This time, Payne did. He knew that the federal Right to Financial Privacy Act prohibited government agencies from examining someone's personal financial records, but the law contained a special provision regarding foreign counterintelligence. The CIA had never used this provision. Payne decided that now was a good time. He wrote several National Security Inquiry Letters, which he personally delivered to the banks and credit card companies used by Rick and Rosario. The letters demanded copies of all the information in Rick's accounts and they required the institutions to keep silent about the search. The documents in the first batch Payne received were copies of Rick and Rosario's American Express card receipts. Payne opened the package.

"Holy shit!" Payne gasped.

Rick and Rosario routinely charged $18,000 to $30,000 per month. One year, Rick had been charged an extra $18,000 in finance charges because he had forgotten to pay his monthly statements on time! Payne was dumbfounded. Almost a year earlier, he'd asked for a routine credit check, and had not found anything unusual when he asked about their charges during August. "Entirely by chance, I had chosen the one month in the entire year when they only charged $3,000," Payne said later. "If I had requested July or September or any other month, I would have learned about the huge bills they were charging." Rick's salary was $69,843 per year. Obviously, he couldn't afford to pay $200,000 per year in credit card bills. Rick's records from the Diner's Club charge card arrived the next day. "He was charging thousands of dollars per month on that card, too!"

The individual charge slips from hotels enabled investigators to track Rick's secret trips overseas. One showed he had stayed in Caracas, another proved he had been in Vienna. Sandy Grimes faithfully entered the dates of Rick's trips into her computer.

The next financial records Payne received were from Rick's checking account. The agency had requested a copy of every check that Rick had written since 1984. Redmond came by to see how Payne was doing. "Dan was sitting there with his coat off, his shirt collar unbuttoned, completely surrounded by these huge stacks of checks, with about fifty feet of adding machine tape overflowing onto the floor," Redmond said later. "He kept saying, 'This is impossible! No one spends this much money!'"

The canceled checks showed that Rick and Rosario were spending thousands of dollars each month on clothing and gourmet meals. Rosario had run up huge bills at Nordstrom, an upscale department store, and Victoria's Secret, a store that sells mostly lingerie. (The FBI would later reveal that Rosario owned more than 500 pairs of shoes and had 150 boxes of pantyhose in her bedroom that she had never opened, along with dozens of dresses with their price tags still attached, that she had never worn.) Still, Payne kept reminding the group that none of this meant Rick was a spy. According to the Bogotá station, Rosario's relatives were rich. "To them, this might be pocket change," Payne said.

It was Grimes who found the first link. She was entering the dates of Rick's checks and bank deposits into her time line one afternoon, when she noticed a pattern.

May 17, 1985: Ames reports having lunch with Sergey Chuvakhin.

May 18, 1985: Ames deposits $9,000 into checking account.

July 5, 1985: Ames reports lunch with Chuvakhin.

July 5, 1985: Ames deposits $5,000 in checking account.

July 31, 1985: Ames reports lunch with Chuvakhin.

July 31, 1985: Ames deposits $8,500 into checking account.

Grimes hurried down to Redmond's office. She showed him what she had discovered. "It doesn't take a rocket scientist to tell what is going on here," Grimes said. "Rick is a goddamn Russian spy!"

PART FIVE

A FINAL PERFORMANCE

It is said that men condemned to death are subject to sudden moments of elation; as if, like moths in the fire, their destruction were coincidental with attainment.

—John LeCarre
The Spy Who Came In from the Cold

CHAPTER 24

In October 1992, Dan Payne discovered Rick's Swiss bank accounts. Payne charted Rick's deposits. At the start of 1985, Rick had less than $2,000 in his checking account. His only regular deposits were from his paychecks—$1,068 per week. On May 18, 1985, that began to change. He deposited $9,000 in cash after meeting with Sergey Chuvakhin. In the next nine months, he deposited another $62,700, all in cash.

Deposits from Unidentified Sources

1986: 11 deposits for a total of $82,399

1987: 15 deposits for a total of $117,269

1988: 4 wire transfers for a total of $109,617

1989: 4 wire transfers for a total of $544,688

1990: 7 wire transfers for a total of $228,514

1991: 13 deposits for a total of $177,783

According to Payne's calculations, Rick had received *$1.3 million* between 1985 and 1991 from unidentified sources, but the task force still had no proof that the money was from the KGB. What would a good defense attorney say in court, that Rick had been lucky playing craps in some European casino? The task force knew Rick often made cash deposits on the same days that he ate lunch with Sergey Chuvakhin. So what? No one had ever seen the Russian give him money, and Chuvakhin was certainly not going to testify. Courts required hard evidence and the team hardly had any. Even the four team members were divided about whether or not Rick was guilty. Sandy Grimes was the only one of the four who was absolutely convinced that he was a mole. Everyone else thought he still might be getting money from his rich relatives in Colombia.

Jim Milburn was assigned to write a report about what the task force had found, and the quiet, meticulous FBI agent worked on his summary well into the New Year, finishing the eighty-page document on March 15, 1993. The task force was "virtually certain" that the KGB had penetrated the CIA, Milburn concluded, but he did not identify Rick as the mole. Instead, he attached a "short list" of prime suspects to his report. It identified five people, including Rick. Milburn then attached another list that identified *thirty-five* others as possible moles!

Milburn's report ended up in the hands of Robert Bryant, the head of the FBI's Metropolitan Field Office in Washington, and John F. Lewis, a veteran FBI counterintelligence officer. Both knew most of the CIA officers identified in the report and it seemed obvious to them that Rick was the traitor. On May 12, 1993, the FBI formally began a Counterintelligence investigation of Rick, codenamed NIGHTMOVER, a tag suggested by Milburn, who said that a mole was someone who "moved clandestinely at night." Bryant called Leslie G. Wiser, Jr., a thirty-eight-year-old special agent, into his office. Wiser had worked for the FBI's intelligence division for seven of his nine years at the bureau. Before that he had served a stint in the navy, where he had worked as both a prosecutor and defense attorney. Having experience on both sides gave him an edge: Not only did he know what was needed to prosecute a criminal, he could switch roles and see what holes a defense would exploit. The "Bear," as the husky Bryant was called, was blunt. The bureau was about to begin "one of the most important" spy cases in its entire history, he said. "I was wondering, Les, if you might be interested in running it?"

"Are you kidding?" Wiser replied. This was the sort of opportunity that he had dreamed about.

The CIA sent Dan Payne over to work with the team of special agents whom Wiser had handpicked to help him. Wiser knew that the most convincing evidence that he could obtain would be photographs of Rick giving documents to a Russian or leaving stolen papers at a dead drop. On June 3, 1993, he ordered round-the-clock surveillance of Rick by the bureau's Special Surveillance Group, known simply as the Gs, men and women taught to blend into the scenery when shadowing suspects. Tracking Rick proved to be tough. He lived on a residential street without much traffic. Neighbors noticed outsiders. Even though the Gs posed as trash collectors, yard workers, and door-to-door sales agents, one of Rick's neighbors called the police. Watching Rick at work was equally tricky. How could the FBI get inside Langley without informing the hundreds of CIA security officers guarding the complex? It was the CIA's Payne who later offered Wiser a solution. Payne and the CIA's chief of security announced in a memo that the FBI and CIA were running a surveillance training exercise at Langley. If a carload of strangers was spotted, the CIA guards were supposed to ask for identification and, if shown FBI credentials, immediately leave the area. Otherwise they might ruin the training exercise.

After one week of round-the-clock surveillance, Wiser called off the Gs. Rick hadn't done anything suspicious and Wiser was worried that he might realize that he was being tailed. "We were dealing with an experienced CIA officer who had been taught how to spot tails," Wiser said later. The FBI started depending on two video cameras to keep track of Rick. The first camera was placed on a telephone pole across the street from Rick's house. Its pictures were fed to a monitor located in the bedroom of a nearby vacant house rented by the bureau. The camera was never turned off and videotape recorders were used to make a record of everyone who came and went. A second camera was hidden in the ceiling of Rick's basement office at the CNC.

The FBI also began listening to and recording Rick's telephone conversations. Getting access to his home telephone line was simple. The FBI notified the telephone company and it made the necessary connections at its central office. But the bureau had to plant a bug in Rick's phone at work because of various safeguards that the CIA takes to prevent its lines from being tapped by outsiders. Payne helped sneak a technician into Rick's office to install it. The bug worked, but only for a few days. After that, the FBI began hearing someone else talking on the phone. It notified Payne. As soon as he was certain that Rick had gone home for the night, Payne crept into Rick's office. The phone that the FBI had bugged wasn't on Rick's desk. He had needed to place several calls overseas, so he had swapped his phone with a "secure telephone," one that the agency uses to scramble conversations. Payne began scouring the CNC for the missing unit. He found it on someone else's desk and returned it to Rick's.

On June 25, Payne took a team of FBI crime-scene specialists into Rick's office late at night. They photographed the entire room so that they would know later where everything had been located before they started their search. If they put one note pad or pen somewhere different, Rick might suspect someone had been in his office. Rick was a packrat. His desk was littered with papers, reports, books, empty coffee cups, old notepads. The technicians photographed every document, even the pages of his desk calendar. It took hours but Wiser felt the effort was worth it. Rick had 144 documents marked Secret and 10 marked Top Secret in his office. Top Secret documents were never supposed to be left unguarded. Even more interesting to the FBI was the fact that much of the classified material on Rick's desk had nothing whatsoever to do with his counternarcotics job. One CIA study was about tricks Soviet nuclear submarine commanders played to avoid detection when trailing U.S. subs. Wiser wondered: *How did he get access to reports that seemed to have nothing to do with his job? Was it possible he had an accomplice?*

During the afternoon of July 1, Special Agent Julie Johnson overheard a troubling call. It was Rick calling Rosario from the car phone in his Jaguar. No one in the bureau had known Rick owned a car phone because his Jaguar didn't have a telltale antenna. Obviously, the bureau hadn't tapped his cellular line. Rick said he was on "Massachusetts Avenue" and, "all's well." Only after Rick was arrested did the FBI confirm what it had immediately suspected: Rick had made a dead drop. His mention of Massachusetts Avenue was a reference to a new signal site that the KGB had given him. It was a mailbox codenamed ROSE. Wiser's team had missed a chance at catching him at a dead drop. Wiser ordered his squad to put a tap on Rick's car phone and make certain there were no other lines that had been overlooked. Wiser also decided that he needed some way of tracking Rick without having him under twenty-four-hour-a-day surveillance by the Gs. Wiser decided to turn to technology for help.

Rick didn't know he was being watched. He was too busy having fun at his new job. He had been disappointed at first about being stuck in the CNC, but by mid-May, at just about the same time the FBI was launching NIGHTMOVER, Rick was sent to Moscow with several other CNC employees to discuss ways the CIA and Russians could share information about drug trafficking. Rick had never been to Moscow. The delegation stayed in a special guest house that Rick was certain was bugged. After he was arrested, the media would speculate that Rick had met with one of his handlers during his Moscow trip but he would laugh at such reporting. "That would have been too obvious, too problematic. We were being watched by what had been the KGB's Seventh Directorate and I am quite certain that no one in that directorate had ever been told anything about me." Besides, what was the point? It was safer for Rick and ANDRE to meet in Bogotá. The only reason for them to meet in Moscow would be to save money on travel expenses, and that was not something either of them were worried about.

In Moscow on May 26, Rick turned fifty-two and his coworkers gave him a Russian souvenir. When he was alone that night, Rick gazed out the window of the guest house at the city lights. He could see spotlights a few blocks away, illuminating the ornate towers of an apartment building constructed during the Stalin era. He had been drinking but was not drunk, and in a rare moment of self-reflection the compartmentalization that he had maintained so carefully in his mind melted away. How strange it all was, he thought. He *felt* as if he were both a CIA and KGB officer, serving each organization with equal fervor. He had come a long way from River Falls, he decided. How many men had really ever influenced two superpowers?

The Russians hosted a farewell dinner for their CIA guests on the last night of the visit and when it came time for toasts, Rick gave what his colleagues later jokingly dubbed the "Three Great Nations speech."

"I had had too much to drink, and I remember talking about how everyone knows that the U.S. has two great neighbors—Canada and Mexico—but we have a third neighbor across from Alaska and that is Russia. I went on and on and on about how we had a long history of friendship and how important it was for us to get along, and it turned into a really gushy speech, with me talking quite passionately about the need for us to be friends."

When he returned home, Rick came up with what he thought was a sensational idea called the Black Sea Initiative. He suggested that the CNC host a conference for intelligence officers from countries that border the Black Sea, so that they could develop ways to share information about drug traffickers. Much of the heroin being sold in Western Europe and the U.S. came from Afghanistan and Turkey after it was smuggled across the Black Sea into the newly liberated former Soviet republics. If the Black Sea countries could be persuaded to work together, Rick was certain they could reduce the smuggling. CNC deputy director David Edger had been warned that Rick was suspected of being a KGB agent, but he thought Rick's idea was worthwhile, and he told him to go ahead with it.

* * *

The FBI's Wiser wanted to hide a homing beacon in Rick's Jaguar. The only questions were: how and when? Rick drove to work every morning, so Wiser thought about having his technicians break into Rick's car, drive it to a safe spot on the CIA's grounds, install a transmitter in it, and then return the Jaguar to where Rick had parked it. But that was dangerous. Rick's wine-red Jaguar was designed to be flashy. What if one of Rick's coworkers saw a stranger driving it out of the parking lot? Wiser, Payne, and Redmond discussed their options. "You've got to stop thinking like a bureaucrat if you want to catch Rick," Redmond told Payne and Wiser, "and start thinking operationally, just as if you were running a clandestine mission against the KGB." Payne and Wiser came up with an idea.

A few days later, David Edger told Rick that the FBI was interested in learning more about his Black Sea Initiative. He wanted Rick to brief the agency. Rick was thrilled. Shortly after 10:00 A.M. on July 20, he and Edger left their offices and started toward the CIA parking lot.

"Oh shoot," Edger announced. "My wife has my car. I forgot that I didn't drive today."

"No problem," Rick volunteered. "We'll take mine."

Rick drove into Washington and pulled into the narrow driveway that goes under the massive J. Edgar Hoover Building, the FBI headquarters on Pennsylvania Avenue. An FBI agent stepped forward. "Just park it right over there," he said, pointing to a spot near the cobblestone courtyard in the center of the rectangular building. Rick locked his Jaguar and went inside with Edger. As soon as the elevator doors closed in front of them, an FBI technician opened the Jaguar's door with a key that he had made a few days earlier. He drove the car into the FBI's underground parking garage, where a team quickly installed a transmitting device that emitted a faint signal whenever the car was running. Moments later, the Jaguar was returned to where Rick had left it. On their ride back to Langley, Rick mentioned that he felt the briefing had gone exceptionally well. Edger agreed.

A few weeks later, Rick left for the Black Sea region to meet with various intelligence services and politicians. He had decided that Eduard Shevardnadze, the beleaguered pro-Western leader of the former Soviet republic of Georgia, was the key to getting all the countries to work together to combat drugs. If Shevardnadze would host the first meeting in Georgia's capital of Tbilisi, Rick was certain the other countries would send delegates. Rick arrived in Georgia about a month after Freddie Woodruff, another CIA officer, was sent there to help train Shevardnadze's security forces. Woodruff and Rick had known each other for several years and Woodruff spent one afternoon taking Rick sightseeing. As Rick had hoped, Shevardnadze agreed to host the drug conference and Rick returned home feeling satisfied. He was riding to work a few days later when he heard over the radio that Woodruff and Edar Guguladze, director of the Georgian intelligence service, had been attacked while returning from a sightseeing trip. An unidentified gunman had fired into their car, killing Woodruff with a single shot to the head. Rick began to cry. "Freddie and I had been traveling on the very same road where he was shot!" he said later. The government refused to acknowledge that Woodruff was a CIA officer but R. James Woolsey, the new head of the CIA under President Clinton, flew to Georgia to escort the body back to Andrews Air Force Base.

Rick was one of about forty CIA officers waiting in the airport's VIP lounge for the aircraft. He noticed Burton Lee Gerber coming into the lobby and hurried over to greet him. Gerber was unusually standoffish. Rick decided it was because of Woodruff's murder, but that was only part of the reason. Gerber knew Rick was under investigation. "It must have been as difficult and strange a moment for Burton then as my recollection of it is to me now," Ames said later. "For some reason I was one of the first to sign the memorial book for Freddie at the airport, and typical of me, I hadn't given any thought to such an occasion and wrote some lame and trite words in it. It must be painful for his wife to see my signature there now, knowing I was a traitor."

By the end of that summer, the bureau had been tracking Rick for nearly four months, and still had no evidence. Every day, the chances of Rick learning that he was being watched increased. At the CIA, Sandy Grimes was growing impatient. She frequently bumped into Rick at work and it was becoming difficult for her to hide her anger. One day, Grimes marched into Redmond's office. "Rick is a spy, why don't they just arrest him?" Redmond and David Edger came up with an idea. They decided to arrange for a juicy Top Secret document to be shown to Rick. They figured he would either steal or copy it for the Russians. If the FBI caught Rick outside the CIA grounds with a Top Secret, it could arrest him for spying and seek a maximum sentence of life in prison without parole. The trick was to arrest him with a Top Secret. If the document was classified as Secret or Confidential, then the FBI couldn't seek the maximum sentence. It had to be a Top Secret, and that made Redmond and Edger's plan dangerous. If the FBI didn't stop him in time, Rick might actually pass the document to the Russians. Worse, if word leaked out that the CIA had intentionally sent the document to Rick so that he could steal it, his defense attorney would later claim that the agency had entrapped him. Redmond and Edger checked with Wiser. The FBI agent agreed to risk it. Edger scoured the agency until he found a Top Secret document that he felt would be tempting enough for Rick to steal, but not so dangerous that if it were released to the Russians, it would cause the United States permanent harm. It took several days to get it routed to Rick in a way that wouldn't make him suspicious. The FBI later watched the videotape that had been made by the camera hidden above Rick's desk on the day when the Top Secret document was delivered. The tape showed Rick read it and then toss it into an OUT box on his desk. That done, he had leaned back in his chair, propped his feet on his desk, and had taken a nap. He had shown no interest in the CIA's bait.

Wiser wanted to look through Rick's garbage but Bear Bryant said it was too risky. Bryant said he often woke up during the night and looked outside to see if anyone else in his neighborhood was awake or roaming the street. "If anyone took my trash, I'd know about it," Bryant said. Wiser took that as a challenge. He decided to have his squad members snatch Bryant's trash one night, just to prove that it could be done. Wiser's cohorts, however, balked at the idea. Stealing their boss's trash could prove to be embarrassing. There was also a chance that Bryant might catch them. Wiser dropped the idea and his team set out to learn everything it could about Rick's sleeping habits. What time did he go to bed? Where was his bedroom located? Did he have neighbors who stayed up late or took their dogs out on walks at night? The Gs got a trash container that was identical to the one Rick owned and Wiser had his team practice driving up to a curb at night and switching it with another container. Once Wiser was confident that his squad could pull off a trash pickup without getting caught, he went back and asked Bryant to reconsider. This time, Bryant reluctantly approved the request.

The plan was to grab Rick's trash in the middle of the night, leave the substitute container, and take Rick's garbage to a nearby spot codenamed HILL STREET, after the popular television police drama *Hill Street Blues*. All the trash would be photographed so the agents could put it back into the same bags after they sorted through it. Once the garbage had been inspected, Rick's trash would be returned to the curb in front of his house before the trash collectors arrived. Beginning in late August 1993, the FBI grabbed Rick's garbage three times, but it didn't find anything incriminating.

In late August, the FBI overheard Rosario on the telephone making a hotel reservation in Miami Beach. Wiser thought Rick might be taking his family on a vacation as a cover for a meeting with his Russian handler. The FBI sent seven agents to the Doral Resort Hotel, where they planted bugs inside the room that had been reserved for the Ames family. When Rick checked in, however, the desk clerk unwittingly offered him a better room at the same price. The FBI agents had to slip into the new room and plant bugs when Rick, Rosario, and Paul were sightseeing. But all they heard that weekend was Rosario complaining about how much she disliked Miami, and Rick reading a bedtime story to Paul to help him fall asleep. He read him stories from the hotel's copy of the Holy Bible.

The family returned home September 6, Labor Day. The next morning, a Tuesday, Wiser's squad overheard Rick calling an automated recording that gave up-to-the-minute weather forecasts. Rosario telephoned him later that same day at work and reminded him that he needed to drive Paul to his preschool on Thursday morning because she would be busy.

"I have to go out really early first," he told her.

"What for?" she asked.

"I have that, uh, errand I have to do," he replied.

"*Oh, one of those?*" she replied.

"Yes. Don't worry, though, I'll be back in plenty of time."

Obviously, Rick was up to something. Wiser told the Gs that he wanted them to begin human surveillance of Rick. He ordered them to report to their "stations" before 6:00 A.M. on Thursday. Wiser's use of the word "stations," however, was misunderstood. In his mind, report to "stations" meant that the Gs were supposed to be in place outside Rick's house before 6:00 A.M. in case he went out. But the Gs thought that report to "stations" meant that they were supposed to report to a neighborhood coffeeshop where they had gathered in the past to discuss how they would handle surveillance before leaving for Rick's house. Consequently, the first G to check on Ames arrived outside his house at 6:30 A.M., a half hour later than Wiser had ordered. The G noticed that Rick's car was already parked outside the garage, and it looked as if Rick had already been out that morning. The agent checked the "eye," which is what the bureau called the video camera that it had trained on the Ames house. The videotape showed that Rick had left his house that morning at 6:03 A.M. The Gs had missed him!

Wiser was upset but he figured his squad would get another chance to nab Rick later that day. The FBI's Soviet expert, Jim Milburn, was fairly certain that Rick had left his house that morning to leave a signal for the Russians. Milburn guessed that Rick was telling the Russians that he was going to leave a package at their prearranged dead drop site later that same day. Rick hadn't been away from his house long enough that morning to have done much else. That meant the FBI still had a chance to catch Rick driving to the dead drop site to leave the Russians a package. Wiser ordered the Gs to stick with Rick. If they could catch him at a dead drop, they would have all the evidence they needed.

The Gs were ready this time when Rick left his house for work. En route to the CIA, however, the FBI made a disappointing discovery. The tracking beacon hidden in Rick's Jaguar had malfunctioned. It had stopped emitting a signal. Wiser immediately asked for an FBI reconnaissance airplane to be flown into the area to help the surveillance teams on the ground. At four o'clock, David Edger called the FBI command post and told Wiser that Rick had just left the CNC office and was about to exit the CIA's grounds. The Gs got ready for his Jaguar to appear. When Rick pulled out onto a public road, an FBI surveillance car fell in behind him. But he sped up and the FBI lost him. Wiser called the surveillance airplane. To his horror, he was told the aircraft had been grounded. Air traffic controllers at nearby National Airport had decided to route commercial air traffic over the CIA grounds. As a result, the FBI airplane had been told to stay clear of the area. Rick had slipped away once again!

It was after 5:00 P.M. when Rick returned home. The surveillance team was waiting for him. He parked his car in his driveway and the Gs took that to be a good sign because he hadn't put the Jaguar into the garage for the night. At seven o'clock, Rick and Rosario both left their house and rode in the Jaguar to Paul's preschool for a meeting. Two hours later, they returned to their car and it looked as if they were going home. Suddenly, Rick turned off the street that led to their house.

"He's going into the city!" one of the agents radioed to Wiser. This time the bureau's surveillance team didn't lose Rick. It followed the Jaguar into Washington and watched as Rick and Rosario drove into a residential area and turned into a dead-end street. The couple then drove home. The next morning, the FBI videotaped the dead-end street. Jim Milburn figured that Rick had been looking for some sort of signal left there by the Russians. The most logical spot to leave a signal, he decided, was on the side of a bright blue U.S. Postal Service letter box on the curb of the dead-end street. But there was no mark there. He looked at other possible signal sites, but kept returning to the mailbox. Finally, Milburn figured out what had happened. The Russians had erased a chalk mark on the box that Rick had made earlier that same morning. Milburn had been looking for a signal that no longer existed. "The fact that it had been erased *was* the signal!" he later recalled. Judging from Rick's actions during the previous twenty-four hours, Milburn deduced that Rick had left a signal on the mailbox for the Russians during his morning outing, had dropped off a package somewhere that afternoon when the Gs had lost him, and had driven to the dead-end street and had seen that his signal had been erased, which meant the Russians had gotten his package.

The FBI's new director, Louis Freeh, and CIA Director Woolsey were furious. Wiser's team had allowed Rick to make at least *two* dead drop deliveries to his handlers *while under FBI surveillance*. Without anyone saying anything to him, Wiser knew that he needed to make something happen or he was going to be taken off the case.

* * *

Even though Eduard Shevardnadze had agreed to host Rick's Black Sea Initiative conference, the CIA felt that Georgia was too politically unstable in the fall of 1993 to hold a meeting there. Rick switched the site of the conference to a posh Black Sea resort in Turkey. Several CNC officials attended, including Rick and David Edger. "It was absolutely the bizarrest meeting anyone had ever seen," Ames said later. "There were intelligence officers there from countries which despised each other and yet we were able to get them to talk about ways we could all cooperate to combat drug trafficking. I wrote the agenda and was the person responsible for making this happen, even down to deciding who sat next to whom." The delegates included intelligence officers from Armenia, Azerbaijan, Bulgaria, Georgia, Romania, Russia, Turkey, the Ukraine, and the United States. At the end of the conference, the delegates agreed to meet again in March 1994 in Romania. Rick was ecstatic. On the final night, there was a party, and Rick danced with a CIA secretary whom he had known for years. "I remember telling her that of all the things I had done and had happened to me during my career, this was the absolute best moment, the one I would treasure. I felt a tremendous sense of accomplishment. For a few sweet moments, I felt good about the agency and myself."

During the early hours of September 15, the same day that Rick was dancing in Turkey, a black FBI van with its lights off slowly pulled alongside the curb outside the Ames house. Two men jumped out and switched a duplicate trash container for the one that held the Ameses' garbage. Bear Bryant had personally ordered Wiser to stop collecting Rick and Rosario's trash, but Wiser had decided to try at least one more pickup without telling his boss. The refuse was taken to HILL STREET, where it was spread out on plywood boards resting atop two-by-four sawhorses. At first, no one spotted anything unusual, and then one of the Gs noticed a tiny piece of a yellow Post-it note with the words "Meet at" printed in Rick's handwriting on it. The Gs kept digging and soon found five more pieces, which they quickly reconnected. "I am ready to meet at B on 1 Oct," it said. Everyone cheered. They had found their first clue.

Wiser was waiting to show Bryant the jigsaw note when the Bear arrived at work the next morning. Bryant later told reporters that Wiser's decision to go behind his back and collect Rick's trash was "a marvelous piece of insubordination." Because of the note, Wiser's team knew Rick was scheduled to meet his handler on October 1, in B, which everyone assumed was Bogotá. Wiser and several agents left for Colombia a few days before October 1, but on September 29, the FBI overheard Rick calling Rosario on his car phone.

> RICK: There's news. No travel. . . . My visit was canceled.
> ROSARIO: Uh-huh. And does that mean you retrieved something?
> RICK: Yeah. Uh-huh. Yeah.

Obviously, Rick had just gotten a package and message from the Russians at *another* dead drop. The Russians had changed the October 1 meeting date. Wiser was told to come home. A short time later, the FBI overheard Rick calling Rosario again on his cellular car telephone to assure her that "All is well."

> ROSARIO: Financially, too?
> RICK: Ah yeah, ah. Wait till I get there.

It sounded as if Rick had just picked up a package of cash from the Russians. Wiser was frustrated. He had not had the Gs following Rick because he was afraid that they might spook him, but this was the fourth time that Rick had made contact with the Russians while he was under the FBI's watch.

On October 6, Wiser's squad scooped up Rick's trash once again, and this time they recovered a ribbon from a computer printer. From it, the agents were able to reconstruct several long letters Rick had written to the Russians. In one, he described how he was becoming desperate for cash. In another, he talked about how frustrating it was at the CNC because of his "lack of access." But it was a sentence near the beginning of his second note that jumped out. "My wife has accomodated [*sic*] herself to understanding what I am doing in a very supportive way," he had written.

A few days later, the FBI learned from its wiretaps that Rick, Rosario, and Paul were planning on attending a wedding in Florida during an upcoming weekend. Wiser asked Attorney General Janet Reno for permission to search Ames's house. Wiser also asked the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court, a special court established by the Justice Department to review wiretap requests, to let the FBI hide microphones in the house. A special FBI team dressed completely in black entered the house through a side door at 1:45 A.M. on October 9, a Saturday, while the Ameses were in Florida. Inside the house, the search team found a jackpot of evidence. One of the scraps of paper that it discovered had a telephone number scribbled on it in Rick's handwriting. When the FBI checked, it learned that the number rang at the home of a KGB officer stationed in Vienna. (This was the KGB officer who Rick had called at 8:00 A.M. on the morning before his failed meeting at the Cafe Palermo.) For the first time, the FBI had evidence that tied Rick to the Russians. In an upstairs drawer, the search team found another note, this one scribbled on a piece of newspaper torn from *The Washington Times*. It indicated that Rick's trip to Bogotá had been rescheduled for November 1. The most damaging information, however, came from Rick's computer. An FBI computer expert, Tom Murray, was able to recover from the computer's hard disk several detailed messages that Rick had written to ANDRE. Ames told me later that he had thought that those messages had been destroyed. At first, the KGB and Rick had written their messages on a computer disk using the software program WordPerfect 4.2, he explained. One day, however, Rick couldn't get his computer to read the disk that the Russians had given him. He discovered that the KGB had upgraded its software program. It was now using WordPerfect 5.1. "What I didn't realize was that this new version automatically backed up my files. I thought I had wiped all of the notes off my computer's hard drive. I had no idea these backup files existed, until the FBI found them there."

Wiser now had plenty of evidence that showed Rick was a mole, but the Justice Department wanted to catch Rick actually passing documents to the Russians so that prosecutors could seek the maximum punishment. Wiser and his team left for Bogotá once again. They weren't planning on arresting Rick when he showed up on November 1 to meet his handler. That could present extradition problems because the meeting was in Colombia. Instead, they planned to videotape him there. As the date for Rick's trip drew closer, Rosario could be overheard on the microphones hidden in their house fretting about the meeting.

> ROSARIO: Do you have to lay something [deliver a package] down in the afternoon?
> RICK: No. Uh-uh. Just mark the signal.
> ROSARIO: Why didn't you do it today, for God's sakes?
> RICK: I should have, except it was raining like crazy.
> ROSARIO: . . . Well, honey, I hope you didn't screw up.

The next morning, Rosario began questioning Rick about how he planned on bringing back the cash that the Russians would give him. He usually hid it in the bottom of a suitcase and she was afraid the airlines might lose it.

> ROSARIO: It's happening more and more and you know exactly what I mean. You cannot afford to lose your suitcase and so perhaps you should use a carry-on.
> RICK: I am going to use a carry-on.
> ROSARIO: Well, yeah, you're putting the bulk of the stuff in that suitcase, right?
> RICK: Sometimes, yeah, but I think I'm going to use the carry-on.
> ROSARIO: You are going to have to be a little more imaginative about it—you always have this envelope with this big hunk—I mean really!

Four days later, she mentioned the cash again.

> ROSARIO: . . . I don't want you to bring back anything that will make them look in your luggage.

Rick left for Bogotá on October 30, and called Rosario shortly after he landed. He told her that the airlines had lost his garment bag.

ROSARIO: They what!?
RICK: The airline lost it. They said a bunch of bags got delayed and didn't make the flight in the Miami airport.
ROSARIO: Oh, my God, I am very, very nervous!

A few seconds later she asked Rick what he had been carrying in the bag. She was afraid that he had hidden some documents for ANDRE in it.

ROSARIO: You didn't have anything, uh . . .
RICK: What?
ROSARIO: You didn't have anything that shouldn't have been in that bag?
RICK: No, honey.

Wiser's crew arrived at the Unicentro mall at 5:30 P.M. on November 1. He stayed at a hotel in a makeshift command post. The FBI knew from the notes it had found on Rick's computer that he was supposed to meet his handler at 6:00 P.M. in front of Bolicentro, the bowling alley there. The agents turned on a video camera that was hidden inside a briefcase. But Rick didn't show up at 6:00 P.M. A man in his 50s arrived and stood in front of the bowling alley for several minutes, but Rick was nowhere to be seen. Finally, at 6:30 P.M., the man waiting outside the bowling alley left. Fifteen minutes later, the FBI spotted Rick. He was wearing a raincoat and looked relaxed as he made his way to the front of the bowling alley. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed. Finally, after thirty minutes, Rick left.

The agents hurried back to their hotel to brief Wiser. None of them was certain what had happened. It looked to them as if Rick had arrived at the meeting forty-five minutes late, by which time his Russian contact had already come and gone. Mike Anderson, the FBI supervisor, who was monitoring Rosario back in Virginia, called Wiser in Bogotá later that night with even more confusing news. The FBI had overheard a telephone call that Rosario had made to Rick after he had returned to her mother's apartment from the bowling alley. Anderson reported that Rick had assured Rosario that "the meeting" had taken place. The FBI would later release a transcript of that telephone call.

ROSARIO: Did you really meet?
RICK: Uh-huh.
ROSARIO: When did you get back?

Rick could be overheard asking Cecilia what time he had returned to her apartment.

ROSARIO: What's wrong with you? Why do you have to ask my mother when you got back? Don't be an asshole. Have you been drinking?
RICK: No, honest, honey. Not a drop . . .
ROSARIO: Well, the only reason I was upset was because I thought it had all been for nothing and that, you know, you hadn't gotten the . . . the . . .
RICK: No, no . . .
ROSARIO: You're sure?
RICK: Believe me . . .
ROSARIO: Just be careful. You swear to me that nothing went wrong?
RICK: Yeah, uh-uh.
ROSARIO: Well, you don't sound too sure. . . . You wouldn't lie to me, would you?
RICK: No. No. . . .

Rick could then be heard telling Rosario in cryptic language that he was going to meet his Russian contact for a second time the following night, November 2, but he didn't say where.

Wiser wasn't sure what to do. If he and his team tried to follow Rick on November 2, they might be spotted by the Russians. Worse, they could run into problems with the Bogotá authorities. Cecilia's apartment was protected by shotgun-carrying guards who were quick to question anyone lingering outside the building. Wiser decided to send his agents to various key spots in Bogotá where he thought Rick might meet his Russian handler. He sent one of his agents back to the Unicentro mall to wait outside the bowling alley just in case Rick returned there.

The next evening, Wiser waited anxiously at the hotel while his agents watched for Rick to appear. He didn't. No one saw him. Frustrated, Wiser and his troops returned home without any video of Rick meeting his handler.

What Wiser would not learn until later was that Rick had been lying to Rosario during their telephone call. He had not met ANDRE on November 1. He had misread his own notes and had arrived one hour late outside the bowling alley. Rick hadn't realized his mistake until it was too late. "I didn't want to tell Rosario the truth because she was already upset about my luggage being lost." On November 2, Rick returned to the mall and bowling alley where he met ANDRE. *What has never been revealed until now is that Rick and the Russian should have been spotted by one of Wiser's agents—the one assigned to watch the front of the bowling alley. For reasons that the FBI has never revealed, the agent missed seeing Rick and the Russian.*

When Rick got home, he told Rosario that the Russians had promised to increase the amount of cash they were leaving for him in dead drops. Lowering his voice, he whispered: "They're holding . . . one million nine hundred thousand dollars for me in Moscow."

The FBI waited for Rick to contact the Russians. All of November and December, they watched. Nothing happened. In mid-January 1994, the bureau found itself facing a deadline. Rick was scheduled to go overseas on another trip, first to Turkey, then to Germany, and finally to Russia. The CIA already had postponed Rick's trip three times in order to give the bureau additional time to catch him. The agency was afraid that if it postponed the trip once again, Rick would get suspicious. The bureau, meanwhile, was worried about letting Rick travel to Moscow. If he had figured out that he was a suspect, he might just stay there. Wiser came up with a ruse. He suggested that the agency tell Rick that President Clinton wanted to be briefed about the Black Sea Initiative. The White House agreed to play along, but it said that Clinton was not going to get dragged into the mole hunt. The White House said that National Security Adviser Anthony Lake would request a briefing, and to make it appear authentic, several other CIA officers would also be asked to prepare statements. The topic: *cooperation between the former KGB and the United States.*

Rick worked hard on his presentation. He still didn't have a clue about what was really happening. Wiser's ploy bought the bureau a few extra weeks but Rick didn't do anything suspicious, and by mid-February, Bear Bryant decided it was time to arrest Rick *and* Rosario as spies. His decision to go after Rosario sparked a debate inside the Justice Department. Jo Ann Harris, the assistant U.S. attorney general in charge of the department's criminal division, didn't understand why the FBI wanted to charge Rosario, since she had never met any Russians, stolen any classified documents, or done anything other than help spend Rick's blood money and sign fraudulent joint income tax returns. Bryant and Wiser came up with a slew of reasons. Later, however, some involved in the case would quietly suggest that Rosario's personality had played a key role in the bureau's decision to prosecute her. After listening over the hidden microphones for months to

Rosario verbally reprimanding her son and whining, complaining, and henpecking her husband, most of Wiser's squad had come to utterly despise her. Simply put, they wanted her punished. "If we felt sorry for anyone in that family, after listening to those tapes, it was Rick Ames," an FBI agent said later.

Shortly before 7:00 A.M. on February 21, 1994, some twenty-five FBI agents began to congregate at a parking lot about a half-mile from the Ameses' house. Because it was Presidents' Day, a federal holiday, the roads were empty. Once Wiser was certain that everyone was there and knew their assignments, he drove to the U.S. attorney's office in Alexandria, Virginia, where Mark J. Hulkower, an assistant prosecutor, was waiting. Together, they presented a federal magistrate, who had been called into work specifically to meet them, with a detailed affidavit that outlined the evidence the FBI had gathered against Rick and Rosario. The magistrate signed warrants for their arrest, the search of their house and a safety deposit box, and the seizure of Rick's Jaguar and Rosario's Honda.

"Okay, go ahead," Wiser said in a telephone call to a special command post. The CIA's Dan Payne, who was waiting for Wiser's go-ahead, telephoned David Edger at the agency. Rick was getting ready to shave, when Edger called him at home. "I just got a cable in here," Edger said. "It's about your trip. There's a problem. Can you come into the office and send something out about this?" Rick was scheduled to leave the next morning on his long-delayed trip overseas.

"I have to go into the office," he told Rosario, who was just getting dressed, "but it shouldn't take long." He glanced at his wristwatch. It was 9:30 A.M. Rick backed the Jaguar out of the garage and drove down the street. At the corner, he turned right and then made another right turn one block later. He was lighting a cigarette when he noticed a car with a flashing red light on its dash speeding up behind him. "I thought *What on earth*—and then another car came pulling in front of me—and all of a sudden, I knew. I told myself, *It's done.*"

Special Agent Mike Donner, who had designed the arrest scenario, and fellow agents Rudy Guerin and Dell Spry bolted from their cars and raced toward Rick, who was lowering the Jaguar's window. Spry ordered him to keep his hands in sight and get out of the car. "You're under arrest for espionage," Donner snarled.

Back at the house, Yolanda Larson, a Spanish-speaking FBI agent, and Special Agent John Hosinski knocked on the front door. Rosario came downstairs after the maid let them in. "Your husband has just been arrested for espionage," Hosinski said. "You need to come with us." A crew of specialists was waiting to search and inventory the house.

Pushed into the back seat of an FBI car, Rick tried to compose himself. "Think," he whispered out loud, "think, think."

CHAPTER 25

Rick was driven to a fake command post that the bureau had constructed in a suburban office. Surveillance photographs of him and Rosario were tacked on the walls. There were aerial shots of their house. Boxes marked "AMES" were stacked in a corner. Wiser's squad wanted the couple to believe that it had such overwhelming evidence against them that they had no choice but to confess. But Rick didn't fall for the scam. He refused to answer any questions, so the FBI drove him to the Alexandria Detention Center.

A terrified Rosario was hustled into the same mock command post moments later. Julie Johnson, the FBI agent who had spent months listening to the couple's conversations, had predicted that Rosario would turn against Rick if she were given a chance to save her own neck. The trick was to treat Rosario kindly and sympathetically and to remember that she thought she was smarter than nearly everyone else. Any attempt to browbeat her would simply push Rosario into an uncontrollable rage. Based on that advice, Agent John Hosinski gently began asking about Rick's finances. Rosario said she didn't know anything about them. She wasn't even sure how much he earned at the CIA. Hosinski asked about Rick's seemingly endless supply of cash. Rosario mentioned Robert from Chicago. Neither Hosinski nor Yolanda Larson, who was also in the room, challenged Rosario's answers. Instead, they politely poked holes in them. *"And you say you never met this Robert from Chicago? He never came to your house or called or wrote Rick any letters?"*

Rosario began tripping over her own lies. The agents pinpointed the inconsistencies. With a sigh, Rosario announced that she was tired of playing games. "Rick works for the Russians," she blurted.

What happened during the next few hours remains disputed. Rosario would later claim that Hosinski and Larson lied to her. "They kept saying the important thing is for you to get back to your son. As soon as you finish this, it's going to be fine, you can go back to him. And I believed them! I thought they would let me go. I didn't think they would charge me if I helped them." The FBI would insist that its agents never promised Rosario any special treatment. Because none of the interrogation was tape-recorded, there would be no independent record of what was said. The only notes were taken by the two FBI agents, who later submitted polished versions to the court. Rosario would argue that her words had been twisted in those notes. "He [Hosinski] starts asking me questions, but the way that he asks them was very exasperating, because he asked questions in a way in which he's already answering them himself, and then he writes down his own answer, not mine." At one point, Rosario told the agents that she had first learned Rick was a spy in 1991. Then she said 1992. "He [Hosinski] writes down 1991, because that sounds better to him because it's an earlier date. I told him, 'No!' and then he writes down 1992, but he makes it look as if I'm lying, instead of having trouble remembering.'" According to Rosario, the agents began treating her differently around midafternoon, after they received a telephone call from the FBI team searching the house. The search team had found so much damaging evidence that federal prosecutors no longer needed Rosario's cooperation to convict Rick. "Suddenly they told me I was going to meet the prosecutor [Mark Hulkower]," Rosario recalled bitterly. "They said, 'This is going to be very important.' I said, 'Why?' They said, 'Because he's the guy who's going to decide your case.' . . . Then this repugnant-looking Hulkower walks in. He's very smooth, he tries to be very charming. . . . But I see him for what he is, a nasty, ill-bred creature who thinks he's great." Hulkower told Rosario that he was going to prosecute her for helping Rick spy. "You can't do that!" she snapped. "I've not done anything!"

The government's version of what happened that Monday in the mock command post differs from Rosario's. The decision to prosecute her was made long before her arrest. There is no mention in the FBI's notes about a telephone call from the search team or a blunt exchange between Rosario and Hulkower. In the FBI's notes, Rosario is quoted thanking the two FBI agents for the "kind way" they treated her during the interview.

Regardless, shortly after five o'clock, Rosario was driven to the same jail as Rick. She immediately clashed with the guards there. "One of the deputies was this blond fat woman who looks like a cow and talks like she's out of the sewer," Rosario complained later. "There were a lot of horrible-looking, dirty, scary-looking people who had been drinking, and they were sitting around waiting to be put in jail and. . . . This woman tells me to go sit there in the midst of all these men who are giving me horrible looks. I said, 'I don't want to sit there.' She said, 'I didn't ask you if you did. Go sit there.' Well, they had me wait there for over two hours! Two and a half hours, really, with these men giving me all sorts of looks!"

Rick was in a nearby isolation cell and could hear Rosario complaining. He began to cry. "I kept thinking, *How could I have been so dumb that I didn't see this coming?* In retrospect, there were so many signals. I just kept going over and over in my mind what I should have done. The only thing that kept me from killing myself was that I kept thinking, *No, you got to help Rosario and Paul. Then you can kill yourself, but not now, not yet.*"

* * *

Aleksandr Iosovich Lysenko, the *rezident* at the Russian embassy in Washington, heard about the arrests early Tuesday and immediately sent an urgent cable to Yevgeniy Primakov, who was the director of Russia's External Intelligence Service (SVR) in Moscow. Lysenko had suspected the day before that something strange was in the works. One of his officers had reported seeing a chalk mark at a signal site which the Russians had used previously to communicate with LYUDMILA, the KGB's original cryptonym for Rick. LYUDMILA had been told to change his signal. He had been drawing a horizontal line on the side of the outdoor mailbox whenever he wanted to schedule a dead drop. But the SVR had recently told him to begin drawing a vertical line. The chalk mark the SVR officer had spotted while driving to work was horizontal. Lysenko knew LYUDMILA had a reputation for making foolish mistakes. Once the spy had used a white crayon to make his signal, instead of an easy-to-erase piece of chalk. An SVR officer had been forced to spend several minutes using cleaning fluid and paper towels to wipe away the crayon. It was possible that LYUDMILA had simply goofed up again. It was also possible that this was a trap. The FBI could be waiting to photograph and detain whoever showed up. The SVR was supposed to reply to signals left by LYUDMILA on the same day it saw them, but Lysenko had been uncertain about what he should do, so he hadn't done anything.

When he learned on Tuesday about Rick's arrest, Lysenko knew he had made the right decision. Although he had never been told Rick's actual name, he was certain that the spy who had been caught was LYUDMILA.

The horizontal mark had been part of a trap. The FBI's Jim Milburn knew the mailbox was an SVR signal site, but Milburn did not know that the SVR had told Ames to begin using a vertical chalk mark. Consequently, the FBI had marked the box on Monday morning, and had kept Rick's arrest secret for nearly twenty-four hours in a final attempt to catch a Russian communicating with Rick.

News of Rick's arrest jolted Moscow. Director Primakov immediately called Lieutenant General Vadim Kirpichenko, who was now the chief of the Council of Advisers to the SVR. The two men shared a unique history. When Kirpichenko had been the KGB *rezident* in Cairo, he had recruited Primakov, then a Russian journalist. In the early 1970s, Primakov had warned Kirpichenko that Egypt was about to break its close ties to the USSR, but Kirpichenko had not believed him. When Primakov was appointed director of the SVR, he had jokingly reminded Kirpichenko of the incident in private. It was Kirpichenko who former KGB director Vladimir Kryuchkov had assigned to oversee the handling of Rick when he had first volunteered to spy in 1985. Both men knew the discovery of a KGB mole inside the CIA was bound to rupture U.S.-Russia relations. They went to the Kremlin to brief Russian president Boris N. Yeltsin. He was locked in a nasty dispute with the Russian parliament about whether it would grant amnesty to several of his archenemies—the men who had led an armed insurrection against his government only four months earlier. Yeltsin was angry. He didn't need another crisis. A short while later, Yeltsin was told that President Clinton was lodging a formal complaint and sending two CIA officers to Moscow to question SVR officials about their relationship with the man the U.S. media was calling "America's most damaging traitor." On their ride back to SVR headquarters, Primakov turned to his trusted friend and adviser.

"What now?" he asked.

"We search," Kirpichenko replied. It was now the SVR's turn to investigate why one of its spies had been caught.

* * *

Early Tuesday morning, Rick and Rosario were hustled into the backseat of a U.S. marshal's car and driven from the jail to the federal courthouse in Alexandria for arraignment. It was the first time they had been together since their arrests the day before. "We were hysterical," Ames recalled. "I kept saying, 'I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.' Rosario told me she had been tricked by the FBI into making some sort of statement. I said, 'It doesn't matter. It will be okay.'" A horde of reporters and television crews were waiting for them. Inside the tiny courtroom, Hulkower briefly outlined the government's case for U.S. magistrate Barry R. Poretz. Rick felt compelled to say something, but he didn't know what. The arraignment lasted only a few minutes, and then Rick and Rosario were whisked back to jail. At seven o'clock that night, a deputy told Rick that his attorney had come to see him. The government had frozen all Rick and Rosario's assets, so they couldn't afford to hire their own lawyers. They had to settle for court-appointed ones, and Rick was worried that he and Rosario were going to be stuck with a couple of inexperienced public defenders. When he saw the face of his visitor, those worries vanished.

"I'm Plato Cacheris," the attorney said.

"I was wondering what I was going to do for a lawyer, and I get Plato Cacheris!" a grinning Rick replied. He recognized Cacheris from television newscasts and photographs in newspapers and magazines. The sixty-four-year-old defense attorney was considered one of the best in the D.C. area. He had represented former U.S. attorney general John Mitchell during the Watergate scandal; Oliver North's secretary, Fawn Hall, during the Irangate uproar; and many of the rich and famous, including the wife of Jack Kent Cooke, the owner of the Washington Redskins football team. Cacheris charged $400 per hour. As Rick's court-appointed attorney, he would be paid $65 per hour. But Cacheris had agreed to represent Rick as soon as he was asked by Magistrate Poretz. Free publicity was only part of the reason. Cacheris loved fighting for underdogs. He'd spent nearly forty years practicing law, and his happiest courthouse memories were of cases when he had beaten the odds.

Cacheris had stopped at the courthouse earlier that day to read the government's charges against his newest client. The case looked bleak for Rick, just the sort of scrap that Cacheris liked. He studied his client as they shook hands, and was surprised at how calm Rick seemed. Most defendants, even ones who were lawyers, usually showed signs of jailhouse shock after they were arrested. "Rick was in total control of his emotions," Cacheris said later. "His attitude was, 'I expected this to happen. It happened and I'll deal with it.' He did not care about himself. He was absolutely consumed with the notion that he had to do the best that he could to save Rosario." Without being asked, Rick admitted he was a KGB mole. "I'm going to be in prison for the rest of my life," he said, "but we can't let them punish Rosario for my mistakes."

That same Tuesday, Rosario met her court-appointed attorney, William B. Cummings. Even though he was not as well known or as flashy as Cacheris, he had a solid reputation. Cummings, fifty-four, had been the U.S. attorney in northern Virginia during the late 1970s, and he and Cacheris had both handled spy cases before. Cummings was the only attorney in recent history who had won an acquittal for a defendant accused of espionage. He had successfully defended Richard Craig Smith, a retired army intelligence officer, accused in 1984 of spying for the Russians.

In 1967, Cacheris had defended Herbert W. Boeckenhaupt, an Air Force sergeant convicted of selling military secrets to the Soviets. The FBI had caught him because of tips it had received from GRU general Dmitri Polyakov, TOPHAT. Now Cacheris was defending the KGB mole responsible for telling the Soviets about Polyakov and getting him killed.

During the next few days, Cacheris and Cummings began sifting through the evidence. The search of Rick's house had turned up dozens of incriminating records. Two documents in particular worried Cacheris. The first was the nine-page letter VLAD had given Rick in Rome that contained a breakdown of the $2.7 million that the KGB either had paid or was holding for him in Moscow. That same letter contained photographs of land that had been put aside for Rick's future dacha. The second damning document was a copy of the December 17, 1990, note that Rick had written to the KGB, warning it that PROLOGUE was working as a CIA mole. Together, these two documents were prima facie evidence that Rick was a spy. The first showed the Russians were paying Rick huge sums of cash. The second revealed why. What Cacheris didn't know, of course, was that PROLOGUE was a double agent. *Had Cacheris known this, he could have argued that Rick's note about PROLOGUE meant nothing.* How could Rick be accused of betraying a double agent? No one in the government, however, told Cacheris or the media about PROLOGUE. Some FBI agents went so far as to suggest that PROLOGUE had been arrested and executed. Based on what he had learned, Cacheris told Rick that he didn't have much of a defense. Still, he recommended that Rick force the government to put him on trial. Cacheris had a few legal maneuvers he could try, and he knew the CIA would be reluctant to have its inner workings discussed in open court.

Rick balked. He was afraid the Justice Department would punish Rosario if he didn't agree to plead guilty and cooperate.

"You're making a huge mistake," Cacheris warned. If he wanted to help Rosario, he needed to play hardball with the government and act as if he didn't care what it did to her. Rick looked sheepish. When he and Rosario were being escorted out of the courthouse after their arraignment, Rick had talked briefly to an FBI agent. "I had to say something to help Rosario," he told Cacheris, "so I said to this guy, 'Hey, I'm really looking forward to cooperating fully with you guys and your investigation. I want to do anything I can to help my wife.'"

Cacheris grimaced.

While Rick and Cacheris plotted their strategy, Rosario and Cummings met in a different room at the jail. Unlike Rick, Rosario was so distraught that the jail had been forced to call in a psychiatrist to counsel her. Cummings spent much of his time trying to educate her about what was happening. Rosario insisted that she had not done anything wrong. She claimed she was being persecuted because she was from Colombia, and because Hulkower and the FBI agents didn't like her. "Our joint meetings—between Cummings, Plato, Rosario, and me—were, in retrospect, disastrous," Ames said later. "Rosario's confusion, anger, and fears only triggered my own guilt and passivity. Because everything revolved around the issue of Rosario's fate, Plato had little he could contribute. . . . This left the main role to Cummings, and he spent most of his time trying to show Rosario the reality of our situation and the apparent strength of the government's charges against her. The reality was that she was going to have to answer these charges, and not merely keep protesting her innocence—which is what she wanted to do."

Rosario was accused of entering into a "conspiracy to commit espionage." The prosecution claimed she had broken the law because she had offered Rick "advice and support" which had helped him as a KGB spy. The most damning evidence against her were the tape recordings the FBI had made with the microphones it had hidden in the house. The FBI already had made public verbatim transcripts of some conversations which it felt were incriminating. In them, Rosario was quoted talking to Rick about dead drops and his meetings in Bogotá with the KGB. Rosario insisted that her comments to Rick had not been intended to help him spy. Rather, she was trying to protect her son and herself from being dragged into a disaster by her reckless husband. Who knew better than she did how careless and absentminded Rick could be?

Rick suggested that Cacheris and Cummings demand transcripts of every tape recording. "If you listen to all of those tapes, you will hear Rosario complaining about what I was doing," Rick assured them. When the two defense attorneys asked the FBI about the tapes, they were told that the bureau had recorded more than 2,000 hours of conversations. Before Cacheris and Cummings demanded transcripts, Prosecutor Hulkower suggested that they listen to the snippets of tape he planned to play in court. This would allow them to hear exactly what jurors were going to hear. Cacheris and Cummings knew written transcripts could be misleading. There was no way to know what tone of voice was being spoken or if someone was terrified or snickering. Both attorneys listened to the bits and pieces that Hulkower intended to use. Within a few minutes, both understood why the government planned to use these specific passages. On the tapes, Rosario could be heard sniveling about money, griping at Paul, belittling her friends, and constantly degrading and chiding Rick. She sounded arrogant, contemptuous, totally self-absorbed, and, worst of all, greedy. Cummings decided to let Rosario choose for herself if she wanted a jury to hear her words. He arranged for a tape recorder to be set up in the attorney/client room and then switched on the machine. After only five minutes, Rosario told Cummings to turn it off. Cummings asked her for a decision. Did she want to risk going to trial and a possible thirty-year prison sentence, or negotiate a plea bargain? Rosario didn't hesitate. There was no way, she said, that she wanted those tapes to be heard in public.

On April 5, Cacheris and Cummings presented a five-page confidential offer to Jo Ann Harris, the assistant U.S. attorney general at the Justice Department. John Martin, the department's internal security chief; Helen Fahey, the U.S. attorney for northern Virginia; Prosecutor Hulkower; and several other assistant U.S. attorneys were in the room. Both sides had been negotiating for weeks. The government was demanding that Rick plead guilty, accept a life prison sentence without any chance of parole, submit to a comprehensive debriefing by the CIA and FBI, and forfeit all his cash and property, except for the land in Colombia, which the United States could not legally seize. In return, the government would recommend that Rosario get a *five-year* prison sentence.

In his counteroffer, Cacheris asked that Rosario be sentenced to a maximum of *two years*. If the government didn't agree, Rick would get tough, Cacheris warned. He would never tell anyone about the damage that he had done as a spy, and he would force the government to make him stand trial.

Cacheris would also raise several legal issues at the trial about how the FBI had conducted its investigation. Rather than getting its search warrants from a federal judge, as was the normal procedure, it had gotten its search warrants directly from Attorney General Janet Reno and from the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court. "The constitutionality of searches authorized by the Attorney General . . . has not been addressed by the courts," Cacheris warned in his letter. If Cacheris could prove that the search warrant had been invalid, then most of the government's evidence would be inadmissible. Rick might even be found not guilty. Harris listened politely, but wasn't scared. A few days later, she told Cacheris and Cummings that the government was sticking to its earlier offer: nothing less than five years for Rosario.

"Rosario was angry," Cacheris later recalled. "She was bitching. She kept saying, 'I didn't do anything. I shouldn't have to plead guilty to this.' Cummings would tell her that if she went to trial, she ran the risk of getting thirty years. We went over it again and again." On April 28, Rick and Rosario appeared before Judge Claude M. Hilton at the Alexandria courthouse and announced that they wished to change their earlier pleas. Cacheris had insisted that Rosario go first. "It was so touch-and-go that I didn't want Rick to plead guilty and then have Rosario back out, and, as I sat there in the courtroom watching her, I would not have been surprised if she had stood up and announced: 'Hey, I'm not guilty, and I'm not going through with this deal.'"

Clutching a huge crucifix on her necklace in one hand, Rosario announced in a voice shaking with emotion that she wished to plead guilty. Rick stood next and, without any show of emotion, declared that he wished to plead guilty, too. Judge Hilton said he would delay sentencing Rosario until after the government had finished debriefing Rick. If he stopped cooperating or was caught lying, the court could set aside the plea agreement and sentence Rosario to a longer prison term. The judge asked Hulkower if he wished to say anything before Rick was sentenced. Hulkower reminded the packed courtroom that Rick had not only sold U.S. secrets to the Russians, but had "caused people to die as surely as if [he] had pulled the trigger." Without mentioning TOPHAT (Dmitri Polyakov]) by name, Hulkower described how the GRU general had provided invaluable help to the United States, only to be betrayed and executed because "Rick Ames . . . wanted to live in a half-million-dollar house and drive a Jaguar." Rick glanced at Rosario. She was crying. "Rosario never really knew that people had been executed because of me until after we were arrested," Ames claimed later.

Judge Hilton asked Rick if he had anything to say, and Rick rose slowly in a dignified manner. He attacked the government for how it had treated Rosario. He didn't know of a single case, he declared, where the Soviets had put a spy's wife in prison because of what her husband had done. He then turned his rancor toward the CIA. "The espionage business, as carried out by the CIA . . . is a self-serving sham, carried out by careerist bureaucrats," he declared.

When Rick finished his fifteen-minute speech, Judge Hilton sentenced him to life in prison without parole.

Diana Worthen was in the courtroom. Rick had assumed she had come to support Rosario and him. He didn't know that she was the one who had told Sandy Grimes, Paul Redmond, Jeanne Vertefeuille, and Dan Payne that Rosario's family wasn't wealthy. Worthen had felt guilty when her two former best friends had been brought into the courtroom. But after hearing Rick's lecture, she was angry. "I needed to hear him say he was guilty, to apologize," Worthen said later. "I was still waiting for an explanation. *Why, Rick, why?*" She decided that the Rick in the courtroom was not the same Rick who had been her boss and a close friend. "The voice I heard speaking sounded as if it was coming from a stranger, a man without a soul."

* * *

The SVR said it had never heard of Aldrich Ames. The two CIA officers naively sent by President Clinton to Moscow returned empty-handed. Congress and the media attacked. Some called for ending all U.S. aid to Russia. Others demanded the dismantling of the CIA. An embarrassed Clinton expelled SVR *rezident* Lysenko. Moscow kicked out a CIA officer. To help fend off criticism, CIA director Woolsey ordered three independent investigations. The biggest was done by the CIA's own inspector general, Frederick P. Hitz, who had been in the same career training program as Ames in 1967 when both were novice employees. Hitz's team of twelve investigators, whom he likened to a jury, reviewed 45,000 pages of documents, conducted more than 300 interviews, and issued a 486-page classified report that blistered the agency for "sleeping on the job" and failing to catch Ames much earlier. Hitz recommended that twenty-three current and former CIA employees be reprimanded. When Woolsey issued mild reprimands to only eleven officers and refused to fire any of them, the House and Senate intelligence committees expressed shock. "It looks like business as usual at the CIA. You don't lose your job or get demoted," Senator Dennis DeConcini (D-Arizona), chairman of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, complained on the front page of *The Washington Post.* The agency came under even more criticism when, unbeknownst to Woolsey, two senior CIA managers decided to honor Milton Bearden, one of the eleven employees whom Woolsey had just censured. John MacGaffin and Frank Anderson flew to Bonn, Germany, where Bearden was finishing a stint as chief of station, and presented him with a plaque at his going-away party, honoring him for the three years he had spent waging the CIA's successful covert war in Afghanistan. Woolsey was furious, because he had issued a reprimand to Bearden only *two days* earlier for his role in selecting Ames to be the Western European branch chief in 1989. The media accused the CIA of thumbing its nose at the outside world. Woolsey demanded that MacGaffin and Anderson step down from their jobs, a punishment worse than anything he had ordered in the Ames case. Both men refused, and retired instead.

Congress decided to launch its own investigations. Senator DeConcini and Representative Dan Glickman (D-Kansas), chairman of the House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence, both interviewed Ames in jail. Although Ames acknowledged that some might question his motives, he said he wanted to play a role in the ongoing debate "over the value, future, or the functions of American intelligence." Now it was Woolsey's turn to be outraged. Asking Ames for advice about the CIA was "a little bit like taking [Mafia godfather] John Gotti as an authority on the FBI," the director snapped. Their trips to the jail were considered insulting to the agency.

The backbiting and heel-nipping continued for months between Congress and the CIA. In a closed session before the House intelligence committee, Jeanne Vertefeuille found herself pelted with angry questions. One of the rudest attacks came from Chairman Glickman, who demanded to know why she thought that *she* was qualified to investigate the 1985 losses? Vertefeuille was offended. Had it not been for the persistence and hard work that she and her mole hunters had done, Ames would never have been unmasked. "We were being criticized by people who couldn't track an elephant in six feet of snow," she later said. The criticism of Vertefeuille seemed especially ironic, since she could have abandoned the mole hunt in 1992 during what was perhaps its most critical period. Vertefeuille had reached the agency's mandatory retirement age of sixty, but instead of leaving the CIA, she'd retired and returned to work *in less than one hour* as a full-time contract employee so that she could continue to help with the search.

No one in the CIA was pleased about the barrage of criticism that the agency received, but it was the FBI's actions that upset most of those directly involved in helping catch Ames. The FBI claimed full credit. Photographs of the FBI's Bryant, Wiser, and his team appeared in numerous news magazines and on the front pages of newspapers. At a jammed press conference, Wiser announced that the key to catching Ames had been the FBI's discovery of a Post-it note during an unauthorized search of his trash. "When we got this, we knew we had a spy," Wiser declared dramatically, "and he was active." No mention was made of the CIA's role months before in pinpointing Ames, no credit given to Vertefeuille and her team's discovery of the Swiss bank accounts. Peter Maas, in telling the FBI's exclusive story in his book *Killer Spy*, would write that the CIA's Paul Redmond had begged the FBI to enter the mole hunt in 1991, gushing at one point: "We have blood on our hands!"—a quote Redmond would later dismiss as pure fiction.

The most fierce battle between the CIA and FBI, however, was being waged behind the scenes. The agency lost. President Clinton signed a directive that required that the chief of the counterespionage group at the CIC at Langley always be an *FBI agent*. This unprecedented step effectively put the bureau in control of the CIA's future mole hunts. Congress went a step further by adding a provision to the Intelligence Authorization Act of 1995 that required the CIA to give the FBI access to any files it wished. The agency was also told that it had to notify the FBI immediately whenever it suspected any type of loss of classified information. Riding a wave of CIA-bashing and favorable FBI publicity, Bryant was put in charge of all FBI intelligence matters. His promotion irked many within the agency who saw him as the FBI's point man in its power grab.

At Langley, word of what Vertefeuille and her mole team had done slowly leaked out. Woolsey took Vertefeuille to the White House when Clinton and Vice President Albert Gore met with congressional leaders to discuss whether or not the Ames case should have any impact on U.S.–Russia relations. Before the meeting began, Woolsey told Clinton and Gore about Vertefeuille and her task force. Clinton walked over, shook her hand and gave her his thumbs-up signal. As was her way, Vertefeuille told the president that catching Ames had been a team effort.

Nearly one year after Ames was arrested, the CIA decided to hold an awards ceremony, so employees could congratulate Vertefeuille, Grimes, Payne, and Worthen. Formal invitations were mailed to their friends and relatives, and then, without warning, the entire affair was canceled. By this time, Woolsey had retired as CIA director, his career badly soiled by the Ames affair, and acting director Admiral William O. Studeman did not want the media to find out that the CIA was congratulating anyone about the Ames debacle. After Studeman left, the agency decided to host a private, secret ceremony for the mole hunt team members only. The CIA workforce was not told or invited, nor were family members invited. Both Vertefeuille and Grimes refused to attend. Although it was not widely known, being part of the investigation had personally cost Grimes $25,000. During the investigation the CIA had offered a cash buyout to employees willing to take early retirement. Grimes had wanted to retire, but was told that if she accepted the money, she couldn't be rehired to work as a part-time employee on the mole hunt team. Redmond pleaded with her to stay, and on the final day of the $25,000 offer, Grimes agreed not to accept the cash buyout, but to retire and remain as a contract employee until the agency identified the mole. When Ames was arrested, Grimes was glad that she had stuck it out. She felt that she had helped repay the debt the agency owed to Dmitri Polyakov and the others.

A few days after the private reception at the agency, Grimes received a package in the mail. Inside was a medal and a CIA commendation. She tossed both in a desk drawer.

* * *

Rick barely had time to eat and sleep. He had so much to do. At least three days each week after he pleaded guilty, he was taken from the jail to an FBI office to be debriefed. At the start, Les Wiser, Jr., Jim Milburn, and special agents Mike Donner and Rudy Guerin were there from the FBI. Hulkower was the U.S. attorney's representative. The FBI had not wanted the CIA to be included in the debriefings, but it had begrudgingly agreed to let Jeanne Vertefeuille sit through them. She made sure that she was the last person to enter the room on the first day. She didn't want to shake Rick's hand. Once the debriefings got underway, Wiser, Hulkower, and Donner dropped out. That left Guerin, Milburn, and Vertefeuille to do the work. Vertefeuille and Rick often found themselves telling stories and even laughing about some inside jokes that only fellow CIA employees would understand. Sometimes, she even forgot what he had done. Early on in the debriefings, Rick was asked if he had ever suggested that the KGB blame someone else at the agency for the 1985 losses. Rick admitted that he had. He'd given them the name of a person to frame who had known all about the losses. Looking directly across the table at Vertefeuille, he quietly announced that he had given the KGB *her name.*

On the days when Rick wasn't being debriefed, he spent hours trying to help Rosario. He studied the guidelines that Federal judges use when determining prison sentences, and in a twenty-two-page memorandum to the court, urged Judge Hilton to reduce Rosario's sentence from five to a maximum of two years. In his best legalese, Rick claimed that Rosario was being treated much more harshly than the wives of other convicted spies. Barbara Walker had kept quiet for fourteen years before turning in her husband, Rick noted. Yet she was never charged, even though she admitted having gone on a dead drop with him and later using an iron to flatten U.S. currency that had become curly from being hidden in a Coca-Cola can. Anne Pollard was convicted of being an accessory when her husband, Jonathan, was caught spying for Israel. She'd served three and a half years in prison before she was released because of health problems, Rick wrote. Ironically, Rosario was secretly behind Rick's moves to help her. She sent him a flurry of angry and hateful letters demanding that he "save" her. At times, she threatened suicide if he didn't do what she demanded. Rick, meanwhile, suggested that Rosario portray herself as a battered wife. In a letter that Rosario later tore to pieces and flushed down a toilet in the jail, Rick wrote that he would tell reporters that he had used every trick that he had learned from the CIA to manipulate her, including psychological blackmail. He urged her to blame him for everything.

A few days before Rosario was to be sentenced, she fired her court-appointed attorney, and hired John P. Hume, whose firm also represented the Colombian embassy. She paid him $25,000 with the proceeds from the sale of the condominium and beach land that she and Rick had owned in Colombia. Hume warned her that there wasn't much he could do, but he did arrange for Rosario to give an exclusive interview to Sally Quinn of *The Washington Post* and also oversaw another exclusive interview with Diane Sawyer on ABC's *Prime Time Live.* Both raised questions about whether she was being too harshly punished by the government. Hume continued preaching that theme when Rosario appeared before Judge Hilton, on October 23, for sentencing. "Rosario Ames was the victim of the worst form of spousal abuse," he charged. After being lied to and deceived for years, Rosario had "very little choice" but to keep silent when she finally learned about Rick's spying. A pale and exhausted Rosario read from a prepared statement. "I have made terrible mistakes and choices," she said, fighting back tears. ". . . It makes me sick to even think that what Rick did caused people to die." Once she learned that Rick was a spy, her life had become a living "nightmare," she claimed.

> The coercion and duress I suffered at Rick's hands was devastating and totally debilitating. The more duress Rick created, the more dependent I became upon him. Soon I became obsessed with him not getting caught. Your Honor, you must understand that Rick Ames—the CIA-trained spy—had convinced me that my life and the life of my son was in danger if he was caught. So I helped him . . . and for that I am remorseful and ashamed.

As she neared the end of her three-page statement, it looked as if Rosario were about to break down. "Paul needs a mother. . . . my life may be ruined, but my little five-year-old still deserves a life. Rick took mine away, please do not help him take Paul's away, too."

An angry Hulkower hurried to the podium, where he paused, turned and stared directly at Rosario. "There are many victims in this case, Mrs. Ames, but you're not one of them!" There was not a shred of proof that Rosario had ever protested her husband's spying, he declared. "When Rick Ames tells his wife that he's coming back from picking up the KGB package and all is well, the only question she asks him is: 'Financially, too?'" Hulkower proclaimed, quoting from a tape made October 3.

Judge Hilton appeared completely unmoved, some might even say bored, by the forty minutes of emotional statements. He sentenced Rosario to five years in prison, and adjourned the court.

THE WORDS OF RICK AMES

The Rosario you see today is not the woman I fell in love with. You will never be able to see her. My sister remembers what she was like before we went to Rome. There was an innocence and unworldliness to Rosario then, and to my great shame, I am responsible for the transformation. In order to see the Rosario with whom I fell in love, you must understand her past and how she was influenced by me and my deception.

In Mexico, Rosario's assistance to the agency was one of naive friendship, letting a friend use her apartment for a small payment. She had no real idea of what the CIA was and its true purposes. When I announced my true status to her, I am sure she was genuinely surprised and shocked. Desperately in love, she simply put that aside. At various times, I tried to explain some of the basics about my work, my specialty, my career. Rosario was simply not very interested. First, her interest in Russia, the USSR, Slavic culture, literature, et cetera, was minimal—without any particular animus, though. That part of the world might as well have been on the moon. She tended to see the East as a massive, grey, oppressive place, full of dull, grey, and oppressed people. But her lack of interest also allowed her to obscure and avoid talking about her negative view of the CIA and many of my coworkers. Rosario makes quick and strong decisions about people, and many agency people whom she met did not impress her. And my own frankness about my views certainly supported some of her negative assessments. Espionage, spying, betrayal, agents, all of this was very distasteful to her. She could no more identify what she'd done for a friend in Mexico with what I was talking about and doing than to fly. Only her commitment to me, and her belief that I was different, enabled her to get past what she saw as dishonorable, nasty, and, in a somewhat vague but passionate way, serving the most debased ends of U.S. policy. She put my professional life out of her mind, and psychologically this was important because it set a pattern that later proved extremely useful to me.

Rosario and money. A generation or two before she was born, Rosario's family was quite comfortably well off, but as she grew up, she was aware that her mother and father were not wealthy, and by the time her parents separated, her mother's salary and then her own were all that they had. She did not have expensive tastes, but had spent her life surrounded by nice, tasteful and expensive things—the comforts of well-off Bogotá society. This accounts for her aristocratic point of view. But money to Rosario is a bit unreal, abstract, not something you have to think about, plan for, and even go out and get. It is something one just has or not. Up until 1985, Rosario was used to hard work for little money, so when I started producing money, always careful to give vague and off-putting cover stories about its source, Rosario found it very easy to use it. After about a year in Rome, I began telling her I had earned enough that we were close to wealthy and permanently financially secure. I encouraged continually the spending of money and bought expensive presents, but Rosario's own spending habits remained roughly the same: more expensive clothes, things for the house. A lot of money went to Colombia to support her *mother and buy the apartments and land. Expensive restaurants and a few vacations were about it after that. Little things can eat up a lot. I was the one who decided on and bought most of the really costly toys.*

By the time we returned to Washington, Rosario was used to the idea that we had enough money for just about anything reasonable we wanted. When I broke down and told her, to my eternal regret, that I was a spy, I used several techniques to put off her objections and equally importantly to avoid any detailed discussions. I told her I was "consulting" independently with the Russians, but gave her no idea of what I had and was giving them. And I never allowed her questions and fears to penetrate past this. I also blackmailed her, using two basic arguments. First I suggested that I had turned to the KGB in order to make money to support her, our future children, her mother, and to provide a secure financial future. Rosario was especially vulnerable to this, because she knew how generously we had supported her family, and she also feared that she was extravagant. We also both felt that her mother had little sense of how to use the money we had sent her prudently. This form of blackmail, used subtly and skillfully, to my shame, made Rosario hesitant to take a strong stand. She also, of course, found it difficult to envision Paul growing up without the advantages she thought important, and indeed, had also grown to think necessary.

The second blackmail element was my promise that it would all stop soon with my retirement from the agency, and that I had to be careful in detaching myself from the Russians so they would not become angry or vengeful. I also told her that the Russians were holding more than one million dollars for me and I had to be very careful to "resign" in a way that would ensure I'd get it.

Rosario's initial and continuing objections revolved around her conviction that what I was doing was wrong; that I'd done something against the law and dishonorable without ever consulting her; that we were all in terrible danger should I get caught; that the Russians held our fates, too, and that we certainly didn't need more money. I countered by saying that I wasn't doing any harm to anyone; that the law was a technicality; that the Russians and I were completely safe from discovery; that what's done is done; that we did *still need the money; and that it would all be over in a year or two. Of course she was unable to answer my repeated and general arguments that "what's done is done" and "we simply have no choice now but to finish it off." I really gave her no real choices, don't you see? A year or so after I told her what I was doing, during one of the infrequent and brief conversations we had about it, she said she had* *never spent a day without the blackest and most utter fears for the future. Despite her total ignorance of what passed between me and the Russians, and my assurances that it was somehow innocuous and part of the inane spy games that we played, she knew deep down that I was in terrible danger. But I think she never conceived of the danger to her personally, but rather in terms of she and Paul somehow losing me, or the effects of discovery or disaster on me. She was never afraid for herself. Why would she be? I was the spy. This was something I had decided on and done and was insisting and determined to carry on, regardless of what she thought or feared.*

So this is what it comes down to: Rosario's inability after I told her the truth to take some forceful action to stop me or to remove herself from danger. That is why she is being punished, and it is unfair. Don't you see? When I told her what I was doing, I already knew that it would be impossible for her to do anything about it. She was already predisposed to blocking out my world, and she felt trapped by my blackmail and the need for the money. So you tell me, who is to blame? And before you judge Rosario, ask yourself what you would do if your spouse announced that he was doing something illegal and blackmailed you into thinking that you had no choice. So there you have it. Rick Ames says his wife is innocent. And he still loves her deeply.

THE WORDS OF OTHERS

Mr. Hulkower sets so much store in his famous tapes, and there was a microphone hidden in the kitchen, so he has to have a tape recording where he can hear: Bang! Bang! Bang! That's me hitting my head against the kitchen cabinets. One day I got so angry at Rick that I couldn't stand it any more.

—Rosario Ames

She was a first-class bitch. She definitely wore the pants in that family and she didn't do a damn thing around the house but boss him around. She had a maid. She had a nanny. She was completely focused on herself. She was both vain and haughty and contemptuous of him. Listening to those tapes—Jesus! It was just pathetic.

—An FBI agent describing Rosario Ames, after listening to conversations between Rick and Rosario overheard by hidden microphones

What is to be gained by keeping Rosario in jail? Hasn't she been punished enough already, deprived of her husband and son, her house, all of her possessions?

—Luciana C. Divine, Rosario's friend

Prosecutors should take a hard look before going after spouses for doing little more than remaining faithful to their mates . . . A wife should not be forced to choose between the state and her marriage.

—John P. Hume and Marc E. Elias, Attorneys for Rosario Ames, writing in *The National Law Journal*

The notion that Rosario Ames chose "family values over flag" is ludicrous. Greed is not a family value.

—U.S. attorneys Mark J. Hulkower and Robert Chesnut, in response to *The National Law Journal* article entitled "Rosario Ames Chose Family Values over Flag"

Paul was to go to a birthday party. . . . Rosario gave him paper and a pencil. [To make a birthday card.] Paul reversed the r in birthday. "Rick!" Rosario shouted. "Come in here and look at this. In Bogotá every child knows how to read and write at Paul's age . . ." She turned her wrath on the boy. "You're so stupid!" And she stormed out of the room. . . . "Let's try again, son," Rick said quietly to the sobbing Paul.

—Peter Maas, *Killer Spy.*

I offer you no excuses for my conduct—only explanations. In order to understand how I got caught up in Rick Ames's deceit, you have to understand that he was, and is, a master liar and manipulator. Exactly those qualities that made him a good intelligence officer for our country.

—Rosario Ames, in her plea for mercy at her sentencing

Judge, Please make mommy come fast, I love her.

—Paul Ames, in a letter asking Judge Hilton for a reduced prison sentence for his mother

The tale she tells is compelling and heartbreaking. She paints herself as a victim, isolated by a controlling husband, caught in an expanding web of secrets. It is the story of the mental and emotional deterioration of a woman, or-

chestrated by a clever and manipulative man. . . . Whether it is the spontaneous truth or a carefully crafted fabrication intended to sway her interviewer, she tells it with conviction.

—Sally Quinn, *The Washington Post*

All these things, these charges people are making about me, are totally ridiculous.

—Rosario Ames

CHAPTER 26

MOSCOW

It had been nearly one year since I had first met "Yuri," the mysterious Russian intelligence officer to whom retired KGB general Boris Solomatin had introduced me during my first trip to Moscow. But I recognized Yuri's voice the moment he called me at the apartment I was renting on Vspolny Pereulok, a street not far from the American embassy. He offered to pick me up at ten o'clock the next morning, so we could talk. Yuri arrived in a new black Volga limousine, and I fought back a grin. Yeltsin's government was in such dire financial straits that the Russian navy was afraid that the nuclear cores in some of its older submarines might melt down because the government could no longer afford to keep them maintained. Yet Russian intelligence continued to have enough funds to buy its generals new limousines.

Yuri seemed more hurried than the last time we had met, and when I mentioned it, he waved his hand toward the congested traffic and pedestrians hurrying down the sidewalks. "Look around," he replied, "Moscow is changing. Everyone is in a rush now. People must work two or three jobs just to buy meat." Although he had not told me much about himself, I knew that he had a granddaughter who was about the same age as my teenage daughter—or at least he had told me that he did. I asked if she was well. "Of course!" he replied, sounding a bit offended. "I am financially secure, and her parents—they are part of the new Russia." He was referring to Russia's emerging entrepreneur class, the "new rich" who are the only residents of Moscow who can afford the outrageously overpriced Western goods overflowing from the city's better shops. "It was better before, you know," he told me. "Before your McDonald's and MTV came here."

Our destination was an ornate apartment in an older building near the center of Moscow. It had a balcony that looked out toward the Kremlin. The view was magnificent. A woman brought us vodka. After several toasts, Yuri got to the point.

"Please tell me, how is my good friend Rick?" For nearly two hours, we spoke about Ames and my book. He asked me several questions, which I answered. I asked him several questions, and he answered a few, but not many. I thought we were finished, so I started to rise from my chair, but Yuri motioned me with his hand to stay seated. There was one last item he wished to mention.

"I would like to ask you for a favor," he said. "I want you to give Rick a personal message from me." Without waiting for me to reply, Yuri said: "Tell Rick that we are extremely grateful for what he did for our country. Tell Rick that we have not forgotten him. If we can find an appropriate way to help him, we will. Good friends do not forget each other."

My mind was racing with questions. Ames had told me during one of our jailhouse interviews that the Justice Department had made a critical error when it had drafted his plea bargain. It had seized everything that he and Rosario had owned in the United States and confiscated the money in his Swiss bank accounts. It had even written clauses into the plea bargain that required him to forfeit any money that he might be paid from future book or movie deals. "But they didn't say anything about the money that the KGB is holding for me in Moscow," he had whispered. I had burst out laughing at him. "What makes you think the KGB is going to pay you?" I snickered. Ames had leaned back in his chair and had smiled confidently. "Oh, they will," he replied, "because they will want to send a message to others like me who are still out there working for them. They will want them to know that the KGB always pays its debts."

I asked Yuri what his message to Rick meant. Was he saying that the Russian government was still keeping his money secure for him in some Moscow bank? Was it planning on trying to arrange his release diplomatically—perhaps a future spy swap? Or was his message meant to make Ames feel better by letting him know that his buddies in the SVR still toasted him occasionally?

"Just tell him that friends do not forget each other," Yuri said. "He will understand."

"Why do you still give a damn about Aldrich Ames?" I snapped. My question shocked him, and me. I hadn't meant to be so blunt, but I suddenly realized that I was angry. During my trips to Moscow, I had met with the families of several spies whom Ames had betrayed. These were the faceless wives and children made into widows and orphans by the spy wars. It was their husbands and their fathers who had been arrested and executed. In the 1980s, the Soviet government had confiscated everything that these persons had owned. These women and children had been evicted from their state-controlled apartments, barred from working in state-controlled jobs. They were social outcasts, whispered about wherever they went, embarrassed to say their own names out loud. I had watched these widows and their now-grown children wipe tears from their eyes as they described how they had been abused, scorned, and hated. And I had discovered that none of these persons had ever received a penny from the U.S. government. None of these persons had ever been told, "Thank you for the sacrifice your family made for our country."

I had mentioned this to the CIA and FBI after I had returned in December 1994 from my first trip to Moscow, and I had been warned that I was being simplistic. What could the U.S. government have done differently during the Cold War? It had been too dangerous to reach out to these people after their husbands and fathers were exposed as spies. Even today, I was told, it is still much too risky for the United States to help them. I had accepted this rationale at first, but not now, not any more. Why had it been too risky to pay the widows and the orphans, but not too dangerous to continue making dead drop deliveries to a new generation of agents recruited in the late 1980s in Moscow? And why was it too risky now? Most Russians can travel abroad without restrictions. Most foreigners in Moscow are no longer followed. Western-owned banks can be found in many hotels. Wire transfers are common. U.S. businesses do millions of dollars of business in Moscow each year. Russians use Visa and MasterCard cards issued by non-Russian banks. Here I was, standing in an old KGB guest apartment, talking to a general in the Russian intelligence service, and he was telling me that his bankrupt government wanted Ames to know that it was going to make sure that it kept its promises to him, even though it had already paid him more than two million dollars. Yet my government was telling me that it was impossible for it to help the impoverished families of its dead spies—the same men whom I had heard being eulogized by the CIA, FBI, and Justice Department so eloquently when they were condemning Ames for his treachery. I was ashamed.

"There is something I don't understand," I said. "Your government has never done anything to help John Walker, Jr. You have never reached out to him. Why should I now believe you when you say that you are prepared to keep your promises to Ames?"

Yuri didn't reply.

"I mean, what is it about Rick Ames?" I continued. "Why is he so special?"

Yuri was quiet for several moments, and then he said: "There is a real difference between these two men, my friend. Walker was a good source for us, that's true. He produced a lot, and we appreciate that. I am sorry he is in prison. But Rick, you see, with him it is different. We must keep our commitments to him."

"Why?" I pressed. "Why is he different?"

"Because Rick Ames is a professional intelligence officer. He is one of us. That is the difference."

THE WORDS OF RICK AMES

The anger and indignation and bitterness felt by many toward me is perceived by me in several different ways.

That of the general public, the press, many government officials—all of these "outsiders"—their anger is natural and understandable. When authors such as Peter Maas scream that I killed ten men, I feel very little—whether guilt, shame, or even embarrassment. But I understand why they are reacting this way. It is normal for them based on how little they really know.

When it comes to the "insiders"—people such as James Woolsey, most agency and even DO officers, the FBI and Hulkower and his cronies—their screams of indignation are literally offensive to me. I don't mean their genuine anger at my actions and betrayal—of course, this is natural and justified. I'm talking about their agonizing over the injustice of it all, how I spilt the blood of innocent men, and their amazement over how I could do what I did! What hypocrites! What do they think Gordievsky, Orgorodnik, Varenik, and Polyakov *were all about? Prove to me that I am different from your heroes. Their handwringing and tears are institutionalized, bureaucratized, and sanitized hypocrisy. People such as Hulkower and Wiser have been helped, they have become media stars, because of what I have done. They are careerists and timeservers, blind to the moral and ethical dimension of their own behavior and motives.*

Do I feel guilt? Of course, but it is not their words that bring me my shame. It is when I stand before many of my former friends, colleagues, and bosses that I hide my face. You've talked to many of them—people such as Jeanne, Sandy, Burton Gerber, Milton Bearden. Confronted with their reactions, even in my imagination, which is mainly the case, I feel a deep sense of shame and guilt, one which I revolt against displaying in public—partly for reasons of principle, partly because I have no wish to comfort others, partly no doubt, out of cowardice. I am ashamed for two reasons: I betrayed the personal and professional trust which existed between me and them; and I betrayed the deep commitment that I had made to the agents who trusted me. In both cases it is the personal trust that I betrayed, and for that I have no explanation, only sorrow. Betrayal and trust. Is this not where we started?

So now you have heard my life story, stripped bare for all to judge. Am I ashamed? Of course, but let me be clear. I am ashamed of the harm that I have done to Rosario, Paul, and even myself. I am ashamed of the personal betrayal. But for those who have feasted upon my tragedy for their own glorification, I feel nothing but contempt.

I know we have talked a lot about why I did what I did, but in retrospect I'm still not certain I've really explained it well. My frustration comes from attempts by you and my FBI and CIA debriefers to simplify and find a single, overriding reason for what happened, when, in fact, there is no single reason, but layers upon layers upon layers of reasons, none more pressing than the others, and added to these layers are the events themselves, an almost-never-to-be-repeated coming together of circumstances, which facilitated a fantasy, causing it suddenly to gel, without conscious realization or careful, even painful, thought, into a real plan. If I had been required to plan a trip to Vienna and a sophisticated walk-in plan of some sort in order to volunteer to the KGB, I'm sure I would never have done so. Had I had to work out a plan to meet some Soviet in Washington to provide cover, I'm quite sure I wouldn't have done so. So you see, the events, themselves, come into play: the fact that I was introduced to Chuvakhin; the fact that I had access to materials about our agents; the fact that in the Soviet Union three "double agents" came forward. These unique circumstances were critical. They created the opportunity.

This does not absolve me of responsibility. But in the winter of '84 to '85, who was Rick Ames? More importantly, was he dangerous? Yes, he was. Why? Was the danger in my confusion in my personal life and goals, my marriage to Nan, my upcoming marriage to a foreigner and my frustration over my somewhat out-of-ordinary career progression? Was it in my retiring and somewhat shy personality? Was I dangerous because of my difficulties with alcohol? Was there some basic character flaw in terms of integrity and responsibility, dating back to my youth? You and the others are searching for an easy solution, when in fact it is all of these factors. They are all part of that petri dish culture into which the germ floated.

But wait, there is even more. What made the nourishing soup for the germ to grow in? Here is where my ideas and experience came to play. Ideology is certainly out of fashion, and I'm uncomfortable talking about such things, too, but I think to separate it from the other strands is to misconstrue real life. What was my ideology? I've explained this—my discovery that political intelligence was never used, TRIGON/Kissinger, Angleton, et cetera. I talked before about how there were no barriers left in 1985 to keep me from slipping down the slippery slope. It may be more useful to think of it less as the absence *of restraints than the* existence *of ideas and experiences which, when put into that petri dish stew under sufficient stress and confusion and an almost unique set of opportune circumstances, caused the germ to bloom and blossom into treason. To attempt to rank or segregate or declare that one factor provides the explanation is to deny how a person feels, thinks, and acts.*

The other night I decided it was time to look at some positives in my life, and I think they deserve mentioning. Over the course of my nine years of being a KGB mole, I made more money than most crooks, enjoyed myself more, did more interesting things and, during and at the end of those nine years, accomplished some important things which I believe worthwhile. You have heard me mostly moan and groan over regrets and guilt—true enough. But putting them aside for a moment, I can take a fair amount of satisfaction in my life, and in that spirit my biggest regret is that I was too blind to see what was coming during 1993.

I've always been an optimist, accused even of being Pollyanna-y, and I am capable of seeing some good things in my past. Rosario and I were good parents, and Rosario is, and will be, once she is released. Paul was, and will be, as happy and confident a boy as anyone's seen. I think they will be all right materially. I don't know just how, but have few fears on that score. Despite the futility and absurdity of the U.S. war on drugs, I take a lot of satisfaction in my Black Sea Initiative. Many people have shown in one way or another that I *have been a good friend. If I can keep my failings in perspective, and that takes some focusing, I believe I can hold my head up high and feel like a normal and decent member of our species in all the critical respects.*

So how will you ultimately explain what I did and why I did it? If you must have a simple answer, then here it is. On the first page of Pére Goriot, *Balzac speaks of the reader's callousness toward Goriot's secret sorrows because, after all, it is just fiction, romance. Then Balzac breaks into English: "All is true!" Everyone, he writes, can find the elements of tragedy in his own house and his own heart. It is there for the looking.*

You want an easy explanation. Here is mine: "All is true."

THE WORDS OF OTHERS

Ames is trying to reinvent himself and will doubtless soon step into the media spotlight as an objective and veteran commentator on the intelligence game.

—R. James Woolsey, CIA

He is a humanitarian. How did he hurt your country? He didn't betray any of your secrets, he simply told us who were the traitors in our midst. I consider him a very fine fellow.

—Viktor Cherkashin, KGB

Do I want him punished? Oh, yes, yes, yes. I'm upset that he gets to read books. I want vengeance for what he did and the people whom he destroyed. The death penalty wouldn't bother me, but if not that, the worst thing that could happen to Rick Ames is for him to be forced to sit in a cell by himself. No television. No radio. No writing materials. No pen. Nothing at all. All alone. Let him just sit there and think about what he has done.

—Sandy Grimes, CIA

I knew the people I identified would be arrested and put in prison. He knew the people he identified would be arrested and shot. That is one of the differences between us.

—Oleg Gordievsky, British agent

Rick and Rosario used to bring out the worst in each other's personalities. It was just the way they were sometimes.

—Nancy Ames Everly, Rick's sister

You know Bob Duncan had a big influence on Rick in high school. Bob killed himself in 1975. There was another kid in our class who committed suicide, too, but I can't think of his name right now. At the reunion we were talking about all the tragedy. For some, high school was the very best time in their lives.

—Jack Seeley, high school friend

As I see it, the money was never important to him, until he met Rosario. If he had found some other woman who was not materialistic and who had said, "Okay, Rick, we've got to live on a budget because you only make this much money and we don't need to eat at expensive restaurants or buy expensive clothing," then he would have gone along with that. He never would have been a spy. He was dominated by strong women. So it was a combination of his weaknesses and Rosario's materialism that caused him to do it.

—Jeanne Vertefeuille, CIA

My mother died right after my father was executed. This man who betrayed them, he destroyed so much, so many, and for what reason? His own vanity, his own selfishness, so that he could be someone important. I read where he called it all a game. My father believed that what he was doing was right. Can this man Ames wash my father's blood so easily from his hands? It is not a game when your father lies in an unmarked grave and his grandchildren cry at night because he is gone.

—Son of an executed spy

I was powerless to do anything.

—Rosario Ames

SOURCES

GENERAL

The skeleton for this book came from my exclusive interviews and correspondence with Aldrich Ames. All our interviews took place in the Alexandria (Virginia) Detention Center. Each lasted three to four hours, was tape-recorded, and was done in the attorney/client interview room at the jail, where we met alone. I interviewed Ames in 1994 on these days: July 1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15, and 17. After the government discovered we were meeting privately, it whisked Ames away to a federal prison. At that point, we began corresponding regularly.

All Ames's letters to me were read by a CIA censor before they were delivered. At first, this censor deleted an average of four or five sentences in each letter. But after several weeks of corresponding, Ames and I began to grasp what we could and couldn't write, and only a few deletions were made after that. I did receive one letter, however, where every word Ames wrote was essentially blacked out, except for "Dear Pete" and "Best Wishes, Rick." I had asked Ames to give me his opinion of Paul Redmond, Jr., and had assumed that he could do this because Redmond's name already had been published in numerous newspaper and magazine articles. I was wrong. One of the CIA censor's tasks was to make certain that Ames did not make public the names of any current CIA employees, including Redmond. Consequently, Ames was prohibited from writing about Redmond. Of course, he and I both knew that I wanted to learn his opinion of Redmond, so in later letters, Ames simply referred to Redmond as a "coworker" or "the person whose name I can't mention." So much for government censorship.

Ames is an excellent letter-writer—a skill honed, no doubt, by his CIA training. His letters were filled with colorful descriptions, rich details, and intimate recollections. All of his letters were single-spaced and handwritten on legal pads. Here is a list of the letters that Ames mailed me.

1994

Aug. 23: 2 pages
29: 8 pages
Sept. 22: 1 page
24: 3 pages
Oct. 4: 1 page
14: 1 page
24: 2 pages
Nov. 12: 2 pages
25: 2 pages
Dec. 6: 6 pages
7: 3 pages
11: 3 pages
12: 1 page
23: 16 pages
29: 9 pages

1995

Jan. 7: 8 pages
13: 11 pages
18: 2 pages
20: 3 pages
25: 10 pages
Feb. 1: 1 page*
5: 1 page
11: 5 pages
15: 1 page
16: 1 page
19: 13 pages
23: 6 pages
Mar. 7: 12 pages
14: 6 pages*
25: 12 pages
28: 2 pages
30: 10 pages
Apr. 1: 11 pages
3: 6 pages
14: 7 pages
23: 14 pages
26: 5 pages
27: 8 pages*
May 6: 8 pages
12: 14 pages
18 4 pages
26: 7 pages
27: 4 pages
30: 4 pages
June 1: 12 pages
5: 1 page
9: 22 pages
18: 16 pages

1996

Jan. 4: 6 pages
9: 24 pages
Feb. 23: 2 pages

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*Heavily censored by the CIA.

22: 10 pages*
26: 10 pages
July 13: 15 pages
20: 8 pages
22: 9 pages
26: 5 pages
Aug. 2: 3 pages
8: 4 pages
16: 5 pages
22: 3 pages
Sept. 8: 11 pages
Oct. 21: 14 pages
23: 10 pages
23: 15 pages
Nov. 8: 3 pages
Dec. 6: 2 pages

These 466 pages of correspondence were pivotal in helping me write this book.

I did not pay Ames for his exclusive cooperation. I did not sign any contract with him, nor did I give him any editorial control over my manuscript. One of the questions readers are bound to ask is whether or not Ames has told me the truth. I am convinced that he has, in every area except for one. Ames wants his opinions and criticisms of the CIA to be taken seriously, and he knows that his critics would use any exaggeration or lie that he might tell to attack his already questionable credibility. I have verified nearly all the information that Ames told me, by checking it with other sources. I have also compared the statements that Ames made to me with his comments to the FBI and CIA, which used a polygraph machine to determine whether or not he was lying. In the few cases where I have been unable to substantiate what Ames told me, I have used the words "Ames claimed," to warn the reader that his statements cannot be corroborated. In some cases, I have noted discrepancies in the text and have offered the reader more than one plausible explanation for what may have happened.

While I am convinced Ames was truthful in describing his professional career and his own personal faults, feelings, and attitudes, I do not believe he has told the truth about Rosario Ames. I do not believe that she first learned that her husband was a spy in 1992 after she found a mysterious note in a discarded wallet. Nor do I believe that Rosario was as ignorant or naive about his spying as she and Ames now claim. I also found no evidence during my research to substantiate Rosario's claim to me that she was planning to divorce Ames just before he was arrested. I do not believe that she ever considered herself a battered or abused woman until *after* she was arrested, and it became convenient for her to be portrayed as a victim. Having written this, I must add that I *personally* do not believe Rosario Ames should have been prosecuted or imprisoned for her husband's treason. There is no evidence that she ever did anything to help him spy, other than tell him to be careful. There is no doubt in my mind that Rosario Ames would have immediately surrendered her U.S. citizenship and voluntarily returned to Colombia after her husband was arrested, and that solution, in my opinion, would have been much more just than what has been done.

I interviewed Rosario Ames at the Federal Correctional Institution in Danbury, Connecticut, without a CIA censor being present. The fact that the CIA did not feel it was necessary to have a censor listen to our interviews shows that the U.S. government knows that Rosario Ames knew nothing significant about her husband's spying. I spoke to her for eight hours on January 25, 1995, and met with her again for another eight hours on February 21, 1995.

It is always difficult for an author to "reconstruct" events. People lie, memories are imperfect, prejudices come into play, mistakes are made, people honestly disagree about what was said, agreed upon, done. At various times, I have chosen to let one person recall a specific incident in this book. In such cases, these events were confirmed by at least two other sources, and usually more, before being included. Oftentimes, I chose the story that seemed the most logical.

The most difficult information in this book to corroborate deals with the events that happened in Moscow regarding Ames. Although I have done my best to write the fullest and most accurate account possible, readers should be aware that it was impossible for me to connect every piece of the Ames puzzle. For instance, Ames insists that when he first visited the Soviet embassy in Washington, D.C., on April 16, 1985, he gave a letter to the guard there which had a page from the SE division's internal telephone directory attached to it. Ames has told the government and me that he highlighted his name on that roster so that the KGB would know he worked for the CIA. Yet KGB counterintelligence officer Viktor Cherkashin told me in Moscow that he knew Ames only as "Rick Wells" when they met for the first time in the Soviet embassy. Cherkashin said that he never saw any CIA telephone roster. At first glance, it would appear that either Ames or Cherkashin is lying, yet both may be telling the truth. The letter Ames wrote was given to KGB *rezident* Stanislav Androsov, and it is possible that he removed the CIA roster before showing the letter to Cherkashin. Such comparmentalization was not unusual inside the KGB. I tried to find Androsov, but was unsuccessful. This is one of the missing puzzle pieces.

Another unknown in this book is the name of the KGB general who met with me four times in Moscow. Based on FBI photographs, I have been able to narrow down my list of possible candidates. "Yuri" could be: Aleksandr Aleksandrovich Shposhnikov, a good friend of Boris Solomatin's and a well-respected KGB officer; Igor Shurygin, who was the KGB's counterintelligence chief in Mexico City when Ames worked there; Igor Batamirov, a KGB troubleshooter who helped debrief Edward Lee Howard; and Yuri Karetkin, known to Ames as ANDRE. I suspect that "Yuri" is ANDRE, but I am unable to prove this. I have tried to corroborate everything that "Yuri" told me through other sources, mostly retired KGB officers. Although most of these officers did not know about the Ames case, they were familiar with KGB procedures and the personalities of Vladimir Kryuchkov, Viktor Chebrikov, Vadim Kirpichenko, and others who were key players in the Ames case. Two men, in particular, provided me with insights about Kryuchkov and the Ames case. I have described these men only as "aides" to Kryuchkov. This was done to protect their identities. Both spoke to me only after I swore that I would keep their names a secret. I found the information that these retired KGB officers provided to be extremely useful.

I first met the CIA's mole-hunting team on June 6, 1995, at CIA headquarters. Up until that point, the agency had turned away all requests to interview the team. I was told that the CIA decided to grant me access to the team after John M. Deutch became the new CIA director. I met with members of the team on June 6, 14, 28, and 29, and then met with each member of the team individually. I found the team members to be amazingly candid, even when discussing mistakes the CIA had made. Because Ames had already told me the names of the agents whom he had betrayed and also had revealed details to me about the still-classified ABSORB and TAW clandestine operations, the task force agreed to clarify and, in some cases, provide me with additional information about its former agents, ABSORB, and TAW. Besides the mole hunt team members, I also interviewed a number of retired CIA officials who had worked with Ames. One retired high-ranking CIA officer, in particular, granted me a series of helpful interviews but asked not to be named in my book. The CIA did not attempt to censor my book, nor was it given an advance copy to read.

On my own, I decided to withhold the names of several agents who were not arrested or were arrested and then released. Among these names is the identity of MOTORBOAT. I made this decision without consulting with the CIA. I have no interest in causing the arrest, prosecution, or possible execution of any agent who might have helped the CIA in the past. I have tried to explain my reasoning in the text.

Besides interviews, I reviewed hundreds of pages of documents, newspaper clippings, magazine stories, and other published material while researching this book. This includes the investigations of the Ames case done by the Senate and House intelligence committees and the unclassified versions of the CIA's inspector General Report. I also reviewed more than fifty articles published in Russia about CIA spies who were arrested there. While in Moscow, I was able to obtain two long articles that were written for internal KGB publications. These dealt with the arrest of Adolf Tolkachev and Dmitri Polyakov, and provided me with information that still is secret in Russia. I have identified books that were useful to me in a selected bibliography. I have also listed in the chapter notes that follow, the names of the persons who provided me with specific information that was used in each chapter. In these chapter-by-chapter listings, I have identified the CIA mole hunt team as a source and also individual members of the mole hunt team as sources. This was done when some of the information in the chapter came directly from the team and othet information in that same chapter came from individual team members.

SPECIFIC

Prologue

My eyewitness experiences.

Chapter 1

Aldrich Ames, Nancy Ames Everly, two Ames relatives who asked not to be named, Wendy Law Yone, Bryan Law Yone, a close friend of Carleton and Rachel Ames in River Falls who asked not to be named, Charles Wall.

Chapter 2

Interviews with Aldrich Ames, Nancy Ames Everly, Chuck Windley, Margaret "Peggy" Anderson, Wes Sanders, Jack and Susan Seeley, two former students of Rachel Ames who asked not to be named.

Chapter 3

Interviews with Aldrich Ames, Nancy Ames Everly, a relative of Nancy Segebarth Ames who asked not to be named.

Chapter 4

Interviews with Aldrich Ames, Nancy Ames Everly, a retired CIA employee who worked with Ames in Turkey.

Chapter 5

Interviews with Aldrich Ames, Sergey Fedorenko, R. Patrick Watson.

Chapter 6

Interviews with Aldrich Ames, Sergey Fedorenko, a retired KGB officer who claimed he took part in the arrest of Alexander Ogorodnik, a retired CIA officer stationed in Moscow when Adolf Tolkachev volunteered to spy, Russian journalist Dimitri Lekhamon.

A note about Alexander Ogorodnik and Henry Kissinger

Aldrich Ames was the first person to tell me that Ogorodnik had sent the CIA microfilm that contained photographs of a memo supposedly written by the Soviet Union's ambassador to the U.S., Anatoly Dobrynin, about his last meeting with Henry Kissinger. I later discovered that the 1989 nonfiction book, *Widows: Four American Spies, the Wives They Left Behind, and the KGB's Crippling of American Intelligence*, was the first book to reveal the existence of Ogorodnik's microfilm. Beginning on page 93, the authors, William R. Corson, Susan B. Trento, and Joseph Trento, Jr., discuss the arrest of Ogorodnik and quote from an interview, which they published in their book, with Leonard McCoy, the CIA official responsible for investigating how the KGB had learned about Ogorodnik. According to *Widows*, McCoy and a CIA analyst, David Sullivan, tried to determine whether or not the documents which Ogorodnik photographed were legitimate or KGB disinformation. McCoy and Sullivan were unable to tell, but the authors of *Widows* quote Sullivan as saying that McCoy's damage assessment report to then CIA director Stansfield Turner contained this information: "His punch line said that (in McCoy's opinion) the only way to describe Kissinger's actions from what the evidence of this cable showed, if it was valid, was treason." I made several attempts to contact McCoy, but was unsuccessful. On February 23, 1992, Elmo Zumwalt, Jr., writing in *The Washington Times*, also revealed the existence of the Ogorodnik microfilm. Without mentioning Kissinger by name, Zumwalt wrote the Ogorodnik had provided the CIA with a "startling revelation . . . that a former Cabinet official . . . had met with Dobrynin . . . and provided him with tactical and strategic advice on how the Kremlin might best defeat President Carter's SALT II proposal in order to effect a better deal for the Soviets!" Zumwalt continued by calling Ogorodnik's microfilm a "hot potato" for the CIA, "as evidenced by the fact that two of its employees who subsequently attempted to get action taken against the [cabinet member] in question for treason were demoted or had to resign."

The information Ames told me adds a new chapter to this exposé. Ames told me that the negatives of the controversial microfilm had been removed from the CIA's vault. This was confirmed to me by a retired SE division official who had seen that Ogorodnik file and had noticed that the negatives about Kissinger had been removed. Ames also said that the matter was dropped at the insistence of the Carter White House, another accusation that was confirmed to me by two retired CIA officials who were involved in the Ogorodnik case. During my trips to Moscow, I asked "Yuri" repeatedly for a copy of Dobrynin's original cable. While he refused to provide one to me, Yuri and another KGB source confirmed that Dobrynin had written a cable based on his meeting with Kissinger and that Dobrynin had claimed in his cable that Kissinger had given him advice about how to outmaneuver the Carter administration during the upcoming SALT II talks.

Chapter 7

Interviews with Aldrich Ames, Arkady Shevchenko, Margaret Anderson, Nancy Ames Everly, David and Angela Blake,* Thomas Kolesnichenko, a retired CIA official in SE division familiar with the flap caused by the book *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald.*

Chapter 8

Interviews with Aldrich Ames, Rosario Ames, David Samson, Dewey Clarridge, Irwin Rubenstein, Richard Thurman.

Chapter 9

Interviews with Aldrich Ames, Rosario Ames, David Samson, Irwin Rubenstein, Richard Thurman, Diana Worthen, Oleg M. Nechiporenko.

Chapter 10

Interviews with Aldrich Ames, two former SE division employees familiar with the agency's decision to select Ames as Soviet branch chief. Information about the CIA's human assets and clandestine operations were first told to me by Ames and later confirmed by the CIA mole hunt team. Information about Angleton was gleaned from several publications cited in my selected bibliography.

Chapter 11

Interviews with Aldrich Ames, Rosario Ames, Diana Worthen, David Samson, Nancy Ames Everly, two CIA officials who worked with Ames in New York City when he was on temporary assignment there, a former SE division coworker of Ames.

Chapter 12

Interviews with Aldrich Ames, Rosario Ames, Viktor Cherkashin, CIA mole hunt team.

A note about the list of agents exposed by Ames

The list of agents who were identified by Ames is based on my interviews with Ames, "Yuri," information provided by SVR's public information spokesman, Yuri Kobaladze, and the CIA mole hunt team.

---

*Not their real names.

Chapter 13
Interviews with Aldrich Ames, "Yuri," Yuri Kobaladze, Dimitri Lekhamon, Viktor Cherkashin, David and Angela Blake, a CIA official in SE division, CIA mole hunt team, Rosario Ames, Diana Worthen, Yuri Shvets. Information about Edward Lee Howard and Vitaly Yurchenko was taken from books cited in my selected bibliography. Both Howard and Yurchenko refused to meet with me in Moscow.

Chapter 14
Interviews with Aldrich Ames, Viktor Cherkashin, Oleg Kalugin, Oleg Gordievsky, Yuri Pankov, Yuri Kobaladze, two aides to Vladimir Kryuchkov, CIA mole hunt team.

Chapter 15
Interviews with Aldrich Ames, a current CIA official, Sandy Grimes, Paul Redmond, Jr., relative of Leonid Poleschuk, Charles Leven, relatives of Gennady Varenik, "Yuri," Dmitri Lekhamon, Ilya Milstein.

Chapter 16
Interviews with Aldrich Ames, Rosario Ames, Diane Worthen, Nancy Ames Everly, David Samson, David and Angela Blake, "Yuri," CIA mole hunt team, Paul Redmond, Jr., a coworker of Ames in Rome.

Chapter 17
Interviews with Spencer Lonetree, Michael Stuhff, Jeanne Vertefeuille, Paul Redmond, Jr., Sandy Grimes, Sergey Fedorenko, Vladimir Potashov.

Chapter 18
Interviews with two relatives of Dmitri Polyakov, Oleg Gordievsky, Oleg Kalugin, Paul Joyal, Sergey Kryuchkov, "Yuri," two aides to Vladimir Kruychkov.

Chapter 19
Interviews with Jeanne Vertefeuille, Dan Payne, Aldrich Ames, Rosario Ames, Nancy Ames Everly, Diana Worthen, R. Patrick Watson, Sergey Fedorenko.

Chapter 20
Interviews with Aldrich Ames, Rosario Ames, Diana Worthen, Sandy Grimes, Paul Redmond, Jr., Jeanne Vertefeuille, "Yuri," Dan Payne, David Samson.

Chapter 21
Interviews with Aldrich Ames, Rosario Ames, Sergey Fedorenko, R. Patrick Watson, Paul Redmond, Jr., Jim Milburn.

Chapter 22

Interviews with two aides to Vladimir Kruychkov, Yuri Pankov, Sergey Kryuchkov, Dan Payne, Jeanne Vertefeuille, Diana Worthen, Paul Redmond, Jr., Sandy Grimes, Aldrich Ames, a CIA official, Jim Milburn.

Chapter 23

Interviews with Aldrich Ames, Rosario Ames, Paul Redmond, Jr., Dan Payne, Jeanne Vertefeuille, Sandy Grimes, Bruce Gair.

Chapter 24

Interviews with Dan Payne, Jim Milburn, CIA mole hunt team, Aldrich Ames, Rosario Ames, Sandy Grimes, Leslie Wiser, Jr.

Chapter 25

Interviews with Aldrich Ames, Rosario Ames, Dan Payne, Jim Milburn, "Yuri," Plato Cacheris, Jeanne Vertefeuille, Sandy Grimes.

Chapter 26

Interviews with Aldrich Ames, Rosario Ames, CIA mole hunt team, John P. Hume, Plato Cacheris, William Cummings, Luciana Devine.

Chapter 27

Eyewitness observations.

Others who provided me with useful information are Amy Knight, Ronald Kessler, Herb Romerstein, Natasha Gevorkyan, Vladimir Snegirev, Igor N. Prelin, Ralf Piechowiak.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

A former reporter for the *Washington Post*, Pete Earley is the author of four previous books, including *Family of Spies: Inside the John Walker Spy Ring*, *Prophet of Death*, *The Hot House: Life Inside Leavenworth Prison*, and *Circumstantial Evidence.*

For *Family of Spies*, Mr. Earley was the only journalist to speak with all members of the Walker spy ring. The book was a *New York Times* bestseller. For *The Hot House*, Mr. Earley was the first journalist ever given unlimited access by the government to a major federal penitentiary. For *Circumstantial Evidence*, Mr. Earley helped uncover information which led to the release of a black man unfairly sentenced to death in southern Alabama. *Circumstantial Evidence* won the Robert F. Kennedy Award and the Edgar Award.

A native of Oklahoma, Pete Early lives in Herndon, Virginia.

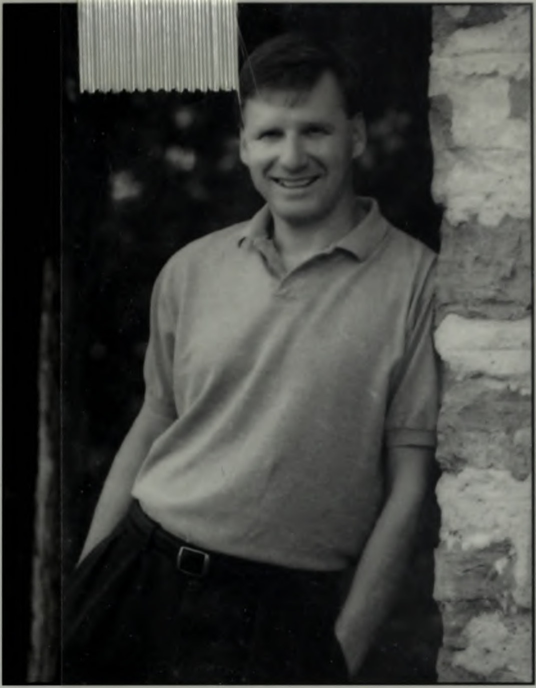

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A native of Oklahoma, Pete Earley now lives in Herndon, Virginia.

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Confessions of a Spy

"What really amazed me about Rick is that I thought he had a feeling of loyalty to the people whom he dealt with and that is the betrayal that I can't understand. I can understand why he didn't have any loyalty to the agency. I can understand how he could have lost his way so that there came a point when it didn't matter to him if he was the recruiter or the recruitee. But what I can't understand is how he lost his loyalty, not only to his coworkers, such as me, but his friends! How can you ever justify betraying the people closest to you?"

—R. Patrick Watson, FBI

"I remember Rick telling me once, 'Never tell anyone your true feelings.' It was weird. We were only seventeen, and I was in one of my periodic mood swings. He had been trying to comfort me, and he suddenly just said it: 'Never tell anyone your true feelings. Let them believe an illusion.' I didn't know what in the hell he was talking about."

—A high school friend

"All of the people whose names were on my list knew the risks they were taking when they began spying for the CIA and FBI. If one of them had learned about me, he would have told the CIA, and I would have been arrested and thrown in jail. Now that I was working for the KGB, the people on my list could expect nothing less from me. It wasn't personal. It was simply how the game was played."

—Aldrich "Rick" Ames

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THE SPY WHO GOT AWAY

THE INSIDE STORY OF EDWARD LEE HOWARD, THE CIA AGENT WHO BETRAYED HIS COUNTRY'S SECRETS AND ESCAPED TO MOSCOW

DAVID WISE

The Spy Who Got Away is the sensational story of Edward Lee Howard, the first CIA defector to the Soviet Union.

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Trained by the CIA to be a spy in the Soviet capital, then fired when he failed a lie detector test, Howard sold the agency's most sensitive information—the secrets of the CIA's Moscow operation—to the KGB and slipped through the net drawn around him by the FBI. He vanished into the New Mexico desert and surfaced a year later in the Soviet Union.

How did he escape? How and where does Howard live now in Moscow? What sort of life does he have? Who is his powerful protector in the KGB?

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- Howard had $150,000 in a secret Swiss bank account, the FBI was told, and hid $10,000 in buried treasure—gold, silver bars, and currency—in the New Mexico desert.
- The CIA engaged in a massive coverup of the Howard case for more than two years, concealing it from the FBI even after Howard confessed that he was ready to sell secrets to the Russians.
- Howard's house near Santa Fe was wiretapped and kept under surveillance by video cameras, but he escaped from the FBI using a dummy and other techniques taught to him by the CIA.
- Howard destroyed not only the CIA's network of human agents in Moscow, but gave away the agency's "technical assets" in the

(continued on back flap)

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The Spy Who Got Away

The Spy Who Got Away

The Inside Story of Edward Lee Howard,
the CIA Agent Who Betrayed His Country's
Secrets and Escaped to Moscow

David Wise

Random House New York

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To Jonathan

It wasn't just the human assets. It was far deeper than that. All the technical assets were rolled up. The damage was tremendous. He closed us down over there.

—U.S. intelligence official, commenting on Edward Lee Howard

Contents

Prologue 3
1. "Yurchenko's Come Over" *4*
2. "Robert" *8*
3. Bucaramanga *22*
4. The Hiring *32*
5. Farmhand *41*
6. SE *52*
7. Moscow Rules *64*
8. The Firing *76*
9. Cover-up *87*
10. New Mexico *94*
11. Strike Three *103*
12. Shoot-out *109*
13. Bourbon Street *118*
14. Decision *124*
15. Contact *130*
16. The Confession *137*
17. "No Paper Trail" *141*
18. Trouble in Moscow *150*
19. "I Did It" *160*

20. Parker's Case *165*
21. The Debriefing *177*
22. Closing In *183*
23. Confrontation *191*
24. Escape *198*
25. Vanished *210*
26. Mary *217*
27. On the Run *223*
28. "Yes, Home!" *229*
29. "We Screwed Up" *240*
30. From Russia, with Love *250*
Epilogue *267*
Author's Note *271*
Index *277*

The Spy
Who
Got Away

Prologue

Budapest, June 1987.

The first warm day of summer, and the sun was setting behind the Buda Hills, casting its last golden rays on the Danube. The call came at dusk to my hotel room. We would meet on the Margit-sziget, an island in the middle of the river.

I waited at the appointed place, and in a few moments he came walking toward me, rather tentatively, a slender, mustached man in a light gray suit. He was the Central Intelligence Agency's first defector, a fugitive from justice accused of espionage, of selling the CIA's most sensitive secrets to the Soviet Union.

He had escaped from the FBI and vanished into the New Mexico desert twenty-one months before. Now he was under the protection of the KGB. He had been granted asylum by the Russians, but he was still a wanted man in every country of the Western world.

I began walking toward him. I knew, as he must have, that the moment was unprecedented. Never before had a defector to Moscow from an intelligence agency been interviewed by a writer from the West. He extended his hand.

"I'm Edward Lee Howard."

1

"Yurchenko's Come Over"

Gus Hathaway was smiling.

The chief of counterintelligence of the Central Intelligence Agency was not a man who smiled very often. His name and face were unknown to the public. But he was very well known indeed in the arcane, closed world of American intelligence, whose most powerful leaders were gathering now in the reception area outside the seventh-floor dining room of the director of the CIA. It was Thursday, August 1, 1985.

Over cocktails before lunch, Hathaway broke the news to his opposite number, Edward J. O'Malley, the counterintelligence chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and Phillip A. Parker, O'Malley's deputy.

"Yurchenko's come over," he said.

The CIA man did not have to explain the bombshell he had just dropped. Vitaly Yurchenko, as the FBI men knew, was the KGB officer in Moscow in charge of all operations inside the United States and Canada. His value as a defector was beyond measure. He could provide information of enormous importance to American intelligence. It was a major coup for the CIA; no wonder Hathaway, a wiry patrician of normally serious demeanor, was smiling.

Hathaway, whose formal title was chief/CI staff—the initials stand for counterintelligence—quickly filled in the details. Yurchenko had defected that morning in Rome, only hours ago; the CIA was moving swiftly to make the necessary arrangements to get him out.

As the electrifying news spread around the room, CIA Director William J. Casey busily greeted his guests, his tall, stooped figure moving among them. The grandees of the secret world of intelligence were there: Casey; Hathaway; John N. McMahon, a handsome, silver-haired Irishman who was the deputy director of the CIA, the agency's number two official; and Clair E. George, a graying, athletic-looking man of medium height and ruddy complexion who had the most secret job of all. George was the CIA's deputy director for operations; as the official in charge of the agency's clandestine arm, he was the nation's top spy.

The director of the FBI, William H. Webster, was present, along with O'Malley, Parker, two section chiefs from the intelligence division, and Jay Aldhizer, the FBI agent who served as liaison with the CIA.

The gathering was a farewell luncheon for O'Malley, who was retiring from the FBI at age fifty after five years as head of Division 5, the FBI's intelligence division. It was O'Malley's job to catch spies, especially Soviet spies. Thus, the luncheon on the seventh floor was, upon closer examination, more than an ordinary conclave of intelligence officers. It was, more precisely, a meeting of the key players in the special arena of *counterintelligence,* whose members formed a separate society within the secret world. Because O'Malley was leaving the FBI, his colleagues across the river in Langley thought it appropriate to honor him. But the news about Yurchenko overshadowed all else. The buzz of conversation in the room was not about the departing FBI man but about the defector.

It was not only a dramatic development; it also came at a time when the U.S. intelligence community needed some good news. A little more than two months earlier a former Navy chief warrant officer, John A. Walker, Jr., the leader of a family spy ring that sold vital naval communications secrets to the Soviet Union for nearly eighteen years, had been arrested. In time Walker, his son, Michael, his brother, Arthur, and a friend, Jerry A. Whitworth, all were convicted of espionage and sent to prison.

The Walker case had already had a devastating impact on the image of U.S. intelligence. To Congress and the public, it seemed as though American security were a sieve and the intelligence agencies at fault. Only three weeks before, a CIA employee, Sharon Scranage, had been arrested, charged with passing CIA secrets to Ghana. In the next few months other important espionage cases were to surface in such profusion that 1985 became known as the Year of the Spy.

The defection of Vitaly Yurchenko was, therefore, more than a feather in the cap of Gus Hathaway. Quite aside from the information that Yurchenko could provide, the very fact that the CIA had a high-ranking KGB defector might, if it were delicately made known, help offset the unfavorable aura surrounding the U.S. intelligence community.

After drinks Casey's dozen or so guests filed into the CIA director's private dining room and took their places at three little round tables set with gleaming silver and crystal on white tablecloths. Red and white wines were served. Through the picture window, from their vantage point on the top floor of the CIA, the guests could enjoy the bucolic view of the lush, green trees surrounding the isolated headquarters building.

Jay Aldhizer, a six-foot Virginian from Roanoke with a soft southern accent, was pleased. The FBI liaison man with the CIA regarded the lunch as a symbol of the good relations between the agency and the bureau that he had worked so hard to build for five years. Aldhizer was satisfied that relations were admirable at every level. He took pride in that; it was his job as liaison to keep them that way. There had even been two softball games between the FBI and the CIA at a high school field near Langley headquarters. Of course, the two agencies were traditional rivals, but the days of J. Edgar Hoover, when the director of the FBI had actually broken off relations with the CIA, were gone.

During the lunch Casey delivered some remarks praising O'Malley, extolling the cooperation among the various elements of the intelligence community, and dwelling on counterintelligence successes during the FBI official's tenure. Afterward a citation was read, and O'Malley was presented with a medallion of the CIA seal, a fierce eagle atop a shield emblazoned with a starburst design.

At the three round tables the FBI men were bantering with their

CIA colleagues, reminding them, once again, of the time the agency had served roast beef to O'Malley on Good Friday and of how O'Malley had struck back, serving corned beef and cabbage to the CIA men when it was his turn to host lunch at the bureau, a pointed reminder to the largely WASP agency that he was a good Irish Catholic.

The bonhomie surrounding Ed O'Malley was genuine, and the praise generous. But the truth was that the intelligence officials were preoccupied. Their thoughts were really about the man who wasn't there but soon would be: Vitaly Sergeyevich Yurchenko.

2

“Robert”

The passenger who had stepped off an Aeroflot flight at Rome’s Fiumicino Airport one week earlier, on July 24, had clear blue eyes, thinning red hair, and a drooping handlebar mustache. His big frame and broad shoulders suggested an athlete or at least a man who kept himself trim. He was neatly dressed, almost dapper.

Vitaly Yurchenko was about as far as one could get from the stereotype of a KGB man, the squat, beetle-browed Russian in an ill-fitting suit who scowled at the world and unthinkingly obeyed Moscow Center’s orders. Yurchenko, by contrast, had a rather breezy manner, spoke English, and, but for his accent, could easily have passed for an American. He had lived in Washington for five years. In appearance he would not have looked out of place in California, perhaps driving a van along the Pacific Coast Highway on his way to Malibu.

In fact, however, the arriving passenger was deputy chief of the First Department of the First Chief Directorate of the Committee for State Security, or Komitet Gosudarstvennoi Bezopasnosti, the KGB. The directorate is in charge of Soviet clandestine activities abroad.

Yurchenko’s department was responsible for all espionage activity and covert operations against North America. In the major cities around the world where the Soviet Union has diplomatic representation, the KGB operates through residents under embassy cover, much as the CIA has station chiefs posing as diplomats. Yurchenko was the man in charge of the five residents in the United States and Canada.* At the age of forty-nine, he had risen to a rank just below the very top circle of KGB leaders.

Yurchenko was in Rome on a pretext, he later told his CIA interrogators. He said he had informed his superiors in the KGB that his presence in Rome was required to deal with a high-level agent in that city. But the agent did not exist; in the argot of the intelligence world, he was "notional." The CIA accepted his explanation; the agency's officials were aware that KGB officials of Yurchenko's rank had considerable freedom of movement.

Later there was speculation that Yurchenko had come to Rome on a special assignment: to prevent defections among the twelve members of a delegation of Soviet nuclear scientists who were scheduled to attend an international conference at Erice, Sicily, due to begin on August 20.

American intelligence officials do not believe Yurchenko's arrival was linked to the scientists, although the Russians may have had reason to worry. Four months earlier Vladimir Alexandrov, one of the Soviet Union's most distinguished scientists—and a delegate to the Sicily conference the previous year—had disappeared without a trace in Madrid.†

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*In Washington, New York, San Francisco, Ottawa, and Montreal.

†Alexandrov, a mathematician and computer expert, had helped develop the theory of nuclear winter, which predicts that a nuclear war would create a new ice age. He had traveled frequently to the West and had even testified to the United States Senate.

Alexandrov was last seen in Madrid's Hotel Habana on March 31. He had been reported uncharacteristically drunk and disorderly. According to one account, he tried to leap from a car returning him from a scientific meeting in Córdoba when he realized it was headed for the Soviet embassy. Soviet officials escorted him back to his hotel, but when they called for him the next day, on April 1, he had vanished. The Soviet government feared he had defected to the CIA.

The Soviet government newspaper *Izvestia* charged on December 23, 1985, that Alexandrov had been "kidnapped" by the CIA. "Alex-

Yurchenko remained in Rome for eight days, apparently staying at the Villa Abamelex, the Soviet ambassador's residence. At 9:00 A.M. on Thursday, August 1, Yurchenko told his colleagues at the Soviet embassy at 5 Via Gaeta, near the Stazione Termini, Rome's main railroad station, that he was going to take a walk and visit the Vatican museums.

When he did not return by nightfall, embassy officials were frantic. Not until the next day did they file a missing persons report with the Italian police. By that time the KGB resident in Rome must have suspected the worst: Vitaly Yurchenko, a high-ranking official of the Soviet intelligence service, a veteran of twenty-five years with the KGB, had defected to the West.*

Yurchenko asked for a CIA officer by name when he contacted the CIA's Rome station, in the American embassy on the Via Veneto, on the morning of August 1. The station flashed word to headquarters in northern Virginia. Casey, Clair George, Hathaway and other top CIA officials were alerted, and the machinery for handling priority defectors was put into motion. By the time the Russians went to

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androv's address is known—it is the CIA headquarters in Langley," the newspaper said. Officially, at least, U.S. intelligence agencies deny any knowledge of Alexandrov's whereabouts or fate.

*Italian authorities did not announce until August 8 that they had been asked by the Soviet embassy to investigate the disappearance of Vitaly Yurchenko, a diplomat with the rank of counselor. Nicolai Esimov, the Soviet chargé d'affaires in Rome, called on Italian Foreign Minister Giulio Andreotti that day with a message from Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze demanding that Italy "shed full light on the circumstances of the [Yurchenko] disappearance and . . . provide assurances concerning his physical condition and the place where he is presently located." Andreotti promised the Russian that Italian authorities would do everything in their power to comply with the request. A dispatch from Rome published in the *Times* of London on August 9 said that "inquiry had been made throughout Rome hospitals to see whether he had been taken ill or had an accident . . . the search had drawn a complete blank and both the Americans and British said they had nothing to do with the disappearance."

the Italian police, Yurchenko was long gone, in the hands of the CIA, flying across the Atlantic in a military plane.

The CIA flight landed at Andrews Air Force Base, on the southeastern edge of Washington, early on Friday morning. A team of FBI agents and CIA officers met Yurchenko. The FBI provided countersurveillance at the air base; by now the KGB would have a worldwide alert for Yurchenko, and Andrews was a likely place it might watch. It was not that American intelligence thought that the KGB would try to snatch Yurchenko back on U.S. soil and under heavy security—no one expected that—but the Russians might seek to follow him and find out where he was being held.

On the ride from Andrews, Rodney L. Leffler, acting chief of the FBI's Soviet section, rode in the front seat next to the driver; Yurchenko and a CIA officer occupied the back seat. Other security cars swept ahead and trailed behind them.

From the air base Yurchenko was spirited to a CIA safe house in northern Virginia, not far from the agency's headquarters, a house that to the neighbors in the area seemed like any other. The safe house was only a temporary way station; soon afterward Yurchenko was moved to an elegant, two-story safe house in Coventry, a development in the Virginia countryside forty miles southwest of Washington, near Fredericksburg.

Now Yurchenko was in the hands of his main adversaries, the CIA's directorate of operations (DDO).* His arrival was a major event inside the directorate. Despite the supposed glamour of espionage, life in the agency's covert side is often routine. The CIA is a large bureaucracy, and the officers in the DDO spend a great deal of their time pushing paper, reading reports, and dealing with humdrum administrative chores. On an average day James Bond would be bored in the DDO.

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*The initials *DDO* actually stand for deputy director for operations, the chief of the directorate, but are often used interchangeably to refer to the directorate itself. Since the early 1970's, in an effort to avoid confusion, some CIA hands have taken to referring to the directorate as the DO. To complicate matters even further, the DDO or DO is also known as the Clandestine Services (CS).

When, as happens only rarely, the agency gets a high-level Soviet defector, it is a truly exciting development that breaks the clandestine routine. And everyone, including the director of Central Intelligence, wants a piece of the action. William Casey's mind-set had been shaped by his service in World War II, when he served with the Office of Strategic Services in London. There he helped coordinate the work of French resistance forces before the Normandy invasion and supervised airdrops of Allied agents into Nazi Germany. That experience explained his lifelong interest in covert operations, the number of which increased greatly under his aegis at the CIA.

But Casey could not be expected to commute to the safe house near Fredericksburg or personally to supervise Yurchenko's debriefing. The responsibility for handling the defector fell primarily to Burton Lee Gerber, chief of the CIA's Soviet division, and Gus Hathaway, the counterintelligence chief, with both men reporting to Clair George, the DDO. Their staffs debriefed Yurchenko.

All three men, although veteran CIA clandestine officers, were relatively new to their jobs. Clair George had become the DDO a little more than a year earlier, in an unexpected manner. George, who celebrated his fifty-fifth birthday on Saturday, August 3, as the questioning of Yurchenko began in earnest, was born in Pennsylvania and graduated from Pennsylvania State University. He had joined the CIA in 1955 and served in a series of overseas stations, including Hong Kong, Paris, Bamako (the capital of Mali), and New Delhi. In the 1970's he was chief of station (COS) in Beirut and Athens. One former CIA official, not an admirer, called George "ruthless, cunning, ham-handed, contemptuous of his underlings, toadying to his superiors."

Other colleagues had a higher opinion of him; by the early 1980's George was assistant director of the DDO. Then, in 1983, Casey sent him to Capitol Hill as the agency official in charge of congressional relations. The move was a disaster. Many of the members and staff of the Senate Intelligence Committee, in particular, found him arrogant and uninformative. By April 1984 the Senate panel was at loggerheads with the CIA over Casey's failure to brief them fully on the mining of Nicaraguan harbors by the agency.* The Senate voted 84–12 to condemn the CIA's action, and in the aftermath Clair George had to go.† Casey, in a musical-chairs shift of four top officials, pulled George back and promoted him to deputy director for operations. Having alienated Congress, with help from Casey, George was rewarded by being made the DDO.

Although George, as the DDO, now had overall responsibility for the handling of Yurchenko, the two officials who reported to him had the primary responsibility for the assessment and debriefing of the defector.

As chief of counterintelligence, Gardner Rugg "Gus" Hathaway—no one called him Gardner—now faced, in the Yurchenko case, his first major challenge. Although a veteran officer of the Clandestine Services, Hathaway, at the age of sixty, had occupied the counterintelligence post for only a few months.

Within the agency Hathaway was regarded as FFV (the initials stand for First Families of Virginia).‡ He was a lean, energetic man of average height, who favored Ivy League three-button suits and striped ties. A cowlick of brown hair dipped over the right side of his thin, patrician face, which usually wore an acerbic expression. He retained a distinctive Virginia accent; he had been born in Danville, deep in the southern part of the state, one of three sons raised by his mother and a stern stepfather, a local realtor. For a time he went to Virginia Episcopal School, in Lynchburg. He had served as a young first lieutenant in the Army during World War II, then earned a bachelor's degree at the University of Virginia in 1950. He was married the following year.

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*Senator Barry Goldwater, the committee chairman, exploded in anger, dispatching an unprecedented letter denouncing Casey: "Dear Bill . . . I am pissed off . . . this is no way to run a railroad. . . . It is an act of war. For the life of me, I don't see how we are going to explain it."

†The CIA official who ran the covert operation against Nicaragua, Duane R. "Dewey" Clarridge, had assured the committee staff that the mines were the "pop-in" type that make a lot of noise but are harmless. After the story of the mining had broken publicly, staff members studied sea charts and harbor depths to learn enough so that the CIA would have to tell the truth. The agency then admitted to the committee that some of the mines had been placed at a depth of twenty-five feet and contained three hundred pounds of C-4 explosive, enough to blow a ship to smithereens. Had a ship of a friendly Western European nation blown up, or, worse yet, a Soviet tanker, the agency's actions could have had dire consequences. "We're lucky we didn't go to war over it," said one committee source.

‡Hathaway's colleagues were using the term generically, not literally; the Order of the First Families of Virginia does not list him in its registry of members.

Recruited by the CIA, he went into the operations directorate and after clandestine training was assigned to the Soviet/East European (SE) division, the most elite and prestigious of the geographic divisions of the directorate of operations.* By the late 1950's he was running operations against the Poles for SE division out of the Berlin base. In the argot of the agency, he was "on the Polish target." In Berlin Hathaway earned a reputation as something of a wild man, a headstrong young officer who sometimes took more risks than necessary. "In those days Gus had a I-don't-give-a-rat's-ass attitude," one veteran CIA officer recalled.

In the 1960's Hathaway was posted to Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires, and by 1973 he was in Montevideo as chief of station. Along the way he divorced and remarried. Although serving in Latin America, he was still targeting Soviet-bloc diplomats and installations. "Gus ran some good ops in Latin America," a CIA colleague said. Later Hathaway did a tour of duty as the chief of station in Moscow. He was the deputy chief of SE division when he was tapped to head counterintelligence.†

As chief/CI staff Hathaway had the job of protecting CIA operations from penetration by hostile intelligence services and of finding moles inside the agency. It is an unenviable position that requires the occupant to suspect everyone.

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*Known as SE today, the Soviet division in the past has had several names, including Soviet Russia (SR) and Soviet Bloc (SB). To avoid confusion, the division will normally be referred to here as SE.

†Within the DDO a division is the top level, and below that come branches, then sections. There are also several senior staffs, which historically were not equal to divisions but today are. Thus, as chief of counterintelligence Hathaway was equal in status to a division chief, even though he headed a "staff."

The flip side of his job was to penetrate the opposition, to acquire moles inside the KGB, if at all possible, but at a minimum to find out as much as could be learned about the internal and external operations of Soviet intelligence. The best way to accomplish this task, of course, is to develop "an agent in place," an officer of Soviet intelligence who remains on the job while reporting to the CIA. An agent in place is a rara avis in the intelligence world, however. The next best thing is a defector, a Soviet intelligence agent who, for one reason or another, chooses to change sides and come over to the West.

The two halves of Hathaway's job were inextricably linked because perhaps the most likely way to find a mole inside the CIA is through information provided by a defector. In fact, a CIA officer who betrays his country by providing secrets to the Soviets—and there have been several—must, if he is at all intelligent, live in fear of the possibility that a Soviet defector will one day reveal his identity. No matter how careful a mole inside the CIA may be, no matter how professionally he covers his tracks, he cannot guard against the possibility that there may come a time when a defector will give away the game.

Thus, Gus Hathaway, for many reasons, had a great interest in Vitaly Yurchenko. But the counterintelligence chief also needed to establish in the months ahead whether Yurchenko was what he seemed. Hathaway had to know what he was dealing with.

There are two kinds of defectors, real and false. Real defectors are what they appear to be: intelligence officers who trade their inside knowledge of Soviet secrets for a passport to a new life in the West. A phony defector, on the other hand, is dispatched by the KGB to mislead and confuse the opposition or to learn something about the workings of opposition intelligence services.

In order to establish his "bona fides," the false defector has to reveal genuine information of value. There is a cost, therefore; he must disclose real secrets to peddle the false ones. The more valuable the information he reveals, the more likely he is to be believed as a genuine defector. Then, once accepted by his handlers, he can begin to feed them false information. Perhaps he will even be hired by the CIA, metamorphosing from defector to mole.

But a real defector also reveals true information, and that is the difficulty and the dilemma for his interrogators. The truth about the defector may always remain elusive, as fragile as a flower's wisp on a summer breeze. Counterintelligence has been called a "wilderness of mirrors" because suspicion among human beings, like mirrors reflecting upon each other, reaches to infinity.

As chief of counterintelligence Hathaway was one of the successors to the legendary and controversial James Jesus Angleton, a chain-smoker who cultivated prize orchids, wrote poetry, and prospected for semiprecious gems in underground caves in the Southwest. Angleton was also an expert trout fisherman, and his admirers saw that as symbolic of the way he patiently studied and then reeled in his KGB quarry. But he held one Soviet defector, Yuri Nosenko, locked up in solitary confinement, and frequently drugged, for three and a half years. His conviction that Nosenko was a fake nearly tore the CIA apart. Angleton's detractors claimed that he had long since stepped through the looking glass into a convoluted, subterranean world more analogous to Tolkien than Le Carré. Angleton was fired in 1974 by CIA Director William E. Colby.*

If Hathaway was not a seasoned expert in counterintelligence, it was also true that the other CIA official handling the Yurchenko debriefing was relatively new on the job. Burton Lee Gerber, the chief of the Soviet division, had been named to that position a little more than a year earlier.

A tall, thin, soft-spoken man of fifty-two, Gerber had wavy gray hair, glasses, and an almost professorial manner. Although a conservative dresser, he would occasionally dare to wear a bright shirt at the division's Christmas party. Married, and a family man, he owned a dog and liked to swim for relaxation. But like Hathaway, he was faceless, unknown outside the intelligence world.

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*Colby said he found Angleton's "tortuous theories" about a "wily KGB" planting moles and false defectors to undermine the West "impossible to follow." Colby added: "I did not suspect Angleton and his staff of engaging in improper activities. I just could not figure out what they were doing at all." Angleton died on May 11, 1987, of lung cancer, five days after William Casey died of pneumonia following an operation for brain cancer.

Gerber, born in Illinois, had graduated from Michigan State in 1955 with a bachelor's degree and disappeared into the CIA. He learned Bulgarian and was posted to Sofia under State Department cover in the 1960's. In the early 1980's he served as the chief of station in Moscow.

The goal of every operations officer in the DDO is to head a division, and Gerber's chance came in the summer of 1984 when he was selected as chief/SE division. For Gerber, like Hathaway, Vitaly Yurchenko was the first major-league Soviet defector to come into his net since he had taken over the division.

On Friday, at the safe house in northern Virginia, the debriefing of Yurchenko began. When the Russian arrived, he was met by Gerber, who headed the CIA team. The safe house had a kitchen, dining area, and living room on the ground floor. Rodney Leffler headed the FBI group.

Yurchenko was urged to go upstairs and take a nap; he must be tired after his long flight, his hosts said. But the KGB man was anxious to get started. The CIA officers huddled privately with Yurchenko for a while, off to one side in the living room, making the FBI agents uneasy. But the representatives of both agencies then took their places around the dining-room table.

Yurchenko asked for tea. The CIA didn't have any, so he sat at the table sipping hot water as he spoke. Gerber and the CIA men who would be handling Yurchenko sat at the debriefing table, as did Leffler, representing FBI headquarters. Three agents from the bureau's Washington field office (WFO) were in the room as well.

The first order of business when a defector is interrogated is to learn whether he knows of any penetrations of United States intelligence; other matters can wait. Yurchenko knew of two.

He had actually talked to one; the man, a recent employee of the National Security Agency (NSA), the nation's supersecret code and electronic eavesdropping agency, had telephoned the Soviet embassy in Washington on January 15, 1980. At the time Yurchenko was stationed in Washington as the KGB officer in charge of security for the Soviet colony, or SK, as it is referred to by American intelligence. Yurchenko had taken the call, and he had suggested the caller come to the embassy.

A few moments later the man entered the embassy, but watching FBI agents had no way of knowing who he was. Inside the embassy the "walk-in," as such a volunteer spy is known, revealed sensational information: the NSA had, by using submarines, been able to tap into an underwater communications cable the Soviets used in the Sea of Okhotsk, between the Soviet mainland and the Kamchatka Peninsula. The United States was listening in to Soviet military communications; the highly sensitive project had been code-named Ivy Bells.

The NSA visitor offered to reveal more but demanded payment in "gold bullion." In a scene straight out of a Woody Allen movie, Yurchenko at first thought the man was referring to chicken soup. Soon the confusion was cleared up, but in the meantime, a Soviet electronics technician rushed into the room. He had picked up a burst of radio activity from the FBI's walkie-talkies and radio cars.

The Soviets ordered the American to shave his beard. They had him change into Soviet work clothes and slipped him, surrounded by several Russian workmen, out a side door. The group got into a van and drove away, dropping the American off when they were out of sight of the embassy. The FBI was unable to identify the mysterious visitor.

Yurchenko, questioned now by CIA officers at the safe house, did not remember the name of the man who had come to the embassy five years ago. But he was able to provide the American's physical description—he recalled he had red hair, for example—and his KGB code name: Mr. Long.

Yurchenko also remembered another detail. He knew the man lived in a run-down house in the Washington suburbs; Yurchenko himself had driven to the house to check out the address given by the visitor to the embassy. While he could no longer recall the exact location, he remembered it was near Beltsville, Maryland. Armed with Yurchenko's clues, the FBI would begin a massive hunt for the NSA walk-in.

Yurchenko also told his interrogators of the second penetration.

The other man, he said, had worked for the Central Intelligence Agency.

He did not know the CIA man's true name. He knew, however, that his KGB code name was Robert. He had never met the CIA penetration, as he had the NSA man, and could not provide a physical description.

But Yurchenko provided two crucial clues to his identity. He said that the CIA man had met with senior KGB officials in Austria in the fall of 1984, had turned over classified intelligence secrets to the Soviets, and had been paid.

Moreover, he said that "Robert" had been prepared for posting to Moscow by the CIA and then had been taken off that assignment. But "Robert" was familiar with the complex procedures used by the CIA for contacting its agents in the Soviet capital, and he knew their code names and other information that might establish their real identities.

The news horrified Yurchenko's CIA interrogators. If true, it meant there was, or had been, a mole in their inner sanctum, the most secret and sensitive part of the entire agency, the Soviet division. The prospect of a mole anywhere inside the CIA sent chills down the spines of the debriefers. But a mole in SE division was unspeakable, the ultimate catastrophe. It was the agency's worst nightmare come true.

There had already been disturbing intimations that something was wrong in Moscow; the chief of station had cabled Langley headquarters months before, warning of signs that both human and technical operations were being compromised. At least one major operation had been blown, and the CIA's Soviet contact, Adolf G. Tolkachev, a defense researcher, arrested by the KGB. His case officer, Paul M. "Skip" Stombaugh, Jr., who was under diplomatic cover as a second secretary in the American embassy, had been caught by the Soviets and expelled for espionage. He had been attempting to collect secrets from Tolkachev when he was seized. That had happened in June, only six weeks earlier. If "Robert" had talked to the Soviets, the entire CIA network in Moscow was in mortal danger.

Agents, such as Soviet citizens, whom the CIA recruits are known in agency jargon as assets. If Yurchenko was correct, the news was grave. It meant that the CIA no longer had any assets in Moscow.*

Gus Hathaway wasn't smiling anymore. For the counterintelligence chief, and Burt Gerber, the head of SE division, Yurchenko's disclosures were frightening even beyond their grim intelligence implications. Although neither Yurchenko nor almost anyone else knew it, the two CIA men were personally involved in, perhaps some would say in part responsible for, the calamity that Yurchenko had just revealed.

They knew—they had to have known—almost instantly whom Yurchenko was talking about. "Robert" could be only one man. He had been a new officer of the Clandestine Services in SE division. In the spring of 1983 he had been getting ready for assignment to the CIA's Moscow station, his first overseas post, when, at the last moment a polygraph test disclosed petty theft by the man.

Instead of sending the young officer to Moscow, the most sensitive post in the CIA, the agency took the unusual step of firing him. The case was a cause célèbre inside the CIA and especially in SE division. For the division's involvement with the man had not ended with his dismissal.

Afterward the officer had acted bizarrely and caused continuing problems for headquarters. The affair went far beyond Hathaway and Gerber. From top to bottom the agency had made every effort to cover up the potentially explosive case. Months earlier senior officials had decided not to notify the FBI. Specifically it had been decided to conceal the case from the one official in the United States government who had the greatest need to know: Edward O'Malley, the FBI's chief of counterintelligence, the very man who had been honored at William Casey's luncheon forty-eight hours before.

The dismissed CIA officer's bizarre behavior culminated with his confession to the CIA that he was a security risk; in September 1984 the man had volunteered to the agency that he had contemplated selling to the Soviet Union the agency's most sensitive secrets—the details of SE division's operations in Moscow.

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*In the CIA a career spy is called a case officer or, more broadly, an officer of the CIA. Case officers serving overseas in turn recruit agents, usually foreign nationals of the countries where the officers serve. These agents or assets are not career CIA employees. Because most people outside the agency ordinarily refer to CIA case officers as agents, the technical distinction between officers and agents, while certainly important, will not always be observed here.

Hathaway knew that, and so did Gerber. They had personally handled the man's case over the past year. And they had decided after his astonishing confession that there was still no need to tell the FBI about him. The CIA would contain this on its own.

There was only one man who fit Yurchenko's description.

His name was Edward Lee Howard.

3

Bucaramanga

Bucaramanga lies deep in the Andes in the remote, rural north of Colombia, close to the border of Venezuela and almost two hundred miles from Bogotá.

In the spring of 1973 a small group of young, idealistic Americans worked there, members of the Peace Corps that had been established more than a decade earlier by President John F. Kennedy. They were part of what Kennedy had termed "an immense reservoir of dedicated men and women" who had responded to his call.

In June of that year Mary Cedarleaf, a twenty-three-year-old graduate of the University of Minnesota, arrived in Bucaramanga, or "Buke," as the Peace Corps workers dubbed it, where she was to take up her duties as a teacher in a rural village on the outskirts of town.

She had grown up in a suburb of St. Paul, and her roots were in that area. The Cedarleafs lived in Mahtomedi, a pleasant suburb seven miles northeast of the city. Although a shy girl, she had many friends, joined the Girl Scouts and the 4-H Club, sang in the school choir, and took piano lessons until the twelfth grade. She also found time for sports and the outdoors; she liked to swim, ski, fish, and ride horses. She played tennis and volleyball, and one summer in her teens she taught swimming in the icy waters of nearby White Bear Lake.

Her father, Evar, was a veterinarian who switched careers and joined with his brothers in the family's successful insurance business in the Twin Cities. He was a solid, kindly man who had served in the Marines during World War II. Her mother, Adelaide, an outspoken and determined woman, was an ophthalmologist and an eye surgeon in an era when relatively few women were admitted to the ranks of the medical profession. The Cedarleafs were Republicans and good Lutherans.

Mary, the second of their three daughters, had grown up to be an attractive young woman, petite, with curly brown hair and blue eyes. She was so eager to begin her work that she did not wait for her diploma from the University of Minnesota. One of her sisters picked it up for her; Mary was already in Colombia with the Peace Corps, fulfilling an ambition she had held since 1962, when she was twelve. The ideas behind the Peace Corps, established only a year earlier by President Kennedy, had fired her imagination. Mary Cedarleaf liked helping others who were less fortunate.

It was in Bucaramanga that she met another Peace Corps volunteer, a dark-haired young man of twenty-two, a year and a half her junior. Ed Howard could hardly have come from a more different background. His mother's family was Hispanic. He had been born in Alamogordo, New Mexico, but lived in half a dozen states and three countries as his father, a career air force sergeant, moved from base to base, working as a missile guidance technician on Sidewinders and Sparrows.

Where Mary Cedarleaf's world was comfortable, upper-middle-class, and Lutheran, Ed Howard's was working-class, Catholic, part Hispanic, and peripatetic. The Howard family, of necessity dictated by his father's career, had never lived in one place long enough to put down roots.

Kenneth Howard retired from the Air Force in 1972, the same year that his son joined the Peace Corps. The senior Howard had been raised in a series of foster homes on poor farms around Marine City, Michigan, during the Depression. He never knew his father.

Kenneth Howard had joined the Air Force three years after the end of the war and was stationed at Holloman Air Force Base in Alamogordo in 1950, when he met Mary Jaramillo, a handsome woman from Albuquerque who was working as a waitress. They married the same year, and their first child, whom they christened Edward Lee, was born on October 27, 1951. A daughter, Debora, came along five years later.

When Howard was seven months old, his father was transferred to Tachikawa, Japan; mother and baby remained behind in Albuquerque. When Kenneth Howard returned, the family moved to Victorville, California, where he was stationed at George Air Force Base, then to New Mexico for two more years, then to Michigan at the Selfridge Air National Guard Base.

By 1962 the Howards were living at Hahn Air Base in Lautzenhausen, West Germany, forty-five miles west of Frankfurt. Ed Howard was eleven when he moved to Germany, and he quickly picked up the language. He took part in the activities organized for the families of the American servicemen.

"He played Little League and everything," Kenneth Howard recalled. "Ed played catcher. He was kind of on the chubby side. He had lots of friends and was in the Boy Scouts, up to Explorer."

And Ed, or Eddie, as his parents called him, did something else that pleased his mother and father. Both Roman Catholics, they were proud when their son became an altar boy in Germany.

In 1965 the Howards returned to the States, and Kenneth was stationed in Amarillo, in the Texas Panhandle, for a year. Then it was time to pull up stakes and move to Wichita Falls, Texas, for two years at Sheppard Air Force Base. Ed, a teenager by now, also served as an altar boy in Wichita Falls.

But his interests were not confined to religion. Ed Howard liked guns. On vacations he visited his grandparents in Reserve, New Mexico, and shot rabbits. "He went down to hunt and fish with them," his father said. "He had my rifle. He was a good shot." Howard was ten when he began hunting rabbits, prairie dogs, and rattlesnakes in the New Mexico desert.

In 1969 the Howards moved to England. Kenneth Howard was assigned to the Bentwaters Royal Air Force Base northeast of London near the Channel. The family lived nearby in Woodbridge. Edward enrolled in the Lakenheath American High School in Brandon, forty miles to the north. He boarded at the school and commuted home on the weekends. Although their son was away much of the time, the Howards tried to go on picnics together when he was home. Ed played football and tennis, did well academically, and graduated from high school in three and a half years.

In the fall of 1969 Edward Howard returned to the States to go to college. The chaplain at Hahn Air Force Base offered to get him a scholarship to Notre Dame to study for the priesthood, but Howard turned it down. He enrolled instead at the University of Texas at Austin. He joined the university's karate club and a student group that supported the United Nations.

The Vietnam War was in full swing. Now eighteen, Howard joined the engineers branch of the Army's Reserve Officers Training Corps, to protect himself from the draft and to enable him to finish college in four years. But Howard drew a high draft number and realized he no longer needed the ROTC; there was little chance he would be called.* To break his ROTC contract, he left Austin in the fall of 1970 and enrolled for a semester at the University of Maryland campus in Munich, Germany.

Early in 1971 Howard's family returned to the States, and Kenneth was stationed at England Air Force Base in Alexandria, in central Louisiana. His son was back in college at Austin. In May of the following year Edward Howard was graduated with honors with a bachelor's degree in international business and economics. He was in the top 10 percent of his class. In July Kenneth Howard retired from the Air Force and moved with his wife to Garland, Texas, a suburb of Dallas.

After graduation Edward Howard joined the Peace Corps. He talked about his motives for doing so in the course of thirty hours of interviews with the author in Budapest over six days. It was late afternoon on a warm day in June. We were sitting in an outdoor café under the trees on the Margit-sziget, or Margaret Island, not far from the spot where we had first met.

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*In 1969, under a presidential order, Selective Service established a draft of twenty-year-old men based on a lottery keyed to birth dates. Each day of the year was randomly assigned a number from 1 to 365. If a man had a number in the 300's, the chances were very low that he would be called. In fact, the highest number ever reached during the entire Vietnam War was 195. Howard's number was 363.

"I had talked to a CIA recruiter," Howard said, "just looking for a job, but I was told I was too young. Some Peace Corps recruiter grabbed me between classes, just like the agency, and I applied. They sent a telegram asking, 'Do you accept?' I had applied for graduate school. All of a sudden I had to decide. I consulted friends and a priest. I decided to get out of school." But he said he joined the Peace Corps more for adventure than out of a sense of idealism. "Sure, I wanted to help people, but it was more that I wanted to see the world."

He was sent to Costa Rica for language and other training and then began work in the Dominican Republic. In February 1973 he was reassigned to Colombia.

He was working in Bucaramanga when Mary Cedarleaf arrived. "In June," Howard recalled, "Mary came down from Bogotá. She was dressed all in blue. Blue jeans, blue sweater. I was attracted to her immediately."

Mary Cedarleaf was only visiting on that day, but she was formally assigned to Bucaramanga in August. For three months she and Howard both worked in "Buke." They dated and went dancing.

It wasn't a case of love at first sight, but Mary thought Howard was bright and "fun to be around." They did not see each other often in Colombia, however, because in October Howard was sent off to Cali, a major sugar and manufacturing center in the tropical Cauca River valley, fifty miles from the Pacific.

"I was in the north, and he was in Cali, in the south," Mary recalled. "But in any country Peace Corps workers get to know each other."

Colombia is, and was then, the world's leading source of processed cocaine. Although Cali was not a major growing area, cocaine, marijuana, and other drugs were cheap and plentiful. Howard regularly used a variety of drugs in Colombia, including marijuana and cocaine.

There is no reason to believe that Howard was already working for the Central Intelligence Agency when he served in the Peace Corps. Sargent Shriver, the first head of the corps, realized that it offered tempting cover for the CIA. He went to his brother-in-law

President Kennedy and exacted a promise that the intelligence agency would keep hands off. Kennedy issued orders to CIA Director Allen W. Dulles, and the Peace Corps, in its screening process, went to great lengths to make sure that no spooks slipped through the net. CIA employment of any kind remains a permanent barrier to service as a Peace Corps volunteer or staff member.

Howard completed his tour in Colombia on August 31, 1974, and Peace Corps records show that he served satisfactorily. For several months he worked as a Peace Corps recruiter out of Dallas; while recruiting in Puerto Rico that year, he was thrown off two college campuses because the students thought he was there for the CIA. In January 1975 Howard moved to Washington and enrolled as a graduate student at American University.

Mary Cedarleaf finished her service in Colombia in April of that year. Early in 1976, on a trip to Washington to visit her former roommate in Bucaramanga, she met Ed Howard again. They began seeing each other that spring, and Mary made two trips back to Washington to be with him. That summer Howard wangled a Peace Corps assignment in St. Paul and rented a house on White Bear Lake to be near Mary. In August he proposed, and she accepted. On November 26, a few months after Howard had earned his master's in business administration from American University, they were married in a Lutheran church in St. Paul. Both sets of parents were at the wedding.

Kenneth Howard, a heavyset man with thinning sandy hair, did not have his son's educational advantages. He was an intelligent but plainspoken man. His wife, still handsome in middle age, was a straightforward woman without pretensions, who spoke with a noticeable Spanish accent and sometimes worried about her background, her grammar, or the fact that she had not gone to college. The Cedarleafs were as nice as could be to their daughter's new in-laws, but to the Minnesotans at the wedding it was clear that socially and economically Ed Howard had "married up."

Two months earlier Howard had decided on the next step in his career; he had joined the Agency for International Development (AID) as a trainee. The entry-level program could qualify him to become a career Foreign Service officer.

In February the Howards were assigned to Lima, Peru. The young couple looked forward to returning to South America, this time together.

In Peru Howard worked as a project development officer for AID, helping small rural industries and farmers to obtain loans from private banks and public agencies. The Howards had a four-bedroom house and part-time servants in the San Borja section. Leonard Yaeger, the AID mission director in Peru at the time, remembered him as "quiet, hardworking, and diligent. He was not a flamboyant type."

Helene Kaufman, who served in the mission with Howard, had a similar recollection of Howard. "At parties the guy was a wallflower. You would have missed him unless someone introduced you."

Peru is a leading producer of coca leaf, from which cocaine is produced. In Lima, as in Colombia, drugs are easily available. Howard, according to CIA records, also used drugs in Peru, although the extent is not clear. In the Budapest interviews he claimed: "[In Lima] I did not do drugs, except one time I had a pipeful of marijuana."

While Howard worked for AID, Mary did odd jobs, for the most part teaching piano. Again, there is no evidence that Howard had any intelligence role while he was with AID, although the CIA has sometimes used that agency for cover. He did become friends with a woman who was the intelligence assistant to the CIA chief of station. But Mary Howard said her husband had no connection to the CIA when he served in the U.S. embassy in Peru. "In fact," she said, "it was a big game in Lima to figure out who the agency people were."

In March 1979 Howard resigned from AID. "I guess I had dreams of parlaying my business background into a big job in Washington or New York and making more money," he said.

Helene Kaufman went to his going-away party. "He told me all about the benefits AID has when you leave, like storage space for up to a year." She remembered her surprise that "someone had actually bothered to read through all that stuff. He had that kind of meticulousness."

Kaufman formed the impression that Howard was moving to the Midwest. "You know, for a nice, quiet life. It seemed appropriate for him."

With six years of government service behind him and an M.B.A., Howard began looking for a job in the private sector. In June he was hired by James H. Lowry and Associates, a management consulting firm in Chicago. The Howards bought a house in Barrington, a suburb northwest of the city.

The following spring he interviewed with Ecology and Environment, a Buffalo-based firm that held federal contracts to identify hazardous waste sites. E&E liked what it saw, and in May 1980 he was hired to manage the company's regional office in Chicago. At the time Congress was pushing to clean up toxic waste sites around the nation, an effort that later evolved into the multimillion-dollar Superfund program. The Environmental Protection Agency contracted with E&E to help it identify the sites to be cleaned up. The EPA had a hot line for the public to call in with reports of suspected hazardous sites. Howard's job was to select from the reports flowing to Chicago the most likely targets for investigation.

Trish McGuire, the administrative coordinator in the company's Buffalo headquarters, got to know Howard when he came in for meetings to plan work on the toxic waste contract. "Ed managed our biggest office, in Chicago," she said. "There were probably fifty-five people in the office. He was also responsible for the Kansas City office."

McGuire, a chubby, bespectacled, and single young woman from a South Buffalo Irish ward, was a year younger than Howard. She liked him and became one of his closest friends in the environmental firm. "He was very mellow, easy to listen to, projected concern for other people," she recalled. "He could let you know he was there for you without coming right out and saying it. He often called me on the phone to talk out a problem."

Howard impressed others as well. On the day that he waited in an anteroom at E&E headquarters in Buffalo for his job interview, he fell into conversation with another nervous candidate. James Lockwood, a short, muscular man who had been a champion college wrestler at Montana State, in Bozeman, was hired to run E&E's Washington office in Rosslyn, Virginia. The acquaintance that began in the waiting room flourished into friendship.

Lockwood, now an attorney for a large engineering company in

Washington, said Howard had performed well in Chicago. "He was fun to be around. Everybody liked him without exception. He was poised and had a lot of grace under pressure. He didn't lose his temper when things went awry." The two men stayed in touch, Howard visiting Rosslyn periodically and Lockwood traveling to Chicago.

In October 1980, on a business trip to the Kansas City office, Howard went out for drinks and a steak dinner with Trish McGuire, who had flown in from Buffalo, Fred Bauer, of the Chicago office, and Bauer's wife. "After we dropped Fred and his wife off, we went out for a few more drinks," McGuire recalled. That was when Howard opened up and began telling McGuire his troubles.

"He didn't seem to be a philanderer, but he gave me the impression he wasn't overly happy in his marriage, although a lot of men that age feel that way. Like his in-laws were too domineering and too much an influence in his life, both in terms of money and their influence on his wife. They had more money and could provide more money for her than he could. Maybe he just felt insecure about it."

McGuire thought Howard's wife had influenced him to leave AID and Peru and settle in Chicago "because that was near where her parents were." At the same time Howard spoke warmly of Mary. "I got the impression she was a very nice lady and he liked her a lot," McGuire said.

Howard also talked at length about the Peace Corps that night in Kansas City. What he confided was startling. "He said the whole Peace Corps thing was such a sham. He loved the work, but all he was in South America was a drugrunner and a pimp. Those aren't the exact words he used, those are my words, but that's what it amounted to. He said he was responsible for getting women and drugs for visiting dignitaries. Those were almost his exact words."*

McGuire said Howard also talked about his own drug use in

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*Howard acknowledged McGuire's account, at least in part. "We were trying to get U.S. businessmen, garment manufacturers from New York, to invest in Colombia," he said. "They would cut the materials in New York, and the girls in Cali would sew. These guys would come down, and I'd work with them all day, and some of them wanted to meet Colombian women. I wasn't a pimp. I never got them drugs; they were older guys, not interested in drugs."

Colombia. "I knew he had been involved with drugs when he was in the Peace Corps because he told me that," she said. McGuire formed the impression that the drugs Howard used in Colombia were "frequent and potent." But "grass and hash are the only two he mentioned. I don't think he was into hard drugs. I can't see Ed shooting up."

Howard, according to McGuire, was still using drugs in Chicago: "He would make an occasional comment that he got ahold of some good grass or some hash."

By the fall of 1980 Howard, at age twenty-eight, was outwardly doing well. He was married, owned a home, and appeared to be a successful young executive. But beneath the surface there were problems. Even in Barrington Mary and Edward Howard argued about his drinking. It was a subject that was to cause continual stress in their marriage. Although Mary Howard said she could not pinpoint when her husband's alcohol abuse had become a problem, "we discussed it in Chicago."

Howard managed to conceal his drinking, however, presenting a very different picture to the world. "E and E liked to party," James Lockwood recalled. "Ed drank less than anybody. I've never seen him even a little bit out of control. And no drugs whatsoever. No marijuana, coke, nothing." Trish McGuire knew about the drugs but never saw Howard drink too much. "I would never have considered him an overdrinker," she said.

But Howard was bored in Chicago. That fall he found time for a brief extramarital affair, not his last. He also decided there was more to life than looking for toxic waste dumps. Months before, he had applied for another job with the government.

"He just mentioned one day that he had," his wife, Mary, said. But Howard confided to his wife that the decision had formed gradually in his mind.

"What I've wanted to do for a long time," he told her, "is work for the CIA."

4

The Hiring

"As a kid I used to see the James Bond movies. Great. The guy steals; he gets away with things, like any of us would like to do."

We were sitting in a booth at the Kisbuda restaurant on Leo Frankel Street, on the Buda side of the Danube, having dinner. Howard, chain-smoking Marlboros, kept glancing around the restaurant, to see if we were under surveillance. He did not doubt that we were. Over steaks and beer, however, he seemed to relax a little.

"The first screening interview was in Chicago in June or July of 1980," he said. "I got a call. Go to a hotel room. I met two guys and had two interviews, one with each of them. One was white-haired, distinguished, lively, and funny. A personnel type. The other guy was DDO. Old, looked like he'd been through the wars. He wouldn't say a lot, and he kept flicking the blade of his pocketknife all through the interview. I didn't like him very much.

"Then I got a phone call in October. Come to Washington for a week. It was a very intensive week. They put me up at the Holiday Inn in Rosslyn. They paid plane fare, the hotel, and per diem. I had psychological testing, the medical exam, test battery. Crazy stuff. Questions like 'Do you prefer showers or baths?' "

Howard didn't know whether he had passed. But by the end of the week he realized he was at least a serious candidate for the agency.

* * *

In the early days the Central Intelligence Agency recruited officers for the Clandestine Services almost exclusively from Ivy League colleges. And even then those tapped were very carefully selected.

"Nearly all of us were brought in by someone who knew us," a former station chief, now retired, explained. At Yale, Allen "Skip" Walz, the crew coach, was the agency's quiet talent spotter. William F. Buckley, Jr., the columnist and author, was recruited off the Yale campus in 1950, for example, and served in the CIA's Mexico City station. There were dozens of others who moved from the best prep schools to the Ivy League to the agency.

The elite easterners ran the DDO for years somewhat like a private social club. By the late 1970's, however, the old boys were getting older, and Admiral Stansfield Turner, President Carter's director of Central Intelligence, decided it was time to remove the barnacles. As a Navy man Turner had no background in the Clandestine Services and no vested interest in protecting its members. On October 31, 1977, a day of infamy in the DDO that became known as the Halloween Massacre, Turner with a stroke of the pen eliminated 820 positions in the Clandestine Services.

While the survivors in the agency and many former DDO officers still grumble about Turner's action, the truth is that several other factors combined with the cutbacks to create personnel problems for the CIA's covert branch. The Vietnam War had made the military and the CIA unpopular. America's youth, many wrapped up in the counterculture, regarded the CIA as about the last place they would look for a job. During the 1970's the CIA had difficulty enlisting college graduates. Its recruiters were forced by campus protests and the political climate to interview students furtively in motels on the edge of campus.

The conservative tide that elected Ronald Reagan in 1980 was also reflected in the colleges. The CIA became more welcome, and protests for a time died down. But young people had also become career- and business-oriented. By the 1980's the CIA was faced with the growing problem of competing with private industry. It simply could not pay what the banks and large corporations were offering college graduates. In 1987, for example, a young CIA recruit might be offered a starting salary of just under twenty-two thousand dollars, but the same graduate might be able to land a job with a brokerage house at thirty-five thousand dollars.

It had also become a more dangerous world. CIA officers and installations and, more broadly, American diplomats and embassies were sometimes the target of terrorist attacks. The agency was not as safe as a career choice as IBM.

By 1980, when Edward Howard applied to the CIA, the agency was struggling with all these factors in its efforts to attract and keep good people. Casting aside the total secrecy of the past, the agency was advertising in major newspapers in large displays that featured the CIA eagle. The directorate of operations had long since abandoned its preference for the Ivy League. Ohio State was now as likely a breeding ground for a DDO officer as Yale. The fact that Edward Howard had been educated at the University of Texas and American University was no barrier to his recruitment for the Clandestine Services.

The CIA has a set procedure for handling applicants, and Howard went through it. The screening interview he had in Chicago was the first step, the meeting where the agency gets an initial look at a prospect.

If that goes well, the candidate is asked to fill out a sixteen-page Personal History Statement in two parts. Part One, known as a Position Application, asks for physical data, marital status, education, business skills, military service, knowledge of foreign countries and languages, the names of relatives who live abroad, employment history, and whether the applicant has ever been convicted of a crime or belonged to a group seeking to overthrow the government. It also asks about alcohol and drug use.*

Part Two, the Clearance Application, asks for employment data, family history, including details about parents, siblings, and in-laws, places of residence since age seventeen, financial status, and references.

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*Applicants are also asked verbally whether they have ever had a homosexual encounter. Officially the agency denies that it automatically bars homosexuals, but in practice it does not knowingly hire gay men or women.

If these initial hurdles are passed, the candidate is asked to take an all-day series of tests known as the Professional Applicant Test Battery (PATB). The package, which includes timed and untimed tests, is in form not unlike the SATs or Graduate Record Examination familiar to legions of students. There is a considerable difference in content, however. The test was designed by an educational testing service especially for the CIA, and it includes such questions as how the applicant would break into a locked building after hours and remove something from a desk.

The tests are followed by a second and much more detailed interview. Typically, for someone whom the agency sees as a possible candidate for the DDO, the interview would be conducted by an older case officer or former station chief. The applicants are warned that if they opt for the life of a spy, their friends will think they have been stuck in a minor embassy post for years, making no headway in the "State Department." They are bluntly told that they will probably earn less money than their friends and may have to endure hardships.

By stressing the down side of life in the Clandestine Services, the recruiter attempts to spot and weed out those who are unsuitable for covert work. The applicant who is discouraged by the recruiter's recitation is marked down as not DDO material.

If the in-depth interview goes well, the clearance process is begun, and the applicant is subjected to a full field investigation by the CIA's Office of Security. The investigation covers the applicant's life history. Friends, neighbors, relatives, and business associates are questioned.

Applicants are also told they will have to take a polygraph examination and are advised in writing that there is "no need" to reveal this fact even "to your immediate family." Others should certainly not be told, the CIA warns, because only the CIA and the National Security Agency use lie detectors to screen prospective employees; telling a friend about a lie detector test would therefore reveal that the candidate had applied to either the CIA or the NSA. Finally, applicants must take a medical examination that includes psychological and, for certain posts, psychiatric tests.

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To the CIA Howard looked like an ideal recruit. The agency does not hire ex-Peace Corps volunteers for a period of five years, but that was no barrier; Howard had been out for six.* He had a graduate degree and work experience, including managerial responsibilities in his current job. Both he and his wife were accustomed to living overseas, and both had worked for the government previously. Howard was fluent in Spanish and could get along in German. He had lived in Germany, England, Colombia, and Peru. He was a smooth, well-spoken man who collected guns and knew how to use them. At the age of twenty-eight he was older than the typical applicant from a college campus, but young enough to learn the tradecraft of intelligence.

"He tested well," one former CIA officer said. Indeed, Howard seemed almost made-to-order for the agency.

Except for one problem. The CIA Personal History Statement that Howard filled out contains a section called "Personal Declarations." It asks whether the applicant uses alcohol and, if so, to what extent. "I think I put either normal or moderate consumption of alcohol," Howard said. Whatever his reply, it did not alarm the agency. Question 6, however, reads: "Do you use or have you ever tried such items as marijuana, hashish, cocaine, LSD, amphetamines, heroin, or drugs of a similar nature?" Howard admitted that he had.

For those who answer yes to Question 6, the next question requires a listing of each drug used, how taken, the dates taken, the circumstances, the first time used, and the last time used. Howard filled in the details of his drug use.

In the Budapest interviews Howard spoke in some detail about drugs. At various times, he said, he had used marijuana, cocaine, hashish, LSD, and Quaaludes. He insisted he was never more than a "recreational user" of drugs.

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*While it is well publicized that the Peace Corps will not knowingly hire ex-CIA officers, it is not generally understood that the agreement is two-way: the CIA hires former Peace Corps volunteers only after a five-year waiting period. Even then the pertinent CIA regulation requires that the employment of any former member of the Peace Corps "must have the specific prior approval of the deputy director concerned." Howard said this was done in his case.

"In college, maybe once a week at the University of Texas at Austin, maybe I'd try some marijuana. In the Peace Corps I did marijuana and cocaine. In Cali I met an old guy, a Marxist lawyer. Some of his clients couldn't pay him, so they paid him in cocaine. He would sell it to me for four, five dollars a gram. In the States it was a hundred dollars a gram.

"Maybe once a week, on Saturday night, I'd buy a gram just for recreational use. My peak period was Cali. We'd get high with a gram apiece. One person can do a gram in the course of a night. We used straws to snort it, maybe every twenty to thirty minutes. You get a rush for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then you use more, and again, until you have none left. We'd do a gram of coke, then go down to the bar and have a couple of beers. That was our Saturday night."

Howard said he had used LSD once, during his sophomore year in college, had used hash "a couple of times" while a student in Munich, and had taken Quaaludes once in Colombia. "I have definitely not used opium, heroin, PCP, or crack," he said.

As part of the screening process Howard had to take a polygraph test, as do all candidates. In CIA jargon, he was "fluttered." Howard passed his entrance polygraph with no difficulty. During the test, he said, "the operator wrote a list of drugs down the left-hand side of the page and the years along the top; he made a matrix. He filled the matrix from the preinterview, and then during the polygraph he asked, 'Except for the times you told me about, have you ever used drugs?' I said no. That was it. I passed the polygraph."*

Although the polygraph, or lie detector, has been widely criticized as an imprecise and invasive tool, the CIA sets great store by it. Like other candidates, Howard was told that he would face a second polygraph after three years and at periodic intervals thereafter.

A former CIA man intimately familiar with the details of the Howard case, interviewed on the condition that he not be identified, said, "Howard had a very serious drug abuse problem for four years, daily use, while in the Peace Corps and AID." He had been "clean" for about two years before joining the CIA, the former official said.*

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*In a telephone interview with the author on November 27, 1985, Patti Volz, a CIA spokesperson, said that Howard's entrance polygraph had indicated "some drug use." But many applicants use marijuana, she added. She did not mention cocaine or the other drugs Howard's entrance polygraph had disclosed.

"They knew when they hired him that he had used hard drugs," he said. "They didn't find out afterward. They knew from the start."

In 1987 the House Intelligence Committee officially concluded: "The CIA hired Edward Howard despite an extensive history of using hard drugs."† The Intelligence Committee, which held a closed-door investigation of the Howard case, tried hard to pin down the extent of his history of drug use. With a great deal of waffling the CIA reluctantly provided a list of drugs used by Howard to the panel.

How could the CIA have hired Howard, given his history of cocaine and other drug use? A thoughtful former senior official of the intelligence agency, a man wise in the ways of its bureaucracy, sketched in the historical background. "The agency for years was death on drugs," he said. "We'd gone through the flower children, and how do you get anyone to work for the agency who never smoked pot? We had to persuade OS [the CIA's Office of Security] to drop its categorical opposition to drugs, to anyone but Jack Armstrong. 'Look at the whole person' became the new euphemism for taking potheads. It was nothing but a recognition of reality of the world. With the Turner firings and passage of time there was a significant recruitment problem for ops officers. A strenuous effort was made to hire them."

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*Although Howard said he had used drugs only once in AID, he continued to smoke pot and hashish in Chicago, according to Trish McGuire, at the very time he was being screened for employment by the CIA.

†The term "hard drugs" is a colloquial, rather than a legally defined, expression. Most authorities would certainly include addictive drugs, such as heroin, within that term. Increasingly experts are classifying cocaine as a hard drug. Apparently the House Intelligence Committee did so as well.

There is no complete agreement on the extent of Howard's drug use. Howard's parents said they were unaware of any drug use by their son. Howard's own description of his drug history is given in this chapter. His wife disputes the House Intelligence Committee version. "They make him sound like a heroin addict or something," Mary Howard said. "He wasn't." Asked about the list of drugs, including LSD, that the CIA admitted to the House Intelligence Committee that Howard had used, she said: "It's not true. That's a bunch of baloney. Maybe there was experimental use in college like a lot of people. If he had used LSD for years, his mind would be completely spaced out."

It is clear, however, that Howard used a variety of drugs over a period of more than ten years, including regular and frequent use of cocaine while in Colombia.

What the new policy amounted to was that CIA candidates who admitted to smoking pot would not be automatically barred if they promised to stop once employed by the agency. In theory admission of hard-drug use—cocaine, for example—would raise a red flag, but again, not lead to automatic rejection.

John P. Littlejohn, the CIA's deputy director of personnel for employment, conceded that many applicants today have used marijuana. "That in itself isn't going to disqualify you. Hard drugs would raise questions, but we look at the circumstances and whole person. Someone who uses drugs at a frat party and now as an adult isn't using—that says something to us." But once an applicant is accepted, no drugs are permitted. "You can have a martini," Littlejohn said, "but you can't have a joint."

In 1980, when Howard was applying to the CIA, the director of the Office of Personnel (OP) was Harry E. Fitzwater, a veteran naval aviator who had previously run the agency's computers and then its training program. His deputy was Dr. Lawrence G. Woodward. Neither official personally screened Howard's application. That was done by lower-level "processing assistants" in OP.

On his Personal History Statement Howard had listed hashish, marijuana, and cocaine. He added LSD to that list on his entrance polygraph. Despite Howard's other qualifications, the list of drugs he provided, both on the statement and in his lie-detector examination, could not be ignored. The personnel officer whose job it is to decide on what the agency calls hard cases scrutinized Howard's application, including his drug use, and made the decision to hire him. Later he told associates he wished he hadn't.

How could it have happened? The former CIA official who studied the Howard case provided the answer: “He was quick, sharp-witted, well educated, had a good background, overseas service; he wasn’t young and inexperienced. They wanted him. So they waived the drugs.”

Howard’s file was stamped “E.O.D.,” which meant he was “Entered on Duty.” If he did well and passed a second polygraph at the end of three years, he would be moved into unrestricted status.

In January 1981 Howard reported to headquarters in Langley, Virginia. For the moment Mary remained behind in Barrington. But Howard was ecstatic. His long-standing secret ambition was at last fulfilled. He was an agent of the Central Intelligence Agency.

5

Farmhand

CIA headquarters is a secluded, spooky place. The grayish white concrete building, seven stories high, is set, deliberately, in the middle of the woods, about a half mile inland from the Potomac. It is heavily guarded, closed to the public, and surrounded by a ten-foot-high chain-link fence.

In the winter, when Edward Howard reported in, the CIA may be glimpsed through the trees from the parkways nearby. In the summer it is completely hidden by foliage. To the north of the front entrance is a domed auditorium, rather Martian-like in appearance and irreverently known as the Tastee-Freez.

A bronze statue of Nathan Hale, Yale, Class of 1773, the nation's first spy, stands in front of headquarters. His hands are manacled behind him, and the inscription on the base proclaims: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Howard's first weeks at the agency were taken up with the usual round of training classes and orientation. He was issued his security badge and familiarized with the rules for locking safes and placing unwanted materials in burn bags at the end of each day. He was told to disguise his true employment to the outside world, even to friends and family.

Mary Howard knew, of course, but his parents did not. "We didn't even know it was CIA," his father, Kenneth Howard, said in an interview. "He told us he worked for the State Department, to relieve our mind, I'm sure." More than four years were to go by before Howard's parents realized their son had worked for the Central Intelligence Agency.

Howard's immediate problem in January 1981 was to find a place to live. He asked one of his instructors, a woman, whether she could help. The instructor said she knew someone—another agency employee, of course—who had a room and put Howard in touch with him.

And so that month Howard moved into an apartment in Arlington, Virginia, with William George Bosch. It was located in a high-rise condominium on Pimmit Drive, in Falls Church, not far from CIA headquarters. Bosch became Howard's closest friend in the agency.

The son of a German-born yard conductor on the Long Island Rail Road, Bosch, then thirty-two, had grown up in Westbury, Long Island. He spoke of his mother, who still lived there, a brother who worked in New York City, another brother in California, and a sister in Texas. He had served in an Army intelligence unit in Vietnam, then joined the agency in 1973 while finishing college at the American University.

At six feet three and just over two hundred pounds, Bosch was several inches taller than Howard, who was two years his junior. Bosch was blond, balding, and gangly; Howard was dark-haired and compact. But Bosch shared Howard's taste for adventure. Bosch liked to drive expensive, fast cars, and he had an eye for attractive women. And both men very much wanted to be spies.

For seven years Bosch had toiled on the clerical level in the administrative side of the Clandestine Services. He had been sent overseas for a time, to Saudi Arabia. But his real ambition was to become a case officer. He kept pushing, hoping that one day he would be rewarded.

In the meantime, Bosch was working in the Latin American division of the DDO as an intelligence assistant, a status somewhere between a secretary and a case officer. In March Bosch got exciting news. He was being sent to the Farm, for training as a real spy. Guns, secret writing, shaving-cream cans with secret compartments for messages—the whole works. With any luck he would be posted overseas, where his potential as a secret agent could at last be fully realized.

Howard knew that he, too, would soon get his chance to go to the Farm. For the moment he had to be content with a series of less interesting assignments. To familiarize him with the operations of the directorate, he was rotated around headquarters, first on the Swiss desk, then the covert-action desk of the international activities division (IAD).

That winter and spring he was able to see his wife on the weekends. Sometimes he flew to Chicago; sometimes Mary came east. Howard also began looking for a house in northern Virginia that would be convenient to CIA headquarters.

He contacted Dwight Avis, a real estate broker with Century 21 in Vienna, Virginia, a Washington bedroom community of modestly priced houses. Avis knew just the place—a development of brand-new attached town houses arranged in a quiet square that was secluded from the area's busy highways. And in a few years the Orange Line of the Washington subway system would reach Vienna.

"I was strong on Country Creek," Avis recalled, "because I knew it was going to be close to the Metro." Avis remembered Howard. "He came in by himself. He told me he was with the State Department."

The Howards selected a town house at 9654 Scotch Haven Drive in the Country Creek development, obtained financing, and purchased it in May for $98,234. For the moment they held on to the house in Barrington; Avis advised them that real estate prices were down, and they would do better to wait.

The new two-story house on Scotch Haven Drive was the last in its row, so there was open space next to it. A wooden fence enclosed a small backyard which overlooked a jogging path that ran along a stand of pines. The house had an unfinished basement, a sunken living room that overlooked the woods, and three bedrooms upstairs.

The Howards' next-door neighbor was John Matejko, a television tape editor for the Washington bureau of ABC News. A Navy lieutenant commander, Douglas M. Arendt, and his wife lived on the other side of the Howards, across the open space. When the Howards first moved in, Matejko, his wife, Marianne, the Arendts, and another couple were invited over for a housewarming.

"Mary and Ed were making homemade ice cream," Matejko recalled. "We had a few drinks. I asked, 'What do you do?' Mary said, 'We met in the Peace Corps, and Ed now works for the State Department.' Ed said he had been an AID officer in South America. The furnishings were nice, with a distinctively Spanish accent, a lot of dark woods. It had obviously been bought in South America. He seemed a very pleasant, intelligent guy." But on other occasions Matejko thought he detected an intense, brooding side to his new neighbor. "He seemed to be more aloof as time went by."

Otherwise, however, the Howards blended into the neighborhood. The young State Department officer was frequently seen jogging on the path behind the houses. The couple had a large German shepherd that they had purchased as a pup in Lima. Howard named the dog Whisky.

Mary Howard's parents came to visit the young couple on Scotch Haven Drive, and on one trip Evar Cedarleaf, who was handy with tools, helped Ed finish the basement. Evar used light wood paneling, and when he was through, the basement, with its cozy fireplace, had expanded the house by a whole floor. With Howard's future apparently bright and the couple settled in, their new home seemed an ideal place to start a family. By July Mary Howard had exciting news for her husband: she was pregnant.

About the same time Bill Bosch completed his training at the Farm and returned to headquarters. Howard kept up his friendship with Bosch; they saw each other once a week, sometimes in the cafeteria on the ground floor of CIA headquarters or occasionally Bosch came to the Howards' new house.

And then, in August, it was Howard's turn. It was time for the real espionage training to begin. At long last he would be sent south. To the Farm.

STOP. RESTRICTED AREA. ENTERING THIS FACILITY SIGNIFIES YOUR CONSENT TO THE SEARCH OF YOUR PERSON & PERSONAL PROPERTY INCLUDING VEHICLES. TURN ON INTERIOR LIGHT.

The setting looks exactly like the entrance to a military base. The sign, in bold letters, the searchlights, and the aggressive, armed guards are there to discourage a wrong turn by any of the millions of tourists who drive by each year en route to colonial Williamsburg, only a few minutes away.

A larger sign, above the guardhouse, purports to identify the site. It reads: ARMED FORCES EXPERIMENTAL TRAINING ACTIVITY, DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE, CAMP PEARY. The installation is on the left-hand side of the highway as motorists head south for Williamsburg. It stretches over ten thousand acres between Interstate 64 and the York River.

Despite its markings, Camp Peary is not a military base. It is the training facility of the Central Intelligence Agency, better known as the Farm. Although former employees have written about the Farm, the CIA, even today, does not acknowledge its existence. All officers of the Clandestine Services receive their principal training there.

The heavily forested site is, of course, closed to outsiders and protected by a chain-link fence. It had previously been a training base for the Navy's Seabees and, during World War II, a prisoner of war camp for captured German soldiers. Aerial photographs taken by local authorities for tax purposes show clusters of barracks, a huge warehouse, a gym, target ranges, and a private airstrip with a large *R* (for "restricted") painted on it. Deer are abundant, and there are stocked lakes for fishing.

At the Farm Howard, like all career trainees of the DDO, received intensive instruction in espionage tradecraft, including recruitment of agents, communications with agents, surveillance and countersurveillance, and escape and evasion. He spent four months at the Farm and later received specialized training at other locations in the Washington area.*

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*CIA trainees receive specialized courses, on a selective basis, at places other than the Farm. For example, trainees have been instructed in explosives and detonation at Harvey Point, near Elizabeth City, North Carolina. For certain surveillance exercises, trainees sometimes stalk each other on the Mall that runs between the Lincoln

Some of the members of Howard's class at the Farm were instructed in weapons assembly and handling, paramilitary operations, parachute drops, sabotage, and martial arts. Howard did not take the paramilitary course; the trainees who did were destined for duty in places like El Salvador, where such skills might be necessary.

The communications courses that Howard took at the Farm included training in radio, codes, secret writing, the use of one-time code pads, dissolving paper, microdots, dead drops, and signals. The dissolving paper, Howard explained, was for quick destruction of sensitive material. "Suppose you take notes at an agent meeting. Just throw them in the toilet, or spill your drink on them, and they're gone."

A dead drop is a favorite device of spies, both East and West, because it is a means of passing messages without the risk of personal contact. An agent leaves a message at an agreed location, behind a loose brick in a wall, for example, and his case officer clears the drop and perhaps leaves a new message and money for the agent.

Often the CIA communicates with agents by radio. Howard was trained in how to instruct an agent to tune in on the exact frequency and listen for the code numbers to decipher with the help of the one-time pads. "We pretended to be agents and copied down number groups," he said.

Howard lived dormitory-style in the BOQ, the bachelor officers' quarters at Camp Peary. There was constant pressure on the trainees; Howard and his classmates knew they were being tested and evaluated. Still, he found some of the training exhilarating.

"I liked the process, the mechanics," he said. "At the Farm my best grade was breaking and entering. I had a perfect score. Get in, take pictures of documents, and get out. I loved that shit. They had

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Memorial and the Capitol or are taken to Harpers Ferry, West Virginia. Courses in locks and picks, flaps and seals (how to open letters clandestinely), and photography have been given at the CIA's Blue U, an eight-story office building at 1000 North Glebe Road in Arlington, Virginia. "Blue U" gets its unusual name from the fact that the exterior of the modernistic building is a checkerboard pattern in two shades of blue.

a house. It was dark, at night, and you had to get in, take the pictures, and get out without anyone knowing. We had a team of four to break in."

And once while at the Farm, quite unexpectedly, Howard came upon the house where Yuri Nosenko, the controversial KGB defector, had been confined by the counterintelligence chief James Angleton. It made an unforgettable impression. "I saw Nosenko's cell in the woods in Camp Peary," Howard recalled. "It's in a house with barbed wire around it and spotlights. It was eerie."

While Howard concentrated on courses in agent handling, the paramilitary training was going on around him. The paramilitary courses at the Farm include instruction in border crossing at a mock border, complete with guards, watchtowers, and dogs, and infiltration by boat, sometimes at night. The paramilitary training also includes climbing obstacles, long marches, setting up tents, and nights in the field. In the martial arts courses the trainees learn to kill with their bare hands.

One graduate of the Farm remembers a hairy exercise with hand grenades. "You pull the pin, throw the grenade, and duck," he said. "Not all were live, but some were, and you never knew which ones were. It was a bit like Russian roulette."

"Some of the training was a little nutty," a former staff official of the Farm recalled. "For example, we demonstrated the snatch technique for exfiltrating agents. If you infiltrate agents into a Soviet-bloc country, there may come a time when you have to exfiltrate them. They set up two poles with a bungee between them and attached a line to the bungee with a sort of seat. The agent sits in the seat between the two poles. A light aircraft moving slowly hooks the line and snatches the agent into the sky while someone in the plane with a crankshaft literally winds him in. When the young trainees would see this, they were in awe. I doubt the agency ever really used it, but it sure impressed the trainees."

Although Howard never hung from a bungee, he did spend a good deal of time learning countersurveillance, the techniques of detecting and evading surveillance by others. The CS training is provided by FBI instructors, not only at the Farm but also in a city to which the trainees are taken (Richmond or other cities in the South are often favored). The CIA men and women are taught how to spot a tail and how to "dry-clean" themselves by going in and out of crowded department stores, for example, or other places where it would be difficult for anyone to follow them.* Howard seemed to have a knack for this aspect of espionage work; according to one CIA source, he scored number one in his class in countersurveillance, although Howard himself said he was never told this.

Howard also had a day of disguise training at the Farm, learning what he needed to know about wigs, makeup, and fake mustaches. He kept one of the wigs he was issued.

After almost four months at Camp Peary the career trainees are given their final exam. Typically the CTs are taken to a major U.S. city for a live exercise, with CIA instructors as role players. "The group split up into teams housed in different motels," a former CIA officer who went through the training at the Farm explained. "You would be given the location and description of an agent to contact in a restaurant or bar. At the bar the agent would have signaled if he felt he was under surveillance, either with a gesture or by wearing a certain colored jacket. You would debrief the agent or you might 'task' him to get further information. The guy had his own 201 file, and you had read it.† He might be in the foreign ministry of the host country, for example."

As part of the final exam the trainee must usually recruit an agent whom he or she has been assessing during a series of meetings at or near the Farm. The purpose of the half dozen meetings is to make sure the agent has access to the information he claims he can provide and is not a provocation by an opposing intelligence service. In the final meeting the trainee makes the "pitch," as a recruitment attempt is termed.‡

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*The term "dry cleaning" to evade surveillance is also used by the KGB.

†The CIA opens 201 files on any person of interest to the agency.

‡Trainees at the Farm also learn the always dangerous cold pitch, the approach to a potential agent—a Soviet diplomat, for example—without any warning or previous meetings. And they learn about a false-flag recruitment, in which the recruiter pretends to represent a country other than his own.

Sometimes the instructors would spring the unexpected, the ex-CIA man recalled. "One instructor I had, playing the role of an agent, got loud and boisterous in the restaurant. 'I've been telling you people for a year about my medical bills. What are you going to do about it?' Other instructors demanded more money or asked the agency to exfiltrate their family if they were arrested. You had to know how to respond. I had one who suddenly said, 'I'm being posted to Ouagadougou.' So you have to make a recontact plan on the spot. It was a nervous time. You wanted to do a good job; you were being graded."

Howard's final examination followed the customary pattern. "We had the final exercise in a southern city," Howard said, "meeting agents we had recruited. We worked in groups of four. Each of us had four or five agents. We tried to determine which ones to recruit to save the U.S. from a big mistake. It was all going on in a mythical country, like Atlantis. It was supposed to be an island in the Atlantic.

"One agent would be head of the secret police, another in the foreign ministry, and so on, and we had to decide which were the best ones to recruit."

Howard apparently did fairly well. He claimed that he ranked in the top 25 percent of his class at the Farm.

Even while in training at the Farm, Howard was able to spend some of his time at home on Scotch Haven Drive, and he renewed his friendship with James Lockwood, the onetime college wrestling champion who ran the Rosslyn office of E&E, Howard's former employer.

"We ran together all the time he was in Washington," Lockwood said. "He got me into distance running." At the time Lockwood was running a mile or two, but Howard was jogging three or four miles at a clip. The two men often met and jogged together around the Iwo Jima Memorial in Rosslyn. "Ed said he'd gone to work for the State Department. He never mentioned CIA."

That fall the Howards invited the Lockwoods to dinner at their house in Vienna. It was a very mundane evening, Lockwood recalled, "talking, eating dinner, and then they showed us their slides from the Peace Corps. They were proud of that experience. We had them back to our house in Springfield."

One night at a bar in Rosslyn, however, Lockwood was surprised to discover that his friend was a political conservative. After law school at Syracuse Lockwood had joined a combat battalion of the Army Engineers, and had spent a year and a half in Vietnam, where he was shot at during the Tet offensive. The experience helped shape his views; Lockwood came back from the war a liberal. At the bar "we had a philosophical conversation. I was to the left politically. Here's a guy in the Peace Corps, and he goes and votes for Ronald Reagan. The conversation got heated. Ed felt money is best spent on defense, not social programs. He was a strong Reagan supporter."

Just as Lockwood had misgauged his friend's politics, there were other perceptions of the Howards that did not reflect the reality. Their next-door neighbor Kit Arendt thought that Mary Howard worked for a bank. John Matejko, their other immediate neighbor, believed Mary was "teaching at a school or working at a bank."

They were wrong. Mary Howard, in the fall of 1981, had joined the CIA. "I felt if I was going to work anywhere," she said, "it would be logical to work in the agency." Like her husband, she was assigned to the directorate of operations, where she worked, initially, as a secretary at the CIA's language school in an unmarked building in Arlington.

The DDO is a tight-knit organization whose members tend to socialize together and on occasion to intermarry. CIA couples are not unusual, and often, as in the case of the Howards, a DDO officer's wife will be recruited by the "Company." From a security point of view the agency finds the arrangement convenient. Like all couples working for the CIA's covert side, the Howards lived a double life, in which concealment from family, close friends, and neighbors gradually became the norm.

The neighbor who knew them best, John Matejko, agreed to take care of the dog when the Howards were away, and that seemed to be often. He would go into the Howards' house to feed him. "Gaines pellets," Matejko said. "She had about two hundred rawhide chew sticks that Whisky liked. If I wanted to get the dog to go down to the basement, where he was kept, all I had to do was throw one down the steps. One weekend they said they were going down to Williamsburg. 'We haven't seen it yet,' Mary said. They brought us back a present."

In December, his training at the Farm over, Howard was temporarily assigned to the German Democratic Republic (East German) desk of the European (EUR) division. There are several geographic divisions within the DDO, and some are more prestigious than others. Although Howard spoke some German, he was fluent in Spanish. With his knowledge of that language and his previous work in South America, Howard might have expected he would be assigned to the Latin American division. But within the DDO, LA division is regarded as something of a dumping ground, not the very best path to rapid advancement.

Thus, Howard was pleased to learn that he was being prepared for an assignment in Austria. "I wanted to go to Vienna," he said. "It's the spy capital of the world. It's where a lot of things go down. It's a big station for such a small country."

Then something even better, and totally unexpected, happened. In January 1982 the woman who was personnel officer for the Soviet/East European division, asked Howard and his wife to come to her house.

Over coffee the woman gradually worked around to the reason for her call. She asked Howard whether he might be interested in going to Moscow for SE division. Yes, Howard replied quickly, it would be interesting, yes.

"Moscow!" Howard recalled. "I was dumbfounded. To become a Soviet target officer in the CIA was like being top gun." He could scarcely believe his good fortune.

Howard was thirty years old. He had made it through the CIA selection process into the Clandestine Services. Mary, too, had been accepted into the ranks of the DDO. And now, having excelled in his rite of passage at the Farm, he had passed through yet another closed door into the agency's inner sanctum. He had made it to the fourth floor. To the most coveted division of all, SE.

6

SE

"SE is the holiest of holies," the former Far East division case officer said. "It's a closed, cliquish, incestuous bunch of people. Nobody looks over their shoulders."

That created a problem, he said. "SE screens their own and thumbs their nose at anybody else. But once you're in, you're in. It's a club. The irony is, they don't take a good, close look at the people they bring in."

The division, the most secret in the directorate of operations, is responsible for the clandestine collection of intelligence and for covert operations in the Soviet Union and the Communist-bloc countries of Eastern Europe.*

The office of the chief of the SE division is located on the fifth floor at Langley headquarters. The division is organized into a number of branches and sections, which occupy offices on the fourth, fifth, and sixth floors. Among the important branches are SE/USSR, the Soviet branch, to which Howard was assigned, SE/PCH, for Poland,

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*The one exception is the German Democratic Republic, which remains part of the DDO's European (EUR) division.

Czechoslovakia, and Hungary, a separate branch for Romania and Bulgaria, and SE/SS for support staff.*

Approximately three hundred people work in SE division at headquarters. They customarily use the blue elevator in the southwest corner of the CIA lobby to reach their offices.

When the Howards were approached by the Soviet division, it was made clear to them that SE was interested not only in Edward Howard but in Mary Howard as well. Although up to now Mary Howard had worked at the agency as a secretary, the CIA planned a very different role for her in Moscow.

The Howards were to be a husband-and-wife spy team.

Before their special training for Moscow could begin, there was another hurdle to pass. Once tapped by SE division, Howard and his wife were required to meet with CIA psychiatrists, both separately and together. Moscow is a stressful post, where case officers must work under the nose of the KGB, and the psychiatric screening was an important step before their selection could be made final. The Howards passed the psychological evaluation and reported in to SE in February 1982. They were assigned to the SE/USSR branch on the fourth floor.

Like all DDO officers, Howard was given a pseudonym, consisting of a first and last name and a middle initial. His was Roger K. Shannon. In all CIA cable traffic pseudonyms are used whenever there is a reference in the text to a CIA officer.†

At the Farm Howard had been assigned another name, Edward L. Houston, which was technically his alias and was distinct from his pseudonym. Among other purposes, he used the alias to sign his cables. So complicated is the agency's secrecy system that its employees sometimes give false names even to each other; when Howard first reported in to the Soviet division, he gave his name as Edward L. Houston.*

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*SE/SS houses the division's administrative sections, including SE/B&F, for business and finance; SE/PEMS, for personnel employee management system, the unit in charge of assigning case officers to various overseas stations and bases; and SE/personnel.

†Pseudonym files, keyed to true names, are kept in the divisions at headquarters and at stations overseas so that case officers can figure out the references in the cable traffic.

He revealed his true name only as he was taken upstairs to meet the division chief, David W. Forden. A handsome, if somewhat short, man of fifty, with prematurely silver hair, Forden was a popular division chief who played tennis with his secretary and related easily to his staff. He was born in New York, was graduated from Wesleyan University in 1952, earned a master's degree in public administration the following year, and then joined the CIA under Army cover. In the early days Forden ran operations into Czechoslovakia from Germany. By 1965 he was in Warsaw under State Department cover as a political officer. After putting in time at headquarters, he was sent to Mexico in 1970, again under embassy cover. He climbed the ladder as a field officer and finally got his division.

Although Howard was unaware of it, in early 1982 Forden had a problem. The woman case officer who had been selected for the Moscow station had flunked her psychological evaluation. Someone else was needed, and right away. Moscow was too important a station to leave a slot unfilled. That is how Howard came to be chosen for SE and Moscow.

Hannah Arendt has called bureaucracy "rule by nobody." The CIA officials who made the initial decision to hire Howard, and those who selected him for the sensitive Moscow post, did not rush forward later to claim credit. The bureaucratic mists have closed in to mask those decisions. But clearly the division chief would have had to approve Howard's selection for Moscow. The choice of a new CIA officer to operate at the very center of Soviet power was too important to be left to underlings.

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*Howard had a third name that he used for operational purposes in the CIA: Patrick M. Brian, which he sometimes varied as Patrick Brian or Patrick M. Bryan. Howard had served in the Peace Corps in Cali with Patrick M. Brian and borrowed his name. "I was allowed to choose this name and deliberately selected the name of an old friend with whom I'd lost contact," Howard told me. "It was not a joke but simply an easy way for me to remember my cover."

The former CIA official who closely studied the Howard file confirmed this. "Dave Forden approved him," he said.

In SE Howard would certainly have been reminded of the agency's elaborate security precautions. Before leaving each night, employees are warned to make sure that all classified trash is stapled in brown bags labeled "Top Secret" and put down the chute. Deep in the basement of the CIA, powerful machines shred the documents into a fine pulp. Passswords were needed to access the files in SE's computers, and even innocuous files required them.

Despite the tight security, there were frequent office parties in the division, and alcohol was plentiful. Howard's drinking, which he managed to conceal from friends like Jim Lockwood, was still a subject of marital discord between Howard and his wife.

The agency did not, apparently, discover that Howard had an alcohol problem when he was hired. It was not picked up on his entrance polygraph in 1980. But his CIA colleagues knew; on a couple of occasions he had been seen drinking heavily. The incidents were not reported officially, but Howard's problem was known around headquarters.

According to the former CIA official who studied the Howard file, both Forden and the Soviet division were aware that Howard had an alcohol abuse problem at the time he was brought into the division and chosen for Moscow; the bureaucratic pressures to fill the job were such that Howard was selected for the Moscow station anyway.

Certainly, by February 1982, when Howard began work in SE division, the CIA knew about his drinking because he had consulted the agency's alcoholism counselor after leaving the Farm and *before* reporting in to the division that month.*

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*The extent of the agency's knowledge of Howard's drinking problem at the time he was brought into SE division and simultaneously chosen for Moscow is obviously a sensitive issue and was never clarified even in later, rather limited closed-door congressional investigations of the affair by the House and Senate Intelligence committees. One congressional source said that the CIA may not have known "officially" about Howard's drinking when he was selected for Moscow, but "the people who knew him knew he had a problem." A

Howard conceded that he had a drinking problem at the agency, one that bothered him to the point that he consulted the counselor. He spoke about it in considerable detail on the first full day of our conversations in Budapest.

"My first year in the agency I was under a lot of pressure," he said. "At the Farm I'd go with the guys to the club on the base. We'd drink beer and wine. On a Friday night I'd have a bottle of red burgundy." After Howard had left Camp Peary in December 1981 and begun work for a period of six weeks on the East German desk, "the drinking started to bother me. There are signs in the halls with pictures of beer bottles. 'If you drink a lot of beer, you drink a lot. Come see us.' So I went to see the alcohol counselor, in the Office of Medical Services. He was a retired case officer."

The alcoholism counselor apparently did not regard Howard's case as too serious on the scale of alcohol problems at the agency.

"I've got people who sit in the parking lot at headquarters, drinking," the counselor complained to him. "I've got one lady who filled her windshield wiper dispenser with vodka and rigged the line so the hose comes inside the car. When she's caught in traffic, she can turn on the wipers and squirt herself."

The counselor shook his head and fixed Howard with a kindly gaze. "You'll settle down," he said. "If it gets worse, come and see me."

Howard described his drinking while at the CIA as "average case officer drinking." But he added that "case officers drink more than average Americans" because of the pressure of their work. "In Langley people had bottles in their desks. One division chief had cognac in his safe."

Howard confirmed his wife's account of arguments over his drinking even in Barrington, before he joined the CIA. Part of the problem

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senior member of the House Intelligence Committee told the author that "there were several instances of drunken conduct [by Howard] while he was at the CIA." The congressional sources agreed that the agency did become aware of Howard's drinking problem, while he was still employed. Howard himself said that when selected for SE, "if they knew I drank too much, I never knew that."

was her teetotaling midwestern background, he said. "Her parents don't drink. On New Year's Eve they have sherry.

"Working as an ops officer in the Soviet division," Howard said, "maybe three times a year I had more than I should. At the agency I never drank on the job. But I drank in the top twenty percent of case officers."

Howard's immediate boss on the fourth floor was Thomas J. Mills, the chief of the USSR desk, a balding, slender man of fifty-one with gray hair, blue eyes, and glasses. A veteran CIA operator and Michigan native, Mills had served in Belgrade and Berlin and spoke Serbo-Croatian and excellent Russian. Howard established a good rapport with Mills, who became the senior agency official closest to him.

Howard had now been designated by the CIA for its most sensitive operation, the Moscow station. The plan was to send him in under embassy cover. Why did the agency choose for such a crucial post an untried newcomer who had no previous experience working as an intelligence officer overseas?

The reason, Howard was told, was that he had a "secure past." Since there was nothing in his Peace Corps and AID background to suggest that he was an intelligence officer, the Soviets might not realize he was CIA. "They told me they wanted someone who was clean, who had not worked for the agency overseas," Howard said.

It is true that the agency often does try to send a "fresh face" to its overseas stations. Later CIA Director William Casey privately defended the decision to send a rookie to Moscow as a common agency practice. "We do that all the time," he said.

"The problems you have working in the bloc are unique," a former DDO officer explained. "You have constant electronic surveillance. They [the KGB] have a very good data base. They know who's been posted where. It doesn't take them long to figure out that Joe Blow, who was posted in Kinshasa, Prague, and Warsaw, is CIA. So the problem is to find someone they don't know. We often send out junior officers to Moscow on their first tour."

Whether the risk of using an inexperienced officer is worth the possible temporary gain in anonymity is debatable, however. Once a CIA agent starts to operate in the Soviet capital, it does not take the KGB very long to spot him. "There is so much KGB coverage," the former DDO officer said, "that anytime one of our guys leaves the embassy the KGB agents are practically lined up on the street waiting for him."*

Although Howard had received basic training in espionage at the Farm, he would need specialized tutelage for Moscow, where the CIA operates under difficult conditions. Agents of the KGB's Second Chief Directorate closely monitor the movements of CIA officers in the Moscow station. "They [the KGB] have ways to identify you," Howard said. "They look at the odometer on your car. Why is this guy driving so many miles?"

In addition to Howard's special training, Mary Howard, who had thus far received no education in the tradecraft of intelligence, would have to be prepared for her role as a spy in Moscow.

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*Although the CIA attempts to disguise the identities of its rank-and-file officers in Moscow, the KGB knows who the station chief is—because it approves him in advance. Under a little-known practice the chief of the CIA's Moscow station is, in effect, subject to an *agrément* by Moscow, in much the same fashion that a new American ambassador must be approved before being dispatched to the Soviet Union. In turn, the CIA approves the KGB resident in Washington.

Sometimes the two intelligence agencies exercise their veto power. In July 1985, as the CIA station chief in Moscow was leaving, the KGB vetoed Langley's first nomination for his successor. Moscow's delay in approving a new COS was linked to the fact that the FBI objected to the officer the KGB wanted to send to the Soviet consulate in San Francisco. The FBI eventually withdrew its objection, and the KGB accepted Murat Natirboff as the CIA chief of station, although it held up his visa, delaying his arrival in Moscow. Natirboff, a heavyset man with gray hair, dark complexion, and dark eyebrows, looked rather like a Russian. In September 1986, after the KGB had arrested *U.S. News & World Report* correspondent Nicholas Daniloff on charges of espionage, Moscow surfaced Murat Natirboff's name, publicly identifying him as the COS and claiming he gave Daniloff instructions. Natirboff, listed as an embassy counselor, had already left Moscow that summer.

The arrangement between the CIA and the KGB creates an anomaly: the name of the CIA's Moscow station chief is concealed, normally, only from the American public. The CIA has already provided it to the KGB.

Mary Howard's primary job, it was explained to her, would be to provide countersurveillance for her husband when he was en route to a meeting with a Soviet asset or to the site of a dead drop. She would watch for the KGB.

Mary Howard, an attractive and intelligent woman in her mid-thirties, now lives in seclusion with her young son near St. Paul, Minnesota. She broke her long silence and agreed to be interviewed for the first time by the author. In a series of conversations that took place over a year's time, she spoke in detail about her life and her husband but was reluctant to describe her work for the CIA. When asked, however, whether her training might have prepared her to sit in a car and act as a lookout for her husband, she replied, "It could have been something like that." She also said she had received special instruction to prepare her for her CIA assignment in Moscow.

Howard confirmed that Mary was to act as his espionage partner in the Soviet capital. "They almost always send case officers with wives," he said. "Four eyes are better than two."

Late in April 1982 the Howards' Moscow training began. For a period of six weeks Howard and his wife enrolled in the CIA's Denied Areas Operations Course.*

The work was rigorous, and the hours long. On some days the trainees started at eight and ended at midnight. When Howard enrolled in the denied areas course, he knew he would have little time to take care of his dog. He gave Whisky away to his relatives in New Mexico.

The headquarters for the highly secret Denied Areas Operations Course was the CIA's Ames Building on North Fort Myer Drive in Rosslyn.† But the Howards spent most of their time on the streets of Washington and in suburban Alexandria, Arlington, and Bethesda, training in identification of surveillance, countersurveillance, and escape. In most of the exercises the CIA trainees played the role of agency officers and the FBI played the part of the KGB. Sometimes CIA teams posed as the KGB. On occasion Howard and the other trainees ducked in and out of buildings and stores as they tried to elude FBI counterintelligence agents on K Street, the main thoroughfare of Washington's downtown business district.

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*The CIA uses the term "denied areas" for the Soviet Union and other Communist countries where it must operate against hostile intelligence services.

†The ground floor of the Ames Building houses the agency's overt, walk-in recruitment office where persons interested in CIA employment can pick up brochures and applications.

"We ran exercises against the FBI," Howard said. "The training was to detect and evade surveillance, to dry-clean yourself in a department store, for example, by going in one entrance and out an exit. The point was to learn to detect surveillance on the way to a meeting or a drop site."

The basic approach, Howard explained, "was to have a cover, a reason for traveling to a particular neighborhood. Shopping for food, for example. You look for the same people in different locations. At first you go to obvious places like department stores. Then to more provocative places. For example, you might end up in a park where you force the surveillance to show itself. You're in the car on the way to a meeting. Maybe toward the end you make a U-turn. Perhaps you get out and take a twenty-minute walk, even if it tips them to what you are doing. It's better to do that than to go to a meeting under surveillance."

At an actual meeting in Moscow, the Howards were instructed, Mary would be perhaps two hundred yards away. "She would be out of sight of the Soviet agent so as not to alarm him," Howard explained. "She might be feeding the birds or eating a sandwich. Everything is planned down to the last detail, including the route to take to the meeting, the recognition signals, everything."

In addition, the Howards learned such basic escape techniques, familiar to any moviegoer, as entering a restaurant and slipping out the back way. As part of the denied areas course, Howard was also taught how to resist KGB interrogation, in case something went wrong and he was seized. Howard heard a lecture on the subject by Martha Peterson, a blond, slightly plump woman who, as a CIA officer in Moscow, had been caught by the KGB five years earlier.

Peterson, a thirty-three-year-old officer in the Clandestine Services under cover as vice-counsel of the embassy, was grabbed by the KGB on July 15, 1977, while placing a hollow rock in a bridge that spans the Moscow River at the Lenin Hills. The rock, the KGB claimed, contained two poison capsules, cameras, gold, and a microphone. Peterson was expelled and then declared persona non grata.*

The advice on how to resist interrogation was to prove valuable sooner than Howard could have anticipated. One morning that spring the Howards were instructed to clear a drop at a marina on Maine Avenue, along Washington's Potomac River waterfront. It was to be a routine training exercise, like dozens they had done before. The Howards were told to pick up a carton of half-and-half on the wharf; it would presumably have a microfilm or a document inside.

"We were running against the FBI," Howard said. "We went to the marina. We listened on the radio. No FBI activity. We go down to the wharf. As I pick up the carton, a woman runs up screaming, 'You've got to pay me.' Suddenly two FBI agents appear, slam me against the wall, and pull a gun. The gun was stuck against my head. Mary starts crying.

" 'Don't move, you son of a bitch!' the FBI agent says. They slapped the girl, who was busted with us. The FBI men show us a white powder in the carton. They said, 'This is cocaine.' They drive us to the FBI's Washington field office. They put us in separate rooms."

The CIA officers taking the ops course were told at the outset that some of the exercises might become jarringly realistic. But was this

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*The Soviet government, through its newspaper *Izvestia,* charged that Peterson had provided the poison used to murder "an innocent Soviet citizen," but it gave no details to back up the claim. Her expulsion took place with no publicity. But almost a year later, on June 12, 1978, the Soviets chose to surface the case with major fanfare. It released a photograph of Peterson in custody sitting in front of a table on which the contents of the hollow rock were spread out. At the time two Soviet spies were on trial in New Jersey for stealing U.S. naval secrets. Both were convicted. The KGB obviously publicized the Peterson case as part of a number of measures it took to retaliate for the arrest of its spies in the naval secrets case.

only a drill? "Mary, I learned later, broke down and told them everything. All I said was I wanted to see a lawyer. Finally they found my CIA credential, they take me out, and there's Tom Mills. They had been watching the whole time on closed-circuit TV.

"The FBI man said it was just a fake. Then he sits down and tells me what we did that was good and bad." Howard had realized early on it was a mock arrest. Why weren't you more worried? The FBI agents asked him. "I said I could see that the FBI agent's gun wasn't loaded. He held it against my head, but then in front of me, and I could see there were no bullets in the chambers. When I said I saw the gun wasn't loaded, they were amazed."

It was toward the end of the denied areas course that Howard learned to jump from a moving car into a blind spot to elude surveillance. If done at night as the car rounded a corner, for example, a pursuer in a car some distance behind might not realize his quarry had vanished. The FBI instructors who demonstrated the technique taught Howard well.

"Mary and I did the jump against surveillance," Howard said. "There's a place in Georgetown where you go under the K Street Bridge and then turn right toward the Kennedy Center on Rock Creek Parkway. I jumped there, onto a grassy area with bushes. Mary was going fifteen miles per hour. There were no problems."

The jump may not work, however, if the person tailing the car notices that the passenger in the auto under surveillance has suddenly disappeared. For that reason CIA officers receive dummy training as well.

Howard's dummy training took place in a separate, special course. The dummy that CIA agents use in escape maneuvers, and that Howard used in training, was developed by the agency's technical boffins. It is spring-loaded and carried inside an attaché case that is placed on the front seat of a car. When the case is unlatched, the dummy pops up.

The device, which operates on the same principle as a child's jack-in-the-box, is known for that reason as a jib. Howard was intrigued with the dummy. "It even has little knobs inside the briefcase," he said, "so the driver can reach down and turn the head of the dummy, so it looks like they are having a conversation."

Howard found the CIA's dummy useful in other ways. To get from his house on Scotch Haven Drive to headquarters, Howard normally took I-66, which has restrictions that ban single-passenger cars during rush hours. "A couple of times, when we were doing training, I used the dummy on I-Sixty-six," he said.

Although Howard had been brought into the most prestigious of the CIA's clandestine divisions, he sensed that spring that he was not yet fully accepted by his colleagues or privy to all their operations. Once he passed the denied areas ops course, he could feel the change. He was accepted now. Everyone knew where he and Mary would be going. As Howard put it, "I was in the pipeline."

Howard had already received his basic education in tradecraft at the Farm, and in the ops course he had mastered the techniques of detecting and eluding surveillance in the Soviet Union.

Now he was ready to be inducted into the most rarefied, exquisitely secret level of the entire agency, a level that even within SE was closely guarded. He would learn the CIA's operation in Moscow.

7

Moscow Rules

Because of the controlled nature of Soviet society and the omnipresence of the KGB, it is very difficult for the CIA to recruit agents in Moscow.

As a result, Soviet citizens who agree to work for the CIA; MI6, the British service; or other Western intelligence agencies, are almost invariably recruited in the West. The Soviet scientist in a delegation visiting California, the KGB man assigned to the Soviet embassy in Burundi, and the economist from Leningrad attending a conference in Rio de Janeiro—all are possible targets for recruitment by the CIA.

If a Soviet with access to secret information is recruited or volunteers information, complex methods must be worked out for communicating with the agent and for transmitting the information to the CIA, all in great secrecy.

Normally it is outside the Soviet Union that an agent, once recruited, is given this communications plan. A CIA case officer in Moscow cannot simply pick up the telephone and tell an asset when and where to meet; all that must be decided in advance or communicated to the agent in some other secure fashion.

A communications plan, or commo plan, as it is called in the CIA, tells the agent the signal for a meeting with a case officer—when they will meet, where, and the parols, or passwords, they will exchange. It also enables the agent, in turn, to alert the case officer that he wants a meeting.

A former CIA case officer with long experience in Moscow explained that a communications plan, once established, "can be amended by one-way voice link. A transmitter is set up in Germany or even at headquarters in Langley. The agent knows that at certain times on certain nights you will transmit to him, normally in five-digit groups. He is given an OTP [one-time pad], of which only one other copy exists, which the sender has."

The pages of a one-time pad consist of different, random five-digit groups of numbers that are used to encipher messages with the aid of a matrix, or number grid, that can be read much like the coordinates on a road map. Each page is destroyed after use. Since only one other copy of the pad exists, the code is unbreakable. The agent uses his copy of the one-time pad to decipher the message.

The old Moscow hand explained what happens next. "The OTP is on edible paper. Once he deciphers the message, he tears the pages out, burns them, flushes them down the toilet, or eats them—however he's been instructed. You can use voice link to confirm or change a meeting." He paused and smiled. "Sometimes we would broadcast code groups just to make the Soviets think we had a lot of assets even if we didn't."

Howard learned the communications plans for Moscow in part by reading the cable traffic on the Soviet desk and the SE division files. "First there is a signal between an agent and his case officer," he said. "The signals tell you where and when to meet. They may vary to indicate a different where and when. A blue thumbtack instead of a white. Or the commo plan would be, perhaps, look for a chalk mark of a number five on an electrical box. It means I meet someone at a park. Or maybe an embankment on the Moscow River, where people are fishing."

The plans included preselected meeting places, as well as backup times. If for example, Howard were to meet an agent briefly on crowded Gorky Street on a Tuesday at 11:00 A.M., there would be a backup time, perhaps Thursday at 3:00 P.M., if the agent failed to appear. A thumbtack on a telephone pole or a chalk mark in a hallway might also signify danger or perhaps confirm that a dead drop has been successfully emptied and the information retrieved.

In a nonhostile environment, such as a Western country, a case officer and an agent might have only one meeting place. In the Soviet Union communications plans are much more complex, and meeting sites are constantly varied. In Moscow the CIA will sometimes keep the same contact plan for two years because the station might lose touch with an agent. If contact is maintained, the plan is changed only once a year.

"We meet an agent two or three times a year in Moscow," Howard said. "They are short meetings. You pick up the information on microfilm, and it goes to Washington."

At the actual meeting, Howard said, "first you have a visual signal. The agent is carrying a key chain or a newspaper. You are smoking a pipe. Usually the case officer speaks first. 'Oh, I see you're reading *Evgeny Onegin.*' 'Yes, I'm halfway through.' "

It is because of the extensive KGB surveillance that face-to-face meetings with agents are rare in Moscow. The most common mode of passing data in Moscow, according to veteran CIA case officers, is the brush contact. By prearrangement, the CIA officer and the Soviet asset brush by each other on a crowded boulevard or in a department store, and a roll of film or a note is passed in a twinkling, so fast that a watching countersurveillance agent cannot be sure that any material has changed hands.

The CIA officer with long experience in Moscow explained how fast the brush contact must work. He snapped his fingers. "Like that," he said.

Naturally this takes practice; the two parties executing the brush contact cannot drop the film or fumble around in their pockets. The brush contact or brush pass is an espionage ballet, and it must be carried off skillfully. Howard, for reasons that are unclear, was never trained to do brush contacts; he was taught to handle face-to-face meetings and to clear drop sites.

According to Howard, "there were maybe forty operational sites in Moscow on file, both dead drops and meeting places. All of the operational sites were coded. Boris, Katya—Soviet names."

Finally there were the agents.

The CIA has relatively few assets in the Soviet capital. The former CIA case officer, a veteran of the Moscow operation, when asked how many agents the station ran, replied, "We would be lucky to have two to three important ones and a few low-level."

Howard agreed with that assessment of the number of agents in Moscow. At various times in our interviews he spoke of "five or six." Each agent is given a code name beginning with two letters, known as a digraph. He declined to reveal the digraphs or code names.

His job, Howard was told, would be to service these agents, all of them previously recruited, to collect information from them, to provide them with necessary espionage equipment, and to request, or "task," them to provide additional intelligence.

"I would have been a street man in Moscow," he said. "Once a week I would have met with the chief of station (COS) to get my instructions: where, when, to meet. The COS would say, 'Go to Gorky Park; here's his code word; here's yours.' The true names of the agents go to the basement in a black envelope"—Howard said they are literally black—"and no one has access to them after that."

For the fifteen months that he was assigned to the Soviet desk, Howard read the cable traffic. Gradually he came to know the details of all of the agency's operations in Moscow.

Because Howard was taking training and language courses to prepare for Moscow during almost all his time in SE, he made a habit of dropping by headquarters on weekends to catch up. "Saturdays during the whole year I would come in and try to read the cable traffic. This was general traffic, in the general reading file. The special reports on agents' meetings would only be available if I saw the case officer during the week and got into his file."

Even during the week Howard often could get out of his training courses long enough to spend time at headquarters. "I would come in and ask, 'How's Agent X doing?' 'Oh, we had a meeting last week.' 'Who met him?' Or one agent might complain he was not getting enough money or have some crazy request like he wanted pornographic material.

"I don't know whether I knew everybody, all the assets in the station," Howard said. But, he added, "Every case officer knew eighty percent of the assets in Moscow.

"During the summer of 1982, they said, 'Here is a specific number of cases.' Let's say they said, 'Here are four cases.' I would see the reports come in. JKJones was met Tuesday at site Boris. Those are made-up names. He got his package; we got his."

Asked whether he was actually assigned certain agents for whom he would act as case officer, Howard replied: "It's not like anyone sat down and said, 'Here are the agents you will handle.' Our number one asset might be handled by three or four officers; whoever has the least surveillance will meet him."

According to intelligence sources, however, one of the most important assets revealed to Howard, although perhaps only by his code name, was Adolf G. Tolkachev, an electronics expert at a Soviet aviation institute in Moscow. For a period of several years, as far back as the Carter administration, Tolkachev passed information of enormous value to the CIA.* The data described Soviet research in aircraft technology, electronic guidance, and countermeasures, sophisticated radars, and, above all, Soviet stealth technology—the techniques of designing and building aircraft to avoid detection by radar. Howard would be taking over the Tolkachev "account," the sources said. He was to become Tolkachev's new conduit for handing over Soviet secrets to the Moscow station of the CIA.

Howard confirmed that Tolkachev "very well could be one of the assets I would have handled. I knew broad categories of information. There was one person working on military electronics. Tolkachev could fit the description of a couple of people in the agents' reports I saw. A couple of people were giving us defense information."

Howard consistently sought to minimize the extent of his knowledge about the CIA's operations in Moscow. He said he did not know the true names of Soviet agents, since these were coded, or the locations of the operational sites, also coded. He conceded he knew the communications plans but said these were frequently changed.

However, it is clear that while serving at the heart of the CIA's Soviet operations, Howard was in a unique position to acquire vital information. Although it is probably accurate that he knew only the code names of the agency's assets in Moscow, not their true names, he readily admitted that he knew the type of information that these assets were transmitting to the CIA. Intelligence specialists say that such knowledge, if acquired by Moscow, would allow the KGB to pinpoint the Soviet sources and arrest them.

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*Admiral Stansfield Turner told the author that as CIA director under President Carter he was aware that Tolkachev was a major agency asset in Moscow. He declined to say precisely when Tolkachev had been recruited, however.

Knowing the details of the CIA's communications plans might also have enabled the KGB to roll up the CIA's assets. If an agent was to signal a meeting by placing a chalk mark on a particular telephone pole, for example, the Soviets could watch the pole.

On the Soviet desk, in sum, Howard had access to the code names and contact procedures for the CIA's assets in the Soviet capital. He knew the nature of the information being transmitted to the CIA by each agent. He knew the passwords. He knew the code names of the operational sites and might have gained access to the actual locations. "He was," one knowledgeable official said, "shown everything."

Most of the news reports about Howard have focused on damage to the CIA's network of human assets in Moscow. But perhaps equally important is the fact that Howard had access to the CIA's technical operations in the Soviet capital. In Moscow, as in other stations, the CIA plants bugs, puts in wiretaps, and intercepts communications to the extent that it can.

Some years back, for example, the CIA was able to listen in on the conversations of Kremlin leaders as they spoke on the radiotelephones in their limousines. The secret intercepts were code-named Gamma Gupy. But the agency's technical operations in Moscow ranged far wider than that; the Moscow station is a major listening post for the collection of ELINT, or electronic intelligence, inside the Soviet Union.*

Howard was briefed on these technical assets and operations as part of his training for Moscow. "Station officers do these ops," a CIA source said, "they don't just meet with agents, so he had to know about them."

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*From Soviet installations in the United States the Russians pluck millions of telephone conversations out of the air as they travel along microwave circuits. Computers, programmed to recognize key words of defense or intelligence interest, then select those conversations to be analyzed in Moscow. The CIA and the NSA attempt to do the same inside the Soviet Union.

Information is normally compartmentalized in intelligence agencies, and need-to-know is a cardinal rule. That way, if something goes wrong, if secrets are betrayed, the mole will be able to give away only the information he has personally handled. In theory he will not know information contained in any other compartment.

Why was this precaution not taken with Howard? How could he have been inducted into the secrets of the entire Moscow operation? The question has baffled many people, both in and out of the government. The answer lies in the nature of the CIA's Moscow operation.

When members of the House and Senate Intelligence committees asked the CIA why Howard had been shown everything, one source said, "The answer they gave is that the Moscow operation is so difficult, everyone is a sort of jack-of-all-trades, everyone has to know everything."

A senior member of Congress who had access to the secret findings of the congressional inquiry into the Howard case explained: "You don't compartmentalize a HUMINT [human intelligence] officer in Moscow. He has to know it all. Who he has to contact, and how."

An ex-DDO man confirmed the special operational problems in Moscow. "Normally, in any other station, they would not tell Howard the whole operation, but Moscow is a special place. There are a limited number of assets. Howard would have been the street guy. The place is so limited that the street guy who meets agents in Moscow has to know who they are."

Another former CIA agent in Moscow, who rose to a high level in the Clandestine Services, shed further light on the problem. The Moscow operation is so small, he said, in effect there was nothing to compartmentalize.

There was another factor in Howard's case that led the SE division to open up the Moscow files to him. He was "going in clean" as a "black" officer under deep cover. There are degrees of clandestineness cloaking CIA agents serving in embassies overseas. Howard was to be assigned to the Moscow embassy as a political officer. A former CIA official explained: "He had to know everything in advance because it would have been hard to take him up to the seventh floor to the CIA station." He meant that Howard would have been quickly spotted, considering the number of Soviet employees, many of them KGB agents, who worked in the embassy at the time.

Mary Howard continued to work in SE during the summer of 1982, then went to language training to learn Russian. Howard, too, began studying Russian in preparation for his Moscow assignment, enrolling in classes at Georgetown University.

From June to August Howard became a college student again. His cover story was that he was a recently dismissed employee of the Labor Department, caught in a budget cutback. "So I sat with the eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds, and here I am thirty."

Howard did not realize just how severe the generational gap was until he left class one day humming "Open Wide for Chunky," a jingle that had been popular in the late 1960's, when it appeared in a TV commercial for a candy bar. A student asked him what the tune was. "I told her and got a blank look."

Howard told Jim Lockwood he was getting ready to go to the Soviet Union for the State Department; at Howard's request, they switched their jogging to the towpath along the canal in Georgetown. That way, Howard explained, he could go to his Russian class afterward.

From September to the end of the year Howard continued his language training at the agency's own language school on North Fairfax Drive in Arlington. About this time the Howards began casually letting other friends and neighbors know that they would be leaving for Moscow. Ed, the young "State Department" officer, had been selected for the embassy there.

John Matejko, Howard's next-door neighbor, noticed that Howard had begun jogging with a headset on the path behind the houses and assumed he was listening to Russian-language cassettes.

Every six or eight weeks, while he was training for Moscow, Howard called Trish McGuire in Buffalo to chat. He gave her his telephone number at the CIA and noted that Mary worked in the same office. "He was really looking forward to going to the Soviet Union," McGuire recalled. "He was real up. He told me he was in the State Department; he never mentioned CIA. He said he was in intensive training, learning the language and habits of the Russian people, and he was thrilled. He was really happy, and you could hear it in his voice."

Although the day the Howards would be spying together in Moscow was approaching, they apparently did not dwell on the dangers that might lie ahead. Had Howard and his wife ever discussed the risks?*

"Only once," he said. "When I was being interviewed in October of 1980, at first they wanted me to become a NOC [pronounced 'knock'], a CIA officer under nonofficial cover. Like a businessman, with no diplomatic protection. I thought, *My God, I thought I'd always have diplomatic protection.* I was a little anxious, and I think it got to her. But I wanted to be a case officer from the beginning. That's what we both wanted."

The agency dropped its suggestion that Howard work as a NOC, and, Howard said, "In Moscow it was my understanding that my immunity would cover Mary. She had a diplomatic passport."

As a CIA officer under embassy cover Howard would have had diplomatic immunity in Moscow. If something went awry and he was apprehended by the KGB, his immunity would protect him from arrest and imprisonment. About the worst that could happen was that he would be detained, declared persona non grata, and expelled. Although Mary Howard would not have had a job in the embassy, under the Vienna Convention of 1961, she would also have been protected by her husband's immunity.

Meanwhile, Howard's friend Bill Bosch had good news. He was getting married, and the agency was sending him to Bolivia for his first tour as a case officer in the Clandestine Services.

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*Both the CIA and the British MI6 have used wives to assist their husbands in sometimes risky operations in Moscow. For example, Colonel Oleg Penkovsky, who was regarded by both the CIA and MI6 as one of their most valuable Soviet assets, passed information to Janet Anne Chisholm, the wife of a British MI6 officer stationed in Moscow. With her children playing in a sandbox nearby, Chisholm met with Penkovsky, who handed over film, concealed on one occasion in a box of candy. Penkovsky, an officer of the GRU (Soviet military intelligence), was arrested in 1962 and tried and executed the following year.

The marriage was all in the family. Bosch had met Vicky Ringland, his bride-to-be, in the Latin American division, where she was working as a secretary. Victoria Ringland was in her mid-twenties and several years younger than Bosch. Her parents warned her not to act hastily. But she was highly impressed with Bosch; he wore Armani suits and looked sharp.

Vicky was the daughter of Peter Ringland, who, as it happened, was an old SE division hand, fluent in Russian, who had served in Iran, Berlin, Athens, Geneva, and Istanbul. Ringland and his wife, Valentina, were an agency couple; normally they might have been expected to welcome a son-in-law who was in the Clandestine Services, but they were not thrilled with their daughter's choice of Bosch, whose social credentials matched his lackluster agency career.

Nevertheless, the Ringlands did not stint on the wedding reception at their home in Chevy Chase in the early fall. There was caviar, Russian salmon, and violin music. Howard met Peter Ringland there, although he had seen him at the language school in Arlington. Ringland was a short, intellectual man, with graying brown hair, who smoked cigarettes with a holder.

Just after Thanksgiving of 1982 Howard flew out to New Mexico to attend the funeral of his maternal grandmother in Reserve. On the return flight from Albuquerque on November 30 the woman sitting next to Howard left her cosmetic bag behind when she got off at Denver. "I reached over and grabbed the bag," Howard recounted. "It had some makeup stuff and two twenty-dollar bills. I pondered for almost an hour what to do. There was no ID, no driver's license. So I kept the forty dollars. Maybe a good, moral person would have called the stewardess. I felt so bad about it I gave the money to charity, to the public television station in northern Virginia. I pledged forty dollars to WETA."

In January 1983 Edward Howard took another step to build his cover as a Foreign Service officer. He enrolled in a full-time six-and-a-half-week State Department course at the Foreign Service Institute in Rosslyn. The course, which is given continuously, teaches diplomats about local customs, cross-cultural differences, and the nuts and bolts they need to know about living overseas. There were forty-five students in Howard's class.

Because Howard was going in "black" or "clean," as a deep-cover officer, the CIA went to unusual lengths to insert him into the normal Foreign Service channels. After the Rosslyn course he took a three-week course to learn to be a State Department administrative officer, then a six-week course in budgeting. That training was necessary, Howard was told, because he would be the embassy budget officer. He was instructed not to let his fellow students in the State Department know that he really worked for the CIA.

The Howards bought a new car and told the neighbors they would be taking it to Moscow. The automobile, a blue Chevrolet Celebrity, was actually a CIA car; Howard had purchased it and been reimbursed by the agency.

On the morning of February 11, 1983, Washington was blanketed with the worst snowstorm in years. Howard set off for work but had to turn back. John Matejko encountered him around 11:00 A.M. and Howard told him he couldn't get his car back into Scotch Haven Drive. Matejko gave him a hand and cracked: "Christ, Ed, this is a hell of a car to take to Moscow. It can't even deal with the snow in Virginia."

The Howards were told they would be going to Moscow the third week in June, as the summer began. There were still many weeks of preparation ahead, but the pieces were falling into place. The next month Howard was issued an impressive document, printed in elaborate script in the style of a diploma. It was headed: "The President of the United States of America," and it read: "To Edward Lee Howard, a Member of the Foreign Service of the United States of America, Greeting: Reposing special trust and confidence in your Integrity, Prudence and Ability, I have nominated and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, do appoint you a Consular Officer and a Secretary in the Diplomatic Service of the United States of America."

The commission was dated March 11, 1983. It was signed by George P. Shultz, the secretary of state, and by Ronald Reagan, the president of the United States.

It was an exciting time for Howard. Eight days later his son, Lee, was born. On a cold Saturday morning John Matejko saw Howard coming home from the hospital. He was very happy, really beaming, Matejko remembered.

"I have a son," Howard said. "Mary just gave birth."

Howard said he had been up all night at the hospital, and he looked a little haggard. Matejko invited him in, and his wife, Marianne, brewed some coffee. Howard talked about his son and said his wife was doing fine. "It was the most excited I ever saw him," Matejko said.

The neighbors remembered Mary happily pushing Lee in the carriage that April. Howard's mother came up from Texas to help with the baby. It is a time of year when the area around Washington is never more beautiful. The bright yellow forsythia burst out; the dogwoods bloom. Forsaking the barren limbs of winter, the oaks and maples turn suddenly pale green. For the Howards that spring the future looked bright.

In late April, almost at the last minute, Howard was informed that he would have to take another polygraph. It was true, he was told, that it was several months short of the three years when he would normally have been due for another lie detector test, but Howard would understand that it was necessary because he was going overseas to a particularly sensitive post. There was, however, nothing to worry about. It was all part of the predeparture routine.

Howard was not concerned, and neither were his superiors in SE. After all, he had passed the first polygraph test without difficulty. There was no reason to think anything would be different this time.

8

The Firing

In the CIA in 1983, but certainly nowhere else in the world, a strange phenomenon could be seen. On top of the candy and drink machines scattered around the building in Langley, Virginia, quarters appeared from time to time. The coins just lay there, unclaimed.

At the time, everyone at CIA knew, there was a threshold amount of money that might be taken without the agency's Office of Security regarding it as a theft. But no one knew what that threshold was. If, by accident, a coin came back from a machine along with a candy bar, was pocketing the money a form of stealing? CIA employees feared that it might be and that the transgression would be picked up on their next polygraphs. The safer course of action was just to leave the coin on top of the machine.

The odd business of the unclaimed quarters was a small but telling indication of the pervasive fear of the polygraph, or lie detector, that exists throughout the intelligence agency. That very belief in the omniscient power of the polygraph to unmask deception was the strongest weapon possessed by the Office of Security.

The use of the polygraph is designed, in part, to intimidate and instill fear in the subject who takes the test. If the device is successful in detecting lies, it does so to a great extent because the subject *thinks* that it works. That is because the lie detector does not measure lies; it records changes in four physiological areas: breathing, blood pressure, heartbeat, and sweat. The theory of the polygraph is that when people knowingly lie, the stress will cause physiological changes that can be measured.

Various ancient cultures have thought that guilt can be detected by physical changes. In Europe and Asia authorities believed that a guilty man had a dry mouth. A suspect's mouth would be stuffed with bread or rice. If he could swallow, he was judged innocent; if not, he was put to death. In the third century B.C. the Greeks believed that deception could be measured by changes in a suspect's pulse. In the sixteenth century Galileo invented a device that kept time with a person's heartbeat. The modern lie detector traces back to the turn of the twentieth century. Its strongest proponent in the federal government is the Central Intelligence Agency.

The CIA clings to its faith in the polygraph even though scientific studies have shown that a person who takes four hundred milligrams of meprobamate, a common tranquilizer sold under the name of Miltown, before a polygraph examination will probably be able to lie successfully.* Other suggested methods of "beating the machine" range from physical actions, such as biting the tongue or squeezing the toes against the floor, to mental conditioning.

In 1983 John F. Beary III, acting assistant secretary of defense for health affairs, said in a memorandum: "I am told the Soviets have a training school in an eastern bloc country where they teach their agents how to beat the polygraph." The unnamed country is reportedly Czechoslovakia. "The polygraph," Beary, a longtime foe of the device, has argued, "detects excitement, not lies." According to Beary, the polygraph rests on the false premise that there is a "Pinocchio effect," or "a body response unique to lying."

Polygraph findings are not admissible in court, and it is easy to see why. A 1983 study by the Office of Technology Assessment, a congressional agency, reported that lie detectors singled out as deceptive 19 percent of persons who were actually telling the truth.

Although it is not generally understood by the public, the interview that takes place before the subject is strapped into the lie detector is as important as the test itself.

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*This was the conclusion of a study at the University of Pennsylvania reported in 1981. Of volunteers who took meprobamate and lied, the polygraph was able to detect only 27.2 percent, which meant that nearly three-quarters of those lying were able to do so undetected.

A former CIA man who had been through the polygraph test, and who had reviewed the Howard case, explained the procedure. "They interview you first and tell you the questions they will ask you. Then on the polygraph they ask a general question, such as: 'Have you ever stolen anything or stolen anything since your last polygraph?' Then they ask a question they have not previously told you: 'Was what you told us before, in the interview, true?' That question is on the second list of questions, the list they don't show you."

For his polygraph in April 1983 Edward Howard reported to a room just behind the badge office, on the lobby floor at CIA headquarters, to the right of the main entrance. First he was interviewed by the polygraph operator. Is there anything you want to tell us? the operator asked. There was. Howard related the November 1982 incident aboard the airliner. He admitted he had taken the forty dollars from the woman's cosmetic bag.

An official who had access to secret files on the Howard case said that Howard also sought to invoke the "threshold" defense over the incident, claiming that he believed the amount taken was, in any event, below what the agency would consider a "theft." The theft, he argued, was insignificant.*

There were more questions. Howard was asked if he had used drugs since going to work for the CIA, and he said he had not. Then the operator strapped a corrugated rubber tube around Howard's chest. Called a pneumograph, it would expand and contract to measure his respiration rate. The technician then wound an inflatable pressure cuff around Howard's arm, a cardiosphygmomanometer that records blood pressure and pulse. Finally, the most scary objects of all, two metal electrodes, were attached to his fingertips with surgical tape. The device, a psychogalvanometer, would measure Howard's galvanic skin response (GSR) to electric current. The reading would vary with how much he perspired as he was questioned. All these instruments were hooked up to a recording device that would measure his responses as squiggly lines on a roll of moving graph paper.

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*As a result of the Howard case, there is no longer a threshold below which theft is tolerated by the CIA.

The polygraph operator, a young man about twenty-five, seemed satisfied with Howard's answers. "Afterward," Howard said, "the guy shook my hand."

But the Office of Security, studying the results of the lie detector test, apparently decided that Howard's answers had showed deception. "Two or three days later," Howard said, "a man from OS says 'We have a problem, we want to check on some specifics.' " Howard was called in for what was to be the second of four polygraphs administered to him during April and May.

"The second polygraph operator was about forty-five and acted like some sort of chief," he said. "On the second polygraph the man didn't believe me. I was surprised. They said, 'When you react to questions on crime, you show a big response. Go home and write down everything you've ever done.' I went home and wrote down everything I could possibly think of. A beer behind the wheel of a car. Maybe six times. Maybe I spit on the sidewalk. So I came in with the list."

The CIA already knew that Howard had, as a college prank, stolen a bubble gum machine. He had admitted the theft when he joined the agency. "As a freshman in college," he said, "we got drunk in the dorm, and on a bet I stole the Lions Club bubble gum machine and took it to the room. The next morning I brought it back. I woke up, saw a bunch of beer bottles on the floor and this stupid bubble gum machine. On my first polygraph in October 1980 I admitted that. Also on the first polygraph I admitted that when I was eight or nine, I stole some carrot seeds, and my father found out and spanked me."

The CIA's Office of Security stepped up the pressure on Howard. "After the second polygraph they took me to OS on the fourth floor. They said, 'We're going to give you the Hammer.' That's what they called this guy. He was thirty years old, brown hair and eyes, mustache, very physically fit. He looked tough."

Howard was so nervous before the third polygraph, he said, that he took a tranquilizer. "After I got my security badge, about half my class was called in for a conference," he said. We were told, 'If you ever use drugs, you're out.' When I worked for the CIA, I used zero drugs. But when I took the third polygraph, I was very nervous. My mother-in-law is a doctor. She was visiting, like always. She gave me a mild tranquilizer, like a blue pill, maybe twenty or thirty in a little bottle.

"The Hammer asked, 'Have you taken drugs?' I said, 'Yes, I took a tranquilizer.' That's when they hit the roof.

"They kept saying, 'You've committed a major crime. Did you rape someone, hit someone with a car? I kept saying no. 'You're lying,' the Hammer said. 'If you don't tell me the truth, I'm going to turn off this machine and you are going to walk out of here, that's it.' "

The fourth polygraph was administered on Friday, April 29. Howard had seen a story in the Washington *Post* two days earlier quoting John Beary, the Pentagon's foe of polygraphs, as saying that the tests brand "innocent people as liars."* He clipped out the article and brought it in with him to the test. He showed it to the polygraph operator.

"Bullshit!" said the Hammer.

But after the fourth polygraph, to Howard's surprise, "they said everything's okay. The Hammer shook my hand. I went to the International Safeway in McLean and got a bottle of champagne and hors d'oeuvres and went home. My in-laws were there, Mary's parents, and I said everything's OK. So I relaxed for the weekend."

While the Howards were drinking champagne, the CIA was in turmoil. The predeparture polygraphs may have been routine, but the findings were not. The results of the Howard lie-detector tests reverberated through Langley headquarters with the force of an explosion.

Howard was poised to go to Moscow, primed to handle the agency's most secret and most highly prized agents in the Soviet capital. Now, in the rarefied upper echelons of the CIA, word cir-

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*George C. Wilson, "Polygraph Tests Are Unreliable, Pentagon Told," Washington *Post,* April 27, 1983, p. 1.

culated among a handful of officials that Edward Lee Howard had flunked his polygraph.

The theft that Howard admitted, when he dipped into the cosmetic bag of the woman passenger on the airliner, was not in itself what was so troubling to the agency. Rather, according to intelligence officials, it was that his polygraphs indicated deception on the subject of theft. "It was the deception that bothered them more than the theft," a former CIA official said. "It is always the deception."

Three senior officials with knowledge of the Howard case insist that when Howard was polygraphed in 1983, he also admitted breaking into vending machines at CIA headquarters, a statement which Howard denies making. He implied that the officials may have been thinking of the episode with the bubble gum machine.

There is some disagreement about whether, or to what extent, the polygraph also uncovered any continuing drug use by Howard after he had joined the CIA. "As a result of the second polygraph, the agency became aware of drug use in the period between the two polygraphs," one intelligence official said. A CIA spokesperson, Patti Volz, said in November 1985 that Howard's second polygraph "picked up drugs and petty theft." Another intelligence official insisted that drugs were not an issue at this point. Howard himself denies that he continued to use drugs when he worked for the CIA.

Although the CIA attributes something close to divine powers to the polygraph, it seems unlikely in retrospect that the lie detector results alone could have caused the dilemma in which the agency now found itself. By this time Howard's drinking had come under closer scrutiny. There is evidence on the polygraphs that Howard was questioned repeatedly about his drinking.

Moreover, Howard's stability and his psychological fitness for the rigors of Moscow appear to have been cause for concern within CIA. It is possible that the agency had, even earlier, begun to have second thoughts about sending Howard to Moscow. Against that background the polygraph results triggered a crisis.

Something had to be done about Edward Lee Howard, and done quickly. But what?

Ultimately, everyone knew, the decision would have to be made by John H. Stein, then the DDO, the chief of the Clandestine Services. Stein, a trim, dark-haired man of medium height, with an easy, pleasant manner, fit the traditional image of the DDO. A fifty-year-old Yale graduate, he had joined the agency in the 1950's. He was sent to Brussels in 1959, spent two years in the Congo (now Zaire) in the mid-1960's, and then moved to Cameroon until 1968. In the early 1970's he was in Cambodia, then Tripoli, Libya, and Washington. Stein became the deputy chief of operations in the Soviet division and then the chief of station in Brussels, where he impressed President Carter's CIA director, Stansfield Turner, who brought him back to headquarters as assistant DDO. William Casey promoted him to DDO in 1981.*

"Stein had been in Africa and got lucky," an old agency hand said. "He had two Soviet walk-ins and got them out. It was easy, but it helped him get the DDO job under Casey."

In trying to decide what to do about Howard, Stein had to take into account the views of others in the CIA bureaucracy. Howard had been selected by the Soviet division; SE and its chief, David

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*In 1980, when Howard was hired, the DDO was John N. McMahon, although he did not personally oversee Howard's selection. But McMahon had been appointed by Admiral Turner during the Carter administration. Early in 1981 William Casey shunted McMahon aside in favor of a remarkable choice: Max Hugel, a sewing machine importer from New Hampshire by way of Brooklyn who had toiled in the 1980 Reagan presidential campaign that Casey had managed. Then reporters Bob Woodward and Patrick E. Tyler of the Washington *Post* revealed charges that Hugel had engaged in improper or illegal stock market dealings. According to the *Post*'s revelations, Hugel had threatened to kill a lawyer who got in his way, warned a business associate that he might be found "hanging by the balls," and in effect admitted, in an unpublished biography, that he was a liar and an informer and had cheated in business deals. To top it all, he apparently beat the CIA lie detector; when the charges broke, Hugel claimed he had been "blackmailed" by two business associates, but his CIA polygraph test, which he passed, included questions about whether he had ever been subject to blackmail. Hugel said he had not. The outcry over his appointment—led by the DDO old boys—was such that Hugel had to go. Casey reached down into the ranks and chose Stein.

Forden, were under Stein in the CIA hierarchy. But there were other important players on the stage. The Office of Security (OS) reported to Harry Fitzwater, the deputy director for administration, who was equal to Stein on the organization chart and who had been the chief of the Office of Personnel (OP) when Howard was hired. Robert Magee, by then the director of the Office of Personnel, also reported to Fitzwater.

As far as William R. Kotapish, the CIA's director of security, was concerned, the answer to the problem was clear: Howard should be fired. Kotapish, a gregarious six-foot man in his fifties, had no reservations about the accuracy of the lie detector; he had been one of the agency's first polygraph operators. He had risen to director of OS in 1979. As the security chief of the CIA Kotapish had a threefold job: he was responsible for investigating the backgrounds of prospective employees, for making sure they did not engage in any disloyal or compromising activity after being employed, and for protecting the physical security of the agency. It was the job of the counterintelligence staff to protect the CIA from hostile penetrations by foreign powers, so there was some overlap between the two offices.

Although an old polygraph operator, Kotapish was not a Neanderthal security type with a "house dick" mentality. Compared with some previous security chiefs, he was more intellectual and practical, his supporters within the agency said. It was Kotapish who altered the CIA's view on marijuana. "Bill was the fellow who changed the policy to look at the whole person, "one of his CIA colleagues said. "He was the one who brought the agency into the twentieth century on pot."

But the Howard case was something of an embarrassment to Kotapish since Howard, a user of pot and a great many other drugs, had breezed into the agency. Howard did not look like a shining example of the results of the new, liberalized drug policy sponsored by the OS chief. Now, faced with the disturbing Howard polygraph results, Kotapish pushed for his immediate dismissal.

Robert Magee, the head of personnel, sided with Kotapish, concluding that something drastic had to be done about Howard, and quickly. Harry Fitzwater, the CIA's deputy director for administration (DDA), to whom both men reported, agreed.

Magee then drafted a recommendation to John Stein, the DDO. It set forth the position of the directorate of administration: Edward Lee Howard should be dismissed.

But the powerful SE division—panicked at the thought of antagonizing a case officer who now knew all its most vital secrets—argued that Howard could not be fired. David Forden, the chief of the Soviet division, advocated that Howard be transferred to another job outside the division. It would be the safest course of action, Forden insisted.

The debate never reached the point where a specific less sensitive job for Howard was discussed. Forden wanted to keep him somewhere in the DDO, but as far as possible from SE. Howard could be parked in an innocuous job somewhere in the agency, and security could keep an eye on him. The main point, he argued, was to put him where he could be watched.

But there was an equally powerful counterargument. If Howard were ever to betray the secrets he knew to the Soviets, he would be even more valuable to the KGB inside CIA headquarters, as an agent in place. SE might be creating a mole by keeping him. And if Howard were discontent with a new, minor job, what was to keep him from resigning?

The agency's administrators were adamant that whatever was done, it had to be done immediately. The agency was deadlocked as the bureaucratic tug-of-war was fought out. On the one side was SE division. Arrayed against it were the Office of Security, the Office of Personnel, and the directorate of administration.

John Stein was thus in a difficult position, caught between the competing pressures from his own SE division and the agency's administrators. His loyalties were instinctively with the operations directorate that he headed and in which he had served from the start.

It was a tricky business, putting a spy out in the cold, and one could never predict the result. Despite the risks of firing Howard, would it not look worse if he were kept and developed into a security risk? In the end Stein overruled Forden and decided that Howard must go. CIA Director William Casey, as the law required, signed off on the decision.*

On Monday afternoon, May 2, Howard got a call from the Office of Personnel. He was told to come in. Howard was busy that day, taking a one-day course in counterterrorism at the State Department. He did not report in at CIA headquarters until Tuesday.

Two personnel officers were waiting. "What, are you going to screw around with my Moscow assignment?" Howard asked.

"I don't think you're going overseas," one of the personnel men replied.

Howard was aghast. "They shoved a paper at me. Form for Resignation. They said, 'We want you to take some psychological tests.'

"I said, 'What happens if I don't sign? What are my rights?'

"They said, 'We had a panel meeting, and it was decided you should resign.'

"Can I appeal to the panel?" Howard asked.

"No."

"What if I don't sign?"

"If you don't sign, it will take three or four days and the director will fire you. We'd like to have your resignation."

Howard signed.

"I'm dumbfounded," he said, remembering that moment. "I call my wife, and she's crying on the phone. They were convinced I was lying. Nothing was said about drugs or theft. They took me into the SE administrative office, and a secretary was already preparing my résumé."

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*Unlike most other government agencies, the CIA has arbitrary power to dismiss its employees. Under the 1947 law creating the agency, the director "may, in his discretion, terminate the employment of any officer or employee of the Agency" whenever he deems it necessary "in the interests of the United States." In the rest of the government it is almost impossible to fire anyone; hearings, appeals, and excruciating paperwork discourage most bureaucrats from dismissing incompetents. It is usually preferable to fob off unwanted employees on some other unsuspecting division or branch.

The résumé could not indicate that Howard had worked for the CIA. "What do you want to say your job was at the State Department?" the secretary asked.

"Economic specialist," Howard replied.

"OK," she said. "This is the telephone number. If anyone calls, it rings here."

The telephone number on the résumé, Howard explained, "was a backstopped State Department number that rang in Langley."

Two security officers appeared and walked Howard out of the building to the blue Chevrolet. "I handed them the keys. I was not even given a chance to clean out my desk. They told me at first a driver would take me home, but then they asked if I would mind taking the bus."

Howard was allowed back inside, to get a pass for the Blue Bird, the special CIA buses that shuttle to the Ames Building in Rosslyn and other agency installations. He called Mary at the language school. "I took the bus to Rosslyn and the Metro to Arlington. I got off and met her, and then we drove home."

The former CIA official who studied the Howard case described the drama at that point: "Howard is angry and upset because he thinks he's done nothing wrong. The polygraph results are never explained to you, so no one is telling him what's going on. No one in SE will see him. He is frozen out. No one is telling him why."

Howard shook his head as he remembered that day. We were talking over coffee at the Kisbuda restaurant, near the end of dinner. "If I had committed a crime—but I hadn't," he insisted. "It was their stupid needles. Their stupid needles on a machine."

So the polygraph was the villian? I asked.

"They certainly fucked themselves," Howard replied.

9

Cover-up

"It all happened on a weekend, very fast," Mary Howard said. "They met in a closet, then told us by Tuesday that he was out."

Although fired and no longer able to go to his office, Howard was kept on the payroll for several weeks and instructed to see the agency's senior psychiatrist, Dr. Bernard Malloy. He was also told to report for a physical examination.

At the age of thirty-one Edward Howard for the first time in his life had experienced failure. As Howard perceived it, up to now, his career had been totally upwardly mobile. From modest roots he had completed college, become a Peace Corps volunteer, earned a graduate degree, joined AID, landed a good job as manager of an environmental firm's Chicago office, been accepted by the CIA, and then been selected for an exciting, highly secret, and extremely sensitive job by its most elite division.

Now the rug had been pulled out from under him with minimal explanation. The evidence suggests that Howard could not handle what had happened to him.

He began acting strangely. Right after he was fired by the CIA, but while still on the payroll, he placed the first in what officials say was a series of bizarre telephone calls to the United States embassy in Moscow, using a special circuit. Howard did not have to be in

Langley headquarters to make the calls. He dialed a local number in Washington that gave him a direct line to the embassy in Moscow.

It was 7:00 P.M. in Washington and 3:00 A.M. in Moscow. Using the special circuit, Howard was connected to the embassy and got a marine guard.

"My name is Ed Howard," he said. "Tell Carl Gebhardt I'm not reporting in for my physical."

Although he had been drinking, Howard knew exactly what he was doing. Carl E. Gebhardt was the chief of station in Moscow, the man who would have been Howard's boss had he been dispatched as scheduled to the Soviet capital. The KGB knew who Gebhardt was, since the Soviets had approved his selection as station chief under much the same kind of *agrément* with Washington that is required for ambassadors.

And, as Howard realized, the mention of Gebhardt's name would galvanize the KGB wiremen who were listening in to the call. It would also alert the KGB that something very odd was going on with Ed Howard.

There were other implications that Howard knew would not be lost on the KGB. He had already applied for a visa to come to Moscow, so the Russians knew that an Edward L. Howard, supposedly a political officer, was being sent to the Soviet Union. Now that Howard had mentioned the name of the chief of station, it was obvious that Howard worked for the CIA and was not a diplomat.

"I'd had a few beers," Howard said, in recounting the call. "But I wasn't heavy drunk. They were still trying to control me. I found a way to let them know I was pissed off. He [the marine guard] took the message down and said 'Yes, sir.' He didn't know where the call came from."

Howard, of course, had no need to tell the chief of station in Moscow that he was not going to report in for a physical forty-eight hundred miles away at Langley. "I was pretty hacked off," he said. "It was a revengeful joke call to the embassy. Yeah, I knew the Soviets would be listening.

"A day or two later I'm called in by a security officer for SE, and he gives me a lecture for twenty minutes: 'We know you called the embassy. You didn't need to pass a message to Moscow.' I said I realized that."

Howard said he made only one other call to the embassy. About six months later, he said, he telephoned John Beyrle, a friend from the State Department who was serving in Moscow.

A senior intelligence official insisted, however, that Howard had placed a series of calls on the special embassy circuit. In one, the official said, Howard asked to talk to a female KGB colonel who was known to be on the embassy staff. Howard, he said, had been briefed about the woman during his preparation by SE division for the Moscow assignment and asked for her by name.

Until October 1986, when the Soviets pulled out their nationals from the American embassy in Moscow, the embassy had for years employed Soviet citizens in a variety of jobs. It was understood that the KGB planted its agents among these employees, and sometimes, as in the case of the female KGB colonel, their precise identities and ranks were known. Although security officials argued against the arrangement, the State Department found it convenient; the Soviet employees not only spoke Russian; they knew how to deal with the Soviet government bureaucracy. So the risks were tolerated.* What Howard told the female KGB colonel if he got through to her is not known; the U.S. embassy does not bug itself. And the National Security Agency, which monitors overseas calls, does not listen in on the special circuit. "We don't know what he told her," a highly placed intelligence source conceded ruefully. "We never got an intercept of that conversation."

The CIA, of course, has never publicly admitted that Howard may have talked to a KGB colonel inside the U.S. embassy in Moscow after he was dismissed by the agency. However, the CIA had identified an attractive woman on the embassy staff, known as Raya, as a KGB colonel.

Raya, whose real name was Raisa, was not easily forgotten, once encountered. At six feet one, the statuesque, blond KGB colonel, known around the embassy as Big Raya, towered over Carl Gebhardt, the five-foot-six CIA station chief. Her job was to send the passports of American diplomats to the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs to be registered. She also handled the hiring of Soviet employees for the embassy and was the contact point with the UPDK, the Soviet "service bureau" that administers foreign embassies. One American diplomat described her as "voluptuous."*

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*Although it was not generally known, until the Soviets withdrew their nationals, the number of Soviet employees working for the American embassy in Moscow almost equaled the number of Americans. According to State Department figures, 200 Soviets worked for the embassy, and 225 Americans.

Howard actually reached the CIA station chief in Moscow, an agency source said, using the same special circuit. "The conversations with the station chief were trivial, nothing of substance," the official said. "But the fact that he made them was bizarre, of course. There were a total of four or five conversations using the special circuit."

Howard insisted that he never talked to a woman KGB colonel and "was never told in Washington there was a KGB colonel on the embassy staff." He said he did not know the name Raya. He also denied that he had talked to the CIA station chief. But he readily admitted his 3:00 A.M. call to the marine guard and his anger at the agency that had prompted it.

The CIA is responsible for its own security. Once an employee has been dismissed, however, any potential security risk falls under the jurisdiction of the FBI. By law the CIA has no law-enforcement or internal-security functions in the United States. Foreign counterintelligence, apprehending spies inside the United States, is the responsibility of the intelligence division of the FBI.

The CIA did not advise the bureau that Howard, an employee with knowledge of its most sensitive secrets, had been abruptly fired. Nor was the FBI told he had made one or more bizarre telephone calls to the Moscow embassy and was being seen by the CIA's senior psychiatrist.

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*During the marine spy scandal at the Moscow embassy that surfaced in 1987, lawyers for Sergeant Clayton J. Lonetree produced a picture of Raya at a party with other Soviet women and male embassy employees. The photograph was taken at a marine ball at Spaso House, the residence of the American ambassador to Moscow, in 1985. The picture was produced by the lawyers to demonstrate that socializing with Soviet women was commonplace at the embassy. Raya was seated next to the commander of the marine detachment, Master Sergeant Joey E. Wingate. Michael V. Stuhff, one of Lonetree's attorneys, said he had been informed that Raya was a KGB colonel.

Edward O'Malley of the FBI, and the intelligence division he headed, were not notified. Jay Aldhizer, the bureau's liaison man with the agency, was also blissfully unaware of the dismissal and Howard's troublesome actions.

The CIA cover-up of the Howard case had begun.

The agency had, by now, made a series of crucial decisions to contain the Howard case within the confines of Langley. Yet its officials knew how risky that policy was.

Even as the CIA moved to conceal the Howard affair from the FBI, the agency's psychiatrists were quietly assessing the dimensions of the potential threat to the agency posed by Howard. That delicate task was assigned to Dr. Malloy, an old war-horse who could hardly be better suited for the job, from the CIA's point of view.

Bernard Mathis Malloy, the agency's senior psychiatrist, known to his intimates as Barney, had already proved his mettle. He had survived Watergate unscathed, navigating the perilous path between President Richard Nixon's Plumbers and the White House burglary of a fellow psychiatrist that sent John Ehrlichman, the president's assistant, to jail.*

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*Malloy had been brought in by the White House to prepare a psychological profile of Daniel Ellsberg, the man who leaked the Pentagon Papers to *The New York Times.* The CIA psychiatrist met with E. Howard Hunt and G. Gordon Liddy in the Plumbers' basement headquarters to discuss the profile. Liddy told Malloy that their goal was to turn Ellsberg into "a broken man." The White House, dissatisfied with Malloy's first draft, told him to try harder. After the break-in at the office of Dr. Lewis Fielding, Ellsberg's psychiatrist, more information was sent to Malloy, who prepared a second profile. Malloy said he could not remember whether the Plumbers told him Ellsberg had been under a psychiatrist's care, but he was sure there was no discussion about obtaining Ellsberg's medical record. The director of CIA medical services said that "no psychiatric information" had been sent to Malloy. The burglars said they never found

A tall man in his sixties, with graying reddish hair, a distinct southern accent, and a reedy, high-pitched voice, Malloy saw Howard four or five times at CIA headquarters in May 1983, after his dismissal. Howard agreed to see the CIA psychiatrist because he had little choice. "They kept me on the payroll until mid-June, so I felt, OK, play their ball game."

Howard concluded that the agency officials wanted him to see Malloy "to protect themselves, to see if I had any hard feelings or wanted revenge. I would go back to headquarters, and since I had no badge, I had to be met." At one of the sessions with Dr. Malloy, Howard's boss, Tom Mills, showed up. "He seemed very concerned about me," Howard said.

Clearly the CIA was worried about what Howard might do, but not worried enough to alert anyone outside the agency. CIA headquarters, of course, knew about Howard's contact with the Moscow embassy on the special telephone circuit because the station chief had reported that back to SE division.

Throughout, SE division was at the center of the Howard affair. It knew of Howard's alarming behavior. But the Soviet division shared this knowledge with William Kotapish, the chief of the Office of Security, whose representative lectured Howard about telephoning Moscow. And SE apparently shared its concerns as well with the counterintelligence staff, then headed by David H. Blee, Gus Hathaway's predecessor.

A Californian, a Harvard Law School graduate, and an OSS veteran, Blee at sixty-six was one of the oldest of the old boys in the CIA. He had been stationed in Karachi and New Delhi in the early days, then had become head of the Near East and the Soviet divisions and deputy director of the DDO before taking over the CI staff.*

Ellsberg's file; Dr. Fielding said a file cabinet had been broken into, and the file removed.

*In 1976, as national intelligence officer for the Middle East, Blee had written a prescient paper warning that the CIA did not have a clear picture of the regime of Mohammad Reza Pahlavi, the shah of Iran. A little more than two years later the shah was overthrown. The CIA had provided inadequate warnings of the Islamic revolution that toppled the Iranian ruler.

A former intelligence officer with knowledge of the Howard affair said that all three divisions—SE, OS, and CI—participated in the decision to conceal the case from the FBI. "As soon as Howard made the phone calls," he said, "SE talked to OS and CI, and it was determined it was not something to go to the FBI on." That decision maintained the pattern of the agency's actions in the Howard case; at all costs the matter was to be contained. The agency would continue to wash its own linen in-house.

Besides, there was always a chance that Howard would not do anything.

10

New Mexico

Curtis Porter liked to play basketball to relax. He had the build for it. He was a beanpole, six feet five and slender, with wire-rimmed aviator glasses, brownish blond hair, and an easygoing style.

At thirty-six Porter was in his second year as director of the Legislative Finance Committee of the New Mexico legislature. In May 1983 he was looking around for an economic analyst for his staff, someone who could estimate revenues flowing into the state, especially taxes on oil and gas. He placed an ad in the Albuquerque *Journal.*

He was surprised a few days later to find an applicant waiting in his office in the state capitol in Santa Fe. The man hadn't telephoned in advance.

"He just showed up," Porter said. "It was a cold call. I decided I would see him anyway, for ten minutes or so." Porter asked Philip M. Baca, a senior analyst, to sit in on the interview.

The two officials quickly realized they had no ordinary walk-in on their hands. The soft-spoken young professional had impressive credentials. He worked, he said, for the State Department in Washington. He was a Foreign Service officer with a background in economics and finance.

But the State Department wanted to send him to Moscow, he explained, and he had decided to leave because he did not want to bring up his child there.

"He interviewed well," Baca recalled. "He had a nice speaking voice. He was pleasant, not vivacious, but not introverted, either." The visitor not only had the right credentials; he had the added advantage of being a native of New Mexico. Oddly, in a state where Spanish origin can be an advantage, especially in the political world, Howard never mentioned, either then or later, that he was half Hispanic.

The résumé he handed to Porter and Baca listed "U.S. Department of State, January 1981–June 1983 to present," and it explained that his duties were "monitoring economic relationships with major countries." It also listed, accurately in this case, his experience in AID and the Peace Corps and in the private sector in Chicago.

It was not every day that an ex-State Department officer applied for a position with the New Mexico legislature, and within a short time, after interviewing several other applicants, Porter hired Ed Howard at a starting salary of thirty thousand dollars.

The Howards packed up their household goods and, with their new baby, moved to Santa Fe. En route they stopped off to visit Howard's parents in Garland, Texas. While they were there, three diplomatic passports arrived in the mail for Howard, Mary, and their baby, Lee. Howard kept them.

Since the house on Scotch Haven Drive could not be sold right away, they decided to rent it for a time. Their tenant that summer was Van A. Harp, who, with his family, was renting while waiting to move into a new house. There was mild irony in the tenant's occupation in view of later events: Van Harp was an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, a supervisor at FBI headquarters. He was paying rent to a man who was to become the central figure in a major national security case, a fugitive accused of espionage, and the object of a worldwide search by the FBI.*

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*"I never met him [Howard]," Harp said. He added that he was "completely unaware" of the identity of his landlord until the author made inquiries of Dwight Avis, the rental agent, whose partner alerted Harp.

In August the Howards sold their house in Virginia for $111,000. They purchased a one-story brown stucco mock-adobe house in El Dorado, a development twelve miles out in the desert south of Santa Fe.

It was a place of great natural beauty, albeit rather desolate. The house was surrounded by desert flora and fauna, from the golden snakeweed that grew everywhere to prickly pear and walking-stick cactuses, juniper trees, and Russian olives. Piñon jays chattered by day and ruby-throated hummingbirds darted among the blossoms. Children growing up in El Dorado did not have to worry much about traffic, but there were tarantulas and rattlesnakes.

The sunsets in the desert were spectacular. In the evenings the Howards would watch the sky change to pink, red, and orange. At dusk the Sangre de Cristo Mountains turned purple, then swiftly black. The first stars appeared, and after that the night belonged to the coyotes, the chirping toads, and the owls.

The houses in El Dorado were set far apart, so what the residents gained in privacy and space they lost in intimacy. The Howards lived at 108 Verano Loop. As the term "Loop" implied, the road on which their house was situated formed an oval. The eastern end led out to the highway, but many of the residents of Verano Loop preferred a shortcut called Moya Road, a bumpy, heavily rutted stretch just to the west of the Howards' place.

Howard had a twenty-minute commute along Interstate 25 to his office on the first floor of the capitol. Mary Howard took a part-time job in an orthodontist's office to supplement her husband's salary.

By all accounts, Howard quickly ingratiated himself with his colleagues, legislators, and the executive branch staff members with whom he dealt. "He did his job and did it well," Curtis Porter said. "My feedback from the legislature was all very positive."

The Howards made friends, among them Bob and Kate Gallegos, who initially worked on the committee staff with Howard and later became neighbors in El Dorado. Kate Gallegos, a tall, straight-haired woman, had grown up in Ohio. Her husband, a soft-voiced, pudgy man, was a native of New Mexico. They had a son, Jason, several years older than Lee, but the two families spent a fair amount of time together.

Kate Gallegos remembered an evening when Howard had been drinking heavily. "One night I had to drive him home," she said, "after he'd had maybe eight to ten scotches. That's the night I learned he had been in the CIA. He said he'd quit."

David Abbey, the chief economist of the state Department of Finance and Administration, was the official with whom Howard had perhaps the most contact in his job, and the two became friends. When they were drinking together, Howard's mood would change; he would become maudlin and slur his words. And Howard drank a good deal; he was spending a lot of time at the Bull Ring, a bar a block from the capitol that was a hangout for the state's politicians.

But none of this seemed to affect his work. Howard continued to make a good impression in his career, and he began traveling extensively for the committee. In August he went to Los Angeles for a conference sponsored by Data Resources, Inc. (DRI), a worldwide economic consulting firm.

Then, on October 20, 1983, Howard returned to Washington for the first time since being ousted by the CIA. Later the same week he went to Williamsburg, Virginia, for a Federal Energy Regulatory Commission conference. Perhaps it was the thought of journeying to Williamsburg, so close to the Farm, or just being back in Washington, but the trip apparently triggered, or intensified, the anger that had been building up inside him.

For it was while in Washington on this trip that Howard, by his account, took an action that later became a pivotal, crucial event in the entire case for both Howard and the CIA.

"Slowly that summer a feeling of anger and resentment built up," Howard said. "I was so upset that when I took a business trip to Washington in October of 1983, I found myself on Connecticut Avenue. I walked up Connecticut, doing some shopping. I walked into the park opposite the Soviet consulate.

"From my training I know there is surveillance on the embassy and residence, but they don't have it on the consulate. I thought about going in and talking to them. Then I thought, *You can't do that.*"

"To tell them what?" I asked.

"I had no plan, no documents. I thought they're going to think, *You're a crank or an FBI provocation.* They're not going to believe you. Then I thought, *Regardless of how they [the CIA] treated you, this is not the right thing to do.*"

It was not only the morality; there was a question of price. Howard also said he was unsure of what the Russians would be willing to pay him for secrets. "I thought, *If I go in, they'll give me five hundred dollars and kick my butt out the door.* I felt the Soviets were cheap."

"You were going to give them information?" I asked.

"Of course. If a former CIA officer goes in the embassy, that's what they want."

Howard apparently spent hours hanging around the Soviet consulate, debating whether to go inside. He said he did not go in.

But at some point in 1983, perhaps that day, Howard in fact made his first contact with the Russians. He went into the consulate and left a letter identifying himself as a disgruntled former employee of the CIA.*

At the time the FBI did not know that Howard had entered the consulate because Howard was right: there was no surveillance of the building. From time to time a Washington motorcycle police officer or a patrol car is parked in front of the consulate. But it is not the job of the local police to watch the people going in or out or to photograph their faces.

The Soviet embassy is located on Sixteenth Street in downtown Washington, four blocks from the White House. A new embassy complex, of which only the residential portion is occupied, has been constructed on Mount Alto, just above Georgetown on Wisconsin Avenue. The building that Howard described is the Soviet consulate, a three-story sand-colored brick mansion at 1825 Phelps Place, a narrow, quiet street one block west of Connecticut Avenue near the Washington Hilton.†

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*Much later the FBI learned that Howard had gone inside the consulate. The FBI believed it was either on his October trip to Washington or even earlier, after he had been dismissed by the CIA in June and before he had moved to Santa Fe.

†Months afterward, when CIA officials learned that Howard had sat in a park and contemplated going inside a Soviet embassy installation

Howard told his wife what he had done. Mary Howard said her husband had disclosed the "embassy contemplation" to her. She said he had described how he lingered outside the building and how he had wanted to go inside and sell secrets to the Russians. She said she could not recall how soon after the incident he had revealed it to her.

About a month later Howard placed another call to the Moscow embassy on the Washington telephone number. This time he telephoned his friend John Beyrle, the Foreign Service officer with whom he had taken a course early in 1983. Beyrle was a genuine State Department officer, not a CIA man under diplomatic cover.

Beyrle, then twenty-eight, was a Michigan native fluent in Russian who was preparing for his first State Department tour at the same time that Howard was getting ready to go to the Soviet Union. In the Foreign Service course they were drawn together when they discovered that they were the only two members of the class who expected to go to Moscow. Twice the Howards had Beyrle over for dinner at their house in Vienna, and Howard showed him his gun collection in the basement den. One Saturday, Howard took Beyrle shooting at a range in Winchester, Virginia. The two men fired Howard's pistols.

But Beyrle did not suspect initially that Howard worked for the agency. One member of the class had gotten up the first day and declared himself as a CIA man. Howard, a deep-cover officer, did not.

When it came time to discuss overseas postings, the class was told

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in Washington to sell secrets, there was confusion because officials thought that Howard had loitered near the Soviet *embassy,* and there is no park opposite. It was speculated that Howard might have sat in Lafayette Park, but that is three blocks south of the embassy, directly in front of the White House. The answer to the mystery, apparently, is that Howard hung around the consulate, not the embassy. There is a park, around the corner on S Street, not far from the consulate on Phelps Place. The park, which is not even marked on most maps, is known as Mitchell Park. It has some benches. It is, in fact, almost opposite the consulate but cannot be seen from the entrance to the Soviet building, because of an intervening row of town houses, known as Kalorama Square.

there was only one slot open in Moscow. With his background in Russian studies, Beyrle took it for granted that he would get the job and join his wife, Jocelyn Greene, who was being sent to Moscow by the United States Information Agency (USIA).

But Beyrle became alarmed when personnel was evasive about whether he would go. At a weekend training session at Harpers Ferry, Howard overheard Beyrle arguing with a personnel officer about the Moscow assignment.

Howard took him aside. "Let's go for a walk," he said. Out of earshot of the others, Howard broke cover. He felt bad, he said; Beyrle was just married and of course he wanted to be with his wife, but he had best make other plans. "I'm going to Moscow," Howard revealed. He explained he was going in under deep cover; it had been approved at a high level in the State Department. Howard made it clear he was an undeclared CIA officer.

Beyrle warned Howard that the agency's plan wouldn't work. Why was Howard, with no Soviet background, being sent to Moscow and Beyrle posted elsewhere? It would fool no one.

Howard said he shared Beyrle's concerns and would talk to his superiors at the CIA. Soon afterward the class was told that there would be two slots opening in Moscow after all. One for Beyrle, one for Howard.

Beyrle arrived in Moscow in April, and later heard that Howard's assignment had been canceled.

He was surprised when Howard reached him at his office in Moscow early in the morning. It was late evening in Santa Fe, and it took Beyrle a few minutes before he realized that Howard was drunk. Howard asked how Beyrle and his wife were.

Beyrle said they were fine.

"Well, tell Frank I said hi," Howard said, and hung up.

The only Frank whom Beyrle knew in the embassy happened to be a CIA man under cover as a political officer.

Soon afterward he encountered his colleague in the hall. "Ed Howard says hi," he said.

Frank, looking stricken, pulled Beyrle into one of the embassy's secure rooms, a place known as the bubble and supposedly immune to electronic eavesdropping by the KGB.

He asked Beyrle a barrage of questions about the call. Where had it been placed from? Did it sound like long distance? What did Howard say?

Later that day Carl Gebhardt, the station chief for whom Howard had left the strange, middle-of-the-night message six months earlier, summoned Beyrle to his office and peppered him with more questions. The diminutive COS, a man with a perpetual tan and deep set eyes, confessed that they were "having some problems" with Howard. "Let us know if he calls again," he said.

In mid-December Howard had lunch with two officials of the Los Alamos National Laboratory, a major nuclear weapons research center. But both officials said Howard was interested in the impact of high technology on the state's economy and did not ask about classified matters.*

Howard never called the Moscow embassy again, but he did get in touch with his good friend Bill Bosch in the embassy in La Paz.

"What the hell are you doing in New Mexico?" Bosch asked.

It was a long story, Howard said. He would explain the next time they saw each other. As it happened, that was sooner than either man expected.

Within a few months Bosch, too, was forced out of the agency, his career as a spy in ruins, his marriage shattered. He resigned from the CIA in January 1984.

The following month he got another call from Ed Howard. Howard was going to be in New Orleans in March for a conference. Could Bosch drive down and meet him there?

The call could not have come at a better moment psychologically.

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*New Mexico has an extraordinary number of highly secret military and scientific installations, not only Los Alamos but the Sandia National Laboratories, which also design nuclear weapons, and Kirtland Air Force Base, home of the Air Force's Space Technology Center. Officials said there is no record of Howard's ever having visited those sites. Howard's direct knowledge of CIA operations in Moscow, not his proximity to the classified labs in New Mexico, is what interested the Soviets.

Bosch was feeling low. Unemployed and with time on his hands, he quickly agreed. There would be a grand reunion of the two old friends in the French Quarter in New Orleans. They would have a few drinks and a little fun.

And they would have some stories to swap about the agency.

11

Strike Three

From the start things had not gone at all well for Bill Bosch in Bolivia.

There was, to begin with, the matter of several bad checks. At the time the American ambassador to Bolivia was Edwin Gharst Corr, a shrewd career diplomat from Oklahoma with a down-home style. He left the administrative chores to the deputy chief of mission, William G. Walker, another veteran of the Foreign Service. Walker had earned a reputation as a careful administrator, a man who brooked no nonsense. And he looked the part, with his red hair and trim mustache, gold-rimmed spectacles, and precise manner. It was Walker who was responsible for the smooth functioning of the embassy.

It soon came to Walker's attention that the cambio, or money-changing office, near the embassy had received several bad checks, totaling somewhere around two thousand dollars from one William Bosch, of the United States mission. Walker's red eyebrows went up. Inflation was rampant in the country, and most embassy employees wrote small checks so as not to be stuck with wildly plummeting Bolivian pesos.

He called in Bosch, who explained there had been a computer foul-up with his bank in Washington. Walker talked to the CIA station chief, Bosch's boss. He asked him to make Bosch cover the bounced checks.

And how was Bosch doing? Walker inquired casually of the COS. "Not too well," the station chief replied. "He's slow to pick up the tricks of the trade, and his wife doesn't like Bolivia—the people, the dirt, the isolation. It was not what she expected in an overseas post."

Next, the airline that had handled Bosch's luggage contacted Walker. It seemed that the luggage had been broken into or lost, and Bosch had put in a claim that the airline considered unusually high. The airline representative showed Walker a list of clothing that added up to thousands of dollars.

What's going on here? Walker wondered. *This guy wears expensive clothes, and he's bouncing checks. And the chief of station says he doesn't have the knack of being a case officer.* To Walker it all seemed rather odd, but it was an agency problem, not his.

La Paz is built on a mountain. The airport is on the top at thirteen thousand feet, and the road goes down to the city. The lower suburbs are the most expensive. With his new bride, Bosch settled into one of the moderately priced suburbs.

Victoria Ringland Bosch was attractive, although unusual; she made an indelible impression on those who knew her. She had a distinctive, squeaky voice and believed she and her identical twin sister, Missy, enjoyed a bond of extrasensory perception. When Missy, who lived in Dallas, felt pain, Vicky told friends, she could feel it; when Missy had her baby, Vicky went through it with her.

In the insulated embassy community, however, word soon circulated that the marriage was in trouble. Vicky Ringland came from a close-knit family, and her parents had strongly opposed the marriage, she told people in the embassy.

Bosch, although married only a few months, was seeing other women, apparently including one who appealed to his strong ethnic ties. Bosch wrote his name with an umlaut and identified proudly with his German background. His grandfather had been a German carpenter who came to New York with his son, Bosch's father, in the 1920's. Bosch remembered his father, the railroad conductor, taking him, as a boy, to Yorkville, on Manhattan's East Side, where they would not hear a word of English spoken.

In Bolivia Bosch seemed to spend a lot of his time at a Swiss-German restaurant called the Swiss Chalet. Walker noticed that every time he took his wife to the restaurant, Bosch was at the bar. He wondered about it but thought that since Bosch was a spy, maybe that was where he met his contacts. Finally, he asked someone and was told that Bosch was mooning after a German waitress at the restaurant.

In September Bosch took Vicky back to the United States, and they separated. Bosch then returned to La Paz. They were later divorced.*

Bosch, who had made no previous public statements, agreed to be interviewed at length by the author, although he declined to be photographed. He proved an affable, articulate man, although sometimes emotional when he discussed his relationship with Edward Howard, and his problems in Bolivia, both professional and personal. "Did I have marital problems?" he asked. "Yes. Was I unhappy? Yes. Did I date? Yes."

Bosch explained away the bad checks in Bolivia as the result of a mix-up; he had borrowed money from the agency, but the check for the loan went back and forth between La Paz and Washington and did not, somehow, get credited to his account. He also defended as reasonable his insurance claim for the pilfered luggage.

Although Bosch declined to discuss the specific nature of his work in the La Paz station, he indicated it was highly sensitive. In fact, Bosch was targeting Cuban intelligence officers, and later, Soviets. "Two gentlemen who had my job were fired," he said. "I used to kid and say I wasn't going to be strike three." He paused and said in a flat voice, "I was strike three."

Vicky Bosch also worked in the La Paz station, sometimes typing up her husband's operational reports. In Bosch's off hours he was frequently seen socializing with a Peruvian diplomat. According to one intelligence official, Bosch got into trouble with the CIA station in Bolivia when he took an unauthorized person, reportedly a foreign national, into a safe house. The CIA is rather touchy about outsiders' learning the location of its safe houses.

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*Vicky married a Dallas lawyer whose brother, also a Dallas lawyer, was already married to her identical twin sister, Missy.

Bosch blamed a clash in personalities for some of his difficulties in Bolivia. "I had a deputy chief of station who did not like me."

The situation was more complicated than that, however. There were, in fact, three CIA station chiefs during the year that Bosch served in the La Paz station. The first COS was not enchanted with the young case officer Langley had sent him, but he was wary of doing anything about Bosch. He had already been burned once; another young officer in the station had been sent home, and the station chief had been reprimanded for failure to document the case as well as he should have.

The second COS tried to work with Bosch, calling him in for fatherly lectures that gradually grew sterner. But the second station chief, a man in his late forties, died suddenly after cancer surgery. The third station chief decided to send Bosch home, according to an embassy official.

It was at that point, in November 1983, that Bosch became involved in a currency dispute with the embassy beside which his earlier difficulties paled.

In most American embassies the ambassadors permit diplomats to sell their cars and household effects, if they wish to, before leaving. The diplomats are then permitted a one-time "accommodation exchange" at the embassy to convert the local currency they receive for their goods into dollars at the official rate.

At the time Bolivia was, in the words of Ambassador Corr, "practically a basket case economically." Because of the runaway inflation, the Bolivian peso was constantly dropping in relation to the U.S. dollar.

In Bolivia in 1983 the official rate was about 211 pesos to the U.S. dollar, but the more realistic black-market rate was 2,000 to a dollar. It meant that enormous profits could be made, in theory, if the embassy went along with it, by a diplomat who sold personal property at inflated Bolivian prices and converted the millions of pesos into dollars at the highly favorable official rate. And it was all perfectly legal.

Early in November Bosch informed his station chief that he intended to sell his worldly goods for pesos worth somewhere between $150,000 and almost $250,000 at the official rate. A few days later the station chief apparently told him to go ahead.

On November 14 Bosch submitted a list of the items he sold that totaled just under 40 million Bolivian pesos—$189,000 if converted at the embassy rate. The original cost of the items was approximately $40,000.

The most costly item on the list was a used BMW that Bosch had bought for a little over $15,000 with a loan in that amount from the CIA credit union. He had paid back only $2,800 and defaulted on the balance. He now proposed to sell the BMW for $96,000. The list also included a nineteen-inch Sony color television, for which Bosch wanted $4,000; a Betamax, for slightly more than that; a Head tennis racket, for $428; and windshield wiper blades, for $192.

When the list reached the desk of William Walker, the deputy chief of mission, he stared at it in disbelief. To Walker, it was a flagrant abuse of the exchange rate. Walker turned thumbs down on the sale; Bosch was told that Ambassador Corr would not approve it. He was forced to revise the list downward and eventually was permitted to cash in pesos amounting to about $40,000.

For Bosch it was the end of the line. When he left to go back to Langley, the station chief warned him never to set foot again in South America. If he ever tried to do so, the station chief threatened, he would do everything in his power to stop him.

In January 1984 Bosch resigned from the CIA. He said the decision was his, but a former senior agency official with direct knowledge of the case said Bosch was told to resign or he would be dismissed. "He was allowed to resign as a courtesy to him," the former CIA man said. "That's what we usually do so his résumé doesn't say 'fired.' " Bosch was forced out, the ex-official said, as a result of the currency dispute and incompetence.*

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*Bosch, through his attorney, Victor B. Kenton, insisted he was not asked to leave the CIA. He claimed that he was caught in a crossfire between the station chief and the deputy, who often disagreed on operational matters. Bosch's troubles with the CIA were not over even when he left the agency, however. The CIA kept $9,500 in leave

Bosch stayed in Washington for a time, then moved to New York to live with his sister. He had finally been given his big chance by the agency, with calamitous results. His scheme to sell off his possessions in Bolivia at an enormous profit had been thwarted, leaving him stuck with a check for more than nine million pesos, over forty-three thousand dollars, that he could not cash. The agency had frozen his retirement pay because of the unpaid car loan. Troubles and woes were piling up, one after another.

A colleague who knew Bosch in La Paz sympathized with his plight. "Bill had romantic visions of becoming a big-time spy. He perhaps hoped for Berlin, he saw himself in a trench coat at Checkpoint Charlie, but he ended up in, forgodsakes, Bolivia. It's hard to be James Bond in Bolivia."

By early 1984 the string had run out. Bill Bosch, late of the CIA's La Paz station, a man who liked expensive, fast cars, designer clothes, and beautiful women, faced the reality. He applied for unemployment insurance.

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and retirement contributions that would otherwise have been payable to Bosch to offset the $12,200 balance on the car loan from the CIA credit union.

12

Shoot-out

Howard's drinking had been getting worse. "In Santa Fe I moved into hard liquor, gin and tonics, and got into trouble," he said.

On Sunday evening, February 26, 1984, about a month before Howard was due in New Orleans, he planned to top off the weekend by going shooting at a target range. Howard not only collected guns and liked to shoot and hunt but was also a federally licensed dealer who bought and sold weapons.

In November 1982, while still employed by the CIA, Howard applied to the Treasury Department's Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms for a license to deal in rifles, shotguns, pistols, revolvers, and ammunition. He got the license, as of January 1, 1983. While preparing for his Moscow assignment, Howard bought and sold a Browning automatic and two revolvers. He continued to deal in guns in Santa Fe.

"I abused alcohol once a week in Santa Fe," Howard said. On that night in February, he recalled, before leaving the house, he drank "a couple of big Australian beers. I'd say I had the equivalent of six beers."

He had tucked a silver-chrome .44 Magnum under the seat of his red Jeep. Realizing that he was not in any shape to go shooting, Howard abandoned that idea and drove off instead to a bar-restaurant in a motel on the outskirts of Santa Fe.

In the parking lot outside the bar that Sunday night, Howard encountered another jeep, a yellow Toyota Land Cruiser, driven by its owner, Peter Hughes, then twenty-four. Hughes and his buddy, Conrad Hayas, twenty-three, and their girlfriends were out on a double date.

"My girlfriend was real good-looking, with long blond hair," Hughes said. "He [Howard] looked over, and we exchanged glances. I'm sure he was looking at my girl, blatantly staring at us. There were no words exchanged." Hughes and his friends pulled out of the parking lot. "Next thing I know he's on my tail, turning high-low beams on and signaling right, as if to get us to follow.

" 'He's tailgatin' us,' I told my friends. I said, 'Conrad, open the door and see if we know this guy.' " At that point, according to Hughes, Hayas "flipped him off"—that is, gave Howard the finger. Hughes, aware by now that he had trouble on his hands, dropped off the two young women at Hayas's house, backed out, and drove to his own place, with Howard still in close pursuit.

Hughes lived in an apartment complex set back from the street on West Santa Fe Avenue, not far from the capitol. He turned into the driveway. Hughes and Hayas, now joined by another friend, Bob Martinez, were waiting as Howard got out of his Jeep and walked into the courtyard of the building.

"Suddenly from his back, he pulls out this *cannon,*" Hughes said. "I mean a silver-chrome forty-four Magnum. An awesome gun. He said, 'This is a Magnum, and I don't give a fuck.'*

"He holds this gun on us, me and Conrad and Bob. He's backing us off with a gun. He's looking a little buzzed, with slurred speech. He says to me, 'Get back in the jeep.' Edward Lee Howard was totally freaked out and was expecting to see some girls. He couldn't understand where the girls had gone. He didn't say anything, but I just kind of read it. I'm sure that's what was going on.

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*The Smith & Wesson .44 Magnum is a double-action six-shot revolver, with a strong recoil, that fires a heavy bullet at very fast velocity. When developed in 1955, it was termed the "world's most powerful handgun." It is also known, from its frequent appearance in the movies and on television, as the Dirty Harry gun, a reference to the character made famous by actor Clint Eastwood.

"He makes me get in the jeep. I'm thinking it isn't worth losing my life over a silly thing like this. I said, 'No problem.' I got back in the jeep and closed the door. I'm inside the jeep, and he's pointing the gun at me. His eyes get this blazing look, and he starts walking toward me with the gun, pointing at my head. I think, *He's about to pull the trigger. He's going to shoot.* The barrel of the gun is coming in the window. So I duck. I grabbed for the gun and his wrist, and it fired, putting a hole in the roof.

"I got his arm under the steering wheel and forced it down to my feet. He's wedged in there. Meanwhile, my friends had seen the muzzle flash. Bob comes running around, grabs him in a headlock, and pulls him out of the jeep. I get the gun from his hand.

"Bob had him on the ground. He's hitting him pretty good. I mean, everyone was pissed." With Howard disarmed, the three youths beat him up. Finally, as Hughes held the gun on him, they forced him to walk out to the street to his car.

"Then he starts acting really weird," Hughes said. " 'Lemme have my gun,' he says!

"I said, 'You just tried to kill me, you sonofabitch. Get the fuck off my property.' "

One of the youths threw a rock, hitting Howard on the head. As Howard, his face bloodied, tried to get into his Jeep, Martinez repeatedly kicked the door on the driver's side, trapping Howard between the door and the steering wheel so that he could not climb in. Finally they let him go.

"We go back in the courtyard and find his wallet," Hughes said. "I'm thinking, *This isn't so bad. We got this nice forty-four Magnum and the guy's wallet.* We looked through it, but there was no cash. We looked at the jeep and saw the hole in the roof. I thought, *Holy shit, this guy could have killed us.* So we called the cops."

Patrolman John Martinez and Sergeant Ray Rael of the Santa Fe police force were dispatched to the scene at 7:04 P.M. En route they heard the details on the police radio; Peter Hughes had reported he was assaulted by a man with a gun who was driving a red Jeep. Three minutes later the officers spotted the Jeep and stopped it.

In the language of the police report, "The male subject had blood on his face and also on his clothing . . . he advised that he was assaulted on Santa Fe Ave. by a group of male subjects. He also went on to say that he had met the subjects at a bar and had followed them home as they had promised him a girlfriend for the night and a good time." Howard was advised of his rights and placed under arrest for aggravated assault with a deadly weapon. He was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, where he was treated for lacerations on the head and face, and then put in jail overnight.

Howard claimed after his arrest that the kicking of his Jeep door is what touched off the trouble. That happened at the beginning, he said, not at the end, as Hughes related it.

He persisted in this version in the Budapest interview. He said the incident began in the parking lot of the bar when Hughes's passenger opened his car door "and hit my Jeep door." Howard said he registered a mild protest. The passenger got out, Howard said, and "Then he kicks my Jeep. He kicked it on the driver's door in a high kick. They drove off. I lost my cool and proceeded after them. I used poor judgment."

He pulled his gun, Howard claimed, only after he noticed that one of the three youths "had something in his hand, like a stick or a pipe." While talking to Hughes, he said, "all of a sudden I get hit hard with something on the back of the head. As I stagger from the blow, four or five hands grab for the gun. It goes off. I did not plan to fire the gun. Then I just get beat silly to the ground. These guys proceed to kick the shit out of me. Basically their background is cooks and bottle washers at pizza restaurants. All I wanted to do is get out of there.

"I run to the Jeep and circle the block and say, 'Oh, my God, those guys have my gun. I got to go back and get it.' I paid good money for that. So I drove back to their house, and a police car pulled me over."

The shooting incident and arrest were a watershed for Howard. Up to that point his drinking, and his private rage at the CIA, had been carefully hidden from friends and associates. Now, charged with a felony, he was caught in the machinery of justice. His problems could no longer be concealed from the community.

It was almost as though there were two halves to his personality. The world knew Howard as a highly intelligent, successful young economist and former Foreign Service officer. The other half of Howard was an angry alcoholic who packed a gun and acted irrationally. The two pieces did not fit, and now both were visible for the first time.

Although the Santa Fe *New Mexican* carried only a five-paragraph story the next day reporting Howard's arrest, his appearance betrayed the fact that he had been in a serious brawl. Howard had been badly beaten, and his face showed it. He told friends, neighbors, and co-workers that he had been "hassled" in a bar and gotten into a fight.

For Santa Fe District Attorney Eloy F. Martinez, the case was a problem. On the one hand, there was Howard. "He looked," Martinez said, "like a respected citizen, with a good education." In a supposedly classless but actually highly class-conscious society, Howard's respectability was his strongest asset. He was an economist with a graduate degree, married, a father, and a state employee. On the surface, his accusers were footloose youths. Peter Hughes worked at El Patio restaurant, and Conrad Hayas at the Pizza Hut.

It was more complicated than that, however. DA Martinez knew Peter Hughes—he often ate at the restaurant where he worked—and was aware that the youth came from a prominent family. His father, James Lindberg Hughes, was a fighter pilot shot down in Vietnam, who spent six years as a prisoner of war. When he returned as a hero, the whole town turned out for the parade, and Hughes had run, albeit unsuccessfully, for the Republican nomination for governor.*

Martinez decided to reduce the original charges. "We dropped the deadly weapon count because it didn't seem consistent with his background. Otherwise, if convicted, he would have gotten a one-year mandatory jail sentence. It didn't seem consistent that a person of his caliber would resort to that kind of action."

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*Hughes lost the 1974 Republican primary to State Senator Joseph R. Skeen, who in turn lost the gubernatorial race that year to the Democratic candidate, Jerry Apodaca. Skeen was elected to Congress in 1980.

The district attorney disclosed, however, that he had at least briefly considered lodging an attempted murder charge against Howard. "There was pressure from his [Peter Hughes's] mother that we would pursue an attempted murder charge, the most severe charge. We felt that there was some evidence he was under the influence of alcohol, so attempted murder would have been difficult to prove, and we took that into consideration, along with his background and the fact that he had no prior record."

Martinez turned the case over to a relatively new assistant district attorney on his staff, Nilda Pabon Balderston. Howard, after all, had nearly blown Peter Hughes's head off. "We talked about the possibility of attempted murder and went down to three counts of aggravated assault," she recalled. "I didn't recommend attempted murder because it didn't make any sense to me that a man in a responsible position would go around the town and then pull a gun on these kids. And he had been beaten up. That made us a little sympathetic. It was a mystery; it still is."

But Howard had more than respectability; he also had political clout. In his work he had come to know a number of important state legislators, a fact that was not lost on the DA. One of the lawmakers, Max Coll, the powerful chairman of the Taxation and Revenue Committee, referred Howard to a Santa Fe attorney, Morton S. Simon, a transplanted New Jersey resident who had grown up in South Orange.

Howard told Simon something he had not yet confided to his employer: that he had worked for the CIA. Mary Howard also told the attorney that she had been employed by the agency.

The CIA very quickly knew about the shooting incident. If it did not learn of the case through its own sources, it was advised by Howard himself. "When I had the problem with Hughes," he said, "I called the agency and talked to a young, smart lady on the legal staff. She said to say I had been employed *at* the State Department. She emphasized the word 'at.' "

One former CIA official insisted that the agency had intervened in the case to make sure it was handled in a low-key manner, with minimum publicity and a favorable outcome for Howard. Simon said he was never contacted by the intelligence agency. The district attorney, Martinez, said he was unaware of Howard's CIA background. "I don't think that was ever brought to our attention," he said, although Morton Simon "could have mentioned it." Nilda Balderston said she was "not aware of any pressure from Washington." District Judge Bruce E. Kaufman, before whom Howard appeared, denied as "mildly incredible" a published report that the CIA had made representations to him. "I never heard from anybody," he said.

Howard did solicit letters of support, which were filed with the court, from a number of officials in Washington, as well as from several members of the New Mexico legislature and friends. Among those who wrote were Leonard Yaeger, Howard's old boss in Lima; Carl H. Leonard, who had supervised the AID office in Peru and who said he had always found Howard to be "honest, calm, and level headed"; State Department officials Katherine H. Peterson and James H. Morton, who ran the Foreign Service course that Howard took; and his jogging partner, Jim Lockwood.

Meantime, Morton Simon was massaging the case nicely, pushing Martinez hard for a plea bargain. Because Simon waived the preliminary hearing, there was no grand jury and no indictment. Simon, as a result, managed to keep the proceedings almost entirely out of the newspapers. Since he had no prior record, Howard hoped for leniency; but the charges were serious, and he faced a possible maximum sentence of twelve years on the three counts.

Frightened by what was happening to him, Howard, acting on his own, contacted the state assistance program, which provides drug, alcohol, and psychological counseling to New Mexico state employees. In March he started seeing the program's director, Neil Berman, a clinical social worker from Brooklyn. He continued to meet with Berman on a regular basis until September 1985. On occasion Mary Howard accompanied her husband to the sessions.

Berman, a short, thin, mustached man with an informal, relaxed manner, was sympathetic toward the young economist who presented himself in his office. The facts of the shooting incident were confused, Berman felt, and Howard had, after all, been beaten up by his accusers.

Berman counseled Howard for alcoholism. He did not regard Howard as a psychiatric basket case, a man who was coming apart emotionally. Rather, he considered Howard cool and calculating, a capable employee of the state and a valued staff member of a powerful legislative committee.

By late that month Morton Simon and the DA had worked out the plea bargain. Howard would plead guilty to the three counts of aggravated battery and receive five years' probation, provided he underwent a psychological evaluation by Dr. Elliot Rapoport at his own expense, followed any recommendations for continued treatment, and paid Peter Hughes seventy-five hundred dollars in compensation, plus the cost of repairing the car. In addition, Howard would be restricted under the terms of his probation from leaving the state without the approval of the court, except on business trips.

Howard had talked on occasion of a political career, of running for the state legislature himself. Now that he was about to be convicted of a felony, he knew he would have to give up that ambition.

On March 27 Howard appeared before Judge Kaufman to plead. Peter Hughes was in the courtroom. Simon explained to the judge that both parties thought the plea bargain was appropriate because of Howard's background. He had been, Simon assured the court, "a certified foreign service officer with the State Department for a number of years."

Assistant DA Balderston said that "Peter was very frightened by the incident," but that the district attorney felt the arrangement would compensate Hughes and at the same time ensure "that Mr. Howard essentially isn't destroyed." A felony conviction on more serious charges, she added, would probably preclude Howard from ever getting work as an economist.

Judge Kaufman wondered if Howard would be able to come up with the seventy-five hundred dollars. "Your Honor, yes," Howard replied, "not only with my finances; but I have my in-laws who would loan me some money, and I could repay them."

Howard then pleaded guilty to all three counts. Kaufman questioned Peter Hughes, who said he had come through the evening's events with only a scratched finger but with a bad case of nerves. He had not been able to sleep normally since the incident, he said, and he spoke of "post-trauma stress." The judge asked Hughes whether the seventy-five hundred dollars would be adequate to cover any necessary therapy, and Hughes thought it would.

The sentencing was put off until the following month, but for Howard, the worst was over. He had beaten the rap, and he still had his job. He knew he would get probation. He would not have to go to prison.

That afternoon he left for New Orleans. It was time to keep his rendezvous with Bill Bosch.

13

Bourbon Street

Bosch, three months out of the CIA, drove to the airport in New Orleans to pick up Howard. He had not seen him since Howard had been dismissed by the agency. Bosch was shocked when Howard got off the plane; half his face was still bandaged from the beating he had received.

Howard quickly gave his version of the fracas. They drove back to town and checked into the Hotel Monteleone in the French Quarter. Howard, who had an expense account since he was there on state business, let Bosch share his room.

The two old friends soon adjourned to a bar on Bourbon Street, in the heart of the Vieux Carré, where they began a night of serious drinking. There was a lot to tell. Bosch filled Howard in on his misfortunes with the agency in Bolivia; Howard in turn described the polygraph tests that had ended with his abrupt dismissal on the verge of his departure for Moscow.

According to Bosch, Howard said the trouble over the polygraphs had centered on his alcohol problem, not on theft. Howard had been asked about petty theft, but that was not the primary concern. "He said they were asking him about petty theft and drinking," Bosch recalled. "They kept on saying he was lying. And they kept pushing the drinking problem. Everything was revolving around the drinking problem."

In the bar Howard confided to Bosch that after his dismissal he had been totally depressed and was drinking heavily. "He told me he had contemplated getting revenge," Bosch said, "and drinking, he would sit for hours in the vicinity of the Soviet embassy or consulate." Howard was obviously referring to the episode the previous October, when he had loitered near the Soviet consulate on Phelps Place, wondering how much he might get for the CIA's secrets if he went inside. But Bosch said Howard "swore up and down to me he did not do anything" on that occasion.

Suddenly Howard broached an idea to his old buddy. "He said, 'Let's both of us get together. We could really do a job on the agency. Let's you and I go to Mexico City.' "

Sometime during the evening Howard made clear where he wanted to go in Mexico City. "He discussed going to the Soviet embassy," Bosch said.

Bosch declined, on the advice of his counsel, to say whether he had agreed to go to Mexico City with Howard. But he telephoned his sister in Houston that night with an invitation. "I said, 'Hey, let's go to Mexico City.' " Bosch said his sister "knew I'd been drinking" and did not accept his invitation.

Bosch insisted, however, that this took place before he understood that Howard had more than a pleasure trip in mind. "When he first talked about Mexico," Bosch said, "I thought it was a social trip. He had a friend down there."

Howard, according to Bosch, tried that night to telephone his friend Richard Marchese, the general manager of Dentsply Caulk, a dental supply company in Mexico City.* Bosch said it would be logical to assume they would have stayed with Marchese had the trip taken place. He said Howard also checked on plane flights to Mexico City. "I think he may have called a travel agency to find out about flights," Bosch said.

"The trip was supposed to be the following weekend," Bosch said, "but it never took place." Bosch asserted that he did not take seriously Howard's proposal that they visit the Soviet embassy in Mexico. "I was not serious, and I didn't believe Ed was," he said. Howard never specifically proposed that they go inside the embassy and offer secrets to the Russians, Bosch claimed. "I had no intention of ever doing anything like that."

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*About ten days earlier Howard had received a letter from Marchese, a Peace Corps volunteer whom he had met in Cali, attesting to his "good moral character." Howard had solicited the letter for the court appearance.

Bosch nevertheless found listening to Howard an exhilarating experience. "I'm down," he said, recalling that night on Bourbon Street. "My life just ended with the agency. But being with Ed, I felt high. I said, 'This guy is more fucked up than I am.' I had my head together."

Howard, too, sought to minimize his proposal to Bosch. "We were two old buddies who had been screwed by the agency," Howard said. "In New Orleans we were joking. We were in a bar on Bourbon Street. We had a couple of beers. I told Bill I had a good friend in Mexico City, Richard Marchese, and if we went there we could see him. We [Bosch and Howard] could go to the Soviet embassy. Wouldn't the surveillance freak out to see me and a Latin American [division] guy going into that embassy? What would the surveillance team think if we went to the Soviet embassy together in Mexico City? There were no plans to go, no plane reservation."

According to Bosch, some of the conversation and telephoning took place in the bar, some in the hotel room. A great deal of alcohol flowed. "Later that night we both got a little loaded, and we got separated," Bosch said. "I went to the hotel, and there was Ed, sound asleep." It was that kind of night.

In the morning, Bosch said, things looked different. "The next day I said I don't have the money to go to Mexico. It just got dropped."

But a seed had been planted. Bosch indicated that he began to worry about what his friend might do. "I truly did not believe Ed had done things, but he might be stupid enough when he got drunk to do something stupid. I did not want to see my friend screw his life up."

Howard and Bosch spent the rest of the week in New Orleans, with Howard attending the energy conference at the Monteleone during the day and spending his evenings in the French Quarter with Bosch. With the trip to Mexico no longer on the agenda, a new plan evolved. Bosch would drive his friend back to Santa Fe, stopping off in Garland, just outside Dallas, to see Howard's parents.

Bosch called his sister in Houston, the morning after that first night on Bourbon Street, and this time invited her to meet them in Dallas. She agreed.

On the drive to Dallas, and again on the way to Santa Fe, the two friends had hours together to talk about their troubles and the way the agency had treated them. Bosch later told the FBI that on the long drive they spoke again about how, if they ever wanted to, they could hurt the agency. Bosch talked about his CIA work in Latin America. I could tell them this, Bosch said, drawing on his experience in Latin America. And I could tell them that, Howard said, referring to his own work in SE division.

It was getting to be a heavy trip for Bosch. In a Dallas nightclub his sister and Howard suddenly disappeared, and Bosch found himself face-to-face with his estranged wife; his two traveling companions had conspired to arrange for her presence, apparently in the hope of a reconciliation. It did not happen.

Bosch and Howard stayed with Kenneth and Mary Howard, in their one-story ranch-style house on a quiet street in Garland. He then drove on to Santa Fe with Howard. When Bosch hugged Mary, he could sense all was not well with the couple. "I knew they were under a lot of stress." Bosch stayed with the Howards at their desert home on Verano Loop, then drove to Washington.

By now, Bosch said, he had decided that "Ed needed help." In New Orleans he worried that Howard might be "capable of suicide."

Bosch now knew that Howard said he had lingered near a Soviet embassy building, thinking about going inside to sell CIA secrets, something the CIA did not yet know. He also knew that Howard had proposed that the two men go to the Soviet embassy in Mexico City to "do a job on the agency."

Bosch had no legal obligation to report this information to the authorities. Contrary to popular opinion, there is no requirement that a citizen with knowledge of a crime, or a contemplated crime, share that knowledge with a law-enforcement or intelligence agency.

Yet Bosch faced a dilemma. He had to choose among conflicting obligations to his friend, to the agency, and to himself. It was a tricky situation, not without potential dangers to Bosch.

Whatever moral duty Bosch might have felt to report Howard's actions to the CIA was presumably tempered by the unpleasant circumstances of his own departure from the agency. He must have worried as well that by reporting the Mexico City proposal, he might open himself to an investigation on suspicion that he had conspired with Howard to commit espionage.

Nevertheless, Bosch insisted that he came forward and took steps to warn the agency that his friend was flirting with espionage. He did so, he said, through an indirect channel to Langley.

Early in April Bosch drove to Washington and, he said, had dinner with his former sister-in-law Tanya Ringland. "During my conversation with Tanya I said, 'I'm really worried about Ed.' Tanya suggested I talk with Peter." At sixty-two, Peter Ringland, Bosch's ex-father-in-law, was no longer a regular employee of the CIA, but he had been teaching courses on contract and still had close ties to the agency, Bosch knew. As an old SE hand he would know exactly whom to talk to.

Ringland was away from Washington at the time, Bosch said, so he postponed his departure, waiting for him to return. When he did not, Bosch left for New York. "Two days later Peter called me at my sister's house in New York," Bosch said.

"What's with Ed?" Ringland asked, according to Bosch.

"I said, 'Ed needs help.' " Bosch said he believes he informed Ringland about Howard's hanging around outside the Soviet consulate in Washington, but he replied, "I don't know," when asked if he also told Ringland about the proposed junket to the Soviet embassy in Mexico. Bosch said he did tell his former father-in-law that Howard had gotten into a shooting fray in Santa Fe.

"How much I told Peter I don't remember," Bosch added. "But Peter said the whole Ed Howard case was handled poorly, and he would take care of it."

Now Bosch convinced himself that he had solved his dilemma. He had at least warned the government indirectly. "I do believe I shared enough information with Peter Ringland to bring it to the attention of the people who would take care of it. I had no more direct link with the agency. They won't believe Bill Bosch." By contrast, he said, "I knew that my ex-father-in-law had a direct plug back into the agency." He said he believed that Peter Ringland still worked for the CIA at the time.

Peter Ringland declined to comment on whether Bosch had warned him about Howard in the spring of 1984 or whether he had relayed that information to the CIA. His daughter Tanya was almost equally unwilling to be drawn into a discussion of the events that Bosch described. She would not confirm his account, although she did not deny it, remarking at one point that she found the whole subject "distasteful."

Sometime in 1984, probably in May, Bosch said he met Howard in Philadelphia and disclosed his warning to Peter Ringland. "I told him I had told Peter," Bosch said. "Ed was pissed off. He just looked at me."

At times Bosch appears to take credit for attempting to tip off the CIA, as he claims he did. At other times Bosch flagellates himself for not having kept silent. "I told Ed we had a special relationship," Bosch said, "that I was his friend. I betrayed that friendship," he said mournfully, "because I told Peter."

For his part, Bosch said he assumed that Peter Ringland had passed on his warning to the CIA. If Bosch did, in fact, warn Ringland, as he insists he did, he had now protected his flanks; in the event of later trouble he could say he had tried to get word to the agency. He had done his best to warn Langley of the gathering storm.

14

Decision

What Edward Lee Howard needed, concluded Dr. Elliot "Sonny" Rapoport, Ph.D., the court-appointed psychologist, was "deep breathing exercises."

That, along with other "stress reducing techniques," including "deep muscle relaxation" and "self hypnosis," would undoubtedly help in resolving "this most unfortunate matter."

Dr. Rapoport, a respected figure in Santa Fe clinical circles, included these recommendations in the treatment plan he sent to the prosecutor in May.

Judge Kaufman had ordered the evaluation when he sentenced Howard on April 25 to five years' probation. The conditions imposed by the judge fulfilled the terms of the plea bargain that had been worked out by Howard's attorney and the DA. Howard would pay Peter Hughes seventy-five hundred dollars, pay to repair the bullet hole in the car roof as well, and remain in the state except for business trips.

Dr. Rapoport saw Howard three times in April and early May. In his report he noted that Howard had worked for the State Department in Washington but, after being assigned to Moscow, had decided to seek "more stable employment" in this country. He also reported that Howard had admitted to "a period of apparently problem drinking for about six months prior to his arrest."

While he found that Howard displayed signs of considerable anxiety and stress, he manifested no symptoms of any mental or personality disorder. His test results showed no signs of "brain dysfunction or any organic deterioration secondary to alcohol consumption." Howard, he reported, had "good contact with reality." His Rorschach test and interviews "suggest that Mr. Howard is neither mentally ill, nor depressed and/or suicidal.

"Of particular interest," Dr. Rapaport added, "are scales which assess antisocial or criminal orientation which, in Mr. Howard's case, do not indicate that he is inclined to act out in an antisocial manner and that he is not otherwise criminally oriented."

Howard had obviously made a good impression on Sonny Rapoport, as indeed he did on most people. The young professional appeared to have had a regrettable misunderstanding with three youthful citizens. The criminal charges, Rapoport concluded, were "totally out of character for Mr. Howard. . . .

"In evaluating this incident," Dr. Rapoport wrote, one should remember that "Mr. Howard had experienced a change in career, a change in residence, the birth of his first child, the stress of his new position, the death of his grandmother, the economic burden of holding mortgages on two homes and domestic problems resulting from a three month visit by his in-laws in his home. As these stressors increased, Mr. Howard found himself using alcohol to help cope with these problems. . . ." As for the incident itself, Dr. Rapoport suggested it had begun with an exchange of words, and the action by the victims in "apparently kicking his new car was simply and literally the last straw that broke the camel's back."

The psychologist urged that Howard remain in treatment with Neil Berman, the state alcohol counselor whom he was already seeing, to "work through" the events of the shooting episode and learn to cope with stress without resorting to drink. It was "highly unlikely," he concluded, that Howard would ever again display such poor judgment.

The same month that Howard received this glowing report from the psychologist, he was sent to Washington on business to attend a tax conference. En route he stopped in Denver and spent several hours at a motel with the woman whom he had been seeing when he lived in Chicago five years before. Around midnight he left to take the red-eye to Washington. It was almost exactly a year since he had been fired by the CIA.

One evening after the day's meetings were over, he visited friends in Vienna, Virginia. Howard drank that night and was well along when he decided that the thing to do was to pay an unannounced visit to his old boss at the agency, Tom Mills. Mills, too, lived in Vienna, near Tysons Corner, about three miles from Howard's old house.

Howard pulled into the driveway of the CIA official's home and demanded to see Mills, who came outside. Mills, he said, explained it was not a convenient time to chat; he was entertaining an Eastern-bloc diplomat, who was inside having dinner. Howard recalled the conversation this way:

"I can't talk to you," Mills said.

"They really fucked me."

"I understand that."

Eventually Mills was able to disengage and go back to his dinner party. What he said to the Eastern-bloc diplomat to explain the scene in the driveway is not known.

According to CIA sources, a shouting confrontation had taken place in the driveway. Howard denied that, insisting "there was no shouting match." But Mills reported the highly unorthodox encounter to the CIA, which could not have been pleased to learn that Howard was still acting unpredictably. On the same visit to Washington Howard went to CIA headquarters and met once more with Dr. Malloy. Tom Mills was present in the psychiatrist's office.

There had been more unauthorized calls to the Moscow embassy, Mills said. "They're blaming you." Mills was undoubtedly chiding Howard for his call to John Beyrle, which had so upset the Moscow station.

Dr. Malloy, Howard said, then suggested that the Labor Department might be willing to pay for a psychiatrist for Howard if he filed a claim. The idea of filing a grievance that might embarrass the CIA appealed to Howard, who said he contacted the Labor Department and got the necessary forms. "Malloy said to send the forms to him," Howard said, adding that he did so.

Some correspondence ensued. "The letters from the Labor Department didn't even have my name," Howard said. " 'Dear Sir, re claim number so-and-so.' It was just a number, like a Swiss bank account. All my communications went to Malloy. But nothing really happened with the claim."*

Howard's visit to Malloy after the driveway encounter was an indication that the agency was still very worried about Howard and keeping tabs on him. It also showed that the CIA still believed that Howard could be managed; after all, SE division and the Office of Medical Services were watching him.

CIA Director William Casey had more on his mind that summer than Edward Howard, however. Having just survived a major clash with the Senate over the mining of Nicaragua's harbors, he had decided on a major reshuffle at the agency. Clair George, Casey's point man in the mining controversy, would have to be pulled back from the Hill. Casey named George the DDO, replacing John Stein, the official who had made the decision to fire Howard. Stein became inspector general. At the same time Charles A. Briggs, the CIA's executive director, replaced George on the Hill, and James H. Taylor, the inspector general, succeeded Briggs. It was a game of musical chairs in which four top officials changed places at once at the end of June.

Around the same time David Forden, the chief of the Soviet division and the man who had originally approved Howard's selection for SE and Moscow, was quietly moved out of his job. As the chief of SE division Forden had been Mills's superior and Howard's ultimate boss. It was Forden who had fought to keep Howard on the payroll, parked in an innocuous job. He had been overruled.

Since he was a popular division chief, his departure caused gloom on the fifth floor. There was a going-away party in the division when Forden left, and he made a sentimental speech saying how much he would miss everyone. His replacement was Burt Gerber, the official who, with Gus Hathaway, later was responsible for debriefing Vitaly Yurchenko.

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*A former CIA official said Howard had filed a claim with the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA), a division of the Labor Department, seeking to show that his problems were job-related and due to the stress of his CIA training. However, OSHA insisted it had no record of any claim by Howard.

While these changes were taking place behind the scenes in Langley, Howard went about his work in Santa Fe and, by all accounts, performed well. He was traveling a lot for the state these days. In June Howard went to Los Angeles to attend another conference sponsored by DRI, the economic consulting firm. In July he traveled to El Paso, to visit the headquarters of El Paso Natural Gas, a pipeline company that was a major source of revenue for the state.

Outwardly Howard appeared to have put the night of February 26 behind him. By the summer of 1984, however, the evidence suggests that Howard had reached some sort of personal Rubicon and was getting ready to cross.

He could not get what had happened to him in the CIA out of his mind. It kept gnawing at him. He had almost gone over the edge the previous fall, when he lingered near the consulate on Phelps Place, flirting with danger, with revenge, with the possibility of taking money from the Soviets. He had, at some point, gone inside the consulate and left the letter.

He had taken another step in New Orleans in March, when he had proposed to Bill Bosch that they go together to the Soviet embassy in Mexico City. They could team up, do a job on the agency. That would fuck the fuckers in Langley.

His rage and frustration had reached the boiling point the night of the Peter Hughes shoot-out. It was dumb, it was stupid, it never should have happened, but it had. It was the drinking that did it, but it was hard to stop drinking. He really should, but God knows, he had reason to drink.

The firing by CIA, he could conceal that, hell, they *wanted* him to conceal it, he wasn't supposed to say he had even worked there. But the arrest, the shooting couldn't be concealed. It hadn't gotten much publicity, thanks to Morton Simon, but people knew. His friends and family knew, his neighbors, his co-workers. They knew. He had the probation hanging over his head, five years of that to look forward to. He had to keep seeing Neil Berman, the alcohol counselor; that was part of his sentence.

And it had been humiliating. True, he had been drunk and outnumbered, it was three against one; but he was supposed to be a trained agent of the CIA, and he had let three punk kids take his gun away from him. Bottle washers in pizza joints.

Then there were his in-laws. They were decent enough, but they always seemed to be visiting, protecting Mary, getting in his hair. Within the family there had been intimations that Mary's parents did not consider him a good enough provider for their daughter. So it was doubly humiliating to have to borrow most of the money from them to pay Peter Hughes.

For therapy! The kid had admitted at the court hearing that he had only a scratched finger, but now Howard had to fork over seventy-five hundred dollars, and the damn judge wanted to know if that would be enough. Enough! Christ, the kid could hire an army of shrinks at that price.

It was time to act, to stop being a wimp, to take arms against his sea of troubles. He could, with the right move, wreak revenge upon the CIA, solve his financial problems, and restore his self-esteem. He had already offered his services to the Soviets; perhaps it was time to contact them again.

By July Howard may have made up his mind, or very possibly the Soviets, by then, had responded to his letter, for that month he cashed in his Crown Life insurance policy. It was a whole life policy; he kept his term insurance to protect Mary and Lee. With the insurance proceeds, he informed Mary, they were going to take a trip to Europe.

15

Contact

They would stay with the Ferroni-Strattners near Bern, Howard told his wife. It would be wonderful to see Marco and Ann again, and it would save on hotel costs. They would also go to Milan for a DRI conference. After visiting their friends in Switzerland, they would drive through Austria to Munich, winding up at the Oktoberfest before flying home. It would be a whirlwind week, a little extravagant, but they deserved some fun.

Howard purchased round-trip tickets to Frankfurt on Delta Air Lines. After a year on the job he had some vacation time coming, and he arranged to take nine days by sandwiching two weekends around a workweek.

But first he had to take care of an important detail. Howard called on his boss, Curtis Porter. "He came in to my office and said there was a DRI conference in Milan," Porter said. DRI, the worldwide economic consulting firm, held a contract with the state. "He showed me the DRI brochure on it. There were a series of international economic forums around the world. One was in Japan, and it [the brochure] had Milan. He didn't want the staff to know; he just wanted my approval. He didn't want to be paid for it. He wanted me to say he could represent the LFC [Legislative Finance Committee]. He explained he could write the trip off and get the tax benefit and some vacation out of it." Porter agreed.

For eight days in September 1984, the Howards visited Europe, taking their eighteen-month-old baby with them. It was during this week, American counterintelligence officials believe, that Howard first met with officers of the KGB, gave them classified information, and was paid. Vitaly Yurchenko reported that Howard had met with "senior officials" of the KGB "in Austria in the fall of 1984." The formal complaint against Howard lists the trip to Austria as an overt act in a conspiracy to commit espionage. Howard's movements during the week are, therefore, of more than passing interest.

On Saturday, September 15, 1984, the Howards flew to Frankfurt. They rented a car and, by Howard's account, drove on September 16 to Zurich, where they spent the night at the Mövenpick Hotel.

At this point both Howard and his wife give varying and somewhat confused accounts of the sequence of events in what was to become a crucial week in their life.

I asked Mary Howard about the trip. "We visited friends in Switzerland," she said. "We visited Zurich and Lucerne and then decided to go to Austria and then Milan." In Austria, she said, they spent the night in the town of St. Anton. Later I went over the trip again, this time with the aid of a detailed map of Central Europe spread out between us. Mary Howard said she was confused about the sequence of the trip. "We'd never been to Austria, so since we were so close, we decided to go there," she said. "But maybe Milan was before St. Anton."

Howard, during the interview in Budapest, said that they had visited Milan before going to Austria. After spending the night in Zurich, he said, he contacted his friends Marco Ferroni and Ann Strattner. "The next morning I called Marco," Howard said.

Howard said that he and Mary drove from Zurich and stayed with their friends near Bern. "From Bern we drove to Milan." To his surprise, Howard said, when he and his wife got to Milan, they discovered that the DRI conference had been canceled.

"We drove back to Bern," Edward Howard said, "and stayed three or four days at the Ferroni-Strattners' house." The Ferroni-Strattners lived in Sariswil, a suburb about seven miles northwest of the Swiss capital. Marco Ferroni worked for the Swiss foreign aid agency; his wife, an agricultural economist, was American. Howard had met them when they all were stationed in Lima several years earlier. Ann Strattner, then single, had come to know the Howards fairly well; Ed liked to prepare gourmet meals, and she sometimes dined at their house on Sunday evenings.

The Ferroni-Strattners remembered the Howards arriving in Sariswil in their rental car, a green Opel Record, with Lee asleep in the back seat. They told their Swiss friends they had come from Milan. "They stayed two nights as far as we can remember, and they did talk about going to the Oktoberfest," Marco Ferroni recalled.

"We didn't know he had worked for the CIA," he said. Howard said nothing to his friends about either the Soviets or the CIA. Ann Strattner took them sightseeing, to Aarberg and Murten, two picturesque old towns nearby. The Ferroni-Strattners had no recollection "that Ed did anything alone during those two days, like going to Bern alone."

In fact, Ferroni said, there was only one unusual incident during the visit. Ann had prepared *Gschwellti,* a Swiss dish of boiled potatoes in the skin, served with cheeses, dips, and salad. "He didn't show up for dinner; he stayed downstairs in their room," Ferroni recalled. "Mary sort of insinuated he was feeling ill. Only after they had left, I found out that the problem had been alcohol." Ferroni discovered that Howard had consumed half a bottle of gin or rum that he had taken from a liquor cabinet. "The bottle was practically empty."

Marco Ferroni had a clear memory of the Howards' visit; he had been interviewed about it by the Swiss Federal Police at the request of the FBI. And he was sure the Howards said they had come from Milan. "They said he had been to Milan on business—a conference, I believe."

The Howards left Bern, and their friends' house, on Thursday, September 20, and drove across the Swiss border into Austria. The FBI has established, presumably from hotel records, that they stayed overnight in St. Anton, an Alpine resort in the Arlberg about thirty miles east of the border.

"The day before the Oktoberfest started," Howard said, "we drove

ON WISE

"He came walking toward me.... He was the Central Intelligence Agency's first defector. ... He had been granted asylum by the Russians, but he was still a wanted man in every country of the Western World.... He extended his hand.

" 'I'm Edward Lee Howard.' "

At the University of Texas at Austin in 1970, Howard (*circled*) joined the Taekwon Do Karate Club.

CACTUS YEARBOOK. COURTESY OF BARKER TEXAS HISTORY CENTER, THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

© J. P. LAFFONT/SYGMA

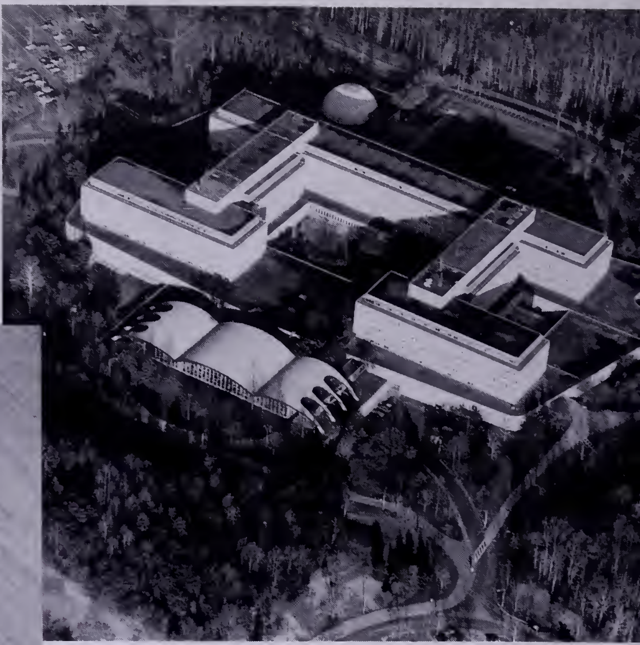

Howard joined the Central Intelligence Agency in January 1981. Within a year, he was being trained to operate as a spy in Moscow.

Howard learned basic espionage tradecraft at the Farm, a secret CIA installation near Williamsburg, Virginia, where he excelled at breaking and entering. Howard later used the skills he had learned in his training to escape from the FBI.

BILL BALLE

ARMED FORCES
EXPERIMENTAL
TRAINING ACTIVITY
DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE
CAMP PEARY
DO NOT ENTER
STOP
STOP
STOP
RESTRICTED
AREA
ENTERING THIS FACILITY
SIGNIFIES YOUR CONSENT
TO THE SEARCH OF
YOUR PERSON &
PERSONAL PROPERTY
INCLUDING VEHICLES
TURN ON INTERIOR LIGH

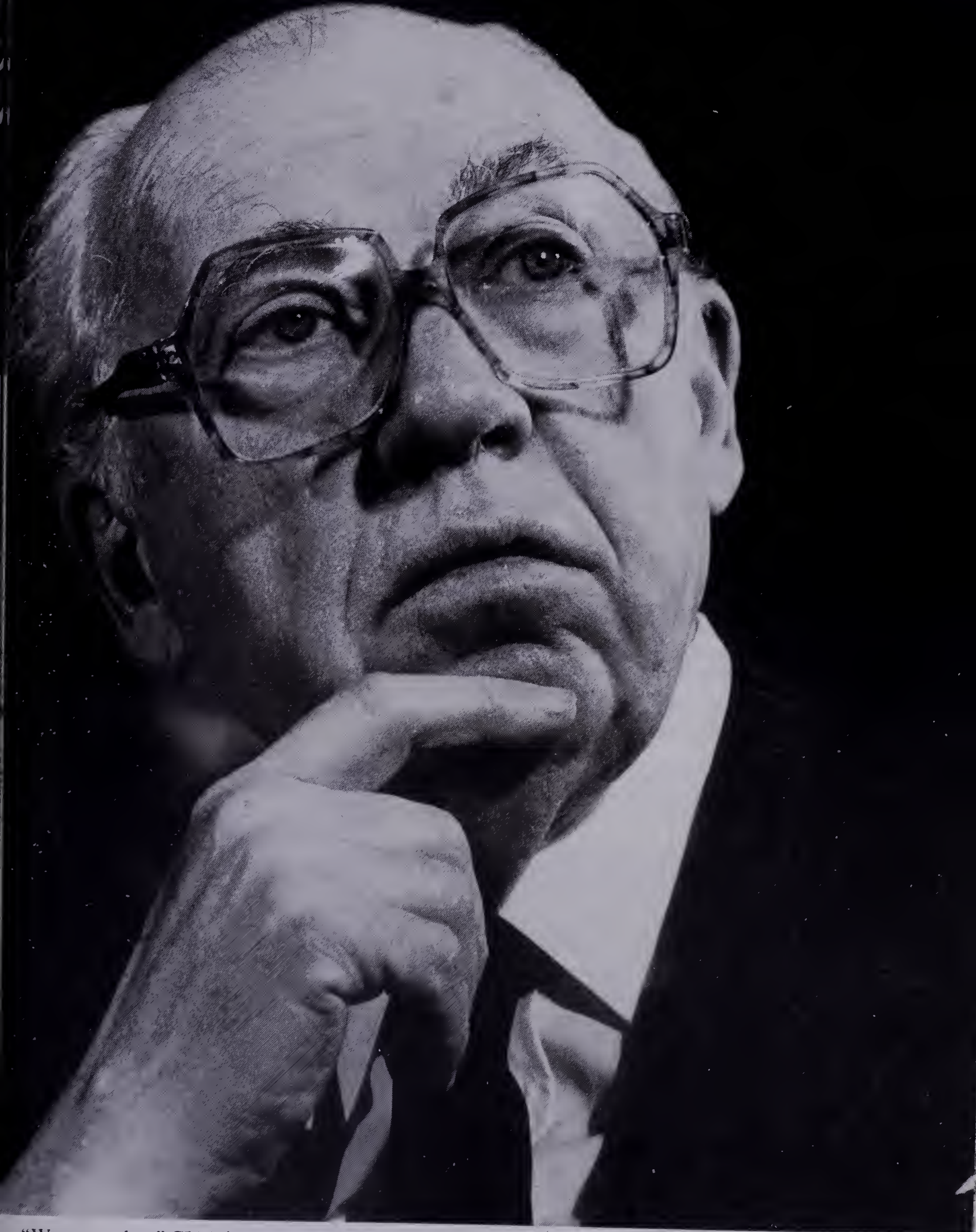

“We screwed up.” CIA Director William J. Casey, who approved Howard’s dismissal, later admitted that the intelligence agency had bungled its handling of the case.

DIEGO GOLDBERG/SYGMA

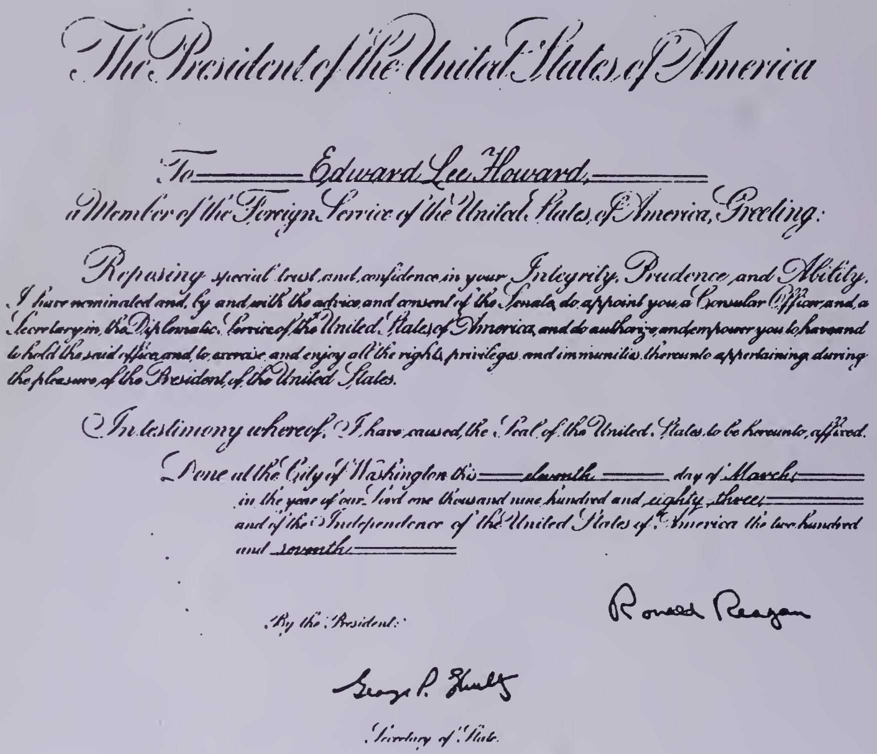

The President of the United States of America

To Edward Lee Howard,
a Member of the Foreign Service of the United States of America, Greeting:

Reposing special trust and confidence in your Integrity, Prudence, and Ability, I have nominated and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, do appoint you a Consular Officer and a Secretary in the Diplomatic Service of the United States of America, and do authorize and empower you to have and to hold the said office and to exercise and enjoy all the rights, privileges and immunities thereunto appertaining during the pleasure of the President of the United States.

In testimony whereof, I have caused the Seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this eleventh day of March
in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eighty-three
and of the Independence of the United States of America the two hundred
and seventh

Ronald Reagan

By the President:

George P. Shultz

Secretary of State.

The CIA planned to send Howard to Moscow under diplomatic cover as an embassy officer. His commission as a member of the United States Foreign Service was signed by President Reagan and Secretary of State George Shultz.

William G. Bosch, Howard's closest friend in the CIA, provided key evidence in the case to the FBI. Bosch is shown here in a 1966 photo.

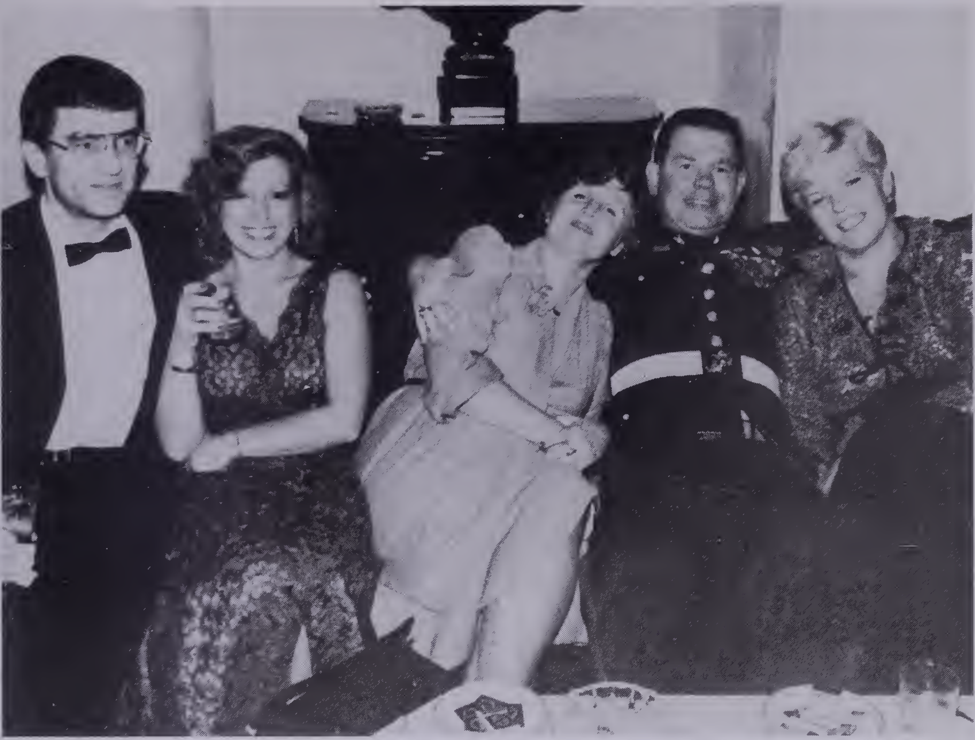

After Howard was dismissed by the CIA, he telephoned the U.S. Embassy in Moscow and may have contacted "Raya," a female KGB colonel on the embassy staff. The tall, blond Soviet spy, known around the embassy as "Big Raya," is the woman on the far right. The photograph was taken at the marine ball at Spaso House, the ambassador's residence, in 1985. The man with his arm around Raya and another Soviet woman employee of the embassy is Master Sergeant Joey E. Wingate, the commander of the marine detachment. At left, in bow tie, is an embassy security officer with "Svetlana," a Soviet librarian at the embassy.

Howard and his wife, Mary, moved to Santa Fe, New Mexico, after his dismissal from the CIA and bought this house in the desert, from which he escaped, eluding FBI surveillance, in September 1985.

COBS

JON WI

Howard confessed to CIA officials that he had lingered for hours in a park near the Soviet consulate at 1825 Phelps Place NW, in downtown Washington, thinking about going inside and selling agency secrets to the Soviets. The CIA concealed Howard's startling confession from the FBI for almost a year.

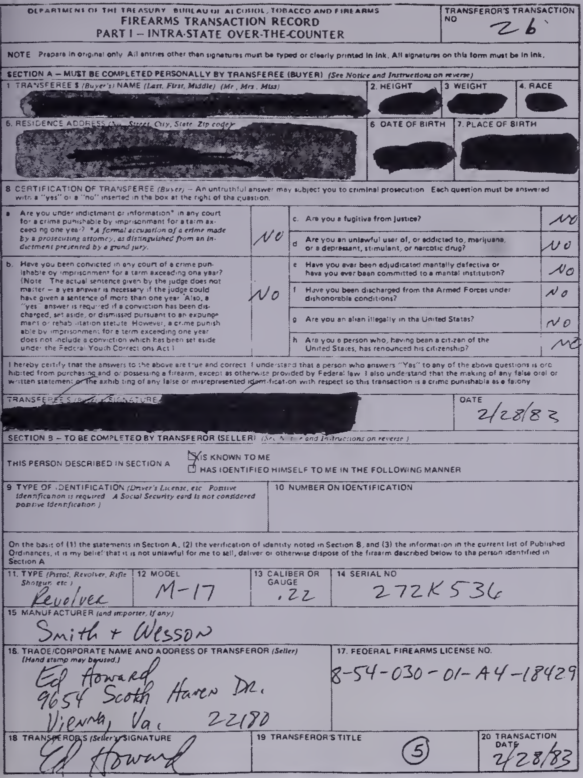

DEPARTMENT OF THE TREASURY BUREAU OF ALCOHOL, TOBACCO AND FIREARMS
FIREARMS TRANSACTION RECORD
PART I – INTRA-STATE OVER-THE-COUNTER

TRANSFEROR'S TRANSACTION NO 26

NOTE Prepare in original only All entries other than signatures must be typed or clearly printed in ink. All signatures on this form must be in ink.

SECTION A – MUST BE COMPLETED PERSONALLY BY TRANSFEREE (BUYER) *(See Notice and Instructions on reverse)*

1 TRANSFEREE'S *(Buyer's)* NAME *(Last, First, Middle) (Mr., Mrs., Miss)* [redacted]	2. HEIGHT [redacted]	3 WEIGHT [redacted]	4. RACE [redacted]
5. RESIDENCE ADDRESS *(No., Street, City, State, Zip code)* [redacted]	6 DATE OF BIRTH [redacted]	7. PLACE OF BIRTH [redacted]	

8 CERTIFICATION OF TRANSFEREE *(Buyer)* – An untruthful answer may subject you to criminal prosecution. Each question must be answered with a "yes" or a "no" inserted in the box at the right of the question.

a Are you under indictment or information* in any court for a crime punishable by imprisonment for a term exceeding one year? **A formal accusation of a crime made by a prosecuting attorney, as distinguished from an indictment presented by a grand jury.*	NO	c. Are you a fugitive from justice?	NO
		d Are you an unlawful user of, or addicted to, marijuana, or a depressant, stimulant, or narcotic drug?	NO
b. Have you been convicted in any court of a crime punishable by imprisonment for a term exceeding one year? (Note: The actual sentence given by the judge does not matter – a yes answer is necessary if the judge could have given a sentence of more than one year. Also, a "yes" answer is required if a conviction has been discharged, set aside, or dismissed pursuant to an expungement or rehabilitation statute. However, a crime punishable by imprisonment for a term exceeding one year does not include a conviction which has been set aside under the Federal Youth Corrections Act.)	No	e Have you ever been adjudicated mentally defective or have you ever been committed to a mental institution?	No
		f Have you been discharged from the Armed Forces under dishonorable conditions?	No
		g Are you an alien illegally in the United States?	NO
		h Are you a person who, having been a citizen of the United States, has renounced his citizenship?	NO

I hereby certify that the answers to the above are true and correct. I understand that a person who answers "Yes" to any of the above questions is prohibited from purchasing and/or possessing a firearm, except as otherwise provided by Federal law. I also understand that the making of any false oral or written statement or the exhibiting of any false or misrepresented identification with respect to this transaction is a crime punishable as a felony.

TRANSFEREE'S (Buyer's) SIGNATURE [redacted]
DATE 2/28/83

SECTION B – TO BE COMPLETED BY TRANSFEROR (SELLER) *(See Notice and Instructions on reverse.)*

THIS PERSON DESCRIBED IN SECTION A
☒ IS KNOWN TO ME
☐ HAS IDENTIFIED HIMSELF TO ME IN THE FOLLOWING MANNER

9 TYPE OF IDENTIFICATION *(Driver's License, etc. Positive identification is required. A Social Security card is not considered positive identification.)*
10 NUMBER ON IDENTIFICATION

On the basis of (1) the statements in Section A, (2) the verification of identity noted in Section B, and (3) the information in the current list of Published Ordinances, it is my belief that it is not unlawful for me to sell, deliver or otherwise dispose of the firearm described below to the person identified in Section A.

11. TYPE *(Pistol, Revolver, Rifle, Shotgun, etc.)* Revolver	12 MODEL M-17	13 CALIBER OR GAUGE .22	14 SERIAL NO 272K536

15 MANUFACTURER *(and importer, if any)*
Smith + Wesson

16. TRADE/CORPORATE NAME AND ADDRESS OF TRANSFEROR *(Seller)* *(Hand stamp may be used.)*
Ed Howard
9654 Scotch Haven Dr.
Vienna, Va. 22180

17. FEDERAL FIREARMS LICENSE NO.
8-54-030-01-A4-18429

18 TRANSFEROR'S *(Seller's)* SIGNATURE Ed Howard
19 TRANSFEROR'S TITLE ⑤
20 TRANSACTION DATE 2/28/83

Howard was a federally licensed gun dealer. This document records that he sold a Smith and Wesson revolver in February 1983 while still employed as a CIA agent.

R. M. LUCERO

Howard fired a shot during a fight with Peter Hughes (*above*) in Santa Fe. Howard was arrested, convicted of a felony and ordered to pay Hughes $7,500 in compensation.

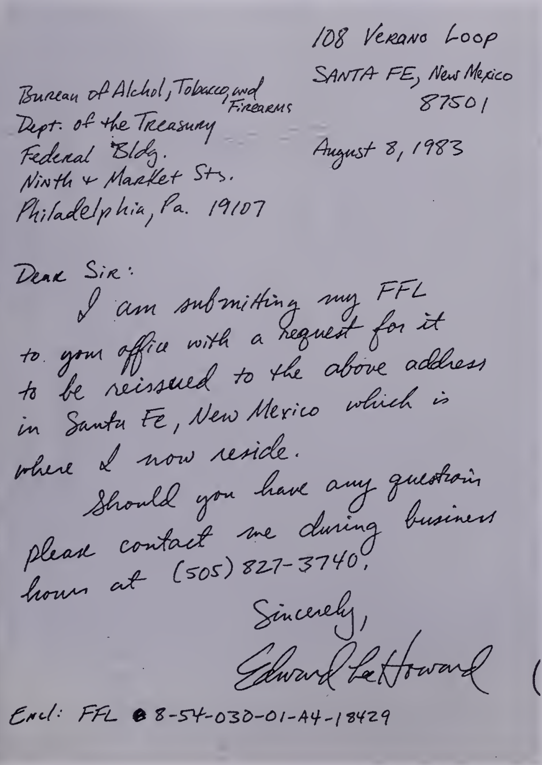

108 Verano Loop
SANTA FE, New Mexico
87501

August 8, 1983

Bureau of Alchol, Tobacco, and Firearms
Dept. of the Treasury
Federal Bldg.
Ninth + Market Sts.
Philadelphia, Pa. 19107

Dear Sir:

I am submitting my FFL to your office with a request for it to be reissued to the above address in Santa Fe, New Mexico which is where I now reside.

Should you have any question please contact me during business hours at (505) 827-3740.

Sincerely,

Edward Lee Howard

Encl: FFL 8-54-030-01-A4-18429

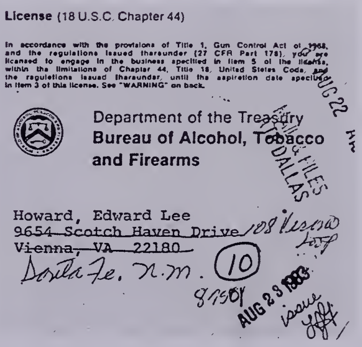

License (18 U.S.C. Chapter 44)

In accordance with the provisions of Title 1, Gun Control Act of 1968, and the regulations issued thereunder (27 CFR Part 178), you are licensed to engage in the business specified in item 5 of the license, within the limitations of Chapter 44, Title 18, United States Code, and the regulations issued thereunder, until the expiration date specified in item 3 of this license. See "WARNING" on back.

Department of the Treasury
Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms

AUG 22
FILES
DALLAS

Howard, Edward Lee
~~9654 Scotch Haven Drive~~ 108 Verano Loop
~~Vienna, VA 22180~~
Santa Fe. N.M. ⑩
87501
AUG 23 1983
issue

After Howard was dismissed by the Central Intelligence Agency, he had his federal license as a gun dealer transferred to his new home in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

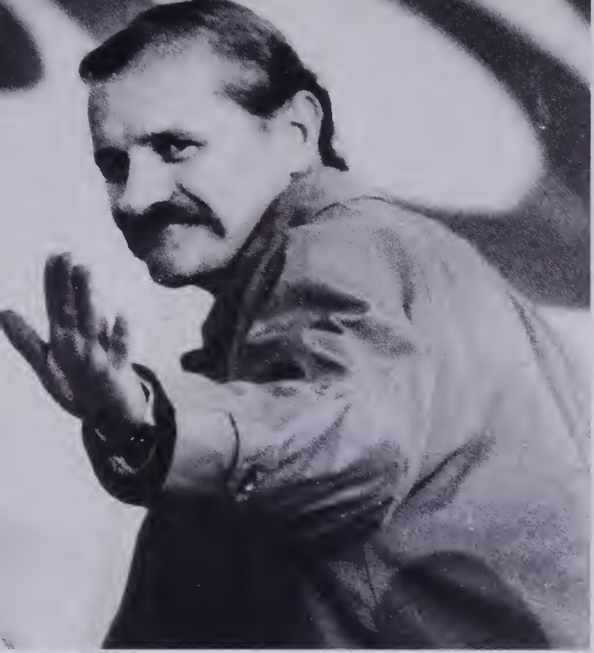

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Soviet defector Vitaly Yurchenko revealed the existence of a CIA mole, who was identified as Edward Lee Howard. Yurchenko, in a move that stunned the CIA, later redefected to Moscow.

Safe house at Coventry, near Fredericksburg, Virginia, where KGB defector Yurchenko was interrogated by CIA debriefers.

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Yurchenko also fingered Ronald W. Pelton (*right*) with FBI agent. Pelton, a former employee of the National Security Agency, sold highly sensitive communications intelligence secrets to the Soviets. He was convicted of espionage and sentenced to life imprisonment.

JAMES H. GEER

BALLENBERG

The Howard case landed on the desk of James H. Geer, the assistant director of the FBI in charge of intelligence, during Geer's first day on the job.

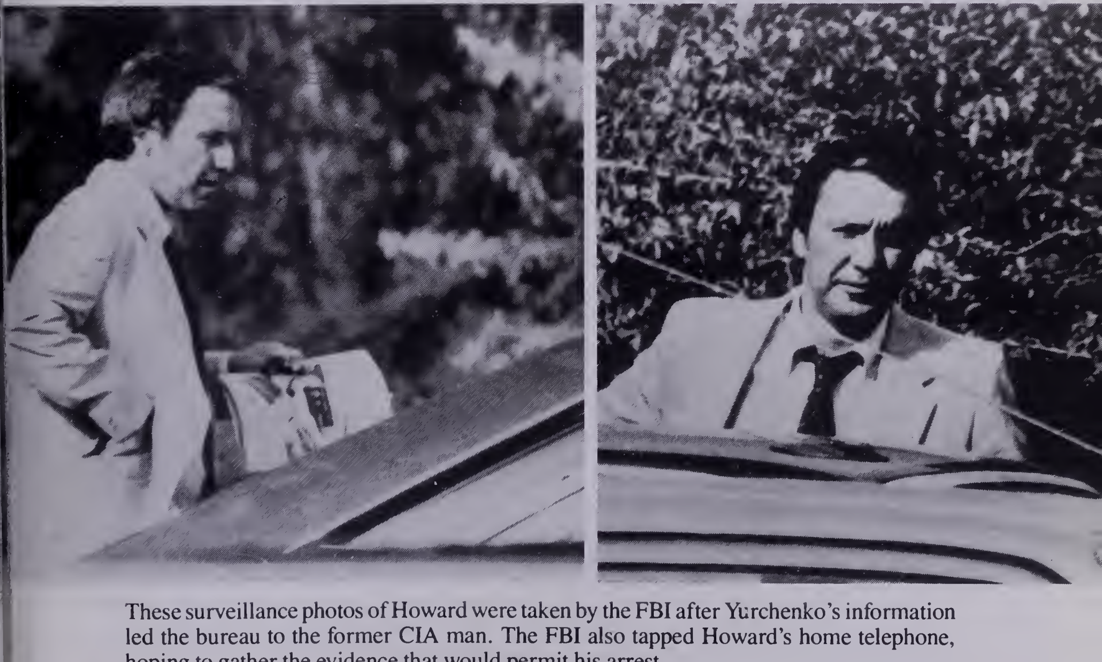

These surveillance photos of Howard were taken by the FBI after Yurchenko's information led the bureau to the former CIA man. The FBI also tapped Howard's home telephone, hoping to gather the evidence that would permit his arrest.

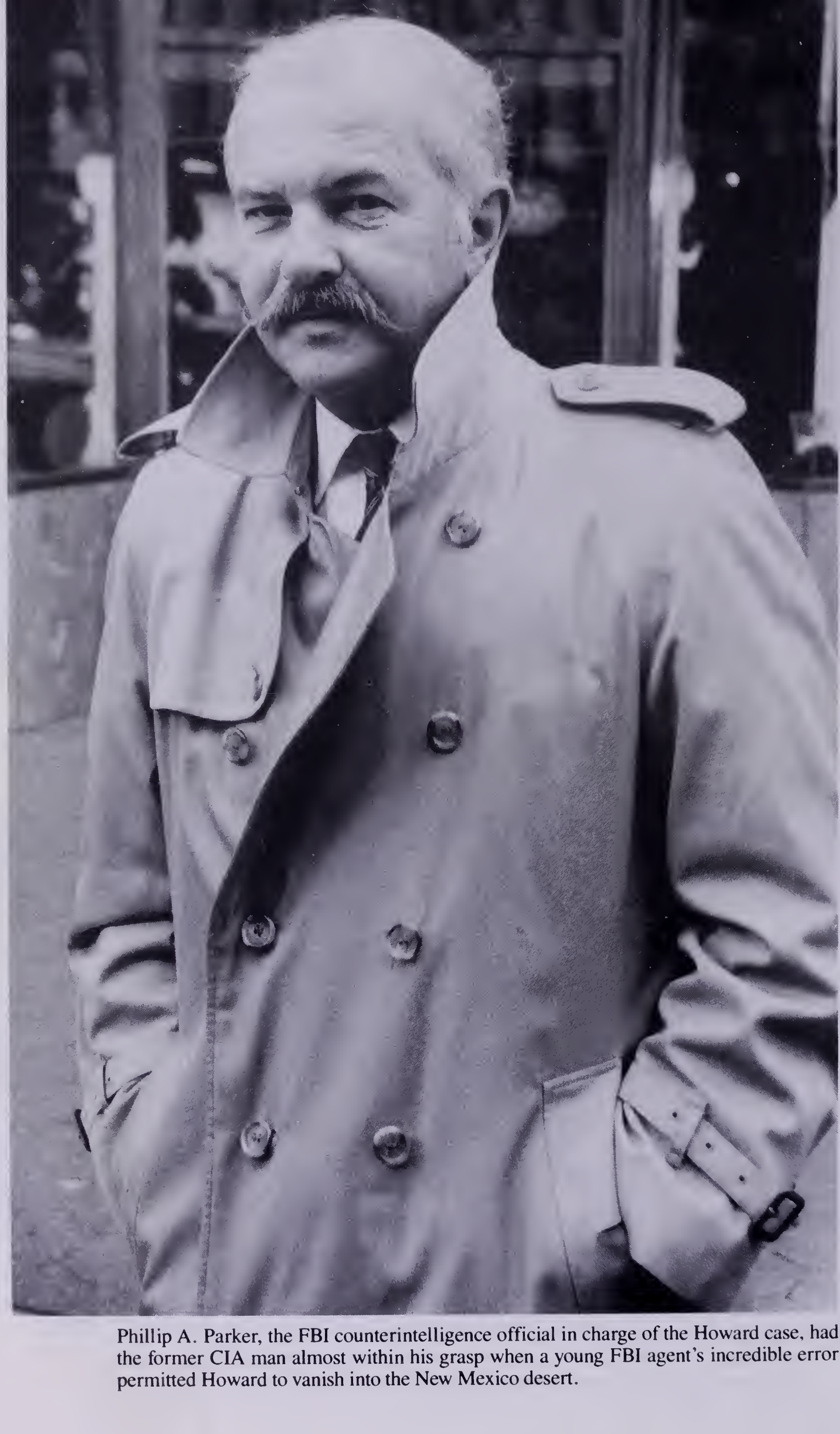

JON WISE

Phillip A. Parker, the FBI counterintelligence official in charge of the Howard case, had the former CIA man almost within his grasp when a young FBI agent's incredible error permitted Howard to vanish into the New Mexico desert.

NEIL JACOBS

Mary Howard, trained by the CIA to work as a spy in Moscow with her husband, drove the getaway car on the night of September 21, 1985. The Howards used a makeshift dummy, similar to the one they had learned to use in the CIA, to fool the FBI.

While the FBI conducted a worldwide search for Howard, the fugitive CIA man claimed he traveled in Europe, Latin America, and Canada on a false U.S. passport purchased in West Germany.

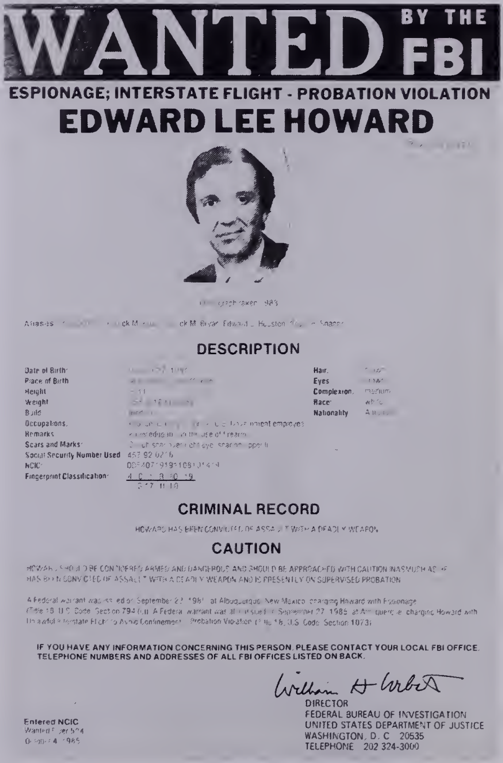

WANTED BY THE FBI

ESPIONAGE; INTERSTATE FLIGHT - PROBATION VIOLATION

EDWARD LEE HOWARD

Aliases: [illegible]

DESCRIPTION

Date of Birth: [illegible]
Place of Birth: [illegible]
Height: [illegible]
Weight: [illegible]
Build: [illegible]
Occupations: [illegible]
Remarks: [illegible]
Scars and Marks: [illegible]
Social Security Number Used: [illegible]
NCIC: [illegible]
Fingerprint Classification: [illegible]
Hair: [illegible]
Eyes: [illegible]
Complexion: medium
Race: white
Nationality: [illegible]

CRIMINAL RECORD

HOWARD HAS BEEN CONVICTED OF ASSAULT WITH A DEADLY WEAPON

CAUTION

HOWARD SHOULD BE CONSIDERED ARMED AND DANGEROUS AND SHOULD BE APPROACHED WITH CAUTION INASMUCH AS HE HAS BEEN CONVICTED OF ASSAULT WITH A DEADLY WEAPON AND IS PRESENTLY ON SUPERVISED PROBATION

[illegible]

IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING THIS PERSON, PLEASE CONTACT YOUR LOCAL FBI OFFICE. TELEPHONE NUMBERS AND ADDRESSES OF ALL FBI OFFICES LISTED ON BACK.

William H Webster
DIRECTOR
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20535
TELEPHONE 202 324-3000

Entered NCIC
[illegible]

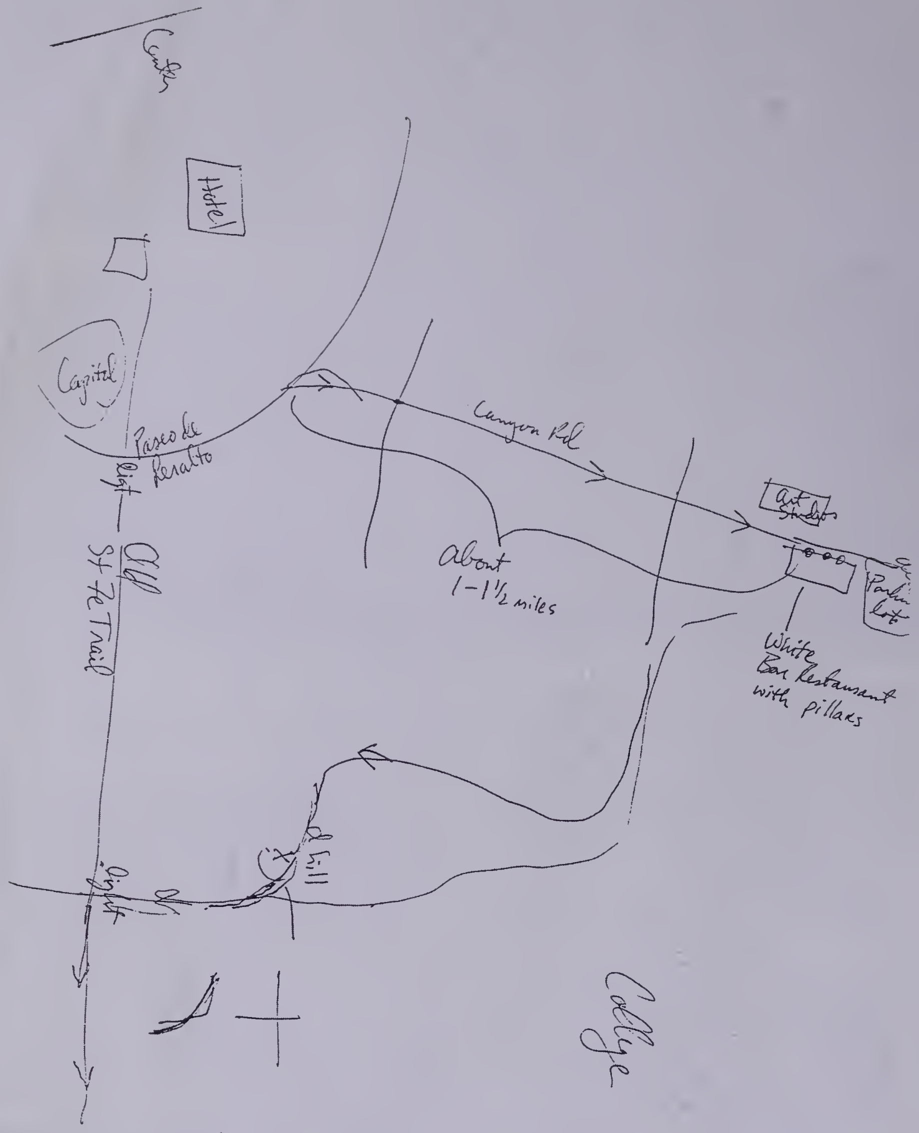
Center
Hotel
Capitol
Paseo de Peralta
Right
Old St Fe Trail
Canyon Rd
Art Studios
Parking lot
About 1-1½ miles
White Bar Restaurant with pillars
X
Hill
Right
College

Sketch Howard drew for the author in Budapest showing spot, marked with a circled X, where he jumped from a moving car in Santa Fe to elude FBI agents. Building at far right is Alfonso's Restaurant, where Howard and his wife, Mary, had their last dinner together moments before he jumped. Handwriting on the map is Howard's.

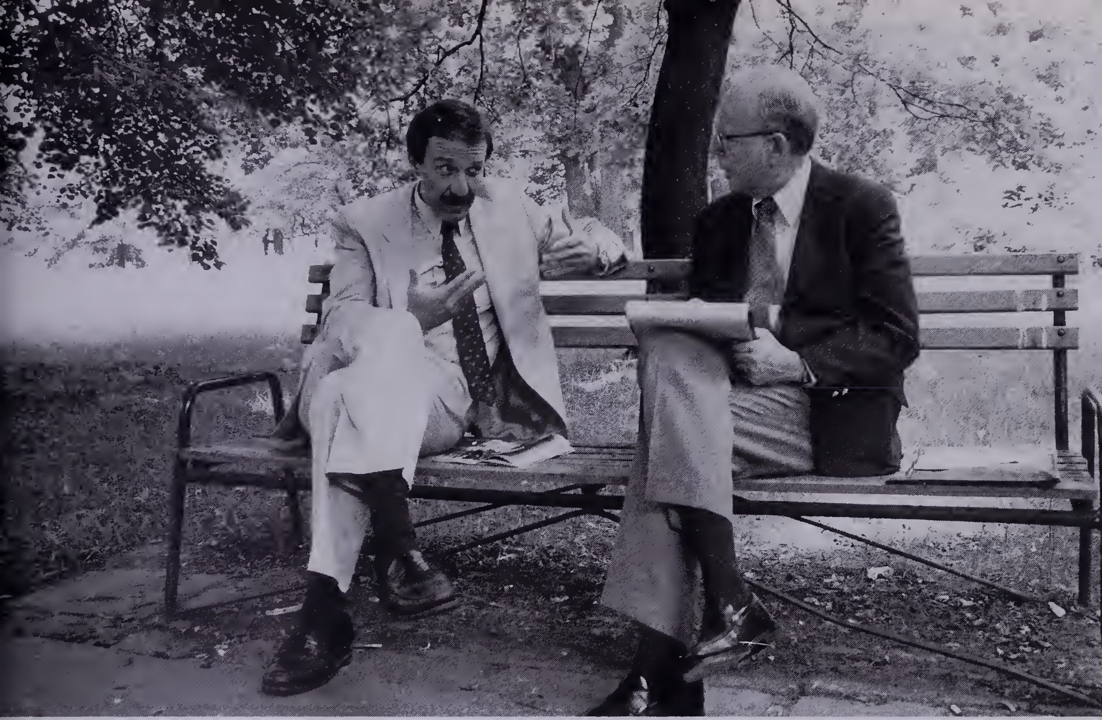

WISE

Edward Lee Howard (*left*) interviewed by the author, David Wise, in Budapest in June 1987. Howard said the KGB had instructed him to meet the author in public places in case the interviews were part of a CIA trap.

ON WISE

Howard on Margaret Island in the middle of the Danube, where many of the secret meetings with the author took place, including their first contact.

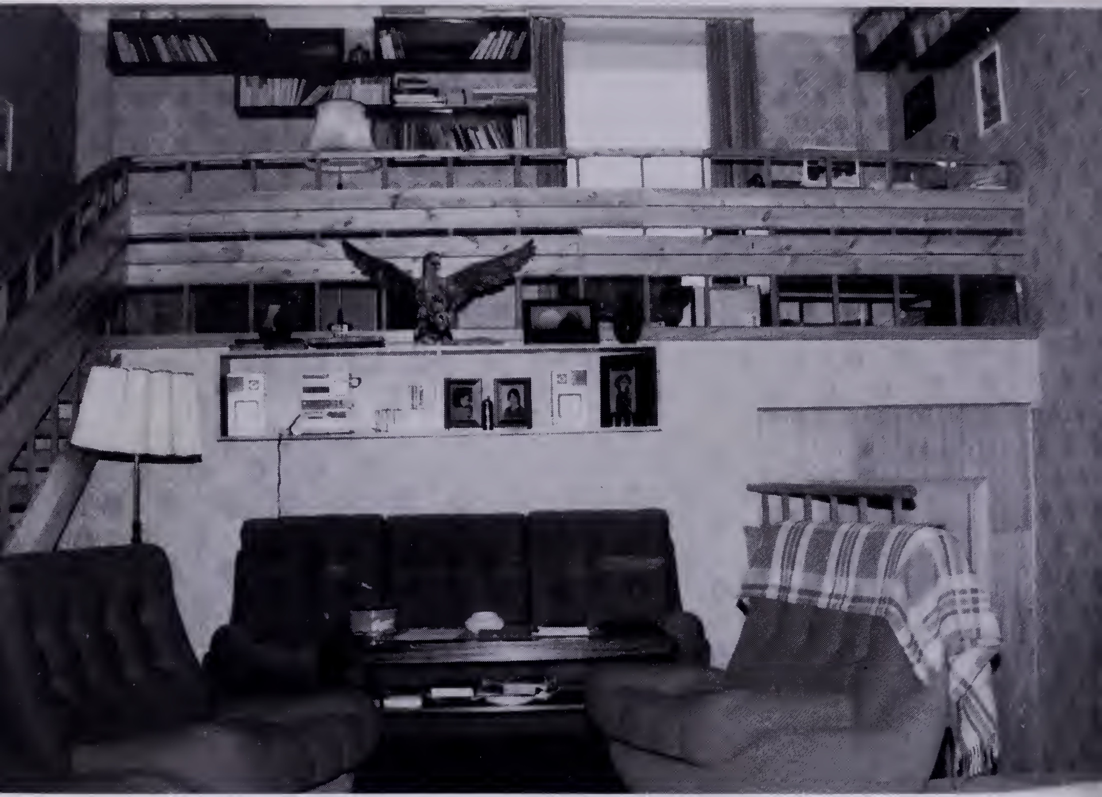

Howard gave the author this photograph of the interior of his dacha outside Moscow. Pictures of his son, Lee, and wife, Mary, can be seen framed on the bookcase. The stairway leads to an upstairs study that serves as Howard's "office."

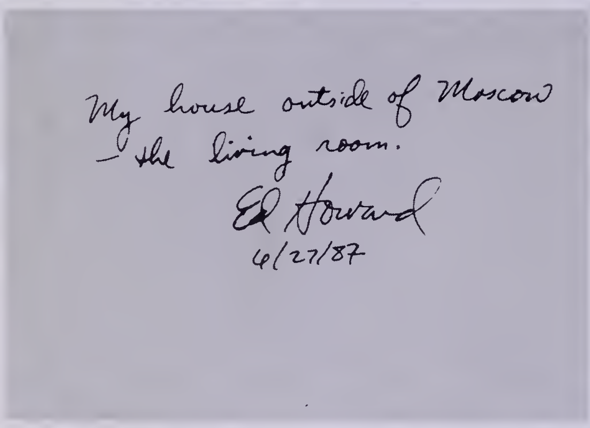

My house outside of Moscow
- the living room.
Ed Howard
6/27/87

Howard's inscription on the back of the photograph of his dacha.

In Moscow, Howard's patron is Vladimir Aleksandrovich Kryuchkov, the number-two official of the KGB and the man in charge of all Soviet foreign espionage.

JON WISE

JON WISE

Howard plays tennis and volleyball on KGB intramural teams in Moscow. At upper left he serves the ball at the Kozlekedesi tennis club in Budapest. Howard, who is closely supervised by the KGB, says he misses pizza, peanut butter, and the PTA. The FBI obtained evidence that Howard was paid at least $160,000 by the KGB and hid most of it in a numbered bank account in Switzerland.

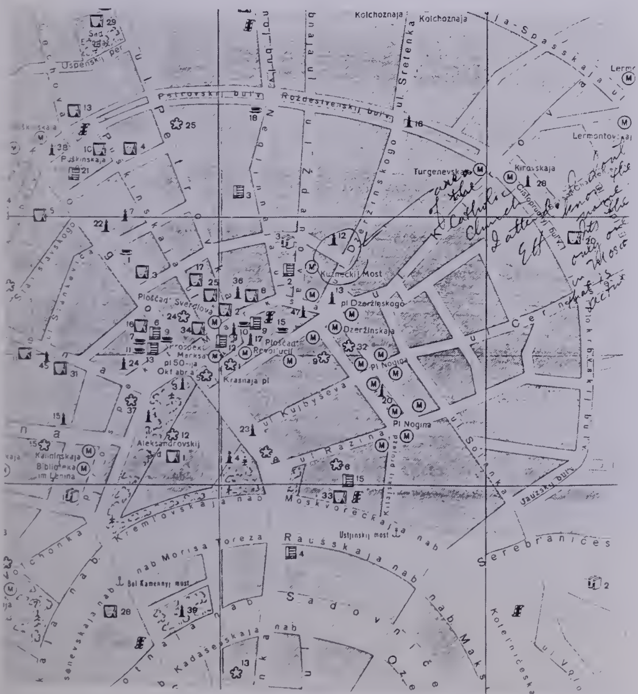
Kolchoznaja
Sretenka
Petrovskij bulv
Roždestvenskij bulv
Uspenskij per
Turgenevskaja
Kirovskaja
Lermontovskaja
Kuzneckij Most
pl Dzeržinskogo
Dzeržinskaja
Ploščad Sverdlova
Prospekt Marksa
Ploščad Revoljucii
Okt abrja
Krasnaja pl
pl Nogina
Kujbyševa
ul Razina
Aleksandrovskij
Kalininskaja
Biblioteka im Lenina
Kremlovskaja nab
Moskvoreckaja nab
Ustjinskij most
Raušskaja nab
Serebraničeskaja
Jauzskij bulv
nab Morisa Toreza
Bol Kamennyj most
Kadaševskaja nab
Sadovnič
Kotelničeskaja
Area of the Catholic Church I attend. I don't know the name. It's the only one in Moscow that is active. EH

Map on which Howard circled the Roman Catholic Church of St. Louis behind KGB headquarters that he attends in Moscow. Howard wrote on the map: "Area of the Catholic Church I attend. I don't know the name. It's the only one in Moscow that is active. EH"

Edward Lee Howard in Moscow, standing in front of St. Basil's Cathedral in Red Square. Howard, who had shaved the mustache he wore in Budapest six months earlier, provided this photograph to the author early in 1988.

from Bern to Munich through western Austria. We stopped in St. Anton."*

Mary Howard remembered the town. "We were only in St. Anton. I'm not aware of any goings-on in St. Anton. We were just driving around, and it was getting toward dusk, and it looked like a pretty little town. We were only there one night." She repeated that they had chosen the town randomly. "There was no rhyme or reason to go there."

They stayed at an inn. "We had a disagreement," she said. "Our fights were usually over his drinking. He took off in the car. I could see him drive away from the window. He drove around in the car." Could Howard have met the Soviets then? "He was only gone a short time," she said, "perhaps ten or fifteen minutes."

Was this the only place they stayed overnight in Austria? "I think so," she said.

And was Howard's absence, when he stormed out of the hotel in St. Anton, the only time they were separated on the trip? "I don't remember if he was away any other time," she replied.

Edward Howard gave a similar account of that night. "In St. Anton I had an argument with Mary. I wanted to go to a disco, and she wanted to have a quiet night. I had a beer and a cognac at the hotel. After the argument with Mary I drove around for half an hour. I found a restaurant and had one more beer. I drove back to the hotel. We had dinner, and I went to the disco with Mary."

The FBI affidavit that later formed the basis of the criminal complaint against Howard reports Yurchenko's statements that Howard met with the KGB in Austria in the fall of 1984 and adds: "Investigation has determined that Howard was in St. Anton, Austria on September 20, 1984."*

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*After the Budapest interview I contacted Howard again and asked him a number of additional questions. I requested that he fill in more details about his movements during the September 1984 trip to Europe. In a handwritten reply, Howard provided the most detailed account yet. The letter differed from his recollection in Budapest in two respects; Howard now said he went directly to Milan from Zurich on September 17, without first visiting his friends in Bern, and he said he stayed in Bern with the Ferroni-Strattners only two days, not three or four.

But the government has not charged that Howard engaged in any espionage activities in St. Anton. That town is cited solely to demonstrate that Howard was in Austria that fall and because it was apparently the only place where the FBI was able to document his presence in that country. In fact, it is highly unlikely that the Soviets would have met with a former CIA man in St. Anton, a tiny village where the presence of Russians might attract attention and be remembered. For meetings with agents, the Soviets much prefer Vienna.

And the FBI did secretly charge that Howard, according to Yurchenko, met the Soviets in Vienna in 1984. An unpublished FBI affidavit, still under seal in the Howard case but obtained by the author, reveals that Yurchenko said that Howard "met with the KGB in 1984 *in Vienna,* Austria and furnished classified information [italics added]."†

"We never went to Vienna or even Innsbruck," Howard insisted. After leaving Switzerland, Howard said, "we drove through Austria and turned north before Innsbruck." They crossed the border into Germany, he said, and spent the night at a Best Western hotel north of Munich.

Mary Howard agreed with her husband. "We were never in Vienna," she said.

Since the Howards, albeit with some contradictions and confusion, have accounted for their time during the eight days in Europe, telling of stops in Zurich, Milan, Bern, St. Anton, and Munich, when could Howard, as the FBI claims, have met the KGB in Vienna? It is possible, of course, that he drove the three hundred miles to Vienna after leaving St. Anton.

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*The affidavit does not name Yurchenko but identifies him as "a confidential source with intimate knowledge of Soviet intelligence matters."

†The affidavit, dated September 27, 1985, and signed by Special Agent Gerald B. Brown, was the basis for search warrants that allowed the FBI to search the Howards' home at 108 Verano Loop, their two cars, and a safe-deposit box.

But the key to Vienna may lie in Milan. The "Milan conference" is crucial to the Howard case because it provided a two-day period when Howard could have slipped into Vienna, or elsewhere, to meet with the Soviets.

The Howards assert that they went to Milan. Mary Howard, like her husband, said that the conference in Milan had been canceled. "We just stayed in Milan a day and continued on with the trip," she said. Mary Howard said she had seen a brochure announcing the conference; as she recalled, it gave a date of late September.*

Edward Howard was able to provide the name of virtually every hotel they stayed at, except for Milan. But he insisted he did go to Milan. He said he had called the DRI office in Boston and got an application for the conference and sent it in, to get the tax write-off and to avoid violating the terms of his probation, which permitted travel only on business. "There was a conference scheduled," he said. "Advanced Econometrics was the title. I was told two weeks later it was held."

There is only one difficulty with this story: officials of DRI's London office, which handles the firm's European conferences, searched their records extensively at my request and said they could find "no trace" of any DRI conference in Milan in September 1984 or of any conference that had been scheduled for that month and subsequently canceled or rescheduled.

I met with Alan G. Bright in DRI's London office early in July 1987. After checking his files, he said that the only conference held in Milan that fall took place on November 15 and 16, which would be almost two months after Howard's trip. It was entitled International Economic Outlook Conference.

Maria Tavolacci, the administrator of DRI's Milan office since early 1983, said flatly, "There was no conference in September of 1984. It's out of the question. We never had a conference canceled. We didn't plan anything for September."

Howard, it is clear, persuaded Curtis Porter that the "Milan conference" was to take place in September. He may have even told Mary the same story. He may indeed, aside from any other purposes, have hoped to write the trip off on his income taxes.

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*Curtis Porter could not recall whether the brochure he saw gave any date for the conference in Milan or whether he paid any particular attention to the date. Howard told him the conference was in September, Porter said, and he had no reason to question it.

But in that case why bother to drive to Milan? If Howard *knew* that there was no conference in Milan, he could have deducted the trip in any event, later claiming, if audited, that the meeting had been canceled.

Yet Howard claims that he drove to Milan to attend a phantom conference that, according to all the objective evidence, was nonexistent, notional from the start. It seems much more likely that the alleged Milan trip provided cover for Howard to slip into Austria and meet with the Soviets in Vienna.

On Saturday, September 22, Howard said, they visited the Oktoberfest in Munich, and on Sunday they flew home from Frankfurt.

Curtis Porter recalled Howard's coming into his office soon after he returned to Santa Fe. "I remember him describing Milan when he came back," Porter said. "He told me where they stayed, where they ate, what a great bargain it was. How they went with a big group of people, and it was like twelve dollars a person for dinner, something ridiculous like that. He talked about the hotel and the traffic in Milan."

According to Porter, Howard had also been enthusiastic about the meeting he had attended in Milan. Porter remembered clearly that Howard had enjoyed the DRI conference and thought it had been extremely productive.

"He said he got some good information about the world economy."

16

The Confession

On Monday morning, September 24, the day after his return from Europe, Howard left his home in the desert early. He swung onto Interstate 25 heading west and took the first turnoff for Santa Fe.

He pulled up at a motel, parked, and got out. Two senior CIA officials were waiting for him. They were Tom Mills, Howard's old boss, the chief of the Soviet desk in SE division, and Dr. Barney Malloy.

They had not seen Howard since May, shortly after his drunken encounter with Mills in the driveway of the SE official's home. The two men had come to Santa Fe to meet Howard for breakfast.

They were there to check discreetly on his frame of mind and stability in the wake of the Peter Hughes episode and his confrontation with Mills. In view of Mills's position, and Malloy's, it was clear that the CIA was still extremely worried about what Howard might do. The head of the Soviet desk and the CIA's senior psychiatrist do not, as an everyday occurrence, fly to New Mexico for breakfast meetings with former employees who have been fired by the agency.

It is not likely that the two CIA officials realized that some twelve hours earlier Howard had arrived back from a trip that included a visit to Austria. Howard did not see fit to mention it.

"Right away they plopped an envelope on the table with two hundred dollars," Howard said. "They said, 'We want to reimburse you for the psychiatric testing you had during the Peter Hughes incident.' " Under the terms of the plea bargain and sentence, Howard had to pay for his psychological evaluation by Sonny Rapoport. Howard had told the CIA about that.

"I said thank you and took the envelope," Howard related.

Malloy and Mills again urged Howard to see a psychiatrist.

"You guys are such assholes," Howard said. "You treat agents better than case officers."

How do you mean? Malloy asked in his soft southern accent.

"You have a responsibility to your officers," Howard argued. "When I left the agency, I was in a state of shock. I worked my butt off, twelve to twenty-four hours a day. Sometimes I started at eight and ended at midnight. Whatever they wanted, I did. I gave them my heart."

The two CIA men nodded sympathetically. Howard talked on about his feelings a year earlier, during the summer after he had been cast out by the agency. "I had some problems," he said. He described in detail the anger and resentment that had built up that summer.

Mills and Malloy were listening intently.

He had been so upset, Howard said, that on a trip to Washington in October 1983 he walked to the park near the Soviet consulate and sat there debating with himself whether to go inside, to sell the CIA's secrets. He told how he hesitated, sure that the Soviets would think he was a crank or a plant.

Besides, Howard confided to the two CIA officials, he felt the Soviets were cheap. "Kampiles only got three thousand dollars for the KH-eleven manual," he told them.* That was like selling a

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*William P. Kampiles, twenty-two, went to work for the CIA in 1977 and was assigned to the watch center, where he had access to the manual for the KH-11, the nation's most sophisticated reconnaissance satellite. On a trip to Greece he sold the manual to the KGB for three thousand dollars. He was convicted of espionage on November 17, 1978, and sentenced to forty years. Howard had learned about the Kampiles case in his security lecture at CIA. The low payment was cited in an effort to impress the career trainees with the poor rewards and high risks of dealing in agency secrets.

Cadillac for five bucks. He told the two CIA men how he had figured if he went inside, they would give him five hundred dollars and kick his butt out the door and, finally, how he had decided he could not bring himself to do it.

The CIA officials were relieved to hear that Howard had not gone inside the embassy, or said he hadn't.

"But the fact I went and sat on the park bench," Howard went on, "means you guys should take better care of your officers. I was taught when you cut the relationship with an agent, make sure they're happy. Show them a letter from Casey if you have to." They hadn't done that for him, Howard said.

Mills and Malloy asked Howard what he thought they should have done in his case.

"Maybe a probationary period," Howard said. "Tell the person, 'We think you are concealing a crime.' Tell him he has to stay in Washington one year in a nonsensitive job."

"We want to help you if you're still having anxiety," Malloy said. "Find yourself a good psychiatrist, and when you find one you're comfortable with, let us know his name, birth date, and Social Security number. We'll clear him, and you just send us the bills."

Seen in retrospect, the whole breakfast meeting was surreal. Howard, the repository of the CIA's entire Moscow operation, had just confessed to two senior officials of the CIA that he was a colossal security risk. He had lingered outside the Soviet consulate for a long time, teetering on the edge of going in and revealing those secrets for money.

The CIA's response was to offer to pay for a psychiatrist.

It is entirely possible that the CIA already knew of Howard's presence outside the Soviet consulate the previous October. William Bosch claimed that he believed he had warned Peter Ringland about the episode. If so, and if Ringland had passed Bosch's forebodings along to the agency, the CIA would have known for six months that Howard, in October 1983, had almost sold secrets to the Russians. Howard's revelations at breakfast, in that case, would have been no surprise to Mills.

That may well be what really happened. Bureaucracies are not noted for spontaneity. It is extremely unusual, if not unprecedented, for the CIA to pay medical bills for a former employee, especially one who has been dismissed as a suspected thief. The fact that Mills and Malloy offered on the spot to pay for Howard's psychiatrist suggests that the decision had already been taken at headquarters.

In retrospect, the breakfast meeting is even more bizarre in the light of what Howard had been doing a few days before. At the time that Howard confessed to the two CIA officials that he had almost sold the agency's most vital secrets to the opposition, he had in fact already done so a week earlier, the government says. Mills and Malloy, the evidence suggests, were too late.

If Howard had just returned from Austria with Soviet money in his pocket, why did he confess the lesser sin of having merely contemplated espionage? American counterintelligence officials have grappled with that problem, and they have some tentative theories. One is that Howard, although he believed the FBI had no surveillance on the Soviet consulate, might have worried that he was wrong, that he had been spotted or photographed in the vicinity of Phelps Place. Better, then, to confess and reassure the agency that nothing happened. Another answer may be that Howard felt that by confessing the consulate episode, he would divert attention from his actions in Austria. Or he might have felt that if he were caught and charged with espionage, it might somehow mitigate the crime if he could point to the fact that he had tried to warn the CIA of his state of mind.

Whatever Howard's reasons, he had now confessed to the CIA that he was a man on the brink of committing treason. He had come tantalizingly close to confirming SE's worst fears about him.

Howard dropped Mills and Malloy at the airport and drove to his office in the capitol. On the way he thought back over the past hour. He was pleased with the way things had gone at breakfast. There had been a nice touch at the end. He had insisted, and they let him pay the check.

It was the least he could do.

17

“No Paper Trail”

When Thomas Mills got back to Langley, he immediately reported the extraordinary conversation with Howard to his superiors in SE division. He told Gus Hathaway, the second highest official in the division.

Hathaway, who in six months was to be promoted to chief of counterintelligence, had made the decision: the agency would handle Ed Howard by paying for his psychiatrist. Malloy and Mills were acting now, and probably all along, with Hathaway’s approval. But on a case of this magnitude Burt Gerber, the division chief, would also have been aware of the decision.

The CIA was now sitting on a time bomb. For months it had concealed the Howard case from the FBI. The agency had not notified the bureau when Howard was fired, nor had it told the FBI about his phone calls to Moscow on the special circuit or his driveway confrontation with Tom Mills. Containment was the watchword.

Howard’s confession about the Soviet consulate, however, created a new situation entirely. It escalated the level of the threat. The possibility that Howard might be dealing with the Russians had now been directly raised by the best possible source—Howard himself.

By the fall of 1984 the cover-up of the Howard case had become so entrenched and accepted within the CIA that—shockingly—his confession was concealed from the FBI. Whether the original decision to stonewall the bureau was simply allowed to stand or was reaffirmed after the Santa Fe breakfast is not known. But Howard's confession never saw the light of day.

Once Mills had reported on the Santa Fe meeting, Gerber and Hathaway had an additional problem. Even within the CIA what other officials and divisions should be told about Howard's startling confession? Aside from SE division, the counterintelligence staff, then headed by David Blee, and the Office of Security, under William Kotapish, would normally be expected to take an interest in a case officer who had been fully briefed on the agency's Moscow operation and was spending his time outside a Soviet embassy building.

Did SE share its knowledge with the CI staff and OS? Here the record is conflicting. As might be expected, the CIA is not anxious to air the details of its cover-up of the Howard case. A former high-ranking official of the CIA insisted that Howard's confession never got out of SE division. "That's where it was stuck," he said. The report, he added, never reached the level of Casey or McMahon.

"There was no paper trail," said another former CIA official who had access to the Howard files. "It [the consulate episode] never got out of SE as a report." By this time Clair George had replaced Stein as the DDO.* "Whether Clair was told at a meeting, I don't know," he added. "But there was no audit trail left to follow. No records."

Much later, after Howard escaped to Moscow, the CIA inspector general's office did a secret internal study of the case. A CIA source familiar with the document said, "The inspector general did not report any evidence that knowledge of the embassy episode went any higher than SE division."

In sum, a variety of CIA sources point to SE as the culprit. In any bureaucracy it is standard strategy, once improprieties or errors come to light, to maintain that the circle of officials responsible is as narrow as possible. Thus, within the confines of Langley, the finger of blame was pointed at SE. But that is not what the agency secretly told the counterintelligence branch of the FBI a year later, when the case could no longer be concealed from the bureau.

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*George resigned from the CIA at the end of 1987 after becoming entangled in the Iran-contra scandal.

The FBI was informed by the CIA that all three branches—the Soviet division, counterintelligence, and security—had signed off on the decision to conceal the consulate episode from the FBI. Not only were Gerber and Hathaway in SE division aware of Howard's vigil outside a Soviet embassy building, the FBI was told, but David Blee, the chief of the CI staff, also knew of the confession, as did William Kotapish, the chief of OS. Here an exactly opposite set of bureaucratic dynamics was at work. In explaining to the FBI why the Howard confession had been concealed, it was to the agency's advantage to maintain that a broader circle of officials was involved. There is safety in numbers.

While these Byzantine developments were unfolding in Langley, in Santa Fe Howard decided to take up the CIA on its offer to pay for a psychiatrist. "Frankly, I didn't think I needed help," Howard said, "but I thought, *Why not?* Make them pay a little, and maybe it can do you some good."

Howard was already seeing Neil Berman, his alcoholism counselor, once a week, and he asked Berman for the name of a psychiatrist.

"I found the guy in October. He was very strange at first when I asked him for his birth date and Social Security number. I started seeing him twice a month. I would send the bills to an address in Chantilly, Virginia."

The psychiatrist was Dr. Michael Dudelczyk, a bearded thirty-six-year-old therapist from Paterson, New Jersey, well established in Santa Fe, where he had practiced for almost a decade.

"Ed contacted me," Dr. Dudelczyk said, "and asked to see me. He said because of an alcohol problem."

Dr. Dudelczyk was aware that the CIA would be paying for the ninety-dollar-an-hour visits, that Howard would send the bills to the agency and be reimbursed. "What they did," Dr. Dudelczyk said, "was they ran a security check and said it was OK, and that took months. I didn't hear for quite a long time."

To be precise, it took the CIA almost three months to decide that Dr. Dudelcyzk was sufficiently trustworthy to listen to what Howard might tell him. The clearance process dragged on until the end of the year—this at a time when Howard had already confessed that he almost went into the Soviet consulate to sell the agency's secrets.

In the meantime, Howard was still acting like a man under a great deal of stress. At the end of October he flew to Boston with Curtis Porter to attend a conference of the National Association of Tax Administrators. Some very odd things happened in Boston.

Two officials of DRI invited Howard and his friend David Abbey, who worked for the New Mexico Finance Department, to visit their offices in Lexington, Massachusetts, for the afternoon. The New Mexico officials were staying in Boston at the Copley Square Marriott. Around noon, when the DRI representatives came looking for Howard to drive him to their offices, he could not be found at his hotel. The two DRI staffers and Abbey drove out to Lexington without him.

Curtis Porter, too, had noticed that Howard was missing. Around 4:00 P.M. he went up to the room they were sharing. "Ed was there," Porter said. "He was lying on the bed with a bandage on his head. His story was that he banged his head into a glass door. The lower level of the hotel is all glass. He said he'd been to Mass General. Two weeks later he came in with the emergency room bill and complained how expensive it was. He told how he had to wait in the emergency room with all the derelicts and shooting victims.

"There was a banquet that evening. They had given him some kind of painkillers at the hospital. He had a couple of drinks, and I noticed by the time he sat down he was slurring his words."

At dinner Howard was seated next to an attractive woman. David Abbey decided that his friend was getting loud and boisterous and told him to cool it. Howard erupted in anger.

"There was an exchange between him and Abbey that was short and abrupt," Porter recalled. "I asked him what happened, and he mumbled something about 'Abbey pissed me off.' Around appetizer time he got up and left."

"We finished dinner, and I went up to the room, and he had grabbed all the clothes out of the closet and thrown them into a suitcase. The suitcase was closed, but there were clothes hanging out of it. He was on the phone to the concierge making flight reservations to Vienna. He got kind of caught in the act.

"And he said, 'Sorry, I got crazy with the painkillers and booze. Don't worry, Mary knows every time I get drunk, I go to Vienna. Mary's the only one who can handle me when I get drunk.' " Then, Porter said, Howard said he realized he couldn't go to Vienna. "He said, 'I don't have my passport.'

"That's when he told me he had lied to me about working for the State Department. He said he had worked for the CIA. He told me that they fired him and it had to do with a lie detector test. He said it was the CIA that had gotten his shooting incident totally hushed up and that the CIA was paying for him to go to a psychiatrist in Santa Fe."

The news bewildered Curtis Porter. His roommate a CIA agent? A man who fired a gun when angered, walked into glass doors, and zipped off to Vienna when he got drunk? And the agency was paying for his shrink? It all seemed a bit too preposterous to be entirely believable.*

Howard did not return directly to Santa Fe from Boston. He flew to New York, instead, and spent three days visiting Bill Bosch at his mother's home on Long Island. A month later, in November, Howard found Bosch a job in Brownsville, Texas, as an assistant to a businessman who was involved in real estate and construction deals.

On December 28, three days after Christmas, Howard finally had his first session with Michael Dudelcyzk. "Ed said, 'You've been approved, and we started," the psychiatrist related. For almost nine months Howard saw Dr. Dudelczyk in his office in downtown Santa Fe on the average of twice a month.

Dr. Dudelczyk knew that Howard had worked for the CIA, of course, since he was aware that Langley was paying the bills. But Howard did not tell the psychiatrist that he had met with the KGB in Europe, or that he had loitered near the Soviet consulate in Washington, or that he had proposed to another former CIA officer that they go into the Soviet embassy in Mexico City.

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*Asked how he had cut his head in Boston, Howard said, "I hurried down an escalator. I wanted to grab a bag of potato chips between meetings. I was going to run across the street, and I ran into a glass door. There were no lines or markings on it; it was just clear. I went to the hospital. I wasn't drinking during the day. That night I had too many drinks. I can't explain the Vienna remark that Curt Porter reported. I don't recall making that statement."

That he told the psychiatrist none of these things is apparent from Dr. Dudelczyk's stunned reaction when Howard later fled the country and was accused of espionage. "What happened with Ed was a total surprise to me, a total shock," Dr. Dudelczyk said.

The requirements of confidentiality between doctor and patient would not permit him to discuss what Howard did reveal in their meetings, he said. "Alcohol was the focus with me," he added. "I can't really say any more than that."

Howard himself talked about his sessions with the psychiatrist, however. "I told him I had worked for the CIA and why I was fired," he said. "I told him I worked for them and gave them my heart and one of their electronic machines had a glitch and they dropped me like a cold fish."

Although the CIA has its own psychiatrists, who serve under the Office of Medical Services, their numbers are too few to do very much treatment. Rather, the agency psychiatrists generally confine themselves to diagnosis and referrals.

Unlike employees of, say, the Agriculture Department, CIA workers who feel in need of psychiatric care are not free, under the agency's rules, simply to go out and find therapists on their own. They are required to see the agency's in-house psychiatrists, who may then refer them to outside psychiatrists on an approved CIA roster. The psychiatrists on the roster all have agreed to treat CIA patients and have been cleared after security checks by the agency. Typically the cleared psychiatrists treat nonagency patients as well.

The doctors on the approved roster have offices for the most part in northern Virginia, Washington, and suburban Maryland, the areas where the bulk of the CIA's employees live. Since Dr. Dudelczyk lived in Santa Fe, where the agency would not normally need an approved psychiatrist, he required a special clearance.

"If you work for CIA, you are expected to go to an approved shrink, someone on the roster," a former DDO man said. "You could go to see a psychiatrist who wasn't on the roster, but the polygraph would find you out."

Even so, some employees risk it, rather than reveal to the Office of Medical Services that they are having problems that need treatment. The fear is, of course, that such a disclosure might damage an employee's career.

The CIA maintains a roster of cleared psychiatrists for obvious reasons. If an employee talks about secrets, the agency wants to be as certain as it can that the psychiatrist is both a loyal citizen and discreet, so that the information will not be transmitted to a foreign power, either wittingly or otherwise.*

From a counterintelligence and security viewpoint, the CIA would have an interest not merely in having cleared psychiatrists to treat employees but in being alerted by the psychiatrists to any potential or actual security risk. If an employee dealing with sensitive materials tells his psychiatrist that he is meeting a Czech diplomat on his lunch hour and passing secrets to him, the agency would undoubtedly like to know about it.

That, of course, gets into an extremely delicate area, in which the requirements of doctor-patient confidentiality and the individual's expectation of privacy clash with the demands of national security. The CIA, as far as can be determined, does not contract with its approved outside psychiatrists to report back on security risks; many doctors, although not all, would refuse to do so.

One psychiatrist who had been cleared by the CIA and treated an agency patient said he was never contacted by Langley or asked to report back on any security risks that the patient might reveal.† That does not mean that the psychiatrist could not do so voluntarily, of course.

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*Some psychiatrists refuse to participate in the agency's program. One doctor, who practices in Washington, said he turned down the CIA's request that he join the roster because there was "too much paperwork, a million forms to fill out." Others may not care to subject themselves to the CIA security check, which presumably includes questioning of friends, neighbors, and colleagues about the physician's loyalty and reliability.

†The psychiatrist said he had participated in discussions, unrelated to his agency clearance, about whether a therapist loyal to his country could treat a patient who revealed he was disloyal. He concluded that their political differences would interfere with the treatment. "I would try to persuade a traitor to give himself up," the physician said. Other clinicians insisted that such action was not the proper duty or responsibility of the psychiatrist.

There are puzzling aspects to the CIA's handling of Howard's psychiatric treatment, however. This was no routine case of a CIA worker under stress who felt he need to talk to someone. In the first place, Howard was an ex-employee, and the agency does not normally pay for mental health care for its former workers.

Secondly, Howard had access at CIA to its most sensitive secrets, the Moscow operation. He had worked at the heart of SE division and was privy to its most guarded information. Finally, he had confessed that he had come within a hairbreadth of transmitting those secrets to the Soviet Union.

Given this set of circumstances, one might expect that the pressures would have been enormous within CIA to try to find out what Howard was telling Dr. Dudelczyk. But that does not appear to have been the case. "No one from the agency came out to see me," Dr. Dudelczyk said. "They asked me to send in a report, which I did."

But the psychiatrist said that the report he sent to Langley was "an evaluation of how Ed was doing." He added, "There was never any request for any information regarding a breach of security or that I report such information if it arose."

Dr. Dudelczyk remembers being surprised that the agency did *not* ask to be alerted if Howard said anything about espionage. "I was surprised at how loose they were about it," he said.

Suppose the CIA had asked Dr. Dudelczyk to alert it to any security problem that Howard might reveal, would he have done so? "If they had asked, that's something everybody decides for himself. If I knew Ed was involved in something threatening national security, I would have felt obligated to report it."

When I asked Howard if he was aware that his psychiatrist had reported back to the agency, Howard looked startled. "I wasn't aware he reported to the agency," he said. "I don't think he did."

Howard's psychiatrist said he did not sign any contract with the CIA. "At one point I received a psychiatric report from the agency that had been done just prior to his dismissal by one of their staff psychiatrists."

The CIA's psychiatric report on Howard dealt mostly with his alcoholism. It did not suggest he was mentally unstable.

The CIA does not pay for psychiatric treatment for a former employee in SE division solely for humanitarian reasons. When Gus Hathaway approved the payments, he and his colleagues in the Soviet division must have felt it would give the agency a string on Howard. For one thing, it would place him under some degree of obligation to remain in touch with the CIA since it was footing the bill.

The agency could hope that the Santa Fe psychiatrist, since he had been cleared, would in fact alert the CIA if Howard said anything of counterintelligence interest. To ask Dr. Dudelczyk to report any security matters might alienate him. He might be reluctant to play the role of a cop if invited to do so. Far better to get him to volunteer as a patriot.

Still, the CIA seemed remarkably unconcerned about discovering what Howard might reveal to Dr. Dudelczyk. Perhaps the CIA had a genuine respect for Howard's privacy. Or there could be another reason. The CIA has been known to go to considerable lengths to protect its "sources and methods." There is no evidence, however, that the CIA went so far as to bug Howard's sessions with his psychiatrist, although it certainly had the technical capability to do so.

In March 1985, three months after he had started seeing Dr. Dudelczyk, Howard's doorbell rang.

The visitor explained that he was a neighbor who lived just two houses down, on the same side of the street, at 112 Verano Loop.

"My name is Bill Gillespie," he said. "I'd like to talk to you." He smiled at Howard. "I'm with the FBI."

18

Trouble in Moscow

The FBI agent took his time. He didn't work around to questioning Howard right away. Finally, Gillespie revealed what was on his mind.

"It's about Phil Troutman," he said.

Howard breathed easier. They weren't after him.

At the time Phillip E. Troutman, a state investment officer, had been indicted on charges of trying to extort two thousand dollars for the state Democratic party from a New York bank and was awaiting trial.* In his legislative work Howard had occasionally dealt with Troutman.

Under the Reagan Justice Department, William L. Lutz, the federal prosecutor in Albuquerque and a Republican, had been exceptionally diligent in rooting out corruption in the Democratic administration of Governor Toney Anaya. Thomas "Bill" Gillespie, as an FBI agent assigned to the state capital, was deeply involved in that effort.*

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*Troutman was convicted in May by a federal jury of attempting to extort the two thousand dollars from the Irving Trust Company, which was seeking a contract to manage New Mexico's securities in New York. He was sentenced to two years in prison and fined five thousand dollars.

Howard answered the FBI agent's questions, and Gillespie thanked him cordially for his cooperation. He had enjoyed the opportunity to meet his neighbor. It was always a pleasure to interview a citizen who was ready and willing to help the FBI.

The same month the Howards celebrated their son's second birthday. An unusual gift arrived for Lee from Moscow. Barbara Mozur, whom Howard had met in Lima, was living in the Soviet capital with her husband, Michael, a career Foreign Service officer who was the first secretary of the American embassy. Mrs. Mozur had picked out a *shapka,* a tiny Russian fur hat, for Lee.

Howard liked the present so well that he wanted a Russian hat for himself. He wrote to Barbara Mozur with his size and asked if she would buy one for him. Howard also asked his friends Kate and Bob Gallegos whether they would like to order hats for Bob and their son, Jason, but they declined the offer.

The Gallegoses lived in El Dorado, a little more than a mile away from the Howards, who considered them their best friends in Santa Fe. The two couples often visited each other or had dinner together. Kate sometimes gave Mary clothes that Jason, who was three years older than Lee, had outgrown.

After Howard fled, the Gallegoses talked freely about him. "They weren't a very happy couple," Robert Gallegos said. "As we got to know Ed more, he was having several affairs with women in the office.† He described himself as a ladies' man. Every time he went out of town he'd describe his latest conquests. Mary was aware he played around. One night we were having dinner, and he said, 'I'd like to bring some of my lady friends over.' And Mary said, 'Well, tell us about it, Ed.' And he dropped it. He was four sheets to the wind."

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*Gillespie belonged to a group that got together every Sunday to drink and watch the Dallas Cowboys' football games on television. Governor Anaya's secretary, Pat Powell, a member of the group, swore that at one Sunday soiree in her home Gillespie tried but failed to enlist her as an informant against the governor. Asked whether he had told Ms. Powell that he wanted "to nail the governor," Gillespie replied, "I would think that probably we were all having a lot to drink and I can't remember if that was said. I doubt that Pat could either."

†Gallegos made these remarks to me during an interview with him and his wife, Kate, at their home, on September 11, 1986. I included his comments in an article I wrote about Howard that was published

In fact, Howard's reputation as a womanizer appears to have been vastly exaggerated, part of the myth that accompanied the revelations that he was a spy who had escaped to Moscow. Not only Howard but a whole generation has been raised on James Bond, and the stories of Howard as a seducer of beautiful women may owe more to Sean Connery than to reality.

Howard did, on occasion, talk to David Abbey about going to Juárez to see the donkey show, a live entertainment that features women copulating with donkeys. Howard, in fact, visited El Paso with Abbey in April 1985. But the most he did is walk across the bridge to Juárez to buy souvenirs; there was no visit to the donkey show. Howard also told Abbey of watching X-rated videos with his wife, but if so, he was doing no more than millions of other Americans.

Howard did have an affair when he lived in Barrington and, according to two knowledgeable sources, one other "sporadic" liaison thereafter. Statistically Howard's record of fidelity was not far off the average for married American males.

Mary Howard said she was not aware that her husband had any affairs. "There are sides of a person one doesn't know anything about," she said. "The unhappiness in our marriage was the drinking. He drank too much." She said she did not remember Howard's

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in *The New York Times Magazine* of November 2, 1986. Since only four women then employed on the staff of the Legislative Finance Committee had worked there when Howard did, they were understandably up in arms at Gallegos's remark. Gallegos subsequently wrote to me denying that he made this statement, but he did. Howard said that "probably the basis for that was one night Bob, Kate, a secretary, and I went dancing after a reception. My wife knows about that. The secretary had to drive me back to my car. Bob kidded me afterward about that a lot of times. What was going on with the secretary when she drove me to my car?"

remark about "lady friends" or the response attributed to her by Gallegos. Had she even heard rumors about other women? "No. Ed was a joker. He joked about a lot of things."

Although the Howards had been to Europe only six months before, that spring they told a few friends that they were planning another trip abroad. "He invited us to go to Germany in April of 1985," Gallegos said. "He also invited our neighbors, Dennis Hazlett and DoAnn Jasper."

Hazlett, a co-worker and friend of Howard's, confirmed the invitation. Hazlett remembers strolling downtown with Howard on their lunch hour one day shortly before the trip. "Howard went into Shaya's jewelry store with me and picked up a brochure on Rolex watches."

The Howards did go to Europe, but not to Germany. They went to Vienna. Although Mary Howard talked with me about many aspects of her own life and Howard's, she declined several times to discuss their second trip to Europe in the spring of 1985 or even to acknowledge that it had taken place. Howard confirmed, however, that he and his wife had made the trip in April.

"We went to Zurich and Vienna and flew home. Mary was with me. Her mother doesn't want her to admit she was with me. She feels the less she [Mary] is involved, the better." In Zurich, Howard said, "I bought a six-hundred-dollar Rolex."*

In Vienna, Howard said, "we stayed at a small, cheap hotel. I don't recall the name."

Howard was probably in Zurich and Vienna between April 28 and 30. He had asked for two days off: Monday, April 29, and Tuesday, April 30. By combining his leave with the weekend, he would have had four days. Since it takes a day to get to Europe and a day to return, Howard would have had only two days in Europe.

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*In Switzerland, in 1985, Rolex watches ranged in price from $200 to $21,500, with the most popular models selling for about $5,000. When Howard returned to Santa Fe from Europe, he told very few people he had been abroad. One of those in whom he did confide was Dennis Hazlett, who had accompanied him to the jeweler to get the Rolex brochure and who knew that Howard was planning the trip since he and his wife had been invited along.

The trip would seem improvident, even extravagant—considering the brief time available in Switzerland and Austria—for a young couple with a small child living on a modest dual income.* Unless, of course, Howard went to Vienna to meet with the Russians.

There is at least some indication that Howard did not acquire the watch until he got to Vienna. Howard showed Hazlett the Rolex. "He told me he'd been to Vienna. He said a friend had helped him get it at a terrific discount." Hazlett formed the impression that Howard had bought the watch in Vienna. Howard did not mention Zurich to him.

Four days after the Howards returned from Vienna, they appeared at a conference at St. John's College in Santa Fe. The topic was "The Enigma of the Soviet People."

In Langley, Virginia, there was another personnel shift. Gus Hathaway moved over from SE division and succeeded David Blee as chief of counterintelligence. It was now Hathaway's responsibility to protect the CIA from Soviet penetrations.

Howard was buying Krugerrands. In May he purchased one of the South African gold coins through an ad in the *Wall Street Journal.* "Ed showed me some Krugerrands at the office and asked me if I had any," Robert Gallegos recalled. "I'm a coin collector. It was a stack of maybe six to eight coins. Each one is an ounce, so they were worth maybe twenty-four hundred dollars."

According to Gallegos, Howard visited the bank a lot. "Every morning around nine o'clock I used to drive from the capitol to the main post office to check my mail," Gallegos said. "Ed would quite a few times ask me to drop him off at the First Interstate Bank. He had a safe-deposit box at the bank. Sometimes he'd say he needed to check some house papers." Since Gallegos did not go inside the bank with Howard, he had no way of knowing whether Howard was putting Krugerrands in his safe-deposit box.

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*Howard was hired by the LFC in June 1983 at a salary of $30,000. He would normally have received a 5 percent raise after each year; that meant he was earning $31,500 at the time of his second trip to Europe in April 1985. His salary at the time he fled the country was $33,012. Mary Howard earned about $11,000, according to her husband.

"Mary and I had about eight gold coins altogether," Howard said. "I think three of these were gifts from parents, and the rest I acquired between AID and Santa Fe."

Howard, who was more conservative politically than many of his colleagues realized, not only collected Krugerrands but was opposed to a pullout by U.S. firms from South Africa. Phil Baca, who worked with Howard and had helped select him for the committee staff, remembered how surprised he was to hear Howard's vehement opposition to the divestiture policy recommended by New Mexico's Democratic governor. Howard did not defend South Africa's apartheid racial policies, but he considered it folly for U.S. companies to leave that country.

"Several times he commented how crazy we were," Baca said. "If everyone divested, it could lead to economic downfall in South Africa, and we had no guarantee that a new government would be friendly to the West. A Communist-bloc government might result. He was really uptight about that." Baca paused and shook his head, remembering Howard's defection to the Soviet Union. "It doesn't fit."

In June Curtis Porter left as staff director of the committee and went off to Las Cruces to work on his Ph.D. at New Mexico State University. Baca succeeded him, becoming Howard's new boss.

Baca, then approaching fifty, liked the young staff economist from Washington and his quiet wife. "He wasn't a clock watcher," he said of Howard. "What there was to do, he did."

To Baca, Howard was a pleasant, typical young staff member. As for reports of office romances, Baca said, "That was news to me. If he had marital problems, he never brought them to the office. He was always talking about his little boy. We'd talk about where to go camping."

Although Howard worked hard, he liked practical jokes, Baca recalled. "I remember one incident where he said, 'Watch me shake up the boys upstairs.' He wrote a fake AP bulletin on his computer: 'The bottom dropped out of the oil market today.' He said he would take it upstairs to Abbey."

But Baca was astonished when Porter took him aside during the handover and said, "There's something you need to know. His résumé says State Department. He told me he actually worked for the CIA."*

If Howard seemed normal enough to his co-workers, friends occasionally glimpsed other aspects of his personality. Robert Gallegos in a television interview said, "He used to love to bring in catalogs, for example, *Soldier of Fortune* magazine, with different weapons and protective techniques. 'Look at this, isn't this great?' 'Oh, yeah, Ed, that's wonderful.' One day he came in and showed me that he was a registered gun dealer. He had some very unusual weapons, things that you see in the movies that have very long barrels."

Once Howard poured a glass of water for Gallegos and dropped a piece of paper into it. The paper disappeared instantly. Howard told Gallegos that a friend of his in the State Department had sent him the dissolving paper.

And there were the hats from Moscow. Around the same time that Baca succeeded Curtis Porter, the fur hat that Howard had asked Barbara Mozur to send to him arrived in the mail from the Soviet Union. It was a type of headgear not often seen in Santa Fe.

On June 13 Howard was in Washington for the National Conference of State Legislators. His colleague Dennis Hazlett was there and remembers Howard's taking him around Washington the next day to the Smithsonian Institution and a string of bars. Howard, he said, "was a terrific tour guide."

By then Hazlett had heard that his friend was a former CIA man; after the shooting incident rumors had circulated that Howard got off because he had worked for the agency. "One of the places we went to was a CIA hangout in northern Virginia," Hazlett said. "It was called the Vienna Inn. There were pictures on the walls of guys wading through the swamps with rifles over their heads. There were autographed pictures of CIA agents on the walls." He remembered "a lot of strange characters hanging around, and there must have been ten calls that came in on the pay phone." Hazlett, bug-eyed, regarded the Vienna Inn as the high point of his trip. He had actually been in a CIA bar.*

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*There were other parts of Howard's past that remained hidden. Baca, who comes from a Hispanic family that traces its roots back three hundred years, was amazed when I told him that Howard's mother was also Hispanic, also from New Mexico. "Ed never mentioned it," he said.

The same day in Moscow the KGB caught Skip Stombaugh.

Paul M. Stombaugh, Jr., was a CIA officer assigned to the Moscow station. He was a street agent who had taken over some of the assets that Edward Howard would have handled had he been sent to the Soviet Union.

Stombaugh, then thirty-three, had grown up in St. Louis and Washington, where his father was a forensic expert for the FBI. A dark-haired, athletic youth, he went to Clemson on a football scholarship but later transferred to the University of Maryland in his hometown of College Park. He joined the FBI laboratory, then became a special agent. In 1977, when the bureau proposed to transfer him back to the lab, he resigned and joined the CIA.

At the agency Stombaugh vanished into the Clandestine Services. In August 1984 he was sent to Moscow by SE division, his first overseas assignment. He was under diplomatic cover as second secretary of the embassy.

Burt Gerber, the division chief, must have felt the Howard slot was jinxed because in January Stombaugh did something that was, many months later, to cause a great deal of difficulty for reporter Nicholas Daniloff and the Reagan administration. The CIA man's inexplicable action may have helped to bring about the Daniloff affair, the incident that nearly derailed the Reykjavik summit meeting between President Reagan and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev in October 1986.

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*Hazlett was in Washington in October 1986 and visited the bar again. He was surprised to find all the pictures gone. "The proprietor said the CIA had asked him to take them down. But it was ridiculous, because people could still look at them; he had them all in a scrapbook." Mike Abraham, owner of the Vienna Inn, a venerable saloon favored by the CIA for decades, said he had asked if he couldn't just take down the covert pictures, but the agency said no; it was best if he did not know which of the individuals in the photos were covert operatives. Abraham complied. "We still have a lot of them coming in here," he said. "We don't even ask where they work anymore."

In January 1985 Daniloff, a Moscow correspondent for the magazine *U.S. News & World Report,* found a letter in his mailbox from a Soviet acquaintance whom he knew as Father Roman, supposedly a dissident Russian Orthodox priest. When he opened it, he found inside another envelope addressed to the U.S. ambassador. Daniloff gave the envelope to the American embassy. It contained yet another letter, addressed to CIA Director William Casey. Later, in the secure bubble inside the embassy, Daniloff gave the CIA the priest's phone number.

Incredibly Stombaugh both telephoned and wrote to "Father Roman," informing him that the "journalist" to whom he had passed the letters had given them to the embassy. Although he avoided mentioning the correspondent by name, it was enough to put Daniloff in the soup. More than a year and a half later, in August 1986, Daniloff was arrested by the KGB and charged with espionage, in a move clearly designed to counter the FBI's arrest for espionage in New York of Gennadi F. Zakharov, a Soviet intelligence agent working as a United Nations scientific officer.

"Father Roman" turned out to be a KGB plant, so Skip Stombaugh's error in tradecraft—mentioning a "journalist"—had compromised Daniloff. President Reagan and the CIA knew that if Daniloff was placed on trial, Stombaugh's actions would make it look as though somehow the reporter had been involved with the CIA, lending some credence, however slight, to the trumped-up spy charges against the correspondent. The United States would lose face in the battle for world opinion.

Very little was said publicly about Stombaugh's handling of the "Father Roman" letter, but it was there in the wings, just offstage, as the superpowers maneuvered over the Daniloff-Zakharov cases and the coming summit meeting. Finally, on September 29, Daniloff was freed, and the next day Zakharov, after pleading no contest, was sent home in a trade that Reagan denied was a trade.*

On June 14, 1985, six months after Daniloff had passed the letters to the American embassy, TASS, the Soviet news agency, announced that Stombaugh had been detained in Moscow. The Russians later indicated he had been meeting an asset. The story appeared in the Washington *Post* the next day, when Howard was in Washington. It quoted the brief TASS announcement saying that Stombaugh had been caught "in the act of committing an espionage action." He had been declared persona non grata and was being expelled from the Soviet Union.

Howard must have read the news account with more than passing interest. One of his successors in the Moscow station had been nabbed.

In their announcement the Soviets carefully avoided any reference to the person Stombaugh might have been meeting at the time of his detention. But the KGB had arrested a Soviet citizen at the scene. He was charged with espionage for attempting to pass materials to the CIA man.

It was three months before Moscow disclosed the name of the Soviet citizen, in another brief announcement. He was a defense researcher, a leading expert on stealth aircraft technology.

His name was Adolf G. Tolkachev.

Ed Howard's asset.

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*Dissident Yuri Orlov and his wife, Irina, were allowed to leave the Soviet Union as part of the deal.

19

"I Did It"

South Padre Island is a beach resort in the Gulf of Mexico at the southernmost tip of Texas, part of a chain of barrier islands in an arc that runs from Galveston three hundred miles southwest to the Mexican border.

A thirty-four-mile strip at the end of the chain, South Padre is a place of high-rise hotels and condominiums that prides itself as the Miami Beach of the Southwest. By the summer of 1985 Bill Bosch was living there and working on the mainland in the job that Howard had arranged with the businessman in nearby Brownsville, Texas.

On the July Fourth weekend, Mary Howard had cousins coming to Santa Fe from California. Howard decided to bail out; it would be a good weekend to visit his friend Bill Bosch. They could drink a little beer, lie on the beach, and watch the girls go by.

Howard flew to Harlingen, Texas, where Bosch met him at the airport. Howard stayed with Bosch for the holiday weekend at his condo on the beach. Bosch had clearly prospered since the previous October, when he had been drawing unemployment and living with his mother in Westbury. He had his own place on South Padre Island and was tooling around in a black 911 Porsche.

Bosch complained a lot to Howard about his job, but Howard urged him to stick with it. They talked as well about the CIA. The agency, Bosch grumbled, still had his retirement funds frozen.

Although South Padre Island is only ten miles from the Mexican border, Howard said there was no more discussion that weekend of going to the Soviet embassy in Mexico City.* But Howard's proposal in New Orleans had not been forgotten by either man.

The first night of Howard's visit the two friends had drinks together at the condo. It was clear to Bosch from the way Howard was talking that he still harbored a deep anger toward the agency. Howard was drinking heavily.

Then he said something that made Bosch's blood run cold.

"Ed shook me by the shoulders and said, 'I did it. You think you're playing hardball. I'm *really* playing hardball. What do you want—five, ten, fifteen thousand dollars?' "

Bosch was aghast.

"I said, 'Ed, what the fuck are you telling me?' I was scared. I was white as a sheet. I asked him, 'What are you talking about, Ed?' He said, 'Nothing.' He dropped the subject, said he was joking around."

The next day Bosch brought the matter up again, trying to draw Howard out, but all he would say was "Forget it."

In New Orleans Howard had confessed to hanging around the Soviet consulate, wanting to go in and sell secrets to the Russians. He had proposed they visit the Soviets in Mexico City. Against that background Bosch feared that Howard's statement—"I did it"—and his offer of substantial sums of money meant that Howard had crossed the line from fantasy to action and was a spy for Moscow. With dismay Bosch must have remembered all the information he had exchanged with Howard on the long drive from New Orleans to Santa Fe the year before.

In an affidavit filed in federal court in Albuquerque on October 2, 1985, ten days after Edward Lee Howard fled the country, the FBI said that Bosch, who is identified as a "confidential source," informed the bureau that in July 1985 Howard told him he "had met in Europe with the Soviets, gave them information, and had received cash" and that "the Soviets have paid for his trip to Europe in 1984 and Howard met his KGB contact while in Europe."*

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*As it turned out, Howard and Bosch did go to Mexico, however briefly, that weekend. "On July Fourth weekend," Howard said, "Bill and I went to dinner in Matamoros, across the border from Brownsville, with a couple of his sister's friends."

Bosch now denies that he made these statements to the FBI. According to Bosch, Howard offered no specifics about any espionage activities. Bosch said Howard did not, for example, talk about his travels in Austria in September of 1984 or his trip to Vienna in April.

Howard, he said, "did not tell me and did not say he gave the Soviets secrets." Nor did Howard admit, Bosch said, that he was paid money, or that the Soviets paid for his trip to Europe, or that he met with his Soviet case officer in Europe. Bosch claims that Howard never said anything about a Soviet case officer. "And that's what I told the FBI," Bosch said.

Bosch agreed, however, that the FBI could have concluded from Howard's "I did it" statement, and offer of money, that Howard had met with the Soviets and been paid for CIA secrets. It would be a "fair inference," Bosch said. But he insisted he had not provided the FBI with the specifics about Howard's meeting with the Soviets in Europe.†

In Budapest Howard gave a different version of his conversation with Bosch. "On South Padre Island," Howard said, "I got three bottles of expensive wine, and he [Bosch] was giving me a hard time about how I could afford the wine. He said, 'Where did you get this money?' I got very sarcastic. 'My Soviet case officer gives it to me.' It was a joke. He's all over me; he takes it seriously. He says who, what, where, when? I looked at him like he's an asshole. And I forgot about it. I never tried to recruit the man."

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*There is absolutely no question that Bosch is the "confidential source" cited in the affidavit, which is signed by Martin R. Schwarz, an FBI agent assigned to the Albuquerque division. The affidavit is based upon extensive FBI interrogation of Bosch on South Padre Island in the days just before Howard escaped.

†The FBI said its affidavit is accurate. It is, therefore, not possible to resolve the conflict between the FBI account of what Bosch admitted, as given in the FBI affidavit, and his later statements to the author.

However, Bosch told the FBI that at some point during their conversation on South Padre Island, Howard asked him, "Do you want to work for me?"

"I never said anything to Bill Bosch about a meeting in Austria," Howard said. "I never received any money from the Soviets before I left the country."

Although Bosch and Howard do not agree on precisely what was said on South Padre Island on the July Fourth weekend, the 209th anniversary of American independence, Bosch came away from their encounter a frightened man.

Bosch claimed he had warned the CIA through Peter Ringland after the New Orleans meeting, but he kept his silence after South Padre Island. He must have been worried about his own position. Espionage can mean a life sentence. The thing with Ed Howard was getting too hairy.

Asked why he said nothing to anyone about Howard's statements on South Padre Island, Bosch replied that he felt he had already done all he could; the agency must be on top of it by now.

Howard returned to Santa Fe. On Saturday, July 27, Kate and Bob Gallegos went to the Howards' home for dinner. "He had two fur hats, one for him and one for Lee," Robert Gallegos said. "They were in a box with Russian writing. He said he had asked a friend in the State Department to send them to him."

It was late in the afternoon, Gallegos said, and Howard and his young son modeled the fur hats for their guests. Gallegos said he had an indelible memory of Howard standing inside the house, "wearing gym shorts and a fur hat, smoking a cigar, and drinking a St. Pauli Girl."

Howard did not know it, but time was running out for him. Five days later Vitaly Yurchenko vanished in Rome.

Flown to Andrews by the CIA, whisked to the safe house in Virginia, and debriefed over the weekend, he named "Robert" as the CIA mole who had met with senior KGB officials in Austria in September 1984.

The volcano was erupting. The Howard scandal could no longer be contained within the quiet corridors of power at Langley. Gus

Hathaway had done his best, but it was too late. The CIA had no choice.

Four FBI agents were sitting right there in the safe house, listening to Yurchenko, when he revealed the existence of the CIA mole. The game was over.

Now the FBI knew.

20

Parker's Case

The case could not have come at a worse time for James H. Geer. Monday, August 5, 1985, was his first day on the job as assistant director of the FBI in charge of the intelligence division.

A six-foot, solidly built man with reddish hair and fair skin, Geer had the weathered face of the good sheriff in a movie western. He spoke with the measured drawl of his native Tennessee. On this morning he was two weeks short of his forty-sixth birthday.

After twenty-one years in the bureau he had finally risen to assistant director of one of the two most prestigious divisions in the bureau. As head of Division 5, the intelligence division, it was Geer's job to catch spies.

Ed O'Malley had retired on Friday as head of the intelligence division—they had given him the luncheon out at CIA the day before, on Thursday, August 1—and Geer had moved from director of the FBI lab to the spy catcher job.

He knew he was stepping into a very different world, a maze of deception. On the wall of his large office, room 4012, on the fourth floor of the J. Edgar Hoover Building, was a framed quotation from Eric Ambler: "I think if I were asked to single out one specific group of men, one category, as being the most suspicious, unbelieving, unreasonable, petty, inhuman, sadistic double-crossing set of bastards in any language, I would say without hesitation: 'the people who run counter-espionage departments.' "*

Geer hardly had time to enjoy his spacious new surroundings when his deputy, Phil Parker, asked to see him. The two men had adjacent offices, separated by a reception area that housed their secretaries. In a few moments Parker breezed in. A tall, handsome man, with thinning blond hair and a bushy, handlebar mustache that gave him a somewhat Victorian look, Parker did not fit the stereotype of an FBI agent. He dressed elegantly, spoke Russian and Spanish, and kept a thirty-foot cabin cruiser, the *Sea Ray,* at his home in Norfolk, Virginia.

The mustache, in particular, was the source of much comment among his colleagues. It made him look rather like a villainous landlord or perhaps a bartender in New York's Tenderloin district at the turn of the century. FBI agents are not supposed to have flamboyant mustaches that twirl at the ends. Moreover, Parker had not learned to keep his head down in the bureaucracy. He was outspoken, and not always tactful, in dealing with FBI director William Webster, perhaps one reason why Geer had the division now and Parker did not.

But Parker had spent most of his twenty years with the FBI in counterintelligence. He knew the spy-catching game, from street agent to the executive suite. Parker was accompanied into Geer's office by Rodney Leffler, the acting chief of the Soviet section, a taciturn man with slick black hair who was born on a farm in Hayes County, Nebraska, and Lane Crocker, a red-haired, square-jawed all-American type who was the unit chief in the Soviet section.

"The agency has a problem," Parker said. "His name is Robert."

Quickly Parker filled Geer in on the sketchy details then available. Vitaly Yurchenko, his debriefing begun by the CIA over the weekend, had identified two penetrations of American intelligence, the ex-NSA man and "Robert," a former CIA employee who had been slated to go to Moscow and then was pulled off the assignment. The KGB, Yurchenko said, had met "Robert" in Austria in the fall of 1984.

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*The quotation is from Ambler's book *The Light of Day.*

Two Russian-speaking FBI agents from WFO, the bureau's Washington field office, were out at CIA headquarters now, trying to help the agency narrow down the field of suspects who might be "Robert."

Geer, although it was his first day as director of the division, was not a complete stranger to counterintelligence. He had been an administrator in the division in years past, and in the jargon of the bureau, he had "worked the Yugos" as a street agent in WFO.*

Those days were over. As head of intelligence Geer had the task of administering the division, not of running cases. That job belonged to Parker as the deputy assistant director for operations (DAD).

Once the agency had identified "Robert," Parker's task would be to locate the former CIA man and follow up on Yurchenko's lead. If enough evidence was developed, the FBI would catch a Russian spy.

Geer knew that Parker would, if anyone could. Now that Ed O'Malley was gone, he was the most experienced counterespionage agent in the FBI. Even before Geer had been promoted above him, Parker had decided to retire when he turned fifty the next spring. The business of hunting spies was fun, but there was tremendous pressure and long hours. It was not a nine-to-five job, and his family had sacrificed enough. He wanted to spend more time with them. And there were bluefish waiting for him in the Chesapeake.

All that was off in the spring, however. In the meantime, he must uncover the NSA mole, and above all, nail "Robert." If there was a CIA man selling out the Moscow operation to the Soviets, Parker wanted him.

He could imagine how much Gus Hathaway wanted him, too. The agency's counterintelligence chief had always worked closely and amicably with the bureau on CI cases. Gus must be frantic at this very moment, Parker thought, trying desperately to figure out who Robert was.

Soon the man's identity would be established by the CIA, and the bureau would get him. Parker had the credentials and the experience. He had been born in Chesapeake, Virginia, across the Elizabeth River from the house in Norfolk that he had just bought two months earlier, in June, in anticipation of his retirement. His father had been a radio operator on merchant ships, and his mother worked as a printer. Parker enrolled in the Virginia Polytechnic Institute as an engineering student but ran out of money and flunked freshman chemistry at about the same time. He decided to join the Air Force as an enlisted man in 1955 and was sent to Syracuse to study Russian.

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*FBI agents in the Washington field office, rather than in headquarters, are assigned the task of keeping Soviet and other Communist-bloc intelligence officers under surveillance in the capital. Geer had specialized in Yugoslavians.

The Air Force then sent Parker in an intelligence job to England, where he met his future wife, Gillian, an Englishwoman from Bedford. After returning to the States, Parker got married and went back to college. He earned a bachelor's degree in secondary education and Spanish at Old Dominion University and a master's degree in Russian at Indiana University. He also traveled to the Soviet Union, visiting Moscow, Baku, Tbilisi, Sochi, Sukhumi, Kiev, and Leningrad.

Parker came home and taught Spanish and Russian at Virginia Beach High School. His contract also required him to coach junior varsity football. At age twenty-nine, Parker liked teaching, but he was trying to support his now-growing family on fifty-five hundred dollars a year. "It wasn't too great," he said, "so I applied for a job at the bureau."

The year was 1965. The FBI sent him to language school in Monterey to learn Bulgarian. In 1967 he was assigned to the Washington field office, where he acquired the basics of counterintelligence and trailed Bulgarians around the capital. Then Parker was moved into a special squad, now known as CI-3, which tracked Soviet GRU (military intelligence) agents and handled Polish and East German cases as well.

By 1973 Parker was head of the squad, and three years later he transferred into the intelligence division at headquarters. Six years after that he was promoted to unit chief in charge of surveillance of all Soviet installations throughout the United States. By 1982 Parker was chief of the Soviet section, and the following year he was named number two man in the division under O'Malley. In sum, by the time

Vitaly Yurchenko warned of "Robert," Parker had been matching wits with Soviet intelligence for eighteen years.

He could do nothing, however, until the CIA identified "Robert." And all day Monday, August 5, no word came from the agency. They were checking their files. As soon as they knew anything, Parker would hear.

Yet Yurchenko, on Friday, had already provided the essential clues to "Robert."

"Vitaly told us he was a former agency type," Parker said. "He knew that 'Robert' was being prepared for Moscow but never went."

Gus Hathaway, chief of the CI staff, and Burt Gerber, chief of SE division at the CIA, must, with a sinking feeling, have known instantly whom Yurchenko had fingered. Dr. Dudelczyk could not help them now. The game was up.

In retrospect, the FBI wondered why there had been a delay. The CIA could have immediately identified "Robert" to the bureau.

The answer is that some sort of charade was going on at Langley. To admit to the FBI that it knew exactly and instantly whom Yurchenko was talking about would put the agency in a most awkward position. It would be tantamount to admitting that the CIA had known all along that the ex-CIA officer in question was a serious security risk. But in that case how could the CIA explain to the FBI why it had never said anything about the case?

Like most FBI men, Parker was reluctant to criticize his colleagues in the agency. But the truth was obvious.

"I daresay the moment the news came in [from Yurchenko] they knew exactly who it was," Parker said.

Norman A. Zigrossi was head of the FBI's Washington field office at the time. He later retired and became inspector general of the TVA in Knoxville. It was his Russian-speaking agents who were out at CIA headquarters attempting to assist the agency in identifying "Robert." The FBI agents were unwitting props in the CIA's charade. Asked about the delay by the CIA in identifying "Robert," Zigrossi replied, "They should have known right away, yes."

As it turned out, the delay was crucial.

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In Santa Fe Howard told his boss, Phil Baca, that his grandmother was seriously ill. "He was going to visit her," Baca said. "Then he told me that she had died and he needed to go two days earlier."*

On Tuesday, August 6, while Parker was still waiting for the CIA to identify the mole, Howard, alone, flew to Zurich and then to Vienna.

In Vienna he checked into the im Palais Schwarzenberg, an elegant hotel in a beautiful baroque palace, with a garden, just off the Ringstrasse.

It was Wednesday, as Parker remembers it, before the CIA finally told him it had, through painstaking analysis of its files, identified "Robert."

The officer, the CIA said solemnly, was undoubtedly one Edward Lee Howard.

By that time, Parker later concluded, Howard was on his way to meet with his Soviet control in Vienna. The FBI did not realize until months later that Howard had slipped off to Vienna the day after the bureau got the case and at the very moment it was waiting for the CIA to identify the mole.

Why had it taken the CIA five days to come up with Howard's name? "Maybe it took that long to figure out how the hell they were going to tell us," Parker said.†

Once the FBI had a name, it ran a file check and discovered that Edward Lee Howard had been interviewed by the FBI only five months before in a white-collar crime investigation. Bill Gillespie, Parker learned, had called on Howard at his home in Santa Fe in connection with the Phil Troutman case.

Parker assigned Rod Leffler, the assistant chief of the Soviet section, and Lane Crocker, the Soviet unit chief, to try to gather the evidence against Howard that would stand up in court; below them, a supervising agent at headquarters would coordinate with the field. Headquarters alerted William D. Branon, head of the FBI's Albuquerque division, that a major counterintelligence case was brewing on his turf.

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*Howard's maternal grandmother had died in November 1982 in Reserve, New Mexico. His other grandmother, although elderly, was alive and well and living in Michigan.

†There is no indication that any male SE officer but Howard had been prepared for Moscow and then did not go. In fairness to the CIA, could it really have been using the five days to eliminate other possibilities? "If they had other guys who fit the description," Parker said, "that's scary."

As it happened, like Jim Geer, Branon, a tall, sandy-haired Irishman partial to suspenders and shirtsleeves, had just taken over in Albuquerque. He had worked in Norfolk, Richmond, and in an executive post at headquarters before he got the division. From the two-story sand-colored FBI building on Grand Avenue, in the downtown section, Branon was responsible for the entire state. It wasn't like his native Vermont; New Mexico is flat and huge, and Branon did not like to fly. As a result, he spent a lot of time driving to cover the territory.*

Branon was concerned about manpower to handle the case. He had fifty-three agents in New Mexico, including four in Santa Fe, but there were other, ongoing cases to handle. Headquarters assured him that additional forces would be deployed in New Mexico to help draw the net tight around Edward Howard.

While these arrangements were being made, FBI agents checked to make sure that Howard still lived in El Dorado and worked in the state capitol. They learned that Howard did, but was out of town that week. Perhaps in San Antonio, his office thought.

Much later Parker learned that Howard had not been in San Antonio that first week in August but had left the country. Initially, when this was learned, the FBI believed Howard had skipped to Mexico. No one yet knew that he had gone to Vienna. When Parker learned the truth, he said, "I thought he had been given some sort of a signal for a meeting. It looked like an emergency meeting with his handlers."

Parker and other counterintelligence officials reasoned that when

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*In FBI parlance, the territory covered within a state is known as a division. In addition, there are resident agencies, smaller offices around the state. In New Mexico, for example, the FBI has half a dozen resident agencies, including one in Santa Fe, where Howard lived. In more populous states, such as Texas, the territory is split, and there is more than one division within the state.

Yurchenko disappeared on August 1, the KGB had to assume the worst: that he had defected. Howard may then have been given an immediate signal to come to Vienna, where he would have been warned he was in danger.

Howard's haste in leaving for Vienna, and his false excuse for taking the week off, would fit this scenario. Originally Howard told Phil Baca that he would have to visit his ailing grandmother on Thursday, August 8. Then he informed Baca that because of her untimely death, he would have to leave two days earlier, on Tuesday, August 6. Baca, a humane and gentle man, said he, of course, understood and gave Howard permission to leave.

Espionage is an invisible crime. Unless the criminal is caught in the act of meeting with agents of a foreign power, or chooses to confess, espionage is extremely difficult to prove. There are seldom any witnesses and rarely any evidence lying around.

Parker and Geer knew they could not arrest Howard on the basis of Yurchenko's statements alone. "Yurchenko never saw him," Geer said. "He had no physical description. He didn't know him by name. It was a circumstantial case. You have to have much more than one man's word."

Parker needed corroboration in order to meet the legal standard of "probable cause" necessary to obtain a warrant for Howard's arrest. In the jargon of the bureau, he did not have his PC.

"Some editorials later suggested we should have just scooped him up," Parker said. "We couldn't do that. Until we have a warrant in hand from a duly authorized magistrate or judge, we aren't going to yank anyone off the street."

Howard would have to be watched discreetly, and his telephone tapped. By placing Howard under both physical and technical surveillance, Parker and his team in Division 5 hoped that he might make an incriminating move, allowing the FBI to close in and arrest him. The hope, in short, was that Howard himself might provide the probable cause.

The five days that went by before the CIA identified "Robert" to the FBI as Edward Lee Howard were extremely costly. If Howard met the Russians in Vienna and had been under surveillance, the government would have had the evidence it needed to move in and make an arrest. As it was, he left New Mexico before the FBI knew his name. The lapse may have cost the government its one chance to catch him.

Even when the FBI had Howard's name, however, it did not move as swiftly and efficiently as it might have to find out precisely where he was. The FBI simply did not know he was in Vienna or even that he was out of the country. On the other hand, at this early stage, the bureau did not want to make a lot of obvious inquiries about Howard in Santa Fe; the last thing it wanted the ex-CIA man to know was that the FBI was going around asking questions about him.

Within a week the bureau had begun quietly moving extra agents into New Mexico from other offices around the country. In time Parker deployed two dozen agents to supplement the more than fifty already in place under Branon. Even in a major spy case the wheels of bureaucracy grind slowly; Division 5 had to work with Division 3, the FBI's administrative arm, to wangle a bloc sum for travel and hotel costs.

As soon as Parker got Howard's name from the CIA, he set in motion procedures to wiretap the Howards' home telephone at 108 Verano Loop. The FBI does not like to speak of "taps" and "bugs"; it prefers to call a tap a "tesur," bureau argot for a telephone surveillance, and a bug a "misur," or a microphone surveillance.*

The days of J. Edgar Hoover, when the FBI could drop in bugs or tap telephone wires at will, are past. Since 1978, under the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act (FISA), wiretaps or bugs for national security purposes must be approved by a seven-member wiretap court.

The court itself is so shadowy that it is not listed in the telephone book or government directories. It has no regular courtroom but meets on the guarded sixth floor of the Justice Department in a room periodically swept for electronic bugs.

Parker ordered the FISA package, the paperwork for the wiretap request, typed up and sent across the street to Mary C. Lawton, the Justice Department attorney who handles electronic eavesdropping requests to the secret court. Lawton, in turn, submitted the papers to the wiretap judges.

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*The words are pronounced "teshur" and "myshur."

In Santa Fe William Branon assigned his deputy, Rodney K. McHargue, to ride herd on the Howard case. McHargue, lean, six feet two, intense, with flecks of gray in his brown hair, was the ASAC,* the assistant special agent in charge of the Albuquerque division. Branon already had four men regularly assigned to Santa Fe, including Don Jochem, the resident agent, Howard's neighbor Bill Gillespie, and David T. Bibb.

Branon also decided he would need the services of Gerald B. Brown and assigned him to the case. Jerry Brown was a sound man. An inconspicuous electronics expert of medium build, with graying dark hair and rimless glasses, he had the reputation of being one of the bureau's most tenacious wiretappers. Brown would handle the technical details of tapping the Howards' telephone in their desert home.

While the FBI sound man was studying the niceties of getting the tap into Verano Loop, Howard was making his third trip to Europe in less than a year. He did not, he said, go directly to Vienna, but spent two days first in Zurich, on August 7 and 8.

Since Howard's grandmother was neither dead nor in Switzerland, why was he in Zurich? "To sell huacos," he said. "Huacos are antiques buried in the ground, bowls and pots from the eleventh and twelfth centuries that the Incas used for food. In Peru I collected a lot of huacos. You buy them for a hundred dollars and sell them for two thousand dollars. There is some scandal connected with them because diplomats sneak them out in the pouch. You're not supposed to take them out. We had ten or twelve. We shipped them with our household goods when we left Peru."

We were sitting on a park bench under a shade tree on the Margit-sziget when Howard spun his tale about the Peruvian pots. "The Germans and Swiss," Howard went on, "are nuts about huacos. I saw a store in Zurich when we were there in April that had huacos, and I said, 'I'm gonna go back there.' I hadn't considered selling them, but after the trip in April I saw the prices. I sold six huacos for ten thousand Swiss francs [$4,363 at the exchange rate in August 1985]. I was trying to avoid IRS, having to pay taxes on the money."*

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*Pronounced "a-sack."

On Friday, August 9, Howard said he flew to Vienna and checked into the im Palais Schwarzenberg. "We fell in love with the town in April," he said. "That [August] weekend in Vienna, I went to a carnival, a museum, just kinda goofed off."

I told Howard that I was frankly skeptical of his huaco story and regarded the timing of the trip to Vienna as significant. We had this exchange:

> Q. Yurchenko had come out only about a week earlier. Didn't you go to Vienna to get your escape plan from the Soviets?
>
> A. No, there was no escape plan. I didn't know Yurchenko had come out. I was never told that by the Soviets.

Howard again insisted, as he did throughout our conversations, that he had not been in contact with the Russians before escaping from Santa Fe a month later. After spending the weekend in Vienna, he said, he flew back to the United States, arriving home on Monday, August 12, with the ten thousand Swiss francs in cash.

Why did he return? If, as Phillip Parker believes, Howard was meeting with his Soviet control in Vienna and was warned that he was in serious danger because of Yurchenko's defection, why did he come back?

A former CIA man who has detailed knowledge of the Howard affair offered one explanation. "When he went to Vienna, the Soviets told him he was in trouble and set up his escape route. Then he returns to the U.S. To arrange his insurance, take care of his family. He came back for their sake."

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*He was not sure of the name of the antique shop in Zurich, Howard said, but it was located in the old town near the water. He thought it might have been called Mermos. The 1985 Zurich telephone directory lists no such dealer. At the time, as far as could be determined, only one firm in Zurich dealt in pre-Columbian antiquities, the Merrin Gallery. It was on the Todistrasse, not far from the Zürichsee. However, Edward Merrin, whose New York gallery had operated the branch in Zurich, said, "I never heard of Howard. He did not sell anything to me."

The former spy offered an even more Byzantine motive: "If you're a Yurchenko conspiracy theorist, that's another reason for Howard to have come back, so as not to blow Yurchenko's cover as a plant. Because if Howard ran, it would mean the Soviets *knew* he would reveal his identity, and how could they know that?"*

Even after Howard's return his phone had not yet been tapped. "Howard was in Vienna while the FISA request was languishing in the Department of Justice," the former CIA man said. "Mary Lawton didn't push it, and neither did the FBI. No one knew how serious this was."

Mary Lawton, the Justice Department attorney who handles wiretap requests, said, "There was a legal reason for the delay, but I can't go into it."†

Howard took a day off after his return from Vienna but was back in his office in the state capitol on Wednesday. Phil Baca remembers asking him solicitously about the last rites for his grandmother. Although a sad occasion, had the trip gone all right?

Howard said it had. Howard indicated that he had been in Michigan, which is where his father's mother had lived. "He told me he drove back to Dallas with his father," Baca said, "from wherever the funeral was."

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*The theory that Howard came back to protect Yurchenko is unconvincing. If Yurchenko was a real defector, the Soviets would have to assume that as the KGB official in charge of operations in North America he would know about "Robert" and would reveal him to the CIA. James Geer, the chief of FBI counterintelligence, and Phillip Parker, his former deputy, as well as most CIA counterintelligence experts, believe, on balance, that Vitaly Yurchenko was a genuine defector. No one is entirely sure, however.

†Lawton, the Justice Department's counsel for intelligence policy, said that for any FISA request, "the head of the agency requesting the tap and the attorney general must sign, and then you can go to the court. In the nature of bureaucracy you're talking time." It can be done in twenty-four hours, if necessary, she said, "but that would be an emergency, very rare. The norm from initial proposal to court approval is probably three weeks." That is about the length of time it took to get the wiretap in place on Verano Loop.

21

The Debriefing

In Erice, Sicily, on August 20, the fifth international symposium on nuclear war opened without the participation of the Soviet delegation. The twelve invited scientists from Moscow did not show up.

A Reuters dispatch quoted Italian Foreign Minister Giulio Andreotti as saying their absence might be linked to the disappearance in Rome, three weeks earlier, of a Soviet diplomat, Vitaly Yurchenko, whose whereabouts were still unknown.

Renato Scrimaglio, a member of the organizing committee of the symposium, said the disappearance in Madrid the previous spring of Soviet scientist Vladimir Alexandrov, who had attended the Sicily meeting the previous year, might also be a factor in the absence of the Soviet delegation.

Several U.S. scientists, including physicist Robert Budwine of the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, who was working on "Star Wars," expressed disappointment at the Soviet absence. "The atmosphere certainly would have been different, and the give-and-take would have been interesting if they had come," he said.

Edward Teller, the father of the hydrogen bomb and a delegate to the conference, also issued a statement. He said that a nuclear war would not mean the end of mankind.

* * *

At the safe house in Coventry, near Fredericksburg, Virginia, Yurchenko was providing enough information to keep the CIA's counterintelligence staff and the Soviet division working overtime.

Burt Gerber's debriefers, Hathaway's CI staff, and the FBI intelligence division had more than the NSA mole, who was still unidentified, and Edward Lee Howard to deal with.

Yurchenko also warned the CIA that Oleg A. Gordievski, the KGB resident in London, was in mortal danger. He had quite recently come under suspicion by the KGB and was at the moment back in Moscow. If you are working Gordievski, Yurchenko warned, get him out.

In fact, the KGB's suspicions were well founded. Gordievski had been an an agent in place for the West for almost twenty years, beginning in 1966, when he was posted to Copenhagen with the title of press attaché. Gordievski began working with MI6, the British secret service, and the Danes as well.

In 1982 he was sent to London as embassy counselor, and MI6 took over the exclusive handling of what may have been the British service's most important Soviet asset. To the delight of MI6, Gordievski was promoted to chief of the KGB residency in London in 1985.

That spring he went to Moscow briefly, then returned to London. Later in the summer, however, he was called back to Moscow. After Yurchenko's warning had been relayed to London by the CIA, MI6 agents in Moscow were able to make contact with Gordievski and rescue him in a "clandestine exfiltration," according to U.S. intelligence sources.

Yurchenko's information about Gordievski "allowed the British to perform the miracle of getting him out," a former SE officer said. "Unfortunately he left his wife and family back there."

According to a version of Gordievski's rescue published in the British press, the KGB man, while jogging, met his MI6 contact, who smuggled him into the British embassy as guests were arriving for a party for the new ambassador, Sir Bryan Cartledge. MI6 then spirited Gordievski out of the Soviet Union in a false compartment in a white van that was carrying diplomatic mail to Finland.*

On September 12 the British government announced the defection of Oleg Gordievski, but said nothing about the KGB man's having been brought out of Moscow. Rather, the announcement implied he had sought refuge in London. Later stories hinted he was being held in a safe house in the south of England. In the wake of the defection London expelled thirty-one Soviet diplomats as spies, and Moscow kicked out out an equal number of Britons.

Yurchenko also warned the CIA that the KGB was using "spy dust" to track the movements and contacts of the agency's case officers in Moscow. There was consternation inside U.S. intelligence at Yurchenko's disclosure because it was feared at first that the tracking chemical being used by the Soviets might be harmful, that it might cause genetic damage and cancer.

The KGB was dusting steering wheels, doorknobs, and other objects that would leave minute traces of the chemical on anything that the CIA officers might touch. The traces would also be left on the skin and clothing of Soviet citizens whom they met, presumably allowing the KGB to identify the agency's Soviet assets. The State Department strongly protested the practice. A team of U.S. scientists studied the chemical, and the State Department concluded it "does not pose a health hazard."†

Yurchenko also provided new details of a ten-year-old mystery, the disappearance in Vienna of Nicholas G. Shadrin, an American double agent for the CIA. According to Yurchenko, Shadrin was accidentally chloroformed and killed while struggling in the back

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*This account of Gordievski's exfiltration appeared in the London *Daily Mail* on July 27, 1986.

†Spy dust proved to be nitrophenylpentadienal (NPDD), a synthetic chemical virtually unknown in the United States and apparently developed specifically by the KGB to track CIA agents. The Soviets were also using other chemicals, principally luminol, which is used in an alkaline solution for analytical testing in chemistry. The U.S. statement said that luminol did not appear to be dangerous to humans.

seat of a car in which Soviet agents were trying to abduct him. Shadrin, whose real name was Nikolai F. Artamonov, was the youngest destroyer commander in the Soviet Navy when he defected with his Polish fiancée by sailing across the Baltic Sea to Sweden in a motor launch. The couple moved to the United States, where Shadrin was contacted by the KGB. He agreed to become a double agent for U.S. intelligence. In 1975 he was sent to meet with the KGB in Vienna, where he was abducted.

In addition to all these leads, Yurchenko told his CIA debriefers that the KGB considered the Navy spy ring headed by John A. Walker, Jr., the "most important" operation in its history, according to the sworn affidavit of Admiral William O. Studeman, the director of naval intelligence.*

After the excitement of his initial interrogations and disclosures, however, Yurchenko appeared gradually to become increasingly unhappy with his circumstances. What had prompted him to defect in the first place? Assuming he was a genuine defector, and most, although not all, U.S. experts believe he that he was, Yurchenko appeared to have mixed motives for breaking with the KGB.

He had risen to a high position in the KGB and had all the comforts and perquisites of that office, including the right to shop in special stores and other privileges reserved for the KGB, the military, and the Communist party elite.

But Yurchenko, according to one U.S. intelligence officer who participated in his debriefing, complained that the KGB was an unfair system. "He said there wasn't much room for independent action. The number one thing everyone does is CYA—cover your ass. He said the system had worn him down."

Yurchenko, the official said, also explained that advancement in the KGB depended less on merit and ability than on having a protector, or mentor, a higher-level officer who looked out for his protégé. In addition to his stated disillusion with the KGB, Yurchenko was escaping an unhappy domestic situation.

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*The Studeman affidavit was filed in federal court and made public on November 6, 1986, the day that Walker was sentenced to life in prison.

Every defector feels isolated, cut off from the society in which he was nurtured. Especially at first, these feelings of loss can be overwhelming. Often, as in Yurchenko's case, the defector has left behind his family. His friends, his roots, his people are thousands of miles away. He is alone in an alien culture. Even the strongest personalities find the adjustment extremely difficult.

Yurchenko was susceptible to these feelings. An emotional, volatile man, he missed his teenage son. The boy was sixteen, and he had problems with his schoolwork and his behavior. It was hard being so far away from him.

Early on, while Yurchenko was still in the safe house in northern Virginia near CIA headquarters and before he was moved south to Coventry, Phil Parker went to see him. Was there anything he needed? No. Was everything all right? Yes. If there is anything you need or want, Parker told him, don't hesitate to ask. "Yurchenko was a little nervous, I thought, but he seemed happy. There was no fear. There was no indication of his later discontent."

Anxious to please their prize defector, and to keep him working for U.S. intelligence, the CIA offered Yurchenko enormous sums of money and material rewards. The Russian later claimed he had been offered $1 million tax-free, beginning on November 1, and a lifetime annual salary of $62,500 a year that would triple with cost-of-living adjustments. The CIA, he claimed, also offered him all the furniture in the safe house in Coventry, valued, he said, at $48,000.

There was independent evidence, aside from Yurchenko's later statements, tending to confirm, in part, the claim about the safe house furniture. On August 19 a well-tailored gray-haired woman who identified herself as Katherine Shannon visited Powell's furniture store near Fredericksburg. She came alone and returned two days later with Yurchenko and two other men.

Dave Richardson, a bespectacled young salesman in the store, was flabbergasted when the foursome proceeded to buy a dining-room suite, three bedroom suites, a living-room suite, a color television set, and other items, adding up to $18,835. It was not every day that Powell's had that kind of sale. Shannon and her friends seemed to be willing to buy whatever the mustached man with the foreign accent wanted. According to Richardson, the woman selected most of the furniture, but Yurchenko chose his own bed, the TV set, and a writing desk.

"She told us it was for a place they would go for retreats," Richardson said. "I really didn't care. When someone is spending that much money, you don't ask a whole lot of questions." The furniture was delivered to the safe house five days later. It was paid for with a certified check, and the bill of sale was made out to an Arlington lawyer, Earl E. Shaffer.*

But the promise of riches beyond the dreams of most people and bedroom suites from Powell's did not, it appeared, make Yurchenko happy. He considered his CIA handlers insensitive and his guards goons.

Most of all, Yurchenko pined for Valentina Yereskovsky, an attractive woman with whom he had had an affair when they both were stationed in Washington in the late 1970's. At the time Yurchenko was in charge of security for the Soviet colony in Washington, and Yereskovsky was married to a Soviet diplomat in Washington, Alexander S. Yereskovsky. The couple was now stationed in Montreal.

Yurchenko pleaded for a chance to meet with Valentina. Perhaps he could persuade her to defect as well, and they would build a life together in the United States. The CIA could do it; surely it had the ability to slip him over the border into Canada to see her in a safe location.

Burt Gerber said he would think about it. It was an unusual request, and the Canadians would take some persuading. But nothing was impossible. Perhaps a rendezvous could be arranged.

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*I reached Earl Shaffer at his home in northern Virginia on September 14, 1987. The conversation went this way: Q. "It's about Mr. Yurchenko. Can you comment on why you were buying his furniture?" A. (in voice with a slight southern accent) "I have nothing to say." Q. "Are you employed by the CIA?" A. "It's none of your business." Q. "Well, information in books has to come from somewhere. Can you confirm you bought his furniture?" A. "I have no comment. I'm not confirming nothin', period."

22

Closing In

With Howard back in Santa Fe, Parker was ready to make his first move.

"On Wednesday night after my return from Vienna, I drove to Farmington, New Mexico, on a business trip," Howard said, "an LFC hearing on oil and gas. Thursday night the FBI calls me at my hotel. It's Bill Gillespie, the FBI man who had interviewed me early in the year about my dealings with Phil Troutman.

"He wants to talk to me again about the Troutman case. I thought it was funny. Why couldn't he wait two days until I got back?

"Looking back on it now, I think he just wanted to find out where I was. That call was the first funny thing. The Troutman trial had been over for three months."

By now Parker had moved the Gs into place in Santa Fe. The FBI's Special Support Group, or Gs, as they are often known within the bureau, are a special team of surveillance experts, trained to look like a variety of ordinary citizens. Little old ladies with shopping bags, bearded and beaded hippies, beer-belly good ol' boys in pickup trucks, street repair crews in yellow hard hats, young lovers kissing in the park—all may, in reality, be Gs on the job.*

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*The Gs are civil servants, not FBI agents, and earn lower pay than the agents. But all are trained in surveillance, photography, and communications. They are selected precisely because they don't re-

Even with the special team, however, the bureau had a problem in placing Howard under surveillance. The houses in El Dorado sit widely spaced in the desert, and any stranger approaching is immediately spotted by the residents and dogs. It was hardly the type of urban environment where the Gs operate best.

"The Gs were there," Parker confirmed. "They do dress up as repairmen or joggers, and we did some of that, but there are problems with it. You can't work on the same pothole for three days."

Bill Gillespie's house, only two houses down from Howard's, would have been an ideal observation post, of course, but unfortunately he had just sold it.*

By late August Howard had detected the first signs of surveillance. It was not surprising; one of the FBI's problems was that its target was a man it had trained to detect surveillance.

"I saw guys in baseball caps circling the house," Howard said. "They had no business there. I jumped in my Jeep and followed them. I drove out on a dirt road and stopped. I just stood still for fifteen minutes. It was at night, and a little plane was circling overhead. I assume he had an infrared device.

"I told Mary, 'I think I have surveillance.' She thought I was whacko. After that incident they were very discreet for three or four days, then more visible in September. I was beginning to question myself. Was it real, or was I only imagining the surveillance?"

Since Howard does not admit that he had passed secrets to the Soviets at that point, why did he think he was under surveillance? "I considered it had something to do with the agency. Maybe ten officers in the Soviet division were all under surveillance for some reason."

Howard assumed it was the FBI that had him under surveillance.

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semble typical FBI agents. The Gs were in place, looking like New York subway riders, when Soviet agent Gennadi Zakharov was arrested on a Queens subway platform on August 23, 1986.

*David Lovro, who bought Gillespie's house, said he moved in on August 4, which was the day before the case landed on Jim Geer's desk. "The FBI did not use my property for surveillance," Lovro said. "They did not ask to use the house."

"I bought a three-hundred-dollar scanner at Radio Shack in late August after the dirt road thing," he said, "to try to listen to the broadcasts and see who was after me. The Radio Shack guy gave me the frequencies for the New Mexico State Police. I thought, *Maybe their undercover unit thinks I'm dealing.*"

But Howard was never able to pick up the FBI. "They don't use those frequencies," he said ruefully. Disappointed, Howard returned the scanner to Radio Shack and got his money back.

On August 24 Howard paid his last visit to Dr. Dudelczyk and sent the bill, as usual, to the CIA accommodation address in Chantilly. The agency had financed a total of fifteen visits to the psychiatrist, over a period of eight months.

Around the time Howard had begun to suspect someone was following him, Phil Parker, too, got some disturbing news. He learned, for the first time, of Howard's September 1984 confession to the CIA that he had lingered near a Soviet embassy building in October 1983 and contemplated passing secrets to the Russians. The word came to him through the two agents from the Washington field office who had been working with the agency on the Howard case. Parker realized that the CIA had sat on the explosive confession for almost a year.

Parker is an even-tempered man, given to understatement. FBI counterintelligence agents are extremely reluctant to criticize the CIA, with which they must cooperate on myriad investigations. Moreover, Parker respected Gus Hathaway and had worked well with the agency's counterintelligence chief on other cases. Even so, he did not conceal his chagrin at the disclosure.

"It was not a pleasant discovery," he recalled. "I was disappointed. I was very upset that—for whatever reason—it fell through the cracks."

Gradually Parker learned the truth: how, first, the agency had kept silent when Howard was fired; how it said nothing about Howard's alarming calls to the Moscow embassy or the drunken confrontation with his ex-boss in the driveway of his home; and finally, most damning of all, how it had maintained silence over Howard's presence near a Soviet embassy building and his confession.

Asked why in particular Howard's admission to the CIA of the embassy incident had not been passed on to the FBI, Parker replied: "I think it's fair to say they thought they could handle it in-house and that they had a psychiatric string on Howard as well."

Historically CIA-FBI relations, in the words of the final report of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, have been "marked by turbulence." The lowest point came in 1970, when FBI Director Hoover actually ordered an end to "direct liaison" with the CIA. He did so over the bizarre case of Professor Thomas Riha, a Czech-born professor whose disappearance in 1969 from the University of Colorado has never been solved. Hoover clashed with CIA Director Richard M. Helms over the case and simply broke off all relations with the agency. Liaison was not restored until after Hoover's death in 1972.*

By the end of August Parker finally had his wiretap order from the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court. He did not get the FISA package out of the Justice Department as rapidly as he had hoped.

Even if it had come sooner, Jerry Brown, the sound man, would have had to move with caution in arranging the installation. The court order required the telephone company to facilitate the wiretap for the FBI. "Santa Fe is small," Parker said. "There was some question about who Howard's friends and acquaintances were. We couldn't take a chance that some phone company people might turn out to be friends or neighbors of Howard's."†

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*The CIA's chief of base in Denver, Michael M. Todorovich, was told by an FBI man that Riha was alive and well, an assurance that the CIA man passed on to the university's president, who promptly made a public statement that the missing professor was safe. Hoover went off like a rocket and demanded that Helms yield up the name of the talkative FBI agent. Todorovich refused to tell, and Hoover, like a head of state, broke off relations with Langley and recalled his ambassador, Sam J. Papich, who found his job eliminated after seventeen years as liaison man with the CIA.

†As it happened, both parents of Gina Jackson, a teenager who was the Howards' regular baby-sitter, worked for Mountain Bell and were neighbors at 43 Verano Loop. Larry Jackson was a systems technician, and Cherry Jackson, who knew Mary Howard, was a service representative.

By about September 1 the wiretap was in place in Howard's home. The FBI wiretappers were not set up at the telephone company headquarters but at another location. There is some evidence they were working out of a mobile van.

The FBI was not simply tape-recording Howard's conversations; because of the importance of the case, agents with headphones were listening. The wiretap law requires "minimization" of intrusion into privacy. In theory the FBI tappers were to record only those conversations that seemed relevant. But the agents would also note whether Howard was placing a call from home, a fact that would help confirm his location at that moment.

A telephone wiretap permits the government to eavesdrop on phone conversations but does not pick up room conversations within a house; that requires physical entry and the planting of a tiny transmitter, or bug. According to Parker, "there were too many problems getting in to place a microphone." Mary Howard and Lee were usually at home, or a baby-sitter was there.

Asked why Howard's office telephone was not tapped, Parker said there were technical and other problems. "There was some question about what we could do and limit it to Howard," he said. "With some rotor systems you can't limit a tap to one person. It was additionally sensitive because it was a state agency." Howard was frequently seen using a pay phone near his office in the lobby of the state capitol, but that telephone was not wiretapped by the FBI.

The "take" from the wiretap on Howard's home was in the form of written summaries, not verbatim transcripts. But Howard said nothing on the telephone that gave the listening agents any leads, let alone probable cause to arrest him.

"The target was a trained intelligence officer," Parker said. "I don't think anyone expected a smoking gun from the technical coverage, whether a mike or a telephone."

Even so, Parker considered the tesur not without value. "It was a matter of time before we were going to have to approach Howard," he said. "What we were doing with the tesur was to try to get as much information as possible, so when we sat down, we would have overwhelming knowledge of his activities, his personality, his strengths and weaknesses. So we would have the interview to our best advantage."

With the wiretap in place, Jerry Brown's crew listening in, the Gs working on the potholes, and the FBI maintaining ground and aerial surveillance of Howard, Parker was still frustrated. They were into September now, the division had had the case for almost a month, and the bureau was no closer to springing the trap on Howard.

That's when Parker learned about Bill Bosch.

The CIA did not volunteer Bosch's name to the FBI. Shockingly the agency was still stonewalling on the Howard case, weeks *after* Yurchenko's information had finally forced the agency's hand, leaving it no choice but to reveal Howard's identity to the bureau.

Even the most cursory internal inquiries by the CIA would have revealed that Bosch was Howard's closest friend in the agency. The CIA was well aware that the FBI would have had more than a passing interest in questioning Bosch.

Moreover, Bosch said that in March 1984 he had alerted Peter Ringland, his ex-father-in-law, about Howard. If that information was passed on, the CIA may well have known that Howard and Bosch met in New Orleans and that Howard had proposed that the two former CIA officers go together to the Soviet embassy in Mexico City.

It was not as though Bosch had never come to Langley's attention. Far from it. Because of Bosch's currency problems in Bolivia, the defaulted CIA car loan, and his frozen retirement funds, the agency had ample reason to know who Bill Bosch was. Yet the CIA remained silent.

Nor had Bosch himself come forward to report Howard's alarming conversation on South Padre Island. It was only two months earlier that Howard, according to Bosch, had shaken him by the shoulders, said, "I did it," and asked Bosch whether he wanted "five, ten, or fifteen thousand dollars."

The FBI found Bosch by going through Howard's long-distance toll calls. The bureau obtained Howard's telephone records, going as far back as possible. It went over the long-distance toll slips one by one to identify each person with whom Howard had spoken. The names were then checked against the FBI's own files.

Bosch's name, according to Parker, was probably in the FBI files because of an applicant investigation; at the time that Bosch had applied to the CIA in 1973, the agency would have asked the FBI for a name check. When Leffler and Crocker in the Soviet section under Parker discovered that William George Bosch had been an employee of the CIA, alarm bells went off at FBI headquarters.

"There was consternation that we hadn't been told about Bosch," Parker recalled.

The FBI tracked Bosch down to South Padre Island, but for the moment they did not dare approach him. Now that Parker had uncovered Bosch, he had a new dilemma. The former CIA officer obviously might be a very important witness in the case, but if Bosch was interviewed, Parker worried that he might tip off Howard. The Bosch interview was put on hold.

About September 14, Howard said, he got a call from Bosch. "Bill called, really down, and said he was two or three months behind in the rent. I said I don't have much but offered him five hundred dollars. He didn't accept it." The FBI agents listened to the call.

That same weekend Howard and his wife flew to Los Angeles and Seattle, en route to an oil and gas conference in San Francisco on Monday. The tension was running high inside the FBI, because it was Howard's first out-of-town trip since Gillespie had reached him in Farmington a month earlier. The FBI had the Howards under close surveillance throughout the trip.

In Seattle Howard rented a car for the weekend. The day after arriving in Seattle, Howard said, "we decided to go to a wilderness park. First we took a ferry across the sound." The Howards probably visited Point Defiance Zoo, a large wildlife park across Puget Sound. "In King County," Howard said, "the last seventeen miles, a plane started buzzing us. The plane was circling me all the way. I was always told the FBI used high-altitude surveillance, maybe five thousand feet. This guy was two hundred feet. He was so obvious it wasn't funny."

The Howards flew to San Francisco, and Howard, representing his legislative committee, attended the two-day conference. Then they flew back home.

Soon afterward Howard was in his car, driving in Santa Fe, when he looked in the rearview mirror and thought he saw someone familiar behind him. "He pulled over right beside me," Howard said.

There had not been much doubt after the airplane circling low overhead in Seattle. But now there could no longer be any question. Howard knew that face. "He was the same man I had seen on the plane to L.A."

In Brownsville, Texas, on Wednesday, September 18, Bosch was in the office of an apartment complex where he had formerly lived when he heard two men approach the front desk, asking questions about him. The men identified themselves as special agents of the FBI.

Bosch approached them and asked what they wanted. The agents asked how he spelled his name, Bosch said. "Then they said, 'Oh, the man we are looking for spells it differently.' " At the time Bosch was planning to return to South America to try to put together some real estate investments. "I thought the agency was using FBI credentials and wanted to stop me from leaving the country," Bosch said. "Wednesday night I called Ed and said, 'Goddamn, the agency is up to its old tricks.' "

In Washington that day Parker had already made up his mind. Howard was too shrewd to make a move. He must, by now, have assumed his telephone was tapped, and he had probably detected the surveillance. He knew from Bosch's telephone call, which the FBI had overheard, that agents were closing in on Bosch on South Padre Island. The time had come to approach Howard, to confront him as a spy.

There was a risk, of course. He might run. But by now Parker had an army of FBI agents deployed in Santa Fe. It would be almost impossible for Howard to slip through the net. The risk was minimal. And it would have to be taken because they weren't getting anywhere by waiting.

From Parker's fourth-floor office in the intelligence division at FBI headquarters in Washington, the order went out to the Albuquerque division: Howard was to be approached.

Tomorrow.

23

Confrontation

Parker decided they would need "Wags."

For the crucial confrontation with Howard he wanted the FBI's best interrogator. By universal agreement that was Michael J. Waguespack, a dark-haired, muscular man who had the reputation of being the bureau's most artful interviewer, an agent who could be friendly or tough as the situation demanded.

Waguespack had persuaded suspects to talk in a number of sensitive foreign counterintelligence cases.* He had already been flown in from San Diego and was waiting in the wings in Santa Fe. The other FBI agent selected for the approach to Howard was Jerry Brown. As the sound man he knew what was going on inside the Howard household and, presumably, would be best attuned to Howard's frame of mind.

It was now Thursday, September 19. The FBI booked a room at the Hilton of Santa Fe. They waited until Howard had returned to his office from lunch. Then Brown placed the call, got Howard, and identified himself as a special agent of the FBI.

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*He had, for example, interviewed Richard Craig Smith, a former army intelligence officer, who was accused of taking eleven thousand dollars from the Soviets to reveal Royal Miter, an army double-agent operation mounted against the KGB, and five other double-agent operations. Smith, who claimed that he was acting for the CIA, was acquitted by a federal grand jury in Alexandria in April 1986.

"Jerry Brown called at one-thirty P.M., right after lunch," Howard recounted, "and he said, 'We have something important to talk to you about.' I said OK. It was a ten-minute walk to the Hilton. I went up to the room. There were maps of Vienna on the table.

"Waguespack is sitting in a chair by the bed. Jerry Brown is by the window. I'm in the middle chair."

There was someone else waiting in the hotel room at the start of the meeting. Tom Mills had flown in from Langley. Howard had not seen him since the scene in Mills's driveway more than a year before. "Mills said, 'Ed, it's okay to tell these guys everything you know.' Then he left and came back in toward the end.

"Waguespack grabs the Washington *Post.* He shows me a story about Gordievski's defection." As Howard reconstructed the interview, it went like this, with Waguespack pointing to the *Post* story:

"Does this concern you?'

"No, why should it?"

"Because this man has fingered you as a Soviet agent. He has identified you as a CIA informant."*

"It's not true."

"Why don't you tell us everything and you can relax? We know you went to Austria last year, in September."

Howard was silent.

"We want you to take a polygraph."

"No way. The polygraph fucked me once before. I want to see a lawyer."

"We're going to talk to everybody," Howard claims the FBI

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*Word of Yurchenko's defection to the CIA had not yet leaked to the American press on September 19, as the FBI questioned Howard for the first time. But Gordievski's defection had been announced in London one week earlier on September 12, and several stories about him had appeared in the Washington *Post.* Thus, it is entirely possible that the FBI chose to tell Howard that he had been fingered by Gordievski, rather than by Yurchenko.

agents then warned him. "Your employer, your friends, even your little boy."

"I said, 'He's only two and a half.' "

A shouting match ensued, according to Howard.

"We know what you did."

"No!"

"You're lying!"

"You guys screwed up. Something serious happened someplace."

Howard stood up and started to leave. "They blocked my way. I said, 'What? Are you going to arrest me?' They said, 'No, but we'll talk to your boss. You have one day to get a lawyer and give us an answer about the polygraph.' "

Howard ran back to his office and called Mary. "I said, 'Babe, the most incredible thing has happened. The FBI says I'm a Soviet agent.' " Howard said he drove home, with FBI cars ahead of and behind him. Now that Howard had been approached, there was no longer any need for the FBI to try to conceal its presence. The agents switched to what the FBI calls "nondiscreet" surveillance.

As Howard arrived at his house on Verano Loop, he said, two FBI agents, a man and a woman, got out of a car and began questioning Mary, who was in the road, a short distance from the house. "I go in the house and call Morty Simon. He says break it off, don't talk to anyone." Howard jumped in his Jeep, drove to where Mary was talking to the agents, and told her the attorney had advised them to break off.

An hour later Dr. Dudelczyk called to say he had been visited by the FBI. "I said, 'They think I committed a crime. Can you prescribe a tranquilizer for me?' He did, and said not to worry. Mary and I drove to the pharmacy, picked up the tranquilizer, and drove home."

Meanwhile, FBI agents had gone to the state capitol and asked to see Phil Baca, Howard's boss. Baca was at a public hearing and reluctant to leave; but his aides said the FBI men were insistent, so he went back downstairs to meet with them.

"They said it was national security," Baca said. He remembered what Curtis Porter had told him, that Howard had been in the CIA. "They requested all his per diem travel records and all dates of sick leave and annual leave. They told me not to discuss it with him."

That evening Howard called Bill Bosch in Texas. "Don't worry," he told him. "They're not investigating you; they're after me."

Restless, Howard left his house at midnight to go for a walk. "Parked near Moya Road was a camper trailer I'd never seen before," he said. "When I waited there, I heard some movement from that trailer."

Howard had apparently stumbled on the FBI surveillance post. Although the bureau declined to discuss any aspect of its surveillance arrangements at the Howard home, it was learned that a trailer, equipped with television monitors, was indeed used to watch 108 Verano Loop. Hidden video cameras were trained on the house.

Howard, even more nervous now, walked home. With the help of the tranquilizer he fell asleep.

At 6:00 A.M. on Friday, September 20, Bill Bosch awoke to pounding on the door of his condo on the beach on South Padre Island. Special Agent William H. Koopman of the Albuquerque division and an FBI agent from San Antonio were at the door.

This time the agents did not pretend to be looking for anyone else. They asked to question Bosch, who invited them in. The two FBI men interviewed Bosch for about an hour and a half, asking general questions about his relationship with Ed Howard.

"They asked if I would take a polygraph," Bosch related. "I said yes. They set it up for Saturday, the next day."

When the FBI agents had left, Bosch drove to work in Brownsville. It was his last day on the job; he planned to leave for South America in ten days.

The same morning in Santa Fe Howard was up early to keep a breakfast date with two economists. As it happened, it was at the Hilton. Howard had to walk past several FBI agents in the lobby.

At the state capitol Phil Baca was getting edgy. The 8:30 A.M. staff briefing, to prepare the legislators for a 9:00 A.M. public hearing was about to begin, and Howard was uncharacteristically late. "It was almost eight-thirty, and Ed wasn't here yet," Baca said. "Ed was always on time. He finally came in at twenty-five after. He did a beautiful briefing on what a consultant would be telling the committee on the eighteen-month economic outlook. He had graphs. During the hearing some questions came up on the price of oil. He answered them and was completely calm."

In retrospect, Baca was amazed at how cool Howard was during the hearing. "It was sort of uncomfortable," Baca said, "because we were sitting elbow to elbow and I knew he was in trouble."

Around noon, while a vice-president of Citicorp was droning away, Howard tapped Baca on the arm and said he wanted to talk to him. They stepped into a nearby office. "Some federal officials may be asking you about a trip I took," Howard said. "Curt approved the trip, and it was sponsored by the DRI in Boston."

"I said, 'No problem,' " Baca recalled. "I didn't want to let on I knew anything."

Around 2:00 P.M. the hearing broke up, and Howard asked Baca for the afternoon off. Howard was due in Austin on Monday for a business meeting, and he briefly discussed his upcoming trip with Baca. He planned to leave Sunday and return on Tuesday, Howard told him.

Howard went to the bank and said he withdrew three hundred dollars in cash. He then walked a few blocks to Morton Simon's office. Simon told Howard he was not an expert on federal criminal law and gave him the name of Nancy Hollander, a lawyer in Albuquerque.

Howard drove back to El Dorado, picked up Mary, and at 4:00 P.M. they went together to the Safeway in Santa Fe. An FBI agent was trailing the Howards as they made their way past the vegetables and the frozen foods. Howard recognized the agent and went up to him.

"I want to see Jerry Brown," he said. Howard suggested they meet back at his house.

The agent, embarrassed, asked Howard how he had spotted him. Howard said he had seen him around. The FBI man then went to a telephone and came back in a few moments. "Mr. Brown wants to see you, but not at your house," the agent said. "Why don't you go over to the hotel right now?"

Howard agreed and had a second meeting with Brown and Waguespack at the Hilton. "I told him I would talk to the woman lawyer in Albuquerque," Howard said. "I said I would talk to her on Monday. And I said I would cancel my business trip."

The FBI agent was pleased. Howard seemed much more conciliatory than he had the day before. And Howard was willing to remain in Santa Fe; the bureau would not have to follow him to Austin.

That same afternoon in Moscow the KGB had an announcement. In June the Soviets had disclosed the detention and expulsion of Paul M. Stombaugh, Jr., one of Howard's successors in the CIA's Moscow station. But it had not revealed the name of his asset, Adolf G. Tolkachev. The TASS announcement read:

> The USSR State Security Committee has uncovered and arrested an agent of the U.S. secret service—A. G. Tolkachev, a staff member of one of Moscow's research institutes. The spy was caught in the act during an attempt to pass on secret materials of defense nature to Paul M. Stombaugh, an officer of the U.S. CIA, who acted under the cover of the second secretary of the U.S. embassy in Moscow.
>
> It has been established that the U.S. secret service provided Tolkachev with miniature cameras of a special design, by means of which he photographed secret documents, as well as with means of cryptography, codes and ciphers, quick-acting two-way communication radio apparatus, and other equipment for espionage work. Potent poisons which had been given to the spy by Americans were also seized from him.
>
> The contents of the instructions of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, discovered at Tolkachev's place, indicate that the use of him as a spy was linked with the CIA's plans to conduct large-scale subversive activities against the Soviet Union. The investigation is going on.

In Washington Parker received word of Jerry Brown's late-afternoon meeting with Howard and of Howard's apparent willingness now to cooperate with the FBI. Satisfied that things were moving well in Santa Fe, he drove to Norfolk to spend the weekend with his family. Lane Crocker would have the duty on Saturday.

In Santa Fe Howard drove home after the meeting with the FBI and talked with his wife some more. Thursday's approach to Howard by the FBI, Mary Howard said, "was the first I knew of any trouble." She added, "We did a lot of talking that weekend." She paused, thought a moment, and said, "In saying we did a lot of talking, I don't mean to imply that he told me he had committed espionage. We were talking about the FBI meetings with him."

Howard knew he would have to act. "I hadn't decided what to do," he said. "I walked around Verano Loop." It was dark by now, almost pitch-black in El Dorado. The Sangre de Cristo Mountains—the words in Spanish mean "blood of Christ"—loomed to the north, a dark and brooding presence in the desert.

"Friday night I couldn't sleep," Howard said. But a plan was beginning to take shape in his mind. He went back to the house to await the dawn.

24

Escape

Early on Saturday morning, September 21, Howard began making plans to escape. At that hour, he said, he had not yet made his final decision. But he thought it prudent to prepare a plan "just in case."

In the CIA's Denied Areas Operations Course Howard had learned to jump from a slowly moving car with Mary at the wheel. The maneuver had to be carried out at night, preferably with a dummy, and the jump point had to be selected with care. Right after a sharp turn was best.

At 9:00 A.M. the Howards drove into Santa Fe. "Saturday morning Mary and I drove around, looking for places to jump. We looked for escape points from nine to eleven-thirty A.M." Aware of FBI surveillance, the Howards stopped occasionally to make it appear that they were running normal Saturday morning errands. Howard found several jump spots that looked promising.

That same morning Kate Gallegos gathered up a bundle of clothes that her son, Jason, then four, had outgrown, put them in a shopping bag, and drove over to the Howards' house to leave them for Lee. "No one was home," Mrs. Gallegos said, "so I just set it inside the screen door." It was about 11:00 A.M.

The Howards returned to their house just before noon. Howard got out a map of Santa Fe and studied it, marking down all the jump points. The one that he finally selected was a spot almost a mile south of the capitol where Garcia Street curved sharply into Camino Corrales, just before the Old Santa Fe Trail. There was a house with some bushes right after the sharp turn.

By midday Howard had made up his mind. He asked Mary to come outside. "We walked outside to talk because I didn't know if they had a device. Lee was getting a fever that day. Mary said, 'Why don't you stay and fight this thing?'

"But they had a full deck. I was under probation in Santa Fe. I knew that they had the goods on me for that. I thought, *It's best to split.* All three trips to Europe were a violation of probation. They could put me in for nine years for that. I won't even survive one year in jail. I saw what it was like for one night. Terrible. Homosexuals, you're confined to one place. I knew I was probably going to jail anyway. I didn't want to spend one day in jail. Mary was against my going, but she didn't understand the whole thing.

"I told her I had to go. She was sad but said, 'It's you they're after; it's your decision.' So I prepared the dummy."

Howard had not been permitted to keep the jib, the jack-in-the-box dummy he had used at CIA, so he had to manufacture a makeshift dummy.

"Mary had a white Styrofoam head she used to put wigs on. I got a broomstick and cut it to a meter and took a coat hanger and wired it to the pole. For the hair I used a brown wig I had from my agency training. I had used the wig for disguise training and makeup."

The dummy would require some clothes as well. "I put a Calvin Klein field jacket on the dummy," Howard said, "a beige army-style field jacket I had bought in Tysons Corner."

Next, Howard put a blank cassette in a tape recorder, pushed the record button, and taped a message for Dr. Dudelczyk. He gave Mary detailed instructions on how and when to play the tape over the telephone. "I had talked to him Thursday about the tranquilizers. And I said on the tape I was still nervous and wanted to see him that week."

After selecting the jump site on the map, preparing the dummy, and making the tape recording, Howard gave Mary a final briefing. It was Edward Howard's last operation. Everything was ready.

Mary Howard was distraught. Her husband was leaving her, and she did not know when, if ever, she would see him again.

"Mary talked about the future," Howard said. "She tried to rest. She was very nervous."

Howard said he gathered together the three hundred dollars he had withdrawn from the bank, seven hundred dollars "that I had in a box in the house," and the ten thousand Swiss francs, which he said he also had in the house. In addition, he took his American Express card and his passport. With a smile he put one more item in his wallet: his TWA Getaway card.

It was midafternoon now, and there wasn't much time left.

At 3:00 P.M. Rosa Carlson got a telephone call from her friend and neighbor Mary Howard. The Carlsons lived only a block away, and the two women normally walked together at 7:00 A.M. each day, before Mrs. Carlson left for work at the travel agency she managed in Santa Fe.

The friendship had begun over a bottle of pisco. Ed Howard had heard that Mrs. Carlson was visiting her native Peru, where the Howards had lived, and he asked her to bring back a bottle of pisco, the national liqueur. Howard invited the Carlsons over and made everyone pisco sours. That was during the summer of 1984.

Now Mary was calling about a minor problem. As they had the same baby-sitter that day, would it be all right if the sitter walked over with Lee to the Carlsons and combined the two jobs? Mrs. Carlson said that would be fine.

Sometime during the afternoon Robert Gallegos picked up a message from Ed Howard on his answering machine, thanking his friends for the clothes that Kate had left. Howard said there was no need to call back; he would see Kate at the office on Monday. The message struck Gallegos as odd; he thought that Howard was supposed to be in Austin on Monday.

On South Padre Island late that afternoon two FBI agents came for William Bosch. One was William Koopman; the other, R. Dion Rankin, was a polygraph operator who had been flown in from headquarters. They took Bosch to the Bahia Mar Hotel. The interview began. After two hours of questioning, Bosch would be wired to the "box."

At 4:00 P.M. sixteen-year-old Gina Jackson arrived at the Howards' house in Santa Fe. A junior at St. Michael's High School, Gina Jackson was five feet six and brown-haired, with freckles on her nose and braces on her teeth. She was the Howards' regular baby-sitter.

"As I went through the house," Gina Jackson said, "I thought I heard two people talking. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a completely bald-headed person standing in the entranceway between the den and the living room."

Later, Gina said, "the FBI told me it wasn't two men talking; it was Ed Howard with a tape recorder and a dummy."

Mary Howard did not stop to chat with the sitter in her usual friendly manner. Instead, she led Gina and Lee directly out back to the patio. Mary seemed distracted. She did not provide the sitter with a phone number but told her the name of the restaurant, Alfonso's, where they were going to dinner.

Howard recounted the last moments in his house. "I remember holding Lee, and I said, 'Good-bye, be a good boy.' It was in front of Gina, so I couldn't show a lot of emotion. Lee started crying as I handed him to Gina. He was only two and a half, but he knew something was going on."

Mary slid shut the patio door, Gina said, leaving her and Lee outside. That struck her as unusual because normally they would have been left in the house. The Howards may have needed that moment to carry the dummy into the garage and hide it inside the car.

"We had to walk out and act normal in front of Gina," Howard said. "I was holding back tears. As soon as I got in the car in the garage, I knew I could let myself go a little bit. We got in the car, and my eyes were moist. I wiped my eyes with a handkerchief."

Mary Howard started up the engine. In a moment Gina Jackson heard the car pull out of the garage.

What happened next is baffling, an incredible human error combined with a failure in communication. Only one FBI surveillance agent was on duty, inside the trailer that was parked several hundred feet from the Howards' house. Other FBI agents were spread out in cars a few miles away, linked to the trailer by radio. Although it was 4:30 P.M. and broad daylight, the Howards drove away in their dark red 1979 Oldsmobile undetected.

How could it have happened?

The hapless FBI man was a "first office agent," a fairly new man for whom Albuquerque was his first field assignment. An FBI source tried to explain the error: "The surveillance agents were in cars down the road. A single lookout man was the key. I guess he may have had the phone tap, too. Obviously he missed him. Apparently he was looking on a monitor. There were problems with reflection and glare. The sun is very strong in the desert."

Edward Lee Howard, a major Soviet spy suspect, slipped away unseen by the FBI agent because of glare on a TV monitor? "More likely he never paid attention to the screen," the FBI man said. "He was close enough to look out at the house, so I'm not sure why he didn't look directly, visually, why he even relied on the screen."

Later agents of the FBI's inspection division investigated what may be the most embarrassing episode in the history of the bureau's counterespionage operations. They found that the trailer's log had no entry showing the Howards' departure. They never got a satisfactory explanation from the agent of why he had failed to see the Howards leave.

Ed and Mary Howard left El Dorado, turned left onto Route 285 for a short distance, and swung onto Interstate 25, heading northwest for Santa Fe. Other FBI agents were waiting in their cars at intervals along the way, out of sight of the highway. They were awaiting word by radio from the trailer to move out and follow the Howards.

The signal never came.

The Howards were blissfully unaware that through an incredible error, they had eluded the FBI's surveillance. As far as the FBI knew, they were still in their house on Verano Loop. They left the highway at the Old Santa Fe Trail and drove out past the art galleries on Canyon Road to Alfonso's, a white-pillared restaurant.*

"We ordered sandwiches and mushroom entrées," Howard said. "The conversation was trite and tense. I regret that now. I should have said more, but I was concentrating on the escape plan. I was operational."

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*Alfonso's is gone. In 1986 the name of the restaurant was changed to the Carriage Trade.

Howard does remember assuring Mary that he would not be gone long. "At dinner I said, 'Everything will be OK. I'll be gone a few weeks, months, maybe a even a year, babe. I've been confronted as a Soviet spy. But maybe things will change.'" She had nothing to worry about as far as the FBI was concerned, Howard told her. "They're after me."

Somewhere along the line during dinner, Howard claimed, he became aware that they had no visible surveillance. "It makes you more nervous when you don't know where they are," he said. "I've had old case officers tell me that."

Howard went to a phone. "I made a call home to Gina. Lee had a temperature. I was checking on him but also to let the FBI know where I was." Howard told the sitter he was calling from Alfonso's.

Gina reported that Lee was upset. "He cried the whole time," she recalled. "He'd never been like that before. He didn't stop crying for anything, screaming the whole time until we got to the Carlsons."

The FBI agent monitoring the tap, apparently the same agent in the trailer, heard the call from the restaurant. Now the FBI had a chance to recoup its error and reinstitute the surveillance.

"About ten minutes later a car pulls up and a guy comes into the bar," Howard said. "Mary said, 'I think that's our man.'"

Mary Howard was wrong. The FBI had not acted after Howard's phone call, compounding its earlier mistake. "That contributed to the problem," an FBI man agreed. "There was a misinterpretation about what was said by Howard in the call.* He would not elaborate, but perhaps the listening FBI agent, believing Howard to be at home, thought he was placing an *outgoing* call.

The Howards lingered over dinner, waiting for dark.

Around 6:00 P.M. Gina Jackson walked a block to the Carlsons with Lee. Rosa Carlson had already left for a party at her partner's house for twenty clients who had come back from trekking in the Andes; the party was to celebrate their return from Peru. Her husband, Gary Carlson, was still there with two houseguests when Gina arrived but left after ten minutes.

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*Phillip Parker confirmed that the FBI never caught up with the Howards at the restaurant or thereafter. "We didn't have him anytime that night," he said.

Gina watched while Lee and the two young Carlson boys, Zac and Jonathan, played with water and plastic toys in the bathtub. The three children were a handful.

At the restaurant Howard used his American Express card to pay the check. About 7:00 P.M. he and his wife left the restaurant. Howard disconnected the brake lights; he had learned that, too, in his CIA training.

"We got in the car. Mary kissed me. She said she loved me. I said I loved her. She was almost in tears. We drove away, south and west toward the Old Santa Fe Trail."

Mary Howard was at the wheel. She turned off Canyon Road onto Acequia Madre, then south on Garcia Street. They were getting closer to the jump point that Howard had marked on the map.

"The dummy was hidden on the front floor of the passenger seat, covered with my raincoat," Howard said. "I got the dummy in between us. Mary said, 'OK, we're here.' "

She was turning sharply onto Camino Corrales.

"I looked at her. She looked at me, a kind of frozen half second. Nothing was said. I popped up the dummy, and I jumped from the car. She did it perfect. Just like she was trained."

When Mary Howard arrived back home on Verano Loop around 7:20 P.M., the dummy was in the passenger seat in place of her husband.

The surveillance agent on duty in the trailer was surprised to see the Howards *returning* because they had not been seen leaving—surprised but immensely relieved, since they were together. Ed Howard seemed to be wearing a hat, but in the dark the FBI man could not be sure.

The automatic garage door opened, and Mary Howard drove inside. She drove out a few minutes later, alone. She arrived at the Carlsons' house at 7:30 P.M. to pick up Lee.

She came to the door, but by now Lee was having such a good time he didn't want to leave. "Let's go say good-bye to Daddy," Mary said. Gina Jackson did not give the remark any thought; perhaps Howard was going on a trip.

With Lee in the car, Mary Howard drove back the short distance to her house and into the garage. The surveillance agent dutifully logged them in.

Howard hit hard when he landed. The jump had not gone as well as it had in training. "I nearly broke my arm," Howard said. "It was blue for a week."

At the place Howard had chosen there was a house with bushes and a high fence. Howard barely had time to hide in the bushes when the people came out of the house. They passed very close to him as they walked by. It was after 7:00 P.M. and completely dark by now. "They didn't see me. They got into their car and drove off."

Howard, nursing his bruised arm, half jogged to his office in the capitol. It took him about ten minutes to get there. He knew there would be no one in the capitol at this hour on a Saturday night.

He let himself into his office, room 247, a modest-size room with a window, a desk, two chairs, and an IBM personal computer. Historic photos of New Mexico decorated the walls, and the bookcases were filled with red, leather-bound statutes of the state of New Mexico. Howard remained there briefly, then walked along the corridor that curves around the capitol to Phil Baca's office. He typed a short letter to the staff director, using the typewriter in Baca's outer office. He placed the letter, a handwritten note to Mary, and the keys to his office in an envelope, which he sealed and left on Baca's desk.

He hurried down the hill to the Inn at Loretto, where he caught the last Shuttlejack, the van to the Albuquerque airport. "The van stopped at the Hilton," Howard said. "I nearly panicked. The entire FBI surveillance team was staying at the Hilton. I knew there were ten to fifteen agents there."

Howard made it to the airport. He took the first flight out, which happened to be going to Tucson. He paid cash for his ticket, and by 9:10 P.M. he was aboard the plane. In a few moments he was winging his way southwest to Arizona, passing over the mountains near Reserve where he had learned to shoot rabbits as a boy.

He was no longer the hunter.

* * *

On Verano Loop Mary Howard, following her husband's instructions, took the tape recorder and held it to the mouthpiece of her telephone. She dialed Dr. Dudelczyk's office. Because it was the weekend, she got his answering machine, just as Howard had planned.

At the wiretap location a listening FBI agent adjusted his earphones, alert to the call. There was activity on the Howard's line. He would listen in "live."

Mary waited until Dr. Dudelczyk's voice had finished explaining that he wasn't in right now, but the caller could leave a message after the tone. At the beep she pressed the play button on the tape recorder. Howard's voice began speaking, asking to see the psychiatrist next week.

The listening FBI agent was reassured. Their target was still in the house and would be staying in town.

On South Padre Island Bill Bosch was finally talking. During the two-hour interview at the Bahia Mar, even before he was wired to the polygraph, he began to open up with Agents Koopman and Rankin.

For the first time Bosch told the FBI agents about Howard's proposal that the two men go to the Soviet embassy in Mexico City to "really do a job on the agency."

The FBI interrogators pressed Bosch hard. As close friends Bosch and Howard had talked about their work to each other; how much had Bosch revealed to Howard about CIA operations in Latin America?

Bosch told the FBI how, on the drive from New Orleans to Dallas and Santa Fe, he and Howard had taken turns describing the secrets they knew that, if revealed, could harm the agency. Bosch had talked about Latin America during the drive.

A former CIA official said Bosch, perhaps inadvertently, had revealed a good deal. "Bosch had worked on the Latin American desk at headquarters before he was sent to Bolivia, so he knew a lot," the former CIA officer said. "He knew names of agents and technical ops. If there was a tap or a penetration, Bosch would know about it. Bosch admitted to the FBI that he told Howard all this."

In his interview with the author Bosch denied that he ever gave Howard any detailed information about operations in Latin America. "Ed knew what job I had in Bolivia," he said. "He knew because he probably had access to that information in his job.* He knew what countries I was working on. But I never gave him specific information." Howard's suggestion that the two men go to the Soviet embassy in Mexico, described as "joking" by both Howard and Bosch, was taken seriously by the CIA and the FBI. "This was a proposal [by Howard] for an espionage partnership," the former CIA officer said. "It was a classic attempt to recruit a subagent." Bosch insisted he had never agreed to Howard's suggestions. But he provided more and more details to his interrogators.

It was early evening at the Bahia Mar now, and the story was tumbling out. The FBI agents turned to the events of the July Fourth weekend on South Padre Island. Bosch said he recounted Howard's "I did it" conversation, the reference to "hardball," and his friend's inquiry about whether Bosch would like five, ten, or fifteen thousand dollars. And he told the FBI of Howard's blunt question: "Do you want to work for me?"

The FBI asked Bosch whether he thought Howard's statements meant that Howard had met with the Soviets and given them information. "I told the FBI that's what he could have been referring to—the Soviets—but I'm not taking it seriously." Yet Bosch, by his own account, had been "scared" and "white as a sheet" at Howard's statements.

Bosch was shaken, as well, when the FBI informed him of an execution in the Soviet Union. "The FBI told me that within a day or two it would be announced that a Soviet helping the CIA was executed. It turned out to be Tolkachev. They didn't mention Tolkachev's name. But Ed told me in Washington, when we were in the agency together, Ed told me he had an agent who fit that description.

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*Although Bosch would not describe his work in Bolivia, his statement provided further evidence that his targets included Soviet intelligence officers stationed in La Paz under diplomatic cover; that would explain why Howard, in the Soviet division, would have had access to Bosch's operations.

It sounded like the guy Ed talked about. I knew it had to do with aircraft."

There was no secure phone line on South Padre Island, so even as Bosch was being questioned, the electrifying reports of his interrogation had to be driven three hundred miles to the FBI office in San Antonio, then teletyped to the intelligence division on the fourth floor of FBI headquarters.

Bosch was under pressure in the Bahia Mar. "They kept asking me about a case officer: Did Ed go to Vienna, did Ed meet with his Soviet case officer, did Ed receive money, did they pay for his trip? Ed did not tell me that, nor did I tell the FBI that."

Despite Bosch's denials, as previously noted, the FBI affidavit signed by Agent Martin Schwarz states that Bosch, identified as a confidential source, did say that Howard told him he "had met in Europe with the Soviets, gave them information, and had received cash. Howard told the confidential source the Soviets have paid for his trip to Europe in 1984 and Howard met his KGB contact while in Europe."

After two hours of interrogation, the agents wired Bosch to the polygraph machine. The questioning then went on for about another six hours.

With Bosch on the polygraph, the interview went over much of the same ground as before: what had Howard told him in New Orleans and on the July Fourth weekend. Then Bosch found the questions shifting toward him. "There were a lot of counterintelligence questions on the polygraph. The next thing I know there were a lot of questions about Bill Bosch committing espionage." The FBI had no evidence against Bosch, beyond his own statements to the bureau, and he was never charged with spying or any other crime.

The eight hours of questioning was taking its toll. "I became hysterical during the interrogation," Bosch said. "I hyperventilated, and he had to stop the polygraph."

But Bosch had talked. During the long interrogation he had provided the information that the FBI needed to seek the arrest of his best friend.

It was a day that Bosch would remember for another reason: September 21 was his thirty-seventh birthday.

Seventeen hundred miles away at FBI headquarters Lane Crocker, the unit chief in the Soviet section, studied the communications from the Bahia Mar. To Crocker and the other agents on duty that Saturday night, it appeared they might finally be getting closer to the evidence they needed. The next few hours would tell.

As the teletype reports of Bosch's questioning clattered in to headquarters, Crocker read them with mounting excitement. This was it. He placed a call to Parker in Norfolk.

It was after midnight in Washington, two hours later than in Santa Fe, before the FBI decided it now, at last, had probable cause to seek a warrant for the arrest of Edward Howard. It could not be obtained at that hour, on a weekend, but there was no reason to worry.

The lights had gone out at 108 Verano Loop. The surveillance was still in place in the desert, and the Howards were safely tucked away for the night.

25

Vanished

Late on Sunday afternoon Phil Baca paid an unexpected visit to his office in the state capitol; he had decided to go in for a while to catch up on his work and prepare for the Monday morning staff meeting.

On his desk he found an envelope and inside it, the brief typewritten letter from Ed Howard, along with the keys to the office and a smaller envelope addressed by hand to Mary Howard, which Baca did not open. The first letter said:

> Dear Phil,
>
> For personal reasons I hereby tender my resignation from my position with the committee effective immediately. Please process the appropriate paperwork and see that all balances due me (travel reimbursements, leave, salary, and my P.E.R.A. retirement) is given to my wife, Mary C. Howard. I hope someday to be able to explain this to you and the rest of the staff.
>
> Sincerely,
> Edward L. Howard.

In the darkened, empty capitol, a spooky place on a Sunday toward nightfall, Baca began to worry and listen for footsteps. "When I saw the letter, I figured he'd flown the coup," Baca said. "I thought, *Hell, I'm alone in this building.* He might be around somewhere, and I recalled the altercation he had had the previous year, that he was capable of using a weapon."

Baca decided to get out of the building. It was dusk, close to 7:00 P.M., when he left. He drove to his home nearby and called the FBI office in Santa Fe at 7:15 P.M. "I got an answering machine. It gave me the FBI number in Albuquerque." Dutifully Baca dialed Albuquerque and left a message saying Ed Howard had resigned.

The FBI was stunned at the news. A little after 8:00 P.M. Baca got a call from Agent David Bibb of the Santa Fe office, who asked if he could pick Baca up and return with him to Baca's office.

Other FBI agents rang the Howards' doorbell on Verano Loop and learned from Mary that Howard was gone.

Around 9:00 P.M., from his office, Baca reached Mary and told her he had a letter of resignation from her husband. "Her reaction was 'Ed had problems.' She did not indicate whether she was surprised. She was very noncommittal. I told her of the letter addressed to her, and we made arrangements for her to get the letter the next day. It's my understanding she made it available to the FBI."

The handwritten letter to Mary said, in part: "Well, I'm going and maybe I'll give them what they think I already gave them." The letter also instructed Mary to "sell the house, Jeep, etc., and move with one of our parents and be happy." Howard also told Mary to tell Lee that "I think of him and you each day until I die."

The letter added that "national security is like holding a royal flush in Santa Fe."

Since Mary Howard had helped her husband escape, driven the car when he jumped, arrived home with a dummy in the front seat, and played the tape recorder for the psychiatrist to fool the FBI, it was obvious that she was not learning the news of her husband's escape for the first time from the letter. It was also clear that there had been time for the Howards to discuss financial arrangements, such as selling the house and the Jeep, and where Mary might move.

It was plain, therefore, that Howard had written the letter to make it appear, if possible, that Mary had not participated in his escape. I asked Howard about that in Budapest. "Yes, the letter was to protect Mary," he said.

And the reference to national security and a royal flush, what did he mean by that? Howard indicated that he felt that if he were brought to trial in Santa Fe, he would not have much chance of being acquitted. There were a large number of defense-related and military installations in the area. The reference to a "royal flush," he said, meant that "people in Santa Fe jump up and salute if someone says national security."

Baca called Mary Howard a second time, around 9:30 P.M. on Sunday, to advise her that he needed her to sign a form in order to release the retirement pay. She agreed to meet with Baca in the morning. "It was a tough meeting," Baca said. "Mary was very emotional, and it affected me, too."

On Sunday night, as the FBI discovered that Howard had escaped, Parker was in his car, driving back from Norfolk to his apartment in the Maryland suburbs. He arrived around midnight after the four-hour trip, still unaware of what was happening in Santa Fe.

On Monday morning Parker walked into his office at FBI headquarters. An aide—Parker thinks it was Lane Crocker—told him that Howard had vanished.

"Oh, shit," Parker replied.

He immediately asked what was being done to find him. Steps had been taken on Sunday night to seal the borders, he was told, to the extent that could be done on a weekend. The airlines, international airports, and immigration and customs agents along the Canadian and Mexican borders had been alerted. All Soviet installations across the country—in Washington, New York, and San Francisco—were being watched. FBI attachés in embassies overseas were being notified to try to gain the cooperation of police in other countries. But so far no trace of Howard.*

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*It is, of course, a lot easier to intercept someone entering the country than leaving it. Only incoming passengers must show their passports to the Immigration and Naturalization Service. Airline ticket agents normally ask departing international travelers to show their passports, to make sure the passport matches the name on the ticket. For that reason the FBI alerted the airlines to look for Howard. "But you have to consider the massive numbers of people leaving the country," Parker said. "By the time we had alerted all the airlines, he was gone."

Parker was upset. He was sure that with a twenty-five-hour head start, Howard was already out of the country. They were too late. He knew it.

"It was a blow," he said, thinking back on that morning. He desperately wanted to get to Albuquerque to find out what had happened in the desert, but he was frustrated even in that. He had to leave for Boston in a few hours, to lecture the next morning at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts University. The topic was the espionage aspects of technology transfer. On Wednesday he was due in Las Vegas for an important FBI regional meeting on counterintelligence operations. It would be Thursday, Parker figured, before he could get to Albuquerque.

In Santa Fe United States Magistrate Sumner G. Buell issued a warrant for the arrest of Edward Lee Howard, charging him with violation of the espionage law.* The court papers were sealed.

The fact that Yurchenko was in the hands of the CIA, or that Edward Lee Howard, a former CIA officer, was suspected of espionage, had not yet leaked to the press. Nor was it known that Howard had been under surveillance in Santa Fe for more than a month and had slipped through the FBI's net and escaped.

On South Padre Island early Monday morning FBI agents were back at Bosch's condominium in a grim mood. "Monday the FBI comes screaming, and all of a sudden I'm being advised of my rights," Bosch said. "Ed couldn't be found. I was scared. There was a lot of pressure on me to cooperate or I'd be arrested.

"I gave them permission to search my apartment, and they did. They asked me if I would go to New Mexico. I volunteered to go and talk to Mary." The FBI arranged to fly Bosch to Albuquerque on Tuesday for further interrogation.

In Dallas Kenneth Howard was at work in his job at Texas Instruments when he got a call from Mary in New Mexico. The FBI was with her, she told him; they wanted to know if he knew where Ed was. He did not.

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*Howard was charged on September 23 with violating Title 18 of the United States Code, Section 794(c), which carries a maximum penalty of life imprisonment. On September 25, Judge Kaufman issued a bench warrant on a state charge of probation violation. A second federal warrant was issued on September 27, charging Howard with unlawful interstate flight in violation of the terms of his probation.

Kenneth Howard cooperated with the Dallas FBI office over many months thereafter, but he worried about his security clearance at Texas Instruments. Howard worked on classified projects for TI, including FLIR, an infrared radar system that allows jet fighter pilots to locate targets at night. As it turned out, he need not have worried; TI followed an enlightened policy and did not penalize Kenneth Howard because his son was an accused spy.

As soon as Howard fled, the FBI obtained search warrants for his home, two cars, and safe-deposit box. Armed with the search warrants, the FBI agents removed boxes of Howard's possessions and papers, even his baby pictures, Mary later complained to her father-in-law.

Mary Howard fairly quickly conceded to the FBI that she had helped her husband escape. To their chagrin, she explained how they had done it: the jump from the moving car; the dummy; the tape recorder. Only later did she learn that the FBI agent on surveillance duty had not seen them drive away from the house and that Howard's jump from the moving car was, as it turned out, unnecessary. No one was following them.*

In helping Howard escape, however, Mary Howard was completely in the clear because at the time Edward Howard was not yet a fugitive from justice. Howard jumped and vanished into the night on Saturday, September 21. It was not until Monday, September 23, more than thirty-six hours later, that a federal warrant was issued for his arrest as a spy.

The more serious question confronting the FBI was how much, if anything, Mary Howard knew about, or even participated in, any acts of espionage by her husband. The FBI began questioning her intensively for days, shuttling her back and forth between Santa Fe and Albuquerque.

On Tuesday, September 24, while Parker was lecturing at Tufts,

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*The dummy ruse was successful, however, because it fooled the FBI when Mary Howard drove back home and gave Howard a crucial, twenty-five-hour head start.

Bill Bosch was flown to Albuquerque. Once there he was interrogated and polygraphed again by the FBI. He is said to have provided even more details of how Howard admitted he had met with the Soviets, who had paid perhaps seventy-five hundred dollars for his trip to Europe. Once more he broke down. "The interrogation stopped when I went into hysterics," Bosch said.

Bosch was allowed to return to South Padre Island, but the FBI questioning continued. During an interrogation in his apartment, Bosch said, he told the FBI that he had tried to warn the agency through Peter Ringland. To try to prove his point, Bosch said he attempted to telephone Peter Ringland while he was being questioned by the FBI.

"I got Tanya," he said. " 'What's it about?' she asked. 'I need to talk to Peter about a conversation we had about Ed. You remember when I was talking to you about Ed.' Tanya acknowledged I did have a conversation with Peter and with her." Bosch said the FBI had taped the call to Tanya Ringland.

On Wednesday Parker flew to Las Vegas for the FBI meeting. To his dismay he learned that word of Vitaly Yurchenko's defection to the CIA had leaked to the press. The report, by the conservative columnist Ralph de Toledano, had appeared in that morning's Washington *Times.* Headquarters informed him that there was still no trace of Edward Lee Howard; he had not been seen in the United States or anywhere else. At his hotel Parker sent a suit to the cleaners, and they immediately lost it. His week was not going very smoothly.

On Thursday Parker finally made it to Albuquerque. As he met with the field agents and tried to sort out what had gone wrong, his wife, Jill, distraught, called from Norfolk.

Hurricane Gloria had hit the Virginia coast during the night and the water was rising rapidly outside their new riverfront home. The waves and howling, high winds were battering the deck, and the water was threatening to crash through the glass picture windows and inundate the house. Jill was there alone with their young daughter.

"I talked to Jill several times as the water was rising," Parker recalled. "It was sort of a helpless feeling."

The Albuquerque division was in turmoil. The FBI was still trying to piece together how it had happened, how Edward Howard had managed to slip through a small army of agents and vanish, why the lone lookout had failed to see the Howards drive away on his TV monitor, and how the communications mix-up had occurred, with carloads of agents waiting for a radio signal from the trailer that never came.

At that point the FBI still did not have all the answers to what had gone wrong. The bureau was busy as well, trying to pick up Howard's trail. Where had he gone?

It was Saturday before Parker got back to Norfolk. Gloria had passed through by now. The water had subsided at the last possible moment, and his family and the house were safe. But trees and limbs were down all around, and the wind was still blowing briskly. The place looked like a disaster area.

"I spent a lot of time that weekend thinking," Parker said. "Not so much about what had happened as how we could get him."

Parker longed to board the *Sea Ray* and go off by himself, to sort things out. It was too late for blues at the lower end of the Chesapeake, but the sea trout would be running.

He was out of luck. "I couldn't go," he said. "There were still small-craft advisories."

Landlocked, Parker spent the weekend cleaning up after the storm. The hurricane was over, but it had left a lot of debris.

26

Mary

"I didn't see him meet with people."

We had been talking for hours in a hotel suite at the Sheraton Midway in St. Paul. It was late in the afternoon, almost a year to the day since Howard had fled the country.

Mary Howard gave that answer when I asked what she knew about his spying for the Soviets.

In my interviews with her over a year's time I asked her point-blank many times whether she knew her husband had spied for Moscow. Her denials were always less than categorical.

"I don't have any knowledge he spied," she said. "I knew he was real dissatisfied." Perhaps by "no knowledge" she meant she had not observed any act of spying and had no *direct,* firsthand knowledge. Had he ever told her of his espionage activities?

"That's a tricky question," she said, and refused to elaborate. But did she think her husband had given secrets to the Soviets? "I don't want to say yes or no," she replied.

Then from what was she helping him escape? "The FBI had confronted him with the spy charges," she said, "and he felt he was in a no-win situation, that in a small community like Santa Fe, in an easily controlled environment, there was little chance that he would be acquitted."

I said it seemed to me that a wife would ask her husband, "Did you do it?" Mary Howard said she would not discuss that.

She did go so far as to say that sometime after lingering around the Soviet consulate in Washington, Howard told her about it and said that he had thought of going in and selling secrets to the Russians. "Ed mentioned the embassy contemplation," she said. "He did mention what he wanted to do."

Mary Howard, trained to work as a CIA spy in Moscow, had no difficulty living her cover, telling friends and neighbors that she was a State Department wife. At the same time, with her straight midwestern all-American background and strong religious roots, Mary Howard paradoxically came across as a woman uncomfortable with dissembling.

Mere knowledge of lawbreaking is not in itself a crime. Mary Howard, to the extent that she knew her husband had sold secrets to the Soviets, broke no law by remaining silent.

On the other hand, when Howard vanished, the FBI was very interested in learning what he might have told his wife because it might provide valuable leads to finding and prosecuting him. And of course, the FBI had to try to determine whether Mary Howard herself had assisted her husband in his espionage activities.

"There was a lot of discussion of possible prosecution of Mary Howard," Parker said, "possibly for conspiracy. But I opposed it, and so did others. It would have made us look a little silly. Here goes Howard, so we go for the wife."

Aside from these tactical considerations, the FBI had no evidence that Mary Howard had ever engaged in espionage. James Geer seemed to say as much. Asked whether the FBI had considered prosecuting Mary Howard, he replied, "It was not a case that has much prosecutive merit."

Howard had confided in Bill Bosch and offered him money and even proposed a trip to the Soviet embassy in Mexico. The FBI assumed that Howard might have been at least as forthright with his wife. Mary Howard was questioned intensively about what she knew and about what Howard had told her of his activities.

The FBI was adroit in its handling of Mary Howard. At first she resisted the interrogation and was reluctant to cooperate, according to FBI sources. But the bureau befriended her. Her husband had left, and she was alone with a small child. The FBI brought in Wendy Woskoff, an agent from Los Angeles. A petite, athletic woman with frosted blond hair, Woskoff managed to become very close to Mary Howard.

Yet the agents who dealt with Mary Howard were not simply being manipulative. Several of those who questioned her came to like her, to regard her as a decent person, and even to sympathize with the difficult position in which she found herself. At the same time they were never sure they were getting the whole story.

"Mary hated them at first, and then they became friends," said Rosa Carlson, who had come to know Mary Howard well on their daily morning walks. "On her birthday, I think, an FBI agent took her out to dinner, and they went dancing. Apparently he got in trouble for that. There was one agent she used to walk with, a woman. It may have been Wendy. Mary had established friendships with them. She knew their names and hobbies."

Mary Howard was in an almost impossible position, caught between loyalty to her husband and her country. She helped him escape. But there must have been, at least initially, anger as well at the man who had abandoned her with their young son and no assurance of when, if ever, he would return.

Trapped by these conflicting emotions and loyalties, undoubtedly worried as well about whether her new friends in the FBI might be trying to gather evidence against her as well as her husband, Mary Howard gradually began to share more information with the FBI.

Most of the time Mary Howard was questioned by the FBI in motels in Santa Fe. Soon after the questioning had begun, she agreed to take a polygraph, and did so, during an FBI interview at the High Mesa Inn.

Yurchenko had said that Howard met the KGB in Vienna in September 1984. The first break in the questioning came when Mary Howard admitted to the FBI that the Soviet Union had paid for her husband's trip to Europe. "She said he got money, that his trip was paid for by the Soviets, that he was reimbursed or even perhaps advanced money for the trip," an intelligence source said.

"She gave us corroboration he was a Soviet agent after he made his escape," said a former FBI official who worked on the case. "Her original story was he made trips for work or job seeking. She eventually admitted he met with the Soviets in Europe, in Austria; he gave information to the Soviets and was paid. She eventually came around." Other FBI sources confirmed this account.

The agents pressed Mary on Howard's first contact with the Soviets? How had he approached them without being detected by the FBI?

It was his CIA training again. As he told me in Budapest, Howard knew that the FBI, at least in 1983, had no coverage of the Soviet consulate on Phelps Place. He must have also known that tourists and businesspeople seeking visas often visit the consulate, to file their applications or pick up their completed visas. So walking in was easy, and the risk was low.

Howard left the note with the Russians, identifying himself as a disgruntled former CIA man. Mary knew; he had told her. At first the Soviets would have been extremely cautious, suspecting a provocation, a CIA trick. But eventually the Soviets took the risk; they got back in touch with Howard, or he recontacted them, probably before his trip to Europe in September 1984.

Where was the money? What Howard knew—the entire Moscow operation—was worth a great deal to the KGB. They must have paid many thousands of dollars. What did Howard do with it?

Reluctant at first to answer, Mary Howard could not turn back now. In a motel room in Santa Fe, she told the FBI the truth: Howard had a numbered bank account in Switzerland.

It was a joint account, she said. With Mary Howard.

He had set it up that way, he told her, so that she could get at it if anything happened to him. She provided the FBI with the account number and two signature cards that Howard had given to her to enable her to withdraw money from the account. But she had not done so.

She had not touched any of that stuff, Mary Howard told the FBI agents. "I didn't want anything to do with it," she said. "I didn't want to know about it. I didn't want to hear him; whenever he said anything, I would just turn it off."

She had not told anyone because she kept hoping he would change and stop. She said she had no bank statements showing how much money was in the Swiss account. She did not know.

The Swiss are extremely reluctant to lift the veil on numbered accounts, and Swiss banking secrecy laws are the strictest in the world.* A treaty with the United States does permit Washington to request information about persons under investigation or being tried for crimes. But the treaty does not apply to political offenses, and espionage falls into this category. Officially Washington could not approach the Swiss government to find out how much was in the account or even to verify that it still existed.

Armed with the account number, however, the FBI, probably through the CIA, made informal inquiries about the Howard numbered account. It was a very delicate matter since any disclosure about the bank account to the CIA would violate Swiss law.

Mary Howard had revealed the existence of the Swiss bank account about a week after her husband escaped. The FBI intelligence division got back word within two weeks that there was, at that time in mid-October, about $150,000 in the account.

But FBI officials were unable to pin down the money amount officially, as far as is known. Nor was there any way that Washington could, under the treaty, request that the money in the account be frozen. Howard may well have cleaned out the account when he was on the run in Europe. Certainly he could have done so once he reached Moscow.

The FBI agents were stunned at Mary Howard's revelation about the existence of the Swiss bank account. Was that it? Or did Howard have more Soviet money somewhere?

Yes, she told the FBI. There was something more.

He had hidden some of the money in a box and buried it in the desert.

Mary Howard made this startling disclosure while being questioned in a Santa Fe motel. It was about a week after Howard had vanished.

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*Under Clause 47(b) of the Swiss Banking Act, any bank officer or employee who reveals confidential information may be fined up to twenty thousand francs or imprisoned for up to six months.

The FBI did not know where Howard was; he might still be in the area, hoping to recover the contents. They would have to try to get there ahead of him.

Although it was late at night now, the agents insisted that Mary Howard lead them there immediately. Accompanied by four FBI agents, she did. One of the FBI men located a shovel, and the strange caravan headed out into the desert. They drove for about twenty minutes beyond the Howards' house on Verano Loop.

Then Mary told the agents to stop the car. They got out. Near a group of trees in a rocky area she pointed to a couple of rocks that marked the spot.

The agents began digging. They hit metal and pulled out an olive drab military-issue ammunition box. They unsnapped the latches. Mary Howard was sobbing.

It was almost midnight when they opened the box. The night was dark and moonless, and the desert air was chill under the stars as the group stared at what was inside the box.

Even by starlight, they could see the silver bars glinting, and the gold. There was U.S. currency as well, the silver bars, and a few gold Krugerrands.

When they counted the contents, they realized that Edward Lee Howard had just over ten thousand dollars in KGB treasure buried in the New Mexico desert.

27

On the Run

Howard spent Saturday night at the airport motel in Tucson. In his room he tried to change his appearance. "I put dye on my hair. It looked like hell. Made it a dirty blond color. I rinsed it out and went to bed.

"In the morning I walked to the airport. I didn't know where to go, north, east, west, or south. Finally I used my TWA Getaway card to buy a ticket to Copenhagen."

For the first leg Howard boarded TWA Flight 388, which left Tucson at 7:55 A.M. for John F. Kennedy International Airport in New York, with one stop in St. Louis. Howard took his seat, trying to look as inconspicuous as possible and, at all costs, to avoid attracting attention.

Suddenly passengers were craning their necks to get a look at the big, rawboned man who sat down in the empty seat next to Howard.

It was actor Lee Marvin.

"I asked him for his autograph," Howard said. Deciding to make the best of things, Howard struck up a conversation with Marvin. "I was reading *The Hunt for Red October,*" Howard recalled. "He had read it and said the author had a good source in the Navy."

Howard said he agreed that Tom Clancy must have had a good source.

"At St. Louis Lee moved up into the first-class section," Howard said.*

Flight 388 landed in St. Louis at 12:30 P.M., eight minutes ahead of schedule, departed for New York an hour later, and arrived at Kennedy at 5:16 P.M. Howard changed planes and boarded TWA Flight 730, which left New York at 6:26 P.M. for London.

Since Phil Baca, after discovering the letters on his desk, placed his first call to the FBI answering machine in Albuquerque at 7:15 P.M. local time, it was already 9:15 P.M. in New York when the bureau received its first hint that he might have fled. By then Edward Lee Howard was almost three hours into his transatlantic flight. The Styrofoam dummy, the CIA wig, and the broomstick had done their job.

Howard was in London before dawn. After a one-hour stopover and another change of planes at Heathrow, the flight took off for Copenhagen, where it arrived at 9:33 A.M. on Monday, September 23.

"In Copenhagen I stayed in transit and didn't go through customs. Three hours later I flew to Helsinki." Since TWA does not fly from Copenhagen to Helsinki, Howard said he used traveler's checks to pay for that leg. He said he did not recall when he had purchased the checks but told himself, "Get rid of them right away."

"In Helsinki I took a taxi to a hotel. I walked around, deciding what to do. That's when I went under. I knew right away I had to get a new passport."

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*Lee Marvin, sixty-three, died of a heart attack in Tucson on August 29, 1987, after I had interviewed Howard in Budapest but before I had a chance to ask the actor whether he recalled his seatmate on Flight 388 on September 22, 1985. However, Jim Mahoney, of Mahoney/Wasserman & Associates, Marvin's publicists, said the actor, who had a ranch near Tucson and lived there full time, often flew to New York from that city. Mahoney said he had no record of the flight because the actor customarily made his own travel arrangements.

Howard had kept his CIA diplomatic passport after he was fired from the agency, but on the trip to Helsinki he used his regular United States passport. By Monday, he knew, both passports were useless.

"I flew to Frankfurt," he said, "and in Munich I met some people and got a new passport. I knew a section of town, Schwabing, from my student days where the radicals hang out.

"I contacted some people in a disco, and they put me in touch with the people who sold me the passport. I paid almost two thousand dollars for it."

On October 2 *The New York Times* reported that federal agents were searching for Edward L. Howard, who had been identified as a Soviet spy as a result of information from a high-level KGB defector, Vitaly Yurchenko.* Later that day an amended criminal complaint, briefly outlining the charges against Howard, was filed in federal court in Albuquerque. The story became major news in the United States and abroad.

In Santa Fe Rosa Carlson was listening to the evening news on television. She picked up the phone and called her husband at his regular Tuesday night poker game. "Gary, you better listen to this," she said.

Lee Rosner, who had shared the house in Cali with Howard when they were both in the Peace Corps, was at Millie and Al's restaurant in Washington with some friends when he saw Howard's face flash on the television screen. His first thought was: *Ed won the Nobel Prize.*

In Washington Jim Lockwood picked up the Washington *Post* and saw the front-page story and the photograph of his jogging partner. "I was in a state of shock," he said. Lockwood had not even known his friend had worked for the CIA.

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*The story, by Washington correspondent Stephen Engelberg, was carried on page one and headlined EX-C.I.A. MAN REPORTEDLY SOUGHT IN SPY CASE.

On Scotch Haven Drive John Matejko also stared at his morning paper in disbelief. Later, when he thought back on it, he was chagrined. He concluded that on some of those weekends away the Howards must have been at the Farm. "They were training to be spies, and I was taking care of their dog."

If Howard was still in the West, as he claims, and not yet in the Soviet Union, the news stories and photographs of him increased the danger. There was now a chance he might be recognized, anywhere at any time.

The FBI did trace Howard as far as Helsinki. Within the bureau, opinion on where Howard went after that is divided. Phillip Parker was convinced that Howard went from Helsinki directly to the Soviet Union; nothing else was safe. James Geer believed Howard, because of his previous experience in Latin America, was hiding there.

Other FBI counterintelligence specialists tended to believe that Howard did not go immediately to the Soviet Union. "Howard had studied the Soviet Union," one expert said. "He knew what he faced in the Soviet Union and would not have decided so quickly. Maybe he flew to Helsinki to throw us off. He is smart enough. To make the FBI and the CIA *think* he went in. A way of buying time before making his decision to go in."

In the absence of any other evidence, there is Howard's account. With his fake United States passport, Howard said, he spent the next nine months traveling on two continents.

"After Helsinki," he said, "I was in Latin America and Canada under an assumed name. I was questioned by Canadian customs agents and almost arrested twice. Two women agents pulled me out of line in western Canada. No, I won't say where.

"I knew I could never go to anybody who knew me. I knew the FBI was searching for me. Back in the Peace Corps I had a Costa Rican girlfriend. I thought of going to her and then thought no. But I was in Costa Rica when I was on the run, and in Colombia. I went back to Buke and Cali for short periods.

"I taught English in Latin America," Howard said. "I got jobs in Europe. I was a man Friday to an executive—a combination chauffeur, butler. It was in northern Europe, that's all I want to say. On the run, I grew a beard."

If Howard had stashed $150,000 of the money he received from the Soviets in his numbered Swiss bank account, as the FBI believes, the picture of him acting as batman to an executive in northern Europe strains credulity. On the other hand, if he did bank that amount, he might not have had access to it while on the run. He could not be sure whether Mary had revealed the bank account to the FBI; if she had, it would be dangerous to go to the bank to withdraw the money.

"I called Mary in March of 1986 from Latin America. It was a bad connection. I asked her about her situation and said I was OK, and I was trying to find a country to live in. I called her in the morning, and by noon I was on my way out of the country, in case the call was traced."

Howard's mother, Mary J. Howard, said she remembered her son's call to his wife. "But they didn't know where he was calling from." In a telephone interview in July 1986, Howard's mother said she was sure that her phone was monitored. "The phone was ringing a lot, and there was no one there, and finally the man on the line said, 'I just want to make sure the trace is working. We have a trace on your phone.' "

Howard also said he gave a letter to a tourist addressed to his parents but meant for Mary as well. "This was around February of 1986. In June I sent a letter from Vienna, saying I was trying to find a place to live in peace."

Kenneth Howard remembered the letter from Vienna. It was addressed to Mary Howard, known as little Mary to avoid confusion with Howard's mother. "We called Mary, and she said to open it. He said in the letter he was OK, and he really hadn't done anything wrong and apologized for any hard feelings, and he loved us. He's still our son, and we love him very much. We sent the stamp and postmark to Mary because the FBI wants to know everything."

In June 1986, after nine months on the run, Edward Howard said, "I made my first contact with the Soviet government."

Nine months in hiding had taken its toll. "I was a nervous wreck.

You don't know what it's like. Every time there's a knock on the door you wonder, *Is it the FBI? An Interpol officer?*"

Howard said he walked into a Soviet embassy; it was clear he meant in Budapest.*

"They smiled and said, 'We know who you are. We wondered how long it would take.' "

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*Howard would say only that the embassy was in "an Eastern European country." But at other points in our conversations he mentioned more than once that Hungary was the easiest of the Communist countries to get into. "You can get visas at the airport, and from Finland and several other countries you don't need a visa." He also said he had never been in Poland and had been in Prague only once while a student in Munich. Partly by process of elimination, it became clear that the embassy he was talking about was the Soviet embassy in Budapest.

28

"Yes, Home!"

Late in September, about the time that Howard escaped, the CIA whisked Vitaly Yurchenko over the border into Canada to meet with his former lover, the wife of a Soviet diplomat in Montreal. The operation was closely coordinated with the Canadian Security and Intelligence Service (CSIS).

Yurchenko was flown in a lightplane to Burlington, Vermont, accompanied by two CIA agents, and from there driven over the border. The assignation was arranged at a safe location in either Montreal or Ottawa and guarded by both CIA agents and Canadian security forces.

Valentina Yereskovsky was the wife of the Soviet consul in Montreal, Alexander S. Yereskovsky. Her affair with Yurchenko had begun when the couple and Yurchenko were stationed in Washington in the late 1970's. The Yereskovskys had been transferred to Montreal late in 1979. She was a pediatrician with two children back in Moscow, an attractive ash blond woman of medium height, who wore designer sunglasses and stylish clothes.

The couple lived in a sixteenth-floor apartment on Drummond Street in an upscale neighborhood in Montreal. A neighbor, film producer Jean Boisvert, said the Yereskovskys seemed very close. "They take long walks arm in arm on weekends," he said. "They wear sporty, trendy clothes, leather jackets, and they are always together."

Mrs. Yereskovsky had traveled back to Moscow alone in the spring of 1985 and presumably had seen Yurchenko then, about five months earlier.

But Vitaly Yurchenko, top KGB official in charge of operations in Canada and the United States, had apparently looked a lot more attractive to Mrs. Yereskovsky than Vitaly Yurchenko, defector. Yurchenko sought to persuade her to join him as a defector, under the protection of the CIA. She spurned his efforts to resume their relationship, and Yurchenko, bitterly disappointed, was spirited out of Canada.

American counterintelligence officials think that Mrs. Yereskovsky's rejection of Yurchenko played an important part in his ultimate decision to escape from his CIA handlers and return to Moscow.

But Yurchenko was also unhappy with the series of sensational leaks in the American press about the information he was providing to the CIA's SE division and to the CI staff. Congress suspected the CIA was tooting its own horn with what Senator Daniel P. Moynihan, the New York Democrat, called "self-promotion." Within the intelligence community there was suspicion that some of the leaks were coming from the White House, which was being provided by the CIA with running accounts of Yurchenko's data. There were reports circulating in the intelligence world that William Casey had even sent videotapes of Yurchenko's debriefing over to the White House.

"After the Nosenko affair," one former CIA man said, "Dick Helms issued classified instructions on the care and handling of defectors, to make sure there would be no more abuses. They have twenty-four-hour visual and audio monitoring. So if someone yells torture, the agency can present the evidence that it didn't happen."

The old agency hand went on: "In this town, if you were *really* on the inside, the measure of whether you were truly in was whether you saw the Yurchenko tapes the next day. If you were lower on the pole, you saw the transcripts three days later. That's why they debriefed him in English. Because the guys in the White House don't speak Russian."

Whatever the source of the leaks, they were rampant. First the very fact that Yurchenko had defected and was in the hands of the CIA was leaked. Then came the story that he had named Edward Lee Howard as a KGB spy. Then, late in October, Yurchenko's statements about the Shadrin case were published. Yurchenko was allowed to watch television and read the newspapers. At each new disclosure in the press he became increasingly upset.

His stomach was bothering him as well. Yurchenko became convinced he was dying of cancer. The CIA, he later claimed, dressed him up in a white-haired wig, false eyebrows, and glasses and took him, posing as "Friedrich S. Hoffman," a Swiss millionaire, to see Dr. Samuel P. Harrington, a gastroenterologist with offices at 3301 New Mexico Avenue, in Northwest Washington. Yurchenko was diagnosed as having only an ulcer, nothing fatal.

Dr. Harrington said he did not recall treating Yurchenko-cum-Hoffman but added, "It is possible I did because I see a variety of patients from the State Department and the Defense Department."* He said he did not remember the CIA's contacting him to see a patient during the period that Yurchenko was in the United States.

Although Yurchenko may have worried less about his health after the visit to the doctor, his increasing discontent was not even assuaged by a private dinner with William Casey in the CIA director's office at Langley headquarters.

As Yurchenko later related the encounter, "I was told that I was going to meet with Mr. Casey, they spent two days preparing me for that meeting. . . . They were concerned that I was going to say more than I was supposed to, they were telling me that I must be polite, that I should be discussing political issues with him, that maybe I might not be happy about the circumstances I was in, but I was not supposed to show that I was protesting. . . . And they gave me drugs also several hours before that meeting with Mr. Casey, but a lesser amount of drugs than was usual. So I do remember that meeting, but everything seems to have happened as if in a fog.

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*"I did not see anyone under his name, Yurchenko," Dr. Harrington said. After checking his medical records, he called back and said, "I have never seen anyone named Friedrich Hoffman, under any variation of the spelling of the name." He also said that the published photographs of Yurchenko did not resemble anyone he had treated.

"I remember that I was brought to the main building of the CIA headquarters in Langley and that I was taken by elevator to the seventh floor to Mr. Casey's office. There was in the office, Mr. Gerber, one of Casey's deputies, and Charley Thompson [identified by Yurchenko as another CIA official]. . . . I was in a condition, obviously that was the point of the strongest effect of the drug, that when Mr. Casey entered the office I at first did not recognize him. For that reason, Mr. Thompson gave me push and said, 'Please say hello to Mr. Casey, this is Mr. Casey.' I rose, greeted him, and later we went to Mr. Casey's dining room."

On Saturday, November 2, Yurchenko said, he was taken on a shopping trip to a department store in Manassas, Virginia by his young CIA guard, whom he identified as Tom Hannah. When the CIA man left him alone momentarily, he telephoned the Soviet embassy, or so he claimed, and said he would try to make his way there.

That evening, Yurchenko persuaded his CIA keeper to take him to Georgetown. Two Soviet films were playing at the Biograph, and Yurchenko told the CIA man he wanted to hear Russian spoken again.* They could have dinner and take in the films.

What is known is that Yurchenko, accompanied by only one young CIA officer went to dinner in Georgetown at Au Pied de Cochon, a restaurant at the corner of Wisconsin and Dumbarton. While not noted for haute cuisine, the restaurant does have the virtue of being open twenty-four hours a day. From Yurchenko's point of view, it also had the virtue of being only a little more than a mile from the Soviet compound on upper Wisconsin Avenue. According to Yurchenko, his CIA guard was again Tom Hannah.

Au Pied de Cochon has a saloonlike atmosphere, with square white marble tables, banquettes in red leather, a brass rail, and an old, dark wooden bar running the length of the room. It was crowded on Saturday night.

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*The Russian-language films playing at the Biograph that night were *Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears,* which won the Oscar in 1980 for best foreign film, and *The Cranes Are Flying,* a 1958 antiwar movie.

According to published accounts attributed to "intelligence sources," Yurchenko asked his guard, "What would you do if I got up and walked out? Would you shoot me?"

"No, we don't treat defectors that way."

"I'll be back in fifteen or twenty minutes," Yurchenko replied. "If I'm not, it's not your fault."

And with that, Vitaly Yurchenko, probably the highest-ranking KGB official ever to fall into the hands of the CIA, left the restaurant and disappeared into the crowded Saturday night sidewalks of Georgetown.*

He hailed a taxi and within a few minutes was at the gates of the Soviet embassy compound. He identified himself and was let inside.

If Yurchenko's CIA guard had immediately telephoned the FBI, it is possible, although unlikely, that Yurchenko could have been intercepted. But the CIA man did not do so.

Norman Zigrossi, the head of the FBI's Washington field office at the time, said he got the news from his ASAC (assistant special agent in charge). Did the CIA call fast enough? "I don't recall the time frame," he said. "It was quickly, but not quick enough."

The FBI does not have regular surveillance of the Wisconsin Avenue compound, which houses a residential complex and a new, but unoccupied, Soviet embassy. As a result, it would have had to get agents in radio cars to the compound before Yurchenko's taxi arrived there.

"As soon as we heard that Yurchenko was gone," Zigrossi said, "we went to three Soviet installations in Washington, the embassy, the consulate, and the new building. We had forty to fifty people on the street. The ASAC ordered them out before he called me. But it was too late."

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*Yves Courbois, owner of Au Pied de Cochon, said business went up 25 percent after it became known that Yurchenko had dined there just before escaping from the CIA. Yurchenko's presence, he said, saved the restaurant from bankruptcy. In gratitude, he put up a brass plaque on the wall that reads: "Yurchenko Last Supper in the U.S.A. Saturday November 2, 1985." Bartender Dennis Walker said that the restaurant "also serves the Yurchenko Shooter in honor of Vitaly, consisting of equal parts Stolichnaya and Grand Marnier." The drink is four dollars a shot. "Tourists still buy them," Walker said.

There was consternation at the CIA when word of Yurchenko's escape spread through headquarters. Now, not only Edward Lee Howard but the Soviet official who had fingered him had managed to escape, Howard from the FBI and Yurchenko from the CIA. Langley, which had hooted at the FBI when Howard vanished into the desert, was silent.

So far no one on the outside knew what had happened, but at 4:00 P.M. Monday, Boris Malakhov, the press counselor of the Soviet embassy, called the Associated Press' State Department correspondent to announce that there would be a news conference at the Soviet compound at 5:30 P.M. with Vitaly Yurchenko.

The press conference was a mob scene. A nervous, highly agitated Yurchenko, sipping water, sat at a table covered in green felt cloth, flanked by Viktor Isakov, minister-counselor of the Soviet embassy, and Vitaly Churkin, the smooth, bespectacled second secretary. Yurchenko, wearing a gray striped suit and a polka-dotted gray tie, spoke alternately in Russian and accented English. He told a wildly improbable story of having been kidnapped in Rome, brought unconscious to the United States, drugged by the CIA, and held against his will.*

Did he reveal secrets to the CIA? "When I was drugged . . . I don't know what I was saying," Yurchenko replied. He railed against his CIA keepers, especially Colin Thompson, known as Mr. Charley, whom he called "my main torturer."

A reporter noted that Yurchenko was said to have provided the information that led to the identification of Edward Howard as a Soviet agent and that Howard had provided information that had led to the arrest of Tolkachev. "First time I recognize name Howard, Tolkachev, and so on and so on, from newspapers," Yurchenko said.

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*While the CIA certainly has the capability of kidnapping and drugging a Soviet agent, to do so would set off a war in which both sides would end up snatching each other's officers off the streets. Neither the CIA nor the KGB would find that to its advantage. "If anyone starts kidnapping, boy, do you get it back in your face," said Harry Rositzke, a former CIA officer who ran operations against the Soviets for many years.

Yurchenko complained at great length about his guards at CIA. "Because twenty-four hours, I even went, excuse me, when I was sleeping, they prohibited to even to close the door. Door should be closed, and next room was sitting such a fat, quiet, stupid—excuse me, nonemotional person who is following the order. Only following the orders. Sometimes I thought I was among crazy persons. . . . And if I try to close the door, he opened the door and [was] sitting [watching] TV."

Yurchenko grumbled that he was completely isolated, unable to use the telephone, forced to speak English, allowed no communication from his family. His guards were gorillas who allowed him no privacy.

He railed against the newspaper leaks, particularly the story about Shadrin, "that allegedly he was killed, and I asked . . . Gerber, aren't you ashamed? I will be taken to court, to the American court, when they had a suit against CIA . . . because it seems that I am going to be the only witness for that, and he told me, don't worry, we'll settle everything, the main thing is to influence people."

He told of his dinner with Casey, of the alleged one-million-dollar offer to remain in the United States, and rambled on about the insensitivity of his CIA guards. Vitaly Yurchenko clearly appeared agitated, and he was either one of the best actors ever to walk the Russian stage or a man truly in emotional turmoil. Anyone watching his performance that afternoon would probably be forced to conclude that he was a real defector who for various reasons had changed his mind.

He had, of course, every reason to be nervous, to fear for his future in the Soviet Union, unless he was a plant sent to embarrass U.S. intelligence. But his whole demeanor that day was of a man distraught, not a clever KGB plant dispatched to fool American counterintelligence.

The State Department said Yurchenko had defected to the American embassy in Rome voluntarily and had requested and been granted political asylum. Yurchenko could return to the Soviet Union if that action was "of his own choosing," the department added. "We will insist on a meeting with him in an environment free of Soviet coercion to satisfy ourselves about his real intentions."

At 6:07 P.M. the next day Yurchenko, at the center of a phalanx of Soviet officials, arrived at the State Department for the meeting. He emerged an hour later. A reporter shouted a question. Was he going back to the Soviet Union? Yurchenko clasped his hands over his head like a boxer and declared, "Yes, home!"

CIA officials quietly explained to reporters that in the wake of the mistreatment of defector Yuri Nosenko two decades before, the agency was bending over backward not to use improper methods in such cases. Yurchenko, they claimed, was guarded for his own protection but kept on a loose leash; he could not be restrained from redefecting to the Soviets.

Other intelligence specialists said that while this might be legally and technically true, the agency had seriously erred in allowing Yurchenko out with one inexperienced young guard and in taking him to Georgetown, so close to the Soviet compound.

On Wednesday, November 6, Yurchenko, carrying a bouquet of red roses, stepped from a Soviet embassy van at Dulles Airport. At 4:15 P.M. he boarded an Aeroflot Ilyushin jet for Moscow. On the steps of the plane ramp he turned and waved; the gesture was caught by television and still photographers and seen by millions of people. What the public did not know was that Yurchenko was waving to the two FBI agents from the Washington field office, both fluent in Russian, who had helped debrief him.

Was Yurchenko a true defector? U.S. counterintelligence experts are not unanimous in their assessment, but most think he was genuine.

James Geer, the head of FBI counterintelligence, said, "On balance we got more than he did. Oh, he knows who some of our people are. But we never assume that a defector will be here forever, and we don't reveal too much to them."

American counterintelligence officers considered the possibility that Yurchenko had been sent to the United States, not merely to embarrass the CIA but to protect a current senior mole inside the agency by giving away Howard, who had already left the CIA. But the theory cannot be proved, one reason that the world of counterintelligence has been called "a wilderness of mirrors." Where the reflections end and reality begins, nobody knows.

Counterintelligence officials acknowledge that Yurchenko appeared to have become discontent with his handlers. A former FBI counterintelligence agent put it bluntly: "Yurchenko went back because he got pissed off because everything he gave he read in the newspaper. That was one of the conditions he had set: he didn't want leaks."

Norman Zigrossi, the FBI official whose agents worked with Yurchenko, gave this assessment: "Overall his needs were not being met. He's a high official, lives a good life. He gives it all up to come here. Everything he'd anticipated collapses: the woman in Canada, and no one is taking care of him. He's depressed. He sees leaks—the fact that he is being held, Pelton, Howard, Shadrin—and slowly realizes he is a pawn in a bigger game; he is being used. The agency fronted him before he was even resettled. All of a sudden he's a public figure. He reads the papers. What does he think is going on?"

If Yurchenko was real, why did he leave, risking imprisonment or execution in the Soviet Union? The answers are speculative. One possibility is that Yurchenko reasoned that he could, by charging he had been kidnapped, become a propaganda showpiece for the Soviets, which might help ensure his safety. He may have hoped that Moscow would treat him well to demonstrate the folly of defecting and to encourage others to believe they could safely come home.

Donald F. B. Jameson, an old SE hand and vice-president of the Jamestown Foundation, which helps resettle defectors in the United States, said that in the past the KGB has sometimes sent out "phony defectors" to penetrate émigré groups or for other reasons. He cited one example, in which a fake defector was dispatched to test relations between two intelligence agencies. "A Soviet trade delegate defected in Manila in 1983 and was debriefed in Munich, where much of the regular debriefing went on, because the KGB said, 'Let's see how close Marcos is to Langley. Have him jump in the mouth in Manila and come out the ass in Munich.' "

But, Jameson said, there have been no phony defectors of top rank, which would appear to be further evidence that Yurchenko was real. "What was missing for Yurchenko was a case officer," Jameson said. "For any Russian, there has to be a *khozyain,* a boss to whom he can take problems. With Yurchenko, word came down to do whatever he wants. We don't want anything to go wrong. So they gave him a nice house, probably had a nice cook, but no *khozyain,* no case officer, and that is the only real essential. He said, 'Hey, I'm real unhappy. My wife has left me, my son is going to be kicked out of school, the woman in Montreal doesn't love me.' When that happens, a case officer says, 'OK, let's go to Hawaii.' You get him out of Washington.

"I understand the fellow who took him to the restaurant was a young security man who knew nothing about the Soviet Union. They ended up in Georgetown, near the embassy, because Yurchenko said, 'Let's go to a French restaurant.' 'I don't know any,' the kid says. 'Let's go to Au Pied de Cochon,' Yurchenko says. If the security man had said, 'Let's go to Chez Andrée in Alexandria,' the whole story might have had a different ending. The point is that the immediate situation is very important; it influences the outcome."

Two days after Yurchenko returned to Moscow, the CIA took the unusual step of issuing a three-page biography of the man who had, until he walked away, been its prize catch. The biography confirmed that Yurchenko had been the KGB official in charge of operations in the United States and Canada from April to July 1985, and it revealed that his previous job, for five years before that, had been unusually interesting. Yurchenko, the CIA said, had been chief of the Fifth Department of Directorate K, the counterintelligence directorate. His department was responsible for rooting out suspected spies inside the KGB; he also worked with defectors in the Soviet Union, including the British defectors Kim Philby and George Blake.

About the same time that the CIA was circulating the Yurchenko biography, the story of his tryst in Canada with Valentina Yereskovsky leaked to the press. "An outrageous, dirty lie," responded Consul General Alexander Yereskovsky in Montreal. "Dirty linen . . . unseemly," said Mrs. Yereskovsky, in a statement released by the consulate.*

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*On November 5, the day after Yurchenko surfaced in Soviet hands in Washington, Svetlana Dedkov, the forty-eight-year-old wife of a Soviet trading company official, plunged to her death from a twenty-seventh-floor window in Toronto. The police ruled her death a sui-

In Moscow, on November 14, Yurchenko held a press conference in which he said that William Casey's fly was unbuttoned when they dined together at Langley and that, among other tortures, his CIA captors had forced him to play golf, eat with them in expensive restaurants, and pick up the check. Asked about the Yereskovskys, however, he did not add his voice to the chorus of denials. He confirmed that he had known the couple in Washington. And he knew Valentina?

"That is a highly private matter," Yurchenko replied.*

There were others who were watching the Yurchenko drama unfold with more than casual interest.

In Santa Fe Mary Howard, reading that Yurchenko had gone back to the Soviet Union, hoped it might be safe for her husband to come home. After all, the government had just lost its original witness, the man who had triggered the investigation of Edward Howard.

But it was five months before she had a chance to suggest this to her husband. When Howard telephoned her from Latin America in March 1986, he said, "She kept saying Yurchenko had gone back. I said it didn't change anything. They are still trying to put me in jail."

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cide. Both Canadian and Soviet officials said it had no connection with Yurchenko or his visit to Canada.

*After the press conference Yurchenko dropped from public view until March 14, 1986, when he was shown on West German television in a brief sidewalk interview in Moscow. The interview took place shortly after reports in the West German press that Yurchenko had been executed. Reporter Lutz Lehmann, who claimed he had bumped into Yurchenko by chance, asked him, "Are you really Vitaly Yurchenko?" "Do I have to show you my passport?" Yurchenko replied. On August 9 Yurchenko was quoted in an interview in the newspaper *Moskovskaya Pravda.* "As you can see I am alive and well," the interview reported he said. "In March I started work in my old job." More than a year went by before there was any word of Yurchenko. Then, on September 20, 1987, *Izvestia* carried an interview quoting Yurchenko as mocking Western reports that he had been executed.

29

"We Screwed Up"

On Capitol Hill, when Howard's escape became known in October, there were immediate calls for congressional investigations in the House and Senate.

Senator David Durenberger, the Minnesota Republican who was chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, and Patrick J. Leahy of Vermont, the Democratic vice-chairman, announced that the Senate panel would conduct a detailed examination of the case.

Both the Senate and House intelligence committees did make limited inquiries into the Howard affair. The Senate panel held secret hearings at which Casey, Clair George, Hathaway, and Gerber all testified.

"We screwed up," CIA Director William Casey testified in secret session to the House Intelligence Committee.

But the CIA was not about to lay out in depth the alarming record of the Howard case for the congressional panels: his hiring despite a history of drug use and the waiver of the normal standards for CIA employment in such cases; his selection for Moscow despite the knowledge inside Langley of his alcohol problem; his abrupt dismissal; his bizarre embassy calls; the driveway confrontation; his confession of his lingering outside the Soviet consulate; the decision to pay for his psychiatrist after that confession in hopes of containing the damage in-house; the concealment of the case from the FBI for more than two years; the crucial delay by the CIA in identifying Howard, even after Yurchenko's disclosures, that permitted him to slip off to Vienna for a third time, unobserved by the FBI; and the failure to tell the bureau about Bill Bosch.

Heavily sanitized versions of this history were provided to the committees and touched on in brief testimony by agency officials in secret session. The House panel, headed by Democrat Lee H. Hamilton of Indiana, had a particularly difficult time getting a straight story from the agency about Howard's drug use. The CIA submitted conflicting information, first providing an extensive, detailed list of the drugs Howard had used, by year and type, then attempting to pull back and minimize his drug problem.

Neither committee issued a public report on the case, however. Months later, there were only brief references to Howard in separate, broader reports on U.S. counterintelligence issued by each panel.*

In a breakfast interview several months after Howard's escape I asked Senator Durenberger about the CIA's handling of the case. "Somebody's covering up," he said. "We'll never know the truth."

Perhaps one reason that the committees did not probe in greater depth was that the executive branch promised to conduct its own inquiries.

Two internal investigations of the Howard case were carried out at the CIA. The directorate of operations conducted its own secret study. Casey also ordered a report by the CIA's inspector general. There was an awkward problem, however. John Stein, the IG, had been the deputy director for operations when Howard was selected for the Moscow station and when he was dismissed; he could not very well conduct the internal investigation and write the report. Stein had to recuse himself and the task fell to his deputy, Carroll Hauver.

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*The intelligence committees also examined the Yurchenko affair. Acting CIA Director Robert M. Gates conceded to the Senate panel that there were "organizational deficiencies" in the handling of defectors. Henceforth, he said, "a single individual and a single organization" would manage defectors, with one case officer in charge, "so that a defector isn't facing a whole new set of people all the time and there is somebody there that he gets to know and that he can depend upon and that understands him and . . . can identify when he is going through a particular psychological crisis."

The CIA inspector general's report neatly sidestepped the question of why Howard, given his history of drug use, had ever been hired. The agency glossed over the whole question of drug use and why those standards had been waived when Howard was employed. Instead, the report emphasized that Howard had been dismissed when his problems were discovered.*

In addition, the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, a civilian group, investigated the Howard case and issued a report. A Harvard political scientist, James Q. Wilson, coordinated the inquiry with the assistance of the PFIAB staff. The classified report, which was not made public, sharply criticized both the CIA and the FBI for their handling of the case.

The report to the President also criticized what the advisory panel viewed as poor working relations between the CIA and the FBI. William Webster, then FBI director and later CIA director, wrote a letter to the President's intelligence board, assuring it that the FBI would take steps to improve its relations with the CIA.

At the working level in both agencies the critical report and the Webster letter rankled. "Sure, it broke down in this one case," an FBI man said. "But we had good relationships. Of course, when the Howard thing happened, our guys were pissed off. The agency guys were pissed when we lost the surveillance. Institutionally there are always going to be differences."

But the congressional committees, the CIA inspector general, and the President's advisory board did not want to face the unpleasant facts of the Howard case or to draw the obvious conclusion: enormous damage that might have been avoided was done to U.S. intelligence.

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*A House Intelligence Committee report released on February 4, 1987, faulted the CIA inspector general's report and observed that "curiously, CIA management focused more attention and action . . . on the manner by which Howard was fired . . . and gave relatively little attention to how he was hired in the first place. The extent of Howard's drug use was underplayed in this review."

Moreover, the disturbing truth was that the CIA never told the FBI about Howard. "It was Yurchenko who told the FBI," a former CIA officer said. "Perhaps the CIA would, in time, have told the FBI, but there's no way to know that. It was a joint interview with Yurchenko. The FBI guys came back from the interview and said there's a problem. The CIA had no choice at that point. The files on Howard were produced because the FBI asked for them."

The Senate Intelligence Committee report on counterintelligence, drastically watered down in negotiations with the CIA, came closest to pinpointing the trouble. "In the Edward Lee Howard case, CIA security officials failed to alert and involve the FBI in a timely fashion," the report said. The FBI, it added, should be told when employees with access to extremely sensitive information resign or are dismissed under circumstances that might create "motivations for espionage."

Privately William Casey acknowledged the obvious: the CIA's concealment of the case from the FBI even after Howard's confession about lingering outside a Soviet embassy building was clearly a mistake. That was a failure; his people didn't take it seriously enough.

In a free society even former CIA employees with rarefied clearances and sensitive access cannot be placed under surveillance or their telephones tapped on mere suspicion. The objectives of counterintelligence collide with the values of civil liberties in a democracy. No one would suggest that police state methods be employed against former case officers who fall under suspicion.

The argument might be made, therefore, that even if the CIA had informed the FBI when Howard was dismissed and at subsequent key points along the way, there would have been little that the bureau could have done to prevent his spying. FBI officials disagree with that thesis.

Certain steps could have been taken to check on Howard's activities. The standards for investigating a suspected agent of a foreign power are contained in guidelines, issued by the attorney general, that are themselves classified. These place restrictions on such techniques as car beepers, which are placed under bumpers to permit agents to tail someone, and mail covers, which allow the government to record the addresses on mail sent or received by a suspect. However, attorneys familiar with the secret guidelines say that they permit considerable latitude in cases where there is reason to believe espionage has been, or will be, committed.

Phil Parker said of Howard, for example, "Someone with his clearances and the information he had, we could do more with him than the average citizen. The guidelines would allow surveillance. There are two types of investigations: preliminary, which are very restricted in what you can do, and then a full. Or you can go right to a full."

Well before Howard confessed the consulate episode, the FBI, had it been told of his dismissal and subsequent erratic behavior, could have taken countermeasures that would not have involved direct surveillance of Howard. Parker said, "There were other things we could do. We could alert people who might see him, for example. We would let it be known that this person might be making contact with the Soviets at installations in this country. We would have a higher degree of alert for a specific person if he showed up in the vicinity. We could have checked travel records and done record checks of various kinds."

Another former FBI agent said that Howard's confession of loitering around a Soviet embassy building "would have been enough to put surveillance on him." Even if the CIA could defend its silence up to that point, once Howard had confessed, the agency's failure to notify the FBI was unconscionable.

Not only the CIA was at fault in the Howard affair, but the FBI also erred in that Howard was able to escape through a cordon of its agents in place in Santa Fe. The bureau lost Howard not once but twice on the night he escaped: it failed to see him leave his house and then did not reinstitute surveillance when it could have after his intercepted call from the restaurant.

Howard's escape appeared to be chiefly the fault of a single agent who did not see the couple drive away from their house. While conceding a mistake in "our on-the-scene operations," Geer called the escape an "aberration" and said he saw "no institutional weakness."

Nevertheless, both the CIA and the FBI took unannounced disciplinary action in the aftermath of the Howard case. Each agency reprimanded three officers.

The FBI issued reprimands to the young agent who was on duty in the trailer, to one supervisor, and to Rodney K. McHargue, the assistant special agent in charge of the Albuquerque division. Within the FBI it is traditional to discipline the ASAC when something goes wrong.

At the CIA three officers, all in SE division, were reprimanded, beginning with Thomas Mills, the Soviet branch chief. The brunt of the disciplinary action appeared to have fallen on Mills, who was Howard's boss and the one official who seemed to feel some concern about the agency's treatment of Howard.

"Mills was the fall guy," one CIA source said. "A letter of reprimand in the file virtually means you have no chance of an overseas assignment or promotion."

Gus Hathaway, the counterintelligence chief, and Burton Gerber, the chief of the Soviet division, both of whom played key roles in the mishandling of the Howard case, emerged unscathed.

"The three guys were called in by Clair George and given their letters of reprimand," the CIA source said. "Gus was not one of them. The agency felt he had taken appropriate action to get Howard a psychiatrist."

Phil Parker had much better luck in tracking down Yurchenko's other mole, the former employee of the National Security Agency who had come to the Soviet embassy in Washington in January 1980, at a time when Yurchenko was the KGB officer in charge of security for the SK, the Soviet colony.

The FBI had recorded the man's telephone call to the embassy at 2:30 P.M. on January 15:

> CALLER: OK, um, how? . . . Do I just ring the bell and someone lets me in? How do I get in?
> YURCHENKO: No, no, you'll enter through the gate directly.

CALLER: And, OK, they'll let me in?
YURCHENKO: Of course, no question.

Until Yurchenko revealed that the caller, who walked into the embassy soon after, had worked for the NSA, the FBI had not known where to look for the man. Yurchenko disclosed that the visitor had worked for the NSA and had given away Ivy Bells, the NSA's underwater wiretapping of Soviet communications, and other sensitive secrets. But he remembered him only by his KGB code name, Mr. Long. Yurchenko also provided a physical description of the walk-in and described the run-down house that he thought was near Beltsville.

The FBI pored through its tapes of telephone calls to the Soviet embassy and located the conversation. It began playing the tape for NSA employees, hoping that someone would recognize the voice. In mid-October an NSA employee said, "That's Ron Pelton."

On November 24, 1985, two FBI agents interviewed Ronald W. Pelton in an Annapolis motel. He confessed to extensive spying for the Soviets, including two trips to Vienna to meet with agents of the KGB. Just before midnight the agents arrested Pelton. His own statements were used to convict him at his trial six months later.*

A week after Pelton's arrest Victor B. Kenton, a Los Angeles criminal lawyer, got a call at his office in Century City from Bill Bosch. Kenton gave him an appointment.

A few days later Bosch drove up from Mission Viejo in his black

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*Pelton was arrested at the conclusion of the motel interview and tried in May 1986. A federal jury convicted him of espionage, and he was sentenced in December to life imprisonment. In addition to Ivy Bells, Pelton gave the Soviets information from a sixty-page "encyclopedia" on Soviet communications, called the Signal Parameters File, that he had authored while working for the NSA and other sensitive intelligence. He received a total of thirty-five thousand dollars from the Russians. The run-down house that Yurchenko remembered casing turned out to be in Bowie, seven miles from Beltsville, at 12203 Maycheck Lane. Neighbors recalled the driveway's being strewn with broken automobile parts.

911 Porsche and parked in the underground garage of Kenton's office on Santa Monica Boulevard.

"I'm being followed by the FBI," Bosch told the attorney.

Kenton, then thirty-seven, a dark-haired easterner who had earned his law degree in California, had heard statements like that before and was highly skeptical.

"Show me," Kenton said.

Bosch took him downstairs. "Sure enough," Kenton said, "there were three cars in the alley by the gas station next to the garage: a white Porsche and two sedans. Four guys in down jackets in the cars. I walked up to a car and said, 'I'm Victor Kenton, Mr. Bosch's lawyer.' "

"We're lawyers, too," one of the men replied.

Kenton scribbled down the numbers of the license plates. Uncertain whether the men in the down jackets were really FBI agents and alarmed for the safety of his new client, Kenton hauled Bosch back into the lobby and dialed 911. He read off the numbers of the license plates. "The Los Angeles Police Department said, 'There are no such plates.' So now I was sure they were FBI."

Kenton went back out, got the name of the agents' supervisor, Gary Auer, and called him the next day. The FBI man confirmed that Bosch was under surveillance, and he had a favor to ask. Would Bosch please not drive so fast? They had already had to rent the white Porsche to keep up with Bosch's black Porsche.*

The surveillance continued—at one point an FBI agent joined Bosch and Kenton for a hamburger at McDonald's—and in January Kenton wrote to both California senators and the Department of Justice to try to get the FBI agents to stop following Bosch. The surveillance, Kenton pointed out, was now in its fifth month, and Bosch had not been charged with a crime.

Auer had told Kenton that Bosch would not be arrested unless he tried to cross an international border. Finally Kenton told Auer that he planned to get a reporter from the Los Angeles *Times,* drive

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*When Bosch drove to California from South Padre Island that fall, the FBI, in a Plymouth, had a great deal of trouble keeping up with him.

Bosch to the airport, and put him on a plane to Acapulco. He assumed Bosch would then be arrested, at which point Kenton would file a suit against the FBI. "Five days later," Kenton said, "the agents disappeared, like Brigadoon."

The Justice Department had decided by that time that it had no grounds to prosecute Bosch for espionage. He was in the clear.

Edward Howard's spying was still unraveling the CIA's operations in Moscow. Paul Stombaugh, the CIA officer expelled by the Soviets, had been caught in June 1985, along with Howard's asset, Adolf Tolkachev.

On March 14, 1986, the Soviets announced the expulsion of another CIA officer, Michael Sellers. He was serving under diplomatic cover as a second secretary in the U.S. embassy in Moscow. Sellers was accused of spying and holding a clandestine meeting with a Soviet citizen.

On May 7 the KGB grabbed another CIA officer, Erik Sites, as he strolled along Malaya Priogovskaya Street to contact a Soviet asset. Sites was listed as a civilian employee of the defense attaché's office.

A lengthy account in *Izvestia* detailed operational procedures that would have sounded familiar to the Howards. The account said that Sites's wife, Ursula, was waiting by a car for her husband to return from the agent meeting.

According to the Soviet account, Sites carried a blue bag containing an electric razor with a secret compartment to conceal a miniature camera, "the size of a tube of toothpaste, designed for photographing secret documents." A vial of the type used for vitamins contained tablets that dissolved in water for secret writing. Sites also carried innocuous letters addressed to persons in Brookfield, Wisconsin, and Texas. Secret messages could be encoded between the lines of the letters in invisible ink. A message concealed inside a notebook asked the agent for information "about the tactical and technical characteristics of aircraft, the location and purpose of defense facilities, and the personnel working there." The message added: "We wish you a pleasant summer and await a meeting with you in the autumn."

The Soviet newspaper added dramatically:

> The passers-by and the inhabitants of the block who are sitting on the benches on this warm May evening hardly pay attention to him. Eric Sites is indistinguishable from a Muscovite: he wears jeans, a checked shirt, a zippered jacket and a cap bought in a Moscow shop. He carries the blue bag. . . . Sites looks nervously from side to side. It seems there is nothing suspicious. At exactly 21:15 a man appears carrying a rolled-up newspaper that is the sign. Sites approaches him, gives the password, he hears the answer, invites him to take a walk. . . . Caught red-handed, Sites stands there, deathly pale, as if thunderstruck.

Sites, too, was expelled. Reports circulated in Washington that two more CIA officers had been quietly ousted from Moscow.

The arrests and expulsions shattered the Moscow station. Other operations in the Soviet capital went bad, and the CIA concluded that all these had been betrayed by Howard.

There was one more blow to come. On October 22 TASS announced the outcome of the trial on charges of espionage of a former researcher, Adolf G. Tolkachev. A military tribunal had convicted him of "high treason in the form of spying."

The Moscow announcement described Tolkachev as "a staff worker of a Moscow research institute." The announcement added: "It was established in the course of the investigation that Tolkachev in pursuit of selfish ends and on account of his hostile attitude toward the Soviet state had maintained espionage contacts with U.S. intelligence agents who had been in Moscow under the guise of U.S. embassy personnel."

Tolkachev, the Soviets said, had been arrested by the KGB and "exposed as an agent of U.S. intelligence."

Tolkachev's appeal had been turned down, the news agency said, and he was executed.

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From Russia, with Love

When Howard walked into the Soviet embassy in Budapest in June 1986, he was, as he described it, a "nervous wreck" from his eight months on the run.

"They convinced me I would go to jail if I went back to the United States," Howard said. "After a week of discussions, in late June, they put me on a plane to Moscow."

His odyssey was over. Edward Lee Howard, by his account, had finally made it to Moscow. He arrived in the Soviet capital three years late, not as a CIA man but as a spy under the protection of the KGB. He was the first CIA officer ever to defect to the Soviet Union.

"In Moscow I got a hypo and tranquilizers," he said. "I was very nervous. They gave me a thorough physical. About a month later they discovered ulcers and prostate trouble."

Howard said he drank a lot at first. Did he consider himself an alcoholic? "I know that now I'm not. I know I had a drinking problem in Santa Fe. My definition of alcoholic is when alcohol causes problems in my life. Maybe in the past year four or five times I've had too much to drink. Mostly in the first four months.

"They gave me a Russian tutor. I was very scared when I first arrived. 'I can only stay awhile,' I said. 'I've got to go back and get my wife.' They said, 'Your wife is probably under control.' The

Soviets worked hard on my wife to come. They sent her a letter saying she and Lee could go back [to the United States] if they came."

The FBI, Howard claimed, had warned Mary it might be risky to try to visit him in Moscow. "The KGB man in Greece defected to the United States with his mistress and son, and his wife wants the son back. The FBI warned Mary they [the Soviets] might try to swap her for the kid from Greece."*

After the medical exam, Howard recounted, "they said we have to make your presence official." On August 5, 1986, Howard called his wife, who had moved from Santa Fe to the St. Paul area, and told her to expect an announcement shortly. "I told her where I was and that I wanted to see her and Lee. She said it would take a few days to make the arrangements."

The same day Howard telephoned his parents in Garland, Texas, and told them to expect an announcement from Moscow. He asked his parents to visit him, but Kenneth Howard said he would postpone any trip until he retired in about six years; he explained he did not want to jeopardize his security clearance at Texas Instruments.

On August 7, almost a year after Howard had vanished in New Mexico, he was surfaced by the Russians in Moscow. TASS, the Soviet news agency, announced that Edward Lee Howard, "a former CIA officer," had been granted political asylum in the Soviet Union. The request was approved by the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, which acted on "humane considerations." Howard had asked to live in the Soviet Union, the announcement went on, because "he has to hide from U.S. secret services which unfoundedly persecute him."

A week later Howard called Mary again and asked when she was coming to Moscow. "She said she didn't think it was advisable just now, with the press, and the Justice Department."

When I first met Mary Howard in September 1986 in St. Paul, I had asked her about her plans for the future. We had been talking for hours, and near the end of the interview we stood by the window looking down at the courtyard of the Sheraton Midway. It was getting dark outside.

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*In May 1985 Sergei Bokhan, forty-nine, the deputy director in Athens of the GRU (Soviet military intelligence), defected to the West and was brought to Washington to be debriefed by the CIA. News reports at the time said that the Greek government had agreed to Soviet demands that Bokhan's wife and child be returned to Moscow.

"I plan to stay in this country," she said. "I came back to Minnesota because I like it here. I have good friends, since kindergarten."

"You've got to make some decisions," I said.

She nodded. "You can't have a marriage with one person in Moscow and one here."

On September 14, a little more than a month after the announcement in Moscow, Howard appeared on Soviet television, interviewed by journalist Genrikh Borovik. He had grown a mustache. In the interview Howard spoke in English for the most part, with Russian voice-over.* He described his background and CIA training and claimed: "I love my country and my people. I have never done anything which inflicted damage on Americans or jeopardized the security of my country." Howard said he had sought refuge in the Soviet Union because he was getting tired of life on the run. "One cannot hide from the CIA for the rest of one's life," he said.

It was Howard's only public appearance since he escaped from the FBI in New Mexico. He gave no other interviews until he met me in Budapest, and we talked intensively during six days in late June 1987.

The KGB treated Howard well in Moscow. He was, after all, the first CIA defector. He had provided important intelligence information to the KGB before fleeing the United States, and he was a continuing source of information about CIA operations, personnel, and procedures.

In Moscow Howard lives in an apartment a couple of blocks from the Arbat, a main avenue in the Soviet capital, and he has been given a dacha in the countryside. The apartment, spacious by Soviet stan-

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*Howard ended the TV appearance by speaking a few words in halting Russian to the Soviet people. "*Bolshoe spasibo* [thank you very much]," he said, continuing in Russian, "for the help which you have given me at a difficult moment. Many thanks to the Soviet people and to the Soviet state. You are very kind."

dards, is 88 square meters, or almost 950 square feet.* Howard lives on the second floor of the building, and there are three-star generals among the other tenants.

The dacha, Howard said, is "on the outskirts of Moscow. It's a brick dacha. It has two bedrooms, a living room, dining room, kitchen, and a small upstairs study. It's not very big. I don't need much. It is a little bigger than my house in New Mexico."

Howard gave me a color photograph of the interior of his dacha. It shows a living room furnished with two wide chairs and a couch. A stereo and two small speakers can be seen on a shelf above the couch, flanking framed color photographs of Mary and Lee. A wooden stairway leads up to the balcony that forms the study, which has a picture window.

On the back of the photograph Howard wrote: "My house outside of Moscow—the living room. Ed Howard 6/27/87."

At the dacha, Howard said, he grills shashlik.

Howard, who is dark-haired, compact, and a shade under five feet eleven inches, had lost twenty-five pounds from his weight in Santa Fe, partly because he had taken up smoking in the spring. He weighed 170 pounds when I interviewed him in Budapest, down from 195. He said several times that he planned to stop smoking.

In Moscow Howard keeps in shape by playing volleyball and tennis on KGB intramural teams at the Dinamo sports complex. "Dinamo is a sports club," Howard said. "The MVD [Soviet internal police] and the KGB have soccer and tennis teams. All the teams are KGB and MVD. I'm on the volleyball team."

He shops at special stores in Moscow. "They let me shop at the diplomatic store," he said.

"Don't you worry you might run into some Americans?"

"So what? I have a right to be there. I saw some marines at the store and almost joked, 'You guys ought to be careful who you take home to bed.' " But Howard said he did not say anything to the marines, nor did he reveal his identity to them.†

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*If the apartment were square, it would be approximately 31 feet by 31.

†Marine Sergeant Clayton J. Lonetree, the only U.S. marine in the Moscow embassy to be tried for espionage, claimed in his defense that

Howard goes to a Roman Catholic church behind the KGB headquarters in Dzerzhinsky Square every three or four weeks, he said. "I don't like it as well as the church in Budapest because in Moscow the mass is said in Russian. In Budapest it's in Latin, which I understand."*

In keeping with his importance to the Soviets, in Moscow Howard's welfare is personally supervised by the powerful number two official of the KGB and the head of its foreign operations, Vladimir Aleksandrovich Kryuchkov. A stolid-looking man of sixty-three, Kryuchkov, although little known in the West, is the deputy chairman of the KGB and chief of its First Chief Directorate, in charge of all foreign operations. As the official in charge of Soviet espionage all over the world he is one of the most powerful men in the Soviet Union.

Kryuchkov, who is an ethnic Russian born in Sverdlovsk, rose through the apparatus of the Communist party's Central Committee. He was in a construction unit during World War II, then worked his way up through the party machinery. By the 1950's he was managing Hungarian affairs for the Central Committee. In 1956 he was third secretary in Budapest when Yuri Andropov, the ambassador, helped crush the revolt in Hungary. When Andropov took over as chief of the KGB in 1967, Kryuchkov went into the KGB with him. He traveled a lot to Hungary for the KGB in the 1960's. By 1978 Kryuchkov was head of the KGB's First Chief Di-

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he had been dealing with the Soviets in the hope of capturing Edward Lee Howard and spiriting him out of Moscow to the United States. Lonetree was convicted on August 24, 1987, and sentenced to thirty years.

*I wrote to Howard after our meetings in Hungary, enclosing a map of Moscow and asking him to pinpoint the church he attended. He wrote back, enclosing the map and circling the spot. On the map he wrote: "Area of the Catholic church I attend. I don't know the name. It's the only one in Moscow that is active." He signed the map "EH." The Roman Catholic Church of St. Louis is located on Lubianka Malaya Street, behind KGB headquarters, close to the circle Howard drew for me on the map.

rectorate, and in March 1986 he was elected a full member of the Central Committee.*

Howard, who clearly considers himself a protégé of the KGB's deputy chairman, was enthusiastic in praise for his mentor. "I can't say enough about the man," he said. The KGB official "has been kind to me; he has taken me personally under his wing. He is very human."

Howard also seemed to admire Kryuchkov's political skills, the way he had maneuvered to become Andropov's protégé and risen through the party and KGB bureaucracy.

Kryuchkov, in turn, had good reason to treat Howard well and assure his comforts and perquisites. As the price of asylum in the Soviet Union, Howard was thoroughly debriefed, just as any defector would be in the United States. Whatever he had not previously revealed about the agency's operations in Moscow or about the CIA in general, he certainly told once he had arrived in the Soviet Union.

I asked Howard about the line in the letter to Mary that he left with Phil Baca: ". . . maybe I'll give them what they think I already gave them."

"Yes, that's what I said to Mary in the letter," he replied. Howard did not deny what it meant: he had been exhaustively debriefed by the KGB on everything he knew about the CIA, including the agency's Moscow operation, the assets, the communications plans.

"It's obvious," Howard conceded. "I can't say that. No comment."

How then, I asked, could he say on Soviet television that he had never done anything to harm his country?

"My dispute is with the CIA and, as a result, with the FBI. America is a very big country with all kinds of people and philosophies. I know now the mentality of CIA is just a minor portion of America. I still love my country, but with those institutions frankly I'm at war."

Howard was relieved to discover, during his interrogations in

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*Howard was reluctant to identify Kryuchkov by name but said that his patron was chief of the KGB's First Chief Directorate. Kryuchkov has held that position since 1978.

Moscow, that the KGB does not believe in polygraphs. At least, he realized, he would not have to go through that again.

Defectors, especially someone like Howard who served for only two and a half years in the CIA, are wrung dry and of little use to the host intelligence agency after a time. One way that Howard could be of continuing use to the KGB, however, would be to help identify CIA officers in Moscow and perhaps other stations. He certainly knew a great many of the people working in SE division and virtually all those in the Soviet branch.

Howard went over photographs of suspected CIA officers, identifying them to the KGB. He may even have gone out with KGB surveillance teams and identified American case officers on the street. Some evidence that he may have done so came up in the trial of Sergeant Lonetree.

Lonetree approached a CIA officer at a Christmas party in the U.S. embassy in Vienna in December 1986 and blurted out a tale of dealing with the Soviets in his previous eighteen-month tour in Moscow. In a subsequent interrogation by the CIA, Lonetree told how his love affair with Violette Seina, a young Soviet woman employed by the Moscow embassy, led to his meetings with "Uncle Sasha," a KGB agent named Alexi Yefimov.

"Uncle Sasha," Lonetree told the CIA man, brought up Howard's name and said that Howard was identifying agents on the streets in Moscow, had even walked up to them on the street. Lonetree told his CIA interviewer that he would be willing to go back to Moscow to try to lure Howard out of the Soviet Union.

"He offered to go back to Moscow and do whatever was necessary to bring Howard out in any kind of a game they wanted to play," Michael V. Stuhff, one of Lonetree's attorneys, told me. How would this have been accomplished? "Kidnap him or do something," Stuhff replied. The CIA politely declined the marine sergeant's offer.

In secret testimony at Lonetree's court-martial the CIA agent who had debriefed him confirmed the marine sergeant's account of what "Sasha" had said about Howard as well as Lonetree's offer to return to Moscow to lure Howard out.*

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*If Howard was identifying CIA officers in Moscow in person, however, it would seem more logical for him to do so with a surveillance

I asked Howard how he spent his days in Moscow, aside from answering questions put to him by the KGB. He spoke vaguely of economic work but said he had no office other than the study in his dacha. "The Soviets ask my opinion on gold bonds," he said. "They are big gold producers. Other countries float gold bond issues; they are interested in perhaps issuing gold bonds. I might be asked to do research on what other countries do."* He added: "They have gone to great lengths to see that I have something to do.

"I don't work for the KGB," he said. "The Soviet government takes care of me. I don't know whose budget it comes out of. You can draw your own conclusion. Yes, the KGB provides security. I've been granted political asylum, and they want to protect me."

Although Howard obviously spends a lot of time with the KGB, he said he had not met any other defectors, including Kim Philby, who was a Soviet mole while serving as chief of the Soviet branch of MI6, the British secret intelligence service.

Howard claimed that he does not do everything that "they" ask. "I was invited to the GDR [German Democratic Republic, or East Germany] on the fortieth anniversary of the CIA, to go on TV, and I said no."

Howard said he has traveled to Tbilisi, in Georgia, Estonia, Leningrad, and Kiev, "getting to know the country. The Soviets encouraged me to do this, to see and become familiar with the country."

In January 1987 Howard telephoned Mary in Minnesota, again asking her to visit him with Lee. "She made airplane reservations. Then, about two days before the flight, Mary called to tell me that an FBI counterintelligence man from Washington visited her and made her 'voluntarily' surrender hers and Lee's passports, citing

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team in a car than to walk up to anyone on the street; a personal encounter would only give away the fact that the CIA officer had been spotted by the KGB.

*If so, the research would not have kept Howard very busy. Ernest E. Keith, chief trader in gold-based investments for the Bank of Nova Scotia, in Toronto, said, "I do not know of any countries that deal in gold bonds, although France issued a gold-related bond in 1973 that comes due in 1988."

'national security.' The man told her, 'Give them to me now or we'll take them from you at your connection in Chicago.' "

That night, Howard said, he got drunk.

Mary Howard confirmed the story about the passports, although she told it with different nuances that made the episode sound a shade less coercive. The FBI, she said, "was so concerned about national security, and for Lee's and my safety, that they wanted to be sure we would not leave the USA. So they asked me to give them our passports, and we could get them back at a later date. It was voluntary; however, they said something about it being better to let the FBI have them then rather than at the airport in Chicago."

Mary Howard said she assumed the FBI "must have had a pretty good reason" to be so adamant, so "I gave them our passports."*

The following month I met with Mary Howard in St. Paul again. She said she had no plans to settle in Moscow with her husband, although "I still love him." She added: "I would be crazy to go over there. I don't think I would like it in Russia. I don't want to live in Russia. I like Minnesota." She paused and said, "I might go to visit."

She did. Early in March Mary Howard asked the FBI to return the passports, she said, "and they did so with no problems." At the end of April Mary and Lee flew to the Soviet capital.

Howard had not seen his wife and son for nineteen months. Lee

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*Under State Department regulations, the secretary of state can revoke or refuse to issue a passport on the ground that the travel would be likely to cause "serious damage to the national security or the foreign policy of the United States." The principle was upheld by the Supreme Court in 1981 in *Haig* v. *Agee.* The Court ruled that the government could revoke the passport of Philip Agee, the former CIA case officer whose writings, including a best-selling book, *Inside the Company: CIA Diary,* had exposed the names of CIA agents and operations overseas.

A spokesperson for the State Department's passport services office, citing privacy laws, would not say whether Mary Howard's passport had ever been revoked but added that such action would be "extremely rare." The FBI declined to comment when asked whether Mary Howard had surrendered her passport to the bureau, voluntarily or otherwise.

was two when Howard jumped from the car in Santa Fe; now he was four.

The trip was unpublicized, and the KGB made special security arrangements for the visit. Mary Howard did not get to see her husband's apartment or dacha. Instead, she said, "we were all together in a big guesthouse somewhere near Moscow."

They went to the Bolshoi, to the churches in the Kremlin. "We went to Lenin's tomb, and the Armory, and St. Basil's Cathedral. Also the Pushkin Museum. I was there on two holidays; there were banners out; it was nice and colorful."

Did they go out at night? I asked. "We went out once to a show in a hotel, where they had dancers, and to a restaurant and to the circus with Lee."

Mary sounded buoyant, no longer subdued as she had seemed in St. Paul when she spoke of the future. "You sound happy," I said.

"It was nice to be a family again," she replied. It was clear that Mary Howard was still in love with her husband.

"Did the trip give you any different thoughts about the future of your marriage?" I asked.

"We have to think about it a little more," she said. "I plan to go see him periodically."

Howard said he hoped his wife and son would visit "every few months." Would Mary come to Moscow to live? "No, because of Lee," he said. "She wants him to grow up in the States. And I do, too."

Howard said that he and Mary had traveled together to Leningrad and Budapest in May. "In Hungary we went to Lake Balaton and drove along the Danube."

Early in August Mary Howard and Lee returned to Budapest for another, much longer visit. Again the trip was unpublicized. The Howards traveled within Hungary and to Prague, but not to the Soviet Union.

Late in October the Howards wrote to me, two letters in the same envelope, mailed from Budapest. Mary would be leaving for the United States in a few days, Howard said. "Her home is in Minnesota with her family and friends. For us, these past two-and-a-half months have been a time of reflection and preparation for our futures. Although it is sad . . . we will go our separate paths."

Mary Howard struck much the same tone in her letter. "Lee, Ed and I have greatly enjoyed being together again as a close, loving family and I feel very sad to leave for Minnesota so soon, but it is returning 'home.' And even though we will be going our separate ways, the decision to do so will have been made under more normal circumstances."

One morning in mid-January 1988 Howard telephoned me at my office in Washington. Although the letters I had received seemed to suggest that their relationship had changed, he disclosed that Mary had been to see him again in Moscow, her third secret trip. "We're going to visit," he said. "She came over for Christmas."

And their marriage? "We're still married," he said. "We don't feel like getting a divorce. I hope I'll see her in the summer."

Why did Howard agree to see me, and why did the Soviets let him? Any answers are, of necessity, speculative. Mikhail Gorbachev's policy of *glasnost,* or openness, has been accompanied by a much more sophisticated understanding of public relations, and of public opinion in the West, by the Soviet leadership. The interview took place against this background.

Howard himself replied, "Yes, *glasnost* was a factor," when I asked why he and the Soviets had agreed to the interview. "My decision to see you was my decision," he insisted. Perhaps so, but obviously it had to be approved at a higher level.

Howard and, by extension, the KGB may have hoped to convince me that he was innocent of any espionage before he fled the United States. In this he failed. The evidence does not support him. As a fallback Howard must have hoped that by talking with me he would at least get his side of the story on the record. He would have a chance to describe the CIA's mishandling of his case and the abrupt manner in which he was dismissed.

There were two good reasons for Howard to insist during our interviews in Budapest that he never gave secrets to the Soviets until after he fled the United States, despite substantial evidence to the contrary. If he ever returned, however remote that possibility, any public confession of guilt might constitute evidence that could be used against him.

Furthermore, it would be to the advantage of the KGB, Howard's protectors, to keep the CIA and the FBI uncertain about how much Howard had revealed to the Soviets while he was still living in the United States. That is basic counterintelligence strategy: to make the damage assessment by the opposition more difficult by revealing as little as possible.

Howard had obviously cooperated fully with the KGB since arriving in the Soviet Union, but he would not acknowledge it in so many words:

> A. I'm not going to say that.
>
> Q. OK, you deny any espionage before arriving in Moscow, but not since. Isn't it a little like a hit man getting convicted for the wrong hit?
>
> A. I'm not going to say that and convict myself of espionage.

It was clear that anything Howard told me about CIA operations in Moscow he had already told the Soviets, and in greater detail. Yet at several points during the interviews Howard declined to discuss certain CIA procedures; he would not reveal the digraphs for Moscow cable traffic, for example. "I don't want to give away agency secrets," he said with a straight face; "it may come up on another charge against me."

I pressed Howard again about Tolkachev:

> Q. Was Tolkachev going to be one of your agents?
>
> A. I would go to a park, meet a guy, give the password; he would give his password. I don't know his name. I know his code name. The first time I read Tolkachev's name was in the American press.
>
> Q. But he [Tolkachev] could have been one of the agents you would have handled?
>
> A. Yes, he very well could be one of the assets I would have handled. . . . There was one person working on military electronics. Tolkachev could fit the description of a couple of people in the agents' reports I saw. A couple of people were giving us defense information.
>
> Q. You have been accused of betraying Tolkachev and causing his execution.

A. [in a very soft voice, eyes clouding over] I don't want to kill anybody. I wouldn't do that.

Q. You seem to be a very religious man. Doesn't the accusation that you betrayed an agent who was executed trouble you?

A. Yes, *because I don't believe I did that* [emphasis added].

Q. What do you mean, you "don't believe" you did that? If you didn't contact the Soviets until June of 1986, why is it a matter of belief?

A. [shrugs] OK, it's not possible.

That slip of the tongue was perhaps the closest Howard came in six days of interviews to admitting that he had spied before fleeing the United States. But there were other ways in which he edged close to the truth. "Tolkachev was arrested two years after I left the CIA," he said. "Why didn't they change the commo [communications] plan? Assume I met with the Soviets in September of 1984, why hadn't they changed the plan? If I did know all the assets, the commo plans would have changed."

Howard almost seemed to be saying that it wasn't his fault if the CIA had not changed its procedures for contacting agents.

"They [the KGB] did destroy the Moscow station," Howard said. "The Second Directorate knows what's going on.* It appears in the last couple of years they have rolled up four to five CIA case officers. Which means they did a fairly devastating job on Moscow station."

I asked Howard about Yurchenko. Why had he provided the information to the CIA that led to Howard?

"Yurchenko is full of shit," he replied.

What would Yurchenko's motive be in pointing to you? I asked.

"I don't believe he had all the facts," Howard answered. "Yurchenko is troubled. He splits from Moscow. He has to talk to the agency about something. So he gives them a spent asset [Pelton] and peripheral knowledge of 'Robert.' "

Q. You must have asked why he fingered you.

A. Yes, I asked about Yurchenko, but they won't say; but it's obvious they are not happy with what happened.

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*The KGB's Second Chief Directorate is in charge of the surveillance of diplomats, journalists, tourists, and other foreigners inside the Soviet Union.

Q. Have you ever met Yurchenko?

A. No. They showed me videotapes of his press conference. Since then through casual contacts, not official, I've been told he's alive, well, and working. I suspect he'll lead a quiet life. The FBI told Mary he was executed, but I have a friend who sees him in the [KGB] parking lot. I assume Yurchenko is OK as a demonstration that defectors can go home.

Q. Will Yurchenko ever get high-level work?

A. If we [the CIA] had an officer in a similar mess, he'd be given an administrative job.

Howard was very nervous at our first meeting on the Margitsziget. The first time we went to dinner he had obviously had a few too many beers before meeting me and had another with his meal. But he drank nothing but soft drinks or citrons on every other occasion and seemed entirely sober. "In Budapest," he noted, "one drink and you lose your driver's license and its a ten-thousand-forint fine."

Our working day usually began early in the morning, on a park bench on the island. We broke for lunch or a cool drink at an outdoor café and met for dinner several times.

As we walked through the park on the first day, we passed the ruins of a thirteenth-century Dominican convent. It reminded Howard that there are Roman ruins as well in Budapest. The city, he observed, was "the northernmost point of the Roman empire," the last barrier between the civilized world and the barbarians.

Howard, although permitted to talk to me, was on a tight leash. He said the first morning that he had been instructed to meet me only in public places, in case he had to yell for help.

Clearly the KGB was worried that my presence in Budapest might be part of a trap set by the CIA, Howard implied. "I trust you," Howard said, "but they don't know who you are." It seemed clear from later oblique remarks, that "they" were mid-level KGB officers who had accompanied him from Moscow to Budapest.

Once, when Howard was on the sun deck of the Thermal Hotel, I saw what appeared to be a security man on the roof, watching. Other than that I saw no overt signs of surveillance, no KGB men lurking in the bushes near our park bench. But it was obvious that Howard was reporting back each night on what he had discussed with me.

"They know I'm talking to you," he said. "They told me, 'Tell the truth, but don't hurt yourself.' "

As the week wore on, Howard gradually became more relaxed about our meetings. He said it was nice to talk English again to someone. On Saturday, and again on Monday, we met in my hotel room. Gone was the stricture on meeting only in public; his fears, or those of his control, that I had come to Budapest to kidnap him appeared to have dissipated.

I did notice, however that when we met in the hotel room, every hour he would go out on the balcony of the room. "To have a smoke," he said, lighting up another Marlboro. But I had the clear impression it was to show himself to his security, to demonstrate that he was in no danger.

I found Howard highly intelligent and easy to be with. I could see why his friends in the United States, almost without exception, found it difficult to believe he was a Soviet spy. He came across like the pleasant neighbor next door, the well-spoken young professional who would be glad to lend you charcoal for the barbecue grill if you ran out.

While Howard is very angry at the CIA, his feelings about the FBI are not as strong, although he seemed annoyed that the bureau had taken away his fuzz buster. "They still have my radar detector," he said bitterly.

He seemed to regard his escape from the FBI as the normal result of his training as an intelligence agent. Only once, very briefly, when he talked about the tape-recording ruse, did he gloat about having outwitted the federal agents. "To let the FBI know I was still around or make them think I was, I had Mary call the doctor in Santa Fe and have his recording talk to mine. I would have loved to see the look on their faces when they realized it was a tape."

Since Howard would not admit he had spied, that effectively blocked any questioning about his motives. But it seemed clear that the driving force was not ideology but revenge. No doubt the money was, or became, an important factor, but it is not likely that it impelled him to take the first step.

In six days of interviews only once did he sound blatantly like a party-line propagandist. "I was looking at the Bible this morning," he said. "John eight: thirty-two. I came across the quote that is in the CIA lobby. 'And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.' But they don't quote the first part. It says, 'Follow my word and ye shall know the truth. . . .' The agency doesn't follow in Jesus' word. Any agency that plots assassinations isn't following Jesus' word."

"But that didn't bother you when you were there," I observed.

"Some things started troubling me, even in training class," he said. "Tom Mills is a devout Catholic. I wonder how he can work on the Soviet desk and give agents L-pills [to commit suicide to avoid torture] to take if they are caught."

Subtly Howard is adapting to his new world. On Sunday, my fourth day in Budapest, we had planned to take a break; but he showed up unexpectedly at my hotel, and I invited him to dinner. At the Margitkert restaurant I asked casually, "What's going on the world? I haven't seen a paper." He leaned over the table, intense.

"Well, the big thing in this part of the world is the plenum. They're getting ready for a Central Committee meeting in Moscow." He said it in the same manner that an American back home might discuss an upcoming Democratic National Convention in an election year.

The next night Howard insisted on paying for dinner, our last. We went to the Kisbuda and sat in the garden. There were wandering violins and an accordion. I ordered black caviar. He talked about Tom Mills and the L-pills, how he had grown a beard on the run from the FBI, the virtues of the special stores in Moscow. The musicians were playing a schmaltzy song, and I realized it was "Somewhere My Love," from *Doctor Zhivago.*

The whole setting was surreal: sitting in a garden in Budapest with a KGB spy, listening to gypsy music, and discussing the fine points of whether the CIA's Soviet branch chief should provide his agents with suicide pills.

We parted after dinner and had a final meeting at the terrace café of the Thermal Hotel the next day. I told him that I had listened to him carefully for six days and took note of his denials, but I believed that he had passed secrets to the Soviets before fleeing from Santa Fe. There was too much evidence against him.

"If I were you," Howard said, "and listened to me and looked at all the evidence, I might come to the same conclusion, perhaps that is where I would come out, too, but it didn't happen."

"You're beyond the reach of U.S. law now," I reminded him. "You can tell me the truth."

"I could say it, but I don't want to, because I'm not responsible for those things," Howard replied. "It's a political battle. I crossed the line. I'm the first one from the agency to do it."

We talked some more, and then, in the late afternoon, we parted. We shook hands, and he slipped away, walking along the edge of the park. In a moment he was gone.

That night I went out on the balcony of my hotel room, wondering if the KGB was still watching. As darkness fell over the Danube, the lights were winking on across the river in the Buda hills. There was a soft haze in the summer air. I thought, *Tomorrow I'm going home, to the West. Howard will still be here in Budapest.*

I remembered something he had told me in the garden of the Kisbuda restaurant the night before. "When Mary came to Moscow in April," he said, "she was met. I sent roses since I couldn't go to the airport." For security reasons the KGB did not want him there. "They asked me if I would like to write something to go with the roses.

"So I wrote, 'From Russia, with Love.' "

Epilogue

The CIA always conducts a damage assessment in the aftermath of an important espionage disaster. Naturally the damage assessment in the Edward Lee Howard case is highly classified, not a publicly available document.

But Stansfield Turner, the director of the CIA during the Carter administration, has said that United States intelligence was "very badly hurt" by Howard, who had "very critical information about operations inside the Soviet Union."

Another intelligence official put it more bluntly:

"He wiped out Moscow station."

The House Intelligence Committee report concluded that the information Howard provided to the Soviets had "severely damaged U.S. intelligence collection capabilities."

Methods as well as sources were revealed. "There was not only compromise of ongoing operations but also compromise of techniques," one intelligence official said. "The MO in Moscow had been built up over many years and is very hard to duplicate.

"It wasn't just the human assets. It was far deeper than that. All the technical assets were rolled up. The damage was tremendous. He closed us down over there."

There is little reason to doubt these assessments. In the spring of

1987 the CIA was quietly suggesting that the marines in the U.S. embassy in Moscow, not Howard, had been responsible for compromising the agency's operations. It was to the agency's advantage to blame its troubles on the military rather than on a CIA officer.

But the most serious charges in the marine scandal were dropped. The marines did not have access to the highly sensitive, guarded details of the CIA's Moscow operations. Howard did.

He should never have been hired. He was, despite drug use and alcohol abuse, and then, incredibly, selected for SE and Moscow. His dismissal was handled abominably, and his firing and subsequent bizarre behavior went unreported to the FBI even after his confession. The massive cover-up inside the CIA lasted for more than two years and continued even after the FBI had entered the case. He got away, to the bureau's everlasting chagrin.

Edward Lee Howard, in the end, was a man caught between the superpowers. He changed sides, but did he escape? For Howard, there is no exit. He is a man who abandoned his homeland, who belongs nowhere, living in an alien culture, the future of his marriage uncertain.

He betrayed his country and must live with that knowledge for the rest of his days. But the agency, accountable only to itself, abused its power and the trust of the American people. The CIA was more interested in protecting its image than in catching a spy.

The FBI, its pride injured, wants him badly. Although the bureau would not say so publicly, Division 5 hoped that Mary Howard would not decide to join her husband permanently in Moscow. After her extended visit to Budapest in the summer and early autumn of 1987, and the decisions the Howard appear to have made, that seemed, for the moment, less likely. But the FBI still feared that with each trip, the couple might be drawing closer. There was less of a chance that Howard would ever return to the United States if his family was with him. And the FBI still hoped that, however unlikely it seemed, Howard might one day be brought to trial for espionage.

"The case," James Geer said grimly, "is still open."

Edward Lee Howard lives in Moscow, occasionally enjoying the relatively greater freedom of Budapest. His wife and son, as these words are written, are still in Minnesota. Bill Bosch lives in Southern

California and drives a Corvette. Phillip Parker retired from the FBI in May 1986 to his home in Norfolk, Virginia. He sold the *Sea Ray.*

"Joseph Addison," Howard told me in Budapest, "says that a man needs something to do, something to love, and something to hope for. They [the KGB] try to do that for me."

He worries a lot about being abducted by the CIA. "I have to worry that the agency might try to kidnap me. Every time I come to Budapest the agency salivates. It wouldn't take much—a hypodermic needle, throw me in the trunk of a car, and it's only two hours to the border."

He longs for chunky peanut butter and pizza. "I miss Skippy peanut butter, chunky style." Why not ask his wife to mail a jar? "When she was here, a friend in Moscow warned her the peanut butter might be poisoned by the CIA. My parents heard that, and now they won't mail me any food. I suppose there's only a one in five hundred chance [of being poisoned], but why risk it?

"I can't go back. If I did go back and I beat the espionage charges, I'd still go to jail for probation violation. I can build a good life here. I'm not going to give them the satisfaction of going back."

And then: "I guess the roulette wheel didn't turn so well for me.

"I think the biggest mistake of my life was leaving AID. I'd be overseas doing development projects.

"I have no intention of renouncing my U.S. citizenship. I love my country. I guess I'm just a lost American, maybe.

"Even though people here treat me well, I'd rather live a middle-class life and go to the PTA with my wife and son. I'd rather be with my people. But I've crossed the line. I'm trying to build a life."

He had called Minnesota the weekend I was in Budapest. "I talked to Lee and said, 'Lee, come over here and come fishing with me.' He said, 'Daddy, we have a dock here. You should come here.' I said, 'Maybe, someday.' "

Howard told me he had built model airplanes since he was ten. "In Santa Fe I flew gas-powered planes near the house. Lee would get excited. I was building one when I left. I had just started."

Maybe Lee would finish that plane when he was older, I said.

Howard said he hoped so. Suddenly he had a thought. "Maybe I'll buy him one. I think they have good ones in Czechoslovakia."

Author's Note

I was intrigued by the story of Edward Lee Howard, the CIA's first defector to Moscow, from the moment I learned he had vanished into the New Mexico desert on September 21, 1985. When, in the summer of 1986, *The New York Times Magazine* asked me to investigate the case, my interest grew to fascination as I acquired new details of the story. Gradually a portrait of Edward Lee Howard began to emerge, like a print in the developing tray of a darkroom. My article on the Howard case was published as the cover piece in *The New York Times Magazine* on November 2, 1986. This book followed.

There were still missing pieces in the emerging portrait. I needed to know what had happened behind the scenes, inside the CIA, during the Howard case. And how had the FBI managed to let its quarry slip from its hands? Vitaly Yurchenko, the enigmatic KGB officer, was obviously an important key to the story as well.

Researching any book about intelligence presents a substantial challenge. Most of the information sought is secret. Moreover, in this instance, the central figure, Edward Lee Howard, had disappeared, although he had surfaced in Moscow in August 1986, seemingly beyond reach. His wife, Mary Cedarleaf Howard, was living in seclusion somewhere in Minnesota, her phone number unlisted. She had not talked to the press or to any writer.

I began by trying to make contact with Mary Howard. At first I was able to obtain only a post office box number, and we exchanged letters. Then came a phone call, next a meeting in St. Paul. For more than a year I corresponded with Mary Howard and interviewed her seventeen times, including two lengthy, face-to-face meetings.

Often, in our talks, Mary Howard emphasized that it was really her husband's story; I should talk to him. That seemed impossible. In the history of the cold war the Soviets had never permitted a defector from an intelligence agency to be interviewed. Nor was it clear whether Howard himself would agree to talk.

It had to be tried. Early in January 1987 I wrote to the Soviet embassy in Washington, asking to interview Howard. I never received a reply to my letter. I later learned that it had been forwarded to Moscow and that Howard had been told of it. In April Mary Howard was preparing to fly to the Soviet Union with her young son to visit her husband. I asked her to put my request for an interview directly to Howard. Late in May, after Mary Howard had returned from Moscow, she said that Howard would contact me.

The telephone call came one morning in mid-June, from Budapest. Howard agreed to meet with me there and asked when I wanted to come. As soon as I can get a visa, I replied. Within a week I was secretly on my way to Budapest, accompanied by my nineteen-year-old son, Jonathan, a college student and an accomplished photographer. Howard telephoned me at the Thermal Hotel as agreed, and we met for thirty hours over six days in late June. Most of our meetings took place in the park on the Margit-sziget, the island in the middle of the Danube, but we also talked at restaurants, at outdoor cafés, and in my hotel room.

Jonathan was present at many of these interviews, and he took the pictures of Howard in Budapest that appear in the book. Jon's contribution to the book was invaluable, and I will always be grateful for his help. For that, and so many other reasons, this book is dedicated to Jon.

Many others deserve my thanks, first among them Robin G. Colucci, my enormously talented and resourceful research assistant, whose judgments at every step of the way were unfailingly accurate and deeply appreciated by me. Her enthusiasm and support were unflagging, and her advice exceptional.

More than two hundred people were interviewed for this book, some dozens of times, and I gratefully acknowledge their assistance. First, the principals in this story, beginning with Mary Howard. I appreciate the confidence she placed in me over many months, her patience with my questions, which must have seemed endless, and her role in arranging the meeting with her expatriate husband. Second, Edward Howard, the subject of this book. Whatever his motives for seeing me, he did. He answered every question I asked, no matter how personal or probing, and continued to do so with great patience even after I had made it plain to him that I did not believe all his answers.

I am grateful as well to Kenneth and Mary J. Howard, Howard's parents, who allowed me into their home and responded to my questions on numerous occasions. They struck me as decent Americans caught up in a nightmare not of their own making. Also to William G. Bosch, Howard's friend and confidant, who played a pivotal role in the story, and to his attorney, Victor B. Kenton, who arranged my meeting with Bosch.

This book could not have been written unless I'd had access to dozens of former and some present officials of the intelligence community, including the CIA and the FBI. Most of these men and women cannot be thanked by name, and many took risks in seeing me at all. I believe that the great majority of these individuals talked because they were persuaded of my seriousness of purpose and my desire to tell as balanced and complete a story as possible. I am grateful to all of them. They know who they are.

The CIA declined, more than once, to give any official help, although I was able to discuss the Howard case in two telephone conversations with William J. Casey, the director of the CIA, in September and early October 1986. I also talked with Admiral Stansfield Turner, who was the director of the CIA under President Carter. A former CIA officer, Donald F. B. Jameson, provided valuable insights into the psychology of defectors.

The FBI did give me some assistance, limited for the most part to three interviews with James H. Geer, head of the intelligence division. I greatly appreciate his willingness to discuss a case that the FBI still regards as open, and I am also grateful for the help of Lane M. Bonner, the special agent in charge of the FBI press office in Washington, his assistant, I. Ray McElhaney, and Norman A. Zigrossi, formerly head of the FBI's Washington field office.

My special thanks go to Phillip A. Parker, former deputy assistant director of the FBI's intelligence division, the man whose job it was to track down Edward Lee Howard and who came so close to succeeding.

Many of Howard's former friends, neighbors, and co-workers freely shared their time and recollections, as did several officials in Santa Fe. Their numbers are too great to mention all of them, but they include Philip M. Baca, staff director of the New Mexico Legislative Finance Committee, whose assistance was vital and much appreciated; his predecessor, Curtis R. Porter; Judge Bruce E. Kaufman; Nilda Pabon Balderston; Robert and Kate Gallegos; Rosa and Gary Carlson; Dennis Hazlett; Peter Hughes; Gina Jackson; James C. Lockwood; John J. Matejko; and Dr. Marco Ferroni.

Charles F. Ruff, Mark H. Lynch, Eric L. Richard; Laura W. S. Macklin, James Doyle, and Wallace J. Mlyniec of the Georgetown University Law Center helped me understand some of the legal complexities of the Howard case; all were generous with their assistance. So, too, was Michael V. Stuhff.

Many colleagues in the press took time to help, especially Andrew J. Glass, Washington bureau chief of the Cox Newspapers, and Thomas J. Moore, of the Knight-Ridder organization, both of whom initiated me into a higher level of computer literacy and counseled me in other valuable ways; Stuart H. Loory of the Cable News Network; Marino de Medici, the Washington correspondent of *Il Tempo* of Rome; Michael Evans, defense correspondent of the *Times* of London; Allan W. Cromley, senior correspondent of the *Daily Oklahoman;* and Kent Walz of the Albuquerque *Journal.* The editing skills of Alex Ward, Randall Rothenberg, and Edward J. Klein contributed greatly to the original piece in *The New York Times Magazine.* Daniel Wiedenkeller of Zurich provided generous and valuable research assistance in Switzerland.

It is always a privilege to work with Robert D. Loomis, vice-president and executive editor of Random House and my editor on this and five previous books. His support for this project, from the outset, was steadfast. So, too, was that of my friend and literary agent of thirty-seven years, Sterling Lord, whose wisdom and integrity are unmatched.

In writing this book, I benefited as well from the counsel of my son Christopher, who is working for a peaceful world in which spies, and nuclear weapons, would be unnecessary. Most of all, I acknowledge, with gratitude, the love, encouragement and understanding of my wife, Joan, during the long journey and considerable adventure that became the story of *The Spy Who Got Away.*

David Wise

Washington, D.C.
October 21, 1987

Index

Abbey, David, 97, 144, 152, 156
Abraham, Mike, 157*n*
Addison, Joseph, 269
Agee, Philip, 258*n*
Agency for International Development (AID), 27, 269
  Howard's service in, 27, 28, 38, 38*n*, 44, 57, 87, 95, 115, 155, 269
Aldhizer, Jay, 5, 6, 91
Alexandrov, Vladimir, 9, 9*n*, 10*n*, 177
Allen, Woody, 18
Ambler, Eric, 165, 166, 166*n*
Anaya, Toney, 150, 151*n*
Andreotti, Giulio, 10*n*, 177
Andropov, Yuri, 254, 255
Angleton, James Jesus, 16, 16*n*, 47
Apodaca, Jerry, 113*n*
Arendt, Douglas M., 43, 44
Arendt, Hannah, 54
Arendt, Kit, 50
Artamonov, Nikolai F., *see* Shadrin, Nicholas G.
Auer, Gary, 247
Avis, Dwight, 43, 95*n*

Baca, Philip M., 94, 95, 155, 156*n*, 170, 172, 176, 193, 194, 195, 205, 210, 211, 212, 224, 255, 274
Balderston, Nilda Pabon, 114, 115, 116, 274
Bauer, Fred, 30
Beary, John F., III, 77, 80
Berman, Neil, 115, 125, 128, 143
Beyrle, John, 89, 99, 101, 126
Bibb, David T., 174, 211
"Big Raya," *see* Raya
Blake, George, 238
Blee, David H., 92, 92*n*, 142, 143, 154
Boisvert, Jean, 229, 230
Bokhan, Sergei, 251*n*
Bond, James, 32, 108, 152
Bonner, Lane M., 274
Borovik, Genrikh, 252
Bosch, Victoria Ringland, 73, 104, 105, 121
Bosch, William George, 139, 145, 189, 194, 241, 273
  background of, 42, 104
  in Bolivia, 101, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 118, 121, 188, 207*n*
  and car loan, 107*n*, 108, 108*n*, 160, 188
  CIA career of, 42, 43, 72, 73, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 121
  and currency dispute, 106, 107, 188
  divorce of, 105
  extra-marital dating, 104, 105
  and FBI interrogation of, 121, 161, 162, 162*n*, 188, 189, 194, 200, 206, 207, 208, 209, 213, 215

Bosch, William George (*cont.*)
  and FBI surveillance of, 190, 246, 247, 247*n,* 248
  and Howard's attempts to recruit, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 161, 162, 163, 188, 207, 218
  and Howard's confession of spying, 161, 162, 163, 188, 207
  and Howard in New Orleans, 101, 102, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 128, 161, 163, 188
  and Howard on South Padre Island, 160, 161, 161*n,* 162, 163, 188
  interview with the author, 105, 162*n,* 207, 273
  in Latin American Division, 73, 206, 207
  leaves CIA, 101, 107, 108
  marriage to Victoria Ringland, 72, 73
Branon, William D., 171, 173, 174
Bryan, Patrick, M., 54*n*
Briggs, Charles A., 127
Bright, Alan G., 135
Brown, Gerald B. (Jerry), 134*n,* 174, 186, 188, 191, 192, 195, 196
Brush contacts, 66
Bucaramanga, 22, 26
Buckley, William F., Jr., 33
Budapest, 228, 228*n,* 250, 263
  Howard interviewed by author in, 1, 25, 26, 32, 86, 112, 131, 133*n,* 162, 174, 175, 211, 212, 220, 253, 255, 257, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 269, 272, 273
  Howard's visits to, 1, 254, 263, 264, 268
Buell, Sumner G., 213
Budwine, Robert, 177

Cali, Colombia, 26, 37, 225
Camp Peary, *see* the Farm
Carlson, Gary, 204, 225, 274
Carlson, Jonathan, 204
Carlson, Rosa, 200, 203, 204, 219, 225, 274
Carlson, Zac, 204
Carter, Jimmy, 33, 68, 68*n,* 82, 82*n,* 267, 273
Casey, William J., 5, 6, 10, 12, 13, 16*n,* 20, 57, 82, 82*n,* 139, 142, 158, 230, 273
  approves Howard dismissal, 85, 85*n*
  and comments on Howard case, 240, 243, 273
  and dinner with Yurchenko, 231, 232, 235, 239
  and mining of Nicaraguan harbors, 13, 13*n,* 127
  shifts four top CIA officials, 127
Cedarleaf, Adelaide, 23, 27, 80, 116, 129
Cedarleaf, Evar, 23, 27, 44, 80, 116, 129
Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), 18, 20*n,* 58*n,* 156, 157, 157*n,* 255, 273
  and alcohol, 56
  assets, human, 47, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 157, 159, 261
  assets, technical, 69
  assignment of Howard to SE division and Moscow, 51, 54, 55, 55*n,* 56*n,* 57
  Bolivia station of, 101, 103, 104, 105, 106, 108, 118, 207*n*
  Clandestine Services, 11*n,* 45, 51, 70, 81, 82, 157
  communication plans of, 46, 64, 65, 66, 68, 69, 262
  and congressional investigations of, 13, 13*n,* 38, 38*n,* 55*n,* 56*n,* 70, 127, 240, 241, 242*n,* 243, 267
  Counterintelligence (CI), 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 83, 92, 93, 142, 143, 178
  Counterintelligence (CI) staff, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 83, 92, 93, 142, 143, 178
  countersurveillance techniques of, 47, 48
  and countersurveillance training, 47, 48, 60
  couples serving in, 50, 53, 59, 60, 72*n*
  cover-up of Howard case, 20, 21, 90, 91, 92, 93, 141, 142, 143, 163, 164, 169, 170, 172, 185, 188, 241, 243, 244, 268
  Denied Areas Operations Course, 59, 59*n,* 62, 63, 198
  Directorate of Administration (DDA), 84
  Directorate of Operations (DDO), 11, 11*n,* 14*n,* 17, 32, 33, 34, 35, 42, 45, 50, 51, 52, 52*n,* 53, 57, 58, 81, 82, 82*n,* 84, 92, 127
  dismissal of Howard, 83, 84, 85,

85*n*, 86, 87, 97, 98*n*, 118, 119, 126, 145, 146, 242, 242*n*, 260, 268
drop sites, in Moscow, 66
drug policy of, 38, 39, 79, 80, 83, 242
and dummy training, 62, 63, 198, 199, 204
East German desk of, 52, 56
the Farm, 44, 45, 45*n*, 48, 48*n*, 49
"Halloween Massacre," 33, 39
handling of Howard after dismissal, 114, 115, 122, 123, 127, 137, 138, 139, 140, 148
hiring of Howard, 31, 38, 82*n*, 87
hiring procedures of, 34, 35
and Howard's confession to, 21, 137, 138, 139, 140, 142, 185
and internal investigations of Howard case, 142, 240, 241, 242, 242*n*, 267
International Activities Division (IAD), 43
and "jib," 62, 63, 199
knowledge of Howard's drinking, 55, 55*n*, 56, 56*n*, 149
knowledge of Howard's drug use, 36, 37, 38, 39
Langley, Virginia, headquarters of, 5, 6, 10*n*, 19, 40, 41, 52, 56, 65, 76, 80, 85, 86, 88, 91, 122, 123, 128, 141, 142, 143, 145, 147, 148, 154, 163, 167, 169, 188, 231, 232, 239
Latin American division of, 42, 51, 73, 120, 206
meeting places, in Moscow, 65, 66
Moscow operations of, 19, 20, 21, 57, 63, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, 142, 148, 158, 196, 248, 249, 261, 267, 268
Moscow station of, 17, 20, 54, 58, 58*n*, 88, 89, 90, 126, 157, 196, 249, 262
and Nicaragua, 13, 13*n*, 127
Office of Medical Services, 56, 127, 146
Office of Personnel (OP), 39, 83, 84, 85
Office of Security (OS), 39, 76, 79, 83, 84, 92, 93, 142, 143
officers, diplomatic immunity of, 72
officers expelled from Moscow, 159, 196, 248, 249, 262
one-time pad (OTP), 65
operations directorate of, *see* Central Intelligence Agency, Directorate of Operations (DDO)
Operational sites, in Moscow, 66, 68, 69
passwords, in Moscow, 55, 65, 69
and Peace Corps, 36, 36*n*
policy on homosexuality, 34*n*
policy on theft, 76, 78, 78*n*
and polygraphs, 20, 35, 37, 37*n*, 40, 75, 76, 77, 78, 80, 81, 82*n*, 83, 86, 118, 145
and President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board (PFIAB) report, 242
and psychiatric care, 35, 53, 54, 92, 137, 138, 139, 140, 143, 145, 146, 147, 147*n*, 148, 149, 185, 186
recruitment, 33, 34, 39
recruitment of agents, 15, 48, 48*n*, 49, 64
recruitment of Howard, 32, 34, 36, 40
relations with the FBI, 6, 169, 170, 172, 185, 186, 234, 242
reprimands in wake of Howard escape, 245
shift of top officials in, 127
Soviet assets of, 66, 67, 68, 69, 157, 159, 261
Soviet desk of, 84, 127, 137, 143, 207*n*, 256
Soviet/East European (SE) division of, 14, 14*n*, 17, 19, 20, 21, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 63, 65, 70, 75, 84, 85, 86, 88, 92, 93, 121, 127, 137, 140, 141, 142, 143, 148, 149, 154, 157, 256
technical operations of, 69, 69*n*
technical operations, Howard's knowledge of, 19, 69, 70, 261
and Yurchenko, 4, 5, 6, 11, 230, 232, 233, 236, 239, 241*n*
and Yurchenko debriefing, 12, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 163, 164, 166
Chisholm, Janet Anne, 72*n*
Churkin, Vitaly, 234
CI staff, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 83, 92, 93, 142, 143, 178
Clancy, Tom, 224

Clandestine Services, *see* Central Intelligence Agency, Clandestine Services
Clarridge, Duane R. "Dewey," 13*n*
Cocaine, *see* Edward Lee Howard, drug use
Colby, William E., 16, 16*n*
Coll, Max, 114
Colucci, Robin G., 272, 273
"commo" plans, *see* CIA, communication plans of
Connery, Sean, 152
Corr, Edwin Gharst, 103, 106
Counterintelligence, 5, 16, 143
  see also Central Intelligence Agency, Counterintelligence (CI) staff; Federal Bureau of Investigation, Intelligence Division of
Courbois, Yves, 233*n*
Crocker, Lane, 166, 170, 189, 196, 209, 212
Cromley, Allan W., 274

Daniloff, Nicholas, 58*n*, 158
Data Resources, Inc. (DRI), 97, 128, 144, 195
  "Milan conference," 130, 131, 132, 133*n*, 135, 135*n*, 136
DDO, *see* Central Intelligence Agency, Directorate of Operations
Dedkov, Svetlana, 238*n*
Defectors, 15, 16, 181, 238, 256
  CIA handling of, 13, 16, 47, 230, 235, 237, 239, 239, 241*n*
  Nosenko, Yuri, 16, 47, 230
  question of authenticity of, 15, 16, 176, 176*n*, 180, 235, 236, 237, 238
  Yurchenko, Vitaly S., *see* Vitaly S. Yurchenko
de Medici, Marino, 274
de Toledano, Ralph, 215
Directorate of Operations, *see* Central Intelligence Agency, Directorate of Operations (DDO)
Doyle, James, 274
Drop sites, 66
Dudelczyk, Michael, 143, 145, 146, 148, 149, 169, 185, 193, 199, 206
Dulles, Allen W., 27
Durenberger, David, 240, 241

Eastwood, Clint, 110*n*
Ecology and Environment, 29, 31, 49, 87
Ehrlichman, John D., 91
Ellsberg, Daniel, 91*n*, 92*n*
Engelberg, Stephen, 225*n*
Environmental Protection Agency, 29
Erice, Sicily,
  Nuclear scientists' conference in, 9, 177
Esimov, Nicolai, 10*n*
Evans, Michael, 274

Farm, the, 48, 49, 97
  Bosch's training at, 44
  Howard's training at, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 51, 53, 56, 58, 63, 226
"Father Roman," 158
Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI), 5, 58*n*, 95, 131, 149, 150, 157, 158, 171*n*, 228, 255, 273
  and Bosch interrogation, 161, 162, 162*n*, 194, 200
  case against Howard, 98*n*, 134, 134*n*, 170, 171, 172, 187, 188, 209
  and CIA cover-up of Howard case, 90, 91, 93, 141, 142, 143, 163, 164, 169, 170, 172, 185, 188, 241, 244, 268
  confrontation with Howard, 190, 191, 192, 193, 196
  counterintelligence, 5, 16, 20, 143, 185
  and countersurveillance training of CIA officers, 47, 48, 60, 61, 62
  and Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act (FISA), 173, 174, 176, 176*n*, 186
  the Gs, *see* Federal Bureau of Investigation, Special Support Group of
  Howard's escape from, 1, 142, 146, 152, 162*n*, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 209, 212, 212*n*, 213, 214, 215, 216, 218, 226, 234, 264, 268, 271
  and Howard's Swiss bank account, 220, 221, 227
  Intelligence Division of, 91, 165, 167, 178, 226
  and internal investigation of Howard escape, 202, 216

interrogation of William G. Bosch, 121, 161, 162, 162*n,* 188, 189, 206, 207, 208, 209, 213, 215
interrogation of Mary C. Howard, 189, 193, 214, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 251
learns of Howard's escape, 211, 212
learns of Howard's Swiss bank account, 220, 221, 227
learns "Robert" is Howard, 170, 170*n,* 172, 188
and Mary Howard's passport, 257, 258, 258*n*
and President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board (PFIAB) report of, 242
recovers Howard's buried treasure, 221, 222
and relations with the CIA, 6, 169, 170, 172, 185, 186, 234, 242
reluctance to prosecute Mary C. Howard, 214, 218
reprimands in wake of Howard escape, 245
and Pelton case, 245
Special Support Group of (the Gs), 183, 183*n,* 184, 184*n,* 188
and surveillance errors permitting Howard's escape, 201, 202, 203, 203*n,* 204, 205, 206, 209, 214, 214*n,* 216, 244, 245
surveillance guidelines of, 173, 174, 243, 244
and surveillance of Howard, 171, 172, 173, 183, 184, 185, 188, 189, 190, 193, 195, 198, 243, 244
surveillance of Soviet installations, 18, 98, 140, 212, 220, 233, 245, 246
trains Howard in countersurveillance techniques, 47, 48, 60, 61, 62, 220
and video surveillance of Howard's home, 194, 202
Washington field office (WFO) of, 17, 167, 167*n,* 169, 185, 233, 236
wiretaps of Howard's house, 172, 173, 174, 176, 176*n,* 186, 187, 190, 206
and Yurchenko, 4, 11, 263
  and Yurchenko debriefing, 17, 164, 236, 243
  and Yurchenko escape, 233, 234
Ferroni-Strattner, Ann, 130, 131, 132, 133*n*
Ferroni-Strattner, Marco, 130, 131, 132, 133*n,* 274
Fielding, Lewis, 91*n,* 92*n*
Fitzwater, Harry E., 39, 83, 84
Forden, David W., 54, 55, 82, 83, 84, 127
"Frank," 100, 101

Gallegos, Jason, 96, 151, 198
Gallegos, Kate, 96, 97, 151, 151*n,* 152*n,* 163, 198, 200, 274
Gallegos, Robert, 96, 151, 151*n,* 152*n,* 153, 154, 155, 156, 163, 200, 274
Gates, Robert M., 241*n*
Gebhardt, Carl E., 88, 89, 90, 101
Geer, James H., 165, 166, 167, 167*n,* 171, 172, 176*n,* 184*n,* 218, 226, 236, 268, 273, 274
George, Clair E., 5, 10, 12, 13, 127, 142, 142*n,* 240, 245
Gerber, Burton Lee, 12, 16, 17, 20, 21, 127, 128, 141, 142, 143, 157, 169, 178, 183, 232, 235, 240, 245
Gillespie, Thomas "Bill," 149, 150, 151, 151*n,* 170, 174, 183, 184, 184*n,* 189
Glass, Andrew J., 274
Goldwater, Barry,
  condemns CIA mining of harbors, 13*n*
Gorbachev, Mikhail, 158, 260
Gordievski, Oleg A., 178, 179, 179*n,* 192, 192*n*
Greene, Jocelyn, 100

Hale, Nathan, 41
Hamilton, Lee H., 241
"The Hammer," 79, 80
Hannah, Tom, 232
Harrington, Samuel P., 231, 231*n*
Harp, Van A., 95, 95*n,* 142
Hathaway, Gardner Rugg "Gus," 4, 5, 6, 10, 12, 13, 17, 92, 128, 143, 163, 164
  background of, 13, 13*n,* 14
  CIA career of, 13, 14, 15
  as counterintelligence chief, 4, 12,

Hathaway, Gardner Rugg (*cont.*)
    13, 14, 14*n,* 15, 16, 20, 154, 167, 169, 178, 185
  and decision to pay for Howard's psychiatrist, 141, 149, 240, 245
  and handling of Howard case, 20, 21, 240, 245
Hauver, Carroll, 242
Hayas, Conrad, 110, 113
Hazlett, Dennis, 153, 153*n,* 154, 156, 157, 157*n,* 274
Helms, Richard M., 186, 186*n,* 230
"Hoffman, Friedrich S.," 231, 231*n*
Hollander, Nancy, 195
Hoover, J. Edgar, 6, 165, 173, 186, 186*n*
House Intelligence Committee, 38
  investigation of Howard case, 38, 38*n,* 55*n,* 56*n,* 70, 240, 241, 242*n,* 267
Houston, Edward L., 53, 54
Howard, Debora, 24
Howard, Edward Lee, 21, 25*n,* 41, 82*n,* 84, 95*n,* 178, 207*n,* 231, 237, 253, 254*n,* 271
  and alcohol counseling, 115, 125, 128, 143
  alcohol problem of, 31, 55, 56, 56*n,* 57, 81, 88, 97, 109, 110, 112, 113, 114, 118, 119, 120, 124, 125, 128, 131, 133, 143, 144, 145, 145*n,* 146, 152, 153, 161, 240, 250, 258, 268
  aliases/pseudonyms of, 53, 53*n,* 54, 54*n*
  assault charges against, 111, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 124, 128, 129
  attempts to recruit Bosch, 119, 120, 121, 123, 139, 161, 162, 163, 188, 207, 218
  and Bosch in New Orleans, 101, 102, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 128, 161, 163, 188
  and Bosch on South Padre Island, 160, 161, 161*n,* 162, 163, 188
  and buried treasure of, 221, 222
  and Catholicism, 24, 25, 254, 254*n,* 262, 264, 265
  childhood of, 23, 24, 205
  CIA alias of, 53, 54, 54*n*
  CIA assignments of, 43, 51
  and CIA cable traffic, 53, 67
  CIA dismissal of, 20, 83, 84, 85, 85*n,* 86, 87, 97, 98*n,* 118, 119, 126, 145, 146, 242, 242*n,* 260, 268
  CIA polygraphs of, 20, 37, 37*n,* 40, 75, 78, 79, 80, 81, 86, 118, 145, 146
  CIA pseudonym of, 53, 53*n*
  CIA recruitment of, 32, 34, 36
  CIA selection of for SE division and Moscow, 19, 20, 51, 54, 55, 56, 82, 87, 127, 241, 242, 268
  and CIA technical operations, 19, 69, 70, 261
  confession to Bosch of spying, 161, 162, 163, 188, 207
  confession to CIA officials, 21, 137, 138, 139, 140, 142, 185, 243, 244, 268
  confrontation with Thomas J. Mills, 126, 137, 185, 192, 240
  contact with Mary C. Howard after escape, 227, 239, 257
  contacts with Soviets, 19, 98*n,* 100, 129, 131, 133, 134, 136, 140, 145, 154, 161, 162, 166, 170, 171, 172, 175, 208, 215, 219, 220, 227, 228, 262
  contemplates entering Soviet consulate in Washington, 21, 97, 98, 99, 99*n,* 119, 121, 122, 128, 138, 139, 142, 143, 144, 145, 161, 185, 218, 240
  countersurveillance training of, 45, 47, 48, 60, 61, 63, 187, 195, 220
  and debriefing in Moscow, 255, 256, 260, 261
  and defection to Soviet Union, 1, 155, 221, 250, 252, 252*n,* 271
  diplomatic immunity of, 72
  and DRI "Milan conference," 130, 131, 132, 133*n,* 135, 135*n,* 136
  drug use of, 26, 28, 30, 31, 36, 37, 37*n,* 38, 38*n,* 39, 78, 79, 80, 81, 83, 241, 242, 242*n,* 268
  education of, 25, 27, 29, 34, 36, 87
  escape of, 1, 142, 146, 152, 162*n,* 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 218, 225, 229, 234, 240, 264, 268
  and escape plans, 175, 197, 198, 199, 200
  and espionage charges, 1, 131, 133, 134, 140, 146, 202, 203, 209, 213,

213*n,* 225, 260, 261, 264, 265, 266, 268, 269
and European trips, 19, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 133*n,* 134, 135, 135*n,* 136, 137, 140, 145, 153, 153*n,* 154, 162, 199, 215
fake FBI arrest of, 61, 62
and FBI questioning, 150, 151, 192, 193
FBI surveillance of, 171, 172, 173, 183, 184, 185, 188, 189, 190, 193, 195, 198, 243, 244
and fear of CIA kidnapping/traps, 263, 264, 269
and federal gun dealer's license, 109
and flights after escape, 223, 224
Foreign Service officer cover, 73, 74, 94, 99, 113, 115, 124
friendship with Bosch, 42, 44, 101, 105, 122, 123, 145, 189, 194, 206, 208
and future of marriage, 259, 260, 268
and guns, 24, 36, 99, 109, 110, 111, 113, 114, 128, 129, 145, 156
and identification of CIA officers to KGB, 19, 256, 256*n,* 257*n*
interviews with the author, 1, 25, 26, 32, 86, 112, 131, 133*n,* 162, 174, 175, 211, 212, 220, 253, 255, 257, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 269, 272, 273
and jump from moving car, 62, 204, 205, 259
and KGB protector, *see* Edward Lee Howard, and Vladimir Aleksandrovich Kryuchkov
KGB treatment of, 252, 253, 255
and KGB volleyball team, 253
knowledge of CIA's Moscow operations, 19, 65, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 142, 148, 157, 261
and Kryuchkov, Vladimir Aleksandrovich, 254, 255, 255*n*
languages spoken by, 36, 51, 71
and Legislative Finance Committee, 94, 95, 96, 97, 116, 130, 144, 152*n,* 154*n,* 155, 156, 183, 189, 194, 195, 210, 211
and letters to Mary C. Howard, 205, 210, 211, 227, 255
life in Moscow, 252, 253, 253*n,* 254, 257, 265, 268, 269
and life on the run, 225, 226, 227, 228
marital troubles of, 30, 55, 56, 57, 121, 133, 151
meets Mary Cedarleaf in Peace Corps, 23, 26, 44
"OSHA" claim of, 126, 127, 127*n*
Peace Corps service, 25, 26, 27, 30, 30*n,* 31, 37, 38, 49, 50, 57, 87, 95, 119*n,* 225
and Peruvian huacos, 174, 175, 175*n*
and petty theft, 73, 78, 79, 81, 118
political ideology of, 50, 155, 255, 269
and probation violation, 135, 199, 213*n,* 269
psychological evaluations of, 81, 85, 116, 124, 125, 138
psychiatric treatment of, 92, 126, 138, 139, 143, 145, 146, 149, 185, 186, 193
in Santa Fe, 95, 96, 101, 101*n,* 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 121, 128, 136, 143, 150, 151, 152, 155, 156, 163, 170, 183, 186, 196, 269
shooting incident, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 125, 128, 129, 137, 138, 145, 156, 211
Soviets announce political asylum for, 251
and Soviet payments to, 19, 140, 161, 162, 163, 208, 215, 219, 220, 221, 222, 227
and Swiss bank account, 127, 220, 221
telephone calls to Moscow embassy, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 99, 100, 101, 126, 185, 240
and Tolkachev, 207, 208, 234, 235, 249, 261, 262
training at the Farm, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 51, 53, 56, 58, 63, 226
trained to jump from moving car, 62, 198, 204
training for Moscow, 19, 53, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 67, 70, 71, 89, 121, 138*n*
and Vienna, trips to, 134, 135, 136, 140, 144, 145, 153, 154, 162, 170, 171, 172, 174, 175, 176, 183, 192, 208, 219, 241

Howard, Edward Lee (*cont.*)
  Virginia house of, 43, 44, 49, 50, 63, 74, 75, 95, 95*n,* 96, 99, 126
  and visits by Mary C. Howard, 251, 257, 258, 259, 260, 266, 268, 272
  warrants for arrest of, 213, 214
  and womanizing, 31, 125, 151, 151*n,* 152, 152*n,* 153
Howard, Kenneth, 23, 24, 25, 27, 42, 95, 121, 213, 214, 227, 273
Howard, Lee, 74, 75, 95, 96, 129, 131, 133, 151, 163, 187, 193, 198, 199, 200, 201, 203, 204, 205, 211, 251, 257, 258, 259, 260, 268, 269
Howard, Mary Cedarleaf, 28, 30, 31, 38*n,* 40, 41, 43, 44, 51, 71, 75, 80, 85, 86, 87, 95, 96, 99, 115, 121, 129, 145, 151, 152, 153, 154*n,* 160, 184, 186*n,* 187, 212, 253, 263
  background of, 22, 23
  CIA training of, 59, 60, 198, 204, 218, 226
  confesses husband's spying to FBI, 219, 220, 221
  contacts with husband after escape, 227, 239
  diplomatic immunity of, 72
  European trips with husband, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 153, 154, 170, 175
  fake FBI arrest of, 61, 62
  FBI interrogation of, 189, 193, 214, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 251
  and FBI reluctance to prosecute, 214, 218
  FBI surveillance of, 189, 195, 198, 201, 202, 204, 205, 206
  and future of marriage, 252, 258, 259, 260, 268
  helps husband escape, 198, 199, 200, 204, 205, 206, 211, 214, 219
  hired by CIA, 50, 114
  informs FBI of Howard's buried treasure, 221, 222
  informs FBI of Howard's Swiss bank account, 220, 221, 227
  and interviews with the author, 59, 131, 217, 251, 252, 258, 259, 271, 272, 273
  and knowledge of husband's spying, 196, 214, 217, 218
  meets Edward Lee Howard in Peace Corps, 23, 26, 44
  and Peace Corps service, 22, 23, 27, 49
  and polygraphs, 219
  surrender of passport to FBI, 257, 258, 258*n*
  training for Moscow assignment, 53, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 71
  and use of dummy in Howard's escape, 199, 201, 204, 205, 211, 214, 214*n*
  visits husband in Budapest, 259, 268
  visits husband in Moscow, 251, 257, 258, 259, 260, 266, 268, 272
Howard, Mary Jaramillo, 23, 24, 27, 75, 95, 121, 156*n,* 227, 273
Hugel, Max, 82*n*
Hughes, Darthy, 114
Hughes, James Lindberg, 113, 113*n*
Hughes, Peter, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 116, 117, 124, 128, 129, 137, 138, 274
Hunt, E. Howard, Jr., 91*n*

Isakov, Viktor, 234
"Ivy Bells," 18, 246, 246*n*

Jackson, Cherry, 186*n*
Jackson, Gina, 186*n,* 200, 201, 203, 204, 274
Jackson, Larry, 186*n*
James H. Lowry and Associates, 29
Jameson, Donald F. B., 237, 238, 273
Jasper, DoAnn, 153
"Jib," 62, 63, 199
Jochem, Don, 174

Kampiles, William P., 138, 138*n,* 139
Kaufman, Bruce E., 115, 116, 124, 213*n,* 274
Kaufman, Helene, 28
Keith, Ernest E., 257*n*
Kennedy, John F., 22, 23, 27
Kenton, Victor B., 107*n,* 246, 247, 273
Klein, Edward J., 274
KGB, 1, 18, 19, 47, 48*n,* 53, 57, 58, 58*n,* 59, 60, 64, 66, 84, 138*n,* 158, 178, 180, 262*n*
  "Big Raya," 89, 90, 90*n*

  employees at U.S. embassy in Moscow, 89, 89*n,* 90
  headquarters of, 254, 254*n*
  Howard's contact with, 88, 98*n,* 131, 133, 134, 136, 140, 145, 154, 161, 162, 166, 170, 171, 172, 175, 208, 215, 219, 220, 227, 228, 262
  and Howard's interviews with author, 263, 264
  and polygraphs, 77, 256
  and spy dust, 179, 179*n*
  treatment of Howard, 252, 253, 255, 266
Komitet Gosudarstvennoi Bezopasnosti (KGB), 8
Koopman, William H., 194, 200, 206
Kotapish, William R., 83, 92, 142, 143
Kryuchkov, Vladimir Aleksandrovich, 254, 255, 255*n*

Lawton, Mary C., 173, 174, 176, 176*n*
Leahy, Patrick J., 240
Leffler, Rodney L., 11, 17, 166, 170, 189
Lehmann, Lutz, 239*n*
Leonard, Carl H., 115
Liddy, G. Gordon, 91*n*
Littlejohn, John P., 39
Lockwood, James C., 29, 30, 31, 49, 50, 55, 71, 225, 274
Lonetree, Clayton J., 90*n,* 253*n,* 254*n,* 256
"Mr. Long," 18, 246
Loomis, Robert D., 274, 275
Loory, Stuart H., 274
Lord, Sterling, 275
Lovro, David, 184*n*
Lutz, William L., 150
Lynch, Mark H., 274

McElhaney, I. Ray, 274
McGuire, Trish, 29, 30, 30*n,* 31, 38*n,* 71
McHargue, Rodney K., 174, 245
Macklin, Laura W. S., 274
McMahon, John N., 5, 82*n,* 142
Magee, Robert, 83, 84
Mahoney, Jim, 224*n*
Mahoney/Wasserman & Associates, 224*n*
Malakhov, Boris, 234
Malloy, Bernard Mathis, 87, 91, 91*n,* 92, 126, 127, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141
Marchese, Richard, 119, 119*n,* 120
Margaret Island, *see* Margit-sziget
Margit-sziget, 1, 26, 174, 263
Marine spy scandal, 90*n,* 253, 253*n,* 254*n,* 256, 268
Martinez, Bob, 110, 111
Martinez, Eloy F., 113, 115
Martinez, John, 111
Marvin, Lee, 223, 224, 224*n*
Matejko, John J., 43, 44, 50, 71, 74, 75, 226, 274
Matejko, Marianne, 44, 75
Meeting places of CIA in Moscow, 65, 66
Mexico City,
  Howard and Bosch contemplate trip to, 119, 120, 121, 122, 128, 146, 161, 188, 206, 207, 218
"Milan conference," 130, 131, 132, 133*n,* 135, 135*n,* 136
Mills, Thomas J., 57, 62, 92, 126, 127, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 192, 245, 265
Mlyniec, Wallace J., 274
Moles, 19, 84
Moore, Thomas J., 274
Morton, James H., 115
Moscow, 151, 156, 178
  CIA communications plans in, 46, 64, 65, 66, 68, 69, 262
  CIA meeting places in, 65, 66
  CIA operations in, 19, 20, 21, 63, 142, 148, 158, 196, 248, 249, 261, 268
  CIA drop sites, 66
  CIA operational sites in, 66, 68, 69
  CIA passwords in, 55, 65, 69
  CIA station in, 17, 88, 89, 90, 126, 157, 196, 249, 262
  CIA training for, 19, 53, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 67, 70, 71, 89, 121, 138*n,* 218
  expulsions of CIA officers in, 159, 196, 248, 249, 262
  Howard's CIA assignment to, 19, 20, 51, 80, 81, 85, 99, 100, 118, 124, 157
  Howard's telephone calls to U.S. embassy in, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 99, 100, 101, 126, 185, 240
  Howard's life in, 252, 253, 253*n,* 254, 257, 265, 268, 269

Moscow (*cont.*)
  Yurchenko returns to, 236, 238, 239*n,* 262, 263
Moynihan, Daniel P., 230
Mozur, Barbara, 151, 156
Mozur, Michael, 151
"Mr. Charley," *see* Colin "Charley" Thompson

National Security Agency (NSA), 17, 18, 35, 69*n,* 89
  and Ronald Pelton, 17, 18, 19, 166, 167, 178, 245, 246, 246*n*
Natirboff, Murat, 58*n*
New Orleans,
  Howard and Bosch meeting in, 101, 102, 109, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 128, 161, 163, 188
Nicaragua,
  CIA mining of harbors, 13, 13*n,* 127
Nixon, Richard M., 91
Nosenko, Yuri, 16, 47, 230, 236

Office of Strategic Services (OSS), 12, 92
O'Malley, Edward J., 4, 5, 6, 7, 20, 91, 165, 167, 168
Operational sites, in Moscow, 66, 68, 69
Orlov, Irina, 159*n*
Orlov, Yuri, 159*n*

Pahlavi, Mohammad Reza, 92*n*
Papich, Sam J., 186*n*
Parker, Gillian "Jill," 168, 215
Parker, Phillip A., 4, 5, 166, 167, 176*n,* 181, 268, 274
  assigned to Howard case, 167
  background of, 168
  and Howard's escape, 175, 176, 203*n,* 212, 212*n,* 213, 214, 215, 218, 226, 244
  leads Howard investigation, 169, 170, 172, 183, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 196, 209, 274
Parols, 65
Passwords, 55, 65, 69
Peace Corps, 22, 26
  and ban on hiring CIA personnel, 26, 27, 36*n*
  founding of, 22
  Howard's service in, 27, 30, 30*n,* 31, 37, 38, 49, 50, 57, 87, 95, 119*n,* 225
  Mary C. Howard's service in, 22, 23, 27, 49
Pelton, Ronald W., 17, 18, 19, 166, 237, 246, 246*n,* 262
Penkovsky, Oleg, 72*n*
Pentagon Papers, 91*n*
Peterson, Katherine H., 115
Peterson, Martha, 60, 61, 61*n*
Philby, Kim, 238, 257
Polygraphs, 37, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 80*n,* 192, 193, 194, 200, 206, 208, 215
  and CIA use of, 35, 75, 76, 80, 82*n,* 83
  CIA testing of Howard, 20, 37, 37*n,* 40, 75, 78, 79, 80, 81, 85, 86, 118, 145, 146
  methods of beating, 77, 77*n,* 79, 80, 82*n*
  Office of Technology Assessment study of, 77
Porter, Curtis, 94, 95, 96, 130, 135, 135*n,* 136, 144, 145, 145*n,* 155, 156, 193, 195, 274
Powell, Pat, 151*n*
President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board (PFIAB), 242
  report on Howard case, 242

Rael, Ray, 111
Raisa, *see* Raya
Rankin, R. Dion, 200, 206
Rapoport, Elliot "Sonny," 116, 124, 125, 138
Raya, 89, 90, 90*n*
Reagan, Ronald, 33, 50, 74, 82*n,* 150, 158, 159
Richard, Eric L., 274
Richardson, Dave, 181, 182
Riha, Thomas, 186, 186*n*
Ringland, "Missy," 104
Ringland, Peter, 73, 122, 123, 139, 163, 188, 215
Ringland, Tanya, 122, 123, 215
Ringland, Valentina, 73
Ringland, Victoria, *see* Victoria Ringland Bosch
"Robert," 19, 20, 163, 166, 167, 169, 176*n,* 262

Rothenberg, Randall, 274
Rositzke, Harry, 234*n*
Rosner, Lee, 225
Ruff, Charles F., 274

Safe house,
  Yurchenko stay in, 11, 17, 18, 163, 164, 178, 181
St. Anton, Austria, 131, 132, 133, 134
Schwarz, Martin R., 162*n,* 208
Scranage, Sharon, 6
Scrimaglio, Renato, 177
Seina, Violette, 256
Sellers, Michael, 248
Senate Intelligence Committee, 12, 186
  investigation into Howard case, 55*n,* 70, 240, 241, 243
Shadrin, Nicholas G., 179, 180, 231, 235, 237
Shaffer, Earl E., 183, 183*n*
Shannon, Katherine, 181
Shannon, Roger K., 53
Shevardnadze, Eduard, 10*n,*
Shriver, R. Sargent, 26, 27
Shultz, George P., 74
Simon, Morton S., 114, 115, 116, 193, 195
Sites, Erik, 248, 249
Sites, Ursula, 248
Skeen, Joseph R., 113*n*
Smith, Richard Craig, 191*n*
Soviet/East European (SE) division, 14, 14*n,* 17, 19, 20, 21, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 63, 65, 70, 75, 84, 85, 86, 88, 92, 93, 121, 127, 137, 140, 141, 142, 143, 148, 149, 154, 157, 256
  sections of, 52, 52*n,* 53, 53*n*
Soviet Union,
  Soviet consulate in Washington, 97, 97*n*
  see also Edward Lee Howard, contemplates entering Soviet consulate in Washington; Federal Bureau of Investigation, surveillance of Soviet installations
  Soviet embassy in Washington, 97, 232, 233, 238
  see also KGB; Moscow
State Department, 73, 85, 89, 99, 115, 156, 179, 218, 231, 235, 236, 258*n*
  provision of cover for Howard, 43, 44, 71, 74, 86, 94, 95, 100, 114, 124, 156
Stein, John H., 81, 82*n,* 83, 84, 127, 142, 241
Stombaugh, Paul M. "Skip," Jr., 19, 157, 158, 159, 196, 248
Studeman, William O., 180, 180*n*
Stuhff, Michael V., 90*n,* 256, 274
Swiss banks,
  FBI efforts to trace Howard account, 221
  Howard's money in, 220, 221
  and secrecy laws, 221, 221*n*

Tavolacci, Maria, 135
Taylor, James H., 127
Teller, Edward, 177
Thompson, Colin "Charley," 232, 234
Todorovich, Michael M., 186*n*
Tolkachev, Adolf G., 19, 68, 68*n,* 159, 196, 207, 208, 234, 235, 248, 261, 262
  execution of, 207, 249, 261, 262
Troutman, Phillip E., 150, 150*n,* 170, 183
Turner, Stansfield, 33, 39, 68*n,* 82, 82*n,* 267, 273
Tyler, Patrick E., 82*n*

"Uncle Sasha," 256
U.S. embassy in Moscow, 87, 89, 196
  Howard's telephone calls to, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 99, 100, 101, 126, 185, 240
  KGB employees in, 89, 89*n,* 90
  Marine spy scandal, 90*n,* 253, 253*n,* 254*n,* 256, 268
  CIA officers expelled from, 159, 196, 248, 249, 262

Vienna, Austria, 145*n,* 180, 192, 227, 246, 256
  CIA station in, 51
  Howard assignment to, 51
  Howard trips to, 134, 135, 136, 140, 144, 145, 153, 154, 162, 170, 171, 172, 174, 175, 176, 183, 192, 208, 219, 241
Vietnam War, 25, 25*n,* 33, 50, 113
Volz, Patti, 37*n,* 81

Waguespack, Michael J., "Wags," 191, 191*n,* 192, 195
Walker, Arthur, 5
Walker, Dennis, 233*n*
Walker, John A., Jr., 5, 180, 180*n*
Walker, Michael, 5
Walker, William G., 103, 104, 105, 107
Walz, Allen "Skip," 33
Walz, Kent, 274
Ward, Alex, 274
Watergate scandal, 91
Webster, William H., 5, 166, 242
Whitworth, Jerry A., 5
Wiedenkeller, Daniel, 274
Wilson, James Q., 242
Wingate, Joey E., 90*n*
Wise, Christopher, 275
Wise, David, 1, 25, 26, 32, 37*n,* 68*n,* 86, 105, 112, 131, 133*n,* 134, 152*n,* 162, 162*n,* 174, 175, 207, 211, 212, 217, 220, 251, 252, 253, 255, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 269, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275
Wise, Joan, 275
Wise, Jonathan, 272
Woodward, Bob, 82*n*
Woodward, Lawrence G., 39
Woskoff, Wendy, 219

Yaeger, Leonard, 28, 115
Yefimov, Alexi, *see* "Uncle Sasha"
Year of the spy, 5, 6
Yereskovsky, Alexander S., 182, 229, 238
Yereskovsky, Valentina, 182, 229
  affair with Yurchenko, 182, 229, 230, 238, 239
Yurchenko, Vitaly Sergeyevich, 7, 8, 17, 271
  affair with Valentina Yereskovsky, 182, 229, 230, 238, 239
  career in KGB, 4, 8, 9, 180, 238
  CIA debriefing of, 12, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 163, 164, 166, 178, 179, 180, 230
  claim of drugging by CIA, 231, 232, 234
  CIA handling of, 13, 230, 235, 237, 238, 239, 241*n*
  and CIA money offers, 181, 183
  debate over bona fides of, 15, 16, 176, 176*n,* 180, 235, 236, 237, 238
  defects to United States, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 163, 172, 175, 177, 180, 181, 192*n,* 213, 231
  and dinner with Casey, 231, 232, 235, 239
  disappearance in Rome, 5, 10*n,* 10, 11
  disclosures by, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 131, 133, 134, 134*n,* 166, 167, 169, 172, 178, 179, 180, 188, 219, 225, 231, 241, 243, 245, 246, 246*n,* 262
  discontent with CIA, 180, 181, 231, 235, 237
  escape from CIA handlers, 230, 232, 233, 234, 236, 238
  and family troubles, 180, 181, 238
  informs CIA and FBI of "Robert," 19
  KGB job in Washington, 8, 17, 18, 229, 245
  press conference in U.S., 234, 235
  and press leaks, 215, 230, 231, 235, 237
  and Pelton case, 17, 18, 19
  redefects to Moscow, 230, 232, 233, 236, 237
  return to Soviet Union, 236, 238, 239*n,* 262, 263
  and secret trip to Canada, 183, 229, 230, 239*n*

Zakharov, Gennadi F., 158, 159, 184*n*
Zigrossi, Norman A., 169, 233, 237, 274

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

DAVID WISE is a writer based in Washington. He is the coauthor of *The Invisible Government,* a landmark number-one best seller that has been widely credited with bringing about a reappraisal of the role of the Central Intelligence Agency in a democratic society. He is the author of *The American Police State* (1976) and *The Politics of Lying* (1973), and coauthor with Thomas B. Ross of *The Espionage Establishment* (1967), *The Invisible Government* (1964), and *The U-2 Affair* (1962), all published by Random House. He is also the author of three espionage novels, *Spectrum* (Viking, 1981), *The Children's Game* (St. Martin's/Marek, 1983), and *The Samarkand Dimension* (Doubleday, 1987). He is a television commentator on intelligence issues for the Cable News Network (CNN). A native New Yorker and graduate of Columbia College, he is the former chief of the Washington bureau of the *New York Herald Tribune* and has contributed articles on government and politics to many national magazines. He is married and has two sons.

(continued from front flap)

Soviet Union, its electronic intelligence-gathering operations.

- Howard tried to recruit a second former CIA officer, William G. Bosch, who tells his story here for the first time.
- Howard's wife, Mary, who was trained to work with him as a spy in Moscow, has secretly visited her husband three times; she helped him escape but later provided crucial details to the FBI.

The Spy Who Got Away is like no other spy story ever told. It not only takes the reader inside the CIA and the FBI as never before, but it narrates the exciting drama from the vantage point of both the pursuers and their quarry, revealing the inner thoughts of the spy himself.

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PHOTO: JON WISE

Edward Lee Howard, left, and the author, David Wise, in Budapest, June 1987

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"One of the strangest spy stories in American history." —ROBERT LINDSEY

THE SPY'S SON

The True Story of the Highest-Ranking CIA Officer Ever Convicted of Espionage and the Son He Trained to Spy for Russia

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

BRYAN DENSON

$26

"*The Spy's Son* offers gripping insight into the quiet war of spies, deception, and treachery. Speaking as a former special agent, it should be required reading for agents and anyone else interested in the cloak-and-dagger world of espionage."

—FRED BURTON, VP of Intelligence at Stratfor, *New York Times* bestselling author of *Under Fire*

Jim Nicholson earned the nickname "Batman" early in his spy career with the CIA. A talented case officer with a Rolex watch and hand-tailored suits, Jim's élan and fierce patriotic streak shot him to stardom. He played cat-and-mouse with the KGB during Cold War postings in the Philippines, Thailand, and Japan, and then, when the Soviet Union collapsed, he ran spy operations against a new foe, the Russian SVR.

Fourteen years after his first overseas assignment, mired in a messy divorce and custody battle, Jim's superiors called him back to CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia. By day, he ran Middle East counterterrorism operations. By night, he was just another minivan-driving single dad racing home for dinner with his kids.

But Jim had a secret. For two years, in exotic locales across the globe, he had sold his country's deepest secrets to Russia. Jim turned over troves of classified documents that blew the covers of countless officers—a betrayal that put lives in danger and destroyed careers. The CIA and FBI joined forces to catch him, mounting the only known spy-versus-spy criminal investigation ever run under the roof at Langley. In 1997, Jim became the CIA's highest-ranking officer convicted of espionage. Yet his duplicity didn't stop there.

While behind the bars of a federal prison in Oregon, the former mole systematically groomed the one person he trusted most to serve as his stand-in: his youngest son, Nathan, a broke college student in his early twenties.

(continued on back flap)

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THE
SPY'S SON

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The True Story of the Highest-Ranking CIA Officer Ever Convicted of Espionage and the Son He Trained to Spy for Russia

Bryan Denson

Atlantic Monthly Press
New York

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The author owes a great debt of thanks to *The Oregonian*, which published "The Spy's Kid" story in its original form in May 2011.

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In memory of my father,
Kenneth Earl Denson,

and dedicated to Holden Miles Denson,
my son, my wingman, my pride and joy

"I used to advertise my loyalty and I don't believe there is a single person I loved that I didn't eventually betray."
—Albert Camus, *The Fall*

Contents

Prologue: *Suspected Spies in Chains* 1

One: *Hola Nancy* 5

Two: *First CIA Tour, Manila Station* 25

Three: *"Batman" Switches Teams* 49

Four: *A New Counterspy Collaboration* 62

Five: *We Have Another Aldrich Ames* 89

Six: *Spy vs. Spy Under Langley's Roof* 105

Seven: *FBI Takedown at Dulles* 124

Eight: *Forsaken All Allegiance to His Homeland* 135

Nine: *A New Cellblock Celebrity* 155

Ten: *A Fall into Blackness* 169

Eleven: *The Russian Consulate, San Francisco* 184

Twelve: *A Spy Named "George"* 199

Thirteen: *Faith, Prosperity, and The Door* 209

Fourteen: *CIA Detects Codes, Espionage, Again* 218

Fifteen: *Keep Looking Through Your New Eyes* 236

Sixteen: *FBI Offers a Mulligan* 245

Seventeen: *Inmate 734520* 267

Eighteen: *A Spy Swap and Reparations* 295

Epilogue: *The Last Asset* 323

Author's Note 333

Acknowledgments 335

Notes 341

Index 349

THE SPY'S SON

Prologue

Suspected Spies in Chains

Portland, Oregon, January 29, 2009

I'm sitting in Satan's Pew, the name I've conferred upon the torturously narrow courtroom benches in the Mark O. Hatfield United States Courthouse. As I squirm in my seat, reporter's notebook dandling on my lap, I notice a curiously high number of deputy U.S. marshals in the gallery, mostly buff guys with steely gazes and Glocks under their sports coats. Behind me, wearing blazers and striped clip-on ties, stands a knot of court security officers. Next to them, FBI agents squeeze together on a bench against the back wall. I haven't witnessed court security this tight since the feds rolled up Theodore Kaczynski, the Unabomber, and hauled him before a judge in Helena, Montana. A courthouse contact has already tipped me that today I'll witness something groundbreaking here in the cheap seats of American justice.

Keys jangle behind a paneled wall to my right, where I can hear the clank of a metal door. Deputy marshals are queuing today's prisoners, who will appear one by one to face their charges before a magistrate judge. The weekday parade of pathos, known to courthouse denizens as Mag Court, normally features a tedious cast of freshly arrested miscreants, some scratching from withdrawal. Now and again the show comes alive with stone killers, cops gone bad, diamond thieves, outlaw bikers, cockfighting impresarios, ecoterrorists, grave robbers, or the corner-cutting captains of industry.

On this foggy Thursday afternoon, I've come to write about two suspects—an international spy, and the son who joined him in the family business of espionage.

My editors at *The Oregonian*, the daily newspaper several blocks away, are holding space on the front page for my father-son spy story. But the duo—whose names I'd never heard until this morning—will be arraigned separately, consigning me to a hellish deadline. I look at my watch and silently curse the docket gods. A hapless bunch of schnooks are scheduled ahead of my spy suspects, and the judge will take her good old time reading them their rights.

First up today is an accused scam artist from California who sold central home vacuum cleaning units across North America; apparently he was brilliant at sales and collecting money, but not at delivering the goods. Now comes another genius, a career bank robber arrested yesterday just twenty-one minutes after knocking off a Bank of America for a lousy $700; he's already calculating how much time he'll serve in prison. Up next is a guy who drank himself stupid out on the Umatilla Indian Reservation and threw some playful karate kicks at a buddy, who hurled him to the ground, whereupon Junior Jackie Chan blew a gasket, picked up *two* knives, and stabbed his pal nearly to death. Then come two men accused of illegally harboring a luckless El Salvadoran woman; she turned up, like so many, on the wrong side of the U.S. border.

Today's guest of honor is Harold James "Jim" Nicholson, who in 1997 became the highest-ranking Central Intelligence Agency officer ever convicted of espionage. Nicholson, serving time at the federal prison fifty miles from where I sit, sold the identities of hundreds of CIA trainees to Russian spies. Now he's accused of betraying his country again—this time from behind bars. The Rolex-wearing spy nicknamed Batman, having recruited countless foreign assets to betray their own countries for the CIA, is suspected of sending the Russians his youngest son, twenty-four-year-old Nathaniel James Nicholson, as his emissary. Nathan, a partially disabled Army veteran, took basic lessons in spycraft from the old man, then smuggled his dad's secret messages out of the prison visiting room to

Russian spies on three continents. For the trophy-conscious FBI, securing another conviction against Jim Nicholson would be a major prize.

A heavy door swings open, and here he is.

Jim wears a khaki prison uniform and a faded T-shirt the color of broiled salmon. His pale blue eyes sweep the room with an expression that shifts abruptly, as if he'd expected something grander than this feckless rabble of court staffers, lawyers, and a few scribbling journalists. Jim moves for the defense table with the short-step shuffle of a man who knows the sting of a jaunty stride in ankle chains. He eases into a high-back chair. Jim sports a soul patch and mustache, gray hair sweeping over the tops of his ears. I take a mental note. *This guy would look right at home playing tenor sax in a jazz quartet.*

I've gazed at hundreds and hundreds of suspected felons in courtrooms across the country, but Jim Nicholson carries himself differently. He's not eye-fucking the prosecutors or sneaking glances into the gallery for a friendly face. There's no swagger, no tapping foot, no nervous smile that might offer some kind of tell. The man doesn't even appear to be breathing. He wears an expression of captive resignation, like a golfer on a tee box watching the foursome in front of him swat cattails in search of a lost ball.

Then I see something. The chin. It tilts upward ever so slightly and guides his gaze, regally, a few inches above the eyes of everyone else on the floor of the courtroom. It's a look that tells me everything I need to understand: This guy just knows he's the smartest man in the building.

At this moment, I have no clue that I will spend the next five years contemplating the life and crimes of Jim Nicholson, piecing together his tangled human narrative, the wreckage he left of his family and the CIA, and his unique role in the ongoing hostilities between Washington and Moscow. And I cannot possibly know that I will learn this story with the help of Nathan, his family and friends, prison inmates, former spies and counterintelligence agents, national security lawyers, public policy makers, hundreds of pages of investigative files, wiretaps, court records, prison and military papers, Jim's correspondence, excerpts from his personal journal, and a colorful band of investigators with the FBI and CIA who twice brought him to justice.

Already my questions are many: How on earth could a man devote decades of distinguished service to his country only to betray her? Why would he reach out to Russia again? Why would Moscow still care about its former mole nearly two decades after the Cold War? What could Russian spies hope to gain by making contact with Jim a dozen years after his treachery was unmasked? And why would he send his youngest son into the breach, risking his freedom? What kind of a dad does that?

When I hustle out of the courtroom to make my early evening deadline, I run into David Ian Miller, the special agent in charge of the FBI's Portland Field Office. Dave, who has always been a straight shooter, tells me that Jim Nicholson was a skilled and worthy adversary.

"At the end of the day," he says, "this will prove to be a story of family, trust, and betrayal."

And, as it happens, so much more.

1

Hola Nancy

> "The integrity of the upright shall guide them; But the perverseness of the treacherous shall destroy them."
>
> —Proverbs 11:3, The Holy Bible (ASV)

Eugene, Oregon, fall 2008

The morning of October 10 dawned cold and gunmetal gray in Eugene, a college town so accustomed to autumnal gloom that the young man with sleepy blue eyes gave it scarce notice. Nathan Nicholson hiked across an elevated walkway from his drafting class toward the Lane Community College library, which sat in the middle of campus in the aptly named Center Building. Behind him, a thicket of towering evergreens carpeted the coastal mountains, which stretched fifty miles west to the Pacific Ocean, clouds draping their rounded shoulders like tattered shawls.

Nathan wore his hair razor-close on the sides, with a little longer patch on top, a style his barbers back in the Army called high and tight, and which, not by accident, disguised his receding hairline. He moved with an infantryman's gait, chest out, head and shoulders barely rising, stocky legs chewing up ground. But there was a slight hitch in his stride, as if his left leg were stepping over imaginary glass, a parting gift from the parachuting injury that ended his military career. He had turned twenty-four that summer.

The air felt cool on Nathan's face, his strong brow and broad chin, and he could see his breath. The first rains of winter had begun early in the Willamette Valley, where even longtime residents herald the onset of the soggy season with low-grade despair. Soon would come a monotonous series of drizzles, rolling off the Pacific as if by conveyor belt, delivering the valley so many short, gray days that by February, some folks would begin to joke about eating the barrel of the nearest gun.

Nathan was not a native Oregonian, and he sometimes missed the more exciting climates of his boyhood. His dad's foreign assignments sent the Nicholson family to punishing places. Manila, with its blistering humidity and electrical storms you could feel under your feet. Bangkok, often called the hottest city on the planet. Kuala Lumpur, where monsoons deliver a hundred inches of hard rain a year. And Bucharest, with its pipe-bursting winter freezes. He also missed the rotations, traveling from embassy to embassy, uprooting every few years to start fresh someplace new.

Outside the library, Nathan slipped a black-and-gray Alpine backpack off his shoulder and knelt on the cool brick walkway as if to tie his shoe. He hunched over the pack for an instant, letting his eyes casually sweep the commons, panning faces and forms. One intense glance from anyone and he would bail, circling back later for another try. But he saw nothing suspicious.

Nathan unzipped the pack's front compartment and lifted out a small notebook with a blue, marbled cover. He flipped through its pages until he reached a twenty-eight-word notation that began, "Hola Nancy." He studied it for a few moments and climbed to his feet, satisfied he could e-mail the message just as the Russian had dictated the previous winter in Peru.

His gut was tormenting him again. For many months, stabbing pains deep beneath his breastplate had intermittently doubled him over. He was convinced that the stress of the last year had given him stomach ulcers. His meals bunched in his belly like piles of tacks. He'd seen a doctor at the college's health clinic, who told him to drink green tea, carry Pepto-Bismol, and avoid tomato juice. Nathan thought she'd seemed unconcerned, even dismissive of his pains, as if she considered college students exempt from the titanic stresses that produce big-boy ulcers. She had not appeared to comprehend the depth of his anxieties, nor could she. There was no way for her to know that for two years he had traveled the Americas as his father's agent to Russia's foreign spy service, and now feared he might be under surveillance by the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Inside the library Nathan followed tan-gray industrial carpet past bookshelves topped with busts of famous literary and historic figures. From across the room, the figures of Will Rogers, Benjamin Franklin, and Frederick Douglass were locked in a perpetual stare-off with Ernest Hemingway, Albert Einstein, and Kate Greenaway. Nathan pushed through a doorway into an adjoining classroom that doubled as a computer lab, eyes scanning the room for anyone out of place. He settled in front of one of two dozen Dell monitors spread across rows of white desktops. It had taken him weeks to find this spot, the only computer lab on campus where students weren't required to log in.

Nathan pulled up the Yahoo home page, with its familiar red logo, and tapped in the user name "Jopemurr2" and the password "Florida12." He typed the e-mail from memory, wincing at each word. The sentences looked more ridiculous on the screen than when he jotted them down inside a soundproof room at the Russian Embassy in Lima. His fingers froze for an instant over the keyboard as he listened to the words in his head. They sounded as if someone with clumsy English were speaking a pass-phrase in an old spy movie. Such obvious code. He resisted the urge to revise the words into something approximating authentic human correspondence. The Russian had been specific that he stick to the prescribed text, and Nathan stuck to the script. Yet he couldn't stop himself from waking up the prose with a forest of exclamation marks:

Hola Nancy! It is great to receive your message! I love you too. I hope to see you soon!
The best regards from my brother Eugene!
—Love,
Dick

The Russian had assigned them code names. He called himself "Nancy" and gave Nathan the name "Dick." He conferred the sobriquet "Eugene" on Nathan's father, whose years spying for the Russians had brought them all together.

At precisely 9:58 a.m., Nathan saved his e-mail into the draft folder of the Yahoo account. He cleared the web page off his screen and sneaked a casual glance to his side. Earlier he had spied a woman standing behind him. She was still there, eyeing his workstation like someone stalking a stool in a crowded bar. When he stood and reached for his bag, she practically dove for his seat.

Nathan's e-mail, safely parked in the draft file, would remain suspended in cyberspace until the Russian—God only knew where—logged into their shared account and opened the folder to read his message. The note would never travel from one computer to another, leaving a messy trail across the Internet that could link them. The draft folder served as a modern-day dead drop, a spy tool as old as espionage.

Spying, sometimes called the world's second-oldest profession, is complicated business. But the essence of covert communications hasn't changed since a Mesopotamian potter stuck a secret formula for glaze into the hidden compartment of a clay tablet thousands of years ago. Spies use signals—a chalk mark on a bridge, a beer can on a country road, an X on the post of a streetlamp—to let their handlers know they will meet at a prearranged spot. Now they use high-tech gadgets such as Internet remailers and codes embedded in digital photos. But new isn't always better. Old and new tricks work, right up until they don't.

Nathan didn't fully comprehend the risk posed by his face-to-face meetings with the Russian. He was unaware the old man who called himself "George" had been tossed out of the United States, persona non grata, at the apex of the Cold War, or that the meetings George arranged exposed only Nathan to arrest.

There was genius in their Yahoo cyber exchange. It was such a simple hideaway that nearly anyone could pull it off, even a grandfatherly Russian spy born nearly forty years before the advent of e-mail.

Nathan's note confirmed that in precisely two months, he would stand, as instructed, outside a restaurant on the island of Cyprus clenching his backpack in his right hand. There he would meet the Russian, share the latest messages from his dad, and walk away with another bundle of Moscow's money.

Hola Nancy, indeed.

On the first Saturday in December 2008, a metal door clanked behind Jim Nicholson as he peered across a vast rectangle of scuffed linoleum looking for his youngest son. Visiting hours at the Federal Correctional Institution in Sheridan, Oregon, were just under way. Prisoners and their guests took seats on rows of blue plastic chairs, which were bolted together airport-style so that they sat thigh to thigh and faced the same direction. Uniformed guards stationed behind a crescent of painted cinder blocks kept watch over the room. Surveillance cameras spied from above, as families shared snacks and stories, the din of their conversations punctuated by the occasional squeal of a toddler leaving the adjoining playroom.

Jim Nicholson, who had recently turned fifty-eight, was serving the back end of a twenty-three-year stretch for espionage. He stood six feet and weighed 194 pounds, with sloping shoulders and strong arms. A mane of salt-and-pepper hair, more salt than pepper, fell over the collar of his khaki prison shirt, his inmate number—49535-083—ironed above the left breast pocket. He wore a tattoo on his right forearm, an Army Ranger emblem inked decades ago and now faded to a greenish glob. On the underside of the same arm was a fresh tat that read "O POS," his blood type.

Jim was a bona fide celebrity among the more than one thousand prisoners at Sheridan, a medium-security prison known as soft time for its standard cohort of bank robbers, cocaine dealers, and identity thieves. The federal lockup ten minutes east of Spirit Mountain Casino has long drawn its share of celebrity prisoners. A parade of them have passed through the complex, including Stacey Koon, the ex–Los Angeles police sergeant convicted for his role in the Rodney King beating, and Marion "Suge" Knight, the founder of hip-hop's iconic Death Row Records. Michael Swango, the serial-killer physician who poisoned at least four patients, turned up at the prison in 1999, the same year *Blind Eye: The Terrifying Story of a Doctor Who Got Away With Murder* hit bookstores. Later came Robert "Spam King" Soloway, whose botnets corrupted computers worldwide, and Duane R. Moore, the adult film star better known as "Tony Eveready, the Gangsta of Porn."

As it happens, Jim wasn't even the first spy locked up at Sheridan. He had served time with James D. "Jim" Harper Jr., doing life for selling missile secrets to Poland from 1975 to 1983, and Christopher Boyce, who sold satellite secrets to the Soviet Union in the 1970s. Boyce's exploits—espionage, breaking out of a federal prison, and an audacious series of armed bank robberies—were documented in two books and a hit movie, *The Falcon and the Snowman.*

Jim stood out at Sheridan. He was bright, well traveled, and served as a father figure for younger inmates. He had worked as a quality control inspector in the prison furniture factory, and emceed Sunday worship services in the prison chapel. He cut a charismatic figure as a long-haired, moccasin-wearing, born-again Christian. But he suffered from the deadly sin of vanity. He spent a long time primping in his cell, especially before weekend visits with his family. One of his former cellmates, a Las Vegas bank robber named Phil Quackenbush, snickered when Jim combed dark shoe polish into his beard to look more youthful for his kids.

Nathan was a week shy of thirteen when he first came to see his dad in prison. Hundreds of times since then he had passed through the gates, topped with gleaming coils of razor wire, navigating sign-ins, a metal detector, and a hand-stamp station, to be ushered by corrections officers, room by room, into the bowels of the institution, heavy doors buzzing and slamming behind him, just to reach this scuffed-linoleum visiting room with bars on the windows to spend time with the old man. Nathan considered this his second home.

When Nathan saw Jim across the floor, he stood and hugged him fiercely, kissing his dad's cheek. Seventy-four miles separated Nathan and Jim, save for their every-other-Saturday visits. Their phone conversations were routed through a special line at the CIA and Jim's letters were copied and analyzed before being mailed forward. In spite of the encumbrances, perhaps because of them, father and son had grown extremely close.

Jim had missed much of Nathan's first seven years of life. He was serving on the front lines of the Cold War, a covert operator working to derail and defeat the Soviet Union's influence in the Philippines, Thailand, and Cambodia. Jim's adversaries in the KGB dubbed the U.S. their main enemy. The competing spy services played a high-stakes game of cat-and-mouse as an atomic sword of Damocles—thousands of nuclear missiles—dangled over the planet.

Jim's blind devotion to the CIA kept him working late at night, meeting assets and writing reports. His early exploits in Manila earned him the nickname "Batman," and he was thrilled by his rising star in the agency. But the demands of his work meant that he saw little of his wife and three kids.

Nathan barely knew his father until his parents' marriage shattered in the early 1990s. He and his older brother and sister moved in with their dad in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, where they witnessed a monumental shift in his personality. Jim seemed to relish his new role as single dad, joyfully making up for lost time with them.

Years later, Nathan often reminisced about his childhood days with his dad. He remembered lying in bed as Jim settled onto the floor next to him, adjusting a pillow behind his back to read the woodsy sketches of humorist Patrick F. McManus. Jim would clear his throat with comic flair, animating McManus' comic characters with a wide range of voices. The nighttime readings often left them laughing so hard that Nathan had to grab his gut as the old man fought to get the next sentence out.

The bedtime stories would end a few years later, when the rubric of their father-son narrative would divide into the time before Jim's arrest in 1996 and everything that followed. But Nathan would never let go of the dad he remembered in his youth, as Jim turned from U.S. intelligence officer to convicted spy, and eventually a federal prisoner.

Nathan gestured toward a bank of vending machines, which sat on the other side of a red stripe on the floor. Inmates were forbidden from crossing the line.

"Hey, Pa, you want anything?"

Jim ordered his usual, and Nathan trooped off with a handful of bills. He returned from a microwave moments later with two jalapeño cheeseburgers in steaming plastic bags and a pair of ice-cold Coca-Colas. He set their meal on the tray between them. Jim tore open a packet of taco sauce and got right down to business. He wanted to review Nathan's travel plans, and make sure he was completely prepared for his trip to Cyprus. He needed every detail. Departure times. Layovers. Arrivals.

Nathan walked his dad through every leg, sounding like a determined Army clerk briefing the base commander. On Monday he would fly out of Portland to New York's JFK International Airport, connecting in Istanbul for a Turkish Airlines hop across the Mediterranean Sea to Ercan International Airport, on the island of Cyprus. As Jim had instructed, Nathan had reserved his airline tickets with a credit card, but paid for them with $1,584.41 in cash to avoid a paper trail. Jim had told him to find a high-class hotel, which would be safer, and Nathan had used his Visa Citi Platinum card to book a room at the Cyprus Hilton, the best hotel in the capital city of Nicosia. He would pay that tab in cash, too, and ask the desk clerk to delete records of his credit card. Nathan had tucked an extra $294 into his Delta ticket papers for spending money on the six-day trip.

Jim nodded approvingly. He explained to Nathan that the Ercan airport sits in northeastern Cyprus, the Turkish side, which meant he would pass through an armed checkpoint at the Green Line on the taxi ride to his hotel on the Greek side of the capital city. He gave his son a primer on the long conflict between the Greeks and Turks, how Nicosia remained the world's last divided city. Jim leaned closer, asking Nathan in a near whisper to walk him through his cover story.

Nathan quietly explained that if he was stopped by the feds, by anyone, he would say he had flown to Cyprus to meet Army buddies and tour a few castles.

Jim told him that when he checked into the Hilton, he should ask a desk clerk if any of his buddies—phantom's though they were—had left a message for him. He told his son to stop by the desk daily to ask about his friends, solidifying his cover. Jim reminded Nathan that throughout his stay in Nicosia, he needed to remain keenly alert for tails. It was crucial that he not be followed into his meeting with the Russian. The Mediterranean city has long been a hot spot for spies and counterspies, and Jim knew the FBI kept watch on the Russian Embassy. Nicosia had served as a key locale for Cold War spying between the U.S. and the Soviet Union, partly because of its nexus to Europe, Asia, and the turbulent Middle East. Spies on both sides liked tours there. The sandy beaches at nearby Larnaca were heavenly.

The key thing to pack, he said, was the letter Jim had mailed him that summer; it was intended for the Russian. Jim also reminded him to carry the address for his fiancée, Kanokwan Lehliem, who had served as his interpreter—and a great deal more—during a bloody 1980s border war in which Cambodian refugees spilled in waves into her native Thailand. Kanokwan had pledged to wait for Jim until he got out of prison, and he wanted Nathan to wire her some money from Cyprus.

Nathan listened obediently as the old man laid out his to-do list, but he was way ahead of him. Stuck to the fridge in his apartment was a yellow Post-it with a long checklist of things to pack, including all the items Jim reminded him to bring. The first item on Nathan's list, however, was the Holy Bible his dad bought him for his eighteenth birthday. He carried it for inspiration.

With Christmas approaching, Jim urged Nathan to use some of the money the Russian would pay him to buy gifts. He wanted Nathan to wrap two presents with his name on them for his oldest children—a Wii game system for Jeremi, who was serving in the Air Force in Florida, and a bottle of Armani Code perfume for Star, who lived forty miles east of the prison, in Beaverton, Oregon.

Just then, Star walked into the visiting room.

Nathan and his dad shot to their feet, breaking off all talk of Nathan's trip. They had agreed not to tell anyone about their contact with the Russians, deciding early on that Nathan—and Nathan alone—would serve as Jim's courier. Jim told his youngest son that the Russians were paying him out of fealty for his past service, and that Nathan's primary role was to deliver financial succor to his brother and sister, both buried under mountains of debt, and to make payments on his own car and credit card. Nathan had plunged into Jim's scheme with no misgivings. He trusted his father, who rewarded his loyalty with praise. In a letter that summer, Jim applauded Nathan's brave step into what he called the "unseen world," one that he described as sometimes dangerous, always fascinating.

"God leads us on our greatest adventures," Jim wrote. "Keep looking through your new eyes."

On the morning of December 8, 2008, a Monday, Nathan stood in baggage screening at Portland International Airport, arms straight out, wearing the timeless look of the defeated traveler. A beefy Transportation Security Administration officer with a shaved head patted him down, having seen an "SSSS" notation on the young man's boarding pass. The acronym stood for Secondary Security Screening Selection. When the TSA officer was finished, he began pawing through Nathan's backpack and passed him over to the manager.

This wasn't Nathan's first trip through secondary, and he was beginning to think he'd been flagged because he was Jim's son, and that maybe his luck was running out.

Officer Donald Headrick, who managed the TSA's behavioral detection team, was middle-aged with a broad face, thinning hair, and glasses. Headrick sat Nathan down to quiz him about his travels. *Where are you heading today? What's the purpose of your visit? Are you meeting anyone?*

Jim had coached Nathan on how to handle situations like these. He labored to keep his breathing even and reminded himself that the guy in the royal blue TSA uniform with the gold badge was human, too. He looked Headrick in the eyes and regaled him with a spectacular run of lies about heading to Cyprus to meet battle buddies and tour castles he'd read about. Nathan was lying for a living now, just like the old man. He used all the charm he possessed to sell his story to the TSA manager, trying to sound excited about his trip. But much as he tried, Nathan couldn't get a good read from his inquisitor's face.

His head swam with doubt. Was someone onto him? On the way back from his last meeting with the Russian in Peru, Customs officials in Houston put him through a half-hour search and disappeared into an office with his blue notebook and other gear. Recently, his Chevy Cavalier had begun to make unusual beep tones when he keyed the remote, an indication someone had bumped into or entered the car. A few times recently, he had returned to his one-bedroom apartment to find it marinating in the smell of human body odor, and not just any B.O., but the B.O. of someone having a really bad day. Then, just the previous Saturday, a clean-cut guy, midforties with a little paunch, had glommed onto him at the prison as they made the long trek through the metal detectors and heavy doors to the visiting room. The guy had planted himself in a row of seats in front of them, his back to Nathan and Jim, and seemed to be listening in on their their conversation.

Headrick thumbed through Nathan's wallet, asking how much money he was carrying. Then he rummaged through his bag.

Nathan figured maybe it all ended here. But suddenly, Headrick was handing him his wallet.

"Enjoy your trip," he said. "Have a nice flight."

For sheer whimsy, you had to give it to the Russian. He summoned Nathan ten time zones from home, to Nicosia, a city known for its old-world cuisine, just to rendezvous in front of a T.G.I. Friday's. Nathan stood on a wide sidewalk at 12 Diagorou Street as darkness fell over a palm-flecked shopping district choked with Greek nightclubs and restaurants. Towering streetlamps bathed him in light as he fidgeted in front of the Texas-based chain restaurant's familiar red-and-white awnings. He looked for all the world like any other hayseed American tourist, another cultureless Yank who had stumbled into the exotic crossroads of Europe and the Middle East only to forgo the local fare and feast on Jack Daniel's pork chops, New York Cheesecake, and six-dollar Budweisers.

He wore jeans, sneakers, and a camel-colored baseball cap. The Russian had presented him with the hat at their last meeting, instructing Nathan to wear it outside the restaurant while grasping his backpack in his right hand. He completed the tourist getup with a map of Nicosia, which he snatched from the Hilton's front desk on his way out. When Nathan left the hotel for his appointment, he had launched himself down Archbishop Makarios III Avenue, named after the first president of the Republic of Cyprus, toward the T.G.I. Friday's. He hiked down side streets to avoid being tailed, and he doubled back a few times, pausing at shop windows to check their reflections, making sure he wasn't being followed.

Nathan's walk took such a circuitous route that he blundered off course and got lost. But being the earnest sort, he had left the Hilton so early on the evening of December 10, 2008, that he still arrived an hour early for his meeting with the Russian. He stood on that wide sidewalk trying to look casual as the sun went down on a cool evening two weeks before Christmas. The moon, almost full, shone brightly in the clear island sky.

Jim had told his son that his meetings with the Russian were potentially dangerous. "Risky," he had said, "but not illegal." But Nathan now suspected that couldn't possibly be true. The evidence, he knew, would show he had smuggled his dad's notes out of the prison, then carried them to first-name-only Russians in diplomatic stations in San Francisco, Mexico City, and Lima. They had paid for the information with bagfuls of hundred-dollar bills. Both his dad and the Russian had repeatedly cautioned him to keep an eye out for surveillance, and the old man had taught him basic spy skills to avoid detection. It was abundantly clear to Nathan that he and his dad were no longer just father and son, but co-conspirators tempting fate each time he met the Russian.

At precisely 7 p.m., Nathan caught a glimpse of a short, gray-haired man walking toward the restaurant. He forced himself to look away until he heard the Russian's unmistakably precise English, words that came almost in a whisper.

"Do you know the way to the federal post office?"

Nathan turned and looked at him as if they had never met. His handler stood at five-foot-six, a couple of inches shorter than he, with white hair, dark gray eyes, and a thick neck. Nathan was supposed to speak his end of the recognition dialogue, an exchange Russian spies call a *parol*. But it felt pointless to him. They had now met on three continents, spent hours talking in soundproof rooms. They were, by anyone's measure, *acquainted*. But Nathan wouldn't disappoint him.

"It should be around here somewhere," he said, lifting the prop in his hand: the map of Nicosia. "Let me show you the way."

Before Nathan could finish the line, the Russian was tugging at his sleeve to move them along. They strode in silence past the Epi Topou Café, toward the sprawling Megaland computer game store, and turned left down a poorly lit side street, where a dark European sedan hugged the curb.

The Russian leaned close.

"Don't say anything in the car," he said.

The Russian opened one of the sedan's rear doors and instructed Nathan to curl himself into the well behind the front seat. Nathan felt the car lurch into gear and pull away. The Russian and his driver chatted in their mother tongue over the drone of the engine. It sounded like a serious conversation.

Nathan's dad and his Army instructors had drilled him on situational awareness, the art of evaluating landscapes and keeping track of time to protect himself and complete his objective. Nathan's immediate objective was to know where in the hell they were taking him. But he was clueless, scrooching in the back with no way of identifying streets or landmarks. They drove along lighted thoroughfares and dark ones, making turn after turn, sometimes rumbling across stone streets. They seemed to be traveling in a wide arc, but the car eventually paused at a tall gate before passing through and into a garage.

Nathan climbed out of the sedan and stood. He knew not to talk until they were alone. They climbed a narrow staircase to a circular landing lit by a sparkling chandelier. The Russian guided Nathan into a tiny office with sofas flanking a coffee table. Nathan took a seat, his back to the heavy door, as the Russian rustled up refreshments. After a moment, the older man presented him with a plastic bottle of Coca-Cola. In all their meetings, the Russian had offered him coffee first and had always seemed humored when Nathan asked for Coke. Ordinarily, he began their meetings by asking how Nathan's father and the rest of his family were doing. But tonight he had something else on his mind.

He wanted to know if Nathan saw anything suspicious in his travels, including his walk from the Hilton to the T.G.I. Friday's. Nathan explained that he had walked a basic surveillance detection route on the way over, running into a pair of guys with Russian accents who asked where they might find someplace to eat. The Russian nodded, as if in deep thought. Nathan said he had turned around at one point to see if he was being tailed and caught a glimpse of a short man abruptly ducking out of sight.

The old man smirked.

"I was tailing you," he said.

Nathan hadn't recognized him.

"Do you have any new messages for me?" the Russian asked.

The question put Nathan on his heels. The Russian had cautioned him in their last meeting not to carry more of his dad's handwritten notes out of the prison—"Too dangerous," he had said—and now seemed to have changed his mind. Nathan tried not to look flustered. He pulled out the letter Jim had mailed him that summer—it was intended for the Russian—and handed it across the coffee table.

Jim was permitted to send letters from the prison, but all his correspondence—peppered with hand-drawn emoticons—was routed through the CIA's headquarters at Langley. Analysts there reviewed Jim's mail to ensure that he wasn't sharing classified information still etched in the coils of his brain from sixteen years in the agency.

The Russian now read the letter.

"Hi Tiger! I want to thank you for your very moving letter of 10 August. I want to also tell you that the qualities you said you had received from me—respect for others, discipline, endurance, faith, patience, love, and sheer will power—are very much qualities that apply to you, whether you received them via me or not. I am so very proud of you, son. You are a man of great courage and a blessing to our entire family."

Jim's missive then veered weirdly into his latest health exams. He listed his height, weight, age, and notes about his excellent physical conditioning, right down to the results of his latest EKG, blood pressure test, and prostate cancer screening. The letter also mentioned the status of two bills before Congress that Jim hoped would get him out of prison sooner. Then came a line with no ambiguity. The words were clearly intended for the Russian, whose countrymen had long stood behind those caught spying for Moscow.

"We've waited a long time for a miracle, but patience is what we've learned instead," Jim wrote. "I have much to do for those who have stood by me."

The six-page letter noted the financial struggles facing Jeremi and his Russian wife, Nastia, who lived in Panama City, Florida. Jeremi, weighted down with student loans, worked at Tyndall Air Force Base. "He's a [staff sergeant] now," Jim wrote, "and still would like to be an officer—which he would have been if they hadn't sat on his security clearance for so long, no doubt because of me." Jim pointed out that Star, who had a decent job at a Portland software company, had accumulated even bigger student loan debts. He wrote how proud he was of Nathan for working as a draftsman while attending college.

"I've probably not told you anything you didn't already know," Jim wrote, "but it's good for me to review all these blessings from time to time lest I forget and become melancholy from wandering around this old prison for a twelfth year. You know. But, I still have dreams and goals and I don't see me sitting back in retirement mode once I am free again. . . . Too much wasted time has already passed for me to waste the future too."

The old man closed by advising his son to put half his savings in euros, owing to the precarious U.S. dollar. Then, with a final wink to the Russian he knew would read his words, Jim wrote: "Take good care of yourself, son, and please extend my very best to those with you. We will have our day. With pride and love, Pa."

The Russian looked up from the letter and asked Nathan if he had any other messages from his father.

"That was all I was instructed to carry," he said.

Nathan knew his dad wanted to set himself up in Russia after serving his time. The old man clearly wanted to live the adventurous life again, this time in luxury, on Moscow's dime.

The Russian wound down the meeting by asking Nathan a few questions about The Farm, the CIA's covert training center. Jim had taught tradecraft, the art and craft of espionage, at the base along the Virginia tidewater. He wanted to know the circumstances that got Jim assigned to the center in Camp Peary in the mid-1990s, where the Nicholson children lived in a government house. The CIA does not publicly acknowledge its nine-thousand-acre training center, one of the government's worst-kept secrets.

"This is the next assignment," the Russian said, pulling out an envelope. They would meet again a year later, on December 18, 2009, in Bratislava, Slovakia. The Russian slid a black-and-white photo in front of Nathan, and smiled.

"Tell me if you see a woman in this."

The photo pictured an abstract sculpture. The piece looked like a human with a halo of hair and massive knees, but there was a gash sliced from hip to sternum. Nathan saw little in the piece to suggest a woman. The Russian noted that she was supposed to be pregnant. This, too, offered no help.

"I don't see it either," the Russian said.

The two men laughed.

The Russian told Nathan that the sculpture sat in a park at Bratislava's Račianske mýto, a major transportation hub, and it was to be the site of their next rendezvous. They would meet at 7 p.m.

The Russian made Nathan repeat the instructions for their meeting, including the coded phrase he was to drop in their Yahoo account in the event he couldn't make it.

"My brother Eugene is ill," Nathan said.

The Russian nodded. He opened a folder and withdrew a paper pouch, out of which he pulled a rectangular envelope. He spilled its contents—a bundle of U.S. hundreds—on the table, careful not to touch the currency.

"Please count it," he said.

Nathan protested, saying it wasn't necessary; they were all friends.

"I insist," the Russian said.

Nathan carefully counted out $13,000, much more than he expected.

"Too much," he said.

The Russian looked puzzled.

Nathan tutored him on U.S. law, explaining that it's illegal not to declare more than $10,000 in cash when reentering the country. That meant he would have to burn through a few grand in the following days so that he came in under the limit. This seemed wasteful to Nathan. The Russian, who had lived through generations of austerity in the former Soviet Union, insisted that the broke American college student take the money. This commenced a comical round of reverse haggling. In the end, Nathan agreed to accept $12,000—not a penny more.

With Christmas coming, Nathan wanted to know what the Russian had planned for the holidays. The two men had made little in the way of small talk in their past meets, and Nathan could see the question made his handler uncomfortable. But the old spy let his guard down, saying he hoped to get home in time to spend the New Year holiday with his wife and son.

It occurred to Nathan that he had no earthly idea where the Russian lived. He knew better than to ask, and it wasn't in his nature to pry.

The two men made their way to the garage and climbed into the sedan, where Nathan folded himself onto the floorboards again. The car rumbled through the south side of the city, all done up for the holidays, Christmas lights sparkling from tree trunks and white globes strung above Makarios Avenue. They drove in silence for a long time before the car slowly came to a stop. The Russian gave a nod, and Nathan climbed out wordlessly. He stood on a parking lot a few blocks from the Hilton trying to orient himself. Suddenly, the sedan kicked up gravel behind him and vanished.

Nathan spent the next couple of days knocking around Nicosia, ordering room-service sushi, gorging on the Hilton's all-you-can-eat buffet, and hitting Pizza Hut, where he sampled the Mediterranean pie with stuffed cheese. As a former deliveryman for the pizza chain, he liked to see how they made their pies in other countries. Nathan stayed on the swanky side of Nicosia, but toured the bastions of the ancient city, deciding he liked the cobblestone streets and solar panels, a splendid collision of old and new. Empires had fought over the city for thousands of years. They had thrown up stone walls and battlements until the latest of them—thanks to a simmering truce between the Turks in the north and the Greek-backed Cypriots in the south—apparently agreed to propagate the town with shopping malls and beige high-rises and to cover every horizontal surface with satellite dishes and antennas.

Before he left Nicosia, Nathan wired Kanokwan $500 and paid his hotel bill, which ran just over a grand. Later that day he landed in Istanbul, where he wended through a serpentine line. He presented his passport to an unsmiling window clerk and walked toward a brightly lit red sign reading, "Duty Free." There he dropped about $100 on the bottle of Armani Code that Jim wanted him to buy Star for Christmas.

Then he flew backward in time, toward Oregon and his one-bedroom walk-up in the Heron Meadows Apartments.

Nathan reached Portland International the first hour of Monday, December 15, and slogged to his Chevy. He drove south toward Eugene in a rare snow shower, which threw a brilliant white blanket over the valley. He reached his apartment at 3:30 a.m. and stashed $9,500 cash in his nightstand. Nathan climbed into his rack knowing his dad would be pleased with the latest payment and with another meeting set for Slovakia the following year. Then he collapsed in the loopy delirium known only to those who've flown halfway around the world in coach.

At precisely 1:20 p.m., a loud pounding woke him. He lay in bed for a few seconds, his eyes adjusting to the light. Someone was knocking so hard on his metal door it reminded him of his sergeants back in the Army.

Nathan lurched out of bed and lumbered barefoot across the carpet toward the door.

The pounding persisted.

He pushed an eye against the peephole and saw the fish-eye forms of two middle-aged white guys standing on his stoop. They were serious-looking men in jeans and heavy winter coats. One of them chewed gum.

Feds, he thought. Had to be.

Nathan stood frozen behind the door. For an instant, he thought maybe they would just walk away, hoped they would.

The gum-chewing man pulled out a phone and began to dial. Nathan turned from the peephole and sprinted on tiptoes toward his bedroom. He was closing in on his flip phone when suddenly it rang. He pounced on the silence button before it could ring twice. Then he waited, praying for the men to go away.

Moments later, the pounding resumed.

The hell with it, Nathan thought, moving for the door. It's now or never.

He exhaled and reached for the doorknob.

2

First CIA Tour, Manila Station

> "Manila is the cradle, the graveyard, the memory. The Mecca, the Cathedral, the bordello. The shopping mall, the urinal, the discotheque."
>
> —Miguel Syjuco, *Ilustrado*

Manila, Republic of the Philippines, 1982

The U.S. Embassy compound sits on Manila Bay, a complex of sun-scrubbed buildings overlooking a wide promenade lined with coconut palms along Roxas Boulevard. Just up the harbor sits the Manila Yacht Club, and next door is a busy shipping terminal that sends massive vessels churning toward the tadpole-shaped island of Corregidor and the wide-open waters of the South China Sea. To the north of the embassy, a colorful patchwork of buildings rises from both sides of the Pasig River, a sluggish tidal estuary that bisects the city and runs in opposite directions on the whims and seasonal water levels of nearby Laguna de Bay. Everywhere, knots of mosquitoes hunt for blood.

The embassy compound's chancery, which sat a block from Manila's largest red-light district, Ermita, had served as a jail after World War II, its basement a makeshift court to try Japanese war criminals. Jim's desk, little more than a prop, now occupied an office upstairs. There the first-tour spy posed as a diplomatic officer in the mornings and slipped out in the afternoons. He filed reports behind a heavy wooden door marked "Office of Regional Affairs," a well-known euphemism for CIA stations around the globe.

Manila was a playground for a young CIA man in those days. The operations officers in Jim's station enjoyed a decent relationship with the host government of Ferdinand Marcos Sr., and seldom worried about being revealed, caught, or arrested for their espionage. They also didn't fear Filipino counterintelligence officers, who were too clumsy and overmatched by their CIA counterparts. The spies in Jim's wing focused their intelligence gathering on the KGB and its cohorts from Cuba, China, and Vietnam.

Marcos ran one of the world's most corrupt governments, famously telling ABC News, "I have committed many sins in my life. But stealing money from the government, from the people, is not one of them." Of course, Marcos and his famously shoe-hoarding wife Imelda were busily siphoning billions of dollars from public programs at the time, parking much of it in North American banks. Marcos so detested communist groups working to overthrow him that he fell into lockstep with the U.S. government and its efforts to thwart the spread of communism. Marcos had imposed martial law in 1972, closing the nation's congress and news outlets, and ordering the arrest of political foes. By the time Jim reached Manila, Marcos had presided over a decade of brutal human rights violations.

Jim was assigned to the CIA's internal branch, which spied on the emerging Communist Party of the Philippines and its armed splinter group, the New People's Army. The NPA, with assassination units scattered up and down the nation, was growing. Its gun-toting killers served as shakedown artists, extorting money from local businesses and foreign-owned mining and logging companies in hopes of fomenting a communist revolution.

Marcos' principle antagonist, former Filipino politician Benigno "Ninoy" Aquino Jr., had aligned himself with the left in hopes of overthrowing the regime's ruthless government. Aquino, once expected to ascend to the presidency in 1973, was instead imprisoned. When he suffered a heart attack, the Marcos regime allowed him to fly to Dallas for bypass surgery. He remained there in exile as his people fell into years of withering poverty. In the summer of 1983, Aquino flew home to the Philippines to confront the sagging political climate and talk to Marcos about a peaceful restoration of democracy. Aquino told journalists he was returning of his own free will, and was prepared for the worst. "A death sentence awaits me," he prophesied in an undelivered speech. And he was right.

The assassination of Aquino triggered angry protests across Manila, and many Filipinos believed Marcos had ordered the slaying. The Communist Party's labor and women's movements organized massive demonstrations outside the U.S. Embassy and other spots across the city, calling for the end of the U.S.-backed Marcos government and carrying posters emblazoned with the hammer and sickle. Jim and other officers dressed down in casual clothes and launched themselves into the daylight demonstrations. Jim posed as an American sympathetic to their cause.

Jim and a fellow case officer, one of his closest friends, often paired up to wade into the raucous crowds. Their job was to observe and report on conditions. Armed gunmen halted them from time to time for questioning. "We always did talk our way past them," Jim's former partner told me. "A former supervisor began calling us 'Batman and Robin' after one of these episodes."

Jim ate up his superiors' bon mots, delighted to be thought of as the station's caped crusader. He worked doggedly to develop assets who could provide him entree to key figures in the communist insurgency and the NPA, according to Norb Garrett, who served as the CIA's station chief in Manila from 1984 to 1988.

"He had the reputation of being kind of an up-and-comer," Garrett said. "A bright kid. Hard worker."

Jim worked like a journalist trying to learn what the protesters might do next, gathering intelligence and filing real-time reports. Embassy officials had a stake in the doings on the street. They feared demonstrators might breach the gates of their compound like the student protesters who overtook the U.S. Embassy in Tehran in 1979, holding fifty-two hostages for more than four hundred days.

Jim's workdays didn't end on the streets. He and other ambitious CIA officers rounded out their days in bars and other nightspots, cultivating new contacts and working old sources as they mixed business with beer and other pleasures. One of Jim's brother officers in the internal branch remembered beaching up with Jim and other colleagues at the Hobbit House. The popular bar, opened by a fan of J. R. R. Tolkien, was staffed almost entirely with dwarfs and other little people. It was a popular spot for Americans, especially young, good-looking, ambitious CIA officers trolling for intel to get ahead in the agency while drinking San Miguel.

But the extracurricular nights out played hell on marriages, including Jim's.

Laura Sue Cooper hadn't seen him coming that day in early 1973.

She was eighteen years old, a freshman at Oregon State University, weighing in before fencing class. She stood on the gymnasium scale after a short workout on the universal weight set. Jim sidled up, noting that the scale read ninety-three pounds.

"Getting a little heavy," he remarked.

Miss Cooper responded by slugging Jim in the arm. Love at first swing.

She stood five feet tall, a fair-skinned hazel-eyed blonde with a sprinkle of light freckles. She was born in the seaside dairy country of Tillamook, Oregon, but raised mostly in Eugene, home of the University of Oregon Ducks.

It was a little before Valentine's Day when Jim called. Laurie had no idea how he got her number. She learned he was a twenty-two-year-old senior on a four-year ROTC scholarship. She was curious enough to say yes to a date. What she didn't learn until later was that

Jim had made a bet with a roommate that he could get her to go out with him.

Laurie, who had never been outside the U.S., was smitten from the start. Jim stood a foot taller than she, dark-haired and handsome. He had traveled the world, growing up on Air Force bases as far away as Japan. Jim was as charming and gregarious as Laurie was shy and circumspect.

He proposed less than a week later.

That spring, Jim graduated third in his ROTC class at Oregon State, fulfilling a lifelong dream to earn his commission as a second lieutenant in the Army. He had shaped himself into a low-keyed leader, commanding a unit called the Raiders. His four-year ride in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps coincided with some of the bloodiest fighting of the Vietnam War.

Combat troops had pulled out of South Vietnam three months earlier, returning to a largely ungrateful nation. Meanwhile, Washington and Moscow had closed out the first quarter-century of a nuclear and geopolitical standoff that posed grave consequences for the planet. Amid this chaos, Jim charted his future.

He married Laurie on June 10, 1973, in Eugene. Laurie wore a white floor-length wedding dress with a cathedral veil made of tulle. Jim wore his Army dress uniform with a bow tie. The newlyweds walked under an arch of dress swords. But the wedding marked only the beginning of Jim's dead run into adulthood. He had already taken Army Ranger training in the ROTC and, with no war left to fight, he would plunge himself into military intelligence to help defeat communism.

Jim was a child of the Cold War. He was born in Woodburn, Oregon, on November 17, 1950, the day after President Harry S. Truman declared an emergency crisis caused by the threat of communism. Jim's mother, Beatrice Marie "Betty" Adamson, had married Jim's father, Harold James Mesick Jr., in 1949, while she worked as an Army cryptographer. But

Betty's marriage to Mesick, an Air Force sergeant, never took. Mesick showed little love for her and never bonded with Jim. He was sent to Okinawa, Japan, to serve as a gunner on combat missions in the Korean War. When later he walked away from his family, Betty didn't object. She remained married to Mesick in name only until 1956, when they formally divorced. Betty got full custody of Jim, who hadn't laid eyes on his namesake since he was an infant.

Betty became a single working mom at a time when such circumstances surely fed the small town's scandal-hungry gossips. She opened Elite Beauty Salon and remodeled her life. Her parents looked after Jim while she worked. They were Presbyterians who had fled North Dakota in the early 1930s, victims of drought, swarms of crop-killing grasshoppers, and black blizzards of dust that finished off what the Wall Street Crash of 1929 had commenced.

After Betty had been juggling work and motherhood for a year, her sister introduced her to an airman living at an air base in Klamath Falls, Oregon. Marvin "Nick" Nicholson was nearly five years younger and a few inches shorter than Betty. They fell in love during a historic autumn in American history. John Wayne and Sophia Loren lit up movie screens in *Legend of the Lost*, Elvis Presley's song "Jailhouse Rock" hit number one on radio charts, and Cold War tensions between the U.S. and U.S.S.R. literally soared when the Soviets launched the world's first artificial satellite. The technology that powered a twenty-three-inch sphere called Sputnik 1 into outer space was also capable of delivering a nuclear warhead to the continental U.S.

Jim served as ring bearer at his mother's wedding on March 22, 1958, in the Presbyterian Church in Woodburn. Betty sold her beauty shop and they moved to Klamath Falls, where she enrolled Jim in second grade. Jim balked when he learned the school roster listed him as Harold James Mesick. He thought he'd already become a Nicholson. "Mom," she recalls him complaining, "*we* got married." Nick put the matter to rest by formally adopting Jim. The couple would eventually give Jim siblings, sister Tammie and brother Robert.

Air Force bases and other military installations would serve as Jim's backyard playgrounds for the next dozen years. He made the awkward turn into his teens at Edwards Air Force Base on the western edge of California's Mojave Desert. In January 1965, Jim met Len Beystrum in an eighth-grade history class, and the two would become lifelong friends. They were inseparable for about three years at Edwards, hiking into the desert to dig forts, riding bikes, swimming in the base pool, and playing board games. Jim later played football with the Desert High Scorpions. Like most of the Edwards kids, he was steeped in patriotism. He stood at attention when the base intercom played "Taps" each evening.

It was a scary time for Americans. Cities handed out nuclear evacuation pamphlets, homeowners built bomb shelters, and schoolkids were forced into duck-and-cover drills as alarms blared. But parents at Edwards had little truck in fear. Nick Nicholson and other airmen were already doing their part to ensure the U.S. stayed on top of the Soviet Union. Nick spent his days as an aircraft technician maintaining the Air Force's SR-71 Blackbird spy planes, which hurtled at supersonic speeds to collect intelligence on communist adversaries.

It was likely that Nick's work and Betty's talk of code breaking ignited Jim's passion for spying. While other boys stuck their noses in *Mad* magazine, Jim pored through library books on intelligence operations. He idolized James Bond, played on the big screen by Sean Connery. The early 007 dressed sharp, piloted an Aston Martin with twin machine guns, and burned women down with charm and dry martinis. Spies were the new heroes of Cold War culture in America. Napoleon Solo in *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*, Kelly Robinson in *I Spy*, and Maxwell Smart in the spy-spoofing *Get Smart* thwarted countless communist villains.

The notion of spying for one's country as an act of patriotism took such deep root in Jim that by the time he and his young bride set off to chase his military intelligence career, he was already dreaming of missions in foreign ports of call. Laurie, who had just completed her first year at Oregon State, quit school to help Jim follow his ambitions. They spent the first few years of their marriage at Army bases in Georgia and

Kentucky, humid hellholes where Jim took airborne training and Laurie got up every morning to make sure the seams of his shirt, belt buckle, and trousers were aligned. Jim's big move came in 1975, when he was shipped off to Fort Devens, in Ayer, Massachusetts, where he studied cryptology, the art of code breaking. Jim's superiors, clearly impressed with the young officer, later assigned him to the Army Security Agency field station in Okinawa, Japan.

Jim knew Okinawa well. He and his mother had moved there temporarily in September 1959 to join Nick, who was stationed in Sobe, at the edge of the East China Sea. The Nicholsons took residence in an un-air-conditioned concrete-block house with grass rugs, bamboo furniture, and mosquito netting. Jim slept on an Army cot, his life a perpetual camping trip. He and his chums spent their days exploring the island, a wild, tropical place crawling with venom-packed snakes and spiders as big as your fist. Ghosts of World War II haunted the place, where U.S. Marines fought for eighty-two days to establish military bases. Jim and his buddies ran across live ordnance, and once, while exploring a cave, stumbled over a skeleton with a rifle and helmet.

Jim's adult years on Okinawa were a steady climb in his intelligence career. The Army Security Agency was responsible for securing military communications and running electronic countermeasures. Jim advanced to first lieutenant, then captain, and won commendations. He also attended school at night, earning a master's degree in counseling from the University of Maryland's University College program in Asia. He later volunteered as a counselor for military personnel and their families.

Laurie resented Jim's focus on his career, which turned her into an officer's wife. She was tired of attending military parties, where she felt ignored. Tired of turning down job offers to chase *Jim's* career. Tired of serving as Jim's chef, housekeeper, and doormat. It galled her that he had earned his master's before she'd gotten a bachelor's. She took classes in Japanese, sociology, and oceanography. But when she asked Jim if she could return to college full time, he told her that was just an excuse to divorce him.

Jim and Laurie also began to suspect each other of cheating. Jim thought she was sleeping around on him, and she was convinced he had bedded an enlisted woman. Before things could spin out of control, Jim's tour of duty on Okinawa came to a close. The Army relocated him to Fort Huachuca, Arizona, home to the U.S. Army Intelligence Center and Strategic Communications Command, a good post for an up-and-coming intelligence officer. It was there, in the middle of 1978, that Laurie gave birth to their first child, Jeremiah, whom they named after the biblical prophet. Laurie picked their son's middle name, Dei, the Latin word for God. They called him Jeremi.

The Army presented Jim an array of intelligence-gathering disciplines, from satellite surveillance to human-to-human spying, known as HUMINT. Laurie recalled years later that Jim had no interest in the field of human intelligence, which is where his talents lay.

The peacetime Army and its lousy pay left Jim at a crossroads. During his next posting, at Fort Ord, near Monterey Bay, California, he made a bold move to leave the only career he knew. He plunked down $500 for some proper business plumage, choosing a three-piece pinstripe suit tailored with medium-weight wool. Laurie sent him off to a job fair looking deadly handsome. Jim mailed résumés to potential employers, including Alcoa, Frito-Lay, and the CIA, and left the Army on August 13, 1979.

Jim thrilled at the notion the CIA might call him for an interview. But he leaped at his first job offer, uprooting Laurie and Jeremi and moving them to a rental home outside Kansas City, Missouri. Jim went to work making decorative candles and votives for Hallmark Cards. Laurie recalled that Hallmark, impressed with Jim's work, wanted to send him to Hong Kong as a production manager for its injection-mold operation. But the Nicholsons stayed put as Jim prayed the CIA would call. They bought a house in Lee's Summit, Missouri, where Jim joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and grew a beard. When Jim told his parents he'd become a Mormon, his mom, who raised him Presbyterian, wasn't pleased.

"It's up to you," said Betty. "But you'll never convince me I'm a second-class citizen."

"We don't believe that," Jim told her.

Betty didn't buy it, but she let it rest.

Jim's CIA application stalled, although he was precisely what the agency wanted. He was smart, charming, and possessed a good mix of creative problem-solving skills and executive functioning; his military intelligence background was a bonus. He read up on world affairs, Laurie recalled, and practiced naming the world's top political leaders. But Jim was the victim of poor timing.

The CIA had spent the last few years curbing clandestine operations and drawing down its roster of on-the-ground spies. Stansfield Turner, the CIA's director, believed that the future of global intelligence gathering was in electronic surveillance. "We only need spies," Turner famously observed, "where satellites can't go." Turner slashed more than eight hundred jobs from the payroll, a two-year bloodletting commenced in the autumn of 1979 that came to be known as the Halloween Massacre. His Cold War strategy was to expand the machinery of intelligence gathering, especially signals intelligence, to identify nuclear missile silos and intercept radio transmissions behind the Iron Curtain. But the Soviets' war in Afghanistan and their backing of communists in Nicaragua soon changed Turner's thinking.

In the waning months of Jimmy Carter's presidency in 1980, the CIA commenced a hiring blitz to cover its Cold War action in the Middle East and Central America. The agency funded Afghanistan's Islamic mujahideen in their war against the Soviet Union, and they provided support to Nicaraguan rebels in their efforts to overthrow the Soviet-backed Sandinista government in Managua. In early 1980, the CIA flew Jim and many other prospective operations officers eastward for interviews.

Laurie picked Jim up at the Kansas City Airport when he returned from his interview. They made small talk on the way home in their Jeep CJ-7 Renegade. Inside the little orange car, Jim would not talk about how things went. Only at the house, behind closed doors, did Jim confide that he'd accepted a job with the CIA. Laurie recalled that he was practically bouncing off the walls, a life's dream come true. Jim explained that she could be a stay-at-home mom or join him, under contract, to support his spy work as part of a husband-wife team. But with a baby in the house, Laurie didn't feel comfortable taking a part-time job with the agency. She would consider it later.

The Nicholsons packed Jeremi and the family's Australian shepherd, Morning Dew, into the Jeep and drove to northern Virginia, eventually settling into a drafty frame rental house in Alexandria. Jim entered duty with the CIA on October 20, 1980. Fifteen days later, voters sent Ronald Reagan to the White House—good news for Jim's new employer. The Reagan administration reinvigorated the CIA with enough funding to combat the Soviets at every front in the global spy war. The agency dispatched Jim and hundreds of other men and women to The Farm, 150 miles south of their home, for basic training as spies.

Laurie discovered the loneliness of the long-distance CIA relationship during Jim's ten months at The Farm. As Jim learned how to make disguises, detect surveillance, and recruit foreign assets, Laurie learned how to keep house with a potty-training toddler. As Jim took the agency's paramilitary course, parachuting out of planes, firing machine guns, and rigging handmade explosives, Laurie scrubbed toilets and paid the bills. When her husband came home for short weekends, he couldn't talk about his training. Jim was obsessively secretive about his work, maintaining his cover as a Department of State diplomat even with his parents. Laurie wearied of the separations, and she sometimes felt like a single mom. The Nicholsons spent enough time together to conceive Star, born in October 1981. But in time, Jim's constant travel and the secrecy of his work would grind them toward a showdown.

When Jim's training at The Farm concluded, the agency sent him home to Alexandria, where he commuted to a language class nearby. He spent his days with several other men in a high-rise in Rosslyn, Virginia, studying Tagalog, the primary language of the Philippines. Jim's classmates were newly minted diplomats with the U.S. Foreign Service, and it was obvious the government planned to post them in Manila for their first tours abroad. The students drew close, eating together and sharing life stories. But they noticed that Jim grew uncharacteristically quiet when they'd discuss the State Department's grueling A-100 class, which taught the building blocks of diplomacy. When someone finally asked Jim which class he'd taken, he told them he was in a special program that allowed him to bypass the course and go straight into the political end of the Foreign Service.

Classmate Tom Reich had never heard of such a thing. Curious, he and another student later checked with someone in the State Department personnel office, who thumbed through a roster of junior officers, found no one by Jim's name, and declared, "You've got a spook in your class." Jim's concealment didn't sit well with Reich. Foreign Service employees were supposed to help CIA officers maintain their cover, and Reich found Jim's lie off-putting. He knew there was no reason for Jim to keep up the unnecessary charade. It was as if he enjoyed the lie.

On the last Tuesday in January 1982, Jim took the oath of office, promising to defend the Constitution against all enemies, foreign and domestic. He also signed papers acknowledging that he held top-secret security clearance and that disclosing U.S. secrets was a crime that could gravely damage his nation.

Early that March, as the six-month Tagalog course wound down, Jim invited his classmates and teachers to the two-story rental in Alexandria. Reich watched the dynamic between Laurie and Jim. Laurie was cute and meek as a mouse, and she appeared to live under Jim's thumb. Jim held court with his guests throughout the evening. Whenever he asked if anyone needed fresh beverages, it was Laurie who jumped up to fetch them. Jim never lifted a finger. Laurie might as well have been the maid.

Jim did not explain to Laurie how he spent his days and many evenings in Manila. He typically got home after she had read the kids to sleep. Laurie, pregnant with their third, was mostly homebound. Sometimes

Jim took Laurie to embassy parties, some of them mandatory. They often found themselves at swanky residential homes in one of Manila's sixteen cities, Makati, where the men dressed in *Barong Tagalogs* and sipped tropical cocktails. From time to time, Laurie recalled, they ended up at suit-and-tie affairs where Jim—keeping to his cover as a political officer—made friends with Soviets he considered "developmentals."

From time to time, Jim brought potential assets home, phoning Laurie on short notice to say he had extended a dinner invitation. He had told her that recruitment of a KGB officer was rewarded with a full bump in pay grade. She worked hard to make their guests feel at home, rustling up food and cocktails, which were reimbursed by the CIA. One of the couples had children roughly the same age as Jeremi and Star, and Laurie figured the husband was KGB. Jim and the Soviet got along famously and became good friends.

This cat-and-mouse action played out daily in cities across the globe, one spy working to recruit another spy—or a government official, a business maven, or someone inside the corridors of power and influence. They tried to learn their targets' vulnerabilities—alcoholism, for instance, or marital infidelities, money problems, gambling addictions, hidden homosexuality, or drifting ideologies. They worked months, sometimes years, to craft a recruitment pitch. Sometimes they resorted to blackmail.

Once at an outdoor party, Laurie recalled, a Soviet man drew her aside for a pitch of his own. Russian men were famous for their flirtations. But this man's wife was nearby, visibly pregnant, and he'd clearly been drinking. Soon he made a graceless offer to take her for a ride in his car, just the two of them. Laurie berated him for his boorish move. While he might have been a KGB officer sidling up to Laurie to learn more about Jim, she took it as an unwanted romantic advance and told him, as nicely as she could, to go fuck himself. "I probably blew it for Jim," she said.

Though Jim spent night after night away from her and the kids in hopes of finding a source capable of penetrating the KGB, Garrett didn't recall his developing any sensational assets during his years in Manila, and he was certain that Jim brought no spies—those from the Soviet Union or other communist countries—into the CIA's fold. Although it wasn't for lack of trying: Jim's reputation in Manila was that he was out on the town, but not stepping out on his wife. The city was full of sultry, flirtatious women hunting for husbands. Many of the men they pursued turned philandering into an art form, and Garrett remembered nearly sending one of Jim's brother officers home—meaning back to the U.S.—for bringing unauthorized women into the CIA station. The agency's spies were supposed to report their relationships with foreign nationals, even those in which all that passed between them were bodily fluids.

Laurie took an entirely different view of Jim's nights on the town. Late in his Manila tour, she recalled, their maid confessed to her that she and Jim were having an affair, and that she was pregnant. Laurie recalled that the Filipino housekeeper wanted her husband, her kids, and the family dog. Their maid wasn't the first to throw herself at Jim, but she was the first hell-bent on breaking up the marriage. Laurie confronted Jim, and he quickly summoned the housekeeper for an intense conversation in Tagalog. Jim neither confirmed nor denied the affair to his wife. Many years later, he would deny ever cheating on her. But rumors about Jim's affair with the housekeeper passed through the CIA station, according to one fellow officer.

On the last day of July 1984, Laurie gave birth to Nathan in a hospital in Makati. The Nicholsons named him Nathaniel after the Old Testament prophet. It would have been easy at that point for Jim, with three kids in the house, to put his ambitions on the shelf and coast. But it might have been career suicide.

The following year, the CIA posted Jim to Bangkok, Thailand, to take part in a covert program in support of the Cambodian resistance movement against communist Vietnam. The Vietnamese, backed by the Soviet Union, had seized Phnom Penh in the late 1970s and were at war with Cambodia. The bulk of Cambodia's opposition movement—supported by the U.S.—had fled to the jungles of its western border with Thailand. The CIA needed bodies on the ground.

Jim was thirty-four years old. He had sat out the Vietnam War in classrooms back in Oregon. Now came his chance to run paramilitary operations against the occupiers. Garrett, who supervised Jim in Manila, said the new assignment played to Jim's strengths as a soldier. He recalled that his young subordinate was excited about running cross-border ops in a hot zone with a Kalashnikov rifle slung over his shoulder.

Part of the CIA's mission was to ensure that Cambodians fleeing the bloodshed safely reached international refugee camps in Thailand. In a tricky arrangement, the U.S. supported the coalition forces of exiled leader Norodom Sihanouk and the anticommunist Khmer People's National Liberation Front. The third leg of the coalition at odds with the communists was the Khmer Rouge, a guerrilla force led by Pol Pot, who had superintended genocide in Cambodia in the 1970s. Many of the Cambodian refugees spilling into Thailand wanted food, asylum, and one-way tickets to the West. The CIA sent Jim and his colleagues to the border to train Sihanouk's soldiers and make sure they reached safety.

Jim shared no details of his new assignment with Laurie. He moved his wife and three kids into a house near the U.S. Embassy compound in Bangkok, hired a maid and a cook for them, and vanished. He took up residence in a CIA house in Aranyaprathet, Thailand, a border town more than 130 miles east of his family, where he spent much of the next three years. Jim was supposed to come home to Bangkok four days out of each fortnight, but his stretches on the border grew longer. At one point, he didn't come home for months, leaving the kids heartbroken.

The separation effectively turned Laurie into a single mom. She spent exhausting days making sure Jeremi caught his bus to and from the American School, packing Star off to preschool, and taking care of Nathan, still in diapers, as she took a weekday gemology class in downtown Bangkok. Nathan grew into toddlerhood scarcely knowing his dad. He was a terror: rebellious, tempestuous, the family daredevil. He seemed to find the highest spots in the house, often beds, then jump up and down until he fell. He was an unrepentant show-off who wore skinned knees like service medals. Nathan was, in almost every way, Jim's mirror image.

Meanwhile, Jim lost himself at work on the border, gathering intelligence alongside a young Thai interpreter, Kanokwan Lehliem, whom Jim would later credit with saving his life on a few occasions as they moved between troops and gunfire. Eventually they fell in love.

Laurie and the kids paid a visit to Jim in Aranyaprathet one weekend, their driver carrying them past Buddhist shrines and green fields bleached by sunlight. When they reached Jim's government house, Jeremi, who was just nine or ten, took one look at the place and thought it didn't look like a man's dwelling. The house was spotless, and it was abundantly clear to Jeremi and his mom that someone else was living with Jim.

"There was a female in there, you could tell," Laurie recalled in an interview years later. Yet there was no sign of a maid—not so much as a toothbrush. It was clear that whoever lived there had cleared out. Laurie couldn't confront Jim with her suspicions in front of the kids. So she let it go. But the visit told her everything she needed to know. "He had his mistress there," she said. "He had a house there. Why would he want me and three kids?" Laurie was torn apart by the latest of what she was starting to see as Jim's serial infidelities. Still she wouldn't leave him, clinging to the hope that Jim would overcome the demands of his job to make the most of their marriage.

When Jim's tour ended in 1987, the CIA shuttled Jim and his family off to Tokyo for a two-year hitch marred by the ambassador's disdain for the agency. The CIA rotated Jim stateside in 1989. The Nicholsons bought a town house in Burke, Virginia, eighteen miles from agency headquarters.

The CIA promoted Jim to chief of its station in Bucharest, where he would run intelligence operations against the communist bloc. This was a declared position, meaning Romanian officials would learn that he was the agency's top spy in their country.

Laurie didn't want Jeremi to learn from outsiders that his dad was a CIA officer. So she sat down with her oldest, now twelve, asking him what he thought his dad did for a living. When Jeremi said his dad worked in government, Laurie helped guide him through a series of questions that steered him to Jim's specific job. She swore Jeremi to secrecy and explained that Star and Nathan were too young to know.

The Nicholson children had reached an age where Laurie felt comfortable taking a part-time job with the CIA to help serve her country and support Jim's operations in Romania. She took some classes in the D.C. area—a couple of weeks of radio training and a course on how to identify surveillance—before they flew overseas.

Bucharest, Romania, 1990

The big house in Bucharest seemed like a palace to Nathan, who turned six that summer. The first-floor living space was cavernous, with stone floors, tall pillars, a fireplace, a servants' staircase, and a large dining area with a built-in liquor cabinet. The table sat twelve. The basement had a wine cellar and cloakroom, with an overflow passage that held two refrigerators, where Jim—a fiend for chocolate—squirreled away Reese's Peanut Butter Cups. Star took a small room with a domed ceiling. Nathan took a large room with Jeremi on the second floor, which had its own balcony. But he lived in the downstairs TV room playing Super Mario Brothers 3 on the game console.

The house served as a party palace for the Nicholson kids and their classmates at the American School. Friends popped in for raucous games of hide-and-seek, making use of a massive attic where maids had once slept during the curfews imposed by malevolent communist leader Nicolae Ceaușescu. The Nicholsons threw an annual Halloween bash for kids in what Nathan recalled as their especially creepy basement.

Jim's posting in Romania put him nine hundred miles from Moscow, a choice spot to run operations against his nation's primary communist targets. But once again, Jim's timing was poor. Anticommunism had already swept Europe, taking down regimes in Czechoslovakia and Poland. In East Germany, the Berlin Wall fell in November 1989. A month later, Ceauşescu's rule over one of the most repressive nations in the Soviet bloc came to a dramatic close. He had made the mistake of ordering his KGB-like intelligence service, the Securitate, to open fire on antigovernment demonstrators. Ceauşescu's own military hunted him down with his wife, Elena, capturing them on Christmas Day 1989, hastily trying them for genocide and public corruption, and summoning a firing squad. Hundreds of soldiers reportedly offered to deliver the fatal bullets.

Jim was just thirty-nine years old, and his star shone brightly at Langley. He was practically a shoo-in to one day join the agency's Senior Intelligence Service, the CIA's top echelon. But he had a devil of a time in Bucharest, where his position was known to Romania's intelligence service.

Communism had fallen with Ceauşescu. But much of the Securitate's rank and file—a secret police force once estimated at eleven thousand agents and a half-million citizen informants—still kept tabs on foreigners. Jim was tailed in his maroon Volvo and sometimes needed Laurie to sneak him around, dropping him off and picking him up at prearranged spots. She and Jim took hikes on streets near the embassy looking for dead drops, the secret hiding spots that spies and their assets used to communicate and exchange money.

Laurie's primary job was to man a radio monitoring system inside the embassy. She worked in a drafty garret, headset muffs clamped over her ears, as she tried to detect surveillance devices planted in the building. She sweated through Romania's summers in her attic cubbyhole and wrapped herself in a blanket during its frozen winters, her antennas pointed down into the guts of the embassy to ensure that the offices of the CIA and the U.S. ambassador weren't bugged.

Laurie had hoped Jim's new position in Bucharest would put him on something approximating a nine-to-five schedule. But once again, she found that his career came first. He worked long hours at the office, slipped out in the evenings, and occasionally left town on business. Laurie was certain he was playing around on her. She recalled that just two months after their arrival, Jim told her, "No matter what anyone says, I did not have an affair." Laurie felt herself pulling away.

She struck up a friendship with a polite young veterinarian named Radu, who was smart and good-looking and who, like so many eastern European vets, made house calls. He stood a little over six feet tall, about a foot taller than Laurie. Radu looked after the Nicholsons' dog, Max, which was half wolf, and George, the stray orange-and-white cat that turned up on their doorstep. Radu treated George's mange, and Laurie helped Radu with his English, correcting his pronunciation and teaching him American slang.

Their friendship rattled Jim.

It was late one evening when seven-year-old Nathan found his dad at the top of the staircase listening to Laurie and the young vet. They were seated on a sofa in the living room below, having an animated conversation. Nathan could see his dad eavesdropping with a furrowed brow, and he was curious. Jim motioned him over with a forefinger.

"What's up, Dad?"

"That guy," Jim said with a nod to the doings below, "really makes me uncomfortable."

That was all Nathan needed to hear. Before his father could say another word, he trotted downstairs and announced to Radu that he had overstayed his welcome and that it was time to hit the road. Nathan stood defiantly, his mom looking bewildered as Radu pulled himself to his feet. The young vet smiled uncomfortably and excused himself for the night.

Not long after that, Jim confronted Laurie about the budding relationship. Their stories differ on what was said. Jim's version, as he told it to his parents, was that he chewed her out for growing close to the young Romanian, saying it was precisely the kind of relationship the CIA had warned them about—one where she might be blackmailed into disclosing classified information. Laurie's version is that Jim flat-out accused her of disclosing secrets to Radu, scolded her for being so stupid, and told her he'd been handed an inch-thick file on her misdeeds. It remains unclear what bothered Jim more—Laurie's crush on the vet or her uncomfortable ties with a man he feared was a foreign spy.

The Nicholsons' marital bed wasn't exactly on fire. Over the years, Laurie found Jim impatient in the sack, always wanting things his way. This was perhaps forgivable. But after all of his betrayals—his virtual abandonment of his family in Bangkok, his schtupping his way across much of southeastern Asia, at least in Laurie's mind—his accusation that she'd been unfaithful to her country was the straw that broke the marriage's back.

In a kind of cosmic reorganization, Jim and Laurie's union began to disintegrate just as one of the most feared superpowers in history imploded over the next border. On Christmas Day 1991, Mikhail Gorbachev resigned as president of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Boris Yeltsin accepted the launch codes of the former empire's nuclear missiles and became president of what would be called the Russian Federation. After decades of cruel leadership, systemic corruption, and austerity, the U.S.S.R. was dead. An obscenely expensive war in Afghanistan, tipped in the mujahideen's favor by none other than the CIA, had helped to ruin the Soviet economy and end the Cold War.

Back at CIA headquarters, the Soviet/East European Division threw a party that spilled into the fourth-floor hallways of the Original Headquarters Building. Many of the revelers, intoxicated by the global paradigm shift and the free flow of booze, pinned buttons to their suits. The buttons were circular and white, and featured a red hammer and sickle with three words stamped prominently:

THE
PARTY'S
OVER!

Jim's attention in Bucharest stayed fixed on Moscow. He kept a laser focus on the foreign intelligence wing of the former KGB, now the Sluzhba Vneshney Razvedki. The Communist Party and the KGB were done. But its successors in foreign intelligence, the spies of the SVR, had merely tempered their hatred for the "Main Enemy," the KGB's nickname for the U.S. Now they called Americans their "Main Adversary." The boys and girls in the SVR, many of them former KGB officers, weren't holstering their Makarovs just yet. Their spying would now be a grudge rematch against the West, which had quietly knocked their dicks in the dirt. Jim saw Romania as a battleground in a new era in which the SVR and Romanian intelligence would surely pose a threat.

But Jim's take on things seemed paranoid and even delusional to John R. Davis Jr., who on March 11, 1992, became the new U.S. ambassador to Romania. Davis soon discovered that the CIA's chief of station was, in his words, a bit odd.

"For one thing," Davis recalled, "he was seeing Russians under every bed. It was very strange. He tried to persuade me that the Romanians were still working for the Russians and that they shouldn't be trusted under any circumstances. That they were up to no good in Romania."

Davis didn't see it that way. He had spent thirteen years—scattered over three decades—in Poland, where he witnessed firsthand the revolution that ended its piece of the Cold War. He believed that once the Soviets let go of the reins, the locals would scramble to ingratiate themselves with the West. It was something he'd seen all across eastern Europe. Davis was nearly certain that members of Romania's Securitate, to assure their own survival, would do the same. He and Jim argued this point a few times before they agreed to disagree.

Laurie continued to spend time with Radu, causing Jim personal and professional headaches. He probably felt that Radu posed a security threat—that he was a Romanian spy using Laurie to steal his office's secrets. But he turned his anger directly at Laurie. He flew into a rage in early 1992, telling her never to see the veterinarian again. Jim promised her that if she did, he would take her, sexually, any way he pleased.

The venomous attack came out of nowhere, Laurie recalled, leaving her confused and hurt. All that she and Radu had ever done was talk and maybe flirt a little. European men flirted perpetually. Jim's response to her befriending the handsome vet wasn't to lose his temper, to walk out on her, or to threaten to kill the bastard. He bullied the mother of his children into believing he would savage her if she disobeyed him, making Laurie feel like a whore.

Perhaps it was spite, but she waited until Jim left town on a trip to Moldova to invite Radu over to the house. It was nighttime, and the kids were asleep, when she took him to bed in the attic. She made love to Radu another day, when the kids were at school. Laurie later confessed the affair to Jim, who demanded to know all the details. She recalls telling him, "A hundred times in a hundred places," knowing it would piss him off.

Just before Easter 1992, she got tipsy drinking wine with one of the embassy wives, and shared a few details of the discord in her marriage. Eventually she lost her temper, slipped off her wedding and engagement rings, and pitched them across the kitchen floor.

In June, Laurie told Jim she wanted a divorce, and he said she could have it.

"Fine," she told him. "Get me on the first plane out of here."

Laurie recalls that Jim tried to dictate the terms, saying he would take the boys and she would take Star. But she wasn't budging. She and the kids flew to Virginia, where Jeremi celebrated his fourteenth birthday, then traveled to upstate Washington to live with her brother. Jim stayed behind in Bucharest.

They spoke about once a week, typically with Jim phoning to rant at her. She remembers speaking little, weeping much, and going numb during those chats. Later, she recalled, Jim confessed he was having a nervous breakdown. When the CIA reassigned Jim to Kuala Lumpur, he phoned her to demand that she and the kids move to Malaysia and join him, or that she finally divorce him.

On July 27, 1992, Laurie filed dissolution papers in Shelton, Washington. Jim flew to the Pacific Northwest later that summer, where Judge Toni A. Sheldon granted him temporary custody of the kids, partly because Jim had a good job and Laurie was unemployed. The judge ordered him to pay for Laurie's college education and send her $700 a month to get her back on her feet. In the interim, she would have the kids every summer and Christmas vacation, regular contact by letter and phone, and a say in their religious upbringing. It would take years for Jim and Laurie to reach a divorce settlement, an excruciating journey for the Nicholson clan.

When the summer of 1992 came to an end, Laurie, living in the Pacific Northwest, packed the kids up to go live with their dad in Malaysia, where Jim was now stationed. She returned to Oregon State University to pursue the dreams she had abandoned two decades before to help Jim chase his. She studied geology, walling herself off like a prisoner to rebuild her life brick by brick. After a full-time course load and laboratory sessions that stretched long into the night, she dragged herself home to her little apartment and crumpled into bed thirteen time zones from her kids. She woke many mornings with eyes cemented shut from tears. To survive, she recalled, "I had to seal off my heart."

Jim rarely put the kids on the phone. When she did reach them, she could hear the changes in their voices. She sensed them growing up without her, and it made her feel powerless. She longed to hug them, to smell their hair, see them smile. As often as possible, she placed overseas calls hoping that Jim wouldn't pick up. His voice only reminded her of that long, brutal chapter in her mortal education. She hated him, and in her weakest moments wished him dead. Jim had created malleable women—the meek Laura Sue Cooper he married, the compliant Laurie Nicholson who stayed. All she wanted was to become someone else, someone she could respect. In fact, when the divorce became final two years later, Laurie would legally change her name to Al'Aura Jusme. The new surname formally redefined her place in the world. Just me.

She blamed Jim for their miseries and sensed he was grooming the kids for a life apart from her. Laurie tried to convince herself that the children would see through his attempts to slowly turn them against her, and that they would be strong enough not to play along. But Jim was powerfully deceptive. He'd been professionally trained at duplicity and deceit. He was, in so many ways, precisely what the agency created.

3

"Batman" Switches Teams

"History has many cunning passages, contrived corridors
And issues, deceives with whispering ambitions,
Guides us by vanities"

—T. S. Eliot, *Gerontian*

Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, 1994

Sometime in early 1994, Jim's superiors cabled him with his new assignment. The CIA was sending him stateside later that year, where he would report to The Farm to teach tradecraft.

"I think the living environment there will be better for the kids than up in Washington," Jim wrote in his personal journal. He had kept a diary since the 1970s, and it now filled several volumes. "The housing and living there is very good, more affordable than in D.C. and more attractive. The schools are smaller, also an advantage. I may have been able to do better career-wise in taking a job at headquarters this time, but the operations training will probably be better for the family as a whole, plus it will make best advantage of my experience for the future of our organization. Teaching is something I have thought would be interesting. I am a little nervous about it, nevertheless. Still, change is often interesting and usually good for me."

The agency liked to rotate veteran spies through The Farm, where their skills and real-world espionage experience would inspire and embolden students. Jim was a likely pick for one of the plum jobs. He had put in a dozen years overseas, and his supervisors at Langley probably thought a little time on The Farm would reinvigorate him.

As a deputy chief in the CIA's Kuala Lumpur station, Jim oversaw the office's spy operations. He was assigned to the U.S. Embassy, which sat on the northwest corner of the Royal Selangor Golf Club, in a swanky part of downtown called the Golden Triangle. Near the embassy, workers were completing the superstructure of the Petronas Twin Towers, an architectural wonder that would eventually stand taller than the Empire State Building.

Nathan would turn ten that summer. He liked the International School of Kuala Lumpur, where he wore a uniform of navy blue shorts and a white polo shirt with the school's Panther logo over the pocket. His life in Malaysia marked a crossroads. He had grown up with an absentee dad who returned from time to time bearing gifts. "He was more of a Santa Claus figure," Nathan recalled. But the father who was always vanishing into taxis and airport terminals was now at his disposal. Jim coached Nathan's soccer, basketball, and softball teams, and he shuttled his youngest to and from an introductory tae kwon do class.

Jim supervised his kids' homework and chauffeured them from one activity to another, thrilling in their accomplishments. Jeremi earned his Eagle Scout medal. Star had become an excellent equestrian. Nathan was a dynamo on the soccer team. They ate late dinners together, slopping up curry with the popular local flatbread, *roti canai*. Jim often drove them out to the swimming pool at the exclusive Raintree Club of Kuala Lumpur. Nathan's siblings spent many summer days reading indoors, but he couldn't hack it inside. He hurled himself outdoors with school friends, searing golden brown in the tropics.

Jim spent the spring of 1994 finalizing his divorce, drawing closer to his kids, and trying to jump-start his love life. He had gotten serious about a Chinese Malaysian named Lily, who worked at the U.S. Embassy.

But his oldest kids detested her. Star and Jeremi saw their dad's sweet young trophy girlfriend as a barnacle they hoped to pry loose before things got too serious. Lily worsened matters by presenting them with trinkets that made them feel as if they were being bought off. Nathan was still young enough to appreciate Lily's attention. He liked the little pewter spaceship figurine she bought him. But Nathan missed his mom and hoped his parents would reconcile. Unlike his siblings, he was grateful to Lily for doting on him and making his dad happy again.

As Jim's tour in Malaysia drew to a close in the middle of 1994, he sat the kids down to tell them he planned to propose to Lily. "I'm gonna put you guys first," Nathan recalled his dad saying. "If any of you don't like Lily, that's it." Star and Jeremi immediately voted no. Nathan would never forget the look of heartbreak on his dad's face. While Nathan voted yes, the deal was already sealed. Jim would slowly break things off with Lily. She stayed around for a time, but Nathan remembered that she and her dad now said their goodbyes outside the house.

When school ended that spring, Jim flew the kids back to Oregon to spend the summer with Laurie and his extended family. Laurie and her lawyer were now making noise about money, forcing Jim to consider the financial implications of years of alimony and child support, college tuition, and twice-a-year airfare for the kids to see Laurie. They fought over community property—cars and furniture and keepsakes, along with a few small patches of undeveloped land they owned in Texas and coastal Washington, and the equity in their northern Virginia town house. But their biggest tilts involved custody: Both sought primary care of the kids.

One of Jim's greatest faults, Laurie recalled, was that he had somehow accustomed himself to champagne tastes on a Budweiser budget. She used to tell him, "You have holes in your pockets as big as your pockets." Jim was almost a fetishist about acquiring electronic gadgets. He bought top-shelf TVs, stereos, computers, and video-game systems, swapping them out as they lost their luster. While most of his colleagues bought their clothes off the rack, Jim preferred hand-tailored suits from

Hong Kong. Early in his marriage, he had flown off on an overseas assignment and returned wearing a silver Rolex watch. Perhaps knowing Laurie would flip, he'd picked her up a pair of cheap vases.

With his looming divorce decree sure to break the bank, Jim devised a plan.

The CIA authorized Jim in the spring of 1994 to meet face-to-face with the SVR's top official in Kuala Lumpur, Yuri P. Vlasov. (This was perhaps a pseudonym, since this also was the name of a Soviet Olympic gold medalist in weightlifting who famously denounced the KGB.) Vlasov served as *rezident* in the Malaysian city, the equivalent of a CIA station chief. Jim's official meetings with Vlasov at the SVR's *rezidentura* were intended to throw open the door to dialogue between the two spy agencies. But Jim's underlying goal, tacitly approved by the agency, was to offer the Russian intelligence chief a chance to work secretly for the CIA.

Russians had jumped ship in droves after the collapse of the Soviet Union to secretly work for the CIA and FBI. The going rate for U.S. intelligence agencies to bring one of the valuable traitors aboard was about one million dollars. It was a buyer's market. So much so that U.S. intelligence officials had put limits on how many of these volunteers they would put on the payroll.

The CIA kept some of these voluntary turncoats, known as "walk-ins," as agents in place. This meant they kept their jobs in Russian intelligence services, but leaked secrets to the agency. The United States and the Russian Federation, now democratic partners in the global marketplace, found themselves clumsy at making nice after decades of head-to-head battles. While they continued to spy on each other, it behooved them to team up on issues such as counterterrorism, which threatened both nations. It was the right time for the U.S. and the Russian Federation to quit acting like the playground bullies who'd been forced to shake hands after the fight.

Higher-ups in the CIA and SVR had agreed to share intelligence on Islamic terrorist organizations, such as Hezbollah, which threatened

Russian and U.S. interests. Muslim extremists had bombed New York's World Trade Center in 1993, and Russia—having lost its war against Afghanistan's mujahideen—was now hip deep in an undeclared war against Islamic guerrilla forces in the breakaway region of Chechnya.

Jim made his way to the Russian Embassy. It was a mile away from the U.S. diplomatic station, walking distance if you didn't mind soaking through your shirt on the way over. It may never be clear whether Jim and Vlasov discussed terrorism in their first meeting, but it would have been timely. Not quite six years later, a group of Arab terrorists—some battle-hardened by the Soviet war in Afghanistan—met in that very city to plan a series of attacks attributed to a group that came to be called al-Qaeda.

What is known about Jim's meeting with Vlasov is that the CIA had given their man permission to offer the Russian—just between gentlemen—an opportunity to switch teams.

In spy parlance, this is called hanging out the shingle. This wasn't a formal pitch, simply the CIA's way of opening the door, a smidge, to see if Vlasov would take a peek at the pile of money on the other side. Jim knew that developing the *rezident* into a mole for the CIA would be next to impossible. But he also knew that were he successful, his star would shoot through the roof at Langley, and he'd likely earn a bump in pay. The same went for Vlasov: Recruiting Jim would be a major coup. Both spies were high-level officers who held the positions, and security clearances, necessary to breach some of their nations' best-kept secrets.

What Vlasov couldn't have known is that Jim had been daydreaming about switching teams even before their meeting. He imagined himself selling his country's secrets in exchange for piles of cash—money that could solve his problems. He would pay off Laurie in the divorce and possibly gain primary custody of the kids. Jim tried to rationalize such a betrayal. He figured the CIA had long ago turned him into a criminal. He had broken into houses, planted bugs for the agency. He had paid people to steal their own countries' secrets. Besides, as he noted years later in an interview with author David Wise, he didn't see Russia as the “bogeyman” of yesteryear. But Jim was tortured by nightmares of going to prison.

Jim should have had nightmares. A few weeks back, in a courthouse near his old rental house in Alexandria, a federal judge had sentenced former CIA officer Aldrich Ames to prison for the rest of his life. Ames’ Russian handlers had given him the code name Kolokol (“The Bell”), paying him a staggering $2.5 million as their agent inside the CIA. Ames apologized during his sentencing hearing in Alexandria’s federal courthouse. But he told the judge he’d grown disenchanted by the U.S. government’s extreme political shift to the right and accused the CIA’s careerist bureaucrats of deceiving generations of Americans and their policy makers about the necessity and value of their spying.

Years later, from inside the U.S. Penitentiary in Allenwood, Pennsylvania, Ames would acknowledge in a letter to me that the odds of someone inside the CIA selling the agency’s secrets and getting away with it was, and remains, quite poor. Ames wrote that the CIA’s spies are paid as well as comparably qualified civil servants. Like other Americans, they save money, buy houses, send their kids to college, and take vacations. Still, like other professionals, they come up short, suffer financial crises, and divorce. “Only a very, very few try to solve these problems illegally, robbing banks or getting money for secrets,” he wrote. “Loyalty of one sort or another, fear and conventionality, keep most on the straight and narrow.”

Jim knew that Ames had been captured, convicted, and sentenced to life. His colleagues in the CIA considered Ames a disgrace for embarrassing the agency and betraying his government’s secrets. Ames’ betrayals had helped Russia identify and execute spies inside its own intelligence operations. But Jim took a different view of Ames’ treachery and arrest. He figured that with Ames out of the way, the SVR might be in the market for another highly paid mole inside the CIA.

By sunset on June 17, 1994, one of the longest days of the year in Kuala Lumpur, Jim would have taken his first irreversible steps toward becoming the CIA’s new Judas. While meeting in Russia’s embassy, Jim told Vlasov he was in trouble. His tour in Malaysia was ending, he said, and he was up to his jugular in an expensive divorce and custody fight. Soon he would have to resettle his kids in the United States.

"I need twenty-five thousand dollars," he said.

Vlasov sat for a moment, taking it all in. He had gray hair and a nice suit. His English was good.

"That should not be a problem," he said.

The Russian's face betrayed no emotion. But he must have been ready to burst into song over his good fortune. Jim had required neither flattery nor coaxing. There would be no seduction necessary to get the CIA man to betray his country for cash. Jim had simply volunteered to spy against the very nation he had served with distinction for twenty years. Vlasov, however, was trained to be suspicious. Guys like Jim rarely volunteered. Vlasov knew that CIA and FBI counterintelligence personnel sometimes posed as potential spies against the U.S. The long-term strategy of these "dangles" was to play the Russians, learn what kind of operations they were running, and give them useless tidbits to string them along. Moscow's spies had done the same thing for generations.

Vlasov wanted to know what Jim could do for Russia, and Jim explained that he was being sent to The Farm as an instructor. Vlasov had to grin.

"What did you do wrong?"

Vlasov knew Jim could help the SVR. In his new position at The Farm, Jim would learn the true identities of hundreds of Career Trainees, known as CTs, many of whom would be sent overseas on their first tours—some to spy on Russia. If Jim gave up the identities of those CTs, the SVR would know them on sight. This meant Moscow wouldn't have to waste time and countless rubles identifying CIA officers in foreign nations. This would turn Russia into a toothy cat in its global cat-and-mouse games with the CIA. The SVR could set traps for the young CIA officers all over the world, bugging their homes and tailing them.

Russian spies were notoriously patient. They often gathered information on foreign intelligence officers for years before pitching them to commit espionage against their own countries. A walk-in windfall such as Jim Nicholson could keep SVR spy operations hopping. With his new job in the CIA, Jim would be strategically placed to become the next Aldrich Ames.

But Vlasov was left to wonder whether Jim could deliver the SVR the names of deep-cover American spies. Officers with nonofficial cover, known as NOCs, operated alone, often posing as businessmen. This work was dangerous. Intelligence officers with embassy cover caught in the act of espionage in a foreign country were typically expelled. But the unmasking of NOCs was a different matter. They could be arrested and sentenced to long prison terms, even killed.

A week after Jim's pivotal meeting with Vlasov, they met again at the Russian Embassy. Vlasov handed Jim a stack of hundred-dollar bills, $25,000 in all, and told him that Moscow was holding $75,000 more to pay him later. They met again on June 29. This time, Vlasov told Jim that Moscow had approved their arrangement, and that he would meet his new SVR handler in New Delhi, India, at Christmastime. Vlasov gave Jim a mail-drop address in Harare, the capital of Zimbabwe, and instructed him to send a postcard, signed Nevil R. Strachey, to signal the meeting in Delhi. Someone in the African nation would pick up the mail and alert his handler that the meet was on. The use of the mail drop, which spies call an accommodation address, would put layers of distance between Jim and the man he would meet in India.

Before Jim left the Russian Embassy, the SVR snapped his photo. This would be forwarded to his new handler, who would be told to watch for the CIA man in the lobby of Le Meridien Hotel in downtown Delhi. Vlasov instructed Jim to wear his Rolex on his right wrist and carry a magazine and shopping bag. He would wait for his handler to greet him first before responding with a pass-phrase.

During four visits with Vlasov in June 1994, Jim did his part to show the SVR he meant business. He turned over the names of more than a dozen assets cultivated by his CIA colleagues in Kuala Lumpur, some of them agents working inside Malaysia. All of Jim's meetings were authorized by the CIA. The agency had no reason to suspect Jim of secretly using the meets to chart his course as the CIA's new betrayer.

As far as the CIA knew, Jim was performing bona fide intelligence work in Kuala Lumpur. The very month that he switched teams, the director of Malaysia's spy service, known as the Special Branch of the Royal Malaysian Police, awarded Jim a gold ceremonial dagger, a kris with a serpentine blade.

On the last day of June, Jim wired $12,000 into his savings account at the SELCO Credit Union in Eugene, Oregon. This put him in position to square things with Laurie. That summer, they would finalize the terms of their divorce. Jim was ordered to pay Laurie $4,000 for her share of their land, and $2,000 for her legal fees. The judge thought Jim and Laurie were both good parents. But Jim was a steady government worker with an excellent salary, and Laurie was a broke college student. The judge ruled that Jim would serve as the primary caregiver, and that he must fly the kids home to spend Christmas breaks and summer vacations with their mother.

Camp Peary, Virginia, summer 1994

The CIA's covert training center stretches more than nine thousand acres across the Piedmont flats along the York River in southeastern Virginia. A tall fence corrals much of Camp Peary, named for the North Pole explorer Robert E. Peary. The base has a 1,500-meter airstrip, a helicopter pad, shooting ranges, classrooms, running trails, a swimming pool, a clubhouse, a Holiday Inn–like dormitory to house trainees, and nice homes for its instructors.

CIA officials do not formally acknowledge the place. But to residents next door in Colonial Williamsburg, where actors in tricorner hats carry muskets and women wear bonnets and colonial skirts, Camp Peary is an open secret. The property had variously served as the indigenous home of the Shawnees, the hunting lodge of the last British governor of

Virginia, a Civil War field hospital and, during World War II, a training center for Seabees and a stockade for German POWs. Now it was home to one of the world's best spy schools.

Jim had the right mix of skill and charisma to lead the next generation of the agency's CTs. He was assigned to teach tradecraft. The course ran about five months, with a slightly shorter paramilitary course. Between those disciplines, CTs learned how to parachute out of a plane, write and decipher secret messages, shoot pistols and machine guns, drive a car through a roadblock, break into a house to plant bugs, and recruit and handle foreign agents. The CTs would also be dispatched to nearby towns, such as Richmond, for mock operations that taught them how to cultivate assets, set up secret communications, and put the slip on surveillance teams.

The Farm was the ultimate gated community, a kind of secret national park, for the instructors and their families who lived there. Parents never worried about pedophiles or kidnappers, who would rue the day they trespassed on such a heavily secured and devilishly armed facility. The first thing instructors with children were told when they moved onto the base was to buy them bicycles to get around. While portions of The Farm were kept off limits, there were trails and creek beds through vast tracts of hardwood forests open for exploration.

Nathan turned ten the month that his dad moved to Camp Peary. Star would turn thirteen in a few months, and Jeremi was sixteen. The base was so sprawling and clean that Nathan had no clue he lived in a private community inaccessible to the general public. He had spent almost his entire life in government housing in Asia and Europe and had no idea what living in the U.S. was supposed to look and feel like.

The Nicholsons took up residence in a two-story government house with a splendid deck and big backyard at the end of a cul-de-sac. The house was marked M-16, an address that doesn't exist outside The Farm. Nathan chuckled when he first heard the house number, because M-16 also was the name of the military rifle his dad carried in the Army. Jim sometimes regaled Nathan with tales of his days in the Army's elite corps of airborne Rangers, of jump training and small-arms fire. Nathan ate it up, convinced that he, too, would one day wear the spit-and-polish boots of an Army Ranger.

Nathan spent summer days lazing in the base's outdoor swimming pool, nights playing hide-and-seek amid the fireflies. On Saturday evenings, he and other Camp Peary kids gathered in the base clubhouse for movies. They hiked and biked countless miles, exploring the ruins of abandoned houses that—like the boys themselves—were beaten by sun and salt air. They were tough boys, and mischievous.

Early one Saturday evening, Nathan and his friends pedaled out to the airstrip, a restricted space next to the York River, about ten miles from the brackish waters of Chesapeake Bay. Some of the older boys posted Nathan and his friend Mike as lookouts. Nathan couldn't fathom why an airfield held any allure. But they stood point as the others ditched their bikes on the runway and hiked toward a cargo plane. Nathan watched them, astonished by their cheek. The lights of a security station shone on the other end of the strip. What if someone saw them? What if a plane came in for a landing? Nathan could see the boys climb into the cargo plane. Soon, a security officer drove straight toward him and stopped.

"What are you kids doing?" the security man asked.

Nathan explained that he had no idea.

"So how many of your friends are in the plane?"

"Three."

The guard took Nathan's name and drove over to roust the other boys and jot down their names. The boys pedaled back to the base clubhouse to await their fates. Some of them broke into tears as their parents, who'd been notified, rang the clubhouse phone. One by one, the boys took their brief calls, waved weak goodbyes to the others, and headed home to face the music.

Finally, it was Nathan's turn. He sat sick with dread. He could only imagine how disappointed his dad would be. Jim's occasional upbraiding, unlike Laurie's, was neither shrill nor violent. Laurie often shouted and gave them a choice of being either grounded or paddled, the former being so abhorrent to an adventurous kid like Nathan that he frequently took the paddling. Jim's method was to sit Nathan down for discussions. With crisp diction and a wrinkled brow, he walked his youngest through the elements of his transgression. These discussions did not end until Jim was certain Nathan fully understood the gravity of his trespasses. Jim's look of betrayal and words of admonishment were all the punishment he needed.

"Nathan, it's your dad."

He took the phone.

"Son," Jim said, "I understand you were questioned here earlier."

"Yeah."

"Are you all right?"

"Yeah, Dad."

Nathan admitted his role as lookout for the other boys.

"You're not gonna do this again, are you?"

"No."

"All right," he heard his dad say. "I think you've had enough of a scare."

And just like that, it was over. The fright of being caught and questioned by base security, as Jim had said, *was* punishment enough.

That conversation stitched Nathan and Jim ever closer. But his father had never shared with him the family secret, nor had anyone else. Nathan knew his father held a government job, laboring in and around U.S. embassies. But he'd never been curious enough—or perhaps old enough—to ask the nature of his work. And he was slow to pick up on the abundant clues that his father wasn't an ordinary bureaucrat.

Nathan entered fifth grade that fall, and his yellow school bus seemed to be the only one at Queens Lake Elementary that passed in and out of Camp Peary. He heard someone say the driver had a special security clearance to enter the gates of the camp. The children who lived at the training center, and who knew what their parents really did for a living, were instructed to tell their classmates they lived on a Department of Defense base. It was a small lie perpetuated by signage. But there were more obvious clues, too, that Camp Peary was no ordinary suburban community.

The neighborhood was the only one Nathan ever saw with its own shooting range. Jim gave Nathan trigger time at the range, where he fired a .22-caliber rifle, a crossbow, and one of Jim's big-bore pistols. His dad sometimes took him and his siblings to what he called "demonstrations." Nathan recalls watching a group of men blow up a hillside. Another time, he witnessed a car, closely pursued by another, hurtling down what appeared to be a racetrack. Suddenly, both cars skidded to a halt, with the driver of one pulling a pistol and firing at the other. This was part of the CIA's "Crash Bang" course.

Car crashes, muzzle fire, explosions—to a ten-year-old boy, these were the Siren calls of manhood. But no one offered Nathan any context for these demonstrations.

Nathan mined fragments of his memory for details that might explain why they lived on this strange military post. He recalled a conversation, on the sidelines of a soccer match in Malaysia, in which his father was telling a friend about tailing someone, or maybe of being tailed. His dad had uttered a name, and Nathan could see it bothered the old man to have spoken it in front of him. Jim had said, "I need you to not remember this, all right?" And later, when Jim had quizzed him about the name, he seemed pleased to see Nathan hadn't remembered it.

It's unclear why Jim left Nathan in the dark about his job. Perhaps he figured his youngest was simply too immature to handle such a weighty disclosure. Star and Jeremi had kept the family secret from their little brother. Years would pass before Nathan heard his dad's name uttered in the same breath as words like "spy" and "CIA."

4

A New Counterspy Collaboration

"Our investigative agencies seem to be more concerned with protecting their own bureaucratic turf than getting down to the business of catching spies. The nation cannot afford to let this situation continue."

—U.S. Senator Dennis DeConcini, May 3, 1994

Langley, Virginia, 1994

In May of 1994, Bill Clinton signed a presidential directive that reshaped the U.S. spy-catching apparatus. The administration, stupefied by sloth and missed opportunities in the Aldrich Ames case, ordered the FBI and CIA to share information to maximize the effectiveness of national counterintelligence efforts. Clinton's directive required CIA counterintelligence officers to permanently staff management positions in the FBI's National Security Division and possibly the bureau's field offices. The directive also ordered that a senior FBI executive permanently serve as chief of the counterespionage group within the CIA's Counterintelligence Center.

These changes came as a crisp slap in the face to the CIA, an acknowledgment by the executive branch that Langley couldn't be trusted to identify its own bad apples. The two agencies, notoriously competitive, would now be forced to work together to identify and catch spies in their own ranks.

For Ed Curran, the first FBI executive embedded as the CIA's counterespionage chief, the job was a bit like going to work each morning in the opposing team's locker room. He was given a blue CIA badge, a parking space, and a small office at the agency's headquarters, all of which gave him the appearance of being a senior agency man. But he was an outsider, a law enforcement guy, and his new position didn't make him popular at Langley. After just two days, he wondered what in the hell he'd gotten himself into. Some of his new colleagues loathed the presence of any FBI man trespassing in the hallowed halls of the CIA, and this went double for an agent willing to turn the place upside down in the hunt for turncoats.

"The bureau came in there, after Ames, like the Panzers into Poland," observed Paul J. Redmond, who supervised the CIA's investigation of Ames and was the agency's deputy director of counterintelligence during the Nicholson probe. "They were in charge. They were throwing their weight around. We were getting the shit kicked out of us. We were pretty defensive."

It's unlikely anyone hated the FBI's taking over the counterespionage section of the shop more than Redmond, who had no faith in the bureau's abilities to identify spies. He fully expected Curran and company to take residence at Langley, get a good look at how hard it was to commence spy-catching operations, and quit complaining, forever, about how the agency did things. Redmond secretly hoped the FBI would screw things up so royally that the bureau would permanently get out of his hair.

But Curran wasn't going anywhere. Early in the new job, he learned that from 1993 to 1994, about three hundred CIA officers—from first-tour spies to chiefs of station—had failed agency polygraph tests designed, in part, to unmask moles. Results of the tests were supposed to guide counterintelligence. But in the CIA's culture, Curran explained, you could fail a test and no one took action. So he and his colleagues in the counterespionage section ordered new polygraphs for those who blew their previous ones. Officers were hauled in from all over the world for their turns on the box. Curran went so far as to assign three CIA polygraph operators—the best in the agency—to conduct a precise, highly targeted line of questioning he called "my test."

Curran wasn't the kind of guy you'd want to find in your rearview mirror. He took a job as a clerk in the FBI in 1962 and clawed his way to agent and supervisor positions before breathing the rarer airs of the bureau's top management. Curran, who stood six-foot-two, was a blunt, imposing lawman. He spoke with a word-merging, consonant-swallowing New York accent, which he salted with colorful runs of profanity. He grew up on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, spitting distance from Harlem, the same Irish Catholic neighborhood that the comedian George Carlin dubbed "White Harlem." Curran followed Carlin by a few years at Corpus Christi School, where nuns kept order with an iron ruler. The FBI man was known to take just so much bullshit from any man, which was none at all.

At the CIA, Curran's new colleagues put the agency's officers through fresh rounds of polygraphs. They didn't give a rip whether CIA employees had beaten their wives or cheated on their taxes; being an asshole was perfectly acceptable, Curran said. They were hunting for spies. The wave of polygraphs caused a lot of grumbling at the agency. Supervisors berated Curran and Redmond. They complained that employees who failed their turns on the box fell under suspicion, their careers derailed, promotions denied, overseas assignments canceled.

"The CIA had screwed up so badly with Ames that it could no longer be trusted to clean its own house," former CIA man Bob Baer wrote in his 2003 memoir, *See No Evil.* Baer rotated through Langley the very month Curran showed up, and he, too, was put through two polygraphs in a half year. Baer complained that innocent officers under scrutiny were reassigned to security facilities in nearby Tysons Corner. "Everyone," Baer wrote, "had a friend or colleague tied up in the security purgatory."

Baer said in an interview that a colleague's desk had been yellow-taped as part of the morale-killing juggernaut of FBI agents, CIA security officers, and investigators from the Inspector General's Office rolling through Langley. "All the outsiders were looked at as being a hostile occupying force," he said. Operatives like Baer considered lie detection part of the dark arts, a fraud that scared people rather than establishing guilt or innocence. Putting the FBI in charge of counterespionage in the building was debilitating, he said. "It was like putting the fox in the chicken coop and saying, 'Find me a crime.'"

Curran acknowledged the paranoia wrought by the polygraphs. But he and Redmond knew secrets that Baer didn't. The CIA and FBI were quietly working to resolve several espionage cases in their own ranks, and the only CIA personnel who needed to fear their investigations were those moonlighting as spies for foreign powers. The onslaught of polygraphs cleared all but about 5 percent of those who had proved deceptive in previous rounds on the box. But Curran noted that the lie detectors were just one piece of the Counterintelligence Center's housecleaning strategy.

The CIA constantly worked its overseas contacts, including assets inside foreign intelligence services. It had developed information about leaks inside the agency that were far more ominous than the rank and file could have known. The CIA had turned up intriguing tidbits from a Russian intelligence officer about an agency man selling secrets to the SVR. The source didn't know the CIA officer's name, but knew he had worked in Asia, spoke a foreign language, and had spent time in the Middle East.

The tip was vague, but alarming to U.S. counterespionage officials.

New Delhi, India, December 1994

That summer Jim jotted a note in his journal, saying he had no regrets about his work at The Farm or his forthcoming flight to India.

"Both of them color my life experience," he wrote, "and give me satisfaction that I'm doing much to get the most from my time on Earth."

In Delhi, Jim posed as a tourist in the lobby of Le Meridien Hotel. As he'd been instructed, he held a shopping bag and wore his Rolex on the wrong wrist. The man who approached him was a hulking fellow with a broad face and dark hair thinning above his temples. Jim stood casually, waiting for the big man to amble over and run his half of their *parol*.

The stranger, pretending not to know Jim, asked if he were with a tour group, which he named. Jim played it out, telling him no, and that he was there with another group. That simple recognition dialogue commenced a lucrative bond between spy and handler. Jim would open the spigot of top-secret U.S. files and keep them flowing to the Russian Federation. In exchange, Moscow would pay Jim generously.

Sergei A. Polyakov (friends called him "Seryozha") introduced himself to Jim, who quietly handed over his shopping bag. The sack held a batch of CT dossiers straight off The Farm, which Jim had printed himself. Later that evening, a car collected Jim from the hotel and carried him to a commercial office, where Polyakov handed him a brown paper package. Jim looked inside and saw five bands of hundred-dollar bills. Fifty grand.

Jim and Polyakov spent the next couple of days in Delhi getting to know each other. The two men were close in age, but Polyakov had risen much further in his spy agency than had Jim. Polyakov was born into what passed as privilege in the old Soviet Union. His father had been a member of the Communist Party Central Committee. Polyakov was chief of the SVR's South Asia Division, a high-level position equivalent to that of a senior intelligence officer in the CIA.

Moscow had called in a serious player to handle Jim.

Russian spies took a long-term approach to running agents, and the U.S. could have learned a few things. When the CIA recruited foreign assets to spy for the United States, it almost always assigned their care and handling to a case officer in an overseas station. This meant that if the CIA handler was reassigned to a different city—as often they were—the foreign asset got a different handler. This required the new case officer to waste time boning up on the asset and forging a brand-new spy-and-handler relationship. The Russians labored to keep things simple. Typically one spy was assigned to one handler, forever. Polyakov would handle Jim as long as he was helpful to the SVR.

For the next couple of days, Polyakov and his fellow officers coached Jim on how to beat the inevitable polygraphs back at Langley. Jim and his SVR handler both knew the CIA would eventually run him through one of its routine lie-detector tests and ask him variations of the question most likely to trip him up: *Have you had unauthorized contact with foreigners?* Jim would have to learn how to lie without tripping the box. Polyakov's people prepared him to defeat the test without drugs.

For as long as police, government agencies, and private employers have used polygraphs, people have found ways to muddle the results. They have swallowed sedatives, counted backward in their heads, applied antiperspirant to their fingertips, and—to increase blood pressure readings early in the test—taken such measures as holding their breath, tightening their sphincters, or imagining wild sex. The polygraph test is, by most accounts, an interrogation tool backed by a modicum of science; the better the polygraph operator, the better the chance of getting to the truth.

The Russians hooked Jim up to the box and got him comfortable for practice runs. They threw him a curve by putting him through their own single-issue test to ask whether he had reported any of his illegal contacts with the Russians to anyone. Jim must have passed easily, because the Russians kept him on the payroll.

Before departing Delhi, Polyakov told Jim to buy a Toshiba Satellite T1960CT, a state-of-the-art laptop that ran Windows 3.1. The Russians were thinking ahead as they collected data from their agent. They hoped later to get Jim to download files to diskettes, which they would teach him to encrypt, minimizing his chances of getting caught with a satchel of top-secret documents.

With his kids spending Christmas with Laurie and his family, Jim passed through Kuala Lumpur, where he wired $9,000 to his credit union checking account and a $6,000 cash payment toward his American Express card. He flew home, stopping in Oregon to ring in the New Year with his parents. On Saturday, December 31, 1994, Jim walked into his credit union in Eugene, where he pulled out a wad of hundred-dollar bills. He put down $3,000 to pay off the loan on Laurie's Volkswagen and applied $10,019.35 toward his Visa card.

Camp Peary, Virginia, early 1995

By January, Jim's second group of students had completed their first full week of instruction. He wrote in his personal journal that he was impressed with his class, and pleased with the quality and nature of his life. "I have those who love me, plenty of things to keep me occupied, and am living a great adventure," he wrote. "I want this to continue to the end, getting better and better. I really should write an adventure book, or at least try to."

Jim surfed the CIA's computer system from his office at The Farm. His top-secret security clearance gave him access to cables pouring in from around the world, many of which were potentially valuable to the Russians. He printed out files and took them home, where he typed up summaries of the juicier tidbits and copied them to diskettes.

With summer approaching, Jim cabled his superiors at Langley with plans to take his annual vacation leave. After school ended he would pack the kids off for Oregon, where they would stay with Nick and Betty until Laurie completed a six-week field study program in the scrublands of eastern Oregon. Jim would then fly to Singapore, bound for Jakarta, Indonesia, and Kuala Lumpur, with a side trip to Hong Kong. In July, he mailed the Russians a postcard to the Zimbabwe accommodation site with a phony return address from their old friend Nevil R. Strachey, a signal their next meeting was on.

He met Polyakov in a park that July in Jakarta, where they exchanged pleasantries and another shopping bag of files that included reports about the exhaustive debriefings of Aldrich Ames. They met again later that day in a Russian housing complex, where Polyakov handed Jim a package that held another $50,000 in cash. It was there in Indonesia's capital city that Polyakov began to give Jim tasks. He wanted to know how the Clinton administration would react if Boris Yeltsin ramped up military operations against the Chechen guerrillas who had broken from the Russian Federation and were clashing on the border with Russia's troops. Polyakov also wanted Jim to learn more about the Ames debriefings; the SVR was desperate to know how much information the imprisoned former CIA man had coughed up about their dealings.

When spies like Ames were caught, the FBI and CIA were left to determine the extent of the damage they caused. They often debriefed the turncoats for many days, wringing every detail out of them, in what are called damage assessments. Ames' plea agreement required that he share every move he made, every secret he sold, during his decade of espionage on behalf of Moscow. For months, he had recalled the fine points of his staggering perfidy.

Ames had begun moonlighting as an agent of the KGB in 1985, serving nine years as its mole inside the CIA. He betrayed the names of dozens of operatives on the payrolls of Western spy agencies. The KGB reportedly killed at least ten of those assets, one of whom was a two-star general in Soviet military intelligence who had sold Moscow's secrets to the FBI for nearly twenty years. Congress would later rip the CIA for failing to determine early in its mole hunt that Ames was living awfully high on the hog for an agency man. He had never earned more than $69,843 a year, yet he had paid cash for for a $540,000 house. One of the Jaguars he drove during his work for Moscow was valued at $49,000. Ames' wife, Rosario, had expensive tastes.

The U.S. government had collected a massive pile of evidence against Ames to make sure he pleaded guilty. The specter of such a spy testifying at trial was nightmarish. Not only was the CIA red-faced that it took years to roll up one of its own, but the idea of watching such a diabolical turncoat take the witness stand gave them shivers. Ames literally knew too much. From the stand, he could have betrayed closely held secrets about ongoing spy operations, putting even more lives at risk.

To thwart such a move, prosecutors seized on Ames' key vulnerability—his concern for his wife, Rosario—and cut a deal that would ensure keeping sensitive information out of the news. Ames, acting out of love and sorrow, accepted a life prison term in exchange for a lenient sentence for Rosario. He would later come to believe he'd been snookered by the government.

"I think I made it clear at . . . my plea and sentencing hearing that my wife's involvement was limited to a year and a half of guilty knowledge at the source of my money," Ames wrote in his letter from Allenwood. "I was led to believe by her attorney and my own that she could receive a life sentence if found guilty at trial. It was therefore a no-brainer for me to forsake my defenses and my bargaining leverage. I have since learned, of course, that the threat of a life or 40-year sentence was an empty one."

While in Jakarta that July, Polyakov told Jim that it was too risky for him to keep copying and carrying paper documents into their meetings. Jim spent his final day there learning how to code his work with the Soviets' encryption program. Then he flew out of the Indonesian city, over the Java Sea, to Kuala Lumpur, and formally broke things off with Lily. He headed back to Camp Peary, where he penned a new entry in his journal: "I live my life in the rapids-head, afloat and sometimes in seeming control, but always in danger of drowning whether I recognize it or not."

It was about that time in 1995 that a squad of FBI counterintelligence agents based out of the Washington Metropolitan Field Office ramped up its investigation of several CIA officers suspected of leaking secrets to Russia. A supervisory agent named Tony Buckmeier, who worked at headquarters, drove over to the CIA's Directorate of Operations to get a list of CIA officers who might fit the bill supplied by the Russian source. The FBI team winnowed the list of suspects to about seven CIA officers, and Jim was at the top of their list. They wanted to put him under the full weight of the bureau's eavesdropping capabilities, a brand of surveillance bordering on the proctologic. But when Buckmeier took their evidence to Justice Department lawyers for review, they told him he didn't have enough evidence. Miffed but undeterred, Buckmeier carried his papers to Marion "Spike" Bowman, a senior FBI lawyer.

Bowman was an expert in the legal complexities of spy cases. He had served six years in Navy counterintelligence, then twenty-one as a JAG officer, before being recruited to work in the FBI's National Security Law Branch. His job was to keep the bureau's spy catchers on solid legal footing and, as he often put it, out of jail. Bowman and Larry Parkinson, the FBI's deputy general counsel, dug through the mound of papers outlining evidence against Jim and other CIA officers who might be spying for the Russians. Bowman and Parkinson spent days poring over the multitude of facts gathered by the investigative team, tapping evidence into a spreadsheet. They built a matrix around information provided by several sources—including the CIA's key Russian tipster—and matched it against the data on the group of CIA officers. The evidence wasn't conclusive, Bowman said many years later. But it pointed to Jim.

Their first option was to take the evidence to lawyers in the Department of Justice to open a criminal investigation. But that exposed them to questions about the Russian. The first thing Justice's lawyers would ask is how much money the CIA was paying him. Too little, and they would question the authenticity of his information; too much, and it sounded like bribery.

A better option, Bowman and Parkinson agreed, was to keep the inquiry under tight wraps and out of the hands of criminal investigators until necessary. They drafted an application to eavesdrop on Jim under the provisions of the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act of 1978. The law permitted government agents to set up wiretaps and other forms of surveillance against suspected spies or terrorists working for foreign powers on U.S. soil. The FBI lawyers got their application signed by

Louis J. Freeh, the bureau's director, and then, joined by Buckmeier, crossed Pennsylvania Avenue with a thick paper file stamped "Top Secret" to confer with the Department of Justice's national security team. Janet Reno or one of her top subordinates certified the application and allowed the FBI men to carry it upstairs to the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court.

The panel operated in the penthouse of the Justice Department, the most secretive court in the land. It was no conventional courtroom, but more of a windowless office behind a cipher-locked door, its walls impervious to electronic bugging. A lone judge, one of seven working on a regular rotation, sat behind a big desk poring over FISA applications. The judges had no room for a gallery, no need for a gavel. Their job was to look over applications by the FBI, CIA, or National Security Agency to physically or electronically eavesdrop on espionage or terrorism suspects. The panel's judges would review 697 government applications to snoop on targets that year, approving every one of them. At least two of the classified orders targeted Jim.

The FBI also sent national security letters to banks and credit institutions where Jim kept his money. A 1981 law allowed the FBI to collect Jim's financial records, and it forbade bankers from disclosing to Jim that they had handed them over. Agents pored through every penny that moved through Jim's credit cards, checking accounts, and savings. They matched his deposits against his overseas travels, and they found a pattern. Jim had deposited cash into all manner of bank accounts, including savings for his three children, immediately after his foreign travels. The amounts of those deposits were highly suspicious for a CIA man earning less than $80,000 a year.

On October 16, 1995, a CIA polygraph operator hooked Jim to the box, part of what he thought was a routine security update. Jim's answers, examined by computer, showed he was deceptive on two questions: Are you hiding involvement with a foreign intelligence service? Have you had unauthorized contact with a foreign intelligence service? Four days later, they put Jim through another polygraph. This time, his answer to one question—Are you concealing contact with any foreign nationals?—proved inconclusive.

When Jim came back for a third polygraph on December 4, 1995, the polygraph operator noticed that he took deep breaths and held them during the control questions—a clear attempt to elevate his heart rate and throw off the machine. The operator told him to knock it off. A computer analysis of Jim's lie-detector test showed there was an 88 percent chance he answered deceptively when asked two questions: Since 1990, have you had contact with a foreign intelligence service that you are trying to hide from the CIA? Are you trying to hide any contact with a foreign intelligence service since 1990?

Jim did not hear from Langley about the results of his latest bout with the box. No news was typically good news where CIA polygraphs were concerned.

Two weeks later, Jim boarded a plane for Zurich, Switzerland.

He rendezvoused with Polyakov in the lobby of the luxurious hotel Novotel, where he handed over diskettes he had encrypted himself. The storage devices, primitive by today's standards, were choked with the names of more CIA trainees and additional details about the government's debriefings of Ames. A grateful Polyakov handed him $125,000—Jim's standard $50,000 payment, plus the $75,000 Moscow had been holding for him. That evening, after Polyakov had digested the new information, he joined Jim for a dinner of sashimi and yakitori at a Japanese restaurant. The Russian told him that some of the information about Ames was new, which suggested to Jim that the SVR might have another mole inside the CIA.

While in Zurich, Jim paid a visit to Bank Leu, an institution built more than forty years before Napoleon Bonaparte conquered Switzerland. Swiss banks are spectacularly secretive, and a who's who of notorious crooks have used them to hide money. Bank Leu's good name had weathered some unfortunate publicity in the 1980s, having stored tens of millions of U.S. dollars acquired by the likes of Ivan Boesky, the arbitrageur who famously told business school graduates, "I think greed is healthy. You can be greedy and still feel good about yourself."

Jim met with Roland Keller, a Bank Leu manager who handled private accounts. Keller was happy to deposit Jim's $61,000 in U.S. cash in an account bearing the name "Harold Nicholson." Jim jotted down his Swiss bank number on the back of Keller's business card and slipped it into his wallet, a tiny mistake that would come back to haunt him.

Back at Camp Peary, Jim continued blowing cash on the kids, who found life with their single dad a parade of adventures. They had toured Colonial Williamsburg and spent days at Busch Gardens Theme Park and Water Country USA. They ate out whenever they pleased. Their house had the latest big-screen TVs. Sometime in 1995, Jim bought Nathan a state-of-the-art Sega Saturn video console, allowing his boy to lose himself in the hit game *Virtua Fighter 2*. When the game system crashed, Jim sent it out for repairs and hightailed it to the store to buy a new one so Nathan wouldn't miss a beat.

With Christmas approaching, Russia's money in his pockets, his kids safely parked in Oregon with Laurie, and his relationship with Lily safely in the rearview mirror, Jim jetted off to Bangkok to visit his old love Kanokwan Lehliem. Jim had feelings for the quiet Thai for a decade, and while it's unknown how closely they kept in contact, their romance clearly was rekindling.

When Jim returned to the U.S., he made eleven bank transactions that put $26,900 into his accounts and mutual funds. The SVR had now paid him a quarter-million dollars, with promises of much more.

Langley, Virginia, early 1996

On March 17, an SVR officer reached out to the FBI for information that might help Moscow's efforts to combat terrorists in Chechnya. The SVR officer told the FBI that the request was part of a global accumulation of information on Chechen terrorists by Russia's foreign spy service. It wasn't an unusual request. The southwestern corner of Russia was embroiled in a bloody civil war that had been a long time coming, and Washington and Moscow had mutual interests in holding Chechnya's Islamic terrorists at bay.

Chechens had been itching to get out from under Moscow's thumb since the early 1920s, when they were dragged into the Soviet Union by the Red Army. As the U.S.S.R. disintegrated, they declared their patch of the Northern Caucasus, between the Caspian and Black Seas, a sovereign nation. But Mother Russia, whose oil and gas pipelines passed through Chechnya, wasn't having any of it.

In December 1994, Russian president Boris Yeltsin had sent troops into Chechnya to disarm the resistance in places like Grozny, which Chechens had declared their capital. The Russian military swept in with tanks and warplanes and artillery. But they were met with waves of protesters and heavily armed guerrilla forces in a city already teeming with crime bosses, gun-toting thugs, and a smattering of Muslim terrorists. Tens of thousands of people died in the fighting. The Russians left Grozny looking like a sepia photo of Oradour-sur-Glane at the end of World War II, a wasteland of rubble and twisted columns of metal.

On the afternoon of April 21, 1996, Yeltsin and President Clinton met in the Kremlin, where Yeltsin told reporters, "There are no military operations now under way" in Chechnya. But late that very evening, the key leader in Chechnya's war against Russia, General Dzhokhar Dudayev, was talking on a satellite phone in the western village of Gekhi-Chu when a Russian rocket hurtled earthward and killed him. Many observers believe Western intelligence—most likely the NSA—honed in on the phone to help knock off the Chechen leader, stabilize the region, and push Yeltsin to reelection over Communist Party challenger Gennadi A. Zyuganov. While the U.S. role may never be completely known, Yeltsin retained the presidency and prevented a communist resurgence, a major victory for the West.

Five days after Dudayev's death, Jim drove up from The Farm to CIA headquarters and went door to door asking colleagues to provide him with background information on Chechnya. He pretended to be collecting details about the troubled region's struggles as part of a training exercise for students at The Farm. He drove home with a package of papers.

Jim's request, juxtaposed against the SVR's interest in Chechnya, ramped up concerns that Jim might be a mole. CIA officials told FBI investigators they had not planned any training exercises at The Farm that involved Chechnya. Instructors at the covert training center had to submit curriculum changes well in advance of training exercises to a board of review. Jim hadn't taken any such steps.

Investigators now worried that Jim would poke through the daily churn of overseas cables at The Farm and print sensitive files for his Russian pals. Those leading the counterespionage probe decided they couldn't afford to let Jim operate out of their sight any longer. They talked CIA superiors into quietly canceling Jim's request to take a chief-of-station job in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, where he could meet at will with Russian spies. Investigators cooked up a plan for the CIA to give Jim a promotion, installing him as a branch chief inside the Counterterrorist Center at Langley. They wanted Jim close enough to feel his pulse, a play right out of *The Godfather II*—"Keep your friends close, but your enemies closer."

Then came trouble.

As Jim readied to move to the town house in Burke with the kids, he cabled vacation plans to CIA superiors: Before starting in the new job at Langley, he wanted to take a trip to Singapore and Bangkok, where the SVR's spies were as thick as the local mosquitoes.

Jim's trip to Singapore marked a crossroads for the counterintelligence team at Langley. Investigators knew that if Jim really was leaking secrets to Moscow, he'd probably take the opportunity to meet with the SVR. They also knew that if they could tail Jim, catch him in the act, they'd be one step closer to rolling him up for espionage.

What kept investigators up at night was the possibility that Jim had figured out he was under investigation. If he was onto them, it was over: They were convinced Jim would travel overseas and bolt for the nearest Russian embassy. Once in Russian hands, Moscow would shuttle Jim off to the motherland, where intelligence officers would pluck him clean for every U.S. secret he kept in his skull. Maybe they'd send him off to a nice dacha on the Black Sea to live out his days on the dime of a grateful nation. Jim would never set foot in a U.S. court.

Curran and Redmond both knew they needed more evidence to make the case rock-solid. They would have to find a way to tail Jim in Singapore to see whom he was meeting.

Redmond was a tough, sharp-elbowed leader, a diminutive Harvard man given to bow ties and profanity. He grew up in Southborough, thirty miles west of Boston, one of those small, sweet, New England towns once surrounded by apple orchards and now—as Redmond often complains—choked with McMansions and annoying people from New Jersey. He grew up like most New Englanders with an aversion to Rs, a young man of privilege accustomed to cracking *lobsta* and running up sailboat sheets with *halya'ds*. Some of the friends Redmond sailed with in his youth had parents who worked in the CIA. The agency had attracted generations of well-bred Ivy Leaguers since World War II. Inspired by John F. Kennedy's famous words—"My fellow Americans, ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country"—Redmond took the Foreign Service exam. But he bombed the oral. So he joined the Army, which shuttled him off to California to study Russian. It was a good language to learn at the midpoint of the Cold War, and it paid off for Redmond. On or about April Fools' Day 1965, he entered duty with the CIA.

Redmond and Curran rose to senior management positions in their respective agencies through grit and the power of their personalities. They were smart, cocky managers who had the good sense to build teams of talented investigators that produced results. Now, suddenly comingled as spy-catching allies, they pretended to like each other.

Curran didn't think the CIA knew the first thing about counterintelligence. He knew they were great spies, highly trained at human intelligence gathering. But he considered them lousy spy catchers. In his opinion, Redmond's counterintelligence group had convincingly proved the point by bungling the Ames case. For his part, Redmond didn't want the FBI meddling in the agency's counterspy operations. The problem with the bureau guys, he said, was that they couldn't get it through their thick heads that working spy cases was far more nuanced than pinching drug dealers in Newark. There was nothing wrong with bringing the FBI in to make the collar in a spy case, Redmond figured. Let them take the credit and swagger, for all he cared. But in his opinion, the bureau didn't belong in his counterintelligence group.

To their credit, Redmond and Curran put their differences aside to confront a cold fact: Jim was flying to Singapore on personal business—most likely to meet his Russian handler. They knew Jim's travels corresponded with cash deposits way beyond his means into multiple bank accounts. They knew he was surfing the CIA's computers for information he didn't need. They knew he was friendly with the SVR *rezident* in Malaysia. And they knew Jim had a motive to sell his country's secrets: He was a single dad with expensive tastes, one son in college, two kids under his roof, and an ex-wife demanding money. But they would need a lot more evidence to prove Jim was selling the Russians secrets.

"We didn't have a case at that point," Curran said. "We could not prove an espionage case."

Redmond and Curran both knew Singapore presented them the best chance to catch Jim in the act. But they argued bitterly about whom they'd assign to put eyeballs on their target. Curran was steadfast in the FBI's capabilities. His agents were cops, after all, and surveillance was their bread and butter. Redmond was convinced the CIA knew the turf and was better equipped to keep eyes on Jim. As the clock ticked toward Jim's departure for Singapore, neither man would budge.

They decided to break the impasse by bringing in the CIA's chief of station in Singapore to ask him the smartest way to tail Jim on his turf. The timing was perfect, since Rich Smylie was at The Farm for the agency's annual chief-of-station conference. He'd be driving up from the training center to glad-hand with the bosses at headquarters and meet with other staffers. His boss, the chief of the East Asia Division, asked him to meet the following day to discuss "an issue." Smylie knew there was no such thing as a good "issue" in the agency.

"We need your help," his boss told him. "We need you to take a polygraph."

Smylie figured he'd pop into headquarters early for his turn on the box. But his boss asked him to report instead to an FBI office in Arlington. There Smylie found himself wired up for a standard counterintelligence polygraph to find out if he'd had unreported contacts with foreign intelligence officials. After he passed the test, agents briefed him on their case. They were investigating a CIA officer suspected of moonlighting for the Russians. Their target was heading to Singapore. His name was Jim Nicholson.

Smylie grimaced. He remembered Jim because they had served together in Manila back in the 1980s. Now Smylie's old friend was accused of espionage, a stunning turn of events that left him feeling betrayed and pissed off, but not altogether surprised.

"Jim," he told me, "was always out for himself."

Smylie made his way to Curran's office at Langley, where Redmond joined them to discuss surveillance options in Singapore. Curran liked Smylie right away. The CIA's man in Singapore seemed like a pro with a lot of self-confidence. Curran told his guest that he thought the joint FBI-CIA team should tell Singapore's intelligence service that the U.S. would be running surveillance operations in their backyard. Redmond thought it was a terrible idea to share information with the locals.

"What's your opinion?" Curran asked.

Smylie explained to the senior spy catchers that the CIA enjoyed an excellent relationship with Singapore's Internal Security Department. The ISD, as it was known, had been up and running at a high level since 1970, and Smylie had huge respect for its work. Its intelligence officers were smart, agile, and trustworthy. He recommended that investigators from the FBI and CIA sit this one out.

"If you do this on your own," Smylie told them, "you'll fuck it up."

The island nation of Singapore was just a little larger than the city of Chicago, with tightly restricted borders. The ISD knew every inch of the place, and could identify anyone who set foot in the country. Singapore was populated almost entirely by people of Chinese, Malay, and Indian descent. Smylie believed that putting tall, serious-looking white guys on the streets to tail Jim would draw attention they didn't want. He also knew that even if the CIA or FBI put together a surveillance team of Asian-Americans, they'd still look out of place, because Americans walked, talked, and dressed differently than the locals. Smylie was certain U.S. investigators, with only a superficial understanding of the venue, wouldn't have the skills to run such a complex eavesdropping operation on a professional spy.

Curran and Redmond both worried that Singapore's intelligence service might have been penetrated by the SVR. Moscow's foreign spy service had its eyes and ears in a lot of faraway places. Every man in the room knew that if the Russians had a contact inside the ISD, their case against Nicholson was toast. The Russians would alert their mole, and quicker than you could say "*Na zdorovie,*" he'd be gone forever. They asked Smylie if he thought Singapore's intelligence service might leak news of the investigation to the Russians.

Negative, he said. He trusted the ISD.

When Smylie left Curran's office, Redmond blew up. He told Curran he wasn't going to risk the fate of the Nicholson case by putting a major surveillance operation in the hands of a foreign intelligence service that might include a Russian mole. Curran fought back, saying that if the CIA's own station chief in Singapore had confidence in the ISD, so did he. The two were just reaching a rolling boil when another man walked into the office.

They looked up to find George Tenet, the CIA's deputy director. Tenet was the number two man in the agency, a legend in the building.

He was an intense man with dark hair who was trying to break his cigar habit, an unlit stogie perpetually clamped between his lips. By year's end, President Clinton would appoint Tenet director of the CIA. But on that summer day, the deputy director turned mediator. He knew the clock was ticking. Decisions about how to eavesdrop on Jim Nicholson needed to be made.

Tenet asked Curran and Redmond to state their positions on the surveillance operation in Singapore, and he listened carefully to each. When they were done, he stood up.

"I agree with Curran," Tenet said. "We're gonna let the Singaporeans handle it."

He walked out. End of discussion.

Curran knew one thing: If they got this wrong, it would be his ass.

Singapore, summer 1996

On June 26, Jim checked into a $300-a-night room in the Shangri-La Hotel, a luxury high-rise that jutted out of a lush lawn full of banyan trees and koi ponds north of central downtown Singapore. The hotel, with its massive white columns, overlooked a bustling city and its famed Botanic Gardens. Jim's room was in the Garden Wing, which featured marble-floored bathrooms and personal balconies. The U.S. Embassy sat a few hundred yards away.

The ISD put a tail on Jim at 10:11 the next morning, a Thursday, when he strolled out of the Shangri-La past towering palms. They kept watch for the next four hours as Jim toured the Lion City, camera bag on his shoulder. The CIA man would walk down a street, appearing committed to a single course, then suddenly whirl around in the other direction. He stopped to stare into shop windows, using them as mirrors to look behind him. At one point, he traipsed down a set of stairs into the bowels of the subway and sprang back up in a moment, giving the appearance that he was a slightly confused tourist.

Singaporean intelligence watched Jim return to the Shangri-La after about four hours, having shot nary a photo of his exotic surroundings. The ISD briefed Smylie on his moves. Smylie and a joint FBI-CIA team in Singapore concluded that their target had taken a surveillance detection route. Jim had practiced this "dry cleaning" all over the world. For Smylie, this was the first clear indication his old friend might be working for the Russians.

Back in D.C., FBI investigators tried to determine what Jim might have brought with him to Singapore. Agents at Dulles had secretly poked through Jim's checked bags, but found no sign of secret files. They thought he might be carrying government papers in the camera bag constantly tethered to his shoulder.

At 6:15 that night, Jim was on the move again, walking out of the Shangri-La still carrying the camera bag. He followed the same route he had taken that morning. Precisely three minutes after sunset, he stepped into the subway station and stood on an elevated platform. He seemed to be waiting for the rush-hour crowd to move downstairs to the trains that would carry them home. When the bulk of the human traffic dispersed, Jim caught an escalator down and sat on a stone bench. He waited for a few moments before heading up to the main concourse.

There he found his old friend Polyakov.

The spy and his handler strolled out to the street, where a car pulled up to a taxi stand and stopped. The lid of its trunk popped open; Jim dropped his camera bag inside and pushed it shut. He climbed into the backseat with Polyakov, and the car pulled away. The ISD took note: The car bore diplomatic plates from the embassy of the Russian Federation. The Singaporeans tailed Jim as the car headed northwest, past the Shangri-La.

The ISD updated Smylie, who cabled headquarters, where Redmond, Curran, and management of the East Asia Division were on the edge of their seats. When Smylie's phone rang a few minutes later, it was one of his ISD contacts. Intelligence officers had just witnessed the car that carried Jim drive through the gates of a white compound at 51 Nassim Road, the Russian Embassy. Smylie phoned his division chief at Langley.

"Nicholson is with the Russians as we speak," he said.

"We jumped out of our chairs," Curran recalled. "We jumped out of our chairs!"

Smylie kept the updates flowing.

A senior ISD officer phoned him later that day to come see him immediately at the Ministry of Home Affairs in New Phoenix Park. Within fifteen minutes, Smylie found himself in a private meeting with several of his most trusted contacts. They told the station chief that Nicholson was still in his meeting with the Russian. The ISD officers wanted to know if Smylie should tell the FBI about this or let the CIA handle it on its own. It took Smylie a moment to grasp what they meant.

"They thought we'd go out and whack him," he recalled.

Smylie told the ISD officers he wanted the FBI looped in, assuring them that the American justice system would handle Jim.

That evening, Jim handed over the latest packet of secrets to Polyakov and walked away with a cool $50,000 in a plastic bag.

The following day, the Singaporeans, who'd stayed in covert lockstep with Jim for two days, watched discreetly as their target walked into an American Express Travel Services Center to pay $8,300 toward his well-used Amex card.

Jim had cabled Smylie before his trip to tell him about his plans to be in Singapore. CIA officers who travel abroad, even on vacations, are obliged to let the station chief in whatever nation they're visiting know they'll be in the country. The old friends talked on the phone and made plans for lunch. Both the CIA and FBI approved the meet. They didn't want to give Jim any hint that things were amiss.

Smylie's driver picked him up in the station's forest green Rover sedan and drove over to the Shangri-La. Jim climbed in carrying a plastic bag. Smylie had to wonder if it was the same bag Jim had used to carry his money from the Russians. They were seated together in the back when Jim reached into the bag and pulled out a four-inch-tall pewter figurine of a laughing Buddha.

"A present for you," Jim said. "Just my way of saying hello."

It was an odd gesture. Fellow officers rarely gave gifts to one another. This present was probably worth fifty bucks. Smylie thanked him and set the heavy figurine on the floor as they made their way toward the Singapore Island Country Club, an exclusive golf resort along the MacRitchie Reservoir. There they settled in for plates of Singaporean chicken rice. Smylie would later recall sitting outdoors across the white-linen table from Nicholson and feeling proud of himself for acting naturally and not betraying the fact that he'd just as soon shoot the sonofabitch. After lunch, they drove to the U.S. Embassy and settled into Smylie's private office in the station.

As Jim sat on the other side of Smylie's desk, he contemplated what biographical information to jot down on one of the agency's field reassignment questionnaires, known as FRQs. Jim was desperate to get an overseas job as a station chief. Smylie, unbeknownst to Jim, was cabling Langley from his desktop computer. He let the investigation team know their suspect was right there with him.

Jim asked his old friend what skills he might include on the FRQ to improve his chances.

Smylie couldn't help himself.

"Jim, how are you at countersurveillance?"

"I'm *good*," he said.

"Why don't you put that down?" Smylie suggested helpfully. "Have you worked against Russian or other Eastern bloc intel officers?"

Jim said he had.

"Put it down," Smylie said.

After the two men parted, Jim paid his tab at the Shangri-La with $1,679.59 in cash and stopped by the Overseas Union Bank, where he bought gold coins valued at $820.58.

Smylie turned over the laughing Buddha statuette to the FBI to be X-rayed for bugs. When it cleared the bureau's scrutiny, they gave it back. Only later would Smylie come to believe that Polyakov had given the Buddha to Jim, who had regifted it to him as a sick joke. It dug in Smylie's craw that his brother officer came to Singapore to commit espionage under his nose and expected to get away with it. Jim's ego, Smylie later explained, had exceeded his expertise.

Back in the U.S., FBI agents tuned in to Jim's hour-by-hour doings in Singapore were now certain they had a traitor in their sights. But they would still need more evidence.

"You'd lose your job for stepping into a limo of a foreign service, but you don't go to jail for that," said John E. McClurg, an FBI supervisor who worked under Curran at Langley. "You have a hard time passing a polygraph when you do things like that, but you don't go to jail. So from that moment on, we knew the horses were off and running. Now the task was to build a defensible criminal case against this guy."

The FBI and CIA wanted the Nicholson case dispatched quickly, by plea bargain. But to get there, they needed overwhelming evidence. Jim's secret meeting in Singapore wasn't the rock-solid evidence they needed.

Some of Jim's colleagues would later ridicule Jim for making the mistake of climbing into a car with Russian diplomatic plates. But the Russians had set things up that way, perhaps a calculated move to further assert dominion over their CIA man. They were showing their mole they owned him.

On July 1, 1996, after Jim's business in Singapore concluded, he flew to Bangkok. He retraced familiar ground, speeding across gentle green farmland abundant with Buddhist shrines toward Aranyaprathet to see Kanokwan. He headed back through time to the place, and the people, where their adventures began. The following day, they caught a plane to Hawaii for a short vacation.

Jim had already notified the CIA he intended to marry Kanokwan. She was thirty years old, fifteen years his junior, and her devotion to Jim and his government remained strong. Agency policy required thorough background checks of foreigners who intended to marry into the CIA. This was to ensure that a rival intelligence agency hadn't planted a spy—masquerading as a lover or potential spouse—in the bedroom of one of its own.

Kanokwan and Jim luxuriated for a few days at the sprawling Hanalei Bay Resort on Kauai before flying off to Oregon, where she would meet his family. Nick and Betty let Jim and his love stay with them in their little home in Eugene. They weren't bowled over by the demure Thai, but it was clear their oldest son was smitten with Kanokwan, who was so much younger, and Buddhist. They wondered how Jim's kids would react.

The Nicholson kids, spending their summer in Oregon, were polite to their dad's love interest. Jim had often told his family that Kanokwan had saved his life a few times during his assignment on the border of Thailand and Cambodia. But the Nicholson children were still torn up by the divorce and their parents' lingering acrimony.

When Jim quietly drew the kids aside to announce his intentions to marry Kanokwan, Jeremi and Star balked. They refused to bless the union. Both thought the divorce, finalized only two years earlier, was too recent for their parents to consider remarrying.

"My sister and I selfishly believed that our family was *our* family," Jeremi recalled years after that conversation. "We wanted to keep it that way. We didn't want to bring outside sources in." Star, who would turn fifteen in the fall, understood that her dad wanted to start a new family with Kanokwan. But neither she nor Jeremi wanted half brothers or half sisters. Stubbornly, Jeremi said, they refused to yield to their dad's plans to bring Kanokwan into the family. Both he and Star turned two thumbs down.

Nathan, who would celebrate his twelfth birthday at the end of the month, thought his dad often seemed terribly lonely. He was happy to share him with someone who could light him up. He voted yes to the marriage, as he had with Lily, another demonstration of Nathan's fidelity to his dad.

By all accounts, Nathan was a whole lot like Jim. Both were charming and possessed the perfect mix of left- and right-brain capabilities. They also bore an uncanny resemblance, with the same toothy smiles, strong brows and chins, and eyes as blue as an early summer sky. But it was Jim's and Nathan's temperaments that people noticed most. They were both so easygoing, very slow to anger. They were also risk takers with bold ambitions, and both placed high value on these qualities. They endeavored to move through life's adventures as charming gentlemen. The fundamental difference between Jim and his youngest was that Jim could be uncommonly self-centered, while Nathan—to a fault—thought of everyone else first.

Star was fiercely protective of Nathan, and smothered him with love. She was a classic middle child, brokering peace and serving as a human barometer of the family's moods. When things were going poorly, she was the first to break down and cry. But she was typically upbeat, kept a close circle of girlfriends, and treated the family cats as humans. Jeremi was intellectually curious, a student of the world who kept an eye on his siblings. In the years to come, he would take on an almost paternal role in dressing Star down for swearing or sneaking a beer. Nathan's siblings fought often.

On July 12, Jim gave Jeremi $12,377.50 to buy a new Dodge Neon. His oldest was headed to college that fall, to his parents' alma mater in nearby Corvallis. Two days later, Jim flew home to northern Virginia, paying a $120 parking tab at Dulles. It's unclear whether he took Kanokwan with him. What is clear is that they didn't make immediate plans to marry.

By now, the FBI had launched an investigative full-court press. Their orders from the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court allowed them to tail Jim wherever he went and electronically eavesdrop on every utterance he made. Investigators now believed Jim was selling out his country. But they met resistance at CIA headquarters, where a few senior officials bitched that the FBI was about to ruin the career of a promising officer. The bureau's investigators didn't give a rip about Jim's promising career.

Jim's Singapore trip foreclosed on virtually any chance the U.S. might spare him from criminal charges. U.S. intelligence officers caught in compromising situations with foreign spies were sometimes recycled as double agents. In Jim's case, senior CIA officials could have kept him on a short leash at Langley, allowing him to keep his regular meetings with the SVR. They could pass mildly interesting or phony information to Russia, giving Jim the chance to report to the CIA what kinds of information the SVR sought. But this was always risky business. Had the U.S. played that card, the CIA ran the risk of watching Jim defect to Moscow.

Government lawyers hoped to gather enough evidence to arrest Jim on an espionage charge potentially punishable by death. This would give prosecutors leverage to negotiate a quick guilty plea in exchange for a lesser sentence. But they had much work to do. On July 16, 1996, Jim took his first management position at CIA headquarters. He remained disappointed the agency turned him down for the station-chief job in Addis Ababa, where he and the kids could have had a housing allowance and a maid. But his new job as a branch chief inside Langley's vast Counterterrorist Center came with a promotion to GS-15, the highest civil service pay rating in U.S. government. By that fall, he would earn $78,385 a year.

Investigators now kept tabs on Jim around the clock. A July 19 audit of the CIA computer system showed that while working at The Farm, Jim had searched for cables and other reports using such keywords as "Russia" and "Chechnya." Jim's high clearance allowed him to access the Central Eurasia Division database, but he wasn't authorized to poke around in those files. His breach had triggered security alerts and caused CIA systems personnel to list him as a "surfer."

5

We Have Another Aldrich Ames

> "We should begin by recognizing that spying is a fact of life . . . We're in a long twilight struggle with an implacable foe of freedom."
>
> —Ronald Wilson Reagan, presidential radio address,
> June 19, 1985

Langley, Virginia, summer 1996

John Maguire sat in a cubicle village on the second floor of CIA headquarters, a clean, well-carpeted place full of file cabinets and misery. After fourteen years of exciting spy work, he now labored in utter obscurity in a pool of human resources mopes. Maguire had spent most of his years in the agency on the front lines of the Cold War, although more recently he labored as a counterterrorism operative in the Middle East. He had served in such garden spots as El Salvador, Honduras, Lebanon, and Iraq. But now it was abundantly clear that at forty-two, his once-promising career in espionage was over.

Maguire had gotten crossways with his boss, the Near East Division chief, for refusing to take an overseas posting in Karachi, Pakistan. His penance was a position in HR, in the bowels of the CIA's Original Headquarters Building, part of the agency's sprawling, highly secured compound in the Langley community of McLean, Virginia. There he drank sweetened coffee and pushed pencils amid the agency's plebes, poring through the personnel files of other CIA officers to determine those worthy of promotions. He found it disheartening to labor through the applications of agency employees who, unlike himself, might actually be promoted.

Maguire's ennui was broken, from time to time, by the prank calls of colleagues still performing actual spy work. Some disguised their voices to ask about their promotions packets before busting a gut. Others phoned to make such helpful declarations as, "You're so fucked." One day, in the spring of 1996, Maguire's phone rang and he heard the voice of Anna, the secretary of the Near East Division.

Anna was a powerful figure in the division, something of an aging Miss Moneypenny, and as part of the senior secretarial pool, she enjoyed the oblique horsepower of her division chief. When Anna called, you paid attention. When you needed help, she was your oracle. Need to proof-check an official memo? She pored over it, caught your errors. Need to reach an overseas leader, a business figure, someone at the White House? She had the number. Screw up badly? She dressed you down, leaving you standing with your shoes smoking as if you'd been struck by lightning. Anna was a striking, statuesque woman with raven hair. All the senior secretaries in the CIA had juice. If they liked you, they could make your life easier. Anna seemed to like Maguire.

"How are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm trying not to kill myself in my seat," he said.

"Come upstairs," he heard her say. "Don't tell anybody where you're going. Just leave your desk and come up here to me right now."

"OK."

Like so many times in his career, Maguire could only imagine the fresh patch of hell in front of him. He had served seven years as a cop in his native Baltimore, then fourteen more as a spy. He understood the swift, decisive nature of upper-management bureaucrats, whose sudden decrees often fell into subordinates' laps like hot coals. Maguire hauled his six-foot-three, 195-pound frame out of his chair and slipped away quietly. He caught an elevator to the sixth floor, one level below the penthouse of power, where the Director of Central Intelligence runs the show. There, outside his boss's door, he found Anna at her desk. She steered him into the office, and the door closed.

He stood in front of a familiar wooden desk, behind which sat Steve Richter, whom he had never seen without a suit and tie. Richter, a key part of the Directorate of Operations, the CIA's clandestine wing, oversaw spy operations across the Middle East. Maguire thought his boss was one of the smartest and most talented of the agency's senior intelligence officers, and also one of the most vindictive.

The previous fall, Richter had flown to London to tell Maguire of his next assignment: Karachi. The move would have taken Maguire out of his work in northern Iraq, and he wanted none of it. He had run spy and paramilitary operations in the Middle East nation for five years, having first dropped into Iraq for the Persian Gulf War. Maguire felt invested in Iraq's future. It had taken years to wrap his head around the country's complicated, tribally based culture, its Ba'ath Party leadership, and the wickedness of Saddam Hussein and his power-sick sons, Uday and Qusay. He had hoped that his good work would be rewarded with a promotion to a leadership post in Amman or Abu Dhabi.

Maguire asked Richter to let him stay on in London. He was happy there, enjoying what is known in Foreign Service parlance as an "accompanied tour" with his wife and two daughters. Maguire told Richter he hoped to continue his vital work in Iraq, where he had developed locals—sometimes with trunks of cash—to gain secrets from inside Iraq's seats of power.

Richter hadn't flown to London to negotiate. He urged Maguire to take the assignment and report to the CIA station in Karachi. That's when Maguire played his last card. He told Richter that his wife, a registered nurse, had long told him there were only two countries on the planet so full of filth and disease that she refused to raise their girls in them: India and Pakistan. For those reasons, Maguire told his boss, he would have to politely decline the job in Karachi. Richter wasn't accustomed to being told no. He left Maguire in stony silence.

Soon after, Maguire got the cable letting him know he was being called back to Langley to work in human resources, his requests for posts in the Middle East denied.

Now he found himself standing in front of Richter's desk.

Maguire's boss, not known for warm and fuzzy moments with subordinates, didn't invite him to take a seat. It would be a short meeting.

"I have an assignment for you," Richter said. "I can't tell you anything about it." He told Maguire that he needed an answer then and there, and that a yes would be good for his career. If he said no, all he had to do was go back downstairs and never utter a word about the conversation. "You have to give me an answer now," Richter said.

Maguire, flummoxed, glanced to his right. A stranger sat on the couch. The man wore a nice suit and a blue badge denoting him as a CIA staffer. Maguire figured he was a senior agency man. He planted his eyes on Richter's face to read his reaction to his next words.

"Can I ask a question or two?"

Richter peered at Maguire sourly.

"You can ask," he said.

Maguire turned to the man on the couch.

"Who's this guy?"

"I'm Ed Curran," the stranger said. "I'm the highest-ranking FBI agent assigned inside the CIA."

Fuck me, Maguire thought.

His mind flew back to Iraq and the troubles there. The FBI was still investigating the CIA's role in organizing an unsuccessful coup that March against Saddam Hussein by his own military. Maguire and his team had rotated into northern Iraq during that covert action (codenamed DBACHILLES), which failed. Saddam executed at least eighty of his officers involved in the attempted overthrow.

Maguire feared that the new "assignment" Richter was offering might be a ham-handed setup for questioning by the FBI. The appearance of Curran only deepened his anxiety. Maguire's choices seemed clear. He could turn down a potentially choice assignment, whatever it was, and retreat to the cubicle dungeon and the slow immolation of his soul. Or he could do as the paratroopers say in that instant before leaping out of airplanes: Pull the cord, trust the Lord.

"Fuck it," he said. "I'll take it. Whatever it is, I'll do it."

"Wise choice," Richter said.

Maguire could sense by the tone of his boss's voice that the meeting was over.

Curran, no doubt amused by the exchange, gave Maguire orders: Go downstairs to the lobby. Do not talk to anyone, and tell no one where you've been. You'll meet a couple of FBI agents at the front door, who will give you instructions.

Maguire nodded along.

"OK," he said.

Outside Richter's office, he shot a glance at Anna.

She winked.

Moments later, Maguire walked off an elevator on the first floor, turned a corner, and trudged down a half-dozen steps, where he badged through the security turnstiles. He walked past the statue of William J. "Wild Bill" Donovan, a figure who stood literally and figuratively on a pedestal in the agency. Donovan had created the Office of Strategic Services, forerunner to the CIA, which helped win World War II. Maguire stepped across the agency's iconic lobby, with its massive seal—the head of an eagle atop a thirteen-point compass—laid into cold granite. There he found two men standing in business suits. They flashed their credentials and asked Maguire to follow them. All moved for the front doors.

Maguire found himself seated in the rear of a plain-Jane bureau car, which rolled out of the Langley compound into the northern Virginia suburbs. The ride was a blur of bright green tree canopies, the engine's drone, and a pair of FBI agents attempting to break the tension with small talk. Maguire heard one of them ask him, "Whattaya think?"

"Well," he said, "I'm not used to riding in the back of a police car. It doesn't fill me with confidence. But I'm not cuffed yet."

The agents told him to relax. But Maguire, who had served on some of America's most dangerous streets in Baltimore, didn't feel fine. When he was a cop, *he'd* been the one putting perps in squad cars for the free rides to jail.

Soon the car pulled up to a house deep in the suburbs, in a neighborhood Maguire didn't recognize. The FBI agents led him inside, where he spied a few others. Only then did he fully understand where he'd been taken. He was in a bureau safe house. Agents brought him to a bedroom, where he found an older man sitting behind a desk. The man hooked him up to a polygraph with a confidence that only contributed to Maguire's unease.

Maguire was accustomed to routine lie-detector tests. The agency wired its clandestine officers to the box every few years, usually when they rotated through headquarters, for single-issue polygraphs. Tests on the box were supposed to help the agency detect turncoats in their midst. But rarely, if ever, did they do anything of the kind.

Polygraph operators place their subjects on a pad that can sense the clenching of their sphincters, a device known by those who've sat on them as the "whoopee cushion." Maguire took his seat, his sphincter already tight enough to crush walnuts. There the older agent connected him to a series of wires that measured his breathing, blood pressure, pulse, and perspiration.

Polygraphers always begin with slam-dunk queries—"Is your name John R. Maguire?"—before asking the subject to respond with a deliberate lie or two. These are called control questions. For instance, the operator might tell a subject to deliberately lie to a question such as, "Have you ever stolen anything?" Few humans can honestly answer that with a no. When the respondent lies, the polygraph's stylus jiggles, giving the operator a benchmark for later deceptive answers. Relevant questions follow.

Maguire dreaded the first such query, which he imagined would go something like this: "Did you, or did you not, authorize or participate in an attempt to overthrow the regime in Iraq?"

He tried to think ahead. He knew he hadn't done anything illegal; the actions of CIA officers in the field assigned to wresting Saddam Hussein from power were fully authorized by senior agency officials like Richter. The White House was distancing itself, but officials in the Clinton administration had been briefed directly. Maguire decided that if the agent running the box posed even one question about Iraq, he'd politely ask to speak with his lawyer.

The genteel polygraph operator, perhaps sensing Maguire's inner tumult, told him to relax, everything was going to be OK. And sure enough, when the older man eventually got around to asking the moment-of-truth questions, they were all about Russia and Russian intelligence. Maguire breathed easier. He had no operational history with the Russians, and if Moscow's foreign intelligence officers had anything on him, it would have been thin, dated, and focused on his paramilitary past. As far as he knew, he'd never been a target of the KGB or the SVR.

The polygraph took about ninety minutes, and when the operator told him he'd passed, one of the FBI agents led Maguire into another room in the house, which clearly served as a hub for an investigation of some kind. They seated him at a desk, where he signed formal papers by which he swore not to divulge any of the classified information he was about to hear. The agents told him they were from Squad NS-34, a counterintelligence unit based in the Washington Metropolitan Field Office. They occupied a dilapidated building at the confluence of the Potomac and Anacostia Rivers, a gritty corner of D.C. known as Buzzard Point.

Maguire spied a photograph of a bearded man on the wall. It appeared to be an official CIA photo. He didn't recognize the face.

"You've been selected for this position," one of the agents told Maguire. "We have another Ames, and we have to catch him."

The FBI and CIA had handpicked Maguire to help catch this new mole. His background as a cop, and his experience testifying in court, made him a shoo-in as a candidate to help the bureau gather evidence inside CIA headquarters and neuter their suspect: Harold James "Jim" Nicholson.

Agents explained that Jim, whom Maguire had never met, was now in his sixteenth year as a CIA operations officer. He taught tradecraft at The Farm, a plum job given to spies who'd proven themselves in the field. Jim, he learned, was a single dad with primary custody of his three kids: Son Jeremi was headed to college; daughter Star and younger son Nathan lived in a two-story government house at Camp Peary, but were soon moving to the family town house in Burke, Virginia.

Maguire knew The Farm well. He had taken his five-month career trainee course and extensive paramilitary training on its grounds before being sent to a CIA demolition school in a covert redoubt in the mid-Atlantic tidewaters. There, he had learned how to build and dismantle all manner of explosives.

The agents had cooked up a scheme for senior CIA officials to call Jim back from The Farm and assign him as a branch chief in the Counterterrorist Center, or CTC, in the Original Headquarters Building. (It was later renamed the Counterterrorism Center.) Maguire would apply to work as the deputy branch chief under Jim. FBI investigators hoped Jim would pick Maguire over other applicants for the position. If all went according to plan, Maguire would take the office next to Jim's. The FBI-CIA team would covertly supervise Maguire's undercover tilt against his own boss, a spy-versus-spy operation in the bosom of CIA headquarters.

No such investigation had ever been run under the roof at Langley.

Investigators knew Jim would interview several experienced CIA officers for the position of deputy branch chief, his top subordinate. But they secretly stacked the deck with Maguire, who had much stronger credentials than the others. Maguire was a founding member of the CTC, a distinction marking him as a "plank holder." He knew the territory, having worked against Middle East terrorists for years.

Maguire was a good spy, and the kind of guy you'd join for a few rounds of bourbon. But investigators looking to bring Jim to justice were more interested in the skills Maguire had acquired in his former life as a Baltimore City cop. He had worked long hours in the violent corners of Charm City's neighborhoods, streets later made famous in *The Wire*. Maguire worked well with prosecutors and logged countless hours on witness stands.

He walked into Room 6E2911 that summer for his interview with Jim. They took seats in Jim's office, which sat behind a heavy cipher-locked door on the far end of a bullpen of case officers and career trainees. Much was revealed to Maguire when he sneaked a glance at the I-love-me walls flanking his prospective boss's desk. Everywhere he looked there were framed photos of Jim, certificates, military awards, and other commendations. It was clear the guy was smart, and liked himself. A lot.

"He was a good interviewer," Maguire recalled. "He was looking for somebody who knew what they were doing, understood the target, somebody he could rely on—somebody he could use."

Maguire recited his bona fides to Jim, explaining that he was an experienced hand, good at cultivating assets, and was happy to put some of his best Middle East contacts back on the payroll. He said his assets could help Jim's branch identify and break up cells of Islamic fundamentalists bent on killing Americans or otherwise threatening U.S. security.

Jim wondered how a talented case officer had fallen so far, ending up in HR. So Maguire leveled with him. He'd pissed off Richter, who had cast him into the abyss. Maguire joked about wanting to jump out the window, but HR was on the second floor and he'd only break a bunch of bones. The two veteran spies shared a laugh. Jim knew Richter, and he'd certainly faced his own hassles with agency bureaucracy. But although he appreciated Maguire's dire predicament, he couldn't promise him anything.

Maguire walked out thinking he'd nailed the interview. But he knew Jim wasn't about to hire him until he'd worked the hallway file: the informal vetting of prospective employees in the corridors, back offices, and massive food court on the first floor of the agency's Original Headquarters Building. There were plenty of people inside who would vouch for Maguire's native talent as a spy, and a couple who could fuck things up with a mixed review.

Investigators crossed their fingers. Without somebody working for them inside Jim's locked office, there was no telling how many of the nation's most closely guarded secrets Jim would purloin and sell to the Russians during daylight duties in the CTC.

Weeks later, Maguire picked up an envelope addressed to him at work. Inside was a directive from the personnel division. The CIA bureaucracy was so big that if you moved from one part of the agency to another, even laterally, someone had to create paperwork to update your salary and benefits. The papers told Maguire to report immediately as deputy branch chief in the CTC under Jim Nicholson. This was his passport out of the Death Star, and a chance to try his spy skills against one of the shrewdest characters he'd ever met.

Not long after Maguire got word he would be working for Jim, Redmond called him for a meeting in one of the agency's "black rooms," offices with no descriptors on the door, just cipher locks. There he found himself buttonholed by the veteran counterintelligence supervisor who had headed the long-in-coming apprehension of Rick Ames. Redmond confided in Maguire that if he performed well in his undercover role, he'd serve his country admirably and notch a major milestone in his career.

"If you fuck it up," he said, "you're finished. So don't fuck it up."

On the first day of August, a warm, cloudy Sunday, Jim drove up to a row of blue mailboxes in an office complex in Tysons Corner, Virginia. The boxes sat along Greensboro Drive, a business park flanked by the Tysons Galleria and Tysons Corner Center shopping malls. Cars buzzed past as Jim dropped his envelope through the mail slot and eased away in his minivan.

FBI agents tailing Jim stopped to drop a marker in the box to help them find their target's envelope. The FBI often works with U.S. Postal Service inspectors to covertly retrieve evidence in criminal cases, and they soon found what appeared to be Jim's correspondence, a sealed Hallmark greeting-card envelope. It was addressed to a mail drop in Zimbabwe and bore oversized commemorative stamps with a face value of one dollar, more than necessary to fly the missive overseas. Agents opened the envelope and found a postcard with the words "Washington, D.C." printed on the front.

"Dear J.F.," Jim's note began. "Just want to let you know that unfortunately I will not be your neighbor as expected. Priorities at the home office resulted in my assignment to the management position there. Some travel to your general vicinity to visit field offices will occur, but not for more than a few days at a time. Still, the work at the home office should prove very beneficial. I know you would find it very attractive. I look forward to a possible ski vacation this winter. Will keep you informed. Until then, your friend, Nevil R. Strachey. P.S. I am fine."

It didn't require a team of code breakers to determine that Nicholson was alerting his handler through an accommodation address that he'd been turned down for the chief-of-station job in Addis Ababa and assigned instead to Langley. But the line about a ski vacation was vexing. Where would Jim meet his Russian friend?

Not long after Jim's mailbox drop, he flew to Beirut, Lebanon, on official CIA business. In the wee hours of Sunday, August 11, a team of FBI agents prepared to search Jim's minivan. Their target had left his 1994 Chevy Lumina sports van on an employee lot in the Langley compound. It was blue-gray with vanity license plates clearly picked by Jim: 8888BAT.

The supervisory FBI agent who set up the minivan search was John McClurg, who served as a liaison between Langley and teams of investigators spread across the D.C. metropolitan area. McClurg's job was to make sure that the FBI's technical agents made it onto the sprawling CIA compound, planted their bugging devices and other surveillance gear, and got out without being spotted by custodians, security teams, or agency employees working after hours. McClurg had covertly obtained these workers' schedules and studied their minute-by-minute movements on the 258-acre CIA compound, which hugs the western edge of the Potomac River.

McClurg was a handsome man with sandy blond hair and a dimple in the middle of his broad chin. But he wasn't just another FBI pretty boy. McClurg, one of Curran's trusted deputies, possessed a potent and precise mind. The two had become friends in the Los Angeles Field Office, where Curran had served as McClurg's "rabbi," bureau slang for mentor and benefactor. Curran, fourteen years older than his protégé, had been duly impressed with his success as a cybercrime expert.

McClurg's cyber career had begun, quite by accident, when one of his bosses in the FBI's counterespionage group yelled, "Who here knows anything about UNIX?" McClurg raised his hand, and his boss handed him a paper file. Get right on this, he said. Only after reading the document did McClurg realize his mistake. He thought his boss had said "eunuchs," something that he knew quite a lot about. McClurg had grown up in Libya hearing the story of an Egyptian pharaoh who defeated an invading army of Libyans and took as trophies the uncircumcised penises of more than six thousand enemies. Now his big mouth consigned him to the study of UNIX. McClurg saved himself by reaching out to Sun Microsystems, a company specializing in computer operating systems.

He later played a starring role in the takedown of Kevin Lee Poulsen, a black-hat hacker known as "Dark Dante." Poulsen famously cyber-swiped the unpublished phone numbers of Soviet officials in their San Francisco consulate. U.S. defense industry officials had given Poulsen a security clearance to identify their vulnerabilities. But Poulson's cheekiest crime came on June 1, 1990, when he hacked into KIIS-FM's "Win a Porsche by Friday" call-in promotion in Los Angeles, commandeering twenty-five phone lines to win a Porsche 944 S2 sports car. McClurg and his FBI colleagues put another hacker undercover to take Poulsen down.

Curran and McClurg made an odd pair. Curran was known to drink himself flannel-mouthed on occasion, and McClurg, a devout Mormon, never touched the stuff. They both had lived in the "FBI Ghetto" of Thousand Oaks, home to many agents. The town sat in the Conejo Valley, a brutal commute into the L.A. Field Office that Curran and McClurg often made together. They were riding into work on the morning of April 22, 1994, Curran behind the wheel of his Toyota, when news broke over the radio that the FBI had arrested Aldrich Ames.

Curran looked stricken, as if he were having a heart attack.

"What's the matter, Ed?"

"It's Rick," he said.

"Who?"

"They've arrested Rick Ames," Curran said. "I worked with him in New York."

Curran and Ames went back more than fifteen years, to the late 1970s, when the CIA assigned Ames to the Big Apple. Ames earned a reputation as a talented, if forgetful, spy. Once, on his way to meet a Soviet asset, he left a briefcase full of sensitive documents on a train. The FBI retrieved the case from a Polish émigré, and the CIA man got off with a reprimand.

Ames' 1994 espionage arrest had a strangely serendipitous result: The FBI assigned Curran to CIA headquarters to serve as counterespionage chief so that the agency never produced another turncoat like his old compatriot.

Curran pulled McClurg aside at his going away party. He explained that he was allowed to bring one agent of his choosing with him to the new assignment at Langley, and he wanted McClurg. The younger agent had just finished doctoral course work at UCLA in "Philosophical Hermeneutics," and he was planning to embed himself with Crips and Bloods to see if teaching them conflict resolution skills might curtail gang carnage. Instead, he took Curran up on the offer and became one of the deputy branch chiefs in the espionage group at Langley. McClurg's cover story was that he was working on Curran's polygraph program. Instead, he would secretly work counterspy cases, spending much of 1995 and 1996 setting up technical operations to collect evidence against the CIA's Batman.

The search of Jim's minivan in the parking lot at Langley wasn't your standard black-bag job. Getting inside the van would be the easiest part of the operation, requiring no burglar tools. All investigators needed was a key, which any FBI agent could get with a vehicle identification number and credentials. But hauling off the Lumina was fraught with obstacles. They couldn't drive the van off the lot because Jim might have jotted down the odometer reading before flying to Beirut. Also, they couldn't search the van on the CIA lot, because Jim's agency friends might see them and report the suspicious behavior—a potential case blower.

On top of that, investigators knew little about the innards of the minivan, and they didn't want to miss any hideaways during their search. So they bought another 1994 Chevy Lumina and took dry runs dismantling it. They had to find any cavity inside the vehicle that Jim might exploit to hide evidence of his espionage.

McClurg and his team picked the first hours of the second Sunday in August, with clouds muting a crescent moon, to make off with Jim's minivan. A flatbed truck equipped with a boom pulled into the parking lot of the CIA compound and lifted the 3,510-pound Lumina onto the flatbed. It was important to McClurg and other investigators that the van's wheels not turn an inch. The truck carried the Lumina to a shed that looked like a Quonset hut.

Only after agents pored through Jim's minivan did they get a glimpse at just how much damage he had done.

Agents snatched Jim's Toshiba laptop out of the van's rear cargo area and mirrored the hard drive, which confirmed the government's worst suspicions. Investigators found a letter of instructions from Jim's Russian handler. They also learned that Jim had copied a trove of classified files to the laptop. Some were merely sensitive, but others were marked "Secret," "Top Secret," and another classification known as "SCI"

(Sensitive Compartmented Information). Analysts determined that all the files from the program directories had been deleted, leading agents to conclude Jim had copied the information to diskettes and passed them to the Russians.

Fragments of the hard drive showed the computer once held a secret file about staffing inside the CIA's Moscow station, including the true identity of its new chief of station. Part of the chief's job was to assess the Kremlin's military preparedness and determine how much the Russians knew about U.S. defense plans. Those disclosures likely damaged U.S. intelligence-gathering operations in Russia and posed grave consequences—including possible execution—of assets cultivated there by spies supervised by the station chief.

The hard-drive fragments also yielded a secret document about a closed-door briefing concerning Russian spies' attempts to recruit CIA officers. In addition, analysts found summaries of the U.S. government's debriefings of Ames, a nearly verbatim copy of a secret report about Chechnya, and a secret report on the embarrassing expulsion of CIA officers caught spying in Paris. They also recovered a lengthy report, in Jim's own words, of one of his blown polygraphs at Langley. He included a detailed analysis of the questions posed to him about his contacts with a foreign intelligence service, and his insights into the polygraph examiner's reactions during his testing.

FBI agents also recovered a 3.5-inch diskette from the minivan, which held a CIA document on what are known as access agents. These agents are private citizens—some working for pay, others volunteering out of patriotism—whose travels and business relationships give them entree to information about foreign governments and companies that interest the CIA. The agency carefully guards the identities of those agents for their safety.

The diskette also held summaries of three CIA reports (all dated July 18, 1996) that revealed confidential intelligence gathered by agency assets on the Russian economy and banking system; high-frequency radar research; submarine weapons systems designs; and the efforts of a foreign government to obtain Russia's cruise missile technology. These summaries identified the sources' code names, positions, and points of access to the information, leaving countless people exposed to Moscow's reprisals.

All this information was devastating to U.S. interests across the globe. But the most damning data found on the skeletal remains of Jim's hard drive were the names, biographies, and assignments of hundreds of CTs, some of whom Jim trained during his two years at The Farm. Some of those trainees weren't much older than Jeremi.

The Russians wanted names and data on as many clandestine officers as Jim could muster. This information was precious to SVR officials. The Russians spent countless funds identifying and spying on the CIA's spies. Knowing the names of the officers they'd go up against gave them a huge advantage. Instead of wasting time and money to identify CIA officers and keeping tabs on whom they met, the SVR would already know their names and could quietly sabotage them.

Jim's move from The Farm had taken him away from easy-to-download files on career trainees. But now, in the heart of CIA headquarters, he would go headhunting in his own office.

6

Spy vs. Spy Under Langley's Roof

> "Prescience cannot be gained from ghosts or gods, cannot be augured through signs, and cannot be proved through conjectures. It must be gained from what is learned by men."
>
> —Sun Tzu, *The Art of War*

Langley, Virginia, late summer 1996

John Maguire felt like a captive. Spying on another highly trained case officer put him on a wake-at-dawn, collapse-at-night schedule. In only a few months, he had performed more acts of espionage inside the CIA compound than over the bulk of his career. He had piled up so many fourteen-hour days that he felt guilty about neglecting his wife and daughters, often reaching home just in time to tuck the girls into bed. He was blessed with a wife tolerant of his suddenly-insane work schedule.

Jahala Handy was accustomed to long hours. She had met Maguire during a shift change at The Horse You Came In On Saloon, a bar in Fells Point, on the Baltimore waterfront. She worked as a registered nurse in the Johns Hopkins Hospital trauma center. He worked on a bomb squad–sniper unit at a nearby pier, where the seventy-foot-high "Domino Sugars" sign cast an iconic neon reflection across the Inner Harbor brine. Both were battle-hardened by the nightly carnage on Charm City's streets, and it's amazing they met over cold beers, not a corpse. Handy was dating a buddy of Maguire's, a brother officer, which gave them time to get to know each other without sexual tension getting in the way. Eventually, as Maguire recalls things, they became each other's wingmen. She was perfect for a cop with a high threshold for mirth and a low tolerance for boredom, and it's no wonder they fell in love.

Handy supported Maguire's interest in joining the CIA. The agency took him on in 1982, and they married the following year. Their roots in a working-class town, and their shared sense of comic fatalism, bound them tighter as Maguire's employer bounced them around the world in what felt like long, exotic field trips. Maguire and Handy raised two girls, sharing the family secret with them only when they were old enough.

His elder daughter was eleven when she stumbled onto the truth. The Maguires were living in Amman, Jordan. It was 2 o'clock in the morning and Maguire was heading to a business meeting, although no one in attendance would be wearing Brooks Brothers. Maguire was standing in his bedroom in jeans, putting on a Kevlar vest. There was $100,000 in cash on the bed, along with a Kalashnikov rifle. He was talking with his wife, who was blowing the smoke of a clandestine cigarette out the window. Suddenly Handy began making slashing motions with the flat of her hand across her throat. Maguire looked up to find his older daughter in the doorway, a teddy bear under one arm, eyes wide as saucers. She stared at her dad, then at her mom. Her gaze shifted to the assault rifle and the money, then back to her surprised father.

"Daddy," she said. "Are you a bank robber?"

Maguire had prepared himself for this one. He and his wife had long ago agreed that lying to their kids about what he did for a living could emotionally damage them. They had kept his profession under wraps as long as they could, but now had come the moment of truth.

"Look, honey," Maguire told his daughter, "we'll talk about this tomorrow. I'm not a bank robber. But don't say anything in school about this. Mommy and I will talk to you tomorrow."

She went back to bed, and the Maguires told her the secret the next day.

Handy enjoyed a broad understanding of her husband's work without benefit of knowing precisely what he did for the agency. Early on in his CIA career, he had made it clear that he couldn't share details. But when he was read in earlier that summer in the Nicholson case, he had the good sense to tell his wife a true but unrevealing version of what lay ahead.

Maguire explained that he would be on a special assignment that would either spring him from his dead-end job in human resources or, if he failed, burn his career to the ground and salt the earth behind it. He said the operation involved a problem inside the agency, sort of like a city cop working an internal affairs case. He told her he'd be gone without explanation, work crazy, unpredictable hours, and wasn't having an affair. Also, he said, the situation was fluid and offered no clear view of the end zone.

"It can't last long," he told her, "because I'll be dead if it lasts too long. Just roll with it."

She did.

Maguire woke at 5 o'clock most weekday mornings to make the seventy-eight-mile commute to CIA headquarters from his home in the rolling farmland northeast of Baltimore. He badged in most days before 8 a.m. so he could duck into a basement black room or some other secretive hide to meet with his FBI handlers and plot the next move against Jim. Maguire's handlers treated him so well it surprised him. They understood the physical toll of a protracted counterspy operation, and the emotional strain of undercover work. They also knew the gut-sick guilt of building a case against one of their own.

His FBI handlers, top-shelf spy catchers, were excessively supportive. In their world, the best game plan was defense; it was their job to make sure Jim was caught before he could do grave damage to the nation's security. What they lacked was an insider's understanding of espionage, which is all about offense. That's where Maguire came in. He would have to learn Jim's motivations, think how he thought, and even befriend him. Maguire knew he and the investigators needed prescience to anticipate Jim's next move.

The FBI counterintelligence teams at Langley made Maguire an honorary member of the team. Together they would have to call the right countermeasures to make sure Jim didn't flee the country, and that he never met another Russian on their watch. Once Maguire entered his CTC office, he was the FBI's only eyeballs on Jim. The case was so highly compartmentalized that no one else in the center knew about it.

Maguire's primary marching orders, cast in stone by Curran, were to keep an eye on the materials Jim was accessing on his computer, and to make damn sure that if Jim so much as climbed out of his chair to stretch or hit the john, his FBI handlers knew about it. If Jim headed for the door of their branch, Maguire knew to pick up his green phone—a secure line inside the agency—to alert the FBI agents downstairs. A team of technical agents and analysts had set up a command post next door in the CIA's New Headquarters Building, which overlooked the lot where Jim parked. If he made an unexpected move for his minivan, a slew of FBI agents stood by to tail him.

The branch that Maguire and Jim supervised, dubbed "Other World Terrorism," wasn't created as a ruse to spy on Jim. It was a functioning office that performed real counterterrorism work. This forced Maguire to keep two jobs. He would spy on Jim while helping to supervise seven or eight other employees, including case officers and CTs, a few of them fluent in Arabic. The branch kept tabs on foreign terrorist groups, almost exclusively Sunni extremists who had taken up arms against the West. This played to Maguire's talents.

He had spent much of the previous decade cultivating assets from Beirut to Baghdad. Maguire made his bones as a case officer by helping to run covert operations against Nicaragua's ports to cripple the economy of its Soviet-backed government. Now he schooled Jim in the backgrounds of their dangerous Sunni targets, discovering that his boss was a quick study. But he could also see that Jim viewed his own job in the CTC as little more than an unpleasant layover on his way to another exotic chief-of-station job. Jim seemed resigned to cooling his heels until the next overseas assignment came along, one that would likely make things easier to communicate with his Russian pals.

Jim held the agency in contempt and often complained to Maguire about senior management. Maguire commiserated about some of the jerks in the Senior Intelligence Service, hoping their mutual resentments would draw them closer. But he sensed Jim was as cutthroat as any of them. Maguire sometimes joked about the special Kevlar worn inside the agency; its protective barrier only covered one's back from the knives of backstabbing colleagues. It galled Maguire that Jim burnished his image as a minivan-driving, Boy Scout–shuttling, father-of-the-year type. It seemed that Jim, much like a professional actor, had lost himself in the deceit of a role—just another cover in a career full of them.

Maguire also saw Jim as rootless, with few if any close confidants in the building. Jim had forsworn allegiances to the Mormons, and was now attending Christian worship services. But he maintained friendships with brother officers in what has often been called the CIA's "Mormon Mafia." Maguire wondered what Jim's Latter-day Saints pals might think if they knew he was bird-dogging women with abandon, earning a reputation as quite the pole vaulter. He was smitten with a gorgeous Lebanese subordinate. So much so that Maguire feared his boss would be accused of sexual harassment before they could indict him for espionage. While Jim wasn't the best-looking boy in the building, he was prettier than a lot of the schlubs in the agency, and generous with his money.

Jim held Friday evening beer parties in the office that subordinates dubbed "Vespers." Jim liked to kick back with a few beers, preferring Beck's and other imports. They drank and shared laughs and told stories. Nobody was supposed to be drinking in the building. But Jim's branch sat behind a heavy door with a cipher lock, and the agency's security officers weren't exactly busting shoelaces to nail spies for blowing off a little steam after a hard week of work.

Maguire watched Jim work the room.

One of the skills that spies acquire on the job is elicitation, the art of asking questions and gathering intelligence without targets knowing they are being plied. Maguire seethed as he saw Jim subtly pulling the life stories out of his own employees. It was clear that Jim was taking mental notes, which he could later jot down and sell to the Russians, along with their colleagues' names, ranks, specialties, skills, dates of birth, previous assignments, and even photographs. Jim's subordinates trusted Jim with their lives. Maguire could only sit in silence as he watched Jim's headhunting. Hundreds of thousands of dollars had gone into training each of these young officers, and his duplicitous boss was probably going to eighty-six their careers by exposing them to Russia's spy network.

Jim's Other World Terrorism branch was created to cut fanatical jihadists off at the knees. No one knew it at the time, but the Sunni extremists on whom they were gathering intelligence—most of them from the Salafi and Wahabi sects—would pioneer an Islamic terrorist movement that would later come together under an umbrella organization that called itself al-Qaeda.

"We were on the front end of the spear," Maguire recalled, "and we have a spy that's the boss." He laughed so hard at the irony that I thought he might choke.

That year, veteran CIA officer Michael F. Scheuer launched a specialized counterterrorism unit outside the Langley compound to track an emerging but little-known terrorist figure named Osama bin Laden. This was a pivotal moment for the agency—too early to connect the dots between the wealthy Saudi, a series of radical Islamic bombings, and the movement that morphed into al-Qaeda. But Maguire believes coupling Jim's branch with Scheuer's that year would have greatly improved the CIA's odds of crippling bin Laden before al-Qaeda's suicide pilots could kill 2,977 innocent people on American soil. Instead, key officials at the CIA—including Director of Central Intelligence John M. Deutch—crippled the CTC.

President Clinton had appointed Deutch as CIA director in the late spring of 1995, but the cabinet-level position wasn't Deutch's first choice. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology–trained chemist wanted to be U.S. secretary of defense and took over the CIA somewhat grudgingly. It's never good when the agency's number one guy considers the job on the top floor at Langley his second choice, and by all accounts, Deutch never much cared for the place. He was variously described as blunt, brilliant, and a short-tempered "bull-in-a-china-shop bureaucrat." As a professor at MIT, he had earned the nickname "Shoot-ready-aim," and Pentagon officials dubbed him the "unguided missile." Deutch made decisions that threw barriers in front of the CTC's efforts to identify terrorists who later declared war on the U.S.

Insiders say Deutch's greatest mistake was hiring Nora R. Slatkin as executive director of the CIA, the number three spot in the agency. Slatkin was a little blonde from Long Island who caught Deutch's attention while working as the Pentagon's chief of acquisitions. Deutch essentially handed the day-to-day operations of a $3 billion, 17,000-employee spy agency to a woman described in news accounts as a data-driven, Diet Coke–guzzling career bureaucrat with no experience in the intelligence field. Slatkin worked sixty-hour weeks at the $122,688 job, trying to improve morale at an agency still in the dumps over the Ames affair.

Slatkin and Deutch swiftly instituted a prohibition against the recruitment and payment of foreign assets who violated human rights. These dirty assets, many of whom were extraordinarily helpful to U.S. counterterrorism efforts in the Middle East, were considered politically incorrect because they were criminals and nihilistic thugs. Scrubbing them from the payroll was part of Deutch's "clean hands policy."

Maguire was incensed that Slatkin, whom CIA insiders nicknamed "Tora Tora Nora," systematically jettisoned some of the best Middle East assets run by his branch, some of whom he knew personally. He explained that these dirty sources—working out of such strategic locales as Lebanon, Syria, and Cyprus—helped the CTC detect, deter, and dismantle Islamic terrorist cells. Jim's branch had about twenty-five sources on the payroll in various stages of development, almost all of whom were thoroughly vetted. They were great assets, Maguire said, risking their necks for the U.S.

"They were bad people," he said. "They were murderers. Terrorists. That was the problem we had with this whole asset scrub thing. There are not a lot of Franciscan monks that work in this organizational structure. If you're gonna find out about radical Sunni Salafists in Lebanon, you can't go to the Christian community and get that information."

The Clinton administration had deep concerns about putting violent wing-nuts on the payroll to spy on what appeared to be disparate groups of terrorists. The agency downsized its overseas spy operations, and Deutch ordered his minions at headquarters to focus on quality of foreign assets over quantity. This begat what has been called the "asset validation scrub" of 1995 and 1996, which put guys like Jim and Maguire in the business of rating their foreign assets check-box style. Deutch allowed Slatkin to cut all but about 20 percent of the assets working for Jim's team.

"That sowed the seeds for 9/11," Maguire said. "We scrubbed our best cases."

Langley, Virginia, late 1996

McClurg and his FBI technical team crept into Jim's office one summer night to put another eye on Jim. They planted a pinhole camera above his desk, setting the lens in one of the thousands of tiny holes in the acoustic ceiling tiles. This would give investigators a real-time video feed of their target. McClurg and the technical agents had run countless yards of fiber-optic T3 lines above the ceiling. Now they painstakingly glued down each panel so their clever suspect would have to destroy the ceiling to determine whether he was under surveillance. They made sure to leave no particles or heel prints on Jim's desk.

Over the next few months, agents occasionally crept into Jim's office, dodging shifts of custodians and security staffers, to shoot photos and look for evidence. These were quick sneak and peeks designed to find evidence that Jim was preparing files for the Russians. They skulked through the CTC late at night, avoiding contact with agency employees who could catch them in the act. Their biggest fear was that one of Jim's CIA buddies would tip him off, and it'd be game over.

McClurg was poking through Jim's office one evening, watching the clock, when security guards approached unexpectedly. He slipped into Jim's office and quietly closed the door behind him. He stood in darkness, heart racing, and waited out the guards. He tried to imagine what he might say if discovered. Minutes passed, an eternity each, and finally he heard the guards depart. When his breathing returned to normal, McClurg crept out and into an elevator.

As investigators kept their surveillance under wraps, Jim seemed to grow more brazen.

Kathleen Hunt spied Maguire one day as he made his way through the branch and motioned him to her cubicle. Hunt was thirty-six years old, a veteran case officer recruited right out of college by the CIA during the early Reagan years. The agency's headhunters must have been dazzled when they sat her down at Bay Path College, a small women's school in Longmeadow, Massachusetts. She was the whole package, a stone-cold knockout with Celtic skin, cobalt eyes, and dark hair with a hint of chestnut. She had an inquisitive personality and a laugh so powerful it could rattle your coffee cup. The agency hired and trained Hunt, then sent her straight to Eastern Europe, the front lines of the Cold War.

Maguire could see there was something serious on her mind.

In a low voice, she confided to Maguire that Jim had requisitioned gadgets completely unnecessary for the branch's work. He had sent CTs to fetch him a camera and a portable printer.

Maguire tried not to betray his emotions. She was sniffing Jim out, and he'd have to throw her off the scent. Hunt, of course, was spot-on. There was positively no reason for Jim or anyone else in the branch to have a spy camera or a portable printer. The office was supposed to operate like the vault of closely held secrets that it was.

The room sat behind a heavy wooden door with a spin-dial combination lock. Inside was a bullpen of workstations. Every desk had locking drawers, and it was mandatory to button up tight before leaving each night. Computers were designed for internal use only; they had no ports for diskettes, and the e-mail system was internal and didn't reach beyond the CIA compound. It was verboten to shoot photos inside or carry documents out. An electronic security crew swept the office for bugs. Jim and Maguire, both supervisors, had private offices at the back of the room, each with keypad locks.

Hunt looked at Maguire imploringly. She wanted assurances about Jim's peculiar requisitions.

"What's he need them for?"

"That's just Jim," he told her, explaining that Jim was a gadget nut. "He's quirky."

Maguire knew that Hunt had worked under Rick Ames during a headquarters assignment in the Soviet/East European Division. He knew Ames' betrayals had left her feeling betrayed, and angry. Her inquiries about Jim showed she was following her training; she was properly skeptical and vigilant. Ordinarily, Maguire would have welcomed such concerns. But since their boss was a suspected traitor, and Maguire was secretly helping to catch Jim, he had to figure out a way to calm her down. His immediate fear was that Hunt would take her concerns to someone else in the building, perhaps even to Jim. He worried she might raise such a fuss that she'd derail the case, turning Redmond's motivational speech—"If you fuck it up, you're finished"—into prophecy. Maguire looked Hunt in the eyes and calmly suggested she let it go.

When he left the office that night, Maguire considered signaling a meeting with his FBI handlers. He thought they might consider reading Hunt in on the case; her instincts were clearly valuable. But Maguire knew it was unlikely the FBI or the agency would include her. Investigators were doing their best to keep a soft footprint in the CIA, where Jim still had friends, fearing someone might spill the secret. He kept his worries to himself.

Mercifully, Hunt didn't pass her concerns higher up the food chain. She trusted Maguire implicitly and believed his tale of Jim's eccentricities. From the moment Hunt first stepped into Jim's office to interview for the CTC job, she had found him an odd duck. He was a bit like a bearded Mr. Rogers, but vain. His whiskers were always perfectly trimmed, and he hit the tanning beds. Every time she popped in to talk to Jim, an adornment on his wall caught her attention: a round web of string and feathers big as your forearm. One day she had to ask what it was.

"It's a dream catcher," Jim told her.

Nathan had told his dad about the Native American webs, which were supposed to ward off nightmares. They had made it together at home.

"Would you like one?" Jim asked.

Hunt declined, politely, thinking it all so new agey. She had to wonder if Jim's ex, whom he had described as a kind of "Miss Moonbeam" character out in the sticks, might have been behind the dream catcher.

Mystical totems and vanity aside, Hunt found much to like about Jim. For one thing, he had an exceptional military background, which she admired. He was easygoing, too, not at all the mercurial sort that often ascended to management positions in the agency. He also was bright and effortlessly competent, and seemed to have a life outside the office. Many clandestine officers in supervisory positions worked long hours and glared over their glasses at underlings who didn't follow suit. Jim seemed just as happy to work a normal day and join the crush of rush-hour commuters in his minivan, another Superdad racing home to the kids.

On September 23, a Monday, investigators watching the video feed from Jim's office saw their target set papers on his lap and reach into a desk drawer. Jim pulled out the spy camera he had requisitioned and began shooting photos of documents on his lap.

Eleven days later, Jim booked flights to Europe with two of his subordinates to meet with friendly foreign intelligence services on an official counterterrorism mission. They were headed to New York, South Africa, and Italy. But Jim also made plans to peel away from the group for a personal vacation. He planned to see Polyakov in Switzerland.

On Wednesday, October 9, Maguire joined Jim for a drive down to Georgetown for what turned out to be a liquid lunch at one of the D.C. neighborhood's trendy bistros. They lingered over a few beers before Jim picked up the tab, as usual, and then piled back into his minivan for the drive over the Potomac River to the CIA compound. Inside the van, the two officers opened fresh beers. Maguire soon noted that instead of hooking north along the Potomac, Jim drove westward on Interstate 66. He said nothing as Jim kept driving out of their way, beyond the western stretch of the I-495 loop. This detour took them through northern Virginia suburbs several miles from Jim's town house. They drank beer in broad daylight and kvetched about the usual stuff—the office, the assholes they worked for, women.

Suddenly Jim jerked the wheel and swerved through traffic, speeding up and darting into the far right lane where overloaded truckers and blue hairs slowed everybody down. Maguire knew instantly what Jim was doing. His provocative maneuvers were intended to expose anyone who might be tailing. The agency had taught him well. But not well enough. Maguire stole a glance in the rearview mirror, relieved that the FBI's tails covered them constantly.

They were a full twenty minutes outside of downtown D.C. when Jim pulled up to a U.S. Post Office across the street from a 7-Eleven in Dunn Loring, Virginia. The brick building sat on the corner of Gallows Road and Electric Avenue, an intersection in the outer burbs. The FBI stayed close as Jim parked the minivan on an L-shaped lot. Jim announced that he had to buy some stamps and that he'd be right back. He left Maguire in the van.

When Jim returned, Maguire asked why they had driven way out to bumfuck to buy stamps they could have picked up at headquarters.

"I collect stamps," Jim said. The Dunn Loring post office, he explained, had quite a collection of unique overseas postage.

Back at Langley, Maguire signaled his FBI handlers for a meet. Later that day, he talked things over with one of the agents, explaining that it's common practice for spies and their handlers to signal rendezvous by mailing letters with unique stamps or combinations of them.

"You should smother him tonight," Maguire told his handler. "I think he's going to do something operational."

Dozens of agents tailed Jim that night as he drove the minivan toward his town house in Burke. Agents were pulled off other assignments and told—on a need-to-know basis—that they had to stay glued to a high-priority target driving a late-model Chevy Lumina, license plate 8888BAT.

They observed their target ease his minivan up to a row of blue mailboxes that hug the east side of the Dunn Loring post office, where Jim had stopped that very day to buy the stamps. Agents saw him drop a parcel into one of the boxes and drive off. They waited until Jim was well down the road before calling in a team to pore through the belly of the blue box to find what they were looking for, a sealed airmail envelope that held a postcard. Stuck to both the card and the envelope were the same oversized commemorative stamps, each with a face value of one dollar.

"Hello Old Friend," the postcard read. "I hope it is possible that you will be my guest for a ski holiday this year on 23-24 November. A bit early but it would fit my schedule nicely. I am fine and all is well. Hope you are the same and can accept my invitation. Best Regards, Nevil R. Strachey. P.S. The snow should be fine by then."

Maguire scarcely slept that night. He hoped he hadn't wasted the FBI's time with his tip about the stamps. The work was wearing him down, and he caught himself fretting over things he couldn't control. They'd all been working long hours.

He stumbled into work the next day, sleep-deprived and hoping for good news. When Maguire's green phone rang, he heard triumph in his handler's voice.

"You scored a touchdown last night."

Maguire's handlers now gave him high-risk tasks to collect evidence against Jim. The FBI needed him to come up with a sample of Jim's DNA, along with the key to his town house, without arousing his suspicions.

The FBI camera mounted in Jim's office ceiling spied the perfect repository for a sample of his DNA: a paper coffee cup from a stand on the agency's first floor.

Maguire waited for Jim to leave the office before sweeping in. He saw that Jim's cup was partway full and dashed downstairs to grab an identical one. On the way back, he poured out some of the fresh coffee, letting the rest cool for a few minutes before carrying it into Jim's office and swapping it for his boss's java. He then carried Jim's cup downstairs into a distant corridor, where a female FBI agent was striding toward him with an identical cup in her hand. They pulled a classic brush-pass, exchanging the cups so quickly no one noticed.

The FBI bagged and tagged Jim's cup and its contents and sent it to the lab for testing. His saliva would provide investigators all the DNA they needed to match Jim to evidence of his crimes, including the postage stamps he licked to signal his meeting with Polyakov.

Maguire's next task was to help the FBI get a copy of Jim's house key. Jim gave him an opening one day when they headed for lunch at one of Jim's favorite restaurants in Georgetown, one of those Thai or Vietnamese places where the peppers ranged from blistering hot to napalm. On the way back to the office, riding shotgun in Jim's minivan, Maguire quietly pulled out his wallet and dropped it to the floor between the seat and door. Later, in the CTC, Maguire walked into Jim's office looking a bit sheepish, saying he lost his wallet.

"I think I might of left it in your van," he said.

Jim didn't blink. He tossed him the keys.

A few moments later, Maguire pulled open the minivan's passenger door and plucked his wallet off the floor. He lifted from his pocket a compact key impression kit, a plastic folding model with casting material that left no trace on keys. Maguire quickly made an imprint of the house key and badged back into the building through a side entrance.

He made his way to a basement black area, where he dropped off the impression kit with a brush-pass.

FBI surveillance teams studied the layout of Jim's three-bedroom town house in Burke, Virginia. The cream-colored dwelling had tiny lawns, fore and aft, and a sturdy back deck with a privacy fence. The property sat on the lower end of a seventy-home condo complex that hugged a curving cul-de-sac called Burke Towne Court, one of many such developments cut into stands of maples and oaks west of Washington. Jim's bedroom windows overlooked a short, steep hill topped with brambles at the edge of a thick wood and a view across a grassy easement to another unit in the complex.

FBI investigators were delighted to learn the town house next door was for sale. Jim's bedroom sat less than seventy-five feet away.

Agents Steve Hooper and Bernie Cerra went undercover to meet with a real-estate agent on the parking lot of a nearby supermarket. Cerra, using a cover name, had set up the meeting to arrange a tour of the property. The agents had just begun talking with the Realtor when Hooper heard a familiar voice calling from across the lot.

"Excuse me, sir, are you following me?"

Hooper turned to see a woman he knew, a family friend. Their sons went to school together, and she knew that Hooper and his wife were both FBI agents. Hooper's friend was just playing around, not realizing he was on the job. He whirled and pulled eyeball to eyeball with his neighbor.

"Don't talk to me," he said in a low voice. "You don't know me."

"OK," she said cheerily, "I'm going now."

The FBI bought the house next door to Jim's and installed two agents, posing as husband and wife, to run surveillance operations on the Nicholson home. They would see Star and Nathan leaving the house on weekday mornings, returning like other latchkey kids after school. Their microphones would pick up the sounds of mysterious tapping, late at night, from Jim's bedroom.

On a Wednesday morning in late October, Hooper and two other FBI agents, including Tom Almon, one of the primary agents in the Nicholson investigation, pulled into a parking space in front of Jim's town house. An agent running surveillance in the neighborhood told them through their earpieces that the coast was clear, and they climbed out of their car. Agents casually hiked Jim's concrete steps to the front door as if they belonged there.

They had timed their entry so that no one was home: Jim was under watch at the CIA compound, and Nathan and Star were off at school. The agents stood on the landing in front of a grayish brown door affixed with a cheap brass knocker and let themselves in with a key made from Maguire's key-impression kit.

They stepped into the narrow foyer, where they were confronted by two sets of stairs. One dropped into a den. The other climbed to a kitchen, which faced the front of the house, and a living space that opened to a back deck. Another flight of stairs led to the top floor, which served as sleeping quarters for Jim, Star, and Nathan. The agents were extremely careful not to let either of the Nicholson kids' cats—Megacin and Maxina—flee through the front door. (There is an old story in the bureau about agents who accidentally freed a cat during a covert entry. After a frantic effort, they recaptured the fugitive feline and put it back inside before they left, only later to learn—the hard way—that it wasn't the right cat.)

The agents had just enough time for a sneak and peek, their task specific. They needed to discover the origin of the tapping noises in Jim's bedroom. The agents had been in the house a few minutes when their outside man alerted them through earpieces that someone was approaching. Whoever it was had walked into the backyard and was now approaching the door.

One of the hazards federal agents face in their daylight entries are amateur snoops, such as cranky condo board members and neighborhood-watch nazis, whose observations might be reported to their target. Agents knew that if a neighbor spied a stranger inside the Nicholson home, and Jim heard about it, he would realize he was under investigation.

"It might be a neighbor," Hooper heard the surveillance agent say.

He glared wide-eyed at Almon and the other agent.

They froze in place, waiting for more details. A long moment passed.

"It's the gas man," they heard the surveillance agent say. He was there to read the meter.

In the master bedroom, the agents found Jim's Toshiba laptop, the source of the tapping. They also turned up a document scanner. The agents were careful not to touch or move anything as they snapped photographs and prepared to exit. When the coast was clear, they slipped out as if they'd never been there.

One weekday that fall, the phone rang in Maguire's office. He picked up the receiver to find one of the FBI guys on the line.

"What the fuck is he doing? He's standing on his chair!"

Maguire leaped up and walked to Jim's office, giving a perfunctory rap on the door before barging through. There he found Jim still standing on his chair, staring at the ceiling.

"What're you doing?" Maguire asked. "Redecorating?"

Jim stammered and stepped down.

On November 3, a Sunday, FBI agents sneaked into the Other World Terrorism branch. They moved slowly toward Jim's office and stopped, studying the lines between his door and door frame to make certain Jim hadn't applied a tiny sliver of clear tape or some other marker that would show someone had secretly entered his office.

Once inside, they shot photos to document a "before" picture, including images of the item they'd come to search, a black folder atop Jim's desk. They peeked inside and saw that it was choked with papers about Russia. There were roughly forty files in the folder and a few other spots in Jim's desk, none of which had anything to do with counterterrorism. They photographed every page and put the documents back as they'd found them. They shot a few "after" photos before quietly slipping away.

The following Saturday, one week before he would leave for Europe, Jim drove up to Langley to prepare documents for Polyakov. The computers in his branch, unlike the ones at The Farm and CIA stations around the globe, had no disk drives. So there was no easy way to copy, edit, or transfer documents. Jim went old-school. He pulled files out of the black folder and took scissors to the tops and bottoms of each page, shearing away classification stamps. Documents about Russia, which had been clearly marked "Secret" and "Top Secret," were now devoid of any classification.

That Tuesday, CIA employees from the Office of Technical Service appeared in Jim's office.

The OTS, part of the Directorate of Science and Technology, is one of the least-heralded but coolest subdivisions of the agency. Its personnel serve up real-life gadgets, much like the fictional character "Q" in the James Bond movies. The OTS helped develop the U-2 spy plane; played a critical role in developing safe but extremely high-energy lithium carbon monofluoride batteries; and, through expert disguise, helped to sneak six American diplomats out of Tehran, Iran, after protesters overran the U.S. Embassy in 1980. The CIA also credits OTS scientists with engineering the first ultra-miniature camera.

This time, OTS employees were delivering Jim a document camera built into a briefcase. The case was designed so that when you opened it, the camera—bolted to a folding frame—lifted over a document platform. When the OTS folks left, Jim closed his office door and opened the case under his desk. He grabbed papers out of his black folder and knelt on the carpet, setting documents on the platform to photograph. Jim spent a half hour on the floor that day, and returned to shoot more of the documents later that night. He was at it again the following morning. The watchful eye of the video camera mounted in the ceiling captured every click.

Maguire watched the FBI's video of Jim copying top-secret documents for what was clearly a planned intel dump for the Russians. It had been one thing to imagine he was a turncoat, quite another to watch him prepare his next betrayal of his brother officers. Maguire now wanted the prick behind bars. His career in espionage had put him elbow to elbow with dirty men all over the world, duplicitous souls guided by greed. But Jim had taken it to a new level. He was the mercenary's mercenary, a purely destructive personality.

Armed with the latest tapes, the FBI took charge. Everyone involved in the investigation now knew they had enough evidence to charge Jim with espionage. For the first time Curran could remember, the FBI and CIA were in complete concurrence about their target. It was time to roll him up.

The question was where. Government prosecutors needed to prove that Jim was in play, taking overt actions to spy for the Russians. One way to catch him in motion was to let him take the flight to Europe for a meeting with the SVR. The Department of Justice considered getting the CIA to create a fictional crisis that demanded Jim's urgent attention in Paris or London; there he could be summoned to a U.S. embassy in either city. Once they had him inside either diplomatic station, the FBI could sweep in and arrest him—possibly with top-secret documents in his bag. The trouble with that plan was that Jim might realize he was being set up. If so, he might rabbit and they would lose him forever.

Investigators devised a different plan. But it, too, carried risks.

That Friday night, November 15, Jim picked up his half brother, Rob Nicholson, at the airport and brought him back to the town house. Rob, who was thirty years old, had agreed to watch Star and Nathan while Jim was away on business. He missed his niece and nephew, having not seen them since their summer visit with their mom, and was happy that Jim paid his way to Virginia to see them. By the time they reached Burke Towne Court, the kids were already asleep. Rob caught up with his big brother before turning in.

They would all rise early the next morning to see Jim off.

7

FBI Takedown at Dulles

> "In Guarani, a language spoken in Paraguay, 'nye-eh' has two meanings. It is the word for 'word' and the word for 'soul.' The Guarani Indians say those who lie betray the soul."
>
> —George Papagiannis

Sterling, Virginia, November 16, 1996

Jim steered his minivan to a stop in front of Dulles International Airport and stepped into the brisk sun of a Saturday morning. Rob climbed behind the wheel as his big brother threw his arms around the kids for one last hug. Then Jim was on the move again, striding toward the iconic terminal building with its beveled wall of concrete pillars and glass. Jim turned for an instant and shot them all a grin. He had a way of smiling through his eyes, a glint of pure mirth. He looked like a middle-aged college professor, bearded and bespectacled, dressed in white slacks and a dark turquoise button-down shirt. He carried a suitcase in each hand, and a brown leather satchel hung from his shoulder. His kids returned enthusiastic waves as their dad moved for the bank of glass doors.

Nathan had turned twelve on the last day of July. He had never stayed put in one home longer than three years, accepting Jim's travels and new assignments without question. He was adaptable, cheerful, never tired of adventure. When he grew up, he hoped to be just like his dad.

He reminded himself this was a short trip. A week or so and his dad would be on his way home with funny tales of foreign travels. The old man had spent less time overseas since taking the new job at headquarters, and Nathan had taken advantage of his dad's presence during those two years in Virginia. They had drawn immensely close. With Jeremi off at college, Nathan was pushing out of his big brother's shadow, asserting himself as Jim's main man.

As Rob steered for home in the minivan, he made an announcement to distract the kids from their father's departure: "We're gonna have an adventure this week." But nothing could prepare them for the adventure that lay ahead.

Jim planned to rendezvous in the terminal with the two subordinates in his CTC branch who were joining him on the trip. They were set to hop on a thirty-two-seat American Eagle puddle jumper to New York, then jet off to South Africa and Rome on official counterterrorism business. At the end of the business trip, Jim planned to break away for a short vacation in Switzerland to meet with Polyakov.

One of Jim's suitcases held nothing more than a pair of tan money belts; one he would wear under a pant leg, the other around his waist. Polyakov had promised $50,000 for the new haul. In his camera bag were ten rolls of exposed but undeveloped film. They held the images of seventy-four classified documents, some of them stamped "Top Secret." He also carried two computer diskettes choked with a dozen classified files and an encrypted message for his Russian handler. Jim's wallet held the business card of Roland Keller, his Swiss banker.

Jim strode to the American Airlines ticket window and checked his suitcases, then headed through security. He joined his two CIA subordinates in the main terminal and climbed aboard one of the airport's big boxcar-on-wheels contraptions known as "people movers." Moments later the vehicle pulled to a halt at the mid-field terminal, where they debarked.

FBI agents dressed as travelers folded into the crowd, eyes on Jim's every move.

As Jim and his CIA companions neared Gate 24, the woman in their party—an Arabic language specialist—suddenly walked off to hit the ladies' room. Up ahead, at the mouth of the gangway, stood a pair of undercover FBI agents posing as husband and wife. Their objective was to wait until the CIA officers entered the passageway and follow them downstairs to the tarmac. But suddenly they were the last people standing at the gate; all the other passengers had made their way to the airstrip. They couldn't appear to be waiting for Jim, which might spook him. So they launched into an improvised marital spat that rang in the ears of every agent on the investigation team. The improvisation seemed to work. Jim and his colleagues walked past, and the agents shut down their vitriol to quietly fold behind them.

Agent Steve Hooper had walked onto the tarmac a few moments earlier wearing an American Airlines jacket and a blue ball cap with the Dallas Stars hockey logo on it. He had nonchalantly taken a position on one end of a blue metal baggage cart, where a real luggage handler, a lean blond woman also wearing an airline jacket, stared at Hooper as if he had just stepped off a spaceship. Hooper, a former hockey player from Boston with one of those thick Tom Selleck mustaches, shot her a reassuring look.

"Don't worry," he told her. "I won't be here long."

As Jim reached the ragged queue of passengers on the cold tarmac, he heard a voice.

"Hey!" Hooper called. "Jim Nicholson!"

Jim grinned and took a step toward Hooper. Perhaps he thought the stranger in the American Airlines jacket knew him from somewhere, or needed to talk to him about his luggage. He was still smiling when Hooper got close enough to flash his credentials.

"Jim, FBI," he said. "It's over."

Jim tensed and balled his fists, looking furtively past Hooper.

"Don't try it," Hooper said. "It's over."

Dave Raymond, a baby-faced FBI tech agent in jeans and an identical American Airlines jacket, stepped behind Jim and locked hands around his suspect's right arm.

Hooper tightened his grip around Jim's other arm. He had arrested all kinds of people in his career, having worked organized crime and Russian mob cases. Most of his targets knew the day was coming, probably even expected it. But Hooper had never seen anyone look quite the way Jim did just then: stone-frozen paralyzed. His eyes were vacant. He seemed unable to utter a word.

Jim unclenched his fists. There would be no fight, no footrace.

Above the action, a member of the FBI surveillance team photographed the moment, frame after frame documenting the takedown with such clarity you could see that the crown of Jim's head had grown a little threadbare. One of Jim's CIA subordinates began to protest as agents guided his boss away from the plane. The officer explained that they were supposed to be taking an overseas business trip.

"Canceled," an agent said, presenting his creds.

Hooper and Raymond handed Jim over to several of the key Squad NS-34 investigators behind the day's collar. "The Three Mikes," as they were known—Lonergan, Donner, and Anderson—received their suspect like a group of hunters accepting a pheasant from a floppy-eared springer spaniel. They had been hiding nearby, watching Jim hike to a plane they knew he would never board.

Lonergan, being a counterintelligence guy, was a little rusty cuffing suspects. But Hooper had agreed to take Jim into custody only if Lonergan agreed to do the honors and cuff his ass. As Jim assumed the position, hands behind his back, Lonergan swung the cuffs around his wrists expertly.

McClurg and others on the investigation team gathered at Buzzard Point, the FBI's metro D.C. headquarters, watching the takedown on a closed-circuit video feed. He was delighted to see Dave Raymond taking part in the collar. Raymond was a key member of McClurg's technical team, the guy who had covertly pulled what seemed like miles of fiber-optic cable through the ceiling at Langley to collect videotaped evidence of

Jim's espionage. Tech agents carry guns just like street agents, but their behind-the-scenes work, too often unheralded, plays a critical role in major cases. This time, the very hands that installed the camera above Jim's desk had also taken custody of his suspect, affirming the bureau's appreciation for his literal high-wire operations at Langley.

Maguire stood in the British Airways' executive lounge, the only CIA man invited by the FBI to attend the arrest operation. Several other agency officers were deeply involved in the case, but none worked longer hours than their spy-versus-spy guy. During his previous life as a cop, Maguire had paid grudging respect to the FBI. The agents always carried themselves with a little more polish than city police. They even had a little more swagger, if that was possible. They also seemed to bring limitless enthusiasm, and huge government resources, to joint investigations with local law enforcement agencies.

Maguire knew he would never be a part of the FBI brotherhood. Those bonds were forged at the FBI Academy in Quantico, Virginia, tempered in field-office bullpens around the country, cemented on grueling overnight surveillance operations, and celebrated—often with strong drink—after they cuffed the bad guys. But for just a moment on that chilly Saturday, the ex-cop from Baltimore felt like one of them. They stood shoulder to shoulder, staring through a big picture window, all waiting for the money shot.

It came fast.

Agents bent Jim over the trunk of the car, spreading his legs and frisking him. They stripped him of his wallet and Rolex and shoulder bag. Those watching Jim saw his characteristic élan had evaporated, his eyes telegraphing the cold truth that he was now at the mercy of the government he betrayed.

To his credit, Jim never shed a tear.

Maguire made his way to a holding room, where agents guarded Jim's two shell-shocked subordinates. "Look," he told them, "you just witnessed something really bad. You're not in any trouble. You're not part of this. You'll be interviewed by the FBI. This is all under control. We'll talk about it when you get back to the office." The officers stared back, still not comprehending Maguire's role in this. He felt sorry for them, and he knew things were only going to get worse. The FBI would drive the officers to a nearby hotel for questioning. They would be sequestered overnight, unable to phone their families. The FBI would subject them to hostile interrogations, demanding to be told what they knew about Jim's work for the Russians and how they might have helped him. The CIA had prepared them for such events in simulated interrogations. But this time, it was real.

FBI agents would interview all the CIA personnel in Jim's branch after the bureau and agency made Jim's arrest public the following Monday. They would drill down to the marrow, extracting every detail to make sure Jim had acted alone.

Investigators sat with Jim in a separate room and formally read him his Miranda rights. They asked if he might have anything he'd like to say.

"I'd like to see a lawyer," he said.

Nathan heard loud raps on thick wood.

Whoever was at the front door had forgone the light tap of the brass knocker in favor of big, hard fists. From his bedroom window upstairs, which overlooked the front door, he parted the curtains for a peek. He saw a man and a woman he didn't recognize on the stoop. He lingered for a moment, looking at the tops of their heads, thinking Uncle Rob would take care of it. But Rob was back in the den watching a college football game on TV, and probably couldn't hear the knocking.

Nathan thumped down two flights of stairs.

On the other side of the door lay a cataclysm.

Nathan twisted the doorknob and pulled. He found a pair of unsmiling adults. They were asking for Mr. Nicholson.

"He's not here right now," Nathan told them. "He's on a business trip."

The man explained they needed to speak with Robert Nicholson.

Nathan called for Rob, who came down from the den to greet their visitors. Nathan passed him on the way back upstairs to resume his video game. When Rob reached the door, the strangers on the stoop flashed FBI credentials. He glanced over his shoulder and stepped outside, closing the door behind him. They had his undivided attention.

"Jim's been arrested," he heard one of them say, "for espionage."

Rob thought they were playing a joke on him. He now figured the strangers were a couple of Jim's cronies pranking the bumpkin from Oregon. But Rob was no bumpkin, and he wasn't buying the stiff-faced strangers' story.

The agents told him they had a warrant to search Jim's house.

"Well," Rob told them, "you're not coming in till I see the warrant."

He watched one of the agents, the woman, retrieve papers from their car and hand them to him. One of the FBI's key investigators had written the document, signed by a federal magistrate, that gave the bureau the right to search 5764 Burke Towne Court for "fruits, evidence, and instrumentalities of crimes against the United States, to wit: espionage . . ." That was as far as Rob needed to read. The words put him on his heels, and it took him a moment to get his bearings. Suddenly this was real, and his first thought was about the kids. How was he going to tell Star and Nathan?

The agents explained to Rob that investigators would take many hours to search the town house, and they needed to clear the Nicholsons out. The bureau had booked them two hotel rooms nearby, where they could stay for the night. What the agents didn't say was that an FBI team would turn the home upside down. They would slice open Jim's mattress, cut through the popcorn ceiling in his bedroom, look behind every light socket, peer into every inch of his crawl space, and explore a basement storage closet that the kids sometimes played in. They would haul out any shred of evidence that Jim sold classified files to the Russian Federation.

Rob's face went ashen. He turned somberly for the stairs and climbed toward the kids' bedrooms. In his heart, he felt the FBI had it all wrong. There was no way he could believe his big brother, the guy he'd idolized since birth, was guilty of spying against the U.S. No way. In Rob's mind, Jim was a patriot, a "Screaming Eagle" in the Army's 101st Airborne, a globe-trotting government servant who helped his country win the Cold War.

When Rob reached the landing at the top of the stairs, he called to Nathan and Star. He told them to pack bags for the night and not ask any questions, he would explain everything later. Dutifully, the kids packed without a word.

The FBI checked the Nicholsons into a nearby hotel. There, Rob sat down with Nathan and Star. With a leaden heart, he broke the news to his niece and nephew that their father had been arrested for espionage.

Star began to bawl, begging her uncle through sobs to tell her that her dad would be OK.

"They're not going to hurt him, are they?"

Rob told Star no one was going to hurt her dad.

Nathan wept quietly. His suspicion that his dad was a government spy had finally been confirmed. Unbeknownst to him, Jeremi and Star had learned the family secret by the time they reached their early teens. Jim had never had the talk with his youngest son. Nathan now pored through the sounds and images of his past. Whispers between his mom and dad. Jim's long absences. All the foreign travel. Demonstrations at The Farm. Nathan's mind looped over the word his uncle had used to describe his dad's arrest: "espionage." How could that be a crime?

"Uncle Rob," Nathan said, "that's what they *pay* my dad to do."

This was complicated business for a twelve-year-old. But Rob, too, was bewildered by the turn of events. He figured Jim had fallen so deeply into his work for the agency that someone had set him up.

Agents drew Rob into another room, leaving the kids alone to watch TV and fret. They told him it was time for him to phone his mom and dad. But Rob balked, telling them he simply couldn't be the one to break the news to his parents, that it would shatter them. The agents assured him that the FBI had already made contact with Nick and Betty. So Rob picked up the phone and dialed his parents in Eugene. His mom answered.

"I guess you've heard the news about Jim," Rob said.

"No," Betty gasped.

Rob could have killed the FBI for doing this to him. Now he had no choice but to break the news that her firstborn was in jail.

Betty was standing in the kitchen of their little house in the Woodland Park Estates, bracing herself for the worst possible news. The tone of Rob's voice was grave, and she feared he was about to tell her that Jim's plane had gone down.

"He's been arrested," Rob told her, "for espionage."

"Arrested? Jim? Are you sure?"

Yes, Rob told her. By the FBI.

A couple of hours later, a pair of FBI agents, both women, pulled up to Nick and Betty's home to confirm the news and take statements.

Laurie was deep in the Siskiyou Mountains of southwestern Oregon that Saturday, where she was interning as a seasonal field ranger for the Oregon Caves National Monument. She lived a spare, bohemian life that gave her time to appreciate the magic of the natural world. The kids had been gone since the end of summer. She lost herself in her work on the mountain by day, and retired to her bedroom and her books in an old lodge by night.

The place was nirvana for an earthy forty-two-year-old geologist. A quarter-billion years before, an ocean basin collided with a massive reef, causing limestone to cook into marble that rose four thousand feet into mountains. Rain had poured off trees, seeping through acid-rich earth to dissolve tunnels, creating one of the nation's rare marble caves.

Laurie had spent that Saturday on the south side of the caves, where she was helping a moth expert with his research on the many species that wintered there. With sunset closing in, they hightailed it over a creek crisscrossed by deadfall timber, reaching the ranger station after dark. A message awaited Laurie.

One of her brothers had phoned, leaving an urgent message to call him. When she got him on the line, he said Jim had been arrested on spy charges, and that the FBI needed to talk with her in Eugene.

Laurie drove three-and-a-half hours through hard rain to reach her hometown. She spoke for about ninety minutes that night with a pair of agents, candidly sharing her impressions of her ex. She told them he was a control freak, and that he squandered money on himself while constantly griping to their kids that he was short on cash. The agents slid some photos in front of her—Russians she didn't recognize. Laurie knew from their years together that Jim had frequently been targeted for recruitment by Moscow's spy services. But she didn't think they would ever succeed in turning him. Now it appeared Jim, who had wrongly accused her of betraying their country to the Romanians, was getting a criminal comeuppance.

Later, Laurie recalled how the FBI's news had struck her: "Serves him right, the bastard. Sooner or later, a person shows his true colors."

Laurie filed a motion for full custody of her kids, which was granted almost immediately.

Jim spent that Sunday, his forty-sixth birthday, in jail.

The FBI took Nathan, Star, and Rob back to the town house to pack clothes and a few of their other belongings. The kids rounded up their cats and put them in pet carriers. They were heading to new lodging, a motel closer to the airport, and it was unclear whether pets were allowed. So the agents draped blankets over the carriers and helped the kids smuggle the cats into their room.

In Oregon, Jeremi arranged to redeem frequent flier miles to fly his brother and sister back to their family. He feared that if he didn't get them on a plane right away, the Commonwealth of Virginia would split them up, put them in foster care, and he would never see them again.

Jeremi prepared to withdraw from his freshman year at Oregon State. His mom's job didn't pay enough to support them all, so he would get work to help out. It wasn't immediately clear where they would live. But Jeremi took control as the man of the house. One way or the other, he would keep the family together.

The FBI waited until Monday to publicly announce Jim's arrest.

Nathan and Star were sitting in their hotel room that morning, watching TV as the hours ticked down to their flight to Oregon. Suddenly their dad's face appeared on the screen. They heard a voice saying Harold James Nicholson had been charged with espionage, and that he potentially faced the death penalty.

Star began to sob, and Nathan tried to calm her down. But she was beyond consolable. The FBI had jailed their dad, torn up their home, and sent them packing with little more than their cats and the clothes on their backs. Nathan had never seen his sister more anguished, and he would never forget her next words, a declaration that bared the sudden, terrible upheaval in their young lives.

"I don't believe in God anymore!"

8

Forsaken All Allegiance to His Homeland

> "The guy in After the Fall says, 'Why is betrayal the only truth that sticks?' I can't answer that altogether, but after all, the Bible begins with a betrayal, doesn't it?"
>
> —Arthur Miller, interview in the *Paris Review*

Langley, Virginia, November 1996

Something caught Kathleen Hunt's eye when she walked into the branch office on the Monday morning of November 18. She peered across the bullpen to the back of the room. Strands of canary yellow crime-scene tape crisscrossed Jim's door, which was covered with the human silhouette of a target straight off a shooting range. She stood gawking. It was the most bizarre thing she'd ever seen in a CIA office.

A few of Hunt's colleagues were already in the room, including Maguire, who crossed the carpet to see her.

"Jim's been arrested for espionage," he said.

Hunt's jaw dropped.

"I was so worried that you had figured it out," Maguire said, reminding her of their conversation about Jim's requisitions for the camera and printer. "You were asking all these questions."

But she hadn't figured it out. Who goes to work in a secure office—the CIA, for God's sake—thinking one of her coworkers is a mole?

First Ames, now Jim. Ames was precisely the kind of guy she could imagine switching teams. He was a sour, embittered bureaucrat who chain-smoked, drank excessively, and was prone to occasional bursts of anger. Jim was the mirror opposite. He was easygoing, seemingly self-assured, sober. But as she thought about it, she realized that Ames and Nicholson had a common bond.

"Each in their own way," she said, "were very insecure men."

Hunt took a closer look at the target taped across Jim's door. She noticed that someone had fired at least one slug through the forehead of the silhouette, the FBI's not-so-subtle way of counting coup. As Hunt recalls the moment, the hole symbolized what everyone in the building was thinking of the CIA's latest betrayer: *We want to kill you.* She asked Maguire if she could take a peek at the crime scene, and he obliged her by tearing through the mess in Jim's doorway. Hunt saw that his office had been picked clean. Agents had slashed through a leather side chair in their inch-by-inch hunt for evidence. Cushion stuffing littered the floor.

CIA and FBI officials spent that day interviewing Hunt and others in the branch about Jim and his arrest. During an hour-long talk with FBI agents, Hunt told them about Jim's peculiar requisitions. She also told them about another of Jim's unorthodox moves, which suddenly struck her as noteworthy. Jim had been pushing the notion of greater collaboration with Russian intelligence on counterterrorism. He seemed to be angling to shoehorn the Russians into the CIA's working model, she told them. Now it was clear why.

John Deutch hobbled into the branch office later that day with the wooden cane he sometimes used when an old leg injury flared up. It had been a grueling forty-eight hours for the CIA director. Deutch had flown out to L.A. to assure a hostile crowd in Watts that the CIA had not taken part in a plot to push crack cocaine into the U.S. to finance the Nicaraguan contras in their 1980s war against Managua's Soviet-backed government. Now Deutch was back in the agency's headquarters to put a good face on the unmasking of another CIA man as a Russian spy. He took a seat just inside the door of the branch and told Hunt and their colleagues to relax, they had caught their betrayer. Later that year, Deutch would leave the agency amid controversy after he made the rookie mistake of opening classified files on an unsecured home computer.

Jim appeared that gray Monday before a federal magistrate in the Albert V. Bryan U.S. Courthouse in Alexandria, Virginia. He was still in the turquoise shirt and white pants he wore onto the tarmac at Dulles. The magistrate formally read Jim's spy charges. Prosecutors sought forfeiture of $180,000 in illegal proceeds from the Russians.

Americans are granted by birth the right to a speedy trial, and few halls of justice demonstrate that inalienable right more emphatically than those in the Eastern District of Virginia. Its judges preside over a court calendar that moves so swiftly it is widely known as the Rocket Docket. The new courthouse, a postmodern building that opened eleven months before Jim walked in wearing cuffs, was accoutered with a statue above its entryway that seemed to personify the proceedings inside. The statue of Blind Justice stood twelve feet, six inches tall, eyes blindfolded, robe billowing, arms outstretched. One of her massive bronze feet was planted on a pedestal, another extended behind her as if she were breaking into a sprint. Her hands clutched the scales of justice as if they were track batons. The statue was inscribed, "Justice Delayed, Justice Denied."

Jim signed a financial affidavit stating he netted $2,900 a month, $1,360 of which went toward his town house mortgage and $160 in payment on his minivan. He acknowledged that he had $4,000 cash on hand. The affidavit asked if he had received payments from another profession or source. Jim checked no. The document publicly acknowledged what had been all over the news that morning: Jim's employer was the CIA.

He was the sixth American charged that year with spying. Two others—Phillip Tyler Seldon, sentenced ten days earlier with wrongly giving military documents to El Salvador, and Robert Chaegun Kim, accused in a conspiracy to steal U.S. military secrets for his native South Korea—had come through the same Alexandria courthouse. Jim's GS-15 rank put him a notch above Ames in the Central Intelligence Agency's hall of shame. He was the highest-ranking CIA official ever arrested for espionage. News agencies ate it up.

"Good evening," Peter Jennings said as he opened *ABC World News Tonight*. "We begin tonight with another American accused of selling out his country to the Russians." Jennings' segment quoted one outraged government official after another. U.S. Attorney Helen Fahey: "Mr. Nicholson betrayed his country for money. He was not motivated by ideology, but by greed." FBI director Louis J. Freeh: "The passing of such information placed those officers' lives, as well as the lives of these foreign contacts, in danger." Deutch predicted there would be more such arrests.

The FBI would in fact arrest one of its own, Earl Edwin Pitts, one month later. The forty-three-year-old supervisory agent and lawyer had been selling the bureau's secrets to Moscow's foreign intelligence services for nearly a decade. Much like Jim, Pitts sold the dossiers of colleagues and was betrayed by a Russian cooperating with U.S. counterintelligence personnel for money. The FBI had made its case against Pitts by sending in undercover agents posing as SVR officers to talk him into parting with U.S. secrets. They arrested him at the FBI Academy at Quantico, the bureau's holy land.

Top officials in the FBI and CIA trumpeted Jim's arrest, with Deutch acknowledging in a quip to ABC newsman Sam Donaldson the rarity of their joint counterespionage investigation: "It used to be that directors of the FBI and directors of the CIA only met at one or the other's funeral."

Paul Redmond, behind the scenes, quietly gagged at the Kumbaya moment. He soon got a call that would worsen matters. A Pentagon reporter for one of the TV networks missed the press conference, and Deutch now wanted Redmond to give an on-camera interview about the Nicholson case. It was late in the day, and Redmond had worked a slew of thirteen-hour days while supervising simultaneous counterintelligence operations. He passed word up the chain of command that he would only do the interview if what he called the "Federal Bureau of Curiosity" put one of its agents on camera with him. Curran got dragooned into doing the FBI's part.

Redmond and Curran were interviewed together that night inside the Langley compound. A producer then got the two of them to walk down the hall, side by side, so the cameraman could shoot B roll—footage to fill in visual gaps in the reporter's narration. The producer didn't like what she saw.

"You didn't talk enough," she told them.

So they did it again. This time, as Redmond and Curran strode down the hallway conversing, Redmond said to the much taller FBI man, "Eddie, every FBI guy I ever met is a fuckin' asshole." And Curran happily noted that Redmond and all his CIA buddies were assholes, too. Both men hoped there were no attentive lip-readers in the viewing audience.

Jim made a brief appearance before U.S. Magistrate Judge Thomas R. Jones Jr. that Wednesday wearing a jumpsuit stenciled "Alexandria Jail." Jim's lead attorney, Jonathan Shapiro, later told reporters his client would vigorously fight the accusations. The following day, November 21, a federal grand jury handed up an indictment charging Jim with a single crime: conspiracy to commit espionage.

Shapiro, who had never tried a spy case, would soon be joined by two other court-appointed attorneys, Michael W. Lieberman and Liam O'Grady. The defense team later filed papers asking the judge to prevent the government from talking out of turn about Jim:

"Counsel is shocked at the daily deluge of extraordinarily prejudicial comment, speculation and innuendo coming from the mouths of high law enforcement officials who seem bent on putting the best spin possible on their embarrassment about alleged security breaches at the CIA so close on the heals [sic] of the Ames case," they wrote. "Senior CIA and FBI officials are almost gleeful in their attacks on Mr. Nicholson, telling the world of the 'overwhelming evidence of guilt' and the 'ironclad case' they have developed against him, and disclosing alleged facts laced with speculation about Mr. Nicholson's motives, all with devastating effect on this defendant's right to a fair trial."

Jim's defense team spent a week preparing for a November 25 hearing before Judge Jones to spring Jim from the Alexandria jail. Detention hearings are key junctures for any defense team. Jim's lawyers hoped to persuade Jones that he posed no danger to society and wouldn't flee if the judge granted him pretrial release. It would pay big dividends later, assuming he didn't bolt for Moscow. The defense wanted to present Jim as the all-American boy, the guy who made the Commandant's List in Army officer training and helped Jeremi earn his Eagle Scout medal.

The government's top lawyer in the case, Robert C. Chesnut, had served as chief prosecutor in the Ames case just ten years after graduating cum laude from Harvard Law. Chesnut had recently played roles in the Seldon and Kim spy cases. The government had collected huge mounds of evidence in those cases and dispatched them with pleas.

Chesnut opened Jim's detention hearing by calling the agent who ran the arrest operation at Dulles, Steve Hooper, to the witness stand.

"After you arrested him," Chesnut asked, "did you take custody of his wallet?"

"Yes."

"And, later, did you have an opportunity to go through the contents of the wallet?"

"Yes."

"Did you find anything in that wallet that would relate to a foreign bank account?"

"Yes. There was a business card in there bearing the name of Roland Keller, and it had foreign language printing on it, other than the name, and an account number on the back."

"Was the account number printed or handwritten?"

"It was handwritten," Hooper said.

"And in what country was this bank located?"

"It appeared by the writing to be a Swiss bank."

Hooper testified that during the search of Jim's town house, agents found a payment sheet that showed Jim had deposited $61,000 into Bank Leu. The funds were still in the account, he said, but bank officials had frozen it. Jim hadn't bothered to mention the matter of a Swiss bank account on his financial disclosure form.

Shapiro took up cross-examination.

"Are you aware of any information that the defendant was leading a lavish lifestyle here in the United States?"

"No," Hooper said.

"Or that he drove, for example, a Jaguar?"

This was a wink to Ames, who had bought two Jags with Moscow's money.

"I'm not aware."

"Or paid for cash—paid for his house in cash?"

"No," Hooper said, "I'm not aware of that."

Shapiro asked the agent whether Jim would be tailed by the FBI or allowed to leave the United States if he was released while awaiting trial.

The judge ruled that Hooper didn't have to answer the question.

Everyone in the room knew that if the judge was boneheaded enough to let Jim free on bail while awaiting trial, the FBI would stick to him like a sea of barnacles.

Rob Nicholson took the stand as a character witness for his brother. He testified as to the bona fides of his patriot clan. Every member of his family could recite *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Nick, their father, had retired from the military in 1971 after combat tours in Korea and Vietnam, and he had taken part in the Berlin airlift, one of the early skirmishes of the Cold War. Rob had served in Germany in the U.S. Army Signal Corps. He held top-secret clearance. But he told the court he only joined the service after getting his big brother's blessing.

"I was apprehensive about whether or not he would like me to have joined the Army," Rob testified. "And he wrote me a letter back. I still remember to this day. He told me that it was a noble decision, an honorable decision, and that serving in the U.S. Army was one of the greatest privileges that I could—that I could have."

Rob gushed about Jim's parenting skills.

"He always, always took time for his kids. He'd tuck them in at night, read to them constantly," Rob testified. "If they needed help with their homework, he was always there for them." Rob told the court that Jim had flown him out twice to watch his niece and nephews when Jim left the country on government business, and that Jim felt better knowing the kids were being watched by family.

"Have you talked to the children about his arrest?" Shapiro asked.

"Yes, I have," Rob said.

"And what have they told you about it?"

"They do not believe that their dad could have done this, and they are behind their dad one hundred percent."

Under cross-examination, Rob admitted it was news to him that Jim was engaged to Kanokwan. Rob said he knew nothing of his brother's double life in the CIA, his aliases, or his meetings with foreign spies, and that he wasn't sophisticated about code names, mail drops, or electronic communication gear.

Shapiro grew agitated. He wanted to put an end to the notion that Jim might make a James Bond escape from the bosom of his own family.

"Mr. Nicholson," he said, "how much sophisticated electronic equipment do you have in your house in Eugene, Oregon?"

"We have a telephone and a fax machine."

"Do you have a mail drop in your house?"

"No, sir."

"If it meant your brother was going to be released, would you squawk if the FBI set up camp outside your house?"

"No, sir."

Shapiro then called Len Beystrum—Jim's boyhood pal and best man at his wedding—to the witness stand.

"Is he a man of his word, in your opinion?" Shapiro asked.

"Yes, he is," Beystrum said. "He's stuck behind me all my life and he's interested in seeing this through. I don't think he'll flee."

"All right," Shapiro said. "You have a son yourself?"

"Yes, I have a twelve-year-old son who was born on the same day as Jim's younger son, Nathan. We told our wives we had it planned since high school."

"And what is his middle name?"

Beystrum said Nathan's middle name was James, as was his own son's.

"We didn't communicate our plans," he explained. "So we both named them after Jim."

Chesnut cross-examined Beystrum about Jim's failure to disclose outside income to the CIA.

"Would your opinion as to Mr. Nicholson change at all if you learned during the course of the last, let's say, two years, he received over $180,000 from outside income and didn't report that on his disclosure [affidavit]?"

"That wouldn't change my mind."

"If it had been a million dollars, would it change your mind?"

"No, sir."

"So virtually nothing that Mr. Nicholson would have done, whether it broke a rule or not, would change your mind as to his . . . character. Is that correct?"

"I would say that the business that he's in, there are rules that not everybody is aware of."

Betty Nicholson, on the witness stand in a light blue pants suit, pledged the equity in her house as collateral to assure Jim would appear in court. Under questioning by Shapiro, she recalled her last chat with Jim.

"I think his last comment to me on the phone was to be sure that his children received plenty of hugs because he's concerned that they won't get enough without being with him," Betty said.

While Shapiro worked to build up Jim's character, Chesnut took the position that he was a dangerous man with nothing left to lose: The government had taken his house, minivan, and bank accounts. He faced life imprisonment. His fiancée lived in Thailand.

"Espionage, by definition," Chesnut said, "gives someone like Mr. Nicholson a place to go, a safe haven from prosecution where they cannot be retrieved by any form of extradition. By definition, there is a place in the world—Russia—that would welcome Mr. Nicholson, provide him with financial support and give him a safe haven from the serious charges in this case. . . . The evidence has shown that he has passed a significant amount of this information already, but what is of such great concern to the United States in a case like this is not what he's already passed, but what he has up here in his head, from sixteen years of working in so many different places through the agency, working with so many different people. . . . He has already ruined careers, your honor, of a number of people who wanted to dedicate their life to government service. . . . This is an individual who speaks a number of foreign languages. This is an individual who is truly very familiar and comfortable moving in and out of the world because of his work."

Chesnut said Jim had a track record of deception, violated his oath of office, disclosed classified information, and lied about his assets. For that reason, he argued, he needed to stay in jail while awaiting trial.

Defense lawyer Liam O'Grady stood.

"It's an interesting weave of an argument, your honor," he began. "The director of the CIA, director of the FBI get on CNN last week and say they've had Mr. Nicholson under investigation, observation, for years, looking in his house, looking in his office, looking in his car, tracking him across the world. And today we hear that there is all kinds of secrets that he may release to the community at some time in the future if he's permitted to. Well, your honor, that's just disingenuous. The government knows everything that Mr. Nicholson has done for the last two years, and it knows that he is not a future danger to this community on that basis."

O'Grady, who was Jim's age, told the magistrate that the client sitting next to him—if freed on pretrial release—had nowhere to go. The government's extensive pretrial publicity over the last week, he said, might have given Jim as much public visibility as O. J. Simpson, the former NFL star acquitted of murder in 1995. He pointed out that the FBI had already seized his client's passport and all his money, and that Jim was willing to live under house arrest, wear an electronic monitor, and allow his phones to be tapped.

"And we have an absolutely legitimate explanation for the $61,000 in that Swiss account," he said. "My goodness, why would a spy who thinks he's secreting money use his own name on a bank account, put the number of the account on a card in his . . . wallet and leave the receipt for the money in his home. That doesn't make any sense at all. He is very anxious to prove his innocence on these charges in a court of law where guilt and innocence properly should be determined and go get back to his children, your honor."

Judge Jones had the final word.

"Espionage is by its nature an offense which, in many cases, can be committed only by somebody with the sort of background that this defendant has." While Jim posed little danger of getting his hands on new U.S. secrets, the judge feared Jim might hold secrets in his head that were valuable to foreign governments. "Accordingly," he said, "Mr. Nicholson will be held without conditions of release until trial and is remanded to the marshal's custody."

Len Beystrum joined Jim's family—Nick and Betty, and half siblings Rob and Tammie—for the drive over to the town house in Burke. The FBI had carted off everything of value, and would eventually sell it all as proceeds of espionage. But they had left a few things—an empty cabinet, a cap-and-ball frontier rifle, and a couple of dozen paintings, which the family boxed up and shipped home to Oregon for safekeeping.

Judge Jones issued a gag order preventing both legal teams—along with the FBI, CIA, and Justice Department—from commenting on the Nicholson case.

Jim's defense team took another stab at getting Jim out of jail while he awaited trial. They took a novel tack, saying that the FBI had proven it could keep eyes on espionage suspects. They used the example of Felix Bloch, a U.S. diplomat suspected in 1989 of selling government secrets to the KGB. The FBI wiretapped Bloch's phones and performed "bumper-lock" surveillance wherever he went, sticking a circus-like entourage on him for seven months. In the end, Bloch faced no charges.

Prosecutors fought back, filing court papers of their own. They pointed out that a superseding indictment accused Jim of three espionage charges and that he faced the possibility of life in prison. The government, they wrote, was still reviewing evidence to determine whether it would seek the death penalty against him.

Chief U.S. District Judge James C. Cacheris was assigned as Jim's trial judge. As a young defense lawyer in the late 1960s, he and his big brother, Plato Cacheris, had served as defense counsel in the espionage case of Air Force cryptographer Herbert Boeckenhaupt, a Pentagon-based staff sergeant who had apparently seen one too many Bond movies. Boeckenhaupt sold secrets to the Soviets to buy himself Avanti sports cars and was sentenced to thirty years in prison. Plato Cacheris later negotiated Aldrich Ames' plea in that very courthouse.

"One who commits espionage has forsaken all allegiance to his homeland," Judge Cacheris wrote in an order denying Jim's pretrial release. He noted that it would be in Russia's best interest to help Jim conceal his crimes. "Finally, in this case, the defendant faces life in prison, or perhaps even execution, if ultimately convicted. These factors compel the court to find that the crimes with which Mr. Nicholson has been charged create an unusually high risk of flight, and a tremendous incentive on the part of a defendant and his or her co-conspirators to procure that defendant's escape."

Cacheris also served as one of the seven judges rotating through the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court. Five days before Christmas, the judge dropped a bombshell: He acknowledged that he had signed two FISA orders that allowed the FBI to electronically eavesdrop on Jim. Cacheris said he didn't feel that approving those orders as a member of the highly secretive court disqualified him from the case. But he said Jim's lawyers were free to file a motion for his recusal in the Nicholson case if they wished.

Members of the defense team were taken aback. The judge assigned to hear Jim's espionage case had just admitted in open court that he had approved secret orders to snoop on him. The defense wasn't allowed to view those papers, because they were protected from disclosure by the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act. This meant that if they challenged the constitutionality of FISA, Cacheris would have to consider the legality of the very orders he had approved.

Shapiro sought the assistance of Jonathan Turley, a George Washington University Law School professor who was one of the nation's leading critics of the surveillance court and the law that created it. Turley had long argued that the panel served as little more than a rubber stamp for the FBI's snooping. He was convinced FISA violated Americans' constitutional rights against unreasonable eavesdropping on their homes and belongings. Worsening matters, as Turley saw it, the government had gained additional powers under FISA in 1995, when President Clinton signed an executive order that allowed government agents to physically search homes, autos, and other property.

Turley joined Jim's defense team, which by early 1997 included eight lawyers. On January 30, they filed a motion asking Cacheris to recuse himself from the Nicholson case: "Under the unique circumstances presented in this case and in the absence of recusal, the same judge who authorized the FISA warrants against Mr. Nicholson will be called upon to assess the validity of the warrants—quite possibly without any substantive input or argument by the defense. . . . The appearance of partiality is raised by the possibility that Judge Cacheris—during his approval of the FISA warrant applications—received confidential information from the government concerning allegations against Mr. Nicholson beyond what will be used at trial; information that, due to the nature of FISA, will be unknown to the defense."

At a hearing on February 3, Jim's lawyers told Cacheris they were mounting a groundbreaking challenge to FISA—the first to attack the constitutionality of the surveillance court's authority to permit physical searches of targets. If Jim's lawyers prevailed in such a challenge, prosecutors might have to throw out a mountain of evidence gathered in searches of Jim's town house, minivan, and CIA office—a potential game changer for the defense. But at the end of the thirty-minute hearing, Cacheris said he wasn't disqualifying himself. He set trial for April 14.

Turley told the judge he needed more time to mount a proper challenge of FISA's constitutionality. He wanted to collect friend-of-the-court briefs from a half-dozen legal and civil liberties groups. Turley, a bold lawyer reviled by many national security lawyers, believed the surveillance court trampled civil liberties in the quest for national security. (Sixteen years later, Edward Snowden, an ex–National Security Agency contractor, took Turley's argument public by leaking a FISA court order that permitted the NSA to vacuum up the phone records of millions of ordinary Americans as it hunted down foreign terrorists.) Turley knew the outcome of his FISA challenge would have a major impact on Jim's trial strategy.

Cacheris, unbowed, told him he had seventy days to prepare for trial.

"I knew the Nicholson case was the best vehicle for challenging the FISA court," Turley later said. He had been looking for a test cast to put the law on trial before the U.S. Supreme Court, and he believed Jim's case was the ideal vehicle to demonstrate the law's unconstitutionality. "We made it clear we were going to take this FISA challenge all the way."

Lawyers spent much of February 1997 arguing the legality of the FBI's electronic snooping on Jim. Turley filed a motion to suppress the evidence obtained by the surveillance of Jim's home, office, minivan, safe-deposit box, and personal effects. He wrote that FISA had been denounced for nearly twenty years for failing to meet probable cause standards of the Fourth Amendment, which established that Americans had the right to be secure in their homes. Turley now sought copies of the Justice Department's applications to the surveillance court and the orders signed by Cacheris (and perhaps others).

Prosecutors in response acknowledged that searching Jim's home violated his privacy, but that the sneak and peeks were no more intrusive than, say, bugging his house, including bedrooms—which was legal under FISA. Attorney General Janet Reno signed an affidavit saying the release of the surveillance court documents would harm national security. Reno submitted, for the judge's eyes only, an affidavit from FBI director Louis Freeh, stamped "Top Secret," which she said set out the facts for her claim. She wrote that releasing this information in open court, or to the defense, would reveal FBI methods and sources that would undermine U.S. counterintelligence operations.

The FBI's applications to eavesdrop on Jim almost certainly held highly classified information about the Russian who helped the FBI pinpoint Jim as the leaker of CIA secrets. If Cacheris ruled that the defense had the right to know that information, Jim's lawyers would have carried a huge bargaining chip into plea negotiations. Reno and the U.S. government would go to almost any length to protect its sources—so much so that government prosecutors might have found themselves offering Jim a light sentence for espionage rather than risk public exposure of the Russian's identity.

The defense, meanwhile, filed a peculiar motion that appeared to be grasping at straws. Jim's lawyers asked the court to pay for him to join them in a flight to Singapore, where they would retrace his steps to prepare for trial. Prosecutors rightly pointed out that espionage wasn't an extraditable offense in Singapore, meaning that once Jim set foot there, he'd be a free man.

Cacheris denied Turley's FISA challenge on Valentine's Day, writing that while lawyers had attacked the constitutionality of the surveillance law since its inception in 1978, judges had upheld it every time.

This essentially crushed Jim's defense.

His lawyers would soon schedule meetings with government prosecutors and key FBI agents to hammer out a plea agreement. These gatherings offered Jim the chance to confess all his spy work for Russia in exchange for a more lenient sentence than life in prison. The government would not have to disclose its Russian source, and they would succeed in putting Jim behind bars.

But for how long?

* * *

On the last day of February 1997, Jim signed a plea agreement admitting that he was guilty of conspiracy to commit espionage. Part of the contract required him to tell government intelligence officials every detail of his betrayals to Russia before he gave interviews to news organizations. He also agreed to submit to polygraph examinations as part of those debriefings and turn over to the government any money he might earn by writing a book about his life or selling movie rights to his story.

A few days later, Jim forfeited his assets to the United States. This included the $180,000 he had stashed in banks (including the Swiss account, and savings set aside for Nathan, Star, and Jeremi), his minivan and Toshiba laptop, plus his town house and every stick of furniture in it. Jim also gave up all the interest in his Army and CIA retirement funds, although Laurie's divorce decree gave her half of his pension from the time they married until she left him in Bucharest. The government seized Jim's stamp and coin collections, including a couple of one-ounce Krugerrands, his Rolex, jewelry, an Olympus 35mm camera, books—including his collection of James Bond novels by Ian Fleming—a Technics CD player and sound system, and a handful of firearms that included a .40-caliber Glock 23 pistol (the preferred handgun of countless federal agents). The FBI even hauled off Jim's king bed frame, a brass model with baked enamel inscribed, "Especially handcrafted for Batman."

Jim relinquished rights to any money traceable to his spying for Russia. Moscow had a time-honored tradition of holding open accounts for spies imprisoned for the motherland. History is replete with examples of Western spies, facing espionage charges in their own countries, who defected to the Soviet Union and lived on Moscow's dime until they died, some of them by drinking themselves to death. The U.S. intelligence apparatus similarly remained loyal to Russians they bankrolled to spy on their country.

Jim also agreed in writing that if Russia ever paid money or some other benefit to him or his family, he would notify the CIA and assign those proceeds to the United States.

Jim spent much of that spring in a series of debriefings with FBI agents and teams of CIA officials. He acknowledged that the SVR had paid him $300,000—not the $180,000 investigators had identified—and he recounted in detail the secrets he handed to Polyakov. These informational downloads went on for ten weeks, sometimes three times a week. Jim walked his interrogators step by step through his meetings with his Russian handler in India, Indonesia, Switzerland, and Singapore. The sins Jim confessed helped the government assess the damage he'd done and prevent another Jim Nicholson. Agents independently corroborated much of what Jim told them.

When the debriefings ended, Jim took a polygraph. He easily passed questions about his contacts with the SVR, and whether he had been truthful about the money he made. But when he was asked whether he was withholding any secrets he'd passed to the Russians, Jim's answers came up on the box as deceptive. At the time, the FBI saw no reason to believe he was lying, perhaps attributing the deception to the vagaries of the polygraph. Agents had no evidence of further crimes. They had wrung him dry for details of his espionage, forced him to give up his money and property, and now would see him off to federal prison.

Prosecutors gave Jim credit for helping the government determine the damage he caused. But in a memo filed a few days before his sentencing, they noted that he betrayed his colleagues and his nation out of greed. They said he deserved 283 months in prison. George Tenet, now serving as the CIA's acting director, wrote that Jim put the lives of friends and colleagues at risk:

"Mr. Nicholson revealed, or planned to reveal, the names and positions of a large number of CIA officers whose jobs depend on their ability to work clandestinely. Some of these officers can no longer perform certain important assignments for which they were trained. Several other officers, who were working under our deepest cover program, had to be withdrawn because their missions, as well as their lives, were at risk. Still other officers whose identities were revealed to the Russians by Mr. Nicholson were our young Career Trainees, many of whom were his own students. The course of many of these young officers' careers has been affected by Mr. Nicholson's treachery."

Jim's giving up the names of NOCs—bona fide secret agents with nonofficial cover—killed the careers for which they had trained. The government had spent a lot of money putting them in some of the most dangerous spots on earth, and they had gone deep undercover to plumb the secrets of hostile governments and their militaries. Now they would be called back to Langley, where they would take desk jobs or quit the agency altogether. In all, Jim had given up the identities of several classes at The Farm—blowing the covers of hundreds of officers.

Tenet acknowledged that the U.S. spy apparatus might never know the full extent of the losses Jim caused. But the agency would have to assume the worst possible outcome. To that end, he wrote, the agency had no choice but to cancel promising spy operations, and had already recalled spies from overseas assignments back to the United States.

On the first Thursday in June, John Maguire lumbered into Cacheris' courtroom and took a seat in the front row, squeezing in with a few of the FBI agents he'd worked so closely with on the Nicholson investigation. Maguire had come to Jim's sentencing to hear what he would say for himself.

Jim walked in a moment later wearing a blue double-breasted blazer. Maguire caught his former boss's eye for an instant as he walked past. They exchanged a short glance, and Jim's face registered abject confusion. Maguire needed that. He wanted Jim to understand *he* had been the inside man. They had gone spy-versus-spy under the roof at Langley, both playing a brutal game of betrayal. But only one of them would go home to his family that night.

Judge Cacheris, still in his chambers, had read handwritten letters from both of Jim's sons, neither of whom could afford to fly back to Virginia for their dad's sentencing. Nathan had sounded like a little boy asking the all-powerful Oz to send his dad home.

"Dear Judge," he wrote, "As you know, my Dad is in jail. Please let him out as soon as possible because I miss him very much. My Dad did what he did out of his love for us. . . We are going through a tough time right now and releasing my Dad would help a lot. Please don't make me wait for a long time. . . . I don't know if this will let you set my Dad free early, but I might as well try to do this for my Dad because I love him." He closed with these words: "My Dad's Son, Nathan Nicholson."

Jeremi's letter was raw and revealing. He wrote that his father was always capable and caring, a generous man whose work had so often taken him far from home. In Thailand, his dad was gone eleven out of fourteen days. But over the last four years, they had seen much more of him; his dad had served as mother and father.

"My father has always done everything in his power to have us live comfortably," Jeremi wrote. "Unfortunately my father showed his love by material means. He enjoyed buying things for us. Though, now I think about it, what parent who truly loves his/her children wouldn't wish to give them every comfort they can and as many of the items they desire (merely) to provide some physical proof that they care. I don't say that is the best method, but it seems to have been the only way my father felt comfortable trying to ensure that his kids knew he loved us."

When Cacheris took the bench, prosecutors told the judge what he already knew: The government had worked out a plea with Jim and his legal team. The United States sought a twenty-three year, seven-month sentence. The defense sought a couple of years less, with credit for time already served in jail.

Shapiro and O'Grady once again built up their client as a patriot who had given twenty years to his country, serving on the front lines of the Cold War, risking his life in the Middle East and Cambodia. "Mr. Nicholson established contacts nobody else could get," Shapiro said. "He personally penetrated communist groups himself." Shapiro recited the words of Jim's superiors across the globe, who had given him rave reviews. "No weaknesses. . . . Mr. Nicholson can do it all. . . . His future is bright."

When it was Jim's turn to speak, he stood somberly. Those in the front row of the gallery could see he wore dress shoes with no socks. Jim told Cacheris he had lost everything that was ever dear and important to him, except his faith in God and his endless love for his children. His actions, he acknowledged, had blotted out all the good things he had done for himself and his colleagues.

"I won't ask for the forgiveness of my colleagues and countrymen, for I know they cannot give it," he said. "I will ask for the forgiveness of my family and children, because I know they will. . . . I reasoned I was doing this for my children—to make up for putting my country's needs above my family's needs and for failing to keep my marriage together by having done so. I am, in so many ways, so very sorry."

Government lawyers and the federal agents who took part in the investigation were flabbergasted by Jim's I-did-it-for-the-kids speech. Some would recall his words years later as the most destructive guilt trip a dad ever laid on his children.

Cacheris sentenced Jim to the full twenty-three years, seven months. With time off for good behavior, Jim could be out by the time he reached retirement age. The judge recommended that the U.S. Bureau of Prisons (BOP), Jim's new keeper, let him serve his time in Oregon. Perhaps there, in the bosom of his family, Jim would make good on the declaration he made to a court officer before his sentencing: "I would greatly appreciate the opportunity to offer some positive example to my children before I die."

9

A New Cellblock Celebrity

> "In prison, you get the chance to see who really loves you. That little buck gives you a lot of time to think."
>
> —Suge Knight

Sheridan, Oregon, summer 1997

The U.S. Bureau of Prisons complex in Sheridan, Oregon, with its white concrete walls and red Spanish-style roofs, looks like a small college campus in the tropics. The compound spreads across 182 acres on the northern end of the Willamette Valley, just south of the little farm town of Sheridan, and is separated from its neighbors by twelve-foot chain-link fences topped with coils of gleaming razor wire. From the air, the grounds appear to be an island flanked by working fields and a large pond, a patchwork of agronomy in hues of camelback tan, olive, and emerald green. The soil on the eastern edge of Oregon's mossy coastal mountains can grow pretty near anything, from pears to pinot noir grapes to grass seed. But one of the town's leading employers is the prison.

The complex, formally known as the Federal Correctional Institution Sheridan, holds the majority of its inmates in a medium-security lockup, with others in a work camp and a detention center. Sheridan is the only federal prison in Oregon and employs several hundred people from the nearby countryside, their gray uniforms ubiquitous in the town's cafés and groceries. Their workplace was built on political pork and powerful influence. U.S. Senator Mark O. Hatfield, the prison's chief benefactor, served two stretches as chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, and few politicians were capable of steering more pet projects to their states than the maverick Republican. The government spent $52 million to build the prison complex, which houses inmates in dormitory-style units designed to foster rehabilitation. Today it holds a little more than eighteen hundred inmates, about four hundred over capacity, owing largely to prisoners of the decades-long war on drugs.

Jim passed through the gates for the first time at 3:13 p.m. on a warm Thursday in late July, one week before Nathan's thirteenth birthday. In a way, Jim had finally returned home. His birthplace in Woodburn sat just twenty-seven miles from the prison complex. Jim's overseers gave him a bright orange prison uniform that identified him as a new fish and a handbook that established the rules of conduct in the medium-security facility. He was almost immediately put to work in a 47,000-square-foot factory that produced oak and walnut executive desks and plastic office chairs. Jim's job with the prison industries program, UNICOR, eventually led to a position as a product control manager. The pay topped out at a little more than $1 an hour, but through longevity and overtime hours, Jim would eventually earn a few hundred dollars a month. UNICOR's furniture business was a national leader, and its captive workforce, laboring at prisons across the nation, brought in hundreds of millions of dollars.

Sheridan had a reputation as easy time—not quite the Club Fed depicted in movies, but a soft landing for the federal prisoners lucky enough to land there. The place teemed with white-collar crooks serving short stretches, and a few well-behaved badasses serving the final years of long ones. What set Sheridan apart was the number of cellblock celebrities on the compound. By the time Jim clocked in, two front-page news figures were sharing a cell. Jeffrey MacDonald, the Green Beret doctor who stabbed his pregnant wife and two daughters to death with a knife and ice pick, had just passed his sixth anniversary at the prison.

His crime had been chronicled in a book and a movie, both titled *Fatal Vision*. MacDonald, known as "Doc," shared a cell with the Cold War spy Jim Harper, serving life with the possibility of parole for selling U.S. missile defense secrets to the Soviet bloc.

Harper obtained American defense secrets from his girlfriend (and later wife) Ruby Louise Schuler, an executive secretary at Systems Control, Inc., a Palo Alto, California, Army contractor. SCI's research focused on highly secretive studies on such things as how to make Minuteman missiles less susceptible to Soviet intercepts. Schuler smuggled documents out of SCI in her purse, and Harper carried them to Poland's spy service, the Służba Bezpieczeństwa. They paid Harper $100,000 in 1980 for a trove of documents, which a team of KGB officers picked through in the Russian Embassy in Warsaw. A CIA source later provided clues that led to Harper's 1983 arrest.

Six days a week, Harper manned the desk in the prison law library, which sat between the chow hall and a recreation room. Inside were hundreds of law books and several rows of Swintec 7000 electric typewriters. Prisoners sat in private cubicles, tapping out legal papers, pro se appeals, and lawsuits that accused their overseers of missteps ranging from illegal beatdowns to bad food. It wasn't long after Jim reached Sheridan that Harper looked up to find Jim walking into the library.

Harper had tried for years to prove that the damage he caused the U.S. was minimal, and that he should be paroled. Through the U.S. Freedom of Information Act, he had obtained a redacted summary of his official damage assessment, which suggested the ballistic missile defense programs he compromised had been canceled before he passed secret papers to the Poles. He hoped Jim would glance at the documents and offer insights that might help him win parole. But when Harper stood to greet the new spy in town and ask if he might peek through the Department of Defense summary, Jim recoiled and said he could be of no help.

"It was just obvious the guy didn't want to have anything to do with me," Harper said in an interview years later from Lompoc Penitentiary. "I think it was the only time I tried to talk to him."

Harper would observe Jim over the next several years as he walked into the library in the evenings, took a seat at a typewriter, and banged feverishly. Jim kept entirely to himself, guarding what appeared to be a growing stack of papers from prying eyes. While many inmates share their latest strategies to get out of prison early or sue the Bureau of Prisons, Jim worked in utter secrecy. Harper figured that Jim was drafting a document to provide the U.S. government additional information to shave time from his sentence.

Jim's celebrity preceded him at Sheridan. He had spent much of June and July 1997 entertaining national TV journalists, positing a staggering array of rationalizations for his betrayals. He told ABC's *Nightline* correspondent Dave Marash, "The primary reason for my decision to work with the Russians was my need to take care of my children back in the United States. . . . I just found myself in an untenable situation and I didn't know how to get out of it. . . . No one was killed. No one was tortured and the only person that was arrested as a result of my action was me." Jim conveniently failed to mention to *Nightline* that had he not been caught, some of the spies he compromised might have been tortured or killed.

Jim told NBC's Katie Couric that by the time he became a walk-in for the Russian Federation, he thought Moscow was struggling to come to grips with democracy, and that assisting Russia's efforts was not a bad thing. Couric asked, "Do you think that way now?" To which Jim answered, "No, I don't think that way now. . . . It flew in the face of everything that I believe, everything that was important to me." An ABC crew shot footage of Jim talking with Nathan on the phone. Jim's youngest, who had not seen his dad since the morning of his arrest, offered this to an interviewer: "We don't have a whole lot to talk to him about, but it's nice to hear his voice every once in a while."

Jim's family soon trekked up to Sheridan to visit. Nick and Betty still refused to believe he had done anything terribly wrong. They had watched CNN's report on Jim the day he was sentenced to prison, and they just weren't buying the government line. They gave an interview to *The Oregonian* that day, saying they felt the CIA had somehow set up their son. "As far as I'm concerned," Nick told the newspaper, "the CIA and FBI are very capable of doing that."

Once Jim landed in Oregon, many of his family members drove to see him—his parents and siblings and children, even his aging uncle Harold. But he felt he wasn't getting enough time with his kids. So he carved out a plan so that he could share exclusive visits every other Saturday with Jeremi, Star, and Nathan. It was during one of those private meetings with the kids that Jim cleared the air about his crime.

Nathan vividly remembers that moment, his dad leaning forward in his chair, the faces of his children pushed close to hear his words. Jim began by saying how sorry and embarrassed he was for them to see him in such a place. He told them how proud they all had made him, holding things together without him. He was happy Star and Nathan had kept up their grades. And he was glad to know Jeremi, deeply hurt by his dad's arrest, planned to return to Oregon State. Jim grew bitter as he spoke of his blind devotion to the agency, his long absences from them, and the ruins he had left of his family since the divorce.

The next part Nathan would never forget. Jim somberly admitted he had indeed sold secrets to the Russians for money.

"I just wanted to help you kids out," he said.

Jim's children mobbed him with hugs, professing their love and vowing to stand by their father no matter what. Star cried. Jeremi launched into a lecture, and Nathan recalled his brother breaking the tension by telling his dad he was forgiven, adding in jest, "Just don't do it again."

Nathan never let go of the memory of that painful heart-to-heart. Seeing his dad so sorrowful, head literally hung low, churned in his young mind. He convinced himself that the government must have pressured him to confess—even to his own kids—that he spied for Russia. Nathan came to a conclusion about his dad's confession that day, a belief he would cling to for many years.

He didn't believe a word of it.

* * *

In letters to Nathan that fall and into the spring of 1998, Jim reminded his son how much he loved and missed him. How he longed for their next adventures together.

"I have spoken to Jesus about this," he wrote. "Apparently it is only the will of men that I be in prison—not of God. Since God's power is so much greater than man's, I've asked God to set me free." In a letter two months before Nathan's fourteenth birthday, Jim acknowledged that one of his character flaws—always trying to make people like him—had been an asset in the CIA. "In fact," Jim wrote, "my job demanded that and I really was into it. Now, I understand that it involved compromising my true beliefs in many cases. What was always the most important to me was my children."

Jim hosted evening prayers in his cell and made new friends. One of his kindred was Steven Paul Meyers, who walked into Sheridan twenty-nine days after him. Meyers had been a talented sculptor before taking part in an audacious series of bank robberies that ended in a shoot-out with police. Jim and Meyers, both born in 1950, were arrested the same month. Both were bright, adventurous, equipped with healthy egos, and hated that they were forced to follow their kids' lives through the filter of letters and phone calls.

In late January 1999, Meyers opened an envelope with a return address he didn't recognize. Inside was a letter from a San Francisco woman who worked as a paralegal for an international law firm. She was writing to say she'd read about him in a new book by true-crime writer Ann Rule. *The End of the Dream: The Golden Boy Who Never Grew Up* chronicled Meyers' exploits with Scott Scurlock, dubbed "The Hollywood Bandit." Scurlock's gang—given to guns, theatrical makeup, and prosthetic faces—pulled more than a dozen successful bank jobs. But on November 27, 1996, things went badly when Scurlock, Meyers, and another man hit a north Seattle bank during a light rain. They made off with a duffel bag full of cash, more than $1 million, but got into a running gun battle with police. Scurlock escaped, then took his own life as the cops moved in. Meyers, wounded, later drew a twenty-one-year prison term.

The paralegal writing to Meyers in 1999 explained that she had once been held up while working as a bank teller. She was fascinated by his personal story, and she hoped he would write back. Meyers responded in February, saying he was happy to trade correspondence. His note concluded with an odd postscript: "Is it a problem to write you at your work address as legal mail?" As a matter of policy, prison officials don't open mail that appeared to be attorney-client correspondence. The paralegal soon received a pair of letters marked "legal mail" from Meyers, including a screenplay Meyers wrote about his exploits as a bank robber.

The San Francisco woman, perhaps infatuated with the bad boy, made her way to Oregon in June 2000 to meet him in person. She and Meyers' brother, Randall, spent the better part of four days in Sheridan's visiting room, a space about the size of a high school cafeteria. Steve Meyers leaned forward in his seat during one of their visits and pointed across the floor to another inmate. In a hushed voice, he told his guests that the man was not only a friend, but a Russian spy. He didn't tell them Jim's name. But it would come up later.

It had taken Jim two years to figure out a way to circumvent the CIA's snooping on his mail. He wanted Meyers to send the paralegal a document he had prepared for the SVR, making sure to mark it "legal mail" so that no one at the prison read it. Jim intended for Meyers' friend to forward it to the Russian Federation, which had a consolate in San Francisco.

Nathan was deep into his teens, a time when most children pull away from their parents to spend time with friends. He lived with his mom, and they were close, but he clung to his dad. And who could blame him? He'd gone the first eight years of his life feeling almost fatherless before getting a four-year window in Malaysia and Virginia to cast Jim as the hero of his life. Suddenly he could spend every other Saturday quizzing the old man about his life in the Army and the CIA. Nathan thrilled at Jim's stories of parachute jumps in the Rangers, daydreaming of following in his dad's boot steps. Jim also shared tales of his days as the CIA's Batman, including the daring escapes, with sidekick Robin, from armed gunmen on the streets of Manila.

Jim's boy never considered him a traitor. After his dad's sentencing, a TV news crew had come out to Laurie's home in Oregon for interviews. They put Nathan on camera, asking the same question many different ways: *What did your dad do?* It was clear they wanted him to say his dad betrayed his country and was a turncoat, but Nathan never budged. He wanted to tell them his dad gave his life to the CIA, sacrificing time with his own family to protect America. But he let it go.

Jim always made Nathan feel like the center of his universe, and now his boy told him everything about the world outside the razor wire. Nathan painted vivid accounts of his life and times at Crescent Valley High School, just north of downtown Corvallis, where he earned As and Bs, ran a season of track—middling performances in the 200- and 400-meter sprints—and loafed around with a handful of straitlaced friends. They were a geeky bunch that gathered after the final bell to play cards, mostly Egyptian Rat Screw, and talk about the girls they secretly adored. They set up a closed computer network to do battle in Quake 3, a popular shoot-'em-up game. Eventually Nathan went punk, spiking his hair into a mild Mohawk, and got deep into hard-core music, thrashing to bands such as Disturbed. Nathan would later tell me his dad hung on every word, never appearing judgmental or uninterested.

Jim's fatherly guilt ran deep. He was gut-sick that he couldn't be there for his kids. He confided to other prisoners in his prayer circle the deep humiliation he felt in not providing material support to his own children. He wept openly about this with at least one cellmate. But in the presence of his kids, Jim tried not to let on how these shortcomings crushed him. It must have been punishing to live vicariously through his children's stories, knowing they were coming of age in a world that, by the sound of things, moved at the speed of light.

Nathan didn't want his dad to fall too far behind when he got out of prison in his sixties, so he constantly apprised the old man of developments in electronic gadgetry. He regaled his dad with news from the front lines of the expanding digital universe, from iTunes to Halo 2, Nintendo Wii to XBox 360, and the confounding iterations of Microsoft operating systems, from Windows 98 to Windows Vista. Even cellular phones had shifted beyond Jim's comprehension. When he was arrested, Nokia's top-of-the-line cells still had antennas. Now they were smaller, lighter, carried longer charges, and came with color displays.

Jim was ending his fourth year of confinement on September 11, 2001, when terrorists struck the United States. He wrote two letters to the CIA that offered his help in finding the terrorists who planned the jetliner strikes on U.S. soil. Those letters have never been publicly disclosed. But it's a good bet Jim reminded his former employer that his branch in the CTC had labored to draw beads on the likes of the Islamic fundamentalists now accused of mass murder. The CIA apparently never responded.

The attacks of 9/11 deeply wounded Nathan. He recalled standing at a bus stop near his mom's home north of Corvallis, on a clear morning, when a classmate asked if he had heard the news about an attack on the Twin Towers. Nathan misunderstood her. The only Twin Towers that came to mind were the Petronas Towers in Kuala Lumpur. The spires were still under construction when he left Malaysia, and now stood as the tallest buildings in the world. When he reached Crescent Valley High, every TV in the place was lit up with live TV coverage of the horrors three time zones away. Nathan sat and watched, boiling mad.

Since turning seventeen that summer, he had quietly made plans to join the Army. He had no money for college, no girlfriend to tie him down, and he was desperate to prove himself as a combat soldier. Now there was a righteous cause. His country was under attack, and it was soon clear the U.S. was headed to war in the Middle East. Nathan figured young men would swarm military recruiting offices, and he wanted to be one of them. He knew his enlistment would freak out his family. So, for the time being, he kept his plans a secret. Even from his dad.

Several months later, on February 2, 2002, the paralegal from San Francisco paid another visit to Steve Meyers at Sheridan. While waiting for him in the visiting room, she found herself talking to a slender six-foot-three prisoner with a New Jersey accent so strong he sounded like a character out of central casting, "Wise Guy No. 3." Phil Quackenbush was a bank robber and recovering crackhead who celled with Jim. He told the paralegal that his cellie was a convicted spy, and gave his name.

The paralegal put it together that Jim was the very guy Meyers had mentioned, the one trying to sneak messages to the Russians. When she got home to the Bay Area, she did a little research on Jim and phoned the FBI. Agents took a statement from her about the visits to Sheridan and her concerns that Jim was trying to pass messages to Russia. The FBI's San Francisco's Field Office had a sizable counterintelligence squad. Agents had much to protect from Russian spying in the tech-rich Silicon Valley, where defense contractors were plentiful. The squad kept a close watch on the Russian Consulate, a den of SVR spies.

The FBI has never disclosed what its agents did, if anything, to look further into the allegations against Jim. But in time, it would become clear they hadn't lost interest.

Summer 2003

On July 29, 2003, an FBI agent from San Francisco dropped in on Steve Meyers, who was living easy in a low-security prison in Big Spring, Texas. The Bureau of Prisons had moved Meyers out to the West Texas lockup a few months earlier, possibly at the behest of the FBI. Agents knew Jim had come up with a muddy polygraph during his 1997 debriefings, perhaps withholding information he gave the SVR. Now they worried he might have reestablished contact with Moscow. The FBI man wanted Meyers to tell him about Jim's scheme to contact the Russians.

Meyers told the agent what he knew. He had shared a cell with Jim before his transfer to Texas and was aware of Jim's work in the CIA and his espionage conviction. He said Jim had confided in him that he still held agency secrets in his head, secrets that were slowly going stale and would one day lose any value to Russia. Meyers also told the agent that after his release Jim planned to move to Russia, where Moscow was still holding his "pension."

The FBI sometimes rewards prisoners by recommending reductions in the sentences of those who cooperate with them. Meyers, perhaps sensing he could get time whittled off his punishment, continued his betrayals of Jim. He told the agent that one of Jim's plans was to sneak a letter to the Russian Embassy in Rome. Jim's impression, Meyers told the FBI, was that the U.S. did a poor job covering Russia's spy operations in Italy, making it easier for an American to pass a letter from Jim to the SVR there. Meyers explained to the agent that Jim had tried to rope his brother Randall into carrying a document out of the prison during a 2002 visit. But Randall had rejected it out of hand.

Meyers then dropped Quackenbush in the grease. He told the FBI agent that when Quackenbush was freed from Sheridan, he carried out a manila envelope full of Jim's papers.

Seven weeks later, on September 16, Quackenbush took a call from his probation officer in Las Vegas, Nevada.

"Listen," he heard his PO say, "I need to meet you at your house tomorrow night. Two gentlemen need to speak to you."

This wasn't good news.

By appearances, things had been looking up for Quackenbush. He was working full-time as a roofing foreman, going to school four nights a week at the Community College of Southern Nevada. He had a nice place in the Desert Park Apartments just ten minutes from the Vegas Strip. But he was smoking crack again. The last person he wanted to see was his PO. If he found out Quackenbush was on the pipe, he'd violate him and send him back to prison.

"Whattaya mean two gentlemen wanna talk to me?"

The PO told him two FBI agents needed information about a former cellmate. Quackenbush wasn't in a position to say no.

The next day, he entertained the agents at his apartment as the sun slowly dropped over the rocky red shoulders of Charleston Peak. Quackenbush was probably what the agents expected. He was thirty-nine, grew up in the Jersey suburbs west of Manhattan, and worked most of his life as a union plasterer before moving to Vegas, where at age thirty-five he met and fell in love with crack cocaine. He worked a second job as a serial bank robber to keep the rocks coming. But the law caught up to him, and he was sent to Sheridan on a fifty-one-month stretch in the spring of 2000.

He told the FBI agents he first met Jim in the prison chapel. They had both been raised as Christians and made friends with the chapel's music director, Shadley Wiegman, and her husband, Glenn, a prison volunteer. The deeply religious couple served as parental figures for many of the inmates, who often called Mrs. Wiegman "Mama Shadley." The Wiegmans worked in the prison ministry because it made them feel good to lift the spirits of prisoners clinging to life's bottom rungs, but also because the testimonies of these caged men lifted them, too. They were especially fond of Jim, a natural leader who served as a kind of chapel toastmaster, introducing preachers and speakers. He also wrote Christmas passion plays, organized evening Bible studies, and prayed with his brothers behind bars before bunking in each night.

Quackenbush looked up to Jim, who was thirteen years older. The former CIA man seemed unflappable, always under control. Quackenbush saw Jim as bright, personable, even lovable. But there was a vanity about him. Jim hated that he was growing gray, losing hair, showing his age. When later they agreed to share a "house"—prison slang for a cell—Jim took the top bunk. Quackenbush, sitting on the bottom rack on Saturday mornings, teased Jim mercilessly about using an old toothbrush to comb shoe polish into his beard to look younger for his kids. His cellie also was exceedingly fastidious about his prison khakis. While some prisoners wore them dirty or wrinkled, Jim kept his uniform tidy, the buckle of his fabric web belt dead center, and carried himself with a military bearing. It was almost as if Jim were proud of the number over his left shirt pocket.

Jim fancied himself a writer. Not long after reaching Sheridan, he had penned a 176-page novella titled *Welcome to Paradisio* under the pen name H. J. Nicholson. It's the story of a young San Francisco businessman who goes to work on a Caribbean island, where he is recruited by CIA operatives to cover for their work against drug cartels, terrorists, and revolutionaries. It was an imaginative narrative, with a romance built in. But he couldn't find a publisher.

Quackenbush recalled that during the time they celled together, Jim had taken piles of notes on pads and tapped them into a typewriter on loan from the unit secretary. Jim had referred to the manuscript as his memoir. As Jim clacked away at the new document, carefully stacking its pages, he tore his paper notes to confetti. As typewriter cartridges went out, Jim lifted them from the machine and yanked out the ribbons until they looked like a fly fisherman's nightmare. He tore them into tiny plastic pieces and flushed them down the toilet, Quackenbush told the FBI. Once, he said, the paper and plastic clogged the bowl, forcing him to reach into the soggy muck, haul it out, and feed it back through the porcelain mouth flush by flush until it disappeared.

Jim knew that Quackenbush would soon "kill his number"—prison slang for getting out—and he asked his cellmate to smuggle the document out with his gear. Quackenbush admitted to the FBI that he carried the papers—a sheaf two inches thick and stuffed into a manila envelope—when he flew home to Las Vegas. He told the agents he honored a promise he made to Jim that he not read it. Six weeks after reaching Vegas, Quackenbush said, he mailed the package to Nick and Betty Nicholson, just as Jim had asked him.

FBI agents returned to Quackenbush's apartment on a Friday morning in mid-October. They took him for breakfast and said they wanted to put him through a polygraph. Quackenbush had never taken one, and the thought of answering the FBI's questions while wired up to the machine put him about a screwdriver's turn from coming unglued.

"They pull up to a hotel casino," he recalled. "I was like, 'Oh my God, this is crazy.' Straight-up feds shit, right?" The agents led him into a suite, where he found a man with a polygraph box. The operator tried to put him at ease, explaining how the machine worked and that they were just going to ask him a few questions. It didn't take long to get to the moment-of-truth queries. Did Jim ask him to take classified information out of the prison? Did Jim ask him to mail a package to a foreign government? Quackenbush answered no to both questions, and he passed the polygraph.

Agents believed Quackenbush had indeed mailed Jim's envelope to Nick and Betty, just as he said. But they didn't want to confront Jim's parents about this until they had more to go on. Questioning the retirees about their son's mail would only tip Jim that he was under investigation. The FBI would wait until it had more evidence.

The bureau's case appears to have stalled about that time. But agents kept tabs on Quackenbush, knowing they might need him as a material witness if they gathered enough evidence to arrest Jim for further espionage. On February 17, 2004, their boy approached a teller in a Bank of America in Vegas and said, "Let me get some hundreds." The teller, failing to catch on, asked if he meant large bills. So Quackenbush, with crisp diction, helpfully cleared things up. "This is a bank robbery," he said. "Let me have all your hundreds." For this transgression, swiftly remedied by police, Quackenbush was sent to a penitentiary in eastern California to begin a fifty-seven-month sentence.

At least the FBI would know where to find him.

10

A Fall into Blackness

"And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature, moulding men."
—Alfred, Lord Tennyson, *In Memoriam*

Fort Bragg, North Carolina, early 2004

On the evening of June 14, 2004, Nathan and his fellow soldiers piled into the cargo hold of a sixty-five-ton C-130 airplane. The air smelled of rain. They took seats on benches along the walls of the flying boxcar, backs pressed into red nylon webs, diesel exhaust wafting past their noses as the hydraulic cargo door lifted noisily. The stocky four-prop plane rumbled down the runway, soldiers' guts shifting as she lifted into the North Carolina sky toward a waning moon. The C-130 Hercules is the U.S. Army's primary airlifter, a beloved aircraft. God and everybody flies it. The ninety-eight-foot plane was put into wide use after the Korean War to transport troops and gear into battle zones with short runways. The Herc can land on anything—sand, mud, snow, doesn't matter—and stop on a dime. That night, the C-130 carrying Nathan and his fellow soldiers in woodland-camouflage battle dress uniforms was headed for the "Normandy" drop zone at Fort Bragg.

Jim had written Nathan earlier in the year to say how proud he felt about this training. "The anxiety I experience over what you are doing is, I suspect, my punishment for having infected you with the insanity gene," he wrote. "But, I am bursting with pride and gratitude when I know you are safe and have endured some new adventure. I know you can't avoid getting hard—it's necessary to do what you do. I just hope you will never grow so hard you won't enjoy a good McManus story with me."

In another letter, Jim recalled how infantry soldiers often talked about how fun it might be to jump out of perfectly good aircraft, but never took the plunge: "What they don't understand is what it's like to leap out into thin air from the back of a screaming aircraft into a place you can only pray is not going to hurt too much—provided, of course, that your chute opens, you don't get tangled up with someone else and the wind doesn't slam you down so hard you can taste the leather of your jump boots."

Jim had given Nathan a Bible on his eighteenth birthday, the final day of July 2002, perhaps knowing it marked a crossroads. Nathan had moved into an apartment with his siblings after Laurie remarried, nudging him out of the nest. He was passionate about joining the Army, but Jim hoped he would first go to Oregon State, as Star and Jeremi had. Jim counseled his youngest not to enlist, but to enroll at OSU and—just as he had done—take officer training in the ROTC.

For the first time in his adulthood, Nathan bucked his dad. He did take out a student loan and trooped off to Oregon State, and he even took an ROTC class. But he never joined the Officers' Training Corps, firmly believing he'd be a better leader by learning first what it was like to be led. His plan was to finish a semester of college and, unless he was completely blown away by the experience, enlist in the Army without telling a soul. When the fall term ended just before Christmas, he walked into an Army recruitment office fifteen minutes from campus and signed up for the delayed-entry program. He would soon drive to Portland to swear his enlistment oath. Nathan waited until after the holidays to tell his family.

Jim was wounded that his boy hadn't taken the ROTC track. Jeremi scolded his little brother, telling him he was an idiot because the U.S.

government would never let him rise through the ranks after their dad's crime. Nathan's mom and sister were stricken by Nathan's enlistment. Not a week went by that soldiers weren't brought home in body bags from the Middle East. Laurie and Star, he recalled, began to treat him as if he had already died in combat.

Nathan had hoped they would applaud his bold move to serve his country, as an enlisted man or otherwise. But they didn't. So he left his orange cat Megacin with Star and Jeremi and flew off to begin his Army career.

In 2003, Nathan graduated from basic infantry training and airborne qualification at Fort Benning, Georgia, the same muggy hellhole where Jim had begun his Army career as a newlywed. When Nathan earned his light blue infantry cord, Jim's best friend and boyhood pal, Len Beystrum, flew to Fort Bragg to cheer his accomplishment. Beystrum, who had parachuted from perfectly good aircraft a couple of times himself, bought Nathan a celebratory dinner at the LongHorn Steakhouse.

Nathan's legs had taken such a pounding during jump training that he suffered terrible shin splints and missed his chance to take part in Ranger initiation, a requirement to join the elite force. The Army sent Nathan to Fort Bragg that fall to try out for a Long Range Surveillance assignment, which would set him up to apply for Ranger school. He was one of five soldiers selected for the tryout. They were put through punishing combat survival tests, forced to jump off diving boards blindfolded and tread water with rifles over their heads. They were pushed to run mile after mile, and perform land navigation tests through swamps.

In the early winter of 2004, Nathan was sent into a frozen forest near Bragg as part of a Special Forces exercise. He took part in a mock ambush of an enemy force and was assigned to man a border surveillance post for several hours. Nathan, already exhausted from the operation, found himself alone in a shallow foxhole in the snow, where he tried to stay alert. His instructors had been known to sneak up and chuck Whistling Petes, noisy fireworks intended to simulate incoming mortar rounds. But many hours passed and Nathan's replacement hadn't shown.

He'd had enough MREs to stay fed for a day, but the food was now gone, and he was hungry and shivering. More than twenty-four hours passed before those running the operation realized they had mistakenly failed to replace young Nicholson. When they found him, his eyes were dry and bloodshot, his throat parched from lack of water. They seemed surprised Nathan had done as they ordered: He never left his post.

Nathan and another soldier passed the tryout. He earned the rank of private first class and was put on a list of soldiers scheduled for deployment to Iraq at the end of the year. Nathan looked forward to his second shot at making the Rangers. He was desperate to match his dad's accomplishments in the fraternity whose code of ethics dictates, "I will never leave a fallen comrade to fall into the hands of the enemy and under no circumstances will I ever embarrass my country."

The jump over Bragg's Normandy drop zone was Nathan's thirteenth. He had parachuted from C-130s five times at Fort Benning to earn his airborne qualification. Since then, assigned to Fox Company of the 51st Infantry Division, part of the 519th Military Intelligence Battalion, Nathan had jumped out of Hercs, twin-rotor Chinook helicopters, and a C-17 jet transport. On that night, he pushed the pain of his shin splints away, donning full combat gear—including Kevlar helmet, M-4 assault rifle, and parachute—to take part in a mass tactical jump off a static line. A jump intended to prepare him for combat.

The plane was cruising at seventeen hundred feet when one of the Herc's side doors opened just behind the bulkhead. Nathan and his fellow soldiers stood and took their positions. They had a saying in Army Infantry, which decorated the uniforms of its soldiers with a blue braided cord: "Why is the sky blue? Because God *loves* the infantry." Nathan did love the infantry, but there was not a shred of blue in this sky.

Nathan felt the rush of air as he reached the door on the right side of the plane and took that final stride into the ink of night, kicking his knees up, heavy rucksack riding on his lap. He waited for that instant when the chute popped and billowed, taking that big gulp of air. But his chute didn't fully open. He felt himself hurtling toward the ground, chute tangled above him into what parachutists call a "cigarette roll." The nylon dome filled with just enough air to slow him down but not enough to give him the lift he needed for a safe landing. Nathan cursed as he pedaled frantically to untangle the mess above him. He managed to give himself a little more lift, but the dark came too fast. He scanned the horizon to see if he had enough altitude to pull his reserve chute.

Now he saw treetops—too low—and gritted his teeth.

The ground came hard and fast, and Nathan released the fifteen-foot lowering line that tethered his rucksack to his left hip. The line is like the string on a heavy teabag: It keeps the pack from landing on a soldier and crushing his legs on impact. Nathan's pack weighed well over one hundred pounds, including radio gear, an AT4 antitank weapon, a Claymore land mine, two grenades, a stack of fully loaded rifle magazines, and a brick of simulated C-4 explosive, along with food and personal gear to last for two weeks. In the mad scramble to fix his chute, he had mistimed his landing, dropping the pack too soon, a mistake that sent him oscillating as he plummeted to the ground. He landed with his legs straight out, his butt and shoulder striking the earth, his useless parachute now pulling him like a plow as he skipped across the rocky field cursing . . . *fuck* . . . *fuck* . . . *fuck* . . . until suddenly, mercifully, it was over. He would learn later that soldiers back at the base had packed his chute improperly.

Nathan lay on the ground moaning and cursing, muscle memory sending his hands diving for his rifle to lock and load. He pulled a red ChemLight stick out of a pocket and popped it in the darkness. The rest was a blur: soldiers huddled over him, a stretcher, a neck brace and IV line, a ride in a Humvee, a doctor telling him he had fractured a bone in the curve of his spine just above the tailbone. Nathan would need assistance to walk. There was no way to splint or put a cast on the break. So the docs gave him crutches, a little rubber donut to sit on, and a bottle of pain pills.

His back, slow to heal, was murder. He hobbled down forty stairs from his barracks to make the daily formation, but his superiors sent him back every time. Nathan was scheduled to go to Ranger school for his second and final tryout, but his injuries prevented him from participating. His dreams of becoming a Ranger were over, forever, a failure more painful than his wounded back. Now he worried his medical problems would sabotage his deployment to Iraq as his outfit readied for war. Depressed, he flew home to Oregon on leave to decompress.

He stayed with Laurie, who was living in Salem with her husband. Bill Billera was a former Oregon State Police trooper, a large, imposing man who ran a tight ship on the home front and guarded his wife's meager savings from her three broke kids. During a previous leave, Billera had asked Nathan when he planned to pay back the $1,400 his mother had loaned him for his car, a baby blue 1992 Eagle Summit. Nathan explained to his stepfather that his mother bought him the car as a high school graduation present. But Billera saw things differently, sparking an angry quarrel over the money. Worsening matters, Laurie took her husband's side in the dispute.

It was a tense time for Nathan, preoccupied with thoughts of either dodging bullets in Iraq or washing out of the Army with a bad back. He suffered in the riddle of his future, wondering how he would bear up under fire and how he might handle himself if he never got the chance to test himself in combat. He also feared death. Any combat veteran could have told him his fears were natural, even a good thing; no rational human enters a war zone without fear. But Nathan's greatest fear was failing to take part, to prove himself.

Laurie secretly felt relieved. She had long worried Nathan would go off to war and come back in a body bag. More than forty men with ties to Oregon had already been killed in Iraq and Afghanistan. But her boy, always the family daredevil, was smitten with the notion of military glory. She understood how passionately men could behave in the service of their country; she had watched Jim prepare for war in a peacetime Army, then vanish into the violence of conflict on Cambodia's border with Thailand in the 1980s.

At the end of his leave, Laurie drove Nathan to the airport for the trip to Bragg and they got into an argument about the tension at the house. In the heat of the moment, Nathan heard her say, “Maybe it would be better if you didn't come back.” He took this to mean that maybe he should just go ahead and die and get it over with. Laurie hadn't meant it that way. She just didn't want Nathan to come back and fight with Bill.

Laurie's words destroyed her son. He flew to Bragg, diving deeper into depression with each passing time zone. By the time he returned to the base, with none of his close friends to confide in, he thought about punching his own ticket. Nathan's mind played tricks on him; maybe he really was better off dead. He was alone that weekend in his barracks bedroom. He sat on his rack for a long time, contemplating an end to his torment. He found the answer in a folding knife, pulling out the blade and surveying his wrists. He visualized a series of cuts up and across his veins. He would slice deeply, sit back on his bed, and let the warm blood drain him cold.

His phone rang with a jolt.

When he answered, he was greeted with a woman's recorded voice: “This call is from a federal inmate. . . .”

“Hey, son.”

“Hey, Pa.”

There were times when the only person in the world capable of pulling Nathan's ruined spirits out of his boots was his dad. Jim knew his son was depressed. But the timing of his call was pure prescience.

“I just called to tell you how much I love you,” Jim said.

Nathan's throat tightened, tears running down his cheeks.

“I love you, too, Pa.”

Nathan was too ashamed to tell Jim what he was about to do. But when he hung up, he was armed with new resolve. He put the knife away.

Oregon, late 2004

Nathan settled into an apartment in Springfield, just across Interstate 5 from Eugene, and took a job as a Pizza Hut deliveryman. Nathan missed the camaraderie of his friends back at Bragg, who were readying for Iraq, and considered them battle buddies. But for him, there would be no battles. He had flown home that fall with an honorable discharge and a duffel bag of despair.

Depression shadowed him like a bill collector. The night of his near suicide attempt at Bragg, with his father's voice still fresh in his ear, Nathan phoned his sergeant for help. The call set in motion a chain of events that began with the intervention of a mental health counselor, his acknowledgment of suicidal thoughts, and the end of his military career. His counselor, a man with thick glasses and a bow tie, prescribed Zoloft, little oval pills that were supposed to cushion emotional bumps. But Nathan never filled the prescription.

He had always powered through the obstacles thrown his way by counting his blessings. He carried the golden rule into life's trickier corners, treating others better than he expected them to treat him. Some of those he invited into his world saw these qualities as exploitable weaknesses.

Dustin Rogers, Nathan's cousin and confidant, was wary of his cousin's new love interest. Nathan had met the lady in his life in an online chat room during his Army days. After his discharge, he had driven way out to the scrublands of eastern Oregon to meet her family and bring her home to live with him in his second-floor walk-up in Springfield. Dustin thought his cousin's girlfriend was clingy and weird. She was several years older than Nathan and had an annoying habit of launching into loud, raunchy stories about their sex life, which left Nathan with crimson cheeks, sputtering to change the subject. From time to time, Dustin later explained, he could see a whole lot of crazy camped out in her eyes.

Nathan recalled that his girl had confessed early to him that she had overcome a drug problem. Her teeth were in terrible shape, and when a dentist discovered a pocket of toxins in her mouth that threatened to flow into her bloodstream and potentially kill her, Nathan maxed out his Citi card to pay for emergency dental care. His monthly income—a combination of his Veterans Affairs disability compensation and his tips and earnings from Pizza Hut—came to about $1,600. Now, in addition to rent and car payments, he faced the additional costs of paying for her dental work.

In early 2005, he enrolled at nearby Lane Community College to study drafting and architecture. Uncle Sam would later pick up the cost of his books and tuition. But as Nathan poured himself into his studies, his girlfriend remained jobless and relapsed into drugs. He offered to help her if she was committed to staying straight. When she was noncommittal, he drove her back to her family for good.

Nathan focused on his studies that fall. He was a lonely single man still grieving over lost opportunities in the Army and wondering how much different his life might have been had a parachute opened correctly over Fort Bragg. When Veterans Day rolled around that November, he broke out his dress uniform and set the self timer on his camera. Nathan stood at attention and threw a crisp salute, his beret pulled down snugly, infantry cord hanging just right, lips pinched tight. He still believed that God loved the infantry. And, by God, he still loved the infantry and the Army buddies who had flown off for Iraq. But he was a broken man.

He felt blessed to have his dad to lean on. Every other Saturday, Nathan drove up to Sheridan to see him.

In prison, they call it killing birds. You serve a long stretch one day at a time, killing your sentence by working hard and earning extra time off by keeping your head above the fray of gangs and potential hostilities. Friends inside, real ones anyway, help you cope. They're the ones wishing each other a good day. Because a bad day in the joint is a very bad day indeed. A great cellmate can make the time go faster. An ideal cellie is a good conversationalist who knows when to shut up, tidies up after himself, doesn't hang out in the cell all day, and gives you enough privacy to think or beat off.

Many prisoners find faith behind bars, but Jim walked into prison with his. Confronted by a minimum two decades inside, Jim immersed himself in Christianity. Rob Tillitz, once a high-seas drug smuggler, served time with Jim in Unit 4B and recalled that his friend had a bit of a Jesus aura about him—he wore a beard and long hair, and he seemed to be the only inmate in the place wearing moccasins. Tillitz thought Jim seemed utterly placid and in control of himself, which he attributed to Jim's religious beliefs.

Jim struck out in his attempts to persuade Star and Jeremi to attend church. Star's faith evaporated the day of his arrest, and Jeremi had followed Laurie into a new-age religion that teaches its followers they are particles of God sent to Earth for spiritual experience. Adherents of Eckankar, a faith dating all the way back to 1965, study the "Light and Sound of God," believe in the concept of Soul Travel, and seek guidance from a spiritual leader known as the Living Eck Master. Jim was proud to hear that Nathan had become a regular at The Door, a nondenominational Christian congregation in Eugene. He thought it was a good place to get right with God, and maybe meet a nice woman.

Nathan and Jim connected in Christianity, reaching deep into the pockets of their faith. They sometimes prayed so hard in the visiting room that Nathan could practically feel God reaching through the wood-slat roof to hold them in his hand. He loved the steady, instructive timbre of his dad's voice in those moments. The old man was very close to God, Nathan told me, and it was easy to see how his dad's deep prayers sometimes transported him out of his felony tank.

Jim soothed his son's angst about not making it into the Rangers, and believed God had a different plan for Nathan. Jim told him that faith would carry him through life's roughest passages and into missions far greater than those undertaken by men and their militaries.

One Saturday in the spring of 2006, Nathan drove to Sheridan earlier than usual. He moved through the checkpoints and metal detectors as part of the weekend herd, reaching the visiting room well ahead of Star. He and the old man greeted each other with their customary bear hug.

Jim's kids were going through rough patches in their finances. Jeremi, who had enlisted in the Air Force in 2003 because he hated working at McDonald's, was $25,000 in debt. Star's student loans totaled $50,000, and her car was in and out of the shop. Nathan scarcely made a dent in his two maxed-out credit cards, including the one he'd used to fix his ex-girlfriend's teeth; also, he had bought himself a 2005 Chevy Cavalier and still owed $8,000 on the note. Jim's UNICOR earnings, even in a month choked with overtime, topped at about $400, scarcely enough to help his kids out financially.

"I have an idea," he shared in a whisper, "to help you kids."

Nathan perked up.

"Would you be willing to help?"

"Of course."

Jim asked his boy to do a little research on the Internet when he got back to his apartment. He wanted to find out the location of the nearest Russian consulate. Jim explained that his old friends in Moscow were holding an account open in his name, and that together they might be able to make some early withdrawals. Jim had lost his freedom in service to the Russian Federation, and now he felt it was Russia's turn to help support his kids while he was away. He wanted to know if Nathan was willing to serve in his stead on the outside.

The old man was preaching to the converted. Nathan agreed on the spot to offer his assistance. He drove home feeling glorious. The dry season had come to the valley, sunshine bleaching the daytime sky into an Andrew Wyeth painting, with heart-stopping sunsets that streaked the sky pink and purple. They were magical days that could make a broken man feel positively invincible.

Two Saturdays later, Nathan pulled into Sheridan earlier than usual and parked in his customary spot near a helipad just outside the main gate. He was happy to see that Star's decrepit hatchback wasn't in the lot. He moved among the crowd through metal detectors and other indignities before a corrections officer stamped his hand with invisible ink.

He followed uniformed staffers through the bowels of the institution, a journey punctuated by the crackling of radio traffic and the slamming of metal doors. Eventually he took his seat in the visiting room.

When Jim appeared, Nathan quickly filled him in on what he had learned: There was a Russian diplomatic station in Seattle, less than a five-hour drive north of his apartment, and a consulate in San Francisco, nearly nine hours to the south. Over their next few visits, Jim outlined his plan. He wanted Nathan to drive to San Francisco and walk into the Russian Consulate and ask for the director of security. Jim told his son he would prepare some notes that would introduce the two of them.

When Jim volunteered as a mole for the SVR in 1994, he was fully informed of possible consequences. Now he planned to send Nathan into the breach with the weakest possible grasp of the perils ahead. Perhaps Jim thought his son's naïveté would protect everyone's interests, including his own. What he surely knew—and failed to tell Nathan—was that the SVR had a huge presence in the big brick building in San Francisco, a den of spies likely to recognize the Nicholson name. He knew that once Nathan volunteered to serve as his agent, they would likely be happy to help his family. The Russians were sure to have questions for their long-lost asset, questions that Nathan could courier back to him in prison.

Nathan radiated in the glow of his dad's confidence in him. He asked few questions, intoxicated at the very idea of dipping an exploratory toe into his father's clandestine world. The old man's career had been peppered with such élan, and Nathan was excited to play a supporting role. He was thrilled to help Jim make contact with the Russians, delighted to help his family, and unaware of any consequences.

"It's risky," Jim said. But he assured his boy there was nothing illegal about an American walking into a Russian diplomatic station. Indeed there wasn't. But Jim didn't tell Nathan that it's a well-established fact in U.S. intelligence circles that FBI agents watched the consulate, and that the bureau gathered intelligence on suspicious visitors. If the bureau's counterintelligence agents spotted Nathan at the consulate, and identified him as Jim's son, it would have triggered a brisk and thorough inquiry.

Nathan was eager to take a road trip to San Francisco. He had passed through the town just once, on a trip to Disneyland with his dad. The notion that the Russians might give him money for his dad's previously rendered services was merely a bonus. "I didn't think I was starting up any trouble," Nathan would recall years later. It seemed only right to him that the Russian Federation, now a democratic nation with improving diplomatic ties to the U.S., would quietly lend a hand. He figured the Russians owed the Nicholsons, because it was his dad's service to the SVR that had torn his family apart.

One Saturday several weeks later, Jim told Nathan to wear a shirt with a breast pocket the next time he visited. His boy did as instructed. When Jim walked into the visiting room, they hugged and sat for a few moments, talking casually as surveillance cameras snooped the seating area. With spy-like sleight of hand, Jim plucked a note out of his khakis.

"Don't look down," he said.

Jim put his arm around Nathan's shoulders and pulled him close, palming a folded square of composition paper sealed with plastic tape. Then, making sure no guards were looking, Jim slid the note into his son's breast pocket.

"Don't open it," he said. He explained that if anyone ever questioned him about the note, he could say with all honesty that he hadn't read it.

Visitors weren't supposed to accept anything from prisoners. The institution's regulations forbade couples from exchanging so much as an overly long kiss. But Jim, who had learned the art of the brush-pass at the agency, had perfected it early in his incarceration. In the past, he had occasionally slipped folded Christmas wish lists into Nathan's pockets. Prison staffers never caught them.

Jim told Nathan he was mailing him a letter that included a photo of the two of them and that he was to carry that note to the Russian Consulate. The postmarked letter and father-son photo taken inside the prison would serve as evidence they were related.

As summer gave way to fall, Jim waited for one of their Saturday visits to slip an unsealed note under the food wrappers and napkins piled up on the snack tray between them. Nathan casually palmed it into his pocket. Jim told him to hand the note to the receptionist in Russia's San Francisco consulate, and to be sure to wear his black business suit. He asked Nathan to carry the sealed note, along with the mailed letter and photo, to the head of security. The Russians would take it from there. Jim cautioned his boy to keep his eyes open to make sure no one tailed him into or out of the consulate.

In the intelligence world, spies like Jim worked foreign assets by befriending them, gaining their complete confidence, and learning their vulnerabilities. Then came the pitch—*Will you help me?*—and promises of a better life. Jim had worked many assets this way during foreign postings with the CIA, using these agents to help him collect all manner of intelligence on the Soviet Union and other nations.

Nathan came easy. Jim set a virtual banquet in front of his son's eyes, telling him of the financial relief he could potentially bring to his family. Nathan would do nearly anything to help. Jim told him that this was their secret to keep, and that he chose Nathan for the assignment over his sister and brother. Star was strung too tightly for such work, and Jeremi—now stationed in Florida with the Air Force—was far too practical to even consider such a plan. Jim explained to Nathan it was his choice whether to eventually loop in his brother and sister. For now, they would operate as a two-man team.

Jim spent a few minutes during each visit teaching Nathan basic surveillance detection, a spy skill that would help him see if he was being tailed. Jim coached him on how to assess potential threats to his security—taking mental notes of the people and autos he saw during his travels, focusing vigilantly on those he saw with any frequency. He cautioned Nathan to be wary if his computer suddenly slowed—a sign it might be under surveillance—and warned him to pay cash rather than using his credit card to sidestep paper trails. He also provided Nathan with a cover story for his visit to the Russian Consulate: He'd pose as a student studying Russia's architecture.

Words like "cover story" and "tails" should have scared the bejesus out of Nathan. They didn't. The old man was dangling a new life in front of him, one full of daring, intrigue, and money. Nathan was certain his dad would never put him in any real danger, and it never occurred to him to ask impertinent questions about the potential consequences of his contact with the Russians. Whatever the risks, he was willing to shoulder them. He had pushed all in. And so it was that in the middle of October 2006, a dozen years after Jim began spying for the Russians, he sent them his youngest son.

11

The Russian Consulate, San Francisco

"My father was pleased I actually had the guts to do it."
—Michael Walker, recruited by his dad,
John A. Walker Jr., to spy for the Soviet Union

Northern California, Fall 2006

The Russian Consulate in San Francisco rises in the middle of one of the city's thigh-burning hillsides, a monolith of multicolored bricks in desert shades from cream to adobe, a blend that renders the building tabby-cat orange. The diplomatic establishment rises between the Presidio and Pacific Heights in a neighborhood covered by multimillion-dollar swankiendas, with their postcard views of the great dome of the Palace of Fine Arts and the rust-colored arch of the Golden Gate Bridge.

Nathan parked his little blue Cavalier several blocks downhill of the consulate on a weekday morning in early October 2006. He climbed out looking road-weary but businesslike, having stopped at a rest area just before sunup to shave, slap some cold water on his face, and climb into his black suit. He hiked along Green Street, his back a little stiff from the eight-hour drive. Affixed to the front of the building was a brass plate emblazoned with Russia's ubiquitous double-headed eagle. It read:

CONSULATE GENERAL OF THE RUSSIAN FEDERATION

A tricolor Russian flag rustled from a pole atop the building. Nathan walked through a wrought-iron gate and made his way down a sidewalk to the public entry, which looked more like a servants' entrance. His dress shoes treaded over steps covered with slip-proof sandpaper strips, and he found himself standing on a landing that overlooked the rooftops of mansions and a little patch of San Francisco Bay. Nathan pushed through a heavy wooden door into a room that looked like a marble tomb. It was appointed with the kind of institutional furniture you find in doctors' offices.

Nathan hooked to his right toward a pair of windows, where he heard a woman's voice behind thick glass asking if she could be of any assistance.

"I'm here to see the chief of security," he said.

As he spoke, he slid a folded note under the glass. The receptionist picked it up and read it. This one, signed by his father, greeted his Russian friends and introduced Nathan as his son. She asked Nathan to take a seat and quickly disappeared.

Nathan crossed the marble floor and sagged into one of the cushioned chairs that made up an L-shaped couch. On the wall was a generic black-and-white clock. He waited for what seemed like a very long time, perhaps forty-five minutes or an hour, before a middle-aged man with a dark mustache and flecks of gray in his short-cropped hair opened a door.

"I'm to understand that you want to speak with me," he said.

The Russian led Nathan down a hallway. They walked up a set of stairs to an office, then into an adjoining room with thick, padded walls—clearly soundproof—and took seats. The older man seemed to be sizing up this twenty-something visitor who had popped into the consulate in a discount suit and hair shaved to the quick.

Nathan reached into his jacket, producing his dad's taped note, along with the envelope Jim had mailed to him. It held the old man's letter and their father-son photo, which had been snapped by an inmate photographer in the prison visiting room. In the image, Jim and Nathan are standing together in front of a rendering of Oregon's iconic Mount Hood, the conical glacier that rises taller than any other peak in the state. Jim is wearing prison khakis, his arm around Nathan, who is dressed in the same suit he now wore in the consulate.

The Russian looked it over closely and rattled off questions.

"Where were you born?"

"Makati," he said. "The Philippines."

"Tell me about your brothers."

A trick question. Nathan explained he had one brother, and a sister. He gave their names.

The Russian wanted to know how he could trust he wasn't an FBI agent wearing a wire.

"Look," Nathan said, "you can search me right now."

The Russian asked him to hand over his watch, phone, and wallet, and Nathan obliged. His middle-aged interrogator slipped out of the office for a moment. When he returned a moment later without his belongings, it was clear to Nathan that he had handed them off to someone else to copy his information and probably search for bugs.

Jim had saved $300 from his UNICOR earnings and released the funds from his prison trust account to pay for the suit. Nathan had needed business attire after accepting a part-time job that August as an insurance salesman for Bankers Life and Casualty Company in Eugene. Jim knew his boy needed to dress up to look the part of an insurance man. But Nathan had proved himself comically inept as a salesman. In the space of two months, he had managed to earn about $500 in commissions, after having paid $300 for his license. Nathan had no stomach for the insurance business, and he felt sorry for the senior citizens he pitched to buy policies. In fact, he spent less time closing sales than he did sympathizing with his aging customers and talking them out of buying policies they didn't need. Within a few months, he would abandon the job.

The Russian glared skeptically at the photo, then at Nathan, and launched into an interrogation. He wanted details of his dad's 1996 arrest for espionage, and Nathan gave him the basic story as he knew it. The Russian seemed unimpressed with his answers. He handed Nathan a set of papers that appeared to be a Russian visa application, and walked him back to the public waiting room to fill it out.

Nathan jotted answers with a ballpoint pen, giving up his Social Security number, date of birth, his mother's maiden name, and the schools he attended. When he finished, he sat and waited. With each click of the plain-Jane wall clock, it seemed ever more obvious that he had entered the consulate under the misapprehension that the Russians were his dad's friends. The meeting was clearly a bust, and he was ready to drive home to Springfield. But somewhere in the guts of the building, the Russian still had his phone, wallet, and watch.

After about an hour, the Russian fetched him from the waiting room and they returned to the padded office.

"I want you to know," the Russian said, "we don't trust you. We have no idea who you are."

Nathan stared back, insulted.

"We want you to come back in two weeks," the Russian said. He handed paper and pen to Nathan and asked him to draw a diagram of Sheridan's visiting room. As Nathan sketched the room he knew by heart, the Russian asked what his plans were if someone caught him visiting the Russian Consulate.

Nathan said his cover story was that he was an architectural student who had come to the consulate to fill out a visa form so that one day he could visit Russia to study its architecture.

In an uncharacteristic burst of salesmanship, Nathan pitched the Russian.

"Look," he said. "I don't have much money for gas. Is there anything you can help me out with?"

The Russian shot Nathan a sympathetic look.

"I have nothing," he said bluntly. "I'm going to give you nothing."

The Russian hadn't shared his name. Only much later would Nathan learn he was Mikhail I. Gorbunov, who was nearing the end of a two-year hitch in San Francisco. It may never be known officially whether Gorbunov was an SVR officer serving under diplomatic cover. But whatever his position, the Russian was smart to be skeptical. U.S. and Russian intelligence agencies had a long history of posing undercover as voluntary spies for each other's services. Gorbunov was smart to be on guard for a false-flag provocation, responding carefully in a way that wouldn't embarrass the federation or get him sent home.

Nathan walked out of the consulate into a gusty afternoon. He climbed into his car and pushed north over the Golden Gate Bridge. He pulled over that evening into a roadside rest stop just south of the Oregon border. He turned off the engine, settled back in his bucket seat, and slept like a stone. When Nathan woke, he still felt like a failure. He dreaded the idea of telling his dad that he came up empty-handed, and on the long slog northward, he tried to figure out what he did wrong. Second-guessing himself was his custom; nobody could pummel Nathan harder than himself. He replayed his conversation with the Russian over and over in his head. He had walked in hat in hand, carrying proof of identity, photographic evidence that he really did know Jim Nicholson; he had even gone so far as to diagram the visiting room. But the Russian had turned him away as if he were a fraud.

He felt as if he had presented a tapped-out credit card to a department store only to watch a counter clerk cut it in half. Except this was his father's credit card. Nathan was embarrassed for his dad, and thought perhaps they were grasping at straws. He was certain that telling him about his shabby treatment by the Russian would only make his dad feel worse.

Eight days later, he drove up to Sheridan to break the news. Jim was clearly disappointed, but he took it better than Nathan expected. He said Nathan should probably accept the Russian's invitation to return to San Francisco the following Friday, October 27. But he told his son there was no shame in bagging the whole plan. This served only to push Nathan, ever the pleaser, back to the City by the Bay.

Jim phoned Nathan the following day, a Sunday, reaching him at home.

"You have a prepaid call," said the recorded message. It was the voice of a woman without an ounce of personality. "You will not be charged for this call. This call is from"—now came Jim's recorded voice, "*This is Dad, Pa, Daddy*"—"an inmate at a federal prison."

Nathan knew to push 5 to accept the call, which would cut off automatically after fifteen minutes.

"Hey, Pa."

"Hey, Nate, how you doin' today?"

Jim sounded like a Montana rancher, his diction crisp and country. He and Nathan spoke alike, sharing the habit of repeating phrases—"Doin' good, doin' good"—and they even laughed alike. But Jim sounded older, with a little rasp in his voice.

"Hey, I got a verse for you," he said. "God's kind of opened it to me a couple of times in the last couple of days, and so I claimed it for you and me. It's Isaiah 45:3."

"Isaiah 45:3?"

"Yep."

Nathan scrambled for his Bible and leafed to the 45th chapter of Isaiah, verse 3.

"I think you'll see the relevance there," Jim said. "It's really gonna be a good one."

Nathan found the verse and began to read aloud.

"And I will give you treasures hidden in the darkness—secret riches," Nathan read. "I will do this so that ye may know that I am the Lord, the God of Israel, the one who calls you by name."

These were the words of God to Cyrus the Great, as recalled by the Prophet Isaiah. They were words of hope to the oppressed, part of a prophecy that Cyrus, the pagan ruler of Persia, would one day free the Jews from their bondage and return them to Israel.

The verse served as Nathan's code from the prophet Jim that they would succeed with the Russians. They were wary of the CIA's eavesdropping. Agency analysts pored over every call to make sure, among other things, that Jim wasn't giving up classified information.

"Wow," Nathan said. "I like that."

"Yeah?" Jim said. "I claimed it for you and me."

They laughed.

"That's good news," Nathan said. "That's good news."

Four days later, Jim phoned again to ask how Nathan was doing.

"Could be better," he said dejectedly.

Nathan had traded in his Cavalier a few weeks back. The Chevy had a broken window and a big dent in the driver's-side door, and its brakes and tires were tuckered out. He offered the Cavalier in trade, plus $1,000 payable in monthly installments, and drove out of the dealership behind the wheel of a white 2005 Pontiac Grand Am with just 28,000 miles on the odometer. Now, Nathan told his dad, the dealership said they screwed up the paperwork and that he had to pay $1,000 immediately or return the Pontiac.

"Oh, man," Jim said. "Are you kiddin' me?"

"No."

"What?! How could they screw up like that?"

Nathan said he complained to the dealership, telling them they had signed a binding contract. But the dealership was adamant that he pay the thousand or return the Pontiac.

"So what, what's going on now?" Jim asked.

"Well, I got my old car back."

"You got your old car back?"

"Yeah."

"Oh no. With the bad tires?"

"Yeah," Nathan said. "The Lord gives, the Lord takes away, you know? But I'm sure it will work out for the better."

"Yeah?"

Nathan told Jim he hoped there would be a windfall in his future to take away the sting.

"Yeah," Jim said. "I understand exactly what you're saying. I'm just concerned about you. Are you gonna be able to get around in this car OK?"

"Oh yeah. It'll be fine. It'll last for what I need it for."

"Well, you just be careful in it anyway," Jim said. "OK, hon?"

"OK."

"We're praying for big things for you, OK?"

The following morning, Nathan steered the Cavalier onto I-5 and pointed it south. He had invited his cousin, Danielle Rogers, and her boyfriend, Jesse Mickelson, so they could have some fun and take turns at the wheel on the long drive. Nathan told them he was meeting an Army buddy in San Francisco, and he promised to spring for a hotel room.

They crossed the Golden Gate Bridge early on the last Friday in October, a clear, calm morning. They ate breakfast and climbed back into the Chevy. Nathan stopped the car a few blocks from the Russian Consulate and hopped out. He had lied to them, saying he needed to catch his Army friend before his flight back to duty. Jesse climbed behind the wheel, and Nathan told Danielle he would phone when he was ready to be picked up.

"I'll be just a few hours," he said.

A few moments later, Nathan pushed through the big wooden door of the consulate and told the receptionist he needed to speak with the chief of security. The Russian with the mustache appeared in a flash. Now he was a changed man, smiling and guiding his young charge into the bowels of the building. Back in the padded office, he bear-hugged Nathan and apologized for his previous skepticism. It was clear to Nathan that the Russians had vetted his story and now realized they had Jim Nicholson's flesh and blood in their midst. The Russian asked Nathan how his family was doing.

"Doing just fine," he said.

Nathan explained that he was in college, Jeremi had joined the Air Force, and Star was looking to put her degree in zoology to use. As for his dad, he said, he was still in prison and anxious to get out.

"Call me Mike," the Russian said.

Gorbunov was careful not to give himself away completely. In fact, he took active measures to avoid identification. He slid a photograph under Nathan's nose, the face of a man he'd never seen before. Gorbunov told Nathan that if the FBI should ever question him about their conversations, he should describe *this* man, not him. He gave Nathan a moment to memorize the face.

Gorbunov handed Nathan a small paper bag.

"This is five thousand dollars," he said, apologizing that it wasn't more. He asked his visitor to count it.

Nathan said he didn't need to count it. But the Russian was adamant.

"Please, please count."

Nathan counted fifty bills, each imprinted with the face of Benjamin Franklin. He had never held $5,000 in cash. The heft of so many Benjamins felt like a fortune.

Gorbunov told Nathan it was no longer safe to meet in the United States. He asked the young American to write down an address. Nathan plucked a business card from his wallet that read, "Nathan Nicholson, Insurance Agent," with the Bankers Life and Casualty Company logo and the words, "We specialize in seniors." Nathan flipped it over to the blank side and scribbled as the Russian dictated.

JOSE VASCONCELOS 204
COLONIA HIPODROMO CONDESA
DELEGACION CUAUHTEMOC, 06140
MEXICO, D.F.

Nathan had no clue that this, the address of Russia's embassy in Mexico City, was one of the most famous places in the history of espionage. For at least two decades, the embassy served as a haven for spies, with an estimated 150 of them working undercover as diplomats, journalists, clerks, chauffeurs and other positions at the height of the Cold War. Some of America's most famous spies sold U.S. secrets there,

COURTESY OF NICK AND BETTY NICHOLSON

Harold James "Jim" Nicholson, age twelve.

COURTESY OF NICK AND BETTY NICHOLSON

Laura Sue Cooper married Jim Nicholson in June 1973. They passed beneath an arch of swords held by Jim's ROTC comrades from Oregon State University.

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

Jim's official CIA photo.

COURTESY OF AL'AURA JUSME

Jim tried on Bedouin attire during a family trip to Egypt a few years before his divorce from Laurie.

COURTESY OF AL'AURA JUSME

Jim gave Nathan trigger time with several firearms in his boyhood, including this AKM assault rifle.

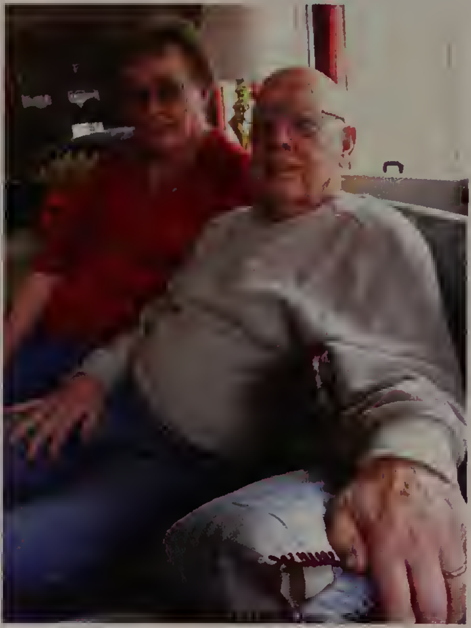

BRYAN DENSON, © OREGONIAN PUBLISHING CO

Betty and Nick Nicholson still live in Eugene, Oregon, in a small home filled with their arts and crafts.

COURTESY OF NICK AND BETTY NICHOLSON

Jim in Malaysia, 1992, with his children (*from left*) Jeremi, Nathan, and Star. The kids wore the tie-dyed T-shirts that their mom, separated from their father, bought them in the Pacific Northwest.

BRYAN DENSON

Neighbors who live near Jim's former town house in Burke, Virginia, know it as "The Spy's House." In 1996, the FBI took the home apart looking for evidence of Jim's espionage.

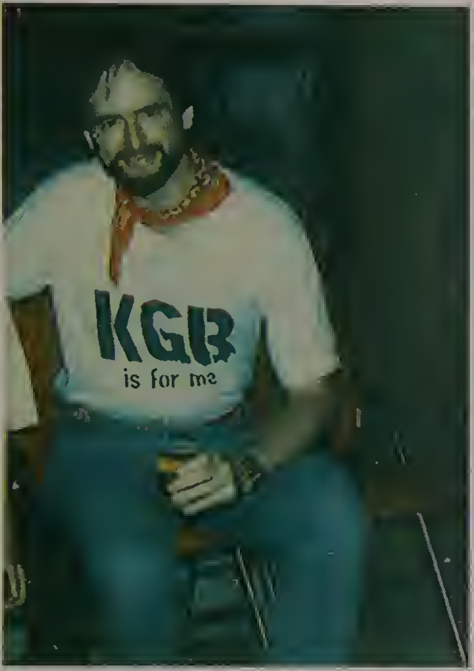

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

Jim sports his infamous "KGB is for me" T-shirt at a CIA function. The U.S. government circulated the image widely after Jim's arrest.

COURTESY OF JOHN MAGUIRE

John Maguire (photographed in Iraq in the mid-1990s) is the only CIA officer to have spied on another inside the agency's Langley, Virginia, headquarters to help make a criminal conviction for espionage.

BRYAN DENSON

Jim pulled up to this post office in Dunn Loring, Virginia, on the night of October 9, 1996, to mail a note signaling an earlier-than-expected meeting with his SVR handler in Switzerland.

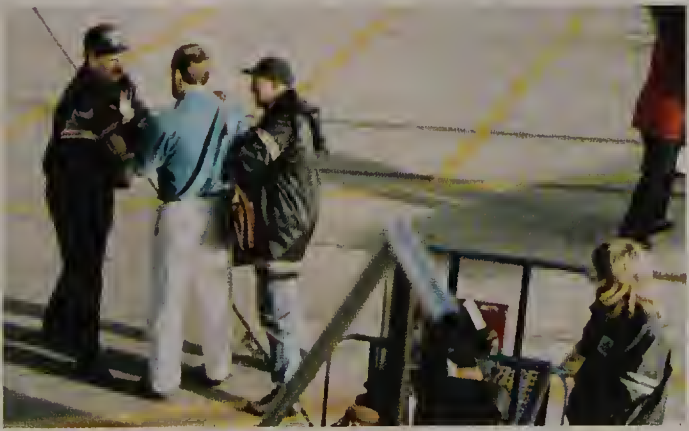

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

FBI agents Steve Hooper, left, and Dave Raymond arrest Jim on the tarmac at Dulles International Airport on November 16, 1996.

COURTESY OF JOHN MAGUIRE

After Jim's conviction, John Maguire's colleagues gave him a cup with a handcuff handle that reads: "From Your Unindicted Colleagues In CTC/MSB 1996–1997. Thanks For Not Arresting Us."

BRYAN DENSON

Jim's second round of espionage began in the federal prison complex in Sheridan, Oregon.

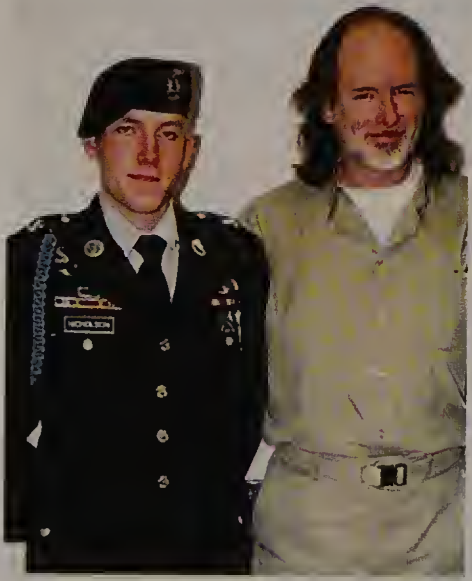

COURTESY OF NATHAN NICHOLSON

Nathan and Jim posed for a photo inside the prison visiting room in 2003.

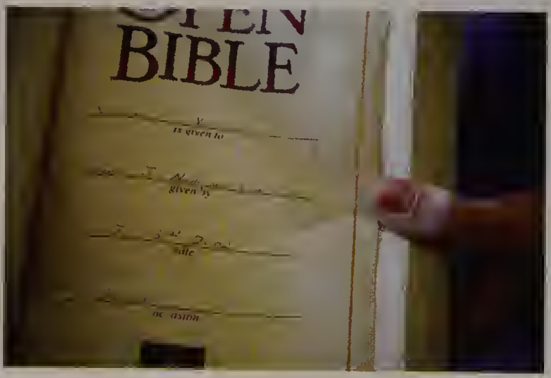

MICHAEL LLOYD, © OREGONIAN PUBLISHING CO.

Nathan used the Bible that Jim bought him for his eighteenth birthday to hide some of the money that the SVR had paid him for Jim's messages.

COURTESY OF NATHAN NICHOLSON

Nathan visited his dad at the prison for this photo in 2005, the year before Jim recruited him to serve as his agent in meetings with the SVR.

On Veterans Day 2005, honorably discharged from the Army, Nathan put on his dress uniform and shot a crisp salute in honor of the soldiers who carried on without him.

COURTESY OF NATHAN NICHOLSON

BRYAN DENSON

The Russian Consulate in San Francisco rises from a hillside east of the Presidio.

Vasiliy V. Fedotov, a former KGB general, came out of retirement to meet with Nathan in Mexico, Peru, and Cyprus.

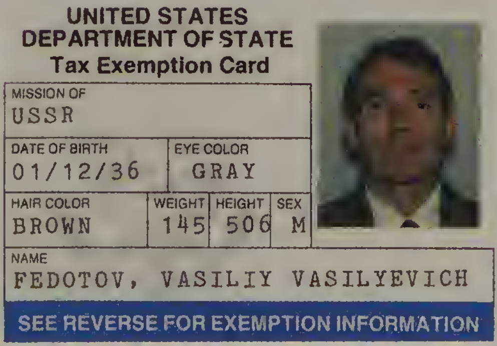
UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF STATE
Tax Exemption Card

MISSION OF: USSR
DATE OF BIRTH: 01/12/36
EYE COLOR: GRAY
HAIR COLOR: BROWN
WEIGHT: 145
HEIGHT: 506
SEX: M
NAME: FEDOTOV, VASILIY VASILYEVICH

SEE REVERSE FOR EXEMPTION INFORMATION

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

COMPOSITION

DOUG BEGHTEL, © OREGONIAN PUBLISHING CO.

Nathan bought a dime-store composition notebook to take notes during some of his meetings with the spy he knew as "George."

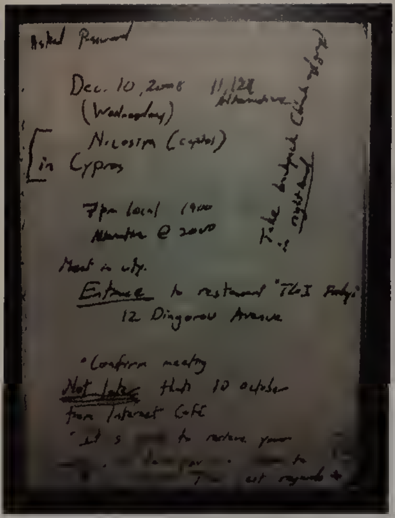

Asked Password

Dec. 10, 2008 11,12 Alternative
(Wednesday)
Nicosia (capital)
in Cyprus

Take backpack (cloth or bag)

7pm local 1900
Alternative @ 2000

Meet in city.
Entrance to restaurant "TGI Fridays"
12 Dingorou Avenue

• Confirm meeting
Not later than 10 october
from Internet Cafe
"It's [illegible] to receive your [illegible]
[illegible] regards"

DOUG BEGHTEL, © OREGONIAN PUBLISHING CO.

Inside the pages of Nathan's blue notebook, Nathan scribbled the time and address of his 2008 meeting in Nicosia, Cyprus.

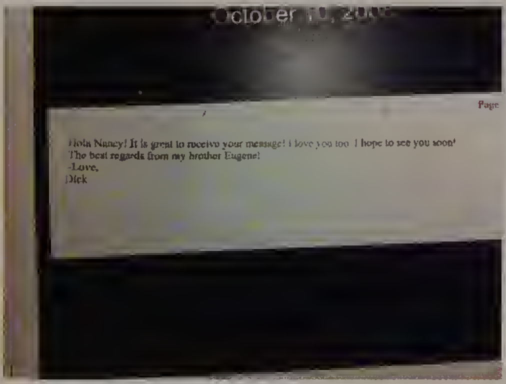

October 10, 2008

Page

Hola Nancy! It is great to receive your message! I love you too. I hope to see you soon!
The best regards from my brother Eugene!
-Love,
Dick

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

The FBI printed copies of Nathan's coded notes to the Russians, which they found in a search of his Yahoo email account.

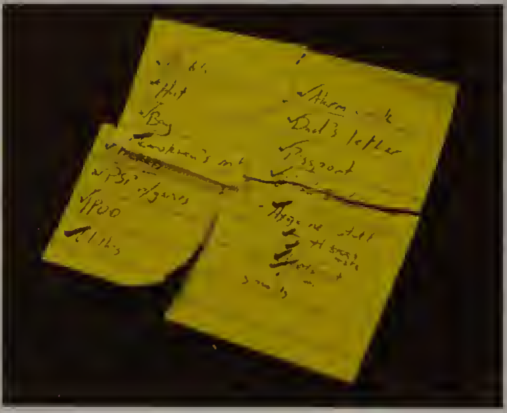

DOUG BEGHTEL, © OREGONIAN PUBLISHING CO.

FBI agents found Nathan's packing list for his trip to Cyprus during a secret search of his apartment in Eugene, Oregon.

BRYAN DENSON

Nathan met his Russian handler outside the TGI Fridays in Nicosia, Cyprus, at Christmastime 2008.

BRYAN DENSON © OREGONIAN PUBLISHING CO.

Nathan upgraded to a nice third-floor walkup in the Heron Meadows Apartments after the Russians began to pay him tens of thousands of dollars. It was there, for the second time in his life, he would find FBI agents at his door.

BENJAMIN BRINK. © OREGONIAN PUBLISHING CO.

Scott Jensen, one of the key FBI agents in the father-son spy investigation, kept eyes on Nathan and attempted to eavesdrop on his prison visits with Jim.

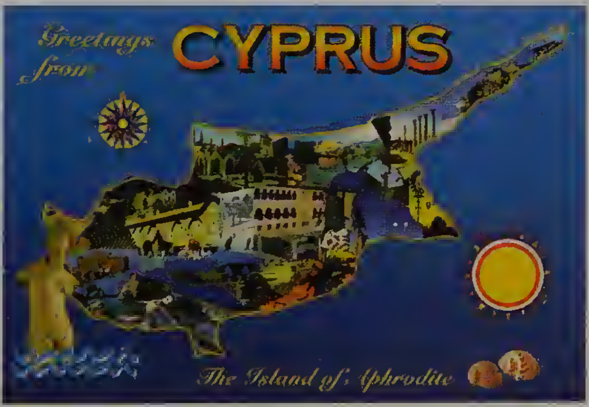

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

FBI agents played a hole card—this postcard from Cyprus—during a key moment in the FBI's investigation of Jim and Nathan.

BENJAMIN BRINK. © OREGONIAN PUBLISHING CO.

Jared Garth, chief division counsel in the FBI's Portland Field Office, served as lead case agent in the bureau's investigation of Jim and Nathan Nicholson.

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Assistant U.S. Attorney Ethan D. Knight worked with lead prosecutor Pamala Holsinger to bring the father-son spy team to justice.

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Assistant U.S. Attorney Pamala Holsinger, who headed prosecution of the Nicholsons, came to see Jim as ruthless and manipulative.

MITZI MILLER, COURTESY OF THE OREGON FEDERAL PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE

Nathan's defense team spent untold hours trying to help him understand how destructive his relationship with Jim had become. They were (*standing from left*) investigator Karen Bates, lawyer Thomas E. Price, and investigator Janan Stoll; and (*seated*) investigator Wendy Kunkel and lawyer Jerry Needham.

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During hundreds of hours of interviews, Nathan acknowledged his betrayals of his country, and his family. Eventually he came to see that he, too, had been betrayed.

including two men who had served time at Sheridan with Jim. Christopher Boyce, of *Falcon and the Snowman* fame, had passed messages to the KGB through the embassy, sending Andrew Daulton Lee, his boyhood best friend, as his courier. James Harper Jr. sold U.S. missile documents to Polish spies inside the embassy, and in other spots in Mexico, in the early 1980s.

Gorbunov asked Nathan to make sure he reached Mexico City early enough to walk into the embassy on the 13th of December for his next meeting. The Russian told him that before he flew south, his new contact needed answers to some questions. Gorbunov coached Nathan to code all of his questions and answers in a way that only his contact would understand them. His young American friend jotted notes on the blank sides of his business cards as Gorbunov posed questions about Jim's travels for the CIA and the circumstances of his arrest. Nathan's new contact would need answers when they met in Mexico City.

Nathan walked out of the consulate on air, astonished by his good fortune. His dad's plan had actually come together, and he felt ashamed for having doubted him. Nathan celebrated by taking Danielle and Jesse to dinner. They beached up in one of those trendy blond-wood restaurants in Little Italy, where the entrees are "spendy," as they say in Oregon, and the management crams tiny tables so close together that everybody in the joint could practically eat off the same plate. Nathan couldn't tell his cousin or her boyfriend why he was so happy.

On the road home the next day, Nathan's cell rang. It was Jim.

"Hey, Nate, I thought I'd call you and see what kind of hours you're keepin' these days."

Nathan, caught off guard, couldn't tell his dad he had invited Danielle and Jesse to San Francisco on a whim. That was not part of the operational plan.

"I'm on the road headin' back now," Nathan said.

"Oh, are you? Did everything go OK?"

"Yeah, everything went real well."

"Oh, excellent," Jim said. "Excellent."

Nathan chose his next words carefully, making the news of his score sound as if it came from a break in what so far had been a specious run in the insurance game.

"Got a sale," he told Jim. "For about, uh, five, uh, five K."

"OK, uh-huh," Jim said. "Excellent."

The old man's tone was flat. His voice betrayed no excitement.

Nathan said, "Even thinking about making a trip over to Mexico, come December."

"Is that right?"

"Yeah."

"Oh, so business is picking up, huh?"

"Yeah, sure is."

Jim said he was glad to hear that, and deftly switched subjects. He wanted to know how he and the Cavalier were holding up.

"Did you get any sleep at all?"

"Yeah," Nathan said, "I actually just pulled over not too long ago to take a quick half-hour nap."

Nathan neglected to mention that Jesse was now behind the wheel.

Jim asked Nathan if he would buy an MP3 player, load it with some tunes from Enya and other music, and ship it to Kanokwan for Christmas. Nathan said he'd do it, and they talked about eventually moving some money into Jim's prison trust account and perhaps giving some of Nathan's "insurance commission" to Nick and Betty for safekeeping.

"Well, I'm just so, so pleased that everything's going well for you," Jim said.

"Oh yeah," Nathan said, casually slipping in a reference to the source of the money back at the Russian Consulate: "They were just real, real nice."

"Wonderful," Jim said. "Wonderful."

They ended their call, and Nathan continued northward into Oregon.

Jim called back a few hours later, as Nathan's little Cavalier climbed steep, winding passes. He told Nathan he was concerned he might have gotten caught in one of Oregon's infamous inland fogs, which had left the valley socked in. But Nathan told him it was clear sailing. Then Jim got down to the real point of his call.

"How much money were you planning to give to Grandpa?"

Nathan said he expected to drop off $550.

Jim worried that might make his son a little tight, a wink to the cost of airfare and expenses on his forthcoming trip to Mexico City. But Nathan assured him he'd be fine, and told Jim to call after church the following day.

Nathan's trips to Sheridan took on new urgency. With a little more than a month before his rendezvous in Mexico City, he found himself dashing to the prison early on his Saturday morning visits. On one trip, he rolled up his sleeve to reveal questions penned on his left forearm. He read the questions to his dad, who memorized them in his seat.

Jim whispered to his son to go to the bathroom and scrub the notes off his arm.

Inside the restroom, washing ink from his arm, Nathan considered the questions the Russians were asking his dad. They looked innocuous to him, a little bit of Monday-morning quarterbacking to learn how his father had screwed up all those years ago. He didn't understand why Russia would be so concerned about the old man's answers. It seemed to him that the answers were available in court records and news articles. But he was wrong.

The Russians were on a mole hunt to determine which of its spies or former spies had helped point the way toward Jim back in the 1990s. During a seven-year stretch, Moscow had lost several of its U.S. assets—including Jim, Ames, Pitts, and the hugely destructive Robert Hanssen, the FBI agent who was rolled up by his colleagues in 2001. This indicated that one or more of Russia's own intelligence officers had betrayed the motherland on behalf of the U.S. intelligence apparatus. Finding the Russian turncoat who triggered Jim's capture might tell them whether they still had a problem.

Jim would have known instinctively what the SVR sought, and why. But he kept Nathan in the dark.

"I think I know what they want," Jim had told him.

Nathan never thought to ask what he meant.

Jim's original plan was to craft his responses to the Russians on notebook paper. He could buy a legal pad for $1.20 or a composition book for $2.10 at the prison commissary. A two-pack of Bic Cristal pens was eighty-five cents. Jim's idea was to fold his notes into crisp squares and hide them in his prison khakis. Then, when it appeared no one was looking, he would once again slip them under the trash that piled up on the snack tray, and his son would quietly palm them into his pocket, hoping the corrections officers wouldn't take notice.

Nathan, getting into the spirit of the father-son spy collaboration, devised a better plan. A thick red line on the floor of the visiting room marked an out-of-bounds zone for prisoners. On the other side of the line sat two rows of vending machines. Nathan's routine was to cross the line with a handful of crisp bills to buy chips, candy, soft drinks, and other food. He nearly always returned with the old man's favorites—a jalapeño cheeseburger, a Coca-Cola, and a package of Twix, Kit Kat, or Snickers—and some snacks for himself. Nathan always carried a stack of tan napkins from a nearby dispenser, setting the food on a tray between them as they visited.

Nathan's new idea was to get Jim to keep a cache of the napkins in his cell. There he would write notes to the Russians on the napkins, then carry them into the visiting room folded in a pocket of his khakis. While they were chatting, Jim would slip a napkin out and drop it on the tray table between them, where it would be camouflaged by other trash. Nathan would pick up the napkin and pretend to blow his nose with it, then pocket the used paper. Or he would carry the wadded napkins to the garbage can and slide his dad's note into his pocket. Then he would retreat to a bathroom stall, pull off a sneaker and sock, and hide the note under his arch. That way, if prison staffers forced him to remove his shoes on the way out, there would be no telltale bulge in his sock.

Jim was impressed with Nathan's smuggling plan, which came with a bonus. If he thought corrections officers were going to flip his cell for contraband, or had somehow figured out that he was communicating with the Russians, he could flush his notes down the toilet. In a pinch, he could even swallow them, literally eating his own words.

He passed Nathan the first round of responses to the Russians on November 4, sliding a folded napkin under the trash. During another visit, December 9, while Jim and Star caught up, Nathan trundled off to the vending machines and brought back sandwiches for himself and his sister, a hot pastrami for Jim wrapped in white paper, and drinks for everyone. After they finished eating, Jim put his arm around Star and quietly palmed a note under the trash.

Nathan began to hide his dad's messages beneath the green felt lining of a wooden box on his nightstand.

Jim phoned Nathan that night and caught his boy heading over to his cousin Dustin's to hang out. Jim made small talk about Nathan's long days without rest. But he'd called with an agenda.

"I just want to let you know," Jim said. "That letter that I sent you? If you want to share that with your friends, that's OK. You know what I'm saying? You know what I mean?"

"Oh yeah," Nathan said. "OK."

"All right, all right. That's great. Well, listen, you just have a great evening tonight, OK?"

"OK, Pa."

The following Monday, Nathan pulled into the parking lot of Springfield's Continental Bank Building, which sat in one of those distinctly American vortexes of concrete, macadam, and glass where you can test the power of the dollar at Target, Sears, Ross Dress for Less, a couple of multiscreen movie houses, banks, insurers, dentists, doctors, and, should you find yourself in need, an STD test. Nathan strode across the institutional carpet of Premier Travel & Cruise, where he plunked down $803.84 in cash for a round-trip ticket to Mexico City. He drove home and packed a PlayStation Portable game console, an iPod, and his Bible into a black-and-gray Alpine backpack.

Before Nathan flew out the next morning, Jim phoned. He was calling to make sure his boy had gotten some sleep before the big trip and that he had wired some money to Kanokwan.

"Hey," Jim said, "did you get that note off to Kanokwan for me?"

"Sure did. And she said that she received it, and that she feels really bad and that you shouldn't send any more."

"Oh really?" Jim laughed.

"Yeah. But she said she appreciates it very much."

Jim wound the conversation down by telling Nathan he loved him.

"Love you, too, Pa, and everything's all set."

"I'm sorry?"

"Everything's all set."

"Good. Did you read that psalm that I mentioned?"

Nathan had read the passage, five lines from the Psalm of David. They offered comfort for the journey in front of him: "Blessed *is* he who considers the poor; The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive, *And* he will be blessed on earth; You will not deliver him to the will of his enemies."

Jim told his son to have a good week and that he was praying for him every day. He pointed out that his next big adventure at the prison would be performing as a singing elf at a children's Christmas party. He and his boy busted a gut.

"Well," Nathan said, trying to imagine the old man dressed as an elf, "have fun with that."

Sometimes during these conversations, he felt a lot like the old Nathan, the little-boy version nestled in a Virginia bed, his dad seated on his bedroom floor, a Patrick F. McManus book open, fighting through tears of laughter to get out the next line.

12

A Spy Named "George"

"But one thing was for certain: Something would happen next. Something always did. Especially when you live the life of a spy."
—Maya Bode, *Tess Embers*

Mexico City, December 2006

The Russians picked the perfect time to bring the young man from Oregon to the city of seventeen million people. Inviting the son of a notorious American spy to an embassy closely watched by U.S. agents was risky; bringing him in for the holidays, with the city's hotels packed, its broad boulevards teeming with taxis, was genius.

Millions of people were pouring into Mexico City from around the world on December 12 for the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe and the four-week run of festivities to follow: the Posadas, Christmas, the Day of the Innocents (Mexico's version of April Fools'), and Three Kings Day. Roman Catholic priests would gather at the Basilica de Guadalupe, on a hillside in the northern end of the city, to bless children in honor of the Virgin Mary. The city was alive with tourists.

Catholics had made the pilgrimage there since 1531, when according to legend an apparition of Mary appeared before an Aztec peasant named Juan Diego. The blessed virgin told him to build a church in her honor. Diego carried news of his encounter to the local bishop, who sent him back to the hill for proof. There Diego found Mary, who told him to pick roses from a frigid hillside normally covered in cacti. Diego found a pristine bloom of roses and bundled them into his cloak. When he opened it to show the bishop the flowers, they had vanished. All that was left was the image of Mary pressed into its cactus fibers. The bishop had seen his miracle, and he ordered the basilica built at the site of Juan Diego's encounter.

Nathan's flight touched down at Benito Juárez International Airport on the evening of the Guadalupe feast. He climbed into a taxi and asked the driver to take him to an inexpensive hotel near the Russian Embassy. The ride was an adrenaline-packed excursion as cabs and cars honked and careened within inches of one another, brave pedestrians—even little old ladies—willing themselves unhurried through the blur of traffic. They motored along the Circuito, the wide freeway that circles the city's inner neighborhoods, and pulled up to a small hotel on a busy street near the Bosque de Chapultepec, an urban park twice the size of New York's Central Park. Nathan's room was shabby, with a tiny box of a TV and a big latch on the door. It was the best he could do. He had given much of the $5,000 from Gorbunov to Star and Jeremi, telling them that it came from their grandparents' suddenly-booming craft sales, a ruse devised by his dad.

He woke on the morning of December 13, scarfed down the free breakfast buffet, and caught a taxi to the gates of the Russian Embassy compound. Nathan paid his fare near the corner of Maestro José Vasconcelos and Chicontepec and stepped out in tourist attire: jeans, sneakers, and a blue skull cap and dark blue nylon jacket, both reversible. He stood for a moment peering at the massive white embassy that rose from behind a tall wrought-iron fence. The building had once been a rancho out in the boonies. But Mexico City grew up around the property, now flanked by one of the many freeways that helped turn it into one of the smoggiest cities on Earth.

Nathan felt a nagging sense of foreboding. He knew the Russians were his friends, as Jim kept telling him. But the embassy grounds on the other side of the fence were Russian soil, his new contact inside a mystery. Jim had not mentioned to his son that the FBI and CIA kept eyes on the embassy, which had served as a diplomatic Dodge City for generations of walk-in American spies. Nathan found uniformed guards standing near a brass plaque at the main gate. They held a practiced gaze of nonchalance.

"I'm here to see the chief of security," he said.

The guards pointed him down a side street to a rear entrance of the embassy compound. Nathan thought perhaps they'd been advised to keep an eye out for him. He hiked through a gate and up to an entrance that reminded him of the consulate in San Francisco. At the receptionist's desk, he explained that he was looking for the security chief.

A short Russian man with gray hair popped out from behind her and opened a door to invite him inside.

"Follow me," he said in a hushed voice. "Don't say a word."

Nathan followed the old man through the guts of the building. The Russian led him into a room that he could see by the thickness of the door now closing behind him was a private vault. Nathan introduced himself and shook the Russian's hand.

"You can call me George," the old man said.

The Russian would never betray his true name to Nathan. But he was a master spy, a former KGB general who would turn seventy-one the following month. The Russian had once headed KR Line—*kontrazvietka*—during a Cold War posting in the Soviet Embassy's *rezidentura* in Washington, D.C. There he ran counterintelligence operations and kept tight reins on the comings and goings of his own people to ensure that the FBI didn't recruit them from under his nose. The SVR had called on the old spymaster to handle Jim Nicholson's son.

The old man walked directly to a desk and flipped a switch, leaving Nathan to assume he had tripped a recording system. The room's walls were appointed with paintings, and through a window he observed an eye-popping view, a grassy courtyard flanked by lush palm trees. If the Russian was trying to impress Nathan, it was working.

He motioned for the young American to take a seat on a couch, returning directly with a cup of coffee for himself.

"Can I get you some coffee?"

Nathan had seen enough spy movies to be leery of open beverages. He didn't think the Russian would drug him, but he wasn't betting his life on it. On his way in, he had spied bottles of Coca-Cola chilling on ice.

"Coke, if you have it," he said.

The Russian's bushy white eyebrows knit together in what appeared to be a wince.

"You're just like your father," he said with a smile.

The Russian retrieved a bottle of Coca-Cola and handed it to Nathan, who inspected the plastic cap as he unscrewed it. The older man took a seat on the opposite side of the table and sipped his coffee as he posed a series of questions. He wanted to know the name of the hotel where Nathan was staying, the room number, the length of his stay, the cost of his trip, the name of his airline, his flight numbers, and how much money he thought he could legally carry back into the U.S. He also asked Nathan whether he thought he had been tailed.

Nathan said he didn't think so.

"How is your family?" the Russian asked, his voice calm and reassuring.

Nathan told him they were all doing fine, and the Russian smiled. His friendly demeanor put Nathan at ease, but he kept things businesslike as he recounted the debts and financial troubles confronting Star, Jeremi, and himself. He explained that his mom was remarried, but living on a tight budget, and he said his dad appreciated Russia's help and was happy to return the favor any way he could.

This was precisely why the old KGB man was there. Spies of his stature would never be called in to service a low-level agent such as Nathan. It was Jim Nicholson's answers he needed, and, for now, Nathan served as little more than Jim's courier and asset. The Russian handed Nathan a piece of blank paper and asked him to diagram the interior of the prison visiting room. Nathan took the paper and sketched a slightly more detailed diagram than the one he had prepared for Gorbunov in San Francisco. He handed it across the coffee table to the Russian.

The old man looked it over and posed questions about the prison's security. He was concerned that Nathan or Jim would be caught smuggling notes. Then, out of the blue, the Russian said something that made no sense to Nathan.

"Let your father know his letters were received," the Russian said.

Nathan reached into his backpack and retrieved a pocket-size composition notebook with a blue marbled cover. He jotted down George's message.

"Do you have anything for me?" the Russian asked.

Nathan handed the Russian a pair of tan napkins. The old man unfolded them carefully and studied Jim's words. One of Jim's pleas was for the Russians to escort Nathan back to his hotel after their meeting. Jim clearly was concerned with Nathan's safety, and he knew the Russians could easily sneak him out of the embassy so that he wasn't spotted by the U.S. government snoops who watched the place.

When George finished reading, he began to pose questions to Nathan, all of which were intended for his dad. He wanted to know Jim's thoughts on how he'd fallen under suspicion in Malaysia in the 1990s. He also wanted to know if Jim believed someone in that region had provided details that put him under investigation by the FBI.

Nathan scribbled furiously.

The Russian wanted to know if Jim thought anything suspicious had happened between the day he applied for the CIA station chief job in Addis Ababa to the time the agency canceled that assignment. Had Jim felt he was under investigation? And how could U.S. investigators have known about his relationship with his Russian friends at that time?

George also posed questions about Jim's debriefing by U.S. investigators: Who debriefed him, and what did they ask him about his relationship with the SVR? Who polygraphed him? The Russian wanted names of the FBI and CIA officials involved, if Jim remembered them.

To Nathan, the tenor of the questions suggested that the Russians were trying to reconstruct how his dad screwed up. But the Russians were trying to figure out how they had failed Jim. They were looking for their own Judas.

As their meeting drew to a close, Nathan's new friend opened an envelope and pulled out a brown grocer's sack folded into a rectangle. The old man unwrapped the package and shook out $10,000 in U.S. hundred-dollar bills. He didn't touch a single one of them.

"Please count the money," he said.

Before cutting Nathan loose, the Russian pulled out a calendar book to set up another meeting. He wanted Nathan to appear at the embassy between 10 a.m. and 1 p.m. on July 10. If that wasn't possible, he was to appear on one of the two following days. The Russian told Nathan that if he needed to make emergency contact sooner, he was to appear at the embassy gate, ask for the chief of security, and return in four days for a meeting.

Nathan reversed his jacket and skull cap so that they were now gray. The Russian walked Nathan to the back entrance and they parted with a firm handshake. There would be no accompanied ride to his hotel. He sent his young asset away on foot.

"Until next time," he said.

Nathan caught a cab to his hotel, keeping an eye out. He was less concerned about the FBI than about being mugged for the ten grand.

That very day, Jim wrote Nathan a Christmas card, telling him to enjoy the blessings rolling in. He also phoned Star, who was down in the mouth because her little hatchback wouldn't start. Laurie was fronting her money for the repairs, which would total nearly $600, and Star worried she wouldn't be able to pay her mom back. Jim told her not to fret; he was working on some things and would send Laurie the money on Sunday. Jeremi, meanwhile, had sent $500 to his mother to cover Star's auto repairs. When Jim found out, he phoned his oldest to say that his generosity was unnecessary, and that he had personally made arrangements with Nick and Betty to pay Star's debt.

Nathan was suddenly confronted with a fat stack of cash and three days in Mexico City. But if Russian intelligence officers were following him—and to be certain of his loyalties, they should have been—young Mr. Nicholson would have bored them silly. He rarely left his fleabag hotel, and never thought about upgrading to a better accommodation. He went nowhere near the all-night mariachis in Plaza Garibaldi, never got stumbling drunk or prowled for prostitutes. Ignacio Garibay, the up-and-coming matador, was fighting that Sunday at Plaza Mexico, the biggest bullring in the world, and there were posters all over town. A lesser man would have paid to change his airline ticket so he could attend the bullfights. But Nathan dodged any such extravagance. In his mind, this was a business trip, and his bankroll belonged to Batman.

He woke the next morning with a backache and hailed a cab to see if he could find a professional masseuse. The driver, laughing, mashed the accelerator. They soon pulled up to a brothel. "*Masaje!*" the driver exclaimed. Nathan, laughing at the miscommunication, lacked the Spanish skills to say he wasn't looking for *un final feliz*. But refusing to climb out of the cab spoke volumes.

Nathan thought he might look suspicious returning from Mexico at Christmastime with no presents, so he took a minor detour from his self-imposed austerity. He conscripted his driver for a day of souvenir shopping. Nathan picked up a ceramic dolphin for Star, perfume for his cousin Danielle, and an enormous black sombrero with gleaming gold *conchos* to plunk on the head of his scrawny cousin Dustin. The cabbie helped Nathan find a good bottle of tequila for his landlord, and Nathan bought his driver an identical bottle for his troubles. He paid twenty bucks to buy himself a Liekens & Braun DVD player, along with a few movies. They swung by a Pizza Hut, where Nathan picked up dinner and took it to his hotel. He paid his driver a hundred bucks, plus a handsome tip, and holed up for the night in his room. America's greenest spy spent the evening watching a Disney movie, *The Incredibles*.

That Sunday, Nathan paid his hotel bill and stuffed stacks of hundreds into his jacket pockets, his backpack, and under the insoles of his sneakers. He was under the $10,000 threshold that would have forced him to sign a U.S. Customs declaration. But he didn't want to lose all his money if he was robbed. Now literally walking on money, he was flush enough to push funds to Star, Jeremi, and Kanokwan, with thousands left over. All in time for Christmas. He felt like an undercover Santa Claus.

Sheridan, Oregon, December 2006

Nathan sat in the prison visiting room trying to contain his excitement. Jim had not called him since he'd returned from Mexico City—he often ran low on phone minutes at the end of the month. Now Nathan spotted his dad cutting across the linoleum floor beaming that thousand-watt smile of his. He climbed to his feet, greeted his dad, and trooped off to the vending machines as Jim waited in the din of the visiting room. The place sounded a little like a high school cafeteria, with peals of laughter and the hum of microwave ovens. Nathan sat down next to him with Cokes and snacks. Jim was dying to know about the trip.

"It went great," Nathan said.

"You're OK? You're not hurt in any way."

Not in the least, Nathan whispered. "We got ten thousand dollars."

Jim smothered his boy in praise, telling him he had handled himself better than many of the CTs he'd taught at The Farm.

Nathan radiated in the accolades. After years of depression and ruined dreams, he was making his dad proud, bringing money home to the family, and succeeding in a new clandestine career that made him feel a bit like Robin to Jim's Batman.

Jim asked his boy to describe the Russian he knew as George. But Nathan's description rang no bells with him.

"Did they have any questions for me?"

Nathan casually unbuttoned a sleeve and rolled up his cuff. He leaned into the old man and began to whisper George's queries right off his arm. Nathan had penned them on his skin with a ballpoint that morning. As he recited the Russian's questions, and listened to his dad's reactions, he could tell the old man and his friends had much unfinished business. Nathan let Jim know he was happy to keep the conversation flowing wherever it took him.

Jim told his son how to safely store the money he brought home, cautioning him not to deposit more than $500 at a time in his bank account. Plunking down large deposits on top of the paltry ones from his earnings at Pizza Hut and Bankers Life and Casualty might raise suspicions, he said. So over the next several months, Nathan stashed money in his Washington Mutual Bank account, twenty-nine deposits of $100 each. Nathan kept most of the cash at his home, but delivered a grand each to Star and Jeremi on Christmas, telling them it was from their grandparents at Jim's behest. It lit him up to see his brother and sister so happy.

To cover all the angles on the home front, Jim masterminded a mosaic of lies to explain the sudden influx of family money. He told his parents that Nathan had finally broken through as an insurance salesman, a whopper if there ever was one, and he told his oldest children that Nick and Betty's craft sales had gone through the roof.

From their tidy manufactured home in suburban Eugene, Nick and Betty were legitimate dealers of arts and crafts, selling their wares at flea markets and other bazaars. Nick was an expert woodworker who built cuckoo clocks that resembled cathedrals. Betty was skilled at crochet and seldom took a seat without a pile of yarn in her lap. She also had mastered Bunka, a Japanese punch-style embroidery, to create tapestries of old barns, mountains, and other landscapes. But these crafts weren't exactly flying off their tables at local shows.

Jim was nearing the halfway mark of his prison term, a milestone in any prisoner's sentence, and was optimistic about a pair of bills in Congress he hoped would put him on the fast track to get out early. In a letter to Kanokwan, he wrote, "I just know this is going to be a great year for us—not only for what I hope them to do [in Congress], but for other reasons dealing with our future." In another letter to his fiancée, Jim wrote that Nathan had become his "right hand man," and that Nick had described him as a chip off the old block: "Nathan is exactly as I am—enjoys the same things, enjoys adventure with a little bit of danger like me (maybe too much danger sometimes), loves travel, is disciplined, neat, and full of life."

In the early months of 2007, Jim used the mail to embolden his boy, quoting the Old Testament prophet Jeremiah: "[B]efore you were born, I set you apart and anointed you as my spokesman to the world." And on the first Friday in April, Jim wrote Nathan again: "I can't tell you how much joy it brings me to be in your presence. Not to get maudlin but when I begin my nightly prayers with thanks for all God has done for me, I often can't help crying with gratitude for you kids. I think of how God honored my prayers for you—how you have responded to His call—and I just burst with pride in you, Son!"

Jim's letter noted that he had just watched an inspiring movie about the biblical Abraham in the prison chapel.

"I know we've got missions to accomplish for God," he wrote. "It's been prophesied over us. We've got God's work to do. No man or power can come against us with success when we are on God's business."

13

Faith, Prosperity, and The Door

"Delight thyself in the Lord; and He shall give thee thine desires of the heart."

—Psalms 37:4

Eugene, Oregon, Spring 2007

Nathan had joined The Door, a nondenominational Christian fellowship in Eugene that offered contemporary lessons in faith through the filter of fundamentalism. Congregants spoke in tongues, fasted, and held their palms to the rafters to welcome God. Pastors pushed tithing—giving 10 percent of one's income to the church—as a way of life. Nathan brought his cousins to the chapel, but they declared it a cult and didn't return. The sermons left him so renewed that he shared these messages with Jim during their Sunday night phone calls.

Christianity had always been part of Nathan's life. But he got serious about his faith early in his Army training, where he felt the whisper of mortality every time he pulled a trigger, grenade pin, or parachute riser. During basic training at Bragg, a pastor dipped him in a baptismal pool in the base chapel. Nathan came up from that immersion with a deeper commitment to God and manhood.

Nathan was now in his third year at Lane Community College, where he had met a spirited blonde named Camilla Beavers in speech class. She was an earthy woman with that trifecta personality men adore: She was sporty, wickedly funny, and effortlessly sexy. Beavers was a jeans-and-T-shirt girl who rarely woke early enough to put on makeup. She adored Nathan, but she didn't see him as boyfriend material. Nathan was the nice guy who listened and laughed as she ranted about the dolts she actually dated.

That spring she and Nathan took in a movie at the cinema complex where she worked in the Gateway Mall. Beavers introduced him to a coworker, Molly Harden, who later asked about him. When Beavers mentioned to Nathan he had an admirer, he remembered Molly as shy and a little plump; he hadn't really been attracted to her. But Molly had seemed nice. Nathan had gone on a total of one date since breaking up with his previous girlfriend, and a part of him—perhaps the spiteful side—thought it might be telling to see how Beavers reacted to his sudden interest in her friend. Nathan called Molly to ask her out.

On the first Sunday in May 2007, he left a meeting at The Door and drove straight to Springfield to meet Molly at the mall. They had talked on the phone about seeing a movie, but nothing on the marquee interested them. So Nathan sprung for a game of miniature golf. They laughed their way through the course, missing one spectacularly errant shot after another. Nathan miraculously ended the round with a hole in one, earning a ticket for a free game. He used the blank side of the ticket to secretly take notes about Molly—what she was wearing, things she liked—so he could impress her later with all he remembered about their first date.

Nathan asked Molly if she would join him at The Door. It was a test to see whether she had the kind of character he was looking for in a mate. She joined him enthusiastically, anxious to get back to church, and Nathan was so impressed he began to fall for her on the spot. Soon they were praying together, professing their love for God, and for each other.

One Saturday that spring, Star was sitting between Jim and Nathan at Sheridan. She was blathering on about something neither father nor son understood when suddenly they began to pick up key words—a veiled mention of secrets, and money. They had been careful to keep their exchanges with the Russians just between them. For an instant, it sounded as if Star had figured them out.

Jim tilted his head forward to face Nathan, eyes wide and imploring, as if to say, *What gives?*

Nathan could tell that the old man thought he had blabbed.

As Star kept talking, Nathan pulled his face completely out of her periphery and locked eyes with Jim. He mouthed three words.

She . . . doesn't . . . know.

With Nathan's next trip to meet the Russian set for that July, the last thing he or Jim needed were complications. Nathan began to drive to Sheridan especially early for their customary Saturday visits. They would talk business in whispers before Star arrived. Jim was still working on answers to the Russian's questions, and he was pondering ways to put clandestinely obtained cash into the hands of Star and Jeremi without exposing its source.

During a visit with Star and Nathan that spring, Jim covertly slipped one of his napkin notes under the trash piling up on the table between them. Nathan was waiting for the right moment to palm the message. Suddenly, Star was standing and gathering their trash to carry it to the garbage can. Jim blurted out that it wasn't befitting for a lady to carry off their mess. Nathan shot to his feet, practically ripping the trash out of her hand.

"This is men's work," he said.

Nathan hustled to the garbage bin, pocketing his dad's note and dumping the trash.

On June 23, 2007, a couple of weeks before his next trip, Nathan told his dad in a phone call that he was running desperately low on money and might not be able to buy him snacks during his next prison visit. Jim told him to drop by his grandparents' place and pick up a hundred bucks.

Here Nathan made a sloppy mistake.

"Hey, Pa, how many more times am I gonna be able to, uh . . . visit before that thing?"

Jim must have winced at the words "that thing." It was just the kind of phrase that might grab a CIA analyst's attention. Jim chose his words carefully, saying they were set to visit only once between now and then. He heard Nathan saying he was thinking about working in a Friday visit. It was clear from his boy's tone that there were things on his mind.

"Anytime you come up is fine," Jim told him. "You know that. . . . You know, things are just on the verge of picking up really good for us."

"Oh yeah."

"Things are really gonna, gonna break loose here. So it's gonna be great."

"Oh yeah, I'm really excited for it."

"Me too," Jim said. "Me too."

Nathan drove up to Sheridan three days before his flight to Mexico City. There they settled on a plan to distribute the next batch of money to Star and Jeremi. They walked methodically through each step of Nathan's next operation, from his flights, to the room he booked near the Russian Embassy, to his cover story if he was stopped by the FBI.

Nathan touched down in Mexico City on July 9, 2007, and checked into a Holiday Inn Express. The next morning, a Tuesday, he presented himself again at the Russian Embassy. This time he carried two notes from his father. Jim wanted their friend George to know that Nathan was trustworthy and Russia's money wouldn't be wasted. Once again, he outlined the dire financial straits faced by his two oldest children, and asked for continued assistance.

Nathan had done his best not to look at the notes. But for the first time, he couldn't resist the impulse to give them the once-over before passing them to George. His dad's carefully penned messages shared details of the FBI and CIA personnel involved in his case. He gave the Russian the first name of a polygraph examiner who put him on the box, and a physical description of an FBI agent who interrogated him. He also sketched out a scheme for the SVR to move him to Russia after he got out of prison.

Nathan handed George some brochures from Monaco RV, the recreational vehicle manufacturer in Coburg, Oregon, where his uncle Rob built cabinets for the interiors of the traveling homes. Some of the RVs fetched a half-million dollars or more. Nathan told George that his dad hoped to one day sell the high-end vehicles to Russia's nouveau riche, set up RV campgrounds, and cash in. Jim hoped to rent or sell RVs as transportation for Russian intelligence officers.

George burst out laughing at the notion of Jim running a spy shuttle for the SVR. Then he drew serious. He told Nathan that when his dad got out of prison, he should reapply for a passport and make his way to a nation near the Russian Federation. Jim had told Nathan that he didn't think he'd ever get a passport after his release from prison. But Nathan had done some Internet research anyway, deciding the most logical choices for his dad's passage to Russia were Finland, Ukraine, Georgia, or Turkey.

As for Jim's future in Russia?

"There will be no problem for him," George said.

Nathan shared with the Russian his dad's plans to bust out of prison. Life inside was wearing the old man down, and he wanted out.

George listened intently as Nathan explained that his dad wanted the Russians to pluck him off one of the prison's outdoor recreation yards by helicopter. Jim's plan was for the extraction team to carry him to a submarine parked in the Pacific Ocean off the Oregon coast so he could escape to the motherland. The Sheridan complex didn't have traditional guard towers, and corrections officers didn't carry firearms inside the institution. But there were guns on the complex, and Jim clearly had prepared himself for the possibility of a shoot-out. His newest tattoo, the work of a prison ink artist, provided his blood type: "O POS."

As comical as Jim's plan sounded, it wouldn't have been the first air escape attempted at Sheridan. About the time he arrived at the prison, officers broke up an elaborate plot in which inmates had built a large hang glider with plans to fly it over the fences. They had gone so far as to build leather britches to protect the pilot in case he landed in coils of razor wire. But they clearly hadn't thought things through. There was no building high enough to launch such a craft.

Dozens of prisoners across the globe—typically assisted by hijackers on the outside—had escaped their confines by helicopter, including a few from federal prisons in the U.S. But the escapes often ended poorly. Jim might have been inspired by something he saw on the news. Just that April, two men posing as tourists hijacked a chopper to evacuate a thief named Eric Ferdinand from a prison in Belgium. It's also possible that Jim concocted his chopper escape plans after watching *Spy Game*, a 2001 film he saw at Sheridan. The movie features a CIA operative played by Brad Pitt who is extracted by helicopter from a Chinese prison minutes before he is to be executed.

George smiled at Nathan. He told him to let his dad know that the Russian Federation wasn't risking an international incident to pluck him off a prison yard.

Jim's latest notes for the Russians answered questions about his travels in southeastern Asia. He wrote that someone seemed to be tailing him in Malaysia in the early 1990s. Also, a contact he made in Singapore—someone "off the grid"—appeared to be tainted, possibly connected to the FBI. Jim wrote that he suspected his computer at The Farm had been tapped, because it had slowed to a crawl.

George poured $10,000 on the table for Nathan. He told his young charge that he was trying to find a secure way to signal their next meeting over the Internet. He gave Nathan an e-mail address—Jopemurr2@yahoo.com.mx—but he fretted aloud about trading electronic mail, even in code, that might connect them. He asked Nathan if he knew how to communicate without passing standard e-mail.

Nathan couldn't believe his ears. Every teenager in America knew how to hide e-mail from his parents. He stifled a laugh. Was this really the best that Russian intelligence could do?

As politely as he knew how, Nathan explained how to communicate electronically without ever hitting a send button. All they needed was a shared e-mail address and password. They could use the Russian's Mexican Yahoo account, writing messages and leaving them in the draft queue. Instead of sending messages, they would just read each other's drafts.

The Russian perked up, seemingly pleased with Nathan's craftiness, and asked him to jot down the password to the Yahoo account: Florida12.

Nathan scribbled it in his notebook as the Russian pulled out his calendar and said they would meet again on December 11, 2007, at the Russian Consulate in Lima, Peru. He gave Nathan some code names: The Russians would be "Nancy," and Nathan would be "Dick." George told him that if for some reason he could not meet on the appointed date, he was to leave a draft e-mail in their Yahoo account saying, "My brother Eugene is ill. . . ." They would also code the day of their rescheduled meeting. For example, the Russian said, if Nathan wanted to meet on December 16, he would put down a date two days later—December 18.

Nathan could not imagine a scenario that would prevent him from accepting another stack of cash. He wrote the date and locale in his notebook.

Dec. 11-13
10am by local time to 1pm by self
Peru (Lima) Consular Section
Avenida Salaverry 3424

On July 12, Nathan flew home, declaring $9,080 in cash at U.S. Customs. He carried a pearl necklace for Molly, which he valued at $100 but cost twice that much. Nathan presented his sweetheart with the pearls and, in a moment of weakness, showed off the wad of money. Nathan explained that the source of this largesse was a family secret, and that he wasn't doing anything illegal like selling drugs. She would just have to trust him on this one.

* * *

At the end of the month, Nathan rented a third-floor walk-up less than a mile from his grandparents' home in Eugene, a major upgrade in his living standards. His carpeted bedroom in the Heron Meadows Apartments overlooked a clubhouse with a spa, an Internet café, and a twenty-four-hour fitness room.

Molly began spending her nights in Nathan's bed, and it was clear she was angling for permanent residency.

"It started with a toothbrush," he said. "Within a month, she was moved in."

He soon discovered his girlfriend had a hedonistic streak. She stayed up late, left dirty dishes in the sink, and rose from his bed when the sun was nice and warm. She quit her job, running up her credit card with a thirty-two-inch television and a state-of-the-art laptop computer that Nathan ultimately paid for. He had made the mistake of introducing her to *World of Warcraft,* a highly addictive Internet role-play game. While Nathan was sitting through drafting classes, he imagined her on the front lines as a Blood Elf, battling the Burning Legion to regain the ravaged territory of Outland.

Nathan found himself mentally tallying Molly's flaws. Her addiction to *World of Warcraft* would have been a deal breaker for most ambitious young guys. Yes, Molly was smart, but it seemed to Nathan that she lacked get-up-and-go. She had a cute face and hair that shimmered like fire when the sun hit it just right. But she often wore her locks in an unfortunate bun. She was sexy, but overweight; Nathan couldn't for the life of him understand why she wouldn't hit a treadmill that sat a hundred yards from their bedroom. "She was," as he explained years later, "a depressed bear." Molly seemed to adore him and always tried to make him happy. But they fought over insane things. Once she criticized the way he prepared Top Ramen noodles, saying he failed to measure the water.

They were at loggerheads. Both were night owls, but Nathan was an early riser. Molly was a homebody; he suffered cabin fever very quickly. Nathan liked to stay fit; she liked cookies. She was unemployed; he was trying to earn a college degree. Nathan knew that opposites often attract, and he decided to give their live-in arrangement some more time to take. But her shortcomings were wearing him down.

Nathan took some of these laments to his dad, who counseled him not to stay with a woman he didn't love.

14

CIA Detects Codes, Espionage, Again

> "The concept of surveillance is ingrained in our beings. God was the original surveillance camera."
>
> —Hasan M. Elahi

Portland, Oregon, summer 2007

One day that August, a CIA case officer and another government official presented their credentials at the reception desk of the FBI's Portland Field Office. The receptionist buzzed them into the bureau's fourth-floor reception area in the downtown Crown Plaza building, where they were directed into the office of Dan Nielsen, the acting special agent in charge. The three men exchanged pleasantries next to a picture window overlooking a broad bend of the Willamette River.

The men caught an elevator to one of the upper floors of the field office, where they took seats in a SCIF, an acronym for a bugproof room formally known as a Sensitive Compartmented Information Facility. The room, designed to allow agents to review classified files, was decorated in standard FBI Spartan, with a few chairs and computer workstations. The CIA officer had scarcely sat down before launching into the reason for his visit. The agency's analysts had uncovered apparent evidence of the further adventures of Harold James Nicholson.

The FBI hadn't abandoned the investigation it opened against Jim five years earlier. But the trail ran cold when agents couldn't prove the package Jim smuggled out of prison in the capable hands of former cellmate Phil Quackenbush ever found its way to the SVR. The feds believed Quackenbush mailed the envelope to Nick and Betty Nicholson. If that was really the case, it was anyone's guess where it might have turned up—or even whether it ever reached Jim's parents.

What the CIA man said next breathed new life into the moribund case: Langley's analysts had detected peculiarities in Jim's phone calls and correspondence with Nathan. Father and son appeared to be talking in code, with suspicious discussions of money. The CIA was especially piqued by an August 2, 2007, letter Jim mailed to Nathan. "Anyway," he wrote, "if you get the chance I'd recommend hopping down to S. America to check it out. Brazil, Argentina, Chile or Peru could be great places to visit. Peru would be the cheapest although Brazil might not be too bad either. I'd steer clear of Colombia and those countries along the top." Jim's letter appeared to encourage Nathan to fly to one of four cities in South America where Russia held strong diplomatic ties: Brasilia, Buenos Aires, Santiago, and Lima.

Nielsen walked out of the SCIF on two wheels. He knew he'd need to quickly assign a team of investigators to the top-secret case. The Portland office had its own counterintelligence squad, but Nielsen and top counterintelligence officials at headquarters lacked confidence in its supervisor. Nielsen couldn't recall a single espionage case ever worked by the unit. He ran through a mental index of the sharpest minds in the building, knowing he would need his best people to reignite the Nicholson case.

Within twenty-four hours, Nielsen picked four middle-aged white men—three agents and an intelligence analyst—and brought them into his office. He asked the men if they wanted a piece of a closely guarded national security investigation, a priority case guaranteed to disrupt their lives. When each man said yes, he briefed them on the allegations and got them to sign papers promising not to divulge the nature of the investigation to anyone else, a process known as being "read in." Nielsen explained they needed to move quickly and carefully to learn where Nathan was going, and who he was meeting. Job one was to put a stop to whatever Jim was doing.

The FBI's assistant director for counterintelligence had ruffled feathers at the Washington Field Office by assigning the case to Portland's agents instead of their own highly regarded CI group, which handles many of the nation's counterspy operations.

The case was so closely guarded that Nielsen considered moving the Nicholson investigation out of the FBI's downtown headquarters into a rental space. He was concerned that other staffers, a curious bunch by nature, might pick up on the probe by office osmosis. Squads of FBI agents, analysts, and support staff occupied several floors in the Crown Plaza building, their workspaces set up in bullpens where they shared snippets and snatches of their cases with colleagues. That kind of collegiality was verboten in an espionage case. But Nielsen knew the men he chose could keep their mouths shut.

Nielsen's easiest pick was Jared Garth, a supervisory special agent with a background in counterintelligence. He had worked Chinese counterintelligence cases out of the busy New York Field Office before being assigned to headquarters, where he continued his CI investigations. Garth now served as the chief division counsel in the Portland Field Office, making him the FBI's top lawyer in Oregon. Garth and two other investigators would be named co–case agents. But the Nicholson case would be Garth's to run.

He was deeply familiar with national security law, including FISA, which would allow agents to secretly tail Nathan and tap his phone without a standard wiretap order. He was smart, but down-to-earth, the kind of agent you could take for a beer without fear he was sizing you up. Most days, he comported himself like a wisecracking frat boy. But he could turn surly in a hurry when things weren't going his way.

John Cooney was another easy choice. He was a native Oregonian who spoke Russian. He had spent five years in the Los Angeles Field

Office, where he worked on the Russian foreign counterintelligence squad. He came to Portland shortly before the 9/11 attacks, where he investigated domestic terrorism. Cooney helped take down The Family, a multistate ring of eco-arsonists that hit such targets as logging company offices and a ski resort under construction in Vail, Colorado, causing $40 million in damage. Cooney was a clever street agent who could pull your life story out of you, warts and all, between train stops.

Scott Jensen was the oldest of the bunch, the son of a Ford mechanic with the looks of an aging Marlboro Man. When he was a schoolboy, his grandmother gave him a book about the FBI; from then on, all he wanted was to be an agent. Jensen worked his way up from the bottom rungs of the bureau, first sorting fingerprint cards in the Hoover Building. His big break came when Ronald Reagan declared his War on Drugs. Jensen made his bones as an agent in the Chicago Field Office, where he investigated Colombian cocaine dealers, before taking over a one-man office out in the scrublands of eastern Oregon. There he hunted down fugitives, fraudsters, kidnappers, pedophiles, bank robbers, and extortionists.

Jensen, whose wit was drier than desert cheat grass, referred to himself as the "Special Agent in Charge of Pendleton," a small town in Oregon best known for its annual rodeo. He earned a reputation as relentless, coolheaded, and one of the very last men on earth you'd want cold-trailing you. The FBI assigned him to Portland in 2002, where he jumped feetfirst into the investigation of Ward Weaver III, who murdered two of his daughter's middle-school classmates before raping his son's girlfriend. Weaver, whose old man sat on California's death row for a similar run of rape and murder, cut a deal for life in prison.

The Nicholson investigation team set up shop in a small room with a keypad lock on the fifth floor of the Crown Plaza building. The secure workspace comfortably fit four people, although it could hold five or more in a pinch. The space quickly filled with computer gear to run wiretaps and a GPS tracking system so investigators could keep tabs on the doings of young Nathaniel James Nicholson.

Jensen drove out to Sheridan with Nielsen and Garth to meet the warden and Lieutenant Debra Payne, who worked in the prison's Special Investigative Services. The FBI men shared only that Jim was under investigation, a strictly need-to-know case in which they required help running operations inside the prison. Jensen soon began a weekly fifty-mile drive to prison to secretly collect Jim's outgoing mail. Jensen carried Jim's letters to his office, photocopied them, and sent them off to the CIA. Langley's analysts then copied Jim's letters and mailed off his originals to their intended recipients.

The fourth man assigned to the team was Bob Feldman, an FBI intelligence analyst. Feldman was ideally suited for the case. He was already embedded as an analyst in the Portland FBI's counterintelligence squad, so he understood the spy world. As Feldman read through Jim's correspondence and pored over his history, he discovered their lives were uncannily similar. Both were dependents of Air Force personnel, spent portions of their childhoods on Okinawa and other air bases, earned officer's commissions through ROTC, and entered military service just after the draft ended in the 1970s. About the time Jim joined the CIA, Feldman went to work as an electronics warfare officer aboard Boeing B-52D Stratofortress bombers. While Jim climbed through the ranks of the CIA, Feldman ascended to lieutenant colonel in the Air Force. In a way, Feldman felt an affinity to Jim. But he shared the bureau's revulsion for his betrayals.

Jensen reached out to the CIA to obtain all of Jim's letters and phone recordings dating back to 1997 so that he and Feldman could pick through this mountain of potential evidence. Feldman spent countless hours, earphones clamped on his head, listening to hundreds of Jim's phone calls. He and Jensen hoped some word or phrase might jump out at them—any little clue that might tell them what Jim and Nathan were plotting.

Investigators were intrigued to learn Jeremi held a secret security clearance in the Air Force, where he labored as an electronics warfare maintenance technician, a job that potentially gave him access to classified files. They were positively flabbergasted to learn Jeremi's girlfriend was Russian. Jeremi had met Anastassia "Nastia" Suvbotina on Elena's Models, a matchmaking website that featured no shortage of former Soviet-bloc women ready to uproot and pledge troth to Western men. Jeremi had flown to Nastia's home near the Volga River earlier that year, and brought her back to the U.S. Eventually they would marry.

Jensen and Feldman listened to recorded phone calls between Jeremi and his dad, trying to pick up code or some hint they might be co-conspirators. In time, they concluded Jim had kept Jeremi in the dark, and that it was just a jaw-dropping coincidence that Jeremi, who had an entire planet to comb for a wife, found his bride in the same country to which Jim literally sold The Farm.

Investigators determined that the frequency of Jim's contact with Nathan—in prison visits, and by phone and letter—had ramped up markedly in the last year. The FBI's investigators hoped to spy on Jim and Nathan—physically and electronically—to find out what they were up to. Government lawyers in Washington moved swiftly to get the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court's approval to eavesdrop on the Nicholsons. Eventually agents would tap Nathan's cell phone and computer, plant a GPS tracker on his Chevy, obtain his bank records, search his apartment, and put surveillance teams on him—some of them from as far away as Phoenix.

Lieutenant Payne quickly got into the spirit of the FBI's work, offering advice to Jensen and running interference for him at Sheridan. Agents briefed only one other person at the prison complex about their investigation: Warden Charles Daniels. Payne couldn't even tell her colleagues in the prison's Office of the Special Investigative Supervisor that she was helping in the FBI's probe of Jim. Instead she gave a cover story that they were involved in a "contraband" investigation. This was a timely lie. Earlier that year, the FBI had arrested thirteen people, including three prison workers and Cold War spy James Harper, for their roles in an elaborate tobacco smuggling ring in the newly "smokeless" facility. Single cans of Bugler had fetched $600 on the prison compound.

Keeping an eye on Jim, a professional spy housed in a highly secure facility, posed enormous obstacles. Jensen and his colleagues came up with several plans to run surveillance operations on him. They considered sending in an undercover team of technical agents, posing as maintenance workers, to bug Jim's cell and the visiting room. They soon realized that bugging the visiting room was the most viable plan, and they thought about planting bugs under every chair. But the space was an echo chamber of human voices laid over buzzing microwave ovens, coins jangling out of a change machine, and the hum of refrigeration units, major impediments for hidden microphones. The place was noisier than a bag of marbles in a garbage disposal. The agents thought about sending in an undercover crew to install carpet in the room to absorb the noise.

Jensen ran these operational plans past Payne, and recalled her pouring cold water on every one of them. Prisoners are creatures of habit, she explained, and they'd be extremely suspicious of new faces popping in to make repairs in the confines of a cell or laying carpet in the visiting room. Besides, Payne told Jensen, someone was bound to blab to the prison's powerful employees union about the sudden appearance of a nonunion crew, which would cause an incendiary response. The chair-bugging idea was hit or miss at best, because seating in the visiting room was first come, first served. If they bugged a few of the roughly seventy chairs in the room, there were no guarantees Jim and Nathan would sit near enough to the hidden microphones to pick up their voices. Bugging all the chairs was expensive and required tech agents to isolate only the Nicholsons' chats; the FBI had no legal authority to eavesdrop on others.

Investigators took notice of a letter Jim wrote to Nathan on the first day of autumn. They found it odd that his missive included not only Kanokwan's address, but her banking information. The idea of Nathan's sending money to a Thai national, his father's supposed fiancée, left the FBI to wonder just how far past the fences the Nicholsons might be swinging.

On October 11, a Thursday, Nathan drove to Premier Travel & Cruise in Springfield, a few miles from his apartment, and paid $1,160.70

in cash for round-trip airfare to Lima, Peru. His departure was set for December 10, with a return flight three days later.

It's not clear whether the FBI had legal authority at that point to tail Nathan. But one thing is certain: Agents had no clue their young suspect had a ticket to leave the country.

On the 13th of October, a hazy Saturday, a team of FBI agents secretly entered apartment 388 in the Heron Meadows complex. A judge on the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court had granted the FBI permission for a limited search of Nathan's residence, and agents now performed a swift sneak and peek. They copied hard drives of computers and took photographs of Nathan's photos, papers, letters, notes, and other documents. Agents uncovered an IRS W-2 form that showed Nathan had earned $9,756.66 in wages as a part-time Pizza Hut driver.

The FBI had taken special precautions to make sure that neither Nathan nor his neighbors caught them in the act. Garth and another agent stood on the roof of a nearby store to make sure no one observed the entry or departure of the search team. The FBI had also mounted a video camera on a utility pole on the perimeter of Heron Meadows, which gave investigators in Portland a live feed of traffic in and out of the apartments.

Nathan and Molly drove up to Beaverton that day to fetch Star and take her out for dinner to celebrate her twenty-sixth birthday. They headed eastward over the Cascades, past stands of ponderosa pines and rim-rock canyons toward a high-desert rail stop just north of Redmond, Oregon. Nathan parked his Chevy on a red lava-gravel lot, and they climbed aboard the Crooked River Dinner Train for its Saturday night murder mystery ride. They planted themselves at a table in an orange railroad car for the three-and-a-half-hour dinner excursion out to Prineville and back. A couple of dozen actors dressed in Wild West costumes—including saloon floozies and six-gun-packing cowboys—would serve dinner.

More than one hundred passengers delighted in the interactive show, a whodunit murder mystery that played out piece by piece in the 1954 diesel locomotive that hauled them eastward at thirteen miles per hour as the sun set over the rocky shoulders of Mount Washington. The unhappiest passenger on the train had to be Scott Jensen. He had boarded the train posing as a tourist, his wife in tow for a bit of cover. His job was to serve as the eyeballs on Nathan during the thirty-eight-mile trip, making sure Nathan didn't slip the bureau's cover, jump off the train, and hightail it for his car. Jensen's seating assignment was a nightmare. His ticket had put him on the wrong railcar, his seat facing away from Nathan. This forced him to abandon his wife for much of the journey to stretch his legs, hit the bar, or drop into the men's room just to catch a short glimpse of his target.

Behind them, on the remote train station's parking lot, FBI tech agents slipped into Nathan's Chevy for a search.

Late that evening, when Nathan and his companions reached the lot, he keyed the remote to unlock the Cavalier. The alarm beeped twice, an indication someone had either entered the car or bumped into it while he was on the train. Nathan didn't give it a lot of thought, figuring it was probably a malfunction rather than something more threatening. Either way, he said nothing to Star or Molly. But over the next few months, the remote would hiccup again and again.

The FBI investigation was in full swing by late fall, when agents began to keep closer tabs on Nathan's travels. By the end of the year, a team of agents would sneak into his apartment and plant a bug in his living room.

In the early hours of December 5, 2007, Jensen and another agent assigned to the team, Kirk Danielsen, crept up to Nathan's Chevy to abscond with his little auto and to plant a GPS tracking device inside. They had secretly created a spare key to enter the car, but they found it so close to the curb that they couldn't disarm the alarm system. When they slipped the key into the lock, the Chevy's alarm went off, which they remedied by starting the car. Jensen pulled a dummy car—an almost identical Chevy Cavalier—into Nathan's parking spot in case he happened to look outside. He and Danielsen then eased out of the Heron Meadows complex and drove to a fellow agent's garage nearby, where they installed the GPS inside the engine compartment. Later they returned the Cavalier to its space at the curb.

Nathan called Star a few days later to say he and Molly were heading to the Oregon coast on the 10th of December. He told his sister they wouldn't be back for three days. It was a bald-faced lie concocted by Jim to give Nathan cover for his trip to Peru. Nathan knew that if Star called him while he was away and failed to connect, she'd probably freak out and summon the family posse for a drive down to Eugene. Star would probably understand if she couldn't catch him at the coast. Cell coverage was hit or miss in some of Oregon's beach towns, and there were so many dead zones over the coastal mountains that phones were about as valuable to telecommunication as paperweights.

The FBI had wiretapped the call, but investigators weren't covering the wire around the clock. And they missed it.

Nathan found his gate at Portland International Airport at about 4 a.m. on Monday, December 10, 2007. Outside, a light rain fell on the dark tarmac as he rang Molly to let her know he'd reached PDX safely. He said he'd miss her while he was away. They sounded like clingy teens as they exchanged a multitude of sleepy I love yous. Nathan had told her before he left that he was flying to Peru to collect more money, another dangerous trip but nothing illegal. Just family business.

At a little after 8 a.m., the Nicholson investigation team began trickling into its office cubbyhole. When Danielsen turned on the Global Positioning System map on a computer screen, Garth looked down at the dot representing Nathan's Chevy, which blinked back at them. As he peered at the screen, Garth could see that the car was nowhere near Nathan's apartment in Eugene. It was parked on the north end of Portland, next to the Columbia River, at Portland International Airport.

"Holy shit!" he shouted.

Garth was still losing it when Jensen and another agent who covered the airport grabbed their jackets and bolted. Jensen's SUV made the twelve-mile drive to the airport as if it were burning rocket fuel. He stalked onto the garish green carpet of the main terminal and walked down the row of airline counters, flashing his creds and asking clerk after clerk whether their manifests showed a twenty-three-year-old traveler named Nathaniel James Nicholson.

A counter agent at Continental Airlines punched keys and nodded. She said Nathan had caught a 6 a.m. flight to George Bush Intercontinental Airport, in Houston, with a connecting flight to Lima, Peru, that afternoon. He was returning in three days, she said, with a layover in Houston, where he would clear Customs. Jensen phoned his office with the news. He then hooked up with TSA officials to review surveillance video of Nathan moving through the PDX screening area.

Back in the Crown Plaza building, Garth sheepishly walked into the office of his boss, David Ian Miller, the special agent in charge. He broke the news that their boy had bolted. Miller took it in stride, looking past the lapse. Like any good field supervisor, Miller was less interested in problems than solutions.

Garth said he planned to phone the Houston Field Office and get it to put an agent on Nathan's flight to Peru; the agent could tail Nathan from the airport. First they had to run the plan through FBI headquarters. But Daniel Lee "Dan" Cloyd, the bureau's assistant director for counterintelligence, vetoed the plan. Any attempt to follow Nathan's ride from the airport—likely by taxi—was fraught with complications. It wasn't like you see in the movies, where a detective jumps into a cab and says, "Follow that car!" This was an espionage investigation with big implications; one poorly executed tail might expose the FBI and blow up the case.

With Nathan out of town, investigators wanted to look inside his apartment for clues about whom he might be meeting. First they had to find out if Molly was at home without letting her know who they were.

A female FBI agent knocked on the metal door that day with a flyer in her hand. It was one of the oldest moves in the FBI playbook. Agents would find flyers for a new pizza joint or Chinese restaurant lunch special and then knock on a suspect's door pretending to be handing them out in the neighborhood. The idea was to see whether anyone was in the dwelling before they slipped inside to search the place.

When Molly opened the door to accept the flyer, agents knew they'd have to circle back another time.

Nathan checked into the Melia Lima Hotel that night. His room, walking distance from several embassies and the United Nations complex, was by far the nicest of his travels. He woke early the next morning, hit the breakfast buffet, and caught a taxi down Avenida Salaverry toward the Pacific. When the car passed Avenida Juan Pezet, Nathan saw the Russian flag rising from the embassy compound, its pole-mounted security cameras peering from atop cream-colored walls.

The cab stopped and Nathan paid his fare, overtipping as usual. As he stepped out to look for an entrance, the polite driver pulled behind him to make sure he got in OK. Nathan was trying to find his way into the consulate, one of the buildings behind the wall. He strode along a sidewalk, backpack on his shoulder, to a wooden door. But he discovered the consulate hadn't opened yet. At the suggestion of the taxi driver, he tried the intercom to reach someone inside. But he got no response. Now the driver was pressing the intercom and talking in Spanish. Tinny voices came from the speaker, and they sounded Russian.

It was like a brick hitting a beehive. The consulate came awake all of a sudden, a uniformed guard bursting into view pointing a military rifle at Nathan and shouting words so fast he didn't know what language he was speaking. The guard now jerked the business end of the barrel toward the street, his intent unmistakable as he continued shouting. Nathan slowly moved backward, shaking his right hand as if to say there'd been a mistake.

* * *

"These Russians are gonna *shoot* me," Nathan told the driver, chuckling nervously.

Another guard appeared and pointed him toward the gate, where Nathan found his way into the consular office. There, the Russian he knew as George stepped from behind a curtain to welcome him to Lima. The old man led him down a hallway, reminding him not to speak, and they took seats in another soundproof room. There, George upbraided him. First, he told Nathan, he had failed to signal his intention to meet by dropping an e-mail in the draft file of their shared Yahoo account. Second, he'd showed up so early that he spooked the security team.

Nathan apologized profusely for his failure to signal the meet. He had completely misunderstood George's instructions, thinking they weren't supposed to use the Yahoo address unless he couldn't make the Lima appointment. In fact, he didn't think they were going to execute the shared account until after the meeting in Lima. He promised George that he would follow through the next time. Nathan figured he'd screwed up so badly there might not be a next time.

He passed the Russian his dad's latest note, along with the letter Jim had mailed him about visiting South America. Nathan sipped a Coke as the old spy read through everything. When George appeared to be finished, Nathan relayed a few of his dad's verbal messages. Jim wanted him to know that he was a Christian and doing well, and that he was hoping to be freed sooner than expected. He also wanted Nathan's handler to know how grateful he was for Russia's help and to let him know that Jim's family still needed the money, and that its funds were being put to good use.

George had no questions for Nathan, who was beginning to think he held no value to the Russians. Then George spilled a sack of hundred-dollar bills on the table.

"Please count."

Nathan thumbed through the money and found that the Russian had given him $12,000, part of which was for his travel expenses. He explained that he couldn't accept that much cash. Taking more than $10,000 back into the U.S. without declaring it at Customs was illegal, Nathan said. He watched the Russian's expression soften. The old man raked back two grand.

The Russian pulled out his calendar to arrange their next meeting, and Nathan reached for his notebook. The Russian had always told him to write his notes in code, so that only he could understand them. But Nathan felt he couldn't afford to screw up again. He scribbled the notes exactly as George dictated them so that he knew precisely where to go. He misspelled "Nicosia," and "Cyprus," but he got the address right.

Meet in City.
Entrance to restaurant "TGI Friday"
12 Diagorou Avenue

The Russian handed Nathan a camel-colored baseball cap to wear to their next meeting, telling him that he should carry his backpack in one hand. He gave him a *parol* to remember. The Russian would approach and ask, "Can you show me the way to the general post office?" To which Nathan would reply, "It should be somewhere here. Let me show it for you."

Nathan took careful notes of the confirmation message the Russian wanted him to leave in their Yahoo account no later than October 10, 2008, preferably from an Internet café. The note was to begin, "Hola Nancy . . ."

When their meeting came to a close, George's driver took Nathan to a shopping mall, where he caught a taxi to his hotel. The driver who had helped him get into the Russian Embassy without bloodshed later phoned Nathan, wondering what had become of him. Nathan felt like a jerk. He had put the cabbie's business card in his wallet with the promise that he'd call for a ride back to the hotel. For all he knew, the guy had been sitting in his taxi the whole time. Nathan told the driver to please drive over to the Melia Lima Hotel. When he pulled up, Nathan trotted out to apologize in person and pressed a $20 bill in his hand.

A light rain fell across the tarmac at Houston's Intercontinental Airport on the morning of December 13. Continental Flight 591 banked over the six-hundred-square-mile city as daylight crept over the oil refineries east of town. Traffic was already crowding Interstate 45, ten lanes of commuter hell that bottlenecked weekdays from The Woodlands, a suburban township twenty-five miles north, all the way into town. Nathan's flight was late reaching Houston. But he would have ample time, if there were no delays, to clear Customs and catch his flight to Portland.

Jared Garth and John Cooney had spent the previous night in the Best Western Plus Intercontinental Airport Inn, one of those soulless lodgings a few minutes from the airport. Cooney had flown in from Philly to meet Garth, and the two ate dinner at a nearby Hooters. The two agents woke well before dawn and were waiting at the airport hours before Nathan's plane landed. A Houston FBI agent showed them to an office near U.S. Customs, which looked into the international terminal and its secondary screening area. She gave Garth a blue blazer and a U.S. Customs and Border Protection badge to wear around his neck.

The Portland agents had arranged with their new Customs contacts to put Nathan through a secondary search to see what he brought home from Peru. An FBI technical agent would join Cooney in the back office so that when Customs officials pawed through Nathan's belongings, they could pluck out his laptop and secretly deliver it to them to mirror the hard drive.

As Flight 591 debarked, Garth took his place outside, posing as a Customs supervisor. Nathan popped into a restroom to recheck his money, making sure it was divided into multiple hiding places. Soon Garth saw Nathan's head bobbing through the crowd. He watched, trying not to make eye contact, as a Customs officer pointed Nathan and a few other passengers to a row of tables for secondary screening. Nathan carried only his backpack.

A dark-haired officer about Nathan's height handed him a Customs declaration form to fill out. Nathan lied on the paper, saying he had carried $6,000 in cash into the country. When Nathan finished with the form, the officer looked it over and asked why he was carrying so much money.

"I maxed out my credit cards," he said.

Nathan lied again, saying he left the U.S. with $6,500, and volunteered that he had been saving his Veterans Affairs checks since May to afford his trip. The officer dug through Nathan's wallet and backpack, pulling out items he thought the FBI agents hiding behind the one-way mirror might like to see. He set aside a digital camera, a PSP video-game case choked with $4,000 in cash, more clumps of cash from his pack, and his blue pocket notebook.

Nathan silently freaked out as he watched the notebook disappear into an office behind a one-way mirror. The book held 160 pages, many full of notes about his family, the address of the Russian Embassy in Peru, his secret Yahoo account with George, their code names, and questions posed by the Russian about his dad's espionage. Nathan began to calculate how much money he'd really brought back with him, certain he was over the $10,000 limit, meaning Customs could seize all of it. But a portion of the cash remained hidden in tiny zippered pouches on the straps of his backpack, and no one had looked there yet. The Customs man returned without his wallet, PSP, camera, and notebook.

Nathan felt his heart racing.

Garth and Cooney, now working together behind the one-way glass, were disappointed to see that the Customs man hadn't brought them a laptop. Nathan had left it at home. But their eyes lit up when they opened Nathan's little blue notebook. Its pages held the mother lode of his adventures over the last year or so: cryptic notes, dates of meetings in foreign countries, and a Yahoo address with a Mexican suffix.

The two agents had failed to bring a camera with them. Garth fired up the photocopy machine, printing pages of Nathan's notebook. But some of the pages had been written in pen, others with pencil. The photocopier, even on the darkest setting, wasn't picking up the lighter lines. So Garth grabbed the oldest tool in the book, his notepad. He scribbled Nathan's notes line by line, working feverishly so as not to spook his target. Meanwhile, Cooney pulled out papers from Nathan's wallet to take notes, including the name and phone number of his taxi driver in Lima: Eduardo Tapia.

Nathan stood by the Customs table trying to look serene as the officer fired questions. He wanted to know why Nathan wrote $6,000 on his Customs declaration form, yet the search had turned up $7,013 in cash inside Nathan's belongings. Nathan said it now occurred to him that he'd carried $9,000 to South America, not $6,000, and had spent a few grand in Peru. The Customs officer now asked what he'd been doing in Peru. Nathan regaled him with a dazzling pack of lies. He said he had flown to Lima on the spur of the moment to find a romantic place to propose marriage to his girlfriend. He had hoped to meet with an Army buddy in the coastal town, but that hadn't panned out. As he rattled off lie after lie, he felt way over his skis, the consequences of the last couple of years now undeniable.

Fifteen minutes passed. Thirty. How long was he going to be questioned? How long could he keep from melting down? Somehow he found a way to make friendly conversation with the Customs man. Then, suddenly, the officer stepped away.

Nathan tried to imagine the next scene. Federal agents flashing badges, their words echoing through the airport: *Is your name Nathaniel James Nicholson?* His father had given him subtle warnings. So had the Russians. They had used words like "cover story" and "surveillance" and "FBI" and "paper trails" and "computer slow-downs," words that now blazed in big capital letters in the temporal lobe of Nathan's brain, reminding him that he had avoided looking at any clue that might have helped him understand the gravity of what he was doing—that might have helped him avert the mess he now found himself in. He had put his safety in the hands of his father and his Russian friends, with confidence none of them would put him in real danger.

And here it came, the Customs man striding purposefully toward him, carrying his PSP and his camera and the notebook.

“Everything is good to go,” he said.

And suddenly, throwing the backpack over his shoulder, Nathan was thanking him and sprinting for his gate like a kid racing into summer with a stolen Popsicle.

15

Keep Looking Through Your New Eyes

> "A man that flies from his fear may find that he has only taken a short cut to meet it."
>
> —J.R.R. Tolkien, *The Children of Húrin*

Sheridan, Oregon, Christmastime 2007

Nathan drove to the prison on December 15, still freaked out by the Customs stop in Houston. He feared he'd blown everything. In the visiting room, he struggled to keep his voice low as he recounted to Jim the searing questions about his travels and the money, and the horror of watching his notebook vanish behind one-way glass. He could only hope that whoever thumbed through those pages figured his coded scribbles were the work of someone playing childish games. He told Jim he had kept his breathing even, talking jovially, making himself believe his lies.

"Sometimes in the CIA," Jim told him, "we did simulations like that." He had trained CTs back at The Farm to stay cool when unexpectedly stopped for a hostile run of questioning; during these exercises, they learned to keep their covers at all costs, even under prosecutorial and sometimes brutal interrogations. "I think you actually did very well. You performed better than some of the people I trained."

Nathan appreciated his dad's reassurances, but it was clear to him that he had slipped up somehow and possibly compromised them. He pointed out that on his pass through PDX, his Chevy hiccuped again when he keyed the remote, another sign things weren't what they seemed. On the upside, Nathan noted, the Russian had paid them another ten grand and wanted to meet again next year, in Cyprus. He asked his dad whether, after everything that had happened, it was wise to make that meet. It seemed awfully risky. There was panic in Nathan's voice.

Jim pondered this and said that if they thought it wise they could abandon plans to meet the Russian in Cyprus. But it was a year off, giving them plenty of time to think it through.

Nathan knew his covert meetings with the Russians—not to mention the sacks of money they paid—had rejuvenated his dad. Their venture made the old man's life behind bars more bearable. Nathan sensed that he was desperate for their arrangement to continue, and that his dropping out might scotch his father's plans to move to Russia after prison. He didn't want to hurt his dad, but his anxieties were torturing his ulcerous gut. He sometimes caught himself feeling suspicious of strangers, wondering whether they might be federal agents. Only later would it dawn on him how deeply he'd been drawn into the spy world.

"I was like a lobster in a pot," Nathan would reflect years later, "heated slowly until it was too late."

As Nathan talked to Jim that day in the visiting room, a team of FBI agents crept into his apartment. In his bedroom, they found $3,500 in hundred-dollar bills tucked inside a leather-bound study Bible. They located Nathan's blue notebook—the one Garth had pored through in the Houston airport—and discovered that several pages had been torn out. Agents captured digital images of the money and a trove of Nathan's personal effects, including letters and handwritten notes. They slipped out quietly, leaving the apartment precisely as they found it.

As Nathan hugged his dad goodbye at Sheridan, Jim reminded him to give a portion of the cash to his grandparents, who lived just a mile from his apartment. They would disburse the money to Star and Jeremi so that neither of his siblings knew its true origin. Nathan wasn't clear what kind of story Jim told Nick and Betty about the cash.

Moscow's money carried less allure to Nathan now. He didn't really need it. Uncle Sam was providing him more financial support than the Russians. The GI Bill's vocational rehabilitation fund was paying for his books and tuition at Lane Community College. Veterans Affairs sent him another $541 a month in disability pay. In early 2008, he would begin a paid internship at Burton Saw & Supply, which sold and repaired machinery used by wood-products companies.

Nathan remained grateful to the Russians, burning through their money while supporting perpetually unemployed Molly. He took her out to dinner and chick flicks, bought her *Guitar Hero* for the Wii, and paid her phone and credit card bills. Much as Nathan tried to buoy her spirits, she stayed indoors playing *World of Warcraft,* her moods dodging into dark corners.

Molly had previously made a halfhearted attempt to break free of Nathan, telling him their life together wasn't exciting enough for her. Nathan viewed her unhappiness as flagging self-esteem and, with spring approaching, began plotting an escape of his own. Her preemptive breakup had shattered any faith he held in their relationship, and no one in Nathan's circle understood why he tried to make things work with Molly. Even Camilla Beavers, who had introduced them, thought Molly was a train wreck. Dustin eventually sucked up his guts and drew his cousin aside.

"I gotta be honest with you," he said. "None of us like Molly."

Dustin's candor left Nathan dumbstruck, but he told his cousin that he appreciated hearing the truth about how everyone felt. Of course, Dustin hadn't been completely candid. He didn't tell Nathan that he thought Molly was lazy, overly emotional, incapable of admitting when she was wrong, a sore loser at board games, and a leech sucking the life out of him. Dustin also didn't tell his cousin he took active measures to provoke Molly. Whenever they were all looking for something to do, he would suggest something requiring physical exertion. Dustin knew this would drive Molly crazy.

He recalled one such excursion not long after Nathan and Molly began to date, when they all drove out to Mount Pisgah, about eight miles southeast of Eugene. They parked at the foot of the mountain and started hiking uphill. "We can still *see the car*," Dustin said, "and she's complaining about her feet hurting." This left Molly with two options. She could trudge up the mountain, or she could sit in the car and wait for them to get back. "Those were the options as *most guys* would see it," Dustin recalled. "But Nathan discovered a third option."

Dustin watched his cousin put his unhappy girlfriend on his bad back. He piggybacked her halfway up the two-and-a-half-mile climb before she declared herself too tired to continue. Nathan let her take a seat and pushed for the summit with the others.

One Saturday in March 2008, Nathan met Star at the Malay Satay Hut, a Malaysian restaurant in a shopping center on the southeast end of Portland. Nathan ordered an avocado milk shake and unburdened himself about the state of his relationship. Molly had finally gotten a job—she was cashiering at Target—but getting out of the house during daylight hours hadn't improved her moods. Meanwhile, he was thriving at Burton Saw, where his bosses would soon award him with a dollar-an-hour raise. He was reverse-engineering machinery that broke in the normal course of work in lumber mills, drawing designs for replacements on a computer.

Nathan told Star he didn't know how much more he could take on the Molly front. He was planning to take her off the full scholarship under his roof, although in truth it had turned into more of an athletic scholarship than an academic one. He agonized aloud about the impending breakup before asking Star if she thought he was doing the right thing.

"It's the right thing," she told him. "You're both *miserable*."

Nathan drove home to Eugene, reaching Heron Meadows sometime before midnight. Molly could see he had something on his mind. They took seats on the living room carpet, where Nathan began the windup. They had had done their best, he said, yet they remained unhappy. Now it was time to part ways. Molly protested, saying she *was* happy. But Nathan said it was clear they weren't, and it was over. He was awful at this breakup business, unable to comprehend why he suddenly felt sweaty and cold at the same time, unable to get a good read on Molly's emotions. But he was about to get an object lesson in breakup histrionics. Molly went white. Her palms shot to either side like that dying soldier in *Platoon*. She looked at the heavens and shouted, "*Why*, God?!"

She began phoning people—her dad, her grandmother, her uncle. Soon people poured into the apartment to question Nathan and console Molly. It was hours before Nathan helped them haul the last of her stuff out of his place. She refused to assist in the move, and Nathan could hear her on the parking lot three floors below, shrieking hysterically: "Don't leave me!"

Neighbors glared at Nathan for days after that.

An FBI agent was forced to listen to the entire excruciating conversation, which was captured by the bug planted in Nathan's living room.

At the end of March, Jim mailed Nathan an article from a travel magazine about the architecture of museums around the world. One of the museums pictured was in Beirut, which Jim described in his note as "audaciously risky. . . . But if that city could ever be peaceful, it would be a good place. The weather there (Mediterranean) is very pleasant. Cyprus would perhaps be a safer place to build such." The letter and magazine piece were intended to help Nathan solidify his cover as a young architecture student touring Cyprus for research.

On May 21, 2008, Nathan walked out of his apartment and crossed the driveway to the Heron Meadows clubhouse, where he parked himself in the Internet café. He sat back in one of three high-backed chairs and logged into the Mexican Yahoo account, just as the Russian had instructed, and tapped two words into the subject line: "Hola Nancy!"

"Hello sweetie," he wrote. "How are you? I'm good. Sorry for taking so long to write to you. . . . You know how work is and all. Anyways, things are good. It looks like I will still be able to go on that vacation! I will keep you updated on that though. I am very much looking forward to it, and to seeing you again! Well, hon, I thought I'd just say 'hi' since I had the time!"

The Russian had told him to check the draft folder of the Yahoo account from time to time after writing the note. One day several weeks later, Nathan logged in to find that the e-mail had been deleted, a clear signal his message had been received.

Nathan used one of Heron Meadows' PCs rather than his Fujitsu laptop to avoid leaving a trail that could connect him to the Russian. But the FBI, electronically monitoring every keystroke Nathan made on the Jopemurr2 account, covertly obtained records from Qwest Communications Corp., which showed he'd logged on to a desktop computer literally a stone's throw from his apartment.

On July 28, 2008, Nathan punched up Orbitz on his laptop to research flights to Ercan International Airport on the Turkish side of Cyprus. He discovered that the cheapest way to fly onto the island was through Istanbul, and that he'd have to catch a taxi across the Green Line—the United Nations Buffer Zone—onto the Greek side of the world's last divided city. The Turks held the northern end of the island since a coup d'état and war in the mid-1970s. Greek Cypriots had their own capital on the south side of Nicosia.

Three days later, Nathan turned twenty-four. His dad had mailed him a card a few weeks early to make sure it cleared the CIA's censors in time to reach him on his birthday. Jim's note read, "You have been brave enough to step into this new unseen world that is sometimes dangerous but always fascinating. God leads us on our greatest adventures. Keep looking through your new eyes. I understand you—and me."

Nathan ate it up, the old man reaffirmed how much they were alike. Jim made him feel that he was destined for great things, based in large part on his performance with the Russians. And God himself had blessed their pursuits.

Star called him one day, inquiring about his future. She wondered if it was true that he was considering a degree in architecture. Nathan offered a cryptic response.

"I'm just sort of waiting for more excitement to happen," he told her, "waiting for more big changes in our lives."

Star replied that she hated big changes, and Nathan certainly understood. They had shared the cataclysms of their childhood—the marital breakup that left them all shattered, and the arrest of their father, which left them broke. Nathan explained that he liked changes when they were for the better.

"Like winning the lottery or something."

A month would pass before Nathan sat down at a computer in the Lane Community College library to drop the final "Hola Nancy" note. He left it in the draft box of the Yahoo account, confirming he would indeed make it to Nicosia for the December meet.

The FBI had him covered the whole time.

A team of FBI agents watched Nathan on the morning of November 17, 2008, when he walked into a shabby cinder-block office on the west end of downtown Eugene, about four miles from his apartment. A sign hanging from a pole outside read "Bonaventure Travel." Nathan walked out about an hour later with papers in his hand. The FBI learned from Airlines Reporting Corporation, an outfit that keeps records of billions of dollars in annual airline-ticket sales, that someone had paid $1,584.41 in cash that day for round-trip tickets from Portland to Cyprus, with layovers in New York and Istanbul.

Nineteen days later, Nathan finished his internship at Burton Saw and packed his bags for Cyprus. He was scheduled to land on the isle in the early morning of December 10. The FBI had to be certain that Nathan wasn't onto them. Government lawyers fretted over his upcoming flight much the way they did in 1996, when Jim was readying for his fateful trip to Singapore. If Nathan had detected he was under surveillance, he could exploit his trip in Nicosia by popping into the Russian Embassy. There he could seek asylum. Prosecutors at the U.S. Attorney's Office in Portland knew they needed more evidence to prove Nathan was involved in an espionage-related offense. They needed the money shot: Nathan meeting a Russian spy.

The FBI's formal position is that its agents never ran surveillance operations on Nathan in Cyprus, and that the host country was unaware of its presence. While there's nothing illegal or immoral about keeping an espionage investigation under close wraps, not giving the local spy service a heads-up can cause political troubles if things go south.

This much is known: One FBI agent from the Portland Field Office and a surveillance team from Washington, D.C., flew to Nicosia to confirm that Nathan was serving as his dad's agent. The bureau knew from their young subject's handwritten notes that he planned to meet his Russian handler outside the T.G.I. Friday's at 12 Diagorou Street for their 7 p.m. appointment on December 10. What they didn't know was whom he planned to meet.

It's not clear what role the CIA played in tailing Nathan in Nicosia, if any. What is known is that the FBI shot video of Nathan, wearing his camel-colored cap, meeting a short man under streetlamps in front of the red-and-white-striped awnings of the T.G.I. Friday's. The meeting was captured by at least two runs of video, one taken from across Diagorou Street near a sports-apparel shop, the other from inside a window of the T.G.I. Friday's.

The surveillance team lost Nathan after he ran his recognition dialogue with the Russian and they hiked down the sidewalk to a palm-flecked side street. They climbed into a waiting sedan, which shuffled into traffic and disappeared. Later that night, Nathan strode into the Hilton Cyprus, a five-star hotel since the day it opened in 1965. He glided past the reception desk, where wall-mounted Rolex clocks told guests the time of day in Sydney, Tokyo, Nicosia, London, and New York. He passed a row of expensive gift shops in a marble hall and caught a glass-fronted elevator. Nathan carried his Alpine backpack to his room, where he would spend much of the next few days guarding $12,000 in U.S. cash.

A professional spy might have let his hair down a little bit. But Nathan stayed keyed up. He recalled the two Russians who stopped him during his surveillance detection route, asking where they might get a bite to eat. Were they part of George's team? Maybe. Probably. But who could be certain? He remembered telling George about the secondary searches he'd endured at the airports in Houston and Portland. The old spy had shrugged it off like it was part of the game. Nathan had grown fond of George, but he never got the impression the Russian gave a damn about him.

"I knew I was a nobody to them," Nathan later told me. "I couldn't shake the feeling that they didn't care if I was caught or not."

This was Jim's field, not his. Nathan was slow to recognize how deeply he had trespassed into this secret world, where truth sheds its skin like a snake and highly trained professionals play for keeps. He often wondered why his dad taught him to lie for a living, sending him into meets with contacts such as George. Nathan would never feel completely at ease in their world, would always feel like an intruder. Why had Jim pulled him into this? Perhaps it was all that remained of his former life that he could impart.

Nathan knew precisely why he put himself in play outside that T.G.I. Friday's. He'd gone because the old man picked him, no one else, to make contact with the Russians. He'd gone because his dad was counting on him, and because of the money. And he'd gone, God help him, for the thrill of meeting a Russian spy in a city built in the Bronze Age, wrung out by jet lag but wide awake and feeling a whole lot like a junior varsity James Bond.

When Nathan's flight touched down at JFK, he noticed a very tall man moving among the herd of travelers into Customs. The man looked familiar, and it occurred to him that he'd seen him once or twice before on this trip. But he couldn't be certain. The specter of someone possibly following him raised the hairs on the back of his neck. And when the man moved through Customs so fast he barely broke stride, Nathan had to wonder if he was a federal agent. When Nathan presented his passport, he found himself yet again pulled aside for a secondary search, questioned about his travels before he was allowed to board. He slept fitfully on the connecting flight to Portland, too keyed up to lose himself in sleep.

He figured there would be plenty of time for rest when he got home.

16

FBI Offers a Mulligan

> "The irony of breaking a spy case is simple. Finding a spy is terrible news. Not finding a spy is worse but not news."
>
> —Louis J. Freeh, former FBI director

Eugene, Oregon, December 15, 2008

Nathan opened his apartment door, woken by the pounding.

He felt a blast of frigid afternoon air, a lull between snowstorms that would deliver the valley its deepest snow in forty years. The two men on his stoop wore jeans and dour gazes. Nathan hoped they were solicitors of some sort, Jehovah's Witnesses maybe, passing out *Watchtower* tracts and saving souls. But deep in his heart, he knew they meant trouble. He had prepared himself for the possibility of this day and was determined to follow Jim's script, a cover story for every occasion. But now, wobbly with jet lag, he wondered if he possessed the acting chops to carry it off.

John Cooney and Jared Garth held out FBI credentials and introduced themselves.

Nathan braced himself as he heard Cooney say they were looking for help with an investigation. He fought an instant of pure out-of-body terror. For the second time in his life, the FBI stood on his stoop. This time, there was no Uncle Rob to soften the blow. He was all alone.

Cooney told Nathan the FBI had arranged with the management at Heron Meadows to use a vacant apartment in the complex to have a conversation. He said they could go there if it made him feel more comfortable. Cooney didn't mention he'd also come armed with a search warrant. He'd break that bit of news when the time was right.

Nathan held the door wide and invited them in out of the cold.

The agents found themselves standing just inside the door. They looked around casually as Nathan rustled a pair of bar stools from the kitchen. The place was done up in twenty-something Spartan, with hanging prints of painted tigers on white walls. The agents had heard his voice on wiretaps, watched him in the Houston airport. But this was the first time they had met their young suspect close enough to smell his breath.

Remembering his manners, Nathan asked the lawmen if they cared for something to drink. When they declined beverages, he took a seat on his beige faux-leather couch. This left him staring upward at the agents perched on his bar stools.

Cooney told his suspect he was under no obligation to speak to them, his participation purely voluntary.

Nathan said he was happy to help.

Cooney possessed a gift for disarming people. He knew plenty about Nathan, certainly enough to get him talking. His best play was to get his subject comfortable, ask a few dunker questions, and just let him talk. Cooney told Nathan he was aware he had served in the Army, attended classes at Lane Community College, and had no criminal record.

Nathan stopped him cold, saying he wanted to correct something. He told them he did have a blemish on his record.

The agents perked up. This was news to them.

Nathan explained that once, while camping out at the Oregon coast, a ranger had cited him for pulling dry bark off a tree to make a campfire. He was fined $500, but a judge had allowed him to pay half. Nathan's guests had to stifle laughter. His "crime" was one of those only-in-God's-Country infractions that wouldn't exactly give him bragging rights with the Gambino family.

Cooney asked Nathan if he considered himself a person of honor and integrity, and if he'd be willing to help his country.

"Sure," he said.

For the next hour, Cooney got Nathan to tell his life story, from his birth in the Philippines to his parents' divorce, his dad's arrest, his years growing into manhood in the Willamette Valley, his enlistment in the Army, and his parachuting accident. Cooney chewed gum as Nathan talked, eyes planted on his subject. Eventually, he asked Nathan about his foreign travels.

Nathan told the agents he had flown to Mexico a couple of times to study its architecture, and that he had just gotten back early that morning from Cyprus, where he had hoped to meet some Army buddies but failed to connect. He told them about his trip to Peru, saying he had gone to scout a romantic spot to propose marriage to his old girlfriend, who was no longer in his life.

Cooney explained to his young subject that it was easy to forget some details of his vacations, but that the FBI needed the complete story of his travels. He cautioned Nathan that lying to them was a crime.

"Would you do anything for your family?". Cooney asked.

"Yes," Nathan said.

He told the agents his family stood only behind God in importance to him.

Cooney told Nathan he could see he was jittery and that it was perfectly natural to be nervous talking to the FBI. But candor, he explained, was in his best interest. He reminded Nathan again that it was a violation of federal law to mislead federal agents, and he steered his suspect back to tales of his foreign travels.

Nathan regaled Cooney and Garth with a spectacular mix of truth and bald-faced lies. At one point, he got up to find a map of Nicosia to show the agents where he stayed at the Hilton, the castles he toured, and a restaurant that a woman who worked at his hotel had recommended:

T.G.I. Friday's. Nathan said he hadn't had the chance to eat there. He also said he carried $10,000 to Cyprus, but had spent only about $300, on cab fares and pizza, carrying cash because he didn't trust banks. He told of his U.S. Customs stop on the way home from Peru and how an officer had carried some of his belongings into a back room.

Cooney asked if he had had any contact with foreign officials or people involved with terrorist organizations.

"No," Nathan told him.

Garth took notes and texted on his phone. He was keeping fellow investigators updated on the doings at Heron Meadows. The FBI had set up a command post five miles east, in the bureau's downtown Eugene office, where agents and federal prosecutors were keeping tabs on teams of FBI agents who had fanned out across the country to interview Nathan's entire family, including Jeremi and Nastia in the Florida Panhandle.

At precisely 2:55 p.m., more than ninety minutes after Cooney and Garth first knocked on Nathan's door, their suspect's phone rang in his bedroom. The last thing the agents wanted their young suspect to do was pick up the call, get an earful from some irate family member, and clam up. Cooney said he preferred that Nathan not answer.

Nathan obliged him.

Cooney said he was puzzled by some of his answers about his travels, and he reminded Nathan again that it was a mistake to lie to them.

"Hypothetically speaking," Nathan said, "what would happen if I quit talking?"

Cooney explained that he was free to end their chat at any time, although he hoped he would help them.

Nathan was already fed up with Cooney and Garth; he felt like a captive in his own home.

Perhaps sensing Nathan's growing testiness, Cooney dropped the hammer. He said the FBI knew more about his travels than he was telling them.

"You show us all your cards," he said, "and we'll show you ours."

"I haven't done anything illegal," Nathan said.

Cooney told Nathan that the FBI helps people who help them, and that he was going to give him a onetime chance to tell his story straight. He said to think of the opportunity as a do-over, like when you whiff a golf shot on the first tee.

"A mulligan," Cooney said.

Nathan took a deep breath, mentally tallying all those moments over the last several months when things felt amiss. He knew the FBI agents weren't sitting in his home without evidence. He was tired of dodging their questions, exhausted by the lying. He looked at the agents, and they at him. And then he began.

"It all started about two years ago. . . ."

He talked for hours, a purge of the last couple of years, guided only by gentle prodding by the agents. Nathan told them of his dad's disgruntlement with the government, how Jim felt the CIA had let him down. He spoke of the old man's scheme, back in 2006, to reach out to Russia for help. Nathan said his dad hoped to get out of prison and leave the U.S. And he told them he had smuggled his dad's notes out of Sheridan's visiting room, carrying them to Russian diplomatic stations in San Francisco, Mexico City, Lima, and Nicosia. When Nathan had wrung himself dry, the agents told him they'd appreciate it if he wrote it all down, and they moved him to the empty apartment downstairs.

Nathan spent an hour or two writing a detailed confession as he continued telling his story. When he was through, the agents presented him with a search warrant. Nathan heard one of them reading it, and he posed a question of his own.

"Am I going to be arrested?"

"Not tonight," Garth said.

He frisked his suspect and a team of FBI agents tromped into Nathan's bedroom. The agents asked Nathan to take them to the money and not force them to find it. So he led them to the Bible on his nightstand and handed over ninety-five hundred-dollar bills. He also pulled the blue notebook out of his backpack.

Later, sitting in the living room and more relaxed, Nathan could hear the search team working through his closets and drawers, a reminder of that November day a dozen years back. After a time, he heard a few of the agents cackling in his bedroom. He tried to imagine what they had found, and it occurred to him they had probably stumbled across a bright orange T-shirt that read, "FUGITIVE (YOU NEVER SAW ME)." Nathan remembered the infamous photograph of his dad, distributed by the government after his 1996 arrest. It showed Jim, tanned and bearded and fit, wearing a big grin and a goofy red bandanna. Emblazoned in black on the chest of his dad's white T-shirt were the words "KGB is for me." Nathan knew his dad had picked up the shirt at a CIA function and that the back of it read, "CIA all the way." But his old man would forever be remembered as the Russian mole with the KGB T-shirt. Nathan now wondered if he might be remembered as the spy's son with the "fugitive" shirt.

Garth and Cooney led Nathan downstairs, where he could see an agent poring through his Chevy. Other agents carried out bagfuls of his belongings, including his passport and laptop.

The agents handed Nathan their business cards, thanked him for his help, and headed for their car. It was long after dark, about eight hours after they first banged on his door.

Monty Waldron was having a helluva week. The young FBI agent, just a little more than a year out of Quantico, had spent the last few days knocking on doors with a swarm of more than two hundred pissed-off cops and federal agents. Three days earlier, a pair of antigovernment wing-nuts planted a bomb outside a bank in Woodburn, Oregon. The device blew up when an Oregon State Police explosives expert tried to take it apart, thinking it was a hoax. The explosion killed the state trooper and a police captain, and it maimed the local police chief. Authorities would eventually identify Bruce Turnidge and his son, Joshua, as the culprits, and a jury would send them to death row.

Waldron had been pulled off the case to drive to Sheridan and toss Jim's cell for evidence. Until that day, he'd never heard of Jim Nicholson. He met with Payne and presented her with the warrant to search Jim's belongings, explaining that they needed to do it covertly. Payne arranged to clear every prisoner from Unit 4-B, Jim's cellblock. It was lunchtime when Waldron, accompanied by Payne and an evidence technician, reached cell 205L. Jim shared the space with a younger prisoner, Kyle Minchey, who was serving time for stealing cash, guns, and a car from his father-in-law's home. Waldron began to bag and tag some of Jim's papers, an address book, and a Swintec 7000 typewriter cartridge.

Detectives of yesteryear sometimes got lucky by laying out their suspects' typewriter ribbons and reading the keystrokes backward. Federal agents in Oregon had once used the technique to take down legendary ecoterrorist Rod Coronado, who had eluded authorities while sinking whaling vessels in Iceland and launching a multistate firebombing campaign against the fur industry. The feds found Coronado's typewriter ribbon in a storage locker in the little town of Talent and reconstructed a letter in which he sought funding for his arsons. FBI analysts at Quantico would similarly read Jim's typewriter tape in reverse, sending Jensen a thick paper report on its contents. But it would turn up nothing incriminating.

Jensen drove to the prison that morning with Tony Buckmeier, a counterespionage supervisor from FBI headquarters who had played a material role in Jim's previous espionage case. Buckmeier had spent the last two decades poking into spy cases involving Russians and Cubans, as well as ferreting out media leakers, from an office in the Hoover Building. He flew to Oregon to take part in the bureau's new case against Jim, mostly because of his vast knowledge of the former CIA man and a lot of guys like him. Buckmeier was an excellent choice to put in an interview room with Jim, especially in the off chance he coughed up the oyster about his latest crimes and started naming Russian spies.

Buckmeier and Jensen took seats together at a table in a private room next to the prison visitation center. Corrections officers brought

Jim in, where the agents introduced themselves. Jensen played things folksy. He told Jim that, as he knew, the CIA analyzed all his mail. Well, he said, some of the agency personnel back East had seen some anomalies in his correspondence.

"This stuff flows downhill," Jensen explained, trying to sound like a weary bureaucrat trying to clear up a few things up before heading home to the wife. "I'm here to pester you about it." Jensen told Jim it was the letter he'd written to Nathan that August that had caught the CIA's eyes. He reminded Jim that the letter went six pages, outlining his health and a whole lot of information about his kids' financial troubles. "I gotta tell you," Jensen said, "it would have caught my attention, too."

He handed Jim a photocopy of the curious letter, and Jim put on his reading glasses. The former CIA man told the FBI agents they had it all wrong—this letter was little more than a journal entry intended to document his good health.

Jensen gave him a puzzled look.

"Really?" he said. "That's funny."

Jensen placed a postcard on the table under Jim's nose.

"Greetings from CYPRUS," it read in big yellow letters. "The Island of Aphrodite."

Classic Jensen. It was his hole card. He had carried it in to get a read on Jim's expression the instant he recognized, once again, that the FBI had been through his underwear drawers. Jensen and Buckmeier hoped that literally laying their card on the table might put him on his heels. Jim studied the card for a long moment, looking stricken.

Jensen seized on Jim's discomfort by outlining what they already knew: Nathan had met with a Russian spy on three continents, and it was clear that Jim was pulling the strings. Jensen told him that he and Nathan were suspected of acting as agents of a foreign government and laundering the proceeds. That very day, he said, agents were searching Nathan's home and car, along with Nick and Betty's house, for evidence of their crimes.

Jim interjected, "Are you holding Nathan?"

Jensen told Jim that Nathan wasn't under arrest and neither was he. But he assured Jim the government had enough evidence to file felony charges.

"I don't believe he has committed a crime," Jim said. "Don't you have to have him doing something with a foreign agent?"

Jensen and Buckmeier betrayed nothing. They didn't say a word about the surveillance team in Nicosia. They had all the video they needed of Nathan and his Russian buddy in front of the T.G.I. Friday's, his son ducking into the backseat of a blue sedan.

"We're not getting into a legal debate," Jensen said.

He told Jim he wanted to ask more questions about the letter, but first he had to read him his Miranda rights.

"If you're charging me with a crime," Jim said, "I need to have an attorney."

The agents assured him he wasn't charged with a crime.

Jim explained that Nathan had traveled abroad to meet Army buddies with money he had saved from the military and a couple of recent jobs.

Jensen looked Jim in the eyes and played the shame card, saying he could save his kid from a raft of shit.

"It's time to cowboy up," he said.

Jim's voice box tightened and his eyes glistened.

"I'd do anything for my children," he said.

Yeah, Jensen thought, *like turn your kid into a Russian spy.*

Jensen said they couldn't talk further until they read him his rights.

"You've clearly been watching him very closely," Jim said. He told the agents it was apparent they were trying to implicate him and Nathan in a crime. Jim said he personally had no quarrel answering their questions, but he wanted to look out for his son. He sealed his speech with words he knew would end the conversation.

"I'd like a lawyer."

"Sorry to hear that," Jensen said.

The agents handed Jim over to corrections officers, who took him to the hole. There Jim would spend twenty-three hours a day alone with his thoughts.

Jensen and Buckmeier made their way to Jim's cell, where they joined Waldron in picking through their subject's things. They leafed through several books, including *The Thompson Chain-Reference Study Bible;* the *New Spirit-Filled Life Bible;* and *Discipleship Essentials: A Guide to Building Your Life in Christ.* One of the bibles was dog-eared, underlined, highlighted, and annotated in the margins by Jim's hand in such a way that it appeared to be code. The agents also seized a language book.

Jim was learning Russian.

Nathan waited until the FBI team cleared out of his apartment to check his voice mail. He listened to the first message, the one from Cooney as he stood on the porch. Cooney had pulled one of the oldest ruses in the FBI playbook, pretending to be a tow truck operator about to haul off his Chevy.

Nathan dialed Star first.

"Nathan, are you OK?" she asked in a panic.

"Yeah, I'm OK. Are you OK?"

"I'm good," she said. "What's up with the FBI?"

"Well, it's kind of a long story, to be honest with you."

Star asked if he was in jail.

"No," he said. "I wouldn't be calling from my cell phone if I was in jail."

"Are they gonna put you in jail?"

"No, no, no. I'm not going anywhere."

"You're not?"

"No."

"I've been *very worried,*" she said.

"So has everyone else," Nathan said. Laughing nervously, he told Star that their cousins were heading over to his apartment to check on him.

Star was at her place with her new boyfriend, Josh. She told her brother the FBI had taken down Josh's name and Social Security number.

"They what?!"

"Yeah," Star said, "'cause he was here when they came."

"Oh my God. Is he there right now?"

"Yeah," Star said.

"Tell him I'm *so* sorry to have him, um, meet my family in such a manner."

Star handed the phone to Josh, and Nathan apologized for their weird introduction.

"Yeah," said Josh. "Not a problem."

"I bet that's quite the shock there."

Josh said Star had given him the skinny on the Nicholson family history, so the FBI's sudden appearance wasn't entirely out of the blue.

Nathan laughed, playing along: "Oh, you know, just regular business."

"Standard procedure," Josh said, laughing.

"I'm really kind of embarrassed you had to go through that there. I apologize, once again."

"Not a problem, man."

"Nice to meet you anyway," Nathan said.

"Awright," he said. "Here's your sister."

Star then blurted out the question on everyone's mind.

"So what *happened*?!"

"Holy cow," Nathan said. "Well, it's a really long story. I don't know if you want to spend time on the phone right now when your boyfriend's there or not."

"We're watching *Grumpier Old Men*," she said, her tone suggesting the movie could wait.

"OK," Nathan said. "I'll tell you what I can before the cousins head over."

"OK."

He began by explaining he had just been trying to help the family.

"Traveled to several places," he said. "And, uh, I apologize for lying about who I was seeing."

"You lied?!"

Star was hurt. Nathan rarely lied.

"Uhhh," he said with a painful sigh. "I'm sorry. You know, um, it wasn't that I didn't feel I could trust you guys or anything. It was only for the sole purpose to try to protect you guys."

"OK, so the FBI is OK with you?"

"Yeah," he said, "they're OK with me. I'm not going to prison or anything like that. But what was going on is, I was transporting some information . . . and, uh, you know, getting paid for it. . . . And that's what the whole deal was about."

"Are you a snitch?"

"Am I a snitch? No! No, no, no."

"You're not a professional snitch?"

"I don't even know what the information was."

"Whose information was it for?"

"Well," Nathan said. He dreaded this. "It was—it was for the Russians."

"Dude!"

"But um, you know, it was nothing illegal or anything like that."

"'Nothing illegal'?"

"If it was, I'd be in prison."

"OK."

"OK? So there's nothing to worry about as far as that goes."

"OK."

That's all it was, Nathan said, explaining that he went to Mexico twice, and to Peru. Star knew none of this.

"Dude!"

"And to Cyprus. Which was this last time here."

"Dude! Dude!"

"Well, I'm telling you what it is," he intoned, "I'm telling you what it is. I'm sorry you had to find out this way. We were planning on telling you when it was all said and done."

"Uh-huh."

"The time obviously came quite a bit sooner than was anticipated." He explained that the FBI had carted off some of his things, including his computer and passport.

"Dude," Star said, "you're going to crash."

"I know. But they left my TV—and my Wii."

"Well, yeah," she said, "those don't have any information in 'em."

Star asked if the FBI would return his things.

"They should, 'cause there's no information on any of those things."

"Yeah," she said. "But last time something like that happened, we never got anything back."

Nathan explained that on the way home from Cyprus, he'd been stopped at the airport in New York. This was because he was flying home from Turkey, a high-drug-trafficking area.

Star tried to lighten the mood.

"We would prefer you to be a gigolo."

Nathan laughed and reassured Star he wasn't going to jail, and that he still had his car.

"Did they make noises about throwing you in jail?"

"No," he said. "They were all very polite, very well mannered."

Star said the FBI sent two female agents to her place, and they were mean.

"Aw, Sis, I'm sorry."

Star, clearly looking for reassurance, asked again if he was OK.

"I'm doin' all right," he said. "You know, just a little concerned about *Christmas* now because I was planning on using that money for presents."

"They took your Christmas money?"

"Yeah," he said, "because the information I gave the Russians was, um, worth ten thousand dollars."

"Aw, dude!"

"And I was planning on giving you and Jeremi some of that money."

"Aw, dude. No, no, no!"

"Like the past years, and, uh . . ."

Suddenly it was becoming clear to Star. The money that had helped her and Jeremi stay afloat financially during the hard times of the last couple of years had not come from her grandparents—it had come from the Russians, in payments to her baby brother.

"That was you?!"

"Yep."

"Dude! You're not supposed to do that. Thank you. Don't think that I don't appreciate it. But, but, but, you know, *seriously.* It just sounds kind of like what Daddy did."

"Well," he said, "I understand that."

He explained that all he had done was pass information to the Russians on the details leading up to their dad's arrest. Nothing big, he said.

Star sighed deeply.

Nathan said the information was to help the Russians check their own security, to see where they went wrong.

"You're sure it's not illegal?"

"I'm positive," he said. "I'm so sorry for having you worry so much. And once again, I'm sorry for lying."

"That's OK, dude. But shame on you."

They talked about Christmas, which was huge to Nathan and his siblings. When they were little, it meant their dad was home, the tree was buried in presents, and they were safe.

"I love you, dude," Star said.

"Love you, too, Sis. And enjoy your little visit there."

Before they hung up, Nathan tried to lighten the mood with his impression of Josh: "Hey, Star, how's it going? What, the FBI? They want my Social Security number?"

There was a pause as Nathan reflected.

"That poor guy," he said.

"Yeah," Star said, clearly unamused.

Nathan turned morose. "My poor family."

"Be *good,*" Star said.

"Well, you know," he said with a laugh, "our family's full of adventures, right?"

Later that night, Nathan learned that Jim had been put in the hole, and he blamed himself for his dad's miseries. He could only imagine the dank confines of Jim's isolation, a small bed in a cold concrete cell, cut off from his family and his close circle of inmate friends. Nathan's own comforts, a warm bed in a house full of food, suddenly seemed too good for him. So he punished himself. He stalked into his bedroom and yanked the comforter and sheets off his bed and carried them to the living room. There he slept on the floor, hating himself.

"I felt equally responsible for what had happened," he told me, "and I didn't feel that it would be fair if I wasn't disciplined."

Discipline was on the way.

For many months, a federal grand jury had convened secretly in Portland to review the FBI's evidence against the Nicholsons. Jurors came to view Jim as a driven spy willing to sacrifice his own son to build himself up. They wondered how a father could rope his flesh and blood into such a mess. Many of them felt sorry for Nathan, and loathed Jim.

"There was zero empathy for that guy in that room," grand juror Dave Clemans recalled. Nathan seemed so naïve and gullible, said Clemans, who worked as a surgical nurse. It was easy to feel bad about what Jim had done to his boy. During his eighteen-month term as a grand juror, Clemans had heard the government's evidence in hundreds of criminal prosecutions. There was never a time that he doubted the FBI's case against Jim. During an interview, Clemans asked if I had ever heard the saying, "You can indict a ham sandwich." *Only about a million times,* I was thinking. "Well," he said, "that ham sandwich is fucking *guilty.*"

Jim mailed Nathan a letter from the hole on January 9. "My Dear Son (and treasure of my heart)," it began, "I have been going through near total torment in worry over you these past four weeks." The prison had cut off Jim's phone and visitation privileges, and he had not heard from Nathan. He had learned just the day before from his old attorney Jon Shapiro that Nathan wasn't in custody. But it was killing him to think about what was ahead. "I am a broken man—nothing but shattered shards on the potter's floor," he wrote.

"Son, I know you can't talk about stuff now as everything is probably stirred up, but are you OK? Are you hurt in any way? I know how they are and I'm sure they probably tried to terrify you, bully you and all that. I don't know what's going on but I know *you* and you are selfless, noble, kind and good to the core."

Now Jim offered his son advice, telling him to go to the college's legal aid office to prepare paperwork granting power of attorney to Star, Laurie, or Nick. He told Nathan to think about moving in with his grandparents or one of his cousins until things blew over, and get his finances in order. "We'll get some money on your account if you get stuck in a jail so you can buy shower shoes, etc. (Don't go barefoot into a prison shower if you can help it.) . . . No matter what, this too will pass . . . Remember, God is working here and my love for you is beyond description. I just hope my phone and visiting privileges are restored soon. I need to hold on to you. Love You Son, Pa."

Jim's letter would not reach Nathan for more than five years.

Cut off from his father, stung by the ruinous turn of events, Nathan buried himself in the opening weeks of the winter school term, and he clung to his family and friends.

He shot a text to Camilla Beavers on January 11, 2009, trying to learn when she was heading back to Oregon from her new home in Austin, Texas. Nathan's unrequited crush was turning twenty-two at the end of the month, and he wanted to take her out with friends to celebrate. His text included a cryptic line about hoping he wasn't in jail by then.

His phone rang almost immediately.

"Explain," Beavers began.

"Explain? It's a long story, really."

"Well, I have about fifteen minutes for you to explain it. Now go."

Nathan told her the basics. The Russians. The travel. The money. He said the Russians had been nice to him and asked if he might consider moving to Mexico City, where he could attend school on Moscow's dime. But he'd declined their generosity, saying the VA already paid for his schooling.

"My friend's a spy," Beavers declared. "Not a spy, you're just . . ."

"I'm just the messenger."

Nathan told her about the grand jury that was meeting in Portland. His grandparents were supposed to testify in a couple of days.

"I'm one hundred percent sure that they are going to be able to make a case out of it," he said. "Obviously they're going to find me guilty, because I already said, 'Hey, I did all this.'"

Nathan explained that he didn't know what the government planned for him. At that hour, he didn't know whether he was going to prison or whether the FBI might consider flipping him as a double agent. He thought perhaps the agents might send him to his scheduled meeting with the Russians in Slovakia to help the bureau identify his handler, George.

"You're gonna be a spy's spy?"

"I don't know."

Nathan told Beavers the FBI searched his home and car, and froze his bank account.

"In hindsight," he said, "I didn't really think I was doing anything wrong."

Beavers then asked what Jim had done to land in prison.

"Well, he gave information to the Russians. ..."

"Yeah, but like what type of information?"

"Nothing that jeopardized any lives, or anything like that," he said. "I don't really know one hundred percent what it was."

Nathan honestly didn't know the half of it. He never looked deep into the records of his dad's arrest and conviction. At twelve, when the feds put his father away, Nathan put on blinders rather than shatter his comfortable illusions about his dad. Did he really need to know the intimate details of Jim's betrayals? It would have been searing to learn that during the years he was drawing closest to his father—from ten to twelve—his old man was quietly betraying his nation's secrets to the likes of Sergei Polyakov. It had been bad enough to see a *GQ* magazine headline that dubbed his dad "The Spy Who Sold the Farm." Did he really need to know that Russia's money paid for the family trip to Disneyland?

Beavers couldn't understand why Nathan was in trouble.

"We're not, like, against the Russians, are we?" she asked. "I mean, last time I knew we weren't worried about that at all."

"We really aren't," Nathan said. He explained that Hollywood plays up U.S. government paranoia about Russia.

"I've never been paranoid against Russia," she said.

"Yeah, yeah," Nathan said. "And they're cool people, they're *really* cool people."

"Yeah," Beavers said, "and they have cool accents."

"*Yeah*, they do."

Nathan blurted out that the Russians' cash payments were gifts, and there was a remote chance the FBI would give him the money back.

"Which," he said, "would be freakin' sweet."

Beavers laughed. She was curious about the messages Nathan couriered between his dad and the Russians. She wondered if Jim might have passed the notes—through him—in code.

Nathan said he doubted it.

"Unless you're just not aware of it," she said.

"Yeah," he said. "Unless I'm just so naïve and oblivious to everything."

Beavers told him she had to get back to work. She was on break at LensCrafters.

"Keep me updated," she said, "on the whole you-might-be-going-to-federal-prison thing."

Nathan laughed. "Hopefully not," he said.

Not long after that conversation, a man popped into LensCrafters wearing jeans and carrying a file folder. *Great,* Beavers thought, *another customer who thinks his prescription is the Holy Grail.* The man introduced himself as an FBI agent and asked if they might talk. They took seats in a back office, and he asked her about a bracelet Nathan had given her. He seemed surprised she was wearing it.

The agent asked Beavers about Nathan's mentioning something in their recent phone call about the FBI's seizure of his computer. Beavers had made a joke about all the porn Nathan downloaded. Now the agent, scribbling notes, was asking about Nathan's religious faith, and it occurred to Beavers that he was trying to get her to say something bad about Nathan. She was furious. Nathan was one of her best friends, a sweet-natured guy without an ounce of guile. It was a short interview. On his way out, the FBI man handed her a card in case she remembered anything.

Nathan learned from his grandparents that his dad was worried sick about him. He felt certain that any letter he mailed to Jim would be returned. But on January 18, 2009, he wrote his father anyway.

"Dear Pa, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for all of the trouble I've caused you and our family. I don't know what is going to happen to me—No one seems to have any answers for me." He let his dad know that he was still in school, and living cheaply. "I see this time period as 'pruning from God.' It hurts, and our lives go into a bit of shock—but as a result we will bear more fruit than before! . . . Try to keep your spirits up—God has not forsaken us. I love you, Pa, and I am proud to be your son! . . . Surely God is watching over us to give us what we need to carry on! *Hold Fast!* Your loving son, Nathan."

It's unclear whether Jim ever received the letter.

On the afternoon of January 28, 2009, a gray and gusty Wednesday, Jared Garth rapped on Nathan's apartment door. He stood for a moment before knocking again. Nathan roused himself from a catnap on the living room floor to answer the door. He instantly recognized Garth as one of the FBI agents who had interviewed him there. He didn't know the other agent, Kirk Danielsen.

"Do you know why we're here?" Garth asked.

"Yeah," Nathan said.

Garth delivered the bad news. One day earlier, the grand jury in Portland had handed up an indictment against Nathan and his dad for laundering money, acting as agents of the Russian Federation, and conspiring with each other to commit those crimes. Nathan faced six felony charges, which carried the possibility of decades behind bars.

The agents let Nathan brush his teeth and pull on a pair of jeans. He wore a black T-shirt with a soccer player performing a bicycle kick at the moon. It read, "DARE TO DREAM." Garth allowed Nathan to text Beavers and explain that he couldn't take her to dinner for her birthday, and that it would be a while before he saw her again. "Sorry," he wrote. The agents took Nathan's phone, keys, and wallet, which held three dollars. Garth pulled out the FBI's standard Miranda form, an FD-395, and read him his rights. He asked Nathan if he understood them.

"Yes," he said. "I'd like to speak with a lawyer."

Garth handed him the form to sign. Nathan was so nervous he accidentally scrawled his name on the line waiving his rights to speak with a lawyer. Garth caught the error and let Nathan scratch out his name. When he signed the correct line, Garth cuffed Nathan's wrists behind him. The agents locked his apartment door and walked him downstairs to a dark blue Ford Crown Victoria, the classic cop car. Danielsen crawled in next to Nathan in the backseat.

They were just under way on the 115-mile drive to Portland when Nathan asked what would happen to him. Garth said he was taking him to the Justice Center Jail, and that he would be appointed a lawyer from the Federal Public Defender's Office. Nathan would appear before a U.S. magistrate judge the next day.

Heading north on I-5, Garth couldn't resist asking Nathan if he remembered his face from the Houston airport. He explained that he'd been standing a few feet away when Customs officers searched Nathan's bags on his way home from Peru. Nathan didn't remember seeing him.

"How long were you guys investigating me?"

"For a while," Garth said.

He asked Nathan whether he'd ever read up on his father's arrest in 1996. Nathan said he'd done enough reading online to find conflicting accounts of how much money the Russians paid his father. Nathan's take on the conversation was that the agents thought he was just like Jim, and that they meant to put him in prison. He remembered that after his dad's arrest, Jeremi had given his dad a lecture on his betrayal. Nathan could only imagine how Jeremi would treat him now.

"I met your friend Jesse," Garth said. "He's got selective memory."

Nathan knew the FBI had interviewed Jesse, who had joined him on the second trip to San Francisco with his cousin Danielle. He told the agents neither of them was involved in any way with the Russians.

"I want you to know that I had them drop me off a couple of blocks from the consulate in San Francisco," Nathan said. "I didn't want it to be obvious. I think they stayed in the car a few blocks away."

Farther up the interstate, Danielsen asked Nathan why he had been sleeping on the floor of his apartment. Nathan started to explain that it felt wrong to sleep in comfort with his dad laying his head in an isolation cell. But his throat tightened as he talked, and he felt tears burning down his face. The agents changed the subject.

Garth steered the Crown Vic into downtown Portland shortly before 3 p.m., and eased down Second Avenue, a couple of blocks from the Willamette River. He turned into the opening of an underground parking area, wending into the bowels of the Justice Center, stopping at a pair of tall, yellow folding gates. The agents plucked Nathan out of the backseat and Garth walked his suspect toward the olive-green door of the booking room, where he spied another agent turning in a collar from out on the Umatilla Indian Reservation.

Forced to wait, Garth brought Nathan close for a chat. Garth was forty-five years old, with kids of his own, old enough to be Nathan's dad.

The veteran agent locked eyes on his suspect and, surprising himself, burst into a lecture.

Garth pointed out that Nathan had slept on the floor in solidarity with his old man. Now here he was, going to jail, for a plot concocted by Jim.

"You might blame your mother for the divorce," Garth said. "But it was your father who sold out his country."

Garth told him his dad got a fair deal twelve years back, a chance to serve his time in Oregon and see his kids on weekends. Instead, he used the training he got in the CIA to manipulate his own son.

Nathan wept.

"It's time," Garth said, "for you to be your own man."

At 2:56 p.m., Nathan stood at a gray desk, where booking staffers wearing latex gloves patted him down for weapons, took a "slap print" of four fingers, and began a battery of questions that included, "Are you feeling suicidal?" The next few minutes were a blur of shame. They moved Nathan to a brightly lit photo station with sea-foam green walls. A police ID tech stood him in front of a gray background and told him to look up. Nathan stared at the camera, a pair of comic goggle eyeballs taped above its lens. The camera often captured perps with expressions of bewilderment, anger, or mirth. Nathan's mug shot—with his pursed lips, razor-cut hair, and red-eyed anguish—came out another way.

He looked as if he had just walked off a battlefield.

17

Inmate 734520

> "When it comes to espionage, we'll never forgive, we'll never forget."
> —Daniel Lee Cloyd, U.S. counterintelligence official

Portland, Oregon, early 2009

After spending half his life visiting the old man behind bars, Nathan got his own taste of the caged world in a concrete tower called the Justice Center Jail. His keepers in the downtown lockup dressed him in blue scrubs and heavy rubber slippers made in China. They quartered him in an eighth-floor cell, in a housing area that reeked of disinfectant. Nathan saw from his cell window an eighteen-story federal building partly named after a former member of Congress, Wendell Wyatt, who died that very day at age ninety-one. The voices of men caromed off the jail's sand brown walls, but Nathan had never felt so alone.

Blue pay phones on a nearby wall read "Charge-a-Call." Nathan wanted to phone home—to Laurie, Star, Jeremi, anyone—just to let them know what had become of him. But he had no number to call. Like many Generation Xers, Nathan dialed names out of the address book on his cellular phone. Without his cell, he was completely cut off. He placed a call to the one number he'd been given, the Oregon Federal Public Defender's Office, which occupied a high-rise a few hundred yards away. But an after-hours recording said the office was closed. Nathan put his head down that night on a mattress so thin it felt harder than the carpeted floor he'd slept on in his apartment. He wore a white jail-issue wristband with his inmate ID: 734520.

The following morning, jailers herded Nathan and other inmates into the bowels of the jail and handed them sack lunches to eat before their court appearances. Deputy U.S. marshals put Nathan in what they call a "three-piece suit"—handcuffs, leg irons, and belly chain—and loaded him into a fourteen-passenger van. The trip that followed was unique to inmates appearing in federal court. The van pulled out of the underground garage, turned left, and traveled a shade over a hundred yards to a sally port, where buzzers sounded and the van descended into the bowels of the Mark O. Hatfield U.S. Courthouse.

Fifty miles away, deputy U.S. marshals prepared to bring Jim to court under full motorcade. They cuffed and shackled him, seating him in the back of an unmarked car they call a "slick top." Jim's transport headed east toward Portland, trailed by a Chevy Suburban loaded with five heavily armed deputy marshals. Scott Jensen, the FBI agent who had slipped the "Greetings from CYPRUS" card under Jim's nose, sat in the front seat of the lead car. Jensen hoped his suspect might volunteer a few thoughts on the ride. But Jim ignored Jensen, clearly annoyed by his presence.

It had been a hectic few hours at the office of the Federal Public Defender, which sat in a high-rise across the street from the federal courthouse. A panicked e-mail that morning alerted staffers that they would handle the defense of a father-son duo in a spy case bound for the nightly news. Investigators spent the early part of the day boning up on Jim's previous espionage to prepare for the arraignment.

Deputy marshals locked Nathan in an interview room to meet his lawyer, Thomas E. Price. The two found themselves on opposite sides of a heavy screen. Price was a slender man with wavy salt-and-pepper hair. The fifty-year-old lawyer had spent half his life as a mental health counselor and private criminal defense lawyer. Now he was working his first "duty call," representing a group of criminals, one by one, as they prepared for appearances in Mag Court. Picking up the Nicholson assignment was luck-of-the-draw for Price, putting him squarely in the middle of a huge case on his first week as a lawyer in the Federal Public Defender's Office.

Price explained to Nathan that at 1:30 p.m. they would appear together with Judge Janice M. Stewart, a federal magistrate, and he would enter a plea to the criminal charges. The answer, Price hastened to add, was "Not guilty." He told Nathan not to utter a word during the Mag Court proceeding; he would do the talking for both of them. Price would ask for a jury trial. Nathan would not see his father, who would be arraigned separately. It would be a swift proceeding, Price explained. Later they would meet to plan his defense.

Nathan thanked him profusely.

Price's first-blush impression, based on the government indictment and the FBI's forty-eight-page criminal complaint affidavit, was that Nathan was in a world of hurt. Nathan's confession to the FBI put the defense in a deep hole right from the drop. That afternoon he watched his young client shuffle into Stewart's eleventh-floor courtroom in ankle chains. Nathan stole a look into the gallery for a friendly face, spotting Jared Garth in the back of the courtroom with other FBI agents. "Eyes front," a deputy marshal warned him. The arraignment was over in minutes. Nathan reached the jail before dinner.

Supervisors in the Public Defender's Office designated Price as Nathan's primary counsel. This meant the office would have to farm out Jim's defense to a lawyer in private practice, because it is a conflict of interest for one law office to represent multiple defendants in the same case. Codefendants often turned on each other—even fathers and sons.

Steven T. Wax supervised a staff of two dozen lawyers in Oregon's Federal Public Defender's Office, which he opened in 1983. He phoned Sam Kauffman, who worked at the Portland law firm of Garvey Schubert Barer, and asked if he would represent Jim. Kauffman, who was on a panel of lawyers appointed to serve as court-appointed counsel for indigent defendants, already held a security clearance. Taking on a high-profile client such as Jim didn't hurt his public profile, but the downside was the lousy remuneration. The U.S. Judiciary paid its contract lawyers about $100 an hour, compared with the $320-an-hour rate Sam charged his regular GSB clientele. For the second time in Jim's criminal career, he got top-flight legal defense paid for by the country he betrayed.

Kauffman was a chiseled ultra-distance runner who liked the intellectual stimulation of complicated national security cases. He had a big, boyish smile, but you rarely saw it in court. He had spent the last several years defending Guantánamo detainees, cops accused of criminal misconduct, and corporate officers suspected of antitrust violations. He had a reputation as a tough litigator in corporate cases, the guy who could negotiate behind the scenes to keep his clients out of jail and their names out of the news.

Jim's 1997 conviction for conspiracy to commit espionage ensured that he would serve prison time into his sixties. It would be up to Kauffman to defend Jim against the new charges, which carried the very real chance that his client would never take another breath in the free world.

Nathan faced the possibility that he would give his youth to the U.S. Bureau of Prisons. The money-laundering charges alone carried up to twenty years in prison, and a furious judge, under the right conditions, could potentially stack them in a way that would put him away for decades.

Wax picked a seasoned hand as Price's co-counsel in Nathan's defense. Gerald "Jerry" Needham had served as a defense lawyer for twenty-six years, more than half of that time on Wax's watch. Needham, a native New Yorker with an accent straight out of Queens, had been known during his formative years with the Legal Aid Society in Manhattan for his cutthroat cross-examinations. He didn't have an ounce of bullshit in him.

Neither Price nor Needham had ever tried a national security case. But their office held a natural skepticism for FBI operations, a trickle-down of distrust from the top. Wax's award-winning 2008 book *Kafka Comes to America: Fighting for Justice in the War on Terror* chronicled stories of two clients whose lives were derailed in the name of national security. One was Brandon Mayfield, an Oregon lawyer and Sunni Muslim wrongly jailed as a suspect in the 2004 Madrid commuter train bombings. The FBI mistakenly matched Mayfield's fingerprints to those lifted from a bag of bomb detonators in Madrid. They bugged his bedroom, tapped his phones, and accused Mayfield of mass murder. The government later acknowledged its error, freed Mayfield, apologized, and paid him and his family $2 million to settle a lawsuit.

Nathan had spent so much time visiting his dad behind bars, the penned-in world seemed almost natural. But being locked in a jail was jarring. He felt cut off from everything and everyone he knew. He still hadn't heard from his family. His mother had chewed him out on the phone after the FBI came to visit, as had Jeremi. Nathan was ashamed of himself and began to think jail was precisely where he belonged.

Fifteen minutes in the Justice Center Jail is all it takes to catch up on the state of American corrections, a business based on minimalism and risk management. Inmates sleep on thin mattresses laid over concrete platforms, eliminating the need for box springs. They brush their teeth and move their bowels on a sink-and-toilet combination that looks like an abstract sculpture in stainless steel. Seats in common areas are attached to tabletops with built-in chessboards so that no one gets beaten to death with a stool. Even the undergarments—pink and unadorned—serve as minimalistic cost savers. Previous runs of T-shirts—white with the words "Multnomah County JAIL" stenciled on them—walked off on the backs of local thugs who wore them for street cred.

Nathan fell into the familiar rhythms of confinement, his hours metered by the movement of food carts, the brightening and dimming of fluorescent lights, and the ceaseless murmur of men's voices. Now he appreciated the terrible loneliness his dad had lived under all these years. Like Jim, Nathan prayed for a miracle and killed time. He read, played chess, and shot hoops in an open-air gym. He prayed most evenings with other Christians. The meals were a dark comedy. Nathan would recall the stinging taste of noodles kept so long in containers they had fermented.

The day after Nathan's arraignment, Tom Price and defense investigator Wendy Kunkel paid him a visit to talk about his case. Nathan was completely freaked out. "He was sobbing," Kunkel recalled, and was astounded to be facing prison time. Nathan told Price and Kunkel that his father promised him their scheme with the Russians wasn't illegal. "What have I done?" he asked her. "I love this country!" It was clear to Kunkel that Nathan was in deep denial, having failed to grasp that his principle betrayer was his own dad.

The following day, January 31, 2009, Nathan was summoned to the visiting room, where he found Star, Laurie, and her husband, Bill. They all had a good cry. Nathan could see that his family was worried sick about him, and he tried to cheer them up. He told them he was going to be fine and not to worry. But it broke Star's heart to see her brother wearing jail scrubs. Bill and Laurie were going through a rough patch financially, and Bill had to sell blood to put a little money on Nathan's jail commissary account.

On the ninth day of February, sheriff's deputies mustered Nathan and other inmates at 5 a.m. They shackled their prisoners and herded them into a green Freightliner truck for the drive to Multnomah County's Inverness Jail, which is designed for long-term inmates. Deputies put Nathan in a dormitory that held fifty-nine prisoners. The jail opened in 1988, a dozen miles from downtown near a scenic crook of the Columbia River and the sandy beaches of Government Island. But Nathan's dorm overlooked a walled-off basketball court with a metal grate over the top. He could see daylight from the window, but the days were short and gray.

Nathan's legal team worried he might commit suicide. The group now included three full-time investigators, all of them mothers. The mom squad made Nathan a special project, popping by the jail as often as they could to keep his spirits up. None of the women were going to nominate Jim as father of the year. They were floored by Jim's betrayal of his son, and they weren't certain how to break it to Nathan how badly he'd been used.

"As a mother," Kunkel told me, "I was furious. All three of us were fit to be tied."

They wondered why Nathan failed to comprehend his father's betrayals. Kunkel saw a flicker of recognition in Nathan's eyes during some of their conversations at Inverness, a hint that he was coming to grips with what his dad had done. But she soon came to understand his blind loyalty to Jim. She recalled one particular meeting, sitting in a visiting room as other inmates passed their window. Nathan told her the story of that day at Fort Bragg when he nearly slit his wrists. He told her about the call from Jim that jarred him from his suicidal fugue. Nathan put his head on the table and wept.

"I felt I owed him my life," he said.

Kunkel teared up.

"You think you owed him your life?"

"Yeah."

Members of Nathan's legal team talked about him constantly, wondering if he would ever come to terms with how wickedly his father had worked him over. In their minds, Jim had treated his boy like one of the garden-variety foreign assets he'd handled overseas. He had put his boy in play in a dangerous game. And for what? To pull the wool over the government's eyes? To massage his magnificent ego? The defense team would eventually have to broach these concepts with Nathan to show him that Jim had pulled his strings like a puppet master. They knew that Nathan and Jim—should they go to trial—would probably cross swords.

The defense's immediate strategy was to prove Nathan could be trusted on the other side of the bars. The defense team knew they would get a much-needed boost if they could persuade a judge to cut him loose from jail as he awaited trial. This would give lawyers and investigators twenty-four-hour access to their client. Instead of driving to the jail and navigating a metal detector to ask him questions, they could talk to him face-to-face.

But the key reason to get him out was to rehabilitate his character in court, show he was a good guy. Springing him from the jail would build momentum. If Nathan was released and kept his nose clean, the judge would almost certainly take that into consideration and reward him with a lighter sentence. They also knew that if Nathan fled, he was going to prison for a long time.

Nathan's trial was set to begin on the last day of March, less than two months away. But the date was a placeholder. The pace of national security cases in Oregon's federal courts was nothing like those in the Eastern District of Virginia, where Jim had been convicted nearly a dozen years before. Spies and terrorists were regular features on Virginia's "Rocket Docket." But national security cases were rarer in Oregon, and federal judges there had much less experience dealing with highly classified files.

The Justice Department was preparing to disclose thousands of pages of evidence to the Nicholsons' defense teams, a mountain of discovery that would include the FBI's massive trove of investigative files, wiretaps, and video surveillance recordings, and the CIA's storehouse of Jim's phone calls and correspondence dating back to 1997. Jim's letters, handed over by the CIA, ran more than eleven thousand pages. There was so much work ahead for lawyers and investigators on both sides that the judge eventually reset the Nicholsons' trial for October 27. In the meantime, the judge docketed a hearing to decide whether Nathan belonged in jail until then.

The Honorable Anna J. Brown, a Clinton appointee, had a reputation as a no-nonsense judge with a maternal streak. Brown seemed to take dizzying steps to make sure jurors and defendants fully understood the procedures in her courtroom, the rulings she made, and what they meant. Her deliberate nature was sometimes read as sloth by eye-rolling lawyers who preferred more expeditious proceedings. But rarely, if ever, did her decisions need clarification.

Brown's meticulous nature may have been an inheritance. She grew up in Portland answering her German-speaking parents' questions in English to help them learn the language. She was the first American-born citizen in her family, which fled East Prussia during World War II, dodging the Red Army on its way to Germany. Seven years after the war ended, her family sailed to the United States aboard the *Homeland,* passing through Ellis Island and eventually settling in Portland.

On the morning of March 31, 2009, Brown entered her courtroom in a black judicial robe and took her seat to hear arguments on Nathan's detention. Her hair was short and straight, mostly gray, and her face was broad. She was fifty-six years old, an age where people remind themselves they've accumulated some wisdom, but not all of it. Taped to the penholder on her desk was a slip of white paper from a Chinese fortune cookie. It read, "Keep your feet on the ground even though your friends flatter you."

Brown stared down from her bench at Nathan, sandwiched between his lawyers. Behind him in the gallery sat his mom, Star, Nick and Betty, and more than a dozen other supporters. On the desk in front of Brown was a report recommending that Nathan be released from jail as he awaited trial. The papers had been drafted by a division of the court known as U.S. Probation and Pretrial Services, which had performed a thorough background investigation of Nathan and found he'd pose little or no danger if cut loose. Prosecutors held a different view. They knew a great deal about Nathan's connections, and his tutelage in Jim's school of spycraft, and believed he'd probably flee if the judge set him free. If Nathan bolted for Russia, and was granted asylum, they'd have a tougher time making Jim's charges stick.

The chief prosecutor in the Nicholson case was Assistant U.S. Attorney Pamala Holsinger, an attractive former Marine JAG officer with straight blond hair and a strong jaw. She had blue eyes that she could narrow into an incandescent glare. Holsinger had spent nearly two decades in the Department of Justice prosecuting criminals of every stripe—including terrorists, gangsters, drug traffickers, fraudsters, corrupt public figures, and child-porn collectors. Her opinion of Nathan was that he had performed as his turncoat daddy's little soldier, and she wanted him behind bars.

Holsinger called her first witness, John Cooney, who recounted the FBI's key accusations against Nathan. The veteran agent highlighted the details of Nathan's confession, beginning with the genesis of the father-son plot, the crumpled notes he smuggled out of Sheridan, the cash payments by the friendly Russians, the code names, the Yahoo dead drop, the surveillance detection run in Cyprus, and the coded notes about the meeting in Slovakia that Nathan would never attend.

Prosecutors played much of the wiretapped phone call between Nathan and his sister on the night the FBI searched his apartment. Nathan listened impassively, hearing him tell Star about the messages he passed to the Russians for their father, and Star scolding him: "It just sounds kind of like what Daddy did." His heart dropped, knowing he had publicly humiliated his sister. Prosecutors also played his call with Camilla Beavers. He heard himself describe the Russians as "really cool people" and declare, "Well, obviously they're going to find me guilty."

"Special Agent Cooney," Holsinger said, "through your investigation, was there any indication that any other family members might be involved with the defendant and his father?"

"Yes," Cooney said. He explained that Nathan's impression, based on their interview, was that Jim had discussed their proceeds from the Russians with Nick and Betty. "There's also a notation in the notebook . . . to the effect that the grandparents 'know the situation'; they are trustworthy and will 'help with the cover-up.'"

Nathan's grandparents sat behind him in court. Nick and Betty weren't charged with any crime. But Nathan felt as if he'd thrown them under the bus. He wanted to strangle Cooney.

"In your experience," Holsinger said, "are you aware if there's been situations where the government of Russia has taken in or harbored a fugitive from justice in the United States?"

"Yes," Cooney said. He recounted the case of former CIA officer Edward Lee Howard, who was fired by the agency and fell under investigation by the FBI for suspected espionage on behalf of the Soviet Union. Howard had slipped the FBI's surveillance. "In 1986, he surfaced in Moscow and began to reside in the Soviet Union." (Cooney didn't provide the court with the epilogue to the Howard story: He was reportedly found dead in his dacha in 2002, the victim of a broken neck, having taken a bad fall.)

Holsinger questioned Cooney about foreign diplomatic stations, such as Russian consulates, and the use of passports to leave the United States. Cooney explained that foreign consulates were exempt from the jurisdiction of U.S. laws, and that passports were a convenience for foreign travel, not a necessity. Holsinger was not so subtly telling Judge Brown that if she freed Nathan, he could race over the Canadian or Mexican borders into the arms of his Russian friends.

Jerry Needham began his cross-examination of Cooney by getting the FBI man to acknowledge that Nathan was just twelve years old when his dad was caught spying for Russia and that there was no evidence Nathan took part in those crimes. Needham established that Nathan's travels over the last few years were under his own name, not an alias, and that when the FBI learned Nathan was flying to Cyprus, they let him go.

"You seized his passport in connection with this investigation?"

"That is correct," Cooney said.

"Did the passport stamps or markings on the passport correspond with the information concerning his trips?"

"I did not look at his passport, so I can't answer that question."

"And the passport is in the possession of the FBI?"

"I would assume it's in our evidence, yes."

"OK, and the passport was in his name. Correct?"

"To the best of my knowledge, yes."

"When did you—the FBI—start surveillance of Nathaniel Nicholson?"

Holsinger shot to her feet to object.

The Department of Justice will go to almost any length to hide the genesis of its national security investigations and surveillance operations. Holsinger did not want to compromise the secretive means the FBI had used to identify and snoop on the Nicholsons. She told Judge

Brown it wasn't relevant for the defense to know when the FBI began eavesdropping on Nathan.

The judge asked Needham to explain why it was relevant.

Needham said he wanted to put it on the record that the FBI had been tailing Nathan for many months; if agents thought he was a risk to flee the country, they could have arrested him much sooner.

"Maybe," Needham began, "the agent could just give the court a ballpark area, how long . . ."

Holsinger objected.

"The objection is overruled," Brown said. "Answer the question please."

"By the fall of 2007," Cooney said, "a full investigation into Nathan Nicholson was initiated."

Needham fired away at Cooney, establishing that Nathan had no criminal history, received an honorable discharge from the Army, kept no guns or illegal drugs, attended community college, worked part-time jobs, and was aware several weeks in advance of his arrest that a federal grand jury was deciding whether to charge him. He also established that Nathan had phoned Jared Garth, prior to his arrest, to let him know he was planning on taking a trip to the state of Washington with friends.

"What did Agent Garth tell him?" Needham asked.

"I don't know specifically what he told him," Cooney said, "but he did not tell him *not* to go. I believe he asked him if he planned on leaving the country. And I think apart from that, he just told him to have a good trip."

"And did Mr. Nicholson reply that he had no plans on leaving the country, or words to that effect?"

"I believe he did, yes."

Needham had deftly let Brown know his client made no move toward Canada.

"Isn't it fair to say that from the time period he was interviewed until he was arrested, all of his phone conversations had been monitored?"

"Yes," Cooney said. "I believe that is correct."

Now it was Holsinger's turn. The prosecutor asked Cooney if Jim—in spite of the monitoring of his mails and phone calls—had still found ways to smuggle messages to the Russians.

"That's what our investigation has determined, yes."

"Special Agent Cooney, based on your training and experience, if the Russian government wanted to take care of the family members of one of their most successful and valuable spies, what message would that send to other people they might want to recruit in the future?"

"I believe it would send a message that the Russian government is prepared—and has the capability—to support family members of people who have worked on their behalf."

Needham now questioned Cooney.

"You indicated that the Russian government would somehow want to send a message that they would take care of spies, or something to that effect. Correct?"

"I said that is my belief, yes."

Under questioning, Cooney acknowledged that Moscow had not, as far as he knew, given any money or assistance to the family of former CIA officer Edward Lee Howard.

Tamara Pinkas, one of Nathan's teachers, later took the witness stand as a character witness. She testified that Nathan had been a student of hers for three terms in 2008 at Lane Community College, including six months where he worked as an intern drafter at Burton Saw. He was professional, she said, reliable, responsible, and always made his deadlines.

Assistant U.S. Attorney Ethan D. Knight, Holsinger's co-counsel, cross-examined Pinkas. Knight was a rising star in the U.S. Attorney's office, just thirty-four years old. He had attended Lincoln High School, just up the street, where he was a national schoolboy champion in constitutional law. He was now an adult version of that funny, self-deprecating, mildly nerdy kid in school, the one born with the sardonic string of one-liners.

Knight began by politely questioning Pinkas about Nathan, getting her to acknowledge that she supervised his internship in 2008 but didn't take attendance.

"And during this period," he asked, "you had no knowledge of the fact that he was communicating with agents of the Russian government, did you?"

"Oh, none whatsoever."

"And you had no idea that he actually traveled to Cyprus at the conclusion of his period with Burton Saw?"

"I did not know that."

"Thank you," he said. "No further questions."

It was now Price's turn to flesh out Nathan's good character.

He began by noting that after the FBI questioned Nathan—and continued tapping his phone—his client went nowhere. In fact, he said, the wiretaps proved that Nathan paid his bills, plugged away at school, and tried not to fret about the grand jury.

Knight offered counterpoint.

He said there was no measure that Brown could impose that would prevent Nathan from fleeing. He said Nathan traveled in secret to foreign locales, hid his trips from even those closest to him, and maintained a clandestine relationship with Russians, who even gave him a code name.

"The defendant was effectively, sight unseen, able to walk into a consulate on U.S. soil," Knight said, "identify who he was, and establish a relationship that enabled him on five subsequent occasions to . . . communicate with Russian handlers in four different countries, including the United States, and be protected and . . . receive money and, more importantly, receive instructions for future meetings."

Knight noted that Nathan and his Russian handler had talked about the possibility that Russia would fund his education in Mexico, and that the Russians could provide him safe harbor in any of their diplomatic stations.

"Let me ask you about that, Mr. Knight," Brown said. "The evidence is that the nearest consulate is in San Francisco, and there might be some kind of diplomatic mission, or something to that effect—said Agent Cooney—in Seattle. Yes?"

"Yes."

"So there's not any place of diplomatic refuge in the district of Oregon. Is that fair?"

"Not a location, no."

Brown asked if fitting Nathan with a GPS ankle bracelet, and tracking his movements inside Oregon, would prevent him from heading for a Russian diplomatic establishment in California or Washington, which would take hours by car. If he's in Oregon, she said, the company monitoring his movements—Satellite Tracking of People—would know if he cut the bracelet off or was on the move.

"I'm assuming," Brown said, "that the defendant would have to physically get into the boundaries of the Russian sovereign space—that is, the consulate or some other physical space—in order to be beyond the jurisdiction of the United States government while still on U.S. soil?"

"Yes," Knight said.

"If we can keep him in the District of Oregon, there isn't any way the Russian Federation or some other foreign government can take him from us, can they?"

"Not if he's here they can't."

Knight reiterated his point that by all appearances, Nathan was an upstanding citizen, going to school, keeping in touch with his family, but that in fact, he'd been traveling the world to meet Russian spies.

"The defendant effectively led two different lives," he said, "and is now asking the court to be placed back in the same environment where he was, with essentially the same support network that he lied to repeatedly. . . . This is someone without a criminal history, without contact with the system, who now faces a series of offenses with an aggregate maximum sentence of one hundred years. . . . It's the government's theory—and laid out quite explicitly in the defendant's own statement—that he was receiving money, at the very least, for his father's prior espionage activities, and that the Russian government was now taking care of the family and providing them money."

Price got one last chance to make the case for Nathan's freedom.

He told the court that Nathan didn't flee after learning he might be charged with felony crimes, remained optimistic, assured his family everything would work out, and even considered applying for a VA loan to buy a house in Corvallis so he could transfer from Lane Community College to Oregon State. Price said Nathan was ashamed of himself for putting his family under FBI scrutiny, and that after agents questioned Laurie, she called and chewed him out. What did Nathan do? He wept throughout the call, Price said. Nathan was dejected to learn the FBI had seized Jeremi's bank account and that his actions had cost his brother the chance to become an officer. And, Price added, the very idea that the Russians would plot an escape for Nathan, who knew nothing of any value to them, was beyond speculation.

"It is," he said, "fantasy."

Judge Brown thanked the lawyers for their arguments.

"I want to consider all of the matter you've submitted," she said. "I can't make a decision right now."

Deputy marshals cuffed Nathan and handed him over to jailers. It would take Brown a week to sort through the court papers, listen to the wiretapped calls, and weigh in on whether Nathan was safe to release. Nathan learned his fate in jail, by way of a phone call. His defense team gathered around a speakerphone in their downtown office to tell him the news. Brown was cutting him free to prepare for trial.

On April 10, jailers transferred Nathan downtown, where he processed out, collected his wallet, and walked across the street with a court officer to be fitted with a GPS ankle bracelet. Brown ordered that Nathan spend his days at work or in college classes, or a combination of both. He had to spend his nights at the home of his cousin Destiny Fargher, who lived in the lower Willamette Valley with her husband. Destiny was the daughter of Jim's sister, Tammie. Brown permitted Nathan to meet with his legal team, but he was not to apply for a new passport or contact his dad by any means.

Nathan's defense team mobbed him when he walked into their fifteenth-floor office later that day wearing his ankle monitor. Kunkel asked him what he might like to eat for his first meal outside of jail. Nathan thought about asking for sushi, but he didn't want to put them out. He asked for a Big Mac, French fries and a Coke. Kunkel brought him the meal, supersizing it with a Coke big enough to drown a horse.

A brutal heat wave hit the Willamette Valley that summer as Nathan mulled his options. He could take his case to trial, but that felt dishonest. He knew he was guilty of acting as a foreign agent and laundering the proceeds as part of a conspiracy with his dad. Another option was to authorize his lawyers to cut a plea deal on his behalf, which would save the government the expense of putting on a trial; they'd go easier on him, with a reduced prison term. The money-laundering charges each carried up to twenty years' imprisonment. But federal sentencing guidelines favored Nathan, because he had no criminal record and his take from the Russians—$47,000—scarcely put him in league with the likes of Bernie Madoff, the billionaire king of the Ponzi scheme. Price and Needham calculated that Nathan faced roughly five years in prison. But government prosecutors would surely ask for more.

Nathan agonized over his fate, and his dad's. Jim's lawyer was showing no sign of throwing in the towel. In fact, Kauffman filed motion after motion to get the judge to dismiss evidence gathered by the FBI's surveillance operations and force the government to hand over classified materials. Nathan didn't know what to do, and he was forbidden from getting advice from members of his family, since they were likely to be called as witnesses.

Nathan's legal team privately sized him up. He kept telling them how much he loved his dad, but they saw signs he was beginning to second-guess the old man's motivations. They tried to help Nathan understand the seriousness of the crimes he and Jim had committed. Price and Needham eventually presented Nathan with his best option: If he was willing to cooperate with government prosecutors and the FBI, they told him, he could potentially cut a much better deal for himself. But he would have to help the government build its case against his dad.

Nathan wondered if he was hearing them right. His lawyers wanted him to save himself by betraying his own father to the very government the man accused of ruining his life? Nathan imagined how it might feel to sit in the witness box, day after day, delivering a courtroom crucifixion of his dad.

Facing this dilemma, he often hiked Mount Pisgah, a peak rising more than a thousand feet off the floor of the Willamette Valley. After seventy-two days in cages, he enjoyed the pure movement of trudging up the winding trail to the top, barrel chest heaving, to survey the southern end of the valley. Time after time he hiked the mountain looking for answers. He stood on its crown, named after the summit above Jericho and the Dead Sea, where God showed Moses the Promised Land on which he never set foot. Nathan's Promised Land lay before him. He saw fields, farm country, and freedom. He tried not to think about what it would be like to leave this place for prison.

By midsummer, he had made up his mind.

On August 4, Nathan and his lawyers sat down in a conference room in the U.S. Attorney's Office with the government prosecutors who would try him. They were joined by FBI agents Garth, Cooney, and Jensen. Nathan began by telling the agents he had lied about not reading his father's messages to the Russians. He admitted he had read a couple of them. It had all seemed such a romantic notion, he said. The travels. Russian spies. Money. Now he wanted to make things right.

The government refers to such meetings as proffer sessions. Nathan was proffering the truth to barter for a shot at freedom. His lawyers privately explained to him that the prosecutors were now on his side and that he should think of them as the guns and he as their ammo. Their target was Jim. It was during these proffers that Holsinger and Knight got a better sense of Nathan. All they knew about him before was what they heard on wiretaps or surveillance videos. As they talked to him, he seemed to be a very different animal from his dad's globe-trotting asset. Polite. Helpful. Apologetic. He answered every question they asked.

There was no going back now. The next time Nathan saw his father would be in court. The thought of testifying against his dad made him gut-sick with guilt. All along, he hoped Jim would plead guilty in exchange for a lesser prison sentence. But he knew how his dad felt about the government. The old man had rolled over once, copped the plea; only Jim knew how far he was willing to go this time to fight his criminal charges. Meanwhile, Nathan prayed about his decision nearly every night, asking God for answers.

On August 27, 2009, Nathan took a seat at the defense table in Judge Brown's courtroom. He wore his only suit, the black one from his first meeting with the Russians in San Francisco. Under one of his pant legs, Nathan wore a GPS ankle monitor.

It was a little after 2 p.m. when Nathan stood, raised his right hand, and promised to tell the truth. The law required Brown to make certain he understood every right he was about to give up by pleading guilty to charges that he conspired with his dad to serve as an agent of a foreign government and launder the proceeds. She wanted him to know that if she found him guilty, he couldn't vote, hold public office, or keep a gun. She explained that although he signed a plea agreement with the government a few days back, his sentence would ultimately be up to her.

Nathan nodded.

"Do you understand?" she asked.

"Yes I do, your honor."

She also pointed out that he was forfeiting any claim to the $9,500 the FBI seized from his Bible and wanted to know if he understood.

"Yes, your honor."

"Has anyone put any pressure on you to plead guilty when you do not want to?" Brown asked.

"No, your honor."

"Have you considered what it might mean to you if in fact you are called to testify in open court in a proceeding against your father?"

"Very much so, your honor."

Nathan had spent five months imagining just such a nightmare. The thought of it sometimes left him physically ill. He now understood his dad had put them both at risk, and that they had broken the law together in what Nathan came to regard as a poorly executed plan that brought additional shame to their family. Nathan loved his dad and wished him no malice. He prayed the old man would understand his decision.

Brown then asked Nathan if he understood that his plea agreement obligated him to testify against his dad, should he go to trial, and asked whether he was willing to do that.

"Yes, I am, your honor."

Brown found Nathan guilty. She would sentence him after Jim's trial to make certain he made good on his pledge to cooperate with the government.

Nathan left the courtroom feeling like Judas.

Sheridan, Oregon, early 2010

Jim seethed in solitary confinement. He had given six years to the Army, sixteen to the CIA, and thirteen to the U.S. Bureau of Prisons—more than half his life. He felt the full weight of his government's comeuppance from the bowels of solitary. His keepers held him alone twenty-three hours a day in this concrete bunker. They fed him through a slot in a steel door, dressed him in disciplinary orange, and provided him a stubby toothbrush too short to turn into a shank. On weekdays, they let him out of his cell into an outdoor recreation cage for sixty minutes to catch some rays, lay eyeballs on other humans, and walk laps. The cage, made of Cyclone fence, looked like an outsized dog run.

The first few months of 2010 were sometimes bitterly cold. Jim paced in his cell to stay warm; at night he stuffed his jumpsuit between two cotton blankets, tucking in like a mummy. It was difficult to get up in the mornings, the cold showers brutal. Jim looked hard in those days. He had shaved off his beard and instructed his prison barbers to cut his hair high and tight, Jarhead-style. He took out his frustrations in pull-ups, chin-ups, and push-ups. He heard pops and cracks in his elbows and shoulders. But his spirits were good.

One day after working out in early February 2010, one of Jim's favorite corrections officers, a former Marine, tapped on his steel door to check on him. Jim got up and walked over to the door. There, as he described it in a letter to Nick and Betty, he told the CO all the things he'd planned for that day. He would drive over to the coast for clam chowder, then down to Eugene to see his family, and then up to Corvallis to have coffee with Nathan between classes. Then he'd drive to Star's new apartment in Beaverton for pizza.

"He laughed and moved off," Jim wrote, "before I could ask to borrow his car."

He'd been locked up in one cage or another so long he could only vaguely recall what it felt like to be free.

On March 12, 2010, Sam Kauffman drove out to Sheridan for a legal visit, which got Jim out of his cell long enough to hear the latest developments in his case. Kauffman had filed motions for disclosure of evidence, and government prosecutors had already turned over roughly twelve thousand pages—much of it copies of Jim's own correspondence. The haul included a pair of letters Jim sent to the CIA after 9/11 in which he offered his expertise to combat al-Qaeda. Jim's defense team also got a pile of FBI investigative reports, known as 302s, which summarized interviews with Jim's family and fellow inmates, plus Nathan's associates. Now Kauffman waged war with prosecutors over the release of secrets the U.S. government didn't want to disclose.

National security cases such as Jim's force federal judges into procedural thickets. They must weigh defendants' constitutional rights to properly defend themselves and the government's need to protect its investigative methods and sources. The FBI does not part easily with classified files, and its lawyers zealously guard the identity of assets—including the Russian mole whose betrayals in the 1990s helped put Jim in the FBI's crosshairs.

Kauffman had learned that the FBI shot a video of Nathan talking to his dad before he flew to Cyprus. He wrote in court papers that the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court's order that permitted the videotaping violated Jim's Fourth Amendment protections against unlawfully gathered evidence. Kauffman wasn't the first lawyer to challenge the constitutionality of the court's secret surveillance orders. But no lawyer had ever won that battle. And neither would he.

The best footage the FBI gathered in the visiting room wasn't obtained under FISA. It was captured by a wall-mounted surveillance camera operated by the prison. Nathan is sitting next to his dad in a blue shirt, the old man leaning in, conspiratorially, holding his hand in front of his mouth to prevent being overheard. A man with rakish hair streaked with gray sits in a seat directly across from the Nicholsons—the undercover FBI agent who had befriended Nathan on the way through the metal detectors. The agent is sitting with an inmate, who served as a prop as the FBI man tried in vain to overhear the Nicholsons' conversation. A camera mounted on the agent's midsection captured audio and video, but it was of poor quality. The FBI never got close enough to capture Jim or Nathan's voices in the visiting room.

The prosecution's better footage was shot in Nicosia, and included the dramatic scene of Nathan running his recognition dialogue with the Russian he knew as George outside the T.G.I. Friday's. Kauffman sought those tapes, too, along with government reports chronicling surveillance operations in Cyprus.

Holsinger and Knight fought against such disclosure. They filed a response that asked Judge Brown to bar Kauffman from questioning witnesses about the names, job descriptions, or employers of those running the surveillance. They didn't want anyone knowing FBI teams were active on foreign soil, with a little help from their friends in the CIA. The United States and Russian Federation both enjoy cozy relations with Cyprus. Their embassies sit ninety yards apart, an eight-minute drive from T.G.I. Friday's.

Jim didn't attend motion hearings in his case, apparently preferring to stay in the hole rather than be hauled fifty miles into Portland in chains. He had no TV or radio, just magazines, letters, paperback books, and a whole lot of time on his hands. He spent many hours scratching out letters with golf pencils (the only writing implement allowed in the hole). He penciled a note to Star after his visit with Kauffman.

"Sam came to see me today," he wrote. "Gave me the update on how the government keeps dragging their feet and throwing up obstacles to the discovery we've asked for. Typical. Hiding behind veils and smokescreens of that tired excuse of national security. I'm not even charged with any violation of 'national security.' Nevertheless, once it is shown how scandalous the government has been in this case . . . not only will they likely lose their case, they will end up very possibly with an investigation and charges against them as a result. Of course, even if they try to cover up for themselves, the jury and public will see it for what it is and accountability likely will be sought against elements of the government through popular demand.

"Once I was feeling like I was tied to the railroad tracks while the government's locomotive bore down on me. Now it's more like two locomotives coming at each other and I'm no longer tied to the tracks. Plus, I'm not even on one of the locomotives, but I am controlling it by remote means. There is no way the government's locomotive is going to come away undamaged. I don't want to go on and on but I would like you to know that the big bully who always seems to get his way, has some weak spots and I know where a few key ones are. He has no fear of me because I didn't fight back last time. This time he gives me no choice. It could be very embarassing [sic] to the bully to be shown for what he really is in public.

"So, you hang on and stay happy. We'll count on God to give us a hand if we need it, but he's already let me see the bully's medical charts. Lots of problems to keep him flinching and smarting when I hit them."

Government lawyers, FBI agents, and CIA analysts read the letter before it ever reached Star, keenly aware Jim's threats were meant for them.

Jim scribbled sweet, sentimental letters to his family from the hole. He often spoke of dreams and his deepening Christian faith. The previous fall, he wrote of closing his eyes in his bunk and joining God and Jesus for coffee at a beachside café: "I plan to keep this practice of meeting God for coffee even after I leave prison." Sometimes, the dreams Jim described sounded like the musings of a man coming unhinged. He shared a dream in which he sat in the witness box of a federal courtroom as a court officer sloshed kerosene all around him. "As soon as I was sworn in," Jim wrote, "the person doing it struck a match. I warned him not to drop it but he did. At that moment, a protective bubble circled me and kept me from being burned." The courtroom burst into flames as if made of cardboard, and he now saw other buildings—the headquarters of the CIA, FBI, and Department of Justice—all aflame.

"I do have the occasional nightmare in which hit teams from the USG try to kill me," Jim recounted in a March 2010 letter to me. "I am more bothered by nightmares of trying to swim against a riptide to reach my young son stranded on a rock and calling for me. I have awakened after slamming my hand into the cement wall at the head of my metal bunk, trying to reach out to him. Intense." He added, "Although these walls close in on me, I am what they molded me into and my training keeps me relatively sane, I think. Relative, that is, to any held this long in solitary who haven't had my training."

Jim's correspondence mourned the distance that his isolation put between him and his children. Star wrote only occasionally, he complained. She sometimes passed indirect greetings from Jeremi, who never wrote. Jim blamed the government, as an Orwellian "Big Brother," for holding his oldest son under the microscope. To his parents he wrote, "I can't let the government take another one of my kids from me."

* * *

Jared Garth had gone back to Washington in February, where he met up with FBI agents he knew from his counterintelligence days. They gathered for drinks at an Asian fusion restaurant called TenPenh, which occupied a building next door to the Hoover headquarters building. Joining them were a few retired agents. One of the tipplers was Mike Rochford, who had served for decades as one of the FBI's most devout spy hunters. Graying and growing corpulent at fifty-five, Rochford had once served as chief of the bureau's Counterespionage Section, and he played key roles in the arrests of Aldrich Ames and Robert Hanssen. He had a great reputation, but he wasn't perfect. He'd been accused by some of tunnel vision in the Hanssen case for imposing two years of surveillance on the wrong man—CIA officer Brian Kelley—before learning the real turncoat was a fellow FBI agent.

Prosecutors in the Nicholson case had been looking for an expert witness to tell jurors why Russia remained faithful to Jim so many years after his arrest, and why Jim contacted the SVR. Garth's chance meeting with Rochford at TenPenh was just what they needed. Rochford had an uncanny knowledge of Russia's spy apparatus, its characters and complexities. His recall of the previous three decades of Washington-Moscow spy wars would be gold on the witness stand. Rochford slipped Garth his business card.

Holsinger and Knight knew that Rochford's universe of knowledge could deliver killer testimony about the SVR's fealty to Jim and the reserve fund they were holding for him in Moscow. They were happy to hear that Rochford, who retired from the bureau in 2004, still held a security clearance. They quickly hired him as their chief expert.

The former FBI man had joined the bureau in 1974 as a lunch-bucket file clerk making $5,200 a year. He studied Russian and became a translator before entering duty as an agent in 1979. He was working as a counterintelligence supervisor in the Washington Field Office in the mid-1990s when the FBI arrested Jim the first time. Now he was retired from the bureau and serving as counterintelligence director at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, a ten-thousand-acre secret city in the heart of Tennessee. The U.S. Department of Energy operated the facility, which played a key role in the Manhattan Project and held some of the nation's most closely guarded science and technology secrets. Rochford's job, which occasionally brought him to D.C., was to keep Oak Ridge's secrets under wraps. He welcomed the chance to help the government win the second game of its doubleheader against Jim Nicholson.

During his FBI career, Rochford earned a reputation as a pitch specialist, the guy who reached out to Russians in their native tongue to convince them to betray their countries. Rochford told me during one of our interviews that he pitched twenty-eight people to help the FBI uncover moles inside the U.S. intelligence apparatus. Perhaps his biggest entreaty came in the summer of 1999, when he hunted down legendary KGB officer Victor Cherkashin. The dashing spy had served as counterintelligence chief in the KGB's *rezidentura* in Washington, one of Russia's most active spy dens. Rochford tracked down Cherkashin in the beachside town of Larnaca, Cyprus, where he offered him $1 million in exchange for his help plugging intelligence leaks attributed to Robert Hanssen. But Cherkashin—who later admitted in a memoir that he recruited Hanssen and Ames—turned Rochford down cold.

Little did Rochford know that his foray into Oregon's father-son spy drama would send him back in time to Cherkashin, Washington, and the ghosts of Reagan-era espionage. He flew to D.C. that spring to review the FBI's classified case files in a secure room in the Hoover Building. While poring over surveillance images of Nathan's meeting outside the T.G.I. Friday's in Nicosia, Rochford made an eye-popping discovery: He recognized the short Russian who served as Nathan's handler. The gray-headed Russian had replaced Cherkashin as chief of the KR Line (counterintelligence and internal security) in D.C.'s Soviet *rezidentura*. Back in the mid-1980s, he was a KGB colonel, a big hitter who would later become a general in the SVR. His name was Vasiliy Vasilyevich Fedotov.

Nathan knew him as George.

Rochford first heard the name "Fedotov" during the FBI's 1985 debriefings of Soviet defector Vitaly Yurchenko, a KGB colonel. Yurchenko steered U.S. spy catchers to two turncoats in their midst—former CIA man Edward Lee Howard and National Security Agency analyst Ronald Pelton—both of whom sold U.S. secrets to the Soviets. It was Yurchenko who told the FBI that Fedotov, a rising star, would replace Cherkashin as the head of KR Line. Rochford spent much of the sticky summer of 1986 tailing Fedotov. The FBI often followed KGB officers in the D.C. area to prevent them from running spy operations, or to catch them at it. But Rochford's tails of Fedotov were overt and obnoxious. He often locked bumpers with the KGB man when his driver would take him outside the embassy's *rezidentura*.

He kept eyes on Fedotov that summer and into the fall, doing a dozen or more shifts behind the wheel of his bureau car. He needed to make sure that Fedotov, a short, thick-necked man with dark hair and those big Clark Kent glasses popular in the 1980s, couldn't run spy ops on his watch. The two men never formally met. But Rochford was certain Fedotov recognized him: He'd been the guy pulling ten-hour shifts in the Russian's rearview mirror. One day, outside the National Air and Space Museum, the burly six-foot-two FBI man stepped out of his bureau car and planted himself next to the surprised Soviet. Rochford turned to Fedotov and said he was glad the Russian had gotten the chance to see D.C.'s great museums.

"Hope you enjoy them," Rochford said, "because your stay here is obviously short."

The United States sent Fedotov packing a few months later, in autumn 1986, and the D.C. chief of Soviet *kontrazvietka* wasn't alone. Government agents expelled eighty Soviets as part of the FBI's Operation Famish, a counterespionage probe that focused primarily on D.C. and New York. Some of the Soviet spies worked for the KGB under diplomatic cover, others for Soviet military intelligence (the GRU). The White House's National Security Council listed Fedotov persona non grata, which meant he was forbidden from turning up in any of the other fifteen NATO countries of that era. It's unclear where he landed, although some U.S. counterintelligence officials think he worked in India before retiring from the SVR.

As Rochford looked into the new Nicholson case, he learned that the SVR had brought Fedotov out of retirement to handle Nathan. Fedotov had taken the contract job, Rochford knew, to help Moscow Center identify the Russian turncoat who'd betrayed Jim Nicholson.

18

A Spy Swap and Reparations

"You were sent to USA for long-term service trip. Your education, bank accounts, car, house, etc.—all these serve one goal: fulfill your main mission, i.e. to search and develop ties in policymaking circles in US and send intels to C [intelligence reports to Moscow Center]."

—Encrypted SVR message to U.S.-based spies

Vienna, Austria, summer 2010

On the morning of July 9, two airliners pulled side by side on a sunny tarmac at Vienna International Airport.

Four disgraced Russian spies—all of whom had secretly worked for Western foreign intelligence services—readied to disembark from a Yak-42 government plane. The Russian Federation had just released the four from prison. The other airliner, a Vision Airlines Boeing 767-2Q8 chartered by the U.S. government, carried ten Russian spies who had served under Moscow's deepest cover on American soil. The Department of Justice had taken less than two weeks to round them up, charge and convict them of working illegally as unregistered foreign agents, and toss them out of the country. The Russian spies had spent the last decade assimilating as ordinary Americans, eight of them under assumed names—"legends," in spy parlance—to lay the groundwork for SVR operations from Seattle to Washington, D.C.

President Barack Obama, briefed on the roundup sixteen days before the arrests, wanted to keep relations tidy between the U.S. and Russia. The administration backed a spy exchange, rather than imprisoning the Russians, as the best option to avoid unnecessary political drama between the two countries.

The competing spies walked across a gangway to switch planes, players in the biggest spy swap between Moscow and D.C. since the Cold War. The airliners roared off less than two hours later, a highly choreographed transfer approved by Obama and Russian president Dmitri A. Medvedev. The scene looked eerily similar to Cold War swaps on Berlin's Glienicke Bridge, known as the "Bridge of Spies." The ten Russians flew back to Moscow, where Prime Minister Vladimir Putin, a former KGB colonel, later joined them in singing such patriotic songs as "From Where the Motherland Begins." Two of the Western spies stepped off the Vision charter in London, and the others—former KGB officers Gennady Vasilenko and Alexander Zaporozhsky—flew on to Dulles.

Getting Zaporozhsky back to the U.S. was a major victory for the CIA. He began his well-decorated career in the KGB in 1975, rose to the rank of colonel in the Russian foreign intelligence service, served as deputy chief of the American Department, and headed the first department of the SVR's counterintelligence directorate. A Russian security official told a newspaper that in the early 1990s, he double-crossed Moscow to work as a mole for the CIA, earning the code name "Scythian." Zaporozhsky gave up information that helped point U.S. authorities toward Robert Hanssen and other Russian moles inside U.S. intelligence circles, including Aldrich Ames, according to published accounts.

It was Zaporozhsky, counterintelligence experts would later confirm to me, whose assistance to the U.S. government helped put Jim Nicholson behind bars in 1996. Zaporozhsky, three months older than Jim, pointed U.S. spy catchers in Jim's direction. Other sources also helped put a target on Jim's tail, but it was Zaporozhsky's tip that helped them winnow the suspects to the CIA's Batman.

Jim and Zaporozhsky weren't all that different. They climbed to the higher rungs of their nations' respective spy services, and picked their nation's pockets to sell secrets to their competitors. The U.S. government reportedly rewarded Zaporozhsky with $2 million in housing and benefits to live in comfort on American soil. But, like Jim, he would go to prison for his betrayals, undone by hubris.

Zaporozhsky's troubles began in 2001, while living in Maryland under the PL-110 Program (the CIA's relocation program for spies and their families). The gray-headed Russian, who had retired from the SVR, was invited to Moscow for a KGB reunion party with old friends. He talked this over with his CIA handlers and FBI agents, and they begged him not to go. But he disregarded their pleas, apparently believing his comrades back in Russia hadn't fingered him as a mole. When he stepped off a plane in the motherland, he was promptly arrested and put under lock and key at Moscow's notorious Lefortovo prison to await trial. The district's military court later found Zaporozhsky guilty of betraying Hanssen—the greatest mole Moscow ever ran inside the FBI—and sentenced him to eighteen years in prison for high treason. The court stripped Zaporozhsky of his military rank and all his decorations, and put him in a highly secure labor camp. His wife, Galina, living in the suburbs north of Baltimore, died while he was in prison.

When Zaporozhsky returned to the U.S. after the spy swap, he quietly slipped out of sight. I made a couple of trips to Cockeysville, Maryland, in hopes of interviewing him for this book. I knocked on the door of his two-story suburban home, nestled in a quiet cul-de-sac full of hardwoods and flowers and perfectly trimmed lawns. I heard quiet music upstairs, but no one came to the door. I left a letter urging Zaporozhsky to phone me. But it, too, went unanswered. The U.S. government has little to gain by allowing Zaporozhsky to go public with his story; he's one of those spies who knows too much.

News accounts of the spy swap focused primarily on the ten Russian spies the U.S. sent packing for Moscow, not the four the West got in return. Many journalists referred to the Russian secret agents as "sleepers"—spies put in place by their governments for later activation. But that wasn't entirely accurate. The Russians were active "illegals" working under Russia's deepest cover. They reported to SVR headquarters at Moscow Center.

The illegals lived in the U.S. under their legends with a long-term goal to become so Americanized they could gather U.S. secrets and identify targets ripe for recruitment inside U.S. policy-making circles. For ten years, the illegals posed as yuppies as they inveigled their way into U.S. culture. They bought homes, took white-collar jobs. Some of them married and raised children who had no clue their parents were foreign spies. They ate American food, rooted for American sports teams, and befriended Americans in financial, political, and government circles. In time—had they not been betrayed by one of their own—they undoubtedly would have helped Moscow Center penetrate the seats of U.S. power. The illegals were the best of the SVR's best, patiently gathering human intelligence and receiving codes by secure wireless.

News reports that summer suggested the illegals hadn't gotten very far in their decade of spying in the U.S., a fiction promulgated by Vice President Joe Biden in an appearance on *The Tonight Show with Jay Leno.* The famously long-jawed comedian suggested in his talk-show interview with Biden that Russia appeared to have come up the better horse trader in the spy swap.

"We traded ten for four," Leno said, sounding flummoxed. "Now, I know our math skills are not as good as they should be, but that doesn't seem fair. Why did we trade ten for four?"

"Well," Biden said with a toothy smile, "we got back four really *good* ones. And the ten, they'd been here a long time, but they hadn't done much."

A monitor on *The Tonight Show* set flashed a photo of one of the illegals, sultry redhead Anna Chapman. In the photo, Chapman strikes a pouty, bare-shouldered, Bond-girl pose in a blue spaghetti-strap blouse, a setup for Leno's next question: "You would know, Mr. Vice President: Do we have any spies that *hot*?"

"Let me make it clear, it wasn't *my* idea to send her back," Biden said. "I thought maybe they'd take Rush Limbaugh or something. That would have been a good move."

A lawyer for at least one of the accused Russian spies downplayed their espionage, saying they hadn't collected much, if anything, in the way of U.S. intelligence that couldn't be obtained through open-source channels. Not long after the arrests, National Public Radio quoted Andrew Kuchins of Washington's Center for Strategic and International Studies: "The kind of information that these folks are coming up with, you can simply get from reading *The New York Times,* watching TV. You don't need to be investing the tremendous resources to have people undercover for eight, nine, ten years. It really reflects, I think, an anachronistic mind-set." But such comments, in hindsight, underestimated how close the illegals came to doing serious harm to U.S. interests.

On Halloween 2011, the FBI publicly released its criminal complaint against the illegals, the culmination of a highly classified investigation dubbed Operation Ghost Stories. The FBI documents, though heavily redacted, showed just how much communication infrastructure the illegals had established and what they were after: U.S. technology secrets, military and financial data, and inside information on political policy. Government officials later acknowledged the Russians were creeping ever closer to Americans in power.

One of the illegals, posing as Donald Heathfield, graduated from Harvard University in 2000 and attended the university's John F. Kennedy School of Government, which has trained a who's who of U.S. policy makers. Another illegal went to work for a confidant of an Obama administration cabinet member. And another posed as Cynthia Murphy, a Montclair, New Jersey, financial planner who made a client of Alan Patricof, a venture capitalist who served as finance chairman of Hillary Rodham Clinton's 2008 presidential campaign. Several days after the U.S. deported the ten Russians, they also expelled twenty-three-year-old Alexey Karetnikov, who had moved to Redmond, Washington, headquarters of Microsoft, to take an entry-level job with the software giant. The FBI established a link between the illegals and Karetnikov, described as a sophisticate deeply knowledgeable about the company.

The illegals had been highly trained in the English language, countersurveillance, concealing and destroying spy tools, and maintaining their cover professions. They communicated with their SVR handlers in new and old ways, including invisible writing, shortwave radio signals, codes and ciphers (including encrypted Morse code), and the hiding of secret text in ordinary digital photos (spycraft known as "steganography"). They exchanged money and information in dead drops, brush-passes, and in agent-to-agent meetings.

Putin described the illegals as uncommonly brave. "Just imagine," he told reporters two weeks after the spy swap. "You need to master a language like your mother tongue. You need to think in it, speak in it. You need to fulfill the task set in the interests of your motherland for many, many years not counting on diplomatic cover, expose yourself and your loved ones to danger." It was no wonder then that President Medvedev awarded the illegals—at least some of them—Russia's top government honors. The *Kommersant* newspaper reported in November 2010 that the illegals were betrayed by a Russian intelligence officer, and Putin later acknowledged this in a televised call-in show. He told viewers that—unlike during the Soviet days—those who betray Russia would not be tracked down and killed.

"As for the traitors, they will croak all by themselves," Putin said. "Whatever equivalent of thirty pieces of silver they get, it will get stuck in their throats."

The traitor he spoke of was Alexander Poteyev, a colonel in the SVR who may have commenced his betrayals of Russia during a 1999–2000 tour in the United States. Poteyev served as the SVR's deputy head of Department S, supervising the illegals from Moscow Center. A military court found that Poteyev betrayed his secret agents, their financial information, and their communication methods. He also hindered their operations with poor equipment, requiring them to meet in unsecured spots. This allowed FBI agents to spy on the illegals for years to determine what inroads the SVR sought in the United States. Eventually, the FBI sent in undercover agents, posing as Russian spies, to make contact with them.

Poteyev was in Russia in early summer 2010, when he learned the FBI was about to arrest the illegals he had betrayed. He dropped everything, fleeing through Belarus, Ukraine, and Germany before flying to the U.S. with a passport in another name. His wife got a farewell text the next day: "Mary, try to take this calmly. I'm leaving not for some time, but forever. I didn't want to, but I had to. I will start my life from scratch and will try to help the children."

Anna Chapman later revealed that she feared she'd been betrayed while meeting with a Russian spy (in fact, an undercover FBI agent) who uttered a code that only Poteyev and her personal handler knew. On June 26, 2010, Chapman had phoned her father, a former KGB man now working in Moscow's Ministry of Foreign Affairs, telling him of her fears that she'd been found out. The following day, the FBI rolled up Chapman and nine other illegals. Another suspect, identified as Christopher R. Metsos—who delivered pay and expenses to the illegals—was arrested in Cyprus. Authorities there allowed Metsos to post bail. He vanished like a ghost, presumably fleeing to Russia.

The same month the U.S. sent the Russian illegals packing, the FBI opened an investigation of a Houston export company busily supplying Russia's military and intelligence agencies with shipments of microelectronics and other high-tech gear. The company was the center of a secret and highly illegal procurement network, according to the U.S. government. Arc Electronics Inc. founder Alexander Fishenko, a former Soviet from Kazakhstan, bought parts with an array of military uses—detonation triggers, for instance, and systems for missile guidance, radar, and surveillance. The gear wasn't available in Russia, federal prosecutors reported, and Arc officials lied to U.S. suppliers about its plans for the parts, saying for instance that the company was producing traffic lights. Federal investigators learned that the Texas outfit served only as an exporter, shipping an estimated $50 million worth of microelectronics and other technologies to Russia. Much of this was acquired by a shady Moscow procurement firm, Apex System LLC, for which Fishenko was a controlling principle. In late 2012, government agents eventually indicted Fishenko and ten other people in the U.S. Fishenko was charged as the mastermind of the illegal procurement network.

Americans shouldn't be surprised that Russian spies operate on U.S. soil. They also shouldn't look past the fact that the U.S. has been caught in recent years running its own spies in Russia. As long as the two countries remain competitors, it's in their best interests to learn each other's military, economic, and trade secrets.

Russia's incursions on U.S. soil should have sounded a national warning bell about Moscow's reach and its strategy to reclaim a berth on the global stage, according to Michelle Van Cleave, who served as National Counterintelligence Executive under President George W. Bush. Instead, she told me, pundits and would-be experts took to the airwaves to poke fun at Anna Chapman and the gang, describing them as little more than hapless spies playing Bond. Not only was that characterization erroneous, Van Cleave said, but it exposed a national naïveté about Russia's efforts to undermine the U.S.

"It clearly revealed a tip-of-the-iceberg investment by the Russians into building infrastructures within the United States—outside of traditional embassy platforms—to enable its intelligence operations," she said. Van Cleave believes there are at least as many Russian spies operating on U.S. soil today as during the height of the Cold War. "And there may well be more." If this sounds like a continuation of the Cold War, she points out, welcome to the party.

"I think Putin's been rather forthcoming about his own views and objectives, sort of capsulized by his statement a couple years back that the collapse of the former Soviet Union was the greatest geopolitical tragedy of the twentieth century," Van Cleave said. "When you measure that statement against a couple of world wars during that century, you begin to appreciate the magnitude of what he's saying." Van Cleave believes Putin's objectives are clear: to return Russia to global power by neutralizing former Soviet states, consolidating power, and undermining the West's global influence.

Putin is a true believer in espionage as the front end of that spear, and he's been quoted as saying that one deceptive man can beat armies. On his watch, Russian spies have more freedom to romp against the West than the U.S.S.R. ever allowed. Van Cleave notes that Russia's security and intelligence apparatus, parented by Putin, faces none of the encumbrances once imposed by the Communist Party. As a result, Putin's government has become virtually indistinguishable from its spy services, allowing organized crime to permeate Russia's industries. "So," Van Cleave said, "the the power and autonomy of the new KGB—the security service, the intelligence services—are even broader than [in] days gone by."

What surprised Van Cleave was the haste of the 2010 spy exchange. "Nothing wrong with spy swaps; there's a time-honored tradition," she said. "But we only had them for two weeks. Normally you'd take your time after ten years[of] having these people under surveillance. The bureau was eager to get their hands on them to find out what they could about their operations. And yet, after two weeks, you got almost no time to debrief them or pursue follow-up lines of inquiry."

It may never be clear why the U.S. so hastily expelled the Russian spies. Perhaps they were getting too close. But the FBI's position is that its agents let the illegals run with a lot of line before reeling them in, part of a calculated strategy to get the upper hand on Russia's foreign spy service. Robert Anderson Jr., who served as assistant director of the FBI's Counterintelligence Division at the conclusion of the Ghost Stories investigation, described the case as a big win for the U.S.

"I think we got back much more than they got," he said. "For numerous years, we owned every facet of their lives. From that, we could watch how that service would run them, operate them, pay them, communicate with them." Ghost Stories gave the U.S valuable insights on

Moscow Center's intentions, and how it might run future spy operations against the West. The SVR unwittingly handed over its methods and sources. "And that," Anderson said, "allows us to go out and look for others like this that we may not know are there."

The FBI's Portland-based investigation of Jim and Nathan offered another portal into the SVR's methods and sources. It demonstrated Moscow's ongoing devotion to U.S. spies caught betraying their country for Russia—at least for those, like Jim, who might still be able to help them.

From his office in the Hoover Building, Anderson supervised the espionage investigation of the Nicholsons. Briefed every few days on the case—sometimes by video feeds in highly secure rooms—Anderson came to think of Jim as cunning, self-centered, self-righteous, and evil. He felt sorry for Nathan, who had been worked over by a master manipulator.

"If you can do that to your own family, and your own son," he said, "the sky's the limit for your employer and the United States government."

Sheridan, Oregon, late summer 2010

Jim had spent more than twenty months in the hole, where rain occasionally seeped into the hallways, occasionally leaving the floor of his cell a swampy mess. Those who occupied the solitary unit had taken to stuffing towels under their doors to fight against the seepage. Jim was eventually moved to a dry cell, but he remained bitter about having been left in such cold, damp confinement. It gave him one more reason to despise the U.S. government.

He mailed a letter to Star on September 4.

"I didn't tell you why I've decided to go to trial yet, I don't think," he wrote. "I want you to know. Everything I write is scrutinized by multiple readers looking for just anything to use against me. That's fine. As you know they twist things completely out of context sometimes . . . to support whatever pet theory they want to use against me. So, it really doesn't matter what I say—they'll piece the words together anyway. I said that because I want to state clearly that Nathan is not responsible for any of the mess he and I are suffering through (and indirectly the rest of our family). I am responsible for bringing this unholy wrath upon us and I alone."

Jim let his daughter know that neither he nor Sam Kauffman believed the government's charges would stick against him or Nathan. But he wanted Star to understand that prosecutors had indicted Nathan because of him.

For a moment, it looked as if Jim might be falling on his sword to save his boy. He had made a feint at this once before. About a month after his arrest, he sent word to Scott Jensen that he wanted to talk things over. The FBI man had driven out to the prison, listened to Jim's pitch, and carried it back to prosecutors in Portland. Jim had told Jensen that he hoped to protect his son from criminal charges. But it seemed clear to the veteran FBI man that Jim—still in the dark about just how much investigators knew about their scheme—was more interested in fishing for details than striking a plea bargain that would save Nathan. Jensen offered Jim another chance to cowboy up and spare his kid from culpability for his father's crimes. But Jim didn't bite. Holsinger and Knight, unmoved by Jim's entreaty, indicted him and Nathan a few days later.

"Nathan is going to be used by the prosecution to testify against me," Jim wrote to Star. "He has no choice. Not only is this something he must do, I want him to. If for some reason the jury decides to find me guilty of anything, at least Nathan will not be punished overly severely. . . . The government will only be happy if I have to spend the rest of my life in prison. . . . That part is pure political vengeance on the part of someone in government. That's why I and Sam believe I should go to trial."

If only Nathan felt the same way. He wanted Jim to plead guilty so that he had a fighting chance of getting out of prison alive. Nathan was certain that a jury would convict his dad of multiple felonies, and that he was powerless to stop him from stampeding to trial. He was forbidden from reaching out to the old man—even through lawyers—to persuade Jim to throw in the towel. This was maddening to Nathan. He worried that if his father rolled the dice in front of a jury and lost, he'd probably die behind bars. Nathan knew this would leave them both shattered. He also knew that if Jim went away for life, it might destroy his relationship with Jeremi and Star.

"I doubt there's anyone still in the government who knows some of the explosives they seem to be playing with," Jim wrote in his letter to Star. "One must be careful walking through a minefield. At least I know where the mines are. So, that's all. You know me and you know my heart. If I didn't have you kids I would have given up long ago. You keep me going—give me a reason, as Grandma said of me, to live. Prison is not life. So I fight to live because of you. I love you, honey. I'm not giving up on God. But as usual, he's cutting it close. Love Always, Daddy. P.S. This is my 630th day in solitary confinement."

In the final days of summer, Kauffman dug deeper to defend Jim.

He added heavyweight lawyer Robert C. Weaver Jr., one of GSB's owners, as his co-counsel. Earlier in his career, Weaver served as a federal prosecutor, making his bones as the man who brought down cult leader Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, whose followers carried out the only mass bioterrorism attack on U.S. soil, slipping salmonella into the salad bars of ten restaurants in Oregon's Wasco County. As a defense lawyer, Weaver represented figure skater Tonya Harding, who played a role in the notorious knee-whacking of skating rival Nancy Kerrigan before the 1994 Winter Olympics. More recently, he represented several NBA players on the Portland Trail Blazers, whose criminal scrapes and hard partying off the basketball court earned them the nickname "Jail Blazers."

Kauffman filed a court notice to let the government know he planned to disclose classified information at trial, including details of Jim's days in the CIA, his interactions with Russian spies, and the circumstances of his 1990s espionage. Kauffman's motion noted that at trial he intended to cross-examine FBI or CIA officials and potentially some of their Russian counterparts. He also gave notice that he planned to ask questions in open court about Nathan's first contact with the Russians, and whether Nathan was under investigation before the FBI tailed him on the night of the murder mystery dinner train. Kauffman's filing came under the Classified Information Procedures Act, a 1980 law known as CIPA. The law was intended to prevent willy-nilly public disclosure of U.S. secrets.

Holsinger and Knight objected immediately to Kauffman's notice, responding in their own filing that Jim apparently wanted to divulge information that would damage national security. Their objection pointed out that CIPA doesn't permit defendants to surprise courts with classified evidence and that Judge Brown shouldn't allow the former CIA man to threaten the court with the legal equivalent of blackmail, known as "graymail."

Prosecutors figured Jim was threatening them as leverage for a generous plea bargain. They knew that the CIA's lawyers and their own legal superiors at Justice Department headquarters had no stomach for a trial that might give Jim a platform to divulge U.S. secrets in open court. But if Jim thought he had the government by the short and curlies, he was mistaken. Holsinger and Knight, doing the heavy legal lifting in Portland's U.S. Attorney's Office, were itching to take Jim to trial. They knew that winning a conviction in Portland, before a jury culled from a region teeming with government skeptics, would mark a career highlight.

Judge Brown set Jim's jury trial for two weeks commencing on November 8, 2010.

On October 1, Kauffman and Weaver filed a trial memo that served as a blueprint for Jim's defense strategy: "The charges in this case stem from an ill-conceived, but ultimately successful, plan by Mr. Nicholson and his son Nathaniel Nicholson (Nathan) to obtain financial assistance for the three Nicholson children." The defense wrote that it would dispute little about the facts of Nathan's travels around the world. "Nevertheless," they wrote, "Mr. Nicholson is not guilty of the charged crimes. Simply put, it is not illegal for someone to ask a foreign government for financial assistance, even if that person has previously been convicted of espionage. Nor is it illegal for someone to bring cash into the United States from a foreign country, even if it is brought in covertly." The government, they wrote, had gone to great lengths and spent untold dollars to investigate and prosecute the Nicholsons—but they'd committed no crime.

So there it was. Jim's lawyers had pinned his hopes on the novel notion that accepting money—even from the Russian spy service that owed Jim for his espionage—was nothing more than a gift of financial assistance for the Nicholson kids. The defense didn't believe it was money laundering. This appeared to be a legal sleight of hand, and was unlikely to pass a jury's sniff test. But there was more: The defense wanted Judge Brown to exclude testimony about Jim's 1997 conviction for espionage and his attempts to sneak documents out of the prison before Nathan came along.

Prosecutors had framed their case around Jim's prior espionage, which they maintained was the foundation for his repeated efforts to smuggle messages to the Russians. They had spent hours prepping former prisoners for trial. Steven Meyers was prepared to testify that Jim used him in an effort to talk his brother Randall and his paralegal friend to sneak messages out of the prison. Phil Quackenbush would tell the court he covertly carried out a thick document for Jim. Nathan would testify that he couriered multiple messages between Fedotov and his dad, and Rochford would explain why a retired spy like Fedotov was called in to handle Jim's boy.

The government planned to introduce a jarring pile of exhibits at trial, including the photo of Jim wearing the "KGB is for me" T-shirt, his arrest photo on the tarmac at Dulles, and the certificates of completion he earned in prison for Beginning Russian and Russian II. They would play for the court dozens of phone calls between Jim and his kids, and they would introduce piles of correspondence, Nathan's travel records, and surveillance videos. As a coup de grâce, they would trot out Rochford, who would paint a portrait of Fedotov—under a backdrop of Cold War spy dramas and political intrigue—as a spymaster still intent on harming U.S. security by learning the identity of the Russian mole who'd helped betray Jim.

Zaporozhsky had been back in U.S. hands only a few months and remained under protection. Rochford would never utter his name in court, or anywhere. Zaporozhsky's role in the Nicholson case would remain classified, a secret that counterintelligence insiders shared with me for this book, under condition of anonymity. It remains unclear why the U.S. continues to keep Zaporozhsky under such tight wraps. Russia's intelligence leaders traded him, fair and square, to secure the freedom of their illegals rolled up in the Ghost Stories probe. Russians will probably always consider Zaporozhsky a villain for his betrayals. But he will go down in American history as a hero for helping to expose Jim and other moles who betrayed U.S. secrets to Russia.

Jim's defense team made a bid to reach into that inner sanctum of national security. His lawyers filed a motion to force the government to review its debriefings of Robert Hanssen, who worked in the FBI's Washington Field Office about the time Jim ramped up his espionage for Russia. Jim's lawyers wanted to know if Hanssen provided the SVR with details of Jim's first espionage investigation, arrest, and debriefings. They pointed out that if Hanssen had passed Jim's debriefs to the SVR, the Russians would have already known how Jim was caught—making Fedotov's inquiries a moot point.

"Clearly," the defense wrote, "if the Russian Federation already knew the details of Mr. Nicholson's arrest, that tends to belie the suggestion from the government that Mr. Nicholson was somehow providing the Russians information that would be useful to them in detecting weaknesses in their intelligence operations." They noted that Rochford participated in thirty-five debriefings of Hanssen, suggesting he would know the answers.

The Hanssen debriefs were so closely guarded by the government that it's unlikely Judge Brown would have ordered their disclosure.

As it happens, the argument would never reach the courtroom.

Prosecutors were preparing FBI agents for their turns in the witness box when Kauffman phoned Knight to say Jim might be willing to make a deal.

What followed, as Knight put it later, was a furtive exercise in shuttle diplomacy that commenced with a few phone calls and a couple of meetings in his office. It was an uncommonly busy time for Knight, who was suddenly up to his armpits in another major national security case: An Oregon State University student had met that summer with two undercover FBI agents posing as al-Qaeda terrorists. Mohamed Osman Mohamud, a nineteen-year-old Somali American from a good family in Beaverton, had taken a turn for radical Islam and now planned to help his friends detonate a massive fertilizer bomb during Portland's annual Christmas tree lighting ceremony in late November.

Knight knew that the Mohamud case, arising from a classic FBI domestic terrorism sting, would consume his waking hours. What he didn't know is that Holsinger would eventually join him as co-counsel in that case. At that hour, one thing was certain: Knight was happy to negotiate with Kauffman to see if perhaps they could make a deal. The Mohamud case was already chewing up his workdays, and preparing for an espionage trial wasn't going to make his life any easier.

Jim shuffled into Judge Brown's court at 8:58 a.m. on the second Thursday in November. He slipped into the seat next to Kauffman in a wood-slat courtroom with high ceilings and thermostat problems. The room burned hotter than teenage love. Jim looked older, grayer, and more haggard. His swagger was gone. On the table in front of him were two documents, a total of fifteen pages that spelled out a binding plea agreement. If Brown approved his plea, Jim would look considerably older by the time he got out of prison.

Judge Brown took her seat a few moments later and spent much of the next forty-three minutes asking Jim questions, the ambient notes of a court reporter's keyboard quietly clacking between them. Toward the end, Jim pleaded guilty to conspiring with Nathan to act as an agent of the Russian Federation and laundering the proceeds. Brown took the plea agreement under advisement. She would have to consider whether the eight additional years of prison agreed upon by prosecutors and Jim's defense team was in the best interests of justice.

As Kauffman later explained, Jim wanted to face the charges head-on at trial. But the specter of his youngest son sitting on the witness stand was too much to bear. "Ultimately," Kauffman said, "he couldn't move forward."

Government officials in Washington responded to news of Jim's guilty plea with sterile quotes about Jim's breaches of trust and violations of the oath he took to protect his nation's secrets. But Oregon's top FBI official, Art Balizan, got to the heart of Jim's betrayals: "During his career with the CIA, this country entrusted [him] with some of its most sensitive secrets. Not once—but twice—he betrayed his oath, our nation, and his family. Unfortunately, this is a legacy he and his children will live with from now on."

The most betrayed person in the whole sordid mess was forbidden from attending Jim's plea hearing. A few days earlier, Nathan's defense team had gathered around a speakerphone to tell their twenty-six-year-old client that his dad planned to plead guilty, sparing him from a wrenching stretch in the witness box. Nathan, who had prayed for just such deliverance, was relieved but hardly euphoric. He couldn't stop calculating the damage. He was now a felon facing prison. He had betrayed the country he loved. His dad was a two-time felon who'd be well into his seventies before he was freed. The Bureau of Prisons would certainly move his dad to another prison out of state.

Nathan felt certain the judge would impose a no-contact order, meaning he'd be well into middle age before he could mend things eye to eye with his dad. As he told a psychologist, "This is like the death of my father. I doubt I will ever have the opportunity to talk to him again."

Now it was Nathan who would face the judge.

The night before his sentencing hearing, now living in a tiny studio apartment in Corvallis, Nathan sat down alone to a plate of curry chicken at an Indian restaurant called Nirvana. He drove back to his place and put his affairs in order. He jotted down his financial information—including bank account numbers and passwords—on a single piece of paper, which he left on the floor the next morning before driving to Portland. On the morning of December 7, 2010, Nathan made his way through the Hatfield courthouse metal detector. He wore his black suit and a crisp blue shirt and tie, his face taut with anxiety. He strode across the lobby, passing a quotation from Alexander Hamilton etched into a massive wall of black marble—"The First Duty of Society Is Justice"—on his way to the elevator doors. Outside Judge Brown's courtroom, he handed his car keys to a friend he'd known since middle school.

Nathan took a seat between Tom Price and Jerry Needham at the defense table, with prosecutors Knight and Holsinger off to his left. A box of tissues sat on the table in front of him. Laurie and Bill sat behind Nathan, as did Nick and Betty, along with a few other friends and relatives. A large group of high school girls from nearby St. Mary's Academy, Judge Brown's alma mater, crowded into the gallery. A gavel brought them to their feet at 9:01 a.m.

"All rise."

Nathan stood as Brown settled into her chair.

"Please be seated."

Nathan's sole chance of freedom lay in the hands of the graying judge now shuffling papers on the bench.

Jerry Needham, the lanky lawyer with the Queens accent, told Brown that it was unfortunate she had not had the same chance to get to know Nathan that the lawyers, FBI agents, and defense investigators had.

"I'm sure that your honor would come away from that experience similar to everyone else," he said. "Mr. Nicholson is a loyal, decent young man who would never set out to engage in this kind of conduct or behavior had it not been for his unusual and destructive relationship with his father. He exhibited, through the course of all of his meetings, a great deal of anguish about this particular crime and his behavior, how it has affected him. He never had an ax to grind against his government. . . .

"He has a conscience, and it has deeply affected him that his behavior has caused this rift in his family—the destruction, for the most part, of his relationship with the father who he loves and admired as a kid. He never truly understood his father, however. He never really understood his father's crime. . . . His father afterwards, while he was in prison at Sheridan, told him and his siblings the story—which was a lie—that he had done it all for his family. In the shadow of that deception, their relationship grew."

Needham explained that Nathan's faith in his father was shattered when the FBI came to his door nearly two years back. It was then that Nathan began to reexamine himself against the young man whose father had led him astray. Needham urged Brown to sentence Nathan not to prison but to probation, with one hundred hours of community service to the Department of Veterans Affairs. Imprisoning him, he told Brown, would only disrupt his chances of rebuilding his life.

Judge Brown looked down and asked if Nathan had anything to say for himself.

He stood at attention, shoulders square.

"Your honor," he began, "I would first like to thank you for the time that was allotted to me to help regain and reestablish what I could in my life. Your honor, I—I—I am deeply sorry that this even happened. I am terribly embarrassed. . . . I've hurt my friends and family . . . and I wish to use any and all energy I can to help restore what was once lost, your honor. Thank you."

"What's your plan?"

Nathan lightened a little. He said he hoped to finish his degree in computer science, specializing in software systems. His goal was to design a system that would make houses or cars more energy-efficient.

"Aside from that," he said, "I also wish to have a family of my own someday, your honor, to settle down and to not live such an adventurous life. . . . I also wish to continue abiding by the laws, your honor, and to . . . basically own up to anything that I need to, punishment or otherwise."

Judge Brown had reviewed mounds of paper that recommended she be lenient with Nathan. His defense lawyers, the court officer who wrote his presentence report, and even the prosecutors had all come to the same conclusion about the earnest, gullible, slightly goofy young man now sitting before her. None of them thought he belonged in prison. But the judge's job, guided by federal sentencing guidelines, was to structure a sentence that promoted respect for the law, protected public safety, and took into account the seriousness of his crimes.

"While the defendant's relative culpability, as compared to his father's conduct, clearly is less, the two of them together engaged in a conspiracy to engage agents of a foreign government, and then to launder money received from agents of a foreign government in a manner intended to deceive and to avoid detection," Brown said. "Where that plot may have gone, had it not been detected early by the government and interrupted after . . . this defendant's personal overseas travels on numerous occasions, is only left to speculation."

Her words hung in the air like the notes of a funeral dirge.

Judge Brown then launched into a monologue, as if deliberating aloud. She noted that Nathan quickly took full responsibility for his role in the father-son plot, and agreed to mend his breach by cooperating with the government. Nathan did so, she said, at no small expense to his relationship with his father, his own psyche, and his unresolved anxiety about the terrible crimes his father committed against his nation.

"When I released you from custody, Mr. Nicholson, there was debate about whether that was a wise decision. The lawyers who are joining in the probationary recommendation today argued that I was taking a risk by letting you out and that there was a chance you would flee to seek refuge from the agents of the foreign government with whom you had been dealing. You committed that you would not. You promised that you would follow every condition of supervision that was placed on you. And with every single report I've received since I authorized your release, it has been confirmed that you met each and every one of those obligations. So I'm relieved. I'm relieved that the promise you made was actually borne out by your conduct.

"I think here, for all the reasons that have been written about," Brown said, "it is fair to conclude that a prison sentence is not necessary. And therefore, I decline to impose a prison sentence, but instead will place the defendant on a five-year period of probation." She also ordered him to serve a hundred hours of community service with the VA.

Nathan was free to go home.

On Tuesday, January 18, 2011, Jim shuffled across a patch of courtroom carpet in leg irons. Betty Nicholson was shocked to see her son so bedraggled. He had always put himself together, even behind bars. Now he wore wrinkled BOP khakis with short sleeves, his Ranger tattoo as faded and worn out as his face. His scalp showed more shine than that day nearly two years before when he'd walked into court looking as if he owned the place. Now he appeared resigned.

Nathan and Star squeezed in together on the front bench directly behind their dad. The only thing separating them from Jim was a wooden rail and armed deputy marshals. Nathan had not seen or heard from his dad in nearly eight hundred days, and his gut was knotted with worry over how the old man would treat him after his sentencing.

At 1:36 p.m., Kauffman and the government's lawyers walked into the courtroom out of a door near Judge Brown's bench. She took her seat moments later and got right to business. She was ready to proceed, having read Jim's presentence report, and would accept his guilty plea. But she noted that under federal sentencing guidelines, she could sentence Jim to an additional twenty-five years in prison.

"So, Mr. Nicholson, first I need to be sure you've seen the presentence report, and reviewed it with your attorney."

"Yes I have, your honor."

"All right. Is there anything you would like to say before I impose sentence?"

"Yes, your honor. I do have a statement to make."

Jim asked Brown to forgive him for what would be a long speech.

"We have all the time you need," she said.

Standing now, Jim began.

"Your honor, in my life I have been through several coups. I have been through a revolution, and I have been through a war. I have been marked for assassination by a foreign terrorist organization. I have been hunted by armed gunman in East Asia, and I have been imprisoned in this country. I have gone through a heart-wrenching divorce and custody battle. But the worst day of my life was the day I learned that my young son had been arrested and charged with acts for which I was responsible.

"Your honor, in 1996, when I was first arrested, it was not just my money, my home, my car, and my possessions that were taken by the United States government. It was my children's home, my children's family car, my children's possessions, and their personal savings accounts that were also seized by the United States government, in an effort to punish me. For at that time, on that day, my children were told to pack one bag each. They were then taken to the airport with their pet cats, placed on an airplane, and flown from their home in Virginia to Oregon—a place where they had only visited their relatives. My oldest son was forced to leave college and to get a job, in an effort to help support his younger brother and sister.

"For over a decade I sat, as if in amber, watching from the federal prison while my children struggled to make ends meet. They did a heroic job. After 9/11 and the terrorist attack in 2001, both of my boys entered the military on their own, but with my blessing. My daughter went to get a college degree and set out to pursue a career on her own.

"For the last 766 days, your honor, I have been in solitary confinement. I have been held in a stark cement cell for twenty-four hours a day. I have been separated from my family. Other than letters, I have had no contact with anyone but my legal team and prison officials. . . . During this time, I have concluded that my children never really needed the extent of help that I thought they needed. My children, each one of them, are wonderful, good, caring, smart, and capable people.

"The truth is, your honor, it was not just their need for assistance that caused me to suggest the course of action that I did. It was my pride. It was also the illusion that I was somehow indispensable to my children's survival. Your honor, in solitude, illusions dissolve. It was in my solitude of solitary confinement that I realized that all my children ever really needed from me was my love."

Jim explained to Judge Brown that he sought help for his kids only when Star and Jeremi were buried under an avalanche of student loan debts and struggling to make the rent.

"And it was in desperation that, after all of my prison savings had been expended, that [I believed] they might be helped by only one source—and the only source I could think of at the time was the Russian Federation. Now, I recognize that it was because of my previous assistance to them that they were willing to help my children in their time of need. However, I would also like to add that the Russians owed me nothing. And insofar as their efforts were truly to help my children, I regret the embarrassment that this has caused them as well."

Jaws dropped among the FBI agents against the back wall. The sonofabitch had just apologized for embarrassing the Russians. Jim's fealty to Moscow was particularly galling to Jared Garth, the FBI's lead agent in the case. He was flabbergasted that Jim failed to offer a single word of apology to the nation he betrayed. Only later did it dawn on him: "Why would he apologize to the United States? He was loyal to the Russian Federation."

Jim's apologies continued.

"I would like to ask my children to forgive me," Jim said. "When I was initially arrested, I could have never imagined that I would fail them again. And I will endeavor not to do so, once more."

Nathan's eyes brimmed, and Star's shoulders trembled under the weight of her sobs.

"I would like to say, your honor, in regard to my young son, that if he harbors any feeling of failure in this regard to let those feelings go. His efforts in all of this were completely selfless. And they were designed only to help his family in their time of need."

Behind Jim, Nathan's face reddened as he wept.

"I love him dearly," Jim continued. "I could not be more proud of him. He has never let me down, and he has never failed his family. Any failure has been mine alone.

"That's what I would like to say, your honor. Thank you."

Judge Brown glared at Jim.

"He's made an eloquent statement today to his family, to his children," Brown told the courtroom, eyes drawing a bead on Jim. "Notably absent from his remarks, however, was any suggestion of remorse for committing criminal conduct against the United States and its interests. What he calls 'previous assistance' to the Russian Federation was *criminal espionage*, for which he was sentenced. He's been in solitary confinement pending today's proceedings because of repeated criminal activity. His 1996 arrest was for a reason. The United States didn't act against him on an arbitrary whim. He committed conduct which resulted in a conviction for *espionage*."

Brown sentenced Jim to the eight-year prison term the lawyers had agreed upon. But from her expression, it appeared to have left a bad taste in her mouth. She punctuated her decision by subtly warning Jim that he would rue the day he broke another law behind bars. If he ever did, she said, "I don't know how anyone will be able to make an argument, Mr. Nicholson, that you should ever do anything other than spend the rest of your life in prison."

Jim nodded somberly. He had just sealed two more superlatives in the annals of American spying. He was already the highest-ranking CIA officer ever convicted of espionage. Now he was the only U.S. spy caught betraying his country twice, and the only American convicted of spying for a foreign government inside the bars of a federal prison.

Brown pointed out that Jim had deservedly spent the last few years in the hole.

"And so the time itself, going forward," she said, "is not going to be easy time. And it wouldn't surprise me at all if the defendant spends it in solitary confinement, too."

Brown ordered that Jim not reach out in any way to Russia or any foreign government, and that he have no contact with Nathan without advance approval of his probation officer. She reminded Jim he was to give no media interviews without telling the CIA in advance so it could make an officer present.

Jim's legal team had negotiated a few lines in his plea agreement to let him spend a few minutes with his family at the end of his sentencing. Deputy marshals would stand by to make sure Jim had no physical contact with them. FBI agents and CIA officers would listen to the conversation to make sure Jim betrayed no secrets to Nathan or anyone else in the closed-door gathering. Brown told the court she was honoring the agreement, but she wanted the get-together to be brief—about ten minutes.

"Mr. Price," she said to Nathan's primary lawyer. "You and your client are free to stay if you wish. We're in recess on this matter."

The courtroom doors closed at 2:18 p.m. Brown walked back to her chambers as the gallery filed out.

When the courtroom doors closed, Jim swiveled in his high-backed chair as his family pressed closer to the wooden railing separating them. Jim had not laid eyes on his family in more than two years.

"Hi, guys," he began.

Jim told Nathan and Star how much he loved them. Through tears, they told him how much they missed and loved him. His parents, Nick and Betty, and siblings, Rob and Tammie, also pushed a little closer to say hello and let Jim know he still had their unconditional love and support. Conspicuously absent was Jeremi, still furious with his father for reaching back to the Russians. Jeremi also remained troubled by Nathan's willingness to take part in Jim's harebrained scheme, which only brought more shame to the Nicholson family name and put their dad behind bars even longer.

After Jim said his goodbyes, deputy marshals guided him through a door in the paneled wall on his way back to the hole. Nathan left the courtroom looking spent, his eyes red. He could muster only one thought before hiking out of the courthouse into a cold rain.

"It was good to see him again."

This was an echo of the teenage Nathan who had told a TV reporter he liked talking on the phone with his imprisoned dad just to hear his voice. That was half a lifetime ago. That boy was a distant memory now. In his place was a grown man who'd made his own mistakes.

As the months passed, Nathan forged plans. He would try to earn a college degree, find a nice woman, and start a family of his own. In the meantime, he was coming to grips with his dad's betrayals, haunted by the old man's words. He recalled phrases Jim had used to inspire him—some of them Bible verses—and he wasn't ashamed to admit some of them still inspired him.

Before you were born, I set you apart and anointed you as my spokesman to the world.

You have been brave enough to step into this new unseen world that is sometimes dangerous but always fascinating.

God leads us on our greatest adventures.

I understand you—and me.

Nathan and Jim had grown incredibly close during their years as spy and son, and Nathan sometimes choked up, in our many interviews, as he measured that bond against its outcomes. Some of Jim's words carried special relevance now, revealing, in the objective world, what manipulations they were.

Nathan also suffered from what might be called post-traumatic surveillance disorder. Like a soldier who feared mortar attacks long after coming home from combat, Nathan found himself flashing back to his short life as a spy. Paranoia shadowed him. He still drove the Chevy Cavalier the FBI had repeatedly searched. The government still monitored his computer usage. He still found himself hyperaware of his surroundings, and the number of times certain faces or vehicles came into view. Could he ever be certain someone wasn't watching him?

He had been tailed by professionals from the FBI, the SVR, and God only knows who else. The old man had seduced him with scripture and spy tales, goading him into seeing the world with new eyes. But the world Nathan occupied had eventually looked back in condemnation.

There had been times in the past when Nathan read his dad's letters and could hear Jim's voice as clearly as if he were sitting on the bedroom floor reading them aloud. Jim's words were now filtered by Nathan's human education, bathed in the context of an FBI investigation. Some of the words that had guided him into trouble now had double meanings.

Keep looking through your new eyes, Jim had said.

That part, Nathan knew, would come easy.

Epilogue

The Last Asset

The U.S. Department of Justice threw up every obstacle in its power to prevent Jim from talking to me. I had fooled myself into believing that the Bureau of Prisons, one of its agencies, would allow Jim to make good on his promise to give me an exclusive interview. But a little more than a month after his sentencing, the BOP quietly shuttled him out of Oregon. He moved through prisons in California and Oklahoma before he landed, on April 4, 2011, in the same prison complex where the government had executed Oklahoma City bomber Timothy McVeigh for the 1995 murder of 168 people.

The BOP reconfigured its death row facilities at the Terre Haute Federal Correctional Complex in December 2006 to accommodate an influx of mostly Muslim men rolled up in post-9/11 terrorist plots. There the government created the first of two Communications Management Units, perhaps the most invasive lockups in the modern era of American punishment. The government wired the facilities with video cameras and listening devices so that a team of counterterrorism experts in West Virginia could remotely snoop on inmates around the clock. News media nicknamed the facility Guantánamo North.

The government's intention was to monitor Jim as closely as the law allowed to prevent him from reaching out to the Russians. But the BOP, perhaps humiliated by the ease with which Jim had bypassed Sheridan's security to communicate with Russian spies, also planned to shut him down from telling his story.

In the spring of 2011, I wrote to the warden at the Terre Haute complex for permission to interview Jim, and he responded days later: "After a thorough review of your request and established policy regarding news media contacts, your request to interview inmate Nicholson has been denied. Specifically, it is our opinion the interview could jeopardize security and disturb the orderly running of the institution." I asked the warden to reconsider, offering a compromise in which I'd agree to interview Jim by speakerphone, a CIA officer sitting next to me. I closed my letter by quoting forty-five powerful words penned in 1791 by James Madison. But the warden, clearly unmoved by my recitation of the First Amendment, denied my appeal. He was backed by the U.S. Supreme Court, which had ruled in 1974 (*Pell v. Procunier*) that the need to maintain internal security in prisons thoroughly trumps prisoners' free-speech rights.

Jim's liberties weren't as important to me as those of my readers, who had a constitutional right to hear his story. I had written a few letters to him while he was in Sheridan, but the government seized his replies before they could reach my letterbox. Only after Jim's sentencing did the FBI turn over photocopies of his letters.

"In a way," Jim wrote in the first of them, "I feel I should be writing this from an upper room of a house on the South Devon Coast. It somehow would seem fitting. For now that is not possible. . . . Perhaps you can appreciate that sometimes in life bridges blow up seemingly by themselves. Once we cross them we can't get back. I believe this because I tried and failed. We must then go on from where we find ourselves."

Jim complained of writing from a cold concrete cell, putting pencil to lined notebook paper like a schoolboy. He posed questions to me as if he were interviewing a job candidate. There were no "correct" answers, he wrote. All he wanted was honest responses, not those I thought he might like to hear. He asked if I had children and about my relationship with them. "Do you have faith in anything—God, country, family, job, yourself?" he wrote. "Was there ever a time when you lost your faith in anything or everything?" In a postscript, Jim apologized for sounding overly suspicious and acknowledged that thirteen years in prison had degraded his social skills.

Jim cautioned me not to expect too much, offering a hint that he might not be able to articulate why he twice betrayed his country and risked his own son's future: "I don't have answers to some of the questions you might expect me to know. Some things have been a mystery even to me about me." I responded with a five-page letter, but it's unclear whether Jim received it.

In the summer of 2011, months after I sought permission from the BOP and CIA to interview Jim, Attorney General Eric H. Holder Jr. forced Jim to sign a secret document called a Special Administrative Measure, known as a SAM. The papers were ostensibly intended to prevent him from communicating words—by any means—that could harm the U.S. What the SAM really did was crystallize the government's intention to muzzle Jim, trample the public's First Amendment rights, and punish him for exploiting security weaknesses at Sheridan. Jim's own counsel, Sam Kauffman, was not permitted to speak to his client until he, too, signed the document. Forty-nine U.S. prisoners would be held under SAMs by the end of 2012. None could have any contact with journalists.

I appealed directly to the Justice Department's National Security Division. A contact there told me that Jim's Special Administrative Measure expressly forbade him from contact with any journalist. "Not going to happen," he said. "Sorry."

Shut down by the U.S. government, I reached out to the Russian Federation to learn why Moscow Center remained so loyal to Jim. The SVR would not discuss the personnel who handled Jim and Nathan: Sergei A. Polyakov, Mikhail Gorbunov, and Vasiliy Fedotov. I walked into the Russian Consulate in San Francisco, and its embassy in Nicosia, Cyprus, asking to speak to a representative of its diplomatic corps or security detail to get Russia's version of the story. In San Francisco, a tanned first-name-only official who called himself Sergei met me on the street to say, "I don't like spy stories," and claimed ignorance of the

Nicholsons' crimes. In Nicosia, a consular officer told me to e-mail my questions directly to the SVR at Moscow Center. I sent multiple queries in Russian and English. The SVR never responded.

By then, the BOP had moved Jim to the U.S. Penitentiary Administrative Maximum Facility in Florence, Colorado, better known as the federal Supermax. Jim would serve his time in this Rocky Mountain Alcatraz with fellow spy Robert Hanssen, 1993 World Trade Center bomber Ramzi Yousef, Unabomber Ted Kaczynski, and a rogues' gallery of other notorious prisoners. The Bureau of Prisons kept Jim locked in his private cell twenty-three hours a day, limited his correspondence to short letters to close family, and permitted him just one fifteen-minute phone call per month. He would eventually get a janitorial job that for a time provided some more time out of his cell, and $17 a month, Nick and Betty told me. He has not been allowed to communicate with Nathan.

Jim's earliest release date is June 27, 2024. If he gets out then, he will be seventy-three years old and will find himself at a crossroads. He can stay put in the U.S., where Jeremi and Nastia have borne him a grandson (they named him James) and Star bore him another grandson, or he can bolt for the Russian Federation and the pension that awaits him. His decision will prove to his family where his loyalties live.

One of Jim's letters to me from Sheridan noted there were reasons why a "a former Boy Scout, mom and apple pie-loving, flag-waving, country-first young man ended up as an older man in solitary confinement." He asked if I'd seen *Spy Game*, the movie that stars Brad Pitt as a CIA man mentored by a grizzled case officer played by Robert Redford. "Interestingly," Jim wrote, "Pitt's character had also been a Boy Scout before becoming a special operator in Southeast Asia and then a CIA case officer. He said he learned how to shoot well in the scouts. I learned on my uncle's farm as a boy. It's perhaps not atypical to pick someone like this to mold into what the CIA needs. I guess it works pretty well until they expect you to juggle one too many balls at once."

Jim wasn't forced to juggle more balls than a great many of his brother and sister officers in the CIA. He was hardly the first spy to face the strain of long-term covers, lying on cue, keeping secrets from the spouse, and hearing his kids grow up over long-distance lines. The CIA's Employee Assistance Program and Family Advisory Board were designed to help agency families in crisis. These services were available to Jim. But there's no record that he reached out to them, and there were good reasons why he wouldn't. His revealing his problems—a crumbling marriage, infidelity, financial troubles, emotional wounds, disgruntlement with his employer—might have alerted Langley that Jim was in deep trouble. Agency superiors would have thought twice about sending him back overseas, because those vulnerabilities sometimes pushed intelligence officers into the hands of rival spy agencies.

It may never be clear to me why Jim didn't seek help from friends, family, coworkers, or bank officers for financial assistance. I've pored through court papers and other public documents detailing Jim's financial predicament, and it's clear he could have held things together without moonlighting for the SVR. Jim could have sold his town house and downsized his lust for electronics and other extravagances. Jeremi could have gone without a car at college. Star and Nathan didn't require so much *stuff;* they were happy just to have their father around.

The irony of Jim's latest crime is that by the time he and Nathan got things going with the Russians, his kids really didn't need the money. Jeremi was in the Air Force. Star had a fine job. Uncle Sam was taking good care of Nathan as he worked toward a college diploma.

Because I am a journalist, and perhaps not shot in the ass with compassion, I briefly flirted with the notion that Jim was born a conscienceless psychopath motivated by the thrill of pulling the wool over the CIA's eyes. Successful spies, swaggering risk takers that they are, have a native talent to lie through their teeth during the day and check their covers at the doorstep at night. But it's the extremely rare psychopath, I came to learn, who could get past the agency's rigorous screening.

Two psychiatrists with unique perspectives on CIA officers both told me that Jim's love for Nathan and his family demonstrated the kind of empathy that psychopaths lack. Dr. Marc Sageman, who spent seven years as a CIA case officer, and Dr. David L. Charney, who has seen his share of patients from the agency at his northern Virginia practice, both believe Jim is, rather, an extreme narcissist. But Charney pointed out that the same qualities that made Jim a successful spy—superficial charm, grandiosity, impulsiveness, and the knack for burrowing into others like a parasite when he needed something—were also traits of the psychopath.

Charney, a psychiatric expert on the defense team of Robert Hanssen, said that Jim and the FBI's most damaging spy shared one intriguing parallel: Their country and colleagues spurned them after they were unmasked, yet their children still loved them deeply. In that way, Charney said, the children of Hanssen and Nicholson served as the last lines of protection from a disapproving world. Both traitors clung to their kids after the FBI turned their lives upside down. But the most heartbreaking consequences fell to Nathan. As Charney put it, Jim had turned his youngest son—emotionally and literally—into his last asset.

The sun began to set over the rounded shoulders of Oregon's Coast Range mountains on the early evening of June 15, 2013, the sky a smear of pink and plum. The air smelled of fresh-cut grass. The day foreshowed summer and possibilities. The college town of Corvallis, home of the Oregon State University Beavers, was forty minutes in my rearview mirror. Behind me, a few hundred newly minted graduates of the university's School of Electrical Engineering and Computer Science were gathered for cake and photos, most of them still wearing their graduation robes and mortarboards.

Nathan had vacillated for months over whether to cross the stage and publicly accept his diploma. He decided only in the final days to join his girlfriend, Savannah Lee Van Beek, and their classmates for the ceremony. By then, it was too late to be listed in the printed program. The graduates were about what you'd expect from an auditorium thick with computer geeks on the cutting edges of new technologies. Many wore shorts under their gowns. One festooned his graduation cap with a green circuit board. Another rigged hers with a strand of bright orange lights in a display of school spirit.

Master's and doctoral grads had pursued course work in such areas as "Bayesian Optimization with Empirical Constraints" and "Node-to-Set Node Disjoint Paths Routing in Some Interconnection Networks," techno-gibberish that drew quiet chuckles from parents in the audience.

"Look for ways to make the world a better place," the head of the school told graduates before handing out their diplomas. "And laugh a lot."

When the ceremony ended, the new grads filed out as loudspeakers blared Kool & the Gang's "Celebration." The song had been the nation's number one hit on that day in 1980 when Nathan's dad joined the CIA. I lingered for a few moments as the tide of black gowns pushed past. I kept thinking about how far Nathan had traveled in less than a decade, from doting son to broken soldier, spy to inmate, convicted felon to college graduate. Finally he had matriculated, diploma in hand, to his place in the world of commerce. He had met and fallen deeply in love with Savannah on the very campus where his parents met forty years earlier.

I wondered how Jim would learn of his younger son's achievement. I imagined Star would tell him by phone, or Nick and Betty might share the good news by letter. I thought about all the moments in Nathan's life that Jim missed, the birthdays and graduations and the firsts that fathers and sons are supposed to share, from first car to first legal beer. And I remembered what Nathan told me when I asked him what he would ask his father, were they given the chance to one day talk again: "Was it worth it?" Nathan was determined to rebuild his own life, brick by brick, and restore the Nicholson name.

Four years have passed since Nathan promised to tell me his story exclusively. Since then he has given me roughly two hundred hours of his life in face-to-face interviews, on the phone, by e-mail, and via text message. I asked him painful and impertinent questions, poking under the sore teeth of his psyche, which he handled with grace and good humor. His story never wavered. He sought nothing in return. After I sold the rights to this book to movie producers, they wanted to buy Nathan's life-story rights. His plea agreement forbade him from earning a dime from his personal drama. So he signed his rights away gratis. All he asked in return was that they write a check for $500 payable to the U.S. government. He was making amends.

I remember once telling Nathan that he would be about a month shy of his fortieth birthday before his dad got out of prison. I asked what kind of future he envisioned for himself. He told me he hoped to have a faded diploma, a wife, and three kids of his own. He told me with a chuckle that if things went according to plan, he'd have a helluva lot less adventure in his life.

Nathan knew that if he was to achieve these things, he would do it without Jim's guidance. By court order, he was forbidden from communicating with his dad by any means, even through a third party. But Nathan didn't need a judge to tell him he should put some distance between himself and the naïve young man who'd been so easily seduced into serving as his dad's agent. I asked him once, as he sat in a studio apartment not much bigger than a jail cell, whether he believed he had betrayed his country.

"Absolutely," he said.

Never have I heard so much anguish poured into one word.

I thought about Nathan, and of my own son, Holden. I had shared Nathan's story with my boy when he was just twelve, the same age at which Nathan had learned of his father's arrest for espionage. I asked Holden how he'd feel if it were I who had been imprisoned for betraying our country. *I'd be really mad,* I recall him telling me. *But I would still love you.* He said it would take a long time for me to regain his trust.

There is long-held orthodoxy in American journalism that forbids writers from getting too close to the subjects of their stories. We are counseled to keep barriers, however thin, between us and them. For many years, I adhered to this journalistic canon in service of something

I called objectivity. I rationalized away my detachment by thinking of it as the foundation of fairness. Only late in my career did I cotton to the fact that it was a load of crap. Because, in the end, there's only truth.

As I sat in the college auditorium that afternoon, I thought about the steps I had taken to get into Nathan's head and shake out the truth. I had literally walked in his shoes, donning the heavy orange slippers and jail scrubs and shackles he'd worn in two county jails. I had smelled air full of cleaning solvents inside both of the lockups that kept him, felt the sting of ankle chains when I took steps that exceeded their reach. I had walked the cobblestone streets of Nicosia, the polished floors of the Russian Consulate in San Francisco, the carpeted courtrooms of Portland. I had toured Nathan's boyhood town house in Burke, Virginia, thanks to a good-natured tenant aware she lived in "The Spy's House." I had listened to hours of wiretapped conversations between Nathan and his dad and read a pile of letters they'd exchanged. I had spent countless hours interviewing people who knew Nathan, or who had investigated him.

Nathan and I shared our personal stories, some bawdy tales of youth and hormones, even a few secrets. We drank together several times, and I was always horrified by his cocktail of choice, a high-octane mix of light and dark rum, brandy, triple sec, and orange juice called a Scorpion. It was impossible not to grow fond of Nathan, not to feel a kind of paternal pride, especially on that Saturday in June at Oregon State—the day before Father's Day— in the way he had cleaned his own slate.

I found Nathan at the alumni center surrounded by friends and family. He had that goofy look on his face, eyes sweeping the ceiling with mirth, and I pumped his hand, telling him how proud I was to be there and celebrate his achievement. I shot some photos of Nathan and Star as parents nearby snapped pictures of their graduates. A few moments later, I drew Nathan aside and handed him a small gift bag. In it was a box of two-ounce miniatures of booze—enough for Nathan and Savannah to each mix a monstrous Scorpion cocktail.

"Don't drink and drive, kids," I cautioned. And we laughed.

I was speeding home to spend Father's Day weekend with my boy when I got a text on my iPhone from Nathan. I waited until the car was farther up the interstate to defy the traffic laws of Oregon and read the message. Nathan was thanking me again for being there, and he concluded with a little semicolon wink to say thanks for something else I'd left in the bag.

Inside the sack was a poorly gift-wrapped present, a little notebook with a blue marbled cover. I'd picked it up at a dime store. It was almost identical to the one Nathan had carried into his clandestine meetings with Fedotov. I left a short inscription on the first page.

"A new book," I wrote, "one to begin the rest of your life. . . . Godspeed, Nathan."

Four months later, as I was writing some of the words you've already read here, my cell phone dinged again with a text. It was from Nathan. There was a photograph attached. It showed a woman's hand, Savannah's, a diamond gleaming on her ring finger. Nathan wrote three words.

"She said yes."

And so it began.

Author's Note

This book is a work of journalism based on a five-year investigation. I spent hundreds of hours interviewing participants in this story, as well as other people who provided insights about them. Other sources helped set some of the scenes, including one who offered interpretations of biblical events mentioned in the book. Some offered technical or historical assistance. The spine of the narrative was constructed with many thousands of pages of public records, including FBI reports and federal court files in Virginia, Oregon, and New York; military records; contemporaneous news accounts; correspondence between key participants; government-generated reports on espionage; congressional testimony; and portions of more than fifty books about spy operations, the CIA, FBI, tradecraft, and traitors.

Every person in this book is real, and all but a few endured neurotic rounds of fact-checking. As in all journalistic accounts, there are some people who prefer to avoid participation and others whose privacy must be maintained. I intentionally left out the name of one character because he still works for the CIA, and I changed the name of one minor character because I was unable to interview her and saw no reason to intrude on her privacy. For the sake of clarity and continuity, I have referred to Jim's ex-wife throughout the book as Laurie, although her legal name is now Al'Aura Jusme (and she signs her name in the lower-case fashion "l'aurie").

The great bulk of dialogue in this book resulted from phone recordings provided by the FBI or from interviews with two or more participants in those conversations. In a few brief exchanges, I have included dialogue based on the best recollections of one participant. For example, I relied on Nathan Nicholson's recollections of his conversations with Russian officials (backed by FBI reports in which Nathan provided investigators more timely accounts of those conversations). Some of the dialogue comes from contemporaneous news accounts. For example, conversations between Jim and his SVR contacts, and certain facts in those scenes, came directly from David Wise's excellent March 1998 story in *GQ* magazine: "The Spy Who Sold the Farm."

Some readers may ask why I have revealed the identity of the U.S. intelligence source whose assistance to the CIA and FBI helped lead to Jim's arrest in 1996. I named him because Russia has already released him from prison and because his name is already in the public domain. I believe Americans should know that a few foreign-born men and women have imperiled their lives and abandoned their homelands to serve this country, for good pay, and now move among them in anonymity. The untold story of this Russian, as I understand it, is so extraordinary that I hope he will one day sit down with me for an interview. I recognize that one nation's hero is another's traitor.

Some of the thoughts and words ascribed to Jim in these pages came from letters he penned to Nathan, his parents, and his good friends Glenn and Shadley Wiegman, who shared those missives with me. Additionally, a counterintelligence expert shared excerpts from Jim's diaries. Jim's words to Star, in his letters from prison, were filed in government court papers.

Acknowledgments

This book began with a preternatural run of good luck that began in early 2010. I was recently divorced (again), drowning in my efforts to research the Nicholson espionage cases, when I received a series of life changing gifts.

The first of these gifts was Kristin Quinlan, who entered my life and soon became my soulmate, co-conspirator in adventure, and my rock-solid love. Kristin cheered my labors, cooked and sometimes cleaned for me, and let me read portions of the book aloud to get her reaction and catch clunkers in my prose. She patiently put up with my spy obsession and (almost always) forgave me as my keyboard kept me as its mistress. She did all this while running her own household, sending two kids off to college, and managing a growing business. Kristin, the CEO of Certified Languages International, also provided me free translation services as I scoured the Internet and made entreaties—in Cyrillic—to the SVR. This book simply would not have happened, at all, ever, without Kristin. And I can only hope that one day she will consider making an honest man of me in front of God and everybody.

The next gift came in the form of retired CIA officer Brian Kelley. He contacted me to say he had been using my Nicholson articles in *The Oregonian* as teaching tools for his students. Brian recognized I was green in matters of espionage and graciously offered to guide my research into the lives of spies. Brian mentored me in counterintelligence, tradecraft, and all things CIA. He gave me many hours by phone and e-mail and cheered me on to write this book. Brian's backstory made him the perfect tour guide: He once was the target of a massive FBI counter-spy operation; agents tailed him for two years, turning his family upside down, as agents wrongly accused him of the crimes for which Robert Hanssen eventually was convicted. When Brian was exonerated, he could have sued his government. Instead he returned to the CIA to serve his country. He died of a heart attack on September 19, 2011, a few weeks shy of our first face-to-face meeting, leaving a hole in many hearts, including mine. Some of Brian's many friends in U.S. intelligence circles—perhaps in memory of him—offered their time to help me research this book.

My luck continued by putting me in the hands of two talented women. I am deeply grateful to Tamar Rydzinski, my agent at the Laura Dail Literary Agency, and Corinna Barsan, my editor at Grove Atlantic. Tamar had read "The Spy's Kid" newspaper series and reached out to say the story sounded like the kernel of a great book. I had only hoped she could sell it. But Tamar, tirelessly swinging for the fences, turned up several publishing offers. Grove's publisher, Morgan Entrekin, then gave me a treasure in Corinna, one of his senior editors. I've never worked with a better story editor. She's a young woman with an old-school approach: She worked through my early drafts just as the gods of literature intended—on paper, with sharp pencils—and knew where to wield her machete and when to use a scalpel. Corinna instantly *got* the Nicholsons' father-son dynamic. She worked like a scrivener over every line, pushing me hard to drill down on the key characters so that the sum of their deeds—good and bad—revealed the soul of the story.

Closer to home, I owe a truckload of thanks to Margaret Haberman, one of *The Oregonian*'s many talented editors. Margaret understands the proper care and feeding of journalists, and always seems to know the best door to open for her writers. Margaret edited "The Spy's Kid" and later joined two other great friends—Pulitzer Prize–winning feature writers Jacqui Banaszynski and Tom Hallman Jr.—in reading over a section of the book and offering suggested revisions. I love all three of them. I'm thankful to work at *The Oregonian*, which cherishes long-form journalism and where I was greatly encouraged by editors Peter Bhatia and John Killen, veteran photojournalist Michael Lloyd, and publisher N. Christian Anderson III.

I'm indebted to the many people, named and unnamed, who patiently gave me so many hours of their time so that I could tell this story as accurately as possible. I'm terribly lucky and thankful that author David Wise published his excellent 1998 *GQ* story about Jim, *The Spy Who Sold the Farm,* when he did. Had he not spent many hours interviewing Jim and documenting his recollections before the government stifled this rogue CIA officer, there would be no source for details of Jim's meetings with the SVR.

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Index

accommodation address (mail drop), 56, 68, 99, 117
Adamson, Beatrice Marie "Betty." *See* Nicholson, Beatrice Marie "Betty"
address. *See* accommodation address
Afghanistan
  casualties, 174
  CIA in, 34, 44, 53
Almon, Tom, 120–21
amendments. *See* Constitution, U.S.
Ames, Aldrich, 95, 98, 140, 141, 146, 291, 292, 296
  cash payments from Russia, 54, 69, 70
  character, 136
  CIA career, 101
  code name for, 54
  debriefings, 69
  evidence against, 69
  influence and aftermath, 62, 63, 64, 111, 114
  as mole, 54, 56, 64, 69
  with plea bargain, 69–70
Ames, Rosario (wife), 69–70
Anderson, Mike, 127
Anderson, Robert, Jr., 303–4
Anna (CIA secretary), 90–91
anticommunism, 29, 42, 45
Apex System LLC, 302
Aquino, Benigno "Ninoy" Jr., 26–27
Arc Electronics Inc., 301–2
arraignments
  Nicholson, Jim, 1–4, 268
  Nicholson, Nathan, 268–69
arrests
  Hanssen, 195, 291, 292, 296
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," 126–35, 265
  Nicholson, Nathan, 264–66, 271
arson, 221, 251
Art of War, The (Sun Tzu), 105
Asia. *See* Southeast Asia; *specific countries*
"asset validation scrub," 111–12

Baer, Robert, 64–65
Balizan, Art, 311
Bangkok, Thailand
  CIA in, 38–40
  U.S. Embassy in, 39
bank accounts. *See also* cash payments
  for foreign spies, 150, 165, 179
  of Nicholson, Jim "Batman," 72, 73–74, 78, 140–41, 145, 150, 194
  of Nicholson, Nathan, 194–95
Bankers Life and Casualty Company, 186, 192, 207
Bank Leu, 73–74, 140–41
"Batman." *See* Nicholson, Jim "Batman"
batteries, lithium carbon monofluoride, 122
Beavers, Camilla
  Harden and, 210, 238
  Nicholson, Nathan, and, 209, 260–63, 264, 276

Belarus, 301
Berlin Wall, 42
Beystrum, Len, 31, 142–43, 145, 171
Bible, The, 198, 208, 237, 254. *See also* religion
  Proverbs 11:3, 5
  Psalms 37:4, 209
Biden, Joe, 298–99
Billera, Bill, 174, 272
bin Laden, Osama, 110
bioterrorism, 306
blackmail
  graymail as legal, 307
  spycraft and, 37, 43–44
black rooms, 98, 107
Blind Eye: The Terrifying Story of a Doctor Who Got Away With Murder (Stewart, J. B.), 10
Bloch, Felix, 145–46
Bode, Maya, 199
Boeckenhaupt, Herbert, 146
Boesky, Ivan, 73–74
bombings, 250, 251, 271, 310
Bonaparte, Napoleon, 73
Bond, James (fictional character), 31, 122, 244, 302
Bowman, Marion "Spike," 71
Boyce, Christopher, 10, 193
Bratislava, Slovakia, 21, 23, 276
"Bridge of Spies," 296
Brown, Anna J.
  courtroom of, 274–82, 285–86, 288–89, 307–10, 312–19
  graymail and, 307
  with Hanssen debriefs, 309
  remarks, 280–82, 285–86, 314–15, 318–19
Bucharest, Romania, 40, 41–46
Buckmeier, Tony
  elicitation and, 251–53
  with FBI, 70–72, 251–53
Bunka, 207
Bureau of Prisons (BOP), Sheridan, U.S.
  celebrity prisoners at, 10, 156–57
  description, 155–56
  escape plan, 213–14
  FBI counterintelligence and, 222–24
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," at, 154, 156–68, 179–83, 185–97, 210–14, 240
  Nicholson, Nathan, and, 179–83, 195–97
  smuggling and, 164–68, 219
  visiting hours, 9–14
Bush, George W., 302

Cacheris, James C., 146–49, 152–54
Cacheris, Plato (brother), 146
Cambodia, 38–39
cameras, ultra-miniature, 122
Camp Peary. *See also* Central Intelligence Agency
  description, 57
  with Farm, The, 35, 49–50, 55, 58, 96
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," and, 20–21, 58, 60, 68, 70
  Nicholson, Nathan, at, 58–61
Career Trainees (CTs), 96, 97, 108
  identities of, 55, 66, 104, 151
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," and, 55, 58, 61, 66, 104, 113, 151, 206, 236
  training for, 58, 61, 206, 236
Carlin, George, 64
Carter, Jimmy, 34
cash payments
  to Ames from Russia, 54, 69, 70
  bank accounts and, 72, 73–74, 78, 140–41, 145, 150, 165, 179, 194–95
  Bank Leu and, 73–74, 140–41
  debt and, 179, 190, 202, 204, 212, 317
  discussions, 219, 224, 233–34, 248, 249, 257–58, 262, 285, 307–8
  Lehliem and, 23, 198, 224
  Nicholson, Beatrice Marie "Betty," and, 194, 237, 276
  Nicholson, Jeremi, and, 200, 211, 237
  Nicholson, Marvin "Nick," and, 194, 195, 237, 276
  Nicholson, Star, and, 200, 211, 237
  to Nicholson, Jim "Batman," from Russia, 56, 66, 68, 69, 73, 83

  to Nicholson, Nathan, from Russia, 21–22, 192, 200, 204–5, 214, 230–31, 237–38, 243, 283
casualties, in Afghanistan, 174
cats, 120
Ceauşescu, Elena, 42
Ceauşescu, Nicolae, 40, 42
"Celebration," 329
celebrity prisoners, 10, 156–57
Center for Strategic and International Studies, 299
Central America, 34
Central Intelligence Agency (CIA)
  in Afghanistan, 34, 44, 53
  Ames and career at, 101
  with "asset validation scrub," 111–12
  in Bangkok, 38–40
  black rooms, 98, 107
  in Bucharest, 40, 41–46
  Camp Peary and, 20–21, 35, 49–50, 55, 57–61, 68, 70, 96
  Career Trainees, 55, 58, 61, 66, 96, 97, 104, 108, 113, 151, 206, 236
  children and, 106
  with "clean hands policy," 111–12
  Clinton and, 110, 111–12
  counterespionage with FBI, 62–65, 70–73, 75–85, 87–88, 92–100, 102–4, 107–10, 112–23, 125–35, 148
  counterintelligence, 218–19, 222, 243
  Counterterrorist Center and, 96, 98, 108–15, 121
  "Crash Bang" course, 61
  Employee Assistance Program, 327
  Family Advisory Board, 327
  with Farm, The, 35, 49–50, 55, 58, 96
  Halloween Massacre and, 34
  in Kuala Lumpur, 46–47, 52–57, 61
  Maguire and career at, 89–92, 96, 97, 106
  in Manila, 25–28, 36–38
  moles inside, 52–57, 63, 64, 65–76, 296
  Mormon Mafia in, 109
  in Nicaragua, 34, 108, 136
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," and career at, 11, 20–21, 25–28, 33–48, 52–61, 65–68, 75–76
  Nicholson, Laura Sue, and, 41, 42
  nonofficial covers, 56, 152
  Office of Strategic Services and, 93
  Office of Technical Service, 122
  with polygraph tests, 63–65, 67, 72–73, 79, 85, 94–95, 102
  Russia and, 201
  Sluzhba Vneshney Razvedki and, 52–53, 65, 73, 104
  in Tokyo, 40
Cerra, Bernie, 119
Chapman, Anna, 298–99, 301, 302
character
  Ames, 136
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," 10, 51–52, 86–87, 97, 109, 115, 136, 151, 178, 254, 304, 328
  Nicholson, Nathan, 22, 86–87, 215, 265, 266, 273, 280
Charney, David L., 328
Chechnya
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," and, 76, 88, 103
  Russia in, 53, 74–75
Cherkashin, Victor, 292, 293
Chesnut, Robert C., 140, 143–44
children, CIA and, 106
Children of Húrin, The (Tolkien), 236
China, 26
Christianity, 109, 209–10. *See also* religion
cipher lock, 72, 98, 109
ciphers, 300
classifications, secrets, 102–3
Classified Information Procedures Act (CIPA), 307
"clean hands policy," 111–12
Clemans, Dave, 259
Clinton, Bill, 62, 69, 75, 81, 95
  with CIA, 110, 111–12
  with Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act, 147
Clinton, Hillary Rodham, 299

Cloyd, Daniel Lee "Dan," 228, 267
code names
  for Ames, 54
  for Fedotov, 8, 215, 233
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," and revealing of, 104
  for Nicholson, Jim "Batman," 8, 56, 215, 233
  for Nicholson, Nathan, 8, 215, 233, 276, 280
  for Zaporozhsky, 296
Cold War, 30, 31, 34, 44, 296, 302
communications, covert
  accommodation address, 56, 68, 99, 117
  interception of, 222
  letters, 160, 175, 204, 208, 219, 224, 240, 241, 252, 260, 289–90, 304–6
  methods, 300
  from Nicholson, Jim "Batman," 56, 68, 99, 117, 164–68, 181–82, 185–86, 196–97, 203, 212, 218, 222, 230, 262
  from Nicholson, Nathan, 6–9, 185–86, 203, 212, 240–41, 242, 262
  for Russia, 6–9, 56, 68, 99, 117, 164–68, 181–82, 185–86, 196–97, 203, 212, 218, 222, 230, 240–41, 242, 262
  from Sluzhba Vneshney Razvedki to U.S.-based spies, 295
  Special Administrative Measure, 325
  Yahoo and, 7, 8, 9, 21, 214–15, 230–31, 233, 240–42, 276
Communications Management Units, 323
communism, 26, 27, 29, 42, 45
confessions
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," 150–51, 159
  Nicholson, Nathan, 249, 254–59, 269, 276
Connery, Sean, 31
Constitution, U.S.
  constitutional rights, 147, 287, 324, 325
  First Amendment, 157, 324, 325
  Fourth Amendment, 148
Cooney, John
  with elicitation, 245–50
  FBI background, 220–21
  FBI counterintelligence and, 232–34, 245–50, 276–79, 281
  at proffer session, 284
Cooper, Laura Sue. *See* Nicholson, Laura Sue
Coronado, Rod, 251
counterespionage, by CIA and FBI
  evidence recovered, 102–4, 118, 121–23, 148
  minivan search, 99–100, 102–4
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," arrest, 126–35
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," under surveillance, 81–85, 87–88, 95–100, 102–4, 107–10, 112–23, 125–26
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," under suspicion, 70–73, 75–81
  planning, 92–96, 107
  as presidential directive, 62–65
  safe house, 94
counterintelligence, CIA, 218–19, 222, 243
counterintelligence, FBI
  evidence recovered, 233–34, 237, 259, 274, 276, 288–89
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," under surveillance, 218–19, 222–24, 251–54, 268
  Nicholson, Nathan, under surveillance, 222–29, 232–50, 254–66, 268–69, 276–79, 280–81, 320–21
  team, 219–21
  at U.S. Bureau of Prisons, Sheridan, 222–24
counterterrorism, 98, 108–9, 110, 111
Counterterrorist Center (CTC)
  with "asset validation scrub," 111–12
  Maguire and, 96, 98, 108–15, 121
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," with, 96, 98, 108–9, 110, 112–15, 121
Couric, Katie, 158

courts. *See* Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court; legal system; Mark O. Hatfield United States Courthouse; Supreme Court, U.S.
covert communications. *See* communications, covert
"Crash Bang" course, 61
Cuba, 26, 251
Curran, Ed, 85, 100
  with Ames, 101
  FBI counterespionage and, 77–81, 83, 92–93, 108, 123
  in media, 139
  with polygraph tests, 63–65, 102
Cyprus. *See* Nicosia, Cyprus
Czechoslovakia, 42

Daniels, Charles, 223
Danielsen, Kirk, 226–27, 264–65
date, prison release, 326
Davis, John R., Jr., 45
debriefings
  Ames and, 69
  Hanssen, 309
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," 151, 164–65, 203
debt, 179, 190, 202, 204, 212, 317
DeConcini, Dennis, 62
Denson, Holden Miles, 330
detention hearing, 140–45
Deutch, John M., 110–12, 136–37, 138
Diego, Juan, 199–200
DNA evidence, 118
Donaldson, Sam, 138
Donner, Mike, 127
Donovan, William J. "Wild Bill," 93
Door, The, 209–10
double agents, 88, 261
draft file, 8, 230
drugs, 167, 176, 177, 178, 257, 275
  polygraph test and, 67
  War on Drugs, 156, 221
Dudayev, Dzhokhar (General), 75

East Germany, 42
ecoterrorism, 221, 251
Elahi, Hasan M., 218
elicitation
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," with, 109–10
  of Nicholson, Jim "Batman," 251–53
  of Nicholson, Nathan, 245–50
Eliot, T. S., 49
embassies. *See* Russian Embassy; U.S. Embassy
empathy, 327–28
Employee Assistance Program, CIA, 327
End of the Dream, The: The Golden Boy Who Never Grew Up (Rule), 160
escape plan, 213–14
espionage. *See* counterespionage, by CIA and FBI; spies; spycraft
evidence
  against Ames, 69
  DNA, 118
  against Nicholson, Jim "Batman," 102–4, 118, 121–23, 148, 259, 274, 288
  against Nicholson, Nathan, 233–34, 237, 259, 274, 276, 288–89

Fahey, Helen, 138
Falcon and the Snowman, The (film), 10, 193
Family, The, 221
Family Advisory Board, CIA, 327
Fargher, Destiny, 282
Farm, The, 35, 49–50, 55, 58, 96. *See also* Central Intelligence Agency
Fatal Vision (film), 156–57
father-son duos, 184, 250
Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI)
  with bombings, 271
  counterespionage with CIA, 62–65, 70–73, 75–85, 87–88, 92–100, 102–4, 107–10, 112–23, 125–35, 148
  counterintelligence, 218–29, 232–66, 268–69, 274, 276–81, 288–89, 320–21
  ecoterrorism and, 221, 251
  with illegals as Russian spies, 299–301, 303

Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) (*continued*)
  moles inside, 195, 212–13, 297, 309
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," arrest, 126–35, 265
  Nicholson, Nathan, arrest, 264–66, 271
  Operation Famish, 293–94
  Operation Ghost Stories, 299, 303–4, 309
  "rabbi," 100
  Russia and, 13, 55, 201
  Sensitive Compartmented Information Facility, 218–19
  Sluzhba Vneshney Razvedki and, 164, 301
  Squad NS-34, 95, 127
  terrorism and, 310
  U.S. Postal Service and, 98–99
Federal Correction Institution Sheridan. *See* Bureau of Prisons, Sheridan, U.S.
Fedotov, Vasiliy Vasilyevich "George"
  code name for, 8, 215, 233
  as handler of Nicholson, Nathan, and, 16–23, 201–4, 212–15, 230–31, 233, 244, 292–94, 308, 325
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," and, 19–20, 308
  Operation Famish and, 293–94
Feldman, Bob, 222, 223
Ferdinand, Eric, 214
Finland, 213
First Amendment, 324
Fishenko, Alexander, 301–2
Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act (FISA), 71–72, 87, 146, 147–48, 149
Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court, 72, 87, 146, 223, 225, 288
Freedom of Information Act (FOIA), 157
Freeh, Louis J., 72, 138, 149, 245
free-speech rights, of prisoners, 324
"From Where the Motherland Begins," 296

gadgets, spycraft, 33, 122, 300
Garrett, Norb, 27, 37–38, 39
Garth, Jared, 291, 317
  with elicitation, 245–50
  FBI background, 220
  FBI counterintelligence and, 222, 225, 227–28, 232–34, 245–46, 263–66, 269, 278
  at proffer session, 284
Garvey Schubert Barer, 269–70
"George." *See* Fedotov, Vasiliy Vasilyevich "George"
Germany, 42, 141, 275, 301
Gerontian (Eliot), 49
Glienicke Bridge, 296
Gorbachev, Mikhail, 44
Gorbunov, Mikhail I., 185–88, 192–93, 200, 325
graymail, 307

hackers, 100
Halloween Massacre, 34
Hamilton, Alexander, 312
handlers. *See* Fedotov, Vasiliy Vasilyevich "George"; Polyakov, Sergei A.
Handy, Jahala. *See* Maguire, Jahala Handy
Hanssen, Robert
  arrest, 195, 291, 292, 296
  debriefings, 309
  Nicholson, Jim, and, 326, 328
  Zaporozhsky and, 297
Harden, Molly
  breakup, 239–40
  Nicholson, Nathan, and, 210, 215–17, 225–29, 238–40
Harding, Tonya, 306
Harper, James D. "Jim," Jr., 10, 157–58, 193, 223
Harvard University, 299
Hatfield, Mark O., 156. *See also* Mark O. Hatfield United States Courthouse
Headrick, Donald, 15
Heathfield, Donald, 299
Holder, Eric H., Jr., 325
Holsinger, Pamala
  as chief prosecutor, 276–79, 285, 288, 291, 305, 307, 310, 312

  with Classified Information Procedures Act, 307
  with JAG, 275
  at proffer session, 285
Hooper, Steve
  at detention hearing, 140–41
  FBI counterespionage and, 119–21
  with Nicholson, Jim "Batman," arrest, 126–27
Howard, Edward Lee, 276–77, 279, 293
human rights, 26, 111
HUMINT, 33
Hunt, Kathleen, 113–15, 135–36
Hussein, Saddam, 91, 92, 95

identity, true
  Career Trainees, 55, 66, 104, 151
  illegals as Russian spies, 298–304, 309
  legends, 295–96, 298, 299
  nonofficial covers, 56, 152
illegals, as Russian spies
  FBI and, 299–301, 303
  Fishenko and, 302
  in media, 298–99, 300
  at Microsoft, 300
  mission in U.S., 298, 299
  Operation Ghost Stories, 299, 303–4, 309
Ilustrado (Syjuco), 25
India, 56, 65–68, 151, 294
information. *See* Classified Information Procedures Act; Federal Bureau of Investigation; Freedom of Information Act; Sensitive Compartmented Information; Sensitive Compartmented Information Facility; surveillance
In Memoriam (Tennyson), 169
Internal Security Department (ISD), 79–83
invisible writing, 300
Iran, 28, 122
Iraq, 92

JAG, 275
Japan, 25, 30, 32, 40, 243
Jennings, Peter, 138
Jensen, Scott
  with elicitation, 251–53
  FBI background, 221
  FBI counterintelligence and, 222–24, 226–27, 228, 251–53, 268
  plea bargain and, 305
  at proffer sessions, 284
John F. Kennedy School of Government, 299
Jones, Thomas R., Jr., 139, 145
Josh (Star's boyfriend), 255, 258
judge. *See* legal system
Jusme, Al'Aura, 48. *See also* Nicholson, Laura Sue

Kaczynski, Ted, 1, 326
Kafka Comes to America: Fighting for Justice in the War on Terror (Wax), 270–71
Karetnikov, Alexey, 300
Kauffman, Sam
  with Garvey Schubert Barer, 269–70
  legal background, 270
  with Nicholson, Jim "Batman," as defense lead counsel, 270, 283, 287–89, 305–11, 315, 325
  Special Administrative Measure and, 325
Keller, Roland, 74, 125, 140
Kelley, Brian, 291
Kennedy, John F., 77–78, 299
Kerrigan, Nancy, 306
KGB, 26, 32, 45, 69, 146, 303. *See also* Sluzhba Vneshney Razvedki
Khmer Rouge, 39
KIIS-FM, 100
Kim, Robert Chaegun, 137, 140
King, Rodney, 10
Knight, Ethan D.
  with Classified Information Procedures Act, 307
  with Mohamud case, 310
  at proffer session, 285
  as prosecution co-counsel, 279–82, 288, 291, 305, 307, 309–10, 312

Knight, Marion “Suge,” 10, 155
Kommersant (newspaper), 300
Kool & the Gang, 329
Koon, Stacey, 10
Korea, 137
Korean War, 30, 141, 169
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
  CIA in, 46–47, 52–57, 61
  Russian Embassy in, 53
  Sluzhba Vneshney Razvedki in, 52–57
  U.S. Embassy in, 50
Kuchins, Andrew, 299
Kunkel, Wendy, 272–73, 283

Langley. *See* Central Intelligence Agency
laws. *See* legislation
Lee, Andrew Daulton, 193
legal system
  arraignments, 1–4, 268–69
  detention hearing, 140–45
  graymail, 307
  judge, 274–82, 285–86, 288–89, 307–10, 312–19
  with Nicholson, Jim “Batman,” defense, 139–54, 269–70, 273–74, 276, 283, 285, 287–90, 305–11, 315–19, 325
  with Nicholson, Nathan, defense, 260–61, 267, 268–69, 270, 272–86, 305–8, 311–15, 319
  proffer session, 284–85
  prosecution, 276–82, 285, 288, 291, 305, 307, 309–10, 312
  remuneration in, 270
  sentencing, 152–54, 314–15, 318–19
  Special Administrative Measure, 325
  U.S. Probation and Pretrial Services, 275
legends, spies, 295–96, 298, 299
legislation
  Classified Information Procedures Act, 307
  Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act, 71–72, 87, 146, 147–48, 149
  Freedom of Information Act, 157
Lehliem, Kanokwan
  cash payments and, 23, 198, 224
  Nicholson, Jim “Batman,” and, 13, 40, 74, 85–87, 142, 194, 198, 207–8, 224
Leno, Jay, 298–99
Lieberman, Michael W., 139
life-story rights, 150, 330
Lily (Jim’s girlfriend), 50–51, 70
Lima, Peru
  Nicholson, Nathan, in, 227–32, 256
  planning for, 224–25, 227
  Russian Embassy in, 7, 17, 215, 229–30, 233
Limbaugh, Rush, 299
lithium carbon monofluoride batteries, 122
Lonergan, Mike, 127
Loren, Sophia, 30

MacDonald, Jeffrey, 156–57
Madison, James, 324
Madoff, Bernie, 283
Madrid, commuter train bombings, 271
Maguire, Jahala Handy (wife), 105–7
Maguire, John R.
  CIA career, 89–92, 96, 97, 106
  CIA counterespionage and, 92–98, 107, 116–19, 121, 123, 128–29, 135
  with Counterterrorist Center, 96, 98, 108–15, 121
  family life, 105–7
  at Nicholson, Jim “Batman,” sentencing, 152
  as police officer, 96–97, 128
  with polygraph test, 94–95
mail drop. *See* accommodation address
Malaysia. *See* Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
Manila, Philippines
  CIA in, 25–28, 36–38
  U.S. Embassy in, 25, 27–28
Marash, Dave, 158
Marcos, Ferdinand, Sr., 26–27
Marcos, Imelda (wife), 26
Mark O. Hatfield United States Courthouse, 1–4, 268, 312

Mayfield, Brandon, 271
McClurg, John E.
  FBI background, 100–101
  FBI counterespionage and, 99–100, 102–4, 113–15
  with minivan search, 99–100, 102–4
  polygraph tests and, 85
McManus, Patrick F., 11–12, 170, 198
McVeigh, Timothy, 323
media
  illegals as Russian spies in, 298–99, 300
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," and, 138–39, 158–59, 323–25
  Nicholson, Nathan, and, 162, 329–32
  Special Administrative Measure and, 325
Medvedev, Dmitri A., 296, 300
Mesick, Harold James, Jr., 29–30
Metsos, Christopher R., 301
Mexico City
  Nicholson, Nathan, in, 200–206, 212–15, 256
  Our Lady of Guadalupe feast in, 199–200
  planning for, 195, 198, 212
  Russian Embassy in, 17, 192–93, 200–201, 212
Meyers, Randall (brother), 161, 165, 308
Meyers, Steven Paul, 160–61, 164–65, 308
Mickelson, Jesse, 191, 193, 194, 265
Microsoft, 300
Middle East, 13, 34, 89, 91
  counterterrorism and, 98, 108–9, 110, 111
  Iran, 28, 122
  Iraq, 92
  Sunni extremists, 108, 110, 112
military, U.S.
  casualties, 174
  HUMINT, 33
  JAG, 275
  Nicholson, Jeremi, and, 14, 20, 179, 182, 191, 222–23, 282, 327
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," and, 29, 31–33, 58–59
  Nicholson, Marvin "Nick," and, 141
  Nicholson, Nathan, and, 5, 163–64, 169–75, 209
Miller, Arthur, 135
Miller, David Ian, 4, 228
Minchey, Kyle, 251
Miranda rights, 129, 253, 264
Mohamud, Mohamed Osman, 310
moles. *See* Ames, Aldrich; Central Intelligence Agency; Federal Bureau of Investigation; Hanssen, Robert; Nicholson, Jim "Batman"; Pitts, Earl Edwin; Zaporozhsky, Alexander "Scythian"
Monaco RV, 213
money, 270. *See also* cash payments; debt
Moore, Duane R., 10
Mormon Mafia, 109
Murphy, Cynthia, 299

names. *See* code names
narcissists, 328
National Public Radio, 299
National Security Agency (NSA), 72, 148, 293
Needham, Gerald "Jerry"
  legal background, 270
  with Nicholson, Nathan, as defense co-counsel, 270, 277–79, 283–84, 312–13
New Delhi, India, 65–68
New People's Army (NPA), 26, 27
Nicaragua, CIA in, 34, 108, 136
Nicholson, Anastassia "Nastia" (sister in law), 20, 223, 326
Nicholson, Beatrice Marie "Betty" (grandmother), 29–30, 32, 33–34, 86, 315
  cash payments and, 194, 237, 276
  at detention hearing, 143
  family life, 204, 329
  smuggling and, 167, 219
  with son's arrest, 132
Nicholson, Harold, 74. *See also* Nicholson, Jim "Batman"

Nicholson, H. J., 167. *See also* Nicholson, Jim "Batman"
Nicholson, Jeremi (brother), 96
  with brother's arrest, 265, 271
  cash payments and, 200, 211, 237
  with debt, 179, 202, 212, 317
  early life, 33, 35, 39, 40, 41, 46, 50, 61
  family life, 86, 87, 159, 171, 178, 204, 290, 306, 326
  with father's arrest, 133
  with father's sentencing, 152–53, 319
  U.S. military and, 14, 20, 179, 182, 191, 222–23, 282, 327
Nicholson, Jim "Batman" (father)
  arraignment, 1–4, 268
  arrest, 126–35, 265
  in Bangkok, 38–40
  bank accounts of, 72, 73–74, 78, 140–41, 145, 150, 194
  in Bucharest, 40, 41–46
  at Camp Peary, 20–21, 58, 60, 68, 70
  Career Trainees and, 55, 58, 61, 66, 104, 113, 151, 206, 236
  cash payments to, 56, 66, 68, 69, 73, 83
  character, 10, 51–52, 86–87, 97, 109, 115, 136, 151, 178, 254, 304, 328
  Chechnya and, 76, 88, 103
  CIA career, 11, 20–21, 25–28, 33–48, 52–61, 65–68, 75–76
  code names for, 8, 56, 215, 233
  code names revealed by, 104
  confession, 150–51, 159
  with Counterterrorist Center, 96, 98, 108–9, 110, 112–15, 121
  covert communications from, 56, 68, 99, 117, 164–68, 181–82, 185–86, 196–97, 203, 212, 218, 222, 230, 262
  debriefings, 151, 164–65, 203
  detention hearing, 140–45
  early life, 29–31, 32, 50
  with elicitation, 109–10
  elicitation of, 251–53
  escape plan, 213–14
  evidence against, 102–4, 118, 121–23, 148, 259, 274, 288
  family life, 11–12, 14, 20, 28–29, 31–36, 37–40, 43–44, 45–52, 57, 59–60, 67–68, 74, 86–87, 115, 141–42, 153–54, 159, 162–63, 178, 290
  with Farm, The, 49–50, 55, 96
  Fedotov and, 19–20, 308
  with handler, 66–67, 68–69, 70, 73, 82–83, 85, 116, 118, 122, 125, 151, 262, 325
  Hanssen and, 326, 328
  influence and aftermath, 151–52
  in Kuala Lumpur, 46–47, 52–57, 61
  legal defense, 139–54, 269–70, 273–74, 276, 283, 285, 287–90, 305–11, 315–19, 325
  Lehliem and, 13, 40, 74, 85–87, 142, 194, 198, 207–8, 224
  letter from son, 263
  letter to daughter, 289–90, 304–6
  letter to son, 160, 175, 204, 208, 219, 224, 240, 241, 252, 260
  with life-story rights, 150
  in Manila, 25–28, 36–38
  media and, 138–39, 158–59, 323–25
  as mole, 52–57, 65–76, 81–85, 87–88, 98–100, 102–4, 109–10, 116, 122–23, 125, 164–68, 212–14, 219, 266
  as Nicholson, Harold, 74
  as Nicholson, H. J., 167
  Nicosia and, 12–14
  nonofficial covers and, 56, 152
  phone conversations with son, 11, 60, 158, 160, 175, 189–91, 193–95, 197–98, 211–12, 219, 223, 273, 274
  plea bargain for, 85, 88, 150–52, 305, 310
  polygraph tests, 67, 72–73, 150, 151, 164–65
  prison life, 156, 157–68, 286–87, 289–90, 304–6, 326

- prison release date, 326
- prison visits with son, 9–14, 15, 158–59, 178–83, 188, 195–97, 206–7, 210–11, 236–37
- Russia and, 14, 17, 19–20, 52–57, 65–69, 70–71, 73, 78, 82–83, 85, 98–99, 108, 116, 118, 122–23, 125, 146, 150–51, 161, 164, 179–83, 195–96, 200, 202–4, 212–14, 230, 252–53, 262, 272, 277, 291, 294, 307–9, 317–18, 323, 325
- sentencing for, 152–54, 318–19
- Singapore and, 81–85, 214
- smuggling and, 164–68, 219
- Special Administrative Measure and, 325
- as Strachey, Nevil R., 56, 68, 99, 117
- at Supermax, 326
- under surveillance, 81–85, 87–88, 95–100, 102–4, 107–10, 112–23, 125–26
- under surveillance again, 218–19, 222–24, 251–54, 268
- under suspicion, 70–73, 75–81
- under suspicion again, 218–21
- at Terre Haute Federal Correctional Complex, 323–24
- in Tokyo, 40
- at U.S. Bureau of Prisons, Sheridan, 154, 156–68, 179–83, 185–97, 210–14, 240
- U.S. military and, 29, 31–33, 58–59
- Zaporozhsky and, 296–97

Nicholson, Laura Sue (mother) (Jusme, Al'Aura)
- in Bangkok, 39–40
- in Bucharest, 42–44, 45–46
- CIA and, 41, 42
- with ex-husband's arrest, 132–33
- family life, 28–29, 31–35, 37–40, 43–44, 45–48, 51–52, 53, 57, 59–60, 67, 68, 170–71, 174–75, 178, 204, 272
- in Manila, 36–38
- with name change, 48
- with son's arrest, 271
- in Tokyo, 40

Nicholson, Marvin "Nick" (grandfather), 30–31, 32, 68, 86
- cash payments and, 194, 195, 237, 276
- family life, 204, 329
- smuggling and, 167, 219
- with son's arrest, 132
- U.S. military and, 141

Nicholson, Nathan, 96
- arraignment, 268–69
- arrest, 264–66, 271
- bank accounts of, 194–95
- Beavers and, 209, 260–63, 264, 276
- at Camp Peary, 58–61
- cash payments to, 21–22, 192, 200, 204–5, 214, 230–31, 237–38, 243, 283
- character, 22, 86–87, 215, 265, 266, 273, 280
- with Christianity, 209–10
- code name for, 8, 215, 233, 276, 280
- confession, 249, 254–59, 269, 276
- covert communications from, 6–9, 185–86, 203, 212, 240–41, 242, 262
- with debt, 179, 190, 202
- early life, 6, 38, 39–41, 58–61, 143
- elicitation of, 245–50
- evidence against, 233–34, 237, 259, 274, 276, 288–89
- family life, 11–12, 43, 50–51, 59–61, 74, 86, 115, 119, 123, 124–25, 159, 162–63, 170–71, 174–75, 178, 329–30
- with father's arrest, 129–30, 131, 133, 134
- with father's sentencing, 152–53, 319
- graduation, 328–29
- with handler, 16–23, 201–4, 212–15, 230–31, 233, 244, 292–94, 308, 325
- Harden and, 210, 215–17, 225–29, 238–40
- legal defense, 260–61, 267, 268–69, 270, 272–86, 305–8, 311–15, 319

Nicholson, Nathan (*continued*)
  letters from father, 160, 175, 204, 208, 219, 224, 240, 241, 252, 260
  letter to father, 263
  life after military, 175–77
  with life-story rights, 330
  in Lima, 227–32, 256
  media and, 162, 329–32
  in Mexico City, 200–206, 212–15, 256
  in Nicosia, 12–23, 243–44, 256
  phone conversations with father, 11, 60, 158, 160, 175, 189–91, 193–95, 197–98, 211–12, 219, 223, 273, 274
  plea bargain for, 285–86
  prison life, 267–68, 271–74
  prison visits with family, 272
  prison visits with father, 9–14, 15, 158–59, 178–83, 188, 195–97, 206–7, 210–11, 236–37
  proffer session and, 284–85
  Russia and, 16–23, 179–83, 185–88, 191–93, 200–204, 212–15, 229–31, 233, 237–38, 240–41, 242–44, 256, 258, 261, 272, 280–81, 283, 292–94, 308, 325
  in San Francisco, 7, 17, 184–88, 191–95
  sentencing for, 314–15
  suicide and, 176, 272–73
  under surveillance, 222–29, 232–50, 254–66, 268–69, 276–79, 280–81, 320–21
  under suspicion, 219–21
  U.S. Bureau of Prisons, Sheridan, and, 179–83, 195–97
  U.S. military and, 5, 163–64, 169–75, 209
Nicholson, Robert (uncle), 30
  with brother's arrest, 129–32, 133
  at detention hearing, 141–42
  family life, 123–25, 213
Nicholson, Star (sister), 14, 20, 23, 96
  with brother's confession, 254–59, 276
  cash payments and, 200, 211, 237
  with debt, 179, 202, 204, 212, 317
  early life, 35, 41, 46, 50, 61
  family life, 86, 87, 119, 123, 159, 171, 178, 210–11, 227, 241–42, 272, 290, 306, 326, 327, 329
  with father's arrest, 131, 133, 134
  with father's sentencing, 319
  letter from father, 289–90, 304–6
Nicholson, Tammie (aunt), 30, 145, 282
Nicosia, Cyprus
  aftermath, 23–24, 245–50, 252–53
  Nicholson, Nathan, in, 12–23, 243–44, 256
  planning for, 12–14, 231, 240–42
  Russian Embassy in, 13, 242, 325–26
Nielsen, Dan, 218–19, 222
9/11, 110, 112, 163, 287
nonofficial covers (NOCs), 56, 152

Obama, Barack, 296, 299
Office of Strategic Services, 93. *See also* Central Intelligence Agency
Office of Technical Service (OTS), 122
O'Grady, Liam, 139, 144–45, 153
Operation Famish, 293–94
Operation Ghost Stories, 299, 303–4, 309
Oregonian, The (newspaper), 2
Other World Terrorism. *See* Counterterrorist Center
Our Lady of Guadalupe feast, 199–200

Papagiannis, George, 124
Paris Review, 135
Parkinson, Larry, 71
Patricof, Alan, 299
Payne, Debra, 222, 223, 224, 251
Peary, Robert E., 57
Pell v. Procunier, 324
Pelton, Ronald, 293
Peru. *See* Lima, Peru
Philippines. *See* Manila, Philippines
phone conversations. *See* Nicholson, Nathan
Pinkas, Tamara, 279–80
Pitt, Brad, 214, 326
Pitts, Earl Edwin, 138

Pizza Hut, 22, 175, 177, 205, 207, 225
planes
  C-130 Hercules, 169, 172
  U-2 spy, 122
plea bargain
  Ames, 69–70
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," 85, 88, 150–52, 305, 310
  Nicholson, Nathan, 285–86
Poland, 10, 42, 45, 157, 193
Pol Pot, 39
Polyakov, Sergei A.
  with Ames, 69
  as handler of Nicholson, Jim "Batman," 66–67, 68–69, 70, 73, 82–83, 85, 116, 118, 122, 125, 151, 262, 325
  Sluzhba Vneshney Razvedki background, 66
polygraph tests
  for CIA officers, 63–65, 67, 72–73, 79, 85, 94–95, 102
  drugs and, 67
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," with, 67, 72–73, 150, 151, 164–65
  Quackenbush with, 168
Portland Trail Blazers, 306
Poteyev, Alexander, 300–301
Poteyev, Mary (wife), 301
Poulsen, Kevin Lee "Dark Dante," 100
Presley, Elvis, 30
Price, Thomas E.
  legal background, 268–69
  with Nicholas, Nathan, as defense lead counsel, 270, 272, 280, 282–84, 312, 319
prisoners
  celebrity, 10, 156–57
  escape plan, 213–14
  free-speech rights of, 324
  life for, 156, 157–68, 267–68, 271–74, 286–87, 289–90, 304–6, 326
  release date, 326
prisons, 323–24, 326. *See also* Bureau of Prisons, Sheridan, U.S.
prison tattoos, 213
Probation and Pretrial Services, U.S., 275
proffer session, 284–85
prosecution. *See* legal system
Proverbs 11:3, 5
Psalms 37:4, 209
psychopaths, 327–28
Putin, Vladimir, 296, 300, 302–3

al-Qaeda, 53, 110, 287
Quackenbush, Phil, 164–68, 219, 308

"rabbi," 100
radio, shortwave, 300
Radu (Laura's boyfriend), 43–44, 45–46
Rajneesh, Bhagwan Shree, 306
Raymond, Dave, 126, 127–28
Reagan, Ronald, 35, 89, 221
recruitment, of spies, 37, 52, 53, 55–56, 292
Redford, Robert, 326
Redmond, Paul J.
  Ames and, 63, 98
  CIA counterespionage and, 77–81, 98, 114
  in media, 138–39
  polygraph tests and, 64, 65
Reich, Tom, 36
release date, prison, 326
religion
  Bible, The, 5, 198, 208, 209, 237, 254
  Christianity, 109, 209–10
remuneration, in legal system, 270
Reno, Janet, 72, 149
Richter, Steve, 91–93, 95, 97
rights
  constitutional, 147, 287, 324, 325
  human, 26, 111
  life-story, 150, 330
  Miranda, 129, 253, 264
  prisoners and free-speech, 324
Robinson, Kelly (fictional character), 31
Rochford, Mike, 291–94, 308–9
Rogers, Danielle, 191, 193, 265
Rogers, Dustin, 176, 197, 205, 238–39
Romania, 40, 41–46
Rule, Ann, 160

Russia
  with bank accounts for foreign spies, 150, 165, 179
  with Career Trainee identities, 55, 66, 104, 151
  cash payments from, 21–22, 54, 56, 66, 68, 69, 70, 73, 83, 192, 200, 204–5, 214, 230–31, 237–38, 243, 283
  in Chechnya, 53, 74–75
  CIA and, 201
  covert communications for, 6–9, 56, 68, 99, 117, 164–68, 181–82, 185–86, 196–97, 203, 212, 218, 222, 230, 240–41, 242, 262
  covert communications from, 295
  FBI and, 13, 55, 201
  illegals as spies from, 298–304, 309
  KGB, 26, 32, 45, 69, 146, 303
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," and, 14, 17, 19–20, 52–57, 65–69, 70–71, 73, 78, 82–83, 85, 98–99, 108, 116, 118, 122–23, 125, 146, 150–51, 161, 164, 179–83, 195–96, 200, 202–4, 212–14, 230, 252–53, 262, 272, 277, 291, 294, 307–9, 317–18, 323, 325
  Nicholson, Nathan, and, 16–23, 179–83, 185–88, 191–93, 200–204, 212–15, 229–31, 233, 237–38, 240–41, 242–44, 256, 258, 261, 272, 280–81, 283, 292–94, 308, 325
  with nonoffical cover identities, 56, 152
  Sluzhba Vneshney Razvedki, 45, 52–57, 65, 73, 104, 161, 164, 180, 295, 298–301, 303
  Soviet Union and, 10, 30, 34, 44, 52
  U.S. infiltrated by spies from, 295–304
Russian Embassy
  in Kuala Lumpur, 53
  in Lima, 7, 17, 215, 229–30, 233
  in Mexico City, 17, 192–93, 200–201, 212
  in Nicosia, 13, 242, 325–26
  in Poland, 157
  in San Francisco, 17, 100, 325–26
  in Singapore, 82–83
  in U.S., 7, 17, 100, 179–80, 325–26
RVs, 213

safe house, 94
Sageman, Marc, 328
San Francisco
  Nicholson, Nathan, in, 7, 17, 184–88, 191–95
  Russian Embassy in, 17, 100, 325–26
Scheuer, Michael F., 110
Schuler, Ruby Louise, 157
Scurlock, Scott, 160–61
secrets, classifications, 102–3
See No Evil (Baer), 64
Seldon, Phillip Tyler, 137, 140
Sensitive Compartmented Information (SCI), 102–3
Sensitive Compartmented Information Facility (SCIF), 218–19
sentencing
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," 152–54, 318–19
  Nicholson, Nathan, 314–15
Shapiro, Jonathan, 139, 141, 142–43, 147, 153, 260
Shawnee people, 57
Sheldon, Toni A., 47
Sheridan. *See* Bureau of Prisons, Sheridan, U.S.
shortwave radio, 300
Sihanouk, Norodom, 39
Simpson, O. J., 144–45
Singapore, 149
  Internal Security Department, 79–83
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," and, 81–85, 214
  Russian Embassy in, 82–83
  U.S. Embassy in, 81, 84
situational awareness, 18
Slatkin, Nora R., 111, 112
Slovakia, 21, 23, 261, 276
Służba Bezpieczeństwa, 157

Sluzhba Vneshney Razvedki (SVR), 161, 180
  CIA and, 52–53, 65, 73, 104
  covert communications from, 295
  FBI and, 164, 301
  illegals and, 298–301, 303
  KGB and, 26, 32, 45, 69, 146, 303
  in Kuala Lumpur, 52–57
  Poteyev and, 300–301
Smart, Maxwell (fictional character), 31
smuggling, 164–68, 219, 223
Smylie, Rich, 79–80, 82–85
Solo, Napoleon (fictional character), 31
Soloway, Robert "Spam King," 10
son-father duos, 184, 250
Southeast Asia, 26, 29, 38–40, 214
South Korea, 137
Soviet Union, 10, 30, 34, 44, 52. *See also* Russia
Special Administrative Measure (SAM), 325
Special Branch of the Royal Malaysian Police, 57
spies. *See also* spycraft
  bank accounts for foreign, 150, 165, 179
  on breaking spy cases, 245
  "Bridge of Spies," 296
  Career Trainees, 55, 58, 61, 66, 96, 97, 104, 108, 113, 151, 206, 236
  double agents, 88, 138, 261
  fictional, 31, 122, 244, 302
  illegals as Russian, 298–304, 309
  legends, 295–96, 298, 299
  moles, 52–57, 63–76, 81–85, 87–88, 98–100, 102–4, 109–10, 116, 122–23, 125, 164–68, 195, 212–14, 219, 266, 296–97, 309
  nonofficial covers, 56, 152
  Operation Famish and, 293–94
  Operation Ghost Stories and, 299, 303–4, 309
  recruitment, 37, 52, 53, 55–56, 292
  Sluzhba Vneshney Razvedki with U.S.-based, 295
  spy swap, 295–300, 303
  treason by U.S., 10, 54, 62, 137, 138, 145–46, 157, 193, 195, 276–77, 293
  U.S. infiltrated by Russian, 295–304
  walk-ins, 52, 56, 201
  yuppies, 298
Sputnik 1, 30
spycraft. *See also* surveillance
  accommodation address and, 56, 68, 99, 117
  blackmail and, 37, 43–44
  black rooms, 98, 107
  cipher locks, 72, 98, 109
  classifications for secrets, 102–3
  code names, 8, 54, 56, 104, 215, 233, 276, 280, 296
  covert communications, 6–9, 56, 68, 99, 117, 160, 164–68, 175, 181–82, 185–86, 196–97, 203, 204, 208, 212, 214–15, 218, 219, 222, 224, 230–31, 233, 240–42, 252, 260, 262, 276, 289–90, 295, 300, 304–6, 325
  elicitation, 109–10, 245–50, 251–53
  Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act and, 71–72, 87, 146, 147–48, 149
  gadgets for, 33, 122, 300
  invisible writing, 300
  legends, 295–96, 298, 299
  safe house, 94
  Sensitive Compartmented Information Facility for, 218–19
  situational awareness, 18
  training, 58, 61, 206, 236, 300
Spy Game (film), 214, 326
Squad NS-34, 95, 127
steganography, 300
Stewart, Janice M., 269
Strachey, Nevil R., 56, 68, 99, 117. *See also* Nicholson, Jim "Batman"
suicide, 176, 272–73
Sunni extremists, 108, 110, 112
Sun Tzu, 105
Supermax, 326

Supreme Court, U.S., 324
surveillance
  Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act, 71–72, 87, 146, 147–48, 149
  Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court, 72, 87, 146, 223, 225, 288
  Nicholson, Jim "Batman," under, 81–85, 87–88, 95–100, 102–4, 107–10, 112–23, 125–26, 218–19, 222–24, 251–54, 268
  Nicholson, Nathan, under, 222–29, 232–50, 254–66, 268–69, 276–79, 280–81, 320–21
Suvbotina, Anastassia "Nastia." *See* Nicholson, Anastassia "Nastia"
Swango, Michael, 10
swap, spy, 295–300, 303
Syjuco, Miguel, 25
Systems Control, Inc. (SCI), 157

tattoos, prison, 213
Tehran, Iran, 28, 122
Tenet, George, 80–81, 151–52
Tennyson, Alfred (Lord), 169
Terre Haute Federal Correctional Complex, 323–24
terrorism, 71, 72, 270
  "asset validation scrub" and, 111–12
  bioterrorism, 306
  bombings, 250, 251, 271, 310
  counterterrorism, 98, 108–9, 110, 111
  Counterterrorist Center, 96, 98, 108–15, 121
  ecoterrorism, 221, 251
  9/11, 110, 112, 163, 287
  al-Qaeda, 53, 110, 287
Tess Embers (Bode), 199
Thailand. *See* Bangkok, Thailand
Tillitz, Rob, 178
tobacco, smuggling, 223
Tokyo, Japan, 40
Tolkien, J. R. R., 28, 236
Tonight Show with Jay Leno, The, 298–99
"Top Secret," 102
training, spycraft, 58, 61, 206, 236, 300. *See also* Career Trainees
trains, bombings, 271
treason. *See* spies
Truman, Harry S., 29
Turkey, 213, 257
Turley, Jonathan, 147–48, 149
Turner, Stansfield, 34
Turnidge, Bruce (father), 250
Turnidge, Joshua, 250

U-2 spy plane, 122
Ukraine, 213, 301
ultra-miniature cameras, 122
UNICOR, 156
United States (U.S.). *See also* Bureau of Prisons, Sheridan, U.S.; Central Intelligence Agency; Constitution, U.S.; Federal Bureau of Investigation; military, U.S.; Probation and Pretrial Services, U.S.; Supreme Court, U.S.
  Russian Embassy in, 7, 17, 100, 179–80, 325–26
  Russian spies infiltrating, 295–304
  Sluzhba Vneshney Razvedki with spies in, 295
  treason by spies from, 10, 54, 62, 137, 138, 145–46, 157, 193, 195, 276–77, 293
U.S. Embassy
  in Bangkok, 39
  in Kuala Lumpur, 50
  in Manila, 25, 27–28
  in Singapore, 81, 84
  in Tehran, 28, 122
U.S. Postal Service, 98–99

Van Beek, Savannah Lee, 328–29, 332
Van Cleave, Michelle, 302–3
Vasilenko, Gennady, 296
Vietnam, 26, 38–39
Vietnam War, 29
Virgin Mary, 199–200
Vlasov, Yuri P., 52, 53, 55–56

Waldron, Monty, 250–51, 254
Walker, John A., Jr. (father), 184
Walker, Michael, 184
walk-ins, spies, 52, 56, 201
War on Drugs, 156, 221
Wax, Steven T., 269, 270–71
Wayne, John, 30
Weaver, Robert C., Jr., 306, 307–8
Weaver, Ward III, 221
Welcome to Paradisio (Nicholson, H. J.), 167
Wiegman, Glenn (husband), 166
Wiegman, Shadley, 166
"Win a Porsche by Friday" call-in promotion, 100
Wise, David, 53
woodworking, 207
World War II, 25, 93
writing, invisible, 300

Yahoo. *See* communications, covert
Yeltsin, Boris, 44, 69, 75
Yousef, Ramzi, 326
yuppies, spies as, 298
Yurchenko, Vitaly, 293

Zaporozhsky, Alexander "Scythian," 296–97, 309
Zaporozhsky, Galina (wife), 297
Zyuganov, Gennadi A., 75

(continued from front flap)

Deeply depressed after suffering a serious injury during Army training, Nathan was easy prey for his father. When Jim asked him to courier messages out of prison to his Russian contacts, Nathan saw an opportunity to prove himself and make his father proud. But trespassing into the global spy world is a risky business, and the chain of events that followed would irreversibly change their lives.

The Spy's Son goes inside the private meeting rooms of the FBI and CIA, delves into the post–Cold War intrigues between Moscow and Washington, and steps behind the closed doors of a family struggling to stay together. The culmination of a five-year investigation, Bryan Denson has masterfully crafted a high-speed, high-stakes account of this riveting true story of a father's deception, a son's loyalty, and the terrible costs of betraying both country and kin.

BRYAN DENSON, an investigative reporter and veteran staff writer for *The Oregonian*, is a Pulitzer Prize finalist in journalism for national reporting. He is a winner of the George Polk Award and a finalist for the Robert F. Kennedy Journalism Award, among many other honors.

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Praise for
THE SPY'S SON

"In a stunning piece of reporting Denson has unraveled one of the strangest spy stories in American history and written a haunting book as **fast-paced and as exciting as the best spy novel.** It will keep readers awake as he takes them deep into a world of international espionage populated by KGB and CIA agents, American spy catchers, and a family they'll never forget—and it's all true." **—ROBERT LINDSEY, author of *The Falcon and the Snowman***

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THE FALCON AND THE SNOWMAN

A True Story of Friendship and Espionage

Robert Lindsey

Already, before publication, such best-selling authors as Thomas Thompson and Ken Follett are praising The Falcon and the Snowman (see back of jacket): a book that unfolds, for the first time, the astonishing, true, inside story of how—and why—two young, affluent Americans became two of the most effective and significant Russian spies in recent times . . . the first to penetrate this country's most secret satellite espionage operations.

Christopher John Boyce and Andrew Daulton Lee. They grew up in one of America's most privileged communities, Palos Verdes in Southern California. Two devout Catholics who served as altar boys together. Two young men whose friendship was sealed by a passion for the strange art of falconry, they were influenced and disillusioned by the times in which they reached manhood—"an era of assassinations, an unpopular war, flower children, LSD, festering disenchantment with old standards, and Watergate."

Boyce was bright (an IQ of 142), intense, idealistic, and religious, but he drifted about aimlessly from one college to the next, brooding about his country, and flying his falcons. . . . Lee was small, incredibly ambitious, a true free enterpriser—and a highly successful drug dealer. They lived "in a social milieu where ambition was a religion and money was the ultimate laurel of success." On the surface, "they had everything—including boredom."

In July of 1974, Boyce's father, a former member of the FBI, helped his son get a job through the old boy network at TRW, an aerospace company in Redondo Beach. Within five months, Boyce learned that "TRW was developing and manufacturing satellites used by the CIA to collect secret intelligence information from space." Initially hired as a clerk, Boyce was to work in the Black Vault. He was 21 years old, earned $140 a week, and had TOP SECRET clearance. . . .

One night, after a long session of smoking pot and snorting cocaine, Boyce suddenly confided to Lee that he had access to certain material that could be worth a lot of money to a foreign country. One week later, the two friends devised a plan. . . .

(continued on back flap)

4-15-'80

TO DAD

FROM TOM

THE FALCON AND THE

A TRUE STORY OF FRIENDSHIP AND ESPIONAGE

SNOWMAN

ROBERT LINDSEY

SIMON AND SCHUSTER • NEW YORK

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To Sandra,
my staff of life

WHAT FOLLOWS IS A TRUE STORY. THE NAMES OF CERTAIN CHARACTERS HAVE BEEN CHANGED IN ORDER TO PROTECT THEIR PRIVACY.

THE FALCON
AND THE SNOWMAN

1

A HALO OF SMOG hung over Mexico City on the morning of January 6, 1977, obscuring the mountains beyond the city with a brown membrane of moist soot. Christmas decorations, remnants of *Posada*, the city's most festive celebration, still clung to many of the buildings on the Paseo de la Reforma, the broad boulevard that sweeps proudly from the Old City to Chapultepec Park, a Latin American Champs-Elysées.

It was the Day of the Three Kings, and, as was the tradition, children throughout the capital of Mexico were opening their Christmas packages. Under an elm tree along Reforma, an organ-grinder cranked out the repetitious strains of a Strauss waltz, entertaining tourists beside the statue of Cuahutemoc, the last of the Aztec emperors, while his assistant, a small boy, scurried about, cap outstretched, soliciting coins.

Behind the glittering window walls of the office towers that loomed over the tree-lined boulevard, secretaries were beginning to grow anxious, restless for their two-hour midday *siesta* to begin. At the National Pawnshop, *Monte de Piedad*—the Mountain of Pity—people stood waiting their turn, holding musical instruments and cartons containing anonymous family treasures.

A taxi, one of the salmon-colored sedans that loiter outside the big downtown hotels which cater to foreign tourists, threaded its way through the clotted queues of cars, trucks and buses on Reforma. Just as it was about to be swallowed up in the whirlpool of traffic swirling around the entrance to the park, the passenger in the back seat of the cab leaned forward and told the driver to stop. He was a small, chunky man. So small, in fact, that when he got out of the taxi someone seeing him from behind might have guessed that he was a grade-school pupil on his way home to one of the grand houses concealed behind high walls on the side streets in the neighborhood. But when he turned around, a stranger, expecting to see a child, would have seen a moustache and the weathered complexion of a man who four days earlier had turned twenty-five and who, indeed, looked older than that. Although he was short, he had broad shoulders and a thick torso that seemed out of proportion to the rest of his body; brown hair flopped over his forehead and curled around his ears, landing half an inch above the collar of a brown sport coat; above his bushy moustache there were turquoise eyes that seemed at once too large and more moist than they should have been.

He walked three blocks to Calzada de Tacubaya, a wide expressway now almost hopelessly congealed with late-morning traffic, and turned toward a three-story white building. It was a big, brooding fortress of a place half hidden behind trees with a forest of radio antennae bristling from the roof and a plaque on an outer wall that read:

EMBAJADA
DE LA UNION DE LAS REPUBLICAS
SOCIALISTAS SOVIETICAS

It was the Soviet Embassy. He walked along the sidewalk in front of the wall and then paused; through a row of iron bars, he studied a small guardhouse set back from the street for several moments. Then he scanned the upper floors of the main building. For a moment he thought he saw a curtain jiggle at one window and the face of a man looking at him; but the face vanished suddenly. After a full minute, he started walking again. But before he took more than a few steps, he saw a limousine slowing to enter the compound and he rushed to intercept it. But the car didn't stop and it quickly disappeared behind a wall. He lit a cigarette, looked around and casually lobbed a ball of paper through the iron bars.

Before he could walk thirty paces, a Mexican policeman ran up and ordered him to halt. He protested that he was a tourist from California who had gotten lost while seeing the sights of Mexico City. But two hours later he was under arrest at the Metropolitan Police Headquarters of Mexico City, accused of murder.

As he waited to be questioned, he could recall his first visit to the Embassy. It had been simple then: He had presented himself to the clerk at the reception desk in the guardhouse, thrown down the computer programming cards and said, "I have a friend with socialist leanings who would like you to have some information." The clerk shook his head and said he didn't speak English and left to get someone who did.

He had sat in the stark lobby of the building, his feet barely reaching the floor, looking up at a portrait of Lenin on the wall. When he was sure no one was watching him, he raised the Minolta that he had hung around his neck to look like a tourist and snapped a picture. *Who knows?* he thought. *Someone might be willing to pay for a photograph of the inside of the Russian embassy.*

Twenty minutes later he met Okana.

Vasily Ivanovich Okana was listed with Mexican authorities as a vice consul of the Soviet foreign service. He was in fact a member of the Soviet intelligence service, the KGB. At that first meeting, the American had not been much impressed physically by the slender man in the poorly fitting black suit. Later he had learned that beneath the baggy suit was the muscled physique of a fitness fanatic.

"These are interesting," the thirty-eight-year-old KGB agent had said in English as his fingers played with the computer cards. "But what are they?"

He was only a courier, he replied, but it was his understanding that they had something to do with what people called "spy satellites."

2

THE PALOS VERDES PENINSULA is in Southern California. From the air it looks like the jagged prow of a huge ship trying to escape from the rest of North America. It rises like a rocky, slab-sided Gibraltar at the southern entrance to Santa Monica Bay and at sunset glows with soft shades of orange reflected by thousands of Mediterranean tile roofs. Nine miles long and four miles wide, the mountainous Peninsula lifts up and away from the table-flat Los Angeles basin, establishing physical and social isolation from the freeway culture of that city. The isolation was created eons ago by geological forces and by centuries of sedimentation, erosion and waves that sculpted a land of scalloped coves, terraced cliffs and rocky headlands above lonely beaches strewn with pebbles and driftwood.

For centuries its remoteness resisted efforts to populate the Peninsula. It was like a vast feudal grazing land, producing hides, tallow, beef and, later, vegetables tended by immigrant tenant farmers from Japan. But after World War II, when Los Angeles was becoming the prototype of modern urban sprawl, more and more people who had emigrated to that city became disenchanted with its version of the California Dream, and many began to colonize The Hill, as its inhabitants came to refer to their refuge from the sprawl. As time went on, the Palos Verdes Peninsula became a prestigious address, and as it did, many colonizers of The Hill began to look down, in more than one way, on the people who lived below on the flatlands of the basin.

The immigrants to The Hill were, for the most part, college-educated people from out of state who had come to California with little more than their brains and their ambition. And they had found success that allowed them to afford a place on The Hill. They were achievers who accumulated money, most of them, not through inheritance or bloodlines but through their own talents, drive and ambition. Many prospered in the aerospace industry at companies like North American Aviation, Douglas Aircraft, Hughes Aircraft, TRW Systems and other firms that built airplanes, missiles, space satellites and electronic gadgetry down on the flatlands. In the years after the war, aerospace ballooned into a prosperous industry as specialized and concentrated as Detroit's, and Palos Verdes became its Bloomfield Hills.

Others came to The Hill after making a bundle as lawyers, doctors or businessmen. The common denominator of the colonizers was success. Palos Verdes didn't have any industry of its own. But a fortune could be made there in real estate; building lots that sold for $1,000 in the fifties were commanding $10,000 in the early sixties and almost $100,000 by the middle seventies, when even a modest home on The Hill cost $150,000 and $300,000 did not buy an opulent one. The earliest real estate promoters had tried to entice flatlanders to The Hill by merchandising it as a kind of transplanted Côte d'Azur. Homes visible from the sea, they decreed, had to have Old World red tile roofs, and even the names they gave to the neighborhoods on The Hill sounded like a Mediterranean melody—Malaga Cove, Portuguese Bend, Lunada

Bay, Montemalaga and Abalone Cove. The rule about the red tile roofs was relaxed in later years, but on some days, when the sky was especially clear and the ocean especially blue, it was not difficult for the inhabitants of The Hill to imagine that they were gazing out on their own Riviera and their own Capri, the rocky island of Catalina anchored twenty-one miles offshore.

• •

Andrew Daulton Lee was born in 1952; Christopher John Boyce, a year later. Their parents were among the first wave of people who settled the Peninsula in the fifties and early sixties. The Lees bought a rambling ranch house with a putting green in the backyard on Lunada Bay, across the street from the Pacific Ocean. The Boyces were not quite as prosperous and bought a home in a pleasant but slightly less prestigious neighborhood farther from the sea.

The two families were among the charter parishioners of the new Catholic church, St. John Fisher, that was built in 1961 to serve the growing Peninsula population. Boyce and Lee were among the first students at the parochial school that was built next to the church, and they were among the first altar boys to serve Mass there.

There is nothing in their school records, or in the memories of their friends or teachers, to indicate that they were anything but two devout Catholic boys growing up in happy, warm families in one of the most affluent suburbs in America, living one version of the American Dream and facing nothing but the brightest of futures.

3

DR. DAULTON BRADLEY LEE had grown up a long way from The Hill in a small farm town in Illinois where his father was the local dentist. It was not a poor family, but during the Depression it was not a wealthy one either. As long as anyone could remember, he had been regarded as a young man driven by high ambition—an ambition, he later said, that he had inherited from his father.

After graduating from high school, he left the farm town to attend a small college in Eureka, Illinois. But World War II intervened, and a few weeks after Pearl Harbor, his National Guard unit was mobilized. He was sent to an infantry training base in Tennessee, where he applied for a transfer to the Army Air Corps, hoping to become a combat pilot. He scored high marks on the screening test and immediately was accepted for flight school. After preliminary flight training in Alabama, he was ordered to Davis-Monthan Air Base, which had been hurriedly bulldozed out of sand and sagebrush near Tucson, Arizona.

Second Lieutenant Daulton Bradley Lee was a handsome man who had brown curly hair, stood more than six feet tall and had a style about him that made his leather flight jacket and trailing silk scarf look as if they had been designed expressly for him. He had not been at Davis-Monthan long before he met a coed at the University of Arizona in Tucson.

It was a fast wartime romance. After dating for four months, he married Anne Clark in November, 1942, before the altar of Ss. Peter and Paul Catholic Church in Tucson. The following August, he was on his way to Europe.

Anne Lee had been born in Montana but had moved with her mother and father—a physician who specialized in heart disease—to Long Beach, near Los Angeles, as an infant, and she considered herself a native Californian. A beauty who would keep her good looks long after she had lost her youth and her hair had turned prematurely gray, she had enrolled at the university with plans to become a teacher. But after her husband went overseas, she dropped out of college and moved back to her parents' home in Long Beach, where a daughter was born the next year.

Her husband, meanwhile, was distinguishing himself in the air: flying B-24 bombers over Italy, Daulton Lee had become a lieutenant colonel by the time he was twenty-three, and when the war was over, he came home with the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal and the Croix de Guerre with palm—and his old ambition. Before the war he had thought about becoming a doctor, and encouraged by his father-in-law, he enrolled in the Medical School at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles, where he got high marks, and then decided to specialize in pathology.

While he was still in medical school, though, the couple experienced a major disappointment: Mrs. Lee learned she could not have any more children. They wanted a son, and in 1952 they heard through friends that an infant boy might be available for adoption. In those days, before the pill and other advances in birth control, it was easier to adopt a child than it would become in the future. That winter they brought home their second child and named him Andrew Daulton. (As the years went on he preferred to be called Daulton, after his father.)

Not much was known of the child's natural parents except that they were of Polish and Lithuanian ancestry and were blue-collar workers. "They were educated people in technical fields; they had an electronics type of education," Anne Lee, his adoptive mother, would recall later. Although his natural parents had been married, theirs had been a stormy marriage, and they had gone to the divorce courts before his conception to obtain an interlocutory divorce decree. Under California law at the time, a year's waiting time was necessary before an interlocutory decree could become final, and if the couple engaged in sexual relations during that year the decree became invalid. It was during this twelve-month waiting period that Andrew Daulton Lee was conceived. Still determined to dissolve their marriage, his parents decided not to reveal his conception to the court, and he was placed for adoption.

When Daulton was two years old, Mrs. Lee procured a booklet that had been written to help adoptive parents explain the circumstances of their children's birth. She settled Daulton onto her lap and told him how she and his father had yearned for a child, and when at last they had seen Daulton they had loved him and selected him over all other children. And, she recalled later, he had seemed to accept the fact of his adoption as easily as if she had been teaching him how to tie his shoes. Eventually, the Lees decided they wanted more children, and in 1954 they adopted another sister for him, Mary Anne, and in 1958, a brother, David. Meanwhile, as the family grew, Dr. Lee was becoming increasingly successful—and prosperous—in his field.

Along with other pupils at St. John Fisher, Daulton was indoctrinated in a brand of Roman Catholicism somewhat harsher than that which would prevail a few years later following the winds of liberalization that blew from Rome during and after the tenure of Pope John XXIII. His was a religious training rooted in a doctrine that to commit a mortal sin meant risking eternal damnation in the fires of hell. But he accepted it and was a regular communicant at St. John Fisher.

Daulton learned other lessons at home. His father, whose childhood had not been materially bountiful, assured Daulton that he was determined to give his own children some of the things that he had missed; and indeed, whether it was toys, clothing or travel, Daulton enjoyed a childhood of abundance, financed by the growing wealth of his father. When he was eleven, his parents sent him to Southern California's most exclusive summer camp—Gold Arrow Camp, in the High Sierra mountains, where his camp-mates included the sons of comedian Jerry Lewis; Otis Chandler, the publisher of the *Los Angeles Times,* and other prominent and wealthy people. By David Strick, the son of movie director Joseph Strick, who shared Daulton's cabin, he was remembered as a tough competitor, generous and likable, but troubled by his size—"A Mickey Rooney character," he called him. "He was a plucky guy who sort of walked with a swagger, I think, because he was conscious of his shortness. When we had a water fight, he stayed in it until the end and never wanted to give up. When his parents sent him a box of candy," Strick recalled, "he walked around and gave some to everybody before he ate any; he loved to give gifts; everybody else who got something from home hoarded it."

Daulton was an unspectacular student at St. John Fisher, but he discovered in grade school that he had a talent most of his classmates didn't have: he could make things with his hands better than almost anyone else. With a hammer and saw and modest materials, he could fashion a tree house, a go-kart or other toys that became the envy of his friends.

A lot was made in the Lee household of Dr. Lee's rise from the obscure Illinois farm town to a position of importance near the top of the Peninsula's medical hierarchy. A lot was made also of his war record. Daulton lost count of how many times his father's decorations and his picture in uniform were taken out of a closet to be shown and admired by the family; and of course, there was the oft-told family legend that Daulton would recall many years later with still a trace of awe: "He was a lieutenant colonel when he was twenty-three, one of the youngest in the Air Corps. His commanding officer told him, 'I'd like to make you a general—you deserve it—but I'd get too much flak if I made you a general at your age.' "

Perhaps it is difficult under the best of circumstances to be the son of a doctor in America: Society elevates physicians to pedestals regardless of their faults; men and women with lesser occupational status pay deference to them, inducing in some physicians a sense of exaggerated self-importance and impatience in others that is extended beyond medicine to encompass whatever they do. In a social milieu where ambition is a religion and money is the ultimate laurel of success, the shadow may be cast even larger on a young son by his father because, of all the professions, his is one of the most richly rewarded. If it is difficult, then, under the best of circumstances for a son to shape his own identity in the presence of such a shadow, what if the father is a war hero who stands more than six feet tall and the son, at maturity, is only five feet two? What if the son is adopted, not natural-born; if he is bright but not academically driven? What if the father is handsome and athletic and his eldest son is not?

When he was a child, there was talk of Daulton's following his father and becoming a physician, but as Daulton grew older, Dr. Lee became increasingly bitter over what he saw as the coming of socialized medicine. ''Medicine's a dying profession,'' he repeatedly told his eldest son. ''Those bureaucrats in Washington are killing the practice of medicine as we know it.'' Rather than press his son to become a doctor, he gave this advice to Daulton:

''Do whatever you want in life, but whatever you decide to do, be the best at it.''

When Daulton was still in grade school it was decided that someday he would attend Notre Dame, the famous Catholic university in South Bend, Indiana. His father told him frequently that it had been his childhood dream to go to Notre Dame, with its rich traditions of scholarship and football excellence, but his family couldn't afford it because of the Depression. Things would be different for Daulton and David, he said: their family had the money, and his sons could have what he had been forced to miss. Daulton and his father also dreamed of how someday he would play football for the Fighting Irish.

Unfortunately, Daulton stopped growing when he was in the fifth grade. As his classmates kept growing taller, and he did not, he became defensive about his stature and seemed uncomfortable around taller friends. Years later he could still recall the kind of questions that would embarrass him then: ''People would ask me, 'How come you're so short and your dad is so tall and your brother is six inches taller?' '' It was a question that was doubly painful because, obliquely, it raised the issue of his adoption. When Daulton became depressed, his mother would tell him, ''Don't worry all the time about size; there have been lots of people who were short and have done marvelous things.'' Daulton had other troubles, too. He worried that his ears were too big, and as a youngster he began to develop serious problems with acne on his face and body.

It was a problem that would haunt him for years.

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Daulton went out for Little League baseball, and his father coached the team. "He was a dogged little guy," remembered Msgr. Thomas J. McCarthy, the first pastor of St. John Fisher, who often celebrated Mass with Daulton serving as altar boy on one side of him and Christopher Boyce on the other. "Daulton was small, but he made up for what he lacked in natural ability with moxie." The priest noticed one thing in particular about Daulton's participation in sports: he seemed preoccupied with proving himself to his father. When he struck out or dropped a ball, the first thing Daulton usually did was look over in the direction of his father to see if he was watching. Later on, Daulton took up golf in hopes of sharing another of his father's interests, but Dr. Lee almost always won, and Daulton's inability to beat his father was a source of laughs for the family.

After Daulton was graduated from St. John Fisher in the spring of 1966, he enrolled at Palos Verdes High School, a complex of low-slung buildings topped with red tile roofs styled vaguely, de rigueur, like a Spanish mission; the school was about a mile from the Lee home and only about 200 yards from a bluff overlooking the Pacific. Students could look out and see ships passing by. It was a school where, on the average, at least 90 percent of each year's graduating class went on to college and where the student parking lot was usually crowded with Cadillacs, Corvettes, Mercedes-Benzes, Porsches and other expensive cars. The following year, Christopher John Boyce followed Daulton to Palos Verdes High.

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Chris's parents had also grown up far from The Hill. His mother, Noreen, was the product of an Old World Irish Catholic family from Ohio, one in which the Sacraments were observed and Mass was an obligatory joy on Sundays. Under the influence of the sisters at the parochial school that she attended, Noreen Hollenbeck decided as a child to become a nun, and at eighteen she entered a convent operated by the Ursulines, an order devoted to the education of young girls. But eighteen months after entering the convent, she decided that she was not suited for the cloistered life after all and elected not to take her final vows. She left the convent but not the Church. Then, as in the future, seldom did a day begin for Noreen Hollenbeck without Mass and Holy Communion. The young girl who had wanted to become a nun had the stunning good looks and the sturdy, ample frame of an Irish country girl, and it was not long after she left the convent that Charles Eugene Boyce fell in love with her.

Boyce was a native of Colorado who had a natural gift for athletics and a keen academic mind, two qualities that had presented him with a dilemma: after he was mustered out of military service following World War II, he could not choose between becoming a lawyer and becoming a professional baseball player. Although he wasn't a Catholic, he enrolled at Loyola University, a Jesuit college near Los Angeles, on the G.I. Bill, playing semipro baseball as a sideline while choosing his plans for the future. A pitcher, he was good enough to be recruited by the New York Giants' farm-club system, but an elbow injury ended what could have been a promising career in baseball. In 1948, after three years of prelaw at Loyola, he decided to enroll in the Southwestern School of Law. After graduation, he was recruited by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He remained in the bureau for almost two years, dealing with the potpourri of cases that came the way of a young agent stationed in those days in the New York City and New Haven offices—bank robberies, fraud, forgeries and the epidemic of espionage scares during the McCarthy era. Attracted by the prospect of a better-paying career in industry, he resigned from the bureau in 1952 and took a job helping to oversee plant security for an airplane manufacturer in Southern California, which he now considered his home.

Charles Boyce was a tall, rugged man whom some people called cold but who could warm up to a new acquaintance after a while. He loved cigars, tended to have strong convictions on most things and was wont to advance his convictions with what a longtime friend called "a very strong personality." Although he was not a Catholic, his bride had asked him for a promise to raise their children as Catholics, and he had agreed. They would have nine children—four boys and five girls: what some neighbors would refer to as "an old-fashioned Catholic family."

Chris was the first of their children, and he plunged into his mother's faith with as much zeal as she had herself. He devoured his catechism and, long after many of his classmates had resigned as altar boys, pulled himself out of bed before dawn to serve Mass. Father Glenn, a St. John Fisher priest, became one of his best friends. He was a middle-aged Irishman with a brogue as thick as porridge who could be merciless with Chris in the confessional and then go out and kick a football with him, still wearing his black cassock. Amid Chris's emerging piety there was a measure of the troublemaker, but Father Glenn was tolerant and, most of the time, put up with this facet of his personality. Sometimes while Chris was serving for Father Glenn, he inconspicuously dragged his feet at the communion rail to charge himself with static electricity; then, with calculated glee, gave a shock on the chin to friends with the communion plate. Father Glenn was suspicious about the sparks but never figured out their origin.

Chris fell deeply under the priest's spell, and the seeds of Catholicism that his mother had planted in him were fertilized and nurtured by Father Glenn.

It was faith rooted not only in the doctrines and traditions of the Roman Catholic Church but in an especially severe moral code. Like the Church itself, Chris began to view moral questions in black and white, and without much tolerance for deviation. One day, a priest from St. John Fisher told his father, "You know, I think Chris is more conservative than Cardinal McIntyre."

It was a reference to Cardinal James Francis McIntyre, who for years ruled the Archdiocese of Los Angeles with a medieval style of orthodoxy that, for a long time, froze out many of the reforms that swept the church elsewhere during the 1960s.

As was expected of Chris by his church, he treated authority figures—his parents, the priests and sisters at St. John Fisher, other adults he met—with deference and respect. He wholeheartedly embraced the doctrine that God had delegated to the Pope infallible authority over His flock, that the Pope had delegated some of his authority to the bishops, priests and nuns and that members of the flock obeyed the decisions of the Church hierarchy because they were *right* decisions.

Chris's acceptance of authority was reinforced by his father. Like many men attracted to law enforcement, Charles Boyce was conservative politically. And, like the Church, he tended to view things in black and white. He believed in obedience to constituted authority, loved his country and tried to pass on this loyalty and love to his eldest son. For the father, it was love guided by the America-right-or-wrong ethos that galvanized his country during World War II; his son eventually would judge America by a different kind of standard.

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As the eldest of nine, Chris became the leader of the Boyce clan and was idolized by his brothers and sisters. During his grade-school years, the Boyce family continued to grow while his father was climbing as a security executive in the defense industry. But while he took on more responsibility at work, he wasn't an absentee father: Charles Boyce taught his son how to tie fishing flies, coached the baseball team at St. John Fisher, tutored him in football and helped mold a will to compete and win on the playing field. He also passed on to his son a love of history, especially military history. When he was a child, they spent hours together talking of ancient wars and battlefields; when Chris was thirteen his favorite book was *Lee's Lieutenants,* and he dreamed of fighting himself in the expanding war in Vietnam as soon as he was old enough. His father was an ardent supporter of the war and could not understand why anyone opposed it. Once, when his father got into a bitter argument over the war with another coach of a Little League team, Chris passionately rooted for his father from the sidelines, sure that he was right.

While Chris was still in grade school, friends began to notice that he had an unusual trait: he liked to take risks. When he carried a football, for example, they noticed he ran head-on into waiting tacklers and kept squirming to get away when other runners would have given up; when he climbed trees, he could usually be counted on to climb higher than other kids and go out on the farthest, weakest limb.

Test scores confirmed his teachers' suspicions that Chris had a brilliant mind. He scored 142 on an I.Q. test, and he seldom got anything but an A on his school exams. His academic passion was history, especially ancient political and military history. Outdoors, his passion became bird watching and hiking in the wilderness. He was particularly interested in birds; his father, noticing the interest, gave him a book on falconry, the sport of hunting game with birds, and he began to read more about the subject. Years later, his eighth-grade teacher, Sister Jean-Marie Bartunek, looked back on her year with Christopher Boyce and described him as the kind of pupil every teacher lived for—smart, curious, hardworking, compassionate and articulate: "He was interested in everything! Science, debating, journalism, music, art; he liked to write poetry and talk on any subject, and he was a natural leader. He was a wonderful, sensitive, happy and intelligent boy who came from a perfect family."

In his last year at St. John Fisher, Chris was elected student-body president and delivered the graduation address. The previous year he had discovered a second passion besides history—debating and public speaking—and he had harbored hopes of attending Loyola High School, a Catholic school operated by the Jesuits in Los Angeles that frequently turned out champion debating teams. But the family decided that Loyola was too far from The Hill, and he went to Palos Verdes High School instead. Monsignor McCarthy, who had watched Chris mature from a slightly shy altar boy to the brightest star in the school, would, years later, think back on the young student he knew: "He was one of the finest boys I'd ever met or taught," he said. "I don't think I've ever known a boy with such idealism."

4

CHRISTOPHER JOHN BOYCE arrived at Palos Verdes High School in the autumn of 1967. It was an era of assassinations, an unpopular war, flower children, LSD, festering disenchantment with old standards and challenges from the young to parental assumptions. It was a time when the privileged kids who drove home from Palos Verdes High in sports cars and Cadillacs learned to watch, with everyone else, nightly TV reports of body counts and napalming in Vietnam, race riots and political dissenters beaten back by police clubs. The Vietnam War had been a fact of American life since the early sixties, but until now Chris had been only a spectator of the war on the nightly news. As a high school freshman, he responded to his instinctive interest in history and public affairs and began to follow the war more closely and form his own judgments about it. He also began to think—and form judgments—about other things, too.

It is impossible to pinpoint the exact moment when Chris began to rebel against the assumptions of his father's generation and to shape his own view of the world, the human condition, nationalism and the future of his planet.

Perhaps a trip he made to Mexico with his classmates from the sixth grade at St. John Fisher had been first to cause something to stir. The class left The Hill before dawn in a caravan of station wagons led by Sister Jean to deliver food, medical supplies and Christmas packages to a rural village in Mexico; it was a routine Saturday charity mission for parochial schools in Southern California those days. It was a one-way drive of less than four hours from his doorstep in Palos Verdes. But the economic chasm that separated his town and the village stunned Chris and moved him to tears. The caravan rolled into the village and he saw unpaved streets, shacks made of sticks and cardboard, open sewers; he looked into the faces of some of the children and then looked away quickly—their faces were disfigured and glazed by ugly red scar tissue, the result of fires ignited by fallen candles in their paper hovels. Years later, Chris would recollect:

"There were thousands of them, their flimsy shacks bending in the wind. They were lining the highway and in the ravines and on the hillsides. The children stood by the side of the road wearing only filthy underclothes. Here and there a dozen or so crouched around cooking fires. Their dreams were empty, but they were still people, just forgotten have-nots. I promised myself then that I would never forget—if nothing else, I would never forget.

"I had been taught that Mexico was a democratic nation, but what spirit of liberty existed in the cardboard hovels? They had had nothing—no hope, no future—and they had stood wan and emaciated. They had not even retained the bruised dignity of peasants. I wondered: Were we in no way responsible for what existed ten miles beyond our borders? Will no authority take responsibility for all of mankind; will the Third World always just be an abscess? Most frightening, I wondered, wasn't it in America's best self-interest to perpetuate its disproportionate consumption? Had we based our system on permanent inequity?"

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Perhaps something else stirred in Chris one night during the summer of 1965 when his father took him to St. John Fisher, which sat atop one of the highest points on the Peninsula, and, together, they looked out toward Los Angeles. It was a rare night: wind had pushed aside the layer of smog that usually blanketed the city, and every light below was like a star; it was as if they were examining a diorama from behind a sheet of glass. They had come to St. John Fisher to watch the black ghetto of Watts burn.

As they looked down from the shelter of Chris's classroom at the orange glow and columns of billowing smoke rising from the riot-torn ghetto, a jeep sped by. He imagined an army of blacks and their flames advancing on The Hill toward his own home. But he was reassured later when his father bought a shotgun in case the family had to deal with the threat from below.

Other events also may have stirred Chris's doubts, but if there was anyone who had first ignited them, it was Robin.

Robin arrived at Chris's home in Palos Verdes on a Saturday morning in 1967 with hair to his waist, beads, a windowless Volkswagen van, "roaches" in the ashtray and a hooded falcon named Mohammed on his wrist.

Like Daulton, Robin was the son of a wealthy doctor from The Hill. He had heard from a mutual friend who lived up the street from Chris that there was a teen-ager in the neighborhood who had an interest in birds. He knocked at the Boyce front door and asked, "Is Chris here?"

Chris took one look at his falcon and was never the same.

To Chris's dad, Robin was an alien: "the original weirdo," he would call him later. But his father cooked the stranger scrambled eggs, and Chris probably would always remember the meal: a member of the subculture sitting down to breakfast with the rock-hard conservative, the former FBI agent who still wore a gun under his arm to work. They're like people from different planets who speak different languages, he thought. Chris, as best he could, tried to interpret for them. The square kid of fifteen with a flattop haircut who wanted to become a priest looked first at the happy, nonconforming twenty-one-year-old and then at his forty-three-year-old father and wondered at the dichotomy: Who was right? he asked himself.

If there was ever a moment when Chris discovered the curious, horrible ambiguity that would haunt his life, this was it. Other people, he thought, may have a single identity, but not me. Chris from then on could not—or would not—make a choice.

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Robin asked Chris if he wanted to see Mohammed fly.

As they drove away in the van to fly Mohammed that first morning, Chris looked out the window back at his home. Years later, he would still recall the silhouette of his father in an upstairs window and the intensity of the feelings he felt stirring inside him that day.

They flew Mohammed under an overcast sky on one of the terraced Palos Verdes hills that swept gently down toward the Pacific and then plunged, with a final steep dive, to a cauldron of turbulent white surf. It was wild and beautiful there then, before the subdividers came with their bulldozers. The string beans had just been harvested, and there was a smell of damp soil in the air.

Hooded, Mohammed sat on Robin's wrist listening for the sounds of the field, the brass bells on his feet tinkling softly as he waited.

Robin whispered in his ear and stroked his wings and clenched fist to calm the bird. A lark called from across the field, and Mohammed shuddered. Gently, Robin removed the leash and swivel from the jesses strapped around the bird's feet and, with his teeth and free hand, slid off the hood. The bird waited no more than an instant. Mohammed sprang off his fist and pumped his wings rapidly to gain altitude, climbing higher and higher as Robin and Chris scrambled across the field noisily to flush the larks. Then Mohammed selected one of the fleeing larks; he suddenly plunged in the power dive that falconers call a "stoop." Contact seemed imminent. But then the lark lurched and it escaped the diving talons of the falcon. Mohammed quickly regained altitude and came down for a second attack; this time he slammed into the lark with a clanging of bells. There was an explosion of feathers, and the lark fell like a stone.

Mohammed was back on Robin's gauntlet a few minutes later, savoring breast of lark. Resting in the field after the hunt, smoking his first joint in the company of a friendly stranger and his bird, it occurred to Chris: They are one; this strange young hippie has his own peace.

Robin died in a freak accident nearly two years later—fatally burned by blazing hashish oil he was preparing for sale. He lingered for three days in the hospital before dying; he left behind a wife and children—and Chris's respect.

There was an article in the paper about the fire and the young drug pusher's death, which Chris's father showed him. From then on, falconry was anathema to his dad.

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Robin had clearly been an important factor. But what about Rick?

Rick was the archetypal California surfer—big, wiry, glue-footed on the boards, a potential South Bay champion. He spent every hour he could on the waves beneath the Palos Verdes bluffs, locked into curls, practicing his kickouts and coming up smiling even when he was "wiped out." Rick was outgoing, happy—and before he had really begun to shave, a Marine.

Rick hadn't been in Vietnam long when a land mine blew off most of his right leg. After he came home on a creaking artificial leg, he and Chris sometimes went down to the bluffs to watch the surfers and check out the size of the combers. Eventually Rick managed to learn how to walk pretty well, without much sign of a limp, but his missing leg—and the nationalism that, in Boyce's mind, had removed it—sickened Chris.

"No cause or 'just' war for peace, for honor, for freedom, for the people, for property; not Crazy Horse's charge at the Little Big Horn, nor Pickett's nor the Tet Offensive, nor Thermopylae, nor the Inchon Landing, nor the Alamo, nor even Château-Thierry and the Bulge, nor any of them were worth tearing off Rick's leg and his manhood," Chris would say many years later. "I didn't believe it then and I don't believe it now, and someday everyone won't."

At sixteen, Chris had decided to reject nationalism and everything for which it stood.

5

THERE WAS NOT MUCH for young people to do in Palos Verdes. The calculated isolation from the freeways of Los Angeles was a virtue to those who sought its serenity, ocean breezes and unpolluted air. But for adolescents, the town offered no youth clubs, bowling alleys or skating rinks and not even a movie theater until the early seventies. There was little public transportation on The Hill. Kids growing up there, for the most part, were left to their own resources to find entertainment and excitement.

Marijuana had been around for decades in Southern California, popular among some of the people who worked in the movie industry and in the Los Angeles Mexican-American *barrio*. But in middle-class

Anglo communities, pot had been a taboo, especially so in a community like Palos Verdes that perennially voted Republican, went to church on Sundays and didn't experiment with new life-styles because most of the people there had already found what they wanted. Sharing a quick cigarette in the school rest room or a can of beer on a Saturday night was an acceptable forbidden fruit, but not drugs. This began to change in the middle sixties.

Robin hadn't been the only son of Palos Verdes to wander off The Hill and disappear into the Haight-Ashbury, the mountains of Big Sur or some other enclave of dropouts and return with full beard, long hair, a drug habit, a drug business with which to support himself and a falcon on his wrist. There was a small cult of people like him; there were Leroy and Weird Harold and Jon and a dozen more. Jon was Robin's partner, and he could make leather hoods for falcons as fine as any crafted by the artisans of Elizabethan England.

They were a nomadic breed, mostly from wealthy families—contemptuous of many of the indigenous values of Palos Verdes; hedonists who loved the wilderness for its solitude and marijuana for its psychic solace and who found a curious way of banking the money they made from selling marijuana, hashish, LSD and cocaine: they invested it in rare Oriental rugs from Turkey, Persia and the Caucasus Mountains of Russia. Prices for the rugs were skyrocketing, and who'd expect a hippie to have a fortune in nineteenth-century carpets?

Moreover, Robin and his friends weren't the only ones who returned to the Peninsula with values challenging those imparted by the parents on The Hill.

College students who had left The Hill for Berkeley, Stanford and elsewhere came home with samples of pot and other drugs—and advice to younger brothers and sisters to turn on. "It's no worse than alcohol," they said, usually with a reference to their parents' nightly cocktail hour. Some of the returning college students and dropouts like Robin discovered that substantial amounts of extra spending money could be generated by the sale of a few marijuana cigarettes to the well-heeled kids on The Hill. This lesson was not lost on some entrepreneurial-minded students at P.V. High, including the eldest son of Dr. Lee.

At first the flow of illicit drugs into the community was little more than a trickle. But by the end of the sixties, the trickle had become a torrent. Experimentation expanded beyond pot to barbiturates, amphetamines, LSD, hashish, peyote, cocaine and heroin. From the high school, drugs filtered down to the junior high schools of Palos Verdes and even to some of the elementary schools. Not every young person in Palos Verdes used drugs, but the social pressure was such that junior high pupils who didn't pop pills or blow weed were called "lame" and ostracized by many of their classmates.

By the mid-seventies, like a wave that had crested, the drug epidemic had peaked. But in the years when Daulton and Chris were passing into manhood, drugs were as much a part of high school in their affluent community as history and biology, pep rallies and football games.

Inexplicably, a generation of parents did not realize what was happening to their children. Perhaps they didn't try to know. Lethargy, glazed watery eyes, erratic behavior—somehow, they missed the symptoms, and some didn't learn that their children were helplessly dependent on drugs until they were dead from an overdose; or, some didn't know until their children were scratching off their clothes and screaming from the hallucinations of a nightmarish experience with LSD; or they did not know until the children were just *gone*—runaways swallowed up by the adolescent underground, pursuing the capricious gods that they found in a pill, a snort, a joint or a fix.

The Palos Verdes schools tried to snuff out the drug epidemic, but they didn't have much success; when two-way mirrors were installed in the rest rooms for teachers to monitor drug sales and the lunchtime pot smoking, the kids went elsewhere; eventually, the junior highs cancelled most evening social events because it became impossible to have a dance or a class party without a mantle of sweet-smelling marijuana smoke in the air. "You could go to the schools and they were selling drugs on the street corner," Dr. Lee would recall later of those times.

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It was becoming clear to everybody, Daulton included, that he would not go to Notre Dame, because he wasn't making the grades that his parents insisted that he must earn to get into a selective university. Virtually the only time Daulton managed to bring home an A or B on his report card other than for Woodshop was when he gave it to himself. He erased a D or F on the report card, substituted a B or A and used a photocopying machine to produce a report card that was welcomed at home.

When things went poorly at school or he became depressed, Daulton could always find escape with his tools in the family garage. From a shop teacher at P.V. High who had recognized his skills and encouraged him, Daulton learned how to turn raw lumber into spectacular boxes of inlaid walnut, oak, ebony and teak; and as he got better, he crafted delicate bowls and inlaid tables and cabinets inspired by the work of artisans of eighteenth-century France who became his heroes.

When Daulton came home from school one day during his junior year after a session with his counselor, his mother noticed that he seemed unhappy and asked if anything was bothering him; Daulton confessed he was having troubles with his college-prep classes, and said that he had admitted this to his counselor that morning before asking him for advice about a possible career in woodworking. He said the school official had ridiculed the idea:

"You live in Palos Verdes; you don't work with your hands, you work with your brain."

Years later, Daulton still remembered this confrontation with bitterness:

"He couldn't understand why somebody would want to work in a shop with all that sawdust and create a piece of art out of wood. That's how I looked at it; it was an art. Louis the Fourteenth period pieces are some of the most highly prized furniture in the world."

Although his counselors insisted that Daulton was more than intelligent enough to be college material, school simply didn't interest him. "Maybe I was bored; I knew the information was in the books if I really needed to know it," Daulton said, looking back on his failed high school career. "I saw all those kids trying to get grades and saw the pressures from their parents; if I'd found a reason to pursue a different course I might have gotten involved with it, but I was just content to move out of high school and get started on something else."

As Dr. Lee continued to make more money, the family increasingly could afford to indulge a taste for fine art objects, which began to fill their home. Dr. and Mrs. Lee traveled frequently to Europe and the Far East, and they honed a taste for fine art initially acquired from her parents. Sharing the interest with their four children, they discussed it at meals, went as a family to inspect projected purchases and often took family outings to museums to see new exhibits. None of the children was more interested in the art—or in other material things of life—than Daulton. Listening carefully, he became more knowledgeable about his parents' collection, and when new friends visited he gave them a tour of the home, explaining proudly the finer points of each item of Oriental art or other objet d'art.

Daulton was not like the members of his generation who rejected the materialism of their parents. Indeed, he repeatedly told his brother and friends that when he was older he wanted to live exactly like his parents. In fact, Daulton had already found an enterprise that made him believe he could be just as wealthy as his father without having to work as hard.

It was to bring him not only money, but a kind of power he had never imagined possible.

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Daulton was introduced to marijuana as a high school freshman, and before long, pot had become more than a Saturday-night substitute for a six-pack of beer. He began arriving late for midmorning classes, his eyes glazed—or not showing up at all; he became not only a user of pot but a proselytizer who eagerly solicited friends to drop by his home after school for a joint. After a year or so, he graduated to cocaine. He had discovered that a pinch of coke in a nostril was a marvelous psychic potion; it made him feel euphoric and eased the emptiness he felt about his size, his nagging failure to satisfy his father and a pain that increasingly weighed heavily on him—an inadequacy he felt with girls. Every doubt was exorcised—at least for a few hours—in the euphoria of self-confidence that the drugs yielded. After his first joint, Daulton was never the same again.

''Maybe you could call us the idle rich,'' Daulton would recall of those years later. ''We weren't opulent rich, but it was a group where you had all the money for everything you needed. Money wasn't at the level of scrounging; you had money for cars, concerts, yet you still had extra money to spend. We were the idle rich, like the ancient Inca priests who kept the coca leaves for themselves and kept them from the masses.''

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Chris and Daulton had been friends but not buddies at St. John Fisher. After they both went out for the same football squad at Palos Verdes High, their friendship thickened as their common origins at the parochial school pushed them together—Catholics needed friends in a high school where most of the other students had spent years together at the same public elementary schools. Neither was large enough to make the varsity or junior varsity football squad—Chris stood five feet eight; Daulton was just a shade over five feet—but both made the backfield on the "C" team, the school's third team for smaller players. One day after practice, Daulton showed Chris some pictures that he'd taken of several barn owls. Since his encounter with Robin, Chris had been reading everything he could find about birds—and was fascinated when Daulton showed him a zoo of predatory birds that he was keeping in his backyard. Tethered to perches beside the Lee family's putting green were more than a dozen owls, hawks and falcons.

Their friendship began to flourish even more after that day, mostly because of this mutual interest in falconry, and soon they were best friends.

No one ever satisfactorily explained Daulton's unusual interest in animals. Besides his collection of birds of prey, he kept a pair of piranha fish in a tank at his home for a while and entertained friends by dropping goldfish into the tank to be eaten by the piranhas; later on, he bought a pair of armadillos to keep as pets.

Daulton's experiences with predators were not always successful. Once, he took Chris to a field near the top of the Peninsula to show him a new red-tailed hawk he had bought. She was a big bird, weighing perhaps forty-five ounces. Chris noted that the bird gripped Daulton's gloved hand like a vise, and he sat down at the edge of the field to watch as Daulton cast off the bird with a wave of his hand. When she was airborne, the bird started to lumber back ominously toward Daulton. He threw out a lure of pigeon meat used to train falcons, and the big bird hit it like a train. But she didn't stop; she bounded off the lure, caromed into Daulton's face and clamped her big hind talon into his gums. Meanwhile, her other three talons spread across his left cheek from his nose to his ear, while she held her other foot poised in reserve, as if looking for an opening through Daulton's flailing arms. Chris, twenty yards away, yelled solicitous advice to his friend, but the hawk clung tenaciously to Daulton's face while blood seemed to spring out of it in all directions.

After Daulton finally managed to shake the bird off, he gave her away.

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Daulton was graduated from Palos Verdes High School in June, 1970, with the minimum number of credits needed for a diploma. Because his parents still wanted him to try college, Daulton enrolled at

Allan Hancock Junior College in Santa Maria, about 150 miles north of Los Angeles, in September, 1970. The Lees had hopes that he might be able to turn his life around, get respectable grades at Hancock and transfer to a four-year college. But nothing at Hancock inspired Daulton, and he dropped out of college the following winter.

Besides, Daulton had other plans: he had decided to become a full-time professional dope pusher.

When he was in high school, Daulton had watched how handsomely the older pushers lived and had been impressed: they had new cars or vans, wallets stuffed with cash and plenty of girls. And they didn't have to work very hard. There was something else, too. After one of his suppliers recruited him as a runner to deliver pot at P.V. High, Daulton made a pleasant discovery: for the first time, he was *somebody*. The tall, leggy blondes whom he'd admired but who had spurned him while choosing oversized, blue-eyed surfers began to select seats near him in the cafeteria and show enthusiasm for his boasts. Because of his access to drugs, *they* courted *him*. Daulton was a perceptive student of human nature, and he was pleased by what he saw in the eyes of the daughters of doctors, aerospace executives and businessmen.

And Daulton decided to take advantage of the curious hunger: if he became interested in a girl, he offered her a free joint or, if he liked her a lot, cocaine, which was more expensive. A pattern developed: First, he created a dependency by giving away drugs to girls; then he waited for them to ask for more. It was as if he were playing them like game fish until they were hooked. Once they were hooked, he demanded payment—in the back seat of a car. In a way, Daulton might have imagined the transaction as a form of pure capitalism: he provided drugs to fulfill a need, while they paid in a currency he wanted: attention and sex.

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Daulton and, to a lesser extent, Chris had grown up with just about everything a rich society could bestow on its young men. They had money, good schools, a good family and a good future. They had everything—including boredom.

As younger brothers often do, David Lee had grown up worshiping his older brother, and he was a spectator who witnessed at close hand the processes that shaped his brother. "There was too much boredom," he would recollect about the years he and Daulton were reaching maturity. "There was not enough to do, and the people were so rich . . . A big dealer would come around and he seemed like a big shot. There was nothing else to do, and some of the people got stuck, like my brother."

As an apprentice pusher, Daulton learned quickly, and after a while he decided to hang up his own shingle. He carefully studied other pushers' methods, learned where to obtain drugs from wholesale dealers and began to recruit teen-age students as his runners. Whatever Daulton's problems were with a textbook, he proved to have a natural flair for business. Before long, he was making several hundred dollars a week at his new trade and had begun a climb that would make him one of the most successful drug dealers on the southern rim of the Los Angeles Basin. He was becoming, in the jargon of the times, a snowman—snow, as in the snowy-white grains of cocaine.

6

CHRIS WAS HAVING MORE DIFFICULTY than Daulton charting the course of his life. The straight A's that he had earned at St. John Fisher had begun to deteriorate in high school into a mediocre record of mostly C's; he could usually count on good marks in history, speech or athletics, but he rarely showed much interest in math, languages or sciences.

His parents thought they knew the reason for the change in Chris: Andrew Daulton Lee.

At the beginning of his junior year, they decided to transfer him to Rolling Hills High School, which was on the other side of The Hill, on a slope that faced the city of Los Angeles rather than the ocean.

The school-district boundary lines were drawn in such a way that most of the wealthiest communities on The Hill sent their children to Palos Verdes High School. The students who went to Rolling Hills High were, for the most part, indisputably prosperous, but more middle-class. The Boyces lived in a neighborhood where their children could attend either of the schools.

By the end of Chris's sophomore year, they had decided they didn't like some aspects of the atmosphere at P. V. High. They were troubled by the ostentatious wealth displayed by some of Chris's friends, but mostly they were upset by what they saw as an aimless lazy pursuit of pleasure by some of the rich kids there.

More than any of Chris's other friends, they disliked Daulton. They suspected he was involved with drugs, and they saw something sinister in the short, scruffy, long-haired youth who drove up to their house in his parents' blue Cadillac, and it made them worry; they were sure he had something to do with the changes they'd seen in Chris. Chris's mother urged him to drop his friendship with Daulton: ''You're known by the people you associate with,'' she said. But then, as later, Chris possessed a strong loyalty to friends he had made, and his parents' strategy did not work. Even after Chris went to the new school, they continued to see each other frequently, to fly their falcons and go trapping together.

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Like most of his contemporaries, Chris now used marijuana regularly, but it didn't become the obsession that it became for Daulton; indeed, most older people who knew him probably would have been amazed to know that he had ever smoked even one joint. To most people in the adult world who knew him, Chris remained a sort of quintessential clean-cut American teen-ager with good manners, brains, ambition and religious piety. He worked part-time as a delivery boy for a liquor store after school, was idolized by his brothers and sisters, and faithfully led his family to Mass every Sunday. As they had for years, friends kidded Chris that someday he would become the first American Pope.

But unbeknownst to them or his mother, a storm was brewing over his faith in Catholicism. It began with a burst of atheism that flared about the same time his pubescent voice was deepening. Before long, the atheism had burned out, but it was replaced by doubts of the divinity of Jesus. This was a fundamental crisis for the teen-ager; his church didn't leave any room for doubt that Jesus was the Son of God. *It was the cornerstone of the Catholic faith.* Without it, Chris wasn't a Catholic.

Until then, Catholicism had been a joy for Chris. Many, maybe most, other children in the parish found church discipline, required attendance at Sunday Mass, confession, the Rosary and other church rituals a wearisome, if necessary, obligation. Not Chris; the church had been *fun* for Chris as far back as he could remember. His enjoyment of church had perhaps begun when he was only six, when he went to Mass with his mother and his baby sister, Kathy, and in front of them there was an old woman who was wearing a mink scarf flung over her shoulders. It was the kind of scarf with the minks' stuffed heads on it. Chris was so tiny that he couldn't see over the woman and beyond the pew, and so his eyes focused on the tiny faces of two dead minks in front of him. After a while he became curious, and reached out and tweaked one of the minks on its nose. His sister giggled at the sight, and Chris began to giggle too; soon his mother joined them and all three were laughing out of control. The woman in the mink scarf turned around and looked at the woman and her two children. Chris's mother quickly grabbed the children and herded them out of the pew and up the aisle, and they all hid behind the baptismal font, still laughing. From then on, Chris associated the Church with good times.

As he grew older, he discovered other pleasures in the Church. He liked the ritualistic world of sisters and priests. His teachers convinced him that the Church, as well as America, was filled with and led by men of honor and selfless goodness; at the age of ten, he fell in love with his nun, and the Baltimore Catechism had become his definitive guide to his beliefs and behavior; he was embarrassed slightly when his mother's temper occasionally flared in a Gaelic oath, and as a child, he occasionally was ashamed that his father was an Orangeman, a non-Catholic Irishman. But he was devoted to his mother and his father—who, he rationalized, mitigated his heresy by going to Mass on Christmas and the Holy Days.

The Church was the family's link back to Ireland and to the ages, and it seemed a natural choice for Chris when, in the third grade, he decided to become a priest—and eventually a saint. When all else failed, Chris was told, when evil and barbarians ravaged humanity, it had been the Church that stood firm and saved Christendom. Church and—later—the Constitution: these were the absolute truths in his home, and if anyone doubted either, he was a heathen.

Sometime during his years in high school, Chris developed what he would later call "a terminal case of 'Prove it!' " "I wondered," he said later, "were there any absolute truths? I decided probably not, except that hate was a universal trait; but surely Catholicism would be my last refuge."

But the more he read history and science, the more he wondered if he had been hoodwinked. Reality was not like the Baltimore Catechism. He asked himself, Why don't modern Catholics lay down their military burdens like St. Paul and the converted Christian martyrs in the Roman legions to live at one with Christ? Now they went to war and killed—like Catholic Bavaria for Hitler and Catholic South Vietnam. It wasn't something new; hadn't Catholic Popes called for the Crusades to reconquer the Holy Land? Chris decided there had been a widening gap between the original teachings of Christ and the teachings of his church since the second century.

It was a realization that Chris did not take lightly. He began to wonder if he had been *betrayed,* made a fool of. He began to question the rationality of accepting as infallible the word of the Pope, and as he read more about the papacy, he wondered if the Vatican was not just another selfish political power center wrapped in jewels, hypocrisy and ritual. Once his doubts surfaced, they cascaded out; he was troubled by Church teachings on the Virgin Birth, by stories of barbaric murders during the Spanish Inquisition, by the secondary place of women in the Church and other elements of Catholicism. Yet he could not be sure. The stitches of faith sewn in his conscience by his mother, Father Glenn, Monsignor McCarthy and the sisters at St. John Fisher did not all rupture at once. Some were sewn too tightly. On one side of his mind was the awakening of reason challenging dogma; on the other side, the dogma, well entrenched, continued to tug and nag at his conscience.

A panic began to engulf Chris regarding his future. Years earlier he had decided to become a priest. Now he was nearing the end of high school, when he should be making plans to enter the seminary. Yet the foundations of his faith were rocking beneath him.

At the same time he was experiencing this crisis of conscience, the nightly news was haunting him in a different way.

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The revulsion toward war and what he saw as its roots that had begun to flower in his mind was fertilized by the drumbeat of the televised casualty reports from Vietnam and his reading of history books and biographies that he brought home from the school library. Chris concluded that Vietnam was part of a long continuum of history: they were all the same, from Carthage to the Central Highlands, mindless wars of man butchering man for idiotic concepts of patriotic pride.

Just as he had begun to suspect he had been hoodwinked by the nuns and priests, Chris began to wonder if he had been betrayed also by his country and its teachings of liberty and justice for all. He decided America was living a lie: its citizens *were* afforded liberty and freedom, but to protect these freedoms, didn't it encourage repressive dictatorships around the world where such freedoms were forbidden? Modern America, he decided, was like ancient Athens. It provided liberty and parasitic prosperity to its citizens while exploiting its empire of slaves on the Aegean.

In the recesses of his mind, Chris no longer thought of himself as an American. He rejected nationalism as a fundamental evil of mankind and as something that conflicted drastically with his—and, he felt, God's—vision of, and hope for, One World, a "universal state." That state, Chris hoped, would come someday, but not before there was a final battle of nationalistic giants.

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As Chris continued to develop his own concepts of the world, he realized that he was growing farther and farther apart from his father. By the end of his senior year he felt they agreed on very little. They still shared a love for history and sports and tradition, and they continued to go fishing together regularly in the High Sierras, and his father never missed seeing a game in which Chris competed. Theirs was never a stormy father–son relationship. Chris could recall being spanked by his father only once in his life, and there were seldom harsh words between them. But there were few overt signs of affection between them, either. Chris had become his mother's son.

Eventually, Chris would reject virtually all of the attitudes of nationalism and patriotism that were so fundamental to his father. But for the most part, he kept his heresy to himself; no one knew how deep were the doubts that tormented him.

In June, 1971, Chris was graduated from Rolling Hills High School, 367th in a class of 505, with plans to enroll the following September at Harbor College, a two-year, blue-collar college in the port town of Wilmington, not far from the base of The Hill. When his parents asked what he intended to do with his life, Chris said he had two possible careers in mind—the priesthood and law.

But Mrs. Boyce was worried. She had noticed that he had begun to miss Mass, and occasionally doubts about some aspect of the Church surfaced in his conversations with her. She decided to seek the advice of Monsignor McCarthy, for whom she had a special reverence, and the compassionate priest quieted her doubts.

"Look, Noreen," he said. "These are turbulent times he's going through; don't worry. It happens to a lot of young men; there was a time I wouldn't go near a church when I was young either. Chris will come back."

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When he was frustrated about his faith or his future, Chris retreated to falconry. It became not only a hobby but an obsession that consumed his every spare moment. He devoured every book he could find on falconry and plunged into its history, lore and traditions with the fervor of a religious zealot. To Chris falconry was a bridge to ancient history; in his fantasies he began to see himself as part of a continuum that had begun with kings in Persia, Egypt, China and medieval England. Flying a falcon in exactly the same way that men had done centuries before Christ transplanted Chris into their time. His greatest pleasure was to trap a passage (a falcon in its first season and juvenile plumage) that had followed its parents from the eyrie and learned to hunt and then coax it to become his own partner in the hunt. It was a strange transaction: a man offering himself to a bird. It usually began with an offer of the warm breast of a partridge or pigeon to the tethered bird; a quick, cautious jump to the wrist and then a slow courtship and free flight; and finally a kind of marriage between man and animal.

Daulton never shared the full intensity of Chris's passion for falconry, but the sport was a bond that kept them together long after other classmates drifted away and found new interests off The Hill. If it had not been for this bond they would probably have gone their separate ways. Instead, the two friends spent one or two weekends a month traveling to the Mojave Desert of California and into the mountains beyond to photograph birds, set traps and take turns holding a rope while the other, the rope tied to his waist, descended a cliff to inspect the eyrie of a bird. And when the day was over, they usually lit up a joint and passed it between them. It was in these moments at the end of the day that Chris loved to let his mind roam: he imagined how a falcon must feel as it soared above him with eyes so powerful they could find a tiny prairie dog scooting through sagebrush from two thousand feet; or how the bird felt in a stoop, diving at 150 miles an hour at a helpless pigeon. As the vapors of the drug eased into his lungs, setting in motion a biochemical chain reaction in his brain, Chris retreated even deeper into his fantasies. He imagined himself a Renaissance prince flying a huge falcon while wearing flowing robes of satin. And then he might turn to a different fantasy—a vision of himself flying his falcon while dressed in a tuxedo. One day, he told Daulton, he would do just that.

7

"ANDREW DAULTON LEE?"

"Yes," the defendant replied.

Daulton looked up at Judge Allen Miller of the Los Angeles County Superior Court in Torrance, California, on February 4, 1972. The previous October, he had been busted for selling marijuana to a high school student. The district attorney's office had reduced the charge to possession—rather than sale—of a marijuana cigarette. But it was a serious offense nonetheless.

Three years later, the California Legislature would downgrade possession of small amounts of marijuana to a misdemeanor. It would be treated no more seriously than a traffic ticket. But when Daulton went to court, the stigma that had cloaked marijuana use for so long in middle-class America had not yet dissolved. Possession of marijuana was a felony, punishable by a year in prison or more.

Still, the winds were changing; the courts had seen hundreds of young men and women like Daulton, many of them from the well-off families of the Palos Verdes Peninsula, brought up on drug charges. The early ones had gone to prison. But society was beginning to question whether the punishment being meted out fitted the crime.

Judge Miller glanced at the stubby young man before him who had been convicted of possessing marijuana and noticed that he had no other arrests on his record. His lawyer appealed for a second chance, saying Daulton had just enrolled at Whittier College—a respected school whose alumni included Richard M. Nixon. If the judge was lenient, the lawyer said, Daulton could start a new life at Whittier the following day.

"Full-time schooling in Whittier?" the judge asked.

"Full-time," the lawyer responded.

"Well, that's pretty good. Do you have a job—do you intend to have a job on the outside?"

"I intend to get a part-time job," Daulton said.

"I'll make this a misdemeanor by sentence," the judge said. "One year in County Jail."

Daulton's spirits plummeted. But then the judge added: "I'll suspend the sentence and place you on probation for a period of three years." There would be a $150 fine; an agreement that Daulton would have to avoid illicit drugs and drug users; periodic reports to probation officers—but no jail sentence.

"Mr. Lee, I don't know what the drug situation is out at Whittier. But if it comes to my attention, very frankly, that you continue to use marijuana or dangerous drugs, and it probably would if you had another bust, I can advise you that I'll give you at least six months in the County Jail for violation of probation. I'm just indicating to you that it may not be worth your while to continue to smoke marijuana."

Daulton looked at the judge as sincerely as he could and said he was off drugs for good.

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Daulton dropped out of Whittier the following spring, continuing the pattern he had begun on his graduation from Palos Verdes High two years earlier in June, 1970. During the two years, he had tried three colleges—Hancock and Whittier and Harbor, briefly—and a half-dozen jobs. He had started jobs as a deliveryman, as a telephone sales solicitor, as a cabinetmaker, as a shipping clerk and as a skin diver in a marina, where he helped clean and repair yachts. But none of the jobs paid nearly as much as he could make from pushing drugs. And the work was harder. Daulton liked full-time jobs even less than he liked college, and inevitably, he drifted back to what he knew best—drug dealing.

His arrest in October, 1971, had slowed the momentum of the entrepreneur from Palos Verdes. But soon after Judge Miller gave him probation, he went back to work trying to enlarge his business. And for a while he did very well indeed: by the summer of 1973, a year after he left Whittier, Daulton had a drug business that was grossing $1,000 to $2,000 a week. Daulton had always had a streak of generosity, and now that he had really big money he was no different; most weeks, he spent hundreds of dollars throwing parties for friends at which he bought the drugs, and he could be counted on to pick up the tab for expensive dinners. One night he took three girls to a mosquelike Moroccan restaurant on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood, seated them all around him on pillows resting on the floor and joked that he felt as if he had a harem. The bill for the night was almost $250.

He slept until eleven or so most mornings, showered, made a few phone calls to his runners and then played handball or tennis for an hour or two. There'd be a few sales in the afternoon, then dinner at a restaurant near the Peninsula, and a party at night, and at three or four he'd get to bed. Every few weeks there was a trip to Mexico or San Diego, just across the border from Mexico, to replenish his inventory. It was a period that Daulton would recall later with the kind of affectionate nostalgia that people reserve for recounting the best years of their lives:

"It was before the era of the rip-off; I sold marijuana and hashish that was the finest in the world—hashish from Afghanistan, the finest flower tops from Mexico. I was selling weed at the time for a hundred and fifty dollars a pound when you could buy a kilo [2.2 pounds] for that much. People were telling me, You're out of your mind, you're overpriced. But within six months everybody was coming after me; they said they were willing to pay because I had the best product.

"I had a clientele you wouldn't believe: older, more sophisticated people. I had the best product, and the best, cleanest highs. And in those days you could trust the people you were dealing with. The way it was then, we were into getting high first, making a profit second. Later, the whole thing got out of proportion. It became cutthroat, rip-offs, anything goes. When I first got into it, well, it broke down to a very legitimate business; it was illegal, but it was a very legitimate kind of business."

Eventually, Daulton was admitted to The Brotherhood, a measure of social acceptance in his milieu at least equal to his parents' acceptance by the Palos Verdes Country Club. The Brotherhood was a drug cult founded by Dr. Timothy Leary, the onetime Harvard lecturer who in the late nineteen-sixties became an advocate of LSD and other drugs. Daulton would describe his association with The Brotherhood later as almost a religious experience, with drugs as its god: "We were just a tightly knit group of people who were aligned in the distribution of a high quality of drug. We weren't talking about the overthrowing of governments; we were just talking about a different awareness, of viewing things from a different perspective. We didn't want to hurt anybody."

Except for Chris, Daulton was by now spurning former classmates who had opted to lead conventional lives. "It was hard to find anything in common with people who worked all day," he would explain. "They were all hooked to the grind of working eight to four, coming home, getting drunk every night, waking up with a hangover and going to work. I was sleeping late, playing handball, traveling; I had money, women when I wanted them; you couldn't ask for a better life."

Early in 1973, Daulton moved out of his parents' home into an apartment in Torrance, a city on the flatlands north of the Peninsula, with Aaron Johnson, another product of The Hill whose father earned $200,000 a year as vice president of a steel company. A muscular blond athlete who always had a string of girls pursuing him, Johnson, like Daulton, had abandoned college and was making his living by selling drugs. The two soon agreed to become partners. Daulton also formed an occasional partnership with Barclay Granger, another friend from Palos Verdes High.

On the last day of July, 1973, with business thriving and Daulton enjoying himself as never before, a shaggy youth with shoulder-length hair and an unkempt beard approached Johnson in a bar and said he wanted to buy ten pounds of marijuana. When the new customer later showed up at their apartment to pick up the weed, Johnson said he would go after the merchandise and left with an empty shopping bag for one of the places where he and Daulton stashed their inventory. Daulton stayed behind and was chatting with the new client when cops —so many he couldn't count them—shoved their way into the apartment. Suddenly, the new "customer" pulled out a revolver and announced he was a police officer. When Johnson returned, he and Daulton were taken to jail, and samples of marijuana, hashish, hashish oil and peyote found in Daulton's bedroom were seized by the police. Within two days, he and his friend posted bail of $5,000 apiece—not much money for the prosperous drug traffickers—and they were released. Unruffled, they resumed business as usual.

Four days later, the fourteen-year-old brother of Barclay Granger offered to sell a gram of cocaine to a bearded undercover policeman in

Huntington Beach, a town on the coast south of Long Beach. The policeman expressed delight at the quality of the cocaine, asked for more and arranged to buy an additional twenty-three grams for $1,300 on July 12. Granger's brother made the delivery, was arrested and led the police to his brother and Daulton, who had been using the fourteen-year-old as part of a cadre of youthful runners. Granger and Daulton quickly posted $10,000 each and were released on bail for the second time in two weeks.

Daulton had now been arrested twice while he was on probation for his 1971 arrest. His parents warned him that he would have to go to jail. Daulton said that the arrests, both of them, were a frame-up. "Don't worry," he said. "I'll beat it."

He was wrong.

"I beg the court to let me continue probation," Daulton wrote Judge Burch Donahue of the Los Angeles County Superior Court early in 1974. With the help of his attorney, Daulton had managed to postpone the moment of reckoning on the two new arrests for almost six months. But he had finally run out of delaying tactics and faced the revocation of his probation. He pleaded for mercy: "I have a deadly fear of the violence and homosexuality in jail; too many people have told me of it," he wrote.

But Judge Donahue, who had taken over Daulton's case from Judge Miller, said two felony arrests for selling dangerous drugs while the defendant was on probation was too much. He revoked Daulton's probation and sentenced him to serve one year in the Los Angeles County Jail's minimum-security work camp, the Wayside Honor Rancho.

If Daulton behaved himself, the judge said, he might consider a reduction in the sentence at some point in the future. But first, he said, Daulton would have to show a will to rehabilitate himself. Daulton entered the jail farm on March 7, 1974.

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While Daulton had plunged into drug dealing so profitably, convinced that he had found his life's calling, Chris was still groping for his direction in life. In January, 1972, he enrolled at Harbor Junior College—an episode of mononucleosis had made him miss the previous semester—and he earned a B-plus average, suggesting he had rediscovered some of his old academic prowess. But Chris, still unable to resolve his religious doubts, felt disoriented. In the summer of 1972, he made a pact with himself: he would give the church one year; if it would save his faith, he would gladly become a priest.

He decided that the best place to resolve his doubts was under the influence of the Jesuits, the most intellectual of the religious orders. In September, 1972, he entered Loyola University, the Jesuit institution that his father had attended. If the Jesuits could subdue the devils that were nibbling at his beliefs, he told himself, he would enter the priesthood the following year and devote his life to God and the Church.

These were fast-moving times in America and in the world, and Chris continued to devour the news reports on television and in the newspapers. There were President Nixon's visit to China, the departure of the last American ground troops from South Vietnam and, from Chile, reports of troubles within the administration of President Salvador Allende. Chris avidly followed news of the presidential campaign and President Nixon's landslide victory over George McGovern and the reports beginning to emerge from Washington suggesting that the Nixon Administration might be attempting to hide some politically embarrassing secrets. There were other stories in the paper, although Chris did not notice all of them, including the dispatches from Australia noting that after twenty-three years of rule by the Liberal and National Country parties, the Labour Party, led by Edward Gough Whitlam, had been elected to run the country.

As Chris lost himself in texts on religious philosophy, metaphysics and history, the news began to turn increasingly sour. The nation's Vice President resigned after pleading no contest to accusations of tax evasion. Daniel Ellsberg and Anthony Russo were prosecuted for attempting to alert the public to corrupt policies pursued by the United States Government during the Vietnam War. There were reports that America had secretly bombed Cambodia. After the fall of the Allende government in Chile, there were ugly rumors that the Central Intelligence Agency might have had a hand in his death. And throughout the year, the cancer of Watergate continued to spread.

In June of 1973, Chris left Loyola. The experiment had failed. He told friends that he was now an agnostic. Once again, he told himself, he had to decide what he was going to do with the rest of his life.

• •

The following September, he found a happiness that had eluded him before. He enrolled at California Polytechnic State University in San

Luis Obispo, a semirural community about two hundred miles north of Los Angeles. Cal Poly was best known as an agricultural and technical school; it wasn't noted for history and prelaw studies, the curricula Chris selected. But he chose Cal Poly less for its academic strengths in these fields than for its proximity to Morro Bay, a town on the Pacific Coast twelve miles from the campus that was the site of a Federal sanctuary for peregrine falcons, which are among the largest and most prized of falcons. For Chris, it was a kind of earthly paradise. He would spend days at a time watching and photographing the birds.

The protected sanctuary was on Morro Rock, a giant monolith shaped like half an egg that rises out of the sea close to shore. He bought a rubber raft and rowed to the base of the rock to admire at close range the grace and ageless elegance of the predators and their instinctive skill so perfectly shaped by eons of evolution. He watched a pair of older birds train their young to hunt by killing a duck, picking it up and then dropping it in front of the young birds—an exercise that helped them to practice catching prey in midair. The coastal mountains behind Morro Bay were to Chris another refuge from what he increasingly thought of as the honky-tonk culture of Southern California orbiting around Los Angeles. He camped alone among the oaks and pines and studied prairie falcons nesting in the coastals, and thought, what better pursuit in life could there be than to study these birds? Professors in the History Department at Cal Poly encouraged him to apply for a Federal grant to finance a study of the history of falconry. The idea excited Chris. He envisaged an odyssey that would take him to Asia and Europe, to old castles, temples and archives, from the Pyrenees to above the Arctic Circle, where the great Arctic gyrfalcons flew. But the grant was not approved, and Chris, disappointed, decided to leave Cal Poly the following June. Gnawing at him was the implicit pressure that society wanted more out of him.

Several years later he would say of the year he spent on Morro Bay: ''Why I didn't stay there I'll never know. I guess I was guilty about being so happy and felt that if I didn't at least try entering The Establishment I would have been forever locked in prejudices of my own making. How dumb.''

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After school ended in June, he told his parents that he'd decided to quit college for a while, bank some money and make some decisions.

Then he'd return to college in a year or two, probably to become a lawyer. His father said he would see what he could do about helping him to find a job. Maybe, he said, Chris might even find a job that he would like for its career possibilities and he could end his seemingly aimless wandering.

In the aerospace industry, as in many industries, there is a kind of informal "old boy network" that arranges jobs for the sons and daughters of members of the network. A company executive may not be able to hire his own son because it would invite charges of nepotism; but what is wrong in calling a friend who's an executive of another company and asking a favor? Such arrangements can work reciprocally without charges of nepotism.

Chris's father decided to ask a friend at the Hughes Aircraft Company if he might have any openings. But the friend, with an apology, said he couldn't help.

Then Chris's father called a friend who worked for TRW Defense and Space Systems Group in nearby Redondo Beach. This friend said he might be able to.

8

WHEN HIS FATHER TOLD HIM about the job, Chris didn't know what kind of work people did at the dozen or so buildings marked "TRW" that sprawled over a sizable portion of Redondo Beach, one of the coastal cities that hug the rim of the Pacific north of the Peninsula. The fathers of several of his friends in Palos Verdes had worked at TRW when he was in high school. But the only thing Chris recalled about the company was that it had something to do with computers or electronics—like a lot of the industries that provided work for fathers on The Hill.

To Chris it didn't matter what business the company was in. He just wanted to work awhile, save some money and, eventually, return to college. His father told him the job would probably be in the mail room—a boring prospect, Chris thought, but a satisfactory economic bridge before going back to school and making a decision about what to do with his future.

In the middle of June, 1974, Chris made an appointment to see his father's friend. He drove to one of the several TRW compounds in Redondo Beach and presented himself at a reception desk; he signed his name on a visitor's card, and after a clerk made a telephone call to confirm his appointment he was given a badge allowing him to enter a limited portion of the plant under the guidance of an escort.

The complex looked much like the aerospace plant where his father worked—really more like a college campus than a factory. There were modern buildings fronting on wide expanses of grass and lots of trees; there were no smokestacks. On the top of several of the buildings were curious igloo-shaped white superstructures that puzzled Chris.

Inside the plant, he walked past rooms that seemed to stretch endlessly into the distance. Each room was illuminated by a ceiling of white fluorescent lights that glowed without shadows and seemed to sap the room of any color; inside each room there was a panorama of bobbing heads hunched over engineering drawing boards. Elsewhere in the plant, there were cavernous rooms with high ceilings, cranes and men in overalls working on glittering metallic hardware of the space age, seemingly without dust, dirt, grease or smoke.

The interview went well. His father's friend was a husky, warm man in his late forties who wore horn-rimmed glasses. The man had a lot in common with his father: he lived on The Hill, had a big family—eight children—and had served in the FBI. The man even knew Chris's uncle; they had served together in the bureau. The gregarious, beefy administrator liked the sober and intelligent youth sitting before him. He told Chris that the chances were good he could have a job at TRW, but first he would have to go through the usual Personnel Department application procedures; and he would have to pass a routine Government security check.

When Chris left his office, the TRW executive already knew exactly what job Chris was to have. But he didn't say anything about it, and Chris was not to know what was on his mind for another four months.

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On July 16, Chris sat at a table in a TRW personnel office, a job application before him, and with a ball-point pen filled in his name, address, date of birth, educational background and job history (two jobs as a janitor, one as a pizza cook, one as a waiter and another as a liquor delivery boy), listed the members of his family and gave several neighbors as references. At the bottom of the application was a request:

"Tell us anything else about your work interests, experience, abilities, or career interests which may be helpful in evaluating your qualifications. Include any special skills such as typing and shorthand speeds, business machines, etc."

Chris answered with candor, admitting he was job hunting at TRW only as a brief expedient before taking up more important things:

"I am delaying my prelaw studies at Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo," he wrote, "for financial reasons and seek employment to correct this situation, determined to work until September, 1976. I am also a licensed California falconer presently flying an Accipiter Cooper."

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Two days after Chris wrote out his job application at TRW, Andrew Daulton Lee sat down at the Wayside Honor Rancho and wrote an application of a different kind.

In pencil Daulton carefully printed a message to Judge Burch Donahue of the Los Angeles County Superior Court:

"The reason for my request for a modification in my sentence is for an education purpose. I feel the time I have spent here has given me mental as well as a physical advantage in returning to an educational pursuit. I am aware that my incarceration has helped me to evaluate my life and made it possible for me to formulate plans for the future. I was majoring in business and economics at the time of my sentencing and I would like to be able to return to school this upcoming semester."

Daulton listed his occupation on the application as "scuba diver and cabinet maker."

At Wayside, Daulton had taught some of the other prisoners some of the things he knew about woodworking. Fellow prisoners also taught him some wrinkles about drug dealing that he hadn't known before, and most important, he had met some people who promised to help him make a connection with major drug wholesalers in Mexico, something he had been trying to do for four years.

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Christopher John Boyce went to work for TRW on July 29, 1974. His title: General Clerk. His salary: $140 a week. He was twenty-one years old.

On his first day at work, he was photographed and fingerprinted, completed more forms from the Personnel Department and was given a security badge for admission to the plant. The picture on the badge was of a smiling, untroubled young man looking out curiously through a slick plastic film, the kind of picture that might have been taken by an automated camera in an amusement-park arcade.

As he was processed through the Personnel Department, he was handed brochures describing the company's health-insurance and pension programs, a statement of policy on holidays and days off, and a wallet-sized booklet designed to explain to new employees the espionage laws of the United States. Along with other "new-hires" who had joined TRW that Monday, he was summoned to a classroom for a security briefing. They were told that working in a defense plant would seem different to them from any place where they had worked before. Badges were required to get onto the plant premises and should never be lost; no personal guests were allowed, and official visitors had to be approved by Security and be escorted when they were on the plant premises. It was possible, they were told, that they would have to deal with sensitive defense information, and for this reason an in-depth government security check would be made on each of them. Above all, they were told, their work at TRW would be guided by the fundamental rule of the defense industry in protecting sensitive information—the "need to know" rule. It stated: only persons with a specific, job-related *requirement* to know about certain classified work would be given access to it; to others, even in the same office, the information would be off limits. This rule, the new-hires were told, was essential to prevent the spread of secrets.

The briefing completed, Chris was handed a piece of paper on which he acknowledged he had been advised of these rules. "I shall not knowingly and willfully communicate, deliver or transmit in any manner classified information to an unauthorized person or agency," he pledged.

His first assignment was in Classified Material Control, a department responsible for regulating the flow of secret documents through the plant. Many documents, he was told, had to be locked in safes and could be taken out only with the signatures of a handful of designated people given need-to-know authority. These documents could be transported within the plant only by armed guards. Precise records, his supervisor explained, had to be kept each time one of the secret documents was examined by anyone; the movement and second-by-second location of the data, which ran into tens of thousands of documents, were logged in computers and monitored. It was a dull job, mostly paper shuffling. Chris was not cleared to handle the documents themselves; he helped record their movement around the plant and processed applications for security clearances and issued badges.

On the first Friday after he started work, Chris received a notice to report to Building E-2 at 8:30 A.M. for another briefing. Other new employees hired that week crowded with him into a classroom, and a young woman appeared at the front of the room and introduced herself.

"Good morning," she said. "I am here to present the extremely important subject of industrial security, a subject which is of mutual interest and concern to you and me.

"Why? Because, one, as citizens of the United States we have a moral responsibility to protect the government's classified information; and two, as employees of TRW Systems Group, we are bound by a security agreement that obligates TRW to the Department of Defense to protect and safeguard classified information generated by or furnished TRW in the performance of its many classified contracts.

"You might respond to my vindication on security by stating that our formidable military strength should deter the aggressive efforts of the Soviet and satellite nations," she said. "I agree.

"But the security provided by the Air Force's Strategic Air Command, the Army's Special Forces, the Navy's Polaris missiles and the Marine Corps's readiness is a defense against an overt and outright attack." What the employees of TRW and other defense contractors must guard against, the voice droned on, is "an insidious effort by Communist agents to get government secrets that are covert." And she began to list examples of how careless, foolish Americans had been duped by Soviet agents.

"One individual worked for Convair in San Diego," the young woman said. "He had been contacted and agreed to furnish secrets for a price. The FBI got on to him after a while, but couldn't figure out how he was getting the volumes of material out. It was one of those plants that you don't carry anything in without having it searched and you fill out thirty forms to carry something out, and then copies go to everyone from the president to the janitor.

"His way was a simple one: he ran Xerox copies and put them in a contractor's envelope, prepared a contractor's label and mailed them to his contact on the East Coast via the company mail. He slipped up, though, when he put a wrong address on one package and it was returned marked, 'No such address.' They opened it to see who it was from and found classified information. And they nailed him.

"Russians use all sorts of gimmicks to get acquainted with Americans," she said. "They cultivate their friendship and then use them in whatever manner possible." She told the new employees about a woman who worked "at a local defense plant" who went to West Germany on a vacation in 1966 and was befriended by a "local German boy when she stopped into a local beer garden to sample the beer." When the woman returned to Los Angeles, the security-briefing officer continued, a Russian exchange student in this country tried to contact her, but "fortunately the girl reported the incident to Security."

When the lecture was over, the new TRW employees watched a film reinforcing the warnings of Communist agents: *Security Is Your Responsibility.* Chris then signed another document acknowledging that he had seen the film and had been advised of America's espionage laws and of the menace of Communist agents.

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On the day Chris was hired, TRW granted him access to "confidential" defense information, as was the standard procedure for new employees in the defense industry. Confidential is the lowest of the three basic levels of classification used by the United States to guard military information. It is information deemed less sensitive than "Secret" or "Top Secret" data.

Although his father's friend had still not told him, he had bigger things in store for Chris than a Confidential clearance.

Chris received a new set of forms to complete in early August, asking for further information about his past. Once again, he listed his name, his place and date of birth and his parents' place and date of birth. But this time he gave a detailed description of each of the jobs he had held. He gave his physical description—five feet eight inches tall; 150 pounds; brown hair, blue eyes; he noted that he was a member of no organizations, that he had never traveled outside the United States and that he had no relatives residing out of the country. It was the biography of a young high school graduate without anything very distinctive about it.

On August 8, unbeknownst to Chris, these forms and copies of other papers collected in his file during the processing of his application were placed in a pouch and sent to Langley, Virginia. The destination was the Central Intelligence Agency.

Federal investigators had already begun to look into Chris's childhood, his high school years and his tentative tries at college. Government agents interviewed neighbors of the Boyces' in Palos Verdes and sent questionnaires to his former employers. Except for indications of drift in his life—three colleges in three years and seven jobs in two years—there wasn't much to draw attention to the young man for those preparing his security-clearance file.

The investigation uncovered no criminal record and determined that Chris had a good credit rating. A neighbor who taught school in Los Angeles was interviewed and, the investigator reported, gave Chris the highest praise. "He has known subject Boyce approximately 18 years" and "vouches for subject's integrity and knows of no reason why subject could not get a Government clearance."

Apparently, no one during the investigation mentioned Chris's affection for marijuana. Or if anyone *did* mention it, perhaps the investigators concluded that occasional use of marijuana had become so common that it was not enough reason to deny a security clearance to an otherwise qualified young man. The investigation of Christopher John Boyce was perhaps as thorough a look into the background of a twenty-one-year-old from one of America's most privileged environments that his country could expect, except for one thing: it did not look into his mind and discover the conflicts and disillusionment that were bedeviling him.

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Judge Burch Donahue, who had been crippled as a youth, rolled his wheelchair into a courtroom in the Los Angeles County Superior Court annex in Torrance on September 6. Before him was Daulton's handprinted note from the Wayside Honor Rancho. Trying to look harmless, Daulton was sitting with his lawyer, Kenneth Kahn, who quickly launched into a persuasive appeal to the judge on behalf of his client: Daulton had spent six months at Wayside, he said, and he had no bad marks on his record. Now he deserved a second chance and wanted to enter Harbor College, the junior college below The Hill that Chris had attended for a semester. He reminded the judge that he had said at

Daulton's last hearing that he might be released early if his behavior was good in prison.

"I did indicate that back in February, with reference to schooling, as long as the conduct was satisfactory," Donahue acknowledged.

"I want the young man to understand this: I want a copy of his class schedule at Harbor, and I expect fifteen units *plus*. Do you understand that, young man? Some fellows enroll and quit as soon as I let them go to school. . . ."

"Yes," Daulton replied.

"So the modification will be granted as to time served. All other terms and conditions are to remain the same."

The months at Wayside hadn't been wasted, Daulton told his parents. He said he'd made some new friends and had had some time to work with his hands in the prison woodshop.

Once Daulton was out of jail, however, he lost no time in going back to his old business.

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The same week Daulton was released from jail, Chris passed his initial security check at TRW.

A few days later, while he was visiting the Lee house on a Saturday night after a day of flying hawks in the desert, Mrs. Lee asked Chris what he was doing on his new job. "I push papers around and sweep the floors," he said.

On the job, Chris's politeness and intelligence and his willingness to work were already impressing his superiors at TRW. On September 24, the company was informed by the Department of Defense that it had approved Christopher John Boyce, Badge No. 6944S, for access to Secret information.

This broadened the contributions Chris could make in Classified Material Control, but he still regarded the job as boring. Besides, it wasn't yielding as much money as he wanted. He wanted more money —not only for school the next year, but to buy a sports car, a British Triumph roadster. In mid-October, a friend told him about a part-time job that was open in Westchester, a community on the edge of Los Angeles International Airport not far from Loyola University. The job, tending bar in a pool hall, paid only $60 a week for four hours a night or so. But figuring this would bring his total weekly pretax income to a respectable $200 a week, he took it.

Chris was a quick study and a good listener. He deduced from remarks made by one of the secretaries in the office that TRW had a different job in mind for him eventually, but nobody would give him the details when he brought up the subject.

Early in November, TRW received a classified message from the CIA. It said that Christopher John Boyce had been cleared for a Special Projects Briefing.

On November 15, he was summoned to Building M-4, and for the first time he heard about Project Rhyolite and the Black Vault.

9

"RHYOLITE IS A MULTIPURPOSE covert electronic surveillance system. . . ."

Chris's head felt ready to burst. His muscles tingled, and every neuron in his body was supersensitized to what was happening around him. Before leaving home he had swallowed two amphetamine tablets. "Whites" had been a casual element of his life since high school. But lately he wasn't using pep pills only to get high; he needed them to stay awake. Without the pills, he couldn't keep alert after a long night of tending bar. His moonlighting job was becoming more and more tiresome; some nights he spent more time breaking up fights among the customers than he did drawing glasses of beer for them.

That morning, he had been told that he was being given another assignment and would have to undergo a special briefing for the new position. He had been instructed to report to Section 1986 in Building M-4—a building conspicuously off limits to most TRW employees. Situated between a big expanse of parking lots and rolling green parkland, the M-4 complex consisted of a low, mint-green-colored building and a towering concrete-gray annex topped by one of those big white igloos that mystified Chris.

He was about to discover what was under the igloo.

He obtained a special pass to show at two guard checkpoints before reaching Section 1986, a cluster of offices in M-4. The briefing began, and Chris struggled to dampen the drug-induced sense of euphoria. The briefing officer was Larry Rogers, whose comings and goings around the plant had had a quality of mystery; something to do with a classified project.

In a voice that lowered noticeably as he began, Rogers told Chris that the work in this section of the plant involved secret projects, and he explained that Chris had been specially cleared by the government to work on them.

Chris, noticing what he thought was a curious glint of suspicion in Rogers' eyes, wondered if Rogers knew he was high; he tried to look straight ahead and concentrate.

Rogers ordered Chris never to discuss with anyone the briefing he was about to give; never to divulge to anyone the existence of the projects of which he was about to hear, or discuss with anyone the kind of work he was to do; and never to mention to anyone not cleared for the projects their code names or the fact that they were clandestine operations of the Central Intelligence Agency.

In fact, he ordered, never mention to anyone—his family, his girlfriends, any outsiders—that the CIA had any relationship whatsoever with TRW, or that his salary was being paid by the CIA under a contract with TRW. *What the hell is he talking about?* Chris wondered.

Rogers then introduced Chris to what he called "the black world. . . ."

Orbiting satellites, he went on, were to a large extent taking over much of the work of human spies for the United States. And, he continued, TRW was one of a handful of American companies in the business of developing and manufacturing the satellites used by the CIA to collect secret intelligence information from space. Chris, he said, had been selected to serve on the team that operated some of these satellites. . . .

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Chris had stumbled into one of the most secret of all American espionage operations—an invisible intelligence bureaucracy supervised from the White House by the National Security Council and entrusted with the responsibility to ferret out and analyze secrets about the Soviet Union, China and other countries. Cameras carried in the satellites could photograph missile bases, airfields, submarine pens, harbors and other defense installations from a hundred miles or more in space with such clarity that they could pinpoint a single man walking alone on a vast desert. Sensors in the satellites were not blinded by the dark; radar eyes and heat-sensing infrared sensors penetrated clouds and dark skies and made photos almost as sharp as those made during a clear day by normal cameras.

The espionage bureaucracy of which Chris had become a part was officially invisible because the United States did not admit it existed. Thousands of people worked on this national program to gather strategic intelligence information, each with a special security clearance more exclusive than Top Secret, and with special security apparatus designed solely for the satellite systems to ensure that Russian agents or spies of other countries couldn't penetrate it. Men and women assigned to the operation were forbidden to admit to anyone without a similar clearance—including their wives and husbands—that they worked on the program or, indeed, that such satellite surveillance even occurred. There were occasional discreet official references to some of the agencies that were involved in the operation, such as the National Reconnaissance Office or the Committee of 40, a group of senior government officials with authority to order espionage operations and plan satellite missions. But such mentions were rare and usually purposefully opaque. It was the position of the CIA that in an era when annihilation of the United States was potentially only minutes away—the time it would take for a fusillade of nuclear missiles to lunge from Russia, arc through the fringes of space and rain H-bombs on America—no intelligence operation was more vital than the satellite patrols in space, because they enabled the National Security Council and the President to maintain minute-by-minute surveillance of Soviet military operations and preparations for war and, hopefully, prevent a surprise attack. (The satellite eyes were not turned off after they passed over the Soviet and Chinese borders; indeed, they could—and did—take photos of activities in any country of interest to the NSC.)

A new breed of spy—a robot in space—had been created, and Chris was now about to help operate it from the earth.

There were essentially three components in the national satellite intelligence-collection system that, to enhance secrecy, were narrowly compartmentalized so that specialists working in one area wouldn't, under normal circumstances, have access to secrets involving the other elements. One component was assigned to build and operate the satellites; the second was responsible for collecting and initially processing the data (the ''product'' in CIA parlance) sent to earth by the satellites;

the third was a massive, on-the-ground program to analyze the data to measure their military, economic or political significance. There were more than a dozen different types of satellites, each with its own project code name, mission and method of operating; each system might have three or four or more different satellites peering down from space at any one time, each sending back "product" for analysis. The code name that was applied to encompass the extraordinarily tight security procedures for all of these different systems was "Byeman."

During the briefing, Chris smiled after Rogers kept referring to the satellites as "birds." The word was like a switch. It made his thoughts drift as if they had been lifted up on the wings of his falcon with its darting eyes that could spot a rabbit trying to find shade beneath the flimsy shadow of a desert cactus; and then he thought of the satellite: men watching men using eyes in space. It was Big Brother, a 1984 world. A "byeman" is a man who works underground—and that was what Chris had become.

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Project Rhyolite (RH was the code preferred for everyday use) was one of the systems in the family of intelligence-collection satellites developed by the United States. It had been developed by TRW to eavesdrop electronically on foreign countries, especially the eastern Soviet Union, China and Soviet missile test ranges in the Pacific. It was a "bug"—much like the listening devices detectives plant on telephones to eavesdrop on private conversations—except that it was a listening device on the missile-launching tests of the two countries and on their telecommunications system—and on several other nations whose communications traffic the United States might want to monitor.

Chris was to learn that each satellite carried a battery of antennas capable of sucking foreign microwave signals from out of space like a vacuum cleaner picking up specks of dust from a carpet: American intelligence agents could monitor Communist microwave radio and long-distance telephone traffic over much of the European landmass, eavesdropping on a Soviet commissar in Moscow talking to his mistress in Yalta or on a general talking to his lieutenants across the great continent; a computer was programmed to hunt electronically for certain key words or phrases of special interest to U.S. agents, who could use the satellite to pinpoint Soviet and Chinese defense radar systems and learn the frequencies, pulse rate and other specifications of the radar systems that would be vital if the United States ever wanted to jam the transmitters during a war; and equally important, the satellites provided the means to monitor tests of the latest Communist ballistic missiles, including the newest multiple-warhead systems and defense-penetration devices, by intercepting telemetry signals from the missiles that were intended for Soviet engineers on the ground. Data from Soviet satellites could also be intercepted.

Chris was told he had been assigned to work in a communications vault that was the nerve center for this system of international espionage—a code room linking the TRW plant with CIA Headquarters and Rhyolite's major ground stations in Australia. The continuing disclosures about the secret world fascinated Chris, and he was especially intrigued by what he saw as a bizarre contrast between the mechanical spies he had been told about and the location of the ground stations. The Rhyolite earth stations had been planted in a world that was about as close as man could find now to the Stone Age; they were situated near Alice Springs in the harsh Outback of Australia, an oasis in a desert where aborigines still lived much as Stone Age men did thousands of years ago.

Under an Executive Agreement between the United States and Australia, Chris was told, all intelligence information collected by the satellites and relayed to the network of dish-shaped microwave antennas at Alice Springs was to be shared with the Australian intelligence service.

However, Rogers told Chris, the United States, by design, was not living up to the agreement: certain information was *not* being passed to Australia. He explained that TRW was designing a new, larger satellite with a new array of sensors; the Australians, Rogers emphasized, were never to be told about it; anytime Chris sent messages that would reach Australia, he must delete any reference to the new satellite.

Its name was Argus, or AR—for Advanced Rhyolite. Whoever in the CIA had selected the cryptonym must have enjoyed his choice, because it was appropriate. In Greek mythology, Argus was a giant with one hundred eyes . . . a vigilant guardian. With its array of sensors, the Central Intelligence Agency's Argus was mythology's giant brought to reality. It is not known whether the author of the code name knew the mythological fate of Argus. Ultimately Argus was slain by Hermes, the god of commerce, cunning and theft . . . the patron of thieves and rogues.

Chris was vaguely troubled by the revelation that one of America's closest allies was being deceived by the U.S. Government, but he let the thought slip away and accepted an invitation to go to lunch with some of the other TRW employees assigned to Rhyolite. The group included Rogers; Gene Norman, a thin, balding black man, and Fred Young, a taciturn engineer who he later learned was a former CIA agent who had been assigned to the agency's secret war in Laos and had used his pull in the organization to get a job on the TRW program when the war ended. Chris realized the lunch was to be a celebration of sorts, to mark his induction into their secret society.

His mind was still numb from the effects of the "whites" as he crowded with the others around a table at The Hangar, a dimly lit beer joint two blocks from M-4 that was a hangout for TRW workers. Hamburgers were ordered along with a pitcher of beer. The pitcher was soon empty, and they ordered one after another. Like lodge brothers introducing a new member to some of the inner secrets of their private fraternity, the older men gave Chris their observations about various bosses on the project, some opinions about the CIA residents who worked undercover at TRW and some thoughts on the women in M-4. Someone mentioned Laurie Vicker.

"She'll screw anybody; be careful," Norman said with a laugh, and the others leered agreement. "She's kinky," Rogers added, as if it were a warning, and Chris wondered what he meant specifically.

All four began to feel the effects of the beer after a while, but Norman was the least successful in concealing it. Slurring his words, he devoted ten minutes to recounting how, when he was in Vietnam, he and another Marine had raped a woman near a paddy field while her husband was kept back at rifle point. Chris had heard of such incidents, but never at first hand. He sat back with his glass of beer cradled between his hands and stared at the stranger as he added further details to his spicy narrative. What kind of group have I gotten into?, Chris asked himself.

By the time they arrived back at the plant, the four men had finished seven or eight—nobody was sure—pitchers of beer. Each paid extra attention to the challenge of not stumbling as they walked past the guards.

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After lunch it was time for Chris to see the Black Vault.

Concealed in an obscure cluster of offices in M-4, it was a tiny fortress within a fortress that was separated from the rest of the plant by a steel vault door—the same kind, Chris noted, that banks used. Beneath the floor and around the vault, he was told, were thick blankets of concrete, and the vault door could be opened only with a three-number combination known by three people; even knowing the combination did not ensure entry, because behind the main door was another door that required a key.

The vault was located beyond a wall of an office used for processing classified data that was decorated in aerospace-industry bland, with squares of asphalt tile on the floor; wall panels painted turquoise; ceilings surfaced with squares of acoustical tile and the omnipresent fluorescent lights.

Seated at a desk near the vault door Chris saw a girl of about thirty with coarse black hair that seemed to have been combed recently without much effect. She was plump, with a large bosom, but not pretty enough to warrant a second glance. She was a "systems analyst"—an expert, he was told, on computers. Norman led Chris over to the desk and introduced him to Laurie Vicker. As they shook hands, Laurie looked Chris over, and a shameless look of interest flickered in her eyes that didn't escape him.

Off to one side of this office, Chris noticed a long room with walls lined with filing cabinets, each with a locked steel bar running down the center.

Beside the khaki-colored door of the vault, signs warned, NO ADMITTANCE, and RESTRICTED AREA: ENTRY BY PERMISSION ONLY. A smaller notice ordered no one to enter the vault without a clearance, and there was a sign-up sheet on which persons entering or leaving the vault were required to log the time.

Only six people were cleared for access to the vault, Chris was told, and he was to be one of them. People called it the Black Vault, Norman explained, because Black was a catchall term the intelligence community applied to any covert intelligence operation; Air Force officers assigned to the project, for example, called themselves the "Black Air Force"; "spooks" was another affectionate expression for operatives on CIA projects. Another TRW employee translated another euphemism; whenever "Special Programs" or "Special Project" was mentioned, it was likely to involve espionage.

It was time to enter the vault.

Chris was led past the threshold and discovered a room that was

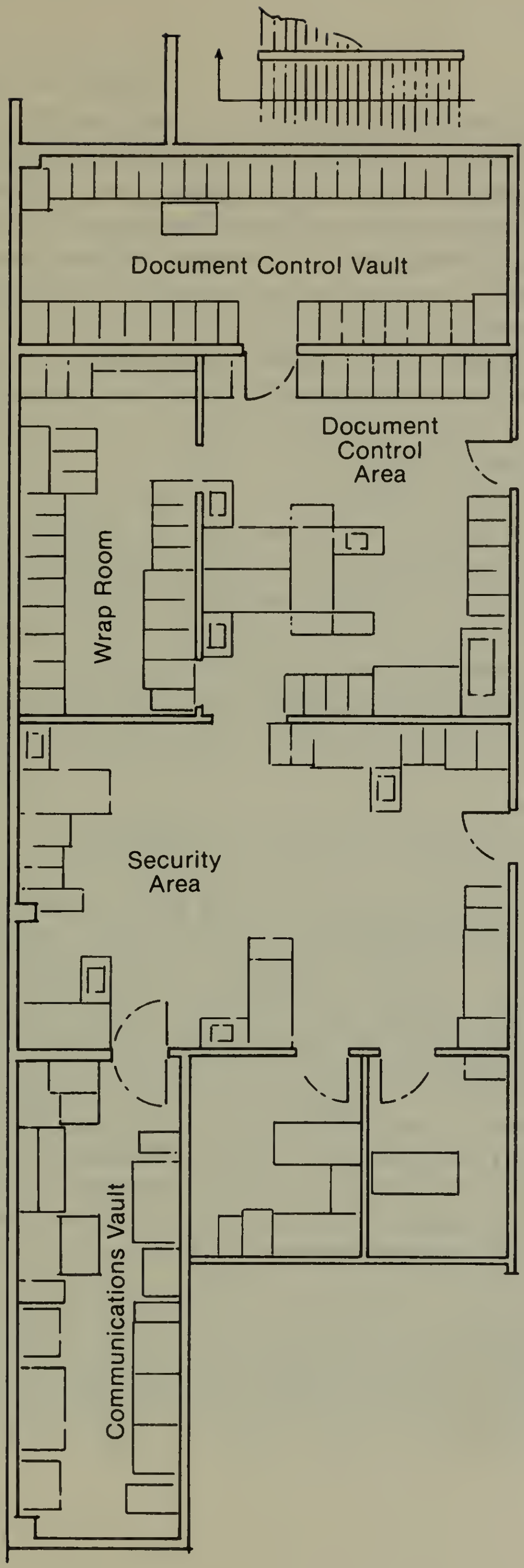
Document Control Vault
Document Control Area
Wrap Room
Security Area
Communications Vault

The Black Vault (Communications Vault) was located in a heavily guarded complex within Building M-4.

long and narrow—maybe fifteen feet long, no more than five feet across. Flimsy red carpeting covered the floor; the dropped ceiling was veneered with sound-absorbent tile; folders, binders and books were stacked around the room in no apparent order. There were also a floor safe and several filing cabinets, two clocks showing *different* times of day, a table and a chair. Along one wall was a machine that looked to Chris like a teletype machine, and on the opposite wall were two similar machines with keyboards. About midway in the vault was a set of drapes that prevented anyone who might be walking by from seeing in when the vault door was open, and also provided a barrier between two people working within the vault.

Norman said Chris would have to have a "Crypto Briefing" from the National Security Agency before he worked in the vault. The NSA outranked even the CIA when it came to dealing with the transmission of classified information, he explained, and the NSA briefing officer wouldn't be at the plant until next month. Because of that, he added, he couldn't tell him everything about operations in the vault.

At the close of what would seem later like a long day, Chris was handed a two-page statement by Rogers. The statement, CIA Form 2441, read:

SPECIAL PROJECT SECRECY AGREEMENT

I acknowledge that I have been indoctrinated in the Project identified below and thus have received highly classified information related to United States intelligence collection activities. I am aware that the unauthorized disclosure or negligent handling of such information could seriously affect the national defense and that the transmission or revelation of such information to unauthorized persons could subject me to prosecution under the Espionage Laws. I have been informed that approval for access to Project information may only be granted by Project Headquarters. I have also been informed that extraordinary security measures and controls have been established to protect Project information and that access to such information is restricted to those who "must know" based on their present position or functional use.

I realize that a briefing of this scope and depth, which identifies sponsorship, reveals codewords and admits to the ultimate intelligence application of the Project, is given only to those individuals who have been specifically approved for the above identified Project at the highest level and that this type of information may not be divulged to individuals with lesser levels of access.

Having reviewed the above security requirements, I pledge that I will never publish or reveal, by any means, classified Project information to unauthorized persons. Along with this pledge, I recognize and accept the fact that I have a personal and individual responsibility for the protection of all such information in my possession no matter where generated or how acquired and agree to abide by the security requirements and regulations established for the Project.

There was an additional pledge not to visit Communist countries without prior approval. The agreement concluded by identifying Projects Rhyolite and Argus as the subjects of the security agreement. Chris signed it, and the agreement itself was marked SECRET.

Just before quitting time, Norman gave him one more quick tour of the vault. He spun the combination of the Diebold floor safe and reached in and showed Chris a handful of papers that he said contained codes for the cipher equipment the NSA was to brief him about later.

"These are probably worth twenty thousand dollars a month to the Russians," he boasted, a conspiratorial grin on his face. Chris just looked at the ciphers, not knowing what response was expected of him. He decided the black man was a braggart.

After work, Chris found his Volkswagen in the parking lot. But before getting in, he decided to puff a joint. He lit up one that had been in the car and watched the passing crowds of TRW workers, not yet sure that he liked the aerospace industry.

He spotted Laurie Vicker in the crowd walking toward him, and as she approached, looking for her car, a flash of recognition appeared in her eyes. She recognized the odor of the smoke coiling out of the joint, smiled at Chris and kept on walking.

The next day Laurie was wearing a low-cut dress that revealed a substantial panorama of cleavage. Before noon, she came into the vault; Chris was momentarily by himself, and she invited him to have lunch with her at her boyfriend's apartment; the boyfriend was out of town working, she explained, with an inviting smile.

Chris couldn't avoid admiring her breasts as she leaned over the desk where he was working. But there was something coarse about her that subdued any lust he might have felt. He declined the invitation—the first of many she would tender, even after she got married.

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On December 12, 1974, a National Security Agency officer arrived from Washington and began to brief Chris on the crypto equipment. Secret messages, he explained, sometimes had to be broadcast over the open airwaves, which meant foreign agents could intercept them. The United States was able to prevent potential enemies from discovering the contents of its most private military and diplomatic messages, he continued, by using a highly sophisticated system of classified codes and transmission methods developed by the NSA. The secrets, he emphasized, were secure only as long as the methods used to encode and decode them were secure. Thus, he went on, extreme precautions had to be taken to protect the communication methods and the codes. The Government, he continued, had established a level of security clearance for people assigned to work with the crypto systems that was even more selective than Top Secret, and Chris had been approved for this most exclusive of clearances.

The NSA officer then launched into an explanation of how the system worked.

Computers, he said, now did most of the work of encoding and decoding. Before messages were released to the airwaves, telephone lines or teletype circuits, the computers scrambled them into a kaleidoscopic babel of electronic pulses. They were so complex that would-be code breakers would have to analyze millions of possible combinations of signals before finding a pattern. The coding instructions for the encryption machines were the most precious secrets about the system. He showed Chris a list of numbers; it was marked Top Secret/Noforn, which he said meant no distribution to any foreign countries. This key list, he said, was used in setting the codes on the machine; the coding instructions—called ciphers—were changed daily by all of the stations using the system, and they all had copies of the same designated code for each day. The broadcast frequencies on which the messages were transmitted also were changed frequently.

The official instructed Chris in how to operate the communications gear in the Black Vault, and, despite an acute absence of mechanical aptitude, he caught on quickly: after all, it was about as easy as using a typewriter.

When the briefing was over, Chris signed an agreement pledging not to divulge to anyone the crypto information he had been given. Incredible as it would seem later, the $140-a-week college dropout now possessed a Top Secret clearance from the Department of Defense, a Strategic Intelligence–Byeman clearance from the CIA and a crypto clearance from the NSA; they would give him access to the nation's most secret cryptographic systems and some of its most secret espionage operations. He was three months short of his twenty-second birthday.

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Over the next few months, Chris began to learn more about the history of TRW and the new world that he had entered. It was a world that, for the most part, had come into being in 1952, one year before he was born.

American intelligence agents that year began to receive disquieting reports from agents in Eastern Europe that the Soviet Union, initially with the help of captured Nazi scientists, was developing rockets capable of hurling a payload weighing several hundred pounds over a distance of several thousand miles.

U.S. officials suspected that the Russians were also trying to develop a hydrogen bomb. The possibility that sometime soon the Soviets would be able to rocket H-bombs through the fringes of space and drop them on New York or Los Angeles startled the few people in Washington who knew the secret.

Early in 1954, after the agents' reports of rocket research were confirmed, a hastily appointed Pentagon advisory panel sent a scientific study to President Eisenhower concluding that it was feasible—and urgent—for the United States to begin development of its own intercontinental ballistic missile to counterbalance the Soviet threat. Given a massive amount of work, the technology would be available, the panel said, to reduce the size of an H-Bomb so that it could be delivered by an ICBM—*if* the United States could develop an ICBM. The President gave his go-ahead, and a crash program matched in urgency only by the World War II Manhattan Project, which produced the atomic bomb, began to develop a strategic long-range missile.

Within a few weeks a group of Air Force officers wearing civilian clothes landed at Los Angeles International Airport and began searching for a command post from which to direct the secret project. They chose an abandoned Spanish-style Catholic church and connected parochial school in downtown Inglewood, a middle-class town near the airport and about thirty minutes by car from Palos Verdes, where many of the scientists, engineers and military men who were to converge on the old school would eventually choose to live.

Because the urgency to develop the weapon was so great, the Pentagon decided that it couldn't rely on conventional military command and engineering organizations. In an innovation, it decided to sponsor the establishment of a private corporation to manage the project, recruit engineering and scientific talent, and oversee design, testing and deployment of the ICBM on a parallel basis with the Air Force. Two engineer-entrepreneurs, Simon Ramo and Dean Woolridge, were chosen to head the task, and they founded the Ramo-Woolridge Corporation, to direct the project, in 1953; five years later, after a merger with Thompson Products, Inc., the company changed its name to the Thompson-Ramo-Woolridge Corporation, and later it became the TRW Corporation.

Under the stewardship of TRW, the United States would more than close the Soviet lead in missile technology. It began developing the Atlas, Titan, Thor and Minuteman missiles and started initial design of the nation's first espionage satellites.

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In the summer of 1956, a new high-altitude reconnaissance plane, the U-2, which had been developed secretly in another part of Southern California by the Lockheed Corporation, began to fly clandestine missions over the Soviet Union to search for additional data about the Soviets' missile project.

The U-2 began to bring back photographic images of a tableau that, like Stonehenge or the aqueducts of ancient Rome, would become a distinguishing artifact of a particular age in the history of man. They were scenes, photographed vertically from great distances, of new roads in remote areas, of land shaved bare of vegetation, of trucks and new buildings, and evidence of human activity around tall structures called gantries. The photos were evidence of missile-launching pads under construction.

In August, 1957, the Soviet Union announced it had tested a "super-long-distance intercontinental multistage ballistic missile" that had flown at an "unprecedented altitude and landed in the target area." Six weeks later, on October 4, Moscow announced that, using the ICBM as a rocket booster, the Russians had launched history's first artificial satellite, Sputnik I.

Both launchings had come sooner than American officials had expected, and they added urgency to the American project.

Two things happened in 1960 that altered history even more. On May 1, a U-2 piloted by Francis Gary Powers was brought down over the Soviet Union. The effectiveness of the prized source of intelligence had vanished just when the United States most needed data about the progress being made on a Soviet weapon with the potential to destroy American civilization within half an hour.

The second event was closely related to the first and occurred on August 10. After twelve failures, the Air Force recovered a capsule over the Pacific that had been sent back to earth from an orbiting satellite called Discoverer. The cover story used to describe Project Discoverer was that it was a scientific venture to test the effects of space flight on monkeys and other animals; in fact, its mission was to bring back espionage pictures from space. It was a test bed for an *unmanned* U-2; instead of operating from fourteen miles above the earth, like Francis Gary Powers, it would spy from one hundred miles or more in space while traveling at a speed of 17,000 miles an hour.

The idea of using satellites for aerial reconnaissance had been proposed to the Pentagon in 1946 by the Rand Corporation. In 1953, the year Chris was born, the CIA hired Rand to study further the feasibility of satellites for espionage.

Although it would be five years before the Atlas and Thor missiles would be available to launch satellites into space, in a secret report called Project Feed-Back, Rand envisaged a push-button era of espionage; from their lofty vantage point in space, Rand concluded, satellites could photograph Russian defense installations and troop movements, ferret out Soviet radio transmissions and, with heat-sensing infrared detectors, detect an enemy's missile launches. Such a warning of a missile rising from the Siberian wasteland, CIA officials were told, might give the United States enough time to launch a counterattack. Thus, the possibility that such a warning could be sounded might in itself ensure national survival: the certainty that America would know of a surprise attack and would have time to launch a devastating nuclear counterattack, Pentagon theorists said, should deter a first strike against the country because such an attack would become suicidal.

In the summer of 1955, the CIA, through the Air Force, gave Lockheed a contract to develop the first U.S. photoreconnaissance satellite, called Samos, and a companion system that was to detect the fiery plume of a rising missile with infrared heat sensors. Its name was Midas. The success of the Discoverer 13, after so many failures, established that it was possible to recover photographic film from a satellite speeding at five miles a second through the distant reaches of space. While it was developing this system to lob cassettes containing film back from space, Lockheed was also pressing ahead with another system; it would send strategic intelligence photos back to earth electronically via high-resolution television transmissions.

A year after the Discoverer 13 success, the White House, on advice from the CIA, clamped a secrecy lid on all satellite espionage operations. It became forbidden even to acknowledge the existence of such systems.

Meanwhile, the Soviet Union had begun to develop its own reconnaissance satellites, and a curious kind of international gentlemen's agreement evolved: Each side knew the other had such satellites, but tacitly both agreed to say nothing publicly about the other's espionage efforts in space. Each side knew what the other was doing, but they found no value in airing it publicly, because it would just trigger a response in kind. However, for all the superficial good manners regarding each other's space spies, learning about each other's capabilities —and vulnerabilities—in satellite espionage became a principal preoccupation of the intelligence services of the two countries, the CIA and the KGB.

By the early 1970s, no KGB agent had ever penetrated the U.S. satellite operations.

Meanwhile, satellites became as indispensable to modern generals as spears were to ancient warriors. Their surveillance capabilities became a cornerstone of American defense in the nuclear era, as well as a promising tool in the search for a stable peace. The satellites were eyes in space that could photograph and inventory the number, locations and types of missiles deployed by the Soviets, and thus allow U.S. negotiators to enter Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) with prior knowledge of the extent of the Soviet arsenal and determine if the Russians were living up to any SALT agreement. Likewise, the Russians could monitor U.S. land-based missiles the same way.

Satellites could eavesdrop on telecommunications around the world and maintain a vigil in space to warn of a possible attack; and if deterrence failed, satellites would be ready in space to report on the accuracy of missiles by locating and counting the mushroom clouds that would billow into the sky during a nuclear war.

The United States built a global network of tracking stations to control the satellites and receive information from them. Headquartered in a huge windowless structure beside a Lockheed plant in Northern California, the network spanned the globe with stations in Alaska, Hawaii, Guam, Iceland, Australia, the Seychelles Islands off Africa and other secret locations. From this command post, Air Force operators could guide the satellites by remote control, much as if they were in the cockpit of a plane.

Along with Lockheed, TRW became the CIA's principal supplier of Black Satellites.

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Besides learning more about satellite espionage, Chris in his initial months on the job began to know some of his associates better. Gene Norman, he learned, had worked at TRW for seven years, including five in Special Projects. He both liked and felt repelled by him. Gene seemed to enjoy assuming the role of an older brother teaching Chris the ways of the world. There was nothing racial about the tension that Chris began to feel toward his black co-worker. Chris felt no racial bias toward anyone. But Norman's values were not always consistent with those of the new code-room clerk, who still carried with him substantial vestiges of the moral code he'd assimilated at St. John Fisher.

Norman made much of his two years as a Marine in Vietnam. To Chris he often acted as if he were *still* a Marine. He never stopped talking about the camaraderie of Marines under fire, and he was forever polishing his dark cordovan-colored shoes.

Norman loved to drink beer, smoke pot and ogle women's breasts; Chris discovered this one night after work when Norman took him to a place near the plant called The Buckit. At noon and in the late afternoon, it was usually jammed with employees from the half-dozen or so defense plants in the area, CIA men from the Project and personnel from the sprawling nearby Air Force Space and Missile Systems Organization complex, which had evolved from the old secret organization that began in the Inglewood parochial school.

The Buckit offered inexpensive food, cheap beer and nonstop dancing on two runways by young women wearing G-strings, shoes and nothing else. Intelligence analysts who spent the morning reviewing photographs of Soviet missile pads taken from space could relax at noon by studying the bobbing breasts of young girls. Over beer, and against the noisy background of strident recorded music and customers' cheers and whistles at the girls, Norman regaled Chris, as he had earlier, with stories from Vietnam—about the whores, the combat and the constant killing, giving Chris a much more personal view of the war than he had received via the nightly news. One of Norman's favorite stories was how he and other Marines had taken Viet Cong soldiers up in a helicopter and then tossed them out—sometimes if they didn't answer their questions, sometimes after they did. Chris didn't believe the stories at first. But as they were repeated with additional horrifying details, he began to believe them, and it gave him still another perspective on his country.

Another person whom Chris could not help getting to know better was Laurie Vicker. She was apparently a whiz at computers, but she didn't seem too bright to Chris. Whenever her work load was light, or she just got a whim to do so, she came into the vault and tried to make conversation with him. Laurie wanted more than anything else to get married and move out of the home of her parents. She liked marijuana, Valium and amphetamines; the last, she said, were necessary to dampen her appetite so that she could lose weight.

During these first few weeks Chris learned other things about Laurie: she liked her sex in threesomes and, sometimes, accompanied by pain, and she delighted in talking about it. She said she enjoyed wearing black leather outfits during her sex and flogging men who got their sexual kicks that way. Chris wasn't sexually interested at all in the lusty, overweight girl; she was too coarse for him, and her graphic invitations to join her group-sex sessions embarrassed him. But, as he discovered, he was clearly in the minority.

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Each station in the Central Intelligence Agency network of which Chris was now a part had a designator, or "slug," that identified it. It was an address cited on each message. For instance, CIA Headquarters in Langley, Virginia, appropriately was called "Pilot"; TRW was "Pedal"; Canberra, the capital of Australia, was "Casino." Chris learned that he was to operate two cryptographic systems between TRW and the CIA headquarters and, with Langley as an intermediate relay point, to Australia and other stations around the world.

The first of the machines was the KW-7. It worked exactly like a teletype machine except for one thing: when Chris typed a message on the keyboard, a computer scrambled the sequence of letters, words and sentences he typed into an incoherent stream of electronic pulses. Conversely, when messages arrived from Pilot, the machine reversed the process, transforming incoherent pulses from the CIA into plain English. The messages sent over this encoded teletype system were called TWX's, like ordinary teletype messages. The second machine he operated, the KG-13, scrambled voices into meaningless gibberish to prevent eavesdropping on telephone and radio conversations between TRW, Langley and any other stations plugged temporarily into the circuit. When TRW or CIA representatives needed to hold what they called a "secure" conversation, certain not to be penetrated by the KGB or other foreign agents, they spoke over the KG-13 from the vault or from an upstairs command post in M-4 called the War Room. It was the room where day-to-day operations of TRW satellites built for the CIA were directed and where executives and CIA representatives congregated during crises. In both machines, the ciphers had to be changed daily. It was one of the systematic precautions taken to prevent enemies from getting access to the messages. Every so often, usually every three to six months, a new supply of ciphers arrived. The National Security Agency dispatched an armed courier to TRW with the ciphers, and they were locked in the Diebold floor safe. Chris learned how to change the ciphers each day by repositioning key settings on the machines. Soon, he was told, the NSA would be changing to a new system of computer punched cards. Under the new system, the cards were to come in booklets of thirty-four—thirty-one cards for successive days in the month and three for emergencies or other contingencies.

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Chris's life in the vault began to settle into a routine. A few minutes before 7:30 A.M. each weekday, he showed his Special Projects badge to a guard, then passed two more guard checkpoints before reaching the outer office in front of the vault. Before attempting to open the vault, he telephoned a TRW guard to announce his intention to do so, so that the guard could temporarily disconnect the main vault alarm. Then he worked the combination, opened the vault door and, using a key, opened the inner door. He switched off another alarm, opened the Diebold and then chose the designated cipher for the day. After he set the cipher and turned on the machines, there was a ''good morning'' contact with the CIA operator at Pilot. Then he tore up the previous day's ciphers and placed them in a bag, where they would be stored for several weeks before being ground up into pulp by a high-speed electrical blender in the vault.

His next step was to collect the messages for TRW that had accumulated during the night and then make copies for the CIA resident officers at the plant and senior TRW project officials. One copy of each message—about fifty or sixty flowed through the vault each day—was retained in the vault for a year. Anyone with access to the code room could thus look back on a full year of the CIA's decoded secret mail.

After copying and distributing the TWX traffic, Chris began sending outgoing messages and arranging conversations via the secure voice link. His was a job more or less like that of a switchboard operator who linked callers in telephone conversations around the world.

As the days went on, the young man who had grown up on the Palos Verdes Peninsula intent on becoming a Roman Catholic priest, and who had found his happiest days walking in the woods near Morro Bay, plunged deeper into the new world that had been revealed to him —the CIA espionage and its deception, Gene Norman's tales of butchery in Vietnam, and Laurie's continued attempts at seduction.

Chris disliked Norman, but kept his aversion to himself. They had to work closely together and their shifts coincided, and inevitably, circumstances brought them together a lot. They began to lunch regularly at The Hangar or The Buckit, where Norman's favorite subject of conversation—aside from the Vietnam War, of course—was a hypothetical plot to sell some of the ciphers to a foreign country. It was a joke, but they fantasized how they might pull off the caper as they went through successive pitchers of beer. The best approach, they agreed, would be to sell the stuff to a Russian or Chinese embassy in a foreign country.

Chris occasionally rode with Norman on courier runs to the CIA's West Coast Office, which, unmarked, filled the basement of a high-rise office building near Los Angeles International Airport, and Norman occasionally dropped by the bar and pool hall where Chris worked at night. Chris was supposed to close the bar at 2 A.M., but he got so tired of breaking up fights among the patrons on some nights that he sometimes closed early. After a while, even amphetamines didn't keep him awake when he arrived for work in the vault, and on the day before Christmas, 1974, he quit.

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Because the vault was off limits to guards and even to most senior executives at TRW, Chris discovered it was used as a kind of private playpen by the select group that was allowed inside. When traffic with Pilot was slow, Norman, Laurie and a handful of their friends came in for cocktails, or to gossip or play Risk, a game distantly related to Monopoly. When the liquor they hid in the vault ran out, Chris or somebody else went on what they all called a ''booze run'' to a nearby liquor store, carrying the liquor into the plant in a briefcase or other container as if it were classified data bound for the code room. The guards never asked any questions. Morning visitors to the vault could expect vodka–and–orange juice; afternoons, there was often peppermint Schnapps, red wine or daiquiris whipped up in the CIA's document-destruction blender. The vault became an increasingly popular place.

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As 1975 began, the domestic political pot was reaching a boil in Australia, the destination for many of the messages from Pedal. And in certain components of the United States Government, uneasiness was mounting about the political heat Down Under.

In 1968, Australia and the United States had signed an agreement providing for the establishment of CIA bases at Pine Gap and Murrunger, near Alice Springs in Central Australia, about two thousand miles northwest of Sydney. The bases sprawled over more than four square miles of bush country. Their function was to control and gather data sent back from space by spy satellites. But the Australian public had never been informed that this was the purpose of the bases. Although there had been occasional speculation in the Australian press that they had a military function that might invite a Soviet attack on Australia in the event of a U.S.–U.S.S.R. war, officially the Australian Government described the bases as ''space research stations'' operated by the

U.S. Defense Department jointly with Australia. The impression was left—purposefully—that these remote bases were dedicated to the peaceful pursuit of knowledge about the universe.

Despite probings by the Australian press, no one had ever publicly made a connection between the CIA and the facilities. This was highly satisfactory to the CIA, which regarded the listening posts as crucial to American intelligence operations.

An upset victory in 1972 by the Australian Labour Party and the election of Gough Whitlam as prime minister sent jitters through the CIA. The agency feared that a left-leaning government in Australia might reveal the function of the bases or, worse, abrogate the agreement and close down the facilities.

Because of these fears and apprehension that the KGB might find it easy to penetrate a labor government, the CIA decided to limit the information it made available to the Australian Security and Intelligence Service, the Australian CIA. To the American CIA, there were high stakes involved in the bases, and not surprisingly, it meant to keep them. Despite professions of loyalty from Whitlam to the American–Australian alliance, apprehension about an anti-U.S. shift in Australian policy continued to grow within the Central Intelligence Agency.

And in the minds of certain officials within the CIA, these fears were soon validated. One of Whitlam's first acts after becoming prime minister was to tweak the United States by withdrawing Australian troops from Vietnam, and in 1973 he publicly denounced the American bombing of Hanoi, enraging President Nixon.

Meanwhile, strident demands for official explanation of the American bases were being voiced increasingly by some members of the Labour Party. The CIA, convinced that the future of facilities vital to the security of the United States was jeopardized by a potentially unfriendly government, placed the highest priority on ensuring the survival of the bases and secretly poured money heavily into the opposition Liberal and National Country parties. The CIA wanted Whitlam out.

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As he worked at his new job, Chris wasn't aware of such machinations more than eight thousand miles away. But one day, while looking over encrypted TWX traffic from Langley, he read with fascination the details of one slant of the American intelligence offensive in Australia. Telex messages reported that several strikes were threatened in Australia that, it was feared, might disrupt movement of equipment and personnel to Alice Springs, and thus delay improvements being made at the CIA bases. In the messages, Chris made the discovery that the CIA was planning to block the strikes. Its agents had infiltrated the leadership of Australian unions, and Pilot reported that it expected agents working for the CIA to be able to prevent the strikes or, as they had done in the past, at least minimize their potential damage to the intelligence agency's operations.

The discovery that America was tinkering with the internal affairs of a friendly country was another shocker for Chris.

It would not be the last one.

As further messages flowed back and forth before him, Chris realized Australia wasn't the only ally being deceived by the agency. And he realized that U.S. spy satellites were used to spy not only on potential enemies such as Russia and China but on "friendly" countries such as France and Israel.

Chris decided he hated the CIA, its projects and its dishonor in the name of "national security." He saw its operations as part of a *pattern*. It was a pattern that included Vietnam, Spiro Agnew, Richard Nixon and more. In Chris's mind, it was part of a pattern that went back centuries, to every other senseless battle of national states. If the CIA was doing this to Australia, Chris asked himself, wouldn't it have engineered Allende's death in Chile?

The spooks whom Chris knew in the CIA accepted Chris as one of their own: he was now part of what they called "the intelligence community." But he was repelled by any thought that he shared in the guilt, and he began to think carefully about how he might strike back.

11

For Daulton the new year had also begun with a discovery, but of a different kind. After almost five years of trying, he had finally found a contact in the Mexican Mafia, a mother-lode source of drugs operating out of Culiacán in the Mexican state of Sinaloa. Culiacán was the hub of Mexico's booming trade in marijuana, cocaine and heroin. It was a violent and savage place that almost overnight had begun to enjoy a gold rush rooted in brown gold—brown Mexican heroin. The gold rush had been triggered unintentionally by Richard M. Nixon.

In 1974, under intense pressure from the Nixon Administration, Turkey, which, via France and Central America, had been America's principal source of heroin, prohibited the cultivation of opium poppies. The crackdown in Turkey crimped the supply, and sent prices soaring on the streets of New York, Detroit, Los Angeles and other cities.

The owners of great expanses of land in the Sierra Madre mountains of Mexico east of Culiacán, who had been supplying America with much of its marijuana, began to help fill the breach. Later on, Thailand, Cambodia, Burma and other countries in Southeast Asia would also help meet the demand; but for now, Southeast Asia was in a state of upheaval left by the Vietnam War, and there were not yet any substantial lines of supply for opium from these areas to the United States. Addicts regarded the brown heroin from Mexico as inferior to the refined white heroin from Turkey. But it was available when the Turkish supply dried up—and it was relatively easy to smuggle into America over the little-guarded U.S.–Mexico border.

Daulton had made a good, if unspectacular, living selling marijuana and cocaine. Now, like the growers in the Sierra Madre, he decided to move into the heroin trade.

Unfortunately, he also became addicted to his product.

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By late in 1974, Culiacán was a Latin-flavored blend of frontier-era Dodge City and Prohibition-era Chicago. Millions of dollars flooded into the poor agricultural center. Over tortuous routes, opium grown on the remote slopes of the Sierra Madre was brought down on week-long trips via mule trains to the city of 360,000 and refined in laboratories in and near Culiacán. Mexican Federal troops periodically mounted offensives to smash the illicit commerce. But *mordida*—bribes—often encouraged officials to be lax in enforcement, and officials who weren't lax, or newspapermen who investigated the traffic, usually found assassination squads waiting for them. The bars, cafés and hotels of Culiacán, and the town houses and sprawling haciendas built by Mexican drug millionaires outside town, became trading floors for a commerce that generated more than 80 percent of America's heroin. Stakes were high, but so were profits. Gangs of rival growers and dealers fought and killed for control of the traffic; they drove Cadillacs and Lincolns that had been stolen in the United States and armed themselves with guns, automatic rifles and machine guns smuggled across the border, and hardly a day passed without at least one gang murder.

It was this world that Daulton entered late in 1974. Through a friend, another pusher, he was introduced in Los Angeles to a young man from one of the ten families that controlled most of the Culiacán drug trade. For Daulton, it was like the discovery of an old prospector finally seeing the glint of gold in a mountain of quartz. Pot and coke were profitable, but neither promised the profits of heroin. Offering automatic pistols to his new acquaintance as gifts of introduction, he ingratiated himself first with this family and later with a second one. At last, he told himself, he had his own predictable source of supply.

When Daulton had been an apprentice in the trade, he bought his merchandise from another pusher in Los Angeles, surrendering, to his regret, part of the profit; occasionally he had made a connection with a minor-league Mexican dealer and had driven his own load over the border from Tijuana or some other border town, the drugs hidden behind a panel in the trunk of his car. But Daulton had for a long time dreamed of bigger things. Now that he had a sure source of drugs, he began to make some changes in his way of doing business. (Years later, when he was asked to describe his business operation, he did so with the pride of an entrepreneur who had opened a tiny corner store and had built it up into a chain of supermarkets.) At first, after he made his initial contact in Culiacán, he paid couriers—"mules"—to bring heroin and cocaine over the border. Although, like other dealers, he recruited as mules young women who sometimes secreted plastic bags of cocaine or heroin in their vaginas while entering the United States, Daulton didn't like this method: it didn't bring in enough dope each trip to satisfy him. So he developed his own stable of mules. There was an old Mexican near Tijuana who would drive a big load of pot across the border in his jeep for $500, and he used him a lot. There was Ike, a middle-aged hippie who had lost a leg in a car accident and had a cocaine habit. Ike was waiting for an insurance settlement from the accident, mostly to support his passion for cocaine, and he ran coke across the border for Daulton. Customs agents in Los Angeles noticed how frequently he arrived from Mexico, and without any success they began to shake him down, opening the lining of his suitcase and searching him thoroughly. They never discovered that he was standing on the cocaine, hidden inside his artificial leg.

Daulton's most satisfying method to bring over the dope, however, was not in a hollow leg, but in a commercial airliner—either doing it himself or using a mule. The method was deceptively simple: Like all the other passengers, he'd book a seat on one of the airlines that flew between Mexico and the United States and then board his plane with plastic packages of cocaine or heroin hidden beneath his shirt. After the plane took off, Daulton got up from his seat and walked down the aisle to the lavatory, entered and closed the door. Using a screwdriver, he pried open a panel in the bulkhead of the plane behind the toilet-tissue dispenser or paper-towel receptacle or elsewhere and then stowed the packages of dope and retightened the panel. After the plane landed in the United States, he cleared Customs, opening his bag for Customs agents. Because he had studied airline flight operations, he knew exactly where the plane was headed next after refueling. Daulton or one of his associates simply bought a ticket on this flight, and when the plane was airborne somewhere over the United States, another trip was made to the lavatory and the dope was removed from its hiding place. "It never failed," Daulton would reminisce later.

Still, there was an element of risk—always the chance that a shipment that had cost several thousand dollars might be intercepted. And as his sales grew, Daulton wanted more volume; so he devised a scheme to serve as an on-the-spot jobber of marijuana, cocaine and heroin in Mexico. Using his contacts with the Mexican growers in

Culiacán, he became a middleman, buying drugs and reselling them to dealers from Los Angeles, Chicago, New York and other cities. These dealers flew to Mexico and transported the contraband themselves over the border or hired their own mules. "I could buy the stuff fairly cheap because of my contacts with my associates," he recalled. "I made a profit when I sold it in Mexico, and I didn't have to take any risks; it was a sweet way of operating." His volume doubled, then tripled.

Changes were occurring in the drug business, however, that made Daulton feel uncomfortable and long for the old days. There was a new phrase in the American lexicon—"rip-off"—that had originated with drug dealers to describe a practice of dishonor among thieves: a deal for a drug buy was made; an appointment was made to exchange money and drugs; but at the appointed time, the seller produced a gun and took the money—or the buyer flashed a weapon and stole the merchandise without paying for it.

The essence of the rip-off was to promise and not deliver; it was a process Daulton and Chris would come to know well.

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Because of the growing hazards of rip-offs and his busts by undercover narcotics agents, Daulton began carrying a gun. He liked his new image. When he returned from Culiacán, he regaled his friends about the drug wars. He boasted that he was tight with the Mexican Mafia and told of murders he had witnessed and the close scrapes from which he had escaped. His friends in Culiacán, he bragged, often invited him to go to their ranches in the mountains by mule. But, he said, he was too smart to risk getting caught in the crossfire of raids between warring growers. Once, he bragged, one of his suppliers in Mexico had badly needed more weapons to carry on the drug wars, and, he said, he had delivered scores of automatic rifles stolen from an Army base in Texas to cement his relationship.

"I wasn't into revolution," Daulton said of the gunrunning scheme years later. "But I saw how those people in Mexico were being oppressed. You're talking about people in the mountains where the only cash crop is opium, like Cambodia and Laos; you're talking about people whose families for generations have been growing weed, and you've got the local *Federales;* half the time they're buying it from them and the other half busting them, and the people are unarmed.

They wanted guns; that was the only way they could take care of the law. Law isn't done in the courtroom there; it's done in the street."

Daulton rented a beach house on the Mexican coast to live in when he was out of the country, and when he came back to Palos Verdes he resumed his easy life at his parents' home. Each time a load came in from Mexico, he bankrolled cocaine parties for his friends; he put the coke on a coffee table and invited everybody to "dig in." He had what he wanted most—money, power over people, travel and high living. Daulton judged himself happy and far more successful than any of his former classmates at Palos Verdes High. Although he longed for a serious relationship with a woman, he eventually gave up trying to romance girls and continued to buy them. Friends rarely saw him with a date at one of his own parties, and when he arrived in Mexico, one of the first things he usually did was take a cab to a brothel.

Daulton worked hard to cultivate what he thought of as his new image and to impress his circle of school dropouts, addicts, pushers and drug-abusing teen-age castoffs from broken homes in Palos Verdes that he was a *somebody*. Once, when Andy Boyer, with whom he'd served time at the Wayside Honor Rancho, came by his house to buy marijuana, Daulton acted as if the visit were a reunion of old college classmates comparing notes on postgraduation careers, and he were the one who had succeeded. He whipped out a wallet with an inch-wide wad of cash and led Boyer on a tour of some of his hiding places where he cached his drug inventory—concealed drawers in a cabinet he had built, the head of a straw horse mounted on a wall in his room and a spot behind a ventilation grille. And then he boasted to Boyer that he'd made the big time—he had cracked the Mexican Mafia.

But for all of Daulton's successes, two shadows loomed over his life: his increasing addiction to heroin, and the possibility that he might have to go back to jail.

A few weeks after Judge Donahue freed him from Wayside, Daulton had abandoned his classes at Harbor College and begun missing appointments with his probation officer. Suspecting he was dealing again, the probation officer warned Daulton that probation would be revoked unless he got a full-time job. Daulton had been ducking his P.O. because it would mean taking a urine test, and that would reveal that he was using drugs again—an infraction that in itself could mean a return to jail. Daulton had addicted dozens of friends to drugs, and now he had addicted himself to heroin, a drug that he boasted would never ensnare him. He didn't inject heroin, but snorted it—lodging a few grains in a nostril and sucking it in until euphoria overtook him.

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Honoring his multiple pledges of secrecy, Chris at first did not mention to friends his new job in the vault. But after a while, as the weekly round of drug parties went on as usual, Chris began to drop hints to Daulton about it. At first, he said that he had a new assignment he couldn't discuss; then one night he casually mentioned to Daulton that he'd been to the local CIA headquarters in the basement of the Tishman Building near International Airport that day, but said slyly he couldn't say anything more about it. After Chris rented a small cottage not far from the TRW plant, he tantalized his friend with another hint: TRW, he said, had made him get a telephone because he had a new job that gave him more responsibility. Daulton, ever curious, pressed his friend to explain what was going on. All he got was knowing smiles and once an enigmatic reply: "I'm working with birds."

By the beginning of 1975 there was no doubt where Daulton was in life: he was fully submerged in the drug culture and hypnotized by its easy life. Chris, on the other hand, was trying to inhabit two universes. By day he played his role in the high-stakes game of espionage-from-space. By night he rejoined the bored youths of Palos Verdes and Daulton's loutish cadre of jobless drug cronies from the beach cities north of The Hill, partying and getting high. Ostensibly, the two friends were as different as the sun and the moon. Chris was intense, hard-working, an introspective young man who his parents said was going to become a lawyer: Daulton was by now the self-styled racketeer, with long unkempt hair and a scruffy goatee, who sometimes carried a gun, talked in a swagger and gave away drugs to addict the unaddicted.

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One Saturday night in January, there was another party at Daulton's home. As usual, beer, pot and cocaine were supplied by the generous host.

After midnight, everybody had left except Chris. He and Daulton were complaining about the world they had inherited—about Watergate, Vietnam, air pollution, corruption in big business and government, and other assorted perceived evils. Daulton saw in these evils a larger force that was the source of his own problems. Political crooks like Nixon were beating the law, but not he, even though selling drugs was a victimless crime that filled a legitimate public need. "It's a hell of a lot better than people who go on welfare," he declared smugly. He complained again how the courts were hassling him, trying to send him back to jail for a victimless crime. But, he told Chris emphatically, he wasn't going back.

The conversation turned to Chris's job, and for the first time, details about life in the Black Vault came out: Chris told his friend what he did in the vault, about the CIA's satellites and how they spied from space with eyes so fantastic they could isolate a single man on a desert. Outrage at what he regarded as a mindless arms race that would inevitably lead to a horrible nuclear holocaust and what he saw as his own role in it welled up in him, and he bitterly assailed man's suicidal pursuit of nationalistic pride.

His mind disoriented by cocaine, Chris foggily traced the similarities he found so fascinating between the lifeless espionage robots with which he worked at TRW and the flight and eyes of falcons. As Chris described the globe-circling orbits of Rhyolite satellites, his narrative shifted seamlessly into a description of his falcon sweeping through the air, and Daulton couldn't follow from one moment to the next whether he was talking about real birds or man-made ones.

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By the following weekend, Chris had come to a decision.

There was another party at Daulton's, and like the one the week before, it ended with the two friends alone in Daulton's living room stoned on cocaine. But it wasn't the drug that induced what Chris was about to do. The cocaine was only a catalyst: It served to sharpen Chris's ability to see exactly how corrupt his country's morals had become; how the United States was living a lie, preaching democracy while propping up dictatorships, toppling democratically elected governments and murdering and maiming in the name of blind nationalism. It gave him insight into the whole cancerous tapestry of perverted American principles. What he was about to do had been taking shape in his mind for many months—perhaps since his first briefing about the Black Vault and its dirty tricks. He had decided he had no choice but to do what he was about to do.

Chris had weighed the possibility of making his proposal to Daulton on the same ground of contempt that animated his own actions. But he knew instantly this wouldn't work. Once, perhaps, he mused, it might have, but not now. And so he appealed to the motive that he knew would energize Daulton's will more than any other.

Chris told his friend that he had a business proposition.

In his job at TRW, he explained, he was handling classified government information that, according to a friend at work, Gene Norman, would be worth at least $20,000—maybe $50,000—every month to the Russians or the Communist Chinese. He said he and Norman had even discussed how they could do it and had agreed the best approach would be to go to a Communist country's embassy in a third country—such as a Chinese Embassy in Africa, or the Soviet Embassy in Havana or Mexico City—and offer the material for sale.

Chris then proposed a partnership: he would obtain old classified documents and Daulton would sell them to the Russians or Chinese.

Daulton laughed at the idea.

"Man, you're crazy," he said, rejecting the proposal without taking it seriously.

"I'm telling you, we could make hundreds of thousands of dollars," Chris said enticingly.

Daulton didn't say anything, then tentatively rejected the idea again. But Chris knew his friend well. He knew his friend couldn't turn down a mother lode like this, and he was right.

12

THE OPPORTUNITY TO DIVERSIFY his business with a new line of merchandise couldn't have come at a more opportune time for Daulton. His drug business had experienced several setbacks: he had lost almost $10,000 to a rip-off after he posted front money for a drug buy that went sour and the potential seller stole his money; he had lost several thousand dollars when the Mexican Government devalued the peso and his deposits in Mexican banks, where he kept some of his operating capital, shrank overnight. And he had developed such a consuming dependency on heroin and cocaine that it was costing him $500 a week.

It was time to get out of drugs and into something else, Daulton told his brother philosophically one night in the spring of 1975. It was not like it used to be—rip-offs, undercover narcs all over the place, the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration peeking around every corner. What he really wanted to do, Daulton said, was save enough money to buy a legitimate business that the two of them could run.

"I'm a good businessman," he boasted to David Lee. The two adopted sons of Dr. Lee had been close since childhood; even though Daulton was several inches shorter, David looked up to his brother, who was four years older, and Daulton had done his best to look after him; David was one of the few people to whom he would not supply drugs, although he had constantly tried to recruit David as a partner, and David had said he wanted no part of it.

The idea of buying a business interested the brothers and they became enthusiastic; they talked about starting with one business and building up a chain—maybe pizza parlors, a hardware store or something like that. One of the brothers mentioned the Golden Cove Delicatessen two miles from their home; it was for sale. David said he'd look into buying the deli, and Daulton said he would look into raising the capital. But Daulton had one further thought for his brother: "Stay in school and work hard; don't blow your life like I've blown mine."

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In mid-March, Daulton went to a faded yellow stucco apartment house located in Redondo Beach a few blocks from the Pacific surf. Apartment E, on the second floor, was rented by a sometime business partner of Daulton's, Danny Patrick, and they used it as a command post for their drug business.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, one of their customers, after telephoning in advance, knocked on the apartment door and introduced Daulton and Patrick to a ragged-looking man in his mid-twenties and described him as a newcomer to the Redondo area who wanted to buy some cocaine.

Daulton welcomed the stranger because he had the recommendation of an old customer, and he and Patrick quickly told him that he wouldn't find any purer product in the entire South Bay.

Daulton lit up a marijuana cigarette and passed it to the two youths. They took a puff and the joint was passed back to Daulton and Patrick, and then back to them. It was a scene worthy of a Western movie—

Indians making friends amid wisps of smoke while a pipe passed from man to man.

The stranger seemed anxious and said he wanted two pounds of cocaine, some of which he would sell to his own clientele in Orange County. After the first buy, he said, there would be others. The news delighted Daulton, always looking for avenues to increase his volume. As they negotiated a price, Chris arrived in the apartment after ending his shift at the TRW plant, and he immediately took some puffs from a newly lit joint. The stranger said he wanted to get down to business. "Let's see how good your stuff is," he said.

Patrick said that he had some high-quality cocaine hidden outside the apartment but didn't want to go for it until it was dark. "Too many cops around," he said.

Finally, after dusk turned into night, Patrick said it was safe to go out. He left and a few minutes later returned with a clear plastic bag—the kind used to keep sandwiches fresh in lunch boxes. It was bulging with white powder.

"There's a full ounce there," Patrick said. "It's the best you'll get anywhere in L.A."

Patrick dug out a small spoon from his pocket and plucked a few granules of cocaine from the bag and handed it to the newcomer, expecting him to stick it in a nostril to savor its effects. Instead, the new customer said he wanted to test its purity, and dropped the sample into a glass vial filled with fluid that he produced from his pocket and shook it up. Defensively, he said, "I just don't want to get ripped off; I don't know you guys yet." As he continued to shake the vial, the liquid became milky. It was confirmation that the substance he had been handed was indeed cocaine.

"Why don't you snort some?" Patrick inquired. "Try it. It's good stuff."

"I didn't come here to party," the new customer said.

There was a silence in the room.

Daulton, Chris and Patrick looked at each other.

"I gotta go," Chris said. "I think I hear my mother calling." He got up and left the apartment.

"Are you a narc?" Daulton demanded.

"No," he said, brushing off the question with a laugh. "I just want to see if this is good stuff or not."

The answer satisfied Daulton and Patrick, and they relaxed. Eagerly anticipating the profit from a two-pound sale, they offered him another sample to take with him. "Try it," Daulton said, confidently predicting that it would convince him they offered a quality product. The man shook hands with Daulton and Patrick and said he would be calling them to arrange for delivery of his purchase. He said he had a partner lined up to help finance the deal, but would have to wait a week or so to get the cash.

Ten days later, the same stranger knocked again on the front door of the two-bedroom apartment. Patrick opened the door a crack and saw his familiar face . . . and then he saw that the new customer was holding the shield of a Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department deputy in one hand and what looked like a search warrant in the other.

"Cops!" Patrick shouted.

He tried to slam the door in the deputy's face. But the undercover officer was stronger and forced it open. From behind him, a raiding party of five other narcs poured into the tiny apartment while several others stood guard outside.

Daulton and one of his "runners" had been sitting at a table sorting cocaine, marijuana, amphetamines and other drugs. They looked up and saw Patrick, still screaming "Cops," race past them toward the rear of the apartment, with shouting police officers in pursuit.

Charging out of his chair as if it were spring-loaded, Daulton ran toward the bathroom while Patrick sprinted past him into a bedroom. Patrick struggled to lock the bedroom door, but it wouldn't lock, and one of the detectives forced it open.

Cornered, Patrick looked around, spread his arms and leaped headfirst through the window of the second-story bedroom. The window exploded with projectiles of glass. For a moment, Patrick was suspended in air, a halo of glittering shards encircling him, as if he were held there by the strings of a puppeteer. Then suddenly he fell to the ground, landing beside a staked-out policeman who was already wiping blood from a wound in his arm ripped open by a spear of glass.

The undercover narc looked out in disbelief from the window. Then, wondering where to look for Daulton, he heard the sound of a toilet flushing. He forced his way into the bathroom and saw Daulton, his square head canted downward and looking at a spiral of gurgling water in the toilet bowl.

The inventory of heroin, cocaine, marijuana, LSD and amphetamine tablets found in the apartment was carted off to a Sheriff's Department substation as evidence, dealing Daulton's business another financial setback. Patrick, daubed with his own blood from scalp to shoes, managed to walk after his plunge, and he, Daulton and the surprised, newly hired runner were booked on charges of selling cocaine and possession of marijuana, methamphetamine, LSD and opium. The bail was set at $15,000.

At the substation, Daulton turned on his most cunning self. He had to. There was no possibility he could raise $15,000. Various partners owed him at least $20,000. But he knew they wouldn't be able to raise it on short notice. His only chance was to talk his way out of the crisis. And so he began.

"I've had it with this drug shit," Daulton told the undercover narc who had busted him, and he seemed genuinely contrite. "This fuckin' dope shit has ruined my life."

Daulton knew that the man who had set him up and arrested him was the one who would decide what charges would be brought against him, and so he decided he had to bargain with him to stay out of jail. Daulton also knew that all narcs lived by their informants—every time he had been busted it was because of a snitch—and he correctly appraised the ambitions of the deputy sheriff.

"Let me out of here and I'll help you," he said, offering himself as an informant.

The cop said he was interested and offered to make a deal: he would drop some of the charges, so bail would be only $10,000. He crossed out "$15,000" on the booking sheet with an "X" and replaced it with "$10,000." But, he emphasized, Daulton would have to help him.

"I can't get ten grand," Daulton said. "I don't have it. No deal."

"Okay," the cop said, and he wrote "$15,000" on the booking sheet again and crossed out "$10,000."

"You want to get out of pushin'? I can help you," the cop said. "But I can't let you out of here, no way."

Daulton poured it on some more: In jail, he said, he wouldn't be of any use to the detective. Outside, he could do plenty.

The cop said he would give it some more thought. He left the room, and Daulton waited out his decision.

An hour passed and the detective returned. He said he believed Daulton meant what he said about being finished with narcotics and that he believed he really wanted to help. He had decided, he said, to reduce the charge to "Being Present Where Marijuana Was Being Smoked."

Once again, the detective crossed off the $15,000 bail, and the next morning, Daulton was released from jail. His bail had been lowered to $500.

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Although Daulton had used his wily persuasiveness to get out of jail again, he still had other problems.

The Los Angeles County Probation Department officer who was supervising the parole that had been granted to him following his arrest in 1971, and had been extended after his two arrests in 1973, had filed a report with Judge Donahue in early March recommending that the probation be revoked.

Andrew Daulton Lee simply refused to submit to the supervision of probation, the P.O. told the judge. The defendant, he said, had been given repeated opportunities to get a job or stay in college, but had spurned every opportunity and almost always missed appointments with his probation officer.

Two days after Daulton was released from jail, the undercover policeman who had made the deal with him came by his house to collect. He laid out a blueprint by which he hoped to nail a prominent Los Angeles criminal lawyer, who specialized in defending clients from the underworld, and a professional football player, a former Los Angeles Ram. Both, the cop claimed, were up to their ears in the drug business. But he needed help to get some evidence. The cop, it seemed to Daulton, was salivating at the prospect of the big collars, and the thought repulsed him. But he agreed to help set up cocaine buys with the two men which would be monitored by the detective, and agreed to be wired with a listening device. The cop left Daulton a very happy man.

"I'm not going back to the slammer," Daulton told his friend and occasional business partner, Aaron Johnson, the next day. He had begun to suspect that Johnson himself was working as an informer; indeed, he wondered if their own 1973 arrest hadn't been set up by Johnson. Too many of Johnson's friends were being busted. But he didn't express this concern to Johnson or tell him about the deal he had just cut with the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department. But he admitted to Johnson that he was worried about his P.O.'s report.

When Daulton had made the deal with the narc, he had intended to go through with it. It had to be done to get out of jail, he reflected. But after he thought about it, he decided that it was too risky. His life wouldn't be worth anything if he became a snitch. Besides, it was against his principles.

The next morning, Ken Kahn, his lawyer, called Daulton and gave him more bad news: The Los Angeles County District Attorney's office said that on the basis of the Probation Department report, it intended to petition the court to order Daulton's return to jail—not the County Jail, but the State Prison. Kahn said a hearing had been scheduled for early April before Judge Donahue to consider the petition and the damning Probation Department report.

Daulton hung up and decided that he had to leave the United States. He would *not* go to jail. And, he thought, the Russians might provide the key to his survival.

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The two friends sat in easy chairs near each other in the room at Daulton's home that his father used as a den.

"Okay, one more time: what do I do when I get there?" Daulton asked.

"Get a telephone book, look up the address, hop in a taxi, pass the place, get off several blocks away, case it; walk in like you own the place and then give the stuff to the first security officer you see and stall until they get someone who can read it. Simple," Chris said.

"It ain't that simple," Daulton said.

"You're wasting my time. Good-bye," Chris replied.

"Okay, okay. Sit down. What about my money?" Daulton said.

"The air fare is in the envelope," Chris said. "Your flight leaves at eleven. That's four hours from now."

"No, I mean *my* money."

"Take it up with them," Chris said.

"But how do I know?" Daulton said. "It's my ass that's being risked, ya know."

"Put yourself in their place," Chris said. After all, he said, Daulton was about to offer the Russians American defense secrets.

"Now, remember, don't give 'em my name, because if you do they won't need you."

"I've thought about that," Daulton said. "Want a gin-and-tonic?"

Chris accepted the offer, and Daulton asked his father, who was in a nearby room, to fix them a drink.

As he did, they hunched over a typewriter and Chris tapped out a message:

Enclosed is a computer card from a National Security Agency crypto system. If you want to do business, please advise the courier.

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Two days later, the undercover agent who had arrested Daulton called the Lee house to talk over the planned setup of the ex–football player and the mob attorney. Dr. Lee answered the phone, and the detective, who had met the physician at the jail after Daulton's arrest, said he imagined Dr. Lee must be very happy that his son was getting out of drugs.

"I think he really means it," the sheriff's detective said. "Did he tell you he's going to work for us?"

Dr. Lee hadn't heard this item of news and said so.

"Well, he is," the detective said. "He'll really be able to do some good."

"If he is, I don't know how he's going to do it," Dr. Lee said. "He just left to live in Mexico."

It took a few moments for the cop to realize that he had been victimized. His first reaction was disbelief; then he asked Dr. Lee if he had a telephone number in Mexico for his son. When the physician said he didn't have one, the narcotics officer politely said good-bye and hung up. But he vowed to himself that this wouldn't be the end of things.

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Chris returned to work in the Black Vault, and as he operated the encrypted teletype machine, he sometimes looked up from the keyboard, stared blankly at the wall and wondered what forces he had set in motion.

13

When Chris was twelve, he had taken possession of his own field, forty beautiful acres in Palos Verdes; he never took legal possession of it, but took possession of it in his mind. He shared the field with a wizened old Mexican tenant farmer named Rosco; Rosco looked after the neat rows of beans that grew on one part of the field while Chris assumed the responsibility of looking over the creatures that populated the land.

He knew where they all lived—the diamondback rattlers beneath the yellowed Palos Verdes stone; the pheasant that roosted in the eucalyptus trees; the mallards that rested in the winter and the red-winged blackbirds that fed on polliwogs in the marsh. He knew the quail and the barn owls that nested in the gnarled stump of a tree not far from a wild hive of bees. He saw where shrikes had impaled the mice they caught on cactus needles and even found which burrow a skunk and her four offspring, following in single file, disappeared into each morning. He had gotten to know a red fox with a gimpy front foot, and Chris named it—what else?—Gimpy. One morning he had found the fox dead on Hawthorne Boulevard, and after school that day at St. John Fisher, he had picked up the carcass of Gimpy, pedaled his bike to the glen that he had prowled and left it there in a better resting place.

Chris knew every inch of his forty acres, every wild flower as well as every creature. Even after he had gone on to high school he still came down to the field every now and then to watch the cottontails come out at dusk. As his faith in the institutions in which he had invested his trust waned, his field remained a constant in Chris's life.

When he was sixteen, Chris discovered surveyors quartering the field. His stomach tightened, and he knew what to expect.

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Several months later, he crossed the field a last time and paused to inspect a hummingbird's dainty nest in the crotch of a snag hidden in tall grass; in it he saw a hummingbird incubating two tiny eggs. The ground shook and Chris had to step aside, and he watched an earthmover rumble forward with a cloud of gray-white smoke. The maternal courage of the hummingbird held her in her nest until the last moment, and then she fled from the trembling snag in an iridescent blur. Then the tiny nest disappeared beneath the machine.

Chris took his grief home with him and was lectured by his father on the prerogatives of ownership, free enterprise and the construction boom. But he silently rejected all of it and went brooding to his room. Chris decided no one should own that field or any field anywhere: man, he decided, had been given the earth in trust; it was not his chattel. He decided that the concept of private property was a thing of tragedy, an evil to be abolished.

A couple of mornings later, in an American History class, Chris listened to a lecture that reviewed the extermination of Indian tribes in the conquest of the West and the conquest of half of Mexico that left Chicanos as pariahs in what had been their own country. However, the teacher said, America had changed and matured; it was defending free expression around the world and fighting for peace in Vietnam. After class, Chris angrily slammed his text, *Triumph of Democracy,* into his locker.

But he didn't brood for long.

That night, he enlisted two friends on a mission; they bought nine ten-pound bags of sugar, and after dark they began lugging it to his field. Before long they were scratching from poison sumac and taking cactus needles in the shin. When Mike, one of his friends, tripped for the third time in the dark, he said, ''Whose idea was this, anyway?''

''Pretend you're in 'Nam,'' Chris said.

''At least they don't have cactus in the jungle,'' Mike said, picking up his thirty pounds of sugar.

A half hour later they peered over a canyon wall at the construction company's fenced equipment yard and saw the silhouette of a guard.

''Let's get out of here!'' Mike said.

Chris and the other friend grabbed him.

''You didn't tell me about a guard,'' he said.

''He's asleep,'' Chris whispered.

''Then why isn't he lying down?'' Mike wanted to know.

''They always sleep sitting up; that's what my father says,'' Chris said with authority.

Before Mike had a chance to challenge the logic, his friends were moving through a hole in the fence, and very soon all three of them were assaulting the earthmovers, trucks and trenchers with sugar.

Chris poisoned three bulldozers, emptying his sacks of sugar into their gas tanks, making sure not to spill the sugar and leave evidence.

Fifteen minutes later, the trio met at the fence and climbed down the canyon through the brush and cactus, whooping like Iroquois.

The assault delayed the defiling of Chris's field for two weeks. But in the end the field perished.

Chris visited it years later after he had begun to work at TRW. There were silver Eldorados and bronze Mercedes-Benzes and imported olive trees in place of the eucalyptus and beans; there were clipped hedges and instant lawns grown elsewhere and laid out like carpeting on his field in front of ranch and ersatz–Spanish-style homes. He spotted two matrons wearing sunglasses and tennis outfits carrying their rackets down a circular driveway to a black Porsche and swinging lumpy thighs onto red leather.

Somewhere, he thought, beneath it all was his poor raped field, and he thought of wild blossoms growing between fallen columns in the bleached ruins of Carthage.

14

"WHO IS YOUR FRIEND?" Vasily Ivanovich Okana asked the American who walked into the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City during the first week of April, 1975, and announced that he had brought information about "spy satellites."

The KGB agent studied the stranger with a cautious smile. When Okana was apprehensive or unsure of a situation, as he was now, his charcoal eyebrows tended to bob up and down spontaneously like a pair of rafts on a choppy lake. Daulton, trying not to be distracted by the motion of the eyebrows, replied that he could not identify his friend, who had a sensitive job working for the American government.

The friend, he said, wanted to defect to the Soviet Union but had a wife and two children and did not want to leave them behind. Elaborating on the brief note Chris had typed, Daulton said they had a proposition for the Soviet Union. His friend was motivated by a belief in the future of socialism, while he was a fugitive from the police on a trumped-up charge. They were prepared to deliver American defense secrets to the U.S.S.R., but expected to be paid well for them.

There was no expression on the Russian's face when Daulton had finished his short sales pitch.

Without seeming to demand it, Okana asked Daulton if he had any personal identification. Daulton pulled out his wallet and offered his driver's license. The agent made a note of his name and address and then handed the license back to him, making a complimentary remark about Southern California.

"Would you like vodka?" he asked. Daulton said he would enjoy it, and Okana left the office where he was conducting the interview and came back a few seconds later. Within a few minutes a male servant brought in two large bottles of vodka and a bowl of iced caviar.

The Russian said that he had once served in the United States and had polished his English there; Daulton noticed that the bobbing of his eyebrows had subsided somewhat, but there was still an apprehensive look behind his gray eyes. Daulton explained that what he had brought was only samples of the kind of information that his friend could make available to the Soviet Union. He stressed that his friend was personally involved in the operation of spy satellites and had unlimited access to secrets that he was sure the Russians would want to buy.

Leaving Daulton with a drink in his hand, Okana excused himself, taking the computer programming cards and a twelve-inch length of paper tape used in the KG-13 and KW-7 crypto machines that Chris had given to Daulton.

When he returned twenty minutes later, Okana carried a piece of notepaper in one hand and, referring to it, began to probe Daulton about reconnaissance satellites. From his conversations with Chris, Daulton knew enough to convince the Russian that he had more than a casual knowledge of such satellites and a secret CIA post somewhere near Los Angeles.

Okana poured another glass of vodka for his guest and invited him to sample more caviar. Then he left the room for another conference somewhere else in the embassy. This time when he returned, he handed Daulton an envelope containing $250 in American currency—enough, he said, to finance a return trip from Los Angeles to Mexico.

Okana was warm now and smiling continuously, although the nervous bobbing of his eyebrows reappeared from time to time to distract Daulton. Okana said that he and his associates were very much interested in the proposition made by Daulton and his friend, and they looked forward to a mutually profitable enterprise. And then he gave Daulton instructions to meet him at a Mexico City restaurant on his next trip and told him they would use passwords at future meetings. Daulton would be asked:

''Do you know the restaurant in San Francisco?''

And Daulton was to reply:

''No, but I know the restaurant in Los Angeles.''

Okana said they would also use code names to reduce the possibility of detection. Daulton, he said, was to be known as ''Luis,'' and he would be called ''John.''

The meeting was over, and Daulton shook hands with the KGB man.

''*Adios,* John,'' Daulton said.

''*Adios,* Luis,'' Okana said.

And with that, a curious commerce between the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and two young men from a wealthy suburb in California had begun.

• •

According to their plan, Chris was standing near a telephone booth that night in Hermosa Beach, another one of the beach communities north of The Hill. At nine o'clock the phone in the booth rang, and he went inside and closed the door.

''Hello,'' he answered.

''Hello, Mr. Philippe?'' inquired a telephone operator with a Latin accent.

''Yes,'' Chris said.

''One moment please, Mr. Philippe. Your party is on the line, Señor Gómez.''

He heard Daulton's voice:

''*Gracias. Buenas noches,* Señor Philippe.''

''Good evening, Señor Gómez,'' Chris replied. ''How's Señora Gómez?''

''Fuck if I know. You were right. My uncle says 'Hi.' ''

"Simple?" Chris asked.

"Like hell."

"Simple," Chris said with I-told-you-so self-assuredness.

"You're crazy," Daulton said, trying to deflate the self-assuredness. "Now do me one favor. Don't get fired, and stay off those damned cliffs until I get back there. Man, this is going to blow your—"

Chris hung up the phone and walked down to the edge of the ocean, breathing the salt air. He looked back at the night lights of Hermosa, the alleys and the shadows, and he turned to the luminescent Pacific surf in search of guidance. But its indifferent pounding mocked him. What are these? he asked himself. Misgivings?

Chris had only half-expected Daulton to go through with it.

"It's too late, my friend," Chris whispered aloud to himself as the white foam of the churning surf rolled toward him from the dark ocean. "We're over the Rubicon."

• •

The next day Chris drove his Volkswagen as fast as he could to the serenity of the Mojave Desert, its lonely sandscape of sagebrush and Joshua trees at once hostile and inviting to him. The enormity of what he had embarked on weighted him down. With luck, he thought, it would last a few months. He told himself that he had launched himself on a path that was certain to lead to his destruction. The blood pounded at his temples because of the knowledge of what he had unleashed.

Chris parked the Volkswagen where the pavement ceased, and he hiked into the mountains to the first prairie falcon eyrie that he had ever found. He shouted into the desert and sobbed and shook his fist and consigned himself to the only God he knew, to nature around him, to all the cannon fodder that would ever be squandered, to the death of the nation-states and to the rocks under his feet. He wept until he decided that he had no qualms. And then he went home, resolved to let them have it right between the eyes.

1

2

Andrew Daulton Lee (1) and Christopher John Boyce (2) grew up together in the affluent California suburb of Palos Verdes, where they attended St. John Fisher Roman Catholic School. Later, Lee (#45) and Boyce (#46) played on the same football squad at Palos Verdes High School (3).

3

4

5

Lee (4, center) and Boyce (4, right) continued their friendship after school hours, often helping with each other's chores. They both developed a love for falconry, and soon were best friends (5, 6).

6

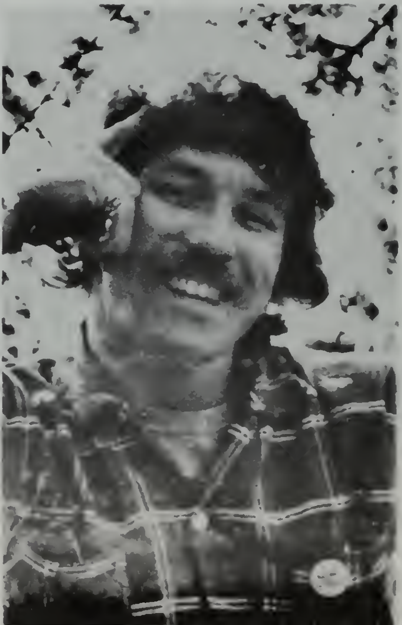

7

8

After discovering a love for the outdoors, Boyce (7) modified an old Volkswagen for off-road explorations into the wilderness. Msgr. Thomas J. McCarthy (8) celebrated Mass with Lee serving as altar boy on one side of him and Boyce on the other. Boyce (9, top center) was the eldest of nine brothers and sisters. . . . "A perfect family," friends said.

9

10

Boyce went to work at TRW in Redondo Beach, California, in July of 1974. Soon he was transferred to Building M-4 (10, 11).

11

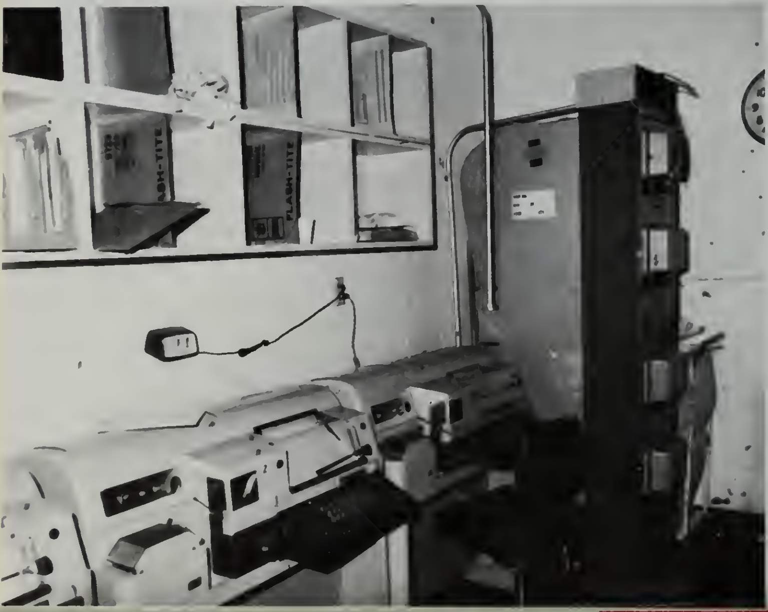

He was assigned to work in the Black Vault (12, 13, 14), the communications nerve center for one of America's most secret satellite espionage operations.

12

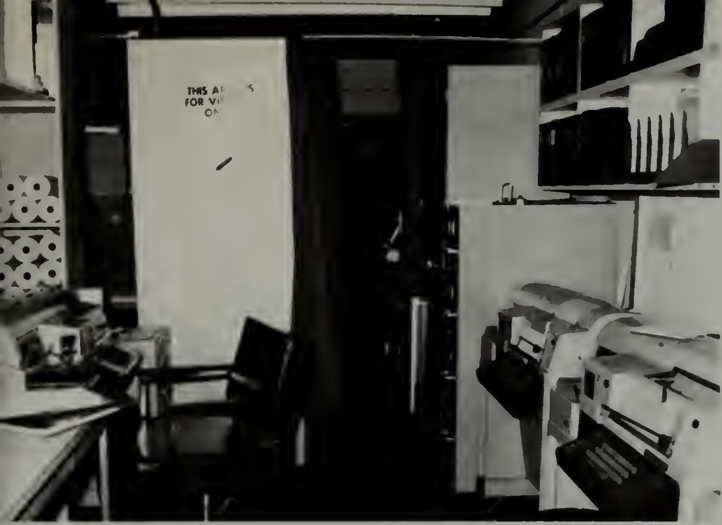

13

Boyce sat in this chair (13), operating cryptographic equipment that linked TRW with the CIA in Langley, Virginia, and other stations around the world.

NO ADMITTANCE

14

Boyce used this tiny Minox-B camera (15, 16) to photograph CIA satellite documents in the Vault, which Lee then sold to the Russians. . . .

15

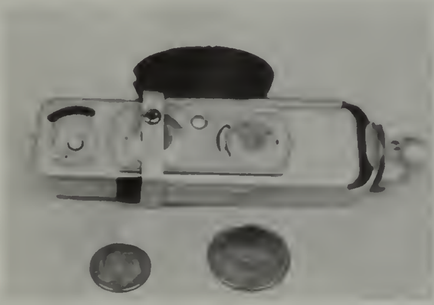

16

PIZZA
PIZZERIA

17

18

19

To let his KGB control agents at the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City know that he was in town to make a delivery, Lee was instructed to affix X marks with adhesive tape on lampposts at specified intersections (including Patriotismo and San Antonio, 18; Dakota and Filadelfia, 19).

The Viva Pizza (17) and Chapultepec Park (20) were among the places where Lee met with the Russians.

20

21

On one of their trips together to Mexico City, Boyce (21) and Lee (22) photographed each other like tourists.

22

23

Lee was told never to go to the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City unannounced . . . "except in the gravest emergency" (23). The Holiday Inn (24) in the city's *Zona Rosa* was one of Lee's favorite places to stay. A small house which Boyce rented near Riverside, California (25).

Holiday Inn

24

25

26

27

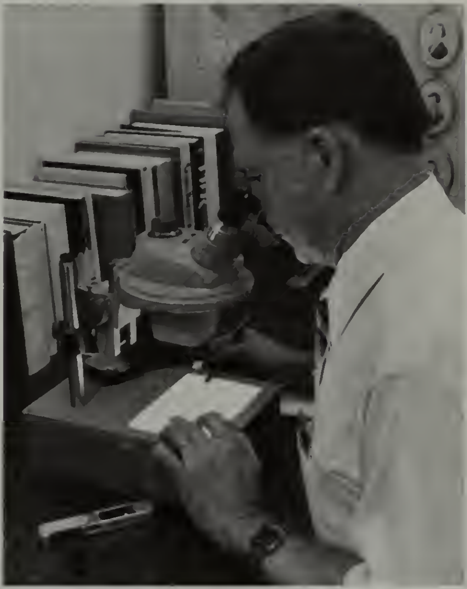

Lee's last KGB control agent was Boris Alexei Grishin (26). In February, 1977, shortly after his inauguration, President Carter was unsuccessful in soliciting the help of Mexican president José López Portillo in the prosecution of the two accused spies (28). A key link, however, in the prosecution's case was made by Kent Dixon of the FBI's Crime Laboratory in Washington (27).

28

29

Boyce (30) at FBI headquarters in Los Angeles on the day he was arrested. (He is wearing a sweater given to him by his co-workers at TRW on the day he left there.) Mexican authorities brought Lee (29) across the border to Laredo, Texas, at which point the FBI took him to Los Angeles.

30

6'
6'
5'6"
5'
5'
4'6"
4'6"

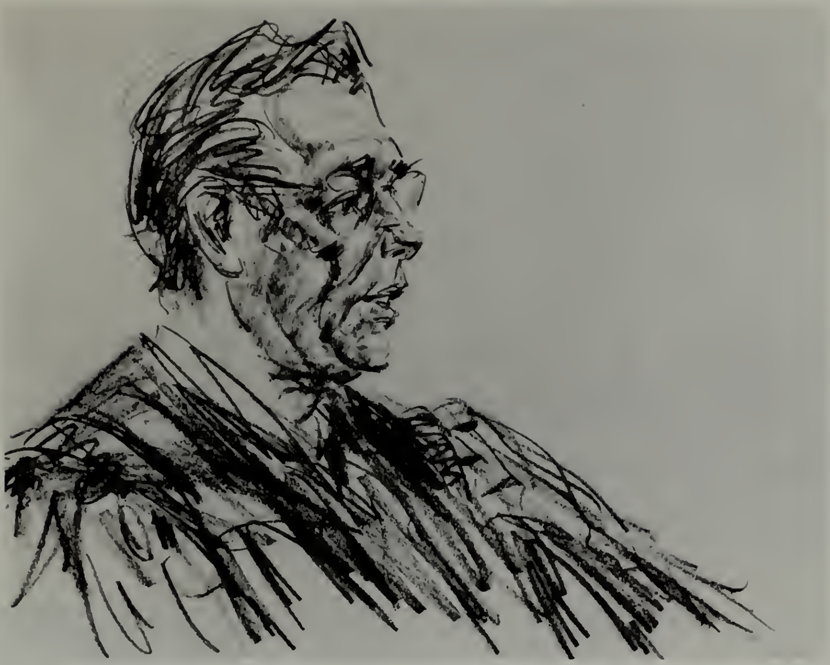

31

Judge Robert J. Kelleher (31), who presided over the trials of both Boyce and Lee, instructing the jury (32).

32

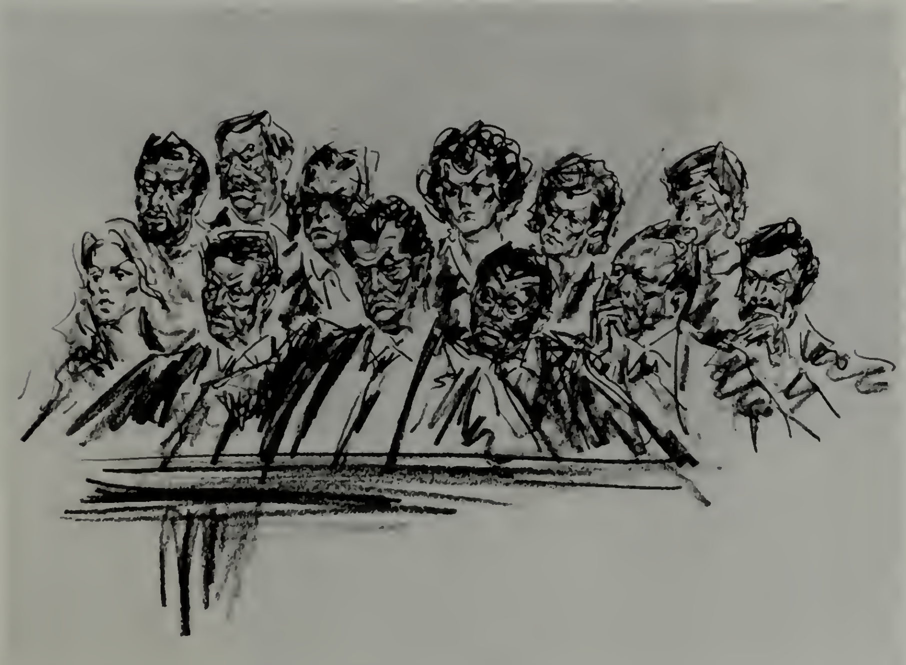

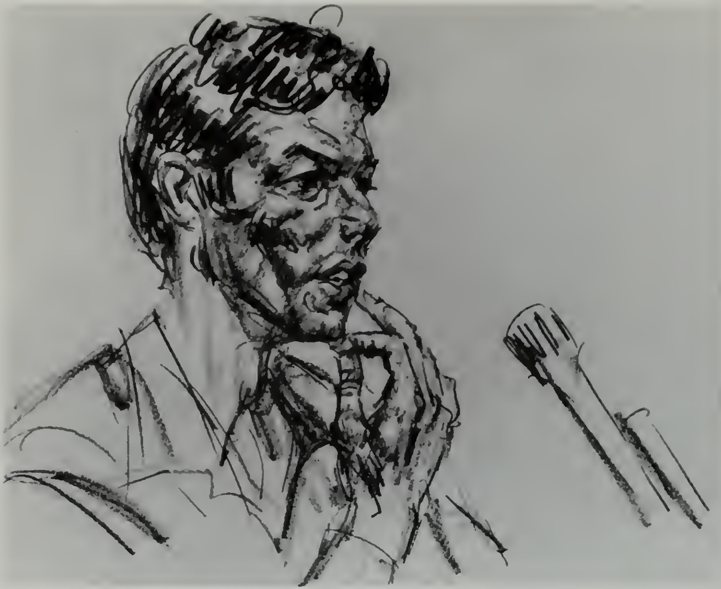

33

Boyce (33) and Lee (35) at their separate trials. Boyce's defense lawyers were George Chelius (34, *left*) and William Dougherty. Lee's defense was headed by Kenneth Kahn (36). The prosecutors in both trials were Assistant United States Attorneys Joel Levine (37, *left*) and Richard Stilz.

34

STEAK HOUSE
BARRON
SUMMER

35

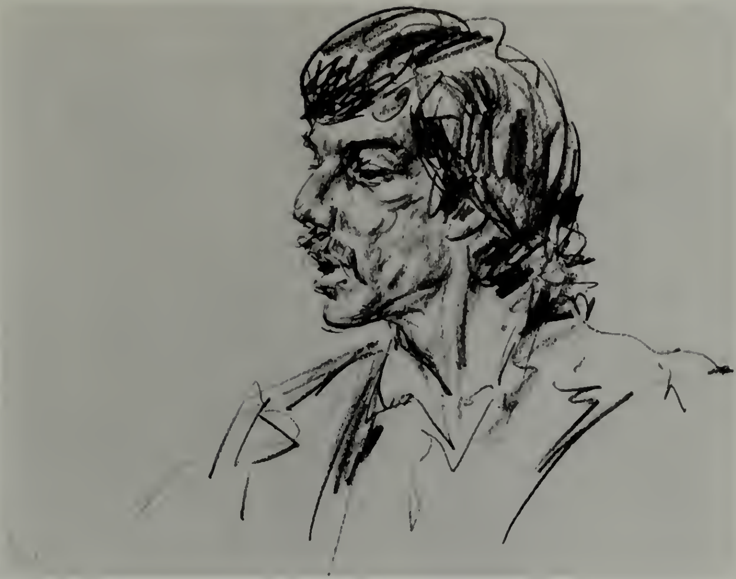

36

37

38 Boyce is led up the steps of the Federal Courthouse in Los Angeles; at right is FBI agent George Moorehead, who said that he felt “Boyce could have been my own son” (38).

(39, *foreground*) leaves court on July 18, 1977, following his conviction on all counts of onage against the United States. Boyce began his sentence at the Metropolitan Correctional ter in San Diego, where the photograph on the next page was taken (Chapter 54).

15

THE EVENING that Chris was alone in the desert, Daulton sat down in his $40-a-day room in the Hotel El Romano Diana in Mexico City and composed a letter to his brother, David, who was attending college in Idaho. He apologized for leaving without a formal good-bye, but said he had no choice but to flee. "Sometimes," he said, "freedom is more important than one's country."

Daulton said he was excited by the prospect of life as an expatriate which loomed ahead of him and that he hadn't faced such an interesting challenge in years. Each man has only so many years to live, he said, and he wasn't going to waste his being hassled. Besides, he went on, there was no way he could ever burn one of his associates in the drug trade—it was against everything he had ever learned in the Brotherhood.

There was a happy eagerness about the letter; Daulton said he was thinking about getting a sailboat and might even take a trip to the Caribbean. He urged his brother to read a book called *Paper Trip*, which told how to procure identification papers, and asked him to investigate whether there was a Federal warrant—as well as a state warrant—out for his arrest. If the Feds were also looking for him, he suggested, it might make a difference in his plans to come back to the States. He did not mention his visit with the Russians, but said:

"Hey, you could really help out if you got into a *good legal situation* because the bucks are going to be flowing in one month. . . ."

• •

With the wheels now in motion for his new enterprise, Daulton decided to see some of Mexico. He flew to Puerto Vallarta, a resort on the Bay of Banderas west of Guadalajara that had been a somnolent fishing village with a reputation for spectacular sailfishing jealously guarded by sport fishermen until a few *gringo* artists discovered its serenity during the 1950s. A few years later Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor stayed there while he made a film, *The Night of the Iguana,* nearby, and very soon Puerto Vallarta was a fashionable stop for jet setters and would-be jet setters.

Lately, Daulton's stomach had been giving him trouble—he was convinced he had an ulcer—so he decided to relax several days on Los Muertos Beach in Puerto Vallarta and uncoil some of the tension that had been tightening inside him. On the day in mid-April when Daulton had been ordered to appear before Judge Donahue to defend himself on the District Attorney's petition to send him back to jail, he was happily lying on his back under the Mexican sun, drinking a margarita and enjoying the cool salty breezes that swept in from the Pacific.

After he was rested and tan, he made his way back leisurely to Mexico City for a brief meeting with Okana. As prearranged, they met for dinner on April 23 in a Mexico City restaurant, where they exchanged the passwords. Okana was plainly interested now in the offer made by Daulton, and the young American was slightly surprised by the magnitude of his eagerness. He said he had been in touch with his friend and that deliveries of information would begin shortly.

Daulton was a dutiful son, and that night he placed a call to his parents in Palos Verdes to let them know that things were going fine for him. The Lees led a busy social life, and perhaps that was why they had not always been totally informed about Daulton's affairs since his feet-first plunge into the drug underworld.

Despite his problems with the law, Daulton's parents remained as loyal to him as any loving parents would. Their hope was that someday he would grow out of it.

When he called home that evening, Daulton said that except for some trouble with his stomach, he was in good health and having the time of his life. He said he was doing a lot of sight-seeing and enjoying himself thoroughly, but Daulton didn't mention his new business venture. His mother chided him about the missed court appointment, but Daulton told her not to worry about it.

The same evening, he wrote a letter to his younger sister, who was attending the University of California at its Santa Cruz campus south of San Francisco. Like his earlier letter to David, it blended optimism and apprehension, hinting cryptically of a Big Deal. "I'm sitting on cash that makes all my years of deals look like peanuts," he confided, without elaborating. "I should have gone international years ago."

It was a warm letter which indicated the close relationship between brother and sister. Daulton colorfully recounted some of the details of his trip to Puerto Vallarta and promised someday to give his sister a guided tour; he had been getting so much practice speaking Spanish, he joked, that he was beginning to forget his English! As if to assure his sister that he was not suffering in exile, Daulton said he'd just had a sauna and a massage after returning to Mexico City and the previous week he'd gotten a haircut, shave and manicure.

Daulton disclosed that he was planning a quick trip to the States and at that time he would give her his car—it wasn't any good to him anymore, and it was better to give it to her than sell it at a giveaway price. He warned her not to mention his plans for the trip to anyone, because he didn't know how large a dragnet the cops had out for him. Glumly, Daulton wrote that he'd gotten some bad news from Los Angeles: the D.A. was going to re-try him "on some shit" and wanted to send him back to the prison farm "or worse." Daulton made clear that under no circumstances would he go back to jail. He advised his sister, "Keep in school, this organized crime shit is expensive when you add up the alka seltzer."

There was, he added, one big plus about his move to Mexico: "I got that dog off my leg, the one (brown dog) that kept biting me for $300 a week."

Daulton had a second thought, and on the back of a page of the letter he scrawled, "I haven't felt so good in 10 years."

The same night, he wrote another letter to David Lee. All was well, he said. The following day, April 24, he was planning to fly up to Mazatlán to further burnish a tan that was already unbelievable. Someday, he said, over a glass of good brandy, he would show David the pictures he'd taken on his Mexican odyssey and fill him in on some of his experiences. He repeated the earlier report to his sister about the massage and sauna and last week's haircut, shave and manicure and said that he had bought a new suit—a tailor-made one—as well as several new shirts and a pair of shoes. If all went well, he said, he would be seeing David fairly soon, probably no later than the middle of June. "Study hard so I can put 20,000 into a legit business with you; I think I'm too hot to open a store."

On the back of the letter, Daulton wrote a postscript: "I've got a money maker going and it is in no way related to my past foolishness (narco). So don't worry about my trying to smuggle los contrabandos en los Estados Unidos.''

• •

A curiously idyllic period in Daulton's troubled existence had begun. Although the threat of jail still loomed over him, and it was too risky to return to Palos Verdes, he had settled easily into the life of expatriate beach bum. His fear of confinement ebbed away, and he dreamed of the dollars that would be rolling in soon from the new scam. It had taken him three days in Mexico City and a pinch of cocaine to muster the courage to go to the embassy. But when he had gone there he had seen something in the eyes of Okana that made him feel comfortable, even excited. *The rip-off should work.*

16

In rearing nine children, Noreen Boyce had become an expert at diagnosing childhood ailments, nursing cut fingers and looking after an occasional broken bone. She could tell by now, she thought, when a member of her brood was attempting to tell a white lie or was troubled by something in school. She had had less experience, however, with the effects of alcohol and drugs on them.

But one evening she noticed that Chris was acting strangely—his eyes were red and he didn't seem himself—and she wondered if he might have been drinking. Chris didn't come by the house much these days, but that wasn't unusual; in fact, he had visited home so seldom in the last year that his parents had begun to refer to him as ''the mystery man.'' When Charles Boyce came home from work at night, one of the first things he was likely to ask his wife was ''Anything new from 'the mystery man'?''

This evening as they talked in the kitchen, Chris seemed to be a little more willing to talk about his life than usual, and his mother suspected that it might have had something to do with drugs or liquor. Something was bothering Chris, and she tried to ferret it out.

Chris shook his head as if to say he couldn't tell her about the mysterious problem, and then said, "Mom, I'm going to have to do something that may embarrass Dad."

"Chris," his mother replied quickly, "Don't do it, please. If it's anything serious, it could kill your father."

"Mom, I'm sorry. I have no way out."

His mother pressed him to explain what he meant, but Chris didn't answer, and after a while Mrs. Boyce all but forgot the incident.

• •

The CIA man had a proposition for Chris.

Ray Slack, who supervised the movement of classified information for the agency on the West Coast, said the CIA needed an experienced security specialist to work at a classified facility eighty miles from Las Vegas. Slack said he was impressed by Chris's performance at TRW and suggested he consider working directly for the agency in a career assignment. The CIA was a good place to work, he added, and there might be bigger and better things in the future. Chris said he would consider it.

"I think I'll take it," he told Gene Norman afterward, adding that it meant a good pay increase.

But several days later he told a surprised Norman he'd thought it over and had decided to reject the offer.

"It's too far from everything," he said, and the work schedule was rugged—round-the-clock shifts for three or four days before any time off. Besides, he added, "It's too far from any women."

What Chris did not say was that he thought he was falling in love.

He had seen Alana MacDonald for the first time on a Friday night in November at the pool hall and bar. Sitting with three girlfriends, she was in the shadows just beyond the glare of the lights that bathed the pool tables—a blond five-foot-two teenybopper, Chris decided. Even in the shadows, her tan complexion surrounded by her blond curls seemed perfect, if vaguely defiant. But definitely underage, Chris decided. She was trying to look like a sophisticated twenty-one-year-old but could have passed for fifteen.

"I.D., please," Chris had said to the four girls.

"You poor thing," Alana said with a smile that dismissed the young bartender. "Run along and get me . . . let me see . . . a Bud will be fine."

"I.D. or out," Chris ordered.

"I'm not leaving," she retorted, then pulled a wallet out of her purse and handed Chris a driver's license that certified she was twenty-three. It belonged to her sister.

"Twenty-three. *Sure,*" Chris said.

"Twenty-four in two months," she said tartly.

The other girls also had I.D.'s that Chris decided were either forged or borrowed. But as far as he was concerned, it didn't matter; they had established that they met California's minimum drinking age of twenty-one, and he was protected if any state investigators came calling, as they did often enough.

"Make that four Buds, bartender," the blonde demanded. Smiling, she pulled a cue stick from a rack on the wall to enforce the order. She would be giving orders to Chris for the next two years. Alana stayed late that night at the bar with her friends, and about midnight, Chris asked for her telephone number. They went out the next weekend and almost every weekend after that.

Lana, as he began to call her, was a Christian Scientist. She went to Bible-reading class promptly at ten o'clock every Sunday morning and firmly believed that faith, not doctors, cured illnesses and injuries. For the fallen Catholic, who had grown up under the long shadow of Rome, her faith was sometimes spooky. One day he noticed small warts on her left hand and suggested that she go to a dermatologist to have them removed. She scolded him for heresy, and several days later the warts were gone, prompting Chris to say it was voodoo. Who ever heard of praying for the demise of a wart? he asked himself. When he wanted to get under Lana's skin, Chris fell on the floor and writhed in pain and pleaded for a doctor. But she learned after a while to pointedly ignore his performance, and he stopped.

Lana was a bicycle nut who loved to pedal all the way from Palos Verdes to Santa Monica and back, an excursion of twenty miles or so that left Chris with aching thighs for a week but left Lana making plans for even longer trips. And she was a Stevie Wonder nut who would dance to his records around Chris's house, clapping her hands and snapping her fingers as if she were one big wiggle. Lana was embarrassed by dirty stories, but at the beach she wore a bikini that would fit in a pocket. There wasn't an ounce of fat on her, and she nagged

Chris about his mania for junk food and a double chin she perceived to be developing above his thin neck.

Lana loved to cook, and she loved babies—human or otherwise. Everything was *her* baby: she had two miniature mutts that could almost fit in the palm of her hand—they were her babies; her car—an old Rambler—and her dozens of house plants were her babies; and when they went fishing and she hooked a big slimy bass and finally got it into the boat, she said, "*Poor baby.*"

Chris was usually addressed as "You stupid," or something similar. "You stupid," she'd demand, "why aren't your dishes done?" "You stupid, why don't you do your laundry?" For Chris, domestic responsibilities were only minor considerations. "She threw superlative tantrums," he recalled later, "and I was always trying to unwrap myself from around her little finger. Sometimes I would take her for granted and there would be hell to pay."

Chris tried not to become too attached to Lana in those early months. But that didn't fit into the plans for her baby. She had just turned eighteen when they met; but as Chris would say, "The little monkey was twice as together as I was; she was the practical one and I was the dreamer."

Chris introduced Lana to the wilderness and falconry, and together they explored as much of the West as they could reach on the weekends he could get away from work and she could spare from her studies at junior college. They rode down the Colorado River on a raft, hiked into the backwoods to spot falcons, cooked dinner over campfires in the desert and began blending their lives.

The fact that Lana was a Christian Scientist vaguely troubled Chris's mother, but she noticed that Lana had an electric personality that complemented Chris's introspective moodiness and that she was well liked by Chris's sisters—so well that it seemed she had become another member of the family. After a while, Chris's parents said they could see marriage on the horizon.

• •

A few days after Daulton's second visit with the Russians, Chris signed out for a week's vacation. He filled out a form at TRW noting that he planned to travel outside the country. It was an official formality, required even though he was going only sixty-five miles across the Mexican border, on a camping trip with Lana and a couple with whom they had occasionally double-dated: Hank Lyle, a fellow falconer and friend from high school who now worked as an airline ticket sales agent, and his girlfriend, Sandy Jones, who was a friend of Lana's. Their destination was Estero Beach, a wide expanse of sand that stretched into the Pacific from beneath a brow of rocky cliffs near the Mexican town of Ensenada. As they headed south, Chris remembered the first time he had made a trip with Hank.

It had been a treasure hunt and had even begun with a treasure map: A few days after their graduation from Rolling Hills High, they had set out for Texas in the Lyle family's station wagon and, behind it, a trailer crammed with empty cartons labeled BEKINS VAN AND STORAGE COMPANY. Chris had informed his father that he and Hank were going to Colorado to pick up some free furniture promised by a friend.

The truth was that Chris and Hank had left on a peyote expedition. A friend of Hank's who wasn't interested in the information himself had met an old man, a family friend, who had said he knew a place in Texas where wild peyote cactuses grew as thick as wheat on the plains of Kansas and had given him a map showing him the way. Peyote is nature's LSD—a plant that produces buttons containing a natural hallucinogenic drug like lysergic acid. Only Indians who used the drug for religious reasons were permitted legally to grow or harvest it. Although the only drug Chris used at this stage of his life was marijuana, the idea of finding a treasure of peyote that could be sold for a profit excited him; besides, what better way was there to celebrate graduation?

After a two-day drive, the two friends followed the old man's map south through Texas to a desolate patch of desert within sight of the Mexican border river, the Rio Grande. And just as the old man had said, the peyote was there—acres and acres of it, growing wild in the desert!

They harvested the stuff for four days—four days in which the afternoon temperatures climbed to over 100 degrees. Methodically, but not pushing themselves, they cut down the plants, broke off the buttons and filled the Bekins boxes with their treasure; for appearances, they had marked each box with a word or two, such as DISHES, TOOLS and LINENS. And on one, DAULTON'S TOYS. One afternoon while Chris was running back to the station wagon with a load, he heard a sound something like a machine gun off to one side of him. He looked down and saw a rattlesnake uncoil and lunge. It missed him, but he felt it bite on the gunnysack of peyote flung over his back, and he then saw it fall away.

• •

On the fifth day, when Hank had gone back with a load to the station wagon, Chris looked up and saw a cloud of dust rising on the horizon against a low backdrop of cactus, and the cloud seemed to be moving toward him. He squinted and soon realized that it was a U.S. Border Patrol jeep. Somebody had seen him and probably figured that he was a Mexican illegal alien who had swum the Rio Grande. That somebody was in a hurry to catch him.

The only clothes Chris had on were boots and Levi's—no shirt, no underwear. In that heat, that was all he had wanted. When he saw the speeding jeep and looked down at the peyote cactuses all around him, Chris began running. Hank was nowhere to be seen. Chris sprinted as fast as he could in the direction of a rolling formation of ravines more than a mile away. The ravines, he knew, would slow the jeep.

He reached the first gully just one hundred yards ahead of the jeep, which was trailing behind it a rooster tail of dust, and kept on running. He thought he was safe. But somehow, the jeep found a way into the ravine and was closing the gap fast. It was close enough for Chris to see two men in the jeep, and to decide he must do something fast or get caught. At the top of the next ravine he threw himself to one side, into the trough of the wide rut, hoping they would pass him by. He lunged into the air and unfortunately flopped onto a cactus. Bleeding, he lay on the ground and poked his head to one side of the needles and saw the jeep approach and speed past him; if the Border Patrol agents had looked down, they would have seen a bloodied, grinning fugitive.

After a couple of minutes, the Border Patrolmen realized they had passed their quarry and turned back. But by then it was too late. Chris had run in the opposite direction down the trough of a gulley out of the sight of his pursuers. The last thing Chris heard was a shouted voice somewhere in the distance: "He must be over there!"

• •

Chris and Hank had agreed beforehand that if their idyll in the peyote field was interrupted by any lawmen, it would be each man for himself. Figuring that Hank had seen the Border Patrolmen and was headed for home in a hurry, Chris, without a shirt or money, began his way back to The Hill. He would later say that the six days in which he found his way home had been one of the richest periods of his life. In a way, it was a rite of coming of age. He eventually found his way out of the field and located a highway and hitched a ride with a truck driver. He was a Cajun from Louisiana with such a thick accent Chris couldn't determine what he was saying most of the time. But he took Chris to the border town of Laredo and was sufficiently taken with him to give him one of his own shirts. In Laredo a gray-haired Mexican driving a huge, gasping old truck that could barely reach a top speed of thirty miles an hour picked him up, gave him a few dollars and took him to San Antonio. And in San Antonio Chris got a ride with a tourist who took him all the way back to Southern California, where, to his surprise, he beat Lyle home. His companion had figured that Chris had gotten lost in the desert and had hunted for him for five days before giving him up for dead, a victim of the desert sun. He had phoned home with a report of Chris's disappearance, and his parents had told the Boyces.

Chris's parents had filed a missing-person report with the police, but had also concluded that he was dead. When he walked in the door of his home in Palos Verdes, however, he did not receive the kind of reception one might expect from someone who was returning from the dead. His father somehow knew *everything*. Chris never figured out how he had done it, but his father, who had done some investigating after the report from Lyle, knew all about the map, the peyote and the secret mission to find it. Charles Boyce was more furious than Chris had ever seen him before, and he gave Chris an order: he was going to join the Marines.

Chris, in no position to argue, accepted the order in silence. But after a few days, his father's ire had cooled, and Chris told his mother that he didn't want to be a Marine. She interceded, as he had expected, with his father, and his parents agreed that perhaps it would be better if he went to college that fall. But they assured him he would be on probation.

Chris never again saw all that peyote they had picked. Lyle had dumped it somewhere beside a road in Texas.

Now, in Mexico, Lyle and Chris laughed and reminisced about the trip as they sat around their campfire on the beach with Lana and Sandy Jones. They swam and fished and cooked their catch over the open fire; they slept in tents; and Chris forgot about the events he had set in motion.

When the vacation was over and the two couples were driving back home, Chris told Hank of a dream. He said that he wanted to drive his Volkswagen to Road's End in the Yukon Territory in Canada—the end of civilization—and then push ahead into the wilderness toward the North Pole. Chris had already modified the VW to handle the terrain. Indeed, it was a strange-looking machine: it was painted bright yellow; the hood had been removed and replaced with a squat, blunt-nosed front end with two bug-eye headlights; the factory fenders had been removed and replaced with tiny glass-fiber brows; and there were plump, oversized tires, special lights and heavy-duty springs all designed for off-road use.

When he finally reached the north country, Chris told Hank, he would spend months studying the Arctic falcon—a giant species as regal as the peregrine—before it became extinct.

Beyond that, Chris said he was still undecided about what he wanted to do with his life; probably he would return to college, go to law school and maybe join the FBI like his father.

17

ON MAY 18, 1975, Daulton arrived in Mexico City for his third meeting with the Russians.

At the previous meeting, Okana had instructed Daulton to rendezvous with him on the eighteenth at 6 P.M. near the Polyforum on Avenida Insurgentes Sur. Daulton knew the location well. It was one of Mexico City's major artistic landmarks. The Polyforum had been executed by the Mexican muralist David Alfaro Siqueiros as "an atheistic temple—not to adore God but to adore man." A fusion of blazing color and sculpture, it was a vast amphitheater of art with a three-dimensional mural that depicted Siqueiros' concept of "The March of Humanity," and a rotating turntable on which hundreds of people at once could view the circular work of art.

Shoppers, store clerks, tourists from the hinterlands and well-dressed businessmen left little room on the sidewalk for the short man from California as he approached the structure. But Daulton managed to thread his way through the early-evening crowds and find a fence to lean against which Siqueiros himself had designed. He studied the crowds for Okana but saw only a collage of Mexicans in a hurry. Suddenly, amid the brown faces, a familiar black suit caught his eye, and Daulton looked up from the pumping hips and shoulders and saw the athletic figure of Okana striding toward him.

The Russian greeted his new spy warmly and they exchanged the passwords. They shook hands and blended quickly into the throngs of shoppers and tourists that seemed omnipresent in Mexico City, regardless of the season. The short American wearing brown slacks and a light-brown jacket and the Russian in his dark suit continued their walk along Insurgentes. They looked around them, studying the crowds as they walked. Okana again brought up his interest in knowing the identity of his friend, and, for a reason that Daulton never fathomed, he asked casually if his friend was black. Daulton repeated that he could say only that his friend held an important position with an American firm that produced spy satellites. But he wasn't black, he assured him. His friend, he repeated, believed in socialism and wanted to help the Soviet Union; this was only the beginning; many more secrets would be forthcoming, he promised tantalizingly.

Daulton slipped him ten KW-7 cipher cards, and Okana looked pleased. After they had walked a few more blocks, Okana pointed out a restaurant they had just passed and said he would meet Daulton there at eight o'clock that night. Quickly, Okana flagged down a taxi and was gone with the cards that Daulton had delivered.

Promptly at eight, Okana arrived at the Villa Nova Restaurant and found Daulton waiting for him. Okana requested a table against a far wall and seated himself so that he could watch the entrance. There was something about Okana's nervousness—maybe it was the bobbing eyebrows again—that Daulton found humorous; it reminded him of himself as he kept an eye out for narcs.

Apparently, the Russians had examined the cipher cards since their earlier meeting.

Okana said that he and his associates were pleased with the delivery; a few moments after they sat down, he gave Daulton an envelope. Daulton felt it, but couldn't resist looking inside; there was a deck of $100 bills, but he couldn't tell how many.

"To peace," Okana said, and they both raised their glasses.

Okana stressed that his country had great admiration for Daulton's friend who was doing such a service for the cause of peace.

After they ordered dinner, Okana removed a piece of paper from the inside pocket of his suit coat and began to read a list of questions in English that he said he would like Daulton's friend to answer. The questions were pointed and specific: Exactly what kind of facility does the friend work in? Who are his superiors? What kind of encryption machines are employed, the model and serial numbers? On what radio frequencies and band width are the messages broadcast? Exactly what satellites are manufactured at the plant where the friend works? What are their functions and orbital parameters? The list went on. . . .

Okana seemed to be playing a game with him. When he mentioned Daulton's friend, there was a spark in his eye that seemed to be saying, There isn't *really* a friend, is there? *You* work in the defense plant, don't you? Though the Soviet agent never said he believed that Daulton and his friend were one and the same, Daulton was sure that Okana believed it anyway. Daulton painstakingly copied the list of questions on a sheet of blank paper given him by the Russian, and then the conversation turned to talk of war and peace, and Okana said he was certain that in Daulton's lifetime, the Soviets would rule America.

Okana said they needed a method for Daulton to alert the Soviet delegation at the embassy when he was in Mexico City and wanted to arrange a meeting.

The KGB agent removed a spool of white surgical adhesive tape from a pocket and handed it to Daulton. He said he should use it to make a mark on the first Tuesday of the month to signal his arrival; the marks were to be made in the shape of an "X" on lampposts near certain intersections in Mexico City that would be monitored by the Russians. If the utility poles were marked with the tape, the Russians would expect a meeting the following day.

The X's, he explained, were to be taped exactly one meter above the ground at one of six locations that Okana pointed out on a map of the city. There was a site near the Polyforum at Dakota and Insurgentes, another at Insurgentes and Concepción, another at Dakota and Filadelfia, and so forth. To guide him to the spots, Okana presented him with pictures of each intersection that looked like color postcards which tourists in Mexico City would send home to family and friends.

If the Russians observed a mark at one of the intersections, they would expect Daulton at 6 P.M. the following evening at a location that would be predetermined and changed from time to time. Neither party was to wait more than fifteen minutes if the other didn't appear. If either party missed a meeting, there would be a backup rendezvous at ten the following morning. He told Daulton *never* to go to the embassy unannounced.

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The cipher cards that Daulton sold on May 18 had been given to him by Chris several days earlier, after Daulton had made a quick round-trip flight from Mexico. Chris had wanted to know every detail of what had occurred during the first two meetings.

"I don't believe it," Chris said. "I didn't think you'd pull it off."

"They really want the stuff; they're crazy for it," Daulton said. Daulton said he had received $3,000 for the delivery, and he split it evenly with Chris, although Chris traded in part of his share for some cocaine. Daulton then flew back to Mexico.

18

DURING HIS INITIAL BRIEFINGS, Chris had been told that beneath the bulbous white dome atop M-4 was the High Bay Area, a place where TRW conducted some of the final checkout tests on new satellites and stored them until they were shipped to Cape Canaveral, in Florida, or Vandenberg Air Force Base, up the California coast. These were the two American bases from which spy satellites were launched into space.

As a new employee assigned to Special Projects, he had been taken on a tour of the High Bay Area and had seen several launch-ready satellites and mock-ups of the espionage spacecraft. But he had not been much impressed. They looked like lumpy, shiny boxes perhaps half the size of a railroad boxcar. However, he was told that when they were up in space the satellites looked much different from these bland objects; they had to be packed into tight boxes like this so that they could fit in the narrow nose of a launch booster during their ascent; in space, they opened like an accordion.

Chris wanted to see what a Rhyolite payload looked like when it was unfurled in space, and he had been told he could do so once or twice a year when a standby satellite that was kept in reserve was opened and examined so that engineers could be certain it was ready—no one ever knew when another bird would be needed. Launch frequency depended on how long existing satellites already in space survived the searing heat of the sun's rays, the pounding of micrometeorites and other hazards. One TRW payload already in orbit was supposed to have a life of two years, Chris was told, but it had been working for almost four years, causing jokes around M-4 that the company had made it *too* reliable. After all, the company wanted to sell another one to the CIA.

The High Bay Area was jokingly referred to as "Sherwood's Forest" when the satellite was opened, and Chris learned why. What he had thought was an unimposing box had been opened into a massive creature—a concave dish that measured at least seventy feet across. It was the main antenna of the satellite, and it was backed and supported by a framework grid that reminded Chris of the back of steel bleachers at a high school football field.

The High Bay Area was an enormous vertical cavern topped by the igloo covering. The satellite glistened eerily in the glow of floodlights and bristled with strange appendages: there were large panels of steel-blue solar cells reaching out from the main structure, reflecting the lights as if they were a constellation of tiny stars, and there were several lesser antennae and other gadgets whose function was a mystery to Chris.

Chris studied the machine, one spy looking at another, and then walked away—thinking again of the similarities between the bizarre machine and the eyes and ears of his falcons.

• •

Chris had long since decided that there was a wide gap between reality and the government-mandated "tight security" regarding the satellites so zealously preached in the security briefings. "Security at TRW is a joke," he told Daulton. Supposedly, Special Project employees cleared for a particular system were allowed to discuss their project only with other people specifically cleared for the same project. But he discovered that not everyone followed the stricture. One day, for example, an acquaintance told Chris about a secret project at M-4 to build a new satellite that would be used to shoot down other satellites with a superhigh-energy laser beam.

It was a weapon out of science fiction, evoking images of robot surrogates of man battling each other with light beams in the dark and cold vacuum of space tens of thousands of miles from Earth. The project was so secret that the Air Force had set up a special communications vault at TRW to handle traffic for this project exclusively; lie-detector tests had been required of all the Air Force officers assigned to it. Although Chris didn't know it at the time, it was one of the highest-priority satellite programs in the country—nor did he know that Soviet engineers were simultaneously developing the same kind of system.

While looking over traffic from Pilot one day, Chris discovered an item that made him smile: A TRW employee on this project had stolen components for the laser gun and taken them home. It seemed that he was planning to go into business for himself to manufacture the lasers at his own company. He had been caught, the laser components were returned from his garage and he was fired. But Chris laughed out loud at the angry protest from Pilot about TRW's failure to prevent parts for the secret project from being carted out of the plant.

• •

Chris was drinking more now than ever before in his life, and much of his drinking was done in the Black Vault. Drinking was a routine fact of life there, and as the frequency of parties behind its steel door increased, the handful of people allowed inside found ever more ingenious ways to smuggle booze to the TRW inner sanctum. Sometimes they used the courier pouches set aside for carrying Central Intelligence Agency and National Security Agency documents; sometimes they used the case for a large camera that was used to make pictures for Project security badges. When the CIA hired a new clerk—a stunning if not very bright blonde—she was invited in for a drink on her first day on the job. She hadn't had much experience with alcohol, and after several vodka-and-orange juices she was so drunk that she couldn't walk out of the vault without leaning on Laurie Vicker.

It was not an auspicious beginning, but she managed to hold on to her job, and it was not long before she had moved in with an engineer who worked on one of the black projects. Once, the couple threw a party for Special Projects people that lasted two days and was considered a total success—except for the complaints of neighbors who protested about the sexual couplings that took place on the front lawn of the couple's home.

Drinking and security violations weren't the only goings-on that bemused Chris about the gap between his security briefings and reality. He got to know an employee named Huey who showed porno movies in the plant at lunchtime; another who worked in the High Bay Area and sold bets on baseball games; and another who took bets on the horse races over the secure telephone lines in the TRW War Room.

Meanwhile, Laurie Vicker announced that she was getting married soon. But that didn't stop her from continuing her attempted seduction of Chris, which he continued to resist. Gene Norman had found a sideline job—selling Amway household cleaners and other products out of the Black Vault by telephone and to TRW employees. He encouraged Chris to join him to make some extra money, and between handling secret messages, Chris also sold Amway merchandise.

Chris was also getting to know better the CIA residents at the plant and some of the agency's employees who worked in the West Coast Office. With few exceptions, he was frightened of them. "When they talked about nuclear war," he would recall years later, "they didn't think in terms of *if* there will be a war, but *when* there will be a war." Their casualness about a nuclear holocaust horrified him. For the most part, he thought the CIA spooks were cold, self-righteous, right-on Americans.

A lot of the CIA men, Chris thought, reminded him of his father.

19

DAULTON OFFICIALLY BECAME a fugitive on May 27, 1975, when Judge Donahue, after giving him a second chance to appear in court and explain his refusal to cooperate with probation officers, issued a bench warrant for his arrest. Daulton got the news from his family by telephone in Mazatlán.

He had expected it and wasn't troubled, because as he lay on the sand Daulton could compliment himself on having pulled off his smartest business deal ever: the Russians were now bankrolling his drug business.

Following the May 18 meeting with Okana, he began what was to become a routine trading circuit: the Russians gave him money for documents from the Black Vault, and he invested his share of the proceeds (and eventually, more than his share), in Culiacán or Mazatlán, in marijuana or heroin. If it was done right, Daulton knew, $10,000 from the Russians might be turned into $50,000 or more in Los Angeles.

The capitalistic symmetry of the transactions delighted Daulton, and he was convinced from his first visits with the Russians that they would buy anything as long as the flow of goods from the vault continued. There was one problem with the arrangement, however. He was growing tired of life on the run in Mexico. He was beginning to grow tired of the spicy Mexican food and the unpurified Mexican water that was hard on his stomach; he was tired of the ubiquitous mariachi bands and was homesick for people who spoke English.

Returning to Palos Verdes and the beach towns near the Peninsula was out for now because of the warrant for his arrest. But he decided he would be safe in Santa Cruz, the seaside university town in Northern California where one of his sisters lived.

He arrived in Santa Cruz in early June after a flight via Los Angeles and San Jose under the name of Theodore Philip Lovelance—one of several alter egos Daulton had adopted using counterfeit identification papers arranged for by friends in the narcotics underworld. Two days after moving in with his sister, he applied for a driver's license at the California Department of Motor Vehicles branch office in Santa Cruz under the name of Lovelance. On the line of the application where he was to list his height, Daulton, who had never been taller than five feet two, attested that he was five feet five inches tall. Perhaps it was a mistake made in haste; perhaps he had a document from the real Lovelance noting that as his height; or perhaps it was the fantasy of a man creating an alter ego that in his mind was more appealing than his own. Whatever, the DMV clerk did not notice the discrepancy, and he got the license; it was only later that the lie about his height precipitated a crisis.

Daulton had become Theodore Philip Lovelance by paying $200 to the girlfriend of a young hippie who, like Robin, had died in a fire; for the $200 he got the boyfriend's birth certificate and all the other documents that had certified the existence of Theodore Philip Lovelance. It was a trick he learned while reading *The Paper Trip*. Lovelance was the complete alias; Daulton even wore a high school graduation ring with the dead man's name engraved in it.

• •

After three weeks in Santa Cruz, Daulton flew to Los Angeles and arranged by telephone to meet Chris after dark in an alley in Hermosa Beach. He said he was expected in Mexico City in a few days and wanted something to deliver. Chris promised to give him something, and two nights later they met in the same alley and Chris handed him about twenty sheets of 8½-by-11-inch paper with typing on them. Daulton noted the word "Rhyolite" on one sheet.

• •

On the first Tuesday in July, Daulton arrived in Mexico City and placed several X's on lampposts along Avenida Insurgentes Sur. At six o'clock the following evening he found Okana waiting for him at the Polyforum. Although they instantly recognized each other, Okana wanted to play by the rules (he enjoys it, Daulton thought) and asked, "Do you know the restaurant in San Francisco?"

"No, but I know the restaurant in Los Angeles," Daulton said.

They walked the same route they had taken during the last meeting. Before long a dark limousine of a make Daulton didn't recognize squeezed out of the six lanes of traffic on Insurgentes and stopped at the curb to pick them up. The driver was a huge man in a black suit who, even from the back seat, reminded Daulton of a large, hairy bear.

"Speak English," Okana whispered to Daulton after he had started to say something in his broken Spanish.

After Daulton and Okana climbed into the back seat, however, the driver didn't seem to be particularly interested in listening. He shoved the car into low gear and accelerated it as if he were in a road race. Daulton soon realized that he wasn't driving the limousine like a race car because he wanted to get somewhere in a hurry: he was trying to make sure they weren't being tailed. The black car careened around corners with a squeal of tires, went a block or two, then turned again and repeated the maneuver. They weaved in and out of traffic for twenty minutes, and as they did Okana constantly checked the rear window. Finally, the car began to slow at a park several miles from the center of town.

As the limousine stopped, a European man emerged from the shadow of a tree. Daulton vaguely recognized him and decided he might have seen him on that first day in the embassy. The man got into the back seat with Daulton and Okana and offered his handshake with a smile, saying that he was delighted to meet "Comrade Lee."

The man was introduced to Daulton as "The Colonel." He didn't know it at the time, but he was meeting a general. Mikhail Vasilyevich Muzankov was listed on the roster of the Soviet mission as a consular official. But in fact, he was a general in the Red Army and the senior official of the KGB in charge of terrorism in the Western Hemisphere.

Muzankov was about fifty, a tall and beefy man with blue eyes and a craggy complexion that made Daulton think of a seafarer. He had two features that especially etched themselves in Daulton's memory. One was his iron-gray hair. The color of stainless steel, it was lush and cropped like an expensive bristle brush. The other was his front teeth. They were stained yellow and brown by nicotine, and the two most prominent ones were made of steel. When The Colonel smiled, the only thing Daulton could see was a mouthful of glittering metal.

Later that evening, Daulton was introduced to the driver, a dour man named Karpov. In future months Daulton would come to realize that Karpov was not what he appeared to be—an attentive servant—but an officer in the KGB. But he didn't know that yet, and he wondered at the size of the man. In his black uniform, Karpov towered over the woodworker from California by more than a foot, an enormous trunk next to a stump; his eyes reminded Daulton of coal, and his hands were massive paws with thick, puffy fingers.

Okana explained that The Colonel would also be dealing with Daulton from now on, and Daulton wondered if there was a changing-of-the-guard under way; was he being handed off from one case officer to another? Daulton studied the man and was impressed by his air of self-assuredness and the reaction of the other Russians to him. There was a palpable deference to him, and he seemed more polished than the other KGB agents. Years later Daulton would try to remember the first impression that Muzankov made on him and he would pick a simile from the world he knew best: "It was like the difference between a dealer who was used to dealing in ounces compared with one who won't handle anything smaller than kilos. He was up there at the top."

Karpov dropped the three of them at another park, and they sat shoulder to shoulder on a bench with Daulton in the middle, watching a man selling balloons walk by, his merchandise a geyser of colors above his head.

Daulton handed the Russians the material Chris had given him.

There were more cipher cards and copies of several TWX messages between Pilot, Pedal and Moreno—the code name for the base at Alice Springs.

After inspecting the documents briefly, Steely Teeth gave them to Karpov, who had reappeared after parking the embassy car. Daulton had tried to make conversation with him in English, but the chauffeur shook his head.

With Karpov now in possession of the documents, Steely Teeth suggested that he, Daulton and Okana adjourn to a nearby restaurant for drinks, dinner and a celebration. The Russians were all smiles.

Karpov appeared at the restaurant just as coffee was being served. He said something in Russian to Steely Teeth, who told Daulton they would like to have more time to examine the documents. Would it be possible for him to see them again the next day?

At ten the following morning, Daulton was waiting at a bus stop near the Old City at a spot where he had been told to expect Karpov. The chauffeur was prompt and took Daulton on another high-speed trip through the narrow streets of the Old City, circumnavigating the Zócalo, Mexico City's huge central square, and then plunging into alleys and seemingly getting lost in the byways of the city until the car arrived at the embassy with Daulton flattened on the back seat to avoid being seen.

He was led into a room deep inside the embassy and greeted by Steely Teeth.

Caviar and bottles of vodka were waiting on a table next to a tape recorder. Okana wasn't there, but Karpov sat in a corner quietly watching Daulton. Under interrogation by The Colonel, Daulton told what he knew about the satellite operations. Again, he refused to identify his source. But he did his best to raise the Russians' expectations of what he would deliver in the future.

"I'm sure I can get what you want next month," Daulton said, and this seemed to please the KGB men.

Steely Teeth said the operation was going well, but that additional information was required pertaining to the TRW satellites. Daulton sensed that someone, outside the circle of Russians he had met, was being consulted each time Karpov or The Colonel left the room and came back with new inquiries. He suspected they might have brought a technical specialist from outside Mexico City.

Steely Teeth said they wanted as much technical data about the satellites as Daulton's friend could obtain, but particularly they wanted details of the infrared sensing instruments employed on TRW satellites. He also asked for copies of instruction manuals for the use of components of the satellites, the tables-of-contents of official publications dealing with the space vehicles, names of the people who worked with his friend, pictures of the place where the friend worked and photographs of the satellites. Still more data were needed, the Soviet agent continued, about the methods of transmission—especially the frequency and band widths—used in the system that employed the ciphers.

Daulton slowly took notes on the questions and said optimistically he thought he could get what was wanted. After a while, Karpov came into the room and handed Daulton an envelope containing scores of $100 bills.

Before Karpov took him back, Steely Teeth advised Daulton he was foolish to bring the documents physically to Mexico City; instead, he should photograph them and return them quickly to where his friend had found them. This would reduce the risk, he said.

They said good-bye and agreed tentatively to another meeting the following month.

• •

Daulton had told his brother, David, that he was embarking on a scam to sell something to the Russians even before his first connection with the Soviets, and he had said that when it was over he would be wealthy.

More than anyone else, Dave knew that Daulton liked to spin tales that cloaked him in importance. He had long observed at close hand the demons that haunted Daulton because of his size and looks, the humiliation that girls bestowed on him and his failure to please his father. Even when Daulton came home boasting that he now knew the Russians would "buy anything," Dave was skeptical. But as Daulton made more trips to Mexico and returned home with envelopes stuffed with brand-new American currency, Dave began to suspect that there might be some truth to Daulton's crazy claim that he and Chris were pulling off a scam involving the Soviet Union.

Several months after Daulton started his periodic trips to Mexico City, Dave joined a group of Palos Verdes high school students on a tour of Eastern Europe.

The tour proceeded normally until the delegation reached Kiev, the ancient city in the Ukraine. After David unaccountably became ill with a high fever and nausea, he blamed the attack on too much beer and sausage when the group had visited Poland. But a Russian doctor who was summoned to his hotel said he had a serious viral infection and he'd have to be hospitalized while the group continued without him.

At a Kiev hospital, David had a visit from the group's English-speaking guide, Ira Mironenko, who worked for Intourist, the Soviet tourist agency. He had noticed her during the tour and thought once or twice that she was trying to catch his eye. She had seemed to go out of her way to choose a seat next to him in the opera and had purposely rubbed against him as they left. David had been flattered by the attention and interested in the possibilities.

When the girl arrived at his bedside he was even more encouraged. Ira visited him three times, staying several hours each time and asking to know all about America. She seemed particularly interested in Dave's family, and when he said he had a brother she inquired at length about him.

David felt he had made a conquest. They agreed to exchange letters; but after he was back in the United States, he wrote to Ira and she did not reply. He would never know why she had asked so many questions, or whether her interest was in him or in Daulton.

20

THE FIRST THING men noticed about Carole Benedict was her figure. She had blond hair the color of straw and blue eyes, but her hair and face were usually overlooked during the first glance. For as long as she could remember, whether she was rushing to class through the corridors at Rolling Hills High or stretched out on a blanket on the sand at Redondo Beach, Carole had seen men and boys, out of the corner of her eye, studying the lines and motion of her breasts. (Some of the football players who pursued her in high school calculated that she taped out at thirty-eight inches before the end of her junior year.)

By the time Daulton met her in 1973, there was already the hint of tarnish on the looks of a girl whose shape, straw-colored hair and beauty were of the stuff which the myth of the California Girl (the girls of California were *all* supposed to look like that) relied on for perpetuation.

Carole was the daughter of a lawyer who lived in the most exclusive part of the status-conscious Peninsula, the rural enclave of Rolling Hills. It was the kind of place that real estate ads referred to as "horse country." It was isolated from the rest of The Hill by fences and guards at gates who made sure that only residents and their authorized guests entered the three-square-mile community-within-a-community of wooded high ground and $400,000-and-up homes. To live in Rolling Hills was to live "behind the gates." In a world where some people chose their Mercedes-Benzes or Jaguars as much to communicate to neighbors their continuing upward economic climb in life as they did for transportation, living "behind the gates" represented the Peninsula's supreme validation of having risen very high indeed.

Carole Benedict had everything material that she wanted. But for years, her family had been ruptured by bitter combat between her mother and father. It was a turbulent union that would eventually dissolve in divorce, and Carole gravitated from her troubled home to Barclay Granger.

If Carole epitomized Madison Avenue's fantasy of the California Girl, Granger's tanned, rugged beachcomber looks were a perfect complement. Barclay never looked better than when he was on a surfboard, his long brown hair streaming in the wind like the trailing scarf of an aviator, his knees slightly bent and arms outstretched, gliding beneath the curl of a six-footer while the gremmies—the girls who followed the surfers—watched in awe from shore.

As a high school student he haunted the beaches up and down the California coast, pursuing the best waves and dreaming of someday riding the biggest waves of all at Sunset Beach in Hawaii. Girls were never a problem for Barclay; they hovered around him like kids surrounding an ice cream vendor on a hot day at the beach. His life was nonstop surfing, sex, drinking and drugs. And even though some of his friends died of overdoses, Barclay merely regarded this as "part of the territory."

When his friends at Palos Verdes High scattered after graduation to enter college or go to war, to begin careers or marry, Barclay clung to his waves. His father—a business executive who was divorced from his mother—like Daulton's father tried to interest his son in college. Barclay tried a semester at Harbor College but didn't survive even its relaxed academic standards. The only thing he wanted to do was surf. For a while, he found a compromise between work and play—a job at a shop that shaped long planks of lightweight foam plastic into surfboards; but he didn't like the *work* part of this compromise.

Carole's parents didn't approve of Barclay, who was more than three years older than she was. But they were distracted by the final throes of the dissolution of their marriage, and Carole was edged into a side room of their lives. A few weeks before her seventeenth birthday, Carole moved in with Granger, who tried to support both of them on the sporadic earnings he made shaping surfboards. But that didn't bring in enough money, so Carole got a part-time job selling women's clothing in a dress shop.

Like Daulton, Barclay resisted the discipline of a regular job. And as with Daulton, the easy money of drug dealing seemed exactly what he was looking for.

He managed to find a reliable supply before Daulton did, and for a while Daulton had acted as a subcontractor to him, selling marijuana, for which he got a cut of the profit. Later, Daulton found his own source and they teamed as partners; they diversified into cocaine and, eventually, heroin until some weeks they were grossing more than $3,000. Their timing was lucky: just when many customers on The Hill had become bored with pot, they had found a source of coke, and then heroin. Coke was a more expensive high than pot—$20 or more a pop compared with $2—but they found plenty of buyers who could afford it.

Daulton saw a lot of Carole and Barclay during the spring and summer of 1975. During his quick trips from Mexico or from Santa Cruz for a deal, he often stayed at their apartment, making his deals over the telephone, keeping the windows shaded and the doors locked.

After the arrest warrant was issued, Carole thought she noticed a change in Daulton. He still boasted of the big deals he was going to pull off, and still entertained lavishly at his cost-be-damned parties that had become a legend on The Hill. But, as she would recall, "He wouldn't relax: he was nervous all the time and always complaining of trouble with his stomach."

Meanwhile, stresses had begun to appear in the fragile relationship that Carole and Barclay had built for themselves in the small Redondo Beach apartment. Now that she had a steady job, she suggested that Barclay give up pushing drugs, get a real job and then marry her.

Carole believed she was still in love with Barclay, but their apartment was often a battleground, not only over his drug dealing and her fears that he would have to go to jail, but over her suspicions that he was seeing other girls. They were suspicions, unfortunately for Carole, that were justified.

Daulton had fancied the well-built girl, who was four inches taller than he was, for several years, and he was not unaware of the troubles she was having with Barclay. He placed a call to her from Mexico and suggested that she and Barclay come down for a holiday—or, he added, if she wanted to come alone, that would be fine too. Daulton said he needed a mule to carry money—someone to carry cash across the border. The most he could bring over the border, he explained, was $5,000; any amount over that had to be declared to Customs officers. So all she had to do for a free holiday in Mexico was carry that amount for him—and there was nothing illegal about it.

In truth, Daulton had more in mind for Carole than carrying money.

Several times Carole had seen Daulton flashing stacks of $100 bills that he had explained casually he had obtained in Mexico. She'd wondered about the source of all this money but had decided he was probably just doing well in his drug business.

Barclay told Carole he couldn't go to Mexico now because he was scheduled to appear in court within a few days to answer charges on another drug bust. But, he said, she should go and have a good time without him.

Barclay was glad to see Carole off on the plane to Mexico. He had found another interest: her name was Darlene Cooper, and she was yet another teen-age refugee from Palos Verdes.

Darlene had been one of the original "groupies"—the teen-age girls who systematically pursued rock-music stars in the sixties like quarry in a fox hunt, sneaking into their hotels and trying to seduce them and, after succeeding, comparing their scores with one another like frontier bounty hunters. Darlene's family was well-to-do, and she had all the money she needed to finance expeditions to New York, Chicago, San Francisco and other cities on rock stars' concert tours. Darlene was a well-organized camp follower and, according to the gossip heard on The Hill, had one week boasted of bedding at least one member of every group listed on *Billboard* magazine's chart of the top five best-selling single records.

Darlene constantly wove fantasies about her future. Some of her friends had told her that she was tall enough and pretty enough to become a fashion model, especially when she bleached her hair and it came out a stunning blend of gold and ivory, and Darlene began to dream of going to New York City and becoming a model. But that wasn't her only dream. Darlene admired the rugged looks of Barclay Granger, and the day that Carole left to see Daulton in Mexico, Darlene went to bed with Barclay.

Carole's destination was Mazatlán, which had been an obscure fishing village on the Gulf of California in Mexico until the mid-sixties, when travel agents and tour operators, and then tourists, discovered its turquoise waters and beaches with sand like granules of snowy-white sugar. These days, jets were bringing *gringos* by the thousands every week, most of them from Southern California, on charter flights to Mazatlán, where a week under the sun (including hotels and air fare) cost just under $200. For Daulton, Mazatlán had attractions besides sun and sand. It was within driving distance of Culiacán. As the gang warfare there became more intense, and the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration began having success in deploying undercover agents to fight the drug trade, some of the Culiacán drug traffickers began using Mazatlán as a safer base of operations. Lost amid the hordes of tourists who jammed the high-rise hotels that had sprouted like sunflowers along the edge of the ocean, Daulton could conduct business as well as enjoy himself.

Carole landed at the Mazatlán airport and took a taxi eight miles north of the city to the Camino Real Hotel. As usual, Daulton had chosen to live in the most expensive hotel in town. Perched on a promontory overlooking the Pacific, the city's busy port and nervous tourists floating past beneath huge billowing yellow-and-red parasails towed through the air by speedboats and long tethers, the Camino Real was Mazatlán's newest hotel. Carole located him near the pool; he had a drink in his hand, and mentally she noted that Daulton might have been right—it *did* look like a good life.

Daulton, who was registered as Ted Lovelance, lived with Carole in the hotel for four days, and it was the start of a curious romance. For years Daulton had dreamed of getting the big-busted girl into bed—one friend joked he'd probably spent $5,000 at it—but despite uncounted gifts, expensive dinners and drugs, he hadn't succeeded. In Mazatlán, Daulton would believe that the tall, willowy, sexy girl was falling for him, and he later boasted in detail of their nights spent in bed at the Camino Real. Carole, in the blank, empty gaze that often characterized her, later said their relationship had been mostly platonic. But during the stormy final months of her affair with Barclay, and for a short time after that, she used Daulton to lean on.

On the night of Carole's arrival, they celebrated with margaritas and dinner at Señor Frog's, a noisy Mazatlán restaurant where seafood was served family style on long tables, while a tinny mariachi band strolled past and serenaded the diners. Afterward, they went for a swim in the hotel pool before going to bed. It was probably one of the happier episodes in Daulton's frequently tormented life.

They hired a car the next day and went sight-seeing like tourists along the spectacular curving shoreline near Mazatlán. They lunched on the jumbo shrimp for which Mazatlán is famous, then visited an arcade of shops that promoters had built to cater to the growing number of American tourists who visited the resort.

Carole admired a leather jacket in one shop, and Daulton immediately bought it. When she admired jewelry at another shop, he bought that for her too.

After they went swimming, with Carole wearing a bikini that caused one distracted American tourist to fall into the pool, Daulton returned to the arcade and spent $800 on an Oriental cloisonné vase and some pottery for Carole. During their shopping trips and at meals, she observed that the wad of cash in Daulton's wallet seemed inexhaustible; and later, she discovered why: whenever he ran out of cash, he merely picked out more from a suitcase in the room. Carole asked where the money came from, and Daulton boasted that he'd found a profitable new enterprise—selling stolen securities in Mexico.

The idyll over, Daulton bought an airline ticket to Los Angeles for Carole and kissed her good-bye.

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The reason Daulton had so much cash at Mazatlán was that three days before he met Carole at the Camino Real he had made another delivery in Mexico. Chris had supplied him with another batch of month-old key-list ciphers that were supposed to have already been destroyed and copies of TWX messages regarding Rhyolite.

Along with the documents, Daulton gave the Soviets a personal message from Chris. It was in code, about thirty numbers printed on a 3-by-5-inch file card. Chris had devised the code during a quiet moment in the vault. The code was based on the number seven. Starting backward, he took the letters of the alphabet and assigned each a number based on seven. Z, the last letter of the alphabet, was assigned 7; Y was 14; X, 21; W, 28, and so on. And then he reversed the digits. X became 12; W, 82; and so forth. At the end of his coded message was the telephone number of a pay phone in Hermosa Beach, the town north of Redondo Beach. Chris had told Daulton that they needed a means to communicate with the Russians from the United States and suggested in the note that the KGB men in Mexico call the number at a specified hour—he gave them a day and time—if they had any messages. What Chris didn't say to Daulton was that he was trying to set up an independent channel of communication so that he could deal with the Russians himself and not have his fate so wrapped up in the whims of his friend. He figured the Russians could easily crack the simple code, and later he found out that he was right.

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Chris's message was one symptom of mild stresses that had begun to develop in the partnership.

Unlike Daulton, Chris was not motivated in their joint enterprise by economic reasons. But he believed the Russians must be paying more for the documents than Daulton was reporting to him, and he didn't like being made a fool of. In truth, Daulton by now had received more than $10,000 from the Soviets and Chris had received only about $3,000 of it.

But money was only a minor cause of the fissures beginning to form in the espionage alliance.

The reality of what he had initiated was now tangible to Chris: *I have become a Soviet spy.* It had begun as a whim. It had started as an almost instinctive gesture of protest against a system of corrupt morality that he had despised, and he had given little thought to where it might lead. Indeed, until he received the call from "Señor Gomez" confirming that Daulton had made contact with the Russians, Chris had only half-believed his friend would have the nerve to go through with it. Now, not only was he beginning to have misgivings, but Chris was disturbed by the increasing enthusiasm Daulton was showing for the enterprise. At first he had seemed panic-stricken at the prospect of entering the den of the KGB. Now, it seemed, he was beginning to *enjoy* it.

Daulton was also beginning to grow uneasy, but for different reasons. He sensed that Chris might be holding back documents on him, and this troubled Daulton. The Russians were a gold mine richer than any he had ever mined—they were there for the *taking*. And they had to be mined for all they were worth.

But in late August, Daulton realized that he had been wrong. When he told Chris that he was ready for another trip, Chris gave him a file of papers marked TOP SECRET and RHYOLITE and Daulton decided that he didn't have any reason to worry. In this delivery were TWX messages regarding the CIA's secret manipulations of the internal affairs of Australia.

They met at Daulton's house, where Chris gave him the material and Daulton bragged at length about his four days with the beautiful Carole Benedict, and her beautiful breasts. They shared a joint and had a game of chess, and before parting Chris had a final message for Daulton: "Remember, don't tell 'em my name."

"Don't worry," Daulton reassured him. "They think you're black —did I tell you that?"

"Let 'em think it," Chris said as he left the Lee house.

Chris decided that if he had misgivings, there was no turning back now.

21

FOR THE RUSSIANS, learning the identity of Daulton's source had become an obsession. Apparently satisfied now that the diminutive American who delivered the documents was not himself employed in a sensitive government job, they continued to press Daulton for his friend's name. In September, Daulton gave part of it to them.

He arrived in Mexico City on the first Tuesday of the month and, as instructed, taped X marks on one of the designated rows of lampposts. The Russians, in giving Daulton directions for a meeting, always used the twenty-four-hour clock; 1800 hours, for example, was 6 P.M. The following evening, at 1800 hours, he was waiting at a park that had been designated for this meeting on his last trip. Okana arrived a few minutes later with Karpov, but without The Colonel. The Colonel was now his regular case officer, but Okana was still in the picture. After an exchange of the passwords and the usual stroll beneath the trees, Daulton slipped the documents to Okana, who in turn passed them to Karpov. The chauffeur drove away, apparently headed for the embassy to assess the quality of the material. Okana and Daulton went to a restaurant, and after they had ordered a drink, they were joined by The Colonel, his shiny teeth flashing a friendly smile. Daulton greeted him with his first name: "Mikhail!" he said warmly.

Okana, Daulton decided, was deceptively slight. He had informed Daulton that he worked out by lifting weights and said he tried to run several miles daily; from the way the Russian carried himself, Daulton was beginning to realize that his body was mostly muscle. He also noticed that Okana had some capitalistic traits: he appreciated French food and old wines and fussed when his dinner wasn't prepared to his liking. Daulton would recall later: "He'd order fifty-, sixty-dollar bottles of wine. I bet he was telling his control that I had expensive tastes and he had to order good wine to keep me happy."

"Now tell us who this mysterious friend of yours is," Okana said near the end of the meal after brandy had been ordered. The Soviet Union, he said, was prepared to pay Daulton much more money—"hundreds of thousands of dollars"—if the Russians were sure the material he provided was authentic and they knew the source.

Daulton was now very nearly drunk and tried to keep up his resistance, but the promise of more money tantalized him. And when they gave him yet another business-size envelope fat with cash, part of his resistance finally melted.

"His name is Cristobal," he said.

Cristobal's father, Daulton went on, was a former agent of the FBI who now was director of security for a large American defense company. He had helped Chris get a job highly placed in the security field at TRW. He repeated that Cristobal was disgusted with his government and wanted to help the Russian cause. Daulton spelled out a few more specifics of the job and what he knew about the function of the code room in handling messages between the CIA Headquarters, Australia and other countries. The two KGB agents exchanged smiles and seemed visibly delighted at this confirmation that they had penetrated one of America's most important satellite espionage operations at such a key location. Okana ordered more brandy.

But Daulton was not finished. His courage mobilized by wine, brandy and cocaine he had snorted before the meeting, he took the offensive: attempting to be his most persuasive, he said the Russians were paying him too little for the risks he was taking. True, his friend was motivated by ideology, he reiterated. But he was a fugitive from the law—on a phony, trumped-up drug charge, to be sure, but he was still a fugitive—and he deserved more cash for the risks he was having to take.

Steely Teeth laughed and brushed off his protests as if to say, "Don't worry. You'll get all the money you can spend." The Soviet Union was very generous with people who helped it, and there would be great rewards, he said glowingly.

Daulton, now more confident than ever, made a new proposal: on a future trip, he would exchange some information for an agreement by the Russians to carry ten kilos—twenty-two pounds—of cocaine from Lima, Peru, to the United States. There was no risk to the Russians, he said, speaking quickly, and it would augment what he considered his inadequate payments from them.

The two Russians exchanged blank looks with each other and responded to the proposition with silence. Daulton pressed the idea aggressively. The Russians had "nothing to lose." After a few more moments of silence, The Colonel said they would think it over.

Changing the subject, Okana expressed concern over Daulton's continuing practice of bringing actual documents and cipher cards from the code room. He said there would be much less risk if Cristobal photographed the documents, returned them and then passed the film to Daulton. He suggested that Daulton buy a miniature camera, a Minox-B, which was smaller than a package of cigarettes. Such a camera, he said, could be purchased in California; its negatives were small, but they could be blown up as large as the original documents.

The long evening ended after midnight, and Daulton arranged to see them again the following day.

Karpov dropped him off at the Holiday Inn—a transplanted bit of

America located in the *Zona Rosa,* the Pink Zone, of Mexico City. A rectangular area of a dozen blocks or so off the Paseo de la Reforma, the Zona Rosa was to Mexico City what Picadilly was to London and King's Cross was to Sydney—a neon-bathed hub of nightlife, restaurants, bars and shops.

As he entered the lobby, Daulton would recall later, he spotted a brunette woman who looked European standing at one side of the cavernous room, and he admired her dark good looks and her figure, which was shown off to good advantage by a white sweater. It was not unusual to see women alone at night in Mexico City, but they tended to be streetwalkers who didn't loiter inside the better hotels. Daulton thought he might have seen the woman earlier in the day, but he couldn't remember where, and he wondered if she had been following him. As Daulton moved toward an elevator, she began to walk in the same direction, and as the elevator door opened and he went in, the woman picked up her stride so that she could get in before the door closed. She smiled at Daulton, and when he reached his floor, the woman grabbed his arm and went into his room with him. Years later Daulton said of this incident: "I guess the Russians sent her to keep an eye out on me, but she didn't say anything and we just enjoyed ourselves in bed."

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The next morning Daulton was sitting on a bench in the Parco Popular when he heard the loping stride of a runner behind him on the grass. He looked around and saw a smiling Okana in a blue jogging suit, his face flushed and moist from perspiration.

Daulton didn't mention the woman and Okana didn't either.

The Russian walked with Daulton and expounded the rewards of jogging, a calling for which the American did not have much enthusiasm, but he listened patiently. Then the agent turned to business.

He said the latest delivery had been analyzed, and while some of the information was excellent, the Russians needed the frequencies on which the messages were broadcast.

"I know, I know," Daulton said. "I'm working on them; I'll have them next month."

Perhaps it would be a good idea, Okana added, if Cristobal made a trip to Mexico City so that they could all confer and experts in the field of communications could discuss his work. The last thing Daulton wanted to do was bring Chris to Mexico City. Then, he realized, the Russians wouldn't need *him* anymore. But he didn't express his concern; he said he would speak to his friend about a visit. But he added that he doubted if he would want to take the risk. Then perhaps, Okana added, he could go to California and visit his friend. Daulton did not reply to that.

There was one more thing, Okana said. He needed receipts to prove that he had paid money to Daulton. Okana gave Daulton several pieces of paper with cash figures on them, and Daulton initialed them, wondering if all government bureaucracies were the same, whether the Russian (like some Americans) would cheat on his expense account and doctor the receipts to get some extra money for himself.

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Using an alias to get through Customs and Immigration formalities at the airport, Daulton returned to Los Angeles. He divided the $5,000 he had received with Chris and debriefed him on the trip. Daulton was more enthusiastic than ever about their joint venture; Chris said he was surprised it was still going on. ''Man, they love this stuff,'' Daulton said. ''They're crazy for it.''

Daulton said the Russians wanted him to photograph the documents —and were beginning to put more pressure on him for the frequencies and for answers to some of the questions he'd brought back for Chris earlier. Casually, Daulton mentioned something Chris hadn't known: before the earlier deliveries, he had made copies of some of the documents that he'd sold to the Russians. They were stored in a secure place, Daulton said; maybe they could sell them again—to China. Chris said nothing, but did not miss the meaning of this disclosure to himself: somewhere there were copies of documents from the Black Vault that could implicate him in espionage.

Chris agreed that it would probably be safer to use a camera to photograph material in the future. But as for sending the frequencies, he said the Russians would take what was delivered.

''Fuck 'em,'' he said. ''We'll give them what we want to give them and that's all.''

22

"I'VE GOT TO BUY a spy camera," Daulton said to Barclay Granger as they cruised in Barclay's car along Hawthorne Boulevard. The spine of the Palos Verdes Peninsula, the boulevard began at the ocean and rose over The Hill to the flatlands and the edge of the vast urban sprawl of the Los Angeles basin.

"You're crazy," Granger said.

"No, I mean it; I need a baby camera," he said. He muttered that it had something to do with his new business—selling stolen securities—but wouldn't answer any questions from Barclay about his intended purpose for the camera. Granger suggested that they check a shop in the Peninsula Shopping Center in Palos Verdes, Finley's Jewelry Store. When they got there, there was a Minox-B right in the window.

A clerk at Finley's explained that the camera had belonged to one of the partners in the store, had hardly been used at all and was being sold at a cut-rate price of $155. The clerk couldn't find the instruction book for the camera, but said he would look for it. Daulton paid cash for the camera and left his telephone number so that he could be called when the instruction manual was found.

After the youths left the store, the clerk noticed that one of the accessories he had shown them—a stand for copying documents—was missing. Puzzled, he called Daulton's home, but Daulton said he didn't know what had happened to it.

Daulton liked gadgets, and during the next few days he spent hours playing with the tiny camera, photographing snowlike piles of cocaine and whipping it out of his shirt at parties and taking a picture of surprised friends, saying, "Look at my spy camera." Daulton had always loved to boast about his adventures—real or imagined—and began to drop hints that he was leading a double life. The pothead who had bragged about gunrunning and the Mexican Mafia now hinted that he was dealing with the Russians, working as an agent for the CIA.

When he told his story, it was often to friends who, like himself, were floating on coke or horse or pot, and for some of them his tales became integrated into the fantasy of their drug trips. Years later, several could not recall whether Daulton had actually told them about the Russians or if the story was something they had imagined while high.

Friends not submerged in the drug culture believed his stories even less. A neighbor whom he had grown up with on Paseo del Mar, the oceanfront street where the Lees lived, and who had gone East to college dropped by to see Daulton, and was immediately presented with an espionage novel, *The Matlock Paper* by Robert Ludlum. Daulton insisted his old playmate should read it. "It's all real," he said with a knowing expression. The neighbor, recalling the little boy who had told tall tales almost all his life, laughed it off. "A small-man complex" was the excuse he later gave for disregarding Daulton's hints of intrigue and danger.

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Betsy Lee Stewart was one of the few girls in Palos Verdes who had a genuine affection for Daulton—a sisterly kind of affection. Betsy was twenty, a tiny blonde with blue eyes who dreamed of becoming an airline stewardess. She and Daulton had become acquainted in high school, and although they never dated, they shared an affection for the outdoors and took long walks together on the high bluffs overlooking the ocean. They remained close after high school—close enough for each to be able to confide troubles to the other.

There was a touch of the protective mother bear in Betsy Lee. She was troubled by how some of the Palos Verdes girls—including Darlene Cooper and some of her other friends—manipulated Daulton to get free drugs. She was annoyed when they came on to Daulton, sweet and feigning interest in him to get pot or other drugs, and then ridiculed him behind his back, calling him a "creep," or "the Polack shrimp." When he didn't have drugs, they simply ignored him. But Betsy didn't ignore him.

Following graduation, she watched his descent into a life-style orbiting around narcotics and the rootless fraternity of long-haired louts and drug pushers who gravitated to the older beach communities north of Palos Verdes, and she took on Daulton as a sometime rehabilitation project. Believing she could do something for him, she spent countless hours trying to boost his ego and tame emotional stresses that she attributed to his size, his adoption and his fear of being used.

Shortly after Daulton returned from a trip to Chicago to buy new identification papers, Betsy and Daulton met at a party at the home of a mutual friend in Palos Verdes. The party, in October, 1975, would last two days, and the refreshments would include all of the illicit narcotics available on the Peninsula in those days.

Betsy Lee hadn't seen the Minox yet, so Daulton pulled it out of his shirt pocket and told her with a conspiratorial expression that he had a new job—spying on the United States for the Russians. Betsy Lee loved the little camera, and Daulton said he would buy her one for Christmas, but she ignored the claim he was a spy as another of his coke-induced fantasies.

"You don't believe me?" he said, almost in a whisper.

"Sure I do, sure," she said.

Then he said, "I'm only kidding. I made it up."

A few moments later, Daulton seemed to get angry and reversed himself again.

"It's *true*—you don't believe me; I *am* a spy; I see the Russians all the time."

The party rolled on; more postadolescents from Palos Verdes High, along with more beer and drugs, arrived at the sprawling bluff-top home that looked out at the island of Catalina.

After midnight, Daulton was thoroughly stoned on cocaine. He said he badly needed to talk to Betsy Lee, and they went off by themselves.

Daulton confessed to her that he was afraid he was addicted to heroin. He said he was putting on a front: he told his friends that he could take it or leave it—but in fact, he couldn't.

"I don't want to be a junkie," he said, grabbing Betsy Lee in a way that frightened her.

He broke into tears and said he desperately needed someone to love; he embraced her and said it again and again, the tears rolling down his face. He said none of the girls except Betsy Lee cared anything about him except for his dope, and he repeated that he needed someone to love and to love *him*.

Betsy Lee had always suspected Daulton had a crush on her, but she wasn't prepared for the avalanche of affection and emotion that cascaded out of him. Kindly, she said she would work with him to kick the heroin and no matter what happened, she would always be his friend.

But she made it clear that she was talking about friendship, not love.

Daulton said he couldn't possibly get off drugs without her help; he said he couldn't live without drugs unless he had someone to lean on. Touched, Betsy Lee said, "We'll do it together," wondering if his addiction might not be as much psychological as it was physical.

For the next few days, they met several hours a day at her house or his, and talked over his problems. And as they did, he began to spill out more about his new business operations in Mexico City. But Betsy Lee still couldn't believe the crazy picture of this sad friend working as a spy, and she ascribed it to madness induced by narcotics.

After a few weeks, Betsy Lee gave up the effort to liberate Daulton from his addiction; it was just taking too much of her time, she said, and just stopped calling him.

Many months later, however, after Betsy Lee knew that many of Daulton's ramblings about spies and Russian agents and stolen documents had been true, she would look back on the period when he was trying desperately but unsuccessfully to get off drugs, and say:

"It was so sad. He had really heavy emotional problems. He was confused; and I don't think he knew what he was doing. I think he just thought he could get away with something, make some money and feel important."

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Daulton eventually gave the Minox and tripod to Chris, and a few weeks later Chris handed Daulton four rolls of film and said the Russians should pay $50,000 for the pictures.

The next day, the first Tuesday in November, Daulton got an early-morning Mexicana Airlines Boeing 727 flight from Los Angeles and flew to Benito Juárez International Airport in Mexico City—a bustling, noisy confluence of air routes from around the country and a microcosm of its peoples: farmers from the interior, wealthy businessmen from Guadalajara and other cities, uniformed soldiers home for leave, and others.

Daulton had never had higher hopes about scoring with the Russians than on this trip.

After a limousine ride to the María Isabel–Sheraton Hotel and a quick shower, he hailed a taxi and taped X's at an intersection southwest of Chapultepec Park. At six the following evening he was waiting near the Bali Restaurant for The Colonel to arrive. But he didn't show up, which puzzled Daulton because the Russians had never missed a meeting.

He had dinner by himself and returned to the hotel. Following the backup plan, he went to the Bali the next morning at ten. Fifteen minutes went by and still The Colonel didn't show.

Even though he had been told never to go to the embassy on his own, Daulton decided to go there and investigate. He had film that was worth thousands, and he wanted the cash to front a drug buy in Culiacán. Daulton looked into the guardhouse and didn't recognize any of the faces he saw. But he noticed that each time an automobile left or arrived at the embassy, a gate was opened.

It was a foolhardy idea, he thought, but why not? Daulton was high on coke he'd snorted to fortify himself, and it urged him on; the next time a car passed, Daulton strode matter-of-factly onto the grounds of the embassy and, bypassing the guardhouse, he entered the main building, startling a guard. He said that he wanted to see Colonel Muzankov, and pointed to his own front teeth with lips opened wide to make the guard understand whom he wanted to see. He was ordered to wait, and a few moments later Steely Teeth appeared and escorted him to what appeared to be a small office.

He scolded Daulton for coming to the embassy, but Daulton protested that he had made the mark and no one had met him.

"Where did you make the mark?" the Red Army general inquired of his spy, and Daulton told him.

"That was the wrong street," he said. Daulton had placed the adhesive marks on lampposts a full block from where they were supposed to be.

The Colonel good-naturedly brushed it off, as if to say, "No matter." Then he asked what new information Daulton had brought.

Daulton reached into his pocket and handed him the four cartridges of film Chris had given him. Karpov, the chauffeur, came in a few minutes later, smiled slightly at Daulton (intimidating him as usual) and took away the film to be developed.

A servant arrived and placed caviar and full bottles of vodka in front of Daulton and his case officer. From past experience, Daulton knew that it was the custom for each man to finish his own bottle at one sitting, and he braced for the challenge.

It was not yet eleven in the morning, but the two men began drinking the vodka, chasing it down with mineral water.

"To peace," the Russian said, as usual.

"To peace," Daulton agreed.

As they waited for the film to be developed, the level of vodka in their respective bottles continued to descend, and Steely Teeth asked the latest news about Cristobal. Daulton said his friend felt it would be foolish to come to Mexico as requested because he feared his superiors might hear of the trip, and that might blow the whole thing. But Daulton announced he had brought the "best" package of information so far and he knew the Russians should be happy.

"It's what you want," Daulton said.

"Es goot," his comrade said, clearly anxious for the work in the darkroom to be finished.

The Russian, whose bottle of vodka was emptying faster than Daulton's, said he was optimistic that from now on this would be a mutually beneficial operation for all—his country, Daulton and his socialist friend.

"Es goot," Daulton mimicked, saying that his friend had told him the information he had brought today should be worth $50,000.

As they waited, the Russian emotionally assailed the government of Mexico, saying that it was run by and for the rich, that there was such poverty that it was only a matter of time before the Mexican people overturned their government and embraced Communism.

Daulton asked if any decision had been made on his request to carry cocaine in the diplomatic mail, and the man shook his head, as if to say it was out of his hands. He had recommended acceptance of Daulton's proposal to higher authorities, he said reassuringly, but had not heard from them.

Daulton admired a Russian-made rug in the office with knowledgeable appreciation and told the agent he had a collection of Oriental rugs. The Russian replied with a grin that if that was the case, he must have a Russian rug, because the finest carpets in the world came from the Caucasus Mountains in his country.

At that moment, the door opened and Karpov came in carrying a stack of photographs which he placed in front of The Colonel.

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Daulton lounged back in his seat, waiting for The Colonel to praise the pictures. But except for the slick sound of the glossies' slapping together as the Russian turned from one to the next, there was silence. After a while, Daulton squinted across the table to see what he was looking at.

The first few pictures seemed dark. The Colonel frowned and went on without saying anything. He paused at several on which Daulton could see, upside down, some typewritten text, but the images looked gray and some of the lettering was fuzzy. Then there were more dark prints, and the Russian sighed.

Daulton sensed things weren't going as well as he had expected.

Steely Teeth lit a cigarette, and except for the rhythmic slapping of the glossies, there was more silence in the room. He flipped over one picture and stared at it for a long time, then turned it vertically, then horizontally again, as if he were attempting to decipher something.

Daulton rose slightly out of his seat to see what it was that interested him. Vodka and cocaine had left their mark on Daulton, and he had to struggle to bring his eyes into sharp focus.

What he saw puzzled him. He thought he saw the curves of a woman.

He looked again and decided that he could definitely see the nipples of a woman and, below them, a triangle of pubic hair. He shook his head, trying to shake off the effects of the coke, and looked again.

Daulton was sure now that he was looking at a photograph of a nude woman. The Colonel also studied the picture, but he didn't say anything. Daulton decided that *he* had better not say anything either.

The KGB officer turned over another picture from the stack and Daulton saw a nude man and a nude woman. It looked as if they were fucking on a bed. Daulton shifted uncomfortably in his chair and avoided the Russian's eyes.

There was more silence.

The Colonel turned another picture, then another and another. They were all nudes.

Muzankov picked up the pictures and slammed them down hard in front of Daulton so that they slid across the table and almost landed in his lap, and then he let loose with an angry tirade in Russian.

Daulton didn't know what he was saying, but from the look on his face he knew what he meant. He fought to conceal his surprise and fear and said with a hastily mobilized smile that his friend must have sent the pictures as a joke.

Unfortunately, the KGB man did not enjoy the joke. He studied

Daulton for a long moment, then began looking at the remaining pictures in the stack of more than one hundred exposures.

Some were "goot," he said. But too many, he said, were overexposed.

"Look at *thees*—terrible," he said of one group of glossies.

"*Basura*"—garbage—he said of another.

Daulton's friend, he implored, must practice; he was not a good photographer yet. It was essential that he obtain instruction from Soviet experts who could meet him in Los Angeles, Mexico City or somewhere else. It was necessary, the Russian repeated, for his friend to become a better photographer.

He pointed out more examples of bad photography—documents that were fuzzy or shot from out of range—and he said the camera should be placed exactly forty centimeters from the documents that were being photographed.

Daulton, once again, said his friend couldn't leave America without taking a risk because his employers required him to inform them each time he left the United States. "Then *you* should come to Vienna," the Russian said. The Russians would pay for the trip, he continued, and Daulton could get photography lessons and other training; he, in turn, could coach Cristobal.

Daulton heard him out, but refused to commit himself.

"What about the money?" he said, undaunted by the dressing down and the embarrassment over the nudes. Chris had said this delivery was worth $50,000, and he was determined to get it.

The Soviet agent laughed and said most of the photographs were worthless. But when he saw Daulton about to protest, he assured him that he would be paid something for the shipment, and if the quality improved, future shipments would be worth much more. Daulton relaxed and vowed to himself to have a serious talk with Chris about his nude pictures.

The two men tossed down more glasses of vodka; lunch was brought in; and the Russian said they should move ahead with plans for the Vienna trip. Daulton, beneath his alcoholic haze, wondered whether the Russians might be planning to spirit him away permanently to Eastern Europe, but he tried not to reveal his wariness. Whether he made the trip, he told the Russian, depended on some business problems he had to deal with in the United States, and he repeated he would let him know his decision later.

The Colonel said they needed some means of direct communication when Daulton was in America and gave Daulton a list of three pay telephones and their numbers in California—one in a parking garage in San Francisco, one in Santa Monica across from a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary and one at Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood, the theater with the footprints of famous movie stars cast in concrete near the entrance. He simply ignored Chris's proposal for a telephone drop in Hermosa Beach. Daulton was given a list of times when he was supposed to be waiting near each phone for a call. The Colonel also asked if there was an address in California where the Russians could send mail to him without being detected. Daulton suggested a mail drop at the home of his sister in Santa Cruz. The Colonel explained how the mail drop was to work:

From time to time the Russians would send him a picture showing the Pyramid of the Sun. One of Mexico's most famous landmarks, the pyramid was a huge archaeological ruin a few miles from Mexico City that had been built 2,400 years ago by an ancient Mexican culture.

The postcards, the Russian said, would be mailed to him at his sister's address inside an envelope. But he emphasized that the message on the card would be less important than the date listed on it: Daulton was to add seven days to the date to determine when the next meeting was to occur. The meeting would be at 1800 hours on the designated day, or if for any reason this meeting was missed, it would be at 1000 hours the following morning.

Daulton brought up the money again, insisting the material he had brought was worth at least $5,000. Without a word, the Russian handed Daulton an envelope containing $6,500—$5,000 for the delivery, and $1,500 to finance a trip to Vienna. But he reiterated his concern that the quality of the photography had to be improved. He urged Daulton again to ask his friend for data on TRW's infrared sensors and to see if he could obtain ciphers for the coding machines several months ahead of when they would be used. For each package of the advance ciphers, he said, there would be a premium payment of $10,000.

They were the kind of parting words Daulton liked to hear.

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"It doesn't matter what we send them; they'll pay for it," Chris insisted when Daulton complained about the nudes. Chris explained that he had photographed pictures in a copy of *Hustler* magazine that someone had left in the vault.

"Big joke; it's my fuckin' ass that's on the line, fucker," Daulton said angrily. "I'm risking my life. Big fuckin' joke; it wasn't funny." But, correctly, Chris pointed out that Daulton had returned with another envelope filled with cash, and that in itself, he said, proved his point. Daulton said he had to agree, and they both burst into smug laughter. Daulton could not forget the eager look on the Russian's face. Nevertheless, he said, "*Please* try to get something good next time." Then he filled Chris in on more of the details of his trip. They passed a joint back and forth and decided that since Daulton had a code name, Chris should have one too. Daulton thought of one, and they agreed on it: "Falcon."

23

FAR FROM PALOS VERDES, Redondo Beach or Mexico City, the simmering political dispute in Australia over the American bases near Alice Springs was coming to a boil in October of 1975.

Whether or not the controversy over the secret bases was fueled by facts leaked to Labour Party members or the press by the KGB—information the KGB had purchased in Mexico City from two young Americans—is a matter for conjecture. But one thing was obvious: politically damaging hints about the CIA's activities in Australia were coming from somewhere and threatening to ignite a fire storm that might consume the bases politically.

Cables flew back and forth between Canberra and Washington. On the day following Whitlam's speech, senior Australian military and intelligence officials in Canberra briefed Queen Elizabeth's governor-general, Sir John Kerr (who had a personal background in military intelligence during World War II), and advised him of the CIA's grave apprehension that public discussion of the facilities could be disastrous.

On November 10, 1975, five days after Daulton's latest delivery in Mexico City, the Australian Security Intelligence Organization received a message from its liaison officer with the CIA in Washington.

Repeating expressions of concern voiced previously by the U.S. intelligence agency over public discussion of the bases, he said he had just returned from a meeting with senior CIA representatives and, attempting to summarize its contents, he reported:

> CIA IS PERPLEXED AS TO WHAT ALL THIS MEANS. DOES THIS SIGNIFY SOME CHANGE IN OUR BILATERAL INTELLIGENCE SECURITY RELATED FIELD. CIA CANNOT SEE HOW THIS DIALOGUE WITH CONTINUED REFERENCE TO CIA CAN DO OTHER THAN BLOW THE LID OFF THOSE INSTALLATIONS IN AUSTRALIA WHERE THE PERSONS CONCERNED HAVE BEEN WORKING AND THAT ARE VITAL TO BOTH OUR SERVICES AND COUNTRIES, PARTICULARLY THE INSTALLATIONS AT ALICE SPRINGS.

Nevertheless, members of the Labour Party were increasingly raising public inquiries and making pointed comments about the mysterious facilities. Late in October the Government revealed that construction of the bases had not been supervised by the U.S. Department of Defense, as claimed by the previous government, but by a CIA official, whose name became public. It was revealed during inquiries by Labour Party members that not even senior members of the Australian Foreign Ministry had been told the exact function of the bases.

But the mystery over the purpose of the bases in the Australian desert was not the only one being talked about regarding the CIA.

Prime Minister Whitlam began to charge in public that the American intelligence organization—which at that time was incurring growing international notoriety over its suspected machinations in Chile—had tampered with the Australian political process by secretly channeling funds to his opponents in the Liberal and National Country parties—politicians who had supported the American bases. Whitlam demanded an investigation by the Australian Defense Department to identify, once and for all, the real purpose of the bases.

In early November, the Prime Minister said in a speech that he had confirmed reports the CIA had indeed built the facilities. This official acknowledgment of the CIA's role in Australia intensified the crisis atmosphere within certain components of the CIA, where it was feared the political brouhaha could explode and force closing of the bases. The threat was perceived as anything but a minor matter. Within the National Security Council, the bases were considered absolutely vital to America's survivability in an era of nuclear warfare, not only because of Projects Rhyolite and Argus but because of other satellite espionage systems that were considered indispensable to the country's efforts to keep a constant eye on Soviet military preparedness.

The message from Washington concluded with a warning that if public discussion of CIA operations and facilities in Australia continued, the United States might see fit to stop sharing its intelligence information with Australia. (At the time, Australia had thought it was receiving *all* of the information from the satellites.)

What other steps the CIA took to protect its bases and ensure a friendly government in Canberra are not known.

On November 11, Prime Minister Whitlam had scheduled another speech in which he was to discuss the CIA and the mysterious installations in the Outback.

But he never got a chance to deliver it. On that day, Governor-General Sir John Kerr removed him from office.

24

ROBERT LANGSTROTH, a twenty-eight-year-old Vietnam veteran who found a job with the Palos Verdes Estates Police Department when he came back from the war, was at the wheel of a city police car about six o'clock on a Saturday night three weeks before Christmas in 1975. It was nearly dark, with only an orange-and-rose haze still lingering over the Pacific as he guided the black-and-white Dodge past the oceanfront homes lining Paseo del Mar.

Langstroth had just rounded a curve near the Lee family's silver-gray home when he saw a red sports car about fifty yards ahead of him and noticed that the red reflector was missing from one of the car's taillights. He decided to stop the car and advise the driver, thinking he probably wasn't aware of it.

Switching on his red lights, Langstroth moved in behind the sports car.

Daulton looked in his mirror and was startled by the glowing double red eyes behind him. He speed-shifted the MG into second without hesitating and jammed his foot on the accelerator. By the time he was at the first corner, the roadster was doing 80. Daulton took this corner without moving his foot off the gas; the police car, its siren screaming, however, stayed right behind him, and the two vehicles roared through the neighborhood of some of Palos Verdes' most expensive homes.

When he reached Palos Verdes Drive, a four-lane divided highway that hugged the ocean, Daulton turned right without stopping and picked up speed, missing an oncoming station wagon by eight or ten feet. When Langstroth followed him around the corner, he had even less room to spare.

With open road ahead of him, Daulton floored the agile roadster, and was soon careening at more than 100 miles an hour along the curving drive that clung to a rocky bluff high above a stretch of turbulent white surf.

Langstroth saw a small package sail out of the speeding car; but before he could react, the MG swerved off the highway into the dirt center divider strip, digging up such a cloud of dust that for a moment Langstroth lost the red car in his headlights. The policeman now expected the driver to make a quick U-turn on the divider strip, and he slowed to loop around behind him.

But instead of slowing and turning in the opposite direction, Daulton gunned the engine and headed south again—going the wrong way in the one-way lane.

Sitting beside Daulton in the car, Peter Frank begged for him to stop. A high school friend and fellow falconer, Frank had been visiting Daulton at his home when Daulton suggested they go for a ride in the MG, which was owned by his brother, David.

Rocketing south on the northbound road, Daulton said he couldn't stop.

''They've got a warrant out on me,'' he said.

At that moment Frank saw a Pontiac headed directly at them and shouted, ''Turn, turn!''

Daulton yanked the steering wheel and the car bounced back into the divider strip, out of the path of the Pontiac, and skidded crazily in the dirt. The MG shuddered as Daulton pressed the accelerator and tried to get it moving again in the loose dirt. As the car's wheels groped for traction and momentarily spun, Frank opened the door and threw himself out.

Langstroth saw a young man with shoulder-length brown hair, wearing Levi's and a blue Levi jacket, but lost him as he sprinted in the direction of the ocean cliffs.

Daulton finally managed to get the car under control and back onto Palos Verdes Drive, and tried to lose the policeman by using the sports car's maneuverability to turn sharply into a residential neighborhood.

Langstroth saw him make the turn, and started to follow, but the police car was traveling at almost 100 miles an hour. He fought the wheel to stay with the MG, but his prowl car was too heavy and was going too fast, and it went into a long, sweeping skid.

Langstroth spotted another car headed directly at him. It was northbound on Palos Verdes Drive. The driver had begun to heed the red light and siren and was pulling to a stop. But the wheels of Langstroth's patrol car were locked and he was skidding, and there was nothing he could do except wait for the impact. The police car slammed into the other vehicle and spun around. But Langstroth discovered his car was still operable, and he picked up the pursuit.

Once again Daulton was headed south in the northbound lanes. Northbound cars, bewildered by the sight of Daulton's approaching headlights and the flashing red lights behind them, peeled off onto the shoulder like birds scattering from the sight of a man with a gun. At the foot of Hawthorne Boulevard, just where it slopes down and ends at the ocean, Daulton turned left and began to climb up the slope in the direction of Los Angeles. Then, in another try to lose the cop, he made a sharp turn and veered onto a steep incline leading to a residential side street.

This time Langstroth was ready and stayed right behind him. For Daulton, the turn was a mistake: he had to slow the MG to 60 miles an hour as it rose up the hill, and the more powerful engine in Langstroth's car began to close the gap.

Still, Daulton gave no sign of abandoning his run. The policeman decided there was only one way he could stop the fugitive. He accelerated the police car and aimed it directly at the rear of the laboring MG.

He struck it, and Daulton's car was rammed into a curb. He wasn't hurt, but he was stopped.

When the police discovered that the fleeing suspect had a wad of bills totaling $302 in his pocket, Daulton was booked for armed robbery and reckless driving. Daulton scoffed at the robbery charge and said he could settle everything.

Detectives were called to the Palos Verdes Estates Police Station from their homes and took the case over from the uniformed division. Daulton told the detectives that his name was Ted Lovelance and that he was a resident of Santa Cruz; he identified himself with his driver's license. He explained that he had been traveling down the coast from Santa Cruz to San Diego and in order to enjoy the scenery had passed through Palos Verdes Estates, where he had picked up a hitchhiker. He didn't know the hitchhiker's name, but he remembered that he wore Levi's and had shoulder-length hair. Everything had been normal, he continued, until the police car tried to stop him; when the red lights went on, he said, the hitchhiker had drawn a gun and told him to lose the patrol car. After that, Daulton said, he had had no choice but to obey out of fear for his life.

"Why didn't you stop when he jumped out?" a detective asked incredulously.

"I wanted to get as far away from that guy as I could."

"What about the money?"

"It's for my vacation."

Another detective who was standing by during the questioning picked up the driver's license and took a second look at Daulton. The license said the driver was five feet five. He noticed that Daulton was several inches shorter. The detectives conferred in another room, and one recalled that there was a felony warrant outstanding for a drug pusher who was quite short—just like this suspect.

After a check of the files, a detective returned to Daulton and asked him to roll up the sleeves of his shirt to the elbows. Daulton silently complied.

The officers saw a panorama of inflamed skin. The blotches weren't drug-injection puncture marks, as the cops thought, but evidence of Daulton's old problem with acne. But they didn't believe it was acne.

"Are you a hype?" a policeman asked. Daulton repeatedly denied that he was an addict, but the red scars on his arm worked against him.

Finally, Daulton admitted his real name.

The robbery charge was dropped, and he was booked for reckless driving, resisting arrest, driving under the influence of a controlled substance and displaying a fictitious driver's license and as a fugitive wanted for violation of probation on drug charges.

Four days later, Daulton was out of jail.

He posted $2,500 bail, including $500 borrowed from Chris, who extracted an I.O.U. in exchange for the loan for which he would be repaid after the next delivery to the Russians. Judge Burch Donahue said he would take up the case again in early January. Until then, at least, Daulton was back on the streets.

There were two postscripts to the chase: Officer Langstroth, in a case that would drag on unresolved for years, sued David Lee for more than $1 million, because of back injuries he had received in the collision with the car which Lee owned. And when drugs were found in the other car that Langstroth collided with during the chase, a passenger was arrested for possession of illicit drugs.

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Daulton's long-pending arrest warrant had finally caught up with him. Yet within two days of the arrest, he was out on bail. Over the next year, in a curious demonstration of the workings of the American judicial system, he would constantly be able to postpone his return to jail. Perhaps the system worked precisely as it was supposed to by giving Daulton every constitutional protection, every opportunity for rehabilitation—not only a second chance but third and fourth chances. Perhaps the system was abused. But because of a compliant court and the skills of an effective attorney, Daulton was able to avoid his final denouement on the drug charges for many months while continuing his transactions with the Russians.

His lawyer, Kenneth Kahn, was, like Daulton and Chris, a product of a particular time and place that had left a mark on him. Thirty-three years old, he had grown up in a poor family in Los Angeles, become a politically conservative American Legion "Boy of the Year" in high school, gotten high marks at the University of California at Los Angeles and entered Boalt Hall Law School at Berkeley. And there, like so many students at Berkeley in the sixties, he was radicalized. He joined the Free Speech Movement and other student protest groups and, after passing the bar, twice gave up his law practice—once to spend six months in the Federal prison on Terminal Island in California on a hashish-possession charge, and once to travel around the world. When he finally settled down, Ken Kahn discovered a lucrative specialty: defending the young drug dealers and users from the Palos Verdes Peninsula—a crop of defendants that, for many years, seemed inexhaustible, and many of whom became his friends.

With dense, curly brown hair, a curly moustache and muttonchops, Kahn was facetiously called "the hippie lawyer" by some of his colleagues. He looked the part and liked the allusion. In court, he had a feisty style that some judges called abrasive—but he was very good at what he did, agilely challenging the constitutionality of police searches, seizures and arrests in order to keep his clients out of jail—or at least postpone their day of reckoning.

25

As 1975 ENDED, each of the two young friends from Palos Verdes was facing a personal crisis that would make him more desperate.

There weren't any problems for Chris on the job: he was continuing to impress his TRW superiors as a likely candidate for promotion, and the CIA offered him another job—this time as a courier between the United States and the bases in Australia. He turned down the offer, realizing that before the CIA hired him he would have to take a lie-detector test that almost certainly would reveal his thefts from the Black Vault. Chris still hated the agency and what it stood for—more now than ever. But what had begun as an impulsive slap at a system he hated was becoming a nightmare. He constantly asked himself, Why haven't they caught us? Chris knew that Lee Harvey Oswald had visited the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City—the *same* embassy—and had been photographed by U.S. agents before John F. Kennedy was assassinated. He knew Daulton had entered the embassy twice. Surely, he told himself, someone must have spotted Daulton and discovered his transactions with the KGB.

There were not only the CIA and the FBI—and possibly the KGB—to worry about; there was Daulton himself. Somehow, the shape of his protest was being distorted. He now realized that Daulton was using some of the money he earned selling secrets about the satellites to expand his heroin trade, and occasionally Chris saw what it did to his customers: there were reports of two customers who had died from heroin overdoses and rumors of a third. One day, near the end of 1975, when Chris dropped by Daulton's home he found a girl, a high school student, lying on the living-room floor. Daulton and several friends were looking down at her, uncertain what to do. Heroin had trans-muted the young girl's complexion to an ugly shade of bluish green; there was a gurgle originating somewhere in her chest, and gray saliva had foamed around her mouth. Chris mobilized two other girls in the room, and they undressed the overdosed adolescent and stood her up in a shower. He left the Lee house as soon as that was accomplished, but as he drove away he felt guilt for not having the courage to stay longer, and even more guilt for allowing his protest to be twisted into a medium for killing young people. He asked himself then, as he would many times in the following months: What have I done? What monster have I helped to create?

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Chris realized that he had set a trap for himself—and it was beginning to squeeze around him. One of the first things Chris did in 1976 was buy a .25-caliber automatic. He didn't know if, or how, he would use it.

Sometimes when Chris became depressed, he wondered, *Is what I am doing so wrong?* At night, when he was lying in bed and thoughts of the espionage scheme weighed on him, Chris would recall later, he could hear the creaky artificial leg of Rick, and then he had nightmarish visions of orange-and-white mushroom clouds rising into the sky, and he thought, once again, of the insanity of the superpowers—of mankind itself.

In his contempt for the empty nationalism and the CIA dirty tricks of which he was a part, Chris found an anchor to rationalize his decision to continue—and it was reinforced daily as he read of still more CIA activities of which he disapproved.

The communications operators at Pilot were sloppy; they frequently sent messages on the circuit to Pedal that were supposed to go to other stations on the CIA circuit. Some of the messages told of CIA operations and machinations that spanned the globe. When Chris saw the messages clack over his machines, he immediately signaled back: PEDAL CANNOT PROTECT.

The operator at Langley would then request destruction of the message and a tight lip about his goof. Chris responded that he was complying with the request, but sometimes he held a copy of the errant message, to show to other members of the TRW security organization who enjoyed reading the agency's missent mail.

Chris increasingly found solace for his confused, ambivalent conscience in drugs and drinks. Early in 1976, Daulton told him that if he was not careful he might become an alcoholic. When all else failed—when even alcohol didn't work—Chris always had one other escape to fall back on. He went to the hills and flew his falcon.

• •

Other demons were taunting Daulton. He feared that he was losing his on-again, off-again struggle against heroin. Unlike some addicts, he occasionally managed to kick the addiction by himself; he would keep himself off the drug for two or three months, then be drawn back to its pleasures. A lot of the money he was getting from the Russians was going for heroin, sometimes at a rate of $1,000 a week—not injected but snorted. Daulton had prided himself that he could always "turn off" his addiction when he wanted, but as he confessed to Betsy Lee Stewart, it was becoming harder and harder to do so; he also dreaded the prospect of returning to jail, and was depressed because he was not getting what he wanted most—the respect of his father.

Dr. Lee had continued to let his son live at home during his frequent encounters with narcotics officers, but did not conceal his displeasure over what had become of Daulton. His disappointment surfaced particularly painfully for Daulton in an ugly scene on Christmas Eve.

All of the family had been home for the holidays. The Christmas tree was surrounded, as usual, by a mountain of packages. There were cocktails and then champagne with dinner, and both father and son were close to being drunk when the confrontation began:

"For God's sake, why don't you get out of this dope racket and do something constructive? Be useful," Dr. Lee pleaded.

"Jesus Christ," Daulton exploded angrily. "Do you know what I'm doing? I'm working for the government right now. I'm working for the goddamned government right now."

"Oh, sure."

Dr. Lee's sarcasm clawed at Daulton.

"I am, I am," he insisted.

His father grew angrier and angrier and finally left the room. Daulton broke into tears. "Why don't you believe me?" he said sobbingly. "I'm working for the CIA!"

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Daulton concocted a plan that he believed would convince his father that he was a success: he would buy him a vacation home on the coast in Mexico—at Puerto Vallarta or Acapulco. He'd also get off smack and put some money into a legitimate business—maybe the Golden Cove Deli. David had learned it was available for $10,000.

Now he had to get the Russians to pay for both.

But he wondered again about Chris; he wasn't as free as he'd been at first with the stuff the Russians wanted. Daulton felt that he was in a squeeze: on one side he was being squeezed by the eager Russians, who had an insatiable appetite and were willing to pay sums that potentially could dwarf his income from drug dealing; and on the other, Daulton thought he was being squeezed by Chris, who wasn't giving the Russians some of the stuff they asked for. When he could not decide how to deal with his many problems, he retreated to heroin or cocaine yet again; more and more, drugs became the only refuge that gave him peace.

26

"YOU'VE GOT A LETTER HERE," his sister said over the telephone from Santa Cruz.

The news excited Daulton. "Open it," he said.

Inside the envelope, Daulton's sister found only a picture postcard. She noticed that the handwriting on the card was unusual—lots of Cyrillic flourishes, which made her wonder if it had been written by a woman or a foreigner. The message was brief:

Dec. 22

Am anxious to look at your book of antique rugs, Luis. Looking forward to seeing you on your next visit.

Your friend
John

Daulton was delighted to receive the card. He needed cash to finance his escalating legal battle to avoid going back to jail. He flew to Mexico City on December 29, seven days after the date on the card, and following instructions received at his previous Mexico City meeting, met The Colonel that evening at the Bali Restaurant. The city was ablaze with the glow of neon lights depicting the Holy Family, the Christ Child and other tableaux that were a fixture in Mexico City during the holidays. Because the meeting had been called on short notice, Daulton told the Russian he had not had a chance to get much new information; he presented to him several KG-13 ciphers he had received several months previously from Chris and held for a future delivery. There was also another coded message from Chris. Later, when they decoded it, the KGB men discovered that they were accused of being "incompetent" by their secret source in California. Chris was piqued that the Soviets had taken so long to set up a phone link, and he told them so.

It was a routine delivery. The only problem was a clash over Daulton's living style. The Colonel complained that he was living too capitalistically and deplored Daulton's affection for Mexico City's fanciest hotels. Not only was such high life too conspicuous for a secret agent, he said, but—and this seemed to bother him even more—it was unbecoming for a servant of socialism. He gave Daulton the name of another hotel. Daulton had never heard of it, but reluctantly, he agreed to move; he checked out of his $50-a-day room in the Holiday Inn and rode in a taxi forty-five minutes to the outskirts of the city, each moment growing more unhappy. Spy or not, Daulton told himself, he wasn't going to live in the slums. He checked into the hotel, a small, two-story workingman's hotel in an industrial part of the city, and an hour later, without even opening his bag, he checked out and returned to the Holiday Inn. When he saw The Colonel the next morning, he ridiculed the Russians' choice. "It was a fleabag," he protested. The Russian laughed but didn't try to change his mind; he was beginning to realize that Andrew Daulton Lee was not an easy agent to control.

Even though he didn't have much new data to offer the Russian, the trip proved to be one of Daulton's finer hours as a con man. He was, by now, getting the hang of dealing with the Soviets. He had learned how to whet their appetites with persuasive promises. With sky's-the-limit optimism, he confided to The Colonel that his friend believed that he had finally found a means to get information about the TRW infrared sensors. Moreover, he boasted, his friend was also optimistic about getting the frequencies used in the code-room transmissions. Both were lies, but they seemed to impress the agent. Finally, Daulton said that he was willing to go to Vienna for training and consultation—but only after he wrapped up some personal legal problems. They could discuss the timing of his trip after the first of the year, he added. Steely Teeth said he was delighted. In observance of the Christmas season, he presented Daulton with three bottles of French brandy and $5,000 in $100 bills. But the night did not produce a one-sided victory. Daulton got drunk, and under probing by the KGB man, he disclosed the full name of his friend in California.

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Daulton didn't have to feign optimism when he returned to California.

"Look at the beautiful Benjies," he gloated, fanning the bills in front of Chris. "Benjies" was his personal nickname for $100 bills. "Benjamin Franklin," he once said of the man whose face appears on $100 bills, "is my favorite person." Two years later, Chris would say of Daulton, still with a trace of grudging admiration, "He was really a talented huckster. All he needed, he'd say, was one more month and he'd have President Ford's own diary."

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When Daulton returned from Mexico City, his most pressing need was some legal magic. His hearing before Judge Donahue was scheduled for January 7, 1976, and it was certain that the district attorney's office would try to have him remanded immediately to prison. Furthermore, the narcotics agent who had been burned by Daulton in March —when he'd made the deal to act as an informant and then skipped to Mexico—had refiled charges of selling cocaine. Ken Kahn told Daulton that the policeman was furious and was out for blood.

"Kenny, get me out of this, whatever you have to do," Daulton implored. Kahn said he would try, but it wouldn't be easy.

"We could send you to a shrink," he suggested. And with that a plan took shape.

Judge Donahue had a reputation as a compassionate man who would give defendants every chance to rehabilitate themselves if there was the smallest chance of success. A defense strategy emerged: an attempt would be made to prove that Daulton had become, first, a drug user and, second, a drug pusher because of *treatable* psychiatric problems.

On January 7, Kahn urged Donahue to postpone the disposition of Daulton's case until he could undergo a psychiatric examination to determine if there was a chance he could be rehabilitated without prison. This was a turning point in a human life, the lawyer argued; it was an opportunity to save a young man from an exemplary family, a young man who had become trapped in the quicksand of drugs and now needed the court's hand to help pull him out. The judge agreed to an examination.

Two days later, Daulton returned to court to answer the charges of illicit drug sales that had been refiled by the undercover narcotics detective. But after a hearing at which the betrayed detective testified, Kahn won a ruling that the police raid in March had been made with a search warrant issued without sufficient grounds. Daulton was off the hook. As he walked out of the courtroom, Daulton was approached by the angry lawman.

''Lee, as long as it takes,'' he said, ''I'm going to get you. I'm going to burn you.''

Daulton looked up into the eyes of the detective, who stood almost a foot taller than he did, and decided that he meant it. But Daulton was not one to give anyone the edge, and not long afterward, when two Federal Drug Enforcement Administration agents approached him with an offer that he work as an informant for *them,* he said he wouldn't think of it; lying, he said that he'd agreed to work for a Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department narc who had busted him once, and then the cop had leaked the knowledge that he was an informant to another pusher. The DEA men then complained to the Sheriff's Department about the bungling officer who had blown a potentially valuable informant.

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Arrangements were made for Daulton to see a psychiatrist in Beverly Hills, and two weeks after the January 7 hearing, Judge Donahue read his report:

Preliminary Psychiatric Report
Re: Mr. Andrew Daulton Lee
Age: 24

The above was seen in one hour psychiatric interviews on 1/15/76 and 1/19/76. He presented as an extremely tense young man who says he suffers from a peptic ulcer, a nervous rash (he shows me on his back) and is depressed and pessimistic about the prospect of spending a protracted period of confinement in either a prison or a mental institution as a result of probation violation.

For a similar reason he has spent a year in Mexico to avoid the consequences of an alleged violation, returning last November to visit his family but getting involved in trying to escape police investigation in a car chase which ended in his arrest. He denies drug involvement in that incident, or significant use of drugs other than occasional smoking of marijuana for a couple of years, although he has been involved since his teens in drug peddling and using it with much legal consequences.

On examination he seemed intelligent and articulate and began to attempt to justify his difficulties by various rationalizations. Before long, however, he was able to communicate more freely and came across as a seriously depressed young man who is unsure whether he can rehabilitate himself into anything like a normal life. He is extremely tense although becomes less so as he settled into the interview.

He is intelligent and showed no evidence of organicity. Altho somewhat suspicious and paranoid this was not to any psychotic degree, nor were there any indications of any other thought disorder.

Impression: Anxiety state severe with depression and psychophysiologic concomitants, drug use in the past, not however apparently under any drug influence now despite severe insomnia.

Recommendations: Would seem to have reached a crisis of identity and is in conflict whether or not he can rejoin society and at the moment would seem a suitable candidate for intensive psychotherapy to begin within a supervised hospital setting. (I have reserved a bed at the Westwood Psychiatric Hospital for him). Rapport with myself seemed good.

It is my clinical opinion that this course of action under probation supervision offers what may be the last chance this troubled young man has to rehabilitate himself.

There were other items in the file of Andrew Daulton Lee on January 21, 1976, when Judge Donahue was to decide whether he should be sent back to jail, including letters from friends and his family, including one that read:

I am willing to do everything within my ability to rehabilitate my son, Andrew Lee.

Sincerely,
Daulton B. Lee
Pathologist

Kahn, emphasizing that there was now medical evidence of hope for Daulton, asked Judge Donahue to give him a chance and allow him to undertake psychotherapy before making a final decision that might deprive him of his last chance at rehabilitation. Consenting to the proposal, Donahue placed Daulton on probation once again, conditioned that he stay out of trouble, that he neither take drugs nor associate with people who did, that he take periodic tests to determine if he was using narcotics, that he enroll in school or seek employment and "enter forthwith the Westwood Psychiatric Hospital."

Five days later, Daulton was admitted to the clinic in Westwood, the community best known as the site of the University of California at Los Angeles. After six days, he was discharged with an agreement to continue twice-weekly sessions as an outpatient.

Daulton told Chris about his experiences with the psychiatrist after he got out.

"You wouldn't believe me in action," he boasted. "I conned the shit out of him, and he believed me. You know what he told me? He said he'd give me the same kind of advice he gave to a prostitute—'if you really like what you're doing, do it.' " Daulton said the psychiatrist continually interrogated him about his feelings about being adopted and wouldn't believe him when he said he didn't have any hang-ups about it. When the psychiatrist asked Daulton why he made so many trips to Mexico, Daulton told Chris, "I told him I couldn't take the city here and all the people and had to go by myself all alone in Mexico and think, and he bought it."

27

A POSTCARD requesting another meeting in Mexico City had arrived at his sister's home while he was in the hospital, and two days after his release, Daulton boarded an early-morning Western Airlines flight at Los Angeles International Airport bound for Mexico City. This time he had a traveling companion, his old friend Barclay Granger.

Like Daulton, Barclay was waging a court battle to stay out of prison. He had been arrested by Federal agents in October for cocaine trafficking and was free on bail pending his trial. Two things had happened to Barclay the preceding December: he had had a run-in with the Mafia, and he had finally broken up with Carole Benedict. Carole had flown to Hawaii to live with Barclay's mother, who had taken her side in the couple's fight. But the handsome surfer wasn't lacking for female company. Darlene Cooper had now moved into the Redondo Beach apartment that he'd previously shared with Carole.

The encounter with the Mafia had had less pleasant aftereffects. Many South Bay drug traders knew that the owners of an Italian restaurant in Redondo Beach claimed to have ties to a New York Mafia organization. Theirs was a minor-league operation, in terms of organized crime, but the family did wholesale drug peddling.

One member of the family, a young man in his early twenties with limited ambitions, had entered the South Bay retail drug trade. At a point sometime in September, 1975, one of his customers had gotten into debt with him for more than $3,000 worth of heroin, and the Italian had decided to cut off the addict until he paid his bill. He had sent word to other local pushers to cut him off too.

Barclay, like Daulton, had received the message not to sell to the youth, who was a teen-ager living in Redondo Beach. But he ignored it.

One night, about 3 A.M., Granger drowsily opened the front door of his apartment. Before he could see who his callers were, two men attacked him and broke his jaw.

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At the time Daulton and Barclay boarded the jetliner bound for Mexico City early in February, Granger's jaw had been wired for two months; his doctor had just removed the wire, and the trip was partly to celebrate this milestone. Barclay had seen Daulton regularly during the past few months, usually when Daulton had sought a place to hide during his quick trips to the States. Granger thought he had noticed some changes in his friend. "He wasn't the same guy anymore—he was scared all the time—afraid of strangers, anybody." Granger figured that he had become paranoid because he was afraid of being busted again by undercover narcs. "You couldn't even discuss the weather with him without him looking around to see if someone was listening," he would recall. Once, when he watched Daulton try to roll a marijuana joint, Barclay said, "Look at your hands: they're shaking all over the place."

"I'm just getting old," Daulton said.

Granger didn't like to fly, so he swallowed two large barbiturates just before they took off. Daulton was lost in an espionage novel as the Boeing 727 droned south toward Mexico City when he noticed that a stewardess was shaking Barclay.

"He's on fire!" she said.

Daulton then smelled smoke and discovered that the smoke was coming from Granger. Quickly, he helped the stewardess arouse his friend, and they discovered he had gone to sleep with a lighted cigarette in his hand, and it had burned a large dark hole in the inside left elbow of his jacket. Granger woke up and they laughed about it and he lit another cigarette. Daulton went back to his novel. A few minutes later, the stewardess was standing over him again. This time, the cigarette had burned a hole in his right coat sleeve. "You wake him up this time," she said.

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Daulton had bragged to Barclay that he knew Mexico "like the back of my hand" and promised to show him a good time, tantalizing him with descriptions of Mexican prostitutes he had done business with on previous trips. The jetliner landed in Mexico City shortly before 11 A.M., and they rode in a cab to the Holiday Inn. Daulton hurried Barclay to their room, which they immediately left after dropping their suitcases.

"I've got to tell my people I'm in town," Daulton said as their taxi pulled away from the hotel.

Granger noticed that they were headed outward from the center of the city toward what appeared to be a residential area. He was unfamiliar with the geography of Mexico City and asked Daulton where they were headed. Daulton ignored the question, but with a touch of mystery that seemed to give him pleasure, Daulton said, "I've got to set up a meeting with my uncle."

At Daulton's instruction, the cab driver stopped in what Barclay took to be a neighborhood of expensive homes, a quiet street with not much traffic.

Daulton took out a roll of adhesive tape and told him to watch. He ripped off two short strips of tape and attached them in an X to a utility pole, then walked on to another pole and repeated the process. Then he gave a second roll of tape to Granger and told him to mark the next four poles in succession while he did the same thing on the other side of the street.

"What the hell are we doin'?" Granger asked.

"It ain't nothing," Daulton said; and then he added, "It's just my spy thing." Granger took the remark as a joke, and decided the taping of the poles had something to do with his friend's traffic in stolen securities. They flagged a cab and returned to their hotel, where Daulton changed his clothes from a business suit to slacks and sport shirt and left with two cameras hanging around his neck. "Do I look like a tourist?" he asked smugly. "When I get back, we'll get laid."

After two hours, Granger's lust got the better of him, and he decided to stop waiting for his traveling companion. He took a cab to a whorehouse that had been pointed out to him by Daulton, and when he returned to the hotel, Daulton was waiting for him. Daulton had hoped to expedite a meeting with the Russians by waiting near a spot not far from the construction site of a new hotel, a route that he knew Okana frequently passed on his jogging runs. But Okana did not appear, and Daulton returned to the hotel. Granger gave him a detailed report of his experience at the bordello, and then they went to bed.

About one o'clock the next day, Daulton woke up to the glow of fuzzy sunlight pushing through the window of the hotel room and shouted, "Jesus Christ, I'm late."

Hurriedly dressing in a business suit, Daulton left Granger in bed and slammed the door of the hotel room. Daulton's schedule for meetings was changed regularly, and according to the current schedule, he was supposed to rendezvous with the Russians at 1300 hours—1:00 P.M. At 1:15, his cab pulled up to a spot in Chapultepec Park that had been previously assigned for this month. According to plan, he knew the Russians were supposed to leave after waiting fifteen minutes.

Music from a merry-go-round calliope filled the park. Daulton scanned the faces all around him. But the only people he saw were children—hundreds of them; brought, he guessed, as part of a school tour to Chapultepec Castle, which sat atop the mountain in the center of the park and where Emperor Maximilian had lived with his tormented bride, Carlota. Then he spotted the face of Karpov in the crowd, walking with another man who was wearing the same kind of dark chauffeur's suit. Daulton recognized him from the embassy.

Karpov seemed suspicious and annoyed. He said Okana had been there but had not waited for him. The chauffeur, however, offered to return to the embassy and inform him that Daulton had arrived after all. Daulton, he said, should meet them at 1600 hours at a spot near the Bali Restaurant where they had met previously. Daulton handed Karpov his merchandise—two rolls of film containing a package of advance ciphers from the Black Vault and other documents photographed by Chris. Daulton returned to the hotel and told Granger there had been a delay in the receipt of his payment for securities and, after a while, left again.

Okana was waiting for him at four o'clock. They walked a block to a *cantina* and ordered a beer. The Russian said the film had been developed. Some of the photographs, he said, were of poor quality, but overall, he had done well. Once again he said they wanted the frequencies used in the CIA transmissions. And once again, Daulton promised to get them—"next month." Daulton asked about The Colonel and was told he had gone back to Moscow because his visa had expired.

When Daulton returned to the hotel room, he proudly held up three fat yellow envelopes in front of Granger.

"Everything's done," he said. He had passed the stolen securities, he said, and had received his commission of 10 percent.

Then he threw down the envelopes on a bed, and what seemed to Granger like a green avalanche of money poured out—stacks of crisp, new $50 bills. He helped Daulton count the money. There was $10,000.

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That evening, two $75-a-night prostitutes entertained them in their hotel room. The following day, his business now taken care of, Daulton gave Granger a tour of the city that he was coming to know so well.

The short misfit and the aging surfer circumnavigated the sprawling central square of the city, the Zócalo, then explored the huge Mexico City Cathedral that dominates the square, before strolling like tourists along Reforma. That night, there were cocktails, dinner and two more prostitutes in their hotel room. On the morning of their fourth day in Mexico City, they flew to Mazatlán. Daulton picked up $1,500 for an hour's work by serving as intermediary for a marijuana buy by a Los Angeles dealer, and they bought a pound of cocaine and a small amount of heroin to take back with them. Their idyll continued with sunbathing, parties and more prostitutes.

After two more days, they boarded a commercial airliner for Tucson at the airport in Mazatlán. As Daulton had done many times before, he got up and went to the bathroom not long after their jet was in the air. He pried open a bulkhead in the lavatory, hid the cocaine and went back to sit beside Barclay, who once again was out cold from a barbiturate. This time, however, Daulton had persuaded him not to smoke.

They cleared Customs at Tucson, got aboard the same plane two hours later, retrieved the cocaine and landed in Los Angeles. Daulton, who had already missed two appointments, had a date with his psychiatrist.

But as he walked through the crowds of people at Los Angeles International Airport, he was less concerned about the meeting with his shrink than he was in making sure that Chris got some good stuff for the trip to Vienna.

28

''VIENNA?'' Chris said, surprised.

''Those are my orders.''

''Don't give me that bullshit; since when do you take orders from anyone except yourself?''

''Since they told me they were going to give me lots of cold, hard cash,'' Daulton said in a happy mood. They had also promised him, he added, a carpet from the Caucasus. The conversation in the living room of Daulton's home in Palos Verdes was typical of those the old friends were having these days—cordial, but increasingly shaded by sarcasm and mistrust. ''Why Vienna?'' Chris asked.

''I'm not authorized to tell you,'' Daulton said.

''Then why tell me in the first place? They want you there so they can stroke you.''

''Just so they do it with Benjies.''

Daulton poured Chris a glass of Moselle wine and brought up the question that was most important on his mind:

''What about the frequencies? That's what they're going to ask me. When am I going to get 'em?''

Chris shook his head.

''I bet they're not going to put up with that shit any longer,'' Daulton said. ''They're getting sick of waiting, and I'm running out of excuses. I'm telling you, man, it's getting worse and worse every time.''

Chris passed Daulton a plate of cheese.

''Fuck the cheese! Man, I'm serious,'' Daulton said.

Chris didn't say so, but he *couldn't* get the list of radio frequencies on which the encrypted CIA messages were sent. In order to limit opportunities for a security breach, the list of frequencies for the CIA transmissions was in the custody of the Western Union company, a contractor to the National Security Agency, and Western Union kept it in a special safe under NSA surveillance until the frequencies were needed to program computers used to scramble the communications.

''There's too much riding on this, asshole,'' Daulton said. ''Can't you just get part of it?''

''Tell 'em it takes time.''

''What do you think I have been telling the clods?''

''Well, tell 'em again; they paid you for junk before and they'll pay for junk again,'' Chris said. ''They're stupid.''

''It can't work forever,'' Daulton protested.

''Keep your voice down. Your brother is in the hall,'' Chris complained.

''Don't worry about it,'' Daulton said. He said that he was thinking about inviting David into the enterprise.

''Insanity,'' Chris said. ''You'd do that to your own brother?''

''How long do you think *I* can keep up this back-and-forth, back-and-forth routine without getting busted?''

''How long could *he?* You're sick,'' Chris said.

Daulton flared at the remark: ''This is a business. Get it into your head!''

Attempting to change the subject slightly to ease the tension, Chris urged Daulton to drop another plan he had mentioned—the recruitment of Larry Potts, a Palos Verdes sailor who was serving on the U.S.S. *Midway,* an aircraft carrier. Daulton had talked about recruiting him as a kind of subcontractor to take photos of the carrier, the planes it carried and military facilities it visited around the world. Indeed, Daulton had already given Okana some details of the ship's complement of planes on the basis of comments by the sailor at a party.

''What else can I do? I've got to diversify; you could ruin me,'' Daulton joked.

"You could quit," Chris replied.

"I can't quit."

"Why not?"

"This is my living now," Daulton said.

"You mean you don't want to quit," Chris said.

In the fog of his heroin trip, Daulton then outlined for Chris a grand design for the business: he would recruit Potts for military information and David could serve as a courier-subcontractor assigned to Russian customers, and Barclay Granger would be brought into the operation to be a subcontractor selling secrets to the Red Chinese embassy in Tanzania.

It was like old times. Once again, Daulton's business mind was planning, organizing, expanding; his grand design was very much like the strategy he applied to expanding his drug business, collecting commissions off the top and passing part of the risks to couriers.

"If the Russians find out you're playing with the Chinese, God help you," Chris said. "*No* one else will."

"I've got to expand; besides, how are they going to find out?"

"It's inevitable, you idiot," Chris said.

"Wrong. They won't catch us; look what we've already done; look how much money we've made already."

In truth, Chris did not know how much money they had made. The Russians had not yet answered his coded message. By this stage of their commerce with the Soviet Union, Daulton was keeping about four dollars for every dollar Chris received and was spending most of it on drugs—for his own use as well as others'.

"These are only the beginnings; in ten years . . ."

"In ten years you'll be dead," Chris said. "More like ten months."

Daulton was getting high from the combined effects of heroin and wine, and made an admission to Chris:

"By the way, I had to give 'em your name."

The disclosure didn't surprise Chris, because he figured Daulton had probably done so months earlier.

"I bet you were drunk when you did it," he said.

"I had to tell them. They forced me.

"Look, I've got to bring something to Vienna," Daulton continued. "*Please* make it worth their while this time. Something flashy. . . ."

"Leave your brother at home? And Barclay?"

"They stay."

"I'll think about it."

"Will it be important? Please."

"It's *all* important," Chris said.

"I know, but these idiots I have to deal with don't understand how important it is."

Chris said, "They pay like all the rest of the addicts you've hooked. They won't stop."

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It was quiet in the underground garage near Fourth and Mission Streets in San Francisco on the last Saturday of February, 1976. Chris and Daulton found the telephone booth; Daulton checked the number on the phone—(415) 362-9727—and confirmed they were at the right place. Chris was certain they were being watched; he sensed the presence of others in the garage and wondered if the KGB had sent any agents from the Soviet Consulate in San Francisco to watch them.

Their voices echoed loudly across the garage as they spoke, and they tried to lower their conversation to whispers, wondering if the Russians would call. Six o'clock came and the phone was silent. . . . At two minutes past six, it rang.

"This is Luis," Daulton answered.

"This is John." Standing close to the phone, Chris could hear a voice with a heavy foreign accent.

"We have your carpet," the voice continued. "Will you come and get it?"

"Yes," Daulton said.

"My *amigo,* Cristobal, is here. Would you like to talk to him?"

There was a brief pause.

"No," the Russian said.

The telephone call to the San Francisco phone booth was the final confirmation: Daulton would fly to Vienna.

29

EVER THE GENEROUS HOST, Daulton, saying he had important business to look after in Europe, asked Betsy Lee Stewart and Carole Benedict to go with him to Vienna. But both turned him down, and he went ahead with his plans to make the trip alone, disappointed that he wouldn't have a lovely girl beside him to share what promised to be an adventure like the ones he devoured in spy novels.

On March 10, 1976, Daulton applied for a passport under his own name; on the application, under a section that asked PURPOSE OF TRIP, Daulton answered, "Pleasure—Business." He gave the expected length of his trip as a week and the countries he planned to visit as Switzerland and Germany. After telling a travel agent in Palos Verdes that he was an "art dealer," he bought a round-trip ticket via TWA to Vienna and paid $1,040 in cash for it. There'd been a minor dispute with Chris about the cost of the ticket. Chris had seen an advertisement in the newspaper for a $600 round trip to Vienna and said Daulton ought to buy one of those discounted special fares. But Daulton prevailed. "Jesus Christ," he said, "if I use an excursion fare I'll have to stay in Vienna three weeks, and it'll cost three thousand dollars just to stay over there."

After stops in London, where he changed planes, and Frankfurt, Daulton landed at Vienna's Schwecht Airport on the morning of March 16. He had arrived a day earlier than his scheduled rendezvous with the Russians in order to see some of the city that was so often the setting of the espionage novels he loved. After clearing Immigration and Customs inspection, he took a taxi to the Inter-Continental Hotel in the center of Vienna, checked in and went sight-seeing.

As the cab made its way into the heart of the city, Daulton felt vulnerable so close to Eastern Europe and the Communist bloc. The reason the Russians had given for wanting him to make the trip was to meet some Soviet representatives who could not go to Mexico as well as take some specialized training in espionage: "tradecraft" was the term Daulton knew from his novels. Before leaving Palos Verdes, Daulton told his brother that he feared the Russians might try to kidnap him for some motive he couldn't figure out—why else Vienna? Daulton remained suspicious even as he boarded the airplane in Los Angeles. But he was going because of the lure of money—and the excitement.

Now, as he walked the streets of the old city, Daulton's fear ebbed and was replaced by a euphoria that reminded him of a high from heroin: The people who glanced at him as he walked through Vienna couldn't have any idea about the nature of his mission, and this thought excited him. And the realization that he was a spy on his way to meet Russian spies in an exotic city also excited him. Even when a light shower sent other pedestrians off the street, Daulton kept going, enjoying his adventure. He made it a point to inspect the Rembrandts and other Old Masters in the Kunsthistorisches Museum, spent a relaxing few minutes in a Viennese coffeehouse and, like any other tourist, toured Schönbrunn Palace, the old seat of power of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Chris had kept his promise and given him a large load for this delivery, although Daulton didn't know the nature of the documents he was carrying. It didn't really matter; to Daulton, it could just as easily have been a package of heroin. They were merely goods to be marketed, and his only concern was that they would "turn on" the Russians. He had ten rolls of film, each with thirty-six exposures. There were a month's worth of KW-7 ciphers; scores of Rhyolite messages between TRW, Langley and Australia and a long TRW technical report describing plans for the new Argus system. Chris had taken the documents from the vault in the large case designed to hold the camera that was used to make employee badge identification pictures. He took the camera case from the vault on the pretext of making a booze run. That night, the friends had taped the documents to a wall at Chris's home and photographed them. Chris had returned them the following day, some of them concealed in a plastic bag buried in the dirt of a potted plant that drew an admiring glance from a guard.

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The evening after Daulton's arrival in Vienna, he took a cab to Donaupark as instructed. A lush preserve of lawn and old-growth trees covering almost half a square mile northeast of the Ring, the center of Vienna, Donaupark was on the Danube.

From his taxi, Daulton looked out at the lights of the *Riesenrad,* the city's towering 210-foot Ferris wheel, which was becoming more prominent on the horizon as dusk approached. The taxi crossed the muddy Danube, and he got out at the park. Daulton didn't know it was the Danube and asked the driver, who spoke a little English, "what canal" it was. It was chilly, and Daulton regretted he had not brought warmer clothes as riverboats chugged along beside him in a steady stream.

In the distance, beyond the river, he saw the lights of the city, and he heard the sound of traffic and music playing far away. Above him the Danube Tower, a landmark of the park, loomed like a precarious spire. Beyond the trees were the shadows, under a distant moon, of the Balkans and Eastern Europe.

A familiar figure approached from the darkness. Daulton recalled the meeting later this way:

"It was my old friend The Colonel with steel teeth; no code was necessary. He was my mentor."

"Es goot to see you, comrade," the Russian said.

A limousine found the two men as they walked near the river, and Daulton learned that the Soviet chauffeurs in Vienna drove just like the ones in Mexico—rapidly.

The driver threaded his way into and out of alleys and narrow streets, doubling back, checking his mirror to be sure they weren't followed. Daulton had no idea where they were when the car finally stopped at a low-slung building, within sight of the Ferris wheel, that vaguely reminded Daulton of a barracks. It was a KGB "safe house," apparently in a Vienna suburb.

Daulton's uneasiness continued to wane in the friendly atmosphere of reunion. A woman brought the two men caviar and three bottles of vodka; then she brought a stew of beef, potatoes, carrots and cabbage while Steely Teeth sent out the film to another part of the building to be developed.

As the drinking and eating continued, Daulton became ill and asked for a bathroom. Steely Teeth showed him the way and stood by him as he used it.

Little work was necessary tonight, the Russian said, and Daulton was driven back to the Inter-Continental Hotel after midnight. They met the next morning near St. Stephen's Cathedral, the seven-hundred-year-old Gothic masterpiece that is the spiritual center of Vienna.

"The peectures were nod so goot," the Russian general protested after they arrived again at the safe house.

Some of the pictures were decipherable, he added, but others were fogged and out of focus. The Russian seemed to be growing exasperated with his two young spies.

Then, with the patient condescension of a teacher to his pupil, he said they would have to start again: The Colonel took a Minox-B—exactly like the one back in Palos Verdes—out of his pocket and began a long day of lessons in how to photograph documents. The KGB officer presented Daulton with a metal chain that, he said, was precisely forty centimeters long; his friend must use it to measure the distance from the camera to the documents in order to get sharper pictures. Moreover, the Colonel said the film should be developed in the United States—that way, the Americans could see for themselves if the photographs were of high quality. He taught Daulton how to develop the exposed film and went over each detail of the process again and again; they photographed typewritten pages and pages from books, then processed the film. When the lesson was over, the Russian smiled as if to say, You see, it's really not that difficult, is it?

He gave Daulton advice on how to avoid being followed, including instructions to change taxis or buses often and to duck into stores or other crowded places and other techniques that the Russian said Daulton should use to ensure that he wasn't tailed to their meetings.

In the evening after the photography lesson, Daulton was introduced to two middle-aged Russians; from the respect servants paid to them, he gathered that they were important, but he learned little else about the pair of men in dark suits who seemed so hyperactive that they could have been on amphetamines and seemed to know all about Daulton and his friend. They interrogated him about TRW, and he told them everything he knew. He met a third Russian whose name was "Boris."

Daulton decided that he was enjoying the experience. By now he had all but forgotten his fears of being spirited away to Czechoslovakia. The patience and deference of the Russians gave him self-confidence, and he knew he was important to them. Daulton slowly began to realize that he, not the Russians, had the upper hand in the game they were playing.

The Soviets obviously prized this mysterious source of information about the clandestine satellites. But they were also frustrated by this perplexing American drug pusher and their inability to get more information from him.

There were more questions to Daulton about the means used to transmit messages: shortwave radio, UHF, VHF, telephone circuits, Western Union? Again and again they pressed Daulton to provide more technical data about infrared sensors, and photographs of the Rhyolite and Argus payloads. Daulton assured his mentor that he shouldn't worry: they would get the information. But it would cost $50,000. The Russian emphasized that money would be no object.

After a while, Daulton began to recognize something familiar in the intensity of the Russian's appeal for information: a hungry look in the stony eyes of the man with the bristle-cut iron-gray hair that he had seen before. It reminded Daulton of someone begging him for dope. Daulton had known that hunger for years; he had used it to whittle the niche he had made for himself in life.

As he had done with girls at Palos Verdes High, Daulton played on this dependency; he tried to exploit it, giving a little and promising more.

"They wanted what I had; I was basically dealing with addicts. But I knew they'd kill to get it, too."

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Daulton left Vienna after agreeing to a suggestion from the KGB control officer to apply for a job at TRW or Lockheed. The Colonel handed Daulton three envelopes full of American money and, fulfilling a promise made in Mexico, gave him a handmade rug from the Caucasus that he said was worth more than $10,000. Daulton said good-bye to Muzankov, not knowing whether he would see him again or not, and decided that he would miss the sly old man.

En route to Los Angeles, Daulton had to change planes in Paris. For reasons he never discovered, the rug was seized by French Customs officials, and he never saw it again.

When he arrived at his home in Palos Verdes on March 19 in a taxi from the airport, there was a party going on hosted by his brother; their parents were gone, visiting one of their daughters in the South.

Daulton walked in the door with a smile on his face and told the dozen or so guests at the party that he had just come from Vienna. He went into his bedroom and opened his suitcase, and dozens of packages of new American currency spilled out.

Some of the people at the party would say later there was $40,000; Daulton would insist it was $10,000, but admitted, "It looked like all the money in the world."

The arrival of Daulton and his money created more than a ripple of interest, but after a while the party went on as before, and Daulton called Chris and gave him a report on the trip.

A few days later, Daulton saw Peter Frank, the friend who had jumped out of the speeding MG during the chase.

"What's new?" Frank inquired.

"I've just come back from Europe," Daulton said casually for shock value. "I just sold the Statue of Liberty to the Europeans."

The same week he saw one of the P.V. girls to whom he supplied drugs and told her he'd just been in Europe.

"You must be moving up in the world," she said.

"Uncle Sam paid for it," he said.

"I didn't know short people like you were allowed in the Army," she joked.

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When Daulton made his first trip to Mexico City after the meeting in Vienna, there was a new control agent waiting for him to succeed The Colonel, whose diplomatic visa in Mexico had expired. Moscow had apparently decided that if it was to continue mining the potential of this young American, a new handler was needed. And, it had apparently decided, new tactics were also necessary in dealing with him.

Daulton was not surprised when, in response to the X marks he made on lampposts, Boris Alexei Grishin was waiting for him the following day near a downtown subway station. He was the "Boris" from Vienna.

Daulton expected to go immediately to dinner. But instead they proceeded down into the subway station and boarded a train, with Boris leading the way. They rode for at least twenty minutes to the outer reaches of the city as the rubber tires of the high-speed train hissed soothingly in the background. The new Russian said nothing and studied the faces in the passenger compartment. The train stopped and he motioned to Daulton to get off, with Daulton wondering where he was being led now. A few seconds later, they boarded another train and rode ten minutes in a different direction, before the Russian motioned him off again and they boarded still another train which they rode to a station in a suburban neighborhood. This guy likes to play subway tag, Daulton thought. He clearly didn't want to be followed, but he seemed to enjoy it as a sport. After the final subway ride, the Russian led him up a flight of stairs to a restaurant.

Like The Colonel, Boris was a KGB officer masquerading as a Soviet diplomat—in his case as science attaché at the embassy. He had been trained as an engineer and knew about satellites.

Whereas The Colonel's style was stiff and severe—a style that matched his drab, dark suits and his favorite meals, stew and cabbage soup—Boris liked stylish American clothes, especially the blue denim Levi jackets Daulton sometimes wore. He was neat and well groomed, and he fancied himself a gourmet. He chose restaurants that had a good reputation for European cuisine, and like Okana, he enjoyed dawdling over the wine list before selecting an expensive vintage.

There was something distantly Oriental about the thirty-eight-year-old Soviet agent, who told his American agent that night that he came from Smolensk and boasted of having a son in the Red Army and two children with him in Mexico—a daughter, Irena, who was twelve, and George Boris, who was five.

Later on, Daulton discovered the reason for the hint of Oriental features: Boris' father was part Chinese. Boris spoke both Spanish and English well, usually with a cigarette drooping diagonally from his mouth which Boris smoked down to a stubby butt. His hair was receding over his temples, and he made an effort to cover the expanding region of skin by combing the hair over it, not succeeding completely. He was a compact man, perhaps only four or five inches taller than Daulton. He was not nearly as imposing as most of the other KGB agents Daulton had met, and seemed more open and more curious than the others. But lurking somewhere beyond the tight Oriental features of his face, there was, it seemed to Daulton, an icy quality about him.

Over dinner, the KGB agent told Daulton about his family and spoke longingly of the Caucasus. Boris said he owned an American-made 40-horsepower Johnson outboard motor which he used to tow water skiers; but he said he couldn't use it now because the propeller was broken and he hadn't been able to buy a replacement. Could Daulton buy one for him in America?

Daulton assured him that he would gladly order the part when he returned to the States.

After this first dinner, Karpov was waiting outside the restaurant with a car, and he took them to the embassy, speeding as usual and taking such a circuitous route that it almost left Daulton dizzy.

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A party of some sort was going on in the embassy, and Boris explained that several representatives from the United States Embassy were in the building. Down a long hallway, Daulton could hear the sounds of a cocktail party—indeed, some people were talking so loudly he could almost hear what they were saying. Boris led him to one room, an office, and told him to wait there. But a few minutes later he came in looking agitated; he said some of the party guests might be drifting this way; the wife of the American ambassador, he said, was right down the hall.

They looked out of the room, and when Boris was sure no one was there, he hurried Daulton down a flight of stairs to a room in the basement. Here, Boris said, they could talk without worrying about the party upstairs and without being eavesdropped on. Foreign-intelligence operatives, including the CIA, he said, were always trying to bug the embassy, but the walls of this room were too thick for listening devices to penetrate. He pounded on one wall to illustrate his point; the noise his hand made was dull and unyielding.

It was a gloomy place, and it made Daulton think of a dungeon. He didn't like what was going on. This new man made him uneasy, and he didn't like the dungeon. Later he would say of this meeting, "I thought they were going to snuff me right there." But Daulton didn't let Boris see his fear; the high that was coming on from the cocaine he had snorted after they left the restaurant was keeping his senses sharp.

Karpov stayed in the room with Boris and Daulton, and they were joined by Igor Dagtyr, another KGB agent assigned to the embassy as a chauffeur. Daulton saw a bulge near the waist of his dark uniform and calculated that he had an automatic under the coat. Daulton didn't like what was going on at all.

Daulton handed Boris an envelope containing the negatives of several rolls of film he had developed at home. There were a month's supply of KW-7 ciphers and copies of scores of TWX messages between Pilot, Pedal and other stations involved in CIA clandestine operations. It was a particularly rich lode that Chris had provided: a message regarding the secret mission of an American submarine that, with CIA operatives aboard, had secretly monitored, via a periscope and special antennae, the tests of a new Soviet submarine-launched missile that was fired from the White Sea over the Arctic . . . data on a "Chicom" (People's Republic of China) radar defense system . . . a long communiqué with a list of several of the most important U.S. reconnaissance-satellite programs and the respective performance capabilities of each, including the specifications for what engineers call "ground resolution"—the size of the smallest object on the ground, listed in meters, that the eyes of the camera could resolve from space —a measurement, in other words, of the sharpness and effectiveness of the espionage equipment.

Daulton insisted that the delivery was worth $50,000. Boris smiled and said nothing and sent the negatives away to be printed. When Igor returned an hour later with the prints, Boris was visibly pleased. But he scoffed at Daulton's demands for $50,000. "Where are the frequencies?" he asked; once again, Daulton said, "I'm working on them." But, reassuringly, he said he was optimistic he would get them soon —as well as photos of the actual Rhyolite and Argus satellites.

The cocaine and liquor were having, as usual, an effect on Daulton's courage, and the fear he'd had when he stepped into the dungeonlike room continued to slip away. And he decided to push his advantage: He looked angrily at Boris and complained that he wasn't being paid enough for the risks he was taking. "I'm risking my life to come here and you pay me peanuts!" he said.

"If you don't like the information and don't start paying more for it," he threatened, "we'll sell it to the Chinese; they'll buy."

Instantly, he knew he had made a mistake.

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There was a silence in the room, and the blue eyes of the KGB officer pierced the tiny Californian. The two chauffeurs standing at the side of the room made a scraping noise as they shifted their weight, but no one spoke.

Boris then reached into his coat and produced a 9-millimeter Makarov automatic pistol and laid it in front of him with a metallic clunk. He slipped the clip out of the gun, making sure Daulton could see the eight cartridges it contained. As he set it down, there was another clunk on the table, which resonated with a hollow echo in the small room.

"You don't carry a gun?" Boris asked. It was more a statement than a question. Daulton shook his head that he didn't, keeping his eyes on the automatic. "You should," Boris said. "You should be more careful."

Even though his brain was saturated with alcohol and cocaine, Daulton retained enough of his wits to be persuaded by Boris' reaction: he would not mention China again. But after a few moments, the tension passed, and he renewed his demands for more money. He began to shout at the three Soviet agents, who studied him quietly.

Daulton felt almost intoxicated by his power over the KGB agents; he loved this sense of power. "They wanted what I had and they wanted it like crazy," he would recall later. He was convinced he could get away with almost anything. "I knew I had them by the short hairs; I had them hooked like junkies," he recalled.

Despite the miscalculation over China, Daulton *knew* they would give him what he asked; he was certain they didn't want to lose their access to TRW. And so he pressed his demands—successfully. When he returned to Los Angeles the next day, he had $10,000.

Before he left Boris, he promised again to get the frequencies, the photos and the performance specifications Boris wanted about TRW's infrared sensors. As he said good-bye, his last words to Boris were "Next month!"

30

CHRIS HAD NOW BEEN channeling secrets out of the Black Vault for a year.

He was certain that he was in love with Alana. They had talked about moving in together, but she had rejected the idea, saying she didn't want to hurt her parents. Their discussion turned to talk about marriage, but they decided tacitly to give their relationship more time. Instead, they spent as many nights together as they could at Chris's small rented house. In many ways, it seemed as if they were already married. Alana continued to nag Chris about his developing double chin and his fondness for junk food (he enjoyed the nagging, he would reflect later), but there was one subject on which he refused to budge: *big* breakfasts on Sundays.

''It's part of my Catholic heritage,'' he said when Alana first protested, ''not to mention my County Mayo heritage.'' To stand in the way of an ample breakfast on Sundays, he said, would be to infringe on the sacred practices of his religion and his family, where big Sunday breakfasts were a tradition. When Alana stayed over on Saturday nights, there was an invariable ritual the following morning: About eight, Chris would start a charcoal barbecue grill and go out for sweet rolls and a newspaper. When he got back, he put two steaks over the hot coals, and Alana had hash-browns and scrambled eggs on the range and orange juice and cantaloupe on the table.

These had been happy moments for Chris. But by the spring of 1976, stresses had begun to tear at their relationship. Alana complained that Chris had changed: ''You're so moody,'' she said repeatedly. He was constantly breaking dates, she said. ''Why? You snap at me all the time for nothing, and you're always so tense,'' she told him on a Saturday night in March. They had their big breakfast, as usual, the following morning, but the fissures in their romance were widening.

Much of Chris's moodiness and short temper was rooted in the ambiguity that twisted his conscience. On the day he had met Robin, when he was only fifteen, Chris had discovered the rivalry for his conscience. And now, seven years later, two voices were still arguing over his soul. On one hand, there was the ghost of Robin and what he stood for urging him on—the voice of the rebel who rejected the scenario that society had written for him and who saw things as they *really* were, not as the hypocrites and the chieftains of the corrupt corporate state *said* they were. And on the other hand, there was the looming presence of his father and of Monsignor McCarthy and all the others who had left a tenacious residue of *their* morality in him.

And so Chris wavered, a boat pushed to starboard one day, to port the next. At times, he repeatedly encouraged Daulton to sell secrets to the Russians and coached him in how to keep them off balance, serving as the mastermind of their operation and thoroughly enjoying the results of his scheme to tweak the noses of the CIA and the Russians, just as he had enjoyed tweaking the nose of the limp, dead mink in a church years earlier; at other times, the enormity of what they were doing seized him, and then he decided to drag his feet when Daulton asked for more merchandise. At times during the first year of the espionage operation that had begun in a cocaine stupor—at the moments when Chris became enraged by some new discovery about the CIA, or disgust for all manifestations of nationalism welled up in him —he let flow a tide of data that included some of America's most sensitive secrets. But at other times, he became repelled by the greed of his friend and his descent into heroin and, at times, repelled even by himself. The distant remnants of his father's ideals crashed through, and Chris answered Daulton's pleas for more secrets by taking his next batch of pictures out of focus or refusing to deliver items the Russians requested or trying to avoid Daulton when he called him asking for more secrets from the Black Vault.

But he knew it wasn't only a contorted conscience that produced the moodiness and irritability that perplexed Alana; it was also fear—and a growing sense of desperation. He continued to wonder how they had managed to get away with the scheme for so long. And whenever he thought about it—and he thought about it often—Chris always came to the same conclusion: *They have to be on to us.*

Chris knew that his inconsistency bewildered Daulton, and, he admitted to himself, he rather enjoyed this aspect of the operation. And in terms of dollars and cents, he was right: even when Daulton went to Mexico City with fogged film, he returned to The Hill with a stack of new currency. He was perhaps as skilled a traveling salesman as the KGB had ever dealt with, Chris mused.

Chris had not entered their enterprise with financial motives in mind. But he accepted whatever money Daulton gave him. He spent it on cocaine and marijuana, on weekend trips with Alana to the desert country along the Colorado River between California and Arizona, on car repairs and other things that, years later, he could not remember.

Chris was tormented by his fears, and they grew whenever he saw Daulton and realized the hold that heroin had on him. Sooner or later, Chris knew, Daulton was going to get high on heroin and boast that he was a spy, and the whole thing would be over.

As Chris felt the trap he had set for himself squeeze tighter, he made a decision: he must wrest control of the operation from Daulton and deal *directly* with the Russians. With Daulton out of the picture, he would somehow manage to find a way to ease out slowly. So far, he admitted, he had not been very successful in developing his own link to the Russians. He had attempted to do so again with a coded message to the Soviets, but decided Daulton was probably not delivering the messages.

He knew the Russians had broken his simple code. Their first reply to him had not been very kindly: using the same code for a reply sent via Daulton, the KGB had thanked Chris for his service in the cause of socialism, but whoever had answered his note had said he hadn't liked his criticism about taking so long to establish a telephone link and had called him ''rude.'' Ignoring this complaint, Chris had responded with another coded message asking how much money Daulton had received so far for the material he'd sent with him. But it hadn't been answered, and Chris doubted if Daulton had delivered it.

Nevertheless, he continued to take information out of the vault, tape it to a wall in his house and photograph it. On occasion, to enhance the value of what he considered lesser documents, he typed FLASH/SECRET on them. Out of the vault went more ciphers and technical reports and spools of TWX messages rolled up like toilet paper. There were photographs of a study, several pages long, designated only as Project 20,030. It was TRW's concept for a new surveillance satellite system that, just as Argus had been an advancement over Rhyolite, was to be an advanced version of Argus. It was to be another precious buy for the Russians. Each trip out of the plant—and the return trip with the documents—was a risk. But Chris had always thrived on risk.

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There was a moment, early in April, 1976, when Chris thought their whole adventure was over: Gene Norman announced that the National Security Agency had appointed a new senior administrator to oversee the communications vaults at various companies that held CIA contracts, and he was on his way to the Black Vault at that moment. They quickly removed a marijuana plant that was growing in the vault, as well as project I.D. badges showing a monkey's face that Norman had prepared as a joke; but otherwise, there was no time to prepare for his arrival.

Chris thought of an incident a few days earlier and smiled to himself: He had gone home after finishing his shift in the vault, but at about seven o'clock he had received a call from one of the guards in M-4. Gene Norman's wife, the guard explained, had called TRW and said she was worried because her husband hadn't come home from work; the guard had peeked through the partially opened vault door and discovered what he thought was the soles of two feet—apparently the feet of a man lying on the floor beyond the draperies that divided the vault. Because the guard wasn't cleared to enter the vault, he called Chris and asked him to drive to TRW as soon as possible. When Chris arrived, he learned the guard had decided there was a dead man on the floor of the vault, and several fellow uniformed security men were huddled outside. But when Chris went in, he found out that Norman was not dead, but drunk. He aroused Norman and told the guards that he had merely fallen asleep.

The crisis over the NSA man's visit was more serious.

In January, the agency had changed its encryption system; instead of making the daily change in ciphers with a keying machine, it had introduced a new kind of computer cipher card that was kept in sealed plastic envelopes in the vault's floor safe, with a new card removed for each day's use.

Previously, Chris had photographed the key cards while he was alone in the vault, usually before other employees arrived for work. But this became more hazardous after the new system was introduced: removing the cards from the sealed envelopes, and then returning them, took too much time. To make things easier, he began to take the packages of ciphers home with him, where he could remove the cards from the envelopes, photograph them and reseal the envelopes before returning them to the safe the following day. It was difficult to reseal the envelopes exactly as they had been. But he was usually the only one who opened the envelopes to pull out the cards, so this didn't matter.

The NSA official who was making the inspection was new on the job, and his surprise inspection was intended to assure him that the system he was taking over was in good shape. As soon as he entered the vault, Chris remembered that he had made a fatal mistake: he had replaced one set of crypto cards in its envelope *upside down.*

His heart pounded as the official crouched down near the open safe and checked the ciphers stored for use in future months. He watched as the visitor examined each one slowly. Chris tried to distract him by complaining about the reliability of the cipher machines—they were always breaking down, he said. The man was friendly, but painstaking. An hour passed, and then another hour, and Chris's head ached from the hopelessness of the situation. But he tried to seem relaxed as he waited for the NSA man to reach the questionable package of ciphers.

He saw it.

The man was holding it in his hand, and Chris looked down at it, helpless.

But nothing happened. The NSA executive's eyes passed over the package after a moment and went on to the next one.

Later that day, Norman reported that the inspector was unhappy because some components that were listed in the inventory for the code room were missing, but otherwise, he had no serious complaints about the operation.

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Laurie Vicker had finally persuaded her boyfriend to marry her, but the marriage hadn't stopped her from pursuing Chris, nor her husband's suspicions that there was something going on between them. One night when she and Chris both had to work late, the black-haired systems analyst made a booze run and returned with a gallon of wine. By the time all the messages had been sent to Langley, most of the wine was gone, but Laurie said she didn't want to go home yet, and suggested they go over to Chris's house.

Chris still wasn't interested sexually in the plump, if sensuous, woman, whose advances he found vulgar. But he considered her a friend and didn't want to hurt her feelings. And so he suggested that she follow him in her van to his house, where they could smoke a joint. When they reached his place, Laurie telephoned a friend and discovered that her husband had learned from a TRW guard that the two of them had left together. The friend said that her husband had gone looking for them. Chris rushed her out of the house and they left for Daulton's.

Laurie's husband, a bartender, was substantially larger than Chris and had boasted to his bride that he had once killed a man in a fight—a fact that Laurie had repeated to Chris. They got into their respective vehicles and Laurie followed Chris to the Lee home, where they found Daulton, drank more wine and smoked two joints. Meanwhile, Chris wondered how he was going to get Laurie home. About midnight, he decided upon a strategy for dealing with Laurie's husband: she was too drunk to drive, so there was only one way to get her home, and that was with her husband.

He telephoned him at their apartment and said that Laurie was in Palos Verdes and was drunk; he said he would deliver her to him in twenty minutes at the Plaza in Palos Verdes Estates. It was a Spanish-style square near the ocean flanked by red tile–roofed buildings that housed mostly real estate offices, the main industry of the town. Next Chris called the Palos Verdes Estates Police Station, which was located at the edge of the Plaza, and offered an anonymous tip: within twenty minutes, there was to be a gang fight in the Plaza. Then Daulton called the police with the same message.

A few minutes later, Chris drove the very drunk Laurie to the Plaza in her van and left her inside. There were five police cars, engines running, parked around the Plaza, and the unhappy husband saw them.

"Here's your wife," Chris jauntily said to her husband.

"You son of a bitch," he said. "Don't you ever touch her; I killed somebody once for less."

Chris just smiled, and Laurie drunkenly said, "Please take me home."

Under the eyes of the watching policemen, they all left then. But it wasn't the last time that Laurie went after Chris.

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Carole Benedict had returned from Hawaii and was living with her mother, who had remarried, and she was now dating Daulton regularly; it was an expensive courtship in terms of the gifts and expensive dinners he lavished on her, but it gave him access to her wonderful body. Although his drug habit was also expensive, the Russians were providing him with a steady income, and there was every reason to think this income would continue for a long time: the Russians were panting as never before.

The only problem Daulton saw—and it was growing more and more frustrating—was Chris. He had begun to sense that Chris was becoming uncooperative again; in fact, he was so unpredictable it was impossible to figure him out sometimes. It was bad for his drug business, Daulton knew that. Several times, Chris had promised him an important load of merchandise that he claimed would be worth at least $20,000 to the Russians, but the Russians said the material wasn't worth anything—either the photographs were fogged or their value fell short of Daulton's asking price for other reasons. Daulton always managed to bargain a few thousand dollars beyond what Boris offered. But it wasn't what he expected, and this caused problems for Daulton in his drug trade because he usually planned in advance how the money would be spent. Once, for example, before making a trip to Mexico

City with a load that Chris said ought to bring $20,000, he placed an order for two tons of marijuana. The weed was waiting for him in Jamaica at $30 a pound; he should have more than enough money for the deal. But that delivery brought only $5,000, and it was an embarrassment for him with the dealer who had set up the buy.

There were other problems, too. Barclay Granger had borrowed $18,000 from him to front a cocaine buy, but he'd lost it to a rip-off artist. Barclay said he'd pay it back, but that had been three months ago, and Daulton decided that he was through with his old friend.

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"Why don't you fly up to San Francisco with me for dinner?" Daulton told a group of friends who had gathered at his home for a party on a Saturday night late in April. Carole was there, along with George and Margie Fein. Daulton—he was called "Daultonomous" by the Feins in joking affection—had met George in a high school woodworking class and they had remained friends. It was the birthday of Margie Fein, and Daulton had invited them over to celebrate. Now he was proposing that they extend the party to San Francisco, with him picking up the tab; he said he had to be in San Francisco to catch a telephone call.

Before inviting them to San Francisco, Daulton explained to Fein that he was conducting a profitable new business selling stocks and bonds to an "uncle" in Mexico City. He boasted that he had made $100,000 from it, and that he made a new delivery each month, picking up an additional $5,000 or $10,000. He had to go to San Francisco, he explained, to arrange his next trip, and he showed Fein a sheet of lined yellow paper that bore a list of scheduled appointments in Mexico City and other places. Fein noticed that it seemed to be in some kind of code, and noticed "S.F." marked under the current day's date. The group all rejected his invitation to fly to San Francisco, so Daulton flew off by himself to take a call from Boris.

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When Daulton returned, after setting up his next meeting in Mexico City, he faced yet another crisis in his efforts to stay out of jail.

His psychiatrist had been scheduled in March to report the results of Daulton's hospital examination—the report that could decide whether he went back to jail or not. But the psychiatrist sent a note to Judge

Donahue saying that he had been ill and apologizing for having to postpone submission of the report.

Because of the delay, Attorney Kahn managed to put off the court hearing to decide Daulton's future repeatedly during the early spring. But in May, the psychiatrist finally finished his evaluation, and Judge Donahue scheduled a new hearing on Daulton's future on May 18, 1976.

After noting he had found no evidence of drug addiction during the hospital stay, the psychiatrist offered his analysis of the forces that had shaped Daulton and thrust him into trouble with the law so frequently:

> Mr. Lee demonstrated anxiety, tension and considerable depression but was cooperative and responsive to the daily intensive exploratory and psychotherapeutic interviews with him during the hospitalization. These revealed the persistence of unresolved conflicts which date back to childhood and especially the adolescent years. As the oldest son he felt an obligation to fulfill what he felt were his physician father's ambitions for him, which entailed acceptance at Notre Dame University and athletic and academic success. Unfortunately for him his only average grades and below average stature frustrated these aspirations and left him with a deep sense of failure and a feeling of paternal rejection. This led to adolescent rebelliousness and acting out which entailed drug dealing and, again unfortunately for him, he was only too successful in this pursuit and it became a way for him to become a "big shot" in a delinquent way and at the same time triumph over and get revenge on his father.
>
> The uncertain success of work and study have never matched for him his illegal endeavors which have persisted with the same neurotic component, as well as much guilt and alienation in relation to his Roman Catholic upbringing and rather harsh but ineffective conscience.
>
> In addition then to establishing that although having used drugs he is not an addict, the hospital studies led to confirmation of the initial impression that the extra-legal behavior pattern had a neurotic substructure which would potentially be amenable to psychotherapy.
>
> Course since Discharge from Hospital:
>
> The hospital stay led to some symptomatic improvement but more importantly the beginning of a therapeutic relationship to be developed on an outpatient basis.
>
> He was discharged to his family to arrange a rehabilitation period of several months, living and working as free of stress as possible while

he continued in therapy. Plans were made to work with an elderly craftsman to further his experience in the manufacture of custom furniture and in due course obtain his own apartment near a bus route.

The psychiatrist added that psychotherapy continued "approximately twice weekly throughout February and early March," but then had to be suspended because of the psychiatrist's illness, a serious case of influenza. He said psychotherapy had resumed intermittently since then and added:

> During the treatment sessions it was felt that continuing progress has been made towards better self-understanding and the difficult but not impossible task of rehabilitating himself with family, friends and society, possibly as a legitimate business entrepreneur or in custom furniture manufacture.
>
> This young man has made a good start towards rehabilitating himself and should in my opinion be given the chance to continue along this road, which though neither short nor easy, offers hope for salvaging someone with good potential from a criminal identity, which might otherwise be further and perhaps irrevocably ingrained.
>
> There is no question that he is neither from an anti-social background, nor basically psychopathic, but rather belongs to that minority of offenders whose behavior have a psychoneurotic basis.
>
> He is therefore amenable to individual psychotherapy and should continue it for many months. There is good support from his family, and although no guarantees of success can be given there seems to be an excellent result possible here. It is strongly urged that he be allowed to continue these treatments under probation supervision as part of his probation program.

At the May 18 hearing, Judge Donahue allowed Daulton to remain on probation until he evaluated the psychiatric report, even though the Los Angeles County Probation Department, citing Daulton's consistent failure to submit to supervision by probation officers since 1972, was less favorably inclined toward him than the psychiatrist. It had recommended that he be returned to jail. The court ordered a new probation evaluation based on the psychiatrist's report. Daulton could be free at least until early September, the judge ruled. Ken Kahn had scored another victory.

Daulton was, again, out of immediate danger of being sent to prison.

After the hearing, he boasted to friends that he had fooled both the psychiatrist and the judge and predicted he would never have to return to prison.

Meanwhile, he wasted no time in resuming his twin businesses, selling drugs and selling defense secrets. He had plenty of time to see Carole, and once Barclay Granger was sentenced to Federal prison for cocaine trafficking, he inherited another one of his girlfriends—Darlene Cooper.

31

DAULTON SENSED A CHANGE in Boris Grishin beginning in June. When they exchanged the passwords, his greeting wasn't as warm, and there was a coolness during their meals. Boris complained more than ever about the quality of the material and insisted on meeting *Cristobal.* An uneasiness that the Russians might be trying to get rid of him began to trouble Daulton. As usual, each delivery was paid for, but Boris was becoming increasingly impatient with Daulton's excuses.

Still, Daulton remained certain that they were hooked, and he continued his pattern of gilt-edged promises. Whenever Boris squeezed too much, Daulton did what he had always done with a troublesome junkie: he threatened to withhold the goods. He tacitly let the Russian know that he might not ever hear again from him or his friend if he pressed too hard. And that was enough to make Boris back off for the moment.

Daulton tried not to let Boris' change of mood bother him. After all, they were *still* paying. When he returned from Mexico City in June he got high at a party and hinted to one of the cocaine dealers who traveled in his crowd in Redondo Beach that he was doing business with the Soviets. Without giving any details, he said in an optimistic boast, "The Russians are so dumb they'll buy anything."

Nevertheless, Daulton knew he would have to come up with something better if he was going to keep stringing them on. After he returned to California in June, he went to Chris's house and said that Boris was pushing hard for answers to the questions he had sent earlier to Chris, as well as the frequencies and pictures of the birds. Chris responded with the same reply Daulton had heard before: "Fuck 'em; we'll give 'em what we want, and that's it."

Daulton appealed to Chris to go into the High Bay area, at least, and photograph a Rhyolite satellite. The Russians, in fact, already knew what a Rhyolite bird looked like; they had purchased documents containing an artist's concept of the satellite. Unbeknownst to them, however, the satellite had been outfitted with a new set of antennae, and a photograph of the bird would have been a valuable prize for the Soviets.

Chris refused to take the picture.

"Why not, asshole?" Daulton asked.

"Tell 'em you're working on it," Chris said.

"That won't work anymore," Daulton said. "I've already told them that. Look, they're willing to pay hundreds of thousands of dollars for that shit. Can't you realize that? Green, coin of the realm. And here I sit. You're blind! Why do I have to take all the risks? You're a mother-fucking coward."

"I've heard that before; it doesn't work."

Chris, as he did most of his waking hours lately, was chain smoking, and he reached for another Lark.

"You're tearing me up inside," Daulton said angrily. "I'm not going to be responsible for what happens. I can't take it anymore. You're the reason I'm on this goddamned smack."

There was a pause. Daulton said, "There's always your father." It was a hint that he might tell Chris's father of their enterprise if Chris didn't become more cooperative.

"Yes, there always is, and if he didn't blow your brains out, I would."

"You don't have the stomach for it," Daulton said.

"Try me. I really wish you would try me."

"I couldn't care less if you overdosed," Chris added. "You more than pay for your habit with dealing and smuggling. No one is forcing you to go to Mexico City; if you have any brains left at all, quit. It can't go on forever."

Daulton had taken a whiff of heroin and decided to switch to a more persuasive approach.

"Look, you want some more money?" he asked.

"You can give me a pound of Colombian. A fresh pound."

"I just gave you a pound Saturday!" Daulton said. "What the fuck did you do with that one?"

"It's gone. I gave five ounces to Old Rasputin," he said, referring to an old friend. "You burned him for five ounces. And I gave Dennis and Margie some and the guy next door an ounce; we all took some excellent brownies to the desert."

"Hey, stay out of my business."

"You don't run a business," Chris retorted. "You rip people off."

Daulton was not ruffled. Once again, he appealed for new data from the vault. "*Please,*" he said.

"All right, James Bond. You play your game and I'll play mine." Chris said he would get some new material from the vault in a few days. "What happened to your attaché case?"

"I forgot the combination and had to pry it open."

"God, some swift spy you are. It's a miracle I'm not dead. You've used up all our luck, every last drop."

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Several weeks later, on July 9, Stephen Sharp and Michael Maxwell, Los Angeles County deputy sheriffs, were riding in a patrol car shortly before midnight in an industrial section of Long Beach, the coastal city southwest of Los Angeles, when they saw a white Ford zoom past them. They could see the Ford hurtling toward the center divider strip in the road and braced for it to carom off the divider. But at the last moment, the Ford made a long, looping right-hand turn all the way from the center lane to another street. The deputies gave pursuit and clocked the Ford at 65 miles an hour.

Red lights went on behind Daulton, and this time he stopped. He stumbled out of the car and asked the officers why they had stopped him.

"May I see your driver's license, please?" the officer asked.

Under the glare of the patrol car's headlights, the deputies ordered Daulton to stand on one leg. He elevated one foot several inches off the ground, held it steady for a moment, and fell down on the pavement.

When they asked him to touch his nose with his right index finger, Daulton extended his arm, steadied himself, took aim and coaxed the finger to his face. But instead of finding his nose, Daulton stabbed an eye.

''Where do you think you are?'' the deputies asked Daulton.

His slurred voice replied with a location in Redondo Beach, fifteen miles away.

After leaving Chris's home near the TRW plant earlier in the evening, Daulton, somehow, had survived a fifteen-mile drunken odyssey to Long Beach.

Chris had embarked that night for Ensenada, in Mexico, and a weekend of falcon-spotting with Gene Norman; he still had no love for Norman, but the job threw them together, and they had planned the trip over lunch one day at The Hangar. When Norman arrived early in the evening to pick him up, he found Chris and Daulton, drunk. There were long strips of recently developed film drooping like black ribbons from the counter tops and cupboards in the kitchen. Chris was sober enough to recognize the danger of discovery by Norman, and steered him away from the kitchen. Although Norman caught a glimpse of the black ribbons, if he was puzzled by them he said nothing about it to Chris.

Daulton and Gene had met once before at a party, and they hadn't hit it off. Gene had written off Daulton as a boisterous braggart, and Daulton thought Gene was a smart-ass who thought he was still in the Marines. That evening did little to help the fragile relationship. After Norman drove to Chris's house and walked inside, Chris gave him a beer, and before long a dispute erupted between Daulton and Norman over something one of them said. Daulton grabbed the can of beer; there was a scuffle and pushing. But Daulton was too drunk to continue the combat, and he went to his car and passed out. When he woke up, Chris and Norman had left for Mexico, and he ended up arrested for drunken driving. He was released on bail two days later.

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Daulton had plans to make one big score and then move to Costa Rica. His brother had found out that the Golden Cove Deli had been sold, but Daulton now had a grander scheme in mind—a deal that could turn a few thousand dollars into a million and allow him to invest the proceeds in a business and retire, fish and relax in the sun, pulling the strings on his business from a fine beach home in Costa Rica, just like Robert Vesco, the fugitive American multimillionaire who lived in the Central American country.

Daulton's scheme was to buy a large quantity of drugs in Culiacán and turn it around on the streets of America. But he faced one major obstacle to realizing the plan: he didn't have the seed money to get the enterprise rolling. He had recently lost more than $10,000 he had fronted in a drug deal that was stolen in a rip-off, in addition to the $18,000 Granger still owed him. His own habit had chewed up a lot of his remaining capital, and with his incessant, extravagant spending, he didn't have much left. There was still some cash in Mexican banks, a few gold coins he had cached in a safe-deposit box and a few Oriental rugs. But he needed big money—$50,000 to $100,000 or more—to pull off this score.

His only hope was the Russians.

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Daulton decided that if the scam could be carried on only a few more months, he could get the money he needed to begin his new life. Although Daulton sensed the Russians were growing colder to him, he was counting, as ever, on their addiction. There had been omens that summer that the Russians' patience with the diminutive huckster from Palos Verdes was wearing thin. But Daulton, as full of moxie as ever, was not deterred. Twice that summer, Boris failed to show up when meetings were scheduled—once, in August, leaving Daulton waiting an hour in a park after midnight.

The next day, Daulton went to Calzada Tacubaya, the overloaded expressway where the Soviet Embassy was located, and ignoring onlookers, pasted adhesive-tape X marks on lampposts on side streets that he knew embassy cars passed by frequently. The location wasn't on the list the Russians had given him, but he was anxious for a meeting; Chris had given him more KW-7 ciphers and more message traffic from the vault. And he had only $30 in his pockets.

Daulton was waiting at the Bali Restaurant that night, but Boris didn't show up, so Daulton decided on a second plan of action: he went to the embassy and, ignoring Boris' warnings to avoid the building, waited outside the gate for a car to pass, followed it in and persuaded a guard to find Boris.

Boris was outraged at the insubordinate agent.

"You're a fool," he said, and told him again *never* to visit the embassy unannounced. Nevertheless, he accepted the delivery and, after disappearing into an adjacent office, returned with another envelope stuffed with American currency. In one way Daulton was right: the

Russians were *still* addicted to the possibility of getting more secrets about American spy-satellite operations; moreover, Boris still wanted to meet Daulton's partner, the mysterious American who had access to the secrets. Daulton continued to play on the Russian's eagerness to meet Chris, promising that he would come to Mexico and using, as always, the promise of more to come. Daulton's welcome was wearing thin, but he felt he could still keep them on the hook.

32

CHRIS HELD THE SHINY AUTOMATIC in his lap and wondered if he would have the guts to do it. Was this the way to end the nightmare, to kill Daulton? He had no regrets about his motive for the thrust against the insanities of the superpowers; he had acted, he told himself, on behalf of all the people who could no longer speak for themselves of the insanities—the victims of Ypres, Guadalcanal, Stalingrad, Dien Bien Phu, Khe Sanh and all the other graveyards of battle—but his protest had assumed a shape he had not imagined, and it had gone on too long.

He now wanted to survive.

He thought of Daulton's heroin-induced half-threat to blackmail his father and smiled bitterly to himself: his father would either shoot Daulton on the spot or handcuff him and get on the telephone to the FBI. No, he knew blackmail wasn't a problem; but if Daulton went to his father, Chris knew his own life would be ruined.

Daulton had evidence that linked Chris indisputably to spying for the Russians; somewhere, there were copies of the documents. Daulton had said he wanted to sell them a second time to the Chinese; as long as they existed, they would implicate Chris in espionage. Where were they? Daulton had said some were at his house, but others might be cached somewhere in Mexico. One evening after work Chris drove to Palos Verdes and slowed as he passed Daulton's house, weighing a plan to break in and ransack his room. But as he guided the Volkswagen past the sprawling house set back behind a big lawn, Chris realized there was no way he could pull it off; he remembered Daulton had told him his family had recently installed a burglar alarm connected to the Palos Verdes Estates Police Department.

The only way to end it without being caught, Chris decided, was to murder Daulton.

The best place for it, he thought, would be in the desert—a couple of shots from the automatic and the scavengers of the desert would take care of his body very efficiently. He looked down at the gun and outlined in his mind, step by step, how he would lure Daulton to the Mojave with a suggestion for an early-morning trapping expedition. He even rehearsed mentally the words he would say: "Come on, it's been a long time; let's go check out the old haunts." He heard the shots and saw Daulton fall.

And then another vision flashed into his mind: he remembered the sight of Monsignor McCarthy saying Mass in the center of the altar at St. John Fisher, and the two of them, Daulton and himself, kneeling on each side of him.

The gray-haired priest genuflected, and his voice—a soft alloy of Ireland and Boston—resonated between the freshly painted walls of the new church:

Dominus vobiscum. The Lord be with you.

And then he could hear their response in the Latin colloquy, two boyish voices, almost like distant chimes, replying as one:

Et cum spiritu tuo. And with your spirit.

Chris recalled the two of them playing football, and in the wilderness, each placing his life literally in the hands of the other, as they explored eyries of falcons on a mountain ledge at the end of a rope, accompanied only by the sounds of rustling pines, the wind and a bubbling stream far beneath them.

He thought of the Daulton whom he had known before he became addicted to heroin. In a way, he knew they were alike. They had shared the same disillusionment over the infuriating gap between reality and the ideals they had been taught and the same repugnance for the hypocrisies of the Corporate State, as Charles Reich so eloquently called the country in *The Greening of America*.

Chris thought: Daulton fought against the system in the way in which he was most proficient, as a drug dealer, and before he soured beneath his addiction, he had challenged, along with Chris, hundreds of false assumptions about the corrupt world that had been bequeathed to them. But unfortunately, instead of using pot or hash or coke to enhance his perceptions of life periodically as his customers did, Daulton had let his euphoria sweep him away and it had become his reality, until he had no reality left. Once, Daulton had shared with Chris a contempt for the mindless flag-waving of the nationalists; he had been equally disillusioned. But by the spring of 1975, when all this had begun, Chris had known that the only way to get Daulton to carry out his plan was to appeal to his greed.

Heroin, Chris thought, had left Daulton a shell of what he had been. He was often sick physically now, and overwhelmed by the enormity of his rejection of a culture that gave him no peace; yet at the beginning it had seemed so small—peddling a few joints in high school. Stoned on smack, Daulton could forget and escape to his nirvana. Daulton, Chris thought, reminded him of comedian Lenny Bruce, who had also sought a solution in heroin for problems he couldn't solve. They were both sick, he decided, but their sickness stemmed from a sick society; both had banged their heads against established norms until their junkie obsession had left them with no basic morality. Their motivations were right, but they had destroyed their "selves" in the process.

Heroin had become Daulton's orgasm, Chris thought, and then appended a thought: *I suppose I have my own, my stooping falcons.*

Even if he did kill Daulton, even if he could, Chris finally decided, it wasn't a solution. Somewhere, copies of the documents were cached and they would haunt him no matter whether Daulton was alive or dead. Who knew whom else he might have told about them in a junkie fog? Chris thought once again of the vision of Daulton's small body crumbling from a fusillade of bullets and put the gun away in a dresser in his bedroom. All he could do, he decided, was let fate run its course.

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"Can't I help you?" Alana asked in a voice that was part compassion, part frustration, part anger. "You never laugh anymore." Alana was complaining increasingly of Chris's dark moods; she suspected that whatever was bedeviling Chris had something to do with his job and with Daulton, who seemed to materialize these days out of dark alleys at bizarre hours and, after a whispered conversation with Chris, disappear just as suddenly. But Chris, every time she brought up his moods and inexplicable behavior, refused to discuss whatever it was that was tormenting him. And so she groped unsuccessfully to define the forces that were causing the changes in Chris.

"I can't take it anymore," she cried one night toward the end of August.

As she went on, Chris searched his mind for a course of action. And then he made a decision. Once again, he decided, he really had no choice. Chris felt as if he were riding a raft in the churning white water of the Colorado River, heading helplessly toward a precipice, a fall and disaster, and there was no place he could jump to a safe landing. Why, he asked himself, take someone with him on his inevitable trip to disaster?

As gently as he could, Chris lied to Alana that he did not love her anymore.

"You're wasting your time with me," he said, feigning a good-natured expression of logic. He wasn't ready to make a commitment, he said; his life was too uncertain. "Lana," he said, "I don't think our relationship is going any further than it is right now."

Alana began to cry. She was shocked and hurt by his declaration. But she told Chris things couldn't continue as they had been. And in a painful way, she admitted to herself, she was relieved by the lessening of the maddening pressure brought into her life by Chris's descent into a dark cosmos that she couldn't see or comprehend.

After that night, talk of marriage ended, and Chris and Alana began to drift apart.

"Our relationship had been poisoned," Chris would say more than a year later. "How can you marry someone with that kind of a situation? I had become a withdrawn, paranoid person; I lived behind a curtain; I had one life that was a normal aboveboard existence that I tried to make as wholesome as I could, and I had this poison gnawing away at me in this other life that I just totally put into a compartment and blocked off from everything else."

In July, 1976, on the second anniversary of Chris's hiring at TRW, his supervisor made a notation in his personnel folder:

> Chris has been a valuable employee in our communications section. His daily work is accomplished quite well. Chris has potential for future growth within Security providing he applies himself to seeking that goal.

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After finishing his shift on September 3, 1976, a Friday, Chris drove his Volkswagen to the Los Angeles International Airport—it was less than two miles from the TRW complex—and bought a ticket to Mexico City.

He had decided the only way to free himself from the bear trap he had sprung on himself was to take Daulton out of the picture; he must deal directly with the Russians and then get out of the mess, whatever way he could.

In July, the Russians had finally answered his inquiry about how much money Daulton had received: they said he had been paid more than $60,000; Chris had received less than $15,000 of the money by then. When he confronted Daulton with this information, his friend denied it; he said they were lying to drive a wedge between the two friends. Chris didn't believe him, but by then, the money no longer concerned Chris. He desperately wanted out—and he knew that as long as Daulton was his intermediary with the Russians, he couldn't extricate himself. In August, Chris sent another coded message to the Russians with a warning that his courier was "undependable," and suggesting that they contact him directly. But Daulton had grown increasingly suspicious about Chris's channel of communication to the KGB, especially after the confrontation over the money, and he hadn't delivered it.

At 2 A.M. on the morning of September 4, Chris knocked at the door of Daulton's room at the Holiday Inn in the Zona Rosa. Daulton, who had been asleep, was amazed to see his friend.

Chris didn't tell Daulton the genuine reason for his trip; he lied that he had decided on a whim to come to Mexico for the weekend just to meet the Russians he had heard so much about. Daulton said he would try to arrange a meeting the next day but it might not be possible. Then they both went to sleep.

Daulton had already made his September contact with Boris three days earlier, on the first Wednesday of the month. When Chris insisted that he try to set up another meeting, Daulton agreed to see what he could do. At several times during his long business relationship with the KGB, he had been assigned to meet his Russian contact at a construction site for a new hotel on Dakota Street near the murals at the Polyforum. He knew that Karpov and others from the embassy passed by the site from time to time and told Chris he would wait at this location in the hope that the Russians might see him and agree to a meeting that night with Chris. But an hour after he left, Daulton returned to the Holiday Inn and told Chris the Russians hadn't appeared.

Chris said he would try again the next month. The two of them went to the airport and flew back to Los Angeles. En route to the airport, Chris said he was curious to see what the Soviet Embassy looked like, and they had the cab driver pass by the big building on Calzada Tacubaya. As they drove by, Chris noticed several armed Mexico City policemen standing guard outside the gates of the embassy. On the trip back, Chris said nothing about his plan to get Daulton out of the picture —but he was as determined as ever to do so.

Monday, he was back to work in the Vault.

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The previous June, Judge Donahue, at Ken Kahn's urging, had extended Daulton's probation for three months so that it could be determined if psychotherapy and a job or schooling could salvage the chronic drug pusher. In early September, he received still another report on Daulton from the Los Angeles Probation Department. It pointed out that Daulton had recently been arrested for driving while intoxicated; that he had visited his psychiatrist only rarely; that he repeatedly missed appointments with his probation officer; that he was seldom home when probation officers went there to interview him; and it suggested that Daulton might still be dealing in drugs. For the third time in 1976, the department recommended that the probation of Andrew Daulton Lee be revoked and that he be sent to prison.

Early in September, a legal summons arrived at Daulton's home in Palos Verdes Estates. It ordered him to attend a hearing on September 10 before Judge Donahue, when the report was to be considered. But when the summons arrived, Daulton wasn't home; he was in Mazatlán again, working on the drug buy that he hoped would propel him into his soft new life in Costa Rica.

Because Daulton didn't appear at the hearing, Judge Donahue revoked his probation and issued a warrant for his arrest.

Once again, Daulton was a fugitive.

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Chris, meanwhile, was weighing a new option. In August, a TRW employee, Bob Thomas, had mentioned to him that a former TRW employee who had once worked in the Black Vault had written to him from Colorado, where he was now employed by another company involved in classified satellite developments, the Martin-Marietta Corporation. The former employee, a friend of Thomas', had reported that his new employer paid considerably higher wages than TRW for doing the same kind of work and suggested Thomas apply for a job there. Thomas wasn't interested in the job; he said he didn't want to leave California. The Martin-Marietta plant was near Denver. Chris, however, saw the job as a possible way to get away from Daulton while returning to Colorado, which he had enjoyed during a short stay there following his year at Cal Poly. He wrote a letter to Thomas' friend:

Dear Gerald Smathers:

In recent conversations with Mary Phillips and Bob Thomas, it was brought to my attention that you are now living in Colorado and working for Martin-Marietta. I was curious as to your identity, as your name kept coming up in my logs. I work for security with Bob Thomas in M-4. In later discussions Bob mentioned that you had written him concerning a job opportunity at Martin-Marietta. After studying the folder he still keeps, I realized that you are located near Littleton, a suburb of Denver, where I used to live. Bob suggested I contact you concerning job openings.

I think at this point I should introduce myself. My name is Chris Boyce. I am 23 and I began working your job at TRW six months after you left. I know it's a bit irregular to write a total stranger but I would definitely love to return to Denver. Without going out of your way, is it possible for you to reply as to the existence of security openings as you described to Bob Thomas. I know this is a shot in the dark but I would appreciate your consideration.

Sincerely,
Chris Boyce

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On a Saturday morning early in October, Chris flew to Mexico City again. Daulton was waiting for him at the Holiday Inn. At Chris's urging, Daulton had arranged an unusual Saturday meeting with Boris. But he told Chris the meeting wasn't scheduled until that evening. With time to kill, Daulton left their hotel room to have a manicure in the hotel barbershop. When he returned, they decided to go sightseeing.

As he had with Barclay Granger, Daulton guided Chris along the Paseo de la Reforma and took him into some of the museums in Chapultepec Park that made the park a rich Latin American showplace of art. And like tourists, they photographed each other in front of paintings, statues, and other landmarks. Except for the moment when Daulton stumbled into a gaping, water-filled hole next to a sidewalk and soaked one leg of his pants up to the knee, it was an uneventful excursion. When they returned to the hotel, Chris decided to go for a swim in the hotel pool and fortified himself for the evening with cocktails called Harvey Wallbangers.

"Lulled by the alcohol I drifted in the water feeling a rising tension as the night came on," Chris wrote of that afternoon many months later. "I could occasionally see Lee look out the window of his room, and I no longer hated him as much as I had."

Like Daulton, Chris was exhilarated by the adventure, and was enjoying himself.

The coolness between the friends had deepened, although neither acknowledged it to the other. Daulton didn't want Chris in Mexico City; it meant he could lose his monopoly in dealings with the Russians. Chris didn't know where the meeting would lead him. But he hoped, at the least, to recapture some control over his own destiny, and—beyond that—to wrest control of their espionage operation from Daulton. After that he would decide his next move.

Shortly before 8 P.M., Daulton announced that it was time for them to go. They flagged a taxi near the hotel and Daulton ordered the driver to take them across town. "First, you've got to be sure you're not being followed," Daulton told Chris with the patronizing confidence of a tutor. The taxi dropped them in a neighborhood of brassy bars and cafés where barmaids who had emigrated from the poverty-stricken hinterlands of Mexico sold their bodies in upstairs rooms for $10. They looked around to check if they were being tailed, and then flagged down another taxi. Daulton directed it to a downtown park that Chris didn't recognize.

Mexico City had been pelted by an on-again, off-again drizzle most of the day. More substantial rain was starting to fall that evening. But the park was crowded nevertheless. After the taxi let them out, Daulton, a nervous grin on his face, told Chris to wait, and he disappeared into a dark backdrop of trees and brush. A television commercial was being filmed, and Chris watched the film crew at work from beside a high wall that afforded him a little shelter from the rain. After he had waited almost an hour, a man approached, paused and asked Chris in a heavily accented voice if he would like to share his umbrella.

The man introduced himself as "John." Chris, of course, recognized the code name.

His first thought upon meeting Boris Grishin was to wonder at how much he resembled Daulton. Although he didn't have Daulton's moustache and was slightly taller, he had the same kind of low-to-the-ground rolling gait, large head and broad shoulders. There was an unavoidable suggestion of an ape. Even Boris' face, Chris thought, reminded him of Daulton.

As they began to walk, Chris wondered: had the Russians selected him to control Daulton because there was something psychologically—as well as physically—similar between the agent and the snowman from Palos Verdes? With little conversation except comments about the weather, they continued to walk in the rain beneath the shelter of the umbrella. After a few minutes, Daulton's bantam figure emerged from behind a tree, and the three of them turned into an alley and walked across a wide street, where a big, dark limousine suddenly pulled to a stop with a squeal of its brakes and the hiss of tires on the wet pavement.

Just before they got into the embassy car, Daulton tried to lag behind Boris, and he whispered to Chris, "Tell 'em you can get anything they want." He had just had a session with Boris in which the Russian had again complained about his failure to deliver the code-room transmission frequencies and other information Daulton had promised many months earlier. Daulton was trying to get Chris to give Boris a consistent story—the old one about needing only a few more weeks to deliver what the Soviets wanted.

Chris noticed that Boris was watching them, and he wondered if the Russian had heard the whispered remark. He's trying to figure out what the relationship is between us, Chris thought. Karpov gunned the engine, and the car sprinted into motion. It was familiar stuff to Daulton. But Chris wasn't prepared for the race-car maneuvering, Karpov's darting into and out of side streets and alleys on what seemed to be a journey to nowhere. Before they had left the hotel, the two friends had smoked a joint and Daulton had supplemented his high from pot by snorting a dab of heroin; the drugs had served to soften their apprehension. But as the car careered over the wet streets of Mexico City, Chris began to get scared.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"Deener," Boris answered with a smile.

"Where?" Chris asked.

"The embezze," he replied.

Chris recognized the shape of the Soviet Embassy when it loomed outside the car a few moments later. The car began to slow. "You're not going in the front gate?" he asked in amazement.

But before there was an answer, the gate swung open, and the limousine roared into the embassy compound. The two youths followed Boris and Karpov from the car into the building and were quickly escorted to the gloomy basement where Daulton had been before—the dark cavity that was an icy blend of sitting room and dungeon.

There were a sofa, end tables, a television set, a large conference table and several chairs in the room. On the conference table, several bottles of liquor—French brandy, three bottles of Russian vodka, several bottles of French wine and sweet Russian wine from Georgia—were waiting for them.

Boris asked for Chris's wallet, and he handed it to Karpov, who took it upstairs, apparently for an examination and photographing of his driver's license, TRW identification card and other papers in the wallet by other KGB agents.

Warmly, Boris welcomed Chris to the embassy and congratulated him for helping the socialist cause. Chris felt like Lindbergh on his arrival in Paris. Boris poured drinks for the three of them and a servant brought in platters of cooked beef, potatoes, carrots, cabbage, cheese and, of course, the inevitable caviar.

Chris felt his hands trembling. Perspiration began to soak his shirt. To pacify his fears, he gulped a glass of wine, and then another. He sampled the food, but didn't like the taste of the meat or the vegetables. He wondered if the Russians were trying to poison him. But even after he saw Boris eat from the same dishes, he decided not to eat any more; he didn't like this strange-tasting Russian cuisine.

With a raise of his hand, Boris signaled that it was time for business. He lifted his glass for a toast and said:

"To peace!"

To that, Daulton, glancing at Chris, responded:

"To cash!"

Boris looked disapprovingly at his agent and then thanked Chris for his services to the Soviet Union and the cause of socialism. Then, like the chief executive of a corporation reviewing the company's latest sales offensive, the KGB officer launched into a review of the two spies' performance during the past eighteen months. He praised their successes, recalled times when communications had broken down, apologized for missed meetings, reviewed the information the Russians had received and what information they'd requested and hadn't received.

Chris studied the man. He seemed to have a cigarette in his mouth constantly, even when he spoke, and it drooped down diagonally like a stubby, fixed appendage. He had a dour, almost sad expression. In fact, Chris thought, all the Russians he had seen in the embassy looked as if they were ready to cry.

''We must have the Western Union frequencies,'' Boris implored in his broken English; it was *essential* that Chris obtain a list of the daily frequencies on which the CIA was transmitting his messages.

''I can't get the frequencies; I don't have access to them,'' Chris said; they were not kept in the vault where he worked, he said.

Boris seemed amazed.

Looking sideways at the smaller of his two spies, he said Daulton had repeatedly told him that he *could* get the frequencies. In fact, Daulton had been well paid because of his promise to deliver them.

Daulton avoided the agent's eyes and let his own roam over the room, stopping at a curious-looking coat of arms on one wall.

Boris shrugged and shifted to another subject: he asked Chris to give him an in-depth briefing of everything he did in the communications vault, including everything he knew about the satellites built by TRW. Chris answered the questions as best he could.

Each time Chris finished answering a few questions, Boris interrupted the interview and left the room—apparently, Chris suspected, to confer with technical specialists or superiors elsewhere in the building. When he returned, he usually had a new list of questions.

Chris noticed that every time Boris left, Karpov turned on the television set in the room. Although his English seemed less than completely functional, Karpov managed to convey to Chris and Daulton that he loved to watch television but was kept so busy that he didn't have time to watch it very often. This seemed to make him very unhappy. There was an American-made television program—the name of which he seemed unable to translate for the American visitors—that he wanted to see that night.

But unfortunately for Karpov, the TV set did not work well that evening and it defied his efforts to make it work. All he could get on the screen was a kaleidoscope of horizontal lines, and it infuriated him. He pounded first on one side of the TV set and then on the other, and twisted the dials to make it work. But the flickering black-and-white lines remained. When Boris returned to the room, Karpov stiffened and turned off the set, only to pound his fists again on the impotent television receiver as soon as Boris left the room again.

Daulton felt ignored. "It was as if I wasn't in the room," he recalled later. A spectator to the discussions between Boris and Chris, he poured himself more vodka and wine as the others talked. The liquor, combined with the effects of heroin, began to turn him more aggressive. Daulton didn't like being snubbed, and after a while he started to interrupt their conversation.

He began with a protest over a promise by Boris to buy him a villa on the beach in Puerto Vallarta (the one he was going to give to his father). He was supposed to operate it as a safe house for KGB agents. He demanded to know why the Russians hadn't bought it yet.

It is not known whether in fact the KGB ever really intended to buy a beach house for Daulton. But after several of his interruptions, Boris turned to Daulton and told him not to worry about the villa: the purchase would be arranged soon, he reassured him.

When Daulton persisted and demanded action, Boris lost his temper. The two of them rose to their feet like two cocks preening before a fight. "You can't deliver," Boris exclaimed, to which Daulton shouted, "*You* can't deliver!"

The shouting continued as each held his ground, standing erect. Then Boris reached over, grabbed a bottle and poured Daulton a glass of vodka as a peace offering. Daulton downed it in one gulp and poured a glass for Boris, who swallowed his vodka even faster, and then repeated the rite.

Chris decided that Boris, as well as Daulton, was starting to get drunk.

Daulton became quiet for a moment, and the Russian turned back to Chris. He produced a list of TRW and CIA employees whose names had appeared on some of the TWX messages between Pilot and Pedal and said he and his associates wanted to know everything that Chris knew about these people: what their specific jobs were, details of their families, drinking habits, sexual proclivities and anything else that Chris wanted to add. Chris wrote down a few remarks about the people on the list, but ignored the request for embarrassing personal details.

Boris then asked for a list of other employees who worked on the satellite project, and as Chris started making a list, he excused himself to relay earlier answers upstairs. Karpov, who was disgusted with the performance of the television set, also left the room.

As Chris worked on the list of names, Daulton, now thoroughly drunk and staggering, grabbed one of Chris's arms and waved toward the coat of arms on the wall. He said, "Those bastards! Watch out—they're watching us through the picture."

Chris stared hard at the three-dimensional plaque on the wall and decided he couldn't see anything suspicious. But Daulton insisted there were eyes in the walls monitoring them, and to prove his point, he stood up on a chair and removed an outer shell from the coat of arms. Behind it there was some kind of electronic apparatus that Chris didn't recognize.

"This place has got to be bugged," Daulton said shakily. Quickly, he started feeling the walls and examining the furniture. With a yelp of triumph, he said he had discovered a microphone beneath an end table. With a firm tug, he ripped it out and proudly held it up for Chris to see, its wires dangling limply in the air.

"I've had it with this fucking hocus-pocus," he said.

Boris returned, and Daulton, surprising Chris, pulled an envelope from his shirt, thrust it at Boris and demanded money. Chris picked up the envelope and saw two strips of microfilm with photographs of documents that he thought he had given Daulton months before; Chris realized Daulton had kept back some of the data to squeeze extra money out of the Russians.

Boris looked at the microfilm and called it "garbage"—useless without the frequencies. Once again, Daulton jumped to his feet and started yelling at Boris, screaming that he'd been cheated. Boris rose to his feet. He shouted back at Daulton, reiterating his earlier theme that Daulton had not delivered what he had promised. Both periodically interrupted their debate by swilling down another glass of vodka.

Chris stared at the two men, who were now oblivious to him. They were standing perhaps two feet apart. Daulton was sticking the index finger of his right hand into Boris' chest like a hard-sell merchant in a Moroccan bazaar, and Boris was waving his finger right back at Daulton.

My God, Chris thought, it's like a Charlie Chaplin movie. They seem to enjoy it.

After a while, the debate subsided, and Daulton sat down and resumed his solitary drinking. Boris had brought with him blowups of pictures taken of the interior of the KG-13 machine showing the cipher circuit boards, which Daulton had brought on a previous trip, and Boris showed them to Chris to illustrate a point he had tried to make earlier: that some of the photographs had been faulty. The circuit boards of the machine were discernible in the pictures, he acknowledged, but the image was too fuzzy. Chris looked at the pictures and tried to act surprised. A few minutes later, Boris turned his attention to other matters, while Daulton sat in his chair and studied the pictures lying on the table. When he thought Boris was distracted in conversation with Chris, he grabbed them and shoved them beneath his shirt. It was a speculative urge: perhaps he could sell the pictures to another embassy, he thought.

When Chris saw the newest list of questions, he decided that whoever had compiled the list probably knew a good deal about satellites—a good deal more than he knew. There were more questions about the Pilot–Pedal communications link and the cipher equipment, plus a lengthy list of queries about Rhyolite, Argus and other TRW reconnaissance satellites, about infrared sensors and on a variety of other technical subjects. When he gave him the new list of questions, Boris also returned Chris's wallet to him. Writing in longhand, Chris answered some of the questions. But others either were too technical or applied to projects that he did not know about, and some he simply ignored.

On one of the sheets of blank paper Boris gave him to answer the questions, Chris wrote a note to the KGB agent: He said that Daulton was so addicted to heroin that he was jeopardizing their whole operation. Furthermore, he said, Daulton had spent much of the money sent to both of them to support his heroin habit and was too unpredictable to trust. "He's threatened to blackmail my father," Chris wrote, "and if he does my father will go straight to the FBI."

Boris scanned the note, and Chris wondered what the KGB agent would make of it. He looked over at Daulton and decided that the vodka, wine, cocaine and pot had finally conquered him: he was slumped back in his chair in the shadow-filled cell. But then he seemed to regain consciousness; he nibbled at a piece of cheese, chugalugged another glass of vodka and sat back again. Daulton's stomach had been giving him trouble again in the past few days, and the rich food and drink that night had turned it into a painful caldron of sour bile. He announced that he had to go to the bathroom. While he was gone, Chris said again that his friend was a heroin addict; he said Daulton had to be removed from their operation or he would blow it. Boris was nodding agreement when Daulton returned.

Once again, Boris asked if there was any possibility of Chris's obtaining the frequencies.

''They want to listen from their trawlers,'' Daulton interjected. Boris glared at Daulton and ignored the remark. He reiterated that Daulton had assured him repeatedly that Chris could obtain the frequencies. Despite everything, Boris apparently still didn't believe what Chris had told him earlier.

Chris repeated that he didn't work with the frequencies and that the list was kept by Western Union and the CIA. He said he was willing to try, but there would be a high risk that he would be caught if he tried. Boris responded quickly: No, don't try. Chris should not expose himself to such a risk. He apologized for even asking, saying that he had brought up the question only because he had been assured by Daulton that he could get the frequencies.

Boris was still slurring his words, but Chris suspected that he still had his wits about him; there was something solicitous in the KGB agent's behavior toward him now, and he wondered why.

His motives soon began to be obvious.

Boris asked casually if Chris had ever thought about seeking a job elsewhere within the CIA or the American government. Chris answered that on two occasions he had been offered jobs by the CIA, but he had felt he wouldn't be able to pass the lie-detector test required of all agency employees.

There were ways to fool the operator of a polygraph machine, Boris said, and added that they could take up this matter later.

''How much would it cost for you to complete your education?'' he asked.

Chris thought a moment. ''About forty thousand dollars, including graduate school.''

Boris then outlined his proposal:

Chris should quit his job and return to college to prepare for a career in the State Department or the CIA. Chris should take university courses in Russian and Chinese history and political affairs, become a specialist in one or both of these countries and master the Chinese and Russian languages if he could.

At some time in the future, perhaps years away, Boris hinted, Chris might have another opportunity to serve the Soviet Union. Suddenly, Chris realized what Boris had in mind: he was attempting to plant a *mole* in the United States Government—a young man with promise and good credentials who would join a government agency at a modest level and then begin climbing the bureaucratic ladder, perhaps to a high level of government, where he would be a Soviet spy *in situ,* waiting for orders to come someday from Moscow.

Chris would claim later that he had had no choice but to accept the Soviet offer that night. The trap he had set for himself in an impulsive swipe at what he viewed as a corrupt, cancerous system had sprung again. This time he knew it might grip him for the rest of his life. Wherever he went, whatever he did—whether he became a lawyer, a priest, a government employee, a teacher, whatever—he realized he might always be called on to work for the KGB. . . . They could find him. By threatening to disclose the secret of his youth, the KGB could blackmail him into doing its bidding for the rest of his life.

He hated Boris and what he stood for as much as he hated the CIA spooks on Rhyolite. He despised them as one and the same—fools pursuing the senseless nationalism that would ultimately end in a cataclysmic nuclear holocaust. They were fools, all of them.

Why not let the Russians pay for his education? There would be opportunities later, he told himself, to decide his ultimate plan. How would they find me? he asked himself.

Chris accepted the proposal, and Boris was delighted.

Meanwhile, Boris said, Chris should keep up the friendships he had made at TRW and be alert to the possibility of recruiting other employees to help the cause, adding that he should pay special attention to weaknesses of these people that might be open to blackmail. Chris said he would not recruit any of his associates, but Boris overlooked this insubordination and urged Chris to return once more to Mexico City in January.

The meeting broke up shortly before 1 A.M. All three of them were drunk. The anger between Boris and Daulton earlier in the evening had now shifted into the camaraderie of drunks the world over, or so it seemed to Chris.

Boris gave Daulton an envelope containing $1,000, and Chris an envelope with $5,000. When he gave the money to Chris, Boris waited until Daulton was looking elsewhere and whispered that there was an address written on the envelope where he should meet him the following day. But when Chris later tried to read the message, he discovered that the KGB agent had been so smashed that his writing was indecipherable.

The two friends were dropped off at the hotel by the embassy car. Daulton, still feeling snubbed, asked Chris to share their take from the Russians equally, but Chris refused. Daulton was even angrier the next morning when they checked out of the Holiday Inn. Chris made Daulton pay the entire bill because of his admission in front of Boris that he had indeed received more money than he had admitted to Chris before.

They reviewed the meeting over breakfast, and Chris told Daulton that he had agreed to one more delivery.

33

"DISINFORMATION."

The idea was intriguing to Daulton. He had wondered what story he should tell if ever he and Chris were tripped up, and the idea seemed promising. It wasn't a new idea; he'd first thought about it months earlier. But as he lay stretched out with a book on a chaise longue beside the pool at the Oceana Palace Hotel in Mazatlán, where he had gone after the meeting in Mexico City with Chris and Boris, it began to seem more and more attractive. Perhaps it was the book he was reading, *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence,* by Victor Marchetti and John D. Marks. Disinformation was *wrong* information leaked to an enemy that was camouflaged as the truth. "Disinformation is a special type of 'black' propaganda which hinges on absolute secrecy and which is usually supported by false documents," the authors had written.

Both the CIA and the KGB, he read, routinely used agents to feed false information to each other and to penetrate the other's intelligence service. It was a cat-and-mouse operation. Daulton read on and became further intrigued by the plan that was taking shape in his mind. It was common, the authors wrote, for the CIA to encourage Americans involved in espionage "to cooperate with the Soviets in order to learn more about what kind of information the KGB wants to collect, to discover more about KGB methods and equipment or merely to occupy the time and money of the KGB on a fruitless project. CIA counterespionage specialists do not necessarily wait for the KGB to make a recruitment effort, but instead may set up an elaborate trap, dangling one of their own as bait for the opposition.''

Daulton laid down the book and wondered. It would make an excellent defense if he ever needed one, he decided. Then a further thought flashed through his mind and it delighted him: maybe, he fantasized, his idea for a defense was even *true*.

From across the pool, two friends from Colorado who were also trying to convert the Mexico sun's rays into autumn tans had seen the American who was about their own age reading a paperback book that had something to do with spies. Bob Herbert and Larry Smith had decided in early October that they needed a vacation, and on October 20, 1976, they had checked into the high-rise Oceana Hotel on the beach at Mazatlán. They saw the American put down his book, get up from his chaise and walk along the edge of the pool toward the two Coloradans. He introduced himself as ''Alex Lee'' and said he was recuperating from minor injuries in a traffic accident. Smith hadn't known Daulton long before he decided that he had a distaste for him. ''He's a cocky punk,'' he later told his companion; Smith was unimpressed that first day by Daulton's ostentatious offer each time a bill arrived for cocktails or food to pick up the tab, and when Daulton began to boast of exploits in the drug trade, Smith wrote him off as a bore and a phony.

Herbert, though, was less put off by the stranger; Daulton struck up a friendship with him, and they spent many hours together during the next few days, at the pool and in the hotel bar, with Herbert alternately fascinated by and suspicious of the stories spun by the diminutive stranger who was constantly scanning the faces of people around him, declaring that he was worried about Federal drug-enforcement agents' putting him under surveillance.

On the first day they met, Daulton informed Herbert that he was a member of the ''Mexican Mafia.'' He described himself as a major-league drug dealer whose base of operation was Culiacán, up the road from Mazatlán. He hadn't meant to get involved in drugs, Lee continued. It had all started by accident because his sister had gotten in trouble with Mexican drug dealers and he'd had to go to work for them to get her out of a jam. Daulton said he was "a lot of dead babies"—a man of many identities, with several passports and credentials for several people. The way to do it, he explained, was to obtain birth certificates of deceased children and use them to procure false identification. That was how he managed to travel back and forth between Mexico and California without being arrested, he said.

After three or four days, Daulton began to tell his new friend of riches he had been mining besides drugs. He said he took photographs of ships in American harbors and sold them to a foreign government for $50,000. "You don't go to the country where you're going to sell the film," he explained, "but to their embassy in another country."

Herbert feigned belief, but Daulton decided that he really didn't believe him, so he added more details to convince him.

"Come to my room; I'll show you," he said, as if challenged.

The first thing Herbert noticed about Daulton's room was a stack of spy novels on a dresser, along with so many containers of Valium and other pills that he wondered if he was a hypochondriac. He noticed several cameras on a table near the room's window wall that offered a spectacular view of the Pacific.

Daulton picked up one of the cameras and said he'd obtained it in a trade with one of his customers for cocaine. He showed Herbert a hiding place inside the leather case and pulled out long strips of film negatives.

"This is the kind of stuff I sell," he said.

Herbert held it up to the light, and on the first frame he noticed two words in large print: TOP SECRET.

Daulton said it was a photograph of a document he'd received from the Swiss Government and he was going to sell it to the highest bidder.

Actually, he added, this material wasn't all that good. "I've got better stuff to sell," he said.

Acting like a tutor, Daulton explained how easy it was to get into the business. "You can go to a public library and take pictures of stuff in books and sell it to foreign embassies."

When Herbert suggested it was a gold mine and asked why Daulton didn't do more of it, his new friend said he could make more money dealing in drugs with the Mexican Mafia.

"Aren't you taking a chance telling me about all this?" Herbert asked.

"All you know is that I have a real nice camera and took pictures of a shipyard," Daulton said.

When the Coloradans' six-day vacation was up, Daulton said he'd foot the bill if they wanted to stay on a few more days. They declined, however, saying they had to get back to work.

Before they departed, they noticed that Daulton was visited twice by a young, well-dressed Mexican. On the day they left, Daulton rented a car and drove to Culiacán for another meeting with the same man. He placed an order for the heroin buy. Now he had to pay for it.

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On October 27, 1976, Chris completed application for admission to the University of California at Riverside. He wrote that it was his intention to major in history and minor in political science.

In the essay that was required with the application, Chris outlined his aspirations:

> After twenty-three years of existence, it is possible to divide my life into two distinct periods. First, my childhood and adolescence were dominated by a sense of searching. My attractions switched from monastic Catholicism to social protest to athletics. Most movements, fads and causes of that time held my complete if short-lived attention. I was continually groping in search of a purpose with which to direct my energy.
>
> In 1974 I interrupted my education in San Luis Obispo in exchange for employment at TRW in Redondo Beach, California. It was here that I formulated the concepts which color my "second phase." I am extremely fortunate in that my daily responsibilities include interaction with middle level management of the federal bureaucracy. These working relationships have allowed me the opportunity to narrow my focus concerning my social role. It is from this group of mainly young, ambitious achievers from which I derive my direction.
>
> Their ultimate goal is to accumulate the maximum amount of personal power through advancement within the bureaucracy. These drives are motivated by self-achievement yet they serve to further the public interest. Herein lies my aspirations. The completion of my education is the next logical step in pursuit of these aims.
>
> My free time is spent dabbling in falconry, fresh water fishing and historical study. Through these interests I am aware of America's continued deterioration in the areas of environmental preservation and global politics. I perceive major altercations in the world at large in my lifetime due to population increases and food and energy shortages.
>
> As the United States faces these massive challenges in the years to come, it will take competent performance within the intelligence com-

munity and foreign service to safeguard the national integrity. For this purpose I seek admission to the University of California at Riverside.

It was the essay of someone declaring his intention to work for the United States as an intelligence specialist or in the foreign service. It was just as Boris had requested. Chris mailed the application and waited for a decision.

Five days after Chris put the application in the mail, Daulton caught a Mexicana Airlines flight from Mazatlán to Mexico City with plans to shake down the Russians again.

Following the routine that was now familiar, he checked in at the Holiday Inn, taped X marks on a row of lampposts in one of the designated streets and arrived at the Bali Restaurant at ten o'clock the following morning.

The Russians did not appear.

After smoking a joint, Daulton went to a souvenir shop and purchased a picture postcard showing the Pyramid of the Sun. He printed three letters on the card—"K.G.B."—and then addressed it to "John." He signed "Luis" at the bottom of the card and went to the embassy, where he threw it past the iron bars into the compound.

At 6 P.M. on November 2, he was at the Bali, hoping Boris had gotten the message.

He was a no-show again.

Daulton decided to confront the situation head-on.

He flagged down a taxi and gave the driver directions to an intersection near the Russian embassy. En route, he sniffed a pinch of cocaine he had slipped into his right nostril, and again, the marvelous sense of self-confidence it gave him cascaded over Daulton.

As the cab moved slowly through dense early-evening traffic, Daulton looked out the window and saw small bands of adults and children in processions, some of them carrying candles that lit up the early-evening shadows with a soft flickering glow. He realized it was *El día de los muertos*—the Day of the Dead, one of Mexico's major holidays. It was a blend of Halloween, All Saints' Day, All Souls' Day, even a bit of Easter. *El día de los muertos* was rooted in Spanish and pre-Columbian traditions, a time to show reverence to the dead. In shops around the city, windows were filled with miniature human skulls made of white sugar and decorated with frosting and tinsel; bakeries had produced thousands of sweet breads called *pan de los muertos* (the bread of the dead), and pastries shaped like human bones; special altars had been prepared and were laden with photographs of deceased family members. Samples of their favorite foods had been left on the altars beside the pictures. And throughout the city, there were processions of families flocking to cemeteries bearing candles, incense and more servings of dead family members' favorite foods, which were to be left at their graves while the family sang traditional songs of the holiday.

Daulton paid the driver and made his way through several processions of celebrants before reaching the high fence of iron bars outside the embassy. Deciding that there was just one way to accomplish his goal, he positioned himself near the front gate and waited. When his chance came, he followed a car that entered the gate. He introduced himself to a guard and said in his poor Spanish that he wanted to see Boris Grishin.

Boris was furious.

The tight expression that Daulton had learned to be wary of twisted the muscles around the KGB officer's mouth, as he angrily denounced Daulton for violating orders not to enter the embassy unannounced and for throwing the card through the fence. He accused Daulton of being incoherent because of drugs. ''You're stupid,'' he said in Spanish.

In defense, Daulton whipped out several strips of microfilm ciphers given him months earlier by Chris, and demanded $10,000. Boris ridiculed the demand. The material was worthless, he said, and scolded Daulton for again failing to bring information he had promised. Daulton stood his ground; he said again he was tired of risking his life for the Russians and getting nothing for the risk and began to wave his finger at Boris and raise his voice. On this occasion, however, Boris was sober and not in a mood to debate his undisciplined spy: without any warning, he grabbed him by the back of his jacket and pulled the garment over his head, and with the help of two embassy chauffeurs, he marched Daulton to a limousine with the jacket draped over his face like a blanket. Daulton was pushed into the back seat and ordered to lie on the floor so he couldn't be seen. Within seconds, the car roared out the embassy gate with the KGB man Igor Dagtyr at the wheel, Karpov in the back seat and Daulton crouched on the floor. From the sounds of the streets, Daulton knew they were moving away from the center of Mexico City, but he couldn't tell in which direction they were headed. Sitting above him, Karpov told Daulton not to speak.

He had been lying on the floor of the back seat of the limousine for perhaps fifteen minutes when, suddenly, it began to slow. Daulton's confidence was still buoyed by the drugs. But he retained enough of his inherent sense of cunning to be panicked by the tug of inertia he felt as the car began to slow. In his last words to Boris before he was escorted out of the embassy, Daulton had promised to return soon with some of the data the Russians had wanted all these months. But now he was disoriented; he wasn't sure whether he had his former power over the Russians. As the car slowed, he wondered: Had his promise been enough to plant seeds of hope in Boris? Or had they at last called his hand and decided to eliminate him? The car continued to slow; Daulton heard the familiar squeak of the limousine's brakes and braced for it to stop. But then he began to realize Dagtyr didn't plan to stop. He heard the two men conversing in Russian. Something in their voices suggested they weren't going to stop. Then Karpov opened the back-seat door next to him and suddenly pushed Daulton out.

Daulton fell out on what felt like a cobblestone street.

The car sped off and disappeared into the evening traffic. The car had been going slowly enough so that Daulton wasn't hurt. He caught a cab and returned to the Holiday Inn, where he wondered if the scam had finally run its course.

• •

Chris, meanwhile, had discovered a new field, and it was to provide him with a few minutes of escape from the sense of doom that weighed him down the remaining hours of each day. It was fifty acres, spared somehow by the subdividers and the shopping-center builders, in the city of Compton, a twenty-minute drive from the beach and TRW.

Chris was eating little these days and, he told himself, drinking too much. There had been no response to his letter about the job in Colorado. There had been no reply to his application to the university. He was sure of one thing: he would leave TRW now. But it would be a miracle if he got a chance to go to the university or make a new start in Colorado. Whatever would happen now was inevitable.

How insane the world had become, he reflected; he thought of ancient Greece and Rome, about the great cities man had built, his great works of art, and then he thought of the cities smoldering in the darkness of a civilization that had snuffed itself out in atomic warfare. What madness man had created!

His mind focused on the silos that pocked Siberia and the base of the Urals and other areas of the Soviet Union; he thought of identical silos dug into the plains of Wyoming, North Dakota and Arizona and other stretches of the prairie, where, less than a century before, American Indians had fought for survival with bows and arrows. Each silo on both sides of the world had a missile with enough energy to destroy several cities. These were not abstract illusions, he thought, but reality. They were *there*. In each silo was a missile with a nuclear warhead; each missile was alive, with the gyrocompass in its guidance system spinning relentlessly twenty-four hours a day, awaiting a signal to carry the warhead to a target that had already been chosen by men and their computers.

How had man come to this brink? Civilization was so close to annihilation. Why weren't other people as panicked as he was? The missiles were in the silos, ready to be launched at an instant . . . ready to extinguish in minutes what man had taken thousands of years to build. Didn't people know that?

As Chris looked at the field, he wondered where the missile was that was targeted for this piece of earth. It was crazy! How had man arrived at this moment where a mistake, a false move or a fragile human ego had the capability to turn *everything* into ashes?

He thought again of the crazy quest for manhood that war fulfilled for so many men, that blindness he had first discovered in *Lee's Lieutenants*, the blindness he had seen in the eyes of Boris, which he could see every day in the eyes of the CIA spooks at Pedal and Banjo. They were adolescent boys trying to prove themselves to one another. But didn't other people realize what this mindless groping for manhood was going to do to the world?

There was talk in the papers about the SALT negotiations to limit nuclear weapons. There's no hope, he thought. Hadn't the generals always *used* every new weapon they acquired? Hadn't all of the wars for at least a century been preceded by just such disarmament negotiations?

In the field in Compton, Chris managed to forget some of his fears, because of Nurd. Nurd was a tercel—a male hawk—that Chris had trapped on a weekend trip to Arizona, and in the shortening days of early November, Chris brought Nurd often to the field to hunt rabbits. He set his alarm clock for 4 A.M., went to the plant, set up the coding machines for the day, accepted whatever traffic had accumulated from CIA headquarters and then went home, picked up Nurd and drove to the field with him for an hour or so. Almost every day Nurd got a cottontail, and one morning he caught two.

How long, he wondered, would it be before he was caught?

• •

On November 12, Chris was advised by the University of California at Riverside that he had been accepted for admission in the winter quarter, beginning in January, 1977. He informed TRW that he was returning to college and requested termination on December 17, after the company had had time to train a successor.

Now that he had made this decision, Chris decided to make one final gesture. There was no pressure from Daulton, no threats of blackmail. But he had promised Boris to make one last delivery, and he intended to keep it.

"They're catching on, I'm telling you, man, it's getting spooky," Daulton said when Chris told him they should make a final delivery. "They say the recent stuff isn't any good," he said. Chris said he shouldn't worry and then motivated Daulton with the kind of words that, as always, he knew would do the job: he said he had access to documents that he *knew* would be worth at least $75,000 to the Soviets. Daulton listened and agreed. The documents were about a project, Chris said, that sounded as if it were "something out of the movies."

34

THE ESSENCE OF RUNNING an espionage network in a foreign country is communications. Whether an agent is recruited or planted in an unfriendly nation, whether his mission is to obtain secret information or to bring down a government, reliable communication between the agent and his intelligence service is essential. What good is the work of a spy who gleans warning of a coup d'état or an invasion if he can't transmit the information to his control? What good is an agent whose supervisor cannot control the spy and direct an espionage operation?

Spies during the Napoleonic Wars used invisible ink to write messages concealed on harmless-looking public documents. German spies during World War I used hollowed stones to leave messages. Hidden radio transmitters in the Low Countries of Europe flashed reports of Nazi research on rockets during World War II.

The cameras, infrared heat sensors, radio antennae and other instruments on spy satellites revolutionized the collection of strategic intelligence information during the nineteen-sixties. But the science of communicating with individual agents remained rather primitive. The KGB gave Daulton a spool of adhesive tape to place on lampposts; it sent him coded postcards at a mail drop and gave him a schedule of prearranged telephone calls.

Late in the nineteen-sixties, the CIA began to fashion a scheme for a global grand design of espionage communications. It was to be the ultimate method of controlling and exchanging information with operatives working undercover in what the agency, euphemistically, called "denied areas of the world."

Earlier in the decade, the agency had begun using Pentagon communication satellites to exchange information with agents. With portable radio gear, spies could broadcast and receive information via the satellites. But these systems were only partially satisfactory. Agents in some regions of the world did not have access to them because, geographically, they were out of range of the satellites. Agents in other areas could use them only at limited times of the day, and the technology was such that a sophisticated counterintelligence service might eavesdrop on the signals and discover the spy.

The grand design that began to take shape within the Central Intelligence Agency was a new kind of satellite system designed for, and dedicated solely to, espionage—a push-button system of communications that was to enable agency officials in Langley, Virginia, a suburb of Washington, to maintain, twenty-four hours a day, undetected communications with a spy anywhere in the world.

A spy was to be given a miniature, portable transceiver disguised in any number of ways: as a wallet, a pocket calculator, a cigarette case, an ashtray, a flashlight or something similarly mundane. No matter where he or she was located, the agent would be able to communicate secretly and instantaneously with Langley.

It was a concept with ingenious possibilities: a CIA officer could come to work after a morning round of golf in Virginia and hold a two-way conversation of encrypted telegrams with an agent located on a roof in Cairo, then switch to an exchange of data with agents in Kiev, Peking or Entebbe.

In November, 1972, the CIA sent Lockheed, TRW and several other companies a Top Secret letter disclosing that it was considering implementation of a series of research studies aimed at developing a "world-wide cover communication satellite system."

In the language of the aerospace industry, such a letter is called an RFP—a Request for Proposal.

TRW responded that it would submit a proposal in an effort to win a CIA study contract on the project.

The CIA's RFP read:

> The principal requirements for the satellite network are as follows:
>
> * Provide maximum protection of the user against signal detection and direction finding leading to determination of user location.
>
> * Minimize dependence upon overseas ground stations.
>
> * Provide multiple simultaneous access capability to users employing different types of traffic, data rates, modulation techniques and radiated power levels.
>
> * Provide communications on demand with essentially no waiting time regardless of type and location of user.
>
> * Provide protection against traffic analysis, which could imply numbers, types, purpose and location of users.

The CIA said it wanted a design that could not only provide a clandestine avenue of communication with agents, but also relay information from robot transmitters that were to be dropped secretly on foreign soil to transmit intelligence information by remote control—seismic measurements, for example, disclosing the incidence, time and magnitude of nuclear-weapons tests. There was also a third desired capability—the capacity to serve in an emergency as a conduit for communications between Washington and American embassies around the world.

The intelligence agency dictated that the system had to be able to handle up to about one hundred agents at one time, a daily volume of some fifty messages to Langley and about twenty messages sent from Langley to agents. Some of the transmissions would be as long as two hundred words, but most would be in short bursts, the equivalent of about ten words.

There was to be one fundamental requirement for the system, the

CIA told TRW: the chance of transmissions' being detected was to be less than 1 percent.

The CIA letter stated:

> This study effort is classified TOP SECRET and has been assigned a code-word designator, "PYRAMIDER."
>
> All contractor personnel working on this study effort must have a current TOP SECRET clearance and must be approved by Headquarters prior to being briefed on PYRAMIDER.
>
> Contractor personnel proposed for clearance access to this study must qualify by holding a currently valid BYEMAN security access approval.
>
> While this study effort will be conducted within the contractor facilities as TOP SECRET, and while only those personnel holding active BYEMAN access approvals are eligible for consideration, the effort is not a BYEMAN study, but is to be conducted in all aspects of document control, physical security standards, communications within Headquarters, and the like, as if it were BYEMAN.
>
> Security officers will assure documents within the contractor facility are stamped TOP SECRET/PYRAMIDER only, and are not entered into the BYEMAN system.
>
> The highly sensitive nature of this effort cannot be emphasized enough. Personnel submitted for access approval will be submitted via cable message which shall fully outline their need-to-know. No Form 2018 will be submitted to Headquarters. A list of those persons approved for access to PYRAMIDER shall be maintained by Headquarters Security Staff. Cable messages shall be sent via secure TWX and shall be slugged PYRAMIDER on the second line. PYRAMIDER shall enjoy limited distribution within Project Headquarters.

In February, 1973, a Top Secret TWX arrived at the Black Vault from Langley notifying the company that it had been selected to develop a design for the Pyramider project. A few weeks later a formal contract arrived from the CIA. It was signed in a broad scrawl with the name James Cranbrook, a pseudonym assigned to a CIA official to give him anonymity. The initially authorized spending for the study was only $50,000. But as was common in the aerospace industry, TRW would invest considerably more than this in the study in the belief that it would lead to a CIA production contract worth hundreds of millions of dollars.

• •

MULTIBEAM SPACECRAFT

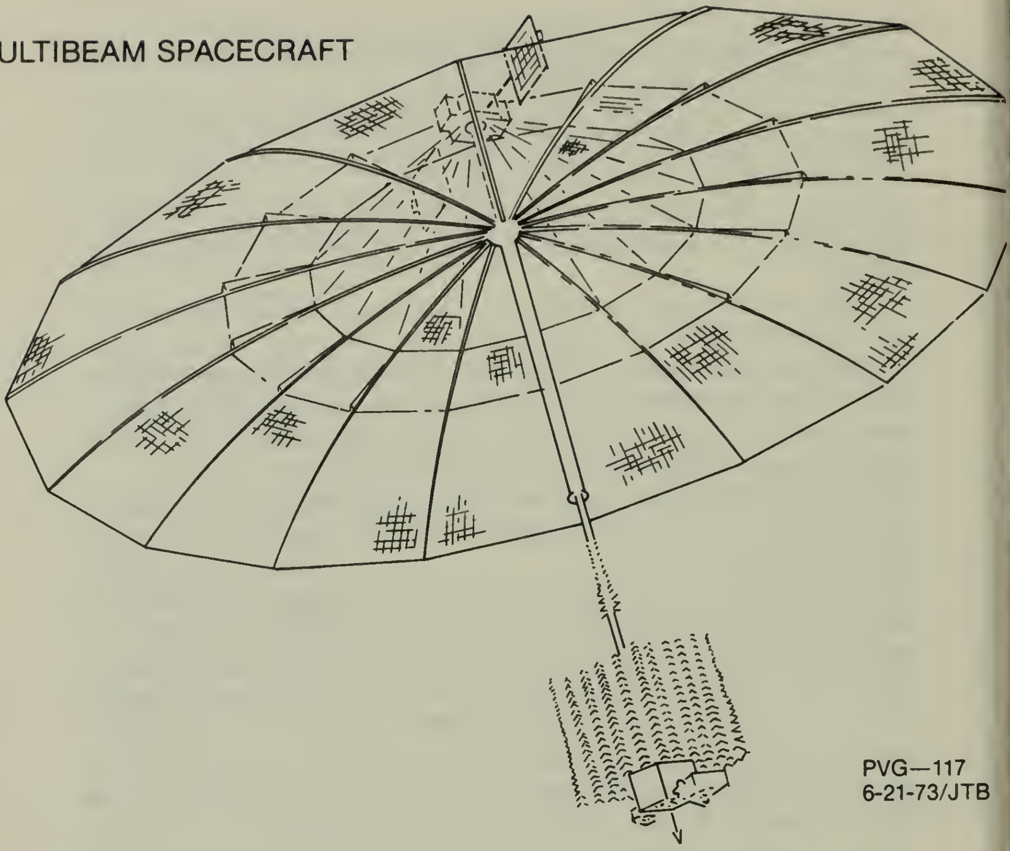

PVG—117
6-21-73/JTB

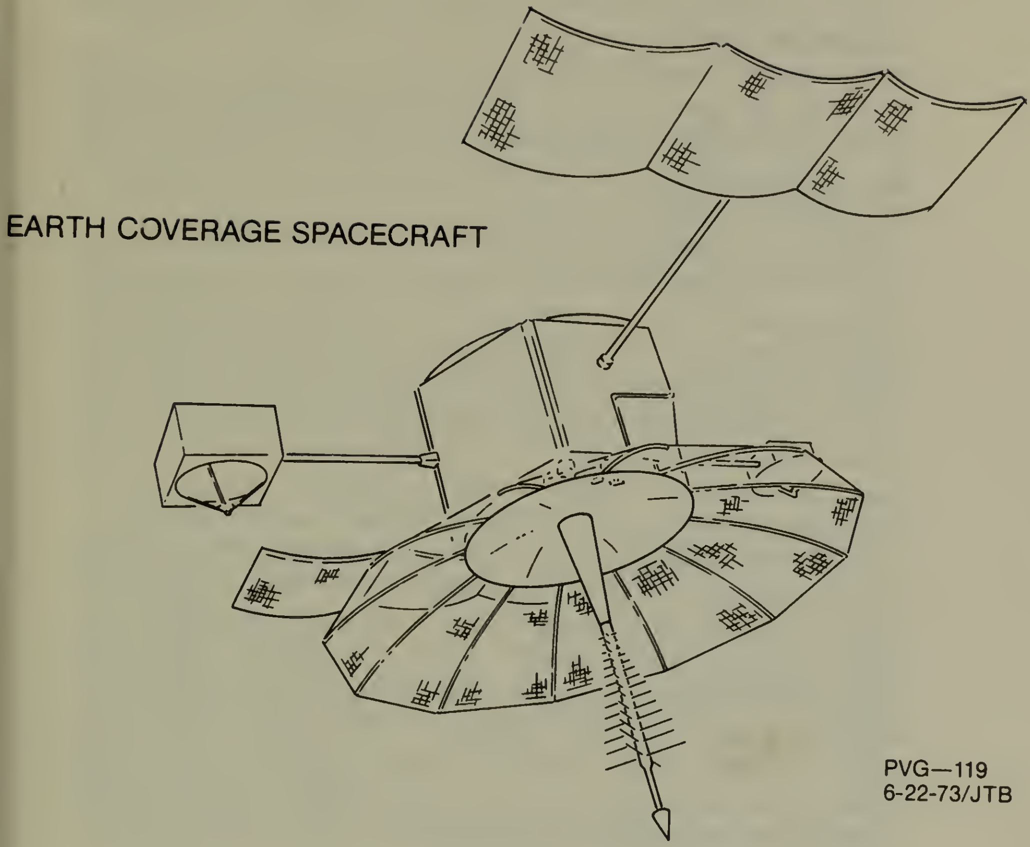
EARTH COVERAGE SPACECRAFT
PVG—119
6-22-73/JTB

Sketches of the proposed TOP SECRET Pyramider satellites.

A specially cleared team of forty engineers and technical specialists, working in a sealed area in M-4, was assigned to design the global covert-communications network in the spring of 1973, a year before Christopher Boyce became an employee of TRW. In July, the team submitted its plan for the system.

It concluded that the CIA's ambitions for the espionage switchboard were realistic: such a system, it said, could be provided between Langley and its far-flung agents at a price of between $355 million and $442 million, depending on technical variables to be decided later as development proceeded.

The plan envisaged launching three satellites 22,000 miles from the earth in so-called "stationary" orbits, in which their movement through space would be synchronized to the earth's own rotational speed and, thus, seem to remain over the same point on earth. One satellite, positioned over the Indian Ocean, and another, over the Pacific, were to be always within broadcast range of Langley; the third was to be positioned on the other side of the globe above Southeast Asia. The messages it handled would be relayed by one of the other two satellites or by an earth station on the Pacific island of Guam.

The report emphasized that advanced radio-frequency-interception equipment in aircraft and on the ground could pose a threat to the CIA's goal of providing absolute secrecy for the agents during communications. But TRW outlined a technical strategy—such as constantly shifting the frequency on which messages were broadcast, a technique called "frequency-hopping"—that, it said, would provide large "safe areas" within cities where signals could be hidden among random urban radio transmissions. Such methods, it said, would also "reduce aircraft intercept radius in remote areas to twenty nautical miles."

TRW designed a satellite that, more than anything else, looked like an umbrella for a giant man in space. Its most striking component was a one-hundred-foot-wide concave antenna; extending from the center of this "dish," like the staff of an umbrella, was a long boom, and at the end of the boom, where the umbrella handle might be fitted, was attached a large package of electronic equipment. The satellite was to be launched from Cape Canaveral folded in the nose of a rocket booster; once in space, the antenna was to unfurl like a slender umbrella suddenly popped open in the rain.

By the time TRW had completed the design study, it had billed the CIA for $66,000.

It submitted its bid and waited for a decision to proceed.

But in the fall of 1973, the CIA made a decision: it realized it would not get the money from Congress for the next fiscal year to build Pyramider and so it shelved the project at least temporarily.

However, it continued exploring the use of similar covert-communications technology with other companies and in projects with other code names. Eventually, with certain variations, the CIA launched an alternative program to provide instantaneous communication with spies around the world using satellites similar to Pyramider.

After the Pyramider design was completed, a copy of TRW's final report, containing more than thirty volumes of documents, was locked in a safe at TRW. According to the gossip in M-4, Pyramider was a dead project.

Not long after Chris submitted his resignation, the Pyramider documents were removed from the safe where they had been held, and they were left out in the open on a file cabinet in the Black Vault.

• •

The clerk at the Hacienda Airport Hotel looked across the desk at the two young men who were registering to spend the night together on the evening of December 7, 1976, and tried to retain his poise.

The Hacienda was a popular trysting place for stewardesses and pilots during airline layovers in Los Angeles, but it didn't attract many homosexuals. Chris said they needed the room only for the night and would depart the following morning, December 8. The clerk signed them in and watched from behind as the short, curly-haired youth and the tall, thin one walked away.

They had driven the Lees' Cadillac to the motel and carried a six-inch-thick stack of papers to their room—the Pyramider papers.

It was by far their biggest night of photography—13 rolls of film, more than 450 exposures. (If either remembered that it was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, he did not mention it.)

Earlier that day, Chris had stuffed the papers into a satchel and left the plant at four thirty, attempting to lose himself in the throng of homebound employees. Chris spotted a guard looking at him; and when he didn't look away and seemed ready to say something, Chris braced himself to run. But then the guard turned his attention to someone else, and Chris put the satchel in the back of his Volkswagen.

The following day, he went to work earlier than usual and placed the

Pyramider documents back where they had been stored, unlocked, in the vault.

Meanwhile, Daulton had taken the film home and had already begun developing it.

• •

"This is my last trip," he told his brother, who saw him developing the film in the family kitchen. Daulton told Dave that he dreaded another confrontation with the Soviets after his run-in with Boris in November. But he said that Chris had told him the documents he would be delivering this time would be worth at least $75,000 and the Russians would jump at them. Daulton said he planned to parlay the payment into really big money; they could try again to find a legitimate enterprise and Daulton would be able to get out of the drug business for good.

Daulton placed a call to his friend in the Mexican Mafia and suggested they get together; he was about to come into a great deal of money, he said, and wanted to set up the heroin buy for early in January.

• •

Chris felt certain now that the CIA had to be on to him: it was inconceivable, he thought, that it had not discovered Daulton's latest visit to the embassy; and he thought: What about the NSA inspector? He must have noticed the improperly sealed ciphers; he had probably ordered a secret investigation. In November, Chris heard through the office grapevine that one of his supervisors had been called to Washington to discuss "problems in M-4," and wondered what that meant for him. Three weeks before he quit, Chris would insist later, he was drinking with Norman and a friend of his, who told him, "You're going to spend the rest of your life in jail." Another friend from TRW approached him in a bar and said Chris was in trouble: "You're on everybody's list."

I'm really getting paranoid, he told himself.

• •

Chris left the Black Vault for the last time on December 17, 1976. There was a final sign-off to Pilot, followed by a lunch at Putney's, a restaurant in Redondo Beach that was fabricated of old railroad box-cars and decorated with railroad memorabilia. Gene Norman, Laurie and others from the Project toasted his coming success in college and presented him with a gray sweater. As was the requirement at TRW, his supervisor made a final notation on Chris' personnel folder after he quit:

> Reason for termination: Chris has been accepted at Calif. State Riverside, where he will continue his studies toward his degree in History and Political Science.
>
> Overall Evaluation: He has been a dependable, conscientious, capable employee. He has been an asset to this staff. Termination voluntary and he is definitely eligible for re-hire.

Chris's salary when he left TRW was $163.50 per week.

• •

It was common, if illegal, for California falconers to trap a passage in their own state, where trapping was rigidly controlled, and take the young bird to another state, such as Wyoming or Utah, where the laws were more lax and where more trapping permits were available, and then bring the bird back to California under a permit from the other state.

Chris trapped his last—and best—falcon, the one he was to call Mr. Pips, in the California Coastal Range mountains near Morro Bay. Shortly after he turned in his badge at TRW, he drove the bird to Wyoming to "legitimize" it. As he guided his yellow Volkswagen out of Southern California, across the deserts of California and Nevada, he was happier than he had been in more than a year. The burden was off his back. He returned home from Wyoming in time for Christmas, and he showed off his new bird.

Pips, he bragged, was as tame as a parrot when he was on Chris's gloved wrist. But when he was on the wing, pursuing game, he could dive in a stoop probably—he estimated—at 150 miles an hour.

Despite Chris's happiness over his new bird, his mother knew *something* bothered him. She noticed that he didn't exchange Christmas gifts with Alana and wondered if his moodiness had something to do with a lovers' quarrel. But she suspected it went deeper than that. She asked her son if there was anything wrong, and he said there wasn't. But he said he wanted to talk with Monsignor McCarthy to ask his advice on how to handle a problem. "Well, call him up," his mother, who recalled how much Chris had always respected the priest, said. But Chris never found the courage to lay out his problem to him.

His only choice was to wait. And from time to time his dark mood began to brighten. He was out of the vault; and most important: *it seemed as if they had gotten away with it.*

• •

In the Lee family, other kinds of questions were being raised. Dr. Lee, the pathologist in whose practice he frequently analyzed the tissue of other physicians' patients to determine if it was cancerous, had been troubled by certain symptoms in himself. He elected, however, not to tell his family about his concern.

• •

Shortly before the Christmas holidays, Aaron Johnson decided to visit his former partner; he knew Daulton was hiding out at his home because of the warrant issued the previous September and didn't leave there often except to go to Mexico. Johnson parked his car in back of the Lees' ranch-style house and went to the back door; he opened it and saw a middle-aged, muscular man talking to Daulton in a hallway. The man was unforgettable. At one time he had been handsome. But there was an ugly scar that swept from his right temple across his cheek in a broken curve all the way to the base of his jaw, and the white-and-pink swath of scar tissue contrasted grotesquely with the golden-bronze color of his natural complexion. He was dressed in a brown leisure suit, white patent leather shoes and a matching white belt that made Johnson think of a Chicago gangster, an impression enhanced by what he thought of as a sinister, thin moustache. When Johnson started moving toward them, Daulton looked up and seemed startled. He waved him back and led the Mexican into the living room.

"Wait in my room," Daulton yelled at Johnson.

The door of the bathroom next to Daulton's room was ajar. Johnson looked in and saw black strips of film hung almost like crepe paper from the towel racks, a mirror and the counter. Curious, he raised one strip of film up to a light and saw diagrams, tables of numbers and typing.

Daulton pushed open the door. Johnson knew Daulton; he knew that if Daulton had pictures hanging in his bathroom, it had something to do with making money. That was the way Daulton was. They were technical drawings, and Johnson recalled the vague boasts that Daulton had made about being a "spy." But when Daulton came into the room, Johnson pretended he hadn't seen what was on the negatives and asked, "What are you doin', makin' porno pictures?"

"I was just messing around with my cameras," he said.

Johnson tried to change the subject: "Who was that guy?"

"He's my uncle," Daulton said with a sly grin, but explaining no further. He did not want to identify the Mexican with whom he was negotiating his biggest drug deal.

• •

A few nights later, Daulton and Chris arrived for a party at the apartment in Redondo Beach that Johnson shared with Beverly Zyser, another refugee from Palos Verdes. One of the guests at the party was Larry Potts, the Palos Verdes sailor whom Daulton regularly tried to pump for information about his ship's activities. Around midnight, he noticed Chris and Daulton huddling in a corner, and he was close enough to hear their conversation.

"It's about time," Chris said.

"For what?"

"Boris."

"John," Daulton corrected, but then agreed: "It's time for Mexico."

The sailor lost the drift of the rest of their conversation, but heard one of the friends mention a word that was unfamiliar to him: Pyramider. He wondered what it meant.

On New Year's Day, Johnson and Beverly Zyser went out for dinner at El Toro's, a Mexican restaurant near the Peninsula, and found Daulton dining with several other youths with long hair whom Johnson recognized from the drug trade. Chris wasn't there, but that was no surprise to Johnson because he knew Chris tended to avoid Daulton's buddies from the drug trade. As usual, Daulton was without wheels. After dinner he headed for a pay telephone to call a taxi; but Johnson offered to give him a ride home.

It was just after midnight when Johnson's car passed into Palos Verdes Estates on the winding drive covered by a canopy of eucalyptus trees that links the Peninsula with the beach communities to the northwest. Suddenly, red lights of a police car flicked on behind him, and Johnson was pulled over for speeding. The policeman looked at Johnson's passenger and noticed that he seemed nervous; after asking for Daulton's identification, he placed a call on his radio to the Palos Verdes Estates Police Station and asked if there were any arrest warrants for either of the youths. After a minute, the dispatcher informed the patrolman of the warrant in Daulton's name. There weren't any outstanding warrants in Johnson's name, and he got off with a speeding ticket. Daulton was immediately placed under arrest.

• •

As Daulton rode to jail in the back seat of the black-and-white patrol car, he could think of only one thing: he had two appointments waiting for him in Mexico that were the key to his future—first with the Russians for cash, and then with his friends in Culiacán to consummate the deal that would extricate him from all of his troubles. From the police station he called his attorney, Ken Kahn:

"Kenny, can you get me out? It's *really* important."

The following day, Daulton looked up once again at the familiar face of Judge Burch Donahue. And once again, the judge granted Kahn's request for his client's freedom on bail. Daulton was released on January 4, after posting $2,500. The judge ordered him to return to court January 20, when he was to answer all the assorted charges that had piled up against him, including even the revoked probation stemming from his first arrest in 1971; six years later, it was still, amazingly enough, pending against him. When Daulton posted bail, he promised not to leave the Palos Verdes area. But the next day—January 5—he bought a ticket and flew via Mexicana Airlines to Mexico City.

"Now, remember, you get back here, you've got a court date," his mother told him the night before.

"Don't worry," Daulton said. "This is my last trip to Mexico."

35

ABOUT ELEVEN O'CLOCK on the morning of January 6, 1977, Eileen Heaphy, a Foreign Service officer assigned to the United States Embassy in Mexico City, arrived at the Soviet Embassy in the Mexican capital for an appointment with Victor Kroptov. Like numerous members of the staff at the Russian embassy, Kroptov was a member of the KGB, although his official title was "political counselor."

An attractive woman in her twenties, Miss Heaphy had been in Mexico City less than seven months. Before joining the Foreign Service four years earlier, she had been employed by the National Security Agency at Fort Meade, Maryland, the same agency that supervised the cryptographic systems in the Black Vault, as an information analyst and training instructor.

As a Foreign Service officer in Mexico, she was assigned to the Political Section of the U.S. Embassy. Her assignment was to monitor Mexican foreign policy as it related to nations other than the United States and to compile reports evaluating these diplomatic relationships. The main source of her information, besides official pronouncements and the newspapers, was personal contacts with diplomats from the other embassies in Mexico City. There were about sixty in the city, and Miss Heaphy, in the few months she'd been there, had become acquainted with someone at most of them, including Kroptov. Periodically she exchanged lunches with her counterparts at the other embassies, swapped gossip and otherwise kept in touch.

These were important times in Mexico. In December, the country had inaugurated a new president, José López Portillo, and the professional Mexico-watchers in the diplomatic community were still trying to get a fix on what his policies would be. To the United States, Mexico, a poor friend that had always been more or less taken for granted, was taking on a new, if still undefined, importance. Almost daily there were new reports of oil riches in Mexico, and it was becoming clear that Mexico might someday become a major alternative source of petroleum to the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries cartel. American diplomats were being forced to have some second thoughts about Mexico. The United States had neglected its southern neighbor for many years despite its proximity; moreover, American diplomats knew that Mexico, despite some gains in the development of a middle class, had a huge population of extremely poor people who might be easy prey for Communist agitators who might, someday, remove the oil from the reach of the United States.

Beginning in the fall of 1976, there had been several published reports of new agreements between the Soviet Union and Mexico, principally involving trade. Several days earlier, Miss Heaphy had called Kroptov and said she wanted to pay a call and discuss these agreements and Mexican–Soviet relations in general as part of her assignment to monitor third-country relations with Mexico. Kroptov had invited her to meet with him at 11 A.M. The meeting went as planned, and about eleven forty-five, she passed through the gate of the Soviet Embassy and began searching for her car and driver.

As she did, she spotted a short man surrounded by a group of Mexican policemen in front of the embassy, who was gesturing animatedly with his arms; his face was flushed and he was shaking his head, apparently trying to deny whatever it was the policemen were saying to him. He looked like an American, and she walked over to the group to overhear what was going on.

"Do you speak English?" Daulton immediately asked her, and she said she spoke English and Spanish and was from the U.S. Embassy.

"Can I help you?"

"I was just walking by and stuck my head in the gate of this building to see what it was. Then I threw down an empty pack of cigarettes and a piece of paper—it was just a book jacket from an old dictionary!—and these guys came running after me and said I was under arrest."

Daulton was heartened by the sight of the American woman who had come to his rescue and began to relax. As persuasively as he could, he dismissed the encounter as a silly mistake. He said he was an American tourist who had been visiting his former fiancée, who was now married to a Mexican who taught at the University of Mexico. His old girlfriend and her husband, he said, had been walking with him, but somehow they had become separated and he had gotten lost.

Miss Heaphy asked one of the policemen, a corporal who seemed to be in charge, what had happened, and he confirmed the chronology of events. But the corporal said he'd seen a Soviet guard pick up one of the items thrown by the American, and when he was asked for it the Soviet guard refused.

Miss Heaphy identified herself as an official of the U.S. Embassy and asked why it was considered so serious to throw a piece of paper on the ground. The policeman explained that his unit had been assigned to keep the embassy under surveillance because they had been alerted for visits by representatives of Mexican terrorist groups. Only recently, he said, a member of the Twenty-third of September Communist League—a violent Mexican antigovernment terrorist organization—had passed a message to a foreign embassy by throwing it through a gate.

For this reason, Daulton had to be detained for questioning, the corporal explained.

Overhearing their conversation, Daulton protested heatedly, saying again that he was merely an American tourist. Convinced that he was getting nowhere, Daulton, with a motion of his head, summoned the corporal to his side and said in the best Spanish he could muster, "I have five hundred dollars; if you forget this, you can have it."

There was no response from the policeman, which surprised Daulton because he had long known the power of *mordida* in Mexico.

Two police cars arrived in front of the Embassy.

Miss Heaphy reentered the building and asked to speak to the Soviet chief of security. The Russian who greeted her said that while the American might have been rude in throwing trash on the grounds, he saw no need to press charges.

Using the radiotelephone in her car, Miss Heaphy called her embassy to report that an American citizen had been arrested at the Soviet Embassy and he needed assistance from an officer in the embassy's consular division who specialized in helping arrested Americans. A police sergeant was now on the scene, and he said he was willing to wait for the arrival of an American consular official. Miss Heaphy, deciding that he looked even more nervous now than he'd been before, then returned to Daulton, who was surrounded by policemen. He said he was outraged; here he was, an American tourist being manhandled by Mexican police. Then he whispered to her that he was afraid of being sent to a Mexican prison, where prisoners were tortured and starved. As they waited on the sidewalk, Daulton turned his back on the woman; he was trying to hide something in his jacket or pants, she suspected. But a few moments later she discovered what he had been doing.

One of the policemen had motioned Daulton toward a police car. When Daulton moved, the policeman spotted a half-smoked marijuana joint near one of his feet. He shouted to his associates that he had found contraband carried by the young man.

Until the reefer was discovered, Miss Heaphy thought some of the Mexican policemen had seemed to be wavering between taking this litterbug to headquarters and letting him go. But the discovery of the joint prompted the sergeant to order Daulton into the back seat of a patrol car.

They would wait, he said, for the *comandante* of police.

Within minutes, other cars drove up, some of them containing plainclothesmen from the Mexican secret police, the Federal Bureau of Security.

Miss Heaphy went to the Soviet Embassy guardhouse and asked a guard to let her see the chief of security again. She said she wanted to use a telephone to try her embassy once more. The security man, another KGB agent whom Daulton had met, reappeared and was nasty. He accused her of trying to ''penetrate'' the Russian complex with a ruse. He did, however, consent to let her use the phone; but before the call went through, two Americans arrived from the U.S. Embassy: Thomas Ferguson, a vice consul whose assignment was to help Americans in trouble with the Mexican law, and Benito Iarocci, an agent of the Central Intelligence Agency who was attached to the U.S. Embassy.

Ferguson noticed that Daulton's fingers were shaking badly when they shook hands.

Daulton explained to Ferguson that he was an American, employed by a California advertising agency, on vacation in Mexico, and once again he protested the treatment he was getting. A Mexican policeman came up and showed Ferguson the joint; Iarocci, meanwhile, had gone to see the Soviet security chief inside the embassy. When he returned, he reiterated to the Mexican police *comandante* that the Russians didn't want to press charges against the young man.

The Mexican *comandante* then made a decision: they would *all* go to Metropolitan Police Headquarters, where they could iron out everything. Miss Heaphy returned to her embassy, and Ferguson said he'd follow the police car to Police Headquarters in the center of Mexico City.

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Daulton was ordered by Inspector Reynaldo López Malváez to empty his pockets in a second-floor office in the huge, noisy complex, whose halls were jammed with uniformed policemen, citizens in trouble with the law and people filing complaints about other people's transgressions. He was a dark-haired, middle-aged man with smoked glasses, a thickening waist and dark bags under his eyes that suggested he worked long hours. Ferguson watched curiously as the nervous American complied with the order to put all his belongings on a desk.

Daulton laid out his passport, his wallet containing $340 in American currency and more than 1,000 Mexican pesos, a paperback book, a picture postcard and a business-size envelope sealed with plastic tape.

At first the only thing that seemed to catch the inspector's eye was the postcard. He stared at it for a long moment, then asked Daulton in Spanish what his occupation was. Ferguson translated the question.

"I'm a photographer," Daulton replied in English. He explained that he worked for an advertising agency and had been vacationing in Mexico when, for no reason at all, he had been arrested by Mexico City policemen. Ferguson translated Daulton's reply into Spanish.

Without reacting to Daulton's protest, the inspector turned his attention to his other possessions on the desk. He picked up the envelope that was sealed with plastic tape, removed the tape and opened it. Inside he saw there was a stack of black filmstrips. He picked one at random and held it up to the light that was radiating from a ceiling fixture in the sparsely furnished room. Taking his time, the inspector tried to make out the images on the strip of celluloid. For a long time, López Malváez didn't say anything. Then he lowered the negative strip, looked at Ferguson and said:

"*Documentos.*"

"These are negatives for a commercial we're making," Daulton shot back. His employer, the advertising agency he worked for, he explained hurriedly, was making a documentary film for the General Electric Company about communication satellites because G.E. was "trying to sell worldwide satellite-relay franchises." Daulton tried to sound like a tourist who had just happened, almost accidentally, to have brought some of his work from home along with him.

López Malváez asked an assistant to find a magnifying glass. After one was located in an adjoining office, the inspector scrutinized the film again under the soft light in the small room. He was silent as he went from frame to frame on the thin black ribbon. Then he offered one of the shiny black strips to Ferguson along with the magnifying glass.

Squinting, Ferguson could make out two words printed on each of the frames: TOP SECRET

Ignoring Daulton, the two men looked at each other without smiling. Then López Malváez said he would send the negatives to a police laboratory where they could be blown up into prints. It would take an hour or two. He suggested that Ferguson come back to Police Headquarters in a couple of hours, and the American left.

Then the inspector turned his attention to the picture postcard that Daulton had been carrying when he was arrested, and he began speaking rapidly in Spanish. Daulton appealed to him to speak English so that he could understand. But Daulton *did* hear one word that he recognized—"*asesinato*"—and it stunned him. It was the Spanish word for murder.

López Malváez told Daulton he was being held for murder.

36

DAULTON HAD LANDED at Benito Juárez International Airport at four o'clock the preceding afternoon, the first Wednesday in January. He was a day later than he had originally planned because of the arrest in Palos Verdes. But he had thought he could make up for the lost time and decided to expedite matters. In almost two years of commerce with the Soviet Union, this decision was his most foolish.

The schedule previously set for January called for a meeting either on the first Wednesday or, alternatively, on the first Saturday of the month at the Viva Pizza café at Coyoacán and Matías Romero avenues.

Normally, to summon the Russians for a meeting on Wednesday, Daulton placed his X marks on one of the currently designated rows of lampposts on the day before, the first Tuesday of the month. The Russians would drive by the designated intersections (the location was changed periodically) on Wednesday to learn if Daulton was in town.

Arriving so late on Wednesday afternoon meant Daulton had little time to place the marks, and even less for the KGB agents to see them. But Daulton had been in a hurry and had been anxious to arrange a meeting that night even though he had made a late arrival. He didn't want to wait until Saturday: he needed the money, now.

Daulton had taken a taxi from the airport to the intersection of Patriotismo and San Antonio streets, at the end of the Miguel Alemán Highway. It was a busy intersection about fifteen minutes' drive from Reforma. He had affixed the tape marks and, promptly at eight o'clock that evening, had been waiting at the Viva Pizza, thinking with amusement about the incongruity of meeting Soviet agents in an Italian pizza parlor in Mexico City. Boris hadn't shown up, so after fifteen minutes Daulton had left. An hour later, he had come back, eaten a pizza and drunk two beers. But again, no one was there to meet him. He had tried a third time at ten the next morning, but no one had appeared. Thinking that Boris might be at the Bali Restaurant instead, he had taken a cab there, but no one from the embassy was at the Bali either. He snorted a pinch of coke and wondered what to do next.

Friends were waiting for him in Culiacán the next day to sew up the heroin buy, and he desperately wanted the money from the Russians. So he had decided to go after it. He had hailed a cab near the Holiday Inn and directed the driver to a side street near Chapultepec Park, gotten out and walked three blocks to the embassy, planning to wait nearby until he spotted someone he knew. Daulton stood near the gate in front of a plaque with a hammer and sickle and the identity of the building printed in Spanish on it. There was a similar plaque with the building's identity printed in Russian as well.

A curtain at one window moved and he thought he saw a face at the window, but it vanished. Then he saw an embassy car approaching, and he shaded his eyes with one hand and tried to identify who was inside. It was Boris.

Daulton began walking faster, and was almost jogging as he tried to intercept the car. It slowed and Daulton looked squarely at Boris, but Boris kept his head fixed straight ahead. The car went into the embassy compound and the gate was closed quickly, leaving Daulton outside the gate, alone. He was furious. Maybe Boris hadn't seen him, he thought.

Still hopeful of drawing someone's attention, he had marked "K.G.B." on the cover of the Spanish-English dictionary he carried and thrown it defiantly inside the iron bars. Then he had walked on.

About thirty yards away a Mexican policeman—one of three or four visible in the immediate vicinity of the embassy—had been watching the short man curiously, wondering why he was lingering so long outside the building. Then he saw him toss *something* through the bars. (Afterward, he said he hadn't been sure whether it was a big wad of paper, an envelope or a small incendiary bomb.) The policeman sprang into action and ran after Daulton—and at that moment Daulton's long, quixotic business relationship with the Soviet Union came to an end.

Whether any Russians *were* looking out at the awkward American while he loitered so conspicuously in front of their embassy is still not known. But if they were, they made no response. After all, a member of the U.S. Embassy staff was in the building at the time.

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"You murdered a policeman," Inspector López Malváez said angrily in English (not much better than Daulton's Spanish) after Ferguson had left and the microfilm had been sent out for processing.

Startled, Daulton denied killing *anyone*.

"*Turista,*" he said.

The inspector was unmoved. On December 28, 1976, just a week or so before, he said, a uniformed Mexico City police officer had been murdered. The assassination, he continued, had occurred at the intersection of Patriotismo and San Antonio streets, the very same intersection pictured on the simulated postcard that Daulton carried. There was a knock on the door and the interrogation was interrupted by the return of Vice Consul Ferguson. López Malváez left Daulton, and in another office he handed Ferguson a stack of 8-by-10 glossy photographs.

On each was a reproduction of a page of typewritten information, graphs, tables and the words TOP SECRET and PYRAMIDER.

Daulton was brought into the office by two armed policemen. When he was shown the glossies, he repeated his claim that they were unimportant, just films for use in an advertisement.

"This material is classified; it could never be used in advertisements," Ferguson said, ridiculing Daulton's defense.

Daulton then lowered his voice and gave a look to Ferguson which meant that what he was about to say was intended only for the two of them.

"There's more here than meets the eye," he whispered. "A lot is riding on this. Here we are trying to do a service for the free world and now we get in trouble."

Ferguson couldn't fathom what Daulton was trying to tell him, but it was clear that something serious involving U.S. national security had occurred. López Malváez dismissed Ferguson, saying he would investigate the matter further, and Ferguson returned to his embassy and told Benito Iarocci about the photographs he had just seen.

After Ferguson left, López Malváez renewed his charge of murder and outlined what he claimed had happened: Daulton was a Soviet agent who was funding operations of the Twenty-third of September Communist League and had killed a policeman who had found him out.

"I wasn't even in Mexico City on December 28," Daulton tried to explain in Spanish. The inspector ignored him and repeated the charge.

Daulton didn't like the shape of what was coming down. The charge was stupid, but the policeman wouldn't *listen* to his story. So, as effectively as he could in a flawed hybrid of Spanish and English, Daulton then told the story he had prepared for such an occasion: he said he was an American agent who was part of an operation to spread false and misleading information—"disinformation"—to the U.S.S.R. He was on assignment, he repeated, for the United States Government, participating in a scheme to deceive the very country that he was now accused of helping. He tried to make López Malváez laugh at the irony. The postcard, he said, had no connection whatsoever with the dead policeman. It had been given to him by the Russians—it was the method they used to advise him where to make markings with adhesive tape and let them know he was in the city and ready for a meeting. López Malváez, upon hearing more about the Russians, listened on.

That very night, Daulton lied, he was scheduled to meet them, and he would be able to prove the postcard had nothing to do with the policeman's murder. Daulton pleaded with the inspector to go with him to the Viva Pizza Restaurant so that he could show him—he'd also prove what he had said about the X marks he'd placed on the lampposts. López Malváez quickly agreed to his request, and they went in a police car to the intersection of Patriotismo and San Antonio streets, where López Malváez saw for himself Daulton's signal to the Russians.

At eight o'clock that evening, Daulton was waiting outside the Viva Pizza. He seemed to be a lone American patiently awaiting an appointment with a friend for dinner, but Mexican plainclothesmen were staked out inconspicuously all around him.

The small figure of Andrew Daulton Lee fidgeted nervously under the glow of neon lights for almost half an hour that night. No one approached him. Then López Malváez called the endeavor off. Daulton was returned to Headquarters for more questioning about the murder, and at midnight he was still denying that he was involved. The following morning, he begged López Malváez to let him try just once more. At ten o'clock they went to the Bali Restaurant and Daulton stood near a bus stop, hoping in vain to see one of the familiar embassy cars while Mexican detectives watched. Again, no Russians.

After twenty minutes, they returned him to the police station, and López Malváez said he was now certain that Daulton had killed the policeman and was a member of the Twenty-third of September Communist League.

Daulton struggled with his poor Spanish to answer the charges.

"*Bueno, es precisamente en ese lugar,*" the inspector said. The scene of the murder was the exact spot shown on the postcard.

"*Sí, entiendo, es muy, muy, muy,* ah . . . ah," Daulton replied; he understood the inspector's concern, but he had nothing to do with the murder.

"*Unas personas,* ah—two people—*iguales a tí mataron a un agente de la policía.*" Two people just like you killed a police officer, the inspector insisted.

"*Pero, pero yo no tengo* pistol," Daulton lied, trying to explain he owned no guns.

"*Todo misión aquí es vender la información a los rusquis,*" Daulton continued, saying his whole mission in Mexico was to sell information to the Russians. "*No tengo tiempo para más problemas; es necesario para mí todo tiempo con los rusquis y los Estados Unidos.*" Daulton said he didn't have any time for more problems; he was too busy working with the Russians part of the time and pursuing his duties in the United States at other times.

The interrogation continued through a second day, with the police inspector going over the same ground again and again. On the third day, Daulton was turned over to the Federal Bureau of Security—the Mexican secret police—and its interrogators proved to be pointedly less tolerant of Daulton's heated denials.

During the preceding six years, Daulton had been arrested seven times in the United States and had served less than seven months in jail. He had become a master at avoiding jail by exploiting constitutional safeguards of civil liberties, the mistakes of arresting officers and a sympathetic court.

He found Mexican justice different.

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Daulton was led out of Metropolitan Police Headquarters with his jacket pulled over his head so that he could not see where he was going. Before he left, he had signed a statement that condensed his denial of the murder. A police official had said he would be released soon. Daulton had felt good, relaxed, thinking his detention was over. But without warning his jacket was yanked roughly over his head and he was bundled into a car and driven somewhere in Mexico City. He could hear traffic and the sounds of the city, but he didn't know where he was headed. The car stopped and he was walked into a building where the jacket was replaced by a blindfold. His escorts during the trip had said only a few words in Spanish. Daulton as yet had no inkling that he was being turned over to the secret police.

The blindfolded murder suspect was led into an elevator, and soon Daulton knew that it *wasn't* over. The elevator rose for a few moments, Daulton was escorted into an office and the blindfold was removed. He looked around and saw a desk with several phones, each a different color. Around the desk sat several Mexican men in civilian clothes. Others, grim-faced, stood behind it.

The new interrogators were disarmingly friendly at first, saying that they intended to let him go soon, but first wanted to ask him a few questions.

He repeated the story he had told López Malváez—he was an American disseminating worthless information to the Soviet Government in a scheme sanctioned by the United States. He told his story at length in his fractured Spanish. At 1 A.M. they let him go to sleep.

Four hours later, he was awakened and led back to the same office; this time there were more questioners and they were not as friendly.

A middle-aged Mexican who seemed to be in charge of the investigation said in Spanish that they had been soft with him the night before, but they had known all the time that he was lying about the murder.

"This is not the United States," a man next to him said in Spanish. "This is Pancho Villa land."

Angrily, standing around him in a circle, a half-dozen interrogators ordered Daulton to confess that he was a Communist agent working with subversive terrorist groups to overthrow the Mexican Government. He was a Russian agent, they said, an enemy of the Mexican people. One questioner, in fact, noting that his name was Lee, wanted to know if he was Chinese.

They showed Daulton photographs of Russians assigned to the Mexico City embassy, and he identified Boris Grishin as "John"—the man, he said, who had failed to meet him as planned and abandoned him outside the embassy.

Tightening their vise, the secret police officers began flinging questions at Daulton one after another in such rapid Spanish that he became hopelessly confused. But when he said he didn't understand the questions, it only made his interrogators angrier. They shouted in Spanish that he was lying, that he did understand them. "We're not stupid Mexicans," one said. Amid the machine-gun fire of questions, Daulton felt like a man descending deeper and deeper into water in which he was unable to swim. After a while when he asked them to repeat a question, someone behind him began to bang him on both ears at once.

Slowly, a story emerged from the stormy interrogation: Daulton said that his mission in Mexico had begun in 1975 when a childhood friend, Christopher Boyce, had asked him to collaborate on a plan to sell secret information from his place of employment to the Chinese Government through its diplomatic missions in Africa. The information, he said, was to be deceptively changed to get the Chinese "to go around in circles on absurd projects." After he rejected this proposal, Daulton said, his friend had persuaded him to sell "false information" to the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City. And indeed, he had begun doing so, and the process had gone on for almost two years until his arrest.

The answers were ridiculed by the Mexicans. They laughed and said he was lying, and the banging continued on his ears by someone he couldn't see. His head was throbbing with pain, and the ringing in his ears was like a duet of sirens.

"Whom do you work for?" a Mexican asked in Spanish.

"The United States."

"Doing what?"

"Disseminating erroneous information."

"Who hired you?"

"The CIA through Christopher Boyce."

"Where's Boyce?"

"I don't know."

Daulton received another slap on his ears.

"Quit lying! Tell us why you murdered the policeman."

"I didn't."

"Yes, you did. We have a witness who saw you."

"No, I didn't do it," Daulton pleaded. "No, it's not true."

The questioning went on for three hours; then Daulton was blindfolded again, handcuffed and left lying on the floor of a storeroom. Three hours later, the questioning resumed:

"Why did you kill the policeman?" It began all over.

One of his interrogators said to another that the murdered policeman might have had a chance to fire a shot at his killer before dying.

"Take off your clothes."

Daulton stripped naked and the men gathered around him, scanning every inch of his body. Aside from red and purple blotches of acne on his back, the Mexicans couldn't find any wounds: there was no evidence of gunshot injuries, they agreed.

When Daulton started to put on his clothes, one of the Mexicans ordered him to stop. He went to a wall and removed a mounted sword, and with a flourish and a perverse giggle, he held the broad-bladed weapon three inches from Daulton's genitals and said:

"Why did you kill our policeman?"

"I didn't." Daulton trembled.

Theatrically, the officer made a broad sweep with the sword, feigning a swipe at his penis, and shouted in Spanish that unless he talked and stopped lying they were going to "hang your testicles from a flagpole."

At noon there was another respite from the questioning, but it resumed at 4 P.M. and lasted until after midnight.

His interrogators covered the same ground, and Daulton continued to say that he couldn't understand some of their questions. This time, when he professed not to hear the question, someone behind him slammed him in the kidneys at each missed answer. And as the afternoon became evening, this person didn't even wait until he missed an answer.

With Daulton continuing to deny any involvement in terrorism, the interrogators again left him alone, blindfolded, in the room. But after a short while, the guards came for him, and the questioning began all over again. When he repeated the same story, two of the secret policemen each grabbed him by a leg and carried him across the office upside down to an adjoining bathroom, and held him over the toilet with his head dangling a few inches above the foul-smelling white bowl.

"Tell the truth," one of the agents demanded.

"I am, I am!" he shouted. "I *am* telling the truth! I didn't kill anybody!"

The two men who gripped Daulton by his ankles let his head descend slowly into the stinking water in the toilet bowl, and the last thing he heard before his head was submerged was their derisive, taunting laughter. He screamed as his head went under.

"This will clean out your ears," a voice shouted in broken English when he was lifted up a moment later. They lowered him into the toilet again. "This will help you understand the questions," a second voice said. Then they did it a third time.

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The questioning, with occasional intermissions, continued for four days. Whether representatives of the FBI or the CIA were invited to audit the interrogation is not known. Most of the questioning was done under the glare of bright lights, and Daulton couldn't see everyone in the room.

Between the periods of questioning, Daulton was handcuffed, blindfolded and left alone on the floor of a closet. As he lay helpless in this black prison, he managed to find a little humor in his predicament: it occurred to him that he was manacled like a human pretzel—his right foot handcuffed to his left hand and his left foot handcuffed to his right hand.

Thirst was his biggest problem now, along with turbulent stomach pains. When his complaints of thirst were finally listened to, a guard brought him a glass of water. But Daulton refused it; he said he would get sick if he drank it. Despite all of his traveling in Mexico, Daulton still couldn't consume untreated Mexican water without coming down with diarrhea; he always used bottled, purified water. The guard laughed at his appeal for bottled water, as if to say it was tap water or none at all. Daulton gulped down the glass of water to suppress the thirst that gnawed at him, and before long, as he had known he would, he had a severe case of diarrhea. And he stank from his own feces. Eventually, however, he persuaded a guard to escort him to the toilet when he asked to go. Not all the guards were so accommodating: one in particular enjoyed waking Daulton by sticking his pistol against his head as he lay blindfolded and clicking the hammer, and another came into his cell and kicked him at random.

After four days, Daulton sensed that the senior secret police officials were beginning to lose interest in him, and he guessed that they had given up on him as a suspect in terrorism and murder activities. Again and again, they threatened to bring a witness who would identify him as the murderer, but the witness never materialized.

On the sixth day, a doctor came to see him and gave him medicine to curb the bowel trouble and lessen the stomach pain. On the evening of January 14, Daulton, unshaved and sticky from not having showered since his arrest eight days earlier, was ushered into an office and introduced by a senior secret police official to two agents of the FBI who were legal attachés at the U.S. Embassy.

''Do you want to talk?'' one inquired.

''*Please* get me out of here,'' Daulton said.

The FBI agents said they thought they could help Daulton. But first, they said, they wanted to ask him some questions.

Daulton was not unsophisticated when it came to understanding the workings of American law. He could have recited by heart the text of the ''*Miranda* Warning'' carried by policemen, who, according to a mandate by the U.S. Supreme Court, must advise suspects after their arrest of their rights to remain silent and to consult a lawyer. Exhausted, ill and desperate to leave the Mexican interrogators, Daulton agreed to sign a waiver of his *Miranda* rights, and at 7:09 on the evening of January 14, 1977, he began to tell his story.

''My only desire is to get this straightened out,'' he said. ''I got in this to screw the Russians. . . .''

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When the interview was over, one of the agents, Robert B. Lyons, closed his briefcase and said with a smile to Daulton, ''We'll see you in a couple of days.'' He was sure, he added, that they would be able to get him out of Mexico.

Early the next morning, a coded teletype message was sent from the

U.S. Embassy in Mexico City to the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Clarence M. Kelley:

> SUBJECT LEE INTERVIEWED BETWEEN 7:09 P.M.–9:39 P.M., JANUARY 14, 1977, AT MEXICO CITY HEADQUARTERS, MEXICAN FEDERAL SECURITY SERVICE (DFS) BY ASSISTANT LEGAL ATTACHES ROBERT B. LYONS AND WILLIAM J. HOY. LEE EXECUTED WAIVER OF RIGHTS FORM AND EXPRESSED DESIRE TO COOPERATE FULLY AND WILLINGNESS TO TESTIFY IN A U.S. COURT. DESPITE THIS, HIS ANSWERS SEEMED VAGUE OR EVASIVE REGARDING SOME FACTS AND MANY DATES. THEY DID NOT INSPIRE CONFIDENCE AS TO HIS COMPLETE TRUTHFULNESS.
>
> IN THE COURSE OF THE INTERVIEW, LEE MADE THE FOLLOWING ADMISSIONS:
>
> (A) HAS KNOWN SUBJECT CHRISTOPHER JOHN BOYCE FOR ABOUT TEN YEARS SINCE THEY ATTENDED HIGH SCHOOL TOGETHER IN PALOS VERDES, CALIFORNIA. THEIR ACTIVITIES REGARDING SOVIETS BEGAN IN SUMMER, 1975. DESCRIBED BOYCE AS A "COURIER" AT THAT TIME BETWEEN TRW AND CIA.
>
> (B) SIX CONTACTS WITH SOVIETS BETWEEN MID-1975 AND NOVEMBER, 1976. FIVE IN MEXICO CITY AND ONE IN VIENNA, AUSTRIA. BOYCE ACCOMPANIED LEE TO MEXICO CITY DURING ONE OF THESE, IN AUGUST, 1976.
>
> (C) RECEIPT OF OVER THIRTEEN THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS FROM SOVIETS AND DIRECT PAYMENT BY SOVIETS TO BOYCE OF AMOUNT DESCRIBED AS A "COUPLE OF THOUSAND."
>
> (D) DELIVERY TO SOVIETS OF VARIOUS DOCUMENTS AND MATERIALS, INCLUDING A PERFORATED COMPUTER CARD, A FIVE OR SIX INCH SEGMENT OF "TICKER TAPE" MARKED "TOP SECRET"; TEN "KW-7" CRYPTO PUNCH CARDS MARKED "TOP SECRET"; FIVE TO TEN TYPED PAGES OF MATERIAL DEALING WITH COMMUNICATION SATELLITE; SHEET OF PAPER APPROXIMATELY FOUR BY SIX INCHES CONTAINING EIGHT TO TEN LINES OF NUMBERS WHICH HAD BEEN DESCRIBED BY BOYCE AS A CODE WHICH WOULD BE RECOGNIZABLE TO THE RUSSIANS; MICROFILM OF "KW-7" CRYPTO CARDS; PICTURES OF BOYCE'S OFFICE; A QUANTITY OF MICROFILM DELIVERED BY BOYCE DURING AUGUST, 1976, MEXICO CITY VISIT.
>
> (E) TRAINING IN VIENNA BY A SOVIET IN THE USE OF THE MINOX CAMERA AND, ESPECIALLY, DOCUMENT PHOTOGRAPHY.
>
> (F) ON AT LEAST ONE OCCASION, MET BOYCE IN A LOS ANGELES AREA MOTEL WHERE DOCUMENTS IN POSSESSION OF LATTER WERE PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOTH. LEE LATER DEVELOPED THIS FILM IN HIS OWN HOME.

CORROBORATION:

LEE DENIED HAVING SIGNIFICANT SOCIAL CONTACT WITH BOYCE WHICH MIGHT BE SUBJECT TO CONFIRMATION BY THIRD PARTIES.

HE STATES HE HAS AT TIMES DISCUSSED HIS CONTACTS WITH THE SOVIETS WITH HIS BROTHER, DAVID, BUT THAT DAVID WAS IN NO WAY INVOLVED. DAVID LEE, AGE 21, RESIDES WITH SUBJECT LEE'S FATHER AND MOTHER, PALOS VERDES ESTATES, CALIFORNIA.

LEE STATES HIS FATHER IS DR. DAULTON B. LEE WHO IS AFFILIATED WITH SOUTH BAY HOSPITAL IN THAT AREA. IN DECEMBER, 1975, LEE MENTIONED TO HIS FATHER THE FACT THAT HE WAS INVOLVED IN DISSEMINATING "FALSE INFORMATION" TO SOVIETS. FOLLOWING LEE'S RETURN FROM VIENNA, BOYCE AND LEE TOGETHER PURCHASED A MINOX CAMERA AT A SMALL CAMERA SHOP LOCATED ON HAWTHORNE BOULEVARD ADJACENT TO THE SAN DIEGO FREEWAY.

TWO PRINTS FROM MICROFILM DELIVERED BY BOYCE AND LEE TO SOVIETS IN MEXICO CITY IN AUGUST, 1976, WERE TAKEN BY LEE SURREPTITIOUSLY BACK TO UNITED STATES AND NOW LOCATED IN BLACK CAMERA CASE IN THE CLOSET OF HIS BEDROOM AT HIS PARENTS' HOME.

OTHER BACKGROUND:

LEE'S MOTHER, ANNE CLARK LEE, ALSO LIVES AT THE SAME ADDRESS. LEE STATES HE HAS BEEN SELF-EMPLOYED FOR TWO YEARS AS A CUSTOM CABINET MAKER, AND PREVIOUSLY, WORKED PART-TIME REPAIRING BOARDS FOR THE SCUBA-DUBA COMPANY, NEWPORT AND LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA.

LEE STATES HE IS SCHEDULED FOR A COURT HEARING AT TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA (SOUTH BAY COURT) ON JANUARY 20, 1977. HIS ONLY SPECIFIC REQUEST WAS THAT HIS ATTORNEY BE NOTIFIED THAT HE MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO APPEAR. THE ATTORNEY IS KENNETH KAHN, 1003 MANHATTAN BEACH BOULEVARD, MANHATTAN BEACH, CALIFORNIA.

ADDITIONAL DATA:

THROUGHOUT THE INTERVIEW, LEE MAINTAINED THAT HE HAD DONE NOTHING WRONG DURING ANY OF HIS DEALINGS WITH THE SOVIETS BECAUSE HE UNDERSTOOD THROUGH DISCUSSIONS WITH BOYCE THAT HE WAS PERFORMING A SERVICE "AS A SUB-CONTRACTOR" FOR THE CIA IN DISSEMINATING FALSE AND MISLEADING INFORMATION TO THE SOVIETS. HE SAID HE HAD CONSIDERABLE CONFIDENCE IN BOYCE AND THAT DURING LATE 1976, BOYCE INFORMED HIM THAT HE, BOYCE, HAD BEEN ACCEPTED FOR EMPLOYMENT WITH THE FBI.

LEE LAST SAW BOYCE IN EARLY DECEMBER, 1976. BUT THEY SPOKE BY TELEPHONE IN LATE DECEMBER. IN THIS LATTER CONVERSATION, BOYCE TOLD LEE HE HAD "SOME MORE THINGS" AND NEEDED TO SEE HIM BEFORE LEE LEFT FOR MEXICO. THIS MEETING DID NOT TAKE PLACE AND LEE, THEREFORE, BELIEVES BOYCE HAS SENSITIVE OR CLASSIFIED ITEMS IN HIS POSSESSION AT THIS TIME.

LEE SAID HE WOULD BE WILLING TO FURNISH A SIGNED STATEMENT CONCERNING THE ABOVE.

DUE TO PRIOR FIRM WEEKEND COMMITMENTS, DFS SUB-DIRECTOR MIGUEL NAZAR HARO STATED THAT HE WOULD BE OUT OF THE CITY AND THAT LEE CAN BE MADE AVAILABLE FOR FURTHER INTERVIEW ON MONDAY, JANUARY 17, 1977.

Not all of the details in the report were accurate, and many were missing. But the official unraveling had begun of one of the most damaging espionage conspiracies against the United States in the postwar era—one perpetrated by two young men who had begun life with what seemed to be the best that America could bestow on its children.

Over the next few days a torrent of messages flowed between the FBI, the CIA, the embassy in Mexico City, the Pentagon and the White House as the magnitude of the loss became apparent. Among those who would be eventually apprised of the damage was the new American President Jimmy Carter, who would later play his own role in the drama.

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For Daulton, conditions at the secret police headquarters improved miraculously after the visit of the two FBI representatives. The doctor came more often, the meals were better and Daulton's handcuffs were removed.

Two days after the visit, Daulton was summoned back to the office of the official who had led the marathon interrogation. He announced that Daulton was being deported from Mexico, and he asked whether he wanted to be deported to the Soviet Union or the United States.

"*Los Estados Unidos,*" Daulton answered.

FBI Agent Lyons came into the office and said he had arranged to get Daulton back to the United States. He shook Daulton's hand and said they'd be seeing each other in a few hours. "He smiled like he was pulling me out of the fire and into the furnace," Daulton later would ruefully recall of this meeting.

That evening he left for the United States.

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Sandwiched in the back seat of a car between two policemen substantially larger than himself, and drowsy from codeine he'd been given to ease his stomach pain, Daulton tried to sleep. From time to time he regained consciousness in the dark automobile, and his mind drifted, accompanied by the rumble of the car's engine and the babble of the policemen gossiping in Spanish about girlfriends and bosses.

He wondered if Chris had been caught, and then he thought of his parents and wondered if they knew about his arrest. He had always phoned home at least once a week, and Mom and Pops would probably be worrying by now. And he wondered what his associates had thought when he missed the meeting in Culiacán. But, he reassured himself, that deal might not be lost forever; he had survived crises before.

More than anything else, Daulton thought about *survival.* He puzzled over how he could get out of the mess—and about how he had gotten into it in the first place. For God's sake, it had begun with a *littering* charge! He thought about Chris's strange, unpredictable behavior—first insisting that he sell the stuff to the Russians, then holding back on him; giving the Russians some of the stuff they wanted, then telling 'em to "Go fuck themselves."

What was going down? Daulton asked himself. He thought again of Chris's strange behavior. Maybe, he mused dreamily, Chris *was* working for the CIA all this time.

After the guards on either side of him fell asleep, he retrieved six grams of hash that were hidden in his bag which had been saved for him at the Holiday Inn after his arrest. He swallowed the hash and let his thoughts wander some more before he drifted back to sleep.

37

A FEW MINUTES AFTER 7 A.M. on January 17, 1977, the car reached the southern side of the international bridge that spans the Rio Grande River between Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, and Laredo, Texas. On their respective sides of the border the flags of Mexico and the United States were flattened against the wind by a strong breeze.

One of the four Mexican secret police agents who had accompanied Daulton on the fourteen-hour drive from Mexico City shook his shoulders to wake him. As they let him out of the car, each said "*Adiós*" to their passenger.

Carrying the small suitcase he had so often used on his trips back and forth over the border, Daulton walked alone across the bridge. He was a lonely figure. His mouth tasted like sour milk, he had a two-week growth of beard and he felt weary and haggard.

Waiting for him with smiles and outstretched hands were FBI Agents Robert B. Lyons, Frederick A. Slight and John W. Smith. They shook his hand and said they hoped he had had a good trip.

A few minutes later, the agents presented him with a typed statement recounting his interview of two nights earlier in Mexico City. Daulton signed the statement, and it was immediately stamped TOP SECRET. Then Daulton was offered breakfast.

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Nine days before Daulton crossed the bridge at Laredo, the telephone rang at the Lee home in Palos Verdes, and a man with a Mexican accent asked to speak to Daulton's mother.

The caller introduced himself to Mrs. Lee as "Rafael Vargas," a friend of Daulton's, and said he was calling from Mexico. He said Daulton had had an appointment with him in Mexico—an important business meeting—and had failed to appear.

"Do you know where he is?" Vargas inquired.

"As far as I know, he's in Mexico," she said. "He left several days ago."

The caller seemed satisfied and said he would continue waiting for Daulton. But Mrs. Lee was growing alarmed.

"You know, this is the first time Daulton has ever been gone so long without calling," she told her husband that evening. "I think Daulton's in trouble."

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Chris was also curious about what had happened during Daulton's trip to deliver the Pyramider papers.

On January 7, the day after his friend's arrest, he placed a person-to-person call to the Holiday Inn in the Zona Rosa from Riverside, where he had moved for the beginning of the college term.

The operator in California informed the hotel operator that the caller wanted to speak to a hotel guest, Andrew Daulton Lee.

There was a click, then a pause, and a male voice answered in English.

"Mr. Andrew Lee?" the Riverside operator asked.

The man who answered said his name was Brown. Chris asked the operator to try again. The operator complied and Brown answered again. Growing apprehensive, Chris requested the operator in Riverside to ask the hotel operator to "try the right room." The hotel operator agreed to investigate. After a long, empty pause on the international telephone line, the operator came back on and said there had been some confusion; Mr. Lee was no longer registered at the hotel. She said a hotel assistant manager told her that Mr. Lee had apparently been arrested. She said if the caller needed more information, it could probably be obtained at the American embassy.

Chris thought: *Finally, it's over.* They had caught Daulton. And then he thought: or did he get busted for dope? Either way, Chris calculated, it was a matter of time before the FBI found its way to him. Chris quickly evaluated his options: if he stayed, the FBI would almost certainly arrest him within a few days, perhaps a few hours; if he ran, where would he go? Time was too short to waste. He got into his Volkswagen with its oversized tires and off-road equipment and drove fifteen minutes to Ontario Airport, the nearest public airport. On the way, his mind groped for a possible escape route . . . he thought of Mexico; the wild mountains of Wyoming, where he had been last month; the desert he knew so well, where he could get lost for days without anyone's finding him. . . .

He parked his car outside the airport terminal and went inside. Aimlessly, he looked around. He paced in front of airline ticket counters, studying their flight schedules and the destinations they offered, then moved on to study the schedule of another airline. Dazed and indecisive, he strode back and forth, first selecting a destination and then rejecting it. Finally, he came to a decision; it really didn't matter what destination he chose, the FBI would track him down wherever he went.

Chris returned to his car. He started the Volkswagen and drove home. He had known from the first night, the night after Daulton made his first contact with the Russians, that eventually the sand would run out on their game. Now the sand was almost gone, and he knew there was nothing he could do about it. Indeed, he thought, once it had begun, there had *never* really been anything he could do to halt what was now inevitable. Chris went home to the shack he rented in Riverside and began to wait.

Nothing happened.

The weekend went by and it was eerily, inexplicably normal. He flew Pips in the foothills behind Riverside, and as he admiringly watched his bird practice the instinctive skills that tens of thousands of years of evolution had honed so superbly, Chris reached out for hope. He began to wonder if—hope that—somehow he had escaped. It seemed that way. But then, bitterly, he felt reality overcome hope. As he tramped through the brush, Chris added up the circumstances of Daulton's arrest once again and decided that he had been attempting to fool himself, and once again, the pounding at his temples and the angry throbbing of his heart began.

He returned to class on Monday. Sometime during the week, Chris noticed that there was a new student sitting two seats behind him in his class on Soviet Foreign Policy. Chris had never had any trouble spotting cops. He had grown up around them. Cops and FBI agents had been fixtures around his house when he was growing up—coming for dinner, smelling up the living room with their cigars, regaling each other with war stories from law enforcement. This new student, he decided, wasn't a student.

As his professor droned on about Russia's place in world affairs, Chris raised an arm gently and held up his wristwatch and studied the face of the stranger reflected in the crystal of the watch. Every time Chris looked at him, the man was staring directly at the back of his head.

Chris was aware now that time was running out on him rapidly, and he decided that there was something he needed to do: he wanted to see Alana one last time.

He called her, and they went out dancing. Chris whispered to Alana that he had always loved her and still did, that he had been wrong when he'd said he didn't love her.

"I didn't mean it." His voice choked. Tears were brimming from his eyes. "I love you," he said.

"You stupid," she said. "I know. I always knew."

As they danced, Chris held Alana tightly and he wanted to stop time. But the evening sailed by quickly. As he drove back to Riverside from her home, Chris realized that the memory of the evening was all he had left now to hold on to—except Mr. Pips. And he vowed to fly the socks off Pips until they came to get him.

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On January 12, five days before Daulton crossed the bridge and six days after his arrest, the Black Vault at TRW was shut down. That morning, two FBI agents called on Regis J. Carr, TRW's director of security for Special Programs, and said that they wanted to discuss Project Pyramider; the arrest in Mexico of a man named Andrew Daulton Lee; and a friend of Lee's, Christopher John Boyce, a former TRW employee.

Carr was stunned. A former FBI agent and a respected professional in the small world of special-projects security, he told the agents that Christopher Boyce had had "access to Top Secret intelligence information which would cause very grave damage to the United States if it were ever published or fell into the hands of a foreign country." He asked the agents if they thought there was any chance that Boyce might have passed information from the vault to the Russians, and they said that, unfortunately, they believed he had.

Then Carr gave the agents a detailed assessment of the potential damage to the United States. As an agent jotted down his comments, he said, "Christopher Boyce had access to the entire inner workings of the intelligence community, with daily access to intelligence communications, documents and hardware. He's had this privilege for two years. He's operated as a courier within the plant and outside, operated a secure voice communication system and an encrypted TWX network on line with government contractors and overseas stations, and he talked to the CIA directly by TWX." As the investigation proceeded over the next few days, the realization of the enormity of the loss became even more apparent; copies of the pictures of the Pyramider documents furnished to the FBI by the Mexican Government were shown to Carr. The documents, Carr said, "were classified Top Secret, and the disclosure of any of the information could have very grave and irreparable damage to the national defense."

An agent asked where the Pyramider documents had been stored, and Carr said they were locked in a safe in the communications vault, where Boyce normally wouldn't have access to them. Another TRW security officer was dispatched to the vault to retrieve them, and he found the Pyramider papers not locked up, but lying on top of a cabinet. Gloomily, TRW officials told the agents that Chris had had not only access to the Pyramider documents, but intimate knowledge about two very secret satellite programs, Rhyolite and Argus, as well as NSA encryption ciphers that the Soviets could use to decipher CIA messages. Carr said that Boyce had had access to the High Bay Area in M-4, where two satellites were in storage, and could have photographed these satellites, as well as new antennas that were being prepared for satellite launching. He urged the agents to find out if Boyce had taken photographs of this hardware, whether he had transmitted any data to the Russians ''about lasers'' and whether he had given the Russians copies of TWX messages from the vault or the list of ''slugs'' that were used to identify stations on the CIA's Secret Communication Network.

When the FBI agents first arrived at TRW, it was six days after the CIA had learned in Mexico City of Daulton's arrest with the Pyramider papers. But Carr would testify later that he had not been told of the damaging security breach in the vault he supervised until the FBI brought him the news. Indeed, his first reaction after receiving the news was to tell the CIA. Instinctively, he started to use the encrypted voice link in the Black Vault to reach Pilot, but then checked himself. He feared that it might have been bugged by the KGB or that other TRW employees might have been compromised by Soviet spies. Still, he felt he had to get the word as fast as possible to Langley, and he elected to call CIA Headquarters over a conventional, nonsecure line. He informed the agency what the FBI agents had just told him, using the initial ''P'' to describe the missing Pyramider papers.

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Two days later, on January 14, two other FBI agents paid a call at the Redondo Beach apartment that Aaron Johnson shared with Beverly Zyser and inquired about their friend Andrew Daulton Lee. The couple figured the agents were investigating Daulton's drug business, although they couldn't understand the agents' intense interest in Daulton's relationship with Chris Boyce. Johnson told the agents he knew Daulton traveled often to Mexico but didn't know why. He said Daulton was ''into heroin,'' a ''hard core'' criminal who made his living through pushing drugs, and always had lots of cash which he flashed around. He mentioned the scar-faced man he'd seen at Daulton's house a few days before Christmas; as for Boyce, Johnson said he was Daulton's best friend but that he didn't see him as being involved in any of Daulton's illegal dealings. "He's straight; he doesn't hang around the same crowd as Daulton," he said. "I'm sure he's not into anything illegal."

After the agents left, Johnson telephoned Daulton's brother and told him FBI agents had just been at his apartment asking about Daulton and Chris. Dave Lee realized now why the family hadn't heard from Daulton since he'd left for Mexico. Johnson then called Chris's house and told his mother that it was urgent that he get in touch with him.

Chris never got the warning.

38

ON JANUARY 16, 1977, ten days after Daulton's arrest, a yellow Mazda station wagon approached a small pink house made of concrete blocks on a turkey ranch 1,600 miles north of Mexico City. It was little more than a shack in the rural outskirts of Riverside, sixty miles south of Los Angeles, with a decaying old windmill beside it.

A year earlier, the twenty-five-acre ranch had vibrated with the noisy energy of thousands of turkeys. But the owner had given up turkey ranching because it wasn't profitable anymore, and he supplemented the family's income by renting the small blockhouse for $100 a month to students from the nearby campus of the University of California.

The same evening that Chris had gone dancing with Alana, Florence Carlson had remarked to her husband, Walt, that the new tenant who was sharing the cabin fifty yards from their own home was "very nice." He was not only warm and polite, but quite intelligent, she said. The Carlsons had first met Chris two or three years earlier, when he'd knocked at their front door and asked if he might use their property to hunt sparrows with an air rifle. (Brown, rolling hills rose up behind the Carlson place, and they abounded in wildlife.) Chris explained that he needed the sparrows for his training of falcons, and the Carlsons had been impressed by the intensity of his interest in falconry, and they'd encouraged him to come back whenever he wanted.

Around Christmastime, he had arrived at the Carlsons' home again with news that he was going to enroll at the university, and he had inquired if they still rented the small cabin. They said they did, but that it was not available because another young man was staying there. But Mrs. Carlson suggested the tenant might be willing to share the place and divide the rent. Chris moved in a few days later.

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There were two young men in the Mazda that arrived at the Carlson place shortly before three o'clock on the afternoon of the sixteenth. But the eyes that followed the approaching vehicle from between cracks in the corrugated-steel walls of the turkey pens were interested only in the young man in the passenger seat.

Chris, wearing Levi's, a sport shirt and the sweater that had been given him as a good-bye gift by his friends at TRW, looked like any other college student on a Sunday afternoon. With his boyishly handsome face pinched slightly at the cheekbones, and his conservative short dark hair combed back over his forehead, Mrs. Carlson would say he looked more like a product of the fifties than of the seventies.

That morning, Mrs. Carlson had spotted a car driving down the dirt road from the top of the knoll where her daughter and son-in-law had built a new home. This had puzzled her, because she knew they liked to sleep in on Sunday mornings.

Mrs. Carlson hadn't known it then, but FBI agents had moved into her daughter's home the night before. They had politely asked if they could use the home while they looked down on the pink concrete blockhouse beside her parents' house. The agents refused to explain their interest in the cabin, but the couple agreed.

Shortly before 8 A.M., a half-dozen cars carrying FBI agents had careered down the steep hill and stopped outside the shack. Agents, guns outstretched, had burst into the room and found two young men asleep.

"What's your name?" one agent said as he roused one of the sleeping youths.

"Joe Shmo; what's yours?" Steve Rasmussen, Chris's roommate, said into the muzzle of a revolver.

"Where's Boyce?" the agent had demanded, ignoring the remark.

Chris wasn't there because he had left the night before on a falcon-trapping expedition in the hills behind Riverside with George Heavyside, a falconer he knew from Palos Verdes. Steve had asked his brother, Gary, to spend the night at the cabin; in the morning, they planned to drive to Lytle Creek, in the mountains beyond Riverside, to pan for gold. Finally, the brothers had convinced the FBI agents that neither of them was Christopher John Boyce, and they said they planned to go ahead with their trip. Okay, the agent who was in charge of the raiding party had said; but he assigned two of his agents to go with them. The other agents had remained, resuming a vigil from atop the knoll, which looked down on the Carlson property and the twin concrete ribbons of the Riverside Freeway beyond it. Some of the agents had moved into the old turkey pens, and they were there, watching, when George Heavyside and Chris arrived, joking about the night and day they had spent and the wise hawks they had tried—and failed—to entice into the trap resting on Chris's lap.

As the station wagon pulled to a stop next to the shack, one of the FBI cars that had been waiting at the top of the hill suddenly raced up from behind, passed the windmill and skidded with an abrasive slide on the sandy driveway. Two agents lunged out, and each pointed a revolver at the head of one of the two youths in the Mazda.

"Freeze!" they shouted at once as other agents cascaded out of the turkey pens and surrounded the car. Chris had lived with stories of arrests such as this for as long as he could remember. He had heard about stakeouts and FBI busts from his father, his uncle and all their friends who used to visit the Boyce house, and the thing he remembered most was not to move; if he did, one of the trigger-happy agents might shoot him.

"Who's Boyce? Who's Boyce?" one agent shouted.

Heavyside, trembling and trying to gather his senses so that he could fathom the bizarre events that were happening all around him, raised his hands in shocked semiparalysis. He was led away and searched, and once the agents established that he was not Chris, they let him go.

Chris said nothing. But when he was convinced they were calm enough so he wouldn't be shot, he methodically placed the hawk trap on the seat beside him and got out of the car. As he did, one of the agents grabbed his shirt and spun him around.

"Get out, you fucking traitor!" he screamed.

"Do you know what you're charged with? Espionage!" he said, and wedged Chris against the car and snapped handcuffs on his wrists behind his back.

"Where are the documents, you fucking traitor? Where are the documents?" he demanded.

And then he said it again and again: "You fucking traitor, tell us where the documents are!"

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When the FBI agents entered the small house with their prisoner, Mr. Pips looked up from his perch on a dresser and began to screech wildly at the strangers' intrusion. He flapped his long wings furiously and for a moment seemed ready to lift off and attack the intruders, before Chris talked to him and calmed him down. Later, as the agents ransacked the cabin and peppered him with questions, Chris sensed a presence behind him, and he looked around to discover the dark eyes of Pips boring into him like sabers. His eyes were wild with fury, and Chris translated instantly what his bird was trying to tell him: *You betrayed me.*

He felt ashamed and chastened by Pips's angry stare. But at the same time, he felt proud of his best falcon—as wild and as defiant as it had been on the day he first trapped it.

39

"IS THERE ANYONE HERE from the CIA?" Chris asked as he dried his hands in the men's room at the Los Angeles regional headquarters of the Federal Bureau of Investigation a few minutes after six on the evening of January 16, 1977.

"We don't have any of those people here; why?" asked George J. Moorehead, an FBI agent who had helped arrest Chris at the turkey ranch three hours earlier. Moorehead had liked him, and had seemed to develop an almost paternalistic interest in the prisoner.

''I can't discuss some things with you,'' Chris responded. It was one of the more bizarre remarks in the records of espionage investigations: a young man who had just been arrested as a Soviet spy said that he couldn't discuss with FBI agents the secrets he had sold to the Soviet Union because the agents weren't cleared for the projects.

Moorehead was a big, beefy man in his middle forties with light-colored curly hair and horn-rimmed glasses that gave him a vaguely professorial look. There was a casual warmth in his personality that contrasted with the chilly efficiency of some FBI agents, and when Moorehead had seemed to extend an arm to lean on, Chris had accepted, and he gravitated to the soft-spoken agent who had seemed kinder than the other agents during the confrontation at the turkey ranch. Moorehead had been puzzled during the ride in from Riverside by the discovery that Chris's father and uncle were former FBI agents. A twenty-five-year veteran of the FBI, Moorehead would later say that he hadn't forgotten he was dealing with an accused Soviet spy. But he had been impressed by his quiet good manners—what some adults referred to as his ''sweetness''—and he had wondered what forces had brought Chris to where he was now. Chris might have been his own son, Moorehead thought.

''We have agents here who are cleared for anything you were working on,'' he replied when Chris said he couldn't discuss certain information without violating the law. Chris didn't respond. As they walked out of the men's room, Chris said he needed time to collect his thoughts. ''Is there some place I can sit and think for a while?''

''Sure,'' Moorehead said, and he led him down a hallway, giving him a guided tour of the functions of the various specialized offices they passed.

The FBI headquarters in Los Angeles could have been designed by Kafka. Occupying most of the sixteenth story, and parts of other floors, of a high-rise building on Wilshire Boulevard not far from U.C.L.A., it is a big, sterile warren of rooms, many with partitions, that look out at a central bull pen of seemingly endless rows of desks lined close together, each with its own telephone. The several hundred rank-and-file agents assigned to the L.A. office used this central bull pen as their base of operations.

Chris had $744 in cash in his wallet when he was arrested in Riverside. His wallet was taken from him when he was booked, and he was photographed and fingerprinted. During the fingerprinting, a young woman clerk had such trouble rolling legible prints that Chris offered to do it himself, saying that in his last job he had fingerprinted lots of people. Joking that Chris was out of money now, Moorehead bought him a pack of cigarettes and a cup of coffee from vending machines, and he escorted him to the office of the FBI's chief stenographer. It was empty on a Sunday evening, and Moorehead said he could collect his thoughts there. Before they reached the office, Moorehead asked Chris how many children were in his family, and Chris said there were nine, including himself. Moorehead shook his head and said he felt sorry for Chris's father. "This will really rip him up," he said.

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"It's inconceivable," Charles Boyce told the two FBI agents who had knocked on the door of the Boyce home in Rancho Palos Verdes, about the same time that Chris was sitting by himself in the office of the FBI chief stenographer, and said that his son was under arrest for espionage. A newspaper reporter had already called the Boyce home with a report that Chris had been arrested as a Soviet spy, and his parents had been immobilized by disbelief when the agents arrived with a search warrant for the Boyce home.

They told the FBI agents that it was impossible Chris was involved in any way in espionage. If anything, Chris was a political conservative. "He voted for Gerald Ford last year," his father said. And he had been considered a conservative for as long as anybody could remember. Mr. Boyce told the agents about the priest who, when Chris was a child, had said he was more conservative than Cardinal McIntyre of Los Angeles. It was true his son was interested in history and had talked once or twice about the Soviet Union and the future international balance of power, the father added, but "his attitudes on the surface were conservative—unless they were a subterfuge.

"It's not a political act unless he's really been fooling us for a long time," the father said of the alleged treason. His wife agreed. "I have no idea what would have prompted it," Mr. Boyce said. It couldn't have been drugs. Although Chris had smoked marijuana once in high school, his parents said, it had made him sick, and he didn't have a drug habit. The agent showed the Boyces a photograph of Andrew Daulton Lee; they identified him as a friend of Chris's who they knew had had problems with the law as a drug pusher. But they said they'd urged Chris not to associate with him because of the drugs, and Chris had stopped bringing him to the house. But they agreed Chris was probably still seeing him because of a shared interest in falconry.

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Six miles away on the other side of The Hill, shortly before the FBI agents had knocked at the Boyce home, four other agents rang the doorbell of the rambling Lee residence in Palos Verdes Estates. Dave Lee opened the door, and the agents showed their credentials and asked for his father.

"Do you have a warrant?" Dave asked. Agent George S. Bacon, as if he had never heard the remark, asked again if Dr. Lee was in. Almost instinctively, Dave slammed the door of the house. One of the agents quickly rang the doorbell again. After about thirty seconds Dave reopened the door and said his father would be there shortly.

Dr. Lee had been napping when the agents arrived. He was not surprised by the callers. Over the years there had been many policemen who arrived at the same door. But he expected such calls to deal with Daulton's narcotics enterprises.

The agents informed Dr. Lee that his son had been arrested in Mexico, that he was being deported and that he was going to be charged by the United States Government with violation of espionage statutes; furthermore, he said that Daulton's friend Christopher John Boyce had just been arrested for the same offenses. Before Dr. Lee could react to this news, Agent David Reid said Daulton had told U.S. officials in Mexico there were photographs in his bedroom which the FBI believed were related to the case and requested him to sign a consent allowing them to search the home. Dr. Lee signed the statement. Then another agent produced a search warrant. Dr. Lee was annoyed. "If you have a search warrant why did you have me sign this?" he asked. The agents said it was the government's policy that occupants of premises should first be allowed to give their consent to a search. In fact, Justice Department lawyers had decided to seek both the search warrant and Dr. Lee's consent agreement to reinforce the legality of the search if evidence seized at the home was later challenged in court. The same strategy was followed at the Boyce home.

Like the Boyces, Dr. Lee said that it was impossible that his son was involved in espionage, although he knew he was involved with drugs.

"It seemed strange to us that he never worked but seemed to have money,'' Dr. Lee said in the statement he gave Agent Reid and Agent André L. Knightlinger while Bacon and Agent David Smith began searching the house.

''Mrs. Lee and I questioned him about this,'' he continued, ''but he never answered our questions. I assumed that he'd obtained the money through his involvement in drugs.''

Asked if Daulton had ever said anything about furnishing false information to the Soviet Union, Dr. Lee said he hadn't.

''A long time ago,'' he said, when Daulton was in high school, ''he told me that he was tired of doing things my way. He said that from then on he was going to do things his way.''

After that, Dr. Lee added, Daulton had simply refused to discuss his activities outside the home with his parents. ''I suspected that when he went off somewhere, he was up to something illegal,'' he said, ''but I thought it was drugs.''

Despite his son's frequent brushes with the law, Dr. Lee went on, Daulton was ''still my son, and I wouldn't kick him out of the house.''

Anne Lee, who had recently obtained a license as a real estate agent to occupy herself after her children were grown, walked in the door then, arriving home after a day of trying to sell property on The Hill. The length of time without a telephone call from Daulton had caused her to half-expect official callers inquiring about her son. But like her husband, she said she knew relatively little about her son's recent comings and goings. When she'd asked Daulton about his trips to Mexico, she said in her statement to the FBI, ''he told me not to worry about it.'' Once, when she heard Daulton had made a trip to Vienna and she had asked about it, she said, ''he wouldn't tell me anything about the trip.'' An agent inquired about the two youths' friendship. Daulton and Chris Boyce, she explained, were best friends; the friendship went back many years and had continued because of their mutual love of falconry. Chris's father had helped him get a job at TRW, she said, but Chris had called it a ''flunky job.''

''He said he was involved in cleaning up after everybody,'' she said.

David Lee was also interviewed. He told the agents that Daulton had told him months previously that he and Chris Boyce were involved in a scheme to sell false information to the Soviets. Daulton claimed to be working for the CIA, he said, and had shown him a Minox camera. ''My brother said it was a misinformation program and he was doing it for the money; he said each roll of film he brought was worth approximately ten thousand dollars.'' In a camera case in Daulton's room, David helped the agents find the two photos of the encryption equipment Daulton had retrieved from the Russians in October.

Four hours after they had arrived, the FBI agents left the Lee home. They had a Minox camera found in a rolltop desk in Daulton's room (a room they described on their official report for the day as ''in extremely cluttered condition'') and so many other items from his room that it took twenty minutes to load their cars.

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A half-hour after Chris asked to be left alone in the chief stenographer's office at the Los Angeles FBI office, he asked Agent George J. Moorehead, who was waiting outside in a corridor, if he could ask a question.

''Sure,'' Moorehead said. ''I'll do my best.''

''Has anybody else been charged with the same thing as me?''

Chris suspected that Daulton had also been arrested for espionage because of his call to the Holiday Inn, but he couldn't be sure. It could have been a drug bust.

''Do you mean in the past or now, this case?'' Moorehead asked.

''This specific case,'' Chris said.

Moorehead said that he didn't know.

In that case, Chris said, he would have nothing to say. He didn't want to say anything because he didn't know what Daulton had—or hadn't—told the authorities. After his refusal to talk more, Chris was handcuffed again and led out of the room by Moorehead, who said they were on their way to the Los Angeles County Jail. In the hallway, they met James E. White, another member of the FBI's Los Angeles Espionage Squad. Moorehead told White that Chris had asked if anyone else had been arrested in the case. White left them in the hall and checked via telephone with Richard A. Stilz, an Assistant United States Attorney who had already begun preparing the government's case against Andrew Daulton Lee and Christopher John Boyce. Stilz advised him that Chris could be told of Lee's arrest in Mexico and that his friend would soon be deported to the United States.

When he heard this news, Chris thought a moment, and shortly before seven o'clock, four hours after his arrest, he said:

''Let's talk.''

The agents told Chris that if he wanted to say anything, he would have to sign a *Miranda* waiver of his rights. Earlier in the day—after the raid at the turkey ranch—Chris had refused to do so. This time, he agreed to sign the waiver. Moorehead asked him to write out a statement declaring he had not been coerced into consenting to interrogation. But Chris told Moorehead that his hands were shaking so much that he couldn't write anything more than his signature.

His heart was pumping so hard that later he said he felt as if it were about to burst.

One of the agents said he would write a statement in longhand for Chris to sign, and he did so. The statement read:

> I, Christopher John Boyce, requested from Special Agents G. J. Moorehead and William M. Smith that at 6:25 P.M. this date I be given a period to collect my thoughts regarding charges for which I was arrested today. At 7 P.M., 35 minutes later, I decided by my own free will, and without any promises, threats or inducements, to furnish a statement to the FBI regarding this matter. Any delay experienced at the Los Angeles Headquarters of the FBI, therefore, was specifically at my request and strictly voluntary.

Chris signed the handwritten statement, and during the next hour or so he surrendered any chance he might have had to avert what he had decided almost two years ago was inevitable.

As he began his monologue, Chris explained why he had asked about Daulton: "I just wanted to know if he was off the streets."

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"I WORKED IN THE BLACK VAULT at TRW, handling encrypted communications for the Central Intelligence Agency," he began.

On his first day on the job, he continued, a co-worker had joked with him about selling ciphers used to encode messages to the Soviet Union and speculated that they might be worth $20,000 a month. A few weeks later, after a night of drinking and pot smoking with friends—"I was extremely high," he said—he had hinted at the nature of the job. After a while, he continued, ''it just kept rolling out,'' and he and his friend Daulton Lee had begun joking about selling the material to the Russians. The idea that Chris had access to information worth a great deal of money, he said, ''excited Daulton.''

''It just got more serious as the conversations kept going.''

''Whose idea was it to sell documents to the Soviet Union?'' White asked Chris.

''It was a combination of seeking each other out,'' he said. ''Security was so lax you could walk out with hundreds of documents. I was always drunk.

''I worked on the Rhyolite project for the CIA,'' he went on. ''I handled all communications between the people who built the satellites and those who used them.'' An agent asked how much information had been delivered to the Soviets. Chris said he wasn't sure, but thought it ''numbered thousands of documents.'' Most involved projects Rhyolite and Argus, he said, but there were others. ''Sometimes,'' he said, ''the CIA fucks up and sends naval traffic and military traffic and stuff about other programs and projects with other companies, and about submarine activity.''

The agents asked who, besides Daulton, had been involved in the operation, and he said Daulton was the only one. They asked if Chris had a girlfriend and whether she knew about it. Chris refused to give them Alana's name, but acknowledged that he had a girlfriend ''who was aware that I had been given sums of money, and she knew I worked on a secret project.'' But she didn't know the whole truth, he said. ''She is law-abiding, a Christian Scientist.'' He said he had become fearful and distraught and moody because of his involvement with the Russians, and finally it had broken them apart.

''It was more than she could handle,'' Chris said.

''Did you ever tell Andrew Daulton Lee or anyone else that you were in a project to furnish false information to the Soviet Union?'' White asked.

Chris shook his head.

''Did Lee understand what you were doing?''

''Totally,'' he said.

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In considerable detail, he described Daulton's meetings with the Russians in Mexico City, the purchase of the Minox camera, the booze runs, the surreptitious trips with secret documents in potted plants—and the day the NSA inspector had nearly tripped him up.

''He blew it; I was right in front of him, and he really blew it.

''I thought they were on to me long before now,'' Chris told the agents. It ''amazed'' him that they had not been caught sooner. Chris recounted his long friendship with Daulton, which, he said, had begun in elementary school, and their mutual interest in falconry. ''His parents were very wealthy.''

Daulton, he added, was a ''hoodlum'' who had ''cheated'' him—''he lied and would use me''—and kept samples of everything sold to the Russians to hold against Chris. After he described Daulton as a hoodlum, he was asked to describe himself. Chris said that perhaps he might be called ''an adventurer.''

''I got involved with the Soviets through drugs,'' he said, and he added, ''Politically, I'm very disenchanted with this government; it's done many things wrong.''

The name of FBI Agent White was paged on the public-address system, and he left the room to take a call from another agent calling from Chris's home. He returned and asked Chris if he wanted to speak to his father. Chris felt the agents suspected his father might be involved with him; in any case, he was not in any mood to talk to his father now.

''No,'' Chris said, and the questioning went on.

He described some of the documents he had photographed—the ciphers; data on Rhyolite, Argus, the 20,030 project study; and the message traffic—thousands of documents in all, he admitted. He said the Pyramider documents had been left out unlocked in the vault just before he left TRW, which surprised him, but said other TRW employees had called it a ''dead project.'' Chris recited the details of his two trips to Mexico, Boris' instructions to return to college and eventually get a job in the diplomatic corps or the CIA and his fears he would become indentured forever to the Soviet intelligence service.

''The whole thing has been a nightmare,'' he said. ''Once it began, there was no way to stop it . . . except for the way it did end.''

After the interview, Chris was handcuffed again and Moorehead led him out of the Wilshire Boulevard high-rise office tower to begin the twenty-minute automobile ride to the Los Angeles County Jail. Chris was silent. As they walked together, Moorehead looked over at the curious young man. His head was canted toward the ground and there was a blank expression on his face. Then Chris turned his head slightly to look at the FBI agent, and he said:

"I fucked my country."

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The following morning, the newspapers were filled with reports of the arrests of the two young men from Palos Verdes. At the Boyce home, a familiar figure approached the front door. It was Msgr. Thomas J. McCarthy.

Charles Boyce had not slept much the previous night. The arrest of his eldest son had seemingly shattered his life. His own values were relatively simple: he believed in his country, in his family, in obedience to the law, in following the rules and in punishment for those who did not. All that he had really expected of his son was that he be honest and loyal to his country, and he was overwhelmed by the hurt and humiliation.

Monsignor McCarthy told Mrs. Boyce that he wanted to talk to them, to offer whatever help he could. She went into the bedroom where Charles Boyce was sitting alone, but he refused to see the priest.

"I can't see anyone," he said.

He was sobbing. The only other time his wife had ever seen Charles Boyce cry was at his mother's funeral.

The next few days were not any easier on the family. When the youngest Boyce children went to school they were called "Nazis," and the youngest Boyce sons were set upon by classmates who sent them home with bloodied faces.

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On January 26, 1977, a Federal grand jury in Los Angeles indicted the two friends from Palos Verdes for espionage. Although twelve counts were included in this original indictment, they would subsequently be consolidated into eight counts:

* Count One charged Andrew Daulton Lee and Christopher John Boyce with conspiring to transmit national-defense information to a foreign nation, to wit, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

* Count Two charged Andrew Daulton Lee with attempting to transmit national-defense documents entitled "Proposal for Covert Communication Satellite Study No. 24151.0000, dated December 14, 1972,

marked Top Secret—Pyramider,'' and other Pyramider documents to the U.S.S.R.

* Count Three charged both defendants with conspiring to gather national-defense information.

* Count Four charged both defendants with the act of gathering national-defense information—specifically, the Pyramider documents —intending, or having reason to believe, that such information would be used to the advantage of the U.S.S.R.

* Count Five charged Daulton with receiving national-defense information—the Pyramider documents—from Christopher John Boyce knowing, or having reason to believe, that such information had been obtained illegally.

* Count Seven charged Daulton with having unauthorized possession of national-defense information—the Pyramider documents—and attempting to transmit such information to unauthorized persons, to wit, representatives, officers, and agents of the U.S.S.R.

* Count Ten charged Daulton with acting as an agent of a foreign government—the U.S.S.R.—without prior notification to the Secretary of State.

* Count Twelve charged Daulton with receiving stolen government property—the Pyramider documents—valued in excess of $100.

Upon conviction, according to Federal statutes, the charges carried the possibility of death sentences. Five days after their indictment, Chris and Daulton pleaded not guilty on all counts.

The two friends, independently, had already begun to line up their legal defense. Daulton quickly retained Ken Kahn, the moustachioed ''hippie lawyer'' whose specialty was defending Palos Verdes drug pushers.

Because it was a capital case with a possible death penalty, Federal law required Daulton to have a second lawyer. Donald Re, a thin, thirty-year-old Princeton-educated trial specialist from Los Angeles, was appointed by the court to help with Daulton's defense. Re's patrician, Ivy League courtliness would provide a stark contrast in the courtroom to Kahn's flamboyant style.

Chris retained George Chelius, a lawyer who had never handled a criminal case before. A big man in his late thirties with a prominent black moustache and receding black hair, Chelius worked under Chris's father as a security specialist in the aerospace industry. He had attended law school in his spare time, had passed the bar exam less than a year before Chris's arrest and planned to leave industry soon to go into private law practice. Like most adults who knew Chris, Chelius couldn't comprehend the news of his arrest. When he heard the reports that Sunday afternoon, he immediately called Chris's father at the Boyce home and offered his sympathy and legal help.

The Boyces, besides being distraught, were worried about the cost of a defense. Chelius agreed it would be expensive, possibly costing as much as $100,000. The Boyces were prosperous by upper-middle-class standards, but not nearly in the same economic league as the Lees. Theirs was a large family, and the prospect of such a huge bill for legal fees loomed impossibly large.

Chelius said he would see what he could do. He called a partner of a well-known law firm in Orange County, south of Los Angeles, that he had been thinking of joining after leaving the aerospace industry. Chelius outlined the Boyces' concern over the costs of mounting a defense, and at Chelius' suggestion, the partner agreed to take on the case without a fee; there ought to be plenty of free publicity in a major espionage trial, he said.

About midnight on the day of Chris's arrest, George Chelius arrived at the Los Angeles County Jail, a large, noisy, overcrowded human zoo that was located in central Los Angeles. Chris was apprehensive about accepting Chelius' offer to defend him. "Are you here to represent me or my father?" he demanded to know, suspicious that Chelius had the same politically conservative views as his father. But the two men—the troubled twenty-four-year-old accused spy and the intelligent, sensitive, green lawyer—hit it off, and they talked until eight o'clock the following morning.

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Within a month, the Orange County law firm had second thoughts about representing Chris without a fee. Although members of the firm received some newspaper publicity during the first few days after the arrest, they realized that an enormous amount of work would be required to provide a defense for Chris. Backing away from the earlier deal, they told Chelius it would cost $100,000 to defend him. Chelius was stunned. He couldn't tell that to Chris's father. He knew he couldn't afford it. Moreover, as a matter of honor, he decided he couldn't break his word to the Boyce family. The inexperienced lawyer resigned his job in the aerospace industry and said he would defend Chris without a fee.

Like Daulton, Chris was required to have a second attorney, and

William Dougherty soon joined his defense team. A transplanted New Englander who had never been fully at home in the sunny, materialistic climate of Orange County where he made his home, Bill Dougherty was a brilliant fifty-three-year-old criminal lawyer who had spent three years in the Justice Department's Organized Crime and Racketeering Strike Force prosecuting Mafioso and garment-industry racketeers. His gray hair was cropped so short that he looked like a slightly overweight Marine drill instructor, and indeed he was an ex–Marine fighter pilot who still carried around occasional hurts from a broken back suffered when the engine of his Corsair had quit at five hundred feet and he had slammed into a stand of trees. When Dougherty was grounded after the crash, he had gone to law school, then taken a job with the Justice Department before moving to California and opening his criminal law practice. He was still a colonel in the Marine Reserves. By the time he became co-counsel for Christopher Boyce, he'd been involved in more than 250 criminal cases and had been on the winning side in more than 85 percent of them. Like Chelius, he agreed to help defend Chris without a fee—largely, he said later, because it seemed likely to be an interesting case.

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Meanwhile, the United States Government was lining up its legal talent. Richard A. Stilz and Joel Levine, like most members of the staff of United States Attorneys' offices around the country, were young, relatively inexperienced, bright, highly motivated if not highly paid, and investing a few years in government service to gain experience before going into more remunerative private practice.

Although both were thirty-one years old, they were a contrast physically. Stilz, a graduate of U.C.L.A. and the Loyola University School of Law, was only a few inches taller than Andrew Daulton Lee and shared with him the same kind of nervous intensity. He had a retentive mind which amazed colleagues and a reputation as a merciless cross-examiner. Levine was dark-haired, tall and thin and wore glasses that gave him a slightly owlish look; a former New Yorker who had attended Brooklyn College and the Case Western Reserve University School of Law, he was more the legal scholar of the two. The two lawyers were regarded as the sharpest young criminal prosecutors in the Los Angeles Justice Department office and, between them, had won a string of convictions in heavily publicized major narcotics and fraud cases. Both were assistants in charge of the criminal division of the U.S. Attorney's office in Los Angeles; Stilz had the additional rank of chief of the Criminal Complaint Section of the office. They were prosecutors, but as it turned out, they would also have to become detectives in the case of *The United States of America v. Andrew Daulton Lee and Christopher John Boyce.*

41

AS THEY SAT ALONE in their respective isolation cells at the Los Angeles County Jail in the days following their arrest, Chris and Daulton were both tortured by thoughts of what lay ahead. Their lawyers said that conviction for treason carried the possibility of a death penalty, and at the very least, there was the likelihood of a long prison term. But if the two friends had known about a debate that was boiling in Washington over their fate, they might have begun each day with at least a sliver of hope that the charges against them would be dropped.

Unbeknownst to them or to their lawyers, the United States of America was not at all sure that it was going to prosecute the two spies.

If they were placed on trial, it meant that potentially damaging national secrets might have to be made public; it meant that the Central Intelligence Agency would have to disclose that it was involved in the operation of clandestine espionage satellites—something it had never done publicly. Moreover, there was the risk that intimate details of the space-reconnaissance operations and methods might have to be made public, something the CIA and other elements of the American intelligence community concluded was unacceptable. To get a conviction, the Justice Department would have to produce evidence that a crime—the theft of classified information—had been committed. Virtually every item from the Black Vault that Chris had photographed was Top Secret, and samples would have to be offered as evidence.

As CIA and FBI agents went over the materials, including copies of the TWX traffic to which Chris had had access, it soon became evident to senior officials in the National Security Council that the loss was among the worst in the history of the CIA; never before had the KGB penetrated actual American surveillance-satellite operations. This review of the information that Chris had handled reaffirmed the initial decision that none of the data could be exposed at a trial. Moreover, some CIA administrators, already worried about the precarious political status of the bases at Alice Springs and other American facilities in Australia, warned that a Boyce-Lee public trial could present a political minefield.

Nevertheless, the Justice Department said it believed there might be a way to deal with the dilemma: the prosecution would tailor its case very narrowly to avoid revealing the most sensitive information, although inevitably some classified information would have to be used. The Justice Department asked the CIA to determine if any of the data stolen from the vault could be used as evidence without serious harm to the country. There was a chance, the government lawyers said, that a cooperative judge would be assigned to the case and would seal the evidence from public scrutiny. However, they said the defendants' attorneys might have to be apprised of all information, and this meant the possibility of a leak, either accidental or otherwise.

Zbigniew Brzezinski, President Carter's national security adviser, had been told of the potential magnitude of the security breach shortly after the Mexican secret police had given American representatives in Mexico City copies of the photographs carried by Daulton. Brzezinski informed the President of the loss and warned of the possibility that the Soviet Union had compromised at least one major satellite system that was used to monitor Russian military activities and which, as a verification tool, was an important element in upcoming Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. Implicit in the warning was the possibility that once the Soviet Union learned intimate details of the satellite systems it might be able to develop countermeasures that could blunt their effectiveness in verifying Soviet compliance with an arms-control agreement.

In spite of the deep concern over the risk of disclosing intelligence secrets at a trial, officials in the National Security Council, the agency headed by Brzezinski, agreed with the Justice Department on one thing: it was unacceptable to let the two spies go unpunished; and thus a *provisional* decision was made to prosecute Christopher Boyce and

Andrew Daulton Lee. Justice Department specialists had developed a strategy: they would attempt to present a strong case against the youths utilizing only portions of the Pyramider documents as examples of the thousands of documents they had stolen.

Some CIA officials initially resisted, but finally agreed that they could live with disclosure of some of the Pyramider documents. The National Security Council staff agreed that if there was *any* chance that secret details of Rhyolite, Argus or other satellite projects were to be made public, or other details about CIA or NSA covert operations would surface, the decision to prosecute would be withdrawn.

Once the decision had been made to prosecute the two youths on the relatively narrow grounds of stealing the Pyramider papers, it fell on the shoulders of Levine and Stilz to prove they had done it. And this turned out to be less simple than it might have seemed to those who had heard damning broadcasts about their arrest on January 16.

Stilz and Levine were convinced that Chris's statement after his arrest gave them a solid case against him. Dougherty and Chelius were sure to try to have the statement ruled inadmissible on the ground that it had not been made voluntarily; his initial refusal to sign a *Miranda* waiver was a soft spot for the prosecution, and the defense was likely to contend that Chris had been too exhausted to make a rational judgment when he later consented to do so. But the prosecutors felt confident that they could defend the confession as proper. There was a related problem with the confession: it had been classified Top Secret by the FBI, and the prosecutors would have to find a method to bring out some of its contents that were damaging to Boyce at trial while keeping out the sensitive specifics regarding Rhyolite and Argus. Nevertheless, the young prosecutors felt reasonably secure in their case against Chris. They were less confident about the case against Daulton. He had been arrested in a foreign country without being afforded the constitutional safeguards that American courts require. And the statement he had given to the two FBI agents in Mexico City would probably not be an effective prosecutorial tool; not only was it too classified Top Secret: it contained exculpatory statements by Lee —his claims that he was acting as an agent for the CIA.

The prosecutors had to link Lee unequivocally to the Pyramider microfilm to get a conviction. And this didn't look easy. True, the film had been in his possession when he was arrested in Mexico City. But reality and admissible proof were not the same. The original arrest had been made by Mexican authorities who might—or might not—have handled the evidence in such a way that it could be proved conclusively that the photos found on him were those of the Pyramider papers; there had to be no doubt that the Mexican police hadn't planted the photos on him, or that the pictures hadn't been switched. Moreover, they had to prove that Daulton had had access to some of America's most sensitive defense secrets in the first place and that, after getting possession of them, he had photographed them and taken them to Mexico with the intention of selling them to the Russians. Because of these problems, another strategic step in the prosecution emerged: Stilz and Levine would use the well-worn prosecutor's stratagem of getting one conspirator to turn on another with the promise of a concession in his sentence. Getting Boyce to testify against Lee became the foundation of their case against Lee. They didn't have any doubt Boyce would testify; the case against him was so strong, it seemed certain he would go for a deal—a guilty plea with a recommendation for a shorter sentence than was likely if the case went to trial.

Stilz and Levine prepared to wait for Chelius and Dougherty to seek a deal. They couldn't make the first move because they didn't want to appear anxious; they didn't want to tip the defense to the doubts they had about the case against Daulton.

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In his cell in the Los Angeles County Jail, Daulton was preoccupied once again with survival. And with the help of Ken Kahn, a line of defense began to emerge: Daulton would argue that he had been a hapless puppet of the Central Intelligence Agency, used and discarded by a nation just like those he had read about in *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* and other spy novels. Daulton told Kahn that Chris had never *told* him that they were working for the CIA to disseminate erroneous information. But, he asked, *doesn't everything point to that?* Why else would Chris have proposed the plan in the first place? How had he been able to cross the border so often without being caught? The story he had prepared as an alibi if he was ever arrested began to take the shape of reality in Daulton's mind. As he waited out his fate, he groped with Ken Kahn for a solution to his predicament and attempted to rationalize his choice of a defense:

Hadn't Boyce said in his confessions that Pyramider was a dead project? That was exactly what he had told Daulton—and that was exactly what Daulton had told the Feds in Laredo. Wasn't that proof that the whole thing was a disinformation gambit? "Now [Boyce] says we were fucking the U.S. But how, if Pyramider was a bogus project?"

Even Boyce's agreement with the Russians to go back to college smelled. The CIA was probably planting him as a double agent. Boyce would learn what information the Russians needed and then go straight to the CIA and reveal weak spots in Soviet defenses.

"God, I wish I knew what the hell was really going down," Daulton wrote to Kahn in a letter that went on for several pages. "Espionage is one of the human activities where truth and fiction are closely interwoven. Only someone with deep and mystic love for country can serve the way I have, or thought I was."

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Plea-bargaining talks on behalf of Chris had begun, and like the initial footwork in a prizefight, the first movements consisted of more style than substance.

The prosecutors had no interest in seeking a death sentence for the spies, realizing that there was little chance that any judge would order their execution, given public sentiment toward capital punishment, the circumstances of the case and the nature of the two young defendants. But for horse-trading purposes, the prosecutors did not immediately reveal this predisposition. In initial meetings with Chelius and, later, Bill Dougherty, they compared the espionage committed by the two youths to that of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, the Soviet spies who were executed for giving American atomic secrets to the Russians.

The defense lawyers, rightly, concluded they were bluffing, and soon the prosecutors got to the threat they really intended to hold over Chris: life imprisonment. The defense lawyers maintained their composure at this disclosure. Dougherty ridiculed the quality of the prosecution's case and said that he would subpoena former Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger and a score of other high American officials to testify at the trial. Dougherty sensed that the prosecution needed Chris, and wasn't going to plea-bargain totally from weakness; he claimed that Chris's confession had been extracted from him involuntarily—that he had been too tired and overwrought to make a genuinely voluntary confession. Any judge could see that the FBI had, in effect, coerced him to confess, Dougherty charged.

The initial plea-bargaining talks ended inconclusively; the minimum prison sentence the prosecutors would accept for Boyce if he agreed to testify was forty years; the defense lawyers held out for ten.

The prosecution was having other problems. The State Department advised the Justice Department in early February that the Government of Mexico was resisting its request to allow the policemen who had arrested and interrogated Daulton to testify. The news was troubling. Their testimony was an important link in the prosecution's case; it was vital to prove that Lee had had the contraband filmstrips in his possession when he was arrested. Stilz and Levine sent word to Washington that the policemen's testimony was a must, and the Justice Department relayed this message to Brzezinski.

Meanwhile, the prosecutors had begun looking for other routes to link Daulton to the filmstrips. If they could prove that the Minox camera found in Daulton's home was the same one that had taken the photographs of the Pyramider documents, they could build a separate route to link the microfilm to Daulton; the camera and the negatives from Mexico City were sent to the FBI Laboratory in Washington in hopes they could be matched.

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Chris was finding it difficult to sleep as the first days of February came and went. It wasn't the noise at the County Jail, although that might have been the reason: at night, the overcrowded jail was seldom quiet; it sounded incessantly with the hollow echo of drunken moans and anguished wailings, much of it a cacophony of Spanish that Chris didn't understand. It wasn't the noise that kept Chris awake; it was the throbbing despair in his heart that had taken the place of the perverse initial relief he had felt when the tension of waiting for the FBI was finally broken. He felt too ashamed to see his parents ever again; he had lost Alana; his conviction for espionage was certain, and so was the prospect of a long sentence in a wretched cell like the one he was in right now.

Chris weighed his options and concluded that death would be infinitely better than what lay ahead for the rest of his life.

42

"AT LEAST YOU COULD have bought Larks," Chris tried to joke as he took the cigarette offered by Daulton at their first meeting since their arrests. It was during the middle of February in a police van en route from the Federal Courthouse in Los Angeles to the County Jail following hearings over the admissibility as evidence of the statements they had made to the FBI.

The meeting was not a warm reunion of old friends. By now, Chris and Daulton had embarked on a collision course: each had chosen a different path to survival, and if either was to succeed, it meant dynamiting the escape route of the other.

Except for the passing of the cigarette, their communication consisted of nervous glances at each other.

Daulton was amazed by Chris. *He didn't seem to be worried about anything.*

"In no way did he seem troubled, or ill at ease," he later told Kahn. "He wore a smile that could be interpreted as either complacent or idiotic. For a person who is accused of such gross implications, he seemed awfully reserved. His complacency could be attributed to knowing he's backed by 'the company' [the CIA] or someone in his own company [TRW]. Or he could have the mind of a schizophrenic, possibly a psychopathic mind. Or fearing the worst, I could see him believing that he could buy his way into a Russian-US takeover. He'd want to be on top when Russia buries us."

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Joel Levine put down the phone in his office at the U.S. Attorney's office and stared in amazement at Richard Stilz. "That was Kahn," he said. "He wants to cop a plea for a *misdemeanor!*"

"I told him 'no,' " he added sarcastically. That was as far as the plea-bargaining negotiations went for Daulton.

The prosecution continued to be much more interested in making a deal with Chris. But it was getting nowhere. Talks with Chelius and Dougherty were continuing on an almost daily basis, but the gap between the negotiators had narrowed only marginally. The prosecution was holding out for a minimum sentence of thirty years for Chris. The defense, which had attempted to sweeten its bid by offering Chris to the CIA for a "debriefing," in which he could let the agency know exactly what information the Russians had purchased, was holding out for only ten to twelve years.

The case wasn't going well for the prosecution in other ways either. The CIA had conducted its own investigation of the Boyce-Lee espionage operation and, apparently through secret sources in the Soviet Union and elsewhere, had gleaned information that confirmed the two youths' commerce with the Russians. Stilz and Levine wanted to use part of the information to mount the prosecution. But the CIA was refusing. Levine made a trip to Langley to discuss the problem. But senior officials of the agency refused to make public any of its secret files on the case. However, the CIA officials, with the concurrence of the National Security Council, agreed to consider an alternative to revealing the information in open court: They would release certain information to Levine and Stilz (who had received Top Security clearances from the agency) and would allow them to show it to the judge who would try the spies. But if the judge decided the defendants must also see the information for a fair trial, the prosecution of Boyce and Lee would be dropped.

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Daulton decided to write another letter, this time to his maternal grandmother, with whom he had been close since his childhood. It was a gentle, tender letter which revealed a side of Daulton that his family knew well but that was seldom exposed to his associates in Culiacán and the drug underworld. He expressed his deep love for his grandmother and his sympathy for problems that she was experiencing as a result of her advancing age and noted that the Chinese revered the years between seventy and eighty as precious ones "to be savored and enjoyed, like fine wine.

"For what it's worth," he wrote, "I am sorry for all the trouble my problems have caused everyone. I think it quite inexcusable of me to have brought down havoc on my relatives and parents." There was a brief prayer in the letter in which Daulton asked God for pity and to save him from death. He asked for his grandmother's compassion and prayers and then said that he was confident that his attorney, Mr. Kahn, would help him. "He will bring out the truth, and the truth will make me free.

"Everyone should have the privilege of rewriting his youth, also reliving it; if not that, then at least rectifying it."

He ended with another expression of love and gratitude to his grandmother for standing by him.

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Every day during February, it seemed to Stilz and Levine, they were getting a different report from Washington regarding the testimony of the Mexican policemen. On one day, it was a communiqué from the State Department that the Mexican Government had approved their testifying; the next, a refusal; the next, a compromise proposal to submit written statements from the policemen for submission in court —a worthless proposal because in American courts defendants were entitled to challenge their accusers. In mid-February, a senior Justice Department official, after a conference at the State Department, told his colleagues, "The Mexicans are afraid to let 'em testify; they don't want to get the Russians' noses out of joint."

Brzezinski, who had monitored the negotiations closely, sent word to the Justice Department that he had a plan that he hoped would break the impasse: President Carter would personally ask Mexican President José López Portillo for the cooperation of the Mexican Government in the prosecution of Christopher John Boyce and Andrew Daulton Lee. López Portillo would be coming to Washington within a few days—it was to be the first major diplomatic visit for the new Carter Administration—and President Carter would make his request to the newly elected president of Mexico at this meeting.

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Daulton, in one of several long, rambling statements to a friend on the outside, said Boyce had to be pressured to help get Daulton out of this nightmare. Boyce must testify in his behalf so that at least one of them got out of the mess. Boyce *must be* a Government agent. As he put down his thoughts in a torrent of scribbled words, Daulton mused about the nature of his friend:

"Is it possible Boyce is so obsessed with birds he lost touch with reality? Birds: Peregrine, Rhyolite, Argus?" he asked in one letter. In another communication he wrote, "I never pressed Boyce about his work. He used to lay it on me, like he was trying to clear his conscience."

"You broached the subject of whether Boyce would accept a bribe and stand pat," Daulton wrote in another long letter to the same friend. "One of two things would induce him. First and most, a prize falcon; or lots of money, so he could get his own falcon—in that order."

Other times his thoughts turned to other sentiments:

> The government we've got now—mealy-mouthed, milk-and-water socialists—are leading the last of capitalism and free enterprise to the grave. Our country now is besieged by ten cent politicians pushing socialistic measures to acquire votes from the masses. How irrational for our country to give it all away. . . .
>
> To hell with socialism, long live free enterprise and capitalism. I will not equivocate. I will not retreat a single inch and I will be heard. The more I think about it, the more I see I'm a pawn in a game with no rules or morals. Boyce has manipulated me like a maniquen [*sic*]. God damn fool I am!

Daulton said the more he thought back on the past two years, the more he was convinced that Boyce was either crazy or covering up a secret operation. He was so *flippant* about the whole thing.

Boyce, he said, must be forced into helping him. He must be told that "they don't divide the time—two into 20 years is not ten apiece but 40 total. . . . Men such as me have seen too much of life and considerable more of depression and destruction than the average man. Controlling my emotions is my chief stock in trade. . . .

"Does it make sense that an alcoholic and a Polack pot head could do this on their own?"

43

As February drew to a close, the prosecution's case was ambushed twice, and the optimism of Richard Stilz and Joel Levine plummeted: President López Portillo rejected President Carter's personal appeal for the help of the Mexican Government in prosecuting the two spies, and the plea-bargaining talks with Chris's lawyers ended without an agreement.

The final negotiations were held on February 28. By now, stresses were appearing in the previously cordial professional relationship between the prosecutors and Boyce's defense lawyers. During the pretrial hearings, Dougherty had repeatedly hinted that Stilz and Levine were concealing CIA reports of the case that might help his client; Levine interpreted the remarks as an attack on his personal integrity and had begun to smolder each time he heard the charge renewed. For their part, Boyce's lawyers were convinced that the prosecution was in fact using the cloak of official secrecy and "national security" to impede fair access to information they might be able to use in defending Chris.

Thus, there were now deepening personal animosities at the lawyers' bargaining table besides the fate of Christopher John Boyce. When the plea-bargaining talks finally broke down, the defense was still holding out for a maximum sentence of ten to twelve years, while the prosecutors said they wanted a sentence of thirty years. Secretly, the prosecutors, who still desperately wanted Chris's testimony, were willing to settle for a twenty-year sentence. But they never got a chance to show their final card in the negotiations. Amid the mounting personal bickering between the two sides, the talks collapsed.

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After the double setback of losing the testimony of Chris and that of the Mexican police officials, Stilz and Levine had to regroup and develop an alternative battle plan. They would have to link Lee to espionage without Boyce's testimony and forge an indisputable link between him and the film without testimony from the police who had arrested him and seized the film.

To do so, they began what became, more than anything else, an anthropological expedition into the world Andrew Daulton Lee inhabited—his world of drug pushers and users, of smugglers and dropouts. For most of a month, often working twelve hours or more a day, they met with fellow pushers, Daulton's friends and customers, and the hangers-on in his crowd from The Hill and its environs, searching for clues that would implicate him as a Soviet spy. They assured the young people that they weren't interested in drugs or any transgressions they might have made against Federal or state narcotics-abuse laws. Whatever they said about drugs would not be used against them; the attorneys were interested only in Daulton's possible involvement in selling American secrets to a foreign country. Some of those they approached refused to talk; others, after resisting for several days, gave in. After a while, Stilz and Levine began to sew together a case made up of strands of information from many of the young people. One of the first breakthroughs came at the end of two days of questioning of Darlene Cooper. She spent most of the interview recalling bitterly how Daulton had turned on Palos Verdes girls to heroin and then "used" them. Stilz and Levine pressed for any memories she had of Daulton ever discussing anything about spying. Finally, she recalled a party, more than a year earlier, when Daulton had popped a tiny camera out of his breast pocket and bragged that it was a "spy" camera. Then she said, "Oh, I remember now; once he said he was working as a spy 'for the Russkies.' "

Then came an admission by Barclay Granger, who was promised help by Levine and Stilz in having his sentence for cocaine trafficking reduced if he cooperated. He said he had accompanied Daulton during the purchase of the Minox-B camera, and he described their trip to Mexico and the mysterious tapings of lampposts, and Daulton's joke about being a spy. Carole Benedict denied ever using drugs, but recalled the trip she had made with Daulton to Mazatlán and Daulton's frequent furtive meetings with Chris. Carole—and virtually everyone else Stilz and Levine interviewed—told about the wads of money that Daulton seemed to have all the time.

The pieces began to fit together. Sometimes, after a long day of wading through this subculture, Stilz and Levine would have a drink together and wonder with amazement at what they had seen and heard. "It was so decadent," Levine would say later. "*Nobody worked.* Everyone got up at ten or eleven, played a couple of sets of tennis and made drug deals. They all had so much money, but they never worked. They either got it from their families or through drug dealing. They were just aimless. I thought to myself, My God, what an *empty* life."

Although the prosecutors were now lining up an effective battery of witnesses who could implicate Daulton, at least circumstantially, as a spy, there remained the critical need to prove beyond a doubt that he and Chris had photographed the Pyramider papers and that there had been an unbroken chain of custody linking the photographs and Daulton; President López Portillo's refusal to cooperate with the prosecution meant that neither Inspector López Malváez nor the arresting officers would be available to testify. Aaron Johnson would testify he had seen film negatives drying in Daulton's bathroom that appeared to have technical drawings on them, and Eileen Heaphy and Thomas Ferguson, the Foreign Service officers in Mexico City, could testify about observing, respectively, his arrest and the removal of an envelope containing microfilm from his pocket at López Malváez' office. But that wouldn't be enough; a more conclusive link between Daulton and the documents had to be found.

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In Washington, D.C., Kent Dixon looked through a microscope at an enlarged photograph for a long time. Someone who did not know what he was doing might have wondered about the state of his mental health: there seemed to be absolutely nothing on the photograph he was scrutinizing. It was a picture of white light.

Dixon was a forensic scientist at the FBI's National Crime Laboratory. He wasn't interested in the glowing, blank center of the picture, where images of faces and scenery were usually savored by eager photographers. He was interested in the tiny, almost invisible permutations in the shape of the blank picture frame. It was one of hundreds he had taken with the Minox-B camera found beneath the tambour doors of the rolltop desk in Daulton's bedroom. A criminalist who had worked eight years for the FBI, Dixon believed that virtually all mechanical devices have a personal signature unique to themselves and as individual as a fingerprint. They have defects left at their birth in a factory, whether they are automobiles, typewriters, cameras or computers, that make them different from other machines that appear to be identical. And once they leave the factory, each device is used differently, evolving an even more singular identity: daily wear and tear, time, weather, usage all leave their imprint. Dixon was looking for the distinctive fingerprint of the Minox that would link it to the film seized in Mexico City; if the link could be made, it would substantially bolster the prosecution's search for an unassailable connection between Daulton and the Pyramider papers.

From experience, Dixon knew of several places to look first for the unique character of the camera. There was the possibility of peculiarities in its lens and shutter; in the framing area where the film was held behind the shutter; in the sprocket wheels that advanced the film and sometimes left marks on the film itself; the pressure plate behind the film that can scratch the film or leave deposits of dirt. Dixon often looked first at the framing area of a camera in cases such as this. In his experience, many cameras had burrs or imperfections left during manufacture that affected the shape of the photograph made by the camera. Also, dirt tended to accumulate around the edges of the framing area after being forced there by film rolled through the camera.

Dixon peered through the microscope at the photo he had made of the blank white image. He noticed that the edge of the frame at one corner was not perfectly square; there was a slight curvature. His eyes followed the edge of the frame of the picture and began to see small black dots and projections. They were barely as large as a pinhead sticking up into the edge of the photograph, but magnified, they appeared as enormous anomalies in the seemingly sharp lines of the picture. They could have been burrs in the metal, scraped there during manufacture, or just blobs of dirt, Dixon thought. He wasn't sure. He noticed a tiny imperfection at another spot on the picture's edge, then more tiny specks which he concluded were bits of dust or dirt. Dixon had found at least part of the unique character of the camera.

Now he turned his attention to another set of pictures—blowups made from the strips of negatives seized in Mexico City. Scanning one of the photos through his microscope, Dixon ignored the center of the picture—the typewritten data, the technical drawings and the words TOP SECRET. He was interested instead in the outer edges of the picture.

He found what he was looking for: there was a perfect match.

Dixon had discovered the same pattern of irregularities and flecks of dirt on the photograph from Mexico City that he had found on the photos made with the camera found in Daulton's rolltop desk.

Stilz and Levine got the news and decided they were ready for trial.

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The trial was scheduled to begin March 15, 1977. But the defendants' attacks on the constitutionality of their arrests and efforts to block use of their statements to the FBI caused Robert J. Kelleher, the Federal judge who had been assigned to handle the case, to order several postponements.

If Superior Court Judge Burch Donahue had a reputation as a compassionate man ever willing to give a defendant still another chance, the reputation of Judge Kelleher probably leaned in the opposite direction. A tennis nut who was a former captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team and former president of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association, Kelleher was considered implacably honest and evenhanded in his treatment of defendants, although a few defense lawyers who practiced in his court complained that he tended to side with the prosecution on toss-up calls. Kelleher was well known for his impatience in dealing with lawyers whose knowledge of the law was deficient according to his standards, and he seldom hesitated to tongue-lash lawyers who he decided were getting out of line. Educated at Williams College and Harvard Law School, Kelleher, aged sixty-four, had been a Beverly Hills lawyer for twenty years before being appointed to the Federal bench in 1971 by President Nixon. A tall man with graying hair, Kelleher was an aristocratic-looking figure on the bench, and there was never any doubt when he was sitting there who was running the courtroom.

When, after weeks of on-again, off-again pretrial hearings, Kelleher ruled that the arrests, the seizure of evidence and the statements made by the youths were admissible at trial, few people who knew Kelleher were surprised. He said the FBI had acted lawfully and properly. His decision meant that the trial would proceed now with the prosecution's large quiver of evidence against Chris and Daulton virtually untouched.

Ken Kahn, arguing that his client's interests were different from those of Christopher John Boyce, sought and received a severance of the cases; Judge Kelleher ordered that the two friends be tried separately.

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Daulton was still confiding his thoughts to a friend outside the jail. Boyce, he continued to insist, had to be convinced of his foolishness in dragging Daulton down with him. Boyce was the only one who *really* knew what had happened, the only one who could really implicate Daulton. ''Boyce was the malevolence behind this entire nightmare,'' he said. He had informed Boyce the previous November, after being ejected from the Russian embassy, that he didn't want to continue the operation, but Chris, he maintained, had insisted on one more delivery.

In the early stages of their operation, Daulton said, Boyce had told him they could squeeze the Soviets for $50,000 a month. When the Russians gave him only $5,000 for some of the codes, Daulton said, he had considered them a fraud. The Russians, he said, invariably wanted more and different information—details about infrared sensors, the names of company executives, photographs of the birds and other stuff that Chris refused to supply.

''Infra red. That's what the Russians wanted but didn't get. They're really paranoid about the superior quality of our Recon Birds. They must be in the dark ages ('pun') with their infrared cameras.''

In effect, Daulton said, his role in the scheme had been to make the Russians believe that they could keep up to date on the accuracy of American infrared sensors. Yet, he said, they had sought this information for a year and still hadn't received it. But he had managed to keep them on the hook. He said he had told the KGB agents that there were ''thousands of birds'' going over their country daily. ''If they wanted to know what we knew,'' Daulton said, ''they'd have to play ball.''

If nothing else, Daulton said, if his case was brought to trial he would make a ''laughing stock'' out of TRW. Here was a company, he wrote, that had sent the Viking probe to Mars and yet ''can't control alcoholism in their own internal security.''

Daulton repeatedly returned to his theory of disinformation. It was commonplace in espionage, he insisted, for one country to leak erroneous data to its enemies, but in order to make the information believable, everything had to be done in a way that gave it credibility. ''What better way to leak information than through an edifice like TRW, using a young clerk and a capitalistic pot head?'' By leaking intelligence to the Soviets about the flock of reconnaissance birds secretly flying over Russian and Chinese territory, the United States quietly ''makes it known to the Russkies that we're hep to their charades of peaceful coexistence. . . .''

If this wasn't a carefully orchestrated plot by the CIA, he asked, then why hadn't Boyce given the Russians the information they wanted? ''The Russians wanted photos of Argus and Rhyolite. Boyce had easy access, but he never would do it for them. In Mexico [after] Boyce and I left the embassy, Boyce said they're never going to see pictures of Rhyolite or Argus. Joke: Boyce claimed Rhyo might see them instead. . . .

''Obviously, there is a more complex and demented side of Boyce that alludes [*sic*] us. Or else why would he refuse the Russians any photos?''

On one of his letters Daulton appended an afterthought. How, he asked, could he even be considered to be a Soviet spy? He had always voted Republican, he said, and he had never even taken a political science course.

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Judge Kelleher and the attorneys for the two defendants agreed Chris would be tried first.

As his trial approached, he and Daulton saw each other only rarely, and briefly, when their paths crossed during pretrial court appearances. But the chasm between them was growing daily, and whatever remnants of their friendship had been left in January had all but withered by April under the heat of their respective efforts to survive. Chris blamed their arrest on Daulton's foolishness in his frontal attack on the embassy, but, more, he was enraged that Daulton had turned on him now.

He made the discovery during pretrial hearings: Daulton's lawyers announced that their client intended to prove his innocence by showing that he had been enticed into spying by Christopher John Boyce under the pretext of working for the CIA—and that he had been abandoned by his friend and the CIA after his chance arrest by Mexican police. Chris was further antagonized against his old friend when a mutual acquaintance sent a message to Chris from Daulton urging him to take full blame for the espionage operation. Chris ignored Daulton when they saw each other, and when he did speak, his few words were a caustic denunciation of Daulton's stupidity for getting arrested and his betrayal of him.

Further pretrial hearings and other procedural delays consumed the final weeks of March and the first few days of April. Shortly before Chris's trial was finally scheduled to start, Chris and Daulton encountered each other at the jail again, and afterward, Daulton told Ken Kahn about the meeting:

''I managed to have a few preliminary words with Boyce to break the ice; it would have gone further, but a marshal stopped us,'' he said. Boyce's spirits, he added, seemed somewhat improved. ''After court, in the transfer cells, I walked past and he said, 'cheerio.' He's beginning to weaken.'' He asked Kahn to counsel him on ''what to say to him or what to ask him. Our present diplomatic aura is very shaky. I must tread carefully.''

Daulton also revealed some doubts about the strategy for his defense:

''If there is no CIA involvement, then aren't we putting ourselves out on a limb? I mean, all this could be coincidence.''

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Since the night of his arrest, George Chelius had implored Chris to write to his parents. Chelius had known Chris's father as an initially standoffish boss with a conservative point of view who, after a while, warmed up to his friends. He knew that he adored his eldest son, and he had known of the many trips they had taken together and the many afternoons he had spent coaching teams on which Chris played. And so he had been amazed to discover the depth of Chris's philosophical estrangement from his father during the long night they had spent in his cell after Chris was arrested. Later, he had delivered a message to Chris from his parents: they loved him and would stick by him and wanted to see him and help with his defense. But Chris told his jailers he did not want any visits from his parents.

Finally, on the eve of his trial, at Chelius' continued urgings, Chris consented to write a letter to his father. In the letter, he wrote that he did not want any members of his family at the trial.

44

THE ESPIONAGE TRIAL of Christopher John Boyce started at 10 A.M. on April 12, 1977, in the United States District Court for the Central District of California. A jury of seven men and five women was selected to hear the case in a wood-paneled courtroom on the second floor of the Los Angeles Federal Courthouse, an imposing monolith of concrete and glass a block from the city's landmark City Hall tower.

There were unusual aspects of the trial from the beginning. Judge Kelleher immediately ordered his bailiff to prevent spectators, except reporters with official credentials, from taking notes at the trial. Although the judge did not explain his reasons for the unusual order, it was evident that he anticipated that sensitive defense information would be discussed at the trial and wanted to prevent, as best he could, agents of hostile countries from recording the facts unraveled in his courtroom.

Chris's face was pale from life in the shadows of his cell. Nevertheless, as he was escorted into the courtroom, he looked, as ever, the scrubbed, all-American boy. He was dressed in a corduroy suit that was the color of polished copper and an open-necked sport shirt. He sat down at the defense table with Chelius and Dougherty, and a Federal marshal was nearby.

At the prosecution table, Stilz and Levine sat with FBI Agent Jim White, the bureau's case officer assigned to the prosecution; sitting near them were other Department of Justice lawyers and close behind, in the spectator gallery, a lawyer for the Central Intelligence Agency.

Ken Kahn was auditing the trial in preparation for his defense of Daulton. Ken Kahn's mother was there too. A petite woman with gray hair and intelligent eyes, Fay Kahn would remain throughout Chris's trial as well as Daulton's. "This is the biggest case Kenny's ever had," she replied proudly when a reporter inquired about her devoted attendance at the proceedings. Sitting near Mrs. Kahn on the opening day of the trial was a curious-looking man wearing what appeared to be a military uniform—a blue tunic similar to the kind Air Force officers wear and a matching cap. But on close examination it proved to be something else: the tunic and cap were festooned with toy rockets and plastic airplanes and a collage of badges issued by political candidates of years past and assorted commercial enterprises, and he introduced himself as "General Hershey Bar." The general was a court buff, the kind of spectator who can be found in any major court around the country on any given day, monitoring the drama of other people's lives.

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Several days before the trial began, Joel Levine had carried three large cardboard cartons into the chambers of Judge Kelleher. The boxes were stuffed with some of America's most sensitive secrets, detailing how the Central Intelligence Agency and other agencies collected photos and other information about the Soviet Union, China and other countries from far out in space. There were documents about Projects Rhyolite and Argus and other reconnaissance satellites, and they described how much of the data from the satellites flowed through the Black Vault at TRW. There were also reports of the CIA's own investigation of the Boyce-Lee case.

The delivery had been a critical juncture for the prosecution: if the judge read the papers and then decided it was essential that the defense lawyers also be given access to them, the Department of Justice, on instructions from the National Security Council, planned to suspend prosecution of the two youths. But Judge Kelleher, after reading the documents and the CIA's investigative reports, decreed that they were *not* vital to the defense. With that, the prosecution had gone forward, despite strident objections from lawyers for both defendants.

It was now up to Stilz and Levine to prove that Chris and, by inference, Daulton had conspired to steal the classified Pyramider documents with the intent of selling them to the U.S.S.R., and then had actually done so. The CIA had declassified portions of the Pyramider papers for use as evidence and had allowed copies to be made available to each defendant.

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With Chris's statement to the FBI on the night of his arrest now certain to be used against him, his lawyers began the trial with a pitifully thin hand of cards to play. They retreated to a strategy that they believed gave them their only chance of an acquittal: to argue that the Pyramider documents were "overclassified"; that they had no value to the Russians because the project had never been implemented, and moreover, that the technical data in the study were essentially common knowledge available to any sophisticated electronics engineer. The strategy was to convince the jury that the material really didn't deserve a top security label and that Chris had not sold secrets to the Soviet Union that would harm the United States. "We'll have testimony that the government could have gone to any Radio Shack to get that kind of thing," Dougherty confided to a reporter on the opening day of the trial.

The trial began with a summary by Joel Levine of the prosecution's allegations. In itself the opening argument was newsworthy: it was the first public admission by the United States Government that the CIA and TRW were involved in clandestine satellite operations. Levine told the jury that the case he would present involved a secret project called "Pyramider," purloined secrets in potted plants, miniature cameras and other elements of intrigue that he made sound like a James Bond thriller. He told the jurors they would be hearing a lot about a man named Andrew Daulton Lee, a childhood friend of Christopher John Boyce. "From that friendship," he said, "the seeds of an espionage conspiracy were born."

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FBI Agent White was the first witness and presented a long review of Chris's statement on the night of his arrest, including the damaging allegation "He told me that they had delivered to the Soviets the contents of thousands of documents."

"Thousands of documents?" Stilz asked.

"That's right, thousands of documents."

White did not mention Rhyolite or Argus or the other classified projects Chris had discussed during his interrogation by White. Dougherty, in his cross-examination of White, did not mention them either; Judge Kelleher had already advised the defense attorneys that he would not allow any mention of the other projects.

There was testimony from the FBI agents who had arrested Chris, and who maintained that his confession had been made voluntarily; from Thomas Ferguson, the Foreign Service officer, who described

Daulton's arrest and the film in his pocket with the words "Pyramider" and "Top Secret" on them; and from Regis Carr of TRW, who described Chris's job in the vault and said he had not been briefed on Pyramider and therefore had not had legal access to information about it. To link Chris and Daulton, Stilz and Levine presented Barclay Granger, Darlene Cooper and other friends of Daulton's as witnesses.

After a week of testimony, the jury for Daulton's trial was impaneled by Judge Kelleher and immediately sequestered in a hotel to await the outcome of Chris's trial. The judge took the unusual step of sequestering jurors in a trial even before testimony had begun because he did not want them exposed to news reports of the Boyce trial that could influence their judgment of Daulton.

Before Chris's trial had been under way very long, reporters began to notice a man with reddish hair and a ruddy complexion monitoring every session with what seemed to be extraordinary intensity. He sat alone in the back of the courtroom, his chin resting on the back of the pewlike seat in front of him, following every word of testimony. Initially, it seemed he was just another court buff watching an unusual trial. But after a while, reporters noticed that during each recess or lunch break, he promptly went to a pay telephone down the hallway from the courtroom and spoke animatedly in a foreign language that sounded Slavic to some people who overheard him. After one such call on the third day of the trial, a reporter introduced himself to the man and asked if he was Russian or if he was observing the trial for another foreign country.

Caught off guard by the question, he answered, "I am Polish." Eyeing the reporter warily, he refused to identify himself further or otherwise explain his interest in the trial.

"I'm not representing anybody but myself and my shoes," he said when the reporter persisted. And then he fled into an elevator moments before the door closed.

He was back the next day. Identifying the man and his purpose became a contest for reporters covering the trial, and after an article mentioning the mysterious Pole appeared in *The New York Times,* the Columbia Broadcasting System assigned an artist to sketch him, and for several nights a week he was featured on the six-o'clock news with Walter Cronkite. But reporters never managed to find out who he was.

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Kent Dixon, using large photo-blowup comparisons for illustration, testified that tests in the FBI Crime Laboratory had forged an indisputable link between the Minox camera in Daulton's home and the photos of the Pyramider documents; an FBI fingerprint expert testified that Chris's fingerprints had been found on the Pyramider documents and those of Chris and Daulton had been found on circuit boards for one of the encrypting machines. A Palos Verdes travel agent testified that Daulton had made airline reservations with her to go to Vienna—one of many such examples which illustrated that Daulton, as much as Chris, was on trial here, even though at the moment only Chris's fate was being debated.

Leslie Dirks, the CIA's deputy director for science and technology, a tall, gaunt, balding physicist with the sterile aura of a pathology laboratory, traced the history of the Pyramider project. He testified that even though the TRW design had not been implemented, the disclosure of data from the study to the Soviet Union would be a serious setback to American intelligence. Communicating with secret agents, he testified, was vital to fulfilling the CIA's fundamental responsibility —to avert another Pearl Harbor. "Agents around the world are our primary sources. Only from the minds of men can we find out what is going to happen in the world," he said. Knowing the state of American expertise in covert satellite-communications technology at the time the study was made and the kinds of options that were considered for providing secure communications with agents would be invaluable to Soviet analysts, he asserted emphatically. In more than four hours of cross-examination, George Chelius did not knock any significant holes in Dirks's testimony. He had left a solid impression with the jury that Chris's actions involved grave harm to the United States.

With Dirks, the prosecution rested its case.

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By this point in the trial, Bill Dougherty and Joel Levine were no longer talking to each other except through the judge. With little ammunition to work with, Dougherty had repeatedly hammered at the prosecution's refusal to give it access to all the information it possessed from the CIA regarding the vault and the agency's investigation of the case. Judge Kelleher invariably upheld prosecution efforts to keep the trial from wandering into national-security matters beyond the bare essentials of the Pyramider papers, frustrating the defense attorneys. In open court as well as private discussions, Dougherty had assailed Levine and Stilz for not giving the defense access to all of the information it had, and Levine was furious at what he perceived as assaults on his integrity. After one such encounter outside the courtroom, Levine threatened to punch Dougherty. The confrontation cooled before any punches were thrown, but Levine's anger had subsided only for the moment.

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Skillfully, the defense began to lay out its meager cards. Dougherty and Chelius presented a witness from Stanford University, an engineering professor named Martin Hellman who asserted that much of the information in the Pyramider documents was common technical data known to any well-informed electronics engineer. William Florence, a onetime Pentagon classification expert who had presented effective testimony along similar lines at the trial of Ellsberg and Russo four years earlier, claimed that the Government routinely overclassified documents. And Victor L. Marchetti, the former senior CIA staff officer and coauthor of *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence,* was called to provide an unusual look at the internal CIA planning process.

He testified that a covert communication system for spies similar to Pyramider had secretly been proposed by the agency to Congress in 1968. But he claimed it was only part of a "dog and pony show" meant to impress the members of a Congressional subcommittee that monitored the agency with an insincere, exotic proposal from science fiction. There had been resistance in the agency to actually developing such a system, he added, because it would have been a violation of a tacit agreement with the Soviet Union that the espionage satellites both countries used were to be restricted to passive missions like reconnaissance and were not to play an active role such as communicating with spies.

On cross-examination, however, Marchetti acknowledged that he had not been privy to CIA decision-making processes for more than five years and admitted he might be unaware of more recent work on such projects.

Alfred J. Oliveri, a public-school teacher who lived near the Boyces in Palos Verdes, was called as a character witness, and he testified that he had known Christopher Boyce since 1959, and "his reputation has always been one of honesty and integrity; it was above reproach."

The next person who took the witness stand also knew Chris very well.

"I've known Christopher Boyce since he was an altar boy and a student of mine," Msgr. Thomas J. McCarthy said in the gentle Boston-Irish voice that was one of his trademarks. Asked by Dougherty to describe Chris's reputation in the community, the gray-haired priest said, "To my knowledge, he has the highest reputation for truth, veracity and integrity." That was the end of his testimony.

A reporter intercepted the priest in the hallway outside the courtroom and asked him if he had any explanation of why Chris and Daulton were both now accused of being Soviet spies.

"For idealism? I don't know. When I heard about their arrest on the radio in my car, I had to pull to the side of the road and stop," he said. "I couldn't believe it. And then I thought about it: These kids have come through a revolution. They had tremendous pressure on them, peer pressure; there were drugs; they had the moral filth of Watergate, the war; they went through that whole era when national leaders were playing footsie with crooked people. Chris is most surprising; he always loved the underdog. I admired him so much. But he grew up in a different ambiance than I did. Maybe he was disillusioned."

Monsignor McCarthy died less than a year later. Two weeks before his death, he told an acquaintance that he still prayed for his two former altar boys.

45

"KENNY, I'M SCARED," Daulton wrote to Ken Kahn as Chris's trial appeared to be winding up and his own loomed closer. "If our defense is based in its entirety on CIA involvement and this assumption should prove wrong, what is left for defense?"

Kahn reassured him again that the defense they had agreed on—that Chris had enticed him into a CIA scheme to spread false information

—was the best they had. Furthermore, he said he believed it was true; he was convinced, he told Daulton, that Chris was a CIA agent.

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On the afternoon of April 25, 1977, George Chelius and Bill Dougherty decided to make a final attempt to make a deal with the prosecution.

They agreed they'd probably not scored enough points for the defense to undermine the strong prosecution case anchored in Chris's own admission of guilt. They still maintained from a constitutional standpoint that Chris's confession had not been voluntary according to the Supreme Court's *Miranda* decision, and therefore shouldn't be admissible as evidence; but this was now a moot point. It appeared that Chris was going to be convicted, and his only hope now was a deal.

They met with Stilz and Levine in the offices of the U.S. Attorney on an upper floor of the same building where the trial was being held. The defense lawyers proposed that if the prosecution agreed to a maximum sentence of ten years, Chris would plead guilty, testify against Daulton and tell everything he knew about their espionage operation to the CIA. Otherwise, they said, Chris would take the stand the following day.

"Ten years!" Stilz said sardonically.

"We already turned that down," Levine said.

Things were different now, the defense lawyers suggested. Unless there was a deal, they hinted, Chris might say embarrassing things from the witness stand the next day.

"No deal," Levine said. "We told you we wouldn't take that deal two months ago!"

"You weren't going to lose a ground station in Australia before," one of the defense lawyers snapped.

"Get the fuck out of here," Levine said, and that ended the final round of plea-bargaining negotiations for Chris.

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While this scene was being acted out by the lawyers at the courthouse, Chris was being transported back to the Los Angeles County Jail.

The trial had confirmed what Chris had expected from the moment he saw the carloads of men swarm around him at the turkey ranch—indeed, what he had expected from the moment he got the call from Daulton on the night of his first contact with the KGB. Chris *knew* that he was going to be convicted—and he had decided to make a final stab at the system he hated now more than ever. He had decided to plot his own murder.

Many times during the past few weeks, in the solitude of the tiny isolation cell, he had told himself suicide was the only reasonable ending to what had begun two years before. But if he was going to commit suicide, shouldn't he give his death some meaning? Why not stick it to them where it would hurt when he did?

It really didn't matter, he mused, who got the blame for his murder. Some people would blame the CIA, others the KGB. To Chris, they were one and the same. Most people, he thought, would probably blame the CIA. He was going to kill himself and make it appear that he had been murdered by someone who didn't want him on the witness stand the next day.

The basic plan had taken shape in his mind over the past week: He would hang himself with the electric cord from the radio in his cell. But before he did, he would arrange the cell like a stage set bristling with clues to murder—a murder committed by someone attempting to make his death appear like suicide. His resources to carry out the plot were slim, he thought, but they would be enough.

The first thing that occurred to him was to leave an ample amount of toothpaste in his mouth when he placed his makeshift noose around his neck—who would commit suicide with a mouthful of toothpaste? He would throw his toothbrush under the bed to make it appear that it had been flung there when Chris was overpowered while brushing his teeth; he would leave notes in the pockets of his pants, written to a friend and to Bill Dougherty, saying he was extremely optimistic about the way the trial was going and expressing hopes for the future.

Methodically, Chris began arranging the set in the small cell: He pulled out the edge of the blanket on his bed so it looked as if it had been yanked out during a struggle; he ripped open a package of cigarettes and stomped on it to make it appear as if it had been smashed during a fight; he laid out the toothpaste and toothbrush like a craftsman neatly arranging his tools before starting a job; and then he wrote the letter to his friend on fancy tissue-paper stationery and got ready to carry out the simulated murder sometime after midnight.

Midnight approached and passed. In the dim light of the jail, Chris stared at the materials he had assembled to stage his murder and cursed himself for procrastinating. Was it the old dichotomy that had haunted him for as long as he could remember?

He tried to resist the doubts that were keeping him from his final step of preparation—pulling the wire from the radio and tying his noose. But he couldn't fend off the doubts; they taunted him, and his mind groped for alternatives: perhaps, he thought, there was still a chance of acquittal; if he was convicted, wasn't there a chance he could escape?

Chris thought at length about a conversation he had had with Victor Marchetti. He had sensed in Marchetti the same disgust he felt for the dirty tricks of the agency; perhaps, he had told Marchetti, the way to get his revenge on the agency was to say in public something the CIA spooks did not want to hear.

Chris didn't go to sleep that night. As the implements of his suicide/murder plot lay beside him, he read and reread the statement he had made to the FBI on the night of his arrest, memorizing it so that he would not trip himself with inconsistencies. Then he prepared a list of questions that he would give Bill Dougherty to ask him the next day.

From time to time as he wrote the questions and rehearsed his answers, Chris's thoughts went back to suicide and he scolded himself for lacking the final measure of courage to implement his plan. But ultimately this sense of guilt was overpowered by a different kind of guilt: he realized he could not shake off the belief that he felt planted deep somewhere in him, that it was a mortal sin to commit suicide—and to die with a mortal sin on his soul meant burning in the eternal fires of hell.

Besides, he admitted to himself, he wanted to live.

But, it was more than that: he had decided he could hurt the evil he hated more by taking the stand than by killing himself.

Since his years at St. John Fisher, Chris had loved public speaking and debate. He had never minded taking a risk. Now he had a chance to speak for his life.

• •

After his night without sleep, Chris took the stand shortly after 9 A.M. on April 26, 1977, and was sworn in.

Under gentle questioning by Dougherty, Chris began by sketching the details of his life until the middle of 1974: his youth in Palos Verdes; his attendance at Harbor College, Loyola and Cal Poly. In July, 1974, he said, his father had helped him obtain a job at TRW; he traced the first few months on the job, his introduction to "black projects" and his assignment to the Black Vault.

And then Chris got ready to give the story that he had sketched out the night before of how—and why—he had become a Russian spy.

"Do you know Andrew Daulton Lee?" Dougherty asked.

"Yes."

"How long have you known Andrew Daulton Lee?"

"Since I was a child. A long time."

Dougherty asked Chris if he could recall a conversation he had had with Daulton shortly after he took the job in the Black Vault, and Chris said he could.

"I was at a party over at his house. Not too many people—a fairly small party." After everyone else had left, "we were sitting down in the back of the house and we were drinking, smoking pot, and he began to talk about . . . He was on—he had violated his probation—and . . ."

"Well, were you discussing politics before he got into this?"

"We were discussing problems with the government in general and his particular problems."

"Were you discussing any major problems of national interest?"

"We were discussing Watergate and Richard Nixon, and he had read a book and he was talking about how the Central Intelligence Agency had killed President Kennedy, and that I didn't believe. You know, it was just up for discussion, and we talked about Chile, and he said he was leaving the country to escape arrest. He didn't want to go back to prison, and he said that his probation officers were really giving him a raw deal, that they were really giving him the shaft."

The conversation turned back to Chile, he continued. "A democratic government had been overthrown," he said, and they agreed the CIA had probably been behind it.

"He said that the government, as he knew it, was really giving him the shaft, and I said, 'If you think that's bad, you should hear what the Central Intelligence Agency is doing to the Australians.' And he asked me what, and I told him that—"

Stilz lunged from his seat.

"Your Honor, at this point, I'm going to object. That conversation is irrelevant."

"Sustained."

Chris continued to try to make a point about Australia, but Stilz battled to keep him off the subject. Slowly, however, in his interrupted answers and Stilz' hurried objections, it was becoming apparent to spectators in the courtroom that Chris knew something sinister about America's dealings with Australia.

What wasn't yet apparent was that Chris was establishing the foundation for the defense he hoped would keep him out of prison: he was about to charge that he had been an unwilling spy, that he had been blackmailed by Daulton into being a spy.

Chris continued his testimony under Dougherty's probing. Shortly after the initial discussion with Daulton, he said, the subject of Australia had come up again. Once again, Stilz recognized possible disaster ahead and started to rise. But he was too late. Chris said:

"And I informed him that part of my daily duties . . . I worked in a communication room . . . part of my daily duties were to continue a deception against the Australians."

There was a stir in the courtroom. The television-network artists and reporters seated at the press table looked at each other as if to say, What did he mean by *that?*

"Your Honor," Stilz said urgently, "at this point I'm going to object. Irrelevant."

"Sustained."

There was a banging noise in the back of the courtroom, and heads turned instinctively to see who it was. It was General Hershey Bar in full regalia pushing open the doors of the courtroom and reclaiming his seat after visiting the rest room. The tension of Chris's testimony was broken momentarily.

"All right," Dougherty continued. "Did you tell him you wanted to do something about this information?"

"I said I would like to make it known, but that I didn't want to get in trouble for it. I didn't want anything to come back to me. And he said his father knew many influential people. . . ."

"At this point did you have any intent or desire to hurt the United States in any way?"

"No, sir, not at all."

Chris then lied that he had agreed to write a letter documenting the still undefined grievances about Australia and that Daulton had volunteered to have his father make it public through unnamed influential friends, thereby exposing official shenanigans as Ellsberg and Russo had done. Subsequently, Chris claimed, Daulton informed him that he had not passed the information so that it could be made public, as he'd promised, but that instead, he had sold Chris's letter to the Russians in Mexico City, and demanded more information from the Black Vault under the threat of exposing Chris. If he didn't give him more secrets, Daulton had threatened to blackmail his father, he said. Chris said that he had agreed to go along with Daulton's demands—but only because of his threats—and he had responded by giving him worthless, outdated information.

"I never—never planned for this to happen," he asserted.

"Did you ever willfully transmit information relating to the national defense to anybody at all with the belief that it would be used by—to an advantage by a foreign nation?" Dougherty asked.

"No, sir," Chris lied. He spoke surely, decisively. There was a plaintive, boyish aura to his testimony that gave it verisimilitude. At times, he seemed on the verge of tears. He seemed to some in the courtroom a child trapped by forces he could not comprehend or control.

"And did you ever willfully or knowingly act as an agent for a foreign government?"

"Not willfully, but I knew that's what I had become."

The interrogation had lasted more than two hours, and it left the courtroom in shocked silence.

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Stilz' cross-examination was brutal. He started by getting Chris repeatedly to admit that he knew he was transmitting *classified* information to the Russians in violation of the law and secrecy pledges he had signed. Stilz showed him signed copies of his project-briefing security pledges from the CIA archives.

"You admitted to the FBI that you received fifteen thousand dollars?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did he [Lee] coerce and pressure you into taking this money, Mr. Boyce?"

"Coerced me and pressured me into the whole organization, the whole system," Chris answered.

"Including receiving money for the classified materials given to the Russians?"

"No, he did not."

• •

The trial was recessed after a full day with Chris on the stand.

The next day, the morning newspapers carried his allusions to mysterious deceptions against Australia, and when the trial resumed, the press gallery had grown to include a delegation of correspondents from the Australian press.

Stilz brought up Chris's acceptance of $5,000 from Boris during his trip to Mexico City.

"Mr. Boyce, isn't it a fact that the reason they thought that you were valuable is because you were going to go back to school and study Soviet history and policy with the eventual aim of working in the State Department?"

"I said I was going back to school," Chris answered, "and they suggested that I study that, and they said that it would be a good idea to go to work for the State Department. And I agreed to do that, knowing that there was absolutely no way I could ever go to work for the State Department; and I was accomplishing not having access to classified documents; I was getting out of TRW, and what possible good would I be to them?"

"Did you not begin to take a course in Soviet policy requested by the Soviets?"

"It was a Soviet foreign policy class," Chris said. "I had just gone through an experience with them, and there it was. I took it. It's not illegal to take that. What if they checked up on me, Mr. Stilz?"

"Mr. Boyce," the prosecutor hammered back, "you knew that your actions over the two-year period, by causing classified materials, Top Secret materials, to be transmitted to the Russians . . . you knew you were doing an extreme disservice to your country, didn't you?"

"I dragged my feet the whole time and I don't think I gave them anything they could use."

Stilz had finished his cross-examination. Dougherty moved in for one last attempt to demonstrate the defense's theory that Chris had had compelling, ideologically motivated reasons for his behavior. Recalling his earlier testimony about the party at which Chris claimed to have discussed with Daulton the possibility of making public a letter, Dougherty asked Chris to recount the conversation.

"We talked about—" Chris began. Stilz jumped up.

"Your Honor, if I may interrupt for a moment, may counsel approach the bench?" he said urgently.

"No," the judge said. "You may answer."

"You talked about politics, you talked about Lee's arrest warrants," Dougherty said. "Now, what else did you talk about?"

"Labor unions."

"Specifically, what labor unions?"

"Australian labor unions."

Stilz and Levine looked at each other, puzzled and surprised. They had been prepared for the possibility that Chris might attempt to talk about certain facets of the Australian CIA operation; but labor unions? They didn't know what he was talking about.

"In what sense did you talk about Australian labor unions?" Dougherty continued.

Stilz rose to his feet. "Objection. Irrelevant."

"Overruled," Kelleher said.

"The suspension of strikes—the suppression of strikes by the Central Intelligence Agency of Australian labor unions."

Stilz was now on his feet shouting his objections. But Kelleher had allowed Chris to make his point: he had been revulsed by the discovery of American manipulation of Australian unions and unspecified deceptions against the same country.

That ended Chris's testimony.

• •

For the next month, reports of CIA activities in Australia dominated the front pages of several Australian newspapers. Using Chris's disclosure of CIA tampering in Australia as a springboard, the newspapers initiated investigative series which suggested that the ouster of Prime Minister Whitlam might have been orchestrated by the American intelligence service, and there were fresh reports almost daily of different alleged CIA manipulations of political, economic and labor affairs in the country. None of the Australian journalists managed to discover the "deception" that Chris had alluded to—the Rhyolite-Argus deception. Nevertheless, the close Australian–American alliance that had been cemented in World War II was suddenly buffeted by a political tornado, and the incident touched off day after day of stormy sessions in the Australian parliament. There were demands for a complete investigation of the CIA's role in Australia. But the government managed to ride out the storm. It simply remained aloof from the crisis, refusing to respond to the allegations and biding its time until they subsided.

Precisely what transpired in hurried talks between Australian and American diplomats in the aftermath of Chris's testimony has never been disclosed. But a few months later, the two governments announced that they had renegotiated and renewed the Executive Agreement under which the American bases were operated on Australian soil. No details of the new agreement were ever made public.

The political storm was suppressed for the moment. But perhaps for decades to come, the long shadow of the CIA would loom over relations between two old allies.

46

"WE REQUEST no lunch today," the jury foreman wrote on the torn scrap of yellow legal-size notepaper sent to Judge Kelleher at 11:21 A.M. on April 28, 1977, shortly after the fate of Christopher John Boyce had been placed in the hands of the jury. On the Boyce defense team, there was a glimmer of hope that Chris's eloquently told story of blackmail and coercion might have swayed at least one juror. "All you need is one woman on that jury who'd like to mother that nice kid," a reporter speculated, and Dougherty agreed.

As soon as the Boyce jury left the courtroom to begin deliberations, the jury that had been chosen to hear the case against Daulton was ushered into the room, and his trial began before Chris's was over.

In his opening argument, Kahn broadened further the rupture between the two friends:

The defense in the case of *The United States of America v. Andrew Daulton Lee*, he said, would prove that Daulton had been employed by the Central Intelligence Agency to disseminate false information to the Russians as part of a calculated intelligence scheme, and that Christopher Boyce had recruited the defendant for the mission. His client, he said, was not a spy. "He is an outright capitalist—he's a right-on American."

Sitting near the front of the spectator gallery were Dr. Daulton Bradley Lee, who looked thin, extraordinarily gray and very tired, and his wife, Anne. The mysterious Pole did not appear for Daulton's trial.

At 1:17 that afternoon, the foreman of the Boyce jury sent another message to the judge, scrawled on yellow paper: "We would like a definition of 'willfully and knowingly' in reference to Count One and the admonition of duress in reference to Count One."

The note paralyzed the court. Testimony against Daulton, which had been scheduled to resume after the lunch recess, was suspended as Stilz and Levine fought to convince Judge Kelleher that no further directions need be given the jury. Dougherty urged compliance with the request, seeing a message of hope in the sheet of yellow paper.

Whether the information should be provided the jury was still being debated heatedly at 2:40 P.M. when the question became moot. The jury sent another note that read:

"In regard to our previous request, please disregard it."

Eleven minutes later, there was a fourth note: "We have reached a unanimous verdict."

Chris was ordered to the courtroom from a holding cell on a lower floor. He entered the courtroom with a U.S. marshal, and the verdict came quickly:

Guilty on all eight counts of espionage and conspiracy to commit espionage.

It had taken the jury less than three and a half hours.

Chris listened to the verdict at the defense table. The muscles of his cheeks tightened when the jury filed back into the room, but when the bailiff read the verdict, there was absolutely no expression on his face. He turned to his attorneys and said resignedly, *"C'est la vie."*

After the jury was discharged, Judge Kelleher declared a recess until the Lee trial could be resumed. Chelius and Dougherty shook Chris's hand and said they were sorry. Chris managed a smile and thanked the lawyers, and he was escorted out of the courtroom, now emptying of reporters and spectators. Daulton was outside, waiting for his trial to continue; he had heard the news of Chris's conviction from another marshal. When he saw Chris leave the courtroom, Daulton's face was empty and grim. The two old friends passed but did not speak.

Then Daulton's trial resumed.

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The prosecution's case against Daulton was essentially a rerun of the one against Chris. The main exception was that it elected not to use Daulton's statement made in Mexico City containing his claims of working for the CIA. Instead, it offered a case based on the testimony of witnesses linking him to espionage and forensic evidence from the FBI.

Eileen Heaphy described the scene outside the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City and pointed out Daulton, who was sitting in the same seat that Chris had occupied a few minutes earlier, and said he was the man she had seen being arrested by Mexican policemen.

Vice Consul Thomas Ferguson described how Daulton had removed a white 4-by-8-inch envelope from his pocket at the Mexico City Metropolitan Police Headquarters and recalled the removal of ten to fifteen strips of photographic negatives from it and his inspection of the negatives marked PYRAMIDER and TOP SECRET. Under cross-examination by Kahn, Ferguson acknowledged that Daulton had told him he was involved in doing something for the "free world," but he said he didn't believe him.

The FBI agents who had searched Daulton's home in Palos Verdes described their discovery of the Minox camera, airplane tickets between Los Angeles and Mexico City, and photographs of Chris and Daulton taken in Mexico City.

Darlene Cooper, Carole Benedict, Barclay Granger and others from The Hill recalled his boasts of making big money in Mexico by selling what he said were stolen securities; they described him brandishing what he called a "spy camera" and wads of money, and his frequent requests that they fly with him to Mexico to serve as couriers of cash.

Leslie Dirks of the CIA and Regis Carr reiterated the testimony they had given at the Boyce trial, and Kent Dixon of the FBI gave his damaging testimony again that linked the Pyramider microfilm to Daulton's Minox camera.

Stilz and Levine had affidavits from CIA personnel officers asserting that Daulton had never had *any* working relationship with the agency; but the prosecution lost ground when Kahn succeeded in impeaching the testimony of another CIA representative who first denied Daulton's connection with the agency and then admitted that he didn't know the identities of all the CIA's secret operatives. Re and Kahn hammered away at the prosecution witnesses, claiming that there was nothing in the government's case that was inconsistent with Daulton's claim that he had been duped into spying for the CIA by one of its agents and had been abandoned when the espionage agency no longer needed him.

Frequently and sarcastically, Stilz and Levine scoffed at the theory, and from the frequency of objections made by Kahn and Re that were overruled, so did Judge Kelleher. But one person in the courtroom appeared to be paying attention to the theory—a woman in the front row of the jury box named Peggy Fuller. A twenty-two-year-old college student who had plans to become a lawyer, she watched and listened to Kahn carefully as he ridiculed the affidavits from the CIA. The word of the CIA, he sneered again and again, was "worthless." It would be *expected* to leave its spies out in the cold. Andrew Daulton Lee was nothing more than an American patriot who had felt he was serving his country and was being thrown to the wolves, Kahn said. A spy, he said, doesn't go to his neighborhood travel agency to buy tickets for an espionage rendezvous in Vienna. A spy doesn't brag about selling secrets while sitting around in Mazatlán or developing espionage pictures in the family kitchen.

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When the defense opened its phase of the trial, there was a surprised murmur in the spectator gallery: the first defense witness was an FBI agent.

Robert Lyons, one of the agents who had interviewed Daulton at the Mexican secret police offices on January 15, acknowledged that one of the first things Daulton had said that night was that he worked for the CIA as a "subcontractor" to Christopher John Boyce. John Foarde, the second agent, then corroborated this; thus, the defense had managed to salvage the one point favorable to Daulton from the Mexico City interview that the prosecution had elected not to use against him. However, under cross-examination by Levine, the two agents said that when they had investigated Daulton's claims, they had been told by the CIA that the agency had never heard of Andrew Daulton Lee prior to January 6, 1977.

Kelleher invited the defense lawyers and prosecutors to a conference near the bench; as he did from time to time, he asked the lawyers for an estimate of how long they expected the trial to continue. Kahn and Re said they expected to be able to wind up the defense in a day or two. It was the first indication that Daulton would not testify. They had decided that he wouldn't make a good witness; they were afraid he might cross himself up under the heat of cross-examination, and had decided there was nothing he could offer that would justify the risk. The lawyers, of course, didn't give any reasons to the judge; they just said Daulton would not be called to testify.

The defense began its final efforts to save Daulton the next day.

Borrowing an idea from the Boyce defense team, Kahn and Re decided to try to persuade the jury that the Pyramider documents were worthless—not the prize defense secrets claimed by the government. Professor Martin Hellman of Stanford reprised his testimony from the Boyce trial, but Kelleher refused to permit William Florence, who had been one of the star witnesses in the Ellsberg-Russo trial, to testify as he had in the Boyce trial; the judge ruled that Florence was not qualified to give expert opinion on the matter of whether the Pyramider documents were properly classified.

"The defense calls Myrtle Clarke." Stilz and Levine looked back in the rear of the courtroom and saw a gray-haired woman who appeared to be in her seventies walking slowly down the aisle, seemingly barely able to walk. It was Daulton's grandmother.

Solicitously, Kahn asked her if Daulton, during the summer of 1976, had ever mentioned to her his plans to make a trip to Mexico. She said he had. "And did he tell you that he worked for the government?" Kahn asked.

"Yes, he did," she replied. Kahn sat down, certain he had made a point supporting the theory that Daulton worked for the CIA.

Levine rose to cross-examine Mrs. Clarke.

As he did, Stilz, sharing a lawyers' joke over having to interrogate the kindly-looking woman, smiled at him and said, "Go get her, Tiger."

"I'll eat her alive," Levine grinned, uncomfortable with his assignment.

"Did defendant Lee ever tell you *which* government he was working for?"

"No, he didn't," Mrs. Clarke said.

• •

Daulton's future was placed in the hands of the jury in midafternoon on May 12, 1977.

Stilz and Levine had studied the jury's response to the testimony, and they expected a conviction within a few hours.

But the day ended without a verdict. The jury had sent a note to Kelleher requesting copies of the original indictment against Daulton, so that jurors could review them in their hotel rooms. Kelleher granted the request.

The following morning, at 9:15, another note arrived from the jury:

> Good morning your honor!
>
> Thank you for the copies of the indictments. Is it permissible to make notations, etc., on our individual copies of same? If possible we would like copies of your instructions to the jury.
>
> Are parts or all of the trial transcripts available to us? Are we able to make enquiry of you without generating action by yourself . . . I suppose an "off the record" type inquiry?
>
> We would appreciate it if something could be done about the total lack of ventilation in the Jury Room. We have no air conditioning, nor do the windows open.
>
> Thank you
> Jane Lyon
> Foreman

Los Angeles was in the midst of a modest spring heat wave, and temperatures were in the eighties. But that was only one reason the atmosphere in the jury room was so warm. The second reason was that the jury was engaged in a pitched battle.

Before adjourning the night before, the jurors had taken an informal straw ballot. It was 8 to 4 in favor of convicting Daulton. They had decided to get some rest and try again the next day. The following morning, after Kelleher denied the request for the transcript, jury instructions and off-the-record advice, the foreman conducted a review of the testimony and evidence, and the jury took its first formal vote; the decision went against Daulton 10–2.

The majority then went to work on the holdouts, both women. Within an hour, one changed her mind and voted to convict. But Peggy Fuller, the prelaw student, refused to change her vote.

"There are grounds for *reasonable doubt* to believe he's innocent," she insisted.

It was obvious, she continued, that the CIA could have been manipulating the two young men. "You can't believe what they say," she said when other jurors pointed out the CIA's denial that Daulton had been in its employ.

Outside the jury room, the lawyers waited impatiently.

Stilz and Levine were puzzled and starting to worry; Kahn and Re offered hope to Daulton. "The longer they stay out, the better chance you've got," Kahn told Daulton. "You may be home free." Daulton's lawyers also encouraged Dr. and Mrs. Lee, who were keeping a vigil at the courthouse, to have hope.

Miss Fuller now found herself alone at one end of the jury table looking out at eleven unhappy faces—antagonists who were beginning to lose their patience and raising their voices. When the jury took its lunch break, some of the jurors seemed to want to avoid her; at dinner, the other eleven jurors refused to sit with her and she dined with one of the Federal marshals who were guarding the jury. Again and again, the other jurors reviewed the evidence and argued that Daulton's guilt was obvious. But Miss Fuller stood her ground, unrelenting, through the second day of deliberations and into the third. She would recall later: "I wanted to hold out forever; I was under terrible pressure; you're cut off from all contact with other people; you're alone, and they refused even to *listen* to my arguments. They were cold and laughed at me. They just didn't understand the concept of reasonable doubt."

"Finally, I said, 'All right, I'll say he's guilty,' but I didn't think he was."

At 11 A.M. on May 14, 1977, a Saturday, the jury reentered the courtroom.

Without looking in Daulton's direction, the foreman handed a note to the court clerk, who in turn showed it to Kelleher and then announced the verdict:

Guilty on all counts of espionage and conspiracy to commit espionage.

Daulton shook his head in bitter disbelief. And then in a gesture that recalled his tormented glances toward his father years before when he had dropped a fly ball or swung at a third strike, he looked quickly in the direction of his parents, both of whom had tears in their eyes.

47

After his conviction, Chris had been transferred from the Los Angeles County Jail to the Federal Correctional Institution on Terminal Island, a prison fortress set on a rocky jetty that thrust into Los Angeles Harbor near the southern foot of the Palos Verdes Peninsula. As Chris traveled to Terminal Island along the Harbor Freeway in the back of a prison car, he could look out the window and see the rolling hills where, not many years before, he had first met Robin and Mohammed.

He was assigned to D Block, T.I.'s maximum-security wing, where prisoners were locked in individual cells, measuring eight feet by five feet, around the clock, except for weekly two-hour exercise periods. Prison administrators told Chris he was being isolated because they feared other inmates might try to murder a man convicted of treason. His only regular communication with the prisoners was through the bars of his cell—a shout across a corridor or quieter words with an inmate in one of the cells next to him. Prison guards warned him not to accept food from the other prisoners: they had picked up reports of a plot to poison him from their informants, they said. But Chris thought the inmates were friendly, and he didn't worry about the warning.

Lonely, Chris groped for ways to use up his many hours by himself. He began reading six and even seven books a week from the prison library—mostly history and biographies—and worked to keep in good physical shape by doing 1,200 pushups a day. The subject that was on his mind now more than anything else was escape.

One morning there was a commotion in the corridor outside his cell, and Chris looked out inquisitively; the arrival of a new inmate was one of the few happenings that broke the lonely monotony in D Block; and he saw that the new prisoner was being moved into a cell beside his.

Vito Conterno was a husky man with olive skin and silver hair at his temples. From that first day, Chris was fascinated by him: he was utterly self-confident, and seemed to be completely in command of himself, maintaining his dignity even in a prison cell. Here he was in a Federal penitentiary, where the prisoners wore denim uniforms, and Vito had a silk robe and leather slippers. To Chris, the robe and slippers were somehow equivalent to papal finery that elevated him above the other inmates. Through their respective walls of prison bars, Chris began to learn about his new neighbor. Vito said his parents were from Sicily; they had emigrated to America more than sixty years before, and because there was no other line of work as lucrative, his father had gravitated into the Mafia, and Vito had followed later. Chris was fascinated by his stories of growing up in a big-city Italian neighborhood, of running numbers when he was still in grade school, of later graduating to bigger money with work in bookmaking parlors, of killing his first man when he was eighteen. It was like a novel, and Chris was spellbound.

Vito said he was in prison because of a minor parole violation. He'd been locked up in D Block, he said, because other Mafiosi in the prison had heard of his reputation as a hit man and he had prevailed upon the warden to isolate him.

As the hours shared in isolation by the young man and the old Mafioso wore on, Vito tutored Chris on prison ethics and how he'd learned them himself at the Federal prison in Leavenworth, Kansas. The lowest scum in a prison, he said, was the stoolie; he told about a snitch at Leavenworth who had gotten a shank stuck in his chest and bled to death in front of Vito's cell; about another who had had gasoline thrown into his cell—"burned to death in his own grease"; and about still another whose charred bones had been found in a prison incinerator.

Vito fretted about being in prison again; it was bad for his heart condition, he said, and he had business deals to look out for on the outside. He lived in a big home in Beverly Hills, he explained, and he'd pumped some of the money he'd made in the rackets into buying liquor stores which, he said with a twinkle, would support him handsomely as he advanced into old age. The only reason he was in the joint now, he said, was that he'd gone to Las Vegas without telling his parole officer, and the Feds had been lying in wait for him when he'd landed at the airport—waiting for an excuse to lock him up.

"Fuckin' Feds," he said. "You'll never leave the fuckin' prison system alive. You ought to think about getting out of here. I have a friend—my lawyer; he can do some things, maybe.

"Think it over," Vito said. "Maybe I can help you."

• •

Chris's lawyers had pressed him to cooperate with the CIA in its efforts to pinpoint exactly what information the Russians had obtained from the Black Vault. At first Chris had rejected the request and refused to even discuss it. But Chelius and Dougherty said that if he was to have any chance of getting a light sentence, he had to do it. On May 18, Chris and the lawyers met with Stilz; Rodney Leffler, an FBI agent who served as a liaison officer between his agency and the CIA, and a pipe-smoking man in his early forties who introduced himself as "Jerry Brown of the CIA." The meeting was in a starkly furnished office in a Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department building. Also present were a polygraph-machine operator and a Federal probation officer who had been assigned to formulate a report on the defendant to guide Judge Kelleher when he sentenced Chris.

The debriefing was almost aborted before it began: Chris had been ordered to the meeting wearing his denim prison uniform, but he refused to go unless he was allowed the dignity of wearing his corduroy suit. He was allowed to do so.

For eight hours, under persistent questioning by Brown, Chris recounted his experiences as a spy. He told essentially the same story he had given the FBI on the night of his arrest, but offered more details, including as much as he could remember about the nature of the data he and Daulton had sold to the KGB. This day was to be the first of six such sessions, spaced over several weeks, that Brown (not his real name) called a "damage assessment debriefing."

Chris labored to recall everything he had transmitted to Daulton and the Russians, but said he simply couldn't remember *everything*. He said he had been so intoxicated sometimes that he couldn't remember everything he had photographed. But he volunteered an idea he said would help the CIA solve part of the mystery: he said that he and Daulton, in the later stages of the espionage operation, had taped the TWX message traffic they sold to the Russians to a wall and photographed the messages before returning them to the vault in a potted plant or other conveyance. Chris suggested that the CIA assign a technician to test the rolls of TWX messages that were still in the vault for residue of adhesive from the tape; this would help identify some of the TWX messages that had found their way to Moscow, he said.

The CIA man liked the idea and did what Chris suggested. The test helped the agency discover that Chris had photographed the teletype messages from the vault for at least two full months; there was a spool of messages—as thick as a roll of toilet paper and twice as wide—for each month. Brown said grimly that the CIA had discovered, among other things, that one message on the spool included details of most American intelligence-collection satellites and their performance capabilities.

Chelius and Dougherty told Chris they thought his willingness to participate in the debriefings would probably help him when the time came for his sentencing. But Chris wasn't counting on a light sentence now. He had made other plans.

• •

Back at Terminal Island, he decided to write a response to Vito Conterno:

> I have been turning over what you said in my mind. Thinking back over the last five months and listening to your conversation, you appear the most-together inmate I have come to know so far. I know nothing about you other than what you say. I don't think you would bullshit me. I intend no insult with the following, but you're not just trying to bolster my morale and give me hope by mentioning your lawyer, are you? I mean no insult but you came off the wall rather fast with it. Seriously, the heat would be intense with that type of action concerning a Soviet spy. I hate the Feds as much or more than you do. Your problems with them appear to cover a broad spectrum of activity while I specialized in a narrow scam. No doubt your connections have a varied assortment of skills.
>
> I am a realist. I am going to get more time than I can handle. Furthermore, I have no hope of action on appeal with my case. I would wait until that was resolved, which my lawyers tell me would be finalized within a year and a half before I would seek an alternate solution. I cannot end up like poor Tim. I would rather be dead.

Chris was referring to a wretched prisoner in D Block who had been returned to the block after a liver operation in a nearby public hospital. He had made the mistake of attempting to escape from the hospital, and when he was caught he was returned to the prison, rather than the hospital, to recover from the operation. As Tim twisted in pain on his bunk, moaning, the sutures on his wound popped open and he began to bleed. Prison doctors sewed the wound, but the same thing happened again. Chris listened to Tim's groans at night and watched flies swarm around the wound. Time and again, Tim ripped pus-and-blood-soaked bandages off the wound and threw them out of his cell into the corridor. From his own cell Chris watched a column of ants a half-inch wide feed on the bloody matter adhering to the bandages.

I have no qualms about taking risks. This would just be one more. If you mean what you say, I am interested as hell. Again, please don't take that as an insult. I don't mean it as such. I am just feeling you out.

What you suggest would put my life in hands of people with whom I have no experience. I would have to go forward on trust alone. I would be out on a limb with my cash on the line. But anything would be better than the life the Feds have planned for me. You don't sound like a person who stabs in the back unless crowded first. All I could do is rely on my judgement that you are a honorable man and that those with who you do business are of a like kind.

Once again, to be honest, it does not seem to me that O.C. [Organized Crime] would want to cross CIA. I would have everything to lose, nothing to gain, in a double cross. I once prevented a termination on a courier by the KGB for his duplicity because he was a boyhood friend and I had a big heart. I now regret it. I don't think I would be here now if I had let them go ahead. I totally am aware of the implications you mention. Meaning no insult, I would be acting completely on trust and would be open to rip-off.

Either one of us could be moved at any time and after that we will never see each other again. Believing you are sincere I will rely on your word. You are probably wondering where does this brat get off questioning me. It's just that I was burned bad and here I sit. This is to me a new ball game. I would imagine espionage operates on the same principles.

No way are the Feds going to give me any slack. I am not a socialist and the Soviets no doubt would feel safer with my mouth closed permanently. I am between a rock and a hard place with both systems. My only hope would be to go into deep cover. You mentioned the availability of an initial set of I.D. I am interested as hell. I hope you mean it. I would put all my resources on the line.

Once again, I mean no offense.

• •

In May, five months after his arrest, Chris held a reunion with his parents. His only communication with his family since the arrest had been the letter to his father on the eve of his trial asking his family not to attend and a brief, inconclusive phone conversation with his mother shortly after his arrest. But Chelius had not stopped urging him to see his parents, and they had repeatedly sent messages through the lawyer saying they wanted to see him. Chris, now that the ordeal of the trial was over, consented to see his parents.

The reunion took place in a small office at the Terminal Island prison, and it was the beginning of a precarious truce.

His mother hugged Chris and almost immediately broke into tears of love and sympathy for her eldest son. His father extended his hand, and Chris did the same.

''How are you, sir?'' Chris asked.

''Fine,'' he replied.

It was a meeting with about as much overt affection as the father and son ever showed.

They visited for more than an hour, and after a while some of the stiffness thawed. His parents brought Chris up to date on family news, and Chris asked about his dog, Magyar.

During the next few weeks, there would be frequent meetings between Chris and his parents, brothers and sisters. Once his father even brought Magyar to the prison, and Chris visited with him through a chain-link fence. It appeared that the wounds in the relationship between Chris and his family were healing.

Meanwhile, the thoughts of all the members of his family turned to his sentencing, which was scheduled for the middle of June.

48

CHRIS LAY BACK on his bunk and remembered the first time he had seen Fawkes.

They had met on a December morning in 1973 in the California coastal range near San Luis Obispo. One of her blue feet had been tucked in her belly feathers as she peered out from atop a *perch on a high-voltage-transmission-line tower. As he watched, she twisted her head around and looked down the brown mountainside at the sparkling reflection of his binoculars, then lifted off the wire with a defiant snub and rose higher and higher until she was only a black speck in the sky and Chris lost her in a cloud.*

The vision of Fawkes and the blustery morning filled his cell.

After the first sighting, he went back to the Volkswagen to water and feed the pigeons in the back seat. As he leaned against the car to rest, a roadrunner ran, hopped and flew through the broken chaparral, stabbing at mice. And then he waited.

After a while, Chris decided to return to the mound, his lookout, hoping for another sight of the young prairie falcon. But she was gone; the only birds he spotted with his binoculars were an occasional mourning dove and tight formations of teal flitting between puddles.

There was a pair of ravens circling in endless spirals to no purpose while coyotes, far in the distance, barked from the foothills. The shadows of twilight were beginning to stab over the jagged edge of the mountainous horizon, and as Chris admiringly watched the panorama of pastels change from rose to orange-streaked gray, he saw the prairie falcon approaching up high, two hundred yards away. Planing her wings flat and taut, she glided down and settled into the dusk with a small tug on the wire. On his mound of rocks, Chris froze, afraid to move his hand or turn his head. When at last the final streaks of twilight had given way to darkness, he cautiously made his way down the hill to the Volkswagen for cold stew out of a can and a can of cold beer. It had to be at first light or not at all.

He cursed himself for not bringing help, but then he thought again: These are my towers. No one else knew the prairies came here, and no one was going to know.

Before dawn, he was out of his down bag quietly stamping his feet, awakened by the mental alarm he had set for himself in his final moments of consciousness the night before. His toes ached from the cold.

Chris went to the car and grabbed one of his pigeons from the cage and wrapped a leather vest, with nylon nooses bristling almost invisibly from it, around the bird. Then he lit up a joint of Thai and waited.

As dawn broke, Chris wasn't sure if it was the joint or his imagination, but as the morning's first lark announced the arrival of sunrise, he looked up and saw the young prairie moving slightly. She was restless, slipping her head out from under a wing—probably, he *thought, struggling to regain her wits for the day, just as Chris himself had done a few minutes earlier.*

In the mantle of gray half-light, Chris tensed, bracing himself, as the pigeon struggled in his left fist. The prairie was now growing more restless on her perch, and Chris decided it was time. He started the engine of the Volkswagen and gunned it, startling Fawkes. She swiveled her head in dismay and suddenly bumped off the perch, rising not far from Chris in a tight ring. He had to act quickly. He kissed the pigeon for luck, whispered, "Keep your head down!" and launched it out of the Volkswagen.

The pigeon recognized its peril from the spiraling falcon immediately. It began to struggle frantically for altitude, flapping its wings and moving diagonally away from Chris. Fawkes forgot the chug of the Volkswagen. She turned and dived rapidly for her breakfast. It was a beautiful stoop. Fawkes seemed to hit the pigeon with only a glancing blow—but that was all it took: in that instinctive pass, the falcon's blue foot had become ensnared in a noose. Chris yelped in triumph.

The falcon beat her wings furiously to gain level flight. Just as furiously the terrified pigeon beat its *wings to escape in another direction. Finally they fell to the ground in tandem, four wings flapping against each other in helpless desperation. Chris sprinted the quarter-mile to the screeching birds, hoping every second that Fawkes wouldn't extricate herself from the thin thread and escape. He approached the flailing birds from behind and quickly popped a hood over the passage, sending her into darkened tranquillity. Then he stripped the pigeon of its vest and let it fly free.*

• •

Vito wrote a reply to Chris: Everything could be handled. His associates in Chicago should have no trouble springing him. "My friends will look out for everything," he said. "You get plastic surgery on your face and nobody will ever see Chris Boyce again." Chris burned his note and flushed the ashes down the toilet.

He then wrote a second letter to the aging Mafioso. As always, he seemed to show deference to his elders:

> I don't mean to pry or get personal; what would be the broad, general mechanics of an exit? In transit? In what way would my movement to Ill. be handled? This would appear to be most crucial. What type of

summons could bring a spy there without arousing Fed suspicion? Would the crew know my true identity?

What would be the total bill? Exit, facelift, I.D., passport, credit cards, the works?

How much time between exit and completion of facelift?

Would not my meeting of your attorney previous to an exit lead to an investigation of a connection between the two? Are you worried about CIA heat? I know nothing about O.C., drug dealing, etc. I respect a man who holds the agency in contempt. In all probability counter intelligence would think the KGB is responsible.

Would you ever broaden your horizons? Would all relationship between us cease at the completion of an exit?

Two weeks after she plummeted to earth with the pigeon, Fawkes was back in the air. For three months, Chris and the falcon hunted, man and animal in the marvelous partnership that always had such a hypnotic effect on Chris.

He would never forget the last time:

Chris removed the hood near a pond of cinnamon teal, and Fawkes, as usual, exploded from his fist to gain altitude, eager for the kill. Poised for his own assignment in the partnership—flushing the teal—Chris waited for Fawkes to relax and level off. But to his surprise, Fawkes didn't stop. She climbed higher and higher, oblivious of the teal, confusing Chris. To his horror, Chris soon understood why: a large orange-footed wild hawk—a haggard—had spotted Fawkes poaching on his territory, and he was preparing to expel her. Chris saw the big old hawk rising to gain the advantage; then both of them were rising in parallel corkscrews. Chris rushed forward on the ground to be closer, but he knew he was only a helpless spectator in the impending combat.

Fawkes and the haggard, in a spectacular double corkscrew that could only have been choreographed by nature, fought stroke for stroke to achieve the dominant altitude from which one would soon launch its opening attack. Chris leaned on a post and did the only thing he could do: watch his falcon battle for her survival. They pushed hundreds of feet into the air, and after a while, Chris could no longer tell one bird from the other. When they were only barely visible from the ground, Chris saw that one bird had opened the attack. The dark speck was above its antagonist and let loose with a diving stoop. Chris strained to see which of the birds had the advantage.

It was the old hawk.

Fawkes was fleeing for her life. Chris never saw her again.

• •

God, how he missed his birds, his outdoors, Chris thought. Except for Vito and a few other prisoners in D Block, Chris didn't have contact with anybody except his lawyers and the CIA spook named Jerry Brown who still called him downtown periodically to go over more documents. Chelius and Dougherty visited often and tried to keep his spirits high until the sentencing. They said they would try to have him sentenced under a Federal statute that gave judges the flexibility to show youthful offenders—those under twenty-five—more leniency than older defendants. First, they said, there might be a short sentence for a psychological evaluation, possibly at the Federal Bureau of Prisons' Metropolitan Correctional Center in San Diego. There were a few rays of hope, they said encouragingly.

But Chris had decided that he had seen enough of prison to convince him he didn't want to do *any* more time. He was, like his birds, he thought, not meant to be caged, and he vowed to escape.

Isolated and lonely, Chris had only one friend: Vito Conterno.

Vito had warned him that the guards could overhear prisoners' conversations in D Block, so the escape negotiations had to continue via the prison "kite" communications network—notes secretly sent between cells, usually wrapped around a heavy object like a razor or piece of soap that was tied to a string. The sender flipped the weighted missile down the corridor, then retrieved it after the intended recipient had removed the note. Vito sent Chris a kite trying to quash his worries about the escape and said they should plan it for as soon as possible. Chris replied:

Talking to you in my position is like getting close to a cobra. Once again no offense. You're right, once I get settled in a pen it would be all the harder. My lawyers are completely straight and of no use to me except for legal advice. Sitting here I can not contact anyone but my lawyers and my family, which is straighter even still. My old network is down. They would not even consider contact. In fact I am considered a threat to them as long as I'm incarcerated. After an exit I revert to an asset.

You just told me I was too easy to get close to. Okay, I will be above board with you. Jesus, I wish I had heard of you before. I wish I had some knowledge of your reputation. I am a babe in the woods as far as O.C. figures. But to hell with it. I bury these thoughts. You offer me my life.

Anyway, I am isolated. I cannot touch my links nor would I even consider trying. Even exited I would have to establish new ones. I do not know what slots I would fill after that. Obviously my cover was blown as a direct source within the CIA. There are many other roles to play. I don't work *for* any men and I never will. I work for the KGB. The U.S. government is not going to collapse in our lifetimes. It would seem to me that there would be mutual interests that could be exploited between O.C. and the KGB to the advantage of both parties. No doubt such connections might already exist although that was not my specialty and I wouldn't know.

I did hundreds of millions of dollars worth of damage to the NSA and the CIA over the last two years. I am not trying to brag or impress you, I am merely stating a fact. I delivered the agency's crypto codes, cipher machines and the Pyramider Project. These came out in court so I don't mind telling you. The diplomatic relations between the U.S. and Australia are poisoned at their worst ever through my efforts. For this the Soviets are grateful. It means the main base for monitoring of Chinese and Russian telemetry by satellite surveillance will be shot down and kicked off the continent by the Australian government. Can you put something soft besides that razor on the line so it doesn't make noise when you throw it? Why don't we say *matches* when we want to pass something?

Until I receive my sentence I cannot see anyone that I trust. I think I will be moved out of here very quickly after that.

Chris said his lawyers had told him chances were good that he would be sent to a Federal prison in San Diego for his psychiatric evaluation.

It would mean I would be transported between here and there by the marshals, probably in a sedan.

I want out. I will raise $15 [$15,000] as soon as I can talk to a friend. The study in San Diego would be perfect. I could have visits and I would have to be transported. $15 is cheap, very cheap. Perhaps at the end of the study. How long does this type of thing take to arrange?

• •

George Chelius was on the phone to Bill Dougherty: "Bill, something terrible has happened. I'm going to withdraw from the case."

Chelius had just been called into the office of Assistant United States Attorney Richard A. Stilz, who had handed him the notes Chris had written to Vito Conterno.

Chelius had believed in Chris. He did not understand his psyche, his curious sense of disillusionment and anger at his country; but he had believed that Chris had become a spy not out of pro-Soviet sympathies, but through an enigmatic act of bad judgment whose consequences had snowballed and eventually smothered him. He had not even been sure that Chris was not a secret agent for the CIA. Chelius was now bowled over by the admission of loyalty to the KGB and its implication that he had been working for the Russians all along.

Stilz told Chelius that he planned to give the notes to Judge Kelleher.

The implication was clear: any chance of leniency toward the troubled son of his former boss would probably vanish.

''Take it easy, George,'' Dougherty advised Chelius, urging him not to withdraw until they could discuss the affair with Chris.

When Chris learned that Vito had given his notes to the warden at Terminal Island, he became physically ill in his cell. Once again he had trusted in something—this time, the Mafia—and it had let him down.

Like Fawkes, Chris had been trapped by a pigeon—a stool pigeon. Vito Conterno was a professional snitch—a Mafia hit man who had agreed to testify before a Federal grand jury against other mobsters in return for a light sentence and, eventually, a new identity in a distant city. He was a murderer–turned–government witness whose life in prison was gilded by a silk robe and slippers. From the beginning, Vito had given Chris's notes to the Federal agents.

His precise motive for entrapping Chris is uncertain. Perhaps it was patriotism or outrage against the egghead kid who had spied for the Communists against his country; or perhaps it was merely an act of gutter survival, throwing Chris to the wolves so that he could curry favor with his keepers.

When Chelius and Dougherty asked for an explanation, Chris admitted that he was the author of the incriminating notes, and seemed close to tears when Chelius said he was afraid the notes had destroyed any chance he had had for leniency. After all, Chelius said, Chris had now *admitted* he worked for the KGB; it was sure to be used against him.

Chris insisted that he had not meant what he said in the notes. Yes, he said, he had feigned loyalty to the Russians, but it was because he thought that was what Vito wanted to hear; he wouldn't help an *inno-*

cent man, would he? Yes, Chris said, he did want to escape, but, no, he was not loyal to the KGB. The notes were elements of a charade. After Chris presented his defense, Chelius agreed to stay on the defense team with Dougherty; but doubts had been planted in the attorney's mind, perhaps never to be exorcised completely. Once more, Chris had left the people around him wondering what really went on behind his thin face and probing eyes.

After meeting with his lawyers, Chris, still shaken, had another session with Jerry Brown of the CIA. While riding back late that afternoon to Terminal Island, once again passing the mountainous southern face of The Hill, he thought of one thing: he would spread the word that Vito was a snitch. He relished the idea. But when he reached the prison, Chris discovered that he had been preempted: Vito had told other inmates in D Block that *he* was a snitch and had just come from squealing to the Feds.

"Hey, you fuckin' snitch," one inmate taunted him as he was led down the corridor to his cell.

"Hey, look what's back! Joe Valachi," Vito Conterno shouted.

"You son of a bitch!" Chris screamed.

Then other inmates took their cue from Conterno, and Chris could hear their chant, "Joe Valachi . . . Joe Valachi . . . Joe Valachi . . ." ringing in his ears until he finally fell asleep.

• •

Daulton also was depressed much of the time these days as he awaited his sentencing. He had evaded jail so often, for so long, that he found it impossible to accept that he might now actually go to prison, possibly for a long time. And then something happened that gave him hope—and still another chance at survival.

It was contained in a postscript to the bitter strife among the jurors who had decided Daulton's fate. It was written six days after his conviction and filed with Judge Kelleher by Kahn and Re:

> Peggy Fuller, being first duly sworn, deposes and says:
>
> 1. That prior to the commencement of the trial, several jurors expressed the belief that Mr. Lee was guilty.
>
> 2. That the majority of the jurors became aware of the conviction of Christopher Boyce on the same charges during the course of the Lee trial.

3. The fact of the Boyce conviction was discussed in the Jury Room.
4. That other jurors discussed the case outside the Jury Room.
5. That pressure was applied on me outside the Jury Room to change my vote.
6. That I do have reasonable doubt as to the guilt of Mr. Lee and had the jury been polled, I would not have agreed with the jury verdict.

Affiant says nothing further.

Executed this 20th day of May, 1977, at Los Angeles, California.

(signed) Peggy Fuller

Miss Fuller told a reporter several jurors had seen a newspaper headline reporting Boyce's conviction on May 14, the night of his conviction, while they were dining in a Holiday Inn restaurant. It was a serious allegation. If it was accepted by Judge Kelleher, it could mean a new trial for Daulton. It would mean that the jury might have been prejudiced against Lee because his case was so closely intertwined with that of Christopher Boyce.

Stilz and Levine contacted other members of the jury and were told a story different from the one related by Miss Fuller. Joan Lyon, the housewife who had served as foreman of the jury, wrote a letter to Kelleher stating that she had contacted nine of the other ten jurors (besides herself and Peggy Fuller) and had found none who had seen the newspaper headline.

"We are dumbfounded as to what has prompted Miss Fuller to make these statements," she said, calling the assertions "absolutely false."

"We are satisfied that our performance of duty was in keeping with our oath as jurors. Because of the total lack of truth in the affidavit," she said, "we felt you should be so informed and I was delegated to write to you for the group of jurors."

Judge Kelleher held a hearing to determine which of the statements addressed to him was accurate. Miss Fuller took the witness stand and testified that she had seen the news headline and that another juror—whose identity she could not recall—had told her, "Well, if Boyce is guilty, then Lee must be guilty too."

Eight other jurors who had been subpoenaed to the special hearing before Judge Kelleher followed her to the stand. They all denied her charges. Kelleher ruled that there were not grounds in the affidavit for a new trial, and then he turned his attention to the next matter pending before him.

49

THE SENTENCING of Christopher John Boyce was scheduled for June 20, 1977. The night before, Chris began a letter to his parents. Neatly, slowly, he wrote in longhand:

Dear Dad and Mom:

My thoughts are a jumble. My emotions are bled white. I have become callous. I have been dancing on a razor. I close my eyes and I feel my falcon beating hard into the wind. . . .

Chris laid down his pencil. For a long time he looked at his words under the dim light of his cell, which was partially blocked by the shadow of his trousers. The trousers were knotted into a noose and hanging from the bars above his head.

Chris was writing a suicide note.

Once again he had weighed his options and concluded that dying was better than living.

His sentencing was tomorrow, and he was certain to get a life term.

He felt the lowest that he had felt since the day of his arrest. His sense of doom had kept him awake most nights since he had learned that Vito Conterno had turned his letters over to the prosecution.

Vito was still in the cell beside his, and as Chris looked up from his words he occasionally yelled an epithet at him. Lately, he had gotten a small measure of revenge on Conterno. Other inmates in D Block hadn't believed him when he shouted that *he* wasn't the snitch, Conterno was! But luckily, Bill Dougherty had another client in D Block, a drug dealer; Dougherty had told him the story, and this new prisoner had corroborated Chris's account. Now most of the other prisoners weren't speaking to Conterno.

Conterno also was awake in his cell on the night before Chris was to be sentenced: Chris could hear him pacing and groaning. He knew the old Mafioso was having heart pains again and tried to enjoy the thought. "I hope your heart bursts, Conterno!" he said loud enough for him to hear. "I hope you die!" Moments of pleasure were rare in his cell, but this was one of them.

Chris wanted Conterno to go to sleep so that he could go ahead with his suicide, but Conterno continued to moan and pace the floor in a monotonous thump.

Chris looked back at the few words he had written and wondered what he could say next. He wanted to say that he was not ashamed of what he had done, that he would do it over again. But mostly, he sought the words that somehow, against all the odds, would convince his father that he was right. He wanted him to *understand.* But what could he say? They were two people living in the same world who spoke different languages, each indecipherable to the other.

At dawn, the letter was still unfinished, and Chris removed the pants he had tied to his bars that were to serve as his noose.

As it had in the days when Chris had plotted to murder Daulton and on the eve of his testimony, his courage failed him again. Somewhere, through the night, he had heard the distant voices of Monsignor McCarthy and the sisters of St. John Fisher preaching that it was a mortal sin to take one's own life—as grievous as taking another's life. He ridiculed himself for his weakness.

His courage failed him that night in another way, too. Chris wanted to tell the judge what he *really* believed about the nation-states and their blind march toward self-destruction. Mentally he composed a script that would lay it all out right between the eyes.

But he decided that if he was going to have any chance of escaping prison for the rest of his life, he couldn't say what he believed.

He began to write a speech to the judge.

• •

"If ever there was a case in which a person presented himself in total puzzlement, your client is it," Judge Kelleher told George Chelius and Bill Dougherty a few hours later.

Kelleher had before him a presentencing report from the Federal probation officer who had been assigned to evaluate the defendant and report any special circumstances the judge should weigh in his behalf. It was a long and detailed exposition on the life of Christopher John Boyce—twenty-six pages, single-spaced, that tracked Chris from St.

John Fisher to the three colleges he had tried before going to work at TRW, and his subsequent arrest. The probation officer had talked to Chris's family, many of his former teachers and neighbors, and had found no one who would say anything negative about him. It was as if he were a surgeon, responding to symptoms of a malignancy, who had gone looking for a tumor and had found the organ normal, and it seemed to befuddle him.

At the probation officer's request, Chris had written an account of his experience—essentially the same one he had told at the trial—and answered so many questions about it that one day following a session with the P.O., he told one of his lawyers: "This guy's a spy freak. He wants to hear all the dicey details." In a rambling, sixteen-page handwritten memoir, Chris recounted for the probation officer the story he had told from the witness stand, but added some details. He first described how he purportedly had blurted out the information about Australia and the CIA to Daulton, while he was high, and then continued:

> A couple of weeks later under similar circumstances I had another private conversation with Lee at his father's house. Our discussion again drifted to Australia, and he inquired how I had come by that knowledge. I informed him I worked in an encoded communications room and that I was also aware of treaty violations perpetuated [*sic*] by the CIA against that government. I stated that I wished that and all other instances of CIA abuse could be made public, but to do so always left one open to a lawsuit. He stated that that sort of activity could best be handled by a third party. I replied that that had been the problem with the Pentagon Papers. He stated that his father, an ex-colonel in the Army Air Corps, had many influential friends, including many lawyers and business men. He said without revealing the source of the information a la Deep Throat he could make public the information. Sitting there stoned on hashish the idea sounded plausible and I told him it might work but that it would have to be documented. He suggested I outline in writing in general terms what I had told him. Later in the evening he informed me that his parole officer had issued a warrant for his arrest and that his father had given him money to leave the country and he had decided that soon he would go to Costa Rica. He stated that he would try to take care of the letter before that and would do what he could. I left the Lee house at about one in the morning and went home to my father's. I learned later in the week that he had left the country. I was surprised that he had not said goodbye.
>
> A few days later I received a call from Lee at my parents' house and

> I took it in my father's bedroom. Lee sounded belligerent and mentioned that he had taken my letter to his people. I asked, "what people?" He asked if I was sure I wanted to know. I answered in the affirmative and said, "come on tell me." He said "I gave it to the Russians." I said, "Come on, really, who did you give it to?" He replied again that he had given it to the Russians and informed me that he had taken it to the Soviet embassy in Mexico. I hung up on him and sat down on my father's bed. I couldn't believe what I had just heard. . . . The phone rang again and I took it off the hook, replacing the receiver and then setting it on the floor. I left my father's house and went to my apartment in Hermosa Beach. I began to drink and consider my next course of action.

Chris's story then described how Daulton had threatened him and his father with exposure unless he fed him more information from the vault. "I told him to drop dead and in no uncertain terms would I cooperate with him. He told me for $200 he could have me taken care of if I didn't want to play ball. He said he had copies of my letter and asked me how I would like to have them mailed to TRW. I hung up on him."

Chris wrote that a CIA technician had told him that much of the equipment in the Black Vault had been compromised when North Korea had captured the American spy ship *Pueblo,* and other NSA equipment had been seized by Communist agents in Africa during racial strife.

> Lee continued to call me at work and threaten me with exposure by mailing my letter to my employment. I also learned at this time that he was a heroin addict.
>
> With this knowledge I decided I had two options. Kill him outright or destroy his credibility with the Russians. I did not know who his real employer was and even now I am not sure. If I successfully murdered him I still had the problem of recovering the copies of my letter he retained. I would also have to contend with his narcotics connections with whom he was threatening my life. Not even owning a gun I decided on my second choice. His demands continued on my line at work.

Chris said that he had bought a gun, but had tried to satisfy Daulton's demand with outdated materials from the vault, photos of training manuals and materials he'd been told had been compromised.

> I began to lead a reckless life. I drove like a maniac on the freeways with no regard for my safety. I would go alone to falcon cliffs and climb down my lines hand over hand to the nesting ledge not really caring if I fell. I slipped from a raft in the Colorado River in the turbulence and came close to drowning. I frequently considered shooting Lee and then myself but I could not bring myself to go through with it. I became moody and depressed and escaped more and more often with pot, hashish and cocaine, all of which Lee gave me. I realized that under the circumstances my girl friend and I could never be married and she finally left me. I began to drink heavily and by October, '76, Lee had given me a total of $10,000 all of which I spent in quick sprees, considering even the money incriminating. Lee attempted to turn me into a heroin addict by lacing the cocaine he freely supplied me. After getting sick and realizing another one of his ploys, I refused further narcotics from him. I began to go over to his house armed with my automatic looking for an opening but I could never pull it out of my pocket and if I did I wasn't sure whether I would stop and who I would include. I never willfully committed espionage and what was supplied was useless. Perhaps that was the CIA's intention from the start. What I am guilty of is being a coward, although had I become a killer I had no idea who in the end I would have to settle with.

It was a well-reasoned tale of espionage by extortion, a blending of lies and reality.

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The probation officer's presentencing report was sympathetic and compassionate, and appeared in almost every line to be straining to believe Chris. Once again, Boyce had made a conquest. The report said in part:

> In his written and oral statements, the defendant notes a deep personal and societal disillusionment with the centralization and abuse of power by the Government and several of its agencies and specifically, the CIA. To him he became a witness to, and an instrument of, this abuse, which was all the more shocking as it involved CIA activities in Australia, "a true friend and ally."
>
> The defendant is the product of a stable, moral oriented middle class religious family, having the physical, intellectual and personal wherewithal to be successful. With no prior law violations but this one, he continues to command the respect of his family and friends, whose

> unwavering faith in him is remarkable. A pattern of radical changes emerge from the defendant. Having a strong Catholic religious upbringing in which he fully identified, his teens saw him at first question and then ultimately reject the fundamental precepts of that religion. Having a Catholic centered conservative view of politics, society and authority, this too was disturbed during his teens and rejected. The defendant, before entering high school, seemed to identify with authority figures in both the home, school and in society. Although the defendant never underwent a rebellion against a domestic authority, it is clear that he did reject other such sources. His acts in this offense are a manifestation of his rejection of Governmental authority.

Chris's actions, he said, had been influenced by Watergate and by revelations of official corruption and of abuses of American power abroad. "The defendant pursued his understanding of 'corruption' and held rather deep rooted opinions concerning them; to some extent the defendant's motivation was an attempt to expose what he considered to be unjust and unlawful activities of the CIA," the probation officer said.

Richard Stilz, the prosecutor, would say later that he had given copies of the letters Chris wrote to Vito Conterno to the probation officer, but, curiously, there was no reference to them in the probation report. Stilz also said the probation officer promised to send the letters to Judge Kelleher before Chris was sentenced.

The probation officer concluded in the report that he believed Chris's story of being dragged into the espionage scheme because of his Ellsberg-like impulse to expose evil in government. He accepted Chris's lies as the truth, but his report also contained a good deal of insight into the puzzling young man:

> The defendant had two important motivating factors: 1) His desire to attack central authority by virtue of his loss of faith in central government; 2) At the same time to expose the Central Intelligence Agency with an implicit faith in Government. These contending factors, it is suggested, were both operative with the defendant, and are consistent with the views set forth above, namely, that the defendant had developed these two attitudes toward authority in general. The reason why the defendant engaged in writing the letters exposing the Central Intelligence Agency, and handing them to Lee, lies in these two motivations. If the defendant were purely intending on exposing

the Central Intelligence Agency, he probably would have engaged in a more direct and less dangerous route.

It is felt that the defendant's continued cooperation with Lee arose out of a personal fear of Lee. This is suggested by the reputation that Lee had in the community. Although the defendant may have been coerced by Lee, it is not felt that the immediacy of Lee's threats excuses the defendant's actions. On the one hand we have the threat of exposing Boyce, with a possible harm to his family, and on the other hand we have the compromising of the United States concerning national defense and sensitive communications information. As between the two it is fairly evident that the implied threats do not justify his actions.

However, the defendant did apparently make a good faith attempt to resolve the dilemma that he was placed in in a way which would harm neither the United States nor himself or his family. The defendant apparently felt that he could control the flow of information, as he was the only person with access to it, and that he could thereby control both Lee and the Russians. To some extent the defendant drew incorrect inferences concerning the potential harm involved in his actions, and thereby did not correctly appreciate the harm involved, but nevertheless it appears that in most instances the defendant was attempting to resolve the dilemma that he found himself in without injury. When the defendant states that it was never his intent to injure the United States, it is felt that he is being basically honest.

The fact that the defendant received money tends to suggest his pecuniary interests in his activities. It is felt however that the defendant's motivation was not financial, but that his interest is more consistent with what has been discussed above.

What is perhaps the most shocking aspect of the defendant's activities is the continuity of it and the fact that there was much time to reflect and to consider alternative means to resolve the dilemma that he describes. It simply strains credibility that the defendant was at all times being threatened. Nor is this his position. His own statements reflect that the threats were no longer immediate, but were only implicit.

In assessing the defendant generally, it is to be noted that there is nothing in his past to suggest that he would engage in this type of activity. His prior record and general community adjustment, his personality and relationship with friends and family all strongly indicate that this is out of character with the defendant.

Because of these facts, the defendant was given the benefit of the doubt in many close factual questions. By and large he has been very

> open, candid and fundamentally honest. This is consistent with his general reputation and with the assessment made here.

Without making a recommendation for a sentence, the report concluded:

> It adds little, but it must be said that the defendant has derived a lifetime of experience by virtue of this episode, his detection and processing through the courts. It is felt that the defendant will eventually return to society and function as an asset in it, with a rather unique appreciation of himself, his motivation and his future purposes.

Judge Kelleher seemed utterly perplexed over the decision he faced on sentencing the young man who had so obviously impressed his probation officer. The probation report had been sealed from public scrutiny, but the judge alluded to it in remarks to Chelius and Dougherty, emphasizing that the probation officer had suggested there was a strong chance their client could be rehabilitated, and there was "some good" in him. Chelius asked the judge to consider sentencing Chris on an interim basis for ninety days so that he could be examined in depth by the Federal Bureau of Prisons psychiatrists and then the judge could decide on the final sentence. Before ruling on this request, Kelleher asked Chris if he had anything to say before sentence was passed.

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Chris had looked into a dilemma the night before: Should he tell the court how he *really* felt about the United States, the nationalists and their crazed march toward oblivion? Or should he plead for his future? It was, he would recollect later, a one-sided struggle with his conscience, and a brief one. He opted for survival.

50

His face reddening, Chris rose and walked slowly to the same lectern that had been used by the lawyers who had argued his guilt or innocence.

"I stand convicted of a great offense," he began. "I have had much time to consider what I believe to be my primary error in thinking in this matter.

"There have been times in my life when I have been caused to face intense dilemmas. My judgments, my mistakes defy explanations. I address myself to that which I fail to understand." He paused, letting the words resonate in the quiet courtroom.

"I have witnessed a lack of trust in this country between the governed and their government. As I grew older, I became aware that the overwhelming majority of young people of my age placed little or no faith in our established institutions. It was not that we failed in our commitment to democratic principles. It was that we no longer were confident of the direction our government had taken."

Chris's voice thickened as he spoke. Reporters sitting at the press table saw moisture glistening in his eyes that reflected the soft lights of the crowded courtroom.

"What I failed to understand," Chris went on, looking up at Judge Kelleher from the words he had written the night before, "was that it didn't matter if the President was a criminal; it didn't matter if the land was filled with prejudice and bias; it didn't matter if law enforcement could be lawless or that we could kill and maim in Vietnam for eight years. It didn't matter if we could assassinate and topple elected governments.

"What I failed to grasp," he continued, "was that while these and other things disgusted me, none of them individually or even their sum total were the central issue. What was vitally, indispensably important was that we had ideals. That we based our society on law. . . ."

Chris turned to the next page and started to continue. But as he began to speak the words, he was momentarily stunned. The page read:

"Dear Dad and Mom: My thoughts are a jumble. . . ."

It was his half-finished suicide note from the night before, written on the back of a sheet of the tissue-paper stationery on which he'd drafted his appeal to the judge. Quickly, he flipped over the piece of paper and continued:

"No matter that our history was flawed . . . There are those who strive to be correct, to heal, to persevere toward those goals upon which we base our government.

"And when the time arrived, in the face of pressure, my decision was colored in the back of my mind with the thought that I had been betrayed by my government. That what we were and where we had arrived were irreconcilable. I was wrong to believe that my ideals no longer counted. I believed the nation to have abandoned those commitments toward principle which have made this country unique. And when I was coerced, it left me with little strength to fall back on. It was a position I did not seek. My primary error was in failing to appreciate that my country is anchored in principle no matter what the practices of its government. On the eighth of January I was determined to remain in the United States and to account for my actions. It was no easy decision. I appreciate the court's position. I would hope that at some reasonable time I'd be allowed to contribute once again to this society. There is no possibility of a recurrence of this matter. I have never been involved in criminality. I am emotionally exhausted but not beaten. I have one goal in my life and that is to recover my reputation. I am resolved to accomplish it. I appreciate the conscientious defense my attorneys provided. I apologize to my father. I express profound regrets to the American people and their principles."

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There was a silence in the courtroom that lasted perhaps thirty seconds. Then Judge Kelleher, after praising Chris's two defense lawyers for work in the "finest tradition" of the law (he seemed to appreciate how little they had to work with), sentenced Chris to a ninety-day psychiatric study. The sentence was imposed under the Federal statute designed to allow leniency for young offenders. His final sentencing was delayed until September.

There was rejoicing in the Boyce camp. "I'm delighted," Dougherty told a press conference after the hearing ended. Without divulging its contents, he said the probation report had been "extremely favorable," and added that the judge's seeming puzzlement over Chris suggested to him that he was going to show compassion for him at the final sentencing three months hence. "Sentencing him under the Youth Act is a bellwether," he said. "I think it's possible he may not serve more than six years."

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Daulton returned to the courtroom of Federal District Judge Robert J. Kelleher on the morning of July 18, 1977.

He had observed Kelleher long enough now not to expect the patience he had found in the Torrance courtroom of Judge Donahue. Nevertheless, as he entered the courtroom that morning wearing the conservative business suit he had worn throughout his trial, Daulton still clung to a shaft of hope. The hope was based on one thing: he had, like Chris, agreed to be debriefed by Jerry Brown and his associates, and as Chris had before him, Daulton had given the CIA a step-by-step account of the espionage partnership. He maintained that it had been Chris's idea from the beginning and gave his interrogators a list of the documents and photographs he could remember delivering to the Russians. He couldn't recall all of them, though, he said; he hadn't bothered to read a lot of the documents he sold to his KGB contacts. He gave every impression of being a simple peddler, unconcerned about the nature of his merchandise, interested only in the money he could sell it for.

The government representatives showed Daulton photographs, many of them taken surreptitiously by CIA agents. Some were slightly fuzzy pictures of a man getting into cars; others showed men walking along streets and entering a restaurant. Daulton recognized an old friend—there was a photograph of Old Steely Teeth, Mikhail Vasilyevich Muzankov—in the full-dress uniform of a Red Army general. There were photos of Boris, Okana, Karpov, Dagtyr and a half-dozen other KGB agents whom Daulton identified for the CIA as his contacts in Mexico City. "I blew a dozen agents for the KGB," Daulton would boast afterward.

On the morning of July 18, his cooperation with the agency whose secrets he had sold to the Soviet Union was his only hope—the government had promised to take this into consideration when he was sentenced. He hoped the judge would sentence him under the Youth Act so he could get out in six or seven years.

When Richard A. Stilz rose to address Judge Kelleher, the first thing he did was inform the court of the defendant's cooperation with the CIA, and he said it had helped the agency assess the damage from the espionage conspiracy. But it was soon apparent that leniency was not on his mind. Stilz began his argument by recounting Daulton's long record in drug trafficking. From the time he was a teen-ager, he said, Daulton had spurned the basic tenets of conduct of a civilized society.

"Furthermore," he said, "based on the evidence that has been adduced before this court, there can be no question but that defendant Lee committed perhaps the most serious crime that a person could possibly commit—espionage. A crime against one's country; in many respects, a crime more serious than murder . . . a crime, your honor, not committed against one victim, such as murder, but against millions of victims . . . here the entire population of the United States.

"And for what?" Stilz asked, looking over at Daulton, whose eyes were cast down at the table in front of him.

"Why did he do what he did? What was his motive for selling out his country? What was his motive in delivering this country's most sensitive top secrets to the Russians for over a two-year period?" Stilz asked, slightly stretching the duration of the espionage operation.

"His motive was simple, yet shocking. He did it for *money*. In other words, Your Honor, he jeopardized this country's safety and well-being for money. Not for any strong anti-America belief or for any particular ideology which he possessed. He simply did it for the money."

And then, for the first time, Stilz acknowledged in public that the loss from the Black Vault had extended beyond the Pyramider papers. Some of the documents sold to the Russians, Stilz said, were "so extremely sensitive that the government did not include them in the indictment or expose them in trial."

Daulton fidgeted in his seat and looked at Ken Kahn with a frown that needed no words to convey his fear.

"Your Honor," Stilz went on, "no value can be placed on the actual damage that defendant Lee had caused to the national defense and security of the United States, nor the damage that he had done to the CIA's covert intelligence gathering and operations. Nor can we place the value on the lives of covert CIA intelligence agents which may have been jeopardized due to defendant Lee's espionage activities. In fact, we will probably never know the full extent or content of the damage done by defendant Lee, but may someday, unfortunately, realize its effect.'' Given Lee's long pattern of criminal behavior; his unwillingness to abide by the rules of society; the seriousness of the charges of which he was convicted; the nature of the documents he had sold to the Russians and his calculated economic motive in selling out his country, Stilz argued, there was only one choice facing Judge Kelleher: life imprisonment.

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Don Re stood up and approached the lectern with a seemingly impossible task. After Stilz' stinging attack on Daulton, Re had to plead for compassion. He tried gamely, but there was not much he could say.

One of the basic reasons for sending one man to jail, he said, was to deter another from committing the same crime in the future. But, he argued, espionage was not a crime in this category: the motives for espionage were so varied, so unique to the individuals who were moved by the temptation to commit it, that the traditional concept of deterrence did not apply. ''It is almost inconceivable that a person can engage in that kind of conduct if he is fully aware of what the potential harm can be.

''I suppose in this case we have some indications as to the 'why.' We can see the excitement that is generated. We can see a young man in his early twenties at the time this began perhaps being attracted to the notion of excitement, the notion of adventure. But that attraction is not the attraction of a criminal to do a criminal act. That is an attraction of an immature individual who chooses perhaps the most unwise course he could ever choose. . . .''

The youthful dark-haired attorney was trying, but if he was making any points with Kelleher, there were no indications of it in the bored expression of the judge.

''I would ask the Court to give long consideration,'' Re continued, ''to the question of whether there is anything that can be salvaged from this life or whether we just throw it away and determine to make an example, or for whatever other purpose, keep him out of society. And I think that when the balance is struck in that manner, some substantial consideration has to be given to whether there is salvageable material in this defendant. And it really is salvage, because regardless of what this court does, this defendant bears a stigma which he can never erase for the rest of his life. He will bear a stigma that he is not trustworthy, that he is not loyal.

"He has stigmatized his name through this conviction," Re said.

"It is a family which is torn apart now, not only through the potential loss of their eldest son, but, I think the Court is aware, through the imminent loss of the head of the household; that since the termination of this trial, Mr. Lee's father has discovered that he is terminally ill."

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Kelleher asked Daulton to stand while he imposed sentence.

Daulton lifted his small body with its almost simian geometry out of his seat and prepared to hear the judge's decision. Kelleher asked Daulton if he had anything to say in his own behalf. Daulton said he did not and was allowed to sit down.

"This is a crime of great degree . . . treason doesn't occur very often," the judge began. He acknowledged Daulton's cooperation with the CIA and that he planned to weigh it as "an act of expiation" in determining his sentence.

Hope flickered in Daulton. But as quickly as the judge had ignited it, he snuffed it out:

"This Court is satisfied that the defendant made available to the Soviets—for a price—whatever he was able to obtain," and along the way passed a substantial measure of corruption to his codefendant.

"The Court is satisfied that there was a disposition on the part of this defendant to do any hurt which might result from turning over to the Soviets the materials available to him as long as the price was right. The Court has in mind also that this is a youth. When were you born, Mr. Lee?"

"January, 1952."

"That is January 2, 1952?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"The Court is aware that this is a defendant now in his twenty-sixth year and was a youth when the crime was committed. The Court is not persuaded at all that he suffered during the period involved with any significant degree of immaturity. The Court is impressed and wholly satisfied that this was a young man mature beyond his years in the sophistication of world travel and engagement in nefarious activities on a wide geographical basis.'' It was a tip-off that Kelleher did not intend to sentence Daulton under the Youth Act.

Looking at Re, Kelleher said he found it difficult to give weight to his argument that Lee deserved mercy because he came from a close, devoted family. He made no mention of the reference to Dr. Lee's cancer, but said, ''The Court's heart goes out to the parents of this defendant.'' He noted that he had observed their daily attendance at his trial. He said he felt compassion for them and respected their loyalty. But in his next breath, he said that, contrary to Re's argument, treason was a crime that demanded a sentence with a deterring effect.

Daulton looked quickly over at Re and Kahn, as if pleading for help.

''The Court,'' Kelleher continued, ''must give recognition to the compelling need to those similarly disposed that for whatever reasons —of youth, or challenge, or excitement, or otherwise—that this is a game you do not play for any such purpose. . . .

''The defendant is hereby committed to the custody of the Attorney General or his authorized representatives for imprisonment for a term of his natural life.''

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Daulton packed the few possessions he had in his jail cell in Los Angeles and prepared for transfer to a Federal penitentiary to begin the life sentence. He had not seen Chris now in many weeks. But through Kahn, he had followed his efforts to get a favorable sentence under the Youth Act, via his defense of extortion and his participation in further debriefings with the CIA. Daulton had heard about the favorable probation report and felt a grudging admiration for Chris: it looked as if he might save himself.

When Daulton had finished packing, he was taken to a car by Federal marshals for the trip to his next prison. But en route, Daulton made one stop, arranged by Stilz at the request of Anne Lee.

The prison car climbed up The Hill from the flatlands of Los Angeles, followed the high bluffs that skirted the Pacific, and came to a stop on the big driveway in front of the Lee home.

A marshal led him into the house and then stood back, waiting, while Daulton tiptoed into his father's bedroom and said good-bye.

''Pops, I love you,'' he said, and held his hand a few moments.

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Lompoc is a small town in Central California 170 miles north of The Hill that is best known for its production of commercial flower seeds —an industry that each spring turns the Lompoc Valley into a panoramic rainbow of fragrant sweet peas, stock, petunias and a dozen other varieties of flowers. Besides flower blossoms, Lompoc's economy is rooted in the payrolls of two institutions of the United States Government—the Lompoc Federal Correctional Institution and Vandenberg Air Force Base—the CIA's principal launching platform, along with Cape Canaveral, for spy satellites.

The prison car arrived at the Lompoc penitentiary late in the afternoon of August 4, 1977, and Daulton began his life term. At 1:10 P.M. the following day, his father died of stomach cancer.

51

AT 2 P.M. on September 12, 1977, the clerk of Federal District Court Judge Robert J. Kelleher announced Item 19 on the judge's calendar that day:

"Criminal Case 77-131, *United States of America versus Christopher John Boyce*."

Chris's parents and most of his eight sisters and brothers were seated in the second row of the crowded courtroom. It was the first time they had come to court. George Chelius had told his friend and former boss, Charles Boyce, that he was optimistic Chris would get off with a moderate sentence.

Chris had reason to be hopeful. There were now two encouraging reports about him in the possession of Judge Kelleher. Since the favorable presentencing probation report had been filed with the court in June, he had been interviewed at Terminal Island by Federal Bureau of Prisons psychiatrists and psychologists, and they, like the probation officer who had written the earlier report, had accepted his story that he had become a spy because he was blackmailed by an old friend. *Maybe his lie had worked.*

The other reason to be optimistic was Kelleher's decision in June to sentence him preliminarily under provisions of the Youth Act. To the lawyers, this seemed to signal that the final sentence would also be under this provision of the law. Daulton's life sentence had not added to their optimism, but the lawyers hoped the judge accepted Chris's story of extortion.

A few days before the sentencing, Chris had told two newspaper reporters, during an interview at Terminal Island, that he hoped for a sentence of six or seven years. Then, he said, he wanted to become a lawyer. "I know that sounds funny," he said, gesturing toward his prison uniform. "But the law is something that's always interested me, and it's something by which I would be able to show society that I'm a worthwhile person and that Judge Kelleher was not wrong."

• •

Although Chelius and Dougherty were ostensibly optimistic when they entered the courtroom, they knew there was the equivalent of a legal bomb that could detonate Chris's chances of a lenient sentence —his letters to Vito Conterno.

The clerk had barely finished reading the docket number of the case when Chelius signaled the judge that he wanted to make a motion at the side of the bench, where he would not be heard by the spectators.

Chelius, Dougherty and Stilz all approached the bench. Joel Levine had resigned from government service, and Stilz was representing the government alone.

"Yes, gentlemen?" Kelleher inquired.

Chelius said he wanted to bring up the matter of letters Chris had written while he was at Terminal Island. "We would like to see those suppressed on the basis that they would cause undue prejudice and would be only cumulative in nature as to the continuing charges for which he has been found guilty."

"I am not clear what you are saying. Specifically, to what letters are you referring?" Kelleher, like Chelius, was whispering.

"Well," Chelius said, "the United States Attorney submitted letters purportedly written by the defendant Boyce prior to the last sentencing—"

"If I may interrupt for a minute," Stilz said. "They were letters purportedly written by defendant Boyce to an inmate in prison, and these letters discuss partly about the spy trial, that in fact he still works with the KGB and that his interests still lie with the KGB."

''Does the record reflect that the Court is familiar with these?'' Kelleher, seemingly puzzled, asked.

''No,'' Chelius said.

''It doesn't ring a bell with me at all. I don't think I ever saw them,'' the judge said.

''Well, I submitted these letters *in camera,* copies of those letters,'' Stilz said. ''I provided them to the probation officer, and the probation officer indicated that he provided those letters to you, Your Honor. If you are not familiar, I can go get the original letters and let you consider them before sentencing.

''I think they are *extremely* important,'' Stilz insisted.

''No, they will be ordered suppressed,'' Kelleher said. ''The Court will represent that it has no recollection whatever of the contents of any such letters, and if there is a recollection that comes to mind it will disregard any such matters.''

''Okay,'' Chelius said, pleased.

''Your Honor, may I be heard for a moment?'' Stilz persisted.

''Your Honor, I think it is extremely imperative that I be allowed to argue those letters, the contents of those letters. They show the state of mind and intent of Boyce after he was convicted, and they show no—''

''They are insufficient before the Court for that purpose,'' Kelleher snapped, ''so you will not make any reference to them.''

''May I submit those letters to Your Honor before sentencing?''

''No, you may not.''

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Chelius and Dougherty returned to the defense table and told Chris things still looked good: Kelleher had refused to consider the letters in determining his sentence. Chris's spirits were lifted.

Stilz rose to begin his pleading. As he had done at Daulton's sentencing, he began by acknowledging that Chris had ''cooperated fully'' with the government since his conviction. ''He voluntarily allowed himself to be interviewed and debriefed on numerous occasions by Federal agents; and more important, the information he did in fact provide to the United States Government proved extremely valuable to the CIA in terms of assessing the damage done to our national security and defense.

''However,'' Stilz continued, ''even taking defendant Boyce's cooperation into consideration, it is the position of the United States that defendant Boyce should be sentenced to life imprisonment.'' And then he listed the reasons:

''As he stands before Your Honor for sentencing, it cannot be questioned nor challenged by anyone that he committed one of the most serious offenses that a person can possibly commit against society: espionage—an act of betraying one's own country, here the United States of America, a country that gave defendant Boyce his very existence, his education and an opportunity; a country that gave him, above all, freedom, his liberty and his security. But apparently unimpressed by these cherished items, defendant Boyce turned against his country and jeopardized its safety and well-being; in turn, he jeopardized the safety and well-being of all Americans. Why did he do what he did?

''What was his motive in jeopardizing the security and safety of his country and selling his country's most sensitive top secrets to the Russians?

''Was it money? Was it for monetary gain? Perhaps to a small degree. But this was not his primary motive as it was with his codefendant, Andrew Daulton Lee.

''His primary motive, Your Honor, was to aid and benefit the Russians.''

Of course, Stilz continued, the defendant had said in open court that he was disillusioned by his government and had been coerced by Lee and had committed crimes that ''may have caused untold potential damage to our national security and for this damage he has expressed in open court his 'profound regrets' to the American people and their principles. He then asked to be allowed to contribute once again to our society, that there was no possibility of a recurrence of his past deeds.''

The government submits, Stilz said, that his defense is ''simply not worthy of belief.

''He was not coerced by Lee. No doubt his codefendant, Lee, had an influence upon him and probably at times pressured him due to his own monetary greed. But clearly not to the extent claimed and emphasized by defendant Boyce. Boyce had his own motive for betraying his country. He carried his betrayal into fruition because he had a reason to do so. His reason was to advantage and benefit the U.S.S.R.''

Chris, again wearing his rust-colored corduroy suit, but with an open-necked, flowered sport shirt different from the one he'd worn during most of the trial, didn't look at Stilz as he spoke. He looked down at the defense table and fiddled with a pencil.

Not only, Stilz said, had the defendant systematically transmitted secrets to the Soviet Union; he had quit TRW to take a college course that would lead to a job in the State Department working covertly for the U.S.S.R. There was still another reason that this case demanded life imprisonment, Stilz continued: the nature of the documents that were sold to the Russians.

"First, there were those Top Secret documents and materials proved at trial, of which this Court is fully aware. Second, and more important, Your Honor, were those Top Secret documents and materials not charged in the indictment nor proved at trial. These documents and materials were, of course, so extremely sensitive that the government did not dare to expose them at trial. Yet defendant Boyce freely caused their transmittal for over a two-year period!"

Dougherty rose to his feet.

"May it please the Court," he said. "I dislike to interrupt, but I hardly believe my client can be sentenced on the basis of anything that was not brought before the Court or proved at the trial."

"Overruled," Kelleher said.

Stilz deplored the espionage acts of Chris for more than twenty minutes. And then he concluded:

"Defendant Boyce knew if he breached the security of his position at TRW that the lives of every man, woman and child in this country would be drastically affected. He did so notwithstanding. He must, therefore, Your Honor, be expected to pay the consequences."

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Now it was the defense's turn. Bill Dougherty raised his huge frame out of his chair and approached the lectern. There was a short silence while he arranged the notes he had written and put on his reading glasses. Then, having no choice, he appealed for mercy.

Referring to the study of Chris that had been made that summer by the Bureau of Prisons, he said its author had concluded "that this act never could have happened had it not been for the gross negligence of TRW. I don't say that excuses Mr. Boyce, but if we take the setting of a young boy, an impressionable young boy, in an extremely sensitive place, with absolutely no supervision, we see that the opportunity was not created by him."

He stressed Chris's willingness to spend six days with CIA representatives. "He and only he knew what had happened, and he chose to tell completely and honestly to the CIA and the FBI everything that he remembered." Finally, after appealing to Judge Kelleher to sentence Chris under youthful-offender statutes, Dougherty turned over the defense's case to Chelius. As he walked away from the lectern, the judge stopped him and told Dougherty he might want to consider two points while Chelius was proceeding.

"First: When one is awaiting sentence under a statute which, amongst other things, provides for a death penalty—the appropriateness of which has been brought under some question by virtue of some of the expressed wisdom of the Supreme Court in recent years—but facing sentence which clearly can be maximized to life imprisonment—it is understandable that he will at that time become cooperative." Nevertheless, the judge said he would not ignore the defendant's cooperation.

"But there is one thing that struck this Court very strongly concerning your client at a time when he really could have performed in vindication or perhaps in expiation, and that was perhaps to come forward as a witness to see that a disreputable codefendant did not escape with a fictitious, false, unsupported, almost insulting defense, which might have succeeded before a jury, but which would never have been done had your client been in the position where he would come forward to give the full lie to the testimony of his codefendant.

"You rise to some matter, Mr. Chelius?"

"Your Honor, I represent to this Court that defendant Boyce offered his testimony against Lee, which testimony was rejected by the United States Attorney."

"What testimony did he offer?"

"He offered to tell the whole story," Chelius said.

"Well, what was that testimony? Did it relate to—"

"It would have related, Your Honor, to the fact that defendant Lee was not a representative nor had he ever been advised that he was working for the Central Intelligence Agency; the United States Attorney rejected that testimony."

"Very well," Kelleher said.

Then Stilz, looking agitated, rose to address the judge.

"Number one," Stilz said, "we rejected the testimony because I would put no witness on the stand who I thought would lie. And number two—"

''Very well,'' the judge said. ''That is sufficient. I think we will let it rest at that.''

Resuming the pleading, Chelius argued that Chris's espionage acts had done less damage to the United States than Stilz had claimed. ''Historically,'' he said, ''such crimes would have gravely damaged the defense interests of the United States; but modern rapid scientific improvement in the state of the art makes most, if not all, information obsolete within a matter of months. Some experts, for example, believe that such information cannot be protected longer than two years.'' Then he turned, as Dougherty had before him, to the seedbed where Chris's acts of espionage had occurred—the TRW plant.

''One could use the cliché 'When in Rome do as the Romans do,' for at TRW the security awareness and the importance they attached to the information, which has been the subject matter of the case, begged for just such a result. This, combined with the gullible nature of the defendant, made Christopher John Boyce an easy mark for completion of the crime.

''The probation report fairly details the personal life of Christopher John Boyce. I will not discuss it in any great detail except to point out that the defendant is twenty-four years old without a prior criminal record, a good history of satisfactory work and achievement, and a very supportive family, which is present in court today. All of these factors should assist Chris in achieving the societal goal of rehabilitation.''

Chelius stressed again Chris's cooperation during the debriefing sessions. ''It should be noted that by giving this report he has subjected himself to personal risk of injury from other inmates, because such actions are inconsistent with the code of conduct within the prison system.

''What is the future of Christopher John Boyce?'' Chelius asked, after a short pause, and then answered:

''Since the defendant's arrest and continuing through today, I have had numerous opportunities to discuss future goals of the defendant with him. One of the things that impresses me is his resolve to become a useful and productive member of society and to show this Court that he is capable of its trust and confidence. To this end I urge the Court to structure its sentence toward the goal of rehabilitation and not punishment.''

52

"MR. BOYCE, you have the right to address the Court before sentence is passed," Kelleher said. "Do you wish to speak?"

"No, sir," Chris responded.

"Does the Court wish to ask my client any questions, Your Honor?" Dougherty asked.

"No. Very well, you may be seated," Kelleher said, and then began a long, often rambling monologue. Before he had spoken many words, it became apparent that the judge who had admitted three months earlier to being perplexed by the defendant was more sure of himself this day.

"This was a long and protracted trial, and much was said in the course of that trial," he said. "Much was disclosed in the course of the trial. Some of what was said was believed by the jury and some by the Court. Much was believed neither by the jury nor by the Court.

"It has been urged on the Court today, for example, that the laxity of security, in whatever degree it existed, at TRW is a factor relevant to the sentence process. I am not sure that the record here would disclose in fact that there was a significant degree of laxity in the security program at TRW." The defendant, he added, had testified about such laxity. "I don't believe a word of that."

Chris shifted in his seat.

"The difficulty that this defendant faces at the present time is whether there is any integrity within him.

"The Court didn't find any veracity in him. The attempt that he made to rationalize his reasons for embarking on this program of espionage at one time was generally to the effect that he was appalled at his government and what it was doing to Australia.

"Absolutely made of whole cloth, totally irresponsible—an act of irresponsibility not only toward the penal laws of this country but toward its international relationships—and the defendant was not deterred in the saying of those things, because apparently he thought they would serve his purposes."

It hadn't worked.

"There are factors which run in his favor," Kelleher continued. "The Court has in mind the cooperation which was given in attempting to minimize the wrong that was done by telling what he knew or what he could remember, perhaps, of the sensitive material that he had caused to be turned over to the Russians.

"But the Court had the impression that he just photographed everything in sight as long as it would serve the purpose of equipping Lee with that which he needed to sell to the Russians, and that there wasn't much discrimination by the defendant as to what he was photographing. He perhaps didn't even *know* the full extent to which he thereby caused the Russians to know about the sensitive program involved.

"Just what can conscientiously and consistently be done by a court in imposing sentence here which gives adequate recognition to the need to tell Boyce and all others like him that you play this game at risk of the most severe penalty . . . not a moderate penalty, but a severe penalty?

"There was real wisdom in the Congress in providing by statute that acts exactly such as here performed qualify one for a death sentence."

There was a pause in his monologue, and in the silence of the courtroom one of Chris's sisters could be heard sobbing.

"*That* is obviously deterrence of the highest order," he continued.

"I think this defendant was corrupted by an evil person. I think the defendant has within him some decency and perhaps some real potential for that decency to manifest itself and become meaningful to the community. If there were somehow disclosed to the Court a sentence which would allow this defendant to take his place at some reasonably early date in the community and still not send forth the wrong word in deterrence, the Court would embrace such a sentence.

"Even if the Court accepted as true the expressed motivation by this defendant that he was setting out to correct evil security practices by the government, the word needs to go forward that you don't do that.

"In the role he played, in the position he occupied, it was none of his business to attempt unilaterally and through criminal acts to revamp a system he didn't like, or which he disapproved, or of which he was critical.

"With all respect to Mr. Chelius and Mr. Dougherty, the Court will say to you gentlemen that you compound the difficulties for the Court in imposing sentence by the fact of who you are, respectively. It is part of the record of this court that you, Mr. Chelius, are one of those unusual persons, unusual in numbers, who bears the highest security classifications and who, accordingly, is unusually informed concerning all matters as they relate to the security program.

"And you, Mr. Dougherty, enjoy at least a reputation which certainly has the effect of placing you somewhat similarly situated to Mr. Chelius in respect to kinds of acts which are here disclosed as having been committed." It was a reference to Dougherty's Marine Corps record.

"The Court will say at the same time that each of you gentlemen has at the very least earned the admiration and the respect of the Court for the professional manner in which each of you, under what must be unusual difficulties for each of you, discharged your professional duties."

Kelleher then rejected Chelius' contention that in an era of fast-moving technology a nation is unable to hide all its secrets for long. "We have to survive despite the weaknesses of the system," the judge said, "and we have to cope with the system and make it work better."

Kelleher's long monologue was coming to an end. It had revealed that he had wrestled with a dilemma. And then he disclosed how he had resolved it.

Reversing himself, Kelleher said that he had concluded that the defendant would not benefit from the Youth Corrections Act and then gave his decision:

"The Court has a duty in regard to the sentence that it imposes here, and it would hope by whatever means may be available there would be some expansion of the restraints which decent people must self-impose if the system is to work or, in the alternative, that inability to exercise such restraint will lead to prison. Any legal reason why sentence should not at this time be imposed?"

"No, Your Honor," Dougherty said.

And then, at the age of twenty-four, Christopher John Boyce was sentenced to forty years in prison.

53

After the arrest of Chris and Daulton, the Central Intelligence Agency ordered surprise security inspections at companies around the country that manufactured espionage satellites and other equipment for the CIA, and Stansfield Turner, the agency's director, reported afterward that the results were ''distressing, perhaps appalling.''

TRW instituted a number of reforms in its security procedures after the arrests. It decreed that henceforth no employees would be allowed to work alone in the Black Vault, and that only two employees, working together, could set ciphers for the cryptographic machines.

Employees henceforth were forbidden to take packages, parcels, briefcases and other items, including potted plants, into and out of the vault. Rules were promulgated informing employees that while entering and leaving designated ''secure areas,'' they were subject to search. Television cameras were installed to monitor certain high-security areas twenty-four hours a day, and a score of other restrictions were imposed after the trials, including rules tightening surveillance of employees' foreign travel; periodic interviews regarding employees' personal lives and random inspections for security violations in the Black Vault were ordered.

TRW also informed the CIA that it would implement new screening procedures for staffing of sensitive areas, ''looking toward maturity of personnel and compensation commensurate to the responsibilities of the job function.''

A new policy was put into force requiring annual rotation of employees in high-security assignments ''to preclude incestuous relationships from developing.'' And TRW said it would ''embark on a positive education program to break down the code of silence that exists among most working groups'' in the hope of encouraging employees in sensitive jobs to report the misconduct of others. And, TRW told the CIA:

All personnel history statements of employees thirty years of age and under will be required to list five names of associates of peer groups for interview as to possible suitability.

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In October, 1978, in a speech at Cape Canaveral, President Jimmy Carter lifted the official veil of secrecy that had cloaked American espionage operations in space for twenty years: The United States owned up to using spy satellites. Carter declared:

"Photoreconnaissance satellites have become an important stabilizing factor in world affairs in the monitoring of arms agreements. They make an immense contribution to the security of all nations."

A few weeks later, after the CIA had failed to anticipate a popular uprising in Iran against the Shah, the President sent a critical memo to CIA Director Turner. Alluding to the setback in Iran and other recent intelligence failures, Carter took the CIA to task: Perhaps, he suggested, the CIA had become too dependent upon "technical" means of intelligence collection—specifically, satellites. Perhaps, he added, it had forgotten the value of old-fashioned human spies.

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There was never any public admission from the CIA about its grievous loss of data concerning Projects Rhyolite and Argus and the other secrets that had flowed out of the Black Vault for almost two years.

On December 8, 1978, William Clements, who had served as Deputy Secretary of Defense during part of the time Chris worked in the vault and was later elected governor of Texas, in a speech to the Philosophical Society of Texas that generally denounced what he saw as the sorry state of American military preparedness, said:

"Our intelligence community is in disarray. A major satellite intelligence system, developed and deployed at a cost of billions of dollars over the past decade, without Soviet knowledge, has been compromised by intelligence procedures as porous as Swiss cheese."

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A number of months after the conviction of Boyce and Lee, the CIA began to notice a difference in some of the telemetry signals the Rhyolite system was collecting from the test flights of Soviet ballistic missiles: they were in code.

For at least four years, the American satellites had secretly intercepted test data from the launches and transmitted the information to the Australian bases. The intercepted telemetry signals provided reports on velocity, heading, trajectory and other aspects of the test intended for Soviet researchers who used the data to diagnose the performance of their new hardware. Because of the eavesdropping by the Rhyolite birds, American technical experts also could analyze the signals and follow from afar the evolution of new Soviet weapons, including tests of advanced multiple warheads, atmospheric-reentry systems and radar-deceiving ''penetration aids.'' Along with on-the-ground and aircraft monitoring of Soviet telemetry, the eavesdropping enabled the CIA to develop a substantial body of information about the evolving capabilities of Russian weapons and give American negotiators at SALT conferences advance knowledge about the capabilities of the weapons. It was as if Americans, playing a game of poker with the Russians, were standing behind them, looking at their hand.

When the Russians began encoding the telemetry reports, the United States lost part of its ability to look over their shoulders. Exactly what role the information provided by the two young Americans played in the Soviets' decision is not known. Only the Soviet officials who made the decision to begin encoding the signals could attest to the importance of the information. But whatever the reason, it was a major setback for the United States because it closed a window on Soviet technology at a time of rapid improvements in Russian missile hardware; and further because when such satellites were becoming increasingly important to police international arms-control agreements, U.S. listening posts in Iran would soon be closed by political turmoil there.

It is also impossible to assess fully other aspects of the damage done to the United States by the two friends' espionage scheme. Ironically, only the Soviet Union knows in full all of the secrets that flowed out of the Black Vault. Chris may have been drunk some of the time he selected the secrets he gave Daulton. And Daulton did not remember all his merchandise because it was only that—goods to be sold for a price.

At the least, the Russians obtained an unprecedented look at the day-to-day operations of American espionage satellites, particularly Rhyolite. They became privy to the function of the Australian bases and the American deceptions against them. And they learned technical details about U.S. spy satellites at a time when the two countries were negotiating agreements to control strategic arms with the intent to use such satellites to verify compliance with them—and when each country was urgently preparing weapons, such as TRW's laser gun, to disable the other's spy satellites.

The dual loss of the data from the Black Vault and the Iranian monitoring stations came at a particularly unfortunate time for the CIA. In the spring of 1979, the Carter Administration negotiated a new SALT agreement with the Soviet Union in which the world's two superpowers agreed to throttle back development of new nuclear missiles. The issue of whether the United States could verify Soviet compliance with the agreement became the subject of a major national debate.

The Administration (which didn't publicly reveal the security breach at TRW) conceded that the loss of the Iranian listening posts was serious, but said it was confident that the United States would be able through other means to verify Soviet compliance with the agreement, hinting that satellites could take over much of the work of the Iranian stations. To help fill the gap, the CIA accelerated work on low- and high-altitude eavesdropping satellites more advanced than the four Rhyolite satellites which were then in orbit. As it did, it appeared that Moscow was in an enviable position to anticipate the United States' next move in the high-stakes game of technological one-upmanship that the superpowers play.

Not only did the Soviets have intimate knowledge of the Rhyolite system; they had blueprints and voluminous other data regarding Argus, a system that was to have an antenna almost twice as large as the one on Rhyolite; moreover, when the Soviet Union bought the Project 20,030 study from Andrew Daulton Lee, it had become privy to what some of the best brains in the American aerospace industry thought would be possible technologically in the 1980s to intercept Soviet telemetry. Certainly, the CIA's knowledge that the KGB possessed these data would be likely to persuade the agency not to build a new system exactly as it was laid out in the study.

But there are certain things in this spectrum of technology that cannot be changed if a country wants to use its technical capabilities to the fullest, and in the Project 20,030 study it appears that the Russians bought at least a partial preview of how good American abilities to monitor their missile tests would be far into the future.

The Russians had also obtained copies of numerous classified cables, including the report of a CIA submarine's secret mission to monitor

Soviet missile tests over the Arctic; they had obtained reports on the surveillance of China and other intelligence operations that cannot be disclosed here; and perhaps most important, they had received the classified TWX message listing the capabilities of many of the American satellite systems used to monitor the Soviet Union and other countries from space.

But what this information really meant to the Russians, only they know. Some capabilities of the American reconnaissance satellites had previously become known to the Soviet Union across the negotiating table at the SALT conferences. Certainly, some of the information they obtained from the two Americans about U.S. satellites was available by simple deduction through analysis of orbital data collected by their own tracking stations or supplied routinely by the United States to the United Nations.

The Russians never got the transmission frequencies they needed to use with the ciphers from the Black Vault to eavesdrop on CIA communications. Chris had seen to that. Prosecutors Stilz and Levine would argue that possession of the ciphers alone would allow the Russians to read the CIA's secret mail; again, only the Russians know the importance of the tables of ciphers from the vault they bought from Lee.

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Some mysteries about the affair remain.

Daulton frequently and openly visited the Soviet Embassy for more than a year and a half, and it is astonishing that the CIA did not discover his visits before January 6, 1977, if in fact it did not.

The Soviet Embassy in Mexico City is, for the CIA, one of the most closely watched foreign embassies in the world. It had been a principal target of American intelligence for decades before Daulton began making his visits.

Long before Daulton sat down for vodka and caviar with Vasily Ivanovich Okana, Lee Harvey Oswald demonstrated how convenient a destination it was for a disaffected American seeking contact with the Russians.

Phone taps and electronic surveillance techniques of the newest designs are used to monitor the embassy. Its KGB personnel are kept under surveillance by their counterparts in the CIA, some of whom are assigned to the U.S. Embassy with specific assignments to compromise Russians and turn them into double agents. Attempts are made regularly to plant American agents as servants in the embassy.

There are suggestions, but only that, that the CIA might have been aware of Daulton's business dealings with the KGB, at least during the latter months of the espionage operation. Despite the bench warrants that were outstanding against him during much of his commerce with the Russians, he was never stopped at the border; there was Chris's recollection, albeit one after a night of drinking, that Gene Norman told him he had heard Chris was going to jail for the rest of his life; there was another employee's claim that he was on "everybody's list." Perhaps these were the distorted memories of a troubled young man seized by paranoia, but there are other curiosities about the case. Why TRW would place a $140-a-week, twenty-one-year-old college dropout in such a sensitive national-security position in the first place is, at least in retrospect, a puzzle. Circumstantially, TRW's decision to leave the Pyramider papers unlocked in the vault where Chris could read them shortly before his departure suggests they could have been left as bait. And there was the mystery of Daulton's fingerprints on the circuit boards. An FBI fingerprint expert testified that he had found Daulton's prints on a circuit board from one of the encryption machines in the vault. Yet both the two spies, when denials meant nothing regarding whether they might be convicted or not, insisted that Daulton had never entered the vault nor had he ever touched the circuit boards. And certainly, the presence of a U.S. Embassy official at the Soviet Embassy on the morning of Daulton's arrest added another curiosity to the case.

In the black world of espionage, it is tempting to hypothesize that the CIA discovered the two young men's cottage industry of selling American secrets to the Russians and either attempted to spread false information through them or had other motives in mind. If nothing else, the CIA confirmed through the two young men that the Russians were in desperate need of improved infrared technology for their own spy satellites. And it is inviting to speculate that the list of American satellites sold to the Russians with the specifications on their respective capabilities to spy from space might have been leaked with a purpose to the Russians on the eve of a new round of SALT talks.

At the trials of Chris and Daulton, the prosecution insisted repeatedly that the government had known nothing about their scheme until Daulton was arrested in Mexico City. This is a critical legal point: if the CIA in fact knew about it before the arrests and didn't inform the prosecution, many lawyers would argue that it put the United States Government in a position of withholding evidence that the defense could have used to claim entrapment—a defense that might have freed the two young men.

The CIA successfully resisted efforts by the defense to obtain its internal reports of the affair. Judge Kelleher inspected at least some of the reports in the privacy of his chambers and said that he found nothing that would have been of significance to the two friends' defense attorneys. Still, the feeling that the CIA might have manipulated their clients lingered with the lawyers long after the trials ended.

If their thoughts were ill founded; if the CIA had not in fact been on to the two spies; if it had not been aware of the scruffy young man who so brazenly and so often entered the Soviet Embassy over such a long period, only one other conclusion is appropriate: the affair of the snowman and the spy who called himself Falcon was an episode that demonstrated amazing ineptitude on the part of the Central Intelligence Agency.

54

LOTS OF YOUNG PEOPLE grew up during the nineteen-sixties and early seventies, went off to college, began careers, got married, raised families and started on the road to middle age uneventfully, despite having been bathed in the emotional heat of a controversial war, assassinations, racial strife and Watergate. Many young Americans were revulsed by a discovery that America the Real did not invariably measure up to America the Ideal, and many were seduced by the instant euphoria and easy money of drugs.

Chris and Daulton were two people amid a horde—the generation of the postwar baby boom: better off materially than most, but seedlings growing in the same soil as millions of others. Bill Dougherty said of Chris: "He was like a lot of other kids. He had a high draft number, so he never got called; but he was affected by Vietnam just the same. He saw what it did to the country, how ten years went down the drain. He saw Spiro Agnew, John Mitchell and Richard Nixon."

Yet others like him did not become Soviet spies.

Ken Kahn, the bearded hippie lawyer who specialized in defending troubled youths from Palos Verdes, said of his client:

"Daulton was a Greek tragedy figure. He grew up with too much money. Things were too easy for him. He could have been a really brilliant businessman; he was a capitalist; he may have been amoral, but aren't a lot of capitalists? He could have been John D. Rockefeller. But he got into dope and he became a big shot, and then he just couldn't get out of it. Daulton's dream was to be a Big Man; drugs made him one." Palos Verdes, he added, might or might not be typical of similar enclaves of the affluent around America; many of the young people he knew who grew up there, he said, never got into trouble and began productive lives. But, Kahn said, he had worked for enough young people from The Hill to be troubled by what he saw:

"The kids get in trouble over drugs, but shouldn't the parents have to take some of the blame? The only thing those kids had, a lot of them, was what money could buy. Their fathers were into making money as fast as they could, and their mothers were up to their ears pursuing their social interests, and they just blinded themselves to what was happening to their kids. I know a lot of these kids were smoking pot and snorting coke and heroin when their parents were in the house; some of them were *dealing* right out of their houses, the parents were taking calls from their customers—and the parents were oblivious to it. It was incredible. The parents gave their children all the material things, and that made them think they had discharged their duties; it gave them a clear conscience so the father could go back to making money and the mother could keep up with her tennis and social life. Then, all of a sudden, when their kids are seventeen or eighteen and in trouble, or on drugs, they ask, 'What happened to my children?' "

Yet there were lots of young people in Daulton's generation who used drugs and sold them. They did not become Soviet spies.

What made Chris and Daulton different was opportunity.

What brought them together in the basement of the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City with Boris Grishin of the KGB was a confluence of circumstances: Daulton's cynical pursuit of money and self-importance and his desperation to escape prison, coupled with Chris's disillusioned idealism which rejected centuries of man's concepts of nationalism and patriotism, and his almost accidental employment at the age of twenty-one in a tiny room that gave him intimate access to some of America's most sensitive defense secrets.

At their trials, each blamed the other: Chris said he had been blackmailed by Daulton, and Daulton claimed that Chris had told him from the beginning that they were both working for the CIA. The fact is that Chris never told Daulton that they were working for the CIA—but neither did he tell Daulton the real motive for his invitation to commit espionage. In truth, each entered the espionage conspiracy with different motives. In a grotesque way, each used the other.

To Daulton, secrets became a commodity to sell, like marijuana or heroin. His was the generation of the rip-off, and to Daulton, the Russians were merely another victim to be ripped off. And when the time came when the Russians asked for more secrets and Chris did not give them to him, Daulton did threaten blackmail—to go to Chris's father, striking him in his most vulnerable spot.

But this was not only a case of evil corrupting good; it was a case also of good corrupting evil.

In the end, the Russians knew they had been had. They had paid for some grains of gold in what would become an avalanche of dust. In the end, they threw Daulton out of the embassy car, and when he came back, they left him out on the street.

Chris, as he lay on his prison bunk, would muse that he had made fools of both the Russians and the Americans. He would lie back and study the ceiling of his cell and think of Robin resting in his grave, a foolish grin on his face.

To Chris, the man-boy who rejected nationalism and dreamed of One Nation, the nation of man, his job in the Black Vault became an opportunity to take a saber stroke at both the world's superpowers at once. It was, he told himself, a flimflam against the Russians and a nonviolent protest against what he believed was the corruption of his own country. And Daulton had had the greed to serve his purpose.

Or was there more to it than that? There is no evidence that his father was anything but a loving, attentive and devoted parent who idolized Chris. But somehow, the chemistry between father and son didn't work. Somehow, Chris failed to assimilate from his history books the same sense of patriotism that was instilled in other Americans by the legends of Valley Forge, Pearl Harbor and Iwo Jima. During the years he was reaching manhood, Chris embraced different ethics from those of his father, who believed in the purity of patriotism that had galvanized his country in World War II and who stoutly defended its presence in Vietnam. When he rebelled against the CIA and his country, perhaps Chris was also rebelling against the man who ruled the home in Palos Verdes where he had grown up.

• •

Chris continued to receive visits from his parents after his final sentencing; but after a time, their precarious rapprochement ruptured again. The break occurred over what his father considered a small matter—a suggestion that if Daulton managed to win a new trial through an appeal, Chris testify against him. Chris, fearing that other prisoners would hear the conversation and brand him a snitch, refused; there was a dispute, and finally, Chris sent word once more that he did not want to see his parents again.

• •

After the trial, prosecutors Levine and Stilz entered private law practice together.

George Chelius developed a lucrative law practice in Orange County catering to businessmen and land developers.

Bill Dougherty resumed his criminal law practice, as did Donald Re.

Ken Kahn returned to defending drug pushers and began a business teaching members of the public how to represent themselves in court.

Gene Norman was transferred out of the vault and eventually left TRW.

Laurie Vicker also quit the company and moved with her husband out of California.

Betsy Lee Stewart, the girl whom Daulton loved, realized her dream and became an airline stewardess.

Darlene Cooper went to New York to pursue her dream of becoming a fashion model, but, it was rumored, she didn't make it and became a topless go-go dancer instead, before returning to California, where she entered Harbor College and joined the tennis team.

Alana McDonald dropped out of Chris's life and went away to college.

Barclay Granger's sentence in Federal prison was reduced after he testified against Daulton, and his former girlfriend, Carole Benedict, drifted away from The Hill.

• •

Daulton has found a kind of peace at the Federal penitentiary at Lompoc, where, sometimes, late at night, darkness is turned into day by the brilliance of a white-hot rocket booster lunging upward from Vandenberg Air Force Base, carrying another spy satellite into space.

Other inmates gave Daulton a nickname—''Spy''—and in prison, Daulton finally kicked his drug habit after months of torturous deprivation.

Although Daulton received a life sentence and Chris was sentenced to forty years, both, under Federal statutes, could become eligible to be considered for parole about 1995 or shortly after that.

In a conversation at Lompoc, Daulton was asked if he had any regrets about his original decision to choose drug pushing as his vocation—the decision that, over time, would eventually lead him on a circuitous road to espionage.

He thought a long moment and replied:

''To tell you perfectly honestly, no. I always had more money than any of the people I knew who played by the system. I was intellectually as sharp or sharper than they were. I traveled extensively. I was in a better position to know what was really happening; I got to the point where I was enjoying the finer things in life, and I didn't have to go out and rob and steal for what I needed . . . and the drugs I used were no different than someone sitting home and guzzling Scotch.''

• •

After his sentencing, Chris was sent to the Metropolitan Correctional Center in San Diego, where a curious thing happened not long after he arrived.

An urban penitentiary, the prison is a skyscraper that rises twenty-four stories on the edge of the San Diego downtown business district. Chris was looking out a window one day at the San Diego harbor, which was crowded with Navy ships, when he saw something that amazed him.

It was a peregrine falcon, one of the rarest of falcons.

The peregrine made a spectacular stoop at a pigeon that had nested at the nearby San Diego City Hall; it seized it in midair in an explosion of feathers, and then disappeared somewhere above Chris.

He knew that there were perhaps a dozen or two, no more, in all of California, including the pair he had studied on the big rock in Morro Bay through his binoculars.

The spectacle of such a bird—a bird officially classed by the Federal Government as an endangered species—hunting in the heart of a city startled him. Chris saw the peregrine again the next day, and the next, and each time it vanished above him. Finally, he realized that the falcon was living in the same building that he was! It had established an eyrie in a concrete niche in the prison tower and was using the side of the building as if it were a cliff in the wild.

A San Diego newspaper heard about the rare bird and the prisoner's unusual love for birds, and it sent a reporter over to the prison to interview Chris. His story was headlined BIRD'S FREEDOM BRIGHTENS SPY'S IMPRISONMENT.

But one day Chris looked out from his cell and discovered the peregrine was gone.

• •

At night, in the lonely confinement of his cell, Chris lives with memories of Fawkes, Pips, Nurd and his other falcons.

When he can't sleep, he closes his eyes and sees the long wings of the falcons rising gently on thermals of air, their elegance still the most beautiful thing he knows in the world. He thinks of climbing down rocky cliffs at the end of a taut rope to the eyrie of a falcon and sampling its rage as it hurtles past him as he twists in the wind. He recalls the defiant look in the eyes of Pips the last time he saw him and wonders what happened to his last and best falcon after a friend, at his request, released him back into the wild after Chris's arrest at the turkey ranch.

Chris thinks also of Alana and what might have been. He had released her too. It was best, he sent word to her after his arrest, that they not see each other again; he said he did not want her to wait for him; and the last he heard, she had found a new boyfriend. But Chris could not forget the sight of her face framed in her blond curls, and long after he was sentenced to prison, it lived with him in his cell.

Yet if Chris has any regrets, he does not express them.

Perhaps he best summarized his feelings in the letter he wrote to his father on the eve of his trial:

Dear Dad:

I thought of you all long and hard today and have decided I owe you an explanation of my feelings. In reality I owe you so much more than that, but at this point it is all I can give.

I wish I could bring myself to convey my love to my family from this place but I cannot and so I leave it up to you. I realized many dozens of months ago that there could be no coming back from the decisions made and I do not propose to pick up the pieces now. I regret none of my actions except for the deceptions I played upon you and any subsequent loss of face. For that I am truly sorry, more now than ever. If we never understood each other, the fault is mine.

I was never a socialist. I do not support their actual society any more than I support that found here in these times. I reject both equally.

To my perceptions, the foundations of this country are a sham. It was designed by the few for the few and so it will remain. Western culture is in decline now and the trend cannot be reversed. We are grasping along in a headless insanity that will continue to consume until nothing is left.

Time and time again I watched the destruction of those things and places I love and I was disgusted. I believe we are on the edge of a poisoned horrible darkness. Industrialism and technology are dragging humanity toward universal collapse and will take most life forms with it.

I used to sit on Silver Spur Road [looking out at the view] and shudder at the enormity of the lights of Los Angeles at night. To me it was always an infected spectacle. I lived in it and I breathed in it. It was not the people I hated. It was what had been blindly created, and so I just turned my back on it all.

I ran my dog through the fields and I flew my hawks and falcons and I did everything I could to shake things at their roots. I just do not accept the direction of this society. I could not sit still for what we are leading to. I didn't think so then, I don't now.

There is no possibility of my fitting back into a normal life style, if indeed I ever had one. Nor will I spend the rest of my life in prison. I will continue to fight in court till George and Bill advise me otherwise. My legal position is precarious through no fault of theirs.

Your attendance in court or any family would hinder my rationality and thus my case. I ask that you not come to court. Thank you for not coming so far. I appreciate greatly the books you've sent me and I will return them through George.

I would give anything to be out of this place and be able to feel sunshine and to just even run again. I think there is small chance of that now so I have detached myself from what goes on here.

Being alone all the time leaves one much time to turn thoughts inward. As I think back upon my beliefs that put me here in the first place, they are strengthened more than ever. I could never make of my life that which you would have wanted.

That is no reflection on you. I chose freely my response to this absurd world, and if given the opportunity again, I would be even more vigorous. Please give all my love to mom and Kathy and everyone and tell them for me to see them would just make a bad situation worse.

Respectfully,
Chris

• •

As Chris lies awake in his cell and thinks of his falcons, of Alana and of his walks alone in the mountains, he sometimes worries about growing insane because of the empty solitude of his existence.

''I am beginning to talk to myself again,'' he said in a letter to the author. ''Slowly at first, a word here, a word there, it grows. The sound runs with itself across this cube and then bounces back at me before the final syllable has even left my throat. To read out loud is a concert. The prisoner next to me recites Dickinson in the late afternoon. His muffled tones remind me of long ago days and standing under cottonwoods with wet earth underfoot. When I sit very still I can hear my heart thumping in my chest and my stomach churning. That and my lungs pulling for breath, it makes the hair on my arms stand on end. What a simple thing life is. You can almost hold it in your hand. How very peaceful it is to be alone and silent and conscious of one's own body.

''I am not a complex man and my tenets are quite simple,'' Chris wrote. ''I have always abhorred the national patriots and can dismiss them because their days are numbered just as surely as were those of the primordial leviathans. A century must sound to you like an age but it is actually a mere moment in the history of man. Your great-grandchildren will enjoy the birth of the tranquil millennium, the one world. The evolution of a global society devoid of competing militarisms will be a green house of worthful development.

''If I am mad they are all the madder for the thousands of nuclear weapons they are prepared to unleash on each other.

''I have made my life a study of aggression and the carnivores, and humanity is the most self-predatory species in existence. I am ashamed of the history of the nations and of my own origins and someday so will all of united humanity. To believe otherwise is to bankrupt pessimism. Not in your lifetime, nor mine, nor any living man's, but someday they will all understand. The past shall be judged as ignorant and grisly barbarity. That someday will be the dawn of mankind's redemption and the new treason is the rejection of nationalistic society and its exploitive and butchering adjuncts. These were my dreams, alone with my falcons. Do you think me deranged, too?

''Like Camus,'' Chris wrote, ''my subconscious is plagued with life's purposelessness and therein lies my inner peace. I am neither conservative nor socialistic. I cherish friendships with the back country, wind and rain, the seasons, and the spontaneous hazards of the wilds.

''I have always viewed myself a spectator of the great human void racing towards what it knows not. I long ago excused myself from the mad dash, to find my own sanctuaries. Thus falconry and history have always attracted me.''

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The roots of this book began in the spring of 1977 when David R. Jones, the National Editor of *The New York Times*, assigned me to cover the espionage trials of Christopher John Boyce and Andrew Daulton Lee. I want to express my gratitude to Mr. Jones and other editors of *The New York Times* for their patience in originally allowing me to pursue the story.

It is impossible to describe adequately all of the many contributions made to this book by Jonathan Coleman of Simon and Schuster; not only did he first propose a book on the story, but as its editor, he was a constant source of inspiration and good judgment that was felt on every page. My thanks also to Deborah Katsh, Lynn Chalmers and Vincent Virga of Simon and Schuster, and to Carole Zahn and Jean Brown.

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There are others to whom I would like to extend my appreciation publicly, but unfortunately, to do so would violate my pledges of confidentiality to them, and so I must pass on my gratitude anonymously.

Finally, I say thanks to the two protagonists of this story, whom, over a period of more than two years, I came to know almost as well as the members of my own family.

R.L.

PHOTO CREDITS

The photo section follows page 96.

Black Star/Bob Schalkwijk: 17, 18, 19, 23, 24; Christopher John Boyce: 22; courtesy of the Boyce family: 2, 4, 5, 7, 9; Howard Brodie: 31, 32, 33, 35; Federal Bureau of Investigation: 27, 30; Andrew Daulton Lee: 21; The Lewis Company: 20; Robert Lindsey: 15, 16, 25, 34, 36, 37; Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department: 29; Palos Verdes High School Yearbook: 1, 3; passport photo: 26; San Diego *Union-Tribune:* final picture; David Strick: 10; *The Tidings:* 8; TRW: 11, 12, 13, 14; United Press International, Inc.: 28, 38, 39; Wide World Photos: 6.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Robert Lindsey was born in 1935 in Glendale, California. He graduated from San Jose State University in 1956 and became a reporter, and later Aerospace Editor, for the *San Jose Mercury-News*. In 1968 he joined *The New York Times*, and in 1977 he was appointed chief of its Los Angeles bureau, a position he now holds.

Mr. Lindsey is married, has two children and lives near Los Angeles. *The Falcon and the Snowman* is his first book.

(continued from front flap)

In early April of 1975, Lee flew to Mexico City, went directly to the Soviet Embassy there and announced to the guard that he had information that might be of interest to the Russians. Within minutes, Lee and Boyce had become Russian spies.

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Photograph by Sigrid Estrada

ROBERT LINDSEY was born in 1935 in Glendale, California. He graduated from San Jose State University in 1956 and became a reporter, and later Aerospace Editor, for the San Jose Mercury-News. In 1968, he joined The New York Times, and in 1977 he was appointed chief of its Los Angeles bureau, the position he now holds.

Mr. Lindsey is married, has two children, and lives near Los Angeles. The Falcon and the Snowman is his first book.

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(Continued on back flap)

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THE SPY IN THE RUSSIAN CLUB

Ronald Kessler

How Glenn Souther Stole America's Nuclear War Plans and Escaped to Moscow

Charles Scribner's Sons
New York

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For Dr. Myer M. Kessler, my stepfather,
and in memory of
Dr. Ernest Borek, my father

Acknowledgments

IN MY twenty-five years as a journalist, this was one of the most difficult projects I have ever undertaken. The subject was espionage, always fraught with secrecy. But what made this investigation particularly difficult was the fact that the case in question was still open and had not been prosecuted. In addition, the investigative agencies had bungled, giving them no incentive to talk. Indeed, given the magnitude of the damage to national security and the paucity of publicity, it is clear the government covered up the case to hide embarrassment.

The cover-up extended beyond the government. Some of those who knew of Glenn Souther's spy activities before he defected wanted to hide their knowledge. Others were embarrassed that they had known him at all. They not only would not cooperate but wanted their names kept out of the book.

Then there was the surprise ending, one that made head-

lines around the world but would make it even more difficult to obtain answers to some questions.

I am therefore particularly grateful to those who made the book possible. First, as always, was my family. My wife, Pamela W. Kessler, not only gave me the emotional support that is critical to writing a book but also served as a wise colleague, discussing each turn of events and reading and editing the manuscript. Through their love and understanding, my children, Greg V. Kessler and Rachel Kessler, were pillars of support. Because of her writing ability, Rachel was able to contribute colorful descriptions of key characters from photographs.

My agent, Julian Bach, gave his usual strong support and wise counsel. My editor, Edward T. Chase, provided encouragement and enthusiasm at critical junctures.

Several friends in the intelligence community and my friend Daniel M. Clements read the manuscript and pointed out areas that could be improved. Each made extremely helpful suggestions that were incorporated in the book.

Those who consented to be interviewed have my thanks. Because Americans have so little knowledge of how espionage really works, they often miss the telltale signs that would tip them to spy operations. By letting people know the kinds of activity Souther engaged in, those who were interviewed performed a public service.

While some cannot be named, those who were interviewed or otherwise helped out include:

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THE
SPY
IN
THE
RUSSIAN
CLUB

1

If you wish,
I shall rage on raw meat;
or, as the sky changes its hue,
I shall grow irreproachably tender:
not a man, but a cloud in trousers!

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

ON JUNE 27, 1989, the Soviet army newspaper *Red Star* reported some bizarre news. An obituary, signed by the ruling committee of the KGB, noted that Soviet intelligence officer Mikhail Yevgenyevich Orlov had died suddenly at the age of thirty-two.

Identifying him as a "staff member of the KGB," the obituary said Orlov had lived a "short but brilliant and interesting life which was totally devoted to the struggle for removing the threat of nuclear catastrophe hanging over humanity and working for a better future for mankind.[1]

"Over a long period of time, he carried out responsible special assignments and made a major contribution to ensuring the state security of the Soviet Union. This struggle demanded enormous personal courage and expenditure of all his physical and spiritual strength," the obituary said.

Calling his death "an enormous loss for all of us," the obituary concluded, “The bright memory of the courageous intelligence officer, a convinced internationalist, a gifted, sympathetic, and a kind person, will remain forever in the grateful hearts of the Soviet people.”

In parentheses, the obituary identified Orlov as Glenn Michael Souther, an American.

Just two years earlier, Souther, a U.S. Navy photographer with a top-secret clearance, had defected from the United States and sought asylum in the Soviet Union. The wording of his obituary suggested that Souther had been a mole—introduced into the United States as a teenager under deep cover. News organizations assumed from the obituary that he had been a KGB plant.

“If he in fact was an illegal or deep-cover agent infiltrated into the U.S., a technique which Moscow has been highly successful at using since World War II, he could not have been older than eighteen when sent in,” a Reuters story said. “It was at that age that he enlisted in the U.S. Navy. Although it was possible that he had been given the name Orlov after coming to the Soviet Union, it would have been against past Soviet practice to record his death under an assumed name and not his real one.”

There was pandemonium in the U.S. intelligence community as everyone with knowledge of the case scrambled to find out what this could mean. Ever since Souther disappeared in 1986, both the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Naval Investigative Service (NIS) had been conducting an intensive, secret investigation of his activities and background. He had been assigned to one of the most sensitive posts in the Pentagon, a naval intelligence center in Norfolk, Virginia, known as FICEURLANT (pronounced “fickerlant”). If in fact he had removed material from the facility and given it to the Soviets, he would have been one of the most important spies in U.S. history.

In light of that, the Soviet article raised troubling questions: Who were Souther's real mother and father? Were the people who claimed to be his parents Americans or people posing as Americans? Where was he in fact born? Did anyone know him as a child? If so, was it really he or another boy? And if he had been an American, why were the Russians seeking to portray him as a Soviet?

Consternation turned to panic as investigators realized that the Defense Investigative Service, in investigating Souther before he received a top-secret clearance, had failed to check with the town clerk in Hammond, Indiana, to see if he had a birth certificate on file—a basic requirement in such checks. As it turned out, the FBI had subsequently verified his birth, but the filing could easily have been a ruse. In infiltrating illegals or moles into the United States, the Soviets commonly use the name of a person who has died. In that case, the only way to verify through records that a person is the same as the one listed on a birth certificate is to compare his footprint with the footprint on file with the hospital where he was born.

Meanwhile, the confusion created endless stories about Souther and his background.

"Our records show he was born in Hammond, and that he went to school in Munster from kindergarten through most of high school," James Bawden, the assistant principal of Munster High School, told Reuters.

When asked about the possibility that Souther might have been planted by the Soviets as a mole at an early age, Bawden replied, "No, no, I wouldn't think so."[2]

A mini-feud broke out between Souther's two Russian professors at Old Dominion University in Norfolk, Virginia, where Souther had learned Russian before his defection. Speculating that Souther was a mole, Leonid I. Mihalap told Reuters that he was an average Russian student—except for one final, stunning thirty-page handwritten paper, in virtually flawless Russian.

"I'm very seriously inclined to think that he could have been a native speaker," the Soviet-born professor said.

But John A. Fahey said he was not a mole. The wire services quoted him as saying he had helped Souther to polish the paper, which was submitted for a statewide Russian essay contest and was not supposed to be submitted for college credit.

"The paper was very weak," Fahey said. "We corrected just about all the glaring errors."[3]

"He struggled, particularly in the beginning," Fahey said. "In the end he had a reasonable proficiency but his grammar still wasn't that good."

The following day, no less a figure than Vladimir A. Kryuchkov, the chief of the KGB, told reporters in Moscow that Souther had been recruited early in his naval career but that he was an American. He said Souther had committed suicide on June 22, 1989, and had been buried in Moscow June 26 with full military honors as a KGB major. Souther's mother and brother went to Moscow for the funeral and saw Souther buried near the legendary Kim Philby, who spied for the KGB from within MI6, Britain's secret intelligence service.

"His nervous system could not stand the pressure," Kryuchkov said. "This was a tragic thing. . . . He had long displayed a nervous state of mind. He was a very gifted, emotional, caring, sensitive person, and he could be easily hurt. We cannot blame anyone for his death."[4]

Addressing the question of whether he was a Soviet mole infiltrated into the West, the KGB chief said, "He was an American, born in Indiana. Don't give us too much credit."

Kryuchkov also revealed that Souther had a Soviet wife and an eighteen-month-old daughter.

"We can be quite open about this," he said. "We have our spies, and you have yours."

Kryuchkov said Souther had left behind a suicide note thanking the KGB and the Soviet government for what they had done for him. He said Souther had come to the KGB as a result of his political convictions.

"I must also say that it was a great personal loss," he said. "I had met him several times."

Because of the "massive interest" of Soviet citizens, he said, more details would be reported in the near future.

Shortly thereafter, on July 1, 1989, *Pravda* praised Souther as a spy who had access to "the most secure and valuable documents disclosing plans of the U.S. Navy's operations in a nuclear war against the Soviet Union and other socialist countries."[5]

In addition, the newspaper article said, he had access to U.S. space intelligence.

"Glenn many times was present at operational meetings where officers with tranquil composure discussed plans for the use of two to three nuclear bombs in order to terrorize the enemy," the Soviet newspaper said. "They pointed out on the map plans as if using a soup ladle on one's dinner tablecloth. No one has the nerves to stand this. He clenched his fists and his brain fixed attentively as he compared details and selected the most important.

"Souther did everything to help the forces of peace," *Pravda* concluded. "He occupies a place in the line of KGB intelligence agents to which such outstanding soldiers of 'the invisible front' as Kim Philby and George Blake belonged." These men created conditions so that "atom bombs do not fall on Soviet cities," the newspaper said.

Philby had supplied the Soviets with information for nearly thirty years and was responsible for the deaths of a number of agents working for the British. Like Philby, Blake spied for the KGB from within the British secret intelligence service and betrayed a number of Western agents to the Soviets. Both defected to the Soviet Union, and Philby was made a KGB general before he died in 1988. Blake attended Philby's funeral.[6]

Pravda quoted from Souther's suicide note: "Justice demands that you hear my last words. I do not regret our relationship. It was a long-standing one, and it helped me grow as a person. I wish to be buried in the uniform of an officer of the KGB."

In an unusually candid statement, *Pravda* attributed Souther's suicide to the hardships of Soviet life and the pressures of his years under cover.

"Of course, when he arrived on Soviet soil, he did not find all the things that he had dreamed of," the Communist Party newspaper said. "He failed to understand, for example, how it is possible to go shopping and not find what you are looking for."

Reading over the original obituary, it was easy to see how the Soviets, in their eagerness to lionize Souther, would inadvertently portray him as one of their own. The obituary was written more as a eulogy than as a newspaper story. Yet one could not help but marvel at its effect. Because of its whiff of mystery, the story had taken on a life of its own. Almost as if a brilliant New York publicist were orchestrating it, the articles about Souther continued for the next week.

If the cause of death had appeared in the obituary in the first place, there would have been no follow-up stories reporting how he died. But because the obituary said he had died "suddenly," reporters pursued the story even more aggressively in an effort to piece together the puzzle.

In Washington, meanwhile, the U.S. government covered up what had happened. This is standard operating procedure in espionage cases, and the blanket of silence falls not only on the press but the courts as well. Over the years, the Justice Department has had to fight repeatedly to prosecute American spies because the intelligence agencies have insisted that doing so would give away too many secrets. Yet the very reason for the prosecutions is that the Soviets already have found out the secrets in question.

At the time, there was even more reason to cover up. The United States seemed to be standing in the eye of a hurricane of spy cases. Since the announcement of Souther's defection in July 1988, Clyde Lee Conrad, a former army sergeant, had been charged with operating an espionage ring that reported to the Hungarian intelligence service, and Army Warrant Officer James W. Hall III had been sentenced to forty years in prison for revealing extremely sensitive communications intelligence to the Soviets. A month later, the FBI and newspaper reporters began trailing Felix S. Bloch, who had served as deputy chief of mission of the American embassy in Vienna, because of allegations that he was a spy for the Soviet Union. This, coming on top of the cases of John A. Walker, Jr., Ronald W. Pelton, and Edward Lee Howard three years earlier, made one wonder if there were any secrets left to steal.

"The threat against us—despite *perestroika*—has grown," William H. Webster, director of the CIA, told *Newsweek* magazine.[7] He was referring to the increase in spy cases as well as to the obvious need by the U.S. government to remain vigilant at a time when the Soviet Union is undergoing fundamental political changes.

Just after the Souther case broke, Pentagon spokesman Pete Williams told reporters the FBI and NIS had not yet been able to determine what information Souther might have provided to the Soviet Union—or even whether he had spied actively before he defected.[8] It was a flat lie, and following it was a quote from an unnamed senior Defense Department official who called the *Pravda* story "highly unlikely." He said Souther had access to "nothing remotely like" the U.S. Navy's plans in the event of nuclear war.

The truth was that Souther had access to much more than the navy's nuclear war plans. He had access to all of America's nuclear war plans.

While it was clear the Soviets were using Souther's case to rub the noses of American intelligence agencies in their own failures, those familiar with the case had no doubt that Souther gave the Soviets everything they claimed he had—and much more.

What the newspaper stories did not report is that since December 1984, Souther had been assigned to a post so sensitive that its name sounds like a spy novelist's invention. FICEURLANT is the Navy's Fleet Intelligence Center for Europe and the Atlantic. Located on the naval base in Norfolk, FICEURLANT is housed in a two-story, windowless building. At night, mercury vapor lights bathe its red-brick walls. Ultrasonic, motion detector, and other alarm systems protect it. If an alarm is sounded, more than two dozen marines, armed with M-16 rifles, surround the building.

The security precautions could not be too stringent. The center devises and distributes America's nuclear war plans and receives and processes top-secret spy satellite surveillance photos, National Security Agency communications interceptions, and readings from radar and infrared sensors that go into planning H-bomb delivery routes.

Nor did the newspapers report that since 1982, Souther's former wife had been trying to report his spy activities to the U.S. government, but with no success.

Finally, the stories gave no hint of the strange pressures that led this young man—who grew up in America's heartland and sang in his church choir—to become a spy.

2

On the windowpanes, gray raindrops
howled together,
piling on a grimace
as though the gargoyles
of Notre Dame were howling.
—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud
in Trousers"

MUNSTER, INDIANA, where Glenn Michael Souther spent his boyhood, is as far removed from the world of spies as Hollywood is from Washington. A bedroom community forty-two miles southeast of Chicago's O'Hare International Airport, it has neat, small homes with flowers bordering the sidewalks. In the center of town is a tan high school with brown trim. Across the street from the high school is the football field, and behind the school is the public library.

For the immigrant families who populate Chicago, Munster is a refuge, a place to aspire to. Bordered by the rusting, decaying industry of Gary, Calumet City, and Hammond, it is an upper-middle-class suburb where the local doctors and lawyers live. For the few union members who move there, it is a badge of success. The inhabitants of Munster are proud to have arrived, and even prouder that they made it the hard way. For that reason, it is a hard, conservative town, an enclave of twenty-two thousand fiercely patriotic burghers trying to maintain what they have and hand their children something better.

Here Souther (pronounced "suther") spent much of his free time singing in a church choir, attending parties given by a church youth group, and playing the banjo in a band. Souther came across as being fun, personable, and an all-American boy—someone who could be a real charmer with girls, but also, with a beer in his hand as he grew older, one of the guys. With girls, he seemed gentle and caring and sensitive. At other times he was rowdy and fun. He was the type whom everyone loved and who loved everyone.

His physical appearance only enhanced that impression. He had a friendly, trusting face, fresh- and healthy-looking. His hair was combed to the side, with no bangs, no real style. He had the outdoorsy look of one who would love to tackle mountains and who could appreciate the woods, someone who would stop to watch a sunset. His eyes were innocent-looking, with a lost look to them—as if he were searching for something or someone. His easy smile was warm, boyish, and charming.

In a town where eighty percent of the children went on to college, Souther was an above-average student and a member of the cross-country team. He was considered a leader, if a practical joker. At social functions he was the one that made it a party, made it complete. In almost every respect, his was a conventional midwestern upbringing.

Yet there was a crack in this idyllic picture, one that eventually would tear Souther apart. It was an inner torment, a rage as powerful as a tornado, born of his feelings about his father. Later, Souther would identify with the Russian poet Vladimir Mayakovsky, whose life was marked with pain and whose poetic images were frequently raw and brutal. The tortured voice in

Mayakovsky's autobiographical poems cried out in terror of being impaled on spires, trampled by madmen or mobs, consumed by fire, or swept away by storms.[9]

Souther was born just across Interstate 80 from Munster in Hammond, Indiana, on January 30, 1957. It was where Souther's father, Eugene Sherman Souther, had been born and where his grandparents still lived. Souther's father was a businessman, the office manager of the local Wonder Bread bakery. His favorite pastime was golf.

Souther's mother, Shirley Swartz, is a native of Hegwisch, Illinois. She is a secretary who worked at a steel company and a machine company. A year after Glenn was born, the couple had a daughter, Janet, now a hairdresser in Cincinnati. Four years after she was born, they had another son, Timothy, now a mold maker near Rockford, Illinois.[10] Because of money problems, Timothy was sent to live with his mother's parents until he was five.[11]

When Souther was six, his parents divorced. Eugene Souther eventually remarried and moved to Portland, Maine, where he is controller of the Nissen Baking Company; Shirley Souther married Joseph Wiergacz, a labor relations manager whom she met at a steel company where they both worked. She took his name. Since 1978 she had been executive secretary to the president of Loyola Paper Company in Chicago.

Before they were divorced, the Southers lived on Monroe Street in Munster, some five blocks from the Illinois line. The house had three bedrooms and another bedroom in the basement where Glenn slept. He didn't spend time watching television with the rest of the family; he usually kept to himself in his room. Yet he had a number of friends. Souther and several of his friends often appropriated the street for games of baseball or kick-the-can. One time they hit a ball through the next-door neighbor's window. Everyone scattered until James N. Petsas, one of Glenn's friends, took responsibility. They all agreed to pay for the damage.

The only departure from a "Father Knows Best" segment was Souther's habit of wearing a Confederate uniform. Souther loved to play war games, and he always insisted on playing the Confederate soldier. Even when going to Eads, the local public school, he wore a Confederate hat or a Confederate flag on his jacket.

It was enough of a departure from the routine of life in Munster for his friends to take notice. Years later, it was one of the characteristics that most stuck in their minds.

"I remember him dressing as a Confederate soldier," Petsas, who lived across the street, said. "He wore the Confederate soldier hat quite a bit, too. He liked that a lot. He just liked to wear it."[12]

"He wore Confederate uniforms in elementary school," said James Vitkus, Jr., another friend. "I thought it was strange."[13]

Timothy L. Biter, who lived on the street behind Souther's house, said Souther loved to wear a Confederate hat even when they were not playing war games. He recalled that Souther urged Biter to kiss and undress Janet, Souther's sister. She seemed to like Biter, but he did not take Souther's advice.

"He said, 'Go over and kiss her,' " Biter said. "I thought, 'That's your sister!' "[14]

In retrospect, Souther's identification with the Confederacy could be seen as a sign of his resentment of authority and his attraction to the other side, which he perceived as the underdog. They were tendencies that would become more pronounced as he grew older.

In junior high school, Souther became active in the Covenant Presbyterian Church of Hessville, Indiana, which his mother attended. Clifford E. Duggan, Jr., one of Souther's best friends at the time, recalled their singing together in the choir, serving together as camp counselors at a church-run summer camp in Rochester, Indiana, and belonging to Youths for Christ, an evangelical community-service group.

"We went to coffeehouses [and] sat and talked religion," Duggan said. "We were born-again Christians. We would get up and give testimonials. He wasn't baptized again. It was just doing Christian things.[15]

"He was fervently religious," Duggan continued. "It was basic Christian tenets about committing your life to Christ. He went to Bible studies on Wednesday. On Sundays we would go in the morning [to church services] and to an evening service."

Duggan said they both sang in the choir during the evening service. "If you were good enough, you graduated to the morning service," he said.

Usually after the evening service, Souther's group of friends went to a nearby McDonald's. One night, Souther vanished. Around midnight, his mother began calling his friends to find out where he was.

"He ended up having gone to the Pentecostal Church near Hessville Park," said Dave A. Eastwood, whose father was the pastor of the church.[16] "He was riding by and heard them and went in."

In high school, Souther engaged in the usual teenage pranks—draping toilet paper from the branches of trees outside girls' houses or placing blinking caution signs used at construction sites on their front lawns at night. To Souther, there was something magical about the luminescent yellow signs. It was a way of asserting his authority—like a police cruiser coming up behind a driver with an array of flashing lights. Yet the message he conveyed was ambiguous enough so that he could still disavow it. Depending on the girl, a caution sign on her house could be a symbol of distaste or affection. If the girl guessed who had done it, Souther could take refuge in the fact that she could not be sure why he had done it. Thus, if the caution sign was a sign of affection, Souther could not be rejected because the girl did not know the true purpose of the gesture. On the other hand, if it was a symbol of dislike, the girl would never know for sure just why Souther had chosen to bestow a caution sign on her. Usually, the motive was a combination of both emotions—the target might be a girl whom Souther liked but who had rejected him.

Beyond conveying a message, there was something particularly funny about placing a caution sign on a girl's house. When he ran with several friends across a front lawn carrying the ungainly marker, Souther felt like a marine taking a beachhead. He knew that anyone who tried to remove the sign would quickly find that all four legs dropped out as soon as it was lifted. This only added to the bizarre nature of the prank.

Souther also engaged in the typical torture that older siblings visit on their little brothers. Glenn's brother, Tim, kept a stash of *Playboy*s in the attic. One day Tim came back from high school and found that Souther had removed the centerfolds and plastered pictures of naked girls all over the outside of a fort that Tim had built in the garage.

"My mom thought I had done it," Tim Souther said.

With his brother, Souther liked to play Risk, a war game played on a map of the world. But one night he asked Tim if he wanted to play penny poker. He threw a deck of cards on the table and left. When Tim looked at them, he was shocked to see that they were pornographic.

When Tim got his first minibike, Souther and a neighborhood friend knocked him off and rode away with it.

The teasing didn't stop as Tim and Souther got older. The first time Souther talked to Tim's wife on the phone, he said, "So how's your sex life? You guys get it on every night?"

"Holy God, Tim, it's your brother!" she said, quickly handing over the receiver.

One night, Tim and his wife were watching television when the phone rang. Tim answered and heard a sexy female voice saying she would like to kiss intimate parts of his body. Tim blushed as he thought about what he would tell his wife sitting nearby. Then Souther got on the phone.

"Hey, how's it going?" he asked.

Occasionally, Tim would get his revenge. One night back in Munster he came home and found Glenn and several friends skinny-dipping in the backyard pool. He saw a neighbor puttering in his backyard. In a flash, Tim flipped on the rear floodlights. The neighbor looked over at them. Tim could see Souther's eyes meet the neighbor's. Then Souther and his friends ran for cover in the garage.

Both Souther and Duggan had a crush on Mary C. Vance. Known as Missy, she was a very attractive and personable cheerleader with black, shoulder-length hair. It seemed she had everything he would ever want in a girl. But he admired her from afar.

"He may have had a crush on me but we all had a crush on each other back then," she said.[17]

Later, Souther wrote under Vance's photo in her yearbook, "Dear Missy: Ha ha. I was the one that got your house. Tell your parents peace. Good luck, Glenn."

It was a reference to the fact that Souther had toilet-papered—or tee-peed—her house.

It was at a coffeehouse in Lansing, Illinois, right next door to Munster, that Souther met his first love, Amy S. Rodenburg. She was tall and had long brown hair and grayish blue eyes. Souther and Rodenburg had in common their love of Christ.

"We were Jesus freaks," she would later say. "We wore crosses and everything."[18]

Rodenburg was then fourteen; he was fifteen. They would go to church together or meet at the coffeehouse, La Brise. For Christmas, Souther gave her a "Chicago" album. His inscription referred to "Color My World," an optimistic, sentimental tune which they considered their song.

One afternoon in Rodenburg's basement, they began making out.

"We never went all the way, because I didn't want to," she said.

Rodenburg thought the world of Souther. He was handsome, funny, and a nice person, if a bit headstrong. Then, after three months, it was over.

"He seemed disinterested. He hurt me. I always thought what if I met him again? I always remembered he was really funny," she said.

Souther played the banjo in an after-school band that included Duggan, Eastwood, and Dave Glueckert. During the summer, they attended a religious summer camp and played music there as well. Because he was overweight, Glueckert was often the butt of jokes. When the band got a standing ovation one evening, Glueckert began to sob.

"I said, 'What are you doing that for?' It was like everybody had looked at him strangely before. Now he was accepted," said Duggan.[19]

When a cousin of Glueckert's whom they all knew died later that summer of a heart attack, the group attended his funeral.[20] Like Glueckert, the cousin was big and overweight. "He wasn't the fattest kid you ever saw but he was overweight enough so he'd have trouble in sports. He was the kid we all made fun of and called names," said Vance.[21]

Even though Souther was outgoing and popular, he secretly identified with the overweight boy who died. He saw himself as an underdog, much like the dead boy. It underlined the difference between his image of himself and the way others saw him. He would later attribute some of his behavior to the way he saw the young man being treated.

3

Damn you!
Isn't that enough?
Screams will soon claw my mouth apart.
—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud
in Trousers"

AFTER HIS DIVORCE, Souther's father visited his three children every other Sunday. He would pick them up after church and drive them to his parents' home in Hammond, where the children would play in the backyard.

Tim Souther felt his father favored Glenn over him and Janet. Yet even with Glenn, his father came across as cold, imperious, and tight with money, according to Tim. So far as Tim knew, that was one reason for his parents' divorce.

"I know my dad was real selfish," Tim Souther would say later. "He wouldn't let my mom spend any money for the house. Otherwise she didn't say much about it [the divorce] that I know. Just that he was real stingy. She bought a lamp for the house and he had a fit."[22]

After the divorce, Tim Souther came to realize that his father was as cold as dry ice.

"He was never there when I needed him," Tim Souther said. To this day, he said, his father has not seen his grandchildren.

"I have two kids, a four- and a five-year-old," he said. "At Christmas, he was out here [near Chicago] and called me up. The last time I had heard from him was two Christmases ago. He called me and asked if I wanted to come out and see him . . . in Chicago. The kids were kind of sick. It would be taking a chance to take them in the car out to Chicago. I asked if he could come here. He said he had just flown in and his in-laws' tires were pretty bad. I said it's thirty-five minutes away. But [I later learned] he went two hours to see a friend in Indiana. Right away that tells you something. He hadn't seen my kids at all at that point, and still hasn't. I don't even think of him as being my dad. I don't know why he's like that."[23]

Tim Souther said that during another visit to Chicago, "My father wanted to have dinner with me. He called out here and said he would pick me up. He said, 'Ask your sister. Girls need more time to get ready.' She said it would take forty-five minutes. I called him and he said never mind. He can't wait forty-five minutes. I called her and told her. She got mad at me. Now she won't talk to him. He's never been there for me. He wants me to come to him.

"He would only show his face on occasions like Christmas when he knew he had to. Otherwise, he was not around," Tim said, adding that his father treated Glenn in much the same way.

Unlike Tim and Janet, Souther stayed out late, took risks, and constantly became involved in pranks—a pattern that continued even as he grew older. For his new stepfather, Glenn was a handful. And somehow Glenn always managed to shift the blame to Tim.

One day Wiergacz, Souther's stepfather, noticed their red Volkswagen had dents in the roof. Glenn blamed Tim, even though he had dented the car when he drove it into a snowbank after one of Chicago's heaviest snowfalls.

On a few occasions Wiergacz lost his temper and hit Tim. Once, he apparently hit Glenn.[24] Tim never held a grudge but Glenn couldn't forget. Later, when he was an adult, Glenn would bring it up and say he would never forgive his stepfather.

Souther spent much of his time locked in his room in the basement of the house in Munster. He would tell his mother he was listening to stereo music through headphones. Because it was so difficult to get through to him, she had a buzzer installed so she could call him for dinner by pushing a button upstairs.

But Souther was doing more than listening to music. As he would later confide to a girlfriend, he had a compulsive need to masturbate. The compulsion was so abnormal that he raised painful lesions on his penis. While doing research for a psychology paper, she read about the problem in the American Psychiatric Association's *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*. She decided that Souther suffered from an obsessive compulsive disorder.[25]

4

But night oozed and oozed through the room—
and the eye, weighed down, could not slither out of the slime.

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

WHEN Souther was in his junior year in high school, his father persuaded him to move to Maine and live with him. Glenn never explained to his brother his reasons for leaving, but he told a friend it was an easy out for him because of his resentment of his stepfather.[26]

Souther's father lives in Cumberland, a town of quiet residential streets a half hour north of Portland on the coast of Maine. Cumberland is divided into Cumberland Center, the main part of town; West Cumberland, which is more inland; and Cumberland Foreside, where Glenn's father lives. Cumberland Center is a suburban area, an enclave of the middle class. Cumberland West is more blue-collar. Cumberland Foreside, near the water, is the wealthy section.

Souther's father lives with his wife, Marilyn, in a rustic wood-frame colonial house on Heritage Lane, a quiet street just off Route 88. The house is typically Maine—freshly painted white shutters against weathering brown shingles and a bay window draped with ruffled curtains. A Robert Frost rock wall separates the manicured lawn from the wild, wooded lot next door. The landscaping is sparse; beyond the Cadillac parked outside, the deck in back is the house's only sign of affluence.

The home is a mile from the town landing on an inlet of Casco Bay, a parking spot for the local teenagers. But more important, in Souther's case, there is water everywhere, and the call of the sea.

Souther entered Greely High School in Cumberland in the second semester of his junior year. From the first day in January 1973 when he began school there, Souther was one of the most popular students in his class. He was outgoing and had a sense of humor. Moreover, he had a way of engaging in outrageous activities without offending anyone.

Rebecca Bendixon, a sandy-haired girl who dated Souther during his senior year, recalled that they had an English teacher who was nine months pregnant.

"He would chase her all over the room. He said, 'You better sit down! You better sit down!' He was the only one who could have gotten away with that."[27]

Several girls became offended because Souther would date them briefly and then drop them, a pattern Souther would repeat throughout his life. The girls in Maine attributed it to his Chicago background.

"Basically, relationships were one-on-one," said Joyce Cleveland, a friend of Souther's from high school. "A lot of the girls felt they were not good enough and felt hurt that they didn't get access to him. He was dating a lot of different girls and dropped them and went on to someone else. A lot of them got together and compared notes. He came from a different area where casual dating was the only way you dated in high school. It took them awhile to understand that."[28]

In Cumberland, said Cleveland, “There was nothing to do. You had to have access to a car and go into Portland. Most of us did not and mostly you would go out with one person; you’d go over to their house and watch TV, or they’d come over to yours. Occasionally we’d go to the gravel pit and have a party.”

The gravel pit, in nearby North Yarmouth, was a depression in a sand and gravel deposit.

“They [the owners] let them do it because otherwise we’d be driving around. After a couple of hours the old man would come down and say, ‘Okay, folks, time to go.’ If they didn’t leave, he’d call the cops in,” Cleveland said.

“Glenn was smart in class. He studied but not a lot. He would know the material if he read it over. He would participate in class and know the answers. He would not be in the back of the class or in the front. He wasn’t teacher’s pet. He always gave his opinion. He debated with you. But he wasn’t pushy. We didn’t have a lot of political attitudes back then. It was the ‘me’ generation, nothing to rally behind. It was very apolitical.”

Like Souther, Cleveland had a small part in the senior play, *Up the Down Staircase*. Souther enjoyed acting and did it well. As a memento, Souther, Cleveland, and several others stuffed a beer bottle down the tank behind a toilet backstage. Inside, they stuffed a note referring to their class. The bottle stuck in the toilet like a time capsule.

Souther loved to ride his ten-speed bike through town, and there was a widespread rumor that he had gotten a speeding ticket for his bicycle riding. “The Cumberland police would come in the parking lot at the high school, and pull you over looking for taillights out,” Cleveland said. “Then sometimes they would follow you all the way home, just trying to catch you doing something. I believe they only gave him a warning. I don't believe they gave him a ticket."[29]

Souther's best friend at Greely was Robert A. Fitch, a soft-spoken, slightly built runner with fine hands, dark brown eyes, and a very finely chiseled face. They shared an interest in sports and religion. They often discussed Christ and his grace in dying and providing salvation for man.

"He [Souther] was interested in track. I ran track," Fitch recalled. "He was interested in biking, and I was into biking. In track season, we'd train together. He was a distance runner and I was a sprinter. We'd run together and spend time driving around, going to soccer games, and spending time at his house," he said.[30] "If we saw a car full of girls, we'd follow them around."

One weekend Souther decided he wanted to go hiking on Mount Katahdin, the tallest mountain in Maine. It was winter and he hadn't done much hiking.

"He bought boots and equipment and tried to recruit others," Fitch said. "I didn't want to go. I suppose part of it was I felt it was foolhardy. He tried to recruit a couple of others who backed out. So he went by himself. His parents didn't know what he was up to. Apparently he smooth-talked the rangers into letting him go in, claiming he had experience."

Souther fell through a snow bridge into a freezing stream. When he failed to come down from the mountain, the rangers looked for him and brought him out.

"He showed up on Sunday at church and wanted me to go to his folks' house with him. He thought his dad would not get as angry with someone else around," Fitch said.

As in any high school, everyone wondered who was having sex. The general belief was that no one was. In Souther's case, that was right.

After school Souther worked for the thrift store run by the

Nissen Baking Company, where his father was an executive. The thrift store sold bakery products whose pull dates had expired.

"We were going to have a senior breakfast, and we needed pastries, so Glenn went in with a pickup truck and really loaded it up. He kind of helped himself. That didn't go over too well," Fitch said.

Fitch double-dated with Souther to the senior prom. They had reservations for dinner at the Sheraton near the airport at 7:15 P.M.

"The place was packed. We were in tuxedos and had to wait quite a while in the lounge. Finally Glenn talked to the maître d'," Fitch said. "Apparently he was waiting for someone to slip him some money. Glenn was really hot under the collar. Finally we got out of there at ten-fifteen and got to the prom at a quarter to eleven. We told Glenn's dad, and he called them up, and they offered to give us a free dinner."

Fitch said Souther, to get even, took some silverware when he left the restaurant.[31]

Souther graduated in June 1975. His yearbook entry included the usual array of phrases and quotations referring to events that were important then but are now long forgotten.

Despite their closeness during high school, Souther and Fitch had begun to drift apart by graduation. Fitch was a born-again Christian. While Souther was interested in religion when he had first moved from Chicago, it seemed to Fitch that he had become more involved with drinking and going to parties by the end of high school.

Given the closeness of their friendship, Souther's yearbook inscription to his friend Fitch was chilly. "Bob, I had a good time here, especially this year with the play and all," Souther wrote under Fitch's photo. "I did such a good job, you too. Just kidding. Have fun in college."

By graduation time, Souther's problems with his father had become more noticeable.

"I got the feeling he didn't have a happy home life," said Kimerly Caine, who went to the senior prom with him, largely, she explained, because no one else asked her. "He didn't like his father much. They had a real personality conflict. His father had a lot of money and didn't share it with Glenn. I didn't think they had much contact."[32]

Tim Souther also said Souther told him he was having problems with his father.

"He was eighteen and had a curfew of nine-thirty or ten with my dad," Tim Souther said. But things had been different when he lived with his mother. "We never even had curfews when we were young."

Eventually, Souther and his father came into conflict over Souther's future plans. Souther's father wanted him to go to college. Souther wanted to go into the service and become a photographer. It was a typical clash of late adolescence, except that Souther's father even wanted to choose the college.

"He would pay for Glenn's college, but he had to go to the one he chose and take the courses he chose, or he couldn't go," Tim Souther said. "He said he [their father] was a jerk."[33]

"I think he felt his father expected too much from him and wouldn't let him live his life," Fitch said. "They had a parting of the ways. He resented him. I know he told me his father had certain plans for him, and Glenn had things he wanted to do. Going to college may have been part of it. His dad felt instead of going into the service he would have been better off getting a college education. Glenn wanted to get into photography. His father wasn't big on that."

But the resentment went further than that.

"It was more that Glenn was a free spirit and his goals were not to be v.p. of a bakery and settle into an upper-middle-class background," Fitch said. "Glenn's approach was to have an idea and follow it. He resented his dad's efforts to fit him into a mold.[34]

"His father is very stern, businesslike," Fitch added. It seemed to Glenn he was always scowling.[35]

Because of pressure from his father, Souther agreed to go to Purdue University/Calumet in Hammond, Indiana. He lived with his mother and stepfather and spent much of his time taking photos for the school paper. One time, according to what he told his brother, Tim, he stole some books from the library by sneaking into the freight elevator at night. By the end of the first semester, he had dropped out. He enlisted in the navy on January 4, 1976.

Soon he would find a way to act out his feelings about his father.

5

You swept in abruptly
like "take it or leave it!"
Mauling your suede gloves,
you declared:
"D'you know,
I'm getting married."

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

SOUTHER entered boot camp at Great Lakes, Illinois, and was sent to Pensacola, Florida, to attend photography school. He later told friends from Maine that he loved the discipline of the navy.

"When they asked him to do push-ups, he said, 'Yes, sir,' " his friend Bob Fitch said.

After finishing school in June 1976, Souther was assigned to the nuclear-powered aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Nimitz* as a petty officer. With a security clearance of secret, he flew in navy planes to take photos of Soviet ships. In addition, he developed his own and others' photographs. Later, he was a photo lab supervisor and prepared briefing materials for the commander. After marrying an Italian woman and becoming fluent in her language, Souther occasionally served as an interpreter, too.

Despite worsening relations with his father, he sent him several enlargements of Soviet planes. His father had always been interested in military airplanes. The photos were classified. Souther already was flouting the security rules.

When Souther returned home for Christmas on leave, he showed the photos to his friend Bob Fitch. Even though the photos had no classification markings, Souther told Fitch they were classified.[36]

"I remember one picture he showed me," Fitch said. "It was a Russian bomber taken from the air from another plane."

Souther showed the pictures to Fitch in a matter-of-fact way. He seemed neither proud that he had them nor furtive about the fact that they were classified. But Fitch was impressed that Souther had "little regard for the rules."

During the same visit back home, Souther saw Rebecca Bendixon, his high school girlfriend. It was then that they first had sex.

"The first time was when he came back on leave," she said. "In high school, it was making out."[37]

By then, Souther was experienced. Based on what he told others, he already had had sex with several women in Italy.

That summer, Souther met Patrizia Di Palma on the isle of Capri, a stately jewel nestled in the Bay of Naples. Souther always attracted the most gorgeous women, and Di Palma was no exception. With wide-set green eyes as big as half dollars, she had frosted light brown hair, high cheekbones, and a model's build.

Growing up in Naples, near the U.S. Navy's Sixth Fleet home port of Gaeta, Di Palma had met many navy men and had no use for them. She considered them coarse and stupid. Glenn was different. He was sensitive, bright, and intellectually stimulating, if a bit brash. Moreover, she liked his slim build, sparkling hazel eyes, and luxuriant brown beard.

Although not wealthy, Di Palma's family was descended from Italian nobles. Di Palma had attended college in Naples and worked at part-time jobs. Then nineteen, she was vacationing on Capri with friends when she met Souther in 1976. He was taking pictures in a square. Souther was attracted to her statuesque shape in a bathing suit, her green eyes, her clear skin, and her easy laugh.

Souther took pictures of her, and she gave him her address so he could mail copies to her. At the time, she did not understand English, so they communicated in improvised sign language.[38]

Soon they were dating, and after a month Souther proposed. Di Palma thought he must be crazy and decided to stop seeing him. However, after the *Nimitz* returned to the States, Souther regularly wrote to her. The relationship became more serious, and when the aircraft carrier returned to Gaeta, about an hour-and-a-half drive north of Naples, she agreed to see him again. On April 23, 1978, they were married.

Di Palma was not religious, but to please her parents she and Souther married in a Catholic church in Rome. Di Palma recalled that when he came to the wedding, Souther's father played the role of "the ugly American."

"He didn't like anything [in Italy]," she said. "He was so stupid. He would look at the buildings and say the people live in those places? Yecch! The cars were too small. Everything he didn't like."[39]

Later, Souther would tell Di Palma that his father had a closed mind, and that Souther resented what he had done to his mother. He said his father did not care about his kids and had no relationship with Souther's brother and sister.[40] On the other hand, Souther embraced Di Palma's family as his own.

"At last I've found a close family," he told her, referring to her parents.

In February 1979, Souther left the *Nimitz* and was assigned to "B" school at Pensacola, Florida, for more specialized training in photography for intelligence purposes. In April he was assigned to the U.S.S. *Albany* and later the U.S.S. *Puget Sound* in Gaeta. As the successive flagships for the U.S. Navy's Sixth Fleet, the ships served as headquarters for the commander of the fleet. They were loaded with classified intelligence, and this gave Souther access for the first time to highly sensitive information.

It was while based on these ships that Souther developed an interest in Communism, substituting for the equally strong religious beliefs which he previously held. How that happened may never be known. However, it is clear he was becoming more resentful of the navy and the authority it represented. Although he impressed all his superiors, he had a new boss whom he hated. He told Di Palma that the man liked to show his power by requiring underlings to clean the toilets with a toothbrush. At the same time, his marriage began to deteriorate, and his interest in Communism became one of the many points of contention.

Di Palma first noticed a change when he began reading books about Trotsky and Lenin. "Why are you reading about Communism?" she would ask him. "It could be dangerous in your position."[41]

"I'm just curious," he said.

"I think the basic theory of Communism is good. Everybody is the same, there are no different classes," Di Palma told Souther. "But this is unrealistic."

As time went on, Souther become more open about his feelings. He insisted the Communist model would work. He described the United States as a materialistic and imperialistic nation.

"Americans are all ignorant," Souther told her. "They care only about their own country. In Europe everything is different."

"I'm sure the U.S. is imperialistic," Di Palma would say.

"They are everywhere in the world. But the Soviets are, too—Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Afghanistan, Cuba." The big difference, she said, is that in the Communist countries, "They are not free."

Di Palma spoke from personal experience. Since the unemployment rate in the south of Italy is nearly one-third, she had briefly thought of teaching Italian to Bulgarians as a career. During a visit to Bulgaria in 1977, she met some Soviet journalists who got drunk and told her how their articles were censored. She was shocked to find that restaurants there had no milk or fruit. She had to stand in line for hours to buy milk in a store.

Souther and Di Palma both wanted to have a baby, and when their son, Angelo, was born on September 21, 1981, Souther insisted on being at the birth, which was by cesarean section. He took photographs that he would later hang on his wall. One of the pictures won a photography contest.

"He has to become an important person and not become like me," Souther said of the baby.

It was but another facet of his contradictory character. Even though he was gregarious and perceived as a leader, he thought of himself as an underdog and a loner. Even though he was advancing in the navy and had married a gorgeous woman, he saw himself as unimportant. It was but another facet of the split between his image of himself and reality.

When the baby was born, Souther excitedly called his mother to tell her the good news. Souther's father never accepted Di Palma because she was not an American. In phone conversations, he insisted on calling Angelo "Steve"—short for his middle name of Stephan.[42]

"Who is Steve?" Di Palma would say when Souther's father asked about the baby.

Souther played with Angelo and seemed to enjoy being a father. Yet he had started drinking excessively and was erratic. Souther had taught Di Palma to play the war game Risk in English. Her English had improved so much that she routinely beat him at it. He would become furious, and one day he threw the game away.

Moreover, Souther was becoming paranoid, or so it seemed to his wife. One afternoon the buzzer in their apartment rang from downstairs.

"*Pulizia*," a woman said over the intercom.

"Police? What do they want? Why are they here?" Souther asked.[43] Clearly, he was frightened.

Di Palma picked up the receiver.

"*Pulizia*," the woman said again.

Di Palma realized what had happened. Souther had mistaken the Italian word for cleaning people—*pulizia*—for *polizia*, which means police.

Di Palma didn't like to cook, so they would go to restaurants with friends. One day just before the baby was born she went to the U.S.S. *Puget Sound* to tell Souther about a social engagement she had made for them. He wasn't there. She was told that Souther had the day off. Di Palma started to think he was seeing another woman.

In fact, several friends later told her that he was seeing an attractive fellow navy photographer based on the ship. But it turned out he was doing more than dallying with women.

It was during one of Souther's drinking binges, while they were arguing about the many mundane things they argued about, that he told Di Palma he was working for the Soviets.

"One day I went to the Soviet embassy in Rome and told them that I wanted to work for them. Not for money but because I believed in Communism," Souther told her in the fall of 1981. He said he had gone to the embassy the year before —1980—and had been working for the Soviets ever since. He also said he had a Soviet passport. He mentioned that others were spying on the ship, as if that would make it all right.[44]

At first Di Palma thought he was making up stories. He was drunk when he told her. His point seemed to be that he had more important things to worry about than their marital harmony. But more and more, Souther was engaged in reading books about Communism, and as she became more aware of his bizarre activities, she came to realize he was a spy.

Souther bought a shortwave radio, telling Di Palma that he thought it would be fun to listen to foreign broadcasts. But one night Di Palma saw him listening to it at 1:00 A.M. She watched him from a doorway, and his back was to her, so he didn't see her. Souther was listening to sets of numbers that were being broadcast in English in monotonous tones. Each group of numbers consisted of five digits. As he heard the numbers, Souther wrote them down in a notebook. Then he removed a pen from a canvas bag he always carried. He opened the pen and took out thin white paper rolled up inside. He wrote on the paper, rolled it up, and replaced it in the pen.

As she lay awake that night, Di Palma kept turning this new information over in her mind. She had heard enough about spying from books and movies to realize Souther was using some sort of code. She wondered what kind of information her husband was giving the Soviets. She thought about the fact that her husband had been expressing increasing resentment about his new boss. He was a mean son of a bitch. But was that any reason to spy against his own country? Most of all, she worried that he would get caught. But a few days later, Souther reassured her.

"To do what I'm doing, I have to be perfect at work so they won't be suspicious. To throw off suspicion, I'm a model sailor," he boasted.

Indeed, in March 1981, Souther received a letter of commendation from the commander of the Sixth Fleet for outstanding performance of his duties. In October 1981 he received the Outstanding Sailor of the Quarter award of the Sixth Fleet.

Just after she saw him use the shortwave radio, Di Palma and Souther drove from Gaeta to Naples for the weekend. Souther always drove fast. Di Palma would ask him to drive slower. He would ignore her, and they often argued about it. One time when Di Palma asked him to slow down he got so mad that he broke the rearview mirror with his fist and cut his hand. Driving from Gaeta to Naples, Souther was going even faster than usual.

"What's the rush?" Di Palma asked him.

"I'm late," Souther answered.

"Late for what?" she asked.

"I have to make a very important call," he said.

"What kind of call?" Di Palma asked.

Souther became mad.

"It's none of your business," he said.

"If you don't want to tell me something, don't say anything," she said.

They went to a pay phone and Souther placed the call. Looking over his shoulder, Di Palma was able to see the number he dialed. She memorized it. After he said a few words into the receiver, Souther told Di Palma, "Everything is okay."

Later, Di Palma dialed the number. A bowling alley answered. Di Palma hung up.

Di Palma never saw any money from the Soviets. But after Angelo was born, Souther mentioned that "they" had given him cash as a gift when their son was born. By then, Di Palma knew that when Souther referred to "them," he meant the Soviets.

Di Palma decided the tan canvas bag Souther always carried must contain secrets he was hiding. Souther took it with him to work, when they went to restaurants, and even to parties. Once she asked him what it contained.

"It's none of your business," he snarled at her. "Stay out of my life. Stay out of my things." Then he added menacingly, "I would kill my son for the right cause."

One afternoon when Souther had gone to do an errand, Di Palma noticed that he had left the bag in their bedroom. Furtively, she unzipped the top and looked inside. It contained maps of the area where they lived and rolls of film. On the maps, different locations were circled. In addition, Di Palma found a picture of an American officer with his wife. She also found the notebook Souther had used for writing the coded messages he took down over his shortwave radio. Finally, she found an Olympus camera with a special lens. Since she was interested in photography herself, she knew something about lenses. She had never seen one like this. Moreover, it had no brand name on it.

Later, Di Palma asked at a camera store if the Olympus had such a lens as an accessory.

"The lens doesn't exist," the man told her.

Di Palma's mind was spinning. She decided the lens must have been made especially for him. It must have something to do with photographing documents. By now she had come to understand that her husband was a spy. Perhaps the Soviets gave him the camera, she thought. Still, Di Palma forced herself not to think about it. For an Italian family, divorce was a disgrace. She was confused and unhappy but not ready to leave him.[45]

Souther was due to be transferred to the Naval Air Training Command at Patuxent River, Maryland. He was mad because he wanted either to become an officer or to leave the navy by the end of the year. He did not see why he should have to transfer back to the United States for the remaining nine months. After Souther came back from a trip to Greece, he told Di Palma their marriage was over. He did not want to take her to the States.

"I have to be alone," Souther said. "We got married too early, and I'm not doing what I wanted to do. I don't love you anymore or want you anymore. I'm tired of being married."[46]

He dropped her almost as abruptly as he had dropped his junior high school sweetheart, Amy Rodenburg.

That night Souther went out and did not return. Sobbing, Di Palma called an NIS agent to report him missing. The NIS agent told her that he had seen Souther lately with the navy photographer Di Palma had heard he was seeing. When he returned the next day, Di Palma accused Souther of seeing another woman, but he said they were just friends.

Souther would later tell his brother and his friends that the cause of their breakup was an affair Di Palma had had with a friend of Souther's from the navy. Souther had trusted him enough to give his friend the key to their house. The man had reciprocated by using the key to come to the house and seduce his wife. He told Di Palma that her husband did not care about her.

"He told me he loved me, that my husband treats me like dirt, that he went out with all the girls wherever he went," she said. "I was pregnant. He wanted me to go with him. I said I loved my husband. I wanted to stay with him. Then one day my husband said some people on the ship said the baby was not his, it was [his friend's]. He told me he didn't believe me. When [the friend] had come to the house, I was already pregnant. I got so disgusted with everything. He said, 'If I see [him], I'll kill him.' "[47]

A few days after telling Di Palma their marriage was over, Souther called his mother in Chicago. He was drunk. He told her he didn't want to see *her* anymore either.

"Forget my number, forget you have a son. I'm tired of America and Americans," he said.

6

You're teasing me now?
"You have fewer emeralds of madness
than a beggar has kopecks!"
But remember!
When they teased Vesuvius,
Pompeii perished!

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

ON FEBRUARY 16, 1982, Souther attained the rank of photographer's mate first class. In April he was assigned to Patuxent River, where he took photos of new navy weapons systems and planes. Di Palma begged Souther to take her with him.

"I don't want to live without you," she said.

Souther relented and agreed to take her to the States.

Now Di Palma thought their troubles were behind them. Souther told her he loved her. But their marriage continued to crumble as she found new evidence of his other life.

One day Souther left his wallet at home when he went to work. Curious, Di Palma looked through it and found a key for a rented U.S. Postal Service box. Then she found a receipt for the rental of the box. Di Palma went to the main post office at the Patuxent River naval air station. The numbers on the boxes there didn't match the one on the receipt. She drove to another post office and found the box. She opened it; it was empty.

Di Palma took the receipt to a clerk and said she had lost the key and needed another. She paid a dollar and got her own key to Souther's mailbox.

"When does the mail usually arrive?" she asked the clerk.

"About ten-thirty in the morning," he said.

For the next several weeks, Di Palma checked the box every morning, trying to get there before Souther did. No mail ever came.

Usually Di Palma had no car. Souther left her alone in their rented home in the woods while he went to work in their red Renault with a white stripe. She was becoming increasingly frustrated with her lot. One day, in the heat of an argument, she implied she might tell on Souther.

"If you say anything, I'll kill you, Angelo, and all your family," he said.[48]

On another occasion, Di Palma asked Souther, "Why don't you stop it [spying]?"

"I wish I could stop, but I can't. They won't let me," he said.[49] Then he started crying.

Occasionally, Souther took his wife to parties given by navy colleagues. It was through these contacts that she met coworkers who dropped hints that Souther was seeing yet another navy photographer, Kelli Templeton.

Templeton was fun-loving and got along well with women and men. She stood nearly six feet tall and had long, sexy hair, brown with red highlights. She had no bangs; her hair was all one length and parted in the middle. It was the kind of hairstyle that a flower child from the seventies might have, but her wavy hair had spring. She curled it behind her ears. Most of the time she wore round glasses like a librarian's, brown-rimmed to match her hair. Her eyes were blue and clear, with thin dark eyebrows sketched above them lined by dark eyelashes. Her nose was pugged and cute. She had a long wide mouth and a big friendly smile which flashed teeth worthy of a Crest commercial. She had fair skin, milky and blemishless. She had a shapely body that men never failed to notice.

When she first met her, Di Palma had liked her. Then one day Di Palma listened in on another phone as Souther called Templeton at the photo lab. She heard them make plans to see each other. When Di Palma asked Souther what he was doing, he made up a story.

Di Palma discussed her suspicions with a friend from the photo lab.

"You know, you're right, because many times we can't find them and they're locked in a darkroom together," the friend said.[50]

Di Palma confronted Templeton and demanded that she leave Souther alone.

"I like your husband, but we're not fooling around. We're friends," Templeton said.[51]

One afternoon Di Palma visited the photo lab where Souther and Templeton both worked. She asked where Souther was. At first, she was told no one knew. But somebody found Souther. She suspected he had been in a darkroom with Kelli.

That night Di Palma became hysterical and told Souther she was going to "go walking"—she didn't know or care where. She wanted to test how much he cared about her.

"Okay," he said.

Crying, she went stumbling down a deserted road. The local police picked her up and brought her home.

A few days later Souther arranged for a friend of his to take Di Palma to a discotheque. Di Palma thought it might be so Souther could see Templeton at home or talk to her without any interference. When they got home, Souther told the friend that Di Palma was a bad person because she had gone out without him—even though he'd set it up in the first place.

That weekend, several people from the photo lab invited Souther, Di Palma, and their baby for dinner. Templeton was among the guests. As Souther continued drinking and the hour got late, Di Palma said they would have to go home because she had to put Angelo to sleep.

Souther was livid. He took Di Palma home and then beat her, kicking her in the face. Di Palma was covered with bruises, and her lips were split.

Souther then called the people who had invited them to dinner and invited everyone still at the party to his house. When the other photographers saw Di Palma, they were shocked.

"Don't make that face. Let's have fun!" Souther said to them.

Drunkenly, Souther ran off into the woods with Templeton. Di Palma imagined them having sex together and decided he just wanted to hurt her.[52] She thought of going to the police. But the next day Souther looked at Di Palma and said, "I can't believe that I did that."

It was a typical gesture. A brilliant manipulator, Souther would alternate between begging Di Palma to leave him and calling her a "wonderful wife."

The following day, Souther told Di Palma, "I need time. I need to be alone." He asked Di Palma to stay with his mother in Chicago for a week.

Di Palma decided to leave him alone as he had requested because she understood he had problems. Souther's mother, Shirley Wiergacz, treated Di Palma like a daughter. For a month, Di Palma called Souther every day. It seemed he would never ask her to come back. Finally, Di Palma decided to come back anyway. At the age of twenty-four she had not yet developed enough sense of her own identity to feel capable of living apart from him. Moreover, she had a small baby to support, and his personal magnetism always swept away any doubts she had about the wisdom of remaining with him.

Di Palma asked him to meet her at the airport. When he was not there, she took a taxi. The next day he took her back to the airport to return her to Chicago. Shortly after that, in May 1982, Di Palma and her son left for Italy.

They would never see him again.

7

I feel
my "I"
is much too small for me.
Stubbornly a body pushes out of me.
—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud
in Trousers"

TO GET HER to leave, Souther promised Di Palma that if she returned to Italy, he would eventually meet her there and bring her back to the States. He claimed he would come over before September 21, 1982, Angelo's birthday. When September came and he did not show up, Di Palma called her husband at Patuxent River and said she would meet him there.

"I don't want you to come," he told her.

Di Palma became hysterical. Her father, a retired engineer-draftsman, took the phone and told Souther, "I'm going to kill you."[53]

Two days after Angelo's birthday, one of Di Palma's brothers-in-law was walking past a restaurant in Rome. Through the window he saw Souther. The navy man was sitting alone at a table. He appeared to be waiting for someone.

"What are you doing here?" the brother-in-law asked him.

"I'm going to go to Naples tomorrow," Souther said.

The next day, Souther called Di Palma. "I'm not coming because I'm in the States," he said.

But her brother-in-law had told her he'd spotted Souther, and she rushed to Rome to try to find him. Since hotels in Europe must report to the police the names of any foreigners staying overnight, she thought it would be easy to track him down. After a week of trying, she gave up. Souther was staying with someone else, had used a phony passport when registering, or had left.

Meanwhile, Di Palma had found that there was only enough money in their joint bank account to write a few checks. Besides their car, which Souther kept, they had no other assets.

At first, Di Palma tried to convince herself that he was trying to protect his family from his spying activities. Then she decided he was simply a selfish person. When they were married, he had seemed so sensitive and thoughtful. She wondered if he was acting then or acting now.

"I can't believe a person can forget his own son. It's something my mind can't understand. He left me with nothing," she would later say.

But then, like a pendulum, she would swing from despising him to longing for him. She felt no one would ever replace him. He was her first real love, the father of her baby, someone she had always admired. It was inconceivable to her that all they had shared together could mean nothing, that he could toss her off like a wet bathing suit, treat her as a stranger. If that was the case, life did not seem worth living, she thought to herself.

As she contemplated her predicament, Di Palma debated whether she should report him to the Naval Investigative Service. Normally, the FBI investigates espionage. However, when the suspect is in the military, the military investigative agencies have jurisdiction.

On December 31, 1982, Di Palma was attending a New Year's Eve party in Gaeta, the Italian port where Souther had been assigned. Gaeta is a picturebook town of houses painted pink and orange perched on hillsides, villas built into the earth like ancient temples, rocky hills dropping down to a calm inlet of sea, and great ships in anchor that stand out boldly against the dark water.

By now, Souther was back in the States, but one of Di Palma's sisters was married to a navy officer. Realizing she was depressed about the breakup of her marriage, he invited Di Palma to the party at the home of a fellow officer. But Di Palma had more important things on her mind.

Di Palma was bitter. Her husband had left her penniless with a two-year-old son to support. She felt no obligation to protect him. Indeed, she wanted revenge. Yet in some ways she still loved him. When she spotted a Naval Investigative Service agent whom she had met before, all the anger came to the surface.

"I have to talk with you about my husband," she said.

It was just before midnight, and Gregory A. Scovel, like most of the others at the party, had been drinking. An overweight blond man, he was one of two NIS agents assigned to the NIS office in Gaeta. His job was to investigate criminal allegations against members of the navy. He had been an NIS agent two years and had no experience in counterintelligence, the business of catching spies.

"Would you mind stepping into the bathroom?" Di Palma said to him.

Scovel was taken aback. After all, his wife was at the party. What would she think if she saw him stepping into the bathroom with this fetching young woman?

Di Palma's hair was layered and styled upward, youthfully, and brushed away from her face. She had dark expressive eyebrows, arched like wings above her almond-shaped eyes. Her eyes were gentle and caring, like the eyes of your mother, best friend, or someone you don't mind sharing your feelings with and opening up to. She had apple cheeks, soft and touchable and round, like a toddler's. Her nose, like her other features, was straight and round. Her mouth curled into a vague but sweet smile. Her lips were tight-looking. The corners of her mouth were sharp and precise. She wore stylish clothes.

That evening she had had a few glasses of wine. Alcohol always made her sleepy, and she had never gotten drunk in her life.

Despite his misgivings, Scovel agreed to meet Di Palma in the first-floor bathroom. She was already there when he walked in. She closed the door and faced him.

"I think my husband is working for the Soviets," Di Palma said.

Scovel thought about his wife. He wanted to go back to the party. He felt uncomfortable talking with an attractive woman in the bathroom. It was unseemly. And he was off duty. Espionage was a serious subject that should be discussed in an office, preferably from behind a desk. Besides, he had terrorist threats to worry about just then, not spies.

Scovel did not ask Di Palma any questions.

"I'll call you in ten days to talk about it," he said.[54]

Di Palma felt relieved. She had gotten it off her chest. Now she waited for Scovel to call.

Two days later, Di Palma heard from her brother-in-law, Jeffrey Smallwood, who was married to one of her two sisters. Smallwood was then a lieutenant in the navy. He had been one of Souther's superiors on the *Puget Sound*.

Smallwood was angry. He said that the day after the New Year's Eve party, Scovel had told him of Di Palma's allegation and asked his opinion.

"It's absurd," Smallwood said he told the NIS agent. "I know they're having marital problems. I think they're getting a divorce. She's obviously just saying this to get him into trouble."[55]

"But it's true," Di Palma said of her allegation.

"I don't want to hear anything about it. I don't want to be involved. You're just upset with your husband. That's why you want to give him problems," Smallwood said. He said Scovel told him he thought she was crazy, too.[56]

Scovel never did call Di Palma. The NIS agent would later tell his superiors that he saw Di Palma a month later out on the street. Allegedly, he asked her, "Is there anything you want to talk about? Do you have any problems?"

He claimed she answered in the negative.[57]

But Di Palma recalls no such meeting. She does recall seeing Scovel a year later in Gaeta. However, he asked no questions about Souther, she says. In any case, she felt that Scovel's attitude toward her was condescending and insulting. He obviously considered her a nonentity. In view of the way he had brushed her off, she had no intention of telling him anything.

"He didn't want to listen to me," she said. "What problems can I have? What should I tell him? He said he was going to call and he didn't. Then he asks me if I have problems! [The NIS] treated me like a stupid person—as if I just wanted to have revenge," she said.[58]

What is clear is that Scovel took no action on Di Palma's allegation. He did not ask her why she thought her husband was a spy. Nor did he follow up after the party to obtain more details. Incredibly, he did not even file a memo—called an "information report"—recording that such an allegation had been made. If he had, the severe damage that later occurred to U.S. national security might never have happened.[59]

8

Each word
each joke
which his scorching mouth spews,
jumps like a naked prostitute
from a burning brothel.

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

BY THE END OF 1982, Souther had received an honorable discharge from the navy and joined the naval reserve in Norfolk, Virginia. Norfolk is an idyllic port city—a quiet, clean southern town overshadowed by towering ships that come to use its deep harbor. Tall, tanned, leggy blondes parade down flower-lined avenues, and on Saturday nights sailors find their way to Waterside Festival Marketplace along the harbor to drink beer, eat barbecue and oysters, and ogle the slow-talking, miniskirted girls.

At first, Souther performed reserve duty one weekend a month at the public affairs office of the naval air station in Norfolk, Virginia. He also enrolled at Old Dominion University, majoring in Russian. Old Dominion is a state university on a 146-acre campus dotted with flowering trees and pink-brick buildings with thin rectangular windows. Originally the Norfolk division of the College of William and Mary, it was founded in

1930.[60] Souther would later confide that the Soviets had told him to take Russian to further his chances of becoming an officer and entering higher-level intelligence work.

Souther moved in with three nineteen-year-old girls who were also students at Old Dominion. They had placed an ad for a roommate and were surprised when a male responded. The house was a four-bedroom white structure at 4814 Killam Street. They called it the Little White House. Souther had a bedroom in the back. At the time, he was dating Kelli Templeton, the navy photographer from the Patuxent River naval air station. On weekends he would visit her in Maryland, or she would come to visit him in Norfolk.

To Cindy, a fresh-faced nineteen-year-old who was one of Souther's new roommates, Glenn and Kelli looked like the perfect couple.* They were the same height, looked happy together, and had the same interests. Besides photography, both liked the opera. Kelli had also interested Souther in target practice. But when Cindy told Souther they seemed to be a perfect couple, he said, "No, we're not."

"Why not?" she asked.

"You don't really know her," he said.

Then Cindy began noticing that increasingly Templeton was visiting Souther, rather than the other way around.

One night, Souther slept with Darcie A. Long, a sandy-haired, short young woman with blue eyes who was Cindy's best friend.

"When I first met him, I thought he was kind of funny and interesting. He was intelligent. He was more sophisticated than a lot of people I knew—on the surface," Long said. "I was attracted to him, and I slept with him one time," she said.[61] "He was not much. He was an older guy. He handled it okay. It seemed like he could have gotten attached [to me], but I didn't want anything like that."

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*When interviewed, Cindy agreed to having her name used in the book. However, she later requested deletion of her last name. While not obligated to accede to her request, the author did so out of appreciation for the extensive help she provided. Photographs of her appear in the book.

She recalled that one time Souther extended his arm to shake her hand through his open fly.

"That was an example of the geeky things he would do," Long said. "You can't help but laugh. But it's a stupid thing to do."

The day after they went to bed, Souther brought Long some flowers and a book of poetry.

Souther confided to Cindy that he was crazy about Long. He said he never really liked Templeton.

"She forced herself on me," he said. "I like her and think the world of her, but it's not deep love and someone I would marry," he said of the navy photographer.

The roommates got into a routine of studying from 7:00 P.M. to 11:00 P.M. Then as a reward, they would go for a drink at Courtney's, a local bar that had the best nachos around. After some weeks of this, the others in the house would go to sleep instead of going out. Souther and Cindy would wind up going to the bar alone.

One night on the way home from the bar, Souther began kissing Cindy in his car. She resisted, pointing out that he was still dating Kelli.

"Glenn, how can you do this?" she said. "I don't want to have anything to do with this."

But a few nights later they both became drunk, and they wound up sleeping together. While she had had sex before, she considered Souther her first serious boyfriend.[62]

Cindy was a blue-eyed, nubile blonde who wore miniskirts and no bra. She had a direct gaze, a firm handshake, and an even-toothed smile that lasted. She was open like clear glass, with no refractions and no shading. Healthy and virile, she had the overall look of a natural beauty. She had high cheekbones with a healthy blush of sun and color in her cheeks. Her mouth was parted like a heart, wide and voluptuous. She had an alert, bright look in her eyes, quick and sharp looking. Her hair was fine and blond, and her bangs fell just below her eyebrows. Her eyes were big, blue, and wide, with a look of curiosity and wonderment about them, as if she were a little girl on her first day of kindergarten. She was athletic and warm-looking, but at the same time sexy and mysterious. She looked witty and friendly and approachable, but she also looked tough, as though she wouldn't stand for anyone rubbing her the wrong way. Indeed, among her many other attributes, Cindy had a black belt in karate.

The daughter of a retired master gunnery sergeant in the marines, Cindy was born at Camp Lejeune and had had a strict upbringing. She was taught to say "Yes, sir" or "No, sir" when her father asked her questions. Like most marines, he was fiercely patriotic. When Cindy later wanted to buy a Japanese car, he told her, "If you have a foreign car, don't drive to my house."

When her sister started dating, her father cross-examined each young man she brought home.

"How come your hair is so long?" he would ask.

When he started the same routine on her, Cindy stopped dating because she was so embarrassed.[63]

One time, her father pinched a date's cheek.

"Got your shit together?" he asked him.

Another time, he was waiting on the front porch with a shotgun across his lap when Cindy and a date came home.

"Better behave yourself. Better not touch my girls!" he said.

Cindy's mother, a high school biology teacher, became worried because she was not going out. She scolded her father for bothering Cindy's dates. When she was seventeen, Cindy began dating again.

Beginning in the eighth grade in Dumfries, Virginia, Cindy had studied an Okinawa style of karate. In high school, she earned a black belt, second degree. She was so good that she took on marines who were also learning karate.

Because her instructor was also a private investigator, she became a bodyguard, protecting wealthy businessmen and people involved in marital disputes. As a private investigator, she carried a gun and was trained in its use. In addition, she used sparring gloves for full-contact karate and a sai, a vicious-looking steel hook for grabbing and striking people. Because of her proficiency, her instructor wanted her to run a new branch of his school. Along with her instructor and several other students, she appeared on the "Today" show in 1982.

"Bodyguards who don't stand out in a crowd, or maybe they do because they are beautiful," Jane Pauley said as she introduced Cindy and several other female karate experts on the show.

During the segment, Cindy's instructor broke seven concrete blocks with his head. He then broke a two-inch-by-two-inch board across Cindy's ribs. Cindy did her part. She broke five concrete bricks with the heel of her foot.

Souther was proud of her karate training. "You know she's a black belt in karate," he would tell friends.

To Cindy, Souther was the romantic a woman dreams of. Souther would take her to fancy restaurants, pull out the chair for her, and order exceptional Italian wines. He often sent her roses. For five days in a row, he would send a card saying, "I just wanted to say I love you." She would open her notebook in class to find "I love you very, very much" inscribed on several pages.

Cindy called Souther "Noodles." When he sent her cards, he signed them "Noodles."

"Sexually, he was crazy as he was in everything else he did," Cindy said. "He wanted to do it anywhere. That was a real turn-on for him. The more inappropriate the place, the more excited he would get. At first he wanted it three times a day, even during lunch. We'd go parking in his car and he would do it there, just to be different."

One day, Souther said, "Let's do it in every room in the house."

They had sex in the kitchen, in the pantry, on the stairs, and in their roommates' rooms. One time one of their roommates caught them having sex in her room.

"He wasn't happy if it wasn't risky," Cindy said. "To some extent he was a James Bond figure."

One evening, Cindy told Souther that her sister had measured her boyfriend's penis.

"Let's measure mine," he said.

It came to seven inches.

It was clear that sex formed a major part of Souther's life. He would act out different fantasies, like wearing a girl's bra, and ask Cindy to take pictures of him. But Cindy thought he wasn't exceptional in bed.

"He was just basic. Get it up, have sex, come, and that's that," she said.[64]

Meanwhile, Souther continued to see Templeton, along with other girls. Just after he became involved with Cindy, Souther's brother, Tim, came to visit. For a week the two went drinking in bars. Tim Souther was in awe of his brother's way with girls. The visit did nothing to disabuse him of that feeling. One afternoon, the two were at a gas station and saw a pretty girl with white pants pumping gas. Souther pulled up and said, "I can see your underpants."

Tim Souther was open-mouthed. Instead of taking it as an insult, the girl laughed. Anyone else would have gotten a slap, he thought to himself.

One evening, they were drinking at a quiet bar when Souther noticed two girls who turned out to be models. He went over to them and started talking to them. They ignored him. As Souther persisted, a bouncer came over to throw him out. The young women told him to get rid of Souther. Tim Souther turned the other way. When he looked again, the girls were splitting their Chinese food with Souther. One ended up taking him home.[65]

During the week, Souther spent $650 on drinks and dinners. Souther loaned his brother $150 and gave him an Italian watch worth $400. The figures stuck in Tim's mind. He wondered how his brother could afford such a life-style.

With Cindy, Souther felt he could reveal his impish side. Di Palma had frowned on his antics, calling them immature. But Cindy seemed to find them humorous, if not embarrassing.

As a prank, Souther would moon people in the street or get down on the floor and nip at the heels of waitresses.

"If we'd go out drinking, when we were just friends, he'd jump up and hug the waitresses or talk dirty to them. He was always flamboyant and would stand out. I'd get real embarrassed," Cindy said.

Cindy noticed, too, that Souther was drinking more heavily. Usually he drank Italian red wine, but sometimes he had mixed drinks, beer, or vodka that he kept in the freezer. It was during these drinking bouts that Souther began dropping hints that he was doing something illegal. The first time, they were sitting in Souther's room, which he had decorated with a Greek rug and black-and-white photos of mausoleums.

"I don't know if I want to go on with this," he blurted out. "I'd like to have a normal life with you."[66]

"What are you talking about?" she asked.

"I just don't know if I can get out of what I'm in. I'm in it too deep," he said.

Souther had been talking about going to Italy, and the first thing that crossed her mind was organized crime.

"Is it the Mafia?" Cindy asked him.

"No, no, no," he said. "I don't subscribe to anything they do. I don't believe in prostitution. I don't believe in drugs. You know I never touch drugs."

Then he changed the subject.

A few nights later, as he downed wine in Cindy's bright yellow bedroom, Souther began to repeat the same strange litany.

"I just can't go on with this. They want me to continue but I want to quit."[67]

"Who are *they?*" Cindy asked.

"I can't tell you who *they* are," he said.

"What are *they* doing?" Cindy asked.

"I can't tell you," he said.

"How did you get involved with them? What do they have to do with you?" she persisted.

He wouldn't say.

"Well, just quit."

"I'm too far into it," he said, breaking down. "I don't think I can."

"Well, what would they do, kill you? Would they pursue you?"

"I don't know what would happen," Souther said.

The same dialogue would repeat itself every few weeks. Each time, Souther would refer to "them" but refuse to say who "they" are.

"Don't ever make me tell you," he pleaded one night as they sat in his room. "My wife used to nag me to tell her, Kelli used to nag me. I'm not going to put up with it. Don't nag me," he said.

He was shaking.

Soon, Souther began talking about Stalin and Lenin, extolling them as great leaders. Cindy had grown up on a farm with a goat, chickens, and four dogs. She had no idea who the Soviet leaders were. When Souther would talk about Lenin, she would mix the man's name up with the city of Leningrad, asking, "Who was Leningrad?" Because she had no experience with spies or spying, the last thing to cross her mind was that he was a traitor to his country.

Meanwhile, Cindy was increasingly bothered by Souther's drinking. She was a psychology major, and she felt he was paranoid and on the verge of being an alcoholic. When he drank, he would talk about how much he hated his father.[68]

"My father is so money-oriented," he would say. "He wasn't there when I needed him. I can't stand him and what he represents."

As an executive at a bakery, Souther said, his father was "uppity and doesn't care about the little people."

From the way Souther described it, he had had a disturbing childhood. He said he was teased and hung out with a group nobody liked. In particular, Souther seemed to identify with a big, fat friend that everybody tormented.

"I hated them for that," he said.

The friend died when they were in junior high school, he said. Apparently, he was the cousin of Dave Glueckert, his childhood friend.

"I cried about it," Souther said.

In fact, Souther had always been popular in school. Somehow, his perception of himself had become warped, and he thought of himself as an outcast and a failure. The truth was that he was a leader and quite successful in his own world, someone whom others looked up to.

Cindy felt his pranks and bizarre behavior were a way of compensating for low self-esteem. “He wanted to be noticed,” she said. “He was not satisfied with himself.”

One afternoon Souther confided to Cindy that since high school he had been a chronic masturbator, to the point that he got sores on his penis and experienced pain because of the constant friction.

“Do you know you’re the first person I’ve been with that I didn’t masturbate around while I was dating?” Souther said. “I haven’t done it since I knew you,” he said.

“Well, maybe I’m doing something right,” she thought. Later she wrote a paper in psychology about obsessive-compulsive personality disorders. She realized that Souther had a serious emotional problem.

“Obsessive personality neurosis is a personality disorder which is characterized by obsessions (unwanted thoughts, images, fears, or impulses) and compulsions (unwanted repetitive acts or conflicts, behavior patterns),” she wrote.

It seemed to her that Souther was paranoid as well. Wherever they drove, Souther would look in his rearview mirror, as if he were afraid someone was following them.

“Look at that waitress,” he would say in a restaurant. “Isn’t there something funny about her?” Or he would ask Cindy if she had noticed that a group had been sitting near them a long time.

“They’re just drinking,” she would say.

“But we moved, and then they moved,” he would respond.

If a policeman pulled up behind them, he would begin turning corners to see if the officer was still following.

Between that and his drinking, Cindy was getting fed up.

He was twenty-six and she was nineteen, yet it seemed their ages were reversed. One night as they lay in bed, Cindy told him that she would have nothing more to do with him if he did not stop drinking. The threat seemed to work. He said he would quit, and his drinking diminished after that.

In May 1983, Souther and Cindy were walking together to the downtown Norfolk post office, where Souther kept a post office box. He explained that he did not want it near their house because he was afraid someone would spot him going there.

"If I wanted to go to Italy, would you want to go with me?" he asked her.

Cindy had never been outside the United States, and the idea took her aback. Souther was so unpredictable, she thought.

"Are you serious?" she asked him.

"Yeah," he said.

"I don't know. I don't know if I can afford it," she said.

Souther dropped the subject, but a few days later he brought it up again. He said he would pay for her ticket.

"I have to do things for them," he explained.

"Okay," she said.

He told her that bringing her with him would diminish suspicions. "They" had offered to provide a female companion for him, someone who worked for them and could be trusted. But he said he told them he did not want one.

"They asked me that before they checked you out," he said.

"Checked me out? What the hell is that?" she asked.

"Don't worry about it," he said.

Souther cautioned her not to tell anyone they were going to Italy. If anyone saw them traveling, she was to say they were going to visit his son.

At the time, Souther was making $144 a month from his reserve salary. He was receiving a government stipend for his educational costs. He had no other means for paying for a trip to Italy for one, let alone two.

When Cindy asked him where he got the money, Souther said, "They told me if I ever need money, I can just contact them."

Early on in their relationship, he told her "they" had left $7,000 for him in a park in Washington, but he wasn't able to find it. He called it a "drop."[69]

"I want to go back and try and look again," he said.

"How long ago was this?" she asked.

"It was before I moved down here when I was still in Maryland," he said.

"And you think $7,000 is still going to be sitting there in the park waiting for you?"

"Yes, because they hollowed out a log and put it inside, and it's in a plastic bag," he said. "They told me exactly where it was. The day I went there I couldn't find it, and I didn't stay long because there was a lot of activity going on in the park, so I left."

Souther asked Cindy to go back with him to look for it. At the last minute, he dropped her at her parents' house between Washington and Norfolk before he went to look for the money. He said it was too dangerous for her to be with him. He later reported that he hadn't found the money. But he gave her a cover story to explain why he lived better than most students.

"If anyone asks, my grandfather left me money," he said.

Before the trip to Italy, they drove to Raleigh, North Carolina, to get a copy of Cindy's birth certificate. Because it would have taken too long to apply by mail, Souther drove to Washington to apply for her passport.

"Just tell your parents we're going to Chicago," he instructed.

One night before they left, Cindy became angry that he had not told her who he was working for.

"You've got to tell me," she said.

"No," he said. "Don't ever ask me again."

Cindy decided she wouldn't. Souther had been pressing her to get married, and she had said they should wait until they had graduated. At the same time she did not want to lose him. If he had left his wife and left Kelli because they nagged him, she would not do the same thing, she decided.

9

People sniff
the smell of burnt flesh!
A brigade of men drive up.
A glittering brigade.
In bright helmets.
But no jackboots here!
Tell the firemen
to climb lovingly when a heart's on
fire.

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

IN LATE MAY, Souther and Cindy flew to Rome via New York. In the plane, they fooled around under a blanket, and Souther wanted to meet Cindy in the lavatory to have sex. She refused.

At the same time, Souther was so nervous that Cindy could barely enjoy the trip. She did not know what he was afraid of, but it was contagious. He clutched his tan camera bag as if it contained an H-bomb. When they got off the plane to go through customs in Rome, he said, "Act like there's nothing wrong. If anybody stops you, show them what they want. Don't act like anything is wrong."

Cindy didn't know anything was wrong until Souther told her. After these instructions, it was impossible for Cindy to act normally. Their luggage was searched, and Souther looked as if he were about to be arrested.

"I'm not sure I want to go through with this," she whispered to him after they had cleared customs.

"Go here if I don't come back," he said, pointing to the American embassy on a map of Rome.

"Glenn, what's going to happen?" she asked.

"Don't worry," he said.

He told her he was going to the men's room. He took so long she wondered if he would ever reappear.

"Once we get out of Rome, I'll be okay," he said.

The next morning, they were in their hotel room when Souther told Cindy, "I have something I have to do. I have to meet with these people."

He told her she could walk around the city. But Cindy decided she was not leaving her room. She wondered what would happen if he did not come back. She did not have a return ticket.

Souther had told her not to drink the water, so she walked to the front desk to ask where she could get some.

"Water," she said.

They didn't understand.

She went back to her room and decided not to go out again. She sat on the bed and cried.

After six hours, Souther returned. He opened his camera bag. Inside were big wads of crisp U.S. bills.

Giving half to Cindy, Souther said, "See how much you have there."

They both counted it. Altogether it came to $10,000.[70]

"Stick some in your coat pocket," he said. He put the rest in his bag and in his inner pockets.

No big deal for the Mafia, Cindy thought. In a way, it was exciting going with someone who had such exotic connections.[71]

"Aren't you going to eat?" she asked him.

"No, I had a big dinner with them. It was great," he said.

They stayed in Rome three days, and Souther went to meet with his people once more. For the remainder of the ten-day trip, they toured Florence, Orvieto, Assisi, and Terracina in a rental car. Despite his claim that he missed his son, they never saw him.

Now that they were out of Rome, Souther seemed much more relaxed. Still, Souther would not let Cindy take a photo of him in Italy. Instead, he took pictures of the sights. He spread a map of Italy on the sidewalk and photographed their shadows outlined on it.

As they passed some shops, Souther said, "Buy whatever you want." She chose a skirt and matching top, along with a pair of leather shoes and a purse.

After they returned to Norfolk, Cindy told her friend Darcie Long that she had been to Italy, but she said very little about the trip. Nor did she show her any pictures.

"When I tried to ask her [Cindy] about it, she said, 'I was really scared. It was weird because I didn't speak the language, and when Glenn left, I was afraid to go out by myself.' I thought that was a little bit strange, but I just believed her," Long said.

Meanwhile, Templeton had been trying frantically to call Souther in Norfolk while he was in Italy with Cindy. As far as she knew, they were still going together. Carolyn Weiser, another roommate at the Little White House, would take Templeton's calls. Weiser was a plump blonde with short, curly hair. She and her boyfriend, Robert Graham, often double-dated with Souther and Templeton, having brunch at the Pot Pourri, Souther's favorite restaurant. Or they would visit the Hermitage Foundation Museum, an English Tudor mansion that displays rare western and Oriental art treasures. On Sunday nights, they would cook dinner at home, often with Cindy. Graham was in the navy also, and he asked Cindy to teach him some karate moves. She agreed and told him she would begin by hitting him in the chest lightly.

"That's light?" he had said when she knocked the wind out of him.

Weiser was bemused by Souther's cooking style. He insisted on the health benefits of steaming meat, and he would often preside over the preparations.

"With frozen meat, you have to thaw it out," Souther explained. "You can steam it and not thaw it out beforehand. Put a little water in the bottom. Put all the vegetables in, and don't lift the top. It takes twenty minutes."

He would get mad if anyone lifted the lid to peek.

Through these encounters, Weiser became friends with Templeton. Weiser hated having to lie to her about Souther's relationship with Cindy. She never understood what someone as refined and mature as Templeton saw in Souther anyway.

Early on, an incident occurred that convinced her that Souther had a few screws loose. A tape deck and some tapes had been stolen from Souther's red Renault. Souther was frantic about the theft, trying to find out if anything else had been taken from the car. As a prank, Weiser's boyfriend, Graham, thought it would be funny to move Souther's car and pretend it had also been stolen. When Souther went to the car with Templeton and discovered it was gone, he came back to the apartment in a frenzy.

"Glenn, lost your car lately?" Graham asked him.

Weiser realized he was going off the deep end and whispered to Cindy that they should tell him where his car was. Before they could say anything, Souther grabbed a hunting knife and held it to Graham's face.[72] Everyone began yelling at him.

Inexplicably, Souther then pushed Templeton up against a wall, swore at her, and told her to go back to Maryland. She went in his bedroom with him, and he came out crying.

"Pack up and leave," Weiser told Souther.

But Souther turned on his charm and apologized profusely. Later, Cindy learned that his car had something to do with his spying.

Another time, Cindy introduced a date to Souther. The young man noticed a photograph Souther had taken of Templeton.

"It's a beautiful picture," the date said.

Souther turned around angrily.

"It? It? That's a she," Souther said.

"Sorry," the date said. "I just thought it was a nice picture."

One night Souther heard a noise outside the house. He pulled out a handgun and shouted, "I'm going to shoot!"

"Glenn, we're in a big city. Anyone could be walking by," Cindy said.

While he often acted in a bizarre way, Souther could also be exceptionally thoughtful. When she found out the navy was transferring her boyfriend overseas, Weiser began crying inconsolably in her closet so no one would hear. Souther was in the bathroom adjoining the closet and heard her.

"He comforted me and poured me some wine," Weiser said. "He could be intelligent, violent, immature. He was a lot of complex people."

Weiser did not know Souther and Cindy were traveling together, but by the time they got back, she had figured it out. She resented having been lied to. Before Souther and Cindy had started going with each other, everyone at the Little White House had been friends. Now everyone was secretive and suspicious. To get back at them, Weiser skipped classes when she knew they would be coming back. She sat in the living room and smiled when they both showed up together.

A few days later, Templeton called the house and asked for Souther. Since he was then in the shower with Cindy, Weiser told her he was not in.

"Whenever I call, Glenn's not there," Templeton said. "I have a feeling something's going on. Is he seeing someone?

"I really don't want to get involved in this," Weiser said.

"Carolyn, you're my friend," Templeton said. "Is he seeing somebody?"

"Yes."

"Is it Cindy?"

"Yes."[73]

"I'm on my way down," Templeton said.

When she got to the house, Weiser told Templeton she might want to take a look at a photo album in Cindy's room. Despite Souther's proscription against taking pictures of themselves in Italy, the album contained one photo of Souther and Cindy together. At a restaurant outside of Rome, a professional photographer had snapped a picture of them with a Polaroid camera. Souther had flipped out, waving him away frantically. But the man took it anyway and gave it to Souther without charging him.

Templeton was furious when she saw it. She gave Weiser twenty dollars to leave the house and get her hair done at a nearby beauty parlor.

"I won't let them know you told me," she whispered.

When she got back, Templeton was crying.

"I know a lot about you. I can get you," Weiser heard her saying to Souther.[74]

Souther tried to comfort her, but Templeton soon stormed out of the house.

By now, the once friendly roommates had installed big locks on their doors, and they whispered when they were on the phone. Cindy considered Weiser to be a busybody.

In August, Souther moved into his own apartment in Norfolk's Ghent section, known for its artists and homosexuals. Cindy moved in with him. She stored most of her belongings at a friend's house, returning every few days to get fresh clothes.[75] When she was seven, her mother had explained the facts of life to her with the help of a chart. But Cindy was afraid of what her father would say if he knew she was living with a man.

10

Mama!
I cannot sing.
In the heart's chapel the choir loft
catches fire!

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud
in Trousers"

BESIDES his spying activities and his romantic attachments, Souther led still another life—that of an overgrown college student. By now he was attending Old Dominion University full-time while performing his naval reserve duty on weekends. The nucleus of that other life was the Russian Club, a group of fifteen Old Dominion students majoring, like Souther, in Russian.

Danine D. Klein, a comely fellow Russian student who was the club's treasurer, became particularly close to him. Klein was an intellectual and a mensch, a person of integrity and honor whom you would want on your side when going into any battle. She was natural-looking, with a warm, sunny look to her and smooth, shapely legs. Her eyes were light brown to hazel and happy-looking, her cheeks rosy with health. She had brown hair and bangs. She was fun to be around, talkative, friendly, and open. If she were your friend, she would do anything for you and think nothing of it.

Souther ran into her in a first-floor lounge at Old Dominion's College of Arts and Letters in January 1983. Klein's purse was resting on a nearby table, and Souther reached into it and pulled out a box of tampons.

Waving the box in the air to attract the attention of other students, he said, "What's this for, Danine?"

Klein could not believe it. Here was a twenty-six-year-old man acting like a ten-year-old boy. After that, she didn't speak to him for six months. Then in June she relented. Souther had apologized each time he saw her, and he finally sent her a sweet card begging her forgiveness.[76]

They became platonic friends.

With great relish, Souther would regale Klein with the details of his sexual conquests and his opinions of his Russian teachers and the small coterie of students that formed their social group. He was candid with her about his own shortcomings, admitting that he had hemorrhoids and flat feet. He told her he felt he had a weak chin, which he tried to cover with a beard.

Playing a Wendy to his Peter Pan, Klein took perverse pleasure in seeing how effectively Souther pricked the shells that people built around themselves. She admired the fact that he would say what he thought to whomever he wanted; he was not afraid to be himself. She took delight in his tendency to flout conventions.

Eventually, Souther's increasingly bizarre behavior would contribute to the denial of his officer's commission. But for now it provided a release from the nerve-racking pressures of his spy activities.

John A. Fahey, Souther's adviser and one of his two Russian teachers, recalled that Souther would use obscene language and sexual innuendos in class. "He was intelligent, keen, and quick," Fahey said. "He caught on quickly and had a good mind. But he was sort of wild. He would tell off-color jokes and engage in pranks I couldn't accept. I would come ten minutes before the class started. He would be horsing around."

A retired naval commander, Fahey had been a pilot and later head of the navy's language school. Souther wanted to be a naval officer, and one day Fahey took him aside.

"How are you going to be a naval officer if you use obscene language like that?" Fahey asked him.

"Everyone in the navy talks like that," Souther said.

"No, I don't think so," Fahey said.

"The navy's changed since you were in it," Souther said.

"If you're an officer, the commanding officer will note you fast, and you won't advance one rank with the sort of behavior you have," Fahey said.

Souther listened, and after that Fahey had no more problems with him.[77]

Souther's other professor, Dr. Leonid I. Mihalap, was a Russian émigré. Like Fahey, Mihalap was impressed by Souther and saw something of himself in him.

"Basically he behaved the same way I would have behaved when you have to maintain maturity in chronological age when your classmates are younger," he said.[78]

Souther led both professors to believe he was a superpatriot. "He loved the U.S. at least as much as I do. He was ready to give his life for his country, as I would now without hesitation," Mihalap said. "There was never any doubt in my mind."

Klein had gone to a Quaker high school and was taught to see the military as evil. She and Souther often argued about U.S. policy. Souther defended the U.S. invasion of Grenada and denounced the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. When Klein urged him to sign a petition protesting U.S. policy in El Salvador, Souther refused.

"You never know where lists like that will end up," he said.[79]

Souther never talked about what he did in the navy, saying it was secret. But he complained that enlisted men were abused--something Klein had heard from many others in the navy.[80]

"He would say they had to scrub the floor with a toothbrush or polish things that were already shining," Klein said. "He talked about how miserable he was and what assholes the officers were to the enlisted men. He said he wanted to change the system from within. He wanted to become an officer so he could change it—be a good one and not be an asshole."

When he had reserve duty, Souther would shave his beard and don his uniform. Once he called Klein from the naval base.

"I thought you were busy this weekend," Klein said.

"I am," he said. "I'm protecting your country from Communist invasion and protecting your lily-white bosom."[81]

Souther loved to play with the electronic garage-door opener in Klein's car. Each time she picked him up, he would grab it and aim it at her, as if it were a gun.

Each member of the Russian Club took a Russian name. Glenn became Gleb. A girl named Natalia would become Natasha. John would become Ivan.

The club members would meet once a month at their professors' homes or at the homes of their parents. In between, they gave parties and hung out at the Classroom. Across the street from the main campus, the Classroom was a pine-paneled pub with a pinball machine and a menu that included several dozen foreign beers. Usually, the members of the club spoke Russian to one another, thereby excluding the outside world.

Souther's parties always had plenty of food and drink. They were hot, sweaty affairs, with loud music and exceptionally nice food—oysters wrapped in bacon, for example. Souther would invite his neighbors to make sure they didn't complain about the noise.

Frances Higger, his apartment manager, said he was unusually considerate. "When he would have a party in his apartment, he would ask me first," she said.

Souther's apartment was an efficiency at Pelham Place, a yellow-brick, three-story garden apartment complex shaded by trees on Olney Road. He kept it immaculately clean and orderly—some thought compulsively so. There was a sofa bed with a wood frame and a bright-green-and-white pattern. The chairs were arranged just so. There was not a speck of dust anywhere, not anything out of place. On one wall was the photo he had taken of Di Palma giving birth to their son, the edges fuzzed up. On another wall was a poster commemorating Norfolk's June Harborfest, with its tall ships, fireworks, raw bars, and boat races.

Souther paid $225 a month rent. At first, he had taken a one-bedroom model at $250 a month, but claimed he could no longer afford it. However, the efficiency had the advantage of being at the front of the complex, so Souther could see anyone approaching. At the time, it was the only available apartment with a front view.[82]

Despite his claims of poverty, Klein thought Souther spent well beyond the means of a college student whose education was financed by the GI Bill. He would buy expensive red wines and tailored clothes imported from Italy, frequently pick up the tab for their meals, and take Cindy and others out to the Pot Pourri, a continental restaurant with prices that most college students could not afford. When Klein asked him about it, he said he had saved money while he was in the navy.

Christopher L. Philips, another friend from the Russian Club, recalled that Souther usually picked up the tab when they went drinking together and always seemed to have plenty of cash. When Philips was short of money, Souther loaned him $300 in crisp, new bills and made it clear he did not expect repayment any time soon. Philips gave him the money back a year later.[83]

Despite his ability to charm his teachers, many students were turned off by his blunt approach. "He would meet a girl and say, 'Hi. My name's Glenn. Would you like to go to bed with me tonight?' " Klein said. "He would say it grinning like a devil. Usually it offended women, but not for long. It might not get them into bed that night but they would be charmed by his brashness and they would become friends with him and eventually go to bed with him."

At other times, Souther would say, "I have nine and a half feet of throbbing pleasure between my legs. How would you like to experience that?"

"They were people he didn't know or hardly knew," Klein said. "Some were offended, some laughed, and some just rolled their eyes. He managed to charm enough to have a harem of women around him."

Souther's answer to everything, she said, was "You just need to get laid, or I just need to get laid, or she just needs to get fucked."

Philips first met Souther when he went to one of his parties with Andrea C. McGill, another Russian Club member. McGill looked like the cheerleader that every boy was after in high school, the flirt whom no one could get a date with. She looked like she would say no to everyone, but would secretly say yes to one. Her blond hair fell below her shoulders and was thick and soft-looking. Usually, it was in a ponytail. When she smiled her whole face lit up. She had a natural beauty with round eyes, high cheekbones, fresh skin, and a guileless smile. At other times she could look seductive, with a come-and-get-me look.

She had a curvy figure, with the toned legs of someone who exercises.

"I knocked on the door," Philips said. "Glenn opened the door, saw Andrea, and in the true wild-man style he displays, turned around, dropped his pants, bent over, and made a vulgar, disgusting homosexual remark about meeting me in this way."[84]

Souther would often joke about homosexuals, his own hemorrhoids, and the size of his sex organ. He liked to go to gay bars just to see something different. Souther's off-color sense of humor held a vague attraction for Philips.

"It shows directness and a willingness to suspend the conventions of the day and be lewd and disgusting for the sake of fun," he said. "Because he had a dynamic personality, people would find he had a redeeming side to him."

"A lot of people wondered if he was a homosexual just because of his appearance—small frame, sharp, delicate features," Klein said. "He didn't act effeminate but didn't act like the average man either. He was very profeminist. A lot of his attraction to women was that he did have respect for them. He was very supportive and interested in women. He really loved women, and that was part of his success with them. He was genuinely interested and caring."

When Klein came down with the flu just before a Russian Club party, Souther visited her at her apartment the next morning and helped her out of bed, washed her face, and gave her coffee and orange juice. She loved the smell of his Italian cologne.

Once, Souther showed Klein the cache of lambskin condoms he kept in a closet.

"He always bragged about how he took the responsibility for birth control in any relationship," Klein said. "He always said he wore a condom when having sex. He said women have so many other things to worry about in that area. He didn't even ask. He assumed it was his responsibility. It impressed the girls a lot. That's something women never hear from men."

Souther told Klein that Di Palma was spoiled, came from a rich family, was very demanding, and began cheating on him.

"He couldn't tolerate it," she said.[85]

But knowing Souther, she wondered if it had been the other way around.

He also told her that he never wanted to see his father again.

"As far as I'm concerned, I have no father," he said.

"You should forgive and forget," she told him. "Life goes on."

11

Into the calm of an apartment
where people quake,
a hundred-eyed blaze bursts from the docks.
Moan
into the centuries,
if you can, a last scream: I'm on fire!

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

WHEN he moved to his new apartment in Ghent, Souther told Cindy, "I'm so glad to get away from people. I'm afraid they'll find something."

Souther told her he often stashed money in a couch cushion. "Now nobody can look for anything and find anything," he said.

Several times, he told her he loved her and wanted to settle down.

"I want to get out. I don't know if I can keep doing this. All I want to do is have a normal life and get married," he said.

But those moments of indecision were fleeting, and Souther would always resume his furtive existence. Even his choice of apartments seemed to be dictated by security considerations. Cindy had wanted an open, sunny apartment with lots of windows. Souther chose one that had one window.

When he bought a Commodore computer, Souther told

Cindy, "If anybody asks you, my dad sent me the money." He used the computer for writing papers but also had a modem. At other times, he said Cindy should say his grandfather had died and left some money for Souther in a trust fund.[86]

"He would just go out and buy whatever he wanted, whatever, whenever he wanted," she said. "He would pay in cash."

Souther always wanted to go out to eat. He wanted to pay, but she wanted to go Dutch. She didn't want to become totally dependent on him, but he always insisted on ordering the best wines, and she never caught up with his spending.

When Souther received payment for his reserve duty, he made sure to run the money through his checking account to create a record of receiving legitimate funds. At the time, he was receiving $144 a month for his reserve duty and $460 a month from the GI Bill. After paying his tuition of $419 a month, he had $185 left. From that he had to pay rent of $225 a month and eventually child support of $120 a month, leaving him $160 a month short. Thus he had no money left for buying food, imported wine, imported Italian clothing, or Russian books. Nor was there money for telephone service, the upkeep of his car, or entertainment, including the Three Stooges movies he loved.[87]

No money, that is, except from the KGB. Souther admitted to Di Palma that he was working for the Soviets—whom he referred to as "them"—and that they gave him money after the birth of their son. Cindy saw him receive money that he said he got from "them."

One afternoon as they sat around his coffee table, Souther showed Cindy some sheets of thin paper the size of baseball cards.

"Do you want to see something real neat?" he said.

He held out the papers and lit a match. As the flame moved toward the paper, it ignited in a puff of smoke.

"Wait a minute," Souther said. "This is wrong. This isn't supposed to leave any ashes."

Souther decided he must have burned too many sheets at the same time.

"You're only supposed to burn one at a time," he said. Then he said, "That's a big relief. I'm no longer a keeper of the numbers."

"What?" Cindy said. "What are you talking about?"

"For a long time, I was in charge of these numbers. Now somebody else is, so I don't have to watch them anymore. Thank God. It's a big relief off my shoulders."[88]

Cindy realized that Souther was talking about some kind of code. But like so much of what he said, it never made a big impression on her.

"This is why I was so sensitive when my car was broken into," he told her then. "I kept the numbers in my car in a place where no one would find them."

Just then the phone rang. Souther had an answering machine, and he told Cindy to let the caller leave a message. Souther almost always screened his calls. When the caller hung up without leaving a message, he said, "I wonder if someone is trying to contact me."

"It's somebody who doesn't want to leave a message," Cindy said.

"No," he said. "It's happening too much. Someone is trying to contact me."

Cindy told him he was being paranoid, but Souther went through the same routine whenever the phone rang. When he got messages, he would play them over and over.

A few days later, Cindy and Souther picked up the mail at the post office, and Cindy noticed a postcard for Souther from California.

"Wish you were here," it said on the back.

When Cindy asked about it, Souther was evasive.

"It's just nothing," he said.

"Just nothing?" she asked.

"Just someone trying to contact me."

"It doesn't say anything. How do you know what they want?"

"I know what they want."

"Is it them?"

"Yeah."

"Who are these people?" she said.

Souther grabbed the card from her hands. She never saw it again.[89]

One weekend, she noticed him writing a letter with a special pen that used invisible ink. After he had finished writing, she noticed that the paper looked blank. Then she saw him write over what he had written with normal ink.

"How do they know to look under the writing?" she asked.

"Oh, they know," he said.

The news came on, and Souther began railing about the U.S. government.

"That's not true," he said of the latest government pronouncement on defense. "Americans are so ignorant. They have no idea what goes on around them. They can't speak a foreign language."

"That's true, but I don't hate them for it," Cindy thought to herself. Then Souther went on about the level of education and commitment in the United States.

"A lot of people don't vote. I can't believe they don't vote," he said.[90]

"You wouldn't believe what the U.S. does," he went on. "I can't tell you the things that I do and see in my job, but you wouldn't believe it. They're so corrupt. They have everybody fooled."

Once when they were out jogging, Souther remarked that no one would believe how much the United States controls Italy—even what Italians import and export.

"We're not a democracy," he said. "We control the whole world."

He said he loved Italy because to him it was so divided and unaggressive.

"You have all these little political groups," he said. "They are the underdog."[91]

Souther constantly talked about nuclear testing and aerial photos he had seen. He said they showed that the United States secretly tests nuclear weapons close to major cities.

"If you knew about it, it would make you sick," he said.

"The U.S. is so afraid of Russia, but the U.S. has nothing to worry about, because Russia is so far behind us," he said. "They have little water access. They're very backward. They couldn't mobilize an army because they have so many different languages. The land is icy and barren and hard to get across."

It was clear to Cindy that Souther detested the United States and admired Communism. He now had an extensive library of books about Communism. He told her he had stayed on a kibbutz in Israel while taking pictures for a navy paper. It seemed to him that the communal life-style was ideal. Next to that, he said, "Communism is the perfect form of government. People help people; you don't have poverty."

Then he went on about the navy.

"The navy makes me sick," he told her. "You have to kiss the admirals' asses."

Souther said that admirals asked him to take personal pictures of weddings.

"I can't believe they do that," he said. "I'm supposed to take photos for the navy, not of their daughters' weddings."

"It's not how good you are, it's how good a brown-noser you are," he said.

"If you don't brown-nose, how come you get promotions?" Cindy asked him.

"They like me being me. I'm honest and frank with them, and they like that," he said. "But if there's a war, I'd go to another country and never fight."

"You don't have much of a choice," she said.

"No. I have a choice. These people guaranteed me they would get me out."

At the same time, Souther would talk about his ambition of becoming an officer in the navy. If Cindy had reflected on his feelings about Communism and the U.S. government, she would have realized that he did not make sense.

Cindy decided Souther was not involved in the Mafia but was probably starting some left-wing or Communist political movement. Perhaps they wanted him to become the leader of the movement, she mused. At times, he talked about being a U.S. senator, so she thought he might want to change things from the inside. But she didn't give it much thought. As far as Cindy was concerned, the less Souther talked about his political beliefs, the better. Because she was so naïve politically, she never connected his attitudes with spying.

Indeed, even though she considered her father to be a "hard-core" marine and a superpatriot, Cindy occasionally mentioned to him that Souther had described Communism as having many good points.

"What do you think you're talking about?" he would shout, as if he were a drill instructor at boot camp. "What do you think you're saying?"[92]

"He thinks some aspects of Communism are good. What's so bad about that? Communism is just a belief. It's just a type of government," she would say.

In retrospect, she realized her father was right: she did not know what she was talking about.

In the fall of 1983, Souther told Cindy that investigators from the Defense Department would be calling her and asking for information so his security clearance could be upgraded to top secret. This was a preliminary step to his entering intelligence work. In addition, Souther was to be given access to sensitive compartmented information (SCI), which includes intelligence from spy satellites and communications and signals intercepts. For this level of clearance, the Defense Investigative Service does what is known as a special background investigation, which is even more extensive than the investigation required for a top-secret clearance.

The investigation includes a check with all federal agencies, including the FBI, CIA, and NSA, to see if their files contain any derogatory information on the individual. In addition, the DIS checks the Defense Central Index of Investigations, a computerized record of all investigations conducted by agencies of the Defense Department. The DIS also checks with private credit bureaus. Beyond that, the investigation entails interviews with the subject, former employers, and friends going back to the subject's eighteenth birthday. Investigators also verify the subject's birth and education and look into where he or she lived, foreign travel, foreign connections, and affiliations with organizations. They even check out the subject's spouse or living companion. In the case of navy personnel, the clearance for SCI access can only be issued with the approval of the commander of the Naval Intelligence Command or the Naval Security Group Command.[93]

Cindy could tell Souther was nervous about it. For days, he coached her on how to respond.

"Don't volunteer anything," he said. "Just answer their questions. Don't go into detail."

Cindy had pictured being questioned for several hours. Instead, it seemed more like a five-minute job interview for a job at K mart.

"Is this where he goes to school? Is this where he lives?" the investigator asked over the phone.

Cindy managed to answer without mentioning Souther's covert activities or his feelings of disdain for America. She knew Souther admired Communism, but she could truthfully say he was not a member of the Communist Party. Nor did she realize at the time that the money she had seen came from the Soviets. She answered "no" to all the sensitive questions and felt that everything she had said was true. So far as she knew, he had never been associated with the Communist Party.

In October 1983, Souther took Cindy to Chicago, where he obtained a divorce from Di Palma. Under the agreement, he paid $120 a month in child support. As a student, his lawyer had told Di Palma, that was all he could afford.

Occasionally, he talked about his son and how much he wanted to see him. Then he broke down and cried. But he never tried to see him, never even wrote him a letter. Cindy wondered if his feelings were sincere or if he was putting on an act to get attention. What counts is actions, not words, she thought. She marveled at how manipulative he could be. As if to prove the point, he told her that he had gotten a job at a local store while he was drunk, just to see if he could do it. Then he quit.

Despite his ability to charm people, Cindy felt that the real Glenn Souther lived inside a shell. Outside, he was fun-loving and always cracking jokes. Inside, he was crying.

12

In silence the street pushed torment.
A shout stood erect in the gullet.
Wedged in the throat,
bulging taxis and bony cabs bristled.
Pedestrians have trodden my chest
flatter than consumption.

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

IN JANUARY 1984, Souther took Cindy to Italy again. This time he said he was not sure if "they" knew he was coming.

"I've tried to contact them and haven't gotten a response," he said.[94]

The first night, they had dinner in Rome. Souther said he would spray-paint a signal on a bridge to let them know that they should contact him. After dinner, they walked together through the dark streets, and Cindy shivered. Souther seemed just as nervous as he had been on their first trip, and she remembered what he had said about going to the embassy if something happened to him.

As they walked over a stone overpass, Souther told her to wait under a streetlight. Carrying a can of red spray paint in a bag, he walked to the level below and painted a mark on a bridge pier.[95] Then they walked several blocks to a construction site, where Souther tossed the paint can. When they got back to the hotel, Cindy was a nervous wreck.

The next day, Souther said he had to do something for "them." He returned that afternoon, looking exhausted. When Cindy asked what had happened, he said, "I had to go from subway to subway and walk blocks out of my way to make sure I wasn't being followed.

"They're really good," he continued. "I was concerned about visiting twice a year and spending time on studying and going to summer school. They said not to worry about it. Things are getting shaky. They don't want twice-a-year trips anyway. They said just concentrate on Russian. Don't worry about doing something for them. If I need money, let them know."[96]

He met with them again the next day, bringing back another wad of money. He said it was $10,000.

"What if you get caught?" Cindy asked Souther.

"That's okay. They gave me something," he said.

She got the impression it was a poison pill.

During the trip, Souther bought Cindy a red wool coat with matching hat and mittens. They took the train to Florence and later visited Cindy's father's family near Pisa. This time, he allowed pictures to be taken of them together. She took one of him sitting next to a nun on the train.

"The reason we're coming is to visit your relatives," he coached her.

When a friend of Cindy's relatives showed up for a glass of wine, Souther became suspicious of him.

"I don't like him," he said.

"Glenn, he's my relatives' friend," she said. "He's not into anything or near anything."

Cindy's father had warned her that his relatives were good Catholics. "Now make sure you behave yourself," he had told her. "If they go to church, you go to church with them." He gave her a cross to bring to them. But it turned out they were not any more religious than she was.

As a courtesy to her family, Souther and Cindy slept in separate bedrooms. But Cindy thought her relatives didn't care.

By then, Souther and Cindy were arguing a lot. In contrast to his attentiveness during the early part of their relationship, Souther now seemed indifferent.

"How come you aren't paying attention to me?" Cindy would complain.

He had said he would buy her an engagement ring in Europe, but never brought it up again. It seemed to her he was now just going through the motions with her. At the same time, he had stopped questioning whether he should continue to work for "them."

When they returned to Norfolk, Cindy noticed that Souther was spending more time with the members of the Russian Club. In particular, he seemed to be studying a lot with Danine Klein.

"Are you having an affair?" Cindy asked him one night. "Who is it? Is it with Danine?"

"No, no," he said. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Cindy wanted to believe him, so she let it go.

In February 1984, Cindy told Souther she would be out with her girlfriends that night. Since she had kept her own apartment, she did not always stay with Souther.

"If you decide to come back, I'll be here," he said in his apartment.

She decided to return, but found he wasn't there. Every few hours she would wake up, hoping to see him. By morning she was hysterical. She called hospitals and ambulance services. A friend of Souther's said he had seen him at a party and might have had a meeting with "his people" after that.

"Did he contact them?" he asked.

From this remark, Cindy concluded that the friend knew about Souther's covert activities.[97] The friend would later deny it to investigators.

Then one Friday evening in March 1984, Cindy and a friend walked into the Classroom, the pub across the street from Old Dominion. They passed under the red apple that was the club's insignia. It was happy hour. Cindy saw Souther and Klein sitting in a rear booth. He was kissing her hand and arm.[98] Cindy could not believe it. She knew that he was into kissing and hugging in public, but this seemed to her to go beyond that. A few months ago, Souther had wanted to marry her. He had been doing the pursuing. Now it seemed the other way around. Heartbroken, Cindy turned around and walked out.

Klein has maintained she never had an affair with Souther. She already had a boyfriend, did not like the way he treated his girlfriends, and found his skinny body unappealing. But Cindy was convinced they were having an affair.

As she walked to the car, Cindy's friend said she should turn around and confront Souther. Cindy marched back to the pub. As she approached their table, Souther and Klein were getting up.

"Hi," he said. "We were just leaving."

Cindy was stunned. She had been living with Souther for eleven months, and this was all he could say.

Cindy turned around and walked out. She drove to Souther's apartment and began stuffing her clothes into plastic trash bags. She had been there only a few minutes when Souther walked in. He and Klein had just driven up in separate cars, and Klein was driving off.

"Let's talk," Souther said.

He has a nerve, Cindy thought.

Cindy left and stayed that weekend with her parents. She had always thought that if he went out on her, she would not return. But on Tuesday, she called him and said, "I don't know what I did wrong, but let's try again."

"Okay, let's try it," he said.

"I'm really sorry," he said to her when she came back. "I didn't mean to hurt you."

Cindy asked about Klein. He did not deny having an affair with her, and he seemed cold and unfeeling about it. "Let's just drop it," he said.

"How long has this been going on?" she asked.

"I can't say," he said.

"Have you slept with her?"

"I'm not going to tell you. I'd rather not," he said.

That Friday, Cindy went out with Darcie Long. She told Long that Souther said he would stop seeing Klein. But she was suspicious and upset. She insisted on going to his house to see if he was there. Long waited outside in the car. When Cindy opened the door, she saw Klein sitting on the sofa bed.

Cindy was livid.

"Nothing is going on," Souther said. "She just stopped by to talk to me."

According to Klein, Souther had said he wasn't sure if he would be attending a Russian Club party that night. He told Klein to drop by so she could take him. Souther had wrecked his car and now rode his bicycle everywhere.[99]

Cindy began crying. Frantically, she tried to kick him in the testicles. She did not use her karate techniques. Instead, she flailed at him.

"If you don't stop, I'm going to hit you," he warned her.

She continued to hit at him ferociously, and finally, after several warnings, he punched her in the face. Blood came streaming from her mouth.[100]

"I'm really sorry," he said. "You made me do that."

Cindy and Klein left. As Klein was pulling out of the parking lot in her Volkswagen Rabbit, Long demanded to know what she had done to provoke such a fight. Klein ignored her and drove off. Long then got out of the car, went back into the apartment, and started screaming at Souther. Then she left.

Cindy later had to have root-canal work done on her two front teeth, which had turned black from internal bleeding. Souther offered to pay for it. Cindy declined, saying it was her fault.

"I went in and attacked you," she said.

Souther would later tell Klein he was thankful Cindy had not used her karate techniques.

Beyond a brief encounter on campus, Souther and Cindy never saw each other again. With the exception of a Russian matrushka doll, the only memento she had of their relationship was a copy of *Ethan Frome*, by Edith Wharton.

"To you, from me," he had inscribed it. She never understood why Souther liked it. To her, it was a depressing tale—of unrequited love in a snowy, New England setting, and of a small deception that led to disaster.

Even though she saw him again only briefly, it would not be the end of her involvement in his case.

13

But the street, squatting down, bawled:
"Let's go and guzzle!"

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

AT 7:25 P.M. on Monday, April 2, 1984, Cynthia M. Kotulak, a freshman at Old Dominion, was walking to her room in the girls' wing of Gresham Hall, a brick dormitory on Forty-ninth Street, to pick up a bus schedule. Suddenly, Deborah Biehler, a friend who was walking with her, yelled out a warning: "Cindy!"[101]

Before she knew it, Glenn Souther had jumped her and pinned her arms to the floor. Then he began biting her neck. Kotulak was in pain and could not get up.

"Stop it! Stop it!" she yelled.

Meanwhile, a friend of Souther's pinned Biehler against a wall as she tried to help Kotulak. Eventually, Souther let Kotulak go. She ran into her room, only to be pursued by Souther, who pushed his way in.

"Stop it! What are you doing?" Kotulak yelled.

Biehler had never met Souther, and Kotulak had met him only once briefly, a week earlier. She knew nothing about his penchant for pranks. To her, he was a twenty-seven-year-old man who had just assaulted her. She thought he had gone haywire.[102]

Just before the incident, Souther had been drinking beer with Danine Klein and several other members of the Russian Club at the B&R Railroad, a pub across the street from the Old Dominion campus. A derelict wandered in—a big, beefy man who reminded Klein of Richard Speck, who had been convicted in 1966 of murdering eight student nurses at a Chicago college dormitory. The man started making trouble, yelling at the patrons. Then he began wisecracking with Souther, and Souther goaded him on, talking right back to him, daring him to come after him. The man threatened to kill Souther. Finally, the manager called the police, who took the derelict away.[103]

Now Souther was terrorizing Kotulak, who demanded that he leave her room. When he refused, she picked up a tennis racket and held it ready to hit him. Souther picked up a wrench lying nearby and threatened her.

"Let's rearrange a few things," he said.

Grabbing the tennis racket from Kotulak, Souther accidentally struck Biehler in the face with it.

"Get out!" Kotulak shouted again.

Finally, the two women managed to push Souther and his friend out the door. Kotulak locked the door, only to see Souther reenter Kotulak's room through a bathroom that adjoined her room. He later said he intended to apologize, but she screamed at him to leave, and he did.

Kotulak looked in the mirror. She had a bite mark on her neck. While the bite had not penetrated her skin, the red mark—which looked like a hickey—remained for two weeks.[104]

Kotulak and Biehler told the dormitory assistant, who called the Old Dominion campus police. Lieutenant Ellen M. Lucas responded to the call. When Lucas got to the dorm, she found both young women still trembling. In the dorm assistant's room on the first floor, they told her what had happened. They said they wanted to file a complaint. Lucas examined the red mark on Kotulak's neck and called the Norfolk city police. She also called Response, an independent center that helps women involved in sexual assaults.[105]

Meanwhile, Lucas found Souther and asked him if he had a lawyer.

"No," he said. "I don't need one. This is ridiculous."

The next morning, the city police picked up Souther and booked him. He spent several hours in jail before he was released on bail.

That night, Souther told Klein that he had been put in the same cell with the derelict who had threatened him at the B&R Railroad.

"Here I was in jail for the first time in my life, and the one person in the entire city of Norfolk they put me with is the man that wants to kill me," he said. But Souther said they ended up the best of friends.

The derelict told Souther, "We've been wronged by society."

"I hope you've learned your lesson," Klein said. "Pulling pranks like that can get you in trouble."

"No, no, I'll never change," Souther said. "Nothing will make me grow up."

But the next day Souther ran into Katherine Byrd, a fellow Old Dominion student who had been the victim of a similar attack by Souther the previous year. At the time, they were both attending the Last Class Bash, a traditional Old Dominion party held outside just before final exams. They were lying on blankets, and Souther began making advances on her. When she rejected him, he went after her.

"He bit me on the thigh, and it hurt," she later said.[106]

Unlike Kotulak, she fought back, kicking him hard.

When Souther later saw her, he told her he was worried he would be suspended for biting Kotulak.

A few days later, at a National Slavic Honor Society function attended by all the members of the Russian Club, Souther went up to his friends and began growling like a bear, snapping his jaws to demonstrate what a threat he was.[107]

Soon the Kotulak case became a cause célèbre on campus, with students lining up to attack or defend Souther or Kotulak. To those who knew Souther, it was inconceivable that he would hurt anyone. He was always clowning around, always on the cutting edge of the latest craze; they thought Kotulak was overreacting and trying to ruin his life for no reason.

Cheryl D. Oberg was one who was outraged by what Kotulak had done. Oberg was known as "Purple" because she dressed in purple and even had a purple phone. She knew Souther through her roommate, E. King Butterworth, a member of the Russian Club. Oberg's room was near Kotulak's, and she had come on the scene just after Souther bit Kotulak in the hall.

The next day, she went to Kotulak's room and asked her why she was pressing charges.

"When I asked her why she was doing it, she shrugged," Oberg said. "I said, 'Did he scare you?' She said no. Being a woman, I said, 'Did you feel threatened that your body was in danger?' She said no. I said, 'Then why in God's name are you doing this? Why can't it just be dropped? He meant no harm.' "

It seemed to Oberg that someone must have been urging Kotulak to pursue the case.

"She wasn't upset," Oberg said. "It seemed she didn't know why she was doing it, but she was doing it."[108]

But Kotulak had a different version. She said she told Oberg and others that Souther had terrified her and hurt her. No one urged her to press charges, she said. What infuriated her was the campus reaction. Instead of blaming Souther, students were blaming her.

"I'd be sitting down to dinner and hear people coming by with comments: 'God, how could she do that to that guy?' Or 'Better get out of here; she may cry rape.' "[109]

"One time two of them tried to talk me out of it," she said. " 'How can you do this and ruin his life?' I tried explaining it to them. They had it in their minds that he'd done nothing wrong.

"Why shouldn't I file charges?" Kotulak continued. "If someone assaulted you, would you file charges? I was made to feel the bad one. . . . I couldn't even talk on the wall phone without one of them listening to my conversations."

Because of what she considered harassment, Kotulak moved to the second floor. Her grades plummeted because of the emotional effects of the incident, and as a result her chances for entering nursing school were damaged.

Meanwhile, Old Dominion brought disciplinary proceedings against Souther. Virtually all of Souther's teachers wrote letters or testified on his behalf before the court and the Old Dominion University Student Conduct Committee, a joint faculty and student group. Stanley R. Pliska, a history professor, said that while Souther was in his American history class he found him to be a "[d]iligent student, mature in his conduct, and mature in the questions he asked. His attendance was excellent, his grade in the course was an A, and his conduct on campus, to the best of my memory and observation, was always gentlemanly."

Dr. Mihalap, one of Souther's two Russian teachers, said of his student, "I have known Mr. Souther both in the classroom and socially for almost two years. I find no flaw in his character. He is an honest man, a good student, a reliable person."

John Fahey, his adviser, said, "He has an easygoing rapport with other students. There is a tendency for them to joke and kid one another, no more than I observed in previous classes. . . . It would be a tragic loss if Mr. Souther does not continue in Russian."

But Frederick E. Talbott, the adviser to the *Mace & Crown,* the school newspaper, took Kotulak's side. Having been introduced to her by another teacher, Talbott spent several days consulting with her. He worked with Response, the local center that helps rape victims. After looking at the mark on her neck, Talbott decided the whole matter was shocking.

"Everyone treated it like it was cute," he said. "At this university, we don't tolerate harassment. This was an attack."[110]

The university suspended Souther for the following semester, and he lost credit for the courses he had already taken during the spring semester.

Cindy ran into him on the campus parking lot just after the story appeared in the school paper.

"I was just goofing around," he said. "I went to the dorm and grabbed her and pretended to bite her in the neck. She freaked out. She was running around screaming."

Souther said he was afraid the incident might hurt his navy career, and he told Cindy he felt devastated. But Souther had devastated her, and now he was feeling sorry for himself. He showed no interest in how she was doing.

"What a selfish person," she thought to herself.[111]

Originally, Souther was charged with sexual battery, a misdemeanor. He was found guilty in General District Court of Norfolk and was sentenced to a six-month jail sentence that was suspended. He was also fined $250.

Souther appealed, and on June 7, 1984, he agreed to plead guilty to a charge of simple assault. While the charge carried the same penalties as sexual battery, the prosecutor decided that Souther's offense was not sexual in nature. Under Virginia law, simple assault means "any bodily hurt however slight, done to another, in an angry, rude, or vengeful manner."

At the request of Souther's lawyer, Judge Robert W. Stewart of the Circuit Court of Norfolk ordered a presentence report. The report was generally favorable. Souther had never been in trouble with the law and had performed well in the navy and in school. In addition, the judge reviewed a slew of favorable letters from Old Dominion faculty members. Finally, he took note of the fact that Old Dominion had already punished Souther by withholding all his credits for the current semester and suspending him for the following one.

What impressed the judge was that both sides agreed on what had happened. The question was how it was perceived. After all, a hickey in other circumstances is considered a sign of love. On the other hand, so is sexual intercourse. When it is performed without consent, it is considered rape. Souther claimed that what he had done was a foolish prank; Kotulak claimed she was violated. The problem lay in balancing the two competing perceptions.

Based on the favorable information he reviewed and the fact that Souther had not intended to hurt anyone, Judge Stewart reduced the charge to disorderly conduct on August 27, 1984. In the end, he decided that clearly there had been a general uproar in the dorm as a result of Souther's actions. Not only had Souther bitten Kotulak on the neck, but he had pursued her into her room twice without permission. Disorderly conduct is an all-inclusive charge covering all kinds of disturbances. The judge decided it neatly fit the incident. While it carries the same penalties as sexual battery and simple assault, disorderly conduct would not look as bad on Souther's record. He fined him one hundred dollars.[112]

14

I spit on the fact
that neither Homer nor Ovid
invented characters like us,
pock-marked with soot.
I know
the sun would dim, on seeing
the gold fields of our souls!

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

ON JUNE 18, 1984, Souther began attending the Russian School at Norwich University in Vermont, a summer program for serious students of the Russian language. Set in idyllic rolling green hills near Northfield, the school requires each student to speak Russian at all times. The program includes Russian singing, dancing, drama, and cooking, along with Russian films, lectures, and concerts.[113]

Souther attended the school along with Klein and a handful of other students from Old Dominion's Russian Club. Soon, he had turned the two-hundred-student school into a rural version of *Animal House*. It was a measure of his ability to manipulate that he maintained good relations all the while with his teachers.

"He charmed the pants off them [his teachers at Norwich]," Klein said. "He really knew how to play to people. He knew what they wanted to see in him."

Souther would tone down his risqué comments with older, straitlaced Russian émigrés just enough to fall within the bounds of good taste.

"We would be talking with a teacher together, and he would say, 'Danine was busy last night. I saw her with another guy. How could she possibly have learned the structure of this irregular verb because she was studying about getting to know men?' It would imply something dirty. He would still be himself and curb himself only a little."[114]

Souther would drink with male Russian teachers and buy them Russian cognac.

"That's a really adept way to become friendly with a Russian, to bring a bottle of booze they like and have a good long heart-to-heart *à la* Dostoevsky about sex and death and love and life," Klein said. "He knew that, and he could exploit that."

Occasionally, he slipped girls dirty notes.

"You want *kaak?*" he wrote to Klein, referring to the Russian word for "how."

Souther took particular delight in tormenting Jon Berryman, a member of the Russian Club who had just become a born-again Christian. Berryman is pudgy, with blond, fluffy hair parted almost down the middle, as if he couldn't decide where to put the part. He has blue eyes and baby-soft skin.

Now that he had become religious, Berryman was trying to convert everyone in sight. Klein recalled that Souther—who had long since discarded religion—teased him about it mercilessly.

"Anything was fair game for Glenn. Jon never heard the end of abuse for being a Bible-thumping, born-again Baptist," she said.

Berryman, on the other hand, was convinced that Souther had chosen to pick on him because he thought he would tell

Souther's latest girlfriend back in Norfolk about his blossoming affairs at Norwich.

"He always had a string of girlfriends," Klein said. "They were always extremely serious relationships. It would be very passionate, then burn out. It would last for a month or more. When it ended, he wanted nothing to do with her. But in the beginning she was the woman of his destiny. He would rave about her. 'Exciting, beautiful, intellectual.' He always provided sexual details. He shared all of those with me, he shared them with everyone: 'She is passionate. A tiger. Couldn't get enough. Always ready.' "

If Klein ever began thinking that Souther would make a good boyfriend, she reminded herself of how fickle he was. Besides, she thought he was too skinny.[115] Souther weighed 145 pounds distributed over a five-foot eleven-inch frame. His body was pale and lean, lanky like a high school athlete's or a long-distance runner's. His shoulders were small for a grown man's. His arms did not bulge with muscles; they moved in simple unassuming curves. His stomach was tight. His legs were muscular and lean, with knobby knees sticking out. The dark hair on his chest contrasted with his white skin. From far away, the black hair on his chest and stomach was reminiscent of black paint splashed on a tie-dyed T-shirt.

Berryman took it upon himself to defend each girlfriend Souther discarded, always prefacing his remarks by saying, "I realize it's not really my business." When Souther broke up with Cindy, Berryman talked with Souther about it.

"Why did you just break up with her so suddenly?" he asked.[116]

"It just happened," Souther said.

Almost immediately after breaking up with Cindy, Souther had started going with another young woman—Dory. With long brown hair, big brown eyes, and shapely legs, she was a knockout. Souther told Klein that Dory was the girl of his dreams, but by then Klein had become inured to such claims.

By the time he entered Norwich, Souther had tired of Dory.[117] Though she continued to live in his apartment back in Norfolk, he did not, according to Klein, even open her letters while he was in Vermont.

"I thought it was rather strange the way he could just end one relationship and go into another one," Berryman would explain later. "His attitude seemed rather selfish to me. That he could make someone feel like he really loved them for a long time, and then something would happen." The pattern had begun with Amy Rodenburg when Souther was fifteen. He was always looking for something better, for some kind of escape.

Souther regaled Klein with stories of Berryman's self-righteousness, not all of them true. For example, he told Klein that one afternoon Berryman had learned that his roommate was taking a shower with his girlfriend in the dorm bathroom. He broke into the bathroom, lifted the shower curtain, and began spouting verses from the Bible, according to Souther.

"You have sinned!" he shouted at the couple.[118]

The roommate gave him a black eye, and later Souther wrote an essay about Berryman and the roommate for one of his Russian classes. The teacher loved it and gave him an A.

"Is the story real?" the teacher wanted to know.

"Yes, and the star of the essay is standing right here," Souther said, pointing to a crimson Berryman—or so Souther told Klein.

It was a good story, but Souther had taken parts of true stories and embellished them. Berryman's roommate was having financial problems and had to leave school early. Berryman asked him to pay his share of the utilities—about forty dollars—and he refused. At the same time, Berryman wanted his share of the security deposit returned, so he took his roommate's textbooks and sold them. When the roommate found out, he gave Berryman a black eye.[119]

And Berryman did object to the fact that his roommate was sleeping with a girl. One morning as Berryman was leaving his bedroom, he had encountered his roommate's blond, nubile girlfriend wrapped in a towel, walking toward him from the bathroom.

"I think people should wait until they're married to have sex," Berryman would later pronounce. "I think you have to be totally committed to each other. I mean, sex is not a game. It's a serious commitment between two people and not something to be regarded lightly."

At the final school banquet in the community room, Souther baited Berryman by saying God was dead. This was too much for Berryman, who rose to the bait and called Souther a sinner.

"Oh, come on, Jon, you know you want to commit all those sins, too," Souther said. "Just think of it! Imagine what it would be like to have a real woman, Jon! But you can't, Jon, because you're a virgin."

Boiling over with fury, Berryman threw a glass of wine at Souther. Souther ducked, and the glass hit an elderly matriarchal school administrator. Despite his profane mouth, Souther knew how to ingratiate himself with older people, and the administrator was no exception. Instead of blaming Souther, she became furious at Berryman, who then tore after Souther, vowing to kill him. Berryman finally left a note for Souther at his door, swearing that he would make sure he spent eternity in hell.[120]

Just before they went back to Norfolk, Souther formed a hex out of toilet paper on the floor of Berryman's room. He placed Berryman's Bible in the center.

After such escapades, Souther invariably would say he was sorry, then offer to shake hands. He would then open his fly, snake his arm into his pants, and shake hands through the opening.

Invariably when Berryman would call Souther back in Norfolk, Souther would put down the phone and perform some chore in his apartment while Berryman continued to talk, oblivious of the fact that no one was listening. When he did it in Klein's presence, she would hover over him, urging him to get back on the phone before Berryman realized no one was listening to him.

Still, Berryman and Souther remained friends. Despite his proclaimed misgivings about him, Berryman looked up to Souther and wanted to be part of his crowd. For his part, when Berryman transferred to the University of Illinois in Chicago, Souther arranged with his mother to let Berryman stay in his grandmother's vacant house rent-free.

In retrospect, Berryman decided that they never had a deep friendship. While he testified on Souther's behalf before the Old Dominion student conduct committee, Berryman later decided the biting incident was Souther's fault after all.[121]

"When I got a chance to see him for what he really was, I couldn't blame the girl [for pressing charges]," he said. "Glenn was really a very self-seeking person. There wasn't an altruistic bone in his body."

Berryman would later say that Souther's profane mouth was responsible at least in part for his own decision to turn to religion.

"He would take a phrase and turn it into something dirty and disgusting with some sexual innuendo," he said. "He definitely had some kind of hostility toward religion. He would make up stories about nuns and priests, and it would be tied up with sexual innuendo and the idea that these people fool around."

At a Russian Club party at Berryman's house, Souther had pulled down his pants. Another night, Berryman was out with Souther in the Ghent section of Norfolk when Souther began running through the neighborhood with his pants down.

"I think that if anything made me start thinking about God and morality, it was Glenn," Berryman later said. "If he said anything, it was disgusting. He had no morals at all."[122]

But this was hindsight. Like the rest of Souther's friends, Berryman enjoyed Souther, his mild flouting of authority, and the way he turned any gathering into a memorable event.

One Friday night while attending Norwich, Souther, Mitchell J. Stout, another Norwich student from Old Dominion, and several others were driving back from Montpelier after dinner. They were stopped at a police roadblock; a police officer asked if anyone had been drinking.

"No. I had one drink with dinner," said Stout, who was driving.

"Yeah, I've been drinking. Yeah, how's it going?" Souther said from the backseat.[123]

The next day, Souther walked up to a female friend of Stout's who was wearing a short-cut T-shirt.

"She didn't really have a stomach worth showing off. He said, 'You really shouldn't wear that. You don't really look good in that.' She was pissed off and ignored him."

Despite the antics, Souther got B's at Norwich and received commendations for his extracurricular activities, including his work as school photographer. He acted in *A Bear*, a play by Anton Chekhov.

"He was very good," Dr. Issa R. Zauber, one of his Russian teachers, recalled. She liked him.[124] "He was always hugging, kissing, or joking. He was that kind of person," she said.

Another Russian teacher was charmed by Souther's interest in her two-year-old son. Souther carried the child on his shoulders and played with him on the verdant lawns. The boy called Souther "Dya-dya Gleb"—in Russian, "Uncle Gleb."

15

Have you seen
a dog lick the hand that thrashed it?!

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud
in Trousers"

HAVING BEEN SUSPENDED from college for the fall semester, Souther managed to get a full-time job working for the navy public affairs office. In that position, he had access only to low-level intelligence that would be of interest to the Soviets—operational, material, and personnel information, photos of new weapons and ships, and reports on deficiencies or impending changes.

Soon that would change. Just after he returned to Norfolk from Vermont in late summer of 1984, his security clearance was upgraded to top secret after a one-year DIS investigation. In addition, he was cleared for access to sensitive compartmented information (SCI). Specifically, he was allowed access to both SIGINT and PHOTINT intelligence, known as SI/TK. SIGINT, or signals intelligence, derives from electromagnetic sources, such as interception of communications or telemetry.

PHOTINT is intelligence obtained through photography or imaging, usually by spy satellites.

In December 1984, Souther was assigned to FICEURLANT, one of the most sensitive posts in the U.S. military. Souther was amazed at his luck.

Known as the FIC, the facility is the navy's Fleet Intelligence Center for Europe and the Atlantic. Reduced to its simplest terms, intelligence means finding out about the other side. Without intelligence, the military would not know where to drop its bombs or deploy its missiles. Nor would it know what strategies the other side has developed for penetrating its defenses. FICEURLANT receives and furnishes what is known as finished intelligence to naval components covering half the world. Finished intelligence is information that has been processed and analyzed and is ready to be used for combat purposes by ships, planes, and aircraft carriers.

FICEURLANT provides intelligence to the U.S. Atlantic Fleet, which includes both the Atlantic Fleet and U.S. naval forces in Europe. This area includes the Mediterranean, Caribbean, the west coast of Africa, the east coast of South America, the Black and Baltic seas, and half the Soviet Union. It includes both the navy's Sixth Fleet and the Second Fleet, which coordinates with NATO forces.

The center's most important function is preparing mission-planning kits or target folders for use by pilots who deliver nuclear and conventional bombs. These kits contain aerial or satellite photos of targets, maps, charts, and other information, including coordinates, needed to find and destroy a target. The folders also pinpoint escape routes for pilots once they have dropped their bombs. According to navy operational plans, pilots are to use certain corridors so they may return to the United States without being shot down by their own forces.

The second most important function of the facility is determining the enemy's "order of battle," military jargon for the enemy's capability. To obtain the information, the facility receives and prepares reconnaissance photography for intelligence on possible enemy concentrations; biographical information on foreign military and political figures; studies on amphibious, antisubmarine, antiair, submarine, and mine warfare; and country studies listing characteristics of interest to the navy.

In its massive computers, FICEURLANT stores the numbers, characteristics, and locations of Soviet ships, aircraft, submarines, land forces, and missiles. Included are such details as the ships' speeds, radii of action, armaments, effective ranges, electronic equipment, and defenses; the position, armament, equipment, and strength of land forces; and the ranges, locations, control systems, minimum elevation angles, susceptibility to countermeasures, rates of fire, and material conditions of missile batteries. Information on Soviet nuclear capability, including types and numbers of weapons and methods of delivery, is also stored here, along with a description of the Soviets' general policy concerning employment of nuclear weapons, terrain and weather factors that might favor or hinder nuclear operations, and the locations of Soviet stockpiles.[125]

Finally, the center keeps a computerized list of nuclear targets designated by the Defense Intelligence Agency for use by all the military. Known as the Single Integrated Operational Plan, or SIOP, the list is the ultimate nuclear war plan. It designates which targets shall be hit by planes, land-based missiles, or submarine-launched missiles. It also shows which military service—or which combination of them—is responsible for destroying each target.

All the intelligence agencies contribute to these studies and lists—the Central Intelligence Agency, the National Security Agency, and the Defense Intelligence Agency, as well as the various operating units within each navy fleet. Spy satellite photos come from satellites managed by the National Reconnaissance Office, in the Pentagon. As described in William E. Burrows's *Deep Black*, the satellites are diverse:

> There have been low earth orbiters that could take standard photographs and then send them down in capsules whose parachutes were "snared" in midair by aircraft trailing special cables, and others that image in "real time"—as the action is taking place—and send what they see by simultaneous digital transmission. Above them, in the intermediate orbits between one thousand and 10,000 miles, still other space programs "ferret" Soviet, Chinese, and other nation's radars, making highly detailed measurements of their frequencies, ranges, power levels, and other operational characteristics. There are ocean reconnaissance satellites that travel in groups and follow the movement of foreign naval vessels. Still higher, along the 22,300-mile-high orbit known as geosynchronous because satellites sent there move in time with the earth to remain over fixed spots, there are still other spacecraft that monitor missile telemetry and intercept communication traffic, including microwave telephone conversations. Some satellites parked on this orbit use infrared sensors to watch for the telltale blasts that would signal a missile attack, while others are used to relay data from their intelligence-gathering cousins. Beyond geosynchronous, at 60,000 miles—about a quarter of the way to the moon—aged U.S. spacecraft named Vela stare down and register each double flash that signals a thermonuclear explosion. There are even satellites that travel in highly elliptical orbits disguised as data transmission types, but which really take the pulse of Soviet ABM radars so they can be nullified in the event of war.[126]

Requests for information from the satellites come from each of the intelligence and military agencies in the government.

The photos are first analyzed by the National Photo Interpretation Center in Building 213 of the Washington Navy Yard at First and M streets in Washington. NPIC designates which pictures to send to the military. Pictures for the navy go through the Naval Intelligence Support Center in Suitland, Maryland, and then to the FIC.

On his first day of work at the FIC, Souther drove to the compound where the commander of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet is based. Called CINCLANTFLT headquarters, the compound is marked by a blue sign on International Terminal Boulevard. Inside the compound, protected by an adjacent marine base, is FICEURLANT headquarters, a two-story brick building with no windows. On the roof is an oversize air-conditioning unit to cool the center's computers. Overall, the center looks like nothing so much as the pyramids of Giza.

At the entrance, Souther had to present a special identification card. The duty officer kept the card and gave him a coded badge that identified him as having access to the intelligence center. Besides a loading dock in back, the building has no other entrances. After signing in, Souther could either walk straight ahead through double doors to the first floor, or he could turn right through another door to a staircase leading to the second floor. Either set of doors had to be opened electronically by the duty officer.

In the southeast corner of the first floor was the photo lab where Souther worked most of the time. Pictures of beautiful girls taken by navy photographers on Virginia beaches adorned the walls. Here, Souther made enlargements and duplicate copies of spy satellite photos selected for special study or for use in the mission planning kits used by navy fighter pilots.

The photos processed by Souther were collected from all sources—satellites, aircraft, submarines, surface ships, radar, cameras on the ground, and other sensing devices including radiation-detection equipment. The spy satellite photos or images were taken with conventional photography and with other means such as radar or infrared.

Unlike intelligence from human spies, photography can permanently record operations at any given time, penetrate secure operations, present a bias-free portrait of an enemy's strength, and provide a record of changes over time. On the other hand, photos cannot capture intent, subjects cannot always be seen, and weather and light conditions can affect a photo's clarity. No target can be observed for an extended period of time, and vegetation, camouflage, or intervening terrain can conceal objects. Yet over time spy satellite photos have been so valuable that no major weapons system has been deployed by the Soviets without the United States first finding out about it.

In analyzing satellite photos, interpreters make measurements and compare them from date to date. Noticing something suspicious, they compare its appearance with reference books. One building may have smokestacks, which would suggest one type of facility. A rail line next to it may mean something else. Different industrial plants have different vats, types of containers, storage facilities, and smokestacks. Based on similar configurations in reference books, analysts may determine that the plant makes chemical or biological warfare components.

The photos that Souther processed showed the locations of Soviet facilities, the amounts and types of military equipment kept at specific locations, and numbers of available personnel. The photos pinpointed missile test sites, launch sites, and missile manufacturing complexes. They highlighted offshore gradients, reefs, and sandbars, as well as depths, beach gradients, cusps, and inlets. They showed physical features of the land such as soils, vegetation, use patterns, obstacles, exits, defenses, and indications of enemy military strength for use in amphibious operations. The photos helped determine the enemy's capability by revealing industrial facilities like aircraft and missile plants, petroleum refineries, electric power plants, and steel mills. By focusing on breakwaters, jetties, seawalls, harbor basins, and facilities for berthing, mechanical handling, storage, transportation, building, and repair, a trained eye could evaluate harbors, ports, and shipbuilding facilities. The photos revealed rail lines, depots, rolling stock, and train-marshaling yards. Terminal facilities for inland, coastal, and transoceanic shipping could be seen. Additionally, the photos identified highways, bridges, tunnels, aboveground pipelines, and pipeline terminals.

In analyzing the photographs, the interpreters looked for familiar shapes. Man-made objects such as hockey rinks and tennis courts are generally the same size and shape throughout the world. They are used as reliable criteria for establishing scale. Shadows provided clues to the shape and size of objects.

To help analyze the photos, interpreters used stereoscopy, digital processing, and color-coding techniques that enhance the results. By viewing two photographs of the same object made with successive, overlapping exposures, a photointerpreter can detect camouflage, details of terrain, and the results of military action. With digital processing, images can be compared by computer and stored easily for later retrieval. The material can be manipulated to present different angles of a ship or plane. This is of particular help to pilots who may approach targets from different angles. Using this method, analysts can superimpose data on existing photos, delete distracting images, or create fake pictures. They can read a license plate from a photo taken overhead. With radar and infrared, they can see into buildings and through clouds. Finally, with color-coding, they can impart a red tinge to one shade of gray and a green tinge to another shade of gray. This greatly enhances their ability to perceive minute details of the photos.

Because of his work in the photo lab, Souther could easily make miniaturized or even microdot copies of spy satellite photos or other documents he obtained. Routinely, he was asked to make twenty-five copies of a key photograph for distribution to pilots, analysts, or other intelligence centers. Making an extra copy was as easy as pressing a button one more time.

While Souther's main workplace was in the photo lab, he had access to the entire building. Often, analysts called him into their offices for help on particular problems. Many of these offices contained even more sensitive material than the photo lab did. Indeed, for Souther the rest of the building presented a spy smorgasbord.

In the opposite corner from the photo lab was a library. It held classified reference books with intelligence estimates and country studies listing the characteristics of target areas. Along the north wall was the computer center containing most of the intelligence data used by the FIC. Next to the computer center were the print and graphics shops that produced mission planning kits.

The inner sanctum was upstairs. Along the south wall on the second level was the order-of-battle corridor. Adjoining the corridor were individual offices of analysts who produced studies on particular subjects, such as Soviet naval ships or Soviet electronic equipment. The information from their studies was stored in computers and could be printed out to show the enemy's capability in any particular area. The same material eventually wound up in classified reference books disseminated to the fleets.

In the center of the top floor were the administrative offices—the offices of the commanding officer and executive officer, budget officer, and supply officer. Personnel records were also kept here.

Along the north wall were three vaults made of eight-inch-thick reinforced concrete. A magnetic switch alerted the duty officer if anyone opened a vault door without using the appropriate codes. Ultrasonic sensors and vibration sensors detected any attempt to break through the walls or doors. As a backup, motion detectors using transceivers pinpointed the location of anyone who was in the vaults without authorization. Finally, if anyone tried to push a hand or arm through a ventilating duct or to touch particular files or computer terminals in the vaults, an alarm would sound.[127]

In accordance with procedures for handling top-secret material, each document in the vaults was numbered and entered into the command's accountability register, along with a listing of the number of copies of the document and the disposition of each copy. A top-secret control officer checked the document when any pages were removed or changed. Documents could be destroyed only in the presence of two officials, and a record of the destruction was kept with their signatures. The documents could be distributed by hand only, with a record kept of each individual who received them. Copies could be made only with the approval of the originating agency or higher authority, and each copy had to be annotated to show its copy number.[128]

The vault in the northeast corner of the building contained the Single Integrated Operation Plan (SIOP), the list of all nuclear targets, including which services are responsible for hitting them. Inside the vault analysts produced mission planning kits for delivery of nuclear weapons. Through terminals in the vault, the analysts could retrieve information relating to each target, including coordinates, the type of target, its defenses, and alternate targets in case the planes could not achieve their objectives.

Next to the SIOP vault along the north wall was the Special Activities Office (SAO) vault, where spy satellite and signals intelligence was received, analyzed, and stored. The material was then used for mission planning kits and for planning conventional warfare operations by fleet commanders.

With a real-time monitor in the SAO vault, navy officers could watch a battle going on and see the enemy moving up forces. While the resolution was not as good as with a photo, navy officers peering at the television monitors could see if missiles had been launched, if a target had been destroyed, and whether or not additional action was needed to destroy the target.

A third vault adjacent to the SIOP vault contained DORA, a code word for information about the deployment of submarine-based missiles. In this vault analysts could obtain the current locations of submarines, one of the most carefully guarded secrets in the military. To preserve the secrecy of the vaults, each one used a separate computer system. Next to the DORA vault in the northeast corner of the top floor was a room where material was prepared for marine amphibious landings and helicopter support.

During the weekend, when Souther had reserve duty, most of the offices were empty and could be entered at will. He could enter others—like the DORA vault—only when they were occupied. He could either smuggle the documents out or make photographic copies that could be more easily concealed. In any case, because of the high level of his security clearance, he was trusted. Like the rest of FICEURLANT's three hundred employees, Souther was not searched when he left for the day.

"If you had the ticket [clearances that Souther had], you could learn anything that went on there. Support elements [like photographers] deal with everybody in the organization, just like computer people. They don't do just one job. They support everybody dealing with intelligence. They have contact with everybody in the shop," said a former navy officer who worked at the FIC.[129]

It was a spy's dream come true.

16

I,
mocked by my contemporaries
like a prolonged
dirty joke,
I perceive whom no one sees,
crossing the mountains of time.

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

NOW THAT Souther had unparalleled access to U.S. military secrets, he plunged into work at Old Dominion even harder. As he once explained to Di Palma, doing a good job was the best way to throw off suspicion.

In addition to his Russian studies, Souther became intensely interested in public speaking, eventually declaring it as a second major. He developed a close relationship with Frances J. Hassencahl, assistant professor of speech communication. The first course Souther took with Hassencahl was Communication Between the Sexes—an examination of differences in communication based on sex and how these differences show up in verbal and nonverbal behavior. It was then that he and the professor developed a bond based on his strong support of women's rights, their mutual love of "Doonesbury" cartoons, and their frank approach to the issues of the day.

If Hassencahl knew anything about Souther's tendency to view women as tissue paper, discarding them after he used them, his charm diverted her attention.

"I'm a feminist," she said. "He did not see women as sex objects. He believed in equal rights."[130]

Souther worked hard in Hassencahl's courses and was considered a bright student.

"Basically he had the ability to understand and remember and put back together communications. He wrote well and was able to synthesize material and pick out key points," she said.

If he liked attention and was a bit immature, Hassencahl did not consider him to be uncontrollable.

"He was fairly responsive to direction," she said. "He was very social but not excessively so."

With Hassencahl's encouragement, Souther competed in national public speaking contests and won several awards. On these trips, Souther would tease and cut up.

Theresa Fisher, who traveled with him to several of the tournaments, recalled that he was a supportive team player who always made her laugh. Like many of Souther's friends, she thought she had a special relationship with him.

"He was the type of person whom you really like or really thought was disgusting," she said. "A lot of people didn't like him but I liked him a lot. He was a unique person. I think he had a genuine concern for people. We had a close relationship. He would rarely open up and show his concern in public but he always encouraged everyone and kept the team morale up. Even though he was older than most of us, he would always ask for our support. When I had a free round, he would ask me to watch him and criticize him."

At a tournament in North Carolina, Fisher told Souther that she had been distracted during one round because a female judge had a cold and kept sneezing. Just then, the judge walked down the corridor in front of a crowd of other team members.

"Excuse me," Souther said to her, "do you know you have snot on your coat?"

The judge looked at her coat, saw there was nothing on it, and laughed along with everyone else.[131]

At another tournament, Souther was staying in the same hotel room with William N. Goodbar, the assistant coach of the team. Leaving Goodbar in his underwear to watch TV, Souther gave the key to the room to five girls, telling them there was a party going on. When they entered, Goodbar ran for cover.[132]

During a tournament in the South, several female students from Mississippi began making calls to students in their hotel rooms, asking if they wanted a "good time." Souther got one of the calls. Recognizing their voices, he called them back and pretended he was black.

"I have twelve and a half feet of throbbing pleasure," he told them.[133]

They quickly stopped.

After the tournament, Souther and several girls were driving back to Norfolk when the subject of conversation turned to French ticklers. One of the students said she was disgusted by the idea. At a service station, Souther bought some condoms from a dispenser and left the package in her briefcase, writing "Fred," the name of another teammate, on the box.

"I can't believe it," she said to Souther later. "Fred put this in my briefcase."

Unlike Hassencahl, Goodbar did not think Souther's antics were cute.

"He put his arms around everyone. I was not that type of person," Goodbar said.[134] "When he got to be too boisterous, I just said, 'Glenn, turn it off.' "

Despite the horseplay, Souther got A's in his speech courses and came close to winning a national award for public speaking. Meanwhile, he began to blossom in his Russian courses. At first, he had been getting C's and B-minuses. Then Fahey, his adviser and one of his Russian teachers, got him interested in a Russian essay contest. Souther wrote about Moscow's remarkable accessibility to the oceans, despite its being an inland city. When the essay, "Moscow, the Port of Five Seas," won first prize in a state contest run by the American Association of Slavic and East European Languages, he became more motivated in his other courses. Soon he was getting A's in Russian.[135]

It was during this time that he became mesmerized by Vladimir Mayakovsky, the poet of the Russian Revolution, who lived from 1893 to 1930. Mihalap, Souther's other Russian teacher, first got him interested.

Mihalap taught in a classroom with a long table in the center surrounded by chairs, a calendar in Russian on the wall. For his lunch, he brought sausages redolent of garlic, as if the Soviet Union had come to Norfolk. When walking down corridors, he would turn off lights in empty classrooms, muttering about the waste of electricity. He often spoke of his experiences as an interpreter in the German army, which he said he had joined to help liberate the Soviet Union from Stalin's rule during World War II. At other times, he would speak with an Irish accent, expecting everyone to laugh.

Like Souther, Mihalap enjoyed plays on words, forming seemingly unintended meanings. "Those poor slobs—I mean Slavs," he would say of the Soviets.

Souther's penchant for sexual innuendo did not bother him. After leaving the Soviet Union, Mihalap, then thirty-four, had been the oldest undergraduate at Georgetown University. He could empathize with Souther.

One day in class, Mihalap described Vladimir Mayakovsky, the Russian poet, as a dashing, crude, irreverent figure—very much like Souther. A Futurist, he was part of a movement of irreverent writers and poets who played on words and even invented their own words as a rebellion against existing literary traditions. For example, Mayakovsky would form a new word by combining two other words—very similar to Souther's penchant for using double entendres. Because of this tendency, it was difficult to translate Mayakovsky's work into English.

"Mayakovsky was rambunctious. He was brash. He was extremely talented. He was a born rebel. He wanted a new system," Mihalap told the class.[136]

Yet ultimately, Mihalap pointed out, Mayakovsky was a tragic figure, a man who first identified with the goals of the revolution but later became disenchanted by the bureaucracy that it fed.

"At first he wanted to overthrow the czar and felt it would be a real reform," Mihalap said. "He was an idealist. He believed the workers should have equal rights and people should own everything under the supervision of the party. He did not anticipate actually enslaving people even more than before.

"He supported the system to the hilt but also criticized bureaucrats who hindered the development of the system," Mihalap continued. "He attacked ugliness in public behavior. He attacked peasants for their backwardness. He attacked unhygienic conditions. He was a one-man propaganda machine until he realized that he wouldn't be getting anywhere."

Once Lenin died and Stalin took over, "He felt a new rule of oppression had set in. He could not handle the oppression of the new government. There was nothing he could do because he helped bring it about. The only way he could protest it was by committing suicide," Mihalap said.

Mayakovsky was found with a bullet in his heart, a suicide note on his desk. At thirty-seven, he had become hateful to himself.

"He could no more tolerate what he helped to create. He had no choice. He was honest," Mihalap told the class.

Souther began collecting books on Mayakovsky, spending hundreds of dollars to obtain rare editions from the Victor P. Kamkin Bookstore in Rockville, Maryland. Ironically, when he showed other Russian Club members the collection, he would point out the poor quality of the Soviet binding and paper.

"Here are the country's finest gems," he would say, "and look how shabbily they are treated."[137]

Later, during an independent-study course Mihalap taught, he became even more deeply entranced by Mayakovsky's life. At a speech competition, he won honorable mention for his rendition of his favorite Mayakovsky poem, "A Cloud in Trousers." The poem includes a tortured appeal to his mother:

> Hello!
> Who's speaking?
> Mama?
> Mama!
> Your son is gloriously ill!
> Mama!
> His heart is on fire.

Mihalap believed a student could not understand a man like Mayakovsky without understanding the context of his times and environment. He talked with Souther extensively about the Russian revolution and the emotional upheavals of the Russian intelligentsia. As an émigré, Mihalap was a fervent anti-Communist, which he communicated to his class in no uncertain terms. Beyond the classroom, Mihalap socialized with Souther at Russian Club parties, where Mihalap played the balalaika and sang Russian songs. Despite their closeness, the teacher detected in Souther no sign of disloyalty toward the United States. Mihalap felt Souther understood the Russian soul—sorrowful, inured to oppression, but also ready to spring into revolt when pushed too far. Yet he also felt Souther was a patriotic American.

To Klein, it seemed Mayakovsky and Souther were one and the same. They had the same passion, the same inner rage, the same penchant for saying shocking things that outraged people, and the same unquenched yearning for love and attention.

Mayakovsky fell in love with Lili Brik, who openly carried on an affair with him for fifteen years while she was married. At the same time, both had many other affairs.

"Countless numbers of people were devoted to him, loved him," Brik said after Mayakovsky's death, "but they were all a drop in the ocean for a man who had 'an insatiable thief in his soul,' who needed the people who didn't read him to read him, the person who hadn't come to come, the one who he felt didn't love him to love him."[138]

17

I am where pain is—everywhere;
on each drop of the tear-flow
I have nailed myself on the cross.
Nothing is left to forgive.
I've cauterized the souls where
tenderness was bred.
It was harder than taking
a thousand Bastilles!

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

ON MAY 20, 1985, the FBI arrested navy warrant officer John A. Walker, Jr., charging him with espionage. Because of the considerable navy presence there, Walker's arrest was particularly big news in Norfolk. A day after the arrest, Souther was sitting in Fahey's Russian class. Before the class started, several students brought up the case.

"They should string him up!" Souther said.[139]

As it turned out, Walker's arrest would have unforeseen consequences for Souther. But for now, Souther decided his arrest was a good time to prove his loyalty to the United States. The unlikely vehicle for that show of patriotism was Svetlana Sapozhnikov, another member of the Russian Club.

Sapozhnikov had emigrated from the Soviet Union with her mother and father in 1979. A manager in a Soviet factory, her father felt discriminated against because he was Jewish. Relatives who had already emigrated to the United States had written letters to the family saying they had reached the promised land.[140]

Sapozhnikov entered Old Dominion in the fall semester of 1984, majoring in Russian. Among the Russian students, there was always a debate about which teacher was better, Fahey or Mihalap. Each had his defenders and detractors, and Sapozhnikov was one of those who favored Fahey. She felt Mihalap discriminated against her because she was Russian, judging her not on what she knew but on how much she had learned. While she admitted there was a certain logic to that, she felt it was unfair that American students were getting A's while she—a native Russian speaker—was getting C's. Then, too, Mihalap felt classic Russian was the way the language was before he left. He would call himself a purist, while some students thought he was simply out of date. At times, he would mark a Russian word nonexistent when it had appeared in *Pravda* the week before.[141]

Nevertheless, soon after she began classes for the fall semester, she received a call in her dorm from Souther. Souther said he needed help in Russian, and he claimed Dr. Mihalap had suggested that she might be interested in tutoring him.

"How do I know who you are?" she asked.

Souther began naming other Russian language students.

"Okay, but you have to come to my dorm," she said.

"No, I can't do that."

"Why not?"

"I just can't."

"Then I can't meet you," she said.

"Let me think about it," he said.

Two hours later, Sapozhnikov heard a loud knocking on her door. Souther and a friend of his were standing there. She let them in, and they locked the door behind them. Sapozhnikov's roommate looked at them strangely. Souther gave Sapozhnikov a bottle of cheap wine and explained why he had been reluctant to come.

"I raped a girl, and I'm not allowed to come into the dormitories," he said in Russian.

"Excuse me, what do you mean?" she said.

"I raped a girl. Oh, don't worry. It was a misunderstanding."

"Well, that was good," she said.

"I was dating a girl, we broke up, and I saw her in the dorm. I pushed her down and bit her on the neck. She cried rape. They had a trial where they accused me. The Old Dominion newspaper printed the story but had to print a retraction because I was not guilty," he claimed.[142]

Sapozhnikov thought Souther's Russian was quite good. She didn't think he needed much help. Perhaps Souther had made up the story about Mihalap. Indeed, she couldn't figure out why he had come. He never brought up the subject of tutoring. When he left, he took the wine with him. Then her roommate sprayed their room with air freshener because she thought Souther's friend smelled bad.

The following semester, Souther and Sapozhnikov had Mihalap for the same class. The classroom was in front of a women's bathroom. As they were leaving class on the first day, Souther saw a woman walk into the bathroom, and he pretended to follow her. Then, when they crowded into the elevator, a female student asked if Souther would press "3" for her.

"Didn't your mother teach you to do things for yourself?" he yelled.

By 1985, Lana, as Sapozhnikov was called, had become president of the Russian Club, a tribute to her ability to cajole students into helping to raise money without seeming to be bossy.

She always referred to the other members of the club as her "associates."

Despite her popularity, many of the Russian Club members thought she was overly flirtatious. Lana stood five feet, three inches tall, had a 34–21–34 figure, and tended to wear tight black miniskirts or tight black pants, revealing halter tops, and boots. She wore bright red jewelry that accentuated her sparkling blue eyes, frosted lips, and dark, shoulder-length hair.

At Russian Club parties she would come on to guests, then back off.

"I was a tease," she would later say. "I would act very friendly to people. I found the company of men preferable to women. I was very nice. I would say, 'If you have the time, you can buy.' They would think I wanted to see them."[143]

In fact, Lana had had only two boyfriends. Because she became drunk on a glass of wine, she never even drank. She came to realize that her vampishness was a way of compensating for the fact that she kept losing friends because she had moved so many times.

"Instead of getting hurt again, I guess I wanted to have a lot of friends on a shallow level," she said. "That's one reason I acted like that."

Because she came on so strong, Souther mistrusted her. Occasionally when she met new classmates, she would explain that she was from the Soviet Union.

"Oh, a Commie!" they would say.

"Yeah, I'm a spy," she would joke back.

The repartee gave Souther an idea. He would report that Sapozhnikov had tried to recruit him to spy for the Soviets. The little show of loyalty would put to rest any suspicions that might be developing about him. The same ploy was used by Karl F. Koecher, a Czech intelligence service officer who became a mole in the CIA. By reporting to the FBI a nonexistent attempt by the other side to recruit him, he enhanced his own standing as a patriotic American.[144]

Nothing came of Souther's report, at least not at first. But later it would cause trouble for Lana.

18

And when,
with rebellion
his advent announcing,
you step to meet the saviour—
then I
shall root up my soul;
I'll trample it hard
till it spreads
in blood; and I offer you this banner.

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud
in Trousers"

JUST WEEKS after Souther reported that Sapozhnikov had approached him to be a spy for the Soviets, Cindy, his former girlfriend, saw the movie *The Falcon and the Snowman* at a local theater in Norfolk. Cindy had not been particularly interested in seeing the film. It was her current boyfriend who had wanted to go.

Cindy was stunned by what she saw. Based on the book by Robert Lindsey, the movie portrayed the espionage cases of Christopher J. Boyce and his friend Andrew Daulton Lee. The two were arrested in January 1977 for selling to KGB agents in Mexico City classified code material used to transmit photos from the Rhyolite surveillance satellite.

The similarities to the Souther case were striking. Boyce held a relatively low-level, low-paid position with TRW Inc., a CIA contractor for the spy satellite program. He gave secret material to Lee, a drug addict, who sold it to the Soviets and shared the proceeds with Boyce.

Like Souther, Boyce was young and extremely bright. Like Souther, he had been active in his church as a child, even serving as an altar boy. And like Souther, he hated the United States and the American way of life. Thus his motives for spying—like Souther's—were more ideological and emotional than monetary. Indeed, there seemed to be a connection between Boyce's attitude toward his country and his resentment of his father. Boyce considered his father—a retired FBI agent—to be an unregenerate capitalist.

As Cindy watched the movie, her mind kept replaying her experiences with Souther—his hatred of his father, his resentment of the intelligence agencies, even his relatively low salary from the government.

> BOYCE: Every day I get these misrouted cables. Details of CIA covert action that have nothing to do with national security. . . . It's incredible.
>
> LEE: Now how much are they paying you down there, or is that some big secret, too?
>
> BOYCE: $140 a week before taxes.
>
> BOYCE'S FATHER TO BOYCE: Do you really resent me as much as you want me to think you do?[145]

The most startling similarities were in the spy techniques, known as tradecraft. The details were burned into Cindy's memory—dead drops, large sums of cash, meetings in foreign countries. Despite the fact that Boyce was getting incredibly valuable material, the KGB seemed to be thinking in the long term. His control officer suggested that he obtain training in Russian affairs and get a job higher in the intelligence establishment, just as the Soviets had suggested to Souther.

Cindy sat transfixed as the movie continued:

> Lee to KGB Officer: American spy satellites. I can get you all the information you want to know about them.
>
> KGB Officer: When you have something for me, make an "X" one meter above the sidewalk. . . .
>
> KGB Officer: For $6,000, please sign.
>
> KGB Officer: You should consider majoring in Russian affairs . . . and then, think very seriously about applying for a job in the State Department or CIA.
>
> KGB Officer: You can't leave here tonight free of it all, any more than I can. Did you really think you could?

"This is it to a tee," Cindy thought to herself. "Even when we went to Italy, and he painted on the bridge. He did the same thing. Even the amounts of money . . . the way he was angry at the government . . . the way he left the country and used markings."[146]

Cindy's mind was reeling. She felt she could not confide in her current boyfriend. He might think she was crazy. Instead, she told her sister, Debbie. Almost from the beginning, Debbie had been suspicious of Souther because of the large amounts of money he always seemed to have. Sometimes, the two sisters double-dated, and Debbie's boyfriend had been particularly suspicious of Souther. He thought he was selling drugs.

One night, the boyfriend put it to Souther.

"I need some money. Could you get me into it?" he asked.[147]

Souther said he wasn't into drugs.

Debbie attended Old Dominion and lived a few blocks from Cindy. The next afternoon, Cindy visited her sister.

"I think I know what Glenn's involved in," Cindy told her. "I think he's involved in espionage."

"Yeah, [her boyfriend] and I had that figured out all along," Debbie said. "If it wasn't drugs or the Mafia, [he] figured out it was that."

That night, Cindy asked her friend Darcie Long to meet her at the Classroom, the pub across from Old Dominion.

"She told me she had seen *The Falcon and the Snowman*," Long said later. "She was real scared and nervous because when they went to Italy, Glenn had done things like that—painting on walls, going to parks at night. She was not sure what to do. She didn't know whether to tell somebody, because she thought he was spying and she was with him and might be implicated."[148]

Long was amazed that Cindy had confided in her. When they had first met, she had thought of Cindy as being secretive and closed. She didn't like to talk about herself, didn't even like people to know that she was a karate expert. But lately, Cindy had opened up more, coincident with her interest in psychology. In addition, Cindy had been influenced by Long, who was just the opposite.

"Darcie is extremely open and very much in touch with her feelings," Cindy said. "I think I learned a lot from her. She would say, 'It makes me angry when you do this, so don't do that.' Or 'Every time you do this, I feel sad.' "

Because she didn't want her to clam up, Long purposely tried not to react to what Cindy was telling her about Souther. But Cindy took Long's blasé reaction to mean that Long did not believe her.

"I didn't have much of a reaction to her tale that he was a spy because I thought she wouldn't talk about it then," Long said. "I didn't think I had any advice to give her. I had no idea of which way she should go. Usually I have an opinion. I thought she would never tell me anything again if I made a big deal of it."

In fact, she said, "I believed her. I believe she does not jump to conclusions and is not a frivolous person. I didn't want to deal with it."

Later, Cindy would say that if anyone had encouraged her, she would have gone to the FBI immediately. Instead, she agonized over it. Suddenly she began noticing articles on espionage. When the *Reader's Digest* ran one, she noted similarities to Souther all over again.

Cindy felt guilty for not reporting it. At the same time, she kept talking herself out of it. For weeks, she went over how the conversation with the FBI would go.

"This is just your version. You don't know anything about espionage," she could hear the FBI agent saying.

She thought the FBI might accuse her of trying to get revenge and ruining Souther's career—indeed, his life—out of spite. Sometimes, she wondered herself about her motives.

"Would I be calling to get revenge because of what he did to me?" she thought to herself. "Or am I calling because I'm really looking out for the United States?

"If anybody had said, 'This is a serious crime, look out for your country,' I would have done that. But if they find him innocent, and he becomes an officer, this is going to come up," she said. "I thought, 'You go see one movie and how can you be so sure?' It just drove me crazy. Should I or shouldn't I?"

Then, too, there was the fear that the FBI might try to implicate her.

"One of the reasons for not turning him in was they might think I was involved," she said. "I had no way of proving that I wasn't because I was on his trips and all."[149]

For the next year, Cindy would be tortured by indecision.

19

She came,
and thoughts of a madhouse
curtained my head in despair.

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud
in Trousers"

IN MAY 1985, Souther attended his high school reunion in Cumberland, Maine. About fifty classmates showed up at the Verrillo Restaurant off Exit 8 on the Maine turnpike in Portland. Souther stayed at a nearby hotel with an attractive young woman who was not from Maine. He took pains to tell friends she was paying his bill. He confided he did not want his father to know he was in town.[150]

Souther spent much of his time with a former classmate who was then married. Afterward, he asked Bob Fitch, his closest friend in Cumberland, to pass a message to her about getting together. Fitch declined. Souther told Fitch he would write to him but never did. As he told Cindy when they were going together, he was not one to maintain ties. It was yet another facet of his manipulative nature.

That summer Souther attended the Russian School at Norwich for the second time. Before he left, he applied for Officer

Candidate School. By the time he got back to Norfolk, he learned that he had been rejected. It was a devastating blow, and he blamed it on the fact that he now had a police record because he had bitten Kotulak at Old Dominion.

During his navy career, Souther had received the "E" ribbon, a sea service award with two Bronze Stars, a good conduct award, and a navy unit commendation. His immediate supervisor at the naval air reserve public affairs office rated his performance outstanding, and the commanding officer of the naval air reserve in Norfolk cited him for his performance.[151] On the surface, his performance should have been enough to get him into OCS. On the other hand, his penchant for pranks and profanity, while at times endearing, did not help. Moreover, he faced stiff competition that year. When the Naval Investigative Service later asked the admissions officers, they could not recall any single reason for rejecting him.

Meanwhile, Jeffrey Smallwood, the navy lieutenant who was married to Di Palma's sister, had been transferred to Rota, Spain, where the navy maintains its Fleet Ocean Surveillance Information Facility. Known as FOSIF ROTA, it provides direct operational intelligence to the commander of the Sixth Fleet and the units under his control.

Having originally pooh-poohed Di Palma's allegation that Souther was working for the Soviets, Smallwood was having second thoughts. The details of the Walker case made him wonder if Souther might be a spy after all. In particular, he had heard that the FBI finally cracked the case when Walker's former wife called the Bureau. He had also heard through Di Palma's other brother-in-law that Souther had returned to Italy without letting Di Palma know he was there. What if Souther really was a spy? Smallwood would be blamed for having let him get away.

In September 1985, Smallwood reported his suspicions to the NIS office in Rota. However, the NIS assumed that the matter had already been looked into in Gaeta nearly three years earlier. The NIS office accorded it very low priority. Rather than suggesting an investigation, the office sent an "information report" to the Norfolk office of the NIS. Under NIS procedures, this left to the discretion of the local office whether the report should be pursued.

After determining that Souther was in the naval reserve, the NIS sent the report to the Norfolk office of the FBI. Since Souther was now considered a civilian, the FBI had jurisdiction over him. Based on the material it received, the FBI assumed that the allegation had been checked out by the NIS in January 1983. According to the NIS report, no basis for the allegation could be found. What the report did not say was that Greg Scovel, the NIS agent in Gaeta, had not even asked Di Palma why she thought Souther was working for the Soviets, much less investigated the allegation. Thus the FBI's Norfolk office —the same one that had aggressively pursued the Walker case, leading to his arrest—put the Souther case on the back burner.

It would be eight months before the Bureau finally took any action.

20

Maria! Maria! Maria!
Let me in, Maria!
I can't suffer the streets!
You won't?
You'd rather wait
until my cheeks cave in,
until, pawed by everyone,
I arrive,
stale,
toothlessly mumbling
that today I am
"amazingly honest."

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

BY NOW, Souther had progressed from Cindy to Dory to Marcia to a Jewish girl whose parents owned an ice cream store in the Ghent section of Norfolk. To Danine Klein, the fact that the girl was eighteen meant Souther was going a little too far, but she didn't say anything.

"He said she couldn't get enough," Klein said. "He said, 'Jewish women must be incredible. She's wearing me out.' "

At the same time, Souther kept up his platonic friendships. Besides Klein, one of his closet female friends was E. King Butterworth. Known as King, Butterworth is very self-contained, controlled, and unemotional, with pretty, big brown eyes and long brown hair. She met Souther in one of Fahey's Russian classes.

In the first day of class, Butterworth turned around to talk to a friend, and Souther said to her, "Turn around and shut up."[152] Butterworth decided she liked the fact that someone in class would not be dry and serious.

Not long after that, Souther and Butterworth were sitting at a bar across from Old Dominion drinking beer. Butterworth mentioned that she had never been to Chicago and would like to visit it sometime.

"Let's go tomorrow," Souther said.

Butterworth thought he was kidding. He wasn't. By then, Souther's mother and stepfather had moved to Rockford, Illinois, eighty miles northeast of Chicago. Souther said they could drive there the next morning in Butterworth's old Grenada.

On the way, Souther talked about Mayakovsky, comparing him with Serge Esenin, another Russian poet of the same era who also killed himself. Noting that Esenin had hanged himself while Mayakovsky shot himself, Souther said, "That [hanging] is the unromantic way to kill yourself. Esenin took the wimpy way out. A bullet is more heroic."

Later, Souther confided to Butterworth that from time to time he thought about how he would kill himself. Butterworth didn't think anything of it. He was always saying bizarre things.[153]

Souther's parents' house was on the southern edge of Rockford in an area of Baptist churches, farms, and large wooded lots. It was a ranch on Halverson Court with black shutters and a gravel driveway leading to a two-car garage. As they walked to the front door, Butterworth saw a red welcome sign with two ducks on the front door.

Inside were two huge Labrador retrievers and a Chihuahua. Souther's mother and stepfather, Joe and Shirley Wiergacz, enter the bigger dogs—Jet and Molly—in field training and tracking shows.

Butterworth liked Souther's mother and was surprised that she put up with his antics. He was just as wild and lewd in front of his mother—whom he called by her first name—as he was with the Russian Club members.

Souther's brother, Tim, could never forget the time Souther made a double entendre referring to the male sex organ in front of his mother and his grandmother Swartz. After he repeated it, his grandmother caught on and said, "You're sick." But his mother just laughed.[154]

On the way back from Chicago, Butterworth mentioned that she was planning on visiting the Soviet Union that year along with Fahey and members of the Russian Club. Souther told her he couldn't go because he was in the navy.

"If I ever went, I would probably love it there," he said.

Butterworth thought the remark odd. But she dismissed it.

Butterworth was having a rough time adjusting to college, and she was grateful to Souther for helping her when she became depressed. He comforted her when she became disconsolate over losing a boyfriend.

"He was always around to help me out and cheer me up," she said.

Souther gave her a book of Mayakovsky poems, inscribing it in his careful, controlled handwriting:

> King—This is just a little something (little, nothing by Mayakovsky is little, but great) to help put a smile in your heart. Please accept this from someone who considers himself one of your closest friends. Always, I'll be there for you. Glenn.

Ironically, Butterworth went on to work for the National Security Agency, along with Andrea McGill, another member of the Russian Club who was a close friend of Souther's. Both had been recruited through a program Fahey had started for his Russian students.

When Butterworth told Souther where she planned to work, a pained expression came over his face, as if he didn't approve.

She was shocked. To herself, she thought, "Glenn, you're in the navy!"[155]

One day after class, Souther practiced reading Mayakovsky's "A Cloud in Trousers" to McGill and Mitchell J. Stout, another Russian Club member. Souther planned on reading the poem the next day in a speech class. As Souther read, he seemed transformed. Suddenly, the class clown had taken on all the bitterness and cynicism of Mayakovsky. He spat out each word, as if throwing flames. When he read the lines, "Mama!/His heart is on fire," it was as if Mayakovsky himself had come back to life. The contrast with Souther's normally jocular manner was so startling that McGill began to laugh.[156]

Souther looked surprised and stopped reading.

"Okay, go on," McGill said.

McGill had a second major in art, and Souther commissioned her to do a painting of Mayakovsky for his apartment. She did an abstract, with garish streaks of color.

Another of Souther's female friends from the Russian Club had just married a military man but suddenly began having affairs right and left. She described each escapade in great detail to Souther and Klein.

One day, she told them that she had met three men in a bar and had sex with all three at once. "My friend and I were at a bar, and these guys were really nice," she said. "We took them back to my place. My girlfriend at one point was downstairs with one of them. But I also had them at one time.

"Well, I couldn't believe what was happening," she continued. "One moment I was with this one, then this one came into the room, and it was wonderful. Then the other one who was downstairs came up, too."

Souther laughed about it.

"If you had just mentioned that you like that, I would have done it to you long ago," he told her. "Here, let me do it to you now."

But he also warned her that she could get diseases.

Souther almost never talked about his work with his friends from the Russian Club. Klein thought he was a photographer and never knew he was doing anything particularly secret.

"I asked him what he did," she said. "He didn't want to talk about it. He couldn't be swayed. He never boasted that he knew things that were secret."

One exception occurred during a sailing trip on Chesapeake Bay with Ebba R. Hierta, another member of the Russian Club, and her boyfriend. Souther always felt more comfortable on the water, and perhaps that made him relax more. He confided to her that he worked in naval intelligence, analyzing spy satellite photos.[157]

Hierta and her boyfriend would never forget the trip because Souther confronted two coast guard enlisted men as they neared Cape Charles, across the bay from Norfolk on Virginia's eastern shore.

In Russian, he shouted at them, "We come in peace, you ugly fools. Your mother is ugly, too. And she dresses you funny."

Although they did not understand what he was saying, they understood that he was trying to provoke them. They decided he was suspicious and boarded the boat, giving Hierta and her boyfriend a ticket for having old emergency flares.

Through a mutual friend from Souther's speech classes, Souther went on a blind date in September 1985 with Ann M. McCay, a speech therapist with a B.A. and an M.S. in education from Old Dominion. McCay was a well-proportioned brunette who had been married once before. As he had with previous girlfriends, Souther fell hopelessly in love with her.

"We were in a restaurant, and he was all over her—cuddling her, kissing her, smooching, tickling her," Klein said. "That is something you would do as a teenager with your date. It's one thing to exchange a chaste kiss. But he was all over her in the booth. I was sitting right in front of her. It was very immature."[158]

It was a measure of Souther's ability to change his behavior for the person he was with that Mihalap, having met McCay, was impressed that Souther did not seem to flaunt his success with women.

"One trait in him is that he would come [to Russian Club events] with a young lady, but he would never overemphasize 'This is my girl.' He sort of played it down," the Russian professor said. "He kept his relations with ladies to himself. I approved of that."

Unlike Souther, McCay was mature and level-headed. The members of the Russian Club wondered how she could put up with Souther's antics. Soon, she became part of the club, attending Russian Club meetings and helping out at fund-raisers or Russian Club parties. As treasurer of the club, Klein was always willing to declare a party a club function and allocate funds made by selling doughnuts toward a keg.

Each of Souther's parties had a different theme. One time it was imported cheese, and everyone had to bring some. Another time it was cheap beer; whoever brought the least expensive six-pack was the winner.

At a Halloween party given by Souther, one girl showed up with a papier-mâché penis on her head. Sapozhnikov, who was dressed as a witch, was being particularly provocative that night. She asked the girl with the penis how she had managed to do such a realistic job.

"I'm a nurse," she said.

"I posed for it," chimed in Souther, who wore a toga, a cross on his head.

Souther approached Julie Woodward, another member of the Russian Club who went on to work for NSA. Woodward was shy and didn't drink. When Souther came out with his sexual remarks, she would blush and say, "Gle*nnn* . . ." At the party, he urged her to try a screwdriver. She loved it.[159]

As usual, everyone was speaking Russian. It was one reason Klein referred to the Russian Club members as a "bunch of misfits." Recently, she and Souther had met a Panamanian friend of Glenn's for drinks, and Souther had insisted on speaking Russian even though the friend did not understand it.

"Carlos can't understand Russian," Klein said to Souther.

"Well, then you translate for him," Souther said.

By the end of 1985, Souther had moved out of his apartment and moved in with Ann McCay, whose voice had already supplanted his on his answering machine. McCay's apartment was a condominium unit in a three-story brick building at 620 Olney Road, just down the street from Souther's. They bought a Siberian husky puppy, naming it Vladimir after Mayakovsky.

At the same time, Souther went off active duty in the reserves to concentrate on finishing his degree requirements. At first blush this would seem to indicate that the material he was getting for the Soviets was not very important. But the KGB routinely opts for losing a few months of espionage material in favor of the longer-range goal of planting a mole high up in U.S. intelligence. Souther had just spent two weeks working full-time at the FIC during the summer, which gave him plenty of opportunity to smuggle out material. Moreover, he still had access to the intelligence center during the five months he was off active duty. Later investigations by the FBI would conclude that he probably visited the intelligence center at odd times and took classified materials with him even though he was not supposed to be working.

Certainly his remuneration remained the same. Not long after they began living together McCay noticed envelopes stuffed with $2,000 to $4,000 in cash in their apartment. When she asked him where the money came from, he brushed her off, saying he got it "black-marketing bananas" or "smuggling."[160]

21

Maria,
as you see—
my shoulders droop.
—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

HAVING SPENT the past year wondering whether she should tell the FBI about Souther, Cindy finally made up her mind. When visiting her parents one afternoon, she decided she would report him. Both her parents were out, and the house was quiet. In the living room she looked up the FBI's number. The nearest office was in Manassas. She dialed, ready to blurt out the words she had rehearsed so many times in her mind: "I think someone is involved in espionage. Who do I see about this?"[161]

There were four rings, and then she heard a recording:

"You have reached the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Manassas. There is no one in the office at this time." The recording instructed callers to leave a message or, in the event of an emergency, to call the FBI offices in Washington or Alexandria, Virginia.

Cindy put down the receiver. She was not about to leave a message, and it certainly was no emergency. It was a weekday afternoon, yet the FBI could not spare anyone to answer the phone. She thought again about how the conversation would go.

"What makes you think this?" she could hear an FBI agent asking.

"Well, I saw *The Falcon and the Snowman.*"

Cindy could hear the agent laughing.

"You saw one movie and you think your boyfriend is involved?"

"Yeah."

"Well, we'll call you next year."

Nevertheless, two days later, Cindy screwed up her courage and tried the FBI number one more time. She got the same recording.

Having agonized over what to do for the better part of a year, Cindy decided fate had resolved the question for her.

"Well, it was meant to be," she thought to herself.

Meanwhile, having received from the NIS an "information report" about the possibility that Souther was involved in espionage, the FBI's Norfolk office was in no hurry to pursue the case. It appeared that the NIS had already checked out the allegation some four years earlier. The NIS report said no basis for the allegation could be found at the time. The only new information was that Jeffrey Smallwood, the navy lieutenant who had originally dismissed Di Palma's claim, had heard that John Walker's wife had tipped off the FBI to his activities. This had given him second thoughts about Di Palma's original allegation.

What the NIS report did not say was that Greg Scovel, the NIS agent Di Palma had confided in, had never asked her why she thought her husband was working for the Soviets, much less investigated the allegation. As a result, the information the FBI's Norfolk office had to go on was quite different from what it had in the Walker case.

That case began when Barbara Walker called the FBI's Boston office and said her former husband, a navy enlisted man, was a spy. An agent based in Hyannis, Massachusetts, with no experience in counterintelligence, interviewed her at her home. Because she was inebriated at the time, and because the details she gave made no sense to him, he dismissed the allegation as being unworthy of pursuit. However, unlike NIS agent Scovel, he wrote a report on his interview. After three months, it found its way to FBI agents experienced in counterintelligence matters—Phillip A. Parker, then deputy assistant FBI director for operations in the intelligence division, and Joseph R. Wolfinger, who was in charge of the counterintelligence squad in the Norfolk office.[167]

To them, the details Barbara Walker provided—accompanying her husband to drop film and pick up cash in the woods of northern Virginia—were like a multicolored road map. All routes led to the KGB.

Wolfinger assigned Robert W. Hunter, a crack investigator, as the agent in charge of the Walker case. With strong support from Parker at headquarters, the FBI's Norfolk office then mapped out a comprehensive strategy for catching Walker in the act of spying. The Bureau placed wiretaps on his Virginia Beach detective agency and his home in Norfolk, coincidentally some five miles northeast of Souther's apartment. Since Walker retired from the navy in 1976, he had continued to engage in spying by obtaining secret documents from his son, Michael, a sailor aboard the U.S.S. *Nimitz;* his brother, Arthur, a former submarine officer; and his friend Jerry A. Whitworth, a navy communications specialist.

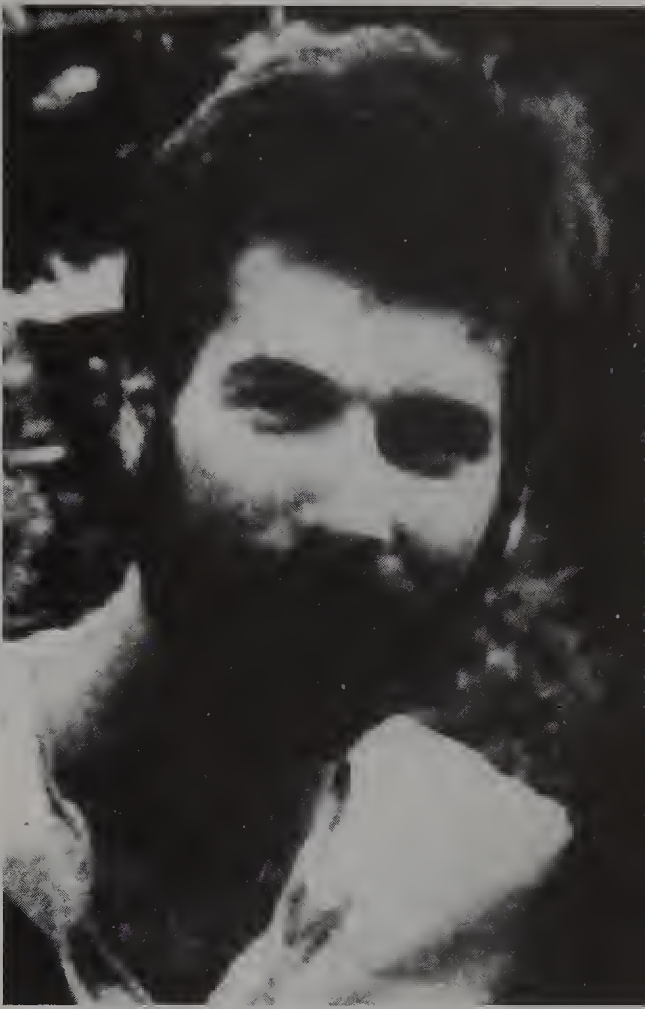

This photograph ran with stories around the world reporting Souther's death and speculating that he had been a teenage mole for the KGB. (WIDE WORLD)

Souther stole America's nuclear war plans and top-secret spy satellite photos from FICEURLANT at the U.S. Navy base in Norfolk, Virginia.

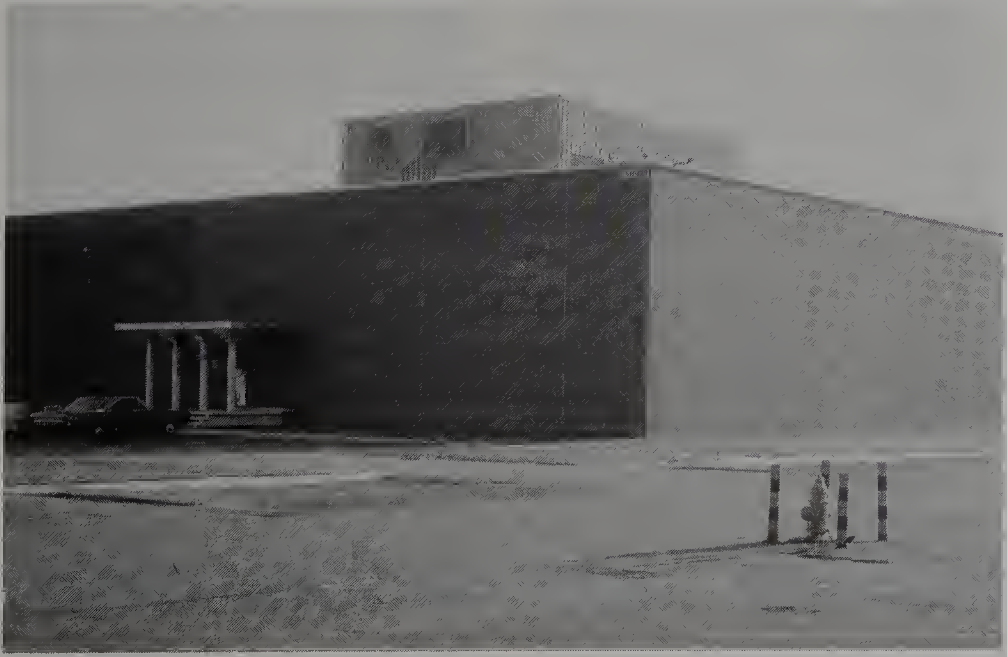

At age six Souther struck a soldierlike pose near his home in Munster, Indiana.

When he was sixteen Souther *(foreground)* went on a religious retreat at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, with his church group.

Souther's first sweetheart was Amy S. Rodenburg.

Souther graduated from Greely High School in Cumberland, Maine.

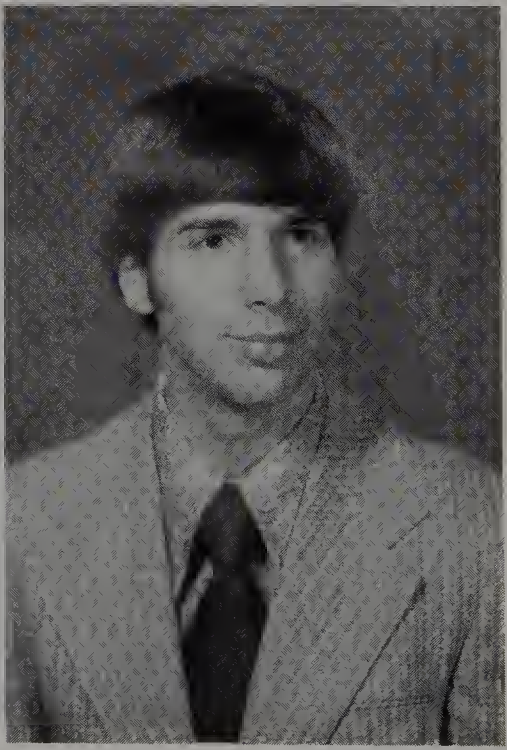

Souther met his wife, Patrizia Di Palma, on the isle of Capri. (RONALD KESSLER)

Souther took Cindy with him to Italy when he met with the KGB, then posed for this picture in her relatives' home near Pisa.

After picking up cash from the KGB in Rome, Souther met a nun on the train.

Souther was proud of Cindy's black belt in karate.

Souther fell for another navy photographer, Kelli Templeton.

Members of the Russian Club *(from the left:)* Andrea C. McGill, Souther, Danine D. Klein, an unidentified student, and Julie Zipperer assemble near an ice cream store in Norfolk's Ghent section.

Souther attended the Russian School of Norwich University in Vermont with Klein and Julie Woodward.

Souther took photos of friends, including Carolyn Weiser *(second from right)* and Cindy *(right)* in front of the "Little White House," their home in Norfolk. (ROBERT GRAHAM)

Souther attended the Russian School at Norwich University in Vermont with Andrea McGill *(to his left)*, another Russian Club member, and others.

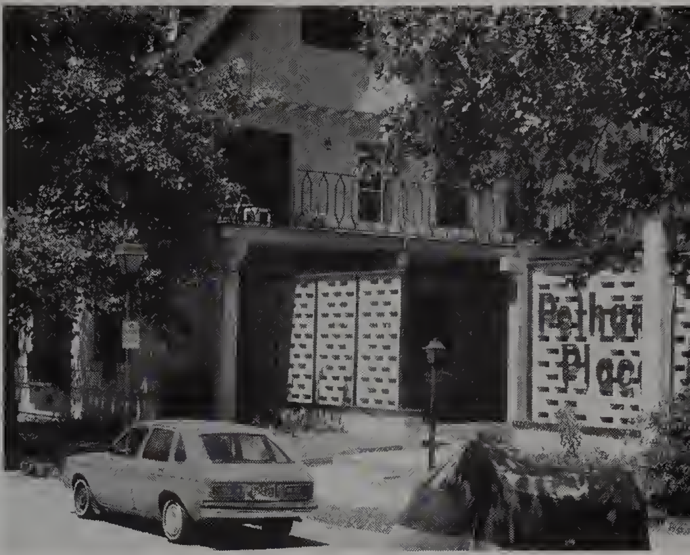

Souther stashed cash from the KGB in cushions in his Ghent apartment. (RONALD KESSLER)

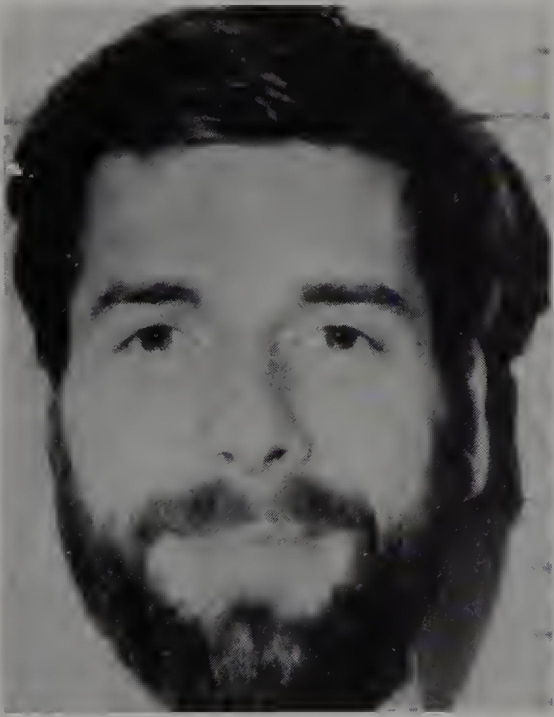

Souther was arrested in 1984 for biting an Old Dominion University student on the neck.

Ann McCay, Souther's fiancée, got a push from Souther and Danine Klein shortly before Souther disappeared in 1986.

Souther showed up on Soviet television to denounce the United States.

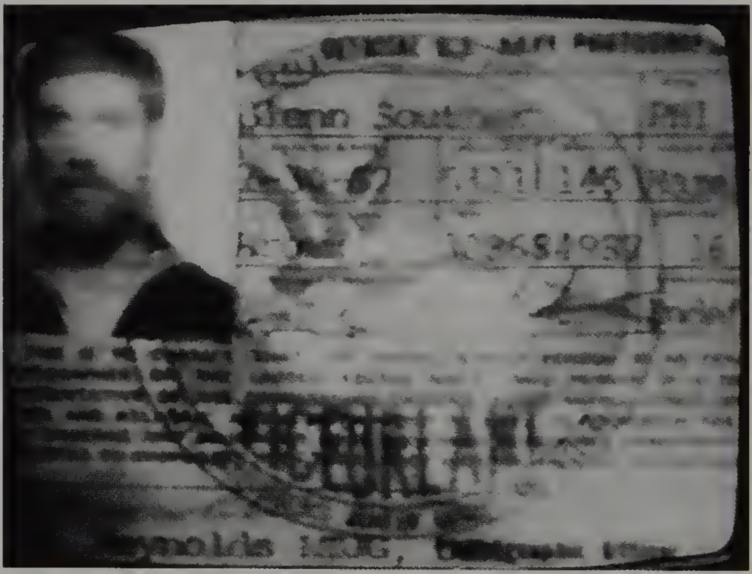

The Soviets showed Souther's FICEURLANT I.D. on television.

Roger L. Depue, former chief of the FBI's behavioral science unit, concluded Souther suffered from low self-esteem and a distant relationship with his father.

Under the supervision of John C. Wagner, the head of the Norfolk office, Wolfinger and Hunter came up with a strategy for following Walker if he drove to Washington to drop off secret material—a likely scenario since KGB agents posing as Soviet diplomats in the embassy are limited to a twenty-five-mile radius of Washington. When Walker got in his 1985 Chevrolet Astro Van on May 19, 1985, the agents were ready. Using a single-engine FBI plane and twenty FBI cars, they followed him northward to Maryland, where fifty agents and support personnel surrounded the area where Walker was checking out drop sites. They saw him leave documents for his Soviet support officer, and they arrested him with the KGB's instructions still in his hands.

In contrast, the Norfolk office treated the Souther allegation like dozens of tips that come into the office every month. Since he did not know the details of what Di Palma was prepared to say about Souther, Wolfinger assumed there were no credible details. He assigned the case to Richard (Butch) Holtz. A former probation officer, Holtz was experienced in counterintelligence but was occupied at the time with recruiting minority and female personnel within the Norfolk office.

Because the Souther case was seen as a low-priority investigation, the agent took his time looking into it. At first, the fact that Souther's address with the naval reserve was a post office box stymied them. To anyone familiar with the FBI's resources, such an excuse is laughable. When the FBI wants to find someone, it is quite capable of doing it. Eventually, through inquiries, Holtz found that Souther was attending Old Dominion.

If Holtz had realized how important the case was, he would have checked back through the NIS and interviewed Di Palma. He would have talked with Scovel, the NIS agent Di Palma approached. He also would have developed more background on Souther, his access to classified information, and his spending habits. Finally, he would have conducted surveillance on him to see if he could catch him in the act of spying.

He did none of this. Instead, he decided to interview him. The explanation, offered by a colleague, was "Sometimes an interview is all you have to go on." Yet the idea that a spy would simply confess because the FBI asked him to was naïve. Since 1975 more than fifty-six people have been prosecuted as a result of FBI espionage investigations. All but one of the prosecutions have resulted in convictions. FBI agents did not compile that impressive track record by showing their badges and asking suspects if they did it. As illustrated in the Walker case, the FBI as a rule carefully orchestrates its investigations.[163]

Planning is particularly vital in unraveling espionage cases because espionage is one of the most difficult crimes to prove. The evidence, in the form of documents, has usually already been flown to Moscow. Any accomplices are likely to be KGB agents who either have diplomatic immunity and cannot be arrested or are already back in Moscow. Thus it is vital that investigators find out as much as they can before confronting the suspect, making it more likely that he will tell all because he thinks the FBI knows all about his activities anyway.

Because the FBI realizes that it will usually get only one shot at interviewing a suspect, it takes another step before conducting an important interview. That step is to submit the case to the bureau's behavioral science unit at the FBI Academy in Quantico, Virginia. There, based on voluminous data from previous criminal cases, FBI agents trained in the behavioral sciences construct a psychological profile of the suspect and help develop a strategy for eliciting a confession.

The profiling program was developed in stages. Before 1972 the FBI trained new agents primarily in Justice Department and FBI offices in Washington. Only firearms training and other outdoor activities were conducted on the Marine Corps' sixty thousand wooded acres in Quantico, thirty-five miles south of Washington.[164] Because of the influence of then FBI director J. Edgar Hoover, Congress appropriated funds to construct a separate FBI Academy on the base. Consisting of low-slung, interconnected buildings, the academy resembled a small college campus. In addition to training new agents, the academy offered courses in law enforcement for state and local police officers. When the academy opened in 1972, it offered one course in behavioral sciences as applied to law enforcement. For the most part, the course—a potpourri of psychology, sociology, criminology, political science, and anthropology—was greeted with skepticism.

"Law-enforcement officers were not predisposed to having friendly relations and taking the suggestions of behavioral scientists," Roger L. Depue, who later became chief of the behavioral science unit, said. "They didn't want to hear a lot about theory. They didn't want to hear about the Oedipus complex. They wanted to hear what you do if some big son of a bitch is coming at you with a club, and you have nowhere to go, and how you can use words to cause that person to do what you want him to do. Consequently, police officers sat in the back of the room, leaning back with arms folded, saying, 'I dare you to teach me something.' "

But as they realized that the techniques being discussed might help them solve crimes, officers occasionally raised their hands and mentioned unsolved cases that had always troubled them.

"Law-enforcement officers have psychological baggage," Depue said. "I think all law-enforcement officers carry it. If you've ever worked a case, a kidnapping for instance, and you've done everything you could possibly do, and you sleep at your desk and you try as hard as you can with everything you possibly know, and the child is found killed anyway, you carry that around. It bothers you. I've known law-enforcement officers who are still working a case ten years after retiring."

As officers described the cases in class, other officers recalled cases they had worked on with similar characteristics. They would conduct brainstorming sessions, trying to analyze the similarities and the strategies that had worked best in previous cases. It wasn't long before officers were toting briefcases to the classes crammed with records of their unsolved cases. A separate course in applied criminology was formed to focus on the techniques being developed on an *ad hoc* basis. The classes actually solved cases that resulted in convictions.

What the classes found is that criminals, in effect, leave their signatures on the crime scene. These personal characteristics form patterns that can help identify the perpetrators and lead to their apprehension—if the scene is preserved and recorded well. For example, a person who is careful enough to dispose of a body in a river is usually an older person. If the body is dumped in a remote area, the killer is probably an outdoor person with a knowledge of the area. When the slashes on the victim's body are vicious and directed at the sex organs, the assailant usually knows the person. If there is no sign of forced entry and the assailant stayed around to have a snack after killing the victim, he probably lived in the neighborhood and knew the victim. In contrast, killers who don't feel comfortable in an apartment leave immediately.

To supplement this knowledge, the behavioral science unit began research projects to systematically amass data on certain types of crimes. Because it is the most serious crime, the academy began with assassinations. In conducting the research, FBI agents interviewed as many assassins and would-be assassins serving time in prison as possible, including Sirhan Sirhan, Sara Jane Moore, and Lynette (Squeaky) Fromme. The agents asked them questions covering fifty-seven pages and noted similarities and differences in the responses. They confirmed that assassins generally are unstable individuals looking for attention. In many cases, assassins keep diaries as a way of enhancing the importance of their acts. The agents also learned a lot about how assassins go about planning their crimes.

The unit went on to conduct research into serial killers and serial rapists. The assailants actually enjoyed sitting down with professionals who had conducted research on their crimes. It gave them a way of reliving what they had done. A clear pattern emerged. Most of the perpetrators lived a fantasy life that included enacting the types of crimes they had committed. With that understanding, the agents were able to develop profiles of suspects that police should be on the lookout for. Many times, these profiles conflicted with the leads police had gotten. Yet repeatedly, police and FBI agents have found the profiles were accurate, leading not only to apprehensions but to convictions.

For example, when police in a midwestern town found the mutilated torsos of two teenagers floating in a river in 1983, they identified them as a missing boy and girl, but they had no idea who had killed them. The behavioral science unit drew up a profile that said the killer was a male in his forties who knew the children. He probably led a macho life-style, wore western boots, often hunted and fished, and drove a four-wheel vehicle. He was self-employed, divorced several times, and had a minor criminal record.

Based on the profile, the police focused on the children's stepfather, who fit the description perfectly but had not previously been a suspect. They were able to develop enough additional information from witnesses to convict him of murder the following year.[165]

In addition to profiling criminals, the behavioral science unit began suggesting ways of trapping them. For example, the FBI's research found that killers carefully follow any details about their crime in the papers. The behavioral science unit would suggest planting stories in local papers pointing out that the anniversary of an unsolved crime was coming up. The story might also describe where the victim was buried. A killer reading the story might decide to visit the grave of his victim on the anniversary of the crime. By videotaping the scene, police have actually heard assailants confessing at the grave site. In some cases, they have enumerated details of the crime that no one else knew.

"They will even say, 'You bitch! The reason you're here is' such and such," Depue said.[166]

Police who have ignored the FBI's advice have done so to their sorrow. Not too long ago, police from an Illinois town lay out all day in a cemetery, hoping an assailant would show up. Because the weather was nasty, they finally gave up but left their video cameras running. Sure enough, the killer showed up. Because the police could not follow him, they do not know who he is.

"They have a videotape of a man, and they have no idea who he is. All they have is the videotape," Depue said.[167]

In espionage cases, there is usually no crime scene to analyze. Instead, the behavioral science unit tries to determine what kind of a person would engage in the crime and analyzes the personality of a suspect. Before doing that, the unit suggests ways of obtaining more information about the suspect—perhaps videotaping him as he performs his daily activities. In addition, the FBI may insinuate into his life an FBI agent posing as a bartender or businessman who becomes the suspect's friend. Wiretapping and electronic bugging may not only provide clues to the crime but help flesh out a suspect's personality as well. By making available to the suspect especially sensitive documents, the FBI may also provide bait inducing him to commit espionage.

Once a suspect is identified and background gathered on him, FBI agents from the behavioral science unit, led by Richard L. Ault, who specializes in espionage, sit down with the case agent and plan how best to confront the subject. The unit also develops a line of questioning that is most likely to elicit a confession. And it suggests the most appropriate time and place to do it.

For example, some suspects tend to enjoy staying up late and sleeping into the late morning. These "night people" are more likely to confess if interviewed at night, when their juices are flowing. The unit may suggest what day of the week to interview a suspect. Should the interview be in a hotel room or at FBI offices? Where should the subject sit? How should the agents be dressed? How should questions be phrased? These and more issues are addressed and resolved, based on previous experience with similar suspects, by the behavioral science unit, the agent in charge of the case, and superiors at headquarters.[168]

In the Souther case, none of this was done. No surveillance was conducted beforehand. No sensitive papers were wafted in front of him to see if he would take the bait. No informants were planted around him. And no long-range planning went into conducting the interview.

Because the case was considered only a preliminary investigation, no high-level approvals were required before an interview was conducted. Parker was told about it only in passing. Only a low-level headquarters official approved it. While Wagner gave his approval, he could not recall having done so. When it came to espionage, the Norfolk office of the FBI knew the ropes. No one in the FBI questioned that.

But everyone assumed that the NIS had done its homework on the case before it ever got to Norfolk.

On May 21, 1986, Holtz met with Souther, who had graduated from Old Dominion ten days earlier. He was again in the active naval reserve.

Because he had no details of the allegation, he could not pretend to know all about his spy activities. When confronting Karl Koecher, the Czech intelligence service officer who became a mole in the CIA, the FBI case agent told him, "I think we should establish one thing. We know who you are and what you've done since you arrived in this country. In other words, your association with the—as we would term it—opposition, hostile intelligence services. . . ." Koecher soon confessed to espionage, in part because the agents offered him immunity from prosecution.[169]

In the Souther case, Holtz and another agent merely tried to get a feel for what his responses would be if sensitive subjects were raised. Holtz asked him about Sapozhnikov, the member of the Russian Club who was an émigré from the Soviet Union. Had she made any more attempts to recruit him? Had he seen her lately?

Then Holtz asked about his Russian courses and why he was taking them. Normally, such questions would be irrelevant and could be considered harassment. But since Souther had a top-secret clearance, anything Souther did was subject to scrutiny.

Finally, he asked if he had had any contact with a "hostile intelligence service."

Predictably, Souther said, "No."

When Holtz asked if he would take a lie-detector test on the question, he said he would.

Holtz said he would get back to him about the lie-detector test. In fact, no lie-detector test had been planned. Nor was one requested. While Holtz was not totally satisfied with Souther's responses, he came away with no sense of urgency about investigating him.

The FBI had taken eight months to find and interview him, only to handle the questioning in a perfunctory manner.

22

Maria, do you want such a man?
Let me in, Maria!
With shuddering fingers I shall grip the doorbell's iron throat!
Maria!

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

ON JUNE 6, 1986, Souther attended a final gathering of his Russian Club friends. The occasion was a National Slavic Honor Society banquet at the home of Cathy Norton's parents in Virginia Beach.

Souther considered Cathy's mother to be an overbearing parent, pushing her child and bragging about her incessantly. When he got to her house, both faculty and students were dressed up, acting in the most genteel southern fashion. Cathy's mother welcomed everyone. When Souther saw that she was serving fruit punch, he said to Klein, "This will be a lot of fun, no alcohol."[170]

"Why don't you have a drink?" Cathy's mother said to Souther. "What would you like? We have soda, fruit punch."

"I'll have a beer," Souther said loudly.

Cathy's mother blinked.

"Well, I think we might have one," she said, and reluctantly got a Miller from the refrigerator.

"Now Cathy is going to play the harp," her mother said primly.

Cathy, dressed in a huge white dress, played a Simon and Garfunkel song. Klein thought it didn't sound right. When everyone applauded, Cathy's mother urged her to play some more. So Cathy played what sounded to Klein like the same song again.

Souther had driven to the party with Ann McCay and Klein. By now, Souther had proposed to McCay, and their wedding was set for July. They had even signed a contract to buy a condominium unit in a building under construction in Virginia Beach. McCay envisioned a lifetime of happiness with Souther.[171]

On the way home, Souther was in rare form, imitating Cathy's mother in a falsetto voice.

"Now we're going to gather around and watch while Cathy takes a shit," he said. "Everybody clap."

On the banquet table Cathy's mother had placed a cake that said, "Happy Birthday, A. S. Pushkin and Cathy," since Cathy's birthday and the birthday of the father of Russian literature were the same. This reminded Souther of the time Jon Berryman had thrown a birthday party for himself. Ostensibly inviting everyone to a Russian Club party, Berryman had bought himself a cake and announced, "Look, it's my birthday!"

Years later, Souther would tease him about it, and now he began comparing Cathy's mother to Berryman.

"Now we know why her mother said we could have the banquet at her house," he said.

Souther seemed to be acting the way he normally did—charming and obnoxious at the same time.[172] His adviser, Fahey, recalled that Souther asked him if he had heard the results of the state essay contest in Russian. Souther had won the previous year, and he was excited about hearing the results this year. Every time he saw him, Souther asked him if he had heard yet, almost as if he expected to be leaving soon. Fahey told him he had not yet heard.

If Fahey thought Souther was acting normally, King Butterworth did not. In the past few weeks, she noticed that Souther had been cold and distant with her.

"I couldn't understand why. He was really different. He didn't seem to want to talk with me. That hurt my feelings," she said.[173]

The fact that he had just been interviewed by the FBI, and that Butterworth had accepted a job with NSA, almost certainly was behind it.

23

The paddocks of the streets run wild.
The fingers of the mob mark my neck.

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

THE NEXT DAY Souther had lunch at the Classroom with Frances Hassencahl, his speech communication teacher. He seemed in good spirits; he said he had a job in the private sector with Pentamation Enterprises Inc., a data processing and microfiche filming firm in Norfolk. Through another speech student, Souther had become friends with Michael G. Perrow and Sharon K. Hodge, who worked for Pentamation. Both were impressed by Souther's smooth approach, and Hodge admired the fact that Souther felt he could breach social norms.

One morning a few months earlier, Souther had been having breakfast at Shoney's Restaurant, a southern-style pancake house, with Hodge and several other friends. Souther got up from their table and addressed the other diners in a loud voice:

"Your attention, please! May I have your attention please? I'd like to introduce you to my friend, Sharon."

Souther asked the waitress an obscene question and began popping plastic straws by filling them with air, then crushing them quickly. The waitress didn't seem to mind. As they left, she said, "Good-bye, Sharon."

Shortly after that, Souther dropped a used condom down the back of one of Sharon's friends.

Just a few days before Souther's lunch with his professor, Thomas C. Watters of Pentamation had offered Souther a job as a salesman; he was to sell the firm's microfiche record-keeping services and a new software program that keeps track of hospital billing.

"He made a real good impression," Perrow said of Souther. "He got the job hands down over anyone else who applied."[174]

Whether he would have started work is another question. Most likely he had spent the past few weeks consulting with his Soviet contacts to see what he should do now that the FBI might be watching him. Despite his calm demeanor, he had probably agonized over whether he should tough it out or try to escape. If he were to escape, obtaining a new job would be a good cover. Souther was always talking about applying for a job with the Immigration and Naturalization Service or even working as a tour guide at the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad. Koecher, the Czech intelligence service officer, made similar claims about looking for a new job as a way of throwing off suspicion.

Now Souther told Hassencahl over lunch that his ex-wife had reported him for spying—probably an assumption on his part.

"She's crazy," he said.[175]

Souther said he thought his phone was tapped. He said he was going to Chicago the next day to see his mother. He then planned to fly to Italy to see his son, former wife, and brother-in-law.

"I'm going to talk to her face-to-face," he said. "I'm going to get it straightened out."

Souther said he expected to return in about a week. He would then have all his problems behind him and start a new job and a new life with Ann McCay.[176]

Meanwhile, he told McCay that if anything should happen to him, she should give his collection of Russian books to Old Dominion's library. He told her not to tell anyone he was going to Italy, since leaving the country without reporting it would be a violation of security rules.[177] He told Klein he was going to Washington for a job interview.

Souther flew to Chicago and told his mother he was going to look for a job there. But he said he was going first to Italy, where he had a problem to take care of. He said he would be back in a week. Souther did not elaborate, and his mother did not press him.[178]

Just before he left, Souther told his mother he would never forgive his stepfather for what he had done—apparently, he had hit him when he was younger.[179] He also told her he had been approached to take a lie-detector test and could not pass it if he took it. But he said he was not involved in espionage.[180] While Souther freely told his mother of his latest female conquests, he never told her about his double life.

Souther borrowed his mother's blue-and-silver Ford LTD for the ride to the airport. She told him he could leave it at the O'Hare parking lot. A friend from work would drive her there to pick it up.

On Monday, June 9, 1986, Souther bought a round-trip ticket to Rome on Alitalia flight 605. After a stop in Montreal, he arrived in Rome the following day. He never used the return ticket.

As an FBI agent involved in the investigation later pointed out, the Bureau may have mishandled the interview with Souther, but at least it had stopped his spying activities.

When Shirley Wiergacz picked up her car, she found

Souther had left behind his briefcase. In it were his navy papers and other personal documents. There was also a receipt showing he had bought a new briefcase.

His mother thought that was strange, but Souther was always doing strange things. When he did not come back in a week, she became frantic.

Wiergacz called Di Palma, who knew nothing about his whereabouts. Then she called Tim Souther, who had not even seen his brother when he came back to visit. She also called McCay in Norfolk.

McCay and Souther had agreed to meet Chris Philips and Andrea McGill, two of their friends from the Russian Club, at the Intermission, a bar in Norfolk, that Sunday. When they called the apartment, McCay said he had gone to Italy to visit his former wife and son. She said he hadn't shown up at the Norfolk airport. She had no idea what had happened to him.[181]

He had vanished.

24

Open up!
I'm hurt!

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

WHEN Souther did not show up for reserve duty the following weekend, the FBI was called in. At first, the Bureau assumed he had met with an accident or been the victim of foul play. He had not seemed particularly nervous or furtive when he was interviewed. The FBI still did not know what was behind Di Palma's allegation about him. Nor was there any record in Rome to show that he had left Italy. From the FBI's standpoint, he was a missing person.

As the FBI delved into the case, the most alarming aspect was the amount of sensitive information to which Souther had access. Even if he were not a spy, the disappearance of someone with that much top-secret information was enough to cause grave concern. It was reason enough for the FBI to be on the case.

A week after Souther was supposed to be back from Italy, the FBI called his mother. Her son's disappearance was like a gaping wound. Largely because of the connection between Italy and the Mafia, she was convinced that Di Palma's family was torturing Souther or had already killed him.

"You have to find him," she told the agents.

She gave them as much information as she could, including names of former girlfriends. She also told Souther's brother, Tim, to cooperate. Later, Shirley Wiergacz would tell Tim she felt the FBI tricked her. They weren't just trying to find him; they were building a case against him.[182]

In fact, the FBI initially did not know if he was a spy. But some of the information provided by his family raised red flags. For example, when the FBI asked if Souther had extra money, Tim mentioned the $500 Souther went through during the week Tim visited him in Norfolk. He also told the agents about the $150 Souther loaned him and the four-hundred-dollar Italian watch Souther gave him. Based on his income from the reserves and the GI Bill, there was no way he could afford such items and pay for his tuition.

Wiergacz continued to call everyone she knew about her son's disappearance, hoping someone might have a clue to his whereabouts. The information she picked up was anything but reassuring.

When she first separated from Souther, Di Palma had intimated to her mother-in-law that her son might be involved in something illicit.

"Think what you want, but he is involved in something very bad," Di Palma had told her. She said he might be working for the Soviets.

Wiergacz had begun to cry and said it was not possible. "Maybe black-marketing," she said. "He would never betray his country."[183]

After his disappearance, Wiergacz called Di Palma and asked her what she thought. She said Souther had said he was going to see his former wife. Di Palma told her she didn't believe that story. He never came to see her or his son. She repeated that she thought he was a spy. Wiergacz said that could not be.

Wiergacz did not broach her suspicions about Di Palma's family's possible role in his disappearance. Di Palma would later ridicule the idea that her family would harm him.

"My mother always said, 'Whatever he did, I loved him like a son.' They [Souther's family] have a big imagination. They didn't want to accept the fact he was a spy," Di Palma said.

Wiergacz also called Cindy, his former girlfriend, who was even less reassuring.

"Glenn went to Italy, and he hasn't come back," she told Cindy. "You're the only one who's been to Italy with him that I know of. What did he do? Is there anything you know that would help find him?" she asked.[184]

"I don't know," Cindy said. "To be honest with you, I think he was involved in espionage."

"Now what makes you think that?" Wiergacz asked, pretending never to have heard of such an allegation. "That's pretty farfetched."

"I'm not an expert, but I saw the movie *The Falcon and the Snowman*, and everything that guy did, Glenn did. It hit me like a rock. My jaw dropped. That's what he's doing," Cindy told her.

A few days later, Wiergacz called Cindy again. She said she had since read *The Falcon and the Snowman.*

"That's not Glenn," she said.

Two weeks later, the FBI showed up unannounced at Cindy's parents' home, where she was then staying, and asked to interview her.

She told the agents how she had seen *The Falcon and the Snowman* and had called the FBI office but gotten a recording. Over the next three hours, she related how she had gone to

Italy with Souther and picked up $10,000 from "them"; how he had talked about picking up a "drop" of $7,000 in Washington; and how she went with him a second time to Italy, picking up more money and watching him spray paint on a bridge.[185]

Cindy mentioned the camera bag that he often carried, the secret writing, the disappearing paper, and the pill he said "they" would provide if he were caught. She told the agents that Souther said "they" told him to take Russian and get a higher-level job in intelligence. She said Souther had a gun. She also told the agents that Souther had said his grandfather had gotten him into what he was doing. In fact, there appeared to be no basis for the allegation. Souther's maternal grandfather had died in the early 1970s. His parental grandfather had no history of working in sensitive locations or favoring Communist causes.[186]

After two more visits, the agents asked if Cindy would take a lie-detector test in Washington. She was skeptical about whether such tests work but agreed to take one anyway. She was nervous, and the agents asked her to take a second one.

"They said they didn't believe me," she said. "There were a lot of inconsistencies. How could I prove I was not involved?"

Apparently trying to test Cindy's story, one agent said the amounts of money cited in *The Falcon and the Snowman* were not the same amounts Souther picked up. In fact, they were in the same range. The movie mentioned a sum of $6,000 given by the KGB to Lee. That compared with the sums of $7,000 and $10,000 Souther was getting.

At one point, an FBI polygraph operator asked her if she was aware that John Walker taught a private investigative course in Norfolk.

"No," she answered.

Apparently the agents were looking for some connection with the Walker case, an issue that would later be explored at length.

"They were scaring me to death," Cindy said. "They said, 'You're going to be in trouble.' I started crying."

At one point, Cindy's father refused to let the agents in the house if they kept harassing his daughter.

"She's trying to help you," he said. "If you harass her, I don't want you coming in the house."

"We're just doing our job," an agent explained.

25

Maria—
you won't have me?
You won't have me!

Ha!

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud
in Trousers"

BY NOW, the FBI believed that Souther was indeed a spy—one of the biggest in U.S. history. As the intelligence community analyzed the material he had access to, many concluded that perhaps he had done as much damage as Walker.

According to a senior intelligence official, it has to be assumed that Souther would have been able to obtain the most valuable data in the FIC. That information, he said, would have given the Soviets a wide window on U.S. intelligence.

By handing over codes to naval communications, Walker enabled the Soviets to read daily message traffic, including naval plans, ship locations, data on weapons, naval tactics, information on covert military and counterintelligence operations, and emergency plans in the event of a nuclear war. If a war had broken out, being able to read U.S. communications would have been invaluable. Moreover, Walker's spy activities went back twenty years. On the other hand, much of the information

Walker gave the Soviets access to was dated almost as soon as they received it. Moreover, it often did not include the kind of detail found in mission planning kits or SIOP lists of nuclear targets. This was information considered too sensitive to send electronically, which was the way the Soviets got their information from Walker's spy activities.

"The Walker material would give locations of a carrier today. So it's historical," a former high-ranking naval intelligence officer said. "Key lists [providing access to coded communications] can give you what happened in the past, but don't include a lot of future projections," he said. "Target planning and flight routes activated only in event of hostilities give you the future. That gives them quite a leg up in their defenses. It's more than just where to defend targets; it's also where to look for entry points and checkpoints. . . . In a sense, that probably is more damaging in the long run, although the ability to read radio communications is more damaging in the short run.[187]

"It's always fascinating to be able to read the other guy's radio message," he said, "but a lot of times, fascinating as it is, it doesn't give you anything you can do something with."

Generally, he said, the daily message traffic sent over classified circuits to a military command is of little strategic value.

"Each message has a purpose for somebody but a lot of it is just trash, particularly in the long run—daily reports, position reports, readiness reports," the former naval intelligence officer said.

More important, none of the information Walker provided gave away U.S. spy satellite capabilities. At first glance, that would seem to be a minor matter: most people know that the United States has satellites that can photograph anything below with great clarity, even through cloud cover. But like law-enforcement efforts to stamp out drugs, satellite surveillance has its limits.

If the Soviets know the swath, resolution, maneuverability, and targets of U.S. satellite reconnaissance, along with U.S. computer-enhancement techniques, they can build missile silos where they know the satellites will not be snooping—or save huge sums by eliminating camouflage at those facilities.

"Everybody knows they're up there. The question is, how good is the resolution and how often are they looking at a part of the world? How wide is the band? What is the coverage? There are only so many satellites up there," said a former navy analyst who worked at the FIC.[188]

"If you feel you won't get caught, you try something," he continued. "You could build something or fabricate a hidden bunker. When they're taking all these pictures, they're looking to see if something changed from the last time. To build a missile site or bunker, you're going to have to do some serious construction work. The question is, how fast can you do it, and how well can you disguise the tracks—the railroads, the roads, the materials?"

The United States sends aloft many satellites—looking like great metal-winged insects—whose true mission is unknown to the other side. Thus the photographs Souther had access to could enable the Soviets to pinpoint which satellites pose threats. With spy satellite programs costing billions of dollars, the stakes are enormous.

"It ought to be recognized that there is enormous potential breadth in the technological capabilities among different satellites," said Lincoln D. Faurer, who headed the National Security Agency from 1981 to 1985. "The only thing in common between one satellite and another is it's up there in space. After you've said that, everything else will be some differentiation among satellites—the nature of its technical capability, its orbital parameters, how often it sees the same place, whether it dwells or passes over quickly. All those things vary."[189]

While some details can be learned by observing the satellites, many features are designed to give the other side misinformation.

"There may be a bit of a problem deciding which satellite is a spy satellite," Faurer said. "In fact, we each think we know which are some of the spy satellites, but that doesn't mean we know what all of them are. You don't take countermeasures against unknown satellites."

"The reason for the great concern [about secrecy] is that almost every one of these satellites is capable of being frustrated by countermeasures," a former CIA official involved with spy satellites said. "If you're submitting something to photo surveillance and they find it out, they can frustrate that. It's always a question of tremendous losses—billions of dollars. If the other guy knows about it, he can turn it off for nothing [by changing its location]."[190]

While satellite secrets have been disclosed by others, none of the previous cases has been of the scope of the Souther case. Unlike Christopher Boyce and Andrew Daulton Lee, Souther had access to not just one U.S. spy satellite system but all of them. Unlike William P. Kampiles, the former CIA employee who gave the Soviets the technical manual to the KH-11 spy satellite, Souther could provide the actual results of spy satellite surveillance. According to Richard J. Kerr, deputy CIA director, a technical manual is like an "advertisement" which may or may not accurately foretell how a satellite will work in practice.[191]

By obtaining copies of spy satellite photos, Souther was able to let the Soviets know not only the resolution of U.S. spy satellite photos but also what the United States was interested in.

"In any situation, what the other side is interested in is very important, whether it's discovered by what they are taking pictures of or by a human source saying this is the intelligence priority," Faurer said. "It gives you all kinds of insight into what they deem important and are having trouble finding out some other way."

Thus the ability to steal spy satellite photos covertly goes to the very heart of U.S. defenses.

"The damage is in the eye of the beholder. From the intelligence standpoint, Souther is more damaging. From the navy's standpoint, Walker is. It means we have to revise our codes and equipment. In the Souther case, we're telling the other guy what we know about him," a former navy intelligence official with knowledge of the Souther case said.[192]

The fact that Souther only worked in the reserves made little difference.

"You can do a lot in a few hours if you know what you're doing," the official said.

Beyond that, the investigations turned up indications that Souther might have shown up at the FIC for extra work in between his regularly scheduled reserve stints. He told Chris Philips, his friend from the Russian Club, that the bottle of Rémy Martin VSOP they were sharing one night was a gift from his commanding officer for performing outstanding extra reserve duty.[193]

"Because of Souther and a few others, we could have lost a war with the Soviets," said a senior intelligence official with knowledge of the material Souther had.

While relations with the Soviets have since improved, the implications of what Souther did remain no less serious. For as long as the United States is faced with the need to defend itself against aggression by any country or group, it will require a military. And as long as it has a military, the United States will need to protect itself against penetration of military secrets and guard against surprise attack.

26

Then once again,
darkly and dully,
my heart I shall take,
with tears besprinkled,
and carry it,
like a dog
carries
to its kennel
a paw which a train ran over.

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

WHEN the FBI called Klein, she was shocked. For two weeks she had been leaving messages on Souther's answering machine and getting no calls back. She had no idea he'd disappeared.

The agents asked if she would meet them at their offices on the eighth floor of Norfolk's federal building at 200 Granby Mall.

Klein told the FBI that Souther always had plenty of cash and lived above the standards of a typical college student. But she said he had never given her any hint that he was spying. In fact, she was quite sure he was a conservative when it came to politics.

"I bet he would vote for Reagan," she said.

When the interview was over, Klein drove directly to the apartment Souther shared with Ann McCay at 620 Olney Road. McCay answered the door. To Klein, it looked as if McCay's hair had gone half gray. She had bags under her eyes. She had lost a lot of weight and looked bony.[194]

"The FBI comes every day," she said. "I'm sure my phone is tapped. The house is probably bugged."

McCay told Klein that no one knew anything.

"I don't know anything. They don't know anything," she said, crying.

Patting their husky, Vladimir, she said, "I can't believe what your dad's done to me. Look at this. How can he do this? When is he going to come back to us?"[195]

Later, she told Mark J. Dickinson, a friend of Souther's from speech class, "I wish I knew he was dead; it would be easier."[196]

The FBI began interviewing Souther's teachers at Old Dominion, including Fahey, who said Souther had called him every few days until he left to find out if he had won the Russian essay contest. Souther never did find out that he had lost.

Then the FBI called on Sapozhnikov, the member of the Russian Club whom Souther had accused of trying to recruit him to the Soviet side. First, the agents were polite, but they quickly turned up the pressure.

"They would ask the same question, and I would say, 'Why are you asking me that again? I already told you the answer.' They would say, 'That's not what he [Souther] said.' I would say, 'I'm sorry that's not what he said. That's my recollection.' "[197]

The agents asked if Lana had ever dated Souther. She said she had not. They said he claimed he had been alone with her a lot.

"I said, 'I don't think I have ever been alone with him. If we were ever together, it was always in a group. Maybe it was walking to class and he said hi.' They said, 'That's not what he said.' "

When the agents said Souther told them she admitted to being a spy, she said that was true—but it was a joke. They were not so sure and accused her of being involved with Souther and passing information to him.

"I said, 'No, that's not true. I didn't even know that this was going on.' They said, 'Well, that's not what he said.' I said, 'Why don't you get him over here, and I'll tell him to his face? I'm telling you exactly what I know. I may not remember everything.' They turned around and said, 'We can't find him.' I said, 'Great. How am I going to prove myself right?' And they said, 'Well, why don't you take a polygraph test?' I said, 'Okay, I'll take a polygraph test. I'm not lying.' "

This time there was no delay in scheduling the test. Lana could not take it the next day because she was working, but the FBI arranged for her to take it the following day at the Washington field office.

"They asked my name, my background, whether I was a member of the Communist Party, if I knew him, whether I passed him information, whether I dated him," Lana said. "They wouldn't say what he told them. I would say, 'Where is he?' They said, 'We think he's hiding out in Italy.' "

In the end, the FBI told her she passed. But Lana considered it one of the more unpleasant experiences in her life.

Meanwhile, with leads provided by Souther's mother, the FBI located Kelli Templeton, the shapely navy photographer who was Souther's girlfriend before Cindy. Together with the NIS, FBI agents interviewed Templeton in Indianapolis, where she lives in an apartment with a boyfriend and works with retarded children. The agents learned very little. Templeton was not forthcoming about Souther's activities or her relationship with him.[198]

Later, after she had hired a lawyer, the agents interviewed her again. This time she related experiences very similar to Cindy's.

She told the agents she accompanied Souther to look for cash hidden in logs or tree stumps at Cabin John Regional Park in Potomac, Maryland, where Souther said he was expecting to find $3,000 to $4,000. She went with him also to a park in the Dunn Loring, Virginia, area, to look for money. At various times, she saw him take down coded messages from a shortwave radio at 1:00 A.M., decipher messages using a code book or one-time pad, put colored tape on a phone booth, use microfilm concealed in a pen, and engage in countersurveillance techniques to throw off possible followers. This included such maneuvers as driving down a dead-end street and turning around, or speeding up to eighty miles per hour and then dropping down to twenty miles per hour.[199]

Templeton said she believed Souther's activities to be illegal, but claimed she was not sure he was spying. He never said he was working for the Soviets, but always referred to his benefactors as "they."

Unlike Cindy, Templeton was knowledgeable about espionage, since she had a security clearance from the navy. Such clearances entail receiving regular briefings about signs of spy activity, including such obvious tipoffs as receiving coded radio transmissions in the middle of the night, or concealing microfilm in a pen. At one point, Templeton did ask Souther if he was a spy, and he said no.

Templeton told the agents the reason she did not come forward during the first interview was fear of physical retribution and a desire to protect her family.

Templeton refused all requests for an interview for this book, saying she wanted to put the matter behind her. Therefore, her reasons for not reporting Souther earlier can only be guessed at.[200]

What is clear is that if Templeton did not know Souther was a spy, she should have known.

27

And when my quantity of years
has finished its dance,
a million bloodstains will lie spread
on the path to my father's house.

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER STORY about Souther's disappearance appeared on November 9, 1986, on the front page of the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot.* It was quickly picked up by other papers and broadcast on television and radio.

"Disappearance of ODU [Old Dominion University] grad leads to probe: Federal agents suspect spying by ex-navy man," the headline said.

Written by Steve Stone, the article said Souther had failed to return from Rome, and federal investigators feared they had another spy case on their hands. Stone's reporting was the best done on the Souther case. Yet like most of the stories to follow, the article was skimpy on details—understandable in view of the shroud of secrecy about the case. By then, it was clear to the FBI and the Justice Department that Souther was a spy and probably had defected.

The article quoted teachers and friends as saying they could not believe he was a spy.

"I have never known any spies," said Frances Hassencahl, his speech communication teacher at Old Dominion. "[B]ut it just seems to me there was no motivation. If he was doing it for money, he didn't have any. They must have been paying him very poorly."

Hassencahl added, "He wasn't against the U.S. government. He wasn't 'rah-rah' the Soviet Union. He wasn't antinavy."

Dr. Mihalap, one of his two Russian teachers, said, "They [the FBI] asked me if I knew anything negative about him. I told them absolutely not. The suspicion that he may have been a spy? It's unbelievable."[201]

In a story by United Press International that appeared in *The Washington Post,* Hassencahl was quoted as saying that Souther's fiancée, Ann McCay, believed the investigation started when Souther's former wife alleged out of spite that he was a spy. His family believed he was the victim of foul play, she said.

"My impression is that his family feels the government hasn't done enough to try and find out what happened," Hassencahl said.[202]

In the fall of 1987 a grand jury based in Norfolk began hearing evidence in the case. By then, Ann McCay was sure he was dead. She had long since canceled their condominium contract and tearfully given up on their wedding plans. Because it brought back so many memories, she also gave away their dog, Vladimir.[203]

One by one, Souther's friends and family members testified about his spy activities, finances, or political beliefs. The experience was nerve-racking. Before her appearance, Klein chain-smoked furiously. Robert J. Seidel, the assistant U.S. attorney in charge of the case, tried to be friendly. Since they both lived in Chesapeake, not far from Norfolk, he chatted about the area. Then he asked if there was anything she had forgotten to tell the FBI. She said there wasn't.

A man who appeared to be a security officer came up to her when she was sitting outside the grand jury room and engaged her in conversation just before she was to testify.

"They'll take you in a few minutes," he said.

Meanwhile, he was being aggressively friendly.

"You're not afraid, are you?" the man asked.

"No," she said.

"That's good. As long as you tell them everything, they can't do anything to hurt you," he said.

Klein decided he was a plant.[204]

When it was her turn, Seidel asked her if she wondered where Souther got his money.

"It wasn't any of my business," she said.

"Just answer the questions," Seidel said.

He asked if Souther took Cindy to Italy.

"I recall he did," she said.

Seidel asked if Souther flashed wads of cash around. Did she know where he got his money? Did he say anything anti-American? Did he seem to be a loyal American? Did he take many trips abroad? Why did he study Russian? Did she see him in Russia?

In ten minutes it was over, and the next witness was called.

Cindy was asked about the money Souther brought back from Italy. Half the time, she didn't know what Seidel was talking about.[205]

Before testifying, she had been seated in another room with Tim Souther, Souther's mother, and Souther's fiancée. She asked Tim what he knew.

"Didn't you see anything strange, too?" she asked him.

"No," he said.

"You mean I'm the only one?" she thought to herself. "Maybe they'll think I *am* involved."

Tim Souther did not like Seidel's manner and decided to tell as little as he knew.

"He was sarcastic and hard-nosed," he said. "I wasn't on trial. I kept saying all I do is build molds [for a living]. I don't know anything. Then he got really mad. He yelled at me."[206]

Meanwhile, the FBI established that despite their physical proximity, Souther was not involved with Walker, who mysteriously referred in a letter to his KGB handlers to another possible member of his ring. Designated only as "F," the suspect was located by the FBI and interrogated. The FBI concluded that Walker had hoped to recruit him but had not been able to do so. In a letter to the author, Walker said he knew nothing about Souther.[207]

As the investigation continued, the NIS finally visited Di Palma in Italy and asked her for the basis of her original allegation. She told the agents about Souther's statement that he had begun working for the Soviets through the embassy in Rome, and she described the dozens of types of tradecraft that she had seen Souther engage in.

Then the FBI interviewed her in Italy. By then the FBI's Norfolk office knew that the NIS had failed to investigate her original allegation. It was clear to the FBI that the NIS had not provided all the facts to the Bureau, and there was a feeling within the Bureau that the NIS hoped the entire matter would go away.

"The big problem as we saw it when it first came to us was they [the NIS] had screwed it up, and they knew it, and they basically said to us, 'Bail us out,' " a former FBI agent said.

A theory developed within the FBI that the NIS might not have pursued the allegation four years earlier out of embarrassment that Di Palma was allegedly going out with an NIS agent while married to Souther. In fact, that was not the case. The idea that Di Palma had been going with an NIS agent apparently arose because she had had an affair with a navy enlisted man. When the FBI eventually interviewed her, the agents asked her if she had gone out with an NIS agent, and she said she had not. From the FBI's standpoint, that was the end of the matter.[208]

Since the NIS had originally ignored her tip, Di Palma was reluctant to cooperate with either the NIS or the FBI.

"I told the FBI, 'You didn't believe me before. Why should I do something now?' " Di Palma said. "They said, 'You have to understand, many wives say this.' "[209]

Later, when the FBI asked her to fly to Norfolk to appear before the grand jury investigating the Souther case, she stalled. Even though the FBI offered to pay her way, in view of the arrogant way the NIS had treated her, she was in no hurry to help.

By the middle of 1988, the NIS had interviewed 164 present or former employees of FICEURLANT. While no one had seen Souther remove a document, it was clear that he had had almost unlimited access to the top-secret facility. Because no record was kept of the comings and goings of employees cleared for the facility, he could have shown up there at almost any time.

"When a guy goes there on a weekend, he has the run of the building," said a retired naval intelligence official whose command included FICEURLANT.

Moreover, one employee reported having seen him at the facility during the week, when he was not supposed to be on duty.

As the navy began to examine what steps should be taken to prevent such cases in the future, a troubling question arose in the minds of some in the intelligence community charged with apprehending spies: why is it that the navy, over the years, has accounted for a disproportionate share of military spies?

Of the thirty-three military men prosecuted for espionage or unauthorized possession of classified material since 1975, no fewer than twenty-five—more than three-quarters—have been employed in the navy or marine corps, which is part of the navy. Only four each have been in the army and air force, respectively.[210] This is despite the fact that the navy, including the marine corps, has roughly the same number of active-duty military personnel as the army—789,920, compared with 771,847 for the army. The air force has 576,446 active-duty personnel.[211]

The disproportionate number of espionage cases in the navy might suggest that the navy is better at detecting espionage than the army or air force. But that is not the case. Experts in the field say that if anything, the Naval Investigative Service, which has jurisdiction for crimes committed by navy personnel, is not as good as the other military investigative services at finding and investigating espionage.[212]

Another possible explanation is that the KGB may be more interested in navy secrets, or that navy recruits have more access to secrets than recruits in the other services. Yet while the navy and air force may have more technical secrets, the army has a wide range of tactical and communications secrets. The fact that the other military services each have their share of spy cases means the KGB is interested in getting secrets wherever it can.

While no one can say for certain why the navy has more than its share of spies, those who are familiar with the problem say the navy institutionally takes security less seriously than the other services. One NIS official said the navy gives security a lower priority than other assignments.

"Security is always a secondary assignment [in the navy]," he said. "There is no such thing as someone who is trained and bred and promoted to be in security. There is no career for security work in the navy, whereas in the other services, there is. In the navy it's an insignificant little job that's given to someone who has failed in another job, and they're looking for somewhere to put him."[213]

"Security is not as good in the navy as in the other services or intelligence components," a senior intelligence official said. "The navy historically has been sloppy. All of the navy cases are good examples. They cover their asses politically. It's never been recognized as a problem from the top."[214]

Since the Walker case, the navy has expanded the number of polygraph tests given to personnel with sensitive compartmented information clearances, such as Souther had. In addition, decisions on giving clearances have been consolidated. Previously, each commander granted clearances to his own people.

"There's been a long hard fight to get approval to polygraph many of our people on a fairly regular basis," says a former naval intelligence official. "We're winning that battle now, but the greatest limitation is there are only so many polygraphers."

In a statement responding to the question of why it has a disproportionate number of espionage cases, the navy said, "There is no way to compare in quantifiable terms each service's commitment to security. The navy sees proper security measures as absolutely vital to meet its responsibilities in the defense of the U.S. The responsibility for compliance with these measures rests with each individual member of the navy family, up and down the chain of command. The navy goes to great lengths to ensure that this compliance is forthcoming. Constant command attention and continuing security education have raised the overall awareness of this responsibility."[215]*

Despite the improvement, background checks are still done haphazardly. The budget for the Defense Investigative Service, which does the investigations, was cut by $8 million in 1988, requiring a thirteen percent reduction in personnel. Yet as of that year, the Pentagon had a backlog of 101,000 people who were still due to be reinvestigated.[216]

The biggest problem remains attitude—a blasé approach that suggests that spying, like prostitution, will always occur, and there is not a lot that can be done about it.

"If a guy wants to take a diskette out in his jockstrap or a gal in her blouse, you can't stop that," a former naval intelligence official said. "As I tell people, part of it is awareness. The pros you're not going to catch. The people you catch are conscientious and are trying to take a shortcut and have a deadline to meet."

While it is true that spying will always be with us, a less-than-vigilant attitude often encourages spying. As investigators delved into some of the recent spy cases, they found that shocking security breaches had contributed to the crimes. For example, when prosecutors tried to track down all the copies of the KH-11 technical manual given by William Kampiles to the Soviets, they were amazed to find that thirteen copies of the spy satellite manual could not be located. Contrary to regulations, the navy did not reinvestigate John Walker during the twenty years he held a top-secret security clearance. The CIA misread the results of a polygraph exam of Karl Koecher, the Czech intelligence service officer who became a mole in the agency. And the CIA hired Edward Lee Howard despite his history of drug use, then trained him for Moscow. When more signs of drug use were detected, the CIA fired him without permitting him to find another job first. He found one anyway—working for the KGB in Moscow.[217]

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*The navy's full statement appears in an appendix to this book, beginning on page 260.

Despite lessons learned from such cases, many of the conditions that led to them in the first place continue. The reason Pollard was able to spy so effectively for the Israelis is that he had access, through a computer terminal, to classified information on any area of the world. Even though he was assigned to terrorist threats to North America, he was able to obtain voluminous material about the Middle East that had nothing to do with terrorism.

It would be a simple matter to reprogram the navy's computers to allow access only to geographical areas for which an employee has the codes. Similar limits are used by private industry all the time, if only to lower costs of using massive data retrieval systems. Yet to this day the navy insists on allowing unlimited geographic access to people in positions similar to Pollard's.

Other problems are more subtle. Clearly, the solution to spying is not to lock up at night everyone with a security clearance. But by suggesting that there is a conflict between good security and using intelligence effectively, some in the navy unintentionally convey the impression that security is not very important. The fact is you can have both—good security and useful intelligence. In the end, it's the amount of attention paid to security that counts.

"We had security briefings, including ones set up on things going on around the Soviet embassy," a retired naval intelligence official said. "But the commands are looking at ten thousand different things—safe driving, buy savings bonds. The ones that get the most attention have the squeaky wheels."[218]

28

Listen, mister god!
Isn't it tedious
to dip your puffy eyes
every day into a jelly of cloud?
Let us—why not—
start a merry-go-round
on the tree of what is good and evil!

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

ON JULY 17, 1988, the Soviet newspaper *Izvestia* announced that Souther had been granted political asylum because he was being "unfoundedly persecuted" in the United States.

Until then, the FBI—while strongly suspecting it—was not sure that he was in Moscow. His mother, who had not heard from him for two years, still wondered if Di Palma's family had killed him. His friends from the Russian Club, not knowing any of the details of his spy activities, still thought he might have been in an accident.

The *Izvestia* article said Souther had appealed to the presidium of the Supreme Soviet for refuge in order to "hide from U.S. Special Services, which were pursuing him groundlessly."[219]

Two days later, on July 19, 1988, Souther appeared on the Soviet evening television show "Camera Looks at the World."

Suddenly, he was a celebrity and, by all appearances, enjoying the new role.

"Hi. My name is Glenn Souther. I am an American citizen," he said. Thus did Souther confirm on Soviet television that he had indeed defected.

Although he was fluent in Russian, he spoke in English, which faded into an overdubbed Russian translation.[220] For an hour, the prime-time show focused on Souther, his reactions to Soviet life, and his reasons for defecting. As the camera showed him in a television studio, Souther, attired in a gray suit, sweater, white shirt, and a red tie, spoke matter-of-factly:

> For several years, I have served in the U.S. Navy. In recent years, I have worked in the U.S. Navy Intelligence Center in the European-Atlantic zone. At the same time, I studied at the Old Dominion University in Norfolk, Virginia. There I studied Russian language and literature.
>
> Last year, I found myself having to make a decision which changed my life. I had to leave my country, family, relatives, and friends. My only fault was that I regarded my interests and convictions as my rights. The FBI thought otherwise. They started following me, deprived me of my future, and restricted my freedom.
>
> Finding myself in this situation, I approached the U.S.S.R. Presidium of the Supreme Soviet with a request to grant me political asylum. Fortunately, this request was granted.
>
> Recently, Soviet and U.S. leaders signed an exceptionally important document—the INF treaty. I am convinced that this is precisely the right path along which the Soviet, American, and other countries of the world must follow. But based on my own bitter experience, I also discovered that the American people's aspiration to live in peace is not always reflected in Washington's policies. The U.S. society lives under complex and cruel laws. Availing myself of the opportunity offered to me by Soviet television, I would like to share these thoughts with you.

The program cut to general shots of American scenes, then showed Souther walking with Dmitry Biryukov, the program's host, in the snow-covered Piskaryovskoye Memorial Cemetery outside Leningrad. As Souther stood in front of a memorial to Soviet soldiers killed during World War II, the program summarized Souther's background—born in 1957 in Hammond, Indiana, worked at the U.S. Navy base in Norfolk processing aerospace intelligence materials. The words he spoke scrolled across the screen.

The camera cut to an aerial shot of an unidentified aircraft carrier, then to a studio scene. Souther sat sideways behind a desk, a plant and venetian blinds behind him. An interviewer sat at one edge of the desk.

"As I understand it," the interviewer said, "recently you worked for an organization which is called . . ."

"U.S. Navy Satellite Intelligence Center for Europe and the Atlantic," Souther interjected. "I remember an interesting case. They were looking over the Soviet Union and photographed a peasant driving a tractor which had the words 'Happy New Year' written on it."

"So, in a certain sense, you are prepared for coming here since this is how you first got to know our country," the interviewer said.

The screen showed Souther's identification card from FICEURLANT as Souther began telling about his experiences on the U.S.S. *Nimitz.*

"It was there that I first felt some confusion regarding U.S. policies," he said, motioning with his hands. "We were told that the *Nimitz* carried nuclear weapons, even though politicians denied this. Not all, but some did."

The screen cut to file film of the *Nimitz* as Souther said other ships also carry nuclear weapons.

"The *Nimitz* was loaded to its decks with nuclear weapons.

This, in fact, caused me first to have doubts, even though at this time I was still very young and naïve," he said.

Shots of missiles deployed on the U.S.S. *Yorktown* appeared on the screen as Souther noted that the nuclear weapons were unloaded when the *Nimitz* returned home. He said not only carriers deploy the weapons.

"These weapons were also carried on slow auxiliary ships which were entrusted with providing technical support," he said.

Souther said the United States has agreements with various countries about what kinds of nuclear weapons are allowed in those countries.

"One way or the other, U.S. ships visiting foreign ports carry nuclear arms on board," he said.

"All this is fraught with enormous danger," the interviewer said.

"Naturally," Souther said, "the principle of the U.S. Navy is such that a ship's commander in certain circumstances is empowered to make a decision on the use of nuclear arms."

"Can this be done even at this level?" the interviewer asked incredulously.

"Yes," Souther said. "If he considers himself capable of using nuclear arms, he will use it, even if the permission to use it was received much earlier. Sure, if he has the permission in his pocket, he has the right to make the decision for himself. The situation demands this, and this means he has the permission. The U.S. nuclear policy proceeds from the notion that a couple of nuclear warheads are capable of ending a conflict. All combat strategic instructions for the duration of navy maneuvers in which I happened to take part say 'Aggravation of a combat situation entails a conflict involving the use of nuclear arms.' So the U.S. strategic directive itself directly involves the use of nuclear arms. Therefore, if a commander finds himself involved in an actual conflict, he, after stages one and two of combat readiness, may give the order to use nuclear arms."

As he spoke, an aircraft carrier, sections of a naval ship, and stages of a missile launch appeared on the screen. American military music played in the background.

"You know," he said, "more than anything, I am concerned with the possibility of the emergence of a mad commander of a large ship. He would be able to press that fatal button. He would press it and start the missiles."

Then Souther went on to talk about his feelings about the U.S. military—feelings very similar to those he had expressed to Cindy and others. He seemed very comfortable talking to the English-speaking host, as if they were old friends.

"While I was a U.S. serviceman in Europe, I sailed on ships in the Mediterranean," he said. "I should say that sometimes it was very difficult to be an American, especially a military one. My many years of service in the U.S. Navy convinced me that Americans themselves caused this kind of attitude. Americans, by the way, spend enormous sums in countries where their bases are located, paid to lease the land, and for other purposes. The United States considers these countries its satellites.

"My duties in naval intelligence made some interesting details available to me," he told the interviewer somewhat cockily. "For example, according to one of the NATO strategic concepts, in case of a war between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., it was proposed to lock the Soviet navy in the Black Sea," Souther said, gesticulating animatedly. "In such a case, each NATO country would be given its own task. Greece, for example, would have to block the Soviet navy by way of mining the waters between islands. Once I happened to be at a briefing attended by U.S. senators and congressmen who inspected the U.S. Sixth Fleet in the framework of NATO. The NATO commander took the floor and argued that the U.S. was not sure whether Greece was capable of carrying out this task. It had neither minesweepers nor the relevant equipment. In general, it was not a very reliable NATO member, and therefore it was doubtful if it was capable of carrying out this task. Then the discussion turned to the feasibility of the U.S. joining the operation or giving the task of mining the passages to Turkey. It was carefully considered which country was more valuable to NATO. The preference was given to Turkey, not Greece."

"Did your critical attitude toward the U.S. policy play a part, or did it not, when the FBI later started following you?" the interviewer asked.

"Of course it was so," Souther said. "Many years ago, after the Camp David agreements were concluded, I served with the U.S. Sixth Fleet. We took part, with our allies, in joint visits. We first visited Egyptian and later Israeli ports. In Egypt, one of our tasks was to take photos of port military facilities and installations. But this was illegal activity," he said self-righteously. "At that time, Egypt was considered to be almost a U.S. ally. Then we sailed to Israeli shores, and again photographed the military facilities there. One of my subordinates at the time said, 'Glenn, I have nothing against spying on Egypt or one of our declared enemies, but I cannot spy on an ally.' It was incredible, and so were many other things."

At this point, he spoke as if he were informing a business colleague of a competitor's operations.

Souther cited the fact that some documents in U.S. command centers in Europe are marked "U.S. Consumers Only," meaning that they are not to be seen by NATO allies. He also said the United States is prepared to use U.S. nuclear arms in Europe without consulting NATO allies.

Next, the program showed shots of Souther visiting the Estonian Republican Committee for the Defense of Peace in Tallinn, the Estonian capital. In Russian, Souther talked with an official of the committee and an official of the U.S.S.R. Peace Fund.

Souther picked up a child's doll that was sitting on a shelf in the office. Called Carlsson-on-the-Roof, it flies, among other things. One of the officials said it was one of many toys sent by the Soviet Union to Nicaraguan children. With the other official, an elderly man with a long white beard, Souther discussed the fact that the United States and the U.S.S.R. had been allies in World War II.

"We fought together. You were an ally! But what happened? Why is the U.S. so much against you? Why do they try . . . ," Souther asked.

As shots of Winston Churchill and Franklin D. Roosevelt appeared on the screen, the official said the U.S. attitude changed after Winston Churchill called on the Western world to unite against the Soviet Union.

"There are many Americans who think that the Soviet Union is a fascist state," Souther said, leaning forward on a red couch. "It's strange but true."

The elderly official asked Souther why he came to the Soviet Union.

"Why did I come?" Souther asked rhetorically. "I simply decided whether to live here, or not to live. I bought a ticket and came here."

"What about your family?" the official asked, perplexed.

"My family is still in America, and they do not know anything about this."

"They don't know anything at all?"

"Not about where I am," Souther said. "But they will find out."

"You are a desperate person," the official said, laughing. He puffed on a cigarette.

"Yes. There are certainly many difficulties. It is both good and bad here. Without my mother, without the family. It is difficult."

"Does your mother live alone?" the official asked.

"Yes," he said. "It will be interesting to see what she says when she sees this broadcast. This will be the most difficult thing. What will she think of me?"

"Have you written to her?"

"Not yet."

"She knows nothing of your being in the Soviet Union?"

"No. Not at all," Souther said.

He looked uncomfortable. Then he changed the subject. "I want to say that I like your beard a great deal," he said.

The screen next showed Souther clad in a white-and-blue sport jacket walking the streets of Moscow, shopping, and speaking with male and female friends. Then the video showed shots taken from American television shows portraying anti-Communist themes, including anti-Communist cartoons, young American students expressing fear of the Soviet Union, and vicious-looking Russians in the film *Rocky IV*.

Back in the studio, the interviewer said that in the early sixties and mid–1970s, it was not considered safe for American students to study Soviet life and Russian culture, unless it was to prepare for a career in the CIA, State Department, or journalism. The press and cinema fostered this attitude, he said.

As he talked, Souther played nervously with his hands, touching his fingertips as if counting them over and over again.

"This is undoubtedly the case," Souther said, scratching his cheek. "We can see this in many films. One can see this in the material shown by American and Soviet television. We have just seen some of it. These are the widely known *Rambo* and *Rocky*. I feel that these films are in no way indicative of the feelings of an average American or his true feelings for the Soviet Union. I think not all Americans think this way."

Referring to his previous visits to Leningrad and Tallinn, he said people he spoke with in those cities mentioned the period when the United States and the U.S.S.R. were allies.

"Admittedly, many Americans have forgotten this," he said. "Furthermore, there are cultural differences. For Americans, World War II is history. They now speak of the next war and think this time it will be the Soviet Union that will oppose them. As far as the Soviet people are concerned, they have no need for a war. I have yet to meet a single person in the Soviet Union—and I have met lots of them—who would like to go to war with the United States. People here are afraid of the idea of war."

The screen cut to Souther, wearing a traditional Russian fur hat, walking in Piskaryovskoye Memorial Cemetery in Leningrad. An official of the cemetery accompanied him. Solemn Russian music played in the background. The official told Souther that in one month alone in 1942 some 120,000 people were buried there.

The screen cut to U.S. planes catapulted from an aircraft carrier, fading into clips from the film *Top Gun*, then to shots of devastation and protests following the 1986 U.S. air raid on Libya—a raid the interviewer said Souther was involved in.

"We were then engaged in development of the plan for bombing Libyan targets," Souther said. "Approximately three days before the bombing, I was in one of the buildings of the intelligence center engaged in duplicating satellite photographs. One of the workers of the center came to me and said, 'Look, you won't believe this, but they will have to bomb these targets.' The French embassy was among the targets I was shown."

"While planning the strike against Tripoli, Americans intentionally ignored the fact that the French embassy was located in the killing zone," the interviewer said. "This was done because the French government refused the U.S. bombers the right of passage over French territory on their way to Libya."

"I think that the most immoral thing [done by the U.S.] was regarding the sad event of the Chernobyl accident," Souther said. "Well, a misfortune happened. Newspapers at once brought us reports on losses, numbers of deaths. The reports emphasized, 'Look! Look how many people died because of this—many thousands.' I was on duty immediately after the accident. I personally saw the photos taken by satellites and the summary of what happened, according to which the number of dead numbered nineteen or twenty. Newspapers and government documents reported thousands dead."

There was a cut to film clips of television coverage of the Chernobyl accident, as well as to U.S. newspaper clips on the accident. Then the screen showed an unidentified, ungainly satellite drifting in space and a demonstration of the tremendous resolution that photos taken by satellite can achieve, down to a license-plate number.

"If it's not covered, they can see it," Souther said. "The U.S. has satellites of different kinds on various orbits. Photographic information is transmitted by means of telemetry, on an order from earth, during a flight over a certain point. A laser of the satellite sends a photograph and an image is placed onto film. After development, a very detailed positive image is obtained. Then you can see diversified details of the photo. This is how one could have had a good idea of what happened at Chernobyl, from satellite photographs. The picture was very clear, and it provided a comprehensive assessment of the event."

"The targets chosen for photography by satellites are mainly military ones," the interviewer said. "The military is, apparently, primarily interested in military targets."

"Chernobyl was not a military target," Souther pointed out.

"Apparently, some strategic targets are also photographed," the interviewer said.

"Sometimes they are, sometimes they aren't," Souther said. "Collection of intelligence information for strategic tasks does not stop, even for propaganda reasons."

Next the screen showed Souther walking with Biryukov in Leningrad, past the famous Hermitage Museum, then going to the cruiser *Avrora*, which has been turned into a museum.

"This is a beautiful city with wonderful people," Souther said. "Those few I have associated with are real patriots of their city."

As he walked onto the bridge, he chatted with the director of the museum. Souther looked cold and tired.

"I like cities at night," Souther said, as shots of the lights of Moscow and Leningrad appeared. "When I served as a sailor, we used to enter various ports. During the day, I usually stayed on board. But at night I would take my camera and photograph whatever port we happened to be in. Now that I am living in Moscow, I like to walk in the evening and at night. Perhaps it is not quite as exciting, but it is very romantic."

The camera cut to Souther watching a television report describing the case of an American child who entered an imaginary name in an ice cream parlor contest and years later received at his address a draft notice addressed to the imaginary person. As pictures appeared of American children innocently eating ice cream at birthday parties, the announcer stated that this is the sort of lifelong surveillance Americans are subjected to.

"Yes, surveillance is a part of American life," Souther said, "and the latest technology is used."

"High-quality technology?" the interviewer asked.

"Yes, it is very easy in the U.S.," Souther said, as pictures of hundreds of rows of stored computer tapes appeared. "As you know, I had some experience with the FBI. They showed an interest in me when they found it important to know why I wanted to learn Russian. Obviously, later they began following me."

"Then it all started because of political considerations?" the interviewer asked.

"I think that in my case, the surveillance was instituted for political reasons," Souther said.

"If that is the case, my next question is as follows: I would imagine that you had serious reasons to come to the Soviet Union?"

"Uh-huh," Souther said, smiling grimly. "I have already said that I was studying Russian and that I had planned to enter the U.S. Navy," he said. "Then one fine day the FBI invited me to come in for a chat. They started asking me how things were. I told them all was well. They asked me about a college friend of mine. Then they began asking strange questions: Do you like the Soviet culture? Do you like studying about the Soviet Union? I answered in the affirmative. I told them that I was very fond of Mayakovsky. But slowly they worked their way to the main question: What brought on this interest? It is good to study the Russian language and culture to help the U.S. gain an advantage over the Soviet Union, or to gather intelligence information. However, I thought if one is sympathetic to the Soviet Union, this kind of thinking, this train of thought, can only be considered a negative factor. This depressed me."

Souther said he often visited the Victor P. Kamkin Bookstore in Rockville, Maryland, where he bought Russian-language books. After such a visit, he said, he noticed he was being watched.

"I cannot remember exactly how long it went on. I had applied for a commission in the navy, and suddenly all the progress and paperwork toward the commission was stopped," he said. "Of course, they gave no reason for stopping everything. I phoned my mother and told her that I was called in by the FBI for a talk. She decided that this is why everything concerning the commission was stopped. It is curious that when I was called to the FBI, the person speaking to me noted that they had intended to have a talk with me a year ago. However, I was constantly traveling. I lived in a summer camp, and I even rented out my apartment during the summer. Therefore, in fact, they watched me for over a year. How did they do this? I have no idea. Perhaps they did it like they did in the movies. Physically, however, they followed me like a shadow for a month and a half. They visited my friends, places I have been to, where I used to go.

"Finally, I made a decision: I bought an airline ticket and left the country. I have reason to believe that I have been very lucky. I think I was very lucky. I was being followed and I was really very lucky to have been able to get away from there." He added, "I think the FBI agents in Washington wasted a lot of time on me."

"So you chose the Soviet Union," the interviewer said. "Speaking to you, one comes to the conclusion that things have been going well for you."

"Okay," Souther said, smiling. "I have a good apartment."

"Are you able to make a living here?" the interviewer asked.

"Yes, certainly."

"I know that Americans find it important to have a car," the interviewer said.

"Yes, I do have a car," Souther said. "But I don't drive it often. Things for the most part are fine here. I am getting used to things. I have more than enough work. I have yet to find my niche in life. I feel that I am not at my most productive. I have yet to find the right pulse," he said, confidently. "It takes time to get used to another set of traditions. People are kind to me. They are very patient. Such patience is not often encountered."

"It seems that you will have to perfect your knowledge of Russian?" the interviewer said.

"Yes, certainly."

"Have you been reading Mayakovsky in Russian?" the interviewer asked.

"Yes, I am studying so that I can translate Mayakovsky into English. He is my favorite poet."

Shots of Mayakovsky exhorting a crowd appeared, then a statue of the poet in Moscow's Mayakovsky Square, a center of the city's cultural life.

"You know, his life was very interesting," Biryukov said. "His life, his biography."

"You know what I like best in Mayakovsky?" Souther asked. "It's the fact that his poetry is impossible to understand without knowing the story of his life. His poetry and his fate are closely intertwined. Mayakovsky is one of these people, one of those poets who, when he writes, bares his soul. He says, 'This is me. I have my weaknesses. Sometimes I act up, but this is what I am.'

"My favorite Mayakovsky poem is called 'A Cloud in Trousers,' " he said. "It has a line that says, 'Mother, I cannot sing in church while my house is burning.' I think that this explains the essence of Mayakovsky. He knew that he was a harsh man, a man with unrefined tastes. However, at the same time, he is a man who can be wounded and who was tormented by personal problems."

Referring to the city where Mayakovsky spent much of his life, the interviewer asked, "Now that you have visited Leningrad, has Mayakovsky become closer to you? He did write about Dvorets Square [the location of the czar's residence and the Hermitage Museum] and the October Revolution. Are you planning to travel further around our country?"

"I hope so," Souther said. "I have already visited the Baltic States, and Georgia, and of course the two of us have visited Leningrad. I hope to visit other places."

"Have you come across any bears on our streets?" the interviewer asked, referring to the Western symbol of Soviet oppression and surveillance.

"Bears?" Souther asked, looking confused for the first time. Then the meaning of the joke dawned on him. "No, no," he said, laughing.

Souther had gladly accepted his assigned role. The Soviets were picturing him as an American who had seen the light—exposed the warmongers for what they were, while advancing the cause of peace.

29

I thought you a great big god almighty,
but you're a dunce, a minute little
godlet.
Watch me stoop
and reach for a shoemaker's knife
in my boot.

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud
in Trousers"

SOUTHER'S MOTHER had given him up for lost when a relative from the Washington area called to say an article in *The Washington Post* that day reported he had defected.[221] Written by Charles R. Babcock, the eighteen-inch story was the second lead on the front page of the July 18, 1988 editions.

"A missing former navy enlisted man, who had special intelligence clearances and is the subject of an FBI espionage investigation, has shown up in Moscow and been granted political asylum," the story said.[222]

The story went on to say that the Soviet newspaper *Izvestia* had announced that "Glen Michael Souter" asked for asylum because "he had to hide from the U.S. Special Services, which were pursuing him groundlessly." The newspaper identified him only as a U.S. citizen and didn't say how long he had been in the Soviet Union.

"A spokesman for the U.S. embassy said he was unaware of the case. However, a spokesman for the FBI in Washington said that the man granted asylum is Glenn Michael Souther, a navy veteran in his early thirties, who disappeared in May 1986 shortly after graduating as a Russian major from Old Dominion University in Norfolk," the *Post* said.

The story quoted one source as saying that FBI and navy officials were concerned about Souther's disappearance "because he had special security clearances, including access to spy satellite photo data, while on duty with the Sixth Fleet in Italy in the early 1980s."

"He could give away information that could be valuable," one source said.

The article compared the case with that of Edward Lee Howard, the CIA officer who escaped to Moscow while FBI agents had him under surveillance. The difference was that the U.S. government could have had a potentially stronger case against Souther than it had against Howard if the NIS had interviewed Di Palma four years earlier.

When Wiergacz heard about the story, she called her other son, who already knew. Tim Souther had been watching the evening news while talking with a friend on the phone. When pictures of his brother flashed on the screen, Tim stopped talking and just watched, his mouth open.

During the past two years, Wiergacz had thought about her lost son every day and cried often. Yet she tried to be strong. After a while, she found it was easier not to talk about him at all than to bring up old memories and fears.

"If I brought it up, she'd get all upset," Tim Souther said.

Now Wiergacz told Tim that she was happy and sad at the same time—happy that Glenn was alive and that she knew what had happened to him, but sad that he had defected and that she might never see him again.[223]

Two days later, when the Associated Press ran a story about Souther's charge that the United States intentionally bombed the French embassy in Libya, Pentagon spokesman Dan Howard called the allegation "absolute garbage."

"It was a targeting problem, an accident," the spokesman told reporters. "It certainly was not done intentionally."[224]

Indeed, Souther's rambling monologue on Soviet TV had been a patchwork of truths, untruths, and facts taken out of context. While it was true that the FBI asked him why he was taking Russian and what he thought of another student, it was not true that the Bureau had followed him for a year. The reason the FBI asked about the other Russian student was that Souther himself, to make himself look better, had falsely reported that Sapozhnikov had tried to recruit him to work for the Soviet Union. The FBI asked Souther why he was taking Russian because he had a top-secret security clearance. Therefore, any interest he showed in the Soviet Union beyond what was required by his work was of legitimate concern to the government.

It is possible that Souther thought he was being followed, since the FBI agents had mentioned that they had been trying to find him for a year. Since he was paranoid under the best of circumstances, it would have been easy for him to imagine, in retrospect, that strange cars he had noticed in his neighborhood might have been FBI cars. He also may have legitimately believed that the FBI's interest in him led to his rejection by Officer Candidate School. In fact, he had already been rejected before the FBI learned anything about him from the NIS. Souther may genuinely have believed that U.S. laws are "complex and cruel," according to those who knew him. But the truth was that the FBI had not followed him—and that was the problem. If the FBI had known what was behind Di Palma's allegation, it would have put him under surveillance. Presumably, he then would not have been able to escape to the Soviet Union.

Some of Souther's other allegations were true but came as no surprise. For example, while the U.S. government does not confirm it, it is well-known that U.S. ships carry nuclear weapons, as do Soviet ships. In April 1989 the Soviets lost a submarine in the Norwegian Sea carrying what American authorities said were nuclear-tipped cruise missiles.[225] Nor is it any secret that the United States may not believe each NATO ally is as staunch and capable as the next. The fact that the United States may consider using nuclear weapons within a NATO country without consulting that country first is recognized as a possibility if the country has already been overrun by the enemy; it is therefore enemy territory. Spying on allies like Israel, while officially denied, is recognized within the intelligence community as a necessary fact of life. In the same manner, both the United States and the Soviet Union deny officially that they use spy satellites, yet the fact that they exist is as commonly known as the fact that both countries develop chemical and biological weapons. Official denials are made because governments fear that if such snooping is publicly acknowledged, the other side will be forced by pressure from its own populace to object.

As for the claim that navy commanders alone can authorize use of nuclear weapons, Souther himself pointed out that they can only launch such weapons after receiving approval through the chain of command. Moreover, the weapons cannot be launched without the consent of two duty officers on board ship.

Perhaps the most intriguing of the allegations was that the U.S. Selective Service System uses entries in ice cream parlor birthday drawings as a way of hounding kids to register for the draft. At first blush, the allegation seems to be something an imaginative KGB officer made up in his head. Yet it was true.

Since 1980 young men have had to register for the draft within thirty days of their eighteenth birthday. Failing to register can be punished by a fine of up to $10,000 or up to five years in jail, or both. To enforce the law, the Selective Service obtains lists of young men and their birth dates from motor vehicle records, high school graduation lists, Social Security records, and tax filings with the Internal Revenue Service. It then reminds those who have not registered that they must register. Young men who have not done so after several reminders may be prosecuted by the Justice Department.

In 1983, while compiling such lists, the Selective Service System bought from a broker a list of "birthday club" members from Farrell's Ice Cream Parlor, a national chain owned by the Marriott Corporation. To obtain a free sundae on their birthdays, kids under ten years of age filled out a form listing their names, addresses, and birthdays.

Some six years earlier, Eric Hentzel, then seven, and his brother, Greg, eleven, had tried to win extra free sundaes at their local Farrell's in Palo Alto, California, by entering fake names at their own addresses.

"We made up really phony names and put different birthdays on but our own address," Eric told *The Washington Post.* One such name was "Johnny Klomberg." Other names were Mickey Mouse and Santa Claus.[226]

Sure enough, when the imaginary Klomberg would have turned eighteen, he got a notice at the Hentzel's address reminding him to register. He hadn't even gotten a free sundae.

"If it [the coupon] came, I didn't notice it," Eric said.

Hentzel's father wrote a letter to the Palo Alto *Times Tribune,* which gave the story big play. It was soon picked up by media around the country. Farrell's, in responding, said it had never authorized the broker to sell the list to the government and withdrew the names from use. The Selective Service returned the list of names and said it would not use such lists again.[227]

Among other things, the Selective Service realized that the lists could include many phony names. Beyond that, the agency came to understand that ice cream and kids were emotional issues, even if the law does mandate compliance. Within the Selective Service, the matter is now referred to as the "ice cream fiasco." But the Soviet portrayal failed to note that the practice had stopped five years earlier.

Souther's claim that the United States had intentionally bombed the French embassy in Libya made no sense—even recognizing that the United States has engaged in foolish and outrageous ventures, such as selling arms to a belligerent country like Iran in an effort to release hostages. "We would have gained nothing from that," a navy intelligence officer with knowledge of the bombing said.

As news organizations scrambled for more details of Souther's defection, a theory arose that Souther had defected because he had been rejected for Officer Candidate School. In turn, the rejection was blamed on the fact that Souther had a police record because he had bitten a young woman at Old Dominion.

"I know he was very discouraged at being rejected by Officer Candidate School," Fahey, his adviser at Old Dominion, told the local CBS television affiliate in Norfolk. "I think that caused this."

A similar claim appeared on the front pages of the July 24, 1988, *Virginian-Pilot* and *Star-Ledger.*

The stories infuriated Cynthia Kotulak, the young woman Souther had bitten.

"I thought it was behind me, and he ends up as a Russian spy and in Moscow," Kotulak said. "I get angry every time I think about it."[228]

Like a stone thrown in a lake, the news of Souther's defection caused ripples throughout the country. Each of Souther's friends and family members reacted differently. King Butterworth's sister called her from North Carolina. She had just seen the story on television.

"What's Glenn's last name?" she asked.

Butterworth was dumbstruck when her sister told her that Souther had defected. Having worked at NSA and decided she didn't like it, Butterworth was sensitive about the damage spies could do.

"It's very frustrating to me because I did work in the intelligence community," she said. "I remember how mad it would make me feel that Ron Pelton [the former NSA employee who spied for the Soviets] was trying to give away what I was trying to protect. And then here he turns around and does this," she said.

After seeing the videotape of his appearance on Soviet television, she said, "He looks very tired. I hadn't seen him for years and then all of a sudden this. I just wonder how long he thought about this. I wonder if it was a rational decision."[229]

After his disappearance, Danine Klein realized Souther could be dead. If he wasn't dead, he was in a lot of trouble.

"I almost wanted to know he was dead to get the grieving over with," she said. "It would have been easier to know he was dead."

On the other hand, now that he was alive, Klein realized she would probably never see him again.

"Mr. Fahey said he'd wrap the Soviets around his little finger the way he always did," she said. "He had influential, older tenured professors testifying to his moral character at the disciplinary proceedings [after the biting incident]."[230]

Klein thought Souther looked unnatural on Soviet TV. Not only had he shaved off his beard; his features did not seem mobile.

"He had a face that was always moving, and his eyes were full of expression. But Soviets do not smile as much as we do. He's obviously becoming more like them," she said. "Usually he bounced off the wall, cracking jokes and making wisecracks. He seemed like an automaton. His eyes didn't have that shine and sparkle."

Perhaps he was brainwashed, she thought. Or else he was depressed. "Maybe they gave him drugs. You never know. It might have made him more docile," she said.

"I wonder what he's doing there," she mused. "He's probably being pumped for information. Once they're done with him I have no idea what he would do. He'll probably find a girl. He's such a people person. He craved women and affection and all that goes with it. I can't see him going for long without several partners. Whether he'll change his *modus vivendi* is questionable. I can't see him changing."

Klein showed a visitor Souther's inscription in a book of Anna Akhmatova's poems he gave her:

> Danine—I really felt badly when you called. I always get the feeling you are a person who is filled with so much love, and yet you've never given your fair share back. This book is not a present but something to put a smile on your face—and you know what kind of smile I like to see! Remember when you smile, that smile is supposed to reach all the way down to your heart and leave a peaceful, happy expression there. Enjoy these poems. My eyes were drawn to the book at Kampkin's. I could only think of you. Someone who will always love you, Glenn.

"Now I feel angry at Glenn for leaving us and his family and letting us worry so much," Klein said. "And keeping such a big secret from us and not being the person we thought he was. That he could go and leave us all without a word. I understand he couldn't. But it still hurts to have someone act so callously, to be abandoned by a friend. But mostly I'm just sad for him because I question his ability to find happiness there. If he does want to come back, he either won't be able to come back, or he will be in prison.

"I'm glad he survived," she said, "but if he were dead I wouldn't have nagging thoughts in my mind. I keep missing him. He was such a big part of my life. For the longest time and even now I would think, 'Glenn would love that' or 'He'd love to hear that story,' and I can't share it with him. I'm glad he's not dead. I don't wish him to be dead. But it would have been easier to deal with if he were dead."

Klein met some navy men at a bar where she was working as a bartender for the summer. The subject of spies and Souther came up, and one of them said, "I'd like to strangle him."

Without revealing that she knew him, Klein said, "Put yourself in his shoes. His dream all his life is to become a navy officer, and because of this prank he couldn't fulfill his lifelong dream and couldn't use his Russian. He couldn't find his place in life, like a Dostoevsky character."[231]

"Well," one of them said, "that's possible, but there's never any justification for betraying your country."

"I don't think he should be in prison unless he did compromise national security," she said. "I don't think he did. I can't believe he did anything to hurt this country. You'll never convince me of it."

One of them pointed out that Souther was over there, not here. Flight suggested he was guilty, he said.

"If he ever comes back, the death penalty would be too good for him," the man said.

The conversation unsettled Klein. Like other members of the Russian Club, she was in a difficult position, torn by loyalty to a friend and loyalty to her country. Since she was in the dark about what Souther may or may not have done, she had no way of knowing that he was, in fact, not deserving of her trust.

Sometimes, Klein wondered if she should try to get in touch with him. Would he want to write back? If he wanted to, would he be allowed to write back? she wondered. If he could, would they allow him to say what he wanted to say? Would the mail be allowed through? Would the U.S. Postal Service intercept it?

“There are so many ifs. Would writing be interpreted by the FBI as proving I knew something?” she wondered.

“Better to keep to myself,” she decided. “Probably they wouldn’t tell me where he is. The Soviets are masters at bureaucratic methods.”

30

Let me in!

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

IN SEPTEMBER 1988, Shirley and Joe Wiergacz were allowed to visit Souther in Moscow. For more than a week, he showed them around the city and described his new life. By then, he had married a Soviet woman, and he had a young daughter by her.

As a rule, defectors are debriefed for as long as one or two years, then retained by the KGB as consultants in case their advice is needed on particular issues. For example, the KGB may be evaluating a new U.S. Navy project or obtaining biographical data on a new officer. Souther might then have been called in to give his opinion.

Souther presented a stiff upper lip to his mother and stepfather. He had never confided in them about his spying activities. He was not about to begin now. After the trip, Shirley Wiergacz told Tim Souther that his brother had said he was not a spy.

"She [his mother] said he said he's not a spy but is afraid. He wouldn't say anything about it," Tim Souther said.[232]

Meanwhile, Souther met with State Department representatives in Moscow and stated that he had voluntarily defected. This is a routine procedure that both superpowers participate in whenever a citizen defects.

For those he left behind, life went on. In Norfolk, Ann McCay tried to forget about her fiancé. She told friends she did not want to talk about him, and she soon found a new boyfriend. When he first disappeared, she gave his mother his books but kept his furniture, including his stereo, in case he came back. Later, Tim Souther complained to his mother that she, not McCay, should have taken his furniture.

"You're giving it all to Ann, and Ann isn't even family," he said. "Who knows where she'll be in two years?

"Ann doesn't stay in touch. We know nothing about her now," he said.[233]

Meanwhile, Tim had to deal with his mother, who got mad at him for consenting to be interviewed for this book. To Tim, it seemed his mother was being unrealistic. "What can I say that's going to change anything?" he asked rhetorically. "I don't know what he did or nothing. You don't know. I try not to torture myself."

One night over dinner in a restaurant, Joe Wiergacz mentioned Vladimir, Souther's dog who was named after Mayakovsky. Shirley became angry at her husband for revealing too much to Tim about her son's activities, according to Tim. Somehow, she was afraid that the fact that Souther had named his dog after a Russian poet might be seen as confirming his spy activities.[234]

Cindy was not surprised by Souther's defection, having believed for some time that he was a spy.

"Right now I feel absolutely nothing [about Glenn]. Talking about Glenn is like talking about a character in a book, like Huckleberry Finn," she said.

She continued to regret not reporting him.

"If anyone had encouraged me, I would have gone to the FBI. For a year, it drove me crazy," she said.

Di Palma alternately had feelings of rage and longing for Souther.

"I don't understand why the Soviets trust him. He doesn't deserve trust," she said.

But after watching a video of Souther's appearance on Soviet television, she said, "It [watching the video] was painful. I wish he was here and that we were still married, maybe. I'll never forget him.[235]

"If I had known what he was doing, maybe I would have tried to help him get out of it," she said. "But he didn't give me a chance. I kept writing to my mother-in-law. She would say on the phone, 'I don't have time to write, but I love Angelo and will send a package to him for his birthday or for Christmas.' The last one was in 1987."[236]

Di Palma has had no contact with Souther's father. "At Christmas, I sent him Christmas cards with pictures of Angelo. He never answered," she added.

Fahey predicted Souther would return. "The man does have a keen intellect," he said. "When you peel away all the clowning, he has a good mind. I don't think it will be satisfied in the Soviet Union. I think we'll hear from him again."[237]

Mihalap found it difficult to think ill of Souther and worried about the kind of life he faced in the Soviet Union.

"I can assure you, I'm not paid by the KGB to give you a good picture of Glenn, but I would do an injustice to myself if I tried to say something that was not true," he said. "I still can't believe really that he did that," he said.

Others were less charitable.

"Glenn was only loyal to himself," Jon Berryman said. "As far as the navy goes, he wanted from the navy what he could get out of the navy, I think. That's probably the way he looks at the Soviets now. He wants from them what he can get out of them. They probably look at him the same way.[238]

"I think the majority of us were a bunch of naive college students who went along with the flow," he continued. "Even when that thing happened with the [biting incident], a lot of people were on his side even though he was in the wrong.

"I don't think I even know half of what was going on in Glenn's life. I think I was a very small part of his life. I didn't really know him that well. I think he was aware of that—that a lot of people didn't know him that well," he said.

Joyce Cleveland, his friend from Maine, figured Souther had done it, but not for financial reasons.

"I felt there had to be a moral reason, that he morally felt what our country was doing was not right," she said. "But I also was not shocked to hear he had done something, just because of his personality. He could do it; I believe he did it. I can't remember him saying anything against the U.S. But he's a user," she said.

31

You can't stop me.
I may be wrong
or right,
but I'm as calm as can be.
Look—
again they've beheaded the stars,
and the sky is bloodied with carnage!

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

ESPIONAGE is one of the most heinous crimes one can commit. To sell out one's country is to do collective damage to one's family, neighbors, friends, and homeland. Even in these days of *glasnost* and *perestroika,* the need for intelligence and protecting American military secrets remains vital. Without intelligence to find out what the other side is doing and counterintelligence to protect U.S. secrets, all the troops, missiles, planes, and ships in the world are useless. And so, even during a time of diminishing tensions, spy activity on both sides continues unabated and even increases as each tries to verify what the other side is doing.

Why would a young man like Glenn Souther begin working for the other side? A man with a conservative midwestern upbringing, who got outstanding ratings in the navy, who earned the respect of his professors in college? How could a young man with such a wide circle of impressive, bright friends, who endeared himself to colleagues, who enjoyed the freedoms and material comforts of the United States, end up a spy?

Still seeking the answers to those troubling questions in June 1989, I presented the details of Souther's life and character to Roger Depue, who had retired two months earlier as the chief of the FBI's behavioral science unit. Souther was still alive at the time, having been in Russia then for three years. Back in 1984, I had interviewed Depue when I was a reporter for *The Washington Post* writing a story about the FBI's crime-profiling techniques. Now Depue is president of his own behavioral science consulting firm, Academy Group Inc., named for the FBI Academy where he once worked.

Based in Manassas, Virginia, the company is made up of former FBI agents from the FBI's behavioral science unit or experts who helped them, including Dr. Bertram S. Brown, former chief of the National Institute of Mental Health, and Lloyd P. Anderson, a former chief pilot of Eastern Airlines. The agents themselves specialized in solving homicides, unexplained deaths, and sexual crimes, and in dealing with hostage taking and terrorism. In addition to their investigative experience, each has advanced degrees in behavioral sciences. Depue himself has a B.A. in psychology, an M.A. in society and the law, and a Ph.D. in counseling and development. Before joining the FBI in 1968, Depue was the police chief of Clare, Michigan. By pooling their knowledge from different behavioral sciences, the firm's members help identify security threats to private industry.

Having been in charge of analyzing and profiling not only some of the most notorious criminals in the country but also most of the espionage suspects apprehended by the FBI, Depue was uniquely qualified to answer my questions. If Souther's case had been submitted to the behavioral science unit before the FBI interviewed Souther in 1986, Depue would have been in charge of developing a profile of him and helping to plan a strategy for obtaining his confession.

Standing more than six feet tall, with bulging, toned muscles and a tanned, handsome face, Depue at fifty-one looks more like a high school tight end from Detroit, where he was born, than a state-of-the-art Sherlock Holmes. He talks slowly, deliberately, with a trace of a lisp, almost as if he were purposely trying to come across as an average Joe. But behind the wide-set eyes and jutting jaw is a brain as sharp and incisive as any I have come across in twenty-five years as a reporter.

I met with Depue at his home in Catlett, Virginia. Off a rutted country road in cow pastures tended by Mennonites, the brick-and-cedar house has no street number. Depue offered decaffeinated coffee from a thermos, and we sat around a dark wood table in his family room. Depue had made no agreements about how much he would say. But after nearly four hours discussing the FBI's behavioral science unit and its work, Depue asked, "Why don't you tell me a little bit about this guy?"[239]

I outlined Souther's life, beginning with his birth in Hammond, Indiana; his predilection for wearing Confederate uniforms as a child; his obsessive and abusive need to masturbate alone in his room; and his resentment of his rather cold father.

As it turned out, Depue not only provided a profile of Souther and why he did what he did, but also offered tips he might have given FBI agents on obtaining his confession.

"Let me throw this concept out to you," he began. "When people are little children and they are abused physically or psychologically, whether by their parents or peers, they often have one recourse. That recourse is fantasy. What they do is get back at a person in their minds. It takes individual roots but basically it's something like 'If I were big enough, this is what I would do.' Or 'If I were powerful enough, what I would like to do is this.'

"It's believed that some kids get so involved in that method of trying to justify or rationalize or create equity out of this very unfair situation that this might be the thing that leads to social isolation, or actually enjoying being by yourself and having these thoughts," he said.

"We think to some extent that from these origins these fantasies are refined, elaborated upon, and are acted out. You might find that he did things to animals or insects. It's the old story of kicking the dog. You might pass it down to the younger child. Some of these kids enjoy taking the wings off a fly or tormenting or killing a cat. So you've got this beginning of a fantasy. Also the best criminals are frequently the oldest [in their families]. They are intelligent and they come from broken homes.

"But one thing we found," Depue continued, "was that the father is a cold figure in the life of the boy. Not much has been said about fathers in the literature. Most is about mothers. What we found in most of these criminals is the father is cold with most of these criminals and distant."

Studies by the University of California at Los Angeles have confirmed a connection between one's relationship with one's father and one's degree of patriotism.

"There's a significant relationship between early attachments to one's father and attachment to one's country," according to Seymour Feshbach, professor of psychology at UCLA.[240]

Depue said the distant relationship with his father could have accounted in part for Souther's tendency to dress in Confederate uniforms—to take the other side, in effect.

"That's really indicative of the fantasy that's going on there," he said. "That's part of his plan for dealing with an unjust world. Even way back in those early days you see the fantasy beginning. You see this as one of the outward manifestations of what's happening. That's 'If you can't join them, fight them.' It's the opposite of 'If you can't fight them, join them.' I think that's all significant and fits together very well. All of that is early fundamental construction of personality. In particular this fantasy."

It was one way a normal child tries to "come to grips with his environment," Depue said.

Spending a lot of time alone in a room and masturbating compulsively "is very typical of social isolates," Depue said.

Not that Souther came across as a loner. Quite the opposite.

"He did all right on the outside but didn't get his satisfaction on the outside. He got his satisfaction when he was alone," he said. "So you have all the groundwork laid there really perfectly in terms of a person who is now predisposed in adulthood for when the world isn't just to him, for him to take this kind of behavior and use this kind of acting out. These people begin to prefer their own company to the company of others, and they see people as ways of satisfying certain of their desires. They are to be manipulated or used to satisfy their needs. The person in isolation in his own room with his own thoughts tries to draw out of himself his own nurturing. Masturbation could very well be part of that. He doesn't get anything else from others of value. Every time he reaches out, his hands are whacked—his parents divorce, and there's the tremendous injustice of this other kid in his life [the friend who had been teased because he was overweight and died young]."

Depue said the death of the overweight friend could have symbolized for Souther what might happen to him—the person seen as an outcast that everyone picks on. In response, Souther decided, "That's not going to happen to me."

"But it seems that the sexual thing, the masturbation, would grow out of being by himself and fantasizing about what he is going to do. It's trying to get some kind of positive feeling. I wouldn't be surprised if that sexuality is tangled up with a lot of things in his life," he said.

At that point, a sort of Socratic interchange began, with Depue asking questions or making points while I answered or responded with relevant facts.

"I was going to say," I interjected, "that he was very preoccupied with his sexual life. He would joke about homosexuals, he would moon people, he wore a girlfriend's bra."

"I wouldn't be surprised if in his room he was doing a lot of experimental things with clothing," Depue said. "Maybe cross-dressing. Probably does pornography. When you have the fantasy like this, you have the fuel. You are sensitive to what will enhance it. Did he have sisters?"

"One," I told him.

"So he had access to clothes he could cross-dress with. A lot of times these kids will be window peepers, Peeping Toms. You usually don't find out about that unless you ask. Usually they are discovered by somebody. Of the serial murderers, eighty percent were Peeping Toms. Serial rapists were sixty-eight percent Peeping Toms. What that means is it's part of the developmental process. They learn a lot—how to move with stealth undetected in people's yards. Later some graduate into going into homes. You learn how to neutralize dogs. You learn a lot that is valuable later."

Turning to Souther's penchant for mooning people, Depue observed, "Frequently people with these sexual hang-ups expose themselves. Usually the exposing is done to get a reaction and create a shock rather than to get sexual gratification. People who window-peep and make obscene phone calls also frequently expose themselves. It's all part of this big fantasy. There's probably more to this masturbation, especially now that you say he exposed himself."

I noted that the mooning was not seen as hostile.

"I'd say it all fits together into this construction of a fantasy and maintaining and continuing to refine it, and adding to it," Depue said.

Depue asked if the Soviets had used women to blackmail Souther or control him.

"I don't think so," I said. "That is the mystery—how did he start? He did become an ideological spy and espoused Communism."

"As you know, being a Confederate in early life is very similar and symbolic—going to the other side," Depue said. "It really doesn't make any difference which side."

"He described the Soviets as not being as strong as we are," I said.

"That would fit, too," he said. "His relationship with his son sounds very much like his father's relationship with him. There's a lot of superficiality, but when you come down to what does he do, he doesn't act like a father. Nor did his father."

Depue noted that there aren't many ideological spies. Most spies—John A. Walker, Jr., Ronald W. Pelton, Army Warrant Officer James W. Hall III—engage in espionage for the money. Even Jonathan Jay Pollard, who claimed to be motivated by love for Israel, doubled his take-home pay with spy payments from the Israelis.

"Probably you're going to find several motivations," he said. "They're kind of twisted in there together. You have this childish thing which almost predisposes him to taking the other side whenever he is treated unjustly. So the question I have is, is he truly an ideological person or is it a psychological thing he does? There's a subtle difference. One is, 'I believe in this system.' The other is, 'You bastards, I'm going to take this side more for vengeance or retaliation.' "

"People felt he was vengeful," I said. "For example, he never forgave his stepfather for hitting him once."

Often, spies feel they have an entitlement to spy because an authority figure like an employer has done them wrong, Depue said.

"People believe they have something coming to them," he said. "When it doesn't come, they feel justified in doing something. Like stealing from their employers."

Despite Souther's obvious competence and success with his peers, Depue characterized Souther as an inadequate type of person—not truly inadequate, but someone who felt that way.

"Inadequacy has nothing to do with level of intelligence or capability," Depue said. "It has to do with how one feels about himself and also how he measures up to what he thinks he should measure up to. If you have great aspirations, and don't attain them, then you feel inadequate. You feel less than what you should be."

Those feelings of inadequacy probably account for Souther's bizarre pranks, he said.

"People who are constantly trying to get attention have low self-esteem," he said.

Depue noted that Souther was rated an outstanding sailor but didn't become an officer and was resentful of the navy.

"This is where I would look at the concept of entitlement that we talked about briefly," he said. "If you work at a place and you're supposed to be at your desk and have a half hour for lunch or dinner, and the only place to eat takes fifteen minutes to walk to, so you have to rush to get there and back, you might begin to feel the damn place owes you," Depue said.

"He complained he had a boss he didn't like when he began spying," I noted.

"So what happens is you begin to rationalize that you have something coming to you, and that you're entitled to more. This is a motivation for people stealing from their employer. 'If he's not going to give me what I'm worth, by God, I'll get it some way.' A lot of people in government service are frustrated like that. The lower level may feel they're worth more and steal."

At the time of my talk with Depue, interviewing Souther was still a possibility, and he suggested that one successful approach would be to explore with Souther his feelings of inadequacy and why he felt he was entitled to engage in spying.

"It's kind of like what the criminal justice system did in the sixties and seventies: 'You didn't have a chance. You were born into this horrible environment. The reason you did this is you didn't have a chance.' They didn't look at the ninety percent of kids who also were born into that environment and didn't get into trouble."

Because of the level of his social skills, Souther would enjoy being interviewed, Depue said.

"Sometimes some of the things these people do are very clever. He might want to brag about it," Depue said.

The fact that he told his girlfriends about his exploits would tend to indicate this, I said.

"Yes, but if you didn't handle that carefully, it would be a stupid thing to do," Depue said. "But the fact that he pulled it off would be a smart thing. You can build upon the fact that he was able to pull it off. Telling his girlfriends means he was trying to build a record and get attention," he said. "Many times criminals are caught that way."

Depue said it sounded as if he did not do a lot of homework.

"Some criminals will read a lot and try to improve their proficiency. Some burglars will converse with other criminals and try to learn more techniques and improve on the techniques. A lot of people in the spy business are like that—they really make an effort," Depue said.

In contrast to Souther, John Walker does not feel inadequate, Depue said.

"He is the flip side of this guy. He's got a very strong personality, an inflated ego rather than a deflated one. He thinks he's far better than he is. He takes a great deal of pride in doing what he does. He's on the psychopathic side," said Depue, who worked on the Walker family case.

"Walker is more like a real good criminal," he said. "This guy is kind of like a guy who is drifting along looking for a cause. This thing comes up and he attaches himself to it. It could have been other things," he said.

"He was a born-again Christian," I said.

"Have you read Eric Hoffer's *The True Believer?* A certain kind of personality is predisposed to getting involved in causes and goes from one cause to another," Depue said.

"He's a lot like [Christopher] Boyce," I said, referring to the protagonist in *The Falcon and the Snowman*. "They were both young, resented their father, thought the U.S. was terrible. Both were relatively low-level employees. They definitely spied less for money and more for revenge."

"I'd say probably more because of disenchantment along with revenge," Depue said. "Kind of like striking back at society and striking back at the institutions and the government and everything it stands for."

"He was doing that in other ways," I said. "For example, his crudity, the biting incident."

"The biting is interesting. He only did that once?" Depue asked.

"Yes, but he would nip at waitresses' heels at restaurants, acting like a dog. He just met the girl in the dorm once and bit her on the neck and gave her a hickey. He said, 'I'll never grow up,' " I noted. (I would later learn that he had done the same thing to another young woman.)

Reacting to the biting incident, Depue said, "That's strange. Did he use any drugs? Was he drinking?"

"He had had some beers," I said.

"We're talking about the use of alcohol prior to these events, which lowers the inhibitions and makes him more likely to do these things. A person under the influence frequently tells you things about what they're thinking about more deeply," he said. "It's another element of being unsettled. One thing all of us like and are frustrated about is sex. Somebody who masturbates enough to get lesions also is moving from sexual satisfaction into masochism. Now in an effort to get sexual satisfaction, he's actually hurt himself. That's kind of interesting. Then running this girl down and jumping on her is the flip side, the sadistic side. So you see both of these things. I wouldn't be surprised if he sexually abused his wives and was involved in some bizarre kinds of activities," Depue said.

I mentioned that Souther beat his wife at least once but always projected an image of concern.

"It sounds like sexually he's kind of open to trying anything. There's a guy who feels this is an area where he has unrestricted freedom. Whereas in the rest of his life he can't get away with too much. He can do this by himself and with others," Depue said.

"He could also be sympathetic and tender to people even though he didn't act that way," I said. "He left his mother in the dark and never saw his son. Yet people had the impression he was a caring person."

"You know we put these labels on people like 'psychopath,' " Depue said. "They almost never fit perfectly. I've known psychopaths who showed love. Sometimes not for people but for their pets. At night they go out and slit the throats of young women, yet if something happens to their pet, they feel terrible. So it's hard to compartmentalize. Sometimes you see these extremes. Sometimes drugs or alcohol allow you to slip out of the inhibitions. Having social skills and being warm and tender under certain circumstances is not necessarily incongruent with the rest of the picture."

Depue asked how manipulative Souther was.

"Very. That was one of his major characteristics," I said.

"Probably a lot of the warmth was being manipulative," Depue said. "Showing the warmth and sincerity. If that's the case you're moving closer to the person who is able to mask human emotions and pretend, but there's no depth. He uses it to maneuver and get what he wants. That's not unusual for a person of his background—a cold father and a person who had a divorce, and everything around him is falling apart. He's like a guy who has two or three loves in a row and each one turns bad. He decides he can't get involved in this anymore. 'I can't afford to put my trust and faith in people because it will hurt me.' It's an emotional blunting. They don't let themselves go too far. Sometimes they can have a better relationship with an animal because they're in control of them, and animals can't hurt them."

I mentioned that he immersed himself in the life and works of Mayakovsky.

"Did he read books about spies?" Depue asked.

"No," I said. "He said he would love it in Russia. But he also postured, pretending to be a loyal American."

"For a guy to take these courses and read books and learn Russian suggests a pretty strong feeling for the Russians," Depue said. "The ideology may have been stronger than I would have thought. It sounds like he was able to learn it very well."

"A Russian émigré said he understood the Russian soul," I said.

"Let's look at that from the standpoint of escapism, that the grass is always greener. Where is utopia and how do you get there? It's his fantasy for someday having everything turn out right. The whole series of women suggests something like that. It's not working so you switch to another one."

Depue said working in a secret intelligence center could figure in Souther's fantasy as well.

"I've seen that before," he said. "People enamored by access. They would boast about it, sometimes."

"He didn't," I said.

Depue said he didn't need to. He had the same kind of outlet with the Soviets.

"He was going to the people from whom he gets his kudos," he said.

"What you said about escapism might also relate to this attitude that the Russians are the underdogs," I said. "He said the U.S. controls everything, and the Soviets would never start a war."

"He's drawn to a representative of the victim, the underdog," Depue said. "I can't help but get the feeling it's retaliatory. He would play on your side if you let him. We won't let him so he plays on the other side. He wanted to go to Officer Candidate School.

"I wonder about the Soviets' ability to manipulate him," Depue continued. "Here you have a person who is very frustrated about his life-style. At what point did he go to the Soviets to spy?"

"In 1980," I said.

"What was going on in his life?"

"He was drinking a lot, seeing other women, then began abusing his wife," I said.

"So he's having extramarital things, some friction with the wife. Did he speak Italian?"

"Yes, he learned it very well. He spoke Russian well."

"Did he ever have a relationship with an American woman?" he asked.

"His girlfriends and finally a fiancée," I said.

"It sounds like wherever he is he finds somebody. Sounds like he's impulsive, which is the opposite of commitment. Whether or not he had commitments to people or ideas that showed any kind of depth or long-term interests, I don't know," he said.

"Just the opposite," I said. "He had friendships that never lasted after he moved. He said he didn't like to keep ties."

Depue could see Souther as wanting to return. In retrospect, Depue's assessment of Souther's eventual disenchantment is uncanny.

"What I'm thinking is that if you look at his life-style and short-term commitment and moving on without looking back, and not really feeling very much—he kind of gets in the car and drives away. It seems to be kind of a naïveté, a bit of distance from the real world," he said.

"Chances are if he's been there a couple of years, he knows it's not utopia. It's like those kids of the 1960s and 1970s realizing that our form of democracy isn't all that bad. It's not perfect, but it's not all that bad. What's the possibility of having him doing the ultimate, coming back? We're trying to look at it through his eyes. Maybe that would be the ultimate kick.

"There are people who are good at creating things but not maintaining them," Depue added. "They're searching for the next thing. It's possible his personality is something like that. He may be searching for something to make his life meaningful and worthwhile."

I mentioned my efforts to obtain an interview with Souther and indications he might agree to one.

"This is something he needs right now," he said. "He needs to talk to someone who understands these matters. It's very similar to the murders we do, where we have two experts who sit down on the opposite side of the table. I can see where he would want to talk to people about it. He's probably trying to understand himself, trying to sort some things out. I would say it would be very easy to get into a conversation about some of these things in order for him to examine them. He would want to come away with a little insight into his own behavior. There may be something in it for him. If he's not happy over there, he would have to be thinking about what his next move is. I could see him thinking, 'Damn, what do I do now? I'm thirty-two years old.' I don't suppose the Russians have given him a penthouse anywhere. He's probably living some normal existence, which would be subnormal compared with our life-style."

"He liked to live well, drink fine wines, get custom-made Italian clothing," I said.

"If he were a true Marxist and his ideology were heavy, he would get to the basic theory of Marxism, and I would think there is reason for disenchantment by a true ideologue, once he gets over there and sees what it's supposed to be fifty years later, and it's not. There are not only economic but societal problems.

"The more you can create that atmosphere of two experts sitting down, it will be to your benefit," Depue said. "It sounds like his childhood was unfortunate. That has a way of setting you up for a fall. I would think this guy would be really susceptible to any approach that would make him feel he was important, and his life is worthwhile. Also, he's been able to do things that no one else has done and probably many people have thought about. He could share the reality of doing something that others know about only in fantasy.

"You might want to start first with the material you know about, his childhood and what he did that in his eyes was successful," Depue continued. "Toward the end I would ask him some of those tough questions: What does he think about some of these recent events in the Soviet Union as well as China?

What do they mean? One almost has to conclude that it's not Marxism. If you read Marx, this is not the way it's supposed to be."

"He did say that the Israeli kibbutzim are the perfect form of Communism whereas the Soviets have a modified communal system," I said.

"I didn't know that he said that, but that would be a hell of a good topic," Depue said.

Depue said Souther would enjoy discussing what he did with someone who is familiar with espionage.

Returning to Souther's tendency to choose the other side, Depue said, "People get attitudes toward life because of their relationship with their fathers. The father is an authority figure, and if he's an authoritarian type of person, the kid will get an attitude about authority in general from that."

In explaining his spying activity, Depue said, "I wouldn't so much say he's doing this to get back at his father. But he's developed this attitude as a result of his relationship with his father. He doesn't really know why he's doing that. It's a result of an attitude toward authority that is a result of his relationship toward his father. The attitude is one of resentment of authority.

"Here's a guy who is not going to be happy with anyone who makes him toe the line," he said. "He may not openly rebel. It's a kind of subtle sabotage. I wouldn't be surprised if you find that if he's mad at the boss, he'll scratch the guy's car rather than having a confrontation. He'll do little stuff. Maybe with his dad he would destroy his newspaper. It's retaliatory but indirect and weak. He's not a strong personality who says, 'Dad, I don't like this.' "

Such people can be candidates for suicide, Depue said.

"Suicide is the way a person who doesn't feel totally competent dies. It's almost a cowardly act," he said.[241]

32

Hey you!
Heaven!
Off with your hat!
I am coming!

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

AFTER NEARLY A YEAR of trying to obtain an interview with Souther, I received a letter from him from Moscow on June 3, 1989. In it Souther said he had received and read my letter, articles, and book [*Spy vs. Spy: Stalking Soviet Spies in America*] "with some interest." He claimed, however, that this was not because he found me an "exceptionally adept and intriguing writer," but because I wished "to invade [his] privacy."[242]

He continued that my having sent him what I'd written not only made him believe that I had "some kind of a love/hate relationship with the FBI," but that I was incapable of being objective in my conclusions. He wrote that based on the content of my letter to him, I had "already convicted [him] of espionage: guilty until proven innocent."

Citing these considerations, Souther said he felt an interview would only cause readers to "falsely believe that I agree to your conclusions in this new work." However, he offered to look at the manuscript so he could comment. Alternatively, he suggested that I might send him a list of questions that might allow for what Souther referred to as "some form of fair exchange of opinions" that he could respond to "in the quiet and calm of my home." This, he wrote, was the most he could do for me under what he referred to as "the present circumstances."

"Again," he concluded, "thank you for your very kind attention towards my life's vicissitudes."

I noted the sad tone of his last line. Defectors in either direction never have an easy time. They give up their family, their friends, their language, their culture, and their cuisine. All along, I had wondered if the Soviets had not allowed me to interview Souther because he was unstable or depressed. For someone who lived life as Souther had, the material deprivations of the Soviet Union would have been a shock. Even in the best hotels, one frequently cannot obtain a glass of milk or a piece of fruit. Because they get paid regardless of whether they take any fares, taxi drivers often refuse to pick up riders. And to buy an orange, a piece of meat, or a radio, one must stand in three lines—one to look at it, one to pay for it, and one to pick it out. Then the meat is largely fat, the orange still green.

One week of such grim conditions can be hell on an American. Three years of it would be unimaginable.

Souther's letter expressed an ambivalence that might mean he would consent to an interview. In a five-page, single-spaced letter, I wrote back to him that I am an independent journalist who has criticized the FBI when it has made mistakes:

> As for the question of your guilt or innocence, I propose to you that my opinion is irrelevant: What counts is how much substantiation can be cited, in the form of firsthand accounts, to show

> that you engaged in spying activities such as the ones suggested in my letter of March 30. Then what matters is how much countervailing information is presented to undercut that substantiation.
>
> Let me assure you that I am just as eager to present facts that may exonerate you as I am to present ones that may indicate you are guilty. I am not a prosecutor or FBI agent; I am an independent journalist. For example, while the *Time* excerpt did not include it, I extensively explored in *Moscow Station* the case of Marine Staff Sergeant Robert M. Stufflebeam, who was believed by the NIS to have been another spy at the embassy in Moscow. I showed that he was not a spy and criticized the NIS for suggesting that he was one.

I added that time was getting short. The manuscript for the book was due soon. He would have to help speed up the process for obtaining permission for me to interview him.

"If you could call or cable me collect, that would help," I wrote. "If you have any other questions, please feel free to call day or night."

My letter enclosed excerpts focusing on Souther's Russian Club antics. It would have reached him by mid-June. Then on June 27, 1989, the Soviet army newspaper *Red Star* reported the bizarre news of his death in the obituary. Signed by the ruling committee of the KGB, the obituary for Soviet intelligence officer Mikhail Yevgenyevich Orlov said he had died suddenly at the age of thirty-two. In parentheses, the obituary identified Orlov as Glenn Michael Souther.

Thus began the unprecedented disclosures by the Soviet Union of his activities on behalf of the KGB, and the search to determine if he had been a teenage mole. Never before had the Soviets openly stated that a Westerner was a spy, as they did in comparing Souther with Kim Philby and George Blake. Nor had they ever suggested what kinds of material they received from a spy, as they did in stating that Souther had had access to nuclear war plans and spy satellite photos.

After the Soviets cleared up the mystery of his origin by saying he had been born in the United States, the government newspaper *Izvestia* provided the first details of his death.

According to the paper, on June 22, 1989, Souther drove to his country house near Moscow and wrote notes to his mother, wife, daughter, and the KGB. Conspicuously missing from that list was his father. He then entered his garage, closed the door behind him, started up his Soviet-made Zhiguli car, and waited. He was found dead the next morning.

Souther had always admired Mayakovsky for shooting himself. He himself would have said that by asphyxiating himself, Souther had taken the coward's way out.

One of Souther's friends told *Pravda* that Souther immersed himself in work. "There were times when he plunged into depression, but nobody thought about the tragic outcome," the friend said.

The *Izvestia* article added that Souther had taken as his last name Orlov, the Russian name for eagle, because it symbolized strength and freedom. The newspaper promised that still more details would be revealed about Souther and his work for the Soviet Union. Indeed, shortly thereafter, *Pravda* quoted from Souther's suicide note: "Justice demands that you hear my last words. I do not regret our relationship. It was a long-standing one, and it helped me grow as a person. I wish to be buried in the uniform of an officer of the KGB."

It was a striking example of *glasnost* at work, only this time it was working in the opposite direction—against American interests. Indeed, the KGB's obvious delight in trumpeting Souther's success seemed like a throwback to the Cold War. The fact that *Izvestia* got several details wrong—claiming

Souther had been tried in the United States after he fled, for example—only added to that impression.[243]

The Soviets seemed to be sending several messages. One was that successful spies will be given a hero's welcome in the Soviet Union. Even if the Soviets did admit that Souther was unhappy there, the publicity ensured that the KGB would recruit more spies looking for their place in the sun. Another message was that the Soviet Union still has to be on guard against foreign penetration. The emphasis on America's nuclear war plans suggested that the United States could still be an aggressor. The third message was that the KGB's work is primarily directed against foreign spies rather than internal dissenters. For some time, the KGB under Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev had been emphasizing its foreign rather than its domestic role. Finally, the Souther case gave the Soviets something to rally around, something to be proud of. When sugar and meat are scarce, trumpeting the success of a spy is a good way to divert attention from the hardships of daily Soviet life.

The effect of the disclosures was to rub the noses of U.S. intelligence agencies in their own failures—always a good way to keep the other side on the defensive.

KGB chief Vladimir Kryuchkov, in explaining the publicity, reminded reporters of his promise in May 1989 to begin reporting regularly to the public on the intelligence agency's "major and important operations."

"The activities of our services will not be as secretive as they were until recently," he said then in an interview published on the front page of *Izvestia*. "While we will continue to observe our professional principles—without which our work is unthinkable—we will keep the public better informed about our work."[244]

It is never possible to determine with precision exactly what material a spy divulged. Even when a spy confesses, as did John Walker, he cannot remember all the secrets he revealed. In Souther's case, no one on the U.S. side knows precisely what documents he gave away, and a defense lawyer could argue that there is no evidence he gave away anything. But when someone with a security clearance says he is working for the Soviets, admits to his former wife he received money from them, is seen by his girlfriend with large wads of cash that he says he got from a mysterious source, confides that the same source told him to take Russian and said he would protect him in the event of war between the United States and the U.S.S.R., engages in extensive spycraft, from tuning in coded shortwave radio messages to painting marks used by the KGB on bridges, defects to the Soviet Union, espouses Communism on Soviet television, is eulogized by the KGB as a Soviet hero, is said by *Pravda* to have sat in on nuclear war planning sessions and "compared details and selected the most important," is given the rank of major in the Soviet spy agency, is compared by *Pravda* to a legendary spy like Philby, and writes a suicide note to the KGB stating he has no regrets about his long-standing relationship with the spy agency, only a fool would cling to the idea that the Soviets were lying when they touted Souther as a spy comparable to Philby. While the Soviets never flatly said Souther gave them America's nuclear war plans, the fact that he had access to them, that they mentioned his access, and that they said he selected the most important facts about those plans would lead a reasonable person to conclude, against the background of his spy activities, that he gave the Soviets the plans.

In the Souther case, there was far more evidence that he was a successful spy than in the case of Edward Lee Howard, the former CIA employee who also defected to the Soviet Union. Nobody in the United States knows for sure what Howard gave the Soviets. But the fact that he knew key facts about important Soviets working for the CIA in Moscow, that Soviet defector Vitaly S. Yurchenko said Howard had been of immense help to the Soviets, that Howard defected to the Soviets, and that many of those important CIA assets were later caught and executed means Howard is widely assumed by the intelligence agencies and the media to have provided the Soviets with the identities of CIA assets in Moscow.

When a spy as resourceful as Souther had virtually unlimited access to one of the most sensitive posts in the U.S. military, counterintelligence experts assume he stole everything. Indeed, in reports that remain secret, the FBI concluded as much.

"If the material Souther was giving the Soviets was not of the best quality, he would have been scolded and not paid," said a senior intelligence official familiar with the case. "It may turn out that the Soviets' damage assessment is more accurate than our own," he said.

Meanwhile, the U.S. government was engaged in covering up the seriousness of the damage. Government spokesmen said he never had access to nuclear war plans. The cover-up extended to the previous investigations of Souther. *The Washington Times* was the first to mention that Souther's wife had tipped off the NIS to Souther's activities. The story said investigators dropped the probe after Souther's brother-in-law discounted the charges.[245]

In fact, there had been no investigation—not even a written report of her allegation.

A subsequent story in *The New York Times* said Souther's former wife told the NIS she believed Souther was a Soviet agent. The story said she was under the influence of alcohol when she met with NIS agents. According to the story, she declined to provide any details or to cooperate, and the investigation was dropped.[246]

The truth was that Di Palma approached the NIS agent at a New Year's Eve party and that he never asked her for any details or for her cooperation.

The stories reflected the determination of the intelligence agencies to conceal the truth about the damage Souther had done and the subsequent bungling of the investigations. Because intelligence agencies operate in secrecy, it is that much easier for them to conceal their mistakes.

For Souther's friends from the Russian Club, the final development in his life came almost as an anticlimax. They had already suffered through the uncertainty of not knowing what had happened to him, then faced the shock of learning he had defected and was denouncing the United States. Many who knew him best had predicted he would become depressed in the Soviet Union. They were not surprised when they learned he had committed suicide.

Yet Danine Klein was surprised that she didn't cry.

"I feel sad, of course, but I don't know if it's because I feel all the grieving was done before, or that I got to hating him so much after he left and brought all this down on us," she said. "I'm glad he died because I don't see how his life was going to get any better, and he obviously wasn't happy the way it was. He had a star-crossed fate."[247]

Cindy saw the suicide as confirmation of "what was going on inside all this time—the depression and anguish and pain."[248]

"I think he did it because he was always for the underdog," she said. "When he started working for the U.S. government, he started finding out things the U.S. government was doing. It angered him. Nobody in the navy liked the Soviet Union. Because of his lack of self-esteem, he felt that by spying he could find purpose and meaning in his life."[249]

Di Palma had been hoping that Souther would communicate with their son, and she had given me a photograph of Angelo to give to him should I ever see him. I enclosed it in one of my letters to him, and he would have received it before his death.

Now Angelo would never know his father.

"I feel bad," Di Palma said. "I didn't want him to die."[250]

Later, Di Palma said she feared that Souther's family or friends would try to kill her for telling on him. It was a switch from the earlier situation, when Souther's family thought Di Palma's family had killed him.

"I made a mistake to talk to the FBI and to talk to you," she said. "Now I don't feel safe. I'm sure the parents think it's my fault. I don't know what they can do to me. Maybe friends would do something. I am afraid."[251]*

According to Tim Souther, his mother is mad at Di Palma for informing on her son.[252]

Besides his friends and family, Souther left behind a string of unanswered questions: How did he become interested in Communism? Did he feel any regrets about selling out his friends and family? Why did he feel that his only escape was through death?

They are unfathomable acts—spying against one's own country, defecting to a foreign power, then taking one's own life. If there are any answers, they can be found in the life and poems of Mayakovsky, the Russian poet whom Souther venerated. In Mayakovsky, Souther saw himself. In his poems, he saw a vindication of his own life.

Those poems reveal Mayakovsky as a split personality, a person who craved acclaim but also turned people away by outraging them; who was alternately cruel and gentle; who railed against bureaucracy and restrictions on freedom but also yearned for direction and order. He was a man who was alternately morose and exuberant. By turns, he was in constant pain and miserably lonely, yet able to give joy to others.

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*Although Di Palma's concerns were groundless, the author deleted from the book her location in Italy.

By his own account, Mayakovsky was a troubled, bored, lonely child growing up in the Georgian village of Baghdadi, where he was born in 1893. He found an answer at the age of twelve when he joined the Bolsheviks. The following year, his father died of an infection after he pricked his finger filing documents.[253] Three years later, Mayakovsky was arrested for collaborating with the Bolsheviks. He spent eleven months in prison.

After prison, he first dabbled in abstract painting, then turned to poetry. Quickly, he was embraced as the poet of the revolution, which he called "my revolution."

"Comrades, to the barricades!," he wrote. "Streets are our brushes,/squares our palettes!" Puns, thumping rhythms, grammatical deformations, and bold, brutal images became his signature.

"The young iconoclasts of Moscow were spellbound by him, respectable people were scandalized, while women of every sort found him irresistible," wrote Patricia Blake in an introduction to *The Bedbug and Selected Poetry*.[254]

Mayakovsky dressed in custom-tailored suits and wore his hair long and scruffy. Like Souther, he was compulsively neat, constantly washing his hands and cleaning and recleaning eating utensils.[255] And like Souther, he swooned over a succession of women and loved to boast of his success with them.

"The greatest pleasure is to wait in clean bedclothes for the arrival of the female species," he once told a friend. Yet he quickly left women who loved him too easily.

Despite a wide circle of friends in Russia's literary community, Mayakovsky perceived himself as a lonely, alienated individual. He loved animals because "they are not people, yet they are living creatures." Animal symbolism is an important part of his work.[256]

In 1916, Mayakovsky wrote: "I am as lonely as the single eye/of the one-eyed walking toward the blind."[257]

"The poet's lyric hero strives to overcome his loneliness," Alexander Ushakov wrote in *Vladimir Mayakovsky: Selected Verse*.[258] "He yearns toward people, hoping to find sympathy and support in them. 'For a single word, tender and humane,' he is prepared to give away all the treasures of his soul. But he is disappointed: Nobody needs or understands him."

In *The Way I Became a Dog*, Mayakovsky is driven to desperation by a bestial mob and turns into a dog, much as Souther acted doglike when nipping at the heels of waitresses. He yearns for an all-embracing lover, but when he finds it he remains alone and unhappy. In "A Cloud in Trousers," Maria, the object of his passion, rejects him for the sake of philistine well-being.

The same dichotomy ran through Mayakovsky's poetry. On the one hand, he trumpeted the values of conformity: "I want/a commissar/with a decree/to lean over the thought of the age/ . . . I want/the factory committee/to lock/my lips/when the work is done," he wrote in "Back Home." But he also criticized mindless collectivism. In "About Conferences," he points out that at daybreak every office worker disappears into conferences of the "A,B,C,D,E,F,G committees re: the purchase of a bottle of ink by the provincial co-op." Annoyed that no one has returned to his desk by nightfall, Mayakovsky bursts into a conference, only to find torsos in attendance. A clerk informs him that the workers have had to split themselves up to meet organizational needs.

"Oh, for just one more conference re: the eradication of all conferences!" he wrote.[259]

During the two years before his death, Mayakovsky came to understand the nature of the society he once applauded. He saw the conflict between the individual and the collective, the artist and the bureaucrat. In 1928, he wrote "The Bedbug," a devastating satire of Communist society. The poem highlights profiteers, party fat cats, and vodka-drenched bureaucrats.

The authorities received his new poems angrily. One critic stated in *Pravda* that Mayakovsky was emulating the Trotskyist opposition. While he claimed to be impervious to criticism, Mayakovsky was remarkably sensitive. He became enraged that his work was not appreciated, just as Souther became enraged at his navy superiors.

Much like Mayakovsky, Souther had become disillusioned with Soviet life, even though his suicide note expressed no regrets about his relations with the KGB. And just as the Soviets proclaimed Souther a star after his death, so had they heaped praise on Mayakovsky.

"Mayakovsky was and remains the best and most talented poet of our Soviet epoch," Stalin said after his death. Indeed, "Indifference to his memory and to his work is a crime," Stalin proclaimed. In case the force of law failed to enshrine his memory, his hometown was renamed for him, and a square in Moscow was dedicated to him. For an iconoclast, the official recognition would have been a bitter irony.

Four days before his death, an acquaintance ran into him. He pointed out that *Pravda* had revised its assessment of "The Bedbug" to a more positive one.

"Never mind. It's too late now," Mayakovsky responded.

On April 14, 1930, in observance of the Russian superstition that before death a man must put on clean linen, he changed his shirt. He placed a single cartridge in the cylinder of his revolver. Then he shot himself in the heart.[260]

Mayakovsky's suicide note, addressed "to all," said, "Do not blame anyone for my death, and please do not gossip. The deceased terribly disliked this sort of thing. Mama, sisters, and comrades, forgive me—this is not a way out (I do not recommend it to others), but I have none other . . . do not think me weak-spirited. Seriously, there was nothing else I could do. Greetings."[261]

He left behind a final verse:

> And, as they say, the incident is closed.
> Love's boat has smashed against the daily grind.
> Now life and I are quits. Why bother then
> to balance mutual sorrows, pains, and hurts.

Contradictory to the end, Souther had wanted to be buried in a uniform, even though he railed all his life against conformity and mindless bureaucracy. He had changed his last name to the Russian word for eagle—a symbol of America and freedom. His new middle name was the Russian form of Eugene: It was his father's first name, even though he had severed ties with him.

But Souther had achieved his lifelong ambition to be an officer—an officer of the KGB, as it turned out. At last he had become important, so important that the chief of the KGB called his death an "enormous loss." By taking his own life, he had achieved the ultimate manipulation, plunging his family and friends into sorrow while focusing the attention of the world on himself.

It was the final irony that in death Souther received the acclaim that had eluded him in life.

Epilogue

The universe sleeps,
its huge paw curled
upon a star-infested ear.

—VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY, "A Cloud in Trousers"

THE ESPIONAGE INVESTIGATION of Souther is closed.

Greg Scovel has been neither fired, demoted, nor reprimanded for failing to follow up on Di Palma's allegation that Souther was working for the Soviets. He continues as a Naval Investigative Service agent based in Norfolk, Virginia.[262]

The Norfolk office of the FBI has blamed the mishandled interview with Souther on the NIS and the fact that it did not inform the Bureau of the truth about the original spy allegation. However, the FBI's counterintelligence division at headquarters has decided there was no excuse for not going back to Di Palma to interview her before confronting Souther.

Danine Klein is living in San Francisco and managing a restaurant while applying to graduate schools to obtain a Ph.D. in the Russian language.[263]

King Butterworth is a patient accounts representative at a hospital in Norfolk.[264]

Cindy is the manager of an electronics store in the Washington area. She is married and recently had a baby.[265]

Jon Berryman is a paralegal in Chicago.[266]

Bob Fitch is a navy engineer supervising ship construction in Bath, Maine. He recently got married.[267]

After Souther bit her, Cynthia Kotulak transferred from Old Dominion and realized her ambition to become a registered nurse.[268]

John Fahey has retired from Old Dominion University but continues to be active in Norfolk-area civic activities.[269] Leonid Mihalap continues to teach at Old Dominion.[270]

Patrizia Di Palma and her son, Angelo, are living with a medical doctor in Italy. She assists him in his work and, being a fabulous chef, he does the cooking.[271]

Angelo Souther has grown to be a handsome, exceptionally smart, sensitive, and outgoing boy. He has the same eyes, lips, and body structure as his father, but he does not remember him. "Before he would ask me about him all the time," Di Palma said. "He wanted to see pictures of him. I have very few."

Glenn Souther is buried near the legendary British spy Kim Philby in Novokuntsevskoye Cemetery in the western suburbs of Moscow. The cemetery is reserved for high-ranking KGB officers, distinguished Soviet citizens, and military personnel. According to General Vladimir Kryuchkov, the chief of the KGB, the suicide note he left behind expressed his appreciation to the Soviet Union for recognizing his services.

Notes

1. *Red Star*, June 27, 1989, page 4. Grateful appreciation is extended to John A. Fahey for translating this and other Soviet press articles.

2. Reuters, June 28, 1989.

3. *Ibid.*

4. *Los Angeles Times*, June 29, 1989.

5. *Pravda*, July 1, 1989.

6. Phillip Knightly, *The Master Spy* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1989), page 260.

7. *Newsweek*, August 21, 1989, page 28.

8. *Los Angeles Times*, July 2, 1989.

9. Vladimir Mayakovsky, with an introduction by Patricia Blake, *The Bedbug and Selected Poetry* (Indiana University Press, 1960), page 23.

10. Presentencing report on Souther of August 9, 1984, filed in Norfolk Circuit Court, Norfolk, Virginia.

11. Souther's parents and stepparents declined requests to be interviewed made by letter and by telephone over a period of a year.

12. Interview on October 2, 1988, with Petsas.

13. Interview on September 29, 1988, with Vitkus.

14. Interview on July 15, 1989, with Biter.

15. Interview on September 26, 1988, with Duggan.

16. Interview on September 28, 1988, with Eastwood.

17. Interview on September 27, 1988, with Vance.

18. Interview on June 30, 1989, with Rodenburg.

19. Interview on October 30, 1988, with Duggan.

20. Interview on November 11, 1988, with Edna Vance.

21. Interview on November 11, 1988, with Vance.

22. Interview on September 24, 1988, with Tim Souther.

23. Interview on September 21, 1988, with Tim Souther.

24. Interview on September 24, 1988, with Tim Souther and on January 20, 1989, with Di Palma. Both said they believe Wiergacz hit Souther once.

25. Obsessive-compulsive disorders, including those manifesting themselves in excessive sexual behavior, are defined in *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* (American Psychiatric Association, 1987), page 245.

26. Interview on September 24, 1988, with Tim Souther.

27. Interview on April 3, 1989, with Bendixon.

28. Interview on October 22, 1988, with Cleveland.

29. *Ibid.*

30. Interview on October 6, 1988, with Fitch.

31. *Ibid.*

32. Interview on October 26, 1988, with Caine.

33. Interview on September 24, 1988, with Tim Souther.

34. Interview on October 6, 1988, with Fitch.

35. *Ibid.*

36. Interview on October 6, 1988, with Fitch.

37. Interview on April 3, 1989, with Bendixon.

38. Interview on January 20, 1989, with Di Palma.

39. *Ibid.*

40. *Ibid.*

41. *Ibid.*

42. *Ibid.*

43. Interview on January 20, 1989, with Di Palma.

44. *Ibid.*

45. Interview on May 20, 1989, with Di Palma.

46. Interview on January 20, 1989, with Di Palma.

47. *Ibid.*

48. *Ibid.*

49. Interview on January 21, 1989, with Di Palma.

50. Interview on January 22, 1989, with Di Palma.

51. Interview on January 20, 1989, with Di Palma.

52. Interview on January 22, 1989, with Di Palma.

53. Interview on January 20, 1989, with Di Palma.

54. Interview on January 20, 1989, with Di Palma, and on January 30, 1989, with an NIS agent. Scovel has claimed he asked Di Palma to call him and she never did, but he has admitted he did not follow up as he should have.

55. Interview on July 27, 1988, with an NIS official. Smallwood, on May 22, 1989, declined to comment. "You write what you want to write," he said.

56. Interview on January 20, 1989, with Di Palma.

57. Interview on July 27, 1988, with an NIS official.

58. Interview on January 22, 1989, with Di Palma.

59. Interview on July 27, 1988, with an NIS official.

60. *Old Dominion University Catalog*, 1988–90, page 1.

61. Interview on November 1, 1988, with Long.

62. Interview on October 28, 1988, with Cindy.

63. Interview on November 1, 1988, with Cindy.

64. *Ibid.*

65. Interview on September 21, 1988, with Tim Souther.

66. Interview on November 1, 1988, with Cindy.

67. Interview on October 28, 1988, with Cindy.

68. *Ibid.*

69. *Ibid.*

70. *Ibid.*

71. Interview on November 1, 1988, with Cindy.

72. Interviews on November 6, 1988, with Weiser and Graham.

73. Interview on November 6, 1988, with Weiser.

74. *Ibid.*

75. Interview on October 28, 1988, with Cindy.

76. Interview on August 3, 1988, with Klein.

77. Interview on August 3, 1988, with Fahey.

78. Interview on August 4, 1988, with Mihalap.

79. Interview on July 7, 1989, with Klein.

80. Interview on August 11, 1988, with Klein.

81. Interview on August 3, 1988, with Klein.

82. Interviews on August 12, 1988, and July 17, 1989, with Higger.

83. Interview on October 9, 1988, with Philips.

84. *Ibid.*

85. Interview on August 3, 1988, with Klein.

86. Interview on October 28, 1988, with Cindy.

87. Figures on Souther's income come from an August 9, 1984, presentencing report filed in Norfolk Circuit Court. The calculation of $419 a month for tuition is based on Old Dominion's rate at the time of $1,884 per semester for nonresident students, according to the bursar's office.

88. Interview on October 28, 1988, with Cindy.

89. *Ibid.*

90. *Ibid.*

91. Interview on November 1, 1988, with Cindy.

92. Interview on October 28, 1988, with Cindy.

93. Navy Information and Personnel Security Program Regulation, OPNAVINST 5510.1H, pages 21–1 through 21–3.

94. Interview on October 28, 1988, with Cindy.

95. *Ibid.*

96. *Ibid.*

97. *Ibid.*

98. *Ibid.*

99. Interview on August 3, 1988, with Klein.

100. Interview on October 28, 1988, with Cindy, and on August 3, 1988, with Klein.

101. Interview on December 30, 1988, with Kotulak.

102. *Ibid.*

103. Interview on August 3, 1988, with Klein.

104. Interview on December 30, 1988, with Kotulak.

105. Interview on November 14, 1988, with Lucas.

106. Interview on June 28, 1989, with Byrd.

107. Interview on June 3, 1989, with Fahey.

108. Interview on August 13, 1988, with Oberg.

109. Interview on December 30, 1988, with Kotulak.

110. Interview on August 19, 1988, with Talbott.

111. Interview on October 28, 1988, with Cindy.

112. Norfolk Circuit Court case #841055–MO4, and interview on May 3, 1989, with Judge Stewart.

113. *The Russian School of Norwich University Bulletin.*

114. Interview on August 3, 1988, with Klein.

115. *Ibid.*

116. Interview on September 16, 1988, with Berryman.

117. Interview on August 3, 1988, with Klein, and on August 30, 1988, with Butterworth. Dory declined comment.

118. Interview on August 3, 1988, with Klein.

119. Interview on September 16, 1988, with Berryman.

120. Interview on August 3, 1988, with Klein, and on September 16, 1988, with Berryman.

121. Interview on August 10, 1988, with Berryman.

122. Interview on September 16, 1988, with Berryman.

123. Interview on August 21, 1988, with Stout.

124. Interview on August 19, 1988, with Zauber.

125. *Fundamentals of Naval Intelligence* (Naval Education and Training Command, 1975), page 301.

126. William E. Burrows, *Deep Black* (Random House, 1986), page 19.

127. Department of the Navy Personnel Security Program Regulation, OPNAVINST 5510.1H, pages 14–1 through 14F–10, and interview on May 5, 1989, with a former officer assigned to FICEURLANT.

128. Department of the Navy Personnel Security Program Regulation, OPNAVINST 5510.1H, pages 10–1 through 10–3.

129. Interview on July 30, 1988, with a former naval officer.

130. Interview on August 30, 1988, with Hassencahl.

131. Interview on September 9, 1988, with Fisher.

132. *Ibid.*

133. *Ibid.*

134. Interview on September 4, 1988, with Goodbar.

135. Interview on August 3, 1988, with Fahey.

136. Interview on August 4, 1988, with Mihalap.

137. Article by Ebba R. Hierta in *The Day*, New London, Connecticut, July 24, 1988, page A-1, confirmed in an interview with Hierta.

138. *Love Is the Heart of Everything: Correspondence Between Vladimir Mayakovsky and Lili Brik, 1915–1930*, edited by Bengt Jangfeldt (Grove Press, 1986), page 34.

139. Interview on August 3, 1988, with Fahey.

140. Interview on August 30, 1988, with Sapozhnikov.

141. Interview on August 11, 1988, with Klein.

142. Interview on August 30, 1988, with Sapozhnikov.

143. *Ibid.*

144. The case of Karl F. Koecher and his wife, Hana, is discussed at length in the author's 1988 book, *Spy vs. Spy*, published by Scribner's.

145. *The Falcon and the Snowman*, a 1984 Orion Pictures release.

146. Interview on October 28, 1988, with Cindy.

147. *Ibid.*

148. Interview on November 1, 1988, with Long.

149. Interview on November 3, 1988, with Cindy.

150. Interview on October 6, 1988, with Fitch, and on the same date with Kinne.

151. Presentencing report of August 9, 1984, on Souther in Norfolk Circuit Court.

152. Interview on August 20, 1988, with Butterworth.

153. Interview on July 1, 1989, with Butterworth.

154. Interview on September 21, 1988, with Tim Souther.

155. Interview on August 20, 1988, with Butterworth.

156. Interview on August 21, 1988, with Stout.

157. Article by Hierta on page A-1, *The Day*, New London, Connecticut, July 24, 1988, confirmed in an interview with Hierta.

158. Interview on August 3, 1988, with Klein.

159. *Ibid.*

160. Interview on July 28, 1988, with a federal investigative source. McCay declined repeated requests to be interviewed, saying she wants to put the events behind her.

161. Interview on October 28, 1988, with Cindy.

162. The origins of the Walker case are discussed on pages 124–25 and 159–67 of the author's book *Spy vs. Spy*. In addition, John Barron's *Breaking the Ring* (Houghton Mifflin, 1987) gives an authoritative account of the FBI investigation of the case.

163. On May 24, 1989, Holtz declined to comment.

164. Interview on June 8, 1989, with Depue.

165. See the author's February 20, 1984, article in *The Washington Post*, page A-1.

166. Interview on June 8, 1989, with Depue.

167. *Ibid.*

168. The FBI's interrogation methods in espionage cases are discussed more fully on page 206 of the author's book *Spy vs. Spy*.

169. *Spy vs. Spy*, page 130.

170. Interview on August 3, 1988, with Klein.

171. Interview on July 16, 1989, with Hodge, and on July 18, 1989, with Dickinson.

172. Interview on May 22, 1989, with Carol Norton.

173. Interview on August 20, 1988, with Butterworth.

174. Interview on July 16, 1989, with Perrow.

175. Interview on June 26, 1989, with Hassencahl.

176. Interview on August 30, 1988, with Hassencahl.

177. Interview on July 16, 1989, with Hodge.

178. Interview on September 21, 1988, with Tim Souther.

179. *Ibid.*

180. Interview on July 28, 1988, with a federal investigative source.

181. Interview on October 9, 1988, and on May 22, 1989, with Philips.

182. Interview on September 21, 1988, with Tim Souther.

183. Interview on January 20, 1989, with Di Palma.

184. Interview on October 28, 1988, with Cindy.

185. Interview on September 28, 1988, with Cindy.

186. Souther's grandfather hung up when asked by phone for comment on November 3, 1988.

187. Interview on September 29, 1988, with a former naval intelligence officer.

188. Interview on July 30, 1988, with a former naval intelligence officer.

189. Interview on October 11, 1988, with Faurer.

190. Interview on August 24, 1988, with a former official in the CIA's Directorate of Science and Technology.

191. Cross-examination of Kerr, then the CIA's associate deputy director for intelligence, in *U.S.* v. *Samuel Loring Morison*, U.S. District Court, Baltimore, page 56.

192. Interview on November 21, 1988, with a former high-ranking naval intelligence official.

193. Interview on October 9, 1988, with Philips.

194. Interview on August 3, 1988, with Klein.

195. *Ibid.*

196. Interview on July 18, 1989, with Dickinson.

197. Interview on August 30, 1988, with Sapozhnikov.

198. Interview on November 3, 1988, with a federal investigative agent.

199. Interview on November 4, 1988, with a federal investigative agent.

200. The efforts to interview Templeton or obtain her comment began on September 29, 1988, with a letter to her requesting an interview. When that got no response, the author sent her another letter on October 11, 1988, asking that she call the author to discuss an interview. On October 21, 1988, Templeton's lawyer, Philip R. Melangton, Jr., responded in a letter that Templeton did not want to be interviewed because "it has been requested that she refrain from discussing the matter with anyone other than the proper agents of our government and, of course, her attorney" because of the "sensitivity of this matter of national security." On October 29, 1988, the author called Melangton to discuss the matter further and followed up with a letter on that date enclosing his latest book. On November 9, 1988, the author talked with Melangton again, and at his request, sent him copies of the photos planned for use in the book. On November 23, 1988, the author wrote Templeton with some additional points in favor of granting an interview. She responded by phone that she did not want to be

interviewed, saying she wanted to put it all behind her. On December 7, 1988, the author sent her summaries of material about her planned for use in the book. On January 25, 1989, the author sent her more summaries, including material from extensive interviews in Italy with Patrizia Di Palma, Souther's former wife. On March 24, 1989, the author flew to Indianapolis to try to talk with Templeton. They had a pleasant but uninformative discussion through her second-story window. On May 26, 1989, the author sent Templeton a letter with a final request for comment or corrections to summaries already sent. A copy also went to Melangton. Neither responded.

201. *Virginian-Pilot,* November 19, 1986, page A-1.

202. United Press International story in the November 10, 1986, editions of *The Washington Post,* page D-2.

203. Interview on July 16, 1989, with Hodge, and on July 18, 1989, with Dickinson.

204. Interview on August 3, 1988, with Klein.

205. Interview on October 28, 1988, with Cindy.

206. Interview on September 21, 1988, with Tim Souther.

207. Letter of June 6, 1989, from Walker to the author.

208. Interview on January 20, 1989, with Di Palma, and on May 19, 1989, with a retired federal agent.

209. Interview on January 20, 1989, with Di Palma.

210. *Recent Espionage Cases* (Department of Defense Security Institute, February 1989). Besides Walker, Walker's brother, his son, and his friend Jerry Whitworth, the navy and marine corps personnel prosecuted are Lee E. Madsen, a navy yeoman, who was arrested and convicted for selling classified information to an FBI agent; Stephen Baba, a navy ensign, who was arrested and convicted for sending classified documents to the South African embassy in Washington; Brian E. Slavens, a marine corps private first class, who pleaded guilty to offering military information to the Soviet embassy in Washington; Brian P. Horton, a navy intelligence specialist who worked at FICEURLANT and attempted to sell information about SIOP to the Soviets; Hans P. Wold, stationed aboard the aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Ranger,* who was convicted of possessing top-secret information which he planned to give to the Soviets; John R. Maynard, a navy seaman, who was convicted after a search of his locker while he was on unauthorized leave disclosed fifty-one top-secret documents; Robert W. Ellis, a navy petty officer, who was convicted of offering to sell classified documents to the Soviet consulate in San Francisco; Jeffrey Pickering, a navy petty officer, who was convicted of sending a classified document to the Soviet embassy in Washington; Bruce L. Kearn, a navy operations specialist, who was convicted of delivering classified information to an unspecified nation; Robert E. Cordrey, a marine private, who was convicted of attempting to contact Soviet and Eastern bloc embassies in an effort to sell information on biological and chemical warfare; Samuel L. Morison, a civilian analyst with the Office of Naval Intelligence, who was convicted of supplying Jane's Publications with classified spy-satellite photos; Jay C. Wolff, a former navy enlisted man, who pleaded guilty to offering to sell to an undercover agent classified documents dealing with U.S. weapons systems aboard a U.S. naval vessel; Michael Tobias, a navy petty officer third class, who was convicted of stealing top-secret cryptographic cards from the U.S.S.

Peoria and attempting to sell them to Soviet representatives; Jonathan J. Pollard, an intelligence analyst with the Naval Investigative Service, who was convicted of selling an entire roomful of classified documents to Israeli intelligence officials; Robert D. Haguewood, a navy petty officer third class, who pleaded guilty to selling part of an aviation ordnance manual to an undercover police officer; Michael H. Allen, a retired navy senior chief radioman, who was convicted of passing classified documents to Philippine intelligence officers; Clayton J. Lonetree, a marine corps security guard at the American embassy in Moscow, who was convicted of passing names of CIA officers and other classified material to a KGB officer posing as the "uncle" of a Soviet woman in the embassy; Wilredo Garcia, a navy master-at-arms first class, who was convicted of trying to sell classified documents to a foreign government, probably in the Eastern bloc; David Fleming, a navy chief petty officer, who was convicted of stealing secret photographs and training manuals; Henry O. Spade, a former navy radio operator, who was convicted of having unauthorized possession of top-secret documents; and Craig D. Kunkle, a former navy chief petty officer, who is being prosecuted for trying to sell classified antisubmarine warfare documents to the Soviets.

211. Active duty military personnel are as of September 30, 1988, according to the Defense Department public affairs office.

212. A fuller discussion of NIS investigative shortcomings in the counterintelligence area appears in the author's 1989 book, *Moscow Station*, published by Scribners, pages 193–96.

213. Interview on October 14, 1988, with an NIS official.

214. Interview on May 30, 1989, with a senior intelligence official.

215. U.S. Navy response to the author's questions of May 31, 1989.

216. *Washington Post*, November 1, 1988, page A-17, quoting a House Select Committee on Intelligence report.

217. A fuller discussion of the role of agency security breaches in spy cases appears in the author's book *Spy vs. Spy*, page 280.

218. Interview on November 21, 1988, with a retired naval intelligence official.

219. The *Izvestia* article of July 17, 1988, is quoted in the *Virginian-Pilot*, July 18, 1988, page A-1.

220. English translation by the Foreign Broadcast Information Service (FBIS) of "Camera Looks at the World," July 19, 1988, and a videotape of the program.

221. Interview on September 24, 1988, with Tim Souther.

222. *Washington Post*, July 18, 1988, page A-1.

223. Interview on May 31, 1989, with Tim Souther.

224. *Washington Post*, July 22, 1988, page A-22.

225. *New York Times*, April 9, 1989, page A-20.

226. *Washington Post*, August 3, 1984, page A-2, and interview on June 1, 1989, with Hentzel and on May 30, 1989, with a spokesperson for the U.S. Selective Service System.

227. Interview on May 2, 1989, with a spokesperson for the U.S. Selective Service System and on June 14, 1989, with a spokesperson for the Marriott Corporation.

228. Interview on December 30, 1988, with Kotulak.

229. Interview on August 30, 1988, with Butterworth.

230. Interview on August 3, 1988, with Klein.

231. Interview on August 11, 1988, with Klein.

232. Interview on November 12, 1988, with Tim Souther.

233. Interview on September 24, 1988, with Tim Souther.

234. Interview on October 29, 1988, with Tim Souther.

235. Interview on January 21, 1989, with Di Palma.

236. Interview on January 22, 1989, with Di Palma.

237. Interview on June 3, 1989, with Fahey.

238. Interview on August 10, 1988, with Berryman.

239. Interview on June 8, 1989, with Depue.

240. Interview on July 14, 1989, with Feshbach. The UCLA study was based on surveys of seven hundred people.

241. Interview on July 7, 1989, with Depue. Depue did not then know how Souther had died.

242. Letter of May 17, 1989, to the author from Souther.

243. *Izvestia*, June 29, 1989, page 6.

244. *Washington Post*, May 6, 1989.

245. *Washington Times*, June 28, 1989, page A-1.

246. *New York Times*, June 29, 1989.

247. Interview on June 28, 1989, with Klein.

248. Interview on June 28, 1989, with Cindy.

249. Interview on July 9, 1989, with Cindy.

250. Interview on June 28, 1989, with Di Palma.

251. Interview on July 2, 1989, with Di Palma.

252. Interview on July 20, 1989, with Tim Souther.

253. Victor Pertsov, *Vladimir Mayakovsky: Poems* (Moscow: Progress Publishers, 1972), page 8.

254. *The Bedbug and Selected Poetry*, edited by Patricia Blake, page 19.

255. Edward J. Brown, *Mayakovsky: A Poet in the Revolution* (Princeton University Press, 1973), page 28.

256. *Love Is the Heart of Everything: Correspondence Between Vladimir Mayakovsky and Lili Brik, 1915–1930*, page 18.

257. Herbert Marshall, *Mayakovsky* (Hill and Wang, 1965), page 26.

258. *Vladimir Mayakovsky: Selected Verse*, foreword by Alexander Ushakov (Moscow: Raduga Publishers, 1985), page 12.

259. *Ibid.*, page 32.

260. *The Complete Plays of Vladimir Mayakovsky*, translated by Guy Daniels (Washington Square Press Inc., 1968), page 16.

261. *Vladimir Mayakovsky: Selected Verse*, page 47.

262. Interview on June 28, 1989, with an NIS agent.

263. Interview on June 27, 1989, with Klein.

264. Interview on May 30, 1989, with Butterworth.

265. Interview on November 1, 1988, with Cindy.

266. Interview on June 27, 1989, with Berryman.
267. Interview on July 1, 1989, with Fitch.
268. Interview on December 30, 1988, with Kotulak.
269. Interview on June 28, 1989, with Fahey.
270. Interview on July 10, 1989, with Mihalap.
271. Interview on May 20, 1989, with Di Palma.

Navy Statement

The following are the U.S. Navy's responses to the author's questions:

Q. Does the navy take security as seriously as the other services?

A. There is no way to compare in quantifiable terms each service's commitment to security. The navy sees proper security measures as absolutely vital to meet its responsibilities in the defense of the United States. The responsibility for compliance with these measures rests with each individual member of the navy family, up and down the chain of command. The navy goes to great lengths to ensure that this compliance is forthcoming. Constant command attention and continuing security education have raised the overall awareness of this responsibility.

Q. What security changes involving security clearances and access to spaces within intelligence commands have been made since the Walker and Souther cases?

A. Since 1985 a number of changes have been made in the navy's policies and practices concerning information and personnel security. Reforms and improvements in physical and technical security were implemented as well. Some predate the revelations of the Walker case and the Souther incident, and many are in direct response to the Stilwell Commission [recommendations] in November 1985.

- In March 1985, the chief of naval operations directed the consolidation of all navy "security-related" functions in one official, now known as the commander, Naval Investigative Service Command. The incumbent, Rear Admiral John E. Gordon, a two-star flag officer, is designated as the special assistant for naval investigative matters and security. For the first time, one official is responsible for *and* has authority over the policies governing law enforcement, physical security, criminal investigations, counterintelligence, and information and personnel security.
- Since then, the navy has overhauled its personnel security clearance adjudication system, withdrawing from commanders and commanding officers the authority to grant clearances. There is now a Department of the Navy Central Adjudication Facility which has assumed the consolidated responsibilities for performing records adjudication for all members of the navy family—active duty, reserve, and civilian.
- Consistent standards of quality are being applied throughout the Department of the Navy to the decision-making process in granting security clearances. Centralized adjudication means that the same organization is responsible for overseeing, granting, and policing security clearances for all hands. This means that the adjudicators have access to all officially recorded information concerning cleared personnel, including level of

clearance held. They know what prior investigations were conducted, whether they are due for periodic reinvestigation, and whether they are sufficient for the level of clearance and access granted. Adjudicators will know when naval personnel are due for periodic reinvestigation and whether they have been involved in a reported security violation. This will prevent a future John Walker from evading the security investigation and review process.

- Congress has approved the limited use of the polygraph as a condition of continuing access to classified information in specially designed top-secret and special-access programs. The navy expanded this program (with congressional approval) from thirty-nine examinations in fiscal year 1984 to 3,573 in fiscal year 1988.

- Today, the navy requires continued evaluation of cleared personnel. This is a joint effort, actively involving individuals, the command, the counterintelligence elements of the Naval Investigative Service, and the Department of the Navy Central Adjudication Facility.

- Navy policy requires inspection for classified material when persons enter and leave naval activities. Portal inspections are now commonplace at many navy buildings and facilities.

Naval Intelligence Glossary

ANALYSIS The process of evaluating the significance of new information, either by itself or in conjunction with other pieces of information, in the context of current events or developments with the perspective of past experience relevant to the subject.

BASIC INTELLIGENCE That factual intelligence which results from the collation of encyclopedic information of a fundamental and more or less permanent nature and which, as a result of evaluation and interpretation, is determined to be the best available.

CAPABILITY The ability to execute a specified course of action.

CLANDESTINE OPERATIONS Activities to accomplish intelligence, counterintelligence, and other similar activities sponsored or conducted by governmental departments or agencies in such a way as to assure secrecy or concealment.

COLLECTION The selection and allocation of operational and intelligence resources to collect against general and specific targets in response to identified intelligence requirements, the satisfaction of which is necessary to support all levels of command. Collection encompasses management of all types of resources, whether electronic, photographic, or human. Collection is also the actual process of obtaining required information.

COMBAT INTELLIGENCE Knowledge of enemy weather and geographical features required by a commander in the planning and conduct of combat operations.

COMPARTMENTATION Establishment and management of an intelligence organization so that information about the personnel, organization, or activities of one component is made available to any other component only to the extent required for the performance of assigned duties.

COUNTERESPIONAGE A category of counterintelligence, the objective of which is the detection and neutralization of foreign espionage.

COUNTERINTELLIGENCE Encompasses the neutralization of intelligence and collection efforts directed against the U.S. and identification of individuals, groups, activities, and/or movements, the objectives of which are inimical to the interests of the U.S. and specifically the U.S. Navy. The object of this functional area is to protect naval facilities and personnel from espionage, subversion, and sabotage.

COUNTERSABOTAGE Action designed to destroy the effectiveness of foreign sabotage activities through the process of identifying, penetrating, and manipulating, neutralizing, or repressing individuals, groups, or organizations conducting or capable of conducting such activities.

COUNTERSUBVERSION A part of counterintelligence devoted to destroying the effectiveness of inimical subversive activities through the detection, identification, exploitation, penetration, manipulation, deception, and repression of individuals, groups, or organizations conducting or capable of conducting such activities.

COVERT OPERATIONS Operations which are so planned and executed as to conceal the identity of or permit plausible denial by the sponsor. They differ from clandestine operations in that emphasis is placed on concealment of identity of sponsor rather than on concealment of the operation.

CRITICAL INTELLIGENCE Information indicating a situation or pertaining to a situation which affects the security interests of the U.S. to such an extent that it may require the immediate attention of the President.

CURRENT INTELLIGENCE Intelligence of all types and forms of immediate interest which is usually disseminated without the delays incident to complete evaluation or interpretation.

DEPARTMENTAL INTELLIGENCE Intelligence relating to activities or conditions within the U.S. which threaten internal security and which might require the employment of troops, and intelligence relating to activities of individuals or agencies potentially or actually dangerous to the Department of Defense.

ELICITATION INTELLIGENCE Acquisition of information from a person or group in a manner which does not disclose the intent of the interview or conversation.

ESPIONAGE Actions directed toward the acquisition of information through clandestine operations.

ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS OF INFORMATION The critical items of information regarding the enemy and his environment needed by the commander by a particular time, to relate to other available information and intelligence in order to assist him in reaching a logical decision.

ESTIMATIVE INTELLIGENCE That intelligence which assesses a foreign situation, development, or trend, and which identifies its major elements, interprets its significance, and appraises the future possibilities and the prospective results of the various actions that might be taken.

EVALUATION INTELLIGENCE Appraisal of an item of information in terms of credibility, reliability, pertinence, and accuracy.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE Intelligence concerning areas not under the control of the power sponsoring the collection effort.

INDICATIONS INTELLIGENCE Information in various degrees of evaluation, all of which bears on the intention of a potential enemy to adopt or reject a course of action.

INFORMATION INTELLIGENCE Unevaluated material of every description, including that derived from observations, reports, rumors, imagery, and other sources which, when processed, may produce intelligence.

INTEGRATION The process of forming an intelligence pattern through selection and combination of evaluated information.

INTELLIGENCE The product resulting from the collection, evaluation, analysis, integration, and interpretation of all information concerning one or more aspects of foreign countries or areas, which is immediately or potentially significant to the development and execution of plans, policies, and operations.

INTELLIGENCE ANNEX A supporting document of an operation, plan, or order which provides detailed information on the enemy situation, assignment of intelligence tasks, and intelligence administrative procedures.

INTELLIGENCE COLLECTION PLAN A plan for gathering information from all available sources to meet an intelligence requirement. Specifically, a logical plan for transforming the essential elements of information into orders or requests to sources within a required time limit.

INTELLIGENCE ESTIMATE An appraisal of the elements of intelligence relating to a specific situation or condition with a view to determining the courses of action open to the enemy or potential enemy and the probable order of adoption.

INTELLIGENCE PROCESS The intelligence process (also intelligence cycle) consists of the steps by which information is assembled and converted into intelligence and the resulting product made available to users. These steps are generally grouped into three phases: collection, production, and dissemination.

OPERATIONAL INTELLIGENCE The day-to-day collection, evaluation, and dissemination of intelligence in direct support of national level commanders and operational commands.

OVERT OPERATION The collection of intelligence openly, without concealment.

SABOTAGE An act with an intent to injure, interfere with, or obstruct the national defense of a country by willfully injuring or destroying, or attempting to injure or destroy, any national defense or war material, premises, or utilities.

STRATEGIC INTELLIGENCE Intelligence which is required for the formation of policy and military plans at national and international levels.

SUBVERSION Action designed to undermine the military, economic, psychological, or political strength of a regime.

Source: Edited version of "The Language of Intelligence," *Fundamentals of Naval Intelligence*, Naval Education and Training Command, U.S. Navy.

TACTICAL INTELLIGENCE Intelligence which is required for the planning and conduct of tactical operations. Essentially, tactical intelligence and strategic intelligence differ only in scope, point of view, and level of employment.

TARGET INTELLIGENCE Intelligence which portrays and locates the components of a target or target complex and indicates its vulnerabilities and relative importance.

Source: Edited version of "The Language of Intelligence," *Fundamentals of Naval Intelligence,* Naval Education and Training Command, U.S. Navy.

Index

"About Conferences" (Mayakovsky), 245
Akhmatova, Anna, 212
Anderson, Lloyd P., 220
Ault, Richard L., 157

Babcock, Charles R., 205
"Back Home" (Mayakovsky), 245
Bawden, James, 5
A Bear (Chekhov), 107
"The Bedbug" (Mayakovsky), 246
The Bedbug and Selected Poetry (Blake), 244
Behavioral science unit (FBI), 152–57
Bendixon, Rebecca, 25, 32
Berryman, Jon, 102–107, 161, 218, 249
  tormented by GS at Norwich U. (Northfield, Vt.), 102–107
Biehler, Deborah, 94–95
Biryukov, Dmitry, 192, 200
Biter, Timothy L., 15
Blake, George, 7–8, 237
Blake, Patricia, 244
Bloch, Felix S., 9
Boyce, Christopher J., 132–35, 175, 228
Brik, Lili, 126
  on Mayakovsky, 126
Brown, Dr. Bertram S., 220
Burrows, William E., 112
Butterworth, E. King, 97, 140–43, 162, 211, 248
Byrd, Katherine, 96–97

Caine, Kimerly, 29
Chernobyl nuclear accident, 199–200
Churchill, Winston, 196
CIA, 9, 86, 112
CINCLANTFLT, 113
Cindy (girlfriend), 53–64, 65–71, 80–87, 88-90, 90–93, 99, 103, 132–36, 148–49, 169–71, 183–84, 216–17, 242, 249

Cindy (girlfriend) (cont.)
  described, 54–55; early relationship with GS, 53–64; end of affair with GS, 90–93; first trip to Italy with GS, 62–67; with GS in Ghent (Norfolk, Va.) apartment, 80–87; on GS in the U.S.S.R., 216–17; hints of spying from GS, 56–60, 88; interviewed by FBI, 169–71; jealousy of GS, 90–93; karate training of, 56; second trip to Italy with GS, 88–90; sees film *Falcon and Snowman,* 132–36; sex life with GS, 57; unsuccessful attempt to reach FBI, 148–49; view of GS as obsessive personality, 61
Cleveland, Joyce, 25–27, 218
  on GS at Greely High, 25–27
"A Cloud in Trousers" (Mayakovsky), 125, 143, 203, 245
  GS's reading of, 143
Color coding, 115–16
Conrad, Clyde Lee, 9

Debbie (Cindy's sister), 134–35
  suspects GS of spying, 134–35
Deep Black (Burrows), 112
Defense Central Index of Investigations, 86
Defense Intelligence Agency, 4, 111, 112
Depue, Roger L., 153–54, 156, 220–34
  on FBI behavioral science unit, 153–54
  psychological profile of GS by, 220–34
Dickinson, Mark J., 178
Digital processing, 115
DIS (Defense Investigative Service), 86–87, 109, 188
  background investigation of GS for security clearance, 86–87
DORA (code word), 118
Dory (girlfriend), 103–104
Duggan, Clifford E., Jr., 15–16, 18, 19
  on church membership of GS, 15–16

Eastwood, Dave A., 16, 19
Esenin, Serge, 141
Espionage in navy. *See* Navy espionage cases
Estonian Republican Committee, 195–96
Ethan Frome (Wharton), 93

Fahey, John A., 6, 73–74, 98–99, 123, 128, 142, 161–62, 178, 210, 217, 249
  as Russian teacher of GS, 73–74
The Falcon and the Snowman (film), 132–36, 149, 169, 170
Farrell's Ice Cream Parlor, 209–10
Faurer, Lincoln D., 174–75, 176
  on spy satellites, 174–75
FBI, 4, 9, 86, 127, 139, 148–49, 152–57, 167–71, 177–79, 201–202
  cites GS as "missing person," 167–71; GS on, 201–202; and Danine Klein, 177–78; interviews Cindy after GS disappears, 167–71; interviews GS, 158–59; interviews Kelli Templeton, 179–80; interviews Svetlana Sapozhnikov, 178–79. *See also* Behaviorial science unit (FBI)
Feshbach, Seymour, 222
FICEURLANT (Fleet Intelligence Center for Europe and the Atlantic), 4, 10, 110–19, 185
  described, 110–12; DORA and, 118; GS at, 110–19; layout of, 116–17; library at, 116; mission-planning kits, 110; SAO vault, 118; security at, 113; SIOP and, 117–18; top-secret material at, 117
Fisher, Theresa, 121–22
  on GS, 121–22

Fitch, Robert A., 27–30, 31, 32, 137, 249
  high school friendship with GS, 27–30
FOSIF ROTA (Fleet Ocean Surveillance Information Facility), 138
Fromme, Lynette "Squeaky," 154

Glueckert, Dave, 19, 60
Goodbar, William N., 122
Graham, Robert, 67–69
  violent incident with GS and, 67–69
Greely High School (Cumberland, Maine), 25–30

Hall, James W., III, 9, 225
Hassencahl, Frances J., 120–22, 163–64, 182
Hentzel, Eric, 209–10
Hierta, Ebba R., 144
Higger, Frances, 76
Hodge, Sharon H., 163–64
Hoffer, Eric, 228
Holtz, Richard "Butch," 151–52, 158–59
  assigned Souther case, 151–52; interviews GS, 158–59
Hoover, J. Edgar, 153
Howard, Edward Lee, 9, 188–89, 206, 240–41
  GS compared to, 240–41
Hunter, Robert W., 150–51
  Walker case and, 150–51

Kampiles, William P., 175, 188
Kerr, Richard J., 175
KGB, 8, 146, 170, 186
Klein, Danine D., 72–79, 90–93, 95, 96, 101–104, 126, 140, 144, 145, 160–61, 165, 177–78, 211–14, 242, 248
  on Cindy's jealousy of GS, 90–93; FBI and, 177–78; grand jury testimony of, 182–83; on GS at Russian School (Norwich U.), 101–104; platonic friendship with GS, 72–79; reaction to defection of GS, 211–14
Koecher, Karl F., 130–31, 158, 164, 188
Kotulak, Cynthia M., 94–100, 210–11, 249
  attacked by GS, 94–100
Kryuchkov, Vladimir A., 6–7, 239, 249
  remarks on death of GS, 6–7, 239

Lee, Andrew Daulton, 132–33, 170, 175
Libya, 198–99
Lindsey, Robert, 132–35
Long, Darcie A., 53–54, 67, 92–93, 135–36
  brief affair with GS, 53–54; Cindy confides suspicions of GS to, 135–36
Lucas, Lt. Ellen M., 95–96

McCay, Ann M., 144–47, 161, 165, 166, 177, 182, 216
  relationship with GS, 144–47; sets wedding date with GS, 161
McGill, Andrea C., 77–78, 142, 143, 166
Marcia (girlfriend in Norfolk), 140
Mayakovsky, Vladimir, 13–14, 123–26, 141, 142, 201, 230, 238, 243–47
  brief biographical sketch of, 243–47; identification by GS with, 13–14, 123–26; Lili Brik on, 126
Mihalap, Leonid I., 5–6, 74, 98, 123–26, 128, 129, 145, 182, 217, 249
  introduces GS to poetry of Mayakovsky, 123–26
Mission-planning kits, 110
Moore, Sara Jane, 154

National Reconnaissance Office, 112
National Security Agency, 10, 86, 112, 142, 174

NATO (North Atlantic Treaty Organization), 194–95, 208
Naval Intelligence Support Center, 113
Navy espionage cases, 186–89
  blasé approach to, 188–89; KGB and, 186; security and, 187–88
NIS (Naval Investigative Service), 4, 9, 40, 48–51, 138–39, 149, 184–85
  Jeffrey Smallwood reports GS to, 48–57; Patrizia Di Palma reports GS to, 48–51
Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot,* 181–82
  first news coverage of GS's disappearance, 181–82
Norton, Cathy, 160–61
  final Russian Club party and, 160–61
NPIC (National Photo Interpretation Center), 113

Oberg, Cheryl D. "Purple," 97
OCS (Officer Candidate School), 137–38, 207
  GS rejected by, 137–38
"Order of battle," 111
Orlov, Mikhail Yevgenyevich, 3, 237, 238
  name taken by GS in U.S.S.R., 3. *See also* Glenn M. Souther

Parker, Phillip A., 150, 157
Pauley, Jane, 56
Pelton, Ronald W., 9, 225
Perrow, Michael G., 163–64
Petsas, James N., 14–15
Philby, Kim, 6, 7–8, 237, 240, 249
  GS compared to, 240
Philips, Christopher L., 76–77, 166, 176
PHOTINT intelligence, 109–10
Pliska, Stanley R., 98
Pollard, Jonathan Jay, 189, 225
Psychological profile of Glenn Souther, 220–34
  alcohol use by, 228–29; compulsive masturbation by, 223; fantasy and, 221–22; father figure and, 222, 225, 234; feelings of inadequacy and, 226–27; ideology and disenchantment, 230–33; manipulation and, 230; sexual behavior, 223–25; suicide and, 234; vengeance or retaliation, 225–26
Pushkin, A. S., 161

Rambo (film), 197
Response (organization), 96, 99
Rocky (film), 197
Rodenburg, Amy S., 18–19, 104
  GS's boyhood crush on, 18–19
Roosevelt, Franklin D., 196

SAO (Special Activities Office) vault, 118
Sapozhnikov, Svetlana "Lana," 127–31, 145, 158, 207
  interviewed by FBI, 178–79; reported as Soviet recruiter by GS, 130–31
SCI (sensitive compartmented information), 86, 109
Scovel, Gregory A., 49–51, 139, 149, 150, 248
  GS reported by wife to, 49–51
Seidel, Robert J., 182–83
SI/TK intelligence, 109–10
SIGINT intelligence, 109–10
SIOP (Single Integrated Operational Plan), 111, 117–18
Sirhan, Sirhan, 154
Smallwood, Jeffrey, 50–51, 149
  allegations of GS as spy and, 50–51; reports GS to NIS, 138–39
Souther, Angelo (son), 35, 38, 47, 217, 242–43, 249
  birth of, 35; today, 249
Souther, Eugene Sherman (father), 14, 21–22, 24, 29–30, 31–32
  divorce from Shirley Souther, 14; relationship with GS, 29–30; son Timothy on, 21–22; at wedding of GS, 32
Souther, Glenn M.:

on abuse of enlisted men in Navy, 75, 84–85; admiration for Communism, 34–36, 83–84; alcohol use by, 36, 58, 60, 62, 228–29; Amy Rodenburg, boyhood crush on, 18–19; Ann McCay, relationship with, 144–47; attacks Cynthia Kotulak, 94–100; birth of son, Angelo, 35; boyhood of, 12–20, 21–23, 24–30; brother Tim, relationship with, 17–18; on charges made on Soviet television, 207–14; on Chernobyl, 199–200; church membership in youth of, 15–16; Cindy and, 53–64, 65–71, 80–87, 88–90, 90–93; cited as "missing person" by FBI, 167–71; compared to John Walker, 172–76; compulsive masturbation of, 19, 61, 223; Confederate uniform of, 15; criticizes U.S., 83–84, 190–204; Danine Klein, platonic relationship with, 72–79; Darcie Long, brief affair with, 53–54; defection of, 3–11, 190–204; defection story in *The Washington Post,* 205–207; "disappearance" of, 166, 167–71, 172–76, 177–80, 181–204; divorce of parents and, 14; divorces wife, Patrizia, 87; early work for the U.S.S.R., 36–41; end of affair with Cindy, 90–93; end of marriage, 40–41, 42–46, 47–51; father, relationship with, 29–30; on FBI, 201–202; as "Gleb" in Russian Club, 75; granted political asylum in U.S.S.R., 190–204; in Greely High School, 25–30; at high school reunion, 137; in Italy with Cindy, 62–64, 65–67, 88–90; interviewed by Holtz of FBI, 158–59; interviewed on Soviet television, 190–204; investigated by DIS for security clearance, 86–87; Kelli Templeton and, 43–45, 53–54; King Butterworth and, 140–43; leaves U.S. for last time, 163–66; marriage to Patrizia Di Palma, 32–41; Mayakovsky, identification with, 13–14, 123–26, 203–204; in Moscow, 215–18; moves to apartment in Ghent, 71, 80–87; on NATO, 194–95; in naval reserve, 52; at Naval Training Command (Patuxent, Md.), 39; navy career of, 30, 31–41, 42–51, 52; at navy public affairs office, 109; newspaper coverage of "disappearance" of, 181–82; obituary in *Red Star,* 3–8; at Old Dominion U. (Norfolk, Va.), 52–64, 120–26, 127–31; Pentamation Enterprises Inc. and, 163–64; praised by spy by *Pravda,* 7–8; pranks of, 13, 16–18, 22, 74, 94–96, 122; psychological profile by Roger Dupue, 220–34; public speaking and, 120–22; reactions of friends to defection of, 215–18; receives award from navy, 38; refusal to grant interview to author, 235–37; rejected by OCS, 137–38, 207; reports Lana Sapozhnikov as Soviet recruiter, 130–31; at Russian Club party, 160–62; in the Russian Club, 72–79, 100–62; in Russian School at Norwich U., 101–108, 137; sexual behavior of, 57–58, 77, 78–79, 122, 223–25; Soviet coverage of death of, 238; stepfather, relationship with, 22–23; suicide note quoted by *Pravda,* 8; suicide of, 141, 234, 237–38; suspended by Old Dominion, 97–99; given suspended sentence for attacking coed, 94–96, 99, 100;

Souther, Glenn M. (cont.)
  takes name of Orlov, 3, 237, 238; top-secret security clearance awarded to, 109–10; torments Jon Berryman at Norwich, 102–107; underdog, identification with, 19–20, 60–61; on U.S. bombing of Libya, 198–99; U.S. government cover up at death of, 9; on U.S. Selective Service System, 200, 208–10; aboard U.S.S. *Nimitz,* 31–33; on U.S.S. *Nimitz,* 192–93; violent behavior of, 45, 68–69, 92, 94–96; wins first prize in language contest, 123
Souther, Janet (sister), 14, 15, 21
Souther, Marilyn (stepmother), 24
Souther, Patrizia Di Palma (wife), 32–41, 42–46, 47–51, 76, 79, 81, 87, 138, 139, 149, 151, 166, 168, 184–85, 207–208, 217, 241–44, 249
  beaten by GS, 45; divorced from GS, 87; end of marriage, 40–41, 42–46, 47–51; interviewed by NIS and FBI, 184–85; Kelli Templeton and, 43–45; marriage to GS, 32–41; reports GS to NIS, 48–51; told by GS of his work for U.S.S.R., 36–37
Souther, Timothy (brother), 14, 17–18, 21–22, 29, 57–58, 142, 166, 168, 183–84, 206, 215–16, 243
  on his father, 21–22; relationship with GS, 17–18; visits GS in Norfolk, 57–58
Speck, Richard, 95
Spy satellite photos, 112–16
  analyzing, 114–15; color coding of, 115–16; digital processing and, 115; satellites described in *Deep Black,* 112; stereoscopy and, 115; value of, 114
Spy vs. Spy: Stalking Soviet Spies in America (Kessler), 235
Stereoscopy, 115
Stewart, Judge Robert W., 100
Stone, Steve, 181
Stout, Mitchell J., 107, 143
Swartz (grandmother), 142

Talbott, Frederick E., 99
Templeton, Kelli, 43–45, 53–54, 57, 64–68, 70
  confronts GS about Cindy, 70; interviewed by FBI and NIS, 179–80; meets GS, 43–45
Top Gun (film), 198
Tradecraft, 133
The True Believer (Hoffer), 228

Up the Down Staircase (play), 26
Ushakov, Alexander, 245
U.S. Selective Service System, 200, 208–10
U.S.S. *Nimitz,* 31–33, 192–93

Vance, Mary C. "Missy," 18
Vitkus, James, Jr., 15
Vladimir Mayakovsky: Selected Verse (Ushakov), 245

Wagner, John C., 151, 157
Walker, Arthur, 150
Walker, Barbara, 150
Walker, John A., Jr., 9, 127, 138, 149–51, 170, 172–76, 184, 188, 225, 227–28, 240
  case compared to that of GS, 172–76; FBI and, 149–51
Walker, Michael, 150
The Washington Post, 182, 205–207
  defection story of GS in, 205–207
Watters, Thomas C., 164
The Way I Became a Dog (Mayakovsky), 245
Webster, William H., 9
Weiser, Carolyn, 67–70
Wharton, Edith, 93
Whitworth, Jerry A., 150
Wiergacz, Joseph (stepfather), 14, 22–23, 24, 141, 165, 215–16
  relationship with GS, 22–23; visits GS in Moscow, 215–16

Wiergacz, Shirley Swartz Souther (mother), 14, 45, 141, 165–66, 167–69, 205–206, 215–16
  disappearance of GS and, 167–69; divorce from Eugene Souther, 14; informed of son's defection, 205–206; visits GS in Moscow, 215–16
Williams, Pete, 9–10
  on GS as spy, 9–10
Wolfinger, Joseph R., 150–51
  Walker case and, 150–51
Woodward, Julie, 146

Yurchenko, Vitaly S., 241

Zauber, Dr. Issa R., 108

(Continued from front flap)

cut warning signs (including a confession to his wife in 1980), the navy assigned Souther to a highly classified intelligence center, where he was privy to the "black vault," which contained actual war plans.

The dénouement is striking. Suddenly, in June 1989, the Soviet national press reported that Souther had committed suicide—a man alienated from his family, his country, and, finally, even from the false haven he had sought in Russia. Behind him he left to his adopted land a legacy of America's most vital defense secrets.

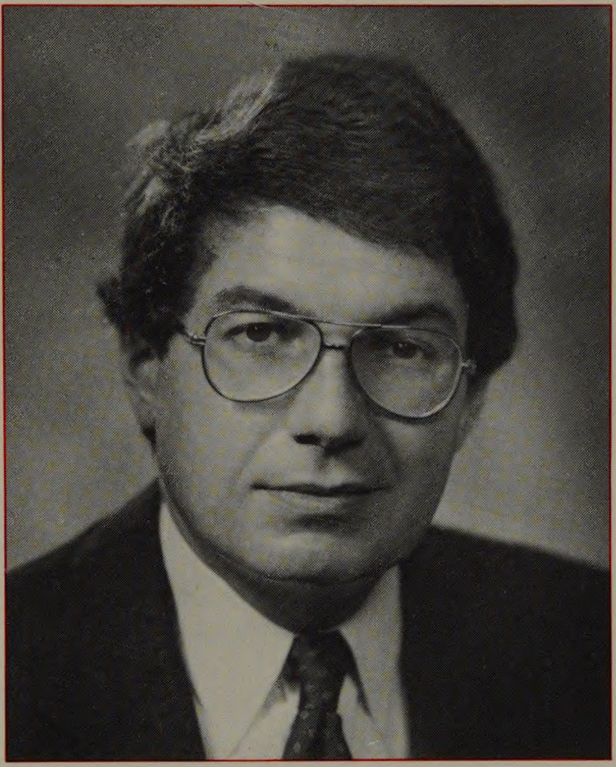

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RONALD KESSLER, former prize-winning correspondent for *The Washington Post* and *The Wall Street Journal*, is the author of *Spy vs. Spy: Stalking Soviet Spies in America.* He lives in Potomac, Maryland.

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- the previously untold story of how the FBI got the actual file on Robert Hanssen out of KGB headquarters in Moscow for $7 million in an unprecedented operation that ended in Hanssen's arrest.
- how for three years, the FBI pursued a CIA officer, code name GRAY DECEIVER, in the mistaken belief that he was the mole they were seeking inside U.S. intelligence. The innocent officer was accused as a spy and suspended by the CIA for nearly two years.
- why Hanssen spied, based on exclusive interviews with Dr. David L. Charney, the psychiatrist who met with Hanssen in his jail cell more than thirty times. Hanssen, in an extraordinary arrangement, authorized Charney to talk to the author.
- the full story of Robert Hanssen's bizarre sex life, including the hidden video camera he set up in his bedroom and how he plotted to drug his wife, Bonnie, so that his best friend could father her child.
- how Hanssen and the CIA's Aldrich Ames betrayed three Russians secretly spying for the FBI—including TOPHAT, a Soviet general—who were then executed by Moscow.

(continued on back flap)

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SPY

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SPY

The Inside Story of How the FBI's Robert Hanssen Betrayed America

David Wise

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To Thomas B. Ross

Contents

1- The Mole Hunter - 3

2- The Man Who Was Sunday - 5

3- "Oh, My Son, My Son" - 9

4- "On Second Thought, Give the Money to Mother Teresa" - 19

5- Headquarters - 28

6- The Year of the Spy - 37

7- "Soon, I Will Send a Box of Documents" - 47

8- "For Sale, Dodge Diplomat, Needs Engine Work" - 58

9- Anybody Here Seen a Mole? - 66

10- The Spy - 74

11- Hanssen's Gods - 85

12- Diamonds Are a Spy's Best Friend - 94

13- Let's Play MONOPOLY - 100

14- "A Contagious Disease Is Suspected" - 111

15- "Oh My God, Look What He Leaves Lying Around!" - 120

16- "Life Is Becoming Too Fast" - 132

17- Play It Again, Sam - 143

18- "He Was Dragging Me by the Arm, Screaming at Me" - 153

19- Hibernation - 159

20- "There Has to Be Another" - 168

21- Mole Wars - 178

22- Recontact - 183

23- BUCKLURE - 196

24- The Wrong Man - 205

25- GRAYDAY - 219

26- Sleeping Tiger - 233

27- The Arrest - 240

28- Sex, Lies, and Videotape - 251

29- The Plea Bargain - 261

30- The Mind of Robert Hanssen - 270

31- "You Would Have to Be a Total Stupid Fucking Idiot to Spy for the KGB" - 282

Author's Note - 295

Index - 301

SPY

1

The Mole Hunter

Disaster.

Inside the Soviet counterintelligence section at FBI headquarters in Washington, there could be no other word for what had happened: the two KGB agents who were the bureau's highly secret sources inside the Soviet embassy in Washington had somehow been discovered. Valery Martynov and Sergei Motorin had been lured back to Moscow and executed. Each was killed with a bullet in the head, the preferred method used by the KGB to dispatch traitors.

There would be no more visits to the candy store by the FBI counterintelligence agents; M&M, as the two KGB men were informally if irreverently known inside FBI headquarters, were gone, two more secret casualties of the Cold War. The year was 1986. The FBI quickly created a six-person team to try to determine what had gone wrong.

Meanwhile, the CIA, across the Potomac in Langley, Virginia, was having its own troubles. It was losing dozens of agents inside the Soviet Union, some executed, others thrown into prison. The agency formed a mole hunt group.

Two years later, in 1988, the FBI still had no answer to how Martynov, whom the bureau had given the code name PIMENTA, and Motorin, code name MEGAS, had been lost. Something more had to be done, and the FBI now began thinking the unthinkable. As painful, even heretical, as it might be to consider, perhaps there was a traitor—a Russian spy—inside the FBI itself.

To find out the truth was the job of the bureau's intelligence division, which was in charge of arresting spies, penetrating foreign espionage services, and, when possible, recruiting their agents to work for the FBI. The division was divided into sections, one of which, CI-3 (the CI stood for counterintelligence), housed the Soviet analytical unit, the research arm of the bureau's spycatchers. Perhaps, the division's chiefs reasoned, something might be learned if the analysts, looking back to the beginning of the Cold War, carefully studied every report gleaned from a recruitment or a defector that hinted at possible penetrations of the FBI by Soviet intelligence. Perhaps a pattern could be seen that might point to a current penetration, if one existed.

Within the Soviet unit, two experienced analysts, Bob King and Jim Milburn, were assigned to read the debriefings of Soviet defectors and reports of Soviet intelligence sources who had, over the years, been recruited as spies by the FBI. The two shared a cubicle in Room 4835 with their supervisor.

The supervisor, a tall, forty-four-year-old, somewhat dour man, was not a popular figure among his fellow special agents, although he was respected for his wizardry with computers. He had been born in Chicago, served for a while as a police officer in that city, and joined the FBI twelve years before, in 1976. Now he was responsible for preparing and overseeing the mole study.

For the supervisor, directing the analysis to help pinpoint a possible mole inside the FBI was a task of exquisite irony. For he knew who had turned over the names of Valery Martynov and Sergei Motorin to the KGB. He knew there was in fact an active mole inside the FBI, passing the bureau's most highly classified secrets to Moscow. He knew the spy was a trusted counterintelligence agent at headquarters. He knew, in fact, that the spy was a supervisory special agent inside the Soviet analytical unit. He knew all this but could tell no one. And for good reason.

Robert Hanssen was looking for himself.

2

The Man Who Was Sunday

Jack was visiting that Sunday in February 2001, as he did every chance he got when business took him to Washington from his home in Trier, Germany. He was, as usual, staying with Bob and Bonnie Hanssen in their modest brown-shingle home in Vienna, Virginia.

Jack Delroy Hoschouer—"Uncle Jack" to the Hanssens' six children—was Bob Hanssen's closest friend; they had met in high school in Chicago. Hanssen was an only child, but Jack considered himself closer than a brother. He had been best man at Bob and Bonnie's wedding and was godfather to one of their children. He was so close that he telephoned Hanssen every day, without fail, from wherever he was.

They had bonded almost immediately at Taft High School in Chicago's Norwood Park, the bookish, bespectacled Hoschouer and his taller, somber friend. Both were quiet and not drawn to sports, but they shared an interest in Formula One racing and girls. As adults, both were avid surfers of Internet porn sites; they were connoisseurs of the wide range of naked women, appealing to various sexual appetites, depicted in cyberspace. Hanssen would e-mail Hoschouer in Germany: had Jack seen this or that website? Check it out, Hanssen would suggest, the women and the sexual acrobatics on display were awesome.

Bob Hanssen, as Hoschouer well knew, was fascinated by sex and pornography, and not only on the Internet. When Jack was in Washington, they often secretly slipped away to visit strip clubs.

They also spent hours discussing philosophy, religion, and literature. Their career paths had diverged. Hoschouer was a military man; he had commanded an air infantry company in Vietnam and went into the arms business after he retired from the Army. Hanssen, meanwhile, was in Washington and New York, building his career in FBI counterintelligence.

The two friends talked about more than sex and salvation. Intelligence was another subject of mutual interest. At the bureau, it was Hanssen's daily preoccupation. And Jack had served five years as an Army attaché at the United States embassy in Bonn, a job in which he had a lot to do with intelligence. In Germany, Hoschouer had often met with his Soviet opposite number in an accepted, familiar game of trading intelligence tidbits.

Now, in northern Virginia on this February 18, Hoschouer was enjoying the last day of his visit. The quiet winter Sunday had begun like any other. The Hanssens, as usual, went to church. To those who knew the family, the Roman Catholic Church appeared central to their lives. Born a Lutheran, Hanssen had converted to Catholicism at the behest of his wife soon after their marriage. Their three boys and three girls attended Catholic schools. Hanssen not only went to mass frequently—often daily—he was a dedicated member of Opus Dei, a secretive, highly conservative, and somewhat mysterious Catholic group that emphasizes spirituality and prayer in the daily lives of its lay members. Hanssen frequently tried to persuade Catholic friends to come with him to Opus Dei meetings.

Hoschouer was about to join the Hanssens as they were leaving for church when his wife, Aya, called from Germany. He decided to talk to her rather than accompany the Hanssens.

After lunch, Hoschouer and Hanssen lazily threw the Frisbee for Bob's dog, Sunday, a black mixed breed, part mastiff, part Labrador. Around 3 P.M., back inside, Hanssen handed his friend a copy of *The Man Who Was Thursday,* G. K. Chesterton's novel about seven men who are apparent anarchists—the early twentieth-century version of today's terrorists. Hanssen urged Jack to read it.

Each of the characters in the novel is named for a day of the week. Sunday, their leader, is a massive, outsize figure with supernatural powers who represents nature or the universe. But in the dreamlike fantasy, nothing is as it first appears. All six of Sunday's followers turn out to be undercover Scotland Yard detectives, recruited in a dark room by a mysterious, unseen man who, of course, was really Sunday. But why was a senior police official leading such a convoluted, complex double life?

Hoschouer, later reflecting on that day, thought he understood why the book held a special attraction for Hanssen. Not one of the characters was what he first seemed to be; all were secretly somebody else. There were other intriguing bits. Of Gabriel Syme, the first police detective introduced to the reader, Chesterton wrote: "It never occurred to him to be spiritually won over to the enemy."*

In midafternoon, it was time for Hoschouer to head for the airport. He was flying to Phoenix to visit his elderly parents in Mesa, Arizona. The two friends climbed into the Hanssens' three-year-old silver Ford Taurus for the trip to Dulles.

They reached the airport, but Hanssen did not follow their customary routine. "Usually he'd park and he'd come in and we'd have a cup of coffee," Hoschouer recalled. "Actually, he didn't drink coffee, he'd have a Coke. This time he just dropped me off. I didn't think anything about that because I knew his daughter Jane and his son-in-law were coming for dinner, so it seemed perfectly normal." Richard Trimber, Jane's husband, was a young associate in a downtown Washington law firm. The Trimbers had four children; Bob Hanssen, at fifty-six, was a grandfather.

With a wave, Hanssen was gone. Hoschouer checked in and about 6 P.M. boarded his flight to Phoenix.

* * *

From the airport, Hanssen did not return directly to his home at 9414 Talisman Drive. He drove instead to Foxstone Park, a few blocks from his house.

There, he placed a piece of white adhesive tape in a vertical position on one of the poles that supported the park sign. Like some malign doppelgänger of Clark Kent, Special Agent Robert Hanssen of the FBI had figuratively changed costume and stepped into his other, secret life as "Ramon," ace agent of the Sluzhba Vneshnei Razvedki, or SVR, the successor to the KGB. The tape was a signal to the Russian spy agency that secret documents would be waiting at a dead drop, a hiding place inside the park, ready for them to pick up.

---

*G. K. Chesterton, *The Man Who Was Thursday,* annotated by Martin Gardner (San Francisco: Ignatius Press, 1999), p. 105. Originally published in 1907. In retrospect, Hoschouer wondered whether Hanssen had even named his dog for Chesterton's character Sunday.

This was no sudden transformation of loyalties to Moscow by Robert Hanssen. He did not have an epiphany in Foxstone Park. He had secretly been a Russian spy, on and off, for almost twenty-two years. He was Moscow's mole, operating from within the very heart of American counterintelligence. He had turned over more than six thousand pages of classified documents, including many of the nation's most sensitive secrets, to the Russians. In return, he had been paid more than $600,000 in cash and diamonds, and told that another $800,000 had been deposited to his account in a Moscow bank, for a total of $1.4 million.

As Hanssen's reward this day, the Russians had stashed $50,000 in used hundred-dollar bills in dead drop LEWIS, a hiding place in Arlington beneath a wooden stage in an outdoor amphitheater in the Long Branch Nature Center.

From his car, Hanssen removed a large plastic garbage bag, tightly secured at the top with clear tape. To anyone watching, it might appear, at worst, that someone was furtively dumping unwanted trash in the park. The garbage bag, however, contained not trash but a computer disk and seven FBI documents, each classified SECRET. These would be of great interest to the SVR's leaders in Yasenevo, the agency's headquarters on the Moscow ring road. They revealed the FBI's current and proposed counterintelligence operations against certain Russian officials and installations in the United States.

It was just after 4:30 P.M. Hanssen made his way along the path through the trees to a wooden footbridge that crossed over Wolf Trap Creek, the narrow stream that meanders through the park. To the Russians and Hanssen, this was dead drop ELLIS. Carefully, he placed the bag out of sight, just under the bridge.

It took him another four minutes to emerge from the woods and walk to his car.

At that instant, he knew.

The men moving toward him were armed with submachine guns.

Hanssen had realized the risks. He had reminded the Russians in a letter just three months earlier that the espionage laws in the United States had been changed. If caught, he warned, he might not just be sent to prison.

He might face the penalty of death.

3

“Oh, My Son, My Son”

Norwood Park is a working-class, predominantly white area on the northwest fringe of Chicago. “It was the only neighborhood in Chicago that looked like the suburbs, with one-family houses set on lawns,” recalled James D. Ohlson, who grew up nearby and later became a friend of Hanssen when both served in the FBI.

The neighborhood’s politics reflected its demographics; Norwood Park was a conservative stronghold. “It was,” Ohlson noted, “the only Republican ward in Mayor Daley’s Chicago. Police, firefighters, teachers, and other city employees had to live in Chicago, and our ward was filled with them.”

Howard Hanssen, a Chicago police officer, and his wife, Vivian, lived in a modest two-story white bungalow in Norwood Park at 6215 North Neva Avenue. Howard Hanssen was serving as a petty officer in the Navy during World War II when, on April 18, 1944, their son and only child, Robert Philip, was born.

Before joining the force, Howard Hanssen had worked for the Campbell Soup Company, mixing spices for the vats. In the Navy, stationed at Great Lakes, Illinois, he had traded one police uniform for another. “He was a shore patrolman and traveled the trains, bringing back prisoners and AWOLs,” Vivian Hanssen recalled.

The Hanssens on Howard’s side were Danish or German, Vivian Hanssen thought. “Most likely Danish because of the double ‘s.’ I was never sure which and I don’t think he was sure. He came from a part that went back and forth.” Vivian Baer Hanssen’s own family background was German.

An intelligent and articulate woman, Vivian Hanssen was eighty-eight years old, widowed, and living in Venice, Florida, when her son was arrested as a Russian spy. Devastated by the news, she could offer no explanation for his actions. "He had a normal childhood. He was never in any trouble. Maybe a few things he wasn't happy about that I didn't know. But I don't want to talk about that.

"He had a pretty strict dad," she added. "I was the lenient one. He never showed any problems with me."

But Howard Hanssen, by several accounts, was more than strict; he was a stern disciplinarian, verbally and sometimes even physically abusive toward his son. Once, his father rolled him up in an old Navy mattress so he could not move. Trapped, with his arms pinned, Robert became frightened and began to cry. According to another account, Hanssen's father would spin him around until he became so dizzy he threw up, a bizarre punishment apparently designed to toughen him up. For much the same reason, his father, when Hanssen was a teenager, even secretly arranged for his son to fail his driving test. As a Chicago cop, Howard Hanssen could have managed this without any great difficulty.

* * *

When Hanssen was arrested, his wife, Bonnie, immediately called Plato Cacheris, the celebrated Washington defense attorney, and asked him to represent her husband. Cacheris agreed. He was used to high-profile cases; he had represented Aldrich Ames, the CIA spy, and Monica Lewinsky, among others. Cacheris asked Dr. David L. Charney, a Washington psychiatrist, to evaluate Hanssen, who talked at length to him about his father. Charney spent more than thirty hours with Hanssen, visiting him in jail in the months after his arrest.

"If I had to pick one core psychological reason for his spying, I would target the experience he had in his relations with his father," Charney said. "Hanssen's father seemed to be fundamentally impatient with him." His father, Charney concluded, was "borderline abusive." Among the various punishments he imposed on his son, "he forced him to sit with his legs spread in some fashion. I'm not implying a sexual element to the abuse. But he was forced to sit in that position and it was humiliating."

Jack Hoschouer, Hanssen's closest friend, said Howard constantly put his son down, and frequently complained that he would never be a success in life.

These accounts might be discounted as efforts to explain away Hanssen's espionage by apportioning some of the blame to his dead father. In American society, people who commit crimes often seek to paint themselves as victims. Whether Hanssen's treatment by his stern father was linked to his later betrayal of his country can be debated, but the relationship was without doubt a troubled one.

Jack's mother, Jeanette Hoschouer, said she had a clear memory of several encounters with Howard Hanssen, in which he openly and repeatedly bad-mouthed his son. She remembers running into Howard at the Jewel grocery store in Norwood Park. "He would say, 'Oh, my son, my son, is he ever going to amount to anything?' Always something belittling about Bob. No matter what Bob did, it wasn't right. I've never seen a father like that. He would never have a kind word to say about his only child."

Aside from putting down his son, Howard Hanssen's chief interest seemed to be betting on the horses. He spent almost all of his free time at the track. Even family vacations were planned around a day at the races in whatever city they were visiting.

People tend to edit out the bad experiences in the past and remember the good times. Hanssen knew his father was deeply disappointed in him. But in later life he preferred to cling to happier memories: his father taking him fishing, teaching him to shoot, building things together with Lincoln Logs. He remembered how he had tried to please his father by bringing him solutions to algebra problems.

As a boy, Bob Hanssen attended Norwood Park Grammar School and went on to Taft High School. It was there, in chemistry lab in his sophomore year, that he and Jack Hoschouer met, beginning their lifelong friendship. Jack, whose family owned a printing business, had grown up next door to Norwood Park in Edison Park.

Hanssen's high school years sounded fairly normal. "We liked to look at girls, go out; we sometimes dated the same girls," Hoschouer recalled. It was all casual, he said. "Bob did not have a particular girlfriend."

Auto racing also captured their imagination. Trying to emulate their hero; Stirling Moss, the legendary British racing driver, the two teens ran their own version of the Grand Prix on the back streets of Chicago. "We broke a few traffic laws," Hoschouer said, "but we never got caught. We found some real curvy streets and saw how fast we could go. Testing our cornering skills." These antics usually took place in a Corvair that belonged to Hoschouer's mother.

In 1962, at age eighteen, Hanssen graduated from Taft. His photograph in the *Aerie,* the high school yearbook, reveals a crew-cut young man, wearing a tie, looking perhaps slightly younger than his age. Near his picture, he listed only three extracurricular activities—the Radio Club, the Honor Club, and Teacher's Helper—far fewer than many other students.* For his motto, he chose: "Science is the light of life."

Hanssen won a scholarship to Knox College, a small liberal arts school in Galesburg, Illinois. Hoschouer went off to St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota. Although the two friends were separated geographically, they remained in close touch. "We spent our vacations almost every minute together," Hoschouer recalled. "He came up to St. Olaf once to see me and I went to Knox once."

At Knox, Hanssen majored in chemistry and math but also studied Russian. Momcilo Rosic, Hanssen's Russian teacher, was an anti-Communist Yugoslav. "I taught him only language, a requirement," he said. "Three or four hours per week, probably four.

"I think Hanssen took one year of Russian; he was a chem major, and Knox recommended that people in science should take French, Russian, or German. I am a strong anti-Communist; my students knew that. It was the Cold War; it was a struggle between two systems." Rosic said he was surprised that Hanssen chose to spy for Moscow. "He was certainly not influenced by me."

Nor was he influenced by his father, at least initially, in his choice of a career. Howard Hanssen wanted his son to become a doctor. Instead, after graduating from college in 1966 with a bachelor's degree in chemistry, he returned to Chicago and studied dentistry at Northwestern University for three years. The choice may have been calculated. "I think he went to dental school because his father wanted him to go to medical school," Hoschouer said.

Hanssen himself later claimed that he, too, wanted to enter medical school, but lacked the grades. In any event, cavities and bicuspids held little fascination for Hanssen. "After college I went to dental school," he wrote years later to the editor of his high school alumni bulletin, "didn't like spit all that much (though I was in the 98th national percentile on my Dental Board exam), and decided to get an MBA and a CPA and go into law enforcement."*

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*Hanssen was a ham radio operator, an interest reflected in his membership in the Radio Club. Taft High School, like all Chicago schools at the time, did not use the traditional A through F grading system. Instead, it ranked students as S (Superior), E (Excellent), G (Good), F (Fair), or U (Unsatisfactory). To be admitted into the Honor Club, Hanssen had to have grades of E or above.

In one of Howard Hanssen's encounters with Jeanette Hoschouer at Jewel's grocery, he complained about his son's tuition bills at dental school: "He's not going to amount to anything; I'm spending all this money on dental school."

In 1966, when Hanssen was studying dentistry, Hoschouer was taking graduate courses at the University of Hawaii. Jack's fiancée, Ayako Matsuda, was a nurse at the nearby Northwestern Memorial Hospital and lived in the nurses' residence. "Bob came over periodically to make sure I was okay," she recalled. "I'd feed him sandwiches, sometimes a grilled steak.

"He was so thoughtful. He knew I had to learn how to drive. He started to teach me. He took me onto the Kennedy Expressway, but I think my driving unnerved him. There were no more lessons after that.

"As a student at the dental school, he got a complimentary membership at the Playboy Club; all the first-year dental students did. He was so excited he called me up and said, 'Do you want to see what the Playboy Club is like?' And we rushed over there. And Bob was so innocent, he said, 'See those little things like bunny tails, you're not supposed to touch them.' "

While he was in dental school at Northwestern, Bob Hanssen met Bernadette Wauck, known as Bonnie, who came from a large and staunchly Catholic family in Chicago. There were eight children in all, four girls and four boys. One of her brothers, John Paul, became an Opus Dei priest and a professor at the Pontifical University of the Holy Cross in Rome, an Opus Dei institution; before entering the priesthood, he was a speechwriter for Robert P. Casey, the Democratic governor of Pennsylvania, who was an outspoken opponent of abortion. Bonnie Hanssen's uncle, Robert Hagarty, was a monsignor.†

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*Letter to Geraldine Bloom from Robert P. Hanssen, May 2, 1999, in Taft Alumni Newsletter, Winter 2000.

†In later years, Hanssen had his own webpage, with photos of Bonnie's brother being installed as a priest in Rome. Because her brother was the last born of her siblings, he was known drolly within the family as "John Paul the Eighth," a sobriquet with a papal sound to it.

Bonnie Wauck was the daughter of Dr. Leroy A. Wauck, a Chicagoan, Navy veteran, and distinguished clinical psychologist who taught in Milwaukee at Marquette University, a Jesuit institution, and later for twenty years at Chicago's Loyola University.

Leroy Wauck, whose grandparents emigrated from Poland, was trained by the Jesuits in high school and seriously considered becoming a priest. He entered a seminary and studied there for two years until deciding it was not his calling. Before studying for the priesthood, he had dated Frances Hagarty, whose family roots were in Ireland, and they were married in 1944. Bonnie, their second daughter, was born two years later.

Except for the years in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, when her father taught at Marquette, Bonnie grew up in Park Ridge, an upscale suburb of Chicago where Hillary Rodham Clinton also came of age. The Waucks lived at 609 Vine, in an old Dutch Colonial on a pleasant, tree-shaded street.

Bonnie, Frances Wauck recalled, was "a normal child, nothing extraordinary, a good kid, an average student, not a brilliant student." She went to the Mary Seat of Wisdom parish school. The Waucks, her mother said, were a close-knit family. "We all swam—summers on a lake in Wisconsin."

Leroy Wauck had once worked at the Chicago State Hospital, a psychiatric institution, and some of the children, including Bonnie, held summer jobs there. It was at the hospital that Bonnie encountered a tall dental student from Northwestern who worked there on weekends, sometimes even interviewing patients as though he were a psychiatrist. Bonnie was a sociology major at the time at Loyola, where all but one of her brothers and sisters went, taking advantage of the free tuition for children of faculty members.

When she brought Bob Hanssen home to meet her parents, they both liked him. "He was tall, dark, and handsome," her mother said. "He seemed to adore my daughter, he had good credentials in education—that was important to us—and treated her like a queen. That was enough for me."

They dated for about a year, and after Bonnie graduated from college, they were married in Park Ridge on August 9, 1968, at Mary Seat of Wisdom church. Leroy walked his daughter down the aisle. Bonnie Hanssen was twenty-one; her husband was three years older.

The young couple moved into an apartment on Chicago's north side. Bonnie taught grade school while Bob, who had by now abandoned dentistry, continued at Northwestern in his accounting classes.

But within a week of their wedding, Bonnie Hanssen received a highly disturbing phone call from a woman who said she was Bob's girlfriend and had just had sex with him. Bonnie might have married Bob, she said, but he belonged to the caller. When Bonnie confronted her new husband, he admitted he had seen the woman, but insisted there had only been some hugs and kisses. Bonnie tried to put the phone call out of her mind; she comforted herself by recalling what had occurred at a party at the state hospital. As Bonnie recounted it to family members, the woman was there and jumped onto Bob's lap; he had stood up and dumped her unceremoniously on the floor. Still, it was not a phone call that a wife would ever forget.

Having married into a rigorously Catholic family, it was almost inevitable that Hanssen would join the church. Before converting to Catholicism, however, he discussed the move with his mother, with whom he had always remained close. "It was shortly after they were married," Vivian Hanssen said. "He was friends with a monsignor who was a member of Bonnie's family; he has since died. He [Bob] asked me if it would hurt if he changed religions. I said no, I thought it was good for families to have the same religion." After joining the church, Hanssen became, to all appearances, ultra-religious, a devout, zealous Catholic, and like his wife and in-laws a member of Opus Dei.

Hanssen graduated from Northwestern in 1971 with an MBA in accounting and information systems. Afterward, he worked for a year as a junior associate at an accounting firm in Chicago. In 1973, he became a CPA.

But Hanssen, even at this early stage, hoped to get into intelligence work. He applied for a job at the National Security Agency, the nation's code-breaking and electronic eavesdropping arm. The NSA did not hire Hanssen, and he then sought work in law enforcement.

At the time, his father's career as a police officer was coming to an end. First a sergeant and later a lieutenant on the Chicago police force, Howard Hanssen had been for several years the district commander in Norwood Park, at the police station closest to the Hanssen home. Later, he was assigned to the notorious Chicago police "red squad," which engaged in illegal domestic surveillance of suspected Communists, leftists, political activists, and others deemed dangerous by Mayor Richard Daley's police force. In the early 1970s, the red squad fell into disrepute, as its activities and "subversive" targets—including the League of Women Voters and church groups—became known.*

Bill Houghton, a senior FBI analyst, had worked with Hanssen and knew him well. "He always spoke incredibly highly about his father. At one time after his father died he brought up his father's badge and held it like it was an icon. He used to talk about his father a lot. He would talk about his dad once a week. He always referred to his father in glowing, positive terms. He appeared to me to worship his father."

Hanssen told Houghton about his father's work on the Chicago red squad in the 1950s and 1960s. "Bob was proud of all the wiretapping and the break-ins and all the stuff that the squad did back then. In the early seventies the Chicago PD was starting to look into these things. He told me the squad was under his dad's supervision by then and a lot of the material that was collected had been gathered illegally.

"He said his dad took full responsibility for it. He told me there was a mysterious fire that broke out in the room that contained the file cabinets, and only the cabinets that contained the material from the red squad were destroyed; the cabinets right next to it were not burned. He told me the authorities were not amused by this incident. His father retired but there was a serious cloud over him. And Bob expressed great anguish about it. 'These liberal pinko bastards got away with everything and here they are trying to blame it on my dad.' He was very angry and bitter over a system that would allow his father to take the heat, while a lot of these pinko liberals got away with it."

Was Robert Hanssen angry that his father was wrongfully blamed, or because his father had in fact burned the files and was condemned instead of being secretly applauded inside the department? Houghton said Bob Hanssen was clear on the point. "He said his father had instigated the fire to destroy the evidence. Exactly."†

It was in July 1972 that Howard Hanssen retired. He did not, according to Jack Hoschouer, want his son to follow in his footsteps as a cop, but Hanssen did exactly that, joining the department in October, three months after his father had left the force.

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*In 1982, the city of Chicago entered into a consent decree with the federal government, forbidding any further domestic spying by the police.

†Vivian Hanssen said she knew nothing of any fire. Her husband, she insisted, had retired "with a very good record. There was never anything like that." But she also said she never knew that Howard Hanssen had worked on the red squad. "I thought he worked on gangsters."

The ambivalence of Hanssen's relationship with his father was underscored by his decision to join the police force. On the face of it, Hanssen appeared to be duplicating his father's career, perhaps trying to win his approval. In fact, his motive was just the opposite, in Jack Hoschouer's view: "His father made fun of him because he was only a cop; he put him down. He wanted his son to be more. He may have tried to emulate his father, but I think he did it to spite his father."

Yet Howard Hanssen must have harbored some internal pride in his son's decision, because of the symbolic act that followed. "His father sent him his gun when Bob joined the Chicago force," Hoschouer said. But the gesture resulted in some complications. "The postal service found the gun and intercepted it, and Bob had to go identify himself and pick it up someplace."

Robert Hanssen did not start out, like most rookies, as a beat cop. Instead, he was assigned to C-5, a secretive intelligence unit that investigated police corruption. As might be imagined, the unit was highly unpopular with the rank-and-file officers. It was an elite group that paralleled the internal affairs division but was separate from it.

Mitchell Ware, who was deputy police superintendent when Hanssen was on the force, supervised C-5. The unit's members ran sting operations, he said, and sometimes posed as drug dealers to snare crooked cops on the take. Chicago has traditionally had a high level of tolerance for municipal corruption; it is possible that the Daley machine decided to make a show of cleaning up the police force before the federal authorities moved in and did it for them.

Pat Camden, a spokesperson for the Chicago Police Department, said he assumes that Howard Hanssen advised his son not to go into C-5, whose members were regarded as finks. "If it was my son," Camden said, "I would be more concerned about his becoming a policeman first. Hanssen must have had total disregard for his father. In the unit you had qualified policemen, but he never made a street stop. How can you work in C-5 if you've never walked a beat?"

By May 1973, Hanssen was listed in VCD, the vice control division. "That was just a cover because C-5 was so secret," Camden explained. "He was never really in VCD."

At some point while working for the Chicago police, Hanssen was sent to a secret counterintelligence school to learn how to install bugs and other high-tech surveillance equipment. Ernie Rizzo, a Chicago private investigator, said he met Hanssen at the school, which was a storefront disguised as a television repair shop.

Robert Hanssen's three years as a cop were for the most part uneventful. He did receive one commendation. In June 1975, while waiting to testify in a case at the criminal courts building, Hanssen spotted a man running out of a courtroom. He was Donald Jackson, a prisoner with a long arrest record and a habit of trying to escape from the courthouse. There were hundreds of people in the halls as Hanssen and a burglary detective pursued the man through corridors and stairwells. Hanssen caught the culprit as he fled down a fire escape outside a second-floor window.

But Hanssen had set his sights higher than Richard Daley's police department. If the NSA would not have him, perhaps the FBI would. He applied to the bureau and was accepted. On January 12, 1976, at age thirty-one, he was sworn in as a special agent of the FBI.

4

"On Second Thought, Give the Money to Mother Teresa"

After training at the FBI Academy in Quantico, Virginia, Hanssen was assigned to the Indianapolis field office, where he worked white-collar crime at the bureau's resident agency in Gary. The growing family, with two children, lived in nearby Munster.

All was far from harmonious when Hanssen's parents came to visit. According to Aya Hoschouer, who had married Jack in 1967, Bonnie Hanssen had confided to her that she finally confronted her father-in-law about the way he continued to treat Bob. "Early in their marriage when his parents would come to dinner, Bob would not come downstairs, he would get sick to his stomach and could not face his father at the table. Bonnie finally said, 'If you are under this roof, if you cannot be respectful to Bob, then you are not welcome to come.' "

In August 1978, Hanssen was transferred to the New York City field office. Now with three young children, Bob and Bonnie left the Midwest and moved into a house in Scarsdale, in Westchester County. In time, the Hanssens would have six children, three boys and three girls.

Although a transfer to the Big Apple might have seemed a welcome move up the bureau's career ladder, many agents shunned assignments to New York because of the high cost of living. Very few FBI agents could afford to live in the city itself. For most, the job meant a long commute by car or train from the suburbs, or being jammed into crowded subways, riding in from Queens. Scarsdale is an affluent community. The Hanssens bought a relatively modest house, and Bonnie joked to her mother that she lived "in the Scarsdale slums." Still, it was an expensive suburb, beyond the means of a young FBI agent with a growing family.

Nor was Hanssen's new job inspiring; he worked at first as an accountant in the criminal division. In March 1979, however, he was moved into the intelligence division. Now, for the first time, Hanssen was in the business of counterintelligence. But he was not, then or later, a street agent. Others might be assigned to the more glamorous job of surveillance and actually catching Russian spies; Hanssen was always in the back room.

His job was to help create a new, classified national counterintelligence database for the FBI. Much of the input came from New York, a major center of Soviet intelligence activity. In the city, the KGB operated from the Soviet Mission to the United Nations. In addition, there were Russian and other eastern bloc intelligence officers working in the secretariat of the UN itself. Both the Soviet mission and UN headquarters were thus prime targets for the FBI's counterintelligence agents in New York. The automated database Hanssen worked on contained information about hundreds of foreign officials, including intelligence officers. Its contents were classified up to the level of SECRET.*

In effect, Hanssen was compiling a who's who of Soviet intelligence. The data was not limited to the KGB and its known officers. Although the KGB, the Komitet Gosudarstvennoi Bezopasnosti, or Committee for State Security, was the best-known Soviet spy agency, its rival, the GRU, the Soviet military intelligence agency, was equally active in the United States. The GRU—the initials stood for Glavnoye Razvedyvatelnoye Upravlenie—was also a major target of the FBI.

The KGB and the GRU employed different covers overseas to conceal their espionage, a fact that Hanssen would quickly have realized. The KGB, for example, used Tass, the Soviet wire service, whose correspondents often doubled as spies. The GRU favored Amtorg, the Soviet commercial trading agency.

Although the FBI, when it finally closed in on Hanssen, initially believed his spying for the KGB had begun in 1985, it soon learned the

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*Presidents since Harry S Truman in 1951 have issued executive orders allowing documents to be classified CONFIDENTIAL, SECRET, or TOP SECRET, depending on how much damage their disclosure might cause. But, in addition, there are code words for various categories of sensitive data that are, in effect, *above* TOP SECRET.

truth. He had in fact begun his career of betrayal in New York in 1979, almost immediately after he was transferred into the FBI's counterintelligence arm. And he had begun as a spy not for the KGB but for the GRU.

In 1979, Hanssen had walked into the Amtorg office in Manhattan and offered his services to the GRU. Interviewed by a government commission after pleading guilty to espionage, Hanssen claimed that his motive was money. "I wanted to get a little money and to get out of it," he said. The commission, headed by former FBI director William H. Webster, said in its report that Hanssen asserted he had spied because of "the pressure of supporting a growing family in New York City on an inadequate Bureau salary."*

The information Hanssen turned over to the GRU was sensational, one of the most guarded secrets of both the FBI and the Central Intelligence Agency. Hanssen gave away no less than the identity of TOPHAT—the most important U.S. intelligence source inside the GRU.

From his access to the FBI's files, Hanssen was able to identify TOPHAT as the bureau's code name for Dimitri Fedorovich Polyakov. At the time, Polyakov had been passing secrets to the United States for seventeen years. He was considered by Washington as an agent of supreme importance.

Hanssen had a chilling reason for his action; he wanted to turn in Polyakov to the GRU before the Russian might learn *his* identity and reveal it to the FBI. He had to be well aware that his information would probably result in TOPHAT's execution—that was the whole point. As the Webster panel put it, "Hanssen disclosed Top Hat's identity because he feared that the Soviet officer might be a threat to him."†

Hanssen passed three batches of secrets to the GRU. In his first approach, he disclosed that the FBI was bugging a Soviet residential complex. He also turned over a list of suspected Soviet intelligence officers. In a letter to the GRU complaining that his first payment was too low, he even revealed he was an FBI agent. He communicated with the GRU through encoded radio transmissions and through one-time pads, an unbreakable cipher system favored by the Russians. But of the various secrets Hanssen passed to the GRU, none compared to his betrayal of TOPHAT.

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*"A Review of FBI Security Programs," Commission for Review of FBI Security Programs, U.S. Department of Justice, March 2002, p. 7. The Webster commission was created in response to Hanssen's arrest.

†Webster commission, p. 8.

John F. Mabey, an FBI counterintelligence agent in New York, had recruited Polyakov in January 1962 at a clandestine meeting at midnight at Grant's Tomb. A few months before, Polyakov had let it be known he wanted to talk, but then said he had changed his mind. The FBI agent, an astute, wiry man who had joined the bureau right out of Notre Dame, kept after Polyakov. Finally, the Russian agreed to meet at Grant's Tomb. In that cinematic setting, at the dark, deserted resting place of the eighteenth president of the United States, John Mabey, then thirty-eight, had landed one of the biggest recruitments of the Cold War.

It was Mabey who chose the name TOPHAT.* Polyakov said he was willing to spy for America because he felt his talents had gone unrecognized by the GRU. He provided Mabey with the names of four Americans who were spying for the Soviet Union.†

When TOPHAT was posted overseas, the CIA took over handling him. TOPHAT, previously known as BOURBON by the CIA, was given a new code name by the intelligence agency: GTBEEP.

In 1973, Polyakov turned up in India as a Soviet military attaché. Polyakov would go fishing on the banks of the Yamuna River in New Delhi. He would seem to pay little attention to a heavyset, dark-haired man with a fishing pole who joined him on the riverbank. But the big man was Waldimir "Scotty" Skotzko, a veteran case officer whom the CIA had dispatched to India to handle the agency's most important asset.

In 1977, as they fished on the riverbank, TOPHAT reported that he had been ordered back to Moscow, news that alarmed Skotzko. What will happen to you if your work for us is discovered? he asked, knowing the answer.

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*As far as Mabey could recall, he derived the name from Top Cat, a rakish alley cat who wore a little hat and was the hero of a Saturday morning Hanna-Barbera cartoon popular on television in the 1960s.

†They were Jack E. Dunlap, an Army sergeant working at the National Security Agency; Nelson C. "Bulldog" Drummond, a Navy yeoman; William H. Whalen, an Army lieutenant colonel assigned to the Joint Chiefs of Staff; and Herbert W. Boeckenhaupt, an Air Force sergeant who betrayed the secrets of the Strategic Air Command. Dunlap committed suicide; the others were arrested, convicted, and given long prison sentences.

"Bratskaya mogila," was Polyakov's grim reply. An unmarked grave.

In Moscow, Polyakov used a high speed "burst" transmitter given to him by the CIA to radio messages from a streetcar traveling past the American embassy. He was also given a clock for his apartment in Moscow that lit up in response to a radio signal to inform him that a dead drop where he had left documents had been cleared by the CIA.

In 1979, TOPHAT was posted back to New Delhi again, promoted by this time to the rank of lieutenant general. Over the years, Polyakov provided extremely valuable political-military information to the CIA, including data on Soviet strategic missiles, nuclear strategy, and chemical and biological weapons. In all, the material Polyakov stole for the CIA filled more than twenty-seven file drawers at Langley.

In 1980, General Polyakov returned to Moscow for the last time. Retired and surrounded by his family in Moscow, TOPHAT appeared to have escaped the fate that he predicted would await him if his spying was discovered. He was unaware that in New York, Robert Hanssen had already betrayed him to the GRU. But the Russians, for reasons still uncertain, took no action against him at that time.

Five years later, on April 16, 1985, Aldrich H. Ames, a CIA clandestine officer, walked into the Soviet embassy in Washington and left a letter with the KGB, offering information and asking for $50,000. A month later, he returned to the embassy and met with a senior KGB officer who was almost certainly Viktor I. Cherkashin, the embassy's chief of counterintelligence. Two days after that, he was handed $50,000. Then, on June 13, at Chadwicks restaurant in Georgetown, Ames handed over the names of virtually every CIA intelligence source in the Soviet Union, sending ten to their execution and many others to prison. For this he was eventually paid $2.7 million by the KGB and promised another $1.9 million, for a total of $4.6 million.

Among the names provided to the Russians by Ames were Valery Martynov and Sergei Motorin, the two secret FBI sources inside the Soviet embassy in Washington. But Ames also turned over the name of General Dimitri Fedorovich Polyakov of the GRU.

TOPHAT's son, a Soviet diplomat who had also been sent to New Delhi, was recalled from there in 1986 after only a year. At the CIA's headquarters in Langley, Virginia, when the directorate of operations (or DO) learned that the son had been recalled short of tour, it realized for the first time that TOPHAT might be in trouble. But it did not know why. That same year, as the CIA later learned, TOPHAT was arrested, although the Soviets did not reveal that fact until 1990. Later, Moscow said that Polyakov had been executed on March 15, 1988.*

The CIA could not imagine what had gone wrong. Then, with the arrest and debriefing of Aldrich Ames in 1994, Langley thought the mystery was solved. In 2001, the realization that Hanssen had betrayed TOPHAT in 1979, six years *before* Ames had done so, stunned the CIA and the FBI. And it created a new puzzle.

Counterintelligence has been aptly called a "wilderness of mirrors," and the news that Hanssen had given away Polyakov long before Ames raised intriguing questions. Why had the Soviets not moved immediately against Polyakov in 1979? A number of answers were possible. The KGB and the GRU were bitter competitors who barely spoke to each other (somewhat like the CIA and the FBI until coordination between the two agencies improved somewhat in the post-Ames era). The KGB looked down on the GRU as "the boots," or *sapogi,* a term of derision used by KGB officers among themselves when talking about their military rivals; the expression implied that the boot-wearing military men lacked subtlety and were their intellectual inferiors.

Against this background, the GRU may have wished to conceal from the KGB the embarrassing fact that one of its generals had been fingered as a CIA spy. And the GRU also may have wanted to conceal from the KGB the fact that it was running a mole inside the FBI.

Even if the GRU did share the information about Polyakov with the KGB, it is possible that the Russians did not act right away because they preferred to place the GRU general under surveillance to see where the trail might lead. Or Moscow may have wanted further confirmation, which it eventually got from Aldrich Ames. There is, of course, a more ominous possibility, that the Soviets might have used TOPHAT to feed disinformation back to the West, either having turned him or utilizing him for that purpose without his knowledge.

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None of this was known to the CIA, the FBI, or to Bonnie Hanssen when she happened upon her husband in the basement of their home in

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*General Polyakov was arrested on July 4, 1986, interrogated for twenty months, and shot.

Scarsdale writing a letter. Startled, he hastily tried to conceal the letter from her.

Bonnie Hanssen's first thought was that her husband was having an affair. He had stopped going to communion around that time, and she had noticed it; perhaps he was seeing another woman. She confronted him with her suspicion. It was nothing like that, Hanssen assured her. Then what was it?

Finally, Hanssen admitted to his wife that he was selling secrets to the Soviets.* He insisted, falsely, that he had not given them anything of significance; he was running a scam. But he also admitted that the Russians had paid him $30,000.

Dismayed at the news, Bonnie Hanssen insisted they see a priest. Because both Bonnie and her husband were members of Opus Dei—Bob had joined in 1978—they chose to see a priest from that organization. Founded in Spain in 1928, Opus Dei, which means God's Work, was approved by the Vatican in 1950 and given special status by Pope John Paul II in 1982 as a "personal prelature," independent to some extent of local dioceses. The organization claims three thousand members in the United States and eighty-four thousand worldwide.

Typically, Opus Dei priests do not operate from churches but from what the group calls "study centers" in a number of cities. Together, the Hanssens in the fall of 1980 went to one of these, the Crawford Center, later called the Overlook Study Center, at 99 Overlook Circle in nearby New Rochelle.

There the couple with the unusual problem consulted Robert P. Bucciarelli, a genial Opus Dei priest from New Canaan, Connecticut, who was a graduate of Harvard College and a theologian fluent in three languages. Father Bob, a somewhat short, dark-haired cleric, was also an enthusiastic tennis player with a serving motion that tended to disconcert his opponents.

That the Hanssens went to see Father Bucciarelli was not a random choice. Bonnie Hanssen already knew him from her involvement in Opus Dei. In October 1980, Father Bucciarelli had moved to New

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*On the night of Hanssen's arrest on February 18, 2001, the FBI spoke to Bonnie Hanssen at her house and then escorted her to a hotel in Tysons Corner, in northern Virginia, and questioned her at length. She cooperated with the FBI and revealed to agents the encounter with her husband in the basement. It was the first time that the FBI learned that Hanssen's spying had begun not in 1985 but in 1979.

Rochelle from Chicago, the city where the first Opus Dei center in the United States was established. Bonnie's mother had known him in Chicago.

Now Hanssen had something to confess. He had, he told the priest, turned over information to the Soviets, and had received $30,000 in exchange.

Father Bucciarelli, contacted by the author, declined to discuss any details of the visit by the Hanssens, although he confirmed, obliquely, that it had taken place. "I really don't remember when he came to see me," he said. Roman Catholic priests are forbidden by canon law from disclosing what is revealed in a confession. However, a visit by a couple might be considered a consultation, rather than a sacramental confession, so the legal status of the Hanssens' visit was unclear.*

After listening to the Hanssens, Father Bucciarelli recommended that the FBI man turn himself in to the authorities. The next day, however, the priest telephoned the Hanssens and asked them to come back again.

At this next visit, according to the account later given to the FBI by Mrs. Hanssen, Father Bob said he had been pondering the problem and had second thoughts. The matter could be resolved, he said, if, instead of surrendering to the authorities, Hanssen gave the Soviet money to a worthy charity.

Plato Cacheris, Hanssen's lawyer after his arrest for espionage, confirmed the account of the couple's visit to Father Bucciarelli. "The priest told him he should turn himself in, then called Hanssen and said he could give the money to the church. He [Hanssen] told Bonnie he gave a certain amount each month to Mother Teresa."

Hanssen also told his wife that he would not sell any more secrets to the Russians, that he was done spying. "He said he would stop," Cacheris said. "She believed him."

There is, of course, a wonderful irony if Moscow's money was laundered in this fashion and in fact ended up with Mother Teresa through

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*Congress has not recognized privileges for priests, lawyers, psychiatrists, and other professionals, but the United States Supreme Court, in *United States* v. *Nixon,* the famous Watergate tapes decision, declared that generally, "an attorney or a priest may not be required to disclose what has been revealed in professional confidence." By 1963, all fifty states had laws recognizing a confidentiality privilege for the clergy, but the laws varied a great deal and it was not always clear whether a priest or a person confessing was the holder of the privilege.

the Solomon-like intervention of Father Bob, the Harvard priest with the disconcerting tennis serve.

Although Hanssen insisted to Bonnie that he had given the money to Mother Teresa, there is no easy way to confirm that he actually did so. Sister Mary Dominga, director of the eastern region of Mother Teresa's Missionaries of Charity, declined to discuss contributions to the charity.

"We don't fund-raise, we don't ask for money," she said. "We depend on divine providence."

5

Headquarters

Jim Ohlson had joined the FBI in 1972, after serving with the 101st Airborne Division in Vietnam and earning a master's degree in math at the University of Pittsburgh. The bureau sent him to the defense language school in Monterey to learn Arabic, then to New York to work on Middle East counterterrorism investigations, "concentrating on Palestinian matters."*

After five years, Ohlson was promoted to the budget unit at FBI headquarters in Washington. The unit, with only four special agents and two clerks, was part of the bureau's intelligence division.† Small and unglamorous it might have been, but in any bureaucracy the people who work on the budget know everything, and this was true in the FBI.

In January 1981, a newcomer arrived at the unit from New York. Supervisory Special Agent Robert Hanssen, like Ohlson, was doing his first tour at headquarters. Because Hanssen was a CPA, the budget unit was a logical place for him to be assigned. He commuted to work from a house the Hanssens bought on Whitecedar Court in Vienna, Virginia.

"When I first met him," Ohlson recalled, "I asked where are you from? Chicago. What high school? Taft. My gosh, I was there. And it turned out we were just one class apart. A week or so later I brought in the yearbook to show the secretaries and Bob and have a good laugh over our old pictures.

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*New York was considered so important an office that it was headed by an assistant director of the FBI. Ohlson's squad served under Assistant Director John Malone, known behind his back as "Cement Head" because, as one former colleague gently put it, "he was not exactly a rocket scientist."

†In 1993, the FBI's intelligence division was renamed the National Security Division (NSD).

"We hit it off instantly," Ohlson said. Aside from their friendship, he respected Hanssen's technical ability. Ohlson was leaving the budget unit that spring, but before going he managed to wangle approval to buy a Texas Instruments programmable calculator. "We had no desktop computers yet, that was the closest thing to one. I was glad to hand it over to Bob. He put a financial program on it."

At the time, Joseph L. Tierney, a gray-haired Irishman from Long Island, was chief of CI-3, the counterintelligence support section for the division. As such, Tierney supervised both the budget unit and the bureau's Soviet analytical unit. Tierney, too, was impressed with Hanssen. "He was a very bright guy, and his assignment was very broad. He had an ability to explain technical stuff to people like myself who needed to know it."

It was almost inevitable, therefore, that within the budget unit Hanssen was detailed to the bureau's secret and highly sensitive Dedicated Technical Program. The name was deliberately vague, designed to mask the fact that it was the FBI's system for developing and refining bugs, wiretaps, and even more exotic spy gadgetry used against foreign embassies and other counterintelligence targets. "He worked on DTP, which paid for everything technical, chiefly electronic surveillance," Tierney confirmed.

"The program paid for R and D and acquisition of equipment. DTP would make the proposal and spend the money when it came through." In some instances, Hanssen would learn where a bug or other device was to be planted. "He would not necessarily know where it was going. But if it was a custom-made device for one installation, he would probably know where it was going in."

When the bureau's technical experts came up with suggestions for more sophisticated bugging devices, they would have to go to Hanssen. "They're always trying to make transmitters consume less power, make them smaller and better disguised," Tierney said. "He's taking the ideas and running them by the execs in the division; have the engineers gone gaga? Is this something we really need or is it marginal?"

As a result of his position, Hanssen knew the full array of the FBI's surveillance equipment, from miniature video cameras that could be concealed in a wall or ceiling, to tiny transmitters able to broadcast room conversations, even whispers. "He would have a pretty good grip on what were the strengths and inadequacies of our technical capacity," Tierney said. "He knew what we were dreaming of having and didn't have yet."

Hanssen, in short, was emerging as the FBI's Wizard of Oz. But unlike L. Frank Baum's fictional wizard, Hanssen was both real and capable. He not only had an overview of the bureau's ability to bug and tap its counterintelligence targets, he served as a watchman over the entire program. "He would monitor what had been approved two years before," Tierney said. "To see if the gadgets had been bought. He spent a lot of time on encrypted radio gear that we used internally."

The encrypted radios were a vital tool for the counterintelligence agents. When the FBI places a Russian intelligence officer under surveillance, it is well aware that the KGB (and now its successor, the SVR) monitors the airwaves to see if there is unusual radio traffic in an area—a tip-off that the FBI might be tailing one of their people. The encryption at least makes it more difficult for the Russians to be sure that the traffic is the FBI's.

Tierney appreciated Hanssen's skills and came to rely on him. "He was a geek, but fairly polished. He was a ham radio operator. He was not a degreed electrical engineer. The people in the engineering section, in TSD, the Technical Services Division, kind of resented it because he knew so much. If they were giving us a snow job he could tell us."

Although Hanssen's technical skills were recognized, he remained an aloof and rather remote figure, an outsider to most of his coworkers. That was certainly how Hanssen seemed to Dick Alu, a former FBI agent who worked with him in the budget unit for two years.

"Your typical FBI agent would be a used-car salesman whom you trusted—if that's possible. An agent to be effective has to be able to sell himself. You had to have good interpersonal skills. Bob did not have good interpersonal skills. Bob was the odd man out. Bob did not socialize after work. 'Hey, want to go out for a couple of pops?' Bob was not that type."

Partly it was his appearance, and the way he dressed. Under J. Edgar Hoover, FBI agents were required to wear white shirts and conventional business attire. "But after 1972," Alu said, "when Hoover died and he didn't roll the stone back after three days, the dress code changed dramatically. Not for Bob; he still wore the white shirt, the dark clothes."

Among at least some of Hanssen's fellow agents, his somber mien and conservative attire earned him the nickname “Dr. Death” and “Dr. Doom.” Or, Alu said, “some people called him ‘the mortician.’ ”

“He kind of lived in the shadows,” said John F. Lewis, Jr., a former assistant FBI director in charge of the intelligence division. “If there was a shadow in the room, he’d be sitting in it. He was very, very bright. He was good at analytical work; his problem was he didn’t work well with others. He was the last person in the world to say let’s have a drink with.”

Like Lewis, Phillip A. Parker, who was chief of the division’s Soviet section in 1982 when Hanssen worked in the budget unit, remembered him as “a lurker,” always hovering at the side of any gathering.

Donald E. Stukey, Parker’s successor, considered Hanssen irksome. “When I was chief of the Soviet section, he’d come in once in a while. He had an annoying habit, if you were conducting a meeting in your office, he would stand in the doorway until you finally said, ‘What do you want?’ ”

One veteran FBI counterintelligence officer, Edward J. Curran, knew Hanssen both in New York and at headquarters. “I found him to be very reclusive; his demeanor was somewhat uncomfortable. He was very thoughtful, very reserved, very quiet. Very poor in groups, always liked to get you aside in a corner. He’s kind of in your space. You’d just try to get away from the guy. He’s the kind of guy, you see him in the hall at headquarters, you’d turn the other way and try to escape.”

Hanssen’s boss, Joe Tierney, thought this view of Hanssen, which was shared by many in the division, was overdrawn, and he liked him. “He was more colorless in dress than the average agent, but not gloomy. He was a very bright guy. He was seriously religious.” He remembered Hanssen as tall and gaunt, with pale skin. “He had kind of a nervous smile, sort of self-conscious. He smiled a lot.”

Hanssen’s ability to explain technical matters to his superiors, the quality that Tierney had admired, may have been helped by some coaching from Dick Alu. “This guy was extremely bright, one of the smartest people I’d ever run into,” Alu said. “We were trying to come up with management techniques to measure how effective we were, to justify our programs to Congress. Bob came up with terminology and I’d say to Bob, ‘I understand, you understand what you’re talking about, but you got to present it to the management here who might not understand the terms you are using.’ ”

Alu told Hanssen, “You’ve got to use words like ‘Dick and Jane carried a pail of water up the hill.' I could just see the wry expression on his face. He just didn't suffer fools gladly. Why should I have to reduce myself to this level? I said, 'You gotta be able to communicate with people. You communicate with whatever level they are.' "

Hanssen's friends in the bureau were few in number. To many, he came across as arrogant, someone who did not bother to conceal the fact that he thought himself brighter than his coworkers. The colleagues he did get to know well were those he apparently considered his intellectual equals.

In the bureau, Hanssen made no secret of his conservative political views. He talked about religion to anyone who would listen. He was vehemently antiabortion, and to all appearances a strong anti-Communist. He had no use for gays and lesbians.

Directly across the hall from Hanssen's office on the fourth floor were the division's analytical units. Paul Moore, who became one of Hanssen's closest friends in the bureau, worked in CI-3B, one of the two analytical units. A large, thoughtful, and soft-spoken man, Moore spoke Mandarin and was the FBI's foremost China analyst. In appearance and manner, he could easily be mistaken for an academic who had wandered into the Hoover building by accident.

Like Hanssen, Moore had grown up in Chicago and was educated by the Jesuits in high school. His father taught chemistry at Loyola University, where Bonnie Hanssen's father taught psychology. Moore was teaching a course on China at Georgetown University and still working on his Ph.D. when the FBI, desperate for a Chinese-language translator, tapped him in 1975.

Moore met Hanssen in 1981 when he joined the budget unit; their Chicago and Catholic ties helped to cement their friendship, but personal computers, then relatively new to the world, were even more important. "I finished my doctorate in 1981," Moore said, "and my wife, Janice, to congratulate me, says, 'OK, I will buy you a computer.' " Moore had heard that Hanssen was a computer guru. "I went to Bob Hanssen and said, 'What do you think I should get?' He said, 'You need to get an Apple, it would be just right for you.' So my wife paid for an Apple II+.

"Bob says there's a user's group, Washington Apple Pi; he introduced me to that. We met the first Saturday of every month in Bethesda. Bob was at those meetings. They had speakers, special interest groups you could go to.

"The people I hung out with were adults playing adventure games. Bob was always showing me things you could do in the computers, with jump cables, expansion card slots. Bob was definitely part of the pocket protector group.

"We were computer buddies. I remember on a Saturday morning at the Washington Apple Pi group—this particular meeting was in Constitution Hall—and a guy took his mouse and double-clicked and a folder opened up. The whole place, including Bob, stood up and cheered. It was the first meeting where they introduced the Mac.

"One day I got a chip that would increase memory from one to four meg, and I got this kit and I'm sweating blood trying to do it; you needed a special wrench to get into the computer. There were a lot of warnings about static electricity—don't touch this or that. Bob has his wrench going and I'm reading the instructions and Bob is working on it. Bob already had the motherboard out. The last step was to cut a wire. Bob takes the pliers and snips off the capacitor. When we turned on the power it took longer, it booted up slower, because it had more memory. And I'm saying 'Ohmigod, we did something wrong.' But it worked. He was fearless, and very competent."

Hanssen's technical talents continued to advance his status inside headquarters. He not only knew all of the FBI's technical surveillance secrets, he became one of the bureau's experts on the use of polygraphs.

Understanding lie detectors was, of course, an area of special interest to someone who had secretly been spying for the Soviets and might contemplate doing so again. Clearly Hanssen would not have welcomed a requirement that he take a polygraph himself; no doubt he explored ways to beat the machine in case that ever happened. Moreover, he was particularly well placed within the bureau to subtly discourage broader use of the polygraph.

Although the FBI had traditionally resisted lie detectors, in the early 1980s it was considering their wider use. At the time, the FBI administered polygraphs only in internal investigations of employees suspected of wrongdoing, and to agents or analysts who were detailed temporarily to the CIA or the NSA.* The FBI did not want other agencies giving lie detector tests to its employees. "The bureau said, 'We'll do it,' " Paul Moore recalled. " 'We don't want our people being put through who knows what.' " And at the time, applicants for employment in the FBI were not given polygraphs.

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*During this period, two FBI analysts were polygraphed before being assigned to other agencies. Tierney and two other managers took the tests as well, he said, "as a leadership gesture. We were not going to subject our own people to it without doing it ourselves." But Tierney's action was an exception to the bureau's general practice at the time.

Nor were agents assigned to particularly sensitive counterintelligence cases given polygraphs. A decade later that policy was changed. The FBI agents working on the Aldrich Ames case in the 1990s, for example, were given lie detector tests.

Polygraphs are notoriously unreliable, and for that reason evidence developed from lie detectors is not allowed in court. In contrast to the FBI, the CIA has an almost religious faith in the polygraph. The fact that Aldrich Ames, the CIA's most damaging mole, passed his polygraph tests (with a little advice from the KGB) did nothing to discourage that faith. Many CIA employees *think* that polygraphs work and are frightened of them, which makes their use at least partially effective. The agency's clandestine officers are supposed to be routinely polygraphed every five years, or when posted overseas.

As the bureau debated whether to expand its use of polygraphs, it brought in Dr. John A. Podlesny, a Ph.D. psychologist from the University of Utah, to study the problem at the FBI Academy in Quantico, Virginia. The intelligence division's liaison with the professor, Joe Tierney recalled, was Robert Hanssen.*

The result, according to one former FBI man, is that "Hanssen influenced the bureau not to use polygraphs." Academic studies about polygraphs tend to be abstruse, complicated documents, full of acronyms and jargon and not easily understood by those outside the polygraph fraternity. To FBI officials, Hanssen seemed particularly adept at explaining what it all meant. In Hanssen's interpretation, the data from the study meant that polygraphs had limited value, perhaps useful to a degree only in a specific investigation. Hanssen, Tierney said, described "two different scenarios. One where there is a focused investigation and the polygrapher knows a lot about the subject and the case and the areas where possible deception might occur. But it's different in a general, screening polygraph. It's a grind; everybody understands that most of the people they are polygraphing are good law-abiding citizens." The work was so boring and unproductive, Tierney added, "You couldn't ask people to do it [screening polygraphs] for more than three years; they'd go crazy."

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*Podlesny, who remained with the FBI, confirmed that he had written the classified study of polygraphs for the bureau in the early 1980s. He said he did not remember Robert Hanssen.

As Hanssen explained it, Tierney said, in all polygraphs "the likelihood of a false negative—the polygrapher says I see no indication of deception and the polygrapher is wrong—is higher than the likelihood of a false positive, where the polygrapher says the guy is lying and the polygrapher is wrong."

Put simply, Hanssen was reporting that polygraphs did not work very well because people could fool the machine. As a result, more subjects could get away with lying than could tell the truth but be wrongly accused of deception.

"There was a lot of loose talk about how to beat the polygraph: take two aspirin, clamp your toes together, think of people in a movie, or pinch yourself," Tierney recalled. "I have no idea whether any of it worked." But because of Hanssen's expertise about polygraphs, "he would have been in a pretty good position—better than others—to beat it, if it is possible, if he'd been given one."

Not that there was much danger he would ever be wired to the machine. "Hanssen knew the bureau's thinking, and that culturally it was unlikely to happen. There has been some speculation that if he had known he would have to take a polygraph, he would not have done what he did."

During Hanssen's time in the budget unit, he was at the nerve center of the intelligence division and its foreign counterintelligence activities. The unit managed the FBI's portion of the National Foreign Intelligence Program (NFIP), the program that accounts for about two-thirds of the nation's overall intelligence spending.* It was Hanssen's unit that prepared the division's budget figures for Congress. As a result, he had access to the full range of the FBI's intelligence and counterintelligence (CI) operations.

"In the budget unit," said David Major, a longtime FBI counterintelligence agent, "Hanssen knew what worked, what we were spending money on, and what we were going to spend money on. If he had been a street agent he would only know what was going on in his squad. But Bob understood the totality. He was one of the few people placed to know everything. Very few people know everything; maybe thirty people out of hundreds."

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*The National Foreign Intelligence Program includes the budget for the FBI, CIA, NSA, the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), and the National Reconnaissance Office (NRO). The other one-third of the intelligence budget goes for tactical intelligence under the control of the Defense Department in the TIARA (Tactical Intelligence and Related Activities) program.

Hanssen's access, in sum, was virtually unlimited. Major was blunt: "He knew all the secrets."

6

The Year of the Spy

In August 1983, after two years in the budget unit, Hanssen was transferred across the hall to the Soviet analytical unit, formally designated CI-3A but known in-house as the "A" unit.

Now he would be concentrating exclusively on the FBI's principal target, the Soviet Union. The analytical unit studied the espionage activities, methods, and agents of the KGB and the GRU in the United States. In short, in his new job, Hanssen would be analyzing who Moscow's spies were and how they operated here.

Hanssen's new boss was Thomas E. Burns, Jr., an astute New Yorker from Queens who went to Catholic schools and joined the FBI in 1964 right out of St. John's University law school. He and Hanssen got on well and sometimes lunched together in the bureau's cafeteria. Below Burns, the unit chief, were two supervisory special agents—Hanssen was one—and about eighteen analysts.

The A unit provided support for the FBI's Soviet operational section, which from headquarters supervised the counterintelligence efforts of the Washington and New York field offices as well as the other field offices around the country.* Once again, Hanssen was in the back room, watching from afar as others performed the more exciting work of trailing and occasionally catching Moscow's spies.

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*The FBI's intelligence division was divided into operational sections, such as the Soviet (now Eurasian) section responsible for counterintelligence operations, and the analytical sections. As the names implied, the operational sections supervised operations; the analytical sections analyzed.

But in his new assignment, Hanssen learned about the FBI's operations using double agents. These were usually Americans, often someone in the military, who pretended to volunteer to spy for Moscow. The double agent, known in intelligence parlance as a DA, would pass along classified documents, most of them genuine, known in the trade as "feed." The feed would be cleared at a high level after officials decided that the documents would not cause irredeemable harm to national security; the purpose of the exercise was to convince the KGB or the GRU that the double agent was genuine.

"We were looking at feed," Burns said, "but mostly at the product, the tasking of the DA by the hostile service." By studying the information the Soviets asked the double agent to obtain, the unit could learn what the Russians were after, and what, by inference, they already knew.

Since Soviet intelligence played the same game, running doubles against the United States, Hanssen's unit would also try to determine whether any Soviet "walk-ins" to the FBI were genuine or fake. "We did reviews of the bona fides of volunteers and recruitments," Burns said.

The analysts studied material flowing in from defectors and received data from the Soviet operational section. "For example, a new Soviet might arrive at their embassy and based on his slot, it would be suspected he was an IO [intelligence officer]. We would look at reports on a new IO or suspected IO, looking for clues to establish whether he was in fact an IO."

But as important as these tasks were, the unit had another crucial mission: to pinpoint penetrations by Soviet intelligence inside the United States government. "If we identified a Soviet as an intelligence officer," Burns said, "the operational section would take a closer look at him, which in turn could lead to identifying a penetration. Or we might find an operation had been compromised. We would pass that along to the operational section, which would conduct the investigation. A penetration would be one possible explanation for the compromise."

The best way to find a mole, of course, was to recruit someone in the opposition intelligence service who could reveal the name. "A recruited agent gives away people right up front, to protect themselves," Burns pointed out.

Recruiting KGB agents was the responsibility not of the analysts but of the Soviet operational section of division 5, the intelligence division. "The highest purpose of a bureau recruitment would be to try to identify penetrations in the U.S. government," Burns added. This dovetailed nicely with the goal of the analytical unit. "The primary goal of our unit was to find where the Soviets were getting their information."

There was enormous excitement in 1983 in the intelligence division and in the Soviet analytical unit, because the FBI, unknown to Moscow, had recruited two KGB officers inside the Soviet embassy in Washington.

Lieutenant Colonel Valery Martynov had arrived in the capital in November 1980 with his wife, Natalya. A big man, over six feet tall and 190 pounds, he did not fit the stereotype of the glum Russian agent; he was jovial, with a friendly, cheerful manner, and spoke fluent English. He and his wife lived in Alexandria, Virginia, with their two children, a twelve-year-old son in junior high school and a daughter of five.

Martynov was a Line X officer, which meant that his job was to collect scientific and technical secrets for the KGB's Directorate T. In 1982, a CIA officer spotted Martynov at a technical meeting. A former CIA man recalled how the dance began. "Martynov showed up at a meeting, one in a series, and our guy chatted with him. Martynov missed the next meeting, but at one of the subsequent meetings he was there. The agency officer came back and said, 'This guy is different. This is a very unusual Russian.' "

At that point, COURTSHIP, a joint FBI-CIA unit created to recruit Soviets, moved in and took over. The operation was successful. Before very long, Martynov agreed to work for U.S. intelligence. The FBI gave him the code name PIMENTA; the CIA called him GTGENTILE. As his contact, the CIA assigned one of its most experienced case officers, Rodney W. Carlson. A tall, thin man with dark hair and a Lincolnesque face, Carlson in Moscow had handled the CIA's most celebrated spy, Colonel Oleg Penkovsky of the GRU. For the FBI, Martynov's case agent was Jim Holt, a white-haired Virginian and a veteran counterintelligence specialist. Over a period of three years, they met with Martynov more than fifty times, on the average of once every three weeks, in safe houses and other locations. His motives for spying for the FBI were not clear, although he was paid for his information and told that a much larger amount was being held in escrow for him in the United States should he ever decide to defect.

One intelligence officer who read the file on the case discounted money as Martynov's primary motive. Rather, he thought, "it was the excitement, and the idea of doing something really secret. You can't believe what you are told about motivation anyway, because people don't understand their own motivation. Martynov was intrigued by the game. He did not think spying for the Americans was wrong. Because he did not regard us as an enemy."

In a separate, parallel operation that also began in 1982, the FBI recruited Sergei Motorin, a young KGB major from Archangel, a port city in Russia's far north, who had arrived in Washington in 1980. Motorin was a Line PR officer, which meant he collected political intelligence. Sandy-haired, with a small mustache, Motorin, like Martynov, was a big man, a six-foot-two tennis player. He lived in an apartment in Arlington with his wife, Olga, and their two young girls.

But Motorin had a wandering eye; the FBI knew he was seeing a prostitute and had a mistress at the Soviet embassy as well, the wife of a diplomat. "He got into a wreck in his car with the hooker in the car," said a former FBI agent. "The insurance adjustor tipped us off. That's how it all started."

FBI counterintelligence agents in the Washington field office began keeping closer track of the KGB officer. Soon afterward, they watched Motorin walk into a store in downtown Washington and trade his operational allowance of vodka and Cuban cigars for stereo equipment. The vodka and cigars were supposed to be used to help recruit American agents for the KGB. The major was not only cheating on his wife, he had now committed an indiscretion that could get him into serious trouble with his superiors.

It was time for a chat. With the leverage it now had over Motorin, the FBI did not have too much difficulty in persuading him to listen, although it took several months and constant pressure to recruit him.

In April 1983, the FBI met with Motorin for the first time in a safe house, an apartment in Crystal City in northern Virginia. He was given the code name MEGAS. To the CIA, Motorin was GTGAUZE.

Joseph K. Eddleman, Jr., Motorin's FBI case officer, rented the safe house. Dale Pugh, one of the FBI agents handling Motorin, was given $4,000 and told to buy furniture for the apartment so the neighbors would not wonder why it was empty. Pugh loved the hamburgers at Ollie's Trolley across the street; he was disappointed when, to preserve security, they moved to another safe house in Alexandria, off King Street, and alternated between there and a third safe house across the river in Paper Mill Court in Washington, in the Georgetown high-rent district. In all, there were seventy-five meetings with Motorin over two years.

Communication is the most delicate part of any spy operation; the FBI could hardly just pick up the phone and call Motorin at the embassy to arrange a meeting. To contact "Sam Olson," the operational name Motorin chose for himself, the bureau gave him a special phone number, which was a beeper carried by FBI agent Mike Morton. "The number was just for Motorin," a bureau source said, "so if it rang, Mike knew it was Motorin." The arrangement was secure. "Motorin would beep him from a pay phone and Mike would call him right back at the pay phone."

Motorin provided the FBI with the name of every KGB agent in the Soviet embassy. But more important, the FBI man said, "he revealed the tasking he had received from Moscow Center, what they were told were priorities. But that was a joke; they were afraid of doing anything aggressively. Because they didn't want to be caught and thrown out of Washington. They loved being in Washington."

The KGB expected its officers in the capital to be alert. "Motorin told us once if they could send something to Moscow Center twenty-four hours before it appeared in *The Washington Post,* they were heroes."

The FBI was paying Motorin two hundred dollars a week and putting five hundred dollars a week into his escrow account. The bureau also bought him a tennis racket and a two-thousand-dollar diamond ring that he had picked out to give to his mistress in the embassy. "But he never gave it to her," the FBI man said. "We kept it. A big ugly diamond that really stuck out. It might have raised questions. We talked him out of it."

To preserve security, the FBI set up separate special rooms for the agents handling Motorin and Martynov. The room for the squad working the Martynov case was on the ninth floor of the Washington field office, then in a remote section of the capital on the Anacostia River with the unappealing name of Buzzard's Point. Another special room was set aside on the eleventh floor, the building's top floor, for the agents handling Motorin. Both rooms were locked and soundproofed.

Despite these elaborate precautions, word circulated within the tight, closed world of the intelligence division that the bureau had acquired sources inside the Soviet embassy.

And Hanssen, in the Soviet analytical unit, read the reports of the debriefings of the two KGB agents. “We got the product,” Burns said. Although the FBI documents referred to Martynov and Motorin by their code names, it would not have been all that difficult for an insider to learn their true names. For example, by comparing the biographical information the FBI routinely compiled on Soviet diplomats in the Washington embassy with internal references in the debriefings of the two sources, their identities might become clear.

“Although it would be compartmented,” Burns conceded, “the analysts might know the identities of sources. Hanssen probably would have learned of Martynov and Motorin’s identity by name.”

He did. Jim Ohlson, who kept up his friendship with Hanssen over the years, believes Hanssen learned their identities in subtle ways. “Even when he was in the budget unit he often talked to people in the Soviet analytical unit,” he said. “In the analytical unit, he would have learned some clues. Sometimes the bureau would list an active source as inactive as a ploy to protect the source’s identity. Hanssen could have detected this and put it together with other bits of information.

“Then there was the Hengemuhle incident.” Joseph F. Hengemuhle was one of two top FBI counterintelligence agents working against the Soviets in New York; he was transferred to headquarters in the early 1980s to be chief of the Soviet section. But he came reluctantly, saying he would only stay until the bureau got a Soviet recruitment. His vow became known among his counterintelligence colleagues. After more than a year, Hengemuhle returned to the field in New York.

Hanssen remarked to Ohlson: “Hengemuhle’s gone back. He must have gotten his recruitment.” And in fact the bureau had gotten two.

Robert Hanssen, as he worked in the Soviet analytical unit, was a man with an enormous secret; he was himself a Soviet penetration of the FBI. One might assume that Hanssen would have been frightened that the two KGB sources would somehow learn his identity, or learn at least that an FBI man had sold secrets to the Russians, and reveal that to the bureau. But not to worry: it was to the GRU that Hanssen had betrayed TOPHAT, and the FBI’s KGB sources in the embassy could not be expected to learn that, or indeed to know anything about a GRU asset. As long as he did not pass secrets to the KGB, his own secret was safe.

Hanssen knew that for his past sins, Martynov and Motorin could not betray him. But he could betray them.

* * *

Life was pleasant on Whitecedar Court, although the Hanssens, now with two more young boys, lived frugally with their five children. To all appearances they were a typical American family. They seemed so normal, in fact, that more than one acquaintance compared them to June and Ward Cleaver, the stereotyped suburban couple in the classic 1950s TV show *Leave It to Beaver.*

Vienna, Virginia, where the Hanssens lived, was a leafy bedroom community of well-kept lawns and watchful neighbors. Once a year, Bob and Bonnie and the children drove down to Florida to visit his parents. When Hanssen's father left the police force, he and his wife could not really afford the old neighborhood in Chicago anymore. After one big snowstorm, Howard developed bursitis in both shoulders. That did it; Howard and Vivian Hanssen retired to Venice, Florida. Bonnie's parents remained in Park Ridge, even after her father retired from the university.

Friends did notice how little Bob Hanssen seemed to spend, how careful he was about parting with his money. "They had three mortgages and drove used cars," said one. "The Hanssens never spent money, never went out to eat, except McDonald's on the way to Florida to see his parents."

To supplement her husband's FBI salary, Bonnie Hanssen taught religion and church history at Oakcrest, an Opus Dei Catholic school, which the couple's girls could attend with low tuition. The boys went to the Heights, another Opus Dei school in Potomac, Maryland.

Occasionally the Ohlsons, or Paul Moore and his wife, were invited for dinner. "When he lived out in Vienna we had dinner in each other's homes," Moore said. "He had this houseful of kids."

Hanssen seldom missed a day going to mass. Sometimes he would duck in for the noon mass at the chapel in the Catholic Information Center in downtown Washington, not far from FBI headquarters. The mass there was celebrated by the center's director, Father C. John McCloskey, an Opus Dei priest who knew both the Hanssens.

And once a month, Hanssen would go to the "evenings of recollection" at the Opus Dei Tenley Study Center on Garrison Street, just off upper Wisconsin Avenue in northwest Washington. The modern, red-brick building, formerly the high school of the Heights, houses a

Catholic youth center "dedicated to the character development of young men," its brochure explains, to help them become "committed to live by Christian principles."

The evenings of recollection were men-only events. According to Frank Byrne, the center's administrator, "Typically a priest delivers a meditation, talking for half an hour, perhaps on some point of doctrine, then the men repair to the living room for readings, perhaps the works of Ronald Knox,* then they return to the chapel and the priest gives the benediction." Sometimes guest speakers were invited as well. Twice, Hanssen persuaded Paul Moore to talk at the Tenley Center about his work for the FBI.

One night on the way to the Tenley Center, Hanssen had a serious automobile accident. "Some young guy made a left turn in front of him," Moore said. "Bob was badly hurt. I think his elbow was broken. He ended up with a very awkward cast, with his left arm out at an angle, and a rod sticking out. He couldn't drive.

"I lived in Arlington. I called him up and said, 'How are you getting into work?' He said, 'The car is wrecked, we have only the one car.' But he thought that God would provide."

A more secular solution ensued; Moore offered to drive Hanssen to headquarters. "It turned out I picked up not only Bob but his two girls in their high school outfits, saddle shoes and tartan skirts, and drove down Chain Bridge Road into Georgetown. At the time Oakcrest, the girls' school, was on MacArthur Boulevard. We dropped them off, and then we went downtown to the bureau."

And at work, Hanssen was gaining access to more and more sensitive material. In the analytical unit, Hanssen now sat on the FBI's foreign counterintelligence technical committee, which coordinated all of the division's electronic surveillance operations.

By late summer of 1985, Hanssen's headquarters time was coming to a close. For the FBI, it was an eventful year; an astonishing number of espionage cases were wrapped up by the bureau with a series of arrests, so many that the news media dubbed 1985 the Year of the Spy.

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*Ronald Knox, the English author and theologian, was an Anglican who converted to the Catholic Church and served as chaplain of Oxford University in the years before World War II. Although known for his translation of the Bible, he also wrote popular detective stories.

The extraordinary series of spy cases had actually begun the previous year with the arrest in October of Richard Miller, the first FBI agent ever to be charged, and later convicted, of espionage. Miller, seriously overweight and bumbling, was working as a counterintelligence agent in the Los Angeles FBI office when he began an affair with Svetlana Ogorodnikov, a Soviet émigré woman whom he was supposed to be watching. Instead, she persuaded him to spy for the KGB, promising him $65,000 and a Burberry trench coat.*

Officials at FBI headquarters, greatly embarrassed by Miller's arrest, closely followed developments in the case, nowhere more so than in the intelligence division. Richard Miller's first trial opened August 5, 1985, a little more than six weeks before Robert Hanssen was to report to New York for a second tour in the city.

So Hanssen was well aware of the Miller case, and of the highly publicized arrest by the FBI a few months earlier, on May 20, 1985, of John A. Walker, Jr., the former Navy chief warrant officer who headed a family ring of Navy spies. Walker, who sold U.S. codes to the KGB, had spied for eighteen years.†

On August 1, 1985, as Hanssen also knew, Vitaly Yurchenko, a senior KGB official, had defected to the CIA in Rome, and information he provided led the FBI to place a former CIA officer, Edward Lee Howard, under surveillance. But Howard, aided by skills he had learned in the CIA, escaped into the New Mexico desert on September 21 and turned up in Moscow, a fugitive on espionage charges.

On the day that Howard escaped from the FBI, Hanssen was beginning his new assignment in New York, this time as a supervisor of a counterintelligence squad.

The march of espionage cases continued in rapid succession as Hanssen settled into his new job. On November 21, Jonathan Jay Pollard, a U.S. naval intelligence analyst, was arrested as a spy for Israel.* Only one day later FBI agents arrested Larry Wu-Tai Chin, a former CIA broadcasting analyst who had passed secrets to Chinese intelligence for thirty-three years, for which he received about $140,000.† Three days after that, on November 25, Ronald W. Pelton, a former NSA employee who sold that agency's secrets to the Soviets, was arrested as a result of clues provided by Vitaly Yurchenko.‡

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*Miller's first trial ended in a hung jury on November 6, 1985. Convicted in a second trial, he was sentenced to life in July 1986. His conviction was overturned in April 1989 by a federal appeals court because the trial judge had allowed testimony about lie detector tests that Miller had failed. Finally, in October 1990, Miller was found guilty in a third trial, and sentenced in February 1991 to a prison term of twenty years.

†Walker pleaded guilty and was sentenced on November 6, 1986, to life in prison. His son, Michael, drew twenty-five years, and his brother Arthur and friend Jerry A. Whitworth were sentenced to life. All had served in the Navy.

Sometime before leaving Washington, in the months that Hanssen worked in the Soviet analytical unit, the decision to resume his career as a spy that had been forming within him became final. He knew by then of the arrests of Richard Miller and of the Walkers, the defection of Vitaly Yurchenko, the escape of Edward Lee Howard, and the fact that his counterintelligence colleagues were working overtime to close in on more spies. In the single year 1985, in fact, eleven persons were arrested for espionage and fourteen persons were convicted.

None of this deterred Hanssen in the least. His mind was made up. This time, he decided, he would play in the majors. Despite the risks, he would volunteer his services to a different branch of Soviet intelligence: the KGB.

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*Pollard had spied for the Israelis during 1984 and 1985. He pleaded guilty in June 1986 and was sentenced to life on March 4, 1987.

†Chin was convicted in February 1986 and committed suicide on February 21, 1986, by tying a plastic bag over his head while he was in jail awaiting sentencing.

‡Pelton was convicted of espionage in 1986 and sentenced to life in prison.

7

“Soon, I Will Send a Box of Documents”

The tiny CIA camera, disguised as a cigarette lighter, was like something straight out of a James Bond movie, a gadget that Q might have handed over solemnly to a nonchalant 007. Only this one was real.

In a San Francisco hotel room in 1981, Boris Yuzhin, a KGB officer assigned to the Soviet consulate in that city, met with a veteran CIA officer and an agency technician. The officer gave the miniature camera to Yuzhin, whose cover was that of a correspondent for Tass, the Soviet news agency.

The CIA camera, known as a tropel, was tube-shaped, with the lens at the opposite end from the flint. The specially designed lens was not much bigger than a dime. Yuzhin smoked, so a cigarette lighter would not be expected to arouse suspicion. The device actually worked, if only briefly, as a lighter.*

The CIA technician took over and demonstrated how Yuzhin was to use the camera to photograph documents in the Soviet consulate. The special film would allow him to take ninety pictures.

The Russian had been recruited by the FBI. The bureau brought in the CIA officer who gave Yuzhin the spy camera as a result of a then-unusual level of cooperation between the two agencies on an unrelated case. A CIA source in Indonesia, code name GTJOGGER, had revealed that a former agency officer, David H. Barnett, had sold CIA secrets to the KGB. The CIA turned over GTJOGGER’s leads to the FBI, which investigated and arrested Barnett, the first CIA officer ever to be charged with espionage. As payback for the CIA's help in the case, the FBI invited the agency to work with it on a case, and the CIA chose Yuzhin.*

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*The CIA camera contained but a small amount of flammable fluid, so it was designed to be used only sparingly as a cigarette lighter.

Boris Yuzhin had first come to the United States six years earlier as a student at the University of California, Berkeley. He was then already working for the KGB. The FBI approached Yuzhin on a pretext, with the help of a woman he knew, and discovered that he admired American society. He soon began volunteering information to the bureau. The FBI assigned Bill Smits, who spoke Russian, as Yuzhin's case agent. In the San Francisco field office, Smits, who favored elegant three-piece suits, was known as the Count. He was earning a doctorate in public administration at Golden Gate University while handling Boris Yuzhin.

"He cooperated because he hated the KGB, the politics," Smits said. "He had no use for it. He saw it for what it was." Yuzhin's FBI code name was RAMPAIGE. The CIA called him CKTWINE.

Yuzhin went back to Moscow, but returned to San Francisco in 1978. His cover as a Tass correspondent was designed to mask his true position as a KGB Line PR officer assigned to collect political intelligence. A CIA officer explained why Yuzhin continued to spy for the United States. "He had been treated well, but he was considered a country boy from an inferior background. In the KGB you got promoted because of who you knew, not what you did. Yuzhin didn't have a protector. Even though he was a lieutenant colonel by the time he went back to San Francisco, he felt he was a quota bumpkin. They pushed a few along in a sort of equal opportunity program."

Yuzhin revealed to American intelligence the existence of the KGB's Group North, an elite unit of senior Soviet intelligence officers who specialized in recruiting American and Canadian targets worldwide. The KGB group was a kind of spy SWAT team with authority to travel anywhere on its missions.

Yuzhin also gave the FBI and the CIA leads that helped Norway to identify and arrest Arne Treholt, a high-level Soviet spy in that country's diplomatic corps.* Bill Smits continued as his FBI case agent.

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*GTJOGGER was Vladimir M. Piguzov, a lieutenant colonel in the KGB. He was one of ten persons later executed after he was betrayed to Moscow by Aldrich Ames. David Barnett was sentenced to eighteen years in federal prison and served a little over nine years.

Yuzhin photographed several hundred documents and cables from Moscow with the CIA's trick camera. When all ninety frames were shot, he would exchange the exposed film for a new roll. He was also given a small camera by the FBI; once, when using it, Yuzhin managed to take pictures of his own reflection on the documents, not a good idea had the film fallen into the wrong hands.

Some months later, Yuzhin committed a blunder that nearly cost him his life: he lost the cigarette lighter. He looked all over, but to no avail. Yuzhin, frantic, contacted his FBI handler for help. "I searched his car that night thinking he might have dropped it between the seats," Bill Smits said. "We damn near tore the car apart." No lighter. Yuzhin thought maybe he had dropped it at a friend's apartment. The FBI entered the apartment, searched it, and found nothing.

In the meantime, a janitor in the Soviet consulate had found the lighter by a pool table. Trying to light a flame, he took four pictures of himself. He turned the lighter in, and the KGB immediately recognized what it was. Yuzhin and another Soviet at the consulate, Igor S. Samsonov, were the prime suspects; both were smokers and shared an office.

In 1982, Yuzhin returned to Moscow, still under suspicion and closely watched. The KGB stationed its agents in the crawl space between the ceiling of the Yuzhins' apartment and the floor of the apartment above. The KGB had the Yuzhins under total surveillance, including their bedroom, twenty-four hours a day.

But without real evidence that the lighter was Yuzhin's, the KGB did not arrest him. The CIA hoped to stay in communication with Yuzhin, but he was wary now. "When he returned to Moscow," a CIA man said, "Yuzhin would only agree to give a 'sign of life,' such as a chalk mark. No meetings, no dead drops." For the moment, at least, Yuzhin seemed out of danger.

But he was not, because Hanssen had learned his identity, along with the true names of Martynov and Motorin.

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*In 1984, Norwegian police arrested Treholt at the Oslo airport as he was about to leave for Vienna to meet his KGB control. He carried a briefcase containing sixty-six classified documents. Treholt was convicted and sentenced to twenty years.

* * *

For the Hanssens, his new assignment in New York City meant pulling up stakes again, selling their four-bedroom house on Whitecedar Court, buying a new one, enrolling the children in new schools. They sold their house in Vienna for $175,000. But they paid almost as much for a smaller, three-bedroom, two-story house in Yorktown Heights, in Westchester County again but farther north of the city and an hour-and-a-half commute from his office.

But Hanssen had already decided how to supplement his FBI salary, then about $46,000; it had, after all, worked before. As he arranged the details of moving himself and his family to New York, he was back in Washington on Tuesday, October 1, 1985.

From somewhere in Prince George's County, Maryland, he dropped a letter in a mailbox. Three days later, it was received by Viktor M. Degtyar, a KGB Line PR officer, at his home in Alexandria, Virginia.

When Degtyar opened the letter, he found another envelope inside, marked DO NOT OPEN. TAKE THIS ENVELOPE UNOPENED TO VICTOR I. CHERKASHIN. At that time, Viktor Cherkashin was the KGB's chief of counterintelligence, or Line KR, at the Soviet embassy. Less than four months earlier, it was Cherkashin who had accepted Aldrich Ames as a walk-in to the KGB, a decision that launched Ames's nine years of spying as the most damaging mole in the history of the CIA.

Inside the inner envelope of the letter to Degtyar was an unsigned typed letter to Cherkashin from Robert Hanssen. The KGB, not knowing his identity, gave him the simple code name "B." The letter said:

> Dear Mr. Cherkashin:
>
> Soon, I will send a box of documents to Mr. Degtyar. They are from certain of the most sensitive and highly compartmented projects of the U.S. intelligence community. All are originals to aid in verifying their authenticity. Please recognize for our long-term interests that there are a limited number of persons with this array of clearances. As a collection they point to me. I trust that an officer of your experience will handle them appropriately. I believe they are sufficient to justify a $100,000 payment to me. I must warn of certain risks to my security of which you may not be aware. Your service has recently

> suffered some setbacks. I warn that Mr. Boris Yuzhin (line PR, SF), Mr. Sergey Motorin (Line PR, Wash.) and Mr. Valeriy Martynov (Line X, Wash.) have been recruited by our "Special Services."

Having betrayed the three FBI sources and, as far as Hanssen knew, sent them to their doom, he described a classified intelligence collection program. In addition, "to further support my bona fides," as Hanssen put it, he included information about recent Soviet defectors to U.S. intelligence.

He added:

> Details regarding payment and future contact will be sent to you personally. . . . [M]y identity and actual position in the community must be left unstated to ensure my security. I am open to commo [communication] suggestions but want no specialized tradecraft. I will add 6, (you subtract 6) from stated months, days and times in both directions of our future communications.

Hanssen had no way of knowing that less than four months earlier, Aldrich Ames had already given up Martynov, Motorin, and Yuzhin to the KGB.* The fact that Ames had been down that path before him, and for the same reason, did not alter Hanssen's intent. At the very least, his betrayal provided important confirmation to the Soviets of the information they had already received from Aldrich Ames.

On June 13, 1985, Ames had wrapped up between five and seven pounds of cable traffic and other secret documents in plastic bags in his fourth-floor office at CIA headquarters. He took the elevator down, used his laminated ID card to get through the turnstiles that block every exit, and walked to his car in the parking lot. No guard asked to look inside the plastic bags; the CIA, as Ames knew, did not examine packages being carried out of the building.

Ames drove across the river to Chadwicks, a Washington saloon and restaurant under the K Street Freeway on the Georgetown waterfront. There he met Sergei D. Chuvakhin, a diplomat listed as a first secretary of the Soviet embassy. The KGB was using Chuvakhin as a cutout, or intermediary; Ames in turn was ostensibly developing Chuvakhin as an agency source.

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*Yuzhin was also given up by Edward Lee Howard, who did not know his name but told the KGB he was a Tass correspondent working in San Francisco, which was as good as naming him.

At lunch, Ames handed Chuvakhin the plastic bags containing Langley's most precious secrets—the names of more than ten of the most important Soviet sources working for the CIA and FBI, including the three that Hanssen would betray four months later. Ames knew that many of them would die.

Long after, when he pleaded guilty to espionage in federal court, Ames described that day: "I did something which is still not entirely explicable even to me: without preconditions, or any demand for payment, I volunteered to the KGB information identifying virtually all Soviet agents of the CIA and other American and foreign services known to me. To my enduring surprise, the KGB replied that it had set aside for me two million dollars in gratitude for the information."* His decision to betray the CIA's agents, Ames later said, "was like the leap into the dark."

Hanssen, in betraying the three FBI sources, was not merely establishing his credibility with the KGB. He was also protecting himself against what in his letter he had called "certain risks to my security." The danger to Hanssen was that one or more of the three FBI sources might learn of his existence from their vantage point inside the KGB and reveal it to the FBI. The best way to eliminate that possibility was to kill them.

As Hanssen had promised, his first package of documents arrived in the mail at Viktor Degtyar's house in Alexandria ten days after the KGB man had received his letter. Inside were a large batch of classified intelligence documents, although not all were originals as he had said in his letter.

At 8:35 A.M. the next morning, October 16, FBI agents routinely watching the Soviet embassy from their lookout post across the street saw Degtyar arrive for work. He was carrying a large black canvas bag which the KGB man did not normally have with him. This was duly noted and recorded, but of course the FBI agents on surveillance duty had no way to guess what was in the bag. The contents could just as easily have been books, a change of clothes, or Degtyar's lunch.

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*Statement of Aldrich Hazen Ames in United States district court, Alexandria, Virginia, April 28, 1994. Ames was sentenced to life in prison with no possibility of parole.

A week later, this time from New York City, Hanssen mailed another letter to Degtyar's house. Perhaps not wanting his wife to surprise him again, Hanssen seldom wrote to the KGB in his den at home; he composed most of his letters on a laptop in his car.

In the message to Degtyar, Hanssen, the consummate professional, was not *asking* the KGB for instructions on where they wanted to leave the $100,000 he had asked for, or where he was to stash documents in the future, or how to signal the Russians—he was *telling* them.

The letter crisply laid out his plan:

> DROP LOCATION Please leave your package for me under the corner (nearest the street) of the wooden foot bridge located just west of the entrance to Nottoway Park.
>
> PACKAGE PREPARATION Use a green or brown plastic trash bag and trash to cover a waterproofed package.
>
> SIGNAL LOCATION Signal site will be the pictorial "pedestrian-crossing" signpost just west of the main Nottoway Park entrance on Old Courthouse Road. (The sign is the one nearest the bridge just mentioned.)
>
> SIGNALS My signal to you: One vertical mark of white adhesive tape meaning I am ready to receive your package.
>
> Your signal to me: One horizontal mark of white adhesive tape meaning drop filled.
>
> My signal to you: One vertical mark of white adhesive tape meaning I have received your package. (Remove old tape before leaving signal.)

After enclosing a schedule of dates and times for the signals and dead drops, Hanssen said he would acknowledge receipt of the money with his next package of documents.

The KGB gave the dead drop site in Nottoway Park the appropriate, if unimaginative, code name PARK. It was to become Hanssen's favorite drop site; over the next four years he used it seventeen times.

On Saturday, November 2, less than a week after receiving Hanssen's letter, the KGB loaded the PARK dead drop with $50,000 in cash, half of what he had requested. Because Hanssen's motives for spying for Moscow were complex, varied, and enigmatic, among those who knew him in the intelligence community it became the accepted wisdom after his arrest that he had not acted for money alone, or even primarily. While that may well be true, it should be noted that $50,000—and he was to receive a great deal more—was an amount greater than his annual FBI salary at the time. Hard cash was certainly not an insignificant factor in his mix of motives, as Hanssen himself later told his FBI debriefers and the Webster commission.

Along with the money, the KGB countered with their own arrangements for future contacts with Hanssen. In the spy trade, this schedule of meetings, drops, and dates is known as a communication plan.

Six days later, on November 8, Cherkashin was given another letter from Hanssen, who did not, then or later, reveal his identity to the Russians. Once again the letter was mailed to Degtyar's home in Alexandria. It was full of flattery for Cherkashin, praising "your courage and perseverance" in the face of what Hanssen said he assumed were the usual "bureaucratic obstacles." He went on in the same vein:

> I would not have contacted you if it were not reported that you were held in esteem within your organization, an organization I have studied for years. I did expect some communication plan in your response. I viewed the postal delivery as a necessary risk and do not wish to trust again that channel with valuable material. I did this only because I had to so you would take my offer seriously, that there be no misunderstanding as to my long-term value, and to obtain appropriate security for our relationship from the start.

Hanssen was using old-fashioned spycraft. As he well knew, even in the high-tech age of computers, the KGB and for that matter the CIA, perhaps surprisingly, clung to traditional methods of contacting agents and exchanging documents and money. Since both sides rightly assumed that their telephones were tapped, the use of signal sites and dead drops offered a measure of security that spies found attractive. Typically, the intelligence officer or agent would contact each other by leaving a signal, a piece of tape on a telephone pole or perhaps a chalk mark on a mailbox, to indicate that a drop had been loaded or cleared. Usually these signals were placed in such a way and at a height that someone driving by could see them without getting out of a car.

True, using hiding places to stash documents or money carried a small risk that children playing in a park might discover the secret, or someone's dog might snuffle into a dead drop. However, that slight danger was offset by the fact that the use of these established methods meant that an officer and his agent would not be caught together with incriminating material, as could happen in a personal meeting.

But the computer-savvy Hanssen hoped to drag the KGB into the age of cyberspace. He suggested they contact each other on a computer "bulletin board," using "appropriate encryption." Hanssen must have realized there was little chance of changing the ways of the KGB, for he wrote that, in the meantime, "Let us use the same site again. Same timing. Same signals." Hanssen proposed that the next exchange at a dead drop take place on March 3, 1986.*

Hanssen was not going to fuss over the money with his new paymasters. "Thank you for the 50,000," he wrote. "As far as the funds are concerned, I have little need or utility for more than the 100,000. It merely provides a difficulty since I can not spend it, store it or invest it easily without triping [*sic*] 'drug money' warning bells.

"Perhaps some diamonds as security to my children and some good will so that when the time comes, you will accept by [*sic*] senior services as a guest lecturer."

Even at this early stage, sixteen years before he was caught, Hanssen was aware that despite all of his professional precautions, the day might come when he was discovered and would have to flee. "Eventually," he wrote, "I would appreciate an escape plan. (Nothing lasts forever.)"

In the same letter, Hanssen made clear that he had access to communications intelligence and the supersecret collection methods of the National Security Agency. He warned the KGB of a "new technique" used by the NSA, which he described in detail.

Having already betrayed Martynov, Motorin, and Yuzhin and, as far as he knew, ensuring that they would be shot, Hanssen wanted to make certain that the KGB believed he was a genuine mole whose information could be trusted. Referring to the three FBI sources, he wrote:

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*In his letter to Cherkashin, Hanssen asked that the next meeting occur on September 9, which—under the coefficient of six that he established in his first letter to the KGB whereby to determine the true date, the KGB would subtract six months from September and six days from the date—meant that the exchange would actually take place the following March 3.

> I can not provide documentary substantiating evidence without arousing suspicion at this time. Nevertheless, it is from my own knowledge as a member of the community. . . . I have seen video tapes of debriefings and physically saw the last, though we were not introduced. The names were provided to me as part of my duties as one of the few who needed to know. You have some avenues of inquiry. Substantial funds were provided in excess of what could have been skimmed from their agents.* The active one has always (in the past) used a concealment device—a bag with bank notes sewn in the base during home leaves.

This last reference surely helped to identify and send Valery Martynov to his death, because logically it was Martynov who would be the "active one." Sergei Motorin had by then returned to Moscow and Yuzhin had gone back in 1982. And only the FBI and Martynov knew that he concealed the money he was paid by the bureau in the bottom of his travel bag. That fact was classified SECRET.

In the event, only Boris Yuzhin escaped the executioner. He was one of the lucky ones, if serving time in the Soviet gulag can be called that. Arrested in December 1986, he was sentenced to fifteen years for high treason. On February 7, 1992, after six years under harsh conditions in Soviet prisons, Yuzhin was one of ten political prisoners released from the notorious Perm-35 prison camp in the Urals under a general amnesty granted by Boris Yeltsin, then president of Russia. He later emigrated to the United States with his family.

Sergei Motorin had returned to Moscow on normal rotation in January 1985. After being identified to the KGB by Ames in June and Hanssen in October, he was arrested by December. A Soviet court that heard the evidence against Motorin said he had received $20,000 from the FBI, and it cited his purchase of a water bed as proof of his Western decadence.

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*What Hanssen was saying here to the KGB was, Look, you don't have to take my word for it; we paid these sources to spy, so take a look and you may discover they have more money than they could have misappropriated from the KGB funds they were allotted to pay agents they had recruited in the United States.

From Moscow, Motorin had telephoned his woman friend in Washington several times. The calls continued through the late winter. The conversations were recorded and the FBI and the CIA read the transcripts. Later, the FBI concluded that Motorin was already under control and had been forced by the KGB to make the telephone calls, in an effort to deceive U.S. intelligence into thinking he had not been detected. But in February 1987, the last telephone contact took place. That month, he was executed.

Valery Martynov was lured back to Moscow on November 6, 1985, in a ploy that apparently did not arouse his suspicion. The key was Vitaly Yurchenko. The celebrated KGB defector had changed his mind about remaining in America and slipped away from his young CIA escort in a Georgetown restaurant; he then surfaced at a press conference at the Soviet embassy, claiming he had been kidnapped by the CIA, which no one believed. Martynov was ordered to escort Vitaly Yurchenko on the flight home.

Martynov told his wife, Natalya, and his two young children that he would be back in Washington soon. Shortly after Martynov flew back to Moscow, Natalya received a note from her husband saying he had reinjured a bad knee while carrying his luggage and had been hospitalized. He asked her and their son and daughter to come back to Moscow. As soon as their plane had landed, Natalya realized that her husband was in trouble. She was taken to Moscow's grim Lefortovo prison for interrogation. At first she thought her husband might be suspected of bringing in tape recorders or other electronic equipment and selling them. It was only then that she was told he had been charged with high treason.

Questioned repeatedly by the KGB, she was allowed to see her husband only four times during the next two years. The last time, knowing he had been sentenced to death, she brought her son with her.

Hanssen's letter, revealing precisely how Martynov had concealed the FBI's cash in his suitcase, reached Viktor Cherkashin on November 8, 1985. Martynov, with Vitaly Yurchenko, had left Washington only two days earlier on an Aeroflot jet to Moscow. If the KGB entertained any lingering doubts that Martynov had become a mole for U.S. intelligence, Hanssen's letter certainly removed them. There could no longer be any question.

On May 28, 1987, Lieutenant Colonel Valery Martynov was executed by a firing squad. He was forty-one.

8

"For Sale, Dodge Diplomat, Needs Engine Work"

While Hanssen continued in New York to funnel sensitive secrets to the Russians, in his day job he spied on them.

As a squad supervisor on his second tour in the city, Hanssen spent most of his time in a highly secret FBI wiretap installation on Manhattan's east side, a few blocks north of Grand Central Terminal. It was code-named POCKETWATCH.

Hanssen's squad was collecting electronic intelligence on Soviet commercial operations in the United States. Its primary target was Amtorg, the Soviet trading agency. For Hanssen, the wheel had come full circle; it was to Amtorg that he had volunteered in his first venture into espionage six years earlier, when he spied for the GRU.

The FBI agents under Hanssen operated discreetly out of a building near the Amtorg office.* Their targets also included Aeroflot, the Soviet airline, and other commercial offices. The agents were, in bureau shorthand, operating "offsite," meaning they were not working downtown at the FBI's large New York field office at 26 Federal Plaza, known irreverently as "the anthill."

At Hanssen's uptown shop, FBI agents and translators with earphones clamped to their heads listened in on what the Soviets were saying, at the same time recording all the conversations on tape for future reference. They were, in the language of the agents, engaged in "overhears" and analysis of the take. Amtorg encouraged Soviet exports, stimulating sales of Belarus tractors, for example. But the FBI was not interested in tractors; it was looking for intelligence officers.

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*Hanssen's squad was close by because of budget constraints. With the technology available at the time it was too costly to run the phone lines used for wiretaps over many blocks. "In those days, if you moved out of the area of a central telephone office, it was expensive," one FBI man recalled.

Once again, Hanssen was toiling in a backwater, not at the center of the game. "Hanssen was a supervisor, but he had a nondescript squad," said Ed Curran, who worked counterintelligence in the city for a dozen years. "Amtorg is not like the Soviet mission or the UN, where the action was. At Amtorg, maybe you had a few IOs in there for cover, but they never did much. If you have forty or fifty Soviets in Amtorg, what you're looking for is two or three who are GRU or co-opted by them.

"I had illegals and KR [KGB counterintelligence], a hot trigger; you're always doing something. What Hanssen was doing was certainly not as important as a KGB squad, working against hostile, aggressive intelligence officers."

Hanssen's POCKETWATCH wiretap operation was a subunit of a separate, much larger eavesdropping installation, code-named MEGAHUT, also on the east side of Manhattan, not far from the UN. This was the bureau's central counterintelligence surveillance site for the entire city, with telephone lines running to the Soviet Mission to the United Nations on East Sixty-seventh Street, and as far north as the Russian apartment complex in Riverdale, along the Hudson River in the upper reaches of the Bronx.*

In every city where the Soviets had a diplomatic presence, there was such a central facility for the bureau's wiretappers. In Washington, it was known among the field agents as the Hole, and in San Francisco the Farm (not to be confused with the CIA's training base near Williamsburg, Virginia, with the same name). The technicians from MEGAHUT had set up the smaller office that Hanssen supervised.

It was one of the multiple contradictions of Hanssen's personality that he appears to have worked hard simultaneously for both the KGB and the FBI. James Ohlson, who remained friendly with Hanssen after they had met at headquarters and discovered their Chicago roots, recalled a major counterintelligence breakthrough that Hanssen achieved, on his own time, to solve a troublesome problem for the bureau.

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*"Riverdale was the main target for MEGAHUT," said one FBI man. "We worked with NSA. Before they built Riverdale, they lived in hotels, the Excelsior, the Esplanade on the west side, and it was easy for us to go after them. We could be next door or on the floor above. We could talk to the manager, the neighbors. Then in the late seventies they [the Soviets] rounded them up and put them all in one complex in Riverdale." As secret as MEGAHUT was, at least some New Yorkers were aware that the FBI had a clandestine hideaway in their midst, even if the exact purpose remained mysterious. "Everybody in the neighborhood knew," the FBI man said. "We had 'No Parking' signs. That was the giveaway; the bureau really likes its cars."

Ohlson was at headquarters in the FBI's information systems unit, developing computer programs for counterintelligence and counterterrorism. Hanssen, in New York, helped Ohlson develop a computer program that greatly improved the FBI's ability to track Soviet diplomats.

Until then, the bureau agents watching the Soviet Mission to the United Nations would write down when employees entered and left the mission, the date and time, their names if known, and whether they were alone or accompanied. But the system was cumbersome; if the FBI agents needed to check on the time and date that a Russian IO had left the mission, it might take two days of painstaking searches through the handwritten sheets to get the answer.

Hanssen wrote a software program on his Mac at home that allowed the agent in the observation post to record the date, time, name, place, and whether it was an entry or exit. Then, with one click of a mouse, the five fields were entered into the database. Each day the data would be downloaded from the laptop of the agent on surveillance duty to the New York field office. From there, it was relayed to Washington.*

Normally a program of this kind would be designed by the FBI's computer experts, but they recognized the usefulness of Hanssen's work and adopted the program he wrote. It was then used by FBI agents watching not only the Soviet mission but Amtorg and other Soviet offices as well. Hanssen had once again proven his skill with computers.

Listening in on the Russians at Amtorg, the FBI agents working for Hanssen would sometimes hear them exchanging jokes. Hanssen instructed his squad to collect them. Ohlson learned this when he visited Hanssen in New York in 1986. "The idea was it would shed light on what the Russians were thinking. I remember one he told me. Two Russian women are talking. One asks the other, 'Do you like sex or New Year's better?' The other answers, 'Obviously New Year's—because it comes more often.' "

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*Today, the surveillance data is downloaded directly to Washington from the laptop, one of Hanssen's curious legacies.

* * *

After seven months in New York, Hanssen was ready to sell more FBI secrets to the Soviets. On June 30, 1986, he sent another letter through the KGB's Viktor Degtyar, warning that the NSA had discovered a vulnerability in Soviet satellite transmissions and was exploiting the loophole. That information was classified TOP SECRET/SCI.

Always alert to threats to his own security, Hanssen was worried about a reference to Viktor Cherkashin that he had seen in the debriefing of a Soviet defector, Victor Gundarev. Gundarev, the chief of counterintelligence and security for the KGB "residentura," its station in Athens, had defected to the CIA five months earlier, in February.* David Forden, the CIA station chief, had arranged to spirit Gundarev out of Greece to the United States.

In his letter Hanssen explained his concern to the KGB:

> I apologize for the delay since our break in communications. I wanted to determine if there was any cause for concern over security. I have only seen one item which has given me pause. When the FBI was first given access to Victor Petrovich Gundarev, they asked . . . if Gundarev knew Viktor Cherkashin. I thought this unusual. I had seen no report indicating that Viktor Cherkashin was handling an important agent, and heretofore he was looked at with the usual lethargy awarded Line Chiefs. The question came to mind, are they [the FBI] somehow able to monitor funds, ie., to know that Viktor Cherkashin received a large amount of money for an agent? I am unaware of any such ability, but I might not know that type of source reporting.

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*Three years later, the author became personally involved in the fallout from the affair when Victor Gundarev called to complain about his treatment by the CIA. Gundarev, given a new identity and resettled in the United States by the CIA, said the agency had stalled in providing green cards for himself and his family and had tapped his telephone. He was so disillusioned, he said, he was thinking of redefecting. I wrote an op-ed piece for *The New York Times,* later expanded into a magazine article for the newspaper, warning that the agency might have another Yurchenko case on its hands. As a result of the publicity and Gundarev's complaints, the CIA instituted certain reforms in its defector program. See "Another Soviet Defector Threatens to Go Back," *The New York Times,* July 9, 1989, Section 4, p. 27, and "It's Cold Coming Out," *The New York Times Magazine,* September 17, 1989, p. 36ff.

In some way, Hanssen had managed to see a classified report of the debriefing of Gundarev dated March 4, 1986, only three weeks after Gundarev had been whisked out of Athens. The FBI report noted that the bureau's agents had shown Gundarev a photo of Cherkashin and asked if he knew him. Hanssen was clearly worried that the FBI was somehow on to the money trail from Moscow—which could lead straight to him. How Hanssen, relegated to wiretapping Amtorg in New York, had been able to read a report from headquarters on the debriefing of a KGB defector was not clear, but he had.

With Hanssen working in Manhattan, his access to drop sites around Washington was limited to those times when he either visited headquarters on FBI business or could slip out of New York on his own time. Communications with the KGB and exchanges of documents and money were obviously more difficult with Hanssen away from the capital.

In the same letter, he proposed an elaborate new scheme to resume contact with the Soviets. "If you wish to continue our discussions, please have someone run an advertisement in the Washington Times during the week of 1/12/87 or 1/19/87, for sale, 'Dodge Diplomat, 1971, needs engine work, $1000.'

"Give a phone number and time-of-day in the advertisement where I can call," Hanssen instructed. "I will call and leave a phone number where a recorded message can be left for me in one hour. I will say, 'Hello, my name is Ramon. I am calling about the car you offered for sale in the Times.' You will respond, 'I'm sorry, but the man with the car is not here, can I get your number.' The number will be in Area Code 212. I will not specify that Area Code on the line."

Hanssen had now revealed he was in New York, but provided no other clues to his identity.

On July 14—the KGB subtracted six months from Hanssen's dates—an ad ran for four days in the classified pages of *The Washington Times:* "DODGE – '71, DIPLOMAT, NEEDS ENGINE WORK, $1000. Phone (703) 451-9780 (CALL NEXT Mon., Wed., Fri. 1 P.M.)"

The number given in the ad was that of a pay telephone near a shopping center in northern Virginia. On Monday, July 21, Hanssen called the pay phone. The call was answered by Aleksandr K. Fefelov, a KGB officer working out of the Soviet embassy in Washington. Hanssen gave the number 628-8047. As arranged, he did not include the New York area code.

An hour later, Fefelov telephoned the New York number and told Hanssen that the KGB had loaded dead drop PARK. But two weeks after the phone conversation, Hanssen sent another note to Degtyar saying that he had not found the package at the dead drop and would call the pay phone again on August 18.

Spies make mistakes; as it turned out, the KGB agent who had stashed the package put it under the wrong corner of the wooden footbridge. When the KGB realized what had happened, it corrected its mistake.

On August 18, Fefelov was waiting by the phone. Hanssen called and the conversation was recorded by the KGB. Fourteen years later, this tape fell into the hands of the FBI when it obtained the KGB file on Robert Hanssen:

HANSSEN*: Tomorrow morning?
FEFELOV: Uh, yeah, and the car is still available for you and as we have agreed last time, I prepared all the papers and I left them on the same table. You didn't find them because I put them in another corner of the table.
HANSSEN: I see.
FEFELOV: You shouldn't worry, everything is okay. The papers are with me now.
HANSSEN: Good.
FEFELOV: I believe under these circumstances, mmmm, it's not necessary to make any changes concerning the place and the time. Our company is reliable, and we are ready to give you a substantial discount which will be enclosed in the papers. Now, about the date of our meeting. I suggest that our meeting will be, will take place without delay on February thirteenth, one three, one P.M. Okay? February thirteenth.
HANSSEN: . . . February second?
FEFELOV: Thirteenth. One three.
HANSSEN: One three.
FEFELOV: Yes. Thirteenth. One P.M.

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*The KGB tape did not indicate Hanssen's or Fefelov's names; they are included here for the sake of clarity. A transcript of the conversation appears in the FBI affidavit seeking a court warrant for Hanssen's arrest, a document made public when the FBI announced the arrest on February 20, 2001.

HANSSEN: Let me see if I can do that. Hold on.

FEFELOV: Okay. Yeah. [pause]

HANSSEN: [whispering] [unintelligible]

FEFELOV: Hello? Okay. [pause]

HANSSEN: [whispering] Six . . . Six . . . [pause] That should be fine.

FEFELOV: Okay. We will confirm you, that the papers are waiting for you with the same horizontal tape in the same place as we did it at the first time.

HANSSEN: Very good.

FEFELOV: You see. After you receive the papers, you will send the letter confirming it and signing it, as usual. Okay?

HANSSEN: Excellent.

FEFELOV: I hope you remember the address. Is . . . if everything is okay?

HANSSEN: I believe it should be fine and thank you very much.

FEFELOV: Heh-heh. Not at all. Not at all. Nice job. For both of us. Uh, have a nice evening, sir.

HANSSEN: Do svidaniya.

FEFELOV: Bye-bye.

As a trained KGB operative, Fefelov was talking as cryptically as possible, to preserve security in case anyone overheard their conversation. He was trying to sound like an American businessman, with double-talk about "our company," papers, a meeting, "a substantial discount," and so on. Hanssen realized this but could not resist saying good-bye in Russian—spoiling the whole effect. One can almost visualize Fefelov shaking his head in despair, sighing, and then, determined to carry on like a good soldier, saying "Bye-bye" in English.

The KGB then put back the package containing $10,000 in cash in the PARK dead drop. Included with the money was a letter that proposed two more drop sites and a new accommodation address, a place to which it was felt Hanssen could safely send letters, code-named NANCY. The accommodation address was the home in Alexandria of Boris M. Malakhov, who was listed as second secretary of the Soviet embassy and was about to replace Degtyar as the embassy's press secretary. In fact, his true job was that of a KGB Line PR officer. As an additional measure of security, Hanssen was told to misspell Malakhov's name as

"Malkow." The package also contained a plan to enable Hanssen in an emergency to contact the KGB in Vienna, Austria.

Hanssen retrieved the money on August 19, the morning after the taped phone conversation.* He sent a letter to Degtyar the same day with a return address of Ramon Garcia, 125 Main St., Falls Church, VA, a fictitious street number. Inside the envelope was a handwritten note: "RECEIVED $10,000. RAMON."

In using the name "Ramon Garcia" with the KGB, Hanssen was trying to send a subtle message to the Russians. He hoped that the last three letters of Garcia would mislead the KGB into thinking that he worked at the CIA. But the hint was so subtle, there is no evidence that the Russians ever understood it.†

Hanssen's complicated communication plan, involving the ad for a mythical used Dodge, had worked. For the next year, however, he stayed below the radar and did not contact the KGB again. He had, after all, over a seven-year period revealed TOPHAT to the GRU, betrayed Valery Martynov, Sergei Motorin, and Boris Yuzhin to the KGB, and warned the Russians how the NSA was intercepting their satellite communications. He could afford to rest a bit.

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*That the exchange went off as scheduled was a small miracle. The beginning of the conversation was not recovered by the FBI and parts of the tape were unintelligible. Near the start of the tape was the phrase "tomorrow morning," so Hanssen must have understood that is when he was to go to the drop. But Fefelov set the time and date as February 13 at 1 P.M. In his first letter to the KGB in 1985 Hanssen seemed to propose that in future communications the sender would add six to the month, date, and time, and the recipient would subtract. If Hanssen subtracted six from the month, date, and time, as he and the Russians had apparently agreed, the exchange would have taken place on August 7 at 7 A.M., an impossibility, since it was already August 18. Conversely, if he added six, the exchange would have occurred on August 19, at 7 P.M. In order to get it right and show up at 7 A.M. the next day, "tomorrow morning," August 19, Hanssen would have had to add six to the month and date but *subtract* six from the time. Somehow he must have figured out what Fefelov meant, because he got the money.

†When Hanssen was debriefed by the FBI after his guilty plea, he disclosed his attempt to send the KGB this subliminal, albeit false, coded message.

9

Anybody Here Seen a Mole?

Washington, which was built on a swamp, can be ghastly in the dog days of summer. Yet in the first week of August 1987, Robert Hanssen voluntarily returned to FBI headquarters. He had a facile explanation for his colleagues about why he had come back from New York short of tour.

Jim Ohlson recalled the circumstances. "Normally he would have stayed longer and returned as a GS-15 at higher pay. But he came back as a GS-14, because he said he wanted his children to attend an Opus Dei school, the Heights. Of course, in retrospect, we can speculate he may also have wanted to be back at headquarters, where he had more valuable access for the Russians."

Hanssen was reassigned to his old shop, the Soviet analytical unit on the fourth floor, again as a supervisory special agent. Now he was once more in charge of the team of analysts studying the modus operandi of Soviet intelligence agents in the United States.

The Hanssens bought their modest house in Vienna on Talisman Drive and settled in again to the familiar northern Virginia suburb. By now they had six children. To most of the neighbors, Hanssen seemed the perfect father, shepherding his flock to church every Sunday, keeping the lawn well trimmed.

And at headquarters, he resumed his friendship with Paul Moore, the bureau's China expert. As an analyst, Moore understood how his colleagues in the Soviet unit went about their work. "They are looking for anomalies, possible penetrations. They have read all the defector debriefings. And they might see something and say, Well, this is strange, isn't it? A typical thing would be it takes X amount of time to go from lieutenant to major in the KGB. Why was this one promoted early? Was anybody else promoted who worked in Washington at a certain time period? Maybe a bunch of secrets were passed to the KGB.

"It was the same with medals," Moore explained. If the FBI learned that certain KGB officers had received medals, that could be another tip-off that someone was passing documents to Moscow; such awards were often given for the successful handling of an American source.

"The people in the analytical unit were specialized," Moore added. "Some might look at Line X, the S&T officers, some specialized in illegals, and so on." It was exacting work, and about to get more so.

Very soon after Hanssen's return from New York, he was assigned to prepare a highly sensitive study, classified TOP SECRET. The FBI had lost its two assets in the Soviet embassy in Washington to the KGB executioners; the CIA's sources in Moscow were being rolled up, imprisoned, or shot.

The situation was intolerable, and it gave Hanssen's assignment a special urgency. He was to examine past penetrations of the FBI; he would carefully analyze every allegation about a possible traitor in the bureau ever recorded in the FBI's voluminous counterintelligence files.* The goal was to help the bureau's operational side pinpoint and arrest the mole, if one existed.

No more delicious assignment could have been handed to Hanssen. Since he controlled the mole study, he would make sure to deflect any analysis that might even remotely point in his own direction.

There was an enormous amount of material to sift through. Over a period of several years, Soviets recruited by U.S. intelligence, and defectors who came over to the West, often talked about gossip they had heard, or tidbits of information they possessed, that might point to the existence of a mole inside the FBI. Reviewing every report from every source containing such allegations would be a lengthy and painstaking task.

Hanssen assigned the research to the FBI's two top Soviet analysts, Jim Milburn and Bob King. The two sat on each side of Hanssen, all in the same cubicle, as they prepared the study.

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*Although the initial affidavit in the Hanssen case referred to the study in broad terms as looking for penetrations in "the United States Intelligence Community," the indictment of Hanssen made clear that it was a detailed study specifically of whether "the Soviet intelligence services had penetrated the FBI."

James P. Milburn was not a name known outside of the closed world of intelligence, but he enjoyed immense respect within the FBI for his knowledge of Soviet intelligence and his analytical skills. If the bureau had a complex problem involving the KGB, it would more often than not turn to Milburn.

Red-haired and freckled, powerfully built and about six feet tall, Milburn liked to play basketball on his lunch hour in the bureau gym. "He would get into games with guys from records and fingerprinting," Paul Moore said. "He's a thirtysomething going up against these young guys from the ident division. He got injured a lot, he got some bad injuries doing that sort of stuff."

Bob King was a veteran foreign counterintelligence (FCI) analyst. He had come to the bureau from the CIA, a relatively rare progression that led to some good-natured needling in the Hoover building. "I used to accuse him of being a CIA penetration of the FBI," Moore said. In his previous work at the CIA, King had also been a Soviet analyst. Dark-haired and bespectacled, he was a heavy smoker who quit cold turkey when his doctors got after him.

Milburn and King were both friendly, accessible types, Moore said. "Oddly, both had kidney stones. They were sharing space and each had these big clear plastic water pitchers on their desks, they were supposed to be drinking a lot of water. One afternoon I found them both lying on the floor to get relief from these attacks." Moore could not resist a gibe at the sight of his two prone colleagues. "It's more expensive at the Harrington Hotel," he cracked, "but you'd have more privacy."

The two analysts assigned to the mole study, and Hanssen himself, had the advantage over the others in the unit. Most analysts looked at specific targets, such as the various KGB lines, and did not know much outside their own specialized areas, Moore explained. "But a few people did 'all source,' and that was Milburn, King, and Hanssen." Within the Soviet analytical unit, in other words, Hanssen was one of the very few entitled to know all the FBI's sources and secrets.

Or as David Major, the former FBI counterintelligence official, put it, "He was at the center of the hourglass, he saw everything."

* * *

The penetration problem had begun long before, with UNSUB DICK.

The story was a secret buried so deep within the FBI that it is revealed here for the first time.* UNSUB DICK—the UNSUB stood for "unknown subject"—was the first suspected KGB mole inside the FBI. Any history of penetrations of the bureau must start with him. The study by Hanssen, Milburn, and King would certainly have focused on this long-secret case.

The search for the penetration began early in 1962 when Aleksei Isidorovich Kulak, a KGB officer undercover at the United Nations, walked into the FBI office on East Sixty-ninth Street in Manhattan and offered his services as a spy. He said he was discontent with his lack of progress in his KGB career. The FBI gave him the code name FEDORA; the CIA called him SCOTCH.

Kulak, then thirty-nine, married and accompanied by his wife in New York, was a short, stocky man whose name meant "wealthy farmer" in Russian. "We called him Fatso," said an FBI man who worked the case. Kulak specialized in collecting scientific and technical secrets. He had a doctorate in chemistry and had worked as a radiological chemist in a Moscow laboratory. At the UN, he was a consultant to a committee on the effects of atomic radiation.

By walking into the FBI's office in Manhattan, Kulak had taken a big risk; the KGB might have had the building under surveillance. The FBI agents who met with FEDORA challenged him on this point. "We said aren't you worried they may be watching the FBI building?" one of the agents recalled. "He said he was not worried because all of our [KGB] people are out covering a meeting with your guy, 'Dick.' "

Uh-oh. This was the first time that the FBI had heard the name "Dick." FEDORA was clearly saying that the FBI harbored a mole. But he said he did not know the man's true identity.

FEDORA's revelation touched off an intense, long-running secret mole hunt within the FBI. "It went on for years; it drove us crazy," the FBI man said.

Not long after, another KGB officer in New York, Valentin Lysov, also warned U.S. intelligence of a mole in the FBI. Lysov approached the CIA and said he was in trouble, about to be recalled to Moscow, and needed money. The KGB man said there was a penetration in the FBI and told the CIA it had just twenty-four hours to meet his terms. Since Lysov was still on U.S. soil, the CIA turned the case over to the FBI. The bureau already knew that Lysov was in hot water; FEDORA had tipped off the FBI that Lysov got drunk in a bar and lost his wallet, and was being sent home on a pretext of attending a meeting.

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*When the author asked David Major about UNSUB DICK, he declined to discuss it and replied: "You make my hair stand on end when you say that name. How do you know about UNSUB DICK?"

When Lysov flew first-class to Copenhagen the next day, en route to Moscow, an FBI counterintelligence agent sat next to him. On the plane, the FBI man pressed the Russian about the alleged mole in the FBI. Lysov was vague and would provide no details. But he promised to return in six months with more information. He never did.

That still left the FBI with a problem; how to identify UNSUB DICK? Perhaps, the bureau's counterintelligence agents reasoned, a technique used by both sides could lead to the answer. Just as the bureau tried to recruit officers of the KGB, the Russians targeted the FBI's agents in New York. "We know they tried to make contacts, put people in bars near our office. FEDORA told us that."

The ongoing recruitment game, the FBI concluded, might be turned to its advantage in the search for UNSUB DICK. The FBI decided to dangle one of its agents to the KGB. He would hint that he needed money and might be amenable to recruitment.

One of the bureau's watchers, a street agent assigned to surveillance of the Soviet Mission, was chosen for the operation, code-named VALBEL. According to a former FBI man, the agent showed up at the apartment of Boris Ivanov, the KGB resident in New York, and rang the bell. "Ivanov slammed the door, but not before the agent said he would meet them at such-and-such time and place. In fact, a Line KR Soviet showed up. We ran the operation for six months; there were three or four meetings. We hoped we could tell from their questions who DICK was."

If, for example, the KGB asked for information about a specific FBI counterintelligence operation, it would mean they had learned about it already, which could narrow the list of suspects in the bureau who knew of that activity. Conversely, if the KGB did not ask certain questions, it might be because the mole had already provided the answers. VALBEL was a long shot. "We were trying to get them to show their hand," the former FBI agent said, "but they never asked the right questions." The KGB, wary of the dangle, did not bite.

The search for UNSUB DICK was complicated by the fact that there was intense controversy over whether FEDORA was a true agent in place for the FBI or a KGB plant. J. Edgar Hoover had total faith in FEDORA, although some of his counterintelligence agents who knew the case were skeptical. And the skeptics reasoned that if FEDORA was a plant, then perhaps there was no UNSUB DICK and the supposed mole was a phantom who did not really exist.

Although some in the FBI continued to have their doubts about Aleksei Kulak, he provided a good deal of useful information to the bureau, including the names of KGB officers and which U.S. military weapons and defense plants Moscow wanted him to collect data about. KGB walk-ins do not turn up every day; over a sixteen-year period during two tours in New York, the FBI paid him approximately $100,000. Kulak/FEDORA returned to Moscow for the last time in 1977.*

James J. Angleton, the CIA's controversial counterintelligence chief, considered FEDORA a fake, but then Angleton was a true believer in only one KGB defector, Anatoly M. Golitsin, who had come over in 1961 in Helsinki. All others were suspect to Angleton, most especially a later defector, Yuri I. Nosenko, who was imprisoned and brutally treated by the CIA in an effort to break his story. Nosenko never wavered, and in the end was rehabilitated by the CIA.† Angleton's suspicion, fueled by Golitsin, that the CIA was deeply penetrated led him on a destructive mole hunt for more than a decade that paralyzed the agency's Soviet operations and destroyed the careers of many loyal CIA officers. Finally, in 1974, Angleton was fired by CIA director William E. Colby.

In the FBI, the frustrating search for UNSUB DICK went on for years, but was never resolved. "We never found him," a former FBI official admitted. "Some people think they figured out who he was, but he is dead." In the files of the FBI, however, UNSUB DICK is still an open case.

The bureau fared only slightly better in another episode. Several years ago, the FBI closed in on a suspected mole, and again the entire affair was handled quietly and out of public view. A former FBI counterintelligence official recalled how the case had involved stolen documents and a phone booth in suburban Maryland.

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*By then a news story in *The New York Times* reported that the FBI had recruited a Soviet KGB source in the United States, and later a book revealed the code name FEDORA. Those who doubted Kulak wondered why he was never arrested. The CIA eventually learned that Kulak had died, of natural causes, about 1983.

†Angleton argued that FEDORA/Kulak was a plant because he had supposedly vouched for Nosenko. But a former senior FBI official said Kulak had simply reported overhearing a conversation by two colleagues who thought it was too bad that Nosenko had defected, an event they could have read about in *The New York Times*.

"We got a package addressed to Hoover or the bureau saying, in stilted English, that a bureau agent was selling documents and would be at a phone booth in Rockville at a certain time. Inside the package there were a couple of surveillance reports from the Washington field office. We checked and found they were missing from the files.

"We figured the Soviets were feeding him back; they thought he was a dangle. But he wasn't. Sullivan had Baltimore run the case since the agent was in WFO [the Washington field office]." Sullivan was William C. Sullivan, then the FBI's assistant director for intelligence. Because the suspect had to be someone working in the Washington field office, he asked the FBI field office in Baltimore to take over, to avoid the awkward possibility that one of the agents assigned to surveillance of the phone booth might be the mole.

At the appointed hour, the agents from Baltimore were discreetly in place, watching the phone booth. But the stakeout was disappointing. "The guilty agent spotted the surveillance all around, knew they were from Baltimore, and did not go to the phone booth. Later, he called a friend in the Baltimore office and said, 'You must have something going on, I saw your whole group out on the street.' They said, 'Yeah, we were all out there,' but they didn't realize it was *him.*"

The comedy of errors ended when the agent in Baltimore remembered the phone call from his friend, the FBI man in Washington, and sheepishly came forward with the name. "Once we learned who had called Baltimore, we took a look at him. The guy liked to play the horses and was having marital troubles. And he had worked the case where the two documents were missing." Still, the bureau had no proof, and the agent denied everything. "He was eased out," the former FBI official said. "By now, he is long dead."

When Hanssen directed the mole study, only one bureau turncoat had actually been caught and convicted. That was Richard Miller, the FBI agent arrested in 1984. But the Miller case in Los Angeles could not explain why the FBI and the CIA were losing agents in Washington and Moscow.*

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*Earl Edwin Pitts, the second FBI agent ever arrested for espionage, had approached the KGB in New York in 1987 and began five years of spying for Moscow in July, not long before Hanssen returned to headquarters and began searching for moles. But Pitts was not arrested until December 1996, so his career as a spy was not known at the time of Hanssen's study.

Not only UNSUB DICK but all allegations of moles in the bureau, however vague, were in a real sense open cases. "Counterintelligence never stops trying to identify leaks, even years later," said Paul Moore. "CI is still looking for a guy who sold a document from the Manhattan Project to the Russians for $750. He's probably dead by now, but eventually the FBI will identify him. It's relentless, and it's all about details."

In 1988, after months of intensive work, the research and writing were done. What made the finished product so extraordinarily sensitive was the fact that it specifically identified each Soviet recruitment and defector who had alleged that the FBI was penetrated, and it described the information they provided. Thus, if the study were to fall into the hands of the KGB, it could endanger the safety of any living sources who had been secretly recruited by the FBI. It was, in short, a bombshell.

When the study had been completed, classified TOP SECRET, reviewed, and approved by Hanssen, the volatile, critical nature of its contents was protected by a stern warning on the first page:

> IN VIEW OF THE EXTREME SENSITIVITY OF THIS DOCUMENT THE UTMOST CAUTION MUST BE EXERCISED IN ITS HANDLING. THE CONTENTS INCLUDE A COMPREHENSIVE REVIEW OF SENSITIVE SOURCE ALLEGATIONS AND INVESTIGATIONS OF PENETRATION OF THE FBI BY THE SOVIET INTELLIGENCE SERVICES THE DISCLOSURE OF WHICH WOULD COMPROMISE HIGHLY SENSITIVE COUNTERINTELLIGENCE OPERATIONS AND METHODS. ACCESS SHOULD BE LIMITED TO A STRICT NEED-TO-KNOW BASIS.

Better than anyone else in the FBI, Robert Hanssen knew how valuable his mole study would be to the KGB. Whose need to know could be greater?

10

The Spy

One month after Hanssen returned to Washington he began his most intensive period of espionage, even as he directed the study to find the penetration inside the FBI, whom he saw every morning in the mirror.

The Soviet spy agency had, in previous messages, urged Hanssen to travel overseas to meet with them. When the KGB was fortunate enough to have a major source inside U.S. intelligence, it made every effort to meet the asset outside the country. Thus the CIA's Aldrich Ames met the KGB in Bogotá, the NSA's Ronald Pelton went to Vienna, others journeyed to Mexico City or Zurich.

There was good reason for this pattern; the KGB knew it could operate much more freely in an environment where it had more control. In Washington or New York, the FBI greatly outnumbered the KGB, and the risks of surveillance were accordingly much higher. In the case of Hanssen, there was another reason that the KGB was pressuring the spy they called "B" to meet overseas. They wanted to get a good look at him, learn or verify his identity, and assess their man firsthand. As Hanssen knew, a face-to-face meeting might lead to his unmasking; he would surely be secretly photographed by the KGB, for example.

Following the instructions he had received a year earlier, Hanssen early in September 1987 sent a letter to the accommodation address NANCY, the Alexandria home of Boris M. Malakhov. The handwritten envelope was addressed to B. N. MALKOW, with a fictitious return address.

In the letter inside, Hanssen once again made it clear that he knew too much about counterintelligence to play the game by the KGB's rules. Hanssen's "Dear Friends" letter began: "No, I have decided. It must be on my original terms or not at all. I will not meet abroad or here. . . . I will help you when I can, and in time we will develop methods of efficient communication."

He told them that unless he saw "an abort signal on our post from you" he would mail "a valuable package." He would be looking for the KGB's signal and cash at the designated dead drop at 7 A.M. on September 16, or, if anything went wrong, on the same weekday and time in the three weeks following.*

"If my terms are unacceptable," Hanssen added, "then place no signals and withdraw my contact." He closed by flattering Cherkashin, though not mentioning him by name. "Excellent work by him has ensured this channel is secure for now. My regards to him and to the professional way you have handled this matter. Sincerely, Ramon."

According to the FBI, the KGB never knew Hanssen's identity until his arrest became public on February 20, 2001. Hanssen sought to preserve his anonymity for obvious reasons of self-protection: an FBI or CIA mole inside the KGB could not easily betray him if his identity remained unknown. His true name does not appear in the detailed KGB file of the case that the FBI eventually obtained. This could be seen as evidence, although certainly not conclusive, that the KGB never learned his name.

"They didn't know who he was," David Major insisted. "And if they checked up on Hanssen to find out his identity, that might have been detected by us [the FBI]. He was once seen at a drop by the KGB and he saw them. They knew it was a bureau source from the material, and they didn't need to know more."

Some experienced counterintelligence agents, however, snort at the idea that the KGB would not, over a period of sixteen years, have discovered Hanssen's identity. Since he often drove his car to drop and signal sites, it would not have been difficult to write down or photograph his license plate and learn the owner from public motor vehicle records.† Or the KGB might even have followed him to his home or office.

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*Using the six coefficient, Hanssen actually wrote the time and date as 1 P.M. on March 22. The true dates are given here for clarity.

†The Russians could have done so any time up to July 1, 1994. On that date a new law protecting drivers' privacy took effect in Virginia, where Hanssen's cars were registered. Under the state law, the name and address of the owner of a license plate was no longer a matter of public record.

"The Russians always have countersurveillance which would have seen his car," said Ed Curran, who worked on many of the major Soviet espionage cases for the FBI. If a Soviet source tried to remain anonymous in dealing with the bureau, Curran said, "we would do everything we could to find the guy's identity."

Dick Alu, another veteran FBI counterintelligence agent, was equally emphatic. "Bullshit they didn't know his identity! He's driving his own vehicle. After the first year when it became obvious this was not an FBI double agent operation, they had to find out who the hell it was and I'm sure they did."

Whether or not the Russians ever succeeded in learning Hanssen's identity, they were clearly convinced of the value of his information. True to his word, Hanssen mailed a package received by Malakhov on September 14 that included National Security Council documents marked TOP SECRET. The next day, the KGB placed $10,000 in cash in the PARK dead drop in Nottoway Park.

Along with the money, the KGB also proposed two additional dead drop sites in northern Virginia. One, code-named AN, was in a park in the western part of Fairfax County, and another, code-named DEN, was at a location even farther away.

Hanssen did not like the two new drop sites. Two weeks later, he left a note for the KGB at his favorite drop in Nottoway Park. "My Friends: Thank you for the $10,000. I am not a young man, and the commitments on my time prevent using distant drops such as you suggest. I know in this I am moving you out of your set modes of doing business, but my experience tells me . . . we can be actually more secure in easier modes."

He then suggested using a parked car as a drop; if the Russians did not think that a good idea, he agreed to clear AN "this once." But he asked the KGB to find "a comfortable Vienna VA signal site to call me to an exchange any following Monday." He signed the letter "Ramon." With the letter, Hanssen left a classified document describing the U.S. national intelligence program for 1987.

In insisting on drops close to home, and often using the same drops many times, Hanssen was breaking all the traditional rules of spycraft. But he may not have done so merely for convenience; using hiding places nearby helped him to conceal his activities. It allowed him to exchange documents for cash on the way to or from work, avoiding longer absences that he might have to explain to his family. He could even tell his wife he was going to walk the dog.

As far as the increased risk was concerned, Hanssen may have been thinking "out of the box" in contrarian style. If the FBI knew that the KGB rarely used drops more than once, or avoided drops near a spy's residence, then he would do just the opposite. This doubtless is what he meant by saying that "my experience tells me" easier is better.

The KGB was not about to argue with their primo spy, who could, they realized, break off communication at any time if his feathers were sufficiently ruffled. In which case, the Washington residentura would have some major explaining to do to Moscow Center.

Soon after, the KGB meekly proposed a signal site on the post of a stop sign on Courthouse Road, not far from Hanssen's home in Vienna. And at the end of the month, the KGB deposited $100,000 into an escrow account created for "B" in a Moscow bank.

In the first week of November, Hanssen sent another letter to Malakhov with a return address of J. Baker in Chicago. He said he had an urgent package for the KGB, and asked for a signal so he could leave it the following Monday. In future contacts, Hanssen added, whenever he used "Chicago" in a return address, it meant he wanted an exchange the next Monday.

Hanssen had never liked dead drop AN to begin with, and in mid-November he sent a querulous letter to the KGB with a return address of "G. Robertson" in Houston. It read:

> Unable to locate AN based on your description at night. Recognize that I am dressed in business suit and can not slog around in inch deep mud. I suggest we use once again original site. I will place my urgent material there at next AN times. Replace it with your package. I will select some few sites good for me and pass them to you. Please give new constant conditions of recontact as address to write. Will not put substantive material through it. Only instructions as usual format.
>
> Ramon

Hanssen was risking his life, but he wasn't about to risk his shoes. On Monday, November 23, the KGB, properly chastised—and no doubt anxious to avoid any further irritation of their golden source—carried out an exchange at the PARK dead drop site, Hanssen's old favorite.

Among the documents passed by Hanssen that day was a cable, classified SECRET, that reported on a meeting the previous month of Jack Platt, a CIA officer, and Gennady Vasilenko, a KGB major. A tall, athletic man, the Russian was a world-class volleyball player who had been selected for the Soviet Olympic team in 1964 but was sidelined by a shoulder injury before he joined the KGB. Vasilenko had worked in Washington in the late 1970s and was now stationed in Guyana. Platt had become friendly with Vasilenko in Washington, where they spent years trying to recruit each other, with no success. Still, both the CIA and the FBI continued to hope that one day it might happen.

When Vasilenko was leaving Washington in 1981 to return to Moscow, Platt invited him and his family to come for a farewell drink. The KGB man asked his superiors for permission. "He was told not to go and came anyway," said Platt, who founded a private security firm after he retired from the agency. "I said then, 'When you come out I'll find you.'

"In March of eighty-four he went to Guyana. From there, he was making calls to the SMUN—the Soviet Mission to the United Nations. Instead of saying, 'Hey, guys, it's Gennady,' he was using his full name." Platt was convinced that Vasilenko, knowing the FBI was listening, was trying to indicate to Platt where he was.

In October 1987, Platt flew to Guyana, and with an FBI agent met with Vasilenko, once more trying to recruit the KGB man, who was happy to see his friend but again turned him down. Platt did not give up; he said he would return to Guyana and they arranged to meet there again in February, on Platt's birthday.

In the files of the CIA, Vasilenko was designated with the code name GTGLAZING. In addition, as is customary, the CIA and the FBI gave him a joint cryptonym, MONOLITE.*

A copy of Platt's October cable to CIA headquarters reporting on his encounter with Vasilenko in Guyana fell into Hanssen's hands, but he erroneously reported to the KGB that the Russian was working for American intelligence. By misinterpreting the cable and passing it to the KGB, Hanssen had placed yet another life at risk.

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*The Vasilenko story is hinted at in the affidavit and indictment in the Hanssen case. But the affidavit, using only the first letter of his joint cryptonym, refers to the KGB man simply as "M," and it nowhere mentions him by name.

This was so because Vasilenko could not afford to report his encounter with Platt to Moscow headquarters. He had become entirely too friendly with Platt. When a KGB officer is pitched by the CIA, he is required to report it—and then is almost always recalled to Moscow to remove him from temptation. To avoid a recall, and perhaps to sidestep having to explain his actions to the KGB, Vasilenko never reported the meeting.

But Hanssen had. In January 1988, two months after Hanssen put Platt's cable in the dead drop, Vasilenko was told to go to Havana for a KGB meeting. There he was jumped by two KGB goons who broke his arm and accused him of treason. He was sent back to Moscow, thrown into Lefortovo prison, and interrogated for about six months. Finally, he was released for lack of evidence but fired from the KGB.*

Hanssen in the same November package also provided a summary of the secrets divulged to the CIA by Vitaly Yurchenko during his three-month interlude as a defector two years earlier. Since Aldrich Ames had been one of Yurchenko's debriefers, the KGB already knew what secrets the defector had revealed; still, it was nice to get the information from a second mole.

Also included in Hanssen's package was a technical document describing COINS-II, the internal Internet used by the U.S. intelligence community to exchange information.† In return, the KGB left $20,000 in cash for Hanssen and a letter of best regards from the KGB chief, Vladimir A. Kryuchkov. The Russians also assured Hanssen that another $100,000 had been deposited for him in a Moscow bank at 6 to 7 percent interest.

Early in February 1988, Hanssen and the KGB exchanged documents and money once more at the PARK drop site, which the KGB, perhaps in recognition of its frequent use, had now renamed PRIME.

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*Jack Platt learned of Vasilenko's arrest in 1988 but did not know who had betrayed him. The arrest of Aldrich Ames in 1994 pointed to one possible answer. But Platt was dubious that Ames was responsible, since Ames was in Rome in 1987 and would not have been likely to see the cable from Guyana. After the collapse of the Soviet Union in 1991, Platt learned that Vasilenko had survived prison and the two went into business together. In a remarkable post–Cold War story, Vasilenko became Platt's partner in the Hamilton Trading Group, Inc., their private security company with offices in McLean, Virginia, and Moscow.

†The acronym stood for Community On-Line Intelligence System.

Hanssen's letter, in addition to acknowledging the $20,000, provided detailed information about Victor Sheymov, an important Soviet defector to whose file he had access. He promised "a full report" on Sheymov "as soon as possible."

The CIA had smuggled Sheymov out of Moscow in 1980—"exfiltrated" him, in the agency's jargon for clandestinely spiriting someone across a border to safety. Sheymov, a communications expert, had worked for the KGB's eighth chief directorate, the Soviet equivalent of the NSA. He was a troubleshooter for the directorate, traveling frequently in the Communist bloc to unravel problems involving the security of codes and ciphers.

Hanssen told the KGB that he could read the Sheymov file because a special project involving the defector was about to begin. At the time, Hanssen was reviewing the file to prepare to take part in a series of debriefings of Sheymov. After meeting Sheymov, Hanssen became a personal friend of the Russian and stayed in close touch with him. Their families often socialized together. Sheymov, of course, did not realize his good friend in the FBI was reporting back to the KGB about him.

In the same exchange, Hanssen also identified a KGB illegal in the United States, an officer operating without diplomatic cover, who had been recruited as a double agent by the FBI. Once again, Hanssen had placed a bureau source in great jeopardy.

In his package, Hanssen also included certain secret details about U.S. communications intelligence, describing just what Soviet traffic the NSA was unable to read. Along with several classified documents on paper, Hanssen for the first time enclosed a computer floppy disk on which he had downloaded additional secrets.

In return, the KGB gave Hanssen $25,000 in cash and another letter of thanks from Vladimir Kryuchkov, the KGB chairman, for the information about M—Gennady Vasilenko. The KGB asked for more information about M and about the FBI's operations in New York.

In March, Hanssen mailed three more computer disks to the KGB. Once during that month, when the Russians tried to clear the newly named PRIME drop site, they could not, because there were too many people in the park. When the exchange finally took place, Hanssen included a particularly sensitive TOP SECRET report entitled "The FBI's Double Agent Program." The document was a detailed description of the FBI's double agent operations worldwide over a ten-year period, including joint operations with other U.S. intelligence agencies. The report would have included everything learned by every American double agent over a decade. It would also have helped the KGB to weed out any fake walk-ins floated by the bureau to offer their services to the Russians.

The KGB's package contained another $25,000 in cash and a letter saying it had been unable to read some of the computer disks. The letter also asked Hanssen for information about codes, submarines, and the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI), President Reagan's proposed antimissile system, better known as Star Wars.

Early in April, the KGB received a letter from "Jim Baker" with a note that said: "use 40 TRACK MODE. this letter is not a signal." Hanssen, the computer whiz, was explaining to the KGB that he had formatted the floppy disks in a mode that hid the data on specific tracks. The disk would appear blank to anyone who did not use the correct codes to decrypt it.

Two days later, Hanssen sent another note, with another disk, explaining in greater detail how to decrypt the computer disks. The new disk included more information about Victor Sheymov, as well as details about another KGB officer and about two Soviet FBI recruitments.

Hanssen also renewed his request to be paid in diamonds, a subject he had raised early on with the KGB, in 1985. All that spring of 1988, he continued to funnel secrets to the KGB.

It was on Monday, May 30, that the KGB got its only fleeting glimpse of Robert Hanssen. A KGB officer arrived at the PRIME dead drop at 9:03 P.M., three minutes after the time that the exchange was scheduled to take place. In the dark, the KGB officer saw a man remove the signal, get into his car, and drive away.

It was mid-July before Hanssen made contact again, with a letter grumbling about arrangements. A spy's life, he seemed to be saying, was not easy, so please shape up:

> I found the site empty. Possibly I had the time wrong. I work from memory. My recollection was for you to fill before 1:00 A.M. I believe Viktor Degtyar was in the church driveway off Rt. 123, but I did not know how he would react to an approach. My schedule was tight to make this at all. Because of my work, I had to synchronize explanations and flights while not leaving a pattern of absence or travel that could later be correlated with communication times. This is difficult and expen-

> sive. I will call the number you gave me on 2/24, 2/26 or 2/28 at 1:00 A.M., EDST. Please plan filled signals. Empty sites bother me. I like to know before I commit myself as I'm sure you do also. Let's not use the original site so early at least until the seasons change. Some type of call-out signal to you when I have a package or when I can receive one would be useful. Also, please be specific about dates, e.g., 2/24. Scheduling is not simple for me because of frequent travel and wife. Any ambiguity multiplies the problems.
>
> My security concerns may seem excessive. I believe experience has shown them to be necessary. I am much safer if you know little about me. Neither of us are children about these things. Over time, I can cut your losses rather than become one.
>
> Ramon
>
> P.S. Your "thank you" was deeply appreciated.

On July 18 the exchange took place at PRIME, and this time the KGB received a truly enormous haul of secrets—more than 530 pages of documents, including a CIA analysis, classified TOP SECRET, of Soviet intelligence-gathering aimed at U.S. nuclear weapons capabilities. The CIA report evaluated how much Moscow knew about America's early warning systems and about the nation's ability to retaliate against a massive nuclear attack.

Hanssen also turned over an even more highly classified 1987 document, prepared for the director of central intelligence, entitled "Compendium of Future Intelligence Requirements: Volume II." This was a wish list of what the CIA wanted to know about the military strength of the Soviet Union and other countries, which thus amounted to a road map of what the CIA did *not* know. Hanssen also passed to the KGB a March 1988 CIA study classified SECRET and entitled "The Soviet Counterintelligence Offensive: KGB Recruitment Operations Against CIA."

The study of recruitment efforts aimed at the CIA contained a warning notice that read: "Intelligence Sources or Methods Involved (WNINTEL). National Security Information. Unauthorized Disclosure Subject to Criminal Sanctions."

Finally, Hanssen turned over the pièce de résistance, the study of Soviet penetrations of the FBI that he had personally directed and prepared with the assistance of Jim Milburn and Bob King. The KGB could now enjoy the product of this intensive effort by the FBI's Soviet analytical unit. The study, classified TOP SECRET, identified the sources that had hinted at moles in the bureau, and exactly what each had said.

In exchange, the KGB gave Hanssen another $25,000 in cash, and asked for data on several fronts, including FBI surveillance techniques and recruitment operations. The Russians also proposed two new dead drops near Hanssen's home in Vienna. Both were under footbridges in parks, one designated BOB—were the Russians trying to tell him something?—and the other CHARLIE.

On the last day of July, Hanssen mailed the KGB another computer disk, this one with information about the bureau's technical surveillance operations, which of course Hanssen knew a great deal about, details of a new recruitment in New York City, and the identities of several other Soviets the FBI had targeted for recruitment attempts. The following month, the KGB informed Hanssen that another $50,000 had been placed in his Moscow bank account.

This extraordinary pace of spying continued through the rest of the year. The last Monday in September brought another exchange, this time at BOB. Hanssen hid a package with about three hundred pages of material, including FBI documents and a verbatim transcript of a meeting of the Counterintelligence Group.*

Perhaps sensing from the tone of Hanssen's letters that their superspy was a man who needed a great deal of stroking, the Russians left yet another letter from KGB chairman Kryuchkov expressing his deep gratitude. They also advised Hanssen that by way of thanks another $50,000 had been deposited in his escrow account.

But business is business. The letter also discussed communications procedures and security measures and once again pushed for a personal meeting. Ever hopeful, the KGB included a discussion of passports.

It also asked Hanssen to provide information about the CIA's secret wiretap operations in the Soviet Union, details about agent networks, intelligence sources of U.S. allies, various FBI programs, and past spy cases. Up to this point, much, although by no means all, of the information Hanssen provided was about the spy wars between U.S. and Soviet intelligence—recruitments, targets, double agents, and the like. But this time, Moscow asked for data about missile technology.

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*The Counterintelligence Group was an interagency task force created during the Reagan administration that met monthly. It was unrelated to the Counterintelligence Group in the Soviet division of the CIA, which was headed in 1983 by Aldrich Ames.

Hanssen obliged, with a Christmas present for the KGB. On Monday, December 26, 1988, after celebrating the holiday with his wife and children and exchanging gifts in the warmth of his home on Talisman Drive, Hanssen hid another sort of package at dead drop CHARLIE.

Included with a floppy disk and 356 pages of material were six recent National HUMINT Collection Plan (NHCP) documents. The acronym stands for human intelligence—information gathered by spies, as opposed to that collected by electronic or other technical means.

Since the KGB wanted to know about missiles, Hanssen was certain they would be interested in the highly secret U.S. assessment and projection of Moscow's nuclear missile arsenal, including the number, strength, and details of its ICBMs and warheads. He gave them a document entitled "Soviet Armed Forces and Capabilities for Conducting Strategic Nuclear War Until the End of the 1990s."

Hanssen's neighborhood in northern Virginia was festooned with Christmas lights. The carolers on his quiet street had serenaded Hanssen in the frosty air with "O, Little Town of Bethlehem" and the other songs of the season of peace on earth. But Hanssen was following another star, passing secrets in the night that dealt with the unimaginable destruction of his own country.

11

Hanssen's Gods

One of the intriguing questions about Robert Hanssen was how he reconciled his religion with his treachery. By all accounts from close friends and colleagues, he was not merely religious; he was devout.

Hanssen went to mass almost every day, often at Our Lady of Good Counsel before work, and on Sundays at St. John's, both near his home in northern Virginia. But to take Holy Communion, as Hanssen did, to become one with the body and blood of Christ, Catholics are required to go to confession to unburden themselves of any serious sins to a priest, who will ordinarily absolve them if they show genuine contrition. They will be told to do penance, usually in the form of prayer. This cycle of sin—which, after all, is part of the human condition—confession, and absolution, or forgiveness, is a familiar and basic element of the Catholic tradition.

Hanssen told at least two persons who visited him in prison that he regularly confessed his espionage over a period of more than two decades. It is possible he did so obliquely, of course, in vague or general terms. There is no question that he disclosed his spying outright to priests at least twice, and almost certainly more often.

But Hanssen was confident that his secret would hold; confession is an inviolable sacrament of the Roman Catholic Church. Under the church's canon law, a priest who reveals what is said in confession faces excommunication. The priests to whom Hanssen confessed were under no formal obligation to advise him to stop spying, or to turn himself in, although they were free to suggest those options.

According to Professor Chester Gillis of Georgetown University, a leading theologian, it is possible for a penitent to confess the same sin many times. "Technically you can go back as many times as you want and forgiveness is without end in the Catholic tradition. Provided the sacrament is valid and there is true contrition on the part of the penitent, then if it is a repetitive act and the person asks for forgiveness again, he or she will be granted forgiveness again.

"This can be as simple as masturbation in pubescent youths, to murder. The gravity of the offense doesn't really matter.* If Hanssen confessed to espionage he would get absolution. If he said he intends to continue doing it, the priest has the right to refuse absolution. It would be rare.

"The priest might or might not ask about the details. The priest might not probe too deeply. For some people the sacrament takes place face-to-face. So the priest knows who it is, but he would never break the bond."

Superficially, Hanssen's religion might appear to have made it easier for him to spy, since he could confess and be granted absolution for his crime. But in reality his religion may have made his espionage more difficult, since he surely knew he had sinned and could not easily escape his burden of guilt. "A person in a state of grace can receive the Eucharist," Gillis said. "If a person is in a state of sin, he is not in a state of grace. Being in a state of grace means you have confessed a serious sin and been given absolution. In a state of grace means you are in a proper relationship with God. But if Hanssen's conscience was finely honed, he may have realized internally he was not in a state of grace. He might have felt he was juridically, but not internally."

After Hanssen, a twenty-four-year-old Lutheran, married into Bonnie Wauck's family, he become a convert to Catholicism. The family was deeply involved with the church. Not only was Bonnie's brother John Paul a priest of Opus Dei, but her uncle Robert Hagarty, her mother's brother, was a monsignor, and both her parents were active, as Bonnie was, in "the work," as Opus Dei was sometimes called by its members. Another of Bonnie's brothers, Mark A. Wauck, although an FBI agent, found time to translate the entire New Testament from the original Greek, a volume approved by the National Conference of Catholic Bishops.*

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*Professor Gillis pointed out that, contrary to popular opinion, absolution is not contingent on performance of the penance, because in the sacrament of reconciliation, the formal name for confession, forgiveness is granted before the person does the actual penance.

Surrounded as he was by vigorously enthusiastic Catholics, Hanssen's decision to become a convert was, if the term may be used, predestined. But he was strongly influenced, he told at least one close friend, by long conversations with his father-in-law, Professor Leroy Wauck, who later invited and accompanied Hanssen to his first Catholic retreat at Shelburn, Indiana.

Once Hanssen had converted, he became, to all appearances, a true believer who wore his faith on his sleeve and never lost an opportunity to urge people to go to mass or, if they were lapsed Catholics, to return to the fold. He also persuaded many of his friends to attend one or more Opus Dei "evenings of recollection" at the Tenley Study Center in Washington.

"He always tried to get me to church," said James Bamford, the author of two bestselling books about the National Security Agency who met Hanssen while working as an investigative journalist for ABC News. "One night he took me to an Opus Dei meeting at Tenley. There were prayers and some priest got up and talked about how to support the bishop. The priest talked about other church-type stuff. I couldn't wait to leave. It was like being back in Sunday school. I'm Catholic but I've gotten away from it. He really wanted to get me back in the church."

Similarly, Hanssen persuaded Tom Burns, a fellow Catholic and his boss during his first tour in the FBI's Soviet analytical unit, to accompany him to Opus Dei meetings. "At Hanssen's invitation, I spoke at Opus Dei at Tenley. They get people in to speak on various subjects. I had done a paper for the Army War College on terrorism in Western Europe. At Bob's invitation I spoke on that subject at the Opus Dei meeting. I did not join Opus Dei. I just didn't have the luxury of the time."

The Hanssens attended church at St. Catherine of Siena Catholic Church in Great Falls, Virginia, for a while. Burns was a member of the parish and Hanssen, first as a visitor, had been impressed with Father Jerome Fasano, the charismatic priest who was the pastor at the time. "That's why Hanssen came to St. Catherine's," Burns said.

But the Hanssens had problems at the church. In 1997, Father Franklyn M. McAfee became the new pastor. Reviewing the membership the following year, he noticed, as he wrote to Hanssen, that there had been "no activity financially." The family was invited, politely but firmly, to return to their own parish.* Bonnie Hanssen wrote back for the family, asking to rejoin.

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*_New Testament: St. Paul Catholic Edition,_ translated by Mark A. Wauck (Staten Island, N.Y.: Society of St. Paul Alba House, 2000).

"They were reinstated," McAfee said. "They still didn't give anything. When they came back they made a pledge to the building fund, which they didn't have to do, and didn't act on that." Bonnie's letter also pledged to give St. Catherine a minimum of forty dollars a month. "They did not keep the commitment," McAfee said. The Hanssens, nevertheless, were not disinvited by the church a second time, and attended mass there some Sundays.

Father C. John McCloskey III, the Opus Dei priest and director of the Catholic Information Center in downtown Washington, knew Bonnie Hanssen well, through her involvement in Opus Dei. But he also got to know Hanssen when the FBI man, often accompanied by his oldest son, Jack, would occasionally go to noon mass at the center's chapel.

Normally, Father McCloskey celebrated the mass and heard confessions before and afterward. "He would take Holy Communion," McCloskey said. "If he did confession, I would not know because I would not see him. I hear confession in a confessional which preserves anonymity."

McCloskey had an unusual background for a priest. He had worked for five years on Wall Street, then decided to leave the stock market for the seminary. "I was a lay member of Opus Dei for many years," he said. "A small percentage are called to the priesthood." McCloskey was ordained in Spain in 1981, then did pastoral work in New York, Princeton, and Washington before becoming director of the Catholic center that brought him into contact with Hanssen.

He had strong feelings about Hanssen's espionage and did not hesitate to express them. "You cannot be a good Catholic and also be a traitor. It's one thing to commit an act of treason, confess it, repent it, and change your life. But to continually act in a traitorous sort of way is inconceivable. It is moral schizophrenia to try to live a life dedicated to God and at the same time compartmentalizing your life to that extent. The whole point of Christianity and Catholicism is *not* to lead a double life, but to be transparent.

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*Because Hanssen lived outside the geographic boundary lines of the parish, McAfee could insist they contribute at least a minimal amount to the church. Persons who lived inside the parish lines were not subject to financial requirements.

"I'm not a psychologist or a psychiatrist. I'm a Catholic priest, but I have a lot of experience dealing with souls. There must be some deep psychological trauma, there is something radically wrong. To be able to conceal that from his friends and family, in addition to the moral flaw, there must be some deep hurts and problems."

Hanssen was able to carry this compartmentalization to extraordinary lengths. Often, to his friends and colleagues, he denounced the Soviets, to whom he was selling his soul and his secrets, as "godless." David Major, for one, remembered Hanssen using precisely that term. "He used to say to me the Soviets will lose because they are run by godless Communists. He said, 'You've got to have Christ in your life or you're never going to get anywhere.' "

Hanssen carpooled with his friend Paul Moore after he returned to Washington in 1987 to rejoin the Soviet analytical unit and direct the mole study. "One day," Moore recalled, "with just the two of us in my yellow Mercedes, we drove past the White House and somebody came on NPR talking about the implied social contract that is the basis of morality. He reached over and turned off the radio. 'That's enough of that,' he said. 'The basis of morality is not an implied social contract. It's God's law.'

"He made it clear he would be pleased if I became a more active Catholic, but he never said 'Let's go to church.' When I had trouble one time, he said, 'Have you ever thought about trying to bring God into the equation?' He said, 'Look, I know these guys in McLean who run a retreat center. Father Dan.' He gave me the phone number the next day.

"I asked him about Opus Dei. He said it is a lay group of people within the church who were married but potentially some of them would take vows. There are some lay people who take a vow of chastity. There are various vows in the church, and seven steps to priesthood. The purpose of Opus Dei, he said, is to help people lead holier lives, to make Catholic faith a more living faith. It has its own priests assigned to it."

Hanssen was repeating to Moore the fairly standard Opus Dei description of its goals. But he also told Moore something he had not revealed to others. "He said he had a disagreement with them over finances. They like to review your finances and say, 'Contribute this amount.' He said he didn't have that amount to give." In retrospect, Moore thought the exchange ironic: "He was probably already working for the Russians."

For the most part, however, Hanssen extolled the virtues of Opus Dei, a group that has often been criticized as too secretive, too conservative, too powerful within the Vatican, and too intrusive in the life of its members.

One somewhat disenchanted Opus Dei member who had been active at the same Tenley Center in Washington as Hanssen recalled that the organization had strong ties to the Reagan administration. "Half of the Reagan White House would come to the meetings at Tenley House," he said. "Opus Dei is very strong on recruiting people, and once they have you they don't let go. They're all over you. 'Do you have a problem getting to church? We'll drive you.' The members will not say much about it to outsiders. They are strict and conventional Catholics, and therefore comfortable with Pope John Paul II."

Hanssen was always encouraging his friends to learn more about Opus Dei. He gave his FBI colleague Jim Ohlson a copy of *The Way,* a book by the founder of Opus Dei, Josemaria Escriva de Balaguer. The slim paperback volume is a collection of homilies to guide the faithful on their way along the path of life. For example, the first teaching admonishes: "1. Don't let your life be sterile. Be useful. Blaze a trail. Shine forth with the light of your faith and of your love."*

Josemaria Escriva, whose movement so captured Hanssen's imagination, was a Spanish priest who founded Opus Dei in Madrid in 1928. The organization has always had strong roots in Spain; under dictator Franco, ten Opus Dei members served at various times as cabinet ministers. After Escriva's death in 1975 at the age of seventy-three, his supporters urged his beatification, the first step toward sainthood.

In order to reach that initial plateau on the way to canonization, a miracle had to be attributed to Escriva and approved by various papal bodies. A year after Escriva's death, a Carmelite nun was reportedly cured of a rare disease after her family prayed for Escriva's intercession with God. The miracle was officially accepted and Pope John Paul II, clad in golden robes, beatified Escriva in 1992 before some three hundred thousand people in St. Peter's Square. He then became known as Blessed Josemaria.

But this elevation did not take place without considerable controversy. Critics of Opus Dei complained that the beatification process had been speeded up, and that Opus Dei had helped to elect Cardinal Karol Wojtyla as Pope John Paul II in 1978 and exercised undue influence in

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*Josemaria Escriva de Balaguer, *The Way* (New York: Scepter, 1979), p. 21.

the Vatican. It was John Paul II who elevated Opus Dei to the unusual status of a "personal prelature" in 1982. And early in 2002, he announced that Escriva would be made a saint in October.

The critics also see Opus Dei as an elitist organization that seeks to recruit talented young people who will rise in their professions and exercise influence in society. The Opus Dei schools, in the critics' view, play a key role in the recruitment process.

Officials of Opus Dei deny these various criticisms and claim that their influence in Rome is exaggerated. They point out that in the College of Cardinals, the body that chooses a new pope, only one of the 179 members, Juan Luis Cipriani Thorne, the archbishop of Lima, Peru, is a member of Opus Dei. "That is not a very big voting bloc," said Brian Finnerty, the Opus Dei communications director.

Like Hanssen, about 70 percent of the organization's eighty-four thousand members worldwide are married or about to be, and are known as supernumeraries. The rest are men and women who commit themselves to celibacy and are called numeraries, if they live in residences in Opus Dei centers, or associates, if they live with their families or on their own.

People who seek to become members must apply in writing and go through a six-month period of familiarization with Opus Dei. Before they are accepted, they must enter into an oral contract to commit to the organization's aims of holiness and to accept its jurisdiction in religious matters. All members are expected to perform small acts of penance during the day. Some of the celibate members, as a form of penance, wear a chain around their thigh known as a cilice.* "The cilice is designed to be uncomfortable but not harmful to a person's health," Finnerty said. "It does not break the skin."

Louis Freeh, who was FBI director when the bureau closed in on Hanssen and arrested him, attended the same church as did Hanssen, St. Catherine of Siena, and Freeh's son went to the Heights, the Opus Dei school, with the Hanssen boys. However, Freeh was not himself a member of Opus Dei, according to Finnerty.†

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*The word literally means a hair shirt worn by monks or nuns in medieval times and made from Cilican goat hair. Cilicia was an ancient region of Asia Minor.

†Published reports that Freeh might belong to Opus Dei may have stemmed from confusion over the fact that his brother, John Freeh, had in the past been a celibate member of Opus Dei and director of the Tenley Opus Dei center in Washington and the Opus Dei center in Pittsburgh.

Was Hanssen's religion, his constant preoccupation with God, a genuine expression of deep faith, or part of his cover as a Russian spy? Although some counterintelligence officials think Hanssen's religion was a convenient cloak, those who knew him well disagree. True, his denunciation of "godless Communism" helped to throw off suspicion that he was on the payroll of the godless Communists. But Hanssen spent far too much time in his devotions, at church and with Opus Dei, and in long discussions about religion with his friends, for it all to have been a complete sham.

Ron Mlotek, who became a good friend of Hanssen's when they worked together at the State Department in the 1990s, had no doubt at all that the FBI man's faith was authentic. "The first time I set foot in his office to welcome him I saw he had two open Bibles lying on his desk and a crucifix on the wall. That launched us into a deep conversation about our respective faiths." And it was the beginning of their friendship.

Mlotek, the chief legal counsel of the Office of Foreign Missions, said they became friends "because Bob was a strongly religious Catholic who felt a kinship with an Orthodox Jew.

"Bob's basic argument is that all Catholics are Jews. Because Jews are our elder brothers. They worship a Jew. The Last Supper was a Passover seder. But Catholics are more fulfilled because of their belief in the resurrection. Those were his arguments. He never said 'Ron, become a Catholic,' but he did say, 'It would be good for you.' I went with him to Opus Dei meetings. He thought the fact that I was Orthodox was a common link." Mlotek added: "We had these conversations all the time—about the differences between the two religions, and about philosophy."

Jack Hoschouer, Hanssen's closest friend, also believed that he was genuinely devout. "His religion is real," he said. "When you find out where the money is, I think you'll find a whole bunch of Catholic charities got big contributions. That's only speculation. He often said, 'Evil is well-funded. The forces of good are underfunded.' He may have wanted to do something that would give him money for that reason."

Be that as it may, the stark contrast between Hanssen's militant Catholicism and his simultaneous service to the Soviets was so seemingly irreconcilable as to baffle his most intimate friends and family members. Even Father McCloskey, who was strongly critical of

Hanssen's betrayal of his country, considered him truly pious. So did Tom Burns, his former boss at the FBI.

"I believe he was seriously religious and a serious spy," Burns said. "Maybe a diagnosis would find him totally bipolar, able to segment different parts of his life. Parts that to all appearances were a contradiction."

Although Mlotek did not doubt Hanssen's faith, he thought he had answered the wrong calling. "He should have been a priest," Mlotek said. "I think everyone would have been better off. The whole world would have been better off."

12

Diamonds Are a Spy's Best Friend

Because Hanssen had suggested a few diamonds might be welcome, the KGB obliged with one in September 1988. Along with the third personal letter of thanks from KGB chairman Kryuchkov, which Hanssen fished out from under a bridge in Idylwood Park in northern Virginia, was a diamond worth $24,720.

A few months later, at Christmas, he received a second diamond valued at $17,748. For Hanssen, diamonds had the virtue of being small and therefore easily concealed. The cash that kept rolling in from Moscow was getting to be bulky and more difficult to hide, especially in a house that he shared with a wife and six children.

At the end of January, soon after the inauguration of the first President Bush, Hanssen left an emergency call-out signal for the KGB in the middle of downtown Washington, just above Dupont Circle at Connecticut Avenue and Q Street. The signal alerted the KGB to clear BOB, the drop in Idylwood Park, and it did so immediately. Hanssen had left a package there with a copy of a cable and a note reading: "Send to the Center right away. This might be useful."

Hanssen's choice of language was revealing, for it made clear how much he sought to ingratiate himself with his unseen colleagues in the KGB. Perhaps as much or more than the money and diamonds, their respect and approval was plainly important to him. "This might be useful" had the ring of an overeager subordinate trying to make brownie points with his boss. Hanssen was signaling that he was not only the KGB's man in Washington but always prepared and ever alert to their needs, a blend of Boy Scout and James Bond.

As spring came to the capital, Hanssen placed another signal for the Russians at a prearranged location, this time farther north on Connecticut Avenue at Taft Bridge, a heavily traveled span famously guarded by two pairs of stone lions. In the exchange that followed at dead drop CHARLIE, near his home, Hanssen left two packages. One contained a TOP SECRET/SCI document from the office of the Director of Central Intelligence that provided guidance for the next decade for MASINT, the most arcane and exotic form of the various types of intelligence collected by the CIA and other U.S. spy agencies.

Although the term is little known to the public, MASINT, which stands for measurement and signature intelligence, applies to a wide variety of data scooped up by satellites and by secret sensors around the globe and under the seas. MASINT includes, for example, satellites equipped with gamma ray trackers and X-ray spectrometers to measure radioactive fallout from a nuclear explosion, as well as infrared sensors to detect antiballistic missile tests. It includes powerful phased array radars, such as COBRA DANE at Shemya, Alaska, which was built to watch for a possible Soviet missile attack and measure Soviet missile test launches. And MASINT includes as well the hundreds of hydrophones planted on the ocean floor in a program called SOSUS to measure the distinctive acoustic signature of Soviet (now Russian) submarines.

The document passed to the KGB by Hanssen was significant because it reflected the consensus of the intelligence community on the secret operations and goals of the MASINT program. The report was crammed with specifics and highly technical information.* Hanssen must have been unusually nervous about transmitting it to the KGB, because for the first and only time he asked that it be returned. Typically there would be numbered copies of a highly classified report of this nature; Hanssen would have a difficult time explaining why the copy he had removed had vanished if he did not get it back.

Hanssen's second package contained another computer disk and more than five hundred pages of documents, many of them classified. In return, the KGB package was generous; it held $18,000 in cash and a third diamond, worth $11,700.

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*The MASINT document passed by Hanssen, dated November 1988, was entitled "DCI Guidance for the National MASINT Intelligence Program (FY 1991–FY 2000)." It was prepared for the director of central intelligence by the intelligence community's Measurement and Signature Intelligence (MASINT) Committee.

He had now received diamonds valued at a total of $54,168, and the KGB began to fret about whether Hanssen was concealing the gems or flashing them around. The Russians asked what security precautions he was taking to avoid suspicions about the diamonds. Not to worry, Hanssen told the KGB; if anyone asked, he would say the diamonds came from his grandmother.

But on reflection Hanssen himself decided the gems were risky, or that cash was more practical, because only two months later he returned the first and third diamonds, valued at a total of $35,920, and asked for cash instead, which he received the following Christmas Day.

Although Hanssen was unaware of it, the fact that he was paid in diamonds was the first clue obtained by the FBI about an unknown spy that ultimately fit him. According to John F. Lewis, Jr., the former assistant FBI director in charge of the intelligence division, the bureau learned of a “diamond connection” years before it suspected Hanssen.

“We had heard from a defector that somebody was being paid in diamonds,” Lewis said. “At least ten years ago or more.” That information, while tantalizing, was also frustrating, because the defector, who may have heard corridor gossip at KGB headquarters, had no information about who was receiving the gems, or even in which agency the spy worked.

Four days after receiving the MASINT report, the KGB tried to return it, but for some reason Hanssen failed to retrieve the document the first time it was placed in a dead drop for him. A second attempt also failed, but on the third try, in late May, he got it back.

In Moscow, meanwhile, the KGB officers who had been handling the Hanssen case were recognized in a formal ceremony in April. Among the medals handed out at headquarters were the coveted Order of the Red Banner, as well as the Order of the Red Star and the Medal for Excellent Service.

For Hanssen, there was still the problem of what to do with the cash flowing in from Moscow. Depositing the money in banks or investing it in the market was risky, since to do so would leave a paper trail of unexplained, unreported income.

So when he returned the two diamonds for cash in May, he included a floppy disk on which he broached the idea of the KGB setting up a bank account in Switzerland for him and transferring bonds into it. The traditional secrecy of Swiss banking laws, Hanssen knew, would mask the source of the funds as well as the identity of the account holder.

A few months later, the KGB turned down Hanssen's idea of establishing a Swiss bank account. At some point, however, he went ahead and opened two bank accounts in Switzerland on his own, one at Credit Suisse and the other at Bank Leu. How much money passed through the accounts is not clear, but only a small amount remained in Switzerland at the time of his arrest.

* * *

Bill Houghton, who worked for Hanssen in the Soviet analytical unit during these years, liked him but remembered some odd conversations they had. "We would occasionally travel on business; we went out to Los Alamos once. He told amusing stories. He always used to kid. If we were waiting in an airport he'd say, 'That guy's walking funny. My dad always said to me, Always beware of people walking funny. If you see people walking funny they aren't normal.'

"Most people thought him very aloof. We got along because we were both interested in some of the same things. He would talk to me about computers, about codes. In Los Alamos, he said, 'Bill, you know how someone builds a nuclear weapon?' I said, 'No, I don't.' 'It's quite simple,' he said. For the next hour he outlined on a paper napkin how one builds a nuclear weapon. He was a sort of renaissance man.

"We were talking about careers one day and he said, 'Bill, have you ever been to an autopsy? It's fascinating, you should go some time.' He said, 'I did an autopsy, it's not gruesome at all. The first time I sliced off the skull and removed the brain—to hold a person's brain in your hand is such an awesome feeling. To think, a few days ago that was a sentient being and now you're actually holding it in your hand.' " Houghton was somewhat taken aback by the conversation. But he was used to Hanssen saying strange things, and he enjoyed their mutual interest in technical matters.

"Bob was really into shortwave. He would buy expensive equipment and bring it into the office. Apparently his friend Jack had given him an early GPS system and he thought it was really neat. I think I met Jack once. He talked about Jack a lot."

* * *

In August, Hanssen passed five rolls of film on which there were copies of highly sensitive documents. He was assured that $50,000 more had been placed in his escrow account in a Moscow bank.

It was on September 25, 1989, that Hanssen disclosed to the KGB the largest U.S. intelligence project of all. He had learned some of the details years before, in the early 1980s. When the Soviets began construction of a new embassy in Washington, the FBI had decided to launch its own secret construction project. To listen in on the Russians, the FBI built an elaborate tunnel beneath the embassy, manned around the clock by NSA technicians with the latest in sophisticated electronic eavesdropping equipment.

When Hanssen was still in New York and spying for the GRU, he had no need to know about the tunnel project. But that changed after he was assigned to headquarters in 1981. The hundreds of millions of dollars spent in building and maintaining the tunnel was for years a huge item in the FBI's budget, and Hanssen, working in the budget unit—and on the Dedicated Technical Program in particular—knew there was an expensive, long-term technical project.

Why had Hanssen waited perhaps as long as eight years to reveal this huge secret? The explanation he gave to debriefers after his arrest was that his information was fragmentary. "He was aware early on, from his budget office days," said one intelligence official, "but he didn't have the details, the description of what it was. He knew the funding, but it wasn't until much later he got the details."

Hanssen revealed the tunnel to the KGB in an exchange carried out at DORIS, a dead drop in Canterbury Park in Springfield, Virginia. Hanssen left eighty pages of documents under a footbridge in the park. One, classified TOP SECRET/SCI, was obliquely described by the government as "a program of enormous value, expense, and importance to the United States."

This was the embassy tunnel, although the government's affidavit does not say that, since the FBI has never admitted to the existence of the tunnel. The project was so sensitive and so secret that even today most FBI officials will not discuss it or even acknowledge it was ever built. "What tunnel?" is the typical response to inquiries about it.

On the September day in 1989 that Hanssen betrayed this multimillion-dollar secret, he received another $30,000 in cash. And the KGB for the first time put its message to Hanssen on a computer disk.

Alas, the Russians were proving to be technically challenged; in October, Hanssen, now calling himself "G. Robertson, 1408 Ingeborg Ct., McLean VA," wrote back, saying: "The disk is clean. I tried all methods—completely demagnetized."

On Halloween, the KGB, undoubtedly grateful for the electrifying news that a tunnel had been dug under their embassy, placed $55,000 in dead drop ELLIS, under the footbridge in Foxstone Park, and assured Hanssen that another $50,000 had been deposited for him in Moscow. The package also included a computer disk—this one readable—with yet another letter conveying regards from KGB chief Vladimir Kryuchkov.

On Christmas Day of 1989, Hanssen closed out his successful year of espionage with an exchange at dead drop BOB, in Idylwood Park. It had been a less successful year for the Soviets, whose empire was crumbling. That fall, one after another, the Communist regimes of Eastern Europe were toppled. The Berlin Wall came down in November, and East Germany opened its borders to the West. So it was unsurprising that the document that Hanssen passed to the Russians, classified SECRET and dated November 1989, was a National Intelligence Estimate (NIE) entitled "The Soviet System in Crisis: Prospects for the Next Two Years."

He also provided Moscow with the identities of three new FBI sources within the KGB and other Soviet agencies, which meant that he had now betrayed six FBI sources—Martynov, Motorin, Yuzhin, and the three new ones. In addition, he passed along information about four defectors.

In the same exchange, the KGB gave Hanssen another $38,000 in cash as payment for the two diamonds he had returned, plus a little extra for October. The package for Hanssen also included two computer disks with Christmas greetings from the KGB.

One wonders what he told his family as an excuse to leave home on Christmas Day. Perhaps he invented some errand and drove to the park.

It had been a fine year, and it was nice that the KGB reimbursed him for the two diamonds. But he had expected no less; he was entirely too important an agent to be trifled with by the Russians. As he returned home with $38,000 in cash to his wife and children, his dog, and his Christmas tree with its bright lights, he undoubtedly felt a glow of satisfaction. Perhaps he thought he really was the perfect spy.

But he did not know that seven months before, on that same day in May that he had returned the two diamonds to the KGB, the information he had passed would ultimately, if indirectly, lead to his downfall. On that day he told the KGB about a secret FBI investigation of a State Department official suspected of espionage. His name was Felix Bloch.

13

Let's Play MONOPOLY

Robert Hanssen had recently joined the FBI and was working in his first office in Gary, Indiana, when on August 23, 1977, a brief story about a construction project appeared in *The Washington Post.* The news was not really important enough for page one. Readers would have had to browse through to page two of the Metro section to come across the headline WORK BEGINS ON NEW SOVIET EMBASSY.

"Bulldozers have started clearing trees and dense patches of weeds from an upper Northwest site at Wisconsin Avenue and Calvert Street," the newspaper reported. The story was little more than three hundred words long.

But for a small group of FBI counterintelligence officials, it was big news indeed. Soon, the dump trucks, bulldozers, cement mixers, and heavy equipment of the George Hyman Construction Company would be in noisy full swing, roaring and rumbling onto Wisconsin Avenue and Tunlaw Road, behind the embassy, where a 165-unit apartment building was also being built to house the Soviet diplomats and their families. All the noise of construction and the comings and goings of the trucks would provide perfect cover for what the FBI had in mind.

With the work under way above ground, the bureau began construction of its own secret project underneath the embassy, an elaborate tunnel for electronic eavesdropping. The FBI bought a town house nearby with a basement that would become the entrance to the tunnel. It hired its own contractor and started the digging, which went on for years at a cost said to have reached hundreds of millions of dollars. The FBI gave the highly classified, ultrasecret project a code name: MONOPOLY.

To an extent, the tunnel project was the FBI's answer to what the intelligence agencies considered a huge mistake by the State Department. The new embassy was going up on Mount Alto, the second highest point in Washington. From there, the technical experts warned, the Russians would have a direct line of sight and a superb vantage point for listening in on the White House, the State Department, the Pentagon, and the CIA. The location was ideal for eavesdropping on radio communications, and for capturing telephone calls carried by microwave, the technology then widely used, since those conversations could not be intercepted without a direct line of sight.

"We were absolutely beside ourselves," said Dick Alu, a former FBI counterintelligence agent. "They [the State Department] never bothered to consult the intelligence community, the FBI or NSA."

The Soviets had been pressing for years for a bigger embassy that would also allow them to consolidate in one place half a dozen offices scattered around town. The State Department approved the Wisconsin Avenue site, in a northwest residential neighborhood on a hill high above Georgetown.

The Soviet embassy at the time was on Sixteenth Street in downtown Washington, in an ornate beaux-arts mansion built by the widow of George M. Pullman, the inventor who designed the railroad sleeping cars that bear his name. All sorts of powerful antennae sprouted from the roof of the embassy. Even before the decision was made to allow the new embassy to go up on Mount Alto, the FBI was concerned about the Soviets eavesdropping from the Sixteenth Street location on nearby U.S. government offices, including the White House.

The two construction projects—the embassy and the tunnel—proceeded apace, one visible, the other secret. When the $70 million Soviet embassy complex was completed a decade later, it included not only the eight-story chancery building faced in white marble and the nine-story apartment building, but an eight-classroom school, a playground, a gymnasium, an Olympic-sized swimming pool, a four-hundred-seat auditorium, an underground parking garage, and a large reception hall.

Meanwhile, work by a Soviet contractor on a new American embassy in Moscow had begun in 1979. That the Russians would try to plant microphones during the construction should not have come as an enormous surprise, given the long history of Soviet efforts to bug the American embassy. In Moscow in 1945, for example, the Soviets had presented to Ambassador Averell Harriman a carved replica of the Great Seal of the

United States. The hollow wooden seal had decorated the wall of four U.S. ambassadors before the listening device it concealed was discovered by the embassy's electronic sweepers in the early 1950s.*

It was no ordinary bug. Peter Karlow, a CIA officer in charge of the agency's technical staff, recalled the problems the experts faced. "We found it and we didn't know how it worked," Karlow said. "There was a passive device inside the seal, like a tadpole, with a little tail. The Soviets had a microwave signal beamed at the embassy that caused the receptors inside the seal to resonate. It had no current, no batteries, and an infinite life expectancy." The CIA's unsuccessful attempt to copy the bug was code-named EASY CHAIR.†

Construction of the new American embassy in Moscow was halted in 1985, when it was discovered that the building was riddled with literally thousands of tiny bugs; the structure had, in effect, been turned into a giant radio transmitter by the KGB. The Russians had delivered huge slabs of precast concrete with the bugs already embedded within. By the time the bugs were found, $22 million had already been spent on construction.

It was worse than that. A former FBI official remembered his dismay at what he saw when he inspected the New Office Building, or NOB, as the bugged embassy was called. Not only were there bugs, but the construction was such that KGB agents could secretly gain access to the building as well as run wires and microphones into it.

"I found it had large hollow structural support columns at each corner," he said. "The columns had a strong exterior, but inside they were filled with dirt and broken bricks. The concern was the KGB could go in underground, take out all the bricks, drain all the fill, and climb up into the building.

"Then they would have to get out of the columns. Perhaps there was some kind of a panel or door to allow access inside the building. All they had to do was to remove the junk, go into the pillars, and go up, and have free run of the embassy."

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*The embarrassing discovery was kept secret by the United States for almost a decade. But in May 1960, after the Soviets shot down the CIA's U-2 spy plane 1,200 miles inside their territory, Washington tried to counter international criticism by revealing the Soviet eavesdropping device. Henry Cabot Lodge, the U.S. ambassador to the United Nations, opened up and displayed the Great Seal and its tiny transmitter at the UN Security Council.

†Unknown to the CIA, British intelligence was able to replicate the Soviet bug, which MI5, the British internal security service, code-named SATYR.

Finding the tiny transmitters embedded in the embassy's walls had not been easy. Security experts from Washington were sent to Moscow with special X-ray equipment. They were trained rock climbers who had to hang off the side of the building as they went from floor to floor in weather that was sometimes forty degrees below zero.

The discovery of the bugs caused a great uproar in Congress. President Reagan wanted to raze the entire structure and start over with American construction workers. After years of debate, it was finally decided to demolish the top four floors, down to the floor slab of the sixth floor. Four new, bug-proof stories and a penthouse would be constructed, and any sensitive business would be conducted in the new part; any microphones below that level would not matter. The project was called Top Hat, which may have struck Hanssen as ironic, since at the outset of his career as a spy he had betrayed the agent code-named TOPHAT, helping to send him to his death.

The new floors were built by three hundred American construction workers flown in for that purpose, and special precautions were taken to make sure that this time there were no transmitters. No outsiders were allowed on the construction site, and security was tight. But while all this was going on, an incident took place that was not reassuring. In April 1997, an AWOL Russian soldier somehow managed to slip into the residence of the acting American ambassador and spend the night. He was discovered the next day, taking a shower.

Meanwhile, U.S. intelligence found that the Soviets had also built tunnels leading into and under the new American embassy in Moscow. The way this was learned was not publicized. "Satellites told us there were tunnels under the new embassy," one former intelligence official revealed. "There were air pockets; the heat varies when there are tunnels, and they were detected."

In Washington, the FBI's own tunnelers were hard at work. A major concern was disposing of the enormous amount of displaced dirt, but that was made much easier by the construction going on all around the site. The FBI's dump trucks would have blended in with the rest.

By 1980, the Russians and their families began moving into the apartments, the $12 million first phase of the project. But the Hyman company did not find the Soviets easy to deal with and chose not to bid on the rest of the work. “The Soviets would make an agreement and overnight change their mind,” recalled Benny Pasquariello, who had supervised the building of the apartments as vice president of Hyman. “It was just not fun to work with them.

“They inspected everything, and there were a lot of delays because of that. The Soviets were constantly looking for bugs. Concrete was poured on site and they watched when we poured. They said to me a lot of times, ‘We do not want to live in a glass house.’ ”

When the Hyman company pulled out, the $44.4 million second phase of the project, including construction of the embassy building, went to the Whiting-Turner Contracting Company of Baltimore.

All the while, the FBI was monitoring the construction. The bureau had people on site posing as construction workers and subcontractors. In addition, some of the real construction workers agreed to cooperate with the FBI after they were approached by the bureau with an appeal to their patriotism. These co-opted workers planted many of the bugs in the embassy itself. In an apartment house across Tunlaw Road, the FBI maintained twenty-four-hour surveillance of the construction site.

Below ground, there were problems with MONOPOLY from the start. Water leaked into the tunnel, and even with a set of blueprints of the embassy complex, the tunnel builders could not always be sure of the precise location of their targets. “The problem was, you didn’t know where you were going to come up,” one FBI man said. “We had the plans, but you don’t know what a room is used for. It might end up being a Xerox room or a storage room. What you want is a coffee room where people talk. Or a secure room where they think no one can hear them.”

Nor was the tunnel universally popular in the FBI’s intelligence division. “We were concerned because a lot of our budget was going for that purpose,” said one former senior FBI official. “We were pretty upset.”

NSA provided and manned the sophisticated eavesdropping equipment that was brought into the tunnel as sections were completed. The tunnel, it was hoped, would offer technical advantages. Presumably, the NSA was able to tap into telephone cables from the tunnel. It is said to have experimented with exotic laser beam technology as well.

But some of the sophisticated equipment did not work, and the technicians spent a lot of time trying to figure out why. Soviet countermeasures were a likely explanation, since the Russians assumed all along that U.S. intelligence would attempt to bug their embassy.

At least the tunnel was spacious enough; those who have been inside say a person could easily stand up. It had sturdy walls and lights. It was not, in other words, some dark and dank passageway like a tourist might expect to crawl through in an underground cave.

Although the obvious purpose of the tunnel was to glean what is called positive intelligence by listening in to what the Soviets were saying, there was another, subtler goal. With luck, the NSA and FBI wiretappers might have been able to discover what the Soviets were overhearing in their own electronic eavesdropping efforts against American targets.

The Soviets, of course, did everything they could to foil the planting of any bugs. John Carl Warnecke, Sr., the architect who helped to design the Wisconsin Avenue embassy, said that the Russians had X-rayed "each inch of steel the night before it was put up." They also took all the window frames apart, inspected them, and reassembled them on site. The Russians insisted that the building's marble facing be cut two inches thick because they did not want a layer of epoxy glue, in which a bug could be hidden, between two thin marble slabs.

As the embassy buildings went up, the intelligence services on both sides kept a close eye on each other, Warnecke recounted. "Before lunch the KGB would come into our office in Washington, and I said to my staff, 'Tell them everything we're doing.' After lunch the FBI or the CIA would come in and say, 'What did they ask?' "

Warnecke, eighty-two and still practicing his profession in San Francisco, was amused after the Hanssen case broke to read about the FBI's tunnel, because, he said, the Russians have their own network of tunnels beneath the embassy complex. "We designed and connected tunnels to all the buildings for utilities and other things," he said. "We designed the underground passages at the request of the Soviets. I designed the Hart Senate Office Building, so I'm familiar with tunnels."

The FBI tunnel was dug so secretly that even the architect of the Soviet embassy and the builders were perplexed about how it could have been managed. Warnecke said he had not known about the FBI's tunnel. "I wonder how the hell they did it. To get all that dirt out, somebody would have spotted it."

But H. Russell Hanna, Jr., who worked on the planning and landscaping stage of the embassy project, speculated how it might have been managed. "There was a two- or three-story underground parking garage that had to be excavated," he said. "After the workers left the site at 4 P.M., someone else could have come in and started digging. The dirt could have been put on the stockpile and taken off the next day by the construction company, unbeknownst to them. The stockpile is not measured. The trucks are counted, but not the dirt. And underground tunneling doesn't have to be noisy, so it could have been done that way."

Benny Pasquariello, the Hyman official, firmly believed the FBI could not have dug it "without our knowledge." Asked if dirt from the tunnel could have been mingled with other dirt and trucked out without his company being aware of it, Pasquariello replied: "That's a possibility." But he remained skeptical.

Homer Willis, the supervisor on the site for Hyman, insisted the tunnel must have been dug at a later date. "I walked the job every day; somebody digging a tunnel under what we were building in my opinion didn't happen. Could I be wrong? Sure, but I don't think so."

According to Willis, the Russians tried to gather intelligence on the construction site. "They would come in around 3 P.M. every day. They would have three kinds of vodka and sit around and try to pump us for information."

Because the Soviets had built tunnels under the American embassy in Moscow, they tried to guard against that happening to them in Washington. During the construction of the embassy and related buildings by Whiting-Turner, the Soviets drilled holes thirty or forty feet deep and lowered sensors into the holes attached to a monitoring device. By that time either the FBI tunnel was already largely completed or the sensors failed to detect the burrowing underground.

Having built the American embassy in Moscow with corner pillars that would have allowed the KGB to insert agents and wires straight up into the building, the Soviets were not about to permit the same design on Mount Alto. One senior intelligence official described how the Russians avoided this trap. "When they built the concrete columns they were staggered"—he held up his hands to illustrate—"so you couldn't drill up vertically. You couldn't go straight up the columns because you would hit the floor above. I assumed they built it that way because they did it to us in Moscow."

In 1987, Soviet diplomats took reporters and photographers on a press tour of the Wisconsin Avenue complex, pointing to various places where they claimed transmitters had been discovered. One of the diplomats, Vacheslav Z. Borovikov, the embassy security chief, brandished a two-foot piece of pipe that he said had concealed a transmitter inside a marble column.

By that time work on the new Soviet embassy had been completed, but under an agreement between the two countries, the ambassador and his staff could not occupy the chancery building in Washington until the dispute over the bugging of the new American embassy in Moscow was resolved. As a result, the Russians did not move into their new embassy until 1994, three years after the collapse of the Soviet Union. By that time, there was no longer a Soviet embassy; it had become the embassy of Russia.

Of course, back in the early 1980s, after the Soviets and their families had moved into the apartments, the FBI tunnel may have produced some information from electronic eavesdropping on the apartments. But one veteran FBI counterintelligence official doubted that conversations overheard in the apartments were of much value. "The residential, that would be mostly for assessment: does he drink, does he get along with his wife, is he unhappy? In other words, for assessing recruitment possibilities. And accountability—where they are, maybe someone saying 'I have to leave early in the morning,' or 'I gotta go.' I can't imagine that it was ever very productive."

In 1989, Hanssen betrayed MONOPOLY. The FBI's tunnel was compromised from that time forward. Since the Russians did not occupy the embassy until 1994, they had five years to put countermeasures in place, and to build a secure room, like "the bubble" in the U.S. embassy in Moscow, for sensitive conversations.

Although the Russians might have been tempted to use their knowledge of the tunnel to disseminate disinformation—deliberately misleading their listeners with false data—most U.S. intelligence officials discount that possibility as too complicated a game. Unless it was done flawlessly, phony conversations might tip off U.S. intelligence to the fact that the Soviets knew about the tunnel, which in turn could point to the fact that somebody might have told them about it.

"There was no disinformation," said John F. Lewis, Jr., former assistant director of the FBI in charge of the intelligence division. Asked whether the tunnel had ever produced useful information, he replied:

"There was no information of any kind. I don't remember receiving *any* intelligence." Lewis's frank view was echoed by other former FBI officials.*

Perhaps it was fitting that a spy tunnel was betrayed by a mole, a creature that burrows underground. But the tunnel under the Soviet embassy was not the first to be compromised in exactly that manner.

Until it was revealed that Hanssen had told the KGB about the tunnel in Washington, the most famous spy tunnel was the one built by the CIA in Berlin at the height of the Cold War. What happened then was startlingly similar to what happened to the tunnel in Washington. In 1954, Allen W. Dulles, the legendary CIA director, approved the Berlin project, a joint effort with Britain's MI6, and gave it the code name OPERATION GOLD. Starting in an Army warehouse in West Berlin, the tunnel extended three hundred yards into Communist East Berlin. For a year, the technicians in the tunnel were able to tap into the cables that carried Soviet military and diplomatic communications.

Unfortunately for the CIA and MI6, one of those who helped plan OPERATION GOLD for the British was George Blake, an MI6 agent secretly spying for the Soviets. He had apparently switched sides for ideological reasons while he was in a North Korean prison camp, before he had joined British intelligence. Blake told the KGB everything about the tunnel; it was compromised from the start, and as a result produced very little of value. The Soviets ended the charade in April 1956 when they broke into the tunnel and trumpeted the news to the world.

Blake, in turn, was betrayed by a Polish defector. He was arrested in 1961 and sentenced to forty-two years in prison for giving away the identities of dozens, perhaps hundreds, of agents.†

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*Some FBI agents who had been directly involved in the project defended it and insisted the tunnel had produced worthwhile data. The fact remained that the tunnel was compromised by Hanssen before the Soviets ever moved into the embassy, a reality that, in retrospect, made the project of dubious value. According to a senior former FBI official, "The tunnel was never completed." Some of the NSA's eavesdropping equipment failed to work as it was supposed to, he said, and may not even have been installed in the tunnel.

†In 1966, Blake escaped from Wormwood Scrubs prison to Moscow, where he took a Russian wife, Ida; fathered a son, Mischa; and was given a dacha by the KGB. In 1989, Blake asserted what Western intelligence had long suspected—that he had betrayed OPERATION GOLD.

* * *

The FBI, unaware that its own tunnel had been compromised, gave very hush-hush VIP tours of the installation to show it off to a select group of senior government leaders, including high-ranking officials of the CIA, a few members of the Senate and House intelligence committees, and visitors from MI6, the British secret intelligence service, and MI5, the British internal security service.

The tunnel proved to be a work in progress. Some digging went on for years because the passageway was expanded from its original length. There were, of course, suspicions within the FBI that the tunnel might have been compromised, if only because it was producing so little of value. But in the absence of hard evidence, the tunnel and its staff of technicians kept going. The project, like so many government programs, had taken on a life of its own.

A former senior CIA official, who had been given a tour of the tunnel, thought it had been abandoned a few years after the fall of the Soviet Union, "because the Cold War was over, and why risk damaging relations with President Yeltsin, and our new friends the Russians?"

Even before the Soviet Union collapsed, an extraordinary event took place in Moscow in the battle of the bugs. The setting was the office of Vadim V. Bakatin, a reformer who briefly headed the KGB late in 1991 after the failed coup against Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev. Robert S. Strauss, the U.S. ambassador, called on the KGB chief. Bakatin, in an unprecedented act, and to promote a friendlier atmosphere between the two countries, went over to his office safe and pulled out and handed to Strauss the blueprints of the new American embassy, showing the precise location of the KGB's bugs. He also gave Strauss a suitcase full of transmitters, saying, "These are the instruments that were used."

Despite the collapse of the Soviet Union a few months later, and with it the end of the Cold War, the tunnel under the embassy in Washington, now the embassy of Russia, remained in the FBI budget as late as the mid-1990s, even though it was producing virtually nothing useful. Still, there was the upkeep on the town house, and funds had to be allocated to pay the rather large electric bills and maintain the equipment.

When the tunnel surfaced, so to speak, in the days after Hanssen's arrest in 2001, the Russians issued the usual diplomatic protest, summoning an American diplomat to the foreign ministry in Moscow. In a statement, the ministry declared: “If these reports prove true, this will be a flagrant case of the violation of generally recognized standards of international law concerning foreign diplomatic missions.”

Russia’s ambassador to Washington, Yuri V. Ushakov, seemed a good deal more laid-back. “If we find it,” he told a reporter, “perhaps we can use it as a sauna.”

What does one do with a used tunnel? In the 1990s, even the project’s champions in the FBI realized that its time had passed. But when senior counterintelligence officials met to consider the fate of the tunnel, a major argument broke out.

“The question,” said one former FBI counterintelligence agent, “was, Should we fill it up? There was this big fight over whether to fill it full of concrete.” John Lewis, for one, argued against it. What if it turns out to be the same old Russia, Lewis asked; suppose the Cold War comes back? The tunnel, Lewis argued, might yet prove useful in the future. At the time, of course, neither Lewis nor his colleagues knew that Hanssen had already betrayed the tunnel.

In the end, a compromise was reached. The tunnel was sealed up at the town house end, but not filled. “Of course you’d want to seal it up,” the former FBI man explained. “How would you like to be living in the house and suddenly the Russians walk in?”

14

“A Contagious Disease Is Suspected”

A few months before Hanssen betrayed the tunnel under the Soviet embassy, he had also disclosed to the KGB the FBI’s investigation of Felix Bloch, an American diplomat who had returned to the State Department after seven years in Austria.

It was in 1981 that Bloch began his secret Saturday morning visits in Vienna to Tina Jirousek, a prostitute specializing in sadomasochistic sex. At the time, Bloch was an economic officer in the American embassy on the Boltzmanngasse, a rising star in the State Department’s foreign service who was promoted to deputy chief of mission two years later.

Bloch was one of the first to telephone Jirousek after she advertised in the *Kurier,* giving her measurements and her address and phone in the Lassallestrasse, near the Prater and its famous giant Ferris wheel, depicted in the film *The Third Man.**

Bloch would come to see her on Saturday mornings for a couple of hours, she recalled. She would always be dressed in leather costume and boots, with a whip. “He came every week, or almost every week,

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*I found Jirousek working as a waitress in a coffee shop in Vienna a decade ago when I followed Bloch’s trail through Europe for an article I wrote for *The New York Times Magazine.* She was thirty-four and out of the life by then, but she agreed to talk over lunch the next day. She was an intelligent, attractive woman with feather-cut blond hair, very clear green eyes, and a pug nose. At lunch, she wore an expensive but tasteful brown silk dress. Only her three-inch gold spiked heels suggested her former profession.

for seven years. He did not want regular sex. He only wanted to be beaten and humiliated." She would beat him, she said, "sometimes with my hands and sometimes with a whip."

For these services, Bloch paid her about $200 a week, or $10,000 a year, she said, which would add up to some $70,000 over seven years. She knew he was an American diplomat and had the impression that he was frustrated in his career and felt he deserved to be the ambassador. "He's complicated and it is hard to get to know him, he has a contact problem with people. It was very difficult to begin a conversation with him."

Bloch's preference for kinky sex would be of no relevance but for the fact that the FBI suspected he might be selling secrets to the KGB to pay for his weekly visits to Tina Jirousek, and perhaps others before her, when he was stationed in East Germany in the 1970s. The FBI brought Jirousek to Washington and put her up at a Ramada Inn in northern Virginia while she testified twice to a federal grand jury investigating Bloch.

Although Bloch could not easily have afforded to pay for his Saturday morning visits on his foreign service salary, he came from a moneyed background, so the investigators' theory that he might have sold secrets for sex was plausible but not necessarily persuasive.

Felix Stephen Bloch was born in Vienna in 1935. His parents were Jewish and got out with Felix and his twin sister in 1939, a year after the Nazis marched into Austria. The family settled in Manhattan, where his father prospered in the paper export business. Bloch and his sister were raised as Presbyterians.

He joined the State Department in 1958 as an intelligence specialist. A year later he married Lucille Stephenson, whom he had met in Italy when they were both graduate students in Bologna. Diplomatic postings followed in Düsseldorf, Caracas, West and East Berlin, and Singapore.

Bloch was sent to West Berlin in 1970. In the fall of 1974, the United States established diplomatic relations with East Germany and Bloch was assigned to East Berlin. The Blochs, by now with two daughters, moved to Pankow, a suburb of East Berlin. Bloch traveled to Leipzig several times. It was a period that the FBI scrutinized with special care as it delved into Bloch's past.

Unlike many foreign service officers who try to keep the CIA at arm's length, Bloch cooperated with the intelligence agency during his tour in Singapore. "Bloch was always courteous and helpful," recalled David T. Samson, who served in the Singapore station in the mid-1970s, when Bloch was in the embassy. "I even got him involved in an operation. The East German news agency had a correspondent there who obviously worked closely with the KGB. I introduced Bloch to him in September 1975 so that Bloch could develop this guy. Bloch was willing to do that for us."

In 1980, Bloch was sent to his native Vienna, where he was in his element. A tall, bald, compact man with an almost military bearing, Bloch seemed the perfect diplomat in Vienna, fluent in German and close to a number of Austrian officials, although he chafed under two successive ambassadors who were political appointees. He and his wife had a spacious house in Oberdöbling, one of Vienna's best neighborhoods. An opera and art lover, he collected the paintings of Gustav Klimt.

When Vice President George Bush visited Vienna in 1983, Bloch was the official in charge of the visit. He met Bush at the airport, and the photo album the Blochs carefully kept contained several pictures of a smiling Vice President Bush and Felix Bloch.

But while Bloch lived stylishly as second in command of the American embassy, as he glided through the endless round of diplomatic cocktail parties and receptions, there was another man present in Vienna, dispatched there as an illegal by the KGB, who moved in an entirely different world. He called himself Reino Gikman, although that was surely not his true name. Following standard KGB procedure for illegals, he had acquired the birth certificate in Finland of the real Reino Gikman, who was probably long dead, and stepped into his skin.

After spending time in Germany to build his cover, he came to Vienna in 1979, lived obscurely in a hotel for five years, and then moved into a modest gingerbread cottage in Hietzing with a widow named Helga Höbart. Supposedly a computer salesman for IBM, which he was not, "Gikman" was a regular at Kern's, a *Gasthaus* in the Wallnerstrasse, heavy on pork schnitzels and beef, where many people who worked in the nearby government offices ate lunch.

The FBI suspected that Gikman was Bloch's KGB control in Vienna, but neither the FBI nor the Austrian federal police were able to establish that the two had ever met there. Bloch told me that he had never known Gikman in Vienna but had met him in three other European cities, where he knew him as "Pierre Bart."*

Around 1986, Gikman was said to have been spotted by Austrian military counterintelligence entering the back door of the Soviet embassy in Vienna. This information made its way to the CIA, which opened a file on Reino Gikman and began tracking his activities.

In July 1987, Felix Bloch returned to the United States and a job at the State Department. Two years later, on April 27, 1989, U.S. intelligence overheard a telephone call between Reino Gikman and Bloch. The FBI opened a file on Bloch the next day. Because Bloch was now back on U.S. soil, the case was handed off by the CIA to the bureau.

The next month, Bloch flew to Paris and checked into the Hôtel Pullman St.-Honoré, a small, elegant right-bank hotel. Early on the evening of May 14, he strolled down the rue du Faubourg-St.-Honoré, a street lined with some of the world's most expensive shops, carrying a black airline-type bag with a shoulder strap. He stopped to look in the shop windows, perhaps studying the reflections in the glass to see if he was being followed.

And he was. At the request of the FBI, agents of the Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire (DST), the French counterintelligence service, were on him. At the Hôtel Meurice, across from the Jardins des Tuileries, he walked through the ornate, chandeliered lobby to a small bar in the rear. Gikman, the man he said he knew as "Pierre Bart," was waiting for him there.

The KGB illegal was a big, heavyset man, close to six feet, with dark hair, a beard, and a mustache. Gikman/Bart and Bloch had whiskies, then moved downstairs to the hotel's opulent Restaurant le Meurice, a place of dark-paneled wood, red walls, and hovering waiters. The French counterintelligence agents were close by. The DST secretly photographed the pair, both in the bar and in the restaurant.

Bloch placed his bag under the table. The two men chatted over wine and dinner. It was an expensive meal, but Gikman picked up the check. Bloch was first to leave the restaurant. When Gikman/Bart left, he was carrying the bag. Soon afterward, the DST videotaped him entering his budget-priced hotel, the Saphir, near the Gare de Lyon.

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*I interviewed Bloch for fourteen hours for the magazine article and was the only writer to speak with him about his life and alleged spying and his relationship with Reino Gikman. Contacted for this book, he declined to comment on the government's disclosure that the FBI investigation of him had been revealed to the KGB by Robert Hanssen.

Eight months later, I sat in Bloch's apartment in the Kalorama section of Washington. His little white dog, Mephisto, kept trying to jump into my lap. By that time, Bloch had been questioned intensively by the FBI. He had denied passing any documents to the Soviets or receiving any money. He had also checked Mephisto's collar, looking for FBI bugs, but did not detect any.

I asked him about the man he had dined with in Paris. "He was someone I knew as a stamp collector," he said. "I knew him as Pierre Bart. I don't know the name Gikman." And what was in the bag that he had left under the table in Paris? "Stamps were in the bag. Albums and pages of stamps."

That, at least, is also what Bloch told the FBI. Bloch, to be sure, had an extensive stamp collection in red leather albums, which he pulled from a bookcase and spent some time enthusiastically showing to me. He had, he said, been collecting stamps since childhood.

On May 22, 1989, eight days after Bloch met Gikman/Bart in Paris, Robert Hanssen told the KGB that the FBI was investigating Bloch and Reino Gikman.

Something very interesting happened after that. Although Moscow now knew that the FBI was on the case, and despite the risks, it permitted Gikman to meet again with Bloch in Brussels six days later, on May 28. Bloch was then in Belgium on official State Department business.

A few days later, early in June, Reino Gikman disappeared from Vienna. Helga Höbart was devastated. The friendly Finn had suddenly vanished from their house and from the *Hofräte-Stammtisch,* the bureaucrats' table, at Kern's. Gikman, pulled out of Vienna by the KGB, had gone to ground in Moscow.

Then, just after 6 A.M. on June 22, Bloch received a telephone call at his apartment in Washington from a man who identified himself as "Ferdinand Paul." But the person who called him, Bloch told me, was Pierre Bart. The FBI was listening.

The man told Bloch that he was calling "in behalf of Pierre" who "cannot see you in the near future" because "he is sick." The caller added, pointedly: "A contagious disease is suspected." The man then told Bloch: "I am worried about you. You have to take care of yourself."

Bloch said he hoped the disease was not serious. He wished the caller well and hung up.

To the listening FBI agents, the telephone call was clearly a warning to Bloch that his contacts with the KGB had been discovered. Worse yet, it meant that someone inside U.S. intelligence might have tipped off the Russians. When Bloch arrived at the State Department that day, he was summoned to the office of Ambassador Robert E. Lamb, the assistant secretary for diplomatic security.

Three FBI agents were waiting for Bloch. They questioned him for two and a half hours, confronting him with the surveillance photographs of both Bloch and Gikman taken in the restaurant in Paris.

The questioning went nowhere. Bloch denied to the agents that he had sold secrets to the Soviets or had ever met Gikman in Vienna. According to Bloch, "After a while they said, 'This is a lot of bullshit. Tell us the truth.' 'You can accept it or not,' I said." Bloch surrendered his black diplomatic passport and his blue regular passport. His building pass was revoked and he was placed on administrative leave.

The agents followed Bloch home. The next day he was questioned again for several hours. He turned over the key to his apartment to the FBI, which removed a briefcase, address books, photo albums, slides, checkbooks, files, and bank and investment records. For the next six months, he was never to be without close surveillance by FBI agents, working in three shifts round the clock.

None of this was yet known to the public. But James Bamford, working on the ABC News investigative team in Washington, learned of the FBI probe.*

On July 21, John F. McWethy, the State Department correspondent for ABC News, broke the sensational story that Bloch, a State Department official, was under investigation by the FBI as a suspected Soviet spy. Within minutes, the State Department confirmed the ABC account, naming Bloch as the subject of an FBI inquiry into "illegal activities" involving "a foreign intelligence service." A security breach "has occurred," the department added. The statement was highly unusual, since Bloch had not been charged with a crime.

For weeks thereafter, Bloch became the center of a media circus. On television night after night he appeared on the evening news, sometimes walking Mephisto, trailed by reporters, cameramen, and FBI agents. As he passed by, children greeted him as "Mr. Spy."

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*Bamford said in an interview for this book that Hanssen was not the source. Although he later came to know Hanssen well, he said he had not met him until 1993 or 1994.

Bloch was in excellent physical shape; he had always walked for exercise and he led the reporters and the counterspies on some memorable treks in the heat, including a twenty-two-mile hike in early August that left one female FBI agent with bleeding feet.

When Bloch drove from his apartment, the press cars following the FBI cars following Bloch's car were reportedly being followed by Soviet cars. The FBI quietly put a stop to that; the Russians dropped out of the caravan.

The bureau, hoping to overhear something useful, had bugged Bloch's silver-gray Mercedes when he took it to the dealer for servicing in suburban Maryland. But Bloch had assumed his phones were tapped, his car and apartment bugged. His conversations with his wife in the Mercedes were unexceptional.

The FBI was utterly frustrated. Clearly, someone had tipped off the KGB, and that in turn had led to the cryptic warning telephone call to Bloch. But lacking evidence, and with Bloch sticking to his story about simply giving stamps to Pierre Bart, the FBI was stymied. There was no basis to make an arrest.

Early in December, Bloch was in New York shopping at Macy's with his usual FBI entourage. He went uptown to have lunch at the Waldorf Grill, then to his parents' apartment. His mother, who was watching his back, was the first to notice. She looked out at the street. "There's no one there," she told him. It was true; that afternoon the FBI surveillance suddenly ended. There no longer seemed any point.

Hanssen, from his vantage inside the Soviet analytical unit, had continued to funnel information about the Bloch case to the KGB. In August, he had provided a floppy disk with additional details about the FBI investigation.

More than a decade later, in November 2000, he revisited the Bloch case in a long letter to the KGB. In the letter, he attacked a fellow FBI counterintelligence agent and cited Bloch as an example of why he had refused to meet the KGB overseas. That might reveal his identity, he wrote, but his anonymity was "my best protection against betrayal by someone like me working from whatever motivation, a Bloch or a Philby."*

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*Harold A. R. "Kim" Philby was the high-ranking British MI6 officer who for years secretly spied for the Russians and even rose to become head of the Soviet counterintelligence section of British intelligence. He eventually escaped to Moscow and died there in 1988.

Hanssen knew that in May 1989 Donald E. Stukey, a veteran FBI counterintelligence agent, had been sent to Paris to work with the DST in covering the meeting of Bloch and the KGB illegal at the Hôtel Meurice. Stukey was an experienced and well-respected FBI agent. As a former chief of the Soviet section for seven years, he had outranked Hanssen and found him annoying. Now Hanssen, without mentioning Stukey by name, unleashed a vituperative attack on him in his message to Moscow. Although the letter covered a number of matters, it read in part:

> Bloch was such a shnook. . . . I almost hated protecting him, but then he was your friend, and there was your illegal I wanted to protect. If our guy sent to Paris had balls or brains both would have been dead meat. Fortunately for you he had neither. He was your good luck of the draw. He was the kind who progressed by always checking with those above and tying them to his mistakes. The French said, "Should we take them down?" He went all wet. He'd never made a decision before, why start then. It was that close. His kindred spirits promoted him. Things are the same the world over, eh?

After Hanssen's arrest in 2001, the letter was among the material made public by the FBI. Stukey, who retired from the bureau in 1996, was not amused at Hanssen's abusive description of him as someone unable to make decisions. "I've never been accused up to now of being unable to make decisions," he said.

Bloch was not arrested in Paris for good reason, Stukey added. "It was early in the investigation, so we weren't ready to move in. And we didn't want them [the French] to. The French did not have a case against Bloch, he had not broken their laws, so they had no cause to arrest him in any event.

"We were case-building then. At that time, we didn't even know if a crime was being committed. To say we were going to make an arrest was patently absurd. Either he [Hanssen] was trying to impress his Soviet handlers or he did not understand the situation. We were working closely with the Department of Justice and trying to wrap this up in the U.S. We thought it was U.S. classified information he was passing. We don't make arrests without the authority of the Justice Department. We did not have authority from the internal security section of the Justice Department to make an arrest."

The FBI was determined to find the source of the tip-off to the KGB, the person who had told the Russians about the Bloch investigation so they in turn could warn him. The failure to make a case against Felix Bloch was a constant, nagging reminder to the FBI of an enormous unsolved problem. It stuck in the bureau's craw and would not go away.

Beyond any other episode, the Bloch case made it apparent that someone on the inside, with access to highly sensitive files, had alerted the KGB. That source had to be found. For more than a decade the FBI and the CIA worked to uncover the penetration. They had Robert Hanssen's mole study, of course, to provide the necessary historical background.

There were several false starts, and the bureau went down the wrong trail for three years, mistakenly suspecting an innocent CIA officer. But, as events would make clear, the compromise of the Bloch case eventually led to the arrest of Robert Hanssen. It was the unexplained tip-off to the KGB and the subsequent warning telephone call to Bloch that drove the mole hunt for a decade to its ultimate, dramatic conclusion.

Felix Bloch was dismissed by the State Department and deprived of his pension of more than $50,000 a year. He was never arrested for espionage, never indicted or charged. He moved to Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where he worked for a while bagging groceries. He was arrested twice for shoplifting food, the first time at the grocery where he worked. Bloch had wheeled a cart filled with chicken noodle soup, coffee, frozen catfish, and other items out to his Mercedes without bothering to pay.

There are a number of retired foreign service officers living in the area, and because Bloch had never been charged with espionage, he was asked to one of their Foreign Service Day reunions and came. But after his first shoplifting arrest he was not invited back. His wife filed for divorce.

He spent one night in jail after his first arrest, but in both cases was sentenced to perform community service. He volunteered at the local Red Cross chapter, where he put in long hours and impressed the director. By 2001, when Robert Hanssen was apprehended, Bloch was working as a city bus driver, wearing a blue uniform.

Transit officials in Chapel Hill said he was a good bus driver.

15

"Oh My God, Look What He Leaves Lying Around!"

It was Jeanne Beglis, Bonnie Hanssen's sister, who noticed the money, thousands of dollars in bills, just sitting there on Bob Hanssen's dresser. Beglis immediately pointed out the huge wad of cash to her sister.

"Oh my God, look what he leaves lying around!" Bonnie Hanssen exclaimed.

It was the summer of 1990, and Hanssen by that year had received almost half a million dollars from the KGB, so it was perhaps not surprising that he was getting a little casual about where he left his money. He was normally more careful, hiding much of the cash in a box under his bed.

Despite the startling amount of cash on the dresser in her bedroom, Bonnie Hanssen maintained later that she had suspected nothing. Perhaps another woman would have had questions, family members conceded. But not sweet, naïve, religious Bonnie, they said, whose main focus, as her family and friends saw her, was to be a good mother and an old-fashioned housewife. Her husband handled the family's money, paid the bills, wrote the checks, prepared the taxes. "She batted out six kids and had at least three miscarriages," said one family friend. "Taking care of the children and her husband was Bonnie's life."

She knew, it was true, that a decade earlier her husband had taken money from the Soviets, but she had insisted he see Father Bucciarelli, and after that he had promised to stop. She loved her husband, and surely this good man, who went to mass almost every day, would not deceive her.

Still, the incident bothered Jeanne Beglis. She never suspected Bob Hanssen was a spy, but she did tell her husband about all the cash she had seen on the dresser. Jeanne, a child psychologist, and her husband, George, an architect and building contractor, lived across the street from the Hanssens on Talisman Drive.

When the Hanssens returned from New York in 1987, Jeanne noticed that a house on the block was up for sale and told Bonnie about it, which is how the Hanssens came to live on the same street. It was nice for the two couples to be so near each other; most of the rest of the Wauck family was in Chicago or scattered elsewhere, and the two sisters and their children were often back and forth in each other's houses.

Jeanne Beglis regarded her brother-in-law as an enigma. As close as the families were, she never felt she really knew him. Yet Jeanne was fond of Bob. She thought Hanssen a sweet man, goofy but harmless, a big, tall, lumbering, socially awkward guy.

When the Hanssens had lived in New York, before they moved to Talisman Drive, he would call up sometimes and say he would be in Washington and ask to stay with them. He would sit in their living room on those trips, with a big grin, and have absolutely nothing to say. Jeanne would comment privately to George, "For God's sake, the man cannot make conversation. He doesn't know how."

Bonnie Hanssen was not that way. She was known among her siblings as plainspoken. Bonnie would tell you exactly what she thought. Bonnie was volatile and impulsive, and she had quite a temper when angry; get her going and she could fly off the handle. Bob was very different. To Jeanne Beglis, her brother-in-law seemed a dreamer, with an odd fantasy life that could sometimes be glimpsed in sudden, disconnected comments he would make. Not that he ever talked much, but when he did he was always saying bizarre things. After the 2000 presidential election, for example—a few months before he was arrested—he remarked, with a wild-eyed look and a cackle, "Let's take everybody out who voted for Gore and shoot them."

It was only a joke, of course, but family members recall that during the Cold War years Hanssen would come up with a lot of crazy schemes to go after the Soviets. Some involved computers. "He'd bore you to death with computer talk—computers were his whole world," said one.

At the Hanssen dinner table, another family member said, Bob forbade certain topics of discussion. "The family is so strict that they could not even discuss homosexuality. When the 'don't ask, don't tell' policy for gays in the military came up during the Clinton years, it was proscribed from family conversation."

But all that money Bob seemed to have to spend was a frequent topic of discussion among his in-laws for years. The Hanssens had put in all new carpeting when they moved into the house, and an expensive new front door. Where was he getting the money? From the banks and the mortgage lenders, it seemed. He refinanced his house more than once, and frequently restructured his debts and took out loans. "There were always explanations," a family member said.

Bonnie told Jeanne that after Hanssen's car accident, he had received $40,000 for his broken wrist from the insurance company. And although he may have told his wife that, it was not true. The actual amount he received was much smaller.

Not long after the Hanssens moved into their split-level house on Talisman Drive in 1987, they decided to remodel. The major addition on the back of the house was designed by George Beglis, who also supervised the construction. The work expanded the house greatly, adding a large deck in the rear, and below it an extra family room, big enough for a Ping-Pong table for the kids. All told, the remodeling cost about $70,000, but in this instance, despite the cost, it did not create gossip among the relatives because the Hanssens, when they moved back from New York, had sold their house in Yorktown Heights at a substantial profit. And Hanssen told his family that most of the cost of the remodeling had come from the fictional $40,000 insurance settlement.

It was in 1990, not long after Jeanne Beglis had spotted the cash on Hanssen's dresser, that she remembered telling her brother Mark Wauck about it. But Wauck, like Hanssen an FBI counterintelligence agent, later told investigators that he had heard a different version of the incident.

Mark Wauck, with a law degree from Loyola University of Chicago, had joined the FBI in 1978, two years after his brother-in-law. He was assigned to the intelligence division and sent to New York City, a prime counterintelligence playing field, in the early 1980s. He was there for three years, but these years did not overlap with Hanssen's two tours in New York. In 1986, he was transferred to the Chicago field office, where he was still assigned when Hanssen was arrested fifteen years later.

Within the family, there were sharply conflicting versions of the story about the money. In August 1990, Mark, his wife, and their children visited Washington from Chicago. Mark was on business, attending a two-week conference on Soviet and Eastern European affairs at the State Department. The Beglises had invited Mark and his wife, Mary Ellen, to dinner during their visit. Mary Ellen Wauck recalled Jeanne Beglis telling her in the kitchen before dinner that one day, not too long before, Bonnie Hanssen had come running across the street to her house, alarmed that she had found $5,000 in cash on Bob's dresser.

But Jeanne Beglis remembered only seeing money on the dresser, and Bonnie's exclamation about it. Bonnie had been looking for something she wanted to give her, perhaps an article of clothing, and that was how they happened to be in the bedroom. Jeanne believed it was her brother Mark whom she had told about the money. In interviews with government investigators, she said she did not recall Bonnie running across the street or being upset at the discovery. Jeanne Beglis did think the amount was $5,000; the money had a paper band around it, like banks use, and the total may have been printed on the wraparound band.

Memories and details may differ after ten years. The bottom line, however, was that both Jeanne Beglis and Mary Ellen Wauck agreed that a large amount of cold cash had been left lying on the dresser of the Hanssen bedroom.

Mary Ellen Wauck recalled telling her husband about the money after they returned to Chicago that August. It was a troubling piece of information, because Special Agent Mark Wauck knew something that other family members did not. He remembered a conversation with Bonnie in 1985, when she had told him of a remark that Hanssen had made to her: "Maybe I'll retire in Poland," he had said.

It was the same year that Hanssen had begun spying for the KGB, although no one knew that at the time. The remark about Poland, then a Soviet satellite, had a special resonance for Mark, since he was studying the language in anticipation of working Polish counterintelligence cases, which in fact he did when he returned to Chicago in 1986. The comment struck him as not something any FBI agent ought to go around saying, let alone someone working in counterintelligence. But by itself, it was not enough to act upon. Now, however, he had also been told about the large amount of cash that Hanssen had left on the dresser.

And there was something else, a third element. As an FBI counterintelligence agent, Wauck had heard that the bureau was actively looking for a mole inside U.S. intelligence.

For Special Agent Mark Wauck—a straight arrow, a man who translated the Bible, a lawyer—the three pieces of information he now possessed posed a terrible dilemma. It was clear to him that his brother-in-law had more money than his FBI salary could possibly provide. Perhaps there was some innocent explanation. But there was another, more ominous possibility, one that Wauck hoped could not be true.

It was hard for him to believe. Wauck knew Hanssen well. For years, the two FBI agents had exchanged e-mails grousing about this or that bureau policy. But that sort of grumbling was common in any bureaucracy, and the two men, after all, were in-laws who could exchange private complaints. Now, however, if Wauck did not report what he knew to the FBI, he himself might be failing in his responsibilities to the bureau and to the country.

On the other hand, if he did report his suspicions to the bureau, he might damage the career of his sister's husband, placing him under a cloud even though he might well be innocent of any wrongdoing. And in that case, if it somehow got back to Hanssen that his brother-in-law had reported him as a possible spy, it would destroy Mark Wauck's standing within the family.

If Hanssen was in fact innocent, Wauck might even be harming his own FBI career by speaking out. He did not want to seem a nutcase, making wild allegations. He expected that the bureau would be skeptical of his information; the traditional attitude of the FBI at the time was that we don't have moles; we don't hire those kinds of people. And to think the unthinkable, if Robert Hanssen *was* a spy, he might well be dooming his brother-in-law to life in prison.*

It was not only that. His sister would be left alone, her husband probably behind bars for the rest of his life. His six nephews and nieces would, for all practical purposes, be deprived of a father. Even for someone who had not translated the Gospels, Mark Wauck faced a choice of biblical dimensions.

He agonized over it for weeks. Unlike his parents, his sister Bonnie, his brother Greg, and his brother-in-law, he was not a member of Opus Dei, but he was a good Catholic, and a man of strong conscience. In the end, he knew what he had to do.

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*At the time there was no death penalty for espionage. The Supreme Court had outlawed capital punishment in 1972, then restored it to the states in 1976. But there was no federal death penalty for espionage from 1972 until 1994, when Congress, in the wake of the Aldrich Ames case, restored the penalty if certain criteria were met.

Sometime in September, he went to a supervisor in Chicago. There was the stack of money on the dresser, thousands of dollars; Bob Hanssen's remark about maybe retiring in Poland; and Mark Wauck's knowledge that the bureau was actively looking for a mole. Wauck later told investigators that he related all this to the supervisor and said he was concerned that his brother-in-law might be involved in espionage.

Soon, Wauck believed, there would surely be major repercussions inside the FBI. He was confident the bureau would act swiftly to determine if Bob Hanssen was a spy, a Soviet mole. Hanssen would be investigated. If it somehow became known within the family that he had turned in his own sister's husband, he might become a pariah.

Wauck waited as the weeks, then months, went by.

And nothing happened. To Special Agent Mark Wauck, it was as though he had tossed a paper airplane into the Grand Canyon and watched the wind take it in long, slow spirals until it disappeared from view. He could not even be sure that his report ever got out of Chicago.

Mark Wauck was not the only family member to harbor suspicions about Hanssen. Greg Wauck, later a postal inspector in Philadelphia, was living in Chicago at the time. As he recalled, he had heard from his sister Jeanne about the money and that Bonnie Hanssen had been upset. He was sufficiently concerned that he called his brother Mark and asked: "Do you think this guy is fooling around with the Russians?" Mark, who may already have warned the bureau by that time, changed the subject.

Several months after Hanssen's arrest, Mark and Mary Ellen Wauck were questioned by lawyers from the Department of Justice at the Marriott hotel at Chicago's O'Hare Airport. The lawyers, acting for the inspector general's office of the Justice Department, were conducting the internal probe of the FBI's handling of the Hanssen case for Attorney General John Ashcroft. Mary Ellen Wauck repeated her recollection that, as the story was related to her, Bonnie Hanssen had run across the street to tell Jeanne about the money.

Mark Wauck was interviewed for hours, both by the FBI and by the department's lawyers. According to the account that he gave, the superior to whom he had reported his suspicions was Special Agent Jim Lyle, the supervisor of the Russian counterintelligence squad in Chicago. He said he had asked Lyle to accompany him to a small interview room so that they could meet privately.

Wauck knew Lyle; they had worked on the same KGB squad in New York and had commuted into the city together. A reddish-haired Southerner, born and raised in eastern Tennessee, Lyle was a respected counterintelligence specialist who, after New York, had been a supervisor in the GRU unit at FBI headquarters and then was transferred to Chicago. Like Bob Hanssen, Lyle was a great admirer of General Patton and collected photographs and books of the World War II soldier. Wauck believed that Lyle, despite what he considered his gruff, military manner, would act on his warning.

Wauck told the Justice Department lawyers that in his meeting with Lyle he ran through the three elements that concerned him: the cash in the bedroom, his brother-in-law's comment about retiring in Poland, and the fact that there was an ongoing mole hunt.

"Do you know what you're talking about?" he said Lyle asked. Wauck claimed he replied, "Yes, I'm talking about espionage."

Wauck said Lyle questioned him closely about the money. Couldn't there be innocent, alternative sources of money that would just as easily explain it?

Wauck said he had suggested some possibilities. He knew the Hanssens had sometimes received financial help from Bob's parents; when they needed a car, Howard would buy it for them. Wauck admitted he could not prove the money had not come from Howard Hanssen, or was not cash that his brother-in-law had raised for Opus Dei or other charitable or religious purposes.

Wauck told investigators that Lyle seemed skeptical, which did not surprise him, given the enormity of what he was suggesting. After about half an hour, Wauck related, Lyle said he had done the right thing by coming forward; the matter would be handled in an appropriate fashion. Wauck did not put his suspicions in writing, nor was he asked to do so.

Jim Lyle also told his version of their conversation to the FBI, but it differed in many significant details from Wauck's story. In an interview with the author early in 2002, Lyle agreed that Wauck had spoken to him about some unexplained money that Hanssen had possessed. On virtually every other point, however, he disputed Wauck's version of their conversation.

"He was telling me something about Bonnie along the lines of, it could have related to Bonnie had a question about something Bob had done or was doing, and it may have been something about money; she may have found some money in a drawer, Bob had some money and she didn't know where it came from.

"I don't remember what I said. I know there was a question about Bonnie and money. Also that Bonnie had raised a question about somebody; Bonnie was concerned Bob had a relationship with somebody, but not with the Russians. I don't remember any remark about Russians, or speculation that it involved espionage.

"It was some questions Bonnie had about Bob and some things she didn't understand about Bob. My thought was, 'What is this to me?' " According to Lyle, the discussion seemed to him to involve marital problems between Bob and Bonnie Hanssen.

Lyle said he did not even recall the conversation until the FBI interviewed him about it after questioning Wauck. "When I learned that Bob Hanssen was a spy for the Russians I was as surprised as anyone," Lyle said. He also insisted that the conversation had taken place not in 1990 but in 1992. By that year Wauck had transferred to Lyle's squad, which is how he said he placed the date. Their talk, he added, took place not in an interview room but by Wauck's desk along the window of the squad room. "He was sitting in his chair, and I was leaning against the window." The conversation, Lyle said, had not taken half an hour. "It lasted two, three minutes at the most."

Lyle said he wondered, "Was Bonnie Hanssen making some allegation to Mark about misconduct? It was not specific, and almost as though he was just asking my opinion about it. My reaction was, 'I dunno, Mark, if she's got questions about something he was doing, why doesn't she ask him?' He didn't say this was something that had to be investigated. I never gave it another thought. I didn't document it, I didn't write it up, I didn't it report to anybody.

"He did not approach me in any formal sense to allege that he suspected or Bonnie suspected that he was spying for the Russians. In retrospect do I think he was talking about espionage? You bet. But we now know that she [Bonnie] already knew about espionage, so why would she be asking about money?"

Did he recall that Wauck said Hanssen had made a remark about retiring in Poland? "I don't remember anything about Poland. But if he said it, I would have said, 'What is he, nuts?' "

And did Wauck say he knew the FBI was looking for a mole? "If he said that to me, I would have said, 'What mole hunt?' I didn't know anything about a mole hunt."

Still, Lyle confirmed a key element of Wauck's story. "There was an issue about money. Bonnie didn't know where Bob got some money." But, he said, "I walked away thinking, What was that about?"

After Chicago, Lyle returned to Washington in 1998 and was detailed to the CIA. A year later he was named chief of the Russian espionage unit at FBI headquarters. In 2000, he went back to the CIA as chief of the Counterespionage Group, the agency's main unit in charge of catching Russian spies. As head of the CEG, he also was in charge of the Special Investigations Unit, which has the responsibility for ferreting out moles inside U.S. intelligence.*

Did Wauck's warning ever reach FBI headquarters? Lyle's statement that he never passed Wauck's concerns on to Washington was supported by his superiors at headquarters at the time. The senior FBI officials to whom such a report would have gone all agreed that it never reached headquarters. Robert B. Wade, the longtime deputy chief of the Soviet section, held that position in 1990 and 1992. "A report like that would go to the section and probably go to me," Wade said. "I was the operational guy. If it didn't go to me, I would be asked about it." And did he recall any such report about Hanssen? "No, nothing," he said.

Donald E. Stukey—the same FBI agent who had gone to Paris on the Bloch case—was head of the Soviet section in 1990, and he, too, said he had never heard that an FBI agent had reported concerns about Robert Hanssen. Raymond A. Mislock, Jr., who succeeded Stukey and served for three years, said no such information had ever reached him.

The incident of the money on the dresser was not the only time that Wauck had been surprised at Hanssen's apparent easy access to cash. Around 1993, on one of Mark Wauck's visits to Washington, Mark and Bob and the Hanssen boys had gone to Andrews Air Force Base for the air show held there every spring. The thousands of visitors watched as the Air Force's Thunderbirds gave their spectacular aerial demonstration, roaring overhead in tight formation. But it was a bright day and the boys had forgotten their sunglasses. To the amazement of Mark Wauck, Bob Hanssen went to a booth and bought everyone expensive Ray-Bans. The boys looked cool, but it was one more troubling incident;

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*In 2002, Lyle retired from the FBI.

Mark Wauck was astonished that Hanssen could casually spend that kind of money.*

FBI officials, who preferred to rely on Lyle's version, asked why, if Wauck felt his concerns had been ignored by Lyle, did he not take it to the next level, which would have been Michael J. Waguespack, then the assistant special agent in charge (the ASAC) for counterintelligence in the Chicago office? But Wauck told investigators that he assumed his information had gone up the line. As the months turned into years and he heard nothing further from the FBI, he thought no news was good news; he was mistaken and Bob was innocent. And yet, he could hardly forget what he had done and why.

For eleven years, until Hanssen's arrest, Mark Wauck lived with his secret. When the news broke, he urged his superiors in the FBI to disclose that he had raised questions early on about his brother-in-law. He sent an e-mail to the new FBI director, Robert S. Mueller III, urging disclosure. Sooner or later it would become known, he argued to his superiors; better to put it out up front. He was overruled.

Wauck's story, despite the fact that Lyle disputed many key aspects of his account, was an embarrassment to the FBI, which knew that sooner or later it would leak out, as it did. An FBI agent had told a superior years earlier about his brother-in-law's unexplained cash, and his concerns were not followed up. The bureau's only public comment was to confirm that a conversation had taken place, that it had been evaluated but did not result in the discovery of Hanssen's espionage.

Privately, however, some bureau officials sought to discredit Wauck's account, hinting that some of what he claimed to have said to Lyle might have been an effort to portray himself in a favorable light after the fact. Perhaps, they implied, Wauck wanted plaudits as someone who had suspected Hanssen, and at the same time had also sought to protect himself and avoid any inference that he had failed to come forward with his suspicions.

"Wauck was not a guy who fit in with the squad," said one FBI agent. "He fancied himself an intellectual of sorts. He always thought he was smarter than anyone else." That view of Wauck, remarkably similar in tone to how Hanssen himself had been perceived by his fellow agents, may have contributed to the bureau's lack of interest in Wauck's concerns about his brother-in-law. Because Wauck was another outsider, his words may have been discounted.

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*Today, Ray-Ban sunglasses can cost well over one hundred dollars, for the Aviator model, for example, but even in 1990 a pair cost up to fifty-five dollars. Hanssen reportedly bought a pair for himself as well as for the three boys. Had Hanssen bought only four pairs, he could easily have spent over two hundred dollars.

But Wauck's story could hardly be ignored after Hanssen's arrest. It was investigated extensively. At the end of August 2001, the FBI sent two agents to the Beglis's home. They questioned Jeanne Beglis closely about the cash she had seen on the dresser and how that information had been relayed to her brother.

The FBI also questioned the Beglises about Hanssen's remark about retiring in Poland. The agents asked whether Hanssen owned real estate in Germany, Poland, or the former Soviet Union, and whether he owned jewelry or a BMW.

In November, at George Beglis's office in Vienna, Virginia, Jeanne Beglis and her husband gave a deposition to the Justice Department inquiry. One of the department's lawyers who questioned the Beglises seemed skeptical that Bonnie Hanssen had failed to connect the dots. Given Hanssen's earlier spying in 1979, he asked, if you saw all that money, wouldn't you say to your husband, "Hey, what's this?"

The differences in the recollections of Jeanne Beglis and Mary Ellen Wauck about Bonnie's reaction to seeing the money, whether or not she had been alarmed and run across the street, was not unimportant, because it went to the question of whether or not Bonnie Hanssen suspected that her husband had gone back into the spy business.

But Bonnie Hanssen, who was also questioned at length by the FBI, said she did not even remember the whole incident. And if I did find money, Bonnie told family members, he would have lied to me about it anyway.

Bonnie Hanssen told her sister Jeanne that she did not remember her husband talking about retiring in Poland. She had never suspected anything about his spying, she said. But Bonnie Hanssen never revealed to her sister that she knew Hanssen had spied for the Russians in 1979.

She would not have been upset about seeing the cash, Bonnie told her brother Greg, because by then Bob had put her on a cash budget. Perhaps he thought she had used their credit cards too often, but whatever the reason, she was to use cash, which he provided, for the family's purchases. The Hanssen home, it would appear, was not a bastion of women's lib; for all the enormous, overdue changes in American society wrought by the women's movement, it seems barely to have touched the house on Talisman Drive. Bob made the decisions about money, and Bonnie was complaisant.

Both the FBI and the Justice Department were, for good reason, attempting to find out the truth about Mark Wauck's conversation with Jim Lyle, to unravel the details of what was actually said and why it had not been acted upon. The truth was elusive, since there were no witnesses to the conversation. But Mark Wauck had tried to raise a flag about the cash in his brother-in-law's bedroom; no one disputes that much.

Perhaps, as Lyle contends, Wauck had failed to make his concerns clear enough. But if his warning about the unexplained money had been followed up, Robert Philip Hanssen, the most damaging mole in the history of the FBI, might have been caught a decade sooner.

16

“Life Is Becoming Too Fast”

As the spring of 1990 approached, Hanssen was on a roll. Early in March, he passed to Moscow secret data about four Soviets who were FBI or CIA sources—a KGB officer, a Soviet illegal, and two defectors.* That raised to ten the number of sources whom he had identified, including the three who were executed.

Before Hanssen's espionage career came to an end with his arrest, he had betrayed an astonishing fifty human sources or recruitment targets. In addition to those who were executed, a number of others were imprisoned after he provided their names to the Russians.

In the packet of secrets he passed in March he also gave the KGB the latest secret analysis of Soviet strategic nuclear capabilities, dated only a month earlier. The Russians in turn left $40,000 for Hanssen, which meant he had now received well over $400,000 from the KGB. Along with the cash, Moscow gave him a wish list of a wide variety of secret information they hoped he could steal.

In May, Hanssen turned over more than two hundred pages of documents. He also informed the KGB that he was about to be promoted and would be traveling for a year. The Russians gave him another

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*The four were described this way in the FBI's affidavit. The term *defector* is ambiguous because it normally means an intelligence officer who escapes from his country and asks for political asylum from another government. But in this instance—since the KGB would know who had left the Soviet Union and gone over to the West—it might refer to a defector or agent in place, someone who remains on the job but provides information to U.S. intelligence.

$35,000 and asked that along with any "especially hot" material he include "guidance" on what the KGB might use and act upon without pointing back to him and endangering his security.

Certainly the KGB did not want to risk losing such a valuable source, but at the same time the request may have had the dual purpose of flattering Hanssen and making him feel in control. The operatives in the first chief directorate, the KGB's foreign intelligence arm, showed a keen insight into Hanssen's psyche; they may not have known his name, but they knew their man.

A few weeks later, with Hanssen about to be out of pocket for a year and with the prospect that their contacts might dwindle, the KGB left a long letter for him under the footbridge in Foxstone Park.

> Dear Friend:
>
> Congratulations on Your promotion. We wish You all the very best in Your life and career. . . . Your friendship and understanding are very important to us. . . . We don't see any problem for the system of our future communications in regard to this new circumstances of Yours. Though we can't but regret that our contacts may be not so regular as before, like You said.
>
> We believe our current commo plan . . . covers ruther [*sic*] flexibly Your needs: You may have a contact with us anytime You want after staying away as long as You have to. So, do Your new job, make Your trips, take Your time. The commo plan we have will still be working. We'll keep covering the active call out signal site no matter how long it's needed. And we'll be in a ready-to-go mode to come over to the drop next in turn whenever You are ready: that is when You are back home and decide to communicate.
>
> All You'll have to do is to put Your call out signal, just as now. And You have two addresses to use to recontact us only if the signal sites for some reason don't work or can't be used. . . . But in any case be sure: You may have a contact anytime because the active call out site is always covered according to the schedule no matter how long you've been away. . . .
>
> Thank You and good luck.
>
> Sincerely,
> Your friends.

Hoping to enlarge its network in America, and knowing that Hanssen might find it difficult to pass many secrets while he was busy on the road, the KGB also asked him to "give us some good leads to possible recruitments" among "interesting people in the right places."

Hanssen, as he had told the Soviets, was promoted in June. He joined the FBI's inspection staff, which meant he would be traveling around the country and overseas to scrutinize the bureau's field offices. The mole would now be checking up to make sure that everything in the field was completely secure and running according to the rule book.

For Hanssen, it was a necessary career move. It is not easy to get promoted in the FBI. Those who remain street agents cannot rise above a GS-13 in pay grade. To become a GS-15, agents must normally pass three hurdles: they have to put in time at headquarters, run a squad in the field, and get certified as an inspector. Hanssen had met the first two requirements and now was about to embark on the third.

"People don't realize how difficult it is to become even a fourteen," said David Major. "The bureau has about a hundred and seventy members of the Senior Executive Service [SES], and it has three hundred fifty GS-15s. Out of almost twenty-eight thousand employees."

In the culture of the FBI, doing time as an inspector is an obligatory sentence to a kind of motel purgatory. Some lucky agents are able to combine their inspection chores with assignment to a field office.

"We called that 'rent-a-goon,' as opposed to being a full-time goon," said Dick Alu, who had worked with Hanssen in the budget unit. "It is a real pressure cooker," Alu said, recalling his own stint in the inspection division.

"You are unloved by the people you are seeing, and the chief inspector is evaluating you. Our symbol in the inspection division was a rat with a long tail and an oversized *schwanz.* Most people had nicknames. That sort of humor was our only relief. We worked from six in the morning to ten at night. My weight went up, my cholesterol went up, another year and I'd probably have been dead."

Some time in that summer of 1990, Hanssen gave his friend Jack Hoschouer an expensive Rolex watch. "I said no; he kept pressing it on me," Hoschouer said. "I tried to give him money, he wouldn't take it. He said he had bought it for himself but Bonnie thought it was clunky and ugly and insisted he take it back. So he gave it to me instead.

"I wore the watch and Bonnie said, 'Oh, you've got a watch just like the one I made Bob take back.' "

"I told him he's crazy to do this. He had said he was in debt. I gave him four hundred dollars and he gave it back to me and it went back and forth and finally I just gave up and kept the money. I said, I don't understand this, but he's my friend and he wants to do this."

Hoschouer said he puzzled over the gift but thought back on what Hanssen used to say about his father. "His father, as a policeman, knew where to get things wholesale. He always said that about his father. And since he was a cop people gave him good deals on stuff. Essentially, I thought that's what happened here."

But Hanssen had bought a second Rolex for himself. Bill Houghton, who had befriended Hanssen when they worked together in the Soviet analytical unit, remembered his fascination with Rolexes. Around 1993, Houghton said, Hanssen had mentioned the sidewalk peddlers outside FBI headquarters. "People sell fake designer watches outside the building. He said, 'Bill, you ever look at these? Look at these, they're pretty good.' He shows me a fake Rolex that he picked up for like twenty bucks. He said, 'I've been talking to this guy and one way you can tell if it's real is it breaks the second hand into five parts. If you see a Rolex that clicks second to second, it's a fake. This guy can get me one for one hundred bucks that breaks it into five parts, and looks real.'

"Later he said, 'I've got a Rolex.' I said, 'That's amazing.' I turned it over and it had all the stamps on the back. It was a real Rolex, no fake. I said, 'Bob, this is a real one.' He said, 'Yep, I thought I owed it to myself.' At the time they cost about $7,500.

"He told me he came from money, Bonnie had money, his dad left him money, and he told me he bought his house in New York for two hundred fifty thousand dollars and sold it for five hundred thousand dollars. A day or two later he had another Rolex in his hand. He said, 'Bill, I want you to have this.' It was one of the twenty-dollar fakes. 'I don't need a fake one, I've got a real one.' So I said, 'All right, I'll take it.' Then he told me he bought a ladies' Rolex for Bonnie as well."

But by the summer of 1990, Hanssen could afford to give a real Rolex to Jack; the KGB had already paid him more than $450,000. The Russians heard from Hanssen again that August when he mailed them a floppy disk that contained a variety of classified data. The following month the KGB gave Hanssen another $40,000 in cash, and in a message assured him that some of his material had gone "to the very top," presumably to the Kremlin and Soviet leader Mikhail S. Gorbachev.

That may have been so, but again, the words were also designed to flatter and stroke their man in Washington.

Hanssen did not contact the KGB again until February 1991, when he left an emergency call-out signal. In a message at CHARLIE, he revealed that the FBI's chief of counterintelligence in New York had told him that the bureau had recruited a certain number of Soviet sources, presumably at the Soviet mission to the UN. And in passing, he remarked that the $40,000 he had received was "too generous."

In the exchange the KGB left $10,000 in cash for Hanssen and a floppy disk pinpointing two new sites. One, code-named GRACE, was located under a footbridge in Washington's Rock Creek Park. The cash pushed Hanssen over the half-million-dollar mark in KGB income.

On April 15, although the KGB surely understood that Hanssen would not be paying income tax on his money from Moscow, it passed along another $10,000 and a poem that, in effect, urged him to stop and smell the roses. The message was addressed as usual to "Dear Friend." It began, "Time is flying. As a poet said:

"What's our life,
If full of care
You have no time
To stop and stare?"

The rest of the letter from the KGB was positively chatty:

> You've managed to slow down the speed of Your running life to send us a message. And we appreciate it.
>
> We hope You're O'K [*sic*] and Your family is fine too. We are sure You're doing great at Your job. As before, we'll keep staying alert to respond to any call from You whenever You need it.
>
> We acknowledge receiving one disk through CHARLIE. One disk of mystery and intrigue. Thank you.
>
> Not much a business letter this time. Just formalities. We consider Site-9 cancelled. And we are sure You remember: our next contact is due at ELLIS.
>
> Frankly, we are looking forward to JUNE. Every new season brings new expectations.
>
> Enclosed in our today's package please find $10,000. Thank You for Your friendship and help.

> We attach some information requests. We hope You'll be able to assist us on them.
>
> Take care and good luck.
>
> Sincerely,
> Your friends.

By early July 1991, Hanssen's tour in the inspection division was over. He would spend the next six months at headquarters, in the Soviet operations section, as a program manager in the unit that tried to counter Soviet efforts, in particular by the KGB's Line X, to steal U.S. scientific and technical secrets.

As soon as Hanssen was back at headquarters, he immediately left a floppy disk with almost three hundred pages of documents for the KGB. "I returned, grabbed the first thing I could lay my hands on," he explained in his letter. "I was in a hurry so that you would not worry, because June has passed, they held me there longer."

He had at least five years until he could retire, Hanssen noted, adding: "Maybe I will hang in there for that long." He also passed along a report on a joint FBI-CIA operation and classified documents dealing with human intelligence plans and nuclear proliferation. He walked away from the drop with another $12,000 in cash in his pocket and a KGB disk that praised "Your superb sense of humor and Your sharp-as-a-razor mind. We highly appreciate both."

Having shamelessly flattered Hanssen once more, his handlers adopted a smarmy, deferential tone: "If our natural wish to capitalize on Your information confronts in any way Your security interests we definitely cut down our thirst for profit and choose Your security. The same goes with any other aspect of Your case. That's why we say Your security goes first. . . . We are sure You remember our next contact is due at 'FLO.' "

In that next exchange, in August, Hanssen actually suggested that the Soviets could learn something from a thorough study of how Mayor Richard J. Daley, whose autocratic style Hanssen greatly admired, had governed Chicago. Since the Soviet Union was only four months away from collapse, perhaps he was on to something. Still, it seemed a reach to think that a system once run by Joseph Stalin could pick up any pointers from Dick Daley.

On August 19, the same day Hanssen suggested that the Kremlin study Mayor Daley's leadership style, a group of plotters in Moscow, among them Vladimir Kryuchkov, the KGB chief, staged an attempted coup against Gorbachev. Russia's president, Boris Yeltsin, astride a tank, led the countercoup that restored Gorbachev to power. Several of the Soviet republics, including Russia, declared their independence.

This time, the KGB flattered Hanssen for his political advice. They wrote: "[T]he magical history tour to Chicago was mysteriously well timed. Have You ever thought of foretelling the things? After Your retirement for instance in some sort of Your own 'Cristall [*sic*] Ball and Intelligence Agency' (CBIA)? There are always so many people in this world eager to get a glimpse of the future."

Hanssen came away from that exchange with another $20,000. Finally, in October, along with providing a new secret document on the double agent program, Hanssen got around to responding to the KGB's request that he suggest others who might be recruited to spy.

He gave them the name of Jack Hoschouer, his closest friend, the man who was like a brother to him. Hoschouer, Hanssen wrote, was an "old friend" and a military officer who had recently been told he would not be promoted.

Hoschouer's Army career had begun in the late 1960s, after his two years of graduate courses at the University of Hawaii. The Vietnam war was in full swing and Hoschouer, who was in the ROTC, was called to active duty as an infantry officer in November 1968. He was sent to Vietnam as an adviser to a South Vietnamese battalion in 1970, and a year later was a captain in command of an air infantry company in the 1st Cavalry Division.

After Vietnam, he served with the special forces in Germany for three years, returning there in 1989 as a military attaché in the American embassy in Bonn. Although he had been promoted to lieutenant colonel in 1985, it was clear that he would not be advancing any further than bird colonel, which Hanssen knew when he gave his name to the Russians.

According to Hoschouer, the KGB did not follow up on Hanssen's suggestion. "I was not contacted," he said. "If the Russians pitched me, I was too dumb to realize it. If they wanted to approach me, I had a lot of official contacts with the Soviets in Bonn and it would have been easy to do." But he could remember nothing that even remotely resembled a pitch.

Hoschouer retired from the Army in 1994. What was his reaction to learning seven years later that his closest friend had offered him up as a morsel to the KGB? "I still don't know," he said. "I was disappointed I'd been passed over for promotion, in ninety-one, I think, that was true. Maybe he thought in some twisted way he was trying to help me out. My own feeling is he was under so much stress from his own situation, he wanted somebody he could talk to."

Did Hanssen really think that if the Russians ever managed to recruit Hoschouer, they could pal around as spies together, just as they had broken a few traffic laws as teenagers in a Corvair on the back streets of Chicago?

Even if Hoschouer had agreed to become a spy, he pointed out, "I would not have been able to discuss it with him, since he was in the FBI." Moreover, the KGB is careful not to tell one spy about another. Aldrich Ames worked for the KGB during some of the same years as Hanssen did, but there is no evidence that either was aware of the other's role.

By the time of the October exchange between Hanssen and the KGB, the Soviet Union was teetering on the edge of disaster. The political upheavals in Moscow had directly affected the KGB. Kryuchkov, who had sent all those nice letters to Hanssen, was sitting in prison, which must have been somewhat unnerving to the FBI man. The KGB's first chief directorate (FCD), its foreign intelligence arm at Yasenevo, had been split off and declared an independent agency. After the final collapse of the Soviet Union, it would be rechristened the SVR.

Hanssen's handlers were anxious to assure him that despite all these seismic events, he could rely on business as usual. The spies had survived, and were now actually more independent.

"There have been many important developments in our country lately," the Russians acknowledged to Hanssen. "So many that we'd like to reassure You once again. Like we said: we've done all in order that none of those events ever affects Your security and our ability to maintain the operation with You. And of course there can be no doubt of our commitment to Your friendship and cooperation which are too important to us to loose [*sic*]. . . ."

The spies in the *les* (forest), as the officers in the first chief directorate often called their organization, were obviously deeply worried that Hanssen would decide, in light of the instability in Moscow, to disappear forever, as suddenly as he had appeared in 1985. The genie might vanish back into the bottle and be permanently beyond their reach.

But in the meantime, there was work to be done. The Russians provided new communications plans and asked Hanssen for a broad variety of classified information. They also requested a specific current document that analyzed Soviet knowledge of U.S. reconnaissance satellites. "It's fun to read about the life in the Universe to understand better what's going on on our own planet," they wrote.

Gently, they also asked about some pages that seemed to be missing from Hanssen's hastily assembled July package. "Sometimes it happens, we understand," the Russians said. "Life is becoming too fast."

On December 12, the KGB received a letter from Hanssen postmarked in Washington but with a bogus return address of "J. Baker, Box 1101, Houston, TX." In it, Hanssen alerted the Russians to a new electronic eavesdropping gadget that was about to be targeted against them. "DEVICE APPROVED . . . COMING SOON," he warned.

Four days later, Hanssen and the KGB carried out an exchange at BOB, in Idylwood Park. Hanssen turned over a classified research paper from the CIA's Counterintelligence Center dated November 1990 entitled "The KGB's First Chief Directorate: Structure, Functions, and Methods."

He also passed to the Russians a budget summary from the office of the Director of Central Intelligence, stamped SECRET, that revealed the scope of the FBI's foreign counterintelligence programs. And on the twenty-sixth floppy disk that he passed to the KGB, he said he was embarrassed about the pages missing from his July package.

Hanssen was about to be promoted again; this time he would be chief of the new National Security Threat List unit at headquarters. At NSTL, he would be working on the FBI's efforts to counter economic espionage. He had received "an increase in salary and authority," Hanssen wrote. That was the good news. The bad news was that this moved him "at least temporarily out of direct responsibility." He added that "a new mission for my new group has not been fully defined" but "I hope to adjust to that. . . . As General Patton said . . . 'let's get this over with so we can go kick the shit out of the purple-pissing Japanese.'"* Hanssen often quoted Patton, whom he admired almost as much as Mayor Daley.

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*The quote is close to a line in one version of the fiery speech General George S. Patton, Jr., made to his men in England in 1944 just before the Normandy invasion. The FBI's affidavit in the Hanssen case delicately omits the expletives that Hanssen attributed to Patton. But the full text, including the remarkable urological reference, later became very important, as will be seen.

The technically minded Hanssen also proposed a new communications system to replace the cumbersome dead drops, the plastic bags squirreled away under footbridges, and all that unpleasant slogging around in the dark in the mud. As Hanssen outlined it, he would set up an office somewhere in Washington that would not be tapped or bugged by the FBI, since the bureau would be unaware of it. There, he and the KGB could communicate directly by computer, using special equipment with advanced encryption technology.

From the drop in Idylwood Park, Hanssen extracted $12,000 in cash and a KGB floppy disk that contained communications plans and asked for information about various classified matters.

But Hanssen did not reply. What the KGB had feared all along now happened. Their apprehension was always there in the background; it could be sensed between the lines of their warm and fuzzy letters to Hanssen. It was the fear that one day he would simply disappear.

As often as the Russians might drive by the emergency call-out site near Dupont Circle, there were no chalk marks, no sign that their man was ready for another exchange of money and secrets. As often as they checked their mail at the accommodation addresses in Alexandria, there was no word from "Ramon Garcia," no more letters from "Jim Baker" or "G. Robertson."

Robert Hanssen had gone to ground.

In less than two weeks, the Soviet Union would be no more. Defectors from the KGB were already knocking at the door of the CIA, and their numbers were likely to increase. Even though Hanssen had been careful to conceal his name, perhaps one of the defectors might know something that would lead to him. He may even have wished he had not quoted General Patton, or talked about Chicago, or provided other clues that might point to his identity.

Throughout the intelligence community there was a sense of victory, tinged with relief; the Soviet Union was history. At the CIA, Milt Bearden, the chief of the Soviet division, presided over his office's annual Christmas gathering. The celebrants sported buttons with a hammer and sickle and star against a white background, and in big letters three words: "The party's over!" All in all, it did not seem a good time to be spying for the Russians.

But there was another reason that Hanssen broke off all contact in December 1991. More than a decade earlier, he had consulted Father Bucciarelli when he promised Bonnie that he would stop spying. This time, on a trip to Indianapolis, Hanssen had gone to see a second priest, who also urged him to stop betraying his country.

And so, weighing the dangers of being caught that flowed from the imminent collapse of the Soviet empire, and armed with the importunings of the cleric in Indiana, Hanssen made his decision.

He would go into hibernation.

17

Play It Again, Sam

Joanna's 1819 Club on M Street in downtown Washington is the sort of place where businessmen slip in on their lunch hour or after work to ogle naked women gyrating to music under the bright lights. Compared to some strip clubs, it gets a fairly sedate crowd: patrons are more likely to be wearing suits and ties than bowling jackets and industrial caps.

Knowing her audience, Priscilla Sue Galey sometimes began her act dressed as a secretary, with a briefcase and glasses. In the anonymity of Joanna's, the customers could watch Priscilla Sue take it all off.

"They all pictured their secretaries coming into the office that way," Galey said. "A couple of the men told me that. But mostly it's ego building. We come and sit and talk to them, hug them. Maybe this is the only place they can get away from their wives. They often come to watch and talk to a particular girl."

In the fall of 1990, she said, while she was dancing at Joanna's, a tall man sent a waitress over to her with a ten-dollar tip. The patron had also asked the waitress to relay a compliment. "It was something like he had never expected to find such grace and beauty in a strip club."

Galey ran after the man as he was leaving and caught him at the door to thank him, more for his words than the money. A couple of weeks later, Robert Hanssen was back. This time, he gave her his business card, with the embossed gold seal of the FBI.

She was awed, and a little scared at first, to find out that her admirer was an FBI agent. But perhaps, she thought, since he was, he could do her a favor. Then thirty-two, Galey said she had lost track of her father and could only remember meeting him once.

"I asked him to find my father. He said he'd try, 'We have ways of doing that, we can find almost anybody.' He wrote down the name of my father, Jerry Roberts. He got my mother pregnant in the church parking lot and my grandfather ran him off with a shotgun, in Marion, Indiana."

She had last seen her father when she was eight, Galey said. "He came to the house only once, and played the piano with me, and he looked at me and said, 'She's mine.' " Then he was gone.

Hanssen never found Galey's father, but at their next meeting he had a surprise for her. He gave her a sapphire-and-diamond necklace.

To Galey, it was as though a fairy tale had come true. Guys who came to strip clubs did not give the dancers jewelry worth thousands of dollars—not, at least, without wanting something in return, and she insisted Hanssen never did. There was, she asserted, except for one time, no sex, no hugs, no kisses, no physical contact.

This was a very unusual man, Galey realized, something far outside her usual experience. She had married briefly at sixteen, acquiring the name Galey, dropped out of high school, and moved to Columbus, Ohio, where she began stripping. There, she won the title of stripper of the year in the old burlesque theater in Columbus. "Charlie Fox was his name, the owner, and he taught me how to do it. He was like a drillmaster, teaching me how to strip. 'You have to put on a show,' Charlie would say."

In 1980, with another stripper, she moved to Boston and danced at the Golden Banana under the stage name of Traci Starr. Four years later, she came to Washington and danced for a time at Archibald's on K Street, an area notable for its lobbyists and fat cats. Then she switched to Joanna's.

And the money was good. "At Joanna's, I could make two, three, four hundred a night—one night eight hundred—on tips. The eight hundred dollars on one night was with a whole bunch of Oriental men. I think they were Japanese. I lit my nipples on fire, and they were pushing all this money at me. It's a stripper's trick. You turn away from the audience. First you have to split the matches, wet them, then put them on your nipples, and light the matches and in the dark, it looks like your nipples are on fire. 'Oh,' the Japanese said, 'Ooh, oh, oh,' and all of them were pushing hundred-dollar bills at me. I'm still laughing about it."

Galey impressed Hanssen with more than her trim body and her stripper's skills. Although she never completed high school, she was obviously very intelligent, interested in art, in life, and intellectually curious. She also had a sense of humor. "Stripping isn't bad," she said, "once you get over the being naked part."

According to Galey, Hanssen was always trying to improve her spiritual life, continually urging her to go to church. He would ask, "What are you planning to do with the rest of your life? Are you getting any closer to God?" But, she said, although she passed a church every day on her way to Joanna's, "I felt it was hypocritical for me to go to church and then go down to the club and take my clothes off."

Once, Hanssen drove her to his church in northern Virginia, so she would know where it was, and he urged her to attend mass there. She did go to the church one Sunday, but only got as far as the parking lot. "I saw him and his family go in, and I just couldn't do it."

Hanssen also drove her by his house on Talisman Drive. "I think he was just proud to show me how he lived." She envied the placid suburban neighborhood and the ordinary family life it evoked, a stability she had not known. But he never told his wife about her, she said. "He couldn't explain a stripper."

The fact that Hanssen frequented strip clubs was a secret that none of his FBI colleagues and friends knew about, except for Jack Hoschouer, who would accompany him to the clubs when he was in town.

Hanssen befriended other strippers besides Galey. He knew Dep Mullins, a Vietnamese woman who danced as "Brooke" at Joanna's. They met in the summer of 1999 when Hanssen, accompanied by Hoschouer, visited the club. "I speak some Vietnamese," Hoschouer said. "We invited her over and we spoke a little. 'Dep' means beautiful in Viet. She was raised in Hawaii, grew up on Maui. We saw her again early in 2000." Both the FBI and the Justice Department investigated Hanssen's encounters with Mullins. There was no evidence, however, that Hanssen ever developed with other strippers the same close and lengthy relationship he enjoyed with Galey.

Often, when an FBI agent retired, his coworkers would give a farewell party for him at one of the strip clubs. The club favored by many FBI agents was the Good Guys, two blocks down from the Russian embassy.*

Paul Moore remembered a conversation with Hanssen at FBI headquarters around 1990, the same year he met Galey. “I’ve been to strip clubs twice, once at the Good Guys, where a bureau guy who was retiring got a plaque from the club, he’d been there so much. I told Bob about it and I said it was not too tawdry, it was a fairly joyful atmosphere. He said no, it was sinful. He said, ‘You were paying women to tempt men.’ It was just the kind of thing you would get from a priest.”

Some weeks after Hanssen gave Galey the necklace, she mentioned to him that she needed to have a tooth fixed. Before long, Hanssen left an envelope for her at the club; inside she found $2,000 in hundred-dollar bills. By this time, Galey had almost convinced herself that Hanssen might be her long-lost father; it might explain his generosity. “I fantasized that he was my father, or an angel.”

Hanssen’s inspection duties that year were arduous, but he apparently had time to see Galey between trips, for they took long walks together, she said. “We walked to art galleries. To the National Gallery, to the Hirshhorn. He did offer to take me to the National Archives, but I was more interested in art than history. I like the old masters, Leonardo especially.”

When they were out together, Hanssen had his own ideas of how Galey should dress. “We were going to one of the art galleries. I had on very high white heels. He said, ‘You know your feet are going to hurt.’ What he really was saying was, ‘Please don’t look like this.’ We walked to a shoe store, picked out a new pair of regular blue or black pumps, and I wore them. He always wanted me to wear navy blue.”

What was going on here? Hanssen may have been having some sort of midlife fling, except it wasn’t much of a fling by Galey’s account. More likely, it seemed he was living a weird combination of a James Bond fantasy—the spy with a pretty woman on his arm—and the *My Fair Lady* version of the Pygmalion myth, with himself in the role of Professor Higgins to Galey’s Eliza Doolittle. He would uplift Galey, improve her mind, and help her into a spiritual realm that somehow was lacking at Joanna's. Or, on the other hand, as one observer suggested, "Maybe it was Opus Dei's idea of an affair."

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*Russians from the embassy also patronized the Good Guys, often leaving unsteadily. From time to time, “FBI agents on surveillance would approach the Russians at the Good Guys,” said one bureau counterintelligence agent. “Sometimes when the Russians were so drunk they didn’t know where they were we would try to help them to their cars. The next day we’d call them and they’d say ‘No, no, it was a mistake.’ ”

Whatever Hanssen's motive, his involvement with Galey went on for more than a year, and he risked taking her to places where they could be seen together. "One time he took me to lunch at a cop club, a private club. He said they were policemen and FBI agents. You had to be buzzed in. It was in Washington somewhere. On the way to the club, I discovered he was carrying a gun. He said, 'I wonder if they'll make me check this.' "

It was en route to the same lunch that Hanssen made a remark that startled Galey. She had asked him a question about something—she did not recall what—"and he said, 'I could tell you, but I'd have to kill you.' You could see it was a joke. He was smiling." Still, Galey was unsettled by the remark.

Sometimes, Hanssen talked politics. "He explained Communism. He said it's not like America, where you have individual rights; in Russia, the government has control of everything. But the way he explained it, it didn't sound as bad as everyone made it out to be. It probably did have its good aspects. Because no one went hungry. It was like Communism is not all bad, but they did control every aspect of your life."

In April 1991, Hanssen told Galey he was going on a trip to Hong Kong. Galey had a genuine enthusiasm for anything Asian, not just because of the eight-hundred-dollar night and how the Japanese patrons had appreciated it when she set her nipples on fire, and she pleaded with Hanssen to bring her back a souvenir. To her amazement, he asked if she would like to go with him.

She said she could not afford the trip, but Hanssen asked her to walk with him to a travel office. There, he picked up his airline reservation, and before she knew it, he had handed her a round-trip ticket to Hong Kong. When she tried to hug him for the gift, he shrank back. "He said, 'Oh no, that is not necessary, it's not necessary,' and he smiled, like he didn't want to hurt my feelings." If she changed her mind about going, he said, she could turn in the ticket and keep the cash. "It was all magic," Galey remembered.

If she asked him where all the money was coming from, "he would explain it away by telling me it was his inheritance." Her time with Hanssen "was the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me. I really didn't want to question it too much. It might make it go away."

And so they flew to Hong Kong, on separate flights, and stayed at the same hotel in separate rooms for two weeks. They had breakfast together every morning and dinner at night. Once, they took the ferry to Kowloon, and Hanssen showed her around the streets and shopping malls. Galey was thrilled when they visited a sailing ship in the harbor. On most days, however, while Hanssen went about his inspection duties for the FBI, Galey shopped and went sight-seeing.

"Over cheesecake in Hong Kong, I said, 'Mr. Hanssen, you must have done something wrong in your life.' He thought for a while and said, 'Well, I changed some test scores in college.' That was it. I said, 'You never cheated on your wife, you never went out with the guys and did something crazy?' He said, 'No, I've never done any of that.' He lived a very sterile life as far as I could see.

"He was very straitlaced. He had compassion. You could see it, and you could tell that he was a good man."

She was baffled as to what Hanssen wanted. "I never met any man who didn't deep down want to screw me," she said, matter-of-factly. "I had to find out." She had wondered, she said, "if he was repressed because of his family and church." She had to know "if he really wanted sex."

So in Hong Kong, far from Talisman Drive, Galey made her move. "I had a lot of souvenirs and needed a bigger suitcase to get them home," she said. "I asked him to come to my room to see the souvenirs and see how big a suitcase I would need. He came to my room."

Galey was circumspect at first in describing what happened, but said that in the hotel room, she came on to him. What occurred next, she said, wasn't "finished." She regards sex, she added, as "meaning intercourse between two consenting persons that is finished," a definition almost Clintonian in its precision. "There was no consent," she said.

When asked to explain what all these elaborate semantics meant, she was more direct. "I was very drunk," she recalled. She had, she said, begun with oral sex. "And when I started, he said, 'Where in the world did you learn how to do that?' I thought, 'Oh my God, he's never even had a blow job.' I think he stopped me when I was ready for intercourse. I came up for that but he was not consenting, he did not want it. I never dreamed that he wouldn't. As I remember it, that's what happened. I felt a little bit ashamed, a lot of hurt. I knew what I did had never been done to him before."

On the trip, there was not much talk about Hanssen's work. "In

Hong Kong," Galey recalled, "he mentioned the Chinese mafia, and he mentioned the Russians, but he never went into any details."

Friends say Hanssen admired James Bond and liked the movies about the exploits of Agent 007. But he may also have fantasized that he was Humphrey Bogart, living a real-life romantic role in *Casablanca.* Whenever they were in a piano bar together, Galey added, there was one song that Hanssen would request. "In Hong Kong," she said, "he always asked for 'As Time Goes By.' "

Hanssen never took Galey into FBI headquarters, as far as is known, but he did take her to the bureau's training academy in Virginia, south of Washington. "He took me to Quantico after Hong Kong. He put a CIA badge on me so I would have entry to everywhere. He said, 'If anybody stops you, you're to say, "I'm working on the Eisenhower project, or something like that, and it's top secret, and I can't talk about it." ' It was like a big joke. I saw the library, the shooting range, the little town they set up for training agents. I didn't shoot in the shooting range, although I would have liked to. He didn't shoot either, although he bragged how good a shot he was."

It was in August 1991, a few months after their trip to Hong Kong, that Hanssen urged Galey to get a driver's license. She said she had not had one for five years, because there was no reason; she could not afford a car. Well, he asked, if you could afford a car, what would it be?

"Either an old Jaguar convertible, with the spoked rims," she replied, "or it has to be a Mercedes." Those are good choices, Hanssen said.

Galey got her license and at their next lunch, on August 5, at Jaimalito's, a Mexican restaurant in Georgetown, Hanssen had some surprises for her. First, he handed her an envelope. "It was an American Express card with my name on it. I never had a credit card. I thought that was wonderful. And then he handed me a pair of keys, and I knew they were nice keys, because they had the little leather holders on them, so they had to be to a nice car, and I was like, 'What are these for?'

"And he says, 'This is for your new car.' And he said, 'I looked for a Jaguar, but I got to thinking that the maintenance on that might be too much for you. It's a Mercedes, a champagne silver Mercedes, and it's being cleaned up, and when we're through eating, we'll go pick it up.' And I'm like, 'You bought me a Mercedes!' I couldn't finish eating, I couldn't even eat. I kept asking questions, and said, 'Do we have to eat, can't we just go?' "

Afterward, they drove out to Alexandria to pick up the car, a 1985 Mercedes-Benz 190E Sedan, for which Hanssen had paid the dealer $10,500 in cash. Galey could not believe it; she drove fifty miles out of her way when she went back to her apartment in Silver Spring, Maryland, just to be in the car.

Around the same time, Hanssen gave Galey an expensive laptop. She said Hanssen indicated that if she could learn how to use the computer it would help her out of the strip club and on the path to an office job. But Galey was not able to get the laptop to work, and decided that Hanssen had put in some kind of code to lock the computer and test her abilities. "My mother is good at computers and could not make it work. She couldn't boot it up, which led me to believe it was protected."

In retrospect, she wondered if the laptop was part of a plan that Hanssen had to enlist her to help him spy. "It became an obsession that I learn how to use computers. He wanted me to learn how to e-mail, to send him messages from afar. I used to think he was just trying to improve me. Now I think he wanted me as an asset. He was preparing me for something."

That Hanssen would risk having anyone else to assist him in his espionage for Moscow seems highly improbable. But Galey's speculation was not dismissed out of hand by the FBI, which interviewed her after Hanssen's arrest. "I think he was trying to develop her, Galey, into some kind of cutout," said one veteran counterintelligence expert. "He gave her the computer, he was trying to test her skills. Otherwise, and assuming there was no sex, why did he spend all that time with her?"

Toward the end of the year, Galey said, Hanssen told her that he wanted to send her to France to see "the incorrupt saint." Although he did not elaborate, "There is such a shrine in France. He was going to send me there. He always told me, miracles happen every day."*

Aside from the necklace, the trip to Hong Kong, the Mercedes, and the laptop, all big-ticket items, Hanssen had another, small present for Galey. "He gave me a video of *Casablanca* around the time he gave me the computer. He said it was a classic. I took it home for the holidays in

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*In the Catholic Church, the bodies of some saints are considered "incorrupt" because they have not deteriorated or have done so only partially. These relics are often credited with miraculous cures of ill or disabled persons. The most famous example is Bernadette, the celebrated French nun whose body lies in a convent in Nevers, France.

1991." But before she left, they had dinner together at a club in Maryland. There was a piano bar, and once again, Galey said, Hanssen asked for "As Time Goes By."

A kiss is just a kiss. With the romantic melody playing in the background, Hanssen surprised Galey with an unexpected question. "That's the evening when he asked if he wasn't happily married, would I ever be interested in him? I was totally confused. I said, 'Of course I would be.' "

Galey said her confusion stemmed from the fact that up to that evening, Hanssen had always talked about how important his family was. "It was obvious his wife and kids were everything to him. He often spoke of his wife and children and how dedicated he was to them."

But as matters turned out, it was to be their last dinner together. The decision to go back to Columbus that Christmas turned into a disaster for Priscilla Sue Galey. Her life went rapidly downhill. She stayed for two months, longer than she had planned, ran up debts, and her car was wrecked in a collision with a city truck.

"The Mercedes was smashed. Totaled. In March of ninety-two. That's the day my life went really bad. My friends were smoking crack. There was no insurance. The guy who was supposed to pay my insurance on the car said he had smoked it, he spent the money on crack."

The laptop and the diamond-and-sapphire necklace were pawned for a fraction of their value. When the money ran out, she used the American Express card to buy Easter dresses for her nieces. But Hanssen had told her that the credit card, for which he paid the bills, was to be used strictly for expenses for the Mercedes or for emergencies. When he saw the dresses on the credit card statement, he flew to Columbus. There was an awkward encounter with Galey, "a very stiff meeting," as she put it, and he retrieved the card and left.

It was not only Galey's friends who were into drugs. She became hooked on crack, and turned to prostitution to support her habit. She was arrested in 1993, caught in a police sting, when a friend she was with sold crack to an undercover cop. Her mother, Linda Harris, called Hanssen on his direct line at the FBI to ask for help, but he refused. Galey pleaded guilty to avoid a longer sentence and spent a year in the state reformatory for women in Marysville, Ohio. Later, she had a child out of wedlock and fell deeper into her life on the streets of Columbus.

If she could visit Hanssen in prison, which she would like to do, she wants to ask him a question. "I just want to know, 'Why? What could ever change you from this paragon of virtue? What could change you?' In my eyes he was a god."

Still, Hanssen had helped her more than she ever dreamed any man would. "He showed me a different way of living, a whole new me." She felt this way even though their relationship had not lasted and she had failed to better herself, as he had seemed to want, instead doing just the opposite.

She was deeply disappointed at the news that Hanssen was a Russian spy. "It kind of hurts my feelings that he lied to me; he was the one man who wasn't capable of lying, it didn't seem like, and I trusted him so much. He gave me back my faith in men. I'm just disappointed, that's all."

Galey shook her head. "Hell, I'm used to it. For him to make a magical world and then . . . I guess it's just, like, there goes my fairy tale again."

18

“He Was Dragging Me by the Arm, Screaming at Me”

Kimberly Schaefer grew up in a working-class neighborhood in Ferndale, Maryland, south of Baltimore, and got a job at the FBI at age eighteen, right out of high school. She was assigned to the tour office, escorting visitors through the bureau’s headquarters in Washington.

A bright and articulate woman, she was moved to the FBI’s intelligence division in less than a year. In 1992, she married Michael Lichtenberg, then a sales representative for a steamship company. They bought a house in Ferndale, near her parents, and in a few years started a family.

In 1993, Kimberly Lichtenberg was working in the National Security Threat List unit in the intelligence division. The unit chief, Robert Hanssen, presided over an office of about ten people on the fourth floor. There were three or four FBI agents, a few support workers, a secretary, and a typist. Lichtenberg was an intelligence assistant to Supervisory Special Agent James A. Werth.

Hanssen could hardly have failed to notice that Kimberly Lichtenberg was tall and willowy, with long blond hair and striking, clear blue eyes. And by Lichtenberg’s account, at least, he did more than look.

“I never really knew him until I was transferred into his unit,” she said. “I’d heard things about him: ‘Dr. Death.’ As a female, I’d never want to be alone with him. I got weird vibes. He’d make sure he’d brush against me when he passed by. The same with other females in the office. I never, ever felt comfortable around him." Hanssen, she asserted, had brushed against her "many times."*

She added, "Hanssen considered women beneath him. He spoke down to them. But if he wanted to rub up against me he would. And the bureau is a boys' club."

In truth, Hanssen did not approve of women in law enforcement. That retrograde conviction was in tune with his conservative views in general. Women in the bureau, he would grumble, were dysfunctional for the organization. But to hold that opinion, he once complained, was not politically correct.

At about 3:30 P.M. on February 25, 1993, Hanssen summoned Lichtenberg, a secretary, and a typist to a meeting in his office. There had been some minor squabbling in the clerical ranks and Hanssen wanted to get to the bottom of it.

"The secretary had been complaining about the typist," Lichtenberg said. "Hanssen asked, 'Kim, are you having any problems with the typist?' I said no, I didn't. Hanssen said, 'Well, the secretary says you've been complaining.' I said, 'No, I've no problems with the typist.' "

Lichtenberg was getting nervous about missing her ride in the carpool. She lived near the Baltimore/Washington International Airport and if she did not show up for her ride she would have no way to get home. "I said, 'I have to leave to catch my van.' I turned and walked out. I thought the meeting was over. It was a little before four, when I usually leave. I was not being flippant. I was respectful."

After she left the meeting, she said, "I was heading for my pod area," where a friend and fellow FBI employee, Candy Curtis, was waiting for her.

She had just reached her cubicle, she said, about thirty feet from Hanssen's office, when he caught up with her.

"He yelled, 'Get back here!' I said, 'No, I need to get home, this doesn't involve me.'

"No sooner had I said that than he grabbed me by my left arm and spun me around. I lost my balance and fell to the ground. He never let go of my arm. He was dragging me by the arm, screaming at me. He continued to drag me back by my arm toward his office, screaming and yelling at me."

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*Lichtenberg agreed to meet with the author to recount her story although she was still employed by the FBI in a sensitive position in the intelligence division, now the National Security Division. She expressed some concern that her criticism of how the bureau dealt with her case might cause problems in her job, but she was willing to speak out anyway.

Lichtenberg, hoping for help, called out to Candy Curtis.

"He was yelling, 'I told you to get back in here.' When I yelled 'Candy!' he starts yelling, 'You're insubordinate!' "

Candy Curtis, Lichtenberg said, heard the commotion. "When she heard me call her name, she got up, walked out of the pod and saw everything. She saw me in a tug-of-war stance. She didn't see me fall to the ground, but she saw me trying to get up.

"I got back on my feet. He was still holding my arm and I hit him on the chest and broke free."

Curtis confirmed Lichtenberg's account. She had heard the commotion and saw most of what occurred, she said. "Definitely. I was there and did witness it. He was pulling her physically. She was still low down, crouched. It went on until he saw me. He had no idea I was there."

Once free of Hanssen, Lichtenberg fled with Candy Curtis. "We ran to the section chief, Nick Walsh. He said, 'Wait here.' He ran down to talk to Hanssen and came back and said, 'Do you want to receive medical attention?' I said, 'My van is probably going to leave me.' He said, 'You better go and come back in the morning.' "

Lichtenberg hurried to her car pool. "I had bruises on my arm and a bruise on my cheek." She was shaken and upset by the encounter.

"The people in the van were angry at first. They were waiting. Then they saw me. I cried all the way home."

Lichtenberg went to her parents' house. "I'm their only daughter. When my father saw the bruises, he started crying. My father was a crane operator, a big man, but he was crying.

"My parents and my husband took me to the emergency room at North Arundel Hospital. I was X-rayed. The tendons on my arm were stretched; they never fully came back to normal. I still can't sleep on my left side."

Michael Lichtenberg called Nick Walsh at the FBI. "I asked if my wife was going to be safe. He said, 'I can't guarantee her safety.' I said, 'Then transfer her. Get her out of there.' " As of now, he added, "She's not coming in."

The next day, Kimberly Lichtenberg said, "Two agents from division five came to the house and took a statement." Lichtenberg told them what had happened. She also told the agents that Hanssen had made her uncomfortable in various ways. He had a habit, she said to them, of walking up to her desk and staring down at her. When she asked if there was anything he wanted, or that she could help him with, he would answer "No," and walk away. Sometimes, she recounted to the FBI agents, Hanssen would come up to her and place a hand on her arm or shoulder and shake her slightly. When Hanssen did this, she told the agents, "He would say, 'I'm just trying to shake you up this morning.' "

In recalling her statement to the agents, Lichtenberg said that although Hanssen did not shake her in a "mean way" on these occasions, he should not have touched her at all. But she said she feared that if she complained, Hanssen, as her boss, could retaliate in various ways—he could block her promotion, for example—so she did not.

Michael Lichtenberg was worried about what Hanssen might do next, and said so to the two agents. "I told them I felt this guy was very unstable," he recalled. "I said, 'I can't believe nothing is being done with this guy. He has a gun. It isn't even being taken away from him.' "

The agents later typed Kimberly Lichtenberg's statement, and she approved and signed it. Candy Curtis also gave a statement to the internal FBI investigation in support of Lichtenberg's account.

Kimberly Lichtenberg said she sought to file an assault complaint with the police in Washington. "I wanted to file criminal charges but I wasn't able to," she contended. "The detective took notes. He talked to the bureau. He said they told him it was an inside matter."

After Hanssen attacked her, Kimberly Lichtenberg took a month-and-a-half leave from the FBI. "I had physical therapy for a few months. I also saw a psychotherapist, a woman who said, 'Kim, you've got to do something about this.' "

A year later, the Lichtenbergs filed a civil complaint in the District of Columbia Superior Court against Hanssen for "assault and battery, gross negligence," and "intentional infliction of emotional distress." They asked for $1,360,000 in damages.

Because Hanssen was a federal employee, the case was transferred to federal court in Washington. The Justice Department, defending Hanssen, moved to dismiss the complaint. In a statement filed with the court, John D. Bates, the chief of the civil division, found that "defendant Robert P. Hanssen was acting within the scope of his authority as an employee of the United States at the time of such alleged incidents."

In other words, the government was arguing in Hanssen's defense that because he was on duty at the time he dragged Lichtenberg down the hall, she and her husband had no cause of action.

Lichtenberg also filed a workers' compensation claim for her injuries. Her lawyer, Steve Huffines, represented her in both the lawsuit and her compensation hearing. Because the government said Hanssen was acting within the scope of his official duties, Huffines maintained, it would have been "a difficult standard to overcome. The only way to get action outside a claim of 'scope of employment' would be if he pulled a gun out and shot her."

In the end, the civil suit was dismissed by Judge Thomas Penfield Jackson after Huffines, apparently as the result of a clerical mixup, did not appear for a court date. Lichtenberg fared better in her compensation claim. She was awarded $16,000 for her injuries and continuing disability.

When she returned to work, she was transferred out of Hanssen's unit into a new job administering clearances and background checks for bureau employees. Even so, she could not avoid running into Hanssen. When that happened, "He smiled and would say hi, but he never apologized. I learned he was suspended for five days."

Lichtenberg got a letter of censure from the FBI. "It said what he did was wrong but that I had provoked him by leaving the meeting without being dismissed and I was insubordinate." Lichtenberg has asked that the letter be removed from her employment file.

Two years after the attack, Lichtenberg was working in the basement of the FBI in a SCIF. (The acronym, pronounced like a word, stands for Sensitive Compartmented Information Facility, a place where highly classified documents are kept.) The SCIF was specially enclosed so that its equipment would not give off electronic emanations.

"I was pregnant and Hanssen would come to the basement office where I was working, 1B045, where he signed in and got his mail." At the time, Hanssen had been assigned to duty at the State Department but would come to headquarters daily. "I went to see Joe McMahon, the section chief. 'You know they've put Hanssen down here?' The section chief said yes, he knew. 'Don't worry about it.'"

But Lichtenberg did worry. She talked to her supervisor. "My immediate boss wrote a two-page memo about the situation, but the bureaucracy did nothing." Hanssen continued to report to the basement office. "I ran into him five or six times a week. I was losing weight and my OB said, 'If they don't remove him, you will lose the baby.' "

"I went to Barbara Duffy, the FBI ombudsman. I told her the whole story. She called McMahon and said get him out of there." Hanssen then reported in to another office, on a different floor, and Lichtenberg, to her immense relief, seldom encountered him after that.

The last time she saw Hanssen was about three weeks before his arrest. "The elevator was coming up from the garage. I was on 1B, the floor where I work, so he had to be coming up from the garage. The elevator door opened and he was there. It was just him. He said, 'You getting on?' I said, 'No.' If there had been somebody else on the elevator I would have. I just didn't want to get on it with him."

On February 20, 2001, she was at work at FBI headquarters as usual. "I usually watch Channel 13, the local television news, in the morning. That morning for some reason or other I didn't. I came into work. I'm at my desk. My former unit chief came to me. I'd heard rumors of a spy case brewing. He said, 'They arrested him.' I said, 'Anybody I know?' He said, 'Oh yes, you know him. It's Bob Hanssen.' "

A few months before Hanssen was arrested, Michael Lichtenberg had taken a job at the FBI in the criminal division. As a result, he knew more about the structure and operations of the bureau than he did in 1993. He recalled the visit of the two FBI agents who had come to the house to interview his wife after Hanssen had manhandled her. "The two agents were from the intelligence division. They should have given it to the criminal division. I didn't know that at the time; now I know."

If Hanssen had been suspended and investigated by the FBI's Office of Professional Responsibility, he said, the outcome might have been different. Perhaps a clue pointing to Hanssen's espionage activities might have been turned up. "If they had pulled him and done a thirty-day OPR investigation," he said, "they might have found something. That's the sad part."

19

Hibernation

Although Hanssen had gone into his hibernation mode at the end of 1991 as the Soviet Union collapsed, he volunteered his services to the Russians again in 1993, a fact that the FBI learned to its surprise only when it debriefed him after he had pleaded guilty to espionage.

For most of the 1990s, Hanssen the spy was dormant, having abruptly cut off his contacts with the KGB. But in 1993 he revolunteered to the GRU, the Russian military intelligence arm for which he had spied in 1979, when he had received the $30,000 that he later told Bonnie Hanssen he had sent to Mother Teresa.

Hanssen explained to his FBI and CIA debriefers that his reemergence in 1993 was the result of overwhelming curiosity, to which he succumbed. It was a curiosity about what had happened to information he had previously passed to Moscow.

At least twice, Hanssen had provided the KGB with a complete roster of the FBI's double agent (DA) cases. Typically, in these operations, an American military enlisted man or officer under FBI control would offer secrets to Soviet military intelligence. One frequent goal would be to see what secrets the Russians asked the double agent to obtain. That in turn would indicate what Moscow did not know. Conversely, the questions that were not asked might suggest what the Russians already knew. It was these double agent operations that led to Hanssen's fleeting, risky attempt to recontact the GRU, because it was the GRU that the FBI had targeted in these cases.

"It was almost an academic curiosity," one senior intelligence official explained. "He had given up a lot of DA cases that the FBI and the military ran with the GRU as the target. They were joint ops. Hanssen sees them continue to operate and wonders why. Is the KGB not sharing his information with the GRU? Why are these cases still going on?" It was beginning to drive Hanssen up the wall; he had to know the answer.

"So he makes an approach to a GRU officer stationed in the Russian embassy in Washington. He has a package of documents with him that he was ready to give to the GRU guy. He approaches him early one morning in the garage of the apartment building where the GRU man lives and introduces himself. 'I am Ramon Garcia,' he says.

"The GRU man thinks it is a trap, gets into his car, and drives away. It apparently stunned Hanssen. He may have thought that all of Soviet intelligence would know by now about the famous Ramon Garcia."

Hanssen's risky move then took an astonishing turn. The Russians, convinced that the episode was a ploy by U.S. intelligence to entrap the GRU officer, lodged an official protest with the State Department. They even said that the unknown man who had approached their officer described himself as "a disaffected FBI agent."*

The FBI opened an investigation to try to determine the identity of the man who had, in Deep Throat fashion, approached the Russian spy in the parking garage. But there was very little to go on, and the case went nowhere. This was noted with relief and satisfaction by Hanssen, who closely followed the progress of the investigation in the FBI's internal computer system.

* * *

Hanssen was acting more and more like a man who had come loose from his moorings. There was his bizarre attack on Kimberly Lichtenberg in February, and the risky, Walter Mitty–like failed approach to the GRU. Hanssen's father died that same year, bringing to an end their difficult, complex relationship. And it was also in 1993 that Hanssen broke into Ray Mislock's computer.

Mislock, a tall Texan who commanded a Swift Boat in the Vietnam war, had joined the FBI in 1972 and two decades later had risen to chief of the former Soviet section, by then renamed the Eurasian section.

"One day I was sitting there in my office," Mislock recalled, "and

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*Webster commission report, p. 12.

Hanssen comes in with a piece of paper in his hand. He said, 'You didn't believe me that the system was insecure.' He handed me the piece of paper and it was an exact copy of a document I had just written on my computer! I think it was a memo I was writing to the director. The memo was sensitive, and classified.

"I grabbed it out of his hand and ran down the hall to Pat Watson's office, the deputy assistant director for operations. He was angry." Together with Watson, Mislock marched into the office of Harry "Skip" Brandon, the official in charge of computer and security programs for the intelligence division.

"We had a very loud conversation," Mislock said. "We had a very animated conversation. I was really ripshit."

Brandon tried to calm Mislock down. "Okay," Brandon said, "we'll look into it."

Mislock was not appeased. "Having been told the system was secure, I wasn't going to accept that," he said. "I went into the counterespionage unit and disconnected all the computers from the LAN. That happened in a space of thirty minutes, and I was still steaming."

Hanssen was delighted to explain how he had hacked into the computer of the FBI's top official in charge of countering Russian espionage. "At some point we ended up in Hanssen's office and he gave a demonstration of how he did it," Mislock said. "After that, the computer people in the division worked to plug the vulnerability. I was not angry at Hanssen. I was angry at the people who had given me assurances that the system could not be hacked. At the time, people were appreciative he had done what he had done."

In retrospect, Mislock theorized that Hanssen had hacked into the FBI's computers for his own reasons. "He went in to look and see if there was anything to indicate he was being watched. He had to come up with a story to explain why he was in the system in case there was some tracking software he didn't know about." Hanssen may have been worried, Mislock believed, that he had left computer traces that might lead back to him.* "So he came forward and was the person who pointed to the vulnerability."

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*His concern was well-founded. FBI computers are designed so every keystroke by a user can be reconstructed if necessary. But in 1993, the FBI was not investigating Hanssen or tracking his computer usage.

Everyone in the division knew what Hanssen had done, and there was considerable buzz about it. Once again, Hanssen had demonstrated his computer wizardry. By breaking into Ray Mislock's computer, he was dancing on the edge, but he had gotten away with it.

* * *

Around the same time, Hanssen was meeting regularly at an unmarked CIA installation in northern Virginia as the FBI member of a secret group dealing with nuclear proliferation. Through his work on the nuclear issue, he developed a close friendship with Barton A. Borrasca, the CIA's specialist on how Pakistan was financing its nuclear weapons program.

If Robert Hanssen could be said to have had a groupie in the U.S. intelligence world, it was Bart Borrasca, who became an unabashed admirer of the FBI agent. They had met in the early 1990s. At the time, Hanssen was no longer funneling secrets to the KGB. He was still working at FBI headquarters as chief of the threat list unit.

Borrasca, who had targeted ICBMs in the Air Force, joined the CIA in 1991 to work on nuclear proliferation. With the Soviet system crumbling, the agency had begun to focus on the proliferation issue in the post–Cold War era. During the Reagan administration, Borrasca had monitored NASA's space shuttle program in the Office of Management and Budget, then worked for Boeing's space systems division in Washington before moving to the CIA.

In April 1992, CIA director Robert M. Gates created the Nonproliferation Center (NPC) within the intelligence agency. It was headed for the next five years by Gordon C. Oehler, a career CIA officer. Borrasca moved over to the new center, which had the mission of monitoring and trying to control the spread of nuclear weapons in the world.

“Borrasca worked in the Transfer Networks Group at NPC,” said one agency colleague. “They focused on unraveling all the shipping and financial networks used by proliferating countries. They were trying to figure out where to put pressure to stop that activity. They studied how countries were moving money and nuclear technology. Borrasca was the Pak guy; he was responsible for Pakistan.”

The fact that Hanssen had worked on nuclear weapons issues was not disclosed after his arrest. As Oehler described the interagency committee on which he served as the FBI's member, “We had a community group which we called CNPC, the Community Nonproliferation Committee.* That was headed by Bob Walpole, who was my deputy. It was a community coordination mechanism, a group of people who got together once a month to talk about problems. They met in Rosslyn in an agency facility."

Hanssen regularly attended these meetings in the early 1990s. "Apparently, during this period Borrasca befriended Hanssen," said a CIA colleague of Borrasca who knew of the close friendship that had developed between the agency analyst and the FBI agent. "Borrasca used to go to Hanssen's house for dinner. He often talked about Hanssen."

At the CIA, Borrasca earned a reputation for unpredictable behavior, at least among some of his coworkers. "Bart went to the Paris air show with a group of CIA analysts," one CIA officer recalled. "Boeing had a chalet near Paris where they put up their executives at the air show. To impress his CIA colleagues, Borrasca goes up to the Boeing table and says, 'I have some CIA people with me, can we put them up at the chalet?'—thereby blowing the cover of the CIA officers, some of whom were undercover.

"At Paris, Borrasca became convinced that the Chinese were following him around. So he began following the Chinese delegates, taking their photographs. He had a very conspiratorial style."

Gordon Oehler put it more kindly. "Bart was a very sincere person who sometimes took off in the wrong direction. There was no ill intent on his part to do anything wrong. He had a lot of energy and sometimes it was hard to pull it back. He was a very hard worker."

At the CIA, according to one colleague, Borrasca had difficulty with sensitivity training designed to make employees aware of sexual harassment. "In sex harassment class, which everyone took, he once asked, 'What about the rights of the harasser?' "

Apparently, the sensitivity training did not make an indelible impression on Borrasca. "Once someone looked out the window and remarked, 'What a beautiful view.' Borrasca was looking the other way, staring at a secretary in the room, and he said, 'The view is pretty good here, too.' " Two or three times, the colleague said, female CIA employees complained of alleged sexual harassment by Borrasca.

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*The word "community" has a benign ring to it that conjures up trim suburban lawns, town hall meetings, and church suppers. In the intelligence world, the word is commonly used to refer to the CIA, the FBI, the NSA, and various other spy agencies that together constitute "the intelligence community."

The CIA is divided into two main directorates. The spies, the clandestine officers, are in the directorate of operations (DO), and the analysts in the directorate of intelligence (DI). "Although Bart was an analyst," the CIA man said, "he was very heavily into anything to do with espionage, which may be why he was friendly with Bob Hanssen." There was another link that drew the two together: both were members of Opus Dei.

Borrasca held Hanssen in such high regard that he kept urging his boss in the Transfer Networks Group, Jack Duggan, to meet him. Finally the three went to lunch. Duggan, a six-foot, white-haired Boston Irishman, was unimpressed. He came back from lunch and remarked dryly: "Birds of a feather."

But it was in 1993 or 1994, the CIA man said, that Borrasca dropped a small bombshell. He reported to a CIA superior that "Hanssen said he was running an operation against President Clinton. They were using cameras, microphones, the whole bit." Borrasca implied that Hanssen was personally involved in the supposed FBI operation directed at the president, "because Borrasca said Hanssen talked about showing him an audio- or videotape from the surveillance."

The sensational allegation that the FBI was bugging and taping the Oval Office alarmed Borrasca's superior, who insisted he repeat it to Suzanne Spaulding, the CIA attorney assigned to the Nonproliferation Center. The CIA officer recalled Spaulding's alarm.

"She told Borrasca to cut off his relationship with Hanssen. 'Stop it! Stop it right away,' she said. 'This is totally outside your job responsibility.' Borrasca said, 'Please don't say anything about this that would ruin my relationship with Hanssen, it's very important to me.' "

Spaulding, a well-respected figure in the intelligence world, had served as a senior staff member of the Senate Intelligence Committee and was later executive director of National Commission on Terrorism, a panel established by Congress.

She recalled the meeting with Borrasca. "Bart spent a lot of time with the bureau, and I cautioned him we were not a law enforcement agency. I don't remember that story [about Clinton]." Asked whether a report that the FBI was bugging the president of the United States was something she would easily forget, she replied: "He maybe didn't say it that way. Or I didn't take it seriously."

Hanssen, however, told a similar story to his close friend Jack Hoschouer. The Clinton White House, he assured Hoschouer, was under electronic surveillance.

There is no doubt that Hanssen was interested in Clinton, whom he did not admire. More than twenty times, he searched the FBI's computerized case files for the names "Hillary Rodham Clinton," "Hillary," "Chelsea," and "Clinton."*

But several former high-level FBI counterintelligence officials said they doubted that the surveillance of Clinton had occurred. "We wouldn't wiretap the president," said one. "Maybe somebody working in the White House. Maybe [Borrasca] misunderstood what Hanssen said." If it was a criminal matter, he added, Hanssen, as an agent in the intelligence division, would not have been involved.

"We did have some trouble" with White House officials, the FBI man acknowledged. One senior presidential adviser had concealed certain questionable contacts, he said. And during the Clinton administration, the National Security Agency's handling of politically sensitive intercepts involving high administration officials led to a bureaucratic battle with the FBI. As one example, the FBI man said, the name of Secretary of Commerce Ron Brown, who died in a plane crash in the Balkans in 1996, turned up in a number of NSA electronic intercepts. "NSA was sending transcripts to the very people who were mentioned. Brown's name would appear in an NSA transcript and they would routinely send it to Brown at Commerce. The bureau and NSA fought over this practice."† But, he repeated, he knew of nothing to support Hanssen's story that President Clinton was a target of FBI electronic surveillance.

It was during this same period early in the Clinton administration that Bart Borrasca introduced James Bamford to Hanssen. Bamford was working at the time as an investigative reporter for ABC News, but he is best known as the author of two bestselling books about the NSA.‡

Bamford had known Borrasca, a native of Orchard Park, New York, a suburb of Buffalo, since childhood. "My family lived for a time outside Buffalo, and I met him when I was about five years old. Years later, both of us ended up in Washington. I was working for ABC News. He was in the CIA. I would see him from time to time, and he said, 'I have this friend who works for the FBI.' "

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*Webster commission, p. 41n.

†Brown spent much of his time as commerce secretary battling probes into his private business dealings. At the time he perished in the plane crash, he was under investigation over charges that he received improper payments from former business partners. The inquiry was dropped after his death.

‡*The Puzzle Palace* (New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1982) and *Body of Secrets: Anatomy of the Ultra-Secret National Security Agency* (New York: Doubleday, 2001). Bamford declined to identify the person at the CIA who had introduced him to Hanssen. The fact that it was Borrasca was learned independently by the author.

A soft-spoken man with a gentle, low-key manner, Bamford was happy to add an FBI counterintelligence agent to his remarkable number of contacts in the spy world. Bamford, whose father served in the merchant marine, was a Navy veteran and had lived on a houseboat on the Potomac for a while. When Borrasca brought Hanssen around, Bamford was living on a sixty-foot cabin cruiser appropriately named the *Safehouse.*

Later Bamford took Bonnie and Bob Hanssen, and Adelia and Bart Borrasca, out on the *Safehouse* with its two-man crew. "On the cruise and other times, we talked about Felix Bloch, a common denominator." Bamford had dug up the Bloch story for ABC News in 1989 and Hanssen was a counterintelligence agent for the FBI, so they often traded views on the case. At the time, the great puzzle in the affair was how the KGB had known to warn Bloch that he was in danger. What Bamford did not then know, of course, was that Hanssen was a Russian spy, the very one who had tipped off the KGB to the fact that Bloch was under investigation by the FBI.

Borrasca piloted his own plane, a Beech Bonanza, and one time Bamford and Hanssen flew with the CIA man to a gun show in Virginia near Fredericksburg. Hanssen brought along his oldest son. "Hanssen seemed right at home at a gun show," Bamford said. "I did my best to hide my antigun feelings. He'd explain what various guns were. I'd ask what is this, what is that? He would tell me. He seemed to know his way around a gun show."

As the friendship between Hanssen and Bamford blossomed, they had lunch together several times, occasionally with Borrasca. Bamford remembered visiting Hanssen at his office at FBI headquarters. "He introduced me to a couple of agents who had worked on the Ames case." Later, when Hanssen was assigned to the State Department, he visited his office there. They would lunch in the State Department cafeteria or at a restaurant nearby.

Hanssen knew that Bamford, on a trip to Moscow, had interviewed Viktor Cherkashin for ABC in 1995. Hungry for details, Hanssen questioned Bamford closely about Cherkashin. What had he said? What was he like? Hanssen even asked to see a transcript of the interview. "I wouldn't show him the transcript," Bamford said, "because that was against network policy, but I did tell him what Cherkashin had told me."

There was good reason for Hanssen's curiosity. If Cherkashin ever defected to the West, he was in a position to destroy Hanssen, whose life was literally in the hands of the Russian spymaster he had never met. It was to Cherkashin that Hanssen had first volunteered his services back in 1985. And when Hanssen had learned in 1986 that KGB defector Victor Gundarev had been shown a photograph of Cherkashin, he fretted that perhaps the FBI was on to the fact that Cherkashin was handling a major source—himself.

Hanssen, Bamford recalled, was always working religion into their conversations. The FBI man would leave work sometimes to attend antiabortion rallies, Bamford said. When Hanssen finally persuaded him to attend an Opus Dei meeting, Bamford, as noted earlier, could hardly wait to escape.

In retrospect, Bamford thought Hanssen must have had his own reasons for wanting to be his friend. Bamford's contacts might somehow prove useful to Hanssen in his double life; the ABC man's access to Cherkashin was one obvious example.

But Hanssen also would sometimes urge Bamford to do news stories on certain topics. "Hanssen would say, 'You should do a story on the infiltration of U.S. society by the Russians.' Hanssen said Russian intelligence could come into the United States undercover as a TV crew to get secrets from a scientific lab, for example." "You ought to look into that," Hanssen would say.

In April 1996, when Bamford married his second wife, Bonnie and Bob Hanssen came to the wedding. In September 1996, Bart Borrasca died of cancer at the young age of forty-nine. Robert Hanssen and Jim Bamford were pallbearers at his funeral mass.

With their mutual friend gone, Bamford saw less of Hanssen after that. "The relationship tapered off after 1997," Bamford said. "We just kind of drifted away." Bamford left ABC in 1998 to write his new book on the NSA. Three years later, he was in for a shock. "On February 20, I turned on my computer and went to the *Washington Post* website. It said there had been a big spy arrest. I saw Hanssen's name and said to myself, 'Good, he's made a great spy arrest.' And then I saw he was the guy arrested.

"I couldn't believe what my eyes were seeing. It was surreal. For three years my job at ABC was finding spies. And here, all along, he was one."

20

"There Has to Be Another"

In February 1994, the FBI arrested Aldrich Ames, Moscow's mole inside the Central Intelligence Agency. He had betrayed dozens of CIA agents in the Soviet Union, causing ten to be executed.

Ames had begun his spying in 1985, while chief of the Soviet counterintelligence branch of the CIA. Although the agent losses were quickly detected by the agency, it took nine years for the CIA to conclude that Ames was the traitor.

Late in 1986, Gardner R. "Gus" Hathaway, then the CIA's counterintelligence chief, appointed Jeanne R. Vertefeuille to head a special task force to find the penetration who was destroying the agency's Soviet assets. A short, gray-haired, grandmotherly woman with glasses, Vertefeuille was so unlikely-looking a counterspy that she might have been chosen by central casting for dramatic irony. But Vertefeuille had an encyclopedic knowledge of KGB cases, and it was her mole hunt unit that eventually pinpointed Ames as the spy.

It was not the first time that the intelligence agencies were obliged to search for moles. There had been a long series of secret FBI studies, some run jointly with the CIA, aimed at discovering penetrations in the two agencies. In the 1970s, for example, the FBI had received information suggesting that an unidentified CIA officer had volunteered information to the Russians. The bureau gave that investigation the code name TRAPDOOR. The case was closed and reopened several times over the years but never resolved.

When it was learned in 1986 that Valery Martynov and Sergei Motorin, the two FBI assets in the Soviet embassy in Washington, had been arrested in Moscow and were to be executed, the bureau formed a six-person team to try to learn how the two had been detected. James T. "Tim" Caruso, a counterintelligence supervisor at FBI headquarters, was appointed head of the task force. A tall, intense New Yorker with thinning red hair, Caruso named the task force ANLACE, after a tapered medieval dagger. Counterintelligence is painstaking work; fourteen years were to go by before it was understood that the two Soviet assets had been betrayed by both Ames and Hanssen.

Not until April 1991 did Jeanne Vertefeuille's group and the FBI join forces to try to discover why the agency had lost its network inside the Soviet Union. Jim Holt, who had been Martynov's case agent, and Jim Milburn—the pair were known as "Jim squared" inside the FBI—both worked on the joint team.

One member of Vertefeuille's task force was Sandy Grimes, who had come over to the mole hunt team from the CIA's Soviet division. She had once carpooled with Ames and was struck by how his personality had changed when he came back from Rome sporting expensive Italian suits and capped teeth. It was Grimes who ultimately zeroed in on Ames by comparing the deposits in his bank account to the dates of his lunches with Sergei D. Chuvakhin, a Soviet diplomat in Washington. Ames had official approval to meet the Russian, whom he was supposedly cultivating for the CIA; but Grimes discovered that either on the same day as or the day after each lunch with Chuvakhin, Ames deposited large sums of money in his bank account. She realized then that the mole had to be Ames.

Grimes's persuasive analysis moved the drama toward its final act. In the spring of 1993, the joint FBI-CIA mole hunt team produced a secret report code-named PLAYACTOR/SKYLIGHT. It estimated that thirty CIA Soviet operations had been sabotaged between 1985 and 1986 and described the efforts of the KGB to deflect the search for a Soviet spy in the CIA. The mole, the report added, must have worked in the CIA's Soviet division in counterintelligence.

The report amounted to a virtual description of Ames, whose name was included on a list of forty people in an appendix. The joint mole hunt team actually took a vote on who the mole was. At the CIA, according to R. Patrick Watson, the FBI's number two counterintelligence official at the time, "People sat around a table and voted who was the most likely candidate. Ames got more votes than anyone else."

In May 1993, the FBI opened its case on Ames. It was directed by

Robert M. "Bear" Bryant, the head of the Washington field office, and John Lewis, his deputy. Lewis chose Special Agent Leslie G. Wiser, Jr., to run the squad that placed Ames under surveillance. Both the case and Ames were code-named NIGHTMOVER. Nine months later, the FBI operation culminated in Ames's arrest.

In the highest councils of the CIA and the FBI, however, the arrest of Aldrich Ames in 1994 brought only a fleeting sense of relief. As the damage assessment of the Ames case proceeded, it quickly became apparent that his actions—the betrayal of the CIA's entire Soviet network—could not explain all of the puzzles still haunting the two agencies. There were a number of anomalies, as such unexplained events are known in the intelligence world, but the one that still loomed largest was the Felix Bloch case.

Somehow the KGB had been able to warn Bloch that he was in danger. And Aldrich Ames had not known about the FBI investigation of Bloch. He did not have access to the case. In the late spring of 1989, when someone had alerted the KGB to the FBI surveillance of Bloch, Ames was winding up a three-year tour in Rome. He did not return to the United States until July 20, 1989, a full month after the telephoned warning to Bloch.

Details are the essence of counterintelligence, and spycatchers must pay close attention to details if they are to prevail. The troublesome facts of the Bloch case could not be ignored.

After the arrest of Aldrich Ames, Senator Dennis DeConcini, the Arizona Democrat who was chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, held closed hearings on the case and personally interviewed Ames at length in his jail cell. During the hearings, he said, the FBI made it clear "there has to be another."

There were other anomalies besides the Bloch case. "There were a lot of things that Ames did not know about," one CIA man recalled years later. "One of the things was the tunnel. And one or two other bureau technical collection systems that had clearly been compromised."

One of these was an ingenious FBI operation code-named SPIDERWEB.* The bureau did not have the manpower to trail every Russian intelligence officer in Washington around the clock, but it devised a scheme to track them electronically. During the 1980s, the FBI managed to plant devices in the cars used by the Soviets.

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*Both SPIDERWEB and MONOPOLY, the tunnel under the Soviet embassy, were betrayed to the KGB by Hanssen, but of course this was not yet known in 1994.

The gadgets planted in the cars were neither microphones nor homing devices. SPIDERWEB was something new entirely. When a car driven by an intelligence officer passed certain fixed points around the Washington area, the bugs would transmit a signal, rather like the E-ZPass or similar devices that are common today and used by commuters to drive through tollbooths.

Sometime prior to 1991, SPIDERWEB crashed. "The devices stopped working," said one FBI man. "We knew the operation was compromised because the Russians took all their cars into the garage and tore them apart. The bureau's theory was they found one and pulled all the cars apart and found all of them. In reality, we now know they had been tipped off."

In the 1980s, Jeanne Vertefeuille had not initially been given the resources she needed to run the CIA's search for the penetration; as time passed, the agency seemed to have other priorities. It was Paul J. Redmond, a senior CIA counterintelligence officer, who was credited with reviving the mole hunt that in 1994 resulted in the FBI's successful surveillance and arrest of Aldrich Ames. Within weeks of Ames's capture, Redmond had set up a Special Investigations Unit (SIU) as a follow-on to the mole hunt unit.

In May 1994, President Clinton, reacting to the Ames case, reshuffled the government's counterintelligence agencies. It had, after all, taken nine years for the CIA to catch up with Ames. Among other changes, Clinton's Presidential Decision Directive 24, in an unprecedented action, required that an FBI agent head a Counterespionage Group (CEG) within the CIA's Counterintelligence Center. It was not a popular move within the CIA, which thought it could do its own spy-catching.

And so, against the background of the Bloch mystery and the technical losses, the FBI and the CIA secretly launched a new mole hunt in 1994. To run it, in compliance with the Clinton directive, the FBI selected Ed Curran.

Then fifty, Curran had the right experience and background to try to discover the penetration. Tall, slim, and athletic, the father of four, he looked the part of an FBI man. He was a New York boy, born and raised in the Irish ghetto at 125th Street and Riverside Drive. His family moved to New Jersey, and Curran worked his way through college with his first FBI job, as a clerk in the Newark office. He got his degree in 1968 and became an FBI agent the same year. The bureau sent him to New York in 1972, and he began a full-time career as a counterspy. In the Soviet section at headquarters in the mid-1980s, he had worked on some of the most important cases—Pelton, Howard, and Yurchenko.

In August 1994, Curran came from the FBI to CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia, and took over the Counterespionage Group (CEG). In that post, he also supervised the SIU, which was first located on the fourth floor of the new CIA headquarters building and then hidden undercover behind an unmarked door on the first floor of the adjoining older headquarters building. About seven CIA and three or four FBI specialists staffed the SIU. So secret was the mole hunt unit that very few of the 125 employees of the CIA's Counterespionage Group knew what it was doing or even where it was. Only a handful of CIA people were allowed into the SIU office, although dozens of FBI agents had free access.

The agency and the bureau had historically mixed like oil and water. In part, this was due to their different missions. The CIA's task was to collect intelligence; the FBI was ultimately a law-enforcement agency with responsibility for investigating crimes and arresting people, including spies. Conflicts were bound to arise.

"Whenever the CIA has a problem they circle the wagons," said one FBI counterintelligence agent. "And it's not just CIA. NSA had polygraphed a guy ten times, and he failed each time. A code clerk, he'd had sex with transvestites in Asian alleyways; his regular sex partner was a German shepherd. To wait as long as they did before calling in the FBI was outrageous. We never made a case against the code clerk."

As the SIU began its work, there were inevitable clashes of cultures and personalities. Redmond, a Harvard man from Massachusetts who could swear in Serbo-Croatian—he had served in Yugoslavia for the CIA, as well as in the Near East—and Curran, the street-smart New Yorker, did not get along. But the bureaucratic infighting was largely the result of the presidential order putting the FBI onto the CIA's turf.

The new mole hunt team got off to a rocky start. Only Diana Worthen, a midwesterner who had been Ames's intelligence assistant in Mexico City, was a holdover from Jeanne Vertefeuille's task force. She had good qualifications for the job—it was Worthen who was the first to raise the alarm about her old boss when she saw his affluent lifestyle and large house in Arlington, Virginia. But Worthen stayed with the new mole hunt unit less than two years.

Laine Bannerman, whose father had headed CIA security a generation earlier, was the first, albeit short-lived, head of the SIU. "She was very friendly, a DO person from the Russian side," Curran said, "but very protective of the CIA. She thought she was in charge and would decide what the FBI got. We had to resolve that right away. We immediately had conflicts. She's trying to protect the agency's jewels, and we're trying to investigate."

Soon, Mary Sommer, a CIA reports officer from the Central Eurasian (CE) division, was brought in to run the unit, although Bannerman remained a member. With all the bureaucratic clashes going on, Curran imported Jim Milburn from the FBI to work with the SIU. Milburn was one of the two analysts who had prepared the study of moles in the FBI that Robert Hanssen had directed in 1988.

Essentially, the mole hunt never ended, because the search for penetrations carried out under the cryptonyms TRAPDOOR, ANLACE, PLAYACTOR/SKYLIGHT, and NIGHTMOVER had now been taken over by the SIU. "There was no crypt," said Curran. "We didn't want people to know what we were doing."

Although there were only ten CIA and FBI specialists who composed the SIU, fifty or sixty FBI agents were assigned to the mole hunt at Buzzard's Point, then the location of the bureau's Washington field office. "They had desks and badges at CIA and could come and go as they pleased," Curran said.

In addition to those assigned to the field office and at the CIA, other agents at FBI headquarters were detailed to the search for the mole. They were based, and kept their files, in the "Black Vault," an oddly shaped secure room on the fourth floor directly across from the Soviet analytical unit where Hanssen had worked.*

In the FBI's New York City field office, meanwhile, a separate mole hunt was in progress. Cases had gone bad, and the bureau had source information hinting that there was a penetration in the New York office. Louis Freeh, the new FBI director, became convinced that agents in the

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*According to David Major, "The vault was the off-limits office where they were looking for a penetration. Officially we didn't know what they were doing, but everybody knew." Robert Hanssen certainly was aware of what was going on in the Black Vault, a few feet from his own desk.

Big Apple were not pursuing the problem vigorously enough. Freeh abruptly transferred the bureau's New York counterintelligence chief and named Thomas J. Pickard, an accountant by training, to replace him. Pickard in turn brought Tim Caruso to New York as his deputy.

Soon a more intense mole hunt was under way. Robert Wade was dispatched from headquarters to work the case "off campus," in FBI parlance, which meant he operated quietly out of an apartment on the west side of Manhattan, with a team of three or four agents from headquarters and a like number carefully chosen from the New York field office.

According to Pickard, the mole hunters drew up a list of everyone, including special agents, who worked in counterintelligence and had access to the cases that had gone south. "About two hundred employees, special agents, support employees, were looked at," he said. One FBI agent in particular became the chief suspect, but nothing was ever proven against him.

As in most mole hunts, other innocent agents were caught up in the net. A. Jackson Lowe, the assistant counterintelligence chief in New York, was summoned to the airport at one point to meet a group of senior FBI officials from headquarters. The spy in the New York field office, they informed him, had met his Russian contact somewhere away from the Soviet Mission to the United Nations. Grimly, they informed Lowe that the suspect walked with a limp. The counterspies from headquarters had asked Lowe to come to the airport because they knew that his partner walked with a limp, the result of a degenerative bone disease. A man with a limp! It began to sound like something out of an Alfred Hitchcock movie. Lowe didn't know whether to laugh or cry. His partner, he said, was the field office liaison with the KGB. "He goes into the mission every six weeks," Lowe told the officials. "He wouldn't need to meet anyone outside the mission."

There was never any case made against Lowe's partner, a loyal agent, and the suspicions were soon dropped. But the man had tears in his eyes when Lowe later told him what had happened. "How could they even *think* I would do something like that?" he asked.

The sweeping New York mole hunt that began in 1993 found no moles. But about two years later, with the help of a Russian defector, the FBI did uncover the agent, no longer in New York, who had been the penetration. The bureau gave him the code name BLINDSWITCH.

He was Earl Edwin Pitts, an FBI counterintelligence agent who spied for the KGB in New York for five years, between 1987 and 1992, and was paid $124,000. He turned over to the Soviets details of FBI counterintelligence operations against the Russians. The Russian defector, Rollan G. Dzheikiya, told the FBI he had introduced Pitts to the KGB at the New York Public Library.

Dzheikiya had been the Communist Party chief at the mission, an unpopular job, since staffers were required to kick back a huge chunk of their salaries to the Party. After the Soviet Union collapsed, Dzheikiya stayed in New York, trying to make it on his own. He hoped to remain in the United States and needed a green card to become a permanent resident. So he was amenable to helping the FBI when the bureau, aware of his circumstances, came knocking at his door.

The bureau ran a sting against Pitts, with agents posing as Russians. He was arrested in December 1996, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to twenty-seven years. He told investigators he began spying because he had become enraged at the FBI, in part because of his low pay and the high cost of living in New York.

* * *

In Washington, the secret joint effort of the FBI and the CIA, if it did not pick up the scent of Robert Hanssen, at least played a role in the unmasking both of Earl Pitts and of another spy, this one in the CIA.

Harold James Nicholson, the highest-ranking CIA officer ever charged with espionage, was arrested at Dulles Airport in November 1996 as he prepared to fly to Switzerland to meet his Russian handler. When Nicholson fell under suspicion, some two hundred FBI agents had been assigned to the case. The investigation of the CIA officer was at the root of some of the static between the two agencies. "A lot of people in SIU thought Nicholson was not the guy, we were picking on him," said one FBI man. "That's where Curran and Redmond got at odds with each other."

Handsome, smooth, friendly, and articulate, Nicholson did seem an unlikely spy. He had been CIA station chief in Romania, then deputy chief of station in Malaysia. But divorced, with three children and short of money, he asked the SVR *rezident* in Kuala Lumpur for $25,000, eventually collecting $300,000 from the Russians. In return he gave Moscow the names of about three hundred graduates of the Farm, the CIA training base near Williamsburg, Virginia, and hundreds of documents, including a summary of the debriefing of Aldrich Ames after Ames had pleaded guilty to espionage. Nicholson, who liked to call himself Batman, agreed to cooperate with the government and was sentenced to twenty-three years in prison.

While the mole hunters were wrapping up these high-profile spy cases, the CIA and the FBI were slowly working their way through a bureaucratic maze known inside the CIA as "the A-to-Z list." The list was a direct fallout from the Ames case. The Counterespionage Group and CIA's Office of Security (OS) were reviewing a huge backlog of polygraph tests to make sure another mole was not lurking somewhere inside Langley. It was a tedious, time-consuming job.

"The A-to-Z list had about three hundred people who had SPRs," said one CIA official. "Significant Physiological Responses on the polygraph. Some of those on the list had nothing to do with CI. Some had contacts with foreign nationals. Several dozen were referred to the bureau, as required by law. The vast majority were sorted out by the Office of Security."

"Gradually, over several years we cleared most of it up," another CIA man said. There were two parallel efforts going on, he explained. "You had OS and the Counterespionage Group and the bureau working on the A-to-Z list. Simultaneously, SIU and the bureau were working on the new search for penetrations.

"There were people on the A-to-Z list whose careers were affected. Some people didn't get to go overseas. The agency's polygraphers got very tough because they had been criticized for having passed Ames. In the hysterical atmosphere after Ames, there were agency people referred to the bureau. And the bureau takes their time, but they were overwhelmed with the numbers." The job of sifting through the three hundred names on the CIA list took years. Even after Hanssen's arrest in 2001, several of the A-to-Z cases were still unresolved.

The same directive issued by President Clinton that established the Counterespionage Group also created a government-wide interagency panel to coordinate counterintelligence in the light of the Ames debacle. The National Counterintelligence Center, or NACIC, was housed at CIA headquarters, and its chief was Michael J. Waguespack, a senior FBI counterspy.

Robert Hanssen was particularly interested in the new center, perhaps because it would have afforded him access to counterintelligence information from all agencies of the government across the board, as well as information about counterintelligence activities overseas. Because NACIC was only a research and coordinating body, FBI agents involved in operational activities were not stampeding to join the new center. But Hanssen pressed Waguespack to get him transferred into NACIC.

"You'll have to take a polygraph," Hanssen was cautioned.

Hanssen had never had to take a lie detector test during his entire career in the FBI. No thanks, he replied; he had been reflecting further about the transfer and thought he might just as well remain at headquarters.

21

Mole Wars

Pete O'Donnell thought there was something odd about the Pitts case. O'Donnell was a veteran FBI counterspy who had worked for a dozen years in New York City on Squad 30, the unit that watched the KGB.

Earl Edwin Pitts, the FBI counterintelligence agent, had been arrested as a Russian spy in 1996. At headquarters, Special Agent Thomas K. Kimmel, Jr., was assigned to direct the damage assessment. Kimmel had little background in foreign counterintelligence, so he called in O'Donnell to help him.

At fifty-five, Kimmel was a tall, wiry man, with blond hair and blue eyes, handsome enough to be cast as the older cowhand in a Hollywood western. His consuming preoccupation, aside from his work, was to try to remove the stain on the family name. His grandfather was Rear Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, who with Army Lieutenant General Walter Short was officially blamed for the disaster when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor.

"I am the sixth graduate of the naval academy in my family," he said in an interview in the living room of his home in northern Virginia, where he sat near an oil portrait of his grandfather.*

In September 1997, the damage assessment team began work. Kimmel headed a group of four agents and four analysts. Their mission was to discover exactly what secrets Pitts had sold to the KGB, what programs might have been compromised, and how extensive the damage was to U.S. security.

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*Kimmel and his family have tried for years to clear the admiral's name and restore his rank, which reverted to two stars when he was relieved of his command in December 1941 after Pearl Harbor. In 2000, Congress passed a law requesting the president to nominate both Kimmel and Short to higher ranks.

As O'Donnell began examining the documents in the case, including the transcripts of the extensive FBI debriefings of the spy, it struck him that the way the Russians had run Pitts was peculiar. The KGB was not exploiting him. They were not asking for a lot of material or for specific documents. To O'Donnell, one obvious reason might be that the Russians had another source inside the FBI. If the KGB was already getting a plentiful supply of secrets from a mole in the bureau, it might explain its laid-back handling of Earl Pitts.

O'Donnell shared his suspicions with Kimmel, who agreed and demanded to see sensitive counterintelligence files that he hoped would support their theory. Kimmel soon found himself about as popular inside headquarters as the proverbial skunk at a garden party. In part, the root of the trouble was cultural.

Division 5, the intelligence division, by then renamed the National Security Division, was a cadre of specialists in counterintelligence. The spycatchers believed they knew their business, and although O'Donnell was an insider, Kimmel was not. At the time he was assigned to the Pitts damage assessment, Kimmel was working on the bureau's inspection staff, never an admired group to begin with.

From the start, there was friction between Kimmel and the managers of the intelligence division, including John Lewis, who had taken over as the assistant director in charge in February 1997, and Ed Curran, then the chief of the Russian section.

Lewis was a husky former captain in the Marines who had served in Vietnam, as well as on the staff of the National Security Council and in the CIA. Although soft-spoken, he left no doubt about who was in charge; he allowed Kimmel to have access to some files, but kept him on a tight leash.

To Lewis, it appeared that Kimmel was trying to expand his damage assessment in the Pitts case into a mole hunt. But that was not his brief; the bureau and the CIA already had the SIU and dozens of people trying to find the penetration. Kimmel, Lewis made clear, was to stick to his task.

Kimmel was asking to see case files, including raw files, that had nothing to do with Pitts. That raised Lewis's hackles. He did not want Kimmel and his team combing through the files of unresolved cases and learning the names of suspects. Some of the files, Lewis said, identified bureau agents who had been scrutinized in the New York mole hunt before Pitts was caught.

"Others related to sensitive source reporting from both the bureau and the agency on walk-ins around the world, [SVR] hallway gossip about penetrations. We had a walk-in to the Soviet embassy in Portugal where the guy flashed CIA creds. He, Kimmel, wanted everything in the world we had on penetrations to see if it in some way related to Pitts. But his job was to see what Pitts had compromised.

"We were not about to allow him to be privy to all of those files. My job as assistant director was to protect sources and methods. I was not about to open them up to someone who had no sensitivity nor complete understanding of highly classified information relating to penetration of the U.S. government. I was not going to open up our entire innermost secrets to someone who had never even worked this stuff." Kimmel, Lewis added, was "a good investigator" but "although well intentioned, he was very difficult to work with. He had confrontations with everyone."

Lewis did not disagree with Kimmel's theory that the KGB's handling of Pitts might suggest the existence of another penetration. "The fact that the Russians had not tasked Pitts—we knew that. It was common sense there might be somebody else."

Kimmel, for his part, strongly defended his study of the Pitts case. "My hypothesis was the greatest damage Pitts was doing was making it more complicated for FBI counterintelligence teams to uncover what turned out to be Ames. The Soviets could play one off against the other and confuse the trail. The great unknown was, are there more than Pitts?

"It was inconceivable to me that we are saying that the KGB's number one job is to penetrate the FBI and they have Pitts as a source and are not exploiting him to a greater degree. That doesn't make any sense to me. If the shoe was on the other foot and we had only one Soviet source, we would be falling all over ourselves to exploit every drop of blood from the guy."

On February 12, 1999, Kimmel met in a seventh-floor conference room at FBI headquarters with Louis Freeh, the director; Neil J. Gallagher, who had become the division chief some months after Lewis retired; and other FBI officials. Freeh asked Kimmel whether he thought there were other moles in the FBI, but Kimmel said he had not had access to enough information to form a judgment.

Freeh ordered Kimmel to investigate further and authorized him to see more files. But Kimmel was not shown all that he wanted to see because counterintelligence officials continued to restrict his access to sensitive cases.

The following month, Kimmel met with Freeh again. "I did not say definitely that I thought there was a mole in the FBI," Kimmel said. "But it was perfectly obvious I was concerned there was a mole in the FBI."

Looking back on these events, Kimmel said that when he prepared his study he was unaware that when the FBI interviewed Pitts in prison in June 1997, the convicted spy was asked whether he knew of any other moles inside the bureau. Pitts said he did not, but he also said he suspected Robert Hanssen because Hanssen had broken into the computer of another counterintelligence official. Bureau officials assumed this was a reference to the time in 1993 when Hanssen had hacked into Ray Mislock's computer. Since they already knew about that incident, and Hanssen had come forward and claimed to Mislock that he was simply trying to prove that the FBI computer network was vulnerable, the FBI discounted what Pitts said.

"The debriefings of Pitts are a foot high," Kimmel said. "If Hanssen's name is in any of that I missed it. All the debriefings were recorded. I don't know if it made it to the transcript. I read every word of every transcript and don't recall seeing Hanssen's name. That is not to say I couldn't have missed it. If I missed it, then shame on me. And in that case, everyone else on my team missed it, too."

Kimmel submitted his 250-page report in March 1999. He said that Robert Bryant, then FBI deputy director, had ordered him to confine his assessment to the Pitts case. The report went to the CIA and other intelligence agencies, and to the Senate intelligence committee. Kimmel prepared a shorter, 150-page version for internal use by the FBI. "Neither has anything about other penetrations," he said.

But in a separate short memo in April, Kimmel speculated that the bureau might harbor a mole. In May, the National Security Division issued a twenty-eight-page analysis of Kimmel's memo, concluding that he had not produced any real evidence to support his theory. Nevertheless, when news reports of Kimmel's study and his turf struggles with the intelligence division were published in *The New York Times* after Hanssen's arrest, it was one more blow to the bureau, already battered by a series of embarrassing mishaps in unrelated cases and by the fact that Hanssen had gone undetected for more than two decades.

The disclosures left the appearance that the bureau had fumbled the chance to catch a mole in its ranks two years earlier. FBI officials in turn argued that Kimmel had never produced any solid evidence, only “hunches” that proved correct but were not supported by hard facts. In effect, the FBI argued that Kimmel had simply lucked out.

“He was right,” Neil Gallagher said. “But for the wrong reasons.”

THE EARLY YEARS

COURTESY OF VIVIAN HANSSEN

A happier moment … Robert Hanssen, at age seven in 1951, proudly holds up his catch with his father, Howard, a Chicago police officer. But the two already had a deeply troubled relationship.

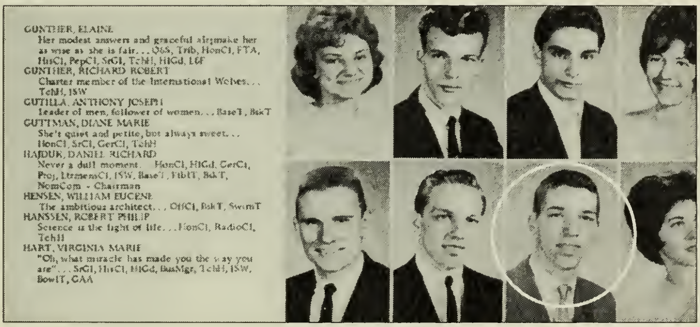

GUNTHER, ELAINE
Her modest answers and graceful air make her as wise as she is fair. . . Q&S, Trib, HonCl, FTA, HisCl, PepCl, SrGl, TchH, HIGd, L&F
GUNTHER, RICHARD ROBERT
Charter member of the International Wolves. . . TchH, ISW
GUTILLA, ANTHONY JOSEPH
Leader of men, follower of women. . . BaseT, BskT
GUTTMAN, DIANE MARIE
She's quiet and petite, but always sweet. . . HonCl, SrCl, GerCl, TchH
HAJDUK, DANIEL RICHARD
Never a dull moment. . . HonCl, HIGd, GerCl, Proj, LtrmensCl, ISW, BaseT, FtblT, BskT, NomCom - Chairman
HENSEN, WILLIAM EUGENE
The ambitious architect. . . OffCl, BskT, SwimT
HANSSEN, ROBERT PHILIP
Science is the light of life. . . HonCl, RadioCl, TchH
HART, VIRGINIA MARIE
"Oh, what miracle has made you the way you are". . . SrGl, HisCl, HIGd, BusMgr, TchH, ISW, BowlT, GAA

1962 AERIE, WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK

"Science is the light of life...." Hanssen's future technical prowess was forecast by the motto he chose for his high school yearbook and his membership in the ham radio club.

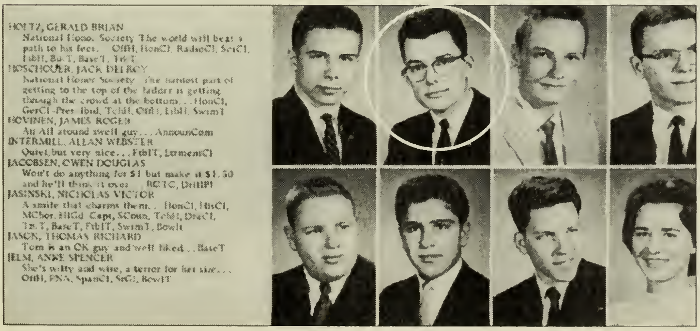

HOLTZ, GERALD BRIAN
National Hono. Society The world will beat a path to his feet. . . OffH, HonCl, RadioCl, SciCl, LibH, BskT, BaseT, TrkT
HOSCHOUER, JACK DELROY
National Honor Society The hardest part of getting to the top of the ladder is getting through the crowd at the bottom. . . HonCl, GerCl-Pres. Ibid, TchH, OffH, LibH, SwimT
HOVINEN, JAMES ROGER
An All around swell guy. . . AnnounCom
INTERMILL, ALLAN WEBSTER
Quiet, but very nice. . . FtblT, LtrmensCl
JACOBSEN, OWEN DOUGLAS
Won't do anything for $1 but make it $1.50 and he'll think it over. . . ROTC, DrillPl
JASINSKI, NICHOLAS VICTOR
A smile that charms them. . . HonCl, HisCl, MChor, HIGd Capt, SCoun, TchH, DraCl, TrkT, BaseT, FtblT, SwimT, BowlT
JASON, THOMAS RICHARD
Tom is an OK guy and well liked. . . BaseT
JELM, ANNE SPENCER
She's witty and wise, a terror for her size. . . OffH, FNA, SpanCl, SrGl, BowlT

1962 AERIE, WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK

Hanssen's high school classmate Jack Hoschouer became his lifelong friend.

Chicago, August 1968: A smiling Hanssen, twenty-four, and his bride, Bonnie Wauck, twenty-one. Standing behind them are his parents, Howard and Vivian Hanssen. Seated at left is Howard's mother, Louise.

October 1970: After dropping out of dental school, Hanssen switched to accounting at Northwestern University. Here, while a student, he poses with Bonnie, right, and her sister, Jeanne, in front of the Wauck family home in Park Ridge, a Chicago suburb.

Bob and Bonnie at a Wisconsin park in the early 1970s. In 1972, after working briefly as an accountant, Hanssen was hired as a police officer in Chicago and assigned to investigate corruption on the force. Four years later, he joined the FBI.

THE SPY

A pudgy Hanssen, now a special agent at FBI headquarters in Washington, D.C., relaxes on the deck of his Vienna, Virginia, home in the early 1980s. He had already begun his career as a Russian spy and betrayed vital secrets to Moscow.

JACQUELINE MIA FOSTER/CONTACT PRESS IMAGES

The spymaster. Viktor Cherkashin, the KGB counterintelligence chief in Washington, was contacted by Hanssen in an unsigned letter when the FBI agent resumed spying in 1985. Cherkashin told the author that the KGB never learned Hanssen's identity.

© DAVID WISE

After a two-year tour in New York City, where Hanssen wiretapped Soviet installations, the couple returned to Washington in 1987 and bought this house on Talisman Drive in Vienna.

Jack Hoschouer. He was unaware that Hanssen, his best friend, had offered him up to the KGB as a possible target for recruitment. But the Russians never approached him.

© DAVID WISE

Bob and Bonnie Hanssen in Vienna, Virginia, in the late 1980s. It was his most active time as a Soviet spy.

FOXSTONE
PARK
FAIRFAX COUNTY PARK AUTHORITY

© DAVID WISE

Hanssen would leave a piece of white tape on this signpost near his home to signal the KGB that he had left secret documents at dead drop ELLIS, a hiding place under a footbridge in the park.

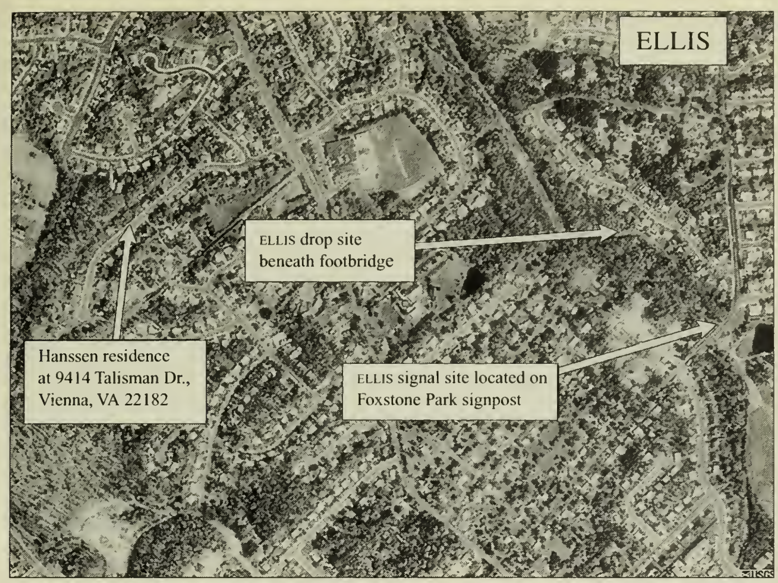
ELLIS
ELLIS drop site beneath footbridge
Hanssen residence at 9414 Talisman Dr., Vienna, VA 22182
ELLIS signal site located on Foxstone Park signpost

A satellite view of dead drop ELLIS in Foxstone Park, the signal site, and the Hanssen house on Talisman Drive.

H. KEITH MELTON AND WWW.SPYIMAGES.NET

Dead drop LEWIS, used by Hanssen and the KGB to exchange documents and money, was beneath the wooden stage in this outdoor amphitheater in Arlington, Virginia.

FBI

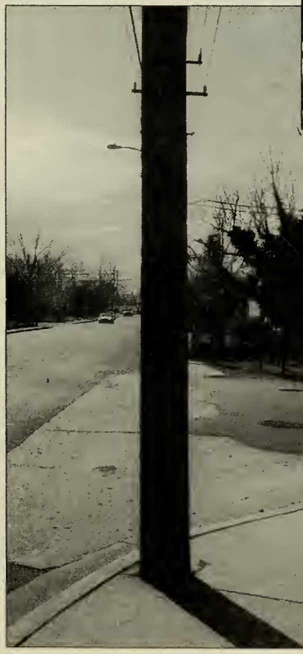

FBI

The electric utility pole used as the signal site for dead drop LEWIS. Hanssen failed to pick up the last $50,000 the Russians left for him at LEWIS after rain washed the tape off the pole. The FBI recovered the money.

In 1989, Hanssen tipped off the KGB to one of the FBI's biggest secrets—the eavesdropping tunnel it had dug under the new Soviet embassy in Washington. The FBI wondered why the multimillion-dollar project produced so little of value.

© DAVID WISE

CYNTHIA KWITCHOFF/CI CENTRE

"He knew all the secrets...." David Major, a former senior counterintelligence agent who worked with Hanssen, said the FBI spy's job gave him access to the bureau's most sensitive operations.

Paul Moore, a former FBI analyst, befriended Hanssen.

CYNTHIA KWITCHOFF/CI CENTRE

THE VICTIMS

© DAVID WISE

General Dimitri Fedorovich Polyakov, right, code name TOPHAT, in a top hat. Photo was taken aboard the *Queen Elizabeth* in 1962 as Polyakov and two unidentified Soviet companions were returning to Moscow. One of the most valuable FBI and CIA sources of the Cold War, Polyakov was betrayed first by Robert Hanssen, then by CIA turncoat Aldrich H. Ames, and later executed.

Lieutenant Colonel Valery Martynov of the KGB was secretly working for the FBI until Hanssen betrayed him. Lured back to Moscow, Martynov was executed.

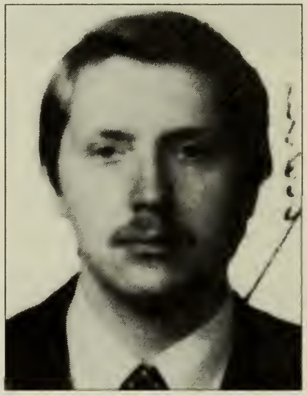

Major Sergei Motorin of the KGB, another FBI asset in Washington, was also betrayed by Hanssen. When he returned home, he, too, was executed.

Boris Yuzhin, a KGB officer secretly spying for the FBI, was luckier. Although imprisoned after Hanssen betrayed him, he was pardoned, and now lives in California.

H. KEITH MELTON AND WWW.SPYIMAGES.NET

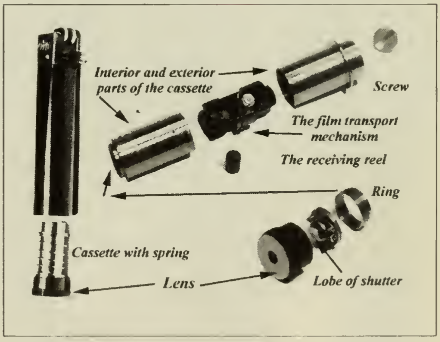

Interior and exterior parts of the cassette
Screw
The film transport mechanism
The receiving reel
Ring
Cassette with spring
Lens
Lobe of shutter

Yuzhin fell under suspicion in the KGB when he lost this tiny camera, disguised as a cigarette lighter, which had been given to him by the CIA.

SEX, LIES, VIDEOTAPE, AND CASH

Hanssen and his friend Jack Hoschouer, left, in a rare photo together. Hanssen sent him nude pictures of Bonnie when Hoschouer served in the Army in Vietnam; later Hanssen insisted his friend watch him having sex with Bonnie, at first through a window, and then on closed-circuit television through a video camera Hanssen had hidden in the bedroom of his house.

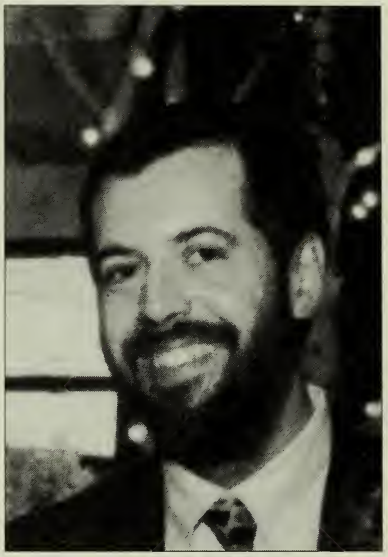

FBI agent Mark Wauck, Bonnie Hanssen's brother, told an FBI supervisor in Chicago that a large amount of unexplained cash had been seen on Hanssen's dresser. This information was not relayed to FBI headquarters in Washington.

Bob and Bonnie Hanssen on the wedding day of their daughter Jane, 1995.

The stripper. Hanssen, infatuated with Priscilla Sue Galey, whom he had met in a Washington strip club, took her on a trip to Hong Kong and gave her expensive jewelry.

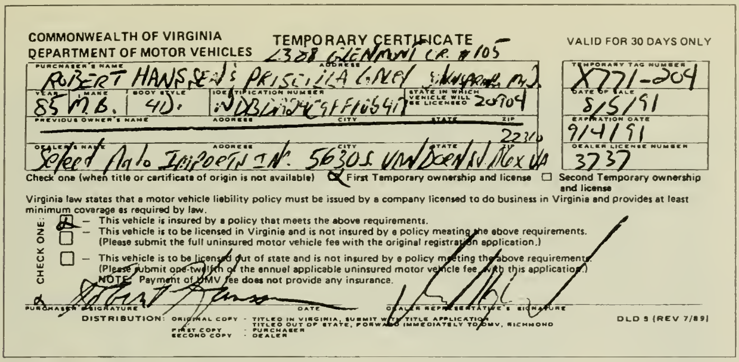

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA
DEPARTMENT OF MOTOR VEHICLES

TEMPORARY CERTIFICATE

VALID FOR 30 DAYS ONLY

PURCHASER'S NAME: ROBERT HANSSEN & PRISCILLA GALEY	ADDRESS: 2308 GLENMONT CR. #105 [illegible] MD.				TEMPORARY TAG NUMBER: X771-204
YEAR: 85	MAKE: M.B.	BODY STYLE: 4D.	IDENTIFICATION NUMBER: [illegible]	STATE IN WHICH VEHICLE WILL BE LICENSED: 20904	DATE OF SALE: 8/5/91
PREVIOUS OWNER'S NAME	ADDRESS	CITY	STATE	ZIP	EXPIRATION DATE: 9/4/91
DEALER'S NAME: Select Auto Imports Inc.	ADDRESS: 5630 S. Van Dorn St.	CITY: Alex	STATE: VA	ZIP: 22310	DEALER LICENSE NUMBER: 3737

Check one (when title or certificate of origin is not available) ☒ First Temporary ownership and license ☐ Second Temporary ownership and license

Virginia law states that a motor vehicle liability policy must be issued by a company licensed to do business in Virginia and provides at least minimum coverage as required by law.

CHECK ONE:
- ☒ – This vehicle is insured by a policy that meets the above requirements.
- ☐ – This vehicle is to be licensed in Virginia and is not insured by a policy meeting the above requirements. (Please submit the full uninsured motor vehicle fee with the original registration application.)
- ☐ – This vehicle is to be licensed out of state and is not insured by a policy meeting the above requirements. (Please submit one-twelfth of the annual applicable uninsured motor vehicle fee with this application.) NOTE: Payment of DMV fee does not provide any insurance.

Robert Hanssen
PURCHASER'S SIGNATURE — DATE — DEALER REPRESENTATIVE'S SIGNATURE

DISTRIBUTION: ORIGINAL COPY - TITLED IN VIRGINIA, SUBMIT WITH TITLE APPLICATION
TITLED OUT OF STATE, FORWARD IMMEDIATELY TO DMV, RICHMOND
FIRST COPY - PURCHASER
SECOND COPY - DEALER

DLD 5 (REV 7/89)

"You bought me a Mercedes!" Galey could not believe her good fortune when Hanssen gave her a silver Mercedes, for which he paid $10,500.

© DAVID WISE

J. Edgar Hoover F.B.I. Building

In 1993, Hanssen physically attacked Kimberly Lichtenberg, who worked in the headquarters unit he supervised. He received a mild reprimand, but there was no internal investigation of the agent who was arrested eight years later as the most damaging spy in the history of the FBI.

Hanssen in 1993 at a farewell party in Washington for an FBI colleague. At the time this photograph was taken, he had temporarily broken off contact with Moscow following the collapse of the Soviet Union.

Bonnie Hanssen in 1995. She told investigators she knew nothing of her husband's spying after 1980. When Hanssen was arrested, she cooperated with the FBI and, as a result, received a share of his pension.

When Tom Burns, who had been Hanssen's boss at the FBI, retired in 1995, Hanssen collected the money for his farewell dinner.

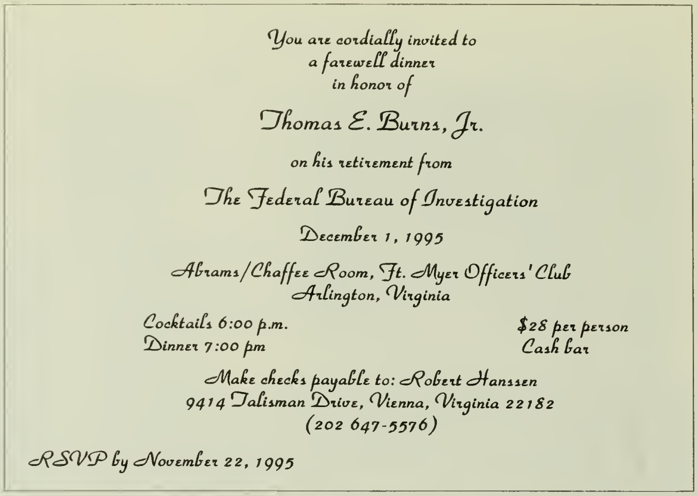

You are cordially invited to
a farewell dinner
in honor of

Thomas E. Burns, Jr.

on his retirement from

The Federal Bureau of Investigation

December 1, 1995

Abrams/Chaffee Room, Ft. Myer Officers' Club
Arlington, Virginia

Cocktails 6:00 p.m. *$28 per person*
Dinner 7:00 pm *Cash bar*

Make checks payable to: Robert Hanssen
9414 Talisman Drive, Vienna, Virginia 22182
(202 647-5576)

RSVP by November 22, 1995

COURTESY OF THOMAS E. BURNS, JR.

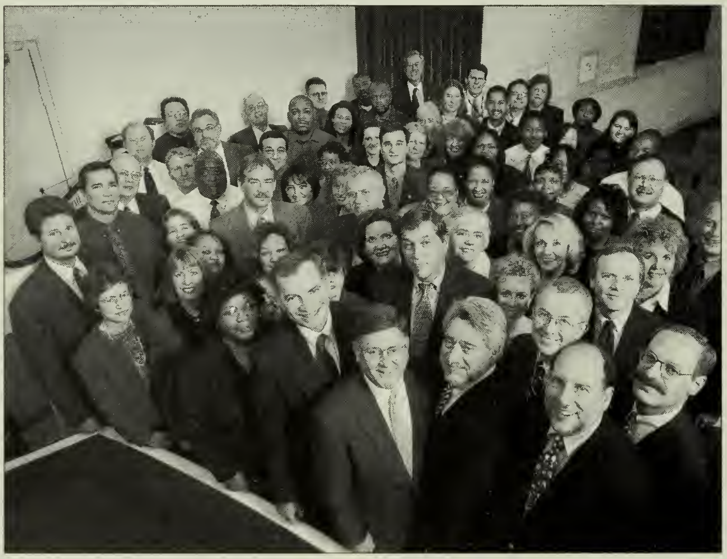

DOUG SANFORD/PHOTOGROUP

Hanssen resumed spying for Russia in 1999 while assigned by the FBI to the State Department's Office of Foreign Missions. In this group photo of OFM, Hanssen, center, towers over a bespectacled Tom Burns, directly in front of him. Next to Burns, with beard and mustache, is Ron Mlotek, OFM's chief legal counsel, who formed a close friendship with the FBI agent.

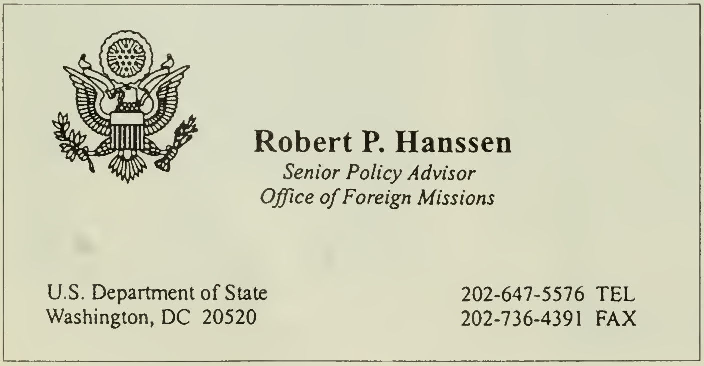

Robert P. Hanssen
Senior Policy Advisor
Office of Foreign Missions

U.S. Department of State
Washington, DC 20520

202-647-5576 TEL
202-736-4391 FAX

Hanssen's State Department business card.

CLOSING IN

GUDRUN BEINHAUER/CONTRAST/GAMMA-LIAISON

State Department official Felix Bloch, enjoying a Fourth of July garden party at the U.S. embassy in Vienna, was under surveillance as a suspected Soviet spy when Hanssen tipped off the KGB, which in turn warned Bloch he was in danger. The Bloch case triggered a new mole hunt that eventually led to Hanssen's downfall.

© DAVID WISE

KGB illegal Reino Gikman, as "Pierre Bart," met with Bloch in Paris and later warned him of "a contagious disease," cryptic language that meant the FBI was investigating.

The FBI spy seems unworried at a family picnic in the late 1990s.

FBI agent Thomas K. Kimmel, Jr., thought there might be a mole in the FBI but lacked proof. The portrait in the background is of his grandfather Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, who the FBI man maintains was wrongly blamed for Pearl Harbor.

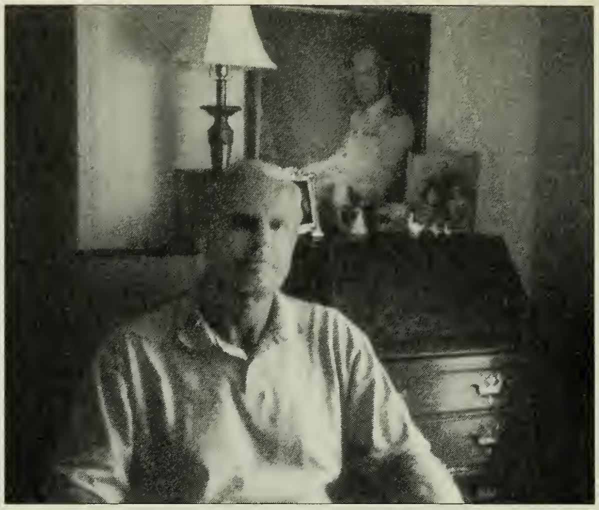

© DAVID WISE

November 2000: A gloomy Hanssen at a family Thanksgiving gathering in Chicago. He was unaware that three weeks earlier the FBI had spirited a KGB file out of Moscow that conclusively pointed to him as the mole.

THOMAS E. BURNS III, M.D.

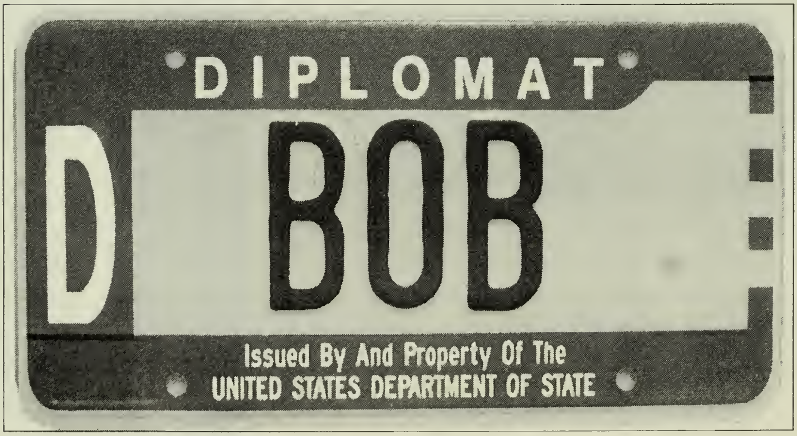
DIPLOMAT
D BOB
Issued By And Property Of The
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF STATE

Hanssen was to be presented with this souvenir diplomatic license plate when he left the State Department in January 2001. But the gift was not ready at his going-away party and Hanssen never received it; he was arrested five weeks later.

FBI

F.B.I.
LABORATORY

A plastic bag that Hanssen had used to wrap documents he passed to the Russians was recovered by the FBI in the KGB file the bureau obtained from a former Russian spy. Two of Hanssen's fingerprints were identified on the bag, the final evidence the FBI needed to arrest him.

FBI

The FBI retrieved the $50,000 in hundred-dollar bills that the Russians had left for Hanssen at dead drop LEWIS before his arrest. The FBI man received more than $600,000 in cash and diamonds during twenty-two years as a Russian spy.

© DAVID WISE

The last dead drop. Hanssen hid seven documents in dead drop ELLIS, under this footbridge in Foxstone Park, on the afternoon of February 18, 2001. Four minutes later, as he emerged from the woods, he was arrested.

AFTERMATH

For FBI director Louis J. Freeh, the Hanssen case was one of a series of debacles that afflicted the bureau. Less than three months after Hanssen's arrest, Freeh announced he was leaving the FBI before the end of his ten-year term.

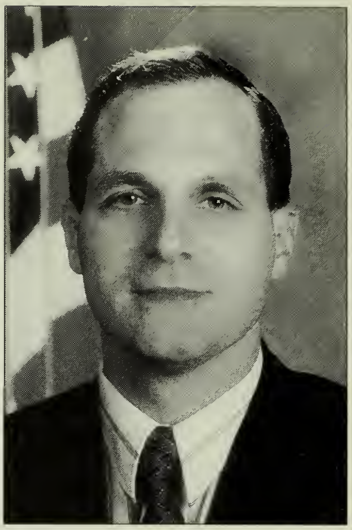

FBI

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Federal agents were taking no chances when Hanssen was brought into court in May 2001.

© DAVID WISE

Celebrated Washington defense attorney Plato Cacheris, who represented Hanssen, worked out a plea bargain with prosecutors that avoided the death penalty.

© JON WISE

Former FBI and CIA director William H. Webster headed the commission appointed after Hanssen's arrest that strongly criticized the FBI for "pervasive inattention to security."

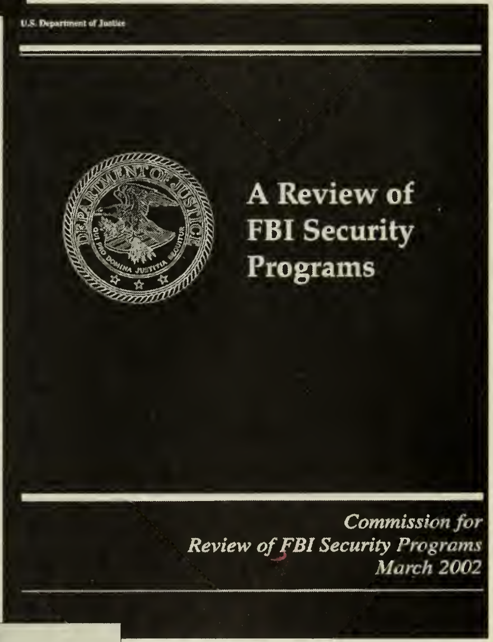

U.S. Department of Justice

A Review of FBI Security Programs

Commission for
Review of FBI Security Programs
March 2002

The Webster commission report called the Hanssen case "possibly the worst intelligence disaster in U.S. history."

ARI W. CHARNEY

Dr. David L. Charney, the psychiatrist who evaluated Hanssen extensively in prison, said a prime motive for his spying was to preserve his image in Bonnie's eyes as a good provider.

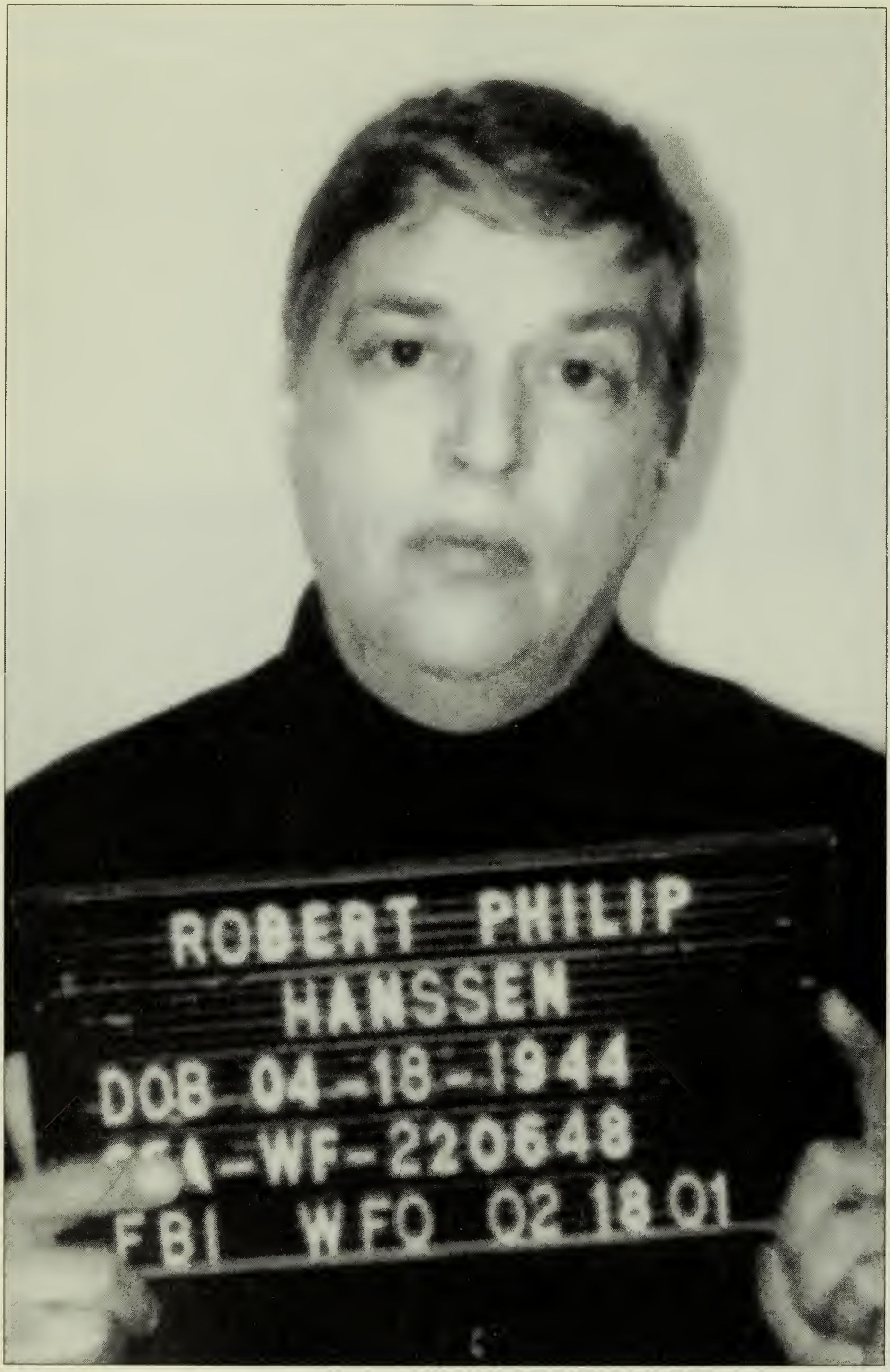
ROBERT PHILIP
HANSSEN
DOB 04-18-1944
-WF-220648
FBI WFO 02 18 01

22

Recontact

The State Department's Office of Foreign Missions was created by Congress in 1982 in the wake of the controversy surrounding the hilltop location of the Soviet embassy in Washington and the bugging of the American embassy in Moscow. It was time, Congress decided, to establish a watchdog over foreign embassies in Washington, one that could not only control where they were built but could also encourage reciprocity in how the Soviets and other nations treated U.S. missions in their countries.

It was not accidental that the first head of OFM, with the rank of ambassador, was James E. Nolan, Jr., who had been chief of the Soviet section in the FBI and then moved up to the number two counterintelligence position in the bureau. With Nolan in place, the Soviet diplomats were required to book all travel through OFM.

"I can't say they're overjoyed," Nolan said at the time. "They can't even buy a shuttle ticket to New York at the airport now. They can only go on with a prepaid ticket."

Under the law, OFM could require the Soviets to call the State Department if they needed a repairman at the embassy. This, of course, opened up all sorts of possibilities for U.S. intelligence agencies. Recalling the Watergate break-in, one insider said: "Nixon's plumbers had worked for the CIA. Now if you work for CIA, you may have to be a plumber."*

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*The same rules prevailed in Moscow, where for years American officials had to call the foreign ministry for airline tickets, housekeepers, television repairs, and other services. The office they called was really part of the KGB.

In May 1995, Robert Hanssen was dispatched to the State Department for what turned out to be six years as the FBI's senior representative to the Office of Foreign Missions. He settled into Room 2510C on the second floor of the main State Department building.

Tom Burns was glad to see his old friend again. Burns, still with the FBI, was the deputy assistant secretary of state for OFM. He had been Hanssen's boss in the FBI's Soviet analytical unit more than a decade earlier. Both had six children and were members of the same parish, St. Catherine of Siena. Hanssen advertised his religion, Burns remembered. At the State Department, "He had a crucifix and a picture of the Blessed Mother on the wall of his office."

In his State Department post, Hanssen, acting for the FBI, monitored travel by foreign diplomats and plans by foreign countries to acquire additional property or build new embassies. Russian diplomats and those from certain other countries were subject to restrictions on travel beyond twenty-five miles from Washington.*

"If a travel request came in," Burns said, "Hanssen would clear it with the Soviet section of the bureau. The same request would go via OFM to the Defense Department, and they would also reply. Then we would come back with an answer.

"Hanssen at the State Department was also on an interagency counterintelligence group. The interagency group consulted by phone and fax, and sometimes there were meetings, usually at State."

Occasionally Burns would lunch with Hanssen. "He was frugal with lunch," Burns recalled. "We would eat in the State Department cafeteria. His choice for lunch would be a burger or a slice of pizza. There was a whole array of stuff at the steam table, but he never chose anything. He never spent a lot of money."

It was at State that Hanssen forged his friendship with Ron Mlotek, the chief legal counsel at OFM. In part, that friendship flourished because of their mutual interest in religion. The two became close enough that Mlotek invited Hanssen to the bar mitzvah of his son, Noah, in 1999. It was to take place at the Georgetown Synagogue, which Mlotek attended, as did Senator Joseph I. Lieberman, Al Gore's running mate in 2000.

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*In 2001, nine countries were required to seek some type of travel approval. Three countries, Russia, China, and Vietnam, had to file a request with OFM for their diplomats to travel beyond twenty-five miles from the capital, but were then free to go after forty-eight hours unless turned down. Six other countries, Cuba, Iran, Iraq, Libya, North Korea, and Sudan, had to receive advance approval from OFM to travel beyond the twenty-five-mile limit. Ukraine and the other former Soviet republics, and the once-Communist countries of Eastern Europe, were no longer under any travel restrictions.

The lights in the synagogue were on a timer, since Orthodox Jews are forbidden to touch anything electric on the Sabbath. On the appointed day, the timer failed and the lights went out. *Oh no,* Mlotek thought, *my son will have to stumble through his bar mitzvah in the dark.*

"Fortunately," Mlotek said, "Hanssen was one of the first guests to show up and quickly figured out how to fix the timer." He was, said Mlotek, the "shabbas goy," or Sabbath gentile.*

Some months later, Hanssen attended the wedding ceremony for Mlotek's second marriage. Noah had planned to videotape the wedding, but he got caught up helping out and talking to the guests, and Hanssen stepped in. Mlotek may have the only wedding video of a State Department official taken by a Russian spy. Hanssen, of course, is nowhere in it; he was behind the camera.

"In my family, we called him 'Machine Gun Bob,' because he had one," Mlotek said. "In his car trunk, with four hundred rounds of ammunition." Mlotek discovered this one day when Hanssen offered to drive him to the FBI. Mlotek was puzzled when Hanssen did not go down to the State Department garage to get his car. "I thought he had a parking permit for the basement. But we went across the street to the parking lot off Twenty-third Street in the old OSS buildings on Navy Hill."

"Bob, why do you park across the street?" Mlotek asked.

"I can't park in the basement because you have to leave the key in the car," Hanssen replied.

"Why can't you leave the key?"

Mlotek was in for a surprise. "He opened the trunk and there was this armory. The machine gun was a bureau gun he had checked out, and a nine-millimeter pistol. The ammunition was in waterproof bags. He said, 'I could drive my car into the Potomac River and come out shooting.' "

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*The term originated in an earlier era, before there were electric timers, when Orthodox congregations had to make sure that a gentile, perhaps a retainer engaged for that purpose, or a janitor, was available to turn on the lights.

When Mlotek pressed Hanssen on why he drove around with a machine gun in his trunk, "He said his commute took him past the CIA, on Route 123. The day that Kansi killed the people there, he had driven by eight minutes earlier.* It haunted him. Ever since that day he felt this sense of guilt and powerlessness. This had such a profound effect he said he would get weapons and keep them with him. That maybe he could prevent it from happening again.

"A favorite quote of his, of both of us, was that civilizations collapse when good men do nothing."†

Sometimes, Hanssen talked to Mlotek about the clout his father enjoyed as a Chicago cop. "He told me about all the perks his father had. For example, if they were going to a movie and it was sold out, his father could get him in, often without having to pay. In high school, he took his prom date to a fancy Chicago restaurant and the maître d' recognized him as Captain Hanssen's son." (In fact, Howard Hanssen never rose above the rank of lieutenant.)

"Bob admired Mayor Daley. 'This is a guy who knew how to run things,' Bob would say. Bob was a neoconservative and a Republican. He was a great fan of Ronald Reagan, as I am. He abhorred Bill Clinton, whom he called the scum of the earth and someone corrupting the entire nation. He thought counterintelligence and counterterrorism had been degraded under Clinton, and he felt the bureau's counterintelligence people were incompetents."

Hanssen shared his conservative political views with Mlotek. He made no secret of his antipathy toward gays, for example. "Hanssen despised homosexuality and homosexuals in general," Mlotek recalled. "He was opposed to homosexuals in government not because they were security risks susceptible to blackmail, which is no longer true if they are out of the closet, but because of his belief that homosexuality was a great moral perversion, a gross abnormality."

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*In January 1993, Mir Aimal Kansi, a twenty-eight-year-old Pakistani, walked along a line of cars waiting to turn left into the CIA headquarters and systematically gunned down the occupants with an AK-47 assault weapon, killing two CIA employees and wounding two other CIA workers and an agency contractor. Kansi was arrested by the FBI in Pakistan in 1997, brought to the United States, tried and convicted of murder in a Virginia court, and in January 1998 sentenced to death.

†The familiar quotation "The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing," often attributed to Edmund Burke, the eighteenth-century British statesman, is probably a version of a similar idea expressed in his *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents* (1770).

Mlotek's duties at the State Department brought him into frequent contact with intelligence officials. Since Hanssen was an FBI counterintelligence agent, they would often discuss espionage. "Driving through Georgetown, he showed me some famous espionage sites. He pointed out signal sites, such as the mailbox on which Aldrich Ames placed a chalk mark. He knew an enormous amount about cryptography and one-time pads. We talked about the great game between the United States and the Russians and how it was affected by the demise of the Soviet Union. He said that nothing had changed—the Communists were still there, they were regrouping and as active as ever. The KGB had only changed its name.

"His view was that Communism was the work of Satan. He said that all the time. He was a great expert on Communism. He had read Marx and many books on Marxist philosophy. The great fallacy of Communism, he said, was that they believed that man is perfectible by his own effort. He said that man can't be perfectible by his own effort because he is inherently sinful."

Despite his serious, somber manner in the FBI, Hanssen had yet another side that few colleagues ever saw. "He had a great sense of humor, a British sense of humor," Mlotek said. "It was subtle, refined humor. He was a huge aficionado of Monty Python, *Fawlty Towers,* and John Cleese. He had Monty Python tapes in his car and he knew them by heart."

* * *

In 1997, Hanssen, while still working at the State Department, requested access to the FBInet, the bureau's internal computer network. He could not gain entry to the FBI network on the State Department computers.

Nothing happened with Hanssen's request, so he turned to his friend Jim Ohlson for help. As Hanssen knew, Ohlson had just been appointed chief of FBI security. To put Hanssen on the FBInet would require a dedicated line linking the FBI and the State Department, with encryption at both ends. Bureaucracy being what it is, installing the special line would have taken some time to arrange. Ohlson called the computer support staff for the National Security Division and asked them to expedite matters. Hanssen got his dedicated computer and the access he wanted to the FBI network.

But about a month later, Hanssen's computer crashed and failed to boot up. He asked for an FBI technician to fix it, but again nothing happened. Once more, he turned to Ohlson for help.

Ohlson obliged. He again called the computer staff and told them to fix Hanssen's problem. Although Ohlson was not in charge of the computer staff, he was senior enough that they sent a technician who swapped out Hanssen's hard drive for one that worked. The failed hard drive was routinely sent to CART, the FBI's Computer Analysis Response Team at Quantico, which analyzes computer problems.

To their surprise, the CART techies found a password breaker on Hanssen's hard drive. A password breaker is a program that can be downloaded from the Internet and is used by hackers to attack webpages or other data that are password-protected. What was Hanssen doing with a password breaker?

As director of security, Ohlson called Hanssen in and demanded an explanation. He had gone to bat for his friend and was embarrassed by what had happened. And there were echoes of the episode four years earlier when Hanssen had broken into Ray Mislock's computer at headquarters.

Hanssen explained that he was trying to connect a color printer to his dedicated computer and could not, because he needed an administrative password to get into the control panel of the Windows operating system to make the necessary changes. FBI computers, however, are not designed to be fiddled with. The FBI does not want users changing the settings, so administrative passwords are put in to block people from making changes. Most of the printers at the bureau are black and white. To connect to a color printer meant changing the computer's internal settings. Hanssen said he had used the breaker to try to circumvent the password. Ohlson accepted this as a plausible enough explanation, but he warned Hanssen not to do it again. "A password breaker on your hard disk does not look good," he cautioned his friend.

After Hanssen's arrest, Ohlson remembered all this, which now took on a possibly more ominous meaning. For all he knew, Hanssen might have used the password breaker to access all sorts of bureau programs and files. Ohlson contacted his former office of security and reported the incident.*

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*When FBInet began in the early 1990s, all the security protections were not in place. "Later on," Ohlson said, "the system had a server and agents were instructed to write sensitive documents to a protected segment of the server. With the password breaker he could get into the protected part."

By the summer of 1997, Hanssen was restive. Monitoring travel arrangements for foreign diplomats was dull work. At OFM, James Bond would have died of boredom. Hanssen had been stuck at the State Department for more than two years now, and there seemed no end to the dreary assignment.

Moreover, Hanssen needed money again; at least that was the explanation he offered to government debriefers after his arrest. At the time he resumed spying, he said, he was "running up credit card debt," had refinanced his house twice, and his mortgage payments had grown so steep that he "was losing money every month and the debt was growing." He claimed to have set a "financial goal" for himself of obtaining $100,000 from the Russians to pay down his debt.* It was time to get into the phone booth, change costume, and—faster than a speeding bullet—become Ramon Garcia.

On July 25, he went into the FBI's computers, typed in his user ID and password, and accessed the bureau's secret and highly sensitive case files. Hanssen was now logged into the FBI's Automated Case Support System (ACS), a collection of computerized databases of investigative files and their indexes. ACS had only existed for two years. Hanssen went immediately to the largest database in the system, known as the Electronic Case File. This is truly the bureau's inner sanctum, because it contains electronic messages and other documents from current, ongoing FBI investigations and indexes. It amounts to the FBI's own private Internet.

On this day, Hanssen typed in his own name. He was looking to see whether he was the subject of an FBI investigation. He found nothing. But the following year, on March 20, he went back into the computer and tried to find a reference to himself under DEAD DROP AND KGB. Over the next nine months, Hanssen searched eight times for various keywords. Among the different words he searched for were DEAD DROP AND RUSSIA, 9414 TALISMAN, and ROBERT P. HANSSEN.

In April 1999, he was at it again, entering his name and address, and even searching for WHITECEDAR COURT, where he had not lived since 1985, the first year he contacted the KGB. In August, he searched for FOXSTONE, the park that was the site of dead drop ELLIS. He was back into the ACS files nine more times that year, entering keywords that might point to him.

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*Webster commission, p. 12.

By the fall of 1999, Hanssen, after eight years, was ready to resume his career as a Russian spy. Emboldened at having found nothing worrisome in the FBI computer files, he once more contacted the KGB—which had become the SVR after the fall of the Soviet Union. He proposed an exchange in Foxstone Park in mid-November.

The evidence suggests that Hanssen—except for his failed attempt to recontact the GRU in 1993—had been inactive during the eight years from 1991 to 1999. After his arrest, some intelligence officials speculated that Hanssen might not have been dormant during the entire period. But on October 6, Hanssen received a reply from the SVR which, from its content and almost ecstatic tone, clearly was welcoming him back after a long absence.

"It's good to know you are here," the SVR wrote. "Acknowledging your letter to V.K. we express our sincere joy on the occasion of resumption of contact with you.* We firmly guarantee you for a necessary financial help. Note, please, that since our last contact a sum set aside for you has risen and presents now about 800.000 dollars. This time you will find in a package 50.000 dollars. Now it is up to you to give a secure explanation of it."

Further evidence that Hanssen was being embraced after a long absence was provided by the growth of the escrow account and by the next sentence in the SVR's letter: "As to communication plan, we may have need of some time to work out a secure and reliable one." Here again, the language indicates that Hanssen had been long out of contact.

The SVR's message reviewed the signals, the strips of white adhesive tape that they and Hanssen were to use on the post by the park sign. Hanssen's tape was to be vertical, the SVR's horizontal, just as before. Then, in case he had become rusty from lack of practice, his handlers added: "After you will clear the drop don't forget to remove our tape that will mean for us—exchange is over."

The SVR also proposed a new signal site in one of Washington's most exclusive residential neighborhoods, an electric utility pole at the intersection of Foxhall Road and Whitehaven Parkway. In the same letter, the Russians also suggested it was time to move on from adhesive tape to thumbtacks, and they went into extraordinary detail about the size and color, even telling Hanssen what drugstore chain carried the right ones:

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*"V.K." was not further identified. The FBI affidavit that quoted from the Hanssen file described him only as a "senior officer" of the SVR. He was, however, Vladimir A. Kirdyanov, ostensibly the first secretary of the Russian embassy at the time.

> At any working day put a white thumb tack (1 cm in diameter, colored sets are sold at CVS) into the Northern side of the pole at the height of about 1.2 yards. The tack must be seen from a car going down Foxhall Road. This will mean for us that we shall retrieve your package from the DD [dead drop] Foxstone Park at the evening of the nex [*sic*] week's Tuesday (when it's getting dark).
>
> In case of a threatening situation of any kind put a yellow tack at the same place. This will mean that we shall refrain from any communication with you until further notice from your side (the white tack).

Apparently, five months went by before Hanssen heard from the Russians again, and judging by the letter he sent on March 14, 2000, he was becoming unglued.

"I have come about as close as I ever want to come to sacrificing myself to help you, and I get silence. I hate silence. . . . Conclusion: One might propose that I am either insanely brave or quite insane. I'd answer neither. I'd say, insanely loyal. Take your pick. There is insanity in all the answers.

"I have, however, come as close to the edge as I can without being truly insane. My security concerns have proven reality-based. I'd say, pin your hopes on 'insanely loyal' and go for it. Only I can lose."

On the same day, he went back into the FBI computer and searched for the keywords DEAD DROP AND SVR. Again, he found nothing. But clearly Hanssen had persuaded himself that time was running out on his career as a spy, as evidenced not only by his desperate words but also by his repeated searches in the FBI computer, which continued throughout the year.

The searches were dangerous, because at any time the computer systems operators might spot his excessive and highly suspicious usage by auditing the retrieval logs. FBI counterintelligence agents do not normally enter their own names and addresses in the ACS. They are expected to be the hunters, not the hunted.

Finally, in his letter to the SVR in March 2000, Hanssen added, dubiously, that he had made his decision to become a spy as a teenager, inspired by the autobiography of Kim Philby, the Soviet mole inside British intelligence.

> I decided on this course when I was 14 years old. I'd read Philby's book. Now that is insane, eh! My only hesitations were my security concerns under uncertainty. I hate uncertainty. So far I have judged the edge correctly. Give me credit for that.
>
> Set the signal at my site any Tuesday evening. I will read your answer. Please, at least say goodbye. It's been a long time my dear friends, a long and lonely time.
>
> Ramon Garcia

Were Hanssen not a traitor to his country, the last words of his letter would be poignant. And his claim that Philby's memoir influenced him to spy was bogus. Philby's book was not published until 1968, when Hanssen was twenty-four.*

Half a dozen times during 2000, Hanssen continued to search the FBI database for his name, as well as for TALISMAN DRIVE and, several times, the keywords DEAD DROP. Once he entered SVR AND DEAD DROP NOT GRU. And as he had done before, he searched DEAD DROP AND RUSSIA.

On June 8, Hanssen wrote the SVR a long letter in which he said, "Enclosed, once again, is my rudimentary cipher." Hanssen was probably referring to a system of letter substitution that he had used in some of his messages to Moscow. He apologized for reusing it many times—repetition is a laxity that opens a window for code-breakers—but explained that he did so in case Moscow had lost the key, further evidence that he had been in hibernation for some time.

Hanssen's dependence on the Russians, his apparent psychological need for their approval, was obvious from his next sentence: "Thank you for your note. It brought me great joy to see the signal at last."

He went on to say, however, that they required better and faster ways of contacting each other. Hanssen now proposed that the Russians leave the era of tape and thumbtacks behind and switch to a Palm VII organizer. He owned a Palm III, he said, which wasn't a bad little handheld computer. But "the VII version comes with wireless internet capability built in. It can allow the rapid transmission of encrypted messages, which if used on an infrequent basis, could be quite effec-

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*Kim Philby, *My Silent War* (New York: Grove Press, 1968).

tive. . . . Such a device might even serve for rapid transmittal of substantial material in digital form."

If Hanssen sounded a little like a Palm Pilot salesman pitching a reluctant customer, it was at least consistent with his geeky, albeit knowledgeable, fascination with computers and the latest technology.

As his letter reflected, the tone of Hanssen's communications with the Russians had changed after he resumed spying in 1999. He was at once more desperate—"I am either insanely brave or quite insane"—and less deferential.

For example, he not only lectured the Russians about the need for wireless transmissions, he chided the SVR for bugging a State Department conference room without letting him know. If he had been told in time, he said, he could have warned Moscow that the operation had been detected by the FBI.

On December 8, 1999, the bureau's agents had arrested Stanislav Gusev outside the State Department. Gusev, who was listed as an "attaché" in the Russian embassy, had arrived in March. FBI counterintelligence agents had spotted Gusev hanging around the State Department. He was seen sometimes sitting on a bench, and at other times moving his car around the building, parking at different locations and taking care to feed the meters to avoid a ticket.

The FBI concluded that Gusev was conducting an electronic eavesdropping operation. A tiny battery-powered transmitter had been planted in a conference room on the seventh floor, the inner sanctum of the State Department. The bug was concealed inside a piece of molding about three feet above the floor, the sort of wooden strip that keeps chair backs from scuffing the wall.

The transmitter, the FBI said, had been "professionally introduced," which meant that the Russian spies had cut away a piece of the molding and then replaced it with an identical matching piece containing the bug. That suggested that the Russians, or a confederate on the inside, had access to the room more than once, to case and photograph it, and probably to take a paint chip so their technicians could match the color of the molding.

Gusev activated the bug by remote control, and it broadcast to a tape recorder in his car. The Russians used low-power batteries to make the bug more difficult to detect, but that also meant that its range was limited, and someone had to be outside the building to turn on the bug and record the signals.

Once the FBI realized what Gusev was up to, the State Department security staff, using sophisticated equipment borrowed from the CIA and other agencies, electronically swept the entire building, until finally, after months of searching, the device was found in the conference room just down the hall from Secretary of State Madeleine Albright's office. Although the room was assigned to the Bureau of Oceans and International Environmental Scientific Affairs, other officials also used it for meetings, some of them sensitive. As many as one hundred meetings may have been overheard and recorded, officials said.

When the FBI arrested Gusev, he had the remote control on his person. Since he had diplomatic immunity, he was turned over to his embassy but ordered expelled from the country.

The FBI, of course, wanted very much to know how the Russians managed to get the bug inside the building and how long it had been in place, broadcasting secrets. Several batteries were found inside the piece of molding, so the gadget might have been active for as long as four years, according to one intelligence source.

"The Gusev affair didn't help you any," Hanssen wrote to the Russians. "If I'd had better communications I could have prevented that.

"I was aware of the fact that microphones had been detected at the State Department. (Such matters are why I need rapid communications. It can save you much grief.) . . . I had knowledge weeks before of the existence of devices, but not the country placing them. . . . I only found out the gruesome details too late to warn you through available means including the colored stick-pin call.* (Which by the way I doubted would work because of your ominous silence.) Very frustrating."

He added:

"The U.S. can be errantly likened to a powerfully built but retarded child, potentially dangerous, but young, immature and easily manipulated. But don't be fooled by that appearance. It is also one which can turn ingenius [*sic*] quickly, like an idiot savant, once convinced of a goal. The purple-pissing Japanese (to quote General Patten [*sic*] once again) learned this to their dismay. . . ."

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*The stilted language in some of the correspondence contained in the KGB/SVR file suggests that perhaps some of Hanssen's letters were translated from English into Russian and then back into English. The reference to "the colored stick-pin call" almost certainly means the yellow thumbtack that the SVR instructed Hanssen to use as an emergency signal. It would be very odd for a native English speaker such as Hanssen to call a thumbtack a "colored stick-pin."

Then, buttering up his handlers, Hanssen said he greatly appreciated the “highly professional” references in their messages to information they had exchanged in the past as a subtle way of reassuring him “that the channel remains unpirated. This is not lost on me.” In other words, the prior references were a way to prove to Hanssen that the FBI was not running a sting against him—a favorite bureau tactic in spy cases—and that the messages he was receiving were really coming from Moscow.

Hanssen’s mood was mercurial, because he switched in an instant from flattery to a Bogartian, tough-guy, don’t-try-to-con-me stance. All that money the Russians said they had put in escrow for him, now $800,000, was a fable.

> [W]e do both know that money is not really “put away for you” except in some vague accounting sense. Never patronize at this level. It offends me, but then you are easily forgiven. But perhaps I shouldn’t tease you. It just gets me in trouble.
>
> thank you again,
>
> Ramon.

After twenty-one years as a Russian spy, Hanssen was indeed about to get into trouble, but not in a way he expected.

23

BUCKLURE

The Safeway in the Georgetown section of Washington is only a few blocks down the hill from the Soviet (now Russian) embassy, and many of the residents of the embassy's apartment complex like to shop there. The store is also widely known as "the social Safeway" because it is popular with the upscale young professionals who live in the area.

In 1982, the produce section of the Safeway was the setting for an unlikely Cold War drama. Dimitri I. Yakushkin, the KGB *rezident* in Washington for the past seven years, was about to return home to Moscow. The FBI knew this, and the CI-2 squad that specialized in the KGB's Line PR political officers decided to approach him to see if he could be persuaded to defect.

A cold pitch, as it is known in the business, to a KGB *rezident,* especially an experienced spy like Yakushkin, had almost no chance of success, but nothing ventured, nothing gained. For a week, the squad, operating out of the Washington field office, was on Yakushkin, waiting for a moment when he was alone. It came in the Safeway.

Special Agent Dale H. Pugh sidled up to the KGB man who was in the produce section, carefully feeling the oranges for any soft spots. The Russian made a striking figure. He was six foot four, about 220 pounds, and wore a beret, which made him look like a cross between an artist in Montmartre and a Redskins linebacker. Yakushkin came from a prominent Russian family. Urbane and well-educated, fluent in English, he had been the KGB *rezident* at the Soviet Mission to the United Nations for six years before he was sent to Washington.

The KGB man had come shopping with his wife, Irina. In the store, they split up. Another FBI agent, Grover Gibson, was trailing her, keeping Pugh in his line of sight so that he could signal his partner if Mrs. Yakushkin suddenly decided to rejoin her husband. The FBI men were dressed in belted trench coats; they had not expected to end up in a supermarket, and Pugh felt conspicuous among the grocery shoppers.

Pugh introduced himself to Yakushkin, identified himself as an FBI agent, and gave a fake name that he often used operationally. Yakushkin asked to see his ID. Pugh, a rookie at the time, produced it, realizing with a sinking feeling that it wouldn't match the name he had given. Yakushkin, examining Pugh's credential, saw that right away, and smiled.

The FBI man tried to persuade Yakushkin to meet him somewhere so they could talk privately, but the KGB agent would have none of it. Finally Pugh, following instructions from his squad supervisor, James O. Stassinos, offered the Russian $20 million to defect to the United States.

"Young man," Yakushkin said, "I appreciate the offer. Twenty years ago I might have been interested." And with that, he walked away.

Yakushkin appeared more amused than offended by the encounter. But there was an unspoken subtext to the dialogue by the orange bin at the Georgetown Safeway. Yakushkin had a girlfriend from North Carolina the entire time he was in the United States. As he may have suspected, she was an FBI source. What he told her, and it was not much, she told the FBI.

Dale Pugh did not mention the woman when he made his pitch. Nor was it a question of coercion; Yakushkin was too big a figure in the KGB to worry about how the liaison would look in Moscow if the FBI revealed it. But the bureau hoped that Yakushkin liked his woman friend well enough that she might be an additional incentive for him to defect and remain in the United States. The FBI even asked the woman to give Yakushkin a copy of Graham Greene's novel *The Honorary Consul* in the hope that it might put ideas in his head.*

The novel, set in a provincial town in the north of Argentina, has the usual array of expatriate, tormented Greene characters. Charley Fortnum, the British honorary consul, is sixty-one and a drunk. He marries a twenty-year-old prostitute; when he is kidnapped by leftist revolutionaries who mistake him for the American ambassador, the British

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*Graham Greene, *The Honorary Consul* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1973).

government does not even consider him worth the ransom. After he is rescued by police, London rewards his years of service by dismissing him. The bureau may have thought that the theme of an older man in love with a younger woman, living in a foreign country and unappreciated by his government, might resonate with Yakushkin.

It was not the first time that the FBI had tried to romance Yakushkin. A previous attempt by FBI agent Ted Gardner had taken place in downtown Washington at the Mayflower Hotel a year earlier. Gardner, then in charge of the Washington field office, accompanied by Phillip Parker, his counterintelligence chief, waited in the lobby for Yakushkin, whom they knew was due at the hotel with his woman friend, either to drop her off or join her in her room. The pair arrived, but when they reached the elevators, a third, unknown person had joined them, so Gardner did not make the approach.

Neither money, sex, nor Graham Greene influenced Yakushkin. The KGB man went home as scheduled, and rose to become head of the American department of the spy agency's first chief directorate, its foreign intelligence arm. He was a mentor and protector of Vitaly Yurchenko, who had been security chief of the Washington embassy when Yakushkin was the *rezident.* Yurchenko was the high-level KGB man who defected in 1985, changed his mind, and returned to Moscow three months later.*

As a senior KGB agent and top official in the Washington residency, Yakushkin would have been a huge catch for the FBI. The bureau would never have paid anything like $20 million to get him, but the field agents might have dangled that enormous sum to play on his ego and show that they were serious. Had Yakushkin defected, his knowledge of Moscow's spying was so extensive that he could have shut down the KGB's operations in the United States.

The two attempts to recruit the top KGB man in Washington demonstrated that the FBI was not hesitant to use cash as a weapon to recruit Russians in the Cold War. At least in some circumstances, the bureau and the CIA hoped, money might be the bait to land the big one.

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*Yurchenko was rumored to have been in some sort of trouble in 1985, and the CIA suspected that it was Yakushkin who sent Yurchenko to Rome that year, to get him out of Moscow. It was from Rome that Yurchenko defected to the CIA on August 1, 1985, only to redefect to Moscow on November 6. Dimitri Yakushkin retired in 1986 with the rank of major general. He died at the age of seventy-one in Moscow on August 9, 1994.

And so, in 1987, long before the arrest of Aldrich Ames in 1994, the FBI launched a joint operation with the CIA, aimed at buying Soviet intelligence officers with large amounts of cash. The program, designed by Robert Wade, the assistant chief of the FBI's Soviet section, was codenamed BUCKLURE by the FBI; the CIA called it RACKETEER.

"BUCKLURE was created to recruit Russians who could help us find a mole," one veteran FBI agent explained. With the help of the CIA, the bureau began logging the whereabouts of Soviet intelligence officers who had worked in the United States at a time when American assets were being lost in the Soviet Union, and who had then gone back to Moscow. Some had been reassigned abroad, others had retired. Many were KGB "American targets" officers, the Line KR spies who had been sent to the United States to try to recruit people, especially inside American intelligence.

Before long, BUCKLURE had compiled a list of ninety to one hundred potential recruits worldwide. "The list became very focused on those who we wanted, who would have the answers," a former senior FBI official said. All the approaches to the KGB officers were made outside Russia.

By the mid-1990s, however, despite the efforts of BUCKLURE and the arrests of the CIA's Jim Nicholson and the FBI's Earl Pitts, the Special Investigations Unit at the CIA, with the help of dozens of FBI agents, had not solved all of the anomalies still plaguing U.S. counterintelligence, including the tip-off to Felix Bloch and the troublesome technical compromises.

The trolling for SVR agents through BUCKLURE and RACKETEER was intensified. In the beginning, the going price for a KGB officer who could identify a mole was a million dollars.* It was hard cash, ready to be paid.

A CIA man involved in RACKETEER said the figure of a million dollars was based on actual experience. "Sometime in the early eighties," he said, "we offered a KGB officer in Latin America five hundred thousand dollars and he turned it down. So we upped it to a million. We jointly put a million bucks into a fiscal kitty. A million per guy."

When a likely prospect was located abroad, the FBI might ask the CIA to make the approach. The FBI man explained what might be said to the Russian: "We know you are a good guy, you don't want to defect or work for us. But you give us the name of a penetration, we give you a million dollars. You don't have to defect, and nobody knows about this except the president of the United States and the two of us."

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*Over the years, and allowing for inflation, the $1 million bounty increased substantially.

"We pitched a lot of people," another senior FBI man recalled. "The Russians got wind of what we were doing around nineteen ninety-six or ninety-seven. They knew we were trying to recruit people for a lot of money."

The bureau set its sights high; it did not hesitate to go after even the celebrated Viktor Cherkashin, the canny KGB chief of counterintelligence in the Washington residency, who, as the CIA and the bureau later learned to their sorrow, was the key player in the handling of both Aldrich Ames and Robert Hanssen.

The attempt to recruit Cherkashin was made by Ray Mislock, then the special agent in charge of counterintelligence for the FBI's Washington field office. Cherkashin had returned to Washington around 1997 to attend a conference. It was long after the collapse of the Soviet Union, and by this time senior KGB officers often fraternized with American intelligence officials, their former foes, at various international meetings.

Cherkashin had agreed to have dinner at the Old Angler's Inn in Potomac, Maryland, with Brent Scowcroft, who had been national security adviser to President Gerald Ford and the first President Bush. It was arranged beforehand that Mislock would show up as an unannounced added guest. At an opportune moment during dinner, Mislock let Cherkashin know what was on his mind. Relations are better, Mislock said; we would like to solve some unanswered questions. Cherkashin was noncommittal. The dinner was pleasant, the three men chatted amiably. But after dessert and coffee, by prearrangement, Scowcroft bowed out.

Now Mislock, as he had plotted, was alone with Cherkashin. He offered to drive the former KGB man back to his hotel in Tysons Corner, across the river in northern Virginia. In the car, Mislock pitched Cherkashin. He was explicit; the FBI man wanted to know the identity of the mole inside U.S. intelligence.

Mislock did not have to mention a million dollars—the KGB officer knew what was tacitly being offered. For Cherkashin, it could have been a very profitable ride back to his hotel.

But Cherkashin was a tough guy, a KGB veteran with a poker face that never betrayed his thoughts or emotions. Mislock got nowhere. At the hotel, he let Cherkashin out of the car and they bade each other a pleasant good night.

It did not end the bureau's continued interest in Viktor Cherkashin. "We gathered all the information we had on Cherkashin," a former senior FBI man said. "There was an event involving a bicycle that Cherkashin was riding through Rock Creek Park in the mid-1980s. We thought it might involve a penetration. Cherkashin may have been checking a signal site, getting ready to clear a drop, or perhaps meeting an individual. We reexamined those events, such as Cherkashin showing up in Rock Creek, in the post-Pitts, post-Ames time frame. The incident was being looked at very intently to see if it was a drop, a signal site, or even a brush pass."*

The FBI assigned Special Agent Mike Rochford to examine the Cherkashin file. He had been the case agent responsible for tracking Cherkashin in the early 1980s. He was also one of two agents who had interviewed Vitaly Yurchenko during his brief interlude as a defector. Rochford spoke Russian and knew a lot about the KGB. He was to play a central role in the unmasking of Robert Hanssen.

"Mike Rochford began an exhaustive reexamination of everything we had on Cherkashin," the FBI man said. "When code clerks had arrived, when the pouch was sent to Moscow, little things that might indicate something big going on." Then, as the mole hunters focused on particular possible suspects, they could turn to Rochford's study. "We would look to see if there was anything corresponding with the suspects' lives that would explain intense activity in the residency."

Just such wisps, strands, and tiny details are the tools of counterintelligence. Often, the microscopic attention to detail ends in frustration and turns up nothing. "The Cherkashin study did not lead directly to Hanssen," the FBI man said, "but it eliminated some suspicions."

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*In a brush pass an intelligence officer and a source move closely by each other, usually in a crowd, and without stopping or seeming to recognize each other transfer a document or other material so quickly that an observer, even a few feet away, might not see it happen. Although normally accomplished on foot, it could be managed by two people riding bicycles.

At the end of July 2000, Hanssen retrieved a letter from the SVR. It sought to reassure him that the political changes in Russia "had not affected our resources," meaning that they still had plenty of money to pay him. After a number of upheavals in the Russian cabinet, Vladimir Putin, a former KGB officer, had been elected president six months earlier, in March. Once again, the SVR assured Hanssen that his "personal security" came first.

His handlers then asked for information on "human, electronic and technical penetrations in our residencies here and in other countries." Apparently the SVR knew about the active search for penetrations secretly being carried on at the CIA and the FBI, for the letter said: "We are very interested in getting . . . information on the work of a special group which serches [*sic*] 'mole' in CIA and FBI. We need this information especially to take necessary additional steps to ensure Your personal security. . . ." In effect, Moscow was asking Hanssen how close the mole hunters were getting to him.

Once more, the SVR pressed Hanssen to meet outside the United States, which he had consistently refused to do. In the meantime, it set the next exchange at LEWIS, in the Long Branch Nature Center, for November 21. And the SVR proposed to use dead drop ELLIS in Foxstone Park once a year, on February 18. It was a date that would prove fateful for Robert Hanssen.

The SVR also chided Hanssen for continuing to send letters to them through the mail. "You know very well our negative attitude toward this method," the Russians said. But a very brief note giving a date, time, and place would be all right if he needed an "urgent exchange."

Again rejecting Hanssen's pleas to deposit money in his Swiss bank accounts, the SVR argued that it was "very risky to transfer money in Zurich because now it is impossible to hide its origin." Then, seeking to reassure their mole that there would be no leaks at Moscow's end, the letter added that "an insignificant number of persons know about you, your information and our relationship."

On November 17, 2000, Hanssen wrote back, complaining that "For me breaks in communications are most difficult and stressful. Recent changes in U.S. law now attach the death penalty to my help to you as you know, so I do take some risk."

But, he assured Moscow, "I know far better than most what minefields are laid and the risks." The SVR, he said, might overestimate the

FBI's abilities, but still, an overconfident Russian intelligence officer might, "as we say, step in an occasional cowpie. (Message to the translator: Got a good word for cowpie in Russian?? Clue, don't blindly walk behind cows.)"

He added:

> No one answered my signal at Foxhall. Perhaps you occasionally give up on me. Giving up on me is a mistake. I have proven inveterately loyal and willing to take grave risks which even could cause my death, only remaining quiet in times of extreme uncertainty. So far my ship has successfully navigated the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.
>
> I ask you to help me survive. . . .
>
> On meeting out of the country, it simply is not practical for me. I must answer too many questions from family, friends, and government plus it is a cardinal sign of a spy. You have made it that way because of your policy. Policies are constraints, constraints breed patterns. Patterns are noticed. Meeting in this country is not really that hard to manage, but I am loath to do so not because it is risky but because it involves revealing my identity. That insulation has been my best protection against betrayal by someone like me working from whatever motivation, a Bloch or a Philby.

Still pushing for money in a Swiss bank, Hanssen agreed that Switzerland offered no real security, "but insulated by laundering on both the in and out sides" it could be managed. Perhaps he could set up a corporation that would lend him mortgage money to conceal his SVR payments.

> Cash is hard to handle here because little business is ever really done in cash and repeated cash transactions into the banking system are more dangerous because of the difficulty in explaining them. That doesn't mean it isn't welcome enough to let that problem devolve on me. (We should all have such problems, eh?) How do you propose I get this money put away for me when I retire? (Come on; I can joke with you about it. I know money is not really put into an account at MOST Bank,

> and that you are speaking figuratively of an accounting notation at best to be made real at some uncertain future. We do the same.
>
> Want me to lecture in your 101 course in my old age? My college level Russian has sunk low through inattention all these years; I would be a novelty attraction, but I don't think a practical one except in extremis.)
>
> So good luck. Wish me luck.

It was his last letter to the Sluzhba Vneshnei Razvedki. Unknown to Robert Hanssen, his luck had already run out.

24

The Wrong Man

In 1998, a year after Brian Kelley had returned to CIA headquarters from overseas, he was invited to join a supersecret counterespionage operation.

The agency, he was told, had snared a Russian intelligence agent who was ready to defect, to come to the West and solve at last the mystery of who had compromised the Felix Bloch case. It was an exciting assignment, particularly for Kelley, the counterintelligence officer who was first to discover the trail that led to Bloch.

To join the secret operation, Kelley was told he would have to submit to a lie detector test. Kelley had taken a routine polygraph a year earlier and had no objections to undergoing another. Once he was strapped to the machine, the examiners questioned him, probing his reaction to the possibility that the mole who had warned the KGB about Felix Bloch was soon to be unmasked.

Kelley was assured he had passed the polygraph test. But soon afterward, his superiors in the directorate of operations told him that the anticipated Russian defector had changed his mind and would not be coming to the United States after all; as a result, Kelley was no longer needed for the special operation.

The entire business was an elaborate ruse to deceive Kelley into taking a new polygraph, where he could be questioned about the betrayal of the Bloch case. There was no Russian defector, no secret operation.

Unbeknownst to Brian Kelley, he had emerged as the prime suspect in the secret FBI and CIA mole hunt that had begun after the arrest of

Aldrich Ames four years earlier. And, ironically, it was the Bloch case that had cast the dark shadow of suspicion on Kelley, an innocent CIA officer.

The FBI gave the effort to uncover the mole a new code name: GRAYSUIT.

As suspects emerged, they would be given cryptonyms as a subset of the word GRAY. Thus it was that in the innermost sanctum of the bureau's mole hunters, Brian Kelley became GRAY DECEIVER.

Kelley was well known in the counterintelligence world, for he had built his career as a specialist in illegals, the Russian spies sent to the West without benefit of diplomatic cover. Kelley had headed the illegals group at the CIA.

His was an arcane, difficult specialty, because illegals are rarely detected. They do not pose as diplomats and often steal the identities of long dead or living persons—they can be anybody.

It was Kelley who was credited with unmasking Reino Gikman, the KGB illegal who turned up in Vienna when Felix Bloch was deputy chief of mission. And it was Gikman, metamorphosing into "Pierre Bart," who dined in Paris with Bloch in mid-May 1989 and left with the airline bag that Bloch had placed under the table. It was Gikman as well who had called Bloch a month later to warn him of "a contagious disease."

Although Bloch was not arrested or charged with espionage, inside the CIA Brian Kelley was widely known and admired as the officer who had made the Bloch case. He received a medal at an awards ceremony, and among his colleagues he was given credit for his detective work. It was not his fault, after all, that an unknown mole inside American intelligence had warned the KGB so that it, in turn, could warn Bloch, to the great and continuing frustration of the FBI.

And it was precisely because Kelley had broken the Bloch case that he fell under suspicion. When the mole hunters hunt, they construct a matrix, matching the nature of the secrets believed to have been compromised with the names of the people who had access to those secrets. Then they attempt to winnow down the list, eliminating the names, for example, of those whose access might have occurred only after the suspected date that the information leaked.

Brian Kelley had joined the CIA after twenty years in the Air Force. He was persuaded to join the agency by Gus Hathaway, who as the CIA chief of counterintelligence had appointed the mole hunt team that eventually unmasked Aldrich Ames as a KGB spy.

At the agency, Kelley was a career officer in the directorate of operations. He had carved out his illegals specialty almost from the start. He worked counterintelligence cases in New York City in the early 1980s, and later was posted to Panama for a time, returning to headquarters at the end of 1997. Long divorced, he had a daughter who also worked at the CIA, and two sons.

Kelley was dedicated to his work. But he told friends he felt he was never fully accepted in the agency because he had been a military man, not a career CIA employee from the start. A former colleague described him as "balding, nondescript, very serious, not outgoing, not joking, always cautious, always protective."

When Kelley returned from Panama, he was assigned to review the Bloch case files, to go over them once again to make sure nothing had been missed. But he did not know that the task was a subterfuge, designed to keep him busy and cut off from other agency operations and secrets.

As Kelley reported to CIA headquarters each day in Langley, Virginia, his life was under microscopic examination a few miles away, across the Potomac in the Washington field office of the FBI. And the agent looking through that microscope was Mike Rochford, the FBI man who had run the Cherkashin study for the bureau that reexamined the file on the KGB counterintelligence officer, including the episode with the bicycle in Rock Creek Park.

Rochford, a tall, affable man, had a background that would turn out to be remarkably similar to Robert Hanssen's. He was born in Chicago, where his father had been a police officer for almost three decades. He was educated at Catholic schools in that city and joined the FBI in 1974. Hanssen had studied Russian in college; the bureau had sent Rochford to language school to learn Russian.

At the field office, Rochford was in charge of the squad assigned to find the suspected penetration inside American intelligence. The more he looked at Brian Kelley's career, the more convinced he became that Kelley, GRAY DECEIVER, was the mole.*

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*Sometimes when the bureau's counterspies talked to each other about Kelley, they simply referred to him even more cryptically, in a sort of shorthand, as "GD."

In counterintelligence work, once a person falls under suspicion, the investigators may seize upon innocent events and circumstances that suddenly take on ominous meaning. During the era when James J. Angleton headed counterintelligence at the CIA, a score of loyal officers were shunted aside or even fired, their careers destroyed on the flimsiest of evidence. In one classic case, Peter Karlow, a CIA officer, actually fell under suspicion because his name began with the letter K. A defector had said the agency harbored a mole whose name began with that letter.*

Convinced that Kelley was their man, the FBI applied to the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court, the shadowy, little-known wiretap panel in the capital, and obtained permission to place the CIA man under intense scrutiny. His home was bugged and secretly searched, as was his garbage; his telephones were tapped, and his every move was carefully watched.

Once, for example, when Kelley traveled to New York and to Niagara Falls, the FBI was with him. The bureau was ready to pounce; the famed tourist attraction is on the Canadian border, and sometimes KGB agents were known to slip over the border to meet a contact. Kelley in fact was there on a trip for the CIA. But the bureau convinced itself that he was taking evasive action, known in the spy trade as "dry cleaning," to lose a tail.

"They had surveillance on him and we lost him at the border," a former FBI counterintelligence official said. "We thought he was cleaning himself."

In Panama, Kelley was seen brushing past what one agent called "an individual suspected of a connection to Russian intelligence. It was a very quick pass; there could have been a verbal exchange as well." But for all the bureau knew, the man may have been a source recruited by Kelley for the CIA; he was never asked about the contact.

The physical surveillance was carried out by "the Gs," FBI jargon for the SSG, the bureau's Special Surveillance Group. The Gs are a special team of surveillance experts, selected to look like ordinary citizens.

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*Karlow, the principal suspect in Angleton's mole hunt, was fired by the CIA in 1963, fought for twenty-six years to clear his name, and eventually received a secret medal from the director of the CIA and close to half a million dollars from the agency under a "Mole Relief Act" passed by Congress. See David Wise, *Molehunt: The Secret Search for Traitors that Shattered the CIA* (New York: Random House, 1992).

A young mother with a baby in a stroller, joggers, street repair crews in hard hats, an old man with a cane, telephone linemen, white-haired grandmothers with shopping bags, young lovers necking in the park—all may be Gs on the job.* "The Gs were on him for a long time," one former FBI man said.

Try as it might, Rochford's squad, even with the benefit of the watchers and electronic eavesdropping, was not able to nail down the evidence to make a case against Kelley. It could not do so for the simple reason that he was totally innocent.

So the FBI decided to run another sting against him. Perhaps if Kelley could be duped into thinking the FBI was on to his supposed espionage, he would try to run. In November 1998, some time after the phony assignment that tricked Kelley into taking the lie detector test, a stranger appeared at the door of his home.

In a thick foreign accent, the man said the authorities now knew about his spying. The stranger handed him a piece of paper with an escape plan and told him to be at a nearby subway station the next evening. Then the man disappeared into the night. It was an obvious FBI sting that failed for two reasons—Kelley was not a spy, and he reported the incident to the FBI the next morning. He even gave a description of the foreigner so that a bureau artist could sketch the man.

But the FBI simply assumed that Kelley was too clever by half to fall for their sting. He was so cool and confident, Rochford believed, that inside the Washington field office Kelley became known as "the Iceman."

When the FBI secretly searched Kelley's home in Vienna, Virginia, agents found a map of Nottoway Park with what it regarded as suspicious markings. Soviet intelligence officers had been seen in the vicinity of the park, and the discovery of the map added to Rochford's and the bureau's conviction that the investigation was on the right track.†

The FBI, meanwhile, had quietly begun questioning certain CIA officers about Brian Kelley. In February 1999, bureau agents twice interviewed a woman who was a CIA officer and a friend of Kelley. As a participant in the agency's executive leadership program, she had recently developed a proposal to provide the services of a chaplain at CIA, an idea which the agency's director, George Tenet, is said to have supported. Soon after, she went on leave from the agency to work with a religious organization.

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*The Gs are civil servants, not FBI agents, and earn lower pay than the agents. But all are trained in surveillance, photography, and communications. They are chosen precisely because they do not resemble the public's concept of FBI agents.

†Since the FBI had not yet identified Hanssen as the mole, the bureau had no way of knowing when it discovered the map in Kelley's home that Hanssen had repeatedly used PARK/PRIME, the dead drop in Nottoway Park.

According to John Moustakas, a Washington attorney who later represented both Kelley and the female former CIA officer, the FBI agents asserted that the woman was trying to cover up for Kelley, and they claimed not to believe her initial statements to them.*

"They accused her of false statements and suggested she was a cutout for Kelley. In August different FBI agents confronted her at a mailboxes-type store. The agents were a little friendlier and took her to a diner and talked to her."

In the interim, Kelley had learned that some of his colleagues were being interrogated about him, and he asked the woman CIA officer if she had been approached. "She felt badly that, because she'd signed nondisclosure agreements, she told Brian she had not been questioned, which was not true. He thought it strange that she should not have been questioned, since a lot of other people were."

By this time, Moustakas added, the woman decided that, because her interrogators had accused her of lying and had made clear they felt she was at least complicit in spying, her CIA career was over. "She knew she could no longer be effective in covert work and resigned from the agency."

For a time, the CIA resisted the FBI's concentration on Kelley, arguing that, aside from the Bloch case, he would not have had access to some of the information the bureau believed to have been compromised. According to Moustakas, the bureau had an answer for that; he said FBI agents speculated that Kelley, single and a divorcé, might have obtained the information by seducing women employees of the agency.

Espionage is a very difficult crime to prove, and when the FBI's various stratagems had failed—the fake mole operation and the stranger at the door—it decided to confront Kelley. Sometimes in such a setting suspects confess, often in the desperate if misguided hope that they will be "turned" and played back by the bureau against the Russians.

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*Moustakas did not disclose the surnames of either of his clients to the author. He offered to make Kelley available to be interviewed for this book, but only on condition that Kelley's name not be used. That offer was declined. Kelley's identity was learned independently and his name and case discussed with the author by several current and former intelligence officials.

At 1 P.M. on August 18, 1999, Kelley was summoned to a meeting in a small conference room in the Counterintelligence Center (CIC) at CIA headquarters. Awaiting him there were two special agents of the FBI, Rudy Guerin and Doug Gregory. Guerin was one of the agents who, five years earlier, had arrested Aldrich Ames.

Gregory, who also worked at WFO, the Washington field office—although not on Rochford's mole hunting squad—was called in because he had earned a reputation as the best investigator in the FBI's New York division. In his late fifties, of medium height, with gray hair and glasses, he was known to be methodical and thorough.

"Gregory is a very serious, a very competent guy," one FBI colleague said. "WFO thought he was a great case agent; any hard case they turned over to Doug Gregory. No personality, difficult to get along with, and he had a real hard-on for the agency. They brought Gregory in when they were ready to do the interview with Kelley."

The two FBI men minced no words. From the start of the interview they accused Kelley of being a Russian spy. They knew all about his activities and even knew his SVR code name, they told him. For Kelley, it was a very frightening moment; by now, Congress had changed the law, and espionage carried the death penalty. Like a character in a Kafka novel, he had no way to prove he was innocent.

The FBI agents triumphantly pulled out a copy of the marked map of Nottoway Park that they had taken from his home. The FBI had stamped it SECRET.

The "spy map," the agents informed him, was proof that he was the long-sought Russian mole. The X marks and the times written on the map indicated when and where he had placed secret documents in dead drops.

"How do you explain this!" one of the agents shouted.

"Where did you get my jogging map?" Kelley countered.

Moustakas, a tough, stocky, no-nonsense former federal prosecutor, was indignant as he described the scene. According to Moustakas, the FBI agents told Kelley he would already be in jail if George Tenet, the director of the CIA, had not intervened. "They told Brian he was about to be arrested; the only reason he hadn't been is out of deference to Tenet. They said Tenet had prevailed upon them to give Brian one more chance to 'come clean.' It was ridiculous; anyone knows if he confessed he'd be arrested. My mother wouldn't fall for that."

The questioning went on for several hours, the agents urging Kelley, who had no lawyer present, to confess his capital crime. Kelley said he had nothing to confess.

The agents weren't buying it. Unless he admitted his espionage, they said, they would have to question members of his family, including, over Kelley's "imploring objections, his frail eighty-four-year-old mother," who was in a nursing home.

At the end of the interrogation, Moustakas said, Kelley was escorted out of CIA headquarters by a senior counterintelligence officer, who also took his badge. He was placed on administrative leave that was to last twenty-one months. In limbo, falsely accused as a spy and facing a possible death penalty, Kelley, having served his country for thirty-seven years, had nowhere to turn. He could only wait, and hope that he would eventually be cleared of the crime he knew he had not committed.

On that same afternoon in August, while Kelley was being confronted by Gregory and Guerin, his twenty-eight-year-old daughter, a CIA employee in the agency's personnel department, was escorted to a small windowless room with a table and four metal chairs. Two FBI agents, a man and a woman, were there. "Please sit down," one of the agents told her. "We have some bad news for you." Frightened, Kelley's daughter could not imagine what had happened.

"Your father is a spy," the FBI agent said. "He's working for the Russians."

The room seemed to spin. Kelley's daughter loved her father and had followed in his footsteps by joining the CIA. When the FBI man accused her father of espionage, it was as though her world had suddenly disintegrated. She began to shake and weep uncontrollably. She stood up and turned away from the agents, facing the wall, still sobbing.

After a few moments, she regained her composure and sat down. The interview continued. The male agent did the questioning while a younger female agent took notes.

The FBI man pulled out a copy of the jogging map and informed her it showed the location of dead drops. She denied her father could possibly be a spy, but that appeared to infuriate the agent.

He pounded the table. "Come on," he yelled, "we know what he did!"

Agents fanned out to find the other family members, and the same scene was repeated. Over the next forty-eight hours, Kelley's ex-wife, his two sons, and two sisters were all interrogated by the FBI.

In Connecticut, the agents warned Kelley's sister that if she did not cooperate they would question her ailing mother in the nursing home.

In Kentucky, the FBI caught up with Kelley's younger son at his office, flashed the map, which they said had come from his father's den, and explained that it proved he was a Russian spy. After an hour, the distraught son lurched past his staring coworkers and out into the rain to be alone. He wondered: could it possibly be true?

In Manhattan, the FBI located Kelley's oldest son, who was on a business trip and about to leave for a flight back to Washington. The agents escorted him to La Guardia Airport, questioning him as the car crawled through the rush-hour traffic.

As soon as he got home that evening, he called his father and drove to his house in Vienna. His father was waiting in the driveway.

"I just want to make sure you believe me," he said.

"You never have to worry about that," his son replied as they hugged.

In the end, after pleas by family members, the FBI did not in fact interview Kelley's mother in the nursing home. But several of his friends and colleagues were interviewed and sworn to silence.

As summer turned to fall, Kelley was having repeated problems with the telephones at his home. In October, a technician dispatched by the telephone company to investigate the trouble found a bug on the line.

All during 2000 and into 2001, Brian Kelley remained on leave, barred from Langley headquarters. The experience, Moustakas said, was "emotionally devastating to him and his family." Kelley told friends he never would have gotten through it all but for a parish priest in whom he confided, who took him under his wing and helped him cope.

Kelley and his children lived with uncertainty for eighteen months, until February 19, 2001, when he received a telephone call from an FBI agent asking to meet him at the bureau's office in Tysons Corner, in northern Virginia. At the office, Kelley was shown a heavily censored report of his interview at CIA headquarters in 1999. He was asked to read it and to make any corrections. That seemed to be the first hopeful sign; he was not told, however, that Robert Hanssen, the real mole, had been arrested the previous afternoon.

On the *Today* show the next morning, NBC News broke the story of Hanssen's arrest, and six hours later Louis Freeh, then the FBI director, held a press conference to make the official announcement. Kelley's nightmare was over, but not quite.

The FBI asked Kelley whether he would be willing to take yet another polygraph test to confirm that he was not a Russian spy, and he agreed. When the test was over, the operator told him he had shown no evidence of deception.

He was not immediately reinstated at the CIA, however, and was not allowed to return to work until May. In the meantime, he considered whether to sue the government or seek some other legal remedy for what had happened to him and his family. Having spent his life in the service of his country, first in the Air Force, then in the agency, he decided, for the moment at least, to soldier on. But he no longer worked on Russian illegals and was reassigned by the CIA to a different job.

What he did want was an apology, and a statement that he was officially cleared, but both were slow in coming. In late April, two months after Hanssen's arrest, Kelley and the female ex-CIA officer contacted James Woolsey, the former director of the CIA, at his Washington law firm, Shea & Gardner. Woolsey promised to help and referred them to his associate, John Moustakas.

In a letter to Freeh in June 2001, Moustakas pointed out that Kelley and his family had lived for eighteen months with "espionage accusations involving death penalty offenses" and was barred from work for twenty-one months, including opportunities for advancement in his career at the CIA. The experience, he wrote, "left indelible personal scars that will never fully heal and a cloud that will continue to mar his impressive career unless it is explicitly dispelled."

What Brian Kelley wanted, his lawyer wrote, was "an unequivocal statement . . . that the espionage activities leveled against him as early as February 1999 have proved to be unfounded and that he has been exonerated unconditionally. We believe that you are the correct government official to issue such a statement."

Freeh didn't.

Instead, he ducked and had his deputy director, Thomas J. Pickard, write back. Finding the penetration, Pickard wrote on June 14, was a top priority because the information lost "was extraordinarily sensitive and damaging to the national security." He added: "Given your background as an Assistant United States Attorney, I know that you understand the need to fully pursue this type of investigation. I do not doubt the necessity of the investigation, nor the integrity of the personnel who carried it out."

Pickard went on to throw Kelley a small bone. "I acknowledge and regret the impact of this investigation on the life of your client . . . and his family." But in view of the pending prosecution of Hanssen, the FBI could not discuss the matter, although the bureau would deal with "any concerns" his client had after the prosecution was concluded.

Moustakas was furious when he read the letter. The FBI had refused to declare that Kelley was innocent! He wrote back to Pickard in July. No one was doubting that the FBI had to investigate the losses, he agreed. But there was a big difference between pursuing leads and "accusations of espionage . . . the threat of arrest for capital crimes" and the treatment of his client's family, "including threats to interrogate his eighty-four-year-old mother.

"Under the circumstances it is simply not enough for the FBI to say that it 'regrets' the impact its investigation had. . . . That is the sort of thing an airline might say to a passenger whose flight had been delayed for a few hours. But my client was not merely inconvenienced; his life was turned upside down. . . . I do not accept your claimed inability to exonerate an innocent man because of the pending prosecution of a guilty one."

Moustakas added: "Why then is it so hard for the FBI to say, in point-blank fashion and just as a matter of honesty and fairness, that its suspicions about [Kelley] and its espionage accusations against him turned out to be totally unfounded and that . . . it was on the wrong track?"

As it happened, three days later, President Bush appointed Robert Mueller to replace Freeh. Perhaps that made it easier for the FBI to do what it should have done all along. The following month, on August 16, Neil J. Gallagher, the assistant director in charge of the National Security Division, wrote to Kelley.

"I sincerely regret the adverse impact that this investigation had on you and the members of your family," Gallagher wrote. "It was not the intent of the FBI to either discredit you or to cause you or your family any embarrassment. If this has occurred, I am sorry."

Gallagher assured Kelley he was no longer a suspect and that "the FBI has ceased its investigation of you." He offered to place the written exoneration in Kelley's CIA personnel file.

Kelley finally had the apology and declaration of innocence he had wanted. Neil Gallagher had done the right thing, and GRAY DECEIVER was found guiltless at last.

Moustakas said he was "generally pleased." He added, "The letter makes clear what everyone has known forever; that he's not a spy, that he never was a spy, and that the nightmare should be over." Moustakas's only objection was that "it happened way too late."

Some remarkable coincidences were apparent once the FBI realized that Robert Hanssen, not Brian Kelley, was the long-sought mole. Kelley had once lived on the same street as Hanssen, five houses away from the real spy. He jogged in Nottoway Park, the location of Hanssen's favorite dead drop, the one he had used seventeen times. The two men were about the same age and both worked in counterintelligence. Sometimes their paths crossed; they had once traveled to the same conference and another time had participated in a briefing of senior military officials. Kelley had on one occasion gone to Latin mass at the same church, St. Catherine, that Hanssen and his family had attended.

However, these coincidences, while intriguing in retrospect, were wholly irrelevant. Until the FBI zeroed in on Robert Hanssen, it did not know that the mole had lived on the same street as Kelley, or used Nottoway Park, or that the two men had once gone to the same Catholic church. The similarities simply had nothing to do with the FBI's erroneous belief that Brian Kelley was a traitor.

How could it have happened?

Partly it was bureaucratic blinders, the FBI's ingrained belief that the mole was more likely to be a CIA officer than one of its own. Partly, it was the nature of counterintelligence. Unmasking a mole is a difficult business. The job of the counterspies is to suspect everyone and trust no one. When they think they have a suspect, they may tend to seize on that person to the exclusion of all others. And once under scrutiny, Kelley's every move fueled the bureau's distrust.

"They will be very reluctant to let you go once you are under suspicion," said Paul Moore, the former FBI counterintelligence analyst. "The principle is, there are no coincidences. But there *are* coincidences in life."

As the mole hunters reassure one another that they are on the right track, they become caught up in a self-reinforcing mechanism, and belief gradually hardens into reality. In time, not only Rochford but almost the entire senior echelon of the FBI's counterintelligence managers became absolutely convinced that Kelley was their man.

In retrospect, a high-level FBI official strongly defended the FBI's three-year investigation of Brian Kelley, arguing that it acted on evidence that appeared valid at the time and only later proved wrong. "He fit all the descriptors in the matrix, had all the right accesses, was in right places at right times. He lived in northern Virginia, where we knew the Soviets were active. There was some stuff in his computer that was suspicious. He was discovered surreptitiously doing things that appeared to be espionage-related. He had some strange overseas travel and strange contacts." It ought not to be surprising, however, that a CIA officer might have unusual contacts. Brian Kelley, as the bureau finally admitted, was entirely innocent.

One who did not agree with the pursuit of Brian Kelley was Ed Curran, the FBI agent who headed the Counterespionage Group inside the CIA and supervised the Special Investigations Unit hunting for the mole. He maintained that he, for one, opposed the intense focus on Kelley. "I was very vocal that Kelley was not the guy," Curran said.

One source close to the mole investigation declared: "Rochford couldn't let go of this thing. WFO was totally in charge. They had a big success with Ames, they were walking on water, and nobody was going to get in their way. It was arrogance.

"Why weren't we looking at a dozen people? A lot of people fit the criteria; why weren't we looking at them?"

Even after it was over, there were some lingering questions about the Kelley case, at least for John Moustakas. He said that when the FBI had interviewed his other client—Kelley's friend and former colleague—she had been asked about diamonds, parks in northern Virginia, and other matters later associated with Robert Hanssen; that led him to think that perhaps the bureau knew about Hanssen much earlier than late 2000, as it stated publicly.*

Moustakas's conjecture was understandable. However, the FBI had learned about the KGB and diamonds years earlier; it gave that information the code name KARAT. "There was a 'diamond connection'; we heard from a defector that somebody was being paid in diamonds," said

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*At his February 20, 2001, press conference announcing Hanssen's arrest, FBI director Freeh was asked when the investigation began. "I don't want to pinpoint the exact time," he replied. "I would say it was the latter part of last year."

John Lewis, the former chief of the FBI's National Security Division. "It goes back at least ten, fifteen years, maybe more. But source accounts were often vague as to which agency the mole was in. Sometimes it was the bureau, sometimes the CIA."

* * *

GRAYSUIT had looked very different—and with a far less certain outcome—at the start of 2000. The arrest of Robert Hanssen and the resulting vindication of Brian Kelley were still more than a year away. The hunt for the mole was not going well.

At the time, the FBI was still confident that Kelley, suspended from his job at the CIA, was Moscow's penetration. But the dawn of the new millennium had not brought the bureau any closer to gathering the proof it needed. The FBI had to face the fact: the case against GRAY DECEIVER had stalled.

25

GRAYDAY

For the FBI's mole hunters, as 2000 began, the failure to end their search with an arrest was as frustrating as it was intolerable.

The problem had to be solved, even if it cost millions of dollars. Brian Kelley, the FBI believed, might yet be flushed from his burrow with enough cash.

BUCKLURE was still an active program, although under a new code name. It was based on the premise and the hope that money might lead to the recruitment of a KGB or SVR officer who could identify the penetration. With luck, the operation could wrap up GRAYSUIT, the overall code name for the mole hunt.

At FBI headquarters and the Washington field office, the hunters focused on finding the right Russian source who could identify the mole, producing conclusive proof against Kelley. For security reasons, the effort was in the hands of a deliberately small number of persons, including Neil Gallagher, the senior counterintelligence official at headquarters; Sheila Horan, his deputy; Timothy Bereznay, the chief of the Eurasian section; and Mike Rochford, the unit chief for Russia.

Gallagher, a tall New Yorker who grew up in the South Bronx, joined the FBI in 1973 and spent much of his career in criminal work and counterterrorism. But he had worked as a counterspy in New York for five years and at headquarters in the early 1980s.

At the Washington field office, the effort was led by Tim Caruso, the special agent in charge (SAC) for counterintelligence, who was respected as one of the bureau's top counterspies and had been involved almost continuously in the search for penetrations. Caruso's number two was Leslie Wiser, who had won recognition in 1994, when he ran the innovative and successful surveillance that culminated in the arrest of Aldrich Ames.

The counterspies and the analysts who worked with them drew up a wish list of potential recruitments, many of whom at one time or another had been KGB or SVR American targets officers in Washington or New York. Some were still active at SVR headquarters in Moscow and could not, for the moment, be approached; others had turned up in various capitals abroad. Still others had retired to their dachas.

As the mole hunters studied the names on the list, they tried to correlate their presence in Washington, or the years they held management positions in the KGB, with known intelligence losses. In narrowing the list, they were helped by Yevgeny Toropov, a KGB officer in Ottawa, listed as first secretary of the Russian embassy, who was a secret source of U.S. intelligence.

The FBI counterspies began to focus more and more on one former KGB officer. When he was stationed in Washington, he had been of interest to the FBI. The Russian had gone into private business after he retired from intelligence work and was living in Moscow.

Mike Rochford had managed to make contact with him outside the United States on more than one occasion when the Russian had traveled abroad, and the former KGB man had seemed willing to talk further. But an approach in Moscow would be risky; CIA and FBI agents were closely watched in the Russian capital.

Then the counterspies hit on a possible solution. The FBI knew that the Russian was interested in expanding his business overseas. The bureau approached an executive of an American corporation who agreed to help by inviting the Russian to a fictional business meeting that would supposedly take place in New York in the late spring of 2000. The invitation would seem plausible because the company that issued it was in an industry related to the business that the Russian was in.

It was much easier in 2000 for a Russian citizen to travel to the West than in the days of the Soviet Union, when it was virtually impossible, except as part of an official delegation. Still, the former KGB officer had to provide a convincing explanation for his trip. The FBI, the secret sponsors of the sham meeting, arranged to have an invitation sent to the Russian on the company's letterhead.

"It was just to give him plausible cover to make the trip," one FBI official said. The invitation was the document that the ex-KGB spy needed to show to the authorities in Moscow to justify his travel to New York.

The Russian may have suspected that the FBI was behind the invitation, but there was no way he could be sure of that. "We invited him," the FBI official said, "but he did not know it was us."

And the ploy worked. The news was electrifying when it reached FBI headquarters. The Russian was coming. The plan was operational.

Mike Rochford, because of his experience and previous contacts with the former KGB man, was selected as the agent to make the approach in New York, and if successful, to negotiate the terms with the Russian.

Rochford was not only fluent in Russian but a man who might inspire confidence in his talks with the ex-KGB officer. His appearance helped. Although only in his mid-forties, he was gray-haired, with a gray mustache. A bit heavyset, calm, and soft-spoken, Rochford looked more like an English professor at an Ivy League college than a counterspy.

Rochford had started out at age twenty-three on CI-4, the KGB squad at the Washington field office, targeting Soviet counterintelligence officers for a decade. There followed three years in Nashville, where he acquired a taste for country music. Later, he moved up to a key counterespionage post at headquarters. He went back to Washington field in 1994 and for five years was in charge of the squad assigned to find the suspected penetration inside American intelligence.

Only Rochford was to meet the former KGB man. But a support team of half a dozen FBI agents accompanied Rochford to New York in April 2000. They included Les Wiser; Jim Milburn, the veteran FBI Russian analyst; Special Agent Debra Smith, now the squad supervisor for the mole hunt at the Washington field office; and special agents Ben Gessford and Gwen Fuller from the field office. The CIA also dispatched its own officers to work with the FBI agents.

The Russian, to the enormous excitement of the counterspies gathered in New York, indicated he was willing to deal—but slowly. Such matters were difficult, the Americans should understand, and would require extended discussions. He could not be expected to make a hasty decision. Still, it was not impossible that, providing various conditions were met, some accommodation could be reached of mutual interest.

But that was not the half of it. The Russian had a sensational secret, one he had kept from the KGB and the SVR, and from everyone else.

To Rochford's utter astonishment, he revealed that he had access to the crown jewel, the actual KGB file on the American mole.

But how could this be? The Russian had stayed on only briefly when the KGB's First Chief Directorate, its foreign intelligence arm, was renamed the SVR after the collapse of the Soviet Union in December 1991. Then he had left the government and retired. Surely there was no way he could get back into SVR headquarters, remove one of their most sensitive files, and stroll out with it unchallenged by armed guards.

The answer was soon apparent. Before he retired, and while he still had full access, he said, he had thoughtfully removed the file from Yasenevo, the Russian foreign intelligence headquarters, as insurance against a rainy day. He well understood its potential value. He had stashed it away and he was the only person in the world who knew where it was.

He did not have the file with him in New York, of course, but if the price was right . . .

The news was far beyond what GRAYSUIT's managers ever could have anticipated. The file! The actual mole file!

The Russian's revelation that he possessed the file meant that the bureau, no matter how high the cost, would have to strike a deal with him.

Mike Rochford knew something about how important real documents and files could be. In 1992, after being turned away by the CIA, Vasili Mitrokhin had defected to MI6, the British secret intelligence service, with an unprecedented trove of documents he had copied while working as the chief archivist inside the KGB. The British had whisked him to London and given him a new identity.* Rochford, often with Bob Wade, a veteran FBI counterspy, had flown to London a dozen times during a two-year period to debrief Mitrokhin about the materials. Mitrokhin's files revealed dozens of previously unknown KGB operations and unmasked two spies.

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*Although detailed and valuable, Mitrokhin's notes did not go beyond 1984, the year that he retired, and did not, therefore, point to the current KGB mole that GRAYSUIT was trying to uncover. Mitrokhin turned over only a portion of his materials in his initial contacts with the British. MI6 is said to have then slipped into Mitrokhin's apartment in Moscow and made off with six large suitcases containing the rest of his cache. See Christopher Andrew and Vasili Mitrokhin, *The Sword and the Shield: The Mitrokhin Archive and the Secret History of the KGB* (New York: Basic Books, 1999).

Now, in a New York hotel room, Rochford began the negotiations to buy the file. For Rochford, aided by his support team, it was essential to establish a bond of trust with the Russian. "You don't just offer the money," said one experienced FBI counterintelligence agent. "That can be insulting. You have to give some thought about each individual. You have to build a personal relationship. Of course the money comes up."

As the talks proceeded, the Russian cautioned Rochford that the file did not contain the name of the mole, or reveal in which agency he worked, since he had never divulged either. But there were enough clues in the documents, the ex-KGB agent said, that he was confident the file would enable the bureau to identify "Ramon Garcia."

There were several secret meetings over the better part of a week between Rochford and the Russian, as they hammered out the agreement, including how many millions of dollars the FBI would have to pay for the file—after the bureau had a chance to examine it, of course.

That condition was one of the first hurdles to be overcome, and it was a major one, because the FBI insisted that the Russian relinquish the file before he was paid. The bureau was not about to buy a pig in a poke.

"He wanted the money up front," one FBI source said. "The guy said he could get a tape recording with the mole's voice, but he didn't know who he is. It sounded fishy. Is this guy trying to scam us? 'This is going to be a dynamite tape,' he says."

A tape recording! Now the FBI agents wanted to get their hands on the file more than ever. But the Russian had to be persuaded to turn over the file first, and to trust the U.S. government to keep its commitments if the file, upon analysis, proved to be what he said it was.

It was a delicate dance, because the thought must have crossed the mind of the former KGB officer that once the FBI had the file, it could walk away and leave him sitting in Moscow with no payment at all, duped by the Americans. "His concern," one FBI official recalled, "was that he not be squeezed like a lemon and just left."

The million-dollar bounty that BUCKLURE had offered more than a dozen years ago was now far too low. Aside from inflation to consider, there was the unique value of the product.

"He wanted a great deal of money without producing anything," the FBI official said. Both sides were wary. "It was like two scorpions. He wanted more and we wanted less."

Finally, after intense negotiations, Rochford and the Russian settled on a price, and it was huge: the FBI paid a whopping $7 million for the file on the mole.

A good-faith initial deposit was placed in escrow in a U.S. bank. There would be a series of payments into the account over the next several months.

Aside from the negotiations over price, there were a host of other questions to be settled. Arrangements would have to be made for the file to be physically handed over in Moscow. But the FBI is largely precluded from operating overseas; the CIA would have to be brought in to manage this part.

The ex-KGB officer would then need to get out of Russia, with as many family members as possible. He would surely be imprisoned or shot if the SVR discovered what he had done.

There were details to be worked out about his life in the United States. He would have to be given a new identity, his personal safety and that of his family guaranteed for life. It would not be enough to settle him into a seaside mansion in La Jolla or some other pleasant spot; he would have to feel certain he was beyond the reach of the SVR. True, the KGB reportedly gave up assassinations more than two decades ago, but defectors, even if they do not spend every moment looking over their shoulder for a hit man from Moscow, are never entirely free of concerns about their security.

Officials were extraordinarily tight-lipped about many of the details involved in acquiring the file and getting it out of Russia.* But when, as planned, the former KGB man returned to Moscow after the negotiations in New York, the CIA established contact with him. When all the arrangements were complete, it was to the CIA that the Russian turned over the file.

Early in November 2000, the file, carefully guarded every moment of its clandestine journey from Moscow, arrived at FBI headquarters in Washington. According to a senior bureau official, "It came in one package, which was actually several smaller packages, all of which would fit into a medium-sized suitcase." The file was able to fit into such a relatively small space because much of the material was on computer floppy disks.

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*For example, the FBI declined to discuss the location of the meeting with the Russian source. A senior counterintelligence official would say only that it took place "in a city on the East Coast."

Everything was taken immediately to the FBI laboratory on the third floor. The first order of business was a forensic examination of the file. The documents were carefully dusted for fingerprints, but there were no useful prints on them or on the floppy disks. Then every document, envelope, and disk was photographed.

One of the packages came with a note that said, "Don't open this." The FBI counterintelligence agents were itching to open it and overwhelmed with curiosity, but they waited. In a few weeks, they knew, the Russian would come out of Moscow and explain the mystery package.

In the meantime, there was work to be done. There were translations needed; some of the material was in Russian. For example, the KGB man had managed to compile an inventory and description in Russian of every document—six thousand pages in all—that had been passed to Moscow by the mole; the list would have to be translated back into English.

The file included the letters exchanged by the Russians and the mole over the course of fifteen years, some on computer disks, and many of the titles of the documents he had given to the KGB. The actual documents that the mole had passed to the Russians were not included in the package from Moscow. But the detailed notes taken by the KGB man described the documents in sufficient detail so that the FBI could retrieve them from its own files, as well as from the files of the NSA and the CIA.

FBI analysts began a thorough examination of the file, searching for clues that would confirm the identity of the mole at last. The letters and the disks nowhere identified the mole by name or by organization; he was referred to as "Ramon" or "B" or "Ramon Garcia." But there were hints here and there: the KGB's source talked about new assignments and promotions on certain dates. GRAY DECEIVER, it was believed, would soon be arrested.

One of the packages contained the potential treasure that the Russian had first revealed in the meetings in New York, a tape recording of a conversation labeled July 21, 1986, between a KGB officer, Aleksandr K. Fefelov, and the unknown mole. The KGB officer, speaking from a pay phone, had taped part of the conversation.

Sometime in November, Michael Waguespack listened to the tape. Wags, as he was known, was a gray-haired, congenial Louisianan who grew up in the Cajun country near New Orleans and was regarded as one of the best counterintelligence agents in the bureau. He had worked espionage cases, including some major ones, for more than twenty years, in San Diego, Chicago, New York, and Washington. To hear the tape, Waguespack, with Mike Rochford and Tim Bereznay, went to one of the FBI lab's secluded rooms tucked away in the basement of headquarters.

As they settled back to listen, they were certain that they would, at last, hear the voice of Brian Kelley, GRAY DECEIVER. "This was the piece we needed to nail it down," Waguespack said.

No one expected to hear the voice that boomed out into the room.

"It was apparent to all three of us it was not him," Waguespack said.

The agents were stunned and chagrined at the unexpected turn of events. Three years lost; all that effort, and now, just as Rochford was sure that the mole was within his grasp, the shocking revelation, on a fourteen-year-old snippet of magnetic tape, that the bureau had been chasing the wrong man.

But if the voice on the tape was not Brian Kelley, then who was it?

Waguespack recalled his frustration. "I kept listening and I said, 'I know that voice. The inflection. I know that voice, but I can't put it with anybody. That voice sounds familiar.' We broke off that day still unsure.

"Bob King and the other analysts started to look at the material in the file. It had the Patton quote." Twice in the KGB file, the mole had quoted General Patton as saying to his troops, "Let's get this over with so we can kick the shit out of the purple-pissing Japanese." And suddenly King knew where he had heard those words. "King recalled that Hanssen had used that phrase, 'the purple-pissing,' when King worked for him in the Soviet analytical unit," Waguespack said. "He remembered it. He said, 'I think that is Bob Hanssen.'

"We went back and listened to the tape again and this time I realized it was Hanssen. I said, 'My God, that's him!' I went to Neil Gallagher and I said, 'Strap on, because here we go.' "

On November 22, Gallagher received his first briefing on the contents of the file. The mystery package had still not been opened, but the voice on the tape had been recognized and the documents analyzed.

It was, clearly, time to shift gears. "We thought we had Kelley," a senior FBI official admitted. Now everything had changed.

All the evidence made it plain that the mole was Robert Hanssen. Even aside from the voice on the tape, and the Patton quote, the analysis of the KGB file was persuasive. The mole's first letter to the KGB was dated October 1, 1985, and mailed from a Washington suburb. Although Hanssen had been assigned to New York by then, FBI records showed he was in Washington on that day. The mole had said in May 1990 that he would be going on more trips, and that was the year that Hanssen began his travels as an agent in the inspection division, including his jaunt to Hong Kong with Priscilla Sue Galey. In November 1991, Hanssen had been promoted to unit chief at higher pay; in December he told the Russians he had received a salary increase and more authority. There were the references to Chicago, Hanssen's birthplace, and the mole's admiration of Mayor Daley. There were many other clues that made it plain who the betrayer was, and that it was not the CIA's Brian Kelley.

Within the next forty-eight hours, GRAY DECEIVER was no longer the target of the investigation. Now there was a new code name: GRAYDAY.

There could no longer be any doubt about the identity of the mole. GRAYDAY was Robert Hanssen.

Within the small contingent of mole hunters, GRAY DECEIVER had often been referred to in shorthand as simply "GD." By designating Hanssen as GRAYDAY, the agents could still informally speak of the new target as "GD." That would give the impression that they were still talking about GRAY DECEIVER. The decision to keep the same initials was deliberate, so that even the official cryptonym, GRAYDAY, would be tightly held.

There was good reason for this. If Hanssen learned that the bureau had suddenly locked onto a new target in its search for the mole and given the suspect a new code name, there was always the risk that he might flee. He had, after all, asked for an escape plan in his first year as a spy for the KGB. In his briefcase, he carried a current passport.

By mid-December, the Russian was safely in the United States. Some members of his family had also gotten out. And the $7 million was his, to be paid out over a period of time.*

The FBI was now able to open the last package, the one that the source had cautioned not to unwrap.

The former KGB man explained the significance of the mystery package. Inside was an ordinary black plastic trash bag, of the kind that suburban homeowners use to dispose of leaves or garbage. When Hanssen filled a dead drop, he would wrap the documents and disks in a plastic trash bag and tape it up to waterproof it and protect it from the elements. Then he would wrap the whole package in a second plastic bag.

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*"We were not going to hand him all the money at once," one official said, "and have it misspent and he turns around and says he is poor. Or compromise the security of himself and his family by spending a lot of money."

The Russian said that under normal procedure, someone else had opened the bags. He would then receive a pile of documents that had been handled first by others. "Only once did they drop off the outer bag with the documents," an FBI official said. "When he removed the outer bag, he assumed that the only persons who had touched the inner bag were himself and Ramon. So he carefully put the inner bag in an envelope." The plastic bag was to prove one of the most vital items in the file that the Russian removed from Yasenevo.

When the package was opened, the bag inside was taken to the FBI lab and processed. Two latent fingerprints were found on the bag. They belonged to Robert Philip Hanssen. And they were the only identifiable prints in the entire file.

The plastic bag sealed GRAYDAY's fate. There had been no question for several weeks that the mole was indeed Bob Hanssen, but now the bureau had solid forensic evidence. It would have been difficult for even the most dexterous defense lawyer to explain what Hanssen's prints were doing on a plastic bag that had been reposited in a secret file inside the KGB in Moscow.

The FBI had followed a false trail for three years, stumbling in the dark, but now it had pulled off an impressive and unprecedented counterintelligence feat. There had been defectors and walk-ins over the years who had provided valuable information, but nothing had ever happened like this. The bureau had engineered the source's travel to New York and had managed to pull off the seemingly impossible—to extract a file on the most damaging mole in the history of the FBI from the most guarded building in Russia.

Gallagher put it this way: "The FBI was able to reach into the KGB back room and bring out what is usually the most difficult part of any espionage case, the evidence. Because the evidence is usually gone. In this case we were able to bring it out of Russia. We were proactive, it didn't just happen."

Although Gallagher would not talk about the money that the FBI had paid for the file, he indicated the source was happy with the outcome. "He was very satisfied with the financial arrangement. And a lot of security-related issues were taken care of. We have covered his financial security and his personal security and assisted him in the transition."

The CIA kept silent about its part in getting the file out of Moscow, but Gallagher credited the intelligence agency with playing an important role. Historically the two agencies, with different missions, have often clashed. It took six years before they formed the joint task force in 1991 that resulted, three years later, in the arrest for espionage of the CIA's Aldrich Ames.

"This was different from Ames; they worked with us on all aspects of the investigation," Gallagher said. "They handled a lot of the resettlement. They also worked with us on the recruitment effort and the success of the operation."

Among the intelligence agencies, "resettlement" is the term used to arrange for a new life and a new identity for defectors, such as the Russian who provided the mole file. The CIA's National Resettlement Operations Center (NROC) makes these arrangements from its secret location near Washington.*

The FBI was careful to say little about the KGB man. But officials confirmed that he lives somewhere in the United States and is well protected. And rich.

The SVR would have figured out fairly quickly who stole its file—certainly after Hanssen's arrest, if not before. FBI director Freeh, in announcing the arrest on February 20, 2001, disclosed that the FBI had obtained "original Russian documentation." By that time, the Russian source was long gone from Moscow. Since presumably only a limited number of KGB and SVR officers would have had access to such a sensitive file, the Russians could have ascertained who among them had suddenly left town—and had not been seen since. (Even months after Hanssen's arrest, some FBI officials still were clinging to the thought that it was possible, if not likely, that the SVR was still trying to figure out who had absconded with the file.)

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*NROC has more than four hundred defectors on its rolls, and a total, with dependents, of about 1,800 people. Many are Russian, but the defectors include thirty nationalities. The CIA avoids the word "defector"; NROC instead prefers the term "resettlees" or "defector-hero." Some of the more valuable ones are supported for life.

One of the unanswered questions in all this is whether the SVR ever realized, until Hanssen was apprehended, that its file was missing.* Because the file obtained from the Russian ends in December 1991, it is possible that it had been archived around that time. And the SVR may have had no cause to search for the file because Hanssen did not contact the KGB again for eight years after the Soviet Union collapsed.

"Some of what we got was closed files, older files," Gallagher pointed out. "They may not have known they were missing if they had no reason to look for them."

But they know now, he said. "There is an empty space where the file should be."

* * *

Hanssen, still assigned to the Office of Foreign Missions at the State Department, was placed under surveillance. It had to be done cautiously, since he was, after all, a trained counterintelligence agent and might detect any watchers. But the surveillance was done by the Gs, the FBI's Special Surveillance Group, and they were good at their jobs.

It would be much easier to track Hanssen if he could be lured back to FBI headquarters, but the problem was how to do that without arousing his suspicions. Hanssen's interest in computers provided the answer. He prided himself on his computer skills, which were considerable, and the counterspies decided to exploit that fact and offer him a promotion and a job in computers.

Mike Waguespack called Hanssen in to headquarters in December. Hanssen seemed extremely tense at their meeting. Waguespack thought he knew the reason: *he's thinking this is it, and that's why I called him in.*

When Waguespack, a deputy assistant director of the National Security Division, offered Hanssen a cushy job in the Senior Executive Service, the elite corps of the federal government, at higher pay, he visibly relaxed. Waguespack explained that Hanssen's new responsibility would be to ensure that as the bureau developed new computer programs they would be secure.

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*In the mists that surround the world of counterintelligence, there are always questions that may never be answered. How did the Russian manage to make off with the file undetected? Did no one suspect him for eight years? By what great good fortune did he receive and save the plastic bag with the fingerprints of Robert Hanssen? For that matter, how did the FBI manage to find and recruit the one person in all of Russia who had the file it needed? It is possible to speculate infinitely about these mysteries, but the bottom line is the FBI got the file, learned in great detail what secrets had been lost to Moscow, and caught Hanssen.

A few days later, Hanssen met with Gallagher, the division chief, for the final job interview. "I asked him to take the special assignment," Gallagher said. "It promoted him into SES. It recognized him for his computer expertise. We were playing on his ego." And Gallagher had one more inducement to throw in the pot. "Since he was approaching fifty-seven, the retirement age, I said we would extend him if he wanted to."

Hanssen was delighted. It was about time the bureau, even belatedly, was recognizing his brilliance. The senior levels of the intelligence division were finally taking notice. He would be back at headquarters after his long exile at State, with a parking spot in the FBI garage.

In the meantime, he could not neglect his other duties. On December 12, he was seen driving four times past Foxstone Park, the site of dead drop ELLIS. It was a significant moment because, for the first time, the bureau now knew that Hanssen was an active spy. It is much harder to prove the case against a spy who has gone dormant; now there was a chance that GRAYDAY could be caught in the act.

The day after Christmas, he cruised by the park again three times, looking for the taped signal. Late in the afternoon, he stopped his car for several seconds, studying the park sign, then drove off. Then, just before 9 P.M., he parked near the park entrance, walked over to the signal site, and swept the beam of his flashlight up and down the wooden posts near the sign. He must have found nothing, because he turned and walked away, raising his arms in exasperation. He got back in his car and drove to a nearby Tower Records store.

Half an hour later, he was back. He stopped his car again in front of the Foxstone Park sign for a few seconds and then drove off. Again, there was no signal from the Russians.

After New Year's, he had to wrap up his work at the State Department and get ready for the new job. On January 12, Tom Burns, his boss and former FBI colleague, presided over a going-away party for Hanssen. The affair was held at the China Garden restaurant, in the mall area of the Gannett Building, then the home of *USA Today,* just across the river in Arlington, Virginia.

His colleagues turned out to wish Hanssen well. "There were fifteen to twenty people there," Burns said. "As his superior, I made the usual perfunctory remarks—we'll miss you, don't be a stranger—and I thanked him for his efforts." He added wryly: "The full extent of which, of course, I didn't know."

There was no plaque. But the State Department office controls the distinctive red, white, and blue license plates issued to foreign diplomats, a familiar sight in the capital, and when a colleague left, he would traditionally be given a unique souvenir. "Usually what we would do would be to give a diplomatic license plate with his name on it, mounted on a wood background," Burns explained. "But it had not been struck yet at the firm where we have the plates done."

So Hanssen would have to wait a bit for the special license plate with the name BOB in big letters. It would not be ready for another month.

26

Sleeping Tiger

On January 15, 2001, Hanssen reported to Room 9930 at FBI headquarters in his newly created position in the Information Resources Division. Gone were the days of sharing cubicles. "We gave him a nice office," Gallagher said.

Three times in January, he searched the FBI database again, looking for his name, for FOXSTONE, and for other indicators that he might be under investigation. But the mole hunters had made sure there was nothing there to be found.

Once the FBI was satisfied that the KGB file brought from Moscow was that of Robert Hanssen, it moved quickly to present the evidence to the Justice Department's Office of Intelligence and Policy Review. It asked that office to apply to the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court for permission to begin electronic eavesdropping on GRAYDAY, and secretly to enter and search his home, his office, his computers, and his cars.

Although Hanssen was unaware of it, he was under observation at all times in his ninth-floor FBI office. A tiny, concealed video camera had been secretly installed there before he moved in. The images were relayed by closed-circuit television to the FBI's Washington field office, where they were constantly monitored.

The FBI also tapped Hanssen's home and office telephones. But the bureau was foiled in its attempts to get inside his house to search it, download his home computers, and plant bugs to pick up room conversations. "We couldn't get into the house," one FBI agent said. "There were kids at home, someone [was] always in that house; she [Bonnie] didn't work that much."

However, the FBI found a fortuitous way to keep the Hanssen residence under round-the-clock surveillance. A house across the street was put up for sale in December 2000. Perry and Laura Hood, the owners, could hardly believe their good luck when a woman who called herself "Ann Manning" paid $362,500, all cash, on December 22, only twelve days after the place went on the market. She did not seem to care about the loose bathroom tiles or other problems that buyers fuss about; her only proviso was that the Hoods clear out within two weeks. One neighbor was curious when a telephone lineman let drop that he had installed eight lines for the new tenant; apparently Ms. Manning really liked to talk on the phone a lot. In the process, the installer had inadvertently managed to cut the phone lines briefly to other houses in the neighborhood.*

On the evenings of January 9, 23, and 26, the FBI watched Hanssen as he drove by the signal site at Foxstone Park, either slowing down or coming to a stop. Although his next exchange was set for February 18, he seemed desperate to pick up a signal from the Russians, the little white piece of tape that would indicate they were still there, but he saw nothing. Perhaps he was looking for a warning, a message in dead drop ELLIS that would confirm his worst fears, but the signal never came.

If the SVR ever realized that its file on the mole was missing, along with the former officer who had left Moscow and not returned, it never warned Hanssen that he was in trouble. But the Russians may not have known that the file was gone and that their prime source had been identified and his days were numbered.

Hanssen's precautions in never disclosing his name to Moscow had helped to protect him all these years, but that same secrecy may now have worked against him. Even if the SVR was aware that Hanssen had been betrayed, it had no fast, direct way to communicate with a mole whose identity it may not have known.

On November 7, 2000, around the time the file on the mole reached FBI headquarters, the voters of America had elected a president, although it was not at all clear that it was George W. Bush of Texas until December 12, when the United States Supreme Court intervened in the disputed Florida election results and by a vote of five to four blocked a recount, a decision that awarded the presidency to Bush.*

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*"Ann Manning" sold the house in September and vanished.

Now, in January, Bush was about to be inaugurated. For attorney general, he had chosen John Ashcroft, the conservative former Republican senator from Missouri, who had been defeated for reelection. Ashcroft's appointment to the cabinet was highly controversial, and was strongly opposed by a wide variety of liberal and minority groups because of his strong religious convictions, his opposition to abortion, and his views on race. Just before inauguration, Hanssen exchanged his last e-mails with his friend and former FBI colleague Jim Ohlson; the subject was John Ashcroft.

On January 18, Ohlson e-mailed Hanssen that the next day *The Wall Street Journal* would carry an op-ed piece by Jim Skillen, president of the Center for Public Justice, where Ohlson worked, that defended Ashcroft and began: "Do deeply held religious convictions pose a threat to government? May we trust a man like John Ashcroft, whose outlook appears to be saturated by faith, to serve as U.S. attorney general?"

In reply Hanssen messaged back: "Read Lord of the World, by Robert Hugh Benson. You are seeing the logical consequences of an idea as he predicted, an idea injected into a healthy society. The book is futuristic fiction from the past. In the end belief in God is the ultimate 'hate crime.' 'When the Lord comes will there be any faith left in the world.' "†

Later in January, when Hanssen had been in his new computer job less than two weeks, he began meeting with his friend Victor Sheymov, the KGB defector whom he had befriended in 1988—and betrayed by reporting about him to Moscow. Sheymov, a communications expert, had consulted with the NSA and then formed his own computer security company, Invicta, which claimed its new technology could protect computer networks from hackers.

Former CIA director James Woolsey was a prestigious board member of Invicta. Woolsey had represented Sheymov in a long-running battle with the CIA over money; Sheymov thought he had been promised a million dollars when he defected in 1980 with his wife and child. Woolsey won a settlement in 1994, but the terms were not revealed.

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*As it happened, December 12 was also the night that Hanssen drove three times by the Foxstone Park entrance and the FBI knew for certain for the first time that it had an active spy on its hands.

†After Hanssen was arrested, it was John Ashcroft who would decide whether to seek the death penalty. Ashcroft had been confirmed by the Senate on February 1 by a vote of fifty-eight to forty-two, after weeks of bitterly divisive debate.

Hanssen led a team of FBI experts to inspect the technology, and he told Sheymov the bureau was interested in buying it, which would have been a big break for the new company. Experts who tested Invicta's system were impressed. According to one company official, the software embodied a new concept. "All virus protections build a firewall that lets some things through but not others. Clever hackers make bad stuff look like good stuff. Invicta's software moves the IP address of the computer, the Internet Protocol, and constantly changes it, so that a hacker can't find the computer. The system automatically tells who you are communicating with, the computer on the other end, when you change the IP address. The people who have tested this say, 'Huh, we can't find the computer.' "

On January 30, around the same time that Hanssen was dangling the prospect of a bureau contract to Sheymov, FBI agents secretly searched Hanssen's car, a Taurus. In the glove compartment they found a roll of white adhesive tape and a Crayola box with a dozen pieces of colored chalk. Both the tape and the chalk could be used for signaling. In the trunk, they found several dark-colored Hefty garbage bags of the sort that had arrived from Moscow with Hanssen's fingerprints. And in the trunk the agents also discovered a box containing seven classified documents that Hanssen had printed out from the FBI's Automated Case Support (ACS) system. Several related to then-current FBI counterintelligence investigations and were classified SECRET.

Six days later, on February 5, FBI agents searched Hanssen's office at headquarters and hit paydirt. They found several communications to and from the SVR, from 1999 on, still retrievable on a computer memory storage card in his office; these included the "Dear Friend: welcome!" letter from the Russians in October that marked the resumption of his spying after the eight-year interval.*

Hanssen, meanwhile, continued to be spooked. Whether or not he spotted any of the Gs, he seemed to know that for him, time was running out. On the same day that the FBI searched his office, Hanssen had lunch with Sheymov and another Invicta official. Sheymov thought they would be talking about the FBI's interest in the firm's technology. Instead, Hanssen astonished Sheymov by asking for a job. Sheymov, embarrassed, and not wanting to offend his friend or the FBI, stalled, asking what sort of timing Hanssen had in mind. "Right now," Hanssen replied.

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*The last document in the KGB file brought out of Moscow is dated December 16, 1991. From 1999 on, all of Hanssen's instructions and his letters to and from the SVR were obtained by the FBI from the 8MB Versa memory card found in the search of his office. As Hanssen later told debriefers, he had retyped the letters from the SVR into his computer to preserve their instructions and requests.

Gently, Sheymov tried to explain that Invicta did not really have an opening for another executive. But Hanssen let it be known at headquarters that he was considering an offer from Invicta and would perhaps retire from the FBI.

Ominous signs may have lent fresh urgency to Hanssen's desire to bail out. Once, when he drove into the FBI garage, he thought he set off electronic alarms or buzzers in cars nearby. He also thought he detected radio signals, transmission bursts coming from his own vehicle, which would indicate that a tracking device had been planted in his car.*

And it had also begun to dawn on him by now that there was something fishy about his transfer to headquarters and sudden elevation to a higher status within the bureau. "He was very enthusiastic for the new assignment, at least at first," Gallagher recalled. "But he began to realize he didn't have a meaningful job. We didn't want him to have access to any classified or sensitive information. We gave him things to do, a lot of make-work."

On February 12, agents again searched Hanssen's Taurus. This time, they discovered a small plastic box in the glove compartment, and inside thumbtacks of various colors, including yellow and white, that the Russians had instructed him to use for signaling.

On the same day that the FBI found the thumbtacks, it also searched LEWIS, the new dead drop beneath the wooden stage of the amphitheater in the Long Branch Nature Center in Arlington, Virginia. They found a package inside two plastic garbage bags and took it to the FBI lab. When it was opened, they discovered it contained $50,000 in used hundred-dollar bills. The money was photographed and the package rewrapped, taped, placed inside the two bags, and put back in the dead drop exactly as it had been found.

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*After Hanssen was arrested, he claimed he had heard radio transmissions from his car and had set off alarms in FBI cars. Ever the techie, Hanssen, within minutes of his arrest, warned the FBI agents who had him in custody that the bureau's tracking equipment was faulty. "We've had his car tested and were not able to reconstruct what he says occurred," Neil Gallagher said. "He was living on the edge and probably seeing surveillance that wasn't there and hearing things that did not actually happen."

On Friday, February 16, Hanssen went to a meeting he had arranged at Invicta headquarters. To try to impress Sheymov, he stood up at a blackboard and described the new technology with extraordinary accuracy. "He did it as well as I could," Sheymov was quoted as saying.

On that same day, Hanssen dropped by the office of his old colleague Bill Houghton at headquarters. He seemed to want to chat. "We just talked for about an hour," Houghton said. "We talked about general stuff. He was going to retire later in the year and go to work for Victor Sheymov."

"I'm a section chief," Hanssen said.

"You bastard, you have a parking space now."

"Yeah, it's pretty great. I don't have a staff yet, but I'm going to be developing better systems for the bureau to keep our stuff secure."

By now, however, Hanssen was certain that his new job was a phony, and that his career as a Russian spy was rapidly coming to a close. He composed what was to be his last message to Moscow. It had the tone of a farewell letter—almost.

> Dear Friends:
>
> I thank you for your assistance these many years. It seems, however, that my greatest utility to you has come to an end, and it is time to seclude myself from active service.
>
> Since communicating last, and one wonders if because of it, I have been promoted to a higher do-nothing Senior Executive job outside of regular access to information within the counterintelligence program. It is as if I am being isolate [*sic*]. Furthermore, I believe I have detected repeated bursting radio signal emanations from my vehicle. I have not found their source, but as you wisely do, I will leave this alone, for knowledge of their existence is sufficient. Amusing the games children play. In this, however, I strongly suspect you should have concerns for the integrity of your compartment concerning knowledge of my efforts on your behalf. Something has aroused the sleeping tiger. Perhaps you know better than I.
>
> Life is full of its ups and downs.

> My hope is that, if you respond to this constant-conditions-of-connection message, you will have provided some sufficient means of re-contact besides it. If not, I will be in contact next year, same time same place. Perhaps the correlation of forces and circumstances then will have improved.
>
> your friend,
> Ramon Garcia

Even with his warning that “Something has aroused the sleeping tiger,” and that he was therefore in great danger, Hanssen could not quite bring himself to bid a final good-bye to his “friends.” He needed them too much. So he promised to be back in touch, next year, same time.

In Moscow on February 17, Itar-Tass, the Russian news agency, carried a very brief news story reporting that Yevgeny Toropov had vanished from the Russian embassy in Canada in January and was believed to be in the United States. A Canadian foreign ministry official said Canadian authorities “have no information about the whereabouts of Toropov.”*

Now, on Sunday, February 18, everything was in place for the final drama in the espionage career of Robert Hanssen. The FBI arrest team assembled, ready to move out. Hanssen, in turn, was preparing to keep his rendezvous at Foxstone Park.

Among the FBI officials waiting for this moment was Mike Waguespack. He could not help thinking back on his encounter with Hanssen at midnight mass on Christmas Eve. “I happened to see him as I walked out of St. Andrew’s church in Clifton, Virginia,” Waguespack recalled, “and we wished each other a merry Christmas. I thought to myself, *I hope you have a joyous Christmas, because this will probably be your last one.*”

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*Once Toropov had helped the FBI to pinpoint the Russian source who provided the file from Moscow he vanished, presumably into the CIA’s defector program.

27

The Arrest

Jack Hoschouer remembered it was a little after 4 P.M. on that Sunday, February 18, when Hanssen dropped him off at Dulles Airport to catch his flight to Phoenix.

The Special Surveillance Group, the Gs, had followed Hanssen to the airport. As he pulled out, heading east, they stayed on him. After days of preparation, everything was ready for the arrest, which officials at FBI headquarters and agents in the Washington field office expected to go down shortly after 8 P.M.

The bureau knew that Hanssen would appear at Foxstone Park that Sunday because it had found on his computer memory storage card the July 2000 letter from the SVR designating ELLIS as the dead drop to be used once a year on February 18.* And the FBI thought it knew exactly when he would show up at the park: when agents had searched Hanssen's Palm III computer, they found a reference to "ELLIS," February 18, and 8 P.M.

Neil Gallagher, the chief of the National Security Division, had arrived at FBI headquarters at 1 P.M. for a final briefing in the Strategic Information Operations Center (SIOC), the secure area on the fifth floor where officials monitor major operations. The floor of the SIOC is raised so that the space below it can be periodically swept for electronic bugs. The setting is what one might expect, with large television monitors, computers, wall clocks set for time zones around the world, and sophisticated communications equipment. FBI director Louis Freeh planned to join Gallagher there that night to await word of the arrest.

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*In SVR parlance, this was a so-called iron site, a fixed location (i.e., one made of iron) to be used on a specified date every year. If all other means of communication should fail, the agent knows he can always make recontact at the iron site.

In midafternoon, Gallagher returned to his office on the seventh floor at headquarters to grab a sandwich. Nothing was going to happen for a while.

The FBI, from the telephone taps on Hanssen's house, knew that his daughter, Jane, his son-in-law Richard Trimber, and their children were expected for Sunday dinner. Instead of heading back home from the airport to join them, however, Hanssen, in his silver Taurus, suddenly pulled into the Pike 7 Plaza shopping center in northern Virginia. As the Gs watched from a discreet distance, Hanssen opened his car trunk. He leaned into the trunk for a long time.

Tim Caruso and other FBI agents were sitting in the command van in a parking lot about a mile from the entrance to Foxstone Park. An agent in the van, relaying minute-by-minute reports from the watching Gs, exclaimed:

"He's got some documents and he's putting them in a plastic bag."

Caruso was as astonished as anyone, but he thought he knew what it meant. He looked around at the agents sitting in the van with him.

"He's going to do this right now," Caruso said. "In broad daylight."

Hanssen had previously prepared the package for the Russians, with four classified FBI documents and his "sleeping tiger" cover letter, but he had decided at the eleventh hour, racing back from Dulles, to add three more documents. He opened the package, put them in, and retaped the plastic bag.

All seven documents were classified SECRET. They dealt with current and proposed FBI counterintelligence operations against Russian agents in the United States.

At headquarters, Gallagher's phone rang. "I get a call around 4 P.M. saying that something unusual was occurring, you may want to get down to the SIOC right away. I get down there a minute or so later." Hanssen was at the shopping center, doing something in his trunk, he was told.

Gallagher began trying to reach Louis Freeh.

Hanssen slammed the car trunk shut, got back in the Taurus, and drove the short distance to Foxstone Park.

Debra Smith, the squad supervisor for the Hanssen case at the Washington field office, had been waiting for this moment. It was

Smith who was in charge of the investigation of GRAYDAY by WFO and the surveillance operations that had begun three months earlier. Smith was stationed in the command van with Caruso and Dan Cloyd, Caruso's deputy.

Now it was time. An FBI SWAT team was already in place, just out of sight of the entrance to Foxstone Park. They wore bulletproof vests, because no one knew whether Hanssen, who had boasted of his prowess with guns and owned an extensive personal armory, might start shooting when agents tried to arrest him.

Caruso was right; Hanssen was not waiting for dark. He pulled up across from the park entrance and got out of his car. He placed a piece of white tape vertically on the post of the park sign to indicate to the Russians that the drop would be ready to clear within minutes.

Washington field called the SIOC. He's at the park, WFO reported.

"I'm still trying to find Louie Freeh," Gallagher recalled. "SIOC was paging him, we're beeping him, but we still haven't reached him. And in the next five minutes Hanssen's world would turn upside down."

Carrying the package, GRAYDAY disappeared into the woods. It was 4:34 P.M.

He walked deep into the narrow park, following the path that led to the weathered wooden footbridge that was dead drop ELLIS. It took him about four minutes. He looked around and, seeing no one, slipped the package under the bridge, out of sight. Then he walked back out of the park.

Despite Hanssen's increasingly jittery mood of late, it had, all in all, been a pleasant Sunday: church as usual, of course, playing Frisbee with the dog, seeing Jack again—good old Jack—then a visit to the dead drop so convenient to his house, leaving documents, for which the Russians had rewarded him so well. Now it was time to head home. Bonnie would have supper waiting. He crossed the road and was only a few feet from his car.

At that instant, two vans suddenly appeared from both directions, screeching to a halt, blocking Hanssen's Taurus. Four agents jumped out, some carrying huge MP-5 automatic weapons, and surrounded him. Four backup agents were ready to move in if needed.

It was the last second of freedom that Robert Hanssen would enjoy for the rest of his life.

"You're under arrest!" one of the FBI men said. "Put your hands in the air."

Hanssen did not comply immediately and the agent repeated the command.

"Do you have a weapon?" he was asked.

"No," Hanssen replied. The agents made sure.

Quickly, Hanssen was handcuffed with his arms behind his back and hustled into an SUV.

At almost the same moment, Gallagher finally reached Freeh, who started for headquarters.

Hanssen, meanwhile, was being driven to the FBI field office in Tysons Corner, not far from his home. Doug Gregory, the case agent for the GRAYDAY investigation, was in the car with the prisoner, along with another case agent, Stefan A. Pluta.

Hanssen was read his Miranda rights. In the car, the agents played for Hanssen the tape of his conversation of fourteen years earlier with KGB officer Aleksandr K. Fefelov. They showed him photographs of the drop sites he had used, and copies of his letters to the SVR that had been retrieved from his computer memory card. It was a kind of psychological warfare, designed to convince Hanssen that the evidence against him was irrefutable and overwhelming.

He was asked if he had ever spied for anyone other than the Russians. "No one but the Russians," he replied.

Then Hanssen claimed he had wanted to get caught.

For how long? he was asked.

"Since I started," he said.

He promised to tell everything now that it was over. He wanted to know how Bonnie would get the news.

Two agents were on the way to his house, he was told.

Hanssen's life is over, Doug Gregory was thinking. Despite everything, Hanssen had been a fellow FBI agent for twenty-five years.

"Bob, this is a sad day for all of us," Gregory said. "This is just terrible."

Expressionless, Hanssen replied: "Life has its ups and downs."

* * *

Bonnie was growing worried when Bob did not return home for dinner. It was getting past 6 o'clock. She waited a while, then served dinner to her daughter and son-in-law and their young children. Still no sign of Bob.

She tried his cell phone, but it wasn't turned on. Someone called the

FBI to see if they knew where Hanssen was. No, the word came back, they had no information. Then the Trimbers left.

Bonnie telephoned her mother in Chicago. Pray for Bob, she said, something odd is going on, he hasn't come home. Bonnie feared there might be a medical emergency; Bob had kidney problems, and his blood pressure had been way up lately. He might be lying in a hospital somewhere, unable to contact her.

Bonnie was becoming frantic. It was well after dark now, and Bob had still not returned from the airport. Nor had he called. What was keeping him?

Finally, she could stand it no longer. She got in her car with a friend and drove out to Dulles to look for him. She did not know what else to do.

The FBI followed her to the airport. In the parking lot, the Gs approached Bonnie and told her that her husband was unharmed and that an agent would be along in a minute or two to explain. The agents appeared and took Bonnie to a room inside the terminal. There she was told that her husband had been arrested for espionage.

"She was destroyed," one FBI man said. "She was in a very emotional state already, and more so afterward. She was devastated."

The agents drove Bonnie, weeping and overcome, from the airport back to her house. They stayed with her as she made a series of telephone calls to family members to tell them what had happened. She called her mother again and told her the dreadful news: Bob had been arrested. For espionage.

Jeanne Beglis, Bonnie's sister, and her husband, George, arrived from across the street to do what they could.

The FBI agents, although polite, weren't about to leave. The house was a crime scene and would have to be searched from top to bottom. The bureau had obtained search warrants two days earlier.

Bonnie was upstairs with a female agent, Peggy Casey Cash, throwing some clothes together. Upset as she was, Bonnie wanted to talk, and they did.

Downstairs, Special Agent Dave Lambert was already going through the house with Greg Hanssen, the couple's seventeen-year-old son. Lambert was asking about Bob Hanssen's guns: where were they? Greg knew exactly where they were, showing the FBI man the location of each firearm: in closets, under beds, seemingly all over the house.

Lisa, then fifteen, the only other Hanssen child still living at home, returned from a date with her boyfriend and stepped into the chaos.

When she heard that her father had been arrested as a spy, she broke down sobbing. Jeanne Beglis cradled Lisa in her arms.

The FBI agents pointed out to Bonnie that soon the house on Talisman Drive would become the center of a media frenzy, with yellow tape stretched across the lawn, television satellite trucks clogging the street, and reporters swarming the neighborhood. They offered to take her and the two children to a hotel to escape the mob scene. She accepted, and the agents escorted her and the children to the nearby Residence Inn at Tysons Corner.

As she left the house, Bonnie remarked: "He did it. He just did it."

While still at the house, and again in more detail at the hotel, Bonnie volunteered startling new information. Until then, the bureau's counterspies believed that Hanssen had begun spying in October 1985. That was the date on the first letter from Hanssen to the KGB in the file that the FBI, with help from the CIA, had purloined from Moscow.

Now, for the first time, the FBI learned from Bonnie that Hanssen had begun his espionage career in 1979 in New York. She revealed how she had come upon her husband in the basement of their home in Scarsdale writing a letter, which he had hastily tried to conceal. She told how he claimed he had been scamming the Soviets, providing worthless information—which, although she did not know it, was a lie. She had insisted he see Father Bucciarelli and said that Hanssen later contended he had given the money, $30,000, to Mother Teresa.

Not until months afterward, when Hanssen had pleaded guilty and was being debriefed, did the bureau learn from him that in 1979 he had betrayed to the GRU not worthless information but the identity of TOPHAT, General Dimitri Fedorovich Polyakov, one of the most important U.S. agents inside the Soviet military. TOPHAT was executed after he was also betrayed, in 1985, by the CIA's Aldrich Ames.

And it was only then, during the debriefing, that the FBI learned why the KGB's file on Hanssen contained no evidence of his earlier spying. The reason, Hanssen told the FBI, was that in 1979 he had volunteered his services to the rival GRU.

At the Residence Inn, Bonnie continued to talk and respond to questions almost until dawn. The agents seemed satisfied with her answers. The FBI appeared persuaded that she had really believed her husband's promises in 1980 that he would never spy again. She was clearly distraught and shocked by his arrest. It was 4 A.M. Monday before she fell, exhausted, into bed.

So far, the public knew nothing of the arrest of yet another world-class mole, this time not within the CIA, like Aldrich Ames, but inside the FBI itself. And to make matters worse, the spy was not only in the FBI, he was a counterintelligence agent in the National Security Division, the very part of the bureau responsible for catching spies. The FBI braced for the storm that was sure to come.

After the arrest, the FBI retrieved the package that Hanssen had left under the footbridge and substituted another, prepared in advance, containing only blank paper. It kept the drop site in Foxstone Park under surveillance, hoping to catch an SVR officer in the act of retrieving the package that Hanssen had left under the footbridge. Nabbing a Russian officer in the act would, at least a little, offset the bad news about Hanssen.

But no Russian showed up Sunday night, or the next day. On Monday night, the FBI continued to keep the drop site under surveillance. "We were hoping a Russian would come out," Gallagher said. "It didn't happen."

The FBI was not able to determine why. Perhaps, it was thought, the Russians were spooked. They might have had countersurveillance in the vicinity of the park and spotted the FBI cars in the area. That Sunday afternoon, the FBI knew, a number of Russians had left the embassy complex on Wisconsin Avenue. At 6 P.M., around the time that Bonnie and the Trimbers were having dinner, Gallagher said, "we still had some Russians unaccounted for."

For a week, agents had been lying in the woods in the cold and the rain at the Long Branch Nature Center, nine miles from Foxstone Park, watching the dead drop there, code-named LEWIS, where the SVR had left the $50,000 for Hanssen. About two hours after Hanssen's arrest agents also picked up the money at the Nature Center. Hanssen would not be needing it.*

Word of the arrest could not be held indefinitely, and on Tuesday, February 20, FBI director Louis Freeh scheduled an afternoon press conference. He was too late; at 7 A.M. NBC's *Today* show broke the story of Hanssen's arrest.

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*The FBI concluded that the money had been left at the LEWIS drop site as a result of a breakdown in communication between the SVR and Hanssen. Normally, Hanssen and the Russians exchanged documents and money at the same drop site. Weather may have been partly to blame. "When the Russians placed the fifty thousand dollars at the amphitheater [at LEWIS], they put a piece of tape on a pole," Gallagher said. "It rained, the tape shriveled up and fell off the pole. We found it about two feet away."

* * *

Aboard Air Force One on the way to St. Louis to speak to parents and teachers at an elementary school, President Bush issued a statement about the arrest a few minutes before Freeh faced the press. It was, he said, "deeply disturbing," but he had confidence in the FBI director and the men and women of the bureau. In language that foreshadowed the words he would use months later, after the September 11 terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, he added: "I thank the men and women who proudly serve our country. But to anyone who would betray its trust, I warn you—we'll find you and we'll bring you to justice."

* * *

Freeh looked grim as he faced a huge crowd of reporters and television lights in the FBI auditorium. The CIA director, George Tenet, sat on the stage, but said nothing and stole away early, before the news conference was over.

Attorney General John Ashcroft began with the obvious. "This is a difficult day for the FBI," he said.

Then Freeh took the microphone. Hanssen's arrest, he said, was the result of a mole hunt that followed the Aldrich Ames case. It had happened, he added, because of "a counterintelligence coup by the FBI," working with the CIA.

Freeh was attempting to put the best face on the capture of a penetration who had spied intermittently for almost twenty-two years. Yet his words were not an exaggeration. The arrest *was* the result of an extraordinary counterintelligence operation.

The FBI director did not spell out the details; he did not disclose the name of Mike Rochford, the secret meetings with the former KGB officer in the New York hotel room, the file the Russian had spirited out of SVR headquarters, or the $7 million paid to the ex-KGB man. He did let drop that the FBI had obtained "original Russian documentation" that had pointed to Hanssen. But that hint was as far as he went.

The damage Hanssen did, Freeh admitted, was "exceptionally grave." He added: "The criminal conduct alleged represents the most traitorous actions imaginable against a country governed by the rule of law. . . . I stand here today both saddened and outraged."

In Washington, when political figures find themselves in major hot water, they appoint a commission. Freeh announced that he had named William Webster, the respected former director of both the FBI and the CIA, to examine the bureau's internal security and procedures and recommend improvements. But Webster was investigating his own former agency; Ashcroft ordered the Justice Department's inspector general to launch a separate inquiry into what had gone wrong.

Soon afterward, although there was no public announcement, Paul Redmond, the former CIA counterintelligence expert, was named to run the intelligence community's detailed damage assessment of the Hanssen case. It was the task of Redmond's group, working in the shadows, to determine exactly which programs Hanssen had betrayed and destroyed, how costly were the compromises, and what changes U.S. intelligence agencies would have to make to repair the breach.

As FBI officials well understood, Congress and the public would focus on the fact that a mole had gone undetected among the counterspies for a very long time, not on the resourceful and imaginative way he was unmasked. For Freeh and the FBI, the public revelation that the bureau had harbored its very own Aldrich Ames in its ranks for more than two decades was only the latest in a seemingly endless series of disasters.

The string of debacles had begun at Ruby Ridge, Idaho, in 1992, when the wife of the white supremacist Randall Weaver was mistakenly shot and killed by an FBI sharpshooter. That was followed in 1993 by the FBI siege of the compound in Waco, Texas, that left seventy-five members of the Branch Davidian religious sect dead. Freeh did not become FBI director until later that year, but he was criticized for failing to crack down on subordinates in the cover-up that followed Ruby Ridge.

Then came the FBI's pursuit of Richard Jewell, initially a suspect but later cleared, in the bombing at the 1996 Summer Olympics in Atlanta; the disclosure of sloppy work in the bureau's crime lab, resulting in skewed testimony in court; and the mishandling of the case of Los Alamos scientist Wen Ho Lee.

During his eight-year tenure, Freeh had criticized President Clinton about the FBI files obtained by the White House, supposedly for political purposes, and he fought with Attorney General Janet Reno, who rejected his recommendation that she appoint an independent counsel to investigate fund-raising abuses in the 1996 Clinton-Gore presidential campaign. That won him strong Republican support on Capitol Hill, but at a price; it created the perception among the public that the FBI and its director had become embroiled in politics.

On May 1, 2001, Freeh announced he was leaving his post. He knew what was coming; nine days later, the Justice Department reported that the FBI had failed to provide what was eventually revealed to be a total of more than three thousand documents to defense lawyers for Timothy McVeigh. As a result, Attorney General Ashcroft was forced to postpone the scheduled execution of the Oklahoma City bomber for a month.*

By the time Freeh announced he was calling it quits, public confidence in the FBI had plummeted to 24 percent, according to a CBS News poll, down from 43 percent a year earlier.†

* * *

Jack Hoschouer had arrived in Arizona Sunday night to visit his elderly parents, who lived in Mesa during the winter months. On Tuesday morning, they were watching television when they heard the news.

"My mother said I turned white," he said. "At first I thought it had to be a mistake."

Hoschouer dialed his wife in Germany. "I told her to turn on CNN. My parents don't get CNN—they are in kind of a retirement community—so I went over to the clubhouse later and watched the press conference. I was devastated. I felt like Hiroshima the day after the bomb."

Jack Hoschouer knew the FBI would want to talk to him. He called the bureau's field office in Phoenix and arranged to fly back to Washington, where he was interviewed at length at the Washington field office.

In the course of the questioning, Hoschouer mentioned the Rolex that Hanssen had given to him in 1990. "They said, 'Give us the watch.'

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*McVeigh, who built and set off the bomb that killed 168 people and destroyed the federal building in Oklahoma City in 1995, was executed by lethal injection on June 11, 2001, at the federal penitentiary in Terre Haute, Indiana.

†The telephone poll of 1,063 Americans found that only a quarter of respondents had a favorable view of the FBI. *The New York Times,* September 9, 2001, Section 4, p. 3.

I didn't have it right then. It was in repair." The Rolex was potential evidence, and Hoschouer understood why the government wanted it, "but I told them I want it back."

The Rolex was being repaired in Bonn. Hoschouer had to retrieve the timepiece from Germany to give it to the FBI. Later, he said, he tried to get the watch back and could not. Randy Bellows, the lead federal prosecutor in the Hanssen case, explained the reason. "Randy Bellows told me since it was a gift, and I didn't pay anything for it, they have a right to it. I paid $250 to get the watch fixed and had it for two days. If I'd known the government was going to take it, I wouldn't have had it fixed."

* * *

Bonnie Hanssen faced a bleak future, with no husband, six children, substantial debts, and Hanssen's FBI salary cut off. And there was always the possibility that the FBI would change its mind and come after her, even though they seemed to buy her story that she knew nothing about his espionage after 1980. There was also a chance that federal prosecutors would begin to place pressure on her, since she had known of Hanssen's earlier espionage, to try to get him to cooperate with the government and reveal the full extent of his treachery.

Under the circumstances, she decided she had better get herself a lawyer. She contacted Janine Brookner, a former CIA officer who had been awarded $400,000 by the intelligence agency for gender discrimination against her. The CIA had investigated Brookner and subjected her to various false accusations after she had disciplined several subordinates while she was station chief in Jamaica. Brookner, who went to law school after leaving the CIA, agreed to represent Bonnie Hanssen.

But who would defend her husband? When high-profile figures in Washington get into major trouble, there is one lawyer they often seek out. President Nixon's attorney general, John Mitchell; Aldrich Ames; and Monica Lewinsky had done so, among others. Bob would need a lawyer who could play in the big leagues. Espionage was punishable by death.

Bonnie Hanssen reached for the telephone and called Plato Cacheris.

28

Sex, Lies, and Videotape

It had begun in 1970, when Jack Hoschouer was serving in Vietnam as a U.S. Army adviser to a South Vietnamese battalion. The package from the States had arrived in a plain brown envelope.

Hoschouer remembered his amazed reaction when he opened it: holy Toledo! Out fell several photographs of Bonnie Hanssen, completely naked, some in provocative poses. Hoschouer wrote back to Bob Hanssen, asking, Did you make a mistake, sending these to me? But the next day a letter arrived from his friend. I hope you liked the little morale builder I sent you, Hanssen wrote.

More photos came while Hoschouer was in Vietnam. Along with them, in his letters Hanssen would ask, What kind of poses do you like? Hoschouer would tell him, and Hanssen would try to photograph Bonnie in the ways his friend would enjoy.

Bonnie Hanssen posed willingly for her husband of two years in the privacy of their bedroom. But she had no idea that he would ever share the photos with anyone.

At the time, Hanssen was studying accounting at Northwestern University. He looked up to Jack; there was his friend, risking his life for his country while he was safely in Chicago, getting his MBA, learning how to prepare a balance sheet and reconcile assets and liabilities. Over the years, Hanssen often told Jack he felt "rotten to the core," and that Jack was a better person. Men like Jack who fought in Vietnam were heroes, he would say.

Hoschouer did see combat in Vietnam; he was one of the first Americans into Cambodia when Richard Nixon ordered the incursion that led to the deadly clash between students and the National Guard on the campus of Kent State. He earned a bronze star when his unit came under heavy fire as helicopters lifted them out of Cambodia. Hoschouer decided to remain in the military and become a career Army officer. The following year, now a captain, he commanded an air infantry company in the 1st Air Cavalry Division in Vietnam; he received a purple heart after he was wounded in the left arm by shrapnel in an engagement with North Vietnamese forces.

So Hanssen may have rationalized that by secretly sending nude photos of Bonnie to his friend, he was doing his bit on the home front, running a bizarre one-woman U.S.O. show, starring his unwitting and unclad wife. But if that was his reason, it was soon forgotten; even after Hoschouer came home from the war, Hanssen continued to send him photos of his naked wife. It went on for years.

In Vietnam, Hoschouer had received negatives of some of the pictures so he could enlarge them, which he did. But, in time, he began to have qualms about what they were doing. He gave the negatives back to Hanssen. We've got to stop this, he told him.

That was in the 1980s, and Hanssen by now was a special agent of the FBI and had begun his second career as a Russian spy. For three or four years, he did stop sending the prurient photos to Jack. But then he started up again.

The photographs were only the beginning. In 1987, the Hanssens bought the house on Talisman Drive; Jack was a frequent visitor and would stay with them whenever he could get to Washington.

The Hanssens' house had three levels, with a living room, dining room, and kitchen on the ground floor. The Hanssens had added the spacious deck in the rear, just beyond the living room. Up five steps to the left of the front door were three bedrooms and two baths. The Hanssens' bedroom was one of these; all three boys in bunk beds shared another, and the couple's youngest daughter had her own small bedroom. Down five steps from the ground floor was another bedroom, where Jack would stay, with a den next to it and a powder room.

And it was in the house on Talisman Drive that Hanssen's fantasy to have other men, but Jack in particular, view his wife naked moved from photographs to reality. Again without Bonnie's knowledge, Bob proposed that Jack watch them having sex. Why he did so only he knows, but in an Internet posting about Bonnie in June 1998 on a pornographic website, he wrote: "Bob loved having men's tongues dangle out looking at his wife."

Whatever his motive, Hanssen was exposing secrets and at the same time exposing his wife. He betrayed his country and simultaneously betrayed his wife. And all the while he was confessing his sexual sins, and his espionage, to his priests, piously observing the rules and rites of Opus Dei, and urging his friends to get closer to God.

And so, at night, Hoschouer slipped out through the French doors onto the deck where, standing on a chair, he was able to look through the bedroom window and watch the Hanssens having sex. Because the deck backed onto the woods, there was little chance that anyone would see him standing there in the dark.

It was not enough for Hanssen to allow his close friend to watch the most intimate, private moments between a husband and wife; he also later felt compelled to write about it on the Internet. His language was raw and crude, and a few sentences are sufficient to capture the tone:

"He [Jack] could see her walking around the room naked and I'd position her in different ways on the bed while fucking her so he'd get a good look of my cock going in and out or of her tits bouncing. By pure chance, and his good fortune, she even bent over right in front of the window once when he was there, and he got a good view of her pussy from about a foot away. It was great. I was dying watching. . . . Anyway, Jack and I have our fun. Bonnie looks great. Jack and I love seeing her tits slapping together as she takes cock hard." And so on.

The live sex show had worked, and more than once, but Hanssen, ever the techie, decided there was a better way. Jack might get chilly standing in the night air, and there was always a chance, however remote, that one of the kids might spot him and wonder what Uncle Jack, as he liked to be called by the Hanssen children, was doing out there in the dark.

Starting sometime in the 1990s, Hanssen hid a small video camera in his bedroom and rigged it up so that Jack, sitting in the comfort of the downstairs den, could watch on television as Bob and Bonnie had sex in the upstairs bedroom.

Jack did, over a period of about three years. The den was cozy; there was a fireplace, a comfortable chair, and the television. Told by Hanssen on what nights to watch, Hoschouer would tune in to his own special, closed-circuit channel.*

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*There were videotapes as well; at least one, of poor quality, was obtained by the FBI.

If Hoschouer was visiting for several days, Hanssen might ask his friend to watch the first night. Jack would agree. And the next day, Hanssen would ask, How was it? Hanssen would question his friend closely, to be sure Jack had tuned in. "I would tell him something specific I had seen," Jack said, "so he knew I had watched."

And the next night, Hanssen would say again, Do you want to watch? "I was uncomfortable, and a couple of times I told him the signal went away. I said this as an excuse when I did not want to watch."

By now Hoschouer had retired from the Army in Germany, where he worked for an arms dealer and lived in Trier, an ancient industrial city. Hanssen always looked forward to Jack's visits and their shared secret, of which Bonnie remained unaware.

According to Hoschouer, he never asked to view the sex show. "I never initiated it. I was always invited to watch. And sometimes I didn't want to. I didn't think it was right. But he wanted me to do it so bad." He paused, and added, "I've got no excuse."

Hoschouer could have said no, but he never did. He never told his friend to stop. And he could not deny that he was sometimes turned on by what he saw.

Once, but only once, he asked Hanssen:

"Why do you do this?"

"I'm a human and I'm weak," Hanssen replied.

When the bizarre story of the video camera in the bedroom and the televised sex show leaked to the media several months after Hanssen's arrest, Hoschouer struggled with the notoriety it brought.* The close bond formed between two teenagers had resulted, decades later, in an outcome that Hoschouer could hardly have foreseen; his friend in prison for life as a Russian spy, and his own participation as a voyeur exposed to the world.

In his late fifties, Hoschouer was a handsome man, still with a touch of military bearing, square-jawed but now gray haired, his face lined. He told the FBI and the Justice Department's internal inquiry how the sexual activity had begun with still photos and moved on to live watching, and then the closed-circuit television. He was also remarkably candid, if initially reticent, in a series of more than a dozen interviews by telephone from Germany and in person in Washington. He

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*CBS's *60 Minutes* reported on the video sex show in the Hanssens' bedroom, and Hoschouer's role, on December 16, 2001.

appeared to be remorseful and vastly embarrassed by what he and Hanssen had done, but he did not attempt to deny any of it.

Their mutual preoccupation with sex and pornography had gone on for years, not only in the house on Talisman Drive but in their exchanges of transatlantic e-mails, their visits together to strip clubs in Washington, and once to a bordello in Germany, where Jack had watched as a prostitute performed oral sex on Bob.

Hanssen's obsession with the idea of other men seeing his wife naked was the consistent theme of his various Internet writings. In June 1998, he posted a story on an adult website, a fantasy about Bonnie, naked and fixing her hair in their apartment near the elevated railway in Chicago, when suddenly, at least in Hanssen's imagination, she spots a group of five men, track workers, staring at her through the window. At first, Bonnie tries to pull the shade, but it keeps rolling up, exposing her "cute little bush." Hanssen went on: "She felt aroused. 'If only Bob were here,' she thought, 'I'd show him even a better time.' " Then she performs a striptease for the track workers. "Bonnie was starting to enjoy this."

In another of Hanssen's Internet fantasies, at a party in their apartment Bonnie becomes groggy when she has a few drinks and puffs on a joint. She strips in the bedroom and he orders her to stay that way as two of the male guests wander in and see her. Then Hanssen enters the bedroom. "Bonnie was there lying completely nude on her bed, with her pussy held open, her legs splayed wide, just as I had told her. She was a good obedient wife." Was Hanssen, in his Internet fantasy, reenacting the punishment he had received when his father made him sit with his legs spread wide? The parallel was striking.

In the spring of 2001, some three months after Hanssen's arrest, Bonnie found out for the first time that Jack Hoschouer had been watching her make love to her husband for years, live, and on television.

Bonnie was told the horrendous truth, not directly by her jailed husband or by Jack Hoschouer, but by a psychiatrist hired—and soon thereafter fired—by Plato Cacheris. Dr. Alen J. Salerian was a fifty-four-year-old Armenian, born in Turkey, who received his medical education in Istanbul and in the United States, to which he emigrated in 1971. He had worked for the FBI and had previously consulted on cases for Cacheris. This time, however, their relationship went rapidly downhill.

The root cause was that Salerian, although warned not to do so by Cacheris, revealed to Bonnie that Jack had watched her for years having sex with her husband. Cacheris was also outraged that the psychiatrist planned to go on BBC television and talk about Hanssen, whom he had evaluated at the request of Cacheris.

Salerian had learned about the photographs, the video camera, and Jack's role when he met with Hanssen over a period of days in a small interview room at the Alexandria Detention Center.

"You're not a good Catholic and you cannot put this behind you until you confess to your wife," Salerian insisted. Salerian also told Hanssen that Jack had talked to the FBI. "We can assume everything Jack knows will surface," the psychiatrist said. "So it should also surface between you and Bonnie."

In mid-May, three months after Hanssen's arrest, Salerian went to Bonnie and told all. "I came to a conclusion in my work with Bob that Bonnie's knowledge was critical," he said. "There would be no relief for this man without her knowing. It was just a matter of time before Bonnie had this information. I thought his wife must be told. He totally agreed with me after many hours, tearful hours in prison. This happened in a crisis over the weekend. On Monday after, I talked with Bonnie. I told her everything. I spent four hours with her. Bonnie cried and hugged me. Bob said he was very happy about what I did."

Only afterward did Salerian tell Cacheris what he had done. The legendary defense attorney went ballistic when he heard the news. Cacheris was a gentleman of the old school. He felt Bonnie Hanssen had suffered enough when her husband was arrested as a Russian spy; her life had already been shattered; she did not need to know the rest. Moreover, at a meeting on May 14, Cacheris had explicitly warned Salerian not to reveal the sex show to Bonnie.

Cacheris called Salerian into his office. In a tense confrontation on the morning of May 17, Cacheris told the psychiatrist he had disclosed to Bonnie Hanssen, in Cacheris's words, "highly sensitive matters which we had specifically directed him not to disclose to her." According to Cacheris, Salerian replied, "It went over my head. I dropped the ball. I goofed."

Cacheris had also heard reports that Salerian was preparing to do an interview on BBC television to discuss the case.* It was true, and

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*Salerian flew to London nine days later and taped an interview about Hanssen with Tom Mangold, the prominent British television journalist. The program, one in a series called *The Correspondent,* aired in England on June 17. Salerian liked to appear on television; his résumé devotes one whole page to "Media Experience."

Cacheris, declaring he no longer had confidence in the psychiatrist, handed him a letter dismissing him.

In defending his decision to inform Bonnie about what her husband had done, Salerian said, "In my mind I was part of the defense team, and I was working with them. I saw myself as a team member. I didn't think I was reporting to him [Cacheris]. I was joining the team as a forensic expert to offer my opinions and advice, but primarily to work with Bob and Bonnie Hanssen."

Cacheris disagreed, suggesting that Salerian had another agenda. "He [Salerian] got the idea there was a psychiatric defense, and I think he envisioned himself as the star witness in a highly public trial," Cacheris said.

Having fired Salerian, Cacheris still felt he needed a psychiatrist to evaluate his client. It was then that he turned to Dr. David Charney, an Alexandria, Virginia, psychiatrist who had made a specialty of studying the minds and motivations of spies.

The two psychiatrists who saw Hanssen disagreed sharply on whether his sexual obsessions were related in any way to his espionage. Salerian thought there was a link. "He felt extremely guilty about his psychological behavior," he said. "He wanted to get rid of and contain his sexual demons. He found some comfort in religion and in Opus Dei. Opus Dei told him to pray to heal the demons. He prayed and failed. He became increasingly despondent over his inability to help himself. He was a tormented soul as a result of his psychological wounds and sexual demons.

"The spying in some symbolic and psychological way was an attempt to keep his sexual demons at bay. The spying was a diversion, keeping his mind preoccupied. Spying was less of an evil than his own illness. It would keep him busy and away from his own demons."

Dr. Charney, on the other hand, saw little relationship between the kinky goings-on at Talisman Drive and Hanssen's spying for the KGB. "The sexual stuff has very little to do with the espionage," he said. "I'm not going to say zero, but I think it's very incidental to the true dynamics of his involvement with spying. He had a great hunger for not being lonely, and Jack was so valuable to him, he had to do with Jack what he thought it took to keep Jack's interest sustained. Jack had the same struggle within as Hanssen did, and one or the other would get very remorseful.

"Bob valued Jack's friendship a tremendous amount, and their relationship was sealed at the time they were eighteen years old. When you are eighteen, relationships are coarse, physical, athletic, towel-snapping in the locker room, bragging, sexual. I believe their relationship was arrested at that time psychologically. It [the live and video sex show] was a very middle-adolescent or late-adolescent thing."

Except for Jack, no one knew of Hanssen's infatuation with pornography. To his colleagues, he went out of his way to appear straitlaced and even prudish, as he did when he told Paul Moore that strip clubs were sinful.

"Bob never indicated any interest in sex," said Ron Mlotek, Hanssen's friend at the State Department. "He was to all intents and purposes almost asexual. In the cafeteria we'd see a short skirt go by. I'd say, 'Wow, look at that.' From Bob, no reaction, never."

There was one exception, however. When the FBI searched Hanssen's car, agents found two photographs of the sultry Welsh actress Catherine Zeta-Jones. "The only time I ever heard him talk about sex," Mlotek said, "was when he described the actress in the movie with Sean Connery about the bank heist. Catherine Zeta-Jones. He teams up with her because she is also a thief.* She was wearing tight-fitting bodysuits in the movie. He talked a lot about that. He said she looked really hot. He saw the movie five times. She did something for him."

But to Bonnie, Hanssen revealed nothing about his sexual escapades, the visits to strip clubs, his relationship with Priscilla Sue Galey, the trip to Hong Kong, the pornography on the Web, or, most of all, how he had turned their bedroom into an X-rated video for the amusement of his friend Jack.

One can only imagine Bonnie Hanssen's deep humiliation and anger, her utter devastation, when she learned the truth about what her husband had done to her. The intimacies they had shared in the privacy of their bedroom were not only seen by Jack but described by Hanssen and posted around the world on the Internet. Yet she continued to visit her husband in jail. She remained fully supportive of the man to whom she had been married for more than thirty-two years. Friends said she had forgiven him. "Her mission now is to save his soul," said one.

But there was an even more shocking sexual scheme hatched by Hanssen, worse, if that is possible, than allowing his friend Jack to watch him having sex with Bonnie.

**Entrapment,* a 1999 caper film, starred Connery, Zeta-Jones, and Ving Rhames in a plot to steal $8 billion from a Malaysian bank.

Jack had no children, and over several years, Hanssen, the father of six, had often said how sad he was that the Hoschouers were childless. He suggested that if Bonnie and Jack could, one way or another, make love and have a baby boy—it was always a baby boy—they would be a three-person family. Hoschouer did not take these musings seriously; he knew there was no way that Bonnie would ever agree to it.

But in 1997 Hanssen sent the first of two e-mails on the subject to Jack in Germany. Suppose, Hanssen wrote, there were a relaxed, quiet evening, just the three of them. In the scenario Hanssen imagined, they would all be having drinks. The night would turn romantic, and lead to group sex. Bonnie would be impregnated with Jack's child.

The next e-mail took on a much more sinister cast. There was a drug, Hanssen wrote, called Rohypnol. The date-rape drug.* It was called that because teenagers and others have used it to sedate women and then have sex with them. Usually, the women who have been drugged cannot remember what happened. It might be the perfect solution to the problem. As Hanssen knew, Rohypnol is illegal in the United States, but the pills can be obtained by prescription in Europe. Could Jack get some?

Although the drug, if prescribed, is available in Germany, Jack had heard that it could be bought over the counter in the Netherlands. To his later regret, instead of saying no, Hoschouer sent an e-mail back to Hanssen saying he lived near Holland and would look for it.

As it happened, Hoschouer was teaching in Belgium that summer, on the Dutch border. He got on his bike and rode fifteen miles over the border to Eindhoven. "I had no intention of doing it, of buying the drug," he said. "I did not look for the drug. The only way would have been if someone jumped out of the bushes and gave it to me."

As for drugging and having sex with Bonnie, Hoschouer said, "There is no way I would do that. It would be rape." He also said he told Hanssen he could not participate in the scheme.

After Hanssen's arrest, Hoschouer did tell the FBI about watching the marital scenes in the Hanssens' bedroom over the years, both through the window and on TV, but he did not reveal the plan to drug Bonnie. At the request of the FBI, however, he turned over his computer hard drive to the bureau.

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*Rohypnol, the generic name for which is flunitrazepam, is similar to Valium but approximately ten times more potent. It is manufactured by Hoffmann-LaRoche and is prescribed widely in Europe and other countries as a sleeping pill and tranquilizer. Known as "roofies," the pills are often abused in combination with alcohol or other drugs. Rohypnol has no taste or odor and if slipped into a drink cannot be detected.

Jack usually deleted his e-mail exchanges with Hanssen about sex, and he thought he had done so with the two from 1997. But the bureau's computer technicians were able to retrieve them.

Much later, almost a year after Hanssen's arrest, Hoschouer thought he had figured out why his friend wanted him to father a child with Bonnie Hanssen. Maybe, he speculated, Hanssen reasoned that if Jack had the child he would be emotionally bound to the family, so that if Hanssen were caught and sent to prison, Jack would step in as a surrogate father and take care of his family. Their family.

It was a bizarre concept, but Hanssen's e-mail intrigue with Hoschouer to acquire Rohypnol and sedate Bonnie for sex with Jack was an almost natural progression from the still photos, the visual watching, and the video show. There was not much more Bob could do. He had already violated Bonnie in every other way.

Robert Hanssen, who took a stripper to Hong Kong, used his own wife as an unwitting porn star, and plotted to drug her for sex with his friend, had come a rather long way from the wide-eyed twenty-two-year-old who told Aya Hoschouer in the Playboy Club in Chicago that it was against the rules to touch the cottontails on the waitresses.

29

The Plea Bargain

Hanssen was denied bail—the federal judge said he posed "a severe risk of flight"—and he was locked up in the Alexandria Detention Center, the same redbrick jail where Aldrich Ames had been housed in the months after his arrest.

Plato Cacheris went to see Hanssen there after receiving the phone call from Bonnie Hanssen. "He asked me to be his lawyer," Cacheris said. "The government got a court order immediately freezing all his assets. So I am doing this pro bono." There was no way that Bonnie Hanssen could have afforded Cacheris's fees in any event; but few criminal defense lawyers would turn away from the public attention that inevitably accompanies a high-profile international spy case.

And Cacheris was no stranger to the bright lights and intense pressures of a major Washington legal drama. He thrived on the combat and controversy surrounding a big case. When he represented Monica Lewinsky during the scandal that led to the impeachment of President Clinton, there were television cameras staked out in front of his office building on Connecticut Avenue. He didn't seem to mind at all; he held sidewalk press conferences, as tourists and office workers gaped.

The son of a Greek immigrant who worked as a streetcar motorman in Chicago and a Greek mother who insisted he be named Plato, Cacheris had built a highly successful and lucrative law practice that allowed him to indulge his taste for expensive Savile Row suits, bright suspenders, and monogrammed shirts from Denman & Goddard of London. He grew up in the Maryland suburbs and in Washington, joined the Marines, graduated from Georgetown Law School, and married his longtime girlfriend, Ethel Dominick.

During the Watergate scandal, former Attorney General John Mitchell hired Cacheris and his partner to defend him against obstruction-of-justice charges. Cacheris got even more attention during the Iran-Contra scandal, when he represented Fawn Hall, Oliver North's statuesque secretary, who famously hid White House documents in her décolletage.

Despite his somewhat flamboyant public persona, Cacheris was a quiet professional who enjoyed a rock-solid reputation for integrity among his fellow lawyers. Although he might not admit it, he cared deeply about his clients, including those sentenced to prison, staying in touch with them and their families long after he would have any necessity to do so.

Since Cacheris had represented Aldrich Ames in the last big Washington spy case, he was a logical choice for Bonnie Hanssen to contact when she needed a lawyer for her husband.

In the tumult that followed the arrest, finding a lawyer was only one of a series of decisions that suddenly confronted her. To escape the turmoil, Bonnie moved in with her sister Peggy, who lived with her husband in Falls Church, Virginia. It was days before she was able to move back to Talisman Drive. The FBI was still there, searching every inch of the house. In any event, Bonnie did not want to reappear while the press was camped outside.

Hanssen's family was allowed to see him at the jail, and Bonnie was a frequent visitor. Separated by a thick glass barrier, they could talk there only by telephone. The children came to see him as well. In April, Vivian Hanssen flew up from Florida to visit her son.

"He's thinner but doing well," she said. "He's not depressed, thank God."

Behind the scenes, the maneuvering over Hanssen's fate began. Soon after Hanssen's arrest, Attorney General John Ashcroft told an interviewer: "I would not hesitate to include the death penalty among the options that are to be considered." In a news conference the same day, Ashcroft also said that in espionage cases the government might seek the death penalty to "send a signal," but might also explore the possibility of a "plea bargain."

Cacheris pounced. Federal prosecution guidelines, he pointed out to reporters, prohibit using the death penalty as a threat to gain advantage in a plea bargain. He lodged an official complaint in a letter to Ashcroft, charging that the attorney general's remarks were "not appropriate."*

Ashcroft's comment had come in answer to a question about whether the government would seek the death penalty for Robert Hanssen. Through a spokesperson, he claimed he was speaking only in general terms about the death penalty. True, Ashcroft had been careful to say he did not want to discuss "specific cases." But his blunder had given Cacheris an opening. If the government did in fact seek capital punishment, Cacheris said, "the attorney general has made himself our first witness in a motion to dismiss this case at an appropriate time."

A month after Hanssen's arrest, there were high-level repercussions. The Bush administration expelled fifty Russian diplomats in retaliation for his spying for Moscow. The State Department said that four of them were intelligence officers "implicated in the Hanssen investigation." They were declared persona non grata and told to leave immediately. The rest were given until July 1 to go. It was the largest number of Russians ordered out of the country since eighty Soviet diplomats were expelled by President Reagan in 1986. The next day, Moscow said it would expel an equal number of Americans, and it began by ordering four U.S. diplomats to leave.

Cacheris, meanwhile, had hammered out an agreement with the lead prosecutor, Randy I. Bellows, an assistant U.S. attorney in Alexandria, to postpone Hanssen's indictment for two months, a move that gave the defense early access to the government's voluminous evidence.

On April 18, Bellows and Cacheris met to discuss for the first time the possibility of a deal. The government wanted Hanssen to admit his spying in return for a sentence of life in prison. The prosecutor warned that the death penalty was still on the table. Cacheris listened, but made no commitment.

A month later, on May 14, they met again. The question of whether to seek the death penalty had still not been settled by the Justice Department, Bellows said. He asked for more time. Cacheris, playing hardball, refused and broke off the talks. The government then said it

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*Cacheris's letter cited the *United States Attorney's Manual,* which is clear on the subject: "The death penalty may not be sought, and no attorney for the Government may threaten to seek it, solely for the purpose of obtaining a more desirable negotiating position." *USAM* 9–10.100.

would go ahead and issue a detailed indictment of Hanssen, which it did two days later.

Within the administration, officials were divided about whether to seek the death penalty for Hanssen. Ashcroft and Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld were reported to favor it; Freeh and CIA director George Tenet were opposed.

The debate was a classic argument about the merits of law enforcement versus intelligence. The CIA and the bureau were much more interested in getting Hanssen to cooperate as part of a plea bargain than in seeing him pay the ultimate penalty for his crimes. If Hanssen was executed, the intelligence agencies would never learn the full extent of what had been compromised.

That fact was Cacheris's strongest card, but he had others. The government's espionage case against Hanssen was powerful, because it had the incriminating file from Moscow. Moreover, the former KGB officer who provided the documents was portrayed as willing to testify at a trial if absolutely necessary. But the prosecutors, as Cacheris knew, were anxious to prevent that from happening; the FBI wanted to keep the source's identity secret if it could.

Beyond preserving the secrecy surrounding the operation to acquire the KGB file, the intelligence agencies were loath to have the secrets that Hanssen had betrayed broadcast to the world in a trial. The Classified Information Procedures Act of 1980 (CIPA) was passed to avoid "graymail" by defendants who might hope to avoid prosecution by threatening to reveal in court the very secrets they had betrayed to another country. But judges have the discretion to require that secrets be disclosed in a trial, so the law is not airtight.

Cacheris's partner, Preston Burton, a former assistant U.S. attorney, said that the government would have had difficulty prosecuting Hanssen without revealing the secrets he had passed. "Normally the government would seek to keep as many things as possible out of the trial under CIPA," Burton said, "but in a capital case the government would have had to produce much more evidence, including information about the source of the KGB/SVR file."

The government, in short, has a dual motive in often pressing for a plea bargain in spy cases. In addition to learning from the spy exactly what damage has been done, it hopes to avoid the exposure of the secrets that the spy had passed. There is an odd mind-set at work here. The secrets have long since been given to the country that paid for them, often, as in this case, the Soviet Union or Russia. Yet the American people are kept in the dark. The intelligence agencies are horrified at the thought of the public learning secrets that are already known to the adversaries from whom the secrets were primarily designed to be concealed. The counterargument by intelligence officials is that other countries might benefit from the disclosures of the stolen secrets.

If the evidence against Hanssen was compelling, the government's toying with the death penalty was on much shakier ground. In 1994, Congress restored the death penalty for espionage provided certain criteria were met. For example, the penalty might apply if a spy revealed to a foreign power information that resulted in the death of an intelligence agent, or data about a wide variety of other defense secrets.*

But Cacheris was prepared to argue that none of the secrets Hanssen passed after 1991 qualified for the death penalty. And the Constitution prohibits ex post facto laws that punish a person for acts that were not crimes at the time they were committed. Hanssen, in other words, could not be executed for secrets he revealed to the Russians prior to 1994.

"We had a strong ex post facto argument," Cacheris said. Even aside from that, in negotiations with the federal prosecutors Cacheris contended it was impossible to prove that his client was responsible for the deaths of the two KGB officers he betrayed. "We argued that you can't blame Hanssen for the deaths of Martynov and Motorin because Ames had already given them up months earlier.

"We also argued the government had a statute of limitations problem. Plus, there is a legal principle of duplicity—you cannot charge two crimes in a single count of an indictment. We argued that because of the long time span, and the fact that Hanssen had stopped spying at various intervals, the government could not charge that there was a single conspiracy, as they did. And somewhere in the middle of all this, the Soviet Union collapsed and now we are dealing with something called Russia."

On May 31, Hanssen pleaded not guilty in a two-minute appearance under heavy security at the federal courthouse in Alexandria. Judge Claude M. Hilton set a trial date for October 29.

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*The list of secrets that, if passed to a foreign power, could bring the death penalty for espionage includes data about nuclear weapons, military spacecraft or satellites, early warning systems, war plans, codes or communications intelligence, major weapons systems, or any "major element of defense strategy."

But this was all part of the legal maneuvering being played out. Cacheris was not really willing to gamble on a trial. "You never know what a jury will do," he said. "And juries in Virginia can be particularly harsh. There are a lot of military people in northern Virginia. Virginia jurors are conservative, they are sophisticated, and they might find what he gave the Russians highly offensive."

Early in June, Cacheris telephoned Bellows and suggested they meet privately to see whether the talks about a plea bargain might be reopened. By that time, Ashcroft was no longer trumpeting the death penalty, and Bellows had more room to negotiate. The deal was struck; Hanssen would plead guilty and promise to cooperate by revealing everything he had done.

Cacheris had saved Robert Hanssen from the death penalty. The compromise gave both sides what they wanted. But there was one crucial condition that would first have to be met. Before the plea bargain could be finalized, the government wanted to hear what Hanssen was prepared to reveal. The prosecutors would not sign the agreement unless the former FBI man demonstrated that he was truly willing to cooperate.

The test, which is known as a "proffer," took place in a windowless room in the basement of the federal courthouse. There were two such meetings, and Hanssen was given a type of limited immunity from prosecution for what he revealed. In a proffer of this kind, with an immunity agreement, the government cannot directly use against the defendant the information that is offered. But Preston Burton was worried about a double cross by the government.

"Our concern was, first, that the government could say he was not truthful, and then the deal could blow up and he would be back facing trial. In addition, we were well aware of reports of hostility by federal officials toward Hanssen and skepticism about his credibility. We were concerned that those people would sabotage the proffer by using it to obtain the full account of his activities and then falsely claiming he was being untruthful, thus depriving us of our main bargaining chip—the government's need to debrief Hanssen in detail to fully assess the damage he had caused."

On June 21, Cacheris and John C. Hundley, the firm's other partner, arrived for the meeting. As the lawyers for the government and for the defense chatted and milled about, federal marshals brought in Hanssen, wearing a green jumpsuit with the word "prisoner" on the back. They removed the manacles from his hands. The two sides took their places at a long, polished table in the underground room. Doug Gregory and the other FBI case agent, Stefan Pluta, sat across from Hanssen and the defense team. The Justice Department was represented by Randy Bellows and John Dion, the chief of the internal security section.

Doug Gregory did most of the questioning. Burton, delayed by a court appearance that morning, arrived late and immediately realized that Hanssen was not performing well. "I did not think he was being untruthful, but he seemed to hesitate and not be well focused on the events that the government was asking about."

Five hours later, the proffer session ended. Cacheris and his partners were dismayed; Hanssen might be blowing the deal. He would have one more chance to redeem himself, at another meeting set for a week later.

"I spent two days getting Bob ready for the next session," Burton recalled, "force-feeding him with every piece of paper we had, including the affidavit and the discovery materials we had received from the government. The second proffer session on June 28 went much better. In the first forty-five minutes, the clouds lifted. I could tell that the government side felt that he was now giving them the information they expected." After seven hours of questioning, it was clear that the deal would go through.

The court had agreed in advance that the plea bargain would be binding. Under federal rules, a judge does not have to accept a plea bargain worked out by the prosecution and the defense, but once the court accepts the arrangement, it becomes final.

In working out the details of the plea, the defense lawyers said that Hanssen was anxious to have access to a computer in prison. But the government, aware of Hanssen's technical skills, wanted to prohibit him from using a computer, even one with no modem that would allow him to dial out.

"Do you think this guy is the professor on *Gilligan's Island*?" Preston Burton asked. "Do you think he's going to make a radio out of a coconut?"

The defense lawyers eventually convinced the prosecutors to let the prison authorities decide how much computer access Hanssen could have. Hanssen was pleased; at least he might have a chance to get back to a keyboard, if not into cyberspace.

On July 6, Hanssen, looking gaunt in his green prison uniform, stood before Judge Hilton again and pleaded guilty to fifteen counts of espionage, attempted espionage, and conspiracy. Six counts were dropped by the government.

The deputy attorney general, Larry Thompson, told the court that "the interest of the United States would be best served" by allowing the government to assess the damage wrought by Hanssen, "an objective we could not achieve if we sought and obtained the death penalty against him."

During the debate over whether to seek capital punishment for Hanssen, CIA director George Tenet wrote to Ashcroft explaining how important it was to interrogate rather than execute the former FBI man. As Hanssen entered his guilty plea, Ashcroft, in a statement, said the decision to forgo the death penalty was based "on the strong recommendation of the intelligence community."

Under the agreement, Hanssen would be sentenced to life without the possibility of parole. He would forfeit the $1.4 million paid or set aside for him by the Russians, and he could not benefit from any book, film, or future publicity. And he was to be debriefed for six months about his spying. "We expect him to be candid with us and truthful with us and completely open about his espionage activities," said Ken Melson, the U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District of Virginia.

The formal sentencing of Hanssen was not to take place until after the debriefings were concluded and the prosecutors were satisfied. The government still held a club over his head. Should it decide Hanssen was not being frank, it could cancel the plea agreement, put him on trial, and seek the death penalty.

Under the bargain, and a 1996 law encouraging the families of spies to cooperate with the government, Bonnie Hanssen would receive a portion of her husband's pension, or about $40,000 a year, the same as a survivor benefit, assuming, Melson said, that she "continues to be fully cooperative." Bonnie was also allowed to keep the house and their three cars.

Soon after Hanssen's guilty plea, the twice-weekly debriefings began, in the same windowless room in the basement of the federal courthouse. Doug Gregory led the FBI team, and Paul Redmond, the former CIA counterintelligence specialist who led the damage assessment, was there along with other CIA officials.

But the September 11 attacks on America, combined with the deadly anthrax letters mailed to political and media figures, created new priorities for the FBI. The debriefings were interrupted for a time. In addition, various other government investigators wanted to talk to Hanssen. As a result, the debriefings, originally expected to be completed in January, stretched into the spring. A new sentencing date was set for May 10.

It was in the midst of the initial plea bargain talks, in mid-May 2001, that Bonnie Hanssen learned that her husband had allowed his best friend to watch them having sex, both live and later on closed-circuit television. She had reacted with shock and anger.

Her remark was buzzing around in the family, and for good reason. What Bonnie had told her sister Jeanne Beglis was brief and unforgettable:

"My husband is a traitor and a pervert."

30

The Mind of Robert Hanssen

Robert Philip Hanssen was a walking paradox—a zealous anti-Communist who spied for Moscow, a pious Catholic and ultrareligious member of Opus Dei who secretly televised his wife having sex and schemed to drug her so another man could father her child, a counterspy who was himself a spy.

He led at least six lives: special agent of the FBI, devoted family man, Russian spy, devout Catholic, obsessed pornographer, and fantasy James Bond who took a stripper to Hong Kong and could, at least in his imagination, come up out of the Potomac shooting.

He fit into no known previous category of spies. He was not motivated entirely by money, and certainly not by ideology. James Woolsey, the former director of the CIA, conceded he was baffled by Hanssen.

"If you look at a hundred or so cases of Americans who spied for Russia, you don't have many ideological motives, as in the case of Philby or the Rosenbergs. You do have a few people who spy for ethnic or religious reasons—Larry Wu-Tai Chin, Pollard—but they are very small in number. Almost all are white guys. They break into two groups. Flaky young types, as in *The Falcon and the Snowman,* smoke a little grass, and hey, let's steal some secrets.* The other is the classic Aldrich Ames, the middle-aged guy in midlife crisis. Benedict Arnold was the same as Ames, both with new wives and a midlife crisis. This guy

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*Woolsey was referring to the book by Robert Lindsey, and the 1985 movie based on it, about Christopher Boyce and Andrew Lee, two young affluent Californians who sold satellite secrets to the Soviets. Lee was sentenced to life, Boyce to forty years.

[Hanssen] is outside any of those patterns. He is not ethnic, not ideological, not a young guy who's flaky, and doesn't appear to be in a midlife crisis, despite the stripper. Everything is bottled up inside. It is truly odd."

Because Hanssen's character was so contradictory and complex, the extraordinary story of his more than two decades of espionage cannot be understood fully without exploring his motives and trying to fathom Hanssen himself. What drove him into such a dark place?

Dr. David L. Charney, the psychiatrist whom Plato Cacheris engaged to evaluate Hanssen, visited the spy in the Alexandria jail more than thirty times over many months. They met privately in a small, vaultlike room with white cinder-block walls and a camera, but no guards or other persons present.* Hanssen spoke freely to Dr. Charney about his childhood, his family, his FBI career, his spying, his religion, and his motives for betraying his country. As a result, Charney probably learned more about the experiences and influences that formed Hanssen, and his motives to spy, than anyone else in the world.

Normally, because of doctor-patient privilege, Charney could not discuss his conclusions or what Hanssen had confided to him. But Hanssen authorized Charney to speak to the author. He did so in a letter to his attorney, Plato Cacheris, with a copy to Charney, releasing the psychiatrist to discuss his findings.†

David Charney, who had previously spent time with Earl Pitts, the second convicted spy in the FBI's history, is a soft-spoken New Yorker whose psychiatric practice is based in Alexandria. He has in the past been a consultant to the CIA. At the time he evaluated Hanssen, he was also working on a paper on the psychology of spies that he hoped would help the government to better protect itself against them.

Charney identified several factors that led Hanssen to become a spy for Moscow. Many of these were raised by Hanssen himself in his often-weekly meetings with the psychiatrist.

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*As Charney understood it, there was no microphone—no audio along with the camera—since the room was normally used for attorney-client meetings.

†Hanssen's extraordinary decision was based on his anger over statements to the news media by Dr. Alen Salerian, the first psychiatrist who saw him, that attributed his spying to an effort to alleviate his "sexual demons." With encouragement from Cacheris, he allowed Charney to talk exclusively to the author about their meetings. Cacheris said that in freeing Charney to be interviewed for this book, "Hanssen said, 'David Wise is the best espionage writer around.' "

But Charney had a word of caution. “People are complicated beings and motivations are multidetermined and evolve over time,” he said. “Motives may get altered in memory, depending on rationalizations that people bring in explaining themselves to themselves.”

Having said that, Charney affirmed that Hanssen himself pointed to “financial pressure” as one of the reasons he first crossed the line into espionage. To understand the motivation for espionage, Charney said, it is crucial to look at the six months leading up to when a spy first crosses that line. Nor can money be discounted as a continuing motive. For someone on the salary of a midlevel federal employee, the $600,000 that the Russians paid to Hanssen with the promise of another $800,000 is not inconsequential. Hanssen remodeled his house in Virginia at a cost of $70,000, sent six kids to private school, four to college, all of them to the orthodontist. He collected an armory of guns, all sorts of computers and related gadgetry, and spent some $80,000 on the stripper, including a sapphire-and-diamond necklace, the trip to Hong Kong, and a Mercedes, albeit used.

It would be simplistic, however, to say that Hanssen only spied for money. If it was only money, as Ed Curran and others have pointed out, Hanssen could have demanded millions for what he gave, because the secrets he passed to Moscow were not only of enormous value to the Russians but compromised U.S. intelligence-collection programs that cost hundreds of millions of dollars. Yet he never negotiated for more money, airily informing the KGB early on that he really had no need for more than $100,000.

Ironically, Hanssen’s pension, had he not been arrested two months shy of his normal retirement date, could well have amounted to more than the total that the stingy KGB and SVR shelled out.* Hanssen was a budget spy, the actual cash and diamonds he received amounting to far less than the $2.7 million the Russians paid to Aldrich Ames.

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*Until his bogus promotion just before he was arrested, Hanssen was earning about $115,000 a year. FBI agents can retire after twenty years at age fifty with a pension that is half of the average of their three highest years, a percentage that increases with up to seven additional years of service. Since Hanssen was planning to retire at the mandatory age of fifty-seven, assuming his salary base was about $111,000, his gross pension would have been $66,800 annually. If he lived for another ten years, he would have received $660,800 pretax, or more than he was paid by the KGB and the GRU combined. If he lived for twenty-one years, he would have received $1,402,800 pretax, or slightly more than he was paid or promised by the Russians, and with no jail time.

Where did the money go? Spread out over twenty-two years, the total Hanssen received was not a fortune. A senior FBI official said he believed most of it was "pissed away," into the gas tank and on other mundane, everyday household and living expenses. Some of it was parked in his two Swiss bank accounts, some in the box under his bed. The bureau had accountants trying to figure out exactly where the money went, but it was a daunting task.

According to Charney, Hanssen really wanted money for one reason: to assure his wife that he was not a failure. "Men are burdened by masculine pride. We put our public face into the world and want to be respected by our fellow men and by ourselves. The person we allow into our most intimate knowledge of our life is our wife. If our wife thinks we are an asshole, we have no protection. We have a chink in our armor; if our wife thinks we are a loser that is intolerable.

"Bonnie was the one person who brought light into his life. She was the last person he would want to think he was a failure. He reached to prove to her he was a good provider and a good husband. So that when she would express wishes for various things he would always buy them for her. He felt it was necessary to sustain his image in her eyes as successful. That put him into a financial corner, because he agreed to take on various financial burdens, like buying a house out of his reach financially, in Scarsdale.

"It's not that it's wrong to say that he did it for money; you have to go deeper and ask why he wanted the money. Why did Bob Hanssen get into a corner financially? Because he had to keep up his reputation with Bonnie. Because that was the one person in the world whose opinion mattered."

But Bonnie, Charney said, was not the sort to place burdensome financial demands on her husband. Hanssen did not blame her; he blamed himself. "She did not put pressure on him; it was his own inner drive to be the good provider and never disappoint her."

Aside from the money, many of Hanssen's colleagues in the FBI, including the friends he made there, strongly believed that Hanssen was motivated to spy because he was excluded from the inner club of counterintelligence agents and relegated to the back room.

"Bob was always seen as a computer guy, a weenie, a number cruncher," said David Major. "He was somebody you want on your team, to use. He was never going to lead the team. Don Stukey would be a quarterback, Bob's always on the sidelines; he would analyze the plays and know what they did right or wrong, but he would never get on the playing field."

Jim Ohlson reached much the same conclusion about his friend. "Although Hanssen was involved with and fascinated by CI and Soviet operations, he was never in the core group that actually conducted them. He may have felt excluded, his skills unappreciated. He had longed to be involved in spy work—so he turned to another government to do it.

"Hanssen had great respect for the KGB and its professionalism. He once said, 'They're the only target I want to work against. They're the only enemy worth fighting.' So he was drawn to the KGB."

Certainly, Hanssen may have felt passed over. He was never a field agent operating against the Soviets, except for a brief tour in New York, and even then he was in a back room in charge of POCKETWATCH, supervising agents with earphones who listened in on Amtorg and other Soviet commercial offices. POCKETWATCH was not the big leagues.

Joe Tierney, Hanssen's superior at headquarters in the early 1980s, tended to agree with this analysis. "He had never done anything operational himself," Tierney said. "He had not been involved in a recruitment or a successful espionage case. People tend to earn their bones in those cases, and then they're respected by their peers."

To Tierney, Hanssen's betrayal began as an intellectual exercise. "This is something he thought out in his head—this is how you could do it. He was flirting with it and it gets more and more concrete. Then he goes to New York and hits the New York real estate market and that pushes him over the edge."

A. Jackson Lowe, Hanssen's boss on his second New York tour, in the mid-1980s, also remembered him as an outsider. "He never got the respect he thought he deserved. There were always other agents out front getting the glory. Here was a guy who was very bright, he felt like he was not well accepted, an outcast. He did not fit in."

As a perennial outsider, Hanssen may have decided to create his own Soviet operation. The feeling of being excluded, combined with his self-image, at least partly justified, as a person of superior intellect and technical gifts, could have created bitterness, a desire to "show them." And underlying his decision to spy may have been a grandiose belief he could never be caught because he was too clever.

If Hanssen's resentment over being excluded led to his spying, however, he did not say that to Charney. He did tell the psychiatrist that "he came to think of himself as an outsider, a nerd." But Hanssen did not link that to his espionage.

Instead, Hanssen spent a good deal of time talking about his father. "In the very first meeting we had, that was the very first topic that he brought up," Charney recalled.

"You see this often in people. Troubled relationships with a father will affect their thinking for the rest of their life. Hanssen's father was a difficult father to grow up under, a strong personality. He was not a warm, mentoring person. Hanssen was an only child and his father did not hold him much in esteem. His father had very little time for him." Hanssen talked at length about the punishments and humiliations his father had imposed, such as wrapping him in the mattress so that his arms were pinned, or making him sit with his legs spread.

"Hanssen wished for his father to be a mentor and a coach and explain the world to him as a father should, welcoming him into manhood. Robert Hanssen didn't receive that and felt always out of step and lacking knowledge of how the world worked. His mother was a reasonably nurturing person but did not protect and defend him from his father. That is an abiding disappointment that he had.

"When a boy grows up without effective fathering, it leaves a tremendous empty place, a father hunger. Boys want to be welcomed into adult manhood by their fathers. If they don't get that, they are always feeling uneasy, not a true member of the club of men. That is one of the things that happened with Hanssen. He was belittled and made to feel inadequate. And yet he loved his father, he worshipped his father. That is not an unusual thing. The very person that abuses you is so powerful that one is in awe of that person."

At the same time, Charney said, Hanssen was "infuriated" with his father, his anger deep-seated and intense. Because he feared his father, however, "he had to bottle it up. He used the phrase 'bottled up' a lot. But now and then the cork would come out of the bottle. Not so much as a kid but as an adult. At a certain point he would blow like a volcano.

"Hanssen said when he spied that was the cork coming out of the bottle. He said that about the cork and used it many times." The way his father treated him, Hanssen said, was "unfair and unjust. That is a theme he brings up a lot.

"He has this strong sense of injustice. That attitude of being sensitized to unfairness you see throughout his life. He always wants to right things if he is able to do so. In the case of the stripper and others, he sees them as abused people, and if some way he can help them he wants to do that."*

Charney, based on his conversations with Hanssen, saw a direct link between Hanssen's fury at his father and his betrayal of the FBI. "Very often when a person joins an organization or a government agency, they are seeking an emotional resolution for unresolved questions. Any organization can be like a family. How that organization treats you is either going to replay those experiences or help you resolve them. But if you get disappointed a second time in your life, the thing you set up as your saving mechanism turns out to disappoint you again. That can bring about the fury and resentment that you were too overwhelmed to bring out when you were a little boy. And you may say, 'Now I'm going to get back.' He may have been replaying some things from his boyhood. But this time he had the capacity to get back."

Yet it would be a mistake, Charney said, to assume that Hanssen became a spy simply because his father treated him harshly. "Many people grow up emotionally damaged and nevertheless can overcome it and live normal adult lives. There are people who can rebound from any number of terrible circumstances of childhood. But even those who do can unexpectedly enter a period that puts them under tremendous strain and pressure that will reawaken problems of the past and push them into a psychological corner.

"Even people who are very well adjusted may be shoved into new territory that is quite unexpected and with which they can't really cope very well. It overwhelms them. Some people are so blighted by their early experiences they never seem to be able to overcome it. But thankfully most people do. A lot of people at the bureau have had rough childhoods. They don't become spies."

Hanssen told Charney his disappointment with the FBI was rooted, ironically, in his conviction that the bureau was focused too much on catching spies and was missing the real threat. "He felt that on a strate-

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*Hanssen once urged Hoschouer to read Joseph Conrad's *Victory.* There are obvious parallels in the novel to parts of Hanssen's own life, including his escapade with Priscilla Sue Galey. The protagonist, Axel Heyst, has been emotionally damaged by his father and rescues a woman entertainer who is trapped in her job as a musician in an orchestra on an isle in the far Pacific. He eventually pays with his life for rescuing the damsel in distress.

gic level the FBI was failing to do what it needed to do to protect the country. That the main way the Soviets prosecuted their aims was through subversion of our institutions." By focusing on arresting people who stole documents, Hanssen told the psychiatrist, the bureau's resources were failing to come to grips with the enemy. He had made an effort to get the bureau to listen.

"He had tried, for example, to warn what the Japanese were doing to us economically, and he said the bureau was oblivious, the bureau did not have the depth to oppose those kinds of things. He attempted to say, 'Wake up,' and was regarded as an intellectual, not taken seriously; they didn't get it. He began to be disappointed and angry at the bureau for not paying attention. And that fired up some of his antipathy toward the bureau."

Hanssen, Charney said, considered himself a gadfly like John Boyd, a critic inside the Air Force, whom he saw "as a sort of role model." Hanssen invited Boyd to come to the FBI and give a talk, and he did, but the bureau had shown no interest in his ideas.

If Hanssen did regard the FBI as a father figure, and sought to vent his suppressed rage by striking back at it, his anger was certainly not the only factor that turned him into a spy. His fascination with James Bond, his desire for excitement, was surely an important element as well. He seemed to enjoy living on the edge. "He said he was bored before he started spying," Charney said. "The spying produced excitement and made him come alive. The excitement is from doing something different. The risk is part of the excitement."

Hanssen may have been seen as a computer nerd, a geek in the back room, but in his own mind he could at times apparently become 007 or something close to it. His attraction to Catherine Zeta-Jones, the Hong Kong interlude with Priscilla Sue Galey, the guns in his car trunk that led Ron Mlotek to call him "Machine Gun Bob"—these were all indicators of someone longing for the supposed glamour and thrills of a real-life spy.

Paul Moore, who knew Hanssen as well as anyone in the FBI did, once caught a glimpse of his friend's Bond-like romance with firearms. Hanssen had been down to the FBI's training academy in Quantico, Virginia, where agents practice shooting in a mock town known as Hogan's Alley. "He was talking about walking through a new, high-tech Hogan's Alley at Quantico using virtual reality. He said, 'I'm good with guns.' " Hanssen described how the computer simulation worked, like a video game. "He used a gun to chase the perp into an underground garage. You're taught how to fire to hit somebody hiding behind a pillar. You hit a cylindrical pillar just right and it spins the bullet around. He shot and got one of the people. He is still chasing the other guy. He shoots the guy on the ground again because he doesn't know if he's dead. 'Yeah,' he said, 'I put another one into him.' Bob used just those words, 'I put another one into him.' "

The tough-guy, Raymond Chandler dialogue and the fascination with guns fit with Hanssen's quest for something more exciting than the drudgery of the FBI's budget or analytical units.

"Bob was like the high wireman who wants to touch the wire," David Major said. "The fifty-thousand-volt wire that he knows will kill him, but he wants to see if he can touch it and get away with it." Ernie Rizzo, who had learned wiretap skills with Hanssen when they were both police officers in Chicago, compared espionage to skydiving: "Pretty soon you want to go further and further to see how high you can go."

Hanssen's curiosity may have also contributed to his journey into espionage, in Moore's view. "He was a special agent, he had the gun and the badge, but was never put into a situation where he'd use the gun and the badge. He was put in a position to talk to the analysts. His job is to ask, 'How are these people [the KGB] doing it to our country? What could we do to make the country safer?' Eventually you ask, 'How is it possible to attack the country?' That's going to land him into, 'How would one do it?' That's always going to be cooking on the stove.

"At some point he decides, 'It can be done and somebody like me can do it.' He knows all the cases, how people who spied against the U.S. were caught. And so he crosses the line. Once he got going he set out to be the best spy ever. He's trying to commit the perfect crime. He's really excessive in what he passes. In his day job he's being very helpful to the FBI.

"He's getting money he can't spend very well, and he's getting satisfaction he can't share with anyone. In the letters you see him forming a relationship with the Russians. The only people he can share his success with are the people on the other side."

David Charney, too, concluded that Hanssen spied, at least to an extent, because he wanted to peer inside the opposition. "The spying he did was partly out of curiosity: how did the KGB actually operate as opposed to how the FBI thought they operated? How would you ever know that if you did not get involved with them? He would give lectures, brilliant lectures, on how the KGB operated. Because he really knew. He knew better than anybody."

To many of his colleagues, Hanssen projected an irritating sense of superiority. That may have stemmed not only from his belief that he was smarter than others, but from his secret knowledge that he was a Russian spy, the spy who at one point directed the very study of moles in the FBI, so that he was looking for himself.

Hanssen exulted in his inside knowledge, Charney suggested. "He wound up in a position where he could regard himself as the puppet master, knowing more than anyone within the bureau or the KGB about the totality of what was happening."

David Major agreed. "Bob would get a sublime high by being the ultimate inside joke. Everybody is trying to uncover a spy and he's at the meeting where they are discussing it and he's the spy. Bob didn't have to tell that to anybody to get an inner joy out of it. I, Bob, have the greatest inside joke."

The flip side of his superior manner, however, was very different. According to Charney, one of the main threads in Hanssen's case "is a sense of failure. Spies may have an intolerable sense of personal failure as privately defined, a tremendous fear they will fail in a key experience in life and that will result in a shameful disclosure of their inadequacy. You might look at their career and say it is exemplary. But if a person does not meet his own standards and goals, then there is a sense of failure.

"Whatever motives a person has to spy, they are conflicted reasons. They are not just 'I want money, I hate the bureau.' At some deep level, the decision to spy in the first place represents a failure on the part of the person. They could not manage their lives, things were going wrong, they could not fix it, and they got thrown into a panic stage and the resolution in this cloud of panic was to do spying. They can clothe it in rationalizations but in truth it represents failure. Any time they can, they want to move back away from it and be their normal self."

Often, in his conversations with Charney, Hanssen compared himself to Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, the Robert Louis Stevenson character who could switch from good to evil and back.* "He has used the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde explanation several times. A constant struggle with the two sides of himself, the good and the bad. He's kind of proud and pleased he could quit for a time. He says, 'I was able to shut down the bad side of myself.' "

Sitting in his jail cell, Hanssen had plenty of time to think about his "bad side," including the video camera he hid in his bedroom for sev-

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*In the novel *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* published in 1886, Henry Jekyll, a physician, finds a drug that turns him into a monster, Mr. Hyde.

eral years so Jack Hoschouer could watch him having sex with Bonnie. He realized it was "sick and goofy," but he had gone to church and confessed it, and eventually stopped. He knew it was wrong, of course; in retrospect he saw it as some kind of attempt by him and Jack to hold on to their lost adolescence.

Hanssen talked a good deal with the psychiatrist about his fear of failure. "He, Bob, had many experiences that he considered failure. He was always afraid of flaming out in social situations where that would become apparent."

One night, at the Alexandria jail, "Hanssen explained that he actually had to deal with social situations by having preset stories and conversations. Like people who, as soon as you meet them, they start telling you jokes. He could be funny and charming in a sort of programmed way. But he could not be with someone for two hours in a row, because he would run out of stories."

Hanssen's sense of failure reached back to his early years. "Bob is a very bright man but did B work in college. He got into dental school, although his father wanted him to be a doctor. He was bored in dental school. When he thought of dropping out of dental school, he tried to switch over to medical school, but he could not because of his grades.

"Not having made it into med school was another confirmation he wasn't as good as he thought himself to be. He accepted his father's view of him. An abiding question for him is, 'Am I or am I not the thing I was led to believe I was?'

"People often have to prove something, but also they may have to prove what they are not. He may have said, 'I'm not the little schmuck my father said I was. I'll show him.' Then he doesn't get into med school and says to himself, 'Maybe my father was right.' We're talking about self-doubts."

Charney thought that Hanssen's religious beliefs were real, not a cover for espionage. "I believe it is sincere," Charney said. "He gave me extended lectures on Catholic theology." But Hanssen did not suggest that his religion, with its sacrament of confession, enabled him to spy. "He does not at all talk about how he can sin and get absolution. He doesn't suggest his religion gave him an easy pass. He believes his religion requires him to atone for what he has done and to suffer—he has used the term mortification—to come back to the proper relationship with God. His view is there is no easy pathway out of moral transgressions.

"Opus Dei believes everyone can become a saint. He believes even with everything he's done he still has to be working to become a saint."

Charney came to see Hanssen as an essentially lonely man. "The thing that was very painful throughout the first couple of decades of his life was loneliness. He was gawky and had thick bottle glasses for many years; at age fourteen he got contact lenses, he still wears them. What he yearned for were friends.

"But one of his friends when he was eleven or twelve was a little like him, an awkward but brainy kid. That kid had an aneurysm one day while they were playing together. Bob called the boy's mom, and she didn't respond right away. That kid was dead within a day. One of the few people he was able to get close to died on him. There were four people in his life he considered friends: one was someone in his FBI class, another died of leukemia, the fourth one, the only one that survived, was Jack. He was the only one that lived to tell the tale.

"I think a spy is the loneliest person in the world," Charney said. "The handlers of spies know this and know how to play them like a violin." That was certainly true of the KGB and the SVR, whose letters to Hanssen shamelessly played on his psychological need for their friendship and recognition. ("Your superb sense of humor and Your sharp-as-a-razor mind. We highly appreciate both." And so on.)

The mind of Robert Hanssen, which Charney explored with the author, was also a subject of great interest to American intelligence. By early 2002, the CIA was preparing a psychological profile of Hanssen as part of the damage assessment headed by former CIA counterintelligence expert Paul Redmond.

For the profile, the CIA asked Bonnie Hanssen to meet with an agency psychologist. It was a delicate request, but the CIA was anxious to question her, since she was obviously an important source of information about her husband. After consulting with her attorney, she agreed to the interview and met with the agency psychologist.

The purpose of the secret study was to try to identify those characteristics of Hanssen that might help intelligence agencies to spot potential traitors in the future. But Hanssen was so unusual a spy, his motives so mixed and complex, that one could only wish the CIA good luck in trying to draw universal conclusions from its study of the most damaging spy in the history of the FBI. The profilers attempting to understand the mind of Robert Hanssen were embarking on a voyage to the dark side of the moon.

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"You Would Have to Be a Total Stupid Fucking Idiot to Spy for the KGB"

Could Robert Hanssen have been caught sooner?

There were certainly enough warning signs. Whatever else Mark Wauck said to his superior a decade before Hanssen was caught, there is no dispute that he mentioned his brother-in-law's unexplained cash. In 1991 Hanssen took a stripper to Hong Kong while on an official FBI inspection. Nobody noticed. Hanssen's attack on Kimberly Lichtenberg in 1993 should have triggered alarm bells that he was unstable, but did not. The bureau was content to administer a mild penalty.

That same year he broke into Ray Mislock's computer, but his colleagues accepted that transgression as an effort to point out the vulnerability of the bureau's system. A few years later, when informed he would have to take a lie detector test to join an interagency counterintelligence unit, he withdrew his name. In 1997, the FBI technicians discovered he had a password breaker on his hard drive, normally a sure sign of a hacker. He was told not to do it again. And in June of that year, Earl Pitts, when asked if he knew of any other moles in the bureau, said he did not, but added that he suspected Bob Hanssen. Nothing happened.

Other clues were missed as well. Hanssen told investigators for the Webster commission that no one ever questioned him when he made his own photocopies of documents, even though special agents of the FBI normally ask their assistants or secretaries to make copies. The FBI does periodic background checks of its employees; one reinvestigation of Hanssen noted he had money troubles, but "asserted that Hanssen's wife came from a wealthy family who assisted the Hanssens."*

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*Webster commission, p. 60.

Perhaps none of these incidents and questions about Hanssen was enough, by itself, to lead the counterspies to suspect their own colleague, but taken together they should have triggered an investigation. The problem was that no one looked at the pattern, in part because of hubris, the ingrained belief in the bureau that, despite Miller and Pitts, the FBI did not harbor spies.

Ed Curran, the veteran counterspy, was blunt about it. "We should have got Hanssen a lot sooner than we did," he said. "There's absolutely no excuse for the FBI not, at some point, to have identified Bob Hanssen."

Other former and current bureau officials agreed, and recognized that, more broadly, the FBI's well-publicized errors over the past decade have cost it dearly. "I believe we should be criticized, and we will be a better organization for it," Tim Caruso said. "It will make us better and stronger."

To an extent, the bureau may have failed to detect Hanssen sooner because it was in love with its own image, carefully orchestrated over the years by J. Edgar Hoover—the cereal boxes with Junior G-Man badges, and the flood of movies, television dramas, news stories, and books glorifying the FBI. For decades, the vast majority of Americans admired the bureau and its agents, who were invariably portrayed as square-jawed and invincible. That image began to change only after Hoover's death, when congressional investigations revealed secret break-ins and various other abuses by the bureau, and again more recently with the disclosures of mismanagement and serious mistakes in the handling of several major cases.

It is a lot easier to catch a spy with the benefit of hindsight. Hanssen took care in his lifestyle not to draw attention to himself. He tooled around in an old Taurus, not a Jaguar, drank very little, and seemed outwardly a deeply religious, model family man, content to live a placid middle-class life in the Virginia suburbs.

Despite these precautions, Hanssen, contrary to popular belief, was far from the perfect spy. He was clever to try to conceal his identity from the Russians, but he made all sorts of mistakes, from repeated use of the same dead drops, whatever his rationale for doing so, to all the clues to his identity that he dropped like a trail of bread crumbs in his messages to Moscow. He even left incriminating letters to the Russians on his computer card in FBI headquarters.

As an experienced counterintelligence agent, Hanssen knew that his greatest risk was that he might, at any time, be turned in by an equivalent FBI or CIA mole inside the KGB. In the end, that was his undoing. The risk of such exposure is why both Hanssen and Ames betrayed Martynov and Motorin, the two FBI sources inside the KGB's Washington residency. The best way for a mole to protect himself is to betray and thereby kill the other side's mole.

Hanssen's friend Paul Moore summed up the stakes well. "The better you are, the more incentive for someone on to the other side to sell you out. The problem is that once you're in the game, you're in the game for life, and you're betting your life all the time.

"The only way you can get away with it is to die before U.S. counterintelligence finds you, because they will look for you and they will eventually get to you, because what you're doing is really dumb. The more successful you are, the more valuable it is to the U.S. to find you, and the more salable you are to somebody on the other side. Bob was playing smart moves at a very dumb game and he did not get away with it."

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In the debris that follows a major spy case, usually the most difficult task is to assess the damage done to U.S. national security. What made the task somewhat easier in the Hanssen case is the file that was recovered from Moscow. The intelligence agencies were able to know much of what Hanssen had passed, and, because of the plea bargain worked out between Cacheris and the prosecutors, to question him directly and at length.

Ranking spies is probably not a very useful exercise. But if there is a pantheon of spies, certainly Hanssen would have to take his place in it, alongside such celebrated moles as Kim Philby and Aldrich Ames. That conclusion is almost inescapable, based on the materials that Hanssen is known to have given to the Russians and the extended length of his spying over twenty-two years.

For example, he disclosed U.S. analyses of Soviet nuclear missile strength, including the numbers and effectiveness of its ICBMs and warheads. He also passed to the KGB the CIA's estimate of what Moscow knew about U.S. early warning systems and about America's ability to retaliate against a massive nuclear attack.

In revealing the "continuity of government" plan, he enabled the Russians to discover exactly where top U.S. leaders, from the president on down, would be relocated in the event of a national emergency. That information took on even greater importance after the September 11 terrorist attacks on America.

Hanssen sold the Russians several documents describing highly sensitive satellite collection and other programs of the National Security Agency, the nation's supersecret code-making and global electronic eavesdropping arm. He revealed to the KGB that the NSA was exploiting a vulnerability in Soviet satellites that enabled the NSA to intercept their communications. He later disclosed a technical barrier that left the NSA unable to read certain Soviet communications. He betrayed the FBI/NSA tunnel under the Soviet embassy.

According to author James Bamford, an expert on the NSA, perhaps the most damage done by Hanssen was not to the FBI but to the NSA. Bamford expressed surprise at "the fact that he was able to get access to this information even though apparently he had no real need to know." He had damaged the NSA, Bamford believed, "probably worse than anybody since John Walker.

"By giving away to the Russians the details on which codes are being broken, which communication circuits are being listened to, Russia had two choices: they could either change the codes and cut off those circuits, which would have made NSA go deaf and basically put NSA out of business, or they could use the circuits to feed disinformation back to NSA. Either way it would have been one of the biggest blows to NSA since its founding."

But the major damage done by Hanssen did not end there. Among his worst actions was his betrayal of TOPHAT, one of the most valuable sources of U.S. intelligence inside the Soviet Union, who was later executed. The human costs were high; Hanssen also disclosed the names of the FBI's two KGB sources in Washington, who were also executed. All three had also been given up by Ames. Hanssen identified half a dozen other Soviet sources of the FBI. By tipping off the KGB to the FBI's investigation of Felix Bloch, he thwarted the espionage case the bureau was developing against the State Department official.

Cynics might ask, did it matter? After all, the Soviets lost the Cold War, and the Communist system collapsed. But to argue that spying against the United States would only matter if America had lost the Cold War would be absurd. Hanssen's treachery endangered the security of the United States for more than two decades; along with Aldrich Ames, he betrayed three individuals who were executed, and he jeopardized the freedom of dozens of others.

Democracy rests on a compact between the governed, who give their consent, and their elected leaders; its citizens accept government and laws to protect them, preserve their liberties, and prevent chaos. Hanssen took the law into his own hands. That the Soviet Union failed to survive makes his acts no less reprehensible. Hanssen also spied for Russia, which did not collapse. No one would seriously contend that a distinction should be made between spying for the two countries, Russia and the Soviet Union, because one survived and the other did not.

Robert Hanssen's actions did not demonstrably alter the course of history. But the Communist system was built on quicksand and sank largely under the weight of its own inefficiency and corruption. It was doomed long before Hanssen sold American secrets to the Soviets.

Whenever a major spy case comes along, as they have in recent years with alarming frequency, there are headlines, investigations, a secret damage assessment, and calls in Congress and elsewhere for new procedures and safeguards. Hanssen might have been detected earlier, some suggested, if he had been given a lie detector test. He was never subject to a polygraph examination in his entire FBI career. In the wake of the outcry over his arrest, the bureau somewhat expanded its use of lie detectors.

The fallibility of polygraphs is well known, however, and the FBI has never been as enchanted with them as the CIA has.* Aldrich Ames, the worst mole in the history of the CIA, passed his polygraph tests. Lie detectors can notoriously result in false positives that may damage the lives of loyal employees. In the fallout from the Ames disaster, it will be recalled, some three hundred CIA employees were placed on the "A-to-Z list" because they had shown "SPRs," significant physiological responses, on their lie detector tests. Some careers were affected as a result, but no spies were caught.

Psychological testing, at least for agents in the FBI's counterintelligence division, has also been proposed as a tool to detect potential or actual spies. Former FBI counterintelligence chief John Lewis, who has thought a good deal about the problem, did not object to such screening before employment but was dubious that psychological testing "could reveal that an individual has committed a crime or was about to." Lewis favored better periodic background checks, greater awareness by coworkers, and broader use of polygraphs.

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*Greater use of polygraphs had been debated for years within the FBI. But the bureau was split over the issue along functional lines. Some counterintelligence officials, because of the sensitive nature of their work, pressed for more lie detector tests; the criminal division was opposed, arguing that it was unnecessary and would injure morale and tarnish the careers of innocent agents.

There are limits to what defensive measures can achieve, however. All the major powers spy on each other. The SVR is willing to pay large amounts of money to its best sources, and its principal target remains the United States. Washington, in turn, spends some $35 billion a year trying to steal and collect secrets from Russia and other nations, as well as to gather intelligence on terrorists.

In the end, spying will continue as long as there are secrets and a market for them. Espionage has been called the second oldest profession, and with good reason. It is no more likely to disappear than the first.

* * *

In July 2001, Jack Hoschouer wrote a letter to Bonnie Hanssen. "I said, 'I've sinned against you, please forgive me. I beg your forgiveness.' " About six weeks later, in mid-August, after fortifying himself with several drinks, "I called her from London and asked her to forgive me. I said, 'I understand if you don't want to see me.' She said, 'I forgive you.' " But Uncle Jack was no longer a welcome guest in the house on Talisman Drive.

Vivian Hanssen gave up her home in Venice, Florida, after twenty-seven years, and moved in with Bonnie to be closer to her son. It was difficult at age eighty-nine to pack up, let go of many of her possessions, and say good-bye to friends and neighbors. It was even more difficult, family members said, for her to see her son caged and behind glass, but it was better than not seeing him at all. He was still her son, and she loved him.

A year after her husband's arrest, Bonnie Hanssen was thinking about an annulment. In the eyes of the church, an annulment means that a marriage never existed. They are rarely granted, and only for grave cause.

The Hanssen children made it clear to their mother they would not be opposed to an annulment. Her mother and other family members had indeed urged it. Bonnie was only fifty-five. With an annulment and a civil divorce, she could remarry and change her name. But Bonnie, despite all she had been through, might never be able to bring herself to break her marriage vows to Bob, the father of her children. In the meantime, she was back teaching full-time at Oakcrest.

In her visits to the Alexandria jail, Bonnie asked her husband why he had spied, and why he had allowed Jack to watch them in their marital bed. He had very little to say about either subject, Bonnie told family members.

When the story surfaced about his relationship with Priscilla Sue Galey, Bonnie asked him point-blank whether he had had sex with the stripper. At first she thought he admitted he had, in Hong Kong, but when she asked about it on a subsequent visit to the jail, he said no, she had misunderstood. It was noisy in the background when we spoke before, he said; nothing had happened with the stripper.

In March, Bonnie went to the Justice Department to answer questions by the lawyers conducting the internal inquiry of the case. They took her into the bubble, a soundproof, secure room, for the all-day session. They still harbored suspicions that she knew of her husband's continued spying after he said he had stopped.

Two months later, just before her husband was sentenced, she was read her Miranda rights by the department lawyers and given a polygraph. Her lawyer, Janine Brookner, who watched through a one-way mirror, said she had passed it. During the polygraph examination, Bonnie denied she had any knowledge of Hanssen's later spying career, which began in 1985. She also denied finding any large amount of cash on her dresser.*

Bonnie Hanssen also insisted to *The New York Times* that after her husband said he had stopped spying, in 1980, she repeatedly questioned him to make sure he was, over time, paying the $30,000 he had received from the Russians to the Mother Teresa charity. He said he was. According to Brookner, Bonnie Hanssen also said during the lie detector test that over the next few years she asked her husband whether he was again working for the Russians, and he always denied it, acting as though he was hurt that she did not trust him.*

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*The prosecutors and the FBI found Bonnie Hanssen to have been "fully cooperative" with the government, as did the damage assessment group, which noted she had "met with our psychological evaluation team . . . to discuss various aspects of her husband's psychological makeup and disposition." The Justice Department's inspector general said, more cautiously, "based on the evidence available to us now, we cannot state that she has been untruthful in answering . . . questions." As a result of her cooperation, the prosecutors informed the court she was entitled to her husband's survivor's benefit.

Bonnie also heard from Opus Dei, which was not at all happy to be linked to Robert Hanssen, whose arrest led to a flurry of news reports about the controversial organization. Early in 2002, the prelature of Opus Dei in Rome wrote to Bonnie, urging her to make no statements about her husband. Opus Dei may have been particularly anxious to avoid more adverse publicity in the months before October of that year, when the organization's founder, Josemaria Escriva de Balaguer, was to be elevated to sainthood by the Vatican.

* * *

A few weeks after Hanssen's arrest, Tom Burns received the red, white, and blue diplomatic license plate with the name BOB in big black letters, the present that had been made up for Hanssen's going-away party when he left the State Department. Wherever Hanssen was sent by the Federal Bureau of Prisons, he would not be needing it, Burns decided. "I think I will keep it as a memento," he said.

A year later, the lives of the actors in the Hanssen drama had changed.

Neil Gallagher had retired from the FBI to an executive position in the private sector.

Tim Caruso was the bureau's number two official in charge of counterterrorism; he had been named to that post only two months before the September 11 attacks. He retired in the summer of 2002.

Mike Rochford was the unit chief for Russian espionage at FBI headquarters.

The now-wealthy former KGB and SVR officer who produced the file that led to Hanssen's arrest was living comfortably somewhere in the United States under a new identity. With his $7 million.

Viktor Cherkashin, who had retired from the KGB a decade earlier, was living in Moscow, enjoying his three grandchildren and, he said, "in private security business now." Asked whether in all the years that

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*James Risen, "Spy's Wife Speaks, after Taking a Lie Test," *The New York Times,* May 16, 2002, p. A16.

Hanssen had spied for the KGB and the SVR they ever learned who he was, he replied: "I never heard any name, of Hanssen or any other. I don't think anyone knew his identity."

Brian Kelley, cleared at last, was back at work at the CIA, but in a different job. He and his lawyer had not ruled out a possible legal claim against the government to compensate him for the three lost years when he was secretly and wrongly suspected as the mole.

John Lewis had retired from the FBI. He wondered sometimes, in the middle of the night, whether Moscow was playing mind games with American intelligence. "Pelton and Howard were handed to us. Their usefulness was at an end, as was true for Ames and Hanssen. Could it be that every so often they throw one our way? And look what it does to the community; we're disrupted. There's a part of you that has to ask, could a small group orchestrate these things on a periodic basis when someone has exhausted his usefulness?" Lewis didn't pretend to know the answer, just the question.

When Cherkashin was asked whether Hanssen could have been given up deliberately to protect another mole, he replied: "No, no, no, I have heard these theories before. It is out of the question, in general. That is not the way the intelligence community operates, in general, either Russian or American. If you start giving up sources deliberately, sooner or later that will become the practice, and no one will believe you. Even if a source is not important at all. With an important source, it is more ridiculous. The most important thing is to protect him in any way possible. It's out of the question."

Boris Yuzhin, who survived although betrayed by both Ames and Hanssen, was living quietly in northern California with his wife, Nadya, and daughter, Olga. Gray-haired at sixty, he was trying to forget his years in the harsh Soviet prison camps and build a new life in America.

Milt Bearden, the former head of the CIA's Soviet division, had been Aldrich Ames's boss for a time. He did not claim to understand Robert Hanssen. "There is an old Russian proverb," he said. " 'Another man's soul is darkness.' Does anybody ever really know anybody else?"

David Major headed the CI Centre, a private institution, and Paul Moore taught courses there. "I know what I see when I look at Bob Hanssen," Moore said. "But what does Bob Hanssen see when he looks in the mirror?"

Ron Mlotek was still at the State Department. Hanssen's arrest had been a terrible shock to him for months; the two had been so close. Something Hanssen once told him was particularly hard for him to forget.

"Bob said, 'A person would have to be a total stupid fucking idiot to spy for the KGB because you would be caught. Because we're [the FBI] going to get you.'"

* * *

In the Alexandria jail, Hanssen was housed in a separate wing reserved for federal prisoners. Because he did not want to mingle with the other inmates, guards awoke him at midnight to shower alone.

From the jail, Hanssen wrote long letters to his family. At first they were moralizing in tone: always live in the present, he advised his children, never in fantasy. He offered advice to his son-in-law on how to be a good husband and father. After a time, the letters were more practical; he counseled Bonnie on how to take care of the house, when to check the gutters. He wrote lengthy, technical letters to the children about computers.

In December 2001, Zacarias Moussaoui, a French citizen of Moroccan descent, was brought to the Alexandria facility to await trial in federal court on charges of conspiring in the September 11 terrorist attacks. Moussaoui, who authorities said was meant to be the twentieth hijacker, was arrested a month before the attacks after he aroused suspicion at a flight school in Minnesota, where he wanted to train to fly jumbo jets. When Moussaoui arrived, Hanssen was moved from his cell to another floor to make room for the new prisoner, and his privileges were curtailed; for a time, at least, he had no access to books or TV.

"I'm being treated like a common criminal," he complained to Bonnie.

Most of the debriefings had gone without incident, until he was given a polygraph test that same month. Afterward, the FBI polygraph operator sat down with Hanssen and said there were problems with the results. There was a conflict between his account and that of Priscilla Sue Galey.

The trouble started when the first question the polygrapher asked was whether Hanssen had a sexual relationship with the stripper. Hanssen angrily denied it, and his anger apparently affected his responses to other questions as well. Later, Hanssen explained to the

Webster commission that he felt a one-time event in Hong Kong was not a sexual relationship, a rationale that echoed President Clinton's famous finger-wagging denial of sex with Monica Lewinsky.

Priscilla Sue Galey had also told the FBI that at one point Hanssen said he wanted to buy a house for her. In retrospect, she believed that was part of a plan he had to use her somehow in his spying. Hanssen, when polygraphed, denied he offered to buy her a house or intended to enlist her as a spy.

There was another problem, the polygraph operator told Hanssen, aside from the conflicts between his account and Galey's. The peaks and valleys on the readout from the machine suggested that he had not fully disclosed what happened to all the cash he had received from the Russians. Hanssen insisted he had accounted for all of the money. But the polygraph operator was not satisfied. He told Hanssen he had failed his test, and that as a result Bonnie's pension might be taken away.

Hanssen lost it. He lunged for the man, who jerked backward out of the way. Hanssen landed no blows and the fracas was quickly over. Afterward, Cacheris went to see Randy Bellows, the federal prosecutor, to assure him that Hanssen was cooperating fully. "There were a few glitches on the polygraph," Cacheris said, "but there always are."

The episode was smoothed over, and Hanssen for the most part satisfied his FBI interrogators and the Webster commission. But the Justice Department's inspector general and Paul Redmond's damage assessment team at the CIA suspected Hanssen had not revealed all that he knew.

The split created a dilemma for the prosecutors. The plea bargain hinged on Hanssen's full cooperation in the debriefings. The prosecutors told the court that the government, despite the reservations of two of the four investigating groups, could not prove that Hanssen had broken the agreement. They asked that the sentencing proceed as scheduled.

On May 10, Hanssen, gaunt in his green prison uniform—he had lost seventy pounds in jail—appeared before Judge Claude Hilton in the Alexandria federal courthouse. The courtroom was packed with grim-faced FBI agents, most of whom had worked with Hanssen in counterintelligence.

Before the sentencing, Hanssen arose and read a statement. "I apologize for my behavior," he said. "I am shamed by it. I have opened the door for calumny against my totally innocent wife and children. I have hurt so many deeply."

Moments later, Judge Hilton sentenced Hanssen to life in prison with no possibility of parole.

Bonnie Hanssen and the children were not in the courtroom.

Afterward, Van Harp, the special agent in charge of the bureau's Washington field office, said the sentence had brought an end to "the darkest chapter in the history of the FBI."

Two months later, Hanssen was transferred from Alexandria to the maximum security federal prison in Florence, Colorado, a high-tech facility opened in 1994 and mainly reserved for violent and dangerous felons. In the prison, nicknamed Super Max, inmates are isolated and confined to their concrete cells twenty-three hours a day for at least two years, and, because of the prison's design, they cannot make eye contact with other inmates. The move was a disappointment to Hanssen's family, which hoped he would be sent to Allenwood, the federal prison in Pennsylvania, only a few hours' drive from Washington.

More than a year earlier, in the hours before he was arrested, Hanssen had given the copy of *The Man Who Was Thursday,* G. K. Chesterton's allegory, to Jack Hoschouer and urged him to read it. The elusive, supernatural figure of Sunday worked for Scotland Yard, but simultaneously seemed to be England's leading anarchist. There is a sentence near the end of the book that might serve as an epitaph to the strange career of Robert Hanssen. Inspector Ratcliffe says to Sunday:

"It seems so *silly* that you should have been on both sides and fought yourself."

The epitaph might have been written much earlier. All his life, Robert Hanssen had fought with himself. As a chemistry major at Knox, he had easy access to chemicals in the lab. For the last two years of college, he kept a vial on his dresser. He later said he never felt impelled to use it, never came close. But it was nevertheless reassuring to have it there, a silent witness to his despair and self-doubts. It was there if life became too much.

The vial contained potassium cyanide.

Author's Note

I began work on this book when an intelligence source alerted me to the arrest of Robert Philip Hanssen the day before it was announced publicly.

The FBI counterintelligence agent had spied for the Russians intermittently for almost twenty-two years. There were many questions to be answered, but it seemed to me that the most difficult and challenging were two: what was Robert Hanssen's motive in betraying his country—and how was he finally caught?

To resolve the first question meant trying to understand who Robert Hanssen really was, what forces had shaped him and ultimately led him to cross a line from which there was no turning back. To pursue the second question, the real story of how he was unmasked, the trail led me deep inside the FBI's secretive counterintelligence arm, where I discovered the extraordinary answer.

Under the terms of Hanssen's plea bargain with the government, he could not be interviewed during the time that I researched and wrote this book. He was barred from talking to any writer or to the news media until the FBI and other federal authorities were through questioning him. However, I had the good fortune to gain access to the mind of Robert Hanssen through an unusual means. With the assent of his defense attorney, Plato Cacheris, Hanssen authorized Dr. David L. Charney, the psychiatrist who spent many hours and days with him in the months after his arrest, to speak with me at length.

Hanssen apparently held little, if anything, back in his conversations with Charney. His secret life as a spy finally revealed, he unburdened himself freely in these sessions. My access to the psychiatrist, whose views struck me as particularly incisive, provided me with exclusive insights into Hanssen's state of mind, his personal and family background, and his complicated, interlocking web of motivations.

In researching the dramatic story of how Hanssen was finally caught, I was able to speak with a number of counterintelligence agents and officials, many of whom had directly participated in the FBI investigation that led to his arrest. My thanks go to all of them. Although the counterspies were circumspect, even silent, on some aspects of how the FBI, with help from the CIA, managed to extract from Moscow the actual secret KGB file that enabled the bureau to identify Hanssen, I was able in a series of interviews to piece together the essentials of the story—and of the investigation that ended when Hanssen emerged from a dead drop in a park in northern Virginia on a peaceful Sunday afternoon and was captured.

Although it might be assumed that the FBI was eager to cooperate in this exercise, the truth was rather the opposite. Hanssen had gone undetected for more than two decades, and the case was seen as another in a series of disasters that had battered the bureau and its public image. It took more than six months of constant badgering, importunings, e-mails, faxes, letters, and telephone calls before I was able to sit down with the first FBI counterintelligence official to discuss the Hanssen case and the innovative operation that led to his arrest. And although I was gratified that the bureau had, in effect, expressed confidence in my objectivity, at one point the interviews temporarily and mysteriously stopped. The counterspies, I was told, were alarmed that I had found out too much!

To research this book, I conducted more than 350 interviews with approximately 150 persons. Wherever possible, they are identified by name. I drew as well on a number of court documents, including the detailed FBI affidavit in the case and the government's indictment.

Although Hanssen was prohibited from speaking publicly while he was being debriefed, and his wife, Bonnie, declined to be interviewed, I was able to talk with several of her siblings, including her sister Jeanne Beglis, as well as with her parents, Dr. Leroy Wauck and Frances Wauck. I also spoke with Hanssen's mother, Vivian, several times over many months. I greatly appreciate the willingness of family members to talk to me about what has surely been a painful and terribly difficult experience for all of them.

I am grateful as well to Jack Hoschouer, who described himself aptly as closer than a brother to Robert Hanssen, and who figures at many points in the story. Although mortified by the highly public exposure of his participation in Hanssen's bizarre sexual activities, Hoschouer agreed to speak to me at length in a series of interviews by telephone to Germany and in person in Washington. I felt he showed considerable courage in doing so; another man might have retreated behind a wall of silence. I thank him for his openness, his patience, and his help. His wife, Aya, also was kind enough to share with me her recollections of Robert Hanssen. His mother, Jeanette Hoschouer, told me of her encounters with Howard Hanssen.

I am particularly indebted to Plato Cacheris, the defense attorney who saved Hanssen from a possible death penalty, and to Dr. David L. Charney, whose insights into Hanssen's psyche were invaluable. My thanks as well go to Preston Burton, Plato Cacheris's law partner.

Among the FBI counterintelligence officials interviewed, I am especially grateful to Neil J. Gallagher, then the assistant director in charge of the National Security Division, as well as to James T. Caruso, Michael J. Waguespack, Leslie G. Wiser, Jr., and James D. Lyle. Still other FBI counterintelligence specialists were helpful but preferred not to be named; I am no less grateful for their assistance.

I also greatly appreciate the help of John E. Collingwood, the FBI assistant director in charge of the Office of Public and Congressional Affairs; Michael P. Kortan, chief of the public affairs section of that office; Bill Carter, the acting unit chief of the FBI national press office; and Supervisory Special Agent Steven W. Berry of the national press office, whose assistance was unstinting and invaluable. Others in the FBI helped as well, including Bill Houghton, Kimberly Lichtenberg, Candy Curtis, Kevin Wilkinson, and James H. Davis.

More than thirty former FBI agents and officials were also interviewed, and I thank them all for their assistance. I must begin with William H. Webster, former director of the FBI and the CIA, who headed the special commission that reviewed FBI security programs for the Department of Justice. John F. Lewis, Jr., the former assistant director in charge of the FBI's National Security Division, provided many valuable insights, and his patience with my endless questions never flagged. I am grateful as well to James D. Ohlson, Edward J. Curran, and Thomas E. Burns, Jr.; to David G. Major and Paul Moore of the Centre for Counterintelligence and Security Studies; to Raymond A.

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I also appreciate the generous help I received from Charles C. Stuart, the prizewinning producer and president of Stuart Television Productions, and Chris Szechenyi, his talented and tireless field producer, who together created the documentary on the Hanssen case for the A&E cable network, on which I served as a consultant. Emily Ratliff, their production assistant, was always marvelously helpful.

I am obliged as well to Professor Chester Gillis of Georgetown University; Brian Finnerty, the U.S. spokesman for Opus Dei; Father C. John McCloskey III, director of the Catholic Information Center in Washington, D.C.; Father Franklyn M. McAfee of St. Catherine of Siena Catholic church; and Father Robert P. Bucciarelli. To understand the legal aspects of the Roman Catholic sacrament of confession, I relied principally on Michael J. Mazza's "Should Clergy Hold the Priest-Penitent Privilege?" in the *Marquette Law Review* 82, no. 1 (fall 1998), pp. 171–204.

Several former CIA officials were interviewed, including former CIA director James Woolsey, Milton A. Bearden, Paul J. Redmond, Jr., John C. Platt, Gordon C. Oehler, Colin R. Thompson, and Suzanne Spaulding. My thanks as well go to Mark Mansfield, the CIA deputy director for public affairs. Other current and former CIA officials preferred to speak only on background. To tell the story of GRAY DECEIVER, the CIA official who was erroneously thought to be the mole, I interviewed his attorney, John Moustakas, and drew as well upon several intelligence sources and on published accounts by James Risen and David Johnston of *The New York Times* and Dan Eggen, Brooke A. Masters, and Vernon Loeb of *The Washington Post.*

Viktor Cherkashin, the former KGB counterintelligence officer who ran the Hanssen case in Washington, was reached at his home in Moscow and interviewed at length. His comments provided an intriguing perspective from the Russian side of the drama.

Many other individuals helped me to tell the story of Robert Hanssen. The list is too long to include everyone, and a few preferred to remain anonymous. But I thank Thomas B. Ross, coauthor with me of three books; James Bamford, Priscilla Sue Galey, Dr. Alen J. Salerian, Herb Romerstein, William Schulz, Edward S. McFadden, Momcilo Rosic, Mike and Judi Shotwell, John C. Sylvester, H. Keith Melton, Ed Pound of *USA Today,* John Carl Warnecke, Benny Pasquariello, Ronald Sol Mlotek, and Boris Yuzhin.

Sarah J. Albertini provided vital computer advice and research assistance along the way. Ida Sawyer made sure my newspaper files were up to date.

I am especially grateful to Robert D. Loomis, my editor at Random House on this and eight previous books, whose editorial skills and dedication are unsurpassed and reflected throughout these pages.

Finally, and as always, I am indebted beyond measure to my wife, Joan, who, without complaint, heard more about Robert Hanssen and the murky world of spies he inhabited than she probably wanted to know.

—David Wise
Washington, D.C.
July 30, 2002

Index

ACS (Automated Case Support System, FBI), 189–90, 236
Albertini, Sarah J., 299
Albright, Madeleine, 194
Alu, Dick, 30–32, 76, 101, 134, 298
Ames, Aldrich H.
  arrest of, 24, 79n, 168, 170, 171, 199, 211, 220, 261, 290
  at CIA, 83n, 168, 246, 290
  debriefing, 175
  defense lawyer, 10, 250, 262
  and espionage penalties, 124n
  and FBI-CIA mole hunts, 168–71, 176, 180, 200, 205–7, 217, 220, 229, 247, 286
  motives for spying, 270
  and polygraph tests, 34, 286
  spy career of, 23, 24, 48n, 50, 51–52, 56, 74, 79, 139, 168–70, 187, 200, 245, 248, 265, 272, 284, 285
  unawareness of Bloch case, 170
Amtorg (Soviet commercial trading agency), 20, 21, 58–60, 62, 274
Angleton, James J., 71, 208
ANLACE, 169, 173
Arnold, Benedict, 270
Ashcroft, John, 125, 235, 247, 248, 262–64, 266, 268

Bakatin, Vadim V., 109
Bamford, James, 87, 116, 165–67, 285, 299
Bannerman, Laine, 173
Barnett, David H., 47–48
"Bart, Pierre." *See* Gikman, Reino
Bates, John D., 156
Bearden, Milton A., 141, 290, 298
Beglis, George, 121–23, 130, 244
Beglis, Jeanne Wauck, 120–23, 125, 130, 244, 245, 269, 296
Bellows, Randy I., 250, 263, 266, 267, 292
Bereznay, Timothy, 219, 226
Berlin, spy tunnel in, 108
Berry, Steven W., 297
Blake, George, 108
BLINDSWITCH, 174–75
Bloch, Felix, 99, 111–19, 128, 166, 170, 199, 203, 205–7, 210, 285
Bloch, Lucille Stephenson, 112, 119
Boeckenhaupt, Herbert W., 22n
Bogart, Humphrey, 149
Bond, James, 146, 149, 189, 270, 277
Borovikov, Vacheslav Z., 107
Borrasca, Adelia, 166
Borrasca, Barton A., 162–67
BOURBON. *See* Polyakov, Dimitri Fedorovich
Boyce, Christopher, 270n
Boyd, John, 277
Brandon, Harry B. ("Skip"), 161
Brookner, Janine, 250, 288–89
Brown, Ron, 165
Bryant, Robert M. ("Bear"), 170, 181, 298
Bucciarelli, Robert P., 25–27, 120, 141, 245, 298
BUCKLURE, 199–201, 219, 223
Burke, Edmund, 186n
Burns, Thomas E., Jr., 37–39, 42, 87, 93, 184, 231–32, 289, 297
Burton, Preston, 264, 266–67, 297
Bush, George H. W., 113, 200
Bush, George W., 215, 234–35, 247, 263
Byrne, Frank, 44

C-5 (Chicago Police Department intelligence unit), 17
Cacheris, Ethel Dominick, 262
Cacheris, Plato, 10, 26, 250, 255–57, 261–67, 271, 284, 292, 295, 297
Camden, Pat, 17
Carlson, Rodney W., 39
CART (Computer Analysis Response Team), 188
Carter, Bill, 297
Caruso, James T. ("Tim"), 169, 174, 219, 241–42, 283, 289, 297
Casablanca (film), 149, 150–51
Casey, Robert P., 13
Cash, Peggy Casey, 244
Charney, David L., 10, 257–58, 271–73, 278–81, 295–97
Cherkashin, Viktor I., 23, 30, 54, 57, 61–62, 75, 166–67, 200–1, 207, 289–90, 298
Chin, Larry Wu-Tai, 46, 270
Chuvakhin, Sergei D., 52, 169
CI-3 (FBI counterintelligence section), 4, 29, 32, 37
CI-4 (FBI KGB squad), 221
CIA (Central Intelligence Agency)
  and agent betrayals, 21, 67, 168–69
  and Berlin spy tunnel, 108
  and Bloch case, 112–14
  Brookner suit against, 250
  Counterespionage Group, 128, 171, 172, 176, 217
  data collection devices, 95, 102n
  directorates, 164
  and fall of Soviet Union, 141
  Hanssen case damage assessment, 281, 292
  and Hanssen sentencing, 264
  "illegals" specialists at, 206, 207, 214
  Kelley suspension by, 212–14, 218
  killings outside headquarters of, 186
  mission of, 172
  and mole hunts, 3, 71, 128, 168–73, 175–76, 179, 199–200, 208, 221, 229, 245, 286, 290
  in Moscow, 220, 229, 245
  and Nixon administration, 183
  Nonproliferation Center, 162, 164
  and polygraphs, 33, 34, 176–77, 286
  relations with FBI, 24, 39, 45, 47–48, 68, 70, 169, 171–73, 175–77, 181, 199, 209–10, 221, 224, 229, 245
  and Russian defectors, 45, 57, 61, 71, 80, 132, 141, 208, 222, 229, 239
  secrets passed to KGB, 47–48, 51–52, 82–83, 95, 140, 225, 284
  and Soviet agent recruitment, 39, 78–79, 169, 199–201
  and Soviet embassy tunnel, 109
  Special Investigations Unit, 171–73, 175, 176, 179, 199, 217
  spy camera, 47, 49
  surveillance techniques, 208
  and TOPHAT, 22–24
  training base, 59, 175
  See also Ames, Aldrich H.; Chin, Larry Wu-Tai; Nicholson, Harold James
CIC (CIA Counterintelligence Center), 211
CIPA (Classified Information Procedures Act of 1980), 264
CKTWINE. *See* Yuzhin, Boris
Classification levels, of documents, 20n
Clinton, Hillary Rodham, 14, 165
Clinton, William J.
  and counterintelligence reorganization, 171, 172, 176
  Freeh criticism of, 248–49
  and gays in armed services, 122
  Hanssen distaste for, 165, 186
  and Lewinsky affair, 261, 292
  rumored FBI surveillance of, 164–65
Cloyd, Dan, 242
COINS-II (Community On-Line Intelligence System), 79
Colby, William E., 71
Collingwood, John E., 297
Community Nonproliferation Committee (CNPC), 162–63
Confession, as Catholic sacrament, 85–86, 298
Confidentiality, legal rulings on, 26n
Connery, Sean, 258
"Continuity of government" plan, U.S., 248–49
Counterintelligence Group (interagency task force), 83, 184
COURTSHIP (FBI-CIA unit), 39
Curran, Edward J., 31, 59, 76, 171–73, 175, 179, 217, 272, 283, 297
Curtis, Candy, 154, 155, 156, 297

Daley, Richard J., 137, 140, 186, 227
Davis, James H., 297
DeConcini, Dennis, 170
Defector, meanings of term, 132n
Degtyar, Viktor M., 50, 52–54, 61, 64, 65, 81
Dion, John, 267
Documents, classification levels of, 20n
Double agents (DAs), 38
Drummond, Nelson C. ("Bulldog"), 22n
DST (Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire), 114–15, 118
DTP (Dedicated Technical Program), 29–30, 98

Duffy, Barbara, 158
Duggan, Jack, 164
Dulles, Allen W., 108
Dunlap, Jack E., 22n
Dzheikiya, Rollan G., 174–75

EASY CHAIR, 102
Eddleman, Joseph K., Jr., 40
Eggen, Dan, 298
Embassies. *See* Soviet embassy (D.C.); United States embassy (Moscow)
Entrapment (film), 258
Escriva de Balaguer, Josemaria, 90–91, 289
Espionage
  difficulty of proving, 210
  early detection of, 286–87
  inevitability of, 287
  penalties for, 8, 124, 202, 211, 235n, 250, 262–65
  prosecution of, 264–65
  risks of, 284
  usual motives for, 270–71, 279, 281

Falcon and the Snowman, The (Lindsey), 270
Fasano, Jerome, 87
FBI (Federal Bureau of Investigation)
  and Ames arrest, 168, 220
  analysis techniques, 66–68
  "Black Vault," 173
  and Bloch case, 111–19, 128, 285
  and CNPC, 162–63
  and computer security, 161, 187–89, 235–36
  counterintelligence arm, 4, 59, 122, 123, 126, 128, 137, 169, 183, 193, 219–21, 241, 246, 286, 291, 295–97
  crises of public confidence in, 181, 248–49, 283, 296
  and double agents, 38, 80–81, 159–60
  foreign offices of, 148, 220, 282
  and GRAYDAY-Hanssen investigation, 20, 159, 219–39, 241–42, 243, 296
  and Hanssen arrest, 239–50
  Hanssen career with, 18–21, 28–39, 42, 44–46, 50, 58–60, 62, 66–68, 100, 134, 137, 139, 140, 148, 153–58, 160–66, 227, 246, 248, 273–74, 276–79, 282–83
  and Hanssen post-arrest investigation, 130–31, 145, 159, 262, 292, 295
  Hanssen warning signs overlooked by, 158, 282–83
  inspection division, 134, 179
  intelligence division, 3–4, 37–39, 44, 66–67, 122, 179, 181
  and Kelley investigation, 205–19, 226
  mission of, 172
  and mole hunts, 3–4, 25n, 38–39, 67–73, 82–83, 123–27, 160, 166, 168–76, 179–81, 199–202, 205, 209–10, 219–29, 283
  National Security Division, 179, 181, 187, 215, 230, 240, 246, 297
  in New York City, 19–20, 42, 45, 50, 58–60, 74, 83, 122, 126, 172
  and NSA, 165
  and Pitts case damage assessment, 178–82
  and polygraphs, 33–35, 177, 205, 214, 282, 286
  promotions system, 134
  Quantico training academy, 149, 277–78
  recruitment of KGB agents, 38–39, 196–201
  relations with CIA, 24, 39, 45, 47–48, 78, 169, 171–73, 175–77, 181, 199, 216
  retirement parties, 145–46
  and Russian informants, 3, 38–42, 47–49, 61–62, 70–71, 83, 96, 99, 132, 136, 168–69, 174, 211–18, 220–30, 264
  SIOC, 240–41
  and Soviet embassy tunnel, 98–99, 100–1, 103, 104–11, 285
  spy arrests by, 44–46, 175, 178
  surveillance techniques, 29–30, 59, 60, 78, 83, 146n, 170–71, 208–9, 213, 233–34, 236
  and White House surveillance, 164–65
FBInet, 187–89
FEDORA, 69–71
Fefelov, Aleksandr K., 62–64, 65n, 225, 243
Finnerty, Brian, 91, 298
Forden, David, 61
Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court, 208, 233
Fox, Charlie, 144
Freeh, John, 91n
Freeh, Louis, 91, 173–74, 180–81, 214, 215, 217n, 229, 241–43, 246–49, 264
Fuller, Gwen, 221

Galey, Priscilla Sue, 143–52, 227, 258, 260, 276, 277, 288, 291–92, 299
Gallagher, Neil J., 180, 182, 215–16, 219, 226, 228–29, 231, 233, 237, 240–43, 246, 289, 297
"Garcia, Ramon" (Hanssen alias), 7, 62, 65, 75–77, 82, 141, 160, 189, 192, 223, 225, 239
Gardner, Theodore M., 198, 298
Gessford, Ben, 221
Gibson, Grover, 197
Gikman, Reino, 113–18, 206
Gillis, Chester, 85–86, 298
Golitsin, Anatoly M., 71

Good Guys (strip club), 145–46
Gorbachev, Mikhail S., 109, 135, 138
GRAY DECEIVER (Brian Kelley), 206, 216, 218, 225–27, 298
GRAYDAY (Robert Hanssen), 227, 228, 231, 233, 242, 243
GRAYSUIT, 206, 218, 219, 222
Gregory, Doug, 211, 212, 243, 267, 268
Grimes, Sandy, 169
GRU (Glavnoye Razvedyvatelnoye Upravlenie)
  CIA spies in, 39
  and FBI operations, 37, 38, 126, 159–60
  Hanssen espionage for, 20–22, 42, 245, 272n
  and Hanssen revolunteer attempt, 159–60
  rivalry with KGB, 24, 160
  U.S. activities of, 20, 37, 59
  See also Polyakov, Dimitri Fedorovich
"Gs, the" (Special Surveillance Group, FBI), 208–9, 230, 236, 240, 241, 244
GTBEEP. *See* Polyakov, Dimitri Fedorovich
GTGAUZE. *See* Motorin, Sergei
GTGENTILE. *See* Martynov, Valery
GTGLAZING, 78
GTJOGGER, 47, 48n
Guerin, Rudy, 211, 212
Gundarev, Victor, 61–62, 167
Gusev, Stanislav, 193–94

Hagarty, Robert, 13, 86
Hall, Fawn, 262
Hanna, H. Russell, Jr., 105–6
Hanssen, Bernadette Wauck ("Bonnie")
  background, 13–15
  and Catholicism, 6, 13, 86, 88, 124
  disillusionment with husband, 269, 287–88, 293
  and Hanssen arrest, 25n, 243–46, 250, 258, 261, 262
  and Hanssen cash displays, 120, 123, 125–28, 130, 134, 288
  and Hanssen espionage, 24–27, 53, 120, 127, 130, 141, 245, 269, 273, 281, 288–89
  and Hanssen FBI career, 19, 273
  Hanssen letters to, 291
  and Hanssen pension, 268, 292
  and Hanssen voyeurism, 252–60, 269, 270, 280, 287, 288
  and husband's liaisons, 15, 25, 145, 288
  and in-laws, 19, 43
  nude photos of, 251, 252
  and Opus Dei, 13, 15, 25–26, 86, 88, 124, 289
  personality, 121, 131, 273
  teaching career, 43, 234, 288
Hanssen, Greg, 244
Hanssen, Howard
  background, 9
  death, 160
  move to Florida, 43
  police career, 9, 10, 15–17, 135, 186
  relationship with son, 10–11, 19, 126, 255, 275, 276
  and son's career choices, 12, 16–17
Hanssen, Jack, 88, 166
Hanssen, Lisa, 244–45
Hanssen, Robert Philip
  arrest of, 8, 10, 25n, 130, 158, 167, 181, 189, 213–14, 218, 229, 239, 261–63, 290, 295
  background, 4–6, 9–18, 207, 216, 293
  and Catholicism, 6, 15, 25–26, 43–44, 85–93, 120, 150, 167, 184, 187, 253, 257, 270, 280–81
  and Clinton surveillance rumor, 164–65
  conservative views, 32, 121–22, 154, 167, 186, 258, 270
  counterintelligence training, 17–18, 187, 278
  evidence against, 181, 221–30, 233, 234, 236–38, 243, 264, 282–84, 289
  extramarital relationships, 15, 143–52, 227, 258, 260, 270–72, 276, 282, 288, 291–92
  family suspicions about, 25, 120–31, 282
  FBI career, 18–21, 28–39, 42, 44–46, 50, 58–60, 62, 66–68, 100, 134, 137, 140, 148, 153–58, 160–66, 173, 184, 187, 230–31, 233, 236–38, 252, 272n, 273–74, 276–79
  FBI database searches by, 160, 188–89, 191, 192, 233
  FBI GRAYDAY surveillance of, 230–31, 233–34, 236–42
  as FBI mole study director, 3–4, 67–69, 73–74, 82–83, 119, 173, 181
  FBI-CIA damage assessment on, 248, 266–69, 284–86
  and harassment of co-worker, 153–58, 160
  health problems, 244
  as mole hunt target, 160, 181, 191, 202, 216–18, 223, 225–28
  motives for spying, 21, 53–54, 189, 191–92, 257, 270–81
  and NACIC, 176–77
  nicknames, 31, 153, 185, 277
  at Office of Foreign Missions, 184, 187, 189
  and Opus Dei, 6, 15, 25–26, 43, 86–92, 120, 124, 147, 153, 167, 184, 253, 257, 270, 280, 281, 289
  Pitts suspicions about, 181
  and plan to drug wife, 259–60, 270

  and plea bargain, 262–69, 284, 292, 295
  and polygraphs, 34–35, 176–77, 282, 286, 291–92
  and pornography, 5, 252–53, 255, 258, 260, 270
  in prison, 261–62, 267, 287–88, 291–93
  prosecution of, 215
  psychological profile of, 10–11, 17, 30–32, 83, 89, 93, 94, 121, 187, 257–58, 270–81, 290, 293, 297
  sentencing of, 268, 269, 292–93
  sources betrayed by, 132, 159–60, 168–69, 235, 245, 248, 265, 284, 285
  spending habits, 43, 122, 128–29, 134–35, 146, 149–50, 184, 272
  spy career, 4, 7–8, 15, 20–24, 42, 46, 49, 50–58, 60–65, 74–84, 94–99, 103, 107, 108, 114n, 115, 117–20, 123, 132–42, 159–60, 166–67, 169, 170n, 189–95, 200, 202–3, 231, 234, 236, 238–39, 243, 245, 247–48, 265, 272, 274, 282–86, 290
  and strip clubs, 145–46, 255, 258
  tape recording of, 225–26
  technical expertise, 4, 29–30, 32–35, 55, 60, 97, 121, 160–62, 181, 185, 192–93, 230–31, 237n, 238, 253, 267
  and voyeurism, 251–60, 279–80
  and weapons, 147, 149, 166, 185–86, 242, 244, 270, 272, 277–78
Hanssen, Vivian Baer, 9–10, 15, 16n, 43, 262, 275, 287, 296
Harp, Van, 293
Harriman, Averell, 101
Harris, Linda, 151
Hathaway, Gardner R. (“Gus”), 168, 206–7
Hengemuhle, Joseph F., 42
Hilton, Claude M., 265, 268, 292, 293
Höbart, Helga, 113, 115
Holt, Jim, 39, 169
Honorary Consul, The (Greene), 197–98
Hood, Laura, 234
Hood, Perry, 234
Hoover, J. Edgar, 30, 70, 283
Horan, Sheila, 219
Hoschouer, Ayako Matsuda (“Aya”), 6, 13, 19, 249, 260, 297
Hoschouer, Jack Delroy
  background, 5–6, 11–13, 138, 251–52
  and Clinton surveillance rumor, 164
  and Hanssen arrest, 240, 242, 249
  on Hanssen’s father, 10, 17
  on Hanssen’s religiosity, 92
  and KGB, 138–39
  and pornography, 5, 255, 260
  and Rolex watch, 134–35, 249–50
  and strip clubs, 145, 255
  ties to Hanssen family, 5–7, 11, 12, 97, 254, 257–60, 276n, 287, 297
  and voyeurism, 252–60, 269, 270, 280, 297
Hoschouer, Jeanette, 11, 249, 297
Houghton, Bill, 16, 97, 135, 297
Howard, Edward Lee, 45, 46, 51n, 172, 290
Huffines, Steve, 157
Hundley, John C., 266

“Illegals,” definition of, 206
Invicta (computer security company), 235–38
Iran-Contra scandal, 262
Itar-Tass news agency, 239
  See also Tass
Ivanov, Boris, 70

Jackson, Donald, 18
Jackson, Thomas Penfield, 157
Jewell, Richard, 248
Jirousek, Tina, 111–12
Joanna’s 1819 Club, 143, 144–45, 147
John Paul II (pope), 90–91
Johnston, David, 298
Justice, U. S. Department of, 125, 130, 131, 156, 233, 248, 249, 288, 292, 297

Kansi, Mir Aimal, 186
KARAT, 217–18
Karlow, Peter, 102, 208
Kelley, Brian, 205–19, 226, 227, 290, 298
KGB (Komitet Gosudarstvennoi Bezopasnosti)
  and Aldrich Ames, 23, 24, 34, 50, 51–52, 139, 168–69
  and Bloch case, 113–19, 166, 170, 285
  CIA efforts to recruit officer of, 78–79
  and CIA secrets, 47–48, 82–83
  compartmentalization from GRU, 24, 42, 160
  defectors to CIA, 45, 141, 198, 235–36
  double agents, 38, 80, 132
  FBI analyses of, 37, 42, 67, 68
  and FBI informants, 45, 46, 71–73, 99, 174–75, 179, 180, 217–30, 264, 284, 285, 289
  and FBI mole hunts, 38–39, 67–73, 119, 170–71, 174, 219–230
  FBI-CIA pitches to, 196–201, 247
  file on Hanssen, 221–30, 233, 234, 236n, 247, 264, 289
  fraternization with U.S. agents, 200
  Hanssen dealings with, 46, 50–58, 61–65, 74–84, 94–99, 103, 107, 108, 114n, 115, 117–20, 123, 132–39, 159, 166–67, 226–28, 245, 272, 274, 278–79, 281, 284–85, 290, 298
  “illegals” in, 59, 113–18, 206

KGB (Komitet Gosudarstvennoi Bezopasnosti) *(cont'd)*
  Norwegian spy for, 49
  promotions within, 48, 198
  recruitment efforts against CIA, 78–79, 82
  in Singapore, 113
  surveillance techniques, 49, 75–76, 101–3, 109, 183n
  U.S. operations of, 20, 30, 37, 39, 42, 47–48, 59, 74, 105, 137, 187, 207, 290
  See also SVR
Kimmel, Husband E., 178
Kimmel, Thomas K., Jr., 178–82, 298
King, Bob, 4, 67, 68, 83, 226
Kirdyanov, Vladimir A., 190n
Knox, Ronald, 44
Kortan, Michael P., 297
Kryuchkov, Vladimir A., 79, 80, 83, 94, 99, 138, 139
Kulak, Alekei Isidorovich (FEDORA), 69, 71

Lamb, Robert E., 116
Lambert, Dave, 244
Lee, Andrew, 270n
Lee, Wen Ho, 248
Lewinsky, Monica, 10, 250, 261, 292
Lewis, John F., Jr., 31, 96, 107–8, 110, 170, 179–80, 218, 286–87, 290, 297
Lichtenberg, Kimberly Schaefer, 153–58, 160, 282, 297
Lichtenberg, Michael, 153, 155–56, 158
Lie detectors. *See* Polygraphs
Lieberman, Joseph I., 185
Listening devices, in U.S. Moscow embassy, 101–3
Lodge, Henry Cabot, 102n
Loeb, Vernon, 298
Loomis, Robert D., 299
Lord of the World (Benson), 235
Lowe, A. Jackson, 174, 274, 298
Lyle, James D., 125–29, 131, 297
Lysov, Valentin, 69–70

Mabey, John F., 22, 298
Major, David, 35–36, 68, 69n, 75, 89, 134, 173n, 273, 278, 279, 290, 297
Malakhov, Boris M., 64, 74, 76, 77
Man Who Was Thursday, The (Chesterton), 6–7, 293
Mangold, Tom, 256n
Mansfield, Mark, 298
Martynov, Natalya, 57
Martynov, Valery
  betrayal of, 4, 23, 49, 51, 55–56, 65, 99, 265, 284
  execution of, 3, 57, 168–69, 265
  FBI-CIA recruitment of, 39–42, 51
Mary Dominga, 27
MASINT (measurement and signature intelligence) program, 95, 96
Masters, Brooke A., 298
McAfee, Franklyn M., 87–88, 298
McCloskey, C. John, III, 43, 88–89, 92–93, 298
McFadden, Edward S., 299
McMahon, Joe, 157, 158
McVeigh, Timothy, 249
McWethy, John F., 116
MEGAHUT, 59
MEGAS. *See* Motorin, Sergei
Melson, Ken, 268
Melton, H. Keith, 299
MI5 (British internal security service), 102n, 109
MI6 (British secret intelligence service), 108, 109, 222
Milburn, James P., 4, 67, 68, 83, 169, 173, 221
Miller, Richard, 45, 46, 72, 283
Mislock, Raymond A., Jr., 128, 160–62, 181, 188, 200–1, 282, 297–98
Missionaries of Charity, 26–27, 245, 288
Mitchell, John, 250, 262
Mitrokhin, Vasili, 222
Mlotek, Noah, 185
Mlotek, Ronald Sol, 92, 93, 184–87, 258, 277, 291, 299
Mole hunts
  CIA, 3, 71, 128, 168–72
  FBI, 3–4, 38, 67–73, 82–83, 123–27, 160, 166, 168–76, 179–81, 219–30
  by joint task force, 168–69, 179, 202, 205–19, 229, 245, 247
  techniques of, 174, 216, 220
Molehunt (Wise), 208n
MONOLITE, 78
MONOPOLY (FBI tunnel project), 98–99, 100–1, 103, 104–11, 170n, 285
Moore, Paul D., 32–34, 43, 44, 66–68, 73, 89, 146, 216, 258, 277, 284, 290, 297
Morton, Mike, 41
Mother Teresa, 26–27, 245, 288
Motorin, Sergei
  betrayal of, 4, 23, 49, 51, 55–56, 65, 99, 265, 284
  execution of, 3, 57, 168–69, 265
  FBI recruitment of, 40–42, 51
Moussaoui, Zacarias, 291
Moustakas, John, 210–17, 298
Mueller, Robert S., III, 129, 215
Mullins, Dep, 145
My Fair Lady (musical), 151

NACIC (National Counterintelligence Center), 176–77
National HUMINT Collection Plan (NHCP), 84
National Security Threat List (NSTL), 140, 153
New York City
  FBI operations in, 19–20, 42, 45, 50, 58–60, 74, 83, 122, 126, 172, 173–75, 178, 207, 219, 221, 274
  Hanssen in, 245, 273, 274
  mole hunts in, 173–75
  Soviet activity in, 20, 58–60
NFIP (National Foreign Intelligence Program), 35
Nicholson, Harold James ("Jim"), 175–76, 199
NIGHTMOVER, 170, 173
Nixon administration
  and Cambodia, 251–52
  and CIA, 183
Nolan, James E., Jr., 183, 298
Nosenko, Yuri I., 71
NROC (National Resettlement Operations Center), 229, 239n, 289
NSA (National Security Agency)
  Bamford books on, 165, 167
  defector employed by, 235
  and electronic intercepts, 165
  and FBI, 165, 172
  Hanssen damage to, 225, 285
  Hanssen job application to, 15, 18
  intelligence collection, 55, 59, 61, 65, 80
  and polygraphs, 33, 172
  and Soviet embassy surveillance, 98, 104–5, 108n
NSC (National Security Council), 76

O'Donnell, Pete, 178, 179, 298
Oehler, Gordon C., 162–63, 298
Office of Foreign Missions (OFM), 183–84, 187, 189
Ogorodnikov, Svetlana, 45
Ohlson, James D., 9, 28–29, 42, 43, 60, 66, 187–88, 235, 274, 297
OPERATION GOLD, 108
Opus Dei
  Hanssens' participation in, 6, 15, 25–26, 43–44, 86–92, 120, 124, 126, 147, 153, 167, 184, 257, 270, 280, 281, 289
  history of, 90–91
  membership of, 90, 91, 164
  purpose of, 25, 44, 89, 90, 281
  schools, 43, 44, 66, 91
  study centers, 25, 43–44, 87, 90, 91
  warning to Bonnie Hanssen, 289
  and Wauck family, 13, 15, 25–26, 86, 88, 124

Parker, Phillip A., 31, 198, 298
Pasquariello, Benny, 104, 106, 299
Patton, George S., Jr., 140, 141, 194, 226
Pelton, Ronald W., 46, 74, 172, 290
Penkovsky, Oleg, 39
Philby, Harold A. R. ("Kim"), 117, 192, 203, 270
Pickard, Thomas J., 174, 214–15, 298
Piguzov, Vladimir M., 48n
PIMENTA. *See* Martynov, Valery
Pitts, Earl Edwin, 72n, 174–75, 178–81, 199, 271, 282, 283
Platt, John C., 78–79, 298
PLAYACTOR/SKYLIGHT, 169, 173
Playboy Club, 13, 260
Pluta, Stefan A., 243, 267
POCKETWATCH, 58, 59, 274
Podlesny, John A., 34
Pollard, Jonathan Jay, 45–46, 270
Polyakov, Dimitri Fedorovich (TOPHAT), 21–24, 42, 65, 103, 245, 285
  derivation of code name, 22n
Polygraphs, 33–35, 176–77, 282, 286–88
Pound, Ed, 299
Pugh, Dale H., 40, 196–97, 298
Putin, Vladimir, 202

RACKETEER, 199–201
"Ramon" (Hanssen alias), 7, 62, 65, 75–77, 82, 141, 160, 189, 192, 223, 225, 239
RAMPAIGE. *See* Yuzhin, Boris
Ratliff, Emily, 298
Reagan, Ronald
  expulsion of Soviet diplomats by, 263
  Hanssen admiration for, 186
  staff members in Opus Dei, 90
  and U.S. Moscow embassy, 103
Redmond, Paul J., Jr., 171, 172, 175, 248, 268, 281, 292, 298
Reno, Janet, 249
Risen, James, 298
Rizzo, Ernie, 18, 278
Roberts, Jerry, 144
Rochford, Mike, 201, 207, 209, 216, 217, 219, 220–24, 226, 247, 289
Romerstein, Herb, 299
Rosic, Momcilo, 12, 299
Ross, Thomas B., 298
Ruby Ridge (Idaho), 248
Rumsfeld, Donald, 264
Russia, post-Soviet
  and Hanssen 1993 approach to GRU, 160
  political prisoner release in, 56

Russia, post-Soviet *(cont'd)*
  and spy operations, 187, 202, 265, 286, 287
  See also GRU; KGB; Soviet Union; SVR
Russian embassy (D.C.)
  as diplomatic cover for spies, 193–94, 201, 263
  and Hanssen arrest, 246
  See also Soviet embassy (D.C.)

Safehouse (cabin cruiser), 166
Safeway supermarket, as FBI "pitch" site, 196–97
Salerian, Alen J., 255–57, 271n, 299
Samson, David T., 113
Samsonov, Igor S., 49
SATYR, 102n
Sawyer, Ida, 299
Schulz, William, 299
SCIF (Sensitive Compartmented Information Facility), 157
SCOTCH, 69
Scowcroft, Brent, 200
SDI (Strategic Defense Initiative), 81
Sheymov, Victor, 80, 81, 235–38
Shotwell, Judi, 299
Shotwell, Mike, 299
SIOC (Strategic Information Operations Center, FBI), 240–42
SIU (Special Investigations Unit, CIA), 171–73, 175, 176, 179, 199, 217
Skillen, Jim, 235
Skotzko, Waldimir ("Scotty"), 22
Smith, Debra, 221, 241–42
Smits, Bill, 48, 49
Sommer, Mary, 173
Soviet embassy (D.C.)
  communications interception by, 101, 105
  construction project, 98, 100–1, 103–4
  FBI informants in, 3, 23, 39–42, 67, 284
  FBI surveillance of, 52, 98, 100–1, 104, 170–71, 183–84
  FBI tunnel under, 98–99, 100–1, 103, 104–11, 170, 285
  GRU agents in, 160
  KGB agents in, 62–65, 169, 196–98, 200–1, 263, 284
  location of, 101, 183, 196
  See also Russian embassy (D.C.)
Soviet Union
  CIA operations within, 67, 83
  fall of, 99, 109, 137, 138, 139, 141, 142, 162, 175, 187, 190, 200, 265, 285–86
  Hanssen views on, 89, 92, 147, 187, 277
  intelligence operations in U.S., 20, 24, 37, 59, 60, 69, 70, 78, 82
  missile technology assessments, 84, 132, 284
  U.S. embassy bugs in, 102–3
  U.S. intelligence sources from, 3–4, 51, 80, 285
  U.S. spies for, 45–46, 270
  U.S. surveillance of, 102n, 103, 140, 285
  See also GRU; KGB; Russia, post-Soviet; SVR
Spaulding, Suzanne, 164, 298
SPIDERWEB, 170–71
Spycraft, 54–55, 76–77, 201, 208
SSG (Special Surveillance Group, FBI), 208–9, 230, 236, 240, 241, 244
"Star Wars" (Strategic Defense Initiative), 81
Stassinos, James O., 197
State Department, U.S.
  and Hanssen license plate, 232, 289
  Office of Foreign Missions, 183–84, 187, 189
  SVR bug inside, 193–94
Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, The (Stevenson), 279
Strauss, Robert S., 109
Stuart, Charles C., 298
Stukey, Donald E., 31, 117, 118, 128, 273, 298
Sullivan, William C., 72
SVR (Sluzhba Vneshnei Razvedki)
  and CIA source, 175–76
  and CIA-FBI mole hunts, 202, 219, 220
  file on Hanssen, 221–30, 233, 234, 247, 264, 289
  Hanssen contacts with, 7–8, 139–42, 190–95, 202–4, 234, 236, 240, 243, 246n, 272, 281, 290
  and "iron sites," 240n
  retaliation for defection, 224
  U.S. operations of, 30, 193–94, 287, 290
  See also KGB
Sword and the Shield, The (Andrew/Mitrokhin), 222n
Sylvester, John C., 299
Szechenyi, Chris, 298

Tass (Soviet wire service), 20, 47, 48
  See also Itar-Tass news agency
Tenet, George, 210, 211–12, 247, 264, 268
Terrorism
  9/11/2001 attacks, 247, 268–69, 285, 289, 291
  U.S. efforts against, 287
Third Man, The (film), 111
Thompson, Colin R., 298
Thompson, Larry, 268
Thorne, Juan Luis Cipriani, 91
Tierney, Joseph L., 29–31, 33n, 34–35, 274, 298
TOPHAT. *See* Polyakov, Dimitri Fedorovich

Toropov, Yevgeny, 220, 239
TRAPDOOR, 168, 173
Treholt, Arne, 49
Trimber, Jane Hanssen, 7, 241, 243, 246
Trimber, Richard, 7, 241, 243, 246, 291
Tropel (spy camera), 47, 49

U-2 spy plane, 102n
United Nations, Soviet mission to (SMUN), 20, 59, 60, 69, 70, 78, 136, 174, 175, 196
United States embassy (Moscow), 101–3, 106, 107, 109, 183, 263
United States v. *Nixon,* 26n
UNSUB DICK, 68–71
Ushakov, Yuri V., 110

VALBEL, 70
Vasilenko, Gennady, 78–79, 80
Vertefeuille, Jeanne R., 168, 169, 171, 172
Victory (Conrad), 276n

Waco (Texas), 248
Wade, Robert B., 128, 174, 199, 222, 298
Waguespack, Michael J. ("Wags"), 129, 176–77, 225–26, 230–31, 239, 297
Walker, Arthur, 45n, 46
Walker, John A., Jr., 45, 46, 285
Walker, Michael, 45n, 46
Walpole, Bob, 163
Walsh, Nick, 155
Ware, Mitchell, 17
Warnecke, John Carl, Sr., 105, 299
Watson, R. Patrick ("Pat"), 161, 169, 298
Wauck, Frances Hagarty, 14, 43, 86, 244, 296
Wauck, Greg, 124, 125, 130
Wauck, John Paul, 13, 86
Wauck, Leroy A., 14, 32, 43, 86, 87, 296
Wauck, Mark A., 86–87, 122–31, 282
Wauck, Mary Ellen, 123, 125, 130
Way, The (Escriva de Balaguer), 90
Weaver, Randall, 248
Webster, William H., 21, 248, 297
Webster commission, 21, 248, 282, 292, 297
Werth, James A., 298
Westberg, Bill, 298
WFO (Washington Field Office, FBI), 211, 217, 219–20, 241–42, 293
  See also FBI
Whalen, William H., 22n
Whitworth, Jerry A., 45n
Wilkinson, Kevin, 297
Willis, Homer, 106
Wise, David
  access to Hanssen's psychiatrist, 271, 295–96
  and Felix Bloch, 114n, 115
  and Victor Gundarev, 61n
Wise, Joan, 299
Wiser, Leslie G., Jr., 170, 220, 221, 297
Wojtyla, Karol (Pope John Paul II), 90–91
Woolsey, James, 214, 235–36, 270, 298
Worthen, Diana, 172–73

Yakushkin, Dimitri I., 196–98
Yakushkin, Irina, 196–97
Yeltsin, Boris, 56, 138
Yurchenko, Vitaly, 45, 46, 57, 61n, 79, 172, 198, 201
Yuzhin, Boris, 47–49, 51, 55–56, 65, 99, 290, 299
Yuzhin, Nadya, 290
Yuzhin, Olga, 290

Zeta-Jones, Catherine, 258, 277

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David Wise is America's leading writer on intelligence and espionage. He is coauthor of *The Invisible Government,* a number one bestseller widely credited with bringing about a reappraisal of the role of the CIA in a democratic society. He is the author of *Cassidy's Run: The Secret Spy War over Nerve Gas, Nightmover: How Aldrich Ames Sold the CIA to the KGB for $4.6 Million, Molehunt, The Spy Who Got Away, The American Police State,* and *The Politics of Lying,* and coauthor with Thomas B. Ross of *The Espionage Establishment, The Invisible Government,* and *The U-2 Affair.* He is also the author of three espionage novels, *The Samarkand Dimension, The Children's Game,* and *Spectrum.* A native New Yorker and graduate of Columbia College, he is the former chief of the Washington bureau of the *New York Herald Tribune* and has contributed articles on government and politics to many national magazines. He is married and has two sons.

(continued from front flap)

- that after Hanssen was already working for the KGB, he directed a study of moles in the FBI when—as he alone knew—*he* was the mole.

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DAVID WISE is America's leading writer on intelligence and espionage. He is coauthor of *The Invisible Government*, a number one bestseller about the CIA. A native New Yorker and graduate of Columbia College, he is the former chief of the Washington bureau of the *New York Herald Tribune*. He was a commentator on CNN for six years and has contributed articles on government and politics to many national magazines. He is married and lives in Washington, D.C.

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Tiger Trap

America's
Secret
Spy
War
with
China

David Wise

Tiger Trap

America's Secret Spy War with China

David Wise

Table of Contents

Title Page

Table of Contents

...

Copyright

Dedication

Epigraph

Contents

Prelude

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

Chapter 11

Chapter 12

Chapter 13

Chapter 14

Chapter 15

Chapter 16

Chapter 17

Chapter 18

Chapter 19

Chapter 20

Chapter 21

Chapter 22

Author's Note

Notes

Footnotes

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To Natalie, Ambrose, and Ben

There are no walls which completely block the wind.

—FROM A CHINESE GUIDE ON ESPIONAGE

Prelude [>]

1. A Thousand Grains of Sand [>]

2. Parlor Maid [>]

3. The Recruitment [>]

4. Double Game [>]

5. Destroy After Reading [>]

6. "Holy Shit, Mr. Grove!" [>]

7. Riding the Tiger: China and the Neutron Bomb [>]

8. The Walk-in [>]

9. Kindred Spirit: Wen Ho Lee [>]

10. Sego Palm [>]

11. Trouble in Paradise [>]

12. Ethereal Throne: The Spy Who Never Was [>]

13. Storm Clouds [>]

14. The Counterspy [>]

15. Royal Tourist [>]

16. Richard Nixon and the Hong Kong Hostess [>]

17. Anubis [>]

18. Endgame [>]

19. Eagle Claw [>]

20. Red Flower [>]

21. The Cyberspies [>]

22. An Afterword [>]

Author's Note [>]

Notes [>]

Prelude

Scene 1

November 1997.

Katrina Leung made a striking figure, standing there at the microphone in her brightly colored *cheongsam* Mandarin dress and jacket, her jet-black hair swept up in a tight bun as usual, the high cheekbones accenting her thin, angular face. She was joking with Jiang Zemin, the president of China, joshing and cajoling him to sing for the VIP audience of one thousand at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles.

"I will sing a song from a Chinese opera," President Jiang finally agreed, to the delight of the assembled dignitaries.

"*One silver moon over the window sill,*" he warbled in Mandarin, choosing an aria from *The Capture and Release of Cao Cao,* the classic tale of a conniving, murderous third-century warlord who is caught and sweet-talks his way out of trouble.

Katrina Leung, at the time a prominent member of the Chinese American community in Los Angeles, had organized the 1997 dinner in honor of Jiang and was acting as his interpreter and emcee of the affair, basking in the spotlight, where she liked to be. Leung's persuading the president of China to burst into song was the high point of the evening, and her coup created a major buzz in the room.

If there had been any doubt before, the night at the Biltmore solidified her position as the most powerful Chinese American personality in Los Angeles. Leung appeared to move easily at the top of the worlds of politics and business in both the United States and China. How she managed to do so confounded even her many admirers.

But there was something that the distinguished dinner guests did not know: Katrina Leung was a spy, code-named PARLOR MAID.

Scene 2

December 1990.

Bill Cleveland, chief of the Chinese counterintelligence squad in the FBI's San Francisco field office, was checking into the Zhongshan Hotel in Shenyang, in northeast China, when he saw him.

Dark-haired, cool, handsome enough to be a Hollywood actor, Cleveland was not someone easily rattled. But now he looked like a man who had seen a ghost.

He turned, crossed the hotel lobby, and spoke urgently to I. C. Smith, a fellow FBI agent. As Smith recalled the moment, Cleveland approached him looking "sort of wide eyed."

"You won't believe who I just ran into," Cleveland said. "It was Gwo-bao Min."

For more than a decade, Cleveland had relentlessly pursued Min, an engineer with a Q clearance who had worked at the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory in California, one of two national laboratories in the United States that design nuclear weapons. Cleveland—and the FBI—were convinced that Min had betrayed critical US nuclear secrets to China. Yet the proof, enough evidence to make an arrest, seemed always, maddeningly, just out of reach.

In the closed world of FBI counterintelligence, only a small group of insiders knew about the highly classified case and the lengthy pursuit of the former Livermore scientist. Min had become the great white whale to Cleveland's Captain Ahab. The FBI gave its TOP SECRET investigation a code name: TIGER TRAP.

Cleveland could not let go of the case; he had delivered dramatic closed lectures on TIGER TRAP at the lab, at the FBI training facility in Quantico, Virginia, even at CIA headquarters, using it as an illustration and a warning of subtle Chinese intelligence methods.

At the time of the unexpected encounter in Shenyang, Cleveland was the bureau's preeminent Chinese counterintelligence agent. For an FBI counterspy to get into China was tricky enough, but Cleveland, a Mandarin-speaking student of Chinese history, had managed it.

He had slipped into the Communist-controlled mainland as a member of a State Department team inspecting the security of US diplomatic installations in China. I. C. Smith, the other FBI agent on the team, was on assignment to the State Department and traveled as a diplomat. He recalled that they were closely watched. Well before the inspection team arrived in Shenyang, Smith thought he had detected an unusual amount of surveillance.

"In Beijing one day," he said, "it was late in the afternoon, a cold dry wind blowing, and I went into a park called the Temple of the Sun to stretch my legs." The park, near the American embassy, was deserted, but as he turned to go back he suddenly came upon a man who quickly looked away and began studying a mural nearby. Smith continued on a short distance, discreetly photographed the man, and kept walking. As he left the park he saw a black limousine, the motor running, with two Chinese men inside. He had no doubt that the car and its occupants were from the Ministry of State Security, the MSS, China's intelligence service.

"Later in a market, I saw a guy and the same guy kept showing up. We were even followed on a trip to see the Great Wall." Smith was surprised at all the attention. "Usually diplomatic security people don't get that kind of coverage."

And now, incredibly, Cleveland had run into Min, the target of the prolonged TIGER TRAP investigation, in remote Shenyang! Cleveland knew Min; he had questioned him more than once. The two spoke briefly in the hotel lobby. It turned out that both were scheduled to leave Shenyang on the same flight two days later, but Min never showed up at the airport.

Cleveland was shaken by their encounter in the hotel. In a country of more than a billion people, what were the odds of Bill Cleveland running into Gwo-bao Min?

"Neither one of us believed in coincidences," I. C. Smith recalled in his gumbo-thick Louisiana drawl. Was the MSS trying to rattle the FBI? Was the People's Republic of China sending a message from Shenyang to the J. Edgar Hoover Building in Washington?

Cleveland could not be sure. But as matters turned out, the encounter was a dark harbinger of what awaited him.

Chapter 1

A THOUSAND GRAINS OF SAND

For almost half a century during the Cold War, the world focused on the global espionage battle between the United States and the Soviet Union. The duel between the CIA and the KGB, portrayed in countless books, films, and news stories, captured the public imagination.

Espionage became a kind of entertainment, in no small measure due to the fictional exploits of James Bond, first popularized when President John F. Kennedy let it be known that he enjoyed Ian Fleming's stories. John le Carré's George Smiley provided a more authentic, if less glamorous, rendering of the spy wars.

Fiction masked the cold reality. In the actual conflict, spies and their agents died. Lives were shattered. The CIA plotted to overthrow governments and assassinate political leaders. The KGB's supermoles, Aldrich Ames in the CIA and Robert Hanssen in the FBI, stole US secrets by the trunkful and betrayed agents working for US intelligence, many of whom were executed.

As the East-West intelligence battles played out in the cafés of Vienna, in divided Berlin, and in back alleys across the globe, scant attention was paid to the espionage operations of a rising global power—China—and the limited efforts of US counterintelligence, not always successful, to block Beijing's attempts to acquire America's secrets. Inside the FBI, Soviet spies were regarded as the principal quarry; Chinese counterintelligence was relegated to a back seat. After the Soviet Union collapsed in 1991, Russia's spies continued to target the United States, as was demonstrated by the arrest in 2010 of ten "illegals" sent by Moscow to pose as Americans and gather intelligence in the United States. The KGB's espionage arm simply became the SVR (Sluzhba Vneshnei Razvedki), and US counterintelligence efforts against Moscow continued much as before.

Yet China has in many ways become America's chief rival. And China has spied on America for decades, with some spectacular results, little known outside intelligence circles. At the same time, the end of the Cold War enabled the FBI to rethink its counterintelligence priorities. The bureau shifted its focus to China, to the espionage war with the MSS, the Ministry of State Security—China's foreign spy agency—and the intelligence branch of the PLA, the People's Liberation Army. This book offers a history of China's spying within the United States, focusing chiefly on recent decades, but also looking at some earlier episodes from the post-World War II era. It is a story of interlocking agents and cases, centered around the two particularly dramatic stories of PARLOR MAID and TIGER TRAP. It is a history largely undisclosed, and yet no less significant than the parallel story of Soviet and Russian penetrations. There have been no major films, no best-selling thrillers, and relatively little press coverage about Chinese espionage. Yet the drama, and the stakes, are just as high.

***

America and China are locked in an uneasy embrace. China needs the United States to buy its exports, and American companies long to expand their sales in the huge Chinese market. Washington looks to China for help in dealing with intractable foreign policy issues, such as the nuclear ambitions of North Korea and Iran.

Despite their interdependence, both countries actively spy on each other, a fact that has not been widely understood. During World War II, Soviet spies penetrated the Manhattan Project and stole US atomic secrets. That history lesson was not lost on China. In the decades after World War II, Chinese espionage was principally aimed at stealing US nuclear weapons data. To the extent that China could acquire those secrets, it could bypass years of research and testing and speed its own development of nuclear weapons, in particular small warheads.

China, its modernization devastated by the chaos of the Cultural Revolution, coveted those shortcuts. It had ample motive to spy. And the United States, particularly the nuclear weapons labs at Los Alamos and Lawrence Livermore, became its prime target.

Another priority of Chinese intelligence has been to penetrate US counterintelligence. Spy agencies work constantly to uncover and disrupt one another's operations. Today, Chinese intelligence also targets a broad range of US military technology, from the Navy's most sophisticated weapons systems to the Air Force's stealth bomber.

Given American preoccupations with Russia, the first thing that must be understood about China is that its spycraft differs in crucial ways from that of the Russians. Some of the techniques—including "honey traps," the use of attractive women to lure targets, and sophisticated electronics—are the same. But the differences are at least as telling as the similarities.

***

The secret headquarters of the Ministry of State Security is located in Xiyuan, the West Garden section of Beijing, near the Summer Palace. Unsuspecting crowds of foreign and Chinese tourists visit the palace daily, not realizing that they are passing China's spy headquarters.

The MSS—the Guojia Anquan Bu—is China's equivalent of the CIA. Many of its officers live in the headquarters complex in an apartment building called Chien Men, which means "front door." Its location, too, is supposed to be secret, but the neighbors know that the spies live there.

For thirteen years, starting in 1985, China's top spy, the head of the MSS, was Jia Chunwang, an English-speaking Beijing native with a degree in physics. Jia, who was popular among Communist Party members, was chosen in 1998 as China's procurator-general, a post similar to that of the US attorney general. His successor as MSS director was Xu Yongyue, a party hack from Henan Province. Xu opposed corruption in the MSS but also cracked down on Tiananmen Square demonstrators and other dissidents. In 2007 Xu's deputy, Geng Huichang, fifty-six, a bespectacled native of Hebei Province in northern China, moved up to become MSS chief as part of a government shakeup by President Hu Jintao, who sought to consolidate his power by naming five political allies as ministers.

The spy agency is organized into a dozen bureaus. The first bureau operates for the most part inside China, but it also recruits people who are heading overseas for study, business, or vacation. The second bureau manages the spies, sending intelligence officers abroad under diplomatic cover in Chinese embassies or under commercial cover, including officers posing as journalists. The third bureau runs operations in Taiwan, Hong Kong, and Macao. In the latter two locations, the MSS spies are assigned to a group code-named Winter Chrysanthemum, which is tasked with gathering intelligence on Taiwanese organizations and foreigners. A second group, code-named Autumn Orchid, has overlapping responsibilities in the two locations but concentrates on collecting intelligence about the media, political and commercial figures, and the universities.

The fourth bureau, the technology bureau, is in charge of wiretapping and communications, as well as photography. The fifth bureau is internal, responsible for domestic intelligence. The sixth bureau runs counterintelligence. The seventh bureau writes intelligence reports; the eighth is in charge of research; and the ninth runs countersurveillance and works to prevent defections by spies and students. The tenth bureau collects scientific and technical intelligence. The eleventh bureau runs the MSS computers and is charged with protecting the agency from foreign computer hackers. Finally, a foreign affairs bureau cooperates with friendly foreign intelligence services.

MSS spies are trained in the agency's own university, the Institute of International Relations in Beijing. The institute is a huge think tank with more than five hundred researchers. It provides the Chinese leadership with major English-language newspapers, summaries of political and economic trends, and documents issued by foreign governments. It is divided into ten offices covering the geographic areas of the world, as well as sections for international relations and the global economy.

Although the institute teaches foreign languages and geopolitics, it does not teach other courses in espionage tradecraft. For that, students are reportedly sent for specialized training at the Institute of Cadre Management, a school for spies in Suzhou, a city of ancient pagodas and beautiful bridges in the Yangtze River delta, near Shanghai. For up to a year, the recruits learn firearms, martial arts, driving, communications, and surveillance skills.

The size and budget of the MSS are secret, as is true of most of the world's spy agencies. But in September 1996, at a conference of the MSS and other Chinese intelligence agencies, called Strengthening Intelligence Work, China's vice premier, Zou Jiahua, alluded to the number of MSS agents around the world. In an address delivered to the conference, "Salute to Comrades on the Special Duties Front," Zou spoke of the "tens of thousands of nameless heroes who cherish and loyally serve their motherland [and] are quietly fighting in their special posts abroad." If his figure is at all accurate, it would mean that the MSS literally has tens of thousands of agents around the world.

The MSS is not the only Chinese intelligence arm that spies on other countries, including the United States. The Military Intelligence Department (MID) of the People's Liberation Army also conducts espionage abroad. It is the MSS, however, that runs most of the intelligence operations against the US target.

The MSS is only the latest intelligence apparatus of a nation that is hardly a newcomer to espionage operations. China has been in the spy business for some twenty-five hundred years.

Around 400 B.C., Sun Tzu, the general and military strategist, is credited with writing the classic treatise *Ping-fa,* or *The Art of War.* In a chapter entitled "Employment of Secret Agents," Sun Tzu describes five kinds of spies that are remarkably close to those still plying their trade in the twenty-first century.

Sun Tzu's typology includes "agents in place" (he calls them native, or inside, agents), double agents, deception agents, expendable agents (who may be killed if their role in passing false information is discovered), and penetration agents. A clever spymaster, Sun Tzu writes, may employ all five types simultaneously, much like a fisherman who uses a casting net, pulling in his catch by a single cord connected to the other strands.

Mao Zedong and the other modern Chinese leaders of Communist China borrowed from *Ping-fa* many of the tactics they used to fight the Japanese and then the Chinese Nationalists. Sun Tzu emphasized that it was supremely important to know the enemy's forces, to have accurate advance intelligence. "Know the enemy and know yourself," he wrote, "and you can fight a hundred battles with no danger of defeat."

In the twentieth century, Kang Sheng was the sinister and powerful spymaster who helped Mao Zedong gain and maintain his power. Born into the family of a wealthy landowner in Shandong Province, Kang joined the Communist Party at age twenty-five and was trained in Moscow in intelligence and security. He became a key member of Mao's inner circle, and by 1937, the evidence suggests, he had become chief of intelligence. A thin man with thick, round glasses and a pencil mustache, Kang was feared, and with good reason, since he was both powerful and ruthless. Kang supported Mao in the chaotic Cultural Revolution but died in 1975 before its backers, the so-called Gang of Four, were arrested and tried.

Kang Sheng, Jia Chunwang, and their fellow spymasters have developed a uniquely Chinese approach to spycraft, and to the penetration of America's crucial military and espionage secrets. The point is best illustrated by an anecdote that has long circulated inside the counterintelligence division of the FBI about a concept known as "a thousand grains of sand." Paul Moore, the former senior China analyst for the bureau, has often used the story to illustrate the belief that the Chinese gather intelligence differently from the Russians and other countries.

As Moore tells it, "If a beach was an espionage target, the Russians would send in a sub, frogmen would steal ashore in the dark of night and with great secrecy collect several buckets of sand and take them back to Moscow.

"The US would target the beach with satellites and produce reams of data.

"The Chinese would send in a thousand tourists, each assigned to collect a single grain of sand. When they returned, they would be asked to shake out their towels. And they would end up knowing more about the sand than anyone else."

There is an element of truth to the tale. Unlike China, Russia and the United States employ many of the same traditional methods to spy. Even their headquarters are the mirror image of each other. During the Soviet era, Lubianka, the KGB's headquarters and infamous prison cells in

Moscow's Dzerzhinsky Square, was well known, but the KGB's foreign spies were housed in a modern complex in Yasenevo, in a wooded area off the Moscow ring road. When the Soviet Union collapsed in 1991, the KGB's foreign espionage arm became the SVR, and the SVR headquarters remained in Yasenevo.

The buildings bear a remarkable resemblance to the CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia. Like the CIA, the Russian spies are out in the woods, away from the capital. Its officers call their headquarters the *les,* meaning "the forest," or "the Russian Langley."

The two countries use similar espionage tradecraft. For example, the Soviets, and now the Russians, typically assign most of their intelligence officers to embassies around the world under diplomatic cover. The CIA does the same.

Like the CIA, Russian intelligence officers under embassy cover attempt to recruit agents, individuals in the host country who have access to military, intelligence, or diplomatic secrets. Usually, the agents are paid for their services. They may betray their country for a variety of reasons; for money, because they feel their talents are undervalued, for ideological or other reasons, or a combination of motives.

When an agent is recruited, the intelligence officer, or IO, faces the problem of how to communicate with the agent. In the wiretap age, telephone and e-mail are hardly secure modes of contact. So various methods have been developed to allow spies and their handlers to communicate undetected.

One method used by both the Russians and the CIA is the dead drop, a hiding place in a hollow tree, under a rock, or in a wall, for example. The agent places documents, microfilms, or a computer disk or digital memory card in the dead drop, which is later "cleared" by the intelligence officer. The dead drop is also used by the IO to relay instructions to the spy. Often when a drop is cleared, a signal is left, a piece of tape or a chalk mark on a telephone pole, for example.

China does not use dead drops. Its spies do not spend their time putting chalk marks on mailboxes, as the CIA's Aldrich Ames did to signal the KGB that a drop in which he had hidden documents was ready to be unloaded. China's intelligence officers under diplomatic cover are rarely caught spying, for a simple reason—they normally do not recruit and run agents.

"China has a different approach to intelligence," said Paul Moore, who has spent a lot of time studying the difference between Chinese espionage tradecraft and that of other countries. "There is also the question of what China is not doing," he explained. "For example, China normally does not pay money for intelligence. The Russians pay money, everybody pays money, but as a rule the Chinese don't.

"The typical Chinese way is, you help the Chinese, they help you to develop an export business to sell cheap salad bowls to Kmart. Ordinarily China doesn't give money in return for information.

"We are looking for intelligence relationships," Moore said, "but the problem we ran into is that China doesn't really develop intelligence relationships with people. China develops general relationships with people that may have an intelligence dimension."

Instead of recruiting agents, the MSS often relies on informal contacts to collect intelligence. It co-opts some of the thousands of students, tourists, business travelers, trade delegations, and scientists who visit the United States every year. It also rolls out the red carpet for American scientists visiting China, hoping to nudge them into revealing secrets.

According to Moore, the Chinese employ a technique against visitors that is carefully designed to leave them exhausted and weaken their defenses. "It's been common enough for the Chinese to arrange a grueling day of tourism for visitors, followed by an evening cocktail reception," he said. Fortified by a drink or two, the visitor might be approached "by a graduate student seeking research assistance, repeating a question that the visitor had previously been unwilling to answer when asked by a senior Chinese colleague.

"In other words, China doesn't so much try to steal secrets as to try to induce foreign visitors to give them away by manipulating them into certain situations." The visitor, Moore adds, may be pitched with statements such as, "Scientific information should recognize no political boundaries."

In Moore's view, "the principle that the Chinese apply is simple: people will almost never commit espionage, but they will often enough be indiscreet if they can be put in the right circumstances. The root problem is people making mistakes, rather than people committing espionage."

That in turn creates a hurdle for US counterintelligence. "The problem for American investigators and prosecutors is not to determine whether someone under investigation has provided information to China, but to prove somehow that he told the Chinese three things when he was authorized to discuss only two."

John F. Lewis Jr. was assistant director of the FBI in charge of the national security division, and worked in counterintelligence for nearly three decades. In dealing with Chinese operations, he said, "You may be talking about a different kind of espionage, where scientists get together and there may not even be an exchange of documents. An exchange of ideas and ways to solve problems. There is the heart of the problem. With unfettered travel back and forth to mainland China, in many cases scientists may not even be aware of what the hell is happening."

Nicholas Eftimiades, a China analyst for the Defense Intelligence Agency, told the congressional Joint Economic Committee that it is easy to tell the difference between a Chinese intelligence officer and a co-opted scientist—intelligence officers sent abroad generally lack technical knowledge, and the scientists co-opted by the MSS usually have no training in clandestine work. "For example, at a trade show in Paris, French military investigators observed members of a Chinese scientific delegation discreetly dipping their ties in a photo processing solution made by the German firm Agfa. The goal of this clumsy act of espionage was presumably to obtain specimens of the solution for later analysis."

The DIA analyst testified that foreign visitors in China are subject to the "aggressive use of technical surveillance measures." Many of the better hotels that cater to foreigners are equipped with bugs and cameras to record their activities. "Surveillance of foreigners in these and other Chinese hotels is carried out by the MSS's technical operations department," he said. "According to Chinese prostitutes who frequent the Jianguo Hotel, the guest rooms used by foreign businessmen there also contain microphones."

Spying is often described as the world's second oldest profession. And China, like many other countries, has used sex for purposes of espionage or blackmail.

By far the most bizarre example of the use of sex by Chinese intelligence is the case of Bernard Boursicot, a French diplomat in China who for twenty years carried on a love affair with Shi Peipu, a famous singer at the Beijing Opera, where female roles are often played by men. There was one little problem with the woman Boursicot considered the love of his life: she was a man.

Boursicot was arrested in Paris in 1983 and tried with Shi, who had moved there and was living with him. The diplomat testified that an officer of Chinese intelligence, whom he knew only as "Kang," had approached him in Beijing and said he would be allowed to continue the affair only if he provided information from the French embassy. He did, giving 150 documents to Shi, who passed them to Kang.

At his trial, when the judge asked how Boursicot, a Frenchman, after all, could have been fooled for twenty years, he testified, "I was shattered to learn that he is a man." Their sexual encounters, he explained further, had been fast and always in the dark. "He was very shy," Boursicot said. "I thought it was a Chinese custom."

Boursicot and Shi Peipu were sentenced to six years in prison. In 1987 President François Mitterrand pardoned Shi, but not Boursicot. The following year their affair became the basis for a hit Broadway play, *M. Butterfly,* by David Hwang, with a musical nod to Giacomo Puccini. In 1993 it became a film starring Jeremy Irons.

Diplomats who stray make easy targets, but Chinese intelligence operations are rarely that predictable. Because of the way China spies, it is harder for US counterintelligence to discover evidence of espionage. "If they don't pay money that means there's no money trail to follow," Paul Moore points out. "Bank accounts don't help you. If a case moves into a criminal investigation, how are you going to prove it to a jury?

"China is not interested in working with people motivated by revenge. We [the United States] love revenge as a motivating factor. Historically, the number one reason people betray the US is money, and the second reason is revenge. It is not normal Chinese practice to deal with people who have psychological or emotional problems, people who are misfits, or lonely."

Whenever a mole is discovered inside US intelligence, the counterintelligence experts try to determine what factors led to the betrayal and might have been detected in advance. Aldrich Ames, the CIA Soviet counterintelligence officer, had a severe drinking problem. So did Edward

Lee Howard, the CIA officer who fled to Moscow in 1985 after betraying the agency's secrets to the KGB.

But looking for employees inside American intelligence who have a severe drinking problem or some other personal aberration would in all likelihood not help to uncover a Chinese mole inside the CIA, the FBI, or the national weapons labs. Because China would normally prefer not to deal with them.

Moore elaborated on the point. "To protect our country we have all the CI [counterintelligence] units in the government, and the security guys, the polygraph operators, and they ask about drinking and money, and talk to neighbors for background information. All the security guys are looking for vulnerabilities. If the Chinese are not looking for people with vulnerabilities, when we screen out people with vulnerabilities we don't find the people they are using."

For twenty years, Moore was the FBI's chief China analyst, toiling away in the bureau's CI-3B unit at headquarters. He developed a set of two dozen rules that he believed could apply to Chinese intelligence cases. Three are of particular importance.

First, China does not, in most instances, offer money in exchange for information.

Second, China does not accept typical walk-in cases, because of the possibility that "volunteers" are being dangled as bait by an opposition intelligence service. By contrast, some of the KGB's biggest coups came from walk-ins, not only Ames but John A. Walker Jr., a former Navy chief warrant officer who, with his son, brother, and a friend, sold the Navy's codes and spied for the Soviets for eighteen years.[*]

Moore's third rule is that China "collects information from good people, people who don't have financial problems, don't have emotional problems, who are not motivated by revenge, not unsuccessful in their lives. Not someone who is lonely, needs a friend, needs a woman.

"China is looking to get good people to do bad things. How do you recruit a good person? You get a good person to do this by convincing him it would be good to help China. China is a poor country, they say, and somebody has to help them modernize, improve their defense system. We need people to help us a little bit. The idea is to convince someone that what he is actually doing is good. You don't talk about the fact that he would be betraying a trust. They say, 'We think you have an affirmative obligation to help China modernize.'

"The metaphor is sex: you are trying to woo a woman and get her to go to bed. At least in my time, if you said would you go upstairs and have sex, the answer was usually no. But getting a kiss, the answer might be different. You would try to build from that kiss onward to greater things. That's what's going on here, seduction. The targets are being led astray in small increments. You have little bits of espionage."

According to Nicholas Eftimiades, China's economic espionage follows a three-pronged pattern. First, persons are recruited in China and asked to acquire specific technological information when they travel abroad. Second, some American technology companies "are purchased outright by Chinese state-run firms." And third, high-tech equipment is purchased by front companies, often operating out of Hong Kong.

One survey prepared for government agencies, the *Intelligence Threat Handbook,* estimates that China has more than 2,600 diplomatic and commercial officials in the United States, of whom a "substantial percentage" are "actively involved in collecting intelligence." More than 127,000 students from the People's Republic of China attend schools in the United States, "and many of these students have been tasked to collect information by the Chinese government," the handbook asserts. In addition, "over 25,000 Chinese visit the United States each year as members of official delegations."

American technology continues to be a major focus of Chinese espionage in the United States. A great many cases of espionage or technology transfer to China are centered in California, with its large defense and aerospace industries, and the computer-technology companies centered in Silicon Valley. All are tempting targets for Beijing.

California also has by far the nation's largest ethnic Chinese population, a total of 1.2 million people, by the latest Census Bureau survey released in 2010. That in turn creates a delicate problem for FBI counterintelligence agents investigating possible espionage cases in California that involve ethnic Chinese. Without question, the vast majority of the 3 million people of Chinese background in the United States are loyal Americans.* It is a fact of life, however, that China often tries to enlist ethnic Chinese in its intelligence efforts.

A joint CIA/FBI report to Congress in 1999 touched on the sensitive issue. "Because most Chinese share a common cultural and historical background, Chinese leaders refer to all individuals of Chinese ancestry as 'overseas' Chinese. When approaching an individual of Chinese origin, the Chinese intelligence services attempt to secure his or her cooperation by playing on this shared ancestry."

Bruce Carlson, a Chinese counterintelligence specialist who headed the China section of the FBI from 2006 to 2008, makes a distinction between immigrants and later generations. "It's true that China targets ethnic Chinese," he said. "When immigrants first come here they have 'one foot in each boat,' or so China thinks. They may be more approachable by the PRC. It's easier to appeal to the motherland with immigrants. But it's much harder to appeal to the motherland with the second generation, and with those who do not speak Chinese. They are no more likely to commit espionage than any other American."

Paul Moore said that Chinese intelligence has been successful in persuading some people to "help China modernize." According to Moore, "It turns out in agent cases where China developed someone to provide information, 98 percent were ethnic Chinese, 2 percent were not. Even the 2 percent felt an obligation to help China modernize. Normally these were people who had studied Chinese, traveled to China, or bought into Chinese culture.

"Chinese agent cases, where they recruit an agent, are mostly ethnic. Are we looking for the Chinese espionage gene? Everybody realizes that's ridiculous. The Chinese are running in their mainstream ops a program that collects intelligence but is not really an intelligence program. They want to develop relations with people who think they have an obligation to help China modernize. And who will make a little contribution. This is their sales pitch. And it turns out it will only resonate with people who have Chinese ancestry. It won't resonate with the McGillicuddys because the McGillicuddys don't give a shit about helping China modernize. What's really going on here is a marketing campaign, to sell China. It doesn't work very well, the answer usually is no. It's about as successful as telemarketing. This is a campaign which is not very efficient.

"Most who do cooperate with China are FOB, fresh off the boat, first-generation immigrants. Their grandchildren are no more susceptible than the O'Reillys or the Kowalskis. This is not a Chinese thing—it is a Chinese-immigrant thing. They are doing it because they feel it's the right thing to do."

US counterintelligence officials pursuing a spy suspect may overlook a broader point, Moore contended. "China was collecting information from the national labs and they were very successful in doing that. When the Chinese collect we lose, they gain, and they create a capability to do it again. We usually are so focused on the specifics of what they may be getting that we lose sight of the most important part—which is they are developing a capability to do it again."

Moore offered a final thought about the difficulties of catching China's spies. "Normally the Chinese are able to commit espionage against the US without leaving evidence behind," he said. "If you do have enough evidence to make a case, normally somebody in China has made a mistake."

Chapter 2

PARLOR MAID

In December 1990, their work in China done, Bill Cleveland and I. C. Smith returned to the United States. Several weeks later, Cleveland called Smith from San Francisco. "I. C., they knew we were coming before we even left," he said.

It was true. The proof was contained in an audiotape, made months earlier, that the government possessed but had not yet analyzed. Counterintelligence agents didn't realize what they had. The tape was an intercept by the National Security Agency of a conversation in Mandarin between a woman in Los Angeles, who used the code name Luo, and her MSS handler in Beijing, named, of all things, Mao.

The NSA, based in Fort Meade, Maryland, forwarded the tape to FBI headquarters in Washington. From there, it was sent on to the San Francisco field office, where most of the bureau's Chinese translators are based. Which is why, early in 1991, the tape eventually made its way to the desk of Bill Cleveland, chief of the Chinese counterintelligence squad in San Francisco.

Among other matters, the woman on the tape revealed to Mao that William Cleveland of the FBI was planning a trip to China—the trip from which he had just returned. The words on the tape were a bombshell.

Cleveland's heart sank, because he instantly recognized the woman's voice as that of Katrina Leung. Her friends knew her only as a high-profile leader of the Chinese American community in Los Angeles. But for almost two decades, she would serve as the FBI's premier secret source of intelligence on China, the Communist Party leadership in Beijing, and the MSS. For her services, the FBI would pay her more than $1.7 million.

Cleveland knew the voice on the audiotape right away because he was familiar, in fact intimately familiar, with the voice. He had become Katrina Leung's lover three years earlier.

Leung had been recruited in Los Angeles in 1982 by another FBI man, Special Agent James J. Smith, and given the code name PARLOR MAID. Since bureau informants are assigned a secret three-digit code name, Leung was also carried on the FBI rolls as "Bureau Source 410." She was thirty-one; J.J., as he was universally known, was eight years older.

Almost from the start, J.J. had begun a sexual relationship of his own with Ms. Leung, whose biochemist husband, Kam, would later insist that he was unaware as the years rolled by that he was sharing his wife with not one but two agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

It was J.J. who introduced Katrina Leung to Cleveland. Whether Cleveland or J.J., both of whom were married, knew of each other's simultaneous affairs with the same woman is uncertain, although apparently they did not. What is clear is that PARLOR MAID frequently strayed from the parlor into the bedroom.

Whether PARLOR MAID acted on her own in having sex with the two FBI agents who worked with her or whether she was encouraged to do so by the MSS is unknown. But the sexual relationships did give her leverage over the two FBI men, who wanted the affairs to remain secret.

Although J.J. would give her instructions, questions to ask Chinese officials, and tidbits of information she was authorized to disclose to Chinese intelligence, Cleveland's trip to China was not among these items. She knew about the trip because Cleveland had told her he was going. The voice on the tape also revealed details of FBI counterintelligence operations.

The tape was a chilling discovery for reasons that were immediately obvious to Cleveland. First, it indicated that PARLOR MAID had been doubled back against the FBI and was working for Beijing. Second, it might explain why the target of the TIGER TRAP investigation had turned up in Shenyang.

Running into Gwo-bao Min was unsettling enough to Cleveland, but this was a lot worse. Who knew where it might lead? If PARLOR MAID had been flipped by the MSS, it was a counterintelligence disaster for the FBI. But it might also drag him down if the truth about his personal relationship with a bureau asset should ever become known. Not to mention what might happen if his wife found out.

Cleveland knew there could be no innocent explanation of why his lover, the FBI's top spy against China, was using a code name and spilling secrets to her MSS handler in Beijing. He was in big trouble, and he knew what had to be done.

He reached for the telephone.

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Cleveland spoke elliptically, but his message was clear: Katrina Leung, using an alias, had switched sides. She was working for the Chinese intelligence service.

In Los Angeles, J.J. Smith was stunned by the call. He trusted Katrina Leung. They had been lovers for eight years now, and he cared about her. In addition to their emotional and physical bond, she was his golden source.

If PARLOR MAID was now a spy for the MSS, it raised all sorts of extremely awkward problems for Special Agent Smith. J.J.'s career and reputation in the bureau had been built on his extraordinary recruitment, Katrina Leung. Because of PARLOR MAID, J.J. was a star. The FBI had already paid her well over half a million dollars in expenses and salary.

Leung traveled to China to gather intelligence for the FBI as often as two or three times a year. But Washington regarded her reporting as well worth the money—Katrina Leung was the US intelligence community's secret pipeline into the leadership in Beijing.*

The dilemma Smith now faced was excruciating. PARLOR MAID's highly classified information had, in some cases, gone all the way up to the president of the United States. Her reporting, through J.J., had undoubtedly influenced America's China policy. Now it was all suspect; who knew how long she had been an asset of the MSS?

Only a year earlier, J.J. had received a prestigious secret CIA medal for his recruitment and handling of PARLOR MAID. He had flown to Washington for the ceremony. At a CIA safe house near the White House, in recognition of his intelligence coup, a high CIA official had pinned on him the HUMINT Collector of the Year Award (HUMINT is the CIA's acronym for human intelligence, as opposed to ELINT, electronic espionage).

To shut down the operation now would be a personal and professional catastrophe for J.J. And, not least, it would almost certainly mean the end of his long-running frolic with PARLOR MAID. Smith headed to the Los Angeles International Airport and scrambled aboard the next plane to San Francisco. Once there, he huddled with Bill Cleveland. They began to contrive a plan to deal with the disaster.

The fact that PARLOR MAID was being run by the bureau as a double agent might contain the seeds of salvation for the two FBI men. As such, she was authorized to tell the MSS that she had contacts in the FBI and to pretend to help the Chinese service while remaining under the FBI's control. So there was the key. After all, J.J. knew, double agents sometimes got a little confused about whom they were working for. The nature of the game was to give away information to see what could be learned in return. Katrina Leung was six thousand miles from home when she visited China. There were times when double agents had to think on their feet, improvise. They might reveal to the opposition a little more than they were supposed to tell. It was a long shot, but perhaps, after all, this thing could be smoothed over.

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In May 1991, a month after the unwelcome tape surfaced, J.J. and Cleveland flew to Washington to discuss the PARLOR MAID problem with their FBI superiors. The meeting took place on May 14 in a conference room at FBI headquarters. Other than the date, the details are enveloped by fog. Bureau officials say they have no record of who was at the meeting, and—with one exception—none of those who might logically be expected to have attended can remember being there. Despite the rampant amnesia, somebody must have met with the pair, because a decision was made.

The one exception was Paul Moore, then the FBI's top China analyst and a thirteen-year bureau veteran. A thoughtful, soft-spoken man, Moore had a PhD in Chinese literature and spoke Mandarin.

J.J. and Cleveland reported to the meeting how PARLOR MAID, using a Chinese code name, had told her MSS handler in advance about Cleveland's trip to China. There was no mention made of the ongoing FBI operations she had discussed on the tape, which actually contained a series of conversations between Luo and Mao.

Moore and the other officials in the room were unaware that both J.J. and Cleveland were sexually involved with their asset, a gross violation of bureau rules.

Weighing the risks and benefits of continuing the PARLOR MAID operation, Moore reached a conclusion he was later to regret. "I made the recommendation we move forward with the case. I asked, 'What's the worst-case scenario?' That was a mistake on my part because there was a worst case. But I didn't know that."

There was much more that Moore did not know. In 1988 China had opened a consulate at 443 Shatto Place, in the Wilshire district three miles west of downtown Los Angeles. Officials in China's San Francisco consulate consulted Katrina Leung on the project, and she advised them on the best location for the facility. One of the officials from San Francisco, Wang Do Han, came to Los Angeles and worked with her on preparations for the consulate, which was housed in a new building with Fort Knox-like security.

The FBI was elated that PARLOR MAID had become involved in the location and planning of the consulate. She was told to try to persuade the Chinese to purchase cars with sunroofs, to make it easier to identify and track them from the air.

For the FBI, the new consulate offered a target too tempting to ignore. In an operation orchestrated by Lance Woo, a supervisor in the FBI's Los Angeles office, the bureau's electronics experts, using supersophisticated technology that is still highly classified, managed to penetrate the consulate. Every phone call, fax, e-mail, and communication leaving the building was broadcast to the FBI. It was one of the bureau's most successful technical coups.

But in June 1990 the FBI received intelligence that PARLOR MAID had learned about the electronic operation directed at the consulate and tipped off the People's Republic of China. The PRC must have discovered that the consulate had been compromised, because the FBI's listening devices suddenly went silent.

There was no real investigation of Leung's suspected role, in large part because of J.J. Smith's exalted stature in the Chinese counterintelligence program. PARLOR MAID was considered a supreme source, and Smith's superiors hesitated to challenge him.

But the Chinese did not discover all of the FBI's surveillance techniques. Well after 1990, the FBI was able to obtain copies of checks and documents written inside the consulate. The implication was that the FBI's technicians had even managed to bug the consulate's copying machines. The Chinese finally figured out what was happening, because in the fall of 1999 consulate officials, suspecting that the machines had been compromised, shipped them back to China to be analyzed by their own experts.

The fact that the FBI's technicians had succeeded in bugging the consulate's copying machines almost leaked out in 1998 when *Newsweek* published a one-paragraph item in its issue of March 2. The brief story, headlined "A Check from China?" reported that a Senate committee headed by Senator Fred Thompson discovered that the Chinese consulate in Los Angeles had written a $3,000 check to a hotel owned by Indonesian-born businessman Ted Sioeng, one of the figures in the investigation of alleged illegal money flowing into President Clinton's 1996 reelection campaign. The Senate committee suspected Sioeng of having acted as an agent of China in funneling money into the campaign. The FBI held its breath, because its secret was teetering right on the edge of disclosure. How could a check written inside the consulate be floating around on the outside? No one realized the obvious answer. The Chinese had meticulously photocopied the check for their records—and they had unwittingly transmitted a copy to the FBI. Despite the *Newsweek* item, the bureau's secret held.

In the meeting at FBI headquarters, Moore was unaware that the FBI had evidence that Leung had blown the consulate eavesdropping operation. His expertise on China was well respected in the bureau and his recommendation that the bureau continue to run PARLOR MAID carried considerable weight.

He recalled the position he took at the 1991 meeting. "Here's a woman who's traveling to China, she has established contacts with senior people, including President Yang Shangkun's assistant for intelligence, she's bringing back a lot of information from China to us. They know she gets interviewed by the FBI. The argument I made is, OK, we close this case down—and obviously she has something going with the Chinese she hasn't told us about—if we close it down, does she stop going to China? The impact is she's going to stop telling us stuff out of the president's office in China. So I said let's go forward, and other people in the room were OK with that."

J.J. Smith and Bill Cleveland were ecstatic as they left FBI headquarters. They had dodged the bullet. From their point of view, the meeting could not have gone any better.

Back in California, however, there was still one detail remaining. J.J. needed to deal with PARLOR MAID. She would have to be told that the FBI was now aware that she had been secretly slipping information to the MSS.

On May 31, J.J. confronted Katrina Leung. In an angry, emotional shouting match in the kitchen of her home in San Marino, he told her that he knew about her conversation with Mao. The CIA had identified Mao as an intelligence officer. And PARLOR MAID's MSS handler was no ordinary spy. Mao Guohua, as he called himself—that may or may not have been his real name—was regarded as the MSS's leading US expert, roughly equivalent to the chief of a CIA geographic division. How he rose to that position was unclear, since his English was atrocious and he had, as far as is known, never traveled to the United States.

J.J. produced the transcript of the telephone call. If Leung had entertained any doubt, she now realized that her incautious call to Beijing had been intercepted. J.J. and the FBI knew exactly what she had said to Mao. There was no place to hide; she had to come up with an explanation for Smith.

She then confessed that Mao Guohua had learned some years earlier that she was an FBI asset. She claimed it happened when, on a trip to China perhaps around 1986 or 1987—the date is unclear—she took with her notes that she and J.J. had prepared about a Chinese defector to the United States. The notes were in her luggage.

When Leung, en route to Beijing, crossed from a province in southern China to the next, the internal border guards pulled her aside, searched her luggage, and found the notes. On another trip to China a month later, Mao confronted her. He had her notes in hand. They were more detailed than what she had told him about the defector.

By Leung's account, she then admitted to Mao that she was working for the FBI. She also agreed from then on to provide everything she knew about FBI operations to the MSS. Mao ordered her to tell the MSS in advance of all plans by FBI agents to travel to China.

Since she had been working for the FBI since 1982, it was dubious that Chinese intelligence had tumbled to that fact only after four or five years, particularly since J.J. and Leung were often seen together at dinners and other functions around Los Angeles. Hobnobbing in public with the FBI raised Leung's stature in the Chinese American community. But by fixing the mid- to late 1980s as the probable date that the MSS had discovered her role, Leung avoided the issue of whether she had been passing secrets to Beijing even prior to that time.

She admitted that she had told the MSS about Bill Cleveland's pending trip to China. For this infraction, J.J., bizarrely, made her apologize to Cleveland in a San Francisco hotel room. And that was it; PARLOR MAID, the swinging spy, was back in business.

Chapter 3

THE RECRUITMENT

GUANGZHOU, FORMERLY CANTON, known as the Flower City or, less poetically, as the Goat City, is a bustling port on the Pearl River in South China, not far from Hong Kong. It was there that Katrina Leung was born, probably in 1952, although she was known to shave two or three years off her age. Her name at birth was Chen Wen Ying; like many Chinese who immigrate to America, she later chose an English first name.

She was the youngest of four children of a dam engineer who traveled a good deal. When she was an infant, her aunt and uncle lost a baby. Her mother, Chen Wu Yueh, offered them Katrina as a replacement, a practice not unknown in China. As a result of the Gilbert and Sullivan-like baby switch, Katrina was raised largely by her aunt, Shuet Ying Young, who was married to her mother's brother.

When Katrina was around three, she moved with her aunt, an older brother, and her grandmother to Hong Kong. "Katrina sleepwalks," according to her husband, Kam Leung, a tall, handsome man with a graying crewcut and cultivated manner. "In Hong Kong they lived on the fourteenth floor, in a penthouse. Her aunt would find her sleeping on the ledge of the balcony of their apartment." Even at that early age, Katrina was living on the edge; had she rolled over the wrong way, the FBI would have been deprived of its most celebrated Chinese intelligence asset—and, as matters turned out, an unwelcome spy scandal.

Her family background had elements of a soap opera. In the 1930s Katrina's grandfather had immigrated to New York. He opened a laundry on Long Island and eventually owned two restaurants in lower Manhattan. His son, Jimmy Gai Chin, Katrina Leung's uncle and surrogate father, joined him in New York. With his wife back in Hong Kong, the uncle took up with a barmaid and sired two boys. The barmaid moved to England with the children, became ill, and died; the boys, ages six and four, were returned to New York. The uncle, suddenly finding himself a single parent, called on his wife for help, and Katrina, her aunt, and grandmother joined him in Manhattan in 1970. Katrina traveled on a Taiwanese passport that said she was born on May 1, 1954, in Canton, China.

They moved into an apartment at 137 Chrystie Street. "She enrolled in Washington Irving High School, and from three to midnight worked in a sewing factory," Kam Leung said. "She got mugged twice walking home at night."

In 1972, the same year Katrina graduated from high school and became a permanent resident, she was accepted at Cornell University on a scholarship. There she met Kam Leung, a graduate student in biochemistry. He recalled the moment.

"The first weekend I went there I saw a flyer, 'Upper Buttermilk Falls, Chinese Student Association Picnic.' I went, and there was a little girl wearing almond-shaped tinted eyeglasses and pigtails. She said, 'I'm very cold.' So even I could figure that out so I took off my pea coat and gave it to her.

"A week later I found her crying in the lobby of the International Student House. She was lonely and homesick, so that is how we went on our first date. We went to see the movie *Butterflies Are Free.*"

They lived together for three years before marrying in 1975. "I was too poor for a wedding ring so neither of us wear wedding rings."

Kam Leung was born in Hong Kong in 1951; his father, a graduate of a military school in China, had been posted to a train station near Canton. "When the Japanese invaded, he was in charge of the last train out of China. He rescued the safe of Ho Tim, who founded the Hang Seng Bank in Hong Kong, and probably saved his fortune."

In 1969, when Kam Leung was eighteen, he came to the United States to study chemistry at Sam Houston State University, in Huntsville, Texas. He went on to Cornell in 1972 to earn a PhD in biochemistry.

In lengthy interviews over two days, Kam Leung came across as both astute and sophisticated as he described in great detail his life with Katrina. He was also, to all outward appearances, and despite his wife's infidelities, still hopelessly in love with her.

"She is brilliant," he said. "She was always the head of the class. She is generous to a fault." What had attracted him to her? "She's helpless," he replied. "She is extremely insecure inside. I recognized the little girl inside of her, crying out."

There is, of course, a startling disconnect between Kam Leung's gauzy view of the helpless little girl in pigtails who captured his heart at Cornell and the tough-minded, deceptive, and ambitious woman who ended up earning millions as a double agent and a spy for both the FBI and Beijing.

Katrina Leung graduated from Cornell in 1976, and her husband won a research fellowship at the University of Chicago. "She just followed me and hung around the Chinese student center." But 1976, Kam said, "was the beginning of her troubles. Katrina helped to found the Chicago chapter of the National Association of Chinese Americans. It was considered a pro-Beijing group."

And it was in Chicago that Katrina met and became a close friend of Hanson Huang, a smooth graduate of Harvard College and Harvard Law School who had landed a job in that city with Baker & McKenzie, a prestigious international law firm. Huang, who was born in Hong Kong in 1951, and Katrina Leung were both active in support of China in the Diaoyutai Islands student movement.

The islands—in Chinese, *diaoyutai* means "to catch fish"—are a string of eight barren and uninhabited isles in the East China Sea about one hundred miles northeast of Taiwan. They are claimed by China, Japan, which calls them the Senkaku, and Taiwan. During the 1970s, Chinese students around the world joined in a movement to protest Japan's claims to the islands.[*]

In 1976 Kam Leung completed his PhD and moved to Cincinnati to take a job at Procter & Gamble. Katrina remained behind and earned a master's in business administration at the University of Chicago. Kam visited her on weekends.

In 1980 the couple moved to Los Angeles and took a studio apartment in Azusa, in the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains east of downtown. Kam went to work as a research scientist for a medical equipment company. "I was killing mice, fifteen hundred mice a week for the lab, injecting them." Katrina got a marketing job with an HMO.

Before that, however, she briefly worked as general manager of an import-export company. The FBI investigated the firm because it was suspected of illegally transferring technology to China. Early in 1981 the FBI began a full field investigation of Katrina herself, who was "believed to be engaged in clandestine intelligence gathering on behalf of the PRC." That investigation languished in the FBI bureaucracy and the case was closed, with no action taken, in November of that year.

At the same time, the bureau learned that Katrina Leung had a close relationship with the target of another case of suspected technology transfer to China, this one in San Francisco. William Cleveland was the case agent; in Los Angeles, J.J. Smith was assigned to the investigation.

A year later, in August 1982, J.J. knocked on the door of the apartment in Azusa. He identified himself as a special agent of the FBI.

It was the beginning of the dance, an intelligence tango that sometimes ends with the recruitment of a useful source. It might seem astonishing, even reckless, that the FBI would try to recruit someone who it believed might be spying for China. But in "the wilderness of mirrors," as counterintelligence is often called, it was not entirely strange. The recruiter looks for a person who already has contacts with the target. And calculates the risk.

Over the next four months, J.J. interviewed Katrina several times. By December, she had accepted J.J.'s offer.

Soon afterward, according to Kam, "We were sitting by a lake. She said, 'I'm going to quit my job to work for the FBI.'"

Chapter 4

DOUBLE GAME

THERE ARE TIMES when a single act can be a turning point in a life. Everything else that happens flows from that moment. J.J. Smith's recruitment of PARLOR MAID was just such a pivotal juncture. He had been a special agent of the FBI for a dozen years. He was thirty-eight; Katrina Leung had just turned thirty-one a month earlier.

J.J. was a big man, almost six feet, stocky and muscular, proud of his blue-collar background. His father was a bricklayer for forty-five years. His grandparents on his father's side were German farmers; his maternal grandmother, who was Mexican, had married a Scotch-Irish fireman.

He and his wife, Gail, a former Daffodil Queen in Washington State, were married in 1966. In the summer of 1967, after graduating from the University of Puget Sound, he was about to be drafted when he encountered a buddy, Doug Walker, who had an idea.

"Let's sign up for Army Intelligence," Walker suggested, "and we'll both end up drinking beer in Germany." Instead, they were trained as intelligence officers and sent to Vietnam. J.J. was assigned to the 515 Military Intelligence Group in Quang Ngai, a Viet Cong stronghold, running double agents in a program code-named 97 CHARLIE.

Back at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, a local FBI agent in Fayetteville recruited him for the bureau, which he joined in 1970. He wound up in Los Angeles, and by 1975 he was handling Chinese counterintelligence cases.

Foreign counterintelligence, or FCI, in bureau terminology, was not a popular career path inside the FBI. "Young agents out of Quantico, all full of piss and vinegar, they wanted bank robberies, criminal cases," said John L. Hoos, a former FBI agent who worked with J.J. "But J.J. was a rare duck, he went into FCI and stayed in FCI."

J.J., he added, "was very likable, with a good sense of humor, he was very dedicated to his work, respected by the other agents. He was well versed in Chinese counterintelligence—a walking encyclopedia on cases, procedures. If you had a question, ask J.J."

By the time J.J. recruited PARLOR MAID in 1982, he had achieved an unusual degree of independence within the FBI field office. His supervisors indulged him and deferred to his expertise on matters Chinese. Although FBI agents are often moved around, because of J.J.'s stature he was able to remain in Los Angeles. With his wife, Gail, and their young son, Kelly, J.J. settled down in Westlake Village, a comfortable suburb.

Although at first Katrina Leung was only an IA, the FBI's designation for an informational asset, J.J. quickly realized her potential as a bureau source. It did not take long for their professional relationship to turn personal. By August 1983 they had hopped into bed.

One of the reasons that J.J. had recruited Katrina was her friendship from Chicago days with Hanson Huang, who had gone to China to work for Armand Hammer and the Occidental oil company. Although Huang was a loyal pro-PRC activist, the Chinese authorities had, ironically, begun to suspect him, perhaps because of his curiosity about the location and size of the country's oil reserves, matters considered state secrets in China. He was arrested, and in June 1983 convicted of espionage in a Beijing court and sentenced to fifteen years.

J.J.'s interest in Huang, and the FBI's, was based on more than Huang's activism in the Diaoyutai Islands student movement. For Hanson Huang had emerged as a key figure in TIGER TRAP, involving nuclear weapons, which Bill Cleveland was actively pursuing in San Francisco with the help of J.J. in Los Angeles. Now that Huang had run afoul of Chinese intelligence, perhaps he might be willing to help the FBI.

As J.J.'s first major assignment for Katrina, he instructed her to go to China and try to wangle her way into the prison where Huang was being held. It was a tall order. In a tightly controlled Communist state, how could a foreigner manage to visit a prisoner serving time for espionage? That she accomplished that feat might have been expected to raise an eyebrow both with J.J. and the bureau. It did not; J.J.'s first reporting to headquarters from PARLOR MAID was a summary of what she had learned on her prison visit.

I. C. Smith, who was not related to J.J., was then working in the China unit at FBI headquarters in Washington. "J.J. had sent me an airtel and she, Katrina Leung, had all this reporting on her first trip to China in 1983 about Hanson Huang, who was in jail. I said this was a bunch of crap because it's got sex and intrigue and everything but intel. I said, 'Dammit, J.J., where's the fucking beef?'"

"Don't worry, it's coming," J.J. assured him.

I.C.'s annoyance may have been partly rooted in the fact that J.J. seemed to walk on water in the bureau. "J.J. had an LA attitude," I.C. said. "He flaunted the rules. He could get by without wearing a coat and tie. He had this great source, and it made him bulletproof."

By this time, PARLOR MAID had graduated to the status of an OA, or operational asset in FBI jargon. As an IA, she provided information to the bureau; as an OA she was given specific tasks. At the same time, Leung was solidifying her contacts in the Chinese American community in Los Angeles.

In March 1984, with J.J.'s help to speed up the paperwork, she became a US citizen. That year, or soon after, Katrina moved into the big leagues as a full-fledged DA, or double agent. The bureau's plan was to let the MSS think she was working for China, while in fact she was directed and controlled by the FBI.[*]

Toward that end, she was encouraged by J.J. to advertise to China her contacts with the FBI and in particular her friendship with him. She was authorized to approach the MSS in Beijing, pretending to be loyal to China. No sensitive information was supposed to be given to her by the FBI, since she was not an employee and would have had a difficult time explaining her access to bureau secrets. But the Chinese, who have been spying for at least twenty-five hundred years, since Sun Tzu wrote the book on espionage, would have quickly understood that she had been recruited by the FBI and dangled to the MSS. And anyone who had a relationship with the FBI was of great interest to the MSS.

On her visits to China, PARLOR MAID was also encouraged by J.J. to boast to the MSS and other officials about her growing status in the Chinese American community, since that, too, made her an attractive source for the Chinese intelligence service.

PARLOR MAID was usually accompanied on her trips to China by her husband and their young son. On her very first trip to Beijing, according to Kam Leung, "she knocked on the door of the MSS. She was tasked to do this."

"We went to China at least once a year, sometimes more," he said. "We went to China at least twenty years, some years two or three times."

The presence of her husband and son, Kam said, "provided the excuse to visit wherever Katrina asked to go. She would say, 'Our family have never been to Xi'an,' so they would say, 'Sure, go to Xi'an.'

"Or she would say, 'My son would love to go to Harbin, to the cold country.'" Three times, PARLOR MAID traveled to Harbin, in far northeast China near the Russian border, where the temperature was well below zero, claiming that their son "loved the Ice Lantern Festival." In fact, there was another motive; she was currying favor with the head of the MSS, who came from that city in Heilongjiang Province, as did a large number of other Chinese intelligence officers.

"I was the cameraman," her husband said. "I used a Nikon and an Olympus, eventually a Sony digicam." Kam bought the cameras and the FBI reimbursed Katrina for them. He would make a double set of prints and give one to his wife to pass on to J.J.

Some of PARLOR MAID's reports made it to the White House under presidents Ronald Reagan, Bill Clinton, and both George H. W. Bush and George W. Bush, according to intelligence officials. The high-level CIA medal that J.J. received for PARLOR MAID is evidence of how valuable her work, and his, was regarded. Until later, when it all unraveled.

As Katrina Leung was ingratiating herself with the top leaders in Beijing, she simultaneously became an increasingly prominent member of the Chinese American community in Southern California. She was active in Republican political circles as well, contributing $10,000 to Los Angeles mayor Richard J. Riordan and $4,200 to Bill Simon Jr., who defeated Riordan in the Republican primary for governor of California in 2002 but lost to Gray Davis. According to campaign finance records, the Leungs contributed some $27,000 to the Republican Party during the 1990s. Katrina Leung also contributed to at least one prominent Democrat, her friend Judy Chu, who represented heavily Chinese American Monterey Park in the state assembly.

Her entrée into the wider world of Los Angeles society was through Caroline Leonetti Ahmanson, a onetime hostess on Art Linkletter's television variety show *House Party* and the widow of Howard Fieldstead Ahmanson, a billionaire savings and loan tycoon. Caroline Ahmanson, who died in 2005, was a well-known patron of the arts in Los Angeles—the Ahmanson Theatre bears the family name—and was also active in promoting improved relations between China and the United States. She was chairwoman of the Los Angeles-Guangzhou Sister City Association, and chose Katrina Leung as president. Caroline Ahmanson was close to Zhu Rongji, the premier of China for five years until 2003, and she visited the mainland several times, accompanied by Katrina.

"Without Caroline, Katrina is just another Chinatown hustler," Kam Leung said of his wife. "Caroline introduced her into the mainstream of society."

Los Angeles businessman Peter Woo, founder and president of the toy manufacturing company Megatoys, saw evidence of Katrina Leung's clout in China firsthand. In 1996, as part of a delegation of some forty community leaders, he accompanied her and Mayor Riordan on a trip to Beijing and other cities in China to promote business for the port of Los Angeles.

"She was the one who put the trip together. She was in command. There were a couple of dinners with Chinese government officials. She emceed these events. There was a banquet at the Great Hall of the People, she was emcee of that banquet. Katrina and Mayor Riordan saw Jiang Zemin in his office. She bragged about it, she can see so-and-so any time she wants. Our impression was that she was very well connected with the Chinese government." Or as one high city official in Los Angeles put it, "When you need to get something done with China, you go to Katrina Leung."

Katrina, Woo recalled, would often show up at functions with her FBI friends. "She sometimes invited J.J. and his colleagues to dinners. There were rumors she was a spy for China. You see her with FBI agents and she introduced them to us to show there was no problem with the US government. Showing up with the FBI legitimized her status."

And working for the FBI also meant that Katrina Leung enjoyed an affluent lifestyle. Of the more than $1.7 million in expenses and salary she received from the FBI, more than half, $951,000, was paid to her *after* the FBI learned in 1991 that she had passed unauthorized information to Mao Guohua, her Chinese spymaster.

In addition, because of her known connections to the leaders in Beijing, she was approached by Nortel, a major Canadian telecom company, which paid her $1.2 million as its representative in a deal to allow Nortel and its DMS-100 digital switching systems into China.

As the FBI later discovered, the Chinese government also paid her $100,000, so that her known income from the FBI, Nortel, and the PRC amounted to more than $3 million.

With the money rolling in, the Leungs' lifestyle improved accordingly. They purchased a house for $1.4 million in San Marino, an upscale section of Los Angeles, with a garage, a swimming pool, a pond, a pool house, and four cream-colored stone lions guarding the driveway. They also owned a Chinese-language bookstore in Monterey Park and two apartment houses, and had funds in sixteen foreign bank accounts.

It was in the house in San Marino that most of the trysts between J.J. and Katrina took place. It was also at the San Marino residence that J.J. would brief PARLOR MAID on her assignments, and learn the information she brought back from her trips to China.

Where was Kam Leung during J.J.'s visits? When the FBI man came to the house, he said, "I stayed away. I didn't want a tap on the shoulder in Beijing if I knew intelligence secrets. I could have been interrogated and imprisoned. I didn't want to know what they were discussing.

"For over twenty years, J.J. would come to our house any time he wanted. Three days a week, sometimes five days a week. He would call first and say, 'Can I work?' All our relatives know they cannot come to our house without calling ahead."

J.J. had become so confident of PARLOR MAID and their partnership that he began taking classified documents to her home. TOP SECRET and other classified materials were stored in the FBI's Los Angeles office under tight security in a secure compartmented information facility, or SCIF (pronounced "skiff"). Usually, agents would read the documents in the SCIF. Sometimes they would check out documents to be reviewed in their offices and then returned.

Not the privileged J.J., who would stuff the documents into his briefcase and take them along to the house in San Marino. He was the only agent who, at least once, kept TOP SECRET documents overnight.

Having free run of the house in San Marino was marvelously convenient for the lovers. But it was also convenient for the MSS. J.J. would leave his briefcase open; the file folder pockets in the briefcase often contained documents with the text facing out. She could see the documents she wanted.

While the FBI man was dozing, or outside smoking, or in the bathroom, perhaps showering after they had sex, PARLOR MAID took classified documents from his briefcase and surreptitiously made copies of them on her photocopier or fax machine. Sometimes she took notes on the contents and later threw out the copies of the documents in the trash.

At other times she scribbled notes about what was in the documents without copying them. She also made notes of information that J.J. shared with her. How she could have managed all this without her lover's knowledge is somewhat baffling, but there is no evidence that J.J. realized his primo source was betraying him. Over the years, PARLOR MAID passed information to the MSS that she had stolen this way.

Even more remarkably, Katrina Leung continued to pilfer documents from J.J.'s briefcase for many years after 1991, when it had become clear to the FBI from the tape that as Luo she was reporting to the MSS.

What with J.J. dropping by so often, inevitably the Smiths and the Leungs grew close. "J.J.'s family and my family were good friends all these years," Kam said. "In 1992 we went to Hawaii together, island hopping."

And was he aware of his wife's affairs with not one but two FBI agents? He replied: "Gail [Smith] didn't know, William Cleveland's wife didn't know. And I didn't know."

Chapter 5

DESTROY AFTER READING

THEY MADE AN unlikely cast of characters for a spy drama: Chien Ning, a mystery woman and prominent Chinese geophysicist; Hanson Huang, the Hong Kong-born, Harvard-educated lawyer and friend of Katrina Leung; and Jerry Chih-li Chen, who ran a TV repair shop in Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco.

All were key players in the espionage case that the FBI code-named TIGER TRAP. At the center of it all was Gwo-bao Min, the aerospace engineer with a Q clearance who worked at the Lawrence Livermore nuclear weapons lab—the man who would give Bill Cleveland such a start when the FBI agent encountered him in a hotel lobby in remote Shenyang.

Cleveland was the case agent, the lead FBI investigator on TIGER TRAP. He pursued the case with the help of Al Heiman, another bureau special agent in the Bay Area, and J.J. Smith in Los Angeles.

William V. Cleveland Jr. had become a leading figure in the FBI's Chinese counterintelligence program from a very different background than J.J. Smith's. He grew up in Arlington, in Northern Virginia, the son of an assistant director of the FBI under J. Edgar Hoover.

He graduated from William & Mary College and after two years in the Army joined the FBI in 1969. He was sent to the Defense Language Institute in Monterey, California, to learn Mandarin, then assigned to the China squad in the FBI office in Berkeley, and later in Oakland.

Over time, Cleveland's reputation as an expert on Chinese espionage and respect for him within the FBI grew exponentially. "He was the best I ever knew," said Ken Schiffer, a former FBI Chinese counterintelligence veteran. "I thought the world of him. He was my hero." Another former colleague put it this way: "Bill Cleveland was a god."

For all but one of his twenty-four years in the bureau, Cleveland remained in the San Francisco area. The California lifestyle suited him. Always trim, he stayed in shape by jogging every morning, in later years switching to riding a bicycle.

Cleveland was active in his church, seldom missing a Sunday, but some of his colleagues found him sanctimonious and his religious demeanor off-putting. "In Berkeley," said one, "he was holier than thou, you couldn't swear around him. One day a lot of people were crowded around a window. Somebody was getting a blowjob in a car in plain view and everybody was watching with interest and Cleveland was pounding on the window yelling, 'Stop that!'"

Inevitably, Cleveland's work brought him in contact with J.J. Smith in Los Angeles, and, of course, with PARLOR MAID. The two men were close; J.J. considered Cleveland a mentor and a friend. It was Cleveland, a rabid Oakland Athletics fan, who taught J.J.'s son Kelly to play baseball.

In 1978 Cleveland and the San Francisco China squad began investigating several Chinese and Taiwanese nationals. Their leader, the FBI concluded, was the geophysicist Chien Ning, who the bureau believed had been sent to the United States by the MSS.

With a reported bankroll of $250,000, Chien had been given four tasks by the Chinese intelligence service, the FBI surmised: First, she started a glossy Chinese-language magazine, *Science and Technology Review,* for which Chinese American scientists contributed articles on subjects of interest to China. Half a dozen issues were published in the United States; after that the publication moved to China.

The magazine was no marginal operation. It clearly had the backing of the Chinese government at the highest level. For the first time, the postal service in China and a network of official bookstores allowed the unrestricted sale of a foreign magazine. Published in Berkeley and printed in Hong Kong, the magazine's first issue, in January 1980, had 104 pages, a print run of two hundred thousand copies, and an interview with two Nobel laureates. It also had a congratulatory message from Dr. Frank Press, the science adviser to President Jimmy Carter and like Chien a geophysicist. In China, a lead article in the *People's Daily* promoted the magazine, and a large number of senior Chinese government officials sent handwritten notes of congratulation to the magazine's Beijing office.

As Chien's second project, through a commercial front set up as Kentex International, libraries at the University of California at Berkeley, Stanford University, and other universities were combed for PhD theses and scientific books on a variety of technical subjects. The papers and books were copied and the copies shipped to Beijing.

In addition, Chien was tasked with opening a bookstore that would sell PRC publications and other books on Asia and Chinese language and culture. The FBI believed she may have helped to found Eastwind Books & Arts, at Stockton and Columbus streets in San Francisco. Finally, she was to open an import-export company.

All of this seemed fairly innocuous. But the FBI's suspicions about Chien's role were fueled when Gwo-bao Min, the Livermore scientist, turned up moonlighting as the advertising and sales manager of her magazine, *Science and Technology Review.*

The bureau's antennae went up because Min was an engineer at one of the nation's most sensitive and secret installations, the laboratory founded in large part by Edward Teller, the father of the H-bomb, who became its director. It was at Livermore that the hydrogen bomb, the most destructive weapon in the world, was created.

In the late 1970s, Min worked at Livermore on designing a system to shoot down enemy nuclear missiles. Min's project was a precursor to the Strategic Defense Initiative, the so-called Star Wars program launched in 1983 by President Ronald Reagan.

As part of his research, Min had run tests on full-size mockups of the Minuteman II warhead. With his Q clearance, he also had access to the design of every US nuclear missile as well as those on the drawing boards. He was, in short, privy to every secret of the country's nuclear weapons program.

Cleveland then opened the TIGER TRAP file on Min. The FBI also tapped his phones, under a Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act (FISA) warrant.

Min's background appeared to be unremarkable. Born in Taiwan, he had received an engineering degree from Taiwan University and served two years in Taiwan's navy. After coming to the United States in 1963, he received an engineering degree from West Virginia University and, in 1970, a doctorate in aerospace engineering from the University of Michigan.

He decided to remain in the United States, became an American citizen, worked in private industry for a few years, and joined the Livermore lab in 1975. With his wife, who was born in China, he bought a house in Danville, California, a half-hour commute from the lab, and quietly pursued his hobby, collecting and studying gemstones.

Although he had a solid position at Livermore, Min seemingly felt that he was underpaid and his work not fully appreciated. He harbored ambitions to go into business trading with China. He decided to travel to Beijing in the summer of 1979 to further his prospects.

Jerry Chih-li Chen, the television-repair-shop owner in Oakland, helped Min with the paperwork for his visa application. Chen, who was born in China but grew up in Taiwan, had been active in the Diaoyutai Islands movement as a graduate student. His work brought official recognition; he was one of a group of only five students who were invited to Beijing to meet Premier Chou En-lai.

On a trip back to China, Chien Ning asked Hanson Huang, who was then in Beijing working for the Ministry of Foreign Trade, to look over Min's visa application. Huang immediately recognized Min as someone with the knowledge, and access to secrets, that could help China's nuclear weapons program.

In the month before Min left for China, investigators found, he had checked out an increasing number of classified documents from the Livermore lab's technical library. He also gained access to the lab's top-secret weapons vault, which contained mockups of every nuclear warhead designed by Livermore's scientists.

After Min arrived in Beijing in June, Chien introduced him to Hanson Huang. Min was asked to give a number of lectures in China, and did. Through Huang, he also agreed to answer questions from a small group of Chinese government scientists.

Min met with them, but since he was not a nuclear physicist, he could not answer all of their questions about weapons design. He was given several questions to take back to the States with him.

When Min returned from his trip, he told his fellow lab employees that he had gone to China to give lectures on gems. Since he was known as an amateur gemologist, his version of what happened was not questioned by his colleagues.

If Chien Ning was a female spymaster acting for the MSS, as the FBI believed, there was little on the surface to suggest that. Yet there was an element of mystery and intrigue in her background: she seemed to be all over the place, as a businesswoman buying rusted merchant ships for scrap metal, a scientist, a university professor, a magazine publisher. And she was somehow there at every twist and turn in the early stages of the TIGER TRAP story.

In an interview with the author in 2009, Chien denied that she had come to San Francisco on behalf of the MSS. "I mean, there was reason to suspect me of that," she said, "but that's not true. I'm an intellectual, I don't have the mentality to do that."

Chien was living in Northern California when she was located and interviewed. She said she traveled to China twice a year on average. Had the MSS given her the $250,000 to set up the four projects? "They gave me no money," she said.

At the same time, she acknowledged that she knew Gwo-bao Min. "I introduced Min to Hanson [Huang]," she said. "Min came to see me and Hanson was there. In Beijing."

And had she founded the Eastwind bookstore in San Francisco? "No, I helped them," she replied.

Another mystery. Doroteo Ng, one of the owners of the bookstore, when asked about Chien, said, "I don't remember that name. I don't remember this person." He said that the bookstore was founded in 1978 by "some twenty people," most of them community activists, to foster cultural understanding. Had China contributed any money to start the bookstore? "No money from the PRC, not a penny," he said.

Chien had come to America and founded the magazine, she said, "to bridge the two countries. To help the Chinese people be exposed to Western economy. Conservatives were in power, and I wanted to help China understand the market economy."

Chien Ning was born in Nanjing (then Nanking); most of her family moved to Taiwan in 1946 when she was in her midteens. Chien returned to China and said she scored number one on the national college entrance exam. She earned a degree in physics from Qinghua University, then studied geophysics. A decade later, she was caught up in the short-lived Hundred Flowers Movement, launched in 1957 by Mao Zedong and ostensibly designed to encourage "constructive" criticism of the government by intellectuals. Many of those who spoke out were severely punished when Mao cracked down on the movement.

"I was in a prison labor camp for many years because my family was in Taiwan and they thought I was a CIA agent," she said. "Anyone with a relationship with Taiwan was suspect."

Chien said she spent five years in the prison camp, from 1957 to 1962. "The camp was on the border with Siberia in the far northeast, near Lake Xingkai. It was very cold." Over time, hundreds of thousands of intellectuals and "rightists" were sent to the Lake Xingkai prison camp, where conditions were notoriously harsh. Chien built and repaired tractors in the camp.

At one point in her remarkable career, Chien led several exploration teams to remote areas of China to catalog the nation's mineral resources. She was credited with discovering the huge Baotou iron mines in inner Mongolia.

In August 1979, two months after Chien introduced Gwo-bao Min to Hanson Huang in Beijing, Huang flew to San Francisco and met twice with the Livermore engineer, once in Min's car, a second time at his home in Danville. At the second meeting, Min provided information in response to the questions posed through Huang by the Chinese scientists. Huang flew to Washington, D.C., and went to the Chinese embassy with the data he had obtained from Min.

At the embassy he wrote out a report, which was sent to China by diplomatic pouch. Huang had now effectively become Min's case agent.

Hanson Huang was born in Hong Kong in 1951. His Chinese name is Huang Yien. (His given name, Yien, means "faithful.") He and his younger brother, Henry, were given English names, a not uncommon practice in Hong Kong, then British territory.

Henry Huang, a molecular microbiologist at Washington University in St. Louis, was estranged from his brother, whose pro-PRC views he did not share. "Our family was very poor," Henry Huang said. "Our father died when we were young children; my mother was a news reporter at a newspaper, and then a TV station, but we were not well-to-do."

Of his brother, Hanson, Henry said, "He was always somebody with a cause. He was buying into communism, socialism, in a very naive way."

Hanson and his brother attended the Diocesan Boys School in Hong Kong, then both came to the United States to continue their education. Hanson enrolled in Harvard College in the fall of 1970, and graduated three years later magna cum laude with a bachelor's degree in history. He went on to Harvard Law School and received his law degree in 1976.

From Harvard Law, Hanson Huang joined Baker & McKenzie in Chicago, the city where his path first crossed with Katrina Leung, if they had not met earlier in the Daoyutai Islands protests. By 1979 he had moved to Beijing. In 1981, back in the United States, Huang briefly joined the Manhattan law firm of Webster & Sheffield, where John V. Lindsay, a former Republican congressman and two-term mayor of New York, was a partner. The law firm was hoping that Huang would help it expand its operations in Asia, but he resigned abruptly that same year and returned to China.

After Huang's meetings with Gwo-bao Min in San Francisco, and following his trip to the Chinese embassy in Washington, he flew back to Beijing. His contacts there were presumably not satisfied with the information Min had provided, because Huang was given five additional questions and instructed to put them in a letter to Min. One question contained SECRET RESTRICTED DATA, a U.S. classification category reserved for nuclear information.[*] Some of the questions could only be answered with classified information. Huang wrote the letter in the office of K. C. Meng, who was the Beijing director of Chien Ning's science magazine.

In case the letter should be seen by anyone, an innocuous show-and-tell letter was also prepared. The letter with the substantive questions included a warning to Min. "The other letter can be shown to others," it said. "This letter should be destroyed after reading."

Chapter 6

"HOLY SHIT, MR. GROVE!"

DAN GROVE LOVED the sights and smells, the bustle of Hong Kong. A tall, affable man, he was one of the FBI's most experienced Asia hands. He was born in the Pennsylvania hard coal country, graduated from Penn State, and joined the bureau in 1955.

Fluent in Mandarin, Grove worked Chinese cases in San Francisco in the early 1960s, then spent a year on the China desk at headquarters before going out East to Hong Kong in 1966 as an FBI legal attaché. (FBI agents posted overseas are called legal attachés, or legats, pronounced "*lee*-gats"). Given a choice, Grove would have stayed in Hong Kong forever. But after six years, he was called back to the States and assigned to the FBI office in Berkeley. As a counterintelligence agent, Grove routinely sought out individuals with ties to China, and to this end he obtained a list of students who had attended the All-China Games in Beijing and began interviewing them.

"I met a nice boy from Taiwan and asked him to come in, and he came down to the office. He was very forthcoming and told me all about his trip. He was in the rifle competition in Beijing, he had been in the military in Taiwan." The young man was a PhD student at Berkeley. His name was Tommy Tang.

"They're going to be after you," Grove told him. "They'll be in touch. There's no such thing as a free lunch."

Grove's prediction proved accurate. "We knew who had recruited him, and other students. Jerry Chen." The proprietor of the shop in Oakland, it seemed, was doing more than repairing televisions.

A month later Tommy Tang returned to see Grove. "He said, 'These people want me to work in a bookshop collecting technical books to send to China.' He was busy with school work. He said, 'I don't know if I have the time.'"

Grove considered the problem. "I said, 'If I pay you, will you do it?' He said, 'I will.'" After Tang agreed to collect the books, he showed them to Grove, so the FBI agent knew what materials were going to China. Soon afterward, Tang told Grove that Jerry Chen had called him and asked him to go to Beijing for the book project. Tang agreed to go. Which is why he was in Beijing at the precise moment when Hanson Huang was casting about for a secure way to deliver his letters to Gwo-bao Min. What better courier than a reliable student who would be passing through Hong Kong en route to Berkeley?

Grove recalled what happened next. "He [Tang] was gone a week or a couple of weeks when I got a call on my home phone. 'Holy shit, Mr. Grove! You'll never guess what I have.'

"He said, 'I got a letter for this guy at the Lawrence Livermore lab and I opened it and they want more information on missile guidance systems.'

"The letter was addressed to Gwo-bao Min," Grove said. "It was a typical Chinese airmail letter where you undo the flaps to open it. He did, and I said, 'You probably ruined it.' He had opened it before he called me. He probably tore the flaps when he opened it. He bought another envelope and copied the letter; it was in Chinese script."

The student told Grove that his copying the letter would not matter because the recipient would not know who originally wrote it. "He rewrote it in Hong Kong," Grove said. "He mailed the letter in Hong Kong as instructed by the Chinese. The kid brought the original letter back to me."

Grove did not recall seeing the for-show, innocuous letter that also made its way to Min. But thanks to Dan Grove, and a bit of lucky timing, the FBI now had Hanson Huang's substantive letter. The bureau did not have to wait long to see how Min would react.

After reading the letter, Min decided to deliver the answers in person to Beijing. He did not tell the lab, as required, that he planned to travel to China. His wife called his office at Livermore and said he was sick and would not be coming to work.

Bill Cleveland then orchestrated an elaborate ruse in an effort to trap Min. As the engineer walked through the terminal at San Francisco International Airport, the public-address system blared an unusual announcement, reminding passengers that it was illegal to transport certain items. The long list of prohibited materials included firearms, explosives, and nuclear weapons information.

As Min got in line to board his plane to Hong Kong, several FBI agents were, unknown to him, in the queue immediately ahead of and behind him. The passengers were told that all carryon luggage would be subject to a search by US Customs. Min's briefcase and the bags of his fellow "passengers" were taken to a room out of view.

Inside his briefcase, the FBI found two index cards. On one card, in Min's handwriting, were the same five questions that Hanson Huang had posed in his letter. On the other card was the answer to the first question, about a method to measure the yield of hydrogen bombs when they were tested in the atmosphere. Since there were no written answers to the other queries, the FBI judged that Min already knew the answers without committing them to paper. But Min was not an expert on atmospheric testing; the FBI later discovered he had copied the answer to the first question about measuring the yield of hydrogen bombs from a classified document.

The measurement technique was based on "Teller light," named for Edward Teller, a blue fluorescence caused by the interaction of gamma rays and air that can be detected in the microsecond just before a high-altitude nuclear explosion of a fission bomb, the component that in turn triggers a hydrogen bomb.

In the early years of nuclear testing in the atmosphere, the scientists at Los Alamos had no sure way to measure the power of the weapons they had created. One key measurement they sought was the rate of increase of neutrons in a fission bomb, or "neutron flux"—the speed of the chain reaction as the weapon became supercritical. Teller calculated that if the intensity of the fleeting blue light could be captured, it would match the neutron flux. He was right; by measuring the light, it was possible to calculate the yield, the total energy released by a bomb.

One of the other questions on the index card appeared at first glance to be a general physics question. Its significance became clear only later.

Standing by at the airport, and well out of view of Gwo-bao Min, was a large group of physicists, nuclear weapons scientists, government lawyers, FBI officials, and classification experts. They were there to examine any documents or notes found in Min's carryon.

While the airport search was in progress in San Francisco, back at FBI headquarters in Washington, Paul Moore and a smaller group of scientists from the Department of Energy gathered in the office of Edward J. O'Malley, the assistant FBI director for counterintelligence, to hear the result. "If the FBI found the wrong things in his baggage he would be arrested," said Moore.

The larger contingent at the airport, after examining the index cards, decided there was not enough incriminating evidence to arrest Min. Word was relayed to the group waiting at FBI headquarters.*

Despite the elaborate deception arranged by the FBI at the San Francisco airport, Min became suspicious of the search of his carryon. Before boarding his plane he tore up the two index cards and gave them to his wife. She went into the ladies' room, followed by a woman who was part of the FBI's Special Surveillance Group, known as the G's.

The G's are a team of surveillance specialists, all civil servants, but not FBI agents, selected to look like ordinary citizens and blend in to their surroundings. A young mother with a baby in a stroller, college students out jogging, bearded bikers, white-haired grannies toting shopping bags, street repair crews in yellow hardhats, beer-belly good old boys in pickup trucks, young lovers kissing in the park—all may be G's on the job. All are trained in surveillance, photography, and communications.

Min's wife did not dispose of the pieces of the index cards in the ladies' room. The FBI later recovered the torn pieces from the Mins' trash, in a plastic garbage bag that contained dog poop. A highly dedicated FBI agent reconstructed the cards. *

Min never reached Hong Kong or China, his original destinations. He flew to Taiwan, turned around, and came home. "When Min arrived back," Paul Moore said, "he went from the gate to the nearest departure gate to see if there were any more 'random' searches at the airport. He had become suspicious; when he looked down the concourse at the departure gate, that was plainly what was going on."

On the wiretap of Min's telephone, the FBI overheard him say that he had passed information to someone who was supposed to deliver it to an address in Hong Kong but got lost. Min also told

Jerry Chen that he had been searched at the airport.

Now the FBI was faced with a delicate decision. Min had already passed information to Hanson Huang and was trying to answer more questions from Beijing, including about the technique to measure the yield of hydrogen bombs tested in the atmosphere. Could he be allowed to continue working at the lab?

The bureau decided to leave him in place while the investigation continued. But Min's access to secrets was discreetly reduced. In Washington, the secretary of energy had to sign off, every six months, on approval for Min to remain at Livermore.

By early 1981 scientists and engineers at the lab, including Min, were already working on what became the Star Wars program to intercept nuclear missiles. Officials decided that leaving Min on the job had become too risky.

The time had come, Cleveland decided, to confront Gwo-bao Min. Espionage is a peculiar crime. Unless suspects confess or, as rarely happens, are caught in the act, they may go unpunished. A bank robber may be caught fleeing in a getaway car, an embezzler may be ensnared by an audit. But spies are a different breed, they move in a secret world, often exercising clandestine skills to avoid detection.

Sometimes a confrontation works. When FBI counterintelligence agents question a suspected spy and reveal how much they know, in some cases even presenting him with surveillance photos, the suspect may feel it is useless to deny the evidence amassed against him. Or the suspect may harbor a hope that his FBI interrogators will offer to turn him into a double agent, working against the other side. At times skilled interviewers, using various ploys, are able to elicit a confession.

Min was told by lab officials that serious questions had been raised about him by the FBI. As a result, they warned, he could keep his job only if he resolved those issues. He was placed on leave and agreed to talk to the bureau.

In the first of several days of interviews, Min was asked about the index cards found in his carryon bag and contended that they were just notes he had taken at lectures at the lab. For six hours, he denied knowing Chien Ning or Hanson Huang, then admitted he did but said he knew nothing about any letters from Huang.

The next day, Min said he had, after all, received a letter from Huang. He agreed to return a third day and produced the show-and-tell innocuous letter. Cleveland asked Min to let the FBI's forensic experts examine the letter, and he consented.

On the fourth day, Min agreed to take a lie detector test. Cleveland then pulled a rabbit out of his hat and produced a copy of the real, substantive letter that Dan Grove had intercepted with the help of Tommy Tang, the Berkeley student.

The FBI agents did not want to reveal to Min, however, how they had managed to acquire the letter. They devised a plausible explanation. Chinese characters are frequently written on a pad with preprinted boxes that make it easier to keep the lines straight. Each character, representing a picture of an object or sounds and meaning, fits inside a box. If the substantive letter to Min was written first, as would seem likely, and then ripped off the pad, it might leave an impression on the sheet below on which the for-show letter was written.

Cleveland told Min that the FBI had retrieved the new letter from the impressions left on the innocuous letter that Min had offered to the agents the day before.

Min examined the substantive letter closely. Apparently he believed the FBI's invention.

"I wish to congratulate you," he said. "You have done your job very well."

Cleveland now thought he had Min on the verge of a confession. But it was not to be. The Livermore engineer said he wanted to talk to his wife before answering further questions. He agreed to meet the FBI agents the next day at a motel, but then telephoned to say he had changed his mind.

The lab's officials then told Min that since he had not resolved the issues raised by the FBI, he could not remain at Livermore. Min was allowed to resign.

The tiger had escaped the trap. But the FBI had forced Min out of the nuclear weapons lab and prevented any additional compromise of secrets to China.

Some who knew Gwo-bao Min argued that he may not have set out to spy for China, but had traveled to Beijing in the hope of making business contacts and once there was pressured to talk about his work at Livermore. And it certainly could have occurred to him that answering the questions he was asked might help him in his efforts to do business with China.

There was, perhaps, another factor. In Chinese culture, when people receive favors, they are expected to reciprocate, a deeply rooted tradition known as *guanxi.* Min was treated well in Beijing, as though he was an important and respected visitor. In more than one instance, China has successfully extracted information from visiting American scientists who felt they had to be polite to their hosts and ended up revealing more than they should have.

But Min seemed to know in advance what would be expected of him in Beijing. There was no other reason for him to have checked out so many classified documents from the Livermore technical library in the weeks before his trip.

The bureau had maneuvered Min out of the lab, but Cleveland and the FBI continued to pursue the case for a decade more. Now Hanson Huang offered the best hope of a break in the case. In March 1981, one month after Min was forced out at Livermore, Huang flew to New York and then booked a flight back to Hong Kong through Seattle. At the airline counter at JFK, apparently sensing he was being watched, he switched his plans at the last minute to catch his Hong Kong flight in Los Angeles.

At LAX, the airliner was about to take off with Huang as a passenger when a customs agent boarded the plane and asked Huang to come with him. He was escorted to a hotel where the FBI was waiting. Huang told them little but agreed to meet them again on his next trip to the United States. He met the agents in New York in May and again in August but refused to talk further about his relationship with Min. The Immigration and Naturalization Service then barred him from the country.

The FBI nevertheless felt it had gathered enough evidence to prosecute Min for espionage. Harry J. Godfrey, Cleveland's supervisor on the TIGER TRAP case, several times pressed John L. Martin, the chief of the Justice Department's internal security section, to move on the case. Martin refused.

Unless a spy is caught in the act, the FBI cannot make arrests in sensitive national security cases without the approval of the Justice Department. And that meant Martin. Unknown outside the closed world of intelligence, Martin was the man who ruled whether espionage cases would make the front pages and the nightly news or perhaps never become public.

Without a confession by Min, Martin insisted to both Godfrey and Cleveland, he would not go to a grand jury. In Martin's long career, seventy-six spies had been prosecuted, and all but one convicted. FBI counterintelligence agents were often frustrated by his cautious approach, however, complaining that he was more interested in protecting his reputation than in catching spies. Martin's decision had blocked any legal action against Min, but it did not prevent the bureau from continuing its investigation.

Late in 1981, Hanson Huang was asked by Chinese officials to brief them on his contacts with the FBI. Then, early in 1982, Huang disappeared from his hotel room in Beijing. A year later he was convicted of espionage against China and sentenced to fifteen years in prison. It was then that PARLOR MAID managed to visit him.

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With the TIGER TRAP investigation on a hold button, although not closed, counterintelligence officials at FBI headquarters decided to launch a broader probe of whether China was advancing its nuclear weapons program by eliciting information from visiting US scientists. The new case, as an offshoot of TIGER TRAP, was given the code name TIGER SPRINGE. (A rarely used word, "springe" refers to a snare made of a noose under tension that springs when triggered.)

Dozens of scientists and senior officials in Washington were questioned in the TIGER SPRINGE investigation. Once more, Bill Cleveland and his partner, Al Heiman, conducted many of the interviews. State Department officials, ambassadors to China, and at least two White House national security advisers were questioned, Zbigniew Brzezinski, President Jimmy Carter's National Security Council chief, and Robert McFarlane, who held that post under President Ronald Reagan.

What the FBI wanted to know from Brzezinski and McFarlane was whether any US scientists or officials had been authorized to share nuclear weapons secrets with China. Both said there had been no such authorization. Cleveland and FBI headquarters officials wanted to be sure that there had been no high-level secret or tacit policy granting permission to share scientific information with Beijing; otherwise, if Gwo-bao Min or other scientists were prosecuted for leaking secrets, they would have a ready-made defense.

The FBI saw another virtue in TIGER SPRINGE. By casting a wide net, it would demonstrate that the bureau's counterintelligence agents were not interested solely in questioning people who were ethnic Chinese.

One of those interviewed at length by the FBI was George A. Keyworth, a senior scientist at Los Alamos who later served as President Reagan's science adviser from 1981 to 1985. On a trip to China in 1980, Keyworth met with Chinese scientists at a university. For years afterward, he was bedeviled by gossip in the intelligence world that he had revealed classified information about the neutron bomb to the Chinese.

In an interview with the author, Keyworth said that this had never happened. "Someone asked me a question about deuterium and tritium." The question, he said, was related to laser fusion experiments and the neutron bomb, which releases greater radiation than standard nuclear weapons.

There was no mystery, Keyworth told the Chinese scientists. The isotopes were so unstable that mere impact would ignite them. "I said, anybody who has finished a couple of years of physics knows it is the simplest way to achieve fusion. Put it in a ball and throw it on the floor and it will go off."

Some officials believed that the Los Alamos physicist had crossed a line, but they were hardly in a position to dismiss or prosecute him for the supposed infraction. "There were good reasons there was no action on Keyworth," said Ken Schiffer, a veteran FBI counterintelligence agent. "He didn't make the trip in a vacuum. It was informal, he was not tasked. But he was made aware of certain gaps in US intelligence, a new facility that China was using in their weapons program and if he could learn anything about that it would be beneficial."

Before his trip, CIA officials briefed Keyworth on what to look for in China. Robert Vrooman, the CIA's man at Los Alamos, and later chief of counterintelligence at the laboratory, was his principal contact. "I met with other agency people too, but mostly Bob," Keyworth said. "They wanted to know about a lab down near Chengdu. We thought it was a nuclear weapons facility. I was able to validate it."

More broadly, the intelligence agencies wanted to know the state of China's nuclear weapons program. Ironically, Keyworth got into hot water when, at a CIA debriefing after his trip, he brought up what he had told the Chinese scientists about putting isotopes in a ball, as an example of how adroitly he had handled their questions. "The whole point was when this came up in my debriefing, I was trying to explain how it was possible to circumvent their question by giving a basic answer." Keyworth explained all this to the FBI's satisfaction in several interviews with the bureau during the TIGER SPRINGE investigation.

The Chinese had invited Keyworth to come back the next year to visit their nuclear weapons test site. But in 1981 Reagan appointed him the White House science adviser, and in that sensitive post, it was made clear to Keyworth, he would have to abandon any thought of returning to China.

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On December 3, 1982, almost two years after Gwo-bao Min was forced out of Livermore, the telephone rang in his house in Danville, California. The FBI had maintained the wiretap on Min's phone, and it heard the caller identify himself and say that he was a nuclear weapons designer at the Los Alamos National Laboratory in New Mexico.

According to a report of a polygraph exam that was later administered to the caller, he had learned that Min "was having problems with some men in China," was aware that he was from Taiwan, and had called just "out of curiosity." He offered to find out who had "squealed" on Gwo-bao Min.

The caller's name was Wen Ho Lee. The Los Alamos scientist had surfaced in the TIGER TRAP case seventeen years before he would become a celebrated spy suspect himself, in an unrelated FBI investigation.

Wen Ho Lee claimed that he had learned about Min's problems from a story in a Chinese-language newspaper. He called Min out of more than curiosity, however. Both Lee and Min were born in Taiwan, and Lee had been in contact with nuclear researchers in Taiwan for several years and had done consulting work for them. Attorney General Janet Reno testified at a closed Senate hearing in 1999 that Wen Ho Lee told the FBI "that he contacted [Min] because Lee thought [Min] was in trouble for doing the same sort of thing that Lee had been doing for Taiwan." *

According to a detailed TOP SECRET review of the Wen Ho Lee case in 2000 by a Justice Department team, the FBI was worried that "Lee might be acting on behalf of a Taiwan intelligence service." Bill Cleveland was summoned to Albuquerque to brief the FBI field office on TIGER TRAP.

At the same time, after Lee's 1982 phone call to Min, the FBI opened a full counterintelligence investigation of Wen Ho Lee. The Albuquerque office asked the FBI Behavioral Sciences Unit to prepare a personality profile to establish whether Lee might be "involved in clandestine intelligence activities."

Not realizing that he had been overheard on the wiretap, Lee lied to the FBI and although asked several times, said that he "had never attempted to contact" Min. Lee, the review team concluded, "provided truthful answers only when confronted with irrefutable evidence (i.e. the FBI's awareness of his phone call ...) or when faced with a polygraph."

Then there was an astonishing development. Although Lee was under active investigation as a possible spy, in December 1983 the FBI asked him to go to San Francisco and help the bureau on the TIGER TRAP case. Lee was instructed to go to Min's home and try to lure him into revealing what secrets he had passed to the Chinese. Before he left, at the FBI's behest, Lee placed four telephone calls to Min, with the bureau's agents listening in.

When Wen Ho Lee showed up at Min's home, he was rebuffed by the former Livermore engineer. The door was not exactly slammed in Lee's face; he spent about half an hour with Min. But he did not succeed in the mission he had been given by the FBI.

The Justice Department review team was troubled, however, to discover that the FBI had enlisted Lee's help "in the direct contact of the subject of an espionage investigation."

Early in 1984, Lee passed a polygraph examination in which he was asked about his telephone call to Min. On the polygraph test, he denied working for any foreign intelligence agency. Although Lee had lied by denying his phone call to Min until he was confronted with the wiretap evidence, on March 12 the FBI closed its investigation of Wen Ho Lee.

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With Gwo-bao Min forced out of Livermore, and Chien Ning's magazine operation moved back to Beijing, Chien left San Francisco and with her husband moved to Pasadena. She became an American citizen, taught seismology at the University of Southern California, and also engaged in a number of business ventures.

Federico C. Sayre, an activist attorney in Santa Ana—he once represented César Chávez, the charismatic leader of the United Farm Workers union—knew Chien and hoped through their friendship to become a middleman between the Chinese government and US investors hoping to do business in China. "We were interested in building hotels and restaurants," Sayre said.

In 1984 Chien arranged for Sayre and his law partner, Jay D. Gould, to travel to China and lecture in the law department at Beijing University. "She was a very kind of mysterious person," Sayre said. "I've seen planes wait for her. She seemed to have a lot of power for someone who was not in the government. She said she was not in the government. She spoke English well, very free with her criticism of Communism and the Communist government, although not when they [Chinese officials] were in earshot."

Three years later, Chien was involved in procuring old tankers and cargo ships for export to China, where they would be broken up for scrap iron, which the Chinese used in steel production. Her partner in that venture was Eugene Allen of Pacific Link International, a trade and brokerage firm in Los Angeles.

Chien confirmed that in the ship-procurement business she was acting for the Chinese government. "The Chinese Ministry of Materials asked my help to get scrap metals," she said.

The FBI, meanwhile, was still on the trail of Hanson Huang, hoping the Harvard lawyer might yet help the bureau close in on Min. Huang was released from a Chinese prison in 1985, after serving two years, but was placed under house arrest for a time and was not allowed to leave China for another seven years.

During the 1980s, Katrina Leung traveled to San Francisco often to work with Bill Cleveland on the TIGER TRAP case. Cleveland had enlisted Leung's help because of her friendship with Hanson

Huang. And it was during those sojourns to Northern California that Cleveland and PARLOR MAID began their romance. "According to Cleveland, Leung initiated their relationship," a Justice Department review said. The affair went on from 1988 to 1993 and was revived in 1997 and 1999, after Cleveland had left the FBI.

Min had surrendered his US passport when he was confronted by the FBI. Chien Ning said she had tried to help him retrieve his passport. He got it back in 1984 and began traveling extensively to China, making eight trips in two years. He also launched an import-export firm, Grand Monde Trading, and a consulting firm, Min's Consulting Associates.

Counterintelligence agents are famously patient. In 1992, thirteen years after Cleveland had opened the TIGER TRAP case, Hanson Huang returned to his native Hong Kong, which gave the FBI another chance to contact him.

Huang wanted to be allowed to travel to the United States again, but he worried that he might be arrested if he did. He said he would meet the FBI in London to seek a deal that would give him immunity from prosecution. Cleveland and J.J. Smith flew to London in February with a Justice Department lawyer and a Livermore scientist.

Huang asked for immunity not only for himself but for Min and everyone else in the case. The FBI agents said no deal, unless Huang really opened up and revealed exactly what had happened during Min's trip to Beijing in 1979 and in his meetings afterward with Huang in California. Huang did talk about those events but offered up little that was new.

The group met with Huang for three days. In the end, he was told there would be no immunity for him or anyone else in the case.

TIGER TRAP had run its course. The London meeting was the FBI's last hope. But the FBI could and did take comfort in knowing that Min was no longer in a position to pass nuclear weapons secrets to China.

Until now, the full story of this extraordinary espionage case has been wrapped in secrecy. The key roles of Hanson Huang and Chien Ning have never previously been revealed. And the TIGER TRAP case remains classified in the government's intelligence archives.

Even today, references to Gwo-bao Min in government documents are omitted, blacked out, or veiled. But a careful reading between the lines tells the story. An FBI document filed in the PARLOR MAID case, for example, nowhere mentions Bill Cleveland, TIGER TRAP, or his quarry:

"The San Francisco FBI SSA [special supervisory agent] was the case agent for a code named FBI counterintelligence investigation which concerned a ... subject who had obtained Top Secret information regarding United States nuclear weapons technology. This subject had conveyed the information to the PRC."

Translated from cryptic bureau-speak, the meaning is clear. Bill Cleveland was the San Francisco FBI case agent, TIGER TRAP was the code-named counterintelligence investigation, and

Gwo-bao Min was the "subject" who the FBI said gave the TOP SECRET information on nuclear weapons to China.

But the bland language of the FBI affidavit masked the most startling and disturbing secret of the TIGER TRAP case.

Chapter 7

RIDING THE TIGER: CHINA AND THE NEUTRON BOMB

Christopher cox, a conservative Republican from Orange County, California, served in the House of Representatives for seventeen years until 2005, when President George W. Bush named him chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. Although he instituted a number of reforms at the SEC, targeting insider trading and backdating of stock options, for example, he had the misfortune of presiding over the agency during the Wall Street meltdown and recession in 2008. Even John McCain, the Republican presidential candidate, called for his resignation.

In the intelligence world, however, Cox was known not for his controversial role at the SEC but for a report documenting Chinese espionage against the United States. Cox was the chairman of the bipartisan House Select Committee on US National Security and Military/Commercial Concerns with the People's Republic of China. The report's jaw-breaking title was so long that it became known informally simply as "the Cox Report." The committee issued an unclassified version of its nine-hundred-page report on May 25, 1999.

The central conclusion of the Cox Report was that China "has stolen classified design information on the United States' most advanced thermonuclear weapons," enabling the PRC to develop and test strategic nuclear missiles "sooner than would otherwise have been possible." The report also warned that China had penetrated America's nuclear weapons laboratories.

The Cox Report created a firestorm. Critics argued that its conclusions were exaggerated, that the report was a political assault on the Clinton White House, and that China could have developed its nuclear weapons on its own, without using information stolen from the United States. Despite its flaws, the Cox Report served to alert the public to the reality that China was actively engaged in espionage against the United States and that the Los Alamos and Livermore labs were prime targets with woefully lax security.

Widely misunderstood in the debate over the Cox Report was the fact that at its core, the committee findings involved two separate questions. All nations spy, and there can be no doubt, from many examples, that China spies on the United States and has obtained secret information through espionage, among other means. Whether it has been able to use the information it acquired by espionage to speed its own nuclear weapons program is less demonstrable. But those are two distinct questions.

One of the most intriguing sections of the Cox Report is titled "Investigation of Theft of Design Information for the Neutron Bomb."

The neutron bomb, technically known as an enhanced radiation weapon, or ERW, is a thermonuclear weapon that is designed to release a much greater amount of lethal radiation than a conventional hydrogen bomb. The warhead releases intense waves of neutron and gamma radiation, with a minimal blast effect. In the popular imagination, the neutron bomb is understood to be a weapon that kills people but leaves buildings standing.

While that description is partly true, it is greatly exaggerated. Even a neutron bomb in the one-kiloton range would cause substantial destruction to buildings, although over a smaller area than that caused by a conventional nuclear explosion. The atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima in World War II was fifteen kilotons. It killed approximately 140,000 people and destroyed most of the city.

Because neutron and gamma radiation can penetrate armor, the ERW was designed primarily as a tactical battlefield weapon against tanks and infantry. During the years of the Sino-Soviet split, a period of tense political relations between China and the USSR that spanned more than two decades after the late 1950s, China sought to develop a neutron bomb to deter a potential ground assault by Soviet tanks. Similarly, during the Cold War, the United States saw the neutron bomb as a way to stop a Soviet army invasion of Western Europe and yet leave cities intact.

The principal neutron bomb developed by the United States was designed for the W-70 warhead, produced at the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory for the Army's short-range, tactical Lance missile. President Kennedy initially decided against building the neutron bomb, but approved production after the Soviet Union broke a voluntary moratorium on nuclear testing in the atmosphere in 1961. President Carter deferred production of the neutron bomb in 1978 after mass protests in Europe against US plans to deploy the weapon there.

President Reagan ordered production of the bomb resumed in 1981. The W-70 was never deployed, and President George H. W. Bush retired the weapon in 1992, after the end of the Cold War. The last W-70 warhead was dismantled four years later.

In 1999, however, the Cox Report made news about the neutron bomb. "In the late 1970s," the report stated, "the PRC stole design information on the U.S. W-70 warhead from Lawrence Livermore Laboratory. The U.S. Government first learned of this theft several months after it took place."

According to the report, "the FBI developed a suspect in the ... theft. The suspect worked at Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, and had access to classified information including designs for a number of U.S. thermonuclear weapons in the U.S. stockpile at that time.

"In addition to design information about the W-70, this suspect may have provided to the PRC additional classified information about other U.S. weapons that could have significantly accelerated the PRC's nuclear weapons program.

"The Clinton administration has determined that further information about these thefts cannot be publicly disclosed."

Without identifying Gwo-bao Min by name, the Cox Report was describing the TIGER TRAP case. How China may have acquired the design details of the neutron bomb was the critical secret hidden in the government's TIGER TRAP files, the secret that "cannot be publicly disclosed."

The Cox Report did not provide any details that led it to assert that design information about the neutron bomb had been stolen from Livermore. But among the five questions in the letter to

Gwo-bao Min from Hanson Huang, and copied onto the index cards Min had in his carryon bag at San Francisco International Airport, was what seemed at first to be a general physics question. On further analysis, however, government scientists concluded that the question could only relate to the neutron bomb, to which Min had access at Livermore.

Since Min had not confessed to passing nuclear weapons secrets to China, the Justice Department had turned down the FBI's repeated requests to arrest him. But the Cox Committee was not under the same restraints as a law enforcement agency. It was thus able to go a step further and assert that China "stole design information" on the neutron bomb from Livermore.

The FBI and the Livermore scientists feared that Min may have given China more than information about the neutron bomb. Another one of the five questions, when later analyzed by government physicists, appeared to relate to a critical secret that enabled the United States to develop a small, miniaturized hydrogen bomb by using two-point detonation of the fission bomb that served as the trigger. Detonating the fission bomb at only two points instead of surrounding it with explosives was the key to a breakthrough by US scientists in developing a smaller, lighter warhead.

Min seemed to suggest, in the conversation overheard by the FBI, that his answers to the questions did not reach Beijing. He had claimed that the cutout or intermediary to whom he gave the "information" got lost and could not find the accommodation address in Hong Kong.

Whether or not that story was credible, Min had other contacts with the Chinese. From the way the five questions were written, it was clear that they were in the nature of follow-up inquiries to data that Min had already discussed in China. Min provided additional information in the second of two meetings in San Francisco with Hanson Huang, who then flew to Washington and in the Chinese embassy wrote up a report on the meetings that was pouched to officials in Beijing.

In 1988 China tested a neutron bomb, according to the Cox Report. China did not announce that at the time, however. A decade later, in July 1999, China confirmed that it had successfully developed a neutron bomb. It made the announcement in a thirty-six-page angry rebuttal to the Cox Report.

The rebuttal was released at a news conference in Beijing in which Zhao Qizheng, a senior official, blasted the Cox Report as misleading and racist. The Cox Report, Zhao said, implies that "Chinese can't be as smart as Americans, so they must have stolen the technology."

Titled "Facts Speak Louder Than Words and Lies Will Collapse on Themselves," the Chinese response attacked the Cox Report as a "concoction" full of "groundless accusations" that were "utterly absurd" and a "vicious slander" that had "aroused the strong indignation of the Chinese people."

The rebuttal made only a brief reference to the neutron bomb. "The neutron bomb seems quite mysterious to ordinary people. In fact, it is a special kind of H-bomb. Since China has already possessed atom bomb and H-bomb technologies, it is quite logical and natural for it to master the neutron bomb technology through its own efforts."

The document did not reveal whether China had tested the neutron bomb, when it had developed the weapon, or whether it had produced or deployed it. But it said that China had overcome technical problems to develop its nuclear weapons and "the neutron bomb technology" by "relying on its own forces, on its large number of talented scientists full of creative spirit."

To emphasize that China had the neutron bomb, the New China News Agency put out a dispatch that same day headlined, "China Masters Neutron Bomb Technology." The story said Beijing had begun work on the bomb in the 1970s. "China has already mastered the neutron bomb design technology," the story declared.

The Cox Report asserted that in 1996 the intelligence community learned that China "had successfully stolen" more secret information about the neutron bomb from a US weapons lab. It offered no further details about the second alleged theft or whether the source of the leak had been uncovered by the FBI. But there was a TOP SECRET investigation, apparently code-named SILENT CHORUS, of the second reported theft.

One published account, cited by the Congressional Research Service, quoted unnamed American officials who speculated that China may have sought more US information about the neutron bomb because the Chinese test in 1988 was not successful.

In January 1999 the classified version of the Cox Report circulated among White House and government officials, and the Clinton administration knew it would have to react when the report became public. In February, George Tenet, then the director of the CIA, appointed Robert D. Walpole, a senior agency manager and former State Department official, to head an interagency task force to conduct a damage assessment on Chinese acquisition of US nuclear weapons secrets.

Despite the uproar over the Cox Report, in the end the damage assessment agreed with a number of the report's central conclusions:

> China obtained by espionage classified US nuclear weapons information that probably accelerated its program to develop future nuclear weapons....
>
> China also obtained information on a variety of US weapon design concepts and weaponization features, including those of the neutron bomb.

Like the Cox Report, the damage assessment—or at least the version made public—never mentioned by name the case it was referring to, the case that had begun two decades earlier, code-named TIGER TRAP.

Chapter 8

THE WALK-IN

EARLY IN 1995, an event took place that jolted American intelligence agencies and touched off years of controversy inside their closed and secret world.

A middle-aged Chinese man appeared at a CIA station in Southeast Asia with a large cache of documents. Among them was a blockbuster, a Chinese government memo, classified SECRET, that described, in chilling and specific detail, the miniaturized W-88 thermonuclear warhead that sits atop the ballistic missiles on US Trident submarines. The W-88 is the crown jewel, the most advanced weapon in the nation's arsenal.

The man who brought the documents was a classic walk-in, the designation in the intelligence business for someone who shows up and volunteers information. In this case, the walk-in presented a document that displayed the classified measurements of America's most secret nuclear weapon. He might just as well have walked in with a bomb in a suitcase.

The walk-in, whose identity has never been revealed by US intelligence, was cautious. He did not, in his initial contact, bring the documents. But he told the CIA he had what he described as a duffle bag full of Chinese classified secrets that he wanted to sell. The next time he came, he brought the papers with him. He said he had gotten them out of China by shipping them to himself abroad—by DHL.

The walk-in then told the CIA officers who questioned him at length a story so bizarre that it just might have been true. He said he worked in China's nuclear weapons program and had access to a library storage facility that housed sensitive classified information. The library was in a government institute.

He said he entered the storage area at night, rifled the files, collected the documents, and put them in the duffle bag. But the next problem was how to get the duffle bag out of the building and past security. He hit on an unusual solution. He threw the duffle bag out of a second-story window.

But the duffle bag broke, and papers scattered all over the ground. The man lost his nerve and, fearful of being caught, hid in the storage area and waited for a chance to get away undetected. At one point he heard footsteps approaching, but he was not seen and eventually the footsteps went away.

Relieved, he lit a cigarette. Bad move. Someone came into the room and saw the smoke rising. He was caught. He explained coolly that he had been working late, fallen asleep in the library, and decided to have a smoke. But he was leaving now.

As the walk-in related the story, he then ran downstairs, out of the facility, and found the papers that had scattered when the duffle bag broke. He scrambled and recovered them, stuffing them all back into the bag.

His story might have been dismissed as improbable but for the fact that one of the documents in his possession accurately described the measurements of the W-88. The stark fact, which could not be ignored, was that China had somehow acquired highly secret data about America's most sophisticated nuclear warhead.

The documents were flown to CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia, where teams of translators began poring over the trove. There were so many documents to translate that the CIA had to hire contractors to supplement its own staff.

The effort went on for years. As the documents were translated, the work began of sifting through and analyzing the mass of data.

Initially, the CIA did not share its hoard of documents with the FBI and other US intelligence agencies, under the rationale that the agency first needed to translate and study the material. Not until several months later, in the fall of 1995, was the Department of Energy given the W-88 document, and an interagency group, including the FBI, DOE, and scientists from the national weapons labs, was brought in to assess the documents.

The CIA, it appeared at first glance, had struck gold. Intelligence operators always hope to keep a walk-in as an "agent in place," so that he or she can continue to supply information. A spy who becomes a defector and loses access to more secrets is much less valuable.

Under the CIA's rules, a prospect cannot be recruited as a full-fledged agent until vetted. The CIA station that proposes the recruitment must also receive provisional operational authority from Langley headquarters. Traces were run on the walk-in, and it was determined that he had no previous contact with the CIA and no known connection to the MSS or the MID, the Chinese military intelligence arm of the People's Liberation Army.

CIA headquarters officials then gave provisional operational approval to enroll the walk-in and keep him on the job as an agency asset. With provisional status, he was one step away from being recruited.

The walk-in was closely questioned on how he had obtained the documents. He claimed that he had access to the library containing the documents because he worked in the Chinese nuclear weapons program, and he stuck to his story about collecting the information in a duffle bag and throwing it out the window. He also said that his official status allowed him to travel. Although he wanted money in return for the documents, at the same time he alleged that his motive was ideological.

Not only did the walk-in provide the key document with astonishing and highly classified details about the W-88, he also turned over data describing five other thermonuclear warheads designed for ballistic missiles in the US arsenal.

The five other warheads were the W-78, for the Minuteman III intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM); the W-76, like the W-88 designed for a submarine-launched ballistic missile (SLBM) on the Trident sub; the W-87, designed for the Peacekeeper (MX) ICBM; the W-62, for the Minuteman III ICBM; and the W-56, for the Minuteman II ICBM. The first two and the W-88 were designed at Los Alamos National Laboratory in New Mexico; the others were created at the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory. All were deployed.

In the walk-in's documents the warheads were shown on a matrix, or grid. The warheads were listed down the left side and the headings across the top described the yield, size, and weight of each warhead, along with a drawing of the outer dimensions. The data, the scientists determined, was accurate.

The CIA's analysts concentrated on the W-88 document. The information about the outside dimensions of the other warheads was generally available from public sources. But in the case of the W-88, the walk-in's document gave precise measurements of the components inside the warhead, information that was secret and highly classified.

Thermonuclear weapons consist of two parts, the core, or "the pit," known as the primary, a fission bomb containing either plutonium-239 or highly enriched uranium. The bomb, the size of a grapefruit, is triggered by conventional explosives, creating an implosion and a chain reaction. That in turn triggers the secondary, the much more powerful thermonuclear, or fusion, bomb. It is called a fusion bomb, or H-bomb, because during detonation, the thermonuclear fuel lithium deuteride is compressed and two isotopes of hydrogen, deuterium and tritium, fuse to rival the energy of the sun.

Alarmingly, the Chinese secret document, which bore a 1988 date, gave the exact diameter of the W-88's primary, 115mm, or about four and a half inches. Even more significantly, the document disclosed that the W-88's primary was "two-point aspherical"—a highly sensitive and, it was thought, carefully guarded US secret—which meant that it was shaped more like a football or a pear than a grapefruit, with implosion points at each end. Instead of packing a series of explosives all around a perfectly round primary, the explosives could be set off at only two points. And Beijing knew it.

It got worse. The Chinese document accurately gave the radius of the round secondary as 172mm, or just under 7 inches, and it disclosed that, unlike other nukes, the primary of the W-88 was at the tapered tip of the warhead, forward of the secondary, another secret that was supposed to be closely held.

Finally, the document accurately reported the overall length of the warhead as 1522mm, or 5 feet. There were other documents in the walk-in's cache, hundreds that dealt with other foreign missile and defense systems, including those of Russia and France. But it was the W-88 that was, from the outset, the focus of the CIA's interest.

The W-88 warhead is the payload of the Trident II (D5) sub-based missile carried by the Ohio-class submarines, which are usually called Trident subs, after the name of the missiles they carry. Each Trident sub is armed with twenty-four missiles. The nuclear warheads are multiple independently targetable reentry vehicles (MIRVs), which means that several W-88s are released by the missile as individual targets come within range.

The importance of the W-88 is that it is small. Miniaturized nuclear bombs, unlike the huge early versions, fit into warheads that can be launched from a single missile at multiple targets. The United States was able to produce small hydrogen bombs by the late 1950s and early 1960s. US intelligence concluded that China did not test its first miniature nuclear warhead, similar to the W-88, until September 1992.

The precise number of warheads carried by each MIRVed Trident missile is secret, but is thought to be four. As many as eight, perhaps even ten, reentry vehicles, each with a W-88 warhead, could fit atop the Trident II missile, which has a range of forty-six hundred miles.

The current Trident II missiles cost $30.9 million each, are forty-four feet long, and weigh 130,000 pounds. The missile is launched underwater by gas that expands in the launch tube; when it is far enough away from the sub, the first stage ignites, an "aerospike" telescopes out to reduce drag, and the boost stage starts. In two minutes, the third-stage motor ignites, and the missile travels at the speed of twenty thousand feet per second toward its targets.

There was a fundamental reason that the W-88 document produced by the walk-in caused so much consternation inside the US intelligence community. The United States relies on a triad of nuclear weapons to deter an attack: land-based ICBMs, Air Force bombers, and nuclear-armed submarines. In the Strangelovian world of nuclear deterrence theory and mutual assured destruction (MAD), land-based missiles might be destroyed in an enemy first strike, bombers can be shot down, but submarines are relatively invulnerable. The Navy boasts that the Trident subs give the United States "its most survivable and enduring nuclear strike capability." And now the Trident's payload, the W-88, had been compromised.

The Trident subs, known as "boomers," are huge—560-feet-long nuclear-powered ships that can travel at speeds up to twenty-five miles an hour underwater. With their crews of 155, the subs can spend two and a half months at sea. Of the eighteen Ohio-class subs, fourteen carry the Trident II missiles and W-88 warheads. Each sub has twenty-four missiles, and each W-88 has an estimated yield of 475 kilotons.

Writing in an official Navy publication, retired captain Edward L. Beach, a highly decorated World War II sub veteran and author of the best-selling 1955 novel *Run Silent, Run Deep,* described the enormous power of the Trident subs. "A single broadside from such a submarine—all 24 missiles fired at the same time—can destroy any nation on the face of the earth. No nation—and this includes our own—could even hope to function, or even continue to exist, in the face of such a salvo."

To the intelligence agencies and the US military, China's acquisition of the design details of the W-88 meant that there had been a horrendous leak somewhere along the line. But how, when, and where was unknown. The walk-in was seen as the key; perhaps he could unravel the mystery and help the counterintelligence operators trace the leak back to its source.

But a problem soon developed. Before the walk-in could move from provisional status to that of a recruited agent, he had to be polygraphed. The CIA sets great store by the polygraph, even though the results of lie detector tests are notoriously inaccurate. Aldrich Ames, the CIA traitor who revealed agency secrets to Moscow and caused the death of ten agents—Russians working for the CIA—passed a polygraph test after consulting the KGB for advice. He was told to get a good night's sleep, come in rested and refreshed, be relaxed, calm, and cooperative, and try to establish a rapport with the examiner. It worked.

When the walk-in was "fluttered"—given a polygraph test—the CIA concluded he was lying. "When asked, 'Are you being run by another intelligence service?' his answer went off the charts," said one CIA officer. "Eventually the guy was practically admitting it."

The CIA decided, from the lie detector test and interrogations, that the walk-in was "a dangle," a dispatched agent under the control of Chinese intelligence. In the summer of 1996, despite the astonishing accuracy of the W-88 document, the CIA circulated an internal memo to its officers warning that some of the Chinese material was disinformation provided by a source being run by Beijing. The walk-in was not recruited.

Aside from the walk-in's failure to pass the lie detector test, the CIA concluded he was a plant because some of the documents contained information that appeared to be wrong. "At first," the CIA officer said, "he [the walk-in] said he stole the stuff, then the agency discovered there was bogus stuff mixed in, so that meant he was given material by Chinese intelligence."

There were additional reasons to be skeptical, another intelligence official asserted. "He wanted to give us more information inside China, during Chinese New Year, when nobody was on the streets. That sounded like a setup for the arrest of a [CIA] officer trying to clear a drop inside China. We didn't like the way this whole thing looked."

The FBI, however, did not agree with the CIA's analysis. "There was a woman at CIA who always says no to a source," one FBI agent said. "She's notorious for saying no. She must have a big 'No' stamp. She pulled out her stamp and used it on the walk-in documents. She is the one who said it's a provocation, the walk-in was sent."

The bureau gave the walk-in a separate polygraph, and the FBI's China specialists decided he was exactly who he said he was. By 1999, if not earlier, the walk-in had left China and settled in California. Later, he moved to another state, where the FBI was able to locate and interview him.

To question the walk-in, the FBI sent Special Agent Doug Gregory, whom the bureau considered its most skilled interviewer, and Dave Lambert, an FBI counterintelligence agent who had worked on the Aldrich Ames and Robert Hanssen spy cases. They came away convinced that both the walk-in and his material were legitimate.

The FBI, thus reassured, continued to deal with the walk-in. The split between the two agencies, historic rivals in the intelligence world, caused a major row. To this day, both sides have stuck to their positions.

The CIA, despite its disavowal of the walk-in, was able to validate the 1988 date of the W-88 document. Whether or not the walk-in was a directed agent, his information on the W-88 was accurate.

Although the walk-in's document made it clear that China had somehow learned the measurements of the W-88, the Chinese would need more to replicate and support the miniaturized warhead. According to one intelligence official, "If the Chinese have the W-88, the next thing they would be looking for are the computer programs to maintain these systems. There is a high possibility of failure unless you understand these weapons. They would need computer codes that simulate what would happen to the warhead with age. It has to be constantly tested over time with computer simulations. To certify that the weapons actually work."

Was China in fact able to use the data its spies acquired to build a miniaturized warhead and replicate the W-88? That was one of the key questions that the CIA faced. "The agency wrestled with this in its classified damage assessment," an intelligence official said. "An earlier 1997 study by CIA only agreed that whatever they got saved them time, maybe two to fifteen years, and saved them resources.

"Chinese underground testing hit a peak in 1994-95 of a device somewhat similar to the W-88. You can't really tell, but you can bracket the yield, an analyst can put multiple sources together, and with the yield from seismographic information they can guess what was tested. Also you pick up a lot of SIGINT [signals intelligence]. They're chattering when a test takes place."

In May 1999 the bipartisan House committee headed by Christopher Cox issued its controversial report on Chinese espionage. The Cox Report expressed no doubts that China had taken advantage of stolen secrets. "The People's Republic of China (PRC) has stolen classified information on all of the United States' most advanced thermonuclear warheads, and several of the associated reentry vehicles," the report asserted. "These thefts are the result of an intelligence collection program spanning two decades, and continuing to the present.

"The stolen U.S. secrets have helped the PRC fabricate and successfully test modern strategic thermonuclear weapons. The stolen information includes classified information on seven U.S. thermonuclear warheads, including every currently deployed thermonuclear warhead in the U.S. intercontinental ballistic missile arsenal."

The report also judged that China was "capable of producing small thermonuclear warheads based on the stolen U.S. design information, including the stolen W-88 information."

A number of US scientists took issue with the report and have argued that China could produce small nuclear warheads on its own, without bothering to copy American designs. However, the report included statistics that tended to support the theory that China did in fact benefit from the US technology it had somehow obtained.

The report noted that "the PRC had conducted only 45 nuclear tests in the more than 30 years from 1964 to 1996 (when the PRC signed the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty), which would have been insufficient for the PRC to have developed advanced thermonuclear warheads on its own. This compares to the approximately 1,030 tests by the United States, 715 tests by the Soviet Union, and 210 by France."

The damage assessment by the intelligence community, while not agreeing with every aspect of the Cox Report, supported many of its major conclusions. The "Key Findings," an unclassified summary released in April 1999, found that China acquired US nuclear weapons information "by espionage" that "probably accelerated its program to develop future nuclear weapons" by allowing the Chinese to avoid dead ends in its research and development.

The summary also found that "China obtained at least basic design information on several modern US nuclear reentry vehicles, including the Trident II (W88)." China, it added, "also obtained information on a variety of US weapon design concepts and weaponization features, including those of the neutron bomb."

The "Key Findings" obliquely reflected the argument within the interagency group over whether China had been able to use the information its spies obtained. Chinese espionage, the assessment noted, had not resulted "in any apparent modernization of their deployed strategic force or any new nuclear weapons deployment." Finally, the summary concluded that China had the capacity to develop MIRVs but had not done so.

But the damage assessment, at least the portion made public, ducked another mystery. The FBI stood by its conclusion that the walk-in was who he claimed he was. If the CIA was correct that the walk-in was under the control of Chinese intelligence, why had China allowed him to deliver the W-88 document and hundreds of others?

The CIA was unable to arrive at an answer to the puzzle, but theories abounded within the intelligence agencies. One idea was that China may have been trying to rattle Washington by revealing it had acquired US nuclear secrets. In that view, the walk-in was sent to confuse or demoralize US intelligence by playing a game of "gotcha." Others speculated that the W-88 document was included by sheer accident, or to disguise the actual date when the information was acquired. Another theory held that the walk-in was part of an operation to intimidate Taiwan, which Beijing regards as part of China.

There were other theories, including one that the W-88 document was designed to support the credibility of the Chinese agent who brought it, in order to set the stage for a major deception of US intelligence. Often, a dispatched agent will hand over legitimate information to build his credibility, and then provide false information.

In the end, the experts could come up with no satisfactory answer. Whether the walk-in was sent or not, and aside from the debate about that between the CIA and the FBI, the central question remained of how China had obtained the information about the warhead in the first place. But one counterintelligence official at the Department of Energy was convinced that the W-88 details had come from Los Alamos, where the weapon was designed.

He had zeroed in on a suspect, a scientist at the lab. The official was sure he was the spy.

Chapter 9

KINDRED SPIRIT: WEN HO LEE

NOTRA TRULOCK GREW UP outside Indianapolis, the son of a fireman who became a gunsmith, and a mother who started her own doll-making business. He was a self-described mediocre student at Indiana University.

The Vietnam War was on; when he graduated in 1970 he was drafted into the Army, which sent him to the Defense Language Institute in Monterey to learn Russian. The Army Security Agency posted him to Germany, to the Bavarian Alps, where he spent eighteen months listening to Soviet radio traffic. After he got out, he joined the National Security Agency in 1975, then worked for a think tank in Denver. In 1990 he took a job at the Los Alamos National Laboratory. Four years later, he was promoted to director of intelligence at the Department of Energy in Washington.

Counterintelligence at the department was "little more than a joke," Trulock said. Although he had no background in CI, Trulock was determined to do something about the problems at DOE, particularly to improve what he perceived as lax security at the nuclear weapons labs. He was swimming against the current; scientists believe in the free exchange of ideas and are inherently resistant to security restrictions, polygraphs, and the counterintelligence mindset. There was, and probably always will be, tension between the physicists who design the nation's nuclear weapons, and "the cops" who are responsible for keeping secrets from falling into the wrong hands.

In 1992 an event took place that led in time to a prolonged mole hunt at DOE, presided over by Trulock. On September 25, China tested a nuclear weapon underground. US analysts concluded that Beijing had succeeded in exploding a miniaturized bomb. Over the next few years, other Chinese tests followed. In the spring of 1995 two scientists at Los Alamos, after analyzing the test data, told Trulock that China, in achieving a small warhead in a very short time, probably gained its success through espionage.

By July, under the code name KINDRED SPIRIT, an interagency working group with experts from the nuclear labs, the CIA, and the Defense Intelligence Agency was studying the question of whether China had developed a miniaturized warhead through spying. The group's cautious conclusions were never sent to the FBI, however. That same month, the FBI opened a file under the same code name, KINDRED SPIRIT, on the possible loss of nuclear secrets to China.

A month later, the CIA shared with the Energy Department the startling document with details of the W-88 warhead obtained from the walk-in who claimed to work in China's nuclear weapons program. Up to then, the suspicion of Chinese espionage had been based on an analysis of China's nuclear tests. The document provided by the walk-in dramatically changed all that. Now the focus of the inquiry shifted to the W-88. In September, DOE opened a formal investigation of how China had obtained precise classified details of America's most advanced weapon, the Trident warhead.

Trulock eagerly embraced the idea that American labs had been penetrated by China and nuclear secrets stolen. Someone in China had obtained the measurements of the W-88. Trulock was convinced the spy must be at Los Alamos, where the weapon had been designed in 1984, although data about the warhead had been widely circulated within the government.

With the assistance of an FBI agent who was dispatched to Los Alamos, a list of a dozen suspects was drawn up and sent to the bureau by Trulock. Wen Ho Lee was on the list, along with his wife, Sylvia, who had also been employed at Los Alamos. Lee worked in X Division, where the nuclear bombs are designed, the most secret part of the Los Alamos lab, and he had specific knowledge about the W-88.

Trulock, who quit as an officer of his college fraternity and moved out when it refused to pledge a black student, vehemently denied that Wen Ho Lee was singled out because he was Chinese. "We came up with a list of about a dozen people," he said. "There were Americans of Chinese origin and not of Chinese origin on the list."[*]

But a memo written by Dan Bruno, the chief of counterintelligence investigations at DOE—who reported to Trulock—explicitly recommended that Chinese Americans who worked with the W-88 be targeted by the investigation.

"A crucial element of this inquiry is the identification of personnel who worked on the various aspects of the design," the memo stated. "An initial consideration will be to identify those US citizens, of Chinese heritage, who worked directly or peripherally with the design development.... This is a logical starting point based upon the Intelligence Community's evaluation that the PRC targets and utilizes ethnic Chinese for espionage rather than persons of non-Chinese origin."

In the same vein, one of the more bizarre documents churned up in the Wen Ho Lee investigation is a memo in DOE files dated November 15, 1995, of a meeting about China's nuclear weapons program. It states that Charles Curtis, the deputy secretary of energy, "noted that there are seven Chinese restaurants in Los Alamos."

The question of whether Wen Ho Lee was singled out because he was Chinese was examined in a TOP SECRET Justice Department review completed in 2000 by Randy Bellows, a federal prosecutor. The exhaustive review, which was extremely critical of both DOE and the FBI, found "no evidence of racial bias" by DOE or "that the selection of Wen Ho Lee was based upon an investigation of Chinese Americans to the exclusion of any other group of potential suspects."

At the same time, the Bellows review found that DOE's final report to the FBI was edited at DOE to convert it from "a broad identification of potential suspects to a virtual indictment of the Lees." The forty-four-page DOE report found that Wen Ho Lee "was the only individual identified during this inquiry who had the opportunity, motivation and legitimate access" to the design of the W-88.

"Wen Ho Lee should never have been the *only* suspect," the Bellows review asserted, finding that "the message communicated to the FBI was that the FBI need look no further within DOE for a suspect. Wen Ho Lee was its man."

In short, Wen Ho Lee quickly became DOE's and Trulock's prime suspect. The widely held public perception that Lee was singled out because he was a Chinese American is a controversy that may never be fully resolved. Even those who investigated Lee are ambiguous in dealing with the question. For example, Robert Vrooman, a former CIA officer who was chief of counterintelligence at Los Alamos, said in a sworn court declaration in August 2000 that the scientist was singled out "because Lee is ethnic Chinese." But a month later, appearing on the PBS television show *The NewsHour with Jim Lehrer,* he told interviewer Gwen Ifill that the cause was not "ethnic profiling or racism. It was really just the lack of intellectual rigor in the original investigation.... Once they found Lee, and he was ethnic Chinese, they didn't go on and look at the entire population."

There were, however, several good reasons that Wen Ho Lee came up so rapidly on the radar screen. He had previously been investigated twice by the FBI for suspicious behavior.

In 1982 he was scrutinized at length by the FBI after he made the telephone call to Gwo-bao Min, the TIGER TRAP suspect, offering to find out who had "squealed" on Min. He had lied when asked about that, denying he had contacted the Livermore scientist, admitting the truth only when confronted with the transcript of the wiretap on Min's phone.

There was some question about how he learned that Min had been forced out of Livermore. In his memoir, *My Country Versus Me,* Wen Ho Lee wrote that he read "in a popular Chinese-language magazine" that "a Taiwanese nuclear scientist was fired from Lawrence Livermore." The publication, he said, had named Min. But Min's name did not surface, at least in any English-language publication, until after his identity was disclosed in a court document in the prosecution of Wen Ho Lee. The FBI suspected that Lee had learned about Min from another scientist.

On December 23, 1998, Lee was given a lie detector test administered by the security firm Wackenhut, an Energy Department contractor. He answered no when asked if he had ever committed espionage against the United States. In the pretest interview he acknowledged that, many years before, he had learned that "Ko Pau Ming," whom he knew was from Taiwan, "was having trouble with some men in China" and "out of curiosity" had telephoned him. [*] The Wackenhut report was declassified by the government in the subsequent prosecution of Wen Ho Lee. Min was later identified by name in a story by reporter Dan Stober in the *San Jose Mercury News*.

Early in 1994 the FBI opened a second investigation of Wen Ho Lee after an incident known in counterintelligence circles as "the hug." It began when Lee showed up uninvited at a meeting in Los Alamos of senior officials with a high-level visiting delegation of scientists from China.

The delegation was led by Hu Side, China's leading nuclear weapons designer. During a break in the meeting, Lee went up to Hu and was warmly embraced by the top Chinese weapons scientist. Some of the American participants in the meeting were immediately suspicious. How did Wen Ho Lee, a relatively low-level employee at Los Alamos, know Hu, and how did he merit a hug?

An FBI memorandum about the 1994 meeting cites an unidentified source who quoted Hu as saying of Wen Ho Lee, "We know him very well. He came to Beijing and helped us a lot."

Lee had been to China twice to attend scientific meetings, in 1986 and 1988. In his trip report after the 1988 meeting, Lee failed to mention that he had been visited at his hotel room by Hu Side, who was accompanied by another scientist, Zheng Shao Tong. Nor did he report that Zheng had asked whether the United States used two-point detonation on the W-88. Lee was aware that the answer was highly classified. He later claimed that he told Zheng "he did not know the answer" and did not want to discuss the matter.

Two-point detonation was, of course, the key to the design of the W-88, the way that US scientists had solved the problem of how to build a miniaturized warhead. And Hu Side was credited with developing the small warhead that Beijing tested four years later, in 1992.

Robert Vrooman, the Los Alamos counterintelligence chief, interviewed Wen Ho Lee after his 1988 trip to China. According to Vrooman, Lee not only omitted any mention of his hotel room meeting with Hu Side, "He answered no to a direct question," when specifically asked if any approach of that kind had occurred.

As a result of "the hug," the FBI investigated Wen Ho Lee for a year and a half, until November 1995. Six months later, on May 30, 1996, at the request of DOE, the FBI opened a full-fledged investigation of Wen Ho and Sylvia Lee. This time the probe, still code-named KINDRED SPIRIT, was not about a suspicious hug. It was about whether Wen Ho Lee had given the design secrets of the W-88 to Beijing.

The walk-in, whether under Chinese control or not, had produced a document that proved China had acquired details of America's most deadly and sophisticated warhead. That should have led immediately to a massive investigation by the FBI, the CIA, and DOE, to try to determine the source of the leak. Astonishingly, that did not happen for three years. In 1999, months after Wen Ho Lee was fired from the Los Alamos lab, a broader investigation was finally begun by the FBI.

Because of the narrow findings of the DOE formal inquiry, which pointed only to Wen Ho Lee, the FBI for three years was not investigating how and where China might have stolen the design details of the warhead. Instead, it was investigating Wen Ho Lee and his wife. In the words of the Bellows Report, "the FBI investigated the wrong crime."

Wen Ho Lee was born on December 21, 1939, into a poor farm family in Nantou, Taiwan, one of ten children who grew up in a three-room adobe mud house, surviving on the vegetables the family grew, and the chickens, ducks, geese, and pigs they raised. With his brothers and sisters, he caught fish and frogs each day for dinner. As a child during World War II, Lee lived through the Japanese occupation of Taiwan. After graduating from Cheng Kung University he served in Taiwan's air force for a year of compulsory military service. He came to the United States as a student in 1964, enrolled in Texas A&M, and earned a master's degree and then a PhD in engineering. He met his wife, Sylvia, in 1969 at the Rose Bowl parade in Pasadena; she had been born on the mainland but, like Wen Ho Lee, grew up on Taiwan. They were married soon afterward, and had two children.

In 1974 he became a US citizen, and four years later he was hired to work at Los Alamos on hydrodynamics codes of nuclear weapons. When metals liquefy in a nuclear explosion, they behave like fluids. Using computer models, scientists can write codes that simulate what happens in a real nuclear detonation. At Los Alamos, Lee worked on computer simulations of both primary fission components and the secondary hydrogen bombs. And he ran codes to test the W-88.

Sylvia Lee also was hired by the lab, as a secretary and then a data-entry clerk, and she soon volunteered as a sort of unofficial greeter for visiting scientists from China. She also reported to the FBI and the CIA on what she gleaned from those contacts.

Behind the scenes, the investigation of Wen Ho Lee created a dilemma for both the FBI and DOE. If he was a spy and remained in X Division, it was feared he might do more damage. But if he was pulled out, he might become suspicious that the government was closing in.

In 1996 DOE came up with an elaborate scheme to limit Wen Ho Lee's access to the vault at Los Alamos containing X Division's most sensitive secrets, but to do it in a way that would not alarm him. The lab would install an electronic device that would read palms to allow entry to the vault; then several employees, including Wen Ho Lee, would be told they no longer had access under the new system. The lab chief thought the palm reader had been installed, but it never was.

In July 1997 the Justice Department turned down an FBI request for a wiretap on Lee's telephone, saying the bureau lacked enough evidence to apply to the special Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court for a warrant. John F. Lewis Jr., then the FBI assistant director in charge of the national security division, met with Attorney General Janet Reno and pressed again for the wiretap, which was denied once more.

In the spring of 1998 Edward J. Curran, a former counterspy for the FBI and the CIA, was brought in to the Energy Department to head its Office of Counterintelligence. A tall, athletic father of four, Curran had been named chief of the CIA's counterespionage group after the Aldrich Ames debacle. At DOE, he was appalled to find Wen Ho Lee still in X Division at Los Alamos.

In August the FBI ran a "false flag" sting against Lee. An FBI agent who was a Chinese American telephoned Lee, claiming he was "a representative of the 'concerned department' from Beijing." He identified himself with a false name, Wang Ming-Li. But like so much about the Wen Ho Lee case, the sting was badly handled. The agent posing as an MSS officer spoke only Cantonese, even though officials in Beijing speak Mandarin.

The original plan was to use a Chinese American agent who spoke both Mandarin and the Shanghai dialect, because the FBI suspected that Wen Ho Lee might have had some link to the Shanghai State Security Bureau, the MSS arm in that city. Because the FBI agent sent to Santa Fe spoke only Cantonese, he had no credibility as an intelligence officer from Beijing.

In a series of telephone calls, the undercover FBI agent explained to Wen Ho Lee that he had come to New Mexico to make sure that all was well with Lee in the wake of the conviction in California of another Chinese American scientist, Peter Lee, for passing defense information to China. He asked to set up a meeting with Wen Ho Lee. Lee was skeptical of the caller's pitch, and said he was required to report any meeting with a foreign official. He said he preferred to talk on the phone.

The undercover FBI agent pressed to meet Wen Ho Lee in person, saying there were other sensitive matters besides the Peter Lee case that he wanted to discuss. Wen Ho Lee then agreed to meet the agent at the Hilton hotel in Santa Fe. But ten minutes later, Lee called back to say he had changed his mind.

The next day, the FBI man posing as a Chinese intelligence agent called again to say he would be leaving Santa Fe and gave Lee a pager number that he said belonged to a trusted American friend and could be used if Lee wanted to get in touch with him. Lee did not report the phone calls, but told his wife, Sylvia, who told a friend, who told DOE security. When Lee was then questioned about the calls by DOE counterintelligence, he acknowledged the phone calls but did not mention that he had accepted the beeper number.

Two days before Christmas, with Curran still determined to pull Lee from X Division, he was finally transferred to T Division, which performs unclassified work, where he remained until Bill Richardson, the secretary of energy, dismissed him altogether.

Richardson, a seven-term congressman and a veteran diplomat, had stepped into a political minefield. Washington was in an uproar. President Clinton was facing impeachment for lying about his affair with Monica Lewinsky; charges that China had contributed money to try to influence Clinton's 1996 presidential election campaign continued to bubble up in the press; and Richardson knew that the Wen Ho Lee case was rapidly coming to a head. The Cox Committee, with Trulock as its key witness, was gearing up to issue its sensational report on Chinese espionage, and Republicans in Congress smelled blood.

Richardson now saw his chances of becoming the nation's first Hispanic vice presidential candidate evaporating. Despite his Anglo name, his mother was Mexican, and he had high hopes that his Latino credentials and diplomatic and legislative record might help catapult him onto the Democratic ticket in 2000. But Richardson was seasoned enough to know that the turmoil at the Energy Department, damaging reports of flawed security at the labs, and the Chinese spy scandal, although not of his making, meant his political ambitions would have to be put on hold.

Wen Ho Lee, meanwhile, was blissfully unaware that the FBI had been intensively investigating him for three years, or that he was the prime suspect in how China had acquired design details of the W-88. Life was good in White Rock, the Los Alamos County community where the Lees had bought their house. Wen Ho Lee liked to cook for his friends and garden, and he continued to indulge his lifelong passion for fishing. As a respected nuclear scientist, he had traveled far from his dirt-poor roots a world away in Taiwan.

All of that came crashing down on Saturday, March 6, 1999, with the publication of a front-page story in the *New York Times.* The story, later the subject of much controversy, reported that China had succeeded in building small nuclear warheads, a "breakthrough" that officials said was speeded "by the theft of American nuclear secrets from Los Alamos National Laboratory in New Mexico." The story, by James Risen and Jeff Gerth, quoted Notra Trulock at length. It did not directly name Wen Ho Lee, but described "the main suspect" as "a Los Alamos computer scientist who is Chinese-American."

It was apparent that Trulock had leaked the story to the *Times,* a fact he later publicly confirmed on CBS's *60 Minutes,* in an interview with Lesley Stahl.

On the afternoon of Sunday, March 7, as the story reverberated throughout Washington, Wen Ho Lee was closeted in the El Dorado hotel in Santa Fe with two FBI agents, Carol Covert and John Hudenko. They shoved the *Times* story at him and warned, "It's not good, Wen Ho ... it's very bad ... There's a person at the laboratory that's committed espionage and that points to you!"

"But do they have any proof, evidence?" Lee asked.

In response, the agents pressed him, over and over again, about what had happened in the hotel room in Beijing in 1988 when Hu Side had visited him and he had been questioned about the detonation points of nuclear weapons. "Tell us what went on in that room," Covert demanded.

She warned, "You are going to be an unemployed nuclear scientist. You are going to be a nuclear scientist without a clearance. Where is a nuclear scientist without a clearance gonna get a job?"

He would not be able to get a job, Lee conceded. He could just retire.

"If you retire ... and we come knocking on your door, we have to arrest you for espionage! When somebody comes knocking on your door, Wen Ho ..."

"No, no, no," Lee protested.

"... they're not going to give you anything other than your Advice of Rights and a pair of handcuffs! That's all you're going to get. What are you going to tell your friends ... your family ... your wife and son? What's going to happen to your son in college ... when he hears the news? ... [A story] on the front page of the paper would say 'Wen Ho Lee arrested for espionage.' They're [reporters] going to find your son ... and they are going to say, you know your father is a spy?"

"But I'm telling you," Lee said, "I did not do anything like that."

Then the interrogation, hardly a walk in the park up to that point, turned really brutal.

COVERT: Do you know who the Rosenbergs are?
LEE: I heard them, yeah, I heard them mention.
COVERT: The Rosenbergs are the only people that never cooperated with the federal government in an espionage case. You know what happened to them? They electrocuted them, Wen Ho.
LEE: Yeah, I heard.
COVERT: The Rosenbergs professed their innocence. The Rosenbergs weren't concerned either ... The Rosenbergs are dead.

Wen Ho Lee, exhausted by now, stood his ground, insisting he had done nothing wrong. Always polite, he actually thanked the agents when the interrogation came to a close. When he finally left the FBI office, he was shaking.

On Monday morning, his name leaked out to the news media. At 11 A.M., he was called in and, on orders from Secretary Richardson, fired from Los Alamos for failing to report his encounter with Hu Side and other security infractions. After twenty years, his career at the laboratory was over.

When the Cox Report came out two months later, in May, it described how the 1995 "walk-in" to the CIA brought out the document containing design information on the W-88 and data about the other thermonuclear warheads. The report did not mention that Wen Ho Lee was DOE's prime suspect in the loss of the W-88 data, the real reason he was dismissed.

But the report did discuss two instances in which there had been leaks of information about the neutron bomb. Wen Ho Lee fell under suspicion in one of those cases as well. Referring to the TIGER TRAP case without using that code name or identifying Gwo-bao Min, the report said that in the late 1970s "the PRC had stolen classified U.S. information about the neutron bomb."

The Cox Report also contained a cryptic reference to a second neutron bomb leak to China, discovered in 1996. DOE sleuths suspected that Wen Ho Lee might be linked to that second loss.

Behind the brief reference in the Cox Report to an alleged second loss of neutron bomb data was a series of events backstage at DOE. China had tested a neutron bomb in 1988, but analysts at Los Alamos thought that if Beijing had used data acquired from the TIGER TRAP operation it may have encountered some of the same problems that the United States had experienced in developing a neutron warhead.

Yet China by the mid-1990s had managed somehow to solve those problems. Some of the scientists at Los Alamos said this sounded like the Chinese had learned of the "pill boosting" solution to making a neutron bomb, a secret process that US scientists had explored. There had been a secret conference at Los Alamos in 1992 reporting how the United States had solved the problem of designing the neutron bomb. Pill boosting was discussed at the conference. DOE investigators decided that the report from the conference must somehow have been passed to China. Once again, DOE suspected Wen Ho Lee.

Had Wen Ho Lee attended the conference? The frustrated counterintelligence agents at DOE were not sure, because scientists with Los Alamos badges could enter and leave the conference freely. Scientists with Livermore badges were checked in and their names recorded, so it was known which of them attended, but that was not the case for their colleagues at Los Alamos.

Beyond that, there was a dispute over whether the additional information about the neutron bomb had been acquired by China. Other scientists thought the original tip about a second theft of neutron bomb data was actually about a neutron generator, which is not secret. A neutron generator, colloquially known by bomb designers as a "zipper," is a device for producing high-energy neutrons with a particle accelerator. Although miniature neutron generators, produced by the Sandia National Laboratories, a DOE facility in Albuquerque, New Mexico, are used in all US nuclear weapons, neutron generators also have a wide application in medicine, geology, and basic laboratory physics experiments.

In the aftermath of his dismissal from Los Alamos, Wen Ho Lee hired Mark Holscher, then with the high-powered Los Angeles law firm of O'Melveny & Myers, to represent him. The FBI had accused him of espionage and the news media was camped outside his house; he needed a lawyer. As a federal prosecutor, Holscher had made his reputation prosecuting Heidi Fleiss, the Hollywood Madam. He was joined on the defense team by John Cline, a shrewd expert on the Classified Information Procedures Act (CIPA), a law that permits those parts of cases that might reveal government secrets to be heard by a judge in camera. It was enacted in an effort, only partly successful, to prevent defense attorneys from engaging in "graymail" by threatening to expose government secrets if prosecutors brought a case to trial.

But the more the government examined the case against Wen Ho Lee, the more prosecutors realized they could not charge him with espionage. There was, in fact, not a shred of evidence that Lee had passed information about the W-88, the neutron bomb, or any other secret to China. In searching his office at the lab, however, investigators discovered that he had downloaded computer files, the codes simulating nuclear explosions, from the classified computer to the open, "green" computer network. Moreover, he had then copied the codes onto tapes, and no one was sure how many tapes existed and what had become of them.

Operation KINDRED SPIRIT now metamorphosed into operation SEA CHANGE. If Lee could not be prosecuted for spying, he could be charged with mishandling nuclear secrets. The Justice Department began preparing a case against Lee for downloading the codes.

Ironically, DOE knew about Lee's massive downloading of classified files six years before the government indicted him for it. The computer office at Los Alamos had set up a system that it called Network Anomaly Detection and Intrusion Recording (with the inevitable acronym of NADIR) to ferret out unusual computer usage by the lab's scientists. The detection system flagged Wen Ho Lee's downloading in 1993. But the DOE official who knew about Lee's suspicious downloads failed to act and did not tell the DOE counterintelligence staff or the FBI.

In August 1999 Notra Trulock was forced out of DOE. To help deal with the counterintelligence crisis, Richardson had brought in Lawrence Sanchez, a veteran CIA officer who had been detailed to New York when Richardson was the US ambassador to the United Nations. He installed Sanchez above Trulock as chief of a newly created Office of Intelligence.

In the restructuring, Trulock was marginalized. He had touched off the chaos over Wen Ho Lee, leaked the original story to the *New York Times,* and spilled secrets to the Cox Committee. "I feel like a pariah in this department," Trulock said, accurately, a few days before he resigned. Still, given the political firestorm that had broken over DOE, Richardson found it prudent to give Trulock a hearty handshake and an award of $10,000.

That same month, Wen Ho Lee went on *60 Minutes,* and the government lost its case before it ever started. Lee's appearance with a sympathetic Mike Wallace turned the tide of public opinion in Lee's favor, and the prosecutors never regained their footing.

"The truth is I'm innocent," Lee said on the CBS television broadcast. "I have not done anything wrong with—what they try to accuse me."

Had he never passed United States nuclear secrets to China? Wallace asked.

"No I have never done that.... I devote the best time of my life to this country, to make the country stronger ... so we can protect the American people."

Wallace then asked why Lee had downloaded the files. "To protect my code," he replied. "To protect my file."

Lee was asked why he thought he had become a target.

"My best explanation of this is they think I'm a, you know, Chinese people—I was born in Taiwan. I think that's part of the reason. And the second reason, they want to find out some scapegoat."

Lee's explanation on *60 Minutes* of why he had illegally downloaded the codes was enigmatic. In later statements, he elaborated. He said he had once lost his work when the lab converted to a new computer system and did not want it to happen again. Government investigators theorized that it was more likely he wanted the material in case he ever left Los Alamos to look for a new job.

Four months later, on December 10, 1999, a federal grand jury in Albuquerque handed down a fifty-nine-count indictment charging Lee with mishandling classified information. If convicted he faced a sentence of life in prison. He was arrested by the FBI at his home, handcuffed, and taken to the Santa Fe County jail. Three days later, he was denied bail after Stephen Younger, the associate director of nuclear weapons programs at Los Alamos, warned ominously that the codes Wen Ho Lee had downloaded could, in the wrong hands, "change the global strategic balance."

Lee spent the next nine months in solitary confinement. Under the harsh special administrative measures, or SAM, ordered by the attorney general, he was placed in handcuffs, waist shackles, and leg irons during the one hour a week he was allowed outside his cell.

Lee's defense lawyers pressed unsuccessfully to have him released from the onerous prison conditions. But as the months dragged by, the government's case suffered a series of setbacks. Two lead prosecutors left. One quit to run for Congress, another was replaced because of reports he had an affair with a woman on his staff. Robert A. Messemer, an FBI supervisory special agent, admitted in court that he had given erroneous testimony about Lee.

John Cline was promising to force the government to produce highly classified evidence if the case went to trial. FBI director Louis J. Freeh worried that if Lee was convicted, the government would never find out why he had downloaded the nuclear weapons codes and transferred them to tapes, seven of which were missing.

Alberta Lee, Wen Ho Lee's daughter, was tireless and effective in appearing at rallies and on television on her father's behalf, asserting that he was innocent and a victim of racial profiling because of his Chinese heritage. In August, James A. Parker, the federal district judge presiding over the case, said he was not persuaded that Lee should be kept in jail, and ordered him released. The government blocked his release. By September, however, prosecutors, their case unraveling, were ready to give up. They offered Lee a plea bargain.

The terms were worked out among the lawyers for the two sides; the government would drop fifty-eight of the fifty-nine counts in the indictment. In return, Lee would plead guilty to one count of mishandling defense data, a felony, and would tell the government why he had downloaded the secrets and what he did with his tapes.

Then Judge Parker stunned the hushed courtroom in Albuquerque with his words. "I believe you were terribly wronged by being held in custody pretrial in the Santa Fe County Detention Center under demeaning, unnecessarily punitive conditions. I am truly sorry that I was led by our executive branch of government to order your detention last December. Dr. Lee I tell you with great sadness that I feel I was led astray last December by the executive branch of our government.... They did not embarrass me alone. They have embarrassed our entire nation and each of us who is a citizen of it.

"I might say that I am also sad and troubled because I do not know the real reasons why the executive branch has done all of this....

"Although, as I indicated, I have no authority to speak on behalf of the executive branch, the president, the vice president, the attorney general, or the secretary of the Department of Energy, as a member of the third branch of the United States Government, the judiciary, the United States Courts, I sincerely apologize to you, Dr. Lee, for the unfair manner you were held in custody by the executive branch."

Wen Ho Lee was free. He walked out into the bright New Mexico sunlight, accompanied by his lawyers and Alberta, to face the television cameras. "For the next few days, I'm going fishing," he said.

The prosecution was derided because the government had thrown fifty-nine counts at Lee and was able to convict him of only one. But the unusual length of the indictment was a result of the fact that each count listed a separate file that Lee had "removed" or altered and copied.

The plea agreement was almost derailed when at the last minute Lee mentioned to the lawyers that he had not only downloaded the codes and copied them onto tapes, he had also made copies of the tapes. He claimed he had thrown the tapes into a dumpster near his office in the lab. The FBI later assigned a hapless team of agents to dig through the city dump looking for the tapes, but they were never found.

In the aftermath of the case, Brian Sun, an astute Los Angeles lawyer who later represented J.J. Smith in the PARLOR MAID case, brought an invasion-of-privacy suit on behalf of Wen Ho Lee against the government for leaking Lee's name to the press. In 2006 the suit was settled for

$1,645,000, with five news organizations agreeing to pay almost half that amount.

The news outlets were not named in the suit, but joined in the settlement to avoid having their reporters punished and possibly jailed for refusing to name their sources. The reporters had been held in contempt of court and ordered to pay fines of $500 a day, but the fines were suspended while they appealed.

And so the saga was over, with no real winners. The case was a fiasco, and a tragedy. The evidence suggests that Wen Ho Lee may have been singled out, at least in part, because he was a Chinese American. That should never have happened. There were certainly other significant factors that led to the focus on Lee; his actions had led to two previous FBI investigations.

Although critics blamed Trulock for the Wen Ho Lee debacle, he did alert Congress and the public to the fact that China had somehow obtained details of the nation's most sophisticated nuclear weapon. And responsibility for mishandling the Wen Ho Lee case was shared among a wide spectrum of officials at DOE, the Department of Justice, the federal prosecutors in Albuquerque, and the FBI.

As an Asian American casualty of government misconduct, Wen Ho Lee was a deeply flawed hero. He pleaded guilty to a felony, mishandling defense information. He lied to the FBI, denying that he had called the TIGER TRAP scientist until confronted with the wiretap evidence. He downloaded thousands of classified nuclear weapons files to an insecure, unclassified computer system and then onto tapes, for his own, still unclear, reasons. Several of those tapes were never found. He concealed his contact in China with Hu Side, China's top nuclear weapons designer, the scientist who built that country's small nuclear warhead.

He had very smart lawyers and a shrewd sense of public relations—his appearance on *60 Minutes* was a brilliant move, although he never convincingly explained to Mike Wallace exactly why he had downloaded all those files. But he was jailed and held under excessively harsh conditions, and the government bungled the case against him at every turn. He was portrayed to the public as a dangerous spy yet never charged with espionage or found guilty of espionage.

Almost forgotten amid the furor over the Wen Ho Lee case was the still-unanswered question that started it all—the mystery of who stole the design of the W-88 warhead and gave it to China.

Chapter 10

SEGO PALM

ROBERT M. "BEAR" BRYANT was raised on a farm in Springfield, Missouri, went to law school at the University of Arkansas, and then joined the FBI. He rose through the ranks to head the national security division, and in 1997 was named the bureau's second in command, as deputy director.

By September 1999, Bryant was unhappy with the Wen Ho Lee investigation, which was dragging on and seemed no closer than ever to discovering how China had acquired the dimensions of the W-88 warhead. In fact, there was so much controversy over the botched probe of Wen Ho Lee that the larger question seemed in danger of being lost in the shuffle.

Bryant reached his decision. The FBI needed to launch a separate, major investigation of how China had gained access to the secret of the nation's most advanced nuclear weapon.

He knew whom to call. Steve Dillard, the special agent in charge in Jackson, Mississippi, had worked for Bryant in Kansas City, Salt Lake, and at headquarters. He had run the section in charge of foreign counterintelligence and espionage and over the years had earned Bryant's complete trust.

A thin, bespectacled, soft-spoken man, Dillard was pleased to be back in his native Mississippi. He grew up in New Albany (pop. 7,607), in the hill country in the northeast corner of the state, and had a master's degree in sociology and criminology, as well as a law degree. In manner and appearance, he could easily be mistaken for a college professor rather than the counterspy and FBI veteran he was.

Dillard recalled how his Mississippi idyll ended. "I got a phone call out of the blue from Bob Bryant. He said the FBI was taking a hit in congressional hearings and in the national media." Bryant bluntly laid out his concerns and asked Dillard to fly back to Washington and take a look at the origin and status of the Wen Ho Lee investigation.

"I asked that a copy of the Albuquerque field office case file be shipped in to FBI headquarters," Dillard said. "I came in to headquarters on a Monday morning and over the next three days, read both the headquarters and the Albuquerque files."

On a secure phone, Dillard made several calls to the field office in Albuquerque and to CIA headquarters. On Thursday afternoon, he reported his conclusions to Bryant, who had him brief FBI director Louis Freeh the next morning. In the afternoon, Dillard and Freeh met with the attorney general, Janet Reno.

Early the following week Reno, Freeh, and Dillard sat down with Secretary Richardson at the Department of Energy. The FBI would continue its investigation of Wen Ho Lee, they told Richardson, but it also would open an "overall investigation" of the documents obtained in 1995 from the walk-in, including the one displaying the measurements of the W-88, "to examine other potential areas of compromise."

Dillard was given carte blanche to assemble as big a staff as he needed. The new, broader investigation of the W-88 compromise was given a secret code name: SEGO PALM, named after a plant, *Cycas revoluta,* native to southern Japan that is poisonous to humans and animals.

Soon, Dillard put together a task force of three hundred people in eleven government agencies. He worked from FBI headquarters, but also enlisted several agents at the Washington field office. One, Dave Lambert, served as case agent at the field office for the new investigation. Lambert was one of the two FBI men who later interviewed the walk-in and judged him authentic, not a plant as the CIA contended.

Most members of the task force were from the Defense Department. There were researchers, and agents from a little-known Pentagon unit, the Counterintelligence Field Activity. A large group of translators worked on the walk-in documents, mostly from the FBI and the CIA, although some were from the NSA and the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA).

The investigation was, to say the least, challenging. How China had accomplished its coup of obtaining the W-88 data, the source or sources of the documents or information that had ended up in Beijing, the individuals who might have passed the secrets, exactly when that had occurred—all were unknowns, the answers locked in the minds and files of Chinese intelligence half a world away across the Pacific.

Bryant and Dillard recognized that there was no assurance the new investigation would discover the answers. Even so, Dillard was startled by what he had found even as he was assembling the huge task force.

The administrative inquiry by DOE's intelligence branch, Dillard said, reported that the information in the walk-in document "had to have come from X Division within Los Alamos, and Wen Ho Lee was the only person in X Division who could have compromised the information. It was completely wrong."

The internal evidence in the W-88 document made that clear, Dillard said. "In any nuclear weapon, you have the physics package and the delivery system," he continued. "The physics package is the configuration and parts of the two-stage bomb itself. The delivery systems are the mechanisms we use to deliver the bomb to the target—the ICBMs, the submarine-launched ballistic missiles, and the strategic bombers. This document had a small amount of information about the physics package, but it had even more stuff dealing with the delivery system. That meant that DOD, the Defense Department, not DOE, was the proprietor of the majority of the information in the document."

Although that did not exclude Los Alamos and the Energy Department as the source of the leak, it suggested that the Pentagon was a more likely place to look. The information in the W-88 document, Dillard said, was not only "all over" the Defense Department and DOE, "it was in Trident submarine manuals, and some of it had even been shared with the Brits."

Under an agreement reached in 1982, Britain was allowed to equip its submarines with Trident II missiles. "It had been public knowledge for nearly a half century that the US and the Brits had a cooperative and shared arrangement for their nuclear weapons programs. We've even had our scientists from DOE's national laboratories detailed to the British nuclear weapons facilities at Aldermaston and Burghfield."

Dillard was not saying that the walk-in's information had leaked from Britain. His point was that the Energy Department's analysts "failed to perceive that the material could have been compromised through various components of the US government, including the Defense Department, possibly even through a foreign government."

After China tested its small warhead in 1992, the Energy Department pulled together about two dozen scientists in its KINDRED SPIRIT advisory group. That in turn led to the DOE administrative inquiry that produced the forty-four-page report to the FBI stating that Wen Ho Lee was "the only individual" who could have leaked the information about the W-88. The administrative inquiry had supposedly drawn upon the findings of the KINDRED SPIRIT advisory group. Dillard resolved to dig deeper; he decided that the FBI would talk to the advisory group.

"I couldn't believe that two dozen of our weapons scientists could be so wrong. By that time, the original members of the group had scattered around all over the country. I had our agents locate and interview every single member of the original group. Only about four or five of that group said that it had to have originated in Los Alamos and X Division. The rest of them, along with me and my FBI and Justice Department colleagues, thought that idea was baseless."

According to Dillard, "about twenty members of the advisory group said they could not identify the source of the information in the walk-in document. But what DOE sent to the FBI was the administrative inquiry which pinpointed not only X Division, but specifically Wen Ho Lee."

The Bellows Report, the exhaustive review of the Wen Ho Lee case, agreed that DOE had sent the FBI on a wild-goose chase. But it was equally critical of the FBI for unquestioningly accepting DOE's conclusion and focusing all of its resources on Wen Ho Lee. It faulted "the FBI's own lack of investigative interest in looking beyond Wen Ho Lee."

But for Dillard, that was ancient history. He had now been assigned to the investigation that should have taken place three years earlier. And the trail was cold.

The Chinese, he realized, could have obtained the information about the W-88 not only from Los Alamos, where the warhead was designed, or from elsewhere in DOE, but from a much broader spectrum of agencies within the government—from the Pentagon, the armed services, hundreds of defense contractors, even the British. Pinpointing the source of the leak was proving nearly impossible.

Nor did the rivalry between the CIA and the FBI help matters. When the bureau wanted to interview the walk-in, the CIA said he was inaccessible. Dillard thought otherwise, and the FBI found him, living in the United States.

Doug Gregory and Dave Lambert, the two agents who interviewed the walk-in, concluded he had not been sent by Chinese intelligence. Unlike the CIA's view, their assessment was that he was not controlled. However, the walk-in was unable to shed any light on the source of the W-88 document.

Dillard did not confine his investigation to the W-88, although that was the major focus. Although only a few documents in the walk-in's trove dealt with nuclear weapons, there were others of counterintelligence interest, including classified US documents containing data from the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force.

In a vault in the basement of the CIA, languishing in dust-covered boxes, Dillard was astonished to find thousands of documents that had never been translated when they were brought out by the walk-in four years earlier. Now they would have to be examined by the task force.

It was slow and painstaking work. The titles of the documents were translated first. Dillard assigned priority to those that looked the most interesting. These were summarized, and if they had intelligence value, some of the full texts were translated. But there was nothing in the other material that gave any clue to the origin of the W-88 document.

Dillard was hoping to find a document, somewhere inside the defense and nuclear weapons establishment, that might match up to the details in the Chinese document. Then it might be possible to zero in on a US agency or even one of its components in the search for the source.

But there was a problem. Some US documents contained data about the fission and hydrogen bombs inside the warhead. Other documents dealt with the delivery vehicle itself. But few combined the two. The fact that the Chinese W-88 document contained data about both the physics package—the bombs—and the outer shell or nose cone made it likely, Dillard concluded, that the information obtained by China had come from more than one document.

While SEGO PALM was under way at FBI headquarters in 1999, others were also trying to solve the mystery of the W-88 leak and the documents obtained from the walk-in. At Los Alamos, Robert Vrooman, who headed counterintelligence at the lab for a decade, wrote a memo reporting that four scientists at the lab believed that the documents originated with a defense contractor in Colorado Springs that manufactured subcomponents for much of the US nuclear arsenal.

Dillard also looked at defense contractors in California, Florida, Texas, Nevada, and elsewhere. In trying to pinpoint the source of the W-88 document, the FBI sought help from the Navy, and the Naval Criminal Investigative Service, as well as the Pentagon and DOE.

Dillard's task force also had to look at several other locations. The warhead was designed at Los Alamos, but DOE's Sandia National Laboratories in Albuquerque did the engineering of the W-88, and many nonnuclear elements are manufactured at DOE's Kansas City site. Tritium, a key component of hydrogen bombs, comes from DOE's Savannah River plant near Aiken, South Carolina. The warhead itself was assembled at Pantex, the DOE plant, northeast of Amarillo, Texas.

At Los Alamos, meanwhile, Ken Schiffer, a Chinese counterintelligence specialist at the FBI for twenty-nine years, had retired and in 1998 became director of internal security at the laboratory. Schiffer, too, asked three nuclear weapons scientists at Los Alamos to analyze the W-88 document for clues as to its origin.

Schiffer had an unusual background. He grew up near Sheridan, Wyoming, where his father raised horses and cattle and later bought a ranch in Kaycee, Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid territory. Schiffer, who joined the bureau after graduating from the University of Colorado, had entered and won prizes in rodeos and continued competing during his FBI career. Possibly he forgot he was not on a bronco in February 1970 when he wrecked an FBI Plymouth Fury III.

As punishment he received a letter of censure from J. Edgar Hoover—"It is clear that you did not give proper attention to your driving" —and in addition was ordered to Chinese-language school. Apparently the FBI chief suspected there were spies in the nation's Chinatowns, because Schiffer was required to learn Toishan, a Cantonese dialect spoken by many of the older immigrants who came to the United States and opened Chinese restaurants.

Schiffer, who framed Hoover's letter and put it on the wall of his home, much to his wife's dismay, might never have become a Chinese counterintelligence agent had he not wrecked the Plymouth. In the 1980s he ran the China squad at the Washington field office, then worked at headquarters, and later supervised counterintelligence in San Diego.

The Los Alamos scientists reported to Schiffer that the walk-in's document on the W-88 appeared to match a 1986 "interface" document from an earlier stage in the development of the warhead. The term is used to describe a progress report on a project. When the Pentagon wants a new nuclear weapon, an interface document is generated and sent to DOE and the labs, which design the weapon.

Schiffer relayed the scientists' conclusions to the FBI, but their findings did not bring the bureau closer to determining how the Chinese had acquired the details of the warhead. And because the document had circulated back and forth throughout the labs and the Pentagon, even if China had acquired it, there was no way to tell at what point in the loop it might have been intercepted.

One cause of contention among the intelligence experts who analyzed the walk-in's documents was a very slight discrepancy between the measurements of the W-88 in the Chinese document and the true size of the warhead. The Chinese data was said to be one millimeter off.

Ken Schiffer said the discrepancy could be explained by the fact that the walk-in document was based on dimensions in the 1986 document. "This was an early stage that changed later on."

Ray Wickman, who headed the FBI's China squad and later worked in counterintelligence at DOE, offered a different reason for the minuscule variance in the Chinese data from the actual dimensions of the warhead. "The US document had measurements in inches. The Chinese document had dimensions in millimeters. If you translated the US document into millimeters and rounded off the number and then translated it back to inches there could be a slight discrepancy."

About six months into the SEGO PALM investigation, Dillard decided to call in the Jasons. A secretive, elite group of the nation's top scientists, Jason—the organization uses the singular rather than the plural form of the name—probably has about fifty members, only some of whose identities are known. Twice a year, the group prepares studies for the Pentagon and the intelligence community. Most of its reports are classified.

Dillard asked the Jasons and Richard L. Garwin, a brilliant nuclear physicist and government adviser, to review the W-88 document. A number of other nuclear scientists were brought in to help.

The CIA was prevailed on to give the Jasons a TOP SECRET briefing on the document and its provenance. The briefing was held in a SCIF at the headquarters of the Mitre Corporation, in McLean, Virginia, which administers Jason. In a SCIF, a vault supposedly secure from eavesdroppers, no laptops or other electronic devices are allowed. The scientists, at least for a while, were deprived of their BlackBerrys and cell phones.

The Jasons endorsed SEGO PALM's methodology, and provided some additional recommendations. But even the brainy scientists could only guess at where or how the information about the W-88 warhead might have found its way to China.

At DOE, Richardson's new director of intelligence, Larry Sanchez, was also looking into the loss of the W-88 design details. Sanchez was not a typical cubicle-dwelling government official. He grew up in Washington, DC, where his mother was vice counsel of the Brazilian embassy. After working as a charter boat captain and scuba instructor, he joined the CIA in 1984 and served overseas in several posts in East Asia in the agency's clandestine service. Dark-haired and muscular, he was a competitive weightlifter who jumped out of airplanes for relaxation; he reported to work at DOE with a gold bead in his pierced left ear, awarded the year before, after he'd completed five hundred jumps.

Sanchez quickly discovered that dissemination lists of more than half a dozen DOE classified manuals, each several pages long and containing the same information as in the Chinese document, had been distributed inside DOE, as well as to the Defense Department, the armed services, and some five hundred government agencies and private contractors.

Officials conducting the intelligence community's damage assessment in 1999 thought that the document turned over by the walk-in closely paralleled a US Navy document that was circulated widely within the government. In Los Alamos alone fifty copies were found. The Navy document was a memo from the undersecretary of defense for research and engineering to the chief of naval operations. It appeared to have been written in the Navy's Strategic Systems Project Office in the early 1980s.

With so many different theories floating around, Dillard had his hands full, juggling a mountain of information, much of it conflicting. And then tragedy struck. At 9:37 A.M. on September 11, 2001, some of the investigators on Dillard's task force were among those lost when American Airlines Flight 77, hijacked by terrorists, struck the west wall of the Pentagon, killing 125 people and all 64 people aboard the aircraft.

The work went on, and a Pentagon unit, part of the SEGO PALM investigation, did find precise evidence of the origin of at least one of the walk-in's documents. According to Dillard, "We found one original document from a defense contractor with the same schematic diagrams, the same information, the same names, and it matched exactly with one of the walk-in documents written in Chinese. But this was not the W-88, it was a classified portion of one of the delivery systems."

In the end, Dillard judged that the Chinese had most likely put together the data about the W-88 and the other weapons systems little by little over a long period of time. "When you look at all of the materials we examined, we concluded that the compromises were likely to have been made by either multiple personnel or multiple means over a several-year period from the '70s to the early '90s." China had obtained the information, Dillard said, "by spies, or through technical means, or through negligent acts."

After two and a half years running SEGO PALM, Dillard early in 2002 was nominated by FBI director Robert S. Mueller III to head the Office of Counterintelligence at DOE. The office had been created in the wake of the Wen Ho Lee case. Dillard remained a senior FBI official, detailed to his new position at the Energy Department.

Mike Donner, a veteran FBI counterintelligence agent, took over the SEGO PALM investigation. Donner, who had worked on the Aldrich Ames spy case, was well informed on both the W-88 conundrum and the history of the Wen Ho Lee affair. He had helped to put together the Bellows Report on the case two years earlier.

Donner ran SEGO PALM for another two years. During that period, the FBI pursued another investigation, an offshoot code-named FALLOUT. SEGO PALM examined the walk-in's documents for clues about their origin. FALLOUT was looking at suspects who might have leaked the W-88 details. None was pinpointed or prosecuted.

SEGO PALM and FALLOUT were unable to resolve the mystery of how China obtained the design of America's most advanced nuclear weapon or who had leaked the information. While the Wen Ho Lee disaster garnered all the headlines, the FBI, unknown to the public, worked in secrecy for four and a half years, enlisting three hundred people and ten other agencies, in a massive effort to find the leak and solve the enigma of the man who walked into the CIA with a duffle bag full of secrets. In the end, the answer stayed hidden where it had begun, in China.

Chapter 11

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

SPECIAL AGENT J.J. SMITH was sitting on top of the world. With Katrina Leung as his golden informant on China, he continued to enjoy a unique status in the FBI's Los Angeles field office and at headquarters in Washington. An extrovert, confident—some would say brash—he was not easily fazed by the unexpected. But even J.J. froze, at least momentarily, when he heard the news that PARLOR MAID brought back from Beijing in March 1991.

This time, she reported on an extraordinary meeting she had with Jiang Zemin, the general secretary of the Communist Party, destined to become China's president; Jia Chunwang, the head of the MSS and the nation's top spy; and Mao Guohua, the head of the MSS's American department.

A month later, J.J. would learn, from the National Security Agency intercept, that Mao was Leung's MSS handler and that, using the code name Luo, she was spilling FBI secrets to him. But PARLOR MAID gave no hint of that when Smith debriefed her at her home in San Marino.

It was the subject of the meeting in Beijing that rocked J.J. Jiang Zemin and the other Chinese officials wanted Leung to become a major contributor to the Republican Party. President George H. W. Bush was up for reelection the following year.

According to PARLOR MAID, as J.J. wrote in an FBI memo classified SECRET, "Secretary Jiang asked, 'What are President BUSH's chances of being reelected?'" Leung, mistakenly as it turned out, ventured that his chances were "excellent"; Bush was defeated by his Democratic opponent, Bill Clinton.

"JIANG said, of course we care because we don't know if a new president would be as friendly as BUSH." The party chief, according to Katrina, added that "we take every opportunity to support people we like.... It would be nice to have friends like you (pro-China) to be involved in U.S. politics. Every little thing adds up."

Jiang warmed to his subject. "You could be involved at various levels. If your involvement makes you a friend of the Republican Party at the local, state or congressional level then we have one less enemy. I am sure we will give you the support you need."

Uh-oh. Smith realized that this conversation in Beijing, with Chinese officials at the highest level, was about influencing the American presidential election. It was sensitive, politically explosive information, not the sort that counterintelligence agents normally gather and report to FBI headquarters.

The early-morning meeting had taken place on March 4 at Zhongnanhai, the leadership compound adjacent to the Forbidden City in Beijing.[*] Mao Guohua asked Leung, "How can you actively participate in this election?" Leung then offered the Chinese leaders a short course in US

Politics 101. "Most people start at the state level. A person could participate as a 'major member' if you donate about $10,000 to the Republican Party. Then you are in the inner circle."

She explained what would happen next. "Then you can become inner circle at the national level of the party. Of course once you are invited to the inner circle you are automatically invited and expected to donate lots of money at various fund raisers.

"These fund raising parties would include parties for the President, Senators, Congressmen and other state politicians. All of these people would look you up. Even people from out of state. And they would have their hand open for donations."

Mao asked, "When will this process start?" A year before the election takes place, Katrina replied. "MAO asked, if we want you to be involved you should start early, right?" Leung said yes.

There was a discussion as well of President Bush's campaign staff, in which the Chinese officials displayed a keen interest. Mao briefed Jiang Zemin on what he had learned from Leung about the Bush campaign, that "a man named Yeutter will head it replacing a man named ATWATER who is very ill."

Two months earlier, Clayton K. Yeutter, a Nebraska corn farmer and Bush's agriculture secretary, had replaced Lee Atwater as the Republican National Committee chairman. Atwater, the master of attack politics, entered the hospital the day after Leung's meeting in Beijing and died of a brain tumor three weeks later at age forty. It was Atwater who had orchestrated Bush's election in 1988, crushing the Democratic candidate, Michael Dukakis, with the aid of the famous Willie Horton television commercial.

When the meeting broke up after an hour, Mao accompanied Leung to her hotel, where they talked four hours more, according to Smith's report. "MAO said I have the approval for you to make contributions to the Republican Party. If you are correct about $10,000 making you a major member of the Republican Party, we want you to join as a major member."

She replied, "$10,000 will get me in but I will need a lot of money to sustain the effort over a long period of time." MAO responded, "I know. $10,000 is nothing to the Republican Party or to us. We do not expect you to manipulate anyone with $10,000."

Mao then explained, "One of the reasons we want you to go ahead is that it would enhance your image and heighten your profile so that you might be in a better position to handle other things. I clearly understand that once you start this process it is a never ending series of donations. If $10,000 is a reasonable amount to get you in and if it takes a reasonable amount of money to continue then we will support you."

Leung and Mao then fenced about the money. She said, "Define your terms. What is reasonable to you? Give me a budget and I'll work with it."

Mao ducked. "I have this approved in principle," he said. "I have no details."

That evening, Minister Jia Chunwang, the MSS chief, showed up at the hotel and hosted a dinner meeting in room 17, the presidential suite. Jia "had a serious upper respiratory infection" and, solicitous of their important asset, "insisted on sitting at least 5 feet away from the source [Leung] and he covered his mouth with a napkin when he talked." Coughing away, the top spy ordered only hot water to drink.

Here, the meeting among spies took a farcical turn. Leung "insisted he try an old Chinese student flu remedy, boiled Coca Cola with lemon." Never mind me, the MSS chief responded, "you should take better care of MAO, he is too skinny." It was true, Mao replied, he had an ulcer. Leung said "me too" and then Leung and her MSS handler "compared symptoms."

As the officials at the hotel discussed their ailments with Leung, China was preparing to celebrate Lei Feng Day, named for the national hero, a twenty-two-year-old soldier in the People's Liberation Army who was killed in 1962 when a truck he was directing backed up and hit a telephone pole, which fell on him. He was later glorified by Mao Zedong's propagandists as a symbol of patriotic youth, loyalty to China, and selfless devotion to others. "Be like Lei Feng" was the slogan drilled into Chinese schoolchildren.

Leung remarked, "You probably think I am too young to remember Lei but I do and I remember the song that was written about him." She then proceeded to sing a few bars of the lyrics. "JIA thereafter sang the song in its entirety to everyone's amusement," the FBI report said.

"*Emulate the fine example of Lei Feng, ever frugal and simple,*" the spy chief trilled. "*Emulate the fine example of Lei Feng, who kept Chairman Mao's teachings ever in his heart.*" And so on.

Then the group got back to business. "Minister JIA said, I am sure MAO told you that once you establish a budget to join the Republican Party, we will give you the money. Don't worry there is no special tasking from us. I think it would do you a great deal of good to have a higher profile which gives you more protection. If anything good comes your way for China so much the better."

Jia's instructions were very much in the "thousand grains of sand" mold. Become an active Republican, donate money, and let's see what happens. The entire discussion was a precursor to the much more active, and controversial, role of Chinese donors in President Clinton's 1996 election campaign, in which Katrina Leung would serve as a major FBI source.

Leung in fact did become a substantial contributor to the Republican Party. As noted, she gave $10,000 to Los Angeles mayor Richard J. Riordan, who lost the Republican primary for governor of California in 2002. And after the Beijing meeting, Leung and her husband contributed about $27,000 to the Republican Party during the 1990s.

It was only a month after Leung's meeting with Jiang Zemin, Jia, and Mao Guohua that Bill Cleveland contacted J.J. to warn that PARLOR MAID, using the code name Luo, had been caught on tape reporting FBI secrets to Mao.

It was a mark of Leung's growing importance that she had acquired the code name Luo from none other than Zhu Qizhen, a ranking official in China's foreign ministry. As vice minister, he had run the North American department, and he was ambassador to the United States from 1989 to 1993. Zhu himself had assigned Leung the code name Luo Zhongshan.

But there had been danger signals about PARLOR MAID well before the NSA tape provided incontrovertible evidence that Leung was reporting to the MSS. Late in 1987, PARLOR MAID asked an official in the Chinese consulate in San Francisco to call her from a pay phone. The implication was that she assumed or knew that the consulate was bugged by the FBI and had something to tell him that she did not want the bureau to overhear.

If the consulate was wiretapped, the FBI may have heard Leung make her request that she be called from a pay phone. Or perhaps the FBI learned about her request from a recruitment in place, or RIP, that the bureau had inside the San Francisco consulate. In any case, the bureau opened an investigation. But the inquiry was quickly closed when it was discovered that Leung was J.J.'s asset.

In June 1990, almost a year before J.J. Smith and Bill Cleveland learned about Leung's intercepted conversation with Mao Guohua, the FBI received the information that PARLOR MAID had tipped off the Chinese to the FBI's bugging of China's consulate in Los Angeles. Soon after, the FBI's supersophisticated listening devices abruptly went silent.

When headquarters questioned J.J. about the compromise, he contended that PARLOR MAID could not have informed the Chinese of the electronic eavesdropping of the Los Angeles consulate, because J.J. himself did not know about it. FBI headquarters accepted his explanation and let the matter drop. But it was not then known that Leung, during her trysts with J.J., had been quietly helping herself to secret FBI documents from his briefcase.

J.J. was so well regarded at the time that FBI headquarters decided he could personally handle any concerns about Leung's reliability. So the pay phone incident, the report that she had blown the bugging of the Los Angeles consulate, and the intercept of her conversation with Mao were all left in J.J.'s hands.

Which was fine with him. An episode in the mid-1980s illustrated how confident J.J. was that he could handle whatever came along. J.J. Smith was the lead case agent in the FBI investigation of one of its own, Richard Miller, an overweight, klutzy FBI man in Los Angeles who became romantically entangled with Svetlana Ogorodnikova, a sultry thirty-four-year-old KGB agent, and as a token of his affection gave her classified documents. She was sentenced to eighteen years; Miller, the first FBI agent to be convicted of espionage, was sentenced to twenty years. At the very time that J.J. was investigating Miller, he blithely continued his affair with his own mistress, Katrina Leung.

Despite the red flags raised about Leung, the FBI was reassured by the fact that she had passed two polygraph exams, and because a Chinese defector confirmed much of her reporting. The CIA, as well, was pleased with the information she was supplying to J.J. This was especially true in 1989, when she traveled to China soon after the Tiananmen Square crackdown. When she returned, she provided the FBI with information about political rivalry inside the Chinese leadership at a time when almost no information of that kind was coming out of China.

But not everyone in the FBI and the CIA was enthusiastic over PARLOR MAID. In the late 1980s Leung had brought back a videotape she made in China. Bill Cleveland played the videotape for the China squad in the San Francisco field office.

He did not identify PARLOR MAID as the source of the video, but the squad knew it had come from J.J.'s premier source in Los Angeles. Leung had gone to the headquarters of the MSS in the West Garden section of Beijing. The videotape showed the entrance and then a courtyard inside the spy headquarters.

How could she do that without getting caught? some of the counterintelligence agents on the squad wondered. And CIA officers in the agency's San Francisco base expressed doubts about the amazing access that J.J.'s source seemed to have and the intelligence she brought back from China. It was, one of the CIA officers remarked, "too good to be true."

Another red flag went up in March 1992 after the London interview with Hanson Huang, the Harvard-educated lawyer who was a key player in the TIGER TRAP espionage case. After Smith and Cleveland had interviewed Huang in the British capital, J.J. took five days of leave for a sightseeing trip around England.

Unknown to anyone in the Los Angeles FBI office, Katrina Leung had flown to London to join J.J. on the tour of Britain. Dorothy E. "Dot" Kelly, who had become J.J.'s supervisor a few months earlier, admired him greatly. To Kelly, J.J. could do no wrong. The two often lunched together. She decided to surprise him by meeting him at LAX on his return.

Kelly was startled to see both J.J. and PARLOR MAID, whom she knew, going through customs. They had obviously been on the same flight. Kelly greeted J.J. and gave him a ride home. All the while in the car, J.J. worried that his supervisor had spotted Katrina Leung and would question him about it or peach to FBI headquarters. To J.J.'s relief, she did neither.

The inspector general's report of the incident found that the supervisor "was overly dependent on Smith, reluctant to confront him, and inappropriately deferential to him." As one FBI agent in Los Angeles said, "I've seen Dot bring J.J. coffee at squad meetings."

Another danger signal arose in 1992. According to the Justice Department review, an FBI source reported that a woman named "Katrina" was a double agent "working in the FBI." Headquarters ordered J.J. to interview the source. J.J. brushed off the tip, saying the source was "a liar and a misogynist," and explaining that the information accurately described his officially approved relationship with Leung as an FBI asset.

Three years later, another incident came perilously close to derailing PARLOR MAID. A supervisor at FBI headquarters had become wary of Leung's reporting and all that money the bureau was paying her. He suspected that she had been turned and doubled back against the United States.

The supervisor assigned an FBI analyst to do an in-depth review of Leung's file. The analyst discovered that Leung had not been polygraphed in ten years, and drafted a message to Los Angeles ordering that she be given a lie detector test.

But the supervisor thought that headquarters could not compel the field to act unless required by the rules. He softened the language of the message simply to suggest that Los Angeles consider polygraphing PARLOR MAID. Since it was only a suggestion, J.J. was able to ignore it.

The ponderous FBI bureaucracy overlooked the series of red flags that might have unmasked PARLOR MAID more than a decade before she was finally caught. For example, the headquarters supervisor who believed Leung had been doubled back against the United States was transferred before the review of her file was completed.

The constant turnover of FBI managers meant that no one was really looking at J.J. and Leung. Between 1990 and 1996, when the series of danger signals came in rapid succession, there were four different supervisors at headquarters and three different supervisors of the China squad in Los Angeles, all responsible for PARLOR MAID. As a result, J.J. was the only FBI agent who knew the complete history of the PARLOR MAID operation. And because of his standing and Leung's accepted value as a prime bureau asset, nothing came of the various clues that raised questions about her.

In October 1996 Dot Kelly left Los Angeles and J.J. succeeded her as the supervisor of the China squad. Normally, a counterintelligence agent who becomes a manager would not continue to handle a source. But such was J.J.'s prestige that an exception was made in his case. He was permitted to continue to run PARLOR MAID.

For the next three years, J.J. supervised the field office's work in CAMPCON, the FBI investigation of alleged Chinese involvement in the 1996 presidential campaign of Bill Clinton. Leung became a principal source for J.J. in the campaign-contribution inquiry.

That same year, Johnny Chung, a California businessman, met in Hong Kong with General Ji Shengde, the head of Chinese military intelligence. The general, using an alias, appeared from the shadows at the kitchen entrance of an abalone restaurant. The spy chief, Chung later testified to a House committee, sent him $300,000 and said he hoped that the money would be given to help elect President Clinton. Some $35,000 of the total did find its way into the campaign. "We really like your President," General Ji said, according to Chung.

It was explosive testimony and put Johnny Chung at the center of the congressional and Justice Department investigations into Chinese influence in the Clinton presidential campaign. It was J.J. Smith who questioned Chung for the FBI.

J.J. then guarded Chung when he received mysterious death threats from a California man who suggested that Chung would live considerably longer if he refrained from talking any more. Among other issues that the FBI was later forced to reexamine was whether Katrina Leung may have fed misinformation to the bureau in its CAMPCON investigation of China's role in the Clinton campaign.

Johnny Chung pleaded guilty in 1998 to bank fraud and other charges in connection with illegal campaign contributions. He was sentenced to five years' probation and three thousand hours of community service. General Ji fared less well; caught in an embezzlement and bribery scandal reported to involve millions of dollars in guns, luxury cars, and tanker loads of crude oil smuggled into China through the southeastern port of Xiamen, he was initially sentenced to death in 2000, but his punishment was eventually reduced to fifteen years.

Katrina Leung vigorously and publicly defended her friend Ted Sioeng, another figure involved in the campaign-contribution investigations. The Chinese consulate in Los Angeles had issued the $3,000 check to a hotel owned by Sioeng that, when disclosed by *Newsweek,* nearly blew the cover on the fact that the FBI had bugged the consulate's copying machines. In the 1980s Sioeng, a millionaire Indonesian businessman, won a contract from the Chinese government to sell overseas China's most popular cigarette, Hongtashan, marketed abroad as the Red Pagoda Mountain brand. Sioeng through his daughter donated $250,000 to the Democratic National Committee, channeling the funds to John Huang, another key figure in the CAMPCON investigation.

Sioeng moved to Los Angeles, where he was an influential figure in the Asian community and worked with Leung on a number of local events. He also owned a pro-Beijing Chinese-language newspaper in Monterey Park, the largest Chinese American neighborhood in Los Angeles. A striking figure, with bushy silver muttonchop sideburns, Sioeng sat next to Vice President Al Gore at the notorious Buddhist temple Democratic fundraiser in Hacienda Heights, California, in April 1996.

Both Attorney General Janet Reno and FBI director Louis Freeh told Senate investigators that there was credible intelligence, reportedly gleaned from electronic intercepts, linking Sioeng to an effort by the Chinese government to influence US elections through campaign contributions. Sioeng denied that he or his family had ever acted as agents of the Chinese government. Leung, in an interview with the *Los Angeles Times* in 1997, called the reports about Sioeng "nonsense."

"If China needed a good agent, why would it turn to someone who doesn't know the United States and doesn't speak English well?" she asked. In retrospect, her comment was ironic. At the very time she derided reports that Sioeng was a Chinese agent, she herself was passing FBI secrets to the MSS.

In the late 1990s the FBI discovered that some of its operations had been compromised and several assets originally recruited by the bureau had been seized and interrogated in China. Typically, the FBI does not operate assets abroad; that is primarily the job of the CIA, known by FBI counterintelligence agents as "the cousins." When the FBI recruits an intelligence asset, a student or businessperson, for example, if the recruit returns to China he or she normally would be handed off to the CIA. After the compromises and problems inside China were discovered, a special counterintelligence task force was formed to investigate what happened. The task force was to look at Leung's file as part of its review.

Then, in the spring of 2000, an informant run by the San Francisco field office who was a double agent for the FBI and Chinese intelligence reported that Leung was working for a PRC spy service and had a source inside the FBI. Although the source inside the FBI was obviously J.J., the section chief at headquarters told him about the report. The informant also claimed that Leung had revealed to the Chinese that he, the informant, was an FBI source.

FBI headquarters ordered the task force to investigate the informant's claims, but the inquiry moved slowly and eventually fizzled out, reaching no conclusions. Then, later in 2000, the same informant reported that Leung was "in bed with" the FBI's LA division. While it was literally true, J.J.'s superiors at headquarters did not take it that way.

In November 2000 J.J. Smith retired. There was a big turnout of FBI and other intelligence agents, including some from the CIA, at the retirement party, which was held at the upscale Riviera Country Club. But few eyebrows were raised when Katrina Leung, an outsider, showed up, along with J.J.'s wife and son. And hardly anybody seemed to notice when PARLOR MAID set up a video camera on a tripod in the back of the room, recording all the speeches and the faces in the crowd.

In December, J.J. received a final accolade. CIA director George Tenet awarded him the National Intelligence Medal of Achievement, capping his thirty-year career in the FBI.

Despite his medal and the retirement celebration, J.J. had a sense of foreboding. The PARLOR MAID operation was a dicey business. Dealing as she was with the most powerful leaders of China and its intelligence service, sooner or later there was bound to be trouble. Like a skilled player in a game of Whac-a-Mole, J.J. had managed to knock down the danger signals and questions that kept popping up. But he was out of the bureau now and no longer in control of the operation. It might only be a matter of time before his luck ran out.

Chapter 12

ETHEREAL THRONE: THE SPY WHO NEVER WAS

IT HAD BEGUN innocently enough. His laptop was acting up, so Jeffrey V. Wang, an engineer at Raytheon, in El Segundo, California, called the company's tech support. It was August 1999.

The tech who came looked in the computer, fiddled around, and solved the problem. Wang, then a thirty-seven-year-old engineer with the defense contractor, thought no more about it. But soon afterward, he received a telephone call from a woman in Raytheon's security department.

Would Wang mind coming by? There were concerns about something on his laptop and an Air Force investigator would like to talk to him to clear it up.

Wang didn't mind. He worked in Raytheon's airborne radar division on sensitive projects, including the F-15 and F-18 fighter jets and the B-2 stealth bomber. He had both a regular security clearance and a "special access" clearance for even spookier subjects. He knew that the Air Force was always looking over the contractor's shoulder to make sure security was tight.

That was not surprising—Raytheon's Space and Airborne Systems in El Segundo developed not only airborne radars but a variety of sophisticated weapons—electronic warfare systems, scanned array radars, space and missile technology, and intelligence, surveillance, and reconnaissance systems.

Wang met with the Air Force investigator, who flashed his ID and asked Wang to take a polygraph. The lie detector test was supposed to be administered at the Air Force base in El Segundo. But then there was a change: Wang was instructed to go instead to the FBI office on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles. Still unconcerned, Wang was wired up to the polygraph machine. It was turned on and he was asked five questions.

The polygrapher examined the printed readout.

"You're not telling the truth about foreign contacts," Wang was told.

An American, born in Honolulu, Wang could not imagine what the FBI man was talking about. He could not think of any foreign contacts.

The polygraph done, Wang was questioned by Special Agent Gil Cordova. A tall, heavyset man, a bureau veteran, Cordova had been a counterintelligence agent for fourteen years. He worked out of the FBI office in Long Beach, but had come to Los Angeles to interview Wang.

"Be a man," Cordova admonished Wang. He then told him a story. "Once, when I was young, I threw a baseball through a window. At first I denied it. Then I stood up like a man and admitted it."

Wang was unimpressed. Baseballs through a window? It seemed like Interrogation 101.

About now, it also dawned on him that the trouble with his laptop had perhaps not been accidental, after all. He suspected the computer had been tampered with; the security issue had been a ruse designed to maneuver him to the FBI office in Los Angeles for questioning. For reasons he could not fathom, he had somehow fallen under suspicion.

It seemed like a script written by Kafka. Wang was upset, and then he remembered: he had a friend in the FBI, in that very building. Denise Woo was a special agent in Los Angeles and a childhood friend of Wang's wife, Diane.

Diane Misumi had been born in Los Angeles of a Japanese American mother and father, both second-generation Americans. During World War II, in the panic after Pearl Harbor, when tens of thousands of Japanese Americans were interned, Diane's mother, Grace, and Denise Woo's mother, Sarah, were both sent off to the "relocation centers." Woo's mother was a Japanese American, and her father was half Chinese.

The two families were close; they had gone on camping trips together, and Jeff Wang's older brother and Denise's younger brother were the same age and good friends from school. From the FBI office, Jeff called his wife, who telephoned Denise Woo.

Jeff had been called in by the FBI, would it be OK if Denise talked to him and tried to help? Denise was sympathetic, and after hearing back from his wife, Jeff called Woo.

She listened to what had happened and asked Wang, "Was there anything that could have triggered the polygraph result?" Nothing Wang could think of. Denise said she would come and see him, since she was in the building.

Unknown to Jeff Wang and his wife, he had been under investigation by the FBI for more than a year. The FBI had given the case the code name ETHEREAL THRONE. J.J. Smith, as the supervisor of the Chinese counterintelligence squad, was in charge. He had assigned Cordova and two other agents, Serena Alston and Brad Gilbert, to the case.

Jeff Wang did not know any of that, or that Special Agent Denise Woo had also been ordered to work on the case almost a year earlier, precisely because of her friendship with Wang and his family. Wang had reported to the FBI at noon and it was now 6 P.M. and he was still sitting in the bureau's office on Wilshire. Cordova told him that the FBI wanted to search his house. Since Wang had nothing to hide, he called Diane, and she agreed to the search. Jeff signed a release allowing the bureau to conduct the search.

Denise Woo showed up and offered to accompany Wang to his house. He was relieved that his friend would be present, and Woo followed in her car.

At the house, Woo and another FBI agent sat in the living room with Jeff and Diane. It was getting on toward bedtime for the Wangs' two young children, Daniel, three, and Kiane, a baby girl, just one.

At 9:30 P.M. more than a dozen FBI agents, led by J.J. Smith, arrived at the house. Jeff had not expected such a large group. The agents seized the Wangs' home computer. Diane protested, to no avail, because she had her own private files in the computer. As a practicing clinical psychologist, she specialized in treating children. The computer held confidential reports on the children who were her patients.

The agents searched the house from top to bottom. They took CDs and notebooks and floppy disks, and opened letters that were lying on the mail table. Three agents searched through toy boxes in the three-year-old's room, as three others rummaged through the one-year-old's toys.

Daniel was upset because his favorite Tonka truck game was in the computer. For days afterward, he asked his father, "When are those bad people going to bring my game back?" But the computer, with the Tonka truck game and Diane's confidential files, remained in the possession of the FBI.

As the search progressed, J.J. asked to talk to Jeff privately. They went into the master bedroom, and J.J. introduced himself. China's in turmoil, Smith said, it's the mother country. People are turning one another in. If people are naming you, you should name them.

Jeff was thinking, but didn't say it, "I don't know what the hell you're talking about."

Think of who you know who has contacts with China, J.J. urged him.

Wang was more mystified than ever. His father had come from China before the Communist takeover in 1949 to study in New York on a scholarship. He became a radiologist and settled in Hawaii. Jeff's mother was a second- or third-generation Chinese American who grew up in New York. Jeff had graduated from the University of California at Berkeley, and got a master's degree at UCLA in electrical engineering. He was hired in 1983 by Hughes Aircraft, which merged with Raytheon in 1997, and he had worked for the two companies for sixteen years.

He did not speak a word of Chinese, and felt no personal tie to China, which he had never visited. "Most of my friends are Japanese Americans," Wang told J.J.

He was baffled by what was happening. First the Air Force was investigating him, now the FBI. He had been told to stand up like a man and confess, but confess what? People in China were naming him, J.J. had implied, and he was supposed to name them. Name who? It was surreal.

Was it something to do with his family, Jeff asked? No, J.J. said. "That's not it." Whatever Jeff could think of, he got the same answer: "That's not it." The conversation was going nowhere.

Although it had not been said in so many words, it was clear to Wang that the FBI suspected he was a spy for China. While the search of his house was going on, Denise Woo also talked to Jeff. She encouraged him to think of anyone who might have accused him of passing secrets to China. Did he have any enemies?

Jeff racked his brain, digging back in his memory more than twenty years to high school, trying to think of coworkers, acquaintances, anyone who might have made such a horrendous accusation. He came up with a few names for Woo, but was not convinced that any of them were behind the terrible difficulty in which he now found himself.

The team of FBI agents continued to search the house. They combed through the Wangs' cars, and the attic, everywhere. It was 2 A.M. when they finally left, fourteen hours after Jeff had walked into the FBI office on Wilshire to take a polygraph test.

The nightmare for Jeff Wang and his wife had only begun. The cloud of suspicion hanging over his head cost him his job at Raytheon. The contractor would not continue to employ an engineer under FBI investigation who worked on radar for the Air Force's most sophisticated fighter jets and the stealth bomber. Jeff was suspended from his job and lost his special access clearance. Without it, he was going to have a difficult time finding work in the aerospace industry.

For Denise Woo, ETHEREAL THRONE had become a different sort of ordeal. Intensely loyal to the bureau, she had been put in an impossible position. From the start, she was skeptical that Jeff had done anything wrong. Yet she had to conceal from her longtime family friend that she had been assigned to investigate him some eleven months earlier.

Worse yet, after Wang was called in to the FBI, she was told to renew their friendship, to take advantage of it, and become close to Jeff. To spy on the spy, as it were. Denise Woo had never expected to be put in such a difficult situation when she joined the bureau in 1994. She had worked her way through college at UCLA, then graduated from business school at the University of Southern California.

When Woo joined the FBI, then in her midthirties, she was sent to Quantico, Virginia, for agent training, then assigned to the Long Beach, California, FBI resident agency to work white-collar crime. There she greatly impressed her boss, Special Agent Jack Keller, a handsome, square-jawed Irishman and bureau veteran who helped to train her in criminal investigations. US attorneys and other government officials she worked with praised Woo as a top-notch agent.

From time to time, fellow agents had suggested to Woo that because of her Asian appearance, she should work in Chinese counterintelligence. Although her mother was Japanese American and her father half Chinese, Woo, a fourth-generation Californian, did not write or speak Chinese. She was not interested in following her colleagues' advice, partly because inside the FBI there was a belief, held by some agents, that if you were not good enough for criminal work, you ended up in counterintelligence. As a result, CI was not considered the best career path.

In September 1998 Gil Cordova sent a supervisor to meet with Woo. She was pressured to take a counterintelligence assignment. The bureau, the supervisor said, was aware that Woo knew Jeffrey Wang. The FBI had strong evidence that Wang was a spy for China, the supervisor went on, but it had not been able to prove the case and needed her help. The supervisor waved the flag: this is what it means to be an American, he said, this is why you joined the bureau.

Reluctantly, Woo agreed to help the three case agents working on ETHEREAL THRONE. She provided information on Jeff's family background and her own family's long friendship with the Wangs.

Early in 1999 Woo decided that she wanted to get out of Long Beach and try something new. In June her request was approved, and she was transferred to the Los Angeles division to work on child pornography cases, tracking predators on the Internet. Which is how she happened to be in the Wilshire office the day that Jeff was called in and polygraphed there.

By that time, Woo had gleaned some of the details that had cast suspicion on Jeff. But she did not know everything.

She was not aware of the backstory that had begun in San Francisco. Dave LeSueur was an FBI counterintelligence agent in that city, on the China squad. A bit on the heavy side, LeSueur spoke slowly and always seemed to feel underappreciated. But he had two attributes in his favor. He spoke Cantonese, and perhaps because of that he had developed a number of useful informants, including two women.

But LeSueur's prize informant was a man who, over the years, had provided a good deal of valuable information to the FBI. The source did not work in the Chinese consulate in San Francisco. But he appeared to be trusted by Chinese officials, because some of the tips he provided to the bureau were far too intriguing to have been picked up by someone just hanging around bars in San Francisco's Chinatown. The FBI concluded that the source, although providing useful information to the bureau, was being run by Chinese intelligence.

Sometime in the 1990s LeSueur's informant moved to Los Angeles. The reason remains murky, but perhaps romance called, because at some point during this period he appears to have married. Although the source had relocated, he continued to be run by LeSueur.

In September 1997 the informant told a story to the FBI that triggered the ETHEREAL THRONE investigation. He claimed to have met a Chinese intelligence officer, or IO, in a hotel in the San Gabriel Valley. The officer, the FBI source claimed, spoke no English but asked him to dial a telephone number in Torrance, California.

A man answered the telephone, the FBI informant went on, and said he had been expecting the call. As instructed by the Chinese IO, he told the man to come to the hotel. As the source related the tale, the person he called came to the hotel and exchanged envelopes with the IO. Although the informant could not see what was inside the envelopes, he assumed that cash had been exchanged for secret documents.

The envelope the man brought to the hotel was big enough to hold documents, the informant said. And the envelope given in exchange looked the same as one in which he himself had been given money. That was an interesting statement, because, if true, it meant that the informant, who was on the FBI payroll, had also been paid by China.

Investigating the source's story, Serena Alston, Cordova, and Gilbert were able to obtain toll records showing that a telephone call had been placed from a room registered to the supposed Chinese intelligence agent. The number called was the home telephone of Jeff Wang.

Now the FBI had a suspect. A FISA authorization was obtained and the bureau began wiretapping Jeff's telephones. Counterintelligence is a difficult and often complicated business. The FBI had no reason to doubt the informant's story. He was a longtime bureau source who had always provided useful information.

But there were problems from the start with ETHEREAL THRONE. Often the MSS recruited people by inviting them to China. Alston and the other agents could not find any connection between Jeff and China. So they started to investigate his relatives, to see if that might turn up any leads.

Jeff's father, the FBI learned, had emigrated from the Shanghai area in the 1920s. But the bureau was unable to locate his immigration file, which would have included a list of his relatives. His father's file was either lost or destroyed.

In the meantime, with help from Denise Woo, Jeff was trying his best to figure out who might have led the FBI to suspect him as a spy. He knew nothing of the story told by the informant, about a phone call from a hotel, or an exchange of envelopes.

Jeff's father had died at age seventy-two in July 1999, a month before Jeff was called in and grilled by the FBI. He asked his mother whether she knew of anyone who might have had reason to accuse him. She was able to shed the first ray of light on the mystery.

He learned from her that relatives of his father in Los Angeles were claiming that before his father died, he had promised he would help them out financially. There was nothing in his will, however. But the relatives contended that he had told them that if they needed money he would try to assist them.

By now, Denise Woo had become convinced that Jeff Wang was innocent. She had suspected as much all along. Now she had learned that there was a family disagreement over money, which might hold the key to the puzzle. Jeff gave her the name of a few relatives who he believed might have had a grudge against him over the money his father had supposedly promised them. Woo provided the names to her FBI superiors but was told that none of those individuals was the informant who had fingered Jeff.

Meanwhile, Woo found that although the hotel toll records showed a call had been made to Jeff's number, the duration was only thirty seconds. After six rings, there would be a record of the call even if it was not answered. It was not clear whether anyone had picked up at the Wang residence, or if so, whether the person who answered or the caller said it was a wrong number.

When the FBI examined the computer the agents had taken from Jeff's house, besides Daniel's Tonka truck game they found a few work-related documents from Raytheon, but none that were classified. And there was nothing in the computer to suggest that Jeff Wang was anything but a loyal American citizen.

The FBI investigation was stalled. It had been under way for more than a year, and the bureau was no closer to proving its case. Moreover, the investigation was split between Los Angeles, where J.J. Smith was Alston's supervisor, and Long Beach, where an agent named Linas Danilevicius was Cordova's supervisor.

On the wiretap of the Wangs' house, the FBI overheard Jeff discussing the investigation, trying to figure out who had cast suspicion on him, talking to his mother about his relatives, and mentioning various aunts and uncles. By now, the FBI had learned the names of a number of relatives, even though his father's old immigration file could not be found.

Checking out their names, Alston noticed that one of Jeff's cousins, his father's niece, owned a house and that the co-owner of the house, her husband, had the same name as the FBI informant. That seemed an odd coincidence. But there was a reason for this.

Her husband, the co-owner of the house, *was* the informant.

Now the FBI had to face the fact that an informant it had relied upon for years had concealed the fact that his wife was Jeff Wang's cousin. Confronted, the informant denied, and kept denying, that he knew his wife was related to Jeff. Eventually, he admitted that Jeff was his wife's cousin, but claimed he had not known that.

The informant's entire story was falling apart. Pressed by the bureau, he admitted that he actually had met Jeff. It was, the source said, at a big family dinner. But the source said they did not talk, because Jeff did not speak Chinese and all the others did.

The gathering had taken place about a year before the informant told his story to the FBI. Jeff's parents had come to visit him and Diane and arranged for the large family dinner in Monterey Park. Jeff met his father's brother for the first time, as well as his father's nephew, niece, and other relatives. The informant was there.

By now, the picture was clear. J.J. Smith, Alston, and the FBI did not believe the informant's tale. He had used his relationship with the FBI to settle a personal score. He had invented the whole story. Later, when the San Francisco office investigated the mess, it determined that the informant was well aware all along that his wife was Jeff's cousin.

"It was a frame job," one senior FBI agent put it bluntly.

If the clouds of the bogus espionage accusation hanging over Jeff Wang were now dissipating, there was another storm gathering for Denise Woo. She had been told to become Jeff's confidante. He had been trying for months to figure out who had set him up and why. It was logical, therefore, that Woo, convinced of his innocence, would have encouraged him in that effort.

But the FBI fiercely guards the identity of its sources. And the bureau's agents, listening in on Jeff's conversations with Woo on the wiretap of his home telephone, decided that she had crossed the line, even by discussing the subject with Jeff of who his accuser might be. The fact that Jeff was speculating about what relative might have had a grudge against him did not seem to matter. Nor did it seem to make a difference that Woo's assignment by the FBI was to win Jeff's confidence, lend him a sympathetic ear, and act as his friend.

In the weeks after Wang was called in by the bureau, Woo argued with her superiors that he was innocent. She pushed, asking what evidence they had on him. She was told she had fallen prey to a version of the Stockholm syndrome, becoming too close to the person who was being investigated as a supposed spy.

In November, Woo was interviewed by the FBI. She denied that she had discussed the identity of the informant with Jeff, or given him any hints, or tipped him off that his phone was tapped. That the FBI had the Wangs' phones wired would hardly have surprised Jeff, an engineer; he and Diane assumed from the time the FBI agents had swarmed their house that their phones were tapped. A few weeks after Woo was questioned, the FBI suspended her.

In trouble now, Woo hired a lawyer, Marc S. Harris, who had worked with her on criminal cases when he was an assistant US attorney for eight years. "She was a fantastic agent," he said. "She was outstanding, extremely diligent and conscientious."

But Harris's small law firm could not handle what loomed as a long investigation of Woo. Mark Holscher, then with O'Melveny & Myers, took the case pro bono.

Federal prosecutors convened a grand jury—not to investigate how an FBI informant had lied to the bureau and framed an innocent man as a Chinese spy, but to build a case against Denise Woo, the FBI agent who tried to help clear his name.

Jeff and Diane Wang were called to testify before the grand jury. The prosecutors played a tape of a conversation between Diane and her mother. The tape confirmed the Wangs' suspicions that their phones were bugged. On the tape, Diane apparently told her mother that she would call her on another line. The government played the tape to attempt to show that the Wangs knew they were being wiretapped, and had been tipped off.

Woo remained suspended by the FBI. Early in 2003, after four years, the bureau fired her. In August 2004 Denise Woo was indicted on five felony counts for supposedly disclosing the identity of the "covert agent" to Wang, allegedly telling Jeff that his phone was wiretapped, and lying when she denied having done either of those acts. If convicted she faced a minimum sentence of ten years. On December 6, she was arraigned and freed on $50,000 bail.

The government was coming down hard on Denise Woo, even though its case against Jeff Wang had totally unraveled. The prosecution of Woo carried some hidden risks for the FBI, which was not at all anxious for the public to learn that one of its star Chinese counterintelligence informants had framed an innocent man. In the indictment of Woo, Wang was not identified. He was referred to only as "J.W."

Facing five felony counts and a possible ten years in prison, Woo, on the advice of her lawyers, decided to accept a plea bargain. On June 6, 2006, she pleaded guilty to a single misdemeanor of disclosing confidential information.

The original charges, that she had identified the FBI source, revealed the wiretap to Wang, and made false statements denying that she had done so, were dropped. Nor, in the plea bargain, did she state that she had disclosed the identity of the informant to Jeff.

The language of the plea was artful, dancing all around the subject, implying that Woo had revealed the source's name without explicitly saying so. The plea bargain asserted that Woo "discussed with and thereby disclosed to J.W. confidential information concerning the identity of an FBI confidential informant." The wording does not claim that Woo revealed the identity of the informant, only that she disclosed information "concerning the identity." That could mean almost anything, perhaps something as innocuous as encouraging Jeff's speculation that a relative, or a relative by marriage, bearing a grudge over his father's estate, was responsible for the false accusation against him.

On October 30, 2006, seven years after she was suspended by the FBI, Woo was sentenced by US District Court judge Gary Klausner to probation and a $1,000 fine. "This is a kind of bittersweet ending to a long and continuing tragic injustice," Woo said after the sentencing. "I am relieved that after years of false allegations, my family and I can finally get on with our lives."

Mark Holscher criticized the government's pursuit of Woo. "It was very unfortunate that the FBI chose to indict Denise," he said. "She loved the bureau. She was put in a horrible position of investigating a family friend. The FBI has policies and procedures in place for agents placed in undercover roles, including you don't investigate someone you know. If those policies had been followed Denise would be a decorated FBI agent today."

Had the case gone to trial, Holscher was prepared to show a link between the Woo and Wang investigations and J.J. Smith and Katrina Leung. And here, the plot, like so many aspects of counterintelligence, becomes both shadowy and complicated.

Although it was not known at the time, J.J. had briefed Katrina Leung on the Jeff Wang investigation and consulted her on all details of the case. J.J. later told the Justice Department's inspector general that the informant's reporting about Jeff "did not make any sense."

The source who in the spring of 2000 told the FBI that Leung was an agent of China's intelligence service was the same informant who fabricated the story about Jeff Wang. The informant was angry at PARLOR MAID, accusing her of having told the MSS about his relationship with the FBI. He also claimed that Leung had told Beijing about the Jeff Wang investigation.

He was the same informant who, a few months later, said that Leung was "in bed with" the FBI's Los Angeles division. But FBI headquarters regarded this as informants pointing fingers at each other, and no further action was taken.

When the bureau finally determined that the informant had falsely accused Jeff Wang, he was dropped from the FBI payroll for lying, according to a former FBI counterintelligence agent and a current bureau official. By 2006, when Woo signed her plea, he was no longer being used as an informant.

When it was all over, Jeff Wang was able to obtain another job in the defense industry, one that required a security clearance. His name briefly surfaced in the press when he attended the sentencing of Denise Woo. But he will learn many of the details of ETHEREAL THRONE for the first time when he reads them in this book.

Brian Sun, who represented Jeff Wang early on in the FBI probe, summed up what had occurred. "A truly innocent man and his family suffered some very damaging consequences. Here's a guy at Raytheon for over fifteen years, had a great record, loses his job. It was just devastating for them to have to go through that ordeal."

Jeff and his wife have tried to pick up the pieces of their lives and move on. The FBI finally told his attorney that he was no longer "a person of interest." That was nice to know. But Jeff Wang could not understand why he never received an apology from the FBI.

Chapter 13

STORM CLOUDS

In 2000 the FBI's national security division, then headed by Neil J. Gallagher and his deputy, Sheila Horan, was preoccupied with tracking down the Russian mole in US intelligence, who turned out to be the FBI's own Robert Hanssen. But the division had also begun to hear disturbing hints that something was very wrong with the Chinese counterintelligence program in Los Angeles.

In July, Ken Geide had taken over as chief of the division's China section at headquarters. Encouraged by Gallagher, Sheila Horan and Geide began a detailed review of the Los Angeles Chinese counterintelligence program. They concentrated on PARLOR MAID, if only because Katrina Leung had been a source for so many years.

The group examined what PARLOR MAID might have told the MSS, and what she had gained in return. "The balance," one FBI agent said, "did not look favorable. Storm clouds started gathering."

As Geide examined the case, he concluded that Leung was well known to the MSS all the way back to her days in graduate school at the University of Chicago. He wondered if she might even have been operating for the MSS all along. If that scenario were true, then the bureau would have to look back at every case. Because, Geide worried, it might mean that the FBI's Chinese counterintelligence program was controlled by China.

There were "anomalies," as counterintelligence agents call suspicious or unexplained problems. Late in 2000, the investigators discovered the information that had been received ten years earlier identifying PARLOR MAID as the source who had tipped off the Chinese about the FBI's highly successful electronic operation against the consulate in Los Angeles. Once the Chinese discovered the bugs, the FBI operation was toast.

"It would not have been news to the Chinese that the consulate was bugged," one FBI agent explained. "It was the sophisticated method used that was compromised."

Although the microphones went silent, it was several years before officials in the consulate suspected that their copying machines had been ingeniously tampered with to transmit documents to the FBI. It was not until the fall of 1999 that the copiers were shipped back to China to be disassembled and analyzed.

In 2001 the Chinese uncovered twenty-seven satellite-operated listening devices that the National Security Agency and the FBI had planted in the Chinese version of Air Force One while the plane was being refitted in Texas. The aircraft, a Boeing 767, was ordered for Jiang Zemin, the president of China. US contractors in San Antonio built a large bedroom, a bathroom with a shower, and a sitting area with a large-screen TV for Jiang, while a contingent from the People's Liberation Army guarded the $120 million aircraft.

The work was done by four contractors, Dee Howard Aircraft Maintenance, Gore Design Completions, Rockwell Collins, and Avitra Aviation Services. The plane was delivered to China in August 2001, and soon afterward the bugs were discovered, including some in the headboard of Jiang's bed. According to reports from China, twenty Chinese air force officers and two officials were detained and interrogated after the devices were uncovered.

The FBI looked into the possibility that Leung had also betrayed the aircraft bugs to Beijing, but was unable to link her to the episode. "Maybe she had nothing to do with it," one official concluded.*

Counterintelligence is such a convoluted, mirror-image world that some US officials speculated that the entire aircraft-bugging episode was an elaborate ploy by Chinese intelligence. Under this theory, the Chinese, knowing that the United States would surely try to bug the plane, made a show of guarding it but deliberately allowed the devices to be planted, and used American contractors instead of insisting on Chinese workers. Once back in Beijing, the aircraft would be pulled apart and the bugs analyzed to learn the state of the art of US eavesdropping technology.

In October 2001 Gallagher flew to Los Angeles to talk to Ron Iden, the assistant director in charge of the Los Angeles division, about J.J. Smith and PARLOR MAID. A month later, the FBI asked for a FISA warrant from the special court established by the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act to place Katrina Leung's home under electronic surveillance. The FBI already had a video camera in PARLOR MAID's living room, disguised as a motion detector, but that was installed with her knowledge, so that the FBI could secretly tape and record Chinese or other visitors.

Armed with the court warrant, the FBI secretly searched Leung's home, and tapped her phone calls, faxes, and e-mails. The bureau also placed her under physical surveillance.

The approval for the FISA warrant was granted by the secretive court in December. That same month, Sheila Horan became the acting chief of the FBI's national security division, succeeding Gallagher, who had retired.

By then, rumors of the romance between PARLOR MAID and J.J. had reached headquarters. Once the wiretap and bugs were in place in the house in San Marino, PARLOR MAID's affair with J.J. was quickly confirmed. The "special techniques" used by the FBI discovered, as the Justice Department inspector general's report put it delicately, that the relationship between J.J. and Leung was "more than friendship."

Sex is not a federal crime, for which everyone can be grateful. But the electronic surveillance of the Leungs' home provided graphic evidence that there was a major problem in the bureau's Los Angeles field office. What the bureau now had to contemplate was the horrendous possibility that China had penetrated the FBI.

Early in January 2002 Horan briefed Robert Mueller on the situation. A veteran bureau agent, Horan had been sent to Africa by the FBI to take charge of the investigation into the 1998 US embassy bombings in Kenya and Tanzania that killed 224 people and wounded 4,000.

Because the FBI director had taken over just before 9/11, the terrorist attacks on New York and Washington had occupied most of his attention. When he heard what had been going on in Los Angeles, he went ballistic.

Early in January 2002 Mueller held a flurry of meetings with Horan, Geide, Iden, and Lance Woo, the China squad supervisor in the Los Angeles field office. The atmosphere was beyond tense.

The Los Angeles and headquarters officials blamed one another for the slow progress of the investigation into the Chinese counterintelligence program in Los Angeles. "Who's in charge?" Mueller demanded. No one offered an answer.

At one point, Iden left FBI headquarters for Dulles International Airport, and was on a flight en route to Los Angeles when he was reached by Mueller, who ordered him to return to headquarters for another meeting. As soon as Iden landed at LAX—there was no time for him even to run home and change his shirt—he turned around and boarded the redeye back to Washington.

Sheila Horan, an experienced career agent with twenty-nine years in the bureau, was caught in the fallout. As acting chief for national security, she was in the bull's-eye and received the full fury of Mueller's wrath.

"I'm removing you," Mueller told her.

Swept aside in the turmoil over PARLOR MAID, and with no other good options open to her, Horan transferred to an administrative post in the bureau and retired later that year. Many of her colleagues in the FBI felt she had been unfairly blamed for the debacle in Los Angeles.

After Mueller had been briefed, he ordered a full field investigation opened of J.J. Smith. He also appointed Randy Bellows, the same federal prosecutor who investigated the FBI's handling of the Wen Ho Lee case, to review the situation in Los Angeles and recommend what should be done. Bellows, who had prosecuted Robert Hanssen, the KGB mole in the FBI, moved quickly. He urged that Mueller appoint an FBI agent with the rank of inspector to take charge of the investigation.

Mueller knew what he had to do. He sent for Les Wiser.

FBI agent James J. Smith and Katrina Leung, code name PARLOR MAID, watch the 2001 inaugural parade of President George W. Bush in Washington, DC. For years Leung secretly passed FBI secrets to the MSS, the Chinese intelligence service.

© *2001 Michael Lutzky*/The Washington Post

The FBI's William V. Cleveland Jr., like Smith a top Chinese counterintelligence agent, worked with Leung on the TIGER TRAP case. The central figure in that case, Gwo-bao Min, a scientist at the Lawrence Livermore nuclear weapons laboratory, was forced out after the FBI suspected he had leaked details of the neutron bomb to China. © *2002 Robert C. Bain/San Jose State University*

Hanson Huang, a Harvard-trained lawyer and friend of Katrina Leung, met clandestinely with Min, the TIGER TRAP suspect, and according to the FBI passed nuclear weapons information to Beijing through the Chinese embassy in Washington.

Chien Ning, a prominent Chinese geophysicist, introduced Gwo-bao Min to Hanson Huang when the Livermore scientist visited China. The FBI believed she was sent to California to handle intelligence assignments for the MSS, which Chien denied.
South China Morning Post

Veteran FBI agent Dan Grove was able to intercept a letter from Beijing that provided key evidence in the TIGER TRAP case, revealing China's efforts to steal US nuclear secrets.

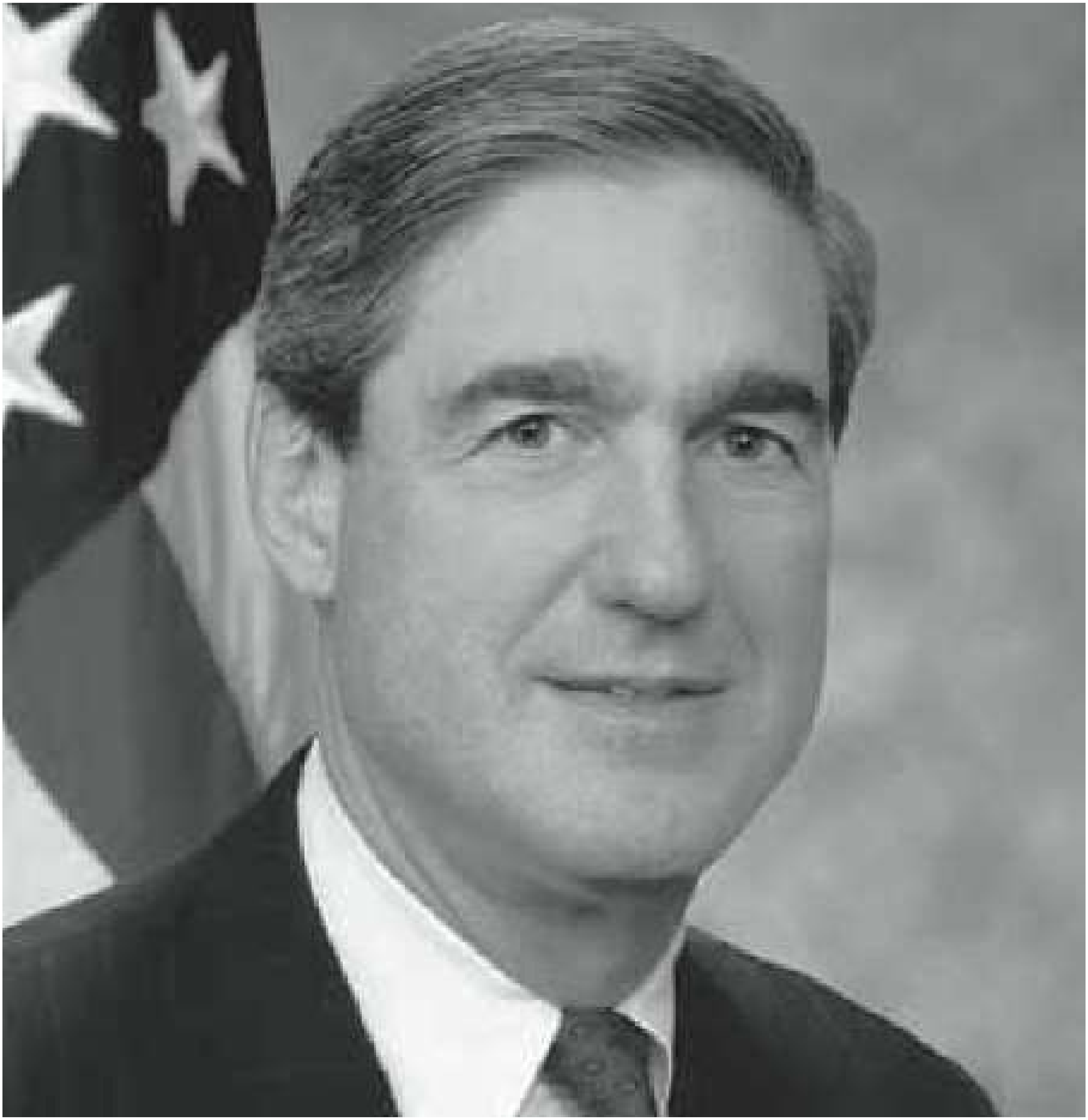

"It was a nightmare come true." FBI director Robert S. Mueller III was furious when he learned that PARLOR MAID—the double agent the bureau relied on as its best spy against Beijing—had actually been passing secrets to Communist China for more than a decade, and that the FBI's two top agents handling Chinese counterintelligence had both carried on long-running sexual affairs with her. *FBI*

Leslie G. Wiser Jr., the FBI's ace counterintelligence agent, was called in by Mueller to investigate the *parlor maid* debacle. With a team of some two dozen carefully selected agents, Wiser set up a secret office in Los Angeles and broke open the case. In April 2003 both Leung and Smith were arrested by the FBI.

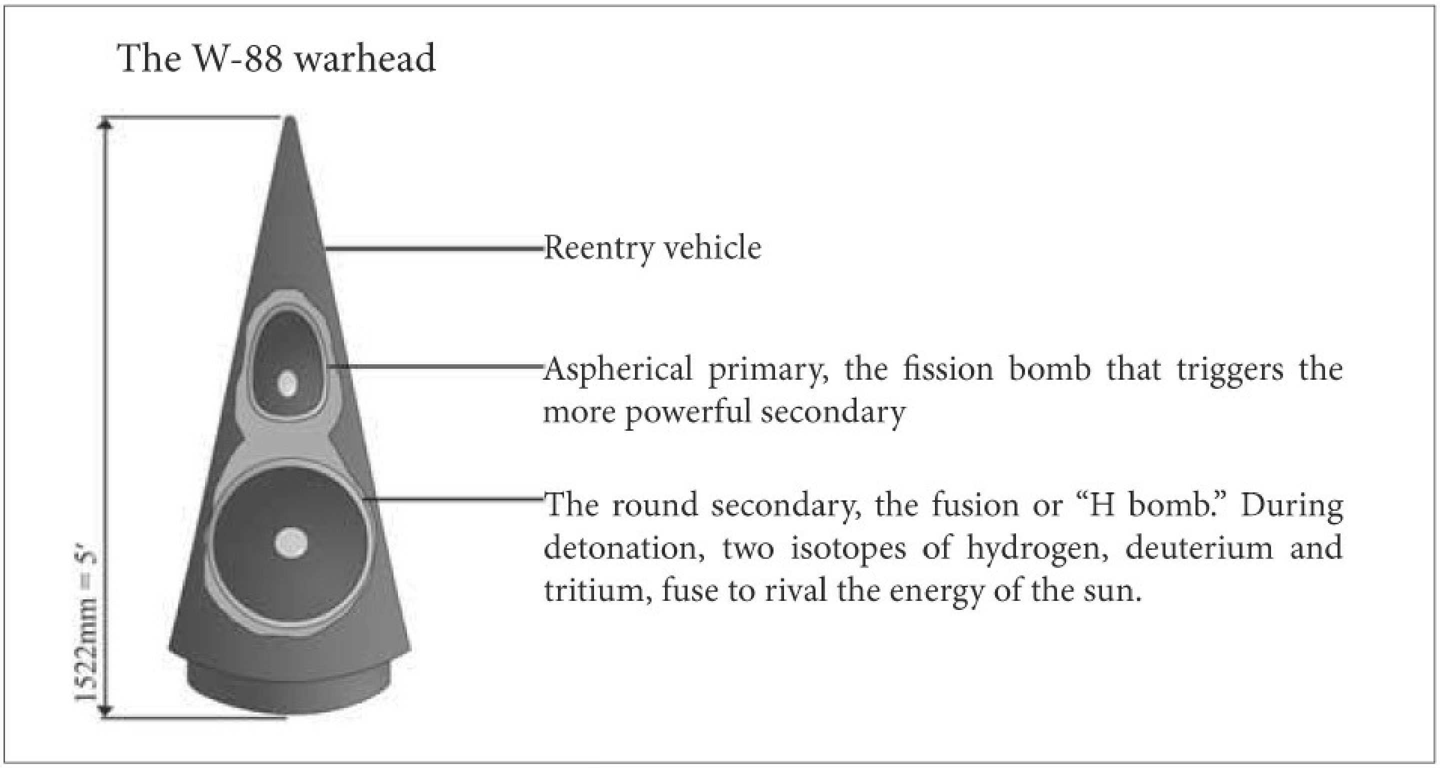

Aspherical primary, the fission bomb that triggers the more powerful secondary

The round secondary, the fusion or “H bomb.” During detonation, two isotopes of hydrogen, deuterium and tritium, fuse to rival the energy of the sun.

A Chinese "walk-in" turned over a document to the CIA revealing that China had somehow acquired the ultra-secret details of the W-88, America's most sophisticated nuclear warhead, which sits atop the missiles on the Navy's Trident submarines. Despite Beijing's knowledge, details about the warhead are still secret in the US. Enough information was learned about the Chinese document, however, to make this artist's rendition fairly accurate. *Ian Cunningham*

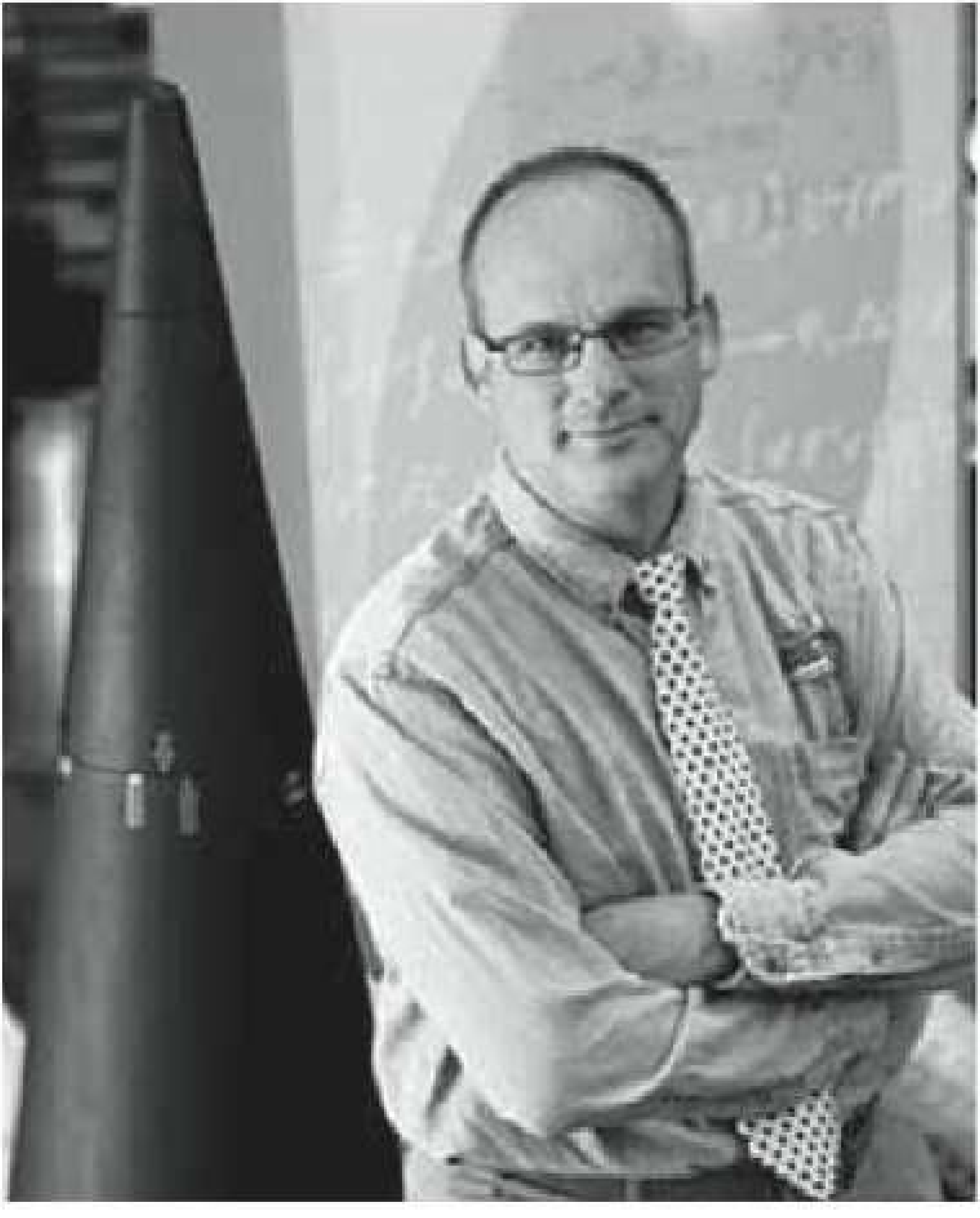

This unusual photograph of the W-88's cone-shaped reentry vehicle reveals the warhead's small size. The man in the photo is Bob Putnam of the Los Alamos National Laboratory, where the weapon was designed. *LANL*

September 13, 2000: Los Alamos scientist Wen Ho Lee leaves federal court in Albuquerque, New Mexico, with daughter Alberta and attorneys Mark C. Holscher (right) and John D. Cline after pleading guilty to one felony count of mishandling classified documents and receiving a dramatic apology from a federal judge for the harsh conditions in which he was jailed. Lee was originally suspected, but never charged, with leaking the W-88 to China. The government produced no evidence he had. Unknown to the public, however, Lee had been the subject of two previous FBI investigations for suspicious actions—contacting the TIGER TRAP suspect and concealing a meeting with China's top bomb maker. *AP Images*

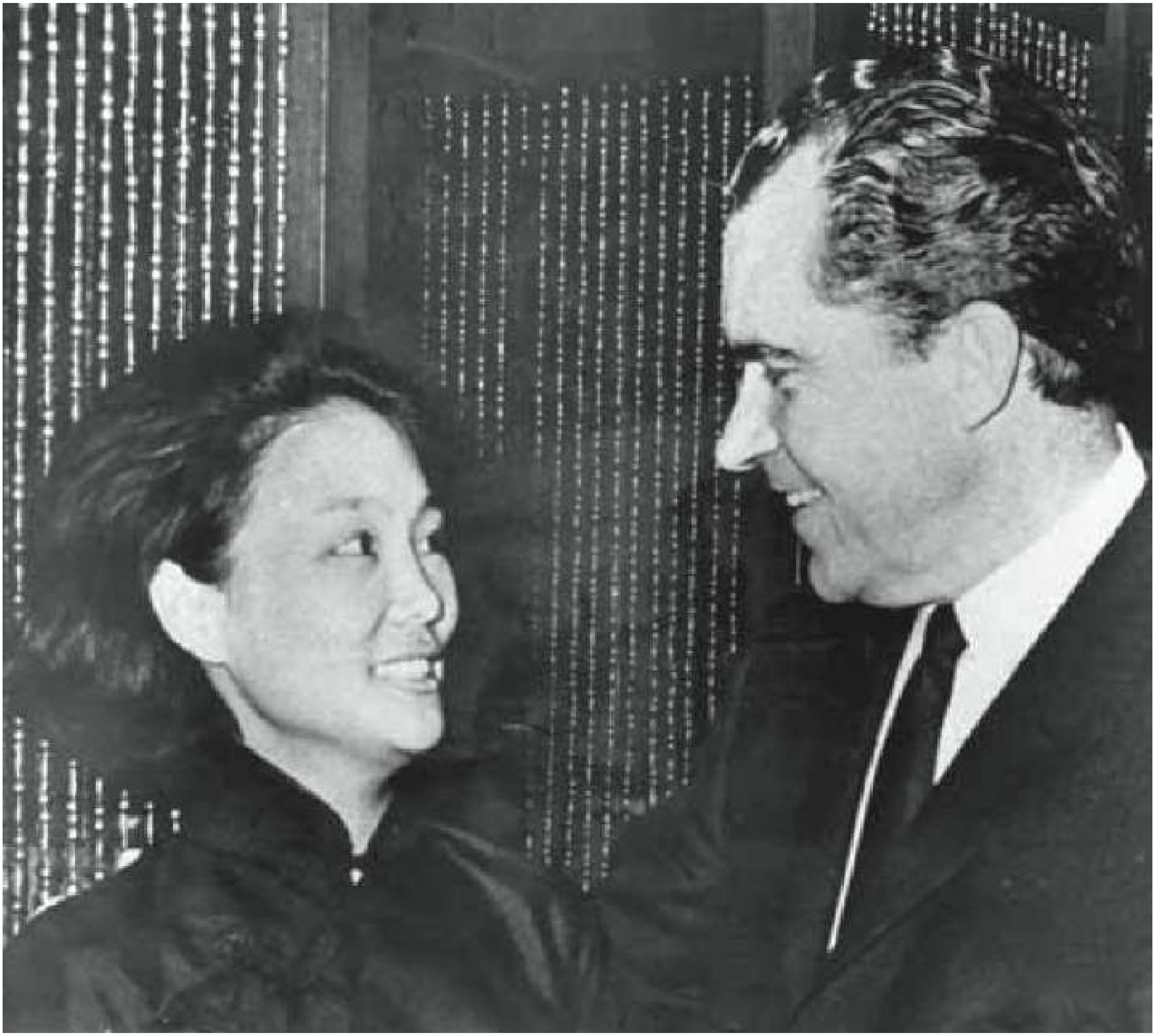

A secret FBI report on President Nixon's relationship with Marianna Liu, a beautiful Hong Kong bar hostess, was given to J. Edgar Hoover, the bureau's director. This photo of Liu and Nixon was taken in 1966 at the Den, the popular nightspot where she worked.
Hong Kong Standard

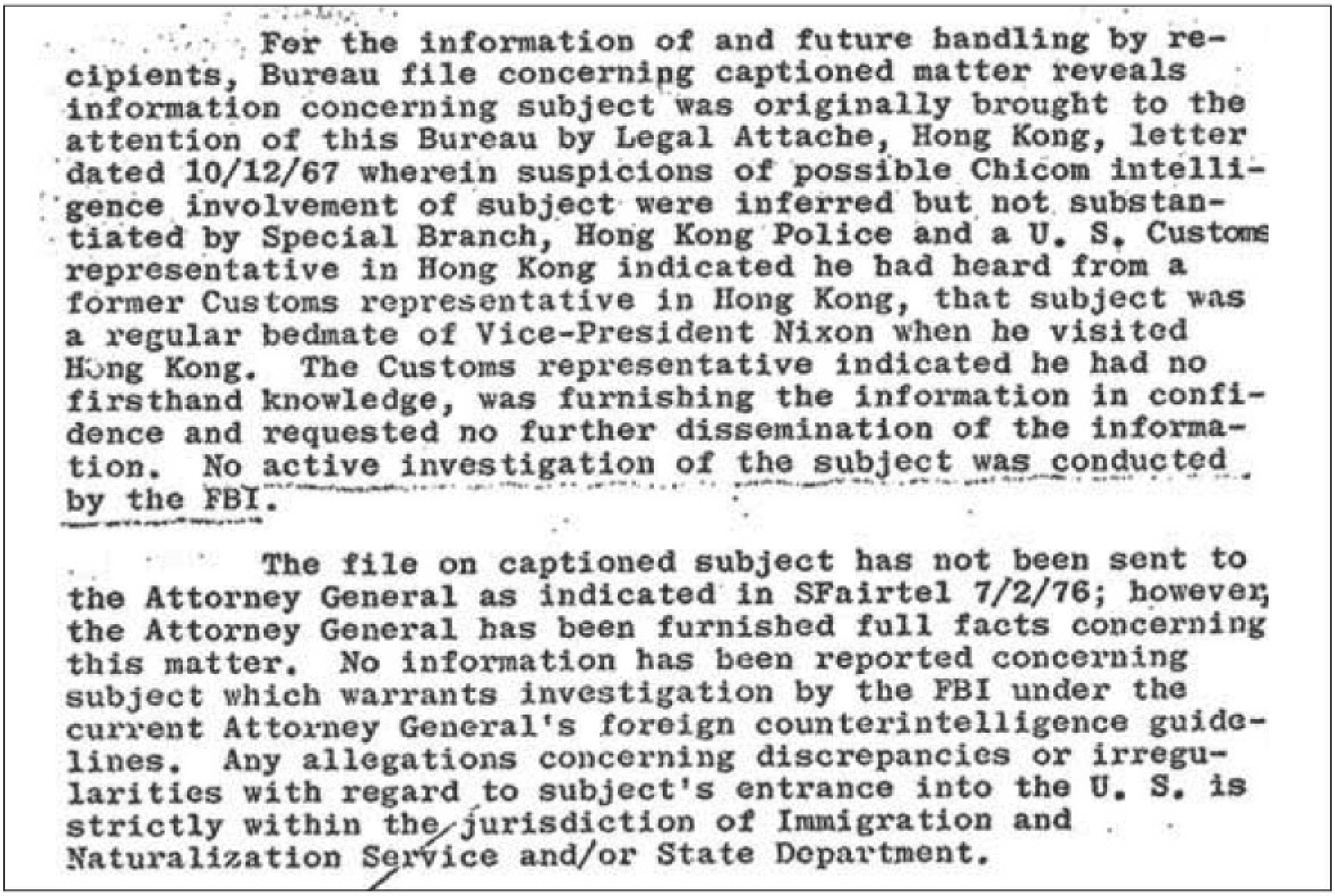

For the information of and future handling by recipients, Bureau file concerning captioned matter reveals information concerning subject was originally brought to the attention of this Bureau by Legal Attache, Hong Kong, letter dated 10/12/67 wherein suspicions of possible Chicom intelligence involvement of subject were inferred but not substantiated by Special Branch, Hong Kong Police and a U. S. Customs representative in Hong Kong indicated he had heard from a former Customs representative in Hong Kong, that subject was a regular bedmate of Vice-President Nixon when he visited Hong Kong. The Customs representative indicated he had no firsthand knowledge, was furnishing the information in confidence and requested no further dissemination of the information. No active investigation of the subject was conducted by the FBI.

The file on captioned subject has not been sent to the Attorney General as indicated in SFairtel 7/2/76; however, the Attorney General has been furnished full facts concerning this matter. No information has been reported concerning subject which warrants investigation by the FBI under the current Attorney General's foreign counterintelligence guidelines. Any allegations concerning discrepancies or irregularities with regard to subject's entrance into the U. S. is strictly within the jurisdiction of Immigration and Naturalization Service and/or State Department.

This secret 1976 FBI document repeats unconfirmed reports that Liu "was a regular bedmate" of former vice president Nixon during his visits to Hong Kong in the 1960s. Liu, found and interviewed by the author, denied both a romance with Nixon and British and US suspicions that she worked for Chinese intelligence.

Katrina Leung and her husband, Kam, face reporters outside the federal courthouse in Los Angeles on December 16, 2005, after she pleaded guilty to lying about her affair with FBI agent James J. Smith and failing to pay taxes on thousands of dollars the bureau paid her as a double agent. Although the government said she secretly passed FBI secrets to Chinese intelligence for years, she was not charged with espionage. *AP Images*

The Spymaster: Geng Huichang moved up in 2007 to become chief of the MSS, the Ministry of State Security, as part of a government shakeup by President Hu Jintao, who sought to consolidate his power by naming five political allies as ministers.
CNS

Michael W. Emmick prosecuted Katrina Leung for copying FBI secrets for China. The Justice Department was stunned when federal judge Florence-Marie Cooper threw out the case against PARLOR MAID, charging government "misconduct." She singled out Emmick, but later retracted her remarks about the prosecutor, saying he was not responsible.

ETHEREAL THRONE: Jeff Wang, a defense engineer, lost his job after being falsely accused as a Chinese spy by an FBI informant who had a personal grudge against him. Denise Woo, a decorated FBI agent, was dismissed and prosecuted after she tried to clear the innocent man. She is shown here in happier times, receiving a congratulatory handshake from then FBI director Louis Freeh. *FBI*

Chinese intelligence penetrated the CIA for thirty years with Larry Wu-Tai Chin, a top translator for the agency, who was caught by the FBI when he was careless with a Beijing hotel room key. A Catholic priest in New York's Chinatown may have been sent by China's spy service to try to help Chin escape when the FBI closed in. *AP Images*

Wen Ning, code name ANUBIS, spied for the FBI while a diplomat inside the Chinese consulate in

Los Angeles. He later went to prison for illegally exporting electronic parts and militarily useful technology to China.
Courtesy of Herald Times Reporter, Manitowoc

Family of spies: Chi Mak, shown here with his wife, Rebecca Chiu, secretly passed sensitive Navy documents on US weapons systems to China for more than twenty years. He was convicted and in 2008 sentenced to twenty-four years in prison. The government charged he headed a spy ring that included his wife, his brother, Tai Mak, and Tai Mak's wife and son. All five were convicted on various charges. *FBI*

"I work for Red Flower of North America." Tai Mak's phone call to his contact in Zhongshan, China, was intercepted by the FBI. About to board a flight to Hong Kong, he was arrested at Los Angeles International Airport with computer disks containing data about the Navy's Quiet Electric Drive, designed to allow submarines to run silent. He was sentenced to ten years. *FBI*

"This channel is much safer than the others." Dongfan Chung (right) is shown with Gu Weihao, an official of China's Ministry of Aviation, who assured him he could safely pass defense secrets through Chi Mak. Chung, an engineer for Boeing, collected data for China on the space shuttle and the B-1 bomber. He was convicted of economic espionage and in 2010 sentenced to fifteen years and eight months. *FBI*

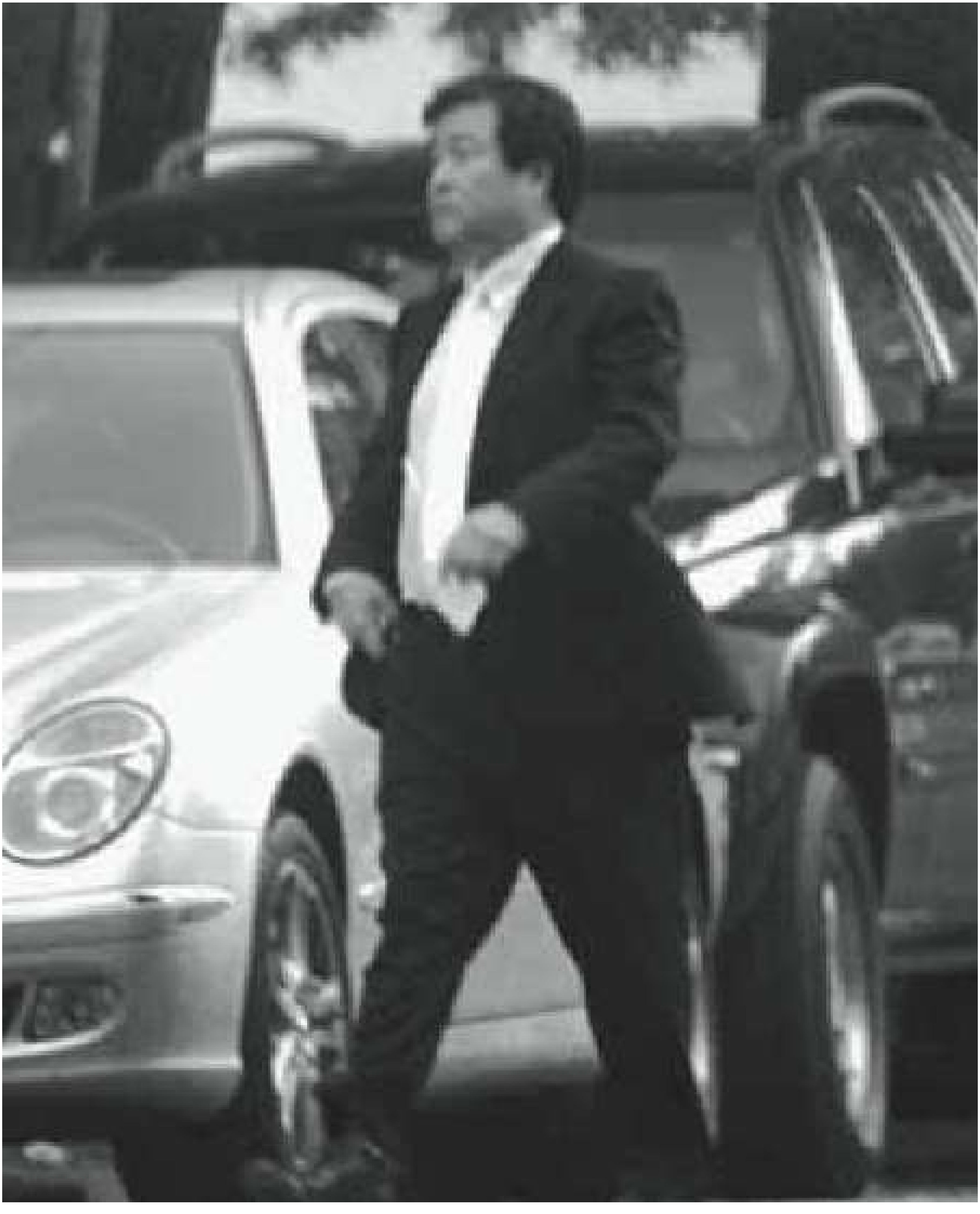

Tai Shen Kuo, a New Orleans businessman, was paid by Lin Hong, a Chinese military intelligence officer, to enlist Pentagon officials in a Chinese spy network. Caught by the FBI, which took this surveillance photo of him, Kuo pleaded guilty under the espionage laws. In 2008 he drew a sentence of almost sixteen years, later reduced to five for cooperating with prosecutors. *FBI*

Yu Xin "Katie" Kang, Tai Shen Kuo's young Chinese girlfriend, served as a cutout between Kuo and his handler in China, Lin Hong. Kuo had dominated her life since she was a teenager. Prosecutors recognized that she had been used and controlled for years by Kuo, and she received a much lighter sentence of eighteen months. *FBI*

Gregg W. Bergersen, a Defense Department official with a weakness for gambling, turned over Pentagon documents to Tai Shen Kuo, who passed them on to China. Bergersen, shown in this FBI surveillance photo, thought the data was going to Taiwan. He pleaded guilty to conspiracy to disclose national defense information and was sentenced in 2008 to just under five years. *FBI*

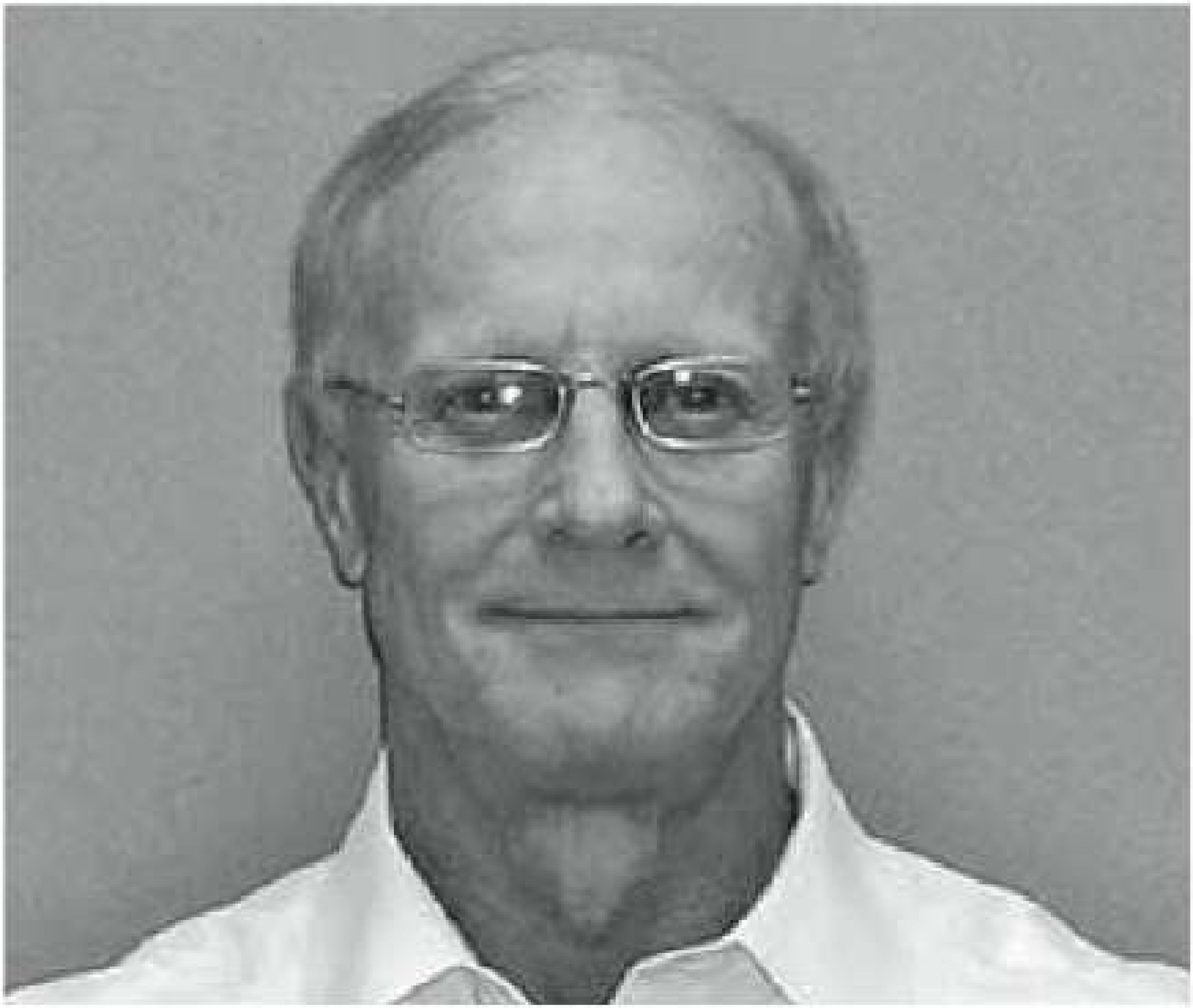

A second Pentagon official, James W. Fondren Jr., held a *top secret* clearance as deputy chief of the Washington liaison office for the US Pacific Command (pacom). He met in China with Lin Hong, who gave him the code name fang. Fondren, who turned over classified information to Kuo, was convicted and sentenced in 2010 to three years. *FBI*

Chapter 14

THE COUNTERSPY

THE DIRECTOR WANTS to see you."

Les Wiser, the FBI's ace counterintelligence agent, the man who caught Aldrich Ames, had no idea why FBI chief Robert S. Mueller III had summoned him to his office. But Wiser's antennae were up; whatever it was could not be good news. The director would not have sent for him unless major trouble was brewing.

Even so, Wiser was not prepared for what he learned. Mueller wasted no time on preliminaries. The FBI, he told Wiser, had been penetrated by Chinese intelligence. Katrina Leung—code name PARLOR MAID—the woman the bureau had relied on as its best spy against Beijing, had actually been working for Communist China for more than a decade. It was a nightmare come true. Mueller was grim, still furious over the details, which he had learned only days earlier.

It got worse. Wiser could hardly believe what Mueller revealed next. PARLOR MAID's handlers, who had been the FBI's two top counterintelligence agents targeting China, had carried on long-running sexual affairs with Katrina Leung. The FBI agent in Los Angeles, who had recruited her twenty years earlier, was her lover. So, for several years, was the bureau's top China expert in San Francisco.

Not only that, both FBI agents *knew* that PARLOR MAID had been recruited by Chinese intelligence. They found that out in 1991, yet headquarters had agreed they could continue to run her. It was an unbelievable mess.

The bureau would have to review everything PARLOR MAID had told the FBI for years, including information that had gone straight to the White House. Leung had been considered so reliable that her information was passed up the chain of command to four US presidents—Ronald Reagan, George H.W. Bush, Bill Clinton, and George W. Bush. Now the FBI would have to assume that much of it might be false.

Then Mueller gave Wiser his marching orders.

"Go to LA and take care of this," he said.

The FBI director did not have to spell out what remained unspoken. The disaster in Los Angeles was only the latest calamity to hit the bureau. Still reeling from its failure, along with the CIA, to prevent the 9/11 terrorist attacks in 2001, and the arrest earlier that year of FBI special agent Robert Hanssen as a Russian spy, the FBI now was dealing with an explosive internal scandal that was sure to become public.

Sex! Espionage! A Chinese dragon lady! Wiser's head was spinning when he walked out of the director's office in February 2002. He had just been handed a scorpion and he wasn't wearing gloves.

It was one thing for Mueller to tell him what had been going on in Los Angeles. But how was Wiser going to prove it? He would have to gather solid evidence to break the case open, to prove that PARLOR MAID was working for Beijing, that the two FBI men had been having sex with their agent, and that they knew she had been recruited by China but continued to work with her anyhow. The task seemed impossible. It was even further complicated by the fact that both FBI agents, J.J. Smith in Los Angeles, and Bill Cleveland in San Francisco, had retired.

And Wiser knew that he would face stiff resistance within the bureau, which always closed ranks to protect its own. In trying to build a case that involved the two FBI agents, Wiser would be seen as an outsider, a headquarters stooge. He would be violating the core precept of the bureau's culture, the old J. Edgar Hoover command, "Don't embarrass the bureau."

Sure, Hoover was long gone, but the headquarters building in Washington bore his name, and the old edicts had not been entirely forgotten. Wiser was already a target of jealousy and criticism within the bureau's ranks because of his success and the publicity he received in the Ames case. It was Wiser, defying orders from his superior, who had dug out from Ames's trash barrel a yellow Post-it note that proved to be the smoking gun in the case. The note proved that Ames was an active Russian spy, and it was the evidence the FBI needed to arrest him.

Wiser had made his bones in the Ames case, when he was thirty-eight, but it was nothing compared to the challenge that awaited him in Los Angeles. He felt a little like the lone sheriff in *High Noon.* But this wasn't a Hollywood western. If he screwed up, Mueller would know just whom to blame.

Nor had he exactly volunteered for this job. In the FBI, agents usually hope in time to rise to the level of an assistant special agent in charge (ASAC) of a major field office, and then perhaps to the top job of special agent in charge, or SAC. Wiser, after nineteen years, was up for a SAC post. Now that would have to be put on hold. He would have to do as Mueller asked; he had no choice.

Even before Special Agent Wiser had put Aldrich Ames behind bars for life, he had worked in counterintelligence for most of his years in the FBI. He had earned a reputation as quick, decisive, and discreet.

Tall and thin, with graying brown hair and a wide mustache, Wiser, a former Navy lawyer, did not fit the stereotype of the laconic, square-jawed FBI agent familiar from movies and television. Wiser smiled a lot and could laugh at himself; in a serious and demanding job, he had a saving sense of humor.

To preserve security, Wiser knew he would need a new code name for Katrina Leung, and the investigation of which she was also a target. He could not afford to have any documents generated by his investigation end up in the PARLOR MAID file, where other agents might see them. For Leung, the computer came up with a randomly generated new code name: POETIC FIT.

J.J. Smith, and the investigation directed at him, were given a separate code name, RICH FOLIAGE.

With four handpicked agents from headquarters, Wiser flew to LAX. Along with some two dozen carefully selected agents from Los Angeles, Wiser moved offsite into an office building in Santa Monica, well away from the FBI field office at 11000 Wilshire Boulevard. J.J. had retired, but he sometimes dropped by the office and it would not do for him to run into Wiser's team.

Although Wiser had not wanted the assignment that Mueller gave him, if China had penetrated the FBI, and two agents had been compromised, he was determined to get to the bottom of the mess and let the chips fall where they may.

By April 2002, Wiser was armed with another FISA warrant, and the FBI began wiretapping its own former agent, J.J. Smith. Agents on Wiser's team started tailing him as well.

The FBI, meanwhile, had continued to run PARLOR MAID as an asset. A new handler, Special Agent Steve Conley, had been assigned to her when J.J. retired. Not long after Wiser arrived in Los Angeles, he discovered that the FBI office on Wilshire was still approving her payments. He considered whether stopping the money would tip off PARLOR MAID that she was under investigation, but decided it was a risk that could be taken. Wiser reasoned that with J.J. retired, Leung would simply assume the bureau had less need for her services. He ordered the payments stopped.

To explain his presence in Los Angeles, Wiser told the field office on Wilshire that he was in town to do an efficiency study. His title of inspector helped his cover.

Sooner or later FBI agents are tapped for a stint in the bureau's inspection division. They visit the field offices, poke around, and write a report on how well or badly the offices are working. Since nobody, as might be imagined, likes a visit from the inspectors, Wiser was not asked a lot of questions.

And it became quickly clear from the wiretaps and surveillance on both J.J. and Leung that their romantic relationship had not ended with Smith's retirement more than a year earlier. In March, the watchers had seen them spending time together in a hotel.

Meanwhile, the agents operating out of the secret office in Santa Monica were delving into PARLOR MAID's financial activities. The Leungs owned a Chinese bookstore on East Garvey Avenue in Monterey Park. In July, Katrina Leung filed a petition for Chapter 7 bankruptcy for the bookstore, which meant that the premises had to be closed and all business ceased immediately, unlike a Chapter 11 proceeding, where a company reorganizes and emerges to operate anew.

According to an affidavit filed in federal court by FBI special agent Sharon Lawrence, Kam Leung called his wife on July 9 to say there was a "big problem" with their bankruptcy plan. "Mr. Leung explained to his wife that she could go to jail for filing a fraudulent bankruptcy petition since her name alone would appear on the petition, and she would be the person actually lying by stating that the subject business was closed for business when, in actuality, it was still operating."

The FBI spent hundreds of man-hours watching the bookstore to see if it was indeed still open. Some of the events described in the dry, stilted language of the lengthy affidavit were unintentionally comical. The store was managed for the Leungs by Kwong Wai Li Tang and her husband, I. Kuo Tang. "On August 8, 2002," the affidavit relates, "FBI surveillance revealed the following: At approximately 8:57 A.M., Ms. Tang exited a vehicle and entered the back door of [the bookstore]. Tang carried several white plastic bags with her." Half an hour later, "At approximately 9:28 A.M.," an FBI employee entered the bookstore and found it bulging with magazines, newspapers, videos, and books.

"The FBI employee told Ms. Tang that he was looking for a present for a friend. Ms. Tang told him that the store was closed." For the next forty-five minutes, the FBI sleuths watched as "several Asian people walked in and out" of the bookstore, and "one Asian male walked out ... with a newspaper which he apparently obtained while inside."

No doubt tumbling to the fact that they were being observed, the bookstore proprietors knew just what to do. Two weeks later, the store had a "Closed" sign on the front door. "However the rear entrance door ... was (propped) open." For the next hour the FBI watched as "eight people, all appearing to be Asian," entered the store and later emerged happily with newspapers or shopping bags. The Leungs were doing business out the back door. The bookstore was only closed to the FBI.

There was an extra irony in this, because when PARLOR MAID's contacts in China apparently suggested that she open a bookstore, J.J. had encouraged her to do so. The FBI was always greatly interested in Chinese bookstores on the West Coast, regarding some as propaganda outlets or fronts for the MSS. Eastwind Books in San Francisco, for example, had figured on the margins of the TIGER TRAP case. So when Leung opened the bookstore in Monterey Park, Smith regarded it as another successful move by PARLOR MAID for the FBI.

At the bankruptcy hearing in August, Katrina Leung had a great deal of difficulty explaining how the minutes of a meeting approving the bankruptcy petition by the bookstore's board of directors had been signed by Xie Shanxiao, the CEO, and Peter M. Chow, a director, since the minutes also showed that she was the only one present. Somehow, the store managers "probably have, uh, faxed them," she said.

The perplexed bankruptcy judge wondered how it was possible that Xie had signed the minutes, since Leung said she had not seen him in ten years. In fact, both Xie and Chow were in China, a long way from Monterey Park.

On September 5 PARLOR MAID was interviewed about the bankruptcy by two FBI agents and claimed that her attorney had told her to forge the signatures. She was still worried about those signatures a week later, however; in a phone call to Ms. Tang, according to the FBI document, she said "she had been losing sleep over the fraudulent signatures of the directors, because she stated that 'if one forges a signature, that's a very serious crime.'"

By now, PARLOR MAID must have realized something was up. She had been taken off the bureau payroll. She surely knew from the Tangs that FBI surveillance agents were skulking around the bookstore. And why were her good friends in the bureau asking about such an inconsequential matter as the bankruptcy of a small retail store in Monterey Park? There was no point in fretting any further; whatever it was would probably blow over, and J.J., although retired, still had plenty of friends in the bureau.

In July, Katrina Leung, unaware of the fact that she was being wiretapped and followed by Wiser's team, had contacted Ron Iden, the Los Angeles FBI chief, and asked to meet with him, ostensibly about "outreach" by the bureau to the Chinese community. More likely, the FBI investigators assumed, she wanted to be able to boast to the MSS on her next trip to Beijing that she knew and had personal access to the assistant director of the FBI in charge of the Los Angeles division.

As the top bureau official in Los Angeles, Iden had been told of the investigation being run out of the Santa Monica office. Wiser asked Iden to go ahead and meet with Leung, which he did on July 22. It was arranged to have Randall Thomas, one of Wiser's key agents, secretly monitor the meeting via audio piped in from an adjoining office.

Four months later, on November 5, 2002, the FBI videotaped J.J. Smith and PARLOR MAID in a Los Angeles hotel room. Technicians placed a hidden camera in the room after the FBI on a wiretap heard the two arranging to meet. That in turn required the cooperation of the hotel, to ensure that the couple was given the right room. Randall Thomas, who participated in the operation, reported in a court document: "The electronic surveillance revealed Smith and LEUNG having sexual relations."

The videotape provided in graphic detail confirmation of the fact that almost two years after J.J. had retired, his relationship with PARLOR MAID was still ongoing. Only a week later, on November 11, the bureau learned that he was also continuing to provide her with information about FBI agents.

Wiser's team covertly searched Leung's luggage at LAX as she prepared to leave on a trip to China. They found a fax from J.J. with six photos taken at a meeting of the Society of Former Special Agents of the FBI the previous month. Two of the photos were of agents still on active duty.

Two weeks later, when PARLOR MAID returned from China, Special Agent Peter Duerst was at San Francisco International Airport, waiting backstage as her luggage came off the plane. When he searched her bags, he found a piece of paper with handwritten notes in English and Chinese. One of the notes said, "Visited Ron Iden 7/29/02 re: community outreach." On the same paper, he found names and information about the FBI agents who worked with Leung.

PARLOR MAID continued her journey, flying on the same day to LAX, where Thomas took part in a second clandestine search of her luggage. All the searches had been authorized by the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court. When the FBI went through her bags they noted that the six photographs of FBI agents they had seen in her luggage on the outbound flight on November 11 were gone.

Now Wiser was ready to move. On December 9 J.J. was interviewed by FBI agents in a room at the Crowne Plaza Hotel on Century Boulevard, as Wiser watched from his office in Santa Monica on a closed-circuit video feed. It was not a good day for J.J., who had retired two years earlier with the plaudits of his colleagues and a medal from CIA director George Tenet.

It was in fact a very bad day, the first of many that would follow for Smith. Over two days of interviews in the hotel room, J.J., according to the Thomas affidavit, said that "he had probably told LEUNG too much." Several times J.J. conceded that any information PARLOR MAID had obtained about FBI operations and sources must have come from him.

Interrogators are always happiest when they already know the answers to the questions they ask. Their hand is even stronger if the person being interrogated does not realize that his questioners know the truth. In this case, Wiser's team had the videotape made the previous month of J.J. and Katrina's hotel room tryst.

Asked whether he was having a sexual relationship with Leung, J.J. at first refused to answer, "and then denied having a sexual relationship." For J.J., it was to prove a costly denial.

At another point in the interview, when asked about any trips abroad, J.J. said he had traveled to Hong Kong in February 2001, soon after he retired, and had gone there again in 2002. Each trip lasted about a week, and J.J. said he had traveled alone each time and had not met with anyone in Hong Kong. Later in the interview, he again said he made the trips alone.

One of the agents then asked J.J. point-blank if Leung had gone with him to Hong Kong. Smith replied, "She's, she was there."

But J.J. insisted he had never traveled with Leung to any place overseas except Hong Kong. When the interrogators pressed him, Smith conceded he had met Leung in London and flown back to the United States with her. That was the trip he had taken in 1992, when J.J. and Bill Cleveland had flown to London to interview Hanson Huang about TIGER TRAP. Afterward, J.J. and Leung had gone on their sightseeing trip around England, and on their return were spotted in the customs area at LAX by Dot Kelly, his supervisor, who had decided to surprise Smith by picking him up at the airport.

On December 11, after two days of intensive interrogation of J.J. Smith, it was PARLOR MAID's turn. She consented to being interviewed, and the FBI questioned her at a hotel in the San Fernando Valley. Once again, Wiser was watching via closed-circuit television. What happened then, and in several days of later interviews, was described in a court document by Randall Thomas.

Bruce Carlson, the assistant chief of the China section at FBI headquarters, had flown to Los Angeles to conduct the questioning. Carlson, tall, slim, and smooth, fluent in Mandarin, got PARLOR MAID talking far beyond what he could have imagined. In the hotel room, Leung began describing classified documents she said she had secretly taken from J.J.'s briefcase and copied.

It was a stunning admission. Why Katrina Leung confessed to taking the documents is something of a mystery. Perhaps, after twenty years as an FBI asset, of working closely with the bureau, she felt she had nothing to fear. These were FBI agents, her friends, they would understand the Byzantine ways of double agents, the subtleties of counterintelligence operations. She could talk her way out of any trouble.

Asked whether she had an "intimate" relationship with J.J., she first described their association as a "business relationship" and said she was no more than "a good family friend." She was unaware, of course, of the videotape that the FBI had made of their hotel room liaison only a month earlier. She also denied traveling overseas with J.J.

As the questioning continued, however, Leung finally admitted that she and J.J. were more than friends. She said she had first become intimate with him in the early 1980s, "Very long ago, but I cannot tell you what year."

PARLOR MAID readily agreed to meet with the FBI at her home in San Marino and show them documents she said she had removed from J.J.'s briefcase. The interview adjourned to her house.

With Carlson and another FBI officer, Special Agent Edgar Del Rosario, watching, Leung opened a locked safe in an upstairs bedroom and took out a five-page document that was an even bigger surprise. It contained excerpts of transcripts of her conversation, using the code name Luo, with Mao—Mao Guohua, her MSS handler in Beijing.

Leung now admitted that Mao was her MSS control and Luo her MSS alias, and that the code name Luo Zhongshan had been assigned to her by none other than Zhu Qizhen, the Chinese ambassador to the United States. She recounted the story she had told to J.J. Smith eleven years earlier in their kitchen confrontation. She claimed that Mao had obtained the notes about a defector that had been taken from her luggage, and because they were more detailed than what she had told him, she admitted to Mao that she was working for the FBI and agreed from that point on to tell the MSS whatever she knew of FBI operations.

The transcript the agents found in Leung's safe was, of course, the 1990 conversation intercepted by the National Security Agency in which PARLOR MAID had tipped off the MSS that Bill Cleveland was planning a trip to China under State Department cover. The intercept that led Smith and Cleveland to fly to Washington to persuade headquarters to let J.J. continue to run PARLOR MAID.

Wiser was stunned, furious to learn of the intercept, which had now turned up in Leung's house. He had been dispatched by the director of the FBI to investigate the mess in Los Angeles, but, astonishingly, headquarters had never told him about the conversation between Luo and Mao. An essential part of his job was to find proof of whether PARLOR MAID was an agent of Chinese intelligence. But no one in Washington had seen fit to tell him of the key piece of evidence in the case, the phone conversation that clearly tied her to the MSS.

Asked how she had obtained the transcript of the intercept, Leung replied, "I think I sneaked it."

She said that J.J. "would leave his briefcase open, and that the file folder pockets in the briefcase often contained documents, with the text facing out." That way, she said, she could see the documents she wanted and "remove them and copy them without Smith's knowledge when he left his briefcase unattended."

Leung said she made copies of the documents with either a photocopier or a fax machine in her home. "Generally, she stated that she would make handwritten notes from documents she surreptitiously copied, and then discard the copies in the trash."

She also said that she sometimes made notes about documents "she surreptitiously obtained from Smith without copying the documents," and also made notes about information Smith told her. Over the years, she "admitted that she provided intelligence she gained in this manner to the MSS."

There was an even more startling revelation. PARLOR MAID admitted that China had paid her $100,000 because Chinese president Yang Shangkun "liked her." Yang, the president of China from 1988 to 1993, a veteran of the Red Army's Long March, was best known as the military leader who cracked down on the student demonstrators in Tiananmen Square on June 4, 1989, killing hundreds of students and workers.

Since J.J. Smith often consulted Leung on FBI investigations, and virtually treated her like an unofficial member of the China squad, there was no way to be sure about the volume of information she had passed to Chinese intelligence. For example, one investigation she certainly knew a lot about was the TIGER TRAP case, on which, because of her friendship with Hanson Huang, she had worked closely with both Bill Cleveland and J.J.

A few days after PARLOR MAID produced the transcript of her conversation with Mao, Peter Duerst and Carlson went to the FBI's Wilshire field office and into the SCIF, the secure vault where secret documents are kept. They found several TOP SECRET summaries of conversations between Luo and Mao that contained portions of the transcripts in the document that Leung had produced from her bedroom safe.

At first, the FBI agents wondered what led Smith to take the transcript of PARLOR MAID's conversations with Mao to her home. Surely, J.J. would need no reminder of the intercept that had revealed to him that PARLOR MAID, his top source, had been flipped by the MSS. But Smith had used the transcript as proof that Leung was working for the MSS when he confronted her in 1991 about the intercepted call to Beijing. And the document ended up in her bedroom safe.

The next day, with Leung's consent, two FBI agents searched her home and discovered a document classified SECRET that was in a way even more significant, because of its 1997 date, than the intercept of the conversation between Luo and Mao. The date was crucial, because it meant that six years after being confronted by J.J., PARLOR MAID was still extracting documents from his briefcase.

The document, dated June 12, 1997, was one of four discovered by Special Agent Stephen Lawrence in a bookcase on the second floor. It was an FBI electronic communication, or EC, written by the bureau's legat in Hong Kong.

The document reported that China was trying to purchase US electronic equipment that would enable Beijing "to intercept the same intelligence" collected by US spy satellites as the data was beamed to ground stations.

But here the story took an unusual twist. The document said the MSS had offered a $1 million reward for information on the whereabouts of two Chinese nationals, Liu Zuoqing, the manager of a company in northern China, and Zheng Dequan, his son-in-law. The pair were accused of stealing $140 million that was supposed to be used to buy the high-tech "most-up-to-date satellite retrieval systems technology manufactured by a U.S. firm."

According to the legat's report, the MSS had ordered its agents in the United States to find the fugitives; Chinese intelligence was ready to kill the two men and their families. The document also said that the spy operation to acquire the satellite technology had been ordered by the "highest level" of the Chinese government and that the revelation of the attempt to buy the technology would be "far more detrimental to [Beijing] than the loss of the money."

The sensational report was obviously based on information from a source that had reached the FBI agent in Hong Kong. And there it was, sitting in a bookcase in Katrina Leung's house in San Marino.

In the same bookcase where the FBI found the report from Hong Kong about the two Chinese fugitives, the agents also found three other documents. One was a 1994 telephone directory of the NSD-2 China squad in Los Angeles, the initials standing for the FBI's national security division. The directory included the home telephone numbers of the FBI agents on the counterintelligence squad.

Another document discovered was a 1994 legat directory, listing the names, telephone numbers, and office addresses of FBI legal attachés overseas. Finally, the bookcase held a phone list of FBI agents and members of the Special Surveillance Group, the civilians known as G's, who had worked on an espionage case code-named ROYAL TOURIST.

In that case, Peter Lee, a Taiwan-born nuclear scientist who had worked at both the Los Alamos and Livermore labs, pleaded guilty in 1997 to passing classified defense information to China and lying about it to the government. Although J.J. supervised ROYAL TOURIST, government documents do not explain why he brought the list of FBI agents to Leung's house.

The agents searching Leung's house also uncovered a journal with handwritten notes in Chinese and English. Among the words in English were "military double agent," "rocket knowledge," and "US Airforce." Bruce Carlson translated the journal and explained to a fellow agent that it was difficult to express those terms in Chinese, and easier for someone fluent in both languages to use English.

It crossed the minds of Les Wiser and his team that there might be another explanation of how PARLOR MAID had obtained the FBI's classified documents. They wondered, but did not know, if perhaps J.J. suspected or knew that Leung was taking the documents and tacitly allowed her to do so to "build" her, a term of art in counterintelligence that describes how a double agent is given information in order to appear more valuable to the opposition service.

The more PARLOR MAID impressed the MSS, the more intelligence she might bring back to J.J., which in turn would increase his already lofty standing in the FBI. He might have allowed PARLOR MAID to take the documents "with a wink," one official speculated, allowing him to deny, truthfully, that he ever gave her any material from the files of the FBI.

There was no evidence produced by the FBI to indicate that Smith knew or suspected that PARLOR MAID was stealing the documents. But Wiser and his colleagues also recognized that they might never fully understand the dynamic of the complicated relationship between J.J. Smith and his prize asset.

A week after searching Leung's house, the FBI conducted the first of four interviews with Bill Cleveland. After retiring from the bureau in 1993, Cleveland had been hired by the Livermore lab as its chief of counterintelligence. Ironically, in light of his sexual relationship with PARLOR MAID, it was his job to protect the nuclear weapons laboratory from penetration by Chinese or other foreign espionage services. As such, he was in charge of the Security Awareness for Employees (SAFE) program at the lab, which encouraged employees to report suspected spies or anything "suspicious."

As part of the security awareness program, Cleveland briefed lab scientists on the importance of avoiding sexual entanglements that might prove embarrassing. He warned that foreign intelligence services could try to use the information to blackmail the scientists into revealing secrets.

At the first interview with Special Agent Duerst, Cleveland talked about how Leung had provided information to him, how he had met with her frequently in both San Francisco and Los Angeles, often with J.J. At this initial interview, however, he did not reveal his own affair with Leung.

Not until a second meeting with Duerst, on January 28, more than a month later, did Cleveland confess to his own long-term sexual relationship with PARLOR MAID. But he had difficulty recalling when it began. He thought it had started in 1991, but in the next interview, amended that to 1989. Finally on February 4, Cleveland was polygraphed and in the pre-interview he said the affair had begun in 1988, continued for five years until his retirement, and then was revived in 1997 and 1999.

Cleveland described how he had listened to the 1991 audiotape of the Luo and Mao conversation and recognized Leung's voice. He recounted his alarm at realizing that she was "passing information to the MSS without FBI authorization," as the affidavit of Special Agent Randall Thomas described it. How Smith, "visibly upset," had flown to San Francisco when he heard the news. And how J.J. later assured him that "the problem" had been resolved.

Bruce Carlson, after interviewing Leung for several days in December, concluded that her relationship with the MSS "cast doubt on all her previous reporting." The FBI had relied on her information "in the conduct of various foreign counterintelligence investigations.... The FBI must now re-assess all of its actions and intelligence analyses based on her reporting."

The bureau, Carlson warned, would now have to figure out which counterintelligence cases had "been thwarted or compromised" by her passing information "to her PRC handlers, as well as by disinformation she may have provided her FBI handlers."

It was not a merry Christmas or a happy New Year for J.J. Smith, Katrina Leung, or William Cleveland. Wiser and his team had established the somber, unhappy truth. China's intelligence service, the MSS, had penetrated the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

There was no telling what would happen next. All the three could do was wait for the government's next move. It was a nerve-racking time, especially for J.J. and PARLOR MAID. It was only slightly less so for Cleveland, since there was no evidence that Leung had obtained documents or information from him. But his job at Livermore would be in jeopardy if his relationship with Leung became public.

It was better to try not to think about what the days or weeks ahead might bring, and J.J. dealt with the waiting by keeping busy. After he had retired, like many ex-FBI agents, he opened a private security firm out of his home in Westlake Village. His business card read "James J. Smith, Private Investigations and Security Consultant." On the reverse side, the same information appeared in Chinese.

Late in January 2003 J.J. and his old boss, Dot Kelly, who had also retired, were in separate cars conducting a surveillance in a northern Los Angeles suburb for a corporate client of the Emerald Group, a private security firm run by Tom Parker, an ex-FBI agent in Los Angeles. The streets in the area may have become a tad overcrowded, because at the time, and for several weeks, J.J. remained under surveillance by the FBI as he in turn conducted his own surveillance for Parker. It was a scene worthy of Mack Sennett, the celebrated silent film director who specialized in slapstick.

The comic relief would not last for long, however. Soon, Les Wiser, his work done, packed up the office in Santa Monica and prepared to head back East, after many months away from his family.

As daunting as the job had seemed in the beginning, he had done what he set out to do. The rest was up to the prosecutors.

Chapter 15

ROYAL TOURIST

IN JULY 1997 Robin Lee was annoyed when an outlet in the kitchen of her house in Manhattan Beach, California, suddenly stopped working. She unscrewed the faceplate to have a look; perhaps she could divine what was wrong and avoid the expense of an electrician.

She removed the plate and immediately saw something that struck her as extremely odd. There was an extra wire in the outlet, and it was unlike anything she had ever seen before.

Her husband, Peter Hoong-Yee Lee, a physicist and a graduate of the California Institute of Technology, had no difficulty recognizing the strange wire for what it was—a miniature bug, a microphone that had been disguised to pick up conversations in the room.

For Peter Lee, it was the first sign of danger, a harbinger of the major trouble that was soon to descend upon him. Until that moment, life had been good for the Lees. A respected scientist and expert on lasers who had worked at both the Los Alamos and Lawrence Livermore nuclear weapons labs, Peter Lee was then fifty-eight and employed at TRW, a Livermore contractor, in Redondo Beach, California.

A shy, introverted man who spoke and wrote Chinese fluently, Lee was born in Chongqing (then Chungking), in central China, in 1939, grew up in Taiwan, and immigrated to the United States.

Lee, a naturalized citizen, had briefly appeared on the FBI's radar screen in the early 1980s, while he worked at Livermore. On a trip to China, according to Paul Moore, the former FBI analyst, "at breakfast he tells a colleague that the strangest thing happened, somebody came to my hotel room and wanted to talk to me. The person he confided this to said, 'This is the kind of thing the security folks want to know about, be sure to put it in your trip report.' Lee didn't but the other guy did. The FBI came out to interview Lee. Bill Cleveland did the interview. Lee says, 'Oh yeah, I didn't put that into my report, I should have.' 'You kept a trip diary?' Lee says yes, but he can't find it, come back later. The FBI comes back and Lee says he doesn't want to get involved any further. So now Lee is on the FBI's records."

What Peter Lee did not know was that a decade later, in 1991, J.J. Smith had opened an FBI case on him after the bureau received information about Lee from an informant. The scientist was suspected of passing government secrets to China. The FBI gave the Peter Lee file the code name ROYAL TOURIST.

Chinese spy cases have tendrils that often seem to reach out and become entangled in other cases. The Peter Lee case was used as a pretext when the FBI ran a notably unsuccessful sting on Wen Ho Lee, with a bureau agent pretending to be a spy for the MSS. And the names of the agents who worked on the Peter Lee case were found in PARLOR MAID's bookcase in 2002, when the FBI was closing in on Katrina Leung and J.J. Smith.

At TRW, Lee worked on the Joint UK/US Radar Ocean Imaging Program, a $100 million effort by the United States in cooperation with Britain to use radars on satellites and aircraft to detect submarines moving underwater. The theory was that the remote sensing radars could detect submarine signatures by subtle changes on the surface of the ocean waves. The Pentagon program was based at the Livermore lab.

In February 1994 the FBI, with approval of the secret court established by the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act, began "technical surveillance" of Peter Lee, a euphemism for a wiretap. The bug in the kitchen was approved later, in August 1996.

In May of the following year, Lee and his wife visited China on a three-week trip that took them to Beijing, Shanghai, Guangzhou, and other cities. On his foreign travel form at TRW, Lee said he was going on a vacation and paying his own expenses. In fact, he had been invited to lecture by China's Institute of Applied Physics and Computational Mathematics in Beijing, which paid for his trip.

While in Beijing, Lee lectured on microwave scattering from ocean waves and talked about his work on the radar ocean-imaging project. He showed the scientists a photograph he had brought with him of the wake of a surface ship and drew a graph to illustrate his talk. In answer to a question, he said the technology could also be used to detect submarines moving below the surface.

Among the thirty scientists present were He Xiantu, Du Xiangwan, Chen Nengkuan, whom Lee had met on an earlier trip to China in 1985, and Yu Min, whom he had also met on the earlier trip and who was described by one Livermore official as the Edward Teller of the Chinese nuclear weapons program.

Apparently Lee realized he might get in trouble for his freewheeling lecture to the Chinese scientists, because before leaving the institute, he erased the graph and tore the photograph into small pieces. A few days later, he lectured to scientists in another city.

Back in California in late May, he filled out a questionnaire for TRW asserting that the Chinese had not asked "for technical information" or tried to persuade him to disclose classified data. However, he detected no sign of trouble—until Robin discovered the bug two months later.

J.J. Smith had assigned three agents to the ROYAL TOURIST investigation, Gilbert Cordova, Serena Alston, and Brad Gilbert. They were the same team that investigated Jeffrey Wang in the ETHEREAL THRONE case.

In late June, Cordova interviewed Lee, who insisted, as he had on his travel form for TRW, that he had paid his own expenses on what he described as a sightseeing and pleasure trip. He denied that he had engaged in any technical or scientific discussions with anyone in China. By lying on both counts, Lee did not realize he was digging himself deeper into a hole.

Once Robin Lee had discovered the bug in the kitchen, the surveillance was obviously compromised. J.J. Smith and the other agents realized they had to move quickly. In August, the

FBI interviewed Lee twice in a hotel room in Santa Barbara.

Lee was unaware that he had an audience. As Cordova and Alston questioned the scientist at Fess Parker's hotel, J.J. and his entire squad of about fifteen FBI agents from Los Angeles were crowded into the adjoining room, watching the proceedings on video.

Somewhat to the surprise of the FBI agents, Lee now admitted he had lied about the purpose of his trip and in denying that he had talked to the Chinese about technical matters. But he continued to insist he had paid for the trip himself. At the second of the interviews, on August 14, he was asked to provide receipts to verify his trip expenses.

Soon afterward, Lee sent an e-mail and fax to Guo Hong, a Chinese official, about an "extremely urgent matter." He asked Guo to send him receipts in English with his name and Robin's, showing that he had paid for the trip. The Chinese official obliged, and early in September, Lee submitted the phony receipts to the FBI.

A month later, Lee agreed to be interviewed again and to take a lie detector test. Told he had failed the polygraph, Lee then confessed on videotape that he had talked about classified information in China and lied on his post-travel questionnaire. He said he had revealed the information because China is "such a poor country" and one of the scientists had asked for his help. It was a classic example of *guanxi* and the "help China modernize" pitch that had worked in other cases.

But Peter Lee had an even bigger surprise in store for the FBI agents. Having decided to unburden himself, he began talking about the four-week trip that he had taken to China in January 1985.

At the time of the trip, Lee was working at Los Alamos. For eight years before that, however, he had been at the Livermore lab as a research physicist specializing in inertial confinement fusion, or ICF, the use of lasers to attempt to trigger what amounted to miniature, tabletop thermonuclear explosions. In these experiments, powerful lasers are focused on a hohlraum, a small gold cylinder no bigger than a paper clip that holds a tiny capsule containing deuterium and tritium. The goal is to cause the fuel inside the capsule to ignite, creating for a fraction of a second a miniature star and producing new energy by fusion, the way the sun does. The process, if successful, could be used to produce nuclear energy to generate electricity, but it is also similar to what happens in a thermonuclear bomb.

The dance had begun on January 9, 1985, when Lee met with Chen Nengkuan of the China Academy of Engineering Physics, the agency that designed and developed the country's nuclear weapons. In Chen's hotel room in Beijing, Lee was asked questions by him that involved classified information. Chen told Lee he did not need to speak, he could just nod yes or no.

That would foil any eavesdroppers. But it would also allow Lee to claim that he never "talked" to Chen about any US secrets.

Chen, one of China's top scientists in its nuclear weapons program, had earned a PhD in physics at Yale in 1950. He drew for Lee a diagram of a hohlraum, and asked a series of questions about it. The business of just nodding yes or no was soon forgotten, and Lee answered questions about the dimensions of the cylinder and where the capsule was located inside it.

The next day, Lee was picked up at his hotel by Chen and driven to another hotel where a group of Chinese scientists was waiting in a small conference room. For two hours, Lee answered questions and drew several diagrams, including sketches of hohlraums. He also discussed problems the United States was having in its simulated nuclear weapons tests.

On the face of it, the government appeared to have an airtight case against Peter Lee. By his own admission, he had revealed classified information in 1985 on the laser program and in 1997 on the ocean-imaging project and its application to detecting submarines. He had lied about the purpose of his trip in 1997 and in denying he had discussed technical subjects in China. He then tried to deceive the FBI with phony travel vouchers to prove he had paid for the trip himself.

The case was assigned to Jonathan Shapiro, a young, gung-ho federal prosecutor in Los Angeles, a Harvard graduate with a law degree from the University of California at Berkeley and a Rhodes scholar. Shapiro, as he later testified to a Senate judiciary subcommittee chaired by Senator Arlen Specter, had "what I thought was a dead-bang case."

But Shapiro soon found himself at loggerheads with the Department of Justice in Washington. "It is no secret that in the Peter Lee prosecution," he testified, "I strongly advocated for the most aggressive approach in pursuing Mr. Lee on charges of espionage. It is also no secret that I had disagreements with my supervisors at the U.S. Attorney's Office and with the Department of Justice about how the case should be investigated and charged."

On hundreds of other cases that Shapiro had prosecuted, he did not need approval from Washington. But espionage was different. No spy case could move forward without a green light from the attorneys in the internal security section of the department.

And the lawyers in Washington quickly came to regard the ROYAL TOURIST case as a quagmire. The problem was that the information Lee had revealed in China on both occasions was classified at the time he had disclosed it, but later declassified and discussed publicly by US officials.

There is considerable misunderstanding about the classification system both in and outside the government. Documents are classified by executive order, not by law. Indeed, although the military classified documents starting in World War I, there was no civilian document-classification system until President Harry S. Truman issued the first presidential order on classification in 1951. Later chief executives have issued similar orders, providing that documents may be marked CONFIDENTIAL, SECRET, or TOP SECRET, depending on how much damage to national security their disclosure might cause.

But a whole superstructure of special intelligence classifications above TOP SECRET has sprung up, exotic code names like DINAR, UMBRA, or SPOKE, usually assigned to protect the methods used to gather intelligence, such as spy satellites or electronic intercepts.

An executive order, in short, is not a law. The classification system was not established by Congress. Created by the president, it applies only to employees of the federal government. Only Congress can pass laws. A president can instruct federal employees about how to mark a document TOP SECRET. But disclosing a classified document does not necessarily break any law.

The espionage statutes date back to 1917 and World War I, long before President Truman invented the classification system. With a narrow exception dealing with codes and communications intelligence, the statutes do not penalize disclosure of classified documents as such but of information "relating to the national defense." This is a crucial distinction, since many documents that should never have been classified in the first place are marked SECRET or TOP SECRET by overzealous bureaucrats. Sometimes officials wield the secrecy stamp on a document to feel important or because they know that otherwise their superiors may not even bother to read it.

To criminalize leaks of government information simply because the information is marked classified would be absurd: in 2008 the government classified 23,421,098 documents, a total that had more than doubled in six years. It is hardly likely that the government has that many real secrets to withhold from its citizens. Unnecessary classification is a fact of life in Washington. During World War II, the Army actually classified the bow and arrow as a "silent flashless weapon." One government agency classified the fact that water does not flow uphill. In the early years of the space program, the Pentagon classified the fact that it was sending monkeys into space, although a plaque on the cage of a macaque at the National Zoo announced to visitors that this particular monkey had been sent up two hundred thousand feet on an Air Force rocket.

When the government tries to invoke the espionage laws to prosecute someone, it must prove that a particular classified document fits the statutory definition of "relating to the national defense." It is not enough for prosecutors simply to show that a document is classified, since it may have been improperly classified. Otherwise, if publication or disclosure of classified information were illegal per se, the government would have total control over information and the First Amendment would become meaningless.

As a practical matter, however, prosecutors are usually reluctant to bring a case before a jury unless they can show that a defendant has revealed classified information. If the information is not classified, jurors might well wonder how the government can claim that the documents relate to the nation's defense and that their disclosure would harm national security.

And that was precisely the problem that the prosecutors faced in the ROYAL TOURIST case. A document that Lee had written in 1982, which he discussed in China in 1985, was classified. But scientists the world over were working on inertial confinement fusion, and by 1993 the ICF experiments that Lee spoke about had been declassified.

Moreover, by 1993 the Energy Department was encouraging other countries to simulate nuclear explosions in the laboratory—the ICF work that Lee was engaged in—in order to discourage other nations from conducting atmospheric nuclear tests. Michael Liebman, the Justice Department attorney responsible for the Lee case, worried that if Lee was prosecuted for his lectures in 1985, he could claim he was only trying to help persuade China not to conduct tests of nuclear weapons in the air.

The scientist's discussion about the ocean-imaging project and the use of radar to track ships and subs presented an even greater hurdle, in Liebman's view. But Lee had admitted telling the Chinese in 1997 that the radars could also be used to detect submarines. Liebman thought he could use that indiscretion to build an espionage case against Lee. Then Liebman was dismayed to discover a March 1995 article on the Livermore website, a date that was two years before Lee's trip to China.

Headlined "Radar Ocean Imaging," the article discussed Livermore's role in the joint US/UK program: "This project focuses on the detection by radars of surface manifestations of moving, submerged submarines." Oops.

It got worse. A few days later, Liebman found that in April 1994 Dr. Richard E. Twogood, who managed the ocean-imaging project at Livermore, boasted in an open session of the House Armed Services Committee that the program "has made important progress in the development of methods to detect submarine signatures with remote sensing radars" that could measure "surface effects produced by undersea disturbances."

When he testified before the Senate Subcommittee on Department of Justice Oversight in 2000, Twogood had difficulty deciding on the level of classification of the data about submarine tracking that Lee had disclosed in China. He had reviewed Lee's confession to the FBI. "When I saw the videotape and the audio tape, my immediate response was that it is at least confidential, and I thought it was likely ... secret." Twogood said he told Bill Cleveland, then in charge of security at Livermore, that "it probably was secret." A document introduced at the hearing indicated that Twogood thought the information about detecting submarines was classified "Secret/Crimson Stage."

Shapiro was unhappy that Twogood was the only government witness provided to him who could testify that Lee had disclosed classified information. But Twogood waffled on the level of classification.

The prosecutor kept asking the Navy for someone who could clarify just how secret the submarine-tracking data was. Twogood, Shapiro told the judiciary panel, was "the best I could come up with." But, he added, "Nevertheless I had Twogood and I was going to use Twogood." The problem was that "Dr. Twogood's opinion evolved." As a witness, Shapiro fretted, Twogood was not too good. "Dr. Twogood, in my view, would have gone down in blue flames on cross-examination."

Shapiro also testified that he had wanted to arrest Lee when he confessed, but that the Justice Department vetoed him, saying it wanted more time to study the evidence. Shapiro said he wanted "to put the cuffs on him and let him taste incarceration.... My frustrations in this case began when I wasn't allowed to hook Mr. Lee up."

But the biggest blow to the prosecution came from an unexpected quarter—the United States Navy. John G. Schuster, head of the Navy's submarine security branch, wrote a memo evaluating the damage caused by Lee's disclosures to the Chinese. Although the memo purported to give "classification guidance," it was all over the lot. The memo said the radar techniques were unclassified unless applied to "submarine wake signatures," in which case they were SECRET. But it also said that, on the other hand, Lee's discussion was taken from a document marked CONFIDENTIAL. And since the subject had been discussed in unclassified briefings and publications, "it is difficult to make a case that significant damage has occurred."

Then came the kicker: "Further, bringing attention to our sensitivity concerning this subject in a public forum could cause more damage to national security than the original disclosure." For that reason, Schuster urged that Lee not be prosecuted for talking about radar to track subs. Or, as Schuster testified, he opposed "a prosecution that might risk exposure of other non-acoustic ASW [antisubmarine warfare] information."

If Shapiro thought that Twogood was a problem, the Schuster memorandum was an exponentially bigger obstacle. The Navy was saying, in effect, yes, ROYAL TOURIST disclosed SECRET information, but we don't want any court trial that advertises how to track subs.

In an interview, Shapiro confirmed that "the Navy's reluctance was a problem." It was, in fact, a huge obstacle, although only one among the many he faced.

The two principal espionage statutes are contained in Title 18 of the US Code. The penalties for each are very different.

Section 793, "Gathering, transmitting or losing defense information," is aimed at anyone who obtains defense information with the intent or reason to believe that it is to be used to injure the United States or help a foreign nation. It applies as well to anyone who has either lawful or unauthorized possession of such information and passes it to someone not entitled to receive it, or through "gross negligence" allows the data to be removed or lost. For violators, it provides fines or a ten-year prison sentence, or both.

Section 794, "Gathering or delivering defense information to aid foreign government," is much more draconian. It is aimed at anyone who, with intent or reason to believe that it is to be used to injure the United States or help a foreign nation, transmits to a foreign government information "relating to the national defense." Depending on the type of information passed, the penalty is either death or imprisonment up to and including life.

Shapiro believed he could convict Lee under 794. He reasoned that even though the secrets revealed in China by Lee were later declassified, he had broken the espionage law at the time he lectured to the Chinese scientists both in 1985 and 1997. But Shapiro's superiors at the Justice Department did not authorize him to move under that law. He was allowed only to threaten to use 794 for leverage in obtaining a plea bargain. If he failed to obtain a guilty plea, he was told he could come back to the department and the matter would be reconsidered.

On top of that, the FBI made it clear to the prosecutor that the bureau was more concerned with its counterintelligence mission than in convicting Peter Lee. Michael P. Dorris, a senior FBI official, said exactly that in a memo he wrote on November 25, 1997.

The memo emphasized that "the FBI is much more interested in the intel yet to be garnered than in punishing felons. Therefore, any plea agreement must contain language permitting a thorough consensual search and complete cooperation by RT [ROYAL TOURIST]. He must also agree to tell all. Maybe even submit to a polygraph, who knows. Anyway, I think you get the idea."

In his testimony to the judiciary subcommittee, Shapiro made no secret of his frustration in trying to move the case forward. Part of the problem, he said, was that "there were individuals who weren't interested in prosecuting Peter Lee so much as they were interested in garnering intel, getting intelligence. I'm a one-trick pony. I do one thing. I prosecute cases. They bring them to me. I prosecute them, I investigate them. I'm not an intelligence-gatherer."

Although in 1997 the ten-year statute of limitations on Section 793 had run out on his disclosures in 1985 Lee, perhaps to avoid a more drastic espionage charge, agreed to plead guilty to violating the lesser statute by having "willfully communicated" to China "information relating to the national defense" and having done so "with reason to believe that the information could be used to the advantage of the People's Republic of China." He also pleaded guilty to making a false statement on his travel form about his contacts with foreign officials during his 1997 trip. On the two charges combined, which the government recommended run concurrently, Lee faced ten years in prison and a fine of $250,000.

Lee thus was pleading guilty to revealing information in 1985 about his work with lasers on inertial confinement fusion. There was no mention in the plea bargain of the data he had revealed in 1997 about detecting submarines by radar. The Navy had prevailed; there would be no trial and courtroom discussion about tracking subs.

The Navy, however, wanted to have it both ways. Two years later, as the draft of the Cox Report on Chinese espionage was circulating behind the scenes to government agencies, senior Navy officials became alarmed at what they had wrought. The Cox draft, as well as the published version, said that the information Lee disclosed on detecting subs underwater could enable China's military "to threaten previously invulnerable U.S. nuclear submarines."

It seemed a reasonable conclusion; if radar could be used to peer beneath the ocean waves to find subs, they would no longer be invulnerable. From the Navy's viewpoint, however, it would not do at all if the public thought that nuclear-armed submarines, one leg of the triad of America's nuclear deterrent, were no longer safe.

Stephen W. Preston, the Navy's general counsel, wrote to Cox and Norm Dicks, the ranking Democrat on the committee, objecting to the language of the report. As Preston put it to the judiciary subcommittee, the Cox Report "had the potential of creating a widespread misperception that by virtue of Lee's disclosures the submarine force had been rendered vulnerable to adversaries."

As part of Lee's plea bargain, he had to agree to be debriefed by the FBI and answer all questions. In turn, the government said it would "recommend a short period of incarceration."

The deal was wrapped up by James D. Henderson, Lee's attorney, a former federal prosecutor in Los Angeles, and Shapiro. On the morning of March 26, 1998, Lee, Shapiro, and Henderson appeared before Judge Terry J. Hatter, in the federal district court in Los Angeles.

Henderson was at bat first. He did his best to try to persuade the judge not to send Lee to prison. "Not everybody needs to go to jail," he said. Lee, he argued, was "not the kind of person that belongs in a jail cell."

When Lee disclosed information in China, Henderson argued, he was in a teaching mode, just trying to aid other scientists and "was overcome by his desire to help them." It was just "a scientific thing." Lee's "ego got the best of him."

Shapiro wasn't buying it. "He lied," he said. "He compromised the security of projects he worked on.... Rather than serving the United States as he swore he would, he tried to help China." Shapiro said Lee had engaged in "a pattern of deception." In a dramatic flourish, the prosecutor displayed a hohlraum in court, linking it to "the design of nuclear weapons."

Finally it was Peter Lee's moment to speak. He admitted to an "egregious mistake" and added, "I got carried away with professional camaraderie.... I admit I violated a sacred oath not to discuss secrets. I am deeply sorry and regretful for my actions ... and I would like to beg for leniency. Please, your honor, don't put me in jail."

Hatter was skeptical of Lee's explanation that he got "carried away" in speaking to the Chinese scientists. "Well, let me stop you for a moment," the judge said. "It isn't just an activity of thirteen years ago, but there is the other count, the false statement much more recently."

But Hatter, much to the open disappointment of Shapiro and the FBI agents in the courtroom, did not send Lee to prison. He sentenced Lee, instead, to one year in a halfway house, three thousand hours of community service, and a $20,000 fine. As a convicted felon, however, and without a security clearance, Lee's career as a scientist working for the nuclear weapons labs or defense contractors was effectively over.

Six months after Lee was sentenced, there was an odd postscript in the case. The Pentagon asked the Naval Criminal Investigative Service to conduct a "Project Slammer" interview with Lee. The little-known project, run by the government's intelligence agencies, conducts interviews of convicted spies to find out what makes them tick. The FBI, possibly not looking kindly on the Navy's interference in the Lee case, told NCIS to go away. There was no Project Slammer interview of Peter Lee.

Looking back on the case, James Henderson, Lee's attorney, said that his client was convicted for disclosing information that "should never have been classified." According to Henderson, "the director of one of the programs Lee worked on said to me the only reason it was classified was to get funding from Congress."

The defense attorney had his own view of ROYAL TOURIST. "He was no real spy," Henderson insisted, "just a guy who did something stupid because he wanted to be a big shot."

Chapter 16

RICHARD NIXON AND THE HONG KONG HOSTESS

In 1967 DAN GROVE was the FBI's man in Hong Kong, a key listening post for intelligence on China and Southeast Asia. Somewhat like Vienna after World War II, Hong Kong was a magnet for spies and intrigue.

Grove, like all FBI agents stationed overseas, had the title of legal attaché, or legat. He was later to play an important role in the TIGER TRAP case when the student he recruited was entrusted with the letter from Hanson Huang to Gwo-bao Min, the Livermore scientist.

In October 1967 Richard Nixon was in Hong Kong, a city he visited often as the senior partner in the New York law firm of Nixon, Mudge, Rose, Guthrie, Alexander & Mitchell, where he worked during the 1960s and plotted his way back to power. When Nixon traveled abroad, as a former vice president he could, if he wished, receive political and military briefings at US embassies in the countries he visited. He was briefed on China by officials at the US consulate when he traveled to Hong Kong in 1967.

As the FBI legat in the British colony, Grove sometimes worked with Pericles "Perry" Spanos, the senior Treasury special agent in Hong Kong. Spanos was primarily concerned with smuggling, counterfeiting, and narcotics. One of the watering holes he kept a close eye on was the Den, the bar in the old Hilton hotel.

The US consulate in Hong Kong is on Garden Road. The Hilton, a landmark until it was demolished in 1995, was four blocks down the hill, below the consulate, at the corner of Queens Central Road. There were two bars in the Hilton: the Dragon Boat, shaped like a boat, was the regular bar; the Den, in the basement, was the cocktail lounge. Marianna Liu, a beautiful young Chinese woman, was the head hostess at the Den.

The Den was a place where patrons could enjoy a Filipino band, dancing, and drinks. "When the fleet was in," said one American diplomat, "US officers and aviators would book suites at the Hilton and there would be a lot of partying at the Dragon Bar and the Den."

Chinese intelligence did not overlook the fleet's fondness for the Hilton, according to Milton Bearden, who spent five years in Hong Kong during two tours for the CIA. "Hong Kong, the Hilton, the Dragon Bar, and the Den were hugely rich targets for the PRC. Intelligence was a cottage industry in Hong Kong. Everybody was involved. The Brits, the Americans, the Chinese, the fat cats. Everybody."

That included the FBI. "One day," Grove recalled, "Spanos comes across the hall to me about Liu. He says she's a source of mine on smuggling jewelry and different things out of China. He said there's all kinds of reports about her working for the other side. He said you got to look at this."

Nixon was in town, and Spanos told Grove that Liu had visited the former vice president in his suite at the Mandarin Hotel. "Spanos said she spent last night with Nixon. He said, 'I'm really concerned about this situation. Nixon spent the night with her at the Mandarin Hotel.' He said, 'He's shacking up with this girl and I know he got a security briefing.' That's what had Perry so distressed."

Grove resisted. "I said it's overseas, it's agency [CIA] jurisdiction. He said, 'Yeah, but Nixon is a US politician and just had a TOP SECRET briefing here.'" Grove finally agreed to accompany Spanos to the Den.

"I'll never forget," Grove said. "It was a very hot day—you could fry an egg on the sidewalk—we walked down to the Den." They were greeted by Marianna Liu. "She gives us a nice seat and Spanos says, 'I understand you spent the night with the big man last night.' She giggles. She laughed and giggled and said yes and pointed to the other girl and said she and the other hostess, Teresa, were with him and his friend. And the friend I found out was Bebe Rebozo."

Rebozo, a millionaire real estate developer who owned a bank on Key Biscayne, Florida, was Nixon's closest friend, his golfing, boating, and drinking partner, as well as his frequent travel companion. They both liked charcoal-broiled steaks and watching movies, which Rebozo would select.

Perry Spanos independently recalled the conversation about Nixon in the Den much as Grove had. "The main hostess was Marianna, a beautiful Chinese lady in her early thirties," Spanos said. "She was very coy, and said she and her friend Teresa met him, and she implied it was more than just a casual meeting. Teresa was nearby, Marianna pointed to her. She said, 'Myself and Teresa entertained Nixon.' I don't think Nixon was a ladies' man. So it surprised me."

Grove did not doubt that Liu and the other hostess had visited Nixon and Rebozo at the Mandarin. But he was skeptical of her giggling implication that they had spent the night. "Marianna Liu was Nixon's friend," Grove said. "I'm convinced she was working for the other side. I think she was also a communication channel, he was using her as a back channel to the Chinese. Before the opening to China. She swears they never even touched, and I believe her."

Nevertheless, Grove felt he had to tell FBI headquarters about his encounter with Liu at the Den. Before reporting the conversation to Washington, Grove decided it would be prudent to check with the British, on whose turf he was operating. He paid an official call on the Special Branch of the Royal Hong Kong Police.

"I went over to the Brits and asked if they had coverage of Liu, and they said she had been reported several times, always asking questions of Navy people down at the Den. When do you sail? and this kind of stuff. The Brits said it's been reported to us several times she was a possible CHIS [Chinese intelligence service] agent. We did not investigate because all her activities were directed at the US."

On October 12, Grove dutifully reported the British concerns about Liu and the conversation at the Den to FBI headquarters. He was well aware that the part about the hotel visit was the sort of salacious gossip that J. Edgar Hoover reportedly loved to collect to give him leverage over presidents and other public officials. Grove saw it another way. An old-fashioned FBI agent, reflexively loyal to the bureau, he argued that Hoover had a responsibility to inform high-level officials if the bureau learned of reports being spread about them.

Two years after Nixon resigned the presidency in 1974, his contacts with Liu in Hong Kong leaked out, but received little attention from the mainstream press. However, an FBI memo in July 1976 cited and restated Grove's 1967 report to headquarters. Referring to Liu, it said:

> Information concerning subject was originally brought to the attention of this Bureau by Legal Attache, Hong Kong, letter dated 10/12/67 wherein suspicions of possible Chicom intelligence involvement of subject were inferred but not substantiated by Special Branch, Hong Kong Police and a U.S. Customs representative in Hong Kong indicated he had heard from a former Customs representative in Hong Kong, that subject was a regular bedmate of Vice-President Nixon when he visited Hong Kong. The Customs representative indicated he had no firsthand knowledge, was furnishing the information in confidence and requested no further dissemination of the information. No active investigation of the subject was conducted by the FBI.

Grove's report, with its explosive line about Liu as "a regular bedmate of Vice-President Nixon," triggered an unexpected reaction from headquarters in 1967. "I got a screaming meemie cable from Bill Sullivan, saying, 'Mr. Nixon's private life is of no concern to this bureau.' Sullivan was hoping to get Hoover's job and he could see this ruining his chances." If Nixon became president, Grove reasoned, "Sullivan thought with this information Nixon would never get rid of Hoover."

Indeed, on December 16, 1968, a little more than a month after Nixon was elected president, he let it be known through his press secretary that he had asked Hoover to remain as FBI chief.

Hoover had guaranteed similar job security for himself during the Kennedy administration. Attorney General Robert Kennedy, the president's brother, intensely disliked the aging FBI director, and the Kennedys would have been pleased if Hoover had retired, which he had no intention of doing. On March 22, 1962, Hoover dropped by the White House for a private lunch with President Kennedy to inform him that the FBI knew of his sexual liaison with Judith Campbell (she later remarried and became Judith Campbell Exner), who was also bestowing her favors on Sam Giancana, a Mafia don. Giancana and Johnny Rosselli, another mobster, had been hired by the CIA to assassinate Fidel Castro and both later met untimely ends. Giancana was murdered in 1975 before he could testify to a Senate committee investigating the CIA's activities; a year later Rosselli's body was found stuffed into an oil drum floating in the ocean near Miami.

As documented by the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, "the last telephone contact between the White House and the President's friend [Judith Campbell] occurred a few hours after the luncheon." Hoover remained director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation for a decade more, until he died in office on May 2, 1972, at the age of seventy-seven.

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William C. Sullivan was an assistant director of the FBI, a Hoover sycophant who later broke with the FBI chief and became his bitter opponent. In his book, *The Bureau: My Thirty Years in Hoover's FBI,* Sullivan said that Nixon and Rebozo had taken two trips to Hong Kong "brightened for Nixon by his friendship with a Chinese girl named Marianna Liu." Sullivan described what he said happened when he gave Grove's letter to the FBI director:

"'I'll handle this one,' Hoover said gleefully when I passed the letter on to him. He took the letter to the future president immediately. 'I know there's no truth to this,' he told Nixon. 'Someone must be misleading our legal attaché. I'll never speak of it to anyone,' Hoover concluded with great solemnity. It was one of his favorite speeches, one he gave often to politicians."

In an interview with Jack Nelson of the *Los Angeles Times* in 1973, Sullivan called Hoover "a master blackmailer." The minute Hoover would "get something on a senator he'd send one of the errand boys up and advise the senator that we're in the course of an investigation and we by chance happened to come up with this data on your daughter. But we wanted you to know this—we realize you'd want to know it. But don't have any concern, no one will ever learn about it. Well, Jesus, what does that tell the senator? From that time on the senator's right in his pocket."

In 2009 Marianna Liu was a peppy seventy-seven-year-old grandmother living modestly in Monterey Park, the heavily Chinese community east of downtown Los Angeles. In a lengthy interview with the author at her home, she confirmed that she and the other hostess had spent time with Nixon and Rebozo at the Mandarin Hotel, but disputed many of the stories that have swirled around her since her friendship with Nixon became known.

Thin, short, dark-haired, and brown-eyed, Liu said she exercised at the gym every day to stay trim. She spoke English in a rapid-fire, choppy style. "We were at Mandarin, yes," she said, "no love affair. We were friends."

"He was with Bebe Rebozo," she continued. "They were in the Den to have a drink. They said after work let's have a drink. I didn't want to go alone." So she asked her friend Teresa to come with her to Nixon's hotel.

"Around 9 P.M. after dinner we went to the Mandarin. We went there and just had a drink. Not very long, maybe an hour or less. Soft drink, I had, I don't drink." She did not recall what Nixon drank.

At the Mandarin, she said, Nixon introduced Bebe as his secretary. At some point in the hotel suite, Nixon "gave me a bottle of perfume." She added, "I did not spend the night with Nixon."

Although Liu insisted that she had only seen Nixon one evening, at the Den and then at the hotel, she apparently had a different recollection previously. According to a 1976 story in the *New York Times,* Liu said she had first met Nixon when he was vice president and she was working as a part-time tour guide for a travel agency. If so, this would date their first meeting to the 1950s, when Nixon was vice president.

The story reported that Liu said she had met Nixon several times thereafter, and that she thought they had seen each other on his trips to Hong Kong in 1964, 1965, and 1966. The story said Liu recounted that when she was hospitalized in April 1967, Nixon sent flowers to her room.

Although the visit to the Mandarin took place in October 1967, a photograph of Liu and Nixon smiling warmly at each other was taken at the Den in 1966, according to the files of the *Hong Kong Standard,* which published the photo. If the date is accurate, they had met at least in those two years.

Liu was asked in the interview with the author if she had ever provided information to China. "No, I would never do that," she replied. "I did not give information to PRC."

Told that the police in Hong Kong suspected she might have collected information for China, she laughed. "They say I'm a Red spy."

Her own background, Liu contended, did not support those suspicions. She was raised in Beijing, she said, and her father was a Nationalist general who had been killed by the Communists. She remembered that her father "limped one leg short from fighting the Japanese." According to Liu, in 1949, when Mao's forces prevailed, they told her father that if he surrendered and switched sides he could "stay a general. He refused. He ran away twice and third time they got him. He was shot somewhere in Shantung."

By 1951, Liu had moved to Hong Kong. After attending a Catholic school, she worked for a Swiss watch company, a travel agency, and an insurance company, then landed the job at the Hilton in 1963. She worked as a hostess at the Den for eight years.

According to the *Times* story, Liu said that Nixon had told her if she ever decided to emigrate to the United States and needed help, she could contact him. Liu did move to the United States and received permanent residence status on December 1, 1969, ten months after Nixon became president, but she told the newspaper that she had not asked Nixon for help. Her husband, Gorkey Faan, joined her a few years later.

Coincidence or not, Liu moved to Whittier, California, Nixon's hometown. She came to the United States as a domestic for Raymond F. Warren, an official of the Immigration and Naturalization Service in Los Angeles, who also lived in Whittier. Liu said she worked as a companion for Warren's wife, Helen, an invalid who was partially paralyzed.

Liu said in her interview with the author that she had contacted Warren through a Chinese bartender she knew in Los Angeles who "was good friend of Ray Warren many years." She said she originally arrived in the United States on a visitor's visa, "and Warren got me papers to take care of his wife." She applied for naturalization in 1975 and became a citizen.

In the 1970s Liu and her husband bought a restaurant in Maywood, California, called Anderson's Cuisine, which served American food. They ran the place for three or four years.

But Liu's quiet life in Southern California took an unexpected and unhappy turn in 1976. The

National Enquirer assigned a team of half a dozen reporters to dig into Liu's relationship with the by-then former president.

The supermarket tabloid trumpeted the first of two stories on August 10, with a sensational headline in large type: "Nixon Romanced Suspected Red Spy." Below the headline the paper ran the photo of Liu and Nixon and another banner: "Chinese Beauty: 'Yes, There Was Love.'"

The story, and a second article two weeks later, raised questions about how Liu's immigration to the United States had been handled, why she had been allowed into the country after the FBI reported suspicions that she was working for Chinese intelligence, and why she had been sponsored by an INS official from Whittier.

The tabloid quoted Liu as saying she and Nixon had gone dancing by moonlight on a yacht in Hong Kong harbor that was raided by police at 5 A.M. Liu and Nixon had been together "several times" at four different hotels in Hong Kong, the story claimed. It quoted Liu as saying, "Yes, there was love.... It could easily have developed into a very strong love affair, but I wouldn't let it. He had an important career and a wife and family to think of, and I cared too much for him to let him spoil that.... We had many opportunities to make love—we were alone in his hotel room at least six or seven times—but I wouldn't let it happen." The story also claimed that Liu had visited Nixon twice in the White House in 1970.

In her interview with the author, Liu denied many of the assertions in the tabloid's account. There was, she said, no dancing on a yacht in the harbor, by moonlight or otherwise, and no police raid. "Never happened," she said. She denied she had been at four hotels with Nixon. "No, only the Mandarin," on the one occasion she talked about.

And the "Yes, there was love" quote? "No, they made it all up. Don't believe a word of the *Enquirer*."

Liu also insisted she had never visited Nixon at the White House, never saw him after she came to the United States, and did not travel to Washington for his inauguration, as one FBI report suggested.

By 1976, Dan Grove was in the FBI's office in Berkeley. The *National Enquirer* had contacted him when it was researching its stories on Liu, and in July, the month before the stories were published, Grove sent two airtels alerting FBI headquarters to the tabloid's investigation and detailing his conversations with one of its reporters.

Grove's alerts, sent from the San Francisco field office, triggered an internal memo at FBI headquarters, which said that although the Liu file had not been forwarded to Attorney General Edward H. Levi, he was aware of its contents. The FBI memo, the same one with the reference to Liu as "a regular bedmate" of Nixon, also said there would be no counterintelligence investigation of her. As for any allegations about Liu's immigration, the memo continued, that was a problem for INS or the State Department, not the FBI.

And that was probably the last official record of the saga of the Hong Kong hostess and the thirty-seventh president of the United States. Only Marianna Liu knows the truth about their relationship.

But perhaps it was more than a drink one night at the Mandarin. "When he died," she said, "I went to the cemetery a couple of times, to show some people, some friends. He is buried in Yorba Linda and that's where I went to cemetery."

Her most recent visit to Nixon's burial place, on the grounds of the Nixon Library, took place in 2007. "Two years ago I took some friends to see Mr. Nixon's grave," she said. "Ladies from San Francisco. They wanted to see his grave."

She paused for a moment. Then she added softly: "They did not know I knew him."

Chapter 17

ANUBIS

In egyptian mythology, he is the familiar jackal-headed god who was believed to protect the dead. His likeness guarded the tomb of King Tutankhamen for twenty-two centuries.

Perhaps the code name anubis was chosen by the FBI with a touch of whimsy, because he was an RIP, although in bureau language that did not mean "rest in peace." It meant "recruitment in place."

His true name was Wen Ning. He was born in Shanghai in 1949. At Qing Hua University in Beijing he earned a bachelor's degree in thermal engineering in 1976. He did two more years at a university in Shanghai, and married his high school sweetheart, Lin Hailin.

Because he finished at the top of his class, in 1980 Wen was allowed to come to the United States for graduate studies. During the next four years, he earned a master's degree and a PhD in engineering from the University of California at Berkeley. After leaving Berkeley, Wen and his wife returned to China for a few years and he entered the diplomatic service. In 1986, with his command of English and his graduate degrees, he was posted to the Chinese consulate in San Francisco. His wife also worked there, as a receptionist. Two years later, when China opened its consulate on Shatto Place in Los Angeles, Wen was transferred there as the science and technology attaché. But the family was forbidden to bring their only child, Sharon, with them to the United States.

In 1989, a year after the consulate opened, Wen apparently became disillusioned after the Chinese leadership brutally suppressed the protests in Tiananmen Square, killing hundreds of students and workers. He told an American friend that he was disappointed in the Chinese government's actions.

The friend introduced Wen to Steve Johnson, an FBI agent in Los Angeles who normally worked criminal cases. Johnson persuaded Wen to remain as a diplomat in the consulate, providing information to the FBI. The intelligence he passed to the bureau through Johnson went to J.J. Smith, who became the acting supervisor of the China counterintelligence squad in April 1990.

In convincing anubis to continue at his post, Johnson was able to play a powerful card. He offered to help Wen's daughter get a US visa. The FBI then arranged for Sharon to come to Washington, DC, to live with her uncle there. In return, Wen agreed to meet clandestinely with Johnson on a regular basis until his tour ended.

A recruitment who stays on the job, becoming an agent in place, is the ultimate prize, the crown jewel of any counterintelligence operation. At great personal risk, a recruitment in place is in a position to provide continuous and up-to-date information. By contrast, a defector, while usually welcome, is of less value. Once debriefed of the information he or she knows, and with no further access to secrets, a defector has diminished worth.

By all accounts, the information that Wen passed to the FBI was valuable. Among other things, by virtue of his position, he had access to the code room. How much he obtained of the traffic between Shatto Place and Beijing is unknown. Code rooms are typically secured. The consulate had a husband-and-wife communications team, and the male, so that he could keep a close eye on the code room, was never allowed to leave the building.

But nothing in the counterintelligence world is uncomplicated. ANUBIS became aware that Katrina Leung had a relationship with the FBI, which she certainly made no effort to conceal and in fact advertised. And ANUBIS did not trust PARLOR MAID.

Leung, in turn, knew and socialized with a number of officials at the Los Angeles consulate—she had, after all, helped to select the site for the building. She knew Wen Ning.

In investigating the PARLOR MAID case in 2002 and 2003, Les Wiser and his team in Santa Monica had to consider whether Leung had learned that ANUBIS was an FBI source inside the consulate.

J.J. Smith may not have directly told PARLOR MAID about ANUBIS, but he worked closely with Leung, treating her almost as a member of his squad. From the informed, detailed questions he asked her, it must have been obvious to Leung that the FBI had a source inside the consulate.

Wiser and his team concluded that Leung would have figured out the identity of ANUBIS. That, in turn, led to the next question: if she did become aware that Wen was feeding intelligence to the FBI, did she tell the Chinese? Leung did not reveal everything she learned to Beijing. But the investigators could not determine whether PARLOR MAID, if she knew about ANUBIS, shared that information with the MSS. Like so much in the wilderness of mirrors that is counterintelligence, there was no unequivocal answer.

A lot of the intelligence that ANUBIS provided, however, was in the form of documents that he smuggled out of the consulate. Despite the later concerns over PARLOR MAID's role, the FBI did not conclude that any of the documents were fake, or that Wen was under MSS control and deliberately handing the bureau misinformation. He was considered an important source.

ANUBIS was very busy. In 1991, unknown to the FBI, and while still a consulate official, he began shipping computer chips to China that had potential military use. He did so without obtaining the necessary export licenses. Whether he was moonlighting to make money on the side or acted at the direction of the Chinese government was not clear.

It had begun when a Chinese official asked Wen to help "a friend" in China. Wen was then contacted by Qu Jian Guo, who worked for an electronics company in Beijing. Wen, while continuing to work in the consulate and simultaneously serving as a secret FBI informant, sent thirteen shipments to Qu at his company, Beijing Rich Linscience Electronics.

By early 1992, however, ANUBIS had decided to call it quits as a recruitment in place for the

FBI. "His tour was coming to an end, close to over," one bureau insider said. "They had a rule you had to rotate home before you could come back to the US. It was after Tiananmen, a lot of people were afraid to go home. He thought he might never get out again."

In March, Wen decided to defect. The FBI got him out and J.J. stashed him for a time in a safe house in the Valley. The Chinese may or may not have known that Wen had been spying for the FBI, although they certainly must have suspected as much when he walked out. But they realized he was gone for good.

Wen did not burn his bridges completely, however. Before leaving, he wrote a five-page letter to consulate officials. In it, he said that although he was resigning he still hoped he could "make actual contributions to my motherland." He had been offered high-tech jobs at a good salary and that way could "take advantage of the American funds" to continue to help China.

In his letter, Wen admitted that he was worried that if he went back to China, "I might not be able to obtain an approval" to return to the United States and work abroad. "I decided to act before seeking approval," Wen said. He left three addresses of relatives, two in the States and one in Canada, where he could be contacted. "We will not be hermits 'hiding in the woods,'" he wrote.

What to do with ANUBIS? The FBI wanted to help Wen and his wife and daughter to start a new life in the United States, and it wanted to keep tabs on him as well. The bureau helped him obtain a job in Manitowoc, Wisconsin, a small city far away from Los Angeles on Lake Michigan, north of Milwaukee. The couple moved there and settled into a modest condominium on the city's south side. And they were reunited with their daughter.

Wen also continued to report to the FBI as a bureau asset. Special Agent Melvin Fuqua, from the FBI's Milwaukee division, was assigned as ANUBIS's new handler. Fuqua had worked counterintelligence most of his career, in Boston and Kansas before Milwaukee. Over the next decade, he met with or spoke to Wen on the telephone perhaps one hundred times. Early on, the families socialized together, enjoying dinner around Christmas at a Chinese restaurant in Milwaukee.

In 1992 Wen established Wen Enterprises, an export company that he and his wife operated out of their home. From Manitowoc, Wen began shipping computer chips to Qu and Wang Ruo Ling, Qu's wife, who also worked for the Beijing electronics company. Under federal law and Commerce Department regulations, some dual-use products, which have both military and civilian applications, are restricted and cannot be exported without a license. In addition, exporters must file a declaration if the item is valued over $2,500. Wen and his wife used various subterfuges to get around these requirements and ship chips without export licenses.

For example, many of the computer chips they sent to China were valued at more than $10,000, or in one case more than $20,000, but they would typically falsify invoices and list the value at $2,457 or another amount just under $2,500. To pay for the shipments, money was wired to Wen Enterprises by a construction company in Beijing or a mysterious "Ms. Tsui Kan" in Hong Kong.

Wen, meanwhile, went to work in 1993 for the Manitowoc Company, one of the nation's largest manufacturers of cranes and ice machines. In 2000 the company sent Wen back to China as president and general manager of its refrigeration company in Hangzhou, in the Yangtze River delta south of Shanghai. The job required him to spend ten months out of the year in China.

It was an unexpected bonanza for the FBI, which now found itself with a long-term asset inside China who could travel freely back and forth between the mainland and the United States.

For Agent Fuqua, ANUBIS now became much more interesting. Wen was reporting to him on contacts in China and on his dealings with officials of the Chinese government. Wen became a naturalized American citizen in 2000 and his wife became a citizen the following year. In Wisconsin, they listed their names in American style, surnames last, as Ning Wen and Hailin Lin.

From Hangzhou, Wen kept a close eye on his export business, telephoning his wife frequently. Wen Enterprises may have been a mom-and-pop shop, but it was very lucrative. In just one two-year period between 2002 and 2004, almost $2 million was wired to Wen Enterprises from China. With a 20 percent markup on the computer chips, Wen's firm was earning about $10,000 a month, in addition to his salary from the Manitowoc Company.

Wen and his wife prospered. In 2002 they bought a $400,000 home on a leafy cul-de-sac in the upscale Lakeshore neighborhood on the north side of town.

The only downside of his job was all the months he had to spend in Hangzhou. Three times a year he was able to visit his wife in Manitowoc for a few weeks and once a year she joined him in China. The job was demanding; Wen was working fourteen hours a day and in charge of more than a hundred employees.

But Wen was looking forward to the 2008 Beijing Olympics. "There are about three hundred big hotels in the city, but that will double," he told an interviewer for the local paper in Manitowoc. "They will need ice machines. There will be big growth for our products."

As matters turned out, ANUBIS never made it to the Beijing Olympics. Wen Enterprises first showed up on the Commerce Department's radar screen in 2001 when a US company that had sold an electronic part to Wen tipped off the Office of Export Enforcement that the component had been shipped to China and ended up in the "54th Research Institute," which, according to the US Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), specializes in telephone exchange systems for China's public security forces, satellite communications equipment, and communications jamming equipment.

Because the Commerce Department has designated shipments to the 54th Research Institute as posing an "unacceptable risk in the development of missiles," exports to the institute are subject to greater restrictions than components sent to other end users.

The Commerce Department sleuths did not get very far with their investigation of Wen Enterprises, however, until 2003, when an agent gained access to a database that showed about fifty shipments of integrated circuit chips to Qu's Beijing firm.

In March 2004 the Department of Commerce called in the FBI, the US Attorney's Office in Milwaukee, and Homeland Security. The FBI obtained a FISA authorization and began tapping Wen's home telephone and his faxes and e-mails. The bureau recorded thirty-seven hours of conversations between Wen and his wife. Without Wen's knowledge, he was removed from the bureau's informant rolls.

That same month, Agent Fuqua, Wen's FBI handler, learned that his prize asset was being investigated. In all the years they had met, Wen somehow never thought to mention that he and his wife were running an illicit export business. Fuqua got the news in a phone call from an immigration agent. "I was shocked and just about fell out of my chair," Fuqua later claimed. "I had no idea that was going on."

In April an FBI counterintelligence agent began searching Wen's trash. The search turned up a note from Qu to Hailin Lin telling her to ship items in two different packages, using two shippers, and to report false values.

On the wiretaps, the FBI heard a woman who was one of Qu's associates in Beijing warn Wen's wife about one shipment of an expensive part. "Risk. The risk is big," the woman said. Lin agreed, replying, "Risk, yeah."

Hailin Lin complained in one phone conversation that Qu was slow to wire money from China to pay for the goods he had ordered. On May 28, Wen and his wife had a long conversation about a faster way to get the money. If Qu would share his Visa card number with her, Wen said, "You can use it to get cash from an ATM machine."

"This is a better way," Wen assured his wife. "You get money from the bank, the bank won't know. You get money directly from ATM. It's better."

Hailin Lin was dubious, since she knew that ATMs only disbursed "a couple of hundred dollars" at a time. Wen did not deny it would be inconvenient. "Yeah ... you have to make several trips to get more money."

In another conversation on July 15, Qu and Hailin Lin discussed falsifying shipping documents. Qu reminded her that as long as the value "doesn't exceed $2,500" there would be no problem. Hailin Lin replied, "Yeah, I have to make up the figure every time."

On August 17, the wiretap picked up the most interesting conversation, between Wen and his wife. Hailin referred to tensions between China and Taiwan, saying that both sides were busy with "military maneuvers."

Wen replied, "China now is desperately purchasing weapons, developing weapons." He then asked, "How is Qu Jian Guo's business? Well, if the war breaks out, his business will be booming."

From overhearing conversations on Wen's telephone, the FBI learned that Qu and his wife, Wang Ruo Ling, planned to take a trip to four US cities and then visit Wen and his wife in Manitowoc in September. Hailin Lin had made the plane and hotel reservations.

But on September 30, when the couple from Beijing, both Chinese nationals, got off a Greyhound bus in Milwaukee, the FBI arrested them. Other agents arrested Wen and his wife at their home in Manitowoc. The government simultaneously seized their home and almost $1 million in assets in five different bank accounts.

A criminal complaint charged the four with using their businesses "to illegally transfer sensitive, national-security controlled items to the People's Republic of China ... without obtaining required export licenses." The products, the complaint said, "can be used in a wide variety of military radar and communication applications."

The Manitowoc Company lost no time in washing its hands of its star executive in China. "The charges against the Wens are unrelated to the Manitowoc Company or Mr. Wen's responsibilities as general manager of Manitowoc Hangzhou," Maurice Jones, the senior vice president of the parent firm, announced.

A month later, a federal grand jury handed down an eight-count indictment charging the four with conspiracy to violate the export laws and money laundering. Wen was later charged with making false statements as well.

In May 2005 Qu and his wife pleaded guilty to reduced charges, avoiding potentially long prison terms. Qu pleaded to a single count of conspiring to export restricted electronics without a license. He was sentenced to forty-six months in prison and fined $2,000. Wang, who admitted to a single count of undervaluing a shipment, was sentenced to six months, which she had already served, and a $1,500 fine.

Wen's wife, Lin Hailin, pleaded guilty to conspiracy and money laundering and was sentenced to three and a half years in prison and fined $50,000. Wen alone decided to stand trial.

The case took an intriguing twist in July when Wen claimed diplomatic immunity because he had been an official in the Chinese consulate in Los Angeles from 1987 to March 1992, part of the time covered by the conspiracy charges. His attorney filed a motion to dismiss the case on those grounds.

Once the diplomatic immunity gambit was raised, the case became entangled with the State Department. Wen's lawyers got a court order blocking the department from talking to the US Attorney's Office in Milwaukee. When Erica O'Neil, the assistant prosecutor handling the case, tried to find out whether Wen could validly claim diplomatic immunity, the State Department informed the Justice Department that it could not make a decision in the matter without discussing the case with the prosecutors—something it was prohibited from doing by the court order.

The prosecutors solved the problem with a simple stratagem—they obtained a superseding indictment that moved the export violations and other charges to Wen's actions after March 16, 1992, the date he left the consulate. That disposed of any diplomatic immunity issue.

Wen's decision to stand trial was a gamble he lost. The government's evidence was strong. During the trial, FBI agent Ryan Chun read parts of the transcripts of eight telephone calls intercepted by the FISA wiretaps. The prosecution presented extensive documentary evidence of the various dodges Wen and his wife had used to circumvent the law and export regulations. In September, Wen was convicted of violating export controls, money laundering, and making false statements.

On January 18, 2006, Wen stood before Judge William Griesbach in federal court in Green Bay for sentencing. He faced up to twenty-five years in prison. Griesbach was sympathetic, up to a point. He called Wen a "diligent, hardworking person," which he said made the sentencing "difficult."

But the judge rejected Hailin Lin's testimony at the hearing that she often did not tell her husband about the day-to-day operations of Wen Enterprises because he was "very busy" making ice machines in Hangzhou. "I do not find it credible," Griesbach said, "that he didn't know the violations going on."

He then sentenced Wen to five years in prison and fined him $50,000. ANUBIS was sent to the minimum-security federal prison camp in Duluth, Minnesota. His lawyers appealed. Chicago attorney James Geis argued Wen's case before the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals.

When the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act was passed in 1978, the special FISA court it established was authorized to approve wiretaps if the government can show probable cause that the target is a foreign power, or an agent of a foreign power, and that "the purpose" is to obtain foreign intelligence. After 9/11, the Patriot Act amended that language to allow surveillance if "the significant purpose" was obtaining foreign intelligence.

Geis argued that under the broader language the government used FISA to conduct a criminal investigation of Wen. The district court, in refusing to throw out the wiretaps, Geis maintained, had disregarded the requirements of the Fourth Amendment.

In December 2006 the Chicago appeals court ruled against Wen, a decision that expanded the government's power to use wiretaps aimed at foreign targets in criminal cases unrelated to espionage. Less than a year later, however, in September 2007, a federal judge in Oregon struck down the expanded provisions of the Patriot Act that Geis had contested.

In the world of spies, nothing is entirely predictable. But in the annals of Chinese counterintelligence cases inside the FBI, the saga of ANUBIS is surely one of the strangest. Not every crime is prosecuted or presented to a grand jury. Prosecutors have discretion and great leeway with respect to whom they choose to go after. Wen Ning had been a secret FBI asset for fifteen years, yet that did not prevent the Justice Department from prosecuting him after another arm of the government, the Commerce Department, uncovered his sins. His five-year prison term was not likely to encourage others to risk their lives to become sources for the FBI.

But ANUBIS for more than a dozen years had been illegally sending computer circuits to China that could be used in missiles and other weapons systems. And that, in the words of Erica O'Neil, the assistant prosecutor, "will not be tolerated."

One FBI agent remarked, sorrowfully, "We brought him out, got him a job in Wisconsin, and he went sideways up there."

A few months before Wen was arrested, the local newspaper did a friendly feature story on him, as a Manitowoc resident whose unusual job took him to China most of the year. He did not then know that the full weight of the United States government was about to come crashing down on him. But in retrospect, the comment he made as he sat in the living room of his house was prescient.

"Of course, I am Chinese by birth," he said, "but I am not a Chinese citizen any more. I'm afraid sometimes China doesn't recognize me as Chinese and America doesn't recognize me as an American. Just who am I?"

Chapter 18

ENDGAME

They knew it would come, and on April 9, 2003, it did. PARLOR MAID and J.J. Smith were arrested at their homes by the FBI, taken downtown, and in handcuffs appeared separately in federal court. Both were charged under the espionage statutes.

Gail Smith had to cancel her trip to attend a reunion of the Daffodil Queens in Washington State. She had planned to go with her ninety-three-year-old mother. Her spunky mother insisted on going alone, and did.

US magistrate Victor B. Kenton ordered Katrina Leung held without bail after Rebecca Lonergan, an assistant US attorney, contended she was "a serious flight risk." PARLOR MAID sat in the courtroom with her head in her hands. She was charged with unauthorized copying of national defense information with intent to injure the United States or benefit a foreign nation.

J.J. Smith was charged with "gross negligence in handling documents related to the national defense." Magistrate Stephen Hillman set bail at $250,000 and ordered J.J. to surrender his passport. He was released that night after pledging his home as bail.

For the first time since the start of his investigation, Les Wiser surfaced publicly. "This is a sad day for the FBI," he told reporters. "Mr. Smith was once a special agent sworn to uphold the rule of law and the high ethical standards of the FBI." According to the charges, Wiser added, "he betrayed the trust we all placed in him."

In Washington, Robert Mueller, the FBI director, agreed. The charges that J.J. Smith "caused the loss of classified information, as well as his personal indiscretions with Ms. Leung, are very serious," he said.

The lawyers for Leung and J.J., as might be expected, had a rather different view. PARLOR MAID had hired Janet Levine, a smart, tough Los Angeles criminal defense lawyer, and her courtly older partner, John D. Vandevelde, to represent her. Levine knew her way around the criminal courts—she had defended drug dealers and other clients accused of fraud, money laundering, and racketeering.

"Katrina Leung is a loyal American citizen," the two defense lawyers said in a statement. "For over twenty years she has worked at the direction and behest of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. She repeatedly endangered herself in order to make significant contributions to the security and well-being of the United States and her fellow citizens." When "the full story" became known, they predicted, she would be cleared and "her heroic contributions to this country will be revealed." Understandably, they made no mention of her heroic contributions to the MSS or the $100,000 she received from the Chinese government.

J.J. Smith's attorney, Brian Sun, who later successfully represented Wen Ho Lee in his lawsuit against the government, called his client a "loyal, patriotic, and dedicated former agent." He did not mention J.J.'s long-term affair with PARLOR MAID, but the FBI affidavits detailing their relationship and describing the bureau documents found in her home were released to the press.

The government took no action against Bill Cleveland, but the day after the arrests, Cleveland resigned from his job as chief of counterintelligence at the Lawrence Livermore lab and his office was sealed. While Cleveland "has not been charged with any wrongdoing, due to the seriousness of the situation, a thorough review of his work is now under way," Susan Houghton, the lab's spokesperson, announced.

It was a close call for Cleveland. While he had not initially volunteered his affair with PARLOR MAID, he later admitted it. He had worked in tandem with Leung, but the FBI had no evidence that she had obtained documents from him, although he had told her about his trip to China, which she then revealed to Mao Guohua, her MSS handler. "He was guilty of poor judgment," one FBI agent said, "but not a crime."

In J.J.'s quiet Westlake Village neighborhood, residents could not believe that he had been arrested. The Smiths were regarded as solid members of the community, fixtures at the annual barbecue block party.

A month later, on May 7, J.J. was indicted on charges of "gross negligence" for allowing classified documents to end up in Leung's hands. Two counts of the indictment specifically cited the documents revealing a classified location used in the ROYAL TOURIST investigation—the Peter Lee case—and the June 12, 1997, electronic communication from the FBI legat in Hong Kong, classified SECRET and found in Leung's second-floor bookcase.

The indictment also accused J.J. of defrauding the FBI and United States of his honest services by having "an improper sexual relationship with Katrina Leung" and failing to report to the FBI her "unauthorized contacts with the PRC" and her admission "that she had secretly passed information to the PRC without authorization." In addition, the indictment charged J.J. with four counts of wire fraud for transmitting his periodic evaluation reports on PARLOR MAID assuring headquarters she was a "reliable" asset. J.J. was not accused of knowing that Leung was taking the documents from his briefcase or that she was passing information to China. The six-count indictment carried a possible maximum penalty of forty years in prison, although federal sentencing guidelines made a much shorter sentence likely.

The next day it was PARLOR MAID's turn. A federal grand jury handed down a five-count indictment, accusing her of illegally copying classified defense documents with "intent and reason to believe" that the data would be used "to the injury of the United States" and to the advantage of a foreign power. As in the case of Smith, one of the documents cited revealed the classified location used in the ROYAL TOURIST investigation, and another was the 1997 report from the Hong Kong legat.

Three more counts charged that Leung had "willfully retained" three documents—the transcripts and summaries of her conversations with Mao, the ROYAL TOURIST document, and the 1997 report from Hong Kong. If convicted, she faced a possible maximum sentence of fifty years in prison, but more likely ten to fourteen years.

Although both Smith and his lover were charged under the laws that as a group are commonly called the "espionage statutes," neither was indicted under the more severe provisions that can carry penalties of life imprisonment, or in some circumstances, death.

Debra W. Yang, the US attorney in Los Angeles, soon assigned the prosecution of Leung to Michael W. Emmick, a twenty-year veteran of that office who had handled several major fraud and public corruption cases. The lead prosecutor in the case against J.J. Smith was Rebecca Lonergan, who had been an assistant US attorney in Los Angeles for a decade and had worked on a number of national security cases. John B. Owens, an assistant US attorney in the fraud and public corruption section, worked with her.

On the morning of June 19 PARLOR MAID, who had been in jail since her arrest, appeared in federal court in downtown Los Angeles for a bail hearing before Judge Florence-Marie Cooper. By the time the press and public were admitted, Katrina Leung was already seated on the right side of the courtroom at the defense table next to her attorneys, Levine and Vandevelde. Leung wore an oversize green shapeless jacket. She looked small, not much over five feet, a tiny woman with jet-black hair pulled back in a tight bun, a thin, chiseled face, with high cheekbones and a firm chin. She wore a little lipstick and a hint of rouge. She followed the proceedings attentively with absolutely no expression until the very end of the hearing.

The government's team marched in looking grim, crewcut men in suits, and Diana Pauli, a tall, blond assistant US attorney. The platoon of prosecutors was led by Emmick. From the FBI there was Les Wiser and Peter Duerst.

Judge Cooper, a white-haired, sixty-two-year-old Canadian-born jurist, had been nominated to the bench four years before by Bill Clinton. She announced she had "reached a tentative decision to grant release with a $2 million bond." That sounded like good news for Leung.

But wait—Cooper said new information had given her "some doubt," chiefly two letters Leung wrote to Chinese leaders in 1998. They showed her close relationship with the top officials, which the court found "particularly troubling." In one of the letters, Leung said she wanted to make a major real estate investment in Shenzhen, a booming industrial area just north of Hong Kong, and asked that the local government be instructed to grant her the right to buy the land. She wrote that "my Hong Kong Fulichang International Company in Hong Kong has raised $500 million Hong Kong dollars from U.K. and U.S. banks (if necessary it can be increased to 1 billion)."

The second letter about the same land deal expressed her appreciation for "the tremendous support you have given me over the years." Each time, she said, "you have come forward to resolve the problems on my behalf."

Judge Cooper clearly enjoyed the sort of suspense that television programs often employ in courtroom dramas. The outcome is not revealed to the audience until the end.

Levine took the podium and claimed that the letters that worried the judge were all part of Leung's work for the FBI. Leung's husband had been "not subtly threatened" with tax prosecution. With some passion, Levine argued that Leung was a political hot potato; there was no way China would want her.

Emmick, in turn, rose to argue that bail of $2 million was not enough. The Leungs had sold their San Marino residence for $1.8 million. They owned several apartment buildings, he said; they were trying to sell three that would raise more cash and make it easier for her to disappear.

Even if Leung were required to wear a tracking device, she might give the feds the slip, the prosecutors argued. A tall, gangling government technician explained to the court that the Global Positioning System is not foolproof; GPS can tell within thirty feet where people are. But in downtown Los Angeles, the system is blocked. You can go into this building, cut the bracelet off, go out a different exit, and the person is gone.

Judge Cooper then summarized the situation. Leung and J.J. Smith "had a sexual relationship"; the defendant, although not charged with espionage, faced up to fourteen years in prison, by the government's estimate. Leung "could reasonably conclude" she might be convicted. The government, Cooper noted, found that the Leungs had sixteen foreign bank accounts, she had made false statements, took fifteen trips not authorized by the FBI, and got $100,000 from the PRC. She and her husband were targets in a pending tax case.

All of this sounded like Cooper would not let PARLOR MAID out of jail, after all. But, on the other hand, Cooper said, there were elements to support granting bail: Leung had cooperated with the government and made no attempt to flee when she could have.

Cooper then announced her decision. The court concludes that it is likely the defendant will make appearances, she said. She set bail at $2 million and required Leung to wear an electronic bracelet with GPS capability and remain confined to her residence, except for trips to her attorney's office, the court, or the secure facility in the courthouse where she could read government documents to help prepare her defense. She could not go to seaports, airports, or bus terminals. She also had to surrender her passport.

Leung had no reaction to the judge's ruling, which meant her three-month stay in jail was about to end. But as soon as the hearing was over, she stood up and hugged both of her lawyers. For the first time, she was smiling.

Months of legal maneuvering between the government and the lawyers for Leung and J.J. followed. PARLOR MAID made bail, and the Leungs moved into one of the apartments they owned.

Although Leung was out of jail, a few weeks later, Cooper signed an order imposing further restrictions on her. She was not to go within one mile of the Chinese consulate or come closer than one hundred yards to any consular car. And she was not to "knowingly have any contact" with anyone from the PRC.

Even before PARLOR MAID was released on bail, her lawyers made it clear that their strategy would be to try to force the government to reveal secrets. Classified information would be "central to defending our client in this case," they warned. Levine and Vandevelde asked the government for access to Leung's "briefings to the FBI over the past 20 years."

"We expect the government will have to make hard decisions about whether to publicly disclose 20 years worth of spying secrets in order to pursue an ill-advised prosecution of a loyal American," the attorneys said. It was a classic graymail tactic. Typically, in national security and espionage cases, defense counsel try to box the government in by threatening to reveal its secrets.

Under the Classified Information Procedures Act (CIPA), a judge may examine in camera documents sought by the defense if prosecutors claim the material contains government secrets. The law was designed to prevent disclosure of classified information in espionage cases. But the court may rule the documents are relevant to the defense and must be released. Faced with that choice, in a number of cases, the government has dropped charges or scaled them back substantially rather than risk exposing intelligence or other classified data to win a conviction. And the law is often used by defense attorneys as leverage to reach a plea bargain.

Unlike Leung, J.J. Smith had not spent any time behind bars. His attorneys were busy trying to keep it that way. J.J. had been working Chinese counterintelligence cases for two decades. He knew everything there was to know about the FBI's China program. And he had two very smart lawyers. If the case against him went to trial, the government was well aware that its secrets might be aired in court.

The government did not want that to happen. The prosecution worked out a plea deal with J.J.'s attorneys that meant there would be no trial for the former counterspy. There was always a chance, however, that a judge would sentence him to prison.

On May 12, 2004, J.J. pleaded guilty to only one felony count, lying to the FBI about his sexual affair with Katrina Leung. The charge of "gross negligence" was dropped. He would have to "cooperate fully" with the FBI and answer all questions in debriefings. As part of the plea deal, J.J. would have to testify in court against his longtime lover if she stood trial.

But the Smith plea bargain contained within it the seeds of disaster for the prosecution of PARLOR MAID. Lurking on page 7 of the 16-page plea agreement was a single paragraph that, as it turned out, was a land mine. The key sentence requiring the defendant to "withdraw from any joint defense agreement (written or oral) relating to this case, including any such agreement with Katrina Leung, counsel for Katrina Leung, or the employees of counsel for Katrina Leung, and to have no further sharing of information relating to this case with Leung, counsel for Leung, or the employees of counsel for Leung."

Leung's lawyers had been handed an unexpected gift—by the prosecutors. The "no further sharing" language could be read as meaning that Leung's attorneys could not interview J.J., a potential witness against her. The Sixth Amendment of the Constitution provides clearly that accused persons have the right "to be confronted with the witnesses" against them and to compel witnesses to testify for the defense. Levine and Vandevelde saw their opening and pounced. In November, they filed a motion to dismiss the case on grounds of "prosecutorial misconduct" because of the "no further sharing" prohibition.

The government scrambled for a way to respond. Emmick, the Leung lead prosecutor, fired off e-mails to the Justice Department and the other prosecutors to try to find out who had inserted the disastrous language in the J.J. Smith plea and why.

A government brief attempting to explain the history of the controversial paragraph said that the "no sharing" language had been suggested by Lonergan, but written by John Owens, her associate on the case. According to Lonergan, "Owens did the first draft of the plea agreement and then we worked together on the entire plea agreement."

The two prosecutors told Emmick that the language was intended only to require Smith to withdraw from any joint defense agreement with Leung's attorneys. Lawyers for defendants in separate cases sometimes enter into such cooperative arrangements, which are usually secret, to help each other.

"That clause was never intended to stop the defense from interviewing J.J. or using him as a witness for Leung," Lonergan said. "Of course not. That's Law School 101." The intent, she said, was to prevent the lawyers for two defendants from sharing classified information through a joint defense agreement. All of this was happening behind the scenes. Then, in January 2005, in a stunning surprise move, Judge Cooper threw out all charges against Katrina Leung, saying that the government had engaged in "willful and deliberate misconduct" by inserting the "no further sharing" language in J.J.'s plea bargain. Access to a prosecution witness is a basic constitutional right, Cooper noted, which had been denied to the defendant.

The government, the judge said, had repeatedly insisted that it never intended to bar Smith from talking to Leung's attorneys, it was just that the language was "inartfully drawn." Cooper wasn't buying it. There was nothing ambiguous about the clause, she ruled: "Smith is being told not to talk to Leung or her attorneys."

The prosecutors, she added, had "misrepresented" the purpose of the clause. In language seldom heard in a federal court, Cooper made no attempt to conceal her anger. "In this case, the government decided to make sure that Leung and her lawyers would not have access to Smith. When confronted with what they had done, they engaged in a pattern of stone-walling entirely unbecoming to a prosecuting agency."

The target of her wrath was the mild-mannered Michael Emmick. Three months later, however, Judge Cooper backpedaled, conceding that Emmick had been improperly singled out since he had not drafted the plea bargain. But she rejected the government's motions to reconsider the dismissal of the case.

It was a bizarre and unexpected development. Why had the federal prosecutors bungled so badly? Surely they knew that the Sixth Amendment of the Constitution gives defendants the right to confront the witnesses against them. Was it a deliberate attempt to torpedo the case against Leung, to avoid the revelation of intelligence secrets in court—and salacious details of a spy and sex scandal?

It made a plausible theory for the conspiratorially minded, but more likely it was the result of bad grammar and an incredible bureaucratic snafu. Emmick, who was dismayed to see the most sensational case of penetration of the FBI by Chinese intelligence go out the window, offered his own explanation of why the "no sharing" language was included in the plea.

"The goal of the clause was to prevent Smith's lawyers from helping Leung's lawyers with their defense motions. Unfortunately the clause was written in a way that was grammatically awkward and ambiguous." The "no sharing" language, Emmick added, "could be interpreted to mean Smith *himself* could not be interviewed by Leung's lawyers. And that was not the intent and would be an obvious violation of both the Constitution and legal ethics rules."

Be that as it may, the case against PARLOR MAID had been tossed out of court, a black eye for the government in a case that had been widely publicized when J.J. Smith and Leung were arrested and charged.

Whenever there is a foul-up inside the government, the first reaction of the bureaucrats is to point fingers at one another. True to form, the government, in its response to the dismissal of the case, was quick to say that officials in the counterespionage section of the Justice Department had no role in drafting the Smith plea, it was all done by the prosecutors in Los Angeles. However, it stretches credulity to think that Justice Department officials in Washington did not closely monitor and approve the plea bargain.

One question remained, almost overlooked in the court battle over the odd language in J.J. Smith's plea. Katrina Leung, by her own admission to the FBI, had been passing information to the MSS and working for Chinese intelligence for years. China had paid her $100,000. She was supposed to be spying for the FBI, which paid her $1,718,889 in expenses and other money over nineteen years. In her house she had classified FBI documents that she claimed she had pilfered from her lover. Given that set of facts, why had she not been charged under the more serious espionage statute?

Contrary to public perception, there is no crime of "espionage" in US law. The word appears nowhere in the US Code statutes (only in the heading of Chapter 37, Title 18). Although half a dozen laws are usually referred to as the "espionage statutes," only Section 794, aimed at anyone who transmits information to "any foreign government," carries the more draconian penalties. That is the section that prosecutors mean when they talk about "espionage."

Within the Justice Department, there had been a division of opinion on whether to throw the book at Leung or charge the case more cautiously. Bruce C. Swartz, a senior department official, was said to have pushed for charging Leung with espionage. Officials in the department's counterespionage section, John Dion, the chief and a veteran of many spy cases, Ron Roos, and Robert E. Wallace Jr., were involved in the discussions, as was the US Attorney's Office in Los Angeles. In the end it was decided to indict PARLOR MAID for the lesser charge of taking and retaining classified defense information.

None of the Justice Department officials involved in the sensitive decision would comment. Emmick would only say that there were discussions between Los Angeles and Washington "about whether more serious espionage charges were supported by the evidence or were advisable as a matter of strategy." It was decided "not to charge espionage or to otherwise broaden the charges."

Lonergan, too, would not discuss the decisions made by the Justice Department and the prosecutors. But she indicated that ultimately, the decision was made in Washington. "When a case has high-level attention, it follows that high-level people will be involved in the decision making," she said. "I would not say that case was under our [the prosecutors'] control.

"In any espionage case you want to charge as narrowly as you can," Lonergan continued. "Otherwise you have a huge graymail problem. You open the door to secrets being disclosed.

"Trying to prosecute national security cases is like walking a tightrope. The more serious the charge the government brings, the greater the risk that sensitive secrets will be disclosed. We've got all this evidence, but can we use it? As a prosecutor, you're twisted into a pretzel trying to prove some of these cases. Many of the most serious cases never get charged."

Lonergan, who became a law professor at the University of California after leaving the US Attorney's Office, added, "The more sensitive the information that somebody took, the more likely it is that the intelligence agencies will not want it to be disclosed during a criminal trial." What the public sees "is usually the tip of the iceberg. You're not going to charge your most serious stuff because you do not want to risk exposing the most serious stuff."

Emmick agreed that graymail was a huge problem in the Leung case. "The problem is always to make the charge narrow enough to avoid graymail and broad enough to reflect the seriousness of the conduct." The decision was made "to charge the case narrowly so all we needed to do was to establish she had possession of these documents, they were classified documents, she knew they were classified. This would be a narrow, scalpel-like way to charge the case.

"We would reduce the likelihood that classified information would be discovered. We wanted to reduce the risk of being graymailed. There were discussions within the office and within DOJ as to whether to charge more broadly, charges that actually involved espionage, or conspiracy that might involve the Chinese government as well.

"She went to China on a number of occasions and had discussions with representatives of their intelligence service. Information was apparently passed. But the more the charges focused on the passing of information, the more classified information would be involved, and the more vulnerable the case would be to being graymailed."

When government secrets are disclosed in court, Emmick said, it created an additional problem. "You have to declassify documents in order to bring them into a trial, and when you declassify, you lose jury appeal." A jury would think, "If it's no longer secret, then what does it matter? How could it be so important?"

There was another, and at least equally compelling, reason that the government did not charge Leung with spying, despite her admissions to the FBI. The prosecutors certainly described her as a Chinese spy. In one court document, the government termed her "an agent for the PRC" and said that while still an FBI asset "she began to work for the Ministry of State Security ('MSS'), which is the PRC's spy service." And according to the FBI affidavits, she confessed to stealing documents from J.J. Smith's briefcase and "admitted that she provided intelligence she gained in this manner to the MSS." But the affidavits conspicuously omit a description of any specific document she may have provided to China. The clear implication is that PARLOR MAID was careful not to admit passing any specific document to the MSS—otherwise the FBI affidavits would presumably have included that key information. "The fact that there was no specific document admitted by her was a factor," Emmick confirmed.

On July 18, 2005, J.J. Smith stood before Judge Cooper for sentencing. "I have nobody to blame but myself for my being here today," he told her. "I stand before you ashamed and humiliated."

Lonergan argued for a brief prison term, asserting that Smith had endangered national security by his affair with PARLOR MAID. The government, she said, "will be scrambling for years to come to determine what damage was done here."

The judge decided on no jail time for J.J. Smith. She sentenced him to three months of house arrest, three years probation, and fined him $10,000. Under his plea bargain he could have been sent to prison for six months. With tears in his eyes, he turned to his wife and son, who were sitting in the courtroom, and apologized to them.

The prosecutors, meanwhile, were not ready to give up their pursuit of Leung. After Judge Cooper dismissed the indictment against PARLOR MAID, the government appealed the case to the Ninth Circuit. At the same time, the FBI continued to dig into the Leungs' finances. A likely tax charge was still hanging over the couple.

In the original complaint filed to arrest Leung, the government outlined three tax cases against her. It charged that she had failed to pay taxes on at least $435,000 of the more than $500,000 she had received from the FBI for her services as an asset. In addition, the complaint charged that she had paid no taxes on $1.2 million that Nortel had paid to her through Merry Glory, Ltd., a Hong Kong company she controlled. Leung had entered into an agreement to represent the giant Canadian telecom in a joint venture to sell Nortel's digital switching systems in China.

Finally, the government contended that Leung had engaged in a tax scheme to take annual deductions on mortgage interest of about $40,000 on her home by making monthly payments to an account in the name of Right Fortune, Ltd., in the Hang Seng Bank in Hong Kong. Although Right Fortune supposedly held the mortgage on the Leungs' luxurious home in San Marino, the company was actually controlled by Katrina Leung. Each month Leung duly sent a check for $6,000 to the Hong Kong account. As the FBI put it, Leung "was making the mortgage payments to herself and then deducting the interest portion of those payments."

With the three tax cases looming, and the possibility that the appeals court would reinstate the case that Judge Cooper had thrown out, Leung and her lawyers decided it was time to strike a deal. If the government brought the tax charges it would mean perhaps years of expensive litigation for Leung and her husband.

In December, before the appeals court could rule, Leung agreed to a deal. She pleaded guilty to lying about her love affair with J.J.—she had, at first, said he was nothing more than "a good family friend" and that theirs was a "business relationship," and she had denied traveling overseas with him although they had gone to Hong Kong and London together.

In addition, she pleaded guilty to failing to report $35,000 in income from the FBI on her 2000 tax return. She also agreed that in the seven-year period after 1995 she had not reported $207,000 in payments from the FBI. She had to consent to nine debriefing sessions and to take a polygraph if required. In return, the government agreed not to pursue criminal tax charges against Kam Leung and to settle the back taxes owed by the couple.

On December 16, PARLOR MAID stood before Judge Cooper for the last time. She was sentenced to three years probation, two hundred hours of community service, and fined $10,000. Essentially, both Smith and Leung had walked. And the government was spared an embarrassing courtroom spectacle.

Small wonder that Katrina Leung announced to the judge, "I love America."

But J.J., although he had avoided prison, had lost his reputation. The star of the Los Angeles counterintelligence squad had been arrested by his fellow FBI agents and hauled before a federal judge in handcuffs. The personal toll it took on him was revealed in an e-mail he sent to friends when he agreed to plead guilty.

Although his lawyers said he would probably get a minimal sentence or probation, J.J. was worried. "With my luck the judge's husband just ran off with his thirty year old secretary and I'll get five years breaking rocks —in stripes."

With his wife and son watching, he wrote, he had to tell the court, "'I entered into an unauthorized intimate relationship with Katrina and then lied about it to my employer.' Argh!"

Although he could "start working on my tattered relationship with Gail, Kelly, family ... I am near broke, my relationships are shattered ... and will perhaps have to testify against someone I believed in for eighteen years and she will go away for a long time."

His wife stayed with him, despite everything. Gail Smith believed strongly in family. Their son, Kelly, worked as a bartender, graduated from law school, and, ironically, became a prosecutor.

Bill Cleveland and his wife separated. Having lost his six-figure job at the Livermore lab, he turned to teaching criminal justice.

As for Leung's husband, he still loved his wife. Kam Leung appeared to be faithful and true to Katrina, despite her extramarital adventures. "I am a very ordinary human being tossed into this extraordinary situation," he said. "She is my charge, a brilliant person, vulnerable and insecure. It is my job to see it through and protect her."

Was his, then, an open marriage? "No, not an open marriage, I am Chinese by culture. This is the greatest love story. It is my mission, my role. As though I were put in the cosmos to take care of her."

Katrina Leung, the object of all this adoration, kept a very low profile, shunning the public eye in which she had once reveled. She had pleaded guilty to two felonies. She no longer enjoyed her prestige and status as a prominent leader of the Chinese American community in Los Angeles.

Les Wiser, after twenty-three years in the FBI, retired in 2007 from his last post as special agent in charge in Newark, New Jersey. He was hardly pleased that the cases he had built so carefully against J.J. Smith and Katrina Leung ended as they did. But Wiser was an FBI agent; he was not in charge of the prosecution. He could take comfort from the fact that he had done his difficult job, and done it well.

The sheriff had caught the bad guys.

Chapter 19

EAGLE CLAW

THE PARLOR MAID CASE was dramatic enough, combining as it did sex, spies, secret reports to the White House, and millions of dollars, but it was not the first time that China had penetrated an American intelligence agency.

Three decades before Katrina Leung passed FBI secrets to the MSS, Chinese intelligence had recruited a long-term spy inside the CIA. His name was Larry Wu-Tai Chin, and his pursuit and eventual detection and capture was given the code name EAGLE CLAW.

Tall and so skinny that his classmates at Yenching University, where he studied English, called him Grasshopper, Chin lived a double life in more ways than one. To his colleagues at the CIA's Foreign Broadcast Information Service, the bespectacled Chin appeared quiet and colorless. But he was not only a Chinese spy—over the years Beijing paid him about a million dollars—he had multiple girlfriends, a penchant for sex toys, gambled tens of thousands of dollars in Las Vegas, and stored gold bullion in a bank account in Hong Kong.

It is not often that the key to unlocking an espionage mystery is literally a key, but it was in the case of Larry Chin. The FBI learned that an American spying for China, his identity not yet certain, had stayed in room 533 of the Qianmen Hotel in Beijing. By 1983, a year after the EAGLE CLAW case file was opened, Chin was under suspicion. In May of that year, as Chin was leaving from Washington for Hong Kong, the FBI searched his luggage at Dulles International Airport and found a key to room 533. It was a major break in the case.

Chin, who was born in Beijing in 1922, began working for the United States in 1944, during World War II, when he was hired as a translator for an Army liaison office in Fuzhou, China. It was then, he later admitted, that he was recruited by Chinese intelligence. After the war, in 1948, he became an interpreter at the US consulate in Shanghai. A year later, he was transferred to Hong Kong, and then to Korea in 1951, where he interviewed Chinese war prisoners.

In Korea, he carefully noted the names of those who cooperated with the United States and of others who were willing to return to China as American agents, and he passed that information to the Chinese, for which he was paid $2,000. The FBI believed that his betrayal of the POWs may have cost many lives when they were repatriated.

In 1952 Chin joined the Foreign Broadcast Information Service in Okinawa. Now China had a mole inside the CIA itself. FBIS monitors broadcasts and publications throughout the world, but Chin's access was not limited to such open sources. In time, he routinely received CIA reports, including those from covert agents. He made frequent trips to Hong Kong, where he met with his Chinese handler, Ou Qiming. Then in 1961, Chin was transferred by FBIS to Santa Rosa, California. Over the next decade he made half a dozen more trips to Hong Kong, where he met and was paid by Ou for his services.

In 1965 Chin became an American citizen, which meant that he could receive a security clearance after a background check. He passed a polygraph—so much for the accuracy of the lie detector tests by which the CIA sets great store—and was given his clearance. Chin later said he might not have passed if the questions had been asked in Chinese, but they were not.

With his TOP SECRET security clearance, Chin now routinely received classified CIA documents, which he regularly gave to the Chinese. In 1970 he transferred to the CIA's FBIS office in Rosslyn, Virginia, not far from the agency's Langley headquarters.

Chin owned thirty-one properties in the Washington area, and two condominiums in Las Vegas. To coworkers and friends, he explained his wealth by saying that he played blackjack and was an expert card counter, allowing him to beat the odds in the casinos. Since he was a high roller, he boasted, the casinos paid for his airfare to Las Vegas and his hotel stays.

Chin was handled by officers of the Ministry of Public Security, China's principal intelligence agency until the MSS was created in 1983. His method of stealing documents was simple; he squirreled them in his clothing or briefcase and walked out of the building. At FBIS, there were only occasional spot checks of briefcases.

Chin then photographed the classified documents and passed the films to Chinese agents in a series of meetings in a Toronto shopping mall. He also met Chinese intelligence officers in Hong Kong, Macao, and Beijing.

He kept meticulous diaries of his travels and his meetings with his handlers. One entry noted the dishes he ate when he dined in Beijing with three senior intelligence officers. The meal included "Bears' feet" and "muttonpot."

Among the most important documents that Chin fed to the Chinese were classified memos on President Nixon's secret preparations in 1971 for the historic opening to China. Nixon announced on television in July that he would go to Beijing in an effort to normalize diplomatic relations between the two countries. He traveled to China in February 1972. Chin was suspected of having passed to Chinese intelligence the secret Presidential Review Memorandum outlining Nixon's plans and objectives for the China trip.

In July 1981, after almost thirty years as a Chinese mole inside the CIA, Chin retired at age fifty-nine. To show its appreciation—Chin was regarded as the CIA's best translator—the agency's deputy director, Bobby Inman, personally presented the Career Intelligence Medal to Chin at a retirement ceremony attended by his coworkers. A week later, Chin flew to Hong Kong, met with a Chinese intelligence contact, and was paid $40,000.

Chin could look back on his espionage career with satisfaction. He was wealthy, his services greatly appreciated by China's intelligence service, which treated him royally, he had many playmates, and best of all, his spying over three decades had not been detected.

That, however, was about to change. Inside the Ministry of Public Security, a senior official was becoming nervous about his future. His name was Yu Zhensan, and he was no ordinary intelligence officer. His background was unusual.

Yu's father had reportedly once been married to Jiang Qing, an actress who used the stage name Lan Ping (Blue Apple) and was involved at one point with Kang Sheng, the legendary head of China's intelligence services. She joined the Communist revolution and met Mao Zedong, whom she married. Jiang was one of the central instigators of the Cultural Revolution, and after Mao's death in 1976, she was placed on trial as one of the infamous Gang of Four, blamed for the chaos and thousands of deaths during the period. She was convicted, her death sentence commuted to life, and she committed suicide in 1991 while receiving medical treatment outside the prison.

Before Jiang married Mao, Yu's father had been at odds with her, and until her downfall, she was a dangerous enemy. Yu Zhensan himself had become increasingly resentful of the Chinese Communist Party and its leadership. He contacted the CIA and warned the agency that Beijing had a spy inside American intelligence. He was taking a huge risk, but viewed the information as his ticket out of China.

The CIA did not tell the FBI right away; it held on to the disturbing news for two or three months while it investigated, then concluded that the penetration could not be inside the CIA and was probably in the military.

In September 1982 the CIA notified the FBI that there might be a Chinese spy inside a US intelligence agency. The notice landed on the desk of I. C. Smith, the Louisiana native and FBI veteran who was in Shenyang with Bill Cleveland when they encountered Gwo-bao Min, the TIGER TRAP suspect.

Smith gave Yu Zhensan the code name PLANESMAN. He assigned Special Agent Tom Carson, who was known as a tenacious investigator, to try to ferret out the mole inside US intelligence.

An Alabama native, Carson had joined the FBI in 1970, working foreign counterintelligence cases for most of his twenty-eight years in the bureau. Carson started on the daunting assignment, but it was slow going and the initial information from the CIA lacked details.

But then the CIA came up with a clue. PLANESMAN, Yu Zhensan, said that the mole had flown to Beijing on a Pan Am flight that left New York on February 6, 1982, and returned to the United States on February 27.

Carson began checking flight manifests but was frustrated to find that there was no Pan Am flight on February 6. It looked like a dead end. But Carson, true to his reputation, kept digging. He finally discovered that there had been a flight by China Airlines scheduled to leave for Beijing on February 5. But a snowstorm had enveloped JFK airport, and the flight was delayed for hours. It did not actually leave until February 6.

There was no way to check the names of the passengers on the China Airlines flight; the company did not provide its manifests to US authorities. Carson did not give up. There was a Pan Am return flight to New York on February 27, and checking the list of passengers, Carson found only four US citizens. One was a male with a Chinese name, who lived in Alexandria, Virginia.

The passenger was Larry Wu-Tai Chin.

The FBI asked the CIA if Chin worked for the agency. The CIA, after checking its rolls, said, He's not ours. Well, was he ever? the FBI asked. The CIA checked again and was dismayed to find the answer. Chin had worked for the agency for three decades, but had retired a year earlier.

Now EAGLE CLAW had a suspect. But having a name was far from what was needed to build an espionage case. Chin was placed under FBI surveillance, and his telephone tapped after a FISA warrant was issued. Bruce Carlson, the FBI China specialist, was assigned to the Chin investigation. Carlson spoke Mandarin so fluently that he was often mistaken on the telephone for a native Chinese.

From the wiretaps, the FBI learned that Chin was planning a trip to Hong Kong in the spring of 1983. "We got a FISA warrant to search his luggage at Dulles," Carson said. But there was a problem; it would take about forty minutes to retrieve and discreetly examine Chin's luggage. There wouldn't be time enough to do all that before the plane took off.

"We delayed the flight at Dulles enough to take the luggage from the time he put it through the chute and search it, unpack it, and put everything back the way it was, without him knowing." The airport authorities cooperated and the passengers were given some bogus but plausible reason for the delay.

Carson had hoped to find classified documents in Chin's luggage but there were none. "We found the hotel key and took a picture of it. I didn't know what it was or realize it was important. It turned out to be the smoking gun."

"Back to the office, I asked Bruce, 'What are the Chinese words on the key?' He said it was the name of the hotel, the Hotel Qianmen. And there was a room number on the key, 533.

"It rang a bell, and I went back and looked through our files and that's where he had stayed on his first trip to China, one year after he had retired." PLANESMAN, the CIA's source inside the Chinese intelligence service, had provided that detail. Finding the key corroborated Yu Zhensan's information and, beyond that, it buttressed and tended to validate the other information he had provided. It also indicated that Chin was planning to travel on from Hong Kong to Beijing.

Why Chin was returning his room key was unclear. "In this country we don't care much about hotel keys," Carson said, "but maybe he thought he should return it."

A few months later, Chin flew to Hong Kong to meet with Ou Qiming, his handler. Chin suggested to Ou that the Chinese might want to try to recruit Victoria Liu Morton, a woman he had known at the CIA. She had once mentioned to him that she had a brother on the mainland; perhaps, Chin suggested, that could be used as leverage against her. Ou decided one mole was enough and he rejected the idea. Morton was not approached or recruited by the Chinese.

At the same meeting, Chin mentioned his marital problems to Ou. If the Chinese would give him $150,000, he said, he could pay off his wife and get a divorce. Ou declined.

Yu, meanwhile, had more tidbits for the CIA. He said that the mole had an emergency contact in New York, a Chinese sleeper agent named Father Mark Cheung, a Roman Catholic priest at the Church of the Transfiguration on Mott Street, in the heart of New York's Chinatown. Cheung had arrived in 1972, invited by the church as assistant pastor. He must have impressed the diocese because later Cheung was promoted to parish administrator, the first Chinese priest to hold that position.

The FBI investigated, trying to figure out whether Cheung was an actual priest, or simply posing as one. "Mark Cheung was a real priest," Carson said. "The Chinese intelligence service sent him to a seminary. He was co-opted by them before he became a priest. He was a mole in the church." He was also, as far as is known, the first Chinese "illegal" who was also a Catholic priest.[*]

Cheung had moved to Hong Kong, and two FBI agents, Pat Dooley and Larry Goff, interviewed him there. But Cheung was not helpful. "Then he skedaddled," Carson said. He left Hong Kong and disappeared into the mainland. The FBI learned that Cheung, although a priest, was married, with a wife in China. When he visited her, he switched his clerical garb to civilian clothes.

The FBI could not determine whether or how Cheung was supposed to help Chin flee the United States if his spying was discovered or he sensed he was under suspicion. "We never figured out what his role would be," Carson said.

In 1984 another FBI agent, Ken Schiffer, took over as supervisor of the Chin case. PLANESMAN, Schiffer said, "was a headquarters desk officer with supervisory responsibility." But he was not the handler of China's mole inside the CIA—that was Ou Qiming—and as in all intelligence agencies, Chin's name would have been closely held inside the Chinese spy agency.

But Yu took risks. "He went into his colleague's files," Schiffer said. "He rifled his colleague's desk and got all the information about [Chin's] travels, hotels, people he met but not the name of the source." That was finally learned when Carson checked the manifest of the Pan Am return flight.

Although Chin had retired from the CIA, he continued to work as a translator on a government contract. But he realized his value to the Chinese had diminished once he left the CIA. So he falsely told Beijing that he had obtained a job with the National Security Agency. Since he had never worked for the NSA, he bought a copy of *The Puzzle Palace,* a groundbreaking book by James Bamford about the code-breaking agency. He translated parts of the book into Chinese, and passed them along to his handlers.

All was not well in the Chin household, however, thanks to Chin's extramarital wanderings. He was charged with assault in 1983, for allegedly fondling a teenage girl in the laundry room of his apartment in Alexandria, Virginia. The charge was eventually dropped.

Chin was married in 1949 and divorced after ten years; he and his first wife, Doris, had three children. In Okinawa, he met his second wife, Cathy. Their relationship was stormy. She was aware of his affairs and disturbed over his unexplained trips.

After catching him in their apartment in bed with a mistress, she called a friend, desperately asking what she should do. The FBI wiretap recorded the friend's suggestion that Mrs. Chin throw a pot of cold water on the couple; that would definitely cool their ardor. The friend remained on the line while Chin's wife carried out her advice.

A moment later the wiretap picked up Cathy screaming, "He's killing me! He's killing me!" Soaked and naked, Chin was furiously beating his wife with the pot.

Chin often engaged in telephone sex with a "niece" in New York, who would sometimes travel to Washington, DC, and spend the afternoon with him in a motel. Once, talking on the tapped phone to a girlfriend, Chin told her to be sure to bring the "machine." The FBI agents were excited—was a confederate, perhaps another spy, about to deliver a code machine? This could be a big break in the case.

But in later conversations, Chin and the girlfriend talked in titillating detail about how they would use the "machine," and it became clear it was not a spying device, but a sex toy, a battery-operated vibrator.

As the FBI continued to watch Chin and gather evidence of his espionage, there was no longer any doubt that he was the mole who had burrowed into the CIA. But there was a problem. There was no way the bureau could move until Yu Zhensan was safely exfiltrated from China. Neither the CIA nor the FBI was about to blow a source who would, if uncovered, surely be executed or sent to prison for life.

When Yu had first approached the CIA, according to Schiffer, "the agency was cautious it might be a setup." Intelligence agencies often send "dangles" offering information, sometimes true, sometimes not, to rival spy agencies. The goal is to infiltrate or confuse the opposition.

"But when PLANESMAN provided details on a Chinese American who was a US government employee, that convinced the agency," Schiffer recalled. "He was still in place when we identified Chin. We sat on the case—we could not move on Chin for about a year until PLANESMAN got out. They [the CIA] arranged for him to travel south from Beijing through China, maybe to Hong Kong."

Although it has never previously been disclosed, another Chinese defector came out soon after Yu Zhensan. He was a coworker of PLANESMAN, but neither knew about the other. The second defector brought with him a list of the names of Chinese intelligence agents in the United States. The FBI tracked all the names down. Some were kept under surveillance and others quietly deported.

As the cases described in this book make clear, espionage is a very difficult crime to prove, unless a spy is caught in the act, or confesses, because counterintelligence agents seldom have direct proof that a suspect passed documents to a foreign power. For all the evidence that the bureau had compiled on Chin, without a confession it would be difficult to convict him. With

PLANESMAN safely in the United States, the way was clear for the FBI to confront Chin. Everything would depend on how well and carefully that was done.

Ken Schiffer decided that the approach to Chin would be made by agents Rudy Guerin, Terry Roth, and Mark Johnson. Guerin was a veteran counterintelligence agent at the FBI's Washington field office and later head of the China section at headquarters. Roth was his regular partner, and Johnson had worked closely with Carson on the investigation.

Late in the afternoon of November 22, 1985, the trio knocked on the door of Chin's condominium in Alexandria. They identified themselves as FBI agents. They said they were investigating a leak of classified information to China's intelligence service and hoped Chin might be able to assist them. Chin invited them in and the four men sat down around Chin's dining room table.

Guerin lost little time in coming to the point. He told Chin that the FBI suspected *he* was the spy.

Chin denied it, and claimed to have had no contact with Chinese intelligence. Then he was told that the FBI knew of his flight to China on February 6, 1982, and his return flight on February 27. While you were there, the agents said, you were the guest of honor at a banquet and received an award.

Now Chin knew he was in trouble. He was shown a picture of Li Wenchong, the senior Chinese intelligence official who had given him the award. He was told the FBI also knew of his meetings with a Chinese contact in Toronto.

And then he was shown a photo of the key to room 533 of the Qianmen Hotel. We know you were checked into that room in June 1983, the agents informed him.

As the agents had hoped, Chin was rattled by the picture of the hotel key. "He realized somebody on the inside had betrayed him," Ken Schiffer said. The hotel key was just one of the specific facts that we had, but it was a very powerful one. Because it indicated to Chin that someone had inside access to his case in [Chinese intelligence] headquarters."

Mark Johnson ratcheted up the pressure. In September, he said, Chin met in Hong Kong with Ou Qiming, his handler. He had talked to Ou about whether the Chinese might want to try to recruit Victoria Liu Morton, the CIA employee who had a brother in China. And, Johnson added, he had requested $150,000 to get a divorce.

That did it. "You have details that only Ou knew," Chin said. He asked where the agents had gotten that information, then answered his own question. Ou Qiming must have defected, Chin said.

"He thought Ou Qiming had defected and was the one who had dimed him out," Schiffer said, referring to the pre-cell phone days when it cost a dime to use a pay phone. "Rudy and Terry allowed him to think that." But it was Yu Zhensan, not Ou, who had defected.

Chin stalled, asking the agents to come back the next day. They refused, and Chin, convinced that his handler had betrayed him, began talking. He talked, and talked, and talked.

Schiffer and Tom Carson were standing by. They received a phone call from Guerin. Chin had confessed. After getting the green light from the Justice Department, the two agents arrived at the apartment. Carson saw his quarry for the first time. He arrested and handcuffed Chin. The agents drove him to the Arlington County jail.

The trial of Larry Wu-Tai Chin on seventeen counts of spying and conspiracy opened three months later in federal district court in Alexandria. Chin took the stand during the four-day trial, and claimed he had spied to improve relations between the United States and China. His defense attorney, Jake Stein, believed Chin's explanation of his supposed motive offered the best, albeit slim, hope of swaying the jury.

When Chin saw a classified message from President Nixon about his plan for the opening to China, he said he believed "if this information is brought to the attention of the Chinese leadership ... it might break the ice. I wanted Chou En-lai to see it." The prosecutors, however, said Chin's motive was money, and pointed out that he had been well paid.

Perhaps the most interesting revelation during the trial was the testimony by Special Agent Mark Johnson that Chin had no contact with Ou Qiming from 1967 to 1976 because Ou was in prison. The chaos of the Cultural Revolution had ensnared even Chin's handler.

Joseph J. Aronica, the assistant US attorney prosecuting Chin, asked him if he was "stealing documents from the CIA and giving them to the Chinese?"

"Right," Chin answered.

"You knew the documents you gave ... would go to the highest levels of the Chinese government?"

"Yes."

"Your intent was to help the People's Republic of China?"

"Yes and ... the U.S., too."

Chin's admissions did not leave much for the jury to deliberate. They took just three hours to find him guilty on all seventeen counts. His wife, Cathy, sitting in the gallery, broke into sobs. Chin was escorted back to jail, facing two life terms in prison. Sentencing was set for March 17.

Why had he done it? Although he claimed he wanted to bring about a rapprochement between Washington and Beijing, the FBI agents who worked on the case thought that, even aside from the money, Chin, who toiled in obscurity in a CIA backwater, hungered for recognition, a sense of importance that he got from his Chinese intelligence admirers.

Two weeks after he was convicted, on the morning of February 21, Chin ate breakfast at 6:30

A.M. A little over two hours later, a guard found Chin in his cell. He had tied a plastic trash bag over his head with a shoelace. Efforts to revive him were unsuccessful.

He had left a note for Cathy.

"This morning I had a dream of a celestial world which makes me comfortable mentally and physically.... When I thought of the fact that I don't need to do anything after waking up and can ... keep on sleeping, it's extremely comfortable.

"So, Little Fish, don't worry about me. ... Isn't it a happy thing in the life.... Except that I can't stay with you, I already have everything."

It was over. The spy inside the CIA had been caught after three decades, and sentenced himself. At FBI headquarters, the EAGLE CLAW case file was closed.

Chapter 20

RED FLOWER

On october 19, 2005, Tai Wang Mak, chief engineer in Los Angeles for the Chinese-language television channel that broadcasts by satellite to the United States, placed a telephone call to a contact in Zhongshan, China.

"I work for Red Flower of North America," he said. Since Mak worked for the Phoenix North America Chinese Channel, not for a florist, it sounded like a line from a spy movie. To the FBI, however, the phrase was not scripted in Hollywood but an apparent code name for a family of spies headed by Chi Mak, Tai's brother. The group had been under intense FBI surveillance for more than a year.

The phone call to Zhongshan, a bustling city in southern China across the Pearl River from Hong Kong, was answered by Pu Pei-Liang, a researcher at Zhongshan University who the FBI believe was actually an intelligence officer for the People's Liberation Army—and Chi Mak's longtime handler.

According to FBI documents, Chi Mak, who worked for Power Paragon, a major defense contractor in Anaheim, had been secretly passing sensitive Navy data on US weapons systems to China for more than twenty years.

Nine days after the "Red Flower" phone call, FBI agents pulled Tai Mak and his wife, Fuk Li, from a security line at Los Angeles International Airport as they waited to board a midnight flight to Hong Kong. Both were arrested. At the same moment, other FBI agents swooped down on Chi Mak's home in Downey, a Los Angeles suburb, and arrested him and his wife, Rebecca Chiu.

Chi Mak, then sixty-six, was born in Guangzhou, educated in Shanghai, naturalized as a US citizen in 1985, and since 1996 held a secret security clearance at Power Paragon. He was the lead project engineer on research for the Quiet Electric Drive, or QED, a propulsion system designed to allow the Navy's submarines to run silent, and to make surface ships quieter and harder to detect as well.

In an affidavit filed for the arrest warrant of the Maks, FBI special agent James E. Gaylord described the QED as "an extremely sensitive project," with the technology banned from export to denied countries, including China. The QED was also labeled NOFORN, meaning "not for release to foreign nationals," so that the data was restricted and could not be divulged to other countries or foreigners.

The FBI charged that Chi took data about the QED and other Navy projects to his home, copied the information onto three CDs with his wife's help, and passed them to his brother, Tai, who encrypted the CDs. Tai was planning to deliver them to Pu Pei-Liang in Guangzhou, his ultimate destination, had he been permitted to board the flight from LAX.

Chi Mak's home had been wiretapped for months through a FISA warrant, and a video camera had been secretly installed over his dining room table. Gaylord's affidavit said that on October 23, 2005, five days before Tai Mak was to fly to Hong Kong with the CDs, Rebecca reminded her husband that the items Chi was asking his brother to take "are certainly against the law."

Months earlier, the FBI had recovered two lists from the trash at Chi Mak's house. The documents, in Chinese, which had been torn into small pieces, were reassembled and translated by the bureau. The FBI concluded that these were "tasking lists" from Chinese military intelligence, documents or information his handlers wanted him to collect. In secret searches of Chi Mak's home, the FBI found documents about several of the weapons systems on the lists.

One list of the items sought included a space-based missile-intercept system, submarine torpedoes, and aircraft carrier electronic systems. The second document asked for "ship submarine propulsion technology ... early warning technologies, command and control systems technology, defense against nuclear attack technology ... shipboard internal and external communication systems, establishment of high frequency, self-linking, satellite communications ... submarine HF transient launch technology," and information about the DD(X), the Navy's next-generation high-tech destroyer.

According to court documents, after Chi Mak was arrested he admitted passing to China data on electric converters and a circuit breaker for submarines, an electromagnetic aircraft launch system (EMALS), to launch aircraft from carriers using magnets instead of steam, and data about the Aegis combat system, the Navy's most advanced command-and-control system, which uses computers and the powerful AN/SPY-1 radar to guide missiles to their targets.

A month after the arrests, Chi Mak, his wife, and his brother were indicted by a federal grand jury in Los Angeles for acting as unregistered "agents of a foreign government, namely the People's Republic of China." They were not, however, charged under the espionage laws.

The prosecutors had run into a problem. Although much of the information the Maks were said to have transmitted to China was sensitive, and some marked NOFORN, none of it was classified, weakening the prosecution's case. Chi Mak had been careful not to filch any documents stamped SECRET or otherwise classified.

The government was not about to back off for that reason, however. In June 2006, Tai Mak's wife, Fuk Li, and their son, Billy Mak, twenty-six, were indicted on charges of lying to the government and acting as unregistered agents of China. In October, a superseding indictment was handed down, naming all five family members and adding charges of conspiracy to export defense information to China, and making false statements to federal investigators.

The trial of Chi Mak began in March 2007. The prosecution unveiled surprise testimony that tied Chi Mak to Dongfan "Greg" Chung, another Chinese American defense worker who was later prosecuted and convicted for illegally passing sensitive information to China.

FBI agent Gaylord testified that in the FBI's search of Chi Mak's home, a letter was found written by Gu Weihao, an official of China's Ministry of Aviation, to Chung, an engineer who worked at the Boeing plant in Huntington Beach on the space shuttle.

Gu, who was a relative of Chi Mak's wife, Rebecca, had introduced Chung to Chi Mak. In the 1987 letter, Gu wrote that China was planning to build commercial aircraft and a space shuttle. "I hope these products will be flying sky high soon. There are some difficult technical issues that need your assistance."

The letter indicated that Mak had been instructed to deliver it by hand to Chung. "You can discuss the time and route of your trip to China with Mr. Mak in person.... You may use 'traveling to Hong Kong' or 'visiting relatives in China' as reasons for traveling abroad."

Then came language that directly implicated Chi Mak. "Normally, if you have any information, you can also pass it on to me through Mr. Mak. This channel is much safer than the others. ... I hope that you will ... provide advanced technologies and information."

Chi Mak took the stand and denied that he had passed information to China. The encrypted disks, he claimed, were meant for two "friends." Pu Pei-Liang, to whom Tai Mak placed the "Red Flower" phone call, and who was supposed to meet him at the airport in Guangzhou and receive the disks, was simply another friend who was taking care of Tai Mak's sick mother-in-law. How encrypted information about a system to make submarines run silently would have proved beneficial for her health was not made clear.

After the six-week trial in Santa Ana, the jury on May 10, 2007, found Chi Mak guilty of conspiracy to violate the export control laws, acting as an unregistered agent of China, and lying to the FBI.

With Chi Mak convicted, the rest of the family pleaded guilty in rapid succession. In March 2008 Chi Mak was sentenced to twenty-four years in federal prison. His wife, Rebecca, pleaded guilty to acting as an agent of China, received a sentence of three years, and was to be deported afterward. Tai Mak was sentenced to ten years. His wife, Fuk Li, received three years probation, and their son, Billy Mak, was sentenced to time already served. All three were also to be deported after serving their sentences.

Having discovered the link to Boeing and the space shuttle in the search of Chi Mak's residence, the FBI opened an investigation of Dongfan Chung. A native of China, Chung came to the United States in 1962 and was a naturalized US citizen who had worked in the aerospace industry in Southern California for thirty years with a SECRET security clearance. Before Boeing, he had been employed by Rockwell International.

Chung was a volunteer spy. Around 1979 he sent a letter to Professor Chen Lung Ku at China's Harbin Institute of Technology. "I don't know what I can do for the country," he wrote. "Having been a Chinese compatriot for over thirty years and being proud of the achievements by the people's efforts for the motherland, I am regretful for not contributing anything. ... I would like to make an effort to contribute to the Four Modernizations of China"—a reference to Deng Xiaoping's 1978 plan to spur economic development in agriculture, industry, technology, and defense.

Chen wrote back in September 1979. "We are all moved by your patriotism. ... Your spirit is an encouragement and driving force to us. We'd like to join our hands together with the overseas compatriots in the endeavor for the construction of our great socialist motherland."

Chung lost no time in sending materials to China, among them twenty-four manuals from Rockwell on the B-1 bomber. In turn, the Chinese sent him elaborate tasking lists, with detailed questions. Example: "How many types of loaded flights are used for the fatigue test of small fighter planes? When performing loading test, are the sequences of the loading random or are they derived manually?"

Among other topics, the Chinese asked for "aircraft design manuals, fatigue design manuals ... space shuttle design manuals ... the space shuttle's airtight cabin, the space shuttle's heat resistant tile design, life-span ... analysis of U.S. fighter planes and airborne equipment; and S-N curves for fighter plane cabin plexiglass and cabin canopies."

In 1985 Chung was invited to lecture in China, on a trip paid for by the Chinese. Among the topics he said he would discuss was "Space Shuttle Heat Resistant Tiles, Brief Introduction and Stress Analysis." He also planned to lecture on "Fatigue Life" and "F-15 Jet Fighters."

"It's a great honor and I am excited to be able to make some contributions to the four modernizations of the motherland," Chung wrote. He looked forward to a trip "of several weeks to take a good look at the motherland with my own eyes."

Two years later, Gu Weihao, the aviation ministry official, appears to have become Chung's chief contact. "It is your honor and China's fortune that you are able to realize your wish of dedicating [yourself] to the service of your country," Gu wrote.

The Chinese official asked that Chung "collect information on airplane design for the trunkline and the development of the space shuttle." Once in Guangzhou, he would be able to meet with Gu and Gu's colleagues in a "small setting, which is very safe."

Perhaps as a cover story for his trip, Gu suggested, Chung's wife, an artist, could be invited to visit an art institute in China. Chung could then accompany his wife as his reason to visit the PRC. In 2001 Chung again traveled to China to lecture on the space shuttle, and he made two more trips there in 2002 and 2003.

When FBI agents interviewed Chung in 2006 and searched his home in Orange, California, they were astonished to find three hundred thousand pages of Boeing documents squirreled away in his residence, containing information about the space shuttle, the Delta IV rocket, used to boost unmanned vehicles into space, the F-15 fighter jet, the B-52 bomber, and the Chinook helicopter. Some of the documents were in a crawlspace underneath the house.

On February 11, 2008, Chung was arrested after being indicted on charges of economic espionage, acting as a foreign agent of China, and making false statements to the FBI. After a ten-day bench trial without a jury in July 2009, Chung, then seventy-three, was found guilty by US District Court judge Cormac J. Carney. In a scathing opinion, Judge Carney declared: "Mr. Chung has been an agent of the People's Republic of China ('PRC') for over thirty years. Under the direction and control of the PRC, Mr. Chung misappropriated sensitive aerospace and military information belonging to his employer, the Boeing Company, to assist the PRC in developing its own programs."

The judge minced no words. "As federal agents sifted through the hundreds of thousands of pages of documents in Mr. Chung's home, the story of Mr. Chung's secret life became clear. He was a spy for the PRC."

China's Foreign Ministry released a short statement. "The allegation that a so-called Chinese person stole trade secrets in the United States and gave them to China is purely a fabrication."

Chung was the first person to be convicted in a trial under the Economic Espionage Act of 1996. In February 2010 he was sentenced to fifteen years and eight months in prison. Judge Carney said he imposed the long sentence because he wanted to send a signal to China to "stop sending your spies here."

Chinese spy cases have often proved to be linked or overlapping in some fashion. Chi Mak and Dongfan Chung were closely connected. On the same day that Chung was arrested in California, at the other end of the country, in Alexandria, Virginia, the government charged three people under the espionage laws with spying for China in what the press reported was "an unrelated case."

But it was not unrelated. For, as it turned out, Lin Hong, a Chinese intelligence official based in Guangzhou and Hong Kong, was the puppet master pulling the strings in the cases on both coasts and a fourth that was revealed a year later, in May 2009.

The three people arrested in February 2008 were Gregg W. Bergersen, a Defense Department employee, Tai Shen Kuo, forty-eight, a New Orleans businessman acting as a spy for China, and Yu Xin Kang, his young Chinese girlfriend who worked for Kuo's furniture company and served as a cutout between Kuo and his handler in China, Lin Hong.

Bergersen, a Navy veteran with a TOP SECRET clearance who liked to gamble in Las Vegas, worked in Arlington, Virginia, for the Defense Security Cooperation Agency, the Pentagon unit that manages the vast program of US arms sales to foreign countries. He began his military career in naval intelligence, and served on a CIA committee (COMEX) that monitored technology transfer to the Soviets and eastern Europe. For that work, he received a Meritorious Unit Citation from then CIA director Robert Gates.

With a family to support, Bergersen, fifty-one, longed after he retired to move into the world of "beltway bandits," the military and intelligence companies and consultants that surround Washington and thrive on government contracts.

It seemed as though his prayers were answered when he met the free-spending Tai Shen Kuo, who cultivated Defense Department officials and claimed he was developing a consulting company to obtain defense contracts. He told Bergersen, "When my company get to the point ...

where I can pay you three, four-hundred thousand a year, you come out" and retire. He also held out the prospect that Bergersen might become part owner of the company.

Born in Taiwan, Kuo, short and charismatic, came to the United States in 1972 to attend college in Louisiana on a tennis scholarship. He became a naturalized US citizen eight years later and held both American and Taiwanese passports. Kuo went into business importing Chinese furniture. He lived in New Orleans but traveled regularly to China and had an office in Beijing. His wife, Jane, was the daughter of a high-ranking Kuomintang general, Hsueh Yueh, who fought the Japanese during World War II and fled to Taiwan after the Communists took over the mainland in 1949.

After the FBI arrested Kuo, he sought out Plato Cacheris, a prominent criminal attorney in Washington, renowned for representing defendants in espionage cases, among them Aldrich Ames and Robert Hanssen. According to Cacheris's younger partner, John Hundley, Kuo was first approached by Chinese intelligence in the 1990s.

"He was trying to sell cotton and other products to China and working with an associate on the West Coast," Hundley recounted. "They made several exploratory trips to China to promote their business, and his associate introduced him to Lin Hong as someone Kuo needed to know to do business in China. Lin was described to him as an executive with the Guangzhou Friendship Association, a government organization that helped North American businessmen conduct business in China. It didn't take him long to realize that Lin was in the Chinese government." In fact, Lin Hong was an intelligence officer of the People's Liberation Army.

In the 1990s Kuo had embarked on a new business venture to develop a defense communication system between the United States and Taiwan. Lin Hong pressed him for information about the work, holding out the prospect of a "big project" in China if he delivered what Lin wanted. Over the next several years, Kuo passed defense information to Lin.

And it was in the early 1990s that Kuo developed another reason to travel to Beijing. He met Yu Xin Kang, a slim nineteen-year-old Chinese girl, and their relationship blossomed into an affair. Kuo supported Kang, using her as a go-between with Lin Hong. She met with Lin in Beijing and passed messages between the Chinese spymaster and Kuo, who used her apartment in Beijing for meetings with Lin.

Yu Xin Kang moved to New Orleans in 2007 to work as a secretary for Kuo. In the United States, Kang, now thirty-two, answered to the name Katie and obtained a green card as a legal permanent resident alien. With money from Lin Hong, Kuo continued to support her.

The spy business was proving more lucrative than Kuo's other uncertain enterprises. According to court documents, Lin Hong paid Kuo $50,000, and Kuo in turn entertained Bergersen in the casinos and expensive shows of Las Vegas, and paid him small amounts of cash. Bergersen, in turn, provided Kuo with Pentagon documents and information, some classified. Kuo told Bergersen that the data he provided was going to Taiwan. Bergersen did not know that Kuo passed the information to Beijing.

In April 2007, on a trip to Las Vegas, Kuo handed Bergersen $3,000 in cash to play poker, and Bergersen exchanged the money for casino chips. The next day, Kuo reported to Lin Hong that Bergersen had agreed to provide the Pentagon's projected five-year arms sales to Taiwan. In a phone call to Bergersen in July, Kuo reminded Bergersen it was the Defense Department's document he wanted: "I want your ... paper. I don't want CIA, I got CIA's paper."

Kuo flew to Washington in July, and the FBI managed to plant both audio and video surveillance in the car he rented. As they drove to Dulles International Airport later that day, Kuo put a thick stack of bills into Bergersen's shirt pocket. Bergersen brought along the Taiwan arms sales projection and had cut the "SECRET" markings off the document. He told Kuo he was reluctant to let him have it, "because it's all classified," but Kuo could "take all the notes you want."

If anyone found out, Bergersen warned, "Fuck, I'd go to jail, I don't wanna go to jail."

"I'd probably go to jail, too," Kuo replied, chuckling.

Back in Louisiana the next day, Kuo e-mailed his Chinese handler, Lin Hong, that he was not able to keep a copy of the Taiwan arms sales projection—it was "very, very sensitive"—but he was allowed to take notes about it. He said that Bergersen had also let him look at the plans to improve Taiwan's command-and-control and intelligence capabilities.

Five days later, Kuo flew to Beijing, where he was met at the airport by Yu Xin Kang. Kuo personally delivered to Lin Hong the handwritten notes he had taken from the documents that Bergersen had let him see.

In August, there was a domestic scene right out of *Fawlty Towers*. In a telephone conversation with Kuo, Bergersen lamented that when he returned from a trip, his wife went through his wallet and found an unexpected amount of money. Not wanting to explain its source, he told her that he won it gambling. In that case, his wife said, she was entitled to half the money—and she took it as her share. Kuo offered to make up the difference, but Bergersen declined, saying he could not put it in the bank anyway, because, "I don't want any record."

In March 2008, a month after he was arrested, Bergersen pleaded guilty under the espionage statutes to a single count of conspiracy to disclose national defense information. He was sentenced to just short of five years in federal prison.

Tai Shen Kuo pleaded guilty to conspiracy to deliver national defense secrets to China. He was sentenced to almost sixteen years, later reduced to five for cooperating with prosecutors, and fined $40,000.

Yu Xin Kang received a much lighter sentence of eighteen months in prison for aiding and abetting an unregistered agent of the Chinese government. Prosecutors recognized that she had been used and controlled for years by Kuo, her lover and sole financial support.

Lin Hong was safely out of reach, in China. But an FBI affidavit in the Bergersen/Kuo case made clear that the spymaster also ran the Chi Mak operation on the West Coast. Rebecca Chiu had admitted that Lin Hong and others had provided them with the tasking lists of information Chi Mak was to gather. Lin Hong's name and phone numbers appeared in two of Chi Mak's address books and also on a document in Mandarin Chinese seized from Kuo.

Lin Hong's web of spies on both coasts included a second Pentagon official, James W. Fondren Jr., whom he gave the code name Fang. On the day that Kuo and Bergersen were arrested, Kuo was staying at Fondren's home in Annandale, Virginia. Like Bergersen, Fondren was one of several current and former government employees and contractors cultivated by Tai Shen Kuo.

A lieutenant colonel in the Air Force, Fondren retired in 1996 and two years later set up a consulting business from his home. But his only client was Tai Shen Kuo. With a search warrant issued when Kuo was arrested, the FBI took Fondren's computer and discovered it contained many "opinion papers" containing classified information that he had written and e-mailed to Kuo for payment.

In March 1999 Fondren and Kuo had traveled together to China. Kuo introduced him to Lin Hong, whom he described as a "political researcher" and consultant to the Chinese government.

After the trip, Fondren began exchanging e-mails directly with Lin Hong, who responded cryptically in April: "Everything OK with you? The weather outside is not so kindly, please take care while working."

In May, Fondren assured Lin Hong that he was trying his best to obtain a Theater Missile Defense report before it was released. That same month Kuo gave him a check for $1,150. Fondren would have had to be exceptionally dim not to realize that his new friend Lin Hong was acting for, or an official of, the Chinese government. In fact, Fondren boasted to a friend that "the PRC government ... has already adopted some of my suggestions."

Then in 2001, Kuo and Lin got good news. Fondren was hired by the Pentagon as deputy director of the Washington liaison office of the US Pacific Command (PACOM), the unified armed forces command for the Asia-Pacific region. Now Fondren held a TOP SECRET and Sensitive Compartmented Information (SCI) clearance.

With Fondren on the inside, Lin Hong suggested that Kuo mislead him into thinking the information he was providing was going to the Taiwan military. Fondren kept batting out the classified "opinion papers" for Kuo, who said he would now have to pay him in cash.

In late October 2006, Kuo telephoned Fondren asking for a copy of a Pentagon antiterrorism publication. Although marked "For Official Use Only," Fondren agreed to get it. A week later, Lin Hong e-mailed Kuo asking where the publication was. The next day, the FBI intercepted a package sent by Fondren to Kuo with the document.

Then in February 2007, Lin complained to Kuo by telephone that his superior was not pleased with two of the papers Fondren had written and believed they did not reflect what Fang knew. In the future, Lin said, Fang should simply send the documents and not write papers, which took too much time.

That same month, Kuo asked Fondren to snag an advance copy of the Defense Department's annual report on the Chinese military. Early in March, Kuo called Fondren at home and asked if he had obtained the draft. Fondren replied, "I can't talk about uh—that stuff over the phone." So Kuo flew to Washington, stayed at Fondren's home, and Fondren gave him the report, saying: "Let people find out I did that, it will cost me my job."

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In August, the FBI conducted a pretext interview of Fondren, saying they were talking to government employees familiar with Asia. Fondren told them he knew and had worked with Kuo, but he smelled a rat. He sent an e-mail to Kuo reporting that the agents "wrote down only that information and didn't take notes when I talked about Vietnam and other Southeast Asia countries."

Despite the suspicious FBI visit, Fondren continued to send classified data to Kuo. Then on May 13, 2009, the prosecutors acted. Fondren was charged with conspiring to disclose classified defense information to an agent of China. He surrendered to federal authorities and was released with electronic monitoring.

Fondren's trial in federal district court in Alexandria opened in September 2009. The chief witness against him, appearing in a green prison jumpsuit, was Tai Shen Kuo. At the end of the five-day trial, the jury, on September 25, convicted Fondren on one count of unlawfully communicating classified data to an agent of a foreign government and two counts of making false statements to the FBI. In January 2010 Fondren was sentenced to three years in federal prison.

By the fall of 2009 Red Flower, Fang, and the other players in the bicoastal spy drama were history. Chi Mak and four other members of his family, as well as Dongfan Chung, Tai Shen Kuo, Gregg Bergersen, Katie Kang, and James Fondren—ten people in all—had been caught and convicted. Lin Hong's spy network had been broken.

Chapter 21

THE CYBERSPIES

In the twenty-first century, spies have finally achieved what practitioners of their ancient craft could only dream of in the past: thanks to the Internet, they have become truly invisible.

From the Pentagon to the State Department, from the Sandia nuclear weapons laboratory to the Department of Homeland Security, intruders have managed to hack into US government computers with increasing frequency. Many of the attacks appear to have originated in China.

In 2009 a group of Canadian researchers at the University of Toronto called "Chinese cyber-espionage" a "major global concern." Their report strongly implied that the Chinese government, not just individual hackers, was behind widespread computer attacks aimed at the United States and 102 other countries.

The Chinese hackers, the researchers said, broke into computers in the United States, Taiwan, India, and other nations, directing them to download a Trojan horse—a destructive program masquerading as useful software—called Ghost Rat. As in typical hacker assaults, the program then allowed the attacker to gain real-time control over the computers, turning them into zombies or proxies, unknown to their owners.

Once the computers were controlled, the intruders could search and download files, and even covertly operate "microphones and web cameras," the Canadian report noted. According to Nart Villeneuve, one of the authors of the report, that Orwellian capacity means that if a computer has a webcam, it can peer into a bedroom or office and allow the attacker secretly to watch what is happening, with sound. If a computer only has a microphone, that can be activated to eavesdrop on the room where the PC is located.

Beginning in 2003, a series of attacks on the Pentagon and other government agencies from websites in China was given the code name TITAN RAIN by US investigators. The government classified the attacks and has said very little about them. The veil was partially lifted on TITAN RAIN, however, by an extraordinary episode at the Sandia National Laboratories site in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

In 2004 Shawn Carpenter, a thirty-six-year-old computer security analyst at the nuclear weapons lab, studied a series of break-ins at Sandia and tracked them to servers that appeared to be located in Guandong Province in southern China. On his own time he continued to trace back the technologically sophisticated, rapid intrusions to their source, sharing his information first with Army counterintelligence and later the FBI.

Instead of appreciating what Carpenter had done to protect the lab, Sandia yanked his Q clearance and fired him for going outside established channels. Carpenter sued, and in 2007 won a whopping $4.7 million jury award in a New Mexico court. The jury found that his firing by Sandia was "malicious, willful, reckless, wanton, fraudulent or in bad faith."

The attacks on the Defense Department and other government computers are ongoing. Air Force general Kevin P. Chilton, head of the US Strategic Command, said in 2008 that defense networks were taking a million suspicious "hits" a day. Without pinpointing China, he said he believed the break-ins could be attributed to "espionage work."

It is not only defense-related targets that are vulnerable to computer attacks. The *Wall Street Journal* reported in 2009 that cyberspies from China, Russia, and elsewhere had penetrated the power grid in the United States, and inserted malware, or malicious software, programs that could be used to disrupt the system. It quoted unnamed officials as saying that water, sewage, and other infrastructure systems were also at risk.

Later that year, former CIA director James Woolsey drew a stark portrait of what could happen. "Taking down the grid for months comes as close to a nuclear attack with many weapons on the United States as anything could. You'd have mass starvation and death from thirst and all the rest."

A year earlier, Tom Donahue, the CIA's chief cybersecurity official, told a meeting in New Orleans of security officials from utility and energy companies that hackers had in fact breached the computers of power companies in another country and caused a power outage in several cities, a report later questioned.

In 2008 the Tennessee Valley Authority, which provides power to nine million people in seven southern states, was criticized by the Government Accountability Office for lax security. The chairman of the House panel on cybersecurity said that the TVA, the nation's largest generator of electric power, "risks a disruption of its operations as the result of a cyber incident."

And the nation's electrical grid is vulnerable. Researchers at DOE's Idaho National Laboratory demonstrated in 2007, in an experiment called the Aurora Generator Test, that a cyberattack could in fact knock out a power system. In a startling video released by the Department of Homeland Security, a power turbine like many in use across the United States was forced to overheat and shut down after receiving computer commands in a simulated hacker attack. In the video, the huge turbine shakes and shudders and belches black-and-white smoke as pieces fly off.

President Obama confirmed in 2009 that "cyber intruders have probed our electrical grid" and "in other countries cyber attacks have plunged entire cities into darkness." Although he did not elaborate, CBS News reported that an attack in Brazil in 2005 affected three cities and another in 2007 in that country caused blackouts affecting more than three million people, but the CBS report was disputed by Brazilian officials, who blamed the blackouts on sooty insulators .

China has vehemently denied responsibility for any computer attacks directed against the United States or other countries. In answer to reports that Beijing had broken into the Pentagon's computers, for example, Jiang Yu, the spokesman for the Chinese Foreign Ministry, declared: "The Chinese government has always opposed any Internet-wrecking crime, including hacking, and cracked down on it according to the law."

The denials are frequent but not entirely persuasive. The Chinese government tries to tightly control all aspects of the Internet in that country, sharply restricting the web content that its citizens may view. In recent years, Internet activists outside China have provided software that has enabled a relatively small percentage of Chinese computer users to circumvent the government's firewall. Even so, it is not credible that large numbers of private Chinese hackers, supposedly acting on their own, could engage in repeated attacks on US defense and intelligence agencies—unless the government of China either organized, directed, or encouraged those intrusions, or at the very least condoned them.

In a book published more than a decade ago, two Chinese Internet specialists acknowledged that "using hackers to obtain military information from computer networks is a very effective method." A more recent book published in China in 2003, *Deciphering Information Security,* discusses a university specializing in computer security, a sort of "Hacker U," with courses on "Computer Virus Program Design and Application," and "A Study of Hacker Attack Methods."

Efforts to prove that the Chinese government might be behind the TITAN RAIN-type attacks on the United States run up against what computer security experts call the problem of "attribution." Because it is relatively easy for hackers to disguise their country of origin and precise location, today's cyberspies can hide behind a virtual cloak, and their dagger is electronic. A hacker in eastern Europe can make it appear that his e-mail has been sent via a server in Shanghai.

For that reason, when Google early in 2010 revealed attacks on its e-mail service and on thirty-four American companies, many of them engaged in defense work, it did not pinpoint the precise source but made clear that it believed the intrusions had originated in China. Later, some investigators thought the attacks could be traced to two schools in China, one with close ties to the military.

FBI director Robert Mueller described the problem in a speech in San Francisco in 2009. "At the start of a cyber investigation, we do not know whether we are dealing with a spy, a company insider, or an organized criminal group," he said. "Something that looks like an ordinary phishing scam may be an attempt by a terrorist group to raise funding for an operation."

The government has tried to thwart assaults on critical defense networks. NASA, the target of cyber intrusions at both the Kennedy Space Center in Florida and the Johnson Space Center in Houston, initiated a program code-named AVOCADO to block suspected Chinese computer attacks. The Department of Homeland Security's EINSTEIN program has provided government agencies with sensors designed to detect computer intrusions.

In 2002 the US Naval War College was the site of a war game called Digital Pearl Harbor. Mock attacks by computer security experts simulated attacks by other countries on vital US infrastructure. The exercise found that the Internet and digital financial networks were the most vulnerable. Other experts have warned that telecommunications networks and the air traffic control system could be disrupted by cyberattacks.

Like the United States, China has devised plans to disrupt the digital networks of an adversary in a war. According to the 2009 report by the University of Toronto researchers, "China is actively developing an operational capacity in cyberspace, correctly identifying it as the domain in which it can achieve strategic parity, if not superiority over the military establishments of the United States and its allies."

The role of the People's Liberation Army was also highlighted in the Defense Department's 2008 annual report to Congress on Chinese military power: "The PLA has established information warfare units to develop viruses to attack enemy computer systems and networks." The report added that the PLA sees computer network operations "as critical to achieving 'electromagnetic dominance' early in a conflict."

Although the evidence is murky, Chinese hackers may have targeted that country's critics in the United States. Two Republican members of Congress claimed in 2008 that the computers in their offices on Capitol Hill had been penetrated by hackers they believed were in China. The two representatives, Chris Smith, of New Jersey, and Frank Wolf, of Virginia, both conservatives, were longtime vocal critics of China's human rights record.

And in an Atlanta suburb in 2006, Peter Yuan Li, a computer technology specialist, naturalized American citizen, and critic of the Chinese government, was robbed, beaten, tied up, and blindfolded by three or four armed Asian men who invaded his home and took two laptop computers, leaving behind other valuable items. He required fifteen stitches to treat a facial injury suffered in the attack.

Li was a locally prominent follower of Falun Gong, a spiritual movement that China has outlawed as an "evil cult." The FBI and Fulton County detectives investigated the robbery and attack on Li, but there were no arrests. Li, for one, had no doubt about why he was targeted. He blamed China for the break-in, which he claimed was designed to silence him. He expressed surprise "that in the US they could do such things."

In 1987 Li came to the United States for graduate studies at Princeton, where he received a PhD in electrical engineering. For several years he has worked with other activists to combat Internet censorship in China. "Initially we provided e-mails to China, we had twenty million e-mail addresses and sent articles to them," he said. "Around 2004 proxy servers didn't work anymore, they were easily blocked, and we had to go to more sophisticated methods."

Along with his group, Li then began supplying Internet users in China with software that allowed them to navigate around the government's firewall. There were various ways to get the software into China. "They block e-mails, but we can still send some, either through e-mail or Skype." Inside China, he said, the software is passed along by word of mouth or on the Internet. When a computer user in China clicks on a link provided in an e-mail, the user can download software that connects to a computer overseas, which then reroutes the traffic to the restricted Chinese website.

In Li's view, cyberattacks on the Pentagon and other US agencies are originating in China. "The Chinese government regards hackers as heroes," he said. "The government does not crack down on the hackers. The way for students to show genius is to do hacking. I believe they [the Chinese government] are organizing these attacks."

Most concerns over cyberspying aimed at US defense and intelligence networks have been focused on software, the use of programs that can disable or steal data from the target computers. But computer security experts today are increasingly worried about the compromise of hardware—computer chips that control missiles, aircraft, and radars.

One reason is that only about 2 percent of the integrated circuits purchased every year by the military are manufactured in the United States. And even most American chip makers have moved offshore, where labor is cheaper. A computer chip made with a hidden, malicious flaw could sabotage a weapons system. And the compromised hardware is almost impossible to detect.

A chip might even be embedded with a "kill switch," allowing the weapon to be disabled by remote control. When the Israeli air force attacked a suspected nuclear reactor site in Syria in 2007, observers wondered why the Syrian air defenses did not respond. Later, there were unconfirmed reports that a kill switch, provided by the United States to Israeli intelligence, had been used to disarm the Syrian radars.

The United States has been slow to discern the threat to national security of cyberspies and hackers. President Obama, recognizing the problem, declared in May 2009, "We're not as prepared as we should be as a government or as a country." He spoke ruefully of how, during his presidential campaign a year earlier, "hackers gained access to emails and a range of campaign files, from policy position papers to travel plans."

He talked about "spyware and malware and spoofing and phishing and botnets." And, he warned, "In today's world, acts of terror could come not only from a few extremists in suicide vests but from a few key strokes on the computer—a weapon of mass disruption."

Obama announced that he would appoint a White House cybersecurity coordinator to work with federal, state, and local government agencies and the private sector to defend against cyberattacks on the nation's infrastructure. The following month, the Defense Department ordered the creation of the nation's first military cyber command. The appointment of Lieutenant General Keith B. Alexander, who was also director of the National Security Agency, to head the new command stirred controversy. A powerful argument can be made that the NSA, already snooping on e-mails and phone calls under a secret program instituted by President George W. Bush and later approved by Congress, should not exercise control over computer security.

At the same time, the creation of a White House "cyber czar" and a military cyber command were long overdue, given the continuing computer attacks against the United States. And there was plausible evidence that many of the intrusions originated in China.

In examining cyber espionage, the detailed 2009 report by the University of Toronto researchers, while appropriately cautious in not blaming every hacker attack on the Chinese government, noted that the cyber assaults on 103 countries were targeted against diplomats, military personnel, the staff of prime ministers, and journalists.

"The most logical explanation, and certainly the one in which the circumstantial evidence tilts strongest, would be that this set of high profile targets has been exploited by the Chinese state for military and strategic intelligence purposes.... Many of the ... high-value targets that we identified are clearly linked to Chinese foreign and defence policy.

"Like radar sweeping around the southern border of China, there is an arc of infected nodes from India, Bhutan, Bangladesh and Vietnam, through Laos, Brunei, Philippines, Hong Kong, and Taiwan."

There was one other key piece of intelligence uncovered by the academic researchers. The attackers' Internet Protocol (IP) addresses, the identifying numbers assigned to all computers and servers, "trace back in at least several instances to Hainan Island."

There is a reason the finding was especially significant in the continuing effort to pinpoint the source of the cyberspies. The location is a tourist attraction, but it is also something more. Hainan Island, in the South China Sea, is the site of China's Lingshui signals intelligence facility and the Third Technical Department of the People's Liberation Army.

Perhaps the strongest evidence linking China to cyberspying against the US was provided by WikiLeaks, which began making public 250,000 confidential American diplomatic cables in late November 2010. Among them was a cable to Washington from the US embassy in Beijing, dated in January of that year, reporting that a Chinese contact said that hacker attacks against Google were directed by the Politburo, the highest level of China's government.

The cable stated: "A well-placed contact claims that the Chinese government coordinated the recent intrusions of Google systems. According to our contact, the closely held operations were directed at the Politburo Standing Committee level."

The trove of cables, made public by Julian Assange, the founder of WikiLeaks, described a global, coordinated campaign of computer attacks run by Chinese government officials, and Internet hackers recruited by China's government. The documents described previously secret intrusions of American government agencies, attacks code-named BYZANTINE CANDOR and BYZANTINE HADES by US investigators.

One 2008 State Department cable quoted an analysis of Chinese cyberattacks by Germany's security service, which surmised "the intention of PRC actors is espionage, and the primary attack vector used in their malicious activity is socially engineered e-mail messages containing malware attachments and/or embedded links to hostile websites." The cable added that the emails "were spoofed to appear targeted specifically to the recipients' interests, duties, or current events."

The WikiLeaks cables provided further confirmation of what had long been suspected: that China, despite its loud denials, was actively engaged in cyberspying against the United States and other targets around the world.

Chapter 22

AN AFTERWORD

In January 2010 Google made a surprise announcement that reverberated across Washington, Beijing, and other world capitals. The technology giant threatened to pull out of China because of attacks on its computer systems and thirty-four American companies, mostly in Silicon Valley. The cyberattacks were traced to half a dozen servers in Taiwan, but Google strongly suspected that the assaults, aimed partly at Gmail accounts of Chinese human rights activists, had originated in China.

The attacks aimed at the US companies in California, including Northrop Grumman and Dow Chemical, appeared designed to scoop up information about weapons systems, and perhaps their vital "source codes," or computer programming instructions. Google turned to the National Security Agency, the nation's eavesdropping and code-breaking arm, for help in investigating the attacks.

Google also made clear that it would no longer cooperate with Chinese Internet censorship. Soon afterward, the company closed its search engine service in China, google.cn, and automatically routed users to its uncensored website in Hong Kong, google.com.hk, although Google said it was "well aware" that China could block access there as well at any time.[*]

The United States treaded lightly at first in response to the initial Google announcement. The White House was silent. A week went by before Secretary of State Hillary Clinton made a speech calling for global "Internet freedom" and asking the Chinese authorities to "conduct a thorough investigation of the cyber intrusions." China responded angrily, saying that Clinton's "groundless accusations" were "harmful to US-China relations."

Aside from the difficulty of proving that the Chinese government, rather than individual hackers, was behind the spying, there were geopolitical and financial reasons for the muted response by Washington. In 2010 China held more than a trillion dollars of US debt. If the United States were a house, China would hold the mortgage. The Google episode, more than anything else, captured the ambiguous and mutually dependent nature of the relationship between the United States and China in the twenty-first century.

Politics aside, in the espionage war, as this history has demonstrated, China has often, although certainly not always, been successful. Indeed, China may be America's single most effective and dangerous adversary. It managed over the years to penetrate both the CIA and the FBI. It acquired highly classified and guarded nuclear weapons secrets. The FBI's counterintelligence agents have also won significant battles, detecting several of China's spies, including a number who have been arrested and successfully prosecuted. Yet the record of China's achievements is formidable.

What is strikingly different about many of the Chinese spy cases is how they overlap and interlock, a tangled web of espionage with tendrils spreading in different directions. The threads of the Chi Mak, Dongfan Chung, Tai Shen Kuo, Gregg Bergersen, and James Fondren cases, for example, were all held by a single spymaster in China, Lin Hong.

There is a controversial subtext to Chinese spying in the United States. Asian Americans have good reason, historically, to be skeptical of the US government. For sixty years, beginning in 1882 and lasting into World War II, Chinese were barred from immigrating to the United States by the Chinese Exclusion Act. In 1917 Congress created an Asiatic Barred Zone, prohibiting immigration from much of East Asia and the Pacific Islands; the law was not abolished until 1952. Thousands of Japanese Americans were shunted off to internment camps in the paranoia after Pearl Harbor, a blot on Franklin D. Roosevelt's otherwise admirable record as a peacetime and wartime leader. Xenophobia, particularly with respect to those who look different, is embedded in US history.

When the FBI investigates or arrests a Chinese national or an American of Chinese background, it inevitably opens itself up to charges of racism. When Katrina Leung was arrested, even though she was exposed as someone working for the MSS, using a Chinese code name and reporting to a handler in Beijing, some prominent Chinese Americans in Los Angeles leaped to her defense and implied that she was being singled out because of her ethnicity and gender.

In the backlash after the government's unconscionable treatment of Wen Ho Lee, who was no hero, many Chinese Americans and others concluded that the government and the FBI were in the business of targeting ethnic Chinese as spies.

The fact that Lee's background was ethnic Chinese may well have influenced the Department of Energy to single him out, although the evidence on that point remains ambiguous and may never be fully resolved. Yet, as already noted, there were good reasons, unrelated to Lee's ethnicity, that he became a suspect. He had worked on the W-88 nuclear warhead in the most secret division at Los Alamos, the vault where nuclear bombs are designed. So had others. But Wen Ho Lee stood out as the subject of two previous FBI investigations, for telephoning the TIGER TRAP spy suspect and lying about it, and for failing to report that he had been questioned about key US nuclear secrets when China's top bomb designer visited him privately in a hotel room in Beijing.

The record of Chinese espionage against defense and intelligence agencies in the United States demonstrates that it is China, rather than the FBI, that targets ethnic Chinese. In any number of cases, the MSS and the intelligence arm of the People's Liberation Army have sought, sometimes successfully, to recruit Chinese Americans, by appealing to their roots and family ties to the "motherland." Of course, that reality should not obscure the fact that the vast majority of Chinese Americans are loyal to the United States.

As noted, inside the FBI, the agency with the greatest responsibility for uncovering China's spies in America, counterintelligence is not regarded as the most fruitful career path. Pursuing terrorists or white-collar criminals is a better track toward promotion. And for decades, even within the counterintelligence division, the Chinese target was an orphan. Moscow's spies, not Beijing's, were perceived as the main enemy.

Only a minuscule number of FBI agents specialized in Chinese cases. If the bureau lacked an understanding of China, that was not true of the small group of China hands. Some became so fascinated by their subject that they stayed in the Chinese counterintelligence program, knowing that as a result they would never make it to the level of a special agent in charge of a field office or a desirable headquarters post.

Bill Cleveland, until his career was derailed by his singular lack of judgment in the PARLOR MAID debacle, was known inside the FBI as a serious student of China, who over the years became immersed in its language, culture, and history. J.J. Smith, who unwisely bet his counterintelligence career on a source with whom he became emotionally entangled, and who ultimately betrayed him, was also well versed in the byways of Chinese culture and society. Perhaps for both men, China, as much as Katrina Leung, became a kind of fatal attraction.

As an institution, the FBI was overly dependent on its informants. In the PARLOR MAID case, the FBI's prime source on China, whose reports went all the way to the White House, was secretly working for the MSS.

In the ETHEREAL THRONE case, Jeffrey Wang, an innocent man, lost his job and was subject to a lengthy FBI investigation when he was falsely accused as a Chinese spy by a longtime bureau informant who had a personal, family grudge against him. And Denise Woo, the Asian American FBI agent who became convinced of Wang's innocence and rightly tried to help him clear his name, was fired and prosecuted for her efforts.

In the wake of these twin disasters, the FBI ordered an overdue review of the bureau's use of informants. Changes were made, among them a rule that the files of bureau assets be reviewed every sixty to ninety days. An informant review panel was established by the attorney general. None of which was any help to Jeff Wang or Denise Woo.

Rudy Guerin, a former veteran FBI counterintelligence street agent, talked about the risks of running informants too long. "After PARLOR MAID, one of the procedures we put in place, you should not run a source for more than a couple of years."

Asked about the informant who fabricated the story about Jeff Wang, Guerin replied: "This source had been run for a long period of time. Agents bond with their sources if they run them for a long time, as happened with PARLOR MAID. Agents tend to take things their sources tell them and write it up and say it's gold. Maybe you have to use bad guys in drug cases, but when working espionage and someone sets up a US citizen, you can't do that."

No recent president, Bill Clinton, George W. Bush, or Barack Obama, has wanted to make a high-decibel issue of Chinese espionage. With the United States struggling in 2010 to recover from the worst economic crisis since the Great Depression, Washington could hardly afford to alienate its banker. Indeed, a year earlier, Chinese premier Wen Jiabao lectured the United States about its economic policies. "We have lent a huge amount of money to the U.S. Of course we are concerned about the safety of our assets. To be honest, I am definitely a little worried."

Aside from the US-China economic embrace, the Obama administration was seeking

Beijing's help in curbing North Korea's nuclear weapons and preventing Iran from building a bomb. Short of a revelation that China has planted a mole in the White House, or wired Bo, the Obama family dog, Washington is not likely to fuss too loudly about Chinese spies.

How damaging to national security is Chinese espionage?

When the question was put to FBI director Robert S. Mueller III at a 2007 hearing of the House Judiciary Committee, he replied: "I can probably say more in a classified setting. I can say that it is a substantial concern. China is stealing our secrets in an effort to leap ahead in terms of its military technology, but also the economic capability of China. It is a substantial threat."

In an earlier report to Congress, the FBI said, "Penetrating the US intelligence community is a key objective of the Chinese." Ironically, at the time of that warning, the MSS had already done exactly that through PARLOR MAID.

Aside from classic espionage, China has benefited from the widespread export of military equipment in violation of US laws. The instances are far too numerous to catalog. In the three years from 2006 to 2009, there were literally dozens of prosecutions for illegal shipments to China of defense equipment, including integrated circuits, thermal imaging cameras, night-vision goggles, restricted computer software, smart-bomb components, and parts for radar and missile systems.

Infiltrating the CIA and the FBI, and stealing the secret measurements of the W-88 nuclear warhead and the design details of the neutron bomb are flagrant examples of China's espionage successes.

"If we're talking about violations of U.S. law, the Chinese are surpassing the Russians," according to Harry J. Godfrey III, the former head of Chinese counterintelligence at FBI headquarters. "We know they are running operations here. We have seen cases where they have encouraged people to apply to the CIA, the FBI, Naval Investigative Service and other defense agencies."

Porter J. Goss, former chairman of the House Intelligence Committee and later director of the CIA, said of Chinese espionage against the United States, "It's pervasive, ubiquitous, constant."

Joel Brenner, the former counterintelligence chief for the director of national intelligence, has a gift for talking in sound bites. Referring to the tasking list that the Chinese gave to Chi Mak, Brenner said: "You can get to know the dragon by its claw, and the list was a clear picture of the dragon's claw."

Harold Agnew, a physicist who worked on the Manhattan Project, flew over Hiroshima on August 6, 1945, in an observation plane behind the *Enola Gay,* and watched the uranium bomb devastate that Japanese city. As head of the weapons division at Los Alamos, and later director of the laboratory, he designed most of the nation's nuclear arsenal. In the 1980s he was the first American scientist allowed to visit Lop Nor, China's secret nuclear test site.

"They had everything," he told an oral history project in 2005. "They're in our knickers and there's maybe one under the couch."

The "dragon's claw" and Harold Agnew's colorful metaphors are eye-catching hyperbole, but they also contain a good deal of truth. Without exaggerating the danger of Chinese espionage, or magnifying the threat, it is a fact that China's spying on America is ongoing, current, and shows no sign of diminishing. The conflict is no less real for being mostly unseen.

Two decades ago, a revealing handbook for spies was published in China by two veteran intelligence researchers, Huo Zhongwen and Wang Zongxiao. The book, *Sources and Techniques of Obtaining National Defense Science and Technology Intelligence,* tells how to gather secret information in the United States. Most intelligence can be collected from open sources, the authors explained, although about 20 percent must be obtained by "special means," including "electronic eavesdropping, and the activities of special agents (purchasing or stealing)." But, by mining "the vast amount of public materials and accumulating information a drop at a time, often it is possible basically to reveal the outlines of some secret intelligence."

They noted that some years ago, the Department of Energy had mistakenly declassified almost twenty thousand documents, including "at least eight highly secret items regarding thermonuclear weapons." They admitted, however, that gathering defense and technology information can be difficult because of security classifications.

Difficult, but not impossible, they wrote. The authors of the espionage guide reminded their readers of a common Chinese saying: "There are no walls which completely block the wind."

Author's Note

When, years ago with Thomas B. Ross, I coauthored *The U-2 Affair,* the story of the CIA spy plane shot down over the Soviet Union, I did not realize at the time that I was embarking on a career of writing books about espionage and intelligence.

For most of the intervening years, I studied and reported on the Cold War battle between the CIA and the FBI and the Soviet, now Russian, intelligence services. I wrote of moles and men, of Edward Lee Howard, Aldrich Ames, and Robert Hanssen. To follow the trail of those stories, I traveled to Moscow four times and to many other locales.

Only in the past decade did I come to the growing realization that there was another narrative waiting to be written, the largely unexplored story of China's espionage against the United States. With the encouragement and support of Sterling Lord, my longtime literary agent, I expanded my initial research on the PARLOR MAID case into a broader examination of Chinese espionage spanning the last several decades, up to and including the present.

Like all or most countries, including the United States, China steals secrets. The Chinese have had some notable successes, and some failures as well. The risks posed by their activities in the United States, and the damage done to national security, should not be exaggerated, or ignored.

To write this book, I conducted almost five hundred interviews, with more than 150 people. Given the sensitive nature of counterintelligence, and the ingrained reluctance of CI officers and agents to talk about their work, some declined to speak with me. Many others agreed to be interviewed only on condition that they not be identified. I have respected their wishes.

For their generous assistance on this book I wish to thank Plato Cacheris, and also John F. Hundley, of Trout Cacheris, Lily Lee Chen, Stacy Cohen, John D. Cline, Christopher Cox, James A. Geis, Marc S. Harris, James D. Henderson, Mark C. Holscher, Henry V. Huang, Marianna Liu, Angela Machala, Jonathan E. Medalia, Robert S. Norris, Mary Palevsky, Philip D. Polsky, David Ryan, Federico C. Sayre, Jonathan Shapiro, Perry J. Spanos, Jerry Stockton, Brian A. Sun, Nart Villeneuve, Michael Woo, and Peter Woo.

Katrina Leung declined to be interviewed, but her husband, Kam Leung, spoke to me openly and at length over a period of two days in 2003, and the biographical details about his wife that he provided, as well as his account of their life together and their trips to China, were invaluable and much appreciated.

My especial thanks go to Michael P. Kortan, the FBI's assistant director for public affairs, who did his best to pry loose an occasional morsel from the bureau's famously reticent counterintelligence division. I also appreciate the assistance I received from his predecessor, John J. Miller, and from Bill Carter and Susan T. McKee of the Public Affairs Office. In Los Angeles, Laura Eimiller of the FBI's Public Affairs Office was always helpful.

A number of former FBI agents and bureau officials were willing to share their insights and experience, including Robert M. "Bear" Bryant, Bruce Carlson, Tom Carson, Edward J. Curran, Stephen W. Dillard, Neil J. Gallagher, Harry J. Godfrey, Dan Grove, Rudy Guerin, John L. Hoos, Sheila Horan, Jack Keller, Jay Koerner, John F. Lewis Jr., T. Van Magers, John J. O'Flaherty, Phillip A. Parker, Kenneth J. Schiffer, I. C. Smith, Raymond H. Wickman, and Leslie G. Wiser Jr.

I am greatly indebted as well to the many other former FBI counterintelligence agents who preferred not to be quoted or have any material attributed to them. This book would have been incomplete without their generous time and assistance. I thank them all; they know who they are.

Among the former CIA officials and officers interviewed were Porter J. Goss, who served as Director of Central Intelligence in 2004-5, Milton A. Bearden, Jennifer Millerwise Dyck, Colin R. Thompson, and Robert S. Vrooman.

At the Department of Justice, I appreciate the help I received from Dean Boyd, the public affairs officer for national security, and in Los Angeles, from Thom Mrozek, the media spokesperson for the US Attorney's Office. Michael W. Emmick, the former assistant US attorney in Los Angeles who was the lead prosecutor of Katrina Leung, was especially patient with my questions, as was Rebecca Lonergan, the former assistant US attorney in that office and the lead prosecutor of J.J. Smith. I also appreciate the assistance I received from Erica O'Neil, an assistant U.S. attorney in Milwaukee.

From the Department of Energy, I benefited from conversations a decade ago with then-secretary Bill Richardson, Lawrence H. Sanchez, director of the Office of Intelligence, and Notra Trulock, the acting deputy director of that office. I also thank Stephen Wampler, of the Public Affairs Office at the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory.

In threading my way through the intricacies of the science and control of nuclear weapons, I am indebted to Thomas B. Cochran, of the Natural Resources Defense Council, Richard L. Garwin, George A. "Jay" Keyworth, the former White House science adviser, and Daryl G. Kimball, executive director of the Arms Control Association.

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I especially want to thank Bruce Nichols, senior vice president and publisher of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, whose steadfast support and enthusiasm for this project made it possible, and is deeply appreciated by me. The manuscript also benefited greatly from the skillful editing of Martin Beiser. Others at the publishing house deserve my thanks as well, including assistant editor Christina Morgan, production editor Rebecca Springer, Laura Brady, who presided over the photo section, and Melissa Dobson, the dedicated copyeditor.

And finally, I am enormously grateful to my wife, Joan, who over these many long months heard more about Chinese spies than she may have wanted to know but who was always patient and supportive. Her love and understanding deserve the most thanks of all.

—DAVID WISE
Washington, DC
October 1, 2010

Notes

Unless otherwise noted, the interviews cited were conducted by the author. The Intelligence Resource Program of the Federation of American Scientists (http://www.fas.org/irp) archives a variety of resources relating to intelligence matters. Links to documents available at the FAS website have been included in notes where possible.

Key to abbreviations for documents cited in PARLOR MAID *case:*

RT: Affidavit of FBI special agent Randall Thomas for complaint and arrest warrant of Katrina Leung, April 8, 2003.

RT_2: Affidavit of FBI special agent Randall Thomas for search warrant of Leungs' bookstore and home, December 20, 2002.

OIG DOJ: Office of Inspector General, Department of Justice, Unclassified Executive Summary, "A Review of the FBI's Handling and Oversight of FBI Asset Katrina Leung."

PRELUDE

page

[≥]*VIP audience of one thousand at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles*: Matt Krasnowski, "Ambivalence, Excitement, Anger to Greet Chinese President Jiang in Los Angeles," Copley News Service, October 31, 1997; K. Connie Kang and David Rosenzweig, "Plain-Faced L.A. Consulate Is No Ordinary Installation," *Los Angeles Times*, November 2, 1997, p. A14.

[≥]*"One silver moon over the window sill"*: the description of President Jiang Zemin's vocalizing is from Kam Leung interview, June 26, 2003.

[≥]*"You won't believe who I just ran into.... It was Gwo-bao Min"*: I. C. Smith interviews, May 1, 2003, July 1, 2003, and July 7, 2010. See also I. C. Smith, *Inside: A Top G-Man Exposes Spies, Lies, and Bureaucratic Bungling in the FBI* (Nashville, TN: Nelson Current, 2004), p. 121. In his book, Smith refers to Min as "Mr. Lee," and writes that the FBI would not allow him to use "Mr. Lee's" true name or the code name of the investigation.

[≥]*"the same guy kept showing up"*: Smith interview, May 1, 2003.

[≥]*"Neither one of us believed in coincidences"*: Ibid.

1. "A THOUSAND GRAINS OF SAND"

[≥]*The secret headquarters of the Ministry of State Security*: Discussion of the history and organization of the MSS draws upon the Intelligence Resource Program of the Federation of American Scientists, http://www.fas.org/irp; multiple interviews with former US counterintelligence agents; Jeffrey T. Richelson, *Foreign Intelligence Organizations* (Cambridge,

MA: Ballinger Publishing Co., 1988), chap. 9; Patrick E. Tyler, "Cloak and Dragon; There Is No Chinese James Bond. So Far," *New York Times,* March 23, 1997, sec. 4, p. 1; Lo Ping, "Secrets About CPC Spies—Tens of Thousands of Them Scattered Over 170-Odd Cities Worldwide," *Cheng Ming* (Hong Kong), January 1, 1997, pp. 6–9 (US Foreign Broadcast Information Service [FBIS] Daily Reports, CHI-97-016, January 1, 1997); Tan Po, "Spy Headquarters Behind the Shrubs—Supplement to 'Secrets About CPC Spies,'" *Cheng Ming,* March 1, 1997, pp. 34–37 (FBIS Daily Reports, CHI-97-047, March 1, 1997).
[>]*Chien Men, which means "front door*": Chien Men is also the name of Beijing's main gate, the scene of heavy fighting by US Marines in August 1900 during the Boxer Rebellion.

[>]*Geng Huichang, fifty-six ... moved up to become MSS chief:* Jim Yardley, "China Replaces Key Ministers," *New York Times,* August 31, 2007; see also Xinhua News Agency, August 31, 2007, cited in "Who's Who in China's Leadership," China Internet Information Center, http://www.china.org.cn/english/MATERIAL/222718.htm.

[>]*Zou spoke of the "tens of thousands of nameless heroes ...":* Ping, "Secrets About CPC Spies."

[>]*Sun Tzu ... is credited with writing the classic treatise* Ping-fa, *or* The Art of War: The discussion of Sun Tzu's five kinds of intelligence agents is adapted from Allen Dulles, *The Craft of Intelligence* (New York: Harper & Row, 1963), p. 13.

[>]*"Know the enemy and know yourself ...":* There are various versions of this quotation attributed to Sun Tzu. One rendering often quoted and paraphrased appears in *Sun Tzu on the Art of War,* translated from the Chinese with an introduction and critical notes by Lionel Giles (London: Luzac & Co., 1910), chap. 3, par. 18: "If you know the enemy and know yourself, you need not fear the result of a hundred battles."

[>]*Kang Sheng was the sinister and powerful spymaster:* David Wise and Thomas B. Ross, *The Espionage Establishment* (New York: Random House, 1967), pp. 176–79; Roger Faligot and Remi Kauffer, *The Chinese Secret Service* (New York: William Morrow & Co., Inc., 1987), pp. 10–14ff.

[>]*"a thousand grains of sand":* Paul Moore interview, July 2, 2003.

[>]*a modern complex in Yasenevo:* The description of the KGB's foreign intelligence headquarters off the Moscow ring road is based on personal observation. The author was the first Western writer allowed to visit the complex. See David Wise, "Closing Down the K.G.B," *New York Times Magazine,* November 24, 1991, pp. 30–32, 68.

[>]*"China has a different approach to intelligence":* Moore interview, August 19, 2008. Moore's quotes in this chapter on Chinese intelligence methods and how they differ from Russian tradecraft are from this interview and the July 2003 interview cited earlier.

[>]*"You may be talking about a different kind of espionage":* John F. Lewis Jr. interview, July 26, 1999.

[>]*"discreetly dipping their ties": Terrorism and Intelligence Operations: Hearing Before the*

Joint Economic Committee, Congress of the United States, 105th Cong. (May 20, 1998), statement by Nicholas Eftimiades, http://www.fas.org/irp/congress/1998_hr/eftimiad.htm.

[≥]*the most bizarre example ... is the case of Bernard Boursicot:* Richard Bernstein, "France Jails 2 in Odd Case of Espionage," *New York Times,* May 11, 1986, p. 7; "France Pardons Chinese Spy Who Pretended to Be Woman," *New York Times,* April 10, 1987; Richelson, *Foreign Intelligence Organizations,* pp. 300–1. *M. Butterfly,* the Broadway play based on the Boursicot story, is discussed in Jeremy Gerard, "David Hwang: Riding on the Hyphen," *New York Times Magazine,* March 13, 1998.

[≥]*[Footnote] "After he showed me the code keys":* Boris Solomatin interview, Moscow, September 24, 1991.

[≥]*American technology companies "are purchased outright by Chinese state-run firms": Terrorism and Intelligence Operations: Hearing,* Eftimiades statement.

[≥]*More than 127,000 students:* Institute of International Education, data for 2009–2010, http://www.iie.org.

[≥]*"over 25,000 Chinese visit the United States each year as members of official delegations":* Interagency OPSEC Support Staff, *Intelligence Threat Handbook,* June 2004, http://www.fas.org/irp/threat/handbook/index.html.

[≥]*[Footnote] the Census Bureau survey:* US Census Bureau, S0201, Selected Population Profile in the United States, Population Group: Chinese Alone Data Set: 2009 American Community Survey 1-Year Estimates. Released September 28, 2010. Data for 2009.

[≥]*"all individuals of Chinese ancestry as 'overseas Chinese'":* In "Report to Congress on Chinese Espionage Activities against the United States," December 12, 1999, http://www.fas.org/irp/threat/fis/prc_1999.html.

[≥]*"They are no more likely to commit espionage than any other American":* Bruce Carlson interview, February 5, 2009.

2. PARLOR MAID

[≥]*"they knew we were coming before we even left":* I. C. Smith interviews, May 1, 2003, and August 26, 2008.

[≥]*code name Luo, and ... Mao:* The intercepted conversations between Leung and her Chinese spy handler are described in RT. During interviews with the FBI, "LEUNG stated ... that 'Mao' was her MSS handler, and 'Luo' was her MSS alias." RT, p. 11. A brief excerpt of one recorded conversation appears in Bill Gertz, *Enemies: How America's Foes Steal Our Vital Secrets—and How We Let It Happen* (New York: Crown Forum, 2006), pp. 22–23.

[≥]*He had become Katrina Leung's lover three years earlier:* The FBI conducted four interviews with William Cleveland. During the second interview he "admitted that he had a long-term sexual relationship with LEUNG." In the fourth interview he said it had begun in 1988. The FBI documents do not name Cleveland but clearly describe the subject as the former special supervisory agent in charge of the Chinese counterintelligence squad in San Francisco. RT, pp. 18–19.

[≥]*Almost from the start, J.J. had begun a sexual relationship of his own with Ms. Leung:* The relationship began in August 1983, a year after J.J. first interviewed her. OIG DOJ, p. 6.

[≥]*"I made the recommendation we move forward with the case":* Paul Moore interview, August 19, 2008.

[≥]*the FBI's technicians had succeeded in bugging the consulate's copying machines:* Interviews with former FBI agents. According to the *Newsweek* article, the $3,000 check from the Chinese consulate was paid to the Hollywood Metropolitan Hotel, owned by Ted Sioeng.

[≥]*"if we close it down, does she stop going to China?":* Moore interview, August 19, 2008.

[≥]*She also agreed from then on to provide everything she knew about FBI operations to the MSS:* RT2, pp. 20–22. Exactly when the MSS recruited Leung is unclear. A 2003 government "Memorandum of Points and Authorities" states that "in 1990 ... she began work for the Ministry of State Security ('MSS'), which is the PRC's spy service" (Memorandum, pp. 7–8). Similarly, a Justice Department review says that "according to Smith's contemporary notes, he confronted Leung about her alias and ... Leung responded that the PRC had discovered her relationship with the FBI in 1990 and had coerced her into cooperating with them" (OIG DOJ, p. 10). Since Leung, in the confrontation in her kitchen, claimed she had begun cooperating with the MSS in 1986 or 1987, it is uncertain why Smith's "contemporary notes" would have fixed the date as 1990. However, Leung knew from the confrontation with Smith that her conversation with Mao had been intercepted in 1990. Since that date appeared to be the FBI's first irrefutable, documented evidence that she had been working for China, she or Smith would have had no incentive to disclose that she had cooperated with the MSS prior to that time, if she had done so.

[≥]*J.J.... made her apologize to Cleveland in a San Francisco hotel room:* RT2, p. 21.

3. THE RECRUITMENT

[≥]*It was there that Katrina Leung was born:* Biographical details of Katrina Leung's early life, immigration to the United States, and marriage are from Kam Leung interviews, June 25, 2003, and June 26, 2003.

[≥]*"Katrina sleepwalks":* Kam Leung quotes in this chapter are from the interviews cited above.

[≥]*Kam Leung was born in Hong Kong in 1951:* Details of Kam Leung's background are from Kam Leung interviews cited above.

[≥]*the FBI began a full field investigation of Katrina:* The two FBI investigations of Katrina

Leung prior to her recruitment by the FBI are described in OIG DOJ, pp. 3–4.

4. DOUBLE GAME

[>]*"But J.J. was a rare duck, he went into FCI":* John L. Hoos interview, June 10, 2003.

[>]*By August 1983 they had hopped into bed:* OIG DOJ, p. 6.

[>]*in June 1983 convicted of espionage in a Beijing court:* Richard Bernstein, "China Said to Jail Ex-U.S. Attorney," *New York Times,* January 20, 1984; Michael Weisskopf, "Peking Imprisons Harvard-Educated Hong Kong Lawyer as Spy," *Washington Post,* February 1, 1984, p. A27.

[>]*J.J.'s first major assignment for Katrina:* I.C. Smith interview, August 26, 2008.

[>]*"I said, 'Dammit, J.J., where's the fucking beef?'":* Ibid.

[>]*"she knocked on the door of the MSS":* Kam Leung interview, June 25, 2003. This is the source of all quotes from Kam Leung in this chapter.

[>]*contributing $10,000 to Los Angeles mayor Richard J. Riordan and $4,200 to Bill Simon Jr.:* Margaret Talev, "Spy Case Arrest Shocks GOP Friends," *Sacramento Bee,* April 11, 2003, p. A3.

[>]*the Leungs contributed some $27,000 to the Republican Party during the 1990s:* Dan Eggen and R. Jeffrey Smith, "Lieberman Seeks Donations Probe," *Washington Post,* April 27, 2003, p. A12.

[>]*"She was the one who put the trip together":* Peter Woo interview, June 18, 2003.

[>]*"When you need to get something done with China":* K. Connie Kang and David Rosenzweig, "Plain-Faced L.A. Consulate Is No Ordinary Installation," *Los Angeles Times,* November 2, 1997, p. A14. The quote is attributed in the story to an unidentified "high-ranking Los Angeles city official."

[>]*more than half, $951,000, was paid to her* after *the FBI learned in 1991 that she had passed unauthorized information to Mao Guohua:* RT, p. 26; United States v. James J. Smith, United States District Court for the Central District of California, original indictment, May 7, 2003, p. 15.

[>]*Nortel, a major Canadian telecom company ... paid her $1.2 million:* RT, pp. 21–22.

[>]*the Chinese government also paid her $100,000:* RT2, p. 22.

[>]*J.J. would leave his briefcase open:* RT, pp. 14–15. The description of how Leung removed and copied documents from Smith's briefcase was provided by her in a series of videotaped interviews with the FBI in December 2002, and summarized in the FBI affidavits filed with the court.

5. DESTROY AFTER READING

[>]*"He was the best I ever knew":* Kenneth J. Schiffer, quoted in Ian Hoffman, "Colleagues Taken

Aback at FBI Agent's Indiscretion," *San Mateo County Times,* April 13, 2003.

[>]*"he was holier than thou, you couldn't swear around him":* Interview with former FBI special agent, October 2008.

[>]*With a reported bankroll of $250,000:* The account of the TIGER TRAP case, and the tasks the FBI believed had been given to Chien Ning, is based on multiple interviews with former US counterintelligence agents.

[>]*It clearly had the backing of the Chinese government at the highest level:* The description of *Science and Technology Review* is from Anthony Polsky, "China Science Journal Starts—Has Blessings of Chinese, US Governments," *Washington Post,* May 29, 1980, p. D3; "Science and Technology Review Put On Sale in China," Xinhua General News Service, January 28, 1980; and "New Science and Technology Journal," BBC Summary of World Broadcasts, February 9, 1980.

[>]*With his Q clearance, he also had access to the design of every US nuclear missile:* Interviews with former FBI special agents; Select Committee on US National Security and Military/Commercial Concerns with the People's Republic of China, H.R. 105–851 (Cox Report) (1999), p. 87, which states that "the suspect" worked at Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory "and had access to classified information including designs for a number of US thermonuclear weapons"; Dan Stober, "How FBI Wiretap Launched Spy Case China Probe: Wen Ho Lee Phoned Nuclear Espionage Suspect, Now Identified," *San Jose Mercury News,* April 13, 2000, which names Gwo-bao Min as "the FBI's prime suspect in the alleged loss of neutron bomb secrets"; and Dan Stober and Ian Hoffman, *A Convenient Spy: Wen Ho Lee and the Politics of Nuclear Espionage* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 2001), chap. 5. The author telephoned Gwo-bao Min at his home in California on September 14, 2008, and asked to interview him for this book. He interrupted, said, "I'm not interested," and hung up. Two further attempts to contact Min, by a telephone message that day and by letter the next day, were unsuccessful.

[>]*His work brought official recognition:* The role of Jerry Chih-li Chen, the TV-repair- shop owner in Oakland, was described in Dan Grove interviews, November 25, 2008, December 20, 2008, and April 7, 2009, and by other FBI sources.

[>]*Chien introduced him to Hanson Huang:* Chien Ning interview, March 26, 2009.

[>]*He was given several questions to take back to the States with him:* Interviews with former FBI special agents.

[>]*"there was reason to suspect me of that ... but that's not true:* Chien interview, March 26, 2009. Other Chien quotes in chapter, as well as biographical details on Chien, are from this interview.

[>]*"I don't remember this person":* Doroteo Ng interview, April 16, 2009.

[>]*Huang flew to San Francisco and met twice with the Livermore engineer:* Hanson Huang's role in the TIGER TRAP case is chronicled from multiple interviews with former FBI counterintelligence specialists. The author located Hanson Huang in Hong Kong, and exchanged e-mails with him on

December 26, 2008. In his reply Huang wrote, "If you need any corroboration or confirmation on my part, please do not hesitate to contact me." But when the author responded the same day with specific questions about his relationship with Katrina Leung and Gwo-bao Min and asked to interview him, he did not reply.

[>]*"He was always somebody with a cause":* Henry V. Huang interview, November 18, 2008.

[>]*"This letter should be destroyed after reading":* Interviews with former FBI special agents, 2008 and 2009.

6. "HOLY SHIT, MR. GROVE!"

[>]*the All-China Games in Beijing:* Also known as the National Games, the sports event was inaugurated in 1959 and held at four-year intervals thereafter. The games, a sort of mini Olympics, were designed to demonstrate the prowess of Chinese athletes to invited guests and dignitaries from other countries.

[>]*"They're going to be after you":* Dan Grove interview, October 28, 2008.

[>]*"Holy shit, Mr. Grove! You'll never guess what I have":* Ibid.

[>]*The measurement technique was based on "Teller light":* See W. E. Ogle, *An Account of the Return to Nuclear Weapons Testing by the United States after the Test Moratorium 1958–1961* (Las Vegas, NV: Department of Energy Nuclear Testing Archive, 1985), pp. 59, 60, 62; Samuel Glasstone and Philip J. Dolan, *The Effects of Nuclear Weapons,* 3rd ed. (Washington, DC: US Department of Defense and Energy Research and Development Administration, 1977), pp. 73, 75–76, 343–45.

[>]*"If the FBI found the wrong things in his baggage he would be arrested":* Paul Moore interview, August 19, 2008.

[>]*A highly dedicated FBI agent reconstructed the cards:* Ibid.

[>]*"I wish to congratulate you":* Interview with former counterintelligence agent, October 2008.

[>]*seventy-six spies had been prosecuted, and all but one convicted:* George Lardner Jr., "Spy Nemesis Crosses Last Bridge," *Washington Post,* July 31, 1997, p. A13.

[>]*Robert McFarlane, who held that post under President Ronald Reagan:* McFarlane pleaded guilty to withholding information from Congress about the Iran-Contra affair, and was later pardoned by President George H.W. Bush.

[>]*"Put it in a ball and throw it on the floor and it will go off":* George Keyworth interview, November 10, 2009.

[>]*"he was made aware of certain gaps in US intelligence":* Kenneth J. Schiffer interview, May 26, 2009.

[>]*"how it was possible to circumvent their question":* Keyworth interview, November 10, 2009. Nineteen years after his 1980 trip to China, a congressional committee investigating the transfer of nuclear weapons technology to China (the Cox Committee), without naming Keyworth, excoriated him for "the inadvertent, bordering on negligent, disclosure of classified technical information" to the Chinese. Select Committee on U.S. National Security and Military/Commercial Concerns with the People's Republic of China, H.R. 105–851 (Cox Report) (1999), p. 91. Keyworth told the author, however, that the Cox Committee "never interviewed me." See also James Risen, "In China, Physicist Learns, He Tripped Between Useful Exchange and Security Breach," *New York Times,* August 1, 1999, p. 10. The story quotes Keyworth as saying that the simple physics analogy he provided the Chinese was "absolutely unclassified."

[>]*He offered to find out who had "squealed" on Gwo-bao Min:* Arlen Specter, US Senate, *Report on the Investigation of Espionage Allegations Against Dr. Wen Ho Lee* (Specter Report), March 8, 2000, p. 6, http://www.fas.org/irp/congress/2000_rpt/specter.html.

[>]*"Lee thought [Min] was in trouble for doing the same sort of thing that Lee had been doing for Taiwan":* US Senate, Committee on the Judiciary, Redacted Transcript of Closed Hearing with Attorney General Janet Reno Regarding the FISA Process in the Wen Ho Lee Case, June 8, 1999, p. 15.

[>]*the FBI was worried that "Lee might be acting on behalf of a Taiwan intelligence service":* US Department of Justice, *Final Report of the Attorney General's Review Team on the Handling of the Los Alamos National Laboratory Investigation* (Bellows Report) (May 2000), declassified version released December 12, 2001, p. 23.

[>]*Lee lied to the FBI and although asked several times, said that he "had never attempted to contact" Min:* Redacted Transcript of Closed Hearing with Attorney General Janet Reno, p. 15.

[>]*Lee ..."provided truthful answers only when confronted with irrefutable evidence":* Bellows Report, p. 41.

[>]*the FBI had enlisted Lee's help:* Bellows Report, p. 37.

[>]*"She was a very kind of mysterious person":* Federico C. Sayre interview, March 2, 2009.

[>]*"The Chinese Ministry of Materials asked my help to get scrap metals":* Chien Ning interview, March 26, 2009.

[>]*"According to Cleveland, Leung initiated their relationship":* OIG DOJ, p. 8.

7. RIDING THE TIGER: CHINA AND THE NEUTRON BOMB

[>]*The committee issued an unclassified version of its ... report:* Final Report, unclassified version, of the Select Committee on US National Security and Military/Commercial Concerns with the People's Republic of China, H.R. Rep. 105–851 (Cox Report) (1999).

[>]*"has stolen classified design information" ... enabling the PRC to develop and test strategic nuclear weapons "sooner than would otherwise have been possible":* Cox Report, Overview, p. 2.

[>]*"the PRC stole design information on the U.S. W-70 warhead from Lawrence Livermore Laboratory":* Cox Report, p. 87.

[>]*"further information about these thefts cannot be publicly disclosed":* Ibid.

[>]*a thirty-six-page angry rebuttal to the Cox Report:* Information Office of the State Council, China, "Facts Speak Louder Than Words and Lies Will Collapse on Themselves," July 15, 1999, http://www.china-embassy.org/eng/zmgx/zmgx/Political%20Relationship/t35103.htm.

[>]*"China Masters Neutron Bomb Technology":* Seth Faison, "China Proclaims It Designed Its Own Neutron Bomb," *New York Times,* July 15, 1999.

[>]*China "had successfully stolen" more secret information about the neutron bomb:* Cox Report, p. 87.

[>]*because the Chinese test in 1988 was not successful:* Shirley A. Kan, *China: Suspected Acquisition of US Nuclear Weapon Secrets*, CRS Report for Congress, February 1, 2006, p. 4.

[>]*"including ... the neutron bomb":* Central Intelligence Agency, "Key Findings: The Intelligence Community Damage Assessment on the Implications of China's Acquisition of US Nuclear Weapons Information on the Development of Future Chinese Weapons," April 21, 1999, https://www.cia.gov/news-information/press-releases-statements/press-release-archive-1999/key-findings.html.

8. THE WALK-IN

[>]*He threw the duffle bag out of a second-story window:* Interview with US counterintelligence officer, 2009.

[>]*CIA headquarters officials then gave provisional operational approval to enroll the walk-in:* Interview with CIA Directorate of Operations officer, 1999.

[>]*the Chinese secret document ... gave the exact diameter of the W-88's primary, 115mm, or about four and a half inches.... the W-88's primary was "two-point aspherical" ... the radius of the round secondary [w]as 172mm, or just under 7 inches, and ... the primary of the W-88 was at the tapered tip of the warhead, forward of the secondary.... the overall length of the warhead [w]as 1522mm, or 5 feet:* Ibid.

[>]*"its most survivable and enduring nuclear strike capability":* Website of the US Navy, Fact File, "Fleet Ballistic Missile Submarines," http://www.navy.mil/navy data/fact_display.asp?cid=4100&tid=200&ct=4.

[>]*"A single broadside from such a submarine—all 24 missiles fired at the same time—can destroy any nation on the face of the earth":* Captain Edward L. Beach, USN (ret), "The Submarine

Mission Today," *Undersea Warfare* 2, no. 3 (spring 2000).

[≥]*"his answer went off the charts":* Interview with CIA Directorate of Operations officer, 1999.

[≥]*"We didn't like the way this whole thing looked":* Interview with former US intelligence official, September 2008.

[≥]*"She must have a big 'No' stamp":* Interview with former FBI special agent, 2009.

[≥]*"There is a high possibility of failure unless you understand these weapons":* Interview with CIA Directorate of Operations officer, 1999.

[≥]*"whatever they got saved them time, maybe two to fifteen years":* Ibid.

[≥]*"has stolen classified information on all of the United States' most advanced thermonuclear warheads":* Final Report, unclassified version, of the Select Committee on US National Security and Military/Commercial Concerns with the People's Republic of China, H.R. Rep. 105–851 (Cox Report) (1999), p. 60.

[≥]*China was "capable of producing small thermonuclear warheads based on the stolen U.S. design information, including the stolen W-88 information":* Ibid, p. 61.

[≥]*"the PRC had conducted only 45 nuclear tests in the more than 30 years from 1964 to 1996":* Ibid., p. 76.

[≥]*"China obtained at least basic design information on several modern US nuclear reentry vehicles, including the Trident II (W-88) ... and weaponization features, including those of the neutron bomb":* Central Intelligence Agency, "Key Findings: The Intelligence Community Damage Assessment on the Implications of China's Acquisition of US Nuclear Weapons Information on the Development of Future Chinese Weapons," April 21, 1999, https://www.cia.gov/news-information/press-releases-statements/press-release-archive-1999/key-findings.html.

9. KINDRED SPIRIT: WEN HO LEE

[≥]*Counterintelligence at the department was "little more than a joke":* Notra Trulock interviews, August 5, 1999, and July 23, 2009.

[≥]*China, in achieving a small warhead in a very short time, probably gained its success through espionage:* Notra Trulock, *Code Name Kindred Spirit: Inside the Chinese Nuclear Espionage Scandal* (San Francisco: Encounter Books, 2003), p. 72.

[≥]*In September, DOE opened a formal investigation:* US Department of Justice, *Final Report of the Attorney General's Review Team on the Handling of the Los Alamos National Laboratory Investigation* (Bellows Report) (May 2000), p. 275.

[≥]*[Footnote] A secret Justice Department report:* "Executive Summary of the OPR Report on the

Investigation and Prosecution of Wen Ho Lee," p. 255. The report, produced by the Justice Department's Office of Professional Responsibility, was classified SECRET/NOFORN/RESTRICTED DATA but later declassified. It was released to the author under a Freedom of Information Act request.

[>]*"There were Americans of Chinese origin and not of Chinese origin on the list":* Trulock interviews, August 5, 1999, and July 23, 2009.

[>]*"An initial consideration will be to identify those US citizens, of Chinese heritage":* Daniel J. Bruno memorandum, quoted in Trulock, *Code Name Kindred Spirit,* p. 111.

[>]*"there are seven Chinese restaurants in Los Alamos":* Bellows Report, p. 385.

[>]*"no evidence of racial bias" by DOE:* Ibid., p. 342.

[>]*"a virtual indictment of the Lees":* Ibid., p. 341.

[>]*Wen Ho Lee "was the only individual identified during this inquiry":* Ibid., quoting the DOE report.

[>]*"Wen Ho Lee was its man":* Bellows Report, p. 378.

[>]*the scientist was singled out "because Lee is ethnic Chinese":* Declaration of Robert Vrooman in United States v. Wen Ho Lee, 99-CR-1417, August 10, 2000, http://www.fas.org/irp/ops/ci/vrooman.html.

[>]*the cause was not "ethnic profiling or racism":* PBS, *The NewsHour with Jim Lehrer,* September 13, 2000, http://www.pbs.org/newshour/bb/law/july-dec00/wenholee_9-13.html.

[>]*he read "in a popular Chinese-language magazine" that "a Taiwanese nuclear scientist was fired from Lawrence Livermore":* Wen Ho Lee, with Helen Zia, *My Country Versus Me: The First-Hand Account by the Los Alamos Scientist Who Was Falsely Accused of Being a Spy* (New York: Hyperion, 2001), p. 24.

[>]*"Ko Pau Ming," whom he knew was from Taiwan, "was having trouble with some men in China" and "out of curiosity" had telephoned him:* "Psychophysiological Detection of Deception (PDD) Examination of Wen H. Lee," Wackenhut polygraph report to Edward J. Curran, director, DOE Office of Counterintelligence, December 28, 1998, Defendant's Exhibit A, United States v. Wen Ho Lee.

[>]*Min was later identified by name:* Dan Stober, "How FBI Wiretap Launched Spy Case China Probe: Wen Ho Lee Phoned Nuclear Espionage Suspect, Now Identified," *San Jose Mercury News,* April 13, 2000.

[>]*Lee went up to Hu and was warmly embraced by the top Chinese weapons scientist:* Matthew Purdy, "The Making of a Suspect: The Case of Wen Ho Lee," *New York Times,* February 4, 2001, p. 18.

[>]*"We know him very well. He came to Beijing and helped us a lot":* Arlen Specter, US Senate, *Report on the Government's Handling of the Investigation and Prosecution of Dr. Wen Ho Lee,* December 20, 2001 (Specter Report II), http://www.fas.org/irp/congress/2001_rpt/whl.html.

[>]*"he did not know the answer" and did not wish to discuss the matter:* Affidavit of FBI special agent Michael W. Lowe in support of search warrant to search the home of Wen Ho Lee, April 9, 1999, p. 3. The quote describes Lee's answer when questioned by the FBI on January 17, 1999 about the hotel room episode. http://www.fas.org/irp/ops/ci/lowe_affidavit.html.

[>]*Lee ... omitted any mention of his hotel room meeting with Hu Side:* Robert S. Vrooman interview, August 15, 2009, and Robert S. Vrooman, "Clinton's Scapegoat: The Persecution of an American Scientist," unpublished manuscript, p. 68 (Robert S. Vrooman Collection Pertaining to Wen Ho Lee and Los Alamos National Laboratory, Center for Southwest Research, University Libraries, University of New Mexico). Vrooman writes that his notes from his interview with Wen Ho Lee after the 1988 trip show that "Lee did not tell me about the incident with Hu Side. It was not just an oversight, because the entire purpose of my meeting with him was to learn if something like this had happened. He answered no to a direct question. He lied to me."

[>]*on May 30, 1996, at the request of DOE, the FBI opened a full-fledged investigation of Wen Ho and Sylvia Lee:* Bellows Report, p. 290.

[>]*In 1999, months after Wen Ho Lee was fired from the Los Alamos lab, a broader investigation was finally begun by the FBI:* Bellows Report, p. 364; Stephen W. Dillard interview, October 16, 2009.

[>]*"the FBI investigated the wrong crime":* Bellows Report, p. 336.

[>]*With his brothers and sisters, he caught fish and frogs each day for dinner:* Wen Ho Lee biographical details are from Lee, *My Country Versus Me,* pp. 21, 97–99, 100, 165–68.

[>]*She also reported to the FBI and the CIA on what she gleaned from those contacts:* Purdy, "Making of a Suspect."

[>]*An FBI agent who was a Chinese American telephoned Lee, claiming he was "a representative of the 'concerned department' from Beijing":* Specter Report II. Other details of the failed "sting" operation against Wen Ho Lee are cited in the same report.

[>]*It ... described "the main suspect" as "a Los Alamos computer scientist who is Chinese-American":* James Risen and Jeff Gerth, "China Stole Nuclear Secrets for Bombs, U.S. Aides Say," *New York Times,* March 6, 1999, p. A1.

[>]*Trulock had leaked the story to the* Times, *a fact he later publicly confirmed on CBS's* 60 Minutes*:* Notra Trulock, interview by Lesley Stahl, *60 Minutes,* December 17, 2000, CBS News Transcript, p. 4. "Mr. TRULOCK: I reached out to the New York Times.... Yes, I did."

[>]*"There's a person at the laboratory that's committed espionage and that points to you!":*

Excerpts from the FBI interrogation of Wen Ho Lee are from the Bellows Report, pp. 649–51, and "Executive Summary of the OPR Report on the Investigation and Prosecution of Wen Ho Lee," pp. 152–61.

[>]*operation SEA CHANGE:* Dan Stober and Ian Hoffman, *A Convenient Spy: Wen Ho Lee and the Politics of Nuclear Espionage* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 2001), p. 213.

[>]*"I feel like a pariah in this department":* Trulock interview, August 5, 1999.

[>]*"The truth is I'm innocent":* Wen Ho Lee, interview by Mike Wallace, *60 Minutes,* August 1, 1999, CBS News Transcript, p. 1.

[>]*"change the global strategic balance":* Matthew Purdy with James Sterngold, "The Prosecution Unravels: The Case of Wen Ho Lee," *New York Times,* February 5, 2001, p. A1.

[>]*"I believe you were terribly wronged":* "Statement by Judge in Los Alamos Case, With Apology for Abuse of Power," *New York Times,* September 24, 2000, p. A 21.

[>]*the suit was settled for $1,645,000:* Paul Farhi, "U.S., Media Settle with Wen Ho Lee," *Washington Post,* June 3, 2006, p. A1.

10. SEGO PALM

[>]*"I got a phone call out of the blue from Bob Bryant":* Stephen W. Dillard interview, August 28, 2009.

[>]*an "overall investigation" ... "to examine other potential areas of compromise":* Ibid.

[>]*Dillard put together a task force of three hundred people in eleven government agencies:* Ibid.

[>]*the information in the walk-in document "had to have come from X Division":* Ibid.

[>]*"the FBI's own lack of investigative interest in looking beyond Wen Ho Lee":* US Department of Justice, *Final Report of the Attorney General's Review Team on the Handling of the Los Alamos National Laboratory Investigation* (Bellows Report) (May 2000), p. 342.

[>]*the information obtained by China had come from more than one document:* Dillard interview, August 28, 2009.

[>]*four scientists at the lab believed that the documents originated with a defense contractor in Colorado Springs:* Robert S. Vrooman, "Memo for the Record," September 21, 1999, Operation Fallout, Robert S. Vrooman Collection Pertaining to Wen Ho Lee and Los Alamos National Laboratory, Center for Southwest Research, University Libraries, University of New Mexico.

[>]*"It is clear that you did not give proper attention to your driving":* J. Edgar Hoover letter to Kenneth J. Schiffer, March 16, 1970. Schiffer showed the letter, framed on the wall of his study, to the author during an interview at his home on August 13, 2009.

[>]*Schiffer was required to learn Toishan:* Kenneth J. Schiffer interview, May 26, 2009.

[>]*the walk-in's document on the W-88 appeared to match a 1986 "interface" document:* Ibid.

[>]*"If you translated the US document ... back to inches there could be a slight discrepancy":* Raymond H. Wickman interview, October 27, 2008.

[>]*"the compromises were likely to have been made by either multiple personnel or multiple means over a several-year period from the '70s to the early '90s":* Dillard interview, August 28, 2009.

11. TROUBLE IN PARADISE

[>]*"Secretary Jiang asked, 'What are President BUSH's chances of being reelected?'":* This and the other quotes from the Chinese leaders and Leung are from J.J. Smith report to headquarters on Leung's 1991 meeting in Beijing, FBI Leung Asset File, US Department of Justice, Exhibit 18, United States v. Katrina Leung.

[>]*Lei Feng Day, named for the national hero: People's Daily Online* (English), "Lei Feng Remembered throughout China," March 3, 2003, http://English.peopledaily.com.cn.

[>]*she had acquired the code name Luo from none other than Zhu Qizhen:* RT2, p. 21.

[>]*PARLOR MAID asked an official in the Chinese consulate in San Francisco to call her from a pay phone:* OIG DOJ, p. 7.

[>]*the FBI received the information that PARLOR MAID had tipped off the Chinese to the FBI's bugging of China's consulate in Los Angeles:* Multiple interviews with former FBI counterintelligence agents; and OIG DOJ, which obliquely refers to the consulate bugging as information received by the FBI "indicating that Leung had disclosed to PRC officials the existence and location of a then-active sensitive technical operation."

[>]*PARLOR MAID could not have informed the Chinese of the electronic eavesdropping of the Los Angeles consulate, because J.J. himself did not know about it:* OIG DOJ, p. 9.

[>]*At the very time that J.J. was investigating Miller:* OIG DOJ, p. 7.

[>]*The videotape showed the entrance and then a courtyard inside the spy headquarters:* Interview with former US intelligence agent.

[>]*It was, one of the CIA officers remarked, "too good to be true":* Ibid.

[>]*Kelly was startled to see both J.J. and PARLOR MAID, whom she knew, going through customs:* OIG DOJ, p. 12.

[>]*the supervisor "was overly dependent on Smith, reluctant to confront him, and inappropriately deferential to him":* Ibid.

[≥]*a woman named "Katrina" was a double agent "working in the FBI":* OIG DOJ, p. 13.

[≥]*"We really like your President," General Ji said, according to Chung:* David Johnston, "Committee Told of Beijing Cash for Democrats," *New York Times,* May 12, 1999.

[≥]*General Ji fared less well:* Erik Eckholm, "China Widening Crackdown on Corruption," *New York Times,* December 23, 2000.

[≥]*China's most popular cigarette, Hongtashan, marketed abroad as the Red Pagoda Mountain brand:* K. Connie Kang and David Rosenzweig, "Entrepreneur Formed Ties to China, Then Politicians," *Los Angeles Times,* May 18, 1997, p. 1.

[≥]*"If China needed a good agent":* Ibid.

[≥]*several assets originally recruited by the bureau had been seized and interrogated in China:* OIG DOJ, p. 16.

[≥]*an informant ... reported that Leung was working for a PRC spy service and had a source inside the FBI:* Ibid.

[≥]*the same informant reported that Leung was "in bed with" the FBI's LA division:* Ibid.

12. ETHEREAL THRONE: THE SPY WHO NEVER WAS

[≥]*Unknown to Jeff Wang and his wife, he had been under investigation by the FBI for more than a year:* Interviews with former FBI agents.

[≥]*she was told to renew their friendship, to take advantage of it, and become close to Jeff:* Jack Keller interview, June 13, 2003.

[≥]*she greatly impressed her boss:* Ibid.

[≥]*Although the informant could not see what was inside the envelopes, he assumed that cash had been exchanged for secret documents:* Interviews with former FBI agents, and OIG DOJ, p. 15. The Justice Department review describes the informant's claims, without identifying Jeffrey Wang or Denise Woo.

[≥]*an informant it had relied upon for years had concealed the fact that his wife was Jeff Wang's cousin:* Interviews with former FBI agents.

[≥]*"She was a fantastic agent.... She was outstanding, extremely diligent and conscientious":* Marc S. Harris interview, March 12, 2009.

[≥]*took the case pro bono:* Mark C. Holscher interview, March 30, 2009.

[≥]*the bureau fired her:* OIG DOJ, p. 15.

[≥]*In the indictment of Woo, Wang was not identified. He was referred to only as "J.W.":* United States v. Denise K. Woo, US District Court for the Central District of California, 04-CR-1141, December 2, 2004, p. 2; and David Rosenzweig and Greg Krikorian, "Ex-Agent Indicted in Spying Probe," *Los Angeles Times,* December 11, 2004.

[≥]*"discussed with and thereby disclosed to J.W. confidential information concerning the identity of an FBI confidential informant":* United States v. Denise K. Woo, "Binding Plea Agreement for Defendant Denise K. Woo," p. 3.

[≥]*"This is a kind of bittersweet ending to a long and continuing tragic injustice":* Greg Krikorian, "Ex-FBI Agent Is Sentenced in Plea Agreement," *Los Angeles Times,* October 31, 2006, Metro, p. 3.

[≥]*"She was put in a horrible position of investigating a family friend":* Holscher interview, March 30, 2009.

[≥]*J.J. had briefed Katrina Leung on the Jeff Wang investigation and consulted her on all details of the case:* OIG DOJ, p. 15. The Justice Department report refers to Jeff Wang only as "a Chinese American employee of a defense contractor."

[≥]*accusing her of having told the MSS about his relationship with the FBI:* OIG DOJ, p. 16. The Justice Department report does not identify the informant.

[≥]*He also claimed that Leung had told Beijing about the ... investigation:* Ibid.

[≥]*he was dropped from the FBI payroll for lying:* Interviews with FBI officials and a former FBI counterintelligence agent.

[≥]*"A truly innocent man and his family suffered some very damaging consequences":* Brian A. Sun interview, August 26, 2009.

13. STORM CLOUDS

[≥]*In 2001 the Chinese uncovered twenty-seven satellite-operated listening devices that the National Security Agency and the FBI had planted in the Chinese version of Air Force One:* John Pomfret, "China Finds Bugs on Jet Equipped in U.S.," *Washington Post,* January 19, 2002.

[≥]*[Footnote] "My client flat-out did not talk about the plane with her":* James Risen and Eric Lichtblau, "Spy Suspect May Have Told Chinese of Bugs, U.S. Says," *New York Times,* April 15, 2003.

[≥]*Gallagher flew to Los Angeles to talk to Ron Iden:* Neil Gallagher interview, October 13, 2008.

[≥]*the relationship between J.J. and Leung was "more than friendship":* OIG DOJ, p. 18.

[≥]*he went ballistic:* Interview with former FBI agent, June 24, 2003.

[≥]*The atmosphere was beyond tense:* OIG DOJ, p. 18. The report euphemistically notes that the FBI director "expressed concern about the pace and scope of the investigation."

[≥]*"Who's in charge?" Mueller demanded:* Interview with former FBI agent, June 24, 2003.

[≥]*she was in the bull's-eye and received the full fury of Mueller's wrath:* David Johnston, "F.B.I. Agent Ousted Over Her Handling of a Spying Inquiry," *New York Times,* January 30, 2002.

14. THE COUNTERSPY

[≥]*a yellow Post-it note that proved to be the smoking gun in the case:* David Wise, *Nightmover: How Aldrich Ames Sold the CIA to the KGB for $4.6 Million* (New York: HarperCollins, 1995), p. 237.

[≥]*there was a "big problem" with their bankruptcy plan:* Affidavit of FBI special agent Sharon Gardner Lawrence for search warrant for Leungs' bookstore and home, December 9, 2002, p. 18.

[≥]*"she could go to jail for filing a fraudulent bankruptcy petition":* Ibid., p. 19.

[≥]*bulging with magazines, newspapers, videos, and books:* Ibid., p. 27.

[≥]*"probably have, uh, faxed them":* Ibid., p. 15.

[≥]*"she stated that 'if one forges a signature, that's a very serious crime'":* Ibid., p. 25.

[≥]*Katrina Leung ... had contacted Ron Iden:* RT2, p. 14.

[≥]*on November 5, 2002, the FBI videotaped J.J. Smith and* PARLOR MAID *in a Los Angeles hotel room:* RT, pp. 16–17.

[≥]*"The electronic surveillance revealed Smith and LEUNG having sexual relations":* Ibid., p. 17.

[≥]*"he had probably told LEUNG too much":* Ibid., p. 16.

[≥]*Smith replied, "She's, she was there":* Ibid., p. 17.

[≥]*Leung began describing classified documents she said she had secretly taken from J.J.'s briefcase and copied:* Ibid., pp. 14–15.

[≥]*she had first become intimate with him in the early 1980s, "Very long ago, but I cannot tell you what year":* Ibid., p. 9.

[≥]*the code name Luo Zhongshan had been assigned to her by none other than Zhu Qizhen, the Chinese ambassador to the United States:* RT2, p. 21.

[≥]*"I think I sneaked it":* RT, p. 14.

[>]*J.J. "would leave his briefcase open":* Ibid.

[>]*she "admitted that she provided intelligence she gained in this manner to the MSS":* Ibid., p. 15.

[>]*PARLOR MAID admitted that China had paid her $100,000 because Chinese president Yang Shangkun "liked her":* RT2, p. 22.

[>]*The document, dated June 12, 1997, was one of four discovered ... in a bookcase on the second floor:* RT, p. 13.

[>]*"to intercept the same intelligence":* Declassified FBI legat report, quoted in Bill Gertz, "China Sought System to Intercept U.S. Spy Data," *Washington Times,* September 12, 2005.

[>]*The document said the MSS had offered a $1 million reward:* Ibid.

[>]*the agents also found three other documents:* RT, pp. 12–13.

[>]*At this initial interview, however, he did not reveal his own affair with Leung:* Ibid., p. 18.

[>]*Not until a second meeting ... did Cleveland confess to his own long-term sexual relationship with PARLOR MAID:* Ibid.

[>]*"The FBI must now re-assess all of its actions and intelligence analyses based on her reporting":* RT2, p. 24.

[>]*conducting a surveillance ... for a corporate client of the Emerald Group, a private security firm:* Thomas R. Parker interview, June 10, 2003.

15. ROYAL TOURIST

[>]*a miniature bug, a microphone that had been disguised to pick up conversations in the room:* Interviews with former FBI counterintelligence agents and statement of Jonathan S. Shapiro, assistant US attorney, Los Angeles, United States v. Peter Hoong-Yee Lee, US District Court, Central District of California, Western Division, 97-CR-118 TJH, March 26, 1998, p. 23: "The defendant's wife found the bug which somewhat compromised its value to law enforcement."

[>]*"at breakfast he tells a colleague that the strangest thing happened":* Paul Moore interview, August 19, 2008.

[>]*the Joint UK/US Radar Ocean Imaging Program ... to detect submarines moving underwater:* Arlen Specter, US Senate, *Report on the Investigation of Peter Lee,* prepared for the Senate Subcommittee on Department of Justice Oversight, December 20, 2001, p. 1, http://www.fas.org/irp/congress/2001_rpt/peterlee.html.

[>]*he said the technology could also be used to detect submarines moving below the surface: The Peter Lee Case: Hearings Before the Subcommittee on Administrative Oversight and the Courts of the Committee on the Judiciary,* U.S. Senate, 106th Congress (March 29, April 5, and April 12, 2000), pp. 51, 252.

[>]*he erased the graph and tore the photograph into small pieces:* Ibid., p. 252.

[>]*Cordova interviewed Lee, who insisted, as he had on his travel form for TRW, that he had paid his own expenses:* Ibid., p. 21.

[>]*Lee now admitted he had lied:* Specter, *Report on the Investigation of Peter Lee,* p. 5. The author reached Peter Lee by telephone at his home in California on March 23, 2009, and asked to interview him for this book. He twice said, "I'm not interested" and then hung up. Lee did not reply to a follow-up letter asking him to reconsider.

[>]*Lee submitted the phony receipts to the FBI:* Specter, *Report on the Investigation of Peter Lee.*

[>]*ICF, the use of lasers to attempt to trigger what amounted to miniature, tabletop thermonuclear explosions:* Final Report, unclassified version, of the Select Committee on US National Security and Military/Commercial Concerns with the People's Republic of China, H.R. Rep. 105–851 (Cox Report) (1999), p. 89.

[>]*Lee met with Chen Nengkuan.... Chen told Lee he did not need to speak, he could just nod yes or no:* Specter, *Report on the Investigation of Peter Lee,* p. 4.

[>]*For two hours, Lee answered questions and drew several diagrams, including sketches of hohlraums:* Ibid.

[>]*"what I thought was a dead-bang case":* Jonathan S. Shapiro testimony, *Peter Lee Case: Hearings,* p. 71.

[>]*"I strongly advocated for ... pursuing Mr. Lee on charges of espionage":* Ibid., p. 70.

[>]*With a narrow exception ... the statutes do not penalize disclosure of classified documents as such but of information "relating to the national defense":* See David Wise, *The Politics of Lying* (New York: Random House, 1973), chap. 4 and pp. 65–66.

[>]*in 2008 the government classified 23,421,098 documents:* Information Security Oversight Office, *Report to the President for Fiscal Year 2008,* p. 7.

[>]*the Pentagon classified the fact that it was sending monkeys into space:* Wise, *Politics of Lying,* pp. 67–68.

[>]*he could claim he was only trying to help persuade China not to conduct tests of nuclear weapons in the air:* Michael Liebman testimony, *The Peter Lee Case: Hearings,* pp. 125–26.

[>]*the article discussed Livermore's role in the joint US/UK program:* "Radar Ocean Imaging," Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory website, http://www.llnl.gov, March 29, 1995; Ibid., p. 128.

[≥]*"important progress in the development of methods to detect submarine signatures with remote sensing radars":* Richard E. Twogood testimony to the Research and Technology Subcommittee, House Armed Services Committee, April 1994, *Peter Lee Case: Hearings,* p. 130.

[≥]*"my immediate response was that it is at least confidential, and I thought it was likely ... secret":* Twogood testimony, *Peter Lee Case: Hearings,* p. 23.

[≥]*"Dr. Twogood, in my view, would have gone down in blue flames on cross-examination":* Shapiro testimony, *Peter Lee Case: Hearings,* p. 78.

[≥]*"I wasn't allowed to hook Mr. Lee up":* Ibid., p. 85.

[≥]*he opposed "a prosecution that might risk exposure of ... ASW [antisubmarine warfare] information":* John G. Schuster testimony, *Peter Lee Case: Hearings,* p. 45.

[≥]*"the Navy's reluctance was a problem":* Jonathan S. Shapiro interview, January 14, 2009.

[≥]*"the FBI is much more interested in the intel yet to be garnered than in punishing felons":* Michael P. Dorris memorandum, November 25, 1997, *Peter Lee Case: Hearings,* p. 74.

[≥]*"I'm a one-trick pony":* Shapiro testimony, *Peter Lee Case: Hearings,* p. 75.

[≥]*Lee thus was pleading guilty to revealing information in 1985 ... on inertial confinement fusion. There was no mention in the plea bargain of the data he had revealed in 1997 about detecting submarines by radar: Peter Lee Case: Hearings,* p. 258.

[≥]*"to threaten previously invulnerable U.S. nuclear submarines":* Cox Report, p. 88.

[≥]*"had the potential of creating a widespread misperception": Peter Lee Case: Hearings,* p. 38.

[≥]*It was just "a scientific thing":* Ibid., p. 315.

[≥]*the prosecutor displayed a hohlraum in court:* Ibid., p. 323.

[≥]*"Please, your honor, don't put me in jail":* Ibid., p. 333.

[≥]*Hatter was skeptical of Lee's explanation:* Ibid., p. 332.

[≥]*The Pentagon asked the Naval Criminal Investigative Service to conduct a "Project Slammer" interview with Lee:* Statement of Thomas A. Betro, NCIS, to U.S. Senate, Subcommittee on Administrative Oversight and the Courts, Senate Judiciary Committee, March 29, 2000. "Based on FBI recommendations, a Project Slammer interview was not conducted."

[≥]*"the only reason it was classified was to get funding from Congress":* James D. Henderson interview, July 16, 2009.

16. RICHARD NIXON AND THE HONG KONG HOSTESS

[>]*"Intelligence was a cottage industry in Hong Kong":* Milton A. Bearden interview, December 8, 2008.

[>]*"He said there's all kinds of reports about her working for the other side":* Dan Grove interview, October 28, 2008.

[>]*"Spanos said she spent last night with Nixon":* Grove interview, July 27, 2009.

[>]*"'but Nixon is a US politician and just had a TOP SECRET briefing here'":* Grove interview, October 28, 2008.

[>]*"Spanos says, 'I understand you spent the night with the big man last night.' She giggles":* Ibid.

[>]*"She said, 'Myself and Teresa entertained Nixon'":* Perry J. Spanos interview, January 14, 2009.

[>]*"She swears they never even touched, and I believe her":* Grove interview, October 28, 2008.

[>]*"The Brits said it's been reported to us several times she was a possible CHIS [Chinese intelligence service] agent":* Ibid.

[>]*"a regular bedmate of Vice-President Nixon when he visited Hong Kong":* FBI memorandum, July 1976.

[>]*"Sullivan thought with this information Nixon would never get rid of Hoover":* Grove interview, July 27, 2009. Sullivan's reaction, as related by Grove, that "Mr. Nixon's private life is of no concern to this bureau," was both hilarious and ironic, given Hoover's exactly opposite reputation as an avid collector of personal gossip about political figures, one of the weapons the FBI director used successfully to maintain his power.

[>]*he had asked Hoover to remain as FBI chief:* Robert B. Semple, "Nixon Will Retain Hoover and Helms," *New York Times,* December 17, 1968.

[>]*Hoover dropped by the White House for a private lunch with President Kennedy:* "Alleged Assassination Plots Involving Foreign Leaders," An Interim Report of the Select Committee to Study Governmental Operations with Respect to Intelligence Activities, U.S. Senate, 94th Congress, 1st Session, S. Rep. 94–465 (1975), p. 130.

[>]*"the last telephone contact between the White House and the President's friend [Judith Campbell] occurred a few hours after the luncheon":* Ibid. The Senate report adds, deadpan: "There is no record of what transpired at that luncheon."

[>]*"'I'll handle this one,' Hoover said gleefully when I passed the letter on to him":* William C. Sullivan with Bill Brown, *The Bureau: My Thirty Years in Hoover's FBI* (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1979), p. 198.

[>]*"From that time on the senator's right in his pocket":* Jack Nelson, "Wiretap Files Were Kept From Hoover, Aide Says," *Los Angeles Times,* May 15, 1973, p. A10.

[>]*she confirmed that she and the other hostess had spent time with Nixon and Rebozo at the Mandarin Hotel:* Marianna Liu interview, December 12, 2008.

[>]*"no love affair. We were friends.... I did not spend the night with Nixon":* Ibid.

[>]*she thought they had seen each other on his trips to Hong Kong in 1964, 1965, and 1966:* John Crewdson, "F.B.I. Investigated Hong Kong Woman Friend of Nixon in '60's to Determine If She Was Foreign Agent," *New York Times,* June 22, 1976, p. 19.

[>]*"I did not give information to PRC":* Liu interview, December 12, 2008.

[>]*"He was shot somewhere in Shantung":* Liu interview, February 20, 2009.

[>]*Liu moved to Whittier, California, Nixon's hometown:* Ibid.

[>]*"Warren got me papers to take care of his wife":* Ibid.

[>]*"Nixon Romanced Suspected Red Spy": National Enquirer,* August 10, 1976, p. 1.

[>]*Liu denied many of the assertions in the tabloid's account:* Liu interview, February 20, 2009.

[>]*although the Liu file had not been forwarded to Attorney General Edward H. Levi, he was aware of its contents:* FBI memorandum, July 1976.

[>]*"I took some friends to see Mr. Nixon's grave":* Liu interview, February 20, 2009.

17. ANUBIS

[>]*He was born in Shanghai in 1949:* Wen Ning biographical details are from James Geis brief, United States v. Ning Wen, United States Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit, Appeal from the US District Court for the Eastern District of Wisconsin, 04-CR-241, filed April 24, 2006, pp. 7–9.

[>]*the family was forbidden to bring their only child, Sharon, with them to the United States:* Ibid., p. 7.

[>]*Johnson persuaded Wen to remain as a diplomat in the consulate, providing information to the FBI:* Ibid.

[>]*The FBI then arranged for Sharon to come to Washington, DC:* Ibid., p. 8.

[>]*documents that he smuggled out of the consulate:* Interviews with former FBI counterintelligence agents.

[>]*he began shipping computer chips to China:* Geis brief, p. 8.

[>]*"He thought he might never get out again":* Interview with former FBI counterintelligence agent.

[>]*"make actual contributions to my motherland":* Wen Ning resignation letter to Chinese consulate, Los Angeles, March 15, 1992, Exhibit 65A, United States v. Ning Wen, US District Court for the Eastern District of Wisconsin, 04-CR-241, September 28, 2004, p. 1.

[>]*Fuqua had worked counterintelligence most of his career, in Boston and Kansas before Milwaukee:* Melvin D. Fuqua interview, August 12, 2009, and Fuqua testimony, United States v. Ning Wen, trial transcript, p. 758.

[>]*Wen began shipping computer chips to Qu and Wang Ruo Ling:* Third Superseding Indictment, United States v. Ning Wen (a/k/a Wen Ning), August 8, 2005, pp. 4–5.

[>]*they would typically falsify invoices:* Geis brief, pp. 9–10; and Criminal Complaint, United States v. Ning Wen, September 28, 2004, p. 21.

[>]*In 2000 the company sent Wen back to China as president and general manager of its refrigeration company in Hangzhou:* Charlie Mathews, "Globetrotters: Manitowoc Co. Employees Travel the World," *Manitowoc Herald Times Reporter,* May 16, 2004, p. B1.

[>]*between 2002 and 2004, almost $2 million was wired to Wen Enterprises from China:* Criminal Complaint, United States v. Ning Wen, p. 8.

[>]*"They will need ice machines":* Mathews, "Globetrotters."

[>]*the "54th Research Institute":* Criminal Complaint, United States v. Ning Wen, pp. 12–13.

[>]*posing an "unacceptable risk in the development of missiles":* Ibid., p. 13.

[>]*The bureau recorded thirty-seven hours of conversations between Wen and his wife:* Geis brief, p. 25.

[>]*"I was shocked and just about fell out of my chair":* Fuqua testimony, United States v. Ning Wen, trial transcript, p. 764.

[>]*Lin agreed, replying, "Risk, yeah":* Criminal Complaint, United States v. Ning Wen, p. 19.

[>]*"You get money from the bank, the bank won't know. You get money directly from ATM":* FBI special agent Ryan Chun testimony, United States v. Ning Wen, trial transcript, p. 277.

[>]*"Yeah, I have to make up the figure every time":* Ibid., p. 290.

[>]*"China now is desperately purchasing weapons":* Ibid., p. 296.

[>]*when the couple from Beijing, both Chinese nationals, got off a Greyhound bus in Milwaukee, the FBI arrested them. Other agents arrested Wen and his wife at their home in Manitowoc:* US Department of Justice, "Four Arrested in Scheme to Export Restricted Electronic Equipment to the

People's Republic of China," press release, September 30, 2004, and Gina Barton, "Manitowoc Couple Charged in China Export Scheme," *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel,* October 1, 2004, p. 1.

[>]*"The charges against the Wens are unrelated to the Manitowoc Company or Mr. Wen's responsibilities as general manager of Manitowoc Hangzhou":* Tara Meissner, "Two Face Export Charges," *Manitowoc Herald Times Reporter,* October 1, 2004, p. A1.

[>]*Lin Hailin ... pleaded guilty to conspiracy and money laundering and was sentenced to three and a half years in prison and fined $50,000:* Department of Justice, United States Attorney, Eastern District of Wisconsin, "Manitowoc Resident Sentenced to Prison for Exporting Restricted Electronic Components to China," press release, December 22, 2005.

[>]*Wen claimed diplomatic immunity:* United States v. Ning Wen, Order Granting Extension, Judge William C. Griesbach, July 29, 2005.

[>]*He then sentenced Wen to five years in prison and fined him $50,000:* "Ning Wen to Spend Five Years in Prison," *Manitowoc Herald Times Reporter,* January 19, 2006, p. A1.

[>]*a federal judge in Oregon struck down the expanded provisions of the Patriot Act that Geis had contested:* Susan Jo Keller, "Patriot Act Sections on Search and Surveillance Are Ruled Unconstitutional," *New York Times,* September 27, 2007, p. A29. The decision by Judge Anne L. Aiken came in the case of Brandon Mayfield, a Portland lawyer arrested and jailed after the FBI erroneously linked him to the Madrid train bombings in March 2004 that killed 191 persons and injured 2,000.

[>]*"will not be tolerated":* "Ning Wen to Spend Five Years in Prison."

[>]*"Just who am I?":* Mathews, "Globetrotters."

18. ENDGAME

[>]*PARLOR MAID sat in the courtroom with her head in her hands:* Erica Werner, "Former FBI Agent Charged with Allowing Chinese Agent Access to Classified Documents," Associated Press, April 9, 2003.

[>]*J.J. Smith was charged with "gross negligence in handling documents related to the national defense":* Ibid.

[>]*"This is a sad day for the FBI":* Ibid.

[>]*The charges ... "are very serious":* Jerry Seper, "Mueller Orders Probe of Major FBI Division," *Washington Times,* April 11, 2003, p. A4.

[>]*"Katrina Leung is a loyal American citizen":* Werner, "Former FBI Agent Charged."

[>]*Brian Sun ... called his client a "loyal, patriotic, and dedicated former agent":* Greg Krikorian, David Rosenzweig, and K. Connie Kang, "Ex-FBI Agent Is Arrested in China Espionage Case," *Los Angeles Times,* April 10, 2003, Metro, p. 1.

[>]*"a thorough review of his work is now under way":* Houghton did not mention Cleveland by name but referred to him delicately as "the employee in question." Curt Anderson, "Ex-FBI Agents Suspected Woman of Spying," Associated Press, April 11, 2003.

[>]*on May 7, J.J. was indicted on charges of "gross negligence" for allowing classified documents to end up in Leung's hands:* Eric Lichtblau, "Ex-F.B.I. Agent Indicted on More Serious Charges in Spy Case," *New York Times,* May 8, 2003, p. A34.

[>]*A federal grand jury handed down a five-count indictment:* Dan Eggen, "Accused Double Agent for China Indicted," *Washington Post,* May 9, 2003, p. A2.

[>]*appeared in federal court in downtown Los Angeles for a bail hearing before Judge Florence-Marie Cooper:* The author attended the June 19, 2003, bail hearing at the federal courthouse in downtown Los Angeles, and the description of the scene in the courtroom and the quotes are from the author's notes taken at the hearing.

[>]*she had "reached a tentative decision to grant release with a $2 million bond":* Ibid.

[>]*"if necessary it can be increased to 1 billion":* United States v. Katrina Leung, US District Court for the Central District of California, 03-CR-434, government's Memorandum of Points and Authorities, June 2003, pp. 15–16.

[>]*"whether to publicly disclose 20 years worth of spying secrets":* Susan Schmidt and Kimberly Edds, "Ex-Handler of Alleged FBI Spy Cuts Deal," *Washington Post,* May 13, 2004, p. A3.

[>]*On May 12, 2004, J.J. pleaded guilty to only one felony count, lying to the FBI:* Eric Lichtblau, "F.B.I. Agent Pleads Guilty in Deal in Chinese Spy Case," *New York Times,* May 13, 2004, p. A16.

[>]*"to have no further sharing of information relating to this case with Leung":* United States v. James J. Smith, US District Court for the Central District of California, 03-CR-29, Plea Agreement for Defendant James J. Smith, May 12, 2004, p. 7.

[>]*"Owens did the first draft of the plea agreement":* Rebecca S. Lonergan interview, August 24, 2009.

[>]*"That clause was never intended to stop the defense from interviewing J.J.":* Ibid.

[>]*the government had engaged in "willful and deliberate misconduct":* United States v. Katrina Leung, Order Granting Defendant's Motion to Dismiss, January 6, 2005.

[>]*"Smith is being told not to talk to Leung or her attorneys":* Ibid., p. 3.

[>]*"The goal of the clause was to prevent Smith's lawyers from helping Leung's lawyers":* Michael W. Emmick interview, February 23, 2009, and e-mail, August 22, 2009.

[≥]*there were discussions between Los Angeles and Washington "about whether more serious espionage charges were supported by the evidence":* Emmick interview, January 9, 2009.

[≥]*"When a case has high-level attention, it follows that high-level people will be involved in the decision making":* Lonergan interview, August 24, 2009, and e-mail, August 31, 2009. Lonergan quotes that follow are from the same interview and e-mail.

[≥]*"We wanted to reduce the risk of being graymailed":* Emmick interview, January 9, 2009, and e-mail, August 22, 2009.

[≥]*"when you declassify, you lose jury appeal":* Emmick interview, June 18, 2009.

[≥]*"an agent for the PRC," and ... "she began to work for the Ministry of State Security ('MSS')":* United States v. Katrina Leung, Memorandum of Points and Authorities, pp. 7–8.

[≥]*"admitted that she provided intelligence she gained in this manner to the MSS":* RT, p. 15.

[≥]*The judge decided on no jail time for J.J. Smith:* "Ex-F.B.I. Agent Convicted," *New York Times,* July 19, 2005, p. A16.

[≥]*It charged that she had failed to pay taxes on at least $435,000 ... she had received from the FBI:* RT, p. 26.

[≥]*the complaint charged that she had paid no taxes on $1.2 million that Nortel had paid to her:* Ibid., p. 22.

[≥]*the government contended that Leung had engaged in a tax scheme to take annual deductions on mortgage interest of about $40,000 on her home:* Ibid., pp. 22–23.

[≥]*She pleaded guilty to lying about her love affair with J.J.... In addition, she pleaded guilty to failing to report $35,000 in income from the FBI:* United States v. Katrina Leung, Plea Agreement, pp. 8–9, December 13, 2005; David Rosenzweig, "Judge OKs Plea Deal in Spy Case," *Los Angeles Times,* December 17, 2005, p. B3.

[≥]*PARLOR MAID stood before Judge Cooper for the last time:* Judge Florence-Marie Cooper died seven years later on January 15, 2010, at age sixty-nine, after suffering a stroke. *Los Angeles Times,* January 16, 2010, Metro, p. 26.

[≥]*"I love America":* Linda Deutsch, "Ex-FBI Informant Takes Deal in Spy Case," Associated Press, December 17, 2005.

[≥]*"With my luck the judge's husband just ran off with his thirty year old secretary and I'll get five years breaking rocks":* This and following quotes are from an e-mail J.J. Smith sent to friends May 21, 2004, United States v. James J. Smith, Exhibit 2.

[≥]*"As though I were put in the cosmos to take care of her":* Kam Leung interview, June 25, 2003.

19. EAGLE CLAW

[>]*The FBI learned that an American spying for China, his identity not yet certain, had stayed in room 533 of the Qianmen Hotel in Beijing:* Tom Carson interview, September 18, 2009.

[>]*the FBI searched his luggage at Dulles International Airport and found a key to room 533:* Ibid.

[>]*he was hired as a translator for an Army liaison office in Fuzhou, China:* Chin biographical details from Tod Hoffman, *The Spy Within: Larry Chin and China's Penetration of the CIA* (Hanover, NH: Steerforth Press, 2008), pp. 47–48.

[>]*he passed that information to the Chinese, for which he was paid $2,000:* Stephen Engelberg, "The Multiple Characters of Suspect in Spy Case," *New York Times,* December 8, 1985.

[>]*he met with his Chinese handler, Ou Qiming:* Ibid., and Hoffman, *Spy Within,* pp. 158, 237.

[>]*Chin later said he might not have passed if the questions had been asked in Chinese:* Stephen Engelberg, "Man Accused of Spying Passed His Only Lie Test," *New York Times,* February 4, 1986, p. A17.

[>]*he explained his wealth by saying that he played blackjack and was an expert card counter:* Ruth Marcus, "Accused Spy's Property Valued at $700,000," *Washington Post,* January 11, 1986, p. A4.

[>]*he squirreled them in his clothing or briefcase and walked out of the building:* Hoffman, *Spy Within,* p. 173.

[>]*Chin ... passed the films to Chinese agents in a series of meetings in a Toronto shopping mall:* Carlyle Murphy, "Chin's Motives Debated at Spy Trial's Opening," *Washington Post,* February 5, 1986, p. A16.

[>]*The meal included "Bears' feet" and "muttonpot":* Carlyle Murphy, "Chin: 'Nothing to Regret,'" *Washington Post,* February 11, 1986, p. A5.

[>]*classified memos on President Nixon's secret preparations in 1971 for the historic opening to China:* Carlyle Murphy, "Accused Spy Says He Meant to Promote U.S., China Ties," *Washington Post,* February 7, 1986, p. A11.

[>]*the agency's deputy director, Bobby Inman, personally presented the Career Intelligence Medal to Chin at a retirement ceremony:* Hoffman, *Spy Within,* p. 43.

[>]*A week later, Chin flew to Hong Kong, met with a Chinese intelligence contact, and was paid $40,000:* Murphy, "Chin's Motives Debated at Spy Trial's Opening."

[>]*His name was Yu Zhensan:* Hoffman, *Spy Within,* p. 19.

[≥]*Yu's father had reportedly been married to Jiang Qing:* Kenneth J. Schiffer interview, August 13, 2009.

[≥]*He contacted the CIA and warned the agency that Beijing had a spy inside American intelligence:* Ibid.

[≥]*Smith gave Yu Zhensan the code name PLANESMAN:* I. C. Smith interview, August 26, 2008.

[≥]*Yu Zhensan ... said that the mole had flown to Beijing on a Pan Am flight that left New York:* Schiffer interview, August 13, 2009; Carson interview, September 19, 2009.

[≥]*The passenger was Larry Wu-Tai Chin:* Schiffer interview, August 13, 2009.

[≥]*"We delayed the flight at Dulles enough to take the luggage":* Carson interview, September 18, 2009.

[≥]*"We found the hotel key.... It turned out to be the smoking gun":* Ibid.

[≥]*Chin suggested to Ou that the Chinese might want to try to recruit Victoria Liu Morton, a woman he had known at the CIA:* Carson interview, September 18, 2009; Murphy, "Chin's Motives Debated at Spy Trial's Opening."

[≥]*a Chinese sleeper agent named Father Mark Cheung, a Roman Catholic priest:* Carson interview, September 18, 2009.

[≥]*"Mark Cheung was a real priest":* Ibid.

[≥]*"He rifled his colleague's desk":* Schiffer interview, August 13, 2009.

[≥]*he bought a copy of* The Puzzle Palace*:* Hoffman, *Spy Within*, pp. 61–62.

[≥]*A moment later the wiretap picked up Cathy screaming, "He's killing me! He's killing me!":* Hoffman, *Spy Within,* p. 58.

[≥]*it was not a spying device, but a sex toy, a battery-operated vibrator:* I. C. Smith, *Inside: A Top G-Man Exposes Spies, Lies, and Bureaucratic Bungling in the FBI* (Nashville, TN: Nelson Current, 2004), p. 41.

[≥]*"We sat on the case—we could not move on Chin for about a year until PLANESMAN got out":* Schiffer interview, August 13, 2009.

[≥]*Late in the afternoon of November 22, 1985, the trio knocked on the door of Chin's condominium in Alexandria:* Hoffman, *Spy Within,* pp. 118, 121.

[≥]*"He realized somebody on the inside had betrayed him":* Schiffer interview, August 13, 2009.

[≥]*"You have details that only Ou knew":* Stephen Engelberg, "High Chinese Defector Is Linked to

Spy Charges against Analyst," *New York Times,* January 1, 1986.

[>]*"He thought Ou Qiming had defected and was the one who had dimed him out":* Schiffer interview, August 13, 2009.

[>]*Chin took the stand during the four-day trial, and claimed he had spied to improve relations between the United States and China:* Murphy, "Accused Spy Says He Meant to Promote U.S., China Ties."

[>]*because Ou was in prison:* Murphy, "Chin's Motives Debated at Spy Trial's Opening,"

[>]*"stealing documents from the CIA and giving them to the Chinese?":* Murphy, "Accused Spy Says He Meant to Promote U.S., China Ties."

[>]*He had tied a plastic trash bag over his head with a shoelace:* Carlyle Murphy, "Spy Larry Chin Dies in Apparent Suicide," *Washington Post,* February 22, 1986, p. A1.

[>]*"So, Little Fish, don't worry about me":* Hoffman, *Spy Within,* p. 267.

20. RED FLOWER

[>]*"I work for Red Flower of North America":* Edward M. Roche, *Snake Fish: The Chi Mak Spy Ring* (New York: Barraclough Ltd., 2008), p. 3.

[>]*The phone call to Zhongshan ... was answered by Pu Pei-Liang:* Bill Gertz, "Fumbled China Spy Probe an Intelligence Failure," *Washington Times,* September 18, 2006, p. A1; for background on Pu, see Roche, *Snake Fish,* pp. 134, 143.

[>]*had been secretly passing sensitive Navy data on US weapons systems to China for more than twenty years:* Gillian Flaccus, "Brothers Accused of Being Agents for China Are Denied Bond," Associated Press, November 29, 2005.

[>]*the Quiet Electric Drive, or QED, a propulsion system designed to allow the Navy's submarines to run silent:* Roche, *Snake Fish,* pp. 12, 197.

[>]*"are certainly against the law":* FBI special agent James E. Gaylord affidavit, in support of complaint and arrest and search warrants for Chi Mak, Tai Mak, and their wives, p. 15.

[>]*The FBI concluded that these were "tasking lists" from Chinese military intelligence:* Ibid., p. 11.

[>]*after Chi Mak was arrested he admitted passing to China ... data about the Aegis combat system:* David J. Lynch, "Law Enforcement Struggles to Combat Chinese Spying," *USA Today,* July 23, 2007, p. A1.

[>]*Chi Mak, his wife, and his brother were indicted:* United States v. Chi Mak, US District Court for the Central District of California, MJ-05-394, November 15, 2005.

[≥]*none of it was classified:* John Pomfret, "Engineer Indicted As Chinese Agent; Case Didn't Meet Espionage Standard," *Washington Post,* November 16, 2005, p. A3.

[≥]*surprise testimony that tied Chi Mak to Dongfan "Greg" Chung:* Roche, *Snake Fish,* pp. 87–88.

[≥]*Chung, an engineer who worked at the Boeing plant in Huntington Beach on the space shuttle:* Indictment, United States v. Dongfan "Greg" Chung, US District Court for the Central District of California, SACR 08-00024-CJC, February 6, 2008, p. 5.

[≥]*"I hope these products will be flying sky high soon":* Roche, *Snake Fish,* p. 88.

[≥]*"This channel is much safer than the others":* Quoted in Lynch, "Law Enforcement Struggles to Combat Chinese Spying."

[≥]*the jury ... found Chi Mak guilty:* H. G. Reza, "Engineer Guilty of Trying to Give Documents to China": *Los Angeles Times,* May 11, 2007, p. B3.

[≥]*"I am regretful for not contributing anything":* Indictment, United States v. Dongfan "Greg" Chung, p. 8.

[≥]*"We are all moved by your patriotism":* Ibid., p. 9.

[≥]*the Chinese sent him elaborate tasking lists, with detailed questions:* Ibid., pp. 12–13.

[≥]*the Chinese asked for "aircraft design manuals":* United States v. Dongfan "Greg" Chung, Memorandum of Decision, US District Judge Cormac J. Carney, July 16, 2009, p. 10.

[≥]*He looked forward to a trip "of several weeks to take a good look at the motherland with my own eyes":* Ibid., pp. 8–9.

[≥]*"It is your honor and China's fortune":* Indictment, United States v. Dongfan "Greg" Chung, p. 15.

[≥]*"collect information on ... the development of the space shuttle":* United States v. Dongfan "Greg" Chung, Memorandum of Decision, p. 11.

[≥]*a "small setting, which is very safe":* Ibid.

[≥]*as a cover story for his trip:* Ibid.

[≥]*they were astonished to find three hundred thousand pages of Boeing documents:* Dan Whitcomb, "Ex-Boeing Engineer Guilty in Space Shuttle Spy Case," Reuters, July 16, 2009.

[≥]*"He was a spy for the PRC":* United States v. Dongfan "Greg" Chung, Memorandum of Decision, p. 5.

[≥]*"purely a fabrication":* "China Dismisses US Spy Charges as Fabrication," Agence France-

Presse, July 20, 2009.

[>]*he was sentenced to fifteen years and eight months in prison:* Department of Justice, "Former Boeing Engineer Sentenced to Nearly 16 Years in Prison for Stealing Aerospace Secrets for China," press release, February 8, 2010.

[>]*"stop sending your spies here":* Don Whitcomb, "Ex-Boeing Engineer Gets 15 Years in Spy Case," Reuters, February 8, 2010.

[>]*The three people arrested in February 2008:* Jerry Markon, "Defense Official Is Charged in Chinese Espionage Case," *Washington Post,* February 12, 2008, p. A1.

[>]*Bergersen, fifty-one, longed after he retired to move into the world of "beltway bandits":* Neil A. Lewis, "Spy Cases Raise Concern on China's Intentions," *New York Times,* July 10, 2008, p. A1.

[>]*"where I can pay you three, four-hundred thousand a year, you come out":* United States v. Tai Shen Kuo, US District Court for the Eastern District of Virginia, 08-CR-179, Statement of Facts, May 18, 2008, pp. 2–3.

[>]*"his associate introduced him to Lin Hong":* Plato Cacheris and John F. Hundley interview, October 2, 2009.

[>]*"It didn't take him long to realize that Lin was in the Chinese government":* Hundley interview, October 2, 2009.

[>]*Yu Xin Kang moved to New Orleans in 2007 to work as a secretary for Kuo:* United States v. Tai Shen Kuo, Statement of Facts, p. 3.

[>]*Kuo handed Bergersen $3,000 in cash to play poker:* Ibid., p. 9.

[>]*"I don't want CIA, I got CIA's paper":* United States v. Tai Shen Kuo, Gregg William Bergersen and Yu Xin Kang, Affidavit in Support of Criminal Complaint, February 6, 2008, p. 18.

[>]*"I don't wanna go to jail":* Ibid., p. 21.

[>]*his wife went through his wallet:* Ibid., pp. 24–25.

[>]*He was sentenced to almost sixteen years, later reduced to five for cooperating with prosecutors:* Department of Justice, "New Orleans Man Sentenced to More Than 15 Years in Prison for Espionage Involving China," press release, August 8, 2008; "La. Man Who Spied for China Gets Sentence Slashed," Associated Press, June 25, 2010.

[>]*whom he gave the code name Fang:* United States v. James Wilbur Fondren Jr., 09-CR-263, Affidavit in Support of Criminal Complaint, May 11, 2009, p. 5.

[>]*Fondren replied, "I can't talk about uh—that stuff over the phone":* Ibid., p. 11.

[>]*"Let people find out I did that, it will cost me my job":* Ibid.

[>]*"didn't take notes":* United States v. James Wilbur Fondren Jr., Superseding Indictment, p. 19.

[>]*The chief witness against him ... was Tai Shen Kuo:* Matthew Barakat, "Retired AF Officer Goes On Trial in Spy Case," Associated Press, September 21, 2009.

[>]*Fondren was sentenced to three years in federal prison:* "Former AF Officer Gets 3 Years for China Spying," Associated Press, January 22, 2010.

21. THE CYBERSPIES

[>]*Canadian researchers at the University of Toronto called "Chinese cyber-espionage" a "major global concern":* Information Warfare Monitor, *Tracking GhostNet: Investigating a Cyber Espionage Network* (Munk Centre for International Studies, University of Toronto, 2009), http://www.infowar-monitor.net/ghostnet.

[>]*"if a computer has a webcam":* Nart Villeneuve interview, October 27, 2009.

[>]*the code name TITAN RAIN:* Bradley Graham, "Hackers Attack Via Chinese Web Sites," *Washington Post,* August 25, 2005; Nathan Thornburgh, "Inside the Chinese Hack Attack," *Time,* August 25, 2005.

[>]*Shawn Carpenter ... studied a series of break-ins at Sandia:* Nathan Thornburgh, "The Invasion of the Chinese Cyberspies," *Time,* August 29, 2005.

[>]*won a whopping $4.7 million jury award:* Scott Sandlin, "Sandia Hacker Gets $4 Million; Analyst Fired for FBI Contact," Albuquerque Journal, February 14, 2007, p. A1. Sandia appealed, and in 2007 Carpenter and the laboratory reached a reportedly substantial settlement, although neither side would comment on the amount. Scott Sandlin, "Analyst, Sandia Settle Suit," *Albuquerque Journal*, October 14, 2007.

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22. AN AFTERWORD

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Footnotes

* Walker was arrested May 20, 1985, pleaded guilty, and was convicted and sentenced in 1986 to life in prison, as were his brother Arthur and friend Jerry A. Whitworth. Walker's son Michael was sentenced to twenty-five years. All had served in the Navy. Boris A. Solomatin, a gray-haired man with hawklike features, was the KGB *rezident* in Washington in the mid-1960s when Walker appeared in the Soviet embassy to offer his services. Interviewed by the author in Moscow in 1991, Solomatin was asked when he knew for sure that Walker was not a plant. "After he showed me the code keys," Solomatin replied.

[back]

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* According to the Census Bureau survey released in December 2010, of the total of 3,204,379 Chinese in the United States, 994,041 are native born and 1,342,973 are naturalized US citizens, so a total of 2,337,014, or 72.9 percent, are American citizens.

[back]

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* It is commonly assumed that the CIA is confined to operating overseas and the FBI to activities in the United States. In reality, the lines are blurred. The FBI has attachés in seventy-five foreign cities and, as the PARLOR MAID case illustrates, it can run intelligence agents abroad. Although by law the CIA has no police, law enforcement, or internal security powers, it maintains offices in major cities across America that recruit foreign students, debrief travelers returning from places of interest overseas, and conduct other operations related to foreign intelligence.

[back]

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* More than three decades later, the islands were still a flashpoint. Tensions flared anew over the Diaoyutai/Senkakus in September 2010 when Japan's coast guard arrested the captain of a Chinese fishing trawler whose boat collided with the Japanese patrol vessels in the disputed waters near the islands. The Chinese captain was released after sixteen days, but the incident touched off mass protests in China and angry diplomatic exchanges between the two countries.

[back]

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* In Chinese, the Mandarin word for "secret agent" or "spy" is *jiandie,* although *pengyou,* which means "friend," is also commonly used. For "double agent," *shuangmian,* two characters representing two faces are added. Thus, *shuangmian jiandie* would describe a double-faced spy.

[back]

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* The Department of Energy defines SECRET RESTRICTED DATA as information "revealing the theory of operation or design of the components of a thermonuclear or fission bomb."

[back]

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* In espionage cases, the FBI in most circumstances needs approval by the Justice Department to arrest a suspect. The agents who discovered the two index cards in Min's carryon bag were operating under bizarre and apocalyptic instructions from the department. They were to arrest the Livermore engineer if they found nuclear information that would enable China to destroy the planet and "end the world as we know it."

[back]

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* The FBI does not give medals, but agents who perform hazardous or extraordinary work may receive an "incentive" reward in cash. The agent who reconstructed the index cards received a cash reward.

[back]

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* Min's name was deleted from Reno's Senate testimony and for clarity has been inserted above in brackets.

[back]

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* According to a secret Justice Department report on the Wen Ho Lee case, there were six "ethnic Chinese" on the list of twelve suspects, including the two Lees.

[back]

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* Wen Ho Lee told the polygrapher that he had called Gwo-bao Min. The Wackenhut employee who administered the lie detector test apparently did not bother to confirm the correct spelling and simply rendered the name phonetically in his report as "Ko Pau Ming."

[back]

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* Zhongnanhai, guarded and closed to the public, is the central headquarters for the Communist Party and the government. The name is commonly used to refer to China's center of power, much as in the United States "the White House" means the president and the administration.

[back]

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* After the PARLOR MAID case became public in April 2003, J.J. Smith vehemently denied that he had ever discussed the plane bugging with Leung. His lawyer, Brian Sun, said there was "absolutely not" a connection. "My client flat-out did not talk about the plane with her," he said.

[back]

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* In intelligence parlance, an "illegal" is a spy operating without benefit of diplomatic cover. If caught, an illegal can be prosecuted, imprisoned, or even executed; by contrast, a diplomat can only be declared persona non grata and expelled by the host country.

[back]

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* Six months later, in July 2010, the crisis eased with a compromise: China renewed Google's license and allowed it to operate some services on its google.cn website. Chinese Internet users would no longer automatically be routed to the uncensored Hong Kong website, but could click on a link that would take them there.

[back]